

SACRED HEART

Written by

Michael J. Farrell

+44 7971 824812
michaelfarrell@hotmail.co.uk

INT. AN OFFICE - DAY

WILL is a slender man in his early thirties. He's worn the same crumpled shirt for days. A plain tie hangs limply around his neck. He is unshaven and unkempt. One too many late nights and whiskeys.

He sits at a desk, sifting through photographs on a computer screen, repeatedly pressing the top of his retractable pen.

The walls of his cubicle are bare, unlike the other cubicles in the office, which are filled with photographs, souvenirs, memories.

Will's BOSS approaches with a lanky TEENAGER in tow.

BOSS

Will, this is Thomas, the new intern.
He's shadowing you this morning.

Will stares blankly at a clock on the wall.

BOSS (CONT'D)

You hear me?

WILL

Sure. Whatever.

BOSS

Next warning's a formal. Try to be interested.

The Boss sighs and walks away.

THOMAS pulls up a chair, sits next to Will.

WILL

So you wanna be a journalist, huh?

THOMAS

Sure.

WILL

Why?

THOMAS

It's a rewarding career. I have an aptitude for the written word and -

WILL

Enough with the clichés already. This ain't a job interview y'know. Why do you wanna be a travel journalist?

THOMAS

To meet people -

WILL

Gimme more than 'people'.

THOMAS

Well I guess -

WILL

A girl, right?

Thomas smiles, bashfully.

THOMAS

Right. How did you -

WILL

You're single?

THOMAS

Uh huh.

WILL

Romantic, ain't it, the thought of travellin' the world, meetin' the woman of your dreams?

Thomas nods.

WILL (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. Exotic locations. Luxurious hotels. Beautiful women. The reality is, I fly budget. Stayed in some pretty shitty hotels. And I've had my heart broken in every capital city.

Will's cell phone bleeps, breaking an awkward silence.

WILL (CONT'D)

Y' know, once upon a time people would pick up the phone and call.

Reluctantly, he reads the message.

WILL (CONT'D)

Bingo. Knew it. New assignment.

THOMAS

Great! Where to?

Will studies the message. Frowns.

WILL

Barcelona. *'We need some shots of the ancient part of the city'*. Yadda yadda. *'Flight is 9am. Deadline of three days'*. Christ, three days! *'Don't let us down. This is for an important client'*. Let you down? That's employee motivation for you, right there.

Will looks drained at the thought of the assignment.

WILL (CONT'D)

Barcelona. Shit.

EXT. A STREET IN BARCELONA – NIGHT – FLASHBACK

We wander into memory.

A tired sun illumines the evening sky with an ethereal glow.

A MAN and a WOMAN walk into the hazy distance, hand in hand, their bodies enveloped with a soft light. The further they disappear, the more obscured the shape of their bodies, as if evaporating into light.

We do not see their faces.

INT. OFFICE – DAY

We return to the PRESENT.

Will stuffs a series of items into his shoulder bag – camera equipment, guidebook, portfolio – then straightens his loosely knotted tie.

BOSS

Get some sleep. You look tuckered out.

Will ignores the comment.

BOSS (CONT'D)

And don't let me down.

As the Boss walks away, Will opens the drawer of a filing cabinet, retrieves a hip flask, crams it into his shoulder bag.

INT. WILL'S FLAT – BATHROOM – NIGHT

Water pours from the hot tap, running straight down the sink plughole. Wasteful. Pointless.

Will stuffs a few items into a toiletry bag.

He looks up, transfixed by his miserable reflection in the mirror – scruffy hair, bags under his eyes, a pale and wan complexion.

The mirror steams up, until we can only see the outline of Will's face. In the condensation, he draws a smile on his obscured reflection.

INT. WILL'S FLAT – BEDROOM – NIGHT

Will lies in bed, restless. He glances at the clock on the bedside locker: '11:59.' He sighs.

There is an abundance of NOISE coming from outside – traffic, drunks, wailing ambulance. No chance of sleeping.

Will glances back at the clock. '11:59.' It is as if time has frozen.

He stares blankly into space.

EXT. STREET – DAY

A taxi waits outside Will's flat, the engine chugging impatiently.

Will looks disheveled: still unshaven; the same shirt spilling out of his pants; the same tie draped around his neck.

He fumbles around with his baggage, checking for his phone, keys, wallet. All there. Relief.

He clambers into the taxi, glances at his watch.

WILL

Airport. Quick as you can.

The TAXI DRIVER casts a look of disapproval through the rearview mirror: he is pissed off at being kept waiting for

so long. He pulls away from the curb, slowly, and on purpose.

Will glances at his watch, again. From the window of the taxi he watches the city pass him by. It is empty, silent, soulless. As dawn breaks, the rows of office buildings are enveloped by an unearthly hue.

WILL (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm runnin' late.

The Taxi Driver casts another look of disapproval – more severe this time – and slows down to a steady crawl.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL – DAY

Will races through the airport terminal, weighed down by his luggage. He sees a WOMAN being greeted by her BOYFRIEND, who hands her flowers, then embraces her: from Will's perspective their faces are blurred.

Will picks up his pace. He passes dozens of travelers, the faces of each and every one of them is obscured.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL – CAFÉ – DAY

CATE is in her mid twenties. She is petite with shoulder-length hair. Her beauty is as unconventional as her dress sense.

She sips on a frothy coffee with SAM – late teens, brightly dyed hair, the odd tattoo. Sam's face is plastered in fake tan and mascara. She wears a designer hoodie over a retro-rock tee; and on her wrist several chakra bracelets and an i-watch: signs of someone desperately trying to fit in, anywhere and everywhere.

SAM

Smile.

Sam leans into Cate, poised to take a selfie.

CATE

Not another.

Sam takes the picture, then preoccupies herself with her cell phone.

Cate flicks through a tourist's guide to Barcelona.

CATE

That's it! This one!

She points to a photograph of the Temple of the Sacred Heart.

SAM

It's just a church. What's it called again?

Sam ignores the guidebook, looks it up on her phone.

SAM (CONT'D)

'Sag-rat cor' -

CATE

It means 'Sacred Heart'. And it's not 'just a church'! It's, I dunno, like something from a dream.

SAM

(slurping her coffee)

You keep on daydreamin' and I'll focus on gettin' us a real drink.

CATE

You can have wine on the plane. Besides, I'm not going all that way just to get drunk.

SAM

So why are we goin' then, huh? To look at a church?

CATE

(shrugging her shoulders)

The adventure.

SAM

Well so far this adventure is pretty shit. We've been sat here forever! Why did you drag me here so early?

CATE

As if I'd risk missing the plane!

SAM

Yeah, but three hours early? You're so goddamn anal! Like, how many times did you check your luggage? C'mon, how many?

CATE

Three times. You know the drill.
Check. Double check. Then one last
check. You know, to check the second
check.

SAM

I need wine.

They share a laugh tinged with tension.

Sam busies herself on her cell phone. Cate is lost in the
image of the Temple.

INT. AEROPLANE - DAY

Will is hemmed into his seat by two OLD MEN either side of
him. By his dress sense, OLD MAN ONE looks as though he has
lived a full, enriching life. OLD MAN TWO looks haggard and
weary.

Will shuffles around in his seat, trying to get
comfortable. As he nonchalantly flicks through the pages
of his guide to Barcelona, we see he has drawn a black
'tick' on each and every page.

OLD MAN TWO peers at the guidebook.

OLD MAN

Been there before?

WILL

Too many times.

OLD MAN

Beautiful city.

WILL

They all look the same. Every city.
Every building. Everyone.

He stops flicking the pages and settles on one in
particular; but we do not see which page it is.

WILL (CONT'D)

Except for maybe this one.

OLD MAN

You travel a lot?

WILL

(nodding)

Journalist.

OLD MAN

You're very lucky, young man.

WILL

Lucky? How d'you figure?

OLD MAN

When I was young like you, we didn't get to travel so much. Now there's so many places to see, tryin' to make up for lost time. But I'm gettin' too old to go too far.

At that moment the AIRHOSTESS walks by with a drinks trolley. She has her back to Will, about to serve another passenger, but Will demands her attention.

WILL

(to the airhostess)

Can I get a JD straight? Double.

INT. AEROPLANE – DAY

Cate and Sam sit comfortably in their seats, one brimming with excitement, the other bored. Cate has a water. Sam has wine.

SAM

So we're goin' straight to the hotel?

CATE

The plan is –

SAM

You always have a plan!

Cate retrieves a 'planner' from her hand luggage.

SAM (CONT'D)

You brought an itinerary?

CATE

Of course! So, the plan is, we go to the hotel, ditch the luggage, then head out to the Cathedral.

SAM

(sarcastically)

Great. First thing we do is see a church.

CATE

Oh shush, it will be fun! So, then we go back to the hotel. Unpack. Then get ready for the evening.

SAM

Now you're talkin'! What's the 'plan' for the evenin'?

CATE

Find a bar. Have a couple of drinks. Well, you can drink.

SAM

A couple?

CATE

Unless you want to feel rough for sightseeing.

SAM

Are you my big sister or my Mother?

CATE

For your first trip to Europe, both.

EXT. METRO STATION ENTRANCE — DAY

The Metro Station, La Ramblas. Teeming with tourists and locals. Chaos.

Exhausted, Will dumps his bags on the pavement. The heat hits him hard. He tears off his jacket and loosens his tie.

He retrieves a hip flask from his rucksack. Takes a swig. And another.

He glances down the city street, sighs, picks up his bags, and makes his way down the boulevard.

As he passes a discarded drinks can, he kicks it with force.

After a short while, he turns down a side street leading towards the CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY CROSS.

He stops, looks at his reflection in a shop window.

He looks like shit. He wipes the sweat from his brow, runs his fingers through his hair, and continues down the winding street.

EXT. CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY CROSS — DAY

Will dumps his bags and sits on a bench facing the main entrance to the cathedral.

He retrieves the portfolio from his rucksack, turns to a photograph of the same building from a previous shoot.

He turns the page. Another shot of the same building from a different angle. Then another. And another.

He unpacks his camera to test the focus. Whilst adjusting the lens, he sees something that arrests his attention.

Cate is stood outside the main entrance to the cathedral. With a camera to her eye, she looks up to the pinnacle of the building. She then greets Sam, who is engrossed in her phone.

Will continues to watch Cate move, as if she were in slow motion. From his perspective, Sam's body is blurred, but Cate is IN FOCUS.

As Cate meanders around the side of the basilica, taking more photographs as she goes, Will frantically gathers his equipment.

Sam remains preoccupied with her phone.

Will wanders over to where Cate was first stood and gazes upon the same sight. He looks at the structure from this angle – with his own eyes – rather than through the lens of the camera. Without hesitation he takes a photograph, then a second, and a third.

He loosens his tie, follows Cate's footsteps, but she is gone. He returns to where Cate was stood, and where Sam still stands, still bored.

WILL

Hello. Hi. Excuse me, but –

Sam is startled. She casts her eyes over Will and backs off.

WILL (CONT'D)

That woman you were just with –

SAM

(standoffish)

What about her?

WILL

I, I -

SAM

You're drunk.

WILL

No, I'm not, I was just -

SAM

Look. I dunno know who you are or what you want.

WILL

Nothin'. I don't want anythin'.

SAM

Yeah, well I've read about guys like you, preying on young girls, travellin' on their own.

WILL

You got me all wrong. I'm not -

SAM

I'm not on my own. And all I have to do is scream.

WILL

I'm sorry, I, I -

Sam SCREAMS. Cate appears, panicked.

CATE

What's going on? Are you OK?

She turns to Will.

CATE (CONT'D)

Who're you?

SAM

He was watchin' us!

WILL

No. I wasn't. I was just tryin' to -

In a sudden burst of rage, Sam pushes Will. He stumbles, falls, drops his rucksack: the portfolio slides out.

SAM

Get outta here!

Sam is poised to kick Will, but Cate holds her.

Will stands, grabs the rucksack, grabs the portfolio, takes off.

INT. HOTEL ROOM – DAY

Cate is sat on the bed surrounded by tourist books, maps, camera equipment, and neatly piled clothes.

In both hands she grips a worn and faded photograph of the Temple of the Sacred Heart. Her cell phone rests between her ear and her shoulder.

CATE

(on the phone)

Flight was fine, though Sam got a bit tipsy...

Yeah she's OK. She's freshening up, or sobering up, whichever...

We're out tonight, then tomorrow's the big day! I can't wait to see it for real...

Yes, I will, and love to Dad...

Love you. Bye.

She hangs up.

Sam emerges from the bathroom, wearing a bathrobe, frantically rubbing her hair with a towel.

SAM

Did you tell Mom about the weirdo?

CATE

No. I didn't want her to worry. She hopes we have a good time tonight.

Cate continues to gaze upon the photograph, not making eye contact.

SAM

I will, once I have booze inside me.

CATE

Didn't you have enough on the plane?

SAM

I didn't come all this way to look at dumb buildings.

CATE

So why did you come all this way, huh?

SAM

Duh, to meet a hottie!

Cate remains transfixed by the photograph whilst Sam unpacks a hair dryer, straighteners, makeup bag, moisturizer, perfume...

CATE

Well, whilst you're chatting up some random stranger, I'll be admiring one of the world's most beautiful buildings.

SAM

Since when was a building 'beautiful'? I can't believe you still have that tatty old thing anyway.

CATE

That 'tatty old thing' is the reason I came here.

SAM

You found it in a grubby old shop! Why do you want someone else's old crap? You can take your own photos. New ones.

CATE

I know, I know. But there's just something about this one. It has a feel to it. I can't explain. It's the way the towers reach into the sky, as if they never end. It's so dramatic.

SAM

You're being dramatic.

Sam rummages through the mini bar.

SAM (CONT'D)

It's just a dumb photograph! People post pictures of buildings and shit like that every day! What's so goddamn special about that one?

CATE

It has history. It was someone else's memory.

SAM

You're such a fuckin' freak.

Cate ignores the comment and continues to stare into the photograph.

INT. HOTEL ROOM – NIGHT

Will reclines on the bed, still wearing the same clothes. A quarter-empty bottle of whiskey and a shot glass rest on the bedside table.

He reaches over to the guidebook and flicks through the pages until he lands on the Temple of the Sacred Heart. This page has a large 'red' tick drawn onto it, unlike the other pages.

As he closes his eyes, his mind wanders into a daydream.

EXT. TEMPLE OF THE SACRED HEART – DAY – FLASHBACK

Will takes a shot of the towers of the basilica, when his attention is arrested by a Woman – the same Woman from the first FLASHBACK.

He slowly lowers the camera, his eyes fixed on her, as she stands there, admiring the basilica, no camera in her hand.

Will takes a deep breath, approaches her. As he does, we do not see her face.

WILL
(gazing at the basilica)
It's beautiful.

The Woman turns, notices the camera around Will's neck.

WOMAN
You're a photographer?

WILL
Journalist, actually.

He holds his hand out, inviting the woman to shake it.

WILL (CONT'D)
I'm Will.

She accepts his invitation, and with a frisson, she lightly touches his hand. She does not proffer her name.

We return to the PRESENT.

INT. HOTEL ROOM – NIGHT

Will opens his eyes. Tears begin to swell. He bolts up, reaches for the whiskey, pours a double. Down in one. Pours another.

He wanders into the bathroom and splashes water on his face. He looks into the mirror: a pallid face staring back.

With sudden resolve, he returns to the bedroom, grabs his rucksack, grabs the bottle of whiskey, and charges out of the room.

EXT. BAR – NIGHT

Cate sits in a cubicle, alone. She watches Sam from afar, downing shots and taking selfies with two GUYS.

Cate looks concerned, sips on her orange juice, as Sam approaches with her new acquaintances.

SAM

Hey, this is, um...

CARL

Carl.

SAM

Carl! And John.

The second guy extends his hand towards Cate.

JAMES

It's James. How's it goin'?

Cate does not shake his hand.

CATE

I must apologize for my sister. First time abroad.

James glances at the orange juice in Cate's hand.

JAMES

You wanna real drink?

CATE

Thank you, but no thank you. Something tells me I need to get her back to the hotel, before she does something she regrets.

Cate glances over to Sam, who is now kissing Carl.

CATE (CONT'D)

So, while my little sister is exchanging germs with your friend, tell me, what brings you to Barcelona?

JAMES

Stag. I'm the Best Man.

CATE

(indifferent)

Congratulations. Where's the groom to be?

JAMES

Exchanging germs with your sister.

Cate looks over, watches Carl place his hand on Sam's hip, then turns away, stares into her drink.

Carl's hand wanders further up Sam's body; but Sam takes Carl's hand, removes it. Carl tries again, more forcefully this time. Sam grabs his hand, pulls away from him.

All of this is watched by Will, who is sat at the bar. He watches Sam walk away from Carl, then turns away, back to his drink.

Cate looks up from her orange juice, sees that both Carl and Sam have disappeared from view.

CATE

Where've they gone?

James shrugs his shoulders.

CATE (CONT'D)

I need to find her.

She grabs her jacket and purse, gets up. James follows.

EXT. THE BAR — NIGHT

Carl is kissing Sam voraciously. He grabs her waist, runs his hand down her thigh. She pushes him back.

SAM

No!

CARL

C'mon...

He goes in for another kiss, but Sam pushes him back. Angry, he slams her against a wall, pinning her to it.

Cate and James appear. They watch Sam struggle, then plant her knee in Carl's stomach. He staggers back, winded.

CARL
You fuckin' bitch!

He goes to strike Sam, when...

Emerging from behind, Will grabs Carl's hand, twists his arm into a lock.

SAM
(to Will)
You?!

WILL
(to Sam)
Get outta here.

Sam wipes away her tears, picks up her purse, then spits at Will.

SAM
Fuck you! All of you!

Sam scurries off into the night.

CATE
Sam! Wait! Sam!

Cate chases after her.

Carl winces in pain, struggling to free himself.

CARL
Get off me! Get the fuck off me!

JAMES
(to Carl)
You're such a dick!

The more Carl struggles, the more Will twists his arm.

JAMES
(to Will)
Let him go and we're gone.

Will hesitates as Carl struggles, curses.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(imploring)

Please, man.

Will releases his grip. Carl clutches his arm, staggers, slurs abuse, then lunges for Will; but James intervenes, restrains him.

Will nods at James, grabs his rucksack, and takes off.

EXT. A STREET – NIGHT

Will wanders down a street alive with partygoers. He takes a swig from the bottle of whiskey, looks around. The faces of the crowds are blurred: faceless strangers.

After a short distance he arrives outside a bar to see a group of revelers taking photographs of each other's antics.

Will stops in his tracks. Another swig.

EXT. A STREET – DAY – FLASHBACK

Hand in hand, Will and the Woman walk down the street, though we do not see their faces. A soft light envelops them, as if we have wandered into a dream.

WILL

So, I wanna ask you somethin'.

WOMAN

Ask away.

WILL

If you're here on holiday, how come you ain't brought a camera? Of all the places we've been together, you ain't taken a single picture.

WOMAN

I guess I'm making a point.

WILL

What point?

WOMAN

Everywhere you go, anything you do, people feel the need to take a picture of it, then post it on social media, as if it somehow gives their

experience more validity, just by sharing it with the world. It's like people have to document every detail of their lives. But that isn't living life, living in the moment. It's seeing it through a lens. So, the point I'm trying to make, is that by choosing not to take a picture, I want to experience the moment in itself. I want to create an image of that moment in my mind, to keep forever. I think that's more beautiful than a photograph.

WILL

Maybe people just wanna make the moment last, y'know, make it permanent; especially the beautiful people in life, so they can remember them; and the beautiful moments in life, so they can relive them.

WOMAN

Real beauty exists in the transience of this life, in cherishing every moment, in the moment.

WILL

(missing the point)

Right, so a photograph of that moment makes it last forever!

WOMAN

A photograph is just a representation of a moment, not the moment itself. The moment can never be relived as it was, just as a person can never truly be remembered for who they were. Memory distorts things. Experiences, and the feelings they evoke in us, can never be recreated. Not really.

WILL

(joking)

No point in me takin' a photograph of you then, y'know, to capture the moment? Because it's just a representation, right? Not the 'real' you.

WOMAN

Right. Enjoy the moment. Nothing lasts forever.

WILL

Well, I'd rather remember the real you, not the representation of you.

He puts his camera to one side and leans in. They kiss, their backs still facing us. He pulls her closer to him, wraps his arm around her waist, as they carry on walking.

EXT. A BAR – NIGHT

We return to the PRESENT.

A DRUNKEN WOMAN falls to the ground. Her FRIENDS are filming her on their phones.

DRUNK WOMAN

Don't you fuckin' dare post that!

Furiously, Will runs back down the street. As he crosses over a BRIDGE, he stops in his tracks.

He glances out to the river and sees nothing but darkness.

He downs in one the remains of the whiskey, then slumps to the ground, sobbing, clutching the empty bottle in his arms.

EXT. A STREET IN BARCELONA – NIGHT – FLASHBACK

We return to first FLASHBACK: a MAN and a WOMAN walk into the hazy distance, hand in hand, their bodies enveloped with a soft light. The further they disappear, the more obscured the shape of their bodies, as if evaporating into light.

We do not see their faces.

We then see Will, alone, watching, weeping, as his love walks away with another MAN.

EXT. BRIDGE – NIGHT

We return to the PRESENT.

Will mounts the railing of the bridge, stares into the dark horizon, then...

From a short distance he sees Sam, wandering alone, lost. She rubs her arms, then collapses to the ground, sobbing.

Slowly, Will dismounts, approaches Sam.

Her head is buried in her arms.

WILL
Looks like you could use this.

Sam looks up, startled, to see Will holding out his jacket.

SAM
What do you care?

Will hunches down, wraps his jacket around Sam's shoulders.

SAM
(CONT'D)
I don't want shit from you!

Sam stands, yanks off Will's jacket, hurls it at him.

SAM (CONT'D)
Leave me the fuck alone!

As she wallops Will with her purse, it bursts open, the contents spilling out.

Will holds out his jacket.

WILL
Please. It's cold.

SAM
Get the fuck away from me!

She snatches the jacket, picks up her purse, takes off.
Then —

A cell phone rings. Will looks around, see Sam's phone on the ground, the screen smashed. He picks it up, takes the call.

CATE (V.O.)
(on the phone)
Sam? Sam? Where the hell are you?

Will hesitates.

We INTERCUT between Will, stood on the bridge, and Cate, wandering the streets.

CATE (CONT'D)

Sam?

WILL
She dropped her phone.

CATE
Who're you? Where's Sam?

WILL
She took off. Towards La Ramblas.

CATE
I'm on my way. Who are —

Will hangs up.

INT. A TAXI — NIGHT

Cate stares out one window, Sam stares out the other. The streets are dark and desolate. A heavy silence lingers, broken by:

SAM
I can't believe that fuckin' jerk
stole my phone.

Sam glances over to Cate, as if anticipating a reaction. Nothing.

SAM (CONT'D)
I said —

CATE
I heard you.

SAM
At least lecture me or somethin'.

Silence.

EXT. TEMPLE OF THE SACRED HEART — DAY

The next day.

Will sits on a bench gazing upon the Temple, his camera wrapped around his neck, as if strangling him.

His trance is broken by the sight two familiar people standing outside the basilica. He grabs his camera, zooms in, and watches them through the lens: it is Cate and Sam.

Sam looks bored, agitated.

CATE

Can you believe it, they were going to build a casino here instead?

SAM

Great. Can we go now?

CATE

Just a few more minutes.

SAM

Take a picture and let's go!

CATE

It's so different, seeing it for real. I dunno. The photograph made it look so magical. But somehow, seeing it now, it seems too real. Does that make sense?

SAM

No.

CATE

Don't get me wrong. It is beautiful.

SAM

It's boring. I'm goin' to look over here. When you come back to reality, come find me.

She disappears.

Cate looks over to the bench, sees Will, his head now buried in his portfolio. She takes a deep breath, approaches him.

CATE

Um. Hi.

Will bolts up, stuffs his well-worn shirt into his pants.

CATE (CONT'D)

I didn't mean to startle you. I just wanted to say thank you, for last night. It's a good thing you were there.

She rummages in her backpack, pulls out Will's jacket.

CATE (CONT'D)

This belongs to you.

Will pulls Sam's cell phone from his pocket, hands it to Cate.

WILL
Your friend OK?

CATE
Oh, Sam is my sister. She's a little shaken, but she'll be OK.

Will draws his tie tighter, extends his hand.

WILL
I'm Will.

Cate accepts the gesture.

CATE
Cate.

Will looks admiringly upon the basilica.

WILL
What brings you guys here?

CATE
Well, it sounds kinda silly; but I got this photograph from a second-hand shop back home and, well, it just captivated me.

WILL
A photograph, huh?

CATE
You want to see it?

Cate retrieves the photograph of the Temple from her pocket, hands it to Will.

WILL
That's impossible.

CATE
Are you OK?

WILL
I took that picture!

CATE
What?

WILL

I took it.

CATE

If this is some kind of chat up thing,
then -

WILL

I'm serious. I'll show you.

Will reaches into his shoulder bag, pulls out the portfolio, and flicks through the pages. There are dozens of photographs of buildings and monuments from all over Europe.

WILL (CONT'D)

I take this with me when I'm on assignment, for inspiration, y'know?

CATE

Assignment?

WILL

I'm a journalist. I shot the Temple around a year ago to remind me of, well -

CATE

Remind you of what?

WILL

Never mind. Here you go.

He hands the portfolio to Cate who is stunned to see exactly the same photograph as the one she has cherished all this time.

CATE

You're the guy who took my photograph!
This is too weird. And the fact I've met you here, of all places!

Will laughs awkwardly. Cate continues to flick through the portfolio.

CATE (CONT'D)

These are great. But there're no pictures of people. Just buildings.

WILL

I had some photos of people, once. But people come and go, y'know? A photograph is just a representation, anyway. It can't ever capture a real person. They only exist in memory.

CATE

I disagree.

Will looks at her quizzically.

CATE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to sound rude or anything.

WILL

Tell me.

CATE

Well. You talk about a photograph as if it's something that captures a lived experience, something in the past, right? But what about my photograph of the Sacred Heart? To you that picture is a memory. But to me it represented an experience not yet lived. So, your unwanted memory is also my dream for the future. You get me?

WILL

(taken aback)

I get you.

A tense silence.

WILL (CONT'D)

So, how about I get a shot of you with the Sacred Heart?

CATE

Sure.

WILL

You don't think it's weird, me askin'?

CATE

Who am I to refuse the guy who took my favorite photograph!

Will moves aside, out of earshot, sets his camera up.

As Cate composes herself, Sam emerges.

SAM
What's he doin' here?

CATE
I just bumped into him and wanted to thank him. Maybe you should thank him, too.

SAM
Cate, he's a weirdo! And talk about hypocrite: you gave me hell for chattin' to a guy!

CATE
You were more than 'chatting'. And this is different.

SAM
How?

CATE
He's different.

SAM
Whatever.

Sam wanders off.

WILL
(to Cate)
We're good!

Will takes the photograph.

CATE
Your turn.

INT. A TAXI — DAY

Cate stares out the window. The city is alive. Sam buries her head in her phone.

SAM
Only eight 'likes'. What the fuck.

CATE
What have you posted now?

SAM
Some stuff from last night.

CATE

Last night?

SAM

Here comes the lecture.

CATE

Don't you want to forget about last night?

Sam continues to mess with her phone.

CATE (CONT'D)

I said -

SAM

I heard you.

Now it's Sam's turn to give Cate the silent treatment.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Will wanders the streets with a swagger. As he passes by gatherings of people, we can clearly see their faces.

He comes to the bridge, stops momentarily, seems anxious. His tie, now drawn tightly, is almost asphyxiating.

He retrieves the camera from his carry case, holding it in his hand. He grows more anxious.

He leans back, extending his arm, as if to hurl the camera into the river. But...

Hesitates.

As he looks out across from the bridge, he notices the lights reflecting on the river. In their manifold colors the lights sparkle, fade, distort in the rippling water.

There is beauty in transience.

Will lowers the camera, slowly, and holds it to his eye. He takes a picture. Then another. And another.

He continues to look out across the shimmering waters, alive with light.

He removes the tie from around his neck, drops it over the edge of the bridge, and watches it fall. The breeze catches

the material, making it swirl as it descends into the darkness below.

INT. A BAR — NIGHT

Cate and Sam are stood at the bar. Sam scans the room for guys.

SAM

It's dead in here.

CATE

We shouldn't even be here. Not after what happened.

SAM

I'm not spendin' my last night in the goddamn hotel room.

CATE

At least that way you can't meddle with married men.

SAM

He wasn't married!

CATE

More or less.

SAM

Exactly. He wasn't married.

The BARMAN approaches.

SAM (CONT'D)

Can I get a Bud and orange juice?

CATE

Actually, I'll have what you're having.

SAM

(to Cate)

No way.

(to the Barman)

Two Buds.

The Barman wanders off.

SAM (CONT'D)

What — or who — has gotten into you?

CATE

Nothing. No one. So what did you think of Will, anyway?

SAM

He takes photographs. Big deal.

CATE

He took the photograph.

The Barman arrives with the drinks. Before Sam can pay for them, Cate is chugging down her beer.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM – NIGHT

Will pours away the contents of the hip flask down the sink.

He wanders into the bedroom, slips into bed, and stares at the cell phone resting on the bedside locker.

Closes his eyes, when...

His cell phone bleeps.

He reaches over, picks it up: a message from Cate – a picture of them both standing in front of the Sacred Heart.

Will smiles, reaches over to the bedside light, flicks the switch.

BLACK.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM – NIGHT

Cate and Sam are sat on the bed, cross-legged and facing each other, slightly tipsy. We can see that the clothes from Cate's suitcase are now strewn over the bed.

SAM

What's the 'plan' for tomorrow, Miss Itinerary?

Cate thinks for a moment, then reaches over to her handbag and recovers her 'planner'. Without hesitation, she tears it into two.

Cate throws the pieces of the planner into the air.

They laugh.

CATE

I'm sorry you didn't get the holiday romance you were looking for.

SAM

That's OK. At least one of us did.

Cate blushes, bites her lip.

CATE

I wonder if he will show up.

INT. AEROPLANE - NIGHT

Cate and Sam are sat comfortably in their seats, both enjoying a glass of wine.

Cate gazes at the photograph of the Temple as it hangs limply from her fingers.

SAM

What you gonna do with it?

CATE

I don't know. Maybe I'll take it back to the shop. So someone else can find it.

SAM

Don't you wanna keep it?

CATE

I don't need to, not now I've seen it for real. And besides, it's just some church.

SAM

No, it's more than that.

INT. AEROPLANE - NIGHT

Will relaxes in his seat, sipping on orange juice.

After a moment of contemplation, he retrieves the portfolio from his hand luggage and begins to flick through it, glancing with fondness upon the memories of various travel shoots.

He leans back, sinking into his chair, smiling to himself.

INT. AN AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

Sam dumps her luggage onto a row of empty seats.

CATE
Aren't we calling a cab?

SAM
Yeah. But aren't you forgettin'
somethin'?

CATE
What?

SAM
You need to call home.

CATE
Why?

SAM
You always call, to let Mom -

CATE
Oh shit! I forgot.

SAM
You call while I go pee.

Cate smiles to herself.

SAM
What's so funny?

CATE
Now who's the responsible one?

INT. A DIFFERENT AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

Will strolls through the terminal. All around him, everything and everyone is brought into focus.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

A heavy rain beats down.

Will hollers for a taxi that, to his surprise, pulls up straight away. He causally slips into the backseat.

The taxi sets off from the curb, joins a stream of busy traffic, grinds to a standstill.

TAXI DRIVER
Sorry about the hold up.

WILL

No problem.

Will relaxes into the seat.

The taxi sets off into a steady crawl. Will watches the city from the window. The buildings are brought sharply into focus. He sees the city lights, distorted by the rain, make manifold patterns, blurring kaleidoscopically into each another.

INT. WILL'S FLAT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Will sleeps soundly. There is no NOISE from outside the flat. A glass of water rests on his bedside locker.

The clock changes from '23:59' to '00:00'.

INT. WILL'S FLAT - BATHROOM - DAY

Will looks into the mirror. With a look of stern concentration, he shaves off his week-old beard.

He moves into the bedroom and pulls a clean, crisp shirt from the wardrobe. He glances at his tie rack, turns away.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Will sits at his desk. Photographs from his many travels are pinned to the walls of his cubicle.

As he flicks through the images on his camera, he pauses on the photograph of Cate in front of the basilica.

Thomas approaches.

THOMAS

How was the budget flight?

WILL

Not bad, actually. I got talkin' to some old timer.

THOMAS

And the shitty hotel?

Will smiles. Momentary silence.

WILL

I have somethin' for you.

Will reaches into his rucksack, pulls out a blank portfolio, hands it to Thomas.

WILL (CONT'D)

I keep one myself. I'd forgotten how many amazin' places I'd seen. Amazin' people, too.

EXT. CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY CROSS - DAY - FLASHBACK

Will is stood in front of the Cathedral. He watches as Cate walks towards him, smiling. He can see her face - every contour, every hue. His recollection of her is so bright, so solid, so real.

As she stands in front of him there is nothing but silence and anticipation.

Then, the SOUND of a cell phone beeping.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

We return to the PRESENT.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Another assignment?

Will wakes from his daydream, glances at his phone: a text message from Cate.

With a smile, he sinks into his chair.