

**VIEWPOINT FILM CHALLENGE #2**

by  
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**\*Ri-sip-ruh-keyt** shooting script adapted  
by Ken Simpson

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[www.viewpointfilmchallenge.com](http://www.viewpointfilmchallenge.com)

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INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

A man, tired from a long trip, waits in the lift to get to his floor.

Down the hallway to the front door. He clearly just recently landed, he pulls a suitcase on wheels behind him.

He's quiet when opening the apartment door, careful not to wake anyone. Inside the place is dark, he doesn't bother with the lights. He places his gear down gently.

He walks over to his bed and turn of the side table lamp. Light fills the room, and the bed is empty and well made. This confuses him. he turns around to survey his apartment and SMACK! and hand swipes him from OFF CAMERA. he's stunned!

We see a pretty young blonde girl in front of him, Saffron.

SAFFRON  
Your late!

SAFFRON jumps on ISAAC, He catches her as they fall out of frame. CUT TO BLACK.

Time passes.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP: Frying pan. SAFFRON, now in a bra and shorts is in the kitchen, frying up ISSAC some left over food. She's deep in concentration, silent, we notice her hair is jet black now. ISAAC, in boxers and an undershirt sits smoking in bed, playing with SAFFRON'S blonde wig.

SAFFRON turns off the burner. From the kitchen she talks with ISAAC.

SAFFRON  
That's it? That's all you tell me?

ISAAC  
My Job's boring, there isn't anything else to tell.

SAFFRON walks over to the bed, hands ISAAC the plate and takes the cigarette from his hand, she keeps it for herself. She takes a drag, studying him as he eats. There's a long moment of silence.

SAFFRON  
(proudly)  
I can't think of a better person to  
be here with.

ISAAC  
(not looking up, eating, offhandedly)  
I'm glad you think of me that way.

SAFFRON waits for a compliment back from ISAAC...it doesn't come, The room is filled only with the sounds of cutlery on porcelain. We CUT TO SAFFRON Studying ISAAC, then WE CUT TO ISAAC eating. Then Back to SAFFRON. She puts out the cigarette out in his plate, gets up and walks over to the mirror.

ISAAC  
(puts his plate down)  
What?

SAFFRON  
(starts brushing her hair violently)  
Here I am. Complimenting you. And  
what do you do?... Not  
reciprocate...

ISAAC  
(almost laughing)  
reciprocate?

ISAAC would have never guessed that SAFFRON knew that word.

SAFFRON tosses him a Russian/English, English/Russian dictionary. Her bookmark fits snugly in the "R" section. ISAAC rolls his eyes, clearly she's been practicing before bed.

SAFFRON  
Exactly. Like if you see me and  
say, hey, nice shirt. I say, I like yours  
too. Or if one says I enjoy  
your company, the recipient of said  
compliment should reciprocate.

ISAAC  
What if you don't like your shirt?

We are on ISAAC when he says this, a split second later a teddy bear hits him in the face - hard. SAFFRON races to the bed and straddles ISAAC, they mock wrestle. She digs her knee into his stomach.

ISAAC  
Argh!

SAFFRON  
You saying you don't like my  
company?

ISAAC  
(shocked, laughing)  
I didn't say that.

They struggle for a few more seconds, saffron has leverage but she's nowhere near as strong...SAFFRON relents, pretending like she let him win.

SAFFRON

We could just end things right now.

ISAAC doesn't say anything. SAFFRON picks up one of her dresses laying over an arm rest and models it in front of the mirror as if she was in a department store trying it on for the first time.

SAFFRON

I'm sorry, but it's a harsh realization.

From her tone were not quite sure if she's serious or not.

SAFFRON hits to play button of her cd player, she starts to dance, maybe to turn Isaac on, but more likely because she just likes to dance. Isaac watches her but she gives no indication that she notices him, until finally she looks up at Isaac and says:

SAFFRON

That's ok. I give you second chance.

Isaac smiles. He knew this relationship was a bad idea from the beginning...but it'll be fun while it lasts.

END