

"RAGE" Screenwriting Example
Excerpt #2: "Memories"

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael bursts up from his bed, sweat pouring over his face. He grasps at his heart. The last remnants of night pour through the window as dawn fast approaches.

INT. KITCHEN

Michael is dressed in his running clothes. He looks around his kitchen. It is in shambles, stacked dishes, dirty rugs.

But as he watches, it transforms to what it once was.

The kitchen is spotless. Everything shines in the sun. Both he and Sean stand together at the window, holding each other.

MICHAEL (VO)

I never thought it was going to be this hard.

The Michael of the present looks down to the den couch. He sees *himself and Sean nestled together, watching a movie.*

MICHAEL (VO)

How can anyone ever really move on, when...

He sees *himself and Sean sitting in front of the fire place, looking into the blazes.*

Michael finishes the thought aloud.

MICHAEL (aloud)

When everything is an image of something else.

Michael watches as the room transforms back to its present day deprecation.

EXT. PARK - MORNING

The morning sun leaks through the tree tops as Michael's hand grazes the high grass, feeling each individual blade.

CUT TO:

Two hands appear before the screen, those of two young lovers, clasped tightly, backlit by the fading sunlight.

CUT BACK TO:

Michael walks through the grass and comes to a spot in the center of the field. He bends down and fingers the grass.

CUT TO:

Sean falls into the grass. She is looking up at Michael.

CUT BACK TO:

Michael kneels by himself, in the center of the field. He looks in remembrance at the events of the past.

CUT BACK TO:

He brushes her hair back over her ear.

SEAN

What's going to happen to us? After all this is over.

MICHAEL

That's for us to decide.

SEAN

No. The world decides. The world always decides.

He kisses her forehead, and moves to her ear.

MICHAEL

I love you.

SEAN

I know.

She turns and looks up at the perfect afternoon clouds.

SEAN

Look at them.

MICHAEL

What?

SEAN

The clouds. We never just look anymore, do we?

He's kissing the side of her face.

MICHAEL

That's a little schmaltzy, isn't it?

SEAN

All schmaltz has it's proper time and place.

She points.

SEAN

Look at that one.

His eyes never leave her face.

MICHAEL

Why don't you tell me about it.

She smiles and puts her hands to his eyes, closing them.

CUT TO:

The rain begins to fall on Michael, alone in the middle of the field. He closes his eyes.

CUT BACK TO:

She watches him with his eyes closed. She brings her face to his, very slowly, delicately. He waits.

She brings her lips very close to his, but they don't touch. She re-angles her head, her lips close. She smiles.

Without opening his eyes, he closes the distance, and the two come together. She laughs in surprise and pleasure.

They embrace, their arms becoming lost in each other, hidden in the evening dusk and the flowing high grass.

CUT BACK:

Michael opens his eyes. A tear falls down his cheek.

He stands up, by himself, amidst the stillness of the field and the pounding sheets of rain.