

My Inferno

By

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FADE IN:

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE - B&W

INT. PIZZA BAR - NIGHT

Mozart, Piano concerto 23, second movement, smoky pizza joint, filled with the crowd, could be after the big game, and our star player, HIM (18), chiseled, all American, dark features with the aura to go with it, is in the center.

Revered by the folks around him, but he could really care less. Over a tray of pizza, soda, smiles, and the rest of the social norm, something is in the air, Cal sees what it is, then we do.

HIM (V.O)

And there she was. It was as if
all the air had been sucked out of
the room.

Through a group of seemingly attractive blondes pops a stunning brunette, (17ish), exquisite, enchanting. A style all her own.

HER smile at a passer-by fills the room, the crowd melts away just as her eyes, deep, loving eyes, catch, then lock onto to Him.

HIM (V.O)

It's said that the Italian language
was born out of Dante's love for
his Beatrice. (beat) It was a love
so inspired that Dante dedicated 27
years and fourteen thousand lines
of poetry in trying to explain it.

The room is empty as we look back at Him. Just standing, staring. In slow motion the tables contents are free falling to earth.

HIM (V.O)

I understood Dante's plight, right
at that moment.

Their hands touch, very slowly, fingers spreading.

HIM (V.O)

My soul was sold that night. To
the highest bidder. My inferno,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

2.

HIM (V.O) (cont'd)
scorch the earth, just give me one
second, one breathe. Just her.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIM'S CAR HOOD - NIGHT

We're under a cloudless sky, crescent moon, our lovers are gripped in passion, the stars twinkling in time. A puff of breathe escapes Her, floating, then drifts away.

INT. HIM'S CAR - NIGHT

We see Her in His sweater, leaning into him, His hands push aside her hair. Looking up, She mouths the words, I have to go now.

HER (V.O.)
(so soft)
I have to go now.

Suddenly, a bright pair of lights fill the car with terror, a haunting screech of tires, and an impact that knocks the color back into the picture. Silence. We see Her, dead.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

CUT TO:

INT. HIM'S JAIL CELL - NIGHT

We're close up on His face - now (29) - he's awake, eyes wide open. Sitting up, there's not much to the room, you might notice the bars on the window, it's just Cal, staring.