

THE BREAKUP

Written by

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SECOND DRAFT - 08/09
THIRD DRAFT - 09/20
FORTH DRAFT - 01/22

Based on a broken heart.

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BLACK

VICTORIA (V.O.)

*This is for you and for me. You saw
in me a lot of what part of me also
sees in myself.*

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Two people are talking on the sidewalk. She's shivering, he's talking to her in a loving but distant way. While he explains something, her purse falls from her shoulders to her arms. She's also trying to explain herself but stops. They hug quickly and she leaves.

VICTORIA (V.O.)

So, thank you for that.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

She closes the door behind her, purse still hanging on her arms. VICTORIA, 27, stops and leans by the door. She's wearing an orange jumpsuit, and a jeans jacket and Converse. Hair in a nice bun up, light but classy makeup. She closes the jacket and hugs herself. She holds a tear and runs to her room.

RICKY, 25, her roommate, puts the head out of his room, but she's gone.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Sunny day. Fuck! She wakes up and checks her phone. Goes back to sleep.

VICTORIA (V.O.)

*Everything you see here may sound
angry and frustrated. Maybe because
it's true.*

She hears some noise in the hallway. She gets up and --

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ricky is leaving his room with a piece of luggage.

VICTORIA
Oh my god, is it Thursday already?

RICKY
You good?

VICTORIA
Yeah apparently I'm good at
creating expectations on something
that was not there.

RICKY
The fuck? Was he for real?

She gives him a look. He checks his watch.

RICKY (CONT'D)
(hugging her)
I really have to go. We'll
talk when I get back, ok?
Just try not to reach rock bottom
until Monday?

She sighs. Looks at the window, the counter, and her
CIGARETS.

VICTORIA
I'll be fine. Let me know when you
land.

He looks at her and closes the door. She looks at the window
and the balcony again and starts walking towards it.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

VICTORIA (V.O.)
*Sitting here with my new life
ahead. Aching with past traumas I
reflect and revisit moments and
words. But this time, not mine,
yours.*

Victoria puts her messy hair in a bun, rubs her puffy red
eyes, and brews coffee. Grabs a cup. Looks at the bread loaf,
at the eggs and at a pack of cigarettes. Ponders. Grabs the
cigarette, her cup and goes outside to the balcony.

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

VICTORIA (V.O.)
*You think you were careful
when you left. You just don't see
how careless you were coming in.*

She sits on a little bench and smokes.

VICTORIA (V.O.)
*It was too real and true to have
been so transient. What happened?*

Wind in her face. She closes her eyes. Drinks the coffee and smokes. She finally cries.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. PARTY BALCONY - FLASHBACK

VICTORIA (V.O.)
*You saw how dense and hurt I am.
You felt of my scars. But you
didn't understand the depth.*

CLOSE UP - She's looking at him. Smiles. He's looking back at her. More smiles. They kiss. She closes her eyes.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

VICTORIA (V.O.)
*That was the only mistake - my
mistake not to make it clear how
much you could hurt me. Shame on
me!*

She opens her eyes from yawning. POV: She's looking at all her friends. They get back to talking and voices are in the background again. She hears laughter when is interrupted again. A friend hugs her from the side.

INT. APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

She is on the phone, texting:
- I WISH YOU GUYS WERE HERE.
- PLEASE FEEL OUR LOVE FROM HERE
- WE LOVE YOU! YOU'RE NOT ALONE.

VICTORIA (V.O.)
Even with fear, I was there. With you!

CUT TO:

EXT. BALCONY - SUNSET - CONTINUOUS

VICTORIA (V.O.)
I also know that I have a lot to give. And what you showed me is that I'm also ready to get that love back. Thank you again, I guess.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - SUNSET

VICTORIA (V.O.)
I'm not here trying to convince you to stay. Go. You can go. I don't need you.

She's sleeping on the couch. A podcast is on. She wakes up. Looks at her phone again.

VICTORIA
I just want you.

Turns and sleeps again.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

VICTORIA (V.O.)
But I also want a million dollars, so...

She's pacing around. She looks at her bathroom and her bathtub. Looks away. She sits on her bed.

EXT. BALCONY - LATER

She's smoking again.

VICTORIA (V.O.)
The expectations I created were not an illusion in my head. We were there. You were there! Together.

She throws her cigarette away with anger. Gets up quickly and closes the door behind her. She's so pissed she doesn't notice the glass bottle she uses as an ashtray falls and rolls down of her balcony.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She's still sitting on her bed. She tries to crack her fingers.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HIS PLACE - FLASHBACK

They are cuddling on his couch, and he's trying to teach her how to crack her fingers.

HIM
Go, that's it.

VICTORIA
(giggly)
NO NO, STOP. My brother used to do that to me! It hurts!

HIM
I'm not gonna hurt you.

He tickles her and they laugh together.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - PRESENT

MOVES HER HEAD UP, back at herself.

VICTORIA (V.O.)
I don't like drama! You're wrong.

She gets up and goes to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She prepares herself a bath. Grabs a glass of wine. Plays with the water. Drinks.

VICTORIA (V.O.)
*But what is life without sadness?
 We all think drama is suffering and
 pain and that we have to avoid it
 at all costs. But it's life. A life
 without it is unreal, empty, a big
 cocaine trip. It's not real.
 Sometimes we're just sad.*

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

She's underwater in the bathtub. CLOSE UP ON HER EYES CLOSING WHILE UNDERWATER.

VICTORIA (V.O.)
*Me, I am nothing without my
 laughter loaded with pain.*

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - ANOTHER DAY

She opens HER EYES. She's floating in the sea. She lingers there a while.

She gets out of the water and goes to the sun. It's windy. She puts on a jacket and lays down on a towel. The sun is on her face.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - FLASHBACK

CLOSE UP ON her laying on his chest at the beach. Hands tangled. Loving movements.

VICTORIA (V.O.)
We were real.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - ANOTHER DAY

She's running, fast, pushing. She cries. Angry.

VICTORIA (V.O.)
*How can I not rationalize things?
 Tell me!*

(MORE)

VICTORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I don't know what's going on in
your head. I tried to understand!
But there was nothing more to ask.*

CUT TO:

I/E. APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She gets back from running and closes the door fast behind her.

VICTORIA (V.O.)
*Just like I'm not going to ask what
time you were born. Don't care!*

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - ANOTHER DAY

She rushes to the counter to grab her pack of cigarettes but it's empty. She's still a mess. Hair up and dark circles under her eyes. She leaves the house to buy more.

EXT. BALCONY - LATER

VICTORIA (V.O.)
Were you scared? Bet you were.

She's smoking again.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She's brewing her coffee and listening to a podcast. She laughs at it while cooking eggs and bread. She finishes breakfast and looks at the cigarettes.

VICTORIA (V.O.)
*I could be wrong and I'm aware of
looking through the lens of someone
who just lost something they
wanted. Like the eyes of a spoiled
child. But children's eyes are just
pure. It was real.*

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She's cooking an egg. A loud and cheerful song is playing. Ricky opens the door and watches that happy scene before saying anything.

RICKY
Hey! You did survive!

VICTORIA
I did!

She looks at herself in the mirror.

PAN the house. CIGARETTES on the counter.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
I had, ahn... some company I'd say.

RICKY
Already?

VICTORIA
More like voices in my head.

RICKY
Oh! (laughs) So... what the hell happened?

She goes to the counter, grabs the pack of cigarets and puts it in the drawer.

VICTORIA
Ahn, I have to go for a run. Talk later?

She winks at him.

RICKY
Do what you gotta do.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

She's out of the apartment, she starts jogging. A happy song starts. She's going on a steady pace. Controlled. A SUNNY day again. She looks up. She looks straight to the camera. SHE'S RUNNING TOWARDS THE CAMERA. She starts singing and smiling harder.

VICTORIA (V.O.)
*And now I feel a desire to
 apologize for the intensity and
 projections. But I won't. I'm not
 here to apologize. I'm not here to
 ask you for anything. No tools.
 No vacuum cleaner. No hug.*

She passes and we see her from the back running.

INT. VICTORIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Victoria has showered and is ready, ready-like, hair combed back, wearing comfy pajamas, and sitting down in front of her dresser. A big mirror with WARM lights on it gives her a different glow now. She's writing a letter. She finishes it, folds and puts it in an envelope. Gets up and turns the lights off.

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF HIS PLACE - ANOTHER DAY

Victoria is in front of his house. There's no one inside.

VICTORIA (V.O.)
*I'm here to honestly answer the
 questions you asked me.
 "Do you have anything else to tell
 me?" Yes, I do. And it's been said.
 And yes, I am dense, and I'm not
 giving up on that.*

She's about to leave the letter, but stops and changes her mind. She rips the letter apart. We see her walking away from that.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICTORIA'S APARTMENT DRIVEWAY - LATER

Victoria is coming back home with a back full of groceries, when she notices her neighbor with shattered glasses, all dirt with cigarette ashes. She realizes what happened.

Her bottle fell into his porch.

VICTORIA
 Hey, I'm so sorry about that.

He turns. He's tall, brunette, can't see his eyes because of the sunglasses.

NEIGHBOR

Oh, that was you? I was wondering
if the end of the world had
started.

VICTORIA

I'm afraid so. I could help you
clean.

NEIGHBOR

You're good. Well, it was lovely
meeting you.

VICTORIA

I'm sorry we couldn't have met
under better circumstances.

He smiles, turns and leaves. She does the same. But stops.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Hey, do you like Banana bread?

VICTORIA (V.O.)

Life just goes on.

THE END