

THE BRIDGE

Written by

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1

INT. TINY APARTMENT- NIGHT

1

A large canvas is covered in a dirty brown tarp. It's surrounded by an unkept mess of paint and brushes. An unidentified figure crosses in front of it.

A hand grabs a coat off a hook, and opens a door to a snowy street.

2

EXT. A SNOWY BRIDGE - NIGHT

2

Snow falls silently onto the handrail of a rusty metal truss bridge. A single orange streetlight shines down on the road as water flows rapidly over the rocks in the river underneath. The sound of footsteps pressing into the snow slowly increases. A boney hand grabs the handrail abruptly.

The fingers belong to HARRY, a middle aged man with long and matted greying hair, and an unkept beard. He wears a pair of thick rimmed black glasses and a black leather trench coat.

He puts both hands on the railing as white flakes begin to pile up on his jacket.

He takes a deep breath, tears begin flowing down his cheek.

Then, he sloppily hoists himself onto the railing and sits.

Harry's feet dangle over the water below.

He closes his eyes, taking a moment. Then: a voice.

EMILY (O.S.)

HEY!

Harry's eyes fly open and he snaps his head sideways to face the voice.

EMILY, in her mid twenties, has a head of bright blue hair, and wears white overalls. She approaches Harry slowly.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Is this spot taken?

Harry hesitates.

HARRY

Not for much longer...

Emily looks over the bridge, then back to Harry. She grabs the railing and jumps on to sit next to him.

Harry is thoroughly confused.

There is a moment of awkward silence until Emily finally breaks the ice.

EMILY

So... What makes you wanna jump?

Harry's eyes widen as he remains frozen in place. He looks away from her.

Emily, realizing she won't get a response, begins to talk rapidly.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What *doesn't* wanna make you jump at this point right? Say you've been spending your whole life trying to figure out who you are, just to be let down... Why even try anymore, right?

Harry turns his head towards Emily. She looks to him for a response.

EMILY (CONT'D)

No matter who you meet or what you try, nothing ever works out... Guess I've... just had enough of life.

Harry takes a moment to collect his thoughts.

HARRY

You know, I've gotten to see every good thing, and every bad. I never thought I could be happy, or be loved... And now, 24 years later, it's all gone...

EMILY

What's gone?

HARRY

Well... my wife- she... Uh...

Harry struggles to find the words as Emily interjects.

EMILY

What was her name?

Harry slips into a reminiscent gaze.

HARRY

Lilian. She had these hazel blue eyes and the most vibrant short bronze hair. People used to say she was out of my league but, I never complained. You know, we met over at the MoMA, where I was exhibiting my work.

Emily looks to Harry with a smile as he stares down at the rocks.

EMILY

Woah the MoMA? You must be famous dude!

HARRY

(Chuckling)

I was. That was the third time I had one of my paintings admitted, but the first time she came...

EMILY

What did she do? Like, for a living.

HARRY

She worked for the local paper. She actually came to interview me. I was too afraid to approach her but, she was a go getter. We were dating a few days later.

EMILY

Wow a famous painter and an tenacious journalist; sounds like a hell of a couple.

HARRY

Oh we were! After we were married we got to travel the world; We were always on the move. She wrote a few books about our adventures, which I helped research for. It was a fantastic life.

EMILY

And did you paint more?

Harry looks up to the moon with a distant gaze. Beat.

HARRY

Not really...