

Cinematically Beautiful

By

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EXT. CONDO - BACK PORCH - DAY

It is sunny. Birds chirp. A breeze brushes the changing leaves of fall. A row of elevated porches line the rear of the condo building. Each one the same as the last.

A door opens.

A man emerges, boredom written across his face.

Behind him a woman shoos him along, holding a phone in one hand.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

...and as you can see, the back porch is-

(she looks at her phone)

...sorry, I must take this. One moment.

The door shuts.

Underwhelmed, the man slumps onto the railing of the porch. He looks around at the nondescript, ordinary surroundings.

Something catches the corner of his eye. He looks over.

A WOMAN, no, a VISION walks out onto the porch beside his. Her red dress hugs the curves of her body as the color accents her exotic beauty. Like the works of Monet, her perfect frame is enshrouded by a backdrop of soft green ivy scurrying up the wall.

Everything slows down. This can't be real.

She raises her hand to her mouth, a cigarette lightly tucked between her fingers. She takes a deliberate, almost taunting drag.

White flower petals begin to fall from the sky, enveloping them both in a world of his own making.

A door opens.

The realtor walks out.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

So, as I was saying...

MAN

(dumbfounded)

Yeah...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

2.

BLACK OUT.

MAN (cont'd)
Where do I sign?