



THE FAREWELL

by Katherine Luna Gate

A SMITH SCRIPT

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A short screenplay

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CHARACTERS: Man – Eastern looking, either Chinese, Japanese or Indian. Early to mid 30s. Must have original accent.

Woman (voice over only) – Sounds young, with English accent (south-east or London).

Int. kitchen – Day

A man is sitting at a table. He holds a mug of coffee, clearly cold. He's staring in front of himself. He looks tired, hasn't shaved for at least 2-3 days. He looks into the mug. Clenches his teeth. Fades to black.

Int. study room – Evening

The same man is sitting at a desk. There's a desk lamp from which most of the light comes. There's another lamp lit up on a corner of the room. He's staring at an open laptop keyboard, where his hands are laying. His beard is slightly longer. Close camera on his motionless face. Close up to the laptop monitor displaying his email inbox. There are no new emails, only a long list of read emails on Coronavirus updates from various sources. The email at the very top, however, is sent directly from the ICU of a local hospital. He opens it with a click on the mouse pad. Close up to his face while he stares into the monitor again. The text of the email comes up on the wall, reading: "Dear Mr [surname matching nationality of choice], we are very sorry we cannot reach out to you by phone in this instance, but all hospital lines are busy at this unprecedented time of crisis. We can assure you that we are working hard to keep your fiancée alive and in the most comfortable state possible. We endeavour to keep you updated via email as we go along with her treatment. All our personnel are employed at the moment as the demand for emergency treatment has raised dramatically over the last 72 hours. Therefore, we will keep phone calls to a minimum, and we'll only ring her close family members in case her health deteriorates. Please receive our apologies for such drastic measures but it's the only way we can cope at present. We hope that you're keeping yourself isolated in case you are incubating the virus yourself. Best regards. The Ward Sister..." Close up to his face as he turns his look on to something on the desk. Close up to a mobile phone sitting next to the laptop. Nothing happens. Close up to his face again, although the focus soon switches from his face to the photo frame of a young couple placed on a cabinet on his left. In the photo, we recognise him along with a young, beautiful girl, who looks in her early 30s. She seems staring at him with a big smile on her face. Although the focus stays on the picture, he visibly turns around, stares at the picture for a few seconds, then slams the laptop close, stands up and leaves the scene. Fades to black.