

PER CHANCE

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INT. DAY - LIVING ROOM

We see a fully furnished living room, with antique looking furniture, whose color scheme reeks of bright pastels. Orange sunlight blazes, at a downward angle, through the only window, which is quite large, into the colorful room. The streak of natural lighting vividly illuminates everything in it, including the quirky paintings of random animals and folksy decor.

There is a 23-year-old girl sitting on the floor, with her back against the window and the couch below it, next to the coffee table, working on her sketchbook. Her name is ANNABEL. She's wearing a floral camisole, tattered shorts, and grey bunny slippers. She tends to look around, while she's doing her drawing.

While drawing with her head down, she looks up and turns her gaze at the window behind her. She tries to put her hand over eyes to look closer. She gently puts the pen on top of the open sketch book and slowly crawls towards the sofa.

As she gets both of her knees on top of the middle of the couch, she begins to peer over the couch's back and look outside of the window.

She looks out and see nothing, but an empty street.

Suddenly, a man, probably her age, dressed semi-casually with a striped pastel tie, slowly walks by. He has a tan leather messenger bag, with the leather strap across his chest. He has a camera with a strap that is hanging from his neck.

She lowers her head behind the couch's back rest, but maintaining her view of the outside and the random stranger. Her eyes look like they're literally about to pop out of her head.

EXT. AFTERNOON - STREETS

The man suddenly makes his pace even slower, then stops right in front of the window. He turns to his head to the window with a look of confusion.

The reflection of the trees and buildings across are relatively obscuring what's inside and the upper half of Annabel's head.

He roughly sees two wide eyes looking at him, that then dart down.

He cocks his head back, then shakes it, and proceeds to walk away.

INT. AFTERNOON - LIVING ROOM

Annabel is curled up on the couch, breathing heavily.

She hastily makes her way to the sketchbook and flips the pages frantically. She finds the page.

All of a sudden, her flatmate, ELIZA, walks in while adjusting one of her earrings. She's wearing a long silk dress and stilettos that match the color of the dress.

ELIZA

You look like you've seen a ghost.

ANNABEL

What? Huh? What's going on why are you dressed like that?

Eliza walks towards her friend that's sitting on the floor.

ELIZA

Remember. I told you. Peter invited me to this art show downtown, and the artist they're featuring is this new kid on the artsy block that his agency wants to sign.

ANNABEL

Oh please, they're gonna exploit that kid for everything he's got.

ELIZA

Psh. You and your artistic integrity. C'mon then.

ANNABEL

Wait, what?

ELIZA

I told Peter you'd tag along with me. And plus, the guy could be cute and you two might hit it off. He's an artsy type, you're one.

ANNABEL

I don't know about...

(CONTINUED)

ELIZA

Hush, hush. Get ready! I already
picked an outfit for you. Now go!

Eliza lifts Annabel up and playfully scoots her out of the living room.

As they leave the room empty, it is revealed that sketch she was looking for was of a man that looked like the guy from the streets.

EXT. AFTERNOON - ART GALLERY

The gallery is quite intimate in size, and has several paintings already up, covered by white sheets.

The gallery owner is an old man, wearing an all-white ensemble. He arranging the cheese plate for the show.

A bell sound rings and the entrance door to the gallery opens. Enters the young man with the leather bag. The old man looks at the direction of the door and gives a big smile.

GALLERY OWNER

Ah, Henry! So glad to see you. Do
you have it?

The man's name is revealed to be HENRY.

HENRY

I got it. Last one. Just finished
it last night. I think it's my best
work, yet.

He opens his messenger bag and pulls out a painting from it, covered in bubble wrap.

The gallery owner takes it then opens it. He smiles as he sees what is revealed to him. We cannot see the painting.

GALLERY OWNER

Amazing, my boy. Truly, your best
one yet. Such elegance.

They both share a laugh, as they make their way to the empty wall, with a hook sticking out of it. When they get there, the owner cautiously mounts the painting on the wall. He adjusts its position until it's perfectly aligned.

GALLERY OWNER.

Ah. Beautiful.

(He puts his arm around Henry)

Come, accompany me. I shall get a
cover from the back room.

They walk away in tandem.

The painting is revealed to be a girl that strongly
resembles Annabel, sitting on the grass in a park.

THE END.