

Bee Sting

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CUT TO- INT."THE BAR", NIGHT

HE and SHE are sitting at the bar, next to one another. SHE is sitting on the left, HE is sitting on the right.

SHE:

August 1885. Paris. "Le Chat Noir" has just opened its doors. Various artists choose this cabaret to exchange views on the art of the 19th century. You are one of them. You are already there. I'm walking down the streets, observing my shadow, this piece of me I leave as a mark on the walls that I pass. I'm almost there. I push the door open. I enter. Semi-naked women are dancing on the stage. I look around. Thick smoke all over the place, and the music is so loud. I pass by you, I head towards the bar. I order red wine and I can feel your eyes ripping my back. I turn around, I look at you. The smell of opium in the air, makes me feel, as if a god is being born within you. We do not speak. I feel I know you. Somewhere, somehow, we have already met. You move towards a table. And I know, I would do anything for you. Things that no one else would do for you. I come closer. I clear my throat. "Will you paint my portrait?", I ask. As if an introduction is not needed. You laugh. You look me in the eye. "I'll do whatever you ask", I whisper. You drink your whisky in one gulp. You pretend that you're shocked. I pretend that I'm nervous. Then, "ok". You say. "Ok".

She drinks a sip, continues.

SHE:

We are at your place now, same day, maybe a couple of hours later. I am taking off my clothes. Slowly. You look at me. I am drunk, and you, you have this expression on your face. I can't stop laughing at the expression you have on your face. I am looking at you, observing you,

(MORE)

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SHE: (cont'd)
the way you fill your pencils with
color, the movement of your hands
on the easel. I'll be your lover
for a while. We will wake up, next
to one another. For a month or two.
And then, years later, I'll pay
more than a fortune for this
painting of yours. Much more than
you'll ask. More than a fortune, to
be able to see myself, the way you
saw me. More than a fortune, and it
still won't be enough to see me
through your eyes.

(PAUSE.)

SHE:
Your turn.

(PAUSE.)

HE:
11 of March 2012.

SHE:
That's today.

HE:
Today.

(PAUSE.)

HE:
You and me in a bar drinking
alcohol and staring at each other.

(PAUSE.)

SHE:
That's all?

HE:
That's all.

(PAUSE.)

She looks him in the eye. He looks her back. They laugh.

CUT TO-INT. HIS PLACE, MORNING

He wakes up, moving the blanket from his body. He moves towards the fridge in the kitchen, opens the door, he stars inside. He stands still for a while scratching his left calf with his right foot. He says:

HE:

My head's fucked up and I, I don't even have milk for fuck's sake.

He closes the fridge door, stares at the wall for a while. He moves toward the shelves, searching for coffee. He finds an empty blister pouch, the last one. He throws it on the floor, kicking it with his foot. He kneels on the floor, with his back resting against the kitchen cupboard, holding his head in his hands, staring at the floor, staring at the wall for a while. He looks at the bottle of whisky on his desk. He takes a glass and fills it up with alcohol. He drinks a sip, moves to the couch. He switches on the TV. He is zapping without paying any attention. He takes a sip, looks at his cell phone. He takes it in his hands, dials her number. He changes his mind and puts it down. Again, he takes a sip. He dials her number. He changes his mind. He puts it down. He dresses up. He says:

HE:

I'll never see her again.

He leaves and closes the door behind him.

CUT TO-INT. HER PLACE, MORNING

She has fallen asleep on the carpet in her underwear. Close to her body is an overturned bottle of wine that has created a stain on the carpet. A stain of red wine on the white carpet. She opens her eyes. She stares at the stain, she says:

SHE:

My head's fucked up, and who the fuck is gonna clean this mess up?

She stares at the clock on the wall.

SHE:

Late, I am gonna be late for my rehearsal again.

She grips her hair in a bun, she throws some napkins on the floor, just to cover the stain, she pushes them slowly, until they became red too. She is staring at the way they

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fill up with color. She lays again next to them, sticking her fingers in the carpet, stretching her body to the right, then to the left, moving in a way like she is dancing lying on the carpet. Then suddenly she stands up, she is dressing quickly and moves towards the bathroom. She throws some water on her face, brushing her teeth with her one hand, putting on a sock with the other but she cannot balance on her own feet and she falls down on the floor. She grabs her head. She then stands up and takes a deep breath as she looks at herself in the mirror, deep into her eyes. She puts on her red lip stick. She puts on her coat. She takes her keys from the table, throwing them into her bag hastily, she says:

SHE:

Never again.

She leaves and closes the door behind her.

CUT TO- EXT. FACTORY , MIDDAY

He parks his motorcycle in the factory parking lot. Dragging his feet, he pulls the factory door open. He enters. The sound of moving machines create a weird, experimental sound which will be heard while he is walking through the corridors of the factory. He passes by some people talking amongst themselves. He walks down a long corridor and, using his card, he opens the door in front of him. He walks into the room. At his left and right, people are sitting, doing the same job: they create trim plates for computer motherboards. He keeps walking and walking between them. There are so many desks around him and the people do the exactly same thing, using the same movements. He reaches a spot where there's an empty chair. His chair. He sits. He turns his gaze and stares at the others, first left then right. Nobody has noticed his appearance. He puts on his glasses. He starts working.

CUT TO-INT. THEATER, MIDDAY

She gets off the bus and stares at a sign which indicates the way to the "Klio" theater. She walks down an alleyway, takes a deep breath, before she pulls the door open. She goes inside, she walks in the left lane next to the empty theater seats. She takes off her coat and throws it on an empty chair. She wears her ballet shoes, staring at the stage where the rehearsal has already begun. The director has his back turned to her. He speaks and points the right moves to the girls on stage but we can hear nothing. She takes her position on stage. It's time to perform her part. She starts moving, not dancing exactly in the beginning. Her

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movement is jerky. She has to move towards the mirror on stage and put on some lip stick while dancing. She does but seems confused, unable to pull herself together. She is dancing in a strange way, without feeling or emotion. She moves in front of the stage preparing herself for her pirouette but the director stops her. He yells at her. She looks at him while he keeps talking to her angrily. She bows her head, ashamed.

CUT TO- EXT. STREET, EVENING

He is walking down a street with the collar of his coat rolled up covering his neck. He carries a bottle of wine in one hand, a cigarette in the other. He's drunk. His steps are uncertain. Everywhere he walks, he leaves footprints, green footprints behind. He reaches the door of his building. He sits on the stair landing, with his eyes closed. He takes a deep puff from his cigarette. He turns out some marbles, colorful marbles from his right pocket. He stares at them, plays with them in his hands. He throws the first one on the car parked in front of him. He laughs. He throws another one. And another one. Every time a marble hits the car, he hears a sound like a music note inside his head. He then stands up, enters his house, he puts the bottle of wine on the desk. He takes off his clothes, without switching on the lights. He moves towards the French door, he lights another cigarette, staring at the city lights for a couple of minutes. He turns out the marbles from his pocket again. He throws the first one onto a roof below. This time he hears clearly a note inside his head. He throws another and another making notes that can be clearly heard while a melody is slowly being created. This melody is going to accompany the whole of the next scene.

CUT TO- INT. THEATER, NIGHT

The theater is empty. It's dark. And she is alone. She walks onto the stage. She says some words, her lips are moving but there is no sound. She moves towards the mirror on the right side of the stage. Looks at her face in the mirror. She laughs. With slow movements she lets her hair down, fixes them with her fingers. She takes the red lipstick in her hands and draws a clown smile on her face. She laughs again, but her eyes are starting to fill up with tears. She takes a deep breath, then some steps back, some forth, until she reaches the end of the scene. She bows to her imaginary audience. Then slowly she starts dancing. Her steps are uncertain to begin with, then become confident. She tries her first pirouette. She dances more and more passionately, beautifully, with feeling and expression but there is no one there to see her. Exhausted after a while, she falls down to

the floor. In the foetal position, she bends her knees and cuddles them with her hands.

CUT TO- INT. HIS PLACE, NIGHT

The TV is switched on. He is lying on the couch. He stands up, moves to the fridge, opens the fridge door only to close it again. He sits on the couch. He stands up again. He puts some water in the pot to boil and throws some pasta inside. His door phone beats. He moves to the window, he stares outside. It is her. He doesn't open. And she keeps ringing and ringing. He doesn't open. His cell phone on the desk is ringing. He moves towards his desk, takes it in his hand, he reads 'fuck you'. He laughs. He opens the door. When she enters his house, he is already sitting on his couch eating pasta and watching TV. They do not speak. She goes to the fridge, takes out a bottle of wine. She puts the bottle in her mouth and drinks several sips with her back resting against the fridge door. She moves towards him and sits next to him. Her whole body is turned towards him. She keeps talking and talking to him about something, she laughs but there is no sound. His dog moves towards her, licking her feet, while she stops talking and stares at the dog. She caresses the dog's head. She stares back at him. He doesn't notice. She keeps staring at him. She takes his head to her hands and looks him in the eye. She kisses him. He kisses her back.

CUT TO- INT. HIS PLACE, NIGHT (CONTINUE)

They are lying naked in bed, hugging each other, looking each other in the eye. She kisses him on the neck and stands up gathering her clothes from the floor. She dresses quickly. He lights a cigarette still lying in bed staring at her getting dressed. She moves close to him. She whispers:

SHE:
Give me your saliva.

HE:
Will you leave?

SHE:
Give me your saliva.

HE:
Don't. Don't leave.

SHE:
Give me your saliva. I said, I need it.

(CONTINUED)

He kisses her.

HE:
Stay with me.

SHE:
Again. Again. Again. I need it.

HE:
Where will you go? Where do you go?
Why do you always have to leave?

(PAUSE.)

HE:
Answer me.

(PAUSE.)

HE:
Answer the question.

(PAUSE.)

She stands up smiling, she slowly puts on her coat. She doesn't answer. He starts throwing things on the floor.

SHE:
No, no. Not again.

He throws the alarm-clock on the floor. He moves to the living room, she quietly follows him. He breaks a vase containing flowers. He breaks the first then the second plate, while she kneels in a corner of the living room, watching him without expression on her face. He moves to the French door. He hits its glass with his right hand. The glass breaks into several pieces while his hand starts bleeding. She doesn't react. He disconnects the TV and throws it outside the house from the broken French door. He stops and looks at her opening the door. She is about to leave.

HE:
I will never see you again.

(PAUSE.)

Never again.

She runs down the corridor. Hastily. She calls the elevator. He runs after her. His voice is now calmer.

(CONTINUED)

HE:

I am sorry. Please... Don't go.

He grabs her by her blouse and drags her again inside the house, he closes the door behind him. Fighting, she manages to escape. She opens the door again. She runs down the stairs of his house, and gets away. Closing his eyes, he is resting his back on the door. He takes one, two deep breaths. His door bell rings. He opens the door, and looks at her standing in front of him. She cries. He takes her head to his hands and looks at her straight in the eye. Without any expression on her face, she moves to the bathroom. She sits on the black and white bathroom tiles. She holds her head in her hands. She cries until she falls asleep. He opens the bathroom door, he stares at her. He closes it and slowly moves to his bedroom. He lays on his bed, his hand bleeding all over the white sheets. He turns to the right, holding his knees in his hands, in the foetal position.

CUT TO- INT. HER PLACE, NIGHT

She is lying on her bed, her PC on her foot. She switches it off, puts it aside, she turns off the lights, ready to go to sleep. Her cell phone is ringing. She takes it in her hands. It's him. She doesn't answer. Her phone is ringing again and again and she curls below the quilt. When he stops calling, she switches on the lights again. She stands up and sits by the edge of the bed. She takes a deep breath and goes toward her mirror. She stands still looking at her face in the mirror. She speaks slowly, almost spelling each word.

SHE:

Every day, a small death. Every moment, every second. Every day the same fears, the same hopes, the same reaction. Everyday the same circles around each other, around myself...

(PAUSE.)

SHE:

I hate you.

(PAUSE.)

SHE:

But, I can see your eyes inside my eyes. You know I can see your eyes. Inside my eyes.

CUT TO-INT. PARTY, NIGHT

He is lying on a couch, with a bottle of whisky in his hand. He takes a sip looking at the people around him dancing laughing and talking to each other. He is at a party in a small music studio. He stands up. He feels dizzy. He is drunk and smiles at a girl sitting next to him. He walks out of the room into the corridor of the industrial building, searching for the shared toilets. He opens the door hastily. He gets inside the first toilet. He kneels on the floor and lifts the toilet lid. He throws up. He hugs the toilet. He falls asleep.

CUT TO- INT. HER PLACE, NIGHT

She leaves the bathroom, she is in her towel and slowly gets dressed. She brushes her hair in front of the mirror. She picks up her cell phone and dials his number. He doesn't answer. She dials his number again and again. She throws her cell phone onto the bed and moves towards her closets. She opens the second one, and looks at the gun she keeps inside. She strokes it softly. She closes the closet and opens it again in a little while. She takes out the gun, she keeps it in her hands, stroking it carefully. She sits on the bed again, touching the gun to her face, her neck, her body. She laughs. She stands up leaving her gun on her bed. She puts on her boots, her coat. She takes it in her hands, she hesitates for a while but then carefully places it in the free space between her leg and her boot with the gun's back protruding slightly from her boot. She rolls up the collar of her coat. She leaves.

CUT TO- INT. HIS PLACE, NIGHT

He is sitting on his desk, with his PC switched on in front of him. His cell phone is ringing. He takes it in his hand. It is her. He is ready to press the yes button, but he changes his mind and puts it down. He places it on the desk, while it is still ringing. He moves back his chair and sits under his white desk holding a marker pen in his hands. He starts drawing at the bottom of the desk, continuing the drawings that have already been started there. The right side of the desk is full of drawings while the left is still empty. Nervous, he takes the cell phone in his hands and moves towards the toilet. He throws it inside and flushes the toilet. He returns back to the living room and sits under his desk again. With the marker pen in his hand, he continues his drawings. In a while he rests his back on the wall and lights another cigarette.

CUT TO-EXT. BAR, NIGHT

She is sitting at another bar on her own. She orders gin and tonic. She drinks it very quickly. She is staring at the people around her. They are talking, some of them are laughing and a guy is staring back at her. He smiles. She smiles back. She finishes her drink and orders another one. And then another one. The guy moves closer to her. He takes a seat next to her.

GUY:
You are too young to drink so much.

SHE:
You don't know me.

GUY:
But you like me.

SHE:
I like you.

GUY:
I can tell by the way you were
looking at me.

(PAUSE.)

GUY:
Well?

(PAUSE.)

GUY:
Will you come with me?

She drinks her drink on the spot. She stares at him. She smiles. They leave together.

CUT TO-INT. HER PLACE, MORNING

She wakes up and looks at the guy lying next to her. She rubs her eyes with her hands. She gets up very quietly so as not to wake him. She picks up her clothes from the floor and moves to the kitchen. She wears her coat and her boots. In the kitchen she stays still looking at the cupboard, the one under the sink. She hears him waking up, moving to the toilet. She is staring at the cupboard as if there is something magical inside it. Behind her, on the table, there is a bowl with a goldfish inside. The goldfish slips out of the water and falls on the white carpet. She hears the sound, she stares at the goldfish lying on the floor. She smiles. She whispers:

(CONTINUED)

SHE:
Suicidal!

She opens the cupboard and quietly, gets inside. She closes the door and stays inside it waiting for him to leave.

CUT TO-INT. THE BAR, NIGHT

He is sitting at a table opposite another woman. They are talking to each other, laughing. She enters the bar, she stays still looking at them. She takes two steps back, she turns around, ready to leave, but again she stays still. She turns her head and looks at him. He looks at her. She turns around and moves towards the door. She takes a deep breath and moves towards the bar. She sits there alone, with her back turned to them. She orders gin and tonic. She turns around and looks at them. They have stood up, ready to leave. They move towards the door. He turns around and looks at her. When they have left, she stands up, and starts dancing, laughing and crying at the same time, while the people in the bar start staring at her strangely. When he returns and opens the door, she has her back turned to him. She carries on dancing not knowing that he is back. He embraces her from behind. He tightens his arms around her, dancing with her for a while. She doesn't realize who he is until he starts speaking. He moves close to her ear and whispers:

HE:
August 2033. I wake up in the morning, a few minutes before you do. I open my eyes and I see you lying next to me. I stare at your face,

She pushes him away with all of her strength.

HE:
I study your face like I have never studied it before. I touch your face with my fingers, trying not to wake you up,

SHE:
No, no. Not now..

HE:
But you open your eyes and look me in the eye. You smile. You stand up. You get dressed. You are not leaving this time. Not this time. You look back at me. "Why are you staring at me like that?" you ask.

(CONTINUED)

SHE:

It's not a game anymore.

HE:

And I've got nothing to say. Not even the simplest phrase comes to my mind. I get out my notebook. And I start writing down everything I notice about you. Every image that occurs to my mind. So as to be sure I haven't lost the tiniest detail about you.

She stares him straight in the eye. He moves closer and continues:

HE:

I describe everything about you. From the way you move your legs one over the other, to the way in which you tighten your eyebrows when you're angry. I write it all down so as not to forget a single detail about you.

(PAUSE.)

HE:

Your turn.

(PAUSE.)

SHE:

22nd of July 2013.

HE:

That's today.

SHE:

Today.

(PAUSE.)

SHE:

You and her sitting in a bar drinking alcohol and staring at each other.

HE:

Do you mind?

(PAUSE.)

(CONTINUED)

HE:
I mean.. Does it really matter?

(PAUSE.)

HE:
Do you hate me?

(PAUSE.)

She puts on her coat and pays for her drinks. She leaves quickly, exiting the bar while he puts on his coat and runs after her.

CUT TO- EXT. STREET, NIGHT

We watch their shadows over the walls of the buildings they pass as they are running in the streets. In a while, she stops. She turns around. She looks at him. He stops running too. He slowly moves towards her. She pulls the gun from her boot and points it straight at his heart. She looks at him with tears in her eyes. Her hands are unstable. He stands still and looks at her, frozen.

HE:
You won't do this.

(PAUSE.)

HE:
You would never do this.

She keeps pointing the gun at him with trembling hands.

HE:
You love me.

(PAUSE.)

HE:
I know you do.

She takes a deep breath and with eyes closed, she pulls the trigger. She hits the glass window of a closed market behind him. The glass breaks into several pieces. She kneels crying in the middle of the street. He moves towards her and hugs her, clasping her tightly with both arms. When she stops crying, he takes her hand, and climbs onto the bonnet of a parked car. He helps her climb up too. They start running on the parked cars. She screams. He laughs. He carries his guitar on his back and leads her to his motorcycle. They ride the motorcycle at breakneck speed on the highway as if he is trying to evade capture.

CUT TO- EXT.RIVER, NIGHT.

They reach the riverside. They sit side by side without talking. He is playing a melody on his guitar. He stops in a while. He looks her in the eye. She looks him back.

SHE:

We will meet again. Somewhere.
Somehow.

He doesn't say a word while she stands up and walks by the edge of the river. She leaves and he takes his guitar in his hands again and moves it right and left, up and down in a way that the air passing inside the instrument's hole creates a weird, experimental sound. A melody for the next scenes is being created.

CUT TO- INT. HER PLACE, MIDNIGHT

She wakes up in the middle of the night because of a nightmare. She takes one, two, three deep breaths hastily, staring at the emptiness in front of her.

CUT TO- HIS PLACE, NIGHT

He is drunk, the TV is switched on. He stares without paying any attention. He stands up and moves towards the French door. He opens it and lights a cigarette. He stands still. He looks his reflection at the French door. He looks himself straight in the eye.

HE:

Speak to me baby. In the middle of
the night.

He moves closer to his reflection.

HE:

I know the way you feel. I feel the
same inside.

(PAUSE.)

HE:

So speak to me.

He moves closer to his reflection. He kisses it.

HE:

Now nothing.

CUT TO- EXT. BUS, NIGHT

She gets dressed, wearing only her coat and boots. She puts the gun inside her boot. She puts on black eyeliner. She leaves. In a while, she is waiting at the bus stop. She gets on the bus, sitting on the last empty seat.

SHE:

Speak to me.

Two teardrops run from her eyes. She laughs. She laughs out loud. She bows her head. She whispers:

SHE:

Now nothing.

She rests her head back in the seat, hands clasped around her knees.

CUT TO- EXT. "THE BAR", NIGHT

She enters the bar and sits on the left chair on her own. She orders gin and tonic and drinks it slowly. She orders another drink. She takes her mobile in her hands, looking at it as if she is expecting a call. She puts it on the bar. She orders another drink. She drinks it and looks again at her cell phone. She puts on her coat, she leaves and closes the door behind her.

In a while, He enters the bar. He sits on the right chair on his own. He orders cognac. He drinks another and another drink. He stands up. He wears his coat, he rolls his collar up to his neck, he leaves and closes the door behind him.

And the days and the months pass by. And the barmen are changing. And HE and SHE are getting older. And they keep sitting in the same bar, she always sits on the left chair, he always sits on the right, but they never meet each other again.