COMMSLAB VIDEO ASSIGNMENT

*SOLIDARITY* (working title)

**Storyline 1:**

The Artist sits on a chair, way at the back in the cafe. Her headphones blast music to help her drown out the noise, not that it has been much help. She is surrounded by her notebooks and drawing pads but they stare back blankly. There are also balled up pages on the table, clearly discarded with much contempt. The scene shows how desperate she has become to find inspiration. Inspiration to pen her feelings into art.

There is a pen in her hand but it stays afloat as she shakes her head in disappointment. She releases the pen and just groans into her hands, covering her whole face. She is about to pack up and leave the cafe when she sees a couple walk in.

To her they look like a fairytale match; confident and happy and totally in love. She is immediately grasped by the spring in their step and the way they follow each other through the maze of tables to find a spot to sit down. She immediately picks up her pen again and begins scribbling out the shape of the boy as he lounges on his chair.

Just as she's penning down his figure she notices a detail in the girl's demeanor. She looks drained under the surface. She seems to be looking at the boy with a controlled, calm and deliberately carefree smile. But her eyes say much more. Suddenly the boy says something and the girl's facade drops. She sits up straighter and narrows her eyes. She says something back to the boy who laughs and waves it off like an annoying fly. This clearly shocks the girl who can only stare back with a twisted look on her face.

The artist's pen, once again, changes tempo. Now it draws jagged lines, faster and faster to keep up with the intense emotions spilling between the couple. As it flies over paper, the couple start arguing. Louder and louder as their words spill over through the sound of the Artist's music.

“I should've never-”, the girl is saying.

“”, the boy says back.

“-me? ME? Jake told me everything-”

“-believe. Always, trying to-”

“-TO YOU? WHAT ABOUT-”

“-insane like you. You remind me-”

“-from me. I mean it. Just leave.”

The Artist can barely keep up. Her pen squeaks and squeals but it doesn't stop. And then it does. The words have stopped and the boy has stormed away. He takes with him the scent of anger and frustration and now a musk, cold and lonely, fills the space. The Artist looks down at her drawing as if seeing it for the first time. She sees movement and colors that no one else saw but her. Scratches of passion and form that speak of the malicious scene that played out in front of her.

She leans back. Exhausted. Her headphones hurt her head so she takes them off. And she finds that a new sound fills her head. Sobbing. The girl is sobbing. The Artist stares, feeling disgusted with herself. She had just witnessed their altercation and used the moment to help with her own artist's block. She feels selfish.

She stares at her work and decides to walk over to the girl. She picks up her drawing and walks to the girl.

**Storyline 2:**

The girl waits impatiently for her partner. He has always dones this, being late to important things. But she considers the fact that he doesn't know it's important. There is a reason she woke up that morning and ordered him to meet her at the cafe. There is a reason she keeps staring at the thin silver bracelet he bought her 6 months ago. There is a reason her feet never hold still.

She rocks on her heels, looking at every passerby hoping to see her boy. And then finally there he is. He walks with a spring in his step and a smile on his face. He looks calm and collected. It is a little relieving for her. Why would a guilty man, a cheater, be so carefree. She takes his hand and he takes her in an embrace.

“Good morning!”

“Haha! Good morning! Don't you look happy today?”

“Happy to see you!”

She stares back, searching his eyes if they match his words. They kind of do.

“Me too.”

They walk inside the cafe.

“How was the party?”, she bites her lip the moment the words leave her mouth.

“Oh it was AMAZING!”, he chirps back, skirting around the crowded tables, “Jake and the boys were going wild. It was crazy.”

The girl laughs in response and follows him to the back of the cafe.

“Here?”, he says standing next to a two-person table.

“Yeah, looks good.”

“Right, so what's up?”, the boy asks with a knowing smile as they settle down. His eyes seem to scan her face. The girl can only stutter.

“What- What do you mean?”

“I mean Saturday early morning, and Little-Miss-You doesn't want to sleep in? What's going on?”, his eyes never leave her face, “You miss me?”

There is a smirk in his words. A mean, mocking one. She feels it but his face is calm, kind even. She feels her emotions boiling up.

“Where were you really? Last night”

“What do you mean? I told you, I was with Jake and the boys. We went to the bar in Westbury.”

His posture does not change. His eyes do not flicker. But she can tell, oh yes she can tell he's lying. How is he so good at this? She can't hold it in anymore.

“I know everything. I've seen the videos, stop lying to me please. Just tell me the truth”

“I don't know what you're talking about”, he laughs and waves her comments off like they're some annoying pest. She can feel the surge of red rising up her chest. It makes her sit up straighter, her back is rigid.

“So you think this a joke?”

“Who said anything about a joke? I'm sorry but can we just order food?”

“We can order when you answer me! Tell me what happened! Answer me!”

“Okay, fine. You want an answer? Fine. I had 3 beers, watched the ending of the Celtics game and watched the boys try to do backflips. Happy? Now, please. Please. Can we order?”

“I should've never let you go, I knew it”, her voice falters in the end, laden with emotions.

“”Should have”? What do you mean “should have”? You don't control me!”

“Right! I don't! That's why you think it's okay to go and CHEAT!”

“Oh I see now. So I'm a cheater.”

“Yes! Are you not? Did you not cheat on me, literally last night?”

“I don't know what you're talking about! I think you're jealous I'm out and having fun and not rotting in my bed all day. And now you want to take away all my fun so I can be as miserable as you!”

“You know this isn't about that. I know you're lying. Just please. Please. Tell me the truth”

“I don't know what you're talking about.”

“This is the least you can do, you already fucked up, you already hurt me. You owe me the truth. Please!”

“I don't know what you want me to say! I told you already, I went out, we had drinks-”

“Stop! Jake told me everything! Everything, the photos, the videos of you in the back of a club with someone you just met! How could you?”

Pause.

“You sound insane. Really, you sound insane. You sound just like my ex right now.”

“Get out of my face. I mean it, get out of my face or I'm gonna do something I regret.”

“This is insane, let's just calm down-”

“LEAVE!”

The boy gets up. He is shaken up, visibly. But it's not regret or sadness but an anger that surrounds him. He barely looks at her and stomps through the chairs to the door. She stays still until she hears his footsteps fade into the ambient noise of the cafe and then collapses on the table.

With her head hidden in her arms she sobs in silence. Too much has been taken from her, she doesn't have any more left in her to wail and scream like she wants to. So she just shakes in little tremors with each sob and waits for it to pass.

Someone taps her shoulder. She jerks up, expecting the boy to be back. But it's a girl clutching a page with a concerned look on her face.

**Storyline 3 (the End):**

“Hi”, the Artist calls out meekly.

“Hello”, the girl replies, a quick smile plasters itself to her face.

“I'm sorry, I couldn't help but overhear”, the Artist looks towards the direction the boy stormed off. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah! Yeah, I'm fine, thank you”, the girl forces out, “Just some silly argument, don't worry.”

“Right. I'm sorry, I didn't want to bother. I was just drawing you both. I thought, I'd ask you if you were okay.”

“Drawing us? Why were you drawing us”

Myntently stares at the words.

“So… Can I see the drawing?”, the girl asks sheepishly.

The Artist's head jerks up. “Oh yes! I'm so sorry, here.”

The girl takes the thick drawing paper in her hands and stares. There's fury in the strokes of graphite that fill the page. It looks like a tornado composed of two faces - her and the boy - locked in destructive discord. It speaks to her, forcing another sob to push through her lips.

“I'm sorry”, the Artist whispers

“It's okay. I'm okay”, the Girl blinks away the imminent tears. She brightens up her face, “ But this! This is beautiful!”

“Thank you”, the Artist can only look down at her shoes as she forces out a response.

“Where'd you learn to draw like this?”

“School. Mostly”

“No way. School doesn't teach stuff like this! This is talent!”

The Artist can't help but smile. Then her smile falters, “I saw the way he was talking to you. And I saw how hurt you were. I just couldn't- I just couldn't hold myself. But I could only draw. So that's what I did.”

She keeps going, “And he's a cheater. If I were you would've snapped his neck off. I'm so sorry, no one deserves this.”

“I know”

The Artist looks back at her. She sees the girl clearly in need of a shoulder to cry on. “If you want to talk to me, I'd love to stay and talk. About anything. I know you don't know me but I can promise you, I will listen.”

The girl looks back, assessing the Artist. She sees empathy and kindness. She could use some of that right now.

“Thank you”, she can only say, “Let's go order. I'd love to see more of your art. If you don't mind showing me.”

The Artist smiles back, “I'd love to.”

Shotlist:

\*\*Storyline 1 - The Artist’s Perspective:\*\*

1. \*\*Wide shot of the cafe\*\*

- Establish the setting: cozy cafe with warm lighting, bustling with people. The Artist is seated in the back, isolated.

2. \*\*Close-up of the Artist\*\*

- Focus on the Artist's face, frustrated, eyes scanning her empty sketchpad, headphones on, as she shakes her head in despair.

3. \*\*Over-the-shoulder shot\*\*

- Show the Artist’s desk covered with notebooks, crumpled papers, and a half-finished sketch. The pen hovers in her hand, representing her creative block.

4. \*\*Close-up of the pen in her hand\*\*

- Focus on her hand gripping the pen, then letting it go in exasperation, covering her face with her hands.

5. \*\*Medium shot of the couple entering\*\*

- As the couple walks in, capture the Artist's gaze shifting toward them. The couple moves with confidence, laughing, hand in hand, almost fairy-tale-like.

6. \*\*Close-up of the Artist’s focused face\*\*

- The Artist picks up her pen again, the pen tip scratching the paper as she begins sketching the boy.

7. \*\*Over-the-shoulder shot\*\*

- The Artist draws the boy lounging in his chair, but her eyes flicker to the girl. The mood shifts, capturing the contrast between the boy’s carefree demeanor and the girl’s strained smile.

8. \*\*Close-up of the girl’s face\*\*

- Show the girl’s eyes, tired and masked with a smile that doesn’t reach them. Subtle tension in her expression.

9. \*\*Medium shot of the boy and girl’s interaction\*\*

- The argument begins. The boy's casual dismissal, the girl’s rising frustration. Her body language becomes tense. The Artist watches intently.

10. \*\*Close-up of the Artist’s sketchpad\*\*

- Focus on the drawing as the Artist’s pen speeds up, the lines becoming jagged and erratic, mirroring the escalating argument.

11. \*\*Fast-paced montage\*\*

- Close-up of the Artist’s hand drawing, the pen flying over the page as the shouting escalates. Brief flashes of the couple’s emotional exchange, harsh words being said.

12. \*\*Wide shot of the couple arguing\*\*

- The boy’s voice fades as he storms out of the cafe. The Artist pauses, staring at her completed sketch, realizing the gravity of the scene she’s captured.

13. \*\*Close-up of the Artist’s expression\*\*

- Exhausted, conflicted, she looks down at her work, ashamed of using the argument for inspiration.

14. \*\*Close-up of the girl crying\*\*

- The Artist removes her headphones, and the sound of the girl sobbing fills the air. The Artist watches with growing discomfort.

15. \*\*Medium shot of the Artist walking over\*\*

- With the sketch in hand, the Artist rises and walks towards the girl, preparing to approach her.

\*\*Storyline 2 - The Girl’s Perspective:\*\*

1. \*\*Wide shot of the cafe entrance\*\*

- The girl waits outside, pacing nervously. The camera pans as she looks at every passerby, her eyes filled with anticipation.

2. \*\*Close-up of the girl’s anxious expression\*\*

- Tight shot on her face, showing her impatience and her internal conflict.

3. \*\*Medium shot of the boy entering\*\*

- The boy enters with a carefree attitude, smiling, greeting her enthusiastically. The girl watches him, still searching for something in his eyes.

4. \*\*Close-up of the boy’s face\*\*

- His smile is broad, relaxed. The camera lingers on him as the girl holds his gaze, trying to discern the truth behind his eyes.

5. \*\*Medium shot of the girl and boy sitting down\*\*

- The girl fidgets, clearly uncomfortable. The boy leans back, relaxed, unaware of the growing tension.

6. \*\*Close-up of the girl’s face\*\*

- She asks about the party, her voice tinged with suspicion. Her eyes scrutinize him as she searches for any signs of dishonesty.

7. \*\*Over-the-shoulder shot from the girl’s perspective\*\*

- The boy casually recounts the party details, but his eyes avoid hers, giving subtle hints of dishonesty.

8. \*\*Tight close-up of the girl’s face\*\*

- Her facial expression changes from curiosity to suspicion as she gathers the courage to confront him.

9. \*\*Medium shot of their argument escalating\*\*

- The girl slams her hand on the table, emotion rising. The boy dismisses her accusations with mockery, a calm smirk on his face.

10. \*\*Over-the-shoulder shot of the boy\*\*

- The boy laughs off her questions, his body language dismissive. The camera highlights his arrogance and indifference.

11. \*\*Close-up of the girl’s hands gripping the table\*\*

- Her knuckles whiten as she tries to hold back her emotions. She starts to shake with anger and hurt.

12. \*\*Medium shot of the argument’s climax\*\*

- The girl accuses him of cheating, her voice shaking with emotion. The boy's response, mocking and cruel, stings. She screams at him to leave.

13. \*\*Wide shot of the boy leaving\*\*

- The boy storms out. The camera follows him through the cafe, showing the empty space between them. The girl is left alone.

14. \*\*Close-up of the girl’s devastated face\*\*

- She collapses, sobbing into her arms, the weight of betrayal overwhelming her.

15. \*\*Wide shot of the Artist approaching\*\*

- The Artist walks over to the girl, the camera capturing her soft, tentative movements as she reaches out.

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#### \*\*Storyline 3 - The Meeting:\*\*

1. \*\*Medium shot of the Artist approaching the girl\*\*

- The Artist taps the girl’s shoulder gently. The girl jumps up, startled, expecting the boy to return. Their eyes meet.

2. \*\*Over-the-shoulder shot of the Artist\*\*

- The Artist, with the sketch in hand, quietly asks if the girl is okay.

3. \*\*Close-up of the girl’s forced smile\*\*

- The girl replies with a weak smile, trying to appear fine, but it’s clear she's still hurt.

4. \*\*Medium shot of the Artist showing the drawing\*\*

- The Artist hands over the drawing. The girl’s expression shifts from confusion to surprise as she looks at it closely.

5. \*\*Close-up of the girl’s reaction to the drawing\*\*

- She tears up as she sees the emotional intensity in the Artist’s work. The camera focuses on the swirling faces on the paper, symbolizing chaos.

6. \*\*Wide shot of the Artist and girl talking\*\*

- The conversation unfolds as they exchange words of comfort. The camera moves slowly, capturing their vulnerability and empathy for each other.

7. \*\*Medium shot of the Artist\*\*

- She opens up, explaining how she drew what she saw, her guilt evident. She expresses her concern for the girl’s pain.

8. \*\*Close-up of the girl’s face\*\*

- The girl’s tears stop, and she starts to smile, her pain still raw but softened by the kindness of the Artist.

9. \*\*Wide shot of the two of them walking toward the counter\*\*

- The Artist and the girl, now with a sense of connection, head toward the counter. The moment feels like the start of an unexpected friendship.

10. \*\*Final wide shot of the cafe\*\*

- The two walk off together, a sense of calm settling in. The bustling cafe around them contrasts their quiet, introspective moment.