

FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

PHIL (23), smartly dressed, kisses MARIE (21) passionately on a park bench surrounded by haunting oak trees. The tree's branches sweep down blocking out the moon's reflection.

The leaves rustle in the breeze, signalling a drop in temperature.

PHIL

I'm starting to get the shivers.

Phil recoils as his hair stands on end. He turns his coat collar up to stop the cold air crawling over his neck.

MARIE

Don't stop kissing. I'm getting cold.

Phil cast his eyes cast over Marie's lips, that beckon him closer.

He closes his eyes before edging closer to Marie.

A moment passes.

Blood drips from his nose, breaking the silence. He opens his eyes slowly.

PHIL

Marie?

Phil looks over his shoulder.

PHIL

Marie?

Marie's gone.

He's all alone except a needle, spoon and lighter which occupy the seat next to him.

He wipes the blood on his shirt sleeve.

Phil dressed in ripped jeans, ripped shirt and damaged shoes, pulls back a sleeve, a hand points to four o'clock.

He reaches for a newspaper cutting from his back pocket. A photo dominates the article that accompanies it. The photo's tag line reads-

TEXT: MARIE, died aged 22.

A lone tear rolls down his cheek.

A pain shoots down his arm as he grimaces, clutching his hand.

He lets go of the cutting as he tries to grab it back from the wind's grasp.

The wind carries it away before it drops into a puddle.

He looks down, sad and desolate. Tears stream down as he buries his head in his hands.

FADE OUT.