

Still Not Found

Written By

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EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX LOT - NIGHT

HEATH (26), pale, gaunt, disheveled, leans against the corner of two walls of a car garage structure at the end of an apartment complex lot. His hands inside the pockets of his jacket, his hood up, he eyes the lot, the row of apartments inside the complex.

A WOMAN emerges from her apartment and places something under the welcome mat at her door. She then heads toward her car garage a ways down from Heath.

Heath spins around the corner of the wall to hide himself.

He removes his hands from his pockets and lights the cigarette he's been holding in his jacket. He acts as if his attention is focused on the fence closing him off from the surrounding neighborhood.

The woman, hidden by the shadows inside her car, drives past behind Heath.

Turning to his left Heath watches the car pull out of the lot and drive off into the surrounding neighborhood. Then he turns around and begins slinking along the length of car garages.

CLOSE UP of Heath's eyes seen moving every so often from the path he is walking to the apartments on the opposite side of the lot.

Heath doesn't see a pair of blinds in one apartment's window opening up to reveal someone watching him as he walks along the row of car garages.

CUT TO:

Heath crosses the lot and nimbly leaps up the steps of the apartment belonging to the woman who just drove away.

Heath removes two bobby pins from his jacket pulling one apart to make a straight piece of metal wire. He begins quickly picking the lock and is soon opening the door of the apartment. Looking towards both ends of the lot one more time he quietly steps inside the apartment.

INT. WOMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Heath closes the blinds of the window, looking around the main living area of the apartment as he does.

CONTINUED

Soon Heath is walking past the couch and coffee table into the hallway of the apartment. Between the two doors in the hallway he walks straight towards the one on his right.

BEDROOM

Heath automatically leans down and reaches toward the corner of the room expecting to find something when he reaches from the doorway.

Not finding what he was looking for Heath stands up inside the room and turns the lights on. He looks around the room in confusion.

He walks to the other side of the room and opens the closet.

He becomes more frustrated realizing what he is looking for isn't in the closet either.

He looks at the night stand next to the bed then under the bed.

Getting down on his knees he looks then reaches under the bed pulling a small safe out from underneath.

LIVING ROOM

Heath sullenly walks into the living room and sets the safe down on the coffee table then sits down and grabs the bobby pins back out of his pocket.

He tries picking the key lock once and fails.

Somewhat muffled, the sound of police sirens can be heard from outside coming closer.

Heath stays seated and tries picking the lock again.

The police sirens become louder.

Heath tries picking the lock again.

The sirens become even louder as a car can be heard pulling to a stop outside the apartment.

Heath gives up and slouches back into the couch just looking at the safe.

The sirens lose volume as the door opens and the keys jiggle in the lock.

CONTINUED

Silhouetted in the open doorway is a woman holding a key-chain up in the air.

ANDRA (25), the woman who drove off earlier, sighs in exasperation then turns on the lights in the living room. She closes the door and sets the keys down next to the the safe.

ANDRA
 (as Heath opens the safe
 and removes a cracked
 sculpture of a heart)
 Why is it always this? Always the
 same thing.

Heath does not respond and looks at the sculpture of the heart, its cracks, a hole revealing the hollow inner core, then finally...

HEATH
 (still looking at the
 sculpture)
 What happened to it?

Andra puts her head in her hands. Then, looking back up,

ANDRA (CONT'D)
 You brought it to me that way
 Heath. I've never seen it any other
 way. I loved it that way. I really
 did.

Heath looks up at Andra.

HEATH
 There never used to be cracks,
 though. No holes. I don't know why
 I did that to it when it used to
 be...

ANDRA
 (finishing Heath's
 sentence)
 Complete.
 I know Heath, I know. But you can't
 stay here and fix it.

Andra walks around the coffee table and wraps the rag sitting underneath the sculpture around the cracked exterior. She grabs Heath's hand.

ANDRA (CONT'D)

I can't help you with this. I wish
I could, but I can't. You're going
to have to fix it on your own.

She hands the sculpture to Heath, leads him to the door, and
opens it.

Heath steps outside.

Andra stands on her toes and kisses him on the forehead.

ANDRA

Goodbye Heath.

Heath walks down onto the lot and begins heading towards the
exit of the apartment complex.

Andra closes the door.

THE END