

THE WINDOW

Written by

Mark L Ndlovu

Not to be produced without written
permission from the author. (C) 2024

Marklevitendlovu@gmail.com

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

LUCAS (30) sits at his desk. His apartment is dark, apart from the light of his laptop screen. Outside his window, the city hums softly.

Lucas glances up from his computer to the WINDOW ACROSS THE STREET.

In the window, we see MAYA (30) standing in front of a large canvas, painting energetically. The room is bathed in warm, golden light that contrasts with Lucas' cold, dim space.

Lucas watches her for a moment, fascinated but distant. His eyes drift back to his computer. He types, then pauses, unable to focus. He looks back at her again.

CUT TO:

Maya's apartment window from Lucas' perspective: There's an open notebook on her windowsill, with a rough sketch of a moon, hastily drawn.

Maya steps back from her canvas, eyes the drawing, and suddenly holds it up to the window, facing Lucas. Playful.

Lucas blinks, surprised. He hesitates, then glances around as if checking if anyone else saw. He reaches for a A4 piece of paper on his desk and scribbles a drawing of a star.

He walks to his window, awkwardly holding it up for her to see.

A smile flickers on Maya's face. She nods approvingly and goes back to her painting.

Lucas remains by the window, a small smile forms on his lips.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT - ANOTHER NIGHT

Lucas sits at his desk again, wearing different clothes, but this time, he's not working. He's looking out the window, waiting.

Across the street, Maya walks into her room, holding a new drawing: a sketch of a bird, its wings outstretched, flying upwards.

She pauses, glancing out the window towards Lucas. He's already holding a new sketch: a tree with its branches reaching up to the sky.

Over the next several nights, this silent conversation continues.

Maya leaves more elaborate sketches: sometimes a lighthouse, sometimes a city skyline. Lucas responds, slowly improving his drawings, his excitement growing.

MONTAGE:

Lucas sitting by the window, waiting for Maya's light to turn on.

Maya working on her art, occasionally glancing towards Lucas' window.

Both of them exchanging playful sketches, sometimes abstract, sometimes detailed.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

One evening, Lucas sits eagerly by the window, waiting for Maya. But her window is dark. He checks the time. She's always on by now.

Lucas watches the empty, dim room across the street for a while, disappointment growing. He puts down his sketch and walks away from the window, pacing his apartment.

A soft sound outside pulls his attention back. He hurries to the window and sees a new drawing taped to Maya's window: this time, it's a simple heart. It's messier than her usual drawings, as though it were rushed.

Lucas stares at it. He quickly scribbles something in response but pauses before showing it. He crumples the paper, uncertain.

The heart drawing stays up, and Maya doesn't appear.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT - DAY

Lucas watches the empty window across the street.

CUT TO:

He goes through his morning routine, distracted.

CUT TO:

The heart drawing remains, but there's still no sign of Maya.

CUT TO:

He steps to the window, contemplating, his fingers gripping the sill.

For the first time, Lucas looks down at the street below: so close yet so far from his comfort zone. He hesitates, struggling with the idea of crossing that divide.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Lucas stands outside his building, for the first time venturing beyond the safety of his apartment. He stares up at Maya's window. The heart drawing is still there, but the lights remain off. He swallows hard and crosses the street, his steps careful.

He reaches Maya's door, his breath shaky. He raises his hand to knock, then hesitates. His hand hovers in the air for a moment, before finally knocking softly.

Nothing.

He knocks again, louder this time. The door creaks open slightly, and Maya appears, looking disheveled and tired. Her usual vibrant energy is absent. She stares at him, surprised, her eyes red as if she's been crying.

They stand there in silence, the quiet hum of the city around them.

Lucas doesn't know what to say. He fumbles for words, but instead, he pulls out his latest drawing: a simple sketch of two figures standing by their windows, holding hands.

Maya looks at the drawing, a soft smile forming on her lips, though tears well up in her eyes. She steps aside, letting him in.

INT. MAYA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lucas steps inside her apartment, which is warm and filled with color, even though it feels messier than it did from a distance. There's a half-finished painting on the easel, the same bird she had drawn before.

The two of them sit on the couch by the window. They don't speak, but their hands rest side by side, almost touching, watching the city together. The exchange is quiet but full of understanding.

From Lucas' window across the street: the heart drawing still hangs.