THE FABRIC OF LIFE

Written by

JD Stewart

Logline: Kara DeMarco isn't all she seems, especially when it comes down to her lust for killer handbags.

Jds799@nyu.edu
FROM THE BLACK WE HEAR --

SNIP. SNIP.

The sound of sharp scissors slicing through fabric. It’s almost musical.

Then, CLASSICAL MUSIC. Soft, swirling, and hypnotic.

FADE IN:

INT. KARA’S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Well-kept fingers place the scissors down and pick up a needle.

They move it with delicacy through a piece of leather. There’s love and care with this.

The fingers flex out to hands and up arms. Soft skin – porcelain like a milk drop.

They belong to KARA DEMARCO, 26, despite her over-sized limbs she radiates a warmth which is hidden by devious eyes.

She lays the finished product out in front of her and smiles at her job well done.

She looks across the barren room to a table under the window. A sad vase which only holds a single flower sits in the center.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Slimline legs in black leather knee-highs – Kara. She walks with ease and purpose until she reaches a FLOWER SHOP.

The colors of the petals catch her eye – it’s like a Monet painting in a window.

She makes her way to the door.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

An assault on the sense of sight. Colors at every angle. Hyacinths, tulips, sunflowers, and roses. The store is quiet.

Kara moves with grace towards the pink roses. She’s entranced by them.
She raises her hand to touch the petals when--

DARYL (O.S.)
Can I help you?

DARYL WALKER, 30, has a London brogue, man-bun, and muscles which could rip out of his sweater. His forearms are covered in tattoos.

Kara hides her hands. Her hair falls in front of her face, covering her nerves.

She pulls her handbag close. He notices the Celtic design on it - it looks oddly familiar.

DARYL (CONT’D)
That’s a beautiful bag. Where did you get it?

She’s shy.

KARA
I made it.

Daryl reaches past her and pulls one pink rose out.

DARYL
Follow me.

He walks towards the counter and places the rose down. He pulls a piece of white paper out.

He pulls shears from under the desk and trims the stem of the rose. He’s delicate but there’s a hard streak to his work.

Kara watches him. She’s drawn to a large tattoo on his forearm of a RED ROSE. She can’t take her eyes off of it.

Daryl finishes wrapping and holds the rose out to her.

DARYL (CONT’D)
A beautiful rose for a beautiful girl.

His smile pulls her in, she reaches to take the rose from him and --

She winces.

Blood. A drop oozes from her forefinger.

DARYL (CONT’D)
I’m sorry --
Daryl reaches for tissue but the sound of the BELL on the door indicates that she’s already gone.

INT. KARA’S LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

The sad vase now looks happy as the pink rose stands regal inside it.

There’s an ethereal looking glow coming from it. It’s beautiful.

EXT. OUTSIDE FLOWER SHOP – DAY

The street is quiet.

Kara looks in the window inside the shop. Through the flowers she can see a man behind the desk. He turns – it’s not Daryl. She’s disappointed.

Kara turns and walks SMACK into a body. It’s Daryl. She’s taken aback.

DARYL
Hello. How’s your finger?

She lowers her head – but he can see a small smile unfold from her lips.

Her hands hold her bag close – it’s a light brown. Leather look.

KARA
It’s okay.

The silence is oddly sexual.

KARA (CONT’D)
Thank you. For the rose.

Daryl moves his hand to her face and pulls it out from the hair which hides it.

DARYL
You’re welcome. You shouldn’t hide such a beautiful face.

She almost slips under the spell of his eyes and then catches herself. She pulls back.

DARYL (CONT’D)
I want to take you for lunch.