



t h e s u n
s h i n e s
a t n i g h t



GREATER FOOL PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS "THE SUN SHINES AT NIGHT" STARRING MELANIE MAHANNA STEPHEN
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EXT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - BACKYARD - DAY

A quiet, pleasant day.

Birds CHIRPING.

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A clean, simple, and well-furnished living room and kitchen.

We push past the middle of the kitchen floor where a rolling suitcase, its handle extended up, holds a laptop bag.

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

We push down the hallway, where we hear MOANING, encountering various clothes lying messily on the hardwood floor: heels, a jacket, a collared shirt, dress pants, jeans, a t-shirt.

As we cross into the ...

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

... we see men's boxers, a tank top, a bra, and a pair of women's underwear on a bed.

We tilt up to reveal the source of the MOANING: CLAIRE lies in bed.

One of her hands rests on the head of a IAN while he goes down on her.

She MOANS as she moves her other hand to the other side of Ian's head, trying to pull him up.

He puts both of his hands up on her torso.

She pulls his head.

He doesn't stop.

She MOANS again.

CLAIRE

Come--

He cuts her off, giving an indistinct "no" disguised as a MOAN.

CLAIRE

Get up here.

A beat.

CLAIRE

Fuck me.

IAN

(maybe it's a moan?)

Uh-huh.

She makes a more concerted effort to pull him up.

CLAIRE

Get up here, and fuck me.

IAN

No...t yet.

She pushes his head away, pulling herself up into a seated position.

CLAIRE

Not yet? What do you mean,
not yet?

He props himself up on his elbows.

IAN

You've been gone for a week.

She tries to keep it light, fun.

CLAIRE

Yeah, but that's not what
I missed.

He does his best to reciprocate the mood.

IAN

Whoa. You saying I'm not good
at it?

She smiles, a twinkle in her eye.

CLAIRE

Eh. I just want you to fuck me.

Nothing. He starts to lose the mood.

CLAIRE

Is this a stamina thing?

IAN

Excuse me?

He shakes his head.

IAN

No, it's not a stamina thing. I just want you to get off. I want you to come.

He rambles, tripping over his words, the mood evaporating even more quickly.

She chuckles, still holding on to it.

CLAIRE

Hate to break it to you, but that's not going to do it. You're awfully chatty. If I didn't know any better, I'd say you were--

Her eyes go wide.

Light bulb.

Mood: gone.

CLAIRE

Wait. Are you... ?

IAN

What? No! No...

A beat.

IAN

I'm not.

She slides over to the edge of the bed, her bare back to him.

CLAIRE

Oh my god, you are.

Ian sits, covered only by a thin sheet at the waist.

She looks down at him.

CLAIRE

You're not even --

She shudders, reaching back for her bra and underwear, he holds them up to her as she puts them on, violently grabbing each from him as she does.

He holds up her tank top. She hesitates. Grabs it.

The silence is awkward.

She finishes putting the tank top on.

CLAIRE

Well?

A blank stare.

The silence still long and still awkward.

She waits for an answer.

He simply stares.

CLAIRE

Wow. You can't even do it.

IAN

Do what?

CLAIRE

You know what.

He shrugs his shoulder and shakes his head.

She mimics him.

CLAIRE

We're not in middle school, Ian.

IAN

What do you mean?

CLAIRE

You can't-- you don't get to ask that question.

IAN

I just-- this isn't ... easy for me.

CLAIRE

Oh, it's not easy for you?

IAN

No! Don't do that.

CLAIRE

Are you really telling me what to do right now?

IAN

I'm just trying to explain how I feel. Can I-- can you let me do that, please?

CLAIRE

Sure. Go ahead. Tell me how you feel.

IAN

I don't know about this.

He waves his arm, indicating himself and her.

CLAIRE

Good start.

IAN

No. I mean *this*.

He gestures again.

She's taken aback.

Startled.

Hurt.

Angry.

CLAIRE

Are you sure?

IAN

I don't know.

CLAIRE

How can you not know?

IAN

I don't know.

CLAIRE

You're not attracted to me anymore?

IAN

It's not that simple.

CLAIRE

Answer the question.

IAN

It's not that simple.

CLAIRE

What's going on, Ian?

A long beat.

IAN
Sometimes.

CLAIRE
Sometimes?

IAN
That's the answer to
your question.

Brutal and devastating.

IAN
I told you.

She shakes her head.

CLAIRE
No, you said you didn't want to
put a label on it. That's not
telling me.

IAN
I don't. That's what I'm telling
you now.

CLAIRE
Don't what? Want to put a label
on it?

IAN
Yeah.

CLAIRE
So this isn't a break up?

IAN
Not if you don't want it to be.

CLAIRE
You don't get to turn this back
around on me.

IAN
I'm not trying to.

CLAIRE
What do you want then?

IAN
Now you want to know what I want?

CLAIRE
Don't do that.

He thinks.

CLAIRE

Tell me what you want, Ian. It's not that hard.

IAN

It is that hard.

CLAIRE

Why can't you just talk to me?

IAN

Which is it: do you want me to fuck you or do you want me to talk to you?

CLAIRE

You know what I mean.

IAN

I don't want to hurt you, but I just need a little more... variety.

CLAIRE

Variety? Fucking variety?

IAN

I told you I didn't want to put a label on it. What did you think that meant?

CLAIRE

That you didn't want to put a label on it!

IAN

It's not that simple.

CLAIRE

It's not that simple. It is that hard. I don't know. Come on, Ian.

IAN

I want to see other people - I do see other people - and I want to keep seeing you, just not all the time.

CLAIRE

So you don't ever want to settle down?

IAN
That's exactly what I want.
Eventually.

CLAIRE
Just not with me?

IAN
I tried.

CLAIRE
You told me you loved me.

IAN
I do.

She cries.

IAN
No, look, stop... I don't-- no.
Look, when I told you it's not
that simple, I meant it.

CLAIRE
How long have you known?

IAN
Come on, that's not fair.

CLAIRE
No. What you're doing isn't fair.
(a beat)
How long?

He doesn't know how to answer.

CLAIRE
The whole time.

She takes a long look at him.

CLAIRE
Wow.

Still crying.

Gathers herself.

CLAIRE
When you told me what you wanted
this to be, I heard something
different than what you said.
That's fine. I'll own that.
(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

But you knew -- you fucking knew
-- what you were doing and how it
was going to make me feel whenever
-- if ever -- I found out. I
believed you. And you lied to me.
That's a shitty thing. You did a
shitty thing.

She exits the room. We follow her to the door but stay inside
the room with him.

We hear the RUSTLING of clothes.

Then: the CLOP of shoes and ROLLING of wheels on the
hardwood floor.

She wipes the frame of the empty doorway, pulling her suitcase
and laptop bag behind her.

We hear the front door OPEN and SLAM shut followed by the
outside gate.

EXT. BROOKLYN - STREET CORNER - DAY

A busy day on the corner of two Brooklyn streets.

The Claire - dressed for work with her laptop bag over her
shoulder - exits a bodega holding a cup of coffee.

She walks around the corner and down the street.

PRE-LAP: a train WHOOSHES us onto ...

INT./EXT. BROOKLYN - SUBWAY PLATFORM - LATER

A train stops at the platform.

INT. BROOKLYN - SUBWAY PLATFORM - TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Claire steps onto the train.

She stands amongst COMMUTERS.

She sees Ian happily PDAing with CHARLES, a bear.

He doesn't see her.

She sits on the train's bench, sipping her coffee.

THE END.