

CANDY

written by

Andrea Rinzivillo

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andrearinzivillo91@gmail.com

FADE IN:

DARKNESS.

The hum of a city at night. Distant traffic. A girl's laugh, somewhere far away, bright as glass.

INT. CANDY'S BEDROOM - MADRID - NIGHT

Blue. Everything is blue.

Streetlight bleeds through a thin curtain and drowns the room in it. Posters on the wall. Clothes on a chair. A fur coat dropped on the floor like a sleeping animal.

On the bed, still dressed, lies CANDELA "CANDY" FARIAS (19) -- smudged eyeliner, glitter dying on her cheekbones. Her eyes are open.

Between her fingers she turns a bare white lollipop stick. Slowly. Like a rosary.

CANDY (V.O.)

Jade says every night ends the same way. You just have to decide which part you keep.

Her eyes close. And we --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. GRAN VIA - MADRID - NIGHT (EARLIER)

Gran Via at full volume. Neon signs, traffic, tourists, a busker murdering a love song. Winter breath hangs in the air.

At the crosswalk, JADE ALLAPITCHAY (19) -- all dark hair and darker eyebrows, fur-trimmed coat, a plastic bag from a candy shop swinging at her wrist. She checks her phone. Nothing.

Then, across four lanes of traffic -- CANDY. Fur vest, black mini skirt, boots that were a bad idea five hours ago.

The light turns green. Neither of them walks. Then both of them run.

They collide in the middle of the crosswalk -- hugging, spinning, holding on like the other one might evaporate. Cars wait. A horn.

DRIVER (O.S.)
(honking)
Venga, guapas!

JADE
(into Candy's hair)
You're late.

CANDY
I'm always late. You're early. That's the real problem.

They make the curb just as the light changes, laughing, arm in arm.

INT. 24-HOUR SHOP - GRAN VIA - NIGHT

Pink and violet neon soaks the aisles. Shelves of candy in plastic bins -- gummy strips, sour belts, lollipops in paper sleeves. A SHOPKEEPER (60s) watches football on a tiny TV and nothing else.

The girls move down the aisle like it's a museum.

JADE
One of everything.

CANDY
We have six euros.

JADE
One of everything that costs six euros.

They pile the counter with sugar. The shopkeeper rings it up without looking away from the match.

SHOPKEEPER
Cinco noventa.

CANDY
(to Jade)

See? Rich.

By the window, under the pink light -- two lollipops, two white sticks angling from their mouths. They lean their heads together, eyes closed, sugar-quiet.

Hold on this. It could be a poster.

JADE
(quietly)
Ask me.

CANDY
No.

JADE
Candy.

CANDY
If I don't ask, it's not tomorrow yet.

Jade opens her eyes. Looks at her. Says nothing.

EXT. SIDE STREET OFF GRAN VIA - NIGHT

Quieter here. Streetlamps and shuttered shopfronts. They walk and eat. Candy digs out the last sour gummy strip -- orange, dusted with sugar.

CANDY
Last one.

JADE
Split it.

CANDY
There are no knives.

JADE
There are mouths.

Candy bites one end. Jade takes the other. They chew toward the middle -- closer, closer, the strip disappearing between them -- until their lips are a breath apart.

A NIGHT BUS roars past, all light and wind.

They break apart, laughing too loudly, sugar on their chins. Neither of them says what almost happened. It walks with them anyway.

EXT. PLAZA DEL CALLAO - NIGHT

Giant screens wash them in shifting color. Jade lights a cigarette. Candy steals it, takes a drag, hands it back. Smoke curls up into the neon.

CANDY

What time is the flight?

JADE

Nine.

CANDY

In the morning?

JADE

That's usually when nine is.

A beat. The screens change color. Blue, now.

CANDY

London's ugly, you know. It rains sideways.

JADE

I know.

CANDY

And the candy is terrible. It's all... toffee.

JADE

(smiling despite herself)

I know.

CANDY

Okay. Just checking you know.

Jade flicks the cigarette away. Takes Candy's hand -- casual. Or almost.

EXT. GRAN VIA - LATER

The city thinning out. Shutters halfway down, a street cleaner's hose hissing somewhere. They walk down the middle of the sidewalk like they own it, drunk on nothing but sugar and the hour.

JADE

Keep one thing. From tonight. Whatever you want.

CANDY

That's stupid.

JADE

Then keep something stupid.

Candy pulls the lollipop from her mouth and studies the bare white stick.

CANDY

This. This is mine now.

JADE

(laughing)

That's trash, Candy.

CANDY

It's mine, is what it is.

EXT. CANDY'S DOORWAY - NIGHT

The blue hour before dawn. A narrow street, one lamp, one door.

They stop. This is the part where someone says goodnight. Nobody says goodnight.

JADE

So.

CANDY

So.

JADE

Nine o'clock.

CANDY

That's usually when nine is.

Jade smiles. Then, before the smile finishes, she kisses her. Soft. Brief. Sugar and smoke.

They separate an inch. Foreheads touching.

JADE

(a whisper)

You keep that one too.

Jade steps back. Walks away backwards a few steps, watching her -- then turns, and goes. Candy stays in the doorway until the street is only street.

CUT TO:

INT. CANDY'S BEDROOM - MADRID - NIGHT (BLUE)

Blue again. The same room. The same girl on the bed -- eyes open now.

She turns the white stick in her fingers.

Her phone LIGHTS UP on the pillow. She holds it above her face: a photo. The two of them under pink neon, heads together, lollipop sticks, eyes closed. No text. Just the photo.

Then -- typing. A message from Jade:

JADE (TEXT)

london has candy shops. i checked.

Candy laughs -- one small, wet laugh in the blue dark. She types back:

CANDY (TEXT)

keep me one of everything.

She sets the phone face down. Lies back.

EXTREME CLOSE ON her eyes in the blue -- a small point of light in each one.

CANDY (V.O.)

Every night ends the same way. You just have to decide which part you keep.

Her eyes close.

She keeps all of it.

CUT TO BLACK.

C A N D Y

FADE OUT.

THE END