

SHOOTING SCRIPT

THE THIEF

A short film · 2 minutes · No sync dialogue — all spoken words are voiceover.

FADE IN:

1. INT. KITCHEN — LATE AFTERNOON (GOLD)

A phone lies face-down on a wooden counter in a shaft of late sun. Dust motes. A child's crayon drawing on the fridge, soft in the background.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is not a phone. It's a thief.

The screen lights up under itself — a silent pulse of glow. The room seems to cool.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It doesn't take your money. It takes Tuesday afternoons.

2. INT. KITCHEN — DUSK (BLUE)

MOTHER (late 30s, cardigan, tired and lovely) stands at the counter, back to the room, head bowed over the glowing phone.

Behind her — soft focus, never sharp — DAUGHTER (5, tutu over pajamas, mismatched socks) does one full, joyful TWIRL. Arms out. She lands and looks at her mother's back. Hopeful.

The focus never leaves the phone.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It took the twirl she did in the kitchen — the one you almost saw.

CLOSE — the mother's thumb scrolling. In the dark glass, a tiny warped smear of pink.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

"One second, baby."

The girl stops. Stands very still. Watches.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

She heard that. And she'll remember it. Not the words —

3. INT. KITCHEN — CHILD'S EYE VIEW — CONTINUOUS

From low, a child's height, looking up: the mother's face is COMPLETELY HIDDEN behind the raised phone. Only the top of her head shows above it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

— the top of your head.

Silence. The girl walks out of frame. The phone keeps glowing.

4. INT. LIVING ROOM — NIGHT (BLUE)

The mother alone on the sofa, face lit cold blue. Around her, unseen: toys on the rug, a wilting bouquet — a real, lovely, ordinary life.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And when it's done stealing her childhood... it starts on you. It shows you every woman you're not.

EXTREME CLOSE — her eye. The feed flickers across it in little colored flashes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Kitchens cleaner than yours. Bodies younger than yours. Vacations you weren't invited to. A thousand lives a day — every one of them louder than yours.

Her thumb double-taps a stranger's photo.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And it calls this... *connection*.

5. INT. BEDROOM — 10:03 PM (BLUE)

A nightstand clock: 10:03. OVERHEAD: a couple in one bed, backs to each other, two faces lit by two separate screens. Their hands lie six inches apart on the duvet. Wedding bands in two different blues.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Ten o'clock. Two people who promised each other forever, lying in the same bed, glowing in two different blues.

INSERT — grainy, warm, home-video: the SAME COUPLE, years younger, face to face on a bed, laughing at nothing. No phones anywhere in the world.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

You used to fall asleep facing each other.

Silence. In the dark, she lowers her phone to her chest. Stares at the ceiling. Turns her head to look at him.

6. INT. KITCHEN — GOLDEN MORNING (GOLD RETURNS)

Her hand places the phone into a wooden drawer and slides it shut — slow, deliberate, like laying something to rest.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It doesn't have to end like this. Put it in a drawer at five o'clock. The world will wait. *She won't.*

Through the window: the girl mid-cartwheel on the lawn, backlit gold.

7. INT. KITCHEN — SUNDAY MORNING (GOLD)

Pancake chaos. Flour everywhere. The mother LAUGHING, face fully visible, fully hers. The phone dark on the counter far behind them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Let Sunday mornings sleep in. Look up — she's been watching where you look her whole life. Show her what matters.

8. INT. KITCHEN — GOLDEN HOUR — MOTHER'S POV

Handheld, breathing. The girl does THE TWIRL again — the same twirl — but this time we are the mother's eyes, and the girl lands facing us, looking straight into the lens, and BEAMS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The moments aren't coming back. But tonight? Tonight is still here.

9. INT. BEDROOM — DUSK (GOLD)

The duvet. The same two hands — and the six inches close to zero. Fingers interlace. No screens anywhere.

10. BLACK.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(almost a whisper, smiling)

Be here.

Be here. holds alone on black. One warm chord decays into the sound of a full house — a distant giggle, a kettle. Then nothing.

FADE OUT.