

Sound of Silence

Man sits at table eating a large plate of rice

He sits alone at the table in a rundown apartment, nervously he taps his plate and sips from a large glass of, milk

Suddenly a woman barges through the door, she's not in a good mood. She scoops herself a steaming heap of rice and sets it to the side. Then she opens the fridge to pour herself a glass of milk.

In the background the man stares down at his plate, a dog whose owner has just arrived home to find another throw pillow ripped to shreds.

She turns to reveal a large empty milk gallon in hand

Why is there no more milk?!?!?!?!?!?

From its hiding place under his chair the man pulls out a fresh glass of orange juice and tries to offer her it. But that only makes her angrier

She pushes the offering of orange juice away.

The man tries to pour some of his glass into her glass and share the milk

The woman takes a sip and seems to calm down

Then she spits the milk into the man's face

The man wipes the milk from his eyes

The woman douses him in the face again with his own cup of milk

Now neither of them has milk :(

The woman storms off to the sink to pour herself a glass of water

The man slowly scoops a hand full of rice. He snowballs it in his hand. Unwittingly she watches as her glass fills. A perfectly compact ball of rice, he tosses it from one hand, to another, and hurls it at her head. Smack, it explodes everywhere, the rice coating her hair and shoulders.

She spins around, shocked, and takes three quick strides to face the man

Without breaking eye contact she grabs a fist full of rice and shovels it into her mouth

He doesn't break eyecontact and shovels a handful into his own mouth. Then break into pirouette

Her arms raise to a frankenstein position then wiggle as she glides backwards to create space

He dips into a circle of his leg and springs out of it into a momentary standing split. His toes stutter in place before he begins to glide across the floor encroaching on the woman

She welcomes the attack, and pushes up into him, its hot, for a moment then breaks with a sirling backhand she

A magnificent jump, full of passion, anergy. The dancer's arms wave in an intentionally sporadic outburst. The dancer oozes emotion, is this performance or an act of catharsis? He goes for a sweep of the feet

She jumps, dodges and lands in a position of defense. Pushing upward into him they embrace and break into a spin.

They hold hands as she spins away from him, then back into embrace.

They start to glide across the floor together. Pulsing and finding a rhythm.

It climaxes with a jump and catch.

They embrace.

Intimacy is a wild ride

Cut to the man in all black leggings and skin tight shirt  
He is in a ballet room alone breathing heavily, drenched in sweat  
He inhales and takes formation to curtseying into the beginning of his routine

Cut back to kitchen

The man is avoiding eye contact with the woman

Who is now sloppily opening a bottle and pouring a drink, she is clearly yelling and her facial expression is frustrated bordering on angry.

Cut back to the man beginning his ballet routine.

Kitchen

The woman accidentally knocks over her glass and the contents disperse over the counter waterfaling onto the floor. She grabs the cup and hurls it at the wall, the man ducks for cover, shielding his face as the glass explodes into a million pieces.

Cut to

Kitchen

The anger of the woman turns to the man, she storms over and grabs a handful of his white rice and squishes it in her hand. She's lost control screaming in his face, she grabs the glass of milk and dumps it on his head. Drenched she gets right in the mans face and continues screaming

Dancer

Zoom out to see a row of people seated for the ballet performance watching intently, the dancer spins and settles into a bow, closing act 1. The audience bows. The dancer remains solemn and composed. The people mingle about chitchatting about how great a performance it is when suddenly

Kitchen

The man pushes the woman off of him, leaving the back of his head exposed she smacks him hard, spurring the man to leap away, and pull a chair between he and the woman. The woman throws the chair to the side and marches toward the man who backs away into another room.

Dancer

The audience is still chatting through intermission when suddenly silence falls upon the room.

The camera pans into a wider angle, standing there, clad in all black is the woman. Standing silently, staring at the man.

The audience gasps in unison

The man makes the first move, an intricate tip toe flutter step, turning his back to the woman with a pirouette. Before spinning back to face her

The woman launches into her own routine. Gracefully gliding around the floor she encroaches on the man