

Short Movies
The Flood

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ABOUT

0 **PREMISE.**

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The film explores grief as a circular experience rather than a linear one, showing how the inability to let go can trap us in repetition, conflict, and emotional stagnation.

The story reflects the inner struggle of facing loss and learning to move forward

0 **SHORT SYNOPSIS**

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A person is trapped in endless traffic, stuck in a car journey that never seems to move forward: the same roads, the same turns, the same landscape looping again and again.

Their only companion is a friend sitting in the back seat, whose face is never seen. As the journey drags on, their conversations grow increasingly tense.

Through missed turns and unnecessary stops, the road slowly reveals itself as a metaphor for grief, loss, and the painful act of letting go.

ACT 1

1 EXT. GRA - 12:50 P.M. - SUMMER - DAY 1

ESTABLISHING SHOT

The GRA - Grande Raccordo Anulare. A massive ring of asphalt encircling Rome. High aerial view. Six lanes divided by a central barrier. On one side, traffic flows. On the other, everything is stopped. Hundreds of cars packed across three lanes, inching forward at a crawling pace.

VOICE OVER

THE GRA - GRANDE RACCORDO ANULARE.
A RING OF ASPHALT ENCIRCLING ROME.
SOMETIMES YOU CAN GET STUCK ON IT
FOR HOURS, TRYING TO REACH YOUR
DESTINATION.

Distant HONKING. Under it, faintly, soft music, as if coming from inside one of the cars.

2 INT. CAR - DAY 2

CLOSE UP - DASHBOARD

The dashboard and car radio. The music is now clear, though the honking from nearby cars still bleeds through. A hand enters frame and **turns down the volume.**

MEDIUM SHOT - DRIVER

We see the DRIVER for the first time. One hand grips the steering wheel. The other finishes lowering the volume.

DRIVER

We're almost there. I'll take the
Anagnina exit and in fifteen
minutes we'll be there.

In the same frame, two hands appear from the back seat, resting on the front headrests. A **shadowed face** leans slightly forward.

BACK SEAT GIRL

You always say that.

CLOSE UP - REARVIEW MIRROR

The Driver's hand adjusts the mirror. In it we see the BACK SEAT GIRL lighting a cigarette. The rest of her face is swallowed by shadow.

BACK SEAT GIRL (CONT'D)

Even the last time. We never made it to that exit.

The driver's eye tightens.

MEDIUM SHOT - DRIVER

Three-quarter profile. The driver slightly steers to the right as traffic inches forward.

DRIVER

This time it's gonna be different.

3 EXT. GRA

3

We see the car quickly changing from the left lane into a small opening in the right lane. From the entrance ramp on the right, a **large truck** approaches at high speed. It is clear it is on a collision course with the driver's car. The sound of **TIRES SCREECHING**. A long **HORN BLAST**.

BACK SEAT GIRL

Why?(Pause)

4 INT. CAR - DAY

4

CLOSE UP - DRIVER

The driver looks to her right. Her expression shifts to fear as she realizes something is about to hit them.

BACK SEAT GIRL

Why should this time be any different?

Crash. Glass explodes. Everything moves in **slow motion**. Milk bottles from the front passenger seat shatter. Glass fragments fly everywhere.

5 EXT. CAR INCIDENT

5

WIDE SHOT.

The truck (carrying milk) lies tilted across the highway. Cars overturned. White milk floods the asphalt like a river. Steam rises from the protagonist's damaged car. The camera slowly **pans upward**. A title forms like a cinema poster:

THE FLOOD

6

EXT. DESERT - DAY

6

CLOSE UP - DRIVER'S FOOT

A foot steps firmly onto dry ground.

CLOSE UP - DRIVER'S EYES

Her eyes narrow with determination.

DRIVER

I'm sure, this time will be different.

LONG SHOT - ESTABLISHING

A vast desert filled with floating islands. From them, rivers pour down into nothingness. The DRIVER stands with her back to us, looking toward the horizon. She extends her left hand toward the passenger, who kneels beside her. In her right hand she holds a **shield made from a car door**. Above them, enormous flying creatures drift slowly through the sky. Something between pterodactyls and alien flying fish. Creatures from another dimension.

MEDIUM SHOT - BACK SEAT GIRL

Wind moves slowly across the sand. The floating platforms drift like fragments of forgotten worlds. The BACK SEAT GIRL speaks quietly, as if she is remembering something ancient rather than explaining something simple.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

We need to move!

BACK SEAT GIRL

Let me rest for five minutes.

DRIVER

Look at your leg!

BACK SEAT GIRL

(pause) I was wondering about pistachio ice cream... how much has to happen before it becomes what it is. (pause)
 the pistachio grows hidden in the dark, protected, inside a shell. Then you have to break it. Not gently. Never gently. (pause)
 After that, you must remove the thin skin... and the heat begins. It needs to be roasted. Seven... eight minutes. Just enough to change it. Not enough to destroy it. (pause)
 And only then can it be ground into something new. Something that no longer remembers the shape it had before. (pause) If you skip one of these parts... you never get something truly good. Just something that looks right. But has no depth. **No soul!**

She looks at the sand slipping into the void.

BACK SEAT GIRL (CONT'D)

Later you melt the sugar into milk. Did you know you can make it vegan? And it still tastes the same.

A small smile.

BACK SEAT GIRL (CONT'D)

Isn't that strange? That you can remove what you thought was essential... and the essence remains anyway. (long pause)

Wind moves between the floating islands like breath.

BACK SEAT GIRL (CONT'D)

And then comes the hardest part. **Waiting.** Everything must keep moving while the cold does its work. You cannot rush it. (pause)
 Time refuses violence. If you try to force it... it becomes rigid. But if you give it the right amount of time... it becomes something else. Something soft. Something that was made to melt slowly.

She looks toward the glowing platform far away.

BACK SEAT GIRL (CONT'D)
 Sometimes I think I would like to
 be pistachio ice cream. (pause)
 A pistachio without **regrets**.
 (pause)
 Maybe even a vegan one.

WIDE SHOT - DRIVER AND BACK SEAT GIRL

The Driver answers simply. Grounded. Refusing the metaphor.

DRIVER
 Eeeh!?! Stop it.
 You're not melting. (pause)
 You're just tired.

CLOSE UP - DRIVER

DRIVER (CONT'D)
 But, We need to get out of here.

CLOSE UP - BACK SEAT GIRL'S INJURED LEG

A piece of metal is embedded in her left leg. Blood seeps from the wound. Her hand grips the metal fragment.

BACK SEAT GIRL
 It's useless. (long pause)
 I will never make it in this
 condition.

WIDE SHOT - DRIVER AND BACK SEAT GIRL

From above, we see the Driver and the Back Seat Girl like silhouettes. A massive shadow passes over them, the shadow of the creature we saw in the first desert shot.

BACK SEAT GIRL (CONT'D)
 Let's face it... it's useless.
 We should stop. Or better...
 I should stop.

The DRIVER suddenly turns.

DRIVER
 Shhhh! Shhhh!
 There's something here!

CLOSE UP - GROUND

The DRIVER'S feet. Her hand touches the soil. Small stones begin to tremble.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
It's an earthquake!

WIDE SHOT - DRIVER, BACK SEAT GIRL, CREATURE

The ground bursts open. A massive creature emerges from the earth, towering over them. The DRIVER quickly grabs the car door shield and slams it into the ground in front of them (stomp!).

DRIVER (CONT'D)
What the fuck!

MEDIUM SHOT - DRIVER AND SHIELD

The creature strikes. SBAM! Dust explodes into the air. The impact sends kinetic shock through the frame.

REVERSE MEDIUM SHOT

From another angle we see the creature tearing through part of the improvised shield. Fragment breaks off.

LONG SHOT - SKY

The creature retreats, launching itself into the air. It circles above them.

BACK SEAT GIRL
We can't outrun it.

MEDIUM SHOT - BACK SEAT GIRL

She sits on the ground, holding her injured leg. She looks at the DRIVER.

BACK SEAT GIRL (CONT'D)
You should leave me here.

MEDIUM SHOT - DRIVER AND BACK SEAT GIRL

The DRIVER drops what remains of the shield. She kneels beside her.

CLOSE UP - DRIVER

Determined.

DRIVER

No!

WIDE SHOT - DRIVER AND BACK SEAT GIRL

The DRIVER helps her stand.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

We're not staying here.

CLOSE UP BACK SEAT GIRL

She looks at the DRIVER. But something else is happening. Fear.

BACK SEAT GIRL

We're running out of time.

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LONG SHOT - DRIVER, BACK SEAT GIRL, CREATURE

7

The creature dives toward the ground. The two girls run. The BACK SEAT GIRL limps badly, slowing them both down. The DRIVER supports her as they move.

BACK SEAT GIRL

It's coming back!

DRIVER

Run! Run!

Behind them the creature crashes into the ground, then burrows through the earth, gaining on them fast. The ground cracks as it moves beneath the surface. They keep running.

BACK SEAT GIRL

Ouch! Ouch!

DRIVER

Faster!!!

Ahead of them a gap. A deep chasm separates them from the next floating platform. The creature is almost upon them.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
We need to jump

BACK SEAT GIRL
Fuck!

MEDIUM SHOT - FRONT - DRIVER, BACK SEAT GIRL, CREATURE

The DRIVER looks at her friend. Behind them the creature rises again, closing the distance. The BACK SEAT GIRL meets her gaze. A silent understanding.

DRIVER
Just like that time..

CLOSE UP - DRIVER

Her expression changes. Recognition. Memory.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Do you remember...?

8 BLACK SCREEN. 8

9 FLASH MEMORY - CHILDHOOD 9

The sound of water. Reflections moving on a lake surface.

MEDIUM SHOT - DRIVER'S POV

Warm sunlight. We see the feet of the young DRIVER frozen on a wooden dock at the edge of a lake. She looks down at her dark reflection in the water.

YOUNG DRIVER
I dont' know.

WIDE SHOT - DOCK - DAY

The young DRIVER stands terrified at the edge.

YOUNG DRIVER (CONT'D)
I can't.

YOUNG BACK SEAT GIRL
Yes you can.

CLOSE UP - YOUNG DRIVER

She is clearly scared. From off screen:

YOUNG BACK SEAT GIRL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What are you afraid of?

YOUNG DRIVER
It's so dark... What if I drown?

YOUNG BACK SEAT GIRL (O.S.)
Then I would help you. Like I
always do.

The young DRIVER turns toward her.

YOUNG DRIVER
Promise?

The girl extends her pinky finger.

YOUNG BACK SEAT GIRL
Promise.

They lock fingers. Then the Back Seat Girl grabs her friend's
arm.

YOUNG BACK SEAT GIRL (CONT'D)
You don't have to be brave.
I can be brave for both of us.

The two girls run toward the end of the dock and jump
together. A messy cannonball jump. SPLASH.

10 UNDERWATER SHOT

10

Bubbles. Light breaking through the surface. Only YOUNG
DRIVER enters the water. Silence.

A distant voice, almost like an echo:

YOUNG DRIVER
Please... don't run away.

The memory dissolves.

11 BACK TO DESERT

11

WIDE SHOT - DRIVER & BACK SEAT GIRL

The DRIVER and the BACK SEAT GIRL jump across floating terrain. The DRIVER is pulling her, not letting go.

MEDIUM SHOT - DRIVER & BACK SEAT GIRL

They reach a landing platform.

CLOSE UP - BACK SEAT GIRL FEET

The section beneath the Back Seat Girl collapses. She falls.

CLOSE UP - BACK SEAT HAND

The DRIVER catches her hand.

DRIVER

I'm not losing you again.

The BACK SEAT GIRL looks at her calmly.

BACK SEAT GIRL

You didn't lose me. (pause) You were there.

DRIVER

No...

(pause)

Not again.

The desert continues collapsing around them. The world turns white. Both figures disappear into the brightness.