

INT. TRAM - DAY

A girl, early 20's, headphones in, scrolling through her phone, but really wanting to stay off of it and look out the window, sits in a seat on the tram. A violin sits next to her in its case.

The tram comes to a stop.

A guy, also early 20's, with a camera around his shoulder walks in.

They make quick eye contact, but the girl quickly looks away.

The guy sits. Tries to look away, but can't for long. He looks back at her.

When he does, she does too.

This prompts him to get up and walk over to her.

IVAN

(more nervous than he'd
usually be)

Hey, sorry to bother you... I'm a
photographer. Mind if I take a
photo of you?

JOVANA

(flattered, nervous, and a
little unsure)

Right here? I don't know. Are you
sure?

IVAN

Yes.

(putting the camera up to his
eye)

Can you look out the window for a
second? Pretend I'm not here.

Jovana does.

Ivan takes the photo.

IVAN

And can you look past me? Over my
shoulder or something.

Jovana smiles and does.

Ivan takes the photo and then goes to look at them(?)

IVAN

Would you like to see the photos?

JOVANA

Yes. (?)

Ivan quickly and happily reaches back for the camera while sitting down next to her.

JOVANA (CONT'D)

Do you do this to every girl you meet?

IVAN

No.

Jovana is almost uncomfortable with Ivan sitting next to her, but goes along with it and looks at the photo, specifically the first one of her looking out of the window. It's black and white.

JOVANA

I look sad. Can you take another?

IVAN

Look at the next one, it's different.

In the next photo, her smile is soft.

IVAN

I like that one.

JOVANA

I do too.

They make awkward eye contact. Ivan looks out the window, then back at Jovana. This lasts 5 seconds or so.

IVAN

My stop is next. Will you get off and walk with me?
(Coffee, lunch, etc)

JOVANA

(laughs)
And follow a stranger?

IVAN

I mean, you did let me take your photo.

JOVANA

That's different. It's just a photo.

IVAN

Well, my name is Ivan.

Ivan stretches out his hand. Jovana is surprised by Ivan, and intrigued. She hesitates for a beat, then smiles.

JOVANA

Jovana.

Jovana shakes his hand. Before the tram stops, Ivan gets up makes his way over to the exit (peaking back at Jovana?).

The tram stops.

IVAN

Drago mi je, Jovana!

He smiles and walks down.

Jovana hesitates for a second, then gets up.

CUT TO:

EXT. RANDOM CITY STREET

A wide shot of the two of them walking.

IVAN

Do you play that thing or just carry it?

JOVANA

I play it of course. It's my job (or profession)

IVAN

Job? What do you do?

JOVANA

I'm in an orchestra.

IVAN

An orchestra! Wow. That sounds amazing.

JOVANA

It is, it can be.

Ivan notices a shift in her tone on the second part of her line.

IVAN

Can be - what do you mean?

JOVANA

Honestly, practicing, playing, all of the time. It doesn't really leave room for anything else. And I can't really play any other type of music. It's always what's on the sheet in front of me. What the orchestra plays.

IVAN

Is that what you want to play?

JOVANA

Yes of course, it's beautiful. And I have to, it's my job. But I've had other ideas.

IVAN

Like?

Jovana lights up a little:

JOVANA

I don't know (she knows) I've always wanted to play jazz. Maybe start a band, play local shows, play anywhere, anything.

IVAN

You should. Why don't you?

JOVANA

It's not that easy. I've been doing this for so long. Sometimes it feels like I've chosen my path years ago and now I can only do that. Every day.

IVAN

When I first started photography, people tried to push me down a path. Portraits, weddings, sports. They always said "you have to choose one".

JOVANA

Did you?

IVAN

No. I wasn't very successful at any. But maybe it was because I couldn't see myself doing just one thing.

JOVANA
So what do you do?

IVAN
I take photos of what's real.
What's in front of me. The
beautiful and ugly things. I think
there's importance in all of it.

JOVANA
(slightly joking)
That's beautiful. But I mean like,
what do you do for a job? How do
you make money?

IVAN
(smiles)
That isn't important, I think
there's more to life than success
or money. But play me some jazz
and I might tell you.

JOVANA
Now? No. I can't play here.

IVAN
(excited, joking, getting the
camera ready)
Why not? I think this is a perfect
spot.

Jovana likes that Ivan wants to hear her.

JOVANA
(playful)
You really want to take a photo of
me playing the violin, don't you?

IVAN
No.

JOVANA
No?

IVAN
Well yes, but nothing staged.

JOVANA
I only play on a stage.

Beat. Ivan recognizes Jovana's wit, and likes it, but continues
to push a little more.

IVAN

I think you should try playing for yourself. In the moment, just to see how it feels.

(beat - Ivan stops to take a photo.)

Or at least, think about it. You deserve more than what's on the page.

Jovana recognizes Ivan's charm. That might be the first time someone has said to her what she often says to herself.

Music cues.

Shots of Belgrade. Leading toward Kalemegdan.

EXT. KALEMEGDAN - DAY

Medium of them walking on the path.

JOVANA

I've always thought this place is beautiful. It's so old. It holds so many memories.

IVAN

That's why I love photographing here. People bring parts of themselves here, and then maybe in a weird way, they leave a part behind. It's timeless.

JOVANA

Yes, it's also tragic in that way. It's a quiet witness to everything that happens. Every type of love, every type of loss.

IVAN

Like people are searching for something that's gone. Or trying to forget. That's what I try to capture.

JOVANA

You don't get scared, photographing people in public?

IVAN

I do. But most of the time, I don't think they ever notice me. At least I'd like to think that.

JOVANA

I think they notice you.

IVAN

Even so, I don't think my photos are about me. When you see the photo, that's all you see. Not the one who took it. It's similar to the violin in that way. The people may see you, but what they hear is the music. The music is what affects them.

JOVANA

The music is what they hear, yes, but what if I mess up? I'm right there. They can see me.

IVAN

Is it your music?

Beat on Jovana.

Jovana (or Ivan) reaches in her pocket for cigarettes and a lighter.

JOVANA

No, but it's my reputation.

IVAN

True, I never thought of it that way.

There's a bit of awkward silence. Then Ivan breaks it in a playful manner.

IVAN (CONT'D)

I almost forgot. I also play music. I don't play, technically, but I carry it around with me.

Ivan starts to pull out something small from his pocket. It fits in his hand.

JOVANA

What is that?

IVAN

Not jazz, but close.

It's a music box. He starts to play it. It's so bad and unrecognizable, but charming.

Jovana laughs.

JOVANA
It's terrible!

IVAN
It's "My Way" by Frank Sinatra.
But if you have something better,
then why don't you play it because
I think you've kept me waiting
long enough.

JOVANA
(blushes)
I never said I'd play.

IVAN
You didn't *not* say it.

Jovana try to fight a smile, but can't help it. Ivan smiles back, locking eyes with her. They exchange a long stare, something like a stare that comes before the first kiss.

After a moment. Jovana reaches for her violin.

She opens the case. Pulls out her violin. Slowly grabs her bow.

Ivan just watches.

Jovana gets the violin ready, and looks to Ivan to see if he's going to photograph her yet.

He hasn't touched his camera. He's just looking at her, smiling, waiting.

Jovana pauses before playing, then starts.

It's beautiful.

Ivan just watches. He doesn't even reach for his camera. This moment is more than a photo.

The end.