

It's Drama – Writing Sample

The gravel bites into his shoes. His hands are in his pockets, too cold to keep them outside. It isn't from the temperature, but rather the feelings on the inside. Cold, desperate, and unnerving: all of these make Vincent Romeo colder than ever. He turns back, wondering if someone is watching, or worse, following him. He doesn't want any followers. They stick behind you and never let go, refusing to see reality. Well, he refuses everyone except one, of course, but he needs to get to his car. Already having both hands in his pockets, Vincent then searches for his keys. If he had put them in his pockets, wouldn't he then be able to feel the jingling metal inside? He thinks so, yes. But there aren't inside, so he goes to his back pocket. Same thing there, so he checks his inside pocket of his blazer. He feels metal, hears rattling sounds. It's in here, thank God. How will things go if the keys weren't there? Vincent doesn't want to know.

Something urges him, and he falls to the gravel. The bits of rock bite into his face. Cuts from his face begin to bleed.

Yelling isn't useful here.

He tries to get himself up, keeping his arms stable in the gravel. More cuts ensue, the gravel biting deep into his palms. However, it doesn't hurt as much as his face, so he keeps them steady. His legs wobble; how can they be unstable now? Also, why did he fall onto the gravel, cutting his face? *Something must be going wrong*, he thinks. *With me, not of anyone else, that is. I don't understand.* He makes a grab for the handle of the car, but it slips, making him fall back to the ground. This time he yells, much louder than he usually is noted for.

"Vincent!"

Someone's here. Not only that, but whoever it is (he suspects that, by the sound of the voice, it is a lady) knows he's here, on the ground. Vincent needs to escape, now . . .

"Vincent, what's happened to you?"

He isn't imagining this. She's there, seeing him. Including details are that it's Julie, Julie Darling. It can be a good move to get to her now, to talk to her and maybe make some noteworthy ideas into her head.

Julie arrives, crouching over his broad shoulders. She pesters over him like an overprotective mother, giving into minute details not one person would give a damn about. Although he knows she's trying to help him, Vincent calmly orders her to get off him. He's fine, he can get up. She apologizes for the mistake and allows him to get up. This time, for some odd reason he cannot make head or tail as to why, Vincent gets up with assistance from his car door. Julie says nothing of the way he uses an object for help instead of her.

"Vincent," she says for the third time, "why are you outside? You weren't going to go looking for Tony and his parents, were you?" Then she notices his face, really looking at it despite the night obscuring such marks. "Vincent, what happened to your face? There are cuts all over!"

She's suspicious, Vincent realizes, but I should've known this of anybody. "Maybe you're right, Julie, but . . . I had the strangest occurrence just moments before you arrived."

“Did you?” Her tone of voice doesn’t change.

“Yes, yes, but I don’t know why. I was trying to get into my car, you see, and I just sort of fell my way onto the gravel, cutting my face with the bits of rock making up the gravel. My hands are the same, see?” He shows her and she understands.

“Then why were you here, outside?” she questions. She’s still thinking about Tony and his parents as well as the lack of response for so long.

He shakes his head. “I was in need of something, Julie . . . that was all.”

“Well, what was it?”

Vincent thinks about this, coming up with something clever. “It’s just – well, I needed to warm myself up first, and then I needed to pick up some letters from Tony that is in need of checking up.”

“Oh, I see,” says Julie. The actual authenticity of her “seeing” or understanding of the subject matter is unknown to Vincent or anyone else when given the chance to experience this particular moment of response. “Why don’t you come back inside? Wouldn’t it be warmer inside, and if it isn’t I can always turn up the thermostat instead. You didn’t need to come all the way outside just to get warm. Anyway, it’s not really cold, at least not to me. Are you sure you’re all right, Vincent?”

“Yes, I’m all right, Julie, don’t hesitate. Run back and tell everyone I’m okay and will be back shortly.”

The look on Julie’s face – her denial, especially – resists this command. “Nobody was worrying, Vincent. I just noticed you were gone.”

His eyes widen. “You were?”

She nods, messing up the gravel with one shoe.

“There is no need for that, Julie, honestly . . .”

She nods again, firmer this time. “I know, Vincent, I know. I’m not a little girl!” Unusual for Vincent, Julie laughs at this last spoken line as if it were funny. “Have you been feeling all right lately? That conversation at the publishing company . . .”

“No, it’s not that. I think Tony might be in danger.”

The childhood game comes to an end, and Julie goes back to her usual self. “What do you mean he’s in danger?” she asks him. “Are you some kind of psychic?”

“Not really,” he says. “It’s just this feeling, you know? I don’t want to stretch the truth any more than I should, but sometimes you have this hunch that something may be very wrong. Don’t you feel it? Besides everyone’s worrying, do you feel something outer-worldly that contains this chilling, cold feeling?”

Julie shakes her head. “No, I don’t think so.” However, Vincent realizes she’s still thinking, all of it not lost. She’s slowly getting the picture, not the coldness of what she initially thought. “Is there anything I can do?”

“I don’t think so,” Vincent says, “Just head back to the house; I’ll be right there in a minute or two.”

Julie attempts to go back, to let Vincent do what he needs to do, but something stops her. One hand is hovering on air, unmoving. If watching with the correct adjustments made, you can match Julie’s hand grabbing Vincent’s face. She doesn’t lower it, even when Vincent politely asks her to. *Is she afraid?* Vincent wonders. His heart is beating; she can catch him lying, but it’s hard to tell. “Julie, you look nervous.”

“I do?”

He nods to her. “Yes.”

She reaches forward, disobeying, and runs. Vincent, already in scratches, goes toward her, expecting her fall. According to his prediction, he is correct when she trips on some loose stones in the gravel and trips. His large hands grab her, encasing her in a giant cocoon for the purpose of her safety. Eyes closed, Julie opens them, staring back at him.

Her eyes are beautiful.

She must think the same way about his broad shoulders and thick muscle build. Julie whispers a thank-you, unsure where to move. If he can inch closer, it can work . . . but what if she resists? No, we can work this out later.

Vincent sets her back on her feet, letting her go. Rather awkwardly, Julie regains her step and returns rushing back to the house, leaving Vincent Romeo alone at last. He shudders, letting go cold breath. At least to him it feels cold, whereas someone like Julie feels different. How odd. Just one moment between her and him, Vincent felt a little warmer.

But to the main point: is Tony alive and well with his parents, just a little fashionably late or have darker events prevented his coming? The collapse definitely wasn't a mistake or an accident. By God, something must have happened for sure! He opens his car door, searching for the letters Tony gave him some weeks before while still imprisoned in the hospital. No one knows about them, not even Tony's parents. Sitting in the driver's seat, Vincent flips through the letters, skimming through its content. When he approaches the fifth letter, his eyes beginning to get teary, and places the bundle of letters inside his blazer. If you can see him now, the red cracks in his eyes are more-than-noticeable. Hands gripping on the wheel, he pretends to drive. He kicks the gas pedal, flooring it until it seems it could break. It is only until then when he considers stopping. When doing so, Vincent twists the knob on the right next to the steering wheel. The car roars to life. With this particular car, keys aren't required for you to turn it on. Slowly and quietly (even for a car), Vincent veers off the parking lot of Julie's mother's home onto the road, speeding up as he gets farther away. He hopes nobody notices him leaving.