

I Was Made For Lovin' You

by
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Current Revision by
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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

A lump hides silently beneath the covers of a queen-sized bed. A shrill alarm cuts the silence and reveals-

A lady's arm. It bursts from the covers and hits the mobile phone on the bedside table then reaches back and slowly pulls down the covers to display-

BETH NEWCASTLE (54), divorcee and accounts clerk. She yawns, stretches, and rolls to sit on the edge of the bed in her lavender nightgown. A smile crosses her face.

BETH
Today's the day.

EXT. SHOPPING COMPLEX - DAY

The shops are abuzz with love in excess. Flowers spew onto the footpath, couples swoon this way and that, a queue flows from the door of the boutique chocolate shop.

Beth swerves around a YOUNG COUPLE, lips locked and oblivious to the world. Beth strides into-

INT. BEAUTY SHOP - DAY

She walks up to the counter and glances at the SALES GIRL (21), all style but no substance.

SALES GIRL
Good morning ma'am! How can I help?

BETH
Red lipstick?

SALES GIRL
No problem. Is this for that someone special?

She turns and picks out a stick and offers it to Beth.

BETH
Not exactly.

She hands over a credit card and the girl swipes it.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Beth admires her shopping haul on the bed - The lipstick, black jeans, a black wig, and a pair of black boots.

Her phone beeps and she checks the message - "18c Lombard Street, St Heliers. 7pm." She picks up the wig and holds it at arm's length. With a deep breath, she puts it on.

BETH
Here goes nothing.

EXT. FOOTPATH - NIGHT

Beth's black boots march to a steady beat against the concrete. She climbs half a dozen tiled steps up to a polished wooden door, hesitates, then rings the bell.

The door swings open instantaneously and Beth is greeted by-
DALE FAIRBURN (56), happily single, THE STARCHILD.

DALE
Welcome! Dale.

He offers his hand, which she accepts.

BETH
Beth.

DALE
Ah yes, the first-timer. Come in,
we're just getting started.

Beth steps inside and spies a small crowd of KISS IMPERSONATORS, seated before a stage with a small TV at the front. THE DEMON and THE SPACEMAN stand centre-stage, wireless microphones in hand, eyes on the TV screen.

Dale shuts the door and checks her out from behind.

DALE (CONT'D)
That's quite a transformation.

She turns back to smile, and we see her face and outfit for the first time. She is THE CATMAN - red lips, white face, black whiskers and eyes.

DALE (CONT'D)
You ready for this?

She looks over at the two men on stage, then straight into Dale's eyes.

BETH
Meeow.

CUT TO BLACK.