

Final Draft 8 Demo

TRINA 'N' LISA

Written by

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INT. DAY. BEDROOM

LISA stands so close to the mirror the breath from her nostrils forms small clouds of condensation on it. She is tall with scraped-back hair and has not worn any make-up for weeks.

A window is open, but she is oblivious to the noise of the street that swims up, and the car horn that honks.

She is staring, staring, staring.

INT. NIGHT. LOUNGE - FLASHBACK

Someone has hold of LISA'S hair. It's wrapped tightly round a fist - a woman's fist.

GIRLFRIEND

(screaming)

You bitch. You bitch. I told you you couldn't speak to her. You bitch!

LISA is thrown face first in to the sofa, discarded and sobbing.

INT. DAY. BEDROOM

LISA stands at the mirror, motionless and staring.

EXT. DAY. CAFE - FLASHBACK

LISA and her girlfriend TRINA sit outside a cafe on a hot sunny day. They are laughing as they watch the public go by.

INT. DAY. BEDROOM

LISA stands at the mirror, her face still nearly touching it.

INT. DAY. LATER OUTSIDE THE CAFE

LISA and TRINA are having a row outside the cafe in a busy street. We, the public they have been watching, cannot hear what they are saying, but see Trina pointing and gesturing, then storming off leaving Lisa to deal with the embarrassed waiter.

INT. DAY. BEDROOM

LISA stands at the mirror. Inhale. Exhale.

Outside a car horn honks again.

INT. DAY. KITCHEN - FLASHBACK

LISA opens a Valentine's card and tries to write it. She can't think of anything to put.

INT. DAY. BEDROOM

LISA is still standing at the mirror, unblinking, watching herself.

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INT. DAY. KITCHEN - FLASHBACK

LISA manically scratches at the card, destroying it with a pen. Marks and lines carved everywhere - the picture on the front, the verse, the back.

INT. DAY. BEDROOM

LISA stands at the mirror.

Slowly she leans forward, hesitates, and gently kisses her own reflection, closing her eyes as she does so.

The car horn honks again.

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INT. DAY. KITCHEN.

The card has been stuffed roughly in to its envelope. It lies on the kitchen table.

On the front it says, "Sorry Trina, I can't do this any more x".

EXT. DAY. LISA AND TRINA'S HOUSE

LISA struggles with four bin bags of clothes. A TAXI DRIVER carries two suitcases.

Once everything is in, they both get in the taxi.

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INT. DAY. TAXI

LISA turns round to look at the house. She blows a little kiss and gives the tiniest wave.

The taxi takes her away.

[FADE OUT]