

TOE STORY

by
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Logline:

Dorothy dances across the decades, with a throbbing toe that always reminds her of Valentine's Day.

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INT. DOT'S BEDROOM - 1957 - MORNING

Close on - a bandaged big toe. Caption: "1957"

DOT (O.S.)
How the heck am I gonna get that -
(wiggles toe)
Into this - ?

THUD. A saddle shoe falls to the floor next to her bare foot.

Reveal - DOT, 17; sitting and squirming in pain.

Her sweetheart - BOB, 18, crawls into shot to inspect the toe with a large magnifying glass.

BOB
(mock posh)
Elementary, my dear Dorothy. Your
foot is too fat to fit in the magic
slipper.

DOT
And you're too silly to be
Sherlock, so c'mon Prince Bobby,
take me to the Valentine's Ball.
I've been rehearsing, all week -

FANTASY FLASHBACK: DOT waltzing with a MOP, "King & I" style.

DOT (CONT'D)
Shall We Dance?! Right, I'm Deborah
Kerr. And you're Yul Brynner -
(giggles)
In a big wig!

Dot goes to kiss the shaggy mop-head & prat-falls O.S. CRASH!

INT. NAIL SALON - 1980 - AFTERNOON

DOT, now 40, sits fidgeting; bare feet and legs squeezed into gaudy spandex. Caption: "1980"

LINDA, a Nail Technician, sticks massive, glittery false-nails onto Dot's toes. She manipulates the big toe to get a better angle.

DOT
Aaargh. Jesus wept, Linda. That's
my Achilles Heel.

LINDA
(looking up)
The old war-wound?

DOT
Compound fracture, thanks to Bob's
two left feet in '57.

LINDA

Romantic though - getting engaged
on Valentine's.

DOT

Only said 'yes' 'cos I was high on
aspirin.

Dot stands and forces her feet into open-toe platform boots.

DOT (CONT'D)

But not as high as I'm gonna be
tonight -
(effort grunts)
In these monsters!

FANTASY FLASH-FORWARD: Close on DOT's platforms stomping
around the dance-floor ... Husband BOB, 41, on tip-toes,
struggling to keep up; the top of his head, buried in Dot's
ample bosom, as she towers above.

Suddenly - they collide with a cluster of heart-balloons. O.S
CRASH! Dot's glitter nails bounce across the floor. TINKLE!

INT. DOT AND BOB'S LIVING ROOM - 2013 - LATE EVENING

DOT, now 73, sits jiggling her feet in a bowl of hot water,
humming a dance-tune. Caption: "2013"

BOB (O.S.)

Dorothy, I can't find your ruby
slippers. We playing hide-n-seek?!

Reveal - BOB, 74, kneeling next to Dot. He gently raises her
feet; rests them on his knees; dries her toes with a towel.

DOT

OUCH!
(thinks hard)
What day is it Bobby? Is it..?
(remembers; gasps)

BOB

Fifty-six and counting!

DOT

Bloody hell.

Bob smiles and kisses his wife's big toe. Dot rests her hand
on his head and ruffles his hair. Bob splashes Dot with
water; she flicks it right back.

FANTASY CODA - AT THE SEASIDE: DOT and BOB as teenagers once
more. Dot with bandaged toe, an engagement ring and a crutch.
Both holding hands; giggling and whispering; sitting inside a
'heart' made from shells scattered on the sand...

END.