

THE DATE

by

Erin Golding

29th June 2012

erin_golding@hotmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A blue satin DRESS hangs on the door of a dark wooden wardrobe with vintage brass handles. On a bed sits an assortment of plush pillows. In the corner is a tall wrought-iron lamp, a row of cream frills hanging from its ruby red shade.

On the bedside table is a brown CLOCK RADIO.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Valentine's Day will soon be
drawing to a close. But the night
is young. So for all you lovebirds
out there, here is the soulful
voice of the one and only Billie
Holiday.

'The Very Thought of You' begins to play. A wrinkly HAND turns the volume dial and Billie's beautiful voice grows louder.

We follow the hand as it sweeps back to reveal MARGARET sitting at a white antique dressing table. She wears a beige slip over her underwear. Her hair is tinted lavender. She stares at herself in the oval-shaped mirror.

Her pale grey EYES are lined with black and her eyelids glisten with shimmering gold eyeshadow. She smiles at her reflection.

MARGARET

(singing along with
the song)

I'm livin' in a kind of daydream.
I'm happy as a queen.

Margaret raises a perfume bottle to spritz her neck and décolletage.

In one delicate movement she rises to her feet. She begins to dance. She lifts her arms above her head and slowly twirls them. She hugs herself. Again she smiles.

Swaying over to the wardrobe, Margaret unhooks the DRESS, swinging it as she twirls. She slips it over her head and smoothes it down her body in a gentle caress.

MARGARET

(singing)

I see your face in every flower.
Your eyes in stars above. It's
just the thought of you. The very
thought of you, *my love*.

She glances at her watch. It is time.

She pulls out a small purple BOX. It is decorated with hand-drawn gold flowers and silver love hearts. She opens it.

Inside sits a Polaroid camera and a stack of photos held together by a thick rubber band.

Margaret grabs the camera. Takes a self-portrait.

She places the new photo against her stomach and dances around the room again. She runs her fingers through the lamp shade's frills. She hums.

Margaret brings the developed photo up to eyelevel, still swaying to the music. She caresses her own face in the PHOTO, following the curve of her smile.

She stops moving. Her grey EYES start to tear up. Leaning forward she kisses the photo.

MARGARET

Another year my love.

She grabs a pen from the box. On the Polaroid's white strip she writes - *14th February 2012*.

Margaret takes hold of the stack of photos. She removes the rubber band.

CLOSE ON the top photo. It's her. All done up, just like tonight. It is dated *14TH February 2011*.

After one final lingering caress, she places the latest photo on top and slips the rubber band around the stack. The camera and photo stack go back into the box.

Her wrinkly, pale HANDS close the lid. She hugs this purple box to her chest.

Margaret smiles. She is satisfied. For another year.

FADE OUT.