

I WAS A HONKY LOVER

Written by

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FADE IN BLACK

EXT. GRASS VERGE

Six men carry a coffin, dwarfed by a large open sky the wind blows making them stagger a little.

TITLE overlay - I WAS A HONKY LOVER

INT. REMOTE SCOTTISH HALL - DAY

A busy funeral party. Groups stand huddled softly speaking in hushed tones, discreetly nibbling on sandwiches, others more vocal raising glasses enjoying reminiscing. A violinist and accordion play in the corner their melody slow melancholy rich in longing.

INT. REMOTE SCOTTISH HALL - DAY

One figure sits alone. JAMES in his eighties handsome charismatic lines deep around his eyes. He is distant, smiles distractedly as people approach him with condolences. He sits in a threadbare armchair, crisp white lace covers drape the arms. A window to his right he is wrapped in warm afternoon sun. A cup of tea in his lap. In front of him a overladen cake stand dripping with a cherry topped cream cakes.

WOMAN (V.O.)

(elderly, warm and sensual)
I was a honky lover. A living
brawl backlashed bent. Sinking
cherry lips in sailors laps.
Trailing tasseled tales as I
pranced my fancy, willed the
inevitable, squeezed and teased
forgotten names between my
thighs.

INT. REMOTE SCOTTISH HALL - DAY

A large dollop of cream drips from the cake stand.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Spilling from dresses to take
another's fancy. Strutted
straddled. Warming under
currents in a wetman's dream.

INT. REMOTE SCOTTISH HALL - DAY

The cream spills down on to a torn edge of a paper dolly.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Tumbling frayed becoming undone
unsung until...

INT. REMOTE SCOTTISH HALL - DAY

James looks directly at the camera with affection, closer he slowly smiles. The sun warming his face.

WOMAN (V.O.)

(a inhale of breath, a throaty chuckle)

..You...

I curled to your menace. Swayed to the strings of your cheap talk. To my pillow, your promises, your nonsense. I made your nape my home, my love, my home. Lets get wozzy in the sunlight you said. Let me dwindle and drop. Swing your hand in mine for all time.

James arm drops relaxed on the edge of the armrest, the tea cup rattles to the ground. His hands swings in the suns outline, then comes to rest, motionless.

FADE TO WHITE