

DANCE AWAY, LOVER

Author

MARTY

FADE-IN:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - COMMON AREA

A sign on an easel: Seniors Dance Tonight.

Decorations adorn the space complete with a mirror ball.

HATTIE, an old lady with wisps of gray hair floating about her brown spotted scalp. Her eyes cloud in confusion.

HATTIE

What is this place?

RALPH, a crouched over elderly man, calms Hattie with a touch of his hand. His eyes never leave her face.

RALPH

Hattie, it's the common area.

HATTIE

Are you going to ask me to dance tonight, Marty?

A flicker of hope glows briefly in Ralph's eyes.

RALPH

Hattie. It's Ralph. I don't know who Marty is.

Hattie gazes past Ralph.

HATTIE

Oh, it's so beautiful. The girls really outdid themselves this time.

Ralph stands by her a look of concern on his face.

RALPH

We should go. You need to rest.

HATTIE

Marty, tell me you're going to watch me dance tonight.

He shrugs but his eyes keep fixated on her face.

RALPH

I won't leave your side.

Ralph steps on something. He adjusts his glasses.

A jump rope lays on the floor.

HATTIE
What is it?

RALPH
A jump rope.

Ralph picks it up.

RALPH
Probably left by some kid who
couldn't figure out you need
friends to play with it. When did
the Internet steal a child's
imagination?

HATTIE
That's not an innertube!

Hattie grabs at the jump rope but Ralph pulls it back.
Curious, Ralph gives it to her.

HATTIE
I know what this is for.

A smile. She leans toward Ralph and whispers.

HATTIE
I'll show you how to use that jump
rope later.

Concern shows on Ralph's face.

HATTIE
Marty, make sure you're coming to
the dance.

She wraps the jump rope around her neck like a scarf. Hattie
spins on her heel and leaves the room.

RALPH
You are one perplexing and vexing
lady, I'll give you that.

LATER

Ralph, in suit coat, arrives as the seniors crowd the dance
floor. Where's Hattie? He searches through the sea of
walkers, canes, oxygen tanks and wheel chairs.

Sweat glistens as it trickles down the side of his face. He
grabs an oxygen mask from a nearby man and takes a hit of
sweet air.

A drum roll. A figure in a low cut dress waits in the entrance. It's Hattie! The mirror ball sparkles little flashes on the crowd.

Everyone gazes at Hattie. At her nod, the music turns sleazy. She gyrates and dances.

The men drool as they shift closer.

Hattie removes her dress in a single swift movement.

The jump rope adorns her saggy breasts and shriveled buttocks as it covers her geriatric privates.

She stretches her arms TA DA, gazes at the crowd.

HATTIE

Is Marty here tonight?!

RALPH

I'm glad I'm NOT Marty.

FADE OUT