

Winter Sweethearts

By

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FADE IN:

INT. TRAILER, BATHROOM - NIGHT

GEORGE (mid 70s) handsome, full head of silver hair, studies his reflection in the mirror. Splashes water on his face and runs his fingers through his hair.

He bends down and pokes two tablets into his mouth. Cups his hand under the faucet and slurps some water. Throws his head back - swallows.

LIVING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

George sits in a comfortable chair, a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH in one hand and a small BLACK BOX in the other.

He studies the photograph with misty eyes. A reflective smile as -

KNOCK. KNOCK.

George springs out of his chair. Places the photograph on a shelf, the black box in his trouser pocket. Turns around as the front door opens.

SHEILA (late 60s, pretty) enters with a bright smile.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. TRAILER, LIVING AREA - NIGHT (1960)

A YOUNG SHEILA (late teens), same bright smile, enters. KEN (20s) follows close behind.

YOUNG GEORGE (20s) stands next to MARY-LYNNE (early 20s).

Ken greets George with a firm handshake and a slap on the back. George's gaze stays on Sheila a moment too long.

KEN

George, this is Sheila. Sheila, my old buddy --

SHEILA

-- George.

(smiles)

The way Ken talks about you I feel like I know you already.

George returns the smile. An instant connection.

KITCHEN - LATER

They sit at a small fold-out table, the remnants of a home-cooked meal sits upon it.

Ken clears his throat.

KEN

We've got an announcement to make.

He takes Sheila's hand, share a smile.

KEN

Yesterday, I asked this young, beautiful lady, to marry me.

George's expression drops.

MARY-LYNNE

(standing)

Aw Ken, that's brilliant news.

She leans over the table and hugs Ken.

MARY-LYNNE

Congratulations! I knew straight away you two were in love. As clear as day, wasn't it George?

George nods. Leans across to give Sheila a peck on the cheek.

GEORGE

Congratulations.

(forced)

I'm sure you'll both be very happy.

Ken puts his arm around George.

KEN

This is a celebration my friend. Get the bubbly out and put a smile on your face, will ya?

George chuckles and nods. Walks to the fridge and opens it.

GEORGE

I'm afraid we'll have to make do with cheap cider if you want some bubbles, Kenny.

They all laugh - but George. He gazes at Sheila. Her smile.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. TRAILER, LIVING AREA - NIGHT (PRESENT)

A photograph of the foursome, all bright smiles, as they celebrate with the cider that night, rests on a shelf.

George and Sheila sit on a sofa. An uncomfortable silence.

George fidgets and wipes his sweaty brow.

SHEILA
Are you okay, George?

GEORGE
Just remembering old times.

SHEILA
Those were happy days.

George glances to the photograph, gestures towards it.

GEORGE
You remember that night?

Sheila nods.

George takes a deep breath.

GEORGE
I loved Mary-Lynne with all my
heart but... the way you made me
feel that --

SHEILA
-- George... don't...

A determination in George's gaze.

GEORGE
It's been five years, Sheila. Seven
for you and Ken.

Sheila's eyes moisten as she fidgets with her wedding ring.

GEORGE
You know they would have wanted us
to be happy.

SHEILA
I don't think we should be talking
like this, George.

George turns in his seat so his whole body faces Sheila.

GEORGE
Tell me there isn't anything
between us. Tell me you didn't feel
anything that night.

SHEILA
It was a long time ago.

GEORGE
Just tell me.

George takes Sheila's hand. She lowers her eyes.

SHEILA
I'm sorry, George.

George's expression sinks as Sheila pulls her hand back. A
broken heart.

SHEILA
I think I should go.

She stands and walks to the door. Turns.

SHEILA
You'll always be my greatest
friend. I hope you --

Concern on her face.

George clutches his chest. Struggles for air.

Sheila darts over. Kneels by his side.

SHEILA
George! George, what is it?

George slumps in his chair. Sheila rummages in her bag for a
mobile phone. Dials.

EXT. TRAILER PARK, TRAILER - NIGHT

Sheila sits on the steps and watches two PARAMEDICS carry
George on a stretcher to a waiting ambulance.

She stands and walks towards it.

INT./EXT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

George lies on the stretcher, an oxygen mask covers his nose and mouth.

Sheila climbs inside. Sits beside George. She bursts into tears. George turns his head to her.

SHEILA

I do love you, George. I always
have.

George tries to speak through the oxygen mask. He raises it enough for his words to be heard.

GEORGE

(barely audible)
Look in my pocket.

Sheila leans in, straining to hear.

GEORGE

My right pocket. Look in my right
pocket.

Sheila reaches into George's right pocket. Pulls out the little black box.

With wide, confused eyes, she looks to George. He nods.

Sheila cracks open the box. GASPS.

INSIDE THE BOX

A diamond ring - a rock as bright as her smile.

GEORGE (O.S.)

Will you? --

SHEILA -

- tears stream down her face.

SHEILA

-- Yes! One hundred times, yes!

As the ambulance SIREN blares...

FADE OUT.