

DANCE ME TO THE END OF LOVE

by Siân Rowland

Fade in

INT. SMALL GENERAL STORE- DAY

Minutes after the broadcast

The OWNER empties the till frantically. He freezes as the doorbell tinkles. Two hooded figures- CALLY and TARIQ- loom over him.

CALLY

Out.

The owner hesitates. Cally points a small, sharp knife at his neck.

Can't take it with you anyway.

TARIQ

Shit, Cally!

The owner abandons the cash and scurries out of his shop. Cally pulls down her hood and grins at Tariq.

Let's party!

Quick scenes set to uptempo music:

- Cally and Tariq shotgun cans of beer- They dig deep into huge bags of crisps- play dodgeball with fruit.

Music stops abruptly. Silence. Spaghetti Western whistle/ Vibraslap.

- Cally chews a toothpick, squints hard- Tariq squints back, an eye tic twitching away- Cally squints harder- Tariq bares his teeth-

The tension holds and holds until...

Uptempo music starts again and they both open fire at the same time with cheap plastic water pistols, screaming and laughing. They collapse in a damp, grinning heap.

The shop bells tinkles and they sit up. Who the hell is that? It's Rose, an elderly woman in dressing gown. She spots Cally.

ROSE

I'm looking for my Bill.

CALLY

You don't have to worry about bills no more, lady.

ROSE

But I need to find my Bill.

Cally tears a wrapper off a packet of biscuits.

CALLY

Here's your bill. Now piss off!

Rose doesn't move.

I said...

Cally pushes at the old woman. Rose starts to cry.

TARIQ

Stop it, Cal, she's not all there.

ROSE

Bill? Oh thank goodness.

She hugs Tariq who keeps his arms firmly by his sides. What the...?

We don't have much time, Bill. I've got a twenty four hour pass before I have to be back at base. You said you'd take me dancing!

Rose had put a right downer on the party. Cally gives her another little shove.

CALLY

Ok, time to move on, old lady.

TARIQ

Leave her alone.

Rose hums to herself, dances a step or two, tugging at Tariq's hand.

CALLY

Waste your time if you like, Tariq but I'm off. Enjoy the rest of your life.

She grabs some champagne and exits the shop.

ROSE

We don't have much time left, Bill.

TARIQ

What's your name?

ROSE

It's Rose, silly. I'm your wife and you're my darling Bill and when this blasted war is over we'll live in a cottage by the seaside and we'll walk Buster along the sand every day. Oh what a life we'll live!

She closes her eyes and hums. Slowly, Tariq holds Rose gently and they dance among the debris of the shop.

...and we'll never, ever leave each other again.

Fade out