

"George's Last Dance"

by

Michael G Zealey

WGA Registration no:

21a Norcott Road  
Stoke Newington  
London

Tel: +44 7814685247

email: [mike@mywriting.co.uk](mailto:mike@mywriting.co.uk)

FADE IN:

INT. AN OLD FASHIONED LIVING ROOM. DAY.

GEORGE BARKER (92) moves painfully to his armchair.

He drops into the chair and his left hand encased in an anti-arthritis cast grips the chair arm.

The old-fashioned retirement clock on the mantelpiece reads 10:30.

He looks across at his wife EDITH BARKER (91) who is asleep in the facing chair.

A hand with a large ruby ring on the index finger passes him an envelope.

He opens it.

It reads "DEAR GEORGE. YOUR SOUL WILL BE REQUIRED AT MIDNIGHT."

"DOOMS NIGHT" (AZZIDO DA BASS) FADES IN.

He lets the letter fall from his hand and looks at his watch.

INT. A LARGE SUPERMARKET. DAY.

The bass-line of the music kicks.

George stumbles through the aisles using the shopping trolley for support. He moves like a pained crab or ancient spider. The edgy music accentuates his urgency.

George reaches the Wine & Spirits aisle.

He moves briskly down the aisle placing random bottles in his trolley at speed.

He looks down at the bottom shelf.

The hand with ruby ring sticks out from the shelf and offers him a small bottle with a big red X on the label.

George reaches for it.

INT. AN OLD FASHIONED LIVING ROOM. DAY.

George places the shopping bags at his feet and takes out the small bottle.

He uncorks it and drinks a draft.

He looks in the mirror above the mantelpiece at his old face. Below the mirror the clock now reads 12:40.

His face morphs into a younger version of himself around 55.

He stretches and feels his new body.

Edith is still sleeping in the chair.

He moves to offer her the bottle, but then thinks better of it. A sly look appears on his face.

EXT. A PARK BENCH. PINNER PARK. DAY.

George (55) walks through the park. He sees two professional women looking in their early twenties are sitting on a bench eating their lunch.

He walks over to them and starts showboating and flirting, preening himself like a randy pigeon.

The women register their disdain.

George walks off defeated.

EXT. A LAKE SIDE. PINNER PARK.

He reaches into his pocket and decides to take another hit from the bottle.

He watches his reflection in the still water as it morphs even younger to around 30.

Looking up from the lake he sees a building with "GYM" written clearly on the wall.

INT. THE AEROBICS ROOM OF THE GYM. DAY.

George (30) watches a girl pound the running machine.

He picks up some weights and does a few arm-curls. He smiles with delight.

The girl steps off the running machine and walks over to him.

They begin talking and soon she is laughing happily.

She hands him a flier.

The flier reads "Party, Club Mystic".

George looks at his watch and smiles.

INT. DANCE FLOOR. CLUB MYSTIC. EVENING.

A mass of sweaty clubbers dance in the neon light.

George looks with wonder as he moves through the crowd.

He finds a space and starts to dance.

The music gets louder and louder.

He holds his arms in the air.

The chimes of a clock ringing the hour is heard.

CUT TO

The clock on his mantelpiece is ringing midnight, but makes a chime as deep as Big Ben.

CUT TO

George smiles ecstatically. White light bleaches his face and he closes his eyes.

The light increases until it consumes everything.

FADE OUT.