

# 'Valentine's Day-Ext'

**An extract from a longer script  
for 2 characters, approx. 3 mins.**

*Ash & Lee share a flat, it's platonic but  
each often wonders what it would be like...  
Valentine's Day proves interesting.*

## **2 CHARACTERS:**

ASH: thinks the single life suits her.

LEE: knows it doesn't but can't find a way to change it.

**by**

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FADE IN:

INT. OPEN PLAN LOUNGE/KITCHEN. DAY 1. EARLY EVENING

LEE has his head buried in the fridge, grabs a beer and the opened bottle of wine.

He turns to take a glass down from the shelf and pours the wine for ASH.

Next LEE grabs his favorite stubbie-holder, settles his beer into it and turns toward the lounge.

As LEE puts the glass on the coffee table and his bum hits the couch, ASH appears to strike her usual pose.

ASH is wearing a totally over-the-top, full-on glamorous - like Academy Award night, outfit, totters in on extra high heels and almost trips.

Correcting herself she straightens the gown and stands elegantly for a moment, takes a breath before striding, red-carpet style, to the centre of the lounge.

LEE  
So, this party's theme is wait...  
Wait... Hollywood? One of your  
megabucks clients?

ASH slinks forward.

ASH  
No. It's not for work - not  
really...

LEE marvels for a moment.

ASH (CONT'D)  
I'm trying to decide what to  
wear if this year, instead of  
the usual losers, Brad Pitt  
sends me a Valentine...

LEE leans back and smirks.

LEE  
You don't believe in all that crap!

ASH  
No - I don't. But one has to be  
prepared.

LEE

Besides, you start grooming chosen victims weeks before... How many have you lined up this year?

ASH

I average four cards, three bouquets and at least two decent dinner invitations each year...

LEE

And how many did you send yourself?

The phone rings. ASH is nearest the breakfast bar and slinks closer to pick up the phone and read who is calling.

ASH

I have six in my net at the moment. Standard odds. Perception - image is paramount. This could be one. Scott - nice to hear from you...

ASH smirks at LEE and turns around to speak intimately into the phone.

But the call is not what she expects and she swiftly changes to her official voice.

ASH (CONT'D)

Certainly! Let me speak to my people tomorrow and I'll call yours immediately.

ASH slowly fits the mobile back into its cradle.

LEE

And you're pretty cynical about it.

ASH

It's all manipulation! I like playing the game. Besides everyone at work wants to know the score... Believe me, competition is fierce.

LEE

Yeah, but what about the poor shmucks you lure into your net then chuck out!

ASH

And no - I don't send myself cards. Anyway... what about you?

LEE

Kel didn't worry about all that...  
So I didn't. She knew I loved her.

ASH

Yeah, but what got her attention!  
Remember? Flowers, champagne,  
limmo... All that romantic crap!  
It worked didn't it! Here's you...

ASH realizes she's gone too far and moves to the coffee table to take a drink of her wine.

She thoughtfully sits in the armchair, arranging her outfit and posing again.

ASH (CONT'D)

Things have changed now Marcus.  
Women at least expect you to play  
the game... And believe me, get  
judged.

MARK

But who cares? Who's watching?  
Only your lot - the cynical ciphers  
of corporate conniving!

As LEE turns away and picks up the newspaper, effectually dismissing her, ASH speaks quietly.

ASH

Yes, but, somewhere inside all  
that, there's a sleeping beauty,  
waiting for her prince.

FADE OUT.