

FIRST WRINKLE
Short horror screenplay
By Vicky Dale
(WGA 1470140)

FADE IN:

ACT 1

1- INT- NEW-YORK 5th AVENUE, TODAY, A LUXUOUS APARTMENT, IN THE
BEDROOM, MORNING- DAY

A man about forty is reading newspapers, sitting on a soft arm
chair.

PHIL WILLIAMS

- "The famous top model Marty Williams and his husband Phil,
the wonderful photographer, are waited in two days in Los
Angeles where the splendid young woman will do an historic set
of photos for the international magazine "Vogue"..."

(voice over of a young woman coming from the bathroom)

V.O

- You don't have anything better to read in your fucking
newspapers!

PHIL WILLIAMS

- " Marty Williams have celebrated his birthday in the plane
that brought back her of Paris " .

(voice over of the woman)

V.O

- Beautiful memory!

PHIL WILLIAMS

" Marty would have declared to present journalists: " I
consider abandoning the profession to dedicate me full-time to
my passion: the painting!"

2- SAME PLACE, SAME MOMENT, A YOUNG WOMAN WEARING A JAPANESE
BLUE KIMONO, WITH TOWELL ON THE HEAD APPEARS, SMILING- MORNING
DAY.

(continued)

CONINUED -2

MARTY WILLIAMS

- You didn't know that, hey, Phil!
CONTINUED- 2

PHIL WILLIAMS

" Marty, of which the face bewitching illuminates since soon twenty years on the planet consecrated of the models stars would consider a well deserved retirement". What is that?? You declared that indeed???

MARTY WILLIAMS

(sitting on a chair in front of his dresser table)

- Yes, I told it!

PHIL WILLIAMS

- Beautiful publicity stunt! I won't have thought of it myself! You are the best, Marty!

MARTY WILLIAMS

- It is not a publicity stunt, Phil!

PHIL WILLIAMS

- How?

ACT II

3- SAME PLACE, SAME MOMENT- MORNING DAY-

MARTY WILLIAMS

- It's over! I stop all! I have enough!

PHIL WILLIAMS

- What? But...It's a joke?

MARTY WILLIAMS

- No! I've never been more serious! You photographed me for the last time...Wait!..It was Wednesday! I won't make these photos for Vogue!

(continued)

CONTINUED-3

PHIL WILLIAMS

- You are completely mad! Did you drink?

MARTY WILLIAMS

- You perfectly know although I didn't drink anything! You know it, Phil... This small comedy lasted enough! You have sufficiently won of money with my body!

PHIL WILLIAMS

- You realize what you say?

MARTY WILLIAMS
(looking to him)

- Listen to me, Phil: I met you in Hawaii. I was hardly fifteen years old. I didn't know anything of life. You married me, you taught me all sexual vices that this lost earth carries. You made of me what I follow. I underwent three operations of plastic surgery to arrive finally to be to what you wanted. I lost my baby there are six years without hope of can ever have a second of them. I allowed this measly small photographer that you were to become better one of the guys the paid of the profession. But today, it is finished! You know myself. I obeyed during twenty long years. Today, it is finished!

4-DAY, SAME PLACE, SAME MOMENT, MORNING DAY.

PHIL WILLIAMS
(calmly folding his newspaper)

- Why this sudden decision? One doesn't plate quite like that, on a stroke of suckles!

MARTY WILLIAMS

- It is not a stroke of suckles! What I can think never interested you. To undress was me your only preoccupation during all these years. Why will I have taken the trouble to warm you?

PHIL WILLIAMS

- It is well what I say: it is again one of your decisions without following day!

(continued)

CONTINUED- 4

(Phil wedges himself in his armchair and takes the reading of his newspaper).

MARTY WILLIAMS

- Remind you what you told me one day in Paris: " Marty, one morning, you will awaken with a wrinkle of too much to the corner of the eye and all plastic surgeons of the earth won't be able to anything anymore for you". Hey well, this wrinkle, she is there, since yesterday. Then I stop. Finish the masquerade! You created Marty. I don't want to be that you destroy me more! I know you too well!

5- SAME PLACE, SAME MOMENT, MORNING DAY

(FLASHBACK IN PHIL MEMORY)

Ten years before with the biggest contract ever unhooked by a top models, Phil Williams were convinced of a thing: the world had to not know the awful truth. Marty had to remain for all and forever the picture of this perfection on glossy paper that he had created, this inaccessible goddess who gave unforgettable dreams for all males of the planet. She had to remain Marty for the eternity, always young and beautiful.

6- SAME PLACE, SAME MOMENT, MORNING DAY

(FLASHBACK AGAIN)

The solution has this dilemma was it as excessively obvious. It was necessary that she moves away forever of the spotlights and screens. As immortal Garbo, frozen in the burst of his timeless beauty, Marty had to disappear to leave place to the new generation. Such was the law of life.

Rupture NOW in his brain.

(END OF FLASHBACK)

7- EXT- ONE WEEK AFTER, NEW-YORK PERFUMERY SHOP- DAY

(Phil enters in a perfume shop)

(continued)

CONTINUED

8-INT, SAME DAY, AT THE APARTMENT, AFTERNOON.

(Three red pink dozens of roses on the soil)

9- INT- IN THE KITCHEN, SAME MOMENT - AFTERNOON

Phil enters in the kitchen. Two empty bottles of champagne dragged on the table. A little cocaine on the edge of the same table)

10- INT-IN THE CORRIDOR, SAME MOMENT, AFTERNOON.

PHIL WILLIAMS

- Marty, are you there?

(VOICE OVER)

- In the bathroom!

11- INT-BATHROOM, SAME MOMENT, AFTERNOON

PHIL WILLIAMS

- I have a gift for you!

(She approaches of him and tent to seize the small packet that he holds in the hand. Her eyes are injected of blood, calming effects of the cocaine of which she is for years dependant. She hangs its arms around his neck)

MARTY WILLIAMS

- You make a lot of mysteries!

Phil kisses her then he puts the packet on the dresser.

Scissors are within reach of his hand. She seizes some and opens the packet. It is a big white pot of cream without any obvious mark.

(continued)

CONTINUED

ACT III

12- INT, SAME PLACE, SAME MOMENT, AFTERNOON.

MARTY WILLIAMS

- What is that ?

PHIL WILLIAMS

- A new cream for you, love. It is a friend who created it for you, to my demand. It is the reason for which there is not a mark. It is a special ointment for the wrinkles!

Marty laughs. She puts the cold cream pot before her. She applies perfume on her arms.

MARTY WILLIAMS

- Rubbish, my dear! Creams miracle, it is exactly good for the trade! Of all ways, I am not concerned!

PHIL WILLIAMS

- Okay, Marty, I agree! I won't come back on your decision. But today, it is in public yours last apparition and it's necessary for you to be the best!

MARTY WILLIAMS

- But I am the best!

PHIL WILLIAMS

- Yes, but you need something besides. You took the cocaine. You won't hold one hour before the cameras. This cream will give you a new burst! You are going to see, it's magic! Please, make that for me. It's my last gift, nothing that for you!

MARTY WILLIAMS

- As if a cream could erase twenty years of boredom!

(continued)

CONTINUED- 12

PHIL WILLIAMS

- It is a marvellous product, love! You go to be astonished! It is going to make of you a new woman, a new Marty. Do make me this pleasure, do you want? I had so much difficulty getting it!

12- AFTERNOON- SAME PLACE, SAME MOMENT

Phil opens the cold cream pot.

MARTY WILLIAMS

- It is well to give you pleasure! But it is the last time, Phil!

PHIL WILLIAMS

- It will be the last time, I swear it to you! You won't recognize yourself anymore!

Marty takes the pot. Cream is sleek and smooth. She applies it generously on his face particularly around her eyes and in his neck.

MARTY WILLIAMS

- Didn't you tell me this cream is made of?

PHIL WILLIAMS

- Oh... Mint, for the freshness, thyme, of the excerpt of jasmine and orchid... Don't feel anything?

MARTY WILLIAMS

- No! I have the skin that pulls a little...Yes, that pricks a little...I have a little too hot...

13- AFTERNOON, SAME PLACE, SAME MOMENT.

Marty rises of a jump, astounding his small stool and the pot that roll on the oriental carpet.

MARTY WILLIAMS

- It's horrible... I have...Phil...My skin is burning!! What's happened?
(continued)

CONTINUED- 13

She turns around, looking in the mirror. His face begins to change. Blushes and swollen spots begins to appear, on the palm of his hands too.

MARTY WILLIAMS
(terror in his voice)

- What ..., Phil? What happens to me?

Phil sits down quietly in the armchair close to the Jacuzzi.

PHIL WILLIAMS

- Of vitriol, my love. You know, one makes some miracles in chemistry, nowadays! In three minutes, you will be only a wound to quick and you will have died, my love!

Marty carries her trickling hands of blood to his throat. Shreds of skin fall of his defaced face. She falls on the knees while choking.

MARTY WILLIAMS

- But why, Phil, why?

Marty falls on the carpet. Phil's ironic smile that looks at it twisted by pain to his feet.

PHIL WILLIAMS

- Oh, you know what one says in the profession, Marty: the first wrinkle, it doesn't forgive!

FADE OUT:

THE END.