DANCE AWAY, LOVER

Author

MARTY
FADE-IN:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - COMMON AREA

A sign on an easel: Seniors Dance Tonight.

Decorations adorn the space complete with a mirror ball.

HATTIE, an old lady with wisps of gray hair floating about her brown spotted scalp. Her eyes cloud in confusion.

    HATTIE
    What is this place?

RALPH, a crouched over elderly man, calms Hattie with a touch of his hand. His eyes never leave her face.

    RALPH
    Hattie, it's the common area.

    HATTIE
    Are you going to ask me to dance tonight, Marty?

A flicker of hope glows briefly in Ralph's eyes.

    RALPH
    Hattie. It's Ralph. I don't know who Marty is.

Hattie gazes past Ralph.

    HATTIE
    Oh, it's so beautiful. The girls really outdid themselves this time.

Ralph stands by her a look of concern on his face.

    RALPH
    We should go. You need to rest.

    HATTIE
    Marty, tell me you're going to watch me dance tonight.

He shrugs but his eyes keep fixated on her face.

    RALPH
    I won't leave your side.

Ralph steps on something. He adjusts his glasses.

A jump rope lays on the floor.
HATTIE
What is it?

RALPH
A jump rope.

Ralph picks it up.

RALPH
Probably left by some kid who couldn't figure out you need friends to play with it. When did the Internet steal a child's imagination?

HATTIE
That's not an innertube!

Hattie grabs at the jump rope but Ralph pulls it back. Curious, Ralph gives it to her.

HATTIE
I know what this is for.

A smile. She leans toward Ralph and whispers.

HATTIE
I'll show you how to use that jump rope later.

Concern shows on Ralph's face.

HATTIE
Marty, make sure you're coming to the dance.

She wraps the jump rope around her neck like a scarf. Hattie spins on her heel and leaves the room.

RALPH
You are one perplexing and vexing lady, I'll give you that.

LATER

Ralph, in suit coat, arrives as the seniors crowd the dance floor. Where's Hattie? He searches through the sea of walkers, canes, oxygen tanks and wheel chairs.

Sweat glistens as it trickles down the side of his face. He grabs an oxygen mask from a nearby man and takes a hit of sweet air.
A drum roll. A figure in a low cut dress waits in the entrance. It's Hattie! The mirror ball sparkles little flashes on the crowd.

Everyone gazes at Hattie. At her nod, the music turns sleazy. She gyrates and dances.

The men drool as they shift closer.

Hattie removes her dress in a single swift movement.

The jump rope adorns her saggy breasts and shriveled buttocks as it covers her geriatric privates.

She stretches her arms TA DA, gazes at the crowd.

    HATTIE
    Is Marty here tonight?!

    RALPH
    I'm glad I'm NOT Marty.

FADE OUT