

Forever Love

by

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(c) 2025 Feb Tournament Round 2

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COLD OPEN:

EXT. ATOP STEPS - DAY

A liver spotted claw of a hand reaches out to snatch the concealed baggy of bright blue pills from a young hand.

MALE YOUTH (V.O.)

Don't take more than two Daddy-O.
You might get an embolism or die.
It'll take 'em three days before
they can screw the lid down.

OLD MALE (V.O.)

This ain't gonna kill me.
It'll save my marriage.

EXT. FINAL DRAUGHT REST HOME - CONT

The YOUTH skips away counting a cash wad. In the b.g. a world weary Rest Home has seen better days. Like its patrons.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - CARD TABLE - DAY

Four old ladies study their cards. MADAME ZELDA 70, wears purple eye shadow, long lashes and a cruel slash of pink lipstick, all looking like they've been applied during a bumpy car ride.

ZELDA

So she took out her glass eye and
said "I can wink you off!"

Her Card coven cackle with laughter.

EXT. FINAL DRAUGHT - VERANDAH - EVENING

NOSMO KING 66, wears a red velvet smoking jacket. He fumbles opening a lawn chair he places beside DAPHNIE 70. Her chair is a grand, cushion bedecked wooden Lounger with motors that can adjust it to a myriad of positions. Daphnie half looks up from her busy crochet. She smiles slightly.

NOSMO

Have you considered my offer?

DAPHNIE

Indeed I have.

Setting her crochet aside, her hand ferrets for her purse.

NOSMO

You won't be disappointed. A night
of passion with me -

Her delicate hand teases him with a crisp \$50 note.

NOSMO
We'll have such sexy fun together!

DAPHNIE
I'll need change.

INT. FINAL DRAUGHT LANDING - NIGHT

The patrons sleep. Assorted noises from the bedrooms (O.S.) snoring, coughing, farting, spluttering and muttering.

INT. SOPHIE'S BEDROOM - CONT

SOPHIE 67, lies in a tangle of sheets. ERNIE 68, half asleep is bed banging out a double time atop his wife. His eyes look drugged, his speech is slurred.

ERNIE
Ya tits are like pancakes Sophie
and ya box feels all weird.

Sophie wakes then screams -

SOPHIE
ERNIE YOU PERV! - Get off my back.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - CARD TABLE - NEXT DAY

As before, the players play. Madame LOVELACE 69, hoards her winnings and gathers up the cards.

LOVELACE
My Ritchie always complained of
some trouble down there. Doctor
scans him and finds out he's got
three plums. Thank God it wasn't
the big C. Ritchie's out
celebrating and drinks way too
much. He bets his new drinking
buddies that, pants down - he and
the barman have five between their
legs. Barman goes real pale, pulls
Ritchie aside. He says, "I hope you
got four 'coz I've only got one!"

The coven cackles.

MADAME TIEGS 68, leans forward conspiratorially.

TIEGS
That conceited old fool Nosmo
thought he was in for a night of
passion. He had to pull off \$20
change as Daphnie had ordered twice
in her fancy chair!

INT. SUNNY BEDROOM - DAY

JAMES 70 and his wife LINDA 66, face each other in bed.

JAMES
Wish we could cuddle forever.

LINDA
This closeness, the stillness is so
comforting.

JAMES
It's our special song without
words.

LINDA
Our world away from everyone.

JAMES
My heart beats only for you.

LINDA
That's sweet. But am I enough?

JAMES
Feel my arms around you, my heart
beating, my breathing out as you
breath in and you ask me that?!

LINDA
Again sweet but - deflection.

JAMES
I don't believe it.

Linda throws back the covers and slips from his embrace.

INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A tanned leathery bejeweled hand with bright painted nails
caresses the impressive girth of a throbbing sex toy. Her
soft gasps (O.S.) rise as the machine hits her sweet spot.
Her other elegant hand reaches out to press play on a
cassette machine.

Ray Wylie Hubbard's, "Screw You, We're From Texas" plays
disguising her girlish gasps of growing passion.

<https://youtu.be/8-cFtSPIF4Q?si=pmm9XLegMDi9H5pj>

FADE TO BLACK.