

The Rose Bud

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INT. SMALL STUDIO APARTMENT - LOUNGE/ DINING AREA - NIGHT

KRISTY, a good looking 30 year old tall blonde, wears a black cocktail dress.

She stumbles through the front door of her paper and magazine cluttered self-contained apartment, appearing more than tipsy; stilettos and keys in one hand, open champagne bottle in the other.

She elbows the door shut, almost dropping the bottle.

KRISTY
(slurring)
Oops almost lost ya!

She tosses her stilettos and takes another swig.

As she stumbles over to the pulled out sofa, her attention is drawn to two sealed envelopes, placed next to an opened laptop, located on a coffee table.

A box of Kleenex is on the table.

She takes another swig, sits, then places the bottle and keys down, next to the laptop.

She picks up one of the envelopes and opens it.

She pulls out a Birthday card and peruses it.

KRISTY (V.O.)
Dear Kristy. Phil, the kids and I wish you a great 30th. We'll be back from Europe in three weeks, in time for Christmas. See you then. Your baby sister, Janet.

Kristy ponders over the card and sighs, as tears well her eyes. She pulls out a tissue and wipes her tears.

KRISTY
(slurring)
You're so lucky sis. Wish I had a husband and kids.

Kristy displays the opened card on the coffee table. She wipes her eyes and nose.

She picks-up and opens the other envelope, pulls out and peruses another card with a large 30 on its cover.

KRISTY (V.O.)
Darling Kristy. Best wishes on your 30th. Dad and I are having a ball. We're heading for Mexico in a couple of days, this motor home was a great idea. We miss you. Love you, Mom and Dad.

Kristy breaks down and cradles the card in tears as she enviously exclaims, slurring her words.

KRISTY
Everyone is so happy.

INT. LOUNGE/ DINING AREA - MORNING

Kristy, still in her cocktail dress, awakes with her make-up all smudged.

An empty bottle in one hand and parent's card in the other; her legs dangle over the edge.

She attempts to sit, but rolls over instead; surrounded by crumpled used tissues.

She lets go of the bottle and gathers both hands over her head, dropping the card over her face.

KRISTY
Oh, my head!

She lifts the card, drawing her attention to the large 30 on its cover.

Kristy cradles it once again and cries.

INT. KITCHENETTE AREA - AFTERNOON

Kristy wears loose full length winter pyjamas; her long wet hair brushed back; her face free of make-up.

She pops a couple of analgesics into her mouth, followed by a swig of water, as she walks out of the kitchenette into the...

LOUNGE/ DINING AREA

She sits on the edge of the opened sofa and places the empty glass on the coffee table, next to the two Birthday cards.

She turns on her lap top and clicks open a DEAR DIARY icon placed on desktop.

Sub folder opens, revealing three more sub folders: my FIRST decade, my SECOND decade and my THIRD decade.

Kristy creates a new folder - naming it "my FOURTH decade".

She ponders for an moment before opening a new WORD document, saving it as 3rd December 2007, then begins to type.

KRISTY (V.O.)

Dear diary. Today is the 3rd and yep, it's my 30th and still single, but...

She sighs and reveals a light smile.

KRISTY

I met the most "perfect" guy last night. His name was JOHN and he's 42. Said he'd call me today.

(beat)

I'll keep my fingers crossed. I really like him. He makes me laugh.

She ponders as she looks to the cards then types.

KRISTY (V.O.)

Mom and dad are traveling around the states. They'll be on the road for another six months and won't be back for Christmas! I miss them terribly.

(beat)

Janet, Phil and my gorgeous three nieces are presently travelling around Europe. They'll be back in three weeks. Can't wait to see them.

Kristy rests her head on one hand, elbow on the table and continues typing one-handed at a slow tempo.

Tears well in her eyes.

KRISTY (V.O.)

I am so, so lonely. Yeah, I'm feeling sorry for myself but I just want what every woman wants, a loving partner and a few kids.

She breaks in tears and cradles her head in both hands.

A few moments pass. Kristy lifts her head, pulls a couple tissues out of the box and wipes her tears.

She closes today's diary entry, saving it.

Returns to her sub diary icons and opens the folder titled "my THIRD decade".

10 more folders are revealed marked 20 to 29 years.

She clicks open #23; upon opening, it reveals another 12 sub folders ranging from December 2000 to November 2001.

She clicks on May 2001 and opens a saved word document titled "the 24th". A highlighted heading comes into view.

TEXT: This is it Kristy!!!!

She slowly scrolls through the next lines.

KRISTY (V.O.)

Dear diary. It has been a very long but exciting wait. It's all finally happening! I'm being admitted tomorrow. The hospital stay should only be for a week, unless complications set in. I can't wait!

Kristy closes the document then slumps miserably backwards onto the sofa.

Tilting her head back, she looks to two framed family photos placed on the wall behind her.

One, a recent group shot: Kristy, 29, sitting next to a 27 year old blonde woman, and a couple in their 50s placed behind them.

The other, an older photo, reveals the same couple but 10 years younger, the same 27 year old blonde woman but only 17 years of age and a 19 year old man - identical features to Kristy.

KRISTY

(miserable tone)

Hi Mom. Hi Dad. Hi Janet. Thanks for the Birthday wishes.

Kristy kneels on the sofa, reaches and removes the older photo off its hook.

She stands and walks over to a full length mirror, placed on the back of the front door and looks at herself, photo in left hand.

She alternates glances between her reflection and the group shot, then gently rubs the 19 year old male's face in the photo.

KRISTY

You've come a long way,
Christopher.

She looks into the mirror.

She slowly raises a hand and touches her right cheek, admiring herself.

She slowly directs her hand along her jaw line, then neck, then gently towards her right breast.

She cups and uplifts it, smiling.

KRISTY

You're all woman now.

She continues to caress her body until she reaches her crotch, gliding her hand gently over her pubic bone.

KRISTY
A real woman.

Her cell phone, placed on the coffee table, rings. It startles her.

She hurries over to answer it, sits on the sofa and places the photo on the table, face up.

KRISTY
(into phone)
Hello? This is Kristy!

An overwhelming sense of delight lights her face.

KRISTY
(into phone)
Oh!
(holds her breath)
Hello John!

Kristy fans her face as a light blush becomes apparent.

KRISTY
(into phone)
Dinner? Tonight? I would love
to.

She cannot contain her excitement and begins to fidget on the spot - like a kid on Christmas eve.

KRISTY
(into phone)
Yes, I know where that is.

Kristy looks to her watch and smiles.

KRISTY
(into phone)
Seven's fine. Look forward to it.
(beat)
I'll see you then.

She places the phone on the table next to the photo.

Kristy picks up the photo and gently rubs the young male's image.

KRISTY
The rose has bloomed,
Christopher. The rose has
bloomed.

She pauses an instant then gently turns the photo face down and smiles.