

Bath Bubbles

written by

Frankie Lewis

147 Ravenslea Rd SW12 8RT
07833432284
frankielewis@hotmail.co.uk

INT. BEIGE OFFICE. DAY.

MARY's life is shit.

She slouches at her disordered desk, staring out the window with a fuzzy voice invading her thoughts.

JAN

Don't you think, Mary? Mary!

MARY

(jolted)

What?

JAN

Don't you think that coffee stain looks like Mary Magdalene?

Mary looks at the carpet stain a few feet away.

MARY

That's not coffee, that's Brian's stain from the Christmas party.

JAN

"Brian's stain"?

Mary nods sadly.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

She drains her bedtime tea, pops it on the nightstand and sinks down into the soft, clean sheets. Enthusiastic. Peaceful.

INT. MARY'S HEAD. BLACKNESS.

HYPNOSIS VIDEO

Welcome to your lucid dreaming self-hypnosis.

Shapes and colours emerge from the dark.

HYPNOSIS VIDEO (CONT'D)

Remember. You can return to this space as often as, and whenever, you like.

The orbs of colour solidify into stage lights.

The lights are all on the back of Mary's head.

She turns around. All in drag- a thickly-painted beard and drawn-on bushy eyebrows. A sparkling line of glamourously masculine eyeliner under her big stage lashes.

Mary is in full 1930s boy drag, swaggering in the first tones of a swing band's accompaniment.

The audience is packed, whooping and hollering in excitement, psyched for Mary's performance.

They explode as she begins. A Frank Sinatra turn.

Mary is glorious on the stage- charming, seductive.

Superbly mannish. Straight out of a Mills and Boon.

Cock of the walk, she struts around the lip, winking and smiling at lucky show-goers.

The colours of the club fade into a grey ball floating alone in the pink-tinted darkness.

HYPNOSIS VIDEO (CONT'D)

Remember. You can return to this space as often as, and whenever, you like.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Mary sighs in her sleep. Satisfied.

INT. BEIGE OFFICE. DAY.

Fresh, perfumed hair wafts in front of Mary.

There's a woman standing at her desk. She has this princess hair that seems to float in the breeze inside this airtight concrete office block. She's got these hips that all her energy just rests in, like her spine is perfectly aligned and there is nothing that can knock her over.

She puts a motherly hand on Mary's shoulder.

SARA FROM ADVERTISING

Thanks so much for replacing that dead milk. I know it was my turn, I'm sorry.

Mary sees Jan approaching, like a wildlife photographer.

JAN
 (mouthing)
 Sara From Advertising

Sara From Advertising's upper body turns like 80s Barbie, with the bent arms and the hip axis. Jan flusters, and launches herself under a nearby desk.

MARY
 Oh, don't even trip.

Sara From Advertising laughs warmly and heads off to chat with someone across the way.

JAN
 You know she's a lesbian?

MARY
 Who, Sara From Advertising?

JAN
 Yeah. They're all lesbians in Advertising. Beautiful, Wonder Woman lesbians.

MARY
 I must say, I didn't know they came like that. Maybe I'll reconsider.

JAN
 Oooooohh Mary likes ladies, Mary likes ladies.

MARY
 I promised to let you know if it ever happened. I can officially tell you: that woman may have just turned me.

Sara From Advertising walks past and smiles back at Mary.

MARY (CONT'D)
 Shit.

JAN
 You dog.

Mary's red.

MARY
 Shit, fuck, that was so embarrassing.

She drops into her chair, mortified.

JAN
Woah, chill.

MARY
I hate it.

JAN
(suspicious)
Hate what.

MARY
I just basically catcalled that
woman.

JAN
Erm. I think it's okay.

MARY
It's disgusting.

All the fun sucked out of the air, Jan beats it.

INT. NIGHT CLUB. NIGHT.

Moving head lights caress Mary as she sings, 'Blue Moon' to a crowd of adoring lesbians.

She blows them all heartfelt kisses.

INT. BEIGE OFFICE. DAY.

Mary is leaning against the office kitchen counter savouring a cup of coffee.

Jan sees her and skips to the door, and gets wedged in there with a colleague. It's cute. They giggle.

Jan steps back, gentleman-like.

JAN
Ladies first.

Mary rolls her eyes, Jan catches it.

JAN (CONT'D)
What's your problem?

MARY
Do you really have to act like the
worst parts of a man?

JAN
You're saying that because I let
someone through a door first?

MARY
Forget it.

JAN
Do you hear that?

She walks all the way back to her desk, and sits down.
Ignoring Mary and any old need for something from the
kitchen.

INT. MARY'S BATHROOM. NIGHT.

Mary sinks into a hot bubble bath, her cup of chamomile tea
waiting at the edge.

MARY
Aahhh.

The moon glows magically through the window.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

She drains her bedtime tea, pops it on the nightstand and
sinks down into the soft, clean sheets. Enthusiastic.
Peaceful.

HYPNOSIS VIDEO
Welcome to your lucid dreaming
self-hypnosis.

Mary closes her eyes and the peaceful blackness returns.

INT. BEIGE OFFICE. DAY.

HYPNOSIS VIDEO
Remember. You can return to this
space as often as, and whenever,
you like.

Mary awakes, standing in the plain office.

MARY
No. What?

She runs to the window.

Black Ford cars are all driving in neat straight lines, the people all buttoned up in grey felt coats. Noses all buried in newspapers, it's amazing they don't collide. As if they're on travelators.

MARY (CONT'D)

No. No, no.

She runs for the kitchen.

INT. BEIGE OFFICE. DAY.

Same old kitchen.

Mary freaks out.

She screws her eyes shut and starts humming,

MARY

Blu-ue moon...

When she looks up, there's a trumpet on one of the grey plastic chairs.

She grabs it up and clutches it desperately to her chest.

MARY (CONT'D)

(to the sky)

Blue moon!

INT. NIGHT CLUB. NIGHT.

Opening her eyes, Mary breathes a sigh of relief.

She's in drag, standing on the stage, the band playing behind her.

MARY

(to herself)

Thank you. Oh, thank you.

She spins to greet the audience. It's made entirely of elderly women. And they're all knitting blue booties.

INT. BEIGE OFFICE. DAY.

Mary hasn't slept well.

JAN

(sarcastic)

Cheer up, sweetheart.

INT. MARY'S BATHROOM. NIGHT.

In the bath. Desperately trying to relax. So much time goes by, and she hasn't managed it. The bath is freezing cold. She's shivering, but just can't face getting out.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Mary blusters around, setting her tea down, fiddling with the alarm clock, aggressively towel-drying her cold hair.

MARY

Three-thirty A- fucking- M. No time
to drink the fucking tea, no,
fucking-

She shoves herself into the unmade sheets and immediately screws her eyes tight shut.

INT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT.

The crowd looks tired. She's a tyrant, holding them hostage in her forced dream.

Banging on the door.

MARY

Ignore them. Bluuuue moonnn...

Some in the audience are close to tears.

They just want to go home.

Some of them are concerned about the door. Should they go and open it?

INT. BEIGE OFFICE. DAY.

Mary's not had any sleep.

She's sat at her desk, staring over at Jan's.

MARY

(whispering)
Psst.

JAN

(full volume)
Fuck off.

MARY

I'm so tired.

Jan slams her pen down and looks at Mary.

JAN

Are you completely unaware that I'm ignoring you?

MARY

I'm very aware of it, actually, you- massive- bitch.

Jan scowls.

JAN

You're not supposed to resort to calling each other names during an argument, it undermines your legitimate feelings. You fucking, fucking, fucktar- fuckbitch.

MARY

You were about to use the word fucktard, weren't you. Unbelievable.

JAN

Oh is it something the worst parts of a man would say?

RANDOM MALE OFFICE WORKER

Girls, could you keep it down.

JAN AND MARY

Fuck you. Fuck off.

MARY (CONT'D)

It's not a homophobia thing, Jan. It's a politeness thing. You can't go around acting like- yeah- like the worst parts of a man.

JAN

Worst parts of a man.

She mockingly picks up her desk phone.

JAN (CONT'D)

Yes, hello? Andrea Dworkin?

(to Mary)

She says she'd like her platitudes back.

An irritated voice comes through the phone. It's a client.

JAN (CONT'D)
Oh, sorry Mr. Roberts. Yes, of course, how can I help today?

MARY
(mouthing)
Fuck you fuck you fuck fuck

She turns back to the computer with a furious slam.

INT. NIGHT CLUB. NIGHT.

The banging on the outside of the door is becoming a real problem. In a close imitation of Jim Jones in his final moments, she growls at her congregation to stay put.

MARY
Do not let them in. Blue. Moon.

INT. MARY'S BATHROOM. NIGHT.

She shivers in the freezing cold bath, clutching at her overbrewed mug of chamomile water.

INT. CLUB. NIGHT.

Mary's resigned audience languor depressingly in the red light as she mutters the same old song, now simply to herself, clutching her exhausted belly.

The shit hits the fan.

The doors burst open and in pours a 1950s police raid.

The Queers scatter, panicking, unprepared.

The Rev. Mary holds up a hand to calm them.

They stop, and all follow Mary's gaze to the thrown-open doors. Daylight pouring in around the silhouette of a voluptuous, Goddess-like woman.

The mystery woman steps forward out of the glare.

MARY
Mum?

INT. NIGHT CLUB. DAY.

Mary's in a pure sequin gown. 1960s Dallas glamour.

As Mary breaks into the refreshing opening verse of a ballad, her mother graciously reclines in a red satin armchair. She smiles.

The audience is newly enamoured, and the party goes on.

The elderly women with their booties, Jan, all the Queers, Mary's own drag persona- revived into the pulp novel idealism of his youth.

They party together, all under the pure showbiz entertainment Mary has created.

FADE TO BLACK.

With the rolling credits and the roaring chorus of Mary's song, happy little bath bubbles dance.