

SPARKS WILL FLY

Screenplay by

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INT. BEDROOM - DAY

SARAH (38), in bed. Smiling at the ceiling. Serene.

A bedside ALARM yanks her from this reverie (date: February 14th, time: 9.00 am). She switches off the alarm, swivels out of bed and sits on its edge. Pink pyjamas. Teddy bears fill the room. Hands on her knees, legs together. Deep breath.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Brushing her teeth. Hair, wrapped in a towel. Humming the tune to Dolly Parton's *I Will Always Love You*. The cabinet mirror reflects her bright, expectant eyes.

Teeth clean, she exits the bathroom, walks into --

INT. SPARE ROOM - DAY

-- and slips into a FRILLY dress that was laid out on the spare bed. Then: SPARKLY shoes. Finally, MAKEUP: Lipstick. Mascara. Rouge. Still humming that tune.

A wall is plastered with NEWSPAPER CUTTINGS; photographs of a DEATH ROW PRISONER in orange prison garb; handwritten letters with black REDACTED marks; and a MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE. One particular headline stands out: APPEAL QUASHED - DEATH ROW NEWLYWED TO FACE "OLD SPARKY" AT NOON ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

Dressed to the nines, Sarah exits the room, walks into --

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

-- collects a SHARP KITCHEN KNIFE and carries it into --

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

She sits on a sofa, which faces a small television screen. Places the KNIFE onto the coffee table and stares at a CLOCK above the television. Time: 9.48 am.

-- TWO HOURS LATER (time now: 11.48 am) --

Same position. Deadly still. Impassive eyes glued to the CLOCK, until: THE DOORBELL RINGS.

Sarah JUMPS up, grabs the KNIFE and rushes into --

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

-- where she WHIPS open the door, hiding the KNIFE behind her back. It's a DELIVERY MAN with a PARCEL. She signs for it, still hiding the KNIFE, then carries the PARCEL back into --

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

She uses the KNIFE to carefully open the PARCEL. Inside: a DVD, which she anxiously inserts into a DVD player. Presses play on the remote and sits back on the sofa. Bated breath.

The DEATH ROW PRISONER from the cuttings on her wall appears. The CLOCK above the television ticks in the background.

DEATH ROW PRISONER

Is this thing on? Good. Well, I don't got so long so I hope you can see me alright. I'm not exactly technically minded. My experience of cameras has usually meant trouble of one kind or another. But the red light's flashing so I suppose that means it's recording. I know you've been waiting for this and... I reckon by the time you see it, well, I just hope it arrives on time.

(smiles)

Oh, I wrote a little poem for you. I'm not much of an orator, but you bring out the artist in me, I guess. Well here goes: roses are red, violets are blue, Sarah makes my heart tingle, ain't that true!

(laughs)

Anyhoo, I know this means a lot to you, but I reckon I won't prolong things. The clock's a'ticking. I'll just wish you a Happy Valentines and I guess I'll catch you on the flip side. I'll be waiting. But until then, here's one on credit. That's your cue, darling. Happy Valentines, Sarah. My beautiful wife.

He leans in and KISSES the camera lens. Sarah LEAPS UP and KISSES his lips on the television screen. After a few seconds they both lean back, staring at their respective screens.

DEATH ROW PRISONER (CONT'D)

(laughing)

You feel that, honey? That's static electricity. That's the good kind. Now comes the bad kind.

The CLOCK above the television strikes 12. He laughs, uncontrollably. Fear shines through. Sarah watches, teary-eyed, until he switches off the recording.

FADE TO BLACK.