

Final Draft 8 Demo

LOVE LETTERS

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. OPTICIANS - NIGHT

A cold night. The street is busy with late night shoppers. A disproportionate number of couples, huddling close and laughing, hurry past into bars and restaurants.

On the opposite side of the road, behind a brightly lit plate glass window below a sign, 'Thomas Rose, Optician', stands THOMAS ROSE, a lone OPTICIAN in a white coat. He is about 30, tall, thin and nervous looking.

He wrings his hands and peers anxiously up and down the road. He checks his watch and turns away from the window.

INT. OPTICIANS - NIGHT

THOMAS returns to his desk and runs his finger down the list of appointments. February 14th 7:30 Alice Bright. It is the last appointment of the day.

The bell on the door DINGS and THOMAS jumps, nerves on edge.

A young woman, ALICE BRIGHT, enters quickly, her complexion pink and fresh from the cold outside.

She shakes off the cold and, hanging her overcoat on a coat stand, turns smiling happily to face THOMAS. THOMAS swoons.

Fair, slim and delicate almost fragile - her name fits her well. She wears large pale pink framed owlsh spectacles through which huge eyes shine brightly.

THOMAS beams foolishly before regaining his professional composure. With a serious COUGH he guides her to a back room.

INT. BACKROOM, OPTICIANS - NIGHT

ALICE positions herself opposite a stand on which an eyesight chart has been placed.

THOMAS opens a box and takes out a new pair of gold rimmed super trendy glasses. He hands them to ALICE. Delighted, she takes off her large pink ones and replaces them with her new glasses.

Alice reads the out the letters on the chart.

ALICE

DLM,TPZK

THOMAS nods encouragingly and hands her a card to place over one eye.

Nervously, he replaces the eye chart with another.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
I,ON,LYHA,VEEYS...

She reads the rest of the chart silently FORYOU

ALICE is uncertain and she peers closely at the chart again before looking back at THOMAS with a curious half smile.

Not daring to look at her directly THOMAS replaces the chart with another.

Alice holds the card over the other eye and reads

ALICE (CONT'D)  
C,AN,TYOU,SEEHO,WMUCHI,

She stops half way and reads silently as the remaining letters form the words... love you.

Bowing her head she stifles a massive smile. THOMAS looks at her with expectant desperation.

She takes off her glasses indicating that there is something wrong.

Apologetically, and red with excruciating embarrassment, THOMAS moves closer to adjust them.

As he replaces them on her face he stares intently at the glasses; she stares equally intently straight into his eyes.

As he steps back to check the fit ALICE flings her arms around his neck and kisses him full on the lips. His own glasses are knocked awry his hair ruffled out of place.

The shop door DINGS. THOMAS pulls back panting with surprise and delight.

CUSTOMER (O.S.)  
Are you still open?

ALICE  
No!

She pulls him back to her and they kiss passionately.

EXT. OPTICIANS - NIGHT

The light in the shop goes off. ALICE and THOMAS lock up and hurry away arm in arm down the road.

FADE OUT.