

KISSING SWEET

Written by

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FADE IN

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING.

A teenage girl, ROSIE, 16, stands before a mirror. Dressed to kill, she carefully applies red lipstick to puckered lips.

Rosie snaps the lipstick cap back on resolutely.

She smiles at her reflection, satisfied at her appearance.

A clock radio says two minutes to seven. The date reads the fourteenth of February.

Rosie turns coyly back to the mirror.

Pouts.

Leans in and slowly kisses her reflection.

She draws away. Confusion flickers across her face. She puckers and unpuckers her lips quickly.

A look of rising panic swiftly follows.

Rosie shapes her mouth into various kiss shaped contortions.

Tongue in, tongue out. Mouth closed, mouth opened.

Her breathing becomes shallow.

Rosie flattens out her hand, draws it close to her face and kisses it furtively.

Disgust turns her mouth a little. She wipes her hand on her dress.

Rosie makes the side of her hand into a shape resembling lips. She sticks her tongue out a little before determinedly plunging in. She smooches around her hand.

She pulls away again, a look of total repulsion on her face.

Her lipstick has become slightly smudged. Some of it has found its way onto her dress.

She rubs at it furiously.

Rosie becomes increasingly agitated.

She searches her room.

Eyeing various objects on her dressing table, she hones in on a well loved teddy sitting on her bed.

She seizes on him.

Rosie holds Teddy up and gives him two tender little pecks on his face. She withdraws and strokes his ears before plunging her lips in for a long smacker. She rocks her head back and forth for the full Hollywood treatment.

She pulls away. She looks.

Lipstick has been now been transferred onto Teddy. She shrieks in horror throwing him back onto the bed.

The clock reads one minute to seven.

Rosie catches sight of her reflection in the mirror.

She screams long and full.

Rosie is completely dishevelled, hair array, lipstick smudged, mascara streaked.

The door bell rings.

Rosie is gripped with panic.

Frantically she rummages through the make up on her dressing table. Objects skitter to the ground.

INT. STAIRS.

Reluctantly Rosie slithers down the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY.

Rosie grasps the door handle.

She flings it open.

A TEENAGE BOY, 16, stands on the door step.

Rosie bursts into tears.

The boy grins. He is nice looking despite a mouthful of metal railroad track braces and rubber bands. Rosie snivels.

The boy produces something slowly from behind his back.

A single red rose.

He offers it out to Rosie. Stunned, she takes it and sniffs.

The boy wipes her tears away.

Rosie smiles.

She kisses him tenderly, beautifully, naturally.

FADE OUT.