

Final Draft 8 Demo

THE NEARNESS OF YOU

Written by

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EXT. CHURCH HALL. NIGHT

It is Spring 1943 and a variety of villagers and US airmen bustle and chatter as they head towards what is obviously a dance.

Little light escapes from the blacked out windows but we can hear a small orchestra inside getting warmed up on Glenn Miller favorites. A couple of young women, arm in arm, also approach the door, DIANNE wearing a WAAF uniform and ANGELA in a civilian dress and coat. We sense that they are a little self-conscious and trying to be brave, they don't look as happy as the other people coming in.

INT. CHURCH HALL. NIGHT.

Valentine's bunting, crepe paper hearts and banners welcoming the USAF are pinned around the walls. The small band in one corner with a little more enthusiasm than talent. It's crowded and Dianne puts her arm around Angela's shoulder.

DIANNE (Shouting)  
You grab that table and I'll get us  
a couple of sherberts

Angela nods and manages to sidle into a seat. She has to shake her head and put her hand on the chair next to her as handsome and hopeful US airmen come over hoping to get acquainted. We can see she's a bit outfaced with it all.

Dianne gets back to the table with two halves and two whiskies, Angela feigns annoyance.

DIANNE (CONT'D)  
Well done, sweetie! Come on drink  
up, it'll relax you.

Angela sips the beer and looks affectionately at Dianne who's already downed the whisky.

DIANNE (CONT'D)  
Come on darling try and get in the  
mood. We're going to have to dance  
in a minute.

ANGELA  
Oh no Dianne I can't!

DIANNE  
Of course you can!

ANGELA  
I won't be staying long.

Dianne links her arm with Angela's and passes her the whisky.

DIANNE

It's my job to keep you happy tonight and I take it very seriously! Now come on!

Angela drinks the whisky, pulls a face and sips the beer as Dianne drags her up to dance. Almost immediately an American and a villager home in but are rebuffed by Dianne.

DIANNE (CONT'D)

Taken I'm afraid!

They jive together and have a few more drinks. Angela relaxes a bit, time passes and they're sitting down again. The band is now playing slow dances. A couple more Americans are rebuffed despite pleading looks.

ANGELA

I say, thanks awfully for asking me out, it's actually been rather fun.

DIANNE

Well, seeing you happy makes me happy and, well, you can worry too much can't you?

Angela reaches out for Dianne's hand under the table and squeezes it tight. They share a long look.

ANGELA

Tell me it's going to be all right.

DIANNE

Oh darling!

They hug, Dianne pulls away a little and holds Angela's face in her hands, looking at her intently. She strokes away a hair softly. Then notices something behind her friend and smiles broadly. Angela turns to see her boyfriend in an RAF uniform, looking rather pleased with himself but with a cut and bruise on his head. Angela leaps up and throws herself at him, they kiss passionately. Dianne has stood up, relieved, glassy-eyed, happy. An American approaches her.

US AIRMAN

Excuse me ma'am could I request the honour...

DIANNE

Absolutely! By the way, what are you like at kissing?

She pulls him in for a full-on kiss.

DIANNE (CONT'D)

Mmm! Not bad! Right-o, carry on!

They dance away, the American rather amazed.