

"BILL & JUNE"

Screenplay by

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"Falling in love consists merely in uncorking the  
imagination, and bottling the common sense" - Helen  
Rowland

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INT. JUNE'S ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY

Blackness. Silence. The SOUND OF TWO VOICES, an elderly man's and a young woman's are heard arguing close by.

A FEMALE VOICE

Now Bill, you make sure you leave  
some of those for June, you hear?

AN ELDERLY MAN'S VOICE

Give over woman, will you?  
Between you and her I don't get a  
bloody minutes rest.

THE FEMALE VOICE

Good to see she's still got  
spirit. She needs it, putting up  
with you.

THE ELDERLY MAN'S VOICE

Bugger off now. Go on. Give us  
some peace.

Like a blinking eye, a picture slowly begins to form - from the POV of JUNE, an ELDERLY WOMAN, in her late 70s, we see a window framed by jaunty curtains, now faded from age, and a darkening february sky, leaden and heavy with rain.

We follow JUNE'S gaze to an ELDERLY MAN seated next to her bed. BILL, early 80s. A bag of GRAPES sit in his lap, a dented tin of ROLLING TOBACCO balances on one knee. BILL and JUNE observe each other silently for a moment.

A NOISE in the corridor outside the room is heard - a MIDDLE AGED MAN and WOMAN are seen clumsily greeting each other through an internal window. THE MAN beams as he presents a huge BUNCH OF FLOWERS and a BALLOON adorned with the words 'Be Mine!' to the WOMAN, who is attempting to graciously receive his overbearing affection while balancing on crutches.

We follow JUNE'S POV over to a single WILTED FLOWER standing in a CUP on her BEDSIDE TABLE. Her gaze wanders back to BILL, who has started looking a little uncomfortable.

BILL

So... Did you dream of anything?  
You know, while you were under?

JUNE glances at BILL curiously.

JUNE

Well. I dreamt of Sam. As a baby,  
back when we lived on Beaston  
Lane.

(CONTINUED)

(looking away, blushing)  
And Grover's field.

From JUNE'S POV we see the shape of her frail body through the blankets, then across to BILL. He is sitting with his eyes closed smiling somberly, as he remembers.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROVERS FIELD - DAY

Bright sunshine. Brief flashes of dream like memory come in and out of focus, overexposed. A close shot of YOUNG JUNE's cheekbone, eyes laughing INTO CAMERA. Followed by a close shot of YOUNG BILL'S eyes, intense and focused, smiling back INTO CAMERA. Their shoes, neatly placed side by side. Her mouth. His hands. The curls in her platinum blonde hair. The back of his neck. Hands passionately entwined in long grass.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JUNE'S ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY

From JUNE'S POV we see her hands; translucent skin covered in age spots. Then across to BILL, who is staring at her. Not sure what he's feeling JUNE looks away, upset.

JUNE

Somebody decided to interrupt my fun, they woke me up. I'm doomed to spend my days with an old fart. Well, it was a lovely dream. But that's all it was.

JUNE glances back towards BILL. The loose skin under BILL'S jawline now exposes emotion, as he swallows hard.

BILL gets up and takes JUNE'S hands, gently rubbing her swollen joints as she searches his face. A CLOSE shot of BILL's eyes, wet, into camera for a beat, followed by a CLOSE shot of JUNE's eyes, slowly smiling. BILL leans in until their lips gently touch. Tender, familiar, knowing.

BILL

Thank bloody god you're still here.

JUNE'S eyes are now wet with tears. She is cheek to cheek with BILL, their hands clasped tightly together, as he softly adds-

BILL

You daft old bat.

FADE OUT.