

A Romantic Evening

by

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FADE IN.

INT. KITCHEN. FLAT. NIGHT.

A fixed camera viewpoint. SARAH MCGASKILL (31) bounds into view, looking wildly happy. She's lean and nervy, with short hair.

SARAH  
Special day today.

She opens a cupboard, takes out two glasses and a large bottle of champagne. Returns to the wooden kitchen table with them.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Any idea?

She removes the wrapping. Pops the cork with a loud BANG. Staggers back, laughing.

She pours champagne into one glass, and then the other. Waits. No reply.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Where have you been? Happy Valentine's, Mick.

She takes a long swig.

The other glass stays untouched.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I'll never forget when you first walked into my life. Six months. Time flies -

She looks coy.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I was working at the surgery, as per normal. And in you hobble, on crutches. Looking GORGEOUS I might add. [beat] And more than a bit sorry for yourself. Serves you right for going skiing. Bad joke. [beat] Anyway, Muggins here dressed your leg -

She gets up suddenly.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Nearly forgot the chocolates -

She goes to a drawer behind her, comes back with a beautifully-presented box, tied with a bow.

She unties the bow, opens the box. Breathes in the aroma.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Naughty boy! It was you who got  
me into these.

She bites into a chocolate.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Mmh ... Anyway, you didn't take  
no for an answer. Calls and texts  
non-stop for two weeks before I  
gave in.

She takes another swig of champagne.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
(dreamy)  
You took me to that Italian  
place, remember? The funny waiter  
who serenaded us. The rest, as  
they say, is history ...

There's a muffled sound off-camera, as if someone's trying to talk.

From Sarah's viewpoint we see MICK DUNHILL (36) unkempt, terrified, bound to a chair with thick cord. He has a filthy gag in his mouth.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Look at you. Can't get a word in  
edgeways -

Sarah removes the gag from Mick's mouth. Mick splutters, gulping down air.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Kiss me -

Sarah lunges forward. Mick turns his head away from his captor.

Sarah grabs Mick's jaw and plants a smacker on his lips. Mick struggles, repulsed.

FADE OUT.