

"Calendar Girl"

by
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1 INT. TIFFANY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

1

TIFFANY, 17 and full of herself, is talking on her iPhone to a friend. She absentmindedly twirls her hair while speaking. A calendar hangs on a pink bedroom wall before her. Her bedroom boasts everything you would expect of a spoiled brat.

TIFFANY
(talking into the
phone)

Yeah, a calendar. Can you believe it? I break up with Brian, and he sends me a *calendar*. . . It's already up on the wall. . . I may as well use it, right? It'll remind me of how lucky I am to have him out of my life.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. TIFFANY'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

2

Tiffany is sleeping fitfully - running fevers (seen by beads of sweat coming and going), clutching and discarding blankets, tossing and turning. The calendar's pages quickly flip back and forth on their own. Outside, the seasons rush by with the months. Tiffany visibly ages as this happens.

The turning pages become a blur. Years pass. Tiffany's bones grate against each other under her now-paper-thin skin. She awakens seconds before, like kindling, they catch fire.

DISSOLVE TO:

3 INT. BRIAN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

3

Tiffany's ex is hunched over his bubbling chemistry set. He hears the fire engine's siren and smiles.

FADE TO BLACK.