

# THE OTHER WOMAN

by

Jesus Diez Perez

SS  
A  
M  
P  
L  
E

(C) 2015 Pictures Plus Productions  
jesus@picturesplusproductions.com  
jdiezperez@gmail.com  
Registered LOC: 1-4442137201

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

We are in the 30's. The glaring afternoon sun light pierces the bathroom through the half open window, the white curtains dancing with the breeze.

As we PAN across the bathroom, we hear the tune of OVER THE RAINBOW, sung by Judy Garland. The music comes from this beautiful 30's model RADIO. Next to it is a huge bouquet of RED ROSES on a vase and a note. Following is a CLOCK from the same period. It's 4 o'clock.

The BATHTUB is filled with water and bubbles to the rim. Two knees emerge lazily from the water, two islands in a sea of soap. The silk skin glitters in the sunlight.

REVERSE ANGLE TO REVEAL - THE GIRL.

She's beautiful, in her 20s. Her body is here but her mind is "over the rainbow". She's daydreaming. Smiling. Thinking about what may happen this very night. When she meets him. Her life in a project plan that looks perfect.

THE FRIEND (OS)  
You are going to be late.

The Girl looks at the clock.

THE GIRL  
(to herself)  
There's time.

But she should hurry. She stands up and wraps a towel around her body.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom is dim, only lit by the light that bounces from the bathroom.

The Friend is lying on the bed. She's fully dressed, a very elegant dark burgundy long dress to her knee, a wide opening on the back, a round hat, short matching gloves. Her red lips around a long cigarette. We cannot see her face well. She takes a deep drag.

THE FRIEND  
Where is he taking you?

The Girl sits on a chair in front of the mirror, still wrapped on her towel. She puts deep red lipstick on her lips.

THE GIRL

He's taking me to The Beachcomber.  
(sighs)  
This can only mean one thing.

THE FRIEND

And that is...?

THE GIRL

(a dream come true)  
He's going to marry me!

THE FRIEND

Or he's going to dump you. With style.

The Girl stops for a moment. She looks at herself in the mirror.

THE GIRL

No. He loves me.

The Friend snorts. The Girl doesn't want to hear that. She keeps putting make up.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)

(meaning it)  
Yes, he loves me. We love each other.

The Friend stands up from the bed and takes a book from the table. She sits in a sofa and turns some pages, not really reading.

THE FRIEND

You love him, I know that.

The Girl smiles to herself in the mirror. She stands up. From the bedroom, her silhouetted shape walks out of frame. She comes back with two hangers, in each of them a long dress, both very elegant, one light champagne the other dark burgundy. The Girl shows the dresses up and shakes them a little.

The Friend considers for a moment and points at the dark burgundy dress as she takes another drag.

THE GIRL

Yes, he loves this dress.

The Girl puts the dress on and admires herself in the mirror. He's going to love it. She sits down on the chair and puts her foot on the rim of the bath tub. She rolls up her stocking, adjusting the suspenders.

THE FRIEND

Do you realize you are begging for his love?

The Girl pretends she can't hear her (but she does, and it hurts).

THE FRIEND (CONT'D)

Men can smell that miles away.

The Girl puts some perfume on her hair, her hands, her neck, her cleavage. She looks at the bouquet of roses.

THE GIRL

(is he?)

He is different.

The Girl puts on her gloves and a fashionable round hat. She looks at herself in the mirror for a last time. She likes what she sees. Her confidence partially restored. She is ready.

-- END OF SAMPLE --

-- Please, contact me --

-- if you are interested in the full script --