

RED LIPSTICK

by

DARE KENT

wildgrace(at)hotmail(dot)com

EXT. STREET - DAY

LEXA, 30, wears jeans and a funky shirt, strides past quaint storefronts.

LEXA'S P.O.V

TINA'S BEAUTY SALON

EXT. PUB - DAY

HELENA, 50s, dirty, panhandles with a ratty sun hat.

LOGAN, 30s, ruggedly handsome, strolls up, pulls out some change, tosses it into the hat.

Lexa wanders by, stops, shoves her hand into her jean pocket. She pulls out an engagement and silver wedding band. She stares at the rings in her hand, then drops them.

LEXA

Stay in a nice hotel tonight, okay?

The rings and coins co-mingle in the sun hat. Sun shines off the diamond solitaire.

Logan arches an eyebrow. Lexa shrugs, a mysterious smile. For a moment mutual attraction sparks between them.

LOGAN

Any chance you'd ... ?

Lexa shakes her head.

Logan nods, saunters into the pub, with one last glance over his shoulder at Lexa.

Lexa waves to Helena, darts across the street.

Helena picks up the engagement ring.

Dirty fingers with ragged nails hold the shiny engagement ring.

INT. TINA'S BEAUTY SHOP

Fingernails, with red nail polish, DRUM on a desk. A DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

TINA, 40s, aging beauty queen looks up from behind reception.

TINA

Can I help you?

LEXA
I want the whole she-bang. Today's
special.

Tina walks to a salon chair, turns it in Lexa's direction.

TINA
Your chariot awaits.

INT. TINA'S BEAUTY SHOP - LATER

Tina applies face powder with a make-up brush to Lexa's face,
her hair in curlers.

Lexa looks around the shop:

--The posters on the wall.

--The fashion and health magazines on the side table.

--The messy disorder of the hair and cosmetic tools.

LEXA
Was this your big plan when you were
20?

Tina grabs an eyeliner pencil. She points to a framed fashion
magazine, placed prominently on the wall.

TINA
My closest supermodel moment. The
young don't think small. Why would
they? Life is wide open -- Look up.

Lexa looks up as Tina applies eyeliner.

LEXA
I turned 30 today.

TINA
30 sucks. At 20 you take on the
world and expect to win. Then you're
30 ...

LEXA
You glance down, discover battle
scars, wonder how they got there.

Tina grabs a tube of lipstick, stares pensively at it.

She twists the container to reveal a dark shade of red.

--Lexa stands abruptly, her chair falls backward.

LEXA
Get that thing away from me! I don't
wear red lip--

TINA
--Trust me, it will look fab on you.

LEXA
Fabulously dead. I'm deathly allergic
to red dye.

Tina, alarmed, quickly puts the lipstick away. Tina looks
over her lipstick selection.

TINA
What about plum? Are you allergic
to purple dye?

LEXA
Just red. Let's skip the lipstick
for now.

INT. BEAUTY SHOP - LATER

RAINDROPS hit the windowpane. Blue drops fall down the glass.

Lexa sits in the salon chair.

LEXA
That's how I knew he was cheating on
me.

Tina listens attentively while she removes the curlers from
Lexa's hair.

LEXA
My husband, now my ex, comes home
late, gives me a kiss hello. My
throat constricts, hives break out
on my arm...

Tina kneels beside her, places her hand on Lexa's.

LEXA
He's a real gentleman, that one,
even left me a birthday present.

TINA
The house?

LEXA
Gonorrhoea. Had it for months.
Scarred my uterus or something.

Lexa checks out her face in the mirror, her eyes watery.

LEXA
 My biological clock ... Tick tock,
 tick tock, then silence. Dead
 silence. Why didn't I hear it stop?

Tina hugs her. A tear runs down Lexa's cheek.

INT. TINA'S BEAUTY SHOP - LATER

Lexa, her hair in a fancy up-do. Tina applies purple nail polish to Lexa's fingernails.

Tina dips the brush into the nail polish bottle, then pulls it out. A fat, purple droplet lands on the table.

TINA
 How far are you taking this pampering session?

LEXA
 All the way. That's why God invented plastic.

TINA
 A friend owns a clothing shop. She has this one outfit, chic, delicious ...

LEXA
 Sexy?

INT. TINA'S BEAUTY SHOP - LATER - NIGHT

A beautiful and glamorous Lexa twirls in a circle.

TINA
 Bravo. Bravo.

INT. TINA'S BEAUTY SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Lexa hands Tina, standing behind reception, her credit card.

Tina looks down at the credit card, her face goes slack.

LEXA
 Yeah, I'm her. His wife. I'm not so faceless now, am I?

TINA
 I'm, he, ah, that first time was an accid--

LEXA
 --The second, the fifth, the twentieth? They all accidents too?

Tina hands Lexa back her credit card.

TINA
It's on the house.

LEXA
Tip time. You weren't his first, or his only. Make sure he didn't leave a gift.

EXT. TINA'S BEAUTY SHOP

Lexa marches out the door, strides triumphantly down the street.

EXT. PUB - NIGHT

Lexa opens her purse, pulls out a thin container. She twists it open, reveals a red tube of lipstick.

She writes 30 on the glass window of the pub.

She applies the red lipstick with the help of the window, her reflection marred by the number.

She caresses her collarbone.

She flips the lipstick tube around: CONTAINS NO RED DYE.

LEXA
You're such a witch.

She puckers her lips in a sexy pout, blows a kiss to her reflected image, spies Logan inside.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Logan shoots his last dart at the board. He takes a seat at a nearby table with a few FRIENDS.

EXT. PUB - NIGHT

Lexa opens the door.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

With a sway in her hips, Lexa strolls towards Logan. Every man in the room unable to take their eyes off her.

Logan, his back to her, sips his beer.

LEXA (O.S.)
Hi.

Logan turns. Lexa gives Logan a long French kiss. His friends CLAP and WHISTLE.

6.

She pulls out the red lipstick, opens it, writes her phone number on Logan's arm: 555-0030.

EXT. PUB - NIGHT

Lexa waltzes out the door and past the pub sign: MANY HAPPY RETURNS.

FADE OUT.