

Jessie-Girl

Written by

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**1 INT. APARTMENT - DAY****1**

JESS, a young, beautiful, grief-stricken woman, opens the door to her empty apartment. She stands stiffly with sunken eyes and deep, dark under-circles; her running mascara is long dry. She sighs as she suddenly unpins her hair from a bun, rips off her flats and struggles with reaching the zipper of her stuffy black dress. She hurries to her room.

**MONTAGE**

-Jess is dressed in an oversized tee shirt. She determinedly wipes the old makeup from her face, staring intently at herself as she does.

-She finishes curling her hair with a curling iron, then fluffs the curls.

-Now with a full face of carefully done makeup, Jess adjusts her lashes and completes the look with bright red lipstick.

-She smooths the sides of a different, shorter, and more flattering black dress. Stares at herself in the mirror. Her face twitches. She goes back to her closet.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Jess is back in front of her mirror, now in a bright, sequined dress. Her countertop is covered in makeup and hair products. She is stunning, her grief now hidden behind heavy lashes and concealer. She pouts her lips and leans her hips to the side, settling into the façade of a confident, sexually independent woman.

Jess looks herself up and down. Her red lips start to tremble. She looks up towards the ceiling, staving off tears. Angrily, she swipes her purse from the counter and storms out of the bathroom. Her high heels CLICK as she exits her room and closes the apartment's front door behind her.

**OVER BLACK.**

We hear the beat and bass of club music mingled with drunken, cheering voices.

**2 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT****2**

Jess sits hunched over the toilet, gagging and crying. Her hair and makeup has been ruined by sweat and friction. Her pretty heels have been tossed to the side; her feet are red and raw from dancing in them. She clasps the toilet bowl and vomits violently.

Jess lifts her head slowly. Her red lipstick makes her mouth look like a bloody gash. Shakily, she reaches into her purse and pulls out a photograph of her and a smiling young man holding each other. We can see she is wearing the flattering black dress from earlier. She traces his face softly with her finger, then flips the photo over.

ON BACK OF PHOTO IN INK

Love you forever my Jessie-girl! Love, your love.

ON JESS

She smiles a little, but slowly her expression melts into sorrow. Jess curls up on the bathroom floor, clutching what she has left of her love.