

Tall-Order of Love
by
Jeannette Marguerite Porrazzo

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Jeannette M. Porrazzo
1328 Yale Street #C
Santa Monica CA 90404
Jettyspaghettifilms@gmail.com
818-284-3519
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GLADYS, an early 40's, tall and voluptuous woman, with a pretty face and long blond hair tied back in a braid is walking down the street carrying her postman bag on one shoulder and a handful of envelopes in the opposite hand.

GLADYS is a postal carrier for the US Postal Service, she is dressed in a traditional mail-mans uniform; wearing long pants, a button up shirt, a sweater and running shoes. She walks along her usual route through the streets of town on a beautiful autumn afternoon.

Along her route GLADYS encounters many different types of people. She is a friendly sort and always has a smile on her face. She walks with confidence and grace all the while listening to her i-pod, singing along and moving her head to the beat.

GLADYS observes the humming birds quickly pollinating the purple cone shaped flowers, the school bus passing by with young children making faces at each other and notices the leaves on all the trees are shades of gold, red and orange.

CUT TO:

GLADYS walks up the front steps of a three story brownstone home, just as she tops the last step the front door opens and an elderly gentleman stands in the doorway wearing nothing more than a pair of boxer shorts, socks and a tank top. HE is MR. MCNEIL, a 70 something slender man, with a head of thin grey hair, a five-o'clock shadow and a crooked smile.

GLADYS

Good afternoon Mr. McNeil...

GLADYS hands him his stack of mail, mostly bills and some periodicals. MR. MCNEIL takes the lot and looks it over with a frown.

MR. MCNEIL

Ain't nothing good today.

She looks it over while in his hands.

GLADYS

(pointing to a sports
magazine)

Looks like a bit of good reading.

MR. MCNEIL

(with sincerity)

Ahh! Bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

Beat.

MR. MCNEIL (CONT'D)
Did you hear what happened to old
Mrs. Jenkins three doors down?

GLADYS
No. What?

MR. MCNEIL
(attempting to be
humorous)
She died.

Short Pause.

GLADYS
(haphazardly)
Oh, that's too bad, I'll have to
put a stop on her mail then.

Beat.

MR. MCNEIL
(gruffly)
You do that. She was never any good
anyway.

GLADYS walks away back down the stairs. MR. MCNEIL continues
to stand in the doorway.

GLADYS
(under her breath)
Okay, if you say so.

MR. MCNEIL steps out the doorway just a bit and shakes his
fist.

MR. MCNEIL
(yelling)
The whole world is going to hell I
tell you, hell! Hell in a hand
basket!

GLADYS looks over her shoulder at him and continues to walk
down the sidewalk dropping off mail in empty postboxes.

Just up the road a few houses down- MRS. SMITHE, a middle
aged plain looking woman, dressed in a grey wool overcoat,
long pants and dark block heels; is walking with her grand-
daughter up their stairs, MRS. SMITHES' hands are full with
groceries and her young school aged grand-daughter is holding
on to her grandmothers coat with a fist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GLADYS sees this and rushes over to assist them.

GLADYS

Let me help you with that.

She reaches for one of the bags. MRS. SMITHE hands GLADYS a bag and takes out her keys. MRS. SMITHE unlocks the door, and GLADYS hands her the bag back.

MRS. SMITHE

Thank you dear.

GLADYS takes out a stack of mail.

GLADYS

Where do you want this?

MRS. SMITHE

Just put it in the bag.

GLADYS puts the mail in the paper bag on top of the groceries. They make eye contact and they both smile at one another.

MRS. SMITHE (CONT'D)

Thank you dear.

Beat.

MRS. SMITHE (CONT'D)

(with conviction)

And listen. Don't pay any mind to that dribbling old man. He's mad.

Gladys exits and continues to walk down the street. MR. MCNEIL overhears MRS. SMITHE'S comments as he has been standing in his doorway watching the entire time.

MR. MCNEIL

(yelling, to MRS. SMITHE)

You old hag!

MRS. SMITHE

(yelling in a bit of pent up rage, towards MR.

MCNEIL)

Call me that again you old goat!
And you might want to consider putting some clothes on before your sited for indecent exposure, there are little ones you know.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (3)

GLADYS is walking down the side walk and is approaching a five-foot-high chain-link fenced yard with a very large Great-Dane named MICKEY with short tan fur and a black mouth, he is barking and nearly leaping over the fence with excitement to see GLADYS.

GLADYS reaches into her bag and pulls out a dog treat. Walking closer she tucks it into her fist to hide it from the dogs line of site.

GLADYS
(yelling over his bark)
Mickey! Sit!

GLADYS stands right in front of MICKEY and raises her hand clutching the dog treat. MICKEY barks again. He sits.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
Now there, like a good dog should.

GLADYS passes the treat through the chain-link fence. MICKEY takes the treat and slobbers all over GLADYS's hand while doing so. GLADYS puts her head down for a minute as she wipes her hand on her pants. Just as MICKEY's finished the treat he jumps up onto the top of the fence, places his front paws on the fence to balance and licks GLADYS on the face in slow motion. His tongue covering the entire front of GLADYS's face.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
YUCK!

GLADYS spits and wipes her face with both of her sleeves.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
Same time tomorrow?

MICKEY pants and blinks his eyes. He howls for a beat. GLADYS walks on. A few moments later the sky opens up and it begins to thunder and rain comes out of the sky like a faucet. GLADYS scurries to finish her route and runs out of view with her jacket pulled over her head to shield her from the elements.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. CAPITOL HILL, SEATTLE-NIGHT

2

GLADYS is driving down the street in her mini cooper. She pulls up in front of a five story modern art deco apartment building and parallel parks her car. She exits the car and locks it.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

The rain is no more, however her hair is soaking wet and she appears cold and agitated. She rushes in the front door of the building.

3 INT. GLADYS' APARTMENT BUILDING-STAIRCASE-NIGHT

3

She climbs the stairs slowly to the third floor and makes her way down the hallway to her front door number 3-8-9, she unlocks the door and enters.

4 INT. GLADYS' APARTMENT-KITCHEN-NIGHT

4

She sets down her pocket book on the kitchen counter and places her jumper on the bar stool. She takes off her shoes on the kitchen floor and stands there still for a minute in her socks and street clothes. Her hair is dripping wet and droplets of water pass down her brow line. Just then the phone rings. It startles her for a minute and clearly her heart skips a beat. She reaches for the phone and answers it.

GLADYS

Hello?

On the phone is GWENDOLYN, GLADYS' best-friend since university. GWEN as we know her is also early 40's, very sophisticated looking with striking red hair blown strait to her shoulders, she is what you would call upper-middle class and speaks very proper with a London accent.

GWEN/V.O

You musn't waste time, get down to the pub at once.

GLADYS

Yeah?

GWEN/V.O

(scolding her)

Don't tell me you've forgotten girls night?

CUT TO:

The PUB. The three girls; GWEN, GRETCHEN-also early 40's with a dark brown bobbed hair cut; she is very petite with child like features and a high squeaky voice, MARTHA-early 40's with blond hair just beyond her shoulders and a very approachable look: are sitting around a tall round table, all upon red leather bar stools.

The bar is a hole-in-the-wall joint and is packed with all sorts of people, a come-as-you-are type of place.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

BONO is on the tiny stage with only a guitar, he is singing into a microphone and playing one of his many hits. The CROWD is really enjoying the music, and there isn't a table without at least a few pints half consumed.

CUT TO:

5 INT. GLADYS' APARTMENT-KITCHEN-NIGHT

5

GLADYS
(frankly)
Oh crap!

Beat.

CUT TO:

6 INT. PUB-NIGHT

6

GWEN
(taunting her)
And you're never going to guess
who's here tonight!

CUT TO:

7 INT. GLADYS' APARTMENT-KITCHEN-NIGHT

7

GLADYS
(curiously)
Who?

Beat.

CUT TO:

8 INT. PUB-NIGHT

8

GWEN
(teasingly)
One clue. Ireland.

9 EXT. IRELAND-OUTDOOR COLOSSEUM

9

Flashback GWEN, GRETCHEN, MARTHA and GLADYS are all in Ireland smashed and in the front row at a U2 concert. They are swaying to the music and drinking pints of beer out of glass bottles.

CUT TO:

10 INT. GLADYS' APARTMENT-KITCHEN-NIGHT

10

GLADYS
(with extreme excitement)
BONO! NO! RIGHT! Be there in a
jiffy.

GLADYS hangs up the phone with intent and runs to the bathroom simultaneously stripping off her clothes and leaving them in the isle to reveal her curvy figure in silhouette.

CUT TO:

11 INT. GLADYS' APARTMENT-NIGHT

11

GLADYS is standing in the bathroom in front of the medicine box mirror; frantically blow drying her long hair and scrunching it with her fingers to enhance it's natural wave. GLADYS fixes her hair half up with a twirl using bobby-pins and fluffs her long locks one more time. GLADYS exits to the kitchen where she puts on her leather jacket. GLADYS grabs her purse off the kitchen counter and runs to the front, the door slams behind her and she climbs down the stairs in a frenzy forgetting her shoes.

As GLADYS opens the front door to the building she eyes the taxi cab waiting for her, the cool breeze tingles her toes and reminds her she's forgotten her shoes.

GLADYS signals to the taxi driver with one index finger to let him know she'll be right back.

GLADYS
(hollering)
Be back in a minute.

Beat.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Damn!

She's clearly frustrated with herself.

GLADYS races back up the stairs and retrieves her sneakers, she exits the front of the building and climbs into the taxi.

12 EXT. MIDSIZE NORTHERN COASTAL TOWN-NIGHT

12

THEY drive off out of view.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. CAPITOL HILL, SEATTLE-PUB-NIGHT

13

A taxi carrying GLADYS in the back seat pulls up to the front of the PUB. She pays the driver and exits the car. She walks up to the front of the building where a small crowd is standing around; smoking cigars and cigarettes while trying to stay warm: some are gripping their coats closer to their bodies meanwhile clutching their blunts tightly and bringing them to their mouths with limited effort.

GLADYS enters the PUB as a young man holds the door open for her.

14 INT. PUB-NIGHT

14

The CROWD has grown to an overwhelming size, with hardly any room to maneuver through the CROWD, GLADYS tries to find her friends. GLADYS brushes against people as she squeezes her way towards the stage. GLADYS sees BONO and it excites her. GLADYS stops for a long minute and takes in his presence and bops to the rhythm of the guitar. BONO plays and sings "The Sweetest Thing". GLADYS revels in the moment until the music stops for a quick second and she hears her name being shouted from across the room. THE GIRLS are peering above the CROWD and flagging her down to walk towards their direction. GLADYS pushes through the CROWD and finds herself an empty seat at the same table as THE GIRLS. She takes a seat.

MARTHA

(with excitement)

Glady, You made it! Goody!

GRETCHEN

Good seeing ya chick.

GWEN

You're missing out, I thought you wouldn't make it in time.

GLADYS

How long has he been playing?

GWEN

For a while now, he just came in not long after we got here, it was slim then.

GLADYS

No kidding, I guess the word gets around.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

GLADYS (CONT'D)
What ya drinkin'?

GRETCHEN
Here, have some.

GRETCHEN takes an empty glass and pours GLADYS a pint from a full pitcher of beer. The four of them raise their glasses to toast.

GLADYS
To BONO.

GRETCHEN
To friends.

MARTHA
To happy times.

GWEN
To glady.

They take a sip of their beer.

MARTHA
So Glady. What would you say to a fix up?

GLADYS
No. Absolutely not!

MARTHA slips GLADYS a small piece of paper with a name and number written on it.

MARTHA
Come on, you don't know what you're missing.

GLADYS
No.

GWEN
Martha, just leave it be.

GRETCHEN
Is he cute?

GLADYS
After the last time I don't care if he looks like Brad Pitt!

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA

Okay, but it's your loss, you don't know what you're missing!

Beat.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

And it's not like you have a lot of options at the moment.

GWEN

Except for a great-dane named Mickey.

GWEN laughs at her own joke and the others follow. GLADYS is thoroughly amused.

GLADYS

(pouting, mocking the girls)

Ha ha. Very funny.

GRETCHEN

He's loyal, I'll tell you that much.

GWEN

Where'd you meet him?

MARTHA

I met him on the train this morning, on my commute to the city. You know the type, in the three piece suit looking sharp as can be.

Beat.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

If I wasn't married with three kids I'd totally go with him. But don't tell Bruce. He gets upset when I pick up men for Gladys.

GLADYS takes the slip of paper and looks at it closely.

GLADYS

That good huh?

GWEN nudges Gladys.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

I'll think about it. But I'm not promising anything. You got me?

(CONTINUED)