

**Gill White, Edinburgh, age 36**

Gill's background: Gill has trained for two years as an animator as part of a degree in set design and 3D model animation. She is also a freelance designer and photographer who loves storytelling. Gill entered the One Minute Wonder competition as she was very interested in the idea of having the freedom of creating a complete imagery work on paper then seeing it realised on screen. Her mum is forever telling her that she wants *Life is a Cabaret!* played at her funeral. Gill developed the script for *I Was a Honky Lover* from the idea of living a fast-paced life to extremes but not necessarily remembering to breathe out – a wild life. Gill would like to develop her screenwriting abilities and then become a film director. Gill is also interested in making a music documentary.

**Script 4: I Was a Honky Lover**

FADE IN FROM BLACK.

ENTERING A FUNERAL WAKE, IN A SMALL REMOTE SCOTTISH HALL.  
AN ELDERLY MAN SITS IN A THREADBARE ARMCHAIR, CRISP WHITE LACE COVERS DRAPES THE ARMS. HE IS WRAPPED IN WARM AFTERNOON SUN A WINDOW TO HIS RIGHT. IN FRONT OF HIM IS AN OVERLADEN CAKE STAND DRIPPING WITH CHERRY TOPPED CREAM CAKES. PEOPLE APPROACH HIM WITH CONDOLENCES. HE SMILES DISTRACTEDLY.

CLOSE UP OF CREAM CAKES, OUTLINE OF ELDERLY MAN BLURRED IN BACKGROUND  
WOMAN'S VOICE OVER  
(It is old, warm, sensual)

**I was a honky lover a living brawl backlashed bent  
Sinking cherry lips in sailors laps  
Trailing tasselled tales as I pranced my fancy, willed the inevitable,  
squeezed and teased forgotten names between my thighs**

A DOLLOP OF CREAM DRIPS FROM THE CAKE STAND

WOMAN'S VOICE OVER  
**Spilling from dresses to take another's fancy  
Strutted straddled indifferent  
Warming under currents in a wetman's dream**

CAMERA FOCUS ON THE EDGE OF A TORN PAPER DOILY

WOMAN'S VOICE OVER  
**Tumbling frayed becoming undone unsung until...**  
(Inhale of breath ... a throaty chuckle)

CAMERAS FOCUS PULLS TO RESTS ON ELDERLY MAN LOOKING SHRUNKEN IN THE ARMCHAIR, HE LOOKS DIRECTLY AT THE CAMERA WITH AFFECTION HE IS CHUCKLING TO HIMSELF SHAKING HIS HEAD.

WOMAN'S VOICE OVER

.. You ..

I curled to your menace  
Swayed to the strings of your cheap talk  
To my pillow, your promises, your nonsense  
I made your nape my home, my love, my home  
Lets get woozy in the sunlight you said  
Let me dwindle and drop  
Swing your hand in mine for all time

CLOSE UP OF MAN'S HAND ON THE EDGE OF THE ARMREST, IT RELAXES LETTING HIS  
TEACUP FALL RATTLING TO THE GROUND. HIS ARM SWINGS IN THE SUN'S OUTLINE,  
THEN COMES TO REST MOTIONLESS. FADE TO WHITE.

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