

Extract from: 'Gladys's Grand Day Out'

Tagline: This is not your usual grandma's day out.

Logline: As her husband lies asleep in bed, a youthful grandma, Gladys, takes to the streets of Brighton for a morning adventure.

FADE IN:

INT. GLADYS'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAWN

It is approaching 6:00 AM. The early-morning sun splits through white net curtains and fills the room. GLADYS, an elderly lady around sixty-seventy years old with her curlers in, is asleep in bed with her husband.

The room's silent peace is shattered by the ALARM of her smartphone. She wakes quickly, leans over and turns it off, and then slowly turns her head to look at her husband, who is still asleep. She sighs in relief and slowly lifts the covers and sneaks out of bed, trying not to wake him.

MUSIC CUE: Buoyant yet placid music.

BATHROOM

Gladys is in front of the bathroom mirror in a dressing gown with her curlers now out, popping her teeth in. She wets a flannel and soaks her face.

When she finishes, she places it on the edge of the sink and turns her attention to a vegan-labelled moisturising cream, unscrews the lid, gives it a gratifying sniff and applies it gently to her face.

BEDROOM (MONTAGE)

-- Sneakily again whilst her husband sleeps behind her, Gladys pulls open the top of her chest of drawers and retrieves some clothes.

-- She perches herself, now dressed, at the end of the bed and applies lipstick to her lips.

-- She puts on a necklace of pearls and admires it in the mirror, with a beaming smile.

END MONTAGE

KITCHEN

Gladys sits in her kitchen, perusing the local gazette through large circular glasses. She turns the page and takes a sip from a mug of black coffee.

A KITCHEN TIMER goes off, and the tofu she has SCRAMBLING on the stove is complete. She heads towards the pan, retrieving a dinner plate from the counter on the way, and dishes up.

EXT. GLADYS'S FRONT GARDEN

The front door opens. Gladys exits the house with a handbag under her arm, wearing a long coat, gloves and a beret. She closes the door behind her, walks down the path and out onto the street.

EXT. GLADYS'S STREET - CONTINUOUS

She is in Brighton. The houses are coloured pastel blues, yellows and pinks, and the sea peeks out from the bottom of the hill. She heads towards it.

EXT. SEAFRONT

Gladys is walking on the pavement just above the beach, vigilantly taking in her surroundings with a smile that greets every passerby. She looks up to the hotels and buildings above, down the roads and across the bright-blue sky until she finally makes her way down the steps and onto the beach below.

Hobbling over the pebbles, she walks down to the sea. She struggles to her bottom and plumps onto the ground, placing her handbag beside her. A sigh of relief. After taking another quick look across the sky, she eagerly reaches into her bag and retrieves a packet of bread.

She breaks off a piece, looks up, then over her shoulders, and then launches the piece of bread up high with a giggle. Several seagulls grace the sky above her and take to the landing chunks of bread. She stares on eagerly.

She shakes her head, coming to from her dreamy staring, and tears off another piece. This time, she holds it out towards the seagulls for a while, as though to coax them closer, before tossing it not too far from where she is sat. The seagulls approach.

LATER

The beach is relatively empty, and the waves are calm. Gladys, however, is surrounded by a huge flock of seagulls and on her last chunk of bread.

She throws it happily and pulls out her smartphone from her bag to take an unsteady picture of the birds. She smiles at it briefly before squinting her eyes, moving the phone closer then further away to make out the photo she has taken.

LATER

The seagulls are flocking away in the distance. Gladys has left her handbag and shoes behind her and is rolling her trouser legs up, edging towards the lapping waves. As they buss her toes, she wriggles them in the mushing sand, yet another grin taking to her lips.

She looks back up and around, sighing gratefully.

FURTHER DOWN THE BEACH

Gladys is on her hands and knees, crawling along the pebbles in an intent search for something. She brushes pebbles and rocks away as she crawls.

Finally, she comes across a few seashells and gasps, leaning down towards them. She picks them up, one by one, gets her glasses out of her coat pocket and examines them in her hand with glee. She scans the floor for more and spots some.

She places the ones in her hand into the pocket of her dress and leans forward to get the others. As her fingers touch them, she stops, noticing something in the distance. It is an ice cream machine. An excitable smile takes her face.

Returning her attention to the seashells, she hurriedly takes retrieves them and puts them in her pocket before struggling to her feet to rush to the ice cream machine.

EXT. ICE CREAM MACHINE

Gladys has bought a huge ice cream with sauce and sprinkles. She smiles at the ice cream man and turns around to leave, then taking a huge chomp out of it.

As she continues to walk, she notices a merry-go-round. Her pace quickens as she rushes her ice cream and heads towards it.

EXT. MERRY-GO-ROUND

Gladys, her lips smeared thickly with ice cream, sits on one of the horses, beaming with joy as the ride rises and falls, bobs and revolves. She stares forward and out to the yon, stroking her horse's main.

EXT. SEAFRONT

Trouser legs up and shoeless again, her handbag slapping her side, Gladys feebly runs towards the slow, residing waves, and back again as they sluggishly gain on her.