

INT. TIANA'S PLACE. POOL SIDE. DAY

Tiana, 60's, Still beautiful sits looking into the sky. In front of her are bottles of consumed and half consumed drinks. Aima walks into shot.

AIMA
Good morning Ma.

TIANA
Who's your Ma? I hated being married.
That's simply why I cheated.

Aima realises the interview has started and brings out her recorder.

AIMA
You didn't love your husband?

TIANA
I loved him too much maybe. But marriage
wasn't for me. I was born to be free.

AIMA
You consider marriage bondage?

TIANA
Even worse. You can't make any
decisions on your own. Must always pass
it by him. Some get sustained, some get
overruled.

AIMA
But isn't that the joy of marriage?

TIANA
At 20, 30, maybe but at 40, it's madness.
I was too independent, lived alone for
too long to know how to live as a couple.

AIMA
Why didn't you just walk away?

TIANA
Because he wouldn't let me, for years
I tried, then I did the one thing I knew
he couldn't take. An affair. I even sent
him pictures. Forged a blackmail.

AIMA
That must have been difficult. Hurting
him like that.

TIANA

It was, but it was also with a hot young body. The next day, he threw me out. So much for love.

AIMA
Why have you decided to talk about it now, after all these years?

TIANA
Because I've just been diagnosed with cancer.

AIMA
I'm so sorry, I...

TIANA
Shhhhh. I've lived well. Crashed and burned. Done it all, I'm ready for death.....

FADE IN:

*

INT. MILDRED'S OFFICE. MORNING.

AIMA
Good morning.

MILDRED
I can do without pleasantries. What I can't do without is effectiveness. Have you gotten the boy's identity?

AIMA
No.

MILDRED
I'm carrying that story next month. You get that identity or you get yourself tuesday guardian because you'll be out of a job.

AIMA
I'm sorry, Ma but I think we can still run the story as it is....

MILDRED
I don't pay you to think, I pay you to act.

She dismisses her with a wave. Aima leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. AIMA'S DESK. DAY

Aima sits on her desk, head on her table. Her phone buzzes. it's a text from Alex.

TEXT

I'm sorry. I just wanted you close. I meant no harm.

Someone drops a bag of food on her table.

TEXT (CONT'D)

My peace offering.

Aima smiles, she looks up and Alex is standing before her.

ALEX

Your smile lights up the world.

AIMA

I'm not talking to you.

ALEX

That's fine. I can do the talking.

He brings out a receipt.

ALEX (CONT'D)

That's accommodation for 1 week at downtown hotel. Please.

AIMA

There's no way in the world I could take that from you. For God's sake, we earn the same salary.

ALEX

I'm a guy, Aima, I have a million other things that give me money. Please. Just take it and I'll not bother you again, except of course, you want me to.

Aima smiles and takes the receipt. Alex walks away.

CUT TO: