

I Can't Write A Kiss

Scene 3 – Draft 2

By Kayden Delaney Hammer

CHARACTERS

HONEYWESTXX	Female. Latina. Wants to feel her writing more than read it. A pen name.
FRED	Male. Caucasian. Preferably Ginger. A physical representation of Fred Weasley from Harry Potter.
ANNORA	Female. Any ethnicity besides, Caucasian. A physical representation of an Original Character HoneyWestXx wrote to live out her Hogwarts' fantasies.
SPENCER	Asleep the entire time.

SETTING

A bedroom in the real world. A broom cupboard in the fantasy one.

TIME

Past when bedtimes should be, but what writer sleeps?

NOTE

When HONEYWESTXX is typing the story FRED and ANNORA are acting out, they should be doing the stage directions that follow what she is typing **as** she types them.

SCENE 1

A bedroom.

Two people in bed.

One laying down clearly asleep. One wide awake with no intention of sleeping.

The woman awake is nursing a cup of coffee, staring down her computer screen.

The words don't write themselves, but oh how she wishes they would.

We sit with her in silence as she sorts through the filing cabinets in her mind.

Her head shakes in disagreement of her own ideas, before settling on attempting one.

HONEYWESTXX

Okay.

They're in the cupboard.

Lights fade.

The only light is the light from HONEYWESTXX's laptop and a new spotlight on a couple standing close together.

They are the ones in the cupboard.

FRED holds ANNORA with a hand on the small of her back to steady and get her close enough to fit in a broom cupboard.

HONEYWESTXX watches them as she relays the story.

HONEYWESTXX

They're running from Filch.

They just pulled off this awesome prank, and now they are hiding in a broom cupboard.

Now how do they kiss?

The couple are both looking deeply into the other's eyes.

Panting from a mixture of running and laughter.

FRED while still smiling, raises a finger indicating for ANNORA to be silent.

They share a silent chuckle.

HONEYWESTXX

They're in the cupboard. Fred tries to quiet Annora from laughing too loudly.

They hear a meow.

Mrs. Norris.

The couple look wide-eyed at each other and then towards where they heard the noise from.

They heard the meow. We did not. This is their world, not ours.

They try to calm their breathing to quiet the panting.

HONEYWESTXX softly smiles and begins to type.

HONESYWESTXX

The meow echoed in their minds. As their breathing slowed, their minds raced.

Fred took note that even in darkness, her eyes shined. The amusement of their prank imprinted in the flecks of her eyes, as she seemed to look deeper into his mind.

HONESYWESTXX (CONT'D)

And what a beautiful mind she saw. Fred never ceased to amaze Annora. From always being the first one to make a joke to the light caress his strong beater hand had on the small of her back.

She becomes painstakingly aware of the hand gently holding her. Her heart beat quickens and her face flushes as she begins to fully understand their proximity to one another.

Her heartbeat drums in her ears. Has her heartbeat always been this loud? More importantly, can he *hear* her heartbeat?

FRED, lost in her eyes, seems to be searching for every small detail they behold.

ANNORA glances downward toward the hand that rests on her back.

Charmed. Excitement. Worry.

Emotions dance across her face.

She fidgets slightly, as she grows aware of her heartbeat.

HONEYWESTXX

Answer: He can't.

He's too focused on his own quickened heartbeat, as he steals glances towards her lips. Has his heartbeat always been this loud? More importantly, can he *kiss* the lips that have his heart beating in such an unrhythmic pattern?

FRED looks deeper in her eyes. Almost as if to distract himself from the lips calling out to him.

He hears them.

Stealing glances of her mouth, he has a mental battle of which he wants to stare at longer.

Her lips.

Her eyes.

Her lips.

Her eyes...

Her lips...

*Incoherent to thoughts of anything but tasting her,
he absentmindedly pulls her closer.*

HONEYWESTXX

And then they kiss.

Except they don't.

*They are frozen in that moment right before eye
flutter shut in preparation for what should be an
overwhelmingly beautiful kiss.*

Except there is no kiss.

*No longer typing, HONEYWESTXX looks up at the
couple in confusion.*

HONEYWESTXX

Aaand they kiss...

*Her prompting them to kiss a second time does
nothing to unfreeze.*

Why won't they kiss?

She's written the words and yet nothing.

HONEYWESTXX

Why aren't you two kissing?

The body next to her starts to toss and turn, audibly.

*HONEYWESTXX whips her head toward SPENCER
at the movement.*

Spotlight snaps off as she looks away from FRED and ANNORA.

Lights back up.

HONEYWESTXX watches as SPENCER settles into a new position.

Her face falls just enough for it be a noticeable difference.

Love. Passion. Yearning. Heartbreak.

Emotions dance across her face.

The passion her characters have, she desperately wants to have again.

Her eyes water.

She looks back at the screen.

Clicking to a new window.

Lights fade.

A spotlight, this time on HONEYWESTXX.

Typing.

She looks not at the screen, but forwards, addressing the audience.

HONEYWESTXX

Author's Note. To my patient readers.

It's happening. It's finally happening, and I had no idea how hard it would be to write.

I know I made grand promises of a chapter uploaded by midnight. It's 2:30 a.m. and I've been typing, staring at, and retyping the words for the past three and a half hours. I only ever want to give you a story I am happy and proud of, thus my failure to upload tonight. I will try again tomorrow.

We're almost there. That I *can* promise.

I just- I just can't write a kiss.

Hoping you will forgive me,

HoneyWestXx

Blackout.