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1. INT. 2010 HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Light falls through floral curtains into a old living room, the upholstery is all old floral patterns that look worn from time. The carpet is trodden in and discoloured from years of use. An unlit fireplace sits against the back wall, a framed picture of a young family hanging above the mantle piece.

CORA (70) paces across the floor, her long skirt and cardigan keeping her warm as she makes her way towards a 1960s record player. Underneath an array of multicoloured records sit stacked together.

She leans over, flicking through. She pauses. Pulling one from the rack, a classical piece. She smiles to herself side of the player. She lifts the spindle of the turntable, clicking the record into place. Lowering the spindle again and positioning correctly, she flicks the starting switch.

She stands up straight as the crackling of the record echos across the room. Cora turns around, scanning the room. Her eyes gaze over the paining on the wall, through the olden decor and focusing on a leather armchair that rests in front of the bright window.

In the seat, his face covered by an open newspaper, a young man sits in a afternoon suit. ALLEN (22) uncrosses his legs and lowers the paper, folding it and placing it on the arm of the chair as he stands; a smirk covering his face. He walks across the length of the room, holding his hand out towards Cora.

With a glint in his eye, he smiles wider than before; his charismatic charm holding his gaze on her. She takes his hand; what once was wrinkled now young again. Her hair now colourful and her face shining with a youthful, radiant glow as she smiles back.

The music finally kicks in, a slow elegant waltz. He steps back, holding her hand as he pulls her into a hold. They take a beginning turn, the room changes around them.

2. INT - 1960 HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The room, now decorated with bright colours, a new life brought into the world. CORA (19), now in a 1960s a-line dress and her hair high bouffant. Allen, stands opposite, in a sports coat and contrasting trousers; his jet black hair gelled back. They continue waltzing around the room.

They do a marvellous spin spin, her dress transition to a wedding gown as the room changes with her.









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3. INT. 1960 CHURCH - ALTAR - AFTERNOON

They finalise the twirl, CORA's (21) long white wedding dress following the flow. Her veil hangs over her face. ALLEN (23), dressed in a black suit, brings her back into the hold, leaning her backwards and giving her a peck on the lips. The priest behind watches, looking at the bible as a cheer applauds the couple.

They return upright, doing a standard box step into natural and unnatural turns as they exit the altar.

4. INT. EARLY 1970 HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

CORA (29), now in slack trousers and a sweater covered in food stains her hair long hair tied into a messy bun, and ALLEN (31), still remarkably clean in a sweater, continue control dance into the 1970s styled living room. It is property scattered and untidy with toys and childish remnants.

Allen lifts Cora's arm, spinning her 180 degrees to a backwards hold, swaying side by side, his head resting against hers.

Two children of a GIRL (5) and BOY (8) run through the background, chasing each other as they narrowly dodge the dancing couple. They circle the couple who share a moment together, before running out of the room once again.

The couple separate, moving back to a standard hold. Allen's smile dissipates, looking to Cora's neck.

Tthe music lowers for a moment. A small bruise on the side of her neck is visible. She adjusts her pony tail to fall beside it, hiding it from view. She cracks a smile once again. They continue. Into a standard step and a whisk.

JUC 5. INT - 1990 WEDDING HALL - AFTER PARTY - MORNING CONVEY

CORA (55), in mother of the bride clothing) and ALLEN (57) in a suit, both dressed in formal clothing, dance more erratically as a dance floor is bustling with other wedding gusts. In the back, one of the children, now grown, dance with their own partner.

Allen jostles Cora a little too much, her balance falters and her sleeve lifts as she holds herself upright. She is marked with fresh bruises. He brings her back in close, what once was a smile is a menacing stare. She tries to hold a smile but her eyes are filled with fear.

He pushes her away again, a fast turn. He pulls her in again, dancing closely and quickly at a dizzying pace. They stop suddenly. He grips her tighter.





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