

TASK: YOU ARE GIVEN A RANDOM CHARACTER, SETTING, CATALYST AND MOTIVE. NOW WRITE A SENARIO USING THEM.

Character 3 – Actress; Setting 9 – Runway; Catalyst 2 – New car; Motive 4 – Love

So this was it. The day of decision. The axis upon which Tamsin's life pivoted. Grey clouds mirrored the grey tarmac of the runway; bleak, lifeless – both the runway and her life.

Five short days ago, over coffee, Tamsin had enthused to Rebecca about how good her life was – a great acting role on location here in Italy, her husband, Rob, staying here with her for three weeks. Rob's promotion had given him the finance to buy his dream car – a top-of-the-range Mercedes. How lucky she had felt.

How fast everything had fallen apart. Rob had been here two weeks, but Tamsin saw little of him, and was often too tired after a day's shoot to go out for an evening. Rob had been understanding and put no pressure on her. So when, two days ago, filming had ended for the day at 11.30am because of a thunderstorm, Tamsin hurried to her rented apartment, happy at the prospect of an entire afternoon with Rob.

His cream Mercedes, on the forecourt of the apartments, confirmed that Rob was home. Parking her rental car beside it, Tamsin ran through the rain, dodging puddles on her way to the covered stairway. Noticing the '*vernice bagnata*' (wet paint) sign, she held her coat close as she mounted the stair, and smiled at the man in overalls who was painting the wall. As she put her key in the lock, she could hear the strains of Rob's favourite CD, and the smell of coffee greeted her as she entered the hallway. "Ah, probably relaxing with the newspaper", she thought. Slipping off her wet shoes and raincoat, Tamsin padded toward the bedroom door, which stood ajar. She was about to push it open, when she heard a soft gasp. Peering round the door frame, she saw the bed reflected in the dressing table mirror. The smile on her face quickly faded as she saw the naked back, blonde hair swaying, of someone astride her husband.

Tamsin staggered backwards, her mind reeling, her mouth dry. In a daze, she put her damp shoes back on, picked up her handbag, and slowly made her way out of the apartment toward the stairwell. With each step she descended, an anger rose within her, quickly becoming a rage. How could he do this to her? Despite all the temptations that came her way in her career, she'd stayed utterly faithful to him.

On the midway landing, she stepped around tins of paint – the decorator had gone to lunch. A large tin of paint was in each hand almost before the idea had formed in her head. Tamsin carried them to the forecourt. The rain had stopped; the sky was lightening.

The rage slowly poured out of her as she poured first blue, then green paint over the Mercedes.

There had been no discussion, no argument. No need for explanation – Tamsin's wet coat on the chair and the new-look Mercedes told Rob all he needed to know. Tamsin had packed her belongings quickly that evening and gone to Rebecca's.

She now boarded the plane, the first step to her new life – whatever that might be.

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