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Misty Dollars

by Rosalind May

Misty Dollars stifled a yawn. She felt her jaw click at the exaggerated effort it took not to look bored.

‘And, cut.’ The director waved his hand, and like a magic wand, the crew began disappearing with huge pieces of equipment. Everyone was as keen as she was to finish their day and get home.

Misty shrugged her coat on. It had been a long day. She was ready for a hot bath and a glass of her favourite Chardonnay. Her feet ached. Her temples throbbed and she had developed a tell-tale niggle in the pit of her stomach which could only mean one thing.

She groaned. The joys of womanhood. Switching off the stage lights, and closing the door shut behind her, Misty hurried to catch the 5b bus that would take her home.

As she rounded the corner, she watched her bus moving away from the stop and merging with the evening traffic. She would have to wait for that drink, she thought as it began to rain. Sharp, icy spits hit the side of her face, like little shards of glass penetrating her skin.

Her headache was winding its way down her neck to knot between her shoulder blades. Misty tried to roll it away, but it clung to her muscles resisting her attempts to dislodge it.

Pulling her hood up over her head, she looked up and down the road. The traffic had petered out and now seemed unusually light for a Friday night. Misty pushed her fists deeper into the pockets of her duffle coat. She wanted to check the time but pulling her hands free from their warm environs was too high a price to pay for something that held little consequence to her situation.

She would get home at a time that public transport dictated, and not a minute sooner.

Ignoring the penetrating cold, Misty tried to recall the events of the day.

She wondered about the calibre of clients who bought the films that were being made. She hoped it was art house cinemas rather than lonely men in raincoats who scurried home to view their DVD's on old tvs in grimy bedsits.

The icy rain from earlier had turned into a torrential downpour. Purple-topped puddles had appeared in the potholes caused by the winter snowstorms. Distracted by the street lights reflected in the oily ripples Misty didn't notice the black Range Rover approach too close to the curb.

A shower of water arced over her body, drenching her clothes through to the skin.

She would give the driver a piece of her mind, she thought, once she had removed the gravel from her mouth.

She watched as the car pulled up and a body she recognised emerged sleek and toned from the driver's door. She crumpled into her coat hoping to disappear.

"Misty, that was inexcusable of me." Came the all too familiar voice. "Let me give you a lift home."

"My favourite tea lady. Where would you like to go?"