

Couple Looking for Couple

By

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INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

TERRY drives his old, small car on the M25 - it is neither a smooth nor a silent ride. He is in his mid-20s, dressed sharply with a tight shirt, tight jeans and smart shoes. His hair has been spiked and he has shaved this morning.

Next to him is CYNTHIA, maybe a couple of years younger. She's gone heavy on the mascara, eye-liner and lipstick. She's dressed as she would for a night out clubbing - short dress, bare legs and high-heeled sandals.

There are no sounds but for the engine running. They sit in silence, too nervous to talk.

Cynthia moves her hand to the stereo but only plays around with the buttons without actually switching it on.

She places her hand on his neck and plays around with his hair.

CYNTHIA

What do you reckon they are like?

TERRY

Normal, I guess.

CYNTHIA

(laughs)

Not too normal.

TERRY

You can talk. Well, they were normal looking at least.

CYNTHIA

Yeah, the ad said mid-thirties, good shape, healthy. You think it's true?

TERRY

It had pictures. There were pictures. You saw them.

CYNTHIA

Yes, but they could be anybody's.

TERRY

They could, yeah. We'll find out soon enough.

They are silent for a bit before resuming their conversation.

CYNTHIA

They were nice pictures, though.

TERRY

Yeah, she had a great pair of tits.

CYNTHIA

Oh really? Well, the guy was massive, wasn't he?

TERRY

(cheery)
I didn't look.

CYNTHIA

Bet you didn't. Men are always looking at each other's bits, that's why male toilets are set up like that.

TERRY

(laughs)
Yeah, he was big.

CYNTHIA

Not as big as you, you stud.

She playfully grabs his crotch and he smiles.

It goes quiet, with Terry paying attention to the road and Cynthia checking something in her bag.

She touches him on the face and neck and he kisses her hand.

CYNTHIA

Are you okay?

TERRY

Yeah.

CYNTHIA

You don't look it.

TERRY

Yeah, I'm okay.

CYNTHIA

Is it work?

TERRY

I'm okay.

CYNTHIA

Thought you'd be cheery.

TERRY

I am.

CYNTHIA

This thing you wanted for so long
and now here we are.

TERRY

Wasn't the only one wanting it.

CYNTHIA

You started it.

TERRY

I mentioned it the first time.
But you ran with it.

CYNTHIA

That's what I said. And now here
we are, on our way.

Terry leans forward to squint at the passing signs.

TERRY

I don't think we're getting any
closer to our exit though. Do you
have the map with you?

CYNTHIA

(fumbling through her
things)

No map, sweetie, what are you
talking about?

TERRY

The map so we know where we're
going.

CYNTHIA

Do I have that?

TERRY

Yeah, it's the map I drew just
before we left.

CYNTHIA

Ah, that map. When you said map I
thought you meant like a proper
map. You know, those foldable
ones that you can never fold back
into the same size.

TERRY

No, it's just a piece of paper.

CYNTHIA

All right. Got it here.

She unfolds the paper and then turns it around so it's the
right way up.

CYNTHIA
What do you want to know?

TERRY
What's our exit?

CYNTHIA
Fifteen.

TERRY
Right up ahead then.

CYNTHIA
London, here we go!

Terry turns his steering wheel to the left heading towards the motorway exit.

2 INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

The young couple, Terry and Cynthia, stand in front of a door in the hallway of a well-presented apartment building.

They are waiting for someone to open the door.

TERRY
You don't think this geezer's a fake? We could be knocking on anybody's door.

CYNTHIA
I dunno. I think it's real.

TERRY
Crazy stories I hear sometimes, psychos and shit.

CYNTHIA
We're right at his front door and this is a pretty fancy place. Not a nutter's house.

TERRY
Who knows.

CYNTHIA
Come on, Terry. All four of us talked on the phone. We even know their real names, their address.

TERRY
All right. But no one's coming to answer the door.

CYNTHIA
Just knock again.

TERRY
No, you do it.

CYNTHIA
What the fuck? Okay.

She rings the doorbell again.

TERRY
Hate waiting.

CYNTHIA
I'm excited.

TERRY
You are?

CYNTHIA
Doing something new.

TERRY
Me too.

CYNTHIA
Excited?

TERRY
Yeah.

CYNTHIA
Well... what if...

CARL opens the door and interrupts what Cynthia was about to say. He is as described in the ad: mid-30s, fit and in good shape. He is dressed with suit trousers and shirt tucked into them but no tie.

CARL
Sorry guys. You must be Terry and
you must Cynthia.

They shake hands.

CYNTHIA
Nice to meet you.

TERRY
Hi.

CARL
Come in, please.

After they are in, he closes the door.

3 INT. LIVING-ROOM - AFTERNOON

The room is furnished like an Ikea showroom - simple but elegant. There is a sofa, a large LCD TV, and a glass coffee table on which rest two empty glasses and a nearly empty bottle of white wine.

Carl leads them into the room.

CARL
Make yourselves at home, please.

They don't and just stand at the doorway, uncomfortable.

CARL
Let me get you something to eat.

Carl exits the room in the direction of the kitchen.

Terry sits down at the sofa, and pulls Cynthia to his lap.

CYNTHIA
Don't be nervous, baby.

She gives him a kiss and he runs his hand over her leg.

Carl comes back with a plate of hors d'oeuvres - too neat to have been cooked at home. He places it on the coffee table.

CARL
Marion bought these just for you.
Are you hungry?

Cynthia shakes her head. Terry tries to reach for the plate but Cynthia is on his lap.

TERRY
Cynth, can you get me one?

CYNTHIA
Which one?

TERRY
The prawn one.

She gets him the one he wants and looks at Carl as she puts it in Terry's mouth.

Carl smiles.

CARL
Let me get you glasses, too.

He picks up the bottle and notices it's too light.

CARL
And another bottle.

He leaves again.

TERRY
Where's Marion, then?

CYNTHIA
I don't know.

TERRY
This is fucking odd, isn't it?

CYNTHIA
Take it easy, ok?

TERRY
It doesn't feel right.

Cynthia kisses him and they start to make out.

Terry has his hands all over Cynthia but she keeps pushing them back.

Carl comes in, glasses, corkscrew and bottle of white wine in hand. He spots them making out and just stands there looking at them.

After a bit, they notice him and stop.

CARL
Never mind me, you guys go ahead.

He sits down on a chair facing the sofa with the coffee table between them and begins to open the bottle.

Cynthia tries to kiss Terry again but he pushes her gently to the side, so she ends up leaving his lap.

TERRY
So, Carl.

CARL
(concentrated on the
corkscrew)
Yeah.

TERRY
Nice place you got here.

Carl looks around.

CARL
Yeah, we love it. Put the deposit
in last year. Figured it was a
good time, with the market
dropping and all that.

TERRY

Oh sure.

CYNTHIA

It's really cool. I bet the view is great.

CARL

(giving up on the corkscrew for now)

Yeah, that window over there has got the best view.

Carl points to a window on one of the corners of the room and Cynthia follows his lead, carefully adjusting the length of her dress after standing up.

TERRY

By the way, where's Marion?

CARL

(back on the corkscrew)

Marion, yeah. Well, she left just before you arrived.

He's struggling to open the bottle.

CARL

Do you want to give this a go?

Terry gets the bottle and corkscrew.

CARL

She had to go buy a couple of things for today and so she popped out.

TERRY

Any idea when she'll be back?

CARL

Don't know. Shouldn't be long. I will give her a call in a minute as soon as you are settled down.

Terry pops open the cork as Cynthia comes back. She sits next to Terry on the sofa.

TERRY

Well, you'd better I think.

CARL

Yeah. I don't think she'll be long.

TERRY
Okay, but this can't start before
she arrives, right?

CARL
True, true. I'll go give her a
call.

Carl gets up and leaves the living-room.

Terry pours himself and Cynthia a glass of wine.

CYNTHIA
This place's great.

TERRY
Hum hum.

CYNTHIA
When will you buy me one of these
then?

TERRY
When we move outside London.

CYNTHIA
We already are outside London.

TERRY
Really fucking outside London.
Really, really outside London.

They drink in silence.

Carl comes back holding his mobile.

CARL
No reply. Must be on the tube..

CYNTHIA
Tube?

CARL
Yeah. Probably gone into the city
for some shopping.

Carl fill his glass of wine and starts drinking.

CARL
You can make yourselves at home.

But they don't.

CARL
I'll call her again in a few
minutes.

TERRY

Okay.

CARL

Do you guys want to watch a movie
or something?

Terry and Cynthia look at each other.

CARL

I mean, while we wait. I've got
an HD TV and a blu-ray player.
Lots of discs. Do you want to
have a look?

Carl gets up with his glass of wine in one hand and
crouches next to the TV stand that holds a few plastic
blu-ray disc cases.

CARL

Come on.

CYNTHIA

Whatever you choose is okay.

TERRY

I think I'll pop to the loo.

Terry gets up, places his glass on the table and walks to
the doorway.

TERRY

Which way?

CARL

Sorry, just go all the way
through the corridor and last
door on the right.

Terry leaves.

4 INT. CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

Terry is walking through the main corridor in Carl's flat.
He can see the bathroom's door at the end, but before that
there is an open door leading to the bedroom. He goes
through it.

IN THE BEDROOM,

The bed has been made and looks very neat with washed
sheets and matching duvet.

Terry sits on the bed and goes through the objects on the
bedside table.

An expensive watch. He tries it on.

A medication bottle. He reads the label.

A picture frame of Carl and a woman enjoying a good time together. He picks it up looks at it for a while before placing it back where it was.

5 INT. LIVING-ROOM - AFTERNOON

Cynthia and Carl are by the window, the one that has a good view, drinking wine and chatting. They don't notice Terry watching them.

CYNTHIA

I'd love to have a view like this where I live.

CARL

Where's that? Wait, I should know it. It was in your profile. I think we talked about it on the phone before. Give me a moment.

CYNTHIA

Yeah, go on.

CARL

Somewhere in Surrey...

CYNTHIA

Yeah...

CARL

Stanwell!

CYNTHIA

Yay.

They toast to that.

CARL

What do you do in Stanwell then?

CYNTHIA

Terry works with his father as an all-round repairman. You know, electrical wiring, plumbing...

CARL

And you?

CYNTHIA

I studied to be a nail technician but haven't got a job yet.

CARL
What's that?

CYNTHIA
It's like a beautician, working
in a salon, but I only do nails,
you know, manicures, pedicures,
gels, acrylics, that sort of
thing.

CARL
Oh yeah, I can tell.

CYNTHIA
What do you mean?

CARL
Your nails.

They both look at her long, brightly-coloured artificial
nails.

CYNTHIA
Thanks, I did them myself.

CARL
Fake, right?

CYNTHIA
Well, they are my nails. But they
are artificial, yeah.

He takes her hand to have a better look, but she is not
too comfortable with that and doesn't let him hold it for
long.

CARL
Very nice.

CYNTHIA
Yes.

CARL
Do you like being a nail
technician?

CYNTHIA
I don't know. I like taking care
of my nails and my mom's, but as
my dad usually says, it's hard to
like what you do if you do it
full time.

CARL
Yeah, I know what he's talking
about.

CYNTHIA

Really? What do you do?

CARL

I work in banking. Investment portfolios, that sort of thing.

CYNTHIA

And you don't like it?

CARL

Your dad is right. It's just numbers. This past week, for example, I was working on an account and I don't even know the guy's name. I made him a hundred kay in a week, and I have no idea who he is or what he'll spend his money on. And he won't know who to thank either.

CYNTHIA

Forget it, customers are always wankers anyway. This friend of mine who works at the salon...

Terry walks closer to them, wine glass in hand, interrupting Cynthia.

TERRY

Hey.

Terry downs the glass in one gulp.

CARL

Hi.

Cynthia places her arms around his neck and kisses him on the lips.

TERRY

Any news on Marion?

CARL

I haven't called again. Give me a sec.

Carl speed-dials Marion's number and lets it ring, as Cynthia and Terry make out lightly.

Carl can't reach Marion's phone.

CARL

No. It's still off.

TERRY

Well, no point in waiting. Let's go?

CYNTHIA

Yep. Let me get my bag.

CARL

There's still plenty of food. And I've got more wine.

TERRY

I'm driving, so I've got to watch it.

CARL

Okay.

Carl walks to the TV.

CARL

Do you still want to watch a movie? Cynthia found a few she'd like to watch.

Carl fumbles through his collection.

CYNTHIA

I think I'll pass.

Carl reaches to her with a disc.

CARL

Here, you can borrow it.

CYNTHIA

No, it's okay.

CARL

Can we set up another date?

Terry is already waiting by the doorway.

CYNTHIA

Yeah, why not? Bye.

TERRY

Later.

Carl is not arguing any more and just follows them to the hallway.

6 INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Terry and Cynthia are back in the car and back in the M25. The mood is still subdued but different from their journey into London.

CYNTHIA
Do you think there really was a Marion?

TERRY
Yeah, definitely.

CYNTHIA
What? Did you find her in the toilet or what?

TERRY
(smiles)
No.

CYNTHIA
Then how do you know?

TERRY
There were girly things all over the place.

CYNTHIA
Maybe they are divorced.

TERRY
I don't know, Cynth.

CYNTHIA
Maybe she got cold feet?

TERRY
And just left?

CYNTHIA
Women, you know...

TERRY
Well, you are a woman, would you do something like that?

CYNTHIA
I'm not her.

TERRY
I'm not him either.

CYNTHIA
Who knows... one day.

Silence.

CYNTHIA

I didn't fancy him either. He kept going on and on about his job and how much money he makes. Who gives a fuck? Think I'd like him just for his money.

She checks herself on the car mirror.

CYNTHIA

What a waste of a fucking afternoon. Went to all this trouble with the make-up and the dress and then this shit happens.

Terry looks at her.

CYNTHIA

What?

He puts the left blinker on and turns the wheel to the left.

7 EXT. PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

The car has been parked in the lot behind a hotel close to the M25.

Cynthia straddles Terry as they neck passionately.