

**Confession**

by  
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FADE IN:

TITLE CARD: CONFESSION

EXT. PICNIC TABLE, INNER CITY PARK - DAY

DEBBIE and LUCY (mid-30s, wealthy media types) are sitting at a graffiti-covered concrete picnic table - taking out hand-wrapped 'craft' picnic goods. But DEBBIE is more focused on watching two sweaty MEN energetically playing football nearby - we assume that these are their boyfriends.

DEBBIE

I don't know what to say to you,  
Lucy. It's starting to take over my  
life... I THINK I still love Steve.  
(aroused whisper)  
BUT, there's just SOMETHING about  
Brian... PHEW!

In the background: one of the football playing MEN tackles the other.

LUCY drops a jar of locally-sourced pickles.

LUCY

(taken aback)  
Oh... Oh. I had no idea! ... I knew  
that you and Steve were going  
through a bit of a "rough patch"...  
But I didn't realise that you were,  
well, looking around... Especially  
towards Brian.  
(beat)  
MY Brian.

DEBBIE

Trust me, I'm not! But there's just  
SOMETHING about that Brian. AND  
it's made even more sexually  
fraught by the fact he's Steve's  
best mate. And YOUR boyfriend.  
That...  
(aroused loud sigh)  
.... Adds a certain frisson!

Long awkward beat.

LUCY stares into the distance at the footballers.

LUCY

Mind you, your Steve does have a  
fan-TASTIC arse. A manly arse...

DEBBIE

(breathy)  
Oh, the things I would do, if I, if  
I...

LUCY  
 (dreamily)  
 And those broad shoulders...

DEBBIE starts absentmindedly buttering some artisan bread rolls - gradually getting rougher and rougher with them.

DEBBIE  
 (excited; wistful)  
 I just want to rub Vaseline all over him, and lick it off. And buy him batteries from the all night garage. And hide all his jigsaw pieces. And alphabetise his bank statements... And eat all of his soup. And then... AND then...

LUCY  
 (still staring off)  
 ... AND then?

DEBBIE  
 (increasingly fervent)  
 AND THEN... talk to his family in a derogatory manner! ... I'd be talking to them on the phone - I wouldn't do it in front of them obviously - but it would still be PRETTY derogatory. I'd probably be pretending to be someone else whilst I was talking to them, AND he'd be trying to get the phone off me... whilst the 'act' was happening... I'd - endlessly, sensuously - cancel his parents' holiday reservations whilst fondling their beautiful boy's popcorn on the back row of the local - soulless - multiplex... I'd, I'd -

LUCY  
 (eyes still glazed over)  
 MEATY shanks and flanks...

DEBBIE looks down - the rolls are destroyed.

DEBBIE  
 (desperate realisation)  
 BUT then Brian's not single, is he!?

LUCY  
 (snaps out reverie; half-remembers to be annoyed)  
 Well, no, he's not, he's -

DEBBIE

(interrupts)

All those stolen glances in your kitchen on Saturdays... Amongst the wild, tempestuous wood of the simple yet hideously expensive kitchenware! Ummm... Ohhh! Some sort of chutney fight. AND an insatiable lust for yeast extract paste... With miso paste BETWEEN the toes. All kinds of shit. All kinds of crazy, mental, YEASTY shit... I can barely be in the same room as him without these terrible thoughts GALLOPING through my mind. It's just a living, aching, frankly quite musky nightmare... Brian... BRIAN...

(long sigh)

Beat.

CAMERA PANS across: to STEVE who's sitting next to Debbie.

STEVE

(extremely awkward)

Look, Debbie - I'm...

DEBBIE

(irritated)

Yes, Steve?

STEVE

Yeah... I'm not really that comfortable with this to be hon-

LUCY

(interrupts)

WHAT's the matter Steve? Are you not OK with EVEN the idea of your girlfriend wanting to sleep with someone else? What kind of uber-jealous freak are you?

DEBBIE

I'm sorry, it's just I want to...

(aroused exhale)

Yowza! I would probably have sex with his sister and brother just to get a sense of him... BRIAN!

Beat.

CAMERA PANS: to BRIAN, who's sitting next to Lucy.

BRIAN

(small cough)

Sorry to interrupt, but...

LUCY  
(annoyed)  
Yes, Brian?  
(sighs)  
Honestly, these constant  
interruptions are getting a bit  
tedious, aren't they Debbie?

DEBBIE  
Yes. They are. I was just getting  
to the REALLY filthy bit too...

BRIAN  
Sorry... Well, I'm also finding  
this all a bit, well, creepy... and  
very, VERY awkward. Especially -

LUCY  
(interrupts)  
Nonsense, Brian! This is nice.  
Very, very nice...  
(drifts off and stares at  
Steve's body)

Beat.

DEBBIE looks into the picnic hamper.

LUCY stares at STEVE.

DEBBIE looks up from the hamper - eyeing BRIAN.

DEBBIE  
Now who fancies some soup?  
(with meaning)  
You do, don't you Brian?

FADE OUT.