

FIRST TIME

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MASSAGE PARLOUR - NIGHT

A run down building on a run-down street. The only clue that the property isn't abandoned comes in the form of a BUZZING FLUORESCENT LIGHT in the window that promises:

5 STAR MASSAGE

MICHAEL, 18, approaches the building and reads the flickering sign. Pale, thin and dressed without any hint of style, he self-consciously looks around.

A light wind whips copious amounts of litter along the otherwise empty street.

He quickly enters the establishment.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOUR - RECEPTION - NIGHT

Sat behind a counter is THE MADAM, 40s. Overly tanned, caked in make up and smoking a cigarette, she appears at least ten years older than she actually is.

She watches an aged portable television.

ON THE TV

An overly serious FEMALE REPORTER presents a topical evening news show.

FEMALE REPORTER

Later in the show Evan Sling will be bringing us a report on the forgotten generation: the thousands of teens who go missing on London's streets each year. But first, Holly Waters comes to us from a Park Lane restaurant with a rather dubious claim to fame: the world's most expensive steak.

THE MADAM

turns her attention away from the television and to Michael, who sits opposite her in a shabby chair. He nervously drums his fingers on his thighs.

She smiles mischievously at the anxious teen.

MADAM

Are you sure you're eighteen?

Michael shyly lifts his eyes up from the floor and nods.

MADAM

Normally I wouldn't let anyone see one of my girls without I.D. Not when they look as young as you.

MICHAEL

I am eighteen. I promise. I just don't have any I.D.

MADAM

Who doesn't have I.D. in this day and age?

MICHAEL

I just haven't got my driver's license yet, and I've never had a passport.

MADAM

You've never had a passport? What, so you've never been on holiday?

MICHAEL

Not abroad.

MADAM

Can't say as I'm surprised, you don't look like you've seen a great deal of sunshine. You need to start living a little more, darling. But then I suppose that's why you're here isn't it?

Embarrassed, Michael averts his eyes back to the floor. The madam delights in his unease.

MADAM

Don't you worry, Candy will be ready in a minute and she'll take good care of you. She doesn't bite... At least not unless you want her to.

She lets out a THROATY CACKLE of a laugh.

MICHAEL

Do I pay you the money?

The madam struggles to stub her cigarette out in an already overflowing ashtray.

MADAM

No. I suppose we'd better go over the house rules, hadn't we? You pay the girl up front as soon as you enter the room. No haggling. No discounts. The standard fee is the standard fee and everything is included in the price.

She lights another cigarette.

MADAM

You've got thirty minutes. Anything over and you pay extra. Shower before you start and if it's within the time, you're welcome to shower again before you leave. Candy will have a fresh towel for you.

She gets up, pours herself a coffee, retakes her seat behind the counter.

MADAM

Where are my manners? Would you like a drink?

MICHAEL

No, thank you.

MADAM

Suit yourself. Now, the most important rule: You have to wear a condom. I have all my girls tested regularly, but that doesn't mean you can come in here and dangle your Derek without a raincoat. I know my girls are clean, but I don't know you from Adam. So if you're not happy with wearing a jacket, you know where to find the door.

MICHAEL

No, I'm happy to wear a condom.

MADAM

Good.

CANDY, 22, dressed in a black satin robe, walks down a stairway and into the reception.

She looks to Michael and smiles warmly. Behind her heavy make up she is clearly a very pretty girl.

The madam glances at her, then back to Michael.

MADAM

Well? What are you waiting for?

INT. MASSAGE PARLOUR - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Candy sits on the edge of a grubby double bed sipping a glass of wine.

Michael enters from the adjoining shower room, wearing just a towel around his waist.

CANDY

That was quick.

She pats her hand on the bed, inviting Michael to take a seat beside her, which he tentatively does.

CANDY

Before we get started, I just want to lay out a few ground rules. I'm sure you've already been given the house rules.

MICHAEL

Yes.

CANDY

Well, I've got a few rules of my own as well. I don't kiss, nothing goes near my bum, and no rough stuff. I don't mind a little light spanking, but that's as far as it goes. Try anything harder and I'll scream this place down.

MICHAEL

That's okay. I'm not like that.

Candy smiles at the timid boy beside her.

CANDY

No, I can tell you're not. You don't have to be so nervous, you know. I don't bite...

MICHAEL

Not unless I ask you to?

Candy LAUGHS.

CANDY

She already used that one?

MICHAEL

Yeah.

CANDY

Well, it's true. There's no need to be so nervous.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry, it's just... It's kind of my first time.

Candy GASPS with delight.

CANDY

Your first time!

Michael cringes.

MICHAEL

Please don't make a big deal out of it.

CANDY

I'm sorry, I don't mean to. It's just exciting for me. It doesn't happen very often, you know. You're the highlight of my day!

She gives him a hug, causes him to smile. He starts to relax a little.

MICHAEL

Thanks, I guess.

Candy takes hold of his hand.

CANDY

We can take things as slowly as you like. I want to make this as enjoyable as I can for you.

Michael smiles.

MICHAEL

You're really nice.

CANDY

Aw, thank you babe.

MICHAEL

Why do you do this?

Candy lets go of his hand and glares apprehensively.

CANDY

What do you mean, "Why do I do this"?

MICHAEL

Well, you just seem so... normal.

She jumps up from the bed, clearly angered by the comment.

CANDY

Normal? Why, what was you expecting? Some kind of psycho or a druggie? I don't do this to feed a habit, I do it to feed my daughter.

MICHAEL

I didn't mean that.

She storms over to an open window, lights a cigarette and takes aggressive drags from it.

CANDY

Jobs ain't that easy to come by, you know? And I might not like what I do most of the time, but it pays well and it pays regular.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry, I wasn't trying to say anything.

CANDY

Well, why did you? It does my nut  
in when people come in here and  
judge me.

MICHAEL

I'm not judging you.

CANDY

Well, what is it then? Do you think  
I need saving?

Michael sheepishly looks away, regrets making the comment.

MICHAEL

No.

CANDY

Good, 'cause I don't. I can make my  
own decisions, and I can look after  
myself.

A tense silence ensues.

Candy looks out of the window, simmering in silence.  
Michael continues to stare at the floor.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to upset  
you or anything. I just... I  
thought you'd be different. I  
didn't expect you to be so nice.

Candy softens a little as the nicotine begins to take its  
calming effect.

CANDY

Look, you don't have to apologise.  
I shouldn't have gone off like that.  
It's been a bit of a long day and  
some people come in here thinking us  
girls are no better than dirt.

She sucks the last bit of life from the cigarette, tosses  
it and closes the window.



CANDY

What you said just rubbed me up the wrong way, but I still shouldn't have gone off like that. Me and my short temper. I think I got that from my mother, god rest her soul.

Michael looks to her with a thin, nervous smile. She returns it with interest.

CANDY

It's me who should be apologising.

MICHAEL

That's okay. I should probably go.

CANDY

Oh, no. Stay. Please. I'd like you to stay.

MICHAEL

Are you sure?

Candy moves back to the bed and stands in front of him. She unties her robe and lets it fall to the floor.

His eyes almost pop out of his head as he admires her underwear-clad body.

She takes one of his hands and places it on her breasts.

CANDY

Does that answer your question?

Michael is speechless.

CANDY

Shall we start with a massage?

She removes the towel from around his waist and smiles at what she sees.

CANDY

Actually it looks like we can skip the foreplay!

Michael LAUGHS nervously.

CANDY

Why don't you lie back and relax while I grab a condom.

Michael makes himself comfortable as Candy takes a condom from a bedside table, then joins him on the bed.

She removes the contraceptive from it's packaging and tosses the empty wrapper to him.

CANDY

Here. You can keep that as a reminder of your first time.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

Candy places the condom between her lips and lowers her head towards his lap.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOUR - RECEPTION - NIGHT

The madam smokes a cigarette as she watches her TV.

ON THE TV

A smartly dressed male reporter, EVAN SLING, walks amongst the tourists in Trafalgar Square.

EVAN SLING

Every year more than a hundred thousand children aged eighteen and under go missing in the UK. That is equivalent to one child disappearing every five minutes. Of those missing, it is believed that almost half end up on the streets of London.

He pauses to glance at the people passing either side of him, before turning to dramatically face the camera.

EVAN SLING

I'm Evan Sling, and tonight I'm reporting from those very streets to bring you the story of... The forgotten generation.

THE MADAM

is distracted from the news report by the sound of MUFFLED MOANS. She cocks her head towards the stairway.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOUR - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Candy is sat atop Michael, mid-sex. He leans forward, kisses her shoulder. Her back arches and she MOANS.

She grabs him by the hair, looks into his eyes, face flushed with pleasure and surprise. Surprised that she's enjoying it so much.

She kisses him, passionate and hard.

IN THE RECEPTION

The madam sits with her back to the television, her attention fully on the SOUNDS OF PLEASURE coming from the room upstairs.

She hears the MOANS get louder and raises her eyebrows.

IN THE BEDROOM

Candy holds Michael in a tight embrace as they continue to have sex. She GASPS with joy.

Her head nuzzles against his shoulder. She lightly bites his skin.

In between MOANS, she SPEAKS breathlessly --

CANDY

Oh, God! Are you sure you're a virgin?

MICHAEL

I'm not a virgin.

CANDY

I thought you said I was your first.

MICHAEL

You are.

He passionately kisses and licks her shoulder and neck.

CANDY

Your first what?

He pulls his head back and opens his mouth. His canine teeth grow into sharp white fangs. He sinks them into her inviting neck.

## IN THE RECEPTION

A long loud GROAN emanates from the bedroom. The madam lets out a CACKLE and lights another cigarette.

MADAM

It's always the quiet ones.

## INT. MASSAGE PARLOUR - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael stands at the foot of the bed, buttoning up his shirt with shaking hands.

On the bed is the naked, lifeless body of Candy. Blood trickles from two puncture wounds on her neck.

A sudden BANG startles him. He turns to see the room's window swinging open. It's curtains blow wildly in the night breeze.

He quickly crosses to the window and closes it.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

How was she?

He spins to see a tall THIN MAN, 30s. Dressed in a sharp suit and long black raincoat, he looks every bit the dapper city gent.

THIN MAN

Any good?

Michael glances at the dead girl on the bed, then turns his eyes away, ashamed with what he's done.

THIN MAN

Don't worry. It gets easier.

MICHAEL

I hope so.

THIN MAN

Did you leave any for me?

Michael nods.

THIN MAN

Good boy.

The Thin Man smiles and moves to the bed.

Michael holds out his hand. The empty condom wrapper sits in his palm.

The room is filled with the sounds of SQUELCHING and SLURPING as the Thin Man drains the girl's body.

Michael closes his eyes and grimaces. He lets the wrapper fall from his hand.

FADE OUT.