

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A VERY cheery alarm goes off at 0730. A taped up, patched up mobile phone buzzes across a coffee table littered with pizza boxes, photographs, an empty bottle of Jack Daniels and a wedding ring.

A hand reaches out from under a quilt on the sofa next to the coffee table and blindly tries to locate the mobile. No dice. In a sudden fit of rage TIM PRESCOTT (39) jumps up, grabs the mobile and throws it at the wall. Alarm off.

The sudden jump to his feet is too much and he staggers back onto the sofa. He also just realizes what he's done.

TIM
(remorseful)
Shit.

He wipes the drool off his mouth and stares at the wedding ring on the table.

The red mist descends once again. Grabbing the ring, Tim puts it in his mouth and attempts to BITE through it. Inevitable failure ensues.

TIM (CONT'D)
(angry)
ARRRGGGHH. OW!

Pain sears through his jaw. This only angers him more. Checking that his teeth are all still there and with the ring now in his hand, he hurls it at the living room wall. It bounces off and hits him in the eye.

Clutching his eye he falls back onto the sofa and has a mini fit on it.

TIM (CONT'D)
ARE....YOU....KIDDING....ME?!

Calming down, Tim lays back and stares at the ceiling in contemplation of the previous nights events.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING - FLASHBACK

The whole house looks like the maid had the month off, if Tim could afford a maid that is. It's missing a woman's touch.

He is locked in a heated conversation with someone on the phone.

TIM

Thirty years Trudy, thirty years!
You don't just throw all that away.

TRUDY PRESCOTT (39) is on the other end of Tim's phone call, sitting calmly on a sofa in a pristine, modern looking living room. The carpet, sofa and walls are varying shades of cream. An imitation log fire is wall hung and blazing away.

It has a distinct male touch to it. Classy.

INT. LIVING ROOM - TRUDY'S - EVENING - FLASHBACK

TRUDY

(sharp)

I'm not throwing thirty years away,
I'm throwing you away Tim.

INT. LIVING ROOM - TIM'S - EVENING - SAME

TIM

We've got it all though, a house,
careers, cars, friends. Matching
his and her towels.

INT. LIVING ROOM - TRUDY'S

TRUDY

Material things Tim, I didn't have
the one thing I want more than
anything.

TIM (O.S.)

A child? Because I'm willing to do
that Trude, even though you know I
never really liked the idea of
being a...

TRUDY

God no, are you kidding, you're a
man child Tim who works with other
children posing as adults in that
toy store.

INT. LIVING ROOM - TIM'S

TIM

It's not a Toy store True. Blaze Entertainment is a multi faceted PLC company, a company I'm moving up in I'll have you know.

TRUDY (O.S.)

You've been promoted?

TIM

No, they moved our department up a floor, which is as good as a promotion.

INT. LIVING ROOM - TRUDY'S

TRUDY

But it isn't Tim, is it? I thought you'd grow out of your computer, toy, comic phase as we grew older and supposedly wiser but you didn't. You haven't. We're completely different people now with completely different interests. You like comics, I like Shakespeare. You love movies and TV, I love theatre and art. Beer/Wine. Indoors/outdoors. Stagnation/progression. I could go on. I want to be HAPPY in life Tim and I wasn't with you. That was the one thing that was missing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - TIM'S

TIM

I thought you WERE happy!

INT. LIVING ROOM - TRUDY'S

TRUDY

If you couldn't see that I was miserable then we don't deserve to be together.

INT. LIVING ROOM - TIM'S

TIM

I thought it was that time of the month.

TRUDY (O.S.)
 (angrily)
 For a fucking year?!

TIM
 So when the going gets tough you
 throw the towel in? What happened
 to...

Tim stops pacing to dive onto the messy sofa and open up a laptop

TIM (CONT'D)
 ...Hang on...

He googles 'Vicar's wedding speech'. He reads off a verse.

TIM (CONT'D)
 Yeah, what happened to 'will you
 love her, comfort her, honor and
 keep her, in sickness and in
 health, for richer, for poorer...

INT. LIVING ROOM - TRUDY - EVENING

Trudy who is half listening checks her nails.

...for better, for worse, in
 sadness and in joy, to cherish and
 continually bestow upon her your
 heart's deepest devotion...

An eye roll from Trudy.

TRUDY
 Tim.

INT. LIVING ROOM - TIM'S

TIM
 No, wait. This is the best bit.
 'Forsaking all others, keep
 yourself only unto each other as
 long as you both shall live'?

TRUDY (O.S.)
 Have you checked the mail recently?

TIM
 (confused)
 What's that got to...no why?

INT. LIVING ROOM - TRUDY'S

TRUDY

I sent divorce papers to you last week which should annul everything you just said. Look, we sometimes had a great time, thirty years is a lifetime to be with someone though and some people just, move on. Let me know when you won't be in so I can pick my things up, I'll leave the key when I'm done. I'm moving onwards and upwards Tim, goodbye.

INT. LIVING ROOM - TIM'S

TIM

Upwards? What does that mean?

INT. LIVING ROOM - TRUDY'S - EVENING

Too late. Trudy ends the call. A dark, muscular arm hands her a glass of wine. Trudy accepts it with a smile.

INT. LIVING ROOM - TIM'S - EVENING

Tim is livid that the phone call abruptly ends without the conclusion he was hoping for. He launches his phone at the wall. The phone comes off second best and disintegrates upon impact.

TIM

(top of his voice)

BIIIIIIITCH!!

Tim has a moment of thought before...

TIM (CONT'D)

Alright, you asked for this.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

He raids the already half empty booze cupboard. Half a bottle of whisky and a bottle of Jack Daniels are on the menu tonight.

EXT. SHED IN BACK GARDEN - EVENING

The shed door swings open.

Whisky is gulped intermittently in one hand while Tim, with the other hand bats the cobwebs off his long forgotten golf bag and pulls out his driving iron.

TIM
 (to the club)
 You've got work to do.

EXT. BACK GARDEN - SAME

The expansive lawn doubles as a driving range. A tee is carefully placed into the grass. Instead of a ball going on top of the tee a picture is placed on it. A pic of a grinning Trudy and Tim.

TIM
 (shouting)
 FOUR!

Smack! With rusty form, Tim connects with the picture and obliterates it, the shards flying in all directions onto the garden. Tim runs commentary whilst keeping up the intermittent gulping of booze.

TIM (CONT'D)
 (terrible American accent)
 'Well he certainly got hold of that one Bob and good for him after that whore of a wife left him'

He runs play by play AND color commentary.

TIM (CONT'D)
 (More bad American accent)
 'He sure did Pete but he hooked it ever so slightly, almost like he was aiming for her face in the picture, lets see what he's got for the second shot'

Shoes, more pictures, girly DVD's, nothing is spared from the wrath of an increasingly inebriated Tim. The whisky bottle is nearly empty now.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

All kinds of sticky tape are wrapped around Tim's newly reformed mobile phone as he's locked in a candid conversation. The bottle of Jack Daniels is ever present in his other hand as he sits slumped on the sofa.

TIM
 (full on drunk)
 Thirty years, and she throws it all away. She belittles me and my job, like she's so much better.

Best Trudy impression.

TIM (CONT'D)

(high pitched)

'You're too much fun for me Tim, all those cool things you like aren't for me because I like going to art galleries and staring at shit that looks like a three year old painted it. I like going to the theatre and watching Shakespeare even though no one knows what the fuck the actors are saying.'

The person on the other end of the phone only wants to know one thing.

GUY ON PHONE

Do you want the same toppings for your free pizza?

TIM

(normal voice)

Go on then.

It's a little later on as annotated by the missing slices of pizza in the open pizza boxes. American Wedding is on the TV. Jim is at the alter about to get married.

TIM (CONT'D)

Don't do it Jim, she'll only dump you.

A big swig of Jack Daniels, a quarter bottle left.

TIM (CONT'D)

Yeah, that will be the next film, 'American Divorce'. Jim's dick will actually fall off in this one.

The bottle has a couple of swigs left in it now. Sadness is the emotion being emitted now. Shakespeare's Sister's 'stay' is playing on the TV's music channel.

Tim sings the chorus, blubbing like a baby whilst holding a photo of Trudy.

TIM (CONT'D)

'STAY WITH ME'

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - MORNING

Sleep deprivation from the night before is catching up with Tim already. He is fast asleep. A group of fifteen year old school boys across from him laugh.

Tim has a cotton eye patch on from the ring incident earlier.

KID #1
 (to other kid)
 Dare you.

The other kid laughs.

EXT. BUS STOP - MORNING

The bus comes to a halt at the stop.

INT. BUS - MORNING

The jolt of the bus stopping brings Tim out of his slumber. It takes a second for him to get his bearings. Panic.

TIM
 No, no, no.

He checks his watch. 08:58.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Bolting off the Bus, Tim sprints back the way the bus came. Paranoia hits him as he realizes everyone he runs past is staring at him.

EXT. BLAZE ENTERTAINMENT - DAY

A hung over, sweating Tim enters the tall, bank like building.

INT. BLAZE ENTERTAINMENT - STUDIO - DAY

A photo shoot for the new line of super soaker toys is taking place. A group of young male models pose against a white backdrop.

LYDIA SPOOL (34) is overseeing the artistic direction of the shoot with Tim, only Tim hasn't arrived, until now.

LYDIA
 (to photographer)
 Yeah the logo on the gun needs to
 be shown in every picture.

As Lydia finishes her input to the photographer a dishevelled Tim rolls in.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
 (hushed tones)
 Where the frig have you been? This
 is YOUR gig remember?
 (MORE)

LYDIA (CONT'D)

You look like you've just had a night out with Slash, and I don't even want to know what that is on your face.

TIM

(hushed tones)

Do you want to stop pretending you're forty years older than what you are mum? Right, I had a drink last night, well, more than a drink. I am still drunk now in fact, which is why I caught the bus into work. But then I fell asleep on it and missed my stop. Do I really need to explain the eye patch?

Lydia takes her phone out of her pocket, takes a picture of Tim and shows him it. That's what everyone was looking at. The kids on the bus had drawn a feminine looking eye on the patch.

TIM (CONT'D)

(ripping it off)

Bet it was those little bastard kids on the bus!

The shoot continues as does the behind the scenes conversation.

LYDIA

Trudy again?

TIM

It's over.

LYDIA

You know you said that last week, and the week before that.

TIM

I mean it this time.

LYDIA

You said that too Ti...

TIM

(forceful)

She isn't coming back Lydia.

Actually saying the words out loud rings home for Tim. He suddenly bursts into tears. A few co workers throw concerned looks.

LYDIA

Shit, I'm sorry Tim. I really am.

Tim searches his pockets for a tissue. He fumbles about his inside suit pocket. Something's stuck. Still whimpering, he gives it a couple of tugs. One last big pull rips out the entire inner pocket of his suit.

In his hand is the worlds most battered mobile phone, stuck to the inner pocket of his suit. Tape and glue hold the phone together. He looks at Lydia who looks sympathetic but puzzled. Another wave of tears.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
 (looking around)
 Keep it together Tim.

Lydia passes him a tissue out of her pocket. He wraps the phone in his ripped suit pocket and puts it in his trouser pocket.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
 (softer)
 Look, you knew this was going to happen. Hanging onto hope is foolish. Once a woman makes her mind up about leaving she usually doesn't come back.

A glimmer of hope, the tears subside. The tissue gets a reprieve.

TIM
 Usually? So sometimes they do?

LYDIA
 Very rarely.

TIM
 How rarely?

LYDIA
 It depends what psychological hold he has on her. Intimidation, Money, holidays, pleasure. In fact, no not pleasure. If she was being pleased as she liked she wouldn't have left in the first place.

TIM
 (a little too loud)
 She left because I'm bad in bed?

Instantly realizing his mistake Tim scopes left and right to see if anyone picked up on that last sound bite.

A couple of lady co workers who heard it have a laugh behind him but quickly look the other way when he looks around.

TIM (CONT'D)
 (quieter)
 Why wouldn't she say anything?

LYDIA
 That may not be the reason. She might have got bored with the same thing and not just the bedroom stuff.

TIM
 She said I work in a Toy shop with children who are pretending to be adults.

LYDIA
 (angry)
 That stuck up bitch! The amount of times I felt sorry for her when you'd bring her to company parties and no one would talk to her because they all thought she was up her own ass. I went out of my way to talk to that whore!

TIM
 Hey that's my wife you're
 (stops himself)
 Oh, no it isn't. Carry on.

LYDIA
 You're a good guy Tim, and a decent looking one at that...when you're not busy turning up to work looking like a one eyed hobo.

This next piece of news is supposed to inspire Tim. It does quite the opposite. The water works are forthcoming.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
 You're relatively young, free and single now. The world is your sand box, you can play wherever you like with whoever you like. Go and party without having to answer to anyone, meet girls, get laid.

The thought of all this terrifies Tim. The tears and tissue are back.

TIM
 I don't want to do any of that! I can't, I don't know how to! I don't even know how to live on my own! I've got a house I can't go back to because of the memories, and because she's kicked me out.
 (MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

I need to find somewhere else or
it's back to mum and dads at thirty
nine years old!

That last bit drops Tim to a new low. The floodgates open.

TIM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I've got to get out of
here.

Tim runs off but due to the tissue obscuring most of his teary face he doesn't see a cable across his path. He inevitably trips on the cable which is connected to a spotlight.

He falls right into the shoot and into the group of models who all fall back through the white background. Lights fall down all around them. Set ruined.

Tim now has embarrassment as an unwanted emotion to go with sadness. He gets up quickly and runs off without apology.

The whole room is silent. They look at Lydia.

LYDIA

(to the crew)

He's a bit out of balance at the
minute.

CREW MEMBER

What's he got, vertigo? I had that.

LYDIA

No, his wife's left him and
probably fucking someone else.

INT. BOSS'S OFFICE - DAY

This is an office of power. Situated on the twentieth floor it shows off a great view of the outside world. The great oak table in the middle of the office separates a sheepish looking TIM from a formidable looking man.

The name plate on the desk reads: JOHN CROWDER PRODUCTION
MANAGER.

He's reading a report on this mornings mishap.

JOHN

(not looking up)

Say's here you tripped on a loose
cable after showing signs of
emotional distress? The shoot has
been delayed which means production
is delayed and the wrap party
tonight may be cancelled.

TIM

I'm havin...I had some personal issues to deal with.

JOHN

(looking up)

And you decided to deal with them at work right?

TIM

I'm sorry. My wife left me.

JOHN

Yeah I think everyone knows now. That will also explain why you smell like an alcoholic vagrant. How long were you together?

TIM

Thirty years.

JOHN

When did you get together, when you were born?

TIM

We're childhood sweethearts.

The water works seem to be on their way again. The commanding voice of John snaps Tim out of it.

JOHN

No crying in this office Tim. You're a man, pull yourself together. Your Inspector Clouseau impression is going to cost us a lot of money. They won't be happy upstairs.

Suppressing the tears, Tim puts on a brave face.

TIM

(manly)

What can I do to help?

JOHN

Go home.

TIM

What?

JOHN

Take the rest of the week off and come back when everything makes more sense. Lydia can handle your accounts.

TIM
But it's Friday.

John shoots him the 'and?' look.

TIM (CONT'D)
See you Monday.

INT. TIM'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Tim has just about finished cleaning up the destruction he caused last night. A few energy drinks and Co-codamol are on the table.

Lydia, all ninja like appears out of nowhere sitting on his sofa.

TIM
(startled)
JESUS! What have you been watching,
Batman? What are you doing here?

LYDIA
Well I did try phoning you up
but...

She points to the coffee table and the remains of Tim's suit pocket and mobile phone which is now officially dead.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
With all the fun you've been having
lately I figured you would've
forgotten about the wrap party for
the shoot?

TIM
You're still having that?

LYDIA
The room and buffet service have
all been booked and we can't get a
refund so yeah. We're calling it
the 'wrap party that's not a wrap
party'.

TIM
Catchy. And you're here to drag me
along?

LYDIA
No I just came to see if you're ok.
Of course you're coming. Free
booze...

TIM
Like I need more of that.

LYDIA
 (carrying on)
 ...free food...

Tim looks at Lydia to suggest there's something else.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
 Oh no, that's it.

TIM
 No I think I'm going to stay in,
 eat cheese sandwiches and
 contemplate the meaning of my
 existence.

LYDIA
 Are you kidding? That's exactly
 what you do when you're on deaths
 door and however much you feel like
 you are, you're not. It's time to
 stop moping around feeling sorry
 for yourself...

Lydia rises out of the chair and approaches Tim as her powerful speech continues. Tim who is stood up starts to recline and slowly sit down into a chair the more Lydia berates him.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
 (scolding)
 The past is the past and you are
 not going to live your life looking
 back Timothy Prescott, no, from now
 on it's glass full, not half full
 but full. Now go and get a shower,
 put something smart on and be back
 down here in ten minutes young man!

Tim pauses for a second to let all of what Lydia just said sink in.

TIM
 (childish)
 Alright, keep your wig on.

Tim slinks off like a child. Lydia sits down and revels in her dominance.

LYDIA
 Kids.

INT. BAR/FUNCTION LOUNGE - EVENING

The place isn't packed but it's busy enough. The cast and crew from the photo shoot are all there as are some more high powered executives. The buffet hasn't started yet. Lydia and an apprehensive, eye patchless Tim arrive.

He immediately regrets coming and turns to leave. Lydia stops him. They walk and talk.

TIM

This is a bad idea.

LYDIA

It's a party, which is never a bad idea.

TIM

I meant me being here. Everyone probably knows about me and Trudy which means I'm going to be subjected to the baby talk by the women and the congratulatory pat on the back by the guys.

LYDIA

Baby talk and congratulations?

Tim talks slowly and deliberately and adopts a female voice.

TIM

(sarcastic)

How are you doing Tim? It couldn't have been easy for you. You're a great guy. You'll find someone else. Is there anything I can do?

(pause)

That was the women.

LYDIA

Yeah no shit. Can I point out that I haven't said any of that?

Tim ignores the statement. He goes for a deep, dominating voice to mimic the guys.

TIM

And the guys will be like; Don't worry about it mate, she was ugly anyway. You can get that bar in the living room you always wanted now. You'll be up to your neck in tits and ass soon mate.

LYDIA

Sounds like good advice to me.

Tim and Lydia arrive at a table where they obviously know the people sat around it well. They all greet Tim sympathetically.

FEMALE CO WORKER

Hi Lydia, Tim. Come and sit down here.

No sooner has Tim sat down than the female co worker gets straight to the stock treatment.

FEMALE CO WORKER (CONT'D)
How are you Tim? We all heard about Trudy.

Tim glares at Lydia.

TIM
(blatantly lying)
I'm doing good thanks.

FEMALE CO WORKER
(very sympathetic)
That's good. Listen, what you've been through couldn't have been easy but I've worked with you for quite some time now and know that you're a great guy.

Tim play acts his way through the conversation, sincere to everyone, sarcastic to Lydia.

TIM
Thanks Sheila.

SHEILA
If there's anything at all I can do to help you let me know.

TIM
Actually Sheila, there is something you can do for me.

Sheila looks surprised.

SHEILA
Oh, really?

TIM
Yeah, could you get me a drink from the bar please?

Sheila wasn't expecting to be called upon so quickly, if at all. She agrees to save face.

SHEILA
Urm, of course.

TIM
In fact, anyone else like a drink while Sheila is up? Steve? Trevor? Anne? Lydia?

They all could do with a refill so the order goes in to a pissed off looking Sheila. Tim still has the fake happy, sarcastic persona thing going on.

TIM (CONT'D)
Thanks Sheila, you're a good
friend.

Sheila mutters some words after smiling and turning to the bar.

SHEILA
Cheap bastard, no wonder she left
him.

A few hours later and the place is looking and sounding a bit more livelier. A few bodies are on the dance floor. Tim and Lydia are locked in conversation at the bar.

LYDIA
So, which one?

TIM
Again? Really?

LYDIA
It's my job, nay, DUTY as the right
hand woman of the guy that has just
become single.

TIM
What happened to these things being
organic and not forced?

LYDIA
You know what happens to guys who
believed that pile of shit Tim?

TIM
That was rhetorical wasn't it?

Lydia ignores his question.

LYDIA
They end up eating microwave meals
for the rest of their lives. Alone.
Or they end up being psycho stalker
types. Or they end up with a mail
order bride.

TIM
Mail order bride sounds good, do
they come in Thai only?

LYDIA
You're clearly missing the point.
You. Are. Single. It's obvious
you're not the single type. You've
been in a relationship your entire
adult life. To you, being single is
as alien as Roswell.

TIM

That doesn't make sense.

LYDIA

It's fucking weird to you Tim!
You're either someone who loves
their own company or needs to be
with someone. You, are the latter.

TIM

When did you turn into a therapist?

LYDIA

When I saw you needed some help.
And it's fun, in a twisted kind of
way.

TIM

YOU need help.

Tim notices a gorgeous brunette woman approach the bar.
Distracted by her, he musters up all the courage he has.

TIM (CONT'D)

And thank you.

LYDIA

What?

Tim leaves Lydia and approaches the pretty woman. Lydia turns
to see what Tim is doing. She gets it.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Shiiiiit I gave him too much
confidence. Lower Tim, aim lower!

Sauntering up besides her, Tim looks for the words but non
are forthcoming. His mouth opens a few times as if to speak
but he's so struck by the woman's beauty that he freezes.

The woman looks at Tim strangely. Tim gawks back. She
receives her drink from the barman and walks off as Tim
finally opens up.

TIM

Hey....I mean hi.

Too late, she doesn't even hear him.

The barman looks on sympathetically.

With a deep sigh Tim watches as the woman is stopped by a
tall, dark haired, good looking guy who engages her in
instant conversation. They shake hands and she laughs at
something he says.

Lydia comes to Tim's side.

TIM (CONT'D)
Please don't laugh.

LYDIA
Oh alright, but I'm definitely
laughing at the next one.

Tim is looking at the good looking man who is effortlessly charming the beautiful lady. The lady playfully touches him on the arm as she talks.

TIM
I wonder what it's like to be him.

Lydia looks.

LYDIA
I wonder what it's like to be UNDER
him.

Trish, a busty female co-worker approaches Tim and Lydia.

TRISH
Just the bitch I've been looking
for. Tim, you don't mind if I pull
her away for a bit? Eddie is trying
it on again and I'm far too nice to
tell him to fuck off, Lydia on the
other hand...

LYDIA
Where is he, I told him if he
carried on perverting over you I'd
pull his balls down to the floor
and jump on them.

The two go on the hunt for EDDIE leaving Tim all alone at the bar.

The good looking guy who was talking up a storm with the beautiful lady approaches.

GOOD LOOKING GUY
One diet coke please.

The good looking guy see's Tim. Tim looks at the good looking guy. They both look at each other. The good looking guy looks puzzled at first then a light bulb goes off.

GOOD LOOKING GUY (CONT'D)
That's where I've seen you before.

Tim looks non plussed.

GOOD LOOKING GUY (CONT'D)
The lights? The set? The eye patch?
I was one of the models on the
photo shoot.

Sheepish, Tim responds.

TIM
Oh, you saw all that?

GOOD LOOKING GUY
Dude, I caught you as you went
down. Name's Guy.

Guy offers his hand. Tim shakes it.

TIM
Thanks for cushioning my fall I
guess.

GUY
No problem at all friend.

A silence ensues between the two. Tim pipes up.

TIM
Can I ask you a question?

GUY
Sure thing T.

TIM
What did you say to that woman for
her to be all over you?

GUY
You mean Toni? The woman in the red
dress?

TIM
Yes, the super model looking one.

GUY
I stopped her and told her how
beautiful she was and introduced
myself.

TIM
That's it?

GUY
Yup.

TIM
It's that easy?

GUY
I'll let you in on a little secret
Tim.

Tim listens intently.

GUY (CONT'D)

Women like men to be men. Be straight, have intent, stop them, tell them what you think of them and introduce yourself.

TIM

Sounds so simple.

GUY

There's a bit more to it but that's the nuts and bolts.

TIM

Thing is, I'd love to be able to do what you do with the ladies but I don't even know if I'm ready for it, my last relationship really took it out of me and all I've got to show for it is a three bed detached all to myself.

GUY

I hear you, how long was you together?

TIM

Thirty years.

GUY

Holy shit, thirty years? Sounds like a prison sentence. So your last relationship has been your ONLY relationship?

Tim nods his head.

GUY (CONT'D)

Well you must have had a strong bond, when did you two meet?

TIM

When we were twelve.

GUY

HOLY SHIT.

TIM

Is that holy shit you're impressed or holy shit that's depressing?

GUY

Both man! You were together longer than I've been alive!

Tim has a look of utter dejection. A pause in the conversation allows Guy to think for a second.

GUY (CONT'D)

Look, that's a terrible ending to a loooonnng relationship and I feel for you I really do but I think I can help you.

TIM

Are you going to offer to kill her for me? Because I don't think I have the mone...

GUY

I'm in a bit of a quandary but I think we can both help each other out. Not only that but I have something that could potentially change your life.

TIM

Drugs?

GUY

Better than that. What if I said you could be just as smooth with the ladies as I am?

TIM

I'd respectfully call you a fucking liar.

Guy laughs.

GUY

Where do you live?

EXT. TIM'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - DAY

Guy stands outside with an assortment of suitcases, bags and boxes.

Tim opens the door and helps Guy into the house with his belongings.

TIM

So, tell me about this social dynamics stuff...

End.

