

CYRIL & GWENDOLYN

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FADE IN

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

CYRIL a bearded man in his 50s with a disconsolate expression on his face and GWENDOLYN, a mature-looking woman in her early 40s sit on an outdated couch.

The dark, worn out furniture reflects a life of hardship and carelessness.

The room is insufficiently illuminated by two obsolete floor lamps.

GWENDOLYN

Did you pay the rent?

CYRIL

Not yet, I don't have enough. That damn WELFARE is a joke...

GWENDOLYN

We can't go on like this, you have to find a job.

CYRIL

Why don't YOU go to work?

GWENDOLYN

I'm doing enough work around the house.

CYRIL

Watching TV all day, isn't work.

GWENDOLYN

I'm getting old, I need to stimulate my brain.

CYRIL

You're only 43...you're just wasting your life.

GWENDOLYN

Never mind what I'm doing...you have to do what you have to do.

CYRIL

The economy is bad, there are no jobs.

GWENDOLYN

Did you ask your friends?

CYRIL

They're unemployed too. There is nothing around here.

GWENDOLYN

If you really want to work, I'm sure you'll find it.

CYRIL

How?

GWENDOLYN

Ask PATSY, his wife told me that he has found a good job.

CYRIL

He got it from an ITALIAN boss.

GWENDOLYN

Okay, go and talk with that boss, then.

CYRIL

I'm IRISH.

GWENDOLYN

So what.

CYRIL

You don't get it, those jobs are only for the goombas.

GWENDOLYN

Go to an Irish boss, if you think it's easier.

CYRIL

Those people have only WHACK jobs.

GWENDOLYN

So what...a job is a job.

CYRIL

It's not, it's killing.

GWENDOLYN

Don't be so dramatic, nobody will find out. You pump a couple of bullets here and there, get the money and disappear...it seems easy to me.

CYRIL
I'll think about it.

A long beat.

CYRIL
Are you coming to bed?

GWENDOLYN
I'm watching REAL HOUSEWIVES...you
go.

Cyril walks toward the door, then he turns around and stares
at Gwendolyn.

CYRIL
Don't you miss making love?

GWENDOLYN
With all the problems we have, you're
still thinking about sex?

CYRIL
What sex has to do with our problems?

GWENDOLYN
I can't do it...and you can't do it
either, remember last time?

CYRIL
It was six months ago.

GWENDOLYN
Whatever...you weren't able to--

CYRIL
I wasn't feeling well and you didn't
do anything to help me.

GWENDOLYN
What? Now it's my fault?

CYRIL
You're my wife, you should do
something if you see I can't do it.

GWENDOLYN
Your wife is sick and tired to do
what you want...you hear me, sick and
tired!

A long beat.

CYRIL
Are you coming or not?

GWENDOLYN
After the show...

CYRIL
Okay, wake me up if you want to--

GWENDOLYN
I have a headache.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cyril walks slowly toward the bedroom.

Gwendolyn opens the TV.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cyril is in bed soundly asleep. He MUMBLES indiscernible words.

Gwendolyn's side is unoccupied.

EXT. CITY PARK - MORNING

Cyril sits on a bench under a large tree.

The sun filters through the luxuriant tree foliage.

He looks sharp, clean shaven, nicely combed hair and smartly dressed.

He scans the pathway looking for somebody's arrival.

EXT. CITY PARK - CONTINUOUS

Cyril stands near the bench. He smiles and waves to Gwendolyn who is walking toward him.

She is radiant, smiling, just gorgeous. Her long hair falls over her shoulders, the high-heeled shoes add a tone of sensuality. She approaches the bench with catwalk steps.

She is extremely sexy.

EXT. CITY PARK - CONTINUOUS

Cyril and Gwendolyn stand facing each other.

Cyril kisses her tenderly on her lips.

CYRIL

Good morning sweetheart, you look fantastic.

GWENDOLYN

Thank you darling, you're very handsome. How did it go?

CYRIL

They were very polite with me and...

GWENDOLYN

...and?

CYRIL

I got the job!

GWENDOLYN

I'm so happy for you...when are you going to start?

CYRIL

This weekend....Saturday...they gave me a BERETTA 92 FS and the address of the guy, he's an elderly turncoat...

GWENDOLYN

Is it a good gun for that job?

CYRIL

It's perfect...and works well with the silencer. I killed a dog and nobody around heard the shots.

GWENDOLYN

I'm so happy for you! We have to celebrate, let's go to a restaurant for lunch. How much they gave you?

CYRIL

Ten million dollars, I'll get another thirty mill next week, after I blast the wife on a wise guy.

GWENDOLYN

These Italians are the best...very generous.

CYRIL

Yes, they pay well...they told me that the Irish are very stingy.

GWENDOLYN

Did they mind that you're not Italian?

CYRIL

The boss told me that it's better.... the police looks for Italians as soon as they see a mob hit.

GWENDOLYN

You're so...so... smart, sweetheart.

CYRIL

What you say, after lunch we go home?

GWENDOLYN

Yes, I have the urge...yesterday it was so beautiful. You were so horny.

CYRIL

You had two orgasms...you drove me crazy, I couldn't stop.

GWENDOLYN

It's because you know how to excite me. You're a devil in bed.

A beat.

GWENDOLYN

Honey, I've good news for you.

CYRIL

What sweetheart?

GWENDOLYN

I've found the job I was dreaming of!

CYRIL

It's fantastic...doing what?

GWENDOLYN

I'm a manager.

CYRIL

Terrific. What you manage?

GWENDOLYN

Young working girls in an escort agency.

CYRIL

A good business...how much are you making?

GWENDOLYN

One hundred thousand dollars, ONE... HUNDRED...THOUSAND...DOLLARS a week and I can make more if I sleep with the clients.

CYRIL

What kind of clients?

GWENDOLYN

Mostly diplomats...

CYRIL

This is perfect for you...you told me that you speak French and Spanish...

GWENDOLYN

Yes, I do. My first boyfriend was Dominican and I study French for two weeks in High School.

CYRIL

And the diplomats have plenty of money.....you're so good in bed, I see great tips. You're going to make more than me.

GWENDOLYN

Thank you honey, I knew you would be pleased with my job.

CYRIL

We can use the money to start a business.

GWENDOLYN

Yes! You know, I was thinking of a high class, international brothel.

CYRIL

You're a genius...I love you.

They kiss passionately.

GWENDOLYN

Let's go for a bite and then have
some fun.

CYRIL

We deserve it. We're working so hard.

GWENDOLYN

Yes, we are.

They kiss lovingly.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gwendolyn sits on the couch watching attentively her TV
show.

The sound of the show mingles with Cyril's SNORING.

FADE OUT

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