

"JILTED" by Marqus Bobesich

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A messy, modern office. Subdued lighting. The nature of the business is unknown. A middle-aged East Indian AGENT is seated behind a desk littered with photos. Opposite him sits NAMELESS, an attractive blonde in her early twenties.

AGENT

As long as we keep things realistic. No glamour shots, of course. You at the beach, with friends, your dog..

The Agent has little energy - he's gone through this a thousand times. He examines one photo before placing it in his 'keep' pile.

AGENT (CONT'D)

This is good.

NAMELESS

That's my mother and I at -

The Agent holds up his hand, cutting her off.

AGENT

(trying to be pleasant)  
We don't need to know.

Nameless smiles, somewhat embarrassed.

A female assistant enters the room. He hands her the pile of photos - she exits without a word.

AGENT (CONT'D)

We just need a minute to scan them.

Awkward silence. The young girl stirs in her seat, slightly uncomfortable.

She watches the Agent scrawl his signature on a checkbook.

NAMELESS

It's for school. (Pause). It's just kinda weird. You know. The whole thing.

The Agent hands her the check, unfazed. He offers a tired shrug.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT  
Infidelity pays.

CUT TO:

SUPER: Two years later.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TORONTO - DRIVING - DAY

MATT "TURKO" ROBERTS in his Beamer. Womanizer. Wall street type. Loud classical music blares from the cd player.

A red light. Pedestrians busy themselves across the street. He notices a young GIRL with a white T-shirt and clipboard, canvassing people on the sidewalk. Greenpeace, Sick Kids Hospital - he doesn't care. She's hot.

The light changes. He's still staring. He guns through the intersection and pulls down a side street. Flashers on. Jacket off.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

TURKO casually darts through the crowd, sleeves rolled up, hair mussed on purpose.

As he nears the girl he slows his pace, pretending he's distracted and aloof. Just another guy waiting for the light. The young girl smiles and moves in for the pitch.

Simultaneous to this...

CUT TO:

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - TURKO'S HOUSE - DAY

Turko's girlfriend, CARLA sorting clothes in the laundry room.

BACK TO:

STREET. Turko with the girl. Feigned interest and charm.

TURKO  
This is a great thing you're doing.  
(off her smile)  
Seriously.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carla flipping through pockets, just to be sure.

CUT TO:

TURKO (CONT'D)  
You volunteer for this, or...?

CUT TO:

Carla finding a piece of paper, the top part of a cigarette pack. A phone number. Not her boyfriend's handwriting.

CUT TO:

TURKO (CONT'D)  
Lemme buy you lunch. Seriously. You're workin' out here all alone, and you probably have all these people givin' you dirty looks..

CUT TO:

Carla's face. She's tired of this, but doesn't have the energy to fight anymore.

CUT TO:

TURKO (CONT'D)  
I can tell you're a really good person.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The same office and Agent from Scene One. Carla now sits across from him, distracted, trying to rub the migraine from her temples.

CARLA  
His laptop is on all the time.

AGENT  
Until you walk into the room... and then it's...  
(pretending to quickly close a laptop screen)  
... zip!

A bad joke. She doesn't react. Crickets.

The Agent grabs a folder from the piles on his desk. He lightly tosses it towards her.

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AGENT (CONT'D)  
Being online is...  
(he leans back in his  
chair)  
... somewhat addictive.  
(pensive)  
All those bottles in the ocean.

Carla opens the folder.

INS. her POV - Comp cards. Hundreds of pictures of attractive women.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
I'm sure it has nothing to do with you.

She looks up.

He snaps back in the upright position.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
We can custom tailor whatever you need.

Carla focuses on one photo... NAMELESS - his type to the tee.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
You tell us what he likes, what he  
dislikes, his job, his favorite books,  
movies...

She hands him the photo of Nameless. The Agent smiles. A salesman smile.

INT. BAY STREET RESTAURANT - DAY

Business lunch. Waiters scurrying around. Ties are loosened. Crab legs are cracked.

Turko sits across from his friend RONNY.

TURKO  
Bubb-cha. Bubbcha.  
(dismissive)  
It's Polish, for grandmother. She's  
always telling me how she's gonna make me  
soup, and knit me sweaters, and take care  
of me.

Ronny stops chewing.

RONNY  
Sweaters?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TURKO  
It's a joke.

They continue eating.

TURKO (CONT'D)  
But this three hour time difference. She logs on at midnight in L.A and it's 3 a.m. here. And then we talk for hours...

RONNY  
For a month.

TURKO  
Yeah. I don't know what's goin' on. She's... different.

RONNY  
Why would you waste your time with someone in L.A? Toronto's not big enough for you?

TURKO  
Are you blind?

Ronny wipes his mouth, not convinced.

RONNY  
Why would a girl who looks like that be online?

TURKO  
(shrugging)  
Maybe she's tired of all the bullshit.

RONNY  
Maybe she's a 300-pound guy from Tucson.

Ronny fishes for his wallet.

RONNY (CONT'D)  
Those pictures are fake. They came with the frame she got for Christmas.

TURKO  
I say, what about this - and she sends me a picture... this is me in Florida, this is my mom, this is me at Halloween...

RONNY  
Then you'll have to go there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TURKO

Where?

RONNY

L.A. Tell her you're coming - see if it spooks her.

TURKO

It's only been a month.

RONNY

(stopping -  
unimpressed)

You have nicknames for each other.

INT. TURKO'S HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Turko is tapping away at his laptop, wearing boxers, black socks and a tuxedo shirt.

Carla pops her head in, clipping on her earrings.

CARLA

Can't the porn wait for a night?

TURKO

(not looking up)

Funny.

CARLA (O.S)

We gotta go.

Turko continues typing.

INT. CONFERENCE CENTRE - GALA - NIGHT

Guests are milling about. Jewelry. Hair spray. Jazz tinkling in the background.

TURKO

I see myself lasting about 12 minutes in here...

CARLA

You're doing this for me, remember?

They exchange hello's with other employees and guests.

Carla notices the Agent having drinks across the room. He smiles back, and returns to his conversation.

She casually moves her boyfriend towards the buffet table.

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CONTINUED:

CARLA (CONT'D)  
I heard the catering is incredible.

10 minutes later.

Guests are still pouring in. Turko is bored, picking at the dessert table.

Moments later, Nameless is beside him with a small plate, looking at the variety of food.

He notices the dress first. The body, the hair, the--

Turko's face drops. My god. It's her.

He quickly looks away - no one has noticed. Jesus. He puts down his plate and moves towards her, trying not to raise eyebrows. He is very close, for a stranger.

TURKO  
(incredulous -  
under his breath)  
What are you doing in Toronto? Why didn't  
you tell me--

NAMELESS  
(pleasantly)  
Sorry?

TURKO  
You're here, and my god..  
(looking around)  
...you never said--

NAMELESS  
Have we met?

He does a double take.

TURKO  
It's ME...  
(off her blank look)  
... MATT!  
(trying to keep his voice down)  
We've been talking online for-

NAMELESS  
Oh... oh, no... I...  
(smiling)  
...I'm not into that whole... internet thing.  
Sorry.  
(embarrassed for him)  
I'm... here with my boyfriend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She smiles, a little flattered maybe - and exits, leaving Turko in a daze.

He turns to see Carla, who has witnessed the entire exchange.

CARLA  
(casually, eating)  
You were never talking to her.

TURKO  
What?

CARLA  
There's a company online. They... do things  
for people. (Pause) Like take out the  
trash...

She holds a half-eaten cocktail shrimp above his glass. She drops it in with a small, unceremonious PLOP.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
(cont'd)  
... Bubbcha.

She exits -- off Turko's stunned expression.

FADE OUT.