

MATE-ING

Pilot

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Close up on BRAD, 25, as he grunts like a pig. Not the most flattering angle as a massive double chin is revealed.

Close up on NAT, 26, pretty but not looking her best. She looks very uncomfortable.

From across the room it can now be seen that they are both having something that resembles sex. Brad is on top, missionary style but more like corpse on girl.

BRAD
You're such a bad girl. Call me a
bad boy...

NAT
(hesitant)
You're a bad boy.

BRAD
Use my name.

Nat hesitates. She's got no idea.

NAT
You're a bad boy...J...

She looks at him for a clue.

NAT (CONT'D)
K...R

BRAD
(deadpan)
Brad.

NAT
You're a bad boy Brad.

Brad continues inflicting the torture.

BRAD
I'm going to cum...

He grunts his way to an orgasm.

Brad displays the most off-putting cum face known to humankind, and with that Nat screws her face up. She starts to sniff, smelling something foul.

Brad's look of pleasure quickly turns to discomfort and he suddenly dashes out the room leaving Nat lying there like a sack of potatoes.

She sits up in confusion and notices something dark at the bottom of the bed contrasting with the white sheets. But what is it?

She moves over to get a better look and picks it up...

... It's a shit.

She gags and almost vomits at the realisation. Brad enters the room looking sheepish. He sits on the bed next to her and breaks the news as if this is the best kept secret ever to be revealed.

BRAD (CONT'D)

So ... I just shat myself.

NAT

Right.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Nat and MARK, 26 (a specimen of a man) walk CHESTER, a German shepherd. Mark is crying with laughter.

MARK

You're lying, I don't believe this.

NAT

I knew you wouldn't believe me.

MARK

So what happened after that?

NAT

I felt bad for him so I helped him change his sheets.

This sets Mark off again in fits of laughter.

MARK

You're something else.

Chester gets into position and raises his arse, about to shit on the grass.

NAT

See, even Chester is taunting me.

MARK
Scarred for life.

NAT
So how's the love life?

MARK
Quickly making my way through the
west coast.

NAT
Let me have a look.

Mark passes over his phone. They both sit down on a nearby bench. She begins swiping through a dating app on Mark's phone.

NAT (CONT'D)
Christ, there's some horrors on
here.

She begins working her way through the gallery of females. She comes across a GAYLE, 25, who looks about 85.

NAT (CONT'D)
There's no way she's 25. She looks
like she started the menopause a
decade ago.

She swipes to someone else.

KIM, 30, whose profile picture is her on the toilet with her underwear pulled down.

MARK
Classy bird.

HANNAH, 26, a rather large girl.

NAT
Aw she looks... bubbly.

MARK
Yeah bubbly and ... wholesome.

She swipes the wrong way and likes Hannah.

MARK (CONT'D)
Oi, don't waste my swipes.

A message notification pops up from a Becky.

NAT
Oh, someone's popular.

Nat clicks on the message, and reads it.

NAT (CONT'D)
Hey handsome, at the Hilton tonight
if you want to join.

MARK
Surely that's a joke.

They look through her profile. Her name is BECKY, 24. She's pretty and blonde but had a lot of work done. Every picture has a fake pose. In one picture in particular she is wearing her work overalls (hard hat included) in an attempt to seem normal. Nat reads her bio.

NAT
Hi my name's Becky and I work off-
shore so I'm back in civilisation
for two weeks. Looking for someone
to keep me company while I'm home.

MARK
What do you think?

NAT
I reckon her lips add an extra few
kilos to her face.

MARK
Behave. I meant something
productive.

Mark begins to type.

MARK (CONT'D)
(as he writes)
Sure what time?

Instant reply.

NAT
(reading)
7pm. And could you bring some Moet?
It's my favourite.

Nat laughs.

MARK
Does she think I'm made of money?
Right fuck it, I'm going to do it.

NAT

Go for it but just make sure she
doesn't shit the bed.

Mark laughs.

EXT. OUTSIDE HOTEL - NIGHT

Mark quickly takes a cheap bottle of Cava out of an Aldi bag
for life and disposes of the bag in a nearby bin.

He then enters the hotel, and waits in the lobby. He subtly
pops a Viagra.

From the lift exits BECKY, 24. She's a leggy hot blonde and
looks just as fake in person.

MARK

Where's your hard hat?

She laughs.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Becky leads Mark into the room. It looks like a rock band
have been squatting there - tonnes of empty bottles, and what
looks like a weeks worth of half eaten room service.

MARK

Did you forget to tip the maid?

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Mark and Becky sit on the hotel bedroom bed knocking back
glasses of champagne. Becky looks extremely drunk.

BECKY

Since you brought the champagne
I've got a little surprise for us.

MARK

Oh really.

Becky reaches for her handbag and pulls out a bag of cocaine.
She sprinkles it on the nearest table and begins cutting
lines with a credit card.

She rolls up a 10 pound note and begins hoovering up a
sizeable line.

MARK (CONT'D)
Christ. You're a wild one.

BECKY
You know it.

She leans over and plants a sloppy kiss on his mouth.

MARK
I'll be right back.

As he exits the room she continues to Hoover up more lines.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mark speaks to Nat on the phone. Two way conversation between them as Nat lies in bed.

MARK
I don't know what to do here. This girl's a loose canon. I also feel like I've got a heart rate of about a 1000 bpm.

Nat laughs.

NAT
If she's a bit crazy just leave. Wait, have you popped a little blue pill?

Mark laughs.

MARK
I may have popped one earlier on in the night. And I am *not* leaving without getting my Nat King.

NAT
Amateur.

Becky shouts from the other room as she continues to snort.

BECKY
Hurry up handsome or there will be none left for you.

MARK
Just coming!
(to Nat)
Right, I'll need to get back to Scarface. Wish me luck.

NAT
(laughing)
Good luck.

They hang up.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark walks back through to the bedroom. Becky is lying face down on the table.

MARK
Fuck.

He runs over and tries to wake her up. No response.

MARK (CONT'D)
Fuck, fuck, fuck!

He realises that she has snorted the whole bag. He checks her pulse, she's alive, just passed out.

Suddenly the fire alarm sounds. Mark waits to see if it stops. Nothing.

MARK (CONT'D)
This is all I need.

He frantically tries to wake her up again but to no avail. He picks her up and puts her over his shoulder.

EXT. OUTSIDE HOTEL - NIGHT

Mark stands outside with Becky over his shoulder. An elderly couple stare at him.

MARK
Nice evening eh?

No response.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Nat and Mark talk in a quiet café.

NAT
I'm trying to think who has the worst luck, me or you.

MARK
Both, equally. Although technically
I'm blaming you for my recent
situation.

NAT
And why is that?

MARK
Because you didn't stop me.

Nat laughs.

NAT
You're such a man child. So what
happened after that?

MARK
After checking she was still alive
and tucking her into bed?

Nat nods.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Mark wakes up and looks around for Becky. There is no trace of her except for some tacky looking hair extensions and fake eyelashes on the bedside table. He looks for his wallet which is nowhere to be seen.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION - DAY

A rough looking Mark walks past the reception area where he approaches a male receptionist.

MARK
Excuse me, have you had a wallet
handed in?

RECEPTIONIST
Nothing has been handed in
unfortunately. I've been on all
night.

MARK
Ah okay.

Mark thinks.

MARK (CONT'D)
Actually can I just check
something?

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

Do you remember a blonde girl
checking out earlier from room 205?
I was staying with her.

RECEPTIONIST

Huge lips?

MARK

That's the one.

RECEPTIONIST

She paid the room service bill and
checked out.

Mark quickly pulls his phone out and checks his online
banking. He realises there's been a 600 pounds payment made
to the hotel.

MARK

Fuck.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Nat laughs hysterically.

NAT

Hold on a second. How did she know
your pin code?

MARK

I have it on a post-it in my
wallet.

Nat laughs.

NAT

Then you deserve to be ripped off
out of stupidity. So let's
summarise. You paid 600 quid and
popped a Viagra. At least tell me
you got laid.

Mark takes a drink of his coffee.

Nat continues to laugh.

NAT (CONT'D)

Poetic.

MARK

I'm going back to my usual dating
protocol from now on.

NAT
Go on, enlighten me.

MARK
First date is the screening
process. Either coffee or something
else cheap. Definitely no food or
drinks.

NAT
You're such a cheap skate.

MARK
There's method in my madness.
If they show up and they're insane
then you've got an easy escape...
And you've only spent a tenner.

NAT
(sarcastically)
The girl who you end up with will
be so lucky to have you...

MARK
I love how genuine you are.

They both laugh.

NAT
Anyway you'll need to piss off, my
date is due to arrive any minute.

MARK
Are you sure you don't want me to
sit over in the corner and
chaperone?

NAT
I think I'll manage.

MARK
Well just remember Nat, there's a
toilet over there if he needs to go
for a number 2.

She playfully hits him.

NAT
And just remember, cancel your
fucking cards you fool.

MARK
Noted.

Mark gets up and heads towards the door. A geeky looking guy, mid twenties, with a bouquet of flowers holds the door opened for him.

MARK (CONT'D)
(to the guy)
Good luck mate. She's crazy.

The guy gulps and cautiously walks over to the table. Mark, proud of his comment, bounces out the cafe with a spring in his step.

THE END