

OBJECTOPHILIA

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. TERRACE HOUSE - EVENING

We see a small terrace house, it has a tiny bit of concrete outside that forms a front garden. A Small wooden gate is the only access to the property.

A man (late 20's) enters frame. He has the haircut of a balding man that is hanging on to it for dear life, he wears glasses and we can already tell he's an awkward individual. This is SIMON.

He carry's a blow up doll under his arm, he's very embarrassed about it, as you would be. He enters the property as quickly as possible.

INT. SIMON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He quickly shuts the door behind him and walks into his living room. He examines the doll for a second. It has big blue eyes that seem to stare at him. It also has a large red hole for a mouth. If you don't know why that is, you're probably too young to be reading this...

Simon's face tells us he's extremely embarrassed. He finds the pin hole on the back and releases the air.

He throws lets call her "CHERYL" into a corner of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMON'S HOUSE - LATER

Simon lays on his sofa in silence, playing on his phone. We can see he's on some kind of dating app. He flicks right continuously for every girl, not even bothering to look at the pictures or read anything about them.

He clicks the inbox button. It says "YOU HAVE NO MESSAGES". Simon sighs.

We hear a knock at the door. He answers it.

SIMON
(Not making eye contact)
Come in.

It's a woman, very tall, she has a kind smiley face. She kisses Simon on the forehead. This is JASMINE, Simon's big sister. She's a very excitable person.

JASMINE
 Alright? baby bro.

SIMON
 I'm good Jasmine. How's yourself?

JASMINE
 Fantastic! I brought you a
 casserole.

We can see she is carrying a big cast iron pot. She walks past Simon and heads into the kitchen. This is obviously a normal routine for the pair.

Simon takes a seat on his sofa.

JASMINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 How's the love life? You been
 talking to anymore lucky ladies on
 that dating app?

SIMON
 I've not been talking to any ladies
 Jasmine.

Jasmine enters the living room and takes a seat on the sofa.

JASMINE
 Well stick with it, you'll get
 talking to someone eventually.

SIMON
 No, I don't think I will.

JASMINE
 Course you will, you've got a lot
 to offer. Will you be OK next week?
 Me and MIKE are going for a last
 minute get away.

SIMON
 I'll be fine Jasmine. I'm not a
 child.

Simon gives her a glimmer of a smile.

Her attention is drawn away and catches the eye of a half inflated blow up doll.

She bursts out in laughter.

JASMINE
 (gesturing to the doll)
 What the hell is that?

Simon sighs.

SIMON

It was there rubbish idea of a joke
at work.

JASMINE

How did that come about?

SIMON

Secret Santa.. I'd been hiding it
at work for months but they've made
me bring it home.

JASMINE

(still laughing)
Oh dear.

SIMON

The most awkward bus journey of my
life today. At least no one sat
next to me.

She gets up and walks over too it. She examines it a bit
closer.

JASMINE

Yikes! Three holes as well... WOW.
Wan't me to get rid of it for you?

SIMON

No it's fine. I'm thinking about
wrapping it up and giving it to
someone at Christmas for secret
Santa this year.

JASMINE

Well lets just hope it's not
Dorothy in admin.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Simon is still sat on the sofa. Still no luck on the dating
app. He reads the message again "YOU HAVE NO MESSAGES". He
look up and makes eye contact with Cheryl, she's giving him
her best Fuck me eyes... He looks back down at his phone and
then a Cheryl again...

SIMON

(To the doll)
Fuck it. Come on then.

Simon picks it up and makes his way up stairs. Blowing into her as he does.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIMON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Not a light on in Simon's house. The only thing we can hear is the sound of rubber squeaking and a man panting...

INT. SIMON'S BEDROOM - MORNING

We see Simon laid in bed, he has his arm around someone (something) it's Cheryl. He's clearly had a night of passionate love making. We can see the doll now has a plaster over its private region... Go steady with it Simon!

Simon pulls it in tight for a cuddle.

SIMON
I need to go to work.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. SIMON'S HOUSE - EVENING

Simon walks down the road and enters his house. Cheryl sits on the sofa.

Simon half smiles at her. She looks back at him.

SIMON
(awkward)
Hi...

Cheryl doesn't respond.

SIMON (CONT'D)
(to himself)
What the fuck are you doing Simon?
You're talking to a doll!

Simon picks her up and puts her in the cupboard.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMON'S HOUSE - LATER

Simon sits on his sofa, twiddling his thumbs, he looks over at the cupboard. Then down at his phone. Then back at the cupboard.

SIMON
Come on then.

He gets up and gets Cheryl out.

SIMON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I put you in the
cupboard.

He keeps laughing to himself, he can't believe he's talking to a doll.

SIMON (CONT'D)
The thing is I'm having a real shit
time at work. The people are mean
to me and I don't have anyone to
talk to. I've got Jasmine but it's
not the same.

Cheryl listens intently.

Simon's phone rings, it's Jasmine. He answers.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Hello?

JASMINE (O.S.)
Baby bro, how you doing today?

SIMON
Good Jasmine, you?

JASMINE (O.S.)
Great, anything new to report?

SIMON
Actually yes..

He looks over at Cheryl.

SIMON (CONT'D)
I've met someone.

JASMINE (O.S.)
Oh my god! Tell me everything!

SIMON
It's too early Jasmine.

JASMINE (O.S.)
Come on bro.

SIMON
No, not yet. I've got to go. I'll
speak to you later.

He hangs up the phone. He turns to look at Cheryl.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Should we go upstairs?

Simon picks Cheryl up and takes her upstairs..

CUT TO:

INT. SIMON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Simon lays in bed, Cheryl in his arms. He looks exhausted.
The pair lay peacefully.

SIMON
You don't want me to go to work
tomorrow, do you?

Beat.

SIMON (CONT'D)
I don't really want to go to work
either. I know, I'll go get you
something to wear and tomorrow you
can meet Jasmine. Sound good?

The doll naturally doesn't respond but to Simon she does. He
pulls her in closer.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIMON'S HOUSE - EVENING

Simon enters his house carrying a plastic bag.

SIMON
I've got you the perfect dress,
you're going to love it!

Simon pulls out a skinny black number and proceeds to put it
on the doll.

He takes a step back to admire his work.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Wow, you look amazing. Are you
thinking what I'm thinking?

Simon gives Cheryl a wide enticing smile. Cheryl gives him
one back, although her face always looks like that.

He picks her up and leads her upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMON'S HOUSE - LATER

Simon sits nervously on the sofa. Awaiting the arrival of his
sister. Cheryl is propped up in the chair wearing her new
dress.

A knock on the door...

Simon answers.

JASMINE
(excitably)
Hello!!

SIMON
(awkwardly)
Hello Jasmine.

Jasmine enters his living room.

JASMINE
Come on then, tell me all about
this girl.

She notices Cheryl in the corner and bursts out laughing.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
Oh my god! Why is it in a dress?
Wait. Please don't tell me this is
your girl?

Her face is now one of concern.

Simon doesn't know how to respond.

SIMON
What? No, of course not. I was just
winding some lads up at work.

JASMINE

Oh thank god. I thought I was going to have to call the men in white coats.

Simon picks Cheryl up and takes her into the kitchen.

SIMON

Don't be daft.

JASMINE

Come on then. Give me some real details?

SIMON

She's called... Cheryl.

JASMINE

That's a nice name. She on Facebook? You got any pics?

SIMON

No and no. I don't want to jinx it. I will tell you more when I know where its going.

JASMINE

Jesus Simon! That's very mature and boring of you.

Simon somehow looks even more awkward than normal.

SIMON

Can we change the subject? Did you not bring me anymore casserole?

Jasmine laughs as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SIMON'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Simon wakes cuddling Cheryl. They make a cute couple.

SIMON

You don't want me to go to work today, do you?

Cheryl shoots him a look.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I need to go really but I suppose one day won't hurt.

Beat.

SIMON (CONT'D)
I suppose we can just stay in bed
all day.

Simon grins...

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: THREE DAYS LATER..

INT. SIMON'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Simon still in bed with Cheryl, he gives her a couple of pumps of air... Has he been out? Has he even gone to work? He looks knackered.

SIMON
Your so naughty! Fine, one more day
then I need to go back.

Simon reaches out and grabs his phone.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Seven missed calls from Jasmine.
She'll be getting worried.

Simon plays a voicemail.

JASMINE (O.S.)
Baby bro. Answer your phone. We've
not spoken in ages. I called your
work and they said you've not been
in for days? I hope this is just
you and your fancy girl having some
fun. I'm coming back from holiday
early. I'm worried about you. Call
me.

SIMON
(To Cheryl)
Bless her. She does worry, but
we're alright aren't we.

Simon has a huge smile on his face.

SIMON (CONT'D)
I love you.

Cheryl almost seems to say it back with her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. SIMON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Loud music comes from Simon's house. Jasmine walks up the path, concerned. She bangs on the door. No answer.

She bangs again, still no answer. She looks through the window.

Simon is dancing with Cheryl. She's wearing her little black number and Simon is wearing a shirt and tie. It's like something from cheek to cheek... very romantic.

Jasmine stares through the window. She can't believe what she's seeing. Simon has his back to her and the doll faces her, staring... HOLD ON A SEC! That doll definitely just winked at her!

Jasmine turns around and leaves in shock.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMON'S HOUSE - MORNING

Simon is sat on the sofa eating beans on toast. Cheryl sits next to him.

A loud knock on the door...

Simon answers. Jasmine barges her way in.

JASMINE

What's going on Simon?

SIMON

What do you mean?

JASMINE

Not going to work? Not answering your phone? Dancing with a blow up doll?

SIMON

She's not just a blow up doll.

JASMINE

Yes she is. I'm worried about you.

SIMON

You've no need to be. I've never
being so happy.

JASMINE

Jesus Simon. You're that lonely,
you're willing to believe this doll
is a real woman!

SIMON

She listens to me and likes me,
she's always smiling. She's so much
more than a doll.

JASMINE

It's a doll. It's just nothing but
air and plastic.

Jasmine picks up Simon's knife off his plate and grabs hold
of Cheryl.

Simon panics.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

I'll prove it to you.

SIMON

JASMINE. What are you doing? Please
no.

Jasmine thinks about it.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Please Jaz! She's the only girl
I've ever loved.

Jasmine can't believe what she's hearing.

She stabs the knife into the throat of Cheryl. She instantly
deflates with the sound of air releasing from a balloon.

SIMON (CONT'D)

NOO.

He rushes over and grabs the now lifeless Cheryl.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Why would you do that?

JASMINE

Why do you think? I'm worried about
you. This isn't healthy.

Simon's face is now one of rage.

SIMON

Get out.

JASMINE

Simon come on. It's just a toy.

SIMON

Go, now.

JASMINE

Really?

She can't believe how bad he's taking this.

She composes herself and reluctantly leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMON'S HOUSE - MORNING

Simon sits in his living room. A deflated Cheryl on his lap, she has a large amount of duct tape around her neck. He tries to inflate her but it's not working.

He doesn't know what to do. A tear rolls down his face.

He puts Cheryl in a bin bag and exits the house.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. SAMMIE'S SEX SHOP - MORNING

Simon walks toward the door of a sex shop, bin bag under his arm.

He enters the shop. It's quiet, no one in except a cute shy looking woman behind the counter. Simon doesn't take time to look around he just goes straight up to the woman at the counter.

WOMEN

(jokingly)

Oh god, your not robbing us are you?

Gesturing to the bin bag.

SIMON

Oh, no, I need a replacement.

Simon pulls Cheryl's lifeless body out of the bag.

WOMEN

Yikes, things get a bit vigorous?

She's very unprofessional, if you can't tell.

WOMEN (CONT'D)

Erm, I think we've got some of these in stock, they're pretty popular.

She heads into the back. Simon stands and waits awkwardly.

Beat.

The woman returns, holding a doll in a bag.

WOMEN (CONT'D)

You know if you ever get bored of this, you could take me for a drink?

She slides a slip of paper across the counter.

WOMEN (CONT'D)

This is my number. Your pretty cute you know.

Simon is bright red. He doesn't know how to respond.

SIMON

Thanks...

The woman laughs.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(Gesturing to the sign behind her head)

I take it your SAMMIE?

WOMEN

No, that's the owner. My names Cheryl.

Simon is thrown for a second. Slowly a huge grin begins to take over his face.

SIMON

OK, I'll give you a call then.

CHERYL

Make sure you do.

Simon begins to walk off.

Cheryl calls him back.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
Wait, what about your doll?

SIMON
(looking over his
shoulder)
I'll leave it thanks.

Simon exits the shop and reaches for his phone. He puts it to his ear.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Jasmine, you won't believe this.

FADE OUT.