FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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in his 50s with a disconsolate expression on his face and GWENDOLYN, a mature-looking woman in her early 40s sit on an outdated couch.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 antiquated, worn out room 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...

CYRIL
The economy is bad, there are no jobs.

GWENDOLYN
Did you ask your friends?
CYRIL
They're all unemployed. There is nothing around here.

GWENDOLYN
If you really want to work, I'm sure you can 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 GOONBAHS.

GWENDOLYN
Okay, go to an Irish boss...

CYRIL
Those people have only whack jobs.

GWENDOLYN
A job is a job.

A long beat.

CYRIL
What we have to eat?

GWENDOLYN
Some potato chips...

CYRIL
Again?
GWENDOLYN
That's all we can afford...are you
gonna go?

CYRIL
I'll think about it.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Cyril stands up and paces away from the couch.
Gwendolyn remains seated while scanning the TV channels.

CYRIL
Aren't you coming to bed?

GWENDOLYN
I've to watch REAL HOUSEWIVES...you
go.

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

CYRIL
Don't you miss sex?

GWENDOLYN
With all the problems we have, you
still think 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
(yelling)
I'm sick and tired to take care of you...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 - Bedroom - Night
Cyril is in bed soundly asleep. He mumbles indiscernible words.

Ext. City Park - Day (Cyril's Dream)
The sun filters through the luxuriant tree foliage.
Cyril sits on a bench under a large tree.
He looks sharp, clean shaven, nicely combed hair and smartly dressed.
He scans the pathway looking for somebody's arrival.

Ext. City Park - Minutes Later
Cyril stands near the bench. He smiles and waves at Gwendolyn.
She walks towards him.
Her long, dark hair falls over her shoulders. She is stunning.
The high-heeled shoes add a tone of sensuality.
She approaches the bench with catwalk steps.

EXT. CITY PARK - MINUTES LATER

Cyril and Gwendolyn stand facing each other.

Cyril hugs her tenderly. They kiss.

CYRIL
Good morning my love, you look gorgeous.

GWENDOLYN
Thank you sweetie, you're so 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 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 it 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 the best restaurant around. How much they gave you?

CYRIL
Ten million dollars. I'll get even more next week, after I blast the wife of 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
I know that.

CYRIL
The boss said that it's better I'm Irish....the police looks for Italians as soon as they see a mob hit.

GWENDOLYN
Sweetheart, you're...you're... smart.

CYRIL
What you say, after the restaurant we go home?

GWENDOLYN
Yes, I'm so horny...

CYRIL
Me too...I can't wait...you're such a devil in bed.

GWENDOLYN
I like to make you happy...

Gwendolyn stares at Cyril with a grin.

GWENDOLYN (CONT'ED)
Honey, I've good news for you.

CYRIL
What baby?

GWENDOLYN
I've found the job I was dreaming of...

CYRIL
It's fantastic...doing what?

GWENDOLYN
I'm going to be a manager.
CYRIL
Terrific. What are you managing?

GWENDOLYN
Young working girls in an escort agency.

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

GWENDOLYN
ONE...HUNDRED...THOUSAND...DOLLARS a week. Get this, I can make even more if I sleep with the clients...and...

CYRIL
What?

GWENDOLYN
I'm paid double for oral.

CYRIL
What kind of customers you're going to have?

GWENDOLYN
Mostly diplomats.

CYRIL
This is perfect for you...you speak French and Spanish...

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

CYRIL
And the diplomats have plenty of money...you're going to make more than me.

GWENDOLYN
I knew you would be pleased...

CYRIL
We can put the money together and start a business.

GWENDOLYN
Yes! You know, I was thinking of a high class, international brothel.
CYRIL
You're a genius...

They kiss passionately.

GWENDOLYN
Let's go for a champagne brunch...

CYRIL
With caviar...

GWENDOLYN
Of course.

CYRIL
We deserve it. We're working so hard.

GWENDOLYN
Yes, we are.

CYRIL
I love you.

GWENDOLYN
I love you more.

They kiss passionately.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gwendolyn sits on the couch watching attentively her TV show.

She munches on potato chips.

Cyril stands in the doorway. He looks sleepy.

GWENDOLYN
Now what?

CYRIL
I had a dream...

The End