

ON CLOUD NINE

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in his 50s with a disconsolate expression on his face and GWENDOLYN, a mature-looking woman in her early 40s sit on an outdated couch.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

