

SOMETIMES BORING IS BETTER

(c) 2019

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A mess of utensils and food surrounds ALEX (29), who sits at a kitchen table. The man dodges a chunky loaf of artisan bread thrown by CAROL (31), red with anger, tear stained cheeks.

CAROL

It's only been three fucking years!  
You don't even look at me anymore,  
let alone want to fuck me.

ALEX

You know why? It's because I have  
to put up with these fucking temper  
tantrums of yours! It's hard to be  
sexy when you're this predictable  
and boring.

CAROL

I'm boring? You're the one who read  
the Kama Sutra for spiritual  
purposes.

Carol heads to the door.

CAROL

Well, I think we're done here.

ALEX

Just like that? You don't have to  
be banging five times a night just  
to prove you love someone.

CAROL

Nope, but even once a week would  
help.

Carol gets her coat and heads for the front door.

FADE TO BLACK:

Over black, the sound of a mobile phone clicking, and a series of message tones.

SUPER: A FEW SWIPE RIGHTS LATER...

FROM BLACK:

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Carol sits in a booth with BRADLEY (33), handsome as hell and cut like a steak. There's a near empty pitcher of beer on the table and a palpable energy between the two.

Carol sniffs a single RED ROSE, which she holds gently between her fingers.

CAROL

No one has ever given me flowers on a first date.

BRADLEY

Just a little something to offset the dive bar setting.

CAROL

No need to offset anything, it's been a beautiful evening.

Carol places the rose down on the table and reaches across for Bradley's hand.

CAROL

So, when you're away from the desk job, what makes you tick?

BRADLEY

Aw, it's embarrassing, you don't want to know.

CAROL

Mystery is sexy, opening up is sexier.

Bradley swirls his beer, studies it for a beat, then raises his eyes to meet Carol's gaze.

BRADLEY

I re-home lost cats.

Carol melts.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Alex sits with NANCY (28), cute features hidden underneath EMO fashion flourishes. Alex wears a smart suit jacket, Nancy wears a black hoodie.

There is an awkward silence between the two.

ALEX

When I asked if you wanted to go to a good restaurant I kinda figured you'd dress for the occasion.

NANCY

You'd figure, right?

Nancy unscrews the cap of a glass pepper shaker in front of her and carefully places a tissue in its neck.

ALEX

What are you doing?

NANCY

Causing chaos.

Using her wicked EMO powers, Nancy pours salt on top of the tissue, and screws the pepper shaker lid back on. She smiles, admires her handy work.

ALEX

Yep, that's giving it to the man.

NANCY

Fuck off, snow flake. I doubt you even know what giving it to the man feels like.

ALEX

Thankfully, not really my cup of tea.

Under the table, Nancy thrusts her foot up towards Alex's groin. The young man jumps in shock, banging the table with his knees and scattering cutlery in the process.

NANCY

I, on the other hand, most definitely know what it feels like to give it to the man.

Nancy slowly bites her lip. Alex looks on, confused and slightly worried.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bradley drags Carol through the front door of his apartment. The two are a ball of frantic energy and passion as they embrace.

Carol pushes Bradley down onto a couch. She reaches for a nearby BOX OF CHOCOLATES and teases one around his lips, before she pulls it back and munches it herself.

BRADLEY  
On the first date?

CAROL  
I need an antidote to boredom and  
you tick all the boxes.

Carol takes her top off but as she moves to her bra she stops and reaches for her throat, her breathing suddenly labored.

BRADLEY  
Want some water?

Carol grabs the box of chocolates and recoils in horror as she hurriedly reads the ingredients.

CAROL  
(choking)  
Nuts?

BRADLEY  
Fuck.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A door crashes open and Nancy kicks Alex towards a bed.

NANCY  
Bed.

The man stands there, a face like that of a confused labradoodle puppy. He looks down at the bed, then back to Nancy.

ALEX  
Yes?

NANCY  
Get on the fucking bed now!

Alex hurriedly obeys.

NANCY  
Strip!

As he gets his shirt off, Nancy grabs some nearby cord and straps Alex's wrists to the bed frame. She drags down his trousers and reveals Spongebob Squarepants boxers.

Nancy frowns, not happy with the discovery.

ALEX  
I can explain...

NANCY  
No, I've had enough of chit chat.

The EMO warrior pulls a blindfold over Alex's eyes and moves towards a chest of drawers. He lies there, smiling to himself.

NANCY  
(muttering)  
I'll fucking show you sticking it  
to the man.

ALEX  
I think I got you all wrong, you're  
more fun than I thought.

Nancy opens the top drawer and pulls out a massive RED DILDO. She smiles to herself as she approaches the bed.

NANCY  
Okay, Alex. Lube or no lube, that  
is the question?

ALEX  
What?

Alex's smile rapidly dissipates.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Carol lies on a trolley bed in a corridor, an oxygen mask covering her face. Two NURSES walk past.

NURSE 1  
I've no idea how it got so far up  
there.

NURSE 2  
The poor guy, another Tinder  
trauma.

A second trolley bed comes to rest beside Carol, who is shocked to find Alex lying there. The man has his knees up by his chest and tears run from his eyes.

Carol reaches her hand across and holds his. Alex turns and smiles when he finds her, he doesn't pull away.

ALEX

Nuts?

Carol nods her head and pulls her mask down.

CAROL

What happened to...

ALEX

Not here.

There's a long pause, the two look away from each other.

ALEX

I'm sorry I was boring.

CAROL

No, I was the boring one.

ALEX

Okay, we were both boring, but I miss being boring together.

They turn to look into each other's eyes.

ALEX

Would you be happy with once every other night?

CAROL

I'd be happy with once a week.

Alex smiles. He attempts to lean across and kiss Carol, but recoils in agony as he fails to lift his tender rear end from the bed.

ALEX

Once a week, starting next week.

FADE OUT:

END