

**LET DOWN** - For 50 Kisses

by

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A well dressed GAVIN (30) enters a modern apartment carrying flowers, a valentine's card, chocolates and champagne. Moving to the kitchen he opens the fridge and puts in the champagne. Doing so, (O.S.) he hears the giggly TITTER of TWO VOICES, ONE MALE, ONE FEMALE. Not quite hearing right, still attentive to the sound, he closes the fridge, the fridge door alerting the voices that WHISPER amongst themselves.

Gavin carefully puts the flowers and chocolates down on the kitchen table and hears movement coming from the bedroom. After a moment's hesitation he storms into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

From behind the back of the head of a blonde long haired UNSEEN FEMALE an angry Gavin marches in. Her slightly unfocused leg is angled but it's clear she wears lingerie.

GAVIN

Oh no! It won't work this time.  
The old waiting for me in sexy  
underwear gambit! I know there's  
someone in here with you!

Gavin gets down on the floor.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Where could they be? Under here?

Gavin searches under the bed but finds nothing but cases. He gets up and walks to the wardrobe.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

What about here? Not many..

Gavin sharply opens the wardrobe door and searches inside.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Places left!

After knocking clothes on hangars about Gavin comes out. He confronts the still not properly seen woman.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Alright then! I've warned you  
enough times. Think you can make a  
fool out of me? Huh!

Gavin's hands make to throttle the woman, but moving closer he relents with pity and love. He leans over the bed and delicately, and then PASSIONATELY kisses; A BLOW-UP DOLL.

As the passionate kiss becomes a soft kiss once more his hand reaches between its/her thighs to release the air-value. Fighting make tears, Gavin's lips move away enough for him to whisper.

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
Farewell, my lovely!

Gavin is about to resume the kiss, the sound of the air releasing, when his eyes notice something above.

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
Uh?

On the CEILING, in a cross position, is a male MANNEQUIN wearing a thong and curly-toed Ali-Baba slippers.

Gavin, in shock, moves away from the Doll only for the Mannequin to lose its grip and fall on top of him. The two grapple and fight, rolling over the Doll on the bed, releasing more air, creating squeaky noises from the release and then rolling onto the floor.

Mannequin and man are back on their feet. The Mannequin looks at the Doll which is deflating fast. The Mannequin's hands go up to its head in horror. A solid arm swings and hits Gavin squarely on the jaw, who recoils in shock and pain. Gavin touches his face; blood!

Gavin lunges at the Mannequin, grabbing it around the neck.

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
Bastard!

He shakes it one way, then the other, until the head comes away! Gavin stutters backwards, the head in his hands.

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
What have I done!

Gently, Gavin places the Mannequin head face to face next to the now deflated head of the Doll. He strokes her hair.

Moving away Gavin steps back a few paces, looking lovingly at the Doll and the head of her dead lover. He bumps into something. Turning around slowly, the headless Mannequin is still standing. It charges at him.

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
Shi..

FADE OUT.