

TIED UP

Written by

Christopher D. Bacon

chrisbacon.email@gmail.com
+44 (0)7515 294 775

INT. RESTAURANT - VALENTINE'S DAY NIGHT

An achingly cool restaurant filled with beautiful people. So cool, the only acknowledgment it's Valentine's Day is the Alessi heart-shaped spoons set on each table.

SARAH (late 20s) sits alone at a window table. A refined brunette beauty, she exudes class and elegance although also, right at this moment, irritation.

She stares out the window at the world rushing past. Flowers, chocolates, novelty balloons. Couples embracing. She fidgets with her engagement ring, sliding it up and down her finger.

Her phone BUZZES. She picks it up slowly from the table, eyes narrowing as she reads the message:

'Leaving office now. Got tied up. Ten minutes max!! xx'

Quietly seething now, she places the phone down and signals to a waitress for a refill of her near empty cocktail.

She surveys the room. Lots of glamour couples. Some deep in conversation. Some just staring deeply into each other's eyes, all loved up.

But there at the back, at the table you get to book months in advance when you're not a somebody, a YOUNG WOMAN (16) sits on her own. Her dress stands out as pretty rather than fashionable, more 'first prom' than Vogue. She's also the only person in the restaurant with Down's Syndrome.

When the young woman sees Sarah looking at her, she gives her a big, sweet smile. Sarah smiles back - more polite than warm - and returns to staring out the window.

Through the bustling crowds, diagonally across the road and down a few shops, she sees a YOUNG MAN (17). He's wearing a very formal black suit, standing in front of a shop window.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Reflected in the window, the young man is juggling a very big bunch of flowers whilst trying to tie his tie in a hurry.

His brow is furrowed with concentration. This is clearly something he doesn't do often, if ever. He also has Down's.

Try as he might, he just can't get the knot right. And he's beginning to get upset. He turns to ask passers by for help. Banker-types, ties windsored with practised expertise, brush past, not even acknowledging his existence.

One is so keen to avoid eye contact, he careens into the young man, knocking his flowers to the ground. The young man scrambles for them, but not before they are trampled.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Sarah sees the young woman is looking at her watch, worried.

Sarah's phone BUZZES. She opens the message.

"Just 5 more mins. One last thing I need to do. Sorry!! xx"

She picks up her clutch and is about to head out, when through the window she sees --

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

A SHARP-DRESSED MAN (mid 30s) holding an enormous bunch of red roses has stopped to help. He has the young man hold the roses whilst he ties his tie for him with fluid precision.

As he pulls the knot tight, he turns the young man round so he can see himself in the store reflection. The young man beams when he sees himself fully suited up.

The sharp-dressed man notes the crushed flowers the young man holds and shakes his head - "That won't do at all." He signals for the young man to keep the large bunch of roses, taking out and keeping only a single red rose for himself.

The young man, overwhelmed, hugs the sharp-dressed man.

INT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah smiles, her eyes ever so slightly misty.

She watches the young man enter the restaurant and head towards the young woman. When the young woman sees him coming towards her, her faces lights up like it's Christmas.

He gives her the enormous bunch of roses, and she gives him a kiss on the cheek. His face lights up too.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I know, I know, I'm really sorr--

Sarah stands and faces the sharp-dressed man, just as he arrives at her table, holding the single red rose. She grabs him and kisses him deeply, a heady mix of passion and love. When they finally comes up for air --

SHARP-DRESSED MAN

What was that for?

SARAH

For being you.