

**The London Screenwriters' Festival 2012**

***50 KISSES COMPETITION***

Name: Bibi Quraishiyah Durbarry

Address: 15, Labourdonnais Street Mahebourg  
Mauritius

E-mail: [sunlight200000@yahoo.com](mailto:sunlight200000@yahoo.com)

Script: *For A Kiss*

## FOR A KISS

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (ABOUT TEN O'CLOCK)

The room is filled with cards and flowers. A woman of about thirty is reading the cards on her bed. She piles the cards until the stack falls on the floor. She moans :

### **WOMAN**

(Alone! All alone! Forever and ever!)

With a resigned look, she takes her mobile and starts dialing. The first number rings occupied.

### **Woman**

(Busy... This one perhaps...)

She tries another. She gets the message box.

She tries another and after ten rings someone picks up. She doesn't even get the time to say hi.

### **1st MAN'S VOICE**

(Not tonight sweetie.)

She sits with the phone to her ear a moment. She then dials another number. She gets the voice message - mobile may be switched off. She tries another and someone unhooks finally.

### **2nd MAN'S VOICE**

(Wifey's night babe. I'll see you around soon.)

Phone clicks. She dials another number.

### **3rd MAN'S VOICE**

(Hi.)

And without waiting for her answer.

(Oh yea, urgent. I'll come right away.)

### **Woman**

(Huh, yea, I was thinking if...)

The phone clicks. She picks the flowers and throws the petals on the bed. The doorbell rings. The 3rd man enters with a bouquet and champagne.

### **3rd MAN**

(Here's for you ma belle.)

She takes the flower and kisses him. He holds her and kisses her back long. Pushing him, she takes everything to the cabinet.

### **3rd man**

(Wow. All set for a fun night.)

Goes to lie on the bed at the same time.

(I was getting so bored at my girlfriend's place. Her parents decided to pass the evening home with us. On Valentine's night?! Saved by your call! Come on dearie. I don't like cold plates!)

The woman still facing the cabinet.

**Woman**

(I just wanted...)

**3rd man**

(I'm not in a playful mood tonight sweetie. Just want it fast and quick. Make it quick and fast.)

She remains still, he comes to her. She is static, lost. Then coming back to herself, disengages his grip.

(What the...)

**Woman**

Trying to sound forceful.

(I don't want to...)

**3rd man**

(Come on... This little show of resistance is exciting me more.)

Once more she has to push him and does it so hard that he stumbles.

(Bitch! What are you doing? Why did you call me if you didn't want to do anything.)

Goes to her and shakes her.

(You called me, call-girl! And you refuse me!!)

He tries to fondle her again but seeing she is relentless, pushes her against the cabinet and makes for the door angrily. He opens the door but turns back again.

(What cheek! A call-girl who calls me for nothing!)

He approaches the girl, but dodging her, he takes the champagne bottle he had brought.

(And thank God I'm just leaving you. Another would have taken his due for the disturbance... by force.)

He goes out slamming the door. She takes her glass on the cabinet and sits on the bed. She murmurs.

**Woman**

(I just wanted...)

Her head drops. A single tear flowing from her eyes falls in the glass. The glass slides from her hand and smashes to the floor.

CLOSE-UP of the broken glass and spilled wine while a murmur is heard.

(A good night kiss.)

FADE OUT.