

Pissing 'n' Kissing
(formerly "Sloppy Snogs")

by
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Draft Two

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EXT. STREET/PAVEMENT/OUTSIDE ESTATE AGENT DOORWAY. NIGHT 1.

A drunk man, **GARY** (25+/lanky/thick as shit/major Chav) staggers in front of an Estate Agents shop, piggy-back carrying his equally drunk girlfriend **CHANTELLE** (25+/dumpy/stroppy/dress bursting/makeup-more colours than a Dulux paint chart) is holding in one hand a kebab & in the other her gaudy cheap shoes. She has a wilting rose trapped between her burly boobs & a floating heart balloon tied to her bra strap. Gary pulls up in front of the doorway. The paralytic couple are completely unaware of a **HOMELESS MAN** (30+/savvy/rogue)& his **DOG** watching them from the doorway.

CHANTELLE

Aye Gary? I really, really,
really, really, really love yer.

GARY

'Ere get off a minute, will yer?

Gary dumps Chantelle on the pavement. Unzips his jeans.

CHANTELLE

Did yer hear what I just said?

GARY

I is busting for a waz.

CHANTELLE

Gary!

GARY

What?!

CHANTELLE

Yer suppose to say yer love us
back!

Gary holding his manhood is looking for somewhere to pee.

GARY

Keep an eye out for us, will yer?

CHANTELLE

(childishly whimpers)
Don't yer love me anymore?

GARY

Eh? Don't start all that now.

CHANTELLE

It's her, ain't it? It's that
fat, blonde bint from yer works.
You're shagging that thing, ain't
yer? How could yer? When I've
given yer everything. Given yer
all this!
(Falters back/posing arrogantly)

GARY

It ain't her. (Beat) I wish.

CHANTELLE

Oh my God! There's some other slapper, ain't there? You're bastard to me you are Gary Filpot

GARY

I'm gonna piss in my fist 'ere in a minute. Look there's no-one else. Just you, yer mad cow.

CHANTELLE

Then why can't yer tell us that you love me then?

GARY

Hell fire Chantelle, I just bought yer a kebab, didn't I?

Gary moves towards the doorway. The Homeless Man pops open a battered umbrella guarding him & his dog from the forthcoming golden shower.

CHANTELLE

It's over Gary! I hate yer. I really, really, really hate yer.

Chantelle throws the kebab, then the rose, followed by shoes. Gary protecting his exposed tackle, dodges the incoming missiles as they land in the doorway.

CHANTELLE

Can't believe you'd do this to me
(faux hysterical tears)
... and on Valentine's Day!

Gary walks back to her, still holding family jewels.

GARY

I love yer, yer daft mare. OK?

Chantelle hugs Gary, they look tenderly into one another's eyes, their lips draw closer & closer, then - Gary groans & stream of steaming piss pools around Chantelle's bare feet.

CHANTELLE

Don't believe you! Not again!

Chantelle storms off, followed limply by Gary. In the background the Homeless Man sitting with his dog, who is now sporting the wilting red rose in its collar, looks on as they share the discarded Kebab. The grateful hound lands a sloppy kiss on his owner's mouth. The Homeless Man smiles lovingly at his best friend and pats him. A heart balloon (was Chantelle's) floats by into the night.

