

Bachelor Pad

By

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INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Outside the front door the POSTMAN approaches. Onto the mat fall some cards in pink, red, and white envelopes.

ELAINE's slipper-less feet plod up to the cards. A feminine hand in the sleeve of a silky dressing gown picks up the cards. The feet turn to walk from the door.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Wearing an oversized silky dressing gown and last night's make-up, Elaine enters, shuffling through the cards with a less-than-impressed look on her face.

ELAINE

James Carr, pf! Casa-bloody-nova.

Elaine rips the stack of cards in two, flips open the bin, and pops the cards into it. She looks around -- spots a gravy boat, and pours the congealed gravy into the bin.

She goes to the sink -- it is filled with a load of dirty plates, pans, and glasses. She picks a glass up from the draining board, holds it up to the light -- a lipstick mark adorns the edge. She shrugs and fills the glass from the tap. She glugs from the glass --

JAMES

(O.S.)

You're up early.

Surprised, Elaine chokes on the mouthful of water, spraying and dribbling it from her mouth. Elaine whirls around. JAMES is stood by the door, towel round his waist.

ELAINE

James! Er, pardon?

JAMES

I said you're up early, no?

ELAINE

I was thirsty.

JAMES

So I see.

He gestures towards a dark wet patch covering a portion of dressing gown on Elaine's bosom -- she is flustered.

ELAINE

Er, sorry for the, er...

JAMES

No problem, it's only water.
Well, I presume it's only water.

(CONTINUED)

Elaine nods.

JAMES
Did I hear the post?

Elaine glances nervously at the bin.

ELAINE
No, I don't think so. I was just starting to tidy up.

JAMES
Don't worry about that. My dad has a cleaner comes to do that.

ELAINE
Your dad?

JAMES
Yes, this is his 'bachelor pad'. I'm just house-sitting.

ELAINE
Oh, yes. What's he called again?

JAMES
He's James too.

ELAINE
(penny drops)
Ah... James.

James crosses to Elaine, holds her by the shoulders.

JAMES
I really like you, Elaine, you're down to earth, what you see is what you get. I'm sick of jealous types and hopeless romantics.

He pulls her close and kisses her passionately. She pulls back slightly, he looks at her with a question.

ELAINE
I need to tell you something.

JAMES
What is it?

ELAINE
Erm, nothing... kiss me again.

Smiling, he kisses her again -- there is fear in her eyes.

FADE OUT