

Q-Piddy

By

Paul W. Franklin

Paul W. Franklin
paulwfranklin@gmx.co.uk
+44 7817 745100

FADE IN:

INT. CUPID'S OFFICE - DAY

CUPID - 20s, wings, cherubic, but dressed very 'street' - relaxes in an office that is more of a den, with fancy seats, modern art etc. A RED BOW sits next to him.

He faces slightly O.C., towards an unseen interviewer.

ON-SCREEN TITLES: 'CUPID'

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Well, it's Valentine's Day, and I'm delighted to be joined by Cupid, who's taken time out --

CUPID

(Interrupting)

It ain't Cupid. It's 'Q-Piddy'.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Cu...piddy?

The titles change to 'Q-PIDDY'.

He's obviously middle-class but trying hard to seem 'urban'.

CUPID

Yeah, Cupid's well old, innit? Gotta get with the times, reprazent the people, ya feel me?

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Er, yes, I'm feeling you.

(Beat)

Tell me, how are you finding work in the current climate?

CUPID

Well, it's winter innit. Peeps is all about snugglin' on da sofa n dat, keepin' each other warm, know what I'm sayin' bruv...?

Cupid gives a playful wink.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

(laughs nervously)

Um, no I meant nowadays where people appear to find it so hard to find love, and the divorce rate is so high?

(CONTINUED)

CUPID

Oh! Dat IS my work. Dat's what I do: Hook people up dat ain't right for each other.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

I... I'm sorry, you make people who aren't compatible fall in love? But isn't that... entirely wrong?

CUPID

Hey, read my job description bruv, ain't nuttin' in there about *combat-ability*. Besides, 'Love' is a made-up ting. You *fink* you love someone, you don't, you get divorced, you meet someone else... Better value for money, innit?

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

But...

CUPID

I can fire my magic weapon at *whoever* I like.

(Beat)

I got mad skillz with a bow, man.

He MIMICS firing an arrow... and spots something out the window. He grabs his real BOW AND ARROW, takes aim.

CUPID (CONT'D)

Check dis! Skinny geek boy on the bench and fat chick walking past. Dat's a weddin' I'd *pay* to see!

He FIRES.

CUPID (CONT'D)

BOOM, right in the face!
(To interviewer) Did you see dat, bruv, did you see dat?!

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

But you can't...

Cupid KISSES the bow and slumps triumphantly down.

CUPID

Allow it!

FADE OUT.