

Taking Chances

By

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INT. DAY JAMIE'S FLAT- LIVING ROOM

A sparsely furnished one-bedroom flat. A greeting card with "Happy S. Valentine's day" on its cover lies on the floor near to the main door, underneath the letterbox.

The door opens. JAMIE, a short, rather good-looking guy in his early thirties, comes in silently, looking over his shoulders. He cautiously closes the door.

He notices the card and picks it up. After a quick look, he throws it back on the floor. Suddenly, the door bell rings. Jamie peeps through the door hole.

EXT. DAY OUTSIDE JAMIE'S FLAT- JAMIE'S P.O.V.

SUZY, a nicely dressed, rather tall young woman, is waiting outside.

INT. DAY JAMIE'S FLAT

Jamie waits for a while, then silently begins to walk away from the door. His foot slips over the card, still lying on the floor, and he almost falls, making a lot of noise.

The door bell rings once more. He turns back to face the door again. After a moment of hesitation, he bursts it open.

EXT. DAY OUTSIDE JAMIE'S FLAT

Suzy is still there. Jamie faces her, holding the door half-open, without letting her in.

JAMIE

Listen, this has to stop.

Suzy advances a little. He looks up at her. They are evidently quite mismatched in heights.

SUZY

You said you liked me.

JAMIE

I was being polite. I don't think I can be physically attracted to you.

She freezes.

(CONTINUED)

JAMIE

You are just a bit... too tall. It makes me feel uncomfortable.

(beat)

Sorry.

SUZY

For me, it was your hair, but I overlooked that on account of your nice smile...Can't you do the same?

She steps forwards again, getting even closer.

SUZY

How can you be so sure we are not compatible? We didn't even kiss.

They stare at each other for a moment until Jamie lets go of the door. Suzy leans forward and starts kissing him. He slowly begins to respond, becoming more and more passionate until she pulls away.

JAMIE

I think I might be able to overlook the height thing after all.

They both pull themselves together. Jamie extracts a cigarette from his pocket. Suzy adjusts her hair.

SUZY

Wait. Do you smoke? Well... I guess we are not suited after all.

JAMIE

What happened to overlooking?

SUZY

There are limits. The hair is one thing. Smoking ... It's too much.

She begins to walk away.

SUZY

Thank you very much for trying though.

(beat)

Really appreciated.

After a moment, Jamie throws the cigarette away.

JAMIE

Wait! Maybe I can quit...

THE END