

A Bit of Lip

**50 KISSES**

by

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28 June 2012

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FADE IN

EXT. PARK - DAY

GIRL (20), gorgeous, individual, authentic, inhabits a bench.

She nibbles sushi, devours NME. In large headphones, she is completely comfortable in her body and space.

But her peace is shattered: uber-slick estate agent ADONIS (24) struts into view.

He notices Girl, exaggerates his already-exaggerated 'cock-of-the-walk' gait, and smooths back his hair.

Girl drops her jaw in mock awe, returns to her mag. But with crashing inevitability he stops, his groin level with her face. She reluctantly moves her chic handbag. He winks, suggestive, hopeful. She yawns.

ADONIS

You believe in love at first sight?

Girl raises a dismissive eyebrow.

ADONIS (CONT'D)

...or should I walk by again?

She taps her headphones, shrugs her shoulders. He wanders around the bench, scours the floor, invades her space.

She sighs, stares into her magazine.

ADONIS (CONT'D)

Excuse me. (beat) EXCUSE ME!

He taps her shoulder. She turns, ready to hit him, lifts one headphone. Thrash metal music pours out.

ADONIS (CONT'D)

Have you seen a set of car keys?

Girl shakes her head, replaces headphone, returns to her mag.

ADONIS (CONT'D)

Ferrari keys? FERRARI?

She looks him up and down, snorts, turns up the volume.

Unabashed, he sits. Girl coils into her corner of the bench.

An elderly couple pass. Old Man winks Adonis a knowing wink.

ADONIS (CONT'D)

(encouraged, shouts)

I'm sorry, But you with those curves, and me with no brakes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Old Man rolls his eyes in disappointment, nudges his wife.

OLD WOMAN

What a twat!

Girl sighs, dabs the corners of her mouth with a napkin, and coolly shoots her empty sushi box into a nearby bin.

She pulls lipsalve from her bag. Adonis spies an opportunity.

ADONIS

Hey! Hey!

His excitement arouses Girl's curiosity. She stops the music and removes her headphones.

ADONIS (CONT'D)

You know the best lip therapy?

GIRL

No...

ADONIS

Kissing!

GIRL

Oh. Really?

ADONIS

Yeah! Really! Kissing is great!

Applying lipsalve seductively, Girl's demeanour changes. She engages Adonis in eye contact, rolls up her magazine and slips it slowly, suggestively, into her handbag.

Then, in one deft movement, she rolls across the bench into a kneeling position, straddling him.

Noses almost touch. Her eyes widen. She tilts, as if to kiss.

Adonis closes his eyes... So he doesn't see the punch coming.

GIRL

You'll need someone to kiss that.

Adonis looks into Girl's eyes, hurt.

She sees the lost boy behind the facade.

She smiles.

Kisses him.

The kiss is warm and passionate.

FADE OUT