

**50 KISSES**  
**ROMANTIC HIDEAWAY**  
by  
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EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

A pretty front door. Warm and welcoming.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

NORMAN (40s, very average) inserts a gloriously kitsch Valentine's card into a loud envelope and seals it. He writes "S.W.A.L.K." over the closed flap and kisses it.

Norman props the envelope - addressed to "Elena" - on a breakfast tray already brimming with romantic gestures: a single red rose, coffee with "I ♥ U" in the froth, toast with jam applied in the shape of kissing lips.

And on a pink napkin, Norman lays some plastic cutlery.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

As Norman enters with the tray, ELENA (21, pretty) is asleep, sprawled, half-covered on a rumpled double bed.

NORMAN

Wakey Wakey! Rise and shine!

Elena yawns but on seeing Norman, she pulls the bed sheet up to her shoulders and defiantly turns away.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Come on - don't be like that - it's Valentine's Day! I promise you, it's gonna be even better than last year. And what a more perfect way to start than breakfast in bed.

Elena relents and sits up as Norman rests the tray on her lap. He runs his hand through her hair.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

That's my girl.

Elena gulps down the food ignoring Norman and the card. Irritated, Norman points out the "S.W.A.L.K." message.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

One kiss deserves another.

Norman proffers his cheek to Elena - and waits.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Got a lovely treat planned tonight.

Elena puckers her lips and moves in for the kiss - not to Norman's cheek but his lips. Norman closes his eyes.

Suddenly the breakfast tray crashes onto the floor. Norman opens his eyes and lets out a gurgled cry as he is throttled by a heavy duty chain.

One end of the chain is fixed to the wall - the other end secured to a locked leg iron around Elena's ankle.

Elena, standing on the other side of the bed now, pulls to keep the chain - and the noose - taut.

Norman resists, tries to create slack around his neck.

Elena leans back further - disturbing a collection of drawings off a shelf, which then flutter to the floor.

She fights for traction, her bare feet trample and rip the drawings - some are basic, childlike - others refined, the work of an adult. All are signed "Elena".

Norman wets himself, stops struggling and goes limp.

Elena releases the chain and goes over to Norman's body to search his pockets. She pulls out a bunch of keys.

But none of the keys fit the lock on her leg iron.

Then Elena sees the padlock used to lock the room door. (The door opens inwards). The padlock key is on a fob which has a second key - the key to her leg iron.

Elena rushes to the door but there is not enough chain for her to reach the key. She is short by a metre.

Elena looks around for something to use - goes back to Norman's body and removes his belt.

Elena tries to trap the padlock key with the belt buckle. She has two throws - almost hooking the key.

On her third go, she misses the padlock but hits the inside door edge - which then swings shut - leaving the leg-iron key on the other side of the now closed door.

A look of horror on Elena's face but she reins in her panic to search Norman's pockets again and finds what she's looking for: Norman's smartphone. Elena dials.

ELENA

No!

Elena sobs. The smartphone screen says: "No Signal".

ELENA (CONT'D)

Help! Somebody help! Help me!

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

A slow zoom out reveals Norman's romantic hideaway is secluded. Isolated. Practical. There are no neighbours - no passers-by - no one to hear Elena's cries for help.