

SEVEN DEADLY SINS: GREED

Reciprocation

by

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FADE IN:

INT. FRANCO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A cheap Italian restaurant. The red and white checked table cloths are stained and the bread baskets half full.

The small wooden tables dotted around the cramped room barely accommodate the two hard as nails chairs they house.

FRANCO (50s), the cheerful manager, breezes around to his customers. The consummate host.

FRANCO

And how are you finding your
Bolognese, sir?

MAN

It's ok.

WOMAN

We could maybe have more Bolognese
next time?

The rattle of the bell CLINKS over the door, GORDON and CHERYL, both in their early 30s, enter the restaurant.

FRANCO (O.S.)

Ahhh, Mr Jones - I'll be right
there.

Gordon and Cheryl wait to be seated.

GORDON

Should we just sit, Franco?

FRANCO (O.S.)

Take your pick.

Gordon moves to the table nearest the door.

CHERYL

It's by the door.

GORDON

So?

CHERYL

Let's go over there...

She points to the "luxury" corner seat -

GORDON

This'll do.

CHERYL

At least we've gone posh.

LATER

Gordon faces his plate, and just his plate - he takes large mouthfuls.

The shared chicken wings plate sits next to his main, together with the bread basket.

Cheryl uses her fork to play with the spaghetti.

He finishes his last bite, and takes a gulp of his wine.

GORDON

The boys are going to the Alps.

CHERYL

When?

GORDON

Friday.

CHERYL

Did you tell them you're busy?

GORDON

I booked my ticket yesterday.

CHERYL

What about my sister's -

GORDON

She doesn't like me anyway.

CHERYL

No, she doesn't.

GORDON

It's a lads' weekend. I never said I would go to your sister's.

CHERYL

A year today and you haven't changed one bit.

Cheryl raises her glass.

GORDON

You don't need to stay with me.

CHERYL

What would I do without my Gordon?

He pauses.

GORDON

What did you want to ask me?

The knife and fork are placed on the plate by Cheryl.

CHERYL

I saw a gorgeous ring.

GORDON

So?

CHERYL

Well, it's our first year anniversary, and I've been very kind to you...

She hands him a card.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

Call this guy, I reserved it - I didn't think you'd mind.

He takes the card off her.

GORDON

I'll look into it.

She leans across and kisses him while focusing her eyes away from him.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Do you want the rest of that chicken?

Without an answer, Gordon reaches across and lifts it.

Ignoring Cheryl's glare, he shovels her chicken down.

He looks around the restaurant.

GORDON (CONT'D)

The little boy's room is calling.

He disappears down the winding stairwell.

Cheryl takes her phone out and dials.

CHERYL
(into phone)
It's me. Yeah, he's going to get
the ring...

DOWNSTAIRS TOILET AREA

The WOMAN from upstairs leaves the ladies as Gordon reaches the gents.

He spots her and changes direction to block her route in this tight corridor - accidentally of course.

She almost bumps into him.

WOMAN
Sorry.
(beat)
It's quiet up there, eh.

GORDON
You're lovely.

WOMAN
Excuse me?

GORDON
I'm Gordon.

WOMAN
Ok...

GORDON
And I'm speaking to?

WOMAN
Sasha.

She runs her hand through her hair.

Reacting to this, he looks her up and down.

SASHA
Do I recognise you? You look
familiar.

GORDON
Really.

SASHA
Did we meet before?

GORDON
We should've.

SASHA
Look, I have to go -

GORDON
The TV - I've been on the news.

She playfully slaps her forehead.

SASHA
How could I forget - you're...

Pausing.

GORDON
Trying to buy out a company.

SASHA
On the cheap.

GORDON
That's right.

SASHA
But you're going to be
investigated for fraud?

He fiddles in his wallet -

GORDON
Here's my card.

SASHA
And... why would I want this?

She looks at the card -

SASHA (CONT'D)
Gordon?

GORDON
I'm sure we can find a reason.

He winks, and enters the gents.

Sasha looks at the card, flicks it against her knuckles and drops it into her pocket.

UPSTAIRS - LATER

Gordon meticulously studies the bill.

GORDON
This isn't right.

CHERYL
Let me look at that.

She snatches the bill.

CHERYL
It's £25.

GORDON
Did he include the tip?

EXT. TAXI RANK - LATER

Gordon and Cheryl stand in the pouring rain.

CHERYL
Could we just get the next taxi?

GORDON
I don't work my arse off to pay
these guys an inflated fare.

CHERYL
Your place is just 5 minutes down
the road.

She flags down a taxi.

It pulls in, and Gordon peeks his head into the passenger side.

GORDON
How much -

Cheryl pushes past and jumps in the back of the taxi.

CHERYL
(to driver)
145 Montgomery, please.

INT. GORDON'S APARTMENT - LATER

This is the bachelor pad city slickers dream of on their first day on the job.

The contemporary fittings give perfect illustration to the mound of money spent decorating this place.

A clattering of keys and raised voices mix outside the front door, and then -

CHERYL (O.S.)

Just give me the fuckin' keys!

Cheryl bursts into the apartment.

CHERYL

You spend thousands on doing this apartment up, and you moan about spending £25 on our 1st anniversary dinner.

Gordon walks into the apartment and slams the door shut.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

And I then have to pay for the fuckin' taxi.

GORDON

You're in a mood 'cos you had to pay the taxi.

CHERYL (O.S.)

It's about tonight.

GORDON

More fucking trouble than you're worth.

CHERYL (O.S.)

What's that mean?

GORDON

You're supposed to be a trophy girlfriend.

CHERYL (O.S.)

I am, and it costs to keep it.

GORDON

I'll sell you to the highest bidder then.

Cheryl reappears from the kitchen of this open plan opulence.

CHERYL

What did you say?

Cheryl wrestles with a shoe as she tries to lift it off.

GORDON
You heard me.

CHERYL
And I saw you making eyes with
that sexy little number in there.

GORDON
Oh, fuck off.

Cheryl succeeds with her shoe and throws it at Gordon.

He ducks and it knocks an ornament onto the floor. Gordon
watches in horror as the ornament SMASHES.

GORDON
Do you know how much that cost?

CHERYL
What about me?

GORDON
I paid a grand for that.

CHERYL
Did you just hear me?

GORDON
You can forget the ring.

CHERYL
I'm going to bed. Go, fuck
yourself.

GORDON
Then go back to your place.

Cheryl throws her other shoe, which hits Gordon.

She heads into the bedroom.

LATER

Gordon finishes his last gulp of wine. He checks his watch:
02.10.

The TV plays at a volume more suited to 14.10 - he switches
it off.

INT. BEDROOM

Gordon opens the door with not a care in the world.

The loud creak awakens Cheryl. She stirs and slowly takes notice of him.

GORDON
I'm coming to bed.

CHERYL
Then get in.

He switches on the light.

CHERYL
I'm trying to sleep.

GORDON
No more arguments, yeah?

She throws her pillow at him.

He throws it back.

GORDON
You look great.

CHERYL
You owe me.

GORDON
I always do.

CHERYL
Hurry up before I go back to
sleep..

She throws the duvet open with a come hither look -

GORDON
I just need to take this eye-liner
off.

CHERYL
Leave your man-liner until the
morning.

GORDON
I'm not waking up with eyes stuck
together.

Cheryl puts the pillow over her head while he clatters around.

The sound of GRUNTING suddenly pierces through her pillow.

CHERYL

She stares in disbelief.

GORDON

He uses the bottom of the bed to position himself for the requisite 10 push-ups before bed.

A loud GROAN accompanies the final push-up.

GORDON
(off her look)
I need the elevation to optimise.

He regards himself in the mirror - the labour of his 'work' barely paying off.

GORDON (CONT'D)
I'm ready.

CHERYL
Too late, I've lost the mood.

In one fell swoop, Gordon slips off his boxer shorts and in an all too clumsy move, thrusts himself toward Cheryl.

GORDON (CONT'D)
C'mon, baby.

CHERYL
Too late.

GORDON
I promise to return the favour...

CHERYL
Too late.

GORDON
I'll get the ring tomorrow.

She perks up.

CHERYL
You will, will you...

She opens the duvet once more.

LATER

Gordon lays breathless on his back. Cheryl appears from under the duvet.

She shifts to her side of the bed and expectantly looks at him.

He steps out of the bed.

GORDON

I'm tired.

CHERYL

What about me? Do I get to cum?

GORDON

Tomorrow.

He switches the light off and gets back into bed.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Gordon wakes. He turns to see that Cheryl is not there.

GORDON

Cheryl?

CHERYL (O.S.)

What?

GORDON

Any chance of breakfast in bed?

CHERYL (O.S.)

Just a minute.

INT. KITCHEN

Cheryl, dressed in business attire, pours an OJ.

CHERYL

(into phone)

It'll be two months until I turn that ring into an engagement ring - 2 years service, and I am out of here with 50%. Look, I got to go.

INT. BEDROOM

She walks in with a tray, complete with full English, newspaper and the OJ.

GORDON
Perfect.

CHERYL
I got to go out.

GORDON
Nice suit.

CHERYL
I'll be back later.

GORDON
No, stay at your place, I need to
sort a few things out.

CHERYL
But -

GORDON
I need to sort out your ring...

She strokes his head.

CHERYL
Ok.

GORDON
Meet me at Franco's tomorrow.

Another 'I'd rather kiss a toilet seat kiss'.

CHERYL
Enjoy your breakfast.

INT. FRANCO'S - DAY

Back at Franco's dive. Gordon is seated.

Cheryl walks in and takes a seat.

GORDON
Thanks for coming.

CHERYL
I missed you.

GORDON

I didn't.

CHERYL

What?

GORDON

It's time for something different.
I've had enough with white girls.

CHERYL

What?

GORDON

They say you should try and get to
as many different types of women
as possible - it's over.

CHERYL

What about my ring?

GORDON

I cancelled it.

CHERYL

But I earned that ring.

GORDON

I'm cancelling this arrangement.

CHERYL

But I love you.

Gordon pauses, and drinks his wine - all the while
retaining eye contact.

GORDON

I was cheating on you anyway.

She bows her head and starts to cry.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Put away the crocodile tears - one
woman has never been enough for
me.

CHERYL

I've given you a year, Gordon.

GORDON

So, we're all good?

CHERYL

You've just dumped me. And that's
all you have to say?

He looks at his watch.

Cheryl raises her head and grips Gordon's hand.

CHERYL

We can sort this out - I'll do
whatever you want.

He pauses and with a "fuck it" expression -

GORDON

I fucked her - that girl we saw
here last night.

Cheryl swallows hard.

CHERYL

You're unbelievable.

GORDON

You're just not that important to
me.

He looks at his watch.

GORDON

I don't have time for dinner.

CHERYL

Give me another chance.

GORDON

We're done.

She silently stares into space.

CHERYL

Let's do it for the last time? Say
goodbye properly.

GORDON

Keep talking..

CHERYL

Go get the car. I'll be two
minutes.

He gets up.

GORDON

Did I tell you that Tim likes you?
I'll pass you over to him.

INT. GORDON'S APARTMENT - DAY - FLASHBACK

Cheryl stands pouring OJ, and talks on the phone.

CHERYL (V.O.)

I spoke with Tim on the phone
yesterday.

INT. FRANCO'S

Gordon is poker serious -

GORDON

I might arrange to swap you for
Francesca..

(beat)

Great little ass.

Cheryl bites her lip.

GORDON

Hey Franco, we're not going to
stay.

FRANCO

Ok, next time, Mr Jones.

CHERYL

I'll be two minutes. Just need to
powder my nose.

Gordon exits the restaurant.

CHERYL

(to Franco)

I found lipstick in the ladies
last night - that couple come in
here often?

INT. BEDROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Gordon undresses while Cheryl is in the en-suite.

GORDON

I got a dinner date in a couple of
hours - we got to make this quick.

CHERYL (O.S.)
Oh, this will be short and sweet,
Gordon.

Gordon preens himself in the mirror.

GORDON
(to himself)
You're the man.

He puts his feet on the edge of the bed, and starts to push out the requisite 10 push-ups.

INT. EN-SUITE

Cheryl fiddles around in the cabinet. She picks out a pair of handcuffs, and a blindfold.

INT. BEDROOM

Gordon flexes his biceps in the mirror.

CHERYL (O.S.)
You'd better be in bed..

He races to the bed, much like an excited child might.

Cheryl re-emerges with the blindfold and handcuffs.

She switches off the light.

GORDON
I like the light on.

CHERYL
You be patient, I have something
special planned..

The sound of her walking to the bed.

GORDON
Should I be doing this for a woman
scorned?

CHERYL
(unconvincingly)
The sex is too good to give up
without one last time. We always
liked kinky..

The sound of her CLICKING the handcuffs into place.

INT. LOUNGE

Silence.

Cheryl walks through to the kitchen.

She walks back through to the bedroom and re-enters.

The utter materialism of Gordon's life stands patiently - waiting, silent.

Suddenly -

GORDON (O.S.)

NO!

INT. BEDROOM

Cheryl sits on Gordon.

He is confronted by the knife but 10cm from his face.

CHERYL

Did you really think I was that stupid, Gordon?

GORDON

Get that fucking knife away from me.

She applies pressure with the knife on his crotch.

GORDON (CONT'D)

We can sort this out.

CHERYL

I want £1,000,000 or little Gordon in a jar.

The knife draws blood on Gordon's inner thigh.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

What's more important?

INT. FRANCO'S - NIGHT

Franco plays the host once more for the same punters.

FRANCO

Is that Bolognese a little better this time?

MAN

It's ok.

SASHA

We could maybe have more Bolognese
next time?

Franco chuckles.

FRANCO

Every time you say this...

A news report from the TV catches Franco's attention.

He sees this -

FRANCO

Here it is.

And rushes to turn the volume up -

NEWS REPORTER

And after the break, we have more
on the media baron, Gordon Jones.
Attacked last night at the hands
of his girlfriend, Cheryl Watkins,
- it's understood that Watkins
sliced Jones' penis off and is
missing from her apartment. With
that and more, we'll be back in 2
minutes.

The MAN and Sasha stare with mouths agape.

MAN

What a crazy bitch.

Sasha pauses.

SASHA

I need the ladies.

DOWNSTAIRS TOILET AREA

Sasha walks into the tight corridor, and passes the gaping
double doors - wide open.

She walks into the loo.

Regarding herself in the mirror, her hands run through her
hair, and she starts to apply her red lipstick.

SASHA
(to herself;
chuckling)
Well, he wasn't any good, anyway.

She steps into the only cubicle.

A creak of the door as it opens - it closes, and is locked.

SASHA
Hello?

A faint sound of footsteps outside the cubicle.

Breaths can be heard.

The door is SMASHED open - Cheryl stands holding a knife.

CHERYL
Hello.

FADE OUT.

THE END