

THAT AWKWARD AGE

by

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BLACK SCREEN:

Heavy breathing. The soft sounds of clothes being removed.  
A zipper:

MAUREEN (O.S.)  
(giggling, playful)  
Oh, Jack! There he is again...

JACK (O.S.)  
Oh, baby...

MAUREEN (O.S.)  
Jack, wait, wait. You should wear  
a - you know.

JACK (O.S.)  
(trying to continue)  
I didn't bring one, baby.

MAUREEN (O.S.)  
(stopping him)  
You never do, do you?

JACK (O.S.)  
It's OK. It's better like this. I  
love to feel you...

MAUREEN tries to wriggle free:

MAUREEN (O.S.)  
Wait! There's one in... Just let  
me... Oh!

A tussle. Two pairs of naked feet stagger across the room.  
They fall - Maureen gives a little scream - onto the bed.  
More giggles. Springs creak as they jockey into position.

JACK (O.S.)  
We don't need...  
(slobbery kiss)  
Mmm. It's so much better like  
this.

Maureen sighs, gives in.

JACK (O.S.)(CONT'D)  
Maureen, baby, you're the best.

FADE IN:

EXT. MAUREEN'S BEDSIT - DAY

A brand new 1967 Jaguar is parked outside Maureen's cheap one-room rented apartment.

Behind the drawn curtains, the lovemaking bounces along at a steady canter.

INT. MAUREEN'S BEDSIT - DAY

JACK BENSON, completely naked except for one sock, and Maureen, underneath, are heading into the home straight.

Behind the door, Jack's expensive winter overcoat rubs shoulders with Maureen's ratty afghan.

On the floor, a bean bag and piles of cushions are arranged around a teapot, a bong, a torn-up cigarette packet, two empty mugs, an overflowing ashtray.

A dozen hothouse roses have been dumped in a vase.

The panting sounds from the bed become more urgent.

MAUREEN

Oh! Jack! Oh Jack!

Jack is approaching the finish line - but something is wrong. His gasps segue rapidly from pleasure to pain. His voice is strangled:

JACK

Mau... God! Gaackkk...

He collapses. His upper body twists off to one side so that he lands with his face turned away from Maureen.

We see Maureen clearly for the first time: she's about 18, slim, pretty, long hair. She's used to Jack's tomfoolery and she takes this for another of his practical jokes.

Jack - late 30s, still boyishly handsome - is having a heart attack. His open eyes are bulging, his hands clutch at nothing, his breath comes hard.

Maureen's legs are still wrapped around his thighs. She undulates experimentally.

MAUREEN

Jack?

Jack emits a horrible rattling groan. Maureen finally realises that he's in real pain. She disengages, slips out of bed.

Jack seems to be stable, the worst of the attack over. But he doesn't look good.

EXT. STREET - DAY

An ambulance EEE-ORR's its way down the road.

INT. MAUREEN'S BEDSIT - DAY

Wearing boots and the afghan, Maureen stands by the open door. Curious neighbors gather in the corridor outside.

Jack lies under a blanket on a canvas-and-pole stretcher. The AMBULANCE CREW lift him and start shuffling towards the door. Crew #1 indicates a tangled heap of clothes:

CREW #1  
Are those his clothes?

Maureen crosses the room, picks through the heap. She loads up the stretcher with Jack's suit, his shirt.

She finds a place for his shoes on either side of his head.

She stands dithering with his briefcase.

CREW #2  
Here. Put it here, love.

He helps Maureen to thread the handle of the briefcase onto one of the stretcher's poles.

CREW #2 (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, love, I've seen 'em  
come in a lot worse than this,  
some of 'em. He'll be all right.

CREW #1  
All right, Col?

Crew #1 leads the way out of the room.

CREW #2  
(over his shoulder)  
I should make meself a nice cup  
of tea if I was you. Or something  
stronger.

He nods at the bong, gives her a knowing, friendly grin.

CREW #2 (CONT'D)  
(to a neighbor)  
'Scuse me, Mrs.

He pushes his way out past an inquisitive neighbor who is trying to get a look into the room. Maureen shuts the door on them all - only to be confronted by Jack's forgotten overcoat.

EXT. MAUREEN'S BEDSIT - DAY

With lights but no siren, the ambulance pulls away. Maureen watches from her window. Neighbors point and gossip.