

The Kissing Cupboard

by  
Pat Kelman

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Imaginative Leap Films  
Patkelman@film.imaginativeleap.co.uk

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE EVENING

The latter stages of a lively but fairly civilized teenage party. A few cans of lager, some half-finished glasses of wine.

Some 16 year-olds are sitting around the coffee table, in couples. They are alert, listening attentively.

Muffled sounds and thuds coming from a large cupboard on the fringe of the room.

MARK, a handsome, strong, rugby captain-type, winks knowingly at the other lads.

NATALIE, a 16 year old heart-breaker in the making, giggles. KATE, quirky, cute, shakes her head and shakes two cotton bags in her hand, one red, one blue.

SCOTT, slightly different to the other boys, scans the group and bites his lower lip. His hand drifts towards his mouth, but he catches himself and settles.

NATALIE looks at her watch, and gestures to KATE.

NATALIE

Time's up. Out you come.

PETER and HELEN emerge from the cupboard, mildly dishevelled, to cheers from the rest of the group. They stumble into the room, locked at the lips, and crash onto the floor next to their friends.

MARK

Good time?

PETER smiles inanely.

SCOTT glances around the group. His glance rests slightly longer on NATALIE than on the others. He sighs gently to himself, and gnaws on his lower lip a little more.

NATALIE

OK Kate, who's next?

MARK preens slightly in anticipation. NATALIE flicks her hair. SCOTT continues to bite his lip.

KATE shakes the bags again, and takes a slip of paper from the red bag.

KATE

Natalie...

She reaches into the blue bag.

KATE (CONT'D)  
...And Scott.

SCOTT closes his eyes for a second, jolting as MARK slaps him on the back.

MARK  
In you go, mate.

SCOTT's eyes widen as he is lifted to his feet by the other boys. NATALIE is waiting at the door of the cupboard.

Her hair shines in the light, as SCOTT travels towards her, almost as if he is floating. She looks gorgeous, inviting, every teenage boy's dream.

SCOTT is very tense as he is pushed in to the cupboard. NATALIE looks at the rest of the group, smiles at MARK, then goes into the cupboard.

INT. CUPBOARD - EVENING

The cupboard is dark. SCOTT is breathing quick and shallow. Rustling.

Long silence.

A click, and a light comes on. SCOTT and NATALIE are very close together. The shadowy light casts a romantic glow.

During the scene we alternate between SCOTT's P.O.V and standard view as we see:

NATALIE's hair in the light; her shoulder rising and falling as she breathes; SCOTT's eyes widening; the back of her hand as it brushes the hem of her jacket; he looks a bit worried; her feet are almost touching his; he bites his lip once more; light glistens off her lip gloss.

His hand twitches.

Their bodies are close together. NATALIE glances towards the cupboard door. SCOTT screws up his eyes, then starts to pucker his lips and lean in towards her.

She turns back to look at him, wrinkles her nose.

NATALIE  
Do you think Mark likes me?

SCOTT stops in his tracks. Blinks. Thinks.

SCOTT  
Uh?

NATALIE

I was looking through the gap and  
saw him glance this way.

SCOTT stares at her. She turns away from him, looks again through the crack in the door.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I think he's gorgeous.

Scott looks down, notices she is arching her back towards him. He looks up at the left corner of the cupboard, then the right. He glances back down at her, then looks away again. He frowns.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

He's so lush.

SCOTT squeezes himself towards the back of the cupboard, as far away from her as he can get. She is swaying slightly, moving her weight from one foot to the other. He twitches, trying to look away but he can't.

NATALIE glances at him.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

You don't mind not snogging do  
you Scott?

SCOTT

Erm... No, course not.

NATALIE looks away. SCOTT's eyes twitch, he is gnawing on his lip.

She looks back at SCOTT, leans very close to him, brushes her lips on his cheek.

NATALIE

(whispering)

If you want to tell everyone we  
did something, I don't mind...

KATE (O.S.)

Time's up!

NATALIE

(whispering)

But of course, no one would ever  
believe you.

The cupboard door opens and the space is flooded with bright light. NATALIE walks out into the room.

SCOTT is huddled against the back wall of the cupboard, squinting, red-cheeked, shoulders slumped.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

NATALIE saunters back to the group, winks at MARK and sits down beside him.

Pause.

SCOTT emerges from the cupboard, the boys cheer and he smiles weakly at them. He rejoins the group, slumping down in his previous place at the table. He looks around at the group, and sees MARK indicating him and Natalie shaking her head. MARK smiles. SCOTT's shoulders slump more.

KATE spots this. She smiles gently at SCOTT, he tries to smile back.

KATE looks at him for a moment, glances at MARK and NATALIE, then suddenly sits upright in her place.

She shakes the bags, then picks a name from the red bag.

KATE  
Right... my turn.

She looks around the group as she reaches into the blue bag. She picks a name, looks at it, crumples it and looks directly at SCOTT.

KATE (CONT'D)  
Looks like it's your lucky night.

SCOTT  
No, thanks Kate. Sorry.

KATE smiles at him, eyes twinkling.

KATE  
You're not getting away with it that easily.

She nods to the boys, who help SCOTT towards the cupboard.

SCOTT  
No really, I don't want to do it again.

KATE is standing by the door, as SCOTT is pushed in to the cupboard. He looks directly into her eyes as he passes her, imploring her not to put him through this again.

She steps in after him.

INT. CUPBOARD - EVENING

They are face to face. SCOTT is hunched, shoulders slumped.

KATE  
You silly bugger. This is so  
stupid.

SCOTT looks away.

SCOTT  
I know.

KATE  
But I've wanted to do this all  
night.

She kisses him, long and enthusiastically. His eyes bulge  
out of their sockets.

Her hand reaches up for the light switch. The cupboard is  
plunged into darkness.

THE END