

SEX AND VIOLINS

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**FADE IN:**

**INT. JACKIE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

JACKIE, 20s, attractive, lies on her back with her mouth wide open, snores. The yellow Post It Note stuck to her forehead reads: IT'S OVER.

SKIPPY, her small dog, jumps onto the bed, barks at her.

JACKIE  
No, Skippy, bad dog. Two more  
minutes.

Jackie rolls over in bed. Skippy barks.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Jackie shuffles up to the sink, looks into the mirror. She notices the note tacked to her head, peels it off, and reads.

JACKIE  
Very classy, Joe. Very classy.

Jackie crumbles up the note, tosses it into the trash can. She stares into the mirror, sighs.

**INT. ELEVATOR - DAY**

Jackie stands and talks to her girlfriend BETTE, 20s, taller, more attractive. Other PASSENGERS enter and fill the elevator, eavesdrop on their conversation.

BETTE  
He didn't even tell you to your face?

JACKIE  
No, he left me a note.

Jackie rubs her forehead, still sticky.

BETTE  
Jackie, listen to me. You deserve  
better than him. You just have to  
get it together and move on.

JACKIE  
That's easy for you to say. You've  
never been dumped. You're always  
the dumper.

BETTE  
Did it have anything to do with --

Jackie COUGHS to stop Bette.

JACKIE  
Cough -- shut up.

Jackie looks around. The other passengers avert their eyes.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
Okay, maybe we went to an Italian restaurant last night. And maybe there was this strolling violin guy.

BETTE  
There it is. You scared the guy away with your freaky shit.

Jackie's eyes widen. There is suppressed laughter from the rear of the elevator.

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

Jackie sits at her desk, types on her computer.

TOM (O.S.)  
Here, let me try something.

Jackie stands, peers over the top of the cubicle.

TOM, 30, blonde, handsome, sits at Bette's desk, fixes her keyboard. Bette looks over at Jackie, points at Tom.

Jackie shakes her head no. Bette brings her hands about twelve inches apart, stops. Jackie smiles.

TOM (CONT'D)  
You know, I can see your reflection in the computer screen.

Bette drops her arms. Jackie disappears behind the cubicle.

**INT. OFFICE - LATER**

Jackie stands at the water cooler. Tom walks over, stands beside Jackie looking very somber. Jackie smiles.

TOM  
Hi. How are you doing?

JACKIE  
Hi. Um, good, I guess.

TOM  
This may be none of my business, but I just wanted to say I'm sorry about your boyfriend. Your friend Bette was telling me about it.

JACKIE  
Oh, really? Telling you what?  
Exactly.

TOM  
It must have been horrible. I can  
only imagine.

JACKIE  
Yeah, me too.

TOM  
If you ever need to talk about it...

JACKIE  
Thanks. Thank you, but, I think the  
less said the better.

TOM  
Of course. I'm sorry. Look, if you  
ever need to talk, or anything.

Tom pulls a card from his pocket, hands it to her.

JACKIE  
Thank you, that's very kind, but I  
really can't talk about -- is that  
your home phone?

**INT. JACKIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Jackie sits in bed typing on her laptop. Skippy sleeps at her feet. Jackie gazes at the --

**COMPUTER SCREEN - TOM'S FACEBOOK PAGE**

Jackie holds Tom's business card, twirls it around.

**INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Tom sits in bed with his laptop. A fluffy kitten purrs at his feet. Tom gazes at the --

**COMPUTER SCREEN - JACKIE'S FACEBOOK PAGE**

Tom's cell phone RINGS, he answers it.

TOM  
Hello? Oh, hi. I'm glad you called.  
How are you?

**INT. JACKIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jackie talks on her cell phone.

JACKIE  
I was wondering if you would like to  
talk. A little. To me.

**INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Tom lies back in bed, settles in.

TOM  
Of course. I'd like that.

**INT. JACKIE'S BEDROOM - LATER**

Jackie paces the floor, talks on her cell phone.

JACKIE  
Bette, it's me. Pick up. Hey, guess  
who I was talking to? ... We're going  
out tomorrow night... It's kind of a  
date. I pick the dinner, he picks  
the entertainment... No, Chinese  
food. I'm pretty sure Chinese people  
don't play violins... No, and I hope  
he never finds out. Well, not until  
he's totally in love with me and  
it's too late... Okay. I'll let you  
know -- hey, what did you tell him  
about -- hello? Bette? Bitch.

**INT. BEDROOM - LATER**

Skippy sleeps soundly in bed as Jackie stares at the ceiling,  
wide awake, looks over at the--

**ALARM CLOCK -- 3:45 AM**

Jackie, restless, fiddles with her pajama buttons, exhales,  
sighs, stares at the--

**ALARM CLOCK -- 3:46 AM**

Jackie sits up, turns on the light, pulls a compact disc  
from her beside table drawer.

**CD COVER -- KIM YOHN, 20s, smiles, holds a violin.**

Jackie places the disc into the cd player, picks up Skippy.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Jackie places Skippy on the floor, pets him, closes the door.  
Skippy circles around before settling on the floor.

VIOLIN MUSIC plays O.S. A slow, romantic melody. Skippy  
looks at the door, whines, buries his head.

**INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Jackie, stunning in a dress and heels, and Tom, dashing in a suit and tie, sit at a table, surrounded by screaming ASIAN CHILDREN. Jackie fumbles to eat with her chopsticks.

TOM

This is nice. Very romantic.

JACKIE

I come here all the time.

Jackie drops a clump of rice into her cleavage.

**EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - LATER**

Jackie and Tom exit the restaurant. Tom looks queasy.

JACKIE

I'm sorry, Tom. I feel terrible. I screwed up my half of the date.

TOM

I'll be fine. It's such an unusual blend of odors. I just need air.

Tom inhales deeply, dry heaves.

**EXT. STREET - LATER**

Jackie and Tom stroll along the downtown street.

JACKIE

Listen, I'll understand if you want to call it a night.

TOM

Don't be ridiculous. I feel much better now that I've vomited in public. Besides, we haven't gotten to my half of the date.

JACKIE

Are you sure? Good, I was wondering why you made me dress up.

TOM

And, may I say, you look beautiful. Which brings us to my half.

Tom stops walking, points O.S. Jackie smiles, turns.

**EXT. THEATER - CONTINUOUS**

Jackie's smile freezes as she reads--

**MARQUEE -- KIM YOHN - WORLD'S GREATEST VIOLINIST**

TOM

I saw on your Facebook page how you love the violin. And Kim Yohn is in town. What are the odds?

JACKIE

It's a friggin' miracle. Uh, yeah, I can't go in there.

TOM

What? I don't understand.

JACKIE

Believe me, nobody understands.

TOM

I'm sorry, it's too much, right? I'm rushing you. I mean, you're probably still not over your boyfriend getting eaten by that shark--

Jackie laughs, then quickly feigns sadness.

JACKIE

May he rest in peace.

TOM

It's just that... Jackie, I like you. And I just wanted tonight to be... memorable.

Jackie looks at Kim Yohn's poster, back at Tom.

**INT. THEATER - LATER**

Jackie and Tom sit next to an ELDERLY COUPLE, as KIM YOHN takes the stage to APPLAUSE.

Kim Yohn places her bow on the violin strings, shuts her eyes. Her hand strokes the bow back and forth.

Jackie closes her eyes, bites her lip as the MUSIC seduces her. She glides her hand down Tom's leg, clutches his knee. Tom looks down, smiles, takes her hand in his.

Kim Yohn thrusts the bow across the curved neck of the violin. Jackie's eyes flutter, she sinks into her seat like melting butter. Tom looks at her, lifts her limp body back up.

Kim Yohn's fingers touch and release the strings in a flurry. Jackie's seat is empty. Her feet reach up from the floor, massage Tom's chest, caress his face. The Elderly Couple look on, appalled. Tom smiles, shrugs, lowers Jackie's feet.

Kim Yohn's performance pulsates to a climax. So does Jackie. O.S. Jackie's moans of ecstasy grow louder and louder until --

KIM YOHN stops playing abruptly. Her eyes open. She turns her head, glares into the audience. Her bow slices the air, points directly at --

JACKIE, disheveled, lifts herself off the floor. She apologizes to the Elderly Couple, Kim Yohn, and everyone else in the theater as she slinks out. Tom follows.

**EXT. THEATER - CONTINUOUS**

Jackie and Tom exit the theater. Jackie hails a cab.

TOM

That was incredible! I can't believe you did that.

JACKIE

I'm sorry I embarrassed you. Don't worry, I'll never talk to you again.

Tom grabs her arm, pulls her close, kisses her.

TOM

You are amazing.

JACKIE

But, you hate me now, right?

Tom looks into her eyes, they kiss passionately.

TOM

I don't hate you.

JACKIE

Good. That's good. Because, I really, really don't hate you.

TOM

Listen, it's still early. Would you like to get some coffee?

JACKIE

Coffee sounds good.

TOM

Maybe after that we could go somewhere and listen to more Kim Yohn music?

JACKIE

They don't call her the world's greatest violinist for nothing.



Jackie touches Tom's lips with her finger, then takes his hand. They walk down the city street, away from the bright lights of the theater marquee.

TOM (O.S.)

So, is it only Kim Yohn?

JACKIE (O.S.)

No, basically it's any violin music.  
Last year, I was at my nephew's fifth  
grade recital...

FADE OUT.