

# Just Three Things

by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. MARINA - PORTTREE, SCOTLAND - SUMMER MORNING

GAVIN FINDLAY, late 40's, rolls out of his berth on his sailboat, rubs his eyes and stretches. He's a big man - it would be a poor idea to annoy him too badly - attractive in that rough-around-the-edges kind of way. He grabs a pair of trousers and starts to put them on.

Gavin steps partway up onto the deck, checking the weather, turning his head this way and that. After a moment, he starts up onto the deck, but before he can completely emerge a woman's hand grabs him around the ankle and tugs him slightly backward.

Annoyed, he turns back and speaks down into the hold.

GAVIN

Josie, a man needs a breath of air every once in a while.

He tries to lift his foot gently. She won't let go. He leans down into the hold.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Don't you have a boyfriend to go home to or something?

He listens.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Ah, fer God's sake.

He goes back down into the hold.

INT. LAUNDRY FACILITY

Inside the laundrette, Gavin is folding his clean clothes as MICK POLK, 60's, perches nearby on a table, chatting.

MICK

Wasn't that Josie Kidd I saw slinking off your boat this morning there, Gavin?

GAVIN

Come on, Mick. Real men don't gossip, now, do they?

MICK

Sure they do. Come on. Take pity on a dirty old married man. Give us the story.

Gavin thinks for a moment and smiles.

GAVIN  
She kept asking me to slap her.

Mick hoots.

MICK  
She what?

GAVIN  
They've all read this fifty grey  
whatsit book now, and they want you  
to paddle 'em hard with your hands  
and that.

He playacts slapping a woman hard on the arse, followed by a  
falsetto squeaking/moaning noise.

MICK  
Liar.

GAVIN  
I'm serious. It's like an  
epidemic. "Pinch me hard, spank  
me" - it's fucking ridiculous.

MICK  
Oh, Christ. You spank a woman with  
those mitts and you'll send her  
over the side.

GAVIN  
That's what I told her, but she  
insisted.

Gavin grins. Mick smacks Gavin with the back of his hand for  
emphasis.

MICK  
Fuck, I wish I was you.

GAVIN  
Nah, you don't. Your Lucy's a good  
girl.

MICK  
Thirty years soon. Eighteen on the  
boat. Not much slapping involved,  
but we do all right. Will we see  
you later then.

GAVIN

Maybe not. Might take her out for  
a run up. Feeling a bit stuck  
down, you know?

MICK

See you in a few days maybe?  
Weeks?

GAVIN

Maybe.

Gavin finishes putting his clean laundry into the duffel bag  
he has waiting and zips it.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Gavin approaches the counter where SUE, 50's, is waiting for  
him.

SUE

What can I get for you, Gavin?

GAVIN

Bagel. Cream cheese. And, ah, do  
the capuccino with the chocolate  
bits on top of it, will you Sue?

SUE

Anything, love.

Gavin spies a young girl, JADE, 15, sitting in the corner  
using a pay-per-use computer terminal. She's got the top of  
her hoodie pulled over her head, as if that could lend her a  
bit of privacy.

Gavin turns back to Sue.

GAVIN

I like your hair like that.

SUE

Aye, do you? Davide likes it long.  
Longer the better. He was gutted  
when I hacked it all off.

GAVIN

Well, it's very-

Jade sniffles, and her back spasms slightly. She's trying  
not to cry too loudly, as she wipes her nose with her  
fingers. Then wipes her fingers on her jeans.