

TOUCHED BY A STRANGER

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Headlight beams reflect back off heavy rain droplets. Two figures become visible on the pavement.

EXT. INNER-CITY STREET - NIGHT

A run-down urban street, two women huddle underneath an umbrella by the orange glow of a street lamp. The car, an old estate, approaches.

It stops and the front passenger window lowers.

At first the taller older woman, a provocatively dressed fading beauty called PAT, speaks to the unseen driver. But it is the shorter younger woman called BECKY, who enters the car.

The car drives off promptly.

INT. CAR FRONT SEAT - NIGHT

An un-kept man in his mid-thirties, called GARY, drives while Becky removes a compact from her bag and checks her pretty if rather careworn face.

BECKY

Do you know where you're going?

GARY

I thought you might...

BECKY

Straight down to the bottom of the hill, turn right.

Her tone is functional rather than helpful.

Gary looks over, but she is not interested in him, and after putting her compact away, starts to examine her mobile phone.

EXT. URBAN STREET - NIGHT

Gary's car drives by, turns a corner and disappears into the night.

EXT. PARKING AREA - NIGHT

The car pulls into a deserted car park and parks up.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

He switches off the engine.

He gets out his wallet and with trembling hands, hands the money over.

BECKY

Ta.

INT. CAR BACK SEAT - NIGHT

Immediately after closing the back car door and sitting down she grimaces and then removes a young child's toy from underneath her bottom and tosses it onto the parcel shelf.

She takes off her PVC overcoat as Gary enters. On closing the door he pushes down the lock activating the central locking, and pauses briefly to look out of the windows into the impenetrable blackness. Now sat beside her he notices her shapely breasts and can't help staring. Becky notices, but says nothing.

BECKY

(Slipping off her panties)

First time isn't it? Okay rules are no kissing on the lips, and I don't like being fingered. Do you want me to get you going?

She reaches for his groin.

GARY

Erm should be alright.

He undoes his jeans and fumbles with a contraceptive wrapper before moving forward to lie on top of her.

At first he puts his arms around her body. Then slowly, but purposefully, he moves a hand onto her right breast and starts to caress it gently. All the time staring at her face, waiting for a disapproving reaction, there isn't one so he continues and starts to grind his body against hers.

Becky chews her gum and stares out impassively at the rain running down the window. He is becoming more and more aroused but then inexplicably his excitement tails off and his expression changes.

He stops his gyrating, and with bulging eyes, looks intently into Becky's face. She fails to notice this.

BECKY

Ooh, careful love.

(a beat)

OW! That bloody hurt what you doing?

She smacks him hard on the shoulder and pushes him off.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
If you wanna do that shit you'll  
have to find another girl. Fucking  
pervert!

She rubs her breast while Gary still stares intently at  
Becky. She starts to look worried.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
You alright? You're not going  
weird on me are you?

She moves slowly to the door putting a hand on the handle.  
Gary seems to snap out of it.

INT. CAR LATER - NIGHT

Gary drives, focusing only on the road ahead. Becky is still  
in the back and hanging onto the door handle. In her other  
hand she clutches a car key.

She looks out of the window to notice they are now rejoining  
civilisation and relaxes slightly.

BECKY  
So, what happened there then,  
thought about your wife and came  
over all guilty did yer?

He glances in the rear view mirror and they snatch a brief  
glimpse of each other's face.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
This'll do.

He pulls in, and before the car has completely stopped she  
opens the door and leaves, slamming it behind her. He drives  
off without a backwards glance.

INT/EXT. CAR OUTSIDE OPEN OFF LICENCE - NIGHT

Gary walks towards the car and enters via the driver's door,  
he slings a six-pack onto the passenger seat and starts the  
engine but then turns it off, opens a can and sits back.

EXT. INNER-CITY STREET - NIGHT

Becky is back on her 'patch' looking for the next punter.

When an anonymous saloon approaches, after a brief chat with  
the unseen driver, she enters it.

INT. CAR OUTSIDE CLOSED OFF LICENCE - NIGHT

Empty cans litter the passenger seat and foot well. Gary takes a gigantic gulp from a can, he looks tired and troubled. He glances outside to see the first strains of weak daylight attempt to penetrate the low oppressive clouds. After throwing the now empty can onto the floor, he grips the steering wheel tightly with both hands.

EXT/INT. CAR OUTSIDE CLOSED OFF LICENCE - DAY

Through steamed up windows a figure slumps over the steering wheel.

GARY  
(Muffled Cry)  
I'M SORRY... I'm so sorry.

INT. CAR - DAY

Gary is still slumped over the wheel. His head lifts slowly to reveal an expression no longer of anguish, but of thoughtful realisation.

EXT. INNER-CITY STREET - DAY

The rain has stopped. A solitary unseen Blackbird tries its best to deliver the dawn chorus to this gloomy and grim location.

By the original lamp post that Gary picked up Becky, a car pulls up and out she jumps walking briskly away down a side street.

EXT. SIDE STREET OFF INNER CITY STREET - DAY

As she walks along the side street pavement, her punter's car pulls away just as another car cruises by in the opposite direction.

Becky continues to walk away from the main street. Behind her the car that had just previously cruised past reverses slowly back into view, stopping when it is directly behind her.

INT. FLATS COMPLEX FOYER - DAY

The heavy external door is yanked open and Becky enters the littered graffiti strewn foyer.

She is just about to climb the steps when she realises the entrance door has not fully closed behind her. She moves towards it when Gary enters.

BECKY

(Shocked)

(SCREAM) No please, please don't hurt me. Please, I've got a daughter!

Gary appears surprised at her reaction.

His stance is not aggressive, but when he takes a step towards her she quickly retreats back onto the stairs panting with fear.

GARY

(Gently)

Look, (a beat) you've got...

He frowns and then steps forward again, but this time Becky is backed up and frozen against the wall. Slowly, gently he takes her hand with both of his. Her breathing calms a little.

He places her hand on her right breast, slipping it underneath the flimsy top and bra to hit a certain spot. They stare into each other's eyes.

When he seems to have found the right spot he nods to her.

Becky winces, after a swallow a single tear runs down her cheek.

GARY (CONT'D)

Did you know?

No answer.

GARY (CONT'D)

Might just be a cyst or 'summat' else. That's what they told the wife, at first. I never found hers, suppose to be a breast man as well. Yours is pretty small but you best get it sorted.

A cough from Gary to hide the emotion before a weak smile lifts some of the anguish etched across that sad and lonely face. He turns to walk away.

Their hands separate at almost full stretch with Becky making a half-hearted attempt to hold onto his fingers, and then he disappears through the door and is gone. She continues to stare at the open door.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END.