

FIRST TIME  
(second draft)

written by

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EXT. STREET - DAY

Feet running fast. Cool trainers. It's 17 year old Danny. He stops. Scans the terraced houses. Picks one. Hammers on the door. The door opens slowly. A large, comfortable woman peers out.

MRS PRINGLE  
Hello Danny. What's the rush about?

DANNY  
Mrs Pringle ...Mrs Pringle. The world's coming to an end. The world's coming to an end.

MRS PRINGLE  
Oh yes.

The words tumble out.

DANNY  
It's all over Facebook and trending on Twitter.

MRS PRINGLE  
Oh yes.

DANNY  
Really ...really. It's true.

MRS PRINGLE  
So?

He's embarrassed. Unsure, but there's not a lot of time, so he's goes for it.

DANNY  
Well you see ...it's just ...that ... I've never ... you know ...done it.

MRS PRINGLE  
Done it?

He goes for broke.

DANNY  
Can I have a ...um ...Can I have a shag?

Mrs Pringle explodes.

MRS PRINGLE  
What do you take me for? End of world rubbish! You little...

...and she starts to close the door.

DANNY

No, no. It's true. The world is coming to end. I'll only have one chance ...and I've always thought you're so ...so sexy ...and like ...a real woman ...like beautiful.

She stops.

MRS PRINGLE

Oh why didn't you say so before?

...and with a quick look down the street, she grabs him by the shirt and yanks him in.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

He's slammed onto the bed. Danny's eyes widen in shock as Mrs Pringle's head comes up into view from below.

Above, beneath, sideways, bare flesh intertwines, tongues probe, thighs couple. Frantic, hot and lusty.

Suddenly he stops. Frozen. A shudder. Then a slow huge smile.

...and he collapses onto the bed beside her. Two happy faces sweaty, sticky and satiated.

She cuddles up to him.

MRS PRINGLE

You really didn't need to make up all that stuff about the end of the world.

Danny tries to speak, but she stops him.

MRS PRINGLE (CONT'D)

It's so long since someone said I was beautiful.

She lies back contented

Danny wriggles away. Up out of the bed, putting his clothes on.

MRS PRINGLE (CONT'D)

What's the hurry?

DANNY

Do you think Mrs Parsons will be in?

...and her shoe thuds into the door, as he escapes.