

FAMILY MATTERS

By

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A woman, sleeping with both her boss and his son, suddenly finds herself pregnant, but her situation is complicated by deep and dark family secrets.

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INT. MUSIC PIT NIGHT

A conductor's arms, hands, move in time, orchestrate GISELLE.  
Musician heads and instruments, ballet dancers feet and legs.

EXT. FLORIDA LAKE EVENING

Tanned outstretched arms grip a water ski handle, rise as she  
gathers speed, cuts across the lake, lithe, polka dot bikini.

EXT. GUN CLUB - DAY

A sight fixes on a far target, barrel, magazine, gloved hand.

A ROUND OF GUNSHOTS

The gun recoils, another is raised in parallel, two guns aim.

A LONG VOLLEY OF GUNSHOTS. APPLAUSE.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

JULIET, 26; lithe, pretty, grapples hand to hand with wiry  
ANTONY, 44, both naked on the king bed in a chic modern hotel  
room high above San Francisco city.

On top she forces him down, he roughly rolls her face down.  
Juliet GRUNTS (as he sodomises her), bored, she toys with her  
elaborate platinum charm bracelet, looks at her watch, nails.

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE - MORNING

CLICK CLACK, CLICK CLACK

Antony, smartly casual, prods son GERARD (21), blue jeans,  
white T shirt; forward. Juliet, sleekly feline all in black,  
crazy heels, strides through the deserted high tech open plan  
office, flourishes a long gloved hand, Gerard GULPS, stares.

JULIET

Gerard, come, seize the moment.

Gerard glances at mother EVE (41); lissome, a chic two piece;  
he stumbles forward, propelled by Antony. Juliet reaches out,  
takes him by one, two outstretched hands, he's transfixed by  
the long black silk gloves, looks back at Eve pleadingly.

ANTONY

Go! She will make a man of you.

Eve snaps Antony a sharp look. Juliet, nods a thin smile at  
Eve, tugs him forward. Gerard GULPS, stumbles, trails her.

EVE

As you said the gun club would?

Antony frowns. Eve simpers, drags him by two outstretched arms, into his one way glass walled office, a predatory grin.

INT. CONF. ROOM - MORNING

Juliet marches into the BUZZING geek filled conference room ringed by white-boards and flashing screens, SNAPS off one glove. SILENCE. Gerard ambles in, shell shocked, stares.

JULIET

All, please welcome Gerard, a user experience guru fresh from study.

WAG (O.C.)

A guru-rilla like his pa, ooh ooh.

WAG (27), a bearish Hawaiian, makes gorilla, monkey noises and gestures. Gerard is mobbed, swarmed, greeted with a mix of high-fives, hugs, kisses and biker hand shakes.

GERARD

Awesome.

Bemused, Gerard turns to a disdainful Juliet. Wag floors him with a shoulder slap, Gerard looks up in shock and awe.

WAG

Welcome to the house of fun.

GERARD

Uh, OK, boss where do I start?

Juliet SNAPS off her second glove with a flourish, steps one leg across him, looks down. He grins up at her legs, thong.

JULIET

Under me to begin with.

WAG

Like father like son. A personalised use her experience

Juliet scowls, quells the LAUGHTER with a stare, beckons.

JULIET

Wag, a moment please.

Juliet strides out, grinning. Wag shrugs, follows. The noise doubles as the team lift up, crowd around the bashful Gerard.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Juliet, face down, GRUNTS, checks her iPhone, sends a text message, toys with her bracelet, grimaces over her shoulder.

JULIET  
Hurry, you have a 2:00 meeting.

ANTONY (O.C)  
(breathless)  
They can wait, contract is signed.

Abruptly Juliet rolls out from under him, sits up, her tanned back to him, pulls on a form fitting red dress, no underwear.

JULIET  
Well I must, Gerard awaits and I  
have work to do.

ANTONY  
Fuck Gerard, I'm not finished here.

Juliet slips on her red sparkle shoes, completely dressed.

JULIET  
Maybe later, after all he is  
handsome like his father.

Juliet kisses Antony lightly, he grabs her, pulls her down.

ANTONY  
Stay. I'll square it with him.

Juliet GASPS, shrugs him off angrily, waves her bruised arm.

JULIET  
You assigned him to me, he clings  
like a leech. He's so needy too.  
(under her breath)  
Like father like son.

She grabs her red designer purse, leaves, doesn't look back.

ANTONY  
Come back! Bitch.

He throws away a part used condom, rubs his scarred knee.

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Juliet in form fitting red dress cuts through the BUZZING office, halts behind Gerard, tracing two handed on a screen.

JULIET  
Gerard, how is the Schindler  
prototype progressing?

She STAMPS her foot, taps him. Gerard oblivious, sketches on.

JULIET (CONT'D)

(loudly)

How is the prototype progressing?

Heads turn, she roughly pulls the big headphones from Gerard. He stands, startled, angry, turns, grabs at the headphones.

GERARD

Don't do that! What is it? What do you want?

JULIET

The Schindler prototype. What's its status? When will it be ready?

Juliet pokes him with the headphones, he grips them to him.

GERARD

I've completed the wire frames and the user dialogue.

JULIET

So when will it be finished?

GERARD

Its hard to say, it's complicated.

JULIET

Wrong answer, simplify it. Be ready to demo it tomorrow at four, to the client.

Juliet struts away, Gerard flops back, dismayed. Wag and JENNY (24); bespectacled, Asian lady; hold and comfort him.

INT.EVE DRESSING ROOM NIGHT

Soft lit luxury bedroom, shower running, a bad tenor sings. Eve rifles through the drawers, cabinets, empties a packet of condoms. Pin pricks every one. Searches on, finds another pack, repeats it. Singing stops, she stops, tidies up, poses.

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Gerard and Juliet stand at the large screen at his desk. He touches the screen frequently with a stylus, orchestrating.

GERARD

So with this sequence it's only 4 movements or keystrokes to complete the transaction.

Juliet shakes her head, frowns, takes the stylus, irritated.

JULIET

Our web site standards require an explicit confirm.

Gerard nods, pulls back the stylus with an insouciant grin.

GERARD

But this is more intuitive.

Juliet shakes her head, grabs the stylus angrily, pokes him.

JULIET

(loudly)

No, YOU listen, that is not explicit, it's implicit only.

Wag joins them, a hand on Juliet's shoulder, she glares. The scattered team turn to the loud conversation, a hush settles.

WAG

It's a proposed new standard, much better than "Are you sure".

Juliet turns with a withering look, prods Wag with the stylus

JULIET

Proposed by who? And why didn't I know? I am the development lead.

WAG

Antony popped it in. You missed it?

Wag beckons with his thumb, Juliet pokes Wag hard with the stylus, drops it, walks quickly towards Antony's office, LAUGHTER echoing behind her. Wag hugs Gerard, they high five.

OMITTED

INT. CONF. ROOM - MORNING

Frustrated, Gerard gestures at the presentation, struggles for attention, to be heard above the bored team BUZZ.

GERARD

(loudly)

So by adopting this streamlined process we save on clicks and optimise database updates.

JULIET

Gerard, I'm afraid I don't get the optimisation opportunity.

Antony enters, nods to Gerard, closes the door, stands still. All eyes turn to him, a deadly hush, Juliet gestures, primps.

GERARD

(loudly)

It's quite technical, to do with  
page and row locking. I can explain  
to you later if you want?

Many guffaw, a few exchange troubled looks, some gasp.

JULIET

There is no need to shout and don't  
patronise me. Explain now. I'm sure  
EVERYONE will want to hear.

Antony frowns, strides forward to join Gerard, takes him by  
the shoulder paternally, turns and smiles to everyone.

ANTONY

But not now. Gerard are you done?

Gerard nods, grinning, Juliet squirms, GIGGLES ripple around.

ANTONY (CONT'D)

Good, any questions? No?

Antony CLAPS his hands, holds, raises them in a victory grip.

ANTONY (CONT'D)

Please join me on Friday evening at  
Bar Granada, we have a contract to  
celebrate in our customary style.

APPLAUSE, CHEERS

Antony nods, raises his arms for calm, bows.

ANTONY (CONT'D)

Now thank Gerard for his excellent  
presentation and get back to work.

The team stand, applaud politely and briefly, exit noisily.

APPLAUSE, BUZZ OF CONVERSATION

ANTONY (CONT'D)

Gerard, Juliet, a moment please.

Wag grabs LUKE (27); Byronesque, buff, foppish geek; grins.

WAG

Here comes a spanking!

LUKE

I would guess a first for Gerard  
but I'm sure Juliet has had a few.

WAG

And at Antony's hands. Jealous?

LUKE

A tad, I can wait, father or son.

Wag grins. Antony frowns, beckons Juliet to him. Indignant, she threads towards him. Antony awaits the room to empty.

ANTONY

Juliet, you should know better than to challenge Gerard publicly.

(coldly to Gerard)

And as for you, there is no need to try to impress me, not now or ever.

Antony exits. Juliet rolls her eyes, takes Gerard's arm.

JULIET

Ooh. What was that all about?

Gerard shrugs, LAUGHS and moves closer to Juliet.

GERARD

Just father. Now, shall I explain?

Juliet LAUGHS, shakes her head, leads Gerard out, held close by the arm until in public, drops it quickly. He grins.

INT. CONF. ROOM - MORNING

BUZZ OF CONVERSATION.

The team noisily pack up, Juliet frets at the white board.

JULIET

(loudly)

Everyone done with the board?

A consensus of nods, GRUNTS and waves, she starts to wipe it.

JULIET (CONT'D)

Good. Thank you all. Keep this up and one day we'll all be rich.

WAG

Not by working here, we need to go solo. Set up on our own.

GERARD

So what's stopping you?

WAG

I just need to see my folks comfortable, then I will.

The room is otherwise empty. Gerard frowns, Juliet crosses, rests her hands on his shoulders gently, smiles, leans in.



JULIET

Wag is adopted, he wants to pay off their mortgage, as a thank you.

GERARD

Adopted? So your parents are where?

JULIET

It's more who rather than where. Neither of us know who our blood parents are, I don't mind. He does.

Gerard, confused, looks back and forth. Wag grabs her, grins.

WAG

But you have to know! They may be rich! Famous? Wanted? Dead?

GERARD

Neither? Juliet, are you adopted too?

Juliet nods, shrugs Wag off, pokes Wag's chest playfully.

JULIET

If they're rich why give you up?

GERARD

Surely money or blood line doesn't matter, as long as you love and respect them, and they you.

Juliet turns, hugs Gerard warmly, he smiles beatifically.

JULIET

Absolutely, family matters, you're not so dumb after all.

GERARD

Juliet, you MUST find your parents.

JULIET

I will, one day, when I need to.

WAG

My step sisters weren't blood, just fun! So much fun! And educational!

Wag gestures and winks obscenely. Juliet slaps him playfully.

GERARD

I'm an only child, Mom had issues. So tell me about your sisters?

JULIET

Me too, I've always wanted a brother a sister.

WAG

Man talk, for Bar Granada. Well maybe not there.

GERARD

Just think, they could be thieves,  
white trash, Cuban even? Cuban  
would be so cool.

WAG

As if!

Hawaiian Wag gestures at the impossibility of such parentage,  
breaks into a bad salsa, Juliet and Gerard join in noisily.

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE - MORNING

Juliet sashays down the open office, heads turn, stare at the  
flaring flamenco dress, insolent grin, the regal finger wave.

WAG

The master calls!

Juliet marches past the camp secretary, PARKER (55).

PARKER

Juliet, you can't. He's expecting

INT. ANTONY OFFICE - MORNING

Juliet slides into the silent sophisticated office, seals the  
door, leans back against it, small purse clutched, SIGHS. He  
looks up, smiles, she skips to perch primly on his desk edge.

JULIET

You rang my lord?

ANTONY

Many times, you never answered.

She leans forward, smiles, gestures, fiddles with her purse.

JULIET

I have my hands full, Gerard.

ANTONY

You must cool it with him, be more  
business like, people talk, gossip.

JULIET

I need to cool it? You set me up  
with him, he's like a puppy.

ANTONY

Eve's idea, just making mischief.

She pirouettes, flesh flashes, leans forward provocatively

JULIET

So is Eve a minx like me?

Antony LAUGHS bitterly, grabs her wrist, bracelet JANGLES.

ANTONY

You both have your charms. I've a trip planned, Houston. Come with me, we can have fun, your way, like the old days.

JULIET

Nostalgic for Houston? Are you crazy? But no, I'm far too busy.

ANTONY

Its my schedule, I'll change it.

Juliet LAUGHS, walks behind him, embraces him, toys with her bracelet, pops a sealed condom into his shirt pocket unseen.

ANTONY (CONT'D)

I can give you a bonus, a rise.

She whispers, he nods, half stands. She rounds him, sits on his lap, legs spread facing him, kisses, he rises, they fall.

KNOCK, KNOCK

The door opens, Parker's head, he LAUGHS. Eve pushes past.

ANTONY (CONT'D)

Bitch, you knew.

Antony struggles upright. Juliet sits back, dress up to her waist, legs akimbo, grinning. Eve glares at the condom.

EVE

You out! You explain!

Juliet saunters out, waves fingers at Parker. Strides away.

DOOR SLAMS. INCOHERENT SHOUTING.

OMITTED