

FIRST TIME

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Weak street lamps cast dimmed light down onto a derelict looking street, strewn with litter.

MICHAEL, 18, treads the rain-soaked pavement. Pale, thin and dressed without any hint of style, he stops outside a dingy massage parlour.

A BUZZING FLUORESCENT LIGHT in the window promises:

5 STAR MASSAGE

He self-consciously looks around before quickly entering the establishment.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOUR - RECEPTION - NIGHT

Sat behind a counter is THE MADAM, 40s. Overly tanned, caked in make up and smoking a cigarette, she appears at least ten years older than she actually is.

Michael sits opposite in a shabby chair. He faces down and nervously drums his fingers on his thighs.

She smiles mischievously at the anxious teen.

MADAM

Are you sure you're eighteen?

Michael shyly lifts his eyes up from the floor and nods.

MADAM

Normally I wouldn't let anyone see one of my girls without I.D. Not when they look as young as you.

MICHAEL

I am eighteen. I promise. I just don't have any I.D.

MADAM

Who doesn't have I.D. in this day and age?

MICHAEL

I just haven't got my driver's license yet, and I've never had a passport.

MADAM

You've never had a passport? What, so you've never been on holiday?

MICHAEL

Not abroad.

MADAM

Can't say as I'm surprised, you don't look like you've seen a great deal of sunshine. You need to start living a little more, darling. But then I suppose that's why you're here isn't it?

Embarrassed, Michael averts his eyes back to the floor. The madam delights in his unease.

MADAM

Don't you worry, Candy will be ready in a minute and she'll take good care of you. She doesn't bite... At least not unless you want her to.

She lets out a THROATY CACKLE of a laugh.

MICHAEL

Do I pay you the money?

The madam struggles to stub her cigarette out in an already overflowing ashtray.

MADAM

No. I suppose we'd better go over the house rules, hadn't we? You pay the girl up front as soon as you enter the room. No haggling. No discounts. The standard fee is the standard fee and everything is included in the price.

MICHAEL

And I get thirty minutes?

MADAM

Yes. Anything over and you pay extra. Shower before you start and if it's within the time, you're welcome to shower again before you leave. Candy will have a fresh towel for you.

She lights another cigarette.

MADAM

Now, the most important rule: You have to wear a condom. I have all my girls tested regularly, but that doesn't mean you can come in here and dangle your Derek without a raincoat. I know my girls are clean, but I don't know you from Adam. So if you're not happy with wearing a jacket, you know where to find the door.

MICHAEL

No, I'm happy to wear protection.

MADAM

Good.

CANDY, 22, dressed in a black satin robe, walks down a stairway and into the reception.

She looks to Michael and smiles warmly. Behind her heavy make up she is clearly a very pretty girl.

The madam glances at her, then back to Michael.

MADAM

Well? What are you waiting for?

INT. MASSAGE PARLOUR - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Candy sits on the edge of a grubby double bed sipping a glass of wine.

Michael enters from the adjoining shower room, wearing just a towel around his waist.

CANDY

That was quick.

She pats her hand on the bed, inviting Michael to take a seat beside her, which he tentatively does.

CANDY

Before we get started, I just want to lay out a few ground rules. I'm sure you've already been given the house rules.

MICHAEL

Yes.

CANDY

Well, I've got a few rules of my own as well. I don't kiss, nothing goes near my bum, and no rough stuff. I don't mind a little light spanking, but that's as far as it goes. Try anything harder and I'll scream this place down.

MICHAEL

That's okay. I'm not like that.

Candy smiles at the timid boy beside her.

CANDY

No, I can tell you're not. You don't have to be so nervous, you know. I don't bite...

MICHAEL

Not unless I ask you to?

Candy LAUGHS.

CANDY

She already used that one?

MICHAEL

Yeah.

CANDY

Well, it's true. There's no need to be so nervous.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry, it's just... It's kind of my first time.

Candy GASPS with delight.

CANDY

Your first time?

Michael cringes.

MICHAEL

Please don't make a big deal out of it.

CANDY

I'm sorry, I don't mean to. It's just exciting for me. It doesn't happen very often, you know. You're the highlight of my day!

She gives him a hug. He smiles awkwardly.

MICHAEL

Thanks, I guess.

Candy takes hold of his hand.

CANDY

We can take things as slowly as you like. I want to make this as enjoyable as I can for you.

MICHAEL

You're really nice.

CANDY

Aw, thank you babe.

MICHAEL

Why do you do this?

Candy lets go of his hand. Glares apprehensively.

CANDY

What do you mean, "Why do I do this"?

MICHAEL

Well, you just seem so... normal.

She jumps up from the bed, clearly angered by his comment.

CANDY

Normal? Why, what was you expecting? Some kind of psycho or a druggie? I don't do this to feed a habit, I do it to feed my daughter.

MICHAEL

I didn't mean that.

She storms over to an open window. Lights a cigarette and takes aggressive drags from it. Stares out into the night.

CANDY

Jobs ain't that easy to come by, you know? And I might not like what I do most of the time, but it pays well and it pays regular.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry, I wasn't trying to say anything. I--

CANDY

Well, why did you? It does my nut in when people come in here and judge me.

MICHAEL

I'm not judging you.

CANDY

Well, what is it then? Do you think I need saving?

She turns to Michael and he sheepishly looks away, clearly regretting his initial comment.

MICHAEL

No.

CANDY

Good, 'cause I don't. I can make my own decisions, and I can look after myself.

She turns back to the window and simmers in silence for a while. Michael gets up and nervously approaches her.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to upset you or anything. I just... I thought you'd be different. I didn't expect you to be so nice.

Candy sucks the last bit of life from the cigarette, tosses it and closes the window. She turns to face him.

For the first time, he looks her straight in the eyes. They share a moment.

Candy sees something in him. Softens.

CANDY

Look, you don't have to apologise. I shouldn't have gone off like that. It's been a bit of a long day and some people come in here thinking us girls are no better than dirt.

She continues to stare into his eyes, intrigued. Almost captivated.

CANDY

What you said just rubbed me up the wrong way, but I still shouldn't have gone off like that. Me and my short temper. I think I got that from my mother, god rest her soul.

Michael gives her smile. She returns it with interest.

CANDY

It's me who should be apologising.

He turns away.

MICHAEL

Would you like me to leave?

CANDY

No, stay. Please.

MICHAEL

Are you sure?

Candy takes his hand, leads him back to the bed and pushes him down on to it.

She stands in front of him, unties her robe and lets it fall to the floor. He admires her underwear-clad body.

She takes one of his hands and places it on her breasts.

CANDY

Does that answer your question?

Michael is speechless.

CANDY

Shall we start with a massage?

She removes the towel from around his waist and smiles at what she sees.

CANDY

Actually it looks like we can skip the foreplay!

Michael LAUGHS nervously.

CANDY

Why don't you lie back and relax while I grab a condom.

Michael makes himself comfortable on the bed as Candy takes a condom from a bedside table, then joins him.

She removes the contraceptive from it's packaging and tosses the empty wrapper to him.

CANDY

Here. You can keep that as a souvenir of your first time.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOUR - RECEPTION - NIGHT

The madam smokes a cigarette as she reads a trashy magazine at the desk.

She turns the page to be faced with the headline: "RUSSIAN PROSTITUTE DRUGGED ME, STOLE MY KIDNEY AND SOLD IT ON THE BLACK MARKET!".

She TUTS.

THE MADAM

Bloody Eastern Europeans giving us
all a bad name.

She turns the page.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOUR - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Candy is on top of Michael, mid-sex.

Lay on his back, eyes firmly closed, Michael is a picture of awkwardness.

Candy grinds away. Emotionless. Almost robotic. Going through the motions.

She looks down at Michael.

CANDY

You can open your eyes, you know?

He reluctantly opens them and gazes at her. Their eyes meet.

She smiles. Begins to grind faster. Her breath quickens.

Michael sits forward, takes her in his arms. She looks deep into his eyes. Her breaths become GASPS.

He kisses her shoulder and neck. Her back arches and she MOANS with delight.

She grabs him by the hair, face flushed with pleasure and surprise. Surprised that she's enjoying it so much.

She kisses him, passionate and hard.

IN THE RECEPTION

The madam has turned away from her magazine, her attention fully on the SOUNDS OF PLEASURE coming from upstairs.

She hears the MOANS get louder and raises her eyebrows.

IN THE BEDROOM

Candy holds Michael in a tight embrace as they continue to have sex. She GASPS with joy.

Her head nuzzles against his shoulder. She lightly bites his skin.

In between MOANS, she SPEAKS breathlessly --

CANDY

Oh, God! Are you sure you're a virgin?

MICHAEL

I'm not a virgin.

CANDY

I thought you said I was your first.

MICHAEL

You are.

He passionately kisses her shoulder and neck.

CANDY

Your first what?

He pulls his head back and opens his mouth. His canine teeth grow into sharp white fangs. He sinks them into her jugular.

IN THE RECEPTION

A long loud GROAN emanates from the bedroom. The madam lets out a CACKLE and lights another cigarette.

MADAM

It's always the quiet ones.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOUR - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael stands at the foot of the bed, buttoning up his shirt with shaking hands.

His face is flushed with colour. His body thickened out. He looks healthy. Rejuvenated.

On the bed is the naked, lifeless body of Candy. Blood trickles from two puncture wounds on her neck.

A sudden BANG startles him. He turns to see the room's window swinging open. It's curtains blow wildly in the night breeze.

He quickly crosses to the window and closes it.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

How was she?

He spins to see a tall THIN MAN, 30s. Dressed in a sharp suit and long black raincoat, he looks every bit the dapper city gent.

THIN MAN

Any good?

Michael glances at the dead girl on the bed, then turns his eyes away, ashamed with what he's done.

THIN MAN

Don't worry. It gets easier.

MICHAEL

I hope so.

THIN MAN

Did you leave any for me?

Michael nods.

THIN MAN

Good boy.

The Thin Man smiles and moves to the bed.

Michael holds out his hand. The empty condom wrapper sits in his palm. His 'souvenir'.

The room is filled with sounds of SQUELCHING and SLURPING as the Thin Man drains the girl's body.

Michael closes his eyes and grimaces. He lets the wrapper fall from his hand.

FADE OUT.