

ON SITE

"Cemented Relationship"

Written by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT: PORTACABIN OFFICE - DAY.

Andre, the office PA, is on the phone. He's flirting. His feet are on the desk and he's chewing gum. He provocatively picks it from between his teeth, stretches it, wraps it around his finger then puts it back in his mouth. He continues chewing.

ANDRE:

Twelve inches.

(pause)

Cheesey.

(pause)

Deep.

(pause)

You know where I live...

Ms Watkin, the site manager, enters the portacabin. Andre isn't flustered in the slightest.

MS WATKIN:

(whispering)

That concrete mixer is late!

Andre nods.

ANDRE:

Five minutes? Excellent. See you then. (beat) Bye!

Andre hangs up, picks up a pencil and looks up at Ms Watkin.

MS WATKIN:

They're destroying my critical path.

ANDRE  
(under his breath)  
He'd love that...

Andre provocatively puts the pencil between his teeth.

MS WATKIN:  
Having only just rectified Steve  
drilling the foundations from the  
provisional plans we're on dodgy  
ground. Literally.

Shemani Kiturjah, architect, walks in. She's a smart dresser.  
She eyes up Andre - like she always does.

MS WATKIN:  
I can't afford another slip up.

ANDRE:  
There'll be nothing slipping-up  
anything round here.

Andre looks at Shemani and bites his pencil hard. It snaps in  
his teeth and shatters in his mouth. He splutters the bits out,  
dribbling them onto the desk.

MS WATKIN:  
Miss Kiturjah. Perfect timing. I  
must see your urban landscaping  
drawings...

SHEMANI:  
(interrupting)  
They're 'designs'. I'm not a six  
year old with a bloody crayon  
set.

MS WATKIN:  
I'll see them - and you - after  
lunch.

Ms Watkin gets out her mobile and heads for the exit -  
addressing Andre as she goes.

MS WATKIN:

Get that concrete laid by the  
time I return.

Ms Watkin dials a number as she leaves.

As the door shuts, Shemani edges towards Andre's desk. Andre  
stands up and slowly moves towards the door.

SHEMANI:

Who cares about stupid building  
foundations. There's only one  
thing in here about to get laid.  
(beat) And the pizza?

ANDRE:

Five minutes. And free garlic  
mayo!

They begin to kiss and clear a section of the desk, to recline  
on to it.

Andre flicks the door locked.

The phone rings. Shemani answers. Andre continues to kiss her -  
silently.

SHEMANI:

(annoyed)

Hello?

Shemani puts her hand over Andre's mouth, stopping him kissing  
her. He gives her a stare.

SHEMANI:

It's here.

ANDRE:

It can wait.

SHEMANI:

(into phone)

Just sling it under the gate.

They continue kissing.

LATER

Andre and Shemani are in a slight state of undress. Shemani's not wearing her jacket. Andre's tie is wonky and loose and his top button is undone.

The phone rings again. This time Andre picks it up, slightly annoyed that it's ringing again.

ANDRE:  
(into phone)  
I'll be one minute...

SHEMANI:  
Twice as long as last time, hey?

Andre covers up the mouthpiece and talks quietly.

ANDRE:  
I sat on the paper weight  
(STRESSING) by accident!

ANDRE:  
(into phone)  
I'll bring the plans out.  
(beat)  
You don't need the plans?  
(beat)

Andre's face drops. His speech slows as he continues to talk.

ANDRE:  
And you can't get it under the  
gate, as it's full of concrete?

Andre drops the phone.

He takes in a big breath and prepares to scream at the top of his voice. Just as he does, the scene cuts.

ANDRE:  
Shit!

THE END