

GUESS WHO?

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Excerpt, available on demand.

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FADE IN:

INT. COUNTRYSIDE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A packed living room with an enamours amount of unnecessary furniture and walls full of artworks, all from different movements.

Empty plates and leftover food are piled up on the dinner table where CLIFF, 51, a skinny, tired-looking man, sits. He wears a creased white shirt and small glasses.

Cliff furiously resets his 'Guess Who?' game tray.

CLIFF

I'm not buying that Dove.

Cliff is an angry, bitter man, whose narrow minded values makes him constantly clash with those around him, isolating him further in his own frustrations.

In front of him, DOVE, 48, a hunched-back woman, wearing an oversized gown robe and a loose wedding ring.

Dove is the typical co-dependent type with a self-esteem so low that it unable her to look anyone in the eyes for more than 10 seconds.

She nervously re-adjusts her wedding ring. Cliff stops to look at her in astonishment.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

What else do you want me to do?

Sitting silently between them is MALLORY, 15, a withdrawn teenager girl, hides behind her hair. Like Cliff, she is short-sighted and shares the same disgraceful facial features. Her quiet behaviour reveal a sense of emotional conflict

Dove proceeds to reset her own tray. Cliff sighs and seizes a mystery character card. Dove picks one too. Cliff chuckles.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

This is absurd. Mal what was the score?

Mallory stops biting her nails for a second to glances at a piece of paper next to her.

MALLORY

Umm... Dad, 2 and... Dove as well.

Cliff smirks.

CLIFF  
Ok. Last round then.

Dove shrinks.

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
Dove, is it a man?

DOVE  
Yes...

Cliff removes all women from his tray.

DOVE (CONT'D)  
Is it a man?

CLIFF  
No Dove, that's like cheating. You know the rules, don't you?

DOVE  
Ok... Umm... Is it a woman then?

Cliff sighs and looks at his cards.

CLIFF  
No.

A silhouette passes by the window behind him. Dove glimpses at it.

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
Does he have brown hair?

She looks at her card anxiously.

DOVE  
Sorry, do you mean brown or dark brown?

CLIFF  
For Christ's sake Dove.

Someone knocks at the door. Cliff leans back on his chair, mumbling inaudible complaints. Dove rises towards the doorway.

INT. COUNTRYSIDE HOUSE - DOORWAY - NIGHT

Dove opens the door halfway. MARK, 49, a tall, elegant man with long brown hair and a cashmere scarf, stands on the other side. He holds with him a bouquet of red roses.

Dove looks at him eyes wide open. From the leaving room, Cliff leans back in his chair to try and see what's going on.

CLIFF  
Who's that Dove?

DOVE  
(to Mark)  
We... We haven't finished the game yet.

Mark talks in a remarkably calm manner.

MARK  
Then I'll wait.

INT. COUNTRYSIDE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cliff examines Mark and Dove with round eyes as they come to sit at the table. Mark smiles at him thinly. Mallory turns to Cliff, concerned.

CLIFF  
Dove? Please?

DOVE  
Well, he...

Mark and Dove exchange a look. Dove breaths in.

DOVE (CONT'D)  
He is here for the game.

MARK  
My name is Mark. It's a pleasure to meet you all.

Cliff glowers at Dove. He tries to find his words.

CLIFF  
W..What? Dove? You know it can only be played by two people.

Mark affectionately puts his hand on Dove's arm.