

SWINGERS

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INT. SULTRY GATHERING - NIGHT

We follow the silhouette of a hooded woman as she walks down a corridor. She jingles the keys, getting partygoers's attention.

She lands in the middle of the living room, as masked people gather around her. She removes her hood.

HOSTESS

Ok everyone, this has been fun but
let's get to it.

She ceremoniously drops the keys into a bowl. As the partygoers chuckle.

HOSTESS (CONT'D)

For anyone new here, this is how it
works. Keys go in the bowl, if you
draw your own keys you draw again.

She takes a dramatic pause.

HOSTESS (CONT'D)

Whoever's keys you get, that's your
partner for the night.

She gives the bowl to her "assistant", who walks around the party presenting the bowl for partygoers to drop their keys into.

One of the masked women raises her hand, the hostess dramatically points to her.

HOSTESS (CONT'D)

Yes, my beautiful little bird.

The woman nervously giggles.

MASKED WOMAN

Uhm.. what if we want to re-draw?

The hostess takes a deep breath in.

HOSTESS

Look, we try to encourage an open
mind, but consent is key. So if
there's an issue come to me and
we'll flesh it out.

The assistant comes back with the bowl, she takes it and offers it to the masked woman.

HOSTESS (CONT'D)
Why don't you go first, little
bird.

The masked woman chuckles nervously, looks at her partner next to her, and pulls a keychain out of the bowl. She jingles it.

The crowd parts and out of it strides a bold young man, shirt wide open. He stands, cocks a smile at the masked woman.

The hostess gives her a side glance.

HOSTESS (CONT'D)
Do you wish to re-draw?

The masked woman aggressively shakes her head no, shrugs her silk shawl off, throwing it over his neck and tugging him closer. She walks him out of shot.

The hostess turns to JEMMA, the next person in the circle, and offers her the bowl.

HOSTESS (CONT'D)
Your turn.

Jemma swirls her hand over the bowl slowly, then dramatically takes a keychain out of it.

The room is silent, she jingles it. A tall man in a dragon mask steps out of the crowd, it's LOGAN. A small smile appears on Jemma's face.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

We hard cut to the two of them standing face to face in a bedroom.

Logan dramatically takes his hand and caresses the side of her face. She holds his hand and strokes it.

He makes a snakey hissing noise and starts circling her. He weaves his body lower, climbing back up. She stands still, breathing heavy.

He comes close to her face, hooks his finger under the mask. He slowly peels it back, startled Logan JUMPS back. The mask falls off.

LOGAN
Jemma!?

Jemma looks at him shocked.

JEMMA

Logan!?

He swiftly removes his mask, they stand in silence looking at each other, MORTIFIED.

They erupt. Logan is shellshocked, almost catatonic.

LOGAN

Oh noooooooooooooo -

We pan to Jemma holding her head.

JEMMA

Omg, omg, omg, this can't be happening.

We pan back to Logan, dry heaving aggressively, bending forward, hand against the wall.

Then back to Jemma, still holding her head, a primal scream building in her throat - we hard cut out of it to:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

They both awkwardly sit in silence, each on one end of the bed. Logans shirt is fully buttoned, and Jemma shrouds herself in her coat.

Logan goes to say something, turns, then stops himself and goes back to looking at his hands.

Jemma turns to him.

JEMMA

You look different... Not bad different... I just - I can tell you've been working on yourself.

LOGAN

Yeah uh thanks... I've been hitting the gym.

She nods, and the silence returns.

JEMMA

Soooo... It's been a while.

LOGAN

Yeah... life you know.

JEMMA

Yeah... me too.

Beat. She chuckles to herself quickly.

LOGAN

What?

(exasperated)

JEMMA

The hissing...

(a laugh bursts from her)
like... it's a bit much-

LOGAN

What!? I- I was in character.

Embarrassed, he smacks his palm on his forehead.

They both chuckle awkwardly. Beat.

JEMMA

Sooo.....

She fiddles with her nails.

JEMMA (CONT'D)

What you are getting mum for her
birthday?

CUT TO BLACK.