SAVAGE GRACE

INT: LONDON HOME - DAY

The front door shuts. Tony sits on the couch alone, smoking.

TONY
Well, where is it? ...WHERE, is it? ...Where did you put it?

Barbara enters.

BARBARA
It is not my responsibility to keep track of your objects.

TONY
But it's not anywhere.

Barbara organizes her bags on the dining room table.

BARBARA
Missy Harnden is the soul of graciousness. When I mentioned that there would be a vernissage after the opening, she offered to host a little dinner...chez Harnden.

TONY
I'm so happy for you Mummy.

BARBARA
I do like the way you've been dressing lately. Is that from Gieves?

TONY
No, actually, it's from Anderson, Anderson and Sheppard.

BARBARA
Did you just walk in?

TONY
No. You might just walk into Gieves, but you're not going to walk into Anderson—you get walked into Anderson. In my case, by Timothy Chalmers.

Barbara approaches the couch and sits next to Tony.
BARBARA
Have you been seeing a lot of young Timothy Chalmers? (she puts her hand on his leg) Because I don’t think he’s the kind of person you want to learn from, if you want to learn how to be a man.

TONY
What do you mean?

BARBARA
I don’t think Timothy likes women very much.

TONY
Oh, he’s English, is all. He’s the kind of person that does things for people— in the way that Missy Harnden does for you.

BARBARA
I hope you haven’t incurred any obligation.

TONY
Mother, we’re talking about an introduction to a tailor, a clothier.

Barbara feels the material on Tony’s pant leg.

BARBARA
Well, I very much like this material... this fabric.— What would you call it?

TONY
Its worsted, I should think.

BARBARA
Its much nicer than your other worsted. (she’s rubbing between his thighs)

TONY
Well, that’s Anderson.

Barbara continues to rub up Tony’s thigh between his legs and feels him.

BARBARA
Well, this is interesting.
TONY
Barbara...please.

She starts to pull her hand away but he shakily pulls it back.

BARTBARA
You don’t seem to mind it. - Part of you doesn’t seem to mind it.

TONY
I suppose I don’t...mind.

BARTBARA
You might even enjoy it.

Tony strokes Barbara’s hand.

TONY
I might.

BARTBARA
Ah...I’m finding buttons here. How many?

TONY
Five. They do them with five.

BARTBARA
That’s five (she begins to unbutton his pants)...that’s four...that’s three...

Barbara gets up.

BARTBARA
Hold that thought.

Barbara exits. Door shuts.

TONY
God...

The door opens and closes. Barbara reenters and continues to undress him.

BARTBARA
I like the boxers you’ve chosen.

TONY
I picked them out for myself.
Barbara mounts him and lifts her skirt up and they start having sex.

BARBARA
How does that feel?

TONY
I think you know.

Barbara pants heavily.

BARBARA
Did you come?

TONY
No.

BARBARA
We can do something about that.

She sits next to him and gives him a hand job as he pants heavily. Then groans as he orgasms holding onto her. Barbara sighs and cuddles up to Tony.

BARBARA
You’re the best. You are. You are the best.

(beat)

TONY
Are you sure you didn’t put it anywhere?