



Scripts.com

# Better Than Sex

By Jonathan Teplitzky

To be honest,  
I didn't really give it a second thought.  
He seemed like a nice guy  
and everything, but, you know...  
...nothing to die for or anything.  
We chatted for a while,  
but it was small talk.  
Nothing flirtatious.  
It was the furthest thing from my mind.  
He was telling me about some trip  
to Africa he'd done...  
...photographing meerkats.  
These puny, rodent-like things.  
They're incredible animals.  
They live communally,  
so they eat together...  
...they work together,  
they look after each other's young.  
They keep watch, holding their hands  
to their foreheads to shield their eyes...  
...while the rest of the tribe  
forage for food.  
Then Sam arrived  
and dragged me away.  
But it wasn't until we shared  
a cab home....  
So London must be  
an exciting place to live.  
Yeah.  
Apart from the cold, the rain,  
the filth, the huge cost of everything...  
...and the English,  
it's a great place to live.  
Sounds terrific.  
So how long are you here for?  
-Till Thursday.  
-Right.  
-Three days.  
-Yeah.  
He wasn't gorgeous or anything.  
He didn't seem  
to be my type somehow.  
I was surprised. There was something  
about him that was turning me on.

He had this...  
...relaxed magnetism.  
Sort of, I don't know,  
like he didn't give a shit.  
Yeah, there was definitely something  
going on between us.  
When you're about to leave the country,  
you suddenly become more desirable.  
Anyway, he made me laugh.  
And I like that.  
Three days.  
It's tempting.  
It's tempting.  
Very tempting.  
With two days off for good behavior.  
She knows I'm leaving.  
Could be fun. Nothing complicated.  
I mean, he won't hang around.  
It's for one night.  
Doesn't have all the usual expectations.  
I bet he wants to.  
-Does she want to?  
-I'm sure he wants to.  
-Yeah, I think she wants to.  
-And if it doesn't work out....  
-Maybe she's covered in tattoos.  
-Maybe he can't get an erection.  
-She could be neurotic.  
-He's into something weird.  
Doesn't matter, I'm back in London.  
He'll be gone soon, who cares?  
Bye-bye.  
So I was thinking,  
'Should I ask him in?'  
I don't know.  
I was feeling pretty horny.  
This is me, here on the left.  
So....  
-You'll be okay?  
-Yeah, I'll be fine.  
-Well, I guess I'll see you then.  
-Yeah, yeah.  
Bye.  
Bye.

But that was it, I really felt like sex.  
I want sex.  
I need sex.  
I love sex.  
Come on, ask her. Ask her.  
What the hell,  
he's leaving in three days.  
-Look, I was sort of thinking--  
-You want to come in for a coffee?  
-I wouldn't mind some tea.  
-Tea? You'll be lucky.  
Come on.  
Here we go again.  
What are you doing?  
Just sawing my arm off,  
so I don't have to wake you.  
It didn't work.  
What time is it?  
-It's still early.  
-Do you have to go?  
No, I thought you might want to sleep.  
You can go if you want.  
But you don't have to.  
Do you want me to go?  
Lie down, will you?  
Oh, my God, you're naked!  
Quit talking. I have to get to sleep.  
And don't move. No wriggling.  
I don't want to open my--  
Yeah, if I like someone,  
I like doing it. It's--  
Yeah, if I like someone,  
I like doing it. It's--  
It's sexy.  
And there's something  
really intimate about it.  
What are you doing?  
Do I know you?  
It's the best time...  
...when you're still half-asleep.  
Just semiconscious.  
And the warmth, it starts down here  
and just fills your whole body.  
-Try relaxing.

-I am relaxed.  
I'm trying.  
Yeah. Okay. Okay, I'm relaxed.  
So eyes closed...  
...stay asleep.  
What if I don't come?  
Stop it.  
Just close your eyes.  
Just close your eyes.  
Bingo. That's it.  
Nice and gentle.  
Up a bit, up a bit.  
Now around. Go around.  
There. Yeah.  
What if I come too fast?  
Forget about him.  
He can beg for his later.  
Yeah, I'm just going to lie here  
and relax and enjoy it.  
Left. Go left.  
Please go left.  
Just there.  
-I like it at night.  
-I like it when he blows.  
-Needs to be a nice tongue.  
-No, soft. Soft, little licks...  
-...that start on my thighs and move in.  
-It just doesn't do it for me.  
It's what he does with his hands  
that makes it special.  
God.  
So close.  
I found out how to relax  
with someone new.  
And I got quite ticklish.  
Sometimes I just find it too intimate,  
with his tongue and everything.  
He seemed to enjoy it, which is good.  
Well, I think he enjoyed it.  
It wasn't a chore for him.  
But I got a bit desensitized,  
and I think the poor boy got a bit tired.  
Are you okay?  
It's a meerkat!

What were you doing down there?  
I was foraging for food.  
No, she didn't come.  
But she seemed to enjoy it.  
She was laughing enough.  
It's sexy when their hips and bottoms  
start to move around like that.  
After a while, it felt like my jaw  
was going to drop out of my head.  
Sorry I was so ticklish.  
Don't worry about it.  
It felt good.  
No, you've got a--  
You got a good, good laugh.  
You gotta shave before next time.  
What do you mean, next time?  
Yeah, it's like sandpaper.  
You've got to prepare  
the surface properly...  
...if you want to start  
any serious decorating.  
Look, it felt good.  
It just takes me a little time...  
...to get used to being so intimate,  
that's all.  
It's a strange situation, I guess.  
One moment you're really intimate,  
fucking each other's brains out.  
The next minute,  
probably never see each other again.  
It felt good between us,  
but he's going.  
I guess he could've stayed another night,  
but that would complicate things.  
Yeah, that's what it's about. It's sex  
for one night without any commitment.  
Yeah, we both knew that.  
No, it was fun.  
And he's tender, passionate,  
everything you want from a guy, but....  
There you are.  
I thought you sneaked out.  
I was about to, but first I thought  
I'd rifle through your drawers.

What?

-So when's the big day?

-Saturday, a week.

Look, I better get going.

I got heaps to do.

Relax, you big dummy, it's not mine.

God, what kind of girl do you think I am?

I don't know. For all I know,  
you like that sort of thing.

Yeah, right.

No, I'm making it for someone.

You're a dressmaker?

Designer. Well, I used to be, but I got  
the shits for doing things like that.

But in a moment of utter weakness,  
I said yes. Don't ask me why.

-So, what do you do now?

-Does it really matter?

I do have cups, you know.

It doesn't matter.

I'm just vaguely interested, that's all.

Shit. What's the date?

Oh, no, I've got

a stupid fitting tomorrow.

-Sounds to me like you're a dressmaker.

-She'll fucking kill me.

Look, I should get out of your hair.

I wasn't trying to get rid of you.

I guess, so....

Then maybe I'll call you?

When? I mean, you're leaving in--

I don't think I'll be, you know,  
in the right frame of mind.

Yeah, I better go.

See you.

What do we got here?

Now, wait a minute.

-Hello?

-Tim, it's Josh.

Where have you been?

You disappeared last night.

-Well, I went home with someone.

-Yeah? Who?

-You know, a woman.

-Really?  
-Yeah, Cinthia.  
-Cinthia?  
Remember? I was talking to her.  
-Oh, yeah. Right.  
-You don't have her number, do you?  
Listen, a lot of people want to see you  
before you go.  
I'll be there.  
I just need to talk to her for a minute.  
What happened to, 'I just walk away'?  
You're leaving. She'll end up liking you.  
-No, she won't. It's not like that.  
-Yeah, sure.  
-Come on, mate.  
-I guess I can call someone.  
-Can you call me back in 10?  
-Okay. Okay, thanks. Bye.  
Cinthia. Cin.  
She's blond?  
-Never heard of her.  
-You're fucking kidding.  
He's only been in town  
for two minutes.  
Yeah, I saw him talking to her.  
-Oh, Cinthia. Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
-She was attractive.  
-That little rat.  
-Hasn't she got a boyfriend?  
Cinthia?  
Oh, no. Well, I've been trying  
to go out with her for ages!  
-It's only because he's going away.  
-I'm not giving him her number.  
He wants to call her? When has  
he ever wanted to call anyone?  
-Josh.  
-What have you been doing?  
Listen, mate. Is it Cinthia Roland  
or Cinthia Graham?  
I don't know.  
Who said romance is dead?  
Where are you?  
I'm in a phone box outside the--



I don't know. Somewhere.  
You better be here tomorrow.  
Got a pen?  
Yeah, Graham.  
Okay, thanks. See you. Bye.  
It's me.  
I'm outside of the apartment...  
...and I think the only thing for us to do  
is to have sex immediately.  
I'm sorry. Yes, I'm sorry.  
Look, I thought you were somebody else.  
Okay, I'm sorry. Bye.  
Fuck.  
-Hello.  
-Hi, could I speak to Cinthia Graham?  
-I mean, Cinthia Roland.  
-It's me, you idiot. What do you want?  
I'm sorry. Look, I think I've just  
had sex with a total stranger.  
It's only been five minutes  
and you've been unfaithful?  
I thought it was you. I think I rang  
some other Cinthia by mistake.  
-So you rang?  
-Yeah.  
-Yeah, I was--  
-Hey, come upstairs.  
I'm taking all my clothes off.  
I might have something  
to keep you warm.  
Why don't you bring it up here?  
I don't want to catch a chill.  
-Did I say goodbye?  
-I don't think so.  
Not properly.  
Okay, see you.  
Bye.  
My leg, my leg! Just--  
Yeah.  
Oh, my God, this is so good!  
Don't fall in love with him.  
Don't fall in love with him.  
Don't, don't, don't!  
I love you!

What?

-What?

-You know what.

I didn't mean it.

What?

You're a bastard  
for making me say that.

What did I do?

I was under duress.

Look, it's not fair.

I'm taking that back.

No, it's too late. You can't.

Weren't you leaving?

It's definitely the go.

From behind,  
with your hand on my clitoris.

Hi, gorg. It's me.

-Pick up. I know you're there.

-I'm not answering that.

Hello, hello, hello.

Come on, I know you can hear me.

Come on, Cin, pick up.

Hi, Sam. I'm here.

Good. Yeah.

No, a little tired.

No, it was good.

**Yeah, about 2:**

Nothing. Yeah.

Well...

...yeah.

-Well, actually, he stayed the night.

-He stayed the night?

-He stayed the night!

-What do you mean?

-At her place?

-Has he left?

-Did she have sex with him?

-She had sex with him!

What happened?

-So, what happened?

-Well, what do you think happened?

Yeah.

-Yeah, it was pretty good.

-She'll want some details.  
-Come on, I want some details.  
-Not now.  
-Is he still there? I'm coming over.  
-Forget it.  
-I won't stay long, all right?  
-No way, you'll flirt your ass off.  
-What do you mean?  
-You do it every time I like some guy.  
You said 'love,' remember?  
Listen, he's there for one night.  
It was just for sex. What do you care?  
He was sort of tall, wasn't he?  
He was disheveled-looking.  
Call me tomorrow, Sam. Okay?  
But he won't be there.  
Is he staying another night?  
-He's staying another night?  
-Which one was he?  
-Was he that English guy?  
-Isn't he pasty-looking?  
-Must've been a good root.  
-I talked to him.  
-I thought he was boring.  
-Well, is he?  
I don't know.  
Look, call me tomorrow, Sam.  
And I mean it, don't go blabbing.  
Okay. Bye.  
-Was he that tall guy she was talking to?  
-I didn't see anyone.  
-Glasses?  
-Did he go down on her?  
So sex was good  
first trip to the crest?  
-After?  
-What's she done to deserve that?  
Listen, don't say anything.  
I promised her I wouldn't blab.  
She'll tell everyone. She'll--  
Bloody thing!  
Yeah, being with someone  
like Cin, it's....  
I don't know,

it's seductive, I guess.  
She was open. Confident.  
She was never uptight.  
There was never any of that  
having to do it with the lights out.  
Well, he was already  
pretty confident, I guess.  
In a quiet way.  
But he sort of started to do more.  
Fishing around for things  
that I might like.  
He wasn't trying to prove anything.  
Perform.  
He just felt into it, into me.  
I found that a real turn-on.  
Keep going. Keep going.  
Don't stop, Josh. Don't stop.  
Three cups of self-rising flour.  
Four lemons.  
Yeah, keep going. Keep going.  
Don't stop, don't stop, don't stop.  
Please, don't stop.  
A cup of milk.  
A teaspoon of baking powder.  
Yeah, don't stop. Don't stop.  
Please. Please wait for me.  
Six eggs. Eight ounces of butter.  
Keep going. Keep going.  
Desiccated coconut!  
Oh, man.  
You okay?  
-Did I come too quickly?  
-No.  
-It's okay. You can tell me.  
-No.  
Yeah, a bit.  
-But it was fine, really.  
-You should have said something.  
-I was trying to slow down.  
-Shut up, you idiot.  
Yeah, the condom came loose...  
...and quite frankly,  
I didn't need the extra friction.  
Yeah, I would have liked

to have held out...  
...but sometimes it starts  
and you just can't stop.  
Well, anyway,  
I ran out of ingredients.  
It really didn't seem to bother him.  
I get the shits when guys  
get all self-conscious.  
Like they're worried  
about their performance.  
I don't know, they become  
more grateful or something.  
-Grateful?  
-Yeah.  
You have no idea  
what some guys are like.  
You let them fuck you, and then  
they get the idea you like them.  
-Tragic.  
-Yeah.  
And the next morning, there's this  
eager beaver, this droopy-eyed spaniel.  
They suddenly become  
more needy or something.  
You got any food in this place?  
Haven't you got any food?  
Any food?  
Well, look in the fridge.  
There must be something.  
I meant food you could eat.  
What's the big deal?  
I like it cold, okay?  
Stop smiling.  
I'm lucky you keep it wrapped up.  
It's the only thing in there  
that was fresh.  
No, no way. You've got a job  
to be getting back to there.  
This is the sort of thing you do.  
Sneaking up on poor, defenseless  
animals in their most intimate moments.  
Hang on a minute.  
He just comes home from lying in  
the sun all day and he climbs on top.

No kiss, no 'how was your day?'

Even a cuddle would be nice.

The breath! The breath's unbelievable.

You'd think they'd get sick of the same position, want a bit of variety.

Oh, no. I don't believe it.

He wants to do it again. I'm rooted.

-When you gonna get some sleep?

-A bit lower.

-What, there?

-Yeah, that's it. Oh, God.

Surely she doesn't want to do it again.

Now we're getting somewhere.

Jeez, don't be so grateful.

He'll think I want to do it again.

-I want my bed.

-I need to sleep.

No more sex.

God, I can't take it anymore.

I hate sex.

-I just want to get into bed.

-I just want to go to sleep.

What are you thinking?

-Nothing, you?

-Nothing.

What's wrong?

I can't get comfortable.

I can't find anywhere to put my arm.

Well, put it behind you.

What, like this?

Stop it! Put it under you or something.

-It'll go to sleep.

-That's the idea.

Okay, put it under there.

Good.

Okay, that's enough.

Can you get the light?

No, this is perfect. Better not move.

This is torture.

You cannot be serious.

His spare arm was keeping us awake, so it seemed a shame not to.

Look, I was a little bit tired...

...but I was going in the morning.  
I mean, if it weren't having sex...  
...usually I prefer to sleep alone.  
Put the seat down.  
Is that too much to ask?  
They can kick a goal through  
a couple of different posts.  
Build bridges that join up  
perfectly in the middle.  
Ever heard of an astronaut  
missing the moon?  
They have a target to aim at,  
but it still goes everywhere.  
All that zigzagging around the bowl.  
What's that about?  
They're like dogs, staking out  
their precious territory.  
Put it down. It's easy.  
And it's not just the odd drop.  
The place is wet.  
Men, they're like wild animals...  
...roaming some  
prehistoric landscape.  
They strut around like they're  
king of the jungle...  
...marking up their territory,  
staking their claim.  
Look at him, not a hint  
of self-consciousness.  
Totally oblivious to the impact  
of his presence.  
You can tell he thinks he's  
a good root.  
And for some unknown reason  
I find that sexy.  
Haven't you ever heard of flushing?  
Give me that thing. On your back.  
That's it.  
No, really, I thought it'd be  
a one-time thing.  
I don't know, there's something really  
exciting when you click with someone.  
Feeling them become aroused, feeling  
their hunger and their passion...

...like you've let something  
out of a cage.  
The noises, the heat,  
that moaning thing, their desire.  
Sometimes it's hard to let go of,  
just like that.  
You get past the point  
where nothing else seems to matter.  
You can feel his breath,  
hear his growl.  
It makes you feel invincible.  
You're dancing away, and there's  
this warm pleasure...  
...that begins to grow inside the pit  
of your stomach.  
I'm definitely a 'yes' girl.  
'Yes, yes, yes, yes!'  
A lot of no's. You know, 'No, no, no, no.'  
And every now and then I get religious.  
Small...  
...birdy breaths.  
I don't know. Passion was  
beginning to take over.  
I mean, I like passion, but it scares  
the shit out of me at the same time.  
It gets away from you.  
It starts off as a sex thing...  
...and suddenly there's an emotional  
energy that you can't control.  
And you want more and more intimacy.  
But there's a price.  
You sure about this?  
Hurry up. What's the big deal?  
Don't you know you should never rush  
a bride? Look, I look ridiculous.  
-I don't want to do this.  
-I'll take it off.  
Look, come over here into the light.  
Come on over here.  
I have no idea why I said  
I'd make this bloody thing.  
Why am I doing this?  
Because you're about her size, okay?  
Who's the lucky guy?



Look, stop complaining.  
I've got to be a bridesmaid.  
Bridesmaid? What do you mean,  
a bridesmaid?  
You're a grown woman. Don't you have  
to be 11 to be a bridesmaid?  
No, you idiot. That's a flower girl.  
Hold still. If you want to stay,  
you've got to hold still.  
Very good.  
Look, I want you to stay, okay?  
But I've got to get this done.  
You know, what is it about marriage?  
Get married?  
I like the romantic idea,  
but it's gotta be more than that.  
-If it was personal--  
-I watched my family fall apart.  
I'm happy. We're happy.  
-I know he loves me.  
-It changes things.  
Being the center of attention for the day.  
-Would that be too hideous?  
-But now--  
How can you get married and leave  
your friends and family out?  
So you'd never get married?  
I don't really see the point.  
You know you love someone,  
you're committed to them.  
Being married doesn't make  
any difference.  
Never ever under any circumstance?  
Negative.  
-Not if you had kids?  
-Negative.  
-If it meant breaking up a relationship?  
-No, especially negative.  
Not if you really loved someone,  
and it was important to them.  
I wouldn't get involved with someone...  
...who needed to be married  
that desperately.  
Well, at least you're

open-minded about it.

Who's that?

Well, how would I know?

Sam!

What? You said tomorrow.

No, I said, 'Call tomorrow,'  
not just turn up.

Well, I just wanted to check  
and see if you're okay.

Let us in.

That is very kinky.

What have you two been up to?

Sam, this is Josh. Josh, Sam.

-Yeah, yeah, we met the other night.

-Hi.

What can I say?

I do.

Well, I'd love to see the look  
on Carole's face.

-Who's Carole?

-Not a word. I really mean it.

You haven't been doing it  
in her wedding dress, have you?  
If she finds out, she is gonna spew.  
Think I'm gonna put the kettle on.

Sam, promise me.

What? I'm not gonna say anything.

-Cin, relax.

-And, Josh, can you be careful?

I think you're gonna wreck it.

How are you supposed to sit  
in this thing?

It's not meant for sitting.

-I think I better take it off.

-It's fine. Don't worry about it.

All I want to do is be a princess  
for a day.

Sam.

I should have just told her.

I'm not jealous of her.

Well, I don't know.

She does it to me all the time.

I mean, I know she doesn't  
actually want to fuck him...

...but she wants him to want  
to fuck her.  
And I just felt stupid, I suppose,  
because I've got no right to be jealous.  
We spent one night together.  
Oh, God, I've had  
such a stressful week.  
You wanna try and get some tea  
into those cups?  
Pete's back in town.  
Pete's this guy I'm seeing.  
I mean, not really seeing because,  
well, he's married.  
He's back in town, and I'm trying  
to do this Rivers of the World thing.  
They want it to be good  
but won't change their deadlines.  
-So it's gonna be crap.  
-Sam produces TV documentaries.  
-All right.  
-What do you do?  
Josh is a wildlife photographer.  
-Really?  
-Yeah, yeah.  
I work for National Geographic  
and that sort of stuff.  
Ever thought of doing any live action?  
Yeah, yeah, but I kind of like  
to work alone.  
You might wanna think  
about it because...  
...maybe we could  
do something together.  
Look, I'll give you my card.  
-Give us a call sometime.  
-He's leaving tomorrow, actually.  
-Leaving? Where to?  
-I live in London now.  
Well, you know...  
...I'm in London from time to time.  
-Shit, Sam!  
-Sorry.  
-That's okay. It'll wash right out.  
-Well, I don't want to wash it, okay?

He's great.  
You two obviously having a bit of fun.  
Shame he's leaving so soon.  
Sam, I think it's time for you to go.  
It wasn't his fault.  
But I was pissed off. And there's a lot of  
unresolved crap between Sam and me.  
And I guess I wanted him to--  
I don't know.  
It's not fair to expect anything.  
He just should have never seen all that.  
-See you later. Nice to meet you again.  
-Okay.  
Have a good time, did you?  
-I'm sorry?  
-She certainly pulled your chain.  
What are you talking about?  
Do you mind not chucking  
your clothes on the floor?  
Well, there's one shirt,  
one pair of shoes.  
Well, this would be the perfect  
opportunity to put them back on again.  
Okay.  
-When am I leaving?  
-Well, it's up to you. Go if you want.  
-What's wrong?  
-Nothing.  
-Doesn't seem like nothing.  
-Okay, it's not nothing.  
Well?  
I would have thought it was obvious.  
If you don't know, I won't draw it for you.  
What the hell is your problem?  
So who's the girl?  
What girl?  
I looked in your wallet.  
What do you mean,  
you looked in my wallet?  
-So who is she?  
-She's no one.  
It's got nothing to do with you. What  
are you looking through my stuff for?  
Excuse me,

what about all my stuff?  
My life is completely on display here.  
This is my home.  
It's my friends we have to deal with.  
You just waltz in  
and make yourself comfortable.  
I don't even get a glimpse  
of who you are, what your life's like.  
The only thing I know is you're  
a stupid wildlife photographer.  
-Isn't this supposed to be casual?  
-It is fucking casual.  
See you later.  
Like in about 1 0,000 years.  
I was angry and frustrated.  
None of this should be happening...  
...but I'm walking away feeling  
like I was doing something wrong.  
Like I was making a big mistake.  
Look, the whole point of it  
was that it was casual.  
You didn't have to deal  
with that kind of crap.  
Taxi!  
You all right there, mate?  
You seem a bit upset, that's all.  
She's absolutely crazy.  
Bloody meerkats.  
Stupid, bloody animals.  
So I'm sitting there holding  
his bloody sock, feeling guilty.  
We had our night.  
Why didn't I just chuck him out?  
I don't know. I mean, maybe I should  
have made more of an effort...  
...but I thought the idea was  
you didn't have to make any effort.  
I can't do it. Out you get.  
-I beg your pardon?  
-Can't you tell she's scared?  
Loosen up. Wouldn't kill you  
to reveal something about yourself.  
And that friend of hers,  
flirting her ass off with you.

It puts a bit of strain on things,  
but you can't walk out now.  
If nothing else,  
she needs reassurance.  
Since you're such an expert,  
you go and talk to her.  
Okay, okay.  
It was supposed to be something casual,  
and now we're not so sure. Big deal.  
Come on. What's wrong  
with expressing some real feeling?  
It's up to you.  
Go if you want, turn your back,  
run away, whatever.  
You decide. But I'm not driving you.  
Go on. Out you go.  
-What?  
-Go on. Off you go.  
Couldn't live with myself  
if I didn't make you try again.  
You have to sleep together  
and run away.  
As soon as you let  
some sort of intimacy develop, it's--  
I don't know, it gets crazy.  
I didn't want it to end like that.  
Why does it always  
have to get so--?  
Complicated.  
These two kill me.  
Yeah?  
-Hey, it's me.  
-Hey, Josh. Good boy.  
-What, she kick you out already?  
-Come on. Open up, will you?  
What's going on?  
Nobody here called a cab, mate.  
Come on, I haven't got all day.  
Hey, chuck us down my bag,  
will you?  
What's going on?  
-I just gotta sort something out.  
-In you get.  
Unbelievable!

Look....  
A couple of years ago, I....  
Actually, it was a few years ago now,  
I had this friend.  
You know, a girlfriend.  
She was my girlfriend and she wasn't.  
Anyway, she was my best friend.  
And...  
...well, she was the love of my life,  
I guess.  
It was the first time in my life I actually  
was with someone I was really into.  
You know that feeling  
when you just crave them?  
Anyway, we were pretty young...  
...and she didn't really feel  
the same way, so....  
She wanted me to be close to her,  
but not too close.  
I'd go out with other women,  
and just as I get a girlfriend...  
...she'd offer herself to me.  
Just enough...  
...to make me feel as though  
it could happen between us.  
But, you know, it never did.  
And....  
It started to really wear me down.  
So one day...  
...I decided I'd had enough.  
So that's how I ended up in London.  
Anyway, that photo...  
...it reminds me of....  
Well, I'm fucked if I know.  
Something.  
That you loved her.  
Sorry. I always laugh  
when I get nervous.  
I don't know.  
Look, it was good, but it was also  
scaring the shit out of me.  
We suddenly felt connected.  
Sex wasn't just casual anymore.  
It was....

It was passionate.  
It was really passionate.  
It wasn't about fucking and orgasms  
and all that.  
Well, I mean, it was, but...  
...I don't know, it was deeper,  
more fulfilling. For me, anyway.  
I really didn't want  
to get into all of that.  
I was really asleep.  
Good morning.  
I made some tea.  
-Come on.  
-Where are we going?  
Hey, nice touch.  
Didn't want you to think  
I was a slob or anything.  
Hello.  
Nice, isn't it?  
Very tropical.  
No good?  
-Did you boil the water?  
-Listen, buster, I know how to make tea.  
It's just like making coffee,  
only with tea.  
I made you a cup the other night.  
You said you liked it.  
That's delicious.  
-Can I ask you something?  
-Yeah.  
Was that before or after we had sex?  
-Before. You know it was before.  
-Exactly.  
Like making coffee.  
Hey, all that before with Sam.  
What was that about?  
Forget it. It wasn't your fault.  
I just...  
...felt undermined by Sam.  
She dumps all this sexually  
competitive bullshit over me.  
I found it humiliating.  
And she uses me so she can feel  
better about herself, more attractive.



You know, sexier.  
Do you think she's sexy?  
I don't know. Oh, look,  
I wouldn't wanna fuck her...  
...today.  
Well, I want you to stay, okay?  
Until you have to go. If you want.  
I mean,  
I wanna keep fucking you.  
I wanna not give a shit  
when you go tomorrow. I....  
I want you to be some guy I slept  
with once and then you just pissed off.  
I want us to keep having  
this casual fling.  
I love you!  
Shit!  
I can't believe  
you made me say it again.  
You can't help yourself.  
-Yeah.  
-It was out of control. I mean...  
...we hardly knew each other.  
We fucked, we had a fight.  
You walk away.  
What were we doing back  
in bed together? Talking?  
-You hungry?  
-Yeah.  
Let's go out  
and get something to eat.  
Ready.  
Give me a break, that's too fast.  
No, no, no. I'll be quick. Stop that,  
Joshua. Do those buttons back up.  
If you're gonna hassle me,  
it'll just take longer.  
It's bullshit. I'm quick.  
Five minutes, I'm out, looking good.  
This is quick.  
If it was just her making herself  
look good for just one guy....  
Well, okay, but...  
...women wanna look great

for the rest of the world.  
And that can take some time.  
-Oh, you're kidding.  
-What?  
What?  
If I'm premenstrual, it can take me  
a bit of time...  
...but I think he could  
cut me some slack.  
Do you like this smell?  
How can a change of jeans  
and a bit of lipstick take two hours?  
A bath?  
Don't know why she's so paranoid.  
Well, I think she's sexy  
whatever she's got on.  
What do you think?  
Perfect, if you were wearing them.  
No, I wanna look good.  
-Yeah, good.  
-You think so? I don't--  
I don't know about the skirt.  
Fine.  
Only fine?  
-Does this top go with these shoes?  
-Top with those shoes? Yeah.  
Sure?  
Who the hell looks at shoes?  
That looks great.  
Everything goes with those shoes.  
The shirt goes with the curtains.  
The lipstick and the belt go perfectly.  
You're hopeless.  
Now, do you like this one?  
Why don't I have anything  
to wear?  
See?  
-Okay, the bath was a good idea.  
-You didn't really want to go out.  
Didn't wanna wait for you  
to do makeup.  
Oh, I'm like lightning.  
Just a bit of lippy.  
Yeah, one quick coat and then

I'm ready to face the world.

Tell me, are you in love  
with someone in London?

No.

-Are you seeing someone?

-No, not that I know of.

Well, do you like someone?

I mean, do you have any girlfriends?

Yeah. Yeah, some.

What about you? Boyfriends?

Yeah, but I'd never wanna spend  
the rest of my life with them, you know.

I mean, I like the idea  
of being close to someone, but....

So you think we'd be here like this  
if I wasn't leaving tomorrow?

No way. I mean, I'd sleep with you,  
but you'd definitely have to go after that.

No. I guess I'm really good at  
getting to the sleeping-with bit...

...but not good at going  
from the sleeping-with bit...

...to the being-with bit.

-So tell me....

-Yes?

How many guys have you got  
to this sleeping-with bit?

You want to know how many  
sexual partners I've had?

Yeah, if you wanna tell me.

A few.

-Quite a few.

-How many is 'quite a few'?

I don't know. You're not going to go  
all strange on me, are you?

Because I've slept around a bit.

Of course not.

Nothing wrong with a bit of practice.

Okay, you wanna fuck anything  
that moves. What's the big deal?

You're deranged.

Okay.

Twenty-seven.

No, 28, if we're just counting guys,

and 31 otherwise.

I'm gonna take for granted  
the extra three were women.

-Good idea.

-Twenty-eight?

-That's a pretty good memory.

-Yeah.

I was having this exact  
conversation with number 27...

...a few weeks ago,

and he didn't like it too much.

What, he wanted to know

how many?

-Didn't like it?

-Nope.

Hang on, let me get this straight.

You found this guy attractive?

-And you asked him up here?

-Yeah.

You're both naked,

you're having sex, right?

-No complaints?

-No complaints.

-He should be happy.

-I know.

I hate it when guys  
make you feel like that.

So come on, your turn.

What? What, how many?

Well, I was a virgin  
before you forced me up here.

-Come on, how many?

-I don't know. Never really counted.

Well, ballpark it.

Okay, I'd say 40 to 50.

-Probably closer to 50.

-Fifty! God, you're such a slut.

-All women.

-Of course.

So when did you embark  
on this rampage?

I was probably about 17. This older  
woman who must've been all...

...of about 23 just climbed on top

and attacked me.  
Started humping away.  
I must've done it about 50 times.  
I'd have been happy with just once.  
Fifty times.  
We're certainly slacking off a bit.  
At that age you only have to be in the  
same hemisphere as a naked woman...  
...and little Elvis starts tapping  
you on the shoulder.  
Well, well, well.  
Look what we've got here.  
Looks like Elvis is wanting  
to tap you on the shoulder.  
I think he wants to tap you.  
When it first goes in,  
every part of me blushes.  
I refuse to let him put that thing  
anywhere near my mouth.  
It definitely turns me on doing it.  
I feel really sexy.  
It's the best thing in the world.  
It's more intense than sex.  
I don't let the guy look at me.  
I don't think it looks sexy.

**I mean:**

It's hardly a good look.  
Oh, that feels good.  
Lift your hips, will you?  
I'm not a fish.  
You're pretty good with a snorkel.  
Sometimes you can't get your  
mouth open wide enough.  
If it's a new guy,  
I want to be down there pronto.  
It's pure sex, and I like how powerful  
it makes me feel.  
Puts me in control of the situation.  
I like that.  
And I can just lie back  
and lose myself.  
It makes me feel really into her,  
you know?

This is too good.  
I don't know, swallowing it....  
Yes, please.  
No. No, I don't. I couldn't.  
Yes, please.  
I love you.  
Well, maybe if I was in love.  
You know I love you. Please?  
I've done it.  
I do it.  
But I usually stop just before he....  
Marry me.  
Thank you.  
Busting!  
-What time are you leaving?  
-My plane's at 1 or something.  
-I'd drive you, but--  
-Oh, no, no. I'll get a cab.  
Good. I hate  
long-winded goodbyes.  
Excuse me.  
Do you think I'm getting  
a little fat?  
-Think I'm getting fat?  
-How would I know?  
I've only known you  
for three days.  
For all I know, you could have lost 50  
kilos and been a real porker a week ago.  
Yeah, I think I'm getting  
a bit pudgy.  
Sure I can't convince you to stay?  
-No. I gotta go.  
-All right.  
-Help us make the bed, then?  
-Yeah, okay.  
Oh, fuck me.  
Oh, I just want you to fuck me.  
Oh, God! Fuck me.  
-Fucking sexy.  
-Oh, fuck, you're so fucking sexy!  
Oh, yeah.  
-It was a fuck.  
-It was just a fuck.

It was like the first night.  
Something physical, I suppose...  
-...to remind us why we were there.  
-Something anonymous...  
...to help me get rid of  
how confused I felt.  
To make his leaving easier.  
-Stop it.  
-Oh, I'm gonna be so late.  
You're gonna have to bite it off.  
I'm not moving.  
Oh, shit!  
Look at the time.  
I'll give you a call, okay?  
I'll call you.  
You don't have to.  
I'm not expecting you to.  
Okay. I won't then.  
-I'm not gonna call you.  
-Oh, God.  
I don't want you to say it.  
If you just--  
Are you trying to provoke me?  
I gotta go.  
Okay.  
I'm leaving a fake number  
over here, okay?  
I just want you to fuck me  
and then piss off.  
Can you believe these two?  
-Did he ask her?  
-She's only known him three days.  
-She just went.  
-I didn't see her talking to anyone.  
-I--  
-That's more like it.  
What do you got to lose?  
-Gone? Gone where?  
-Fantastic.  
It won't last long.  
Wait till the blood returns to her brain.  
I was stupid, really.  
We should've just come out with it.  
Coughed up how we felt.

But somehow it just sneaked up on us.  
Neither of us wanted  
to make the first move.  
It didn't seem real that  
what was happening could be possible.  
I don't believe it!  
What do you mean,  
she's gone to London?  
-She's crazy.  
-What about my dress?  
I remember when I was your age.  
What a great time.  
-A world of possibilities.  
-Can you hurry up?  
-Can I give you a word of advice?  
-Can I stop you?  
You two have got to start  
talking to one another.  
I'll sue you!  
Oh, it was unbelievable. There's one  
no-show, and I got the last seat.  
I was as nervous as hell.  
But I thought the best thing to do was  
to surprise him once we're in the air.  
Okay, okay.  
Okay, pull over, pull over.  
Unbelievable!  
It's never easy, is it?  
I was stuck here in London, and he  
couldn't get on a plane for three days--  
Hello. How's London?  
Well, apart from the cold, the rain,  
the class system and the English...  
...I thought it might be  
a nice place to live.