

THE MAN OF HER DREAMS

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On behalf of

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EXT. HOUSE - DAY

FRANK walks towards the front door and knocks - after several seconds, he assumes that no one is home and so he begins to walk away.

Abruptly the door opens, and in a panic, ZOE calls after FRANK.

ZOE

Hey! Hello- hi! Come back! I'm in,
I'm home.

FRANK stops, and turns around before walking back towards the house.

ZOE immediately takes a shine to him - flattening down her bedhead, and making sure her dressing gown is as clean and fluff free as it can be.

FRANK

Parcel for... Zoe Whitman?

ZOE

Yes, that's me. *Miss*, Zoe Whitman.
I'm not married. I mean, I'm
single. Recently, in fact. So yeah,
I'm back on the market. Looking all
around, if you catch my drift.

FRANK looks at her awkwardly for a moment - ZOE immediately feels embarrassed as she realises her attempts of flirting have clearly not been successful.

FRANK hands her the parcel, and then a device to sign her name.

FRANK

Sign here.

ZOE

(awkward)

Sure, no problem. No *problemo!*

ZOE reluctantly signs her name - knowing the man of her dreams is about to disappear as soon as she hands back the device.

She seeks an opportunity to keep him there.

ZOE (CONT'D)

(looking at the device) These
things are great, aren't they?

(MORE)

ZOE (CONT'D)

I mean, who would have thought in our life time we'd be signing for packages on a screen!

FRANK

(sarcastic)

It blows my mind.

ZOE

Yeah, it totally does! It's just like how everyone has a mobile phone these days too, eh?

FRANK

Yep.

FRANK holds out a hand, wanting the device back - his impatience growing.

ZOE

With their own mobile number.

ZOE tries to be coy about her motivations, but she's not very subtle.

FRANK

Are you trying to ask for mine?

ZOE

(mockingly shocked)

What?! Me, asking for your phone number? Nooo, way. No. Definitely not. I wouldn't do such a thing.

FRANK

That's alright then.

ZOE

But I mean, if I were to-

FRANK

I have a wife. And kids.

ZOE

(disappointed)

Oh... That's a shame.

FRANK

Not for me it's not.

ZOE

Yeah, true. I suppose

ZOE is genuinely gutted, and her tone and demeanour has now completely changed.

ZOE (CONT'D)

I guess you should have this back then.

ZOE hands him the device, and slumps back inside.

FRANK

(cheery)
Thanks!

ZOE

(dreary)
Yeah, whatever.
(to herself)
Waste of bloody time. He could of said something earlier-

The front door slams closed.