

A Loan From Alice

By

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A banker faces a work dilemma, when a prostitute he slept with comes to his bank and demands a loan for her brothel.

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INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ALEX, 20s, a hot-shot banker, has sex in bed with CHELSEA, 20s, a savvy escort. Alex hands Chelsea a large golden marker pen.

ALEX
Call me Alice.

CHELSEA
What?

Alex shoves LIPSTICK into Chelsea's hand.

ALEX
Tell me I'm Alice!

Chelsea scrawls 'ALICE' on Alex's chest.

CHELSEA
You like that Alice?

Alex orgasms.

LATER:

Alex and Chelsea lie in bed, Alex counting money.

ALEX
So do you do this full time?
You've certainly got the knack.

CHELSEA
For now. But me and some other
girls are going to open are own
place, working behind a desk
rather than on it.

ALEX
Trust me, the desk-life isn't all
it's cracked up to be.

CHELSEA
Why not?

ALEX
Everyone under you kissing ass,
everyone above absolute idiots.
Wouldn't wish it on anyone. But,
got a big promotion coming up, so
won't be me for long.

Alex hands Chelsea money, puts his wallet on the side and lies back, satisfied.

INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - DAY

Alex wakes up in bed, alone, he rolls over and sees his wallet is gone.

ALEX
Yeah, that's about right.

INT. BANKING OFFICE - DAY

Alex sits alone in his office, working behind a desk, there is a knock on the door, GARY, 30s Alex's pompous boss, strides in.

GARY
Alex, can I borrow you for a moment.

ALEX
(with a fake smile)
As long as you return me Gary.

Gary chuckles and leads the way, Alex's smile drops and he follows.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Gary hands Alex a file.

GARY
We've had a request for a rather sizeable business loan. I've gone over it and everything seems up to standard. The paperwork's immaculate, the money's all there, the plan is tight, but there's something... something fishy, and I want to see if you can reel it in.

Alex does a fake flyfishing motion as Gary opens the door to a meeting room, inside the room sits Chelsea, in a business suit. Alex immediately stops flyfishing.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Gary strides in, followed by a hapless Alex.

GARY
Miss Morgan, this is Alex Reed, one of our consultants. He's here for a final look in. Alex, this is Miss Morgan.

Chelsea stands up and extends a hand to Alex.

CHELSEA
It's a pleasure.

ALEX
(regaining composure)
All mine.

Everyone takes a seat and Alex opens a file.

ALEX
So you're opening a... bakery?

CHELSEA
It's always been my dream. Ever since I was a little girl.

ALEX
So you've trained as a baker?

CHELSEA
It started off as a hobby, a bit of fun. But people liked my cakes so much they started paying me, and it just snowballed from there.

ALEX
What sort of cakes?

CHELSEA
Brownies, lemon tarts, my cream-filled buns are the most popular.

ALEX
'A delicate touch?'

CHELSEA
Pardon?

Alex points to some paperwork.

ALEX
The name of your bakery is going to be 'A Delicate Touch?'

Chelsea smiles and gets out a tupperware box full of muffins.

CHELSEA
Why don't you have a try, see what your getting yourselves into.

Gary nods and takes out a muffin.

CHELSEA
You don't want to try my muffin
Alex?

Alex puts on a smile and takes a muffin.

GARY
They're fantastic Miss Morgan.

CHELSEA
My Grandma taught me the recipe.
It's all in beating the dough.

Alex coughs and starts choking on his muffin.

CHELSEA
Oh, careful, relax your throat.

GARY
I'll get some water.

Gary quickly leaves the room, Alex instantly stops coughing.

ALEX
You can't blackmail me, this is
finance, if you're not fucking
hookers, you've clearly done too
much coke.

CHELSEA
You really shouldn't do cocaine,
seen as you're an organ donor.

Chelsea puts Alex's organ donor card on the table.

ALEX
You know I can't grant you the
loan.

CHELSEA
I'll tell you what I do know.
You've got 2 stamps left on your
Nero card.

Chelsea puts a Cafe Nero card on the table.

CHELSEA
And a very pretty girlfriend.

Chelsea puts a picture of a pretty girl on the table as
Gary walks back in. Alex starts pretending to cough as
Gary hands him water.

GARY
(looking at the picture)
What's this then?

ALEX

Miss Morgan was just asking if I had any siblings, so I showed her a picture of my sister.

Chelsea looks annoyed for a second.

ALEX

But, to be honest, after reviewing the packet--

Alex flinches slightly as Chelsea's foot rubs up his leg and onto his crotch.

GARY

Yes?

ALEX

After reviewing the packet, I have to say, you should take a look at the projected first year.

Alex slides the file over to Gary, who studies it. Alex writes a quick note and slides it to Chelsea, it reads 'REMOVE FOOT'. She shakes here head.

CHELSEA

I have a quick question. Mr. Reed will be handling my account, correct?

GARY

Correct.

CHELSEA

Not to sound too brash, but I dated a banker once and the things he got up to behind my back were rather unwholesome... I just want to know what kind of man Mr. Reed is?

GARY

Alex Reed is as wholesome as they come. A real boy scout with a lot of potential.

CHELSEA

Well, I hope I can help him earn another badge.

Gary laughs as he looks over the papers.

GARY

Well these first years look tip top to me. In fact, I think we should up the loan.

CHELSEA

Really?

ALEX

Really?

GARY

Absolutely. We'll get these initial contracts signed first, then--

ALEX

-- Wait, actually, there's something...

Chelsea's foot pushes in deeper.

GARY

Cat got your tongue Alex.

ALEX

I just think we should approach this with care and... protection and--

CHELSEA

-- Does anything need amending?

ALEX

I just think--

CHELSEA

-- Cause I can write whatever you need me to Alice.

GARY

Alex?

Alex looks at the packet nervously.

ALEX

Nope... let's sign.

Gary nods and takes out a pack of papers, he slides them over to Alex. Alex opens them to find his golden marker sitting atop the papers. Alex looks up at Gary.

GARY

You were really going to finance a brothel Alex?

Alex looks to Chelsea.

GARY

I had such high hopes as well.

Gary starts counting out money.

GARY

Chelsea, thank you, I'll see you
on Thursday.

Chelsea takes the money and turns to Alex.

CHELSEA

Looks like it's a few more years
of the desk life Alice?

Chelsea leaves the room.

GARY

Kiss asses below, idiots above, I
wouldn't wish it on anyone.

Gary stands, leaving Alex, who unbuttons his shirt and
looks at 'ALICE' scribbled on his chest.

ALEX

Yeah, that's about right.