**THE GIRLFRIEND EXPERIENCE**

Having ended his relationship with Hilary, Neville answers an advertisement for a home visit from a professional call girl and gets more than he bargains for.

NEVILLE: (40s), frustrated, unfulfilled, has a high opinion of himself, looking for a sexual adventure. Regional accent.

LEXA: (30s), confident, sexy, takes no prisoners!

NEVILLE: The Girlfriend Experience. Sounds intriguing. What is it, exactly?

LEXA:  All the other things are your basic sex stuff. You pay me. We have sex. I leave. But these days a lot of men, rich men, find all that too, kind of, clinical. There's no emotion, no empathy. So, we had a chat about it at the agency, and we decided we should offer something different. Hence - the Girlfriend Experience. It's more like, I'm not your escort, I'm your actual girlfriend. I come round, we have a drink, chat about our days, our plans, we kiss a little, and then, when we're ready, we take it into the bedroom...

NEVILLE: I quite like the sound of that.

LEXA:  Of course, if you already have a girlfriend...

NEVILLE: I have... I did, up till recently. Hilary. Wasn't working. She was nice. Nothing special to look at. I even got the ring, but ... I suddenly realised ... she's not really ...  you know, good enough. I could probably do better.  So, we decided to give it a rest. Well, I decided. She got a bit hysterical ...

LEXA:  Fancy that! You dumped her and she got upset. I don't know, these women, these days, what are they like. Snowflakes.

NEVILLE: I did feel sorry for her. But as I say. Not quite good enough.

LEXA:  Good sex?

NEVILLE: Yeah, yeah, pretty good, you know, nothing spectacular. No fireworks.

LEXA:  Is that what you want, fireworks? I've got some in the bag.

NEVILLE: Really?

LEXA:  Kidding. So up to you now.

NEVILLE: What would you suggest?

LEXA: Depends. But. If you want the real thing. Has to be...

NEVILLE: The Girlfriend Experience. Sounds like fun. Okay. Let's go for it.

LEXA:  I just need your credit card.

NEVILLE: Credit card - you really must be my girlfriend.

*(NEVILLE hands her a card from his wallet. She puts it into the reader)*

LEXA:  Check the amount, please. Can't take it back. Pin.

NEVILLE: Sorry? Oh pin, right.

*(NEVILLE types in his PIN. LEXA is watching)*

LEXA:  Don't let me see. That's all done then. Do you want a receipt?

NEVILLE What does it say?

LEXA:  Personal Consultation.

NEVILLE: Yeah, probably not.

LEXA:  Off we go. Do you want me to come back in?

*(Unnoticed, LEXA  pockets his credit card)*

NEVILLE: No, no. Well maybe. Actually yes. I think that might help.

*(LEXA goes out. Rings the bell. NEVILLE answers the door)*

NEVILLE: Come in, come in. Hey

*(They embrace …. Then LEXA pushes him away)*

LEXA:  Okay, okay, calm down. I need a drink.

NEVILLE: A drink, yes, only you didn't want one before...

LEXA:  I wasn't your girlfriend before.

NEVILLE: Yes... before ... get it ... drink coming right up.

*(NEVILLE fixes her a drink shakily)*

LEXA:  Everything alright?

NEVILLE: Yes, fine.

LEXA: You seem nervous.

NEVILLE: Me? No.

*(NEVILLE hands her the drink)*

LEXA:  God, I needed that.

NEVILLE: Tough day?

LEXA:  Always.

NEVILLE: Problems at work?

LEXA:  How would you like it, fucking men all day...

NEVILLE: Um, so you're an escort.

LEXA:  Yes. Do you have a problem with that?

NEVILLE: Well yes, I don't think I'd have a girlfriend who was, you know, a prozzy.

LEXA:  You want me to be somebody else.

NEVILLE: Yes,

LEXA:  What then?

NEVILLE: You know, office, secretary, something like that.

LEXA:  Secretary. Got it. Do you want me to come in again?

NEVILLE: No, no, we can just carry on.

LEXA:  Such a bad day at the office. Honestly, place is crawling with dirty old men, Daren't turn your back on any of them. Tell you what, can't we just put our feet up and watch the telly tonight. I'm knackered. Order in a Chinese or something. Can't be bothered to cook.

NEVILLE: Yeah, I'll do that. But I was thinking maybe we could...

LEXA:  Could what?

NEVILLE: You know, adjourn to the bedroom first.

LEXA:  What now?

NEVILLE: Yes.

LEXA:  Did you not hear what I just said? About the office. About my day.

NEVILLE: Yes, I did.

LEXA:  I spend all day in that office, fending off men and I come home and all you want to do is touch me up too. You're worse than them.

NEVILLE: Yes, but I am not just an old perv. I am your... boyfriend.