

<CUPID & PSYCHE: A MODERN RETELLING>

by

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FADE IN:

INT. A BAR - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT of BEAUTIFUL WOMAN and MAN sitting at the bar, facing from each other, each FLIRTING with the person next to them.

GRADUAL ZOOM to:

CLOSE UP on CUPID and PSYCHE as they TURN to face each other.

CUPID

Ok, whose bringing home who tonight? Shall we do rock, paper, scissors?

PSYCHE

(mocking)

What are you, three? You had that girl from Brazil last night. Tonight is my turn.

CUPID

(sighs)

Fine. Family emergency, then?

PSYCHE

(slowly grins)

See you at home, buddy. Don't forget the pancakes!

SCREEN SPLITS into TWO:

CLOSE UP on Cupid looking CONTRITE and telling the GIRL something indistinct. She puts her hand on his arm REGRETFULLY. He asks her something and she SMILES, grabs a NAPKIN and PEN and writes her number on it. CALL ME, she mouths. Cupid leaves.

CLOSE UP on Psyche batting her eyelashes at the GUY at the bar. WANNA GET OUT OF HERE? She whispers in his ear. The guy NODS EAGERLY. She takes his hand and together they leave the bar. Camera ZOOMS IN on VENUS sitting by herself in the corner, glowering at Psyche.

CUT to BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING/DINING ROOM - MORNING

WIDE ON CUPID in the KITCHEN making pancakes.

CUT TO:

PSYCHE slipping out of BEDROOM, dressing hurriedly, her clothes crooked, grabs a BAG and KEYS.

PSYCHE
(distractedly)
Thanks, darling. I owe you one!

WIDE ON door CLOSING behind Psyche as she leaves.

MOTION as camera PANS to Cupid, standing in kitchen staring at door.

CUPID
(shaking head)
Yeah, you'll owe me, alright. I just hope this guy isn't violent like the last one.

OFF SCREEN:

Door opens, prompting Cupid to turn around.

CUPID (CONT'D)
Morning, mate! Fancy some pancakes?

CUT to BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. SOME TABLE SOMEWHERE - DAY

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN is sitting with CUPID. Her name is VENUS and she is Cupid's "best friend" but she has a SECRET CRUSH on him. Venus hates Psyche for being more beautiful than her, and for living with Cupid.

VENUS
So, what've you been up to lately?

CUPID
(shrugs)
Oh, you know, the usual. I was on pancake duty this morning.

VENUS
 (sympathetically)
 Ooh. Did this one smash things too?

CUPID
 (laughs, relieved)
 No, thank God. This guy was actually alright. (Beat) Would you like me to set you up with him? He was pretty decent looking, I guess.

VENUS
 (disgusted at the idea of taking Psyche's cast-offs)
 No thank you! Should give the guy a chance to recover.

CUPID
 (shrugs, slightly confused at her vehement reaction)
 Sure, whatever. Your choice.

Venus has an idea.

VENUS
 (innocently)
 Hey, don't you ever get tired of being on pancake duty?

CUPID
 It's not so bad... Why?

VENUS
 (shrugs)
 Oh, nothing really. I was just thinking, I know this really great guy, who would be willing to be set up with Psyche... We both want her to find "The One", don't we?

CUPID
 (uncertain)
 Yeah, I guess so... What's his name?

VENUS
 Mark Cornwall. Great guy. Really handsome, tall, dark-haired, chiselled features, your classic bad-boy. That's Psyche's type, isn't it?

CUPID
 (feeling uneasy but not
 sure why)
 Sure, I think so. Give me his
 number and I'll set them up.

Venus scribbles a number on a napkin and passes it to Cupid,
 who looks at it and puts it in his pocket.

CUPID (CONT'D)
 Thanks, doll. I owe you one!

Cupid stands up, drains his drink and leaves the frame.
 Camera remains on Venus.

VENUS
 Oh, no, darling, I'm the one who'll
 owe you... Let's see how that slut
 copes with a real man!

Venus drains her own drink.

CUT to BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

CUPID is in the corner of the room with a tall, dark-haired
 guy, MARK CORNWALL. He looks like a bit of an ASSHOLE, his
 attitude and body language are terrible. Cupid feels uneasy
 but doesn't really understand why.

CUPID
 See the chick at the bar, sitting
 next to that guy?

MARK
 (grunts)
 Yeah, I see her. (Whistles and
 leers) That's one hot chick!

CUPID
 (frowns slightly)
 Yeah, that's Psyche for you. Now,
 I'm not sure what Venus has told
 you already-

MARK
 All she said was, this girl Psyche
 is good-looking. She didn't say she
 was smoking, though!

CUPID

Yeah, well, as I was saying,
Psyche's a great girl. She's
beautiful, as you can see, but
she's also really smart, funny,
kind...

Cupid trails off. He's just realised that there's the
slightest possibility that he is in love with Psyche.

MARK

(not listening, too busy
ogling another girl in
the bar)

Sure, sure, whatever mate. But is
she any good in the sack?

Beat.

CUPID

I'm sorry?

MARK

(laughs)

C'mon, buddy, don't play dumb.
Surely you must've tapped that!

CUPID

(feeling uneasier by the
second)

Nah, man, I haven't.

MARK

(scoffs)

Ha! I don't know how you hold
yourself back. I know I'm raring to
go.

Cupid is disgusted and is about to tell Mark that this
meeting was a mistake and he should probably leave, but it's
too late. Mark STANDS to make his way over to Psyche at the
bar.

MARK

(slaps Cupid on the
shoulder)

Thanks, buddy. Maybe you'll get
your turn one day!

Cupid rises in anger but...

CUT TO:

Mark is already at the bar. Psyche is smiling and turning on the charm.

CUT TO:

Cupid sits back down heavily, thinking quickly.

CUPID
(muttering)
Crap, crap, crap...

Cupid has an idea. He pulls out his phone and texts Psyche.

CUPID
(texting)
I need you on pancake duty tomorrow morning!

CUT TO:

Psyche's phone buzzes. She excuses herself to Mark and checks it.

CUT TO:

Cupid's phone buzzes.

PSYCHE
(texting)
I'm right in the middle of something!

CUT TO:

Psyche's phone buzzes again. Mark is getting tetchy, cranes his neck to see the screen, but Psyche angles it away.

CUPID
(texting)
You owe me, remember? Just say it's a family emergency and get his number!

CUPID (CONT'D)
(muttering to himself)
I'll deal with him later.

CUT TO:

Cupid's phone buzzes a final time.

PSYCHE
(texting)
Fine. See you at home.

CUT TO:

Psyche talking indistinctly to Mark, looking CONTRITE. He doesn't look happy but writes his number on a napkin and hands it to her. Psyche kisses him on the cheek, grabs her bag and leaves.

CUT TO:

Cupid smiles to himself and slips out the back.

CUT to BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

WIDE ON PSYCHE, sitting alone at bar with a mostly full drink in front of her. She's WAITING for her date, MARK CORNWALL, to show. She keeps looking at the CLOCK behind the bar and checking her phone. He's late.

Her phone rings. She picks it up after the first ring.

PSYCHE

Hello?

PSYCHE'S MUM (V.O.)

Psyche, darling, it's your mother.

PSYCHE

Oh. Hey, Mum. What's up?

PSYCHE'S MUM (V.O.)

Nothing much, just calling to check up on you. Sarah's just got news that she's pregnant with her and Michael's third child, isn't that fantastic! And Claire has just been told that...

PSYCHE

(listening half-heartedly, ordering another drink)

Yes, Mum, that's great...

PSYCHE'S MUM (V.O.)

...and so they're going to be in New Orleans for the weekend, which I think is lovely. But that's enough from me, what about you? Anything new on your end? Have you

settled down with a nice boy yet?
Your sisters both have such nice
lives, and the children are all so
adorable... When are you going to
give us some grandchildren? You
know your father and I won't be
around forever. Psyche? Are you
still there?

PSYCHE

Sorry, Mum, yes I'm still here.

PSYCHE'S MUM (V.O.)

Goodness me, sometimes it's like
you're off in your own little
world. Are you distracted by a
handsome boy? Are you with a boy
right now? Should I call back
later? You know, you were always
the prettiest out of all three of
my girls, something which Claire
and Sarah weren't too happy about,
but it's true all the same... It'd
be a real shame for you to waste
those good genes of yours on some
silly man who's probably after you
for your inheritance...

Psyche rolls her eyes skyward and hangs up the phone.

PSYCHE

Bartender? Another Manhattan,
please. Actually, make that two.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

WIDE ON Psyche, still at the bar, still alone. The only
difference is, there are now several empty glasses in front
of her. She's just about to down her SEVENTH as CUPID
arrives.

CUPID

(taking the drink out of
Psyche's hands)
Woah there sweetheart, how many
have you had!?

PSYCHE

(slurring)
One, two, three, four, five, six-

She snatches the drink back out of Cupid's hands, spilling half of it onto the bar, and downs it in one go.

PSYCHE (CONT'D)

Seven!

CUPID

(laughs)

I think you've had enough. Why are you drinking so much, anyway?

PSYCHE

(starts to cry)

I was waiting for my date...the one I cancelled on last night...and he...hasn't...shown!

CUPID

(rubs her back
consolingly)

There, there, darling, I'm sure he has a perfectly good reason for standing you up.

FLASH

Cupid stands over Mark, lying on the ground holding his broken and bleeding nose.

MARK

(shocked, angry)

You broke by dose!

CUPID

(coldly)

You stay away from Psyche. Is that clear? Otherwise I'm sure the police would like to know about the last two girls you took home from the bar. Slip a little something in their drinks, did you? Were you planning on doing that to Psyche, too?

MARK

(fearful)

There'd no need to get angry, bate, we're all friends here...

CUPID

Am I understood!?

MARK

(scrabbling away)

Yeah, yeah, I'll day away! Jus
plead don't hit be anybore!

BACK TO SCENE

PSYCHE
(sobbing)
But...then he would've...called!

CUPID
(vehemently)
Well, in that case, he must just be
a complete and utter dick who
doesn't realise how wonderful you
really are, and has no idea what
he's missing out on.

Psyche stares at Cupid in astonishment.

PSYCHE
I think that's the sweetest thing
I've ever heard you say to me...

CUPID
(hesitantly)
Psyche... I know this might be a
little, uh, unexpected, but...

Psyche cuts him off by KISSING him on the lips. Cupid is shocked but then quickly kisses her back. Psyche is the first to pull away.

PSYCHE
(grinning)
Was that what you wanted to say,
darling?

CUPID
(swallows)
Yeah, um, that pretty well sums it
up, I think.

PSYCHE
(grabs her bag, smiles)
You're on pancake duty in the
morning. I believe I will be very
hungover and will need sweetening
up.

Psyche takes Cupid's hand and together they leave the bar, the door swinging shut behind them.

CUT to BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

BIRDS EYE VIEW of PSYCHE and CUPID lying next to each other in bed, covered in sheets but visibly naked.

CUPID

So...exactly how many drinks did you have, again?

PSYCHE

(laughing)

Enough to do something you were too chicken to do yourself!

CUPID

(rolls over and smiles at her)

And I'm very glad you had those drinks. (Beat) Psyche, I know this might be weird, but d'you think we could try this? Try having a real relationship, I mean. We've both had histories of toying with other people's hearts but we've lived together for years now and we've always got on well-

PSYCHE

(interrupts him by putting her finger on his lips)

I thought you'd never ask.

They KISS.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

WIDE ON PSYCHE and CUPID, sitting together on the sofa watching a movie.

Cupid's phone buzzes and he checks it before setting it back down on the table.

CUPID

Whoops, nearly forgot I've got some errands to run. I'll be back in less than an hour, okay?

He KISSES her on the forehead.

PSYCHE

Sure, darling. Could you bring home
some milk and eggs too, please?
We're almost out.

CUPID

Anything you need, sweetheart.

EXIT Cupid. Psyche watches him go, then turns her attention
back to the TV, but she isn't really paying attention.

PSYCHE (V.O.)

He's such a great guy. I can't
believe it took us this long to
hook up!

Cupid's phone buzzes again. He's left it on the table.
Psyche ignores it, but then it buzzes again, then a third
time.

PSYCHE (V.O.)

I wonder who that could be...
There's no harm in checking, is
there?

Psyche picks up the phone and unlocks it.

VENUS

(texting)

Well, how did the date go?

VENUS (CONT'D)

I picked a good one, didn't I? I'm
sure she enjoyed herself... ;)

VENUS (CONT'D)

Did she get home okay?

Psyche drops the phone back onto the table in horror.

PSYCHE (V.O.)

There must be some mistake... Cupid
wouldn't cheat on me... He loves
me!

OFF SCREEN:

There is the sound of a DOOR UNLOCKING. Psyche glances
around frantically and quickly puts Cupid's phone back
exactly where it was.

CUPID (OFF SCREEN)
 I'm back! I got us some wine and
 Chinese takeaway, too, to celebrate
 our new beginning. We can have
 ourselves a little feast!

Psyche is visibly distressed. She closes her eyes and
 breathes deeply, in and out, in and out.

PSYCHE (V.O.)
 The texts mean nothing. He wouldn't
 cheat on me. You're being silly,
 Psyche. Don't overthink it!

PSYCHE
 (normal voice, smiling)
 Bring me this feast, darling!

CUT to BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

PSYCHE is still in bed, waking up, while CUPID is on the
 edge of the bed getting dressed for work.

CUPID
 Did you want to go out for dinner
 tonight? It's our one month
 anniversary, which is, strictly
 speaking, a miracle for the both of
 us. Who ever would've thought that
 two renown players have been in a
 committed relationship for a whole
 month? Not to mention with each
 other!

PSYCHE
 (laughs)
 Yes, darling, it truly is a
 miracle. A celebration sounds like
 fun. Shall I make a reservation or
 would you like to do it?

CUPID
 (putting his shoes on)
 Don't worry, I'll take care of
 everything. What are your plans for
 today?

PSYCHE
 (thinking)

I think I might invite Claire and Sarah over for lunch, actually. I haven't spoken to either of them for a while.

CUPID

(grimaces)

Well, good think I've got work today, then. You know I can't stand those sisters of yours. They've always been so resentful towards you.

PSYCHE

(frowns)

I wish you'd give them a chance. They can be really lovely - when you're not being snide or making faces about everything they say!

Cupid laughs, kisses Psyche quickly, grabs his phone & keys and leaves.

CUPID (OFF SCREEN)

See you tonight, sweetheart!

OFF SCREEN DOOR shuts. Psyche flops back against the pillows and sighs, before reaching for her phone. She dials and puts it to her ear.

PSYCHE

Hey, Claire, it's Psyche! I was just wondering if...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

PSYCHE comes into LIVING ROOM carrying some tea and biscuits where two pretty women, her sisters CLAIRE and SARAH, are sitting on the sofa.

CLAIRE

Thanks, Psyche. (Beat) It's been a long time since we've heard from you. How've you been keeping?

PSYCHE

(smiling, oblivious)

I've been very well, actually. I redecorated the apartment a while back, do you like it?

CLAIRE
(reluctantly)
Yes, it does look good. It's very...you.

There is a visible TENSION between the two sisters and Psyche.

SARAH
So, Psyche... Are you still living with that detestable man, whatshisname, Clive? Carl?

PSYCHE
Cupid, and yes, we're still living together. I'd also like it if you didn't call him detestable - if you gave him a chance, you might like him!

CLAIRE
Oh, it's not a problem of not liking him, he's very...visually likeable, but he's a player, Psyche! He has unscrupulous morals. You've probably got no idea how many girls he's brought home to your apartment!

PSYCHE
(awkward)
Well, actually, I do know how many he's brought home, but that's besides the point. I have some exciting news on the topic of Cupid-

SARAH
(shocked)
Oh, God, don't tell me. He's gotten you pregnant! Psyche, darling, you must always make sure to wear proper protection! He's probably after your money and hopes that a baby will trap you-

PSYCHE
(laughs)
Don't be ridiculous, Sarah. Besides, that's not how the saying

goes. It's the woman who traps the man by getting pregnant. No, what I wanted to tell you is that Cupid and I have been in a steady relationship for a month now!

Beat.

CLAIRE
(flatly)
Oh. Well, congratulations, then.

SARAH
(echoing)
Yes, congratulations.

PSYCHE
Aw, c'mob guys, I thought you'd be more excited for me. You both know quite well that I have commitment issues.

PSYCHE (V.O.)
Or at least, that's what I wanted you to think. If that's their opinion of Cupid as a player, then I'd hate to know what their opinion of me as a player is!

CLAIRE
(earnestly)
Psyche, darling, it's not that we're not happy for you, really, we are!

Psyche ROLLS her eyes.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
It's more that we're worried about you, that's all. Cupid does have a reputation for being, uh, rather difficult to pin down.

SARAH
We just don't want to see you get hurt. How do you know he's being honest with you? You say you've been in a committed relationship for a month, but a month isn't a long time at all, sweetie, or at least not for us women.

CLAIRE

When it comes to men, a month can feel like years! How can you be sure that he hasn't got another girl, or even several, on the side?

PSYCHE

(uneasy)

I trust Cupid. We love each other. He wouldn't do a thing like that.

SARAH

Would he? Are you really certain? Men like Cupid are fickle creatures, Psyche. When they feel trapped, they put out feelers and hunt for avenues of escape, of release.

CLAIRE

Have you noticed anything suspicious? Texts, emails, phone calls late at night?

PSYCHE

(getting more and more flustered)

No, no, of course not... Cupid isn't the type of man to cheat! Sure, he might've been a player in the past, but those were only one night stands. Those girls didn't mean anything to him. He's with me, now, anyway. He picked me over the rest of them.

Claire and Sarah look at each other knowingly.

CLAIRE

But why would he pick you? Why you, out of all the other girls he could've possibly picked?

SARAH

You might be reasonably pretty, Psyche, but good looks alone won't seal the bargain. What else have you got that he might want?

CLAIRE

He knows about your inheritance, doesn't he? And he already lives with you, so wouldn't it make sense for him to strike up a facade of a

relationship with you, so he no longer has to pay rent?

PSYCHE

(angrily)

Would you please just stop talking! This is all a load of rubbish and ridiculous assumptions, based off only your own hatred for Cupid. You know nothing about him, nothing at all! He's a good man and I know he loves me, and that's enough for me.

CLAIRE

(sighs)

Oh, darling, we're sorry. We're just looking out for your best interests.

SARAH

(manipulatively)

But if, someday, your belief in his love for you is no longer enough, I would go through his phone to find evidence of any side affairs. Men are often very stupid when it comes to hiding proof. They never delete things.

Psyche rubs her face with her palm and sighs.

PSYCHE

(angrily)

You two are ridiculous. I can't believe you would come here, at my invitation, and then proceed to try and manipulate me into thinking my boyfriend is cheating on me.

Psyche STANDS.

PSYCHE

I would like the both of you to leave, now.

Claire and Sarah are INSULTED. They STAND, grab their bags and coats and leave, HUFFILY.

CLAIRE

(bitterly)

Just you wait, Psyche. You'll get what's coming to you, you silly little girl.

OFF SCREEN: DOOR SLAMS.

Psyche SITS DOWN heavily and puts her head in her hands. Her PHONE BUZZES.

CUT TO:

Text from Cupid on Psyche's phone.

CUPID

(texting)

The Italian place in town that you like has a booking free at 8 o'clock. Shall I make the reservation?

PSYCHE

(texting)

I'm not feeling so good actually. It might've been something I ate. Do you think you could make the booking for tomorrow night instead?

CUPID

(texting)

Oh no :(Yeah I'll arrange it all, don't worry! And we can always cancel later. Would you like me to come home early?

PSYCHE

(texting)

No, no, it's okay, I'll be fine. I'll see you tonight, darling. Love you.

PSYCHE (CONT'D)

(texting)

Actually, could you bring some ice cream home too?

CUPID

(texting)

Anything for you, sweetheart. Love you too.

CUT to BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

BIRDS EYE VIEW of PSYCHE and CUPID lying next to each other in bed. Cupid is asleep on his side but Psyche is awake and staring at the ceiling.

PSYCHE (V.O.)

I never should have picked up his phone. Just stop thinking about those damn texts! Him and Venus have been friends for ages. She was probably talking about something else entirely. He wouldn't cheat on me. He's not the cheating type... Ugh, I should never have invited my sisters over for lunch! They're worse than conspiracy theorists, those two.

PSYCHE'S SISTERS (V.O.)

But how do you know he's not the cheating type? He's never been in a committed relationship before. He's only ever had one night stands. Occasionally there's even been a lucky girl who got to come back for another night. You know this. You make pancakes for them every time.

PSYCHE (V.O.)

That doesn't mean he'd cheat on me! He loves me. We're perfect for one another.

PSYCHE'S SISTERS (V.O.)

Look at him. Look at the man you're in a relationship with, and tell yourself that he could love someone as ugly as you. Can you really believe that?

Psyche turns her head to look at Cupid's sleeping face.

PSYCHE (V.O.)

He's so beautiful... Any girl would kill to be in a relationship with him. He probably has girls throwing themselves at him all the time when I'm not around - hell, I've seen it happen when I am around! Why would he love me? Why would he ever pick me? Compared to him, I'm a piece of trash.

PSYCHE'S SISTERS (V.O.)

Exactly. And what happens to trash?

PSYCHE (V.O.)

It gets thrown out... (Beat) But Cupid wouldn't do that to me. He might have girls fawn after him but he picked me over all of them. He picked me over Venus! She's the most beautiful of them all.

PSYCHE'S SISTERS (V.O.)

Go on, then. Check his phone. Find your proof that will let you sleep at night.

Psyche is torn. After several seconds of indecision, she reaches over Cupid's sleeping body and grabs his phone.

PSYCHE (V.O.)

Text from Venus... Text from me...
Text from work... Text from me, me,
me, me, me, Venus, Venus, me,
Venus, me...

PSYCHE

(aloud, victorious)
There's nothing here!

Cupid wakes.

CUPID

(groggily)
Wha- what are you doing?!

PSYCHE

I, uh, I can explain...

CUPID

(betrayed, hurt)
Why would you go through my phone?
Don't you trust me? You know I
value my privacy!

Psyche is distraught.

PSYCHE

I'm so sorry! It was a mistake, I
shouldn't have done it, please
don't be angry!

CUPID

(angry)
It's too late for that. We're over,
Psyche. I thought we could do this,
have a committed, adult
relationship, but if you're too

much of a child to admit that
 you're paranoid I might be having
 an affair, then I can't see this
 going any further!

Cupid leaps out of bed and hurriedly puts on some clothes,
 stuffing the rest into a bag.

PSYCHE

(whimpers, grabs hold of
 his arm to stop him from
 leaving)

No, Cupid, please don't leave!
 Please, we can work through this,
 it was a silly mistake, I'm
 sorry...

Cupid shakes his head angrily and leaves without another
 word.

OFF SCREEN: DOOR SLAMS.

CUT TO:

Psyche CRYING with her head in her hands. Several moments
 pass. She reaches for the PHONE and dials a number.

PSYCHE

(sniffing)

Venus? Hey, it's Psyche. I know
 it's late, but I really need your
 help...

CUT to BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE VENUS' APARTMENT

PSYCHE stands outside the DOOR to VENUS' APARTMENT. She
 KNOCKS three times, LOUDLY. She is shifting from foot to
 foot, her eyes and nose red from crying.

VENUS eventually answers the door. She is wearing a silk
 dressing robe and nothing else. She looks flawless, whereas
 Psyche looks terrible.

VENUS

God, you look like shit. What the
 hell happened?

PSYCHE

(stifling a sob)

Cupid and I...We broke up.

VENUS
(raises an eyebrow)
Really? I couldn't tell.

Beat. Psyche is too distraught to acknowledge Venus' sarcasm and apparent lack of empathy.

VENUS (CONT'D)
Well? What do you need my help for?

PSYCHE
(beseechingly)
Please, Venus, I know you're his closest friend... Please help me regain his trust. He's the love of my life. I'll do anything to get him back!

VENUS
(plotting)
Anything, you say?

PSYCHE
(nods desperately)
Anything! I swear. Please, please just help me! I don't know what to do...

Venus glances around the hallway, checking that there's no one to overhear. She reaches behind her and pulls the door shut.

VENUS
Okay. Here's what you need to do for me to put a good word in for you. No guarantees he'll take you back, though.

PSYCHE
Just tell me what you want me to do.

VENUS
(hands her a scrap of paper with an address on it)
Go to this address, tonight, at midnight. Wait for a man with a black scarf to come and tell him I sent you. Take the package he gives you and bring it straight back to me, without being seen by anyone

else. Do you think you can do all that?

Psyche just nods, and Venus smiles.

VENUS (CONT'D)
Good girl. I'll see you back here in a couple of hours then.

Psyche turns and leaves. Venus watches her go, shaking her head amusedly.

VENUS (CONT'D)
(to herself)
What an idiot of a girl.

Venus pulls out her PHONE and dials a number. The person at the other end picks up.

VENUS (CONT'D)
(on the phone)
Damian, it's Venus. I need a favour...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

WIDE ON:

PSYCHE stands alone in a dark alleyway, waiting for the man in the black scarf to deliver the package. She is AFRAID.

PSYCHE
(muttering)
C'mon, c'mon...

The MAN IN BLACK SCARF appears behind her and taps her on the shoulder. She JUMPS and spins around.

PSYCHE (CONT'D)
Holy crap! Jesus, man, you scared the shit out of me. Um, Venus sent me to collect a package.

The man PASSES Psyche a white parcel without speaking. He then turns and walks back the way he came.

PSYCHE (CONT'D)
Uh, cool, thanks... I think?

Psyche turns to leave in the other direction, just in time to see a MASSIVE FIST fly towards her face. It CONNECTS and she drops to the ground, SENSELESS. The package lands on the ground beside her.

CUT TO:

FLASH

VENUS steps back into her apartment, having watched Psyche leave, and shuts the door. She is SMILING.

CUPID
(from behind her)
Who was that?

VENUS
(turns, startled)
Oh! Dude, you scared me. You shouldn't sneak up on people like that. You could've given me-

CUPID
(quietly, seriously)
Venus, who was that at the door?
Was it Psyche?

VENUS
(holds her ground)
Yes, it was.

CUPID
What did she want?

VENUS
(scoffing)
She came to ask me to help her get you back. I told her to piss off.

CUPID
(eyes narrowing)
No, you didn't. I was eavesdropping. You told her to get you a package, didn't you?

VENUS
(pales)
Eavesdropping is a bad habit to have, you know. People don't tend to like it when other people listen in on their conversations.

CUPID

Well, when that conversation involves my girlfriend being sent somewhere in the middle of the night to get a package of drugs, I think I have every right to listen in! You sent her to get drugs, didn't you?

Venus says nothing.

CUPID (CONT'D)

Oh, for Christ's sake, Venus, come off your high horse! You can't tell me eavesdropping is a bad habit when you've got a bad habit of your own. Tell me where you sent her!

VENUS

(stubbornly)

I didn't send her anywhere!

CUPID

(grabs Venus by the arms, tightly)

Bullshit. Tell me!

VENUS

(on the verge of tears)

Fine, fine! I'll tell you. I sent her to an alleyway six streets down from the Mountain, next to a club called the Underworld.

Cupid releases her and moves towards the door without another word.

VENUS

(shouts after him)

She's not worth it!

OFF SCREEN: DOOR SLAMS.

VENUS (CONT'D)

(quietly)

I'm worth it.

CUT TO:

RETURN TO SCENE

PSYCHE is lying prone on the ground of the alleyway. CUPID appears and rushes to her side.

CUPID
 (frantically)
 Psyche, Psyche! Wake up!

Psyche regains consciousness, groans.

PSYCHE
 (groggily)
 Cupid? Is that really...you?

CUPID
 (relieved)
 Yes, it's me. God, Psyche, I'm so sorry. I never meant for anything like this to happen. C'mon, let's get you out of here. Can you walk?

PSYCHE
 (mumbling)
 My head...hurts. Venus...sent me...to get a...package. I have to...deliver...the package...so she'll tell you...to give me...another chance.

CUPID
 (sighs exasperatedly)
 You blessed little thing, Psyche, I do love you so. Knowing Venus, she probably meant for you to get hurt, so when you're feeling a little bit better, you can deliver this stupid package and savour the look on her face when you tell her that we're getting back together.

PSYCHE
 (blearily)
 We are?! Oh, Cupid, I'm so sorry about what I did... My sisters made me paranoid...

Cupid PICKS UP Psyche and the package and begins to walk away.

CUPID
 Ah, yes, I'd forgotten about those delightful sisters of yours. Let's just get you back to Venus' apartment, deliver this package and then everything will work itself out - somehow.

PSYCHE
 (whispering)
 You do...forgive me, don't you?

CUPID
 (kisses Psyche)
 Yes, I forgive you, sweetheart. I blame those sisters of yours for putting the dratted idea in your head in the first place. We can deal with them together later.

PSYCHE
 (mumbling)
 Together...forever.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE VENUS' APARTMENT

PSYCHE KNOCKS on the door and leans against the wall for support but is feeling much better. CUPID is just out of sight but close enough to LISTEN in on the conversation.

VENUS OPENS the DOOR.

VENUS
 (surprised)
 Psyche?! How on earth-

PSYCHE
 How on earth did I manage to get up ten flights of stairs with a concussion from being punched in the head whilst collecting your damn package from a dark alleyway in the middle of the night? That's a good question and one I won't bother deigning you with an answer. You tricked me and you hurt me, but everything is backfiring on you because Cupid and I have gotten back together. Here's your stupid package and I hope you have a fantastic life. Goodbye.

VENUS
 (speechless)
 I-

Psyche TURNS and WALKS AWAY down the first flight of stairs without falling. There she meets Cupid who helps her the rest of the way.

PSYCHE

Did you hear all that? How badass was I?

CUPID

(chuckling)

You were very badass, sweetheart, and yes I heard it all. I wish I could've seen the look on her face when she opened the door and saw you standing there... Oh well, we can't always get what we want, I guess.

PSYCHE

(kisses Cupid on the cheek)

Sometimes we deserve to, though.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. MOUNTAIN BAR - EVENING

ANGLE ON:

VENUS walks into the bar alone, immediately scanning the area for any prospective hook-ups. Her eyes fall on...

ANGLE ON:

CUPID and PSYCHE, sitting at the bar. They are TOGETHER rather than hitting on other people.

ANGLE ON:

Venus' grinds her teeth.

ANGLE ON:

Cupid is happily telling their story to the tall, handsome bartender, JUPITER, the only man other than Cupid to have ever denied her affections. As Venus watches, Cupid and Psyche kiss.

ANGLE ON:

Venus' furious expression.

CUT to BLACK.

END.