

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

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INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Descending FOOTSTEPS. BANGING on an ancient door. It CREAKS open. Sunlight floods the debris-filled room. A COUPLE enter, in a state of advanced sexual excitation. The MAN wipes his mouth. The WOMAN approaches, slowly unbuttoning her shirt.

Suddenly, the Man finds an old mattress leaning against the wall. He throws it down. Dust blooms up. They leap into each other's arms.

Sex. Pawing, licking, biting, spit-swapping, hair-yanking. The Man grabs the Woman, flips her onto her back and literally RIPS her pants off.

WOMAN

I've been so bad. So bad. Punish me. Hurt me. Make me cry like a real woman.

He enters her.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

She writhes. He strokes.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, yes. Yes! Yes!

NEW ANGLE -- DIFFERENT CAMERA -- ON WALKER

The director, WALKER -- we now see that this a film-shoot, a porn-shoot in fact -- watches the action. Arrayed around him we see the CREW, a female TECHIE holding a boom mike, etc. Walker's eyes gleam.

O.C. the Woman howls in fake sexual frenzy:

WOMAN, O.C.

Fuck me! Slam it home! Ride me!

WALKER, V.O.

God, look at me. If you dare. Does it look like the sex is turning me on? I can promise you that's not the case. Denny and Laverne are the most unappealing people I can think of and watching them play hide the salami was the last thing I wanted to do. It was the money that made my eyes shine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER, V.O. (CONT'D)

Every one of Denny's pelvic thrusts, I told myself, was a hundred dollars in the account of the film I wanted to make. Was going to make.

WOMAN, O.C.

Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!

WALKER, V.O.

(Simultaneously)

One hundred, two hundred, three hundred, four hundred, etc.

Hold on Walker. For a long sweet moment the sounds of the sex fade away and all we hear are the sounds of Walker counting his money.

Then, behind him, the crew reacts, negatively, to what they're seeing. But Walker keeps smiling. Until, finally:

WOMAN, O.C.

Shit.

WALKER

What? What?

MAN

I'm sorry.

WALKER

Cut. What's going on?

On the mattress the Man and the Woman -- DENNY and LAVERNE -- are covering themselves with sheets.

ONE OF THE CREW

Wood issues.

DENNY

I have, like, a totally good idea. You could send somebody to, like, what's that place in Uptown, with the fish?

ONE OF THE CREW

Stella's?

DENNY

Stella's! And get a dozen raw oysters.

LAVERNE

Oysters?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DENNY

Make me hard. Fuck like robot.

Stands up. The sheet falls. He does a pelvis thrusting dance, particularly ridiculous given his nakedness.

MARVIN

You need a hard-on?

The camera whirls around, rough PANNING to MARVIN. 40s. Nasty, brutish and short. Also bald, pudgy and acne-scarred. Black socks with sandals. He's unZIPPING his pants.

EVERYONE

No! Don't! Please! For God sake! Marvin!

Marvin whips out his erect penis -- and our camera zips in for a CLOSE-UP on his face in the nick of time. Marvin smiles, as he shows off his (now unseen) member. The voices go from condemnation to admiration:

EVERYONE (CONT'D)

Marvin. That's... Wow. That's really... Man. Marvin, I'm impressed. Etc.

MARVIN

This happened to me just watching the scene.

FEMALE GAFFER

You could put a propeller on it, and fly.

MARVIN

So, you know, if you need a hard-on, well, here's one.

He dances, lewdly, moving toward Laverne. She gets up, and strides past the camera, pulling on a robe.

LAVERNE

There's no way I'm having sex with this little muskrat.

She's gone.

WALKER

Can somebody go to Stella's?

DENNY

Make it two dozen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Hold on Marvin. Grinning.

WALKER, V.O.

The proud father is Marvin. Our investor. Marvin knows his way around a trading floor. At first, I thought he had the black and twisted heart of a succubus.

EXT. NONDESCRIBT PFFICE PARK BUILDING - DAY

Walker and a young woman, MARTY, are getting out of a rusted old rattletrap Ford. They're "dressed up", which means they look awkward. The parking lot is empty save for a single Jaguar convertible.

Supered: "Three Months Earlier".

WALKER, V.O.

But then, as he became my best friend in the whole wide world, I came to understand that Marvin, may God damn his soul to the depths of that hell which would exist if there really were a God, has no heart whatsoever.

HALLWAY

Walker and Marty walk down the hall: soiled and worn green carpeting, cheap peeling faux-wood panelling.

Marty leads the way: she's nervous and out of her league but this can't hide the fact that she's intelligent, quick to laugh, and extremely attractive. They pause outside the door. Take a deep breath.

WALKER, V.O.

The hero of the piece. Isn't she gorgeous. If only she weren't, you know, gay. I asked her once if Marty was short for Martha. No. It's just Marty.

INT. MARVIN'S OFFICE

Marvin looks even smaller behind his enormous desk. Walker and Marty sit in straight back chairs in front. Smiling. The walls are covered with the same crappy panelling. Bowling trophies. Stuffed fish. Etc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARVIN

It's a boy's name.

MARTY

And yet I am, as you can see, a woman.

MARVIN

And then some.

Marty and Walker smiles are unchanging.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

And you're...?

WALKER

Walker.

MARVIN

You're the writer.

WALKER

Producer slash director. Marty's the writer.

MARVIN

You wrote the script?

MARTY

Indeed.

MARVIN

It sucks.

MARTY

I'm sorry...?

MARVIN

The script sucks! Look. Here's the deal. Any time I see a movie, a TV show, read a book... Well, I don't read books, but if I did, here's the question I would ask, very simple: can I imagine the characters doing it?

MARTY

(After a brief pause)
Doing what?

MARVIN

You know. It.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALKER

Sex.

MARVIN

You said it! And if I can't,
it's, hey, grow a dick, sprout a
pussy. One plus one equals two.
Know what I mean?

WALKER

So... I wanna get this straight:
in our script, you can't imagine
the characters having...
enjoying... an act of... sex.

MARVIN

Can you?

WALKER

Well, yes, I can.

MARVIN

You're an imaginative guy.

(Quick beat)

There was one part of the script I
liked. When the guy and the girl
are in the car. What're their
names?

MARTY

He and She. We don't give them
names.

WALKER

When are they in the car...?

MARTY

In the very beginning, on their
way to the marriage counselor.

MARVIN

That's it! I loved that. I see
them, at that point, they're
physically close, they can smell
each other, and they touch, I
think it's probably, initially,
the touch is accidental, but it's
intense, know what I mean? And
they next thing you know, they
can't help themselves, they have
no choice. They do it.

WALKER

In the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARVIN

Absolutely!

MARTY

(After a pause)

It's a little out of character,
isn't it? Their marriage is in
crisis, they're on their way to a
psychologist, they've been
screaming at each other.

MARVIN

I'm not gonna put a nickel into
this movie unless they do it.

WALKER

You mean you'd...?
(Leans forward)
You'd give us money?

MARTY

You'd fund the film?

MARVIN

Absolutely.

WALKER

As long as He and She... do it, in
the car.

MARVIN

(Thinks for a long
moment)
On the hood.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The CAST sits at a table, scripts open, notebooks out.
Casually dressed. Denny is there, along with JOANNE, an
actress. Walker and Marty face them.

WALKER

We can make it work.

ACTORS

(Are staring at him)

WALKER

It's a fresh way of looking at the
characters, it gives them an, an
earthiness, a vitality that,
frankly, and I think Marty would
agree with me on this--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY
(Smiles)

WALKER
--the script didn't have before.

Joanne starts to leave: calmly, she caps her pen, put it in her backpack along with her notebook. She puts the script in the pack, thinks better of it, takes the script out of the pack then whips it across the table at Walker. He jumps out of the way.

WALKER (CONT'D)
Ouch! Hey. Joanne...

JOANNE
I thought you knew what you were doing. I thought you had, what's the word? Oh. Integrity.

WALKER
Will you listen to me.

JOANNE
This is me, Joanne, making an exit. Let me know what you think.

Makes her exit.

WALKER
Shit.

Sits down. Moment.

ACTOR
On the hood?

WALKER
It's easier to shoot.

DENNY
(Smiles)
Works for me.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Shooting the sex scene. Denny and the new actress, STACY, are trying to position themselves on the hood of the small Honda. The CREW watches stoically.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STACY

Can you put something under my
ass? I'm starting to get a rash.
A towel.

WALKER

It's not like you'd have a towel
in the car.

STACY

Something.

WALKER

Can we try one more take?

STACY

All right. Let's do it fast.

WALKER

Ready?

STACY

(Nods)

WALKER

Action.

Denny starts kissing her frantically, hands unbuttoning
her blouse, fumbling at his pants.

STACY

We can't. No. Don't. Stop.
Don't. Stop. Oh! Don't stop!

Camera PANS to Marvin, off to one side. His eyes are
shining and he has an enormous soaring erection. As we
watch, a small wet spot appears at the tip.

FADE TO BLACK.