

The Saturn Method

by

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FADE IN:

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Fancy red and gold motif. A panel of cobalt lit numbers on the wall as Muzak butchers the Beatles. The doors slide open.

In comes BRYAN, 30s, metro swagger, entry level suit. He hits a button on the panel, scrolls his phone, taps the screen.

An INFOMERCIAL plays:

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

In jazzy sportswear, AVA, 20s, jogs past gawking HORNBALLS.

A MAN, 30s, obstructs her path, and he's not moving. Smart and casual with a cock sure attitude, he's better known by his "pick-up artist" persona as SATURN.

Ava jogs in place, visibly annoyed.

SATURN

Do you know sign language?

He awaits a response. She yanks off her headphones.

AVA

Oh, my gosh. Asshole.

SATURN

Just curious if you knew sign language.

AVA

Like, serious?

SATURN

Absolutely. 'Cause your body's talking to me right now.

Ava laughs. Even lets him kiss her hand.

Saturn faces his unseen audience.

SATURN  
Hi, I'm Saturn.

AVA  
Ava.

SATURN  
Not you.  
(hands her his phone)  
Put your number in there, sweetie.  
We'll go out.

AVA  
(takes the phone)  
Sure.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Bryan shakes his head.

BRYAN  
What a tool this guy is.

FLASHING in red on his screen:

*THE SATURN METHOD/MONEY BACK GUARANTEE/CALL NOW!*

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

SATURN  
Now, some of you are probably asking,  
"does it really work?" Well, I'm here  
to assure you it does. And it's a  
system in which every scrapple flap  
from shitkittens to Tokyo doesn't want  
you to know about. The secret? Eve  
here--

AVA  
Ava.

SATURN  
Whatever. The secret is that Anna  
here, along with every female on the  
planet, are sluts.

(MORE)

SATURN (cont'd)

Now, you can give me an amen if you want to. I'm not gonna say it, of course. But for just three easy payments of \$99.99, I personally guarantee that the Saturn Method will turn that stuck-up hottie into your personal pole dancer.

Ava wraps herself around Saturn. He grins.

SATURN

Amen!

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Bryan shakes his head and laughs.

The doors open on the 31st floor. Saturn enters.

SATURN

Lobby, please.

Bryan hits the button, gets a peak at Saturn. He's so star-struck that he can barely muster an introduction.

31, 30, 29...

BRYAN

Excuse me... Saturn?

SATURN

It's Josh, but, whatever.

BRYAN

I'm Bryan. Yo, I'm a huge fan of what you do for us bros.

Saturn evades eye contact, checks his shiny gold watch.

SATURN

Yeah. Yeah, sure.

The doors open on the 25th floor. In slides an attractive FEMALE, skinny legs and all.

Bryan gives Saturn an elbow, winks. He anticipates him to work his magic, but Saturn only smiles politely at the woman.

25, 24, 23...

The doors open, she steps out.

BRYAN

(incredulous)

According to you that hotty's the equivalent of every slag-tagged stripper who's ever twerked to Aerosmith!

SATURN

I'm not following.

BRYAN

Why didn't you hit on her?!

Saturn flashes a wedding band.

SATURN

Ten years next month.

BRYAN

So, what you're saying is your program is a bunch of bullshit.

SATURN

My results speak for themselves.

BRYAN

Prove it.

Bryan pulls three \$100 bills from his wallet.

BRYAN

Three easy payments of one hundred honest bucks say you're a fraud.

3, 2, Lobby...

The doors open. Saturn glares at Bryan. Instead of exiting, he presses the button for the 56th floor. The doors close.

Challenge accepted.

BRYAN

Let's lay out some ground rules.

SATURN

Go.

BRYAN

No uglies, fatties, or blondes.

SATURN

Blondes overruled. There's no evidence to support they're more promiscuous.

BRYAN

Redheads?

SATURN

Absolutely not.

BRYAN

Visible tats?

SATURN

I'll allow it, but a tattoo cannot be used as a conversation starter.

BRYAN

Shit. I didn't even think of that.

SATURN

Of course you didn't. Religious jewelry, odd piercings and clown make-up are also *off limits*.

Bryan nods in agreement.

Saturn shells out three hundo's of his own.

SATURN

Game on.

56TH FLOOR

Super: ROUND 1 - SATURN VS. MEG

The doors open. MEG, 20's, enters.

Saturn slips off his wedding band. Bryan catches it, shakes his head - *tsk-tsk*. Saturn slides it back on.

Saturn notices a PUZZLE RIBBON dangling from her purse. He raises his cell to his ear.

SATURN

Hi, mom. What? Suzy's autistic?

Meg eavesdrops as Saturn covers the phone with his palm.

SATURN

(to Bryan)

It's my mom. Little Suzy's been diagnosed with autism.

BRYAN

Excuse me? I don't even know you, guy. Do you always tell random strangers your creepy business?

MEG

Creepy? My brother has autism, you jerk.

Saturn comforts Meg, glares at Bryan.

SATURN

Some people just can't relate to what we have to endure.

(hands her his phone)

Here. Hold this for me while I go set this loser straight.

MEG

My pleasure.

SATURN

And put your number in there, too.  
There's this great vegan restaurant  
downtown. You simply must go there  
with me.

Meg gives a silly, off guard smile and punches her digits in  
the phone as Saturn approaches Bryan.

BRYAN

(whispers)

Not fair! You used me as a wingman.

SATURN

Saturn Rule #23: Everyone in the room  
is your wingman.

35TH FLOOR

Super: ROUND 2 - BRYAN VS. VERONICA

The doors open. VERONICA, 30s, enters.

Bryan inspects her from head-to-ass. Moves in for the kill.

BRYAN

Excuse me. Are you free tonight or is  
it gonna cost me?

Saturn cringes.

Veronica turns, gives Bryan a cursory inspection.

VERONICA

Sir, I'm requesting you step out of my  
personal space.

Bryan turns to Saturn, who looks away.

BRYAN

Umm... Do you have rubbers at your  
house or should I pull out?

Veronica giggles a little.

BRYAN

So, how do you like your eggs in the morning? Fertilized or unfertilized?

She throws her head back and howls with laughter. She wipes a tear from her eye. Even snorts.

VERONICA

You're cute.

Bryan pulls out his phone and hands it to her.

BRYAN

Then put your digits in there, baby. I'll take you to a donkey show.

More laughter as Saturn watches on in unholy amazement. *Snort! Snort!*

VERONICA

Call me, okay?

She hands the phone back, exits the elevator.

BRYAN

Hey, thanks! And remember - my couch might pull out but I don't!

O.S., she bursts out again as the doors close.

Bryan holds up the phone for Saturn, a shit eating grin plastered on his face.

37TH FLOOR

Super: ROUND 3 - SATURN & BRYAN VS. CANDY

Doors open. In struts CANDY, 30s, sultry and hot. A business type in a smart suit and chic heels with fiery RED hair that could scorch a snowman.

She smiles at our two friends, hits the panel button.

CANDY

Boys.

They nod in unison. Bryan mouths the word "fuck."

BRYAN

Tell ya what - You can keep the three hundred. Help me score this chick.

SATURN

No dice. We agreed no redheads.

BRYAN

I'm conceding defeat, you feeble-minded bag of douche.

Saturn considers.

SATURN

Three hundred *and* a half-hour boot camp session.

BRYAN

Deal.

SATURN

First thing. This ain't no giggly, garden tool you got here. I recommend you tone it down... A little.

Bryan discreetly pops a tic-tac. He brushes past Candy, gazes into her eyes, clears his throat.

BRYAN

Say, don't I know you from the cinematographer's party?

Saturn throws his arms up.

CANDY

Which one?

BRYAN

No shit?

*RINGTONE.*

Candy raises a finger, takes her phone out.

CANDY

Yes? Yes...? When?

(chokes up)

Oh, God. No! You can't do this. I don't have it. Please. Just give me a little more time... *Please*. Hello? Hello..?

She lowers her phone and sobs.

BRYAN

What's wrong?

Saturn rushes over.

CANDY

(shakes her head)

It's my son. He suffers from Antidisassociationaryanism. It's a very rare disease and everything's privatized. I don't have the money to continue his treatment. He's gonna *die!*

She blows her nose.

BRYAN

(takes a step back)

Jeez, Louise. Is it contagious?

CANDY

No. It's all my fault. My ex kept me addicted to heroin throughout my pregnancy. I thought he was gonna kill us. He was a monster, but now...

Saturn puts a reassuring arm around her shoulder.

SATURN

What can we do to help?

CANDY

(composes herself)

I don't know really. You guys are both so sweet, just... Pray for us?

BRYAN

I can write a song for you. Maybe do a benefit? I'm very lyrically inclined.

17...16...15

CANDY

That's so beautiful.

Saturn fishes in his pocket, fans out six hundred dollars.

SATURN

Will this help, sweetheart?

CANDY

Oh, I couldn't.

SATURN

Yes, you can. Not only do I help losers like this--

(thumbs Bryan)

--but the Saturn Foundation does a lot of charitable work with unwed mothers. It would be my pleasure.

She begrudgingly accepts the cash, slides it down her blouse and tucks it away. A hint of spectacular breast.

BRYAN

Dude, you just gave away all our money.

3...2...1

Candy fixes her skirt, turns away and faces the elevator doors. Silence. *DING. LOBBY.* Doors open.

CANDY

(to herself)

Like candy from a baby.

A little GEEKY GUY with thick glasses comes in.

GEEKY GUY

Are you going up?

Saturn pushes him out face first, then hits DOOR CLOSE.

SATURN

Wait just a second.

BRYAN

Dude, she just took all our--

SATURN

I heard you! Did you just play us?

She turns.

CANDY

Fair's fair, buddy. I've seen your infomercials. You're a creep of the highest order. Now if you'll excuse me, gentlemen. I'm late for a meeting.

Saturn grabs her arm, spins her around.

SATURN

Not until I get my money back.

CANDY

Get your fuckin' hands off me! You want your money back? Fine. You can come get it if you like. I've got a few minutes, loverboy.

Candy throws her hair back, then seductively proceeds to roll up her skirt - each inch reveals milky white thigh. She licks her lips.

Bryan gasps, eyes wide, anticipating.

BRYAN

Oh...

Higher, higher until... A fat, crooked, uncircumsized PENIS flops out.

SATURN

Jesus Christ!

Saturn backs against the wall. Bryan grabs him.

BRYAN

The hell is that?

CANDY

It's for you, playboy.

She takes a step forward.

Bryan and Saturn -- pressed against the wall like swatted flies as if an ax-wielding Jack Nicholson were before them.

Candy grips her schlong and waggles it at them.

Bryan SCREECHES like a girl and jumps into Saturn's arms.

Mercifully, she slides her skirt down, composes herself and grabs her bag.

The doors open.

One last glare at our boys as she rolls out her pink tongue. She *HISSES*, flashes the devil sign and struts out.

A few BUSINESS MEN and WOMEN peer curiously into the elevator.

Saturn looks at Bryan.

SATURN

Idiot. I told you no redheads.

FADE OUT.