

CHRIS WHITE

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FADE IN

EXT. MANHATTAN, 8TH AVENUE - LATE NIGHT

CHRIS WHITE, 33, walks with his hands in his pockets, deep in thought. A good-looking guy, professional. His tailored Armani suit a bit wrinkled from the day.

The filthy splendor of 8th Avenue surrounds him. Strip Clubs, Porn Shops, Peep Shows. A neon sign blinks SEX-SEX-SEX in rapid succession.

A WOMAN IN PURPLE steps from the shadows and walks side by side with him.

WOMAN IN PURPLE
I'm Charly.

Chris smiles, keeps walking.

CHARLY
It's chilly out tonight.

He nods politely, still walking.

CHARLY (CONT'D)
I can make you feel better.

CHRIS
What makes you think I need to feel better?

CHARLY
People don't roam 8th Avenue at two in the morning when things are hunky-dory.

He stops.

CHARLY (CONT'D)
So what is it? The wife? The girlfriend? The boyfriend? Whatever it is, I can make it better.

CHRIS
You're offering sex?

CHARLY
I'm offering company. You choose what to do with it.

Chris thinks the proposal over.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LATER

Charly leads Chris to an Attendant's Booth. They find the ATTENDANT, feet propped up comfortably, reading The Wall Street Journal, chewing on a tootsie pop.

CHARLY
Where's Barry?

ATTENDANT
Barry's not here.

CHARLY
I see that. Where is he?

ATTENDANT
Minivan rolled over his foot, a
Plymouth I think. Anyway, he's not
here.

A small kink in Charly's plans. She improvises.

CHARLY
You know how it works?

The Attendant looks to Chris who's beginning to think twice about all this.

ATTENDANT
Barry might have mentioned
something.

Charly slips him a twenty dollar bill.

CHARLY
Something spacious.

He slips her a set of keys.

ATTENDANT
Second level, yellow Hummer.

CHARLY
Gracias.

INT. YELLOW HUMMER - CONTINUOUS

Charly and Chris sit in the back seat. She reaches over and unzips his fly.

CHARLY

Don't worry. I'm a professional.

He laughs awkwardly as Charly's head drops to his lap. He closes his eyes and tries to enjoy the experience but just can't get into it.

CHRIS

Can I ask you a question?

A beat. Charly lifts her head.

CHARLY

Right now?

CHRIS

Yeah.

She sits up.

CHARLY

Mind if I smoke?

Chris points to a NO SMOKING sticker on the dash. Charly laughs.

She reaches into her bag and grabs a pack of Newports. She offers one to Chris. He refuses. She lights up.

CHARLY (CONT'D)

Shoot.

CHRIS

What do you think about sex?

CHARLY

(Beat)

Is that supposed to be funny?

CHRIS

No.

Charly thinks about the question.

CHARLY

It's a little vague. I don't understand.

CHRIS
It's a simple question.

CHARLY
About sex?

CHRIS
I imagine you've had some
experience.

Charly's still a little confused by the direction this
conversation has taken.

CHARLY
Are you trying to be an asshole or
something?

CHRIS
I'm not trying to be anything.

She takes a long drag from her cigarette.

CHARLY
Well, I think it's fun. It feels
good, sometimes great. It's messy.
It's funny. It's embarrassing.
Sometimes it hurts.

(Beat)
I think it pays the bills. What do
you wanna hear?

CHRIS
I don't know.
(Beat)
I can't figure out if love is sex
or sex is love or they're one in
the same or completely different.
I just want some clarity. I want
someone to help me understand.

CHARLY
Sex?

CHRIS
Yes.

CHARLY
You want someone to help you
understand sex?

CHRIS
Yes.

Chris realizes how ridiculous he sounds.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

A long, awkward silence.

CHARLY
How about breakfast?

CHRIS
What?

CHARLY
Breakfast. How bout' we get some
breakfast?

CHRIS
But...

CHARLY
Look, this clearly isn't your
thing. You seem more the talk-over-
a-nice-meal kind of guy.

CHRIS
Are you asking me on a date?

CHARLY
Sure.

CHRIS
But your a...

CHARLY
Hooker. So what. What do you do?

He pauses.

CHRIS
(almost embarrassed)
I work on Wall Street. I'm a
broker.

CHARLY
So we both fuck people for a
living.

CHRIS
Well...

CHARLY

It's just breakfast. We don't have
to make it complicated.

She looks at Chris and, strangely, he feels comforted. She takes one last drag from her cigarette and tosses it out the window.

CHARLY (CONT'D)

C'mon...

She takes his hand.

EXT. YELLOW HUMMER - CONTINUOUS

Chris and Charly climb out of the Hummer and...

VOICE (O.S.)

That was quick.

They look up to find two plain-clothes POLICE OFFICERS waiting. SGT. BLANDA and OFC. TITTLE, a pair of middle-aged cops just trying to get to retirement in one piece. They're dressed casually, jeans, t-shirts, badges on chains around their necks.

BLANDA

(holding-up badge)

NYPD. Turn around please.

They do.

CHARLY

Don't you guys take vacation?

Charly turns around and puts her hands against the side of the Hummer. She knows the routine. Tittle does a quick frisk.

TITTLE

Alright, take a break Doris.

She leans against the Hummer.

CHRIS

I thought your name was Charly.

She shrugs. Blanda comes up behind Chris and begins to frisk.

BLANDA

She probably said you had a big dick too. Maybe she had one of 'em right.

Blanda pulls out Chris's wallet.

BLANDA (CONT'D)

Turn please.

Chris turns around. Blanda steps away, flips through the wallet. Chris notices Tittle's shirt: I'M WITH STUPID is written in big colorful letters with an arrow pointing to his crotch.

Blanda continues to examine the contents of Chris's wallet while Tittle waits patiently nearby, hands in his pockets.

BLANDA (CONT'D)

Let her go.

Tittle looks to Blanda, obviously not pleased with this decision.

TITTLE

You heard him, Doris.

Charly smiles sarcastically. She leans over to Chris and whispers something in his ear that we can't quite make out.

She then turns and heads for the exit leaving Chris alone with Blanda and Tittle.

Blanda looks over Chris's driver's license.

BLANDA

Christopher Francis White. Can I call you Francis?

Chris isn't sure if this is a rhetorical question or not.

BLANDA (CONT'D)

What are you doing here Francis?

CHRIS

I don't know.

BLANDA

You know solicitation of prostitution is a crime in the great state of New York?

CHRIS

I assumed.

Tittle decides to join the conversation.

TITTLE

So what are you doing here?

CHRIS

(Beat)

Simplicity, I guess.

Silence.

TITTLE

What the fuck does that mean?

BLANDA

It means that Francis here has had his fill of the singles scene. Am I right?

Again, Chris isn't sure if he's supposed to answer this.

BLANDA (CONT'D)

Hey, I understand. I've been married almost twenty-five years. Me and my wife in the bedroom, it's like Stockton to Malone you know, no real surprises. Then again, there's no real surprises. Keeps things simple. Simple is always good. Damn near unattainable, but good.

Blanda hands Chris his wallet back.

BLANDA (CONT'D)

Next time I see you in here, you better be parking a car.

CHRIS

Thanks.

BLANDA

No problem, Francis.

He winks.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Chris exits the Parking Garage. He finds Charley waiting nearby.

CHRIS
Doris huh?

CHARLY
After my grandmother. I like
Charly better.

CHRIS
Me too.

She smiles. A spark between them.

CHARLY
This isn't all I am.

CHRIS
I'm starting to understand that.

He offers her his arm. She takes it. They walk together.

FADE OUT.

LYRICS

(INSTRUMENTAL INTRO)

Never gonna see the day...

When we've got no complaints...

When we don't wanna change...

When everything's all okay.

Never gonna see the day...

When the world hasn't turned to gray...

When we've got no more pain...

When you're not in my brain.

Never gonna see the day...

(REPEAT)

I'm never gonna see the day.

(FADE OUT)