Dames With Games an original screenplay by The Hobo

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FADE IN:

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

A young handsome rugged MAN, 35, with a Baywatch body skims the pool ever so gently. He glances over his shoulder to see a smoking hot older WOMAN, mid 50's with a body of 25 year old pre pregnancy remove her robe, dive into the pool.

He drops the skimmer, watches carefully as the Goddess approaches. He lowers himself onto the edge of the pool, drops his shorts as he sits butt naked on the wet tile.

She rises like a phoenix between his legs, she stops one inch from his junk, looks up...

WOMAN Would you like me to clean your pipe?

MAN (O.S.) Of course he would, any man would, clean my pipe.

We pull back to reveal we're watching a TV screen in...

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

LIVING ROOM

BEN WATSON, 26, a man who ate one pie too many, lies back on his worn out love seat, one hand down his pants, the other holds a piss water beer. Tears stream down his pathetic face as he struggles to masterbate.

> BEN I hate my life.

ENTRY

The front door opens, ANDRE WILSON, 27, strolls in briskly and smoothly, tablet in hand. Slams the door behind him.

ANDRE Yo, where's my man Ben at?

Andre approaches the --

LIVING ROOM

He grinds to a halt.

ANDRE (CONT'D) Wow! Are you crying at porn bro? BEN

It's not the porn, although this is a beautiful Deep Throat scene. I need a girl, I'm tired of choking the chicken... I think I broke it's neck.

Andre sits down next to him.

ANDRE

Take your hand outta your pants for a moment. Whatever happened with Julie? You stalked her for long enough.

Ben sighs.

BEN

She wanted to take things slowly, told me to give her a call in five years.

Andre taps on his tablet.

ANDRE

I'm gonna hook you up bro. The online sites is the only way to go now a days.

BEN You mean like Match.com and eHarmony?

ANDRE

No man, those are for losers, woman who want "relationships"... you don't want that. Give me a beer.

Ben rolls himself over to the edge of the loveseat, lifts a beer from a cooler on the floor... The fridge is five feet away. He hands him a beer.

ANDRE (CONT'D) Looky here. I found a girl on this site, all kinds of freakiness.

Ben checks over his shoulder.

BEN

Butter.com?

ANDRE Yeah man, Everything but her face. Look at this chick.

Ben lets out a huge fart.

BEN Better be up to my standards... Kim, would like to meet in a dimly lit not so busy location.

He pulls the tablet closer to him.

BEN (CONT'D) I think Kim has an adams apple... and a beard... and a huge dong.

Andre snaps the tablet off him.

ANDRE Oohhh you know I think you're right. But if you look past that.

Ben growls.

ANDRE (CONT'D) Ok then, moving on.

BEN

I want to meet a normal girl, maybe we can talk, play a game or something. Just get to know them before any wild passionate lovemaking occurs.

ANDRE Yo you're not making this easy. Let's see what we got.

Andre swigs his beer, starts typing.

ANDRE (CONT'D) This is a long shot... hot girls who like games.

They both monitor closely, raise eyebrows in unison and clink beers in success.

BEN AND ANDRE Dames with games.

ANDRE It says here, "Us Dames like to bring our games, just tell us where you would like to play". (to Ben) Let's get you a dame.

INT. BEN AND JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ENTRY

There's a knock at the front door.

LIVING ROOM

Ben, wears his finest church going clothes, paces ever so slowly across the room, he stops to catch his breath. Andre glances at him, points to the door.

> ANDRE Would you like me to get that for you?

BEN That would be great.

ENTRY

Andre opens the door, standing before him is a stunning blond haired blue eyed beauty. Her cleavage shows enough to tease. This is TIFFANY, 25, she checks Andre up and down. In her hand is bag full of games.

Andre reaches out his hand.

TIFFANY

Are you Ben?

ANDRE No, I could be though if you want.

Tiffany refuses his hand.

TIFFANY

No thanks.

Andre steps back from the icy reception.

ANDRE Ben, your... date is here.

Tiffany lets herself in, she walks towards the

LIVING ROOM

Ben's jaw drops as she draws nearer, he clings on to a bag of Cheetos. She put's her hand out, Ben drops the bag, the combination of sweat and Cheeto crumbs all over his hand. He wipes it over his clothes, they shake.

> TIFFANY Pretty cool you got your own butler.

> > BEN

Ah what?

Andre stands in the background.

ANDRE What did she just say?

TIFFANY

(to Ben) That turns me on that your rich. I could really see us fucking tonight.

Ben glances over her shoulder at Andre. He looks to the heavens, clenches his fist, takes a deep breath.

ANDRE (whispers) He's my friend. (to Ben) Whatcha need master?

Tiffany turns around.

TIFFANY He needs you to leave us alone ain't that right BEN?

Ben grimaces, waying up his options. He bites his tongue and nods his head.

TIFFANY (CONT'D) I brought some board games. Daddy loves board games and I do too. Shall we play?

BEN

Sure.

Ben and Tiffany lower themselves to the floor. Tiffany puts her hand down, she feels something sticky.

> TIFFANY Ohh what is that?

Ben scratches his chin.

BEN

That's cum.

Tiffany laughs.

TIFFANY I like you, you're funny and such a liar too.

Andre stands in the background head in hands.

TIFFANY (CONT'D) So here's a favorite of my daddys.

She pulls out a game "Blacks and Whites".

BEN

Is this for real?

TIFFANY

Oh yeah. It's pretty cool, if you're white like me and you start with a measly one million dollars... this game is from 1970 of course, we're the status quo and we can buy property anywhere. Unlike if we're this guy --

Points to Andre who is now down on his knees praying.

TIFFANY (CONT'D) -- We would start with ten thousand dollars be the "minority" and can't buy certain properties... ain't that cool?

BEN Ah no, it's not cool at all. What other games have you got? You got Scrabble or Monopoly maybe?

Andre types in his tablet. Tiffany pulls another game out.

TIFFANY

I got this. (In a German accent) Judan Raus! It means Jews out! Ain't that great? I mean we need to check these people entering our country.

BEN These people!

TIFFANY Yeah Jews, Muslims all the same.

BEN

Where did you get your education? W

Tiffany starts to zip her top down, revealing more cleavage. Ben is caught in a trance, suddenly he gets jerked. Andre grabs him.

> ANDRE Dude snap outta it. She's a racist Bitch.

I am not! Prove it.

Andre grabs the bag of games.

ANDRE

Let's see what else. "Public assistance" Why bother working for a living? These are for real.

He tosses it across the room.

TIFFANY Hey, you can't do that.

Ben continues to stare at her breasts. Andre grabs another game. He holds it up.

ANDRE Beat the border, from 1971... are you shitting me?

TIFFANY Yeah, they wont beat it if there's a big fucking wall.

Andre slaps Ben over the head with the box.

BEN Ouch, Christ dude?

Tiffany grabs Ben's head pulls him close to her chest.

TIFFANY I saw that. That's racist, Daddy's got a great lawyer.

Andre pulls one last game from the box, he turns it around and around.

ANDRE Well I thought I seen it all.

He lowers the cover in front of Ben's face. Ben pushes Tiffany away. He grabs the game.

BEN What the fuck? From 1950 Britain. Five little 'N' word boys. A target shooting game.

Suddenly there's a knock at the front door. Andre walks back to get it. He returns with a tall, slender beautiful African American woman KAYBE, 27, she strides into the room with such grace. Tiffany stands up quickly.

TIFFANY What is going on here? More of you.

ANDRE

She's here to play a game. I met her on the same site, she brought her own... so sit your white ass down.

TIFFANY I ain't listening to you, tell him Ben.

Ben glances at Andre for a sec, then back to Tiffany.

BEN Sit your white ass down bitch!

Tiffany lowers herself to the floor. The other three do the same. Kaybe pulls out a game from the bag... Operation.

TIFFANY Seriously, it's a kids game.

Kaybe pulls it from the box. Tiffany turns pale white. It's her head and body that they're operating on.

ANDRE I think I should have the honor of going first.

Andre turns the game on. He lowers the tweezers towards the body. He glances at Tiffany.

ANDRE (CONT'D) Feeling nervous or afraid. I can help. Let me remove the butterfly from your stomach.

As he digs in to grab the butterfly, a shape appears through Tiffany's stomach. She holds it tight.

BEN Do you need some pepto?

TIFFANY What the fuck is happening to me?

She stares at Kaybe, who just smiles. Andre pulls out the butterfly and with that a butterfly bursts outta Tiffany's stomach. She screams in agony.

Ben grabs the tweezers of Andre.

BEN Hey that's not right. Let me have a go.

TIFFANY No. Please Ben no. I promise you whatever position you want... reverse cowgirl.

BEN You're just making that up.

Ben maneuvers over each piece. Stops above the heart.

BEN (CONT'D) Ahh the broken heart. You did break my heart the moment you opened your mouth.

Ben is fully focused on Tiffany as he digs into the broken heart. Tiffany clutches hers in agony.

TIFFANY It's gonna kill me.

BEN

Probably.

ANDRE Oh Tiffany, Daddy wont miss you, he's too busy leading the Republicans.

BEN

Say it ain't so.

ANDRE Yep, Trumps other daughter.

BEN

Now it all makes sense. Got her mother's looks though. Thank fuck.

He yanks the heart out, at the same time Tiffany's heart explodes through her chest leaving her for dead.

> BEN (CONT'D) That's funny I actually didn't think she had a heart like her old man.

Tiffany lies on the floor in a pool of blood. Andre stands, helps Kaybe up.

ANDRE Thank you Madam. He kisses her hand.

BEN

Well there goes me getting laid.

Kaybe searches in her bag and hands Ben a deck of cards.

ANDRE

You have fun bro.

Ben looks down.

BEN

Busen memo?

He rips open the deck.

BEN (CONT'D) Ohh cool. Memory matching breasts.

FADE OUT:

(CONT'D)