

LOVEnvy

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INT. SMART SALES OFFICE - DAY

A desk, filing cabinets, laptop, all the usual accouterments and...

MIKE BOWEN, 30s, shifts his substantial frame around awkwardly in the plush red seat, sweat stains spreading from his armpits, last few strands of hair slicked to his head already.

Across the desk, JAY PARKER, 50s, surprised look on his face, scrawny shoulders leaning forward.

JAY

This?

MIKE

Custom job, from my specs.

Jay strokes his chin, it looks comical, unintentionally.

JAY

My girls... well no offense, but they're better, proportionally.

MIKE

For some, but they're not, well... real.

Jay raises an eyebrow.

MIKE (cont'd)

They're fictions.

JAY

And yours?

MIKE

Specific, mine, real.

Jay ponders some more.

JAY

If this is some Euro celeb or something then the conversation stops now, copyrights, trademarks, all sorts of shit.

Mike shakes his head.

MIKE

I'm not a pervert.

Jay raises the other eyebrow quizzically, lets it drop and sighs.

JAY  
Ten grand.

MIKE  
Okay.

Jay shakes his head.

JAY  
No haggling? Damn, I should have said fifteen.

Mike laughs softly.

MIKE  
Too late for that.

Jay rises from behind his desk.

Holds his hand out, which Mike shakes as he walks from the office.

EXT. TINY HOUSE - DAY

A UPS van pulls up.

BEN STATER jumps out and checks his docket. Nods.

Approaches the white front door and presses the bell.

The door opens before the bell has the chance to fall silent.

Mike peers out.

BEN  
Wow, where'd you come from?

MIKE  
App said you were here.

He waves his phone eagerly.

BEN  
Yep, no chance for a sneaky break these days. Where'd ya wan it?

Mike points inside.

BEN (cont'd)  
'Kay, two ticks.

He jogs to the back of the van, opens the back, and whistles.

BEN (cont'd)  
Scratch that, make it forty, maybe fifty ticks!

He grabs his wheels and shuffles a very large box from within. Gets it to the edge and pushes a button to lower the tailgate.

MIKE  
Careful with it.

BEN  
What's in it?

MIKE  
Er, delicate, antiques.

BEN  
Heavy ones.

Ben maneuvers the box onto the wheels and pushes it up the drive to Mike's house.

Mike stands in the doorway.

MIKE  
Here's fine.

BEN  
You sure, I'm allowed to bring it in.

MIKE  
It's fine, not a lot of room, easier if I do it.

BEN  
Okay, you're the boss.

He takes his phone out.

MIKE  
What's that for?

BEN  
Picture, prove it's delivered, for the...

He looks at the docket again.

BEN (cont'd)  
For the Real Dollz company.

He raises his eyes to meet Mike's blushing gaze.

Ben takes a snap of the box and the doorway, keeps the angle down low.

BEN (cont'd)  
They just need to see it by the door.

Mike nods, still blushing a deep red.

BEN (cont'd)  
You have a good day now.

Ben retreats as Mike shuffles the box into the house.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Mike busies himself at the cooker, making breakfast.

At the table, back to Mike, is JENNIFER, 30s, eerily still.

MIKE  
Sunnyside up, right?

She doesn't answer.

MIKE (cont'd)  
Sorry, course it is, you said before.

He turns, two plates in hand, takes them to the table, and sits.

MIKE (cont'd)  
Don't let it get cold.

Jennifer doesn't move, she can't, she's made of rubber, thermoplastic elastomer to be exact, a lot of it.

Mike stuffs his chubby face with scrambled eggs.

MIKE (cont'd)  
They're good right?

Jennifer's doughy face remains impassive.

MONTAGE

- Mike and Jennifer in the small backyard, drinking OJ.

- Watching a nature documentary on TV.

- A different meal, formal, both dressed for it, candle in the middle of the table.
- Mike reads to Jennifer, a romance novel from a series that sells well to middle-aged spinsters.
- Mike kneels at her feet, gently massaging her toes, through thick thermal socks.
- Mike in a small single bed, Jennifer a few feet away in another...

MIKE (cont'd)  
Night love, sleep tight, don't let  
the bed bugs bite.

He turns the bedside light off.

INT. LARGE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is the height of gaudy luxury, massive white leather sofa, black polished bookshelves, a wide desk to one wall, ostentatious drinks cabinet... the works.

Mike sits, well has sunk, into the sofa as his brother...

HEATH, 30s, chiseled jaw, super trim body from endless gym sessions, paces the floor - scotch in hand.

HEATH  
So, I said don't be like that.

Mike nods.

HEATH (cont'd)  
Know what he said?

Mike automatically nods, catches his mistake, and shakes before the confusion can spread too far on his brother's face.

HEATH (cont'd)  
Sorry, Sir, I'll get that extra mayo  
immediately.

Heath laughs energetically.

Mike smiles, at what he's not sure, but his brother so...

HEATH (cont'd)  
(over his shoulder)  
Ain't that right love?

JENNIFER (O.S.)  
(timid)  
What's that love?

Jennifer, the real one, flesh and bones, and what looks like a fading bruise or two enters the room.

HEATH  
(testily)  
You deaf?

Mike jumps in.

MIKE  
My dear Brother was just regaling me about the McDonald's mayo mayhem.

HEATH  
Funny shit, wasn't it love?

JENNIFER  
Well, yes --

HEATH  
Shall we eat now, I'm starving, have you burnt it this time?

Jennifer's mouth pops into an O.

She runs to check the food.

HEATH (cont'd)  
Dumb cow will get it right one of these days.

He strides off towards the dining room.

MIKE  
I hope so.

FADE OUT

THE END