

Living the Dream

By

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DTC Productions

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MORNING

A couple sits on a couch in a typical suburban house, holding hands. The woman is VANESSA, her full figure straining the bounds of her police uniform. The man is DIRK, muscular and shirtless.

VANESSA

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

DIRK

I'm afraid so.

Despite the obvious romance of the situation, the two are oddly formal.

VANESSA

Me too. But it makes sense. I've been with so many men, but none have really satisfied me.

DIRK

And I've never met a woman like you. It was worth the eighty dollar ticket.

VANESSA

When you talk like that, it makes me want to...

She looks into his eyes, biting her lip.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

...suck your dick.

Dirk kisses her hand, returning her gaze solemnly.

DIRK

I would be honored.

Dirk stands, facing the couch and unbuttons his pants, dropping them to his ankles.

An OS voice cuts through the scene.

OS VOICE

Whoa, whoa! Stop!

The couple freezes, Vanessa between Dirk's legs, both looking OS. Joseph, a portly balding man in a sweat suit walks into view, shaking his head.

He points to something in the region of Dirks rear end.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH
What the hell is that?

DIRK
What?!

Dirk twists his back, trying to see what Joseph is pointing at. Vanessa arches her neck around his leg, a perplexed look on her face.

JOSEPH
You have a tuft!

DIRK
A tuft?!

Our view expands to show a film crew standing around the couple on the couch. Mixed in with the regular crew are several lingerie clad actresses and robe wearing actors.

A young pimple faced ASSISTANT joins Joseph, inspecting the situation.

JOSEPH
Like sideburns on your scrotum.

Feet planted, Dirk continues to try to look at his own rear, with all the success of a dog chasing its tail.

ASSISTANT
More like a mustache. See how it curls?

DIRK
Can you just shoot around it?

JOSEPH
You want me to shoot around your balls?

ASSISTANT
Sir, I'm pretty sure the script calls for some pretty specific-

Joseph holds a hand up, cutting him off.

JOSEPH
We're not shooting around your balls, Dirk.

Vanessa has grown disinterested, she flounces back on the couch and amuses herself by adjusting her cleavage.

DIRK
It's hard to reach way back there.

ASSISTANT
How about 'grundle goatee'?

JOSEPH
(Ignoring the assistant)
Look, just get a razor-

DIRK
(Interrupting)
I'm getting soft!

ASSISTANT
He's getting soft!

Anonymous voices echo the cry off screen.

ANONYMOUS VOICES
He's getting soft!

A young underweight FLUFFER scampers through the crew up to Dirk. She simultaneously tries to get a look at the mysterious tuft while her hand begins working, blocked from view by Dirk's body.

DIRK
Ow! Jesus!

FLUFFER
(Embarrassed)
Sorry. I'm new.

ASSISTANT
Hey, get a razor in here.

FLUFFER
I've got some tweezers in my
purse.

Dirk goes wide eyed with fear.

DIRK
Please, no!

Joseph shakes his head at the fluffer, admonishing.

JOSEPH
You're supposed to be making him
hard.

The set devolves into chaos as everyone rushes about without any apparant effect. Joseph walks away from the scene, finally slumping into a chair marked 'Director'.

A middle aged woman with over-sized fake breasts walks up and puts her hand familiarly on Joseph's shoulder.

JOSEPH

I think I'm ready to get drunk,
Sharon.

SHARON

It's nine-thirty. In the
morning. You should still be
hungover.

A STUD IN A ROBE walks up to the couple, cutting off
Joseph's reply.

STUD IN A ROBE

Excuse me, Mr. Joseph?

JOSEPH

What?

STUD IN A ROBE

Ummm, I took a couple Viagra an
hour ago. Are we getting to my
scene anytime soon?

JOSEPH

(Sighing)

Not likely.

STUD IN A ROBE

Well, its just...It's starting to
hurt.

Joseph waves a hand dismissively.

JOSEPH

Yea, that's normal.

STUD IN A ROBE

It is?

JOSEPH

Don't worry. Once it turns
purple, let me know.

The stud opens his robe, looking down.

STUD IN A ROBE

It's bluish...

Sharon and Joseph lean in to take a look.

SHARON

I have nail polish in that color.

JOSEPH

You got a couple shades before
you're in trouble.

Sharon and Joseph watch as the Stud wanders off, still looking down worriedly.

JOSEPH
You remember why we got into this
business?

SHARON
To resolve my daddy issues?

JOSEPH
No, not that.

Sharon thinks hard, leaning her head against Joseph's.

SHARON
To support our habit?

JOSEPH
(Shrugging)
Well, yea, I guess. But mostly
it was the sex.

Sharon looks around the disordered set, raising her eyebrows. Her eyes flick to Joseph's crotch.

SHARON
Does it even still work?

Joseph follows her gaze.

JOSEPH
Only when I least expect it.

Sharon leans close against him, lips brushing his ear sexily.

SHARON
We could always cuddle.

Joseph stands up, walking back into the cluster of activity, ready to take charge again.

JOSEPH
(Over his shoulder)
I'm not a masochist, Sharon.

The crew parts as he wades back into the fray, Moses of the porno crew. He takes a moment to take in the situation.

A lighting TECH is very carefully testing the sheen coming off Vanessa's cleavage. She studiously ignores him, making kissy faces into her compact.

The fluffer squirts lotion on her hand, then resumes her task. Dirk nods approvingly.

DIRK
See? Much better.

The fluffer smiles shyly.

The Assistant straightens up from behind Dirk, a blob of shaving cream stuck on his hair, a pink disposable razor in his hand.

ASSISTANT
Good to go, sir.

Joseph leans over heavily, inspects the results.

JOSEPH
You certainly earned your check today.

ASSISTANT
I'm an intern. You don't-

The Assistant trails off as Joseph turns away, not listening. Joseph claps his hands over his head, raising his voice;

JOSEPH
People! If you aren't getting paid to fuck, vacate the set. We're taking it from 'suck your dick'.

The crew scatters back to whatever they are supposed to be doing, the Tech taking one last reading from Vanessa's breasts.

Joseph walks back to his chair and sits down. Sharon leans against the back of the chair, watching over his shoulder. He picks up an old fashioned movie set megaphone and raises it to his mouth.

JOSEPH
And...action!