

LOOKING FOR RICHARD GERE

Written by

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Inspired by Zack's torture mission &
A teensy bit raunchy.

EXT. BUS - MOVING - DAY

SALLY, an elegant "lady of a certain age", stands amidst a sea of heads buried in phones. She gazes up at an ad for "*Menopause The Musical*", sighs as the bus pulls up at -

SHOPPING MALL - MONTAGE PROCEEDS:

-- COFFEE SHOP -- Sally is squished up against the counter as coffee and tea orders fly over her head.

-- CLOTHING BOUTIQUE -- A haughty salesperson approaches - Sally is stunned as the woman glides right past to a chic Insta-type girl standing directly behind her.

-- SHOE SHOP -- Sally waves a 'sensible shoe' in the air, while around her a throng of young women are being waited on.

INT. SALLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sally is on the phone to her friend, LILA.

SALLY
So, it's official. I am invisible.

LILA (V.O.)
No you're not, sweetie.

SALLY
I suppose there might be an upside
to being invisible, right?

QUICK FLASH to Sally, trolley loaded with high-end electronic goods exiting a store. Nobody takes a blind bit of notice.

LILA (V.O.)
You did not do that.

SALLY
Okay, no I didn't. But it gets
worse...

EXT. STREET - FLASHBACK

Sally walks past a construction site. She slows her pace.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER
Afternoon, Ma'am.

The Construction Worker tips his hat.

SALLY
I used to get wolf-whistles,
dammit! ...The good news is Richard
Gere has moved in next door.

LILA (V.O.)
No way!

SALLY
Not the real Richard Gere, silly.

LILA
Oh.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Sally fetches her mail. On the way back a GENTLEMAN of a certain age, a silver-fox we will call "Richard Gere" wrestles a 'SOLD' sign from his front yard.

Sally gives a tentative wave.

SALLY
Welcome to the neighbourhood!

Richard Gere gives Sally a charismatic smile, winks.

SALLY
(to camera)
Wow!

With a spring in her step she walks back into the house.

SALLY
(to camera, hands in
prayer)
For the love of God, just let me
get laid!

Sally lies down on the couch, shuts her eyes.

FANTASY SEQUENCE:

-- In a dark alley Sally is thrown up against a wall.

-- On a kitchen-island, Sally arches her back with pleasure as warm honey is drizzled over her naked body.

-- In a swimming pool she makes out with an Adonis.

LILA (V.O.)
At our age we're supposed to have a
deeper more visceral connection.

SALLY
What a load of crap.

LILA (V.O.)
I resent that comment.

SALLY
You have a husband. You're not
allowed to resent anything.

LILA (V.O.)
So, tell me about Richard Gere.

INT. SALLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

In a bath-towel, hair dripping wet, Sally opens the drapes to discover she's looking directly across to Richard Gere's living room. Sally gives a tentative wave. No wave back.

SALLY
Dammit, just how invisible am I?

She lowers her towel a little, exposing her right breast. No reaction. Lowers the towel more to expose both breasts. Still no reaction. Finally she drops the towel to the floor.

This seems to do the trick. Richard jumps to his feet, fist-pumps the air. His voice echoes across the way -

RICHARD GERE
Yes, yes, yes. More!

SALLY
Oh. My. God!

INT. SALLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - ONE DAY LATER...

Tone Lōc's, *Wild Thing* pumps from speakers. Sally has pulled out all the stops - corset, feather boa, whip. At the window she brazenly does a striptease... Finally gives up, defeated.

Sally puts her face against the window peers across the way to Richard Gere. Feet up, he appears to be... sleeping.

EXT. RICHARD GERE'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Sally bangs on the front door.

RICHARD GERE
Oh, hello there.

SALLY
Don't you 'hello' me, Richard Gere.

RICHARD GERE
Um... Name's Bob, but okay.

SALLY
Enjoy taking the piss then, do you?

RICHARD GERE
Huh?

SALLY
One minute you see me and you seem
to *like* what you see --

RICHARD GERE
I assure you, I like what I see.

SALLY
What was that then?

RICHARD GERE
What was what? Would you like to
come in? There's moving boxes
everywhere but I have coffee...

SALLY
Well, I don't know why I should,
but okay.

LIVING ROOM

Football paraphernalia lines the walls, a big-screen TV.

RICHARD GERE
Yeah, big Eagles fan. Been watching
the playoffs. Can you excuse me...?

Richard... I mean, BOB, exits. He returns with coffee. And,
he now wears coke bottle lens spectacles.

RICHARD GERE
I just got back from bird-watching.
Another hobby of mine. Not exactly
a fashion statement these, but they
do the trick.

Sally's mouth gape opens - all is suddenly clear. She relaxes
back on the couch. Looking up at him she smiles seductively.