

My Favorite Pervert

by

Samuel Zehr

INT. N.Y.U. JIM/CRAIG'S DORM - DAY

JIM (20) boyishly handsome, dorky yet attractive - is looking back at himself in the reflection of a full body mirror. He is wearing a cap and gown.

On the other-side of the room amidst a pile of empty beer bottles is **CRAIG** (20) Indian-decent, short brown hair - lying down in the small dormitory bed next to a cute blonde girl.

JIM

Are the gowns supposed to be this long? This one just feels a bit off.

CRAIG

Relax dude. You look fine. Your parents are going to be stoked for you no matter what you look like.

JIM

Why are you still in bed? The ceremony starts in like 20 minutes.

CRAIG

Funny thing happened. Sort of left my cap and gown down the hall in Jillian's dorm. You wouldn't mind grabbing that for me would ya?

JIM

Dude really?!

CRAIG

Come on man, I can't look that girl in the eyes again, Especially right now. Can't you see I'm busy.

Craig kisses the cute blonde.

JIM

Fine. But this is the last time I do your dirty work for you Craig!

Jim opens the door to leave the dorm room.

CRAIG

Thanks Jim, You're the best!

INT. DORMITORY HALLWAY - DAY

A few dorms down the hall Jim stands, blankly staring at a closed door.

JIM
Fucking Craig. Gets all the girls.
I study hard. I work hard. And
look at me now, just cleaning up
his mess. God.

Jim opens the door to the dormitory without thinking to knock.

JANET (20) dyed blue hair, lip ring - lays in her dormitory bed holding a vibrator between her legs.

JANET
What the fucking fuck!

JIM
Shit sorry!

Jim slams the door closed.

INT. JANET/JILLIAN'S DORM - DAY

JIM (V.O)
Hey I'm really, really sorry. Is
Jillian in there?

JANET
Do you think I'd be doing what I'm
doing if my roommate was in here?!

JIM (V.O)
Uh. I dunno. Maybe? Look I'm just
trying to pickup my buddy's
graduation clothes, he said he
left them in there.

JANET
(The motor on her
vibrator slowly dying)
Shit! God fucking dammit. Hey guy
what's your name?

INT. DORMITORY HALLWAY - DAY

JIM
I'm Jim.

JANET (V.O)
Are you good at fixing shit Jim?

JIM
Yeah.

JANET (V.O)
Okay you can open the door.

INT. JANET/JILLIAN'S DORM - DAY

Jim opens the door and enters the girl's dormitory room.
He stands awkwardly close to the door.

JANET
You can sit down you know.

JIM
Um. Alright.

Jim sits down on the floor where he was standing.

JANET
Not there! Over here.

Jim nervously takes a seat next to Janet on her bed.

JANE
It stopped working. Do you know
how to fix this kind of thing?

JIM
May I?

Janet hands the vibrator to Jim. Jim inspects the device
carefully. He undoes the battery cover and removes the
battery.

JIM (CONT'D)
Well you see the problem is right
here. The coil springs appear to
have rusted causing a adverse
connection to the battery link. So
with a little bit of welding we
could have this thing up and
running in say twenty minutes.

JANET
You're smart aren't you.

JIM
Well...

Janet puts her finger to his lip.

JANET
You ever been with a woman before
Jim?

JIM
(Lying and she can tell)
Yeah.
(Admitting guilt and
shaking his head)
No.

Jim looks down at his lap embarrassed.

Janet smiles.

JANET
Prepare to have your mind blown.

Janet takes off her top and straddles Jim on the bed. She grabs a remote control off her blankets and presses play. *Rush's - Limelight* - blasts out from some nearby speakers.

JIM
Holy shit you like Rush?!

JANET
-Just shut up and fuck me!

INT. DORMITORY HALLWAY - DAY

We are looking at the door of Janet's Dorm. We hear intense sexual moaning and grunting for about five seconds.

INT. JANET/JILLIAN'S DORM - DAY

Jim and Janet lay in Janet's bed with the covers up to their chests.

JANET
It's okay. Most guys first times
are short lived. We'll do it lots
of times.

Jim's eyes grow wide.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

In an empty movie theater Janet has her skirt pulled up and is riding Jim.

JANET
Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck
me!

INT. JIM'S DORMITORY - NIGHT

Craig lies awake in his bed with his hands covering his ears. Across the room Jim is having sex with Janet, doggy-style

JANET
Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck
me!

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Janet is fucking Jim in the reverse cow-girl position.

JANET
Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck
me!

INT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - DAY

Jim and Janet stand in a crowded line at the airport awkwardly holding hands and looking away from each-other.

EXT. UP IN THE SKY - DAY

A giant 747 Delta Airlines Plane is flying through the clouds.

INT. AIRPLANE BATHROOM - DAY

Jim and Janet attempt to have sex in the tiny airplane bathroom.

JIM
Shit.

JANET
Ouch.

JIM
You okay.

JANET
Yeah there we go just like that.

INT. AIRPLANE HALL OUTSIDE BATHROOM - DAY

A **MOM**(35) and her **SON**(5) are waiting their turn to take a piss, outside of the occupied airplane bathroom.

JANET (V.O)

Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!

SON

Mommy what does fuck mean?

Mom puts her hands over her sons ears.

MOM

Stewardess!!!

EXT. LAS VEGAS AIRPORT - NIGHT

The plane lands on the Las Vegas runway tarmac.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

The city of Las Vegas is coming alive. The fountain shooting into the sky. The neon lights flashing. Prostitutes and drunk businessman all happy as a clam.

INT. ELVIS CHURCH - NIGHT

Janet and Jim stand by a cheesy arbor covered in fake flowers. An **ELVIS IMPERSONATOR** (55) stands slightly behind them.

ELVIS IMPERSONATOR

I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride.

Jim and Janet give us a big old full tongue wedding kiss.

CUT TO BLACK:

SUPER: 20 YEARS LATER.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The air is moist with warm dew. Pigeons are doing there business perched on the ledge of a tall apartment building. The sun is setting.

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY

JIM (40) still boyishly handsome but noticeably older - sits unashamed on a small cracked toilet seat. Newspaper in his hand.

JIM
Hey Janet! Babe!

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY

JANET (40) still curvaceously hot - sits on a small wooden stool trying to read her book.

JANET
What do you want Jim!?

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY

JIM
Babe there's a new kink fest happening downtown next weekend!

JANET (V.O)
So!

JIM
Well it might be fun for us to go!

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY

Janet gets off of the stool and walks down the hall until she's standing in front of the closed bathroom door.

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY

JANET (V.O)
Babe last time we tried that you came in my eye. I don't know if I have it in me for another semen related doctors appointment. Do you know how embarrassing that was for me?

JIM
Yea I know but...

JANET (V.O)

-Oh yeah you know but! but!..
 Guess what you weren't the one
 with jizz in your eye Jim! Put
 yourself in my shoes and try to
 imagine how it feels to go to your
 optometrist; who by the way you've
 known since you were five years
 old! and explain to him how your
 husband blinded you with his
 fucking dick!

JIM

(unconcerned)

Listen Hun, there's a whole
 article about it in the paper.
 This one's different.

JANET (V.O)

(Not buying it)

How?

JIM

Well for starters this ones way
 more classy.

JANET (V.O)

No latex costumes?

JIM

No-oooo way babe.I'm talking black
 tie event.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE BATHROOM - DAY

Janet leans against the wall beside the closed bathroom
 door. She hears Jim let out a large fart.

JANET

How classy.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Jim gives the toilet a courtesy flush.

JIM

(Not getting it)

I know right! It says in the
 article that all of the ladies
 have to wear a red dress. You're
 always saying how you never get a
 chance to wear that dress you
 like.

JANET (V.O)
Ugh you know I hate red.

JIM
Really?? I thought that was your
favorite color.

JANET (V.O)
Twenty years of marriage and you
really don't remember? Pfff...
Whatever.

JIM
Aw shit! Sorry babe.

JANET (V.O)
It's fine Jim. Why do you want to
go to this thing so bad anyways?

Jim wipes his ass, flushes the toilet and opens the
bathroom door.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE BATHROOM - DAY

Jim leans against the wall beside Janet.

JIM
Remember on our wedding night when
you inserted a rose-bud into my
anus.

Janet smiles.

JANET
-And you put the Hershey's fun
size bar up my ass.

JIM AND JANET
And we both came at the same time!

Janet gives Jim a kiss on the cheek.

JANET
That never happened.

JIM
What!? What are you talking about?
You told me specifically that-that
happened!

JANET

Babe, you blacked out on our wedding night and in the morning I made up that whole story. I honestly can't believe you bought it. Hahaha.

JIM

What the hell. So my life is a lie?

JANET

Sorry Don Juan. You really think I would've let you put a candy bar up my ass. Hahaha.

JIM

A guy can dream right.

JANET

(Teasing)

Your a sick young man. Some might even say that your a bad boy.

JIM

Oh really.

JANET

Yes. You've been very - very naughty and as your disciplinarian I'm going to need to punish you.

JIM

(playing along)

Yes, Ma'am.

Janet gives Jim a big kiss on the lips and spanks his ass.

JANET

Follow me.

Janet starts walking down the hall confidently shaking her hips. Jim eagerly following her.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

Janet runs over to the bed and lays down; quickly grabbing a book from the bedside table - she begins to read.

JIM

What are you doing?

Janet ignoring him.

JIM (CONT'D)

Really?

JANET

(Not looking away from
her open book)

Happy Valentines Day Jim.

JIM

Ugh. I'll be in my office...

Jim exits the bedroom then quickly reopens the door peeping his head back in.

JIM (CONT'D)

Hey you still love me right?

JANET

Your still my favorite pervert.

Jim smiles.

JIM

I love you nerd.

JANET

I love you too.

Jim closes the door. Janet peers into her book smiling satisfactorily.

INT. APARTMENT OFFICE - NIGHT

Jim shuts his office door behind him. He takes a seat behind his beautiful hardwood desk and opens a laptop. The background screen on his laptop shows a picture of him and Janet on their wedding day. Jim appears obviously drunk in the picture.

JIM

(Quietly)

I believed that story for twenty
years...

(Looking up)

God why did I drink so much that
day...Nothing...No advice? Thanks
buddy.

Jim clicks on a folder labeled "life insurance". Inside that folder he clicks on a separate folder labeled "nothing to see". He then clicks on a document labeled "1998 slideshow". A photo slideshow begins to play. The first picture in the slide show is a photo of his best friend Craig, smiling, holding up a shot glass. The second

picture in the slide show is an old photo of him and Janet holding up two dildos smiling foolishly. The next picture in the slideshow shows Jim handcuffed to a bed with a scared expression on his face; Janet standing next to him grinning sheepishly. He quickly minimizes the slideshow.

JIM (CONT'D)

(Sighs)

What happened to us.

Jim clicks open the chrome web browser. The google homepage quickly loads. He begins typing in a search: *Why won't my wife have sex with me?* A bunch of typical pathetic blog links show up in the search results. Jim backspaces his search and re-types: *Ways to spice up your marriage.* He scrolls down the search results and stops on: *Shower Sex - When was the last time you tried that?* He clicks on the link. The link takes him to a click-bait article about shower sex. He begins reading the article. Two seconds into reading- a pop-up porn video of a woman being taken from behind in a shower plays. Volume is full blast!

JIM (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ!

Jim fumbles around trying to close the page but more pop-ups keep coming. Jim begins to panic and looks for a volume control on his external speakers.

JIM (CONT'D)

Nothing has a simple control knob on it anymore!

The noises of multiple orgasms on the laptop are getting louder and louder.

JANET (V.O)

Jim, honey!

JIM

Just a second!

Jim grabs the laptop and smashes it on the floor loudly. All sounds of porn are gone.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jim gets into the bed. Janet puts the book she is reading back on her night table.

JANET

What was that noise? Sounded like someone was screaming and then something broke?

JIM

Just a WWII documentary baby.

JANET

Oh, okay. Well some of us have work in the morning so maybe next time turn it down a little bit. Sounded horrible.

JIM

Well Hitler did some horrible things to those people.

Janet gives Jim "Disapproving wife look".

JIM (CONT'D)

Duly noted. Next time. Headphones in. Okay goodnight.

JANET

Night.

Janet turns her bedside lamp off.

Jim stares at the ceiling.

JIM

...Gas chambers. Ann Frank. You know Jesus was Jewish?

Janet quietly puts in her ear plugs.

JIM (CONT'D)

What a mind trip. And Ron Jeremy, he was Jewish. Ah Ron, the dong of all dongs.

(Cuddling up close to her)
Speaking of well endowed Jewish men, I've got something you might want to see. Janet? Babe? Babe?

Noticing the earplugs Jim rolls back to his side of the bed, sighs and closes his eyes.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A warm morning breeze passes softly. Birds are singing. Cars are honking. The sun ascends above a large apartment building.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

An alarm clock on Jim's bedside table turns from 6:59 to 7:00 AM. The clock beeps incessantly.

JANET
(Sleepy)
Jim turn that shit off. Jim!

Janet roles over and see's that shes the only person in the bed.

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY

Jim is shirtless checking himself out in the mirror. He squeezes in his beer gut then releases it back to its normal middle aged state. He grabs a girdle off of the counter top and begins fastening it to his gut.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

On the bed Janet groggily crawls her way across the cushy landscape of blankets and makes it to the alarm clock; slapping it to a stop.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Jim removes the rest of his clothing, leaving him naked, with nothing but the girdle he's wearing. He steps into the claw-foot bath tub and closes the shower curtain.

Janet enters the bathroom. The room is silent. She believes she is alone. She begins singing to herself softly while removing her pajamas.

Jim see's Janet's hand reach behind the shower curtain turning the water on. Jim shivers silently as he is struck by the stream of cold water.

The bathroom is getting steamy and the water is now at shower-able temperature.

Still singing to herself Janet opens the shower curtain.

JIM
(Muscle flexing pose)
Me Lady!

JANET
AH!!!!

Janet reactively punches Jim in the mouth.

JIM

Ah!!

JANET

What the hell are you doing Jim!?
Goddammit. I think I broke my
hand.

JIM

Shit are you okay?

Janet takes a seat on the closed toilet.

JANET

(In pain)

I don't know. Ouch fuck that hurt.
Can you help.

Jim quickly gets out of the bathtub, grabbing bandages off
of the sink counter; begins wrapping Janet's hand.

JIM

I'm sorry. I just thought it would
be sexy. You know shower fun, like
we used to in college.

JANET

I don't remember you scaring me
like that in college.

JIM

Sorry.

JANET

Shit I'm gonna be late for work
now.

JIM

(Kissing her neck)

You could call in sick.

Pushing him away.

JANET

Jim no. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. I'm
gonna be so late. I gotta go.

Janet gets up and hastily starts putting on her clothes.

JIM

But...

JANET

-No buts babe. I gotta go to work.
You have work today too so maybe
think about getting ready.

JIM

(Happily)

Not til eleven for me.

JANET

Well that must be nice. But I
gotta go.

Janet gives Jim a quick kiss.

JANET (CONT'D)

And lose the girdle will you.

JIM

But you said to fix my proper male
figure.

JANET

No I said you might feel better
about yourself if you hit the gym.
(donking him on the head)
Jim. Alright love you gotta go.

Janet rushes out the bathroom door.

Jim looks down sadly at the girdle he's wearing.

JIM

(Quietly)

Love you to.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY

Jim takes a wooden bowl out of the kitchen cabinet. Despite having been hit rather hard in the face he still holds high spirits. He slaps the power button on a small portable radio sitting on the kitchen counter-top. *Rush's "Limelight" plays loudly.* Jim grabs a box of Alphabet Cereal and pours it in the bowl. He opens the refrigerator and grabs a half full carton of 2% milk and adds it to the cereal. Grabbing a spoon out of the dirty sink he takes the bowl over to the kitchen table. He sits down and stirs the cereal in the milk. The cereal forms the word *SEX*. He mixes the cereal around with the spoon and again the letter-based cereal reads *SEX*.

JIM

(Looking up at the ceiling)

God is that you?

Jim mixes the cereal around with his spoon one more time and the word *FUCK* appears in the middle of the bowl. Jim shrugs and takes a bite of the cereal.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

Jim attempts to put on his suit-tie. Staring at himself in the dresser mirror, he makes a few awkward knots in the tie then gives up. Tossing it aside, he opens the small dresser drawer and pulls out a clip-on tie. Puts it on easily.

EXT. NY STREET CORNER - DAY

Traffic is moving quickly. Jim swiftly flags down a taxi and gets in.

INT. TAXI - DAY

JIM
29th Rockefeller Plaza please.

CAB DRIVER
Gotcha.

Sitting in the back of the cab, Jim fiddles through the selection of magazines and papers in the back pocket of the car seat. Jim pulls out a newspaper with the upcoming sex-con article in it and immediately flips to the articles page. He tears the page out and stuffs it in his back-pocket.

The **CAB DRIVER**(52)middle eastern - glances back at Jim from his rear-view mirror.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)
Hey man what are you doing? I hear paper rip.

JIM
Really? No paper rip here.

CAB DRIVER
Yes paper rip here. I hear it.
This is my paper. You read paper!
You no rip paper! You no rip magazine! You no rip nothing!

JIM
Okay, okay I hear you.

CAB DRIVER

I've got my eye on you man.

Jim sinks down in his seat a little bit.

EXT. NYC SIDEWALK OUTSIDE BOOKS STORE - DAY

People from all walks of life push and shove one another making their way down the crowded NYC sidewalk. A few feet away from the hustle and bustle Janet leans against a book store window; smoking a cigarette with her bandaged hand. The ringtone on her cell phone plays. Using her good hand, she quickly answers the phone.

EXT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT BALCONY - DAY

We see **BARBARA** (73) equipped with a bathrobe, glass of wine and cell phone - standing on her high rise balcony.

BARBARA

(Into phone)

Hello dear!

EXT. NYC SIDEWALK OUTSIDE BOOK STORE - DAY

JANET

Hey mom what's up?

BARBARA (V.O)

Oh nothing I just wanted to see what my favorite daughters up to.

A random guy passing by bumps into Janet's hurt hand.

JANET

Ow shit!

BARBARA (V.O)

Janet language!

JANET

Just burned myself with a cigarette.

BARBARA (V.O)

-Your smoking?!

JANET

(Quickly)

Not now mom, this isn't a good time! Gotta get back to work. Bye.

Janet hangs up her cell phone and hustles back into the book store; cradling her hurt hand.

INT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Barbara's on her phone sitting in a lounge chair by a marble fireplace.

BARBARA
 (Into phone)
 Janet! Janet are you there! Janet.
 Janet did you hang up on me?

Barbara's husband **GARY** (75)balding-white-hair, polo shirt - sits in a lounge chair a few feet away trying to watch golf on the TV.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
 Janet are you there! Janet!

GARY
 Jesus Christ woman can't you get a damn clue she hung up on you! She doesn't wanna hear you and frankly neither do I! Now please for the love of all that's holy on this earth can I watch my fucking game!

Barbara angrily grabs the TV remote control off of the floor by Gary's chair. She powers off the TV and throws it out the open balcony doors.

BARBARA
 Oh yeah well screw your golf Gary!

Barbara storms out of the living room.

Gary chuckles to himself pulling an extra remote control out of the crack in his chair cushion. Click. The golf game is back on.

INT. TAXI - DAY.

The Taxi comes screeching to a halt right outside Jim's work. He hands the cab driver two twenty dollar bills and exits the vehicle.

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE J.W.B. FINANCIAL - DAY

Jim stares up at the luminous office building nervously. Walking towards the large glass entry doors.

JIM

(Psyching himself up, deep breath)
 You got this Jim. You got this.
 You are not getting fired today.
 (Slaps himself in the face a
 couple of times - begins
 rehearsing)
 I realize the AMF numbers aren't
 quite what you expected Mr.
 Wong...
 (Knows its not good)
 The numbers on the merger aren't
 exactly what we hoped
 for...(feeling worse)
 Mr. Wong I'm sorry to report a
 fiscal loss on the AMF
 Merger...
 (Awful)
 It turns out we may have lost a
 itsy-bitsy small some of money in
 the transfer process...

Still talking to himself, not paying attention to his crowded surroundings; Jim bumps into a passing **BUSINESSMAN**(50) - holding a cup of coffee. The Styrofoam coffee cup spills all over the crotch of Jim's tan colored slacks.

BUSINESSMAN

Watch where your going asshole!

Jim stops for a moment vigorously rubbing the coffee stain with his suit cuff. Stains not coming out.

JIM

Shit!

INT. J.W.B. FINANCIAL LOBBY - DAY

It's a busy day in the lobby; men in suits brush by each other quickly moving in various directions. Jim stares at the elevator light anxiously waiting for the doors to open.

JIM

(Psyching himself up)
 Your strong. Your smart. They wont
 fire you. Your strong your smart
 they wont fire you.
 (Deep breath)
 You got this.

A couple of well dressed young women walk past Jim, giggling and smiling at him.

Jim waves to them

JIM (CONT'D)
Top of the morning.

The girls continue on by, still laughing.

JIM (CONT'D)
(Psyching himself up)
Your good looking. Chicks dig you.
They wont fire you. Your smart.
Your strong. They wont fire you.

The elevator dings and the doors open. Inside the elevator a large plastic wrapped pallet holding various office equipment takes up the majority of the space. Jim steps into the elevator, uncomfortably jamming himself into the available standing-room.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Jim presses-in the circular "4" button on the elevator wall. The button lights up and the doors close. Elevator begins going up.

We see **CRAIG**(now 35) well dressed, short brown hair, up to no good - Lurking behind the pallet.

Craig peeks out from around the corner of the pallet. He reads the newspaper cut-out "NYC Sex Fest!" sticking out the back of Jim's pant-pocket.

Jim turns (stretching) in Craig's direction exposing to Craig what look's like a large cum stain on his pants. (Craig's eyebrows raise). Craig sneaks around to the other side of the pallet and positions himself directly behind Jim.

Craig's lips almost touching the back of Jim's ear.

CRAIG
Jack off much!

Shocked, Jim launches forward hitting his head on the closed elevator doors.

JIM
Jesus fucking Christ dude! You
scared the living shit out of me.

CRAIG
 (Looking at Jim's coffee stain)
 Looks like shits not the only
 thing I scared out of you haha.

Craig makes crude masturbation gestures with his hand.

JIM
 Very funny Craig. Yeah some guy
 spilled coffee on me downstairs.

CRAIG
 I'm sure he did...

Craig yanks the article out of Jim's back pocket.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 Evidence of the crime!
 (Reading article)
 "New York's largest sex-con
 featuring steak dinner, dungeon
 play, even a special appearance by
 the one and only anal queen Sasha
 Grey"...

Jim grabs the article out of Craig's hand, stuffing it in
 his back pocket.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 -Kinky. I respect that. I'm more
 of a visual guy with my
 (gesturing at his dick)
 "little-Craig" business, but hey
 if it gets the fish to break the
 Dam more power to you.

JIM
 Dude.

CRAIG
 - I just don't get how you could
 multi function like that. I mean.

Craig mimics 'holding up something to read' then 'touching
 himself' - then 'holding up something to read' then again
 'touching himself'.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 Read. Masturbate. Read.
 Masturbate. Read. Masturbate a
 little bit more. Oh that's a hot
 sentence - I'm gonna stare at
 those words for a little while...
 (MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 Honestly I don't think I'd ever
 make it to home-plate bro.

INT. J.W.B. FINANCIAL FLOOR 4 - DAY

A group of employee's patiently wait outside of the elevator door, watching the little floor number lights change.

The light switches from "3" to "4".

The elevator doors open revealing Craig all up in Jim's face making crude masturbation signs with his hands.

Jim and Craig step out of the open elevator doors.

CRAIG
 Hey Cherice!

Craig goes in for a high-five with the female secretary as she passes into elevator. She does not reciprocate the action; showing Craig a repugnant expression.

The two friends continue conversing while walking down the hallway; passing by rows of cubicles and small offices.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 (Loudly)
 So your gonna go to this fuck fest
 thing?

Passing-by employees give them a 'this-is-inappropriate' look.

JIM
 Dude...Shh...listen to me.

They pause at a small water cooler; grabbing Dixie-cups and filling em' up.

JIM (CONT'D)
 Remember when I told you me and
 Janet weren't really...

CRAIG
 -Fucking! Yea that was like three
 months ago.

JIM
 (Quietly)
 Well...

CRAIG
 (Shocked yet quiet)
 Still! Jesus man! You gonna get divorced?

JIM
 No.No.No Don't be crazy. But like the reason I have that paper (gesturing at his back pocket), I'm going to try to see if I can get Janet to go with me. You know maybe spice things up a little.

CRAIG
 Aw I see what your going for. Greasing up the old engine. I like it.

They continue walking down the hallway.

JIM
 Yeah that's what I'm thinking.

CRAIG
 The thing is dude I don't know if Janet's really that kind of girl anymore. I mean everyone knows you guys used to get crazy weird back in college. But that shit changes.

JIM
 So..

CRAIG
 So you want my honest opinion?

JIM
 Yeah man of course.

CRAIG
 Just take her out for a nice roof-top dinner at Geraldo's man. Spaghetti, dim-lighting, red table cloths. At the very least you'll get a hand-job out of it.

JIM
 Shit! hide me.

Jim ducks behind Craig as they pass by an office with a giant glass window. Inside the office we see a very angry looking Asian man sitting behind a desk. On the desk there is a plaque that reads "Mr. Wong - President J.W.B. Financial".

INT. JIM'S CUBICLE - DAY

Jim is sitting in his tiny-office chair. Craig's leaning against the felted-grey cubicle wall fixture.

CRAIG

Dude Mr. Wong looked pissed! If you really fucked up that merger as bad as I heard you did you're definitely getting canned.

JIM

How did you hear about that?

CRAIG

Jenny in H.R. sent a Memo out to everyone in the building showing your mock-business plan. It's actually kind of hilarious. You didn't get that.

JIM

(Head in his hands)

No. Ugh.

CRAIG

(Obviously lying)

Aw sorry buddy. Hey I'm sure it will be okay.

JIM

I don't know man it's not even just that. Like everything piling up. Just feel stressed. Haven't even found the time to...

CRAIG

(Smiling)

-Masturbate! Buddy.Buddy.Buddy. You gotta get on that. You know I read if you don't do it at-least a minimum of once a day you'll get cancer.

JIM

There's no way that's true.

CRAIG

Dude remember my uncle Graham?

JIM

The one you lived with when we were in high-school?

CRAIG
 (Deadpan serious)
 Yeah man. he's dead man. Totally gone.

JIM
 He had stage four lung cancer.

CRAIG
 (Defensively)
 I don't buy that shit for one second. You remember me searching his house high and low. No porn! Not even a hint of a dirty magazine or a stale sock. That man had testicles the size of tennis balls!

JIM
 Really? You looked at your uncles nuts?

CRAIG
 He had an open casket funeral and one thing lead to another. I had to prove my point; so did I look down my uncles pants while he lay dead in his casket? Yes Jim.

JIM
 Jesus Christ Craig.

CRAIG
 -Never-mind all that.
 (Looking at his watch)
 Aw shit I gotta be in a meeting in two minutes. Hey I'll see you at Barbara's thing tonight right?

JIM
 My mother in-law invited you??

CRAIG
 Yeah man we text all the time. I love that old bitch.

JIM
 (Deep breath)
 Alright, Weird.

CRAIG
 Well I'll see you tonight. Good luck not getting fired.

Craig walks off.

Jim takes the crinkled up Sex article out of his back-pocket and begins reading.

INT. BOOKS-GALORE BOOK STORE - DAY

Janet is busy at her work carefully placing books onto a large sales shelf. Her co-worker **MARGE** (29) square glasses, overweight - stands close by handing her books from a cardboard box.

JANET

God my hand hurts.

MARGE

I can't believe you punched him. Haha. Waiting for you naked posing. That's hilarious. Kinda cute though.

JANET

You know it was cute. And I feel bad. I know he's actually trying but it's just we've not been on the same page for so long now...

MARGE

-Oh my god your still not sleeping with him! What has it been like two months now?

JANET

Try one more.

MARGE

Three months! Janet you need to fix this. It's really not healthy. Personally I know I couldn't go a day without seeing Jared.

Marge waves flirtatiously at who we believe to be **JARED** (65) massively overweight, gap-toothed - sitting on a reading bench nearby.

JARED

(Waving back)

(Horrible hacking sound)

Aha-gaha-agh!

JANET

When we first got married the sex used to be so good. But now. Well. It's like he forgot how to do it. He used to be so smooth and romantic.

MARGE
 So he's not,
 (puts her tongue between
 her fingers)
 Anymore?

JANET
 Well...

MARGE
 -Are you having orgasms?

JANET
 Well...

MARGE
 Oh my god Janet! You need to get
 back on that dog and ride it! It's
 not a big deal I have to re-train
 Jared on how I like it all the
 time.
 (towards Jared)
 Isn't that right doggy, my big ol'
 doggy!

Jared looks out from behind the book he's reading, tongue
 out of mouth, panting like a dog.

MARGE (CONT'D)
 Who's good boy. Jared's a good
 boy. Yes you are. Yes you are!

JANET
 (Laughing)
 My god Marge can you please stop
 that your scaring the customers.

Janet's ringtone starts playing

JANET (CONT'D)
 (Looking at her phone)
 Oh shit my mom's calling. She's
 been blowing up my phone all day.
 I gotta take this.

Janet presses talk-button on her phone.

JANET (CONT'D)
 (Into phone)
 Hey mom what's up? Yep...Yep... I
 know, I know. Yes me and Jim will
 be there at 8 PM sharp. Alright.
 Okay. Yes we'll bring it. Yes
 Craig will be there, don't worry.
 I love you to. Bye.

Call ends and Janet stuffs her phone back in her cleavage.

MARGE

What was that all about?

JANET

It's my step dad's birthday dinner tonight. My mom's been going off about it for weeks, so I'm gonna have to go to it.

MARGE

Creepy old golf-TV Gary?

JANET

The one and only. You want to come?

MARGE

You know normally I would love to jump on the opportunity to have your creepy old step dad stare at my tits all night. But me and Jared have a date night.

JANET

Cute. Where are you guys going.

MARGE

Dog pound. I like to make him watch the dogs get put down so he knows what'll happen if he ever crosses me.

JANET

Hmm...

INT. J.W.B. FINANCIAL MR WONG'S OFFICE - DAY

Inside the office we see Jim sitting in a small chair, a good ten feet away from an over-sized desk. Behind the over-sized desk we see a man sitting in a large leather arm-chair holding financial statement papers in front of his face. The papers are set down on the desk revealing **MR. WONG** (60) tiny and angry, Asian, fu-Manchu mustache.

JIM

Howdy. Beautiful day isn't it sir.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The echoes of furious Asian swear words bounce around the cities sky scrapers like a ping pong ball. People walking the city sidewalks look around, hearing the unintelligible angry rant. The only word we can make out between the Chinese cussing is "fired".

EXT. J.W.B. FINANCIAL FRONT ENTRANCE

Two large security guards effortlessly throw Jim out of the large open doorway onto the sidewalk. The cardboard box Jim holds slips out of his hands, spilling his few belongings all over the sidewalk.

JIM

Well that was alot worse than I
had in mind.

People walking the busy sidewalk carelessly step on Jim's spilled possessions. Breaking a framed picture of him and Janet. Other small do-dads are kicked into traffic and ran over by passing vehicles.

Jim struggles trying to grab the remainder of his things; placing them in the cardboard box. Almost everything is ruined.

Frustrated, Jim throws the cardboard box at the front doors of J.W.B. Financial.

JIM (CONT'D)

Fuck you!

The two scary-large security officers see this and slowly walk towards Jim.

JIM (CONT'D)

Sorry!

Jim takes off running down the street.

EXT. NYC CROSSWALK - DAY

A few blocks down the road Jim waits for the "walk" sign to light up on the other side of the St.

A **LITTLE GIRL** (4) cute, pink dress - stands next to Jim holding her **MOTHER's** (23)attractive - hand, waiting to cross the street.

LITTLE GIRL
 (Pointing at Jim's coffee stain)
 Mommy look! The man made pee-pee!
 Hehehe.

Mother ignores her daughter.

JIM
 Hey there little girl.

LITTLE GIRL
 (Pointing)
 Mommy! mommy look! Pee-pee!

Mother looks at Jim out of the corner of her eye.

JIM
 That's actually not pee-pee.

MOTHER
 Your sick! Pervert!
 (spits at Jim)
 Come on Layla lets go the
 other-way!

The mother and daughter turn around and walk off.

JIM
 (At the mother)
 I'm not a pedophile! Just a coffee
 stain! Fuck. A guy spills coffee
 on me and I'm still the asshole!
 What an awesome day.

The "walk" sign flashes and Jim crosses the road.

On the other-side of the street Jim's cell phone begins to ring. He answers.

JIM (CONT'D)
 Hello.

INT. BOOKS GALORE STORE - DAY

Janet's on her cell phone, while placing books in the front window display.

JANET
 (Into phone)
 Hey baby.

EXT. NYC SIDEWALK - DAY

JIM
 (Into phone)
 Hey Janet.

JANET (V.O)
 Just calling to remind you about
 Gary's birthday dinner, would it
 be possible for you to get a cab
 and meet me at my work at say
 7:30.

JIM
 Okay.

JANET (V.O)
 Everything alright Jim? You sound
 a little off.

JIM
 Aw you know it's just been one...

A pigeon shits on Jim's head.

JIM (CONT'D)
 Been one of those days.

JANET (V.O)
 Okay well try an cheer up cuz its
 gonna be a fun dinner.

JIM
 Sure.

INT. BOOKS GALORE BOOK STORE - DAY

JANET
 Hey I hear that tone Mr. Oh and
 also can you grab one of those
 pink polo-golf shirts from
 somewhere, were supposed to bring
 Gary a present...Okay...Awesome.
 Love you. Bye.

Janet presses the end button on her cell.

EXT. NYC SIDEWALK - DAY

Jim wipes the pigeon shit off of his head with the cuff of
 his suit. He looks around and spots a clothing store.

INT. NYC CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Inside the large department store Jim peruses through a rack of clothing. He quickly finds a XL sized pink polo shirt and throws it over his shoulder. He moves onto another clothing rack and grabs a pair of tan pants and a suit jacket.

He makes his way over to an empty changing room and enters. Inside the changing room he takes off his dirty suit jacket and pants; replacing them with the new clean ones. He leaves his old dirty clothes on the ground and exits the changing room.

Jim waits in the checkout line. Behind the cash register we see **LAFONDA** (31) African-American, overweight - finishing ringing up a customer.

LAFONDA
Next in line!

JIM
Hey there.
(Seeing her name-tag)
How are you LaFonda?

Jim places the pink polo shirt on the conveyor.

LAFONDA
(Monotonously)
Fine. Did you enjoy your shopping
experience at Clothes For All
Enterprises?

JIM
Umm... Yup.

LaFonda scans the polo shirt.

LAFONDA
Anything else for you?

JIM
Yeah
(Showing her the tags on
the clothes he's
wearing)
I got this suit jacket and these
pants.

LAFONDA
Sir what the hell happened to your
clothes.. I saw you walk in here
with different clothes on.

JIM

Nope.

LAFONDA

You bet your ass I did. You leave your dirty clothes in the changing room?

JIM

Nope.

LAFONDA

Man your a fucking weirdo.

LaFonda scans the tags on Jim's clothes. Jim pays her with a credit card in awkward silence. She hands him his bag with the polo shirt and he leaves the store.

The next **CUSTOMER**(40)white,female - in line steps up to the register.

CUSTOMER

That guy was weird.

LAFONDA

Mhmm...Fucking dirty ass white boy.

EXT. NYC SIDEWALK - NIGHT

The sun has fallen beneath the horizon and the city lights shine bright in the warm summer night.

Jim wanders aimlessly down the sidewalk; killing time before he has to go pick-up Janet.

He trips over a discarded beer-can and falls down hitting the cold-hard sidewalk. When he gets up he notices he is standing in front of a glorious sex store. Dildos, whips, masks, handcuffs all smiling out at him from the display window.

Jim enters the ratty sex store.

INT. SEX SHOP - NIGHT

A bell rings as Jim enters the shop. The store is crammed full of crazy shit. On one wall we see a jack-hammer dildo. On another wall we see a machine gun with a dildo on the end of the barrel. Anything sex toy-ish you could imagine is in this strange little shop.

JIM
Anybody work here. Hmm... Hello

We hear a beat.beat.beat. noise almost slap sounding. Jim walks around to the backroom of the store and see's **PICKLE** (45)fat, dirty, long stringy hair - sitting behind a sales counter.

Pickle looks like he just finished running a marathon.

JIM (CONT'D)
Hello.

PICKLE
Welcome to Fuck-N-Sux'! Home of
the fuck toys!

Jim approaches the sales counter.

JIM
Well thank you, my first time here
so...

PICKLE
-Virgin aye?! Names pickle! I can
help you with anything you need to
know about fuck toys. You name it
I've tried it!

Pickle reaches out his giant hand. Him and Jim shake.

JIM
Wow that's very kind of you
Pickle. I'm just kinda looking
arou...

Jim see's over the counter that pickles other hand is forcefully holding down a mans head on his lap - the man giving forced fellatio is wearing a leather mask.

PICKLE
Don't worry about little Ralphy
here.
(Nodding down at the man
sucking his dick)
He knows exactly what he's doing.

JIM
Oh my...

PICKLE
(Obviously ejaculating)
Urggggg!!!! Ah that's better. Be
gone now Ralphy! Go on get!

RALPHY(21)short, dressed in full leather - gets up and runs away behind a curtain in the back.

Pickle stands up. His zipper is undone exposing to Jim his giant manhood.

JIM
Holy Comoly!

PICKLE
Yep some folks call me big
pickle.. Now ya know why heh, heh,
heh.

Pickle zips up his zipper. Lifts his leg up and farts loudly.

PICKLE (CONT'D)
Alright there we go lemme show you
what we got going on here. What'd
you say your name was again.

JIM
(Nervously)
It's umm Jim.

PICKLE
That's a good old American name. I
myself used to fuck a horse named
Jim. Man oh man he was stallion.
Aw. That horse, let me tell you...
Ti-ight asshole. I'm talkin' pin
on a bobby tight. Heh, heh, heh.
They don't make assholes like that
anymore. But I dunno you do share
the same name.

JIM
You know I might just get on out
of here. I could catch a cab in a
couple minutes...

PICKLE
-Ah nonsense!

Pickle walks Jim around the store showing off some of his toys.

PICKLE (CONT'D)
This hears the Hay-maker.

Pickle displays the hay-maker - A sword with 4 blades - all of which have dildos on the end of their tips.

PICKLE (CONT'D)

Then we got the "let me go! No!" I love this one.

Pickle displays the "let me go! No!" - A medieval type bondage device that most people hope they'll never find themselves stuck inside.

JIM

Wow. Wouldn't wanna be stuck in that thing.

PICKLE

Oh believe me you wouldn't. Heh, heh, heh. Aint that right little Ralphy!

(Whispering)

He hates it haha.

JIM

(Pretending to laugh but actually scared)

Hahaha.

PICKLE

Let me ask you something Jim. I notice a little bit of pain those eyes. You havin' marriage issues?

JIM

How can you tell.

PICKLE

Oh Jim,

(scratching his dick)

The pickle can always tell.

JIM

Listen Mr. Pickle.

PICKLE

-Just Pickle.

JIM

Okay, Pickle, I'm not trying to be rude, but I really have to get going to meet my wife.

PICKLE

Just one second Jim, I got something for you.

Pickle sticks his hand down his pants and pulls a butt plug out of his ass.

PICKLE (CONT'D)

My Grandpapi's Grandpapi made this and it's been passed down through the Pickle family for generations. And I can see from the pain in your eyes it's time for me to pass the torch.

JIM

I really shouldn't...

Pickle shoves the sweaty butt-plug into Jim's hand. Jim begrudgingly takes the butt-plug and puts it in his coat pocket.

JIM (CONT'D)

(Looking at his phone)

Wow look at the time. It's been nice meeting you, I really gotta go. Bye.

Jim runs out the door.

^PICKLE

Aw to be young and in love.

Ralphie walks out from behind the curtain.

RALPHY

(Leather mask off)

Don't you know it...

PICKLE

Silence slave!

EXT. IN FRONT OF BOOK STORE - NIGHT

Janet is waiting on the sidewalk for Jim to pick her up.

She looks at the time on her cell phone. He's late.

She browses through her contacts and clicks call on his name.

JANET

(Into phone)

Jim where are you? It's 7:45!

JIM (V.O.)
 Almost there babe, pulling around
 the corner right now.

We see the taxi come hauling ass around the corner and screech to a stop right in front of Janet. She opens the door and gets in.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

The taxi driver shifts into drive, and they takes off.

JIM
 Hey baby.

Jim gives Janet a kiss on the cheek.

JANET
 Hey... I would ask you how your
 day was but you look like shit.
 What's that smell too?

Janet starts sniffing Jim.

JIM
 Hey!

Janet finds the source of the smell - Jim's
 butt-plug-ass-sweat hands.

JANET
 Oh my god what have you been
 touching? First thing when we get
 there your washing those hands.

JIM
 I know. I know...

The **TAXI DRIVER** - (22)Caucasian - turns over his shoulder.

TAXI DRIVER
 Excuse me folks don't mean to
 interrupt but where am I taking
 y'all.

JIM
 5th Ave. Manhattan. Oh hey babe I
 got the shirt for Gary it's an XL
 but it was the only one they had.

JANET
 Yeah that should fit him. Awesome.
 Thanks.

INT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jim and Janet stand in front of a white apartment door with the number "67" painted in the center.

Janet presses-in the door-bell button. Door bell makes the classic "ding-dong" chime.

The apartment door swings open. We see Craig standing in the entryway holding two beers in his hands.

CRAIG

Hey c'mere you two love birds!

Craig throws Jim one of the beers.

INT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Craig exchanges quick hugs with Jim and Janet.

Jim sets the plastic bag containing Gary's birthday present on the ground.

CRAIG

Barbara and Gary are out on the balcony, c'mon lets go.

JIM

Ah just gotta wash my hands real quick.

Jim walks off towards the bathroom.

JANET

So what time did you get here Craig?

CRAIG

Oh like maybe a half an hour ago. Just been drinking glass for glass of wine with your mom. Damn that woman can drink.

JANET

Oh god.

INT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jim drenches his hands with liquid soap. Washes them with water. Smelling his fingers-tips.

JIM

(Hands up to his nose)

Oh that's horrible, think I'm
gonna throw up.. Pickle you dirty
dog.

Jim grabs a piece of toilet paper and carefully removes the butt-plug from his jacket pocket; placing it in the sink. He opens the cupboard door on the vanity and pulls out a bottle of bleach. He drenches both his hands and the butt-plug in bleach.

EXT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT BALCONY - NIGHT

Barbara is sitting on a lovely outdoor chair wearing a flamboyant red dress, sipping on a glass of Chardonnay. A few other chairs on the balcony sit empty. Gary is manning the grill a few feet away; watching golf on a small portable TV.

Craig, Jim and Janet open the sliding glass doors and walk out onto the balcony.

BARBARA

My girl! My sweet little sugar
puff. You look beautiful!

CRAIG

And take a look at your mom in
that dress. Ow-Ow. Sexy.

BARBARA

Oh Craig your such a doll!

CRAIG

You got yourself a full on cougar
Gary I'm tellin' ya.

GARY

(Makes indistinguishable
grunting noise)

Hrrrrrrrrrr...

BARBARA

Oh don't mind him. You know how he
gets when he's watching his golf.
Now Janet get over here and give
me a hug.

Janet gives Barbara a quick hug.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

And don't think I forgot about you
Jim! Get your sweet little tushy
over here.

JIM

Hey Barb.

Jim gives her a quick hug. Barbara grabs his ass.

JANET

Mom!

BARBARA

Oh I'm just having a bit of fun. I
just miss you all so much and I'm
so glad you could make it for
dinner. Now Janet you come with me
I have something I absolutely have
to show you. Boys make yourself at
home. The cooler is stocked with
beer.

Janet and Barbara walk inside.

JIM

Happy birthday Gary.

GARY

Quiet! I'm watching tiger woods.
Don't talk to me.

Jim and Craig walk away from Gary, standing on the far left
of the balcony.

JIM

So Gary hasn't changed much haha.

CRAIG

Same old asshole. Just older I
guess... Hey man so that shit was
crazy at work today. Sucks Mr.
Wong fired you...

JIM

-Shh! Dude I haven't told anyone
yet. Don't want any
(motioning towards Gary)
Prying ears to pick up on
anything.

CRAIG

Don't worry about it man, Tiger
Wood's is on that tiny TV; he's
completely sucked in.

They glance over at Gary - He's staring blankly into the TV as the burgers and vegetables burn on the grill.

JIM

But yeah. It's uhh well pretty shitty but oh well. Say-La-Vie. What can I do.

Craig lights up a cigarette.

CRAIG

So what'd you do all day? You get a chance to try and lay down some of those seductive lines on the old ball n' chain. Get that woman in the sack.

JIM

No, she was working all day but check this out man.

Jim cautiously looks back and fourth then takes the butt-plug out of his jacket pocket.

CRAIG

Please tell me there's an epic story behind this.

JIM

There's a fucked up story behind this.

CRAIG

Works for me.

INT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Barbara and Janet are sitting on the end of Barbara's large king size bed. Her bedroom is average to small sized yet jam-packed full of dressers TV's, clothing and collectibles.

JANET

So what did you want to show me?

BARBARA

Well I got Gary something very special for his birthday this year.

JANET

Okay, what is it?

BARBARA

Hold your horses. I'm really excited to give it to Gary tonight. Just dim those lights, will you.

JANET

Alright mom.

Barbara grabs a laptop off of her dresser and puts it on her bed, opening the screen. Janet dims the bedroom lights and sits back next to her Mom on the bed.

JANET (CONT'D)

Should I be worried...

BARBARA

-Shhh!!! And a one, a two , a three.

Barbara presses the space-bar on the laptop's keyboard and a video begins to play.

The laptop video shows Barbara wearing a hospital-gown walking down a hall with an attractive young doctor.

JANET

So you made Gary a porno? Why am I watching this?

BARBARA

Not a porno silly, but I did edit the video all on my own. You'll see.

JANET

What is it then!

BARBARA

Shh...Just watch. Gary's going to love it.

The laptop video playing continues to show Barbara going in for a kiss with the attractive young doctor then - fuzzy screen. No sound. Full Sound. The video cuts suddenly to Barbara lying down in an operating room where three male doctors are performing surgery on her vagina.

JANET

Jesus mom!

Janet slams the laptop screen closed.

BARBARA
 (Clapping her hands)
 Vaginal rejuvenation! Yay!!!

JANET
 Ugh mom gross!

BARBARA
 -It was gross after I squeezed
 your big butt out of me. But now
 I'm like an innocent virgin again.
 I'm probably tighter than you
 Janet.

JANET
 Ew!

BARBARA
 Can't you just be happy for me?

JANET
 Honestly mom as disturbing as
 that was to watch, I am happy for
 you. Maybe a little heads up next
 time before you go showing that to
 someone, okay? Or better off don't
 show that to anyone!

BARBARA
 But I thought Craig did a
 wonderful job filming it?

JANET
 (As she exits the
 bedroom - slowly)
 Annnnnnd, that's my cue to go. I
 love you. That was awful, and,
 please delete that. I'm gonna go
 check on Jim.

EXT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT BALCONY - NIGHT

Craig holds the age-old butt-plug in his open hands.

CRAIG
 Generations of Pickle assholes
 have inserted this in their
 rectums! That's amazing! You know
 what would be interesting? Send
 this sucker into ancestry.com and
 see what kinds of DNA they can
 pinch off of it.

JIM
Probably not much anymore, I
bleached the shit out of it when I
was in the can.

CRAIG
-Goddammit Jim. Generations of
ancient asshole history all washed
away because one man deemed
himself to high-n-mighty to touch
a little bit of fecal matter!

JIM
Sorry buddy.

CRAIG
(Handing Jim back the
butt-plug)
Don't apologize to me. Apologize
to the legacy of the Pickle
family, whom you've so selfishly
erased all traces of a once great
anal lineage. Do you know what
you're like?

JIM
Enlighten me.

CRAIG
You're like Hitler Jim.

JIM
I'm nothing like Hitler!

CRAIG
Hear me out man. Hitler took all
of the little Jews, gathered them
in town square and burned all
their precious little books! Don't
you see! Their books. Your
butt-plug. You should be ashamed
to call yourself a Jew.

JIM
Dude I'm not even full Jewish.

CRAIG
Exactly, Adolph. Oh shit dude put
that thing away here comes your
wife.

Janet enters through the sliding glass balcony doors and
b-ines over to Jim and Craig.

JANET
 (To Craig.)
 You and me are gonna have to have
 a talk about about some boundary's
 with my mom sicko!

CRAIG
 (Ignoring her.)
 Look at that golf game. I gotta
 see this. Gary my man!

Craig walks over to Gary, leaving Jim and Janet alone.

JIM
 What was that all about? You okay?

JANET
 (Frustrated.)
 Just my mom. Ugh. You don't even
 want to know.

JIM
 Come here you.

Jim and Janet hold each-other closely.

JIM (CONT'D)
 (Smiling.)
 Your cute when your angry. You
 know that?

JANET
 Jim, can I ask you something?

JIM
 Anything babe.

JANET
 Say in the future, hypothetically,
 we're both old and wrinkly. Your
 balls are hanging out of the
 bottom of your shorts and I'm
 having vaginal reconstruction as a
 birthday present to you. All we do
 is drink wine all day and watch
 golf... Please tell me you don't
 think we'll end up like them?

Still hugging, Jim and Janet look over at the grill; Craig
 and Gary are staring at Golf on the portable TV, Barbara's
 pinching Craig's ass - the food is still burning.

JIM
 Are you sure your ready for this?

JANET

Mhmm.

JIM

Okay, Hypothetically, yes my balls will hang low, as all great men's balls tend to do. We will definitely drink wine all day, that's a give in. And as for your pretty little downstairs, I don't think you would ever need surgery to change it. It's so tight and perfect just the way it is. I love it.

JANET

(Making a large hole shape with her hands)
What if it was this wide?

JIM

(Pointing at the open balcony doors)
I'd love it even if it was like that wide. That's how much I love you.

JANET

Really?

JIM

Yeah babe. Your my dream girl.

Janet smiles and laughs.

JANET

I love you Jim. I'm sorry we haven't, you know. Much lately.

JIM

It's okay baby.

JANET

Maybe tonight? After dinner.
(Nibbling Jim's ear)
I'll show you my big open door way.

JIM

(Knowing that Janet is finally horny and wanting to get out of there)

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

Alright everyone, lets get our plates; I think it's time to eat now!

INT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The lights are dim in the apartment dining room. Everyone is sitting at the small circular dining table. A large frosting covered birthday cake stands situated in front of Gary's face. Craig is sitting next to Jim. He feels his seat shake and looks down at Jim's lap revealing Janet stroking Jim's crotch.

JIM, JANET, BARBARA, CRAIG

...Happy birthday dear Gary! Happy birthday to you!

BARBARA

Make a wish!

GARY

(Not showing any sign of joy.)

Hmm...

Gary blows out the candles on his cake.

BARBARA

Yay!

JANET

(Looking at her cell phone)

Oh shit we gotta go babe. Remember we have that "thing" in the morning.

JIM

Oh yeah "that thing". Big appointment tomorrow. Sorry guys.

BARBARA

What "thing"? We haven't even cut the cake yet.

CRAIG

Yeah what "thing"?

Janet gets out of her chair and kisses Barbara on the cheek.

JANET
 Love you mom. Gotta go. I'll
 explain later.

Jim gets out of his seat and follows Janet towards the front door.

BARBARA
 But where are you going?!

JIM
 (Throwing Gary's
 birthday shirt at him)
 -Oh hey Gary. Happy birthday
 buddy!

The new pink polo shirt lands on Gary's arm. Gary looks down at it unhappily. It's the same shirt he's already wearing.

GARY
 (Indistinguishable
 grunt)
 Hrmmmgrm...

JANET
 Happy birthday. Bye. Love you all!

Craig looks at Jim.

CRAIG
 Wear a condom!

Jim and Janet quickly open the front door of the apartment and exit.

INT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Closing the apartment door behind them, Jim and Janet grope each-other, kissing wildly. Their hands interlace with one another and they start running down the hallway.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Inside the backseat of a taxi Jim and Janet continue to grope each-other, making-out. Jim reaches his hand down Janet's pants. She moans loudly.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

We follow the taxi weaving through traffic in the beautiful New York night.

INT. JIM AND JANET'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

In front of their apartment door, Janet kisses Jim's neck ferociously with her hand down his pants. Jim fumbles, trying to get the apartment key.

JANET

Hurry up!

Jim manages to find the right key and unlock the door. The couple falls through into their apartment kissing each-other.

INT. NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Jim and Janet kiss and grope each-other intensely on the hardwood floor of the entryway.

JIM

Ouch my back!

JANET

Come on baby lets go in the bedroom.

The couple gets up, still rubbing and kissing each-other, knocking over various household items they bump into.

JANET (CONT'D)

Take it off. Take it off.

Jim tears off his button-up shirt, breaking all of the buttons.

They both make their way through the apartment to their bedroom; stripping off their clothing and tossing it to the side as they go.

INT. NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Janet gets on the bed first. Completely naked, she parts her long curvy legs. Her body is perfect.

JANET

Come to mama.

Jim yanks his last sock off. Now butt-naked, he gets on the bed; crawling his way to her. He stuffs his head between her perfect thighs, licking her vagina.

Janet moans loudly.

She grabs Jim's hair and pulls his head up to her eye level.

JANET (CONT'D)
Are you ready?

Jim nods his head, eagerly kissing her.

As Jim is about to enter her...

JANET (CONT'D)
Wait! Do you have a condom.

Jim roles off of her.

JIM
Shit lemme' think. There should be one in my wallet, pants pocket.

JANET
Wait here. I'll get it.

Janet hops off the bed quickly and runs out of the bedroom. Jim stares at the ceiling happily.

INT. NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Janet searches the floor for Jim's scattered clothes. She finds his pants and jacket and starts digging through the pockets.

First she pulls the torn-out newspaper clipping of the "sex-con" article out of Jim's back pant pocket. She smiles placing it onto the coffee table.

Next she searches through his inner jacket pockets. She pulls out the butt-plug.

JANET
(Quietly, dropping the
butt-plug on the coffee
table)
Ew.

Continuing digging through the jacket pocket she pulls out a small paper envelope and opens it. Inside the envelope she reads Jim's termination paper from his work. Her expression changes from that of curiosity to anger.

JIM (V.O.)
You find it babe!

INT. NEW YORK CITY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jim happily waits on their large bed. The day his finally come for him to end his three-month dry-spell. Janet enters, standing in the bedroom doorway; she holds up the termination letter and the butt-plug.

JIM

Shit.

JANET

(Furious.)

You don't even think I might want to know that you got fired!

(Displaying the butt-plug)

And this shit! What the fuck Jim?! You plan on popping this up in me, like I wouldn't notice!?

JIM

Janet, I can explain.

JANET

Explain it to the couch Jim!

JIM

But babe let me just...

JANET

-Get out! Now!

Janet throws the butt-plug and termination letter across the room, hitting Jim in the head.

Jim gets out of their bed and starts putting on his clothes as quickly as he can.

Dressed, he approaches Janet at the doorway.

JIM

Babe I can explain...

He tries to touch her hand and she pulls away.

JANET

Don't touch me! Just get out! Now!

Jim exits the bedroom.

INT. NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jim's laying down on the fold-out sofa-bed. He stares up at the ceiling fan above him.

JIM

Fuck.

INT. NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Janet's laying down alone on their giant bed. She curls up in the fetal position quietly crying. She turns out the lamp on her bedside table.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

A female pigeon is sitting peacefully in its nest; nestled atop the crown of The Statue of Liberty. A male pigeon fly's down from the sky and mounts the female pigeon. The female pigeon squawks loudly as the male fucks her hard and fast.

INT. DOOR OUTSIDE OF BARBARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We hear the bouncing of bed-springs and grunts of sexual activity.

INT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Barbara is shirtless riding Gary on their large bed. Barbara's saggy tits sway back and fourth like pendulums in front of Gary's face. The only light in the room shines from the TV on their dresser.

BARBARA

You like that Gary! You like that virgin pussy.

Gary's face is turning very red.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Fuck my tight pussy Gary! Fuck it!
Mmmm!!!

Every time Barbara's tits bounce in one direction Gary catches a quick glimpse of the golf game playing behind them on the TV.

GARY

Rrrrr!!!

BARBARA

Yeah growl Gary! Growl like an animal! Fuck me like it's 1972!

The TV has volume on.

T.V. (V.O)
 This will be Tiger Woods last
 chance at redemption. Looks like
 he's taking out his nine-iron.

BARBARA
 Your an animal Gary! Harder!
 Harder!

T.V. (V.O)
 Tiger is getting ready for his
 swing!

BARBARA
 I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum Gary!

Gary lifts up one of Barbara's swinging breasts so that he
 can see the TV.

T.V. (V.O)
 And he wiffs it! Completely
 missing the ball! Looks like Tiger
 is on the down and out for this
 years PGA!

Gary's face is turning purple, foam is coming out of his
 mouth.

GARY
 Ahhhh!!!

BARBARA
 (Not seeing Gary's face)
 Oh yeah Gary just like that! I'm
 cumming! Uh!!!!
 (She looks down at Gary)
 Gary! Gary! Ah!!!

Still riding him, Barbara checks Gary's pulse.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BARBARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We see EMT's carrying an almost fully zipped-up body-bag
 and throwing it in the back of the ambulance. Gary's dead
 face sticks out the end of the body-bag.

CUT TO BLACK:

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER.

INT. NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY

Jim and Janet sit across from each-other at their kitchen table. Neither of them are talking or looking at each-other. They both have bowls of alphabet cereal in front of them.

Janet is wearing a black dress and has a pair of sunglasses resting upon her hairline.

Jim's is wearing a black suit with a black tie.

Using her spoon Janet mixes around her cereal in the milk. The cereal letters form the word: *Forgiveness*. Janet frowns and scoops the word up with her spoon; eating it.

Using his spoon Jim mixes around his cereal in the milk. The cereal letters form the word: *Idiot*. Bummed out, Jim picks the word up with his spoon and eats it.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Jim and Janet sit about as far apart from each-other they can in the back seat of the taxi; both staring out their windows in silence.

We see the flat landscape of upstate New York rolling by.

EXT. PHIL'S FUNERAL HOME DRIVEWAY - DAY

The taxi pulls off the highway onto a short dirt driveway. At the end of the driveway see a large somber Victorian style house. There is a mock-gravestone sign by the entry steps to the house. The sign reads "*Phil's Funeral Home*".

Jim and Janet get out of the Taxi.

Other cars are pulling up and parking in the vacant spots.

Various family members and friends dressed in black are making their way into the funeral home.

To the side of the steps we see Craig, Marge and Jared leaning against the wall of the house smoking cigarettes.

Jim and Janet walk over to their friends. Jim attempts to hold Janet's hand as they walk but she slaps it away.

CRAIG
Hey ya lovebirds!

Janet gives Craig the evil eye.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 Sorry for your loss Janet.
 (Hugging Jim.)
 Hey buddy good to see you.

MARGE
 C'mere baby. You doing okay.

Marge and Janet hug each-other.

JIM
 Hey Marge.

Jim goes in for a quick welcome hug with Marge but Jared jumps between them.

JARED
 (Making growling dog
 noise)
 Grrrrrrr!!!

MARGE
 Jared, down!

JARED
 (Sad dog noise.)
 Rrrrrmm...

Jared moves to the side and allows Jim and Marge share a quick hug.

MARGE
 (Patting Jared's head)
 Good boy Jared! Good boy. I
 wouldn't try to shake Jared's hand
 he might bite you. Not a big fan
 of strangers. He's a rescue.

JIM
 Where'd you find this one?

MARGE
 Oh he wandered into the book store
 one day, and you know me; can't
 resist a poor runaway.

Jared is bent over sniffing Janet's crotch.

JANET
 Marge can you do something?

MARGE
 (Hitting Jared.)
 Bad Jared.

CRAIG

Come on you guys lets go inside.

MARGE

Jared, stay! You don't wander off now, okay.

Jim, Craig, and Marge enter the funeral home. Jared sadly waits outside, sitting on the entry steps.

INT. PHIL'S FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Inside the funeral home, a few servers carrying trays of hors d'oeuvres weave through the bunch'd up crowds of mourning friends and family. There are plenty of chairs and tables set up for the funeral guests.

On the right hand wall there is a serve-yourself salad bar.

On the left hand wall we see a **BARTENDER**(30)- behind a make-shift bar, serving up drinks.

Jim and Craig head over to the bar. Janet and Marge make their way to the salad bar.

INT. FUNERAL HOME BAR - DAY

Jim and Craig sit down in the available bar stools.

BARTENDER

Hey boys what're you drinking?

CRAIG

Two beers and two shots of your finest whiskey barkeep.

The bartender pours two shot glasses and sets them down on the bar. Craig and Jim down the shots.

JIM

Yowza!

CRAIG

Damn that burns!

The bartender twists the caps off of two beer bottles and sets them down on the bar. Craig and Jim quickly wash out their mouths with a gulp of beer.

Barbara is passing by the bar; her face covered in a black veil.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 Lets get this funeral started! Two
 more barkeep!

Bartender slides two more whiskey shots down the bar to
 Craig and Jim. They quickly down the shots.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 See dude funerals are rad!

Barbara see's the joy and happiness on Craig's face and
 starts weeping loudly.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 Aw shit. Sorry Barb!

One of Barbara's **RELATIVES**(55) - takes Barbara, still
 crying, by the hand and walks her away.

RELATIVE
 Shame on you!

CRAIG
 Jesus I thought this was a
 celebration of life, everybody's
 so bummed out.

JIM
 Isn't that what it's supposed to
 be like when someone dies?

CRAIG
 I guess. I hope my funeral isn't
 this fucking grim when the cancer
 hits me.

A young **SERVER**(22) passes by the bar holding a tray of hors
 d'oeuvres.

SERVER
 Shrimp scampy?

CRAIG
 I don't see why not.

Craig grabs a handful of shrimp, stuffing his face.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 (Food in mouth.)
 I will say this much, place has
 great food. Jim you gotta try one
 of these.

JIM
 I'm okay.

CRAIG
What's got you so down anyway?

JIM
Ah same shit with me an Janet.

CRAIG
Damn dude she's still riding you
about that whole butt-plug thing.

JIM
That and not telling her I got
fired. So yup man I just don't
know what to do.

CRAIG
Just gotta hang in there man.
It'll get better. Hey I know
something that'll cheer you up.
Come with me.

INT. OPEN CASKET ROOM - DAY

Jim and Craig peer over the open casket of Gary's embalmed
body.

CRAIG
Take a look at that sad son of a
bitch. You know how he died?

JIM
Na Janet never mentioned it to me.

CRAIG
Hmm. Hey dude play lookout for a
second.

JIM
What?

CRAIG
Make sure nobodies watching man!

JIM
What are you doing?

CRAIG
Don't tell me you aren't curious?
Just a little bit. Come on.
There's no way Barbara still
fucked this old fat ass. You see
the way she flirts with me; she
was definitely cheating on him.

(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)
I'm gonna prove it to you with my
"nut theory". I bet he's got
basketballs under here.

JIM
Dude, I don't wanna see that shit.

CRAIG
Trust me I don't wanna see it as
much as you don't. But as
Spiderman's uncle once said "with
great power comes great
responsibility". Or some shit.

JIM
Ah. Alright fuck it.

CRAIG
Anybody looking?

JIM
No, we're clear.

Craig unzips the pants on Gary's dead body, unveiling the
tiniest testicles anyone has ever seen.

JIM (CONT'D)
Fuck. Zip it up. Zip it up.
Goddamn there's some things you
just can't un-see.

CRAIG
Proves me wrong. By the look of
those little testies he was
getting more action the both of
us.

JIM
Yeah, my nuts are basically the
opposite of that.

CRAIG
Really?! Still?! Dude so what now
it's going on month four. No
ejaculation?

JIM
Yeah. I think your right too about
that no-nut cancer thing. I've
been feeling really sick lately.

CRAIG
Damn straight I'm right about
that. Let me see these suckers?

JIM

Dude I'm not showing you my balls.

CRAIG

Jim, Jim, Jim. For me to give you my professional prognosis I'm gonna have to see the balls.

JIM

Professional prognosis? Your a fucking accountant.

CRAIG

Damn straight I'm a fucking accountant. But I'm also a dude with a bunch of off-beat sex theories that are one hundred percent true! Am I not?

JIM

Well...

CRAIG

Jim I've known you for twenty years just show me your fucking balls.

JIM

(Deep breath)

Okay...

Jim unzips his zipper and pulls his balls out for Craig to see.

CRAIG

Holy fucking shit balls. It looks like two twin babies heads wrapped themselves in a thin piece of chicken skin.

JIM

I know, I know man, don't make me more self conscious.

CRAIG

It's okay Jim I think I have a solution to this dilemma.

EXT. PHIL'S FUNERAL HOME DRIVEWAY - DAY

A **FUNERAL HOME EMPLOYEE** (33) is walking grieving mother **SUE** (55) up the driveway towards the funeral home.

SUE

Betty's really in there. I haven't
seen her since before the
accident. My, My,
(sobbing)
Little girl!

FUNERAL HOME EMPLOYEE

Now now there Sue. Come on I'll
show you to our viewing room. We
just finished embalming her today
and I assure you she looks just as
beautiful as she did when she was
alive.

SUE

(Sobbing)
Okay...

INT. FUNERAL HOUSE VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Craig opens the casket of a beautiful naked 22 year old
woman.

JIM

Dude what the fuck is this?

We hear funeral music playing in the distance.

CRAIG

Sounds like they started the
ceremony. I'm gonna check it out
you just stay here.

JIM

What the hell am I supposed to do.

CRAIG

I'm gonna leave that up to you and
your enormous ball-sack.

Craig exits the viewing room. Jim looks around nervously.
He notices the dead chick does have super nice tits. He
gives the room one more quick look around and starts
jacking off.

JIM

I'm a horrible human being. Oh
god.

Jim covers the face of the naked dead girl with the palm of
his right hand. Continuing to jack off the with his left
hand.

JIM (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME BURIAL YARD - DAY

The crowd of funeral goers gather around Gary's burial plot. Gary's casket is being lowered into the hole. A **PRIEST** (74) stands tall, saying some last words.

PRIEST
...And sadly we must say goodbye to Gary as god embraces him in his hands and sends his spirit into heaven. Gary was much more than an average man. He was a golf aficionado. A passionate lover. A husband...

JANET
Have you seen Jim?

MARGE
No, not since we were inside.

JANET
Where the fuck is he.

Janet walks away.

INT. PHIL'S FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Janet see's the Funeral Home Employee and Sue walking through the main hall.

JANET
Excuse me sir.

FUNERAL HOME EMPLOYEE
Yes ma'am.

JANET
I'm looking for my husband Jim. Tall, Brown hair, annoying but sexy.

FUNERAL HOME EMPLOYEE
I haven't seen anyone that matches the description. I'm taking a new client of ours on a quick tour of the facility's and your welcome to join us if you'd like.

JANET

Yeah that'd be great. This house is so big I don't know where to even begin looking.

FUNERAL HOME EMPLOYEE

Come along both of you, this way, this way.

INT. FUNERAL HOUSE VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Jim is coming close to the finish line of his despicable masturbation. Rubbing his dick super hard - still covering the dead girls face with one hand, staring at her tits.

JIM

(Quietly talking to self)

This is so wrong.

(High pitched)

But it feels so right!

INT. FUNERAL HOUSE DOOR OUTSIDE OF VIEWING ROOM - DAY

FUNERAL HOME EMPLOYEE

And finally our viewing room.

SUE

(Sobbing)

This is where my little Betty is?

FUNERAL HOME EMPLOYEE

Yes, inside this room is where we keep some of our embalmed remains.

INT. FUNERAL HOUSE VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Jim has about one second left before he's going to cum.

The door to the viewing room is swung open by the Funeral Home Employee.

JANET

Jim!!!

Jim spins around, releasing his seed all over the dead girl's face.

SUE

Betty!!!

JIM

Janet!!!

SUE

I'm going to fucking kill you!!!

Sue charges forward at Jim...

INT. NYC CRAIG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jim and Craig sit together on the couch in Craig's living room. A few boxes and a suitcase of Jim's belongings lie on the floor next to them.

Jim and Craig are drinking beers.

JIM

Hey man thanks again for letting me crash here.

CRAIG

No problem man! Just remember my golden rule. If your going to yank the bank...

(Pointing at open bathroom door)

Take it to the stank. There will be no jizz stains on this new couch okay.

JIM

Yeah, I don't think I'll ever masturbate again.

CRAIG

It'll be okay dude... Alright I gotta get up early tomorrow. I'm gonna hit the hay. The remotes on the table if you wanna watch the old boob-tube. And there's plenty more beer in the fridge.

JIM

Okay. Thanks again man. Goodnight.

CRAIG

Goodnight dude.

Craig walks off to his bedroom.

Jim starts opening a box of his belongings and pulls out an old photo-album. He begins flipping through pictures of him and Janet.

He takes out a photo of them kissing on their wedding day and leans it up against the remote control on the TV table.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
(Looking at the photo)
I love you Janet. I'm so sorry.
Please forgive me.

Craig turns off the lamp on the table next him and curls up on the living room couch.

INT. NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Janet is home alone sitting cross-legged on her and Jim's bed.

She is flipping through pictures of her and Jim on her Iphone. The more pictures she flips through the sadder she is becoming.

She gets off of the bed and leaves the room.

INT. NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Janet sits alone on the couch in their living room. She looks at the coffee table seeing the butt-plug and sex article. She picks up the sex article and begins reading it.

JANET
(Quietly to self)
Oh Jim you little pervert.

INT. NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT KITCHEN.

Janet grabs grabs a large wine bottle and glass from an above-head cupboard. She struggles with the corkscrew in the wine bottle. Finally ripping the cork out spilling wine all over herself.

JANET
Goddammit!

She pours herself a large glass of wine and exits the kitchen.

INT. NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Now in bed, Janet again scans through old pictures of her and Jim on her phone. She gulps down the last of the wine. A few tear drops slide out the corner of her eye.

INT. J.W.B. FINANCIAL CRAIG'S CUBICLE - DAY

Craig is sitting in his little rolling office chair, staring at the time on his computer screen.

He pulls out his cell phone and calls Jim.

JIM'S VOICEMAIL (V.O)

Hi, you've reached Jim, please
leave your name and number after
the

(Fart noise)

Brrrrph.

CRAIG

Yo Jim this is Craig. Just seeing
how your holding up. Hopefully
your off the couch and doing some
productive shit. Anyways I'm
thinking me and you hit the town
tonight. Get crazy like the old
days! Alright talk to you later.

Call ends.

Craig's cubicle neighbor **JORGE** (43) leans over the grey-felt-divider wall.

JORGE

Hey so your going out tonight? Can
I come?

CRAIG

Get out of my office Jorge!

JORGE

It's not an office it's a cubicle.

Craig grabs his stapler and begins firing staples at Jorge until he retreats back to into his cubicle.

INT. CRAIG'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jim gets up off of the couch and puts on his pajama pants and a sweatshirt. He grabs his wallet off of the coffee table and exits the apartment.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

We see Jim exiting a liquor store holding a brown bag tall-can.

Jim depressingly strolls down the avenue drinking his morning brew.

INT. NEW YORK CITY MCDONALD'S - DAY

A zit faced teenage **CASHIER** (18) is taking down Jim's order.

CASHIER
So that's one large fries. One
Double bacon cheeseburger and a
small coke.

JIM
Yep.

CASHIER
(Handing Jim his
receipt)
That'll be order number 407. Next!

Jim leans sluggishly against one of the dining booths.

Jim notices an old colleague from college approaching him.

Fuck. He's already spotted Jim.

It's **PETE** (46) wearing a knit sweater, glasses. Pete is accompanied by his son **PEMBERTON** (9) fat, also wearing glasses.

PETE
Is that Jim Ambrose! I thought I
saw you hiding over their! What's
up man long time no see. How's
life?

JIM
It's fine Pete. How are you?

PETE
Well little Pemberton here just
won the championship chess
tournament so were just out
celebrating!

JIM
(Not giving a shit,
sipping his beer)
At McDonald's? How fun.

PETE

Me and Jim here used to be best friends back in college. We were both leaders of the chess league!

PEMBERTON

That's so cool! Can I get your autograph Mr?

JIM

Fuck off!

PETE

Oh he's just joking little buddy. Come on Jim take the pen and sign it will ya? Anyways bro how's life? How are you? How ya doin?

Jim ignores Pete.

PETE (CONT'D)

(Holding out a pen in his hand)

How ya doin?

Jim sips his beer and continues trying to ignore him.

PETE (CONT'D)

Hey Jim? Hello? You in their? How ya doin?

Jim takes one more angry sip of beer then snaps!

JIM

Listen Pete! I don't want to talk to you or your faggy kid! My life is fucking peachy! I jacked off on a dead-girl two days ago! My wife left me! And I lost my fucking job! You still want my autograph! Pemberton! What kind of fucking name is that!

Pete punches Jim square in the eye.

INT. CRAIG'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jim is sitting on the couch icing his black eye with a bag of frozen peas. He eats his now cold McDonald's burger with his available hand.

Craig enters his apartment.

CRAIG

Holy fuck man what happened to you?

JIM

Pete Smith.

CRAIG

Petey from college Pete?

JIM

Yeah I ran into him at McDonald's and ended up calling his kid a fag; needless to say I got what I deserved.

CRAIG

He is still annoying as shit though right?

JIM

Oh one hundred percent.

CRAIG

Well listen buddy were gonna go out and hit the town tonight! Time to get that frown turned upside-down.

JIM

I dunno man I just kinda wanna lay around here and hate myself some more.

CRAIG

No way man! Your coming with me whether you like it or not. I can't trust you alone in this depressive state. You might take off and commit another McDonald's related child hate-crime.

JIM

I dunno man.

CRAIG

It's gonna be fun dude. stop worrying. It will help take your mind off of Janet. Trust me.

INT. NYC DIVE BAR - NIGHT

It's karaoke night at a local shithole. Jim and Craig have been getting down with some shots. A **KARAOKE DJ** (55) ushers Jim onto the stage.

KARAOKE DJ

Give it up for my man, Jim!

Craig is the only person in the bar clapping as Jim drunkenly stumbles up onto the stage. Jim begins to sing a horrible drunken rendition...

JIM

(Singing)

Give me time to realize my crime,
Let me love and steal, I have
danced inside your eyes, How can I
be real, Do you really want to
hurt me, Do you really want to
make me cry, Precious kisses words
that burn me, Lovers never ask you
why...

CRAIG

That's right Jim! Sing all that
hurt and pain out of you! Yeah
boy!

INT. NYC LEONARDO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Janet, Marge, and Jared sit at a booth in an average Italian restaurant. Opposite Janet in the booth we see a new face, **BILL** (55) tall, silver fox hair.

BILL

Will you guys excuse for a moment
I've got to go visit the little
boys room.

Bill gets out of the booth and walks away towards the bathroom. Marge, Janet and Jared continue chatting, eating and drinking.

JARED

Isn't he great!

MARGE

I love Bill so much. Such a
character! Janet what do you
think? I see sparks flying between
you two?

JANET

I dunno. I don't really see it.

MARGE

You have to move on and find someone who you deserve. Bill's much classier than Jim ever was.

JANET

Hey! I was married to Jim for twenty years, well, still technically am married to him. And at-least Jim would never call the bathroom "the little boys room".

MARGE

You're right he would've called it "the shitter"!

The three friends laugh.

JANET

I just don't know if I'm ready to move on yet. I know Jim has his faults...

MARGE

-He jacked off on a dead girl. Right in front of your face! That's worse than Louie C.K.!

JANET

I know. I know. It's just, sometimes you love people despite all odds.

JARED

Yeah but he's got pretty bad odds.

JANET

Shut-up dog!

Bill returns from the bathroom sitting back down in the booth.

BILL

So you guys talking shit about me?

JANET

Of course not Bill.

BILL

I know I'm just yankin-yer-chain. Nobody would make fun of a sweetheart like me!

Bill's smile shows that he's missing his left front tooth.

JANET

That's quite a smile you got there
Bill.

BILL

Let me tell you something Janet,
you don't get a smile like this
without living a little bit.

MARGE

Oh, do I smell a story?!

JARED

I love stories!

Bill rubbing Janet's thigh under the table. She tries to
push his hand off but it keeps coming back.

BILL

Oh you want a story do ya? Let me
tell you something. When I was
volunteering for the
Geo-Child-Famine coalition in
Africa, everyday was something
crazy. I couldn't tell you how
many young children's lives I
touched when I was their.
Especially this one young
pot-bellied youth. He called
himself Mocko...

EXT. NYC DIVE BAR ALLY - NIGHT

Jim is leaning against a dumpster in the alleyway. He's
obliterated drunk; attempting to pee his name on the brick
wall.

JIM

J.I.M - suck it!

Jim zips up his zipper and takes his cell phone out of his
pocket.

He dials Janet.

JANET'S VOICEMAIL (V.O)

Hi, this is Janet. I am currently
unavailable but you can leave your
name and number after the
beep...BEEP.

JIM

(Into phone)

Listen Janet. I fucked up. I'm fucked up. I just, I just love you. And I want you to know your my one and only. When I wake up I think about you before I make my cup of coffee. When I dream. I'm dreaming of me and you laughing and havin' fun together. Janet I fucked up. I love you. Please take me back. Hope you get this message. Jim.

Jim hangs up the phone and pukes on the ground.

INT. NYC DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Jim re-enters the dive bar and takes a seat on a stool next to Craig.

CRAIG

You feeling any better Jim?

JIM

Ugh. I threw up.

CRAIG

Yeah you did buddy. Yeah you did...

INT. NYC LEONARDO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Bill is still jabbering on about some shit he did in Africa in the 1980's.

BILL

...So me and Mocko are deep in the safari. And he finds a plastic bag. A plastic bag! and he looks to me and he says I'm going to use this. Plastic bag! As a Condom! So I keep telling him Mocko! Mocko! That's not going to stop the Aids! Hahahaha!...

JANET

Excuse me for a second. I'm going go the little girls room.

Janet walks over towards the women's bathroom then quickly turns the opposite way exiting the restaurant.

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE OF RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Janet leans against the concrete wall of the restaurant. She pulls out her phone and see's that she has one new voicemail. She clicks the voicemail button on her phone.

JANET'S VOICEMAIL (V.O)
 You have one new message. Playback
 new message from today at 9:59 PM.
 BEEP.

JANET'S VOICEMAIL (V.O) (CONT'D)
 (Jim's message)
 Listen Janet. I fucked up. I'm
 fucked up. I just, I just love
 you. And I want you to know your
 my one and only. When I wake up I
 think about you before I make my
 cup of coffee. When I dream. I'm
 dreaming of me and you laughing
 and havin' fun together. Janet I
 fucked up. I love you. Please take
 me back. Hope you get this
 message. Jim.

Janet closes her phone. She begins crying a little bit.

The ringtone on her phone begins to play.

She answers.

JANET
 (Into phone, voice is
 shaky)
 Hello.

BARBARA (V.O)
 Hey Janet is everything okay?

JANET
 (Breaking down)
 No mom! Everything's all fucked
 up. I hate it!

INT. BARBARA'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Barbara is lays in bed. Cell phone to ear.

BARBARA
 What's wrong Janet? Calm down,
 it's hard to hear what you are
 saying. Marge called me and said
 you disappeared from that double
 date.

JANET (V.O)

(Crying)

It was terrible mom. He was awful. He kept touching my leg and telling stupid stories! He calls the bathroom, the, the little boys room. I just want Jim back mom! I miss my Jim!

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE OF RESTAURANT - NIGHT

BARBARA (V.O)

Okay baby. Can I give you a little bit of my motherly advice? You can take it or leave it.

JANET

Yes mom. Please.

INT. BARBARA'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

BARBARA

You know me and Gary weren't always a perfect match. We would fight, and scream at each-other. Hell I even broke his hand once with my hair dryer. But through all the ups and downs we learned to forgive each-other for our faults. And I'll tell you what. We humans all have plenty of faults. I would wish anything for just one more day with him, even if it was just so we could fight and argue and makeup all over again. That's just love. Go get your love back Janet. If he means much that too you don't let a silly fight get between it. I love you.

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE OF RESTAURANT - NIGHT

JANET

I love you to mom. Thanks!

Janet hangs up the phone and calls Jim. The call goes straight to voicemail.

Janet starts running down the sidewalk, stopping at every place with an open window, peering in, looking for Jim.

JANET (CONT'D)
 Jim! Where are you Jim?!

INT. NYC DIVE BAR - NIGHT

KARAOKE DJ
 And it looks like were bringing
 Jim back up to the stage for
 another one!

Jim drunkenly stumbles onto the stage.

JIM
 This one goes out to Janet! I love
 you baby!

KARAOKE DJ
 Is he going to be okay to sing?
 Looks like he can barely stand up!

CRAIG
 (Wasted)
 Oh don't worry man, he's golden!

JIM
 (Singing *Rush's*
'Limelight')
 Living on a lighted stage,
 Approaches the unreal, For those
 who think and feel, In touch with
 some reality, Beyond the gilded
 cage, Cast in this unlikely role,
 Ill-equipped to act, With
 insufficient tact, One must put up
 barriers, To keep oneself
 intact...

People in the bar are booing Jim and throwing their bottles
 at him. Glass is shattered all over the small stage Jim
 stands singing on.

EXT. NYC SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Janet is drenched in sweat running down the street looking
 for Jim. She hears his voice and glances through the window
 of a lonely bar. There she see's him singing on the stage.

Janet enters the bar.

INT. NYC DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Janet runs up to the stage and joins Jim hugging him.
There's a musical breakdown in the song.

JIM
I love you Janet!

JANET
I love you Jim!
(Into microphone)
This is the first song we ever
fucked to!

JIM
You ready. Lets do this!

JIM AND JANET
(Singing together,
audience members are
throwing beer bottles at
them and booing loudly)
Living in the limelight, The
universal dream, For those who
wish to seem, Those who wish to
be, Must put aside the alienation,
Get on with the fascination, The
real relation, The underlying
theme,

Janet gets hit hard in the head with a beer bottle.

The DJ turns off the music.

JANET
(Into microphone)
Ow. Fucking shit! Come on babe
lets get out of here.

JIM
Where are we going.

JANET
We've got a sex-con to go to!

JIM
Really?!

JANET
Yep.

Jim and Janet jump off the small karaoke stage and run out
the door.

Everyone in the bar applauds at them leaving.

CRAIG
 (Into the DJ's ear)
 That's my boy! That's my boy!

KARAOKE DJ
 Get the fuck away from me!

That DJ cracks Craig over the head with beer bottle.

Craig goes unconscious.

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Jim flags down a taxi.

We see the taxi driver **RAYRAY** (28) African-American - roll down the passenger side window.

RAYRAY
 Where you folks heading?

JANET
 Were going to the fuck fest!

RAYRAY
 I don't know what that means but I like it!

Jim and Janet hop in the back of the cab.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

We follow the taxi speeding down the road. The cab cuts between corners. Runs red lights and escapes a few close-call head on collisions.

INT. RAYRAY'S TAXI - NIGHT

JIM
 Faster RayRay! Faster!

JANET
 Fuck fest!

RAYRAY
 Goddamn! Goin' as fast as I goddamn can!

EXT. NEW YORK CITY AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

RayRay's taxi screeches to a stop in front the Sex-Con building's entrance.

INT. RAYRAY'S TAXI - NIGHT

JIM
 (Wasted)
 Your a good man RayRay! Your a
 good man!

Jim drunkenly hands RayRay two hundred dollars.

Jim and Janet get out of the taxi.

RAYRAY
 (Calling out the window
 at them)
 Hey! Y'all know this was only like
 twenty dollar cab ride! Crazy
 drunk white folks, well. Fuck
 em....

EXT. NEW YORK CITY AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

RayRay's Cab peels out, heading' on down the road.

Jim and Janet rush over to the large DOORMAN (28) shaved head - blocking the entrance to the sex-con.

DOOR-MAN
 Sold out!

JANET
 But!

DOOR-MAN
 Sorry ma'am tickets sold out last
 week. Nothin' I can do!

Jim and Janet disappointedly walk around to the corner of the building.

JANET
 I'm sorry Jim. I know you had your
 heart set on going to this thing.

JIM
 Babe. It doesn't matter. All that
 matters is that I have you.
 (MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

I don't need all that weird kinky
shit in their. I already have all
that weird kinky shit right here.

Janet smiles, kissing Jim. She grabs Jim by his suit tie
and starts pulling him towards a dark alleyway.

JANET

You know a little birdie told me
you were being a bad boy.

JIM

(Playing along)
Oh really!

JANET

A very bad boy...

CUT TO BLACK:

JANET (V.O)

Uh!!! Uh!!! I'm cumming!!! I'm
finally cumming!!!

JIM (V.O.)

God is that you?

JANET (V.O)

Shut up and keep fucking me Jim!

THE END.

