

# You Can't Hurry Love

written by

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EXT. TROPICAL FOREST - DAY

A thick cluster of trees stand at the bank of a river.

They cast an almost perfect symmetry against the beautifully peaceful waterway.

The light blue sky above only adds a mystical glister to the forests forever green wilderness.

A MINI WATERFALL.

Surrounded by trees, somewhere in the heart of the forest. A little offshoot of the main river, but twice as enchanting.

A MONKEY PERCHED ON A BRANCH.

Accursed with a ludicrous handlebar moustache, he has very cautious eyes on something from down below --

A HUGE SNAKE.

An Anaconda, slivering its way through the forest floor. That naturally raptorial look, a flick of its tongue.

It's enough to send the monkey on his way.

A TARANTULA Meticulously crawls along a branch of a tree.

So big, all eight eyes are visible, as Its chunky eight legs navigate the bumpy plane.

It continues to make its way across the tree when --

It crawls over a seemingly furry surface.

Looks like a FURRY LEG!

The tarantula stops for moment. Deploys his palp's, examines the scene.

Doesn't interest him, moves on.

We zoom out -- The leg belongs to a SLOTH. Known as MR SLOTH.

Mr Sloth is taking a pretty lacklustre look at the enormous arachnid who just scaled his lower half. Don't know if it is just his naturally care free face, but he doesn't seem remotely alarmed by this encounter.

MR Sloth lolls on the branch, with his back rested against the canopy, hands behind his head, like he was sitting on a deck chair. He slowly looks away from the departing arachnid and up at another branch to --

MRS SLOTH.

The sligher and marginally feminine version of him. She actively hangs from her branch, eyes vigilantly glued in the direction of the giant eight legged intruder.

She eventually looks down in the direction of Mr Sloth.

They share a look. She shakes her head and smiles.

Mr Sloth just about summons the energy to acknowledge her and then remains slouched against his comfy foliage.

Just rests back, staring at her with his curious sloth smile.

...For a while.

...For quite a prolonged while.

Mrs Sloth starts to find it a bit awkward.

She grabs a juicy looking nearby leave. Slowly manoeuvres her way down towards Mr Sloth.

That takes a little while too.

Hanging on to a slender shoot she extends her other arm all the way out to Mr Sloth's mouth -- who gladly chomps in to the leaf -- with his hands still rested behind his head.

Mrs Sloth begins her journey back up to her branch.

Mr sloth munches away. Loves breakfast in bed.

Eventually finishes.

By now, Mrs Sloth has made it back to her branch, she looks downwards towards her man.

He gratefully and slowly removes one of his hands from behind his head -- uses his claw to draw a heart on his abdomen -- then points his claw up in her direction.

She smiles. Returns the exact same gesture.

A true union of love.

Or maybe just nursemaid - patient.

Either way they sit there, on their branches, happily gazing the day away into one another's eyes.

FADE TO:

## EXT. TROPICAL FOREST - SUNSET

The sun rests just above the green umbrella of tree tops, casting a striking orange glow in the afternoon sky.

## WITHIN THE FOREST

The leaves are wet, dripping continuous rain drops, but there is no rain in sight. The mood is tranquil. More like the calm after the storm.

MRS SLOTH is hugging her branch. She has eyes on something, across on another tree.

Eyes that are oozing admiration. And a bit of envy.

## A FAMILY OF SLOTHS

Lounging on an opposite tree, close together.

A MOTHER, a FATHER and two ADORABLE INFANTS.

The parents each have an infant wrapped around their waist and are hand feeding them leaves.

The parents casually pet them - they appear so god damn harmonious and happy.

Mrs Sloth can stare at them no more.

Looks down to Mr Sloth.

Who's just staring at her with that curious smile.

She points her claw towards the family.

He takes a leisurely look in that direction.

Then looks back at her with that same sloth smile.

Her eyes ain't half pleading with him.

He doesn't know what to make of it.

So removes a hand from behind his head, draws a heart on his abdomen and then points the gesture up at her.

He then closes his eyes for a snooze.

Mrs Sloth looks pretty pissed by that.

She then looks directly into the camera, 'Really?'

FADE TO:

EXT. TROPICAL FOREST - DAY

Two BUTTERFLIES.

Symmetrical in their wondrous colours, perform a flying dance between the many shoots and leaves. A dazzling display of rhythmic courtship.

MRS SLOTH'S has been watching them, tracking their every movement, sitting on her branch, truly mesmerised.

In unison, the butterflies land on an equally beautiful flower. Facing away from each other. Their lower abdomens join and their wings close...

Mrs Sloth eyes narrow.

The colourful duo proceed to mate right in front of her.

Glaring right at this, Mrs Sloth GROWLS.

IF THEY WERE IN RANGE, SHE MIGHT JUST SWAT THEM.

She looks down to Mr Sloth --

He's still sitting back with hands behind his head, looking up at her with that smile.

She looks in to the camera -- Now one determined Sloth-ess.

FADE TO:

EXT. TROPICAL FOREST - LATER

Mrs sloth clings to her branch cleaning herself. Combs her fur, touches up her hair.

EXT. TROPICAL FOREST - LITTLE LATER

Mrs Sloth makes the journey downwards towards Mr Sloth.

It's gonna take a while...

EXT. TROPICAL FOREST - LITTLE LATER

Mr sloth is laid back with his eyes closed. But something moving right in front of him prompts his eyes to stir.

They awake to --

MRS SLOTH, TWERKING HER BOOTY, INCHES AWAY FROM HIS FACE.

With one hand gripped to some unstable twigs, she uses the other to caress her legs, whilst looking down at him with her wanton eyes.

Mr sloth just sits back and watches. That curious smile still etched on his face.

Mrs sloth ups the anti, puts some real rhythm in her twerk, bops up and down... licks her lips... flutters her lashes...

He just lies back and watches her.

She starts batting her bum -- beckoning him in, 'Come on, Come on, lets get it on!'

He doesn't move.

Frustration seeping in, her twerk becomes a little more aggressive, as does her whole temperament.

She grabs one of his hands from behind his head and slaps it on her ass, which now just jiggles with her twerk.

But he still just lies there with the same frigging smile on his face.

HE SIMPLY CANNOT BE FUCKED.

Mrs Sloth's lap dance simmers along with her optimism.

Mr Sloth removes his hand from her booty.

He then proceeds to draw another heart, followed by his finger gesture.

It stops her cold.

She then looks directly into the camera:- 'REALLY!!'

EXT. TROPICAL FOREST - DAY

Sounds of branches and leaves shaking.

Mr sloth is laying back against his tree, hands lethargically behind his head. For once he is not smiling. Not at all smiling. Glaring up in the direction of Mrs Sloth's branch --

Where a MUSCULAR SLOTH FOR HIRE -

Is vigorously PUMPING Mrs Sloth from behind.

He sports a little mohawk punk, and packs such a bang the whole tree shakes.

Mr Sloth can only watch. Maybe coming to terms with his insufficiencies.

Mrs Sloth looks down at him throughout, 'This is on you'.

Not exactly exhilarated with the situation herself.

FADE TO:

EXT. TROPICAL FOREST - DAY

Super: 1 year later.

A JAGUAR emerges from some thick bush on the forest floor, snarls at us, then sees something of interest --

A little pool of water. It trots over and has a drink.

UP IN THE TREES

Mrs Sloth hangs to her branch - but she doesn't hang alone, an adorable BABY SLOTH clings on to her hide.

She's in her element. Motherhood at last.

An INFANT SLOTH approaches them. Clearer older than the baby.

Mrs Sloth grabs a juicy budded leaf and hands it to the infant sloth, who immediately turns round and starts to scale down the tree.

We follow him swing from twig to twig...

Until he lands on a furry abdomen. He crawls along the abdomen until he reaches...

An open mouth. MR SLOTH's open mouth.

Slumped back with his hands duly behind his head, he munches away, enjoying his new bedside service.

He fondly pats the infant as they sit together eating, seemingly father and son.

Mr Sloth looks up at Mrs Sloth with that smile. He draws a heart in the air and then points his claw towards her.

Up in tree, baby in tow, she wholeheartedly returns the gesture.

Both have found happiness at last.

FADE OUT.