

DEVIANTS

Written by

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Based on the novel by
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FADE IN:

EXT. OKLAHOMA CITY, SUNDAY - NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

Clean-cut upper middle class conservative neighborhood. Cars everywhere, some kids riding their bikes. Some families leaving their homes, dressed for church.

EXT. CHURCH

Big majestic church. Cars pulling into the parking lot, families entering the church with their happy (or at least, obedient) families.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Teenagers playing in a soccer tournament. Families sitting on the side of the field watching and cheering for them.

EXT. BRICKTOWN

Busy restaurants, shops, bars and the baseball stadium next to them. People are strolling along the canal and talking.

EXT. LATINO NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The neighborhood is quiet. Houses here are not quite as new as in the first neighborhood, but seem very homey, with flowering bushes, well-lit windows and multiple cars in many driveways. One family is leaving their home, probably to go visit relatives, based on the fact that they are carrying covered dishes. In one of the yards there are two men fixing an old car.

INT. WILL AND ELENA'S HOME - OFFICE

Will's office is small, with books everywhere. In the corner is a small desk with a laptop. A thick stack of a manuscript is lying on Will's desk. The cover page reads "Deviant's" then "Book One: The Lifestyle" with handwritten notes in the margins.

KID 1, 7 yrs. old, cute blue-eyed boy, and KID 2, 10, skinny tall boy, run through the office playing war.

BATHROOM

WILL, 32, writer, is lying in a warm bathtub with the water hugging his face just above the ears but below the mouth.

WILL (V.O.)
 (inner thoughts)
 This is similar to the isolation chambers
 eccentric singers and blind superheroes
 use to shut out the demons in their
 lives.

Will sits up.

WILL
 (to audience)
 Sometimes I pretend to be that isolated,
 tortured superhero. Yeah, I'm jaded, I'm
 scarred. I'm an antihero. I, at thirty-
 two, still pretend to be a superhero and
 I refuse to be ashamed of that. I
 consider it the result of a healthy
 imagination.

He lifts himself out the tub and starts to dry himself off.
 Kids outside the door are heard running and shouting.

WILL (CONT'D)
 (to audience)
 These retreats are necessary since this
 parenting thing is all still new to me.
 Years of isolation resulting from a
 persistent case of bachelorhood were
 obliterated two and half years ago when a
 chance meeting turned into a wedding ring
 and an instant family of five. Was it a
 good decision? Not sure yet.

Will starts to brush his teeth. Spits.

WILL (CONT'D)
 (shouts)
 Hey! Have you guys eaten?

No answer.

WILL (CONT'D)
 Hey!

Sounds of feet stomping towards the closed door.

KID 1 (O.S.)
 Yea, Will?

WILL
 Have you eaten?

KID 1 (O.S.)
 No, we haven't, Will.

Will is looking at the mirror, combing his hair.

WILL

Okay, give me a second and I'll feed you.

KID 1 (O.S.)

Yes, sir.

Feet stomping away.

WILL

(to audience)

They're good kids, well trained. It took a lot of crazy to get them in line. Since my career is largely undertaken at my home office, it fell on me to raise these strange children.

INT. KITCHEN

Will is cooking macaroni and cheese, wearing cool glasses, shorts and a t-shirt. He finishes the meal, and brings the pan with the macaroni to the kitchen table where Kid 1 and Kid 2 are sitting. He spoons the macaroni into deep bowls that are in front of them. They start to eat as KID 3, 11 years old, saunters in, wearing nothing but shorts, and sits down at the table in front of the last empty bowl. Will serves him the remainder of the macaroni.

WILL'S OFFICE

Will enters, carrying a cup of coffee. Will sits at his desk, sets his coffee down next to the computer and hits the start button to wake it from sleep mode. He skims through the transcript on the screen, which totals around twenty printed pages.

Will begins typing.

INSERT: On computer screen - Suburban house. Cars are parked all around.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BARRY AND MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (2010)

Cars are parked all around the moderately-sized suburban house. ATTRACTIVE COUPLE, in their 30's, dressed provocatively, knock on the door and wait a few moments.

SUPER: Oklahoma City, 2010

Door opens revealing MARY, 30's, cute, curvy blond, wearing a short grass skirt and coconut bra. She puts a cheap orange lei around the man's neck and one around the woman.

MARY

Come in!

INT. BARRY AND MARY'S HOUSE

The house is packed. THE REVELERS are mostly in their 20's to 40's, all types of ethnicities. The decor is littered with a Hawaiian theme. Some woman and men are in bikinis and board shorts, some in party dresses and suits, while a few wear fetish gear or lingerie. People are playing classic party games like beer pong and quarters, while others are making out in different parts of the house. BARRY, late 30's, Mary's husband, normal-looking man, is hooking up with a hot brunette in the corner.

LIVING ROOM FLOOR

A circle of men and women are sitting on the floor. There is a bottle amongst them, in the middle of the circle.

A guy spins the bottle and it comes to a stop, pointing to a particular woman. The group laughs and claps as the woman lies back and the man lowers his face down towards her hips, implying his intent to go down on her.

EXT. BARRY AND MARY'S HOUSE - PATIO

REGINALD and FAY WERSTER, in their 60's, are sitting amidst a small group of swingers.

FAY

If you look at advertising and Hollywood movies, you'd think you reach your peak at eighteen years old, but have you slept with an eighteen-year-old? They're terrible. Sex takes time to learn; it takes practice, like anything else. And oral sex is an art form, like playing the guitar. It takes fifty years to really understand what the heck you're doing.

Crowd chuckles. Fay turns to YOUNG MAN, 23, very attractive.

FAY (CONT'D)

Would you like a demonstration?

YOUNG MAN

Why the hell not?

Fay struggles to stand as the Young Man offers his hand. Fay looks at Reginald, who is not bothered at all.

FAY

Ah, thanks. Darned hip. Reg, are you going to be okay?

Fay winks conspiratorially at the crowd.

REGINALD

Yes, yes. Don't break him like you did the last one.

YOUNG MAN

(startled)
What?

INT. BARRY AND MARY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM DOOR

Door burst open and LUCKY MAN, 35, falls out.

Lucky Man is dazed and smiling.

LUCKY MAN

Whoa.

TWO WOMEN, late 20's, beautiful, walk out the door. One walks away while the other bends down next to Lucky Man. She pats him on the cheek.

WOMAN 1

That was fun.

LUCKY MAN

Yeah. My name is Ted, by the way.

WOMAN 1

Whatever.

Woman 1 walks away.

MASTER BEDROOM

Mary opens the door, to see a tangle of several pairs of legs. Mary startles.

MARY

Sorry, Sorry!

FEMALE (O.S.)

It's okay, darling, just leave the door open.

Mary waves apologetically and backs out of the room while Attractive Couple lingers and stares. Mary smirks at the couple and nods at them to go in.

WILL (V.O.)

Intercourse is a splintered thing. One simple, instinctual act that has been complicated, sophisticated, and commercialized by mankind.

Attractive Couple enters and joins the group. Mary smiles and leaves.

WILL (V.O.)

Do not believe gurus, psychologists, medical professionals or anyone that boasts definitive knowledge of human sexuality. They are merely trying to sell you something. What this particular book can tell you are the things that sex most certainly is not.

INT. BOXING BUILDING

An old warehouse building. The event is a fundraiser with an open bar and a catered meal. There are tables all around the boxing ring as spectators are having fun watching the TWO YOUNG BOXERS, 30's, fight. MICHELLE, 43, red-headed beauty, sits at a ring-side table with her husband BRAD, 48, handsome, clean-cut politician, who is in a conversation with BARBARA, 50, elegant rich woman, and other several people from Brad's nonprofit foundation.

BRAD

(to Barbara)

We'd love to have your boy come work for my foundation. We've been in dire need of fresh blood.

Michelle is secretly bothered by the offer, and refuses to meet STEPHEN, 22, handsome white boy, son of Barbara, in the eyes as he glares at her.

BARBARA

That would be lovely.

A meaty "WHAP" resounds from the ring, followed by the crowd whooping, and a protective mouthpiece bounces across the table and into Michelle's flan.

BRAD

Bingo!

Half the table erupts into laughter and the other half into uncomfortable smiles. Michelle smiles, picks up the mouthpiece and walks it back to the fallen boxer's TRAINER, 30's, short, Irish redhead.

TRAINER

Appreciate it, ma'am.

He grins, taking the mouthpiece. As she returns to the table, Brad leads the others in a standing ovation. The only unenthusiastic bystander is Stephen, who has his arms folded, staring her dead in her eyes.

Michelle sits at the table. CATIE, 40's, Michelle's lesbian friend, wearing black slacks and a cool shirt with a vest, walks to the table with a drink in her hand.

CATIE

Well, that's the closest you've been to swapping spit with a young buck in a long time.

Catie smirks, giving Brad a wink.

MICHELLE

Wanna bet?

Michelle shoots back, sending half the table into laughter and the other half into uncomfortable smiles.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

(looking at flan)

Well, I guess I'm done with this, anyone want to finish it for me?

Michelle looks at the people from the table.

BRAD

Don't be gross.

Brad snipes. He raises his hand to flag down a waiter and then holds up the plate to the passing WAITRESS, late 20's, pretty woman.

WAITRESS

Sorry about that! Can we get you another?

MICHELLE

That's ok, hon. Just point me to the ladies' room.

The Waitress motions to a door on the other side of the facility.

Michelle excuses herself, bringing along her medium-sized black purse, and makes her way through the maze of tables, waving and nodding when appropriate, but quickly skirting away from conversations.

BATHROOM

Michelle enters. It's fairly clean, the ductwork exposed, with mops stacked near the sink. She turns to latch the door closed, but it opens and Stephen emerges. He grins, then closes and latches the door.

MICHELLE

Ladies' room; boys go across the hall.

STEPHEN

I know.

MICHELLE

What are you doing, Stephen?

Stephen approaches.

STEPHEN

You used to like this?

MICHELLE

Used to, Stephen, but now you bore me.

Stephen doesn't listen and walks up close to her.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Don't make me scream, Stephen.

STEPHEN

You won't scream.

MICHELLE

I will.

STEPHEN

No, you won't. I know you.

Michelle turns and dashes for the stall, but feels his arms snake around her waist. He whips her backwards and she rolls to the ground. She uses the wall to push herself back up.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Might as well get comfortable.

Stephen unbuckles his belt and drops his pants.

MICHELLE

(mumbles)

Fine, but I'm not laying down on that floor. Come here.

Stephen chuckles, drops his underwear, and with his pants around his ankles, takes short steps towards Michelle. Michelle lunges at him, hooks her foot behind his ankle, and pushes him backwards. They fall and Michelle hears a CLANK as she lands on top of him.

STEPHEN

FUCK!

Stephen growls, pushing her off him and then holding his head.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

There's a streak of blood on the lip of the trough where his head hit the edge. Michelle smiles and stands. She grabs her purse and turns to Stephen.

MICHELLE

Don't ever look at me again.

STEPHEN

Go to hell!

Blood seeps from his scalp through his fingers and drips down onto the ground. Michelle turns and strides towards the door, unlatches it, and opens it to see a crowd of men and woman gathered just outside.

MICHELLE

(looking at crowd)

Enjoying the show?

Trainer emerges through the herd with his Young Boxer.

TRAINER

Are you ok? What happened?

Trainer holds Michelle's cheek in his hand and gently rubs his finger over the blood splattered on her nose.

MICHELLE

It's not mine.

She glowers back over at Stephen, who cowers slightly and lowers his eyes. She then turns back to the Young Boxer.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Kick his ass for me.

YOUNG BOXER

You got a pretty good start on it.

TRAINER

Just warmed him up.

He is looking at Stephen with a rather threatening expression and turns to Michelle.

TRAINER (CONT'D)

Now you go get a drink. We'll clean this up for ya.

MICHELLE

Thank you.

Michelle moves away from the bathroom door, and the door closes.

BOXING BUILDING

Catie pushes her way through toward Michelle.

CATIE

What happened?

Michelle looks over by the ring where, still sitting at the foundation's table, Brad talks with Stephen's doting mother Barbara, as if nothing had ever happened.

MICHELLE

Get me the fuck out of here.

EXT. NORMAN - CAMPUS CORNER - NIGHT

Quaint shops, coffee places and restaurants, and pubs and bars all around the block. It's quiet, just a few people walking around.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - GAS STATION - CAMPUS CORNER - NIGHT

JERRY, 20, well-muscled, striking good-looks, is walking through the aisles and, uncomfortably, settles in the condom section.

CYNTHIA (O.S)

Condoms are like tequila.

Jerry startles and notices CYNTHIA, 21, pretty woman in a girl-next-door sort of way, watching him.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

If you go with the cheap stuff, you're going to regret it in the morning.

Cynthia grabs a different box of condoms and hands them to Jerry.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - MORNING

Cynthia is strutting through the campus, her clothes tight but not overtly sexy. Jerry jogs up to her. Cynthia smirks at Jerry as he stops in front of her.

CYNTHIA

Well, if it isn't the lady killer.

JERRY

Yeah, uh, thanks for your advice. I'm Jerry, by the way.

CYNTHIA

Of course you are. Who was the lucky girl?

JERRY

Um. No one, it didn't work out.

CYNTHIA

Ah. Well, carry on Christian soldier. Fortune favors the bold.

Jerry smirks and Cynthia struts away.

INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY - MORNING

Tucked in amongst isles of bookshelves reaching nearly to the ceiling are a few small tables with chairs, with a group of students camped on one end. Against the wall are a row of interconnected but partitioned wooden desks. Cynthia is seated at one on the end furthest from the tables, with a stack of books on the top shelf of the desk and her stuffed bookbag beside it. She is focused on a neatly organized notebook marked with highlighter and has headphones on and does not hear Jerry approaching. He pulls a strand of her hair and she jumps.

JERRY

Hey there, bookworm.

CYNTHIA

Oh! Well. Never expected to see you in here. Stalker.

Jerry laughs and turns to show his backpack, also heavy with books and papers, though rather less organized than hers.

JERRY

I will have you know that I am endeavoring to improve my life through higher education. Stalking is just a hobby.

CYNTHIA

Ah. Well, there's an empty table over there by the engineering contingent. I don't think they've showered lately, but they might be more receptive to your advances.

JERRY

You know, I was going to charm my way into your heart via copious amounts of alcohol, but I am starting to have second thoughts.

CYNTHIA

Well, shit, boy, I thought you would never ask.

MONTAGE:

- Los Dos Amigos restaurant, Jerry and Cynthia talking, having a great time and drinking Margaritas.

- They are both walking along the canal in Bricktown, Oklahoma City.

-They are swimming in a lake and splashing water on each other.

- They are dancing on the dance floor of a club, with people dancing all around. SEXY WOMAN, 20's, starts dancing behind Cynthia. Cynthia turns around, starts to dance with her in a seductive way. Cynthia seems to completely forget about Jerry. Jerry watches avidly, clearly enjoying their dance.

INT. CYNTHIA'S DOOR ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry and Cynthia are ripping each other's clothes off and having a wild sex romp.

Jerry and Cynthia are lying in bed after amazing sex. Cynthia looks at him.

CYNTHIA

I love you.

Jerry pauses, studying her. Cynthia begins to feel uncomfortable.

JERRY
I love you too.

Cynthia's eyes are watering.

CYNTHIA
I'm sorry, it kinda just slipped out. I shouldn't...

JERRY
Hey.

Cynthia looks away.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Cynthia, look at me.

Cynthia timidly looks at him.

JERRY (CONT'D)
I love you. I mean it.

Cynthia smiles tentatively. Jerry pulls her close and they continue kissing.

EXT. HABANNA INN HOTEL - POOL PARTY - DAY(2011)

CHARLES, 30'S, Caucasian bald man, writer, who is setting up an audio recorder, is sitting with Mary and Barry, at a pool side table in the middle of a hotel. There are dozens of swingers all around and inside the pool. Bikers on one side of the pool, smoking, clusters of older couples dressed more conservatively, and couples young and old, fat and skinny, wearing hardly anything at all. There is a dj playing TOP 40 CLUB MUSIC.

SUPER: Habanna Inn, Oklahoma City 2011

MARY
So, it's just you? I thought you had a writing partner.

CHARLES
I do, but we work independently most of the time. It's a Clark Kent/Superman, you never see us in the same place at the same time, kind of situation.

MARY
Oh, weird. Well, ask away.

CHARLES

This is a pretty impressive turnout. How do they manage it?

BARRY

One of the bigger dating websites bought out the hotel for the weekend, then sold the rooms to swingers.

MARY

I imagine they made a killing in the process.

CHARLES

No kidding.

MARY

Yeah, sex sells. So, I didn't really think you would show up, Charles. Are you sure that you can record with all this noise?

CHARLES

Yeah, it should be fine. Go ahead and tell me your names.

BARRY

Our real names or fake names?

CHARLES

Whichever. I'm keeping all the names anonymous anyway.

BARRY

That's good. Um, Barry and Mary.

CHARLES

Ha. Okay, fair enough.

BARRY

That's our real names.

CHARLES

Oh, sorry.

MARY

It's fine. Fate's a funny thing. So, is this your first time at a swingers event, Charles?

CHARLES

Yes.

MARY
Are you lying?

CHARLES
No.

MARY
Would you tell the truth if you had been
to an event before?

CHARLES
I suppose not. If you don't mind me
asking, what do you do?

Barry and Mary glance at each other. Barry shrugs.

BARRY
We are teachers. Can we just leave it at
that?

CHARLES
Absolutely. Are there a lot of teachers
in the Lifestyle?

MARY
There are a lot of everybody in the
Lifestyle. Teachers, firefighters,
policemen, businessmen, some clergy
members, a couple well-known politicians.

CHARLES
Really, who?

MARY
Tsk, tsk. We never ask who, remember?

CHARLES
Sorry. So, how did you get started in all
this?

BARRY
We've had an open relationship most of
our marriage, but it never really went
anywhere. People cheat on their spouses
all the time, but finding someone willing
to have sex with you on the up and up is
surprisingly difficult.

MARY
It's like getting permission to raid the
cookie jar. Sex always tastes the
sweetest when it's stolen.

BARRY

We tried night clubs and bars, but broaching the subject of swinging is kinda tricky.

Mary starts to speak in a Brooklyn accent.

MARY

Hey, buddy, if you let me stick my dick in your lady friend, you can poke my wife. We got a deal?

Barry laughs.

BARRY

So, swing clubs made sense. Why waste time trying to fish in secular water; just go to where the true believers congregate, right?

MARY

Holy mixed metaphor, Batman!

Barry rolls his eyes as Mary glances away and waves. She excuses herself and hops up to meet a couple walking towards them. FITNESS COUPLE, 40's, well-toned and attractive. Mary and the wife peck kisses on each others' cheeks. Barry and the husband shake hands. Fitness Couple glance back at Charles and throw Barry an inquisitive look. Barry shakes his head reassuringly. Barry looks back at Charles.

BARRY

We'll be back in a little bit.

CHARLES

Uh, okay.

MARY

Don't worry, darling, these people only bite if you ask them to.

CUT TO:

Barry and Fitness Woman are talking with another group close to where Charles is sitting. The group looks back at Charles, who waves awkwardly. The group turns back to Barry and turns their backs to Charles.

CUT TO:

Mary and Fitness Man are dancing closely together.

CUT TO:

Reginald and Fay, wearing hats, dressed formally, arrive and people immediately come up and say "hi" to them as they are walking in. Barry walks towards them and brings them to the table where Charles is sitting.

BARRY

If you want good stories, you can't do any better than Reginald and Fay. They've been doing it now, how long?

REGINALD

Since 1967.

FAY

And still going strong!

They all sit at the table.

WILL (V.O.)

Deviant sex is a dessert. It's a luxury. It's not unlike televised sports, beauty magazines or ice cream. There are better things you could be doing with your time, but we can't always be elevating our minds, our bodies and our social standing. Sometimes it's fun to just jump into life headfirst.

INT. MICHELLE'S AND BRAD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Michelle is lying in a lush bed with her eyes open, softly crying. Brad is lying next to her, sleeping on his chest, naked.

Michelle gets up clears the tears, grabs a silk robe that is on the floor, and walks to the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Michelle enters, glances at the mirror and then washes her face. As she dries her face, she looks more intensively into the mirror.

BEDROOM

Brad is standing naked with the closet door open. Michelle enters the room.

BRAD

Do you think I should color my pubes?

Michelle emerges from the bathroom, in her robe.

MICHELLE

I don't know that it matters; no one wants your old man balls in their mouth, no matter what color they are.

BRAD

What do you think about a tuck on the old boys, so they aren't hanging like golf balls in nylon?

Michelle walks up behind him and looks over his shoulders at the mirror.

MICHELLE

Hmm... If you died them bright blue, then they might look like a deflated balloon animal.

BRAD

That's true.

MICHELLE

Don't change anything else though. The gray and black in your hair makes you look distinguished.

BRAD

I can't believe anyone falls for that.

MICHELLE

Me either.

Brad walks up to a chest of drawers and pulls out boxers. Michelle enters the walk-in closet to look at clothes.

BRAD

There is nothing sadder than aged nuts. I fell like anyone under forty that sees gray pubes will suddenly imagine me as their grandpa.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

Who knows, maybe they are into that.

BRAD

Ya think?

WALK-IN CLOSET

Brad emerges to watch her dress into cute workout clothes.

BRAD

Mmmmm...

MICHELLE

Not now, I'm heading to the gym.

BRAD

I'll keep it brief and to the point.

MICHELLE

Don't you always?

BRAD

Touché.

Brad approaches her.

MICHELLE

Ugh, fine, just make it quick and if you mess up my hair, I'll rip off your old man nuts.

BRAD

What's gotten into you?

Michelle moves closer to him, staring him down like a predator.

MICHELLE

Does it matter?

BRAD

I suppose not.

INT. GYM - AFTERNOON

Michelle is in the midst of a rigid workout program with CUBAN TRAINER, early 20's, Cuban man, handsome and ripped.

GYM'S COMMUNAL SHOWERS - LATER

Michelle is resting under the shower head.

WILL (V.O.)

For decades, Michelle had put off suicide, seeing it as a failure, an admission of defeat to life and all the hassles that come with it. It was easier when their marriage was still vibrant and promising.

FLASHBACK:

INT. RITZY POLITICIAN EVENT - NIGHT (1987)

Politicians and their wives, dressed very high-end, are dancing, mingling, sitting and/or drinking. A Very Interesting Event attended by Very (self-)Important People.

SUPER: Henry Bellmon's Gubernatorial Victory Celebration 1987

Michelle is sitting with POLITICAL WIFE, 50's, attractive woman, at a table by dance floor. Brad is dancing with BLOND WOMAN, 30's, the wife of a politician friend.

POLITICAL WIFE

Being married to a man of destiny is a full-time job. Politicians are hungry babies, always starved for attention, always grasping for the nearest ample bosom. He will cheat on you, darling.

Michelle looks directly at Brad dancing with the Blond Woman.

POLITICAL WIFE (CONT'D)

They all do, but the dumbasses who get caught are the ones that sleep with interns and prostitutes. The smart ones are sleeping with each others' wives. That way, everyone has something to lose.

Political wife places her hand on Michelle's thigh.

POLITICAL WIFE (CONT'D)

As long as he is getting his, you might as well get yours too.

Michelle smiles at her.

BACK TO PRESENT

Michelle is resting under the shower head, she turns off the shower head and leaves.

LOCKER ROOM

Michelle, wearing a towel, walks to her locker. She opens it and grabs her clothes, setting them down on a bench next to her. Catie, wearing tennis clothes, enters the room and walks towards her.

CATIE

That crazy Cuban sex doll is going to be the death of me.

MICHELLE

He is something.

CATIE

He said you were pushing extra hard today. Brad pissing you off again?

Catie sits down on the bench.

MICHELLE

No. Just a lot rattling through my head today. I think I need a change, Catie.

CATIE

We all do, honey. Come and sit next to me.

Michelle sits and Catie pulls her into her arms.

CATIE (CONT'D)

Let's head for Malibu, just you and I. We can grow old on the beach.

MICHELLE

Yuck. And be sun-bleached lesbians? I'd rather die.

CATIE

What's wrong with lesbians?

MICHELLE

Lesbians are too political.

Michelle leans off of Catie and begins rummaging through her clothes that are next to her on the bench.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I really don't want to hear about your nose ring, your views on Marxism or the inequity between the genders. I'd rather just go on voting Republican.

Catie kisses her softly and briefly.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I'm also not completely over males. Sometimes I just need a man to be strong and protect me. God knows Brad is worthless. He'd let me drown in the ocean rather than mess up his hair.

CATIE

I'd save you.

MICHELLE

I don't need saving. I have everything I ever wanted right here.

She stands up and begins changing.

CATIE

I don't know why you are so grossed out by Malibu. You go to those swinger clubs with Brad, and those things are just skeevy.

MICHELLE

That's why they are so fun.

CATIE

Hrrmm. You know, I tipped the towel boy to block the door for us.

Michelle hesitates.

MICHELLE

Honey, you need to stop insisting. I'm never going to be with you.

INT. LITTLE CYNTHIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (1994)

Small room, moonlight shining on LITTLE CYNTHIA, 5, who is deeply, asleep hugging her doll. Her bedroom door opens as an image of a big man appears in silhouette walking towards her. YOUNG PAMELA, 16, Cynthia's sister, appears in a ghostly image next to Little Cynthia's bed.

PAMELA

Wake up little sis! Wake up!

Little Cynthia wakes up and THE BEAR, 40's, thick man, tall, thick beard, is sitting next to her on the bed, looking at her.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Get away! Get Away from the Bear!

Cynthia looks terrified. The Bear caresses her arm.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. JERRY AND CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

The wedding-banded hand of Jerry, Cynthia's husband, is soothing the arm of Cynthia, who is sleeping and having an obviously disturbing nightmare. He is trying to both calm her and wake her up at the same time. Cynthia finally jerks awake from her nightmare, crying, terrified.

JERRY

Baby, are you ok?