

DON JON'S ADDICTION

by

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THIRD DRAFT
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NOTE

THIS FILM WILL CONTAIN NO EXPLICIT SEX OR GRAPHIC NUDITY.

Sex will be depicted in two different ways:

1) As you'll learn when you turn the page, our protagonist watches a lot of pornography. We will license actual pornographic video clips, and *CENSOR* them. As they do on the TV show "Cops" for example, *we will place moving black (or maybe pink) boxes over the private parts of the pornstars.*

2) There are also several sex scenes between the story's characters. These will be shot well within the tastes and traditions of classical Hollywood. Graceful blocking, composition and editing will allow these scenes to naturally play without any "obscenity." Think of Hal Ashby's *Shampoo*, and now dial it back from there, because while the actors in that movie did bare some boobs and butts, ours will not even go that far. Again, *absolutely no graphic nudity.*

I expect the MPAA to give our movie an "R" rating for explicit language and mature themes, but visually, it could be rated "PG-13."

FADE IN:

Abstract pulsing WHITE LIGHT builds in intensity, as does an abstract SOUND DESIGN of breath, heart beat, sex, miscellaneous noises and music. A blissful CRESCENDO!

SMASH to --

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - DAY

INSERT - Jon's MAC as he opens it up.

INSERT - Jon's FINGER pushing the BUTTON to turn on the Mac.

JON (V.O.)
This sound...

The CHIME SOUND made by an Apple computer booting up.

MAC SCREEN - the MOUSE arrow.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...is like fuckin tits.

Meet JON, 28, New Jersey slick and weight-room buff. He sits at his DESK, staring at his Mac.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Now I don't like to go too fast right off the bat, you know, I'd rather work my way into it, nice and easy.

INSERT - Jon's HAND delicately touches the MOUSE.

MAC SCREEN - the mouse CLICKS on the WEB BROWSER icon.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
So I'll start off with some stills.
Mostly non-nude.

JON types and clicks the mouse a few times.

MAC SCREEN - STILL IMAGES of various SEXY WOMEN.

On JON, adjusting his jeans, below frame.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Then once I'm getting into it, I move on to videos.

INSERT - Jon's fingers on the keyboard TYPING.

MAC SCREEN - typing "porntube.com"

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I never actually touch my cock until
I find the right clip.

JON scans his monitor, clicking and scrolling, searching.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But once I do?

MAC SCREEN - the mouse hovers over the website's PLAY button,
and then CLICKS it.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Goodbye.

JON'S face relaxes.

A QUICK FLASH of the same abstract pulsing WHITE LIGHT that
opened the movie.

And now JON is looking DIRECTLY INTO LENS. Begin a slow
PUSH IN on him.

MAC SCREEN - a hypnotic animated ICON says "VIDEO LOADING".

JON, EYES TO LENS, seems hypnotized.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
For the next few minutes, all the
bullshit fades away, and the only
thing in the world...

Another QUICK FLASH of the same pulsing WHITE LIGHT.

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #1 squeezes her breasts.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...is those tits...

On JON, still looking into LENS. Continue slow PUSH IN as
he undoes his pants, below frame.

And another QUICK FLASH of the WHITE LIGHT.

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #1 turns around and bends over.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...that ass...

On JON, still looking into LENS. Continue slow PUSH IN as
he begins to rub himself, below frame.

A stronger QUICK FLASH of the WHITE LIGHT.

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #1 is giving a blowjob.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...the blowjob...

As this narrated montage continues to unfold, the FLASHES OF WHITE LIGHT continue to punctuate the editing as we INTERCUT FASTER AND FASTER between --

Our slow PUSH IN on JON, EYES TO LENS, totally consumed, as below frame, he jerks off --

And MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #1 engaged in the described sexual activity.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...the cowboy, the doggy, the cum-shot, and that's it. I don't gotta say anything, I don't gotta do anything, I just fuckin lose myself.

By this time, our PUSH IN has become a tight CLOSE UP of JON, EYES TO LENS, as he reaches his climax.

INTERCUT extremely rapidly with PORNSTAR #1.

And the WHITE LIGHT hits another blinding CRESCENDO!

SMASH TO --

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - LATER

INSERT - a box of KLEENEX. Jon's HAND takes one.

JON employs the Kleenex, below frame.

JON (V.O.)
There's really only a few things
that matter to me in life.

He closes his Mac.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My body...

CUT-AWAY to Jon doing curls at the GYM.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...my pad...

CUT-AWAY to Jon vacuuming his LIVING ROOM.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...my ride...

CUT-AWAY to Jon driving fast in his CAR.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...my church...

CUT-AWAY to Jon praying at a CATHOLIC MASS.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...my family...

CUT-AWAY to Jon enjoying a FAMILY DINNER.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...my boys...

CUT-AWAY to Jon watching NBA on TV with two BUDDIES.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...my girls...

CUT-AWAY to Jon at a club, dancing sexy with two GIRLS.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...and my porn.

INSERT - an empty WASTE BASKET, the used KLEENEX lands inside.

JON lies back on his made bed and begins to doze off.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I know it sounds weird, but I'm just
being honest. Nothing else does it
for me the same way. Not even real
pussy. And yo, I get plenty of that.
Why you think my boys call me the
Don?

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

DANNY
Jonny-Boy!

It's loud, crowded, dark and drunk in here. JON greets his
two childhood buddies, BOBBY, 28 and DANNY, 32.

BOBBY
Don Jon, what's good baby.

JON
What up.

DANNY
You good?

JON
Yeah I'm alright.

DANNY
(a little drunk)
Jonny, look at me. Is everything
good with you?

JON
The fuck's the matter with this guy?

DANNY
C'mere you bastard.

Danny HUGS him. Jon's not a big hugger.

JON
Okay.

BOBBY
Alright, real talk, real talk...

He POINTS off camera, and they LOOK AT...

GUYS' POV: across the room is a gorgeous New Jersey bomb
shell of a YOUNG LADY.

JON (O.S.)
Holy shit.

BOBBY (O.S.)
Right?

JON (O.S.)
Dime.

BOBBY (O.S.)
What'd I say?

DANNY (O.S.)
Nah--

BOBBY (O.S.)
What'd I say.

DANNY (O.S.)
No she's hot, but--

BACK ON OUR GUYS: JON hasn't taken his eyes off her.

JON
Yo if you don't like that, there's
something seriously wrong with you.

DANNY
I didn't say I didn't like it, I
just said it's not a dime.

BOBBY
Wrong.

JON
Fuck it, she's taller than you anyway,
right?

BOBBY
Oh, *son*--

DANNY
Hey fuck you Jonny.

JON
I'm playin, you little bitch, come
on.

BOBBY
Alright then.
(referring to her)
You gonna get that?

DON JON looks confident.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - LATER

The bomb shell, whose name is BARBRA, 25, stands at the BAR.

Behind her, we see JON approach. He SHOVES a smaller guy,
and makes his way next to BARBRA.

BARTENDER
Jonny!

JON
Sammy-Boy, how you doing?

BARTENDER
You good?

JON
Yeah lemme get a Grey-Goose and soda.

Jon looks around. Then seems to notice her. He LOOKS at
her, long and strong.

Then she LOOKS at him.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - LATER

BARBRA and JON are dancing to hip-hop. Their movements are
only peripherally musical, totally sexual.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - LATER

BARBRA and JON sit close together in a corner.

He KISSES her. She STOPS him.

BARBRA
What makes you think you can do that?

JON
Do what?

He KISSES her. She STOPS him.

BARBRA
Get the fuck outta here.

JON
You wanna go somewhere?

BARBRA
(rolls her eyes)
Fuck you.

JON
You wanna fuck me? Is that why you
kissed me?

BARBRA
I didn't kiss you.

JON
Yeah you did.

He KISSES her. She STOPS him, but maybe a little slower
this time.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - LATER

BARBRA is leaving with girlfriends, getting in a CAB.

JON
Where you going, where you going?

BARBRA
I told you where I was going.

JON
Come on. Wait a minute--

And she gets in the CAB.

JON (CONT'D)
Shit.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - LATER

BOBBY dances with a GIRL. JON and DANNY drink.

DANNY
Headband?

GUYS' POV - A GIRL wearing a headband.

JON (O.S.)
Yeah, I don't know.

The POV shifts to another girl, RANDOM is her name, 20s, attractive.

On JON checking her out.

On RANDOM, who looks up and MEETS HIS EYES.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - LATER

JON and RANDOM dance to hip-hop. As before, their movements are only peripherally musical, totally sexual.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - LATER

JON and RANDOM sit in a corner, making out.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - LATER

JON and RANDOM get in a cab together.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - LATER

JON and RANDOM have sex. They both seem to enjoy it.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - LATER

RANDOM sleeps. JON gets out of bed, goes to his desk, picks up his Mac, and leaves the room.

Camera stays with RANDOM, asleep.

And from the other room, we hear the CHIME SOUND made by an Apple computer booting up.

INT. JON'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

MAC SCREEN - the mouse hovers over the PLAY button. And CLICKS it. The hypnotic animated "VIDEO LOADING" icon.

On JON, staring at his computer, DIRECTLY INTO LENS.

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #2 squeezes her BREASTS.

On JON, staring into LENS.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

JON fondles RANDOM'S BREASTS.

INT. JON'S LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #2 turns around sticks out her ASS.

On JON, staring into LENS.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

JON handles RANDOM'S ASS.

INT. JON'S LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #2 is giving a BLOWJOB.

On JON, staring into LENS.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

JON tries to move RANDOM'S head between his legs.

But RANDOM maneuvers an escape, and spreads her legs, implying JON's cunnilingual duty. JON practically sighs with resignation. Then he starts to go down on her.

INT. JON'S LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #2 getting fucked from behind, with her EYES CLOSED.

On JON, staring into LENS.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

RANDOM looks at JON as they have sex missionary style, trying to get his attention, but he's got his EYES CLOSED.

With great effort, Jon CLIMAXES.

BEAT. JON and RANDOM are finished. It's underwhelming.

INT. JON'S LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

Rapid fire QUICK CUTS between:

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #2 fucking and climaxing.

Push in on JON, as he climaxes, eyes to LENS.

Our same PULSING WHITE LIGHT flashes and sonic CRESCENDO!

SMASH TO --

INT. JON'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

INSERT - a box of KLEENEX, Jon's HAND takes one.

INSERT - the WASTE BASKET as the Kleenex lands in it.

INSERT - Jon's MAC as he closes it.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Same shot of RANDOM asleep, gently snoring.

JON enters, puts his Mac back on his desk, and gets in bed.

She rolls over and CUDDLES him. He'd rather she not do that.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Random is gone. Jon CHANGES HIS SHEETS.

INT. JON'S CAR - DAY

JON drives angry.

JON
What are you fucking *retarded*!?
You are *fucking* retarded! You're a
retarded person and you're driving a
fucking car!

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

CHURCH BELLS RING as JON approaches amidst other CONGREGANTS there for Sunday Mass.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

JON sits with his mother ANGELA, 51, his father JON SR., 55, and his younger sister MONICA, 23, who texts surreptitiously.

Off Camera, a PRIEST recites Latin.

They listen, bored but respectful.

INT. CONFESSION BOOTH - LATER

JON recites the obligatory words by rote, DIRECTLY INTO LENS.

JON
In the name of the Father, the Son
and the Holy Spirit. Amen.

When the unseen PRIEST #1 speaks, all we see is the obscure CURTAIN Jon is talking to.

PRIEST #1 (O.S.)
Amen. Bless you my son.

JON
Forgive me father for I have sinned,
it has been one week since my last
confession.

PRIEST #1 (O.S.)
Tell me your sins.

JON
Since last sunday, I had sexual
relations out of wedlock two times.
I also watched pornographic videos
and masturbated seventeen times.
For these and all the sins of my
life, I am sorry.

PRIEST #1 (O.S.)
Ten Lords Prayers and ten Hail Marys.

JON
Thank you Father.

PRIEST #1 (O.S.)
Through the ministry of the Church,
may God give you pardon and peace,
and I absolve you from your sins in
the name of the Father, and of the
Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

JON
Amen.

INT. JON'S FAMILY DINING/LIVING ROOM - EVENING

JON SR., MONICA and JON have sat down to dinner.

The TELEVISION plays NFL loudly throughout.

MONICA texts.

ANGELA'S chair is empty; she's in the kitchen.

JON SR. never takes his eyes off the game.

JON SR.
Bullshit! *Bullshit*. Did you see
that? That was bullshit. Bad call.
Jesus fucking Christ.

ANGELA (O.S.)
Okay okay--

JON SR.
Fucking bullshit. Did you see that?

JON
I didn't see it, what happened?

JON SR.
Ah, they'll do a replay. They better
do a fucking replay. Unless they
just don't want us to see how bad
that call was--

JON
Why don't you get the thing--

JON SR.
Hey assholes, where's the replay?!

ANGELA comes in and serves some FOOD. Then she LEAVES again.
JON SR., JON and MONICA -- still texting -- start to EAT.

JON
--with the... so you can pause and
rewind.

JON SR.
What the fuck are you talking about?

JON
It's all digital, you can just rewind
it.

JON SR.
I'm not taping this.

JON
No I know--

JON SR.
Are you people serious, no fucking
replay?!

JON
Dad, that's what I'm saying, I'm not
talking about a VCR.

ANGELA comes in again with more FOOD, then LEAVES.

JON SR.
Well how do I know what the fuck
you're talking about?

JON

Uh I don't know, I guess because most people have heard of Tivo? Most American people that pay attention to the world around them have heard--

JON SR.

Okay okay, here it is, finally, shit.

JON

You've seriously never heard of--

JON SR.

YES! I've heard of it, Jesus fucking-- There, *THERE!* His foot's on the line! Look at that bullshit--

ANGELA (O.S.)

Jon! Alright already--

JON

If you've heard of it, then what--

JON SR.

Did you see that fucking *bullshit*?

JON

Dad, I'm asking you a question, what is it?

JON SR.

IT'S A FUCKING THING for the... Did you SEE that? I'm asking you, did you--

JON

No, I didn't see it.

JON SR.

WHAT THE FUCK IS THE MATTER WITH YOU!? I SAID, LOOK AT THIS PLAY, I SAID IT RIGHT TO YOU!

ANGELA comes in with more FOOD and sits down.

JON SR. (CONT'D)

I JUST ASK YOU TO DO THE EASIEST FUCKING THING, AND YOU DON'T DO IT!

JON

At least I know what a fucking Tivo is.

JON SR.
I *KNOW* WHAT A TIVO IS! You want a
fucking Tivo? Is that what you're
saying?

JON
I would love a Tivo.

ANGELA
Who do you love?

JON SR.
He loves fucking Tivo is what he
loves. He sure as shit don't love
football. We know that.

ANGELA
One of these days, I know I'm gonna
sit down here and start eating and
you're gonna say, "mom, I found her."

JON
Mom, Jesus Christ--

ANGELA
One of these days...

INT. GYM - DAY

JON walks by the BASKETBALL courts, guys playing pickup games.
He's not interested.

INT. GYM - LATER

JON lifts weights in front of a mirror. With each rep he
mutters a little bit of his prayers, DIRECTLY INTO LENS.

JON
...Holy Mary / Mother of God / Pray
for us sinners / Now / And at the
hour of our death. / Amen.

He switches sides, and starts another set.

JON (CONT'D)
Hail Mary / full of grace. / Our
Lord is with thee...

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT/DAY

The CHIME SOUND of an Apple booting.

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #3 fucking.

Close on JON, looking directly into LENS, but this time he's LESS SATISFIED.

The CHIME SOUND of an Apple booting.

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #4 fucking.

Close on JON ANOTHER DAY, looking directly into LENS, but this time he's downright BORED.

The CHIME SOUND of an Apple booting.

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #5 fucking.

Close on JON ANOTHER NIGHT, looking directly into LENS, but this time genuinely MELANCHOLY.

DOORBELL rings.

INT. JON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JON, still in his melancholy mood, sits with BOBBY and DANNY, watching NBA on TV.

JON
Yo, you remember that dime from last week?

BOBBY
Oh shit...

DANNY
What, the blonde in the dress? Oh my god, she was insane, son. Did you hit that?

JON
You know I didn't, you fucking alcoholic, I saw you after she left.

DANNY
Hey fuck you Jonny--

BOBBY
I thought you made that happen.

JON
Nah, I threw it to this other random.

BOBBY
Typical.

JON
Yeah, probably like a seven or eight--

DANNY
Five or six--

JON
Will you shut the fuck up? Who did
you get with, huh? Who the fuck did
you go home with?

DANNY
Twos and threes baby, I'm telling
you, twos and threes are some open-
minded ladies.

JON
I wanna find that girl.

BOBBY
You get her name?

JON
Her name?

BOBBY
First and last name.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - LATER

JON talking to the same BARTENDER.

JON
I'm looking for her name. First and
last name.

BARTENDER
Shit.
(shakes his head)
I don't know. But you know who would
know?

INT. NIGHT CLUB - LATER

JON talks to another GUY who's consulting his phone.

GUY
Barbra Sugarman.

JON
Sugarman?

INT. JON'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

BOBBY uses the Mac, JON looks over his shoulder.

BOBBY
Alright, what was it again?

JON
Barbra Sugarman.

MAC SCREEN - Facebook. Typing in the name "barbra sugarman". Then typing in the location "new jersey". Then the mouse clicks a SEARCH button. A list of PHOTOS comes up.

BOBBY (O.S.)
You see her anywhere?

BOBBY scrolls through the photos for a couple beats. Then JON points at the screen.

JON
Oh shit!

BOBBY
That her?

JON
That's definitely her.

MAC SCREEN - a Facebook photo of BARBRA.

BOBBY (O.S.)
Gotcha bitch!

MAC SCREEN - The mouse clicks the "Friend Request" button. Then the mouse clicks to "Add a Personalized Message."

BOBBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You wanna say something? You probably gotta say something.

JON
Shit really?

BOBBY
Yeah, a girl that bad? She gets a lot of Friend Requests.

JON
Fuck.

BOBBY
I think it's dinner. Might even be lunch, or coffee.

JON
Ah Christ.

BOBBY
Yeah, this is the long game, son.
(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You are not getting up in Barbra Sugarman any time in the immediate future. If she were down like that, it would've happened already.

JON

No you're right. You're totally right. Shit.

BOBBY

I know, I was about to say. The mighty Don? Playing the long game? I mean, this girl's a dime, but there's a lot of--

JON

This girl's more than a dime bro.

BOBBY

Son. There's no such thing, that's the point, it's a scale of one to ten.

JON

I'm just saying--

BOBBY

What are you in love with this girl?

JON

Go fuck yourself.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

JON enters and approaches the HOSTESS.

JON

Hi, hello? Hello?

HOSTESS

Can I help you?

JON

Yeah two for lunch.

He doesn't love hearing himself say that.

EXT. RESTAURANT - LATER

JON sits alone at a table outside. Impatient and frustrated. Then...

BARBRA (O.S.)

Hey you.

He looks up.

And we go into HOLLYWOOD SLOW-MOTION on...

BARBRA walking towards us. She's dressed casual and looks fantastic.

JON looking at her. He rises to meet her.

A friendly GREETING embrace.

Close on his HAND on her BACK.

Close on her LIPS giving his cheek a friendly PECK.

END HOLLYWOOD SLOW-MOTION.

JON

Hey.

BARBRA

How are you?

They sit down opposite each other.

JON

I'm good, I'm good. How you been?

BARBRA

How'd you find my Facebook?

JON

Whoa, getting right to it.

BARBRA

Mm-hmm.

JON

I just looked up your name.

BARBRA

You didn't know my name.

JON

Well, obviously I did, because I looked it up.

BARBRA

I never told you my name.

JON

Yeah you did.

BARBRA

I would remember that.

JON
Look, no offense, but you were pretty
wasted the other night. I mean so
was I--

A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS
Can I get you guys some drinks?

BARBRA
Diet Coke, please.

JON
Yeah a Coke.

WAITRESS
Coke and a Diet Coke. I'll be right
back to take your order.

The WAITRESS leaves.

BARBRA
Alright I had a few drinks, that's
true, so maybe I told you my first
name and I don't remember, I'll give
you that. But I definitely did not
tell you my last name.

JON
I'm telling you--

BARBRA
Don't lie to me.

JON
Hey--

BARBRA
It's okay, you don't know me yet, so
I'm letting you off this time. But
trust me, you'll be much happier if
you just always tell me the truth.

JON
Wait wait, I'll be *happier*?

BARBRA
Yeah. You don't think I could make
you happy if I wanted to?

BEAT.

BARBRA (CONT'D)
So how'd you know my name?

JON
I asked around.

BARBRA
You asked about me.

JON
Yeah.

BARBRA
Interesting. Why?

JON
Why? What do you mean why?

BARBRA
Why'd you ask around about me.

JON
Because I wanted to.

BARBRA
Because you wanted to have lunch
with me?

JON
Yeah--

BARBRA
Don't. Lie.

JON
Fine, I asked around about you because
I wanna fuck your brains out.

BARBRA
(smirks)
Okay, that was too honest.

JON
(smiling)
I was kidding, come on.

She lets out a contained SMILE too. He turns on the charm.

JON (CONT'D)
So, why'd *you* come here, huh? Why'd
you say yes to me?

BARBRA
That's a good question.

JON
Yeah so?

BARBRA
So you're just gonna have to wait
and find out.

JON
Alright. I got time.

BARBRA
Really? You were in a pretty big
hurry before.

JON
Yeah, I can be that way when I'm
shit-faced.

BEAT.

BARBRA
You're cute, I like you.

JON
Oh yeah?

BARBRA
Mm-hmm.

JON
Alright you wanna know the truth?
This is the truth. You're the most
beautiful thing I've ever seen in my
life.

This gets a real SMILE out of her.

BARBRA
You like movies?

INT. MALL PARKING LOT - LATER

INSERT - pushing the BUTTON for a PARKING STUB.

JON (V.O.)
I don't watch too many movies.

JON drives, alone, looking for parking.

JON (CONT'D)
Fucking *go* then! *Fuck!*

EXT. MULTIPLEX - LATER

JON and BARBRA walk through a perfect corporate MALL, and
enter the movie theater.

JON (V.O.)
I used to watch them a lot when I
was a little kid. Before I could
get my hands on any porn.

INT. MULTIPLEX - LATER

JON and BARBRA consider two movie POSTERS...

"HOLY BLOOD: Battle of Glory" or "SPECIAL SOMEONE".

JON (V.O.)
Because back then, if I wanted to
see a really hot girl, my best bet
was to watch a movie.

INT. MULTIPLEX - LATER

INSERT - a bag of POPCORN being filled.

INSERT - a cup of SODA being filled.

JON and BARBRA buy refreshments.

JON (V.O.)
But now, I don't really see the point.

INT. CINEMA - LATER

JON and BARBRA sit next to each other.

Camera PUSHES IN ON BARBRA.

JON (V.O.)
I don't know, I guess I'm missing
something. Because most people eat
that shit up.

A flash of our same WHITE LIGHT.

And now BARBRA is looking DIRECTLY INTO LENS.

CINEMA SCREEN - The movie HOLLYWOOD ROMANCE #1 begins. A
schmaltzy orchestral score and the film's title over a
helicopter shot of Manhattan.

On BARBRA swept up into a cinematic trance, eyes to LENS.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The pretty woman...

CINEMA SCREEN - HOLLYWOOD ACTRESS #1 walks down the street
talking on her cel phone.

On BARBRA, inspired, eyes to LENS.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...The pretty man...

CINEMA SCREEN - HOLLYWOOD ACTOR #1 walks his dog.

On BARBRA, infatuated, eyes to LENS.

Another flash of WHITE LIGHT.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...Love at first sight...

CINEMA SCREEN - The HOLLYWOOD COUPLE #1 meet eyes for the first time.

On BARBRA, wistful, eyes to LENS.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...The first kiss...

CINEMA SCREEN - The HOLLYWOOD COUPLE #1 kiss in the rain.

On BARBRA, beaming, eyes to LENS.

As this narrated montage continues to unfold, the FLASHES OF WHITE LIGHT continue to punctuate the editing as we INTERCUT FASTER AND FASTER between --

Our slow PUSH IN on BARBRA, EYES TO LENS, passionately feeling every heart string pulled --

And CINEMA SCREEN - HOLLYWOOD COUPLE #1 engaged in the described romantic cliché.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...the break up, the make up, the expensive wedding, and they drive off into the sunset. Everyone knows it's fake, but they watch it like it's real fuckin life.

By now BARBRA is blinking back tears of joy, EYES TO LENS.

Rapidly intercut with HOLLYWOOD ROMANCE #1.

And the WHITE LIGHT hits another blinding CRESCENDO!

INT. MULTIPLEX - LATER

JON and BARBRA walk out of the theater. Barbra is still a bit emotional.

BARBRA
Oh my god, wasn't that so good?

JON
Yeah.

BARBRA
She is so gorgeous.

JON
Nah too skinny.

He grabs her by the waist.

JON (CONT'D)
You wanna know who's gorgeous?

BARBRA looks at him, smitten.

JON kisses her, not all lusty like last time, but like a Hollywood romantic.

After some good long kissing, still holding him, BARBRA pulls her head back and looks into his eyes. He looks right back.

BARBRA
You know, you're not gonna fuck me
any time soon.

JON
I told you, I got time.

And they KISS again.

INT. JON'S KITCHEN - DAY

Jon DOES THE DISHES.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

CHURCH BELLS RING as JON approaches amidst other CONGREGANTS there for Sunday Mass.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

JON, in a BETTER MOOD than last time we saw him in church, sits with ANGELA, JON SR. and MONICA, who texts surreptitiously.

Off Camera, a PRIEST recites Latin.

INT. CONFESSION BOOTH - LATER

JON recites the obligatory words by rote, DIRECTLY INTO LENS.

JON
 Forgive me father for I have sinned,
 it has been one week since my last
 confession.

When the unseen PRIEST #2 speaks, all we see is the obscure
 CURTAIN Jon is talking to.

PRIEST #2 (O.S.)
 Tell me your sins.

JON
 Since last sunday, I um, I didn't
 have any sexual relations out of
 wedlock, I did kiss a girl, this one
 girl, out of wedlock, uh several
 times, but it was just kissing, I
 don't know, I forget if that counts,
 or... Uh also, I watched pornographic
 videos and masturbated twenty-two
 times. For these and all the sins
 of my life, I am sorry.

PRIEST #2 (O.S.)
 Ten Lords Prayers and ten Hail Marys.

JON
 Thank you father.

PRIEST #2 (O.S.)
 Through the ministry of the Church,
 may God give you pardon and peace,
 and I absolve you from your sins in
 the name of the Father, and of the
 Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

JON
 Amen.

INT. JON'S FAMILY DINING/LIVING ROOM - EVENING

JON SR. and JON watch TV while eating. MONICA texts while
 eating. ANGELA eats.

The TELEVISION plays a BEER COMMERCIAL, loud, replete with
 classic rock jingle and BIKINI GIRLS.

INT. GYM - DAY

Again, JON walks by the BASKETBALL courts, guys playing pickup
 games. He's not interested.

INT. GYM - LATER

JON lifts weights in front of a mirror. With each rep he mutters a little bit of his prayers, DIRECTLY INTO LENS.

JON
Our Father / Who art in heaven /
Hallowed be thy name...

EXT. BARBRA'S APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT

JON and BARBRA make out in front of her door. They're both quite into it.

Jon's HAND moves to her breasts, and she STOPS him.

JON
What?

BARBRA
(still kissing)
Not out here.

JON
So let's go inside.

BARBRA
(kissing)
Mm-mm.

JON
Why not?

BARBRA
(kissing)
Not time for that yet.

And she really pours it on THROUGHOUT the following, KISSING his lips, his neck...

JON
You sure?

BARBRA
Mm-hmm. I barely know you.

JON
Yeah you do, pretty much.

BARBRA
I don't know any of your friends.

JON
My friends?

BARBRA
Yeah, I wanna meet your friends.

JON
Those guys are assholes.

BARBRA
And you haven't met any of my friends.

JON
Right--?

BARBRA
And our families.

This breaks the sexy spell, and JON pulls away a bit.

JON
Wait wait, our families?

BARBRA
Yeah, I wanna meet your parents and
your sister.

JON
Jesus--

BARBRA
And don't you wanna meet my sister
and my brothers?

JON
Uh...

And she gets real close to him again, taking his hands and
moving them down to her hips, KISSING his ear...

BARBRA
I know they wanna meet you.

JON
Yeah I bet they do...

Her charms start working again.

BARBRA
Mm-hmm.

JON gets back into it. Soon it's even more hot and heavy.
Then she deftly keeps KISSING him while removing her KEYS.

He hears the keys JANGLE, and reacts, excited to go inside.

She turns around to her door, as if to open it. With HER BACK TO HIM, she turns her head and keeps KISSING him over her shoulder.

BARBRA (CONT'D)

Jon.

JON

Yeah...

BARBRA

I can't let you come inside right now, I just don't know what it would mean. You know?

She backs her HIPS into his.

JON

Uh huh.

BARBRA

I don't want to do anything unless it means something.

JON

Yeah.

She keeps KISSING him between words, and begins to GYRATE against him, speaking in her sexiest voice.

BARBRA

Don't you think it's so much better when it's really meaningful?

JON

Yeah.

BARBRA

I think you should go back to school.

JON

What?

But before he can protest, she SLIDES up against him.

JON (CONT'D)

Uhh...

BARBRA

Just night school. So you can get a degree.

She GYRATES harder against him.

JON

Mmm...

BARBRA

You'd be so sexy with a real job.

She takes his HANDS and places them over her breasts.

JON

Huh...

BARBRA

Mmmmm...

She KISSES him over her shoulder again.

BARBRA (CONT'D)

So could you and me and our friends
go out together some time?

She really RUBS up on him now.

JON

Yeah.

BARBRA

Yeah? And don't you want our families
to meet?

They are now basically HUMPING with clothes on.

JON

Uh...

BARBRA

Yeah?

JON

Yeah.

BARBRA

And can't you take one little class?
For me?

JON'S about to cum.

JON

Uoghh...

BARBRA

Yeah?

JON

Oh god...

BARBRA
Yeah?

JON
Yeah...!

BARBRA
Yeah cum baby...

And he does, right in his pants. SHUDDERING against her.
BEAT.

BARBRA (CONT'D)
Nice.

JON
Jesus...

BARBRA
Mm-hmm...

Another KISS over her shoulder, and then she turns her KEY and unlocks her door.

BARBRA (CONT'D)
You are so cute.

She opens the door and STEPS INSIDE.

BARBRA (CONT'D)
Call me.

One last KISS, and she closes the DOOR.

JON, alone, takes a second to emerge from his post-orgasmic haze. Then he looks down at his STAINED pants.

INT. JON'S CAR - DAY

JON drives angry.

JON
Oh come on, *fuck* you!

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The CHIME SOUND of an Apple booting up.

MAC SCREEN - Facebook. Mouse clicks the link "View Barbra Sugarman's Photos"

Close on JON, eyes to LENS.

INTERCUT back and forth between --

MAC SCREEN - clicking through PHOTOS OF BARBRA. They're all snapshots, mostly of her looking quite sexy.

Push in on JON, eyes to LENS --

Our pulsing WHITE LIGHT.

Another CRESCENDO!

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

JON and BARBRA have invited their respective friends to a big dinner.

BOBBY and DANNY are there. Also Barbra's two friends LAUREN and LISA, and her sister PATRICIA. Everyone's drinking, laughing, having a good time.

JON kisses BARBRA, openly affectionate. Her resistance is a flirty game.

BARBRA
Baby!

JON
Baby, what?

BARBRA
Baby.

JON
Baby...

DANNY
You two having a good time over there?

JON
(to DANNY)
Listen you little fuckin bitch, I don't wanna hear it--

DANNY
Jesus Christ--

JON
Alright, alright, a toast! Everybody listen up.

BARBRA clinks her glass with her fork.

JON (CONT'D)
Okay, I wanna say something. A toast.

Everyone at the table raises their drinks.

JON (CONT'D)
Tonight, you probably know, tonight's
me and this girl's one month
anniversary.

Enthusiastic cheers from the GIRLS, obligatory cheers from
the GUYS.

JON (CONT'D)
And I'm counting that from the first
time I saw her, because right since
then I've felt the same way. She's
the most beautiful thing I've ever
seen in my life. To you, baby.

BARBRA
To us.

Everyone clinks glasses and drinks.

LAUREN / LISA / PATRICIA
Cheers! / Yay! / To Jon and Barbra!

BOBBY / DANNY
Cheers. / Salut.

BOBBY and DANNY steal a skeptical glance at each other.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - LATER

BOBBY dances with PATRICIA.

BARBRA talks with LISA and LAUREN.

LAUREN
What's he do?

BARBRA
He's going to school.

LAUREN
Oh, the family has money?

BARBRA
No I mean, he has a job, but he's--

LAUREN
Oh, retail?

BARBRA
No--

LAUREN
Service?

BARBRA

Yeah but--

LISA

Well he's definitely spending some time at the gym.

BARBRA

Yeah he's really disciplined.

LAUREN

You guys work out together?

BARBRA

No--

LAUREN

Oh. Does he do the muscle guy thing where he's like, looking at himself while you're doing it?

BARBRA

Oh. We haven't done it yet.

LAUREN

Shit, really?

LISA

Oh my god, that's so amazing!

LAUREN

Alright I like him.

Nearby, JON talks with DANNY.

DANNY

Oh damn, white shorts.

Their POV: a very attractive girl wearing WHITE SHORTS.

JON (O.S.)

Nah.

DANNY (O.S.)

What? Come on, that's a dime!

JON (O.S.)

That's not a dime.

Back to the guys.

DANNY

Well, sorry bro, I'd rather do that than yours.

JON
You faggot motherfucker, are you out
of your fucking mind?

DANNY
Hey, I can like any girl I wanna
like--

JON
Okay but she's not hotter than--

DANNY
To you, maybe not, but to me--

Jon SPILLS HIS DRINK on Danny.

JON
Oops, look at that, sorry buddy.

JON leaves DANNY and joins the girls, KISSING BARBRA.

DANNY (O.S.)
Hey fuck you Jonny!

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jon is organizing his LAUNDRY.

He picks up the pair of JEANS that were STAINED at Barbra's
apartment door. Tosses them in the laundry bag.

Picks up another pair of PANTS that are similarly STAINED.
Tosses them in the laundry bag.

Picks up yet another pair of nicer PANTS that are also
similarly STAINED. He scratches the STAIN, but it doesn't
come off.

JON
Ah shit.

Then tosses them in the laundry bag too.

INT. JON'S FAMILY DINING/LIVING ROOM - EVENING

ANGELA, MONICA texting, JON, and JON SR. eat dinner.

As always, the TV blares NFL.

JON
So um. I uh. I'm sorta seeing this
girl.

BEAT. Angela can't believe it.

ANGELA
What did you say?

JON
What do you mean, what did I say, I
just said--

ANGELA
Did you say--

JON SR.
She asked what you said, what's the
matter with that? I couldn't hear
you either, why don't you speak up
and talk like a human being--

ANGELA
Jon shush--

JON
(to JON SR.)
What the hell is your problem--

ANGELA
Jonny.

JON
What?

ANGELA
Did you say you found her?

JON
Well, I said I'm sorta--

ANGELA
Oh my god! Oh my *god!* What's her
name? What's her *name?*

JON
Barbra.

ANGELA
Barbra! Barbra what?

JON SR.
Here we go--

ANGELA
Sha! Barbra what?

JON
Barbra Sugarman.

ANGELA
Sugarman?

JON SR.
She a Jew?

JON
I don't think so.

ANGELA
What, you don't know?

JON
I mean--

JON SR.
She's not Italian, we know that.
Sugarman. She black?

JON
No.

ANGELA
Well what does she look like?

BEAT.

JON
She's the most beautiful thing I've
seen in my life.

JON SR.
Oh boy--

ANGELA
(gasp!)
Baby, oh! That's the sweetest thing
I've ever heard anybody say.

MONICA
Ever?

ANGELA
And does she love you?

JON SR.
Wait a minute, love him? What are
you kidding me?

ANGELA
Jon I said hush!

JON SR.
They're kids for Christ's sake--

ANGELA

So what--

JON

Hey you know what, don't call me a kid okay? We've talked about this, I don't appreciate it--

JON SR.

Oh well excuse me--

JON

Dad, I'm asking you nicely--

JON SR.

What, not to call you a kid? You're a fucking kid!

JON rises to leave.

JON

Fuck you.

JON SR.

Fuck me?!

JON SR. stands up too.

JON SR. (CONT'D)

Did you just--

ANGELA

(shrill)

JON!

BEAT, everyone a little taken aback by Angela's outburst.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

He said they're in love, they're in love. It doesn't matter how old they are. He's older than you were when we got married. You know that. For God's sake, he's your son!

JON SR.

You love this girl?

JON

Yes I do.

One more tense BEAT.

JON SR.

Well shit, when do we get to meet her?

Angela SQUEALS in joy and hugs and kisses her son. JON is privately uncertain.

EXT. BARBRA'S FAMILY'S YARD - DAY

It's a PRINCESS THEMED BIRTHDAY PARTY for FIVE-YEAR-OLD GIRLS. Girls in various princess outfits play amongst pink balloons and decorations.

BARBRA'S MOM applies lipstick to a toddler. JON approaches.

JON
Can I get you a refill, Mrs. Sugarman?

BARBRA'S MOM
Oh my goodness Jon, you don't have to do that.

JON
No it's my pleasure.

BARBRA comes by, holding a BABY.

BARBRA
Baby, did you meet Daryl?

JON
(hiding discomfort)
Oh, wow hey...

INT. BARBRA'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - LATER

POSTERS of Hollywood romances and other girly things.

Jon and Barbra MAKE OUT ferociously. Then...

BARBRA'S DAD (O.S.)
Barbra...?

Barbra breaks the embrace.

BARBRA
Oh my god. How long have we been up here?

JON
Not long.

BARBRA
Coming dad!

She drags a resistant Jon out the door.

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

JON sits amongst a class full of night school students, diverse in age. He's not thrilled.

TEACHER
Very good. Okay take a break. When we come back we'll go over the course syllabus.

All the students start to file out of the class. JON gets up too.

INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM - LATER

CROWDED during break time.

Jon WASHES HIS HANDS. There's no paper towels.

EXT. CAMPUS - LATER

Break time is almost over, and the students file inside. JON along with them.

His cel phone rings. He answers.

JON
Hey.
BARBRA (O.S.)
Baby! How is it?

JON
(forced enthusiasm)
It's great.
BARBRA (O.S.)
Are you on break?

Jon WALKS AWAY from the students.

JON
Yeah how'd you know?
BARBRA (O.S.)
The schedule's online.

JON
Oh.
BARBRA (O.S.)
Baby I'm so proud of you.

JON
Thanks.

BARBRA (O.S.)
Baby?

JON
Yeah?

BARBRA (O.S.)
Can I come over when you're done?

JON
You wanna come to my place?

BARBRA (O.S.)
Yeah.

JON
Tonight?

BARBRA (O.S.)
Mm-hmm...

JON
Okay great.

BARBRA (O.S.)
Okay, you get back to class you sexy man.

JON
Alright.

BARBRA (O.S.)
Bye baby.

JON
Okay bye.

Jon WALKS BACK to the door. The students have already all gone back inside.

Standing alone in the doorway, holding the door open, blocking his way inside, stands a woman, ESTHER, 48. Totally unaware of Jon or her surroundings, she SOBS uncontrollably, physically overcome with grief.

JON (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Jesus fucking Christ.

Extremely uncomfortable with such emotional intensity, he backs off. Waits for a few beats to see if it'll pass.

ESTHER keeps sobbing.

JON (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Unbelievable.

He decides to just plow through, approaching the door.

JON (CONT'D)
Excuse me.

ESTHER snaps out of it, terribly self conscious.

ESTHER
Oh fuck, I'm so sorry, I didn't know
anybody was there, I--

JON
Don't worry about it.

And he passes through without stopping.

ESTHER, left alone again, takes a deep breath. Then she
LOOKS down the hall in Jon's direction.

INT. JON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

DOORBELL. Jon answers the door.

BARBRA. Dressed sexy.

BARBRA
Hi baby.

JON
Hey--

And she's on him. They make out passionately, moving towards
the bedroom door. And EXIT.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - LATER

BARBRA sleeps cuddled up on JON, who's awake.

He removes himself and gets out of bed.

BARBRA
(half asleep)
Baby...

JON
Shh... I'll be right back.

JON goes to his desk, picks up his Mac, and EXITS.

Camera stays with BARBRA, asleep.

And from the other room, we hear the CHIME SOUND made by an Apple computer booting up.

INT. JON'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

MAC SCREEN - the mouse hovers over the PLAY button. And CLICKS it. The hypnotic animated "VIDEO LOADING" icon.

On JON, staring at his computer, DIRECTLY INTO LENS.

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #7 squeezes her BREASTS.

On JON, staring into LENS.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

Shot from behind, BARBRA removes her BRA.

INT. JON'S LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #7 turns around sticks out her ASS.

On JON, staring into LENS.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

JON's hands move down to BARBRA'S still-dressed DERRIERE.

INT. JON'S LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #7 gives a BLOWJOB.

On JON, staring into LENS.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

BARBRA removes JON'S pants, his underwear still on. Is she gonna? But then she kisses up his chest, back to his lips.

INT. JON'S LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #7 straddles her guy.

On JON, staring into LENS.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

BARBRA, lying onto her back.

JON disappointed with her choice of position, but he gets on top of her.

INT. JON'S LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #7 fucks cowboy style.

On JON, staring into LENS.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

JON and BARBRA have sex in the missionary position.

INT. JON'S LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #7 fucks doggy style.

BARBRA (O.S.)
What the fuck are you doing?

Horribly STARTLED, Jon BREAKS HIS GAZE FROM LENS...

...and sees BARBRA, standing in his bedroom doorway. She's discovered him!

JON
Baby! I--

BARBRA
What the *fuck* are you doing!?

JON
I was just reading e-mails--

BARBRA
You were watching a fucking porno!

JON
No, that's not what that was--

BARBRA
I saw you!

JON
Yeah but baby that's--

BARBRA
Don't call me baby! Uhhh! Gross!

She storms back into the bedroom and starts gathering her clothes. Jon follows her.

JON
I'm sorry. I swear to god, wait,
don't go, don't go right now, please--

BARBRA
That was the most disgusting thing
I've ever seen in my life--

JON
No but--

BARBRA
This is, I don't even know--

JON
Baby listen, I'm telling you--

BARBRA
Don't call me baby!

JON
Okay, but I'm telling you, that thing
I was watching was just a joke.
Some dumb-ass buddy of mine sent it
to me as a joke. Come on, you know
me, you think I'm the kind of guy
that watches *porn*?

BARBRA sits down, emotionally overwhelmed. Jon comforts her.

BARBRA
It's not like you at all.

JON
No! Fucking losers watch porn.
Guys that can't get laid.

BARBRA
I have friends that say their
boyfriends watch porno on the internet
or whatever all the time, and it's
fucking gross.

JON
It's fucking stupid is what it is.
Why would you watch porn when you
could get with a real girl?

BARBRA
So you don't do that, like, normally?

JON
No.

BARBRA
Never?

JON
No!

BARBRA
When was the last time you did?
Before this?

JON
I don't even know. When I was a kid
probably.

BARBRA
And you're never gonna do it again?

JON
No! Why would I?

BARBRA
You promise?

JON
I promise. Baby, I love you.

Distraught, she folds into his embrace.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Barbra is gone. Jon CHANGES THE SHEETS.

He finishes making his bed. Not quite sure what to do next.

In the FOREGROUND looms his MAC. He eyes it. Considers a beat. He goes to his desk and opens it up.

INSERT - he OPENS the Mac.

INSERT - his FINGER about to push the power button... but then it STOPS SHORT.

He CLOSES the Mac. Gets up from his desk. Goes to leave the room.

As he's about to walk out of his bedroom, he stops. Torn.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The CHIME SOUND of an Apple booting up.

MAC SCREEN - the mouse hovers over the PLAY button. And CLICKS it. The hypnotic animated "VIDEO LOADING" icon.

Close on JON, eyes to LENS. The look of MELANCHOLY that we saw before, but even darker.

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #8 fucks, but this clip is also a bit darker than any porn we've seen so far.

Close on JON, eyes to LENS, riddled with anxiety.

INT. JON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Close on BARBRA, her eyes to LENS, delighted.

TV SCREEN - HOLLYWOOD ROMANCE #3.

Pull back from screen to REVEAL we're in Jon's living room, JON & BARBRA on the couch, watching the movie. She's really into it, him less so.

ANOTHER SCREEN - PORNSTAR #8 fucking again.

Pull back from screen to REVEAL we're in...

INT. JON'S CAR - NIGHT

Stopped at a traffic light, Jon watching the porn on his PHONE.

He DRIVES off.

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

PHONE SCREEN - PORNSTAR #8 fucking.

Jon looks up from his PHONE. He's waiting for class to start, STUDENTS taking their seats. He looks back at his PHONE.

PHONE SCREEN - PORNSTAR #8 fucking.

ESTHER (O.S.)

Excuse me--

Startled again! Jon realizes ESTHER has taken the seat next to his.

ESTHER (CONT'D)

Hi. I'm sorry, were you on the phone?

JON

No.

ESTHER

I'm Esther.

JON

Yeah, good to meet you.

He's done with this conversation.

ESTHER

What's your name?

JON

Jon.

ESTHER

Hey. Well, I hope I'm not bothering you...?

JON

No it's fine.

ESTHER

I just wanted to apologize. I don't know if you remember, but you caught me at a bit of an inopportune moment there last week.

JON

Huh?

ESTHER

When I was um, sobbing uncontrollably by the door? Just out there?

JON

Oh yeah, sorry about that.

ESTHER

No don't you apologize. You didn't do anything wrong at all. I just, I don't know, I thought I should say something.

JON

Alright well--

ESTHER

I've um... I've actually been thinking about it a lot, and I realized that nobody's *seen* me like that in probably, at least six months. But, it's not like--

TEACHER (O.S.)

Good evening everybody...

Class begins. We hear the TEACHER teaching under the rest of the scene. Esther now WHISPERS, as one does during class.

ESTHER

It's not like it's a rare occurrence, I mean, I do it all the time, just, copious tears. So I guess it's become this thing I do in *private* now? And on the one hand, that's perfectly alright, you know, you go there when you go there, but, it's also kinda fucked up to keep it hidden like that, right?

No response from Jon. He wishes she'd stop.

ESTHER (CONT'D)

Anyway, that's the thing, that's what made itself clear when you startled me, not that you *meant* to startle me, but when you walked by me. So I just, I guess I just wanted to thank you. Were you -- sorry this might be rude of me to ask -- were you just watching people fucking on your phone?

JON

What?

(then, whispers)

No.

ESTHER

It's okay if you were, I'm not judging you.

JON

Look lady, I don't know what you're talking about--

ESTHER

God, did you just call me *lady*?

JON

--But I'm just here to take this class, mind my business, and that's all. Okay? So, you take care.

BEAT.

ESTHER

Okay. I'm sorry. Say no more.

And she turns away, trying to take notes.

INT. JON'S CAR - EVENING

JON drives, BARBRA riding shotgun. As usual, Jon's got some road rage.

JON

Are you fucking kidding me?! Are you *fucking* kidding me?!!

BARBRA

Baby.

JON

What?!

INT. JON'S FAMILY DINING/LIVING ROOM - EVENING

As always, the TV blares NFL.

DOORBELL rings. ANGELA comes to answer. JON has arrived with BARBRA.

ANGELA
Oh hello hello! You must be Barbra.

JON
Hi mom.

BARBRA
Hello Mrs. Militello--

ANGELA
Please, call me Angie. Come in,
come in. Jon! Jonny's here, say
hello to your son!

They approach the table where JON SR. is glued to the TV.

JON
Dad, meet Barbra. Baby this is my
dad.

BARBRA
Hi Mr. Militello.

JON SR.
Hey good to meet--

He does a DOUBLE-TAKE when he sees Barbra.

JON SR. (CONT'D)
Jesus!

ANGELA
Jon--

JON SR.
(stands up)
No, I'm sorry, I just, I wasn't
expecting such a lovely lady, that's
all.

BARBRA
It's so nice to finally meet you
guys.

ANGELA
Ohhh.

JON SR.
No, my pleasure, my pleasure.

ANGELA
You all sit down, I'll be right back.

BARBRA
Do you need any help?

ANGELA
Uh! I love her already. Come on
sweetie.

They EXIT to the kitchen.

JON SR. waits until they're gone, then...

JON SR.
(excited whisper)
HEY! Jonny-Boy!

JON
She's cute right?

JON SR.
Are you fuckin kidding me? You didn't
say you were bringing over a piece
of ass like that--

JON
I told you she was the most beautiful
thing I've ever--

JON SR.
Yeah but come on, you didn't say, I
mean--

ANGELA (O.S.)
Did you clear the table!?

ANGELA and BARBRA come in with food.

JON SR.
Here honey let me move this out of
the way for you, and you can put
that right there.

JON SR. gently puts his hand on BARBRA'S back as she bends
to set down the food. She smiles at him.

BARBRA
Here?

JON SR.
Perfect.

Behind her back, JON SR. makes a lusty face at JON. JON is
pleased at his dad's approval.

INT. JON'S FAMILY DINING/LIVING ROOM - LATER

NFL still loud on the TV.

JON, BARBRA, ANGELA, JON SR. and MONICA, texting as always, at dinner.

ANGELA

I was out with some girlfriends. We went to see some band, back then they used to have bands when you went out, honey what band was it?

JON SR.

You think I remember? That was twenty-eight years ago, and I didn't even give a shit back *then*.

ANGELA

Anyway, I saw him early in the night, I don't know if he saw me 'til later, but I saw him.

JON SR.

Oh, I saw her, you couldn't miss her.

(to BARBRA)

She was like you.

BARBRA

That's sweet, thank you.

JON SR.

No, and you know what I said?

ANGELA

Listen to this.

JON SR.

I said to myself right then, right when I saw her, I said, *that's mine*.

BARBRA

Awww.

ANGELA

Yup. And he was right.

BARBRA

That's so, beautiful.

JON is not impressed with this story, but trying to put on a positive face.

JON SR.'s attention has shifted to football.

JON SR.
There ya go!
(claps)
Big play! Big play!

ANGELA
Jon.

JON SR.
Yeah?

INT. JON'S FAMILY DINING/LIVING ROOM - LATER

BARBRA and MONICA, PHONES out, trade contact info.

JON and JON SR. man-hug goodbye.

JON
Alright dad.

JON SR.
Good job big guy.

BARBRA
Bye Mr. Militello.

JON SR.
Call me Jon.

Jon Sr. gives Barbra a little KISS ON THE LIPS goodbye.
This seems weird to JON, but before he can say anything...

ANGELA hugs JON goodbye.

ANGELA
I love you sweetie.

JON
Alright mom.

And everyone says their last good-byes as they leave.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

CHURCH BELLS RING as JON and BARBRA approach amidst other
CONGREGANTS there for Sunday Mass.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

JON and BARBRA sit with ANGELA, JON SR. and MONICA, who texts
surreptitiously.

Off Camera, a PRIEST recites Latin.

BARBRA listens intently. The rest listen, bored but respectful.

INT. CONFESSION BOOTH - LATER

JON's nervous today, still speaking DIRECTLY INTO LENS.

JON
Since last sunday, I had sexual
intercourse out of wedlock seven
times. But uh, I stopped watching
porn, so yeah, no more of that, it's
just the intercourse now, so. For
these and all the sins of my life, I
am sorry.

When the unseen PRIEST #3 speaks, all we see is the obscure
CURTAIN Jon is talking to.

PRIEST #3 (O.S.)
Five Lords Prayers and five Hail
Marys.

JON
(relieved, pleased)
Thank you, Father.

PRIEST #3 (O.S.)
Through the ministry of the Church,
may God give you pardon and peace,
and I absolve you from your sins in
the name of the Father, and of the
Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

JON
Amen.

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

JON, still not thrilled to be there, but TAKING NOTES.

TEACHER (O.S.)
Very good. Okay when we come back,
we'll go over inventory as assets on
a P&L sheet. Take a break.

Jon and students start to FILE OUT of the class.

EXT. CAMPUS - LATER

On break, students mill about. JON takes a seat, waiting.

ESTHER approaches.

ESTHER

Hey.

He's certainly not thrilled to see her.

JON

Hi.

ESTHER

Mind if I sit down?

He doesn't say anything, looks away. She remains standing.

ESTHER (CONT'D)

What's that?

JON

What?

ESTHER

That around your neck?

JON

What do you think it is?

ESTHER

Can I see it?

JON

No.

ESTHER

Is it a cross or a crucifix?

JON

Excuse me, I gotta--

He picks up his bag, STARTS TO LEAVE, but...

ESTHER

Wait, I brought you something.

She shows him a wrapped GIFT.

JON

What? What is this?

ESTHER

Open it.

JON

No I'm not, I'm not taking that from you.

She SITS DOWN next to him.

ESTHER
Why not? Just open it.

JON
Come on, I--

ESTHER
Don't be silly, just--

JON
Okay, alright fine. You want me to
open it, I'll open it.

He OPENS it. It's a DVD of a 70's PORN MOVIE.

JON (CONT'D)
What the fuck is this?

ESTHER
It's actually really good.

JON
What's the matter with you?

ESTHER
Have you seen it?

JON
Are you crazy?

ESTHER
No look, it was made by this woman
in the seventies, and, I know it
might not be exactly what you're
used to, but it's pretty hot.

JON
Okay. You know what, I have a
girlfriend, alright? So.

He tries to give her back the DVD, discreetly.

ESTHER
(containing a smile)
I'm sorry, did you think I was *hitting*
on you?
(laughs)
Sorry, I don't mean to laugh.

JON
Will you please just take this.

ESTHER

Listen, I didn't mean it to be such a thing, I just figured you could use something better than the shit you're watching on your phone.

He lets out a little LAUGH at this, in spite of himself.

ESTHER (CONT'D)

Am I right? And speaking of which, what are you doing watching dirty movies if you have a girlfriend? Is the sex bad?

JON

No!

ESTHER

Really? So then why--

JON

What the fuck do you care?

ESTHER

I'm just asking.

Jon puts the DVD in his bag, and moves to go.

JON

You're fucking weird, you know that?

ESTHER

Well, I don't entirely disagree, but *I'm* just making conversation while we're on a break. *You're* the one who's gonna go find a private corner and pretend you're texting while you watch some couple pretend they're fucking.

He turns, holds up his PHONE.

JON

Lady, the shit I watch on here, they're not pretending.

ESTHER

Of course they are.

JON

No they're not! You see the cock going inside the pussy. Jesus.

He walks away irritated.

INT. GYM - DAY

JON and BARBRA walk by the BASKETBALL courts, guys playing pickup games. Neither of them are interested.

INT. GYM - LATER

JON lifts weights in front of a mirror. With each rep he mutters a little bit of his prayers, DIRECTLY INTO LENS.

JON
And lead us not / into temptation...

Behind him, BARBRA approaches from elsewhere in the gym. Jon doesn't notice.

JON (CONT'D)
...But deliver us from evil--

BABRA
Baby?

This BREAKS JON'S LOOK TO LENS.

JON
Huh...?

BARBRA
Baby were you talking to yourself?

INT. JON'S LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

JON, BOBBY and DANNY watch NBA. DANNY looks at his phone.

DANNY
You coming out Jonny?

BOBBY
Dubious.

JON
Yeah nah, I'm just waiting for Barbra to call, I'm gonna go meet her for dinner.

DANNY
This fucking guy--

BOBBY
What'd you think he was gonna say?

DANNY
I don't know, I guess I thought maybe he still had a pair of balls hanging between his legs--

JON

Bro you know how stupid you sound to me right now? You are so fucking stupid, I feel sorry for you--

DANNY

Hey fuck you Jonny--

JON

No, I really do, I just feel sorry for you. You've never been in love before, so you don't know what the fuck you're talking about--

BOBBY

Wait wait, hold up, in love?

JON

Yeah when you really love a girl, there's a lot--

BOBBY

So you're saying you love her?

JON

What do you mean, of course I love her--

BOBBY

I never heard you say you--

JON

Then you weren't fucking listening bro, I've been in love with this girl since the first time I saw her. Why would I wanna go out and try to pull randoms? None of them are gonna be as hot as my girl, none of them are gonna fuck me as good as my girl.

BOBBY

Really.

JON

Yeah fuckin really.

DANNY

So she's good?

JON

What did I *just* say? Yeah she's good, she's the best.

DANNY

She let you titty fuck her?

JON
She lets me do whatever I want. See
this is what I'm saying, if you would
listen, I'm telling you. You be a
real man, you do the right thing,
you find the right girl, you take
care of her the right way? Watch
what happens. Best sex of your life.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

JON sits in a booth, looking at his phone. BARBRA arrives,
dressed in business attire.

JON
Hey.

BARBRA
Hi baby.

JON
God I love it when you wear this
shit.

BARBRA
You're crazy.

They kiss hello as she sits down next to him.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - DAY

The CHIME SOUND of an Apple Computer booting up.

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #9 fucks in an "office" scene.

Close on JON, eyes to LENS. The lost look of a hopeless
addict.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Barbra reading a text off her phone.

BARBRA
Oh fuck.

JON
Who's that?

BARBRA
Linda. She's been fighting with
Paul. I don't think they're gonna
work out. You remember Linda and
Paul?

JON

Yeah.

BARBRA

They're cute together, right?

JON

Yeah they seemed pretty good.

BARBRA

She's almost twenty-eight. God, she put like four years into that guy.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - DAY

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #9 fucking.

Close on JON, eyes to LENS, distraught, desperate.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

BARBRA

You didn't have to work tonight?

JON

Nah, I got Stevie to cover my shift.

BARBRA

Stevie?

JON

Yeah he needed the hours.

BARBRA

I haven't met Stevie.

JON

No, I don't think you ever met him.

BARBRA

God, I wish someone could just cover for *me*.

JON

See? I told you, the service industry's not a bad thing.

BARBRA

Yeah but you're gonna look so good in a suit.

JON

I don't know.

BARBRA

Baby, if Armando can do it, and that man is such an asshole, then you--

JON

Wait wait wait, is that guy still--

BARBRA

Jon, no. Forget about it, it's fine--

JON

If he's still saying shit to you, I'm gonna go over there and--

BARBRA

Baby. You are not going to come over and beat up my boss.

JON

I'm just--

She actually really likes it when he makes threats like these.

BARBRA

Baby!

(kisses him)

Relax, okay? It's fine.

JON

Okay--

BARBRA

But this is what I'm saying. That man is such a loser, he doesn't listen to anything anybody says, he treats women like they're all fucking strippers or something, but... He's making six figures. And you know what? He's got a pretty great life. And if *he* can do it, so can you.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - DAY

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #9 fucking.

On JON, eyes to LENS. Dark.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

BARBRA

You, are a winner baby. You respect people, you listen to people--

JON

Nah, you think so?

BARBRA
I know it, mister.

She kisses him again.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - DAY

RAPID INTERCUTS between:

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #9 fucking.

Pushing in on JON, eyes to LENS as he climaxes joylessly.

Our WHITE LIGHT flashing and building in intensity.

Another CRESCENDO!

EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

JON walks away from class, amidst other STUDENTS, heading for his car.

ESTHER (O.S.)
Jon?

ESTHER runs up to him, a bit breathless. He can't fucking believe this lady. He KEEPS WALKING, and she FOLLOWS.

ESTHER (CONT'D)
Hey, I'm sorry--

JON
What is your fucking problem?

ESTHER
I'm so, so sorry. I know you don't wanna talk to me, and I would totally leave you alone. But I swear to god, I just fell asleep for that entire class. I mean the whole fucking thing. Can I copy your notes?

He's annoyed, but lets out a small LAUGH.

ESTHER (CONT'D)
I would ask someone else, but everybody else in this class is, I mean they're *children*, and, I'm not calling you *old*, but I just... look. It'll take five minutes, I'm so sorry, do you mind?

They've arrived at his car. Jon looks at his phone. BEAT.

JON

Fine.

He takes a NOTEBOOK out of his bag, and hands it to her.

ESTHER

Thank you. Thank you so much. Do you wanna go somewhere, there's a cafe--

JON

No, my girlfriend's waiting at home--

ESTHER

No of course! No problem. Should I just... okay.

She takes out her own NOTEBOOK and PEN, SITS ON THE GROUND, and begins to copy the notes.

ESTHER (CONT'D)

I really shouldn't get so high after lunch if I'm gonna be coming here later.

Jon CHUCKLES and takes out his PHONE.

JON

Probably right.

ESTHER

But it is pretty boring, don't you think?

Jon's TEXTING.

JON

What?

ESTHER

I said this class is pretty fucking boring.

JON

Yep.

ESTHER

It's like they're teaching you to be a robot...

(BEAT)

Why are you here?

JON

Huh?

ESTHER
I mean, why did you pick this class?
Jon's attention still on his phone.

JON
I didn't.

ESTHER
What?

JON
No I mean, it seemed like a good
idea. I'm in the service industry
now--

ESTHER
You mean you're a waiter?

JON
No--

ESTHER
Bar tender?

JON
Yeah so, you gotta go to school if
you wanna move up.

ESTHER
Right. So, what do you mean you
didn't pick the class?

JON
No I did.

ESTHER
Did someone else pick it for you?

JON
No!

ESTHER
Was it your parents or your
girlfriend?

JON
What is it with you?

ESTHER
Wait wait, no need for hurt
feelings...

He grabs his notebook away from her, puts it back in his
bag, and gets in his car.

ESTHER (CONT'D)
Jesus man...

And he drives away.

On ESTHER, she smiles to herself, something familiar about this young man.

INT. JON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jon ENTERS.

BARBRA is there, sitting on the couch. Jon's Mac on the coffee table in front of her. She's calm now, but she's been crying.

JON
Hey baby.

BARBRA
Hi Jon.

JON
What's wrong?

Long BEAT.

BARBRA
Remember on our first date, how I told you not to lie to me?

JON
(smiles)
Alright, who's talking shit about me? What'd they say?

BARBRA
Nobody said anything.

JON
Okay then...? You gotta help me out here, cause I don't know what--

BARBRA
You went to forty-six porno sites today, Jon. Just *today*.

JON
(still smiling)
What are you talking about?

BARBRA
Don't fucking lie to me!

JON

Hey! I don't know who you talked to
that said I--

BARBRA

I didn't talk to anyone, it's in
your fucking History, all you do is
look at--

JON

Wait wait, my what?

BARBRA

Your History. In your browser?
Seriously, you don't know what History
is?

She opens his MAC, clicks the mouse a few times, and shows
him.

BARBRA (CONT'D)

No of course you don't, if you did
you would've erased it, like a good
little phony. Here.

He looks at the Mac. BEAT. And his attitude changes.

JON

Baby, I--

BARBRA

Don't call me that, please.

JON

I love you.

BARBRA

Do not. Say that to me. Ever again.

JON

What do you want me to say?

BARBRA

What do I want you to say? How about
sorry I was lying to you every fucking
day since we've been dating?

JON

I'm sorry. I am.

BARBRA

Okay how about, I'm sorry I have
more sex with this thing
(the MAC)
than I do with my girlfriend?

JON

Alright, first of all, everybody watches porn, okay? All guys. Any guy that tells you he doesn't watch porn is fuckin lying to you--

BARBRA

You mean like *you* lied to me?

Jon SIGHS, trying to contain his anger.

BARBRA (CONT'D)

And you know what? Bullshit. I don't believe that for a second.

JON

You don't believe what?

BARBRA

That *every* guy watches porno--

JON

Every, fucking guy. *Every* guy, I'm telling you. You don't wanna believe me? Fine, you can lie to yourself all you want. Now who's lying? Huh?

BARBRA

You're so--

JON

Second of all--

BARBRA

--full of shit--

JON

--*Second* of all! *Okay?* Second of all, you know damn well that you and me do it all the fucking time.

BARBRA

I know we do.

JON

Whenever you want--

BARBRA

I know, so what the fuck are you doing, what is *wrong* with you!? How do you *watch* that stuff?

JON

I don't know! I don't know, okay?
How do *you* watch all those stupid
fucking movies that you watch?

BARBRA

How do I watch *movies*? What are you
talking about?

JON

I'm just saying, I bet you watch
that shit as much as I watch porn.

BARBRA

Are you serious? That has nothing
to do with anything!

JON

Well, I'm just saying--

BARBRA

Movies and porno are totally
different, Jon! They give *awards*
for movies.

JON

I mean they give awards for porn too--

BARBRA

SHUT UP! Just shut the *FUCK UP!*
I can't believe we're even talking
about this...

She loses her edge and starts crying.

JON

Ah Jesus, come on, stop it. Yo I'm
sorry, okay? I don't know what's
wrong with me.

BARBRA

You're a selfish little boy, that's
what's wrong with you. You have no
idea how much I do for you. Every
day, all the time, little things, I
always just let you have your way.
And the one thing I asked you to do,
I asked you not to lie to me. The
one thing, and you can't even do
that--

JON

Now you sound like my fucking dad.

BARBRA

Well maybe you should listen to your dad once in a while.

JON

Ah for fuck's sake--

BARBRA

See you have no idea how much *he* does for you either. Or your mom--

JON

Look excuse me, but you don't know what the fuck you're talking about with them. You got some kind of fantasy in your head because he told you that old same bullshit story about how he fell in love with her the first time he saw her. You wanna know why my parents got married? Cause they got pregnant with me, that's it, they had to. They fucking hate each other.

And she dissolves into tears, sitting down, crying into her hands. Jon sits beside her, tries to COMFORT her. She SLAPS his arm away. After a few beats, she COMPOSES HERSELF. She looks at him with cold contained rage.

BARBRA

You know, I really liked you. I thought you were different.

JON

Baby please--

BARBRA

Alright will you just stop bitching for one second you little shit? I thought you were different, but you're exactly the same as every other pig asshole I've ever met.

(shakes her head)

Good luck with that.

And she WALKS OUT THE DOOR.

JON alone.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - DAY

The CHIME SOUND of an Apple booting up.

MAC SCREEN - Mouse clicks the PLAY button. The hypnotic animated "VIDEO LOADING" icon.

JON (V.O.)
So up 'til now, my personal record
was ten in one day. And for a long
time, I thought I'd never beat that.

Close on JON, eyes to LENS. He's looking terrible.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But today, I hit eleven.

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #10 fucking.

Close on JON, eyes to LENS.

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #11 fucking.

Close on JON, eyes to LENS.

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #12 fucking.

MAC SCREEN - Mouse clicks the button "CLEAR HISTORY."

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And you know, when I have great
fucking days like this...

On JON. Contrary to his cheerful narration, his face is filled with painful self-loathing.

Begin to PULL OUT from a MEDIUM CLOSE on JON lying on his unmade bed, camera WIDENS and RISES, and we begin to see his ROOM is looking MESSIER than it usually does.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It just reminds me how much I love
being single.

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #13 fucking.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I do what I want...

Close on JON, eyes to LENS.

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #14 fucking.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...when I want.

Close on JON, eyes to LENS.

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #15 fucking.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I don't have to flake on my friends
anymore.

Close on JON, eyes to LENS.

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #16 fucking.

Close on JON, eyes to LENS.

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #17 fucking.

MAC SCREEN - Mouse clicks the button "CLEAR HISTORY."

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I don't have to waste my time in a
fucking classroom.

Continue PULL OUT on JON lying on his unmade bed, camera
WIDENING and RISING, his ROOM is extremely messy.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It just feels good, like I got my
own life back.

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #18 fucking.

Close on JON, eyes to LENS.

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #19 fucking.

Close on JON, eyes to LENS.

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #20 fucking.

MAC SCREEN - Mouse clicks the button "CLEAR HISTORY."

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I mean, you think I coulda hit eleven
when I was with Barbra?

Continue PULL OUT on JON lying on his unmade bed, camera
WIDENING and RISING until looking down from ceiling, we can
now see his entire ROOM is a filthy mess.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
No! Definitely not, no way. So.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

DANNY
Jonny-Boy!

JON greets BOBBY and DANNY. Man-hugs all around.

JON
Ah Jesus bro, I can smell it on you
already.

DANNY
You just gotta catch up baby!

JON
You mean I gotta buy your poor ass a
fuckin drink, right?

BOBBY
Yo, the Don's mad anxious tonight.

JON
Shut the fuck up.

DANNY
Where's wifey?

JON
Fuck that bitch.

DANNY / BOBBY
Oh! / Damn.

DANNY
Alright, Alright yo, you can't have
this one, I saw her first, but check
out stripes.

GUYS' POV: a cute GIRL across the room wearing STRIPES.

JON (O.S.)
She's alright.

She looks up and MEETS OUR GAZE.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - LATER

JON and STRIPES are dancing to hip-hop. As before, their
movements are only peripherally musical, totally sexual.

DANNY dances too, trying to be a part of it.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - LATER

JON and STRIPES sit in a corner, making out.

DANNY sits nearby, drinking.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - LATER

JON and STRIPES get in a cab together.

DANNY (O.S.)
Hey fuck you Jonny!

INT. JON'S CAR - DAY

JON drives angry in heavy slow traffic.

JON
Yeah fuck you buddy...!

We hear a MUFFLED RESPONSE from the OTHER DRIVER.

JON (CONT'D)
What'd you say? What the fuck did
you just say!?

He rolls down his WINDOW.

JON (CONT'D)
No you wanna say some shit, let's
fuckin hear it, huh!? Go ahead you
fat fuck, what'd you say!?

OTHER DRIVER (O.S.)
I said fuck you!

JON
Oh! Fuck me?

Jon GETS OUT OF HIS CAR. Strides up to the OTHER DRIVER,
still inside his own car.

OTHER DRIVER rolls up his WINDOW, scared. Jon SLAPS his
driver-side window hard.

JON (CONT'D)
Fuck me? Huh!?

OTHER DRIVER drives away. Jon SHATTERS the car's rear driver
side window with his closed fist, hurting nobody but himself.

JON (CONT'D)
(in pain)
Ahh! FUCK!!

Cars around him HONK.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

JON'S late, so no church bells ring, and nobody else is around
as he walks up to the door. He cradles his hurt hand.

INT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Off Camera, a PRIEST recites Latin.

JON SR. and MONICA, who texts surreptitiously, sit listening, bored but respectful. ANGELA is worried.

JON enters, whispering apologies as he finds a seat next to his family.

ANGELA
(anxious whisper)
Jonny! Where were you?

JON
(whisper)
Don't worry about it--

ANGELA
(anxious whisper)
What did you--

Congregants seated nearby start HUSHING them.

JON
(whisper)
Mom, just, it's fine, okay?

ANGELA
(hissing at others)
Hey hush yourself!

INT. CONFESSION BOOTH - LATER

JON, deeply troubled, speaks directly DIRECTLY INTO LENS.

JON
Father I uh, I don't know what happened, I guess I lost my temper, and I, I punched through this guy's window on my way here right now. I didn't hurt anybody, but uh, yeah, I don't know what's wrong with me. Um. Also I watched pornographic videos and masturbated thirty-five times this week, for these and all the sins of my life I am sorry.

Again, when the unseen PRIEST #4 speaks, all we see is the obscure CURTAIN Jon is talking to.

PRIEST #4 (O.S.)
Twenty Lords Prayers and twenty-five Hail Marys.

JON
Thank you, Father.

PRIEST #4 (O.S.)
Through the ministry of the Church,
may God give you pardon and peace,
and I absolve you from your sins in
the name of the Father, and of the
Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

JON
Amen.

INT. JON'S FAMILY DINING/LIVING ROOM - EVENING

As always, NFL on loud.

JOHN SR. eating, watching the game. MONICA eating, texting.
ANGELA and JON also seated, eating.

ANGELA
Barbra couldn't come tonight?

JON
No, she wanted to be here, but she's
got this family thing tonight. She
told me to say hello to you guys for
her.

ANGELA
That's so sweet. Everything good
with the two of you?

JON
Yeah, she's great.

ANGELA
She's a catch, Jonny.

JON SR.
Beautiful girl. I'm telling you, a
woman like that. Make a boy into a
man. I can see it on you too, it's
starting.

JON notices MONICA is looking at him, skeptical and concerned.
He covertly STARES her down.

INT. GYM - DAY

JON walks by the BASKETBALL courts. He's not interested.

INT. GYM - LATER

JON lifts weights in front of a mirror. With each rep he
mutters a little bit of his prayers, DIRECTLY INTO LENS.

JON
 Blessed art thou / Among women / And
 blessed is the fruit / Of thy womb /
 Jesus

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - DAY

The CHIME SOUND of an Apple booting.

MAC SCREEN - The hypnotic animated "VIDEO LOADING" icon.

Close on JON, eyes to LENS, remnant of a strung out junkie.

MAC SCREEN - PORNSTAR #21 fucking.

The sound of a KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

MAC SCREEN - the MOUSE PAUSES the video.

BEAT. Silence. Then...

MAC SCREEN - the MOUSE UN-PAUSES the video, PORNSTAR #21 continues fucking.

The sound of another KNOCK AT THE DOOR, louder.

JON, in bed, closes the Mac.

JON
 What the fuck...

He gets out of bed and walks into...

INT. JON'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jon looks in his front door's PEEP-HOLE. He SIGHS, frustrated. But then finally OPENS the door. It's BOBBY.

JON
 The fuck you doing here?

BOBBY
 Damn really?

JON
 Bro, I'm busy.

BOBBY
 Yeah, what you doing?

Jon DOESN'T ANSWER.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Right. Just cause you don't answer
 your phone don't make you busy.

And he WALKS IN.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Yo, you smash up somebody's car?

JON
Who told you that?

BOBBY
Kerry's sister said she heard you
busted through some dude's window.

JON doesn't say anything.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Did you?

JON
The guy was a fuckin asshole.

BOBBY
Why, what'd he do?

JON
Wait why you taking his side?

BOBBY
I'm not taking--

JON
Yeah you are--

BOBBY
You think I give a fuck about that
guy? Stop and--

JON
I don't know, you're--

BOBBY
Just stop for a second and think. I
don't care about that guy, I don't
care about his car. Come on. What
you think I'm doing here? Damn.

Bobby SITS.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
You gonna sit down?

JON
Look bro I'm--

BOBBY
Man, sit your ass down.

Finally Jon SITS.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Alright what happened with your girl?

JON
Fuck that bitch.

BOBBY
Yeah you said that already. What, she drop you?

JON
No.

BOBBY
No? You drop *her*? After all that? What, she fuck around?

JON
No!

BOBBY
So what happened?

JON
It was nothing, it's so fucking stupid, that's why I'm saying, she's a bitch, whatever.

BOBBY
Oh so she did drop your ass. What'd you do? *You* fuck around?

JON
No.
(sighs)
Okay, listen to this shit, so retarded. She caught me watching porn.

BOBBY
That's it?

JON
Right?

BOBBY
Bullshit.

JON
Swear to god.

BOBBY

No hell no. You're telling me after all that shit, friend mixing, meeting her folks, she walks in on you beating it to some video, and she's out?

JON

You don't know her, man, she's crazy, she's a princess.

BOBBY

Damn.

JON

I know.

BOBBY

No that really is some bullshit.

JON

Fuck that bitch.

BOBBY

Yeah fuck her.

(BEAT)

But yo, you still gonna finish that class?

Jon LOOKS AWAY.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Really?

JON

What are you, my mom?

BOBBY

I thought it was almost done. How much longer is it?

Jon CAN'T LOOK AT HIM.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Son.

INT. CLASS ROOM - NIGHT

JON packs up as everyone gets ready to leave.

TEACHER (O.S.)

Alright again, three more weeks until the final. If you have any questions or concerns, do not hesitate to email me. Have a good night.

Jon NOTICES something off camera.

HIS POV: ESTHER, getting up from her seat to go. She looks up and MEETS OUR GAZE, gives a little WAVE and sorta chuckles to herself, then heads out of the classroom with everyone else.

On JON, still watching her.

EXT. CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER

Students leave. JON walks towards his car. Then ESTHER catches up with him.

ESTHER

Hi.

JON

Hey...

EXT. EMPTY STREET - LATER

Esther's family SUV parked in shadow. Inside it, the VAGUE SHAPES of Jon and Esther having sex. Distant muffled moans.

INT. ESTHER'S SUV - LATER

In the back seat, JON and ESTHER finish putting their clothes back on.

ESTHER

Oh my god.

Esther reaches over the front seat into her purse and pulls out a JOINT. Lights it, takes a drag.

ESTHER (CONT'D)

Should've smoked this before. You might've relaxed a little.

JON

The fuck's that supposed to mean?

ESTHER

I'm playing with you, trust me I'm perfectly, I mean, you're looking at a satisfied customer.

She takes another DRAG.

ESTHER (CONT'D)

You want some?

She OFFERS him the joint. He takes it and SMOKES. As he does, her mind goes elsewhere for a moment.

BEAT. He passes her back the JOINT.

JON
You want me to drive us back?

ESTHER
Oh I know, you're ready to go, don't
worry, let me just enjoy this,
(the joint)
and then I'll take you back to your
car, promise.

JON
Alright.

She takes another DRAG.

ESTHER
It's a crucifix.

JON
What?

ESTHER
You're Catholic.

JON
Yeah.

ESTHER
How's that going for you?

JON
What do you mean?

ESTHER
I don't know. You ever, go to church?

JON
Every Sunday.

ESTHER
Jesus really? Well alright then,
whatever works.

JON
Nah I just go cause my mom would
lose her shit if I didn't.

ESTHER
Ah. She still with your dad?

JON
Yep.

ESTHER
Oh. Well that's cool.

JON
Yeah, I don't know.

She NODS. Passes him the JOINT.

ESTHER
So. What happened to your girlfriend?

JON
Nah, fuck that bitch.

ESTHER
Whoa, that bad? She find someone else?

JON
No, you wanna know what happened?
I'll tell you what happened. She snooped around on my computer and found out that I watch porn. I told her, every fucking guy watches porn, but she didn't listen, she acted like I cheated on her or something, which I didn't, so we broke up. And you know what, I'm glad we did.

ESTHER
Just porn, that's it?

JON
Yeah.

ESTHER
No, I don't buy it.

JON
I'm telling you--

ESTHER
Was it the first time?

BEAT.

JON
Uh--

ESTHER
Oh okay, so she caught you once, which is why you're watching it on your phone at school, cause you're hiding it from her, but then she
(MORE)

ESTHER (CONT'D)
caught you again. Right? I mean,
I'm just guessing, but am I right?

Jon looks away.

ESTHER (CONT'D)
God you can't stop, huh? You're
like a junkie. How often do you do
it?

JON
What the fuck is--

ESTHER
No, like every day?

JON
Every guy watches porn every day.

ESTHER
Alright, when was the last time you
went a day without it?

JON
I don't fuckin know.

ESTHER
Come on, try and think.

JON
Seriously, I have no idea.

ESTHER
Like this week, or this month?

JON
No I like my porn, okay, I watch it
every day, I always have. I mean, I
guess when I was a kid, like before
I had a VCR in my room, I couldn't
every day. But even then I had
Playboys, so.

ESTHER
Wow. Have you ever thought about
quitting?

JON
Quitting? You're talking about it
like... No, why would I?

She takes another DRAG. Passes it back to him, he continues
to smoke.

ESTHER
Okay, lemme ask you this. You're a
good looking guy, I'm sure you attract
lots of young ladies...

JON
Yeah?

ESTHER
So I'm saying, why bother with porn
when you could have the real thing?

JON
Yeah, no, see that's the thing.
It's not the same. I mean, no
offense, real pussy's all good...

ESTHER
No no offense taken. But um. Wait,
you're saying you like porn *better*?

Jon sorta SHRUGS and NODS.

ESTHER (CONT'D)
Well what is it? I mean, what do
you get from the porn that you don't
get from sex with an actual person?

JON
I lose myself.

ESTHER
You *lose* yourself.

JON
Yeah just, *goodbye*.

ESTHER
Right. And that doesn't happen when
you're having sex.

JON
No, I wish it did.

ESTHER
Sure, don't we all...?

BEAT.

ESTHER (CONT'D)
Alright, one more question and then
I'll take you back.

JON
Okay.

ESTHER
Do you ever jerk off *without* porn?

JON
What do you mean?

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - DAY

JON sits at his desk, his room MESSY.

He looks at his CLOSED MAC on the desk.

INSERT - he OPENS the Mac.

INSERT - his FINGER about to push the power button, but STOPS SHORT.

He CLOSES the Mac and gets up from the desk.

Goes to LEAVE the room, but at his door, he STOPS, torn.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The CHIME SOUND of an Apple booting up.

MAC SCREEN - the MOUSE ARROW.

On JON, his eyes to LENS.

INSERT - Jon's FINGERS TYPING.

MAC SCREEN - typing "porntube.com"

On JON, eyes to LENS.

MAC SCREEN - the MOUSE hovers over the PLAY BUTTON. But then, suddenly and unexpectedly...

INSERT - Jon CLOSES the Mac.

On JON, EYES NO LONGER TO LENS.

He makes a decision. And CLOSES HIS EYES.

Below frame, Jon undoes his pants, and starts trying to JERK OFF. Camera slowly PUSHES IN on him for several awkward BEATS.

Then, he GIVES UP. He LOOKS DOWN at himself, below frame. Horror setting in.

JON
Shit...

EXT. CAMPUS - EVENING

JON waits by the same DOOR where we first met Esther crying. STUDENTS file into class.

Eventually ESTHER approaches. JON takes her aside with desperately enthusiastic force.

JON

Hey.

ESTHER

Hey there, someone's excited.

JON

Yeah. I need to talk to you.

ESTHER

Okay. Don't you wanna--

They've come far enough away now that it's somewhat private. Jon starts KISSING her.

ESTHER (CONT'D)

Don't you wanna wait til after class?

Jon SHAKES HIS HEAD. This makes her SMILE.

INT. ESTHER'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

ESTHER opens the door with keys and they both enter her house, still MAKING OUT.

ESTHER

God you are intense today, what's going on with you? I mean, not that I'm complaining...

JON

We gotta talk.

ESTHER

Really? I didn't think you actually meant that when you said it.

JON

Yeah, no I did.

ESTHER

Okay. Interesting, now I'm curious...

BEAT.

JON

You were right.

ESTHER
About what?

Jon hesitates another BEAT.

ESTHER (CONT'D)
I was right about what? Your
girlfriend?

JON
No.

ESTHER
No, sorry. So then, what?

JON
I stopped watching porn. I haven't
done it in like a week.

ESTHER
Oh yeah? That's great!

JON
I guess.

ESTHER
No it is.

JON
I don't know. I wasn't gonna quit.
But then I was thinking about what
you asked me, if I ever jerk off
without porn? So I tried to...

He hesitates.

ESTHER
And you couldn't?

JON
Yeah. I mean, no yeah, I couldn't.
And I've been trying all week, but I
don't know what's wrong with me.
It's really fucked up.

ESTHER
So wait a minute, sorry, are you
saying you haven't cum at all in a
week?

Jon SHAKES HIS HEAD.

ESTHER (CONT'D)
Ah, so that's why you're so...

She playfully caresses him through his jeans, below frame. He reacts so strongly that, in no time, they're making out vigorously.

ESTHER (CONT'D)

God, and there it is again. Okay.
No it's good. I'm all in favor.
Let's just... yeah. Here.

She brings them over to a couch and they SIT.

ESTHER (CONT'D)

Alright, go back. So, you've been
off porn for a week.

JON

Yeah.

ESTHER

That really is good.

JON

I thought you said *you* watched porn.

ESTHER

Well. First of all, that film I
gave you is totally... did you ever
watch it?

JON

No.

ESTHER

Right, well it's totally different
from what I imagine you watch every
day. *That* stuff is not healthy.

JON

What do you mean it's not healthy,
how do you know?

ESTHER

How do I know? Come on, I'm not the
first person in your life to tell
you not to watch porn.

JON

Yeah but they also tell you, you
know, don't have sex before you're
married, and like, don't smoke weed,
and--

ESTHER

True, that's true, *they* are clearly not right about everything. But. Think about it for a second, think about what pornography is. You're sitting there alone, getting turned on by a woman on a *screen*. It only goes one-way, I mean, you can see her, but she can't see you. There's no, you know, interaction.

JON

So? Okay, so what? That doesn't--

ESTHER

So if that's what you do every day since puberty, you're gonna get used to it. And then when it comes time to actually, you know, *interact*, to have sex with a real person who *can* see you, what's gonna happen?

JON

Yo I get off fine with real women.

ESTHER

Yeah, you definitely do.

JON

I just couldn't get off beating it with my eyes closed.

ESTHER

Right but you said yourself, you like porn better than real sex. Didn't you tell me that last week?

BEAT. Then Jon NODS.

ESTHER (CONT'D)

And honey I'm just gonna be honest with you now, because it seems like that's what you want. The way you do it, it *is*... it's one-sided. I mean, I'm not complaining, because it just so happens that some meaningless sex is what I need in my life right now, for better or worse, but that's beside the point. What I'm saying is, if you wanna... you said you wanna *lose yourself* in sex, well then, you have to lose yourself in the other person. And she has to lose herself in you, it's a two-way thing.

BEAT. JON's a little stunned and maybe a little hurt.

ESTHER (CONT'D)
Aww. Come here.

She KISSES him.

ESTHER (CONT'D)
You okay?

JON
No I'm fine.

ESTHER
Yeah?

BEAT. He still looks glum.

ESTHER (CONT'D)
You know what I think you need? A
nice shower, you wanna take one?

JON
Nah...

ESTHER
Yeah come on, it's just in here.

She GETS HIM UP, and leads him to a GUEST BATHROOM.

ESTHER (CONT'D)
Go ahead, I'll bring you a towel.

She CLOSES THE DOOR on him and walks DOWN A HALL.

CAMERA FOLLOWS HER to a cabinet with TOWELS.

She OPENS IT, touches a towel, and her mind starts going elsewhere. Suddenly, despite effort to control herself, she becomes very emotional quite quickly.

She BREATHES, trying to calm herself down, but struggles.

INT. ESTHER'S SHOWER - LATER

JON stands under the running water.

Absorbing.

INT. ESTHER'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

ESTHER has changed into a comfortable nightie. It's apparent she's been crying. She smokes a cigarette, calm, but her mind is still elsewhere.

SOUND of the SHOWER being TURNED OFF.

She REACTS, and tries to compose herself.

JON ENTERS from the bathroom, wrapped in one towel and drying his hair with another.

JON
That's a nice shower, good pressure.

ESTHER
Thanks.

JON
Whoa, what's wrong?

ESTHER
Nothing.

BEAT.

JON
You don't live here alone, do you?

ESTHER
(sighs)
I actually do.

JON
No, is there some kind of bad marriage situation I'm walking into here?

ESTHER
No.

JON
I know it's none of my business, I just don't wanna get caught out and now some guy's coming at me with a bat or--

ESTHER
No, it's nothing like that.

JON
Alright.

BEAT.

JON (CONT'D)
But... I mean, what is it?

ESTHER
Since when do *you* ask *me* personal questions?

JON
Since right now.

ESTHER
It really doesn't matter.

JON
Well, I just... it seems like it
matters to you.

ESTHER
No, it--

JON
Didn't you say it's sorta fucked up
to keep this stuff hidden?

Another BEAT. She looks at him a little differently.

ESTHER
My uh, my husband. And my son, died
fourteen months ago.

JON
Jesus!

ESTHER
Thank you.

JON
What happened?

ESTHER
Oh, cars, are horrible things. You
know, I'm sorry, but your hair is so
much better like this.

Her shifting the conversation to a more casual subject matter
is only a thin cover for an increasingly profound emotional
moment between them.

JON
What?

ESTHER
(touches his hair)
See, I can touch it.

JON
What are you talking about?

ESTHER
You put so much junk in your hair,
it's all sticky and hard, this is
much better.

She RUBS HIS HEAD sweetly, warmly. He looks at her. Then as her massaging gets stronger, he CLOSES HIS EYES.

She KISSES him.

Gradually their passion grows and they move to the couch.

She straddles him and, below frame, they start to have sex. It's TENDER, and that's completely new for Jon, but he goes with it. They keep kissing.

She leans over, procures a condom from her purse, and puts it on him, below frame. They keep going.

She kisses one of his eyelids. And he OPENS HIS EYES.

They LOOK AT EACH OTHER as they climax together.

She breaks the gaze and HOLDS HIM close, very emotional.

On JON, holding her. He's never experienced anything like this before.

INT. JON'S CAR - DAY

Jon DRIVES in traffic. His HAIR has less junk in it, and will from now on. He SINGS along with the stereo.

JON
It's just a good vibration
It's just a sweet sensation
It's ju--

Then he NOTICES, in the car next to his, an ELDERLY LADY is WATCHING HIM. This STOPS him for a second. But then, he CONTINUES, defiantly singing right to the elderly lady.

JON (CONT'D)
It's just a sweeeeeet sensation...

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

CHURCH BELLS RING as JON approaches amidst other CONGREGANTS there for Sunday Mass.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

JON sits with ANGELA, JON SR. and MONICA, who texts surreptitiously.

Off Camera, a PRIEST recites Latin.

The family listens, bored but respectful.

But this time JON is less bored, a bit incredulous, he looks sideways at his family.

INT. CONFESSION BOOTH - LATER

JON speaks DIRECTLY INTO LENS, but more self-consciously than he has been when reciting the obligatory words.

JON
In the name of the Father, the Son
and the Holy Spirit. Amen.

When the unseen PRIEST #5 speaks, all we see is the obscure CURTAIN Jon is talking to.

PRIEST #5 (O.S.)
Amen. Bless you my son.

JON
Forgive me father for I have sinned,
it has been one week since my last
confession.

PRIEST #5 (O.S.)
Tell me your sins.

JON
Alright, uh...
(sighs)
Okay first of all, I have a confession
to make, I lied to you before. I
told you that um, or I don't know if
it was *you*, I've actually always
wondered if I'm talking to the same
guy every week or if there's a few
of you and you switch off, or how
that all works...?

No response from the priest, or the CURTAIN.

Jarringly, we CUT TO a different camera angle where Jon is NOT LOOKING DIRECTLY INTO LENS. Then we cut back to the angle we're used to where he is still talking INTO LENS.

JON (CONT'D)
But uh, anyway, I told the Father a
while ago that I stopped watching
pornography, and I was lying, I didn't
stop at all. But the thing is, *this*
week, I actually did stop, like
totally just not doing it anymore.
So.

PRIEST #5 (O.S.)
Yes.

JON

Yeah, so that's like zero for the week. Other than that, uh, I did have sex out of wedlock one time. But it was different, it wasn't like... I don't know, it wasn't just sex. It's sort of, it's hard to explain. But um, yeah, that's it. For these and all the sins of my life I am sorry.

PRIEST #5 (O.S.)

Ten Lords Prayers and ten Hail Marys.

JON

Wait really? Same thing, no difference?

PRIEST #5 (O.S.)

Through the ministry of the Church, may God give you--

JON

Sorry wait, Father I'm, I'm *really* sorry, but can you just tell me how you got to those numbers? Please, because I, I don't know, I really thought there was gonna be a difference this week.

BEAT.

PRIEST #5

Have faith, my son.

CUT BACK TO the angle where Jon is NOT LOOKING INTO LENS.

PRIEST #5 (CONT'D)

Through the ministry of the Church, may God give you pardon and peace, and I absolve you from your sins in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

JON doesn't say "Amen." BEAT.

Then he EXITS.

INT. JON'S FAMILY DINING/LIVING ROOM - EVENING

ANGELA, MONICA texting, JON, and JON SR. eat dinner.

As always, the TV blares NFL and commercials.

JON
So... me and Barbra split up.

ANGELA
What?

JON
Barbra and I--

ANGELA
I can't believe it, this is horrible!

JON SR.
You can't get her back?

JON
I don't think so.

JON SR.
Well did you call her?

JON
She doesn't want me to call her.

ANGELA has started to cry, and lets out a little SOB.

JON (CONT'D)
Ah Jesus, mom--

JON SR.
There you see, look what you did.

JON
I'm sorry. What do you want me to do?

ANGELA
I just want you to be happy, that's all! Is that too much for me to ask?

JON
I mean, I *wasn't* happy--

ANGELA
A nice wife and some nice kids?
Look at me, I look like a grandma,
but do I have any grandchildren?
No! Am I a bad mother, is that what I'm hearing?

JON SR.
Honey calm down--

JON
Mom, I don't know if I really want a
wife and kids.

ANGELA
What?

She starts CRYING harder.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
What are you *saying*? Of course you
do! Jon say something--

JON SR.
Will you stop upsetting your mother!
What the fuck's the matter with you?

JON
I don't know.

JON SR.
Having a family is the greatest joy
in a man's life, everyone knows that!

JON
Alright, well then maybe I'm not a
man. Cause I sure as hell don't
want a family, I mean maybe one day,
but not right now, I know that.

MONICA
Yeah well, and that's all *she* wanted.

JON SR.
Huh?

ANGELA
What did she say?

MONICA
I said--

ANGELA
Jesus, I can't fucking hear *ANYTHING*!

ANGELA TURNS OFF THE TV!

Unprecedented quiet. The boys are shell-shocked.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
What did you say?

MONICA
I'm just saying, that girl?
(MORE)

MONICA (CONT'D)

She's all about her own agenda, that's it. She didn't care about Jonny, she didn't know the first thing about him, really. She just wanted a guy who would do whatever she told him. It's a good thing she broke up with you.

JON and MONICA meet eyes, warmly.

JON

Thanks.

JON SR. picks up the REMOTE to turn the TV back on--

ANGELA

Jon I swear to god I will *FUCKING KILL YOU!*

He puts the remote back down.

INT. GYM - DAY

JON walks by the basketball courts, as usual. But then he slows down and looks inside.

Then he WALKS IN. Guys shooting around. He picks up a stray rebound and passes it.

All these gym shots throughout the movie must simply look like establishing shots without any emphasis on the basketball courts. So when he finally walks in, it's unexpected.

EXT. PIZZA PLACE - NIGHT

It's late, the bars are closing. JON, DANNY and BOBBY stand around on the sidewalk, amongst others, eating pizza.

DANNY

The streak's over motherfucker, how's it feel?

JON

Whatever, I'd rather get pizza with my boys.

BOBBY

Rationalization.

DANNY

Every fucking time we go out, Don Jon smashes. But not tonight, ladies and gentlemen. The fans are devastated. Jonny what happened?

BOBBY

Yeah I thought it was on with crop-top.

JON

No that girl was annoying.

BOBBY

She was tight though.

DANNY

Eight.

BOBBY

Solid eight.

JON

No her body was at least an eight, but I'm telling you, you didn't talk to her.

DANNY

Who cares how she talks?

JON

Hey, you asked why I didn't smash, that's why I didn't smash. What happened with pony-tail?

DANNY

(smirking)
Nothing.

BOBBY

Lies.

JON

Come on, what happened?

DANNY

Nah, a gentleman, you know, doesn't uh--

JON

Shut the fuck up, what happened, you get her number?

DANNY

No I just uh... fucked her up against the wall in the ladies room, that's all.

JON

HEY! Danny boy!

DANNY
What you like that?!

JON
Fuckin right I do!

BOBBY
Well played son.

JON
And you know what, bro? Seriously?
It just goes to show, you were right.
(beat)
Twos and threes are mad open-minded.

BOBBY
Damn--

DANNY
Hey fuck you Jonny!

JON
I'm playing you bastard, you know
it's all love, c'mere...

Jon HUGS Danny.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jon finishes CLEANING HIS ROOM.

Again, his MAC looms in the foreground. He eyes it. Torn.

Then he picks up his bag, and walks out the door.

OVER BLACK:

JON (V.O.)
This fuckin lady...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A MONTAGE of various moments around town:

Close on ESTHER.

JON (V.O.)
I don't know what it is about her,

A FLASH of our same WHITE LIGHT.

And now she's looking at us, EYES TO LENS.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
all she has to do is look me in the
eye...

Close on JON, EYES TO LENS.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...and I'm hard as a fuckin rock.

Back to ESTHER, EYES TO LENS.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's like she knows what I'm thinking.

Back to JON, EYES TO LENS.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Or I know what she's thinking.

Another FLASH of WHITE LIGHT.

CUT TO: Jon and Esther are KISSING.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Or I don't know, it's that two-way
thing. I fuckin love it.

CUT TO: Jon and Esther EAT INDIAN FOOD. Jon's uncertain,
but willing to try it.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And I don't mean love like, *oh I*
love her I wanna marry her, I'm
definitely not thinking about all
that shit,

CUT TO: Jon and Esther are really MAKING OUT.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
and she's not either. She can't...

CUT TO: ESTHER CRIES. Jon, not doting, but there for her.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...it hurts too much.

CUT TO: JON and ESTHER drive back to Jersey on the George
Washington Bridge.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I guess I just mean love like, you
know, like we're making love...

FLASH of WHITE LIGHT.

INT. JON'S BEDROOM - DAY

As this narrated montage continues to unfold, the FLASHES OF WHITE LIGHT continue to punctuate the editing as we INTERCUT FASTER AND FASTER between --

Jon and Esther MAKING LOVE in Jon's bed --

Slow PUSH IN on ESTHER, EYES TO LENS --

Slow PUSH IN on JON, EYES TO LENS.

JON (V.O.)
 ...And while we're doing it, all the
 bullshit does fade away, and it's
 just me and her, right there, and
 yeah I do lose myself, and she loses
 herself, and we're just fuckin, lost
 together.

By this time, the shots of both ESTHER and JON have become tight RAPIDLY INTER-CUTTING CLOSE-UPS, their EYES TO LENS, as they climax together.

The WHITE LIGHT hits the grand finale of blinding CRESCENDOS!

SMASH TO --

BLACK.

END CREDITS.