

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S

"THE JOY OF SEX"

A Dirty Love Story

by

John Hughes

THIRD REV. FINAL DRAFT

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FADE IN:

EXT. HONEYMOON RESORT - LATE AFTERNOON

A dozen quaint little cottages nestled in the North Woods pines. A sign above the main office reads -- "HARD TIMBER HONEYMOON LODGE. Free Radio, Hourly Rates." All is peaceful and quiet.

SUPERIMPOSE:

JUNE, 1954

Joining the cheerful CHIRPING OF THE BIRDS AND THE RUSTLE OF THE PINE BOUGHS IS THE DISTANT WHINE OF AN AUTO ENGINE. Then the CLATTER OF METAL ON PAVEMENT.

Suddenly, a '53 Packard blasts INTO FRAME, turning sharply off the highway, speeding into the courtyard and GRINDING to a stop in front of one of the cottages. Tin cans and shoes hang from the bumper, a sign on the trunk reads -- "JUST MARRIED! CAN'T WAIT!"

The newlyweds race into the cottage, leaving the ENGINE RUNNING and the doors open. A trail of wedding debris is scattered about from the car to the door of the lodge -- wedding gifts, flowers, decorations, shoes, booze bottles.

INT. COTTAGE

The trail of debris runs from the door to the bed -- wedding dress, tuxedo pants, stockings. Across the bed -- wedding cake, bra, girdle, undershorts, rice -- to the newlyweds, FRED and HELEN O'BRIEN. She's wearing her veil. He is wearing his top hat.

FRED

Helen, darling, thank you for  
saving yourself for this moment.

Helen is puzzled for a moment, then she gets it and answers with thinly veiled guilt.

HELEN

Uh, sure, honey. I knew how much  
it meant to... you.

She lifts her veil, turns her head aside, away from his view, and slips her finger into her mouth, pressing it against her cheek.

FRED

Here goes!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pushes. She snaps her finger out of her mouth producing a loud, sharp "POP!" Fred groans, happy, relieved, satisfied.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE:

THE JOY OF SEX  
A DIRTY LOVE STORY

ROLL CREDITS.

INT. HOSPITAL MATERNITY WARD - MORNING

Women are nursing their newborns. It is a tender and peaceful scene except for the last bed where Helen is struggling with her baby as it suckles violently. A NURSE yanks the baby free from her breast and cradles him in her arms. She speaks to him.

NURSE

It's time for you to get clipped!

HELEN

(fearful)

Is it going to hurt him?

NURSE

(matter-of-factly)

Well, gee, no one enjoys getting a quarter inch of their John Henry snipped off but he's in good hands. Dr. Palsey's been doing circumcisions for 67 years.

INT. SMALL EXAMINATION ROOM

DR. PALSEY stands over the baby. He is well into his nineties with a bad case of the shakes. The Nurse steadies his knife hand.

DR. PALSEY

Where's the baby?

The Nurse directs his hand to the baby.

DR. PALSEY

(continuing)

Boy or girl?

INT. BABY'S NURSERY - AFTERNOON

A rotund, maiden AUNT stands with Helen at the changing table in the boy's room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Helen is at the head of the table, the Aunt's expansive backside is TO'US. She admires the new baby with clasped hands and much clucking.

AUNT  
(to Helen)  
What a little love.  
(looks at the baby's  
groin)  
And all boy!  
(to baby)  
Look what Santa gave you!

She bends over for a closer look at his little Xmas gift. The baby's arms shoot up, grab the Aunt's boobs and yank her down. Fabric tears. The Aunt pulls away clutching her chest. Her dress is torn and a huge brassiere cup hangs out.

HELEN  
Oh, look! He's smiling!

CLOSE - BABY

A smile from ear to ear.

BABY (V.O.)  
(lecherous cooing)  
Ummmmmm, oooooooooo!

CLOSE - SNAPSHOT

The baby, DONALD O'BRIEN, is four years old in the picture. He's standing next to a clown. Donald is smiling, the clown is clutching his groin. A woman's hand fastens the photo into an album.

INT. O'BRIENS' LIVING ROOM - EVENING (1959)

Helen is putting the photo album together. Fred is reading the paper.

HELEN  
Have we decided what we're going  
to tell Donald about S-E-X?

Fred looks over his paper.

FRED  
(with a smile)  
He's only four years old, hon.  
A little young to discuss F-O-R-  
N-I-C-A-T-I-O-N with.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A little boy calls from upstairs.

BABY (DONALD) (O.S.)

Mom? When are we going to E-A-T?

She looks at Fred with a shocked expression. He lifts his paper up and hides behind it.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON (1961)

DONALD is about six years old. He's sitting at the kitchen table having his lunch. Helen is behind, at the counter, pounding a piece of beef with a tenderizing hammer.

DONALD

Mom? Where do babies come from, how do you make them, what's my thing for and how come you don't have one?

Helen is shocked by the unexpected string of questions. She misses the beef and smashes a stack of dinner plates. She wipes her hands on her apron and hurries out of the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Fred is watching television. Helen rushes in and turns off the set.

HELEN

Fred, Donald asked the question!

Fred sits up with a start.

FRED

What did you tell him?

HELEN

Nothing.

FRED

(smiles)

Then what's the problem?

HELEN

He's going to ask again and I don't know what to tell him.

FRED

We decided, honey, we were going to lie to him. The story about the elves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HELEN  
Will you tell him?

Fred stalls nervously.

FRED  
Why press the issue? If he asks  
again, I promise I'll tell him.

HELEN  
And what if in the meantime he  
gets in trouble trying to satisfy  
his curiosity?

Fred shrugs off the suggestion. He returns to his organ  
repair.

FRED  
He's six years old, for Pete's  
sake. What the heck could he do?

EXT. O'BRIEN HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Saturday afternoon on the quiet suburban street. The  
O'Briens' driveway is jammed with pink girls' bikes.  
Fred and Helen pull in. They get out of the car and  
slowly approach the garage, wondering what's going on.

They walk around to the side of the garage. There is a  
large pile of clothing in front of the side garage door.  
Helen picks up a sundress. She looks at Fred angrily.

HELEN  
I don't like the looks of this!

She opens the door and steps in. She screams and faints,  
falling back out the door into Fred's arms. He looks  
into the garage, drops Helen and storms in, outraged.

FRED (O.S.)  
Donald! You untie those girls!  
Give me those binoculars! Pull  
up your pants! Turn off that  
flashlight! Put that hamster  
away and get up to your room!

Donald comes out of the garage in a makeshift doctor's  
uniform, binoculars around his neck, rubber gloves  
with a flashlight in one hand, kitchen tongs in the  
other. Fred cuffs him on the neck.

DONALD  
But Dad...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRED

Don't 'but Dad' me! This is the dirtiest, nastiest thing I've ever seen.

DONALD

I said please and thank you!

Fred draws back to belt him. Donald ducks away and runs into the house. Fred sticks his head in the garage.

FRED

Alright, girls, now listen.  
(he reaches in his pocket)

I'm going to give you all a quarter if you don't tell anybody about this. Okay?

There is an outburst of protest. Fred quiets it with a wave of his hand.

FRED

(continuing)

Alright, alright! Fifty cents.

CLOSE - MAGAZINE COVER

U.S. News and World Report. Slowly the magazine is lowered to reveal, inside, a second magazine -- Action Stud. That magazine is lowered to reveal Donald and his best friend, LARRY JURGENS, a chubby redhead, staring with bulging eyes at the photographs. Donald looks from the magazine to Larry.

DONALD

Larry? I think there's something more to sex than just naked women taking showers.

Larry takes advantage of Donald's distraction to take the magazine from him.

LARRY

That's enough for me.

Donald looks up, a hard, determined expression. Eyes squinting, jaw jutting out, breeze blowing his hair. A naked woman in a shower is SUPERIMPOSED over this portrait of youthful purpose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

I'm going to figure it out if it  
takes the rest of the fifth grade...

INT. LARRY'S PARENTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

A man and a woman are making love. It's the antiseptic love everyone imagines their parents making. They're wearing a maximum of clothes and making a minimum of noise.

Beneath sheets, blankets and quilts, the bodies move laboriously. She is making silly, giggling moans, he is repeating "Whoa, boy" over and over. In the b.g. a window is open.

INT. HOUSE - WINDOW

Donald monkey-walks along the gutter to the window. He looks into the room with wide-eyed amazement. He calls to Larry.

DONALD

(loud whisper)

Come on, Larry!

Larry reluctantly monkey-walks INTO VIEW. He looks in the window and reacts with shock.

LARRY

(frightened)

Am I going to go nuts from watching  
my dad do that to my mom?

Donald looks over at Larry, then looks back in the window. Then back at Larry.

DONALD

I don't think so.

Larry is relieved. He sighs. Donald looks back in the window.

DONALD

(continuing)

That's not your dad.

Larry shrieks and loses his grip on the gutter. He falls OUT OF FRAME. CRASH!

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Donald and Larry are in Larry's older sister, Sharon's, room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Donald opens her dresser drawer and takes out one of her bras.

LARRY

(nervous)

I've seen my sister's underwear.  
She's going to know if one's missing!

Donald reaches into his shirt and takes out one of his mother's large, white bras and puts it in the drawer, replacing the one he's stolen.

LARRY

(continuing)

Where'd you get that?

DONALD

It's my mom's. But they're all the same.

SHARON (O.S.)

Mother!

Donald and Larry bang into each other in their haste to find a hiding place. They dash into the closet.

Larry's sister, SHARON, another redhead, sixteen and sweet, walks in and closes the door. She has a towel around her middle and one around her head.

INT. CLOSET

Donald is watching the whole show, crammed into the closet with Larry. He is peeking out through the keyhole.

DONALD

(whispers)

Larry? Wanna look? She's naked.

Larry covers his face and shakes his head, no.

INT. BEDROOM

Sharon has put on the big bra Donald replaced her stolen bra with. Something's not right. The cups are ten times too big. She looks in her mirror and hefts the cups. How did this happen? Her curiosity is piqued, she imagines what it would be like to actually have breasts that big. She models the bra, admiring her giant bust. O.S. her mother calls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOTHER (O.S.)

Sharon!

Sharon panics. She tries to unhook the bra, she can't get it.

Sharon swings open the closet door. She's face-to-face with Donald.

DONALD

Hi!

Sharon is horrified. The bedroom door swings open. It's her MOTHER.

MOTHER

I've got your pads, honey.

Sharon shrieks.

INT. DONALD'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Helen is sitting at the kitchen table, distraught, clutching her white bra. Fred walks in and tosses Sharon's bra on the table. Helen whimpers.

HELEN

He did steal Sharon's bra, then.

FRED

Yep. Caught him looking at it under his microscope.

HELEN

Did you talk to him?

FRED

I chewed him out but good! Imagine that little devil letting the whole neighborhood onto your bra size!

HELEN

(irritated)

Did you tell him about... it?

FRED

You want him punished or informed?

HELEN

I'm just terrified he's going to grow up twisted and perverted. It happens, you know. Even in nice families.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Helen whimpers and rests her weary head in her hands.  
Fred picks up Sharon's bra and looks at it.

HELEN

(continuing)

I know it seems wrong, but what  
if we told Donald the truth?

As she thinks to herself, Helen toys with her bra.  
Fred toys with Sharon's bra. Helen examines the cups.  
Fred examines Sharon's cups.

FRED

(to himself, ECHO)

Gee, this is a pretty little thing...

HELEN

A child's natural curiosity is going  
to lead him to unhealthy answers  
if we don't provide the truth.

FRED

(ECHO)

So soft, so smooth, so cute...

HELEN

Maybe if we create an atmosphere  
in which Donald would be comfortable  
asking questions.

FRED

(to himself, ECHO)

I'd like to see the little fellas  
that live in here...

HELEN

(firm, to Fred)

Fred, we have to stop dodging  
Donald's questions. It's up to  
us to encourage him to seek the  
truth about... you know what.

Helen clutches her bra to her cheek. Fred lifts  
Sharon's bra to his face. Helen sighs deeply. Fred  
inhales deeply.

HELEN

(continuing)

Let's urge him to ask questions.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

A festive family gathering.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A Norman Rockwell Thanksgiving. The family is all together at the dining room table. Grandparents, aunts, uncles, Donald, Helen, Fred and the PASTOR, an elderly gent with white hair and collar. He is explaining to Donald the meaning of Thanksgiving.

PASTOR

And so, together with the Indians,  
the pilgrims gave thanks to the  
Lord for the bounty of His earth.

(smiles)

Do you have any questions?

DONALD

What's fellatio.

Mayhem! Helen screams and drops the turkey. The china platter SMASHES. Grandmother yelps. Aunts cover their ears. The Pastor clutches his heart and faints into his salad. Fred snatches Donald by the ear and rushes him out of the room.

FRED

Get up to your room!

Donald is startled by the reaction to what he thought was a legitimate question. He rubs his ear and sulks.

HELEN

(to Fred)

You wouldn't talk to him and now  
our Thanksgiving's ruined. You  
better get up there and explain a  
few things.

FRED

Why don't you go up there and  
tell him what fellatio is.

HELEN

In the first place, you're his  
father and in the second place,  
I'm not really sure what fellatio  
is!

Fred glares at her, turns on his heels and heads upstairs.

INT. DONALD'S ROOM

Donald is on the bed looking at his copy of Action Stud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

When Fred KNOCKS, Donald impulsively hurls the magazine into his closet and crosses his hands innocently in his lap. Fred walks in and sits down on the bed beside Donald.

FRED

Son, I was a guy your age when I was younger so I know what's on your mind. You're wondering what sex is all about.

DONALD

I know what sex is, Dad. I was wondering what a blowjob is.

FRED

Donald! That is something dirty and low and way too expensive for a guy your age. Don't even think about it because you don't get enough of them in your lifetime to bother with. Okay?

He tussles Donald's head.

FRED

(continuing)

Anything else on your mind?

DONALD

What's a muff job?

Fred cups his hand to his mouth.

FRED

(yells)

Helen!

(to Donald)

Better check that one with Mom. And listen, let's forget about this dirty stuff.

EXT. SKID ROW STREET - AFTERNOON

Helen marches Donald down the street. He's in a Boy Scout uniform.

HELEN

Your father almost had a heart attack when your camp counselor called and told us what you boys were doing in the wigwam!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

I wasn't the only one doing it.

HELEN

That doesn't make it right!

DONALD

But they said that if I left, I'd wreck the circle.

HELEN

Well, if you don't have enough sense to leave a circle like that, you're a jerk!

Helen yanks him ahead.

EXT. ALLEY

A blind DERELICT is lying against the wall of a gutted building. He is a horrifying sight -- unshaven, dirty, tattered clothes, one shoe off, zipper open, sunglasses, bloody lip. He is twitching and foaming at the mouth.

HELEN

Will you tell my son what playing with your you-know-what did to you?

The man points to his sunglasses.

DERELICT

Blind! Can't see nothin'! Blind!  
I am blind! A world of darkness  
and despair. Blind!

HELEN

Thank you very much.

She puts her arm around Donald and leads the terror-struck boy back to the car.

HELEN

(continuing)

Let that be a lesson to you.

INT. O'BRIEN HOUSE - LATER

Helen comes in the front door and sets down her purse.

HELEN

Fred?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

(to Donald)

I'm sorry my dad threw you in the bushes.

DONALD

That's okay.

LINDA

He didn't mean to call you a jungle bunny, either. He's just a little nervous about me growing up.

DONALD

Your mom's real nice, except for what she said about touching you.

LINDA

She wouldn't really break your thumbs.

DONALD

Would you mind if I touched you?

Linda holds up their intertwined hands.

LINDA

You are touching me, silly.

DONALD

I mean your...

Hillary sticks her hands in Linda's face.

HILLARY

Next to the last one!

Larry pulls Donald aside.

LARRY

(whispers)

This is what we've been waiting for! Raw sex.

DONALD

Maybe if we're lucky we'll get to feel a little bra.

Linda reaches in and takes out a strip. She opens it and reads with dread. Hillary reads the last strip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HILLARY

Cool! I get Donald!

Donald's eyes bulge. He shoots a look at Linda. She's as upset as he.

DONALD

There must be some mis...

Hillary pulls Donald up by the arm and leads him across the basement to the laundry room. Linda looks over at Larry and smiles sheepishly. He smirks and sets the popcorn bowl aside. He wiggles his eyebrows, rubs his hands clean of the salt and popcorn. He wipes his lips on his sleeve and runs his tongue over his front teeth.

LARRY

Hot dog!

The lights go out.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM

Hillary closes the door and presses Donald against the wall.

DONALD

(voice cracks)

Don't, Hillary! You're too tall for me!

HILLARY

Don't worry, I'll do everything. Just give me your face for a second.

DONALD

My face belongs to Linda! No! No!  
You have potato chips in your braces!!

Hillary closes her eyes, sticks out her tongue and moves in on Donald. He rears back tight against the wall as the tongue zeroes in. His lips are white from clamping them together. He closes his eyes, it's too horrible to witness. At the last minute, he jerks his head to the side and avoids the kiss.

INT. HOLLOWAYS' KITCHEN - LATER

MR. HOLLOWAY looks up from his newspaper. MRS. HOLLOWAY looks up from her needlepointing. We hear the SOUNDS OF A RECORD SKIPPING. Mr. Holloway gives Mrs. Holloway a suspicious look. Mrs. Holloway puts down her needlepoint and heads for the basement.

INT. REC ROOM - LATER

It's dark. The RECORD'S SKIPPING. Everyone's too busy making-out to notice. Suddenly the lights go on.

MRS. HOLLOWAY (O.S.)  
(from the landing)  
Holy Jesus! They're petting in  
our rec room!

There is a sudden commotion in the basement as the teens react to being discovered.

QUICK CUTS

- A) A boy and a girl pop up from behind the couch. Her hair is in her face. He has somehow ended with her hairband in his hair.
- B) A girl jumps up and a shower of popcorn falls out of her untucked blouse.
- C) A boy looks up from a girl he has pinned to a chair. ✓  
He has a mouthful of tissue.
- D) Two fat kids look up from a card table with mouths packed with refreshments, having chosen to eat instead of make-out.
- E) A girl is behind a wing chair fumbling with her clothes. She steps out from behind and smiles sweetly, unaware that she's put her bra on over her blouse.
- F) A boy is pouring a fifth of vodka into the party punch. When he sees Mrs. Holloway, he drops the bottle into the punch bowl and points to the innocent guy next to him.
- G) Three boys dash for the bathroom. They whip open the door to hide inside and find the bathroom already filled to capacity with kids hiding from the parents.
- H) Two teens have locked braces and are making painful circles in the center of the room.
- I) Larry has his hand caught in Linda's bra. She's biting his arm.

Donald and Hillary run out of the laundry room. Donald wipes his mouth and spits. Hillary sees her parents storming down the stairs and runs back into the laundry room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Donald spots Larry and Linda. Larry waves to him out of the top of Linda's bra.

DONALD

(enraged)

My best friend!

LARRY

I'm sorry! It's no big deal! It was an accident!

DONALD

Get your hands off the girl I like... pretty much!

Donald lunges at Larry. Like a game of whiplash, Linda is flung across the room. Her bra rips. Donald draws back to belt Larry. Mrs. Holloway intervenes and catches the punch. She goes down. Larry breaks for the stairs.

LARRY

What was I supposed to do? She wouldn't kiss me!

Donald runs after him. He smashes through the two teens with the locked braces, separating them with a TWANG!

MR. HOLLOWAY

Hillary! You're grounded from now until menopause!

Mr. Holloway helps his dazed wife to her feet.

MRS. HOLLOWAY

Frank? We better call the parents and tell them that sex has reared its ugly head.

INT. LINDA'S BEDROOM

Linda is in bed, listening to the RADIO. The only light is from a wall socket night light. The door opens and Eleanor peeks in.

ELEANOR

Linda, sweetheart? Are you awake?

LINDA

Uh huh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Linda sits up as Eleanor closes the door softly and sits down on the bed beside her.

ELEANOR

I just spoke with Mrs. Holloway  
and she told me what went on at  
the party tonight.

LINDA

(shamefully)

I'm sorry...

ELEANOR

Thank God you got out of it unharmed.  
You were lucky. Very lucky.

(solemnly)

I guess it's time we talk about the  
facts of life.

She looks down at Linda, light from the streetlight  
outside, casts an eerie cold light on her face.

ELEANOR

(continuing)

You've reached the most dangerous  
period of your life. Your body  
has undergone its strange  
transformation and has left you...  
fertile!

Linda's eyes open wide in fear. Outside, the WIND  
STIRS. The bedroom curtains flutter.

ELEANOR

(continuing)

Your body yearns for the seed that  
will bear horrible fruit in your  
bowel. Your mind will be tested.  
You must resist the temptation to  
commit the act!

Linda rears back in horror. A branch SCRATCHES on the  
window pane.

ELEANOR

(continuing)

He will kiss you, promise you love,  
his hands will explore your most  
private secrets and then!

Linda gasps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eleanor pauses for dramatic effect, to let the tension build and then she delivers the brutal conclusion to the ghost story.

ELEANOR

(continuing)

He will split you like a tomato!

A wicked triple flash of lightning and an ear-shattering CLAP OF THUNDER drives the message home. Linda screams and covers her face with her hands. The silver light strobes on her face, the WIND HOWLS in the window.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

The storm breaks. Rain pours down. The THUNDER ECHOES in the distance. We PAN AROUND TO Donald's house across the street and hear his voice, singing a cappella.

DONALD (V.O.)

(softly and in a  
terrible voice)

A love like yours  
Could never di-ie  
As long as I  
Have you near me.

INT. DONALD'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Donald is sitting in the window watching the rain run down the glass, wallowing in the pain of young love. He continues singing the Beatles' "And I Love Her."

DONALD

(pained sigh)

Bright are the stars that shine  
Dark is the sky-y  
I know this love of mine  
Will never di-ie  
And I love her.

Unbeknownst to Donald, Fred has entered the room and is standing behind him.

FRED

You ought to sing that to your  
Mom once in a while.

Donald is horrified that his father has eavesdropped on this most personal meditation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRED

(continuing)

She'd appreciate it. Especially after Mrs. Holloway called and told us what went on at the party.

Donald is embarrassed enough to kill himself.

FRED

(continuing)

We understand you caused quite a ruckus and used swear words in the Holloways' home.

DONALD

They weren't the real bad swear words, Dad. I was mad at Larry. He...

FRED

(cuts him off)

And...

(pause)

Apparently you... you exchanged kisses with Hillary. In the dark. Behind closed doors.

DONALD

Dad. She made me. It was her party and she got my name and I had to...

FRED

(cuts him off)

I want you to consider something. That's the same mouth you use to kiss Mom with. Think about it.

Donald fidgets. He's never been more uncomfortable in his life.

FRED

(continuing)

You keep up that kind of big shot malarky and we're going to have the elves dropping by in their jet planes with newborn babies.

He rubs Donald's shoulder, a gesture of peace.

FRED

(continuing)

Let's get back on the right track. Okay?

He smiles and walks to the door. Donald leans against the window.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY (1971)

A large, new suburban high school, lots of Corvairs.  
NEW SONG COMES UP. The Horner High sign has been vandalized to read: Horney High.

INT. BOYS' HEALTH CLASS - MORNING

Boys' health class, taught by a skinny, bald, male TEACHER. The kind of guy who still lives with his mother. He tries to gain control of the rowdy class.

TEACHER

(meekly)

Um, boys? Boys? Eyes front, please.

The class pays him no mind. They laugh, talk, joke.

TEACHER

(continuing)

Boys!

(shouts)

The female body!

The class falls instantly silent. All the desks turn at once to the front, in neat orderly rows. You can hear a pin drop.

TEACHER

(continuing)

Thank you. The female body differs significantly from the male body in three important ways...

He reaches up behind him and pulls down an anatomy chart. The class roars with laughter. The diagram of the female body sports a large patch of hair, affixed to the crotch by a class prankster. The Teacher, annoyed by the laughter, looks behind to the chart. He does an exaggerated take and slaps his bald head. The patch of hair is his toupee.

INT. GIRLS' HEALTH CLASS - AFTERNOON

The girls are getting their anatomy lesson. The manly woman TEACHER is at the head of the class with a huge pair of men's undershorts over her arm. She uses a pointer to refer to slides of grotesquely hairy adult men. We never see the slides, only the girls' reaction to them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEACHER

Note the contrast between your  
body and the average male body.

A slide comes up. The girls gag and gasp.

Linda isn't watching the slide show, she's reading a  
note from Donald. She covers it carefully with her  
hand, studies it and writes a response. The note reads:

"When can we do it?  
Donald."

Her response:

"WHEN WE GET MARRIED!"

Linda refolds the note for its return to Donald. She  
turns her attention to the class.

TEACHER

(continuing)

This cylindrical extremity at the  
junction of the legs is the number  
one cause of pregnancy and personal  
disease.

She clicks her slide clicker, the slides change with a  
flicker. The girls scream and cover their faces. The  
BELL RINGS, the lights go on. The shaken young women  
gather their books.

TEACHER

(continuing)

Tuesday we will discuss how women  
use this extremity to get home  
furnishings, credit cards and  
clothing.

EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE - NIGHT

A sedan cruises up the rows of parked cars. A powerful  
searchlight flashes out the passenger window into the  
parked cars. Patrons protest as they are disturbed.

INT. SEDAN

Linda's father, Gene, is driving. Her mother, Eleanor,  
is shining the searchlight in the cars.

ELEANOR

You don't think we're being over-  
protective of Linda, do you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENE

(angry)

You know what goes on at the drive-in movies. I took you to quite a few, remember?

ELEANOR

You don't think Donald'll spill his popcorn in his lap and make her be a pigeon do you?

INT. DONALD'S CAR

Donald is angry and frustrated, sitting behind the wheel of his dad's car.

DONALD

Give me one good reason why not!

LINDA (O.S.)

Because!

DONALD

That's not a reason! A reason is ... you think I'm using you.

LINDA (O.S.)

I do!

DONALD

Or, you're afraid of what your parents would think.

LINDA (O.S.)

I am!

DONALD

Or, you don't want a bad reputation...

LINDA (O.S.)

I don't!

DONALD

So, give me a reason!

LINDA (O.S.)

I did!

Donald shakes his head and strokes his forehead. He makes up his mind to play tough. He turns around in his seat. We see that Linda is sitting by herself in the back seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

Get up here and put out or we're through!

LINDA

(furious)

Donald O'Brien! You don't want a girlfriend! You want a slut!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GIRL'S BATHROOM - CLOSE - AMARETTO  
STILLETTO - AFTERNOON

The class slut, sky-high beehive, pink lipstick, a ton of makeup. Pink cashmere sweater, black shirt and skirt. She looks out the door and smiles.

AMARETTO

You rang?

Donald is at the door, nervous, obviously terrified at this very serious piece of ass.

DONALD

Can I have a word with you?

Amaretto looks him up and down, her tongue planted in her cheek as she decides whether or not she wants to talk to him.

AMARETTO

What word?

Donald clears his throat.

DONALD

I've heard... it may just be a rumor but...

Amaretto sighs, she knows what's on his mind.

AMARETTO

Yeah, I know all about it. Just 'cause I know how to dress...  
(adjust her beehive)  
... everybody thinks I'm easy.

DONALD

(sincere surprise)

You're not?

Amaretto shakes her head, no. She smiles warmly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMARETTO

Afraid not. But it's an honest mistake. Ciao.

She wiggles her little finger goodbye and closes the door. Donald turns away from the closed door and sighs. Struck out again. Behind him the door opens a crack. Amaretto looks out.

AMARETTO

(continuing)

Easy's the wrong word.

Donald turns around, startled by the unexpected voice behind him.

DONALD

Huh?

AMARETTO

I'm not necessarily easy. In fact I can be pretty hard. But the difference is...

She looks up and down the hall.

AMARETTO

(continuing;

lowers her voice)

... I'm not a tease. If I think a guy is really sincere... well, you know the rumor.

Donald smiles from ear to ear.

AMARETTO

(continuing)

So, listen, my parents are going to visit my aunt on Friday. I'm going bowling but I'll be home at ten. You know where I live?

Donald looks past her to the girl's room door and her address carved in the wood.

DONALD

(without hesitation)

1102 Briarwood Lane.

AMARETTO

Well, if you're not doing anything and you feel like getting sincere...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She smiles a cute, sexy smile and raises an eyebrow. She goes back in the john. Donald is bursting with excitement. He sees Larry down the hall and calls to him.

DONALD

Larry! Guess what!

The girl's room door opens again and Amaretto looks out.

AMARETTO

But don't go advertising it all over school. That's how rumors start.

EXT. ALL-NIGHT DRUGSTORE - NIGHT

Larry's father's car pulls up to the drugstore. Donald and Larry get out.

LARRY

Why can't I wait in the car? I don't want to buy a rubber.

DONALD

I'd go in with you if you needed one.

LARRY

But, Donald! My mother shops here.

INT. DRUGSTORE

Larry and Donald smile at a checkout girl. She's a college coed, a couple years older and very threatening to boys their age.

Along the way back to the pharmacy counter, they pass more girls -- shoppers, cosmetic counter cuties, housewives. The place is loaded with cute girls and women.

LARRY

(under his breath)

You know, there's a gas station up on Route 41 that has a machine.

DONALD

I know but it's for truck drivers, they won't have my size.

INT. DRUGSTORE - BACK COUNTER

An elderly gent in a white coat wearing a hearing aid is working the counter. Donald does the talking, Larry acts as lookout.

CONTINUED:

DONALD

(soft voice)

Excuse me? We'd like some... rubbers.

CLERK

Rulers are over in stationery.

Donald clears his throat. This is trouble.

DONALD

No, sir. Rubbers.

(looks around to see  
if he was heard)

You know, rubbers. To prevent  
disease.

The old CLERK catches on.

CLERK

(loud voice)

Oh! Condoms!

The cute coeds glance over. Larry and Donald wave  
their arms for him to shut up.

DONALD

That's right. We'd like two  
six-inchers.

LARRY

(adds nervously)

To go.

The Clerk reaches up and grabs a store PA microphone.

CLERK

Katy? Where are the rubbers? I  
got a couple fellas back here need  
two six-inchers.

His voice booms throughout the store. Donald and Larry  
gasp in horror. The ultimate embarrassment. They  
flee.

KATY'S VOICE

Rulers are in stationery, Bert.

Her voice booms across the store.

Donald and Larry race through the giant drug store.  
Down aisles, across aisles, skidding around displays,  
lost in the millions of discount items.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERT'S VOICE  
No! Condom! Rubbers! For your  
thing!

They reach the front of the store and are stopped by a one-way turnstyle. They're on the wrong side.

KATY'S VOICE  
Who's thing?

The only route out is through the check-out line. Unfortunately, all the cute coeds they passed on the way in are waiting in line with their purchases.

BERT'S VOICE  
For Pete's sake! Haven't you ever  
gone to bed with anybody?

Donald and Larry are forced to push through the girls in the line. The girls giggle and whisper as Larry and Donald move through them.

KATY'S VOICE  
Bert? Go to hell.

BERT'S VOICE  
Up yours!

Donald and Larry break through the line and dash out of the store. The girls let out a huge roar of laughter.

INT. AMARETTO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gum wrapper chains everywhere, photos of Corvettes, The Rolling Stones, stuffed animals, remembrances of past dates.

Donald and Amaretto are sitting on the bed. Donald's a ball of nerves. Amaretto is cool and comfortable.

AMARETTO  
Nervous?

DONALD  
Me? No, no. I'm just... sincere.  
My sincere is alot like other  
people's nervous.

AMARETTO  
What about Linda?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD  
(misunderstands)  
Why would she be nervous?

AMARETTO  
I mean aren't you two 'Most  
Sweetest Couple' or something?

DONALD  
Were. She's not really my type  
anymore.

AMARETTO  
She won't put out?

DONALD  
Oh, sure. Sure, she puts out.

AMARETTO  
Then how come you're here?

DONALD  
(nervous chuckle)  
How come I'm here?

Amaretto stands up and peels off her sweater. Donald's  
eyes bulge.

AMARETTO  
I'm not dumb. Guys like you that  
wear loafers and play sports don't  
come over to my house to pin me,  
you know.

She drops the sweater on his head. He whips it off,  
not wanting to miss a moment.

AMARETTO  
(continuing)  
I don't wear kilts and I'm not a  
cheerleader. But that's okay because  
I know the Secret. Do you know  
the Secret?

She reaches around behind her back to unfasten her bra.  
Donald instinctively leans forward.

DONALD  
Are you going to show me?

Amaretto drops her arms and shakes her head at his  
stupidity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMARETTO

No, dimbulb. The Secret, for your information, is if they don't get p.g. girls can like s-e-x, too.

DONALD

Is that possible?

AMARETTO

It's not only possible, it's true. Part two of the Secret is for guys. And that is, don't ever go with a girl who doesn't know part one 'cause you'll never get to part three.

DONALD

What's part three?

AMARETTO

You'll find out...

She reaches over and turns off the light.

DONALD

Um... first I have to... I'll be right back.

He opens the door.

DONALD

(continuing)

You're sure your parents are gone till Sunday?

AMARETTO

Don't sweat it.

He smiles with relief and exits. Amaretto unhooks her bra, but doesn't let it fall.

AMARETTO

(continuing)

I think they're gone till Sunday.

INT. BATHROOM

Donald stands before the mirror checking himself. He breaks into song as he reaches into his pocket for the prophylactic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

When I'm riding in my car,  
And a man comes on the ra-dio...

He takes out the foil package. It's the size of a tobacco pouch.

DONALD

(continuing)

He's telling me 'mo' and 'mo'  
About some useless information,  
'Sposed to fire mah imagination...

INT. DARK BEDROOM

Two figures stir in the double bed. Donald's singing is coming through loud and clear.

DONALD (O.S.)

Ah can't get no!  
Satisfaction!  
Ah, no, no no!

Two heads pop up. Donald beats out the familiar drum break on the wall -- BANG! BOOM! BANG! BANG! BOOM! Pictures on the wall rattle. MR. STILLETTO, a stocky, muscular fireplug of a brute whips the covers back and sits up.

INT. BATHROOM

The song's over and Donald is examining a rubber big enough for a bull elephant. He holds it in two hands and looks at it.

DONALD

I should have gotten a medium.

He drapes the thing over the curtain rod and pulls off his shirt. He turns to the mirror.

DONALD

(continuing)

You're a man now. You know the  
Secret part one and part two and  
you're about to learn old number  
three!

(yelps with joy)

Yeeee-haa! We're not talking about  
regular old boy friend girl friend  
stuff here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD (CONT'D)

We're talking about the real thing.  
Sex. Sex with a girl who knows the  
Secret! Sex! I like the way it  
sounds.

He leans in toward the mirror and says the word, studying how it looks coming out of his mouth. It's an obsessive gesture from a guy who wants it bad.

DONALD

(continuing)

Sex...ssss.....eeeeeeex! Sex. I'm  
having sssssseeeex! Me and Amaretto  
are going have, sssssssssssss....

The door to the bathroom door flies open and Mr. Stilletto stands in the doorway with a sawed-off, lead-taped baseball bat in his hands. He's scarlet with rage. Donald turns his string of s's into a "sir".

DONALD

(continuing)

.....ssssssir! Whew!

He shakes his head and throws his arms in the air.

DONALD

(continuing)

This is something isn't it? Boy,  
this is just great.

He gathers up his clothes. Mr. Stilletto, expecting an entirely different reaction, is dumbfounded.

DONALD

(continuing)

I can't win, sir. Lord knows I  
try. Pardon me.

He steps around Mr. Stilletto and heads down the hallway.

DONALD

(continuing)

No matter what I do. How hard I  
study, how helpful I am to my  
parents and my community, I just  
can't have sex.

He heads down the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD  
(continuing)  
And, sir, at this point in my life,  
I'm not sure I'll ever have it.

He disappears down the stairs. Mr. Stilleto looks over the bannister.

DONALD (O.S.)  
(continuing)  
I don't blame you, sir. You're  
just doing what you have to. No,  
I blame fate.

O.S. we hear Donald open the front door.

DONALD (O.S.)  
(continuing)  
Give my regards to your daughter  
and have a pleasant weekend.

EXT. STILLETO'S FRONT PORCH

Donald lets himself out and sighs with relief. He waits a moment, realizes the beating he's just maneuvered his way out of and leaps off the porch and sprints across the lawn.

DONALD  
Yaaaaaaaaaaaaa...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The gym has been decorated for Prom. A large banner announces the theme -- CAMELOT IN ILLINOIS. Typical homemade art class decorations festoon the gym. Donald and Linda, King and Queen of Prom with cardboard crowns, lead a spotlight dance. The Association's "Cherish" plays over the P.A. Donald and Linda slow dance on the gym floor as the spotlight tries to follow them.

LINDA  
(dreamily)  
I'm glad we got back together in  
time for Prom. Isn't this just  
the most wonderful night of your  
life?

They dance out of the spotlight. After a beat, the spotlight finds them again.

DONALD  
(dreamily)  
It's going to get even better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Again they dance out of the spotlight and again it finds them.

LINDA

It couldn't get any better, Donald.  
This is Heaven already. How could  
it get any better?

The third time they dance out of the spotlight we hear Donald speak from darkness.

DONALD

I got a motel room for tonight.

When the spotlight finds them again, we see Donald kneeling over Linda. She's collapsed on the floor. He is patting her limp wrist.

EXT. HIGHWAY MOTEL - NIGHT

A cheap, chain motel. A sign welcomes prom couples --  
PROM NIGHT SPECIAL! 2 HRS. \$5!

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Donald is sitting on the bed alone. He loosens his tie and unbuttons his shirt. He's nervous.

DONALD

Linda? What are you doing?  
(to himself)  
We could get killed in a place  
like this.

LINDA (O.S.)

Just a minute! I'm... watering  
my corsage.

INT. BATHROOM

Linda is sitting on the edge of the tub. She's more nervous than Donald could ever be.

LINDA

If I get killed in a place like  
this, my parents'll shoot me!

DONALD (O.S.)

I don't really think you need to  
water a corsage, Linda. You just  
put it in the refrigerator when  
you get home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

He's getting mad, I know it.

(to Donald)

Donald? I'm all done watering  
my corsage. All I have to do  
now is...

She notices a window above the toilet. She steps up,  
pushes open the window. Her eyes are on the door and she  
doesn't see as she opens the window that across a two-foot  
easement is another bathroom window with another scared  
teenage GIRL acting on the same plan as Linda.

LINDA

(continuing; to Donald)

I just have to take off my mascara  
or it'll get all smudged and my  
parents'll know we were making out.

The Girl in the other window likes Linda's plan.

GIRL

That's a good one!

Linda turns with surprise to see the Girl. She closes  
the window and steps down off the toilet. She stands over  
the sink and looks into the mirror. It is a three-section  
mirror. A main mirror with two mirrored wings. She looks  
at herself and sighs.

LINDA

What am I going to do?

She is startled by the sudden, magical appearance of an  
image of herself dressed cheap and slutty in the right  
mirror.

SLUT LINDA

Why don't you whip off that fruity  
dress and quit being such a drag!

In the left mirror, an image of Linda in a choir gown  
appears as suddenly and as magically as the slutty image  
appeared.

SWEET LINDA

(appalled)

Oh, I'm sure! And then what?

A. She isn't married; B. She  
promised her mother she wouldn't  
do anything until she was married;  
C. She isn't a tramp; D. It hurts  
like all get out and E. She'll  
have a baby and/or a disease!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLUT LINDA

How long do you think Donald's going to put up with those stingy, closed mouth kisses of yours? All the way until you get married? Ha!

SWEET LINDA

If he loves you, he'll respect you. That is written in stone. It's true and inalienable.

(pause)

And another thing, don't forget how embarrassing it is to have a boy see you naked.

LINDA

But I love Donald and if I tell him no again he'll go berserk.

Slut Linda smiles.

SWEET LINDA

Hmm. It's getting pretty late. Let him take your bra off.

Slut Linda protests vehemently.

SLUT LINDA

No fair! He'll never figure out how to get it off in time! It'll take a half an hour to work the dress clasps!

Sweet Linda shrugs, tough titties. She smiles smugly at Linda.

LINDA

I hope he doesn't get mad. I really, really love him.

SWEET LINDA

That's what's most important.

SLUT LINDA

~~Not to an eighteen-year-old boy!~~

Linda takes a deep breath and exits. Slut Linda snarls at Sweet Linda.

SLUT LINDA

(continuing)

You piss me off!

SWEET LINDA

Well, at least I can sleep at night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLUT LINDA

Yeah? That's 'cause you don't  
have anything better to do!

Sweet Linda turns up her nose and looks away.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Donald and Larry are at the Senior Class beach party,  
sitting in the sand sipping beer. They've both graduated  
high school.

DONALD

Well, I went through all of high  
school successfully avoiding  
sexual intercourse.

LARRY

What about Prom Night?

DONALD

I lied. I couldn't even get her  
bra off.

LARRY

Cheer up, guy. It'll happen one  
of these days.

DONALD

Cheer up? Larry, even you got  
laid.

LARRY

(apologetic)

She was a friend of the family.  
She was drunk, clothed, face-down  
and asleep. That doesn't count.

Donald swigs his beer. He's angry and frustrated.

LARRY

(continuing)

Maybe if you explain to Linda how  
a guy feels when he can't get it.

DONALD

(defeated)

She'll just throw up again.

EXT. BONFIRE - SAME TIME

The class is gathered around a roaring beach fire singing  
the unofficial class loyalty song to the accompaniment of  
the Folk Music Club guitars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hands are held. It's a group farewell to high school.  
Linda looks around for Donald.

CLASS

(sings, serious)

This school is your school  
This school is my school  
From the dirty sweatsocks  
To the hallway padlocks  
This school was built  
For you and I!

LINDA

(to Hillary)

I'm going to go find Donald. He'd  
be disappointed if he missed all  
this fun.

EXT. WATER'S EDGE

Donald walks along the beach, sullen and lonely. He  
finishes his beer.

DONALD

She can't love me the way she  
says she loves me if she'll let  
me feel this bad.

Donald heaves the empty beer bottle into the lake. We  
hear a CLUNK! and a YELP! Donald turns to see Amaretto  
standing deep in the water, wearing her cap and gown and  
rubbing her head.

DONALD

Amaretto! I'm sorry!

AMARETTO

A couple inches lower and I'd have  
a nose like my old man!

DONALD

What are you doing in the water?

AMARETTO

I was waiting for someone. Not  
you, someone else but I don't  
think he's gonna show. That's  
life, huh? What are you doing all  
alone? Run out of wienies to roast?

DONALD

No, I... why are you waiting for  
someone in the lake?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMARETTO

Birth control.

Donald nods as he figures it out.

AMARETTO

(continuing)

You never came back after you met  
my old man. I don't blame you.  
I wouldn't either. But I kind of  
missed you.

Donald is thinking very seriously of going into the water.  
He lets the waves lap at his shoes. He's playing it cool.  
As he talks he wades unconsciously into the water, his  
hands in his pockets.

DONALD

Well, I missed you, too.

AMARETTO

Did you break up with Linda again?

DONALD

I think so.

AMARETTO

It's tough breaking up at the end  
of school and just before summer.  
You either get married or you  
don't ever see each other again.

Donald reaches Amaretto. He's waist deep in the water.

DONALD

How's the Secret goin'?

AMARETTO

Which part?

DONALD

(casual)  
I don't know...  
(sudden)  
... three?

AMARETTO

I said I'd tell you. And my old  
man can't swim so what are you  
waiting for? The Perfect Wave?

Amaretto smiles her cute, sexy smile, plugs her nose and  
submerges.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Donald looks furtively to the beach and then plugs his nose and submerges. A beat later he surfaces.

DONALD

My wallet!

He takes his wallet out of his backpocket and pitches it up on the beach.

EXT. BEACH - SAME TIME

Linda stands at the water's edge with her hands on his hips.

LINDA

He's missed the folk songs and  
the hot dogs. I'm not going to do  
the farewell cheer alone.

She looks down and sees his wallet. Donald and Amaretto surface for air. They laugh. Linda peers out across the moonlit water. Her mouth drops open. She sees Donald and Amaretto frolicking in the waves. Tears well up in her eyes. Her chin quivers as a choking lump rises in her throat.

LINDA

(continuing)

Donald O'Brien! I hate you!

The frolicking stops abruptly.

EXT. WATER - SAME TIME

Donald stands in the water, looking in to shore. He strokes his forehead. Caught!

DONALD

Oh, God!

(to Linda)

Linda! Hi! Guess what? I just  
saved Amaretto's life! She was  
drowning!

LINDA (O.S.)

Here's your ring!

Donald leaps to catch the ring, misses, slaps at the water in a desperate attempt to save it.

LINDA (O.S.)

(continuing)

And your sweater!

A sweater sails INTO FRAME and lands in the water.

EXT. SHORE - SAME TIME

Linda's crying, sobbing, mumbling. She fumbles with her purse, opens it and throws the rest of her memories into the lake.

LINDA

Your rabbit's foot, your picture,  
all your stupid poems!

She throws a wad of notebook pages.

LINDA

(continuing)

And everything else!

She heaves the purse into the water and runs up the beach.

EXT. WATER - SAME TIME

Donald and Amaretto stand surrounded by the debris of Donald's love affair.

DONALD

I blew it...

Amaretto looks at Donald sadly, feeling her responsibility for what's happened.

AMARETTO

I didn't mean to screw you up.

DONALD

It's not your fault, Amaretto.  
It's mine.

AMARETTO

If it isn't my old man, it's  
something else. Do you ever think  
that maybe two people just aren't  
ever supposed to make it?

Donald isn't listening. He's too busy watching Linda storm up the beach.

AMARETTO

(continuing)

I really like you. Even if you  
dress like a nerd and drive your  
Dad's car.

Donald turns to Amaretto.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

Amaretto, I appreciate this. I really do.

AMARETTO

We didn't do anything.

DONALD

But you would have and that's what counts. But right now all I can think about is Linda. I hope I'm not hurting your feelings or making you feel cheap.

Amaretto shakes her head no.

AMARETTO

Just do me a favor and remember part two. Don't fall in love with a girl who doesn't know part one. And if you have any more trouble with part three, give me a call. It's the best.

DONALD

I'll remember that.

He starts to wade in to shore.

AMARETTO

It's not fellatio.

Donald stops and turns.

DONALD

Huh?

AMARETTO

Part three, it's not fellatio.

DONALD

What is it?

AMARETTO

(that cute, sexy smile)  
It's a secret.

She waves her little finger, plugs her nose and submerges.

Donald stares at the ripples in the water.

DONALD

This is going to drive me crazy...

EXT. BEACH - SAME TIME

Linda stomps up the beach in a rage. She stops at the bonfire and taps Larry on the shoulder. He turns around.

LARRY

Find Donald?

LINDA

Yep. When you see him, give him a message for me.

She grabs Larry by the shoulders and knees him in the groin.

EXT. WATER - SAME TIME

Donald charges out of the water and runs up the beach to the fire. Larry is resting his hands on his knees, taking deep breaths.

DONALD

Have you seen Linda?

Larry nods, yes.

DONALD

(continuing)

Where is she?

Larry shrugs.

DONALD

(continuing)

Did she talk to you?

Larry nods, yes.

DONALD

(continuing; irritated)

Well, come on! What did she say?

Larry straightens up and takes Donald's shoulders. He knees him in the groin. Donald doubles over. He coughs a few times and straightens up.

DONALD

(continuing; breathless)

Anything else?

Larry slaps him across the face. Donald shakes off the sting and puts an appreciative hand on Larry's shoulders.

DONALD

(continuing)

Anything else?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Larry shakes up his beer and sprays Donald in the face.

DONALD

(continuing; punchy)

Thanks, Lar.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

The party is breaking up. Couples, singles leave the fire and head up the beach to their cars. ENGINES START, headlights go on. The parking lot and beach rumbles with the REVVING ENGINES. TIRES SQUEAL, headlights criss-cross in confused, blinding patterns. Linda runs through the cars to Hillary's white Mustang convertible. It's packed with girls.

Donald limps into the parking lot and searches for Linda.

DONALD

Linda!

He spots Hillary's car and springs for it. Hillary sees him running after her and she stops.

LINDA

(to Hillary)

Keep going! I don't want to see him!

Donald catches up to the car.

DONALD

(breathless)

Linda... let me take you... home.  
I have to... talk to you. I'm  
sorry...

Linda shouts to Hillary.

LINDA

Go!

Hillary looks at Donald as if to apologize and she hits the gas. Donald jumps back as the car pulls away.

DONALD

(to himself)

Goddamn!

(yells)

I love you!

Linda looks back at Donald, her eyes black with mascara. Her girl friends offer consolation, arms around her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's the dissolution of the dream couple.

Donald stands in the road watching the Mustang taillights disappear in the darkness. CARS SCREECH around him and he's left all alone.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY (1974)

A large, midwestern campus. Red brick building, concrete bunkers, a massive state learning institution. A prominent sign that identifies the college has been vandalized with a spray-paint hyphen, so "HARDON COLLEGE" reads: "HARD-ON COLLEGE."

EXT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - SAME TIME

An old Victorian mansion in a comfortable state of decline sporting a large Greek banner identifying it as the Epsilon Alpha Theta (EAT) house. "I'M FREE," by the WHO COMES UP.

INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

The disciplinary council is meeting. The PRESIDENT of the fraternity is sitting behind a desk, facing the membership. He is wearing a suit and tie and is flanked by two sergeants at arms also in suit and tie holding pledge paddles across their chests.

PRESIDENT  
(looking up from  
his notes)

It has come to the attention of the Disciplinary Council that pledges O'Brien and Jurgens have not been laid yet and as such are causing irreparable damage to the image and opinion of this house. How do you plead?

We see Donald and Larry standing before the desk in their undershorts. The rest of the membership is sitting on folded chairs watching the proceedings.

DONALD  
Guilty, sir.

LARRY  
Not guilty. I got laid in high school, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT

Yeah, but she was a friend of the family. She was drunk, clothed, face-down and asleep. Sorry, that doesn't count.

(pause)

Gentlemen, this council recommends that you seek professional help in the matter. You'll need twenty bucks and a booster shot.

Donald grins. Larry frowns.

EXT. SLUM HOTEL - NIGHT

Donald and Larry stand outside a rundown hotel. A red light shines bright above the door. Larry is studying a small foil packet.

DONALD

This is what we've been waiting for all our lives.

LARRY

I wonder if this rubber is any good. Chuck said it was in the car when he bought it.

DONALD

(takes Larry by the shoulders)

Larry, do you realize that we're just moments away from sexual intercourse. The real thing?

Larry looks up apprehensively at the hotel.

LARRY

(uneasy smile)

Yeah. I hope we don't get killed.

They head up the rickety porch steps. Donald rings the bell.

DONALD

Behind this door is everything we've ever dreamed of.

A big, black MADAM in a red dress opens the door. Donald and Larry freeze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADAM

May I help you?

Donald and Larry look at each other with fear.

DONALD

We want... we...  
                     (points to  
                     Larry)  
 Him and me...

LARRY

We... him...  
                     (points to  
                     Donald)  
 And me...

MADAM

Y'all come to get laid?

DONALD

Ma'am, you read my mind.

The boys follow the Madam into the hotel lobby. It is smokey, scary, dark and sexy in a dirty, forbidden way. The motif is astrological screwing positions, red accent lighting, velvet paintings, incense sticks, matted red carpet and ten-year-old \$99.99 "Louis the 14th" discount furniture store couches and chairs. The Madam points to a set of plastic number cards like they have in delicatessens and returns to her station behind the hotel desk. Donald and Larry take numbers off the hook. Larry has number 447. He grimaces at the thought that 446 men have preceded him.

Larry and Donald sit down on a couch opposite three big black men. They are the scariest, adult blacks they've ever seen. One is seven feet tall with a black silk do-rag on his head, a soul patch on his lower lip, a ring on every finger, black poly-shirt unbuttoned to the abdomen displaying an array of gold symbols and charms around his neck. The second is a Bubba Smith who went to Jackson State prison instead of Michigan State University. Arms like ham shanks testing the strength of his psychedelic-pattern nylon shirt, metal hair picks adorning a giant natural, a gold post earring, huge, tan Florsheim casuals, and a black suit with white stitching. The third is small and wiry with a black beret, Rap Brown sunglasses, sleeveless black T-shirt and camouflage pants with jump boots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY  
(excitedly  
to the  
men)  
We're going to get our ashes  
hauled.

Donald nudges Larry to shut up. He adds qualifier to  
Larry's blunt remark.

DONALD  
(to the  
men)  
We're just men being men.

He smiles hoping he's broken the ice with the dangerous  
fellows across the room. They stare with the same cold,  
mean looks.

Out of nervousness, Donald stands and walks to the  
cigarette machine. As he is about to drop in the coins,  
the Madam stops him.

MADAM  
You gotta be twenty-one to buy  
cigarettes in this state.

A BUZZER SOUNDS. Donald and Larry jump. The Madam looks  
at them with a smile.

MADAM  
(continuing)  
You boys can go on up. First and  
and second doors on your left.

Donald and Larry look at each other. The moment has come.

INT. STAIRCASE

Donald and Larry head nervously up the stairs.

LARRY  
Are you scared?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

What's there to be scared of?

An unspecified wad of lingerie flies at them. They duck. The lingerie hits the wall behind them with a WHOP!

INT. BEDROOM

A plain-looking SPANISH WOMAN in her mid-twenties is officiously readying the room for the next patron.

DONALD

(quivering voice)

How do you do? My name is Donald O'Brien.

The Woman pays him no mind. She sucks the debris from the bed with a large industrial vacuum and goes into the bathroom. Donald starts to undress. He looks up at a menu-like card on the wall offering an array of sexual pleasures:

|                               |         |
|-------------------------------|---------|
| Hong Kong Monkey Squeeze..... | \$35.00 |
| Malaysian Drill Job.....      | \$50.00 |
| Old Tyme Muscle Hump.....     | \$60.00 |
| Chi-Town Ball Crusher.....    | \$55.00 |
| Canadian Weasel Whip.....     | \$75.00 |
| Lips and Nips.....            | \$10.00 |
| Shanghai Snorkle Probe.....   | \$ 8.00 |
| Feelies.....                  | FREE    |

NO SUBSTITUTIONS!

Donald stands in his underwear, shoes and socks. He is terrified. The Spanish Woman walks out of the bathroom. Donald puts his arms around her and embraces her.

DONALD

(continuing)

I've never done this before.

WOMAN

Don't do it to me. I'm just the maid.

INT. LARRY'S ROOM

Larry is in his underwear at the end of the bed. His HOOKER, an older white woman, takes off her robe, revealing herself in a push-up bra and sexy panties.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Larry tears open the foil package and takes out the rubber. It is hard and brittle from age and crumbles in his hand. Larry is horrified.

HOOKER

Don't worry about it.

She starts into the bathroom. Larry is relieved.

HOOKER

(continuing)

There's one in here. I'll wash it out.

Larry chokes.

INT. DONALD'S BEDROOM

He is under the sheets with a 35-year-old BLACK WOMAN. She's a tough veteran, all business. Donald is on top of her.

DONALD

(gentle)

My name is Donald.

He kisses her forehead. The Hooker gives him a look.

DONALD

(continuing)

I want you to let me know if for any reason I'm not pleasing you.

The Hooker can't believe him. He kisses her again and toys with her ear. She slaps his hand away.

DONALD

(continuing)

If you want, you can tell me what you like it terms of stimulation.

Time's wasting, the Hooker's getting impatient.

HOOKER

You gonna talk or you gonna hoogie!

DONALD

I just want to be up front with you. Let's make this a real good experience for both of us. And don't be shy. If I'm hurting you, let me know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOKER

Anything else?

DONALD

(nervous smile)

Um. What do I do?

INT. KITCHEN

A small, cozy kitchen in the home of Donald's business ad professor, DIANNE LAYTON. She is in her early thirties and very pretty. Donald is helping her unpack groceries.

DIANNE

It's very nice of you to help me home with the groceries, Donald.

DONALD

It's the least I could do for my favorite professor.

Dianne smiles as she stretches to put a box high up on top of a shelf. Donald studies her carefully, eyeing her waist that's exposed as her sweater rides up.

DIANNE

That's awfully nice of you to say.  
You're one of my favorite students.

She puts the box on the shelf and peels off her sweater. Her blouse is pulled up with the sweater and Donald gets a full view of her belly and a tantalizing portion of her bra. He's so captivated by the sight that the bag of oranges he's holding spills on the floor.

Dianne pulls the sweater off and laughs.

DIANNE

(continuing)

Clumsy?

She kneels with Donald to pick them up. Her blouse is unbuttoned to the limits of decency and provides Donald with an unavoidable panorama of chest and bosom. He can't control himself any longer. To her surprise, Donald takes her by the shoulders and stands her up. He's a man of experience now. He's going to give it to her straight.

DONALD

A woman's eyes are the windows of her soul. I'm looking through those windows right now and I see desire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dianne looks at him like he's crazy.

DONALD

(continuing)

I've been around the block, Dianne.  
I know what a woman wants and when  
she wants it.

Dianne frees herself from Donald's grip.

DIANNE

Not this time. You don't.

DONALD

I'm not just another one of your  
students. I'm experienced. I know  
what drives women.

DIANNE

Donald, if you want to help me with  
the groceries, fine. But as for  
what you think I want, I don't want  
it.

DONALD

Who's kidding who? I've watched you  
all semester. I've read your signals.  
You're a woman who lives for men.

The back door opens and a burly figure in a lumberjacket,  
knit hat and overalls walks in. Dianne smiles and offers  
a peck on the cheek. Donald stiffens with fear. His  
worldly manner disintegrates. The figure lumbers down a  
hall to a vestibule.

DONALD

(continuing; frightened  
whisper)

I-is that your husband?

Dianne looks down the hall then at Donald. She shakes her  
head. Donald sighs with relief.

DIANNE

Not in the classic sense anyway.  
But she may as well be.

The figure walks back into the kitchen, revealing herself to  
be a butch female. Donald backs to the door and lets himself  
out.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A large reception is underway to celebrate graduation. A manequin wearing a cap and gown adorns the lawn.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - FOYER - SAME TIME

The front doors open and Linda stands on the porch. She has blossomed into a stunning beauty. Hillary is beside her. She has shed her teenage weight. They walk into the house. A pledge takes their coats. Linda is nervous and apprehensive.

LINDA

Maybe we should leave. I'm not sure this is a very good idea.

Linda grabs her coat from the pledge. Hillary takes it from her and gives it back to the pledge.

HILLARY

Linda, all you've talked about for four years is Donald. We drove all the way down here so you could see him again. It was a good idea in the car and it's a good idea now.

Linda nods. She agrees but she's still uncomfortable.

HILLARY

(continuing)

And remember, if things work out, don't let on that you're still a dud.

Linda takes offense.

LINDA

I wish you'd stop saying that! Just because I have traditional values doesn't mean I'm a dud.

HILLARY

You don't go to bed with guys. Guys think you're a dud. And you are. No offense. That's just Linda. I'm not trying to make you feel bad. I'm just warning you.

LINDA

(worried)

Why? Do you think Donald's still overly...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HILLARY

He's a guy. Period. Let's go.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Donald is holding court for the pledges. They surround him listening to his every word.

DONALD

You have to learn how to mentally undress a woman. It's not enough to just wonder what she looks like but know. For example, the shape of her nose is going to determine roughly the shape of her bosoms.

The pledges are impressed.

DONALD

(continuing)

Her ethnic type will give you basic clues. If she's Nordic, she'll have high, firm buttocks, pink knockers and no brains. If her blouse is pulled between the buttons, you know she's got too much bosom. Now, let's take a specific individual and analyze her. Over there, by the door. The blonde.

The pledges eagerly turn their attention to the doorway.

THEIR POV

Linda is standing with her back to the room, talking to Hillary. She's still hesitant about going in and Hillary is trying to convince her.

DONALD

He begins his commentary on her body.

DONALD

That's as close to perfection as you'll get from the rear. Note the length of the legs. The hair appears to be natural blonde so it will follow that she is fair elsewhere. Before she turns around let me venture that she's got boobs about the size of grapefruit, blue eyes, high cheek bones...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Donald's mouth drops open in shock as Linda turns around.  
The PLEDGES are flabbergasted at his skill.

PLEDGE

He's right! Keep going!

DONALD

(to himself)

It's her.

LINDA

She sees Donald. A romantic flourish of VIOLINS comes up.

LINDA

It's him.

They smile at each other exactly as they did when they first saw each other ten years earlier only this time it's tooth enamel that sparkles instead of braces. He moves for Linda.

Donald and Linda walk toward each other, not breaking eye contact. They meet in the middle of the room, breathless with emotion. Their fingers intertwine and before a word is exchanged, they kiss.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - PATIO - LATER

Linda and Donald have stepped outside to enjoy their reunion in peace.

LINDA

(tears in her eyes)

Donald, can we start all over again?

DONALD

Of course.

LINDA

I don't want to get back together and just carry on as if nothing's changed because even though that's the way it seems, a lot has changed.

DONALD

You're saying everything I want to hear. Because if we start over that means that we say goodbye to the things that drove us apart and kept us apart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Linda puts a tender hand on Donald's knee.

LINDA

Sex.

DONALD

If you want to get specific.

LINDA

Can we be totally honest?

DONALD

We have to be.

LINDA

Are you still a horney, out of control sex machine?

Donald isn't going to offer a confession until she does.

DONALD

Are you still a prudish, upright dud?

They look at each other for a moment.

LINDA

Be honest.

DONALD

You, too.

Another long pause.

DONALD

(continuing)

I changed.

Linda smiles with relief.

LINDA

So did I.

They offer each other the same phoney smile and once again the tension and friction starts to build as the relationship is reconstructed upon a lie.

INT. DONALD'S BEDROOM, PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's Saturday night. Donald is getting ready to go out. Larry's sitting on the bed. Donald's in his shirt and tie and undershorts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

Well, tonight I get it. After all these years, finally, finally she's mine.

LARRY

What makes you think she's going to put out?

DONALD

She practically came out and said it. It's a cinch.

Donald slips on his pants. He takes a small can of household oil out of his desk drawer and squirts a drop on his zipper. He zips it up and down several times until it glides quick and smooth.

LARRY

You know as well as I do that when it comes to sex, there's no such thing as a cinch.

DONALD

Look, if she doesn't go on her own, if worse comes to worse...

LARRY

You'll marry her?

DONALD

Huh? Heck, no.

He slips a pint bottle of booze in his coat pocket.

DONALD

(continuing)

I'll get her drunk.

INT. LINDA'S BEDROOM - PARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Linda's sitting at her dressing table getting ready to go out. Hillary's sitting on the bed. Linda's in bra and skirt.

LINDA

Well, tonight I get it.

HILLARY

(excited)

You're going to do it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA  
(clicks her tongue)  
No!  
(smiles dreamily)  
I'm getting engaged.

HILLARY  
(gasps)  
Donald asked you to marry him?

Linda slips a second bra over the one she's already wearing. She secures it, tests it, and slips on a blouse.

LINDA  
He practically came out and said it. He's a cinch to ask me.

HILLARY  
Linda, you know as well as I do when it comes to marriage, there's no such thing as a cinch.

LINDA  
I know, but if he doesn't ask me on his own, if worse comes to worse...

HILLARY  
You'll go to bed with him?

LINDA  
Huh? Heck, no.

She opens her purse and puts a fifth in it.

LINDA  
(continuing)  
I'll get him drunk.

EXT. ROMANTIC OVERLOOK

Donald's car is parked at the edge of a scenic stop. He and Linda are sitting on the grass looking down on the lights of the city. They are both roaring drunk. They turn to each other, arms around each other's shoulders, take the last snorts off their near empty bottles and wipe their mouths on their sleeves.

DONALD  
(drunken slur)  
Lin... da?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA  
(suppresses  
a belch)  
Don... ald?

DONALD AND LINDA  
Let's get...

DONALD  
Naked!

LINDA  
Married!

They think for a moment. It doesn't make sense to their  
fuzzy minds.

LINDA  
(continuing)  
Why would we want to get naked?

DONALD  
It makes more sense to get naked  
than to get married.

LINDA  
Wa-- wait a minute. I'll make  
you a deal. We get married and  
I'll get naked.

DONALD  
No, no. First, you get naked  
and then I'll get married.

LINDA  
Better! We'll both get married  
and then we'll both get naked.

DONALD  
Why don't we both get naked.  
And we can live together.

LINDA  
Wait a minute. This is stupid.  
You aren't going to remember a  
thing in the morning. If we do it,  
it won't mean anything 'cause you  
won't remember it. It may as well  
not even happen.

DONALD  
(nods)  
You're right, you're right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Donald finishes off Linda's fifth.

DONALD

(continuing)

Just like if I asked you to  
marry me, huh?

LINDA

I'm not sure. Why don't you try  
it?

Linda finishes off Donald's pint. Donald clears his  
throat and takes her hand.

DONALD

W-will you marry me?

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - MORNING

INT. JEWELRY STORE

Donald and Linda are sitting at the counter looking at  
a selection of engagement rings. Donald's head is  
throbbing. He's bewildered.

DONALD

What did I say last night? I  
don't remember a thing.

She holds up her finger and the ring on it. The clerk  
approves. She shows it to Donald.

LINDA

Do you like this one?

DONALD

I proposed to you? Are you sure?

LINDA

It was beautiful, you should have  
been there.

She tries on another ring and shows it to the clerk.  
She approves once again.

DONALD

Did I talk to your parents? Did  
I ask your father for your hand?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

(annoyed)

I just took the most important step in your life. The least you can do is help me pick out our rings!

Donald nods, still baffled by the ghost proposal.

DONALD

Linda? - Before I proposed, did we...?

LINDA

I don't remember, Donald. But I do remember our saying we loved each other.

WEDDING BELLS COME UP.

INT. CHURCH

Donald and Linda are at the altar. Donald slips the ring on her finger. They are being wed by the Pastor we saw at Thanksgiving during Donald's childhood.

DONALD

(whispers)

You're sure you don't remember?

LINDA

(whispers)

What difference does it make?  
We'll do it tonight.

PASTOR

You may kiss the bride.  
(stern, to Donald)  
On the mouth.

Donald kisses Linda.

LINDA'S PARENTS

Gene is fuming, he's angry, he can't stand it. Eleanor wipes away a tear.

GENE

Look at that, he's chewing on her lips in the presence of the Lord.

ELEANOR

I think they're a lovely couple.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENE

I hope you warned her about VD.

ELEANOR

Gene, it's her wedding.

GENE

You want her to spend her honeymoon  
with her fanny in a bucket of  
penicillin like you did?

ELEANOR

Shhh!

DONALD'S PARENTS

Helen wipes away a tear. Fred winces as he watches  
Donald kiss Linda.

HELEN

Psst! Fred? Did you tell Donald  
the facts?

FRED

Honey, he's a grown man. What  
can I tell him?

HELEN

Oh, Fred!

FRED

(defensive)

Gee whiz, he'll figure it out.  
He's got two weeks of honeymoon.

HELEN

It took you a month!

FRED

Shhh!

They turn and watch as Donald and Linda walk down the  
aisle.

EXT. CHURCH

Donald and Linda come out of the church to a shower of  
rice. Larry and Hillary are best man and maid of  
honor. Flashbulbs pop. They wave.

LINDA

You've made me the happiest  
woman in the world!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

And you're going to make me the  
happiest man in the world!

They head for the waiting car through the shower of  
rice. A shoe bounces off Donald's head. We see Gene  
balancing on one foot trying to get his other shoe  
off. Donald opens the car door for Linda.

LINDA

(to the crowd)

Thank you, everybody! We'll see  
you in two weeks.

She gets into the car. The window rolls down and she  
calls out:

LINDA

(continuing)

We'll be at the Honolulu Hilton.  
The number's area code 213 555-5000.

The car pulls out.

LINDA

(continuing;

yells)

Call or drop by if you're in the  
area.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

A big, modern, convention hotel.

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - SAME TIME

Donald is nervously pacing the room. Linda is in the  
bathroom. Donald's in a robe. He's muttering to him-  
self:

DONALD

I shouldn't be this nervous. I  
shouldn't be nervous at all.  
She's supposed to be nervous. I'm  
supposed to be...

A troubling thought occurs to him.

DONALD

(continuing)

... What if she has a wildly  
exaggerated preconception of what  
I look like naked?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He thinks about it for a moment.

DONALD

(continuing)

Suppose her body is different from  
every other woman I've ever seen  
and I laugh? Or she laughs at me.  
Or...

(a particularly  
scary thought)

I never thought of this!

He stands and walks to the window. He turns to CAMERA.

DONALD

(continuing)

What if she doesn't do the good  
stuff?

INT. BATHROOM - CLOSE - MIRROR

Written in the steam on the mirror is "I LOVE DONALD."  
We hear Linda talking as we MOVE from the mirror to  
the sink.

LINDA (O.S.)

I'm married now. There's nothing  
wrong with it. I don't have to  
feel bad.

The sink is ringed with makeup kits and hair rollers.  
We MOVE from the sink to the floor to find Linda  
lying on her back on the floor. She smiles.

LINDA

(continuing)

I'm going to enjoy it. It's all  
everybody talks about and it's  
cheaper than drugs.

She sits up on her elbows.

LINDA

(continuing)

I'm ready! I waited twenty-two  
years!

(calls to Donald)

Donald! Are you ready for action?

INT. BEDROOM

Donald is standing in front of the mirror with his  
back to CAMERA and his robe open, inspecting himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He guiltily closes the robe and turns around.

The bathroom door opens. Linda stands in the doorway, in her nightie, backlit, the foggy shower mist swirling around her.

LINDA

This is it!

Bang! MUSIC UP. Sam Cooke's "Chain Gang." The MUSIC CONTINUES under a MONTAGE that covers the next two weeks during which Linda and Donald make continuous love.

- A) Donald's hand comes out of the door and hangs a "DO NOT DISTURB" sign on the doorknob.
- B) Donald and Linda locked in passionate embrace. The sun is coming up. The PHONE'S RINGING.
- C) A waiter leaves a room service cart outside the door.
- D) Donald and Linda in bed. It's night. The PHONE'S STILL RINGING.
- E) Donald's hand reaches out the door with another "DO NOT DISTURB" sign.
- F) The waiter drops off another cart and returns the untouched cart he left the day before.
- G) Donald kisses Linda. It's midday.
- H) A maid stops outside their door. She blows them off with a wave of her hand and continues down the hall, shaking her head.
- I) Donald adds another "DO NOT DISTURB" sign to the several already on the knob.
- J) Donald and Linda in bed. After a beat the PHONE RINGS again.
- K) The waiter brings another cart. He realizes the futility of it all and takes a hamburger off the tray, takes a bite and exits.

INT. LOBBY

The SONG ENDS and we see a DESK CLERK doing some paperwork. Donald and Linda limp into the lobby. The Clerk looks up with a smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DESK CLERK  
Checking out?

Donald nods.

DESK CLERK  
(continuing).  
Did you enjoy Hawaii?

LINDA  
It's lovely.

DONALD  
We had some luggage?

The Clerk points past Donald. A bellman is asleep on a couch with his feet on their untouched luggage.

The Clerk hands Donald the bill.

DESK CLERK  
There you are. I hope you come again.

Donald puts his arm in Linda's and they head across the lobby. Donald just smiles broadly and knowingly, squeezes Linda.

DONALD  
We will!

Linda leans on him for support.

EXT. CAPE COD HOUSE - DAY

A quaint little starter house. Donald and Linda's first home. Picket fence, flower boxes. Pleasant, friendly neighborhood.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Linda is unpacking boxes. They've just moved in. Hillary is over. She wants to know the inside on the honeymoon.

HILLARY  
Well? What happened? Two weeks in paradise. Sun, surf, palm trees. What did you do? Tell me!

LINDA  
We made love.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HILLARY

I know that. What else did you do?

LINDA

Hillary, that's all we did.

She sits down and sighs, recalling the ordeal. Hillary sits down next to Linda. She's concerned.

HILLARY

What's wrong?

LINDA

I waited 22 years. I thought about it, I wondered about it. And after 111½ times in ten days...

She looks at Hillary with a perplexed look.

LINDA

(continuing)

What's the big deal?

Hillary cocks her head. She doesn't understand at all.

HILLARY

You didn't like it? After 22 years?

LINDA

It was disappointing.

HILLARY

Maybe you guys did it wrong.

LINDA

111½ times? Wouldn't we get it right at least once in 111½ times?

HILLARY

What's the half?

LINDA

I fell asleep.

Hillary stands up and walks to the window.

HILLARY

How was it disappointing?

LINDA

It was just sort of nothing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA (CONT'D)

It wasn't terrible. It was just ... it was like having a person lying on top of you for an hour. I think the media's made it out to be...

HILLARY

Didn't you get shivers and tingles and surges of warmth? Didn't it feel like you were strapped to a rocket at blast-off?

Linda shakes her head, no.

HILLARY

(continuing)

Did you tell Donald how you feel?

LINDA

Of course not. I'm not going to discuss something that personal with him. I'm sorry I brought it up. It's really a minor problem. It's not even a problem.

HILLARY

If you don't think it's a problem now just wait. At 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  you aren't even broken in yet.

Linda turns around with a frightened look on her face.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Linda is curled up on the couch with a magazine.  
Donald calls from upstairs.

DONALD (O.S.)

Linda? Are you coming to bed?

The call is familiar and Linda mouths it. She knows all too well why he wants her to come to bed.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

Donald is in bed, hair combed, sitting expectantly in bed. Her response is familiar to him and he mouths it as she calls from downstairs.

LINDA (O.S.)

As soon as I walk the dog!

EXT. STREET - HOUSE - LATER

Linda is standing in the yard, looking up at the house, watching a single light burning in the upstairs bedroom. The dog is asleep on the lawn. The light goes off.

LINDA

(to the dog)

We can go in in just a minute,  
Mommy wants to make sure Daddy's  
asleep.

FEMALE VOICE

There has to be a better way of  
getting out of doing it!

Linda turns around to see her NEIGHBOR across the street with her dog asleep at the end of leash.

SECOND FEMALE VOICE

Wouldn't it be nice if there was  
an easy-to-fix side dish that made  
men impotent?

Linda looks around and sees women all up and down the block standing in their front yards with sleeping dogs on leashes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

It's Thanksgiving. Donald and Linda are entertaining their parents. Helen and Gene are in the living room chatting. Football's on the TV. Donald and Fred are in the b.g., in the dining room, mixing drinks.

HELEN

(looking around  
the room)

The kids have done a wonderful  
job with the house.

GENE

It's a sweet little house. Did you  
see the bed?

HELEN

Fred and I used to have a four-  
poster when we were first married.

Gene's eyes light up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENE

(kiddingly)

Just between you and me, Helen.  
Did Fred ever tie you to it?

(turns serious)

With your own nylons?

Helen smiles nervously.

HELEN

(quivering voice)

O-once.

FRED AND DONALD

They are engaged in a serious conversation.

FRED

Donald, Thanksgiving isn't really  
the time to talk about marital  
problems.

DONALD

When, Dad? After I have an  
affair?

Fred's eyes open wide in shock.

FRED

I oughta wash your mouth out  
with soap!

Fred sets down his drink, pulls out his handkerchief  
and mops his brow.

DONALD

Dad, our sex life stinks.

FRED

Everybody's does.

(aside)

Jesus, what a thing to be talking  
about on a holiday!

(continues)

If the good Lord had intended us  
to have great... sex... He wouldn't  
have made it so Goddamned hard.

(quickly corrects  
himself)

Difficult.

Fred picks up his drink, nervously tugs at his collar  
and winks at Donald.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRED

(continuing)

You're not unique. Why do you think 'Playboy' sells seven million copies a month, hmmm?

Fred exits into the living room, leaving Donald troubled and lost.

INT. KITCHEN

Linda and Eleanor are getting the Thanksgiving feast ready. Linda stirring the gravy on the stove. Eleanor is spooning the dressing out of the turkey. Linda is as troubled as Donald.

LINDA

Mom? Have you and Daddy ever had... marital problems?

Eleanor is consumed with the task of shoveling out the turkey.

ELEANOR

We're married, aren't we, dear?

LINDA

How did you deal with them?

ELEANOR

I let your father handle it.

(changes the  
subject)

You're going to need another bowl for all this dressing.

Linda is getting the kind of answers she wants. Linda gets to the heart of the matter.

LINDA

Mom, Donald and I have a sexual problem.

Eleanor isn't surprised or disturbed. She casually licks her thumb and rummages through a cupboard for a bowl.

LINDA

(continuing)

Mom? I said...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELEANOR  
I heard you. What is it? Too much?

LINDA  
(ashamed)  
Too little.

Eleanor finds her bowl and turns from the cupboard.

ELEANOR  
Touche! That isn't your problem.  
It's his. Let him solve it.

LINDA  
But it's me who doesn't like it.

ELEANOR  
Who does? It's like balancing  
your checkbook. No matter how much  
you don't like it, it's just  
something you have to do every  
month.

LINDA  
But what if Donald...

ELEANOR  
Gets so nutty he goes looking for  
another woman?

Linda nods, tears welling up in her eyes.

ELEANOR  
(continuing)  
They all come back when they've  
had their fill.

Eleanor lifts the turkey platter.

ELEANOR  
(continuing)  
Over the long haul, what it takes  
to be good in bed isn't as important  
as what it takes to be good in the  
kitchen.

She exits, leaving Linda as empty and confused as  
Donald's father left him.

ELEANOR (O.S.)  
(continuing)  
Dinner!

## INT. DONALD AND LINDA'S BEDROOM

Gene has tied one of Helen's wrists to the bedpost. They look up as they hear Eleanor calling them to dinner.

## INT. BATHROOM

Fred is leaning on the sink thumbing through a "Playboy." He closes the magazine quickly.

## INT. SECOND BEDROOM

Donald is standing in the window with a pair of binoculars looking at the house next door.

## BINOCULAR VIEW

An attractive YOUNG WOMAN is in her living room with family and guests, laughing gaily.

DISSOLVE TO:

## INT. HOUSE NEXT DOOR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's summer and the woman Donald was watching through his binoculars is hosting a party. Donald is engaged in a serious conversation with her. He is laying it on by the bucketful. And she's buying it.

DONALD

I earn my living in the business world, but in terms of where my soul is, I'd have to say it's as an artist. For example, I'm not afraid to cry.

LANNIE

(captivated)

A lot of men are. I know my husband is.

DONALD

I don't think it's a sin to be sensitive.

LANNIE

I've always wondered if people who are emotionally sensitive are extra-sensitive physically?

Linda approaches in the b.g.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

Gee, that's interesting. I know  
for myself that I'm ticklish as  
hell.

He chuckles. Lannie laughs. Linda steps up to them.  
She's suspicious of the conversation. Her suspicions  
are confirmed by Donald's obsequious introduction of  
her to Lannie.

DONALD

(continuing)

Lannie, this is my wife...

LINDA

Donald, Lannie's lived next door  
for over a year.

Donald laughs nervously.

DONALD

What the heck was I thinking  
about?

LINDA

I've got a fairly good idea.

LANNIE

(innocently)

Don was just telling me he's  
ticklish.

EXT. LANNIE'S HOUSE

Linda marches across the yards. Donald tags guiltily  
after her.

DONALD

Are you mad?

Linda doesn't answer.

DONALD

(continuing)

What did I do?

Linda doesn't answer.

DONALD

(continuing)

I had a conversation with a neighbor!  
Am I supposed to be unsociable?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His desperate explanation becomes incrimination.

DONALD

(continuing)

You act like I was doing something  
with Lan.

Linda stops at her porch and turns to face Donald. Like most men in a similar situation, he digs himself in deeper trying to dig himself out.

LINDA

Lan?

DONALD

Lan, Lannie, what's difference?  
Will you please tell me what  
you're mad about?

LINDA

Figure it out!

DONALD

I told somebody I was ticklish.  
Is that what's bugging you? Is  
that a secret or something?

LINDA

I've never run across the subject  
in casual conversation.

DONALD

She asked if emotionally sensitive  
people are physically sensitive.

LINDA

Oh! Uh, huh. Well that subject  
comes up an awful lot.

She goes in the house and slams the door.

INT. BEDROOM

A suitcase is opened on the bed. Linda takes an armful of socks and underwear and dumps them in the suitcase. She's crying. Donald appears in the door.

DONALD

Where do you think you're going?

LINDA

Nowhere!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

Then what's the suitcase for?

LINDA

You!

She goes into the bathroom and opens the medicine cabinet. She holds up a can of Right Guard and shakes it.

LINDA

(continuing)

You better stop at the drugstore and pick up some deodorant. There isn't enough in here for a lifetime.

She tosses the can from the bathroom into the suitcase.

DONALD

I demand to know what I did!

LINDA

I'm not listening.

She walks out of the bathroom with her hands full of toiletries.

DONALD

I chatted with another woman.

LINDA

I saw you looking down her bra!

DONALD

She wasn't wearing a bra!  
(realizes that's the  
wrong thing to say)  
A lot of small-busted women don't!

LINDA

You like 'em small, huh?

She goes into the closet and rummages through Donald's clothes.

DONALD

(taking the offensive)

You must be feeling awful guilty about our relationship, Linda.

Linda looks out of the closet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

Hey, I wasn't the one who kept his hands in his pocket to advertise his merchandise.

Donald's eyes bulge that she knew what he was doing. Linda walks out of the closet with Donald's binoculars.

LINDA

(continuing)

Does Lannie have a pair of these?

She drops them in the suitcase.

DONALD

I could understand all this if you'd caught Lan... Lannie and I in bed or something. But for God's sake...

Linda closes the suitcase, carries it to the window. She opens the window.

LINDA

I'm not going to wait for it to happen. I'm not going to be the fool. Goodbye, Donald.

She drops the suitcase out the window.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

Donald stands amidst his scattered clothes and split suitcase. He yells up to the window:

*don't make joke please*

DONALD

Hey, honey? You're right. It is going to happen. Do you know why it's going to happen? Because for a year there's been no sex in this house! I gave you from the eighth grade to get comfortable and...

He realizes she's standing in the doorway.

LINDA

Maybe if there'd been some love in this house!

DONALD

You just convinced me that this is the right thing to do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD (CONT'D)

For me and for you. I'll go and  
find someone who'll satisfy me  
without freaking out everytime.  
And you can find some compliant  
bozo who'll...

LINDA

Love me! For who I am and not for  
what I put out!

Donald is trembling with anger. He shakes his fist at her.

DONALD

You know what your problem is?

LINDA

I don't like sex.

She's taken the words out of his mouth.

DONALD

Y-y-you... don't like sex!

LINDA

And we certainly know what your  
problem is!

DONALD

I like sex!

LINDA

You don't like it, you worship it!

She slams the front door. Donald marches to the car.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET

The neighbor lady across the street is standing in her  
yard with her sleeping dog on a leash. She cups her hands  
to her mouth and yells across the street.

NEIGHBOR

That's telling him, Linda!

Donald's car pulls out of the drive. All up and down the  
block, the LADY DOG-WALKERS cheer Linda:

LADIES

Stand up for your rights! Put  
your foot down! On his neck!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Second-story lights go on all up and down the block and frustrated HUSBANDS open windows and hang out.

MEN (HUSBANDS)

'Atta boy, O'Brien! Give her hell!  
Dedicate a piece to me!

Donald's car disappears into the night, leaving his home and his marriage.

INT. HEALTH CLUB - AFTERNOON

Donald is in the locker room with a towel around his waist. He closes his locker and walks to the towel clerk's room.

DONALD

Sam?

The towel clerk is sitting on a stool reading the paper. He sets the paper down and walks to the half-door counter.

SAM

Yeah?

Donald flexes his bicep.

DONALD

What do you think? Is that an improvement or what?

Sam shrugs, it's not bad. Donald pats his belly.

SAM

You leaving your wife?

Donald is surprised that he knows.

SAM

(continuing)

First thing a guy does when he gets the itch is he works out.

DONALD

I'm already gone, Sam. I'm free. I'm going to do everything I ever dreamed of doing with every kind of woman I can find. It didn't work out with my wife. That's life.

SAM

Well, remember, you're more prone to disease now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

That goes with the territory. I think I could use a few rays. Is anybody in the sun room?

SAM

Not from this side.

He reaches under the counter and hands Donald a pair of eye-protection goggles.

SAM

(continuing)

Go easy in there. You'll fry yourself. And keep these things on to protect your eyes. You're going to want to see what you'll be shacking up with.

DONALD

Good point!

Donald slips on the goggles and walks blinded around a corner.

INT. LADIES' LOCKER ROOM

A slender young lady, GINA, takes a pair of goggles from the LADY TOWEL CLERK.

TOWEL CLERK

First thing all you gals do when your husbands step out on you is cook yourself under those lights.

Gina slips on the goggles.

GINA

Is anybody in there? I hate tan lines.

TOWEL CLERK

Not from this side.

Gina gropes her way around the corner.

INT. SUN ROOM

It is a small room 8x8 lit with intense artificial sun. There are two tables in the center of the room. Soft Muzak plays. There is a door from the men's locker room and a door from the ladies' locker room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The doors open at the very same time and Donald and Gina walk in and blindly feel their way to the bench, unaware of each other's presence. They lie down, head-to-head and O.S. remove their towels. They both sigh with delight at the same time, covering each other's voices. It's a blind ballet as they adjust their positions, cough simultaneously, stretch and enjoy the sun. Then they both speak, saying the same thing.

DONALD & GINA

Boy, am I horny!

They readjust their positions, still unaware of each other. Then it dawns on them. They both lift their heads off the tables and cock them with puzzlement. Still in perfect synch with each other, they lift their goggles and squint in the bright light. They both look up, then down and then face-to-face. They stare at each other for a beat and then simultaneously respond to each other's statement:

DONALD & GINA

How horny?

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM

Sam is picking up towels off the floor and bench. Donald waddles slowly around the corner. He is a brilliant shade of red everywhere but around his lips and his eyes. He's in excruciating pain. Sam just stares with an open mouth at him. He duck-walks across the locker room. As he passes we see two white handprints on his back.

DONALD

(through teeth  
gritted in pain)

Well, Sam, the fun's begun.

INT. SINGLES' BAR

Linda and Hillary are sitting at the bar. The place is crawling with GQ men, outrageously handsome studs.

LINDA

(painful admission)

I know what the problem is. I'm a dud. You said it a long time ago. I am. I'm a dud. I saved myself for my husband and by the time he got me, I was stale.

Linda sips her wine. Hillary pats her on the back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

(continuing)

I don't forgive him for all the stuff he did, though.

HILLARY

You shouldn't.

LINDA

I don't just mean flirting and using his binoculars, I mean he pulled some pretty nasty stunts on me. I almost choked in my sleep one night. But that's his problem. I've got six weeks until the divorce hearing. What I'm going to do is get myself turned on. I'm going to find...

(lowers her voice  
out of habit)

... sexual satisfaction. Hopefully Donald'll come to his senses and we can get back together. Maybe.

HILLARY

It's not going to be real easy, Linda.

LINDA

I know.

(sips her wine)

I'm probably going to have to undress at some point.

HILLARY

No, I mean it isn't going to be that easy to find a man.

Linda looks around the bar. She doesn't understand what Hillary means.

LINDA

Every guy in here is cute. They're all well-dressed and so far they seem really nice and sweet and...

HILLARY

And gay.

Linda drops her wine GLASS between her legs. It SMASHES on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

What!?

Hillary nods.

LINDA

(continuing)

How do you know they're...

(lowers voice)

... gay?

HILLARY

Do you see any women in here?

Linda turns in her stool and surveys the bar.

HER POV

Dozens of beautiful men and not one woman. Linda completes a full turn on her stool and leans on the bar amazed and bewildered.

HILLARY

See? It's not easy. When you're a single girl on the prowl, the cut ones are gay, the rich ones are married and the rest are engaged to your best friend.

LINDA

Every eligible guy can't be gay!

HILLARY

Don't count on it.

She taps a GUY next to her. He turns his gorgeous face to her.

HILLARY

(continuing)

My friend and I were having a dispute and I wonder if you could help us. Offhand can you think of a really handsome guy who's not gay?

The Guy thinks for a moment. It's a tough one.

GUY

Jake LaMotta?

HILLARY

Thank you.

(to Linda)

Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They get up to leave. Linda reaches for her purse. The Guy who was sitting next to her is trying it on. She grabs it from him and joins Hillary.

LINDA  
I guess Donald won't have any  
trouble finding a girl.

She eyes the men as she exits.

LINDA  
(continuing)  
Or a boy.

(NOTE: What follows is a series of scenes of Donald and Linda pursuing their respective goals. To emphasize their contrasting objectives while unifying the series, I suggest a music theme for each of them. Donald's is driving, Linda's is light and airy.)

INT. BATHROOM

Donald's new girl, WENDY, is at the sink fixing her hair and face in anticipation of a night of love.

WENDY  
Donald? I don't mean to be bold,  
but what turns you on?

DONALD (O.S.)  
Oh, just about anything.

She's finished her face. She backs away from the mirror and looks with pride at her lovely face and hair.

WENDY  
I ask because so many of you  
recently separated men are just  
plain bizarre. I'm not the kinky  
type. I work for the phone  
company.

She turns from the mirror and opens the door. Donald stands before her, covered from head to toe with whipped cream.

DONALD  
Would you care for a little dessert?

She stares at him, appalled.

## INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY

Still covered with whipped cream, Donald waddles quickly out of the apartment into the hall carrying his clothes. A shoe flies out and strikes the door across the hall.

WENDY

You oughta be committed!

She slams the door. Donald stands in the hallway, ashamed, embarrassed and confused. He looks down at his body. The door across the hall opens and a MAN with a newspaper in his hand opens the door. He stares at Donald.

DONALD

(pleasantly)

My shoe must have struck your door.  
Pardon me.

He waddles off down the hall. The Man continues to stare. The man's WIFE calls from inside the apartment:

WOMAN (WIFE) (O.S.)

Who is it, Lou?

MAN

Some guy covered with whipped  
cream.

WOMAN (O.S.)

What's he want?

MAN

I don't know. A cherry?

He shakes his head with disgust and closes the door.

## INT. SWINGING SINGLES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Linda is with her date, LLOYD, at his place. It's a downtown studio apartment. The humble domicile of a low-budget pussy hound. Mated red, shag carpet, black velour sectional couch, bean bag chair, component stereo, floor pillows, erotic prints on the wall.

Lloyd is wearing a disco suit, several gold chains around his neck, a cheap hairpiece. He has a moustache and polished nails.

LINDA

(deadpan)

I can't believe that I'm actually  
here. With you. Hillary was  
right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lloyd smiles and winks.

LLOYD

Normally I don't do blind dates.  
I prefer to score on my own. Vino?

He jerks the caps off two six-ounce bottles of cheap pop wine.

LLOYD

(continuing)

This is a good little after-dinner-  
but-not-quite-ready-to-do-it-yet  
wine.

He hands one bottle to Linda and swigs his. He sets it down and scoots over next to Linda. He puts his arm on the back of the couch, sneaks a finger inside the shoulder of her dress and toys with her bra strap. She slaps his hand away.

LLOYD

(continuing)

Let's play a little game. Word  
association. I say a word, you  
say the first thing that comes  
into your mind.

He leans in very close, nose-to-nose with Linda.

LLOYD

(continuing)

Me.

Linda responds without hesitation.

LINDA

Flaming asshole.

It goes right by Lloyd. He carries on totally convinced of his sexual powers over her.

LLOYD

Lips.

LINDA

Like a carp.

LLOYD

Body.

LINDA

Worse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LLOYD  
Sexual intercourse.

LINDA  
Goodnight.

Linda gets up and leaves. Lloyd chuckles. He's not worried.

LLOYD  
She's not going anywhere.  
(smiles)  
Not for another eight to ten hours  
anyway.  
(pause)  
I swallowed her car keys.

CLOSE - DONALD

a gigantic WOMAN is on top of him. She's nose-to-nose to him. He's frightened of her. She's gorgeous but a foot and a half too tall with rippling muscles.

WOMAN  
How's the overpowering, macho  
woman, Amazon fantasy going?

DONALD  
(straining under the  
weight of her body;  
nervous)  
Pretty well...

WOMAN  
Then why don't you give me your  
best shot?

DONALD  
I... I did.

WOMAN  
Yeah? When?

DONALD  
About an hour and half ago.

WOMAN  
Got another?

DONALD  
I don't think so.

She presses down hard on him, takes his cheeks and twists them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN

Are you sure?

DONALD

Let me double check.

EXT. PATIO RESTAURANT

Linda is sitting enraptured with a refined foreigner. He is kissing her hand and speaking French.

LINDA

There's so little romance left in the world. Love has taken a back seat to crudity. I love to listen to you speak, Renee. I don't have any idea what you're saying, but I love it.

RENEE looks up from her hand and winks at her.

RENEE

Je vais te prendre par les oreilles et t'apprendre aboyer.

SUPER translation:

"I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU BY THE EARS  
AND TEACH YOU TO BARK."

LINDA

Thank you.

RENE

Woof.

EXT. SCENIC OVERLOOK

A 280Z is parked overlooking the lake. A police car is pulled up behind it with its lights flashing. Donald is up against the car with his hands on the roof, a COP is frisking him. Inside the car a young girl is hastily slipping on a pair of jeans.

DONALD

I swear I didn't know she was eighteen!

COP

She's not. She's seventeen.

The Cop determines that Donald's clean. He takes him by the wrist and walks him away from the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

She was in a bar so I assumed...

COP

Never mind that, sir. I want to know something. You tell me, I let you go.

DONALD

Anything, anything you want to know...

COP

(raises an eyebrow  
salaciously)

How do you knock off a young piece like that? I can't do it. Not even in plain clothes. Is it my hairpiece?

He takes off his hat and pats his rug.

COP

(continuing)

Come on, what'd you do to get her?

DONALD

I-I-I beat/her boyfriend at Pac Man.

INT. COWBOY BAR - SAME TIME

The bar is closing, tables are turned up. Cashiers are counting their drawers. A smokey fog hangs over the empty cavern. Linda is sitting alone at the bar. She is tired and depressed. The evening's been a total failure. Her first night out, her introduction to the world of dating has ended in defeat. She sits up with a start as a BULLWHIP CRACKS. She smiles thinking her man has arrived.

A figure walks toward her through the smokey haze. His spurs clank. It's an urban cowboy. Five foot three, pot belly, huge cowboy hat festooned with feathers, so big it pushes his ears out. His five-hundred-dollar boots are on the wrong feet. A big, silver belt buckle sparkles. It reads -- IRV.

He curls back his lips and lets out a loud horse whinny. He draws a hand out of his jeans, tightens a rodeo glove, makes a tight fist and slugs the punching machine. A side punch, not taking his eyes off Linda. The punching pad flies back and knocks him ass over tea kettle.

Linda sighs and puts a bill on the counter to pay for her drinks. She steps over Irv and leaves.

*Too many  
tooper jokes*

## INT. BEDROOM

Donald is in bed with two stunning beauties. The ultimate sexual adventure. Donald is as happy as he's ever been.

DONALD

Before we start I'd just like to say thank you to both of you for helping me realize complete and total happiness.

He kisses GIRL 1 then GIRL 2. He lays back and puts his arms around both of them.

DONALD

(continuing)

I'm all yours.

The Girls giggle and then both try to get on top of him at the same time.

GIRL 1

Excuse me.

GIRL 2

Excuse yourself. I'm on top.

GIRL 1

Why are you on top?

GIRL 2

'Cause I met him first.

GIRL 1

Bullshit! I saw him way before you did.

DONALD

Girls, girls...

GIRL 2

Are you calling me a liar?

GIRL 1

That's about the nicest thing I can think of to call you!

The argument is getting dangerously hot. Donald intercedes.

DONALD

Hold on a minute. People do this all the time and they don't fight about it. Why can't one of you get on top and one on the bottom?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIRL 1

You ever been on the bottom? It's  
hot, it's sweaty and there's  
nothin' to do!

Girl 1 pushes Girl 2 aside. She rolls over on top of  
Donald. Girl 2 shoves her off. Girl 1 leaps on her and  
they tumble off the bed, pulling hair, exchanging blows  
and pinches.

DONALD

Ladies! Please!

GIRL 1

Bitch!

GIRL 2

Tramp!

A purse flies past Donald's head. He ducks.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Donald hurries down the steps of the two-flat as the fight  
rages upstairs. The whole neighborhood's awake. A police  
car races up with lights flashing.

DONALD

Jesus Christ, this isn't working!

INT. BEDROOM - CLOSE - LINDA

She's sitting up in a big antique bed. Expensive appoint-  
ments, satin sheets. She has the covers drawn up around  
her neck. She's horrified. A distinguished voice speaks  
to her:

VOICE

You're very beautiful.

Linda nods a frightened thank you.

VOICE

And I know how unsure you are of  
yourself.

Linda nods in agreement.

VOICE

(continuing)

There's nothing to be frightened  
of. I'm quite expert in matters  
of the flesh.

## REVERSE ANGLE

A silver-haired MAN in his late fifties is sitting on the edge of the bed. Very distinguished and mannered, wearing silk pajamas. On his knee is a ventriloquist's dummy in his likeness -- silver hair, silk pajamas.

MAN

(to dummy)

Do you wish to go first, Willie?

MAN

(continuing;

dummy's falsetto)

Don't mind if I do. Don't mind at all.

The Man winks at Linda and covers his eyes with his free hand as the dummy leans in for Linda with puckered lips and half-closed eyes. She screams and runs out. The dummy follows her, his head turning a full 360 degrees to face the Man.

MAN

(continuing;

dummy's falsetto)

What the hell did I say?

## EXT. SEEDY STRIP JOINT - NIGHT

A large, lighted sign reads -- TONIGHT! BUSTY BAKER, TOPLESS TRAMPOLINE STAR!

## INT. STRIP JOINT

a smokey, crowded dive with cocktail tables arranged around a trampoline in the center of the room. A well-endowed woman, Busty Baker, is beginning her bouncing striptease as men cheer and whoop.

## DONALD

He has a ringside seat. He and all the other men around him bob their heads up and down as they follow the bouncing woman. Larry works his way through the crowd in the b.g. to Donald's table. Donald stands and embraces his old friend and offers him a seat. Larry is uncomfortable with the setting.

DONALD

It's good to have you back in town, Lar. How long are you in for?

LARRY

Just a few days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

Are you going to be able to make  
the divorce?

Larry doesn't think it's funny.

LARRY

I wouldn't treat that lightly,  
Donald.

DONALD

(remorseful)

I know. I explained it all to you  
on the phone. It just didn't work  
out.

LARRY

And this is what you're doing  
about it?

DONALD

I'm looking for the Joy of Sex,  
Lar.

LARRY

What for?

DONALD

What for? You're a guy. It's our  
destiny.

LARRY

Man has a higher purpose, Donald.

Donald is surprised to hear that from Larry.

DONALD

What kind of thing is that to say?  
I don't need a morality lecture,  
Lar. I need encouragement. This  
is no easy task. I've never  
suffered so much to enjoy myself.  
I've done some unbelievable things.  
I've lived out most of my fantasies  
in the past five and a half weeks.  
So far they were better as fantasies.

LARRY

The Joy of Sex is at home. With  
Linda.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

Larry, you know how Linda was in high school? Nothing's changed except she got prettier.

LARRY

You're not accepting any of the blame for this situation?

DONALD

Did Linda put you up to this?

Larry shakes his head, no.

DONALD

(continuing)

Maybe you've got it all figured out but I don't and I'm not giving up until I do. It's out there and I'm going to find it.

LARRY

I don't have it figured out. In fact I've stopped trying to figure it out. It's too difficult.

DONALD

I'm not a quitter. You are.

LARRY

I'm not a quitter, Donald. I've just found a higher road.

Donald looks at him with bewilderment. The crowd of men cheer as O.S. Busty sheds the last of her outfit. A G-string sails out into the swarm.

DONALD

(raises his voice)

What higher road?

LARRY

God.

Donald thinks he's referring to Busty. He concurs.

DONALD

(following Busty  
bouncing up and  
down)

You can say that again!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

(yells)

Donald! I'm studying to be a minister!

Donald snaps his head around to face Larry. The other heads follow Busty. The mention of the word "minister" has caused her to lose her concentration and she bounces off the trampoline, into the air and lands O.S. with a CRASH! The heads of the men follow her up, across and down..

Donald stares at Larry as if he'd just arrived from a distant planet.

EXT. STRIP JOINT

Donald bids farewell to Larry. Larry's in his car. Donald is leaning in the window.

DONALD

I'm sorry if I interfered with your studies.

Larry smiles and shakes his head, no.

LARRY

You were always more adventurous than me. I never had your curiosity. But let me leave you with a piece of advice. Go home. You're not going to find anything as good as what you had with Linda.

DONALD

You're entitled to your opinion, Lar..

They shake hands warmly and Larry pulls out. Donald watches him go. He waves.

DONALD

(continuing)

If I don't find it, sooner or later it's bound to find me.

He turns to go back in and runs face-to-face into a taut, wired little beauty in a leather jacket and pants. Her name is HOLLY. She curls her lip and hisses angrily.

HOLLY

You're standing on my foot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

Excuse me.

He steps back. She looks down at her boots.

HOLLY

You scuffed my boot.

DONALD

I'm terribly sorry.

HOLLY

Sorry won't fix my boot.

Donald doesn't understand. He's nervous and uncomfortable..

DONALD

What can I do?

HOLLY

You can be a creep and go on your way. Or... you can come home with me and shine it.

INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Linda and Hillary are having lunch in a quiet little French restaurant.

HILLARY

I told you it wouldn't be easy.  
Good dates don't grow on trees.

LINDA

I'm not sure this is going to be any better.

HILLARY

You get what you pay for, Linda.  
As a consumer and as a lover.

LINDA

(slightly revolted)  
But what kind of man sells his body for sex?

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

A speeding 450 zooms down a crowded downtown street, scattering pedestrians, traffic.

INT. CAR

ROBIN, the gigolo, is blow-drying his hair. His RADIO IS BLASTING SYNTHESIZED FUNK. A toothbrush is sticking out of his mouth. He puts down the electric window and spits toothpaste, splattering a pedestrian.

ANGRY VOICE

Son of a bitch!

Robin flips the pedestrian the bird and SQUEALS to a stop in front of the French restaurant. A doorman climbs down from the awning where he leaped when Robin roared in. Robin tosses him a dime.

ROBIN

Remember where you got that from.

INT. RESTAURANT

Hillary and Linda continue their conversation.

HILLARY

Linda, Robin's a professional. Satisfying women is his job. All the girls in my office use him when they can afford it.

LINDA

But women aren't supposed to pay for sex.

HILLARY

Why not? Men have been doing it since the beginning of time. Fair is fair.

LINDA

Have you ever... used him?

HILLARY

On what I make? You're kidding.

LINDA

I think maybe I'll keep doing what I've been doing. I'm not really ready for a pro.

HILLARY

What about the divorce hearing? Two days.

Linda gathers her purse. She's starting to panic and prepares for a hasty exit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA  
I'll manage. Sorry, Hilla...

A hush falls over the restaurant. Linda sees Robin. He's standing tall and erect, a shaft of sunlight focused on his face. He's outrageously handsome and knows full well that he is. He runs his hands through his hair and struts across the restaurant, toying with lady patrons' hair, ears, necklines, breasts, jewelry. He licks his lips, runs a finger under his nose, winks and does a Presley snarl.

Linda watches with nervous anticipation, awed by his beauty. He stops and stands at her table, strikes a pose, points to his crotch which is inches from her face.

ROBIN  
This is not a rolled-up sweat sock.  
It's me.

He slides into a chair.

ROBIN  
Who am I doing my magic with?  
You're both so fine.

HILLARY  
(points to Linda)  
H-her.

Robin turns his attention exclusively to Linda and raises his sunglasses. He inspects her carefully.

ROBIN  
Do you have a name, babe?

LINDA  
(entranced)  
I have three names. Four, if you count my maiden name.

ROBIN  
We're married are we? Hubby too busy making megabucks to work in his lovely little garden?

LINDA  
Um, well, actually, I was never really much for having him work in there. I...

Robin silences her with a finger to her lips. She melts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBIN

Your place? My place? Any place?

LINDA

My place is kind of a mess.

HILLARY

Her husband's vibes are still fresh.

ROBIN

I'll drive.

(helps her up)

You pay gas and oil.

Robin takes Linda's arm and leads her across the restaurant.

ROBIN

(continuing)

You're nervous, aren't you?

(chuckles)

Is it my windblown hair? The way  
the light plays off my healthy,  
tanned skin?

Linda nods tentatively, nervously.

LINDA

That and the way your powerful  
fingers are squeezing my behind.

ROBIN

Hey, if you're nervous being with  
me, think how nervous I must be,  
being me.

They stop at the door.

ROBIN

(continuing)

You're going to be fine, babe.  
I've got you in the sights of my  
love gun.

LINDA

I hope my husband's found someone  
to help him as much as I hope  
you're going to help me.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Donald is handcuffed, wrist and ankle to each of four  
brass bedposts. He is in his undershorts. The woman from  
the strip bar is in a black leather corset standing at the  
end of the bed with a whip in her hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY

I'm punishing you because you're stupid! You screwed up my boots putting brown polish on black leather, you color-blind son-of-a-bitch!

DONALD

To be honest with you, I thought we came here for sex.

HOLLY

This is sex!

DONALD

I meant...

HOLLY

Shut up! You're ruining my orgasm!

She draws her whip back. The PHONE RINGS. She snarls at Donald and answers in a cheery voice.

HOLLY

(continuing)

He-llo. Daddy? Hi! What?

(shocked)

Mommy? How is she? Oh, no! I'm on my way!

She hangs up the phone and runs to the closet. She throws a dress over the corset and grabs a raincoat.

HOLLY

(continuing)

My mother was in a terrible accident!

She dashes out of the room. Donald realizes she's leaving and he's cuffed to the bed.

DONALD

Holly? Hello?

Donald struggles with the cuffs. He's barely able to rattle the bed frame.

INT. APARTMENT

Robin opens the door and proudly escorts Linda inside. The apartment is cold, harsh, modern, hi-tech.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBIN

You like?

LINDA

It's very nice.

Robin takes off his jacket and tosses it on chair. He points out a pair of antique stone heads on a credenza.

ROBIN

These heads were made in, like,  
43 B.C. It was a super year for  
art.

Linda turns away. Robin puts an understanding hand on her shoulder.

ROBIN

(continuing)

You forget your checkbook?

LINDA

No. I don't know. I feel sort  
of uncomfortable.

ROBIN

Do you have to powder your nose?

LINDA

I'll be honest with you. I feel  
weird being with a gigolo.

Robin is offended.

ROBIN

Hey, that's a pretty ugly concept.

LINDA

I'm sorry.

ROBIN

Don't think of me as a gigolo.  
It makes us both cheap and tawdry.  
Why don't you think of me as a...  
a male whore?

He leans in and kisses her on the mouth. He eyes open wide in terror as the reality of the situation comes crashing down on her. She screams. Into his mouth. His cheeks balloon out. He pulls away. Linda turns from him, embarrassed at her reaction to the kiss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

I'm sorry. I really am. Maybe I should go home.

Robin takes her shoulders and gently squeezes.

ROBIN

No, baby, you're alright. You're just a little tense. Like a locomotive spring. Let's get into a serious unwinding mode.

He reaches into his shirt pocket and pulls out a fat joint. He lights it, draws and hands it to her. Linda puts the joint to her lips and takes a big hit. She coughs, snorts, blows the smoke out her mouth and nose, an ugly, embarrassing social gaffe.

ROBIN

(continuing)

While you loosen up, babe, remember this, help is only 9.72 inches away.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

VIEW FROM the foot of the stairs, up. Donald edges out of the apartment door into the hallway with both wrists still handcuffed to the bed frame. He has to turn the headboard a couple of times to get it out. He has managed to free his feet, but the cuffs are still on his ankles. He is wearing his pants and has his shirt in his teeth.

DONALD

So much for the kinky stuff. I guess I'll have to go back to the beginning and start all over again.

He gets out the door and starts down the stairs, but the bed frame is too large to get down the narrow staircase. He turns it on end. It doesn't fit. As he's lowering it forward, to fit it under the stair clearance, he leans too far forward and loses his balance.

Bang! Bang! Bang! He tumbles down the stairs, knocking out railing rungs, busting apart the headboard.

He lands in a heap at the bottom of the stairs. The bed frame is in pieces. He stands up and frees himself from the metal.

He slips on his shirt and exits out the lobby door.

## EXT. APARTMENT

Donald comes out the door, angry and still mumbling to himself. He's buttoning his shirt.

DONALD  
I've looked all over this goddamned city! Where the hell is the Joy of Sex?

He unknowingly steps into the street. A speeding white Corvette whips around the corner and slams on its brakes.

DONALD  
(continuing)  
Yeeeeeee!

The car hits Donald and flips him up on the hood. He isn't hurt but stunned. He shakes his head and takes his hands down from his face. He looks in the window.

DONALD  
(continuing)  
Oh, my God!

Amaretto Stilleto is behind the wheel of the Corvette. She's grown up, still dressed as cheap as ever. She is as shocked to see Donald on her hood as he is to be there.

AMARETTO  
(calls out the window)  
Wow! Donald O'Brien! I never thought I'd run into you!

Donald slides off the hood. Amaretto gets out and helps him.

AMARETTO  
Any broken bones?

DONALD  
(big grin)  
Amaretto Stilleto. Where have you been?

AMARETTO  
Reno. Boy, do you like S, H, double I, T.

DONALD  
I had rough night. How've you been?

Traffic's backing up. HORNS HONK. Amaretto turns to the traffic with her hands on her hips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMARETTO

Do you mind?! I haven't seen this  
guy since high school, okay?

(to Donald)

We can talk in the car.

INT. CAR - LATER

Amaretto's driving and finishing an update of her life for Donald.

AMARETTO

I came back for my sister's wedding.

I been here about three weeks.

What about you? I heard you and

Linda got married.

(looks at him

quizzically)

Wait a minute. Where's she?

DONALD

We're separated. The divorce  
hearing's tomorrow.

AMARETTO

I'm sorry to hear that.

DONALD

I have no regrets. Tell me more  
about yourself. Where're you  
staying?

AMARETTO

You seem awful chirpy for a guy  
who looks as bad as you do and  
who lost his wife.

DONALD

It just wasn't working out. Our  
tastes never really meshed.

AMARETTO

Sex, huh?

DONALD

The eternal problem.

Amaretto's suspicious of his good cheer.

AMARETTO

(apprehensive)

You aren't thinking of me as some  
kind of a solution to that problem,  
are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Donald smiles from ear to ear.

DONALD

There's gotta be a reason why you  
ran into me at the crack of dawn  
after not seeing me for seven years.  
Don't you think?

Amaretto sees what he's getting at. Donald places his  
hand on her knee. She looks down.

DONALD

(continuing)  
Ain't fate great?

INT. ROBIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Robin is standing in his robe, arms akimbo. A sexy pose.

ROBIN

When God made you, he gave it 120  
percent. Your eyes are like topaz.  
Your body is sleek and classic.  
You are, in a word, spectacular.

LINDA (O.S.)

Robin? Are we... ready?

Robin turns around. Linda steps out of the bathroom. We  
see that Robin has been talking to himself in the mirror.  
He slides over to Linda and takes her by the waist. She's  
wearing a silky robe and nothing else. She's holding a  
half-smoked joint. Her eyes are glassy.

ROBIN

How many of those 60-dollar rocket  
blasters have you smoked?

LINDA

F-f-f-six.

ROBIN

Blow another one. I want you  
primed, babe. Preparation is  
twelve-fifths of the game.

LINDA

Is this where you jump on me for  
three minutes and then go get a  
beer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBIN

I'm not a horny guy, babe. I'm here for you, not for me.

LINDA

(amazed)

But...

ROBIN

You thought sex was only for dudes, huh? I'll tell you something -- the ladies can dig it, too. But sex is the hardest game in town. Hardly anybody wins. Ladies want the huggin', guys want the squeezin'.

LINDA

(figuring it out)

Men think sex, women think love. I thought love was sex and my husband thought sex was love but you really can't separate them.

ROBIN

It's like peanut butter and jelly. Jelly alone is like what? Zippo. And peanut butter's worse. But put them together and you got lunch!

Linda is pleased and excited by her new understanding. She holds Robin firmly by the arms.

LINDA

I wonder if my husband'll ever figure this out?

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Donald and Amaretto are sitting in the window of the hotel suite. It's a nervous moment like any reunion of people sharing only sexual memories.

DONALD

Can you believe it? You and me, in a hotel, alone, all grown up.

Amaretto isn't nearly as cheerful as Donald. She smiles politely.

DONALD

(continuing)

So, I'll bet you've been having fun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMARETTO

(shrugs)  
It's been okay.

DONALD

Okay? Just okay?

AMARETTO

I'm not the fun-time party girl I  
used to be if that's what you mean.

DONALD

(embarrassed about  
his reference to the  
seedy side of her  
past)

I meant you were always... up.  
Like your secret. Remember your  
secret?

Amaretto nods. She remembers.

DONALD

(continuing)

Do you remember the three parts?

Donald moves over a little closer.

DONALD

(continuing)

You told me the first two parts  
but we never got around to the  
third part.

He puts his arm around her.

AMARETTO

I don't know if you can handle  
the third part.

DONALD

(chuckles)

Amaretto. If you knew the things  
I've done over the last six weeks.  
I spent most of last night chained  
to a bed.

AMARETTO

That's what I mean. I don't know  
if you can handle it. You're  
looking for the Big One, you're  
looking for garter belts and water  
beds. That's not part three.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMARETTO (CONT'D)

(pause)

Do you still want it?

DONALD

I'll shower and shave. Don't go away.

INT. ROBIN'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Linda is sitting in bed. She's nervous and excited. Her hands are neatly folded in her lap. Her eye is on the bathroom door. The door opens and Robin emerges through a cloud of shower steam. Full battle dress -- wet hair, sexy towel kilt and sunglasses pushed up on his head.

ROBIN

Close your eyes and open your thighs, Dr. Robin has a big surprise..

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Donald holds Amaretto in his arms. The lights are out. They're nose-to-nose.

DONALD

What's part three?

AMARETTO

Before I tell you, Donald, I want you to promise me that you'll do something for me.

Donald smiles. It's getting better.

AMARETTO

(continuing)

Because the way you're running around with your zipper down and tongue out, your next step is ads in sex magazines for swinging housewives with tattoos who do it in trees.

He kisses her gently on the tip of the nose.

AMARETTO

(continuing)

I don't want to see you get there. I've done it in trees. It's a drag. I want you to be happy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD  
(sexy whisper)  
Make me happy.

AMARETTO  
Part one of the secret is...

DONALD  
If they don't get p.g. girls can  
dig sex.

AMARETTO  
Part two is...

DONALD  
Never go with a girl who doesn't  
know part one.

Donald can't wait for part three. He's been thinking  
about it for years and it's right in front of him.

AMARETTO  
Part three is...

DONALD  
(excitedly antici-  
pating her response)  
An ice cube blo...

AMARETTO  
(serious)  
Love.

Donald draws back and looks at her strangely.

DONALD  
(disappointed)  
That's part three?

AMARETTO  
You learn a lot when you have to  
put out to get guys to go out with  
you. Even if it's only up to the  
state line and back. One thing  
you learn real quick is sex without  
love is lousy. Lousy for me, lousy  
for you. It's empty. It's just a  
sport.

DONALD  
(meekly)  
I... like... sports.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMARETTO

Donald, you're only fooling  
yourself. Call your wife.

Donald stares into Amaretto's eyes. He's stunned and  
confused but knows she's right.

DONALD

What about you?

AMARETTO

(sadly)

Don't worry about me. My guy's  
out there. I'll find him. You  
just call your wife.

She gets up and walks to the bathroom.

AMARETTO

(continuing)

I can't stand to see a guy I like  
so much pretending he's happy.

DONALD

Are you going to cry?

AMARETTO

No. I'm going to go to the  
bathroom.

INT. ROBIN'S LIVING ROOM - CLOSE - GREEK HEADS

We hear Linda MOANING softly in the bedroom. Her passion  
grows LOUDER and louder. Higher in pitch until it's like  
an air raid siren. The Greek heads begin to tremble and  
vibrate. They shatter. There is a triumphant MUSIC TRILL,  
followed by the RINGING OF A TELEPHONE.

INT. ROBIN'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Linda rises straight up out of bed, resurrected. Her hair  
is standing on end from the impact of the First Big One.  
Robin sits up on his elbows, satisfied like never before.

ROBIN

No charge for that one, babe!  
Get the phone, I have to go look  
at myself in the mirror. I gotta  
see this smile.

He stumbles out of bed. Linda answers the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

(breathless)

H-h-h-hello?

(screams)

Donald! It's you! I can't believe  
you called me! Donald!

(pause)

Where did you get the number?  
Hillary!? Well, anyway, guess  
what? You were right. I was a  
dud! Love isn't enough! I sold  
our stock and rented a stud and  
I just had great sex! I can  
understand now why you liked Hawaii  
so much more than me!

(troubled pause)

Donald?

INT. HOTEL

Donald is holding the phone to his ear with a stunned  
expression on his face.

DONALD

(soft; hurt)

I'll see you in court.

He hangs up the phone. Amaretto walks out of the bathroom.

AMARETTO

You were right. I didn't have to  
go to the bathroom, I had to cry.

DONALD

(distraught)

She cheated on me.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - MORNING

a downtown municipal courthouse.

INT. COURTHOUSE

Linda and Robin march down the hall, hand-in-hand.

LINDA

That ungrateful bastard!

ROBIN

(concur)

After all the dough you pissed  
away on me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

What was he calling me for?

ROBIN

He probably needed money.

Linda stops and looks angrily down the hall.

LINDA

That explains it.

HER POV

Donald and Amaretto march up the hallway hand-in-hand.  
His anger is as intense as hers.

The two warring factions meet outside the courtroom door.  
Donald and Linda exchange icy stares.

DONALD

Hello, Linda.

LINDA

Donald.  
(to Amaretto)  
Amaretto.

AMARETTO

(guilty)  
Linda.

LINDA

(to Amaretto)  
Your patience was rewarded.

DONALD

Let's keep this between you and  
me.

LINDA

If there had been something between  
you and me, we wouldn't be here.

INT. COURTROOM

Linda's parents are in the spectator seating. On the  
other side of the aisle are Donald's parents. Linda's  
lawyer, BIAGINI, is at the plaintiff's table. Donald's  
lawyer, WEINSTEIN, is at the plaintiff's table.

GENE

(to Fred)  
Nice kid you raised. He's a real  
prick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELEANOR

And perverted.

Helen is outraged, she fires a salvo of her own.

HELEN

He wasn't until he met your daughter!

FRED

Face it, folks. She's barren!

Gene jumps out of his seat, foaming at the mouth.

GENE

You dirty, bastard!

Helen jumps out of her seat.

HELEN

Sticks and stones may break our bones but it won't change the fact that Linda's impotent!

ELEANOR

You just can't accept it that your son is sick and twisted!

Biagini slams his pencil down and turns to the parents.

BIAGINI

Excuse me! This is a court of law!

WEINSTEIN

If you can't control your emotions, leave.

BIAGINI

(to Weinstein)

Do you specialize in frigid women, or do you have some ulterior motive?

WEINSTEIN

Isn't it queer how you always end up defending the men?

Biagini is outraged.

BIAGINI

Take that back!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The parents start up again. The courtroom bristles with anger.

GENE

Let's step outside, Fred!

FRED

My pleasure.

The doors open and Linda and Robin and Donald and Amaretto walk in. Silence. They walk solemnly to the defendant and plaintiff tables and sit down. Robin sits in the row behind Linda's parents. Gene turns around and introduces himself.

GENE

Gene Lane, my wife, Eleanor.

Amaretto sits behind Donald's parents. Helen and Fred turn around with big, friendly smiles.

HELEN

It's so nice to see you, Amaretto.

DONALD

Biagini briefs him. He doesn't listen. He watches Linda out of the corner of his eye.

LINDA

Weinstein briefs her but she's watching Donald out of the corner of her eye. When she realizes that Donald's looking at her, she turns her eyes away.

GENE AND ELEANOR

He cups his hand to his mouth.

GENE

Donald! I hope you get reamed!

ELEANOR

Gene and I regret ever allowing you to marry Linda. You've ruined her!

Donald sits quietly for a moment, then turns and stands.

DONALD

Wait... a... minute. Nobody ruined her more than you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gene and Eleanor are outraged. Eleanor gasps. Linda watches curiously as Donald defends her. Gene rises out of his seat.

GENE

I've had about all I'm going to take from you...

DONALD

You lied to her. You filled her with fear!

ELEANOR

It was for her own good!

DONALD

It was for your own good. So you could get her through high school and college pure and respectable.

GENE

Don't knock success, wiseass!

DONALD

Success? You call your daughter having to pay money to a stranger to discover that she can enjoy herself, success?

Helen pipes up.

HELEN

You have your nerve criticizing Fred and I! We never lied to Donald!

Linda turns around in her seat and stands up.

LINDA

Wait... a... minute! You never did anything! Everything Donald knows about sex, he picked up on the street or behind a garage!

FRED

Not our garage! Not as an adult.

LINDA

You never taught him that sex is between people. He didn't marry me, he married my body!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA (CONT'D)

And when I wasn't able, for my own reasons, to give him my body, there wasn't anything left for him.

(turns to Donald)

I'm sorry, Donald.

Donald nods.

DONALD

So am I.

The courtroom is stunned. The parents exchange ashamed looks. Amaretto smiles and looks over at Robin. He wipes away a tear. He looks at Amaretto and smiles.

Donald and Linda look at each other as they've done every-time they've met. The same look, the same smile. And the same kiss.

As Donald and Linda hold their kiss. The lawyers pack up their briefcases, the parents stand and exit silently. Gene and Fred shake hands. Eleanor and Helen embrace. Amaretto and Robin stand and exit.

The courtroom's empty. Donald and Linda break the kiss and without a word exchanged, exit. A beat and the judge comes out of his chambers, sits down at the bench and bangs his gavel. He looks up to see an empty courtroom.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS

Donald and Linda walk down the steps arm-in-arm. Reunited, back in love. This time forever.

DONALD

I'm serious. If it'll make you happy, I can live without sex. I've had more than enough to last me the rest of my life.

LINDA

(laughs)

You live without sex?

DONALD

(serious)

I could.

LINDA

Don't be ridiculous. I wouldn't want you to live without it. I don't want to live without it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They reach Donald's car. He opens the door for her and she gets in.

DONALD

I still say I could live without it.

He slams the door shut. Linda looks out the window at him.

LINDA

(sly and sexy)

Oh? And what if I...?

She slowly opens her mouth and points to it. Donald's mouth drops open. He was wrong. He can't. He runs around to the driver's side, gets in and pulls away.

As his car disappears down the street, we see Amaretto and Robin come out of the courthouse. She holds the door for him. He winks his thanks.

AMARETTO

I just lost that guy forever. But you know what? It's okay because she's okay.

ROBIN

He's not bad either. He's no champ in the sack but somebody's gotta run the world.

They start down the stairs. Amaretto studies Robin carefully. He knows it, he's doing his sexiest walk.

AMARETTO

Oh, well, we don't always get what we want.

Robin stops. He turns slowly.

ROBIN

But somehow we all get what we need.

Amaretto smiles.

AMARETTO

Tell me something.

ROBIN

(anticipates her question; looks down at his fly)

No. That ain't a rolled sweat sock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He holds out his hand for her. She takes it and they continue down the stairs.

MUSIC UP.

ROLL CREDITS as we see Donald and Linda necking as they drive off.

FADE OUT.

THE END