A Bold Move

Ву

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Based on a joke

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INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

An unkempt bedroom. A moderate semblance of a teenager's room...posters of bikini-clad models, cupboard full of designer action figures and miniature sports cars, and a dash of un-laundered clothes sprinkled here and there.

DUSTIN (18), handsome, still in bed and barely awake, talks on his cell phone.

DUSTIN So, in other words, you bailed?

VOICE (V.O) I had no choice, man. All the free time I invested in her hobbies -visits to the old folk's home, calligraphy, painting, all that artsy fartsy stuff -- and then she has the gall to tell me she's saving herself for marriage? Major buzz-kill, dude. I high-tailed it outta there like Al Qaeda just threatened to bomb the place, you know what I'm sayin'?

Dustin laughs at the reference.

DUSTIN

You're a real son of a bitch, you know that?

VOICE (V.O) I tell it like it is, son. I'm all about <u>me</u>. What pleases <u>me</u>. A quintessential necessity, my friend.

DUSTIN And getting into her panties was a quintessential necessity?

VOICE (V.O) (laughing) Your words, not mine.

DUSTIN (amused) You're a class A act, man, all the way. VOICE (V.O) By the way, I need to borrow your whip tonight.

DUSTIN I'm sorry, what?

VOICE (V.O) Come on, man. Do me this solid.

DUSTIN You have a car of your own. Why the hell do you need to borrow mine?

VOICE (V.O) Have you seen my ride?

DUSTIN Yeah, I've seen your car. It's a real piece of shit.

VOICE (V.O) I can't be rolling up to the club in a raggedy-ass Impala, man. I've gotta look like I'm rollin' in dough, bro. Stylin'.

Dustin finally gets out of bed.

DUSTIN I don't know, man. I've got plans of my own, you know.

VOICE (V.O) What plans? (beat) Aw snap! That's right. You're finally meeting the folks, aren't you?

DUSTIN Yeah, man. I'm fuckin' nervous as hell too.

VOICE (V.O) Damn, dawg. You finally get to see what the mom looks like. That family is <u>blessed</u>, son, you feel me? Blessed in the areas above.

DUSTIN (mildly defensive) Dude, that's my girlfriend you're talking about. VOICE (V.O) <u>And</u> her little sister too. Did you see her at track the other day? Damn near made Kevin and I faint from blood loss. That shirt of hers was screaming for mercy.

Dustin searches for a shirt to wear.

DUSTIN I'm not sure I want to have this conversation.

VOICE (V.O) But you did notice though.

DUSTIN Of course I did. I'm not blind.

VOICE (V.O) So, you see what I'm sayin'? If Steph and her little sis are that stacked, imagine what the mom is packin'.

Dustin can't help but smile as he rummages through the unkempt room.

DUSTIN I can only imagine.

## VOICE (V.O)

You're an ambassador, dawg. An ambassador for all us regular folk with dangling goods between our legs. Report on that shit after you meet her.

DUSTIN (mildly sarcastic) Always fascinating having a civilized conversation with you, my man.

VOICE (V.O) I tell it like it is, bro. And you know this, man.

DUSTIN Yeah, right.

Dustin finds a shirt and slips it on.

VOICE (V.O) So, what's the deal with your car.

DUSTIN (sighing) When do you want to do the exchange?

VOICE (V.O) YOU'RE MY BOY, BLUE! I'll come over around noon.

DUSTIN Yeah, yeah.

Dustin hangs up as he heads out the bedroom for the shower.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Dustin watches as his Lexus pulls out of the driveway, and drives off. He waves goodbye. He then glances at the rusty Impala sitting in his driveway.

DUSTIN Fuck! I shouldn't have agreed to this.

He opens the car door, which creaks loudly as he does so.

The inside of the car is rife with garbage -- opened hamburger boxes, crumpled paper, empty cans of soda, etc.

Dustin shakes his head in disappointed.

LATER

Dustin ties up a garbage bag and tosses it in a nearby garbage bin. He gets back into the car and surveys it, satisfied with the clean-up job he has done.

He glances at the glove box and opens it. A handful pack of cigarette boxes plummet onto the seat. He shakes his head again and attempts to pick them up and put them into the glovebox.

As he does so, he notices that one pack of the boxes is not like the others. He picks it up, and upon close examination, he scoffs in amazement.

> DUSTIN Jesus Christ, dude. Why am I not surprised.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - EVENING

Dustin, slicked back hair and formally dressed, rings the doorbell. He blows into his cupped hand real quick and takes a whiff. Good breathe. He exhales slowly.

The door swings open. STEPHANIE (17), beautiful brunette, stands by the door. She squeals in delight as she hugs Dustin.

STEPHANIE I'm so happy you could come. I thought you would bail at the last minute.

DUSTIN Was thinking about it.

Stephanie jokingly punches his arm.

STEPHANIE Come on in, silly.

INT. HOUSE - EVENING

Stephanie closes the door as Dustin examines the foyer.

DUSTIN

Man, you guys are really doing well for yourselves.

STEPHANIE Yep, that's my dad for you. Nothing but the finer things in life. Was that what's-his-name's car in the driveway?

DUSTIN Yep. He twisted my arm to borrow mine.

STEPHANIE He's a funny guy. I really like him.

DUSTIN Funny isn't what I'd use to describe him. More like, insane, deluded...mental, you know, not normal. STEPHANIE He's hilarious. He's in my gym class, you know.

DUSTIN Yep. He's mentioned it a couple of times.

Their attention is distracted by someone yelling. KATIE (15), just as beautiful as her sister, storms down the stairs. She is clad in a very form-fitting, if not revealing, shirt and jeans. Dustin swallows.

KATIE I swear to God, mom, you drive me crazy sometimes.

VOICE (O.S) I'm only trying to help you, sweetie. No need to get mad about it.

KATIE (sarcastic) I got it, mom, thanks.

Katie notices Dustin.

KATIE (CONT'D) (cheery) Oh, hi, Dustin.

DUSTIN Hey, Katie. You look nice.

KATIE (to Stephanie) See? Even your boyfriend thinks so.

STEPHANIE I still think you look like a whore.

# KATIE

How interesting. Seeing as how I borrowed these from your closet, that's makes you a whore too, doesn't it?

Stephanies closely examines Katie's attire.

STEPHANIE Oh my God! MOM! What the hell?

VOICE (O.S)

What?

STEPHANIE Why is she wearing my clothes? (to Katie) Those are my clothes.

KATIE (acting shocked) You don't say.

## STEPHANIE

MOM !

Stephanie storms up the stairs. Katie wraps herself around Dustin's arm as she leads him into the kitchen. Dustin swallows again as he feels his arm squeezing against her ample bosom.

> KATIE So, stepping up in the relationship game, eh?

> > DUSTIN

Huh?

KATIE Meeting the parents.

DUSTIN Right. Yep. Big step.

KATIE Don't worry. I've got your back.

DUSTIN Got my back?

#### KATIE

Usually I tell all of Steph's boyfriends to cower in the fetal position when my dad lunges at their necks. You won't even know when it hits you. You could be having a beer, all nice and care-free, talking about cars and what-not, and just when you feel relaxed, BAM. He just lunges at you and starts choking the shit out of you. 7.

DUSTIN (nervous) You don't say?

KATIE He's that protective of us, you know, so you better watch out.

Katie giggles maniacally. Dustin stares at her, unsure if she is jesting or serious.

IN THE KITCHEN

Katie pours Dustin a glass of pop. Dustin takes a swig.

KATIE So have you two fucked yet?

Dustin chokes on his drink. He coughs violently before regaining his breathe.

DUSTIN Excuse me?

KATIE Fucked. Have you fucked yet?

Dustin is at a loss for words.

DUSTIN I don't think I should be talking to you about...

KATIE So, that's a no?

DUSTIN Like I said, I shouldn't...

KATIE You're not still a virgin, are you?

DUSTIN (defensively) Hell no.

KATIE So you <u>have</u> fucked.

Dustin looks around the kitchen in hopes of digression.

DUSTIN Where's everybody anyway?

KATIE Dad is in the study, and obviously mom and Steph are fighting upstairs. So, tell me something...

DUSTIN Where's your washroom?

KATIE

Huh?

DUSTIN I really need to use the washroom.

KATIE Yeah. Down the hallway and to your right.

DUSTIN

Thanks.

KATIE (coyly) Don't be long.

Dustin laughs nervously as he hastily makes his way to the washroom.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

As he exits the washroom, he runs into GEORGE (mid 40's), portly, astute. Confident, not in looks, but in success.

GEORGE Who the hell are you?

DUSTIN Uhm, I'm Dustin. Steph's boyfriend.

GEORGE Is that so?

George eyes Dustin up and down.

GEORGE (CONT'D) How old are you, Dustin?

DUSTIN Just turned eighteen. GEORGE Eighteen. Congratulations.

DUSTIN Thank you, sir.

GEORGE That makes you a young adult now, doesn't it? Old enough to vote, pay bills, get a job...

DUSTIN Yeah, I guess it does.

GEORGE ... buy alcohol, cigarettes, go to bars...

DUSTIN Sure...that too.

GEORGE ... have sexual intercourse...

Beat.

DUSTIN Uh...yeah. Yeah probably.

George leers at him.

GEORGE Not anytime soon, I hope.

DUSTIN No, sir. Not anytime soon.

Beat. George stares at an uneasy Dustin.

MARGE George! Leave the poor boy alone.

Dustin turns around. He nearly faints from awe.

MARGE (late 30's), busty, alluring in Pamela Anderson's Baywatch heyday, sashays her way to the men.

MARGE (CONT'D) You must be Dustin. I've heard so much about you from the girls. DUSTIN All good things, I hope.

Marge eyes Dustin up and down.

MARGE My, my...you <u>are</u> quite the handsome young thing, aren't you?

Dustin laughs nervously, aware of the domineering George glaring at him.

Marge wraps herself around Dustin's arm and leads him into dining room. George follows. Dustin swallows, feeling her ample bosom pressing against him.

> MARGE (CONT'D) Have you ever had Moroccan stew before? We have this thing where we try out foreign dishes every once in a while.

DUSTIN Can't say I've ever had it.

MARGE Great. You'll love it.

IN THE DINING ROOM

Katie and Stephanie are setting up the dining table.

STEPHANIE Mom, get off my boyfriend.

MARGE I'm just having a harmless chat with him, dear. (to Dustin) Aren't I?

DUSTIN Yeah, sure. Harmless.

GEORGE (to Marge) Honey, can you grab me a Stella?

MARGE Grab it yourself. You have legs. GEORGE Girls, grab me a Stella?

KATIE Can I have one?

GEORGE

No!

KATIE

Then no.

Katie sits down.

STEPHANIE Have my hands full, dad, sorry.

George rolls his eyes. He looks at Dustin.

GEORGE Piece of advice, kid. Don't have daughters.

Katie sticks her tongue out at her dad. George disappears into the kitchen.

KATIE Sit next to me, Dustin.

STEPHANIE Uh, how about not?

Dustin laughs nervously again as he sits down. Katie shifts closer to Dustin. Stephanie frowns.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D) You're such a slut.

KATIE You're a slut.

MARGE Girls! Enough.

Stephanie sits next to Dustin.

GEORGE (0.C) Honey, what happened to all my Stella?

MARGE I don't know. You're the only one who drinks them. You should know. GEORGE (O.C) Well, I gotta have a Stella.

MARGE Then go get some more.

GEORGE (O.C) Oh, for Christ's sake.

George emerges with car keys in his hands.

GEORGE (CONT'D) (sneering) I guess I'll be back in a few.

MARGE We're about to have dinner. Sit down.

GEORGE I won't be gone long.

MARGE It's 15 minutes to the closest liquor store. Dinner will be cold in a half an hour.

KATIE Dad, can I drive?

GEORGE

(to Marge) Then we'll reheat it. I gotta have my Stella, you know that.

STEPHANIE (to George) You were supposed to teach me how to drive yesterday.

MARGE (to George) We have a guest here, you know.

Katie gets up and tugs on her dad's shirt. Stephanie also gets up.

KATIE Dad? Can I drive?

GEORGE (to Marge) He's not going anywhere.

(to Dustin) You've got plans or something? DUSTIN (on the spot) Not really. GEORGE See? Half an hour, honey. I'll get you a Winter Ale if you want. Stephanie grabs the car keys from George's hand. KATIE HEY! I'm the one who's driving. STEPHANIE Says who? I'm the one who has to get her license. Dustin watches all of them with morbid curiosity. MARGE Just be back soon, alright? GEORGE Yeah, yeah. Don't worry, honey. Let's go, girls. They walk out the dining room. KATIE Dad, you promised me I could drive.

> Why does she have to come? STEPHANIE

Coz I'm older than you.

GEORGE You can both take turns. Quit arguing. Jesus Christ.

The sound of their argument lessens as they exit the front door.

Dustin awkwardly glances at Marge, who smiles back.

MARGE Sorry about that, honey. He can't eat unless he has a beer. God knows why. Maybe that's why he has such a pot belly. 14.

DUSTIN It's okay, Mrs. M.

MARGE Please, call me Marge.

Dustin chuckles nervously.

DUSTIN

Sure.

MARGE Come on, let's go into the living room. We'll reheat this when they get back.

They get up and walk into the living room.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Dustin sits on the couch. Marge sits next to him. Dustin can almost smell her perfume.

MARGE So, Stephanie tells me you're thinking of starting a band.

DUSTIN Yeah. It's still in the planning stages, but yeah.

MARGE Oh yeah? What kind of music were you thinking of playing.

DUSTIN I don't know, I guess, adult contemporary. Soft rock with a little bit of jazz mixed in.

MARGE You mean, like Barry Manilow?

DUSTIN

Who?

MARGE Barry Manilow. You don't know who he is?

DUSTIN Can't say that I do? MARGE He's just about one of the greatest singers alive. I lost my virginity to one of his songs.

DUSTIN (sheepishly) You don't say.

MARGE Tryin' to get the feeling, I think it was. Oh my god, it was so sensuous. I can't believe you've never even heard of him.

DUSTIN Is he any good?

MARGE

Any good?

Marge gets up and walks over to a low cabinet case chock full of records. She squats as she flips through them.

Dustin's heart skips a beat as his blood rushes through his veins, staring at the thin red waist band poking out of Marge's un-belted pants...obviously wearing a thong.

# MARGE

Here it is.

Dustin snaps out of his trance. Marge gets up and walks over to the record player. She inserts the record. Music streams through the speakers softly.

Marge closes her eyes as she sways with the music.

MARGE (CONT'D) Oh, yes. This brings me back.

She sways her way to the middle of the room. Dustin nervously watches, struggling to keep his manhood from standing at alert.

> MARGE (CONT'D) I remember when this came out. It was like a breathe of fresh air...something new, something vibrant, something fresh. Like a shot of penicillin.

Dustin watches her hips sway back and forth, her hands caressing her body.

MARGE (CONT'D) It provided you a means escape from whatever mundane life you were living at the time. It comforted you when you needed comforting. It understood you when everyone else didn't.

As she slowly turns around, her derriere flowing side to side with the beat of the music almost hypnotizes him.

> MARGE (CONT'D) You felt one with yourself. The world seemed just that much smaller with you in it. You could conquer anything. Any negativity around you simply just evaporated into thin air. You felt cleansed with every single track.

She slowly turns back around. Her long hair swings back and forth, constantly brushing past her bosom. Dustin swallows again, breathing slowly getting heavier and heavier.

Marge opens her eyes and smiles.

MARGE (CONT'D) That was the power of a Barry Manilow record back then. Still is, at least, to those who remember him well.

She extends her arms to Dustin.

MARGE (CONT'D) Come on. Dance with me.

DUSTIN Um, I don't really dance all too that well.

MARGE Don't be shy, come on, no-one's watching. Come on.

Dustin exhales cooly as he gets up. Marge takes his arms and tries to get him to mimic her movements.

MARGE (CONT'D) Just let the music be your guide. Loosen up. Calm your mind. Be free.

Marge continues swaying. Dustin attempts to mimic her movements, all too awkwardly. Marge giggles.

(CONTINUED)

DUSTIN I told you I don't dance that well.

MARGE It's okay, sweetie. Here.

Marge wraps his arms around her waists. Dustin timidly exhales.

MARGE (CONT'D) How about we try something simple. You've done this before, right? Slow dancing?

DUSTIN

Yes.

MARGE Okay. Let's start from there.

Marge wraps her arms around his shoulders.

MARGE (CONT'D) Just go with the flow. (contently) There you go.

Their movements are in unison. Almost serene-like.

MARGE (CONT'D) Not bad, sweetheart, not bad. See, this is how you enjoy a good piece of music. Sometimes, you just have to put down that glass of wine, or your bottle of beer, and just get up and dance. Nothing to it.

DUSTIN

Right.

They continue dancing.

MARGE (CONT'D) Mmmmmm. That's more like it.

Marge wraps herself around Dustin, resting her head side to side with his.

Dustin's heart beats wildly. Her shoulder is in-line with his nose, as he subtly takes a whiff of her essence. Very inviting, very intoxicating. MARGE (CONT'D) I remember when I used to dance like this with George.

She rests her head on his shoulder. Her bosom squeezes on his chest. His manhood seriously fights to stand at full attention, but that would be rude.

## MARGE (CONT'D)

Back then, he was so romantic. Always took me out to the disco for some fun. Even after we had Katie, he was still Jack Dawson to my Rose.

DUSTIN (puzzled) Huh?

MARGE (giggling) Titanic, silly.

DUSTIN

Oh, right.

MARGE

He'd always whisk me away for a romantic getaway as though he had just asked me out recently. It was a lt of fun back then.

#### DUSTIN

And now?

Beat. The music slowly winds down, so does their dancing. Marge lets out a sigh as she unwraps herself from Dustin and heads to the record player

> MARGE Now, we have two girls to look after. Business is booming...

With her back turned, Dustin quickly digs in his pants and re-adjusts his tentpole.

MARGE (CONT'D) ...so all his time is spent at work. Whatever time he gets at home, he still focuses on work and other things. Barely enough time for this old gal.

Dustin sits back down on the couch.

DUSTIN You're not old. You still look very nice.

Marge changes the record on the player. Some more soft music plays.

MARGE That's very nice of you to say. Next you'll say I could pass for Steph and Katie's sister.

DUSTIN

I was thinking of saying that.

Marge laughs as she heads back to the couch and slumps down. She rests her head on the headrest looking up and closes her eyes.

MARGE Old age sure does catch up with you at some point.

Dustin can't help but stare at her bosom...an easy feat seeing as how she has her eyes closed.

DUSTIN Seriously, Mrs. M. You're still very much hot.

Dustin eye's widen. What prompted him to say that? Maybe too much blood rushed to his head.

Marge opens her eyes and looks at Dustin. She smiles.

MARGE

Oh yeah?

DUSTIN Sure. I mean, all the guys at school sure think so too.

His mind races, struggling to comprehend why he is letting loose all his inner thoughts.

MARGE (curious) They do, huh? What do they say?

DUSTIN Um, I don't know. Stuff like, Christ she's hot.

Marge smiles again.

MARGE

And?

DUSTIN I'm sorry, what?

MARGE That can't be all they said. What else do they say?

DUSTIN Um, some think you're insanely sexy.

Marge straightens her posture in intrigue.

MARGE Really? Like how sexy?

Dustin thinks.

DUSTIN Like Jill St. John sexy. You know, back then.

MARGE No, they don't.

DUSTIN Yes, they do. Believe me.

Marge blushes.

MARGE She was pretty sexy back then.

DUSTIN Yeah. I don't think you should put yourself down about your age. You look great. Most mothers usually let themselves go around this age, but you take a lot of pride in how you look. I mean, you're thin, you're beautiful, you take care of yourself, I mean, look at you. You're...you know?

Dustin gestures at her body...awkwardly.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

Sexy.

Marge smiles again, obviously enjoying the compliments.

MARGE Wow. It's nice to see someone who appreciates beauty when they see it.

Dustin nods approvingly.

MARGE (CONT'D) And thank you for noticing. I <u>have</u> been working out. I mean, look at my arms.

She flexes her arms.

MARGE (CONT'D) You see, a little bit of muscle on the old gal. And look.

Dustin's heart violently beats as Marge lifts up her shirt to expose her torso.

MARGE (CONT'D) I mean, look at my abs. No trainer. All me. Touch them. Go on.

Dustin swallows. He extends his arm and touches her abs.

DUSTIN

Wow.

Marge grabs his hand and rubs it on her torso.

MARGE You feel that?

The warmth of her torso sends chills down his spine. He musters up some words.

DUSTIN (meekly) Rock hard abs. Impressive.

His hand keeps brushing up to her bosom as Marge uses his hand to caress her torso.

MARGE A hundred reps a day. Plus an hour and a half on the treadmill, two hours of cardio, three hours of morning jogging...I'm the spitting image of Gwyneth Paltrow.

(CONTINUED)

DUSTIN Undoubtedly.

Dustin pulls his hand away as Marge lowers her shirt.

MARGE You know, I used to wrestle in high school?

# DUSTIN

No kidding.

## MARGE

Oh yeah. Amateur wrestling. You'd never think it to look at me, but I definitely did.

If a light bulb could pop out of imagination in real life, then one would be resting on Dustin's head

> DUSTIN (facetiously) Wow. I'll have to take your word for it.

Marge smiles quizzically.

MARGE You don't believe me?

DUSTIN Sure I do.

MARGE Okay, that's it. Stand up.

Marge gets up and starts pushing tables and couches away. A sly smile spreads across Dustin's face.

DUSTIN Seriously, Mrs. M. I believe you.

MARGE Get down on your hands and knees.

DUSTIN

Pardon me?

MARGE

Just do it.

Dustin exhales as he does so. Marge gets beside him, wrapping one arm around his waist, and grabing Dustin's arm with the other.

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(CONTINUED)

Dustin feels you-know-what squeezing on his back. He smiles sheepishly, as Marge cannot see him do so.

MARGE (CONT'D) Okay, this is called the Referee's position. In order for you to get a point, you will need to escape from my grasp.

Marge tightens around Dustin.

MARGE (CONT'D) Okay? Ready, set, go.

Dustin tries to escape, but Marge has a really good grip on him. He tries using his body strength, but he is really pinned down. He collapses, causing Marge to collapse on his back. Marge laughs.

> MARGE (CONT'D) See, I told you I wrestled. You couldn't even get out of that hold.

Dustin smiles, enjoying the feeling on his back.

DUSTIN Well, I was just taking it easy on you. After all, it has been quite some time since you wrestled.

Marge slaps his arm jokingly.

MARGE Oh, you think you can do any better?

DUSTIN As a matter of fact, yes. Yes, I could, if I had the advantage.

Marge gets up.

MARGE Okay. Then let's switch. See how well you do.

Dustin gets up as well. Marge proceeds to get on her hands and knees.

His heart violently beats at the sight he is looking at. Dustin breathes heavily as he kneels down behind her. He glances at her derriere. Inviting. MARGE (CONT'D) Now from your right position, wrap you left arm on my torso on my left side...

Dustin obeys. He bends down to do so, his crotch lining up with her derrier.

MARGE (CONT'D) ...and then grab my right arm with your right hand. That's to prevent me from moving.

He does so.

MARGE (CONT'D) Okay. Ready?

DUSTIN Are you ready?

Marge laughs.

MARGE Okay. On three. One. Two. THREE!

Marge struggles to escape from his grasp. Dustin uses his strength to secure her down.

She wiggles back and forth, her derriere wriggling wildly on his crotch. Dustin is in heaven

MARGE (CONT'D) I can do this. I can do this.

Using all her might, she tries to heave Dustin away, but it proves unsuccessful. She tries again, this time causing both of them to fall on their sides.

They both laugh hysterically as Marge turns to address Dustin.

MARGE (CONT'D) I swear I could still do this back then.

DUSTIN Sure, sure. If you say so, but you still lost fair and square.

Their close proximity and Marge's labored breathing is evident to Dustin as her hot breathe wafts past his lips. Very inticing. Dustin stares at her. Marge stares back as she controls her breathing. She glances down. Dustin follows her gaze.

Crap! The Eagle has landed, and he has already pitched his tent.

Dustin glances back at Marge, curiously awaiting her imminent disgusted reaction. But instead...

MARGE I figure they've reached the liquor store by now. George likes to take his time buying his liquor.

Marge glances up at Dustin. Dustin swallows.

### DUSTIN

Really?

Marge inches herself closer to Dustin, her breathe getting hotter with every inch.

MARGE

A real beer connosseur. I figure they won't be back for another half hour. Give or take.

Her lips come close to his. Dustin's mind races. Is this really happening?

MARGE (CONT'D) So, what do you think?

Dustin's mind races. This isn't fantasy. Not a dream. It is real. That most glorious coveted moment when a teenager finally gets to smash the hot MILF. That moment is here, and it is now.

> MARGE (CONT'D) Steph would never have to know.

She closes her eyes and waits for him to plant one on her lips.

His breathing slowly rising with potential ecstasy, Dustin stares at the meal that the good Lord has bestowed upon him. He ponders. He hesitates. Suddenly...

> DUSTIN Um, I forgot something.

He hastily gets up as he makes his way to the front door.

## MARGE

Dustin?

DUSTIN I really did forget something. I have to go.

MARGE Wait, Dustin? Sweetie? Dustin!

Dustin bolts out the door, slamming it shut as he does so.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Dustin grabs the wheel with both hands as he inhales and exhales deeply.

DUSTIN Oh man. That was...holy fuck.

He dips his hand into his underwear to reposition his rock-hard manhood so as not to draw as much attention in his pants as when he ran out the door.

> DUSTIN That was so freaking crazy.

He laughs hysterically as he takes the occasional glance back at the house.

He whips out the car keys and turns on the ignition, letting the engine run as he continues to compose himself.

> DUSTIN I should go back in there. Oh man, I should go back in there.

His eyes suddenly brighten.

FLASHBACK TO:

Dustin, in the same car back at his driveway, staring at the spilled contents of the glove-box and shaking his head.

FLASH FORWARD BACK TO:

Dustin starts eyeing the glove-box. He takes a quick glance at his watch. He swallows, as he makes a decision and attempts to reach for the glove-box.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Dustin yelps, jumping in his seat in the process. He looks into his rear-view mirror and sees George, leaning on the trunk, staring back at him. His expression is very grim,

> DUSTIN Oh shit. I'm fucked.

George gestures for him to turn off the car. Dustin obediently does so. George comes around to the driver's side and opens the door.

# GEORGE

Get out.

Dustin slowly but cautiously gets out. George shuts the driver's door.

DUSTIN Sir, I can explain.

George gestures for silence. Dustin clams up.

George stares back at the house, as does Dustin. Standing by the doorway is Marge, along with Stephanie and Katie. Stephanie looks disappointed. Dustin sighs.

> DUSTIN (CONT'D) Sir, if you can just let me...

> > GEORGE

There are two kinds of people in this world, Dustin. There are opportunists, and those who are principled. The opportunist, he sees a situation that he can truly benefit from, and acts upon it regardless of consequence or without ethics. A very unscrupulous character at that.

DUSTIN

I understand that, sir, but you see...

# GEORGE

But the principled individual, this person takes the time to calculate the pros and cons of the same situation, and chooses the path less desired. Very tactful.

Dustin is unsure of what to say. George places his hand on Dustin's shoulder, almost making his flinch.

GEORGE You, my boy, have proven to be very principled.

George smiles. Dustin, still in shock, struggles to smile back.

DUSTIN What are you talking about?

GEORGE I planned a simple exercise to test out your character and intentions, and by all accounts, you passed with flying colors. Ain't that right, honey.

Dustin glances at a smiling Marge.

MARGE A hundred points across the board.

An aghast Dustin is speechless, yet...

DUSTIN What the hell is going on?

GEORGE

I'm very well aware of how beautiful my daughters are. And more to the point, I am willing to protect those girls even from evil itself. A lot of temptations in this world, young man, very bad temptations. They can come in the form of drugs, gambling, crime...and in this case, the opposite sex.

Dustin looks back at Marge, who mouths 'I'm really sorry'.

GEORGE (CONT'D) I needed to know who was worthy of my daughter. Someone who isn't easily tempted by the lures of another. Someone who only has eyes for my daughter, and nobody else. And you have proven that tonight.

Dustin rubs his face in exasperation.

#### DUSTIN

Wow!

GEORGE I know. Crazy turn of events, huh?

Stephanie though looks extremely disappointed.

STEPHANIE This is so unfair.

# GEORGE

Oh come on, honey, we had to see if he was like those other idiotic boyfriends you've brought into the house.

STEPHANIE You could have at least told me what you guys were planning.

GEORGE And what, have you ruin my fun.?

STEPHANIE Exactly. Coz you guys are psycho. (to Katie) Did you know about this?

KATIE

Know about it? I was there for its inception from the get go.

STEPHANIE Okay, you're not allowed to borrow my stuff anymore, I can tell you that right now.

KATIE Oh come on, it was a little harmless fun, Steph.

#### STEPHANIE

Oh, shut up.

Dustin, still reeling from this, musters up a question.

DUSTIN So does this mean I can continue dating your daughter?

GEORGE Hold your horses, boy. You passed <u>a</u> test. There's gonna be much more to come, but I guess for now, yes, you can continue dating my daughter. But I'll be watching you like a hawk from here on out, so beware. George walks back into the house, accompanied by Katie. MARGE Sorry about that, Dustin. When he sets his mind at something, he always sees it to fruition. Dustin is slightly embarrassed. MARGE (CONT'D) Oh, come on, sweetie. It's fine. You're a young man, after all, it's suppose to do that when you're around a "hot" woman. Marge giggles. Dustin can't help but smile as well. DUSTIN It's still a bit embarrassing. MARGE It's quite fine, honey. At least I know I've still got it. (beat) Are you gonna be okay? DUSTIN Yeah, I'll be fine, Mrs. M. I'm just glad I passed your test. MARGE Good boy. I knew I liked you from the start. Marge kisses him on the forehead. MARGE (CONT'D) Come on back in. We still have a meal to plow through. Marge starts heading into the house.

MARGE (CONT'D) (to Stephanie) Come on, honey. Dinner's cold. STEPHANIE (pouting) I'm not talking to you.

MARGE Oh, come on, honey, it was a little harmless fun. Besides, it was your Dad'd idea.

Stephanie still pouts. The amused Marge also kisses her on her head.

MARGE (CONT'D) Don't stay out too long. It's chilly and you're not even wearing a sweater.

Marge disappears into the house. Dustin approaches as well. Stephanie hugs him.

STEPHANIE I swear, I knew nothing of this. If I had known, I would have warned you not to come. I understand if you want to take a rain check on dinner.

DUSTIN (amused) It's fine, really. I kinda learned something about myself today.

STEPHANIE Really? What?

DUSTIN That I am a one-woman kinda guy.

Stephanie smiles. She plants one on him.

STEPHANIE Damn straight you are.

DUSTIN I'm actually famished after this whole ordeal.

STEPHANIE

Let's go eat.

They disappear into the house.

Dustin lays on his bed, exhausted, cell phone in hand.

VOICE (V.O) HA-HA-HA-HA!

#### DUSTIN

I swear to God, it was like that scene in that movie where DeNiro hooks up Ben Stiller to that polygraph test, man, fuckin' brutal.

VOICE (V.O) Yo, I'm fuckin' dying here, man. So psycho dad and slutty milf. That's a hell of a combo, man.

DUSTIN

(agreeing) Right?

# VOICE (V.O)

I gotta tell you though, if it was me, I'd have headbutted my face right on them titties. Just start sucking on them like my life depended on it, you feel me?

DUSTIN

I just told you she was testing me. Steph's dad would kill your ass.

VOICE (V.O)

And I'd die happy, long enough to tell him that his wife is a hoe. She needed some young dick instead of his saggy ass balls.

Dustin laughs.

DUSTIN Anyway, how'd your night go?

#### VOICE (V.O)

I told you your whip is a pussy magnet, man. The minute I rolled up to the club, whoo! I had chicks trying to grind on me the whole night, asking me to buy them drinks n' shit. You should have been there with me. DUSTIN Sorry bud. Your wingman had shit to do.

VOICE (V.O) Anyway, I ended up chatting it up with this mulatto chick. Fine as hell, ass for days. She was just tethered to me the whole night.

DUSTIN

Oh, nice, nice.

VOICE (V.O) So last call, she says Let's get outta here, go someplace quiet. I'm thinking, Aw Snap, shit's about to go down.

Dustin laughs, always enamored by his friend's tales.

VOICE (V.O) So, we drive up to Squamish Peak, you know that place by the grind?

DUSTIN Yah, man, that place where we went hiking that one time.

## VOICE (V.O)

Yeah, dawg. Close to that place. Great view of the city at night, man. This chick, yo, she was randy as fuck. Starts unzipping me and goes to town, son. I'm talking jack-hammer style, man, I was trembling like crazy, you know, in ecstasy n' shit.

Dustin gets up instantly.

DUSTIN

I swear to God, if I find even an ounce of jizz on my backseat, I'm gonna run you over with my car.

VOICE (V.O) Yo, chill dawg, story's not even over yet. Chill. Damn.

DUSTIN Right. Sorry. My bad. Carry on.

Dustin lies down again.

VOICE (V.O) So anyway, I'm friggin' sweating from that performance, trying to catch my breath. She starts taking off her clothes, and I'm thinkin' Yup. This is it. The Big Bonanza.

DUSTIN The big bonanza?

VOICE (V.O) We're about to fuck, is that better?

Dustin chuckles.

VOICE (V.O) So anyway, I'm getting on top of her, right, and then I realize something. Something I should have realized the minute I left the club with her.

Dustin smiles as he clues in.

DUSTIN This isn't your car.

VOICE (V.O) Right, man, right. Which means...

DUSTIN You don't have your rubbers.

Beat.

VOICE (V.O) Holy shit, what are you, fuckin' psychic? Yeah, dawg, how the hell did you know that?

A sly smile spreads across Dustin's face.

DUSTIN You left them in your glove box.

FADE OUT.