

The Tenth Commandment

by

Barry McGoldstein

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - MORNING

BARRY is a pudgy computer programmer in his mid thirties. He is sitting at the DINING ROOM TABLE with his TWO YOUNG CHILDREN who are eating their breakfast. In the background, we hear a TELEVISION playing reruns of INSPECTOR GADGET. BARRY is a defeated man, he stares into the middle-distance as he shoves another bowl of CHEERIOS into his mouth.

RACHEL, Barry's wife, storms into the dining room--she is clearly not a morning person. She is slightly overweight, hair is messy, pajamas are mismatched, thick-rimmed glasses are on her nose, and she looks like she could bite the jugular off a wolverine.

RACHEL

Arghhh! I'm sick and tired of the god-damn kids crawling in our bed every morning at 6. 4 hours of sleep is not enough!

BARRY

What time did you go to bed?

RACHEL

Right after you did, about 10.

BARRY

Wouldn't that be more like 8 hours--

RACHEL

(Screams)

Shut up! I can't take this right now.

Rachel grabs a PEPSI out of the fridge and storms off to the couch to watch television.

BARRY

(Cowardly to himself)

You're welcome for getting up with the kids so you can sleep 'til 8.

You're welcome for getting their breakfast made.

You're welcome for going to work today so you can get in a 4 hour nap.

RACHEL (O.C.)

What did you say?

BARRY
Nothing dear.

CHILD 1
Shut up daddy!

BARRY
Don't tell ME to shut up. I'm still
your father. Now, go get your stuff
for school.

RACHEL
Sweetheart? Can you get my pain pills
please?

BARRY
Is your strained breast bothering you
again?

Rachel rubs her left breast, she sobs loudly and then comforts herself by taking a deep drink of her soda. Barry throws his dishes into the sink, it is piled high with dirty pots and pans with flies beginning to form.

BARRY (CONT'D)
I'll try and get to these dishes when I
get home from work tonight. I have a
conference call with India at 6 so--

RACHEL
(Sobbing)
You know, this family needs you to. Do
we have to make an appointment to get
your attention? The kids have barely
seen you lately.

BARRY
You're just grouchy because you're in
pain. Let me get you your pills.

Barry opens the kitchen cabinet and grabs the bottle of pills.
He reads the inscription on the bottle.

INSCRIPTION: Deprol. Take 1 every 4 hours. If the bitch takes
more than 8 she's fucked.

Barry shakes his head and reads again.

INSCRIPTION: Deprol. Take 1 every 4 hours. Do not exceed 4 pills in a single day.

Barry hands wife her pills. She hands him her empty Pepsi can.

RACHEL

Can you get me a Mountain Dew as well?
I'm SO tired today.

BARRY

Would you like some coffee? It doesn't
have any calories.

RACHEL

(Retying her robe)
You're such an insensitive ass.

She swallows her pills like a true addict, she's done this a thousand times.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(Sweetly)

Honey? Can you please stay home from
work today? I can't take care of the
kids. I'm in so much pain.

Rachel bends over as if a sudden major pain storm just hit her abdomen.

BARRY

I'm sorry. I have to go to work.
They're laying off people right now, it
wouldn't be good if I didn't show up.

RACHEL

It's not fair. You get to go WHERE-
ever you want and do WHAT-ever you want
and I just stay here and clean your
house for you like your goddamn ser-
vant. Fine. Go! Have a great day at
work.

Barry shoves his jacket under his arm and prepares to leave for work.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You know, Carol's husband actually took
the day off work when she was sick.

And he's Vice President. He's actually somebody important!

BARRY

Honey, you've been sick for the last 8 months. You had your gallbladder surgery, your irritable bowels--

RACHEL

(Changes subject)

Were you jacking off in the bathroom this morning? I swear I heard you breathing heavy.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRY'S BATHROOM - A FEW MIN EARLIER

Barry is masturbating over the toilet holding a folded CHRISTMAS CARD showing a beautiful redheaded woman in a green low cut sweater. You can just make out the words, "A Savior Is Born" on top of the card. The woman's husband is concealed behind the fold but you can still see his arm. Barry is breathing heavy.

RETURN TO:

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - MORNING

BARRY

That's horrible. Just horrible, honey. Why would you say that?

RACHEL

If I find your sperm on the toilet I am calling Pastor Bobby!

CUT TO:

INT. BARRY'S BATHROOM - A FEW MIN EARLIER

Barry, still masturbating, reaches climax and uses both hands to cover his mouth so not to make any noise and awaken his sleeping wife. Barry drops the Christmas Card.

Audio: Splat!

His spluge hits the toilet. Barry grabs some tissue and furiously buffs out of the porcelain.

BARRY
(Whispering to himself)
Shit, what a mess.

RETURN TO:

Barry kisses his wife on the cheek.

BARRY
I love you, honey.

RACHEL
No you don't.

BARRY
C'mon kids, let's get in the car.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MORNING

Barry is driving away from his kids' elementary school. He's staring off into the middle distance listening to RUSH LIMBAUGH barking on his radio.

All of a sudden, he notices the shapely figure of a beautiful woman out for a morning jog. He zooms in on her ass, he can see the imprint of her thong underwear underneath the spandex. It moves up and down in slow motion. Perfect. His eyes move up towards her head, she is looking back at him. Pervert. Barry puts his eyes back on the road.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - MORNING

ALAN, an overweight, out of work slob is sleeping naked on the couch. The digital clock reads 8:00 AM. He snores loudly and scratches his hairy ass as he adjusts the pillow for maximum comfort. He is surrounded by XBox Games and a video game controller. He is missing a pinky toe on his right foot.

MARY enters through the front door. His wife is sweaty, having just got back from her morning jog. She's still moving her legs to keep her heart rate up and has two fingers on her neck to check her pulse. She's wearing a sports bra and short running

shorts. Mary is the picture of physical perfection, she is perfectly toned and attractive.

MARY

I think I might be ready for the tri
afterall. I really got my stride after
the--

She realizes that Alan is sleeping on the couch.

MARY (CONT'D)

Wait. You're home. What happened to
your open house today?

ALAN

Bob decided to use Steven fucking
Schrader instead. Whatever.

MARY

So why are you sleeping?

ALAN

Because I'm tired. Damn. We were up
playing Call of Duty until fucking 4 AM
last night.

MARY

(Disappointed)

I have to jump in the shower. I have
to get to the school by nine. Did the
collection agency call about your stu-
dent loans?

ALAN

Fuck them.

MARY

Jesus, Alan.

Mary exits the room. Alan gets up, frustrated that his wife is on his case and turns on the XBox. He puts on his GAMING HEADPHONES.

ALAN

(Into the headset)

Codename: ninetoes. Checking in. Lock
and load. War aint for the women and
children. I'm cutting through the

fields, you fuckers better have my back
you chicken shit little cowards.

CHILD'S VOICE ON INTERCOM
Who is this?

ALAN
I'm the terminator, kid. Now just stay
out of my way. You're in my world and
I'm a fucking god here...HEADSHOT!

INT. WORK - MORNING

Barry enters the office. A CROWD OF HIS CO-WORKERS are huddled
together having a private conversation. They snicker.

BARRY
What's the word?

CO-WORKER 1
Nothin. Just talking.

BARRY
Aw, c'mon. I want to know the office
gossip. I've always been excluded from
this, somebody let me in.

CO-WORKER 2
(Clearly lying)
It's nothing.

Just then, MARGARET, a big chested, middle-aged, office manager
taps Barry on the shoulder.

MARGARET
Barry, can you come with me please?

BARRY
Oh, sure.

(Smiles at the gos-
sipers)
Ok, when I get back I want to know what
all the fun is about! You guys are too
much!

CUT TO:

INT. MARGARET'S OFFICE - A MINUTE LATER

BARRY
(Outraged)

You've been monitoring my Internet?!

Barry drops his head into his hands and starts to sob loudly.
Margaret passes a FORM across the desk.

MARGARET

Barry, you signed this form when you worked here. It says you agree to our employee handbook on employee behavior and explicit content.

BARRY

Are you going to fire me?

MARGARET

It's not up to me to decide. I have to report this violation to corporate or I'LL get in trouble. In the past-- yes--they have terminated people for inappropriate work behavior such as this.

BARRY

(Panicked)

I'm fucked. I'm fucked! My wife is going to kill me. She's going to call the pastor. I'm so fucked.

MARGARET

Well, I'm afraid there's one more thing. Standard protocol. Ugh. This is really uncomfortable for me...

BARRY

This is uncomfortable for YOU?!

Margaret holds up a stack of stapled papers.

MARGARET

I have a report here from our IT department that has the... um... questionably inappropriate web sites you visited. I need you to confirm the items on this list.

BARRY

Why would you need me to confirm the items on the list? You've been sniffing my packets. Yes, I admit, you caught me...I looked at pictures of naked women at work. But it was only softcore, like Playboy-type stuff. Artful nudes. I only viewed softcore and voyeur sites in the office. R-rated stuff. Occassionally teens and housewives...

MARGARET

Barry, this is uncomfortable for me too.

(Pause)

Barry?

Are you staring at my breasts?

BARRY

(Covers his face with his hands)

Please just make this end.

MARGARET

I'm gonna read the websites and you just say "no" if there's a site you think was falsely placed on this web site.

BARRY

Can I just say "no" to all of these and keep my job? How many are there?

MARGARET

Your system was flagged last April. So...

(Counting)

824...25. Last week.

I'll just start reading. Let's see

MyBestFriendsNakedWife.net?

BARRY

(Defiantly)

No.

MARGARET

You are disputing that one?

BARRY

Yes, I'd like to dispute them all.
There must be a bug or something on my
computer.

MARGARET

Uh huh...

RealNakedHouseWives.com?

BARRY

Dispute.

MARGARET

StolenNakedHomeVideos.com?

BARRY

(Defiantly)

Never heard of it.

MARGARET

YourNextDoorNeighborsPussy.net?

YouGrandmasPussy?

BARRY

Are you seriously going to read EVERY
SINGLE one of these?

Barry gets on his knees and begins to beg.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Look, I'm begging you Margaret. Please
don't send these websites to corporate.
I'll stop. I swear to God.

MARGARET

Can I be honest with you? As a woman,
I'm very offended by the nature of
these sites. And I'm a little creeped
out by you right now.

You seem to me to have all the markings
of a man who peeps into windows and

thinks about his neighbor naked. Some of the women in the office have complained about you as well. They say you have "elevator eyes". I've had a couple anonymous reports that someone heard you masturbating in the men's room.

BARRY

Can't you help me?

MARGARET

I think you have a sexual addiction. I think you should seek treatment.

BARRY

Treatment? Like support groups? Perverts Anonymous?

MARGARET

You need help.

BARRY

Can I make a deal with you? If you let me go back to my desk. I'll call and get some help right now. I promise. I'll even have my therapist check in with you every week.

Has my work performance suffered? I'm still the best programmer we have, am I not?

Margaret looks out the window.

MARGARET

I don't know. I'd get in a lot of trouble if there were another...incident.

BARRY

Look, what if it turns out I DO have some sort of chemical imbalance, you wouldn't want me to sue the company for not giving me a chance to get some sort of treatment, right?

Discrimination and Johnny Cochran and all that...

Margaret weighs Barry's proposal.

MARGARET

Ok fine. Here's the deal: Go home for today, talk to your wife about what's going on. This is going to be just as hard for HER as it is for you. Then tomorrow you give me the name of your therapist and your support group. I will open a report and we'll evaluate your treatment.

BARRY

Fuck that! My wife?! Why do I have to tell her? She'd fuckin kill me if she knew.

MARGARET

That's the deal. Take it...or leave it. I have a 10:30 so I have to leave.

INT. OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Barry walks out of Margaret's office. The gossipers are huddled near the door all of them snickering at Barry. His head is slumped and he looks at them and snarls.

BARRY

Fuck you. Fuck you all! You gossiping, coffee drinking, water cooler mother fuckers! None of you would have jobs if it wasn't for me. You'd all be selling fucking insurance.

I'm not done yet.

Fade out.

Fade In.

EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE - NOON

Barry pulls into the driveway. He's uneasy, knowing he's going to have to confront his wife about what happened at work. He stares at the garage and taps his fingers on the steering wheel.

There's a sign in his front door that says, "Jesus is the reason for the season." It's clearly not Christmas time, the yard is as neglected as their marriage.

Barry gets out of his car and fidgets with his keys as he approaches the front door.

A STRAY CAT is POOPING on the WELCOME MAT. Barry shoos it away.

He unlocks the front door and enters the house.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - NOON

Barry enters the front door as quiet as a mouse. He moves slowly and holds his breath so as not to alert his wife of his presence. He closes the door and pivots on a single foot.

RACHEL (O.C.)

You have something to tell me?

Frightened, Barry turns around and sees the callus and accusing face of his wife. She's sitting on the couch, still in her bathrobe, eating a PINT OF ICECREAM out of the container.

BARRY

(Straightening his tie)

Actually, yes. Yes, I do.

Have a seat.

Barry realizes that his wife is already seated.

RACHEL

What are you, an idiot? Start talkin'

Barry walks towards the couch. He steps on a child's toy which erupts into bedtime melody. He reaches down and shuts it off.

He slowly lowers his body onto the couch as if he thinks there may be a nail buried in the cushion. She is not amused. She knows whatever her husband is about to say is not going to be pleasant and she's ready to fight.

Fade Out.

Fade In.

INT. MARY'S CLASSROOM - NOON

Mary, an elementary school teacher, dismisses her children off to recess. She sits in her desk and smiles.

ELAINE, a plain looking middle-aged woman, enters the classroom holding a SACK LUNCH.

ELAINE

How're your little monsters?

MARY

Monsters? Hardly. They're great. I love my class this year. How are your fourth graders?

Mary reaches into her desk and pulls out a BOXED GARDEN SALAD and begins to eat. Elaine takes a seat in one of the children's desks.

ELAINE

So?

MARY

(Shrugs)

He said we need to wait another six months.

ELAINE

Such a fucking asshole!

You've been married, what, 15 years now? How much time does the lazy piece of shit think you have?

MARY

Please Elaine. He IS my husband after all. And he's not lazy, he just has this...shoulder injury--

ELAINE

Probably was jerking off to some chick in a video game. I bet he plays in the nude. Tell me. Be honest, Mary. He plays naked doesn't he?

MARY

(Smiles)

No. That's disgusting.

He's looking for a job, it's just hard right now with the economy and the--

ELAINE

You put him through fucking law school. He has a JD, my husband didn't finish high school and he still gave me four children.

MARY

Well, after Alan graduated, he decided he didn't want to be a lawyer after all. He wanted to be a photographer for a while but all he wanted to do was take pictures of me in the shower. But that was before the...

ELAINE

Pervert.

MARY

God closed THAT door for us and now I'm starting to think that this door is closing too, and I'm fine with it. Really.

ELAINE

Well, you are a beautiful woman and there are a thousand guys out there who'd love to give you their sperm.

PRINCIPAL DYLAN stands in the doorway.

PRINCIPAL DYLAN

Good morning ladies.

ELAINE, MARY

Good morning, Principal Dylan.

Principal Dylan walks away.

ELAINE

Shit, Dylan would get you pregnant. Poor guy's wife left him for his pool-boy--

CUT TO:

EXT. PRINCIPAL DYLAN'S HOUSE - 1 YEAR AGO

Principal Dylan comes home with a BOQUET of flowers in his hand anxious to see his lovely bride.

PRINCIPAL DYLAN
Honey, I'm home early!

AUDIO: We hear the sound of two people having sex.

PRINCIPAL DYLAN(CONT'D)
Honey?

RETURN TO:

INT. MARY'S CLASSROOM

ELAINE (CONT'D)
I caught him staring at your ass once.

MARY
Please don't say that it. I'm going to feel uncomfortable around him.

ELAINE
Why should you feel uncomfortable. You work your ass off to have an ass that everyone hates you for having.

If I didn't have this thyroid condition I'd love to have an ass like you as well.

MARY
I told you, the thyroid isn't the problem it's the ratio of carbs you intake compared to the amount of exercise--

ELAINE
--please. Let me keep my dignity you anorexic bitch. Now eat your cabbage. What are you, a rabbit?

Elaine pulls a SANDWICH from her bag.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
Meatball hoggie. God I love my husband.

Elaine takes a carnivorous bite and lets out an orgasmic sound of approval. Outside the door Principal Dylan is talking to

some children and turns his head at sounds similar to female orgasm coming from the teacher's classroom. He shakes his head and shoves the students away from the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - DAY

RACHEL is crying hysterically, her face is distorted. Barry has just told her the bad news.

RACHEL
You're a fucking pervert! I knew it!

BARRY
I'm not a pervert. That's not fair.
If you'd just have sex with me when I
asked you--

Rachel, still sobbing herself into panic, gets up and picks up the phone.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Who are you calling?

RACHEL
I'm calling Pastor Bobby! Pervert!

BARRY
Rachel?! Wait.

RACHEL
And then I'm calling my mother.

BARRY
No! Don't call your mother.

RACHEL
--and then I'm calling YOUR mother.
Let her know what kind of a masturbat-
ing, horny asshole I married.

Oh, I guess now I don't have to ask you
why I found THIS on the bathroom floor?

Rachel holds up the folded Christmas Card clearly showing MARY and ALAN.

RACHEL(CONT'D)

You were thinking about Mary weren't you? Well, I'll call Alan and we'll see what he thinks about this.

I hate you! I hate you!

BARRY

I don't understand why this is such a big deal.

RACHEL

Pack your shit asshole.

Mary dials the telephone.

Fade out.

Fade In.

INT. BARRY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Barry is laying on the couch, he's having trouble falling asleep. We hear a very loud GRANDFATHER CLOCK that ticks loudly with each passing second. He's draped his body in a blanket clearly not big enough to cover his entire body.

Barry turns over and tosses his blanket to the floor. He decides to get up and do some work to help with his insomnia.

INT. BARRY'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Barry flicks on his computer screens. He has an incredibly hi-tech setup: multiple oversized flat screen monitors and a perfectly organized office. It's evident that he's spent a lot of hours here hiding out from Rachel.

He locks the door and takes a seat at his desk. After a few clicks, Barry opens up a website he has created. It's called Love2SeeYouNaked.com. He types a thousand words a minute as he updates some of the website code.

On another screen, we see a window describing the basic instruction of the website with colorful icons:

INSTRUCTIONS

How Love2SeeYouNaked.com works:

- #1 - Make a cash offer to see your secret crush naked
- #2 - If she accepts, setup a time and we'll give you a private video chat
- #3 - Once she's gotten naked, click the "Pay Now" button to complete the transaction.
- #4 - Make sure it just stays between the two of you. No angry husbands allowed!

BARRY

You can do it, Barry. You can do it.

Barry opens a text editor and begins to type. We see Barry type the following

Send to: MARY

Amount: \$500.00

He presses the SEND button.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Mary is also awake. She is sitting at her computer reading a website about FERTILITY TESTING. A COMPUTER CHIME alerts her that she has a new email.

She opens it up and reads it out loud.

MARY

Congratulations, a close friend has offered to pay you \$500.00 right now if you will participate in an intimate video chat--

Ugh...gross.

Mary presses the DELETE button.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Barry is sitting tapping his fingertips together. His feet begin to tap as well.

We see the sun begin to rise out the window. Barry is asleep.

Fade Out.

Fade In.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Rachel tries to open the door to Barry's office but the door is still locked. She turns the handle and finally knocks softly.

RACHEL
Sweetheart?

Barry wakes up. He closes the programs on his computer and opens the door.

BARRY
Hi. How are? Everything ok?

Rachel seems to have had a change of heart. She is not angry, but instead seems to pity her husband.

RACHEL
You poor baby, did you sleep at your desk all night?

BARRY
Huh? Oh...yeah. The couch was hurting my back. I'd better, um...get ready to go to work or something...

RACHEL
Wait. I want to talk.

Rachel sits in a chair by the door.

BARRY
Okay.

RACHEL

I'm sorry about the way I reacted. I thought about what you said. I was thinking maybe we could try again.

BARRY

(Pretending to be interested)

Really? Wow. Um, I'm fairly taken back by this.

So...you're not going to call Pastor Bobby then?

RACHEL

No. I called him. We have an appointment in half an hour.

But--

BARRY

Perfect. My life is over.

So much for "trying again".

RACHEL

Barry. I really want you to get better. I want to be happy again too. It's been so long since I've been happy. Don't you want that?

BARRY

Yeah, I want to be happy. But I don't want to be steamrolled by a 25-year old kid for doing what HE'S probably doing when HIS wife is not home.

RACHEL

He's not 25, he's 28. He doesn't touch himself, don't you remember that whole sermon he did on why it's wrong.

God doesn't want you to touch yourself like that.

BARRY

Doesn't God have more important things to worry about like earthquakes and starving people in Africa?

And let me fill you in, just because a guy SAYS he doesn't do it doesn't mean he actually doesn't do it. What about that pastor in Texas who had gay sex with the male hooker?

95 percent of all men masturbate and 5 percent are fucking liars...or gay.

RACHEL

Oh, Jesus. Are you gay too?

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Mary enters her home again after another morning jog. Alan is on the couch, playing XBox in the nude.

ALAN

Wusup sugar tits? Oops...sorry. I mean...sugar...pussy.

Mary looks down at her small chest and gasps at Alan's rudeness.

MARY

Why do you play XBox naked again?

ALAN

It's a concentration thing. I'm a zen master. Can't have things like my drawers twisting my sack of wompa-wompa juice and getting me caught in a cross-fire--

--AH FUCK!

Damn it. You see what you did, Mary.

Through Alan's headphones we hear the sound of a young boy laughing as he celebrates his victory.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I hope you're happy, I just got killed by a noob.

(To the kid in his headphones)

Relish that victory you little faggot
it's the last time you'll see me on the
ground, I guarantee you that.

MARY

Hey, I'm taking Elaine out for her
birthday today. Do we have still have
that fifty dollars in the checking ac-
count?

ALAN

Yes, that's fine.

MARY

Great.

ALAN

Oh, shit. No. Cancel that. Mega
Freedom Invasion comes out next Tues-
day.

MARY

That's fine, I get paid on Friday.

ALAN

Uh...I pre-ordered it on Amazon. It's
the only way you get the Elite Edition
Strategy Pack--

--shit woman! I told you all this al-
ready! Why don't you take an interest
in my life?

Alan starts to cry. Mary bends over and gives him a hug.

MARY

I'm sorry. It's fine. I'll make her a
card or...something.

ALAN

Ouch, careful sweetie. I think you
reaggravated my shoulder last night
with that reverse cowgirl shit you were
doin last night.

MARY

You enjoyed that? That's wonderful.
Maybe one of these days I'll get to

look at YOUR ass while we're having sex.

Alan farts.

ALAN

You can look at it right now, but I'd wait a minute or two if I was you.

MARY

Thanks.

Fade Out.

Fade In.

INT. CHURCH WAITING ROOM - DAY

Barry and Rachel sit on a small bench outside a door marked PASTOR BOBBY. Rachel is chewing gum. She offers a piece to Barry who shakes his head and begins to tap his feet nervously.

BARRY

So...how long is our appointment?

RACHEL

That depends on you, doesn't it?

PASTOR BOBBY opens the door and greets them. He is a young, goateed, crewcut young man with an endless bounty of energy.

PASTOR BOBBY

Hey hey, there they are! My two favorite people in the whole world!

He gives Mary a big hug and then offers a hearty handshake to Barry, who can't seem return eye contact as he shakes his hand.

PASTOR BOBBY (CONT'D)

Well, whatcha' all waitin' for, an invitation? Come on in. Come on in.

INT. BOBBY'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

Bobby is holding Barry and Rachel's hands leading them in a group prayer. Rachel has her eyes closed and Barry, looking at his shoes, is trying just to endure.

PASTOR BOBBY
(Opening his eyes)
Amen. Praise God.

(Looks to Rachel)
He is good, isn't he?

RACHEL
He is good, indeed.

PASTOR BOBBY
(Looks to Barry)
He is good, right Barry?

BARRY
Oh boy is he. The goodest.

Rachel scorns her husband with her eyes. Barry smiles uncomfortably and looks back towards Bobby.

RACHEL
Thank you for meeting with us, Pastor Bobby.

PASTOR BOBBY
Of course! Of course!

But I got ONE THING to say to you two before we get started. You ready for this? You ready?

BARRY, RACHEL
Yes. Sure. What is it?

PASTOR BOBBY
Who's EXCITED to see this family get healed today? Huh? Who's excited?

RACHEL
I'M excited, Bobby. I'm not so sure about...

PASTOR BOBBY

Okay then. I get it. We got a ways to go. How about I say one more thing then. Barry, this is for you buddy.

Everything...

(pause)
...is going to BE...

(pause)
...alllllllllll RIGHT!

BARRY
Ohhhh-kay....

RACHEL
Thank you, Pastor Bobby.

BARRY
Yes, thank you. That was...great.

PASTOR BOBBY
Hey! Brain fart...

What did you guys think of that Dixie-land Gospel Quartet on Sunday. Wasn't that just wonderful?

RACHEL
Well, Pastor Bobby. We didn't exactly make it to church this Sunday.

PASTOR BOBBY
No? You folks on vacation? Having a second honeymoon or something?

RACHEL
Barry, why don't you--

BARRY
(Bluntly)
I'm a sex addict.

PASTOR BOBBY
Uh huh...I see.

BARRY
I masturbate to online pornography multiple times per day. Well actually, I

probably spend hours surfing for pornography and just a few minutes masturbating if you catch my drift.

Ever hear of anything like that before?

The room is silent. Bobby moves his eyes back and forth between Rachel and Barry. Pastor Bobby's train of thought has been derailed.

PASTOR BOBBY

I appreciate your honesty, Barry.

BARRY

So what should I do? I left my check book in the car, but I can go get it if it helps...

PASTOR BOBBY

Did we pray? We prayed right?

BARRY, RACHEL

Yes, yes you did. It was a good one.

PASTOR BOBBY

I assume you're talking about HETEROSEXUAL pornography right?

RACHEL

That's correct. He was just fired for looking at pornographic pictures at work.

BARRY

Does it matter?

Bobby laughs and then changes channels and gets very serious.

PASTOR BOBBY

Well Barry, I got only one question to ask you. How do you think that makes your bride feel knowing that she's not enough for you?

Rachel starts to cry.

BARRY

Jesus?! I didn't say she's not--

PASTOR BOBBY

And I got another question Barry.

How do you think Jesus feels about you masturbating?

Is that what you want to be doing when he comes back on a white horse?

BARRY

I don't know, I've never met Jesus.

PASTOR BOBBY

(Opening a small
pocket-sized Bible)

Let's look at God's HOLY Scriptures,
maybe an answer can be found in there.
Hey, what do you know...Matthew 5:30
'If your right hand should cause you to
stumble--'

BARRY

I'm actually left-handed. BUT, I do
jerk off RIGHT-handed. You know what
they say, it feels like someone else...

Pastor Bobby closes the Bible.

PASTOR BOBBY

What are you doing, man?!

You've got a beautiful wife, two kids
and you're gonna throw all that away
for some cheap thrills?

BARRY

(Giving up)

I'll stop, I swear. This is so uncom-
fortable, can I just go now?

PASTOR BOBBY

(To Rachel)

You know what I think? I don't think
he's ready for this yet. I think it's
time we went nuc-uler.

Do you have a place you and the kids
can go?

RACHEL

My mom said we can stay there for a while. But she lives up in--

BARRY

I thought you were supposed to bring us back together. Remember, you asked us if we were excited about...

Barry looks around and sees that he is alone. Bobby and Rachel have turned against him. He surrenders.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I'll move out.

PASTOR BOBBY

Okay, let's do this! Barry's gonna have his fun and when he's ready to have his family back, we'll be here waiting.

That is, if God hasn't acted his judgment upon you first.

BARRY

Do you save ANY of the marriages that come through here? Are you licensed in any way to practice family counseling? Where'd you go to school? Bible college?

PASTOR BOBBY

I'm trained and certified in RBC - Rebuke-Based Counseling. As you can see by my certificate on the wall in the back next to the picture of me with that 10 pound widemouth bass.

Barry turns around and sees the PICTURE OF BOBBY HOLDING A FISH next to a CHEAP LOOKING CERTIFICATE.

BARRY

Nice fish.

PASTOR BOBBY

Barry, I would like your permission to add this issue to the church prayer list.

BARRY

Absolutely not. It's private.

RACHEL

I consent. You don't have to put HIS name in it.

PASTOR BOBBY

(Writing)

Good! That's all I need.

BARRY

Well, I think they'll figure out who your sex-craving husband is, won't they? Fine. I don't care. I hate most of the people in this church anyway.

PASTOR BOBBY

Barry, I just wanna pray for you again right now. Can we just put our hands on you?

Fade Out.

Fade In.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Elaine, Mary, and some OTHER FEMALE TEACHERS are out to lunch. The ladies are looking at their menus. Mary is stressed, she knows she has no money for lunch. The WAITRESS approaches their table.

WAITRESS

Can I take your order ladies?

ELAINE

Yes, I'll have the onion rings, tunamelt, and can you give me a side of butter to dip the fries in?

WAITRESS

Sure, I can ask the chef for some melted butter.

(To Mary)
And for you?

MARY
I think I'll just have some water. I
had a big breakfast today.

ELAINE
Bullshit. This is MY birthday lunch
and you will eat. I'm paying for
you...

Elaine digs into her purse.

MARY
No, seriously.

ELAINE
(To Waitress)
Give miss toothpick here whatever
wheatgrass, oatbran, vegetable plat-
ter--

MARY
--chicken-fried steak, double-mash,
extra-gravy. And a Heineken! Choco-
late lava cake?

The women at the table cheer.

MARY (CONT'D)
I'll run it off tomorrow.

EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Barry has his computer equipment in a box. Rachel and the chil-
dren are waiting to say goodbye. He kneels down to hug them.

BARRY
You be good for your mother. Daddy
will be back in a few days.

CHILD 1
Where are you going daddy?

RACHEL
Daddy is sick and has to get better.

CHILD 1

He doesn't look sick.

BARRY

You're very smart. Now, when I come home if you kids get a good report guess where we're going...

Disneyland!

The kids cheer. Barry stands and kisses his wife. She turns her face and he kisses her on the cheek.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I love you.

RACHEL

Sigh...I love you, too.

Barry loads his boxes into the back of his truck. The COUPLE NEXT DOOR stand on their lawn to see the drama.

Barry opens the door and gets in the driver seat.

BARRY

(To himself)

Okay, let's go, Barry. They're just gonna watch you sit in your car. So might as well go.

He turns to see out the back window to pull out of the driveway. When his face is visible again it is soaked in tears.

Fade Out.

Fade In.

INT. MARY'S CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

The SCHOOL BELL rings and the students tear out of the classroom.

MARY

Have a good night, don't forget about the spelling bee tomorrow!

Mary grabs an eraser and wipes down the chalk board. Elaine enters the room.

ELAINE

Hey, I was thinking. Why don't you and I go out for a mani-pedi tonight. My treat. Girl's night out?

MARY

No, thank you. Alan and I have a meeting with a collections agency about his unpaid school loans...

Mary sets the eraser down.

MARY (CONT'D)

Hey Elaine, ever hear of a website called Love2SeeYouNaked.com?

ELAINE

No, but I'm sure my husband could tell me something about it. Horny bastard.

MARY

I got this email that said a friend of mine wanted to pay \$500 to see me naked. Isn't that horrible?

ELAINE

Men. How perverse. You calling the police?

MARY

No, I just erased it. It's probably bullshit.

ELAINE

I doubt it.

MARY

What do you mean?

ELAINE

Why would it be bullshit? I'd pay \$500 to see you naked, you're gorgeous. But it's uber-creepy. Yikes. Stalker type stuff.

MARY

Totally.

Mary bends to pickup some papers off the ground.

ELAINE

Are you thinking about doing it?

MARY

(Shocked)

Oh, God no. How would I even know who it is? It could be anyone.

ELAINE

Isn't that the point?

MARY

An anonymous friend of Alan's looking at me naked?

ELAINE

Maybe it's principal Dylan.

If it is one of Alan's friends it's not like he's going to tell anyone. 'Hey dude, I paid 500 bucks to see your wife naked.'

MARY

It's so creepy. Every time he has one of his game nights I won't be able to look any of them in the eye for fear that one of them has jerked off to me naked in my bathroom.

Besides, it'd be really disappointing I'm sure. Alan would be so disappointed.

ELAINE

YOUR lazy husband who won't get a job and won't give you a baby who fills your house with gaming nerds every week...him? You're worried about him?

MARY

I couldn't even consider doing it. No way. It's so perverted. Some guy jacking off while I bend over. What if he uploads it on the Internet and then

my naked ass is all over the world.
No, I don't think so.

ELAINE

(Grabs her breasts)

I'd do it. But nobody would pay 50
bucks to see how much these tits have
started to sag.

EXT. BARRY'S WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Barry parks his truck in front of an abandoned warehouse. He
leaves the rolltop door to reveal a cold, cement-floored space.

We watch a time lapse montage as he brings in a dozen boxes and
sets up a crude workstation and a futon for a bed.

Barry sets a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH OF HIS CHILDREN on his desk. He
kisses another FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH OF RACHEL before setting it
down by his head. He lays his head down on the futon. It's
cold in the warehouse. He shivers and pulls his blanket up to
his ears.

Fade Out.

Fade In.

INT. BARRY'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

Barry sits at his computer desk and pulls up a picture gallery
of naked women.

CUT TO:

A few minutes later, Barry throws a balled-up roll of Kleenex
into the waste hamper.

Barry cracks his knuckles.

BARRY

Okay, now that THAT'S out of the
way...time to get some work done.

Barry opens up his coding environment for Love2SeeYouNaked.com. He reads the counter on the bottom of the homepage: WOMEN SEEN NAKED - 124

BARRY (CONT'D)

What...the...FUCK?!

CUT TO: WEBSITE MONTAGE

We see a young man in an office surfing for porn on his computer and stumbles onto a bulletin board message that reads. "I saw my bosses wife naked!"

A middle-aged school teacher is sitting at his computer while his students are working. He is secretly browsing pornography when he sees gets an instant message from a friend. MESSAGE: PETeacherRex: That new teacher's aide showed me her bush during recess today. You gotta check this site out!

A 12-year old boy is sitting in his room when a naked woman appears on a live webcast on Love2SeeYouNaked.com. He types into the chat window, "Take your top off."

The woman points to the "Send Payment" icon. The young man clicks the icon and the lady begins to strip. The boy smiles wildly.

A man in his 50's is sitting at his computer at home, his wife calls for him.

MIDDLE AGED WIFE (O.C.)

I'll be back in an hour.

MIDDLE AGED MAN

Take your time. I'm just doing the taxes.

MIDDLE AGED WIFE

It's August!

MIDDLE AGED MAN

Uh huh.

On his computer screen, a middle-aged woman is taking off her thong underwear. The middle aged man hits the "Send Payment" button.

MIDDLE AGED MAN (CONT'D)

Oh, Jackie...you vixen.

Over his shoulder we see the very same woman is actually his next door neighbor.

Fade Out.

Fade In.

INT. LA TIMES - DAY

JACK, a beat reporter for the LA Times is sitting at his desk eating an apple surfing for pornography on the Internet. His best friend, STU, is sitting at the adjacent cubicle.

JACK

Holy shit. Stu. Check this out. There's a website where you can offer to pay your friend's wife to get naked for you.

STU

I'm sure women are calling the police as we speak.

JACK

They say they've got over four hundred and something...shit...

STU

(Growing interested)

That'll cause some domestic incidents, I'm sure.

JACK

No, it's anonymous. You can see her, but she can't see you.

Stu, looking down at his keyboard, suddenly looks up.

STU

That's the most brilliant idea I've ever heard of.

JACK

Yeah, it says here it appears on your credit card as AMERICAN FUNDS OF THE USA or some shit. The woman never knows who is asking so it's a secret to all parties involved.

STU

Are people actually doing this? I mean, it might be worth writing about for the Internet column.

JACK

These guys claim it works. Woah! This guy says he saw his old English teacher naked. Fuck, there's an idea. Mrs. Johannesburg. German lady. Probably has a bush like Moses.

STU

I guess in a recession, everybody needs to make some extra dough. You should do it.

JACK

(Entering his credit card information)
Way ahead of you, buddy.

STU

Who?

Jack points to the corner office. A MIDDLE AGED BLONDE WOMAN is screaming at TWO MALE COWORKERS.

STU(CONT'D)

Jen Mitchell? Yeah fucking right. Good luck with that. She's not even that hot, I'd do Melanie from payroll...

JACK

It's not about how hot they are. It's about how big the fish is.

STU

How much are you offering?

JACK

Shows her tits for 30 seconds, I'll give her a thousand dollars.

STU

A thousand dollars? Those better be some nice tits. But where the fuck are you going to get a thousand dollars?

JACK

Well, if she does it, I'll count it as research and expense it. If she doesn't do it, I don't pay anything, so what have I got to lose? There, I hit send.

Jen Mitchell opens her office door and points her angry finger.

JEN MITCHELL

Now go out there and make some news, goddamn it!

Jack and Stu watch as Jen Mitchell sits at her desk to read her email.

JACK

Wait for it...wait for it...

She jolts suddenly. She gasps, insulted she starts to type furiously.

STU

Shit, you did it now. She'll find out who sent this. She's a killer.

Jack looks down at his computer.

JACK

She responded.

(Reading his email)

Oh fuck...

STU

Did she say she's going to track you down and call the police? Maybe you can tell her it was a joke...or a computer virus.

JACK

No, dude. She countered.

STU

What? She's going to do i? How much?

JACK

(Reading verbatim)

'Fifteen hundred and I'll let you meet the kitty as well.'

STU

Done?

JACK

Done!

Jack clicks the "Accept" button. We see Jen, in her office, oblivious to the identity of her secret admirer but satisfied that she was able to negotiate a better deal.

INT. BARRY'S WAREHOUSE - MORNING

Barry has invited DIPESH, an Indian former-colleague, to help with his online venture. They are huddled over a monitor as the SESSION TICKER keeps increasing.

BARRY

I set this up for myself and somehow it got discovered and it's sort of...

...gone viral.

I thought it was a bug, but it's not. It's real.

DIPESH

I'm not surprised. It's a pretty good idea. Probably the best idea you've ever had.

Kind of dirty though, no? You think you'll go to hell for this?

BARRY

Well, there's a problem.

DIPESH

What is the problem?

BARRY

Well, I've made \$120,000 just in the last 24 hours. I charge 10% of whatever they final bid is that gets the woman to undress.

DIPESH

Oh shit, you made a hundred-thousand dollars in twenty-four hours? What's the problem?

BARRY

Well, I never thought this would be used by anybody but me. So I set it up to record all the video chats on the hard drive.

I knew if Mary were to do this I'd only have one chance so I had planned on saving the video.

But now that this thing is all over the world, I've got a thousand videos of every wife, neighbor, mother, school teacher who has gotten naked.

DIPESH

Oh shit. That is a big problem. That's like invasion of privacy or some shit. I recently heard about a guy who put one of those spycams in the peep-hole of some chicks hotel room.

He got three years in prison.

God, that video was hot.

BARRY

And there's another thing. I had a bug in my code. I fixed it just before you got here. But I was also recording the video from the chat host as well.

DIPESH

A bunch of dudes wackin off, I assume?

BARRY

And a few ladies. Mainly softball coaches.

DIPESH

I'm confused. I thought you were a Christian.

BARRY

I am! I was..... I don't know anymore.

I'm sort of on the outs with my church at present.

DIPESH

But isn't coveting your friends wife sort of a big deal to you people? Aren't you worried you might go to hell or something?

I thought it was like a commandment from Jesus or Moses....."thou shalt not covet they neighbor's wife"--

BARRY

--right now, I'm more worried about going to prison. So, I need you to write a maintenance program to clean out these videos after they're captured. There are something like a thousand personal lawsuits waiting to happen inside the RAID drive.

DIPESH

Okay, that's easy. You sure you want to delete all that pussy? I thought you were a sex addict.

BARRY

Start with the host videos. I want to look through some of these names and see if Mary ever responded.

DIPESH

You did all this to see one chick naked.

I don't know if that's romantic or the scariest shit I've ever heard. You think she'll marry you after this?

BARRY

I don't want to marry her, I just want to see her naked.

DIPESH

You might thing of castrating yourself before this thing is through.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE - DAY

ALAN is flipping the channels of his television set.

REPORTER (ON TELEVISION)

A new website allows consenting adults to make a discreet transaction I'm sure their spouses wouldn't be too happy to know about. Jane has more with this 'tacky trend'...

JANE (ON TELEVISION)

That's right Rick, Love2SeeYouNaked.com lets you setup an anonymous peep show with someone you know: a neighbor, friend or, maybe in some cases, a family member. It's absolutely disgusting and it's the newest Internet craze.

ALAN

Disgusting? That's the fuckin most brilliant thing I've ever--

Alan turns and looks back to his wall and sees a picture of Barry and Rachel hanging with an array of other photos.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(Talking to picture of Rachel)

How much would you charge me to show me them Triple-D's baby?

Alan gets off the couch and walks over to Mary's desk. He shoves her papers off to the side and pulls up the website.

INT. BARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Dipesh has setup a desk next to Barry. They're both typing away when Dipesh suddenly sits up.

DIPESH
Oh shit. Barry, come see this.

BARRY
One second, I've got a compiler error...

DIPESH
Come see this shit man! Somebody asked for your wife!

Barry stops typing. He looks over at Dipesh who is breathing heavy with his finger on the button ready to intercept the transmission.

DIPESH (CONT'D)
Should I stop the transaction?

Barry takes off his glasses and wipes them with his shirt before reapplying them to his face.

BARRY
Fuck it. Let her do what she wants.

DIPESH
Okay, it just went to her email. Shit, you think she'd do it?

BARRY
She's a grown woman. She can do what she wants. We say this is harmless fun right? Well, we'll have to test that theory now, I guess.

DIPESH
Do you want--

BARRY
No. I don't want to know who it is.

DIPESH

Okay. You really stick to your principals, I have to say...

Barry resumes his programming. He starts typing harder and harder with each keystroke slowly going mad wondering who has asked to see his wife naked. Finally he balls up his fist and slams it on the desk.

BARRY

Arghh! God damn it! Okay...who is it.

DIPESH

Some dude named Alan--

Barry gets up out of his seat.

BARRY

What the fuck? What the fuck?

Alan? Mary's husband?!

That guy is married to the hottest fuckin woman on the planet and he wants to see MY wife naked?

DIPESH

It's like they say: I guess the bush is always greener on the other side. That's disgusting. Scratch that.

BARRY

Fuck that. Fuck THAT!

I'm gonna let Mary know what her sick perverted piece-of-shit lazy husband is up to. Wants to see my wife naked, fine, I'm gonna see his too.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Rachel not looking her best is eating a gallon of ice cream and crying over her wedding album. She turns the page and runs her finger over the picture of Alan's smiling face. Her computer chimes informing her that she has a new email. She hobbles over to the computer and takes a seat at the desk.

The email reads:

HI RACHEL

YOU MUST BE A SEXY LADY BECAUSE DID YOU KNOW

YOU HAVE A SECRET ADMIRER WHO HAS OFFERED TO PAY YOU

\$50 RIGHT NOW TO ANONYMOUSLY FLASH YOUR

BREASTS IN A PRIVATE CHAT ROOM? WHAT TIME WORKS

BEST FOR YOU, MISS THANG?

TIME: 3:00 PM

Rachel gasps. Then she bites her fingernail and smiles. She is suddenly flattered.

Rachel smiles and clicks the "Accept Button".

RACHEL

Okay Barry. I'll play your little game.

Fade Out.

Fade In.

INT. MARY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Mary is sitting at her computer working on a paper while the students are taking a test.

SUBTITLE: 3:00 PM

A chat window appears and surprises Mary.

ANONYMOUS (IN CHAT WINDOW)

Hello, I am a friend. Do you know your husband, Alan is currently engaged in an online affair with a woman you consider to be a friend.

Mary, disturbed, types back.

MARY (IN CHAT WINDOW)

Who is this? Are you the one that send me that naked chat thing?

ANONYMOUS (IN CHAT WINDOW)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to frighten you. I just think you are beautiful.

MARY (IN CHAT WINDOW)

You are scaring me. Are you trying to hurt me?

ANONYMOUS (IN CHAT WINDOW)

I'm not, I'm trying to hurt Alan.

MARY (IN CHAT WINDOW)

Why?

ANONYMOUS (IN CHAT WINDOW)

Because he's having the affair with my wife.

MARY (IN CHAT WINDOW)

Who is your wife?

ANONYMOUS (IN CHAT WINDOW)

Nice try.

I can't tell you that, but I can tell you where you can catch him.

MARY (IN CHAT WINDOW)

Where?

ANONYMOUS (IN CHAT WINDOW)

Is it safe?

MARY (IN CHAT WINDOW)

No, I'm in class.

ANONYMOUS (IN CHAT WINDOW)

Mute your speakers. He just logged in. Quick.

We see a video window start to materialize on her screen. Mary turns her head and shuts off the computer.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRY'S WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

Barry and Dipesh are sitting at their computer.

BARRY

What happened? Where'd she go?

DIPESH

I guess she doesn't want to see her
husband jack off to some other woman.

Oh shit...

BARRY

What?

DIPESH

Your wife has logged in.

Rachel is visible in Barry's computer monitor. She is wearing
her bathrobe and smiling for the camera.

CUT TO:

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Alan is pleasuring himself watching Rachel on the computer
screen.

ALAN

Oh yeah, lemme see them funbags, bitch.

RETURN TO:

Dipesh and Barry eavesdropping on the private chat.

BARRY

She fucking did it. I can't believe
she did it.

RACHEL (ON VIDEO)

Is this what you wanted to see, baby?
I know this is what you wanted.

Rachel unties her robe revealing her curvaceous naked breasts.

DIPESH

Would you still be my friend if I told you that I am very turned on by your wife right now?

BARRY

How much did he offer?

Dipesh looks at his computer monitor.

DIPESH

Fifty bucks.

Barry and Dipesh are also secretly spying on Alan. In a split window we see Alan's sweaty face as he begins to reach orgasm.

BARRY

He just got the greatest thrill of a lifetime at my fucking wife's expense. Fuck this.

I don't want to do this anymore.

Barry storms out of the warehouse, into his truck and speeds away.

DIPESH

(To himself, smiling)

I need to find some tissues.

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

We see Rachel's computer, with a message that reads, "Thank you for using Love2SeeYouNaked.com!" She covers herself with her robe and closes her laptop. She slumps down onto the toilet seat.

RACHEL

I love you, Barry. I hope that will make you happy again.

Fade Out.

Fade In.

INT. PASTOR BOBBY'S OFFICE - DAY

Pastor Bobby is, again, overflowing with energy. Rachel and Barry are frustrated, unhappy, both with their arms folded.

PASTOR BOBBY

So, how are we doing? Did we make a love connection over the weekend yet?

Is anyone EXCITED about moving on to stop two?

BARRY

Not exactly.

PASTOR BOBBY

Okay, Barry...how did it feel being without your wife, without a job, and without your family for these last few days?

Pretty rough huh? I bet you'd like to tell her how much you appreciate her faithfulness to you.

BARRY

Not that bad, actually. And no, that's not what I was thinking, exactly.

RACHEL

(Hurt, crying)

You're such a pig! I try so hard to make you happy and it never gets me anywhere.

BARRY

Yeah, you try hard alright.

PASTOR BOBBY

(Refereeing)

Okay, OKAY. Everyone just take a deep breath. This is MY fault folks.

BARRY

Oh yeah?

PASTOR BOBBY

We forgot to open with a word of prayer. Let's bow our heads...

Oh God...please PLEASE help this miserable family...torn by Barry's love of the flesh...

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - 30 MINUTES LATER

Rachel and Barry exit the church and are about to head their separate ways when Rachel stops.

RACHEL

Were you watching? I did that for you.

BARRY

Of course I was watching! I built the web site. But it wasn't me who asked you to take your clothes off. It was...

...nevermind. What's the point.

RACHEL

You built that website? Oh Barry. It's worse than I thought.

How many women have you been spying on?

BARRY

Thousands. And it makes me really happy.

RACHEL

You're a predator now? You could go to prison for this.

BARRY

I'm sorry...I love naked women. Ok? It's just who I am. Can we stop this nonsense with Pastor Bobby now?

Even if he somehow tricked me into stopping, I'd probably start up again in a few years.

RACHEL

So, you want a divorce then?

BARRY

No, I just, sort of, NEED this.

RACHEL

I'm sorry. It's wrong.

BARRY

Stop saying that. There is no right or wrong. There is just life, and it's really fucking messy.

I want you to be part of this.

RACHEL

Be a part of this?

How am I supposed to be happy knowing that I'm not enough for you?

Barry takes off his glasses and kisses his wife. She resists at first, but then lets herself fall into his arms.

BARRY

I want to come home...to my wife tonight.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Mary enters the house. Alan is sleeping on the couch in the nude. She is tired of it.

She walks to the refrigerator and pulls out a pint of ICE CREAM and sits at the computer. Bills are piled high each colored in red and pink. She cries. We hear Alan fart and scratch his ass.

She clicks on the TRASH ICON in her mail program. Mary opens the email from Love2SeeYouNaked.com from Barry.

Changing her mind, she clicks "Accept".

INT. BARRY'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

Barry and Rachel enter the office holding hands and smiling. Dipesh, stunned, is sitting at his computer.

DIPESH

email: barrygoldoc@gmail.com

Hi Rachel. You have very nice boobies.

RACHEL
Thank you, Dipesh.

DIPESH
(Sliding his chair to
the side)
Would you like a computer?

Rachel sits down and looks at the screen.

RACHEL
Oh my God. How much money have you
guys made?

DIPESH
We don't do books. We're computer
nerds.

Rachel takes charge.

RACHEL
Okay, the first thing we have to do is
form a corporation. I'll get the pa-
perwork ready.

Barry smiles. He never thought Rachel would be part of his fan-
tasy life.

BARRY
Well, I've got some work to do.

Barry sits in his chair and punches up his email. He sees Mary
has responded to his email.

Message: MARY has ACCEPTED your proposal

BARRY
Shit.

Barry looks over at Rachel. He finally has made things right.
He wonders if he should do it or not. Finally, he reaches for
his mouse closes the email. Rachel smiles and Barry winks at
her.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Barry opens the door and his children come rushing towards him and surround him with hugs.

CHILDREN

Daddy's back!

BARRY

I'm home, I missed you guys.

Rachel begins to cry. The kids update their dad on everything that has happened while he was away.

CHILD 1

I got a new loose tooth.

BARRY

Look at that.

CHILD 2

I punched my sister in the nose.

BARRY

Well, we'll talk about that later.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - EVENING

The grandfather clock ticks away. Barry's house is finally calm.

He is in the kitchen scrubbing the dishes. On the couch, his wife is reading a book.

The alarm clock starts to ring. It's 10:00PM. Barry stops scrubbing the dishes and remembers that Mary has accepted his request for a video chat.

He looks back at Rachel. She is still reading, unsuspecting. He wonders if he should go. Things are finally back to normal, arguably better than they've been in a long while.

BARRY

Hey honey, I've got...something to do...for...work

RACHEL

Okay. But come back to me, promise? I have a surprise for you.

BARRY
I love you.

RACHEL
I love you too.

Barry walks away. Rachel looks up from her book and sighs. She knows where he is going.

INT. BARRY'S HOME OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

Barry walks into his office and turns on the computer. A message is waiting for him, "Are you ready to begin your online chat?"

Barry clicks "Send Payment."

Mary appears in a small window in the corner of the computer monitor. She is wearing a bathrobe and her face is covered with tears.

MARY (ON VIDEO)
Are you there?

Barry types into the computer.

BARRY (TYPING)
Yes I am.

She stands up and slowly begins to untie her robe.

MARY (ON VIDEO)
We really need the money. That's why I'm doing this.

BARRY
(To himself)
Oh Mary, I've waited a long time for this.

Mary pulls the robe down from her shoulders revealing her naked body. Barry begins to pleasure himself. Mary's eyes are looking at the floor. She is ashamed, and then Barry sees why.

Mary has no breasts. She's had a double mastectomy.

MARY (ON VIDEO)

I've never shown these scars to anyone except my husband. But you wanted to see me naked. So here I am. Scars and all.

I'm sure it's disappointing.

Barry stops pleasuring himself and begins to type.

BARRY (TYPING)

I had no idea. I'm sorry.

MARY (ON VIDEO)

Yeah, I'm sure you want your money back now.

Barry smiles and types.

BARRY (TYPING)

Do you want to know who I am?

MARY (ON VIDEO)

I thought that was against the rules of this little site. You see me but I don't see you.

Barry turns on his webcam. Mary covers herself and puts her face close to the screen to make out her admirer. Barry speaks into the computer.

MARY (ON VIDEO)

Barry? Oh my God! Why would you--

--But Rachel is so beautiful, why would you want to see ME naked?

Oh, this was a bad idea. She would be so angry at me.

BARRY

Rachel's okay. She's coping with being married to me.

MARY (ON VIDEO)

She's okay with this?

BARRY

Not completely. But, we're working on it...with Pastor Bobby's help, of course.

Mary laughs and then looks deep into the camera.

MARY (ON VIDEO)

Did you...you know...finish?

BARRY

No, but it's ok.

MARY (ON VIDEO)

I see. Alan makes me face forward so he can stare at my ass. He says it's the only way he can keep his hard-on.

BARRY

Mary?

MARY (ON VIDEO)

Yes?

BARRY

Will you get naked...for me?

MARY (ON VIDEO)

Okay, Barry.

Mary drops her robe, this time smiling into the camera. Barry begins to pleasure himself again. Mary smiles, feeling sexy she starts to slowly move her hips back and forth.

BARRY

So beautiful.

Mary gets more erotic, she bends over to show the full shape of her rear end. Barry begins to moan.

MARY (ON VIDEO)

What do you think of that?

BARRY

Oh my God, I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna cum.

MARY (ON VIDEO)

Cum all over me Barry! Do it!

BARRY

Here it comes!

Alan enters the bathroom, unexpectedly. He has a newspaper under his arm, he was coming into to take a dump.

ALAN (ON VIDEO)

What the HELL is going on here Mary?
Put your fuckin robe back on!

He looks at the computer.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Barry? You pervert! You jerkin off to
my wife?

I'm gonna kill you, you son of a bitch.

MARY (ON VIDEO)

No, Alan! Wait!

Alan backhands Mary, she falls to the ground.

Alan cuts the feed. Barry's glasses are fogged up. He zips his pants back up.

BARRY

Oh, shit. Shit. Shit. Shit.

He picks up the phone and holds his finger over the number "9". Should he call? He sets the phone back on the cradle and shuts off his computer.

INT. BARRY'S BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

Barry slowly gets into bed with his wife. She is facing the other way, staring off into the distance.

RACHEL

How's Mary?

BARRY

Um, good.

RACHEL

Pretty shocking isn't it? It was only a few years ago. I went with her to the hospital when she had the procedure.

Mary looks back at her husband.

Did you cum?

BARRY

Um, sort of.

RACHEL

Did she like that?

BARRY

I think so, yes.

RACHEL

Good. Think you'll need to do that again?

BARRY

Um...no I think that'll be the last time.

RACHEL

Okay.

You know what?

BARRY

What?

RACHEL

I'm naked.

Rachel pulls back the blanket, revealing her curvaceous naked body. Her breasts seem so perfect suddenly and Barry takes in every inch of her. He's been such a fool.

He rubs his hand along her silhouette. Rachel closes her eyes and the two kiss passionately.

BARRY

God, I'm such a fool. You are beautiful.

RACHEL

I want to fulfill your fantasies.

BARRY
You ARE my fantasy.

RACHEL
Barry?

BARRY
Yes?

RACHEL
I setup a camera.

Barry sees a CAMCORDER on a TRIPOD in the corner of the bedroom.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I was thinking...the kids are in bed.
Maybe we could make a little video of
our own tonight.

Barry smiles.

BARRY
I would really like that.

RACHEL
Then let's do it! Tag, you're it!

Mary jumps out of bed and playfully runs away. Barry takes off his underwear and runs after her.

Fade Out.

Fade In.

INT. PASTOR BOBBY'S OFFICE - DAY

Alan sits in Pastor Bobby's office weeping into his hands.

ALAN
And my wife was there naked looking at
Barry while he played his yankee doo-
dle. I feel like: how could God let
this happen?

PASTOR BOBBY

Your wife is in sin, Alan. Barry has become a destructive influence, anyone who comes near him now is going to suffer whatever sin he's given his life for.

I read today that he is the founder of this website that encourages men to covet their neighbors wife. And some women are doing it. Even women in this church.

ALAN

(Lying)

This is disgusting. Absolutely disgusting.

PASTOR BOBBY

It gets worse. Apparently he's even corrupted his wife into helping him. I mean, I'm happy to see them together and all, but they are both going to go to hell if they don't repent and place their trust in the hands of Jesus Christ soon.

ALAN

Maybe somebody has to stop them.

PASTOR BOBBY

Absolutely. Stopping people from dying in their sins means someone has to care enough to tell people that what they're doing is wrong in the eyes of God.

ALAN

I'll tell him.

I asked my wife to come with me today and she told me to F-Off. Can you believe that shit? I mean...that stuff, Pastor Bobby?

PASTOR BOBBY

It may take years before all the damage Barry has caused can be calculated.

ALAN

God hates sin?

PASTOR BOBBY

That's right.

Hey, what'd you think of that rock band we had here on Saturday. Pretty rockin huh?

See, you don't have to sin to have fun. Hey, did you sign up for our street evangelism course yet?

INT. BARRY'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

A FILM CREW has come in to conduct an interview with Barry live via satellite. Barry is seated on a stool in front of a GREEN SCREEN. The PRODUCER approaches him for a last minute check-in.

PRODUCER

Ok, Larry King is going to cut to you in the second segment of the show.

Rachel walks over and passionately kisses her husband.

RACHEL

Knock em dead, Tiger.

BARRY

I love you.

RACHEL

I love YOU.

PRODUCER

Okay, here we go.

CUT TO:

BROADCAST OF LARRY KING SHOW

LARRY KING

Okay everyone, we are back. A recent Internet phenomenon where you can offer to pay your best-friend's wife money to see her naked has caused a worldwide

craze. I'm here with the founder,
Barry. Good to meet you.

BARRY

Hi Larry. It's good to meet you too.

LARRY KING

Barry, I have just one question for
you: how do you sleep at night?

BARRY

I sleep with my wife. The woman I
love.

LARRY KING

And SHE'S okay with what you're doing
here?

BARRY

She loves me, Larry. Sometimes that
means you have to love your spouse un-
conditionally. Scars and all.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Mary sitting on her couch watching the broadcast from a hotel
room. She sports a black eye and has a cut on her lip. She
smiles at the television, she's happy to see Barry doing well.

Mary picks up the HOTEL PHONE and dials the operator.

MARY

Yes, can you please call the police?

There's a dead woman in my room.

Mary hangs up the phone and dumps a bottle of SLEEPING PILLS
into her mouth and downs them with a small glass of water.

She lays down and stares at her reflection in the mirror in the
ceiling.

RETURN TO:

BROADCAST OF THE LARRY KING SHOW

LARRY KING

Is it true that you've had a million customers in your first three months?

BARRY

I don't know the exact numbers, but we've been very successful so far--

And I know why: we all like sex. And we're all so tightly wrapped up in our button-up jobs and our judgmental church pews. We're a society of people that are sexually frustrated.

Since we can't talk about sex we hide it, create dual identities. We're all just alcoholics preaching the benefits of sobriety while we wait until nobody is looking to take a drink.

If we were able to talk about sex openly, we might realize that what we have with our wives is actually the best, most rewarding thing of all. Your spouse is the person that should be taking these kind of adventures with you. You try stuff together.

It's weird, but having all the women in the world at my fingertips has sort of cured me of my addiction to pornography and all I want is my...my Rachel.

LARRY KING

Well, you've been shunned from your church, lost your job...and some might say you've opened a whole new pathway for sinners to sin more than ever before.

BARRY

Maybe. I say do it. If you're a woman and you don't feel appreciated, take your clothes off and feel sexy again. If you're a man, get it out of your system so you can love your wife the way she needs to be loved.

I think we'll end up saving marriages
in the end, Larry.

LARRY KING

Saving marriages? By encouraging for-
nication, or at least masturbation?

What happened to the tenth commandment?
"Thou shalt not covet?"

Are you ever worried one of these hus-
bands might come looking for you some-
day?

BARRY

I never really thought about it. But I
guess it's possible.

LARRY KING

Barry, my advice to you is to lock up
tight at night.

The website: Love2SeeYouNaked.com.
Coveting is cool in the twenty-first
century. I'm Larry King and we'll be
back after this short break.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRY'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

PRODUCER

--and we're out.

BARRY

(To Rachel)

How'd I do?

Rachel shrugs her shoulders.

RACHEL

I think, in your mind, you've gone from
pornographer to prophet.

They kiss.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - EVENING

Alan leans over the naked body of his deceased wife. He embraces her head and the tears fall onto her blue face. A POLICE OFFICER stands behinds him.

ALAN

(Sobbing)

I'm sorry. I just wanted to see her
boobs. It was harmless. I'm sorry.

I never deserved you. Goodnight my an-
gel. Until we meet again, at the gates
of heaven. When all is made right
again.

Alan touches her scars.

POLICE OFFICER

She left a note. We've taken photos of
those bruises. We need you to come
clean, Alan.

Fade Out.

Fade In.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Barry comes out of his bedroom. Rachel, in her bathrobe, has made breakfast for their children who are eating at the table. She kisses her husband on the lips.

RACHEL

I'm still tingling from last night.
Let's watch the highlight reel at lunch
today, what do you say?

BARRY

Sounds like a date.

CHILD 1

What are you guys talking about?

RACHEL, BARRY

Nothing.

Barry squeezes his wife's buttocks and kisses her passionately.

CHILDREN

Yuck!

EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

Barry walks out his front door towards his pickup truck. Barry's next door neighbor is loading BOXES of computer equipment in the trunk of his car. They are separating.

Barry smiles and waves.

Barry gets in his truck and drives down the street. We see a shapely woman out for a morning jog. Barry checks her out. She looks at him, disgusted, realizing he is staring at her ass. Barry smiles and gives her a "thumbs up".

BARRY

Two-fifty, easy. Maybe five hundred.

EXT. BARRY'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

Barry pulls into the parking lot of his office. Police cars are parked around the building. The rolltop door is open and there is a lot of commotion coming from inside the office.

Barry slowly enters through the rolltop doors.

INT. BARRY'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

Barry steps over a mess of computer cable. The police have been tearing the servers apart. This once organized office is no in shambles.

Computers are being marked as evidence and placed into cardboard boxes that say "FEDERAL INVESTIGATION".

Dipesh runs up to Barry.

BARRY

Feds?

DIPESH

Yes. Your friend Mary killed herself.

BARRY

Jesus.

Poor Mary.

DIPESH

Her husband Alan told the police that you have been running an illegal surveillance program. They called the FBI.

BARRY

How the fuck would Alan know about this?

DIPESH

I think he just guessed. But when they find all the videos of the women you've been archiving...

BARRY

Did you delete them?

DIPESH

You said just to delete the host videos.

FBI AGENT SMITH walks towards the two men.

FBI AGENT SMITH

Are you Barry?

BARRY

Yes, that's me.

FBI AGENT SMITH

Okay, come with me. Back conference room.

BARRY

Should I get a lawyer?

FBI AGENT SMITH

Get your ass in that room right now!

INT. BARRY'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Barry sits at the makeshift table he constructed in his conference room. FBI Agent Smith reviews his notes.

FBI AGENT SMITH

You are the sole proprietor of a website called Want2SeeYouNaked.com? Is that correct?

BARRY

(Reluctantly)

Yes.

FBI AGENT SMITH

And can you tell me what your website does? What kind of pornography--I assume it's pornographic--tell me what your website does.

BARRY

The website let's consenting adults setup a private chat where they can offer money to a woman to...

FBI AGENT SMITH

...take her clothes off?

This all seems a bit juvenile, no?

BARRY

Maybe.

FBI AGENT SMITH

Go on.

BARRY

Haven't you ever fantasized about your friend's wife? Just curious what it would be like to see her...naked?

FBI Agent Smith does not respond.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Well, we created a way where you finally get to see that.

And we make everybody agree to a consent form before we let them continue.

FBI AGENT SMITH

How do you verify the ages of everyone involved. What if I want to see my

friend's 16 year old daughter take off her cheerleading outfit?

Does your site do that? We call that child pornography. And it is a serious offense.

BARRY

What's the question?

FBI AGENT SMITH

How do you verify that child predators aren't using this web site to get teenagers to undress pretending to be their boyfriend?

BARRY

I don't know...

FBI AGENT SMITH

Okay. I see.

So when we go through the archives of your servers here I want you to know that every single video we find of a child under the age of 18 is one count of child pornography. You also need to know that each count carries with it a penalty of 15 years in prison along with a lifetime registration as a convicted sexual offender.

BARRY

Shit. This has all gotten so out of hand. I just wanted to see my friend's wife, Mary. I paid her five hundred dollars to see her...

FBI AGENT SMITH

They'll complete the toxicology report on her today but I imagine they'll, no doubt, trace her death to downing a bottle of those sleeping pills.

Why we sell that shit over the counter, I'll never understand.

Ok, Barry. You're in a whole heap of shit now. I'm going to arrest you and

charge with you criminal surveillance
and invasion of privacy.

You can post bond. I think it will
take us some time to analyze all the
evidence on these servers.

FBI Agent Smith places handcuffs on Barry's hands.

Fade Out.

Fade In.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Rachel and MAUDE, Rachel's mother, are waiting for Barry outside
the police station. Barry comes out the door.

BARRY
(To himself)
Shit, she brought her mother.

RACHEL
Hello.

Barry kisses his wife.

BARRY
Thank you for bailing me out.
Maude. Good to see you.

RACHEL
Mom had to post the bail.
They froze our assets.

MAUDE
Here's how this is going to work:
Your wife and kids are going to live
with me. You are going to try and get
a respectable job until you are sen-
tenced and then you will serve out your
time.

I will provide for your family assuming you give her a quick divorce so she can find another man to take care of her.

BARRY

I sort of wish I could go back to jail.

MAUDE

Don't make jokes, funny man.

Get in the car.

Barry and Rachel get in the back seat.

INT. MAUDE'S CAR - DAY

Rachel and Barry cry. They lean into each other and stare out the window.

RACHEL

How was it? Jail?

BARRY

It was awful, honey. It was just awful.

Fade Out.

Fade In.

INT. MAUDE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Barry drags a heavy SUITCASE up the stairs at Maude's house. He turns the corner and we see Rachel and the children are all in the room waiting. The kids each have sleeping bags on the floor and Rachel is laying on a twin mattress.

BARRY

Home sweet home.

CHILD 1

Daddy, we're on vacation.

RACHEL

That's right, dad. This is a vacation.

BARRY

Okay honey.

Barry turns off the light and crawls into the undersized bed with Rachel.

Downstairs we here Maude break into a coughing fit.

BARRY

I hope she's not dying. That'd be...horrible.

RACHEL

Stop it.

INT. 'WHOLESALE PLUS' WAREHOUSE - DAY

The grocery store warehouse is a huge room with PALLETS reaching to the ceiling. A forklift beeps as it moves in between the rows.

Barry is wearing a red vest. He now works as a box boy. His YOUNG BOSS, a man who looks like he might be related to PASTOR BOBBY (complete with crewcut, goatee, and energy), walks up to him while reading a CLIPBOARD.

YOUNG BOSS

(Points with the clipboard)

When you're done with this palette start on this one and then work your way down that road.

And move quickly, it takes the younger guys half as much time as you.

BARRY

I'm sorry, I've never done manual labor before.

YOUNG BOSS

Well, congratulations. You think you've hit rock bottom? I worked my ass off to get here. I have a an associates degree from the University of Phoenix. Ever hear of it? Yeah, that's right.

I got a 3.0 in Retail Business Management.

If you think you're above all this I'll be happy to take back your vest.

BARRY

No, sir. I'm thankful to have this job.

INT. MAUDE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Barry opens the door. He is tired. He takes off his red vest and hangs it on the coatrack. Rachel greets him.

RACHEL

How was work?

Barry slumps onto the recliner.

BARRY

Kill me.

RACHEL

That bad, huh?

BARRY

Where are the kids?

RACHEL

It's 10 o'clock. They went to bed hours ago.

BARRY

My body hurts. My feet have blisters. I'm terrible at this job. I break stuff, they never like the way I arrange the products. I think I might actually get fired.

RACHEL

Do your best. It's the best way to honor God in all this.

BARRY

Honor God?

Why are we still concerned about the Invisible Man? I'm about to get shipped away to federal prison in six months. You think God is going to get me out of this?

RACHEL

You can't just give up on God.

BARRY

I didn't. He gave up on me.

From the other room, Maude starts coughing.

RACHEL

Have you heard from Dipesh?

BARRY

No, I think he's trying to distance himself from me. Can't say I blame him.

RACHEL

Annie's class is doing Career Day next week. If you go speak to her class she gets extra credit.

BARRY

There's no way. I don't have a career anymore.

RACHEL

She's your daughter...and she's still proud of you.

BARRY

Not in a million years. No fucking way. I'm putting my foot down this time.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNIE'S SCHOOL - DAY

BARRY, dressed in his red vest, stands up in front of the class of wide-eyed kindergartners. ANNIE'S TEACHER is observing from the back of the room.

BARRY

Hi, my name is Barry and I work at Wholesale Plus.

I'm Annie's Dad.

TEACHER

What does a store manager do?

BARRY

Oh, I'm not the manager. I'm a box boy.

ANNIE

He drives a fork lift.

BARRY

That's right sweetheart, I do. And I get to carry a box cutter...and a walkie talkie.

I used to be a computer programmer. But this is wayyy cooler, kids. I get 10% off ANYTHING I want to buy in the store.

The kids oooo and ahhh.

TEACHER

Does one need any um...training...to be a box boy?

BARRY

No, not really. If you have two arms and can wear a red vest, you're essentially qualified.

Actually, that's not true. There's a guy, Rich, who lost an arm in a car accident, he was actually Employee of the Month.

So see kids, follow your dreams and you can achieve anything you desire.

The kids applaud. Annie smiles at her dad. Barry smiles back. The teacher, uncomfortable, claps her hands with the children.

TEACHER

Okay, let's meet Julie's daddy. He's a fire-man.

INT. WHOLESALE PLUS - DAY

RICH, the one-armed stock boy, talks with YOUNG BOSS. Rich looks at Barry and gives him a piece sign with his one arm.

Young Boss walks over to Barry, clearly flustered.

YOUNG BOSS

You fucked up again.

You put the frozen food palette out here instead of in cold storage.

BARRY

Shit.

YOUNG BOSS

So, you just ruined about ten-thousand dollars worth of produce. So, grab a mop and clean that shit up and then you can punch out. You're done. Regional is gonna have my ass for this.

BARRY

You're firing me?

YOUNG BOSS

This isn't working. You don't follow instruction.

BARRY

So you want me to get a mop and clean up and then you're going to fire me.

Why don't I just leave now?

YOUNG BOSS

You gotta clean up your mess, go do it.

BARRY

I quit.

Barry takes off his vest and hands it to Young Boss.

YOUNG BOSS

Fine. Don't ask for a referral.

BARRY

There's a thousand shit jobs in the world. I'm sure I can be miserable somewhere else.

INT. MAUDE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Barry wakes up. The room is empty. We hear the children laughing in the other room.

Barry sits up and rubs his eyes.

Barry walks out to the dining room. Maude, Rachel, and the children are eating breakfast.

CHILDREN

Good morning, Daddy.

BARRY

Hey. What time is it?

Maude scoffs and returns to her oatmeal.

RACHEL

Mom printed out all the job openings from the paper today.

BARRY

Oh, thank you...mom.

Maude stands up and exits the room.

We hear a KNOCK at the door.

Barry exits the room.

EXT. MAUDE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Barry opens the front door. FBI Agent Smith is there.

BARRY

Oh, shit.

FBI AGENT SMITH

It's time.

BARRY

Okay. Let me say goodbye to my wife and kids.

FBI AGENT SMITH

Actually, we need to have a word.

INT. MAUDE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Barry and Rachel are seated on the couch holding hands. FBI Agent Smith is seated in the recliner and has a thick MANILA FOLDER full of documents.

FBI AGENT SMITH

Well, it took some time. But we've identified every single woman--and man, in a few cases--in your system.

I've got good news Barry. No minors. You lucked out.

BARRY

Oh my God. Really?

FBI AGENT SMITH

Yes, most of them were middle-aged housewives.

And, like you said, they all gave their consent to be recorded.

I guess luck is on your side today.

BARRY

So that's it? I can go back to work and live my life and you guys won't disturb me?

FBI AGENT SMITH

You're still a pornographer, Barry. That means you're dangerous. We're going to keep an eye on you.

But your accounts have been released and your computer equipment is available to be picked up at the station.

Barry and Rachel hug. Rachel starts to cry. FBI Agent Smith stands up and heads towards the door.

FBI AGENT SMITH

You know, a few months ago we discovered that one of the ladies on your

porn vault was none other than Lori
Jayne Smith.

BARRY

Who is that?

FBI AGENT SMITH

She's my wife.

Apparently somebody thought he could
love her better than me.

They were wrong.

Thank you for your little web site,
Barry. I think you might have saved my
marriage.

Barry closes the door. Maude enters the room.

MAUDE

Have a good time in prison, pervert.

BARRY

Maude. I'm taking my family and we're
going home. No. I'm taking my family,
and we're going to Disneyland.

The kids cheer.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Then I think we should buy a home in
Hawaii. What do you think, honey?

MAUDE

Hawaii? But when will I see my daugh-
ter?

BARRY

You can see your daughter any time you
want.

But it'll cost you...

Fade Out.

Fade In.

INT. BARRY'S HAWAIIAN HOME - EVENING

Barry is sitting on the couch watching television.

BARRY
You ready honey?

Rachel, wearing LACEY LINGERIE, enters the room with a bowl of POPCORN.

RACHEL
I'm coming, I'm coming.

Rachel sits next to Barry. Barry picks up the REMOTE CONTROL and starts pushes PLAY.

A PORNO STARTS playing. But it's not any porno. It's a home made porno starring Barry and Rachel.

CUT TO:

BARRY AND RACHEL'S HOMEMADE PORN

We hear a doorbell ring.

Rachel, wearing a CHEERLEADING OUTFIT walks in front of the camera.

RACHEL
(Horrible acting)
Oh my, I wonder who that could be?

Barry enters the room dressed in a FOOTBALL UNIFORM.

BARRY
(Even worse acting)
It is I, Chip Steele, captain of the football team.

Barry winks at the camera.

BARRY (CONT'D)
I've come to ask you if you want to be my 'tight end.'

RETURN TO:

INT. BARRY'S HAWAIIAN HOME - EVENING

BARRY

God, you're sexy.

RACHEL
We look good on film.

BARRY
It's not film, it's digital video,
there's no film...

Rachel throws a kernel of popcorn at him.

RACHEL
You're such a nerd Barry.

EXT. BARRY'S HAWAIIAN HOME - EVENING

BARRY (O.C.)
Am not.

RACHEL (O.C.)
Are too. That's such a nerdy thing to
say.

BARRY (O.C.)
Wait, here's the good part.

We hear the sound of MOANING from the television.

Fade Out.

The End