

FOREPLAY

Written by

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FADE IN

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

LINDA, late thirties, limps in, lipstick smudged and wig dangling from her elbow. She's swinging one high-heeled shoe in her hand and wearing the other.

She dramatically throws the shoe to the floor. It ricochets up and boomerangs back towards her head. She ducks. It hits a lamp, shattering it into pieces.

DAX (O.C.)
(deep voice)
Shit.

She turns towards the voice, coming from a dark corner of the room.

LINDA
(apologetic)
Oops. Hope that wasn't a gift from your mother.

DAX
Relax girl... It's all good.

LINDA
We'll see about that.

DAX, early 40's, sharp dresser, walks out of the shadows.

DAX
(clearing his throat)
Are you... Lola?

LINDA
(appalled)
Lola!?

She kicks off her other shoe and throws it at him. He ducks. The shoe barely missing his head.

DAX
Candy?

LINDA
(shaking her head)
Damn, I wish I had another shoe.

DAX
Laura?

LINDA
 (rolling her eyes)
 No! Mutherfucka!

She takes a deep breath to calm herself and then starts to sing.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 I am... your queen. You can't bring me down. You can't harm this girl... who is the queen of the world. Not Lola. Not Candy. And definitely not Laura! Do I look like a Laura to you?

Dax, impatient, but is trying not to lose his shit.

DAX
 Ok, Hunny. Ok.

He pulls a few sheets of paper out of his back pocket and gives them to her.

DAX (CONT'D)
 (seductively)
 You've been served. Girl.

Linda rolls the papers up and spanks him with it.

LINDA
 What did you say?
 (still spanking)
 What. Did. You. Say?

Dax runs away from her, she gives chase.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 I've been served? I wish! Come on, Daddy, serve me!

He stops, suddenly. Claps his hands and all the lights in the room pop on. There're in a large, conservatively decorated bedroom.

Dax takes a deep breath and with a voice that is no longer deep but unusually, high pitched says...

DAX
 (shaking his head)
 Woman, I thought I was the mysterious spy and you were the one-legged prostitute? And what did we learn in "Improv for couples therapy last week..."

Repeating the lessons learned to her as if she's a child...

DAX (CONT'D)
Stay in character and remember
"Yes, and" dammit!

LINDA
Why I gotta be the prostitute!

Shaking his head in frustration, Dax starts to undress.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Don't be stereo typing me! This
ain't Hollywood.

In his boxers and a t-shirt, Dax gets into bed.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Why come I can't be the mysterious
spy? I can do a deep voice, too.

She imitates his deep voice.

LINDA (CONT'D)
(deep voice)
See, muthafucka.

Dax pulls the covers over his head as Linda continues to rant.

BLACK OUT.