

**LOVE STORIES FOR PERVERTS**

Written by

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EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

The Hollywood sign sits white and pristine atop the rolling hills of Los Angeles.

A fiery inferno burns bright in the distance -- smoke dances in the wind.

Over this image we hear:

ANCHORWOMAN (O.S.)

Well, fire Season is officially here in Southern California. The blaze that began earlier this week in the Angeles Forest is spreading. Tune in at eleven to find out if your home will be affected.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

DONNY DOVERMAN, mid-20's, arrives home from work. Donny's handsome and knows it -- in fact, some would call him an asshole.

CATHY JUPITER, mid-20's, is the kind of damaged girl that attracts a guy like Donny.

In a weird way, these two are perfect for each other.

DONNY

Hey, baby.

Their hands come together as Donny pecks her on the cheek. They wear matching silver promise rings.

CATHY

Baby, I'm so bored?

DONNY

Well, what do you wanna do?

CATHY

I was thinking we should do something crazy for the long weekend.

DONNY

Like what?

CATHY

Let's go to Cuba!

DONNY

Cuba?

CATHY

Yeah, Anne knows a guy who can get us there, same guy who hooked up Jay-Z and Beyoncé.

DONNY

Baby, Jim needs me here.

Donny prances to the closet -- loosens his tie.

CATHY

Fine, Anne and some friends wanna go, I'll just go with them.

DONNY

What friends, who are these friends?

CATHY

Friends I made at work.

DONNY

Do these friends have penises?

CATHY

Maybe.

DONNY

Then no.

CATHY

What, they're all just fat pasty frat boys, and I wanna go to Cuba.

DONNY

Girls don't go on trips with guys that aren't their boyfriends. We're in a relationship, right?

CATHY

I told you that we should talk about that.

DONNY

Babe, don't start with that.

CATHY

I just wanna do something fun together,  
I'm gonna get restless unless we come up  
with something fun to do.

DONNY

We don't need to go anywhere, this is LA,  
there's millions of fun things we can do  
right here.

Donny unbuttons his dress shirt -- revealing tattoos  
covering his arms.

CATHY

Well, where do you and Jim take all the  
actresses you're trying to impress?

DONNY

To stupid boring clubs.

CATHY

We met at a club.

DONNY

That was different.

CATHY

Yeah, right. We were fun then, now we're  
boring.

DONNY

Why am I always responsible for  
entertaining you, how is this my problem?

Cathy thinks on it as she paces around him. Donny takes a  
seat by the computer -- opens up g-mail.

CATHY

You know, I had a dream last night. Do  
you want to hear it?

DONNY

Does anyone ever want to hear about  
someone's dream?

CATHY

You're totally gonna love this. OK, so in my dream there was this car following me, and I couldn't outrun it, so I tried to lay down in some tall grass so it couldn't find me, but the car stopped, and then this young girl got out and walked up to me and straddled me and she was totally naked, and she kept saying, like, "you know you want it" and I was, like, crying, but I did want it, I like totally wanted it... and then, I woke up.

Cathy flashes Donny a kinky smile. Donny stops answering e-mails at the computer -- swivels to Cathy.

Donny pounces on her -- squeezes her breasts. She pants, licks his cheek -- they're both dripping sex.

DONNY

I want to fuck your brains out till they spill out all over the floor.

CATHY

Oh, yeah.

DONNY

I want to shove your fucking face inside a sixteen-year-old's cunt.

CATHY

Yeah.

DONNY

I wish you were sixteen so I could fuck your tight sixteen-year-old cunt.

CATHY

Find me a sixteen-year-old to fuck.

DONNY

Yeah? You want me to?

CATHY

Does that turn you on?

Donny rushes back to the computer.

DONNY

What did you say we could do if we stayed together for three years?

CATHY

I don't remember.

DONNY

Yeah ya do.

CATHY

I was drunk.

DONNY

You promised.

CATHY

Oh God. Do you wanna do a threesome that bad?

DONNY

Did you listen to the story you just told me? You subconsciously wanna fuck a girl. I don't have to be Jung to figure that out.

Donny scrolls through the "casual encounters" section -- clicks a link: Hot Russian Sexy Girl.

DONNY

Here we go: Hot Russian sexy-girl. You wanted to learn more about Russia, right?

CATHY

Russian, I said I wanted to learn Russian.

DONNY

Well maybe she can teach you. Hold on. Hold on. Wait, wait, wait. Look at this girl.

Donny brings up a picture of the next girl -- SHELLY POCKETT -- cute, fresh... innocent.

DONNY

She's pretty, right?

CATHY

Hmm. She's pretty, if you like "plain."

DONNY

I'm gonna message her.

Donny opens up g-mail -- types away.

CATHY

You know what, why can't we have a threesome with a guy?

DONNY

'Cause I'm not having sex dreams where I'm sucking a line of cocks.

CATHY

You're a fucking hypocrite.

Donny hits enter.

DONNY

Sent.

CATHY

Bullshit.

DONNY

Not bullshit. Look, you're gorgeous, she's not even that pretty.

CATHY

Then what's the point if neither of us wants her. Donny, I was just bored, can't we just play a board game?

DONNY

Ah, ha ha very punny.

CATHY

I'm serious.

DONNY

Babe.

CATHY

Fuck Cuba. We can just play Monopoly!

DONNY

You need three people to play Monopoly.

She collapses to the floor -- pouting now.

CATHY

I don't wanna do this.

DONNY

Baby, nothing is gonna change between us. This will be fun. It'll bring us closer.

Donny goes to kiss Cathy on the lips -- she pulls away.

DONNY

Baby, I would do anything for you. You know how much I love you -- haven't I proven that?

CATHY

Oh, you're so fucking romantic.

DONNY

I love you.

They kiss. The computer BEEPS -- Donny moves Cathy aside.

CATHY

What is it? Is it Jim? It's Jim isn't it, pay attention to me!

DONNY

Uh-uh. Isn't Jim.

Donny spins back around -- beaming -- he writes down an address on his note pad.

DONNY

It's the girl.

CATHY

You're a liar.

Cathy leans in close -- reads the e-mail.

CATHY

Is that for real?

DONNY

Baby, I'm going to say this one more time and then we are going to leave. This is just going to be a fun night -- if you don't want to do anything, then don't do it, but if anything happens it'll just be sex, nothing more.

Cathy crosses her arms.

DONNY

C'mon you pussy. What's the worst that could happen?

EXT. STARFISH APARTMENTS - NIGHT

Donny wears a leather jacket -- he waits with Cathy in a Jeep outside the Starfish Apartments.

It's late -- only a few people wander the streets.

CATHY

What are you thinking about?

DONNY

Umm, Martin Scorsese.

CATHY

Would you have a threesome with Scorsese?

DONNY

Maybe seventies Scorsese.

CATHY

That's a determining factor?

Donny gets a sudden cramp in his back.

CATHY

What is it, are you nervous? We could go, there's still time.

DONNY

No no no, I just had a weird feeling that Marty could hear what we were saying and that made me cramp up for some reason.

CATHY

Hey, did you lock the front door?

DONNY

Ahh, fuck!

CATHY

Donny, how many times!

The CLANG of a metal gate. Donny glances over.

DONNY

Wait, wait wait, I think this is her.

Shelly emerges. She steps into the back seat of the Jeep.

SHELLY

Hey, we should go, my parents are probably watching.

Donny drives -- he glances at Shelly in the rear-view mirror -- she's wearing eyeglasses and crucifix necklace.

DONNY

How are ya?

CATHY

You live with your parents?

SHELLY

Well, you said you wanted a sixteen-year-old.

CATHY

Did you write that?

Donny stares at Cathy.

CATHY

You're not really sixteen, right?

SHELLY

I'm whatever you want me to be.

CATHY

Do you have ID?

Donny rests his hand on Cathy's knee.

DONNY

Baby, let it be a mystery.

Cathy sits back. They drive in silence for a long beat.

DONNY

(to Shelly)

There's a drink back there for you. Don't want you falling asleep on us.

Shelly eyes the can of already-opened Red Bull.

SHELLY

What do you guys do?

DONNY

I'm a creative exec at Fox and she's an assistant to an actress.

SHELLY

Wow! Which one?

DONNY

She's not allowed to talk about it, She'd have to kill you if she did.

Cathy punches Donny on the shoulder.

DONNY

I'm obviously joking.

SHELLY

Is it a famous celebrity?

DONNY

Yeah, used to be famous.

CATHY

(snide to Donny)

Yeah? And maybe one day you'll get to stop answering phones.

Like kismet -- Donny's phone BUZZES -- he checks the ID.

CATHY

Don't answer it.

DONNY

It's Jim.

CATHY

Of course it is.

Cathy spins around to face Shelly.

CATHY

He acts tough but he's really quite pussy-whipped.

DONNY

Shut up. Let me take this.

Donny answers the phone.

DONNY

(on phone)

Hey. Yeah, met with her last week -- Julia. No, no, sorry.

Well, she's got potential, but she didn't really seem committed yet. But if you see something different.

Unintelligible SCREAMS from the other end of the phone.

DONNY

(on phone)

Sorry, her resume should be open on my desk. I didn't know you had an interest. Very sorry about that, I had no idea. OK, is there anything else you need?

Donny hangs up. Cathy eyes him.

DONNY

Shut up.