

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - SUBJECTIVE CAMERA

A man sits haloed by the glow of a television. He sits stiffly in an armchair clutching a beer. From an array of speakers we HEAR MOANS, CRIES and CHEESY MUSIC.

FLOYD GARVER is nondescript, balding and of indeterminate age. His eyes dart to his watch. He mutes the TV with the remote.

FLOYD  
(under his breath)  
Thirty seconds--

He walks to the window and peers through a missing slat in the blinds. Across the street, lights blaze from the glass walls of an apartment.

FLOYD  
(continuing)  
Fifteen seconds--

ALESSANDRA DELFINO enters the living room. She is a stunning brunette minimally dressed in black. DOLL, a cherubic blonde, accompanies her along with RICO, a swarthy bodybuilder. Doll and Rico both wear white.

Floyd wipes his hands on his sweatpants. He reaches for a pair of binoculars resting on a nearby pile of porn and focuses through the blinds.

FLOYD'S P.O.V. APARTMENT - SCOPE MATTE

BACK TO SCENE

FLOYD  
(continuing)  
Slut. Whore.

Alessandra and her entourage assemble around a coffee table. Rico pours fine white lines of powder on the glass. Each takes a hit. Doll and Alessandra kiss and caress while Rico watches.

FLOYD  
(continuing)  
Whores. All of them--

His hands shake. The blinds CLATTER.

FLOYD  
(continuing)  
God damn you! Why can't you leave me alone?

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT - SUBJECTIVE CAMERA

Floyd tosses and turns. A standing fan DRONES. On the bedside table, a digital alarm clock displays eleven pm. He fumbles for a water glass and knocks it over.

FLOYD  
(groggily)  
Shit.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Wearing only shorts, Floyd shuffles through the living room. We HEAR the THUMPING CADENCE of LATIN MUSIC. He approaches the window and peers through a missing slat in the blinds.

FLOYD'S P.O.V. - STREET

BACK TO SCENE

A black limo pulls into the garage of the adjacent apartment building. The MUSIC recedes with it. He SLAMS the window shut.

FLOYD  
(continuing)  
Fucking people. No consideration.

INT. KITCHEN

Floyd gets a soda from the fridge and briefly stands in front of the open door.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Floyd shuffles along SLURPING the dregs of his soda. He notices light through the missing slat in the blinds. He approaches and squints through.

FLOYD'S P.O.V. - APARTMENT

BACK TO SCENE

FLOYD  
(continuing)  
What the--

The soda can drops from his hand. In the apartment across the street, lights blaze through floor to ceiling windows. Alessandra Delfino enters the living room with Doll and Rico. Doll drops to her knees and begs like a dog while Rico drops a blue capsule into her mouth.

FLOYD  
(continuing, licks his lips)  
Filthy little slut.

Alessandra playfully spears Rico's back with her stiletto heel. He falls onto Doll and pulls her tube top down with his teeth.

FLOYD  
(continuing)  
Whores. Sluts. You belong on the street. All of you.

Alessandra reaches for an ice bucket on the coffee table. She places an ice cube in her mouth and trails it along Doll's nipples. Rico sucks the cube from Alessandra's mouth and trails to Doll's mouth.

FLOYD  
(continuing)  
Oh, God, God, God--

He chokes back a SOB and looks down at the stain on his shorts.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

FLOYD'S P.O.V. APARTMENT - SCOPE MATTE

BACK TO SCENE

FLOYD  
(wipes tears streaming down his face)  
Why can't you leave me in peace?

Yet he can't look away from Alessandra. She reclines on the couch watching Doll ride Rico. Doll's hair whips wildly. Alessandra grabs a handful. She looks up at the window and smiles.

FLOYD  
(continuing)  
Jesus!

He drops the binoculars and lurches back, almost taking the CLATTERING blinds with him.

FLOYD  
(continuing)  
Filthy slut. You have no right!

He paces the room ceaselessly wiping his hands on his sweatpants.

FLOYD  
(continuing)  
Dirty. I feel so dirty--

The JARRING TRILL of the phone startles him. He blinks and stares at the flashing handset. On the fourth RING he answers.

FLOYD  
(continuing)  
Hello?

MRS. GARVER (V.O.)  
(over phone, filtered)  
Floyd, it's mother.

FLOYD  
(into phone, irritably)  
Mother? For God's sake, it's after eleven.

MRS. GARVER (V.O.)  
(over phone, filtered)  
I know, Floyd, but I only just got home from the charity dinner. I wanted to remind you about the job interview tomorrow.

FLOYD  
(into phone, glances at paperwork strewn on the floor)  
How could I possibly forget? You've called me half a dozen times since yesterday.

MRS. GARVER (V.O.)  
(over phone, filtered)  
I had to pull a lot of strings to get you this interview, Floyd. I hope you don't let me down.

FLOYD  
(into phone, sighs)  
I know. And I do appreciate it.

MRS. GARVER (V.O.)  
(over phone, filtered)  
Try to show some appreciation by getting the job. You're a grown man. Your father would have been very disappointed to know his son--

FLOYD  
(into phone, interrupts)  
Yes, mother, I know I'm a blot to the esteemed family name.

MRS. GARVER (V.O.)  
(over phone, filtered)  
There's no need to be flippant.

FLOYD  
(into phone)  
I'm sorry, mother. It's been a long day and I guess I'm more tired than I thought.

MRS. GARVER (V.O.)  
(over phone, filtered)  
Get some rest. I'll call you tomorrow.

FLOYD  
(under his breath, hangs up phone)  
I'm sure you will.

Floyd stares at the phone then turns to look at the rent in the blinds. He punches in a number.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
(over phone, filtered)  
Brookside police station. Is this an emergency or non-emergency call?

FLOYD  
(into phone)  
Uh, I guess a suspected case of prostitution could be considered an emergency.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
(over phone, filtered)  
Please hold the line.

A beat.

DETECTIVE MCCLAREN  
(over phone, filtered)  
Detective Joe McClaren. Can I help you?

FLOYD  
(into phone)  
Um, yes, I want to report, uh, a possible case of prostitution.

DETECTIVE MCCLAREN  
(over phone, filtered)  
Can you give me some details, Sir? Starting with your name and address?

FLOYD  
(into phone, hesitates)  
Well, my--my name is Floyd Garver and I live at six twenty-two Highland Towers. I think the woman across the street is, uh, soliciting.

(MORE)

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For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at  
[info@filmmakers.com](mailto:info@filmmakers.com)