

Disguises

By

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FADE IN:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A large, spacious, auditorium style classroom. Surely it's at a University or large College . A good majority of the students struggle to stay alert as their PROFESSOR speaks.

PROFESSOR (O.S.)

This concept was introduced in
nineteen-sixty by a man named
E.Jerome McCarthy.

Friction between pen and paper, eyes on the huge CLOCK above the blackboard, heads struggling to stay stiff and awake. The joys of undergraduate education.

PROFESSOR (O.S.)(CONT'D)

Since it's inception, there have
always been four elements of the
Marketing Mix. Can one of us whom
are still awake give me those Four
Elements, please?

A HAND goes up from a seat in the middle. It's a cute, young brunette named CASEY. She's peppy and can't be anything north of twenty-one.

REVEAL the Professor as he takes notice. STEWART JEFFERIES, whom is forty-some odd years old, beginning to gray, and distinguished for the most part, rests against the desk in front of the blackboard.

STEWART

Okay, let's hear it, Casey.

CASEY

Price, Product, Promotion, and
(beat)
Oh, Place!

Impressed, Stewart nods with approval. Slight blush from Casey.

STEWART

Good to know I'm not up here having
a conversation with myself for an
hour. Thank you, Casey.

That remark hits home with a few students. Stewart checks his SILVER WATCH.

CLOSE ON - SILVER WATCH

(CONTINUED)

Standard silver watch, nothing too fancy. The dials signify: "2:57".

BACK TO SCENE

Stewart moves to the back of the desk, casual.

STEWART

(Sarcastically)

As anxious and thirsty for
knowledge as I know MANY of you
are, I'll release the shackles
until next time. Make sure you
familiarize yourselves with these
terms and Chapters Thirteen through
Fifteen for next time.

It's like the floodgates opened, the students spill out with haste. Stewart is left in the solace of silence.

A sigh, he lifts his SMARTPHONE from the desk. Time to shoot a text out.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A normal apartment building in the city. It's made of brick and well maintained but regular. Nothing fancy.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - KIM'S APARTMENT - DAY

A simple bedroom in one of the apartments. Very feminized, clean, everything matching. There's a BED, which is currently occupied.

Two young adults under the sheets: one male and one female. First, we see the ladder, KIM (24), poke her head out. Brunette with a 'Megan Fox' like essence.

KIM

I told you, I'm not doing that.
Besides, it's so big
(beat; nervous)
And wide. It'll be too hard for me
to hold.

Sheets ruffle and stir, the mystery male appears. DEXTER WASHINGTON III (26) - young, well-kept, African-American with a "smooth and popular" look to him. Obvious disappointment is present at her statement.

DEXTER

It's not that serious, Kim. You're
making this harder than it is.

(CONTINUED)

She looks down, then back up. "Are you serious?" stamped expression.

KIM
Yeah, clearly.

"What's she talking about?" type of look on Dexter. He looks down also. Oh, that.

DEXTER
Look, it's completely normal these days. You get close, put it near your face and-

KIM
(Pissed)
No! I'd probably look so stupid with my lips poked out or something.

He pushes the sheets away, revealing they are both in underwear. He lifts his SMARTPHONE up, to reveal what they were referring to the whole time...

DEXTER
It's only a little bigger than my old one. Just hold it, and press the button, and voila!

She jumps up to her feet to look for her clothes. She's finished with this conversation.

KIM
No, Dexter. You know I'm anti-PDA on Social Networks, especially until we figure out exactly what we're doing here.
(beat)
Besides, you're probably just trying to use this as a gateway into camera sex.

His look says it all. Ouch. He begins to gather his clothing as well.

SMALL HALLWAY

Kim stands in the threshold of her bedroom door as Dexter walks out.

Dexter moves to another door right next to Kim's room. Faint sounds of blaring bass catch Dexter. He knocks twice.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

Yo! Come on, let's go!

(beat; another knock)

Yo, come on, time to roll out! Come
on wrap it up.

Still nothing. Annoyed, he opens the door. Allows himself
entry to see --

DEXTER (CONT'D)

Yo, I said come on it's-

(Shocked)

Oh, this is just fucking great.

A new couple in bed, nude, in a rather compromising
position. SEAN FLANIGAN (25), young, fit, and probably a
Rugby star, pokes his head up from the lap of a gorgeous
blonde. They both stop, "oh shit" faces present.

INT. DEXTER'S CAR - PARKED - DAY

Dexter waits in the drivers seat. Within beats, the
PASSENGER DOOR flies open, Sean plops inside.

SEAN

If you're gonna bring me to be a
Wing-man, then let me wing, man.
Five more minutes, I'd have been in
there.

DEXTER

Sorry, I was ready to get out of
there. I either get you or I leave
you, and it's a long bus ride
across town.

A sigh from Sean. Dammit, almost to the promised land.

SEAN

Asked her to take another pic
again, huh?

A look of shame plagues Dexter. He doesn't even have to
respond.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I told you that "let's start taking
usies" approach would never work.
Dude, she's too smart. You went
from having casual sex with her,
with no signs of committing to her
this century might I add, to
wanting to become a romantic out of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SEAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
nowhere. I told you long ago to cut
that hopeless romantic shit out and
stay free.

Dexter turns the KEY in the ignition, car comes to life. He shifts into drive. A sigh, he looks at Sean.

DEXTER
I don't know. It's just different
with her. I look at her differently
than I look at the rest of them.

SEAN
Okay, she's gorgeous, I give you
that. Smart too, but dude, don't
hang it up so early. You got at
least ten years left in you. Don't
throw it all away too quick is all
I'm saying, you know?

Dexter ponders for a beat or two. His masculinity is on the line here, this is a big decision. He snaps back to reality, Sean is probably right.

DEXTER
Yeah, yeah, yeah, whatever. Next
time you set it up and Quarterback
it and I'll wing it.
(beat)
So, how was it?

Sean begins to go into it. They pull off.

EXT. DAYCARE - DAY

A lone building of brick sits off a main avenue. It's decorated with plenty of children's arts and crafts. It has a very child welcoming look about it.

INT. DAYCARE - DAY

A very serious looking blonde WOMAN with glasses in her late-40s sits behind a small desk. Her look screams "is it time to punch out yet".

WOMAN
Look, I hear you Ms.Kerrigan,
really I do. In all reality though,
the fact of the matter is it's not
my call. This is the third time
this week alone. We have to drop
Rory from the program.

(CONTINUED)

On the other side of the desk stands a stressed redhead woman dressed in casual office clothing. She would probably be gorgeous regularly but the problematic life of the working class has clearly gotten to her. This is KAITLYN KERRIGAN (32).

KAITLYN

Please...anything you can do or say to them to work with me here. I got caught on a call at work.

The woman, still unmoved, just shrugs. She's done and not budging. Turning, she calls out into a large playroom area.

WOMAN

Rory, your mother is here, honey.

Sheer disappointment overcomes Kaitlyn.

After a few beats, a small freckled boy with reddish brown hair runs from the back. RORY KERRIGAN (7) runs up, all but engulfing Kaitlyn in his arms.

RORY

Mommy!

KAITLYN

Hey, sweetie! Did you have fun today?

RORY

Yep! I can't wait till Friday!

KAITLYN

Really?

(beat)

What's Friday, baby?

RORY

It's a Swimming Day! We go to the pool!

He's excited, completely oblivious to his Summer Camp fate. Kaitlyn forces a smile through the moments discourage. Her view shifts back to the Woman at the desk.

KAITLYN POV

The woman observes, silent. Her face says it all: "Are you going to tell him now or later?"

EXT. GARRETT HOME - DAY

A beautiful Split Level home rests in a cul-de-sac with other identically crafted dwellings. Every lawn is well maintained, many decorated with lawn ornaments and decorative flora. Cars of every type from A-Z occupy each driveway.

INT. GARRETT HOME - DAY

A modern day oasis would be an understatement for the interior. The kitchen is a beautiful mesh of marble, finished wood, and steel. Definitely the kitchen of a financial stable family.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Oh, and don't forget, Sunday night
is the gala.

A woman steps from the next room into the kitchen. Enter JANET ROBERTS-GARRETT (37); limited-makeup, mature, professional, straight-laced. She carries a briefcase while drinking a bottle of water.

JANET (CONT'D)

No more convenient lapses of memory
like with the New Years Eve party.

She's trailed by her husband, VICTOR GARRETT (38), a sharp, clean cut, equally professional man. He smoothly places a fancy lapel-pin on the left side of his suit jacket.

VICTOR

If only I had the liberty of being
able to forget.

He approaches, they share an embrace and kiss. She hands him the briefcase, he takes it. He checks his watch.

JANET

I really wish you could have an
evening off so we can do something
nice. Go to dinner, go see a show,
take a walk, *something*.

Disappointment looms, she releases a sigh. He comforts her.

VICTOR

Soon, I promise. Besides, if I go
to enough of these we can be on a
beach in Cabo taking a walk after
dinner.

He said the magic words. A grin escapes.

(CONTINUED)

JANET

Well, hurry that along then...
sooner is always better than later.

A final kiss is shared, it's time for them to part ways.

VICTOR

Love you.

JANET

Love you too.

VICTOR

Alright, I'll call you a little
later.

He walks toward the doorway that leads to and from the kitchen. On the way, he grabs his SMARTPHONE from the counter top.

A sigh escapes her; she curses the woes of departure. After a beat, her gaze shifts into the next room to make sure he's gone, suspicious. Coast is clear, her focus to shift to --

CLOSE ON - SMARTPHONE

Typical limited buttons, with maximum screen size smartphone. What mystery lies within hers?

EXT. STEWART'S HOME - DAY

A basic sedan pulls up curbside in front of a Ranch style home. The engine is killed, a beat; Stewart ascends from the cabin.

FRONT DOOR

He shuffles through a SET OF KEYS. After a few beats, he inserts one into the bolt lock. He's but a twist away from entry to his castle, he hesitates.

INT. STEWART'S HOME - DAY

CLOSE ON - FRONT DOOR

The front door opens, Stewart walks in. Sigh of relief, he went through with it. Takes a few steps in, shuts the door behind himself.

KITCHEN

Your basic, everyday, American kitchen. Smooth tile flooring, wooden cabinets, basic appliances, the whole nine.

(CONTINUED)

Stewart enters the kitchen observing everything he passes. He's rather skeptical, but why? He moves to the REFRIGERATOR, opens it slow, peers inside. A beat or two, then shuts it when --

A series of THUDDING sounds begin. Investigative and ready, he moves out of the kitchen.

HALLWAY

He goes into a slow creep down the hall. Several hung PORTRAITS of Stewart with his kids and a lithe, blonde woman with a perfect smile - his wife. He arrives at the DOOR, running WATER accompanies the thumps. This could only be the bathroom. He grips the doorknob and turns slowly.

BATHROOM

Two nude forms go at it right there in the bathroom. The same blonde woman from the picture, LAURA JEFFERIES (40), bent forward gripping the sink. Behind her, a young, archetypal "Guido" man takes her from behind. The young man, JAY (late 20s), catches a glimpse of Stewart while in a 'mid-euphoric' moment with his wife.

JAY

Whoa, shit! What the fuck is this!?

Stewart, void of expression or emotion, stands idle. Jay nearly jumps out of his skin.

LIVING ROOM/FRONT DOOR

Stewart stands wayside the front door, waiting for an explanation. His expression still says little of the magnitude of what he lay witness to.

After a short beat, a fully dressed Jay heads from the back. With a look of shame and confusion, he heads passed Stewart.

JAY

I thought you guys were, uh, I didn't, uh

(beat)

Look man, sorry about your wife.

And like that, he's gone, right out the front door. Laura now stands, glaring at Stewart from a small distance. By no means is she's a happy camper.

STEWART

(dry;sarcastic)

Now the infatuation with Jersey Shore makes sense.

(CONTINUED)

LAURA

I thought we agreed that until everything is finalized, you're going to call or text first!? You had no right to barge in!

Finally Stewart gains some life.

STEWART

Barge in? Barge in? Into MY OWN house?

LAURA

(condescending)

Oh, excuse me! I didn't know you were able to still find your way here. You must have lost your flask.

STEWART

Stop being radical, I'm not drunk. I sent three text messages before I came! You didn't respond, so I figured you weren't here! Excuse me for needing a few things of MY things from MY garage!

LAURA

I'm not going to do this with you right now, Stew. Please, just get what you need, and go!

STEWART

Jesus Christ, Laura, look--

LAURA

Stew!

He's shut out, it's clear he's not getting through to her. With a sigh, he ceases, moves out the front door.

STEWART

I'll go through from outside.

THUMP! He shuts the door.

INT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

An open WINDOW shows the calm night sky and quiet street. After a beat, it's mid conversation of Dexter and Sean in the room.

CLOSE ON - SEAN'S PHONE

(CONTINUED)

On the screen, is a pretty typical Social Networking site photo of a young, attractive blonde at the beach. She wears a bikini and makes "kissing faces".

SEAN(O.S.)

What about this one? Nice ass, great tits, and she used to do Cross Country. She gave me kudos on twelve of my pics in a row.

DEXTER (O.S.)

Hmm, I don't know. What do the friends look like?

The two sit on the couch, gawking the screen as if it were golden. Sean holds his phone in view of Dexter, while Dexter's phone rests on his lap. Calm, cool, relaxed - it's a bro moment.

SEAN

Shit, they can't be too bad. Cute chicks roll in packs.

DEXTER

(dismissive)

R-Really? Really, though? Where do you come up with this stuff?

SEAN

Hey, it's been true so far.

Sean stands, slightly irritated.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Look, dude, you've got to pick ONE. Every fortune cookie can't be a winner.

Dexter sighs. He's not excited having to "take one for the team".

DEXTER

Alright, look, if I do this...can you AT LEAST make sure we'll both get to third base?

SEAN

I got it! I know what we can do!

Sean grips Dexter by the shoulder urging him to stand. Dexter tilts his head in confusion, complies.