

MY SCRIPT

an original screenplay by

<Your Name>

<Your Name>
<Address>
<City, State Zip>
(555) 555-5555
11 11 11 11 11 11

INT. BUFFET - NIGHT

Arlen (50's, robust, suspenders) piles his plate full of salad with peas, carrots, beats, sprouts, cottage cheese, and goldfish. He covers the mound with spoonfuls of blue cheese dressing.

The blue cheese lies comfortably for a moment, then slides off the shrubbery. Arlen feigns an attempt at catching the deserters in vain. It lands splat amongst a massacre of goldfish.

ARLEN
(under his breath)
Fudge sickles.

GIGGLING

Arlen looks up and finds LINDA (50), a woman with puffy blonde hair and brightly made up face, staring at him from behind the fruit salad. Arlen smiles back. Linda quickly looks away and continues dressing her tacos.

Arlen carefully walks to the end of the buffet toward a stack of napkins. He reaches for a napkin at the same moment that Linda, on the other side of the salad bar, reaches for a napkin.

Their hands meet, touch, then quickly flinch away from each other.

Napkins flutter to the ground.

LINDA
Oh I my so sorry.

Linda giggles.

ARLEN
Oh no, please by all means.

Linda bends down, and gathers the napkins.

Unable to resist, Arlen takes a peek down Linda's freckled cleavage.

Linda speaks in a cheery relief society voice full of exclamation points and question marks.

LINDA
Looks like you had a little accident.

ARLEN

Excuse me?

Linda points to his shoe.

ARLEN (CONT'D)

Oh right.

Linda gives him a napkin and Arlen nervously scrubs at the shoe.

ARLEN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

LINDA

Your welcome.

The two stand up, Arlen holds out a hand and smiles.

ARLEN

Arlen.

Linda shakes the hand daintily.

LINDA

Linda.

Linda waits for another response but Arlen only smiles seemingly frozen.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Are you all right, your looking a little red.

Arlen reaches into his pocket and grabs a canister of antacid pills, pours some out in his hand, and chews on them.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Oh my god! Do you need help?

Linda moves to get help, but Arlen gently grabs her by the arm.

ARLEN

No, no, I'll be all right. It was just a false alarm.

LINDA

Are you sure? Let me get some one.

ARLEN

It's just heart burn that's all.

Linda looks at him concerned. Arlen wipes his brow with a napkin.

LINDA
Well okay then, if you're sure you're
all right.

Linda turns to leave.

ARLEN
Wait.

Linda stops and turns back to Arlen.

ARLEN (CONT'D)
Would you like to have dinner some
time, I mean not here, but somewhere
else, someplace a little more fancy.

LINDA
Oh that's sweet but-

ARLEN
Come on, I know this Korean Barbecue
place that'll knock you're socks
off.

Linda holds up a hand with sparkley rock wrapped around a
finger. Arlen flinches.

ARLEN (CONT'D)
Oh. I didn't, I mean I wouldn't
have.

LINDA
Actually I'm flattered, but-

She looks back at her family sitting at a table, her HUSBAND
looks at Arlen maliciously.

ARLEN
Of course.

Linda turns, picks up her tacos and walks back to her family
and her husband that still stares at Arlen.

Arlen wipes up the dressing on his shoe.

ARLEN (CONT'D)
Son of a biscuit.

INT. SIZZLER - BOOTH - DAY

SHERMAN, a balding man on the tail end of middle age who has
resigned to wearing sweat suits and coveralls, eats fried
chicken as Arlen sifts through his salad.

SHERMAN

It really wasn't that bad.

ARLEN

It was really bad.

SHERMAN

If you ask me the rejections are half the fun. The look of pure revulsion can be intoxicating.

ARLEN

It was a train wreck.

SHERMAN

Buck up will ya. There's plenty more where she came from.

ARLEN

No, no there's not.

SHERMAN

Sure there are. It's just you got to start putting your line out in places other than the taco section at the salad bar. Ya got me, there's children around.

ARLEN

At my age, and in this town there's not an available woman for miles.

SHERMAN

Well if you just want a little action, you know I can find that.

ARLEN

That's not what I'm looking for.

SHERMAN

The picky man picked till they were gone.

ARLEN

What's that supposed to mean?

SHERMAN

It's a proverb, It boils down to get to crappin' or get of the pot.

Arlen puts a large chunk of iceberg lettuce in his mouth and crunches on it as if it were a chore.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Look Arlen, if you're looking for a wife I can help you find a wife.

Arlen shakes his head.

ARLEN

Just forget it.

SHERMAN

No seriously, you remember my Edwina.

ARLEN

The ex-wife that swung a bat at you.

SHERMAN

Don't judge her like, other than a few temper tantrums she was an angel.

ARLEN

Thanks Sherm but really.

SHERMAN

No seriously, me and Edwina never figured things out, but I know a lot of guys who have really met their soul mates through the service.

ARLEN

Who?

SHERMAN

Well for one there's Carl?

ARLEN

The accountant?

SHERMAN

Right, well how do you think he met Carla.

ARLEN

I thought they met on a cruise?

SHERMAN

That's just what they tell people. Carl didn't want anyone thinking that Carla came out of a catalogue.

Arlen thoughtfully sips at his diet cola.

Sherman tracks a woman with a large rear end wearing STRETCHY PANTS as she makes her way to the soft serve ice cream dispenser.

ARLEN

They are a great couple.

SHERMAN

Hey it wouldn't hurt to give it a try, right. I'm going to get a sundae, want one?

Arlen shakes his head. Sherman gets up and goes to the sundae bar and says something to Stretchy Pants that makes her giggle.

INT. ARLEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Arlen lays on his bed with his eyes wide open. He get's up, flips on the lights, and goes for the jar of Tums on his night stand, pops a few and chews.

INT. ARLEN'S TELEVISION ROOM. - NIGHT

Arlen chews on chips like a cow would cud, than gulps from a two liter of diet cola. His eyes are pointed at the television but his thoughts are elsewhere.

INT. ARLEN'S STUDY - NIGHT

Arlen's study is riddled with papers, a Jesus head shot, and other religious knickknacks.

His sits in front of his computer screen. In his hand is a napkin with the web address "WWW.LATINRELATIONS.COM" written in Sherman's immaculate handwriting.

He takes a few healthy gulps from his two liter of diet cola and then types in the address.

The website displays a multitude of young attractive Latin women.

He clicks TOUR, and a video starts.

LOUD BOUNCY LATIN RHYTHMS

Arlen turns down the volume, and looks around to see if anyone is watching him. Feeling safe he turns the volume up a bit.

ON THE SCREEN

JOE, a balding yet acne riddled man, sits on a love seat clutching his bride IVONNE, a sleek smiling Argentinean.

JOE

Naturally I was hesitant at first, I mean the thought of meeting someone
(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)
 through a service, I really didn't
 think I could meet someone and connect
 with them on physical level as well
 as an emotional level.

Joe stares deep into Ivonne's eyes.

JOE (CONT'D)
 And then I received a message from
 Ivonne, and from there our love
 blossomed.

Joe tickles Ivonne who giggles.

CUT TO:

BILL and JULIETTE sit in the love seat.

BILL
 With the help of LatinFiancee I
 have truly found the love of my life.
 (to Juliette)
 Here show'em the ring.

Juliette happily displays the ring.

CUT TO:

ALBERT and ADOLFINA sit in the love seat.

ALBERT
 She's from brazil and we started
 exchanging emails, then phone calls
 and finally I got to see her in
 person. Ever since it's been like
 a dream.

ADOLFINA
 (Portuguese)
 He has a very large house and, a
 machine that washes the clothes.

ALBERT
 It's like listening to angel music.

BACK TO STUDY

A light turns on outside in the hall.

Arlen quickly pushes the X's on the screen until all that is
 left is the rolling hills of the desktop.

He looks to the door and finds SARAH (19, emo) staring at
 him from the door. Arlen jumps a little in his seat.

SARAH
What ya doin Dad?

ARLEN
Oh sweetie you scared me.

SARAH
I can tell.

Sarah connects the dot's in her head, Arlen looks like he stole a cookie from the cookie jar.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Ew, were you looking at porn?

ARLEN
Of course not

SARAH
It's not a big deal if you were,
just maybe lock the door next time.

ARLEN
I was not looking at porn.

SARAH
Okay, but if you were I wouldn't
judge. I mean it's completely
understandable, every body has needs.

ARLEN
Sarah, please.

SARAH
I would take down the Jesus picture
though, that's a little freaky.

ARLEN
Sarah!

SARAH
Okay I get it, I'll leave you to
"whatever" it was you were doing.

Sarah shuts the door.

Arlen puts some Tums in his mouth and chews.

INT. ARLEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

The radio clock clicks and fills the room with an pop/rock song from an easy listening station.

Sunlight shines on Arlens face. His eyes open and blink as they adjust.

He yawns, and stretches, and looks out the sun filled window and smiles.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Traffic moves slowly going both ways.

INT. ARLEN'S CAR. - DAY

Easy Breazy music comes from the car radio. Arlen happily taps on the steering wheel as he starts and stops his way down the road.

INT. ARLEN'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is cluttered with files and papers and the walls are lined with oil paintings depicting birds, and wild game. A portrait of Jesus hangs behind Arlen's Desk.

Arlen talks to MARY and ERNEST, a friendly elderly couple. Arlen turns a document towards the couple.

ARLEN

Okay I just need both of your signatures here, here, and here.

Ernest signs then gives it to Mary who has to put on her thick eyeglasses. Ernest helps her arthritic hand write out the signatures.

Arlen looks at them as if taking in a moment of sad beauty.

LATER

Arlen is going through his paper work while listening to the radio and sipping diet cola from a straw.

BING

An email notifier pops on his computer screen. He keeps his attention to his work.

BING. He remains with his paperwork. BING BING BING.

He opens his email and sees line of messages from Latin women responding to his listing.

Arlen looks at the door, it's still closed.

He clicks on one and sees a picture of a lady, ADOLFINA, close to his age and weight. He clicks on the next woman, JIMENA. Jimena is in her thirties she wears heavy bright makeup. He clicks on the next one ANGELA.

Angela is in her thirties, her hair is long and curly, her smile is innocent yet seductive, and her sparkling eyes are made of crushed cinnamon.

Arlen's looks at the image on the screen like it were a beautiful, delicate flower.

He clicks reply, and looks at the cursor blink as he prepares to write.

ARLEN (V.O.)

Dear, Angela.

Blink Blink,

ARLEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I think you are very nice looking

Arlen, frustrated, taps at the delete button.

ARLEN (CONT'D)

Come on Arlen give her the old magic.

Arlen takes a sip from his coke and thinks, after a few contemplating sips he goes to back to the keyboard.

ARLEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When I saw your picture I literally lost my breath, It was like a seeing a beautiful lush mirage in the middle of a cracked and dry desert.

Arlen looks at it what he has just written in disgust, and deletes.

ARLEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Hello. My name is Arlen.

He presses enter. He sits back into his chair and waits for something to happen, nothing does. Arlen gives up and goes back to his paper work.

BING.