

With Privileges
by
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INT. STUDIO APARTMENT (AIDEN) - DAY

Shannon rummages through the fridge. Aiden plunks down at his laptop.

AIDEN
I was saying hello.

SHANNON
The verbals were saying 'hello.' I saw body language that reeked of desperation.

AIDEN
You're spun in the head, Shan.

SHANNON
We without the hindrance of a penis smell desperation like a dog smells fear. I caught a wiff and Molli sure as hell got a nose full that close. Major turn-off.

Shannon pulls out a large dill pickle and sucks away

SHANNON
If you want her back you're going to need to retain some dignity.

AIDEN
I definitely do not want her back. It's complicated.

Shannon wiggles her pickle at Aiden.

SHANNON
You were making a bootie call!

AIDEN
Shut-up.

SHANNON
May I just say that your approach sucked. You'll never get it by begging.

AIDEN
It isn't going to happen. Whatever Molli and I had is gone.

The phone rings. Aiden picks up.

AIDEN

Hello... Hey, mom... I told you,
mom, it never snows here ... Yeah.
Yes, mom, I'm behaving myself.

Shannon giggles. Aiden glares at her.

AIDEN

No, mom. No one is here...It's the
TV.

Shannon leaps onto the bed and proceeds to give her best
"porn-moans" as she suggestively sucks on the pickle.

AIDEN

No, it's not a dirty movie.

With another glare Aiden rushes into the bathroom.

AIDEN

Yeah, When Harry Met Sally. It's on
cable.

He slams the door. Shannon laughs and stretches out on the
bed like a cat. She buries her face in the pillow and inhales
deeply.

SHANNON

Give it up, girl, you're the
pitiful one.

The Maxim on the floor catches her eye. She flips it to the
earmarked article. Shannon scans the pages. With a gasp she
sees her name written in the corner. It is flanked by two
question marks. Aiden steps out of the bathroom.

AIDEN

I will. Okay, mom. Tell dad I miss
him, too. Bye.
(to Shannon)
That was so not funny--

As if it were kiddie-porn in the hands of the pope, Aiden
snatches away the magazine.

SHANNON

You read Maxim.

AIDEN

Bobby does.

SHANNON

Some great articles in it. You haven't read it, yet? Any of it.

AIDEN

Nope.

Shannon hops off the bed.

SHANNON

I have to bail. See you, tonight.

On impulse she kisses Aiden on the cheek.

SHANNON

Bye.

Dumbstruck, Aiden watches her walk out. He touches his cheek.

AIDEN

Yeah, sure.

INT. DORM ROOM (SHANNON) - DAY

Tammi is pounced on by Shannon. She sits Tammi down on the bed.

TAMMI

What are you wiggling for? You need to call Dan back. It's getting ridiculous.

SHANNON

It may. We could. He wants to.

TAMMI

Coherent sentences, sweetie.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT (AIDEN) - DAY

Aiden again reads the article in Maxim. He focuses on the rules to "Completely Painless Pal Pleasure."

INT. DORM ROOM (SHANNON) - DAY

Tammi gives Shannon a high-five.

TAMMI

You're in, girl.

Shannon turns serious and sits down.

SHANNON

No, this sucks.

TAMMI

It must be rough going through life being bipolar.

SHANNON

Aiden doesn't want me. He wants a fuck-buddy. He'll be using me.

Tammi puts a motherly arm around Shannon.

TAMMI

If Aiden makes this proposal you need to jump on it. If you don't I will. It's perfect. This could solve eighty percent of the world's troubles. Everybody must get laid.

SHANNON

Easy for you to say. You don't have any feelings for him.

TAMMI

Shan, a guy has no idea about his feelings. It's our job to interpret them for them. This gives you a foot in the door. Friends don't screw each other. If he let's you play with his nethers you rock his world. If his little brain loves you his big one will follow.

SHANNON

I'm not going to risk our friendship. I'd rather let things stay the way they are then risk what we have.

TAMMI

Great, deprive the guy some sexual relief while you walk around with your thighs locked and all bitchy because you refuse to give it up to any one else. That makes sense.

SHANNON

If something happens it happens. I want the real thing.

Tammi rummages through her purse and pulls out a shiny little vibrator.

TAMMI

Until the real thing comes along.

Tammi tosses it over. Shannon just stares at it.

TAMMI

Don't worry, I've got plenty.

INT. FILM STUDIO (UCLA) - EVENING

A bedroom set is in place. TWO NUNS play patty-cake on the bed. Their custom habits are cut short enough to see the crease of their butts. Bobby approves through his camera.

AIDEN (O.S.)

Working a little late?

Bobby nearly knocks over his camera in surprise.

BOBBY

Dammit, Aiden. You almost made me soil myself.

AIDEN

Religious film, right?

Bobby waves at his ladies.

BOBBY

All right, ladies. Call it a night. Same time, tomorrow. Remember, the back entrance.

The "nuns" disrobe to nothing. Bobby motions Aiden to the side.

BOBBY

My very own pet project. Written, directed and produced.

AIDEN

They find out you're directing porn on campus you'll be kicked out.

BOBBY

It's worth it. This could be my big break. I'm meeting with a major distributor next month.

Aiden gives Bobby back the MAXIM.

BOBBY

Did you reclassified her, yet?