

A MAN OF MY OWN

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Tires screech to a complete stop on top of wet pavement.

The sound of a car door opening followed by footsteps.

A man's feet step into view.

The passenger side door flings open.

ROBYN's badly beaten body falls out. She's about thirty, long tousled red hair that clings to her bloody, swollen face.

The emerald green slinky dress ripped to shreds slides up her long lean legs. One of the high heels is broken off the shoe.

The man, CURT is in his mid forties. He's a typical suburban overfed non exercising greying male.

He bends down, drags Robyn's body down into the ditch.

He stares down at her with disgust.

CURT
You fucking freak!

Curt brings his foot back, takes aim then kicks her as hard as he can in the gut then again in the face. Then again and again, again, again.

No movement from Robyn.

Curt stares at her one last time then spits on her.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - EARLIER

Curt and Robyn sit in the car parked by a city park.

There's glimmer of excitement in both of their eyes along with the tell tale signs of a few too many Martinis.

Curt leans over to Robyn. They kiss. Gentle at first then more intense by the second.

CURT

Fuck. You are so hot. Can't believe
I met someone like you.

He takes Robyn's hand, puts it in his crotch, rubs it, lets
go when she does it on her own.

She moans. He groans.

CURT

Wish my ex could see me now.

Robyn feels the bulge in his pants, squeezes then unbuckles
his belt.

ROBYN

You think she'd be jealous?

CURT

Are you kidding? You're twenty
years younger than her. She's
almost fifty! Fifty! Can you
believe it?... You'd think she'd be
over with sex at that age.

Robyn sticks her hand down his pants, her tongue down his
throat. Curt's hands roam all over her body.

ROBYN

Poor baby. Who did she run away
with?... Some young guy?

She unbuttons his shirt, kisses his blubbery chest.

CURT

No some asshole who's almost sixty.
How's that for a slap in the face?
Fucking disgusting if you ask me.

Her one hand works hard inside his pants.

ROBYN

I don't see why she would leave
you. You've got more right here
than any woman could ever need.

She lowers her head into his crotch. Her head moves up and
down.

CURT

Oh yeah baby. You know it.

After a few moments Curt pulls her up. He kisses her hard. His hand wonders up the inside of her leg. Robyn puts her hand on top of his, keeps him from moving it further up.

CURT

C'mon, don't be shy now.

ROBYN

I'm not... it's just...

Curt pushes his hand further up, reaches her crotch.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - EARLIER

Curt sits at a table in a cozy romantic restaurant.

He repeatedly checks his watch.

He glances up as the hostess approaches his table with Robyn behind her.

Curt's eyes widen at the sight of Robyn. She's tall, lean, wears a tight green dress, has long red hair that swells over her shoulders and back like molten lava flowing from an erupting volcano. She's very attractive, almost handsome.

Curt swallows hard then stands up, takes her hand, while his eyes fix on hers.

Robyn greets him with a wide smile.

CURT

You must be Robyn?

ROBYN

You must be Curt?

They both laugh then sit down.

Curt can't take his eyes off of her.

CURT

Wow!... You're gorgeous!

She sends him a coy smile.

ROBYN

Thank you...

CURT

I've never used a dating service before...I didn't think women like you used them. Always thought they were for losers only.

Robyn's expression cools for a moment. She takes a sip of her drink on the table.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT - EARLIER

Robyn, dressed up for a date night on the town in her green dress and spiked heels dances in front of a floor to ceiling mirror with a wine glass in her hand.

Disco music on the stereo, she sings along as she dances.

ROBYN

Gimme, gimme, gimme a man after
midnight, won't somebody help me
chase the shadows away.

Her hips gyrate to the music.

ROBYN

Gimme gimme gimme a man after
midnight, take me through the
darkness to the break of the day.

She continues her dance, in a more provocative way as if she was a stripper on stage, the mirror a man in the audience.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - EARLIER

The blood red tip of a lipstick glides across a pair of parted lips. The lips press together then pucker up, makes a kissing sound.

Robyn bats her long dark eyelashes at her own reflection in the mirror. She studies herself.

ROBYN

Do you think I'm beautiful?

Her hair is shoulder length, black, straight. Her expression changes to unsatisfied.

Suddenly she reaches up with her hand, grabs a hold of her hair, yanks the wig off. Her hair is now short and a dull brown.

She reaches over to the side, picks up a long red wig, puts it on. Happy with the result, she winks at her reflection.

ROBYN

Tonight is the night. I know I'll
meet the right one. I can feel it.

She stands up to reveal a man's body. She grabs a lacy bra from on top of the bed, puts it on, inserts falsies, adjusts it then grabs a matching pair of panties. She puts them on, pushes back her unwanted "parts".

Next comes the dress. All of a sudden she's all woman.

She twirls in front of the mirror, satisfied with the results.

ROBYN

Think I'm hot?... Would you be able
to love someone like me?...
(with sadness)
a freak like me?

FADE OUT: