

"Letters to Penthouse"

by

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"LETTERS TO PENTHOUSE"

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY - DAY

The staccato rhythm of typewriter keys.

Puffy white clouds in a blue sky. Tenement houses below.

The typing stops.

A MAN sits at his apartment window, lost in thought.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

John is a handsome, but miserable young man.

The dusty apartment is almost barren, except for a half height fridge, a bed, a desk, and stacks of books piled around the room.

The minute hand on a clock ticks forward.

An idea occurs to him and he types one final line on his classic Royal typewriter, the keys worn from use.

He smiles slightly and leans back in his wheelchair.

John is paraplegic.

There is a knock at the door and his smile is gone.

JOHN

You're fucking late.

EMILY, a beautiful, young, home health worker lets herself in. She carries a small grocery bag.

EMILY

Hello, to you too.

JOHN

You're fucking late.

EMILY

I'm sorry. Too many patients to see today. I brought you some fresh fruit from the corner store.

Emily opens the fridge.

JOHN

I don't need anything.

There is nothing but old cheese and beer in the fridge.

EMILY

It was on sale and it looked good,
so, I'll just leave it in here, in
case you change your mind.

She tucks the fruit away and takes a peach for herself.

JOHN

Whatever.

EMILY

How goes the writing today?

JOHN

It's a fucking masterpiece.

EMILY

What is it this time?

JOHN

A letter to Penthouse.

EMILY

Again?

JOHN

I'm persistent.

EMILY

That's one word for it.

John smiles at this.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Why do you use that old typewriter
anyway?

JOHN

I don't know. I guess, I like the
way it feels, the way it sounds.

EMILY

A computer would be faster.

JOHN

What am I in a hurry? Is there
some place I've got to be?

EMILY

You could go outside. Get some fresh air.

JOHN

Air is overrated.

John watches Emily take a bite of the peach.

JOHN (CONT'D)

So, do you want to hear it?

EMILY

Not really.

JOHN

I think you'll like it.

John looks down at the page in the typewriter.

JOHN (CONT'D)

There I was, working the midnight shift at the 24 hour photo, when in walked this amazon. A six foot tall goddess with tits to spare.

EMILY

She had spare tits?

JOHN

Don't interrupt me.

John returns to the page.

JOHN (CONT'D)

She asked me if we developed nude pictures. I told her it wasn't customary, but in her case, I'd make an exception.

EMILY

Oh, brother.

JOHN

I'll skip ahead to the good stuff.

John glances further down the page.

JOHN (CONT'D)

There she was, spread-eagled on the Kodak 6000, the rumbling of the paint drum keeping time as my cock slid in and out of her pussy.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

Her moans of ecstasy pierced the night as we continued to fuck until the machine and I, both spilled our loads upon her.

John looks up at Emily.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What do you think?

EMILY

Honestly?

John nods.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Sometimes, you make me very sad.

JOHN

Yeah, well, I think you need to get fucking laid.

Emily takes a step back.

EMILY

I'm going to go start your bath.

JOHN

You do that.

INT. BATH ROOM - DAY

Emily sits on the edge of the tub as it fills with water. Her thoughts elsewhere.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

John looks at his typewriter, silently rereading the page.

INT. BATH ROOM - DAY

Emily has wheeled John into the bathroom, next to the tub.

John pulls off his shirt.

EMILY

I've been thinking and, well, I'm going to talk to the agency. I think it might be best if they sent someone else in the future.

JOHN

That's fine.

EMILY

Okay then.

Emily reaches down to help John with his pants.

JOHN

I can do it.

EMILY

Are you sure?

JOHN

You know what, I can do the whole damn thing. Just go.

EMILY

I can help you.

JOHN

You don't understand. I don't want your fucking help.

Emily stands up.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Just, leave me alone. Please. You can send the new girl tomorrow.

They stare at each other, anger and sorrow. Emily walks out, closing the door behind her.

John slides his pants off, exposing his withered legs.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Emily is shaken, unsure what to do next. She hears water splash, as John lowers himself into the tub.

She looks around the room, straightens a pile of books that have tumbled over.

She starts to leave, but something draws her back to the typewriter. She looks down at the page.

At the top it reads "Emily" and below, is no letter to Penthouse.

It looks like a poem.

Emily tears the sheet from the typewriter. She reads the page, dumbfounded.

INT. BATH ROOM - DAY

John sits naked in the tub, his head in his hands.

Emily slowly opens the door, holding the poem. For a brief moment, she is unseen and staring at John.

EMILY
I read your poem.

JOHN
Get out. Get the FUCK OUT!

Emily leaves and closes the door between them.

EMILY (O.S.)
Can't we talk about this?

JOHN
GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY LIFE!

EMILY (O.S.)
I'm sorry.

JOHN
I hate you.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Emily's back is against the bathroom door and she slowly slides down to the floor, clutching the poem.

EMILY
(sotto voce)
It's beautiful.

They both sit in silence.

The clock ticks off another minute.

EXT. CITY - DAY

The distant sound of traffic and children playing in the streets.

The clouds race across the sky.

FADE OUT.