

SWINGING IN LORRAINE - PILOT

A Situation Comedy

Written by

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LOGLINE: Two swinging, mixed race, mid-life couples realize that seven years of living together and co-owning a struggling swingers' club has turned their once adventurous relationship into the mundane rut of regular married life. They resort to an escalating series of imaginative schemes to rescue both their sexually bohemian lifestyle and the club with its colorful characters.

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SWINGING IN LORRAINE - PILOT

FADE IN:

Teaser:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Close up on SAM JEFFERSON (45, stocky build, attractive, well-preserved for his age about which he is sensitive. He is a dreamer and 'ideas man', but without the drive). He sits up post-coitally in bed, dishevelled, exhausted but extremely happy.

SAM
(breathless)
Oh. My. God.
Wow.
That was mind-blowing, awesome,
exquisite -
(deep breath)
- **the** most sensual, intense,
boundary-breaking sex I've ever
had.
(beat)
Thank you.

PULL BACK to show LORRAINE JEFFERSON (35, brunette, very attractive. Highly intelligent, ex-fat person who lives in constant fear of calories); NATASHA JEFFERSON (34, black, attractive, sexy. Sweet and naive, she is a rough diamond who quickly reverts to her ghetto roots. She is often appalled by the sexual lengths some people will go to get their kicks); and PATRICK JEFFERSON (35, black, ex-quarterback. Amiable, laid-back, a closet lothario with little self-control - life tends to happen to Patrick) in the bed, all equally dishevelled.

LORRAINE, NATASHA, PATRICK
You're welcome.
(PATRICK'S voice lags a
beat behind the others)

CUT TO:

OPEN CREDITS

We see photographs on the wall: wedding photo of NATASHA and PATRICK, wedding photo of LORRAINE and SAM, NATASHA, PATRICK and LUCRECIA, SAM, LORRAINE and MIKEY, photo of all four in a club, all four outside the **Swinging In Lorraine** club (smiling & being handed the keys), photo of all four taken in front of the house, beside a "SOLD" sign, one of all four with the three kids.

FADE IN:

ACT ONE:
Scene I

INT. SWINGING IN LORRAINE SWINGERS' CLUB - NIGHT

SFX: 'club' noise: faint music, people talking/laughing.

We see the sparse (and motley) number of clientele in the background - the club is not thriving. We see the 'regulars' (MORE LATER); none of whom are dressed well, or are particularly attractive. They flirt with each other.

CLOSE ON LISA (26, pretty, bored expression) - talking into camera.

LISA
(bored, deadpan tone)
Welcome to your number one, premier
Swinger's Club in Texas: Swinging
In Lorraine.
(pause)
(weary sigh)
Yes, I know it should be **with** and
not **in**.
(bored/impatient)
Look, do you want to come in and
fulfill your wildest erotic desires
- or not?

PAN OUT to see NATASHA standing at the bar, at the back of which is a large neon sign: 'SWINGING IN LORRAINE'. LORRAINE plays bartender.

Also at the bar: back turned, are RUSTY (44, - in the *Illustrated Dictionary*, next to the entry 'redneck', there's a picture of Rusty) and CHARLENE (21, very pretty Southern Belle, provocatively dressed).

LORRAINE
(indicates LISA'S
Conversation)
You know, if I'd known we were
going to have to explain it to
everybody, I'd never have agreed to
let Sam and Patrick name this place
after me.
(nods to the sign)
Besides which, it makes my vagina
sound like a public playground.

NATASHA raises an eyebrow. LORRAINE raises a finger.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
Don't you dare judge me, Natasha
Jefferson! So what if Sam and I
were total swing-sluts back in the
day?
(MORE)

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

That was long before we hooked up
with you and Patrick and got all
exclusive -
(emulates NATASHA'S
'ghetto' voice)
- on yo' ass.

NATASHA

You stop that right now Lorraine!
(seductive)
You know it makes me horny when you
get yo' black on.
(growls/purrs)

NATASHA leans seductively (finger under LORRAINE'S chin)
across the bar to kiss but is jostled by CHARLENE.

CHARLENE

(to RUSTY)
- but Rusty-Bear, **you** picked out my
clothes for tonight - just like you
do every night.

RUSTY

(agitated)
Yeah I did Charlene. But just
because you're dressed like a cheap
street-walker, it don't give every
goddamned pervert in the place the
right to think they got a chance of
rollin' in the hay with ya'll!

CHARLENE

You brought me here dressed like
this - what else are they going to
think?

LORRAINE

(to NATASHA)
Here we go again.

NATASHA

(to LORRAINE)
You can set your watch by them.
Every week, he gussies her up,
brings her to our club and picks a
fight.

LORRAINE

Surely there's nobody left that's
dumb enough to dare approach her -

We see AL (37, short, odd-looking, a naive, 'nice' guy)
approach RUSTY and CHARLENE.

AL

(to CHARLENE)
Hi.

LORRAINE & NATASHA
 (in unison)
 And in Three, Two, One -

RUSTY
 (to AL)
 Hey Buddy! You lookin' at my wife?!

AL
 (misreading)
 Yes I am Sir. And a fine looking
 filly she is too. Perhaps later,
 you would like to watch me make
 sweet, sweet love to her?

RUSTY punches AL in the nose.

NATASHA grabs RUSTY, LORRAINE dashes around the bar to shield
 AL. There is a brief scuffle.

CHARLENE
 I am so sorry about this Lorraine.
 He promised to behave himself this
 time!

LORRAINE
 I'm sure he did sweetheart, he
 always does. (beat) Say, has it
 ever occurred to you that the
 swinging lifestyle is just not
 meant for you guys?

CHARLENE
 (surprised)
 Hell no!
 (TO RUSTY)
 Take me home and lay me down Rusty-
 Bear! All your feisty shenanigans
 have got me wetter'n the Titanic's
 billiard room!

They walk away, CHARLENE hangs onto RUSTY'S arm, giggles.

LORRAINE
 (flustered, to NATASHA)
 How is it that Sam and Patrick
always manage to be not here when
 we need them!?

NATASHA
 Beats me, some kind of sixth sense?
 (beat) Patrick was supposed to be
 on security tonight, and Sam knows
 damned well the ladies' restroom is
 blocked again.
 (pause)
 If they've gone to that nyotam -
 nyati - *naked sushi* bar again, I'm
 so going to hurt the both of them!

LORRAINE

It's Nyotaimori - and since when was physical pain from either of us a disincentive for those two?

NATASHA

I don't get it. They could be here with us, enjoying the all of this -

LOOK AROUND. We see FRAN (54, plump, desperate) attempting to seduce a frightened-looking CHIPS GUY (30, skinny, odd-looking, the consummate voyeur, eats constantly from a bag of plain chips).

LORRAINE

- yeah, it's a mystery alright -

LORRAINE looks towards the pool of scummy water spreading out from beneath the Ladies' Restroom door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NYOTAIMORI BAR - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT of a stunning, naked Japanese girl laying on a table. Strategically-placed leaf vegetables and sushi adorns her body. Around the table stand suited businessmen who pluck food from her with chopsticks. We see PATRICK and SAM, drunk, watched by NYOTAIMORI BAR OWNER (55, ugly, aggressive-looking, Asian).

PATRICK

Hey Sam, we really should be getting back to Lorraine's - you know how pissed the wives get when we're not at the club.

SAM

Chill out Patrick, be cool. The club's always quiet on a Thursday night.

(sighs)

It's quiet pretty much every night nowadays, come to think of it.

PATRICK struggles with his chopsticks.

PATRICK

Dammit! How are you supposed to eat with these things!?! (beat). This is why you never see morbidly obese Japanese people.

SAM

Apart from Sumo wrestlers.

PATRICK
 Given. But I'll bet you a month's
 wage that they get spoons and forks
 to eat with.

SAM
 Sporks. (beat) Combination utensil.
 Japanese. Clever people.

PATRICK
 (losing patience)
 What the f-?

PAT angrily stabs at the food on the girl with his chopsticks
 - she flinches and throws him a dirty look.

SAM
 You know Patrick, we should really
 think about having naked sushi at
 Lorraine's some time. (beat) I
 mean, just take a look at all these
 stupid, rich businessmen with more
 money than sense.
 (laughs)
 They part with their money - and
 lots of it - simply because they
 are deluded into thinking that they
 have a chance of making it with
 this gorgeous chick just because
 she lets them eat food off of her -
 (sighs longingly)
 - hot, smooth, flawless, naked
 body.

The businessmen all look at SAM.

SAM (CONT'D)
 (to the businessmen)
 Sorry.

They shrug, a 'fair enough' gesture. PATRICK looks anxiously
 at his watch.

SAM concentrates (swaying drunk) - his chopsticks poised over
 the girl's crotch. The girl looks nervous.

SAM (CONT'D)
 OK, OK, Mr. Worrywart, we'll go.
 Just let me get this last piece of
 sushi here. It's got a little prawn
 in it -

SAM stabs down with his chopsticks, the girl screams, sits
 up, fist raised -

CUT TO BLACK:

**ACT ONE:
Scene 2**

FADE IN:

INT. THE HOUSE/KITCHEN - MORNING

SAM sits at the table, nursing hangover, thick coffee and a black eye. NATASHA (dressed for work in her barista outfit) prepares two school lunches. MORTICIA (2, cute mixed-race baby) sits in her high-chair eating oatmeal.

As they talk, LORRAINE is weighing out cornflakes on an electronic scale, concentrating on getting the weight exact and writing in her "DIET DIARY". Exasperated, she picks one flake up, snaps it in half, puts one half back in the box, the other in the bowl. Satisfied smile.

LORRAINE

(to SAM)

That's one doozy of a black eye you got yourself there my love.

NATASHA

I've not seen you with a shiner that spectacular since you rear-ended that guy's car last fall.

LORRAINE

(laughs)

Oh yeah, and you suggested to him that since you both had the same SUV - you could combine the unwrecked halves of each car and carpool!?

(laughs)

PATRICK enters (wearing his traffic cop uniform). He kisses NATASHA, then LORRAINE with equal affection. Steps towards SAM.

SAM

(huff)

Don't you touch me.

NATASHA & LORRAINE

Ooooh -

NATASHA

You two had a falling out?

PATRICK

Nah, Sam's just a little pissed with me because I made him late home last night.

SAM

He put out a missing elderly alert on I10.

LORRAINE
 You can't be mad at Patrick for
 that. It's his job.

SAM
 It was my freaking car!

PATRICK
 And strike one against the old
 fart!

They all laugh. Except SAM

NATASHA
 Sam's not the only one pissed this
 morning. We're still angry with you
 two.

LORRAINE
 I can't believe you both went back
 to that nyotaimori bar while we
 were working *and* trying to come up
 with ideas to stop our club going
 broke!

SAM
 You're being melodramatic again
 Lorraine, things are not that bad.

LORRAINE
 (exasperated)
 Not that bad? Our credit is so poor
 now that some of our suppliers
 won't even accept cash!
 (pause)
 I can only juggle what little we
 have for so long Sam, soon we'll be
 eating into the tax accrual - and
 just look where that got Wesley
 Snipes!

NATASHA
 Wesley Snipes? Isn't he Denzel
 Washington?
 (pause)
 And just what is it that you see in
 that sushi bar anyway?

PATRICK
 Good seafood, exquisite naked
 girls; the delicious, yet
 strategically placed sushi -

SAM
 - not helping Patrick.

LORRAINE
 Natasha?

NATASHA cuffs SAM around the back of the head. He winces.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
Well, **I** think it's unhygienic,
eating your food off naked women -
you could pick up all kinds of
germs!

MORTICIA drops a blob of oatmeal on the floor, LORRAINE
pushes away the dog that licks at it, puts it back into the
child's bowl. NATASHA looks disgusted.

NATASHA
And I read somewhere - and by read
I mean I followed a link on
Wikipedia - that in some countries
they actually eat the girls - Korea
I think - the bad one, not the nice
one. They only eat puppy dogs.

LORRAINE
(to PATRICK)
And you're the one who has always
has a gay-attack every time you
find a pubic hair in the shower!

LORRAINE mimics him squealing and squirming in an effeminate
manner.

PATRICK
(creeped out)
But we *all* depilate.
(pause, raised voice)
Who's is that thing?!

SAM
It's not really an issue at the
sushi bar. The girls are Asian -
they have less George W
(indicates crotch)
between them than the front row of
a Justin Beiber concert.
(contrived/rehearsed)
Say Patrick, since the subject has
been raised, here's a left-fielder
for you: Why don't **we** have a naked
sushi night at our club?

LORRAINE
Oh no you don't!
We are *not* going to be subjected to
yet another of your half-assed
money-making ideas! We're still
paying out the extra insurance
after the disaster that was your
'fire eating for swingers' night!

NATASHA
She's right guys! If anyone is
going to try out something new -

SAM
- chance would be a fine thing.

LORRAINE nods at NATASHA. NATASHA cuffs SAM again.

NATASHA
(puts arm around LORRAINE)
- it's going to be us!

PATRICK
(laughs)
Now, there's something **I'd** pay to see!

SAM
And if your past form on organizing events is anything to go by - he'd be in the minority.
(to NATASHA & LORRAINE)
What's it going to be this time ladies? A chastity Ring-Around for swingers?
(laughs)

PATRICK
Or - and how this for a wild one? - topless show tune karaoke. (beat)
Oh, wait, you guys did that last month.

LORRAINE cuffs PATRICK'S head. NATASHA cuffs SAM'S.

PATRICK & SAM
(in unison)
Ouch!

NATASHA
Actually - Mr. Smart-ass - we have **the** good idea to beat all good ideas!

LORRAINE
We have? (beat) I mean, yes, **yes** we have! It's the best idea ever! It's gonna kick every idea you guys ever had - or will ever have - out of the freakin' ballpark!
(she has no idea)
Yeah - we're going to do - you tell them Natasha - I don't want to steal your thunder here.

NATASHA
(pause, thinks)
Speed dating for swingers!

LORRAINE
Ta-da!

SAM

As in - a bunch of desperate, divorced women with single-mom hair and low-cut shirts getting passed around like prize heifers at the County Show so that equally desperate guys who still live with their mothers and - quite possibly collect women's heads in their freezer - get to stare down their low-cut shirts for five minutes at a time?

(pause)

Did I mention the low-cut shirts?

NATASHA

That's the one! And we're going to do it tomorrow night!

LORRAINE

(taken aback)

Tomorrow night?

PATRICK

I like it!

SAM

Really?

PATRICK

They had me at low-cut shirts.

SAM

(patronizing, to NATASHA)

It's actually quite a good idea (beat) for you. Well done.

(pause)

OK, if you guys get to do your thing, we get to do ours - one phone call to my good friend Mr. Yo at the Nyotaimori Bar and we're good to go!

MIKEY JEFFERSON (17, scruffy, disinterested, awkward-looking, pants half down his ass) enters.

NATASHA

(jolly)

Good morning Mikey. You have your shirt on inside out babe.

MIKEY

(dour, shrugs shoulders)

Yeah, but at least it's the right way around.

(to LORRAINE)

Hi Mom.

(To SAM, then PATRICK)

Dad, Patrick.

(deadpan)

You woke me up. Gotta love that all your domestics are in duplicate -

MIKEY puts a glass under the refrigerator's ice dispenser. Ice comes out, keeps coming, overflows onto the floor. He just shrugs and leaves it.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

(deadpan)
- it's like living in some bizarre hippy sex commune - without the good pot.

Awkward glances between the adults.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Until those Mormon kids started in ninth grade - I thought I was having it rough at school. (beat) I suppose I should be grateful that this isn't a house full of estrogen.

LUCRECIA JEFFERSON (15, attractive-but doesn't think so and thus lacks confidence) enters.

LUCRECIA

(lovelorn, to MIKEY)
Hi Mikey. (beat) I dreamt about **us** last night. **Again.**
(sickly smile)

MIKEY recoils from her advance.

MIKEY

Then again, there's always **someone** to pee on your parade.

SAM

(to PATRICK)
That reminds me, how did you guys get on with that watersports couple at the weekend?

LORRAINE

Sam! Not in front of the boy!

MIKEY

Watersports? Isn't that wind surfing and jet skiing?

NATASHA

You thought that too?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. A BATHROOM - NIGHT

NATASHA stands in a bath tub in her swimsuit/bikini, she looks horrified. She is dripping wet with what appears to be pee. A seedy-looking couple leave, pulling up their zippers.

NATASHA
 (shouts after them)
 You are sick people!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE HOUSE/KITCHEN - MORNING

MIKEY
 As much as I'd love to stay and
 enjoy the banter, I have to go - me
 and the other pothead dropouts have
 a High School shooting to organise.

PATRICK
 Elective?

MIKEY
 Extra credit.

LORRAINE
 (chastising SAM & PATRICK)
 And **that's** the level of sarcasm
 that you get when you give up on a
 teenager's education.
 (to MIKEY)
 You are a really, really smart kid
 Mikey. Your grades may not too hot
 right now, but you have a whole
 semester to apply that amazing
 intelligence of yours and pull your
 average up. Just remember that it's
 not a *fait accomplis* that you're
 going to flunk high school.

MIKEY stares at her, blank.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
 (deflated)
 You don't know what *fait accomp* -

MIKEY
 (shakes head)
 - no.

An exasperated look from LORRAINE. MIKEY grabs a bag of
 popcorn out of the pantry.

NATASHA
 (to MIKEY)
 You can't have just that for
 breakfast - you need to eat
 properly before a busy day at
 school.

MIKEY
 (points to LORRAINE'S
 cornflakes)
 It's the same as what Mom's having.
Everybody knows that popcorn is
 just cornflakes in 3D.

MIKEY picks up his lunch bag and leaves, LUCRECIA follows.
LORRAINE looks quizzically at her cornflakes.

CUT TO:

LORRAINE

OK, wise-guys, you're on! - you two
have your nude sushi thing in the
function room, and we'll take the
bar for our speed dating.

Everyone agrees.

SAM

And why don't we make things a
little more interesting with a
small wager?

NATASHA

A wager?

PATRICK

(sarcastic)
Yeah, it's a synonym for '**a bet**'.

NATASHA gives PATRICK a dirty look.

JIM

Whoever gets the most customers to
their event tomorrow night gets to
organize Date Night on Sunday?

LORRAINE

Oh crap, it's Date Night again?
Already?

PATRICK

And the spontaneity - she is dead.

NATASHA

Lorraine! - I *always* look forward
to Date Night!

LORRAINE

And there's my point!
(pause)

We're not supposed to **look forward**
to it - our collective sex life
should be spontaneous!

(beat)

Us having to organize Date Nights
is like Rihanna joining Fight Club!

SAM

You said we weren't to talk about
that -

LORRAINE slaps his arm.

PATRICK
Are you saying that we're boring?

LORRAINE
No, but you have to admit that things have been getting a little - er - routine recently?
(pause)
Look, all I'm saying is that the reason that the four of us got into swinging in the first place was to add some spice to the **same old schtick**.

NATASHA sniggers.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
And here we are again - back to having premeditated Date Nights just so we don't forget to have sex with each other.
It puts us back in the same Venn diagram as every other couple who have been married for more than five minutes.

NATASHA
(still sniggering)
You said schtick. Sounds like a euphemism. (beat) For penis.

PATRICK
- is *everything* a double entendre with you?

NATASHA
(resigned)
Yeah, pretty much.

SAM puts an arm each around NATASHA and LORRAINE.

SAM
(adding some cheer)
Well, worry ye not, fair maidens! When young Patrick and I pack Lorraines' with fat, sushi-eating businessmen - I give you my word as an officer and a gentleman that we will give you a Date Night that you will ever forget!

LORRAINE
Like the last one? That was pretty hard to forget.
Cheap, scented candles that smelled like Mikey's stash tin, a malfunctioning Craigslist sex toy that gave us electric shocks -

NATASHA
(wistful reminiscence)
- I kinda liked -

LORRAINE
 - and a cheap hooker. (beat) Also
 from Craigslist.
 (to PATRICK & SAM)
 You two are just so predictable -
 you really are like an old married
 couple!

PATRICK
 (to SAM)
 Come on buddy - we don't have to
 stay here to be insulted.

NATASHA
 You have someplace else to go to be
 insulted?

NATASHA and LORRAINE high-five. PATRICK and SAM get up to
 leave.

PATRICK
 (offended)
 Huh! We'll show *them* who's like an
 old married couple!

As they leave PATRICK puts hand on SAM'S shoulder. SAM shrugs
 it off.

SAM
 (sulky)
 I'm still angry with you right now.

PATRICK and SAM leave.

FADE OUT:

ACT ONE
Scene 3

FADE IN:

INT. SWINGING IN LORRAINE CLUB OFFICE - DAY

LORRAINE and NATASHA sit, drinking coffee.

LORRAINE
 Speed dating for swingers!?(beat)
 On what planet is that a good idea
 Natasha?

NATASHA
 There's this overweight match-
 making woman that comes into the
 coffee shop every Monday. She
 organizes speed dating events all
 over the state. She's been
 pestering me to have an event at
 Lorraine's for months.
 (tentative)
 Hope you don't mind, but I've
 invited her along to meet you?

LORRAINE

I guess there's no harm in talking to her. Speed-dating could be just the ice-breaker that our more socially-inadequate members need! Sometimes they behave more like a bunch of thirteen-year-olds at their first prom than hardened swingers.

(pause)

Again with the *entendres* - what is it with us?!

NATASHA

(conspiratorial)

This is so exciting! We are going to show Patrick and Sam just who wears the pants around here!

There'll be no more -

(emulating SAM)

- 'we're the big-shot ideas men: - and women, know your place!'

(excited)

We're going to organise **the** most kick-ass speed dating event for swingers - ever!

LORRAINE

You really don't have any idea what you're doing, do you?

NATASHA

No, not a clue.

SFX: A knock on the door, EMBER pops her head around the door.

FADE OUT:

ACT TWO
Scene 1

FADE IN:

INT. THE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

SAM is on the phone.

SAM

- chopsticks, yes -

SFX: Raised Korean voice from phone.

SAM (CONT'D)

- yes, wife - I am sorry for that -

SFX: Raised Korean voice from phone.

SAM (CONT'D)
 - yes, yes, Mr. Yo, I totally
 understand -

SAM holds the phone away from his ear, we hear LOUD Korean shouting from the phone. SAM hangs up the call.

PATRICK
 How did it go?

SAM
 well, now I know what Korean is for

 ***** (beeped out) and the
 horse she rode in on.

PATRICK
 So he's not going to help us?

SAM
 Of course he is!
 (laughs)
 We're lucky that Mr. Yo loves
 dollars more than his wife.

PATRICK
 I don't believe it. What a knob.

SAM
 I'm saying.
 (incredulous)
 Chopsticks Girl was his wife?!

FADE OUT:

ACT TWO:
Scene 1

FADE IN:

INT. SWINGING IN LORRAINE CLUB OFFICE - DAY

NATASHA and LORRAINE meet with EMBER (33, overweight, everybody's 'instant expert, master of none' - thinks she's an entrepreneur).

EMBER

(to NATASHA)

I am *so* glad that you finally called me, Natasha - I am *so* excited that I finally get to work with you guys - I've held my world-famous 'Speed Dating With Ember' events all over Texas, but I've never organized a Speed Dating - slash Comedy event at a swinging club before. (beat) I have to warn you girls - it's gonna be awesome!

LORRAINE

Pardon me Ember? - Natasha didn't say anything about comedy -

EMBER

(laughs)

- oh Lorraine, can I call you Lorraine? - don't you worry about a thing! I've been in this business for years, you could say that I'm an old pro!

NATASHA

I thought those were just rumors.

EMBER

(ignores the comment)

Believe me, once I get up on that stage and give 'em the old Ember routine, there won't be a dry eye in the place! There's nothing like a good old laugh to release those endorphins to get your clientele in the mood for love!

(light laugh)

Why, I even met my Dewayne at one of my own events!

EMBER shows her phone to them, Dewayne's picture is her wallpaper.

NATASHA

You have a black boyfriend?
(she looks EMBER'S ample
body up and down)
Go figure!

LORRAINE

(slowly)

OK. I guess this thing all makes some sense. (beat) But, do we have time to organise something like this?

EMBER

(laughs)

(to LORRAINE)

You leave all that to me Ma'am.

(MORE)

EMBER (CONT'D)
 Once I've got the word out on my
 blog, plus Twitter, Facebook,
 Pinterest and all of the swinger's
 notice boards you've given me -
 (pats her file)
 - there wont be a swinging couple
 in town that doesn't know about our
 speed dating night!

NATASHA
 (smiles)
 I'm not sure there's enough time -

EMBER
 (over-excited)
 - then it's all agreed! I promise
 you girls - this is gonna be your
 best night ever!

EMBER stands up to leave. They shake hands.

EMBER (CONT'D)
 Time to go polish up my best jokes
 and witty observations.
 (pause)
 I have this one hilarious joke
 about how crotchless panties make a
 gal's down-below look like the
 last sandwich in Arby's!
 (exaggerated laughing)
 Ya know what I'm talking about?!

EMBER leaves.

LORRAINE
 (to NATASHA)
 You know we're screwed, right?!

NATASHA
 Yep. But what are we gonna do?

LORRAINE
 We use our feminine wiles and
 superior intellect to outsmart the
 husbands -

NATASHA
 - and think up a better event?

LORRAINE
 Hell no! We sabotage theirs!

CUT TO:

INT. SWINGING IN LORRAINE CLUB - NIGHT

We see two posters - "SPEED DATING FOR SWINGERS THIS WAY" and
 "~~NYATIMARI~~ NAKED GIRL SUSHI THIS WAY". PATRICK and SAM usher
 in suited businessmen.

LORRAINE and NATASHA are lurking. We see the gorgeous MRS. YO (stunning, Asian).

NATASHA
Do you think that could be the
sushi girl?

LORRAINE gives NATASHA a "really?!" Expression. They approach the girls.

LORRAINE
Pardon me, are you looking for the
dressing room?

MRS. YO
Dressing room? Yes please?

NATASHA
We have a dressing room?

LORRAINE elbows NATASHA in the ribs.

MRS. YO
I follow you?

LORRAINE and NATASHA lead the girls towards the stairs.

FADE OUT:

CUT TO:

ACT TWO
Scene 3

INT. SWINGING IN LORRAINE CLUB/NYOTAIMORI ROOM - NIGHT

There is a large table in the center of the room, on it, fruit and leaf vegetables. The suited men stand around in an air of anticipation. Of the regulars, we see: AL, CHIPS GUY and BIG DAVE (35, bulky, carries a plastic grocery store bag in which - it is rumored - is his ex-girlfriend's head wrapped with brown paper and string).

Close up on Big Dave's bag. He picks it up off the floor, leaving a small trace of what could be blood.

We see PATRICK and SAM. SAM glances at his watch.

PATRICK
They're leaving this a little late
aren't they? Are you sure they're
coming?

SAM
Quit worrying, they'll be here. The
nyotaimori is not served until
eleven - we've even got time to go
see the speed dating.
(sarcastic)
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)
 And if we're really, really lucky,
 we may just catch Ember - the
 world's least funny comedienne and
 her menstrual cycle jokes!

They head out.

FRAN
 Hey fellas.

SAM
 Hi Fran, you must be here for the
 sushi?

FRAN
 (laughs suggestively)
 If by sushi, you mean some hot,
 dirty sex action, then yes - yes I
 am.
 (pause)
 Say, if your sushi girls don't
 show, I'd be happy to strip off and
 step in - I've been taking the diet
 pills -

FRAN suggestively wiggles her considerable frame.

PATRICK
 That's very thoughtful of you Fran,
 thank you.

SAM and PATRICK leave the room.

SAM
 (mumbles to PATRICK)
 Diet pills? What's she doing with
 diet pills? Chicken-frying them!?

CUT TO:

INT. SWINGING IN LORRAINE CLUB/UPSTAIRS ROOM - NIGHT

We see LORRAINE and NATASHA exiting.

LORRAINE
 You ladies feel free to stay up
 here for as long as you like.
 (laughs)

We see the Japanese sushi girls gagged and strapped to a St.
 Andrew's cross. As LORRAINE closes the door, the makeshift
 "DRESSING ROOM" sign falls off, revealing the real sign:
 "DUNGEON ROOM".

CUT TO:

INT. SWINGING IN LORRAINE CLUB/SPEED DATING ROOM - NIGHT

We see BARRY DICKERSON (51, thin, creepy-looking) and CLAIRE DICKERSON (48, trim figure, 'mutton dressed as lamb'), sitting opposite BOBBI HAUSER (48, tall, sleazy) and DEBBI HAUSER (40, ample-figured, bust-revealing corset top; she has the reputation of being the worst burlesque dancer - ever), RUSTY and CHARLENE sit opposite a RANDOM COUPLE #1 (EXTRAS), FRAN sits opposite SWINGING COUPLE #2. RUSTY is already giving the random couple "I'm watching you" hand signs.

EMBER walks to the stage, carrying the mic and talking on her cell. She eyes the audience.

EMBER

(talks into phone)
 - wish me luck babe, looks like I'm gonna need it -
 (pause)
 - Jesus Christ, you should see this lot, it looks like the Star Wars bar scene in here.

Of course, the mic is on: her comments broadcast around the room. She steps onto the stage. SAM and PATRICK enter.

EMBER (CONT'D)

(shouts)
 How y'all doing tonight?!

Silence. Then SAM and PATRICK ad-lib cheer and whoop.

EMBER (CONT'D)

I said, **HOW Y'ALL DOING?!**

Silence and EMBER continues to die on stage.

EMBER (CONT'D)

Yeah, great, fantastic! (beat)
 Welcome to Swinging In Lorraine's for our very first *speed dating for swingers* night! Whoo!

(pause)
 In just a few minutes, we'll be getting you all started on getting to know each other so you can decide who you'd like to spend some quality **sexy time** with.

(pause)
 As we go along, you'll find that it's just like regular speed dating

-
 (raised voice)
 - **but with couples!**
 Woo!

SAM and PATRICK clap and cheer.

EMBER (CONT'D)

So - I remember my first swinging experience.

(pause)
 (MORE)

EMBER (CONT'D)

Me and my husband had just moved
and we wanted to make friends. So -
we tried swinging!

(pause for laugh that
doesn't come)

Er - and so we hooked up with this
couple from Swingers dot com and
met up with them for our first
date. First dates eh? What are they
all about? Who's with me?

(pause)

So, we're sitting there and it's
all going well; the hot chick
flirted with my husband; her
husband flirted with me, I flirted
with him -

(pause for effect)

- **she** flirted with me - ooh!

(pause)

- so, I thought it was time to
break the ice - and I got my boobs
out.

(waits for response -
none)

And that's when I learned a
valuable lesson in swinging ladies
and gentlemen -

SAM

(shouts out)

- I hope you weren't in Chuck E
Cheese!

EMBER

(falters, punch line
spoiled)

Er no - it was Pizza Hut, we were
in Pizza Hut - and that's the
valuable lesson here ladies and
gentlemen - that there **is** a big
difference between a swingers club
and Pizza Hut!!

SFX: Crowd laughing, cheering, clapping.

We see PATRICK is playing a recording on his iPhone. Switches
it off. Silence.

EMBER (CONT'D)

(reacts as if audience
have gone wild)

Yeah! Thank you! That's a true
story!

PULL OUT TO SHOW ALL LOOKING BORED.

SAM

(crying with laughter)
(to PATRICK)

Oh, this is priceless! (beat) Come
on, let's go see how successful our
event is.

SAM and PATRICK leave.

EMBER
 (background)
 OK, who's ready for some speed
 dating?!
 (pause for response)
 That's great! Let's get started and
 get you guys hooked up with the
 couple of your dreams!

EMBER bangs her little gong. It breaks, and rolls
 slowly/embarrassingly off its little table on the stage.

FRAN
 (awkward)
 Er - I've never done this before -

SWINGING GUY #2
 - us neither - Fran, was it?

FRAN
 (nods)
 Perhaps you could start by telling
 me what you guys are into?

SWINGING GUY #2
 (perking up, bragging)
 (laughs)
 It'd be a shorter list to tell you
 what we're *not* into!
 (to SWINGING woman #2)
 Isn't that right Honey?

SWINGING WOMAN #2 nods, embarrassed.

FRAN
 (excited)
 It's always wonderful to meet
 fellow adventurers in the realms of
 sexuality!
 (lascivious smile)
 I guess you've tried BDSM - I mean,
 who hasn't right?!

SWINGING WOMAN #2
 Er, no, I can't say that we have.

FRAN
 (laughs)
 Then I'll bet that a hot couple
 like you have done the whole DP
 thing though!

SWINGING GUY #2

Nope.

FRAN

Tribbing?

SWINGING WOMAN #2

Not so much.

FRAN

Autoerotic Asphyxia?

SWINGING GUY #2

Ah!

FRAN

Yes?

SWINGING GUY #2

No.

As FRAN goes through her list, SWINGING COUPLE #2 shake their heads, SWINGING WOMAN #2 looks increasingly upset and nauseous.

FRAN

Troilism? Somnophilia?
Mummification? Ophidicism? Golden
Showers? Bukakke? Glory Holes?
Felching? You *must* have tried
felching?

SWINGING WOMAN #2

(to SWINGING GUY #2)

What's that darling?

SWINGING GUY #2 whispers the answer to SWINGING WOMAN #2. She looks *really* sick, clamps her hand to her mouth and runs from the room - past BARRY & CLAIRE (sitting opposite DEBBI & BOBBI)

BARRY

(enthusiastic, to BOBBI &
DEBBI)

So, tell us a little about
yourselves.

BOBBI

Barry, we've been coming here for
the past five years - we see you
every Friday night.

DEBBI
 (deadpan)
 You both pleased me orally last
 week.

CUT TO:

ACT TWO
Scene 3

INT. SWINGING IN LORRAINE CLUB/NYOTAIMORI ROOM - NIGHT

PATRICK and SAM enter. It is dimly lit. They do not see the two naked women on the table (strategically covered with fruit and adorned with sushi), as their line of sight is blocked by the clientele. The room is busy, people stand around chatting, eating plates of sliced meat and sushi. The NYOTAIMORI BAR OWNER is serving.

SAM
 See, I told you our guy wouldn't
 let us down!

SAM slaps PATRICK on the back.

PATRICK
 And to think I doubted you.
 (bows)
 I am truly in the presence of
 genius.

JULIAN LASOWSKI (27, nerdy, mommy's boy) and CYNTHIA LASOWSKI (52, slim, 'handsome', overbearing) approach.

JULIAN
 What an awesome night guys! And
 good for you getting this one
 ratified by the boss. By which I
 mean Lorraine and Natasha of
 course!
 (nudges, laughs)

SAM
 Thank you Julian, and, er -

PATRICK and SAM glance at CYNTHIA. CYNTHIA nudges JULIAN.

JULIAN
 I am so sorry, where are my manners
 Sam? Have you met Mother?

A gap in the clientele lets SAM and PATRICK see that it is NATASHA and LORRAINE on the table. They appear dead and to have had slices of meat carved out of their bodies. NYOTAIMORI BAR OWNER grins at PATRICK and SAM.

SAM
 (slowly, horrified)
 Oh f*** (beeped out)

PATRICK
He always brings his mother -

SAM
Not him, *them* -

SAM points at the table.

PATRICK
(to NYOTAIMORI BAR OWNER)
What have you done?!

Silence for a beat.

Everyone in the room looks on in stunned silence. LORRAINE and NATASHA burst out laughing, they sit up. The strategically-placed food falls off them. They peel off the fake skin effects and high-five each other. SAM and PATRICK look stunned.

The clientele start to leave.

LORRAINE
Hey! Don't go!

The clientele shake their heads, put down their plates and file out.

NATASHA
Come on people - it was just a joke! (beat) You weren't *really* eating us -

LORRAINE
- unless they thought -

A horrified look between them.

NATASHA & LORRAINE
(appalled, shouts)
- you are sick people!

CUT TO:

ACT THREE
Scene 1

INT. THE HOUSE/BEDROOM - EVENING

PATRICK and SAM prepare the house for date night. The lights are dimmed, the house filled with candles. SAM peeks through the curtains. PATRICK is making the bed.

PATRICK fiddles with a bubble machine.

SAM
Looks like the new neighbors are moving in across the street.

PATRICK
I guess they'll have to wait until
next week Sam. We have our hard-won
Date Night to prepare for.

SAM
A bubble machine? You bought a
kid's bubble machine?

PATRICK switches the bubble machine on.

PATRICK
Yeah, the ladies **love** bubbles!
(proud)
I read that in a book.

SAM
Fifty Shades?

PATRICK
Squarepants.

SAM
Respect.

They bump knuckles.

SAM (CONT'D)
OK, Date Night checklist -
- Kids at grandparents slash
friend's slash they could be at
Casey Anthony's house but as long
as they're not here we're OK with
it.

PATRICK
Check!

SAM
Special surprise organized.

PATRICK
Check!

SAM
Candles.

PATRICK
Check!

SAM
Home cooked dinner -

PATRICK
- cooking.

SAM
Expensive, Frederick's of Hollywood
six-speed, multi-directional sex
toy - **not** purchased from
Craigslist.

PATRICK
Define 'not purchased'.

SAM
Oh, for the love of God!

We see SAM as PATRICK explains the toy (therefore not necessarily showing the toy).

PATRICK
Look, the end rotates 360 degrees
in a five-inch arc. And it's got
more horsepower than my first car.

PATRICK takes toy out of its packet, switches it on - it buzzes aggressively.

SAM
(taken aback)
Patrick, that has more horsepower
than your current car!

PATRICK
I'm going hide it under here - I
can't wait to see the look on their
faces when they see this bad boy.

PATRICK switches the toy off, places it under a pillow.

SAM
(deadpan)
More candles.

PATRICK
Check.

SAM
Erotic - female friendly movie on
the Blu-Ray.

SAM picks up the Blu-Ray case.

SAM (CONT'D)
Patrick, how many times have I told
you that the Deep Throat Sluts
franchise is not appropriate
viewing for the ladies!?
(sighs)

PATRICK
Why not? It has a strong female
cast.

SAM

Yes, I can see that. (beat)
Patrick, buddy, women prefer the
subtle, sensual movies with a hint
of romance and an actual plot line;
think Pretty Woman or anything with
Anniston or Heigl in it.
They certainly don't need this
shoving down their throats.

PATRICK gives him 'a look'.

SAM (CONT'D)

(sighs)
Even more candles.

PATRICK

Check!
(thinks)
Say Sam, who was it that decided
that burning scented bee crap was
romantic?
(pause for thought)
When I was a kid, candles were what
the poor trailer-trash folk used
when we had our power cut off
because Mom blew the money from our
electricity jar at the racetrack.

SAM

And have you ever wondered how come
they never make candles with scents
that us guys like? Like new car or
fried bacon?

A beat of silence as they fuss around.

PATRICK

(pensive)
Sam? You know what Lorraine was
saying the other day - about Date
Night?
Don't **you** find it a little sad that
it's the third Sunday in the month
again - and here we are, organizing
our regular Date Night in the hope
of adding just a grain of
excitement to our otherwise mundane
sex-lives?
(pause)
Again.

SAM

(sage)
Patrick - we humans are but simple,
habitual creatures that need our
routines so we can function.

(pause)
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

And, if that routine happens to involve organizing an extra-special night of fun and games for our mates - the wives in this case - then so be it. Now will you shut up and get sprinkling!

SAM hands PATRICK a bag of rose petals. He sprinkles some on the bed then lays a trail from the bed to the door and down the stairs go the Kitchen.

PATRICK

(moaning)

Do we have to have these again?

(scratches his hands)

You know I'm allergic to rose petals - the last time we had them, it took three days for the swelling to go down.

(beat)

Natasha and Lorraine were pleased.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSE/KITCHEN

SAM checks the pots bubbling on the stove. PATRICK gets himself a drink of water from the fridge. The ice jets out of the dispenser so hard that it shatters the glass, spilling water on his crotch. SAM laughs at him and gets himself a glass of water - without incident.

SAM

(points threateningly at the fridge)

Ha! F*** (beeped out) you fridge!

SAM walks back to the stove. The fridge spits an ice cube out, it hits SAM hard on the back of the head.

Front door opens. NATASHA and LORRAINE enter, laden with shopping bags.

NATASHA

(weary)

Hey guys.

PATRICK

(eager)

Hi sweetie, we've been -

SAM

- we thought we'd make an extra-special effort for tonight -

LORRAINE

- aww, that is so nice of you both, isn't it Natasha?

(pause)

(MORE)

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
 - were pooped - would you mind if
 we just cuddled tonight?

NATASHA
 Is that okay? I do hope you haven't
 gone to too much trouble -

CUT TO:

FANTASY SEQUENCE

PATRICK and SAM pull guns out of the rose petal bags and shoot LORRAINE and NATASHA who fall dead to the floor. Rose petals float slowly onto them, poignant.

CUT BACK TO:

SAM
 (calmly)
 No, no, cuddles will be just
 perfect.

PATRICK
 Of course it's okay -

CUT TO:

ACT THREE
Scene 2

INT. THE HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

We see PATRICK, SAM, LORRAINE & NATASHA in bed, annoyed. SAM tosses and turns, snorts in a huff. PATRICK itches from the petals. LORRAINE and NATASHA stare blankly at the ceiling.

SFX: Suddenly - buzzing noise of the sex toy.

LORRAINE'S head bobs dramatically up and down on her pillow as the toy rotates. They look at each other quizzically.

LORRAINE
 Not predictable eh?
 (laughs)

The others laugh along, tension broken. Then - LORRAINE kisses PATRICK, SAM kisses NATASHA. NATASHA and LORRAINE hold hands. They all begin to make love.

FADE TO BLACK:

END TITLES

FADE IN:

Tag

INT. THE HOUSE/BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

We see the two couples sleeping: SAM has his head on PATRICK'S chest, LORRAINE spoons with NATASHA.

SFX: Door bell.

LORRAINE awakens, climbs out of bed, pulls on a long T-shirt, glances at the clock - it's 1:00am. She goes downstairs.

SAM sits up abruptly, waking PATRICK and NATASHA.

SAM
Oh crap! I forgot about the special
surprise!

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSE/FRONT DOOR

LORRAINE opens the door. On the doorstep is a hooker.
LORRAINE shakes her head and smiles apologetically.

FADE TO BLACK:

END