

From: Sat
To: Carri I
Date: Mon
Subject: R

Female Female Comedy

Perfect - let's do it?

I see me more as a Julianne, but maybe it's the whole blonde, brunette thing-do you have a preference? *on*

On Sep 13, 2009, at 11:36 PM, Carri Brown <carri_brown@hotmail.com> wrote:

hey,

so whaddya think of this? I think its kind of fun...

INT. HOTEL UNDERGROUND GARAGE - DAY

The parking valets wait by their stand as the convertible pulls up. These girls must be late for something, the way they're jumping out of the car.

JULIANNE
... luckiest guy in the Northern
Fucking Hemisphere, is all I'm s...

KIMMY
What? Because I'm a little
understand...

JULIANNE
... most sentimental schmucks I
pity want a honeymoon after their
wedding. Just to top it off.

The valet gives Kimmy her ticket.

KIMMY
I can't expect the NBA to hold
up the playoffs...

They're walking fast toward the garage elevators...

KIMMY
I'm excited Sports Illustrated
gave him this kind of shot, he's
only there a ye...

So your
honeymoon is exactly where?

Well...

JULIANNE

KIMMY

*G Bude to Be
maid of honor
get an eulogy
in eulogy
on*

*yway
to shone*

It depends. If San Antonio sweeps Sacramento, we could start there. Or Phoenix. Or depending on Indiana-Clevel... *game*

JULIANNE

... ~~garden sports~~, all. Little swing of maybe fifty degrees Fahrenheit, represents a packing challenge, but there's fine food and cocktails at a choice of Embassy Suit... ?

At the elevator. Kimmy SLAMS the button.

KIMMY

It's his career, I'm supportive. Look, I've been everywhere, I've seen the world, I've laid on a beach. I want to be with the man I love. That's what makes it a honeymoon. *defend*

End of story. Okay? *(arrow pointing right)*

JULIANNE

I'm just saying he's lucky.

An empty elevator arrives. They get in.

JULIANNE

Takes one woman in a billion to put up with his array of shit.

The guy is a one-man festival of idiosync... *finish line*

Kimmy SLAMS the penthouse button. Looks at her calmly. Go on.

JULIANNE

Well. You've been introduced to the symphonic range of...

KIMMY

... his snoring, yeah. He says it's worse than ever. That snaffle one...?

Julianne imitates an incredibly annoying high-pitched SNARL. Three times. Kimmy nods.

KIMMY

Well now it has this sorta phlegm rattle behind it... *(2)*

Stopped at the lobby. A family of four gets in. Oblivious, Kimmy DEMONSTRATES the phlegm rattle. Really gets into it. As the family watches, Julianne tries her own version. Like that? No. More like this. The family is looking at each other.

KIMMY

Guess what? Earplugs work.

Oh.

JULIANNE

How about...

KIMMY

... cigars in bed? I broke him
on that. But the bathroom's a
swamp, he wears Reeboks to dinner,
tells the same, admittedly funny,
jokes three hundred times...

Sucks in a breath...

KIMMY

... loves action movies, subscribes
to Playboy for godsake, reads over
my shoulder, can't keep track of
the checks he writes...

Ninth floor. The family gets out. The door closes.

KIMMY

He sucks soup through his
front teeth.

JULIANNE

A trademark move, don't touch
it.

KIMMY

But he sure can kiss.

JULIANNE

It's been awhile. I'll take
your word.

KIMMY

After two weeks of cataloguing
all his faults, I made a command
decision that changed my life.

She SLAMS the EMERGENCY STOP button. We JOLT to a halt.

KIMMY

I threw the list away.

Shakes her head.

KIMMY

He's not a balance sheet, so
many wonderful qualities, so
many faults. He's Michael.

From her heart.

KIMMY

And loving him means loving
all of this.

JULIANNE

Do you get nervous in small
confined spaces?

KIMMY

Build

So it's sweet of you to be protective...

JULIANNE

Let me rephrase that...

KIMMY

But nothing ever could, ever did, give me a moment's pause about this marriage...

JULIANNE

Do you get hysterical in small confined spa...

KIMMY

... except one.

Julianne's face. Stops.

JULIANNE

Oh, yeah?

What that

Kimmy nods. Confides...

KIMMY

You.

A stopper.

KIMMY

there. In his

You'll always be

mind. The perfect creature he loved for all those y...

JULIANNE

Well, perfection can get wearing after whi...

KIMMY

I'm not joking. I had to face up to all my competitive drives, and believe me, I've got 'em.

JULIANNE

No.

No

KIMMY

And the answer was so simple.

JULIANNE

I was gonna predict that.

KIMMY

You win.

Julianne blinks. *Excuse me?*

KIMMY

You're enshrined in his heart and memory. Unassailable. Which works out great.

JULIANNE
I've missed a step.

KIMMY *Bothe*
He has you on a pedestal. And
me in his arms.

Oh. Julianne smiles. LUNGES for the EMERGENCY button, YANKING it
so hard it comes OFF in her hand. A terrifying BUZZER ensures.

JULIANNE
Jesus, we're trapped!

KIMMY
Ju...

JULIANNE
No, this happened to me once,
almost, it was excruciating!

Begins BANGING random buttons, out of control. Kimmy watching
this. Julianne looks WILDLY up...

JULIANNE
There's a panel up there, you
could boost me...

RIPPING off her platform shoes.

JULIANNE
You know how little air is
in these things? I've seen
statistics! Once you're trapped
between floors...

Kimmy taps her. Points to the lighted panel. It says PH, they've
reached the Penthouse.

JULIANNE
God! Then the door is jammed!

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