

Bob & Nancy

By

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INT. SUBURBAN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tacky floral wallpaper covers a warmly lit, modest bedroom.

The bed is neatly made, draped in a yellow comforter that matches the wallpaper perfectly.

Two huge bookshelves are aligned against on one side of the room. One filled with mostly science fiction titles, and the other with 90s romance novels.

On the opposite side of the room stands BOB CAMPBELL, mid 40s.

He wears black leather chaps, a leather chest harness, and studded leather gloves. His hairy pot belly hangs over the top of his chaps, and his balding head glistens with sweat.

He fidgets with a bundle of rope as his hands become increasingly unsteady.

In front of Bob sits NANCY CAMPBELL, in a suede upholstered chair.

Nancy, mid 40s, wears a long sheer nightgown, with coordinating red fishnets and kitten heels. Her hair is freshly permed, and her lips are dripping with red gloss.

A black blind fold covers the upper half of Nancy's face.

Beads of sweat collect on her fuzzy upper lip.

A couple feet away from them, a large elaborate sex swing sways gently, hung from the ceiling.

Nancy crosses her arms and begins shaking her bare leg impatiently. She attempts to fluff up her hair by teasing it with her fingers, but it falls back down.

NANCY

Almost ready, hun?

Bob concentrates on making another knot in the bulky rope, his tongue sticks out of his mouth in concentration.

BOB

Yep, al--
(grunt)
Most!
(grunt)

The rope slips from his hands as he attempts to tighten the knot. It hits the floor with a thud.

Bob looks defeated and throws his head back.

Nancy lifts up half of the blindfold and peers at him with one eye.

Bob scrambles to pick up the rope and smiles at Nancy.

He quickly reaches over and gently flattens her blindfold down so her eyes are covered again.

BOB (CONT'D)

Now you just keep that blindfold on. You sexy... uhh... you sexy thing, you.

Nancy perks up.

NANCY

Honey, I just can hardly wait any longer, you've been at that for five minutes now. Do we really need it?

BOB

Yes! I spent twenty five dollars on this bondage rope kit and we're gonna use it, gosh darn it.

NANCY

Ahh jeez but if you don't know how to use it what's the point.

Nancy recrosses her legs.

BOB

I know how to use it! The lady at the shop gave me a demonstration. At the end, I tied her up and she said I did a great job.

NANCY

You tied her up in a sex swing?!

BOB

No! I just tied her arms up to practice these knots. She was just trying to teach me how to use the product.

NANCY

Well, she must not have been a very good teacher.

BOB

Nancy you're getting me all
flustered here, would you relax?

NANCY

Oh alright. But I'm bored just
sittin' here, waiting.

She begins to pout, but then smiles slyly as she flutters her
fake eyelashes towards Bob.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Bobby? Wanna do some dirty talk?

Sweat drips off Bob's head onto his hairy back.

BOB

Uhh, sure. My little, uhh...
fembot! I'm gonna oil you up so
good, you're gonna be functioning
at full capacity!

NANCY

Bob! C'mon I told you I'm tired of
your robot role play.

Bob's hands drop to his side, the metal rings on his chest
harness jingle.

BOB

A fembot is not a robot, Nancy,
it's an android.

NANCY

I don't care what it is, it's not
sexy to me.

His shoulders slump.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I want you to grab me with your
big, strong arms. And carry me over
to the bed and make passionate love
to me. Like a wild man!

Bob looks down at his flabby arms and farmer's tan, then to
the sex swing and sex swing accessories.

BOB

Nancy, I spent a lot of money on
this stuff, ya know? The sales rep
said it's all top of the line.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)
I don't wanna let it all go to
waste by just taking you to the bed
like we always do.

Bob looks upset.

Nancy lifts up her blindfold and notices she hurt Bob's feelings.

She takes her blindfold off and stands up to comfort him.

NANCY
Aww, sweetie, that's not what I
meant! I love everything! This was
a wonderful surprise!

Nancy kicks off her heels and stands on her tippy toes to kiss his cheek.

Bob warms up and pulls her close to him, against his round belly.

He kisses her on the forehead.

Nancy gently tugs his harness.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Hey, whatta you say we forget the
rope stuff for now and just go
straight to the swing without it.

She twirls his sweaty chest hair.

NANCY (CONT'D)
You got me all worked up here, big
boy.

They smile at each other and walk to the swing.

Standing in front of it, they both cock their heads sideways, confused.

Nancy hops up on the swing contraption, confidently. It wobbles around, and disconnects from the ceiling.

The whole thing comes crashing down to the floor, bringing a large chunk of stucco ceiling with it.

Bob rushes to help Nancy up. She seems slightly dazed, and begins rubbing her wrist.

BOB
Oh, sweetie are you alright?! Dang
it, this is my fault.
(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)
I should've gotten the better model
and I went with the slightly less
expensive one to save a few bucks.
Now look what happens.

Nancy stands up and hugs Bob. She begins laughing.

NANCY
Bob...

Bob checks her for injuries and continues to ramble.

BOB
I oughtta sue that store. That's
faulty equipment!

NANCY
Bob!

BOB
With a store name like "Leather
Daddies R Us" what did I expect?

Nancy starts cracking up.

BOB (CONT'D)
I shouldv'e used the stud finder
instead of just freehanding--

NANCY
BOB!

Bob snaps out of it and looks into Nancy's eyes. She is still giggling.

NANCY (CONT'D)
It's fine, sweetie! I appreciate
everything you've done, this was
great. I just don't know if my old
ass can get back up in that swing
anytime soon.

They both laugh together as Nancy inches closer to Bob, with one finger extended like E.T.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Beep! Beep! Beep!

She gently shoves her index finger into Bob's chest.

BOB
What're you doin'? What's that?

NANCY

Using my stud finder. Stud.

BOB

Aww, Nance.

He grabs her by both shoulders and kisses her, leaving red lipstick all over his mouth as he pulls away.

BOB (CONT'D)

Nance, you wanna order Chinese food
and watch Planet of the Apes?

NANCY

Sure Bob, whatever you want.

They walk to the bed. Nancy begins peeling off Bob's sweaty leather.

BOB

Best anniversary ever.