

HOW TO TALK TO WOMEN

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. GARDEN STATE PARKWAY (NJ) - EXIT 140 - NIGHT

The road is lit up like a Christmas tree. Signs blink steering traffic into one lane to bypass construction.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE

A heavy duty vehicle rumbles as it excavates dirt and rubble then dumps it onto a mountain of debris. A front loader roars as it tediously carts the debris away.

VINNY (O.S.)

YO! HOLD IT! . . . STOP!

The front loader slows to a purr as the Foreman, VINNY CANUCCI (55), a man who hasn't seen his feet in years, waddles over to inspect the contents of the bucket.

The DRIVER (30), jumps down and stands next to Vinny. In the bucket is an old steamer trunk wrapped in chains.

DRIVER

What is it?

VINNY

It's a fuckin' trunk moron. I gotta shut the site down. Call Taylor.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tranquil music and glowing candles set a relaxing mood.

Not relaxed is BRADLEY TAYLOR (30), adorable nerd. He's propped up in bed, reading a book: "HOW TO TALK TO WOMEN".

He reads "CHAPTER 1 - GREAT ICEBREAKER - TALK ABOUT MOVIES". Taylor looks around his room. Filled bookcases line the walls. He closes the book in defeat.

The phone rings. He glances at the clock. 3 a.m.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE

NJ State Police vehicles and caution tape cordon off an area around the front loader. Sparks fly as a welder works to remove the chains from the trunk.

Police and workers gather around and watch. Vinny spots Taylor, nervously approaching.

VINNY

Yo! Taylor! Can you fuckin' believe this shit?

TAYLOR

I don't really understand. What do they think is in the box?

Vinny contorts his face for dramatic effect.

VINNY

What's in the box?

Taylor is clueless. Vinny tries again.

VINNY

You know, Brad Pitt. From Seven.

He contorts his face.

VINNY

What's in the box? . . .

TAYLOR

Is that a film? I'm more of a reader. Sorry.

VINNY

How you ever gonna meet a lady wit your nose always stuck in a book? Ahh. . .fagetaboudit.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey! You Taylor?

Taylor is struck by the sparkling blue eyes of DANA PARKER (30), badge dangling from her neck and wearing a "NJ State Police - Forensic Unit" windbreaker.

TAYLOR

Yes, me Taylor. I mean, yes. I'm Bradley Taylor, the engineer.

PARKER

I'm Agent Parker. I need you to come with me.

Parker heads toward a Police vehicle, he obediently follows.

She looks back and catches Vinny nod to Taylor then raise his bushy eyebrows repeatedly in encouragement.

She glares at both of them. Taylor is mortified.

EXT. STATE POLICE VEHICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Parker opens the trunk and pulls out a clipboard. She hands it to Taylor.

PARKER

I need you to sign this.

Taylor attempts to scan the paper but is too distracted by Parker as she leans back into the trunk so he just signs it.

Parker pulls out a toolbox marked "NJ State Forensic Unit". He studies the box for a moment then attempts to emulate what Vinny did earlier, contorting his face for effect.

TAYLOR

What's inside of that box?

PARKER

Excuse me?

She gives him an annoyed look. His face gets flushed.

PARKER

Mr. Taylor, are you drunk? You're acting very strange.

TAYLOR

No. I'm sorry. I was doing Brad Pitt. . .from that movie. . .

PARKER

Oh. I'm more of a book reader.

(studies him)

Why are your eyes so bloodshot?

TAYLOR

Insomnia. Haven't been able to sleep for a month. Since I moved here. . .from Pennsylvania.

PARKER

Really? I just moved here too. From Ohio. You know. . .I actually have a trick that might help you sleep.

She motions for Taylor to sit on a large concrete block.

She stands behind him, his body rigid. She clumsily squeezes his neck then pinches repeatedly.

PARKER

This relaxes the neck muscles.

He bites his lip, struggling to hide his pain.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

PARKER! We need the box!

PARKER

Oh, too bad. I was just getting started. How did it feel?

TAYLOR

Great. Really great.

He forces a smile. She grabs her toolbox.

PARKER

Okay. Be back in a sec.

She walks away. He rubs his neck, his ear now stuck to his shoulder. Vinny approaches as Taylor tries to stand.

VINNY

What da fuck happened to you?

TAYLOR

Agent Parker gave me a neck rub.

VINNY

Holy shit. She fucked you up.

TAYLOR

You gotta help me. I don't want her to know she hurt me.

VINNY

Yeah, that's no good. I got this.

Vinny puts a hand on each side of Taylor's head, squeezes tight and lifts him off the ground.

Taylor screams in pain. Vinny pays no attention.

VINNY

You hear who they found in the trunk? Fuckin' Jimmy Hoffa. Bones and wallet.

Vinny sees Parker approaching and releases a stunned Taylor.

VINNY

Here's some advice my man. Don't over think it. Just be yourself.

He slaps Taylor on the back then walks away. Taylor takes a deep breath, puts his game face on and smiles in desperate, fake confidence. He's almost manic.

TAYLOR

I just heard the news. Jimmy Hoffa. Now that's exciting. Fergitabbattit. Right?

She's taken aback by his sudden personality change. He quickly realizes he's over done it and calms down.

PARKER

Yeah. So . . .you want me to work on your neck some more?

Taylor inadvertently takes a step back, Parker takes notice.

TAYLOR

No. I'm feeling much more relaxed now. Really.

The mood turns a bit awkward. Frustrated, Parker tosses her gear back in the trunk. A paperback, "BE IRRESISTABLE TO MEN", sticks out of her purse, folded open on the chapter; "GIVE HIM A MASSAGE".

She quickly throws a towel over it and accidentally knocks the clipboard on the ground. Taylor picks it up and hands it to her. Their hands touch then their eyes lock.

Something comes over him. . .

TAYLOR

Go out with me?

PARKER

Okay.

He's shocked, it actually worked. Parker grabs a business card from her pocket and hands it to him.

PARKER

Call me.

Suddenly, Taylor's body relaxes.

TAYLOR

Great. We can catch a movie.

PARKER

Sure. And I can work on your neck some more.

Taylor's eyes widen in terror.

FADE OUT