

BABES IN TOYLAND

by
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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A quiet bedroom bathed by the morning sun.

In the bed, a couple is sleeping.

The man, let's call him TONY, is in his early 30's. By his side, his wife, CARRIE, is the same age. As Tony has dark hair and tanned skin, Carrie is a blonde-haired girl-next-door, with a skin as white as the heart of a pear.

An alarm clock BUZZES.

Tony's hand stops it.

He draws a sigh and sits on the edge of the bed, wearing only boxers. A heavy silver necklace hangs on his hairy and athletic chest.

Tony scratches his two-day beard and turns to Carrie to give her a shake.

TONY

Carrie. Wake up and fix my
breakfast!

Carrie opens an eye and looks at her own alarm clock.

CARRIE

Tony. It's only seven and we're
Saturday.

TONY

Precisely. You perfectly know
that Saturday means tennis to me.
Fix my breakfast.

He gets up and steps out of the bedroom.

Carrie reluctantly emerges from the sheets and follows him.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Visibly badly awake, Carrie is pouring some coffee in a mug where HIM is written on it.

Tony enters the kitchen, closely shaved. He's dressed up with the perfect tennisman outfit: a Ralph Lauren polo, a short, a visor, and a racquet in its case on his shoulder. He looks at his watch.

TONY

No more time for coffee. See you!

He exits the kitchen. Carrie sadly stares at the smoking mug of coffee as she hears a door slamming.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Driving a ragtop, Tony, elbow on the window, is speeding through the streets, his radio playing loud.

He parks his car around a street and gets off, leaving his racquet on the passenger seat.

He enters a sex shop called BABES IN TOYLAND.

INT. SEX SHOP - DAY

The sex shop is not vast but there are accessories, outfits, videos, and magazines everywhere. A true sex temple. A large fan is hanged to the ceiling, HUMMING.

As soon as Tony enters, the fan stops.

Tony looks fascinated, like Ali Baba in the forty thieves secret lair. His bright eyes wander around the shop, looking everywhere.

The cash desk is deserted. A black velvet curtain covers the wall behind.

Tony exults. He takes a first porn magazine and pages it through. Sometimes, he stops at one page and gets his beer goggles on.

He takes another magazine. A perspiration drip trickles on his temple.

Someone lifts the curtain and steps behind the cash desk. HUAN, Chinese-type, must be in his 50s. Busy behind his counter, he does not take any notice of Tony.

Tony stares at him, puzzled.

TONY
Bruno's not here?

Huan doesn't answer.

TONY (cont'd)
Hey, you! Where's Bruno?

Huan raises his keen eyes to Tony. He speaks with a heavy Asian accent.

HUAN
Bruno? He's on his day off. I'm
his brother, Huan.

TONY
His brother? But you're--

HUAN
In fact, his half brother. My
father is--

Piqued, Tony waves his hand, frowning.

TONY
(interrupting)
Well, well. Anyway.

Tony comes back to his magazine. He reclines his head on the right to have a better look on the picture he's ogling at.

HUAN
Are you Mister Treverp?

TONY
What about that?

HUAN
Bruno let me know you were a good
client.

TONY
(proudly)
True. Never miss a Saturday to
come here.

HUAN
(nodding)
I see.
(a beat)
Today is our one-day special
sales.

TONY
And?

HUAN
And, as a good client, we have
some special items on reserve for
you.

Attracted, Tony leaves his magazine and steps to the counter. Huan still stares at him with his keen eyes.

TONY
Special items?

HUAN
Very special. Just for clients as
you. Are you in?

TONY
Bet your ass I am.

HUAN
(bowing)
Be my guest.

Huan lifts the curtain behind him and lets Tony pass.

INT. AUCTION ROOM - DAY

Tony lifts a second curtain and realizes he is now standing on a small stage, facing about THIRTY WOMEN of all ages and all races.

A spotlight captures him.

Panicking, he turns back to the curtain, lifts it, and faces himself to a brick wall. The door to the sex shop doesn't exist anymore.

He turns back to the "audience" when he hears a feminine voice.

FEMININE VOICE (O.S.)
Today's special bargain is a
perfect yuppie and a good tennis
player.

Tony turns to the voice and sees a WOMAN in her 50's, smartly dressed, holding a microphone. She addresses to the women. Her voice resounds in loudspeakers all around the room.

WOMAN
Thirty-two. Computer engineer.
Annual earnings, \$85,190. Good
worker. Sexual performances, six
on a ten scale. Some masculine
vices, but, you know, nobody's
perfect.

Tony is too tetanized to talk or move.

WOMAN (cont'd)
We start the auction at \$3 000.
First bid?

Silence in the room.

WOMAN (cont'd)
Come on Ladies. A good move. His
sperm analysis showed he's a good
breeder.

A voice rises in the back room.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)
3 050.

Tony tries to speak but he cannot articulate a single word.

WOMAN
That's a good start.

WOMAN #2
3 200.

WOMAN
Perfect. We're doing good.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)
3 300.

WOMAN #3
3 500.

WOMAN
I'm sure you can do a better bid.

A FAT OLD WOMAN in the front row raises her hand.

FAT OLD WOMAN
4 000.

Tony cannot believe what he sees. The fat old woman sends him a kiss and winks at him.

WOMAN #2
4 300.

WOMAN
4 300. Another bid?

FAT OLD WOMAN
5 000!

HUBBUB IN THE AUDIENCE

WOMAN
5 000? The lady is a connoisseur.

FAT OLD WOMAN
I already have two like him at home.

Everybody is laughing.

WOMAN
Mrs. Galore is a good client.

WOMAN #4 (O.S.)
7 500!

ANOTHER HUBBUB

WOMAN
\$7 500? That's a good offer!
Going once! Going twice!

Silence.

She taps on her microphone.

WOMAN (cont'd)
Gone! Adjudicate to the woman on
the back!

The women applaud.

Tony sees Huan coming to him, a red heated branding iron in hand. Huan raises Tony's right sleeve and presses the iron on his arm.

Tony screams--

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Tony and Carrie's quiet bedroom is bathed by the morning sun.

In the bed, the couple is sleeping.

The alarm clock BUZZES.

Tony's hand stops it.

He draws a sigh and sits on the edge of the bed.

TONY
(to himself)
What a fucking nightmare.

Tony scratches his two-day beard and turns to Carrie to give her a shake.

TONY (cont'd)
Carrie. Wake up and fix my
breakfast!

Carrie doesn't answer.

TONY (cont'd)
Wake up and fix my breakfast!

Carrie opens an eye and looks at him.

CARRIE

(firmly)

Hey, I didn't buy you seven fifty
bucks to be your maidservant!

Tony turns to her, rattled. Then, he looks at his right
arm.

Petrified, he sees a black hot-iron branding with the
letters CT.

Tony screams--

FADE OUT: