

FEARS AND FETISHES

FADE IN:

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

DOUGLAS CARVER (30's) average height, average built, average everything, lies on the couch in the professional, but comfortable room, his hands together on his chest.

CATHERINE (35) very attractive in a conservative way sits in a plush chair with a pen and notebook in her hands.

CATHERINE

You've been coming here for over a year now... I think you're ready to ask this woman out.

DOUGLAS

But, what if she says no?

He nervously fidgets with his hands, takes a quick look at Catherine, stares at the ceiling again.

CATHERINE

Why would she say no? You told me she seems to like you...

DOUGLAS

What if I'm wrong?

Catherine checks her watch.

CATHERINE

The fear of rejection and the fear of embarrassment are both things we've been working on for the last year and a half... I really think you are ready to ask her out.

He peeks at her again.

DOUGLAS

I'm tired of being alone... Tired of being lonely.

CATHERINE

I think you should put your fears aside and ask her out.

He closes his eyes, cringes.

DOUGLAS

I'm in love with her.

Catherine smiles.

CATHERINE

I think that's wonderful... I think you should give it try.

He stares back at the ceiling.

DOUGLAS

If she says no... I don't know how I would deal with it. I'd probably be back where I was when I first started coming here.

She checks her watch again, puts the notebook away.

CATHERINE

I'm sure everything will be just fine and if she rejects you, well she just doesn't know what a great guy she's turning down.

He sits up, a smile grows on his face.

DOUGLAS

You really think so?

She smiles back at him.

CATHERINE

Yes, I really do.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

In the cramped bathroom in front of the mirror, stands Douglas. He has a towel wrapped around his waist. He combs his hair while he sings along to some really sappy romantic music from a radio.

He stops singing, takes a critical look at himself in the mirror, turns to the side, sucks his gut in, lets it out, flexes his biceps. Not impressive.

He fidgets with his hair. He appears very insecure.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Douglas dresses in front of a mirror. He puts on brand new clothes from shopping bags. He looks sharp.

He studies himself in the mirror, he seems pleased with what he sees.

He grabs a bouquet of red roses from on top of the bed, takes one last look in the mirror, smiles and exits the room.

EXT. UPSCALE HOME - DAY

A beat up Ford Taurus slowly pulls up in front of the nice house. It comes to a stop, the door opens and Douglas steps out with the red roses in one hand. He appears nervous and fiddles with his hair and clothes.

He treks up to the front porch, adjusts his hair and clothes again, rings the door bell.

Sweat beads on his forehead as he waits.

Footsteps are heard, the door opens and there stands Catherine. She stares at Douglas and the flowers.

Awkward moment.

Douglas extends his hand with the flowers.

DOUGLAS
You said I should approach the
woman I love...

Catherine stares at him in disbelief.

He hands her the flowers. She reluctantly accepts them.

CATHERINE
Douglas... I didn't realize you
were talking about me.

DOUGLAS
(shyly)
I have loved you ever since our
first session.

His face turns red, he looks at the ground.

GARY (35) tall, muscular, extremely handsome shows up behind Catherine. He stares at Douglas, he kisses Catherine on the neck while his eyes are firmly fixed on Douglas.

GARY
Dinner's ready.

Gary leaves after giving Douglas one last threatening look.

Douglas is crushed, his shoulders slump. His fragile confidence all gone.

CATHERINE
(sympathetically)
I'm sorry...

Douglas hurriedly marches back to his car.

Catherine with the flowers in hand, watches as he drives off.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

In a city park, on a bench sits Douglas. He takes no notice of people that jog or walk their dogs past him. He's clearly depressed.

Three boys about thirteen on skateboards fly by in front of him. They stop, whisper something, turn around and come back again at a high rate of speed.

As they pass, one of the boys jumps off his skateboard, grabs a hold of Douglas hair and pulls his toupee off. He jumps back up on his still rolling skateboard and peels away.

Angered and embarrassed Douglas jumps up and covers the top of his head with his hands.

The boys laugh hysterically as they speed away.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Douglas slowly trudges up the stairs to the front door of the building.

A MAN exits, stares at Douglas, pass him down the stairs, turns and takes a second look at Douglas and snickers.

Douglas enters through the door.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Douglas stops by the mail boxes, fishes out a key from his pocket and inserts it into one of the locks.

BRENDA (28) short and plump, but everything located in the right places strides over to him from the staircase. She stops by her mailbox and puts a key in the lock. She glances over at Douglas. He doesn't notice.

She peeks inside her box, jumps back, SCREAMS!

Startled, Douglas spins around, rushes over to her. He peers inside the mailbox.

A giant spider sits on top of her mail.

He reaches in, picks the spider up with his hands. He turns to Brenda, holds the spider out in front of her.

She grimaces and shudders in fear.

DOUGLAS
It's just a spider.

BRENDA
I hate spiders.

DOUGLAS
Oh.

He calmly strides over to the front door, opens it and gently places the spider outside.

She eyes Douglas with admiration.

BRENDA
Douglas Carver?

His eyes meet hers.

The baby fuzz on top of his head stands up. He selfconsciously strokes it.

BRENDA
I almost didn't recognize you.

He looks down at the floor, shuts his mailbox.

DOUGLAS
Well... It's been a bad day.

BRENDA
You look great.

Douglas peers at her suspiciously.

DOUGLAS
Thanks.

She shyly averts her eyes.

BRENDA
I shouldn't say this, but...I love bald men.

Douglas appears confused.

DOUGLAS
Really?

BRENDA
(embarrassed)
Yeah.

Douglas strokes the top of his head.

BRENDA
I'm sorry. I shouldn't be so
forward.

DOUGLAS
No no. That's fine...
You really like bald guys?

She blushes.

BRENDA
Yes I do... I love rubbing my...

She looks away.

BRENDA
There's just something about that
shiny smooth dome...

Her gaze drifts up to the top of his head, then slowly back
down to meet his eyes.

Douglas seem intrigued. He hesitates.

DOUGLAS
Would you like to come in for a cup
of coffee?

She nods nervously.

Douglas gently hooks his arm around hers like a gentleman and
they both head for the stairs.

A big hopeful smile grows on his face.

FADE OUT: