

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

INT. BROWNSTONE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is Marquis De Sade-esque. African fetish dolls... an Ancient artifact, a lustred stone of a man's naked torso and his penis...

A dirty California blonde, hair obscuring much of her face, and ARTHUR, a man of 50, salt and pepper hair, are fucking on a bed. He's working to keep up. Sex with this Blonde is intense, exhausting.

Blonde maneuvers her way on top, assuming the power position. Arthur's red in the face, sweating, perpetually on the verge of a coronary.

She grabs both his hands with one of hers, clamps them above his head. Her ERECT NIPPLES grazing his face...

He strains to talk, struggles mightily against the silk binding his hands to the BED.

Her hand reaching... reaching under the adjacent pillow.

She retrieves a long silk scarf, wraps it loosely around his neck... drapes the slack over the bedposts, coils the ends around her wrists...

She pulls, ever-so-slightly, moves, fucking him, slowly.

He's very frightened, too weak to put up much of a fight. There's an erotic perversity in the way she watches him.

She's tugging and pulling on the silk, it's hard to tell if she's doing it unwittingly, or on purpose, but...

It tightens against his throat. He gasps, face distorted.

She rides him like a pro, crazed, even, His body begins to SPASM, like an epileptic having a seizure. It looks violently sexual.

Pleasured moans mixing with sickening 'guttural' sounds.

And we see it all. No cut aways. No chance to alleviate the brutality. Taking as long as it takes to strangle someone to death.

She shudders with an orgasmic explosion. Ethan jerks for the last time. HE'S DEAD.

She collapse on top, post-orgasmic aftershocks.

INT. BROWNSTONE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark... a huge picture window, the glittering carpet of lights that is the San Francisco skyline.

On the bed, ETHAN, 20s, tats, athletic, and a dirty blonde, are fucking, her hair obscuring much of her face. *He's working to keep up. Sex with this Blonde is intense, exhausting.*

She climbs out of bed. Finds stockings from a bureau. Smiles, inches toward him.

He shifts back. She's tying his hands to the bedposts. Her erect NIPPLES brushing against his lips, face.

He watches as this powerful force of nature takes charge.

Now his legs, girded individually, then ties them to the foot of the bed. Done. She goes down on him, briefly,

Blonde maneuvers her way on top, assuming the power position. She kisses him, pulls a long black silk scarf from under an adjacent pillow...

Blonde wraps it loosely around Ethan's neck, then swings the slack across the bedposts, coils the ends around her wrists... pulls ever-so-slightly --

He's scared and turned-on. His look of fear excites her. There's an erotic perversity in the way she watches him.

She rides him like a pro, crazed, even...

Now she's tugging and pulling on the silk, it's hard to tell if she's doing it unwittingly, or on purpose, but...

It tightens against his throat.

He gasps, face distorted. His body begins to SPASM, like an epileptic having a seizure. *It looks violently sexual.*

And we see it all. No cut aways. No chance to alleviate the brutality. Taking as long as it takes to strangle someone to death.

Pleasured moans *mixing with sickening 'guttural' sounds.*

Blonde shudders with an orgasmic explosion.. Ethan jerks for the last time. HE'S DEAD.

She collapse on top, post-orgasmic aftershocks.

INT. BROWNSTONE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dim light... the room is Marquis De Sade-esque... a Louis XIV chair... African fetish dolls...

A flawless Hitchcock blonde, just flashes of her face, on the bed with ARTHUR, 50, salt and pepper hair, fucking his brains out.

He's working to keep up. Sex with Blonde is intense, exhausting. He's red in the face, sweating, perpetually on the verge of a coronary.

She climbs out of bed. Finds stockings from a bureau. Smiles, inches toward him.

Blonde grabs his wrists, he strains to talk, struggles against the silk binding his hands to the FOUR POSTER BED.

Now his legs, girded individually, she ties them to the foot of the bed. She goes down on him briefly, then...

She pulls a long silk scarf from under an adjacent pillow and wraps it around his neck... drapes the slack over the bedposts, coils the ends around her wrists...

She pulls, ever-so-slightly... moves again, fucking him.

Arthur's very frightened, tries to get free to no avail. There's an erotic perversity in the way she watches him.

Now she's tugging and pulling on the silk, it's hard to tell if she's doing it unwittingly, or on purpose, but...

It tightens against his throat. He gasps, face distorted.

She rides him like a pro, crazed, even, His body begins to SPASM, like an epileptic having a seizure. *It looks violently sexual.*

Pleasured moans mixing with sickening 'guttural' sounds.

And we see it all. No cut aways. No chance to alleviate the brutality. Taking as long as it takes to strangle someone to death.

She shudders with an orgasmic explosion. Ethan jerks for the last time. HE'S DEAD.

She collapse on top, post-orgasmic aftershocks.

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And we see it all. No cut aways. No chance to alleviate the brutality. Taking as long as it takes to strangle someone to death.

A horrid gurgling sound and then, Arthur stops moving. HE'S DEAD. She collapse atop, post-orgasmic aftershocks.

A crash startles her, who looks towards the patio doors --

Blonde shudders with an orgasmic explosion..

Ethan jerks for the last time. HE'S DEAD. She collapse on top, post-orgasmic aftershocks.

Dim light... Incense burns... the room is Marquis De Sade-
esque... a Louis XIV chair... African fetish dolls...

A flawless Hitchcock blonde, just flashes of her face, and ARTHUR, 50, salt and pepper hair. He's working to keep up. Sex with Blonde is intense, exhausting.

She climbs on top, he's red in the face, sweating, perpetually on the verge of a coronary.

She grabs both his hands with one of hers and clamps them above his head... reaches down from the giant FOUR POSTER BED, silk stockings in hand...

He strains to talk, struggles against the silk binding his hands to the BED.

She pulls a long silk scarf from under an adjacent pillow and wraps it around his neck... drapes the slack over the bedposts, coils the ends around her wrists...

She pulls, ever-so-slightly...

A crash startles her, who looks towards the patio doors -- It tightens against his throat. He gasps, face distorted. He suddenly begins to SPASM violently, like an epileptic having a seizure. *She rides him like a pro, crazed, even.*

And we see it all. No cut aways. No chance to alleviate the brutality. Taking as long as it takes to strangle someone to death.

Blonde shudders with an orgasmic explosion...

Pleasured moans *mixing with sickening 'guttural' sounds.*

Arthur jerks for the last time. HE'S DEAD. She collapse on top, post-orgasmic aftershocks.