

THE FORTY-YEAR OLD REJECT

By

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FADE IN:

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

INT. MADAM CLARK'S OFFICE - EARLY AFTERNOON

Leslie is a black woman, divorcee, 40 years old. She's a heavier set woman with long thick hair. She's sitting on a blue sofa with lots of pillows. Madam Clark, a 5-year therapist, is sitting across from her at a desk. She has her laptop open and her notepad and pen ready for notes. This is Leslie's first therapy session.

MADAM CLARK
Hello Ms. Brown. It's a pleasure to meet you. How's your day so far?

LESLIE
It's good. So far.

Leslie gives a slight phony smile.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
How's your day coming along?

MADAM CLARK
Well, so far so good. I am eating healthy, and drinking enough water...went jogging this morning. You know...doing my best to stay on the right side of the dirt.

Both ladies let out a little giggle.

MADAM CLARK (CONT'D)
So, umm, Ms. Brown...

LESLIE
Please, call me Leslie.

MADAM CLARK
Leslie...tell me a little about yourself.

LESLIE
I am a mother of three - two boys and a girl. All away at college. I'm a writer and I work for a laboratory but in a call center. I'd like to one day quit my nine to five and write full
(MORE)

LESLIE (CONT'D)
time. I've been divorced for a little
over a year. I'd like to start dating
again, but... I dunno. Ummm...I also
work in a call center.

MADAM CLARK
what do you do for fun?

LESLIE
Fun?

MADAM CLARK
Yes, fun.

Madam Clark stops scribbling on her notepad and looks at
Leslie; anticipating an answer.

LESLIE
(stammering)
Wha, well, I...I like to read. Write
poetry. Hang out with the kids when
they come to visit. Go on trips...with
the kids.

Madam Clark, scribbling in the notepad, glasses hanging off
the tip of her nose.

MADAM CLARK
How are the dynamics of your ex-
husband in relation to you and the
kids?

LESLIE
It's great. It's just me...I'm left
out. Struggling to pick myself up and
move on. You know, go out on dates.

MADAM CLARK
So you think moving on involves going
out on dates?

LESLIE
Of course not! Well, maybe just a
little. I'm ready to date, to have
male companionship. I haven't given up
on love. It seems love has given up on
me.

MADAM CLARK
What do you mean?

LESLIE
(voice trailing off)
Well, about six months ago...

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - GAS STATION - EARLY MORNING

Leslie's Teal Volkswagon Beetle sped into the gas station and pulled up next to the pump. Leslie unclicks her seatbelt and quickly exits the vehicle and runs to the front of her car to pump gas. Seconds later, an old-school glossy light blue Lincoln enters the parking lot on 22-inch rims. Loud rap music blared from the car.

A tall, slender black male exits the driver's side and quickly runs towards Leslie. Leslie quickly grabs her pepper spray and sprays the man in the eyes.

MAN
Aaaaaah! Aaaaah! OH...MY...GOD!!!

He falls to the ground gagging, coughing, and screaming.

LESLIE
You were trying to rob me! Fuckin
psycho!

Leslie starts to make a run for it. Looks back and sees the guy on the ground hollering and holding his eyes.

MAN
Please...I was gonna help you pump
gas...

LESLIE
I know how to pump my own damn gas!

MAN
(coughing and rubbing his eyes)
But you're a lady.

SPANISH STORE CLERK
What the hell is goin' on round here?!

LESLIE
I thought he was going to rob me! I
made a mistake! Please...please...Can
I get a towel and some water?

30 MINUTES LATER...

Leslie is sitting on the pavement dabbing the Man's face with a cold towel. He has a cup of cold water sitting on the ground next to him. He's pinching his nose with his right hand.

LESLIE

My God, I am so sorry. This is so messed up. You must think I'm crazy.

MAN

A little.

LESLIE

Are you going to be okay?

MAN

Yeah.

LESLIE

I have to go...I'm late for work.

MAN

So that's it?

LESLIE

What do you mean?

MAN

You spray me in the eyes and scurry off?

LESLIE

It ain't even like that. I said I was sorry. And I brought you water and basically doctored you.

MAN

(chuckling)

True. May I get your name?

LESLIE

Leslie.

MAN

My name is Ronald. But you can call me Ronnie.

LESLIE

Nice to meet you, Ronnie. Is there

(MORE)

LESLIE (CONT'D)
anything else you need before I go?

RONNIE
No ma'am.

LESLIE
Ma'am?!

RONNIE
Hey! Before you spray me again, I was only trying to be respectful.

LESLIE
Would you like to pump my gas, Ronnie?

RONNIE
You really are crazy!
(sigh)
I'll pump your gas...and may I have your number? I'd like to take you out. You seem to be stressed.

LESLIE
(raising an eyebrow and folding her arms)
I don't owe you anything...

RONNIE
I never said you did. But, I'd love to take you out on the town. But, only if you want to. No pressure. I just like what I see and would like to get to know you better.

LESLIE
(blushing)
After I tried to kill you with pepper spray? Sure, why not?

Ronnie placed the pump back into its holster and they exchanged numbers.

INT. LESLIE'S APARTMENT - EVENING (TWO WEEKS LATER)

Leslie is in her bathroom looking in the mirror as she places the back to her earring on her right lobe. Slow music is playing in the background on the music player.

The doorbell rings.

Leslie slips on her heels, tugs at her mini dress, and rubs her hair down with her right hand before opening the door. Ronnie was standing on the porch with a jogging suit on. And he was empty-handed.

RONNIE

Damn!

Ronnie rubbed his beard, looking at Leslie from head to toe.

LESLIE

What?

RONNIE

You look good!

LESLIE

(chuckling)

Oh! Thank you!

RONNIE

Ready?

LESLIE

Yes.

Ronnie and Leslie left the building and walked to his Lincoln. Ronnie walked around the car and slid into the driver's seat. Leslie stood outside the car for a second. Ronnie got out of the car and ran to the passenger side.

RONNIE

My bad! Where's my manners? It's been
a really long day.

They rode in silence for a few minutes listening to loud rap music. Meanwhile, the car seemed to bounce at every curve in the road.

Pulling up at the gas station where they met, Ronnie hopped out of the car and walked towards a crowd of people. Slapping hands as they met.

Ronnie got back into the car a short while later with two juice bottles.

LESLIE

I feel like I'm overdressed.

RONNIE

Nah...I'm underdressed.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
You look beautiful.

INT. LESLIE'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Leslie walks in holding her heels in her hands. Ronnie is behind her, closing and locking the door behind him. They're drunk and they start to kiss. Leslie leads him into her bedroom where D'Angelo's, "Untitled" is belting from the music player.

LESLIE
Oh my gosh! I love this song.
D'Angelo's so fine!

RONNIE
Oh really?

Leslie drops her heels and lay across her bed.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
I can do a better job than D'Angelo.

LESLIE
(waving him off)
Man, please!

RONNIE
Watch me...

Ronnie walks to the end of the bed and joins D'Angelo singing.

Ronnie starts to strip slowly, sensually...moving his head from side to side to side as he sings the lyrics on key, to "Untitled". Leslie, slightly blinded from the liquor, leans forward for a better view.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
(singing)
How does it feeeeel...

Ronnie moves his head from side to side in a winding motion as he kicks off his shoes and unzips his pants. Leslie licks her lips and moves forward to the edge of the bed.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
(singing)
Wanna take you away from here...How
does it feel?

Leslie squints, mouth slightly open. Something is flashing behind Ronnie.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
(singing)
Tell you all the tricks I know...

Ronnie is completely naked and something is flashing behind him more noticeable than before. Leslie leans closer.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
Do you know what I'm talking about,
baby?

Leslie quickly scurried back across the bed. Ronnie came after her.

LESLIE
(arms outstretched)
No, no, no, no, no!

RONNIE
(sounding concerned)
What? What?!

As Ronnie moved, it waved behind him.

LESLIE
Please...I don't feel good. I feel
like I'm going to throw up.

RONNIE
Huh?

LESLIE
(making a gagging sound)
I feel like I'm going to vomit!

RONNIE
You need anything? Baby?

Leslie pulled away, clutching her stomach. As Ronnie came closer, so did the thing behind him.

LESLIE
Unh unh... maybe you should just go.

I don't want you to catch whatever I
have. I really don't feel good.

Ronnie stepped back off the bed. He turned to grab his pants.

His butt in full view, A long piece of tissue is hanging out his rear.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

(wailing)

Oh my God! Ohhh my Gawd!!!! Please
hurry! I don't you to see me this way!

Ronnie races into the bathroom in the hallway. After a few minutes, the bathroom door yanks open. There are stomping sounds in the hallway. The front for to the apartment is yanked open and then slammed. Leslie runs to the door and locks it.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Whew!

Leslie then enters the bathroom and looks at herself in the mirror. In her peripheral, she sees the lid to the toilet up. She reaches to close it and sees the tissue from Ronnie's ass with a bit of brown on the tip.

INT. MADAM CLARK'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Leslie looks up at Madam Clark who is staring at her, mouth slightly open, for what seems like forever.

LESLIE

Yes?

MADAM CLARK

That is uh...that is something. But,
here's what I want you to do...

Madam Clark scribbles on a sheet of paper from her notepad and rips it off. She stands and walks across the room. Her fit physique is in full view. Leslie stands up from the sofa to meet her.

MADAM CLARK (CONT'D)

I want you to date some more.

LESLIE

Are you sure?

MADAM CLARK

Of course! You can't stop after one.
You must keep going. Have you heard
from him again?

LESLIE

Nope. Not ever again.

MADAM CLARK

That's not a bad thing. Not at all!

Madam Clark hands Leslie the paper.

MADAM CLARK (CONT'D)

See you in a month?

LESLIE

See you in a month.

Leslie leaves Madam Clark's office and looks at the sheet. It read:

Madam Clark. Stay in your lane. Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

D is for Diphallia!

INT. OFFICE PARTY - EVENING (TWO WEEKS AFTER)

pink, yellow, and light green streamers and balloons are hanging from the ceiling. there's finger food, chips, and dip on various tables around the room. A few pitchers of juice and liquor on each table. There are people conversing with one another around the room. Everyone is dressed in business casual attire.

Leslie is standing with her work buddy, Brandy. Brandy resembles Michelle Obama. They're eyeing the room, eating a piece of cake from small paper plates.

BRANDY

(laughing)

Girl, I'm glad you came. Because if you hadn't of, I sure as hell wasn't.

LESLIE

I wasn't gonna leave you hanging. besides, I need to get out as much as possible.

BRANDY

How's everything? How was your therapy session? If you don't mind me asking.

LESLIE

Girl, you're fine. Yeah, I went about two weeks ago.

BRANDY

How'd it go?

LESLIE

It was good. Girl...her name is Madam Clark.

BRANDY

Say, who?

LESLIE

Yep...Madam Clark. Lil Boujee something. She's allegedly french...by way of some great, great, great, great on her auntie sister's cousin's side or whatever

They both start laughing.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

But all of that aside, she's alright. I feel like I could talk to her.

BRANDY

You know you can always change therapists?

LESLIE

Uhhh...yeah...I know. But, I'll wait a little bit. She didn't come off funny actin. And after I told her the story about the dude I met in the parking lot at the gas station, she gave me some good advice.

BRANDY

What's that?

LESLIE

to keep going. that it was only one date. And, cleanliness is next to Godliness!

They're both laughing hard.

BRANDY

Yeah, homeboy did have tissue stuck in
(MORE)

BRANDY (CONT'D)
his ass!

Male Co-Worker stands in the front of the room, talking loud so that everyone in the room can hear.

MALE CO-WORKER
Hey everybody! I'm so glad that all of you could join us! Welcome to our annual Spring Party!

Loud cheering from everyone throughout the room.

MALE CO-WORKER (CONT'D)
Let's have a little fun! I need about ten people to gather around in a circle. We're gonna play the alphabet game! But, you must use words that are work-related!

We hear groaning throughout the room. Another male co-worker speaks out.

ANOTHER MALE CO-WORKER
What happens if we fail to choose a word on time?

MALE CO-WORKER
I don't know...uh...take a shot of vodka?

We hear cheers throughout the room

BRANDY
I want no parts of this. I'm not about to be nobody's designated driver.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
Girl look...

Brandy points at an unknown man, standing to our right. He's Caucasian, medium build, approximately 5'6".

He's standing with a few of our co-workers, who, just like us, are not in on the alphabet game. Meanwhile, letters and the corresponding words are being yelled at one after another. Drinks are being downed as laughter ensues.

LESLIE
Who is he?

BRANDY

That's Scott. He started about two weeks ago... I think that was the day you were gone for therapy. He works in accounts and billing.

As she smiles and waves in his direction. All the coworkers, including the new co-worker, SCOTT PATTERSON, late-30's, short, medium build caucasian man waves back.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

(voice trails)

He's cute, ain't he? My husband is lucky, because, girl...

LESLIE

He's cute, but...short. He's a little man.

BRANDY

He's taller than you! Besides, he seems nice. Like I was saying if it weren't for the fact

Brandy stops mid-sentence as Scott walks towards them

SCOTT

Hey ladies. Are you enjoying yourselves?

LESLIE

Yes.

BRANDY

Yes.

SCOTT

I don't believe we've met.

Scott extends his hand to Leslie. They shake hands.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

My name is Scott Patterson. I'm in accounts and billing.

LESLIE

(sounding surprised)

Nice to meet you, Scott. My name is Leslie Brown. I'm in the records department. So... Are you a newbie or raised here in LA?

SCOTT

(slight chuckle)

I'm a newbie. Born and raised in Iowa.
Got sick of the bipolar weather.
Needed a change of scenery.

BRANDY

What? You changed weather conditions
for polluted air?

(chuckling)

I'm just joking. Welcome! We're happy
to have you here.

SCOTT

(facing Leslie)

Thanks, I'm happy to be here. Hey,
would you mind showing me around?

LESLIE

Oh, well it is difficult to navigate
here. It's like one big circle, and
the numbers run funny. But, all you
really need to know is where the
cafeteria, restrooms, and your office
are located. I can show you a quick
way so that you don't get lost. After
that, it'll get easy.

Scott and Brandy both stared at Leslie.

SCOTT

I mean around town. That's if you're
interested and have time. I don't mean
any disrespect.

BRANDY

Ain't no disrespect, she ain't seeing
nobody.

Leslie slightly pushes Brandy.

LESLIE

Yes, I'd love to.

SCOTT

May I give you my number?

LESLIE

Sure.

Scott holds his hand out for Leslie's cell phone and dials his number in, saving it.

SCOTT
There you go. Call me anytime. Nice to
meet you ladies.

Scott returns to the group of coworkers he was standing with.

V! Is being yelled in the background amongst laughter and conversations.

INT. SCOTT'S SUV - EVENING

Scott is driving and looks over at Leslie.

SCOTT
You are absolutely beautiful.

LESLIE
(blushing)
Thank you.

SCOTT
No... Thank you.

Scott grabs Leslie's hand, kisses it, and holds it in his hand as he drives.

30 MINUTES LATER...

They turn right onto a wooded path and stop almost at what seems like the edge of a cliff.

There are a couple of other vehicles there, but otherwise, the area's pretty secluded. there's a huge movie screen in the air, hanging outward, past the cliff's edge.

SCOTT
Do you want anything?

LESLIE
Raisinets and water?

SCOTT
Raisinets and water it is!

Scott exits the SUV headed for the pathway to the concession stand.

Leslie unfolds her blanket, lays it out across her lap, and lays the seat back a little.

Scott returns a short time later.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Hey there.

He places the water in the cupholder and hands the Raisinets to Leslie.

LESLIE

(sweetly)

Come here.

She gestures to Scott with her index finger,

Scott leans towards Leslie and kisses her. Leslie grabs the back of Scott's head to hold him in place and they kiss heavily.

SCOTT

Whoa...

Scott falls back into his seat. Leslie pulls her seat up and comes towards Scott. She starts kissing him again. She lifts up his shirt and starts to caress his chest.

Then she moves her hand downward but receives resistance by Scott grabbing her hand, his belt, and his button.

LESLIE

Please...I want you...

Leslie leans over and they kiss again...

SCOTT

I want you too...but...

Leslie leans further over...almost into the seat with Scott. She's kissing and licking his stomach seductively.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Baby...

LESLIE

Yes...

All Scott sees is the back of Leslie's head as she's trying to work herself into his pants.