

FRIENDS WITH BENEFITS

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jamie and Dylan are drinking beer and watching a weepy romantic comedy on DVD.

DYLAN

Why do all these movies have such a bad music.

JAMIE

It's so that you know how to feel every single second.

DYLAN

(mocking)

I'm heart broken - Pom pom pom
poom. I'm getting married to the
man of my dreams - pam pam paam
paaaam. I'm sneaking through an
office - tum tum... pom pom pom
pom.

Jamie lip-sinks the movie's dialogue, she's obviously seen it many times.

JAMIE

God, I wish my life was a movie sometimes, you know? I would never have to worry about my hair or having to go to the bathroom, and then, when I'm at my lowest point some guy would chase me down the street, pour his heart out and then we'd kiss. Happily ever after! I mean, a horse and carriage, C'mon, that is awesome.

DYLAN

Not as awesome as this ambiguous upbeat pop song, that has nothing to do with the plot, they try to put in the end to convince you had a great time with this shitty movie.

JAMIE

You know, why don't they ever make a movie about what happens after the big kiss?

DYLAN

They do. It's called porn.

JAMIE

Uhh, mmm, God, I miss sex, I mean sometimes you just need it, it's like cracking your neck.

DYLAN

Why does it always have to come with complications?

JAMIE

And emotions.

DYLAN

And guilt.

JAMIE

Oh, GUILT!

DYLAN

That's women's fault.

JAMIE

WHAT?!

DYLAN

You heard me, "Hold me, let's spend the rest of our lives together"

JAMIE

Oh, please, you're no better, "Oh baby, come on now, say my name. Eh, oh, I'm done, how was I?"

DYLAN

(sarcastic)

Who have you been with?

(beat)

Why can it not be like that? It's a physical act, like playing tennis, two people should be able to have sex like they are playing tennis.

JAMIE

Yeah, I mean no one wants to go away for the weekend after playing tennis.

DYLAN

It's just a game, you shake hands and get on with your shit.

JAMIE

Yeah.

DYLAN

Yeah.

JAMIE

Hmmm... You want more beer?

DYLAN

OK.

Jamie gets off the couch, bending over to pick up empty food boxes she gives Dylan a nice perspective. He stares at her ass.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Jamie... lets play tennis.

JAMIE

What?

DYLAN

Why don't we have sex like we are playing tennis?

JAMIE

(laughs)

Get the hell outta here.

DYLAN

Don't laugh, this would be great. That would take all the weirdness out of it.

JAMIE

We talked about this. I don't like you like that.

DYLAN

I don't like you like that either, that's why it's perfect.

JAMIE

I don't even know if I find you attractive.

DYLAN

(sarcastic)

That's cute.

JAMIE

Hmm... I do have a thing for jerks... Wait, wait, do you even find me attractive?

DYLAN
That's cute.

JAMIE
No No No, before you got to know my
awesome personality, strictly
physical. First time you saw me.

DYLAN
This is just two people talking.

JAMIE
Yeah, two girls over drinks at
Bennigans. GO!

DYLAN
I liked your eyes, I never thought
I'd see such big beautiful eyes.

JAMIE
Your lips, I thought you might be a
good kisser.

DYLAN
I am.
(beat)
Your breasts.

JAMIE
What about them?

DYLAN
They intrigued me.

JAMIE
Really?

DYLAN
Yeah.

JAMIE
Oh, I think they are so tiny.

DYLAN
They are still breasts.

JAMIE
Thanks. I liked your hands.

DYLAN
Mouth.

JAMIE
Butt.

DYLAN
Voice.

JAMIE
Chest.

DYLAN
Eyes.

JAMIE
You said that.

DYLAN
I meant it.

JAMIE
You swear you don't want anything
other than sex?

DYLAN
You swear you don't want anything
more from me? You know how you
girls get "Tick-tuck, tick-tuck".

JAMIE
Stop it.

Jamie brings over an iPad.

DYLAN
What are you doing?

JAMIE
I'm pulling up my Bible app.

DYLAN
You have a Bible app?

JAMIE
Yes, I'm a good girl. Hand on the
iPad.
(fumbling with iPad)
No, wait... this thing thinks I'm
you and you are me. Keep your hands
still, I'll the iPad.

DYLAN
It's making me dizzy.

JAMIE
Hold on.
(shakes the iPad)
There we go. No relationship, no
emotions, just sex!

DYLAN

And whatever happens, we stay friends.

JAMIE

Swear.

DYLAN

Swear.

JAMIE/DYLAN

SWEAR!

DYLAN

OK, so I guess we should just start.

JAMIE

OK.

DYLAN

I'll start.

JAMIE

Uh, that's really that's enough of the tennis. Lets go to the bedroom.

DYLAN

What's wrong with the couch? It's less emotional.

JAMIE

The bedroom has better light and since we're just friends I don't have to be insecure about my body.

DYLAN

Come on, OK, you're beautiful, you have nothing to be insecure about.

JAMIE

You see that's just way to emotion supportive and you need to just lock that down.

She turns around and heads to the bedroom.

DYLAN

Your ass is a little bony.

JAMIE

Much better!

They casually take their clothes off as they speak.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

My nipples are sensitive, I don't like dirty talk and had I known this was gonna happen I would have shaven my legs this morning.

DYLAN

My chin is ticklish, I sneeze sometimes after I come and if I'd known this was gonna happen I wouldn't have shaven my legs this morning.

JAMIE

Okeydokey.

DYLAN

Oh, I keep my socks on - intimacy issues.

JAMIE

Great, cause feet gross me out - daddy issues.

DYLAN

Great.
(he looks her over)
I can work with that.

JAMIE

(appraises him)
Should be fine.

They jump into bed together.