

(Name of Project)

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(Based on, If Any)

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in Order of Work Performed)

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(Current Writer, date)

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SAVAGE GRACE

INT: LONDON HOME - DAY

The front door shuts. Tony sits on the couch alone, smoking.

TONY

Well, where is it? ...WHERE, is it?  
...Where did you put it?

Barbara enters.

BARBARA

It is not my responsibility to keep  
track of your objects.

TONY

But its not anywhere.

Barbara organizes her bags on the dining room table.

BARBARA

Missy Harnden is the soul of  
graciousness. When I mentioned that  
there would be a vernissage after  
the opening, she offered to host a  
little dinner...chez Harnden.

TONY

I'm so happy for you Mummy.

BARBARA

I do like the way you've been  
dressing lately. Is that from  
Gieves?

TONY

No, actually, its from Anderson,  
Anderson and Sheppard.

BARBARA

Did you just walk in?

TONY

No. You might just walk into  
Gieves, but you're not going to  
walk into Anderson-you get walked  
into Anderson. In my case, by  
Timothy Chalmers.

Barbara approaches the couch and sits next to Tony.

BARBARA

Have you been seeing a lot of young Timothy Chalmers? (she puts her hand on his leg) Because I don't think he's the kind of person you want to learn from, if you want to learn how to be a man.

TONY

What do you mean?

BARBARA

I don't think Timothy likes women very much.

TONY

Oh, he's English, is all. He's the kind of person that does things for people- in the way that Missy Harnden does for you.

BARBARA

I hope you haven't incurred any obligation.

TONY

Mother, we're talking about an introduction to a tailor, a clothier.

Barbara feels the material on Tony's pant leg.

BARBARA

Well, I very much like this material... this fabric.- What would you call it?

TONY

Its worsted, I should think.

BARBARA

Its much nicer than your other worsted. (she's rubbing between his thighs)

TONY

Well, that's Anderson.

Barbara continues to rub up Tony's thigh between his legs and feels him.

BARBARA

Well, this is interesting.

TONY  
Barbara...please.

She starts to pull her hand away but he shakily pulls it back.

BARBARA  
You don't seem to mind it. - Part  
of you doesn't seem to mind it.

TONY  
I suppose I don't...mind.

BARBARA  
You might even enjoy it.

Tony strokes Barbara's hand.

TONY  
I might.

BARBARA  
Ah...I'm finding buttons here. How  
many?

TONY  
Five. They do them with five.

BARBARA  
That's five (she begins to unbutton  
his pants)...that's four...that's  
three...

Barbara gets up.

BARBARA  
Hold that thought.

Barbara exits. Door shuts.

TONY  
God...

The door opens and closes. Barbara reenters and continues to undress him.

BARBARA  
I like the boxers you've chosen.

TONY  
I picked them out for myself.

Barbara mounts him and lifts her skirt up and they start having sex.

BARBARA  
How does that feel?

TONY  
I think you know.

Barbara pants heavily.

BARBARA  
Did you come?

TONY  
No.

BARBARA  
We can do something about that.

She sits next to him and gives him a hand job as he pants heavily. Then groans as he orgasms holding onto her. Barbara sighs and cuddles up to Tony.

BARBARA  
You're the best. You are. You are  
the best.

(beat)

TONY  
Are you sure you didn't put it  
anywhere?

(MORE)