

SWIPE RIGHT

SCRIPT BY LIMERICK

ACT ONE

WILLIAM and LYNN. Both wear glasses, William is reedy, dressed in a long-sleeved shirt. Lynn is short, squat, wearing jeans and a short-sleeved blouse, sensible shoes.

If it makes sense, I'd like to do thought bubbles for both -- a light blue for William, a light pink for Lynn, that will gradually turn to heavier blues and pinks as they transform.

For the cover image I was thinking a split-screen of LYNN getting dressed for the date, the girl in the mirror noticeably sluttier, while WILLIAM is waiting in the car, with a muscular dude in the rear-view mirror looking back at him. Their phones visible in both scenes.

ONE:

[Sitting at restaurant. Both are awkward, facing each other, glaring at menus.]

WILLIAM

So, why'd you swipe right?

LYNN

Oh, well, no one wants to die alone.

TWO:

[Acute embarrassment, they glance at each other, horrified.]

THREE:

LYNN
That was a joke!

FOUR:

[Server arrives.]

WILLIAM
Uh, the best thing on the menu,
please.

LYNN
Same. And the best cocktail.

WILLIAM
Same.

FIVE:

WILLIAM
[thinking]
Think of something to say. Thinking of
something to say.

LYNN
[thinking]
I already blew this up. Incredible,
Lynn. ACES.

SIX:

[A couple at a nearby table is making out, loudly. They're halfway bimboized themselves. LYNN and WILLIAM watch.]

SEVEN:

[Couple is getting increasingly hot and heavy.]

WILLIAM

Heck of a date.

LYNN

I guess they did find a room. This is
a room.

[They relax, slightly]

EIGHT:

[Couple vacates the restaurant, still all over each other.]

WILLIAM

There goes the show.

LYNN

See, that guy, I wouldn't swipe right
on. Beefy and thick. Nope.

NINE:

[Food arrives.]

WILLIAM

Oh. Uh, same. With the girl.

LYNN

You'd go left on a slut with big tits?
C'mon. You're a GUY.

WILLIAM

No glasses? Left. Hard left.

TEN:

LYNN

[Blushing]

God, I'm starving.

WILLIAM

Yeah, uh, same.

[THEY TEAR IN, RAVENOUS. ROUND OF CLOTHING CHANGES.]

ELEVEN, WHATEVER:

[PIGGISH, INTENSE APPETITE.] [CLOTHING CHANGES ETC.]

TWELVE:

LYNN

Alright, that was not usual for me. I
was so... fucking... hungry.

WILLIAM

Oof. Me too.

THIRTEEN:

WILLIAM

I'm paying.

LYNN

Oh, no no no. This isn't 1955.
[She grabs for the check.]

FOURTEEN:

WILLIAM

[Sternly, removing her hand.]

I'm paying.

LYNN

[Blushes.]

Oh... okay.

LYNN

Excuse me.

FIFTEEN:

[Bathroom. Primping in the mirror.]

LYNN

[thinking]

Geez, I kind of like this one.

LYNN

So why'd I dress for a library sale?

[Outfit shifts as she slathers on makeup. Boobs pop up.]

SIXTEEN:

[Adjusting so cleavage shows]

LYNN

Girls, might need your help tonight.

SEVENTEEN:

[WILLIAM takes off glasses]

WILLIAM

[thinking, looking at check.]

This better be an investment.

EIGHTEEN:

[They leave, leaving their glasses behind.]

ACT TWO

ONE:

[Walking around]

WILLIAM

What sort of date stuff do you like?

LYNN

Umm. Whatever's fun. No cliches.

TWO:

[Outside mini-golf place]

WILLIAM

Oh.

LYNN

Oh. Uh. I mean... maybe... if we play...
ironically?

[They exchange wan smiles]

THREE:

LYNN

I'm sure it'll be fun with you!

LYNN

[thinking]

Please, tits, make him ignore what I'm
saying.

[neckline plunges, a little necklace appears.]

FOUR:

[Both of them distracted by a two girls walking by, topless, hands on each other's butts.]

LYNN

[thinking]

I'll take it.

WILLIAM

Sheesh, it's not even that warm out.

LYNN

Yeah, you can tell.

FIVE:

[Lynn lining up a shot. William stands behind her].

LYNN

[thinking]

Oh right, this is what I disliked
about mini-golf.

LYNN

[thinking]

Confidence, Lynn. Trust in your ass.

SIX:

[Ass expands, clothing shrinks]

LYNN

[thinking]

It is a good ass. A very good ass.

SEVEN:

[Clothing continues to change]

LYNN

[thinking]

You've jogged day after day, dieted,
lifted, spent an hour picking outfits.
Believe in your ass. It is a FUCKABLE
ASS.

EIGHT:

[William watching her jiggle]

WILLIAM

[thinking]

Hell of a waggle. Can't remember a
girl shaking it just for me.

WILLIAM

[thinking]

C'mon, Will. Man up. It's a cliché for
a reason.

NINE:

*[William slides in behind her, puts his hands over hers
on the club]*

WILLIAM

Can I?

LYNN

Oh! I mean... uh...

TEN:

[Hard-on presses against her]

LYNN

[thinking]

Ooooh. C'mon, Lynn. It's a cliché for a reason. And you just passed the ass test.

ELEVEN:

[Lynn backing harder into him]

LYNN

Mmmm.

LYNN

[thinking]

And he either really likes you, or he hates you and is hung like a donkey.

TWELVE:

[Shot of ball sinking into hole]

THIRTEEN:

[Couple walking hand in hand to next hole, tight against each other. Bigger smiles].

FOURTEEN:

[Another couple is fucking up near the windmill.]

LYNN

Oh. I guess we'll skip?

WILLIAM

[impatient]

The hell.

FIFTEEN:

LYNN

Lets just go around, Will. That's a
big guy.

WILLIAM

I'm not worried about a god damn
mini-golf player.

WILLIAM

[shouting]

HEY! FUCK INSIDE!

SIXTEEN:

[Couple walks off, the guy holding her in his arms.]

WILLIAM

Lets bail anyway, baby. This hole...

LYNN

Are you gonna say this hole is sloppy
seconds?

WILLIAM

Hell yes I am.

SEVENTEEN:

[They make out, briefly]

EIGHTEEN:

LYNN

Are you gonna say you've got other
holes in mind?

WILLIAM

Yeah. Sure.

LYNN

Will. You. Are. So. Fucking. Funny.

NINETEEN:

[Shot of them leaving, her in new heels.]

ACT THREE

ONE:

[Lynn staring at beautiful convertible]

LYNN

[confused]

Didn't you pick me up... In... a Jetta?

WILLIAM

What? Lynn timer. I will drive a Jetta when I have no real reason to live.

TWO:

[Lynn looking at phone]

LYNN

No... I... I left a cardigan in here...
right?

WILLIAM

A cardigan? I think if you put a
cardigan over those it'd burst into
flames.

THREE:

[Lynn looking down as the two drive.]

LYNN

Right... right, over my... tits. The boobs
that I've... always had.

WILLIAM

Did I forget to mention how incredible
they are?

FOUR:

[Lynn preens as William stares]

LYNN
Really?

WILLIAM

They're amazing. They're a ten. You're
a ten.

FIVE:

[Exterior shot, Lynn's apartment]

LYNN
Ohh, I guess I have to invite you in
for more compliments.

LYNN
Let me make sure my roommate is gone.

SIX:

[Lynn leaves the car. She's a total bombshell.]

LYNN
[thinking]
Third base, tops. This is a first
date, Lynn timer.

LYNN
[thinking]
Just one "good first date" blowie.

SEVEN:

[Lynn opens the door. Her roommate is getting fucked by two guys, doggy-style]

LYNN

Oh.

EIGHT:

[Lynn gets back in the car, confused]

WILLIAM

Everything okay?

LYNN

My roommate is... busy. My very boring,
very medical student roommate. Uh.

NINE:

[Slides hand on her knee, then up]

WILLIAM

Well, I missed you.

WILLIAM

I know a spot.

TEN:

[They're sitting on the hood of his car on a vista.]

WILLIAM

Good date.

LYNN

Yeah.

WILLIAM

Great date.

ELEVEN:

[Lynn smiles, puts her hands on his crotch]

LYNN

Not QUITE great, yet.

TWELVE:

[Lynn slides off his pants, an impressive cock springs out at her]

LYNN

[thinking]

Oh my god. I can't...

THIRTEEN:

[Lynn puts her mouth on it]

WILLIAM

Hey, I was going to ask first.

LYNN

[thinking]

No... it's okay... I can deep throat...

Lynnie is a good cocksucker...

FOURTEEN:

[Lynn deeply sucking him]

WILLIAM

Holy shit.

LYNN

[thinking]

No... this is... I'm LYNN. I read BIG

BOOKS. I'm not some BIMBO!

FIFTEEN:

[Lynn disengages]

LYNN

Billy... something is... umm...

WILLIAM

Fuck, you read my mind. C'mere.

SIXTEEN:

*[Lynn mounted on top of him, on the hood of the car.
William readies to push in]*

LYNN

Wait... Billy... it's too big... I'm not
this... oh god.

SEVENTEEN:

[POV shot of insertion from Billy's perspective]

LYNN

Billlllly... pull outtttt... we're being...
slutified or... oh god..

EIGHTEEN:

WILLIAM

Christ, you're tight.

LYNN

Oh my goddddddd... Billy... nooooooooo.

NINETEEN:

[Fucking]

TWENTY:

[Orgasming]

WILLIAM

Christ.

LYNN

Uhhhhhhhhhhh!

TWENTY-ONE:

[Fully bimbofied couple, dribbling fluids, stares out at the sky, satisfied.]

WILLIAM

So, why'd you swipe right?

LYNN

Because I licked my lips when I saw
you.

TWENTY-TWO:

[Closing]

LYNN

That's why.

END