

**“BLUE MOVIE:  
Five Films about Coming to your Senses”**

**Jennifer Kierans**

**A Thesis  
in  
The Department  
of  
English**

**Presented in Partial Fulfilment of the Requirements  
for the Degree of Master of Arts in English at  
Concordia University  
Montreal, Quebec, Canada**

**July 2008**

**© Jennifer Kierans 2008**



Library and  
Archives Canada

Bibliothèque et  
Archives Canada

Published Heritage  
Branch

Direction du  
Patrimoine de l'édition

395 Wellington Street  
Ottawa ON K1A 0N4  
Canada

395, rue Wellington  
Ottawa ON K1A 0N4  
Canada

*Your file* *Votre référence*  
*ISBN: 978-0-494-45707-8*  
*Our file* *Notre référence*  
*ISBN: 978-0-494-45707-8*

**NOTICE:**

The author has granted a non-exclusive license allowing Library and Archives Canada to reproduce, publish, archive, preserve, conserve, communicate to the public by telecommunication or on the Internet, loan, distribute and sell theses worldwide, for commercial or non-commercial purposes, in microform, paper, electronic and/or any other formats.

The author retains copyright ownership and moral rights in this thesis. Neither the thesis nor substantial extracts from it may be printed or otherwise reproduced without the author's permission.

**AVIS:**

L'auteur a accordé une licence non exclusive permettant à la Bibliothèque et Archives Canada de reproduire, publier, archiver, sauvegarder, conserver, transmettre au public par télécommunication ou par l'Internet, prêter, distribuer et vendre des thèses partout dans le monde, à des fins commerciales ou autres, sur support microforme, papier, électronique et/ou autres formats.

L'auteur conserve la propriété du droit d'auteur et des droits moraux qui protègent cette thèse. Ni la thèse ni des extraits substantiels de celle-ci ne doivent être imprimés ou autrement reproduits sans son autorisation.

---

In compliance with the Canadian Privacy Act some supporting forms may have been removed from this thesis.

Conformément à la loi canadienne sur la protection de la vie privée, quelques formulaires secondaires ont été enlevés de cette thèse.

While these forms may be included in the document page count, their removal does not represent any loss of content from the thesis.

Bien que ces formulaires aient inclus dans la pagination, il n'y aura aucun contenu manquant.

  
**Canada**

# Blue Movie:

Five Films about Coming to your Senses

## ABSTRACT

Five linked stories that explore women, sexuality and the five senses.

by writer/director Jennifer Kierans

1. *Blueprint* – An insecure teenage model takes control of her sexuality when she switches positions from in front of the camera to behind it. (*sight*)
2. *Blue Whales* – A young mother who has lost all desire for sex finds that the solution lies in her fantasies about whales. (*sound*)
3. *Clear Blue* – A lesbian comedian's relationship is tested when she goes to outrageous technological lengths to become an egg donor for her cousin. (*smell*)
4. *Bleu Nuit* – A mother with grown children whose husband suggests "swinging" to spice up their sex life must decide what to do when she likes it. (*taste*)
5. *Blue Moon* – A retiree in her sixties whose husband becomes impotent after having his prostate removed must learn to masturbate for the first time. (*touch*)

# Blue Movie:

Five Films about Coming to your Senses

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

<i>Thesis</i> .....	p.1
<i>Glossary of Screenwriting Terms</i> .....	p.84

OPENING CREDITS

... over a MONTAGE of ECUs of various women's eyes, noses, mouths, ears and fingers. The cutting accelerates then slows like a video slot machine until we land on an ECU of a young girl's eye.

FADE TO BLUE

TITLE CARD: BLUEPRINT

FADE IN:

... on the same eye. Wide. The skin around it unlined. It blinks. We're on:

EXT. SAINT CATHERINE STREET, MONTREAL - DAY

Cut between the eye and POV shots of downtown Montreal:

- a giant billboard for an oral contraceptive pill featuring teenage girls hugging and giggling with cell phones to their ears.

- a sex shop window full of mannequins wearing cheap S & M gear over bodies moulded to proportions that don't exist in nature.

- a lingerie store window with a floor to ceiling poster of an effortlessly gorgeous model, breasts spilling out of her bra and legs wide open, staring innocently at the camera.

- a strip club marquee with an animated neon sign of a woman bending over.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL that the eye taking all this in belongs to 14-year-old MADDY.

Gangly, with oversized features and long skinny legs, Maddy is too angular to be pretty. She slouches to mask her height and clearly defers to TANYA, the friend who walks beside her.

Tanya is a more conventionally pretty girl about half Maddy's height with ample curves.

The girls stop at a street kiosk featuring a barrage of competing and contradictory portraits of female sexuality: magazine covers shout porn, high fashion, parenting, wedding, and celebrity cellulite.

Maddy makes uncomfortable eye contact with an older gentleman buying a porn magazine. Suddenly Tanya points at the entrance to a video arcade and pulls Maddy away.

INT. VIDEO ARCADE - DAY

Tanya goes into stalker mode, crouching and leading Maddy by the hand.

TANYA  
SHHHH.

MADDY  
What is it?

TANYA  
Shhh, it's Randy and John.

Tanya points out a group of four boys huddled around a video game.

The girls sneak up to them. Maddy positions herself to get a look at the video screen. She watches as a large-breasted woman attempts a back flip but is shot mid-flight and left bleeding on the ground.

RANDY  
Got ya, bitch!

One of the boys, JOHN, cute but clearly trouble, spots Maddy:

JOHN  
Get lost stork!

It is said with such casual venom that Maddy is frozen for a moment. The other boys laugh.

RANDY  
Yeah buzz off stork.

Maddy manages:

MADDY  
(without confidence)  
... mixed metaphor...

John hears this and smiles.

RANDY  
What'd you say stork?

Tanya rushes to Maddy's aid and gives Randy the finger.

TANYA  
She said shut up dickweed.

BACKGROUND BOYS

EWWWWW!

RANDY

Give it to me baby!

TANYA

In your dreams.

Satisfied with the successful social encounter, Tanya pulls a still bewildered Maddy out of the arcade.

EXT. SAINT CATHERINE STREET, MONTREAL - DUSK

Smitten, Maddy turns back to look at John.

TANYA

C'mon.

INT. MONTREAL TRUST PLACE - DAY

The girls ride the escalator down to the lower concourse.

Young women are lined up all around the perimeter. A runway has been set up in the atrium and banners advertise a mall sponsored "model search".

TANYA

Cool. We should try out!

MADDY

No thanks.

But Tanya pulls Maddy into the line and immediately starts checking her make-up in a compact.

TANYA

Maybe it's some big New York agency.  
Wouldn't you die if they wanted to whisk  
us off to Milan?

MADDY

No.

Tanya rolls her eyes and applies a thick layer of lip gloss.

TANYA

Want some?

Tanya shakes her head. As they wait in line Maddy surveys young girls of every size, nationality, and state of undress, each anxious to be the "New Face" the agency is looking for.

Finally, they arrive at the front of the line. A female ASSISTANT is taking digital photos while a male BOOKER watches the pictures come up on screen. The assistant motions to Tanya.

ASSISTANT  
In front of the backdrop please.

Tanya hands Maddy her purse. Maddy is intrigued by the camera and sneaks behind the booker to get a look at the screen.

Tanya does her best sexy pout. The assistant snaps the photo. The booker is nonplussed.

BOOKER  
Thank you.

TANYA  
That's it?

The booker nods. Deflated, Tanya reclaims her purse.

ASSISTANT  
(to Maddy)  
You next?

MADDY  
I guess...

Maddy gets into position in front of the backdrop.

She can see that the boys from the video arcade are watching from the mall's upper level. Randy holds up a pink plastic lawn ornament and points at her.

RANDY  
Stork!

MADDY  
(to herself)  
That's a flamingo idiot.

ASSISTANT  
Ready?

She narrows her eyes and focuses intently on the lens. The result on the computer screen is striking. The booker leans in and raises his eyebrow.

BOOKER  
Not bad.



Maddy comes around to take a look. The booker hands Maddy his card.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

Stop by the agency tomorrow. Ask for Yvette.

MADDY

Okay. Thanks.

Tanya, feigning disillusionment with the whole thing, shrugs.

TANYA

I wouldn't bother. It's probably a scam.

Maddy looks up, the group of boys have lost interest. But John is straining to see the screen which displays Maddy's photo.

He then looks at Maddy - the hostility gone, something strange and exciting in its place.

Tanya heads for the mall exit. Maddy looks down at the business card...

EST. GIOVANNI MODELLING AGENCY, OLD MONTREAL - DAY

... then up at the brass nameplate on the sandblasted brick building. She enters.

INT. GIOVANNI RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Inside, the ultra-modern light fixtures and furnishings are punctuated by the room's only artwork: an entire wall displaying stacks of model's comp cards.

Maddy is awestruck. She walks forward to examine the rows upon rows of impossibly beautiful women.

She reaches up to touch one of the cards just as receptionist interrupts her phone call:

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

MADDY

I'm supposed to ask for Yvette.

RECEPTIONIST

How old are you?

MADDY

Almost fifteen.

## RECEPTIONIST

Come back with your mother.

The receptionist returns to her call. Disappointed, Maddy lingers. When the receptionist isn't looking, she wanders through an open door into...

## INT. GIOVANNI BOOKING OFFICE - DAY

The booking office is dominated by an enormous circular desk with a large lazy-susan filing system at its center. Around the desk, six bookers are variously drinking coffee or talking into headsets.

One of the bookers, YVETTE, 36, (who we'll meet later in *Clear Blue*) is dressed in chic punk attire and screaming at a client:

## YVETTE

Well you booked her!

(pause)

Friday.

(pause)

Are you telling me she got cellulite over the weekend...

Maddy is about to leave when the booking agent from the mall recognizes her.

## BOOKER

Oh hey, come on in.

He gets up, puts his arm around her, and presents her to Yvette, who is still yelling into the phone.

## YVETTE

That's what airbrushing is for!

Yvette covers the mike on her headset.

## BOOKER

This is the one I told you about.

Yvette looks Maddy up and down, and whispers:

## YVETTE

How's your ass?

Maddy stands in confused silence.

YVETTE (CONT'D)  
 (into the phone)  
 Fine. We'll send you someone else. You'll  
 love her. She's...

With her finger, Yvette indicates for Maddy to turn around.  
 She does.

YVETTE (CONT'D)  
 (whispering to Maddy)  
 I've gotta see it, honey.

Unsure, Maddy unzips and lowers her jeans to reveal her  
 underwear... and a flawless, one-hundred-percent-gravity-  
 free, bottom.

YVETTE (CONT'D)  
 (into the phone)  
 ... perfect.

Yvette writes down an address on a sticky note and hands it  
 to Maddy.

YVETTE (CONT'D)  
 She's on her way.

Eyes wide, Maddy looks back at the booker.

BOOKER  
 Ask for Roger. He's a doll.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

INSERT ON: a bottle of fancy cellulite creme.

MADDY (O.S.)  
 Does it work?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Maddy, undressed from the waist down  
 except for a thong, holding the bottle while two MAKE-UP  
 ARTISTS apply body make-up to her derriere.

ROGER  
 Oh, who knows. I doubt it.

ROGER, early 50's, gay and a sweetheart, stands behind her  
 setting up his tripod.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
 (to the make-up artists)  
 That's good, thanks.

Maddy hands the bottle to one of the make-up artists and looks around.

Roger's studio is full of blow-ups of his non-commercial work: nudes of real women with real bodies.

MADDY  
Did you do all these?

ROGER  
For my sins. Yes...

Maddy focuses on one and eyes it critically.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Good. Now just move your fanny toward me a little bit... that's it.

She shifts and he starts snapping away.

MADDY  
Are they supposed to be ugly?

ROGER  
What do you think?

MADDY  
I can't tell... their skin looks wrinkly, but soft - like you want to touch it. How'd you do that?

ROGER  
Diffused light helps. See those skrimms there?... Put your weight a little more on your left foot... that's right. There.

Roger snaps a few final photos.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
And we're done.

MADDY  
Is it hard to be a photographer?

ROGER  
I don't know. A lot of it is just technical... take a look.

Maddy puts on a robe and walks over to the computer to look at some of the images.

ROGER (CONT'D)

This shadow here, for example? And see how these ones are a little over-exposed?

Fascinated, Maddy nods.

ROGER (CONT'D)

But mostly it's a matter of having an eye.

MADDY

But how do you know if you have an eye? Does somebody tell you? Is there a way to know? I mean, how can you tell if your pictures are any good, if you're any good?

Roger thinks about this for a moment.

ROGER

I don't know. But you do.

(pause)

You know.

INT. TANYA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Maddy holds a cheque for two thousand dollars in front of Tanya's face. Tanya screams.

TANYA

SHOPPING!

INT. THE EATONS CENTRE - DAY

MONTAGE: Maddy hits the department store under Tanya's enthusiastic tutelage.

- Maddy perches on a stool at the cosmetics counter while Tanya looks on. A white-coated WOMAN applies the final touches as Maddy looks at her face uncertainly.

- Talking a blue streak, Tanya forces hangers of low-rise jeans into a skeptical Maddy's arms.

- Maddy alone in her change room wearing lingerie and seeming to notice her adult body for the first time.

TANYA (O.S.)

Come out already.

MADDY

Just a second.

INT. EATONS CENTRE, MAIN CONCOURSE - DAY

Tanya strides toward another store while Maddy, in her new jeans, and weighted down with shopping bags, follows self-consciously behind.

Maddy bumps into a MAN in his twenties. He looks at her appreciatively. Maddy blushes, then carries herself a bit taller.

Before reaching the store she passes an electronics kiosk and freezes.

MADDY

Wait!

Tanya stops and makes a production of looking at her watch. Maddy squats and peers through the glass at the digital cameras.

MADDY (CONT'D)

How much for that one.

VENDOR

Three eighty-nine.

TANYA

Are you crazy?

MADDY

I'll take it.

Tanya shakes her head. For the first time that day, Maddy's eyes light up.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - NIGHT

The tables have been removed and the cafeteria is decorated in a spring theme, with giant construction paper grass blades and blossoming flowers.

TANYA

I don't see what's wrong with the one in your cell phone.

Maddy and Tanya arrive at the school dance wearing their new clothes.

Suddenly a group of girls rush to surround them. One of the girls has a magazine open to Maddy's cellulite ad.

INSERT on the ad: most of Maddy's body has been cropped out. What remains is a close up of Maddy's impossibly high, round butt cheek.

GIRL 1  
Is this it? Is this it?

Maddy nods.

GIRL 1 (CONT'D)  
Oh my God, will you sign it for me?

GIRL 2  
Turn around, let's see the real thing!

GIRL 3  
You know my mom uses this creme.

GIRL 4  
Come over by the stage. That's where  
we're all sitting.

Tanya winks at Maddy.

TANYA  
Yeah, c'mon Maddy, we're all sitting over  
by the stage.

But before they reach popular girl ground zero, John appears and the seas part.

To Maddy it seems to take forever, then suddenly he's there standing right in front of her. There is a long silence, and then:

JOHN  
Wanna dance?

TANYA  
(barely stifled scream)

MADDY  
Uh, sure, okay.

John leads Maddy out to the dance floor. He then faces her and stands there not saying anything.

Unsure, Maddy puts her arms around his neck. In response he clasps his behind her back and lets them slide down to her tailbone.

Even though the song is not particularly slow, they merely shuffle back and forth. She allows her head to rest on his shoulder.

She's wide-eyed and breathless. It's electric. But then the song ends and John just releases her and walks away, leaving Maddy stranded on the dance floor.

Her confusion disappears when she finds herself once again surrounded by the popular girls.

GIRL 2  
What did he say?

GIRL 1  
Are you guys, like, going out?

GIRL 4  
(to Tanya)  
Does she like him?

GIRL 3  
Oh my God, just tell me one thing... did he have a boner?

Tanya and Maddy make eye contact. They are both giddy with popularity.

INT. MADDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

At home the next day, Maddy is practicing her photography on JACOB, a year-old baby (who we'll meet later in *Blue Whales*). Still high from the dance, she starts moving around Jacob and snapping pictures like a high fashion photographer.

MADDY  
Give it to me Jakey!

After a few shots she's not satisfied and Jacob begins to fuss. Maddy's mom calls from downstairs.

MADDY'S MOM (O.S.)  
Madeline, Jacob's mom is here!

MADDY  
Just a minute!

Maddy gets up and pulls a sheer over her window, then comes back and looks through the viewfinder.

MADDY (CONT'D)  
That's better, eh Jakey?



As if on cue, Jacob smiles.

INT. TANYA'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Tanya is hosting a sleep over. She passes out diet soft drinks and snacks to four girls in pyjamas. Maddy has her new camera around her neck and is playing with the aperture.

GIRL 1

So I ask him: "what are gonna buy me if I do it?"

MADDY

And what'd he say?

GIRL 1

He says: "you should be paying me to let you, bitch!"

The girls laugh.

GIRL 1 (CONT'D)

(as an aside)

He got me a watch.

Even bigger laughter. Maddy is mildly disturbed. Partly to hide that fact, she gets up and starts walking around taking pictures. The girls respond as if it's the most natural thing in the world.

GIRL 4

That's nothing. Randy says Cindy Ferris takes it in the ass.

GIRL 1

That's disgusting.

GIRL 2

She's such a slut.

TANYA

What's Randy like anyway?

GIRL 2

Why, you wanna do him?

TANYA

Maybe.

GIRL 3

I heard his penis is crooked.

TANYA

No way! I've never seen a crooked penis.

MADDY

I've never seen a penis.

The conversation stops as every one looks to Maddy.

GIRL 4

Don't worry. You'll get your chance tomorrow night.

MADDY

Why? What's tomorrow?

GIRL 1

Party at Dormers... John'll be there.

CHORUS

Ewwwww!

To hide her blushing, Maddy lifts the camera and resumes taking photos.

INT. MADDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

In her bedroom Maddy downloads the pictures and looks at them on her computer.

They're candid and interesting: a real slice of modern teen life. She prints one out, pins it to her bulletin board and eyes it critically. She's not sure.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Maddy and Tanya arrive at Dormer's party. Immediately, Tanya sees one of the popular girls and rushes off to greet her.

Not knowing anyone else, Maddy starts walking around snapping photos. At first it appears to be a languorous affair, with its attendees either drunk or passed out. But slowly she discovers some signs of life.

THROUGH THE CAMERA'S VIEWFINDER we see her search and capture:

- A girl "bootie-popping" on the dance floor;
- A couple passionately making out in the middle of the room;
- A girl too drunk to notice that the guy beside her is cupping her boob;

- An actual pissing contest off a balcony;
- And finally, John approaching her with a beer in his hand and sex in his eyes.

He is inches away before she lowers the camera.

MADDY

Hi.

Without a word he takes her other hand and leads her up the stairs.

INT. HOUSE PARTY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dispensing with preliminaries he backs her against the wall and kisses her. Light-headed, she lets herself fall into it. For a moment it feels as if only their mouths exists. It's heaven.

Then suddenly he's guiding her to the bed. Clumsily, he sits on the edge of the bed, forcing her to her knees on the floor.

It takes her a moment to realize that the kissing is over and he's lying back on the bed. She doesn't understand.

And then she does.

MADDY

Oh.

Tentatively she unzips his pants. He closes his eyes.

She pulls down his jeans, reaches into the opening of his underwear, and pulls out his penis.

Somehow it's not what she was expecting. She looks at John for reassurance but finds that he's passed out.

Tentatively, she touches it. She checks to see if there's a response from John. He begins to snore.

Then her artistic impulse kicks in. She gets out her camera and begins snapping photos.

Suddenly John wakes up, sees the camera and grabs for his underwear.

JOHN

What the fuck are you doing?

MADDY  
I'm sorry, you fell asleep...

But when he makes a drunken swing for her camera, her eyes narrow in fear. She begins backing away. John slowly approaches.

JOHN  
Give it to me.

She shakes her head. She reaches the corner of the room.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Give it to me, stork.

With that she drops the camera out the open window. John raises his fist. Maddy winces but John stops as his addled brain struggles with a decision.

He goes for the door. A split second later Maddy is out the window.

EXT. TRELIS - NIGHT

Maddy easily descends the trellis under the window, scoops up the camera and runs.

A moment later John arrives to find both the camera and Maddy gone.

JOHN  
Bitch!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Except for a stray flower here and there, the decorations have been removed and the tables set up.

Maddy enters. The popular girls look at her and whisper but they don't rush over as before.

Tanya walks by with her tray and Maddy corners her.

MADDY  
What's going on?

TANYA  
Why didn't you tell me?

MADDY  
What?

TANYA

We could have found a way to spin it. But now it's too late.

MADDY

Spin what? What are you talking about?

Tanya looks over her shoulder at the popular group.

TANYA

I'm sorry. There's nothing I can do.

Tanya runs off to secure the social status only recently gained because of Maddy.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Still confused, Maddy walks down the hall. There are whispers on all sides. When she gets to her locker she understands.

INSERT: Taped to her locker is the cellulite cream ad featuring her bum with a penis inserted in magic marker.

She rips it down and spins around only to realize that there are copies plastered all over the hall. Helpless, she runs out of the building.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

In tears she immediately turns on her computer, plugs in her camera, and downloads a picture of John's flaccid penis.

She enlarges it, copies it to an email, and prepares a contact list that includes the entire student body.

As her finger hovers over the send button, she's distracted by one of the photos taken at the party that she'd printed and pinned to her bulletin board.

Her eyes then wander to the one beside it, and the one above that. It's a collage capturing all the rich and confusing exuberance of teen sexuality.

After a moment she smiles.

Suddenly she stands, unpins all the photos (there's about a dozen), shoves them into an envelope, and rushes out of the room.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

Maddy sits in front of a desk waiting anxiously for a reaction. It's Roger. And she's at his studio.

He flips through to the last photo, looks up at Maddy... and smiles.

CUT TO: an ECU of Maddy's eye. Then to another MONTAGE of ECUs of various women's eyes, ears, noses, mouths, and fingers. Again, the cutting accelerates and slows until we land on a woman's ear.

FADE TO BLUE

TITLE CARD: BLUE WHALES

FADE IN:

... on the same ear. Pierced but without an earring. A hand brushes a stray hair behind it. We're in a:

INT. FAMILY ROOM/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Cut between the ear and POV images of a home:

- JACOB (*the same baby we met in Blueprint*) sits in his high-chair SOBBING. His face encrusted with food, and the plastic tray in front of him a battlefield of slain carrots and peas.

- His high-chair is parked in the middle of a once tastefully-decorated home now littered with toys and showing signs of wear. The WHIRRING of a blender can be heard from the kitchen.

- ERIC, 35, sits on the sofa watching a news program on television. He responds to the cacophony by turning up the volume.

- In the corner a music stand with a box of baby wipes on it. A dusty violin case leans against the wall.

The blender stops and We PULL BACK TO REVEAL that the ear belongs to JESS, 27. Dressed in a dirty bathrobe, she approaches Jacob with a dish of puree and a spoon.

Glancing at her husband, she SCREECHES a dining chair next to Jacob and sits. As she spoon-feeds the puree into her son's mouth, he is somewhat soothed.

Interpreting his wife's glance as criticism, Eric gets up from the couch and starts clearing the table of the detritus from dinner.

The dishes CLAP and CLANG as he stacks and carries them to the kitchen and begins loading the dishwasher.

Jess glances at the television which is showing helicopter footage of an enormous whale surfacing in shallow water.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

... but one lone female has resisted  
Coast Guard efforts to direct her toward  
open water and continues to swim toward  
shore...

While she is distracted Jacob throws-up on her bathrobe.

Disgusted, she stands and removes it, revealing "Granny" panties and a too-big, worn nursing brassiere.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Eric presses the button to start the dishwasher just as Jess enters the kitchen with the bathrobe slung over her arm.

She stops short. There is a silent exchange in which Eric looks at the sorry state of her underwear and raises an eyebrow, forcing Jess to become self-conscious and smile.

Eric's expression transforms into one of real desire. Jess's smile drops.

Just as Eric moves toward her, the DISHWASHER kicks in and eye contact is broken. Jess looks down and walks past Eric toward the laundry room.

Eric moves to follow her but Jacob continues crying.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Jess turns the dial on the washer and stares into the distance. Suddenly the air fills with the sound of SWISHING water.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Close-up of the television broadcasting an image of the whale clearly in distress. She is surrounded by small boats filled with noisy but well-meaning would-be rescuers.

REPORTER (V.O.)

... but bewildered and injured and now  
seemingly incapable of finding her own  
way back out to sea, prospects for the  
whale look increasingly bleak.

EXPERT (V.O.)

We can't intervene while the animal is still free swimming, I know that many people are worried that nothing appears to be being done for the whale but unfortunately while it's still free swimming we can't just leap in and grab the animal for a number of reasons...

Off-screen the phone RINGS. Eric answers it.

ERIC

Hello?

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jess is giving Jacob a bath. As he splashes around she can hear Eric through the open door.

ERIC (O.S.)

Can't you handle it?... No... No...

(sigh)

Alright I can be there in about twenty minutes.

Annoyed, Jess focuses on Jacob.

Jacob is playing with a toy submarine making loud engine sounds. Overstimulated, Jess tunes out by staring at the toy.

CUT TO: the submarine's eye view as it is submerged. The muted underwater tones are a welcome respite from the surface world but it is short lived:

JACOB

Mommy bath!

Jess snaps out of her reverie, releases the plug, and lifts Jacob to a standing position.

JESS

No sweetheart.

JACOB

Yes!

JESS

Mommy doesn't need a bath honey.

JACOB

Yes! Mommy bath.



Jess wraps a towel around Jacob and carries him out of the tub.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
NOOOOOOOOOO!

JESS  
C'mon sweetie, put your PJs on and mommy will read you your animal book.

JACOB  
Amimules!

As Jacob sings to himself about "animules" Jess towel-dries him and puts his pyjamas on. Eric is calling from the doorway:

ERIC (O.S.)  
Jessy?... Jess?

Jess holds Jacob close and is silent.

ERIC (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I'm leaving!

A beat, some annoyed muttering, and the door SLAMS. Jess releases Jacob who happily begins singing again.

JESS  
C'mon sweetie.

INT. JACOB'S ROOM - NIGHT

The television continues to BLARE as Jess enters Jacob's room holding his hand. She directs him toward the bed.

She closes the door and the television becomes muted. Jacob climbs under the covers.

JACOB  
Amimules! Amimules!

JESS  
Shhhh. Okay.

With a night-light providing the only illumination Jess walks slowly to Jacob's book case, scanning the shelf with her finger until it stops at a children's book about mammals. She pulls it out.

JACOB  
(incoherent babbling)

JESS

Okay Jake, you have to be quiet now.

Jess lies beside Jacob on the bed and opens the book. She turns the page to large picture of a Blue Whale. For a moment she is affected by the beauty of the image.

JACOB

Mommy, go!

JESS

Okay. Shhhh.

(reading)

The blue whale is the largest animal that has ever existed on earth. Bigger than the biggest dinosaur...

Bored, Jacob tries to turn the pages to find a different animal.

JESS (CONT'D)

Wait Jake. Wait.

To quiet him she pulls him close and pets his hair.

JESS (CONT'D)

Its tongue weighs as much as an elephant. Its heart is as big as a car. Its tail has the wingspan of a small plane.

Fascinated, Jess stops to share the moment with Jacob but his eyes have closed. Jess continues to stare at the illustration, tracing the outline of the whale with her finger.

Sounds of a whale song can be heard faintly.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

In bed beside Eric, Jess has a dream about whales:

Grainy close-ups of whales - the massive back, the sensual tail, merge into close-ups of female bodies - the breast, the stomach, the backside.

Shots of Jess touching her body in her sleep are intercut with grainy shots of a female hand caressing what appears to be slippery smooth whale skin.

Throughout, a beautiful whale song can be heard.

Aroused, Jess turns to Eric. Awakened by her touch he is hopeful and willing. Caressing her arm, he follows its length down between her legs. Suddenly the ALARM goes off.

Jess's eyes open. Eric quickly reaches to the night stand to turn the alarm off. In doing so, he knocks a glass to the floor which SHATTERS. She sits up.

JESS

Wha? Jay?

ERIC

No, it's okay, it's okay... he's asleep.

He coaxes her back to the mattress. They look at each other.

Across the hall, Jacob begins to CRY, while outside a GARBAGE TRUCK roars to a stop, followed by the SMASH-THUD of refuse being thrown into its gaping maw.

Eric moves to kiss her but Jess turns away, covering her ears. Rejected once again, Eric gets out of bed and dresses in silence.

Jacob's cries turn to SCREAMS. Eric ignores them. Frustrated, Jess throws off the covers and heads for his room.

INT. CAR - DAY

The RADIO is on. Jacob is holding his sippy cup and babbling incoherently. Jess is driving, but glances at him through the rear-view mirror and smiles.

Suddenly the song on the radio changes to some METAL BAND. Jess pounces on the button. Each station's song or banter is more insipid than the next until Jess finds a news report about the beached whale.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

-- whale in shallow waters off the coast of Temiscamagne. The animal survived the night but when asked about her prospects for survival officials sound grim--

Jacob drops his sippy cup.

JACOB

Jus! Jus!

JESS

It's okay sweetie. Don't worry. Don't worry sweetie.

Jess reaches behind her for the fallen cup.

I/E. CAR/CURB - DAY

Jess parks on the street in front of Maddy's house. She turns off the IGNITION then looks out the window as Maddy walks toward the car.

JESS

Oh thank God. You're ready.

Jess gets out and starts retrieving Jacob's multifarious belongings.

JESS (CONT'D)

I'm late.

(beat)

I have a dentist's appointment.

MADDY

You're late.

(beat)

I was just about to call--

JESS (CONT'D)

You won't believe my morning. We lost his Grover socks and spilt grape juice all over his new white T-shirt and he refused to eat so I'll warn you he's grouchy but I packed some cheerios so you can see if that'll work--

Maddy unbuckles Jacob from the car seat and swings him onto her hip.

MADDY

The dentist huh. That's no fun.

Jess has a brief moment of lucidity.

JESS

You look different.

Maddy smiles shyly.

MADDY

Yeah.

But Jess is already back in the car. The CAR RADIO comes on. Adjusting the many bags of gear, Maddy smiles and holds Jacob's tiny arm up to wave.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Say good-bye to Mommy, Jake!

JESS

Bub-bye sweetie. Bub-bye!

Jess holds her arm out the window to wave as she pulls out onto the road.

Just then a speeding car SWOOSHES past nearly side-swiping her. The driver lays on the HORN but doesn't slow down.

Jess looks back at Maddy who still has her mouth open in fear.

Smiling bravely, Jess drives forward at a snail's pace.

INT. CAR - DAY

As soon as she turns the corner out of view, Jess pulls into a parking lot. She is breathing heavily. She looks at her face in the rearview mirror. Feeling defeated, she turns off the radio.

In the silence she notices that the sign in front of her parking space reads: REDFERN NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM PARKING ONLY.

She turns off the ignition and gets out of the car.

INT. REDFERN NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM - DAY

Jess wanders the empty museum not knowing what she is looking for but enjoying the peaceful atmosphere.

She passes a giant tortoise skeleton, the mounted open jaw of a great white shark, and a display case full of quartz.

On the wall, a sign reads: THE BLUE PLANET, AUDITORIUM 1 PM. Her interest is piqued and she follows the arrow.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Inside the empty theatre everything is black except for the film being projected on the wall.

Whale songs play on the soundtrack as a comforting male voice fills the room:

NARRATOR

The rhyming patterns and sophisticated melodies of their songs are a sign that these creatures of the deep possess great intelligence.

Irresistibly drawn to the projected image of a blue whale, Jess approaches the screen.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Social animals, it is believed that whales once sung to each other across entire oceans. Unfortunately, during the modern era, the noise from human sea traffic has reduced this distance to a mere hundred kilometers--

Jess touches the screen as her eyes well with tears.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

-- Such is the lonely fate of the modern whale.

The whale songs stop abruptly as we cut to:

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Jess enters to find Eric on the floor playing with Jacob. The TELEVISION is blaring and Jacob is banging on a toy that emits various LOUD ANIMAL SOUNDS. Eric looks up.

ERIC

Where've you been?

Jess lowers her face and drops her keys into a bowl by the entrance.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Did you hear me?

JESS

Nowhere.

ERIC

The dentist called.

Keeping her head down, she escapes down the hall.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Where're you going?

Silence.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Jess?

JESS (O.S.)

I'm taking a bath.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Like a fugitive Jess closes the door and leans against it. She then dives to the tub faucet and runs the water.

Crying now, she begins taking off her clothes. She catches sight of herself in the mirror and turns away.

The water is hot and Jess's feet sting when she first places them in. She shifts from foot to foot until she judges it safe to begin the slow process of submerging.

The heat relaxes each part of her body in turn. Finally Jess closes her eyes and lets herself sink entirely below the water.

In the quiet of the underwater space, the dream/film images and whale songs return.

Intercut with these sounds and images are Jess's face and hands as she begins exploring her body.

Delighting in the smooth texture of her wet skin, she discovers the space between her toes, the arch of her foot, her curve of her calves, the soft skin behind her knees, her thighs, hip bone, cesarian scar, belly button, ribs and breasts.

As one hand finds her nipple, the other reverses direction, sinking down to the dark triangle between her legs.

She begins to masturbate.

At first the pleasure surprises her and she almost laughs from relief. But determination takes over and she begins to concentrate.

The bathtub is too small and she strains to find a foot hold against which to press.

Flash to the image of a humpback whale, suspended, head-down and motionless, its song growing louder and more plaintive.

Its melody and her body, both rising and falling and building to climax... when Eric enters the bathroom.

The whale song stops and the room is flooded with a domestic cacophony.

The sight of Jess satisfying herself makes Eric angry and hurt. He SLAMS the door.

Physically and emotionally frustrated, Jess splashes to her feet, grabs a bath robe and stalks him to the family room.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Jacob is in his play pen and Eric is already sulking in front of the TV. Jess is defiant.

JESS

Can't I have even ten minutes to myself?  
Seriously, is that too much to ask?

ERIC

Take all the time in the world.

JESS

So let me get this straight, you're angry  
at me?

Silence.

JESS (CONT'D)

What the fuck is your problem?

Eric's eyes flash.

ERIC

You know very well what my problem is.

Stubbornly, he picks up the television remote.

JESS

So I can't ever... I'm not allowed to...

ERIC

It's been two months. And three months  
before that.

JACOB

Tree moths!

They both look at Jacob, then at each other.

JESS

Look... I know. It's been a while...

ERIC

(derisive laugh)

JESS

I'm sorry.



Stone-faced he begins flipping through the channels. Jess becomes emotional.

JESS (CONT'D)

Look I'm tired. I'm pulled in a million directions. I can't... think.

ERIC

You don't have to explain.

JESS

But I want to. I want to.

ERIC

You don't want to! You never want to!  
That's your whole problem!

He changes the channel again. Jess has reached her limit.

JESS

NO! That's not it!

Jacob, sensing the discord starts to HOWL.

JESS (CONT'D)

Dammit Eric, you're not even listening to me!!

Eric can't hear over the din.

ERIC

What?!

She grabs the remote from his hand.

JESS

See!

But Eric has accidentally stopped on a channel that is airing a follow up news report about the renegade whale.

Jess catches sight of the terrible image and freezes. Even Jacob senses the moment and goes silent.

Eric follows her gaze to the television where helicopter footage reveals a pathetic sight: the giant whale has beached herself.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

-- at approximately 3 o'clock this morning. Volunteers spent the night dousing the whale with water but to no avail.

JESS  
 (quietly)  
 No.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER  
 Without hope of saving her, bystanders  
 can only watch as the beautiful animal  
 slowly dies.

JESS  
 No. No. No. No! Noooooooooooo!

Jess sinks to the ground in sobs. Eric is momentarily stunned  
 by the level of her distress.

ERIC  
 Jesus.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 ... Coast guard officials remain at a  
 loss to explain her behavior.

Eric turns the television off and takes Jess in his arms. She  
 is crying uncontrollably.

ERIC  
 Shhhhh. What's the matter? What is it?  
 Shhhhh. It's okay. You can tell me.

JESS  
 (through sobs)  
 ... the whales...

ERIC  
 I know, it's sad.

JESS  
 (through sobs)  
 They sing... to each other... did you  
 know that?

Eric is nodding, really straining to understand.

JESS (CONT'D)  
 But now... with all the boats...

Looking at him listening so intently, she suddenly stops  
 crying and wipes her nose. She has an idea.

I/E. CAR - NIGHT

From the passenger seat Eric watches through the window as  
 Jess calmly hands Jacob to Maddy and walks back to the car.

The radio is off. Crickets can be heard amid the light night traffic.

ERIC  
Where are we going?

Jess just smiles and starts the car.

EXT. SOUND STUDIO OFFICE - NIGHT

When they enter the studio, Mike (who we'll meet in *Clear Blue*) is behind a desk talking on the phone.

MIKE  
I'm sure she doesn't hate kids.  
(pause)  
... well who else can we ask? Hold on a second.

Mike puts his hand over the mouthpiece and hands Jess the keys.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
(to Jess)  
Long time no see.

JESS  
I owe you one.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT

Jess opens the door and turns on the lights of the studio then steps aside for Eric to enter.

Eric opens his mouth to speak but Jess puts her finger to his lips, ushers him into a sound proof room, then leaves.

Eric stands alone in the silent room.

When the door SQUEAKS open again he jumps. So does Jess, who listens for movement outside the door.

Satisfied, she shows Eric the two lavalier microphones and two sets of ear-pieces in her hands. She reaches for Eric's neck. Instinctively he pulls away.

Jess shows him the lavalier which has tape on it. He smiles apologetically and allows her to tape the microphone to his collarbone. She then secures one to her own.

She hands him a set of ear-pieces then takes one for herself.

They put their ear-pieces in and, together, listen to the only sound in the room - the sound of their own BREATHING.

They lock eyes. Soon their BREATHING QUICKENS and becomes sexual. Jess's eyes well with tears.

She reaches out and touches the soft skin behind his ear. Then traces down his neck to his Adam's apple and the hollow beneath.

With her other hand she begins unbuttoning his shirt. Eric's BREATH CATCHES THEN INTENSIFIES.

Her fingers continue down his chest to his heart, where she pauses. She presses her ear against his chest to hear the BEATING OF HIS HEART.

She smiles and looks up, holding his gaze. She finds evidence of love there. And when he leans in to kiss her, this time she eagerly responds.

Now the sound of their breathing blends with the gentle BUSSING of their lips, the dull THUMP of clothes landing on the floor, and the soft SNAP of underwear coming off.

As their hands explore each other's bodies, their breathing is supplemented by MOANS. Penetration forces the moaning into open-mouthed SIGHS.

Together Eric and Jess find a rhythm, their bodies pulsing in movements that recall the powerful grace of whales.

As they approach climax, their sighing rises in pitch and in volume, mimicking and now blending with WHALE SONGS.

A STOCK IMAGE of two blue whales powerfully surfacing and submerging. Their sensual tails rising then sinking deeper and deeper into the dark.

At the point of orgasm, Jess CRIES OUT and a SINGLE WHALE SONG is sustained as we...

CUT TO: an ECU of Jess's ear. Then to another MONTAGE of ECUs of various women's eyes, ears, noses, mouths, and fingers. Again, the cutting accelerates and slows until we land on a woman's nose.

FADE TO BLUE.

TITLE CARD: CLEAR BLUE

FADE IN:

... on the same nose. A modest nose ring in the left nostril rises as it sniffs the air. We're in the...

INT. ROYAL VIC WOMEN'S PAVILION - DAY

Cut between the nose and POV shots of the building's interior:

- a narrow tube-like ramp with a grime-covered hand rail leads to a small landing.
- the landing contains the entrance to a stairwell and a single elevator door. The walls are dirty and moist.
- Beside the elevator is a large exposed pipe. The sound of flushing can be heard, followed by great quantities of heavy liquid sloshing through the pipe.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL that the nose belongs to: LAURA, 34. Looking at the pipe she wrinkles it in disgust.

LAURA

Nice.

Dressed in jeans and a concert tee over a long-sleeve T-shirt, and sporting a boyish haircut. She presses the elevator button, leans against the wall, then thinks better of it.

A WOMAN arrives and waits beside her. The woman smiles and the elevator arrives.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

They get on and Laura notices for the first time that the woman is pregnant.

She stares at the woman's swollen belly until the woman gets uncomfortable.

LAURA

I'm sorry. It's just the weirdest thing, I'm going to be an egg donor. For my cousin. And it's like ever since she asked me I see pregnant people everywhere.

The woman smiles politely.

LAURA (CONT'D)

See I don't like children.

The woman's smile falters and she touches her belly protectively.

LAURA (CONT'D)

No! I just mean maybe that's why I never noticed before. Cuz you guys must have been around right?

The woman manages to smile reassuringly, but when the elevator stops at her floor she can't get out fast enough.

INT. RECEPTION DESK/WAITING ROOM - DAY

Determined to make a better impression, Laura gets out at the next floor and walks to the reception desk. The young RECEPTIONIST is holding a phone to her ear but she appears to be on hold.

LAURA

Hi I have an appointment with Doctor--

The receptionist cuts her off by pointing to a hook which supports a stack of plasticized numbers. Laura takes one then notices that according to the digital display her number is up.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Sorry, but it already says twenty-five--

The receptionist now cuts her off by pointing to the waiting room. Laura gives up and turns around. The room is depressing and crowded.

Laura surveys the sad looking magazine selection. Before she can get to it, a MOUSY WOMAN grabs the only guilty pleasure gossip rag. Desperate, she takes a brochure on osteoporosis and sits down.

She is the only single person in the room but there is a couple representing nearly every ethnicity. Proving the adage from Tolstoy, they each look unhappy in their own way.

One couple has a little boy. He tries to entertain himself with an activity book by his mother's feet. Laura notices that none of the other couples look at him.

The atmosphere is tense. The receptionist calls her number.

RECEPTIONIST

Twenty-five.

Laura jumps to her feet and rushes to the desk.

LAURA

Hello again. I have an appointment with  
Doc--

But the receptionist, now preoccupied with sending a fax,  
just points down the long hallway. Unsure, Laura walks  
tentatively in the direction indicated by her finger.

INT. SECOND WAITING ROOM - DAY

At the end of the hallway, Laura arrives at a second waiting  
room which is as crowded and depressing as the first.

LAURA

You've got to be kidding me.

THERESE (O.S.)

Are you Laura?

Laura turns around to find THERESE, a zaftig middle-aged  
woman (who we'll meet later in *Bleu Nuit*), holding a file.

THERESE (CONT'D)

I'm Therese, director of the egg donor  
program. We spoke on the phone.

LAURA

Oh right. Hi.

THERESE

I've got your file. Follow me.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

THERESE

Have a seat.

Therese indicates for Laura to sit in one of two mismatched  
chairs next to a small desk in front of the examination  
table. She sits in the other one.

Over the desk is a large poster of the female reproductive  
system. Laura inhales.

LAURA

Mmmm, hospital smell.

THERESE

The scary thing is, I don't even notice  
it anymore.

This seems to strike a chord somewhere and she looks wistful  
for a moment. Then she shakes it off and opens Laura's file.

THERESE (CONT'D)

So you're Keri's cousin... on her mother's side.

LAURA

That's right.

THERESE

It says here you don't have any children. And no previous pregnancies.

LAURA

No. Kids aren't part of the plan.

THERESE

Well, as I'm sure your cousin has told you, when it *is*, and you can't make it happen, no matter how hard you try... it can be devastating. It's a very generous thing you're doing.

LAURA

Oh, I don't know. It's kinda cool for me too. I get to see how a kid of mine would turn out -- and all without the daily grind of making sure he doesn't turn into a serial killer.

But Therese doesn't deliver the expected laugh.

THERESE

So you think it'll be a boy?

LAURA

No. I mean I never really...

THERESE

Anyway, you'll be seeing Dr. Sun with Keri and Mike, but we like to schedule a private appointment with the donor to make sure you're comfortable with the procedure, as well as to answer any questions you might have.

LAURA

I read all the material you sent me and I do have one question. More of clarification really.

THERESE

What's that?

Laura uses the poster to illustrate.



LAURA

Someone's gonna stick a long metal needle through the wall of my vagina, aim it at my ovaries and suck out my eggs?

THERESE

Actually they suck out the follicles that contain your eggs, but basically, yes.

LAURA

(raising her eyebrows)  
Okay then.

THERESE

Good. Well, I seem to have all your paperwork... the psychologist's report is here and everything seems fine...

Laura is still looking at the poster.

LAURA

You sure about that?

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

KERI, 42, a well-dressed bank executive, and MIKE (who we recognize as the sound engineer from *Blue Whales*) sit beside Laura across from DR. SUN, a tiny Korean man dwarfed by his immense desk and giant computer screen.

He talks very fast, clicking on various pages from the clinic's website which illustrate his point, while never taking his eyes from the screen.

DR. SUN

Clinical pregnancy rate mean pregnancy last twelve weeks or more. Clinical pregnancy rate for woman over forty here - look - 30 percent. Very good rate. Very good rate over forty. But Keri three IVF already and no good. Now see...

He clicks to a different chart. Keri swallows. Laura notices.

DR. SUN (CONT'D)

... when Laura egg fertilized by Mike sperm...

Mike and Laura look awkwardly at each other.

DR. SUN (CONT'D)

... suddenly - look - 65 percent success rate. Very optimistic. Very optimistic.

Keri unconsciously puts her arm around Mike. Dr. Sun finally looks up from his computer.

DR. SUN (CONT'D)

So good. All set. We get you pregnant.

Keri is first to rise. She's all sugary sweetness.

KERI

That would be nice wouldn't it. We certainly believe in you. Thank you for everything Dr. Sun.

As Dr. Sun nods at Keri his phone RINGS. He answers it immediately.

DR. SUN

Hello?

Keri and Mike start to leave. Laura isn't sure what to do. Dr. Sun becomes absorbed in his conversation.

DR. SUN (CONT'D)

Why?... What Dr. Rowan say?

LAURA

Okay, uh, I guess... thanks.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Laura catches up to Keri and Mike who are halfway down the hall.

KERI

God I hate that man.

LAURA

Not big on eye contact is he? Why do you stay with him?

KERI

He has the best success rates in the country.

Mike heads for the elevator. Laura grabs Keri's arm.

LAURA

You seem a little weirded out. Are you sure you're comfortable with all this?

Keri's eyes fill with tears.

KERI

I'm sorry Laur. It's not you. I'm so unbelievably grateful. But sometimes...

She fights to keep it together and eventually succeeds.

KERI (CONT'D)

It's just not what I dreamed of as a little girl, you know. But hey. It's an option. Our best option. Right?

Laura struggles to match Keri's forced optimism.

LAURA

Right.

INT. PLATEAU CONDO - NIGHT

Laura is in her spacious, and comfortably messy, open concept condo staring at the pile of fertility drugs laid out on the kitchen table. She's holding her top up to expose her tummy.

Her free-spirited partner YVETTE (who we recognize as the modeling agent from *Blueprint*) is in a T-shirt and underwear happily drawing back the plunger on one of syringes.

YVETTE

Is the alcohol dry?

LAURA

Wait wait wait wait! I'm not ready.

YVETTE

You're such a pussy.

LAURA

Not everybody's a recovering drug addict.

YVETTE

Not everybody's a pussy.

She pinches a bit of Laura's tummy fat and sticks the needle in. Laura closes her eyes as Yvette begins slowly pressing on the plunger.

LAURA

I had no idea it was so much work to have a kid.

YVETTE

You mean be an egg donor. Let's not get confused about what's happening here.

LAURA

I'm not. But you have no idea Vette. This whole getting pregnant thing, it's like this whole sub-culture I didn't even know existed.

YVETTE

Roxanne and Beth had to go through this to get Sacha.

LAURA

Seriously?

YVETTE

And a couple of my models were donors. They bring in the big bucks I tell you.

Yvette pulls the needle out and hands Laura a cotton ball.

LAURA

I thought donors weren't allowed to get paid.

Laura presses the cotton ball to the spot where the needle went in.

YVETTE

One did it in the States, I think, and the other one was under the table.

LAURA

Wow. I'm getting robbed.

Yvette lovingly caps the syringe and puts it in the medical refuse container. She then picks up the used alcohol swab and puts it under her nose.

YVETTE

Is it sick that this stuff still totally turns me on.

LAURA

I don't know. Should I be worried?

Yvette raises an eyebrow, presses Laura into the table and starts unbuckling her belt.

YVETTE

Yes.

They kiss as Laura steps out of her jeans, hops up onto the table and lifts Yvette's top over her head revealing her pulchritudinous breasts.

Suddenly Yvette pushes Laura flat onto the table sending vials of medication flying. She climbs on top of Laura and playfully brushes the rest of the vials aside.

Laura grabs Yvette's shoulder blade and flips their positions. She then reaches down to remove Yvette's underwear.

LAURA

You know what turns me on?

Yvette's eyes close. Laura brings her finger back and wipes the skin under Yvette's nose. Yvette opens her eyes.

LAURA (CONT'D)

You.

They kiss.

INT. ULTRASOUND ROOM - CAY

Laura lies pant-less in a dark room with a sheet over her torso, her stocking feet shifting uncomfortably in the stirrups.

RESIDENT 1, a doctor she's never met, enters and proceeds briskly to the ultrasound machine.

Laura smiles at him between her knees.

LAURA

Nice to meet you.

RESIDENT 1

(nods perfunctorily)

How are you?

Laura leans back and rolls her eyes as he glops goo on the condom-covered wand.

LAURA

Never better.

RESIDENT 1

This will be cold.

Laura flinches as the resident inserts the wand into her vagina. He then begins using the mouse to draw dotted lines across black blobs on the monitor.

Laura takes a deep breath and focuses on the ceiling.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Laura comes out of the ultrasound room fully dressed. Keri is sitting in the waiting room. She rushes to Laura's side.

KERI  
How'd it go?

LAURA  
Great. Dr. Personality says my lining is thickening and I have four juicy follicles.

Keri can't hide her disappointment.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
What? Is that bad?

KERI  
No, no... we hoped for more. But hey, four is four right?

LAURA  
Seriously, how many are you supposed to have?

INT. PLATEAU CONDO - DAY

A new bag of meds is spread out on the table. Yvette is holding a syringe and reading a sheet of instructions.

YVETTE  
They doubled your medication?

LAURA  
Apparently I'm responding like a perimenopausal woman. Is it ready?

YVETTE  
Relax. It's not the end of the world. You're doing this as a favor remember?

She hands Laura the syringe.

LAURA  
I know. But I feel like some kind of freak or something. There are women who get 20 follicles or more.

She squints as she pinches her skin and gets ready to inject.

YVETTE  
Want me to do it?

LAURA

No, it's okay. I've got to learn.

Frustrated, Yvette lights up a cigarette. Laura sniffs the air and opens her eyes.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Do you mind?

YVETTE

I smoke remember.

LAURA

This is a sterile environment!

YVETTE

I'll say.

Yvette takes her cigarette and leaves. Laura stabs the syringe.

INT. ULTRASOUND ROOM - DAY

RESIDENT 2 enters full of good cheer.

RESIDENT 2

And how are you this fine morning?

He snaps on surgical gloves.

LAURA

Well, I'm a lesbian. So naturally I enjoy showing strange men my vagina.

Laughing, he quickly scans her file.

RESIDENT 2

Let's cheer you up and find some more follicles shall we?

On goes the goup and in goes the wand. He points to the monitor.

RESIDENT 2 (CONT'D)

See how thick this is? Your endometrium is looking fabulous.

LAURA

Well, I don't like to brag but...

RESIDENT 2

And look at this: Follicles at 17, 16 and 14 and two little new ones at 9 and 10!

LAURA

Yay!

RESIDENT 2

Now let's try the right side: 15 and one more at ten and a half. That's three more than last time.

LAURA

So what does that mean?

He removes the wand and offers Laura some sanitary wipes.

RESIDENT 2

It means you'll take your HCG shot tonight which will force you to ovulate in 36 hours and your collection will be the day after tomorrow.

As Laura gets off the table and starts getting dressed, she's unexpectedly emotional.

LAURA

Will the smaller ones have time to catch up by then?

RESIDENT 2

I've seen it happen.

He touches her shoulder.

RESIDENT 2 (CONT'D)

Don't worry. Everything's going to be okay.

She nods, fighting back tears. As soon as he leaves she starts to cry.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE, SAINT LAURENT STREET - DAY

At the trendy eatery, Laura has just finished telling Mike and Keri the news. They turn excitedly to one another.

KERI

Oh my God!

MIKE

I'd love it if we had twins.

KERI

Oh yeah? You carry them then.

(adding in her head)

So if it works we'd be due in... April.



LAURA  
... twins?

KERI  
God, I haven't let myself calculate a due date in so long.

LAURA  
I really hope it works for you guys.

KERI  
Thank you Laur. I don't know how we'll ever thank you.

Laura smiles. But Keri immediately turns back to Mike.

MIKE  
I always liked Adam.

KERI  
I thought we agreed on Noah.

MIKE  
I am not naming my kid Noah.

KERI  
Better hope it's a girl then.

As the conversation continues without her, Laura notices a bee buzzing around the fresh lilacs in the center of the table.

As it flies off, she leans forward to breathe in the scent.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

It's the day of the retrieval and Laura, in full hospital gear (gown, cap, booties), is on a gurney being wheeled to into the operating room by a NURSE.

NURSE  
Now I'm going to ask you to lift yourself onto the table and into the stirrups without touching this sterile area right here. Ready? One, two, three, go.

The nurse helps her onto the table and into the stirrups then starts attaching the IV. RESIDENT 3 enters.

RESIDENT 3  
(to nurse)  
Is the embryologist here yet?

NURSE

I just saw her in the hall, she's on her way.

Laura addresses the doctor through her knees.

LAURA

I thought Dr. Sun would be doing my collection.

RESIDENT 3

Dr. Sun doesn't do collections. I'm Dr. Pasternak.

LAURA

Oh. Great. The more the merrier.

He begins to prep the area for the procedure.

NURSE

The embryologist is ready doctor.

RESIDENT 3

Okay let's begin. First I'll give you the local. You'll feel the needle go in.

The camera is close on Laura's face. It hurts.

RESIDENT 3 (CONT'D)

Okay now I'm going to insert the catheter and we'll start the collection.

Laura steels herself to endure the uncomfortable procedure. Inhaling through her nose and exhaling through her mouth. On an inhale she suddenly smells something. Her eyes move around the room to locate the source. They land on the nurse's gloved hand.

The nurse notices and grabs Laura's hand and squeezes. Laura's eyes tear up.

LAURA

Latex...

RESIDENT 3

Okay.

(beat)

We're done.

The embryologist comes into the room.

LAURA

How did it go?

EMBRYOLOGIST (O.S.)

Well, we retrieved three eggs.

LAURA

But I thought there were seven follicles.  
Why were there only three eggs?

EMBRYOLOGIST

Two of the follicles didn't contain eggs  
and one wasn't mature.

LAURA

Is that normal?

EMBRYOLOGIST

It happens. But don't focus on the  
negative, the three we managed to  
retrieve look good. Have a look.

Laura looks over at the monitor. Resident 3 is taking off his gloves.

RESIDENT 3

It only takes one egg to make a baby.

Laura nods mechanically. She is transfixed by the tiny round globules against the fuzzy grey background of the monitor.

The doctor leaves. The embryologist removes the eggs. The nurse shuts off the monitor. Laura remains staring at the blank screen.

After a moment the nurse looks at her watch.

NURSE

I'm sorry we're going to need the room.

INT. CONDO BEDROOM - DAY

Yvette is lying on the bed naked and moaning. Laura's head is between her legs. Yvette climaxes loudly and freely.

Laughing, Laura climbs beside her and falls exhausted on the pillow. They both look up at the ceiling.

LAURA

You know some amazing things happen down there.

Yvette isn't sure what to make of this but lets it go.

YVETTE

Okay. Your turn.

She starts to move down Laura's stomach but Laura stops her.

YVETTE (CONT'D)  
What's wrong.

LAURA  
There's still a chance of infection.

Yvette looks disappointed.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
It's okay. I'm kinda tired anyway.

YVETTE  
Well I owe you one.

They cuddle. Laura breathes in Yvette's scent.

LAURA  
You're so beautiful.

Tenderly, she runs her hand down to Yvette's belly.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Don't you wish what we do together could  
make a baby.

Immediately, Yvette removes Laura's hand and sits up.

YVETTE  
You and I both agreed that was not the  
deal. We said. We decided.

LAURA  
I know but--

YVETTE  
But nothing. I was serious. I thought you  
were too. It's in your act for God's  
sake.

Angry, Yvette gets up to get dressed.

LAURA  
I know but...

YVETTE  
The hormones must have really done a  
number on you. I thought after the  
transfer...

LAURA

You should have seen those eggs Vette. It was wild.

YVETTE

Laura, when can we get back to our lives?

Laura lies back on the bed, hurt.

LAURA

They're supposed to get the results this morning.

YVETTE

And what if it's positive. How are you going to feel about your baby growing in another woman's body.

LAURA

I... I don't know.

The phone rings. Yvette answers.

YVETTE

Hello?

(to Laura)

It's for you.

Laura gets up and puts pyjamas on. She's hesitant to take the phone.

LAURA

Hello.

Long silence. Her eyes fill with tears. She holds her breath to hide her crying.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I see. I'm so sorry.

(pause)

No. No, I understand.

(pause)

I know. I know. Okay. Bye.

Laura hangs up the phone. One look at Yvette and she dissolves into tears.

Yvette just stands there. Helpless.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. RECEPTION DESK/WAITING ROOM - DAY, SIX MONTHS LATER

Laura walks in, takes a number, and heads directly to the waiting room. She sits down and takes a book out of her bag. A ball rolls under her feet. She picks it up and smiles at the little girl.

RECEPTIONIST

Thirteen.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Laura gets into the stirrups like an old pro and waits for RESIDENT 4 to enter. She's a woman. She glances at Laura's file.

RESIDENT 4

Ready?

LAURA

Yes.

RESIDENT 4

Maybe the third time's the charm.

Laura smiles politely as Resident 4 inserts the sperm with a catheter. Laura inhales.

LAURA

I can't get used to that smell.

RESIDENT 4

What smell is that?

LAURA

Donor 50101.

Resident 4 smiles politely, then unconsciously sniffs the air.

INT. PLATEAU CONDO - NIGHT

Laura enters the empty condo and carefully hangs her coat. In contrast to the last time we saw it, not a single item is out of place.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

With the door open and the lights off, Laura flushes the toilet and places the home pregnancy test on the shelf under the mirror.

She turns on the light and looks down at the test. Then up at her face in the mirror.

INT. JIMBO'S PUB - DAY

Laura is having drinks with Keri and Mike in the smoky bar beneath the local comedy club.

LAURA

Is the smoke bothering you?

Laura looks around for a server.

KERI

It's okay. Listen, I wanted to apologize for all the craziness we put you through...

Laura stops them.

LAURA

You don't need to.

(pause)

I'm actually grateful in a way--

KERI

... and to tell you that we're pregnant!

A long silence. Laura's face fights a range of emotions in search of its goal: fake happiness.

LAURA

Wow! Congratulations! How far--

KERI

I'm ten weeks. It just happened. Can you believe it? We weren't even trying!

LAURA

That's great. I'm so... happy for you. Really. You deserve it.

(pause)

I just wish--

MIKE

Don't. We both feel like everything happened the way it was meant to.

Laura turns away for a moment but quickly recovers.

LAURA

Of course. Of course you do.

INT. COMEDYWORKS - NIGHT

Under the small spot light, in front of the mandatory brick wall, Laura is doing her act.

LAURA

I hate plants. Hate 'em. They're so needy. They're always like "could you put me in front of the window?" "Could you get me a glass of water?" Only they don't tell you outright. They do this passive/aggressive thing where they slowly turn yellow... and die.

Audience LAUGHTER.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I don't like babies either. I guess it's not so much that I don't like babies. I just find we don't have that much in common.

More LAUGHTER.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Plus they're always cornering me at parties. Its awkward. They don't talk. They don't dance. They just kinda sit there.

Here Laura stops. The audience look at each other and titter, then grow silent, as Laura stares into the spotlight and wipes her nose with her hand.

CUT TO: an ECU of Laura's nose. Then to another MONTAGE of ECUs of various women's eyes, ears, noses, mouths, and fingers. Again, the cutting accelerates and slows until we land on a woman's mouth.

FADE TO BLUE.

TITLE CARD: BLEU NUIT

FADE IN:

... on the same mouth. A tongue licks the full lips in anticipation. We're in a:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cut between the mouth and POV of food being prepared:



- a roast chicken is taken out of the oven. A fork pierces the skin. Rivulets of buttery juices flow out.

- as steam rises a slice is lovingly carved from the chicken and placed on a plate with sautéed spinach and golden mashed potatoes.

- flour and water are added to the chicken drippings to make gravy. After stirring the spoon is lifted to the mouth. The lips purse in appreciation.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL that the mouth belongs to Therese, 46 (the nurse from *Clear Blue*).

She sets the plate in front of her mouth-watering husband JIM, 45 (who we'll meet later in *Blue Moon*). Still attractive, their love of food has made an impact on their appearance and they both could stand to lose a few pounds.

The spell of the food is broken as their son John (the boy from *Blueprint*) rushes in, kisses his mom on the cheek, and grabs a drumstick.

THERESE

I thought you said you'd be home for dinner.

JOHN

(chewing chicken)  
... party at Dormers'.

THERESE

What about Brigitte?

John shrugs.

THERESE (CONT'D)

Candice?

JOHN

Says she's on a diet.

THERESE

She can still come down and sit at the table with the family.

John shrugs again.

THERESE (CONT'D)

I put a lot of effort into these meals.

JIM

Never mind, Therese.

JOHN  
Can I go now?

Therese shrugs and John is out the door. Therese sits down and Jim serves her.

They eat in silence. They really focus on eating, creating purposeful combinations, evaluating each bite, licking their fingers.

At the end of the meal they put down their forks and look at each other. Finally Jim speaks.

JIM  
The gravy was nice.

THERESE  
The chicken was a bit overdone.

JIM  
Maybe we should try sleeping with other people.

Therese looks at her husband in stunned silence.

Shocked that he actually said that out loud, Jim tries to back pedal:

JIM (CONT'D)  
No. I mean... I was watching the news, and they have these swingers clubs... Apparently... they're quite popular... Anyway... it was just an idea.

THERESE  
Good, cuz it ain't happening.

JIM  
Of course not. I'm sorry.

They sit in silence again. Jim opens a grocery store flyer.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Artichokes are going on sale.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The next evening, alone again. The remains of another meal on the table.

JIM  
What would you think about trying a soup?  
I'm thinking... butternut squash.

Therese seems preoccupied. Jim gets out the recipe book. They sit in silence. Suddenly she erupts in a barrage of questions.

THERESE

Are you seeing someone else?

JIM

What? No!

THERESE

Don't you love me? Do you still find me attractive? Don't you want me anymore?

JIM

Yes, yes, yes...

THERESE

Is it the sex. You think it's bad?

JIM

No, the sex is good.

JIM (CONT'D)

It's just...

THERESE

Then what?

JIM (CONT'D)

... the same. Every time.

Therese thinks about this.

THERESE

What about the time we tried it in the--

JIM

That was eight years ago.

THERESE

Shouldn't we just spice it up? I mean, maybe we could buy a book?

Passively, Jim agrees.

JIM

Yes. That's what we should do.

But Therese isn't convinced.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The next evening as Jim devours his meal, Therese eyes him flirtatiously and starts playing with her food.

She doesn't even wait for the silence to settle before launching into the subject again:

THERESE

Did you have someone in mind?

Jim has no idea what she's talking about.

THERESE (CONT'D)

For this swinging thing?

JIM

No, I told you it was just an idea.

Jim continues eating his meal. But something has changed. Therese is curious:

THERESE

Would it be another woman or a couple or what?

At this Jim's eyes light up.

THERESE (CONT'D)

I'm not saying I'd do it.

JIM

No. Of course not.

Jim tries desperately not to look hopeful.

THERESE

You better not be thinking of that Angela from where you work with the fake boobs.

JIM

I'm not thinking of Angela!

Satisfied Therese goes back to playing with her food.

THERESE

Good.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The next night Therese is plating the pasta while Jim stirs the sauce. Brigitte comes into the kitchen.

BRIGITTE

Sorry mom, gotta run.

THERESE

See you later. Bye!

Expecting more resistance. Brigitte hesitates.

BRIGITTE  
Looks good though...

At this Jim offers Therese a taste of sauce. Therese seductively opens her mouth to admit the spoon.

Watching with growing disgust, Brigitte shivers and leaves.

As the door swings closed, Therese quickly turns off the stove. Jim spoons the sauce on the pasta and puts the plates on the table. Therese listens for the front door to SLAM.

THERESE  
Okay, but there's got to be some ground rules.

JIM  
Naturally.

THERESE  
Let's say we check out this swingers club to see what it's like... there'd be no obligation to do anything.

JIM  
None whatsoever.

THERESE  
If, hypothetically, we find a couple we're both attracted to, then, hypothetically, we could consider some kind of... activity.

JIM  
Hypothetically.

THERESE  
But we'd each have veto power.

JIM  
Of course.

THERESE  
And we'd use condoms.

JIM  
Absolutely.

THERESE  
Okay.

JIM

Okay.

They're both flushed and excited. Neither of them has started their meal. They just stare at their forks, smiling.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The following night Therese is wearing a new dress and has put make-up on. Jim tucks in his shirt - he looks slimmer.

All three kids are hanging around the kitchen. John is standing in front of the open refrigerator. Brigitte is gathering plates and cutlery from the cupboards, while Candice sits cross-legged on the counter.

CANDICE

What's for dinner?

BRIGITTE

I didn't think you ate.

CANDICE

I eat.

JOHN

(under his breath)  
Yeah right.

THERESE

We're going out.

BRIGITTE

(suddenly panicked)  
What do you mean?

THERESE

I mean, your father and I have made plans for this evening.

CANDICE

But what about us?

THERESE

I don't know. You're all independent.  
Figure it out.

The door swings behind her. The kids look at each other, shocked and confused. Enjoying their reaction, Jim starts to follow his wife.

JIM

And don't wait up.

## INT. SWINGER'S CLUB - NIGHT

Tentatively Jim and Therese enter the Swingers club and begin exploring. They pass:

- an ancient Rome room, with Roman columns, fountains, and a podium bed.
- a water room, with mixed sex showers and a jacuzzi.
- a China room, with a round podium bed surrounded by private rooms and oriental decor.
- a Shanghai "red light district" room, made up of a somber alley leading to semi-private rooms.

And everywhere unself-consciously naked people are touching each other and having sex.

## INT. MAIN ROOM, SWINGER'S CLUB - NIGHT

Therese and Jim end up in the main area which is dominated by a giant dance floor surrounded by private booths. At the back of the dance floor is a stage and there are podiums for dancing on either side. Techno music BLARES.

The floor is packed with a combination of people wearing outfits designed to promote their sexual preferences and those dressed as they would to any other nightclub.

Overwhelmed, Jim and Therese order a drink at the non-alcoholic bar.

While waiting, they are immediately approached by a SLEAZY YOUNG COUPLE who look like a bad stereotype of what you'd imagine swingers to be.

SLEAZY MAN

Bonjour.

JIM

Hi.

SLEAZY WOMAN

Are you two AC/DC? Do you do BDSM?  
Fetish? Closed swinging? Soft swinging?  
On premise, off premise or what?

Therese and Jim are stunned. Therese panics.

THERESE

I'm sorry...  
(to Jim)  
(MORE)

THERESE (CONT'D)

Over there... isn't that... yes it is!  
 (to sleazy couple)  
 Excuse us.

Therese drags Jim over by the stage. The sleazy couple simply shrug and move on to the next unattached couple.

Therese shudders.

THERESE (CONT'D)

Maybe that's enough for one night.

But the music has stopped, a laser show has begun on the stage, and a voice on a loudspeaker is announcing a "spectacle".

JIM

Just give me one minute.

Therese is getting nervous when JOYCE, an attractive older woman (who we'll meet in *Blue Moon*), walks up and introduces herself.

JOYCE

Please ignore Bob and Helen. They scare off all the newcomers.

THERESE

No, it's us. Really. I think coming here was a mistake.

JOYCE

Okay. But you should know that everything you're feeling is completely normal.

THERESE

Really? I feel like such an imposter, while everyone else looks so...

A young couple have started having sex on the stage.

THERESE (CONT'D)

... comfortable.

JOYCE

Well, some of us are exhibitionists, but a lot of us feel just like you.

Appreciative, Therese smiles. Meanwhile a man in a diaper and a dominatrix have joined the couple on stage.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Would you like to go somewhere where we can talk?



Therese nods vigorously.

INT. LOUNGE, SWINGER'S CLUB - NIGHT

The lounge has comfortable couches, a pool table, and large projection screens showing porn. Jim, Therese and Joyce sit down together. Jim sizes Joyce up and likes what he sees.

JIM

So what do you do for a living?

JOYCE

I'm a psychologist.

THERESE

Good! Then you can tell me, are we are crazy?

Joyce laughs.

JOYCE

Actually, I feel that if you're in a strong marriage, and both partners want to explore it, swinging can actually deepen the relationship.

Jim gives Therese a meaningful look.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Take Greg and I. There he is.  
(calling off-screen)  
Greg?

GREG arrives carrying four flutes and a bottle of champagne. He's as straight-laced and conservative as they come.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Sweetheart this is Jim and Therese. It's their first time.

He puts down the glasses and shakes Jim's hand.

GREG

Nice to meet you Jim and... ?

THERESE

Therese.

He shakes her hand looking directly into her eyes.

GREG

Nice to meet you, Therese.

Therese practically melts. Jim takes the champagne bottle and begins pouring it.

JOYCE

Greg and I have been practising the lifestyle for four years now, and our marriage is stronger than ever. Isn't that right dear?

Greg smiles at Therese.

GREG

It's true.

Flustered, she downs her champagne. Greg turns to Jim.

GREG (CONT'D)

So what do you do?

JIM

I'm a contractor. Basement renovations mostly...

GREG

No, I mean what are your limits sexually?

Therese nearly does a spit take, then recovers.

JIM

Oh I think we're just taking it all in for now--

Therese kicks him under the table.

THERESE

What did you have in mind?

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: an empty large bottle of Perrier.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: the foursome are in a private room decorated with gilded mirrors and red velvet curtains.

Joyce starts undressing. Jim looks to Therese as if to ask her permission. She nods her "okay".

Joyce and Jim start kissing.

Greg approaches and begins undressing Therese. Everything feels new. She's in ecstasy.

He slides off her underwear and begins performing cunnilingus. It's so good and so powerful that Therese begins blacking out.

In flashes between the blackouts she thinks she sees strange faces in the mirrors.

At one point she thinks she sees Jim looking at her with an expression that's hard to read, but she can't be sure.

Eventually she surrenders to the pleasure and closes her eyes.

THERESE (V.O.)  
... It. Felt. So...

INT. CAR - NIGHT

They're in the car on the way home and Therese can't stop talking.

THERESE  
Good!... I thought I'd be embarrassed, and I thought I'd be self-conscious, I mean, my God, my cellulite... and to see you kissing someone else, I thought I'd hate but, oh my God, Jim, the whole thing, it made me so wet! I'm wet right now just thinking about it. Oh sweetheart, tell me you have some energy left cuz I want to do it again as soon as we get home.

Jim is amused and a bit frightened. Therese cuddles up to him and puts her hands down his pants.

THERESE (CONT'D)  
In fact I don't think I can wait until we get home...

Helpless but happy, Jim pulls over to the side of the road.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A few days later Jim and Therese are at the dinner table waiting for their daughter Candice to finish.

She's picking at her food. Therese watches her pick up a string bean, bring it tantalizingly close to her mouth, then put it down again.

Therese takes her plate away and plops down dessert.

THERESE

Wouldn't you rather eat it in your room?

CANDICE

Oh... okay?

Candice picks up her plate and Therese practically pushes her out of the door. As soon as she's gone Therese gets out the calendar.

THERESE

Is it too soon to call? Normally I'd wait, but I was thinking Saturday night and I don't want them to get booked. Do you think we could have them over? Less expensive, but I'm not sure what to do with the kids...

JIM

Maybe Saturday we could do something special, just the two of us.

Therese gives him bedroom eyes and assures him:

THERESE

We will, right after we see Joyce and Greg.

She straddles him, kisses him like she's going to devour him, then gets up and grabs the phone.

JIM

Wait.

THERESE

What is it?

He's suddenly looking very old. She puts down the phone.

JIM

Swinging was something I always wanted to try...

THERESE

Oh then sweetheart, you should have told me sooner!...

JIM

No. I mean I wanted to try it... but I never meant it to become a way of life.

THERESE

Oh.

JIM  
In fact, I think it's already served its purpose.

Therese doesn't understand. He takes her hand.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Its made me appreciate what I have.

THERESE  
You mean you want to go back to the way we were?

JIM  
It wasn't so bad was it?

Therese looks into her husband's eyes.

THERESE  
No, of course not.

But she looks worried.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

In bed that night Jim and Therese make love missionary style. Therese is unresponsive but Jim is oblivious.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The next night Therese and Jim once again eat their meal in silence.

Jim has a hearty appetite but Therese is just picking at her food. She looks depressed.

JIM  
What should we have for dinner tomorrow?

THERESE  
I don't know.  
(beat)  
What do you want?

JIM  
I don't know.  
(beat)  
Pasta again?

Therese nods. Then changes her mind.

THERESE  
No. I'm sick of pasta.

Jim is taken aback.

JIM  
I thought you loved--

THERESE  
Well I don't.

JIM  
... Okay...

THERESE  
(sitting up in her chair)  
Don't get me wrong. I'm not saying I  
never want pasta again. There's nothing  
wrong with pasta. It's a fine meal.  
But, I mean, once you've had Mexican, or  
Thai for that matter, you can't very well  
go back to pasta every night...

JIM  
I wasn't suggesting we--

THERESE  
(clenching her knife)  
And if what you're telling me is that  
I'll never again taste a... spicy bean  
burrito or a... a... Hunan dumpling?  
Well... I just don't think I can live  
like that.

Jim puts down his fork.

JIM  
So what are you saying?

She looks into his eyes.

THERESE  
I don't know.

JIM  
I don't want to lose you.

THERESE  
I don't want to lose me either.

Jim thinks about this for a long time. Then finally:

JIM  
Okay.

THERESE

Okay?

JIM

Okay.

Therese takes a minute to consider this. She picks up her fork again and takes a bite. She takes the time to savor each individual flavor. Then she looks at Jim who is watching her sadly but lovingly.

THERESE

Okay.

CUT TO: an ECU of Therese's mouth. Then to another MONTAGE of ECUs of various women's eyes, ears, noses, mouths, and fingers. Again, the cutting accelerates and slows until we land on an older woman's hand.

FADE TO BLUE.

TITLE CARD: Blue Moon

FADE IN:

... on the same hand. An expensive manicure. An antique diamond engagement ring and wedding band. We're in a:

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

POV shots of the hand as its fingers explore the posh waiting room:

- the hand scans the array of magazines on the table. There's nothing of interest. Through the wall she can hear a man's muffled voice - but not well enough to make out what he is saying.

- Through the wall it sounds like the man is leaving.

- Suddenly, Ruth notices that the wallpaper is textured and reaches out a finger to touch it. It's softer than expected and she flattens her hand against the wall to caress it.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL the hand belongs to RUTH, a well maintained and conservatively dressed 62 year old.

The door opens. It's JOYCE (the swinger we just met in *Bleu Nuit*), wearing a chic suit.

JOYCE

Ruth?

RUTH  
(dropping her hand to her side)  
What?

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Ruth fidgets in her chair while JOYCE smiles benignly. At a loss, Ruth looks around. Finally:

RUTH  
Who did your waiting room?

JOYCE  
Why don't you tell me why you're here.

RUTH  
Right.  
(beat)  
Well. It's George.

JOYCE  
George is your husband.

RUTH  
Yes.

JOYCE  
Tell me about your husband George.

RUTH  
My husband George can't get it up.

JOYCE  
Oh--

RUTH  
I suppose they call it erectile  
dysfunction--

JOYCE  
-- I see.

RUTH  
-- but he had a prostrate and a libido  
and now he has neither and a spade is a  
spade and there you have it.

Joyce studies Ruth a moment.

JOYCE  
And how has his condition affected you?



RUTH  
Well I should think that would be obvious.

JOYCE  
So your sex life before the operation was--  
-

RUTH  
I'm not about to describe our sex life.

Feeling the fabric of her armrest.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
But it was very nice.

JOYCE  
I'm sorry to hear that. I mean--

RUTH  
I know what you mean. The question is what do I do about it.

Joyce sits back in her chair.

JOYCE  
Ruth your husband's physical condition is typically complicated by psychological factors, so I'm going to recommend a doctor for George to see when he's ready--

Ruth scoffs.

JOYCE (CONT'D)  
-- but in the meantime, I'd advise patience. Any kind of pressure from you around the subject is bound to add to his feelings of inadequacy. Let him know you're there for him. And of course don't feel guilty about satisfying your own needs--

Ruth looks up.

JOYCE (CONT'D)  
-- sexually.

RUTH  
Really?

JOYCE  
Of course.

Ruth nods uncertainly then shakes her head decisively.

RUTH

No. An affair is out of the question.

Joyce laughs, then abruptly stops when she realizes that Ruth may have been serious. At the same time Ruth twigs to her mistake and laughs overly hard to disguise it. Uncertain, Joyce resumes her laughter. Then both women downgrade to a chuckle, followed by awkward silence. Finally:

JOYCE

You've never masturbated have you?

Ruth is a deer caught in the headlights. After a moment she abandons all pretense and shakes her head.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ruth is looking at a piece of paper on which Joyce has written: "AUTOEROTICISM by Candy Newton".

She stands at the counter of a large renovated kitchen in a lovely Westmount home.

GEORGE, a distinguished-looking gentleman of 71, enters. Ruth quickly folds the paper and puts it into her pocket.

George gives Ruth a peck on the cheek. She leans into it, but he quickly backs away.

GEORGE

You bought oysters.

RUTH

I know they're your favorite.

George grabs a shell, throws back his head and lets the oyster slide down his throat.

GEORGE

Mmmmm. What's the occasion?

RUTH

No occasion. Just... letting you know I'm there for you.

George eyes her suspiciously.

GEORGE

Oh. Well. Thank you dear.

Ruth loosens an oyster from its shell with an oyster fork and tries to act casual.

RUTH  
I think I'll walk down to Chapters  
tonight.

She lifts the shell to her mouth.

GEORGE  
Great. I'll go with you.

Gulp.

EXT. CHAPTERS, SAINT CATHERINE STREET - NIGHT

George and Ruth enter the downtown bookstore.

INT. CHAPTERS - NIGHT

They stop inside the door. Ruth looks nervous.

GEORGE  
I'll be upstairs looking for battle  
histories.

RUTH  
Good. I'll be... around.

Once George is out of sight, Ruth looks both ways and heads downstairs.

INT. CHAPTERS, LOWER FLOOR - NIGHT

Ruth takes out her piece of paper and marches toward the sex section.

When she rounds the corner she comes face to face with a teenager furtively perusing a sex manual (John from *Blueprint*).

She does a one-eighty only to find a lonely looking middle aged man scanning the titles.

Ruth tries the next aisle but discovers a married couple crouched over an open book giggling and pointing. They look up.

Ruth takes a deep breath.

INT. CHAPTERS, CHECKOUT - NIGHT

Ruth is in line at the cash.

GEORGE  
Anything interesting?

Ruth hugs the book to her chest.

RUTH  
Not really.

GEORGE  
Let me see.

RUTH  
No. It's nothing.

He wrestles it from her hands and uncovers: "The Joy of... Gardening."

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

George and Ruth walk in. George drops his keys in the bowl, takes his brand-new battle history book out of the bag and rushes off to his study.

With a sigh, Ruth throws her gardening book on the table. Then she gets an idea. Quietly she turns and tip toes up the stairs.

INT. SPARE ROOM/OFFICE - NIGHT

Ruth enters the spare room/office and turns on the computer.

She fires up a search engine and types in the word "masturbation". As the results come in, she becomes progressively more disturbed until finally she is so horrified that she shuts down the computer.

Then unplugs it.

Defeated, she looks around the room. Her eyes rest on the sofa.

Quietly, she opens the door to make sure George is out of earshot. Then she closes the door, draws the curtain, and lies down on the sofa.

She closes her eyes and reaches down. Tentatively, her fingers follow the piping of the sofa upholstery, then across her hips where they slip between the tweed of her skirt and the sheen of her hose.

Her eyes open and she focuses on the ceiling. After a moment her brow furrows:

There's a cobweb on the ceiling fan.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

George is making his way upstairs when he hears strange noises coming from the spare bedroom:

RUTH (O.S.)  
Uh... Oh... Almost...

He opens the door...

INT. SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

... to find Ruth on a chair with a duster straining to reach the cobweb.

RUTH  
Got it.

She smiles. George closes the door.

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

At her next session Ruth sits across from Joyce with her arms crossed.

JOYCE  
Maybe fantasizing might help.

RUTH  
Fantasy? I wouldn't know where to begin.

JOYCE  
What about a celebrity? Isn't there a singer or a movie star you find attractive?

Ruth tilts her head to consider this.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ruth is seeing George out the door. She puts a grocery list in his hand.

RUTH  
Plus I need some things from Costco.

GEORGE  
36 florescent bulbs?

RUTH  
Don't you want to save the environment?

GEORGE

By myself?

She has her hand on his back and is pushing.

RUTH

Just get everything on the list. And call me before you leave - I might think of something else.

GEORGE

Okay. I'll see you la--

But she's already closed the door.

Quickly she runs to the window to watch the car drive out of sight, then lowers the blinds.

She lights a candle on the coffee table, opens a drawer and takes a movie magazine out of a shopping bag, then sits down on the couch.

She opens the magazine to the first page. It's a cellulite cream ad featuring a model with a perfect behind (MADDY from *Blueprint*).

RUTH

Good lord.

Ruth is stunned for a moment by the model's body. Finally she sighs, shakes it off, and turns the page.

She keeps turning until eventually she finds the image of an YOUNG HUNK that appeals to her.

Creasing the magazine to remain open on the page, Ruth sets it on the coffee table, lies down on the couch, and closes her eyes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY, FANTASY

There's a KNOCK at the front door.

Ruth gets up and looks through the peephole: it's the Young Hunk from the magazine. Thrilled, Ruth throws open the door.

But when Young Hunk gets a look at her his face falls.

CUT TO: the doorbell RINGS. She opens it. This time Young Hunk is smiling and doing a Stevie Wonder head weave.

RUTH

What happened to you?

YOUNG HUNK  
I went blind.

RUTH  
That's unfortunate.

She walks him in and closes the door. They start to kiss. It's getting hot. She reaches up to stroke his hair. He slides his hand down to her arm waddle and panics:

YOUNG HUNK  
God, what is that?

CUT TO: Young Hunk is in a wheelchair.

RUTH  
So?

YOUNG HUNK  
I've lost all use of my appendages.

RUTH  
Do the goods still work?

Young hunk gives her his best sexy-blind-quadruple nod.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
Excellent.

Eagerly, she straddles him. They kiss. He removes her blouse and kisses her collarbone. She's turned on and proceeds to remove her bra. His mouth seeks her nipple. It travels lower. And lower.

YOUNG HUNK  
I can't...

She sits up a bit.

RUTH  
Here.

YOUNG HUNK  
More?

RUTH  
Just a little low--

YOUNG HUNK  
(finally frustrated)  
Jesus, where the fuck... ?

RUTH  
FORGET IT!

She stands up. They both catch their breath. Tentatively he offers:

YOUNG HUNK  
Can I make a suggestion?

CUT TO: she opens the door. His smile widens. She is now the cellulite model from the magazine. He and Maddy immediately start making out and fall to the floor undressing each other.

Slowly the camera pans to Ruth sitting on the couch watching them. She looks at her watch, sighs, and turns on the television.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ruth has fallen asleep in front of the TV. She hears George unlocking the door, sits up and turns the TV off.

George opens the door with an arm load of florescent lights. Still groggy, Ruth smiles.

GEORGE  
Now you can save the world my darling.

Her smile turns to one of longing.

RUTH  
Oh George...

Suddenly self-conscious, he withdraws.

GEORGE  
I should put these away.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

The next day Ruth is referring to her new gardening book while planting flowers in the front yard.

A car pulls up to her neighbor's yard (Keri from *Clear Blue*). A very pregnant Keri comes out the front door holding a blue teddy bear.

JIM (from *Bleu Nuit*), their general contractor, gets out of the car carrying a stack of chair rail moulding: he's a nice looking man in his mid-40's. He smiles at Ruth.

JIM  
Good morning.



Ruth gets up and straightens her skirt like a schoolgirl.

RUTH

Morning.

As soon as he enters the neighbor's house, Ruth runs inside her own.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY, FANTASY

The doorbell RINGS. Ruth opens the door. Jim is standing there with his tool box. Ruth smiles.

JIM

Hi. You wanted me to take a look at your pipes?

RUTH

Seriously? That's the best you could come up with?

They both laugh.

RUTH (CONT'D)

I mean... Oooh yes. They're ever so rusty.

Ruth takes the contractor by the hand and leads him upstairs.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Come on!

INT. BATHROOM - DAY, FANTASY

Jim takes out his sledgehammer.

JIM

So this is it.

She takes one look at the sledgehammer and pastes herself against the wall.

RUTH

It's so small. I think you should just knock it out.

JIM

Ensuites are nice. My wife always wanted an ensuite.

RUTH

(losing the mood)  
Did she?

JIM  
Yeah. That is... before the coma.

She suppresses a smile.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Six years. Six years since I... I can't  
even remember the feel of a woman.

RUTH  
You poor thing.

They kiss. She slides behind him fondling the sledgehammer.

JIM  
Are you sure?

RUTH  
Go for it.

He raises the sledgehammer and hammers at the dry wall. Ruth is nearly orgasmic.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
Yes. Yes. Yes!

The dust clears but just as she is about to climax she sees her husband through the hole in the wall.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY, FANTASY

He's in bed reading one of his battle histories. He looks up. Ruth freezes. Her hand goes to her mouth.

She turns around to face Jim but Joyce is there instead, sitting on the toilet with her legs crossed, pad of paper in hand.

RUTH  
I can't do it.

JOYCE  
But Ruth, it's a fantasy. It's not real.  
You're not betraying your husband. Just  
remove him from the scenario entirely.  
It's okay.

RUTH  
Right.

Ruth nods anxiously then turns around again to face Jim.

RUTH (CONT'D)

It's okay.

JIM

Are you sure?

RUTH

Yeah. My husband he's... He's dead.

Jim lowers his sledgehammer.

JIM

Oh my God. I'm so sorry...

RUTH

Yeah, yeah. It's tragic. Now let's try this again.

JIM

Oh, okay. Um... Ensuites are nice. My wife...

RUTH

I know. I know. Coma. It's all good.

Jim raises his sledgehammer and strikes, the smoke clears, and they peek through:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

... the room is empty. Ruth smiles.

RUTH

Do it. Do it all!

Gleefully Jim takes out the entire wall. They embrace, stumble into the room and fall onto the bed.

He undresses her and lowers himself to perform cunnilingus.

The door opens. They freeze.

A young woman in a black dress peeks her head in (JESS, from *Blue Whales*).

JESS

Mom?

RUTH

Jessy?

JESS  
You know you might want to wait until  
after the funeral before you--

RUTH  
Funeral?

JESS  
Everyone's downstairs. It's about to  
begin.

RUTH  
Oh. Right.

The door closes. Ruth looks at Jim.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
I'll make it quick.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY, FANTASY

Ruth runs downstairs in a black dress looking flushed. The  
place is packed.

She pushes to the middle of the room.

RUTH  
Okay. Let's get the show on the road.

She looks at the priest.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
Father, did you want to say something?

PRIEST  
George was a good man--

RUTH  
Agreed. Next?

FRIEND  
What I remember most about George--

RUTH  
Good. Let's all think of our favorite  
memory of George.

Jim comes down the stairs looking even more handsome in a  
suit. Ruth holds up her hand and mouths the words: "Five  
minutes."

RUTH (CONT'D)

(to the room)

Okay. That's enough. Jessica, do you mind wrapping things up?

All eyes turn to Jess. Heartbreakingly, she tries to speak but can't get the words out. Watching her Ruth's eyes suddenly tear up.

Slowly, Ruth walks over and embraces her daughter.

She glances at Jim who is standing at the back of the room. He looks down and quietly leaves.

RUTH (CONT'D)

It's okay Jess. He's not really dead.

Ruth wipes Jess's tears away. She then turns to face the casket.

George is lying there, his hands folded, but very much alive.

GEORGE

So. You tried to do me in huh?

RUTH

I'm sorry, I just...

GEORGE

What was it? Heart attack?

RUTH

Yeah.

GEORGE

Not very imaginative.

RUTH

What do you mean?

GEORGE

I was always partial to plane crashes myself. That way you can get it on with the other grieving spouses while they're still in shock. Avoids this whole funeral business.

RUTH

You... You fantasize?

GEORGE

I admit to nothing. We're still inside your head remember?

Ruth laughs, then stops, saddened.

RUTH  
George, I miss you. I miss...

GEORGE  
I know.

They look at each other in silence. Finally:

RUTH  
So what do we do?

His face belies the effort but in the end he can't answer her.

GEORGE  
Oh Ruth.

She starts to cry.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Come here.

She climbs into the coffin and lies down beside him.

To her surprise she finds herself becoming aroused.

She explores the feel of his silk tie then unloosens and removes it. She feels the starched crispness of his shirt and begins unfastening the buttons.

Meanwhile his hands slide expertly down her side, following the dip of the waist, the curve of the hip, disappearing under her skirt. She shivers at his touch. He knows exactly where all the buttons are. Nearly immediately she orgasms...

... and opens her eyes. She's in bed alone. It worked.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

George is listening outside the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Slowly, he walks downstairs to the living room, sits on the couch and picks up his book. Soon Ruth comes downstairs.

He watches her, smiles, then goes back to his book.

Smiling, she kisses him on the cheek, and straightens a suede throw pillow, running her fingers over its soft surface.

CUT TO: an ECU of Ruth's fingers. Then to another MONTAGE of ECUs of various women's eyes, ears, noses, mouths, and fingers. Again, the cutting accelerates.

But this time the acceleration increases and increases, now including shots of other body parts, some sexual, all erogenous, as well as shots of the various Montreal locations used in the film.

The pace increases until the images can't come any faster and finally appear to explode into a beautiful blue-tinted panoramic shot of the city of Montreal.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

# Blue Movie:

Five Films about Coming to your Senses

## GLOSSARY

*XCU* – extreme close-up shot.

*POV* – point of view shot.

*EXT.* – exterior scene.

*INT.* – interior scene.

*INSERT* – close up shot of an object.

*(O.S.)* – off-screen dialogue.

*(V.O.)* – voice-over dialogue.

\* note: it is customary in screenplays to capitalize camera directions, characters we are meeting for the first time, and important sounds. *Eg:*

*CUT TO: The SEVEN DWARVES WHISTLING while they work.*