

FADE IN:

EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - DAY

Not too far in the distance a long stretch LIMOUSINE drives forward. The luxury vehicle drives a bit swervy and its speed inconsistent as gas and brakes take turns getting pumped.

Amazingly, without causing harm to other cars it pulls into PASSENGER DROP OFF. Rolling to a stop as it ever so slightly hops the curve.

The Limos most back door swings open, from out the opening emerges THOMAS a handsome well dressed man. A smile beams on his face with a smile as bright as the sunshine cascading down on his bronze tanning salon skin.

With his left hand he reaches, palm up toward the open Limo cabin. Without a word spoken an elegant hand reaches out.

THOMAS

My dear.

Hands clasp and Thomas helps out a beautifully stunning woman. Her makeup is slightly running, hair is a clawed through mess and her top is unevenly buttoned.

The Woman steps out from the limo on baby deer legs, unable to barely hold her weight as she walks bow legged.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(to Woman)

Get my bags will ya?

(pause)

I'm gonna have a talk with our driver.

With a proud swagger Thomas walks over to the tinted drivers side window and gives a tap. KNOCK! KNOCK!

THOMAS (CONT'D)

My compliments to the driver for getting us here safe and sound.

The tinted window rolls down with a mechanical hum, revealing 8 year old CHARLES. His feet barely tickling the pedals and his eyes just cresting over the dashboard. Atop his head is a CHAUFFEUR HAT much too large for his small skull.

CHARLES

Thanks dad.

THOMAS
Come on out we have a plane to
catch.

CHARLES
(hops out the limo)
Okay.

THOMAS
This is for the ride.

Thomas walks up to the Woman and stuffs some money between
her ample cleavage.

WOMAN
(ditsy)
But I didn't drive.

THOMAS
And yet you displayed such skill
with the stick...

Thomas grabs his roll away luggage by the handle.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
...and the clutch.

He yanks on the handle extending it out to the maximum limit.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(to Charles)
Give the nice lady her hat back.

CHARLES
Oh, yeah.

Charles runs over to the Woman as she finishes properly
buttoning up her top.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Here you go.

The Woman takes her hat back and steps into the Drivers Seat.

WOMAN
Thank you Charles.

She shuts the door.

CHARLES
(confused)
Wait. How do you know my name?

The Woman holds an index finger to her lips, "Shhh".

WOMAN
 (ignoring)
 Have a nice flight to LA.
 (pause)
 Until we meet again.

For just the most briefest moment her eyes GLOW FLUORESCENT PINK before the Limo drives away.

CHARLES
 Dad!

INT. TERMINAL, LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - DAY

Thomas and Charles walk through the TERMINAL.

CHARLES
 ...No. I'm serious Dad. Her eyes were pink.

Thomas stops walking for a moment.

THOMAS
 Her eyes were not pink. They were brown. No wait blue.
 (pause)
 Green maybe?
 (pause)
 Doesn't matter. What I do know is that her eyes were not pink.
 (starts walking again)
 Now her nipples. That's another story.

CHARLES
 Why won't you believe me? They were all glowy like magic.

THOMAS
 (blowing off)
 Magic? Stop being silly now, I need you to focus.

CHARLES
 What for?

THOMAS
 (stops walking)
 Cause it's time to test your skills.

Thomas squats down and points off in the distance. Charles's demeanor suddenly changes to great concentration.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
 You see that pretty lady at the
 ticket desk?

CHARLES
 Yes.

THOMAS
 You think you can use my teachings
 to score us some First Class
 tickets?

CHARLES
 I think so.

Thomas gives him a slight nudge.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
 I mean... I know so.

THOMAS
 (that's better)
 There you go. Now, you got the two
 way radio?

Charles pulls a small RADIO from his pocket.

CHARLES
 Uh huh.

THOMAS
 You got a gimmick?

CHARLES
 British accent.

THOMAS
 (taken aback)
 What gave you that idea?

CHARLES
 Octopussy.

THOMAS
 Eight of them?

Thomas springs back up, his neck is on a swivel trying to
 find what Charles is talking about.

CHARLES
 No. The James Bond movie.

THOMAS

Oh.

(squats back down)

I wish I'd have thought of that.

CHARLES

No stealing.

THOMAS

(begrudgingly)

I won't.

CHARLES

Promise?

In a salute, Thomas holds up his hand; pinky, middle and index finger pointing straight into the air with his ring and thumb meeting over palm - "The Shocker".

THOMAS

Scouts honor.

Charles returns the salute.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(hands over plane tickets)

Now, let's see some magic.

TICKET DESK

Charles walks up to TICKET SELLER 1. She is a stunning brunette wearing a short skirt and a tight top, whose buttons struggle to hold back the rising water of her boobs.

CHARLES (BRITISH ACCENT)

Excuse me?

TICKET SELLER 1

(warm smile)

Why hello there. Aren't you cute?

CHARLES (BRITISH ACCENT)

Thank you. You're very pretty too.

TICKET SELLER 1

And a charmer...

TERMINAL

Thomas listens to Charles over the radio.

TICKET SELLER 1 (O.S.)
 (from radio)
 ...How may I help you?

CHARLES (BRITISH ACCENT)(O.S.)
 (from radio)
 Well my father got hurt in an
 equestrian accident--

TICKET SELLER 1 (O.S.)
 (from radio)
 Oh no.

TICKET DESK

Ticket Seller 1 is completely under Charles's spell.

CHARLES (BRITISH ACCENT)
 And his injury needs room to
 stretch but.

Charles displays ECONOMY CLASS tickets.

TICKET SELLER 1
 (gets the hint)
 Well... I really shouldn't but...
 You are just too cute.

Ticket Seller 1 fiddles around on the computer and upgrades
 the tickets to FIRST CLASS.

TICKET SELLER 1 (CONT'D)
 (presents tickets)
 Here you go.

CHARLES (BRITISH ACCENT)
 Thank you very much.

TICKET SELLER 1
 It was my pleasure. Is there
 anything else I could do for you?

CHARLES
 (thinking)
 Ummm...

TERMINAL

Thomas continues listening over the radio.

THOMAS
Don't get greedy Charles. Just walk
away.

TICKET DESK

Charles continues to think.

CHARLES (BRITISH ACCENT)
This is my first time on a plane
and I'm a bit scared--

He looks down at the ground, ashamed.

TICKET SELLER 1
Go on, don't be embarrassed.

CHARLES (BRITISH ACCENT)
I was thinking a kiss from an angel
would give me courage.

TICKET SELLER 1
I'm sorry honey but there are no
angels around here.

CHARLES (BRITISH ACCENT)
But... Aren't you an angel?

TICKET SELLER 1
Aw.

Jackpot! Ticket Seller 1 walks around her desk to meet Charles who has positioned himself so he has a direct eye line with his Father.

Ticket Seller 1 bends over at the waist to give Charles a hug and a kiss. Her butt aiming perfectly at Thomas.

Over her unknowing shoulder Charles gives a THUMBS UP.

TERMINAL

With great pride Thomas returns the gesture.

TICKET DESK

The hug comes to an end.

CHARLES (BRITISH ACCENT)
Thank you.

TICKET SELLER 1
You take care now.

CHARLES (BRITISH ACCENT)
I will.

With First Class tickets in hand, Charles walks away.

TICKET SELLER 1
And you take care of your poor
Father!

CHARLES (BRITISH ACCENT)
I will!

Ticket Seller 1 continues watching Charles.

TICKET SELLER 2 (O.S.)
What was that all about?

Ticket Seller 2 walks up to the desk

TICKET SELLER 1
I just met the most adorable little
boy. He was sweet and charming and--

Ticket Seller 1 grabs at her own back.

TICKET SELLER 2
What's wrong?

TICKET SELLER 1
I don't know...
(cups boobs)
I could have swore I put a bra on.

TICKET SELLER 2
(mockingly)
Maybe your new boyfriend took it.

TICKET SELLER 1
Oh now hush. I've been with grown
men who couldn't unfasten the first
buckle.

TICKET SELLER 2
Maybe he's some sort of prodigy.

CHARLES
(returns to Thomas)
I got her bra.

Like a magician, Charles pulls the Ticket Seller's bra out
from under his shirt.

THOMAS
Not bad son. But it's the
panties...

Thomas reaches into his handkerchief pocket and pulls out a
sexy pair of women underwear.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
... That you wanna keep.

CHARLES
(disappointed in himself)
Oh yea.

THOMAS
It's all right. You got plenty of
time to hone your craft...
(a twinkle in his eye)
...And be just like me.

To cheer him up, Thomas gives Charles's shoulder several pats
of encouragement. They echo. SMACK! SMACK!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FANCY HOTEL - NIGHT

LOS ANGELES, 25 years later.

The sound of shoulder patting is matched by the rhythm of
smacking naked flesh.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

SAMANTHA (O.S)
Oh, Charles!

INT. BEDROOM, FANCY HOTEL - NIGHT

Under a set of SILK SHEETS, 33 year old Charles rolls off
SAMANTHA a beautiful blonde.

Charles is all grown up now and he has grown into a handsome,
athletically muscled individual.

SAMANTHA
(catching breath)
...You are amazing.

CHARLES (BRITISH ACCENT)
I know.

She moves in for a kiss but Charles sits up.

CHARLES (BRITISH ACCENT) (CONT'D)
By the way, thanks for the
exquisite dinner.

SAMANTHA
It was my pleasure.

Samantha attempts another kiss but Charles blocks her face by holding up his WATCH.

CHARLES (BRITISH ACCENT)
Ooo, it's late. You better get
going.

SAMANTHA
What? Really?

CHARLES (BRITISH ACCENT)
Most definitely. I have an early
start tomorrow and I need my rest.

SAMANTHA
Oh, uh, okay.

Charles sits back and watches as a naked Samantha starts to gather up her clothes.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Have you seen my underwear?

CHARLES (BRITISH ACCENT)
I don't recall you wearing any
lower undergarments.

SAMANTHA
Hmm. I could have sworn I was
wearing purple panties.
(looks around)
Are you sure?

CHARLES (BRITISH ACCENT)
Positive.

SAMANTHA
Well, I guess I'll see you
tomorrow?

CHARLES (BRITISH ACCENT)
Anything's possible, my dear.

SAMANTHA
Well... Goodbye.

CHARLES (BRITISH ACCENT)
 (waving goodbye)
 So long.

Samantha exits the room. As soon as the door shuts closed, Charles leaps off the bed.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
 Just like my smoke stack!

Charles points at his crotch and then opens up a NIGHT STAND drawer. Inside, amongst the random contents is a WILT CHAMBERLIN basketball card. He grabs the card and stares at the image intently.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
 I'm coming for your record.
 Figuratively and literally.

Charles flips the sports card over where there is a KEY taped to the back. He takes the key to unlock his SECRET PANTY DRAWER. Charles opens it up revealing an impressive collection of women's undergarments.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
 Well Samantha...

He reaches between his bed mattress and pulls out Samantha's PURPLE PANTIES.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
 ...You now get to join my legendary
 Drawers Drawer.

He balls up the panties and proceeds to pretend dribble.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
 (announcers voice)
 Five seconds left. Down by two.
 Charles runs down court, cuts
 through the defense, and tosses up
 a long 3 at the buzzer.
 (tosses the panties)
 Jordan.
 (panties go in)
 It's good! It's good! And the crowd
 goes wild!

In celebration, Charles meticulously locks up the Panty Drawer. He then twirls into bed, lays his head on a pillow and sleeps with a huge smile on his face.

INT. DREAMSCAPE, BASKETBALL COURT

A dreamscape.

A professional BASKETBALL COURT sits in the middle of a pitch black backdrop.

WILT "THE STILT" CHAMBERLIN leaps towards the hoop for an easy dunk. When suddenly... POW! Charles runs in from behind and blocks the shot sending the BASKETBALL flying into the black abyss towards the RIGHT.

Charles celebrates his accomplishment when the Basketball, as if it revolved the entire planet returns from the LEFT and slams into the back of Charles's head.

The GAME CLOCK reaches zero. BURRR!