

Fornicators
Pontius Pilot
By
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EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

JENICA (21), ditzzy and eclectic, and AYANA (22), sharp and scrubby, stand outside a suburban home. Ayana rings the doorbell. It makes the sound of a woman moaning.

JENICA

Say whattttt? That's her doorbell?

AYANA

Oh right, I forgot you've never been here before.

JENICA

May I?

Ayana steps aside and Jenica rings the doorbell ten times. PAUL, (34) a snark in a sequined Speedo, opens the door.

PAUL

Stop.

EXT. BACKYARD POOL - DAY

Paul leads Jenica and Ayana out to a pool decorated with faux Rococo statuary. URSULA (47) mildly British, lounges in a silk caftan and matching turban, watching as KYLE (22) sexy werewolf costume, poses for a PHOTOGRAPHER.

URSULA

Ah my young scribes! Seat yourselves.

AYANA

Is this for the Were-stepdad series?

URSULA

It's to be the cover of, "Night Surprise, Taken by her Werewolf Step-daddy."

JENICA

Wow, Kyle's like, really embodying the character.

URSULA

That he is, but enough enjoying our environs. To business! Ladies what makes a good erotic novel?

JENICA

People fucking.

URSULA

Is it well rounded characters?
Flowery speech? The craft of
storytelling, practiced now as it
once was by the great Mariners in
times of old?

AYANA

Um I don't know- Characters.

URSULA

No and wrong, it's people fucking,
the ancient art of people fucking.

JENICA

Called it.

URSULA

Girls, you've lost yourselves to
the siren song of story. Look at
the pages you sent me yesterday, they
were just descriptions of religious
rituals.

AYANA

To be fair, their belief system
centers on the mystical power of
jizz, so-

JENICA

Yeah, and we felt it was important to
express their feelings about anal
sex, so they'd have motivation for
doing a lot of it.

URSULA

You shouldn't be thinking about
motivation. This is Erotica!

AYANA

So what is this, are you cutting us?

URSULA

No, I'm allowing you to enhance your
abilities by assigning you to
Lance Hardrock.

Jenica groans. Ayana pulls out her phone.

URSULA (cont'd)

Where you can embrace what it means
to bring orgasms to hundreds, nay
thousands, of women. Meaning, you can
(MORE)

URSULA (cont'd)
get me ten thousand words weekly on
sexy Bigfoots.

AYANA
So I'm looking at Hardrock's
royalties right now and seeing that
they are, a tenth of Jasmenita's?

JENICA
Yeah, this is some shady shit, we
invented Jasmenita Menibrests.

URSULA
You may still collect your portion of
the royalties from the books you've
already written.

JENICA
Okay, but who's gonna write for
Jasmenita?

URSULA
Paul has generously agreed to lend
his talents.

They glance over at Paul who's flirting with the model.

AYANA
Jasmenita's readership is eighty-five
percent women, do you really think
Paul can speak to that demographic?

JENICA
Yeah isn't he just a model?

Paul comes over and wraps his arms around Ursula.

PAUL
Actually, Jenica, I'm very literary.
You'd know that if you ever went to
Ursula's dinner parties.

JENICA
Has he even written anything yet?

URSULA
He has whispered love poems into the
ecstatic ears of my dinner guests,
and I can assure you he understands a
woman's bo-day.

They look at Paul, awkwardly cupping Ursula's breasts.

JENICA
 (To Ayana)
 Maybe she means like, anatomically.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jenica and Ayana head toward their absurdly shitty car.

JENICA
 Paul? Seriously Paul? He couldn't
 write a female orgasm if he was a
 woman in the middle of having one.

AYANA
 To be fair, neither could I, because
 I'd be- having an orgasm.

The car's door handles are broken off, a string hangs out
 the slightly open window, Jenica pulls it, nothing happens.

JENICA
 Fuck can you get the thing? And yeah
 you could, you'd be like, 'oh my god,
 I'm having an orgasm, here you go
 Ursula, here's three thousand words
 on the orgasm I just had. I wrote
 them, while I was having it.'

Ayana retrieves a coat hanger from the wheel well. She
 sticks it in through the open window.

AYANA
 What matters is keeping the Jasmenita
 royalties. Who cares what we're
 writing, this is about getting paid.

JENICA
 I do, I care! You've got science, or
 whatever, but some of us actually
 want to be writers.

Ayana gets the door unlocked, the alarm goes off.

AYANA
 How is that the one thing that works?

They get in the car, Ayana turns off the alarm.

AYANA (cont'd)
 Yeah, but you don't want to write
 online erotica.

JENICA

So, maybe this is a stepping stone,
maybe it could lead to-

AYANA

What? Some big publisher reading My
First Time with Genghis and the Gang?

Jenica sighs.

AYANA (cont'd)

Look, you're better than this job.
Besides the one good thing about
writing mortifying e-porn is you
never have to worry that anyone
important might *actually* read it.

INT. CHRISTIAN TV STATION - DAY

POSTERS for Christian TV shows line the walls of a fancy meeting room, "The Real Teens of Bible Camp," "Fruity Stories" and "Abortion Point: Journey to Sin." Three execs, HAROLD (67), Santa in golf clothes, MARY (41) tightly wound, and JACK (38), handsome, slick, and pure evil, listen, as DANIEL (29), as hot as he is dumb, finishes a pitch.

DANIEL

She dives into the pools of
Proflagata. She's running out of
time, but she grabs it, makes her way
to the surface and holds it up to the
light... a King James Bible. That's
how we end season one. With Lisentia
discovering that the real power was
inside her all along, because the
real power, was Christ.

HAROLD

Daniel Duggin, That was magnificent.
I mean it buddy this is gonna be big,
I'm talking Chronicles of Narnia big,
but none of that subtle, is it a
metaphor- bullshoot. We're gonna make
a lot of Christians and a lot of
money.

DANIEL

Thanks dad.

HAROLD

I've gotta run, but you work on the contract details with Mary and Jack, and keep me in the loop so we can get these horses to the Slaughterhouse.

Harold leaves.

MARY

Wow... Well that was great, but just because Harold loves it, doesn't mean it's a done deal.

Jack puts his arm around Daniel, walking him out and down a hallway. Mary scurries behind them.

JACK

What she means is that you don't have to worry about anything.

MARY

Nope, not at all what I'm saying.

JACK

You seem tired do you want me to call you a car? Molly call Daniel a car, so he can go home and get to work on that pilot.

A nearby assistant jumps into action. BETHANY (20) blonde and excessively peppy, blocks Mary's path.

BETHANY

Mary I was organizing the supply closet, but I noticed we had a lot of extra pens so I-

MARY

Not now Bethany.

Daniel and Jack arrive at the elevator. Jack presses the elevator button rapidly in succession.

JACK

You've done some great work son, it's smooth sailing from here.

The elevator arrives and they both get on it. The doors close in Mary's face.

DANIEL

Thanks Jack. Mary had me worried there for a second.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

DANIEL

Thanks Jack. You know, Mary had me worried there for a second.

JACK

Don't sweat it. You know I've always got your back.

Daniel leaves as Mary emerges -huffing- from the stairwell.

MARY

Why did you do that?

JACK

Oh I'm sorry did you want some son of a concubine profaning with his issue all over our new series, just because his Daddy owns the network?

MARY

It's his idea, why NOT let him write it?

JACK

Sure, and while we're at it, why don't we bend over so all the interns in the office can defile us.

Mary shakes her head sadly.

MARY

God hears your foul mouth Jack.

Jack snorts.

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary sits at a vanity in her fancy, but sterile bedroom. JOHN (47), face like a blonde potato, takes off his tie.

JOHN

So, then I told her 'I think the most attractive women, are godly women and let me tell you missy, modesty, well that's just godly as hark- the herald angels sing.'

MARY

Uh huh.

JOHN

And you know who the godliest woman I know is?

He puts his hands on her shoulders and leans down to give her a kiss. She pulls away.

MARY

Oh that's so sweet.

John tries to nuzzle her face with his nose.

JOHN

How would you, like to lay together as the Lord commands BEFORE dinner tonight.

MARY

That sounds so great, but I have a lot of work so ... I'll have to pass.

Mary leaves. He calls out after her.

JOHN

Well if you change your mind I'll be here -just- not touching myself.

INT. MARY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Mary locks the door, closes the blinds and opens a locked drawer to retrieve a vibrator and a Kindle. She flips through erotica titles on "Himalaya" (IE: Amazon) and finds, "The Books of Carcentine," by Jasmentia Menibrests. A woman in kinky lingerie is photo-shopped over a medieval castle.

MARY

Yep this works.

Mary starts reading, her hand hovers over the vibrator. Her eyes widen, she rapidly flips through the pages.

MARY (CONT'D)

Son of a sodomite!

Mary pulls out her phone and dials.

MARY

I need you to get me in touch with an author named Jasmenita Menibrests.

BETHANY(ON PHONE)

Well that's a funny name.

MARY

Yes because it's not a real name,
-you precious Child of Christ- it's a
pseudonym, I want you to find me the
person who writes under it.

BETHANY(ON PHONE)

Okay, got it, Jasmenita Menibrests.

MARY

Oh and Bethany, mention this to
anyone and I will strike the fear of
the Lord into your righteous little
head, so hard, you will be taking in
his Holy will through a straw. Do you
understand me?

BETHANY(ON PHONE)

Ummm I think so?

MARY

Good, call me immediately once you
find Miss Menibrests.

BETHANY (ON PHONE)

Or Mrs.

MARY

Shut up Bethany.

INT. BETHANY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bethany sits in her Pinterest made manifest bedroom. She
opens her laptop.

ON THE SCREEN

A Google search of "Jasmenita Menibrests author" brings up
no results, but a button pops up.

"turn off safe search to see all results."

She hovers her mouse over it.

BETHANY

Jesus, Protect my eyes, the windows
of my soul, from all that is unclean,
while I seal my heart against sinful
pleasures. In his name. Amen.

She takes a deep breath and clicks.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Ohhhhh-

INT. CHRISTIAN TV STATION - DAY

Mary enters her office, Bethany jumps up to greet her.

MARY

Messages.

BETHANY

Okay, someone from Verizon called with an exciting new offer. You could save-

MARY

I don't know why I bother. What did you find about Jasmenita?

BETHANY

Well it was difficult, I mean, it was like I could feel the pull of Satan with every word I read-

MARY

I asked you to find the writer not read the books.

BETHANY

Oh, I guess that's true. Anyway, I did eventually find the publisher. So I emailed to ask for her real name-

MARY

Oh politely asking, why didn't I think of that?

JENICA

It's okay that's why you have me. Now she hasn't emailed me back yet but-

MARY

Oh that's right, because the publisher isn't going to give you the name, you precious virgin. Tell her she can give it up like she did in high school, or get slapped with a lawsuit so fast it'll make her head spin.

BETHANY

Okay, but should I wait for her to
(MORE)

BETHANY (cont'd)
 respond first or..

Mary enters her office, slamming the door in Bethany's face.

INT. JENICA AND AYANA'S HOUSE - DAY

The tiny apartment is jam packed with posters, toys and tchotchkes. Jenica is on her laptop in the kitchen/living room. Ayana is eating oatmeal.

JENICA
 Okay, what about this, "Copious,
 thick and viscus fluids leaked from
 her cavity as-"

Ayana puts down her spoon. Jenica makes an oops face. Ayana eyes her breakfast sadly. Jenica opens her email.

JENICA (cont'd)
 Yo, do you know what ChristTV is?

AYANA
 Oh yeah I used to watch them all the
 time when I was growing up. They were
 like the MTV of Christian television.

JENICA
 So Ursula says they're sending us a
 cease and desist letter about
 Carcentine?

AYANA
 Wait what? We don't even own it, she
 made that very clear.

JENICA
 They want to know our real names and
 meet with us in person.

Ayana pushes Jenica out of the way and reads the email.

AYANA
 Blah blah, 'strong independent women
 who created your own series, legal
 matters forthwith in perpetuity,
 copywrite, trademark, registered
 trademark', okay I see.

JENICA
 Cool because I do not.