

Treatment Example



Real Fast Hollywood Deal

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ONE-NIGHT STAND

Written by Joe Eszterhas/ Directed by Adrian Lyne

Jack Ramsey is 35 – smart, glib, good-looking. He is at a convention of public relations people in Boca Raton, Florida at the Boca Beach Club. He works for a small agency in Syracuse, New York. He is married and has two children.

The convention has just ended. He is sitting at the bar of the Beach Club with a couple of his friends, drinking. His plane leaves in four hours. His friends leave and he is left at the bar alone. He sees a beautiful young woman sitting at a table in the bar glancing at him. He checks his watch, then goes over to her. He offers to buy her a drink.

Her name is Karen Anderson. She's 27. She's been here for the convention too. She's from San Francisco. He buys her a drink. They talk, they laugh. They like each other. He keeps checking his

watch. She notices. He tells her his plane is leaving soon. He hasn't even checked out yet. They look at each other. You could fly out to tomorrow, she says. I could, he says. Why don't you? She says.

They are two strangers. He takes her to his room. He tells her the truth: He's married, he got kids – this is nothing but a one-night stand. She smiles; she doesn't object.

His room faces the sea. They talk, they make love, they eat, they drink... all night long. As the night goes on, as they get to know each other better and better, they tell each other about their loves. She tells him it's clear to her how unhappy he is. She says he's chosen a kind of spiritual death for himself because of his children. He is taken by her life force, by her sense of freedom. She lives the way she wants to live. She is alive. You do this all the time, don't you? She asks. A piece of ass here, a piece of ass there – a stranger to talk to here and there. What kind of life is this – this life of one-night stands?

Our focus as they stay in this room all night is microcosmic. Their initial clumsiness with each other... the milling tiny hesitations the lead to bed... the initial nervousness of their love-making... the way they eat their sandwiches naked in bed. Their talk about sex is honest, startling – there is no need for false compliments.

He calls his wife from his room, tells he is coming in tomorrow, not today, tells her he loves her, talks to his kids – and as he talks to his wife and his kids, he fondles Karen, makes love to her with his hands.

As the night goes on, we see they care more and more about each other. What about you? He is led to ask her. Is this enough for you? What about a commitment instead of the one-night stands? She's never met the right person, she says. She has needs... that she needs... to satisfy.

At one point, they fall asleep, curled in each other's arms. He wakes to hear her on the phone – her girlfriend's going to pick her up at the airport, she says. She and Jack argue, too, during the

course of this night – he’s into responsibility, she’s into freedom. Their arguments have a humorous edge – they like each other, we see, but they like fighting each other too, teasing, trying to bust each other.

It’s morning. She says she has to check out and get to the airport. We could stay another night, he says. We could both fly out tomorrow. She smiles, Why don’t we do that? she say. I’ll go down on you while you call you wife to tell her. It’s a joke -- she has to go.

If you’re ever in San Francisco and feel like a one-night stand... she writes her phone number down... they kiss for the last time... put another notch in your belt, she says, another piece of ass in your memory... call me. She gives him her phone number. She smiles.

He leaves for Syracuse the same day. His wife and kids pick him up at the airport. He is the perfect suburban husband and father. We hear his empty lies about the convention, we see him

playing with the kids, we see him in the bedroom with his wife, claiming he's tired...

His wife wants to make love to him and he does. But it's Karen who's in his head. As he makes love to his wife, he sees flashes of himself making love to Karen. When they are finished, his wife holds him and says: I missed you so much, Jack. He says, I missed you too. I really did.

We see him briefly at the office. One of the friends we saw him with at the Boca Beach Club bar teases him about probably scoring some pussy after they left. He doesn't appreciate the joke. He is off-center. Something is wrong. He can't get Karen out of his head. She's moved him in a way he never expected. His wife sees something is wrong too, asks him. He says there's nothing wrong. He plays with his kids. We see tears welling in his eyes.

Late at night at the office, he gets Karen's phone number out of his wallet. He stares at it a long beat and then, almost against his will, he calls her. The number she has left him in San Francisco is not a working number. We see him making calls, desperate to

locate her in San Francisco. He calls the agency she told him she works for – they have never heard of a Karen Anderson. He doesn't know what to do, desperate to find her – and then he remembers the phone call she made from his hotel room. He finds his hotel bill, looks through the numbers called from his room.

He finds one, circles it. It is a local call made in Boca Raton. He calls the number. She answers the phone. Karen, he says. Don't ever call me again, she says and hangs up. He tries to call back. The phone is off the hook.

He tells his wife he has to go to a meeting with a client in Miami. She can tell something is very wrong. You were just there, she says, why didn't you see him when you were there? It just came up suddenly, he says. She drives him to the airport with the kids. We see the strain between them as he tries to make idle chit chat, pretending it's just a business trip.

He goes to a private detective in Miami and says he needs an address for the phone number he has. That's it? the private eye

laughs. That's easy. He has the address after one phone call. It costs Jack \$300.

He drives out to the address. It's in Coconut Grove, a Miami suburb an hour freeway drive from Boca Beach Club. It is a suburban neighborhood, a ranch style house with a Volvo and a Toyota in the driveway. He watches the house from the car... and sees her. She is with a 5-year-old little boy and a man in his mid 30s. They look like the perfect suburban couple. They look like he and his wife do with their kid. He stares, shattered.

She sees him watching them from the care. There is blind panic in her eyes that she tries to hide from the man with her. She goes into the house with the man and the child. A little later, the man gets into the Volvo and leaves.

He keeps sitting in the car, watching her house. She comes out, looking scared, comes to his car. Not here, please, she says. I can't talk here. Where? he says. At the bar at the Boca Beach Club at seven o'clock. It is the place where they first met.

He sits in the bar, drinking, checking his watch. Seven. Seven-fifteen. Seven-thirty. She comes in finally – she looks gorgeous – she wears the same dress that she wore when she first met him here. She sits down. He tells her he's in love with her. She tells him it's impossible. She's married. She's got her little boy. It was just a one-night stand.

She tells him how she does it. She goes to hotels where conventions are being held when her husband is out of town on business. Her husband is probably doing the same thing, she smiles. What about all the things she said about freedom, about spiritual death? It's a fantasy, she says. It's the way I'd like to be. There is no Karen Anderson, she says. My name is Susan Watkins.

He stares at her shattered. They look eat each other. I don't have to be back until eleven, she says quietly. He takes her up to his room. They make love again. She whispers, I love you when she comes. She gets up, puts her clothes on, and walks out of the room without ever looking at him again.

His wife and kids pick him up at the airport in Syracuse. How was your meeting? His wife asks. Great, he says, I couldn't wait to get home. He smiles. It is a joyous smile. It is the saddest smile in the world.

That night, we see him in bed with his wife. She is asleep. He stares at the ceiling. He gets up and checks the kids. He looks at them a long beat, and then he goes downstairs to the kitchen. He picks up the phone and dials a number. She picks the phone up in Coconut Grove. Susan, he says. A beat, and she says – Yes. Hi, he says, it's me. A beat, and she says – Hi. She smiles. It is a joyous smile. It is the saddest smile in the world.