

**Don Juan Be-Gone!**

Written by

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by David Lee Cummings

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OPEN:

INT. BEDROOM

RICHARD and his MISTRESS snuggle in bed. Smoke wafts up from under the sheets. An expression of extreme satisfaction radiates from Richard's face; the mistress lies upon his chest, her eyes closed and smiling contentedly.

MISTRESS

(dreamily)

Mmm. That was just spectacular. I haven't experienced fireworks like that since Ralph Fiennes first kissed J. Lo in Maid in Manhattan.

Richard looks down at mistress slightly appalled.

RICHARD

What?

MISTRESS

What?

RICHARD

Nevermind.

(beat)

Yeah, well, I didn't know you had it in you.

MISTRESS

Well, I do prefer the vaginal sponge over any other—

RICHARD

What?

MISTRESS

What?

RICHARD

What are you talking about?  
Vaginal sponge?

MISTRESS

I have it in me.

RICHARD

Oh. That's not quite what I meant.

MISTRESS

What did you mean?

RICHARD

I meant, that was indeed some damn good sex, the best yet. I didn't even have to fantasize about Tyra Banks on a miniature donkey feeding Milk Duds to that Asperger's hottie from America's Next Top Model.

MISTRESS

(blushing)

Oh, Richard, you say the sweetest things.

RICHARD

Yeah, I'm a natural born Cyrano de Bergerac.

WIFE (O.S.)

Honey, I'm home!

RICHARD

What? My wife's not supposed to be home this early. Her Ashley Simpson hoedown class is supposed to go until five.

MISTRESS

You're married?

RICHARD

(sheepishly)

Uhh. Did I neglect to mention that? Silly me.

MISTRESS

You filthy pig! In fact, I always thought you smelled like a honey-baked ham, but I never said anything, 'cause I like honey-baked ham.

The mistress gets out of bed, keeping the sheet wrapped around her body, leaving Richard on the bed. He has on a pair of ridiculous looking underwear (perhaps it has little pigs on them). And expended fireworks—spent cones, firecracker fragments, etc.—litter the bed. The bedroom door swings open and Richard's WIFE walks in holding up sexy lingerie.

WIFE

Richard, today's your lucky day!  
Look at these new—. Well, hello! I  
see you've got company.

MISTRESS

I was just leaving.

WIFE

(glaring)

What?

MISTRESS

What?

RICHARD

What?

MISTRESS

Look, until the moment you walked  
in I had no idea that Casanova  
here was hitched. Your old man has  
been playing both of us like a  
Jew's harp in the mouth of a  
rotten-toothed old hobo.

Richard and his wife both cringe at the imagery.

MISTRESS (CONT'D)

I just want to gather up my  
clothes and get out of here.

The mistress suddenly begins sobbing, then turns to Richard.

MISTRESS

This is not at all like Maid in  
Manhattan. Christopher would never  
have done this to Marisa!

The mistress picks up her clothes and exits, crying hysterically.

MISTRESS (O.S.)

And to think I wore a vaginal  
sponge just for you! I don't do  
that for every guy!

A sponge from O.S. flies in and smacks Richard in the face. A door O.S. then slams shut. Richard brushes the sponge away, shrugs, and props himself up against the headboard.

RICHARD

Uh.

(beat)

Look, babe, it's not what you  
think.

WIFE

Oh, Richard, you're such a, such  
a—you live up to the short version  
of your name! Ooh!

Richard's wife tears at the lingerie in her hands, ripping a split in the crotch of the panties (creating crotchless panties). Richard looks at the result with peaked interest, widening his eyes, cocking his head, smiling faintly, and uttering a terse curious sound.

RICHARD

Babe, I'm sorry. I really am. Just  
calm down and come here. And bring  
those panties with you.

Richard pats the bed. His wife mopes dejectedly to the bed and sits down. Richard tries to touch her but she pulls away.

WIFE

How could you do this? She's not  
even prettier than me! And she  
wears a sponge!

RICHARD

Uh, not anymore. It's over there  
now, on the floor.

Richard's wife buries her head in the panties in her hands and blubbers into them. Richard makes a disappointed face.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I don't know why I do it, babe. I guess it's just in my nature, I suppose. 'Cause I'm a man, and that's what men do.

An ANNOUNCER suddenly enters wearing a tacky polyester suit and tie. In the background, Richard and his wife express gestures of bewilderment over who the stranger is in their bedroom.

ANNOUNCER

Has this ever happened to you?  
Tired of your man's uncontrollable habits? Well, rid them for good with ...

(holds up can)

BOOMING VOICE

Don Juan Be-Gone!

ZOOM IN TO EXTREME CLOSE UP — LABEL ON CAN OF 'DON JUAN BE-GONE!'

ANNOUNCER

The revolutionary new behavior treatment for men!

INT. BAR

Richard, grooving ridiculously to the music, and his wife sit at a booth. A WAITRESS brings them drinks. Richard flirts with the waitress.

RICHARD

(winking)

Hey, good-looking, I'll be back to pick you up later.

The waitress giggles and walks away. The wife glares incredulously at Richard, who ignores her.

PAN TO:

The announcer sits in the next booth over, on the wife's side. A BIMBO sits next to the announcer; a can of Don Juan Be-Gone! sits conspicuously on the table between them.

## ANNOUNCER

If you're having trouble  
controlling your man, just pour a  
shot of Don Juan Be-Gone! in his  
drink.

(gestures at can)

Then when he takes his next sip,  
he'll instantly fall deeply and  
faithfully in love with the first  
person he sees after taking the  
sip. Which, of course, will be  
you. Then, he'll be yours, and  
only yours, forever.

(beat)

Let's see it in action.

## PAN TO:

Richard and his wife remain at the other table. The wife removes a can of Don Juan Be-Gone! from her purse and secretly pours a shot of the liquid contents into Richard's drink as he ogles other women. Richard looks at his wife and smiles, picks up his glass, and starts to take a drink. The wife's eyes open wide in anticipation. In the middle of Richard's sip, a rough looking COWBOY, sitting with his GIRLFRIEND, in the booth beside Richard taps him on the shoulder.

## COWBOY

Excuse me, fella.

Richard, as he finishes his sip, looks over at the cowboy.

## COWBOY (CONT'D)

(holding up a  
cigarette)

Could I bother you for a light?

## Richard

Hey, you're kinda cute.

## COWBOY

What?

## RICHARD

What?

A random Korean guy who looks like JIN from LOST—or is Jin—briefly pops his head into the shot.

JIN  
Mo-ra-greo?

COWBOY  
I said, have you got a light?

RICHARD  
Like the one shining in your  
gorgeous eyes?

The cowboy recoils.

COWBOY  
(to girlfriend)  
Come on, darlin', let's get outta  
here. I didn't know this was one  
of them fruitcake bars. Besides, I  
just got this movie called  
Brokeback Mountain from Netflix  
and I can't wait to watch it. I  
love Westerns, 'cause they always  
star real men.

The cowboy grabs his DATE's hand and they leave; Richard  
follows them O.S. The wife, in shock, watches Richard depart.

PAN TO:

The announcer, in his booth, smiles at the camera and shrugs.

ANNOUNCER  
Of course, results may vary.

The announcer, continuing to look into the camera, picks up  
his glass, takes a drink, and then puts his glass back down.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
(into camera)  
Hey, you're kinda cute.

CUT TO EXTREME CLOSE UP — LABEL ON CAN OF 'DON JUAN BE-GONE!'

BOOMING VOICE  
Don Juan Be-Gone!

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
Get a can today!

Richard's wife and the bimbo sob hysterically O.S.

ANNOUNCER 2 (O.S.)

(in a brisk tempo,

as the disclaimer

is SUPERIMPOSED:)

Keep out of reach of children,  
embittered ex-girlfriends,  
celebrity stalkers, amorous old  
hags, and maids in Manhattan—  
unless they happen to be hot,  
juicy-bootied Latina actresses in  
character. Use only as directed.