

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jim has unraveled a bunch of condoms and is curiously examining them.

And THE MONTAGE COMES TO AN ABRUPT END with a KNOCKING.

JIM

(shoving the rubbers into his night table)

Just a minute!

He opens the bedroom door. Jim's Dad is standing there.

JIM'S DAD

(trying not to look inside)

Can I come in?

JIM

Yeah, sure.

JIM'S DAD

You're not...busy?

JIM

Dad, come in.

Jim's Dad reluctantly enters, carrying a brown paper bag.

He takes a seat on Jim's bed.

JIM'S DAD

(fatherly attempt)

Sit down, Jim. Let's talk.

Jim takes a seat next to his dad.

JIM

Okay.

JIM'S DAD

These are for you. From father to son.

Jim looks at the bag. Uncomfortable. Hesitantly, he takes it. Slowly, dreadfully, he pulls out a copy of PERFECT 10.

JIM

Uh...dad...

Jim's Dad is doing his best to be the good father.

JIM'S DAD

Go ahead son, there's more.

Beyond embarrassed, Jim reaches into the bag. Cringes.

Pulls out a PENTHOUSE.

JIM'S DAD (cont'd)

Now, that one's a little more...a
little more...graphic.

JIM

I know, Dad.

JIM'S DAD

Oh, okay. Here's let me show you.

Jim's Dad takes the bag back. Pulls out a copy of
SHAVED.

JIM'S DAD (cont'd)

This, son, is your more exotic dirty
magazine.

JIM

Dad! I know!

JIM'S DAD

Do you know about the clitoris?

JIM

(through clenched teeth)

Yes dad.

JIM'S DAD

Sometimes it can be pretty hard to
locate.

JIM

(interrupting, hand up)

Thank you, dad, I got it.

JIM'S DAD

Okay, well that about covers it.

Jim MURMURS something incomprehensible.

JIM'S DAD (cont'd)

Now, let's put these somewhere where
your mother won't find them.

Jim's Dad takes the stack of magazines. He goes to open
Jim's night table. Jim freaks.

JIM

Wait!

But it's too late. Jim's Dad is face-to-face with the
unraveled prophylactics. He sours.

JIM'S DAD

(beaten)

I'll have to save this speech for
another day. I'm too worn out.

Jim's Dad exits, a condom stuck to the back of his pants.