

Conjugal Visit

Draft

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FADE IN:

EXT. AUTOMOBILE -- MORNING

PARIS is locked up in transport restraints in the back seat of a car. A leather belt is buckled around her waist, her wrists are handcuffed in front, and are restrained by the metal ring at the center of her belt. She is wearing a business suit with high heels. Her ankles are manacled with leg shackles, and a chain runs from her handcuffs to her leg shackles. There is a ball-gag around her throat. She is nicely made up and her hair is curled.

PARIS

You sure go to a lot of trouble for these visits. Why don't you just have them in the jail?

GUARD

I just got the order to hook you up and take you to this place. That's all I know.

PARIS

This is a conjugal visit isn't it?

GUARD

Things seem pretty well laid out for what's going to happen to you.

PARIS

Happen to me? This is just a visit with my husband, isn't?

GUARD

Yeah, you're lucky you're in private custody. If you were in state lockup, this would never happen.

Paris rolls her eyes.

PARIS

Lucky, REAL lucky! This private jail stuff really sucks.

EXT. SOUTHWORE HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Paris is eyeing the building with suspicion. The Guard pulls her along, and she reluctantly allows herself to be hustled down the driveway.

INT. SMALL ROOM WITH BED -- LATER

Paris is sitting in a small room. She reclines on the bed, but she fidgets and picks at her nails nervously. She looks around. There is nothing in the room but the small bed.

She looks at her wrists, which are red and marked. She looks down at her ankles, and they are locked in leg irons.

A set of key clatters outside, and the door opens. The guard comes in.

She stands up and confronts her.

PARIS

Well? Did he come? Did he!

GUARD

Of course he did, honey. I sure would if I were him.

PARIS

So send him in! Where is he?

The Guard stopped short.

GUARD

OK, but you're aware of the required restraints?

Paris rolls her eyes.

PARIS

Yes, let me get my coat off. You keep it so hot in here!

Paris removes her jacket. Her expensive blouse is sheer. She folds up her coat, and turns, presenting her wrists to her jailer. But she has gone, and the door slams shut.

She shrugs, and stands. Nothing happens. She perches on the edge of the bed, tense.

Keys rattle outside. The Guard steps in, closes the door behind him, and tosses a bundle of chains and straps on the bed beside her.

Hanna almost jumps away from then, but she picks up a wad of straps in her hand with disgust.

PARIS (CONT'D)

So these are to be my shackles?

GUARD

You know the drill.

PARIS

But before, with the other guards, I was just handcuffed, with my wrists in front!

GUARD

In the state prison system, maybe,  
but not with this company - You  
know their policies on restraint.

The guard takes her arm, and puts her into an "up against  
the wall" position. He begins a thorough search, reaching  
under her coat.

PARIS

Hey!

GUARD

Be quiet.

She pulls up her skirt, searching under it. Paris tries to  
pull away and she is pushed back against the wall.

PARIS

You just grabbed my butt!

GUARD

Your point is?

She finishes up the search, and pulls her away from the wall  
by her arms.

PARIS

Well, are you satisfied now?

GUARD

Satisfied that you are not carrying.

PARIS

I mean are you satisfied that you  
got to cop a feel?

GUARD

Wrists, behind your head.

PARIS

So, you're going to handcuff me now?

GUARD

Yeah, big surprise.

The guard carefully locks her wrists behind her back, fastens  
her leg irons, and ties a rope around her elbows and up around  
her shoulders.

PARIS

You're just tying my elbows to be  
mean. I'll bet you enjoy it.

GUARD

Sure, babysitting you is a big thrill  
for me.

The Guard begins gathering her hair behind her head. She realizes that she is about to be gagged.

PARIS

This is a conjugal visit. Why the gag?

GUARD

It's on the order. Full bondage, and a ball-gag.

PARIS

Does my husband have permission to remove my gag?

GUARD

He specified your bondage. I guess he does.

PARIS

My husband gave the order that I be trussed up like this?

Impatiently, he gathers her tresses tighter, and puts the ball up to her mouth.

GUARD

The order says he has "full rights".

PARIS

What's that supposed to mean, "Full Rights"?

GUARD

Your file says that your husband has full conjugal rights, twice a month.

PARIS

You mean he can have me tied up and then he can come fuck me any time he wants?

The guard insistently placed the ball behind her teeth, and carefully fastened the strap under her hair. She is impatient with her question.

GUARD

No, like I said, only two times per month.

She pushes Paris back down on the bed, but she struggles to her feet, pacing, waiting for her husband.

INT. SMALL ROOM WITH BED -- LATER

HUBBIE enters the room, after a clattering of keys outside the door. He embraces his wife, but she pulls away.

She sees the lipstick on his collar. She tries to say something through her gag, but is unable to.

She tries to twist away from him, but he quickly takes her arm and holds her again.

HUBBIE

I've missed you so much! It must be horrible for you, locked up in here!

Paris shakes her head, and turns away from him. He puts his arms around her, holding her breasts, and she twists away again.

Paris mumbles, almost drooling around her ball-gag

PARIS

My gag!

HUBBIE

Oh, you want it off for a few minutes?

PARIS

Mmmmm!

HUBBIE

I don't know, I kind of like you this way.

PARIS

Now!

HUBBIE

Ok, Ok

She takes her head to his chest and fumbles with the buckle. She is fidgety, and as the ball finally comes out, she practically spits it out.

PARIS

You bastard!

HUBBIE

What?

PARIS

I may have been shackled and gagged, but I can see! You have lipstick on your collar. It's that bitch, isn't it?

His attitude changes. He takes her by both arms, and pushes her elbows together. He puts his cheek next to hers.

HUBBIE

Let's not make this any more difficult than it already is. I don't see how we can fuck in all these clothes.

PARIS

Look at me. I'm a prisoner in chains - I'd say you've pretty much fucked me already.

HUBBIE

Listen, a four year private prison sentence is not the end of the world.

PARIS

Asshole, you could get me out on appeal if you'd just pay my lawyer.

HUBBIE

You know what I need to do that. I need your account numbers.

Paris turns away, and sits down on the bed. Hubbie puts his hand behind her head.

PARIS

Asshole.

Still standing, Hubbie keeps his hand behind her head, and slowly begins to unbuckle his belt and unzip his pants.

PARIS (CONT'D)

You seriously don't want to do that.

HUBBIE

Don't I?

Paris bares her teeth, almost ferociously.

PARIS

Not a good idea, believe me.

Hubbie zips and buckles up, and pushes her back on the bed. He knocks on the door.

HUBBIE

Guard!

INT. SMALL ROOM WITH BED -- MOMENTS LATER

The guard is tying her wrists behind her back, and then she ties her elbows together. Paris is struggling against her.

PARIS

You're loving this, aren't you?

GUARD

No, I'm not.

PARIS

Yeah, right.

GUARD

Listen, I've heard the talk. You're taking the fall for this guy. I don't like to see this kind of thing go down.

PARIS

You're nice to be concerned, but I don't think anyone knows the whole story here.

GUARD

Let me give you a hint. This room is bugged.

PARIS

I figured as much. That's too tight.

The guard picks up the gag.

PARIS (CONT'D)

You're pretty good with that gag, aren't you?

GUARD

Maybe if you hadn't threatened to bite him, he wouldn't have insisted on it.

PARIS

Not too tight, OK?

Paris leans forward, after the ball is placed in her mouth. The strap is buckled under her hair. He checks the gag, and tightens it by a notch against her protests.

The Guard exits the room, leaving Paris to struggle.

EXT. SOUTHMORE HOUSE PORCH -- LATER

Hubbie takes Paris, with her wrists tied, and ties her to a post. He walks around her, toying with her.

HUBBIE

The account number.

He takes off his belt and gives her a swat on the leg.

PARIS

I'm gagged

HUBBIE

You're gagged? - then why can I understand you? Maybe your gag isn't tight enough.

He tightens her gag as she protests. Tight shot on Paris' face as he swats her on the leg.

Paris is marched around with her wrists tied behind her back

Paris is Hogtied

Paris is then taken over to the cot.

INT. SMALL ROOM WITH BED -- LATER

Hubbie is buckling his pants. Paris is facing away from the camera, implying that the sex was from behind. Hubbie gives her butt a firm swat. Paris groans into her ball-gag.

HUBBIE

You might want to rethink your position. Otherwise, you might find yourself in the same position next month.

PARIS

Mmmmm!

HUBBIE

Yep, trussed up and butt up!

Paris mumbles through her gag.

PARIS

Asshole!

Hubbie leaves the room, giving her a kiss on the cheek and one more swat on the butt.

INT. SMALL ROOM WITH BED -- LATER

Paris puts on her bra and buttons up her blouse, and then puts on her jacket and heels. She sits down on the bed, next to a mass of chain and leather restraints. She picks up a pair of handcuffs, thinks about them, and then throws them down on the bed in disgust.

The guard enters the room. He pulls Paris up by one arm and positions her spread against the wall. She is pretty peeved.

PARIS

Look, he didn't slip me anything, if that's what you're thinking.

GUARD

I know he didn't. I still need to search you.

After a perfunctory search, the guard picks up the handcuffs attached to the waist chain. Paris is almost disappointed with the careless search.

PARIS

That was fast.

GUARD

Disappointed?

PARIS

I guess not. Can I get out of this position, please?

The guard is still messing with her restraints

GUARD

Not yet. You and your husband don't seem to be getting along. You could have had 2 hours together, and he was out of here in 15 minutes.

PARIS

He got what he came for. No, wait, I guess he didn't get what he came for.

The guard takes her by the arm, turns her around, handcuffs her behind her back, and ties her elbows together and loops the rope over her shoulders..

GUARD

Well, let's get you back to the prison.

PARIS

Wait, since we have some extra time, there's a place I'd like to visit.

She pulls away, and tries to face him, and she holds both her arms, finishing tying off her arms. The guard laughs.

GUARD

Sightseeing? Part of what prison's all about is that you can't just go anywhere, honey. That's why you're kept locked in a cell and chained whenever you're out of it.

PARIS

Come on, it's right on the way. You can keep me in my restraints.

The guard continues with leg irons, and puts a ball-gag around her throat, but does not put it in her mouth.

GUARD

Can you tell me why I'm considering this?

PARIS

Maybe because you're not such a bad girl?

EXT. CEMETARY -- LATER

The car pulls up and parks. The Guard gets out of his door, leaving his door open, and helps Paris out of the car.

PARIS

It's over here.

Paris points as best she can in her shackles and starts walking. The guard quickly catches up with her after a few steps. She pulls away from him, and he pulls her toward him, getting control of her, and walking her over so he can close his car door. Paris rolls her eyes.

PARIS (CONT'D)

Ready?

They walk over to a grave site.

GUARD

Who is she?

PARIS

If I get out, and he gets my accounts, I'd be six feet under in a box, just like she is.

GUARD

Why do you say that?

PARIS

The results are right before you - she was my co-defendant, and was going to talk. She thought it was great getting out on bail. They made it look like an accident, but there she is. I stayed locked up, and here I am.

GUARD

Where there's life, there's hope?

Paris, looks up at her smiling.

PARIS

Yeah. That's it.

GUARD  
Come on, let's go.

Walking back to the car, Paris looks up at him, he looks away.

PARIS  
It's a long drive back, and I've  
been chained an awfully long time.

EXT. AUTOMOBILE -- MOMENTS LATER

Paris is pushed up against the car, as the Guard is putting the finishing touches on tight rope bondage.

GUARD  
There, that ought to hold you.

PARIS  
Hey, I can't handle this - it's a  
three hour drive!

GUARD  
Do you want me to drop you off at  
the jail? You can take the bus from  
county up to the prison, in chains  
with all the new prisoners?

PARIS  
Oh, come on!

GUARD  
Looks like you'll have to get used  
to it.

PARIS  
Yeah, why?

GUARD  
It's just two weeks until your next  
conjugal visit!

FADE OUT