

FIELDS (cont'd)

Publishing.com and for \$9.95 you can download all my juicy tidbits in my best selling autobiography "I F*cked Everyone!"

INSERT PHOTO: book cover with Fields in a suggestive pose.

REPORTER

That says it all. And as in all Jeffrey Fields Galas...
(putting on sunglasses)
it don't end until the sun shines. This is "John Smith" for "Hollywood Minute".

EXT. FIELDS' MANSION - AFTERNOON

Owen parks his Lexus then steps into the chaos, nodding and smiling. An irritated WORKER approaches...

WORKER

Mr. Owen. I hear you want the cigar terrace moved another four feet--

Owen tests the breeze with a lit cigar.

OWEN

The ocean cross breeze is still creating a blow back. Do you want Miley Cyrus smelling like Fidel Castro? Four feet. Perfection is our standard. If it's not yours, I'll get another vendor.

The worker retreats... Owen looks across the garden.

OWEN

No! The Begonias must face the Sun.
(eyeing table linens)
Since when did violet become purple!? Call Frette, return these.

BARBARA, 40s, 'cougar', flirts shamelessly.

BARBARA

Someone knows how to crack the whip.

OWEN

You should see me in the bedroom.

BARBARA

That could be arranged.

Start

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OWEN

It's so much harder being gay than it was when I was in denial... if I had met you before that summer in band camp, who knows, my sex life might have gone in a whole different direction.

BARBARA

If ONLY...

JEFFREY FIELDS, followed by a reality TV crew, steps up.

FIELDS

I've got first dibs on Owen. Besides you're not his type.

OWEN

Behave, you two. I'm not a piece of meat. Succulent as I may be.

FIELDS

(playing for TV camera)
So Barbara, what's my new nosey neighbor doing here?

BARBARA

Being nosey.

FIELDS

Trying to poach my stylist? Sorry Babs, he can't do anything more for you that your plastic surgeon hasn't done already.

— End

Fields sneaks a squeeze on Owen's butt.

OWEN

Stop flirting. If your new lollipop Hans sees us, he'll hang both our nuts in a sling.

FIELDS

This party better be uber-fabulous, or I'll have your nuts, and they won't be in a sling.

Fields walks off... then turns to the cameramen.

FIELDS

That sucked... Let's shoot it again. Owen, gimme that line again.

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