

E-TRON DOCUMENTARIES

“Kara”

By R. Shantz/Robinson

FADE IN:

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INT. AN ORANGE FIAT SPYDER—NIGHT

The PICTURE FADES up showing RG speeding down Kingsway Blvd. into New Westminister, British Columbia. He wheels into a parking lot near a night club, CHICAGO TONIGHT, parks, kills the engine, primps his Gerry curls up a little and exits, the young night and social atmosphere and a line up of people outside the club quickly peaking his interest.

Suddenly a car passes him by as he starts crossing the street. The tail lights brake, the car backs up and a 24 year old blond Pat Benetar lookalike, Karen, leans out the window.

KAREN

You're a little late.

RG

I know, I...got held up.

FLASHBACK

Showing RG making wild passionate love to a girl, Carla, down the other end of Kingsway Blvd in her house, RG mildly riveted by the ecstasy in her face.

CARLA

You're a wonderful lover...

RG smiles a little and continues, the car PANNING out the window to his orange Fiat Spyder in her parking lot.

EXT. STREET

KAREN

So anyways... hey, can I have a kiss?

RG

(shrugs)

Sure.

RG leans in the window, they lip lock a few long beats and RG leans back up.

KAREN

Thanks. I'll see you later.

She pulls away and RG continues down to the sidewalk into the lineup and heads inside and up

the stairs, disappearing in the jam packed club.

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INT. CHICAGO TONIGHT

The moment RG enters, a pretty brunet peels out of the crowd and approaches him.

BRUNET

Hey, I've got a pad in Kamloops. You're welcome to join me for the weekend any time.

Before RG can respond or even have a clear look at the brunet, she heads back into the jam packed crowd, disappearing into the crowd.

RG

Word gets around fast...

RG sighs a little and stops at the door to watch Karen's tail lights fade down the street.

FLASHBACK TO

INT. KAREN'S CAR—NIGHT

RG is sitting in the back with an extremely curvaceous brunet on one side and a cutesy blond on the other, Karen at the wheel and another friend of hers, a brunet, in the passenger's side. As they converse on their way down toward Karen's house, Karen pulls over to let the curvaceous brunet out at her house and she stops as RG doesn't go with her.

BRUNET

What's wrong? I thought you were coming with me?

Dumbfounded, RG doesn't respond and she shrugs it off.

BRUNET

Alright, okay, I'll see you guys next week.

She heads toward her house and Karen pulls away down the street toward her house, parks the car, and RG gets out and heads toward the door with the cutsey blond, RG glancing back at the down the street where Karen let the brunet out.

RG

How 'd I missed those signals... ?

They head inside, Karen nods RG into her bed room and RG pulls the cutsey blond inside, closing the door behind them.

BACK TO SCENE

RG sighs a little and heads into the nightclub and trudges up the stairs, vanishing in the meelee .

INT. NIGHT CLUB--NIGHT

RG stops at the top of the stairs, his eyes quickly catching a 19 year old French platinum platinum blond woman, KARA, standing out on the dance floor with her blond friend.

Henry and Fred, a couple of RG's friends, approach him by the back of the club, the CAMERA PANNING Fred's larger Donald Hargraves physical appearance from RG's high school in wonder.

FRED

Hey Ron.

RG

Hey. Where's Diane?

FRED

I...I...I can't really say, Ron. I'm in a bit of a downer. She dumped me.

RG

Why?

FRED

I...I can't say. It really sent me for a loop. it's pretty heavy. It's weird, I'm dragging around a bit.

RG nods, studying Fred's down demeanor and then his eyes quickly scan the club and stop on a table full of girls.

FRED

Well I have some work to do, I'll talk to you later.

(then, curious)

I noticed you...you sort of go with the flow with a girl. It's...it's interesting...interesting...

Fred grins that studious grin of his and RG watches Fred head toward the table, and with the quiet charm of a maestro, play his way into their table like the player he is.

RG
(grinning)
Amazing.

RG glances at Fred's brother Henry, an identical orange/red headed german replica of Tom Reburn from no. 4 highway near Ceylon, the son of his grade 5 teacher, Mrs. Reburn, grin at him on his way to the dance floor with a girl. RG gives him the thumbs up, moves back toward a group of girls by the restroom stairs and stops in front of them, turning to watch the dance floor. Another girl, Cheryl, passes by with her friends, and as RG acknowledges them as they head up into the DJ's booth to the DJ James, curious, RG watches Fred get another number for his phone book.

NOTE: FOR TIME PURPOSES, THE EVENTS ARE COMBINED TO ONE NIGHT FOR THEME CONTINUITY.

LATER

RG is standing back by the restroom stairs again, watching the goings-on. He smiles at Kara on the dance floor, she smiles back, and suddenly the CAMERA catches a pair of hands appear from one of the girls on stools behind him slide down his tush and quietly feel around the contours of RG's physique. RG doesn't turn to see who it is but his bemused expression indicates whoever it is seems to quickly become more and more turned on as her hands get wilder and wilder by the moment. It slowly subsides, whoever it is finally slides them off his tush and RG heads over to Kara and her blond friend without looking back.

RG
Care for a dance?

KARA
(french accent)
Absolutely.

RG leads her out to the floor and he pulls her in for a waltz as the music slows...

INT. KARA'S APARTMENT—NIGHT

RG is sitting on Kara's couch with both Kara and her friend, watching TV. Suddenly Kara begins running her hand all along his chest as RG sits there like a bump on a log, keeping his eyes on the TV. She shakes him out of it.

Enjoy!

RG runs his hands over her luscious physique and they get up and head into the bedroom.

RG

It was...the sweetest...cutest...and sexiest
Thing I'd ever heard from a girl's lips in
years. Her accent was a killer.

RG glances back at her blond friend continuing to watching TV.

INT. BEDROOM

RG and Kara quickly strip down, he pulls her onto her bed and they get down to business...

LATER

Huffing and puffing, Kara leans up on his chest and smiles.

KARA

I came three times.

RG

Kudos on me.

(nods out at her friend)

I feel a little bad, your friend alone out
in the living room.

Kara jumps up, excited.

KARA

Oh, let me go get her! Have her join
us!

RG

(quickly)

Oh...oh no, that's... alright. I'm a
little shot right now. Maybe later.

KARA

(quieting)

Al-alright.

She lies back on his chest and runs her hand down RG's physique.

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RG(V.O.)

The thing about Canada compared to the United States was the openness. It was wonderful, remembering the days I lived there compared to America.

FLASHBACK TO

EXT. A BEACH—DAY

RG and his childhood buddy, Kent, are driving down toward a parking spot beside 10 wide or so wilderness treeline separating the beach from the University Of British Columbia on the other side, the grounds perhaps 30 feet or so from the beach. They exit, grab their towels and cross through the treeline directly onto Wreck beach on the other side showing everyone stark naked.

RG scans around, picks a nice spot on the beach, leads Kent toward it and they strip down and sit on their beach towels to take in the scenery.

RG

Certainly is hot out here.

KENT

This was worth the trip from Quebec.

RG watches a man with an erection walk through the beach goes and notices no one seems to notice him. He continues down the beach and RG's eyes stop on another naked man hail what must certainly be a female friend of hers who is one of the few patrons still dressed.

MAN

Hey, how're you doing?

The woman, embarrassed, keeps her eyes averted from him, her body language telling everyone of the uncomfortable confrontation with her friend.

RG

(to himself)

What'd you think, Lady, it's a nude beach...

RG chuckles at her very uncomfortable response, continues surveying the beach and notices a gorgeous brunet in the arms of her boyfriend who is intermittently playing with a friend of hers in her bikini on a towel beside them. Suddenly he pulls her bra down exposing her breasts, she slaps his hand away, chuckles and pulls it back up, her boyfriend unfazed by her exposure.

RG continues scanning the beach, the novelty of it quickly wearing off.

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RG

Strangest thing about Wreck beach. It took about ten minutes for the novelty to wear off... and then anyone wearing clothes looked out of place. It was a different atmosphere which quickly became normal, a flip flopping that to this day still leaves me mildly fascinated...

RG and Kent watch a stunning blond and her naked friend step over them, pass them by, and they relax back in the heat to continue taking in the activity...

BACK TO SCENE

RG is still lying on the bed with Kara, curiously watching her beautiful platinum hair sliding down his stomach.

RG(V.O.)

As for Kara, though I'm very open minded, turning down her friend exposed a weak spot in my make-up it would seem. Remembering back, it was a little overwhelming. In other words... I wimped out. What's left to say?

RG glances through the open bedroom door to the back of her blond friend sitting on the couch watching TV.

RG

(adds)

Those were the days of youth when experimentation and leaning about one's sexuality and the psychology behind it were more than just enlightening, especially now when it seems geography is paramount in the culturization of one's psyche. Or, perhaps, the alleviation of walls built around someone for protection. Geography and social etiquette, the dueling swords of the day....

RG turns Kara over, slides on top of her, and as they get back in the groove, the CAMERA PANS out into the starry night of her apartment, and—

FADE OUT