

THE LESBIAN GUIDE FOR IDIOTS

Screenplay
by

Yolanda Buggs

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please **CLICK THE CONTACT BUTTON** and leave your info. Thank you.)

FADE IN:

EXT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

A FEMALE, only seen from behind, struts into a bookstore.

YOLI (V.O.)
They say a good man is hard to
find. They write books on the shit.
Even got gospel stage plays.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

YOLI, 25, black, a beautiful, girly tomboy type with long, wavy hair, could've been a beauty pageant queen in another life. She turns to CAMERA. Breaks the fourth wall.

YOLI
(into the camera)
But can somebody please just show
me one good lesbian?

CUT TO:

INT. GAME SHOW SET - FANTASY SEQUENCE - DAY

Yoli and TWO OTHER FEMALE CONTESTANTS, Asian and white, each stand behind a podium in a jeopardy style game show set up hosted by ALAN DREBEK, an Alex Trebek look-a-like.

YOLI
Lesbians for four hundred, Alan.

A box on the screen reading, "Lesbians," lights up.

ALAN DREBEK
In the New York Times Best
Seller...

Alan Drebek holds up a book. We PAN the title.

ALAN DREBEK
"The Lesbian Guide For Idiots,"
they reference five distinctive
types of women in which they liken
to hair styles.

Yoli smashes the BUZZER hard beating out her competitors.

YOLI
What is "Afros, Crewcuts, Mohawks,
Dreads, and Baldheads?"

BELL DINGS. AUDIENCE CHEERS.

ALAN DREBEK
That is correct.

Yoli's score increases. She looks around, smiling proudly.

BACK TO:

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

YOLI'S HAND scans across several book titles on a shelf...
"Batteries Are A Dyke's Best Friend." "How To Avoid The
U-Haul Lesbian." "Tricks of the Cunnilingus Trade."

Yoli skims through the book, "The Lesbian Guide For Idiots."

INT. BOOKSTORE - CHECK OUT COUNTER - DAY

Yoli notices a strangely exotic looking woman, CONSTANCE,
late 36, flirting with her as she rings up the purchase.

YOLI (V.O.)
Underneath it all... gay, straight,
bi, cross, drag, trans, andro. We
all just want love. The kind of
love that vibrates through your
soul and ripples your heart with
true passion... That's what I want.

Yoli plays it cool as she takes her bag and leaves the store.
Constance watches her leave.

EXT. SIDEWALK - FANTASY SEQUENCE - DAY

Yoli confidently struts down the street, watching sexy, hot
LESBIANS sashay towards her in SLO-MO. With each indifferent
woman that passes by, Yoli's confidence starts to diminish.

YOLI (V.O.)
But I'm starting to wonder if she
really exists or if she's merely a
figment.

Suddenly, the women coming toward Yoli disappear and now she
is standing alone on the sidewalk, looking around, lost.

YOLI (V.O.)
 Being single is like masturbation.
 Always trying to fill an empty
 hole.

SFX: SEXUAL MOANS AND GROANS

CUT TO:

INT. YOLI'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Film directing and screen writing text books sit on the desk next to an iMac desktop and lamp.

CAMERA PANS TO:

Yoli in bed, odd grin, hand under covers, masturbating. Her CELL PHONE RINGS. She reaches, fumbling. Turns it off. We see her "The Lesbian Guide For Idiots" book on her night stand.

Yoli tries to get back into the mood. But it's escaped. She sits up, frustrated. Throws the covers back.

WIPE TO:

INT. YOLI'S BATHROOM - SHOWER - MORNING

Through thick glass, Yoli showers.

YOLI (V.O.)
 So if you haven't figured it out by now, yes, I'm gay. A homo. Lesbo. Lezzy. Dyke. Carpet muncher. Cat kisser. Clit flicker. Pussy lover. All of the above. That's me... Yolanda. But friends call me, Yoli. And this is my story. Inspired by true events. Though the names have been changed to protect the horny and insane.

INT. YOLI'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Yoli opens her closet revealing hangers of tomboy styled clothing, rows of baseball caps from various teams and racks of tennis shoes and a pair of Timberlands.

Yoli meticulously decides on her attire for the day by holding up different outfits to a full length mirror. JUMP CUTS will be used to progress this sequence.

YOLI (V.O.)
 I'm what they call a "soft stud."
 That's my label. You'll find in the
 lesbian community, we got labels
 for days.

A hand closes the closet door.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - FANTASY SEQUENCE - DAY

A HAND opens a cupboard to reveal shelves of SOUP CANS. Various brands on the cans read, "Lipstick Lesbian, Pillow Princess, Fem, Aggressive Fem, Tomboi, Stud, Soft Stud, Butch, Hardcore Butch, Androgynous, Bi, and Bi-curious."

YOLI (V.O.)
 Soft stud means not quite feminine,
 but still not overly masculine.

The hand grabs a can of "lipstick lesbian" soup and opens it, then gets a can of "hard core butch" soup and pours them both into a boiling pot.

YOLI (V.O.)
 So I guess you could say my dykness
 falls somewhere mid range.

The hand sprinkles a shaker of "Sensitivity" seasoning salt and a dash of "Testosterone" lemon pepper flavoring into the pot of boiling stew. The hand slowly stirs the soup mixture.

BACK TO:

INT. YOLI'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Yoli chooses an outfit, dresses, and grooms herself. MOVING SPLIT SCREENS will be used to progress this sequence.

YOLI (V.O.)
 I'm also what they call a "newbie."
 Just came out. Every gay person has
 spent some time in the closet.
 Well... except, Miss Boo. You'll
 meet her later. But that bitch came
 out the womb with a bent wrist
 humming Patti Labelle songs.

CUT TO:

INT. BABY CARRIAGE - FANTASY SEQUENCE - DAY

MISS BOO, a newborn adult, lays in a carriage. She's a full grown transvestite, adult head and hands, on a baby doll size body overly styled in a sequined dress. Miss Boo wears gaudy jewelry and an over-the-top, old school Patti Labelle hairdo. Miss Boo uses an emery board to file her long, fake, ghetto-designed finger nails while she sucks on a pacifier humming "Lady Marmalade."

A MALE HAND enters the crib and tickles Miss Boo's cheek.

MISS BOO'S DADDY (O.S.)
(happily)
Gitchi Gitchi--

MISS BOO
(sings in a baby voice)
Ya Ya Da Da!

MISS BOO'S PARENTS, 30's, clean cut, straight laced June and Ward Cleaver types, dote on their lovely baby girl.

MISS BOO'S DADDY
(to wife, giddy with joy)
Did you hear that, Mae? My baby
girl said da da!
(softly, to Miss Boo)
That's right. It's daddy.

Miss Boo snaps her fingers and wags the emery board at her dad, bent wrist.

MISS BOO
No bitch. It's Patti.

Miss Boo's dad cocks his head to the side, quizzically like a curious dog.

SFX: SCOOBY-DOO WEAK DOG BARK

Miss Boo goes on humming Patti and filing her ghetto nails.

YOLI (V.O.)
So, you see not all gay people have
spent time in the closet. But most
have. Some longer than others...
And unfortunately, because of fear
and society's cruel judgements many
of us will die in a closet.

SWISH PAN TO:

EXT. CLOSET DOOR #1 - FANTASY SEQUENCE - DAY

A HAND TURNS A DOOR KNOB, OPENING A CLOSET DOOR TO REVEAL...

Junk. Coats hanging up. Stacks of boxes in the corner. A hand wielding a flashlight scans the closet looking for signs of life. Nothing. The door closes. CAMERA still inside. A light pops on. We see, peeking from behind the junk, in the corner, a SAD PAIR OF EYES BLINK.

SFX: EYES BLINKING

It goes dark.

SWISH PAN TO:

EXT. CLOSET DOOR #2 - FANTASY SEQUENCE - DAY

A HAND TURNS A DOOR KNOB, OPENING A CLOSET DOOR TO REVEAL...

A SHY GUY, skinny and flaming, squatted in the corner, frightened. He shakes his head no. Not ready to come out.

ANGRY QUEEN (O.S.)

(firmly)

Ok, Crouching Faggot Hidden Bitch,
don't make me death grip yo' ass
out that damn closet. Come on out!

The HAND, adorning fire red nail polish, reaches into the closet and jacks Shy Guy up by his shirt.

SHY GUY

(panicking, pleading)

No! No, death grip. I'm not ready.
Gimme more time. Pleeeeeease.

Shy Guy kicks and screams. They tug back and forth. The HAND snatches him up and lifts him off the ground. His feet dangling, helpless. The HAND flings him out of the closet.

SFX: LONG WHISTLE

Off screen, Shy Guy, sails through the air, screaming, his voice trailing off.

SFX: HARD CRASH

YOLI (V.O.)
 Now, if you're lucky, you'll have a
patient friend to show you the
 way... out of the closet... and
 into the life.

SWISH PAN:

EXT. CLOSET DOOR #3 - FANTASY SEQUENCE - DAY

A HAND TURNS A DOOR KNOB, OPENING A CLOSET DOOR TO REVEAL...

YOLI standing in the center, reluctance on her face.

TRACEY (O.S.)
 You ready?

Yoli nods and peeks her head out, then quickly dips back in.

TRACEY (O.S.)
 It's ok, baby bird. Come on out.
 You'll be fine.

The HAND throws down a trail of bird seeds. Yoli stares at the trail curiously like a baby bird. The HAND slowly reaches in, patiently beckoning her.

TRACEY (O.S.)
 Just step into the life.

Yoli takes the hand and slowly steps out onto...

A RAINBOW COLORED CARPET

Camera flashes.

PAPARAZZI (O.S.)
 Yoli, over here! Over here, Yoli!
 Me too, can I get a picture? Right
 there! Great! Sexy! Awesome!
 Lovely! You're beautiful, baby!

Yoli basks in the spotlight.

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