

**'EX POST FACTO'**

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - PARKING LOT - DAY**

A beautiful FEMALE PROFESSIONAL paces back-and-forth next to a parked sedan talking on the phone. She's all smiles in between the sips from a coffee cup...

FEMALE PROFESSIONAL

Last night was amazing, Jake, I had a really good time.

DOUGLAS BAXTER, mid-20's, a frail and nerdy Caucasian, stands on the adjacent sidewalk down from the Female Professional licking whip cream from the lid of a frappuccino. He gazes at her *glossed lips, plump breasts and perfectly shaped bottom...*

FEMALE PROFESSIONAL (CONT'D)

(laughs)

Hold on a minute, cowboy, I did do most of the work...

Moments later, OSCAR PHITZ, mid-20's, a handsome and slim Caucasian in a black two piece suit, drives into the parking lot *playing loud rap music* and parks directly in front of Douglas. He quickly notices the Female Professional as he signals Douglas to get in the car.

Douglas walks over to the passenger door and gets in...

**I/E. OSCAR'S CAR - PARKING LOT - DAY**

Oscar and Douglas twist around in unison towards the female professional...

OSCAR

Holy shit... She's hot.

DOUGLAS

Scorching is more like it.

OSCAR

You should go over there and talk to her.

DOUGLAS

I wouldn't stand a chance with a woman like that.

OSCAR  
Yeah, you're probably right, but  
that will soon change for you and  
every guy like you.

Douglas and Oscar face each other...

DOUGLAS  
How did the meeting go?

OSCAR  
Exactly the way I told you it  
would, buddy.

Oscar reaches into the back seat and grabs a brief case. He  
opens it and takes out a black eyeglass box and hands it to  
Douglas and returns the brief case to the backseat...

DOUGLAS  
So they're in?

OSCAR  
Yep. These oil niggers were  
practically doing flips over our  
invention. One guy jizzed like  
three times after putting it on.

DOUGLAS  
Maybe you shouldn't call the people  
investing millions of dollars into  
our project the N-word.

OSCAR  
I would never say it to their face,  
Douglas, I'm not a fucking idiot. I  
did dorm with you at M.I.T,  
remember?

DOUGLAS  
Yeah, unfortunately.

OSCAR  
Listen, do you realize we're about  
to become wealthier than that dip-  
shit Bill Gates?

A ripped Shirtless Male jogs along the sidewalk and halts  
behind Oscar's car and takes a sip from a water bottle.

Oscar takes notice of the jogger in his rear view mirror and  
sensually licks his lips.

DOUGLAS

I didn't invent 'The Glasses' to get wealthy, Oscar, I invented it so guys like me, would never have to face rejection from (*re: Female Professional*) women like her again...

Oscar turns his attention back to Douglas as the Jogger moves along and a box truck rolls into frame and parks in a parking space behind his car.

OSCAR

Well, I did. What we've created is going to change the world-- And don't act like you haven't had any fun with it. Have you banged that Trish chick in your complex, yet?

Douglas stares at the black eyeglass box...

DOUGLAS

I don't need 'The Glasses' for that, I'll just ask her out again.

OSCAR

Save yourself the humiliation, bro, and use 'The Glasses.

Oscar reaches over Douglas into the glove compartment and takes out a pack of gum and unwraps a stick.

DOUGLAS

I'm not sure how I feel about doing this anymore.

Beat. Agitated, Oscar grabs at Douglas's chin a few times as Douglas puts up resistance...

OSCAR

*Hey... Hey...*

DOUGLAS

What are you doing, man?

OSCAR

*Don't you dare come with that guilty conscious shit again... Not now.*

DOUGLAS

Chill... I'm just saying--

OSCAR

*And I'm just saying shut the fuck up, alright? The ten million hits escrow tomorrow, and as soon as the patent clears next month, we move 'The Glasses' quick and hard to market.*

DOUGLAS

I just hope people understand.

OSCAR

*Most will, some won't, and for those who don't... Fuck 'em.*

DOUGLAS

Fine, whatever.

Oscar calms himself and pops a stick of gum in his mouth...

OSCAR

We got a meeting with an magazine editor in a few hours.

DOUGLAS

*What? Already?*

OSCAR

Relax, it's more of a meet-and-greet type of thing.

DOUGLAS

Who's the editor?

OSCAR

Some guy name Frank, he's a friend of our investor Alib and owns 'Indie Tech Magazine', one of the largest online tech magazines in the country.

DOUGLAS

I've heard of it, that's a great mag. What do I say to him?

OSCAR

*Nothing.* You just sit there and look smart-- not a crazy smart, but more of a normal smart. People feel more comfortable around regular smart people than they do around crazy smart ones.

INT. DINER - DAY

In a corner booth of this mom-and-pop establishment, Douglas and Oscar sit next to each other drinking coffee across from magazine editor FRANK BISHOP, early 60's, Caucasian with rugged looks and poised demeanor.

FRANK  
So you're the guys Alib's been  
telling me about?

WAITRESS walks up and refreshes the fella's coffee...

OSCAR  
We wouldn't be sitting here  
enjoying shit coffee if we weren't.

The Waitress rolls her eyes...

WAITRESS  
(to Frank)  
Can I get you anything, sir?

FRANK  
No, I'm fine.

WAITRESS  
(re: Oscar and Douglas)  
Anything else for you two?

OSCAR  
Yeah, how about Starbucks?

WAITRESS  
I'll get that for you right away..

Waitress turns and walks away to another table...

WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
Right along with a foot up your  
ass.

FRANK  
It seems I'm sitting across from  
two of the worlds most soon-to-be  
hated men.

DOUGLAS  
Why would you say something like  
that?

Oscar shakes his head at Douglas.

FRANK

First off, know this about me, I 'm a straight shooter. I call it how I see it, and from what I saw, you guys have some how invented a device that basically(whisper) *rapes people* --

OSCAR

(leans in)

*The hell you mean "rape"?* Who the fuck's getting raped?

FRANK

I watched the video from your meeting with Alib when one of his partners used 'The Glasses' on the poor secretary in his office.

Douglas looks to Oscar...

DOUGLAS

Video? What video?

Without making eye contact with Douglas, Oscar rudely motions him silent with his hand...

OSCAR

*Okay...* You also saw that she wasn't touched in any type of manner, the guy didn't even mutter a word to her.

FRANK

Well, no... He didn't.

OSCAR

Damn right he didn't. No harm, no foul, so edit the words coming out your mouth, Frank.

DOUGLAS

Do you think what we are doing is illegal?

OSCAR

Why you asking him for, Douglas, he's not a Goddamn lawyer.

FRANK

Your partner is right, I'm only a magazine editor, but do you have *any idea* what could happen once these things hit the streets?

OSCAR

Yeah, I do actually, it will make everyone-- including your pal Alib, a shit load of money. So burn your soap box and write the unbiased story your getting paid to write.

FRANK

Your not getting it, guy, every senator, religious group and women's rights advocates will publicly storm after you...

OSCAR

I fucking hope so, they'd save us a fortune in advertising with the free word-of-mouth.

Oscar sips his coffee and scrunches his face at the taste...

FRANK

This whole thing reminds me of the 'Google Glass' ordeal. Look at the heat they took for coming up with a gizmo that records video, audio and takes pictures without peoples knowledge.

OSCAR

I think those guys are a bunch of idiots. If they were *so smart*, they would've made their design more discrete like ours. Who the hell wants to walk around looking like a cyborg? What's sexy about that?

FRANK

Don't you think you've taking things too far with this gadget of yours?

OSCAR

No where near it. There are billions of dollars to be made in a world of grey, my friend.

Frank shakes his head in disbelief...

FRANK

Do you have any morals?

OSCAR

Morals hinder progress, do yourself a favor, pops, and dump 'em...

Oscar flicks a quarter on table and exits. Douglas follows...

**EXT. DINER - DAY**

Oscar storms out the diner lighting a cigarette as Douglas trails him across parking lot...

OSCAR  
The nerves of that prick-- He's on the take, and he has the gull to question my morality...

DOUGLAS  
What video was he talking about, Oscar?

OSCAR  
Don't worry about it.

DOUGLAS  
It sounds like something I should be worried about. *If --*

Beat. Oscar *abruptly* turns to Douglas upset...

OSCAR  
*The fuck, dude!*

Beat. Oscar takes a deep breath:

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
Look, Douglas, I need for you to focus right now, that's all I need for you to do from this point forward.

DOUGLAS  
This whole thing feels heavy, man, I'm getting nervous--

OSCAR  
*Don't.* We're making history here... You and I, pal, remember that.

Oscar *foots* out his cigarette and opens the car door...

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
You want a ride back to your office?

DOUGLAS  
I wasn't planning on walking.

Douglas walks around to the passenger side...

OSCAR  
It's not like that's a bad idea,  
It'll give you time to come up with  
a way to smash that Trish chick...

Douglas shoots Oscar an un-amused look as he gets in the car...

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
Hey, "I'm just saying"...

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PARKING LOT - DAY**

Douglas drives up in a pick-up truck and parks in front of his building. He gets out grabbing a shoulder bag from the passenger seat and heads for his building.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

TRISH, mid 20's, slim and attractive, walks down the staircase with her dog on a leash as Douglas approaches the staircase.

DOUGLAS  
Hey, how you doing, Trish?

TRISH  
Hi, Douglas.

DOUGLAS  
You got a second?

TRISH  
Sure.

DOUGLAS  
I know I've ask you this a few  
times before--

TRISH  
Douglas, don't, we've had this  
talk, you know I'm seeing someone.

DOUGLAS  
Yeah, I know, but you don't seem  
happy.

Beat. Suspicious, Trish looks at Douglas with wondering eyes...

TRISH

What's that supposed to mean?

Beat. Douglas turns silent and nervous...

TRISH (CONT'D)

Why would you say I'm not happy, Douglas?

DOUGLAS

I hear things when you're on the phone.

TRISH

*What?*

DOUGLAS

It's not like I mean to, but I am next door to you and your voice travels through the air vents...

TRISH

*Oh my God, are you ease dropping on my conversations?*

DOUGLAS

It's not like it's all the--

TRISH

*Wow. You are such an asshole.*

DOUGLAS

Don't say that, Trish, it's not like that. I like you, okay?

TRISH

*Just leave me alone.*

Trish walks away taking her cell phone from her back pocket and dials. She turns to Douglas...

TRISH (CONT'D)

*And stay out of my business, or I'll report you to the front office.*

At a lost for words, Douglas watches Trish walk off.

**EXT. STAIRCASE - DAY**

Douglas scurries up the staircase knocking the laundry basket from a MALE RESIDENTS arms as he walks down the stairs...

RESIDENT #1  
 (throws up arms)  
 Thanks a lot, faggot...

**INT. DOUGLAS'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Douglas enters his unkept apartment and drops his shoulder bag next to the door. He walks into the kitchen and grabs a can of beer from the fridge and walks into the middle of the living room. He *pops* the can and takes a *long sloppy gulp*...

DOUGLAS  
*I'm so stupid...* Now I gotta move  
 out the freaking building...

*Embarrassed, confused and upset*, Douglas paces back and forth for a moment. Suddenly he hears *barking coming from outside his window*. He walks over and looks down into a grassy area of the parking lot where Trish stands talking on the phone while waiting for her dog to handle its business.

Douglas watches Trish for a minute. His puppy love expression quickly transcends into a face chiseled with frustration. He walks over to the door and goes into the shoulder bag and removes the black eyeglass box. He opens the box and puts '*The Glasses*' on and scurries back to the window.

He gets to the window and *snatches* '*The Glasses*' back off his face and turns away for a contemplating beat. *Fuck it!* He puts '*The Glasses*' back on and looks back down at Trish...

***P.O.V. Of Douglas wearing 'The Glasses'...***

*A series of RAPID STROBE FLASHES* morphs the apartment into a romantically lit environment. *Candles are strategically placed around the apartment particularly around the bed.*

**DOUGLAS P.O.V WITH GLASSES:**

Slowly Trish enters from the bathroom with one of Douglas's shirts draping on her body. She's well made up. Stunning she is...

TRISH  
 Hi, Douglas.

At the moment Douglas is no where to be seen, yet, Trish looks him directly into his eyes with a welcoming smile.

DOUGLAS (O.S.)  
 Hey.

TRISH  
We don't have much time.

DOUGLAS (O.S.)  
I know.

Trish looks around the room, then down at the shirt she's wearing...

TRISH  
Nice shirt.

DOUGLAS (O.S.)  
Thanks. I figured it would look nice on you.

TRISH  
You are so cute. Well, I'm here...  
Now what?

**THE REALITY...**

Douglas continue to stand at window. Trish is in a trance like state outlined by a faint blue aura.

**INTERCUT: DOUGLAS P.O.V. WITH 'THE GLASSES' - THE REALITY**

**DOUGLAS P.O.V WITH 'THE GLASSES'...**

Douglas comes in view and begins kissing Trish on the lips...

**THE REALITY...**

Feeling a little off, Trish touches her lips confused...

**DOUGLAS P.O.V WITH 'THE GLASSES'...**

Douglas sits Trish on the bed and removes her shirt revealing her bra and hot shorts. He then stands and removes his shirt and pants. He proceeds to kiss her on her chest and neck...

**THE REALITY...**

Trish drops the phone and dog leash and grasps at her chest. She looks around aimlessly before collapsing to her knees...

**DOUGLAS P.O.V WITH 'THE GLASSES'...**

Under the sheets, Trish straddles Douglas. She moves her hair to the side revealing the tattoo oh her neck as she gently kisses Douglas face...

DOUGLAS  
This is all I ever wanted, Trish.

TRISH  
I know, baby, me too. I love you so  
much, Douglas...

Trish reaches down towards their crotch area, within seconds  
Douglas eyes roll to the back of his head in pure ecstasy....

**THE REALITY...**

Trish lays in the grass on her back crying...

TRISH (CONT'D)  
Someone please help me...

**DOUGLAS P.O.V WITH 'THE GLASSES'...**

Douglas reverses on top of Trish and begins to thrust between  
her thighs...

**THE REALITY...**

Trish places both hands over her crotch area before turning  
to her side sobbing uncontrollably...

**DOUGLAS P.O.V WITH 'THE GLASSES'...**

Breathing hard Douglas finally *climaxes!*

**THE REALITY...**

Douglas steps away from the window and rips the glasses off  
his face. He puts 'The Glasses' on the table and spots the  
ejaculation stain on the front of his pants. He rushes into  
the bathroom and *slams* the door and turns on the showers.

Trish slowly gets up from the grass with her mascara running  
and hair wild. She looks around for a second before grabbing  
her phone and picking up her dog and stumbles off as two  
FEMALE RESIDENTS approaches her...

FEMALE RESIDENT #2  
Excuse me, are you all right?

Trish stares at the women for a dramatic and tearful beat...

FEMALE RESIDENT #3  
Oh my God, honey, are you okay?  
What happened to you?

TRISH  
*I... I don't know...*

**FADE OUT:**