

## ELEKTRA LUXX.- SCENE 1.-

### PLOT

Recently retired from the adult film industry, superstar Elektra Luxx (Carla Gugino) is pregnant with the child of late rock star Nick Chapel. She is trying to make ends meet by teaching a community college sex education class aimed at housewives when a figure from her past, flight attendant Cora (Marley Shelton), approaches her with a proposition. In exchange for the (stolen) lyrics to Nick Chapel's last record, all of which is about Elektra, Cora needs Elektra to seduce her fiancée. Elektra reluctantly agrees to do this favor, setting in motion a series of hilarious events which will see her come face to face with detectives, sex bloggers, emotionally unstable neighbors and the Virgin Mary herself as she wrestles with the prospect of motherhood and tries to become a person of substance.

ELEKTRA : Why did you speak with my sister?

REBECCA: - Like I said, character background.

ELEKTRA : I think you better go now.

REBECCA: Oh, no, no, no. There's no reason to be scared or uncomfortable. I'm telling you all of this precisely because I am not writing a character based on you anymore.

ELEKTRA : You're not?

REBECCA: Absolutely, categorically not.

CHARLOTTE: What changed your mind?

REBECCA: I needed a femme fatale. A tragic figure. And you just kept changing my perception of the character so then I became interested in you. I became intrigued with how positive you remain even having led such a sordid life. It takes more than willpower. It takes gusto to remain that stubborn.

ELEKTRA : I can't tell if you're making fun of me.

CHARLOTTE: I don't think she is. Look at her eyes.

ELEKTRA : Charlotte, um, will you let us talk in private for a moment?

CHARLOTTE: Sure thing. Nice meeting you, Miss Linbrook.

REBECCA: Nice meeting you too, Charlotte. Quite honestly, I'm afraid of children. They're everywhere.

ELEKTRA : I know what you mean, but Charlotte's all right. So, how can I help you?

REBECCA: Do you have any Scotch?

ELEKTRA : Sorry, I don't.

REBECCA: That's all right. I'm a lone wolf, Elektra. I've become more and more secretive the older I get. It's not really my nature. It's this rotten fame as a novelist. I've learned to talk a lot, but I never really reveal anything about myself. To be quite honest, I've had a bit of a day. I had a terrible fight with my daughter, whose boyfriend lives right below you, technically her husband now. That's really how you first came onto the radar. I saw you coming out of that limousine with that rock star.

ELEKTRA : Wait, Eleanor is your daughter?

REBECCA: Yes. Yes, and I love her desperately, but she's just so spoiled. It's just impossible.

ELEKTRA : Stop. I don't know what it is, but everybody has this bizarre compulsion to tell me their problems. I know I look wise and enlightened, but I cannot help you whatsoever. I am a total mess myself.

REBECCA: I know. I know. You're pregnant and you're broke and you're in terrible debt with the IRS and you don't have any real career prospects.

ELEKTRA : Well, you don't have to put it like that.

REBECCA: How do you feel about self-help books?

ELEKTRA : I hate them.

REBECCA: Same here.

ELEKTRA : They only help the person that writes them.

REBECCA: I couldn't agree with you more.

ELEKTRA : Right. With all due respect, you are going somewhere with this, right?

REBECCA: Oh, yes, I want to write a book about your class.

ELEKTRA : About my class?

REBECCA: When a woman reaches my age, Elektra... Well, when a woman my age writes mysteries, everybody automatically assumes that you're a lesbian, but in my case, there's this cruel irony in that when one finally figures out how the equipment works, then all the men are dying or they're chasing teenagers. In fact, none of my friends would ever guess that I am dating my Filipino landscaper, Lamberto, 20 years my junior. And by "dating," I mean we mostly stay in bed. And all of that is due to you, my dear. I want to write a self-help book that actually helps. I've already spoken to my publisher about it.

ELEKTRA : What did they say?

REBECCA: He wrote you an advance.

ELEKTRA : That's a lot of zeros, isn't it?

REBECCA: That's just the start.

ELEKTRA : Are you? Is this real?

REBECCA: Oh, of course. Of course, sometimes good things happen to good people. Today, something good is happening to you.

ELEKTRA : What did you say?

REBECCA: I sell a lot of books, Elektra. And when a world-famous author decides to dip her feet into the waters of the self-help arena, well, let's just say that my esteemed publisher will move mountains to make sure it's a bona fide hit. Especially something as titillating and spiritually healing as: " How to Act Like a Porn Star in Bed" . Swell title, by the way.

ELEKTRA : Thank you. It came to me while I was in the shower.

REBECCA: - We're gonna have to change it.

ELEKTRA : Oh, yeah?

REBECCA: Yes, something a little catchier with a little ring to it. Maybe: "Women in Ecstasy"

ELEKTRA : Women in Ecstasy.

REBECCA: Yes, how's that roll off your tongue?

ELEKTRA : I like it.

REBECCA: Yeah? You know, they say all it takes to survive bad fortune is decent manners. But good fortune, that takes character. You're going to be a very rich woman, Elektra Luxx. Better make sure your head's on right.

ELEKTRA : As right as it's ever gonna be.

REBECCA: " To Women in Ecstasy"

ELEKTRA : To Women in Ecstasy.

