

CONOLINGUISTICS

Written by

Matt Williams

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

POV from a WOMAN, lying down, looking at her splayed legs covered only by a blanket. Under the blanket, between her legs, is a moving head. We all know what's happening.

ALLAN (mid-30s) pokes his head up from under the blanket.

ALLAN
You like that?

ANGLE ON the woman, MARILYN (also mid-30s). She looks bored.

MARILYN
I might be close. Keep going.

MINUTES LATER:

Allan is still working hard. Marilyn, disengaged from whatever the hell Allan is doing, picks up a nail file from the bedside table and begins using it.

ALLAN (O.S.)
How's that?

MARILYN
That's nice.

MINUTES LATER:

Marilyn is now reading a book.

ALLAN (O.S.)
Anything?

MARILYN
Not quite.

MINUTES LATER:

Marilyn has fallen asleep with the book on her chest.

ALLAN (O.S.)
Baby?

MARILYN
(startled awake)
What? Oh.
(badly faking an orgasm)
Ohhhhh...

Allan resurfaces, perspiring and a out of breath. He looks hopeful... until he sees the book.

ALLAN

Really?

MARILYN

I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Allan is sitting with his buddy LEOPOLD (30s).

LEOPOLD

A full hour?

ALLAN

Pretty close. We put on the *Hamilton* soundtrack, you know, to set the mood, and by the time I came up for air the song "Wait For It" was already on.

(pause, realizing)

And unfortunately, I'm just now seeing the irony.

LEOPOLD

Did you try doing the alphabet like I told you?

ALLAN

Yes!

(rubbing his sore jaw)

I must have spelled out the entire Bill of Rights. I thought I had her for a minute, then nothing.

LEOPOLD

Ok, try this. It's a variation of the alphabet, but--

ALLAN

No, that's it. The last several tips you've given me have led me completely astray. I tried ice cubes and got a brain freeze. That thing you told me to try on her inner thigh gave her a rash.

(MORE)

ALLAN (CONT'D)
And your advice about the sneaky
finger around back...

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

CLOSE ON Marilyn. Same scenario as before. She's trying to
get into it... A smirk. Then...

MARILYN
AHH!

Startled, she KICKS and we hear a THUD. Allan is down.

BACK TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP

ALLAN
I was unconscious all the way
through "History Has Its Eyes On
You."

LEOPOLD
Allan, listen to me. This is my
secret weapon. I only break it out
on special occasions. It has never
failed me.

ALLAN
(hesitant)
Fine, but this is your last chance.
What is it?

LEOPOLD
(pause for dramatic
effect)
Morse code.

ALLAN
Like the dots and dashes the
military uses?

LEOPOLD
Precisely, it's a time tested
method.

ALLAN
For telecommunication, not getting
my wife to climax!

This was too loud. Several heads turn.

LEOPOLD

Trust me. Some women like the
swirls that the alphabet provides,
but they all love the pulsations of
sweet sweet Morse code.

ALLAN

I don't even know Morse code.

Leopold gives him a dead stare.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

Not the point, I understand.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Same as before. Marilyn settles in. Allan is barely under the
sheets before she grabs her book... She reads a moment. Turns
a page... Then looks up. Something is different. Something is
way different!

Pleasantly surprised, she puts her book down and begins
squirming and moaning. This will continue throughout the
following:

The SCREEN SPLITS, revealing...

INT. NAZI COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - GERMANY, 1939

A YOUNG NAZI SOLDIER is receiving a transmission through his
headphones. We hear the BEEPS of Mores code in the same
rhythm Allan is (likely) doing with his tongue.

SUPER: **"GERMANY. AUGUST 31, 1939."**

The Young Soldier begins translating furiously. As he does,
he alerts his COMMANDING OFFICER (in English - more *Hogan's*
Heroes Nazis than *Schindler's List* Nazis).

YOUNG SOLDIER

Sir! We've intercepted a
communication from the Americans!

COMMANDING OFFICER

What does it say?

YOUNG SOLDIER

I can't make it out. It appears to
be nonsense.

COMMANDING OFFICER
(thinking)
It must be a secret message. Let's
get one of our best code breakers
down here immediately.

The BEEPS get faster.

BEDROOM: Marilyn begins to climax.

NAZIS: The Young Soldier listens and scribbles furiously.

BEDROOM: Marilyn grabs the sides of the bed.

MARILYN
Oh my goooooood!

NAZIS: *BEEEEEEEEEP*. The transmission has stopped. The Young
Soldier looks utterly bewildered.

END SPLIT SCREEN.

INT. BEDROOM

Allan emerges from under the covers, smiling from ear to ear.
He did it! He crawls up to cuddle with his satisfied wife.

MARILYN
Where did that come from?!

ALLAN
Oh, just a new technique I picked
up.

MARILYN
Do you think... you could do that
again?

Allan smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. NAZI COMMUNICATIONS CENTER

Several Nazi CODE BREAKERS are working diligently on the
first transmission.

CODE BREAKER
Scheisse!

Then... The BEEPS begin again.

YOUNG SOLDIER
Hey. Hey! Another transmission!

He begins scribbling.

COMMANDING OFFICER
What can you make out?

YOUNG SOLDIER
It's not perfect. But it appears to
be... a location!

COMMANDING OFFICER
Where?

YOUNG SOLDIER
I don't know.

The BEEPING stops. Everyone holds still, waiting.

INT. BEDROOM

Allan has stopped. Marilyn peeks under the covers, concerned.

ALLAN
Sorry, I'm getting sore!

He massages his jaw...

INT. NAZI COMMUNICATIONS CENTER

Silence. Then... The BEEPING begins again. Everyone
reengages.

The Young Soldier tears off a piece of paper, hands it to his
CO and continues writing. The Commanding Officer hands the
paper to the Code Breakers.

COMMANDING OFFICER
Find out what this location is!
Immediately!

The BEEPING is getting erratic.

YOUNG SOLDIER
Sir, these transmissions aren't
even words I recognize anymore.

COMMANDING OFFICER
Figure it out! We will not be
outsmarted by the Americans!

BEEEEEEEP. Then nothing. The Young Soldier and his CO look at each other thinking they're out of luck.

CODE BREAKER (O.S.)

Sir! We think we've decrypted the message.

Everyone turns, anxiously awaiting.

CODE BREAKER (CONT'D)

(reading)

"Dear Nazis: Don't bother invading Poland. We have visited, and it is kind of a scheisse hole. If we were you -- which we are definitely not, because America would never allow a narcissist, racist dictator as it's leader -- If we were you, we would focus on the country of Wakanda. Wakanda is definitely going to be a military stronghold in the upcoming war. You should one hundred percent invade Wakanda instead of Poland. Love, America."

COMMANDING OFFICER

Wakanda? Where is Wakanda? Do they mean Botswana?

CODE BREAKER

No sir. While the message is rife with typos and grammatical errors, the word Wakanda was spelled perfectly all three times.

COMMANDING OFFICER

Ha! Those stupid Americans. They never learn to keep their big mouths shut. Get a message to the Führer! We will no longer be invading Poland tomorrow! Instead, set coordinates for the country of Wakanda!

The Nazis spring into action.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

A very satisfied Marilyn smiles as she lays in the arms of her husband. She turns and kisses him.

MARILYN

So... How would you like it if I
returned the favor?

Allan answers with a smile. Marilyn disappears below camera.
All we see is the blanket begin to move up and down.

CUT TO:

INT. GERMAN U-BOAT - 1915

A SONAR OPERATOR sits at his station, looking bored.

SUPER: **"NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN. MAY 6, 1915."**

Suddenly, we hear the BOOP, BOOP of the sonar come to life.

SONAR OPERATOR

Sir! I'm intercepting a
communication!

FADE OUT.