

INTIMACY COMPANION

Written by

Marcus Crawford Guy & Brett Epstein

Story by

Brett Epstein

EXT. SCENIC FOREST ROAD - DAY

An isolated spec slowly grows into focus as it approaches us on a 2-lane road lined with pine trees.

We overhear the following as it morphs into a small SUV:

MAN 1 (O.S.)
(rapid-fire)
'Cause, ya know, everything in Silicon Valley, well everything in California really, or everything even *anywhere*, actually, is just like-- go go go go go go--

MAN 2 (O.S.)
Go go.

MAN 1 (O.S.)
Right, go go. And so all the men are go go go go'ing.

MAN 2 (O.S.)
The men are--

MAN 1 (O.S.)
The men come. The men go. Myself included because you can always go to the next one. Next--next--next, it's a NEXT culture. *Dating* is a next culture. Especially for gay men.

INT. CAR - DAY

We sit behind the two silhouettes. The owner of the first voice, ROB (mid-30s), sits in the driver seat as the passenger, TROY (mid-30s), puts his hand on Rob's.

ROB
Oh. Thank you.

Rob removes it.

ROB (CONT'D)
Yeah, so, I think being a gay man, the culture is such that-- the *toxicity* is such that-- if you're not-- if you don't look-- like you, MR. MODEL--

ROB laughs. TROY laughs too.

ROB (CONT'D)
If you don't look like you...

Rob continues monologuing as our TITLE fades in:

:: INTIMACY COMPANION ::

ROB (CONT'D)

...then you have to put in a lot of work and time and dating and constant dates and then wanting to be classy but then also wanting to unload and release but not wanting to feel like the town whore and then giving energy and giving your heart and your truth only so they can move onto the next--next--next--next one. It can be a lot.

INT. VARIOUS - NIGHT

A sudden FLASH of bare intimate moments whip in front of us from Rob's various past partners, all in intense positions.

Beads of sweat. Spit on a hand. An inhalation after a bite.

THUD!

INT. CAR - DAY

The bumping of a few suitcases brings us back into the car. We see the luggage lean in the trunk as the car takes a turn.

TROY

It sounds like a lot.

ROB

It is. And I'm thinking, maybe I move to, wherever, slower, North Dakota, quieter... A quieter queer community? But, you don't want TOO quiet either. You don't want to be one of two gay men in one location. Or maybe you do. You just say fuck it, it's only us two, let's do this. I don't know. I don't know.

TROY

It's hard to know.

ROB

Yeah I don't know.

(beat)

God I hate hearing myself talk.

TROY

I appreciate your candor. It helps.

Rob checks his map. The final turn.

EXT. AIR BNB - DAYTIME

Remote. Secluded. Idyllic.

The car pulls down a long drive. They sit for a moment.

TROY
I'll grab the bags.

ROB
Perfect, I'll be right in. Just
gonna make a quick call.

Troy opens the door and grabs the grocery bags.

ROB (CONT'D)
Oh, hold on. The code is...
(checking his phone)
It's 4683#. Like the hashtag sign.

Troy smiles at Rob's neuroses.

TROY
Ok. I'll see you in there.

ROB
Thank you.

Troy closes the trunk and makes his way into the house, we slowly zoom in on Rob through the windshield.

Rob FaceTimes MADDIE. His knee BOUNCES.

Maddie (early 30s), if Steve Jobs had style, answers.

ROB (CONT'D)
Maddie.

MADDIE
Hey, Robbie.

ROB
We're here.

MADDIE
Oh wow.
(then, mocking)
"We're here."

ROB
No- I- ya know- Thank you, for
setting this up.
(then, chipper)
WE'RE HERE!
(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)
 (then)
 So do we just--

Rob pantomimes touching himself. It's awkward.

ROB (CONT'D)
 --right away or do we...

MADDIE
 Do whatever feels right, Robbie.

ROB
 I know.

MADDIE
 He's a companion.

ROB
 I know.

MADDIE
 He's your companion for the weekend.

ROB
 I know.

MADDIE
 It's his job to accompany.

Rob checks himself out in the mirror.

INT. AIR BNB - KITCHEN - SHORTLY AFTER

Not a city kitchen: it has an island; a view of the garden.

Troy unpacks groceries. Bright veggies. Expensive wine.
 Organic rice.

Rob enters with a forced determination: this will be good.

He takes the empty bags on the counter and folds them up.

Troy smiles as he observes Rob folding paper bags he's about to throw in the trash.

Rob locates the trash can: looks for a pedal to open the lid.
 There isn't one. He bumbles. Doesn't want to ask.

Rob tries to force the lid. A light blinks red.

Rob starts waving his hand back and forth. *Is there a sensor?*

This Man vs. Technology dance catches Troy's attention.

TROY

Rob.

Endeared, he approaches Rob, takes his hand and tenderly passes it over the sensor.

TROY (CONT'D)

You just--

The lid pops open - *voila!*

Rob shakes his head at himself. A nervous CHUCKLE erupts.

Troy CHUCKLES too. He squeezes Troy's hand a little tighter. Rob is still holding the trash. And his breath.

Rob PATS Troy in the chest, stuffs the trash in the can.

INT. BEDROOM - SHORTLY AFTER

Precise and clean. A king-size bed.

ROB (O.S.)

Are you sure I can't help you?

TROY (O.S.)

No sir.

Rob and Troy enter the room. Troy is carrying the luggage.

ROB

Well. I asked.

(re: the bed)

Ooh. Cute.

(re: matching bathrobes)

Ooh! Cute!

Rob tests the firmness of the bed. Pushes it. HITS it.

Troy observes, curious. He approaches Rob and hugs him from behind. Rob tries to relax into it, closes his eyes.

SMACK! Troy HITS Rob's ass. Hard. Ouch!

Rob startles, aghast. He pushes Troy.

ROB (CONT'D)

Jesus, Troy.

Troy is confused. *What?*

ROB (CONT'D)

(deliberate)

Ow.

TROY
You hit my chest in the kitch--

ROB
I tapped it.

TROY
--and you hit the bed just now so I
just thought you might like--

ROB
That's a *bed*.

Troy still doesn't get it.

Robs moves to plan B and swiftly SMACKS Troy's ass.

ROB (CONT'D)
Did *that* hurt?

TROY
No.

ROB
Okay. Well.

Rob walks over to the window and looks outside.

Troy approaches and gently holds him from behind. He nuzzles his neck.

TROY
I'm sorry.

ROB
...I'm sorry too, I'm just, ya
know, this is-- we're-- this is
new, and I'm used to getaways and
trips alone, by myself, which
sounds so fucking sad I know and I--

Troy covers Rob's mouth with his hand.

A moment of erotic tension between the two, in silence.

TROY
Do you like this?

Rob has no words.

TROY (CONT'D)
Nod your head.

Rob nods yes.

TROY (CONT'D)
I remember from your preference
sheet.

Rob says something but it's muffled by Troy's hand.

TROY (CONT'D)
Can you repeat that, please?

Troy takes his hand away from Rob's mouth. Slow. Easy.

ROB
I said 'You have a good memory.'

Troy turns Rob so that they are facing each other.

TROY
Thank you.

ROB
Thank *you*.

TROY
Thank you.

ROB
Thank *you*.

Troy places his hand lightly over the front of Rob's neck.

Rob flinches. Troy takes his hand away but Rob immediately puts it back.

Rob softens, smiles. Troy squeezes Rob's neck a little. Rob likes it. A little harder. Rob is into it.

Troy's hand traces down Rob's chest, out of frame.

CLOSE ON: Rob's face.

This is new. Anxiety gives way to surprise and even pleasure.

ZIIIP!

Rob's eyes open wide.

ROB (CONT'D)
Do you mind if we cuddle first?

ON THE BED - MOMENTS LATER

Rob is baby spoon. He smiles and kisses Troy's hand.

SMASH CUT TO:

MONTAGE BEGINS:

1) Rob pushes Troy against the wall. *Wait. Hold up.* Rob makes them switch places and uses Troy's hands to push himself against the wall.

2) Rob leans in to kiss Troy. Troy grabs his face, holding it just out of kissing distance. A teasing stare. Rob GROANS frustrated and aroused.

3) SLAM! Against the opposite wall. Troy tries to keep Rob's hands down as Rob undoes the buttons on Troy's shirt.

4) Rob takes in Troy's perfect body. *Damn!*

ROB (CONT'D)

Holy shit, you--

Troy covers Rob's mouth again. Rob bites his hand. Carnal. Troy snatches his hand away. Twitches. They hold each other's gaze. It's tense.

5) SLAM. Troy throws Rob on the bed. *Wow!* Troy kisses Rob's neck. Rob guides Troy's hand to pull his hair. Troy obliges. Rob MOANS. Troy stops, holding Rob by the hair--

TROY

Are you ok?

ROB

Yes-yes-yes-yes-yes, keep going!

6) Troy grabs Rob's face, leans in, and looks him dead in the eyes. He whispers with erotic urgency:

TROY

You're a bad boy...

ROB

...yes...

Rob takes Troy's hand in his.

ROB (CONT'D)

I *am* a bad boy.

He slaps himself in the face with Troy's hand.

ROB (CONT'D)

I need to *shut up*.

SLAP!

ROB (CONT'D)

(with growing excitement)

I need to *relax!*

Troy catches on and starts juggling Rob's face back and forth with his ***lightly*** slapping hands.

ROB (CONT'D)
 (completely giving over)
 Yes--yes--yes--yes!

They both grin and get back to hardcore kissing.

HEAVY BREATHING. Lots of hands. Back to rolling on the bed.

Then Troy moves to take off his pants, but Rob pulls back.
 Catches his breath.

ROB (CONT'D)
 Can we just--

7) Rob lays back on the bed, staring at the ceiling as Troy nuzzles in at his chest. They wear the matching bathrobes.

END MONTAGE

Rob peels Troy off of him, kisses his hand and heads into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rob looks at himself in the mirror - he's relaxed, at ease.

He turns on the shower, takes off the robe and steps in.
 Water pours on his head. He exhales deeply.

A moment passes.

Rob turns to see Troy has joined him in the bathroom.

Troy approaches the shower, still wearing his robe. As he steps in the shower--

ROB
 Wait, I don't think--

TROY
 Aftercare is impor--

ZAP! A LITERAL SPARK from Troy.

ROB
 JESUS CHRIST!

Rob pushes Troy out of the shower. Troy twitches wildly. Then freezes, standing. Then a prolonged glitch/twitch.

Rob is stunned.

ROB (CONT'D)
 Troy. Troy? Troy???

Rob lightly, then firmly, TAPS then HITS Troy. To no avail. He grabs Troy's hand and BITES it. No reaction.

ROB (CONT'D)
Ohhhhhhhhhhhh my god!

Rob grabs his bathrobe and rushes out of the bathroom.

TROY
(as Rob goes)
Ohhhhhhhhhh-- my god!

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rob turns on his cell phone. He stares at the phone. Water drips from his head onto the screen.

BOOM! An idea!

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Rob pours the organic dry rice into a bowl.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Troy is now on the floor, frozen, with his eyes open wide.

Rob approaches with the rice. He tenderly slips Troy's hand into the bowl as if it were a cell phone.

He waits. Nothing happens.

TWITCH! Troy moves suddenly and violently.

Rob GASPS & SCREAMS which Troy copies with a split second delay. Rice flies everywhere.

Rob scrambles up and runs for the closet door. Troy follows.

ROB	TROY
What the fuck? No. No. Stop!	(with a slight delay)
	What the fuck? No. No. Stop!

ROB (CONT'D)
(firm)
Stay. Here.

Rob turns around and sprints for the door. Troy sprints after him, but instead of making it through the doorway, Troy HITS THE DOOR FRAME and falls back.

SLAM! Rob closes the door.

INT. CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Rob is crouched - on FaceTime. Maddie answers.

MADDIE (O.C.)
(playfully)
How's it going?

ROB
Oh my god, Maddie I fucked up-

MADDIE
What-

ROB
He's broken. He stopped working.
He's repeating me.

Rob listens.

ROB (CONT'D)
Do you- do you hear that-?

Rob holds the phone up to the closet door.

TROY (O.S.)
Do you hear that?

ROB
See? See? See? See? Repeating.

MADDIE
Rob. What did you do?

ROB
Nothing! He just started
glitching...

MADDIE
--and this just happened out of the
blue?

ROB
...Yes. Yeah. Ok no-- He came in the
shower with me.

MADDIE
He-- what?

ROB
I didn't invite him in! He said I
needed aftercare.

MADDIE
He can't get wet, Robbie! You
knew...

(MORE)

MADDIE (CONT'D)
(registering what he just
said)
Wait, does that mean you...?

ROB
Not exactly?

MADDIE
Okay. Ugh, his mirror neuron
sensors must be misfiring. I'll try
to shut him down, but I don't know
how long it's going to take.

ROB
Should I be scared?

MADDIE
Don't be scared.

ROB
I'm hiding in a closet.

TROY (O.S.)
--hiding in a closet.

MADDIE
It's- look- don't worry. With a
prototype like Troy, there are
bound to be some- glitches. You
don't have to worry about your
safety though. At all.

ROB
Ok. Well the fact that you just
said that makes me feel the
opposite of safe-

MADDIE
Just bare with him for now. Fuck I
thought he was ready...

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Rob scurries downstairs, followed by Troy.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rob takes a breath and drops dramatically to the floor.

Troy sits opposite him. They stare at each other.

Rob lays down on his back. Troy lays next to him.

Rob sits back up, irked. Troy immediately follows. This irks
Rob yet more-

ROB
I can't--

TROY
(overlapping)
Can't. Can't.

Rob gets to his feet and starts to walk away. Troy follows. Rob shoves him away; Troy awkwardly pushes back.

ROB
Stop. Stop. Stop. Oh my god.

TROY
Stop. Stop. Sheet. God. Stop.

They push each other back and forth - frustration building - until Rob PUNCHES Troy in the gut at the height of their frenzy.

Rob is instantly guilty as Troy glitches, twitches, spasms - then remains still.

Rob's exhilaration turns to sadness as he takes in what he's done. He is suddenly hesitant to touch Troy.

ROB
I'm sorry. I didn't--

TROY
Sorry. Sheet. Preference sheet.
Sorry. Apologizes often.

ROB
No no no no please don't.

TROY
(overlapping)
No yes no no no no. Please.

ROB
Wait. Just wait right there...

TROY
'Cause, ya know, everything in Silicon Valley, well everything in California really -- go go go go go go--

ROB
What?? Nooooooo!!

Rob sprints off.

TROY (O.S.)
All the men are go go go go'ing.

He dials Maddie.

MADDIE (V.O.)
Hi! You've reached Maddie. I can't-

Rob hangs up. Fuck.

He sees an office to his right and has an idea.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

ROB searches through the drawers of a desk.

Ding! He checks his phone. A text from Maddie:

Sorry!!! I'm working on it!!

Rob clicks off his phone. Troy's voice in the background making his search more frenetic.

ROB
(to himself, muttered)
There must be. Okay.

TROY (O.S.)
--want to be classy but also want
to unload and release--

ROB
(through the door to Troy)
STOP. RE. PEATING ME!!

He opens a different drawer. Aha! He's found it: DUCT TAPE!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

ROB re-enters the living room and rips off a piece. He approaches Troy's mouth.

TROY
(Backing up)
Wait. WAIT. Submissive. Preference.
WAIT!

Just as Rob closes in, Troy erratically smacks the roll out of Rob's hand.

TROY (CONT'D)
Town whore!

Rob is shook. Troy now steps to Rob, making him back up.

TROY (CONT'D)
 Giving your heart and your truth
 only so you can move onto the next--
 next--next--next--

Troy starts glitching.

ROB
 Oh my god my fucking life.

TROY
 My fucking life.

TROY (CONT'D)
 Your fucking life? Try being me
 right now!!

Troy stops. Oh shit.

TROY (CONT'D)
 Try being me? Me-- Try... Try
 being... "Register command."

Troy pauses, reflects.

TROY (CONT'D)
 (pensive)
 I wish- I wish-

Troy transforms, adopting Rob's persona and mannerisms. Not copying him, but actually *becoming* him.

Rob is completely stunned. Frozen.

TROY (CONT'D)
 I wish I wasn't wound this tight.
 It's too much for people and too
 much for -- men. Men don't like
 that I have 1,000 thoughts at a
 time instead of one. And yes, I
 want to have control because
 control makes me feel safe and
 cozy. But then I want- I want to
 give it up. Because...

ROB
 Because being submissive *also* makes
 you feel safe and cozy?
 (Troy nods)
 Because... you want to be choked
 but you want to tell him
 specifically when and where--

TROY
 (excited)
 --and how!

ROB
Yes! And how to choke you! Because
you're a GAY PSYCHO.

TROY
WE'RE gay psychos!

ROB
We are...

Troy rests his head on Rob's lap. Rob strokes his still
somewhat glitching head.

ROB (CONT'D)
Because I'm lonely. Sometimes.

TROY
I'm a little lonely, too. Sometimes
I'm lonely -- first dates, second
dates -- it always stops there. I
want that guy, but he doesn't want
me. Or that guy wants me, but I
want him to fuck off.

Rob looks at their reflections in the bookcase window.

TROY (CONT'D)
And sometimes it's a lot of time
alone. Romantically alone. And I
really-- I'm sorry for myself,
because I-- the truth is: no human
nor robot should have to deal with
this, with me. I'm in pieces. And
I'm trying. To. Piece myself toge--

Rob stops stroking Troy's hair. He gently looks down at Troy,
studying his face. Troy's eyes are now closed. Shut down.
Perhaps Rob sees something of himself in Troy now.

After a beat, Rob cuddles up against Troy and closes his eyes
too. A subtle acceptance of "What comes next?"

Then: A robotic chime sounds. Rob opens his eyes.

TROY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Well, that was embarrassing...

A slightly disjointed Troy smiles at him.

TROY (CONT'D)
Should we start over?

Troy giggles. Rob nods. Troy sits up.

TROY (CONT'D)
Hi, I'm Troy. Your intimacy
companion.

ROB
(shaking hands)
Hi, Troy. I'm Rob.

TROY
Do you consent to me simulating
human intimacy with you?

Off Rob:

END OF FILM