INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAY
Jim has unraveled a bunch of condoms and is curiously examining them.
And THE MONTAGE COMES TO AN ABRUPT END with a KNOCKING.
JIM
(shoving the rubbers into his night table)
Just a minute!
He opens the bedroom door. Jim's Dad is standing there.
JIM'S DAD
(trying not to look inside)
Can I come in?
JIM
Yeah, sure.
JIM'S DAD
You're not...busy?
JIM
Dad, come in.
Jim's Dad reluctantly enters, carrying a brown paper bag.
He takes a seat on Jim's bed.
JIM'S DAD
(fatherly attempt)
Sit down, Jim. Let's talk.
Jim takes a seat next to his dad.
JIM
Okay.
JIM'S DAD
These are for you. From father to son.
Jim looks at the bag. Uncomfortable. Hesitantly, he takes it. Slowly, dreadfully, he pulls out a copy of PERFECT 10.
JIM
Uh...dad...
Jim's Dad is doing his best to be the good father.
JIM'S DAD
Go ahead son, there's more.
Beyond embarrassed, Jim reaches into the bag. Cringes.
Pulls out a PENTHOUSE.
JIM'S DAD (cont'd)
Now, that one's a little more...a little more...graphic.

JIM
I know, Dad.

JIM'S DAD
Oh, okay. Here's let me show you. Jim's Dad takes the bag back. Pulls out a copy of SHAVED.

JIM'S DAD (cont'd)
This, son, is your more exotic dirty magazine.

JIM
Dad! I know!

JIM'S DAD
Do you know about the clitoris?

JIM
(through clenched teeth)
Yes dad.

JIM'S DAD
Sometimes it can be pretty hard to locate.

JIM
(interrupting, hand up)
Thank you, dad, I got it.

JIM'S DAD
Okay, well that about covers it. Jim MURMURS something incomprehensible.

JIM'S DAD (cont'd)
Now, let's put these somewhere where your mother won't find them. Jim's Dad takes the stack of magazines. He goes to open Jim's night table. Jim freaks.

JIM
Wait!

But it's too late. Jim's Dad is face-to-face with the unraveled prophylactics. He sours.

JIM'S DAD
(beaten)
I'll have to save this speech for another day. I'm too worn out.
Jim's Dad exits, a condom stuck to the back of his pants.