

IT'S JUST BUSINESS  
By: Megan Myers

© 2006  
[meganmyers2004@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:meganmyers2004@yahoo.co.uk)

FADE IN:

INT. APARTEMENT - DAY

College cute-girl, BRIDGET, a fashion-conscious, ultra-femme and noted party-babe-to-the-max--outfitted in khaki shorts, T-top, crispy clean white Reeboks topped off by a sassy pair of extra cushy slouch socks--talks on her cell phone, to the parents. She's in a heated discussion over money.

BRIDGET

OK, so like, it's only the  
third year I've been a senior.  
I mean, what's the big deal?

A DELIVERY MAN appears in the half opened apartment doorway. He holds a shoebox size package and a clipboard with some forms.

Bridget has her back to him and initially doesn't realize he's there.

BRIDGET (cont'd)

What do you mean? I've made  
lots of sacrifices. I've only  
been buying one pair of  
designer shoes a week.

The delivery guy grins. He casually leans against the door frame and is obviously amused with in the conversation.

Bridget gets more frustrated and desperate as the conversation progresses.

BRIDGET (cont'd)

What if I spend Christmas  
skiing domestically--Colorado  
or Utah--instead of the Alps?

The delivery man taps lightly on the door frame.

Bridget turns, acknowledges his presence and motions him in.

BRIDGET (cont'd)  
How 'bout this? When clubbing,  
I'll even park my own car  
instead of using a valet—even  
if it's rains?

Bridget stomps her foot as a protest to the answers which we assume is an obvious NO.

BRIDGET (cont'd)  
Why can't you be reasonable?

The delivery man approaches, hands Bridget the package, holds out the clipboard and indicates where to sign.

BRIDGET (cont'd)  
This isn't fair. This just  
isn't fair at all.

Bridget clicks off the phone and emits a frustrated huff. She roughly scribes her name on the form and pouts.

DELIVERY MAN  
You Bridget Baines?

BRIDGET  
Unfortunately!

DELIVERY MAN  
Rough day?

BRIDGET  
Tell me about it!

DELIVERY MAN  
Like they say, there's plenty  
of laws, but where's the  
justice?

BRIDGET  
Yeah. . .Exactly! Didn't  
Madonna say that?

The delivery man grins slightly at the blatant misquote. He offers a modestly sarcastic reply.

DELIVERY MAN

I think it might have been  
Jennifer Aniston.

Bridget pays no attention to the discreet mockery aimed at her totally uninformed, misguided statement.

She tears open the package which reveals yet another pair of high-dollar shoes.

BRIDGET

Ah! A new pair of  
Brunomagli's.

DELIVERY MAN

(impressed)  
Those are what--three hundred  
dollar shoes?

Bridget unlaces and pulls off her Reeboks.

BRIDGET

They might as well be three  
thousand. I don't have it  
either way.

She scurries to pull off her slouch socks and get the new pumps on her feet as if her life depended on it.

The delivery guy consoles her.

DELIVERY MAN

That's a bummer! Sounds like  
you need some cash?

BRIDGET

(frustrated and sarcastic)  
Slightly!

DELIVERY MAN

I get the drift that you  
aren't lookin' to flip  
burgers or wait tables for  
eight hours straight?

Bridget checks out her footwear as she talks.

BRIDGET

Raw meat is so gross. I'd  
puke! And don't get me started  
on having to deal with people  
I don't do people.

The delivery man slowly strolls over and looks casually out  
the window.

Bridget continues to concentrate on her new footwear. She  
gives the conversation only minimum attention at best.

DELIVERY MAN

Nor do I see you clerking at a  
mini-mart?

Bridget responds but it's a mere token effort.

BRIDGET

Boring!

The delivery man looks cautiously over his shoulder. He  
makes sure no one is nearby to overhear things. His comments  
are delivered in a steady, calm and plotted manner.

DELIVERY MAN

I got something that might  
interest you. That is. . .if  
you're woman enough to handle  
it?

That phrase snags Bridget's attention. She looks up and  
finally focuses on what this guy is saying.

BRIDGET

I don't know if I like the  
sound of that!

Bridget is suspicious but curious.

DELIVERY MAN

Two words. White slavery.

Bridget concentrates on the axiom. She thinks hard about  
what this guy really means.

BRIDGET

You're kidding of course?

DELIVERY MAN

Hardly!

BRIDGET

Isn't that like where--women  
get kidnapped or something--  
like for sex and weird, kinky  
stuff?

DELIVERY MAN

(shrugs)

Assorted things like that--  
yeah!

BRIDGET

I thought only pirates and  
mafia guys did that?

DELIVERY MAN

Look. . . .

The delivery man glances down quickly at his clipboard to  
get Bridget's name correct.

DELIVERY MAN (cont'd)

. . .Bridget. . .It's the New  
Millenium. Women are into all  
kinds of things.

(pause)

Entreprenurial things.

He leans in close to drive home his next point.

DELIVERY MAN

Money making, things.

Bridget ponders the statement and looks the guy over  
guardedly.

BRIDGET

You're serious?

DELIVERY MAN

A soft-skinned, disease-free,  
pink and powdered, college  
girl could easily bring--  
twenty five grand.

Bridget lowers both eyebrows in suspicious but still  
interested disbelief over the stated amount.

DELIVERY MAN (cont'd)

More if she's free of tats and  
marks. Moles are OK thought.

BRIDGET

Doesn't somebody come looking  
for these girls?

DELIVERY MAN

Bridget! Think about it? Like  
the planet's gonna' actually  
miss one less Chi Omega chick?

BRIDGET

(pondering)

You got a point. . .but I  
don't know?

The delivery guy's manner is cool, laid back, nonchalant.

DELIVERY MAN

Chicks disappear all the time.

BRIDGET

True!

DELIVERY MAN

If you don't snatch one, some  
toothless, drooling,  
sleazeball psycho pervert type  
serial killer will.

BRIDGET

Still. . .

DELIVERY MAN

Survival of the fittest. They  
still teach that don't they?

The delivery man strolls around the apartment poking indifferently at various items of decor scattered about.

DELIVERY MAN

And. . .a little less  
competition from those tramps  
who tempt all the cute guys at  
the local club scenes.

Bridget cautiously yields to the temptation.

BRIDGET

(pauses)  
Just this one time!

The delivery man nods in approval.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Bridget paces back and forth in her apartment. She bites nervously at a fingernail then looks out the window and spots something of interest.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

HEATHER, a proud, confident, super-fox, ultra-femme in a short skirt, white oxford button down blouse and fashionable, knee-length leather boots over dark pantyhose, strides decisively towards Bridget's apartment.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Bridget, still at the window, takes a few deep breaths, picks up a glass with an iced down drink, walks over to her apartment doorway, waits a few seconds, then exits.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY



Heather approaches.

Bridget feigns drunkenness, stumbles along, bumps into Heather and speaks in a slurred drunken manner.

BRIDGET

Whoops! Hi, I'm. . .Bridget.

HEATHER

(disgusted)

Yeah. Well I'm-outta' here.

BRIDGET

Wait a second girlfriend. Do me a favor, huh? Help get me back to 5-A.

HEATHER

I'd rather not. . .

BRIDGET

(interrupts)

Come on, pretty please. Just get me back and put me inside the door. I gotta' crash.

HEATHER

Don't you have a friend around here who could help?

BRIDGET

Maybe-but the way things are spinnin', I can't spot 'em if they are.

Heather rolls her eyes in disgust, latches onto Bridget, looks around for the apartment numbers and pulls her along toward the designated dwelling.

HEATHER

If you puke on me, you're dead meat.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Heather steps into the apartment with Bridget in tow.

BRIDGET

Get me to the couch, please.

HEATHER

For Christ, sake!

Heather half leads but mostly drags Bridget to the couch.

Bridget stumbles to one side, breaks away temporarily and leans over the backside of a couch.

BRIDGET

Get a trash can. I'm gonna'  
heave!

Heather is anything but cooperative upon hearing that remark.

HEATHER

Sorry girl. I am LIKE, so  
gone!

Heather paces decisively toward the door.

Bridget retrieves a small rod hidden between the couch cushions. She turns and slugs Heather soundly in the back of the head as she passes.

Heather comes to a stunned halt. Her arms go out to 45 degrees, her eyes cross and she stares straight ahead.

Bridget spins Heather around, studies her temporarily, then gently pushes her backwards over the couch. She ends up a most ungracious position—legs spread with her boot clad feet left awkwardly sticking up at odd angles over the back and side of the couch.

Bridget stands motionless for a few seconds. She is truly shocked over what she has just done. She breathes deeply, tosses the rod to one side, then runs over and shuts the door.

Heather doesn't move at all.

Bridget approaches the woman cautiously. She reaches down, feels the side of Heather's neck for a pulse then pulls it away quickly.

BRIDGET

Shit!

Bridget stands upright, fidgets in place, lets out a frustrated faint squeal then shuts her eyes tightly and quickly jabs her index finger into Heather's ribs.

Heather jerks and moans.

Bridget squeals loudly this time and jumps back a few paces.

Heather moans again. She shifts some on the couch but her position is still clumsy, awkward and open.

Bridget shows relief. At least Heather's not dead.

Bridget suddenly focuses on Heather's fine boots.

BRIDGET (cont'd)

Damn, those are Cole Haan's.  
Oh man! I hope they're my  
size.

Bridget's mood shifts to that of a kid at Christmas. She latches onto the heel of Heather's right foot, runs the zipper completely down, tugs the boot off and looks inside.

BRIDGET (cont'd)

Oh yeah! They should fit.

Bridget tosses the stylish footwear next to Heather on the couch then quickly removes the other boot and tosses it with the mate.

Heather moans more and starts to shift around.

BRIDGET (cont'd)

No you don't, sweetheart.

Bridget latches onto the nylon hose at Heather's toe tips, draws her feet and legs together, stretches out a length of hosiery long enough to tie the ends together.

Bridget picks up one of her Reeboks and works feverishly to get the lace out. She draws Heather's hands together, crosses them in front, ties the wrists together with the shoelace then stands back to admire her handy work.

BRIDGET (cont'd)  
Ok girl. I don't think you're gonna' need that skirt either.

Bridget clumsily rolls Heather to one side

BRIDGET (cont'd)  
God! You are such a cow.

Bridget unzips the skirt in back and tugs it off.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - DAYLIGHT

A now conscious Heather, sporting a duct tape gag, sits upright on the couch. Her hands are still tied with the shoelace as are her toe tips with her own nylons. She fumes over her predicament.

Heather's blouse has been unbuttoned down the front, exposing her delightfully sexy lace-trimmed bra. The contents of her purse have been dumped all over a small coffee table nearby. She is not a happy camper.

Bridget appears and arrogantly holds up Heather's skirt and boots.

BRIDGET  
Did you really think you could pull off this look?

Heather stares daggers at Bridget and snorts.

BRIDGET (cont'd)  
I don't think so!

Bridget sheds her own shorts then pulls on the confiscated skirt and zips it up.

BRIDGET (cont'd)  
See, at least it doesn't make  
ME, look fat.

A low guttural growl comes from Heather.

Bridget sits down on the chair, kicks off her pumps and slips into Heather's stylish boots.

Heather slaps her feet flat on the floor in total protest.

BRIDGET (cont'd)  
Hush now or I'll. . .shave  
your head. . .

Bridget then casually points towards Heather's crotch.

BRIDGET (cont'd)  
. . .and something else that's  
equally nasty.

Heather shoots a glance down between her own legs, looks back up with wide eyes and gives out a squeal of disgust over the suggested pubic hair removal threat.

Bridget finishes with the boots, stands up to admire them then retrieves her cell phone and punches in some numbers.

Heather calms down long enough to listen.

BRIDGET (cont'd)  
OK, I got her.  
(pause)  
Yeah! She's right here looking  
at me like a doe caught in  
headlights. It's givin' me the  
creeps.

Heather shakes her head back and forth in protest over the description given of her condition to some stranger on the phone.

Bridget rummages through Heather's purse contents, retrieves a driver's license and reads from it.

BRIDGET (cont'd)  
Her name is Heather-Heather  
Daniels. Sounds like a hooker.

Heather rolls her eyes in disgust.

BRIDGET  
She's five eight, 135 pounds—  
at least according to her  
driver's liscense —but my  
guess is she's shaving a few  
pounds there.

Heather snorts in disagreement over the insinuation.

Bridget approaches Heather and uses her index finger to  
gently pull back the sides of her already opened blouse.

BRIDGET (cont'd)  
Well, she's. . . maybe a 36B.  
Nothing special but kinda'  
cute—in a puppy dog way you  
might say.

Heather is insulted with that analysis.

Bridget pulls the phone away quickly, latches onto the  
center section of Heather's bra right between the breasts,  
gives it a quick, firm tug then speaks to Heather in a low  
voice.

BRIDGE (cont'd)  
There's gotta' be silicon  
pumped into those, isn't  
there?

Heather explodes in a rage of restrained disgust.

Bridget chuckles at her smart-assed remark and brings the  
phone back up to her ear. She gently pulls the blouse back  
down off Heather's shoulders and looks her over.

BRIDGET (cont'd)  
Clean as a whistle. No marks  
or tats. Hardly even a mole.

Heather stomps her feet against the floor. If looks could kill, Bridget would be dead twice if not three times.

Bridget clicks off the phone, reaches over and pulls the strip of tape loose from Heather's mouth.

HEATHER

You are in like, so much  
fuckin' trouble.

BRIDGET

Excuse me. Who's the one tied  
here? DUH!

HEATHER

Let me go immediately. . .and  
I mean it!

Bridget grabs Heather firmly by the hair and shakes her head.

BRIDGET

Settle down!

HEATHER

Easy on the perm. That has to  
last through the weekend.

BRIDGET

Behave or YOU won't last  
through the weekend.

HEATHER

Are you like, some kind of  
psycho chick or what?

Bridget ignores the questions and sorts through Heather's purse contents.

HEATHER (cont'd)

Who was that on the phone?

BRIDGET

None of your business.

HEATHER

Oh yeah! I see. You knock me out, strip me down, tie and gag me and it's not my business?

BRIDGET

That's about it in a nutshell, honey.

HEATHER

Was the person on the phone some power authority figure who you're an emotional slave to?

BRIDGET

What?

HEATHER

I knew it! You have some kind of subliminal command syndrome or a management weakness control complex?

BRIDGET

What the hell are you talking about?

HEATHER

It's quite obvious.

BRIDGET

What is quite obvious?

HEATHER

You wanted to marry your father yet sleep with your mother.

BRIDGET

Are you nuts?

Bridget is flustered over the general babble coming out of Heather's mouth. She rummages around for something among the captive's purse contents.



HEATHER

It's a textbook example of  
Penis Envy Syndrome.

BRIDGET

I've had about. . .

HEATHER

(interrupts)

Your condition stems from your  
frustration about being born  
without a penis. . .

BRIDGET

Will you shut up?

HEATHER

. . .and a full set of  
functioning testicles of  
course.

BRIDGET

You are crazy. Where do you  
come up with that kind of sick  
crap?

HEATHER

It's actually quite common  
among sub average IQ women of  
your social class.

BRIDGET

(mumbles to herself)

My social class. . . ?

Bridget finds a student ID card among Heather's purse items,  
reads it quickly then slaps her forehead.

BRIDGET

A fuckin' psyche major. I  
should have known.

HEATHER

And your developing gender  
stressed psychosis is topped  
off by the simple anatomical  
limitations of not being able  
to pee standing up.

Bridget gets so freaked out by the psychological babble that she grabs one of her slouch socks that she removed earlier and stuffs it promptly into Heather's mouth. The madness finally ceases.

Heather takes the gag almost as a badge of honor. She is most satisfied with her evaluation of the process at hand.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - DAYLIGHT

Heather is stretched out, face up on the full length of the couch. She is still gagged with the sock. Her hands are tied in front and her toes still together with the nylon bind.

The delivery man arrives with a large, conventional piece of luggage with built in rollers in tow and, the convenient extendable handle.

He looks the captive over a couple of times then hands Bridget a white envelope sealed and fully stuffed with what is most likely cash.

DELIVERY MAN

Wow! You did good for a first  
timer.

Heather is calm. She studies what is transpiring before her.

Bridget is obviously nervous about the whole affair and wants to wrap things up quickly.

BRIDGET

Yeah, well, hopefully this  
will last me awhile.

(pause)

Can you just kind of. . .hurry  
up and get her out of here.

The Delivery Man chuckles as he unzips the suitcase.

DELIVERY MAN

You'll get use to it.

Bridget actually shows some moral emotions.

BRIDGET

I don't think I couldn't do  
this more than once.

The delivery man shrugs.

DELIVERY MAN

(chuckles)

When you need a little more  
cash, let me know.

BRIDGET

Yeah--yeah---I'll do that.

DELIVERY MAN

(curious)

Is she gagged with a. . .

BRIDGET

Yes. . .a slouch sock. Mine!

Bridget pulls out the gag and Heather starts right in with  
her psycho babble.

HEATHER

So this is the penis  
substitute who gives you the  
genital power that you  
naturally lack?

DELIVERY MAN

And her problem is?

Bridget shakes her head in a combination of disgust and pity.

BRIDGET  
Psychology major.

DELIVERY MAN  
Figures!

HEATHER  
OK, you two can stop now. I know this is just a special project for Reality Affairs, Psyche 342 class.

DELIVERY MAN  
This is another type of class all together, babe.

HEATHER  
No need to keep up the guise. I'm onto you two.  
(to Bridget)  
Nice touch with the goon guy though. Did you get him from central casting?

Bridget ignores Heather. She's concerned about getting this woman out the apartment and her life. She points to the luggage

BRIDGET  
Will she fit in that?

DELIVERY MAN  
(unconcerned)  
One way or another.

HEATHER  
There' no need. The gig is up.  
You pass the class.

The Delivery Man produces a syringe full of some type of drug, which he promptly tilts upend, taps at the needle and skillfully clears it of air bubbles.

Heather looks on a tad suspicious at this action.

HEATHER

If part of the experimental project is to scare me, you're doing a good job with that needle.

The Delivery Man latches onto heather at the shoulders, sits her upright, pulls her feet onto the floor, rocks the girl to one side and plunges the needle deep into her youthfully firm buttocks.

She lets out a muffle yelp.

HEATHER

Hey, Bozo! What's the deal with this crap?

The Delivery Man ignores Heather. He turns and explains the injection to Bridget

DELIVERY MAN

Thoroughzine. It'll paralyze her temporarily.

HEATHER

Hey. . .I'm getting numb already. This whole deal is pissing me off, now.

BRIDGET

You sure she's gonna' be OK?

The Delivery Man seems a little confused over why Bridget would even care.

DELIVERY MAN

Well. . .OK until they cut her up I guess.

BRIDGET

Cut her up?

DELIVERY MAN

For parts.

BRIDGET

What do you mean for parts?

HEATHER

Yeah, creep! What do you mean for parts?

DELIVERY MAN

Body parts. Heart, liver, kidneys, couple of good young lungs, maybe even suck the marrow out of her bones if they need it.

HEATHER

I don't think so!

BRIDGET

Whoa, whoa, whoa! What the hell are you talking about?

DELIVERY MAN

Underground body organ transplant racket. Russian Mafia runs it.

Heather's eyes are starting to cross and her speech labors.

HEATHER

You. . .can't. . .think. . .

BRIDGET

(interrupts)

What about sex? I thought white slavery sold women for sex?

DELIVERY MAN

(amused)

You been watching too many old movies. That was then, this is now. It's a new global market.

BRIDGET

No, no...this won't do at all. Take the money back.

Bridget tosses the envelope at the Delivery Man.

DELIVERY MAN

I hear what you're saying, but  
I have agreements with people,  
and they don't like changes.

BRIDGET

There is no way!

The delivery man takes the envelope, shrugs and reluctantly stuffs it in his pocket.

Bridget breathes deeply and blinks hard.

DELIVERY MAN

You sure about this?

BRIDGET

Positive! I couldn't live with  
myself if I let this happen—  
even to her.

DELIVERY MAN

I think you're making a big  
mistake.

BRIDGET

Yeah, yeah! Just hurry. .  
.leave please. . .sorry I  
wasted your time.

Bridget turns her back on the Delivery Man for just a split second and starts to release Heather.

DELIVERY MAN

I'm sorry, too.

He snatches up the rod which Bridget used on Heather and whacks Bridget soundly across the back, knocks her unconscious and leaves her draped across Heather's lap.

DELIVERY MAN (cont'd)

NOT !!!!

The delivery man positions his bag then pulls the two ladies apart in preparation to get them packed.

DELIVERY MAN (cont'd)  
It's not personal, girls. . .

He roughly rolls and mauls the women around in preparation to leave.

DELIVERY GUY  
It's just business.

FADE OUT:

END