

'PURE ROMANCE'

by

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FADE IN:

A1-S1 EXT SCHOOL - DAY

Establishing shot of an elementary school.

A1-S2 INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Thirtyish teacher, HEATHER WADE picks up the eraser, wipes down a blackboard in a cloud of chalk dust, COUGHS, pats her chest and leaves a chalk hand print on her dark top.

She wipes it off but instead spreads the dust further.

She GROANS and picks up her overstuffed purse.

A furry head, LOUIE, a miniature Maltese dog, peeks out and WHIMPERS.

A1-S3 EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT- DAY

Heather walks up to an old rust-bucket car.

She fumbles for her keys from her bag and spills the contents on the ground.

Louie jumps out and runs to the grass and pees.

She gets into her car, starts it up and it belches out black exhaust smoke.

Louie runs back to the car, COUGHS as he jumps in.

A1-S4 EXT. HEATHER'S HOUSE - DAY

A car pulls into the driveway of a small house on a small property.

A 35-year old woman, KAREN PARKER, hears dogs BARK as she opens her car door.

She smiles as she reaches into the back seat and pulls out a large bag of dog food.

As she juggles the dog food on her shoulders, she walks to the door and KNOCKS.

HEATHER (VO)

Sit! Be quiet! Just a minute! Not you!

Heather opens the door.

HEATHER

Oh, hi Karen—will you stop that!

(pushes down MAX, a large mixed-breed mutt)

Come in.

A1-S5 INT. HEATHER'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM — DAY

Karen and Heather settle on a worn, faded sofa.

MAX settles his head on Karen's lap.

Many dogs BARK in the background in the house.

HEATHER

Thanks for the dog food.

Karen pats Max's head.

KAREN

I know Max has a big appetite.

Not like little Louie.

Louie's ears perk up from behind a sofa cushion.

Karen scratches his head.

KAREN

I hope you're not bringing him into the classroom.

HEATHER

I don't want him to pick up any bad habits from the older dogs.

Heather SIGHS.

KAREN

What's wrong?

HEATHER

Oh, oh nothing.

Heather brushes away her hair.

HEATHER

It's the neighbors.

KAREN

Are they complaining again?

HEATHER

Now it's more than that. They have gone to animal control. This snippy lady came to the house and told me I would be facing a five thousand dollar fine if I can't keep the dogs quiet.

Heather throws up her hands.

HEATHER

Where am I going to find five thousand dollars?

Karen smiles secretly.

KAREN

I know a way...

A1-S6 EXT. KAREN'S APARTMENT BUILDING — NIGHT

Establishing shot of Karen's apartment building.

A1-S7 INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

Karen drapes a red lacy tablecloth over her coffee table.

She sets down a pink heart-shaped candle, and lights it.

Then she sets out a bottle of scented massage oil, a pink plastic whip, a pair of fluffy pink handcuffs on the tablecloth.

She opens a jar, pulls out a feather covered in a sparkly dust, and brushes some on her cleavage.

She runs her finger through some of the spilled dust and licks it off.

KAREN

Mmmmm.

A1-S8 EXT. CONSTRUCTION BUILDING - DAY

A sign on the old building reads 'WADE CONSTRUCTION'.

A1-S9 INT. CONSTRUCTION BUILDING RECEPTION OFFICE-DAY

Heather approaches a reception desk where BRITTANY WADE, a vapid, curvy, mid-20's receptionist sits and files her nails.

Brittany looks up and pretends to smile at Heather.

Heather nods curtly and walks behind Brittany to the office door.

BRITTANY

You can't go in. He's with someone.

Heather stops and frowns.

HEATHER

Who is he with?

BRITTANY

I dunno. Some hot real estate lawyer.
I think they will be done soon.

Brittany turns to her large desktop mirror and puts on her lipstick.

HEATHER

What are you doing? You and dad are married less than a year. And you're putting lipstick on for some lawyer.

ROTHMAN SPENCER and MARTIN WADE walk out of the office.

MARTIN

And this lawyer's name is Rothman Spencer.
Rothman, meet my daughter, Heather.

Heather beams red.

Martin frowns at Brittany.

MARTIN

My wife Brittany you have already met.

Brittany flounces her hair.

ROTHMAN

Heather, I'm just a real estate lawyer,
not one of those bad guys.

HEATHER

Yes, but you are one of the most
expensive lawyers.

ROTHMAN

Enough to take us all out for lunch.

MARTIN

Thanks but Brittany and I need to
catch up. You two go ahead.

Brittany glares at Martin and in disappointment watches
Heather and Rothman leave.

MARTIN

Where's my morning paper?

Brittany slaps it into his hand.

The headline reads: MAYOR DIES.

A1-S10 EXT. GOLF COURSE CLUBHOUSE RESTAURANT - DAY

Establishing shot of golf course clubhouse restaurant.

Sign on door 'NO DOGS ALLOWED'.

A1-S11 INT. GOLF COURSE RESTAURANT - DAY

Heather and Rothman sit at a table.

Heather looks down at her dog hair-covered sweater.

Aghast she tries to flick off the hairs.

HEATHER

Excuse me, I'm going to the ladies' room.

A1-S12 INT. GOLF COURSE WOMEN'S WASHROOM - DAY

Heather steps up to the mirror.

The amount of dog hairs on her clothes horrifies her.

She brushes it off with her hand with no success.

She looks into her purse.

Louie jumps out and shakes himself.

She pulls out her hair brush and brushes her clothes but leaves more hair on her clothes.

She dumps her purse's contents onto the counter.

Wallet, candy, lipstick, toothbrush, pencils, crayons, papers, loose change, 'silver bullet', dog treats which fall on the floor, a roll of scotch tape.

She grabs the scotch tape and pulls at the tape to find only a short piece.

She wraps this around her fingers and uses it to get a bit of dog hair off.

An old lady comes into the bathroom and Heather, embarrassed, smiles as she sweeps the contents back into her purse.

The old lady see the 'silver bullet' and her eyes widen in horror.

Red-faced, Heather grabs and drops it into her purse.

She grabs the dog treat off the floor, holds it up, waits for Louie to jump into the purse, hands him the treat, and pats his head.

The old lady shakes her head and steps into a stall.

Heather puts soap on a paper towel and wipes her dark sweater.

The soap leaves streaks on her dark sweater.

Heather tugs her sweater under the tap to wash the soap off.

She sticks her sweater into the hand-insert blower which blows at high speed.

Her sweater gets caught and she pulls and the sweater stretches out of shape.

A1-S13 INT. GOLF COURSE RESTAURANT - DAY

Rothman looks around and looks at his watch.

Heather walks towards the table with her purse in front of her sweater to hide the stains.

She quickly pulls at the linen napkin, and the utensils that were rolled up inside fall on the floor.

With one hand, she tucks the napkin into the front of her sweater, while she leans over with the other hand, she reaches towards the floor to pick up the utensils.

A WAITER brings them menus.

With a sneer of a smile, he rolls his eyes toward Heather then rolls his eyes to an amused Rothman.

WAITER

Don't bother mam. I'll take care of that.

Heather straightens up in her chair.

The purse beside her chair makes a BURPING noise.

Heather lifts the napkin to her mouth and dabs.

HEATHER

Excuse me.

Rothman and the waiter look at each other.

WAITER

May I offer you some refreshments?

Rothman turns to Heather.

ROTHMAN

Would you like a light wine?

Heather picks up her water glass.

HEATHER

No thanks. I don't drink. Water is fine for me.

She jiggles her glass and water slops out.

HEATHER

Oh!

She pulls out her napkin from her sweater, dabs at the water, looks stricken at her messy sweater and then puts the damp napkin back into her cleavage and looks embarrassed.

Rothman cocks his head at her and smiles.

The waiter stands and frowns.

ROTHMAN

I'm fine with water too.

The waiter leaves.

Rothman smiles at Heather.

HEATHER

No, go ahead. Have some wine.
I'm a teacher not a nun.

ROTHMAN

What do you teach?

HEATHER

The grade four class at Parkwood Elementary. How long have you been at your firm?

ROTHMAN

I've been there ten years but I bet my clients are more demanding than yours.

HEATHER

Have you met the average nine-year-old lately? Or are your children younger than that?

Rothman holds out his bare left hand.

ROTHMAN

No kids, no wife. And yours?

HEATHER

She's twenty-four. You met her at my dad's office.

They both LAUGH.

A1-S14 EXT. SANDRA WADE'S HOUSE - DAY

Establishing shot of Sandra house.

A1-S15 INT. SANDRA WADE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Heather puts her purse on the kitchen table.

Louie jumps out onto the table.

SANDRA WADE, middle-aged woman, approaches the table with a pot of coffee.

Sandra rubs Louie's head.

HEATHER

Thanks, Mom. You should have seen Brittany's face when Dad made her work instead of going for lunch with me and a hot lawyer.

SANDRA

Hot lawyer? Don't tell me you went out with your father's divorce lawyer?

HEATHER

No, no. Rothman is a real estate lawyer.

Heather reaches over and takes her mother's hand.

HEATHER

Don't worry Mom. Dad will take care of you.

Sandra pulls her hand away.

SANDRA

I don't know. He has been acting weird since he married that bimbo last year.

HEATHER

Have you had any luck looking for a job?

SANDRA

Housekeeping skills doesn't fill out a resume.

Heather pulls a catalogue out of her purse and hands it to her mother.

HEATHER

Last night, I signed up with Karen for this FANTASTIC part-time business. It's lots of fun and your friends would love it.

Her mother flips through the catalogue.

SANDRA

What does the school think about you doing this?

HEATHER

I don't know. I wouldn't promote it at the school. I would do it after hours.

SANDRA

I can't do this.

HEATHER

You would be good at it. These are products that middle-aged women need and they would trust you.

SANDRA

How do you know these products work? Have you had a chance to try them out?

HEATHER

Not yet, but soon.

A1-S16 EXT. GOLF COURSE DRIVING RANGE - DAY

Rothman and LAWRENCE GREEN, a cocky real estate agent, each put down a bucket of golf balls at a driving range spot.

ROTHMAN

I just had lunch with Martin Wade's daughter, Heather.

Lawrence places his ball on the tee and wiggles his club.

LAWRENCE

You cancelled lunch with me for that mousey schoolteacher?

Rothman places his ball on the tee and flexes his shoulders.

ROTHMAN

She's not mousey, she's cute. Hey! How did you know Heather was a schoolteacher?

Lawrence flubs a swing and the ball dribbles off the tee.

Lawrence picks up his ball, bounces it in his hand and fakes a throw at Rothman.

LAWRENCE

If she was a hot babe, you would be in bed with her instead of golfing with me. Come on, you're just like that with your real estate. You need to invest in hot properties instead of fixer-uppers. You have to be more aggressive to get what you want in life.

Rothman takes a hard swing and makes a 300 yard drive.

ROTHMAN

How are my real estate holdings doing?

LAWRENCE

Don't worry. I got your back. They're doing great. Did you hear about the mayor?

ROTHMAN

Totally unexpected. He wasn't that old.

LAWRENCE

You should run. You would be perfect. I'll be your campaign manager.

ROTHMAN

I did want to get into politics at some time. But starting out as mayor? Shouldn't I run for alderman first?

Lawrence takes a hard swing and makes a 280 yard drive.

LAWRENCE

What did I tell you about taking advantage of opportunities?

A1-S17 INT. SCHOOL - TEACHERS' LUNCHROOM - DAY

In a far corner, Karen and Heather sit on couches opposite each other.

On the table between them rest remnants of lunch.

Wadded up napkins, stained plastic containers, and a box with one cupcake left.

KAREN

Don't you just love it when one of the kids has a birthday?

HEATHER

Yes, I do. Dibs on that last cupcake?

They both lean forward and bang heads.

Heather flings out her arm and sends the cupcake flying.
It lands on the filthy floor, frosting-side down.

BOTH WOMEN
I'm not going to eat that.

Karen tosses down a napkin.

KAREN
OK, let's see the letter.

Heather pulls out the letter from her purse.

HEATHER
What am I supposed to do?
Where will I put the dogs?
A five thousand dollar fine!

KAREN
Let's see the letter.

Heather hands Karen the letter.

KAREN
We have two weeks to find you a new
place for the dogs.

HEATHER
I can't afford a separate place
just for the dogs.

KAREN
Talk to your Dad. He's well connected.

A bell RINGS.

KAREN
We'll talk later.

Karen and Heather gather up their garbage from the table.

They both look at the cupcake and then at each other and shrug.

They walk away from the cupcake and leave it on the floor.

Recycling, compost and garbage bins sit in front of the wall bulletin board.

Heather throws her plastic container in the garbage bin.

Karen grabs it in mid-air, misses and it splatters against the bulletin board and stains the notices with salad oil.

HEATHER

Why did you do that?

KAREN

Plastic goes in the blue bin.

HEATHER

I don't know what I would do without your help, Karen.

Heather GASPS.

She nudges Karen.

HEATHER

Karen, look at this.

She wipes salad dressing from the notice stating teachers are not allowed to have part-time jobs without authorization.

HEATHER

Karen, those parties you signed me up for. We could lose our jobs!

A1-S18 EXT. CONSTRUCTION BUILDING - DAY

Heather pulls up in her car outside her father's construction office.

Inside the car, Heather pats Louie's head in the purse on the seat beside her.

She gets out of the car, goes to the passenger side, turns the window crank but it only goes down a couple of inches.

She sticks her hands on the edge of the window and pushes down.

The window suddenly falls into its slot.

Heather with the momentum falls forward through the open window.

Her father, Lawrence and Rothman exit the office.

Lawrence CHUCKLES.

Martin rushes over to his daughter.

MARTIN

Hi Honey. Are you OK?

Martin and Rothman pull out Heather from the door and close it.

She straightens out her kinks.

Lawrence adjusts the shoulder of Heather's blouse.

Rothman moves in and puts his arm around Heather.

ROTHMAN

Heather, I'd like to introduce you to my friend, Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

So you're the lovely woman that Rothman had lunch with.

Rothman raises his eyebrow at Lawrence.

MARTIN

Lawrence works for the real estate company that will sell the houses I'm building.

HEATHER

Perfect. Three experts to help me with a dog shelter problem.

MARTIN

Guys, have you got some time to hear my daughter out?

The two guys nod.

Martin opens the office door and they all enter.

A1-S19 INT. SCHOOL PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

The principal's office is neat and structured.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON is a reserved, middle-aged woman.

A KNOCK at the door.

Heather opens the door and pokes her head in.

HEATHER

Have you got a minute?

The principal nods and Heather sidles into her chair and BANGS the desk with her hip.

The pen set falls down, paper clips spill out, rubber bands bounce, and the stapler turns over spilling staples.

The principal frowns and carefully straightens the objects.

HEATHER

Oops, sorry.

Heather picks up the stapler from the desk and the staples fly out along with the spring.

Heather reaches for it.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

Never mind.

The principal opens the drawer and sweeps the stapler and loose staples, rubber bands and paper clips into her drawer.

Heather scoots closer to the desk and bangs it with her knees.

The pens fall over again.

The principal SIGHS and scoots all the pens into her drawer.

The principal sits back and folds her arms.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

What can I help you with?

HEATHER

That policy about part-time jobs,
does it apply to home party sales?

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

Do you mean jewelry or plastic
products?

HEATHER

Well, yes. What about adult products?

The principal frowns.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

You mean those sex toy parties I've
heard about?

HEATHER

Yes, but it also has bath and beauty,
books and lingerie.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

No, definitely not. Not a good image
for an elementary school teacher.

HEATHER

It's not smutty. It teaches mature
women about their sexual health.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

You're not already selling these products,
are you Heather?

Heather stands up to leave and knocks her chair onto the
floor.

When she bends down to pick it up, her butt brushes very
close to the principal's inbox.

The principal grabs her inbox and holds it steady.

As Heather straightens up, a Pure Romance catalogue falls
onto the principal's desk from the papers in her hand.

The principal looks at Heather; Heather looks back at the
principal.

Heather snatches up the catalogue.

HEATHER

I guess that's a no then. I better get back to class.

Heather turns and runs out of the office and BANGS the door.

The principal turns to her computer and types in 'Pure Romance' on a search engine.

Words come up 'Sex Toys' and underneath the website to click on.

She frowns then clicks on a topic 'Massage'.

A list of product choices come up and she clicks on 'Back Massage'.

A picture of a wand-shaped massage device with a choice of battery-operated or plug in or USB connection.

She clicks on the USB connection 'Buy Now' button.

With a smile on her face, she takes out her credit card from her purse and types in her information.

A1-S20 EXT. DOG PARK - DAY

Well-dressed and unruffled, Karen holds Max.

Her hair tangled and her clothes grass-stained, Heather struggles with Louie and four dogs of various sizes that bark, leap and tangle their leashes around her legs.

When the dogs leap up on Heather, they leave muddy paw prints on her clothes.

Passers-by avoid them.

Heather's dogs lunge to dirty looks.

Heather yanks at one dog's leash, it YELPS.

HEATHER

NO!

KAREN

It's so nice to enjoy this beautiful day.

HEATHER

If Mrs. Anderson finds out what we are doing, she will fire us. She doesn't put up with any nonsense.

KAREN

She won't find out.

One of the dogs squats and does its business.

Heather pulls out a doggy bag from her pocket but a few fall out and fly away.

Both Karen and Heather try to grab the bags as all the dogs tangle.

Karen grabs one bag and hands it to her.

HEATHER

Thanks.

Heather bends down to scoop up.

HEATHER

I can't afford to lose my job.

As Heather gathers the poop, one of the dogs yanks her and she falls belly-first into the bag then the dogs drag her through the poop.

Karen grabs the leash of the big dog that is dragging Heather and snaps the dog into a sit.

KAREN

I don't think losing your job is your biggest worry.

A1-S21 INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT, UNDERGROUND PARKING - NIGHT

Karen unloads her Pure Romance boxes out of her trunk onto a trolley.

As she reaches to lower the trunk lid, a male hand pushes down on the lid.

She pulls her hand back and SCREAMS.

ACE, tattooed, rakish, hair-in-a-ponytail, and tight jeans, leers at Karen.

ACE

Hey good looking. I'm still waiting.

Karen shoves her cart between them.

KAREN

Ace, I told you to stay away from me.

ACE

You owe me.

KAREN

It doesn't belong to you!

She grabs her cart and backs away.

Ace leans on the cart to stop her and looks in her face.

ACE

You got two weeks to deliver.

KAREN

I'm calling the cops.

Ace saunters away.

ACE

You do that.

Shakily, Karen pulls her keys out of her pocket.

A1-S22 EXT. HEATHER'S HOUSE FRONT PORCH - DAY

Heather and Karen walk up the stairs of the porch.

Paper grocery bags fill both Heather's arms.

Her purse hangs under her arm.

Louie's nose pokes out and sniffs at a bag.

He grabs a corner of the bag, tears it and oranges fall out.

A large kielbasa falls out.

Louie jumps out of the purse and chews on it.

Karen bends down, picks up the oranges and piles the oranges into the other bags.

The oranges balance precariously on top.

Heather places her foot on the sausage and pushes it to the side.

Louie tugs the meat away from her foot.

Heather puts her foot back on the sausage and opens the door.

Max bounds out the door, and knocks over Heather who drops the bags.

Max grabs the kielbasa with Louie attached at one end and runs off.

Karen helps Heather up and then Heather and Karen reassemble the bags.

An envelope sticks out of the mailbox.

Karen grabs the envelope as they walk into the house.

The envelope reads ' 123 Main St.'.

A1-S23 INT. HEATHER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Heather puts down her bags on the kitchen table.

Max runs into the kitchen with the sausage still dangling Louie.

The other dogs run in and they all fight over the sausage.

HEATHER

That's an expensive dog treat.

She snatches the envelope and sees the return address from a numbered company.

HEATHER

My rent is paid. I have the cancelled check.

Heather collapses on the kitchen chair as she reads the letter.

KAREN

What? What is it?

HEATHER

Oh my God. Why would they do this to me?

KAREN

Who are they?

Karen grabs the letter out of Heather's hand.

Karen collapses beside Heather at the kitchen table.

KAREN

Those creeps! I can't believe your landlord is evicting you.

HEATHER

I know. Everyone loves dogs. Why are they picking on me?

The dogs lie on the kitchen floor and chew on the sausage.

A2-S1 INT. GOLF COURSE LOCKER ROOM - DAY

In the high-end locker room, Martin buttons up his shirt, Lawrence ties his tie and Rothman ties his shoe.

MARTIN

I agree with Lawrence. You would be an excellent candidate for mayor. You are a respected attorney. For sure you would get the women's vote.

Rothman looks up from tying his shoe.

ROTHMAN

What do you mean I'll get the women's vote?

MARTIN

Well I saw the way my wife and daughter checked you out.

Rothman fumbles his shoelace.

ROTHMAN

Heather checked me out?

A man dressed in a towel walks where their locker row is, stops, and drops his towel.

Lawrence LAUGHS.

LAWRENCE

It isn't just the women checking you out.

Rothman looks up to the flash of bare flesh and the towel on the floor.

He breaks the shoelace.

The other two men LAUGH.

ROTHMAN

How can I run for mayor when I can't tie my shoelaces?

LAWRENCE

I'm your campaign manager. I'll look after those details.

Lawrence glances at the empty locker aisle.

LAWRENCE

And I will protect you from the messy public.

MARTIN

Sounds like it's settled. Come back to my office and I'll cut you your first campaign check.

A2-S2 INT. CONSTRUCTION BUILDING, MARTIN'S OFFICE - DAY

At her desk, Brittany takes out the check book.

Lawrence and Brittany make eye contact.

Lawrence walks around behind the desk and leans over her.

LAWRENCE

Make sure you put all the zeros
in the right place.

Brittany GIGGLES, tosses her hair, and pats his hand.

BRITTANY

Don't worry. I know where everything
goes.

Rothman COUGHS and glances at Martin.

Martin looks uncomfortable.

A2-S3 INT. SANDRA'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Sandra lies curled up on her bed on top of the covers.

The front door CREAKS OPENS.

HEATHER (V/O)

Hello, Mom? Are you home?

FOOTSTEPS resound below, then up the stairs.

Heather enters the bedroom and sees her mom on the bed.

HEATHER

Mom, are you ok?

Heather sits beside her mom on the bed and places her bag
on the floor.

Louie jumps up on the bed and grabs a lacy hand-embroidered
heart-shaped pillow, GROWLS, and shakes it.

HEATHER

Let go of that!

SANDRA

Don't let him chew on that! Do you know
how long it took me to embroider that?

Heather reaches out to grab Louie who jumps off the bed.

Heather slithers off the slippery satin bedspread.

Louie bounds out of the room with the pillow.

Heather jumps to her feet to follow him.

HEATHER

Get back here!

Sandra lifts her head and rolls her eyes.

SANDRA

Never mind. He's a typical male.
Steals your heart and runs away with it.

She hands Heather the letter which she reads.

HEATHER

I know it's been a year. I can't
believe Dad's cutting your alimony.
I bet it's that bimbo Brittany's idea.

SANDRA

What am I going to do? I don't want
to sell the house?

HEATHER

Mom, it's time you tried something new.

Louie jumps back on the bed with the pillow, drops it in Sandra's lap and licks her hand.

A2-S4 INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT LIVING/DINING ROOM- NIGHT

Karen has an ultra-modern apartment in ochre, black and chrome.

On a side table in the living room, is a display of Pure Romance products and catalogues.

In an adjoining dining room, a presentation board stands behind trays of nibbles.

Heather and Sandra sit on the couch while Karen pours red wine into their glasses on the coffee table with a white sheepskin underneath.

Half a dozen other consultants sit or take nibbles off the table.

Sandra leans over and slops a bit of wine on the coffee table as she picks up her glass.

HEATHER

Oh, I'll clean that up for you Mom.

Heather leans over to grab a napkin and knocks over her own glass.

Heather goes on her knees to the edge of the table and laps up the dripping wine.

The other ladies in the room GASP and make nervous giggles.

Karen comes out of the kitchen with a towel and club soda.

KAREN and SANDRA

Heather!

Sandra pulls Heather back on the couch as Karen puts the towel on the coffee table.

KAREN

I'll get you more wine.

Heather HICCUPS.

HEATHER

No thanks, Karen, I think I have had enough.

SANDRA

Karen, just get her some club soda.

Karen moves over to the product table.

KAREN

Thank you ladies for coming tonight. We're here to discuss how to make our upcoming recruitment meeting more fun and informative. We want to build excitement so women will be eager to sign up.

CONSULTANT WOMAN ONE
I have a helium tank. I bring those
'pop my cherry' balloons.

Sandra looks at Heather.

SANDRA
What's that?

Heather shakes her head in confusion.

CONSULTANT WOMEN ONE
It's so much fun. When a woman decides
to sign up, she shouts 'Pop my cherry!',
punctures a red balloon and wins the
prize inside.

HEATHER
I would like to do that.

CONSULTANT WOMAN TWO
Should we do product demonstrations?
Watching Pure Romance's CEO using the
bath mitten really got me hooked.

KAREN
Oh, yah. That was good. Who would
like to do that demo?

Heather waves her hands.

HEATHER
Me, me, me. Can I also demonstrate
Rod?

Sandra leans back and looks at her daughter.

KAREN
We will have the toys on display.
I don't know if we will demonstrate
them. This is a public venue.

Sandra leans close to Heather.

SANDRA
Who is Rod? I thought you were
dating a young man named Rothman.

Consultant Woman One goes over to the product table and points to a dildo and LAUGHS.

CONSULTANT WOMAN ONE
This is Rod.

HEATHER
Yes.

CONSULTANT WOMAN TWO
Do you mean Rothman Spencer, the
mayoral candidate?

HEATHER
Yes.

CONSULTANT WOMAN TWO
Rothman is better than Rod.

HEATHER
Yes.

Sandra puts her hands over her ears.

SANDRA
I don't want to hear any more.

All the women LAUGH.

A2-S5 EXT. LAWRENCE'S REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

Establishing shot of Lawrence's real estate office.

A2-S6 INT. LAWRENCE'S REAL ESTATE OFFICE, BOARDROOM - DAY

Rothman enters the boardroom to see CAMPAIGN WORKER ONE. a senior woman on the phone.

Another worker stuffs envelopes and a third types.

A whiteboard has the various city wards listed.

Rolls of lawn signs and bundles of metal stakes lie on the side table.

Old retired men come in and grab a roll and stakes and walk out.

Rothman shakes their hands.

Some men pat his back and grin.

Lawrence enters the room with a tray of coffee and puts it on the table.

ROTHMAN

Lawrence, thanks for donating space for my campaign office.

LAWRENCE

No problem. It's a tax write-off. But not all of our expenses are covered. You have to work on your speech for next week's fundraising meeting. People are paying five hundred dollars a plate.

ROTHMAN

I better make it worth their while.

Campaign worker one stops typing and winks at Rothman.

CAMPAIGN WORKER ONE

You don't even have to speak to make it worth my while.

Rothman blushes as Lawrence pats him on the back.

A2-S7 EXT. HEATHER'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

In Heather's backyard of struggling shrubs and muddy mess of new grass, Sandra sits at a bistro table on the concrete deck as she sips her tea.

The dogs run around Heather as she scoops into a big green garbage bag.

Sandra looks into her cup.

SANDRA

I don't think I'd be comfortable doing that.

HEATHER

Well Karen and I will train you.

SANDRA

You need two people to train me?

HEATHER

It's not that difficult. It's natural.

Heather scoops more into the bag.

HEATHER

I can't believe I picked up so much.

SANDRA

I don't like talking about it.

HEATHER

Boy, I bet that is all you and your friends talk about.

Heather looks at Louie doing his business.

HEATHER

Anyways, you mostly demonstrate.

SANDRA

That's the part I'm worried about.

HEATHER

Oh, you can practice on the puppet. You don't have to try it on yourself.

SANDRA

I can't even think about that.

HEATHER

It's good for your health at least twice a week.

Max does a dump that Heather runs to clean.

Sandra waves her hand in front of her face.

SANDRA

I need to go inside. I think I've had enough sun and fresh air.

HEATHER

You can look at the catalogue again but you need to come to the meeting at the Holiday Inn. Karen can answer all of your concerns.

SANDRA

Can you give a dog away as a Diamond achievement award?

A2-S8 EXT. LAKESIDE PARK - DAY

At the outdoor park pavilion, a large Rotary sign dangles from the roof.

Volunteers clear away the lunch debris.

Heather and Rothman sit at a far table and eat the last of their hotdogs.

As she chews her last bite, Rothman reaches over with his napkin and wipes off mustard from her cheek.

In half-chew, Heather gives him a dreamy smile showing a piece of bread stuck in her teeth.

An old couple stand by and COUGH.

Rothman turns to the couple and smiles.

POND OLD MAN

Mr. Spencer, just to let you know you have my wife's and my support.

Rothman pulls out a couple of buttons with his picture on it.

They nod as they take them.

POND OLD WOMAN

Who is this lovely young lady? Your fiancée?

Heather blushes and CHOKES on the last bite.

She COUGHS madly and Rothman pats her back.

The old couple look on in concern but then they walk away.

Rothman pulls on Heather's arm to get her upright.

ROTHMAN

We'd better go for a walk.

They walk to the lakeside pier.

Couples and families feed the geese and ducks at the water's edge.

Canoes, kayaks and pedal boats line the shore.

ROTHMAN

Your choice.

Heather looks skeptically at all the boats.

HEATHER

Oh. Aren't these things a little tippy?
I'm not a good swimmer.

ROTHMAN

I don't think there is any real danger
here. Let's take one of the pedal boats.
They never tip.

Rothman helps Heather into her seat.

The attendant pushes them off.

Rothman and Heather pedal methodically.

Rothman smiles and turns to her confidently.

ROTHMAN

You'll be there Tuesday night,
won't you?

Heather smiles back.

HEATHER

Well of course. I'm bringing..

Heather stops pedaling and the boat jiggles in the water.

A duck QUACKS in annoyance.

HEATHER

Which Tuesday night are you talking about?

ROTHMAN

The candidate's debate at the Holiday Inn.

HEATHER

This Tuesday? At the Holiday Inn? And what room?

ROTHMAN

I think it's in the West wing.

HEATHER

That's across from the East Wing?

The bow of the pedal boat tilts forward and waves lap at the edge.

ROTHMAN

Yes, does it matter?

HEATHER

No, no. Not really

Heather energetically pedals.

Rothman looks at her, smiles, and then pedals.

Heather smiles back.

HEATHER

Yes, I'd love to come to that with you.

The bow tips in, a wave comes up over the boat.

They stop pedaling.

The boat up ends, up and over -- throwing them into the water.

Heather surfaces with arms splashing.

Her face panic stricken.

Rothman swims over and she wraps her arms around him.
Rothman rises in the water to stand in four-feet of water.
Heather looks embarrassed and slides off him.

HEATHER
You said it wouldn't tip.

He looks at her grinning.
The old couple stand at the shore and wave at them.

A2-S9 EXT. MARTIN'S CONDO - DAY

Establishing shot of Martin's condo.

A2-S10 INT. MARTIN'S CONDO - DAY

Martin pushes the front door and squeezes into the condo.
A pile of women's shoes block the doorway.
Martin follows a trail of women's clothes.
He gingerly picks up a thong and mischievously grins.
He straightens, walks around a corner, stops and frowns.
Brittany lies on the couch in sweats, her hair up and with
a SNAP cuts her toenails.
Martin throws the thong at her.

MARTIN
I'll have to send you to housekeeping
school.

BRITTANY
Why not hire a maid? It's cheaper.

She turns the volume up on the TV.

Martin rubs his face and SIGHS.

He turns to leave the room, turns around, grabs the TV control and turns down the volume.

MARTIN

Make sure you get yourself cleaned up Tuesday to support Rothman at the candidates' debate.

BRITTANY

If my boss will give me the afternoon off to go to the spa.

She flips a toenail at him.

MARTIN

If that's what it takes.

Brittany jacks up the TV volume and gives him the finger.

A2-S11 INT. SCHOOL GYM - DAY

Kids sit on mats on the floor.

Teachers sit on chairs at the back.

One teacher SHUSHES an unruly group.

The principal stands on the stage with a microphone.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

Good morning students and teachers. You may have heard your parents talk about the upcoming election to choose a new mayor. To help people with their decision about who to choose for a new mayor, the people who put their name forward are called candidates.

Heather unwinds two young boys.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

Next week, these candidates have a debate on various issues regarding the city and things that are important. Your parents are welcome to come and ask questions.

KAREN

When and where is this debate taking place, Mrs. Anderson?

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

I was getting to that Ms. Parker. This debate will be next Tuesday evening at the Holiday Inn.

In shock, Karen nudges Heather to listen.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

I'll be giving you an information packet to take home to your parents so they can go to the debate.

Karen WHISPERS to Heather.

KAREN

That's the same night as our membership drive.

Heather is still distracted by the two little boys fidgeting.

HEATHER

What are you talking about?

KAREN

It's also the same place.

HEATHER

What is?

KAREN

Pay attention. The candidates' debate.

HEATHER

I knew that.

Mrs. Anderson walks off the stage and comes up behind the two women who still WHISPER.

KAREN

But Mrs. Anderson might see us.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

I might see you do what?

Karen and Heather look at each other and speak in unison.

KAREN and HEATHER
 Sorry, Mrs. Anderson. We'll pay more
 attention now.

The children around them LAUGH.

The two little boys roll on the floor IN LAUGHTER.

A2-S12 EXT. VET'S OFFICE - DAY

Establishing shot of vet's office.

A2-S13 INT. VET'S OFFICE, RECEPTION- DAY

Heather walks up to the counter with Louie under her arm
 and a handful of Rothman's flyers.

RECEPTIONIST
 Hi Heather. I see you got Louie here
 for his shot.

Heather puts the flyers on the counter.

HEATHER
 Would you mind if I left these flyers
 here?

The receptionist picks up a flyer and sees Rothman's photo.

RECEPTIONIST
 Wow, he's a hotty. I wouldn't mind
 taking him home.

HEATHER
 I'm going out with him.

RECEPTIONIST
 Lucky you! I bet things are going really
 well in your life right now. By the way,
 how is your business doing?

Louie licks his genitals.

HEATHER

It's kind of slow. I'd like to expand
but I need to meet more people.

Heather looks around the reception area at other women and
their animals.

HEATHER

Would you be willing to hand out
information for me? That would really
help out.

RECEPTIONIST

I know someone who was looking for
one. I know you have a few different
types.

HEATHER

Oh yes. I have a really big one called
'thunder'. I even have a photo of him.

RECEPTIONIST

I think they wanted a girl.

Heather looks confused at her.

HEATHER

I do have a pink one. Is that what you
mean?

RECEPTIONIST

A pink one? What did you do, dye it?

The ladies in the reception room look up from their reading
and animal petting.

HEATHER

No, that's the color it comes in.

RECEPTIONIST

You mean there is a new breed of large
dog born pink? Is it genetically
modified?

The other women strain their ears.

HEATHER

Oh, you are talking about dogs?

RECEPTIONIST

What did you think I was talking about?

The other women look at each other and shrug.

Heather pulls out two catalogues and hands one to the receptionist and one to the seated women.

All the women flip through the pages.

WOMEN

Ooh!

A2-S14 INT. LAWRENCE'S REAL ESTATE OFFICE, LAWRENCE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

In his inner office, Lawrence holds his golf game wand outstretched in front of his big screen TV.

He is in mid-swing when Brittany walks in and SQUEALS in delight.

On the TV Lawrence misses his shot and the ball goes into the rough.

Brittany runs up to Lawrence and SLAPS a check on his chest and grabs the golf wand.

BRITTANY

Show me how, show me how. I've never, never played golf on one of these.

She turns to him seductively.

BRITTANY

I've never played on such a BIG screen.

Lawrence looks at the check and puts it on his neat desk.

LAWRENCE

Wow. You're really enthusiastic about getting donations for Rothman.

BRITTANY

Anything to help you Lawrence.

Lawrence preens, then approaches Brittany.

He holds his hand out for the wand.

LAWRENCE

Let me show you.

Brittany has a little tug of war with him until he pulls her towards him.

They look at each other.

He turns her around so her back is to him and wraps his arms around her and pulls her arms into the golf swing position.

She hip wiggles against him.

Rothman walks in with a stack of his candidate's flyers.

ROTHMAN

Excuse me.

They turn and look embarrassed at Rothman who shakes his head.

A2-S15 INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Listening to UPBEAT MUSIC, Karen sits on a Pilates ball surrounded by open boxes and bags.

In beat, she pulls out the purple dildo in a wrapper, checks its label, and marks it off on an inventory list on a clipboard.

She rolls across the room and puts the dildo into a rolling suitcase beside a rainbow of dildos.

The phone RINGS.

She rolls over to the coffee table.

Her toes can't move fast enough forward so she pitches back on the ball.

She grabs a box to steady herself. It tips over and spills small pink vibrators on the floor.

She rolls off the ball onto her butt and reaches for the phone.

She is breathless as she answers.

KAREN

Hello.

With her other hand, she picks up the vibrators back into the box.

ACE (V/O)

I like a breathless woman.

Karen GASPS and drops the vibrators.

KAREN

How did you get this number?

ACE (V/O)

I got more than your number Karen.

Karen SLAMS the phone.

She wraps her arms around the Pilates ball.

A2-S16 INT. REAL ESTATE LAWRENCE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Rothman turns to leave.

LAWRENCE

Hold on a minute. I have some papers for you to sign.

Brittany takes the golf club and does an ass-wiggle as she gets into the stand.

Lawrence brushes by Brittany as he walks to his desk.

They look at each other and Brittany GIGGLES.

Rothman inspects his tie.

ROTHMAN

I can't believe all the paperwork you have to file to get into political office.

LAWRENCE

No, no, this is for your business holdings. This is a routine transfer of ownership.

Lawrence puts the papers on the desk and hands Rothman a pen.

Rothman bends over to sign.

He glances at the paper as he signs and Brittany SQUEALS and jumps up and down.

BRITTANY

Look, I hit a hundred yards.

Both men watch her jiggling boobs.

Distracted, Rothman finishes signing the document.

The address '123 Main Street' is highlighted.

FADE TO BLACK.

A2-S17 EXT. HOLIDAY INN - NIGHT

Lawrence and Rothman arrive at the front of the hotel in a car.

The trunk POPS open and the PORTER takes the rolling suitcase out.

A2-S18 INT. HOLIDAY INN, FOYER - NIGHT

At the foyer, Lawrence and Rothman run into a guest and Lawrence turns to the porter.

LAWRENCE

Please take that to the Lakeview Ballroom.

ROTHMAN

We'll be there in a minute.

A2-S19 INT. HOLIDAY INN, HALLWAY - NIGHT

The porter stops in the hall and looks at the sign 'Lakeview Ballroom: A and B'.

He places the suitcase outside the two sets of double doors.

A2-S20 EXT. HOLIDAY INN, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

INSERT: Sign over door: 'Back Parking Lot Exit'.

Heather holds the hotel back door open as Karen struggles to pull the suitcase over the door sill.

The suitcase pops open.

A2-S21 INT. HOLIDAY INN, HALLWAY - NIGHT

The porter sees the struggling and goes around to the bent-over women.

As he sees them stuffing the multi-colored dildoes back into the suitcase, he GASPS.

The two women turn to look at him in apprehension.

PORTER

I've never seen one with that attachment.
Where can I get one?

KAREN

We sell them!

He pats his pockets.

PORTER

Do you take credit cards?

HEATHER

We can take care of you after our show tonight.

KAREN

In the meantime, please take this into the Lakeview Ballroom.

As they all walk down the hall, the women see the 'Ladies Washroom'.

HEATHER

How's my hair?

KAREN

I think we need to step in here.

The porter nods and pulls the suitcase down the hall.

PORTER

I may need a few things.

A2-S22 INT. HOLIDAY INN, ROOM A - NIGHT

The porter takes Karen's suitcase into 'Room A' and places it beside a table near the stage.

A2-S23 INT. HOLIDAY INN, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Karen and Heather exit the washroom and see Lawrence's suitcase in the hallway between the rooms.

KAREN

I thought I asked the porter to take it into the room.

They both look disappointed as they grab and roll the suitcase into Room B.

The porter comes out of Room A, goes into the hall, he doesn't see Lawrence's suitcase and he shrugs.

His pager SQUEALS.

He runs out the back door.

The hotel manager comes up with two pedestal signs.

He places the 'Pure Romance' sign in front of 'Room B' and the 'Mayoral Candidates' Debate' sign in front of 'Room A' and leaves the hallway.

Heather bumps into the 'Pure Romance' sign as the women exit Room B.

They walk down the hallway to the back door and go outside.

Rothman and Lawrence walk up and see the sign 'Pure Romance' and Rothman points to the sign.

ROTHMAN

Is that a dating service?

Lawrence smirks and they enter Room A.

Karen and Heather open the back door and struggle down the hallway with their cart of various boxes.

Karen sees a couple of female campaign assistants outside Room A. She hands them each a brochure.

KAREN

Come by later for some free samples.

The assistants GIGGLE and walk into Room A.

A2-S24 INT. HOLIDAY INN, FOYER - NIGHT

Just inside the front doors, Brittany stands and looks in a mirror to fluff her hair.

Searching inside her purse as she walks, Sandra looks up just before she bumps into Brittany.

Martin comes up beside Brittany and puts his arm around her waist.

Martin turns and sees Sandra and drops his arm from Brittany.

MARTIN

Wow, you look fantastic.

Brittany flings her head back and HUFFS.

She grabs Martin's arm and yanks him away.

BRITTANY

Come on, honey.

She turns to Sandra and gives her the 'he's mine' look.

But Martin hesitates and puts out his arm to motion Sandra ahead of him.

Sandra gives Brittany a triumphant smile.

SANDRA
Why thank you.

A2-S25 INT. HOLIDAY INN, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Without talking to each other, the three walk down the hallway.

They come to the two signs.

Martin turns to Sandra.

MARTIN
Are you going to the mayoral candidate's
debate?

Brittany glares at Martin.

SANDRA
No, I have another meeting.

Martin reads the two signs.

Martin looks at Sandra.

MARTIN
Pure Romance, what's that?

Brittany punches Martin in the arm.

BRITTANY
That's a dating service.

Martin raises an eyebrow.

SANDRA
It's a business opportunity to make
some extra cash. But the products
are for women who want to give
MORE to their men.

Martin looks confused but Brittany looks interested.

People come up behind them and they go into their
respective rooms.

A2-S26 INT. HOLIDAY INN, ROOM B - NIGHT

Heather greets and checks off the women coming into the room at a sign-up table near the door.

Karen brings the suitcase onto the stage beside a table with the Pure Romance cover.

She reaches down to unzip the suitcase as Heather waves to her.

Karen goes to the sign-up table where there is a line-up of women.

Heather motions to her watch.

HEATHER

Look at the time. Rothman expected me
fifteen minutes ago.

Karen waves to Sandra who comes over to the sign-up table to take over.

A2-S27 INT. HOLIDAY INN, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Heather opens the door and peeks into the hallway and she sees Rothman coming out of his door.

Heather GASPS and tries to pull back but he spots her.

ROTHMAN

There you are.

HEATHER

Oh, I must have gone in the wrong room.

ROTHMAN

Come on. We're about to start.
You don't need a dating service.
You're with me now.

Heather looks confused at Rothman as she closes the door.

He grabs her hand and they walk into Room A.

A2-S28 INT. HOLIDAY INN, ROOM A - NIGHT

At the front on the stage, Lawrence sits at a table and Rothman joins him.

At the other end of the stage sit the other mayoral candidate and his campaign manager.

Heather sits at the end of a row near the front on Rothman's side.

Martin sees Heather and gives her a wave.

Brittany crosses her legs to hike her skirt up and gives a little wave to Lawrence.

Martin and Heather notice and they are both embarrassed.

A2-S29 INT. HOLIDAY INN, HALLWAY - NIGHT

The principal stands outside both doors and looks at the signs.

She raises her eyebrow at the Pure Romance sign and has a secret smile.

She enters the candidates' room.

A2-S30 INT. HOLIDAY INN, ROOM A - NIGHT

The principal sees Heather at the front of the room.

Heather opens her eyes wide to see the principal coming towards her.

The principal motions for Heather to scoot over and blocks her access to the aisle.

On the center of the stage, the MC goes up to the microphone.

MC

Good evening, ladies, gentlemen and dignitaries. Thank you for coming out to the candidate's debate. Up first is Lionel Hurst, who has had four years experience as an alderman.

The crowd CHEERS.

Heather looks at her watch, stands up and trips over the principal's feet as she walks to the aisle.

The principal gives her a dirty look and points to the seat.

Everyone looks at the commotion.

Someone SHUSHES.

Heather looks up at the stage and Rothman gives her a curious look.

Heather blushes and shrugs.

She hurries out of the room.

A2-S31 INT. HOLIDAY INN, ROOM B - NIGHT

Heather quietly closes the door behind her.

She walks past GIGGLING women.

Heather goes onto the stage to sit beside her mother.

Karen turns from the podium to unzip the suitcase on top of the table.

Karen pulls back the flap and Rothman's candidate buttons spill out.

A CONFUSED MURMUR in the room.

She turns to Heather with a shocked look.

They hear a SCREAM and NERVOUS LAUGHTER from next door.

Karen and Heather lock eyes and mouth 'OH, MY GOD!'

Karen and Heather scoop up the fallen buttons from the floor into the suitcase.

Karen zips up the suitcase and hauls it to the door.

Heather opens up the door to see Rothman with Lawrence behind him.

ROTHMAN

What are you doing in here?

Heather blushes and STAMMERS.

HEATHER

I, I...

Rothman pulls a suitcase from behind him.

ROTHMAN

Is this yours?

Heather GULPS and nods.

ROTHMAN

Do you know how humiliating that was for me? You may have cost me the candidacy.

He shoves the suitcase toward Heather.

The suitcase opens and the dildos fall on the floor.

Heather picks up a dildo in each hand.

ROTHMAN

What are you ladies up to in here?
Heather, I can't afford to be seen
with a woman like you.

Rothman snatches his suitcase from Karen and exits the room.

The audience turns to watch with EXCITED WHISPERS.

Lawrence winks at Karen before he turns and follows Rothman.

Sandra comes and helps the two women put the dildos into the suitcase.

The principal walks past the open doorway and sees the three women busy collecting the dildos.

A2-S32 INT. SCHOOL PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Heather fidgets in the chair as the principal ends a phone call.

The principal folds her hands and looks at Heather.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

I couldn't help but notice that you left the candidates' debate early last night.

Heather notices a spilled mustard stain on her shirt and scratches at it with her finger nail.

Mrs. Anderson stares intently.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

Later I saw you in the hallway...

Mrs. Anderson leans sideways to put her face in Heather's line of vision to make eye contact.

Heather licks her finger and rubs at the yellow spot which spreads further.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

You had some unusual objects with you. The products that you told me that you were not going to sell. The kind of products I told you were not appropriate for an elementary school teacher to sell.

Heather turns sideways to her purse.

She rummages through the purse spilling its contents on the floor.

She finds an aged-looking wet-nap, opens it and rubs it on her shirt with no effect.

She looks at the wet-nap.

HEATHER

It's dry.

Mrs. Anderson sits up straight and scowls.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

Heather, look at me.

HEATHER

Just a sec.

Heather spits on the towelette then vigorously rubs at the yellow spot which now becomes a large yellow stain.

The principal SIGHS. She speaks in a gentler tone.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

Heather, I can't protect you. If the School Board finds out that you are selling those products, I will be forced to fire you.

Heather is intent on getting the shredding, sticky wet-nap off her various fingers.

Mrs. Anderson reaches into her desk drawer and pulls out a diaper wipe.

She comes around her desk and wipes Heather's fingers like a child.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

Here.

She tosses all the debris in the garbage.

Standing, she leans against her desk and looks at Heather.

Heather looks at her clean fingers and mumbles.

HEATHER

Thanks.

She shoves everything from off the floor into her purse and positions the purse against her stained shirt.

HEATHER

Don't worry Mrs. Anderson. I won't put you in that position.

A2-S33 EXT. HEATHER'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - NIGHT

Heather opens the back door and the dogs run out into the yard to do their business.

The neighbor next door waters his lawn and garden.

In the darkening sky, the full moon slowly rises.

The dogs turn to the moon and start a HOWL.

Heather opens the door.

HEATHER

OK you guys. You've done your business.
Come back in here.

The dogs HOWL louder.

HEATHER

Be quiet! What's the matter with you?

They HOWL even louder.

The neighbor sprays them with the hose.

The dogs YELP.

Max cowers in a corner.

Louie GROWLS and tries to jump the fence.

HEATHER

What did you do that for? Now they're
all upset. They were just serenading
the moon. Why don't you relax and
enjoy yourself for a change?

The neighbor throws down his hose and stomps into his house.

A light appears in his window where we see him on the phone.

A2-S34 INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

In her stained yellow shirt, Heather sits at the dining room table and looks at the variety of boxes on the table.

Louie jumps out of her bag and shakes himself.

Karen comes in from the kitchen with two wine glasses and a bottle of red.

Karen pours the two glasses and hands one to Heather.

As Heather takes a sip, she bumps her elbow on the side of the table and spills some wine on her shirt.

Heather puts the glass on the table spilling more wine on the wood table.

Louie puts his paws on the table and licks the wine.

Heather bursts out WAILING.

She looks at her multi-colored shirt.

HEATHER

I spill more than the kindergarten kids.
No wonder no one wants to date me.
And now I am going to lose my job.

She collapses on the table and CRIES.

Karen comes back from the kitchen with a wet rag, picks up the glass, and wipes the table.

Karen holds the glass, looks at Heather, then moves the glass to a side table.

Karen takes a box off the dining room table and opens it.

Karen walks behind Heather who has her head on the table CRYING.

Karen pulls Heather's hair back from the nape of her neck and turns on low a smooth standard shaped pink realistic-looking dildo.

Karen massages Heather's nape.

Heather MOANS in relief.

Louie licks a wine dribble off her cheek.

Karen pushes a button and the dildo pulses with a more INTENSE SOUND.

Karen pushes another button and the dildo rotates against her nape.

Heather is in awe.

HEATHER

Oh my, that feels great. What is that?

Heather grabs the dildo from Karen's hand and brings it in front of her face.

She SCREAMS and pokes herself in the eye.

She drops it on the table and the dildo rotates on the table.

Louie WHELPS and dashes under the sofa.

Karen LAUGHS.

KAREN

You got it right. This is the OMG -
Oh My Gasm. This is one of the top
models.

Heather hesitantly grabs the rotating dildo off the table and massages herself on her face and neck.

Heather looks at the speed selection more closely.

HEATHER

Let's turn it up to eleven.

The dildo swivels, pulses and flashes.

Heather pokes Karen with it.

Both women LAUGH.

KAREN

Stop, stop.

Karen and Heather engage in a tug of war with the dildo.

KAREN

Don't wear yourself out on that one.
Wait until you meet Mr. Goodbar.

Karen winks.

Heather tears into the boxes on the dining room table.

HEATHER

Let me see; let me see.

A2-S35 EXT. SANDRA'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Two women park their cars on the street and each walk up to the house.

One points to the sign stating to go to the back deck.

A2-S36 EXT. SANDRA'S HOUSE, BACK DECK - NIGHT

At the back deck, we see seven other women besides Heather, Karen and Sandra.

One table has a business logo tablecloth.

On top are the tickle whip, a powder compact, furry handcuffs, a bottle of lubricant, the ben wa balls, the coochy cream, and a silver bullet vibrator.

From a basket peek multi-colored dildos.

Also on the table are catalogues, pens, order forms and business cards.

On the table at the other end of the deck are bottles of wine, a jug of sangria, fruit trays, cheese and crackers, and a penis-shaped chocolate cake.

The women sit at various groupings with their glass and plate of munchies.

They look at the catalogue, compare notes and GIGGLE.

The two new women say HI to the others as they grab their drinks and nibbles.

Sandra smiles as she gives them a catalogue.

SANDRA

Thank you all for coming.

(giggling)

You are my friends and know each other. But Heather has suggested an ice breaker game to get everyone in the mood.

PARTY WOMAN 1
We left our husbands at home.

The women nervously GIGGLE.

Heather turns around from the dildo basket and holds a large purple dildo.

HEATHER
I don't think you have one this big
at home.

The women react in various ways: GASPS, LAUGH, SQUEALS.

PARTY WOMAN 1
Oh, my goodness.

PARTY WOMAN 2
My husband is even bigger.

Heather hands the dildo to Woman 2 then turns on the music.

HEATHER
We are going to play 'HOT PECKER'.

PARTY WOMAN 2
I love this game.

Standing up, she grabs the dildo and puts it between her knees and thrusts it to the knees of the woman beside her.

This third woman goes over to Party Woman 1 who remains seated and shakes her head.

Heather goes over and grabs the dildo and puts it between her knees and wiggles it.

HEATHER
Come on. It's fun.

Heather thrusts her hips wildly at the woman, loses control of the dildo which flies through the air and lands head down into the ample cleavage of Party Woman 1.

A2-S37 INT. SANDRA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Heather washes dishes at the sink and Karen dries.

Sandra sits at the kitchen table and works the NOISY adding machine as she goes through the receipts.

Louie sits in Sandra's lap and gives a YELP at her NOISY tabulation.

SANDRA

I've never made that much money in one night.

Heather and Karen look at each other.

HEATHER and KAREN

And this is just your first party.

KAREN

I have made so much money that I can give up my supply teaching job.

HEATHER

How long is it going to be for me to get to that point?

Karen winks at Sandra and Heather.

KAREN

Follow my lead. It will happen for you too.

A2-S38 EXT. SANDRA'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Women 1 and 2 exit the front door.

A man steps out of the shadows and startles the women.

ACE

Hello ladies. You look lovely tonight.

He turns to Party Woman 1.

ACE

And you madam looked especially fetching with that unmentionable down your blouse.

Party Woman 1 GASPS and the two women run their cars.

Their cars PEELS away.

Karen looks out the front window to see the scene unfolding.

Karen steps out the door and pushes a pair of women to the side.

Karen tugs Ace off the walkway to the side.

She YELLS at Ace.

KAREN

What are you doing here? Why are you scaring our guests? How dare you?

ACE

I'm not scaring anyone. I enjoyed your little party tonight.

KAREN

You were watching our party?

ACE

Women pay money for those kind of things? I can provide those services for free.

Karen shoves Ace down the walkway to the street.

Heather appears and looks at the two.

HEATHER

Karen, what's going on?

Ace points threateningly at Karen.

ACE

Time is running out.

KAREN

My lawyer doesn't think so.

Ace saunters up to Karen and grabs her by her chin.

ACE

You can't hide behind a lawyer.

Karen whips his hand away from her face.

Ace CHUCKLES.

Ace turns and slowly walks away.

Karen stands there and fumes.

Heather points at the flat tire on Karen's car.

HEATHER

Eeek! That must be Ace's doing.

Karen looks at her car and DRUMS her fingers on the hood.

A2-S39 INT. ROTHMAN'S LAW OFFICE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Karen and Heather walk down an office hallway and stop in front of a door.

INSERT:

Rothman Spencer - Attorney at Law

Heather plops herself on a chair and places her purse with Louie peeking out of it.

HEATHER

I'll just wait here in the hallway
for you.

Karen grabs her and pulls her up.

KAREN

No, no, Rothman's expecting you.

HEATHER

Why did you pick Rothman? He's a real
estate lawyer. You need a divorce
lawyer.

KAREN

I am divorced. I inherited the cottage
after the divorce and Ace still thinks
he should get half the value.

Karen pulls on Heather's arm.

Heather twists her sweater so that Karen holds the sweater
as Heather gyrates out of it.

HEATHER

I still don't know why you picked Rothman. There are other real estate lawyers.

KAREN

I told you I saw him at the mall today. He suggested I come to his office tonight. When I informed him you were witness to Ace's last incident, Rothman said to bring you along.

Rothman's office door opens and he looks out on them.

Louie hops out of the purse and runs over to Rothman.

A2-S40 INT. GOLF COURSE, BAR - NIGHT

The bartender puts down a cocktail napkin and a tumbler with Scotch on the bar in front of Martin.

Martin nods a thank you to the bartender.

Looking lost in thought, Martin picks up the tumbler and swivels on his bar stool and looks out the large side window that faces the brilliant Klieg-lit driving range.

Martin lifts the scotch to his lips, pauses, and leans forward and frowns at the window.

A2-S41 EXT. GOLF COURSE, DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT

A man's large golf shoes spoon a woman's petit golf shoes at the tee.

On the worn flooring around the tee, the man's cleats CLICK, CLICK as they shuffle back and forth.

The woman's shoes lift up and down on their toes.

The man's naked knees piston in sync with the woman's bare smooth legs.

The woman's short white skort SWISHES against the man's plaid seersucker shorts.

A2-S42 INT. GOLF COURSE, BAR - NIGHT

Martin stands, walks to the window and clutches his tumbler.

A2-S43 EXT. GOLF COURSE, DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT

Viewed from above, the woman's hair is tied up in a bun and held together with a visor.

His baseball cap bumps her head.

She leans over to put a ball on the tee and exposes ample cleavage.

The skort flips up and exposes her white panties.

He makes an exaggerated PANTING NOISE and a thrusting motion with his hips.

As she lifts her body up she GIGGLES but stops as she looks up at the window and we see that it is Brittany.

She turns and slaps the man who lifts his head and we see that it is Lawrence.

At the bar window, Martin's face, spotlighted from overhead, has a menacing look.

Martin raises his glass in a salute and downs it.

A2-S44 INT. ROTHMAN'S LAW OFFICE - NIGHT

Louie sits on Rothman's desk.

Rothman scratches Louie's head.

Karen and Heather sit in massive leather antique wing chairs.

They look at various black and white pictures of local dignitaries and historical buildings.

Heather has her mouth open and jabs her pointed finger around the room.

HEATHER

Oh, there's the late Mayor Wilson.
There's the old Johnson house. That was
so sad when it burned down. Hey, there's
Bobby Rae. He was captain of the football
team. That's too bad he blew out his knee
and didn't get to play pro.

As Heather points, Rothman swivels his head in interest
with sympathetic facial expressions.

ROTHMAN

Heather, I didn't know you went to
Walkerton High.

HEATHER

In fact, I was a freshman when you were
a senior. Karen was a sophomore.

Both Heather and Rothman turn and see Karen withdraw into
herself.

Heather pats Karen's hand.

HEATHER

Karen, Rothman will help you.

Heather turns to Rothman and beams him a smile.

Rothman beams a smile back.

Louie looks up at Rothman and licks his face.

A2-S45 EXT. SCHOOL, FRONT WALK - DAY

Showing the woman from the waist down, a woman wearing
white Capri pants and white running shoes walks a large
black dog in the park beside the school that Heather
teaches at.

A2-S46 INT. SCHOOL, HEATHER'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Heather has her back turned to her students as she writes
the nine times table on the blackboard.

A loud BARKING from the open window startles the children
and many run to see the commotion.

First she glances and turns to the children.

HEATHER

Get back to your seats, children. It's
just a dog.

The dog BARKS incessantly.

The children at the window LAUGH, SCREAM, CRY.

Cocking her head to listen to the bark, Heather rushes to
the window.

HEATHER

That sounds like Rusty. But where is...?
Mom!

Heather looks through the window and sees Rusty jump at the
tree at a squirrel who teases him from a high branch.

Her mother, Sandra, lies face down on the ground.

She still holds on the leash with her arms extended above
her head which jerk as the dog jumps.

Sandra's clothes are covered in grass stains, dirt and
black dog hair.

Heather GASPS as she covers her mouth with her hand and
wipes it down her chin.

HEATHER

I should have given her a smaller dog.

A2-S47 EXT. ADULT SHOP - DAY

The adult shop displays a mannequin with sexy lingerie and
a riding crop in her hand in the front window.

Heather and Karen stand outside the store and take their
cell phones out of their purses.

Louie peeks out of Heather's purse.

KAREN

OK Heather, you have your cell phone set on camera to take pictures and I have my cell phone set to audio recording.

HEATHER

Neat-0! I feel like a spy.

Karen GIGGLES.

KAREN

Adult entertainment espionage.

Louie gives a little YELP.

Heather rubs Louie's head and puts her finger to her mouth.

HEATHER

But you have to be real quiet.

A2-S48 INT. ADULT SHOP - DAY

The store is rigged with video cameras at each corner and over the CASHIER.

The cashier, a hippy-style senior woman, sucks on a penis lollipop while she does the books on the counter.

Heather and Karen walk up to the display rack of DVDs.

Heather holds her camera in front of her and WHISPERS.

HEATHER

I'm going to pretend to be texting someone.

A loud CLICK of the camera has the senior woman pull out her sucker and look at the women.

Karen grabs Heather's cell phone and whispers.

KAREN

Turn off your shutter tone.

Heather grabs a DVD of an ordinary married couple lovemaking.

HEATHER

Why doesn't our company stock these?
I bet women would want to buy them.

KAREN

Why don't you buy it? You can use it
when you and Rothman get together.

Heather blushes and drops the movie.

As she bends to pick it up, a CREEPY GUY with combed-over
jelled-hair bends over to pick up the DVD and they bump
heads.

CREEPY GUY

This must be your first.

Karen pulls Heather past the lingerie to the next aisle
where there are silicon-flesh models of genitals and
buttocks of porn stars.

Karen WHISPERS into her cell phone.

KAREN

Look! There's Ravishing Rachel.

The guy slides up to the two women.

HEATHER

I like Luscious Lucy better.

CREEPY GUY

She looks better than she feels.

The two women look at each other.

KAREN

Ick!

HEATHER

T.M.I.

Heather grabs Karen's hand and pulls her into the next
aisle.

The cashier looks at the activity on a split-screen
monitor.

Heather stops abruptly in front of a gigantic glass spiky anal plug.

HEATHER

Ooo! Who would use that?

KAREN

How would they use it?

The creepy guy struts up to the women.

CREEPY GUY

I have one of those. Let's go back to my place to party!

Karen turns to the guy and shoves him.

He trips and falls against the lube display which spills onto the floor.

He steps on a lube tube that squirts up to his face.

As he tries to right himself, he grabs a shelf and knocks the feather tickler of sparkle powder which explodes on his head.

Louie pokes out his head and GROWLS.

Heather snaps away on her camera.

Karen grabs her to leave.

KAREN

I think we have done enough research for tonight.

They exit the store.

The cashier heads over and looks at the man.

CASHIER

Fred, what trouble did you get into tonight?

Fred wipes the sparkle powder off his cheek and licks his finger.

CREEPY GUY

Mmm. Kiwi.

A2-S49 EXT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Establishing shot of the shopping mall.

A2-S50 INT. SHOPPING MALL, OUTSIDE JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Establishing shot of the jewelry store.

A2-S51 INT. SHOPPING MALL, INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

At the jewelry counter, Heather and Sandra stand with a female COUNTER CLERK.

As he walks by, Martin sees his daughter and ex-wife, stops and looks at them.

The clerk brings forward a velvet display board.

Sandra has some trouble taking off her rings.

She gives a big SIGH.

SANDRA

There.

Martin steps up and speaks.

MARTIN

What are you doing?

HEATHER

Dad! What are you doing here?

Sandra looks at Martin with a smirk.

SANDRA

Hello Martin. I'm changing something old for something new.

MARTIN

But that was your engagement ring.

SANDRA

Not any more.

HEATHER

Dad, you didn't tell me what you were doing here.

MARTIN

I was just doing some errands and I saw the two of you.

The clerk hands Sandra a receipt.

COUNTER CLERK

Your new designs should be done in two weeks.

Sandra pulls out a business card and hands it to the clerk.

SANDRA

Here is my business card with my phone number. Check out the website for some unique women's products.

HEATHER

Give Dad a card to give to Brittany to check out the website.

Sandra hands Martin a card.

SANDRA

I'm so glad Heather introduced me to this source of financial freedom.

HEATHER

Come on, mom. We'll be late for our pedicures.

The two women leave the store.

Martin looks in awe at the business card.

The clerk looks at Martin.

COUNTER CLERK

Is there anything I can help you with, sir?

Martin moves to the counter.

MARTIN

Yes, maybe you can.

A2-S52 EXT. WOMEN'S CENTER - DAY

Establishing shot of the Women's Center.

A2-S53 INT. WOMEN'S CENTER, HALLWAY - DAY

Poster on the wall: 'Today's Talk: "THE ULTIMATE ORGASM" by Karen & Heather'.

Two women walk up to the door.

One points at the poster.

The two women open the door and walk in.

A2-S54 INT. WOMEN'S CENTER, MEETING ROOM - DAY

Karen and Heather stand behind a table covered with different items: a purple penis, a whip, a blind fold, a feather tickler, a vulva puppet, assorted vibrators, and lubricants.

Off to one side is a screen with a projector setup.

Women enter the room and seat themselves.

Karen is already miced up.

Heather struggles with the mic cord going up her top to clip on the edge of her blouse.

The mic gets turned on.

HEATHER

It's stuck in my bra.

The women in the audience LAUGH.

KAREN

Your mic's on.

Karen goes over to Heather and sticks her hand down her top.

The audience OOHS and AAHS with the antics.

CRACKLE, RUSTLE, then the mic goes off.

A LESBIAN in the room gives a CAT CALL.

KAREN

Thank you for coming.

A woman GIGGLES.

HEATHER

Yes, that's why we're here. To help you to come.

Karen pulls up on the screen a title 'FOREPLAY' with a sexy couple in the bathtub with a bare-chested man.

Heather picks up a riding whip and flicks it at her outstretched hand.

On the screen, a title 'FANTASY PLAY' with a smiling man with a blindfold, who lies on the bed handcuffed to the headboard.

Turning sideways, Karen sticks her butt invitingly to Heather who whips it.

Karen GIGGLES and turns partly to the audience and Heather slaps her thigh.

Karen OOHS.

Karen turns fully to the audience and Heather raises the whip and Karen bends forward and covers her genitals with her hands and grins seductively.

Heather drops the whip and gives the audience a wink.

FADE TO BLACK.

On the screen, the title 'G SPOT' with a tousled-haired woman who lies back on a pillow.

HEATHER

I am going to use Karen to help me demonstrate the best sexual position for a woman to have an orgasm.

Standing sideways, Heather pulls Karen into a spooning position.

The lesbian CAT CALLS and beckons with her finger.

KAREN

Yes, that's right. That's the proper way to stroke your g-spot.

HEATHER

But watch out for gushers.

The screen shows a waterfall.

The audience LAUGHS.

FADE TO BLACK.

Karen picks up the vulva puppet and manipulates it.

KAREN

Ladies, I hope you liked our talk. Please feel free to ask questions, make a purchase or book a party.

HEATHER

We accept cash, checks or credit cards.

The lesbian WHOOPS.

LESBIAN

Do you give quantity discounts?

Karen gives her a wink.

KAREN

We can meet privately to discuss that.

LESBIAN

Mm. With both of you?

MONTAGE OF SCENES:

A2-S55 EXT. BUNGALOW HOUSE - NIGHT

In the driveway of an aluminum sided bungalow, Heather opens her trunk and lifts up a picnic basket full of multi-colored didoes and feather ticklers.

She turns, holding the heavy basket with two hands and waddles to the door.

Happy women look out the window.

A2-S56 LATER:

Happy women exit the house with pink or black plastic bags.

Heather comes out and holds the noticeably lighter basket by the handle, and skips along.

A2-S57 EXT. BIG BRICK COLONIAL HOUSE - DAY

A shirtless 6-pack abs man exits the house in a 'Chippendale' outfit: tuxedo pants, cummerbund, white cuffs with cuff links, white collar with bow tie, and white gloves.

He takes the heavy basket out of Heather's trunk as she closes it. His abs ripple as he lifts it.

He walks in front of her as she admires his tight butt.

A2-S58 INT. BIG BRICK COLONIAL LIVING ROOM - DAY

Other male models dressed in the same attire serve the women drinks or snacks.

The women watch and drool over a male shaking the martini shaker while he flexes his pectorals.

The women APPLAUD and CHEER as the male places the basket on a table and Heather takes the items out.

SUPER: A FEW HOURS LATER

As the male picks up a tickler to put back into the basket, a woman grabs it and tickles his abs but he shakes his finger at her.

He picks up a string with ben wa balls and twirls them on his finger as he smiles suggestively.

The woman sticks a bill into his cummerbund, winks and grabs his tie and leads him to the stairs.

At a corner table, Heather sorts her cash, checks and credit card slips.

She looks around the room and beams.

A2-S59 EXT. HIGH-END CONDO BUILDING - NIGHT

Heather & Sandra walk up with their trolleys.

A2-S60 INT. HIGH-END CONDO BUILDING, ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Heather pulls her trolley into the elevator followed by Sandra with her own trolley.

Three GIGGLING women come into the elevator.

One woman grabs a pink and black flogger from the top of the basket and hits her friends to excited SQUEALS.

A2-S61 INT. HIGH END CONDO BUILDING, ROOFTOP PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

At the rooftop party room, half-empty wine glasses, partially eaten food and crumpled napkins litter the tables lighted with candles.

The same three women each have a pink or black gift bag.

They each pull an article of lingerie out of the bags and LAUGH: a French maid, a naughty nurse and a baby-doll negligee.

Heather sits at a table with a portable adding machine.

Sandra packs a fancy dildo into its box after removing its batteries and spritzing it with toy cleaner.

A2-S62 EXT. SANDRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A 'PURE ROMANCE' logoed utility vehicle pulls up in Sandra's driveway.

Heather and Sandra exit and unload the boxes onto a trolley.

At the front door, Sandra turns to Heather with an electric smile.

SANDRA

OK, my Heather Gurley Brown. Will it be white wine or chamomile tea?

HEATHER

Oh, I'd love to Mom but I've left the dogs too long. I'm going to take a long hot bubbly bath with Roger...the dog. He's been so smelly lately.

Sandra gives Heather a big hug.

SANDRA

Give him a big scratch behind the ears for me. As soon as I unpack, I'll take Rusty for a long walk.

Heather gives Sandra a big kiss and walks to her car at the curb.

A2-S63 EXT. HEATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Heather's house is totally dark but dogs HOWL, BARK and YIPP.

The next door neighbor's house is fully lighted.

A male comes out onto his porch, looks at the dark house while he talks on his cell phone.

A woman who walks her dog crosses the street.

An animal control van and a police car pull into Heather's driveway.

Two burly guys exit the van with poles with a loop at the end.

A POLICE OFFICER with a small battering ram exits his car.

Just as the three walk up to the front door, Heather pulls up in her car. Her car BACKFIRES.

The police officer reaches for his gun and then shakes his head.

Heather jumps out and rushes to the front door as she grabs her keys out of her pocket.

HEATHER
I'm here. I'm here.

She opens the door and YELLS into the house at the dogs.

HEATHER
I'm sorry I'm late.
I haven't been gone long.

The police officer hands Heather a noise violation ticket.

POLICE OFFICER
Sorry mam, but since you have ignored
three summons for noise violations, I
have to present you with this ticket.

Heather looks at the ticket: \$2,000.00 fine.

HEATHER
Oh, my god. They haven't been that
noisy.

POLICE OFFICER
Our noise inspector has measured
105 decibels on a few occasions.
The maximum is 85.

HEATHER
It's that high?

The woman across the street with her dog nods her head in agreement.

One of the burly guys gives Heather a citation.

BURLY GUY

Mam, we have the authority to remove some of these dogs. Under city bylaw, you are allowed to keep a maximum of three.

HEATHER

Only three? Where are you taking them? What are you going to be doing with them?

The two burly men go into the house, take dogs out of the house and put them into the truck.

HEATHER

These are rescue dogs. They can't be in cages. They hate cages.

Heather CRYs as she fishes her cell phone out of her pocket and punches in numbers.

HEATHER

Mother, where are you? Are you walking Rusty?

Neighbors stand and watch from their porches.

Max puts his paws on her chest.

The burly guy yanks on his leash and Max YELPS.

HEATHER

Stop. You're hurting him. Don't you love dogs?

BURLY GUY

You can't keep all of them.

Heather snatches the leash out of his hand.

HEATHER

You said I could keep three. I'm keeping Max.

The burly guy shrugs and grabs another dog and takes it to the vehicle.

Heather sees the neighbors on their porches.

HEATHER

Are you satisfied now? Can't you take one of them? They need a good home. That dog is going to die because of you.

Heather collapses on her porch and CRIES.

Louie pokes his head out of her purse and licks her tears.

HEATHER

You stay hidden so I can keep one more dog.

Her phone RINGS.

HEATHER

Hello? Karen, where are you? They're taking the dogs away! What should I do?

Heather stands up in awe.

HEATHER

Oh. OK.

A2-S64 INT. LAWRENCE'S REAL ESTATE OFFICE, BOARDROOM - NIGHT

Rothman stands behind a table and staples plastic campaign flyers onto metal frames.

He pauses and stretches and sees Heather knock at the door.

He walks over and lets Heather into the room.

ROTHMAN

Hi Heather. Have you come to volunteer?

HEATHER

Oh, your mayoral campaign? How is that going?

ROTHMAN

I'm showing well in the polls.

HEATHER

You're a shoe-in as mayor. In fact,
I'll need your help as mayor sooner than
later.

Rothman leads Heather to the table and hands her a stapler
and shows her the construction.

ROTHMAN

What sort of help do you need?

He picks up a stand and pulls over a plastic sign and
staples the bottom at each corner.

Heather looks at him and grabs the box of stands, it
sticks, and the stands fall all over the floor.

As they both bend over, they bump heads.

They both say 'OW'.

They both sit down on the ground and rub their heads.

ROTHMAN

Are you OK?

Rothman leans over, rubs her head and leans into a kiss.

Heather sees his move and leans in to kiss him.

Their lips touch.

Heather's skirt RIPS with her awkward position.

Rothman has a glint in his eye as he looks at her exposed
thigh.

He reaches over to touch her thigh and Heather grabs his
hand.

HEATHER

The reason I'm here is I need your help.

A2-S65 INT. HEATHER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

With a red sexy furry blindfold over her eyes, Heather in a
silky lounge coat leans back in bed with her head propped
up with pillows.

She wears headphones and has her face scrunched up in ecstasy.

Louie lies on her shoulder and licks her neck.

On the floor beside the bed, two medium size dogs SNORE.

At the foot of the bed, Max wags his tail and licks at Heather's manicured toes which curl spasmodically.

Rhythmic POUNDING resounds in the room.

Heather MOANS.

The POUNDING gets louder.

Heather jerks up from the bed and Louie tumbles from her neck with a YELP.

She lifts her blindfold up with her left hand and pulls out her left ear plug.

Her right hand comes up with a medium-sized flashing purple toy and pulls out the right earplug.

As she clutches her robe with her left hand, she swings her feet down and steps on the two sleeping dogs as she stands up.

They YELP and run.

She SCREAMS.

A2-S66 INT. HEATHER'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

As she walks to the front door, she tangles up on a cord and trips.

As she straightens up and pulls her door open, Max nudges her butt forward.

The door opens and Heather lurches forward with the twirling purple stick making a light-saber noise.

A2-S67 EXT. HEATHER'S HOUSE, FRONT PORCH - DAY

Heather falls forward and SCREAMS into the stomach of a SHERIFF with a raised hammer in his hand.

The Sheriff's eyes pop open and he gives a silent scream.

Max bolts between Heather's legs and leaps and knocks the Sheriff to the ground and licks his face.

Heather looks down on the sheriff and her dog.

She looks at the dildo in her right hand, finds no pocket on her robe so hides it behind her back.

HEATHER

Max! Get off that man.

Heather notices the Sheriff's uniform and hammer.

Louie and the two medium-sized dogs run out of the house.

Louie runs over to the neighbor's lawn and relieves himself.

The neighbor looks out the window.

Max and the two medium-sized dogs run in circles and BARK.

Heather MOANS in dismay.

HEATHER

What are you doing with that hammer?

The Sheriff points the hammer at the door.

He struggles to get up.

Heather turns to see an eviction notice nailed on the door.

The sheriff sees the dildo behind her back.

SHERIFF

They can't get you out fast enough.

She reaches for the notice with her left hand and her robe opens to reveal a sheer lacy nightie.

SHERIFF

Lady, come on now.

Heather pulls her robe back together with her right hand holding the dildo and rips the eviction notice off the front door with her left hand.

The sheriff walks away and shakes his head.

HEATHER

Doggies, come in.

She releases her robe and snatches up Louie.

Max and the two medium-sized dogs come in and she SLAMS the door.

A2-S68 INT. MARTIN'S CONDO, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Heather sits and CRIES on the white leather couch with a slobbering boxer beside her.

Louie pops his head in and out of her purse and licks her hand.

Puffing on a cigar, Martin sits on the leather chair beside the couch.

A couple of large glasses of red wine and a bowl of nachos and a bowl of salsa sit on the glass and chrome coffee table.

Also, balls of tissue litter the coffee table as well as the stained eviction notice and the animal control bylaw violation notice.

MARTIN

But Heather, have you looked outside the city to board the dogs? The county doesn't care about how many dogs you have.

HEATHER

On a farm? School starts at eight o'clock. I would have to get up before dark.

Martin leans back and puffs.

Heather leans in and breathes the smoke.

HEATHER

I miss your cigar smell.
Does Brittany let you smoke in here?

Martin shrugs.

Brittany comes into the living room into a haze of cigar smoke.

She fans her face and COUGHS.

BRITTANY

You are ONLY allowed to smoke those in the den. That stench will never come out of the carpeting. And the leather...

Besides drooling, the boxer chews on the piping of the pillow.

With a shaking finger, Brittany points at the boxer.

BRITTANY

What is that dog doing?

With her wine glass in her hand, Heather swings to the couch to look and spills the wine on couch and boxer.

The boxer jumps down from the couch and bumps the purse with Louie.

Louie jumps out of the purse onto the coffee table, upsetting the bowls and scattering the nachos and salsa on the white carpet.

The boxer shakes himself to splatter wine droplets on the rug before rolling in the nacho / salsa mess.

Brittany YELLS, STAMPS her feet and SCREAMS.

Louie runs in a circle before he squats and defecates on the rug.

Martin blows smoke rings and taps his ashes on the rug and looks at Heather.

MARTIN

Speaking of farm land, I have some property on the main highway that I use for storage for my construction equipment.

Heather first looks at Brittany then at Martin.

HEATHER

I won't come to your office but we can meet for lunch.

A2-S69 INT. HEATHER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Heather opens the kitchen door that leads to the back yard and five dogs run in.

Heather turns and picks up Louie and kicks the door shut behind her.

The door closes but doesn't latch.

A2-S70 INT. HEATHER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As Heather walks through the living room, one perky dog goes over to her dildo box which isn't fully latched.

He puts his paw on the box.

A2-S71 INT. HEATHER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Heather lies in bed with a blindfold and Louie licks her face.

We hear frantic DOG BARKING.

HEATHER

I'm coming; I'm coming.

As Heather gets out of bed, kicking off the covers, her bullet vibrator falls on the floor. She steps on it and YELPS.

She pulls the blindfold onto her forehead, grabs Louie under one arm and limps to the kitchen.

A2-S72 INT. HEATHER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen door is fully opened.

She sees a dildo on the floor as she steps on another one.

She yanks the blindfold off and pulls her hair with a CRY.

She puts Louie down and turns to see the open and empty dildo box in the living room.

A2-S73 EXT. HEATHER'S HOUSE, BACK STEPS - DAY

Heather sees four dogs running in the yard with the dildos.

One of the neighbors looks out of their window.

Another neighbor with a mug stands on her porch to watch.

Heather waves.

HEATHER

Hi, Mrs. Peterson.

She sees one of the dogs stuck in the fence with its back feet kicking up clogs of dirt onto her nightgown.

A clot of dirt hits her face.

She looks up to see her other ANGRY NEIGHBOR on his cellphone.

She grabs the back of the dog and gets muddy and scratched.

As she tries to pull him from the fence, she sees the dildo stuck in the fence.

In a full beet-red blush, she points and stutters.

HEATHER

Excuse me. Could you please help me with my dog's toy?

ANGRY NEIGHBOR

What? You don't have the balls to take your dick out of our fence?

Louie runs up to Heather with the riding crop.

The neighbor rolls his eyes.

A2-S74 INT. HEATHER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Heather lays draped on her couch.

Louie lies on her chest and licks her face.

Max licks her hand which holds the riding crop.

A POUNDING is heard at the front door.

Heather wearily gets off the couch with Louie under her arm and shoos away Max who licks her hand.

She opens the door to see the Sheriff and two Animal Control Officers.

The Sheriff waves his warrant at her nose.

One of the Animal Control Officers has a stick with a noose at the end while the other has a cage.

SHERIFF

Mam, we're now here to take all the dogs.

Max pokes his head between her legs with a drooling tongue.

One of the Animal Control Officers puts the noose on Max and pulls him forward.

Heather reels back almost falling.

HEATHER

What are you doing to Max?

The other Animal Control Officer reaches forward to grab Louie.

Heather swats him with her riding crop.

HEATHER

No, you can't take this one.

Heather runs away from the front door.

The Sheriff follows her and grabs her arm.

SHERIFF

Mam, we have to take all the dogs.

Heather swats the Sheriff with the riding crop and runs into the kitchen.

A2-S75 INT. HEATHER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY.

The Officer with the noose grabs another dog in the kitchen.

HEATHER

Stop it!

Heather grabs one of the dildos from the drain board and throws it at the Officer's crotch.

OFFICER ONE YELPS then leaves through the back door with OFFICER TWO with a dog in the cage.

OFFICER ONE

What about the little dog?

OFFICER TWO

She's crazy. Leave it for the Sheriff.
He has a gun.

Heather turns to face the Sheriff.

A2-S76 EXT. SCHOOL, PARKING LOT - DAY

Heather gets out of her car and goes to her trunk and opens it.

A gust of wind comes up and grabs a bunch of Pure Romance flyers and strews them across the parking lot.

A couple of grade eight boys stoop and pick up a couple of flyers.

They stand and read them and LAUGH and GIGGLE.

INSERT: Pure Romance flyers with pictures of lingerie

Heather runs after the boys as they dodge between the cars and pick up more flyers.

The principal comes out of the back door and surveys the action.

She stands and sticks out her hand.

The two boys go up to her and give her the flyers with their heads down.

They run away behind her and GIGGLE.

She turns around and frowns at them.

She shakes her head.

She looks at the flyers.

She meets Heather at her trunk to tuck in the flyers.

A box pops open and a few dildos fall out in the trunk.

The principal SLAMS down the trunk and turns to Heather.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

After you clean out your desk, please
come and see me.

SUPER: AN HOUR LATER

Heather struggles to open the back school door while juggling a box.

Jutting out of the box are a skipping rope, expanding ruler, a giant Eiffel tower statue with a wool cap on top, a vase with a dead flower, a ratty sweater, a rubber boot.

Louie pokes his head out of her purse that is slung from her shoulder. In his mouth he holds a child's drawing.

She goes to the back of the car and props the box on her bumper.

She balances the box with her left hand while she fishes with her right hand for her car keys stuck in her bra.

She leans in to open the trunk and bangs her head on the Eiffel tower.

As the trunk opens, Louie jumps out of her purse which upsets the box and everything tumbles into the trunk.

Heather leans forward as she tries to grab the box, and bangs her head on the trunk lid.

Heather sees Louie run around the car with the drawing.

HEATHER

Louie come back with that! That's my favorite drawing.

Heather shoves the box further into the trunk and slams the trunk lid.

She goes to the driver's door and opens it.

HEATHER

Louie, come on in.

Louie runs around the car again.

Heather leans in and turns on the ignition. It makes a few CLANKING and GROANING NOISES.

Black smoke belches from the hood.

A2-S77 EXT. HEATHER'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD - DAY

A bus pulls away as Heather steps onto the sidewalk.

The sheriff stands near the door as two men move out furniture into a moving van parked in her driveway.

Her neighbor stands smug as he watches.

Louie peeks out of her purse with the drawing still in his mouth.

Heather collapses on her lawn with Louie on her lap.

A2-S78 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Establishing shot of construction site.

A2-S79 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE, STORAGE UNIT - DAY

At a storage unit, Heather pushes a chair leg into the jammed space.

Her father puts a lock on the unit and turns to give Heather the key.

MARTIN

So Heather, why can't you stay at your mother's? She has extra bedrooms. I only have a small den full of Brittany's clothes.

HEATHER

Dad, I didn't just lose my house, I also lost my job. I want to stay with Karen because she'll teach me, show me, force me to make money with Pure Romance. Mom would just coddle me.

Martin stares off dreamily.

MARTIN

Yah, your mom is good at taking care of people isn't she.

A2-S80 INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT, LOBBY - DAY

Loaded down with bags, boxes and suitcases, Karen and Heather are aghast to find the elevator 'out of service'.

KAREN

What a day to do maintenance!

HEATHER

Thank god you aren't at the penthouse.

KAREN

The fourth floor is high enough when you're doing the stairs.

A2-S81 INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT, STAIRWELL - DAY

The two women trudge up the stairs stopping every second step with their loads.

KAREN

I was just thinking if I'm taking you under my wing for Pure Romance, you have to promise me to do whatever I tell you no matter how silly or rude you may think it is.

HEATHER

Since meeting you, my outlook on sex certainly has broadened.

A gay man walks past them with his fingers outstretched with a woman's underwear.

GAY MAN

Excuse me. I believe this is yours.

The girls GIGGLE and Heather grabs the item.

The GAY MAN gives them a limp wrist wiggley finger wave.

GAY MAN

Have fun sisters.

Karen hauls up the bags.

KAREN

Heather, you're dating a lawyer. Why didn't you bring him to your hearing?

Heather stumbles on the stairs.

A studded collar falls out of the top of the box.

HEATHER

What hearing?

Karen picks up the collar and hands it to Heather to put back into the box.

KAREN

You idiot! Didn't you read about your procedural options when you got your eviction notice?

Heather pushes items further into the box.

Karen GASPS!

KAREN

You crumpled it up and threw it away. Didn't you?

An elder woman, MRS. PUCHINSKI, walks down the stairs and stares into the box and GIGGLES with her hand to her mouth.

Karen nods her head between Heather and the old woman.

KAREN

Heather, give Mrs. Puchinski your card and you'll...

Heather gives Karen a stunned look then clues in.

HEATHER

Yes, Mrs. Puchinski. We, I'll call you when we are having our next party. Real soon.

MRS. PUCHINSKI

Oh good. I'll bring my fruitcake.

Mrs. Puchinski winks and slowly goes down the stairs.

KAREN

Tomorrow morning, we'll go to the court house to file an appeal.

HEATHER

Yes, mam.

Heather salutes to Karen.

Her hand slips on the suitcase and it thuds down the stairs to the landing where it pops open and scatters her clothes.

Karen shakes her head.

A2-S82 EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Establishing shot of exterior of city hall.

A2-S83 INT. CITY HALL, RECORDS DEPT - DAY

Karen and Heather walk up to the counter with the records sign.

A perky young woman, RECORDS CLERK, comes up to them with a form.

RECORDS CLERK

Please fill out the address and I
will bring you the appropriate
land title book.

Heather hands back the form to the woman who comes back with a heavy leather-bound book.

HEATHER

We could have helped you with that!

The records clerk shrugs and drops the book on the counter.

Karen flips through the pages to the street.

KAREN

Here's your street.

Heather leans over and looks over Karen's shoulder.

HEATHER

Look! My nasty neighbor doesn't
even own his own house. It's
owned by Spencer Holdings.

KAREN

Also, the neighbor on your other
side and your house.

HEATHER

Spencer? That's Rothman's last name.
You don't suppose..

The records clerk walks by and Karen motions to her.

KAREN

Excuse me. Can you find out for us
who owns Spencer Holdings?

RECORDS CLERK

I don't have to look that up. That's
our hot new mayoral candidate Rothman
Spencer. I hope he wins. I wouldn't
mind working under him.

Karen and Heather step back and stare at each other.

Heather SHOUTS OUT in increasing volume going from
puzzlement to anger.

HEATHER

Rothman.
Rothman.
ROTHMAN!

A2-S84 EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Rothman and Lawrence walk up the stairs of city hall to the
front door.

LAWRENCE

Remember that house I told you about
that I had to evict the unruly tenant?

ROTHMAN

You evicted them already?

LAWRENCE

Yes. I got a buyer to double your
investment.

Karen and Heather burst through the front doors.

They bump into the two men.

Heather shoves Rothman and points at him.

HEATHER

You! How could you? I thought you cared
about me. You threw me out on the street.

Lawrence tries to shrink into the background.

KAREN

I'm going to the media with this. Your candidacy is over. They'll never elect a ruthless slum landlord like you.

Karen grabs Heather.

Heather turns and sticks her tongue out at the men.

Karen hauls Heather away.

Rothman turns to Lawrence who won't meet his eyes.

ROTHMAN

That unruly tenant you evicted.

Rothman grabs Lawrence by the lapels, shakes him as Lawrence STUTTERS.

ROTHMAN

Please don't tell me that was Heather.

LAWRENCE

It's business. You'll make a lot of money.

Rothman lets him go and walks away to leave Lawrence at the steps.

A2-S85 INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT, PARKING GARAGE - DAY

In the underground parking lot, Karen and Heather get out of Karen's car.

Karen holds her key fob in her hand and BEEPS the car locked.

Heather jerks her purse onto her shoulder.

HEATHER

...and I was going to give that man my virginity and he goes and takes my house away.

From behind a pillar, steps Ace.

ACE

If you want to lose your virginity, I'm
up for the job.

Karen pales and drops the keys.

She reaches down to grab them but Ace grabs them first.

ACE

Not so fast. Your two weeks are up.

Ace grabs Karen's hair at the back of her neck and pulls
her towards him.

ACE

You thought a note from your lawyer
would get rid of me? I don't give up
that easily.

Heather puts her purse on the ground and whips items out.

Ace turns and stares at her as he yanks Karen to the
elevator.

ACE

We're going to your apartment so you
can write me a check for the fifty
thousand you owe me.

KAREN

Heather, what are you doing? Why aren't
you helping me? I can see your cell
phone. Call for help.

Heather aims a small aerosol can and sprays Ace in the
face.

Ace SCREAMS, releases Karen and rubs his eyes.

Karen stomps his foot with her high heel, knees his crotch,
elbows him in the gut, and punches him in the nose.

Heather grabs her phone and dials.

The elevator door opens and an elderly couple stand and
watch with their mouths open wide.

Ace limps away.

ACE

I know you got the money. I see how much you are making from those parties.

HEATHER

Karen doesn't owe you any money. It's time you got a job.

A2-S86 INT. LAWRENCE'S OFFICE, BOARDROOM - DAY

Volunteers go about their chores in this makeshift mayoral office.

Rothman strides into the room and looks around.

ROTHMAN

Excuse me everybody. I have an important announcement. Thank you, all of you, for your hard work and generous donation of your time and your enthusiastic support. I will unfortunately have to withdraw from the candidacy.

The group GASPS, MOANS and general SOUNDS OF PROTEST.

ROTHMAN

I'm very, very sorry to have to do this to you. I have made some bad business decisions and behaved in a way I am not proud of. The media will make sure I will not get elected.

The group continues to protest.

Lawrence enters the room and the group turns to look at him.

LAWRENCE

Rothman, honestly, I didn't know it was Heather living in that house.

ROTHMAN

Lawrence, it's already done. It's over.

With a sigh, Rothman turns wearily to the volunteers.

ROTHMAN

Mr. Green would appreciate your help in packing up all the candidacy materials. Thank you again for all your help.

Rothman leaves and Lawrence stares after him.

A2-S87 EXT. LAWRENCE'S REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

Brittany saunters up to the front door of the real estate office.

Rothman opens the door and steps out.

Brittany steps up and touches Rothman's arm.

BRITTANY

Oh, hi Rothman. If there is anything I can do to help your campaign? Or you?

Brittany bats her eyelashes.

ROTHMAN

Forget it. It's over.

Brittany stares with gaping mouth at Rothman as he walks away.

As she opens the door, campaign worker one walks out with a big box obstructing her view and bumps Brittany.

Brittany teeters back on her ridiculous heels.

BRITTANY

Hey! Watch where you're going!

The woman peeps around the box in shock.

CAMPAIGN WORKER ONE

Oh, I'm so sorry.

Still holding the door, Brittany is just about to enter when another woman leans around her pile of boxes.

CAMPAIGN WORKER TWO

Hold the door please.

As she passes Brittany, she comments.

CAMPAIGN WORKER TWO

Thank you.

Brittany glares at the woman with gritted teeth.

BRITTANY

You're welcome.

She leans into the door to look around.

BRITTANY

Anyone else? I'm coming in now.

She steps into the doorway as another woman barrels through with bags.

CAMPAIGN WORKER THREE

Wait for me!

She bangs into Brittany who lands on her butt like a rag doll. Her ponytail falls out and her hair is askew.

As Brittany SCREAMS, the woman tries to help her.

CAMPAIGN WORKER THREE

I'm so sorry.

Brittany swats the woman's hand away.

BRITTANY

Don't touch me you old cow.

Lawrence comes through the door and sees Brittany.

LAWRENCE

I'll take care of her now.

Lawrence bends over and cradles her in his arms and they kiss passionately.

Martin walks up the path and sees the two and CLEARS his throat.

MARTIN

I'll move my things to the office.
Don't bother coming to work
tomorrow.

Campaign Worker Three watches the drama unfold and smiles broadly.

A3-S1 EXT. KAREN'S APARTMENT, DOOR - NIGHT

Heather and Karen walk up to the apartment door.

As Karen reaches with her key, Mrs. Puchinski holds the door open for them.

MRS. PUCHINSKI
Here you go girls.

KAREN
Thank you, Mrs. Puchinski, but you shouldn't be letting people in that may not live in this building.

The old lady just waves a hand at them.

Karen and Heather shrug at each other.

A3-S2 INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY DOOR - NIGHT

Karen struggles to get her key into the lock.

HEATHER
We can try my new key that you gave me.

Heather opens her purse and Louie has the key in his mouth.

HEATHER
Thank you, Louie.

Karen takes the key, inserts it into the lock, but she wiggles the key without opening.

The door handle moves and the door opens.

KAREN
It worked after all.

A3-S3 INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The women walk into the apartment.

Karen flips on the light.

Heather kicks the door closed.

Ace steps from behind the door with a fish-gutting knife.

Heather SCREAMS when Ace grabs Karen by her ponytail and presses the knife against her throat.

ACE

Where's my money?

KAREN

I told you I wasn't going to give you any money.

Ace pricks her neck with the knife and blood flows.

HEATHER

Karen! It's not worth your life.
What about your mother's jewelry?

ACE

Yah. What about your mother's jewelry?

KAREN

OK, OK. Heather, go into my purse and get my safety deposit key.

Heather puts her purse down and Louie cowers inside it.

Heather grabs Karen's purse and pulls out a pad of tissues, a lipstick, a hairbrush, and a wallet.

ACE

Come on. Hurry it up.

Heather pulls out a large pink dildo and looks at it then at Karen who shrugs.

Ace pulls Karen's head back with one hand while with the other hand he swipes the knife down to cut off the end of the dildo and scrapes Heather's knuckles.

Heather SCREAMS, drops the dildo, and sucks on her bleeding knuckles.

ACE
You find that key or I'll cut off
Karen's nose.

Louie jumps out of the purse and GROWLS.

ACE
Shut that damn dog up or I'll shut it
up for you.

A3-S4 EXT. KAREN'S APARTMENT, DOOR - NIGHT

Rothman strides to the door, flowers in hand, and reads the
tenant directory.

Mrs. Puchinski holds open the door for him and winks.

MRS. PUCHINSKI
What a lucky girl!

ROTHMAN
If she'll talk to me.

MRS. PUCHINSKI
How could anyone be mad at you?

A3-S5 INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rothman stops at Karen's door and hears a SCREAM.

He POUNDS on the door.

A3-S6 INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Heather jumps up and steps towards the door.

ACE
One more step and Karen's done.

Karen hangs limp and SCREAMS.

KAREN
Help us! Help us!

Rothman bursts through the door.

Heather grabs Karen's arm and kicks Ace in the shin and unbalances him.

Ace's knife hand swings wildly.

Rothman whips the flowers into Ace's face.

Rothman comes up with his left hand and grabs Ace's wrist.

Rothman squeezes so hard that Ace HOWLS and drops the knife.

Rothman lets go of the flowers and punches Ace who falls down.

Louie grabs Ace's pant leg and tugs.

In the background, Karen PHONES the police.

HEATHER

How dare you hurt my friend!

Louie bites Ace's ankle and Ace MOANS.

Heather kicks Ace in the ribs and he curls up in pain.

Heather YELPS and hops around with her foot extended.

Rothman grabs her, hugs her and gives her a kiss.

Heather breaks away to look at Rothman and smiles.

She pulls him in for a longer deep kiss.

A3-S7 INT. SANDRA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sandra folds open the front page of the local newspaper.

The headline reads: 'Former Mayoral Candidate, embroiled in slum landlord controversy, rescues women from attacker'. Rothman's picture is prominent.

Nightly news on local TV station on TV set:

A FEMALE REPORTER announces from a news desk.

FEMALE REPORTER

In our studio tonight are Heather Wade and Karen Parker who were rescued from an attack last night.

A3-S8 EXT. TV STUDIO - DAY

Establishing shot of the TV Studio.

A3-S9 INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

The female reporter sits on a chair beside Heather and Karen.

Their names are superimposed under them.

Heather has Louie in her lap.

FEMALE REPORTER

Miss Wade, weren't you afraid for your life when you saw that man wielding a knife to your friend's neck?

HEATHER

No, I was more worried for Karen's life.

FEMALE REPORTER

You're a heroine. You almost lost your fingers in the attack.

Heather holds up her bandaged hand to the camera.

FEMALE REPORTER

Miss Parker, how did you feel when your ex-husband lunged at your friend with a knife?

KAREN

If it wasn't for Rothman Spencer, we could both be dead.

HEATHER

And little Louie helped too.

Louie looks at the camera and BARKS.

FEMALE REPORTER

And Heather, didn't you just uncover that Mr. Spencer was the landlord that evicted you from your home?

Heather opens her mouth to speak but is interrupted.

The female reporter puts her hand to her ear.

FEMALE REPORTER

Now live from downtown.

A3-S10 EXT. ROTHMAN'S LAW OFFICE - DAY

A number of reporters stand outside Rothman's office building as he walks up.

REPORTER 1

Mr. Spencer, is it true you forfeited your mayoral candidacy because you were afraid it was going to be made public that you are a slum landlord?

ROTHMAN

First of all, I withdrew my candidacy. Secondly, I found out that my real estate advisor had involved me in turn-around schemes that took advantage of vulnerable renters.

REPORTER 2

Is it true that one of the women you rescued last night from an armed man was one of those renters?

Rothman opens his mouth to speak.

A3-S11 INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

Heather opened mouth, blushes.

FEMALE REPORTER

Miss Wade, what exactly is your relationship with Mr. Spencer?

Split screen with Rothman's open mouth and Heather's open mouth.

A3-S12 INT. LAWRENCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Brittany sits in Lawrence's office filing her nails as Lawrence reads a letter.

BRITTANY

Come on. We're going to miss our reservation at Antonio's.

LAWRENCE

Just a minute. I have to decide how to proceed with this letter from the commissioner.

In a huff, Brittany grabs the remote off his desk and turns on the television in his cabinet.

On the screen the female reporter comments.

FEMALE REPORTER

Sources say real estate magnate Lawrence Green is under investigation for fraud for his mismanagement of the holdings of ex-mayoral candidate Rothman Spencer, among others.

Lawrence's picture flashes on the screen.

Brittany turns from the TV to SNARL at Lawrence.

He snatches the remote from her hand.

LAWRENCE

Give me that.

He shuts off the TV.

At the same time, Brittany tugs the letter from his hand.

BRITTANY

You give me that.

She moves her lips as she reads the letter.

BRITTANY

If you lose your license, you won't be able to afford me.

She throws the letter on the floor and stomps out with a flip of her hair.

Lawrence stands aback in shock with the remote in his hand.

A3-S13 INT. TV STUDIO, NEWSROOM - DAY

The female reporter sits at her news desk facing the camera.

A photo of Rothman Spencer displays behind her.

FEMALE REPORTER

Just days before the election, we have been inundated with messages demanding that local hero, Rothman Spencer, be re-instated as a candidate for mayor.

Behind her flashes up on the screen various emails with highlighted sentences.

FEMALE REPORTER

Our town needs a take-charge leader like Mr. Spencer.
Another email states: Anybody who owns up to his mistakes is a good apple in my book.
This email says: I liked his original platform. He's the best candidate.
Now let's go to our on-the-street reporter Live.

A3-S14 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A wandering MALE REPORTER goes up to various people.

MALE REPORTER

Good morning, sir. What are your thoughts on Rothman Spencer for mayor?

STREET OLDER MAN

Anyone who can keep his head in a crisis gets my vote.

MALE REPORTER

And you, mam?

STREET OLDER WOMAN
He's cute. He's got my vote.

The old man rolls his eyes.

The reporter approaches a group of young people.

MALE REPORTER
Do you think Rothman Spencer deserves a
second chance?

A YOUNG MAN moves his arms around as karate shots.

YOUNG MAN
Yeah, he's got great moves.

SECOND YOUNG MAN
I think my friend means we admire
Rothman's courage to fend off that
attacker.

YOUNG WOMAN
He cares about keeping our city safe.

MALE REPORTER
Now back to the news desk.

A3-S15 INT. TV STUDIO, NEWS DESK - DAY

FEMALE REPORTER
There you have it: level-headed, courageous
and cute.
To register your opinion on Rothman Spencer,
call or text the number on our screen; go on
line.

A3-S16 INT. CITY HALL, COUNCIL CHAMBERS - NIGHT

In the cavernous city hall council chambers, Rothman,
wearing his mayoral badge of office, sits at the center of
the table with the councilors and staff members arrayed
around him.

Heather and Martin stand at the podium with the television
and radio media taping them.

The city hall SECRETARY sits beside them with a laptop and a microphone.

SECRETARY

Now we are discussing item number forty. Motion to amend bylaw three hundred and sixty-three regarding light industrial zoning to be expanded to include an animal shelter and care facility.

ROTHMAN

We will now hear motions from the public.

SECRETARY

First presenters will be Miss Heather Wade and Mr. Martin Wade from Wade Construction and Storage Facilities.

Heather adjusts the microphone up and down from her cleavage to her mouth.

Rothman's head goes up and down watching her.

The secretary smirks as she watches Rothman.

Martin GRUNTS and grabs the microphone.

MARTIN

The bottom line is that I am offering my land for the animal shelter and care facility for one dollar to the city on condition that my daughter be on the board of directors for rescue and fundraising.

Heather raises her right hand and puts her left hand on her heart.

HEATHER

I pledge...

Martin nudges her and whispers in her ear.

Heather grabs at the microphone which falls on the floor with a big SQUAWK.

One councilor wakes up and looks around.

A woman councilor puts her hands over her ears, makes a face at Heather and turns to Rothman with a sneer.

Heather bends over to pick up the microphone and shows cleavage.

The male councilors and Rothman bend over their seats for a view.

The male cameraman follows with his camera.

The woman councilor, the secretary and the female radio announcer look at Rothman with a pout.

Heather stands up and straightens her blouse.

The secretary CLEARS HER THROAT.

SECRETARY

Is there any discussion?
All in favor?

Most of the councilors thrust their hands in the air.

The woman counselor finger waves at Rothman and blows him a kiss.

ROTHMAN

Motion passed.

Heather SCREAMS, jumps up and down and grabs her father.

She turns to Rothman and gives him a zing of a smile.

Rothman looks little-boy happy.

Louie peeks out of Heather's bag.

A3-S17 EXT. KAREN'S APARTMENT, CURBSIDE - DAY

An econo-line van conversion sits at the curb.

A colorful vehicle wrap shows the animal shelter on one half and the PURE ROMANCE business on the other half with the same on the other side.

Karen pulls a high end suitcase while Heather carries a box that she has trouble balancing.

Wearing fancy new shoes, Heather trips and spills dildos, whips and eye masks.

Karen picks up a weird anal toy.

KAREN

You had a customer buy this?

HEATHER

You just have to know your customers.
You'll never guess who called.

KAREN

Who?

HEATHER

Principal Anderson.

KAREN

You have surpassed your master.

HEATHER

Wait till you see how they have outfitted
my van. I don't have to worry about
dropping things on my way to parties.

Louie jumps out of the van into Heather's arms.

Louie wears a hot pink sweater and sports a diamond collar.

A3-S18 INT. HEATHER'S VAN - DAY

Heather opens the back of the van and Karen sees the cages on one side and the labeled product storage units on the other side.

Heather pulls down stairs and leads Karen to the front of the van where she pops up the roof.

Heather pulls down a table and two chairs from the side.

HEATHER

This is my office on the go.

The two women hug.

HEATHER

Remember, you're coming tomorrow night
for dinner.

A3-S19 EXT. HEATHER'S NEW TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing shot OF Heather's new townhouse.

A3-S20 INT. HEATHER'S TOWNHOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sandra fusses in the kitchen.

SANDRA

For three women, you're cooking a lot
of food.

HEATHER

For a skinny woman, Karen eats a lot.

A KNOCK on the door and Karen walks in with a large bottle
of wine.

KAREN

My ears were burning. What were you
saying about me?

Karen kisses Sandra on the cheek.

SANDRA

Heather thinks we can eat all of this.

KAREN

I doubt that but I know we can drink this.

Karen puts the wine on the table and takes glasses out of
the cupboard.

She pours the wine and hands the glasses to the women.

Sandra raises her glass.

SANDRA

We need to toast our success and
especially to you, Karen, as an excellent
teacher.

The women toast and take a sip of their wine.

The doorbell RINGS.

Louie runs to the door and BARKS.

Heather looks guilty and dribbles wine down her cheek into her cleavage.

KAREN

Who else is coming? Do you have another new recruit?

HEATHER

We need customers too.

Karen and Sandra look at each other confused.

Heather opens the door and Martin enters with a large bouquet of flowers hiding his face.

Sandra and Karen look at his shoes, then his pants and the large bouquet of flowers.

Heather kisses her father and takes the flowers.

HEATHER

Hi Dad.

Martin pulls another bouquet from behind his back and holds it out to Sandra.

Sandra looks at the bouquet, walks over slowly and accepts the bouquet.

Karen and Heather CLAP.

A3-S21 EXT. HEATHER'S NEW TOWNHOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

Louie lies on a little pink towel under a little pink umbrella.

Heather in her tiny pink bikini, wears hot pink sunglasses and a hot pink large floppy hat with glossy pink mani-pedi.

The two are blissful catching rays.

Max gallops into the backyard dragging Rothman at the end of a long leash.

Louie jumps up and down, YIPPING.

Max nudges Heather, slobbering her.

Her cold drink flips up spraying Heather, the dogs and Rothman.

Max licks off Heather and Louie licks Max.

Heather grabs her towel to wipe Rothman and they bump heads.

Rothman lifts her up, grabs her and kisses her.

The two dogs sit beside each other and watch.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.