

## Paramour's

FADE IN:

EXT. GOPHER JUNCTION - DAY

A prim, young woman in her twenties, OPHELIA, scurries down the dusty street. She is pretty, well-dressed in frills and a blue petticoat.

She appears to be a lady of some means given the ramshackle buildings that surround her.

She approaches a rowdy saloon and casts an onerous glance inside, but she hastens past.

She is heading towards a different establishment. A small general store just a little ways off.

The hand-lettered window reads "Paramour's General Store".

EXT. THE DOOR TO PARAMOUR'S

Ophelia reaches for the handle. She hesitates. Then she grasps the handle and opens the door.

INT. PARAMOUR'S GENERAL STORE

Wind chimes above the door ping seductively as Ophelia enters the dim interior of the store.

GERI PARAMOUR emerges from the back.

Her hair is long and blond. She wears a gown that looks vaguely Japanese, with a nice, low cut that showcases her hourglass figure. This dame is a knockout.

GERI  
Nice day, Miss Ophelia.

OPHELIA  
G'day, Miss Paramour.

Ophelia moves to the shelves and begins shopping a bit, picking up this and that, and then replacing it.

She doesn't seem to be looking for anything in particular.  
She flashes a nervous smile towards Geri.

She finally picks up an apple and approaches the counter.

Geri smiles knowingly as Ophelia approaches. Ophelia sets the apple on the counter.

Geri rolls the apple around with her finger.

GERI  
Will that be all today, Miss  
Ophelia? Just...one...apple?

Ophelia looks like a teenager buying condoms and a single pack of gum -- as if one purchase might conceal the other.

She shuffles her feet a bit, glancing nervously at the floor. She looks back up with a meek smile.

OPHELIA  
Well, there is...I heard...  
I heard there might be certain...  
certain books for sale.

Ophelia is startled by the sudden O.S. CLATTER OF BEADS.

As if summoned by Ophelia's words, another woman, JESSIE, emerges from the beaded curtain that serves as the door to the back room.

Jessie's hair is long and black. Her eyes are dark pools. Her clothes suggest Native American origin.

And she, too, is drop-dead gorgeous.

JESSIE  
(nods)  
Ophelia.

Ophelia smiles in return -- another sheepish one -- then looks down to the floor, unable to meet Jessie's gaze.

Geri turns to Jessie.

GERI

Jessie...Ophelia was just  
inquiring as to our selection  
of...literature.

Jessie steps to the counter and lifts Ophelia's head,  
placing a gentle finger under her chin.

She gives Ophelia a warm smile.

JESSIE

Is that a fact?

A LARGE CABINET

A woman's hand unlocks this cabinet, then pulls back the doors to reveal several shelves of books. There is the "Kama Sutra" and "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam".

Several spines bear the name "Marquis de Sade".

INT. THE BACK ROOM AT PARAMOUR'S

Geri steps back from the cabinet and ushers Ophelia forward. Ophelia steps up to examine the books.

She runs her finger along the spines, then stops at one.

She snatches the book and quickly shoves it into her bag.

OPHELIA

Yes, this is the one. I want  
this one.

Then, without warning, she snatches another.

OPHELIA

And this one.

Ophelia now notices a shelf filled with small, ornate bottles in brightly-colored jewel tones.

Ophelia picks up a blue one.

OPHELIA

My...these are beautiful.

She turns back to Geri and Jessie, cradling the bottle in her hands.

OPHELIA  
What are these?

GERI  
Ah...you've got good taste,  
dear. Those are oils...but  
scented...like nothin' you've  
ever seen, I imagine.

Geri picks up another bottle shaped like an elephant.

GERI  
Some come all the way from  
India they tell me.

With a smile, Jessie takes the blue bottle from Ophelia and uncorks it.

JESSIE  
I believe 'em, too, the way  
some'a these smell so fine...

Jessie holds the bottle under Ophelia's nose. Ophelia inhales deep, then smiles just as deeply.

OPHELIA  
Oh...I do so love jasmine.

Jessie dabs some onto her finger, then rubs it gently behind Ophelia's ear.

Jessie's finger lingers perhaps a bit longer than it should, but Ophelia doesn't seem to notice.

JESSIE  
(grins)  
A little sample, on the house.  
Trust me, honey...your man'll  
thank me for this.  
(winks)  
Or you might.

Ophelia giggles, then nods to another section of the cabinet, concealed by a wide sheet of black silk.

OPHELIA  
What's under there?

Geri begins to close the cabinet.

GERI  
Nothing that would interest  
you, sugar.

Ophelia stops her, and holds the cabinet open.

OPHELIA  
Oh, please. Let me see...

Geri and Jessie exchange glances. Jessie shrugs.

Geri turns back to Ophelia and ponders for a moment, then she lifts the sheet --

-- revealing an impressive collection of carved phalluses in a variety of colors and sizes. Most are wood, but a few look to be made of ivory.

There is even a strap-on phallus, crafted of black leather and wood that has been polished to fine sheen.

Ophelia immediately turns beet red and raises both hands to her mouth -- shocked.

And this continues for a few moments -- until she begins giggling -- uncontrollably, like a blushing schoolgirl.

OPHELIA  
Miss Paramour!

EXT. PARAMOUR'S - DAY

Geri stands at the door and waves goodbye to Ophelia, now a good ways down the street.

Ophelia waves back, clutching her bag to her chest.

Geri smiles as she closes the door.

She flips a hand-lettered sign on the door -- from "Open" to "Closed" -- then pulls a key from her pocket.

As Geri is locking the door, a gruff COWBOY barges his way inside. He is filthy from too long on the trail, and a shave would do him good.

He looks around the store, as if checking for additional customers.

GERI

Sorry, cowboy, but we're fixin'  
to close up shop. Is what yer  
after a short list?

COWBOY

Yeah...pretty short.

The cowboy suddenly grabs Geri's hair with one hand, snapping her head back.

With his other hand, he shoves a revolver under her chin. He speaks in a low snarl.

COWBOY

Just the cash, sweetheart.

(whispers now,  
in her ear)

And if'n you start screamin'  
like some damn fool woman,  
I might have to blow that  
pretty little head a yourn'  
clean off.

(he looks Geri  
up and down)

And that'd be a shame. Now  
where's the man around here?

Geri replies through gritted teeth.

GERI

T'ain't no man. This here's  
my store.

The cowboy smiles at this, and his grin reveals rotten, mossy teeth that surround a single point of pride --

-- a shiny but crooked GOLD TOOTH -- placed by someone who clearly had only dabbled in dentistry.

GOLD-TOOTH

(smiling)

Well, now. Looks like today  
is my lucky day. I likes my  
money with a little somethin'  
on the side. Been so long...  
why, even my horse is startin'  
to look good.

(whispers again)

You know that feelin'?

(sniffs her neck)

Hell...you even smell pretty.

Gold-Tooth pulls Geri closer, moving in for a kiss.

The floorboards CREAK behind him.

Gold-Tooth whirls to find Jessie holding a huge jar of  
pickled eggs up in the air.

She brings down the jar, SMASHING it over his head.

Gold-Tooth drops to the floor -- knocked cold -- sprawled  
amongst the wobbling eggs.

Geri looks to Jessie and smiles.

THE FLOOR - LATER

Gold-Tooth wakes up on the floor. He moans. Then realizes  
he is bound with thick ropes.

GOLD-TOOTH

What the...

He looks up to find Geri and Jessie smiling down at him.

GOLD-TOOTH

Now what the hell're you two  
harpies grinnin' at?

Gold-Tooth struggles against the ropes, but he settles down  
when he notices that Geri is holding his gun.

GOLD-TOOTH  
What...what're you gonna do  
with that?

Geri kneels down beside him.

She nods to Jessie, who wanders off to another part of the store. Then she turns back to Gold-Tooth.

GERI  
Well, now...whaddya think I  
ought to do?

She puts the gun to his temple. His eyes get wide.

GERI  
Blow yer pretty little head  
off, maybe?

She moves the gun to his crotch. His eyes get wider.

GERI  
Maybe blow off somethin' else...?

Geri stands as Jessie returns.

GERI  
Now would that be fittin' for a  
fine man such as yourself?

Gold-Tooth shakes his head -- a vigorous "no".

Geri punches her foot into Gold-Tooth's ribs and rolls him over onto his stomach.

GERI  
The kinda' man would steal from  
helpless women? The kinda' man  
what thinks he's too good to  
ask a lady nice?

Geri looks over to Jessie and smiles. Jessie smiles back.

GERI  
No...that kinda' man deserves  
somethin'...special.

Gold-Tooth turns his head to look up at the women.

Then he fixes his eyes on the strange device that dangles from Jessie's hand --

-- the strap-on.

GOLD-TOOTH

What in tarnation is that?

EXT. PARAMOUR'S - SUNSET

The window blinds snap shut, concealing the view into Paramour's General Store.

FADE OUT.