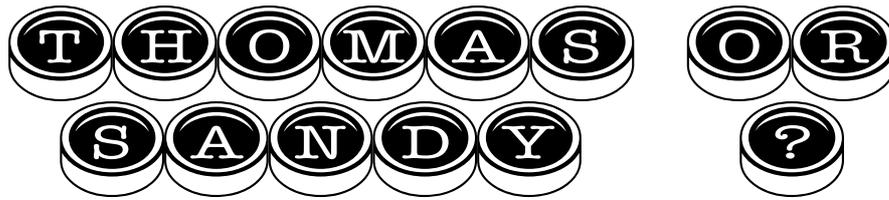


THOMAS OR
SANDY ?

BY

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(PILOT)



EPISODE CHARACTERS

SANDY TOMASI: A writer. She is the main character. Agoraphobic, she pretends to be handicapped to stay at home.

ALEX TOMASI: Sandy's sister. An insatiable man-eater. As airhead as she is dark hair.

JULES TAYLOR: Sandy's daughter. She is gay.

PAUL TAYLOR: Sandy's ex-husband. Appears to look younger than he is and may be still in love with Sandy.

EILEEN MCKENNA: Sandy's agent. We never see her. She is like Charlie for his Angels.

MATILDA TAYLOR: Sandy's sister-in-law and Paul's sister. Own a pizzeria and sends to Sandy her experimental pizzas.

DAVID: A young man who robs Sandy's apartment.

FIRST MALE NURSE

FADE IN:

PROLOGUE

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A New York City apartment bathed by the morning sun rays. In the bedroom, a woman is sleeping in a queen-sized bed. She must be in her mid-thirties, with blonde (dyed) hair. She is SANDY.

The telephone rings through the apartment. With the second ring, the answering machine turns on. Sandy's sweet and charming voice resounds.

SANDY'S VOICE
Hi. Talk after the beep.

BBBBEEEEEEEEEEEEPPPPPPPP

From the answering machine, a second feminine voice rises. It sounds younger than Sandy's. Very smooth, it's almost like a singing voice

EILEEN (V.O.)
Sandy. It's Eileen. You know?
Eileen. Your guardian angel.
It's eight in the morning. The
cutie little bird has to come
out from its nest. Sandy?
Sandy?!

From the answering machine, a blaring whistle resounds throughout the apartment and pierces Sandy's eardrums.

EILEEN (V.O.) (cont'd)
(shouting)
WAKE UP!!! SANDY, FOR GOD'S
SAKE!!!.

CLOSEUP ON Sandy's sudden goggled eyes

FADE OUT:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Barely awake, Sandy is stepping into her kitchen, lumbering around. She wears a silk nightshirt. Her hair is a mess.

She opens the fridge, takes the coffee box out, and steps to the coffee machine already filled with water. She takes a paper filter box out a cupboard and notices it is empty. She turns around, as if someone could watch her, and, finally, empties the old paper filter to fill it with the fresh coffee.

Telephone rings again. Answering machine switches on again.

SANDY'S VOICE
Hi. Talk after the beep.

BBBBEEEEEEEEEEEEPPPPPPPP

The same feminine voice as before.

EILEEN (V.O.)
Sandy. I do hope you're up and--

Sandy hangs up the phone. The amplifier automatically turns on.

SANDY
(woozy)
Yes, Eileen. I'm up. You're the worst agent I ever--

EILEEN (V.O.)
(interrupting)
Three weeks left.

SANDY
(tired)
I know.

EILEEN (V.O.)
So, what are you waiting for?!

SANDY
Jawohl, mein Führer!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY (LATER)

Sandy steps out from the bathroom, wearing a black dress, make-up, and her hair combed. She lets herself get flabby in a armchair in front of a desk.

The desk is a mess. Sheets of paper balled up, books, and a laptop. By the computer, a bottle of whisky, a filthy glass, and an empty ice cream pot with a spoon in it.

SANDY
(to herself)
Three weeks. Three weeks left
for one hundred and fifty pages.
(calculating)
Seven point one thousand and
twenty eight pages per day.
(sigh)
Even Jules's birth was quicker.

Sandy pours herself a glass of whisky in her night before filthy glass and sips it.

From outside, on the same floor, she hears a slamming door.

SANDY (cont'd)
(to herself)
Ah?

She turns to the front door.

SANDY (cont'd)
One, two, three.

At the same time, she says "three", someone knocks upon her door. Sandy hurls herself into a wheelchair, rolls to the front door and opens the door. A tall young woman, with long dark hair, opulent breasts, enters. She looks pert although she has half moons under her green eyes. She is ALEX. You could never tell Sandy and her are sisters.

Sandy closes the door behind her.

ALEX
(very fast)
Hi, sis. Oh, what a night. I
can't tell you.

Sandy gets up and paces back to her laptop. Alex sits in the wheelchair, trying to feel comfortable.

ALEX (cont'd)
He ravaged me. Literally ra-va-
ged. A mix of Brad Pitt and
Jerry Lewis. Jerry Lewis for the
fun side. At first, the night
was not that cool.

She gets up.

ALEX (cont'd)
Hey, that chair is stony.

She starts to walk to and forth in the apartment.

ALEX (cont'd)
Well. One hour late, then,
restaurant. Nothing to say.
Snitzy place, nice food. Except
he had to burp after. Told me he
did appreciate the food.
(a beat)
However, he was so cute. Twenty-
two, premed student. A real
twinkie. He even insisted to
make me sign a form to give my
body to the science after my
death.

She looks at her own reflection in a mirror.

ALEX (cont'd)
He surely has good taste. When
he got the bill, the poor thing
paid with gift vouchers cheques.
If only you'd have seen the
Maitre D.'s stupid mug.

She gets closer to Sandy.

ALEX (cont'd)
But, back to my place, hum,
hasta la vista baby! Frankly,
you have to do it once in your
life with someone who knows
everything about anatomy. The
whole night long!
(singing)
"I'm every woman--".

Sandy drinks her whisky up.

ALEX (cont'd)
Tell me, sis, you're starting
early today.

SANDY
(bitterly)
I swallow what I can.

ALEX
I'm so sorry. I know you're
currently crossing a love
desert, but your time will come
soon. And I had to talk about it
to someone.

SANDY'S DREAM

Suddenly, Sandy gets up in front of Alex's terrified
eyes. She hurls onto her, starts to squeeze her throat,
and shakes her.

SANDY
(screaming)
Because you don't think I didn't
hear you the whole bloody night
long!!

Alex is choking and cannot get out from Sandy's grab.

END OF
SANDY'S DREAM

ALEX
Hey! Sis? Are you with me?

Sandy emerges from her thoughts.

SANDY

Er-- I-- I'm with you. All that pressure with my book. Sorry.

ALEX

What? You haven't started yet?!

She comes by Sandy and peeps at the blank screen.

SANDY

Nope. I can't get through. Worse than the Titanic. At least, they had ice for their whisky.

ALEX

Wanna a hand?

SANDY

(shrugging)
Couldn't be worse.

ALEX

Great! Always wished to have my name printed on a cover book.

SANDY

Wait a minute. I wanna clear things up first. Even me, my name is not on the cover.

ALEX

Well, I know that. You've just reversed your names. Instead of Sandy Tomasi, you make you call Thomas Sandy.

SANDY

Precisely. Nobody needs to know I'm writing. So, leave your ego in the closet. Okay?

ALEX

(upset)
All right.

She hooves like a little girl.

ALEX (cont'd)

It's exciting anyway. I have-- millions of ideas!

She's going to talk, but looks like having a blank inside her head.

SANDY

Yes?

ALEX

(waving her hand)

Coming. Coming. Write this down.

Page one. Chapter one.

Paragraph one.

SANDY

And?

ALEX

(thinking)

Coming.

SANDY

It wouldn't be better if we
discuss about the subject at
first?

ALEX

(thinking)

You're right. You're right.

She takes a dart on the desk.

ALEX (cont'd)

May I?

SANDY

Ah? Because you're asking today?

Alex turns then to a weird target. On the wooden circle
several words have been glued: murder, rape, robbery,
psycho, etc...

Alex takes her aim, throws the dart-- and misses the
target. The dart is stuck right into an old teddy bear on
a shelf.

ALEX

Oops!

Sandy rushes to the teddy.

SANDY

My Teddy! Are you out of your
mind?!

She takes it in her arms and hugs it.

SANDY (cont'd)
(to the teddy bear)
It's okay. Mummy's here. I know
it's gonna hurt a bit, but it's
auntie Alex's fault.

She takes the dart out.

SANDY (cont'd)
It's over, now.

ALEX
You operate with no anesthetic?

Sandy strikes her with a dark look.

ALEX (cont'd)
Okay. Sorry-- Teddy.
(to Sandy)
Come back here.

Sandy leaves her teddy and comes back on her armchair.

ALEX (cont'd)
(excited)
And if-- and if it was about a
woman making it with every guy
she meets?

SANDY
My last novel main character was
already a woman.

ALEX
(even more excited)
And if it was about a GUY who
makes it with every chick HE
meets?

SANDY
You pervert.

ALEX
You know my motto: "So many men,
no much time".

SANDY
Yep. And your watch is surely
not slowing.

Alex does not listen to her.

ALEX

He'd be a kind of superhero who robs houses and rapes women he steals. A kinda porn superhero.

SANDY

It's an idea. But, what would be his unconscious factor?

ALEX

What?

SANDY

His unconscious factor. His motivations. Why would he do that?

ALEX

Because he wants to rape chicks.

SANDY

Okay. How would you describe him?

ALEX

Well. F.U.C.K.

SANDY

F.U.C.K.?

ALEX

Fab. U.V.'s. Cool and Kicky.
F.U.C.K.
(sigh)
David's kind.

SANDY

David?

ALEX

Yeah, David. My last night date.

SANDY

Ah yeah. The gift vouchers
cheques guy. Nope. It won't
work. Too cliché.

ALEX

Do you want my ideas or not? I'm giving you my best, and you don't want them. It'd always be that way. When we were kids, I helped you the most I could for your schoolwork, and you always had something to argue.

SANDY

You still wonder? First time you helped me, you told me General Custard died in Little Big Horn.

ALEX

So what?

SANDY

It was General--
(sigh)
Oh, forget it.

ALEX

Okay. Your book, you can shove it up your--

Someone knocks on the door.

ALEX (cont'd)

(smiling)
I'm getting it.

Alex opens while Sandy rushes into her wheelchair.

A DELIVERY BIKER, in green overall, helmet with dark shield on head, and two pizza delivery boxes in hand, is on the threshold.

SANDY

(to the delivery biker)
Ah, yes. Come in Lindsay. You know where the kitchen is.

The delivery biker steps to the kitchen under Alex's goo-goo eyes.

ALEX

Tell me, sis, you never told me you were receiving nice people. Have you seen his butt? Firm and round as I love them. Yummy. I feel my sex appetite's coming back. May I?

Sandy has not time to react that Alex disappears into the kitchen at her turn.

She quickly comes back, holding her cheek. The delivery biker follows her and takes the helmet out. She's a foxy girl with long and red hair. She's LINDSAY.

Alex cannot believe it.

LINDSAY

Tell me, is she dumb or what? She's just squeezed my ass.

SANDY

(to the girl)
Forgive her. She's currently studying anatomy.

LINDSAY

I'm not here for practical works.
As usual, the boss wants your feedback by e-mail.

SANDY

(grimacing)
As usual.

Lindsay passes Alex with a slight detour and stares at her with worried eyes. She steps out.

ALEX

Next time, let me know.

Sandy gets up.

SANDY

Next time, gimme time.
(a beat)
Having lunch with me?

ALEX

No, thanks. Your sister-in-law's pizzas, I already know. Furthermore, I have my notebook to fill.

SANDY

How much for this one?

ALEX

David? At least, in the Top Ten.

She exits.

Sandy sighs and steps to her desk.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sandy is seated in front of her computer, trying to focus. She's about to fill her glass of whisky, when the phone rings. She answers.

JULES (V.O.)
Mum? It's me.

SANDY
(on the phone)
Jules? How are you baby?

JULES (V.O.)
May I just pop by?

SANDY
(on the phone)
Sure.

JULES (V.O.)
Okay, then. See you.

She hangs up. Sandy hangs at her turn, when someone knocks on her door.

SANDY
(to herself)
What again?

She sits in her wheelchair and comes to open. A young woman in her late teens is standing there, with a large smile. Wearing a kilt, a tee-shirt, and pigtails, she has the same green eyes as Alex. She's JULES.

JULES
Tah-dah!

She leans over Sandy and kisses her on the cheek.

SANDY
Jules? But--

She turns to the phone, trying to understand.

SANDY (cont'd)
You were just--
(she realizes)
You and your cell phone will
drive me insane.

JULES
Mum?!
(showing her cell
phone)
How could I ever leave my best
friend?

Sandy closes back the door and rolls behind her daughter.

SANDY
I thought I WAS your best
friend?

Jules eludes the question.

JULES
I just met the old lady with her
tiny doggie living upstairs.
What's wrong with her today? I
said hi to her and she didn't
answer.

SANDY
You shouldn't have her teeth.

JULES
Did dad call you?

SANDY
No. Why?

JULES
No. No, no. Just asking.

She spookily stares at her mother.

JULES (cont'd)
You could stop that when you're
with me.

Guilty, Sandy gets up from her wheelchair.

SANDY
Sorry, a habit.

JULES

I perfectly know why you do that but, anyway, it always gives me the creep.

SANDY

That's the best way to not being invited anywhere. And nobody would understand my agoraphobia.

(with a smile)

On the other hand, I have fun.

Jules cannot stop stepping to and forth in the apartment. Very nervous, she can't stay still, manipulating several objects.

JULES

You're a weirdo.

SANDY

You look antsy today. You're not mothering me as you always do. I drink too much, don't do any sport. I don't take care of myself--

JULES

(embarrassed)

I'm perfectly okay.

SANDY

You're up onto something. Aren't you?

JULES

No! You're sure dad didn't call you?

SANDY

I'm not that senile yet.

JULES

I've never said--

SANDY

(interrupting her)

You're in love!

Jules is puzzled. She looks at her reflection in the mirror.

JULES
How do you know? Is it that
obvious?

SANDY
You look exactly like me when I
was seventeen.

Jules stares again at her own reflection.

JULES
(worried)
You think so?

SANDY
The same way to--

Jules's cell phone is buzzing. That seems to irritate
Sandy. Jules unfolds her phone.

JULES
(on the phone)
Hello?
(with a mellow tone)
Yes. Where are you?
(a beat)
My mother's. No, no.

She looks up to Sandy with a large smile.

JULES (cont'd)
Another time. No way. Another
time.
(a beat)
I'm on my way.
(a beat)
Me too.
(confidentially)
All over your body.

She folds up her cell phone.

SANDY
Was it him?

JULES
(embarrassed)
Him? Er-- yes.

SANDY
You don't have to be
embarrassed. I was like you--

JULES
(grumbling)
That would be breaking news.

SANDY
What?

JULES
I better get going. HE's--
waiting for me.

SANDY
Hoped we could have lunch
together and--

JULES
(interrupting)
Wait. You mean my aunt delivered
you her experimental pizzas
again?

SANDY
What's all that fuss about her
pizzas?

JULES
I remind you just one number:
nine-one-one.

They kiss.

SANDY
You have to bring him here.
What's his name?

JULES
Vi-- Er-- Viktor.

SANDY
As Viktor in Frankenstein?

Jules has already reach the door.

JULES
Who?

Sandy imitates Frankenstein's monster way of walk.

SANDY
You know--

JULES
A sleepwalker?

SANDY
Forget it.

JULES
Mum. You're definitely weird.

Jules has gone.

SANDY
(bewildered)
Am I that old-fashioned?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY (LATER)

Sandy is seated in her wheelchair, eating a pizza in the box. From the phone loudspeaker, a woman's voice can be heard.

MATILDA (V.O.)
So, tell me.

SANDY
(full mouth, on the
phone)
Not bad. I like the pineapple
aftertaste.

MATILDA (V.O.)
I've tried something different.

SANDY
(full mouth, on the
phone)
It is. On the other hand, the
seafood is tasty too and--

MATILDA (V.O.)
Seafood?

SANDY
(full mouth, on the
phone)
Yes. That's a seafood pizza?

Matilda sounds embarrassed on the phone.

MATILDA (V.O.)
Er--

SANDY
(full mouth, on the
phone)
Er, what?

MATILDA (V.O.)
Sandy. That's chicken.

Sandy spits her mouthful.

SANDY
(on the phone)
Who do you think you are?!
Lucrezia Borgia?! Are you trying
to poison me?!

Someone knocks on her door.

SANDY (cont'd)
(on the phone)
Someone's knocking. Call you
back.

She hangs up and wipes up her mouth. She rolls to the door and opens. She finds herself facing a man in his forties. Very seducing, with dark hair and dark eyes, he's dressed as a teen. He's PAUL.

PAUL
Hi, dear.

He bends over Sandy and kisses her on the cheek. Sandy closes the door and gets up.

SANDY
Your daughter popped by.

PAUL
She's OUR daughter, remember?
Well, the only thing you
couldn't take with you after our
divorce.

SANDY
(low voice)
The judge didn't want to.

PAUL
Then? What do you think?

SANDY
Think of what?

PAUL
Did Jules told you?

SANDY
I don't get it.

PAUL
Her private life.

SANDY
Oh, That. Yes. I thought you
were going to tell me some bad
news. I'm glad for her.

PAUL
You're just glad for her?

SANDY
Yes. Glad. Nothing to worry
about. Told you. I'm glad for
her. G.L.A.D.

PAUL
Congratulations, dearie. I never
thought--

SANDY
(interrupting)
What?

PAUL
--you could take it that way.

SANDY
Paul. That's not big deal our
daughter having a boyfriend. I
would even say it was time.

PAUL
Ah, okay.

SANDY
Okay, what? I don't like the way
the conversation is turning.

PAUL
She didn't tell you everything.

SANDY
Everything?

PAUL

Your daughter is in love and you don't ask her any question about it. No curiosity. Weird.

(sigh)

When I think for our first date you asked me if I had all my shots.

SANDY

She just told his name was Viktor, that's all.

PAUL

(puzzled)

Viktor?

SANDY

What's about him? Is he twice older than her? That's it? Is he a con? A junkie? I don't know. I'm ready for everything now.

(a beat)

Wait. I know. He's escaped from Planet Zorg and he's on secret mission.

Paul stares at her as if she was some kind of lunatic.

SANDY (cont'd)

If you know more than I, tell me!

(threatening)

Tell me or I kill you!

PAUL

I'd rather liked she told you. But guess she didn't have the nerves.

She violently grabs his collar.

SANDY

(shouting)

Enough, now!! Talk!

PAUL

(straight face)

Sandy. Sit down.

She releases him.

SANDY
(worried)
Is it that bad?

Paul just nods. Sandy sits in her wheelchair.

SANDY (cont'd)
Okay. I'm ready.

PAUL
(embarrassed)
How could I say? Viktor-- is
not--Viktor.

He pours her some whisky and hands her the glass.

PAUL (cont'd)
Drink it.

He takes a cigarette out. Sandy brandishes the seltzer,
ready to spray at him, and indicates the small sticker on
her laptop:

NO SMOKING

SANDY
Paul, I thought you could read.
I wouldn't ruin your Ralph
Lauren tee-shirt.

PAUL
I'm gonna need it as much as
you'll need your drink.

Sandy takes a sip while Paul lights his cigarette.

SANDY
I'm listening. Cool and easy.

She draws a heavy sigh.

PAUL
(quickly)
Sandy. This Viktor's real name
is Vickie.

Sandy does not react.

She simply stares at Paul, wordless.

PAUL (cont'd)
Did you hear me?

SANDY
(deadpan)
Yes. Viktor is in fact Vickie.

PAUL
Your daughter, OUR daughter, is
gay.

SANDY
(exploding)
Are you telling me that to drive
me crazy? Because, it'd work! I
don't want to hear that kind of
things! Tell me the truth.

Paul stares at her, expressionless.

SANDY (cont'd)
What did I miss with her?!
Didn't I take care enough when
she was a kid?! That's all my
fault! I'm the one who wanted to
divorce! She hates men because
of me! And, most of all, today,
I pretend to be one!

She gets up.

SANDY (cont'd)
I'm gonna take her to a shrink
and--

PAUL
(shouting)
Sandy!! Stop it!

Sandy bottoms up her whisky and fills her glass again.

SANDY
What are you gonna do about it?

PAUL
Sandy, sit down!

She obeys.

PAUL (cont'd)
Give her a break! She's quite
happy this way. Leave her living
the life she chose. It's not
your fault. Or mine. Our little
girl prefers girls. And so what?
Do you want to take her to the

PAUL (cont'd)
vet to get her terminate? Do you really want to make her unhappy? Again? Did you notice how she was opened up? Can you tell me the last time you saw her that way?

SANDY
But, Paul-- I wanted to be a grandmother. I wanted to have a baby sleeping in my arms again. The flesh of my flesh.

PAUL
The sun is not shining around your-- Well, you know. Open your eyes! Take a walk outside! The world has changed!
(sigh)
I want you to make me a promise. Next time, welcome her as if nothing had changed.

SANDY
(shaking her head)
Of course. You and your bobo's ideas.

PAUL
I can't see the point. Promise me you will invite Jules AND Vickie to dinner one of these nights. You'll see, you'll love her. She's a nice girl.

SANDY
Because you already met her? How could she told you before me?

PAUL
Did you see how you reacted? I'm sure you would have threatened her to throw yourself through the window, as the day she failed her exams.

SANDY
She wrote that Pythagoras was some kind of snake.

PAUL
So what? Did you pass every one
of your exams?

SANDY
I don't see the point.

PAUL
Wear glasses.

SANDY
But, I--

PAUL
(interrupting)
Tss, tss.

SANDY
I--

PAUL
(interrupting)
Tss, tss. Try to see the good
point. She will have less
chances to catch AIDS this way.

As her only answer, Sandy desperately drinks her whisky
up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY (LATER)

Sandy is alone. She's back behind her laptop. The screen
is blank. Her bottle of whisky is empty. Sandy looks real
worried. Then, she starts to type on the keyboard. On the
screen, the same words:

JULES JULES JULES

Sandy stops typing.

SANDY
(to herself)
I won't get through this time.

She raises her face to the ceiling.

SANDY (cont'd)
Lord, what did I do to deserve
all this?

She is about to take her phone.

SANDY (cont'd)
(to herself)
No, I've promised not to call
her.

She stares for a short while to the pizzas leftovers and grimaces.

She finally takes the receiver up.

SANDY (cont'd)
(on the phone)
Hello. I'd like to order sushis.
(she's about to hang
up)
With fortune cookies!

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Night has fallen. Sandy is sleeping in her bed, her wheelchair nearby.

Suddenly, a noise can be heard in the apartment and Sandy wakes up in a jump. She turns to the bedroom wall, but the noise is coming from INSIDE her apartment. Sandy turns to the living room door.

A light beam circumambulates through the darkness.

Sandy slowly gets up and enters her bathroom. She steps out a few instant later with a weird weapon in hand.

A hand shower.

She walks in the darkness, but stumbles against her wheelchair to fall into in a thud. She finds herself seated in her wheelchair, facing a YOUNG MAN holding a flashlight and silhouetting behind the beam.

YOUNG MAN

Oh, shit.

SANDY

I wouldn't say better.

YOUNG MAN

Thought there was no one home.

SANDY

Lost.

YOUNG MAN

Furthermore, there's no much around.

SANDY

This time, you win.

(a beat)

Can't you please stop blinding me with you light?

YOUNG MAN

Oh, sorry.

SANDY

Do not worry. I just want to
turn you-- the light on.

Sandy rolls on and switches the light on. She is now facing a YOUNG GUY who looks as afraid as she is. He is quite tall, handsome, well-built. In fact, the perfect F.U.C.K.

He realizes Sandy's is sitting in the wheelchair, the hand shower in hand.

YOUNG MAN

Oh, shit.

SANDY

Again? Are you first going into
robbing business?

YOUNG MAN

Is it that obvious?

SANDY

I'm experienced.

YOUNG MAN

Are you some kind of cop?

SANDY

Sometimes.

YOUNG MAN

Are you going to give me away?

Sandy sizes him up with a smile.

SANDY

Do you want to?

YOUNG MAN

Beg your pardon?

SANDY

Me, giving you away.

YOUNG MAN

Not much.

SANDY

What's your name?

The young man hesitates.

SANDY (cont'd)
Of course. Let's call you--
David. Okay?

YOUNG MAN
As you will.

SANDY
So, David, why are you doing
this? What are your--
motivations?

YOUNG MAN
Money.

SANDY
Guess you don't want to work.

YOUNG MAN
No more job in my sector.

Sandy nods to the bed.

SANDY
(softly)
Come closer.

The young man obeys and sits on the bed.

SANDY (cont'd)
How old are you?

YOUNG MAN
Twenty-seven.

SANDY
So, unemployment forced you to
rob. Too bad with a nice mug
like yours. You couldn't find
others ways?

She gets closer.

YOUNG MAN
What do you mean?

SANDY
Others ways.

YOUNG MAN
As what?

As an answer, Sandy approaches her face to his. The young man lets himself go. She softly kisses on the lips. The young man doesn't move and, finally, kisses her back.

SANDY
Not much appalled?

The young man doesn't get it.

SANDY (cont'd)
That I am-- handicapped.

YOUNG MAN
Quite stimulating.

They kiss with fever. Sandy softly moans with pleasure.

SANDY
David, help me.

Embarrassed, the young man doesn't know what to do. He gets up, turns around the wheelchair, and takes Sandy in his arms. He gently puts her on the bed.

YOUNG MAN
Are you okay?

SANDY
Yeah.

YOUNG MAN
Not hurting?

Sandy shakes her head, smiling.

YOUNG MAN (cont'd)
Let me settle your legs.

He delicately takes her naked legs and settles them on the bed. Then, he lies by her and starts to kiss her.

Quickly, the young man is only wearing his underwear and they both slip under the sheets. The young man places himself on Sandy.

YOUNG MAN (cont'd)
You okay?

SANDY
(in a breath)
Yeah.

They start making love. Sandy tries to control herself but, increasingly, pleasure makes its way.

Suddenly, she lets herself go. Ready to reach her orgasm, she grabs the young man with her arms and her legs.

Petrified, the young man stops and falls off the bed.

SANDY (cont'd)
(upset)
Oh, no. What's wrong?

YOUNG MAN
(stupefied)
Your-- your legs.

Sandy realizes what's going on.

SANDY
But-- You're right.

She sits on the edge on the bed and gets up, dizzy.

SANDY (cont'd)
David! I can walk!

The young man can't believe it. He stares at her and signs himself.

SANDY (cont'd)
IT'S A MIRACLE! DAVID! I CAN
WALK!

Aghast, the young man gets up, gets quickly dressed, and rushes out of the bedroom.

Sandy stays by herself, seated on the edge of her bed, a bit disappointed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (LATER)

Sandy is seated behind her laptop and briskly types on the keyboard. Her face is at last self-confident and serene.

By her, an ice-cream pot is barely begun.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is bathed by the first morning sun rays. Sandy is still frenziedly typing on her laptop. Two ice-cream pots are now empty by her.

Telephone resounds through the apartment.

SANDY'S VOICE
Hi. Talk after the beep.

BBBBEEEEEEEEEEEEPPPPPPPP

EILEEN (V.O.)
Sandy. It's Eileen. You know?
Eileen. Your guardian angel.
It's eight in the morning. I do
hope your book is on progress.
By the way, I do hope your
little hanky-panky of last night
gave you some courage. You can
say thank you to your agent and
to-- how did you call him?
David. I'm now thinking to
create my own actor agency.

Sandy is thunderstruck.

FADE OUT:

EPILOG

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sandy is watching TV in her wheelchair.

Suddenly, a leg appears through her window and Alex enters the apartment, panting. She beckons Sandy to stay silent and switches her TV off.

ALEX
(whispering)
You never saw me.

Someone knocks on the door. Sandy rolls to open. TWO STRONG MEN wearing nurse coats are standing on her threshold.

FIRST MALE NURSE
Have you seen your neighbor?
We're here for the body.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW