

THE DOMINANTS

Written by:

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Logline: Three women at different stages of life who are connected by a professional Dungeon, fight to live an authentic BDSM lifestyle and are forced to say "fuck off" to some asshole every day to do it.

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EXT. NEW YORK CITY - CHELSEA - DAY

An upscale street with arty graffiti comes to life. PEDESTRIANS and SHOP OWNERS perform their morning routine. A homemade flyer stuck on a building reads: NO PERVS!

A pair of black stiletto boots click against the sidewalk as JANE JOHNSON (51), a formidable beauty, all nerve and thorny energy, rounds the corner. She rips the flyer down and storms toward a six-story building. A wrought iron railing hides stairs that descend below the street. A plaque embossed with a St. Andrew's Cross identifies it as ABERRATION.

Jane inhales her frustration and descends the stairs to a red tufted leather door. Her heel breaks. Fuck! Another pair down.

INT. ABERRATION - RECEPTION - DAY

Retro erotic kink art on the walls. A desk under a frosted pass-through window. A TV tuned to NY1 reporting morning news.

BELLA KENNEY (30s), a real-life Bratz doll with a heart, helps COLIN SANDS (30s), bald and hot, unbox supplies: rattle, diapers, and a spiked leather paddle.

TV ANCHOR

Aberration, an adult business in Chelsea, will defend itself at a neighborhood council meeting this week...

COLIN

Bella.

Colin points to the TV. A REPORTER interviews BETH and BRAD DUDEK, (late 20s) two tight-asses bedecked in beige.

TV ANCHOR

We caught up with neighbors, Beth and Brad Dudek, who say quote "It's time to stop the perverts."

BELLA

Fuck. They're on TV.

Jane slides the pass-through window open and pokes her head in, the flyer and broken heel in hand. She sees the TV.

JANE

What now?

BELLA

They mentioned the meeting. Any protestors out there?

JANE

No, just more free advertising.

She fans her face with the flyer. Colin's not amused.

COLIN

What if they win?

JANE

I've had worse threats by better people than Beth and Brad Dudek. We're going to be fine. Now, did the rattle and diapers arrive for the new Infantalist client?

COLIN

Yes, Mistress.

JANE

Great. Put them in the nursery and double check the other supplies.

COLIN

(frustrated sigh)

Well, if you wanna make me late for my appointment with your best friend--

JANE

Did I say this second? Just get it done, Colin.

Jane exits.

INT. ABERRATION - JANE'S OFFICE - DAY

Warm and decadent suite with high-end furniture. Jane opens the closet and rips the NO PERVS! flyer to shreds over a small trash can. The pieces fall onto other ripped up flyers, like little trophies. She tosses her broken heel on top and slams the door.

Her phone PINGS with a text. A chyron appears on screen from THE PERNACH: **Good morning, Mistress. How're things in the neighborhood?**

Jane responds: **I'm handling it.**

She opens the bottom desk drawer which is filled with spare shoes. She chooses a pair and sits at her desk. She snaps open a decorative folding fan and cools her face. Time to reset.

INT. ABERRATION - RECEPTION - DAY

The intercom buzzes. Bella checks the monitor and presses a button. ZOEY CANNING (43), a rocker-chick-turned-soccer-mom, appears at the window. She carries a duffel bag.

BELLA

Hi, Zoey. Colin's almost ready for your session. You can head back.

INT. ABERRATION - LADIES LOUNGE - DAY

Mirrored vanities. Zoey, decked out in 1980s clothes with teased hair, yanks at a knotted mass of backstage passes in her bag. A few of them come out in a clump.

They're "All Access" lanyards for Foo Fighters, Guns N' Roses, Green Day, etc. issued to **Zoey M., Tour Manager** with a picture of a younger Zoey. Jane enters.

JANE

Hey, babe. Everything okay? You sounded irritated on the phone.

ZOEY

A mini bomb dropped on me this morning. I'll tell you later.

JANE

Something with Max?

ZOEY

Boundaries. We don't talk about him here.

JANE

You're right. Sorry.

ZOEY

I need to get in the right headspace for this session.

JANE

Are you nervous?

ZOEY

Girl, you've known me for fifteen years. He was the first lead singer crush that I met in real life. This session is going to be the one.

JANE

You know it doesn't work like that.

ZOEY

So you keep saying. But I've got a good feeling. Let me have it.

JANE

Fair enough.

Jane untangles the passes.

JANE (cont'd)

My council speech is ready.

ZOEY

I can't wait to read it.

Jane finds the right one, a generic "Bon Jovi" All Access lanyard, and hangs it around Zoey's neck.

Jane exits. Zoey picks up the rest and holds them for a moment, lost in her memories. She puts them away, suppressing a mix of turbulent emotions.

INT. ABERRATION - HALLWAY - DAY

One wall is covered with various implements of torture. Zoey approaches a purple door, the lanyard bounces off her cleavage. She KNOCKS, giddy. The door opens. Loud music blares. Colin wears leather pants and a rock star wig.

ZOEY

Oh my God. Hi, Mr. Bon Jovi! I loved the show tonight.

She slinks past Colin into the room.

INT. ABERRATION - PURPLE ROOM - DAY

Purple walls. Seductively intimate like the VIP room at a speakeasy. Zoey, smitten, sits close to Colin on a leather couch.

COLIN

What's your name, sweetheart?

ZOEY

Zoey. Y'know, I loved the Bad Medicine video. The camera girls were having a blast. Someday that's gonna be me.

COLIN

Won't that be something?

ZOEY

You're so beautiful.

Zoey reaches out to touch him but he grabs her wrist.

COLIN

Hey, just how old are you anyway?

She stands. He rises to meet her. She unbuckles his belt and runs her hand up his body.

COLIN (cont'd)

What year were you born?

She goes in for a kiss.

ZOEY

(whispers)

I'm sixteen.

COLIN

Sixteen? Are you crazy?

He drops onto the couch and bends her over his knee.

COLIN (cont'd)

You naughty, bad girl.

He drags her skirt up, exposing white cotton underwear with red hearts.

ZOEY

I'm sorry, Jon!

COLIN

It's Mr. Bon Jovi.

ZOEY

But I love you!

The spanking begins.

EXT. ABERRATION - DAY

Zoey's back in her regular clothes, except now she wears a hat to hide her messy hair. Jane appears, buttoning her coat.

ZOEY
How was your morning?

JANE
I broke a heel.

ZOEY
On purpose?

Jane gives her side-eye. The sun has made an appearance, but they huddle together as they walk.

JANE
Let's try Village Cafe. Since the rats took over our old coffee shop.

ZOEY
I wish NY1 would stop with the footage. It's overkill. You know how they over-report.

She nudges Jane who appreciates the support.

ZOEY (cont'd)
Max told me this morning that his sister's coming to the party.

JANE
So, she apologized?

Zoey fake laughs.

INT. VILLAGE CAFE - DAY

Jane sits at a table with her coffee. Zoey sets the number stand down and joins her. Jane pets Zoey's jeans.

JANE
Oooh, sexy.

ZOEY
For the price they better be.

Jane's phone BUZZES. She glances at it.

JANE
Why is Mona coming to the party if she didn't apologize?

ZOEY

I don't know. To ruin it for me?

JANE

Is her hair still pink?

ZOEY

Oh, no. She found her true self in college and darkened her hair. To match her soul. Now she's back in New York fully realized.

JANE

I cannot wait to meet her. Anything could happen. Should I bring popcorn?

ZOEY

Don't even. I refuse to let her cause a scene.

JANE

Honey, isn't that what she does? Then Max takes her side, you're pissed and no one's happy?

Jane's phone BUZZES again.

ZOEY

Whatever. I'd like to throttle the idiot who invented birthday celebrations. Forty-four doesn't need a party.

JANE

But it's also your anniversary.

ZOEY

Sure, yeah, let's celebrate how much I love being a housewife. I used to be a fucking Tour Manager. For big names.

A SCRAWNY BARISTA appears at the table.

SCRAWNY BARISTA

(to Zoey)

Ma'am? Here's your chai cinnamon latte with extra foam.

The word ma'am stings. He leaves.

ZOEY

Ma'am. Ugh.

Jane's phone BUZZES again.

ZOEY (cont'd)
I take it you haven't hired anyone yet.

JANE
No. And with shit slipping through the cracks, the council meeting, and keeping Rick's worries under control, it's a lot.

ZOEY
Are you breaking things?

JANE
No time.

ZOEY
You know I'm always here for you.

JANE
And I love you for it. I could always call The Pernach. That would take care of the protestors.

Zoey sharply sucks air through her teeth, not a good idea. Jane pulls out a piece of paper.

JANE (cont'd)
My council speech.

Zoey takes it. Jane's phone RINGS.

JANE (cont'd)
I gotta go. Can you give me your notes tomorrow? I'm teaching a workshop tonight and my afternoon is packed.

Jane kisses Zoey on the cheek and exits to the...

EXT. SIDEWALK

Jane walks toward the crosswalk. Suddenly, a hand is on her shoulder.

RANDOM GUY
Susan?

Jane stiffens, defensive.

JANE

No.

RANDOM GUY

Would you like to be Susan?

JANE

Get lost.

Jane shrugs him off and crosses the street. She stops at...

EXT. THRIFT STORE

...captivated by a white vase with a blue-flowered pattern in the window. She checks the time and darts inside.

INT. MONA CANNING'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Cluttered. Clothing everywhere. MONA CANNING (23), a Type-A brunette with a chip on her shoulder, wears a men's tee and rides a naked, semi-uncool GOTH GUY (20s). Clothespins are on his nipples and down both sides of his abdomen.

MONA

I'm so good to you.

She flicks a clothespin. He winces. She yanks one off then rubs his red skin. He writhes from the intense sensation.

MONA (cont'd)

I'm taking you to a workshop tonight about building D/s relationships.

He gives her a questioning look. She rotates her hips.

MONA (cont'd)

Dominance and submission, dummy. It's at a dungeon called Aberration. Isn't that funny? Aberration.

He closes his eyes, tries to concentrate. Mona seizes the moment to lick her middle finger and reach behind. At contact his eyes fly open and he bucks her off. Clothespins fly.

GOTH GUY

Dammit, Mona! How many times do I have to say no? I'm uncomfortable with that.

He scrambles out of bed, scoops up his clothes, and dresses hurriedly.

GOTH GUY (cont'd)
If this was reversed you'd call it assault.

MONA
I'm just trying to help you push your limits.

GOTH GUY
I don't want that limit pushed. And I'm not going to that stupid next-level bullshit workshop.

He exits. Mona stares at the closed door, dumbfounded.

EXT. ABERRATION - NIGHT

The flyers are back: NO PERVS! signs dot the neighboring buildings. A PROTESTOR (male, 40s), loiters. Mona approaches Aberration, nervous. Protestor holds out a flyer.

PROTESTOR
Council meeting this week. Kick out the pervs.

Mona ignores him. She checks her phone and confirms she's at the right building. Protestor sees where she's going.

PROTESTOR (cont'd)
Does your father know what you are?

Mona's breath catches.

PROTESTOR (cont'd)
You're too pretty to be so disgusting.

She descends the stairs, rattled.

INT. ABERRATION - COMMUNITY ROOM - NIGHT

Gothic. Red accents. Spotlights illuminate S&M artwork. A St. Andrew's cross in the corner. Rows of chairs face a table. Several GUESTS are already seated including HECTOR (30s), a paunchy average Joe, and SUB-HERA, female (40s), heavysset and gleeful.

Mona enters and is appraised by several attendees. Self-consciously she takes an open seat next to Hector.

HECTOR
Who's teaching the workshop?

Mona eavesdrops.

SUB-HERA
Dunno. They're still short-staffed.
I hear it's really starting to get
to Mistress Jane.

Mona is intrigued. Jane enters in tailored pants, spiked heels, and a corset under a moto jacket. She places a bag on the table. The room quiets.

JANE
Hello, kinky people. Welcome to
Aberration. I'm Mistress Jane.

INT. ABERRATION - COMMUNITY ROOM - LATER

A riding crop, black leather gloves and a Muir cap are on the table. Mona studies Jane, captivated. Jane picks up the cap.

JANE
Modern-day BDSM was born after
World War II. Gay men coming out of
the service fetishized their
military protocols, rituals, and
gear.
(indicates hat)
This is a Muir cap, also called a
Master's cap or Cover.
Traditionally, these are earned.
But tonight I want you to
experience how wearing gear can add
energy to your D/s dynamic. Now, I
need a volunteer.

Lots of hands go up. Jane zeroes in on Mona and waves her forward. Mona walks to the front.

JANE (cont'd)
What's your name?

MONA
Um, it's Sasha.

JANE
Nice to meet you, Sasha. Here, put
this on.

Mona obeys and suddenly stands taller.

JANE (cont'd)
 There. Did everyone notice how her
 posture instantly changed? So sexy.
 Now let's add an element.

Jane hands the riding crop to Mona. Excited, Mona slaps it
 against her palm. The sound is Pavlovian and Jane is drawn
 closer to her. In fact, the whole room is turned on.

JANE (cont'd)
 Yes! Very hot! This is how gear
 helps to set the scene. You're a
 natural. If you had a strap-on
 you'd be all set.

Mona closes her eyes in ecstasy. How'd Jane know her deepest
 fantasy?

JANE (cont'd)
 Okay, I need another volunteer.

Jane points to Sub-Hera.

JANE (cont'd)
 You. You're submissive. Come here.

Sub-Hera comes forward, eager.

JANE (cont'd)
 Assume the position.

She gets on her knees in front of Mona and clasps her hands
 behind her. Mona glances up and sees an electrified audience.
 Fueled, she steps closer to Sub-Hera. Confident. In her
 power. Jane watches Mona, enticed.

INT. ABERRATION - COMMUNITY ROOM - LATER

Some Guests fold chairs and reset the room, others filter
 out. Jane packs her bag. Mona approaches.

MONA
 Mistress Jane? I just wanted to say
 thank you. I don't have gear yet
 and this experience was eye-
 opening.

Jane leans closer, flirtatious.

JANE
 How so?

MONA
Um, I don't know. I just
felt...like myself.

JANE
It shows.

MONA
I'd really like to talk more about
it. Can I buy you a coffee?

JANE
I wish I could but I have to be
somewhere.

She zips her bag and touches Mona's shoulder, encouraging.

JANE (cont'd)
Perhaps another time.

EXT. ABERRATION - NIGHT

Jane appears on the sidewalk. RICK JOHNSON (50s), African American, strikingly handsome with a measured calm, is waiting for her. They kiss.

RICK
Good evening, Mrs. Johnson.

JANE
Good evening, Mr. Johnson.

She takes his arm. Protestor appears.

PROTESTOR
Jane Johnson! Started packing yet?

RICK
Excuse me?
(to Jane)
Do you know this person?

PROTESTOR
She's seen me.

JANE
You all agreed to stop this
nonsense until the council meeting.
Back off.

They walk past him.

PROTESTOR

You don't get it. We're taking out
the trash! That means you.

Jane and Rick round the corner.

RICK

That concerns me.

JANE

He's just an isolated asshole.

RICK

Isolated assholes can be dangerous.
It's a damn shame we're always
fighting for some kind of right.

JANE

There was a newbie at the workshop
who had a transformative
experience. She's the reason we
keep fighting.

Rick squeezes her hand.

RICK

Was she hot?

JANE

Oh yeah. She was hot.

RICK

Even better.

They arrive at...

EXT. MICHAEL'S BAR & GRILL

...Jane opens the door for Rick.

INT. MICHAEL'S BAR & GRILL - CONTINUOUS

Friendly neighborhood joint. The HOSTESS smiles at them.

HOSTESS

Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson.
Your table's almost ready.

Rick's phone RINGS. He checks it.

RICK

I'm gonna take this outside.

He exits. NY1 is on the TV over the bar. A REPORTER interviews Beth and the Protestor. The volume is off but the vitriol on their faces is loud. Jane waves to the BARTENDER.

JANE

Diego, change the channel please.

Diego nods. She looks back at the entrance, nervous. She checks her phone. A chyron appears on screen. A text from Zoey: **Speech needs work. xo**

A notification pops up over Zoey's text. It's from The Pernach: **You're on NY1 again. Still handling it?**

Rick appears and envelops her from behind. Startled, she pockets the phone. He notices.

RICK

Anything important?

JANE

Nothing that can't wait.

Rick doesn't accept that and jolts her with a squeeze.

JANE (cont'd)

Zoey has some notes about my speech.

RICK

Okay. That can wait. Let's have a nice dinner.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

A locally-owned boutique. Zoey and Jane peruse the racks and sip champagne.

ZOEY

Day drinking always reminds me of beer bongs with Megadeth.

JANE

And champagne always reminds me of wine enemas.

They clink glasses. Jane pulls a dress out and shows Zoey.

ZOEY

No. I want it to shimmer.

JANE

Like a twenty year old on a Vegas bender?

ZOEY

Like I'm still hot shit.

JANE

You are still hot shit.

ZOEY

No I'm not. I was. When I lived a life of excess. It's all so bland now.

JANE

We've all got stuff. The key is getting to a place of acceptance.

Zoey flicks through hangers.

ZOEY

Oh. About your speech. The business stuff is great but it reads a little too us against them. Find common ground.

JANE

You mean, how some of us are assholes and some of us get shit on?

ZOEY

Jane, these new neighbors are protesting Aberration because they don't understand BDSM. Educate them. You're just like everyone else. Get them to relate to you.

JANE

You're right. We've all gone to the bodega at midnight.

Zoey holds up a sparkling dress.

ZOEY

I think this is the one.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DRESSING ROOMS - DAY

Four stalls with a seating area. A table holds their champagne. Jane sits in a chair. Zoey emerges from the stall, dress unzipped. Jane stands to help her.

JANE

Did you and Max change your minds
about exchanging gifts?

Zoey whips her head around, irritated.

ZOEY

No.

JANE

Well, one of you did. He and Rick
are picking it up at a frame shop
on their lunch hour.

ZOEY

God, I hate it when he gets
sentimental. Why can't he ever
stick to the plan?

JANE

You know it's coming from a good
place.

Zoey gulps her champagne and guilt. She escapes to the stall.

INT. ZOEY'S CAR - DAY

A guitar-heavy rock song blares. A garment bag draped over
the passenger seat.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS - LONG ISLAND

A) EXT. SCHOOL - Zoey struggles to get twins DANIEL and
BRENNNA (6) into the car.

B) INT. GROCERY STORE - Zoey pays the cashier. Daniel uses a
baguette as a sword and hits Zoey's wallet. Coins spill.

C) EXT. CANNING FAMILY HOME - Ranch-style. Daniel and Brenna
play tag as Zoey juggles groceries, her purse and the garment
bag. Daniel bumps into Zoey. She drops the garment bag.
Brenna jumps on it.

D) INT. CANNING FAMILY HOME - KIDS' BEDROOM - Daniel and
Brenna are tucked into their beds. Zoey closes the door.

E) INT. LIVING ROOM - Pottery Barn-style. Zoey wears ear
buds. A power ballad plays. Zoey drinks wine and tortures
herself with pictures and memorabilia of her life as a Tour
Manager. Daniel enters and vomits.

INT. ABERRATION - RECEPTION - DAY

A pair of men's boots entwined with a pair of women's thigh-highs are on the floor. A pizza box on the desk. Colin rubs Bella's feet.

BELLA

Thank God Mistress Jane's doing the
Infantalist session today. I hate
diapering grown men.

COLIN

She does love playing mommy.

JANE (O.C.)

I can smell Grimaldi's all the way
up the stairs.

They jump to attention and clear the desk. Jane enters.

JANE (cont'd)

Come on, guys. You know better. We
have a lounge for eating. That's a
dollar fine each. In the jar.

BELLA

Yes, Mistress.

Colin, annoyed, snatches his boots and heads for the door. He stops.

COLIN

Why is it so hard to find a
receptionist?

JANE

It's hard to find the right
receptionist.

COLIN

With all due respect, Mistress,
we've been doing triple the work
and getting harassed every day--

JANE

We're all under a lot of pressure.
Once I get these shithead neighbors
under control it'll get better.

COLIN

So maybe where we eat lunch is
trivial right now.

JANE
Protocol is still important.

COLIN
You could waive the fine.

JANE
I'm not going to throw out dungeon rules just so you can stink up the waiting area.

COLIN
I'll buy air freshener.

JANE
What is your damage, Colin?

COLIN
I don't know why you can't just give us a fucking break!

JANE
You want a break? Fine.

Jane exits. Colin and Bella stand in uncomfortable silence. Jane returns carrying a large glass jar with cash in it. She smashes it on the floor. Colin and Bella freeze. Jane waits. Colin reaches for a broom.

EXT. "HERE KITTY KITTY" BAR - NIGHT

Seedy, deserted area. A DOORMAN waves Mona inside.

INT. "HERE KITTY KITTY" BAR - CONTINUOUS

Shabby and dreary with CUSTOMERS to match. Mona enters. OLGA NORDEN (20s), worldly but unassuming, wears a skimpy outfit as she tends bar.

OLGA
Hey, roomie. Welcome to hell.
What's up?

Mona sits on barstool.

MONA
I've got a plan for ditching my suck-ass, data-entry job. The dungeon where I took that workshop is hiring.

OLGA
You're funny.

MONA
Oh, but I'm not.

OLGA
Are you high? People are protesting
Aberration. It could get ugly, not
to mention dangerous.

MONA
Mistress Jane will shut that down.

OLGA
I know you're all googly-eyed about
her but she can't stop crazy.

MONA
You can't change my mind.

OLGA
People are on a rage diet these
days. Maybe you should wait.

MONA
Thanks, but no.

Olga studies her face. This conversation isn't over. A DRUNK
PATRON touches Mona's shoulder.

DRUNK PATRON
Hey cutie, how 'bout a lap dance?

MONA
Fifty bucks.

He takes a wad of money from his pocket, counts out fifty
bucks and hands it to her.

MONA (cont'd)
Great. Go sit in that corner. I'll
be right there.

He hesitates then weaves off. Olga scans the room the room to
see if anyone saw that.

OLGA
(teases)
You shady bitch.

Mona pockets the money and exits.

EXT. ABERRATION - ENTRANCE - DAY

Mona holds two coffees in a takeout tray and descends the stairs. She presses the intercom.

INT. ABERRATION - RECEPTION - SAME TIME

Jane looks at the monitor.

JANE

What's Sasha doing here?

INT. ABERRATION - WAITING ROOM - DAY

A 1920s bordello-style parlor. Jane opens the door to Mona.

MONA

Hi, Mistress Jane. I was hoping we could talk today.

JANE

I have an appointment soon. I wish you would've called.

MONA

I took a chance.

JANE

Is one of those a latte?

MONA

They both are.

Their eyes lock.

INT. ABERRATION - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

A MALE CLIENT in white underwear is chained to the St. Andrew's Cross. Welts and bruises cover his back. Colin, in tight fetish shorts and combat boots, uses two floggers on him.

Jane and Mona enter. Mona stops, riveted.

The Male Client cries out. Colin caresses the reddened area of his back then snakes his hands around his waist in an intimate embrace.

Jane gestures for Mona to follow her.

INT. JANE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jane sits behind the desk. Mona is across from her.

JANE

This is a welcome distraction.

Jane gives her a playful wink. Mona doesn't know what to do with that. She sips her latte.

MONA

At the workshop I overheard someone say you're hiring. I'm interested.

JANE

Oh.

MONA

I'm really good at bondage and impact play. I have this leather paddle. It's called a "slapper." It's two pieces of loose leather that slap together when you use it.

JANE

I know what a slapper is. From both sides.

Mona's caught off guard.

JANE (cont'd)

Why do you want to work here?

MONA

When I play, I'm the most me. How lucky would I be to live it every day?

Jane's heard this before, so cliché. Mona leans forward.

MONA (cont'd)

Okay, I haven't told anyone this because it sounds stupid in my head but when I put on that gear the other night I felt like I belonged somewhere. I haven't felt that way since my family fell apart.

Jane softens.

INT. RECEPTION - SAME TIME

ROGER WILCOX (33), average-looking and nervous, enters with a messenger bag. Early signs of Scleroderma are visible: skin tightening on his chin and neck.

BELLA

Welcome to Aberration, Roger. Have a seat in the Community room through that door.

Roger hesitates, and looks back at Bella then exits.

INT. JANE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jane leans against the front of the desk.

JANE

Data entry? So you're used to being tied to a desk?

They laugh.

MONA

You're the only woman in the city who owns and operates a dungeon. Aberration is an aberration.

She laughs at her own joke.

JANE

I appreciate your genuine interest. A lot of young women get into this business solely for the money.

MONA

It's about more than money for me.

JANE

I need a *domme* with experience. You have great potential but the timing is off.

Mona sinks in her chair. Jane glances at her watch.

JANE (cont'd)

I have a client waiting.

Mona doesn't move. Jane's intrigued by the power play.

JANE (cont'd)

Do you wanna watch?

INT. JANE'S OFFICE - LATER

Jane now wears cat's eye glasses with her hair in a loose bun. She sits behind the desk. Roger stands at the door.

JANE
Roger, I'm Mistress Jane. Please
come all the way in.

He does. Jane presses a button on her desk to automatically close the door. Roger regards the office suspiciously.

JANE (cont'd)
Put your bag down. Have a seat.

He grips the bag tighter then sits in the guest chair. Jane opens a file.

JANE (cont'd)
What brings you here?

ROGER
I wrote it online.

JANE
Then you should be able to tell me.

ROGER
Um, I want...I've got some...

Roger, awkward, produces a tablet from his bag.

JANE
Tell me what you want, Roger.

ROGER
I want you to put me in a diaper.

She gives him a warm smile.

JANE
We follow the CDC guidelines to
prevent cross-contamination and we
practice safe, sane, and consensual
play. The safe words we use are
'Red' for stop, 'Yellow' for slow
down. Understand?

He nods, riveted. She reads a page from the file.

JANE (cont'd)
I have your signed waiver. No
history of drug abuse, you've
requested no bruises or body marks.

(MORE)

JANE (cont'd)
You do permit a private viewing of
your session. Now, your medical
history says Scleroderma. Is it
affecting your skin, muscles,
organs?

ROGER
Mostly skin.

JANE
Pain level? One to ten?

ROGER
Um, two.

JANE
Okay.

She makes a note and closes the file. They lock eyes. It's
time to play.

JANE (cont'd)
Go stand by the door.

He obeys. Jane meets him.

JANE (cont'd)
Now, my little man--

She takes his hand.

JANE (cont'd)
Come with me.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They enter. Roger gapes at the implement wall.

JANE
Eyes forward.

He complies. Kinda.

INT. AGE PLAY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Outfitted like a nursery. Colorful. Rocking chair. An adult-
sized changing table dominates the room. Jane and Roger
enter.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

One chair. A two-way mirror overlooks the Age Play Room. Mona watches, curious.

INTERCUT AGE PLAY ROOM / VIEWING ROOM

Jane puts on an apron. She removes Roger's shirt, pants and underwear. He covers his stomach. She places his arms at his sides and takes in his naked body. She notices patches of angry-looking skin.

So does Mona. She fights back bile.

Roger lays on the table, knees bent. Jane pulls on latex gloves. She taps his knees. He opens his legs.

Mona walks closer to the window.

Jane shakes baby powder into her palms. Roger moans and coos, his erection partially visible to Mona. Jane diapers him. He waves his arms with joy.

Mona places her hands on the glass, entranced.

Roger suckles a pacifier. Jane rubs his head with one hand and shakes a rattle in the other. She taps his erection with the rattle.

JANE

What is this? Does Mommy have to
teach you some manners?

His eyes widen and his face crinkles as if he's going to cry. He didn't expect this turn and spits out the pacifier.

ROGER

Red.

JANE

Red for manners or do you want to
stop?

ROGER

Manners.

She places the pacifier back in his mouth.

JANE

All better? Look what Mommy has for
you.

She produces a salve for his skin.

Mona cocks her head. *Please don't go there.*

Jane lovingly rubs the lotion on Roger's raw skin patches.

Mona stumbles backward and vomits on the floor. She wipes her mouth. Horrified, she grabs her purse and runs out.

JANE (cont'd)
 You're going to grow up big and
 strong, my little angel.

He is teary-eyed by her acceptance. She blows a raspberry on his tummy. He giggles.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - LATER

Jane opens the door and sees the vomit. WTF?

EXT. LONG ISLAND, NY - THE JOHNSON HOME - NEXT DAY

A two-story A-frame with brick accents. A generous front lawn and sculpted evergreens give it a sense of privacy.

INT. THE JOHNSON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Tasteful with grand furniture and soft accents. Jane and Rick get dressed.

RICK
 You nervous?

JANE
 About the speech? No. About the neighbors? Yes. I still find it irritating as fuck that we have to waste a whole morning on them.

RICK
 I hope that's not the energy you're leading with.

JANE
 Just getting it out of my system.

RICK
 Good girl.

She hands him a belt. He threads it through his belt loops.

JANE

Y'know, I was hoping Sasha would've apologized by now.

RICK

The barfing newbie from yesterday? She's probably still embarrassed.

JANE

I'm such an oddball magnet.

RICK

Gee, thanks.

JANE

You know what I mean. This fight isn't just about Aberration, it's about people like Sasha and Roger needing a place to feel safe.

RICK

You got this. The Dudeks don't know who they're up against.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - ROOM 202 - DAY

A sign by the door: "Manhattan Community Board 4." It's packed with gawkers and supporters, including Hector and Sub-Hera. A flat screen TV hangs on the wall. A COUNCIL MODERATOR sits at the head of a U-shaped table, a gavel nearby. Jane and Rick sit on one side, Beth and Brad opposite them.

BETH

...and we're tired of calling the police. This sick behavior doesn't belong on a public street where families live. There should be better laws. We want to raise the standard of living in our neighborhood. Thank you.

Beth sits.

COUNCIL MODERATOR

Thank you, Mrs. Dudek. Now we'll review their cell phone footage of the incident.

An ASSISTANT plays the video: A group of raucous PARTY PEOPLE in fetish clothes including Hector and Sub-Hera on the sidewalk outside Aberration. A LEATHER DADDY (50s), holds the leash of a MALE PUP in full gear with crotch-less shorts and an cock sock.

Hector wallops Sub-Hera on the ass. She SQUEALS. He nods to Leather Daddy who grabs her arms. Hector "play punches" her in the chest.

BRAD (O.C.)

Oh my God! He's hitting her! And there's a man...dog...or dog man thing.

Hector treats Sub-Hera's chest like a speed bag. Pup playfully nuzzles Leather Daddy's crotch.

The Assistant stops the video. The crowd MURMURS.

COUNCIL MODERATOR

Alright, settle down. Now, we'll hear a statement from the owner of Aberration, Jane Johnson.

Jane stands, speech in hand.

JANE

First, I want to thank the Council for the opportunity to clear up some misperceptions. Yes, we at Aberration are atypical but that doesn't mean we should be erased. My business has been here for fifteen years and we've been active in this community, proving that--

BRAD

I'm sorry, but we shouldn't be forced to witness bestiality--

JANE

Pup play doesn't mean you want to have sex with a dog.

BRAD

--and violence against women on our doorstep.

JANE

"Play punching" is safe and that moment was consensual.

BETH

How do you know? You weren't there.

Jane fingers a pencil on the table. The Council Moderator raps the gavel.

COUNCIL MODERATOR

Let's--

JANE

Those people had just come from an event at Aberration. They teach workshops on that subject.

BRAD

We don't care. We moved here for work, we're ready to start a family and you should just accept that your kind of filth is not welcome in this neighborhood anymore.

JANE

You should've researched the city a little better before you fell off the truck from a flyover state. Maybe you need to go back to where your narrow-minded viewpoints are as common as inbreeding.

The Crowd gets vocal. The Council Moderator bangs the gavel. Brad jumps to his feet.

BRAD

We didn't come here to be insulted. You and your whorehouse are done.

Jane snaps the pencil in half and throws it to the floor. Rick quickly stands and holds her steady. The crowd is shocked, gets louder.

RICK

(to Jane)
Not like this. Come on.

They lock eyes. She submits. He steers her toward the door.

INT. CANNING FAMILY HOME - HALLWAY - NEXT DAY

Free weights and boxes heaped at one end, toys strewn around. Family photos line the wall, including an old portrait photo of a younger Mona with pink hair.

Zoey juggles her phone, a list and keys. She bumps into a box and shit goes flying. She gathers her items and keeps marching. She kicks a toy into the kids' bedroom.

INT. CANNING FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Center island. A bay window with a seat. MAX CANNING (35), a ruggedly handsome, contented everyman, laughs with Daniel and Brenna at the table while they eat. Zoey enters.

ZOEY

Max, what are you doing?

BRENNA

Ice cream breakfast!

Daniel cheers. Zoey waves Max aside.

ZOEY

I was gonna get them ice cream while we were out.

MAX

Oh, babe, I'm sorry. I forgot. Hey, I'll be done cleaning out the garage by the end of the day.

ZOEY

Yes, I ran into your efforts trying to get out of the bedroom.

MAX

Don't worry. I've got--

ZOEY

Just don't. I'm pissed. Let me be pissed.

MAX

But I want you to be happy.

ZOEY

And I want you to stick to the plan. But you can't always get what you want.

She kisses the kids.

ZOEY (cont'd)

You guys stay here and help Dad. I'll see you later.

She turns to leave. Max stops her at the door.

MAX

What's my schedule on party day?

ZOEY

Don't worry, you'll get to the gym.

MAX

Gotta look good for my beautiful girl.

ZOEY

Yes, you do.

MAX

I'm so grateful you said yes.

He kisses her and turns back to the kids. She watches them, sentimental and frustrated.

INT. ICE CREAM SHOP - DAY

Bright and quiet. Zoey eats an ice cream cone, shopping bags at her feet. A haggard NEW MOM in a sweat-suit struggles with a baby in a huge carrier. Frozen, Zoey watches her hoist the carrier onto a table with great effort. New Mom's purse slips off her shoulder and the contents scatter on the floor. The baby cries. She sags with exhaustion.

Zoey is shaken, verging on panic. She gathers her bags and hurries to the door. She dumps her unfinished cone in the trash.

INT. VILLAGE CAFE - DAY

Mona sits at a table with a number stand. Olga enters.

OLGA

Excuse me, Mona Canning arrived first? Wow!

MONA

Olga, don't be a dick. I need your advice. When I interviewed at Aberration yesterday Mistress Jane asked me to watch a session. The guy got naked--

OLGA

Was he hot?

MONA

She put him in a diaper--

Olga bursts into laughter.

OLGA
Like, what? Man-sized pampers? Man
pampers! Manpers!

MONA
And there were scabs and--

OLGA
Oh God. Not scabs.

MONA
Yep, I threw up and bolted. Olga,
stop laughing.

OLGA
(still laughing)
No.

MONA
Help me. How can I redeem myself
with Mistress Jane?

OLGA
Offer to have the floor
disinfected? Maybe vomit is a sign
that dominatrix work isn't for you.

MONA
No, it's a sign that scabby clients
aren't for me.

OLGA
Just go say you're sorry.

Mona's phone PINGS with a text.

MONA
It's Max.

A CHYRON appears on screen:

Max: **"Hey, punk. Still coming to the party?"**

Mona: **Hey, big brother. Said I would.**

Mona sets the phone down.

MONA (cont'd)
He's making sure I'm going to the
party. Again.

OLGA
Ooh, did you pick an outfit?

MONA

Retro housewife. Thought I'd wear something more reflective of Zoey's station in life. To be nice.

Olga smirks with approval. The Scrawny Barista appears and sets down two coffees.

SCRAWNY BARISTA

One Americano and one espresso.

MONA

Where is the X in espresso?

Olga dives into her phone, she knows what's coming.

SCRAWNY BARISTA

I'm sorry?

MONA

You should be. There's no X in espresso. It's an S. Not an X. Espresso. Got it? Please learn how to pronounce the things you serve. While you're at it please do a good deed by correcting customers who mangle the language.

SCRAWNY BARISTA

Well, excuse me.

MONA

Now, see, that does have an X in it.

He exits. Mona spanks the sugar packet against her hand and dumps it in her cup.

INT. CANNING FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - NEXT DAY

Max packs lunchboxes. Daniel and Brenna run around the kitchen, naked and wet.

MAX

Zoey? Need some help?

Daniel stops and puts his hands on his hips. Brenna giggles.

DANIEL

(bratty)

No, sir.

Zoey enters in a robe, holding her phone, looking frazzled.

ZOEY

Excuse me. Go get dressed.

Brenna hides behind Max. Daniel wraps himself around Zoey.

DANIEL

(exasperated)

But I don't know what to wear.

ZOEY

I know, Daniel. That's why I laid
your clothes on the bed.

Zoey's phone pings with a text from an unknown number. A
chyron appears on screen: **hey Zoey I'm Andrea the asst for
Lemon Bar. They luv what u did w/Nikki Sixx's event. Let's
talk.**

Giddy, Zoey pockets her phone in the robe.

MAX

Hurry up, guys. Come on.

ZOEY

I need five.

MAX

On it.

Zoey exits to...

INT. CANNING FAMILY HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

...leans against the closed door and rereads the text. She
connect earbuds to her phone and BLASTS rock music.

INT. THE JOHNSON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Jane makes the bed just so. Rick enters, sits on it and
points to the floor in front of him. Jane kneels at his feet.

RICK

I want to talk about that meeting.

JANE

If they think I'm going to relocate
my business they're dumber than
they look.

RICK

It escalated fast.

JANE

Sir, I was prepared to give my speech and guide the conversation toward a solution. Instead I was attacked.

RICK

I didn't realize how much this has been affecting you. It's not good for you to get that out of control.

She looks up.

RICK (cont'd)

Which means it's not good for me. Understand?

JANE

Yes, Sir.

RICK

Going forward, I will be included in all decisions involving your neighbors.

JANE

A respectful reminder, my business decisions are mine alone.

RICK

You still have that freedom except for this. End of discussion.

She searches his eyes. He's not playing.

JANE

Yes, Sir.

RICK

Good.

Rick cups her face and tenderly kisses her lips. He exits. Jane smooths the bed.

EXT. ABERRATION - DAY

Zoey, duffel bag on her shoulder, checks her phone. Her breath catches. A Getty Images memory photo pops up: Zoey and NIKKI SIXX stand close, cozy. The caption reads: Event Chairwoman Zoey Cannon and Motley Crue bassist, Nikki Sixx. The red carpet backdrop reads: "Covenant House Fundraiser." Jane appears. Zoey turns off her screen, emotional.

JANE
God, I'm so hot.

She takes off her coat.

ZOEY
Is it a flash?

JANE
No. Fuck you very much.

ZOEY
You need to go to the doctor.

They link arms and walk down the street.

JANE
Speaking of hot who did you play
with today? Harry Styles? Or
someone from the Foo Fighters?

ZOEY
A very unconvincing Prince.

Jane erupts into laughter. Zoey's eyes fill with tears. She stops walking.

JANE
Hey, what's wrong?

ZOEY
That fucking fundraiser. I agreed
to chair it because Motley Crue was
my favorite client but it stirred
up so much shit. My sessions aren't
helping.

JANE
Cathartic play is designed to break
through our emotional blocks. It's
gonna get better but the timing
can't be dictated.

ZOEY
I'm just role-playing the old me.
When I leave that room it's over
and I drive back to Long Island.

Jane tries to comfort her.

ZOEY (cont'd)
(through tears)
I saw this woman at the ice cream
shop all alone with her newborn.

(MORE)

ZOEY (CONT'D)

She looked like shit and was just trying to get something nice for herself and...I never wanted to be that woman.

JANE

You're not that woman.

ZOEY

An unplanned pregnancy made me that woman! I shouldn't have given up my career. It all feels like a mistake I can't take back.

Jane takes Zoey's face in her hands.

JANE

Babe, this is part of the healing process. It sucks, but your sessions are helping. You just can't see it yet.

Zoey knows she's right. She takes a restorative breath. Jane reaches in her purse and pulls out a tissue and a compact.

JANE (cont'd)

Now fix your face.

Zoey takes the compact and examines the damage, in repair mode.

ZOEY

Y'know, Jon Bon Jovi wouldn't spank me in real life. I tried.

Jane laughs.

ZOEY (cont'd)

Has Rick said anything about the meeting yet?

JANE

This morning. He's not happy.

ZOEY

What're you gonna do?

JANE

I'm going to talk to Beth Dudek alone.

ZOEY

Rick's okay with that?

Jane gives her side-eye.

ZOEY (cont'd)
And if shit goes south?

JANE
Last resort? I'll call The Pernach.

Zoey snaps the compact shut, concerned.

ZOEY
Jane, that price is high.

JANE
I'm not getting cancelled. Not
after all these years and not by
people like them.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE - SIDEWALK - NEXT DAY

Mona and Max carry drinks and wrapped hot dogs east on 72nd Street. They stop at the light.

MAX
It's good to have you back.

MONA
NYU was always the plan for grad
school. And I missed our lunches.

The light changes. Max puts his arm around her. They step off the curb.

MONA (cont'd)
I can't make the party after all.

Max stops walking in the middle of the intersection. Really? A car honks. Mona grabs him.

MONA (cont'd)
Just kidding, big brother. Get out
of the street.

They enter...

EXT. CENTRAL PARK

...and walk the path.

MAX
That wasn't funny.

MONA

Then you're really not gonna like what I have planned for that night.

MAX

Mona, don't. I'm serious. I need you to be nice to Zoey.

MONA

Why? Is she not over it?

MAX

You mean the fight you started?

MONA

It wasn't a fight, it was a bedtime story.

INT. CANNING FAMILY HOME - KIDS' BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Daniel and Brenna are tucked into their beds. Mona sits on Brenna's bed. A picture on the nightstand of pink-haired Mona playing with the kids in the park.

MONA

And Princess Mona was so sad. She missed her parents very much. All she had left were memories and the beautiful home where she grew up, where she felt safe. Then one day a mean witch-monster named Hagatha Zoey broke in and threw the orphan Princess in the gutter with nothing but the clothes on her back.

We HEAR an angry gasp from the door. Mona turns. Zoey stands there in disbelief.

ZOEY

What the hell are you doing?

Mona calmly walks to Zoey.

MONA

(quietly)
Telling the truth.

She exits. (END FLASHBACK)

Mona and Max sit on a park bench eating lunch.

MAX

I'm asking both of you, please be civil to each other. Just four hours. One party. I have a nice suit and I want a fun night. Can you do that?

MONA

For you, I'll make the effort.

Max is touched...actually believes her.

EXT. MIDTOWN EAST NEIGHBORHOOD - BUSINESS DISTRICT - NEXT DAY

A landscaped courtyard surrounded by high rises. Beth eats lunch at a round table, flips through a magazine.

Jane enters the courtyard, sees Beth but hesitates. Then, shoulders back, she approaches.

JANE

Hello, Beth.

Beth looks up, startled.

BETH

What're you doing here? How do you know where I work?

JANE

I'm taking the chance that you and I can talk, woman to woman.

BETH

Are you stalking me?

JANE

I thought that we could find a resolution together.

Beth is unsure how to respond.

JANE (cont'd)

I want to get a better idea of where you're coming from. And maybe help you understand the actual benefits of what we do as opposed to the perception. If we can understand each other we can peacefully co-exist.

Beth stares at Jane, incredulous.

JANE (cont'd)
If you're not comfortable working
this out with me, the city has a
free arbitration program called
MEND NYC--

BETH
There's nothing to arbitrate.

JANE
Pardon me?

BETH
We're not interested in peaceful co-
existence. What you do is sick.

JANE
If you can't tolerate people who
are different then New York City
isn't the place for you.

BETH
I don't agree. You'll be hearing
from my attorney.

Beth shoves her chair back and exits.

INT. ABERRATION - RAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Padded walls. Tables covered with breakable objects including
the white vase with a blue-flowered pattern. A choice of
weapons on wall pegs: bat, shovel, sledgehammer, etc. Jane
enters in custom-made protective gear.

She hoists the shovel and flattens a tower of bowls. Jane
stalks the room and with every smash she feels the power come
back into her body. She continues until all the tables are
empty, everything is destroyed. She's sated, renewed, ready
for war.

INT. ABERRATION - HALLWAY

TOY, a gimp in a heavy chain-link collar with a padlock,
stands guard at the Rage Room door holding a broom and
dustpan. Jane emerges and nods to Toy who enters the room.

Jane, now alone, pulls her phone out of her pocket. She
scrolls her contacts and clicks on The Pernach. She takes a
deep breath and composes a text.

INT. CANNING FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - NEXT DAY

A wireless speaker is on the counter next to a piece of paper. Zoey dances with Daniel and Brenna to a melodic rock song. Max enters with his gym bag, sweaty. He joins in and twirls Zoey. He dips her as the song ends.

ZOEY
Okay guys. Go play.

BRENNA
Awww, we wanna keep dancing.

ZOEY
Skedaddle.

Daniel and Brenna exit. Max picks up the piece of paper, it's his party-prep list.

MAX
Workout check. What's next?
Rearrange the living room
furniture.

ZOEY
I'm going to get my hair done.

She turns to leave. He stops her.

MAX
By the way, I saw the credit card
statement. What'd you buy for two
hundred dollars?

ZOEY
A dress. Lemon Bar is coming to
town.

MAX
Lemon Bar? Sweet! You're taking me,
right?

ZOEY
Only if you're good.

MAX
I'm always good.

She kisses him and walks to the door.

MAX (cont'd)
Speaking of good, can you do me a
favor? Ease up on Mona a little
tonight.

She stops and tenses up.

MAX (cont'd)
Just a little.

ZOEY
Is she going to ease up on me? I'm
the one who's turning forty-four.

MAX
But, you're also celebrating five
years of marriage to a hot younger
man.

She looks him up and down.

ZOEY
(flirtatious)
I could've done that without a
party.

Zoey smirks and exits.

INT. THE JOHNSON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A white cat, PEPPER, lies on the bed. Jane, in a "getting ready" slip dress, lays out Rick's clothes.

JANE
These are not for you to roll
around on, Pepper. Got it?

She scratches Pepper's chin and then arranges a pair of men's dress shoes 'just so' on the floor. A 24"x36" frame wrapped in brown paper with a red bow leans against the wall. A black cat, SALT, rubs up against it. Jane enters the...

INT. BATHROOM

A double sink vanity with a hook-style faucet. A glass shower. Jane picks up a curling iron and coils a section of hair. Rick enters naked, and wraps his arms around her.

RICK
Put that down.

JANE
Yes, Sir.

She places the curling iron on the back of the toilet.

RICK
Grab the faucet.

She slides her hands onto the faucet. Rick grabs a chunk of her hair at the crown and yanks her head up and back.

RICK (cont'd)
And this time don't break it.

Rick pulls lubricant out of a drawer and applies it. The sex is intense, urgent and hot. In tune with each other their eyes lock in the mirror and their orgasms arrive quickly. Rick bites and then kisses her shoulder.

RICK (cont'd)
Good girl.

JANE
Thank you, Sir.

INT. THE JOHNSON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rick sits on the bed fully dressed. He strokes Salt who is curled up beside him. Jane kneels at his feet and helps him put on his shoes. He drinks in this moment of service. She glances at the present against the wall.

JANE
That better be good.

RICK
What do you mean?

JANE
Zoey's going through a rough patch.

RICK
How so?

JANE
You know Zoey. Add her birthday to it.

He's sympathetic.

JANE (cont'd)
She's also pissed that Mona's coming. That girl has been trying to break them up since they met. Zoey thinks she's up to something.

RICK
She's not a bad kid. She's just
young and full of feelings.

JANE
Well, I finally get to see for
myself.

RICK
This should be fun.

JANE
May I please finish getting ready?

RICK
You may, baby girl.

She stands. He slaps her on the ass. Hard. She walks to the closet smiling.

INT. CANNING FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Zoey, in the sparkling mini-dress, stands at the island with the CHEF. She tastes sauce from a spoon, approves. Max enters.

MAX
Hey, gorgeous. The kids are settled
in at Lisa's. Need any help?

ZOEY
All set. Go get dressed.

She squeezes his ass. The doorbell RINGS.

ZOEY (cont'd)
Already? Shit.

EXT. CANNING FAMILY HOME - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Zoey opens the door. Yeah, shit.

ZOEY
You're early.

Mona, in a long coat, holds a small present. MONA'S DATE (30s), in a conservative suit, stands slightly behind her.

MONA
Like, five minutes. I wanted to see
Max before it gets too turnt up in
here.

Mona pushes past Zoey into the...

INT. FOYER

Mona's Date follows. A table near the door holds one gift. Mona takes her coat off to reveal a Mad Men-esque housewife cocktail dress. Zoey stares at the "costume."

ZOEY

Fucking 1955. What the hell are you wearing?

MONA

I'm celebrating your five years of being a housewife.

ZOEY

Grow up.

She exits. Mona leads her Date into the...

INT. LIVING ROOM

Decked out in reds and whites. Hundreds of tiny party lights overhead. Candles warm the space, Frank Sinatra fills it with sound. A makeshift bar is against the far wall.

MONA

Meet me at the buffet in ten minutes.

INT. CANNING FAMILY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Max, in front of a free-standing mirror, buttons his white shirt. A suit jacket and lint brush are on the bed. Mona enters.

MONA

Maximillian Canning.

MAX

Hey! Hi, punk.

He enfolds her in a bear hug.

MAX (cont'd)

You're here. And on time.

MONA

You're welcome. It's hard to gauge the trip from the city to butt-fuck Egypt.

He tucks his shirt into his pants and buckles his belt.

MAX

Nice mouth.

MONA

You prefer the sticks? The 'burbs?'
Hell?

Mona sets the present on the dresser.

MONA (cont'd)

Happy Anniversary, big brother.

MAX

Thanks. Did you wish Zoey a happy
birthday?

MONA

Who gets married on their birthday?
Stupid.

MAX

No, smart. I'm the best birthday
present she ever got.

Mona picks up the lint brush.

MONA

I get that you like to make her
happy. I just wonder if she does
the same for you.

MAX

She does.

He puts on the jacket.

MONA

Mom would've liked this suit.

She lint-rollers his jacket.

MAX

Did you bring a date?

MONA

Yes. Only because I didn't want to
ride the train and he has a car. I
don't even have to put out unless I
want to.

MAX

God, Mona. Don't be gross.

MONA
Don't be a virgin.

The doorbell RINGS. Several voices flood the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The party is in full swing. CATERERS arrange platters of food on a long table. A DJ cranks out music. Zoey and Max dance close, in their own bubble. Mona watches.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Max opens the door to Jane and Rick. Jane wears a provocative dress and holds two small, wrapped gifts. Rick holds the big gift.

MAX
Hey guys, come in.

Max ushers them inside and kisses Jane's cheek.

MAX (cont'd)
Jane, you look gorgeous as usual.

JANE
Very nice suit. Where's Mona?

MAX
Around here somewhere. Why?

JANE
I wanna meet her.

MAX
(incredulous)
You've met.

JANE
No we haven't. You never had us over in the city, and you guys eloped when she was away at college. This is the first thing she's ever shown up for.

MAX
Hopefully it won't be the last.
(to Rick)
Now let's sneak that into the mud room while Zoey's not looking.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Zoey stands in the center of a group of admiring WOMEN who don't look quite as cool as she does.

ZOEY
...and that's when Aerosmith showed
up.

The women gasp, some impressed and others exchange knowing glances. They've heard this before.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rick walks down the hall and bumps into Mona.

RICK
Sorry. Mona?

MONA
Rick Johnson. Still sexy.

They hug.

RICK
Welcome home. I like the new hair
color.

MONA
Wicked, right?

Rick smiles, she hasn't changed.

RICK
My wife's looking forward to
meeting you.

MONA
Cool. I'll come find you later.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

At the bar Zoey has a cocktail. Jane sips wine and fans her face.

JANE
It's silly, but I keep thinking
about her.

ZOEY

It's silly because your pet projects never turn out the way you hope.

JANE

Sasha is different.

ZOEY

That's what you said about Vanessa.

JANE

Sasha's not a pet.

ZOEY

Don't you have enough on your plate?

JANE

There's a masterful dominant in there somewhere. She just needs direction.

ANNA and MARIE (40s), Long Island housewives, approach.

ANNA

Hi, Jane. I haven't seen you since the fourth of July block party.

ZOEY

You remember Anna and Marie. Our kids go to the same school.

Marie gives Jane's outfit the once-over. Jane ignores it.

JANE

Of course.

(to Anna)

How did your mom's surgery go?

ANNA

Very well. Thank you so much for asking.

A new song begins. Marie snatches Anna's arm.

MARIE

I love this song. Let's go dance.

Anna gives Jane a small wave.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mona holds a drink and watches people. Mona's Date presents a plate of food for her inspection. She's not happy.

MONA'S DATE
I'm sorry. They're out.

MONA
(loud)
How could they be out of crab cakes
already?

NEARBY

Jane and Zoey look over and see the back of Mona's head.

JANE
Someone sure likes crab cakes.

ZOEY
That's Max's little sister.

Mona turns around and lasers in on Zoey. Jane recognizes Mona as "Sasha" from the interview.

JANE
Oh fuck.

ZOEY
I know, right?

Mona marches up to Zoey.

MONA
FYI, there's a lack of crab cakes.

Rick and Max appear with plates of food.

RICK
Mona. This is my wife Jane.

Mona notices Jane for the first time. Stunned, she drops her drink, some of it splashes on Zoey's shoes.

ZOEY
Jesus Christ. What the hell's wrong
with you?

MAX
Zoey, calm down. It's not a big
deal.

Max moves Mona away from the glass.

ZOEY
Don't tell me to calm down. I hate
that.

RICK
Hey everyone, it's a party.
Accidents happen.

Rick flags the BARTENDER.

RICK (cont'd)
Can we get someone to clean this?

Zoey and Jane leave the room. Mona watches, stunned.

INT. CANNING HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Zoey bursts into the room, Jane close behind and freaked.

JANE
That's Mona?

Zoey takes off her shoes and hands them to Jane.

ZOEY
God damn her. Every fucking time.

Zoey walks into the closet. Jane bangs the shoes together like erasers. Fight? Flight? Freeze? She paces then decides to flee but Zoey reappears with a new pair of shoes.

ZOEY (cont'd)
If she had her way we never
would've gotten married. She was a
bitch then, she's a bitch now.
She's never going to change.

Jane needs air.

JANE
You may be right.

ZOEY
Of course I'm right.

Zoey walks to the mirror and reapplies lipstick.

JANE
I should check on Rick. Do you need
anything?

ZOEY
Yeah, set fire to her stupid
petticoat. Asshole.

Jane forces a supportive grin, drops the shoes near the door
and exits to...

INT. HALLWAY

She passes the portrait photo of pink-haired Mona. She stops
and studies it. Of course. She walks into the...

INT. LIVING ROOM

She scans the crowd needing Rick. Anna appears, a little in
her cups.

ANNA
I think what you do is really cool.
I'm kinky sometimes.

JANE
I knew I liked you.

Jane squeezes Anna's upper arm and spots Rick.

ANNA
Whatever you do don't mention
ostrich feathers around my husband.

Jane is already making her way through the crowd, her eyes
fixed on her Dominant. Rick holds a near-empty glass and
surveys the buffet. Her submissive side kicks in. She slides
behind him.

JANE
Would it please you, Sir, if I
refreshed your drink?

RICK
It would please me if you buried
your face between my ass cheeks.

Rick hands her the glass. She kisses his hand, all turbulent
emotions are reset. She walks to the bar and signals the
Bartender. Mona appears.

MONA
How do you know my sister-in-law?

JANE
Hmm, you sound more like a Sasha.

MONA

Answer me.

JANE

Please would be nice.

MONA

Please. How do you know her?

JANE

We've been best friends for over a decade.

MONA

For fuck's sake. Does she know what you do?

JANE

Yes.

Mona's face falls, but she holds Jane's gaze.

MONA

Does my brother?

JANE

Yes. But he pretends he doesn't.

MONA

That sounds right. And you're Rick's wife.

JANE

Surprise. After all your bravado it was disappointing to discover you don't have the stomach for the work.

MONA

I'm not into festering wounds, that's all. I'm sorry. I should've told someone what I did.

The Bartender appears. Jane slides the glass forward and taps the rim. The Bartender nods.

MONA (cont'd)

Did you have sex with him?

JANE

No. It's not about sex. I mean, a lot of times they get off. I rarely do.

MONA

Where's the fun in that?

JANE

What we do at Aberration is separate from personal play time. That client, Roger, has a chronic disease. He didn't need an orgasm, he needed to feel accepted and loved and sometimes that's the job.

The Bartender slides a fresh drink in front of Jane.

MONA

Doesn't anyone just want to get beat up?

JANE

There's still plenty of those. You should've told me Sasha was your scene name when you came to me about the job.

MONA

You're dumping on my fake name because of Zoey. If it was anyone else you wouldn't care.

JANE

But you aren't anyone else. You're my best friend's sister-in-law and you make her miserable. That's a problem for me.

Mona's taken aback, of course Zoey talks about her to Jane.

MONA

There's two sides to every story.

JANE

Maybe. But I'm not going to be used as a 'fuck you' to Zoey. There are other dungeons in the city. I can make recommendations.

Jane starts to leave. Mona blocks her.

MONA

That's not what I want. As fucked up as it seems now I still want you.

Jane is pulled back in. Those words scratch a never-ending itch.

MONA (cont'd)
Look, I can imagine some of the
awful shit Zoey has said about me
but you know me in a different way.
I can leave Zoey out of the
dungeon. Can you?

Jane sizes her up, torn.

JANE
What about Max?

MONA
He'd lose his goddamned mind.

They share a laugh, back on common ground. Mona touches
Jane's arm. Zoey sees this exchange, doesn't like it.

MONA (cont'd)
You had just met me and knew my
deepest desire. Can we at least
talk about this some more?
Mistress.

Jane appreciates the change in tactic but pulls back.

JANE
Not here. Come see me on Monday.

Jane takes the drink and walks toward Rick who props the gift
against the wall.

DJ (O.S.)
Attention everyone! Max has
something to say.

Max takes the microphone.

MAX
Where's Zoey? Sweetheart?

Zoey glares at Mona then walks to Max.

MAX (cont'd)
First of all happy birthday to my
beautiful wife.

Max kisses her on the cheek as the guests cheer.

MAX (cont'd)
You all know that Zoey gave up her
life as a Tour Manager to marry me.
She was the boss of--

ZOEY

Stop. Honey, really.

MAX

Anyway, Zoey chaired a fundraiser for Covenant House with a special appearance by Nikki Sixx, the bassist and founder of Motley Crue. He personally thanked my wife for her hard work to raise money to help homeless and at-risk youth. I'm so proud of you. Happy Anniversary!

Max lifts off the brown paper. It's a framed, black and white photograph of Zoey sandwiched between Max and Nikki Sixx at the fundraiser. She looks sexy and proud. She and Nikki beam at each other, intimate and admiring. Secretive. Max looks directly at the camera with a big goofy grin.

The photo is an assault. Past and present in one picture. Zoey tries to hide her pain with a smile but the tears come.

Max hugs her. Jane appears by Zoey's side. Mona approaches.

The reflection of Zoey, Jane, and Mona can be seen in the glass now until it washes out the actual photo. A "Motley Crue" song kicks in.