

# **A BRIEF AFFAIR**

Written by  
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FADE IN:

INT. UNDERWEAR PLANT-SOUTH AMERICAN VILLAGE - NIGHT

Guerilla fighters break in and loot the underwear factory. They use the thong underwear as slingshots and wear the bras on their heads like ear muffs.

The guerilla commander gives the signal. They scramble and ignite sticks of dynamite, pour gasoline, and torch the place.

EXT. UNDERWEAR PLANT/SOUTH AMERICAN VILLAGE - NIGHT

They run out with underwear still on their heads as the underwear plant catches fire, then goes up in flames. The SOUND of cheering and the crack of dynamite overlap...

CUT TO:

INT. WILD WEAR STORE/NIGHT CLUB- CHICAGO - NIGHT

The SOUND of cheering as bottles of CHAMPAGNE POP open while scantily clad women strut along a catwalk. The checkout counter in the center of the store doubles as the bar.

The slinky models strut their stuff to the song, WILD THING as WOODY WILD (49), the charismatic owner of this the trendy lingerie store-turned-nightclub dons a fancy pair of boxers and has a super model, like leggy fashion accessories.

DICK RICCIO (50+), Woody's slick and savvy right-hand-man hands him a shot glass. They toast.

WOODY  
Thanks Dick!

DICK  
Am I your favorite Dick or what?

WOODY  
My second favorite.

One of the models on the catwalk offers shelf-like breasts for the next round. The bartender balances the shots. They gun back their drinks and nestles the glasses back in.

WOODY  
Thanks, Baby.

BABY  
My pleasure, Woody.

One of the super models on his arm protests.

BABY #2  
I thought I was Baby!

WOODY  
You can both be Baby.

The women smile at one another. The three drink to that.

HEATHER HALL (35), the "all smiles" reporter from the famed, ENTERTAINMENT RIGHT NOW sends her cameramen up to interview Woody. She re-stages the cleavage-as-drink holder scenario.

HEATHER  
(To her cameraman)  
Boobs sell.

Woody and Dick take their drinks and toast Heather.

HEATHER  
(to the camera)  
Tonight we're celebrating the opening of the first WILD WEAR nightclub. I'm here with Woody Wild, underwear mogul and visionary. Congratulations Woody.

WOODY  
Thanks Heather.

HEATHER  
Whoever thought you could have this much fun with underwear!

WOODY  
That's what Wild Wear is all about.

HEATHER  
Is this the one and only lingerie store-turned-nightclub or are you hoping to expand?

WOODY  
(with innuendo)  
I'm always hoping to expand.

Woody waits for the innuendo to sink in.

HEATHER

So I'm told.

WOODY

I think it's time for a change in underwear. Not just how we wear it, but its place in our culture. Underwear shouldn't be so boring.

HEATHER

Is that a message to your competition?

Woody smiles as if he's already won the race.

P.O.V cameraman who pans the room and takes in the full effects of the WILD WEAR nightclub.

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY OPENING - NIGHT

Across town, an art gallery teems with an eccentric crowd as SYDNEY STONE, (39, attractive and artistic) discusses one of her pieces, taking herself a bit seriously.

Two decorated manikins- the male has on neon flashing boxers made of credit cards, the female has goldfish bowls for breasts with live gold fish swimming around inside.

SYDNEY

Our society has objectified both men and women: he's the endless money-maker, she's the source of constant entertainment.

She's interrupted by RALPH BROWN (40+, dorky and annoying).

RALPH

Beautiful artwork, Sydney.

SYDNEY

How about meaningful or poignant?

RALPH

Sure.

SYDNEY

He's not coming, is he?

RALPH

He really wanted to be here.

SYDNEY

Save the excuses, Ralph. Since he married his last bimbo, I hardly see him anymore.

RALPH

He couldn't make it because-

SYDNEY

What is she, like twelve?

RALPH

Thirty-five.

SYDNEY

I'm so tired of dealing with these psycho, gold digging stepmothers. What is wrong with him?

RALPH

Surgery.

SYDNEY

I wish! If only we could surgically remove my ex-step mothers.

RALPH

No. Your father had hip surgery.

SYDNEY

What? Why didn't he tell me?

RALPH

There were complications with the anesthesia.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Sydney descends on the hospital like a whirlwind. The nurses and security try to stop her. Ralph can't keep up.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE - NIGHT

Sydney stops when she sees SYDNEY SENIOR (65), hooked up to machines. PEACHES, (35, bubbly blonde wife) sits next to him.

SYDNEY

Dad!

PEACHES  
Sydney, he's in a coma.

SYDNEY  
Why didn't you call me earlier?

PEACHES  
It was your big art opening. You should have let me send some press.

SYDNEY  
Why didn't you call me *before* he had the surgery?

PEACHES  
He didn't want to worry you.

SYDNEY  
Are you kidding me?!

PEACHES  
Your dad was so happy that we're getting along.

SYDNEY  
We're not getting along, Peaches.

Sydney turns to her father.

SYDNEY  
Dad. If you can here me, I'm here.

PEACHES  
(whispers to Sydney)  
For his sake, pretend we're getting along. I don't want to upset him. He's a very sensitive man.

SYDNEY  
I know. I've been in his life a lot longer than you have and you're not my first step mother either. I want to speak with his doctor. No, I want the head of the hospital.

RALPH  
(arrives breathless)  
I already called him.

SYDNEY  
I can't believe this happened.

Sydney looks at her father. A nurse sweeps back the curtains.

NURSE

Only one of you in here at a time.  
This is an I.C.U., not a nightclub.

Sydney gives Peaches and Ralph a look. Peaches kisses Sydney Senior on the forehead. They leave Sydney alone with him. She sits by his bedside and holds his hand. A doctor enters.

CUT TO:

INT. WOODY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Woody is in bed with two models, (a.k.a The "Babies"). He hands one of them a bottle of heated massage oil and points. She giggles. He moans. He sinks into the Nirvana of it as the camera pulls back to show them massaging his feet.

WOODY

Ahhh, yes!

Later, the two Babies are asleep wrapped in one another's arms. The phone rings. Woody answers it.

WOODY

Hello. (Pause). Send him up.

He shimmies to the corner of the bed as the elevator dings, accompanied by a frantic doorbell. Woody slips from the oil on his feet trying to get to the door. Dick charges in.

DICK

Did you hear?

WOODY

Don't tell me they torched another  
one of my plants.

DICK

The old man is in a coma.

WOODY

Which old man?

DICK

The one with all his underwear  
plants in the United States.

WOODY

That's a shame. I hope he's okay.

DICK

That's fantastic!

WOODY

I've already tried. He won't sell or merge or even let me rent his plants.

DICK

Now that he's in a coma, you never how cooperative he'll become.

WOODY

God, you're good.

DICK

You hear that girls!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

It's early morning. Sydney walks to the EL station.

EXT. EL PLATFORM - DAY

Sydney waits for the train. Just as it arrives, a group of TOUGH GUYS, (4 derelicts, early twenties), stand near her.

INT. EL TRAIN - DAY

Sydney sits down and then stands back up when the tough guys get too close. Sydney doesn't back down. She stares them down and gets off the train just before the doors close again.

EXT. STONE BRIEFS BUILDING- DAY

While the Tough Guys didn't make her flinch, the sight of the Stone Briefs Building makes her cower. She looks up at it.

Time passes and soon it's rush hour and the streets and sidewalks are crowded. She has been standing in the same place for hours. At nine o'clock, she finally goes in.

INT. STONE BRIEFS OFFICE - DAY

The reception area has the Stone Brief's motto on the wall: Pure and Simple. Made in the U.S.A.

As Sydney approaches the desk, Ralph emerges from behind a closed door and whisks her toward a large conference room.



RALPH

They're all here. Can I get you something to drink? Coffee, tea?

He opens the conference room door where Sydney's three ex-step mothers and Peaches await.

SYDNEY

(quietly to Ralph)  
Strychnine.

Sydney sits at the head of the long shiny conference table.

SYDNEY

If it isn't Eeenie, Meanie, Meinie, and Moe!

RALPH

I trust you all know each other.

PEACHES

I've never met any of them.

SYDNEY

Allow me to introduce my ex-step mothers: Thelma, the queen of Plastic Surgery.

THELMA (60+) looks like the JOKER and speaks with a slur since her last face lift has been pulled too tight.

THELMA

You're still such a brat.

SYDNEY

Rita. Nice of you to show up sober!

RITA (55+) glares at her. She looks stoned.

SYDNEY

Or not. And Cha-Cha! You might want to count your fingers after you shake her hand.

CHA-CHA

(Spanish/Hungarian accent)  
I'm going to give you a kiss!

CHA-CHA (45+) dressed like a slut, clops around the conference table and hugs and kisses Sydney. She starts clopping back to her seat when Sydney stops her.

SYDNEY

Come on, Cha-cha, give it all back.

Cha-Cha smiles sheepishly and reveals: gum, keys, one animal cracker.

SYDNEY

You ate my other animal cracker!

CHA-CHA

You know how much I love them.

RALPH

We don't have time to reminisce.

PEACHES

Excuse me!

RALPH

Sorry. This is Peaches.

THELMA

And you are, still in high school?

Peaches holds out her hand to shake Thelma's and shows off a tomato-sized diamond ring on her finger. Thelma declines.

PEACHES

Nice to meet you.

SYDNEY

No it's not. Trust me.

CHA-CHA

So, you're wife number five.

RITA

Can you count that high, Pumpkin?

PEACHES

It's Peaches.

RITA

Sure it is.

RALPH

The reason I've called you all here is because Sydney Senior slipped into a coma yesterday.

CHA-CHA

So terrible! A coma! Oh Dios Mio!

The step mothers go into fake histrionics. Ralph quiets them.

RALPH

He could pull out of it at anytime-  
or it could be months.

THELMA

Is he going to be all right?

RALPH

We hope so.

RITA

Who's in charge?

RALPH

Sydney is for now.

THELMA

That's ridiculous!

Sydney and the stepmothers glare at each other.

THELMA

She doesn't know how to run this  
company. I can run this company!

RALPH

I'll still be in charge of the day  
to day operations. She's been  
appointed as the Chairman of the  
Board in her father's absence.

RITA

Then why are we here?

RALPH

It seems in all of your divorces  
there was a clause that entitled  
you to a piece of the company upon  
Sydney Senior's death. Since our  
Board was recently dismantled and  
is in transition, you four and  
Sydney are the only remaining board  
members.

PEACHES

But I'm not divorced!

THELMA

Not yet, Peachie.

PEACHES

It's Peaches.

THELMA

Whatever.

RALPH

You have an interest as a spouse with the right of survivorship. The four of you together have a fifty percent interest in Stone Briefs. Sydney has the other fifty percent.

SYDNEY

Which makes me partners with them?

THELMA

We think you're stupid and spoiled.

SYDNEY

I think you're a bunch of lazy, entitled, gold diggers.

RALPH

Ladies, you're going to have to work together.

SYDNEY

I can't work with them.

RALPH

They're in control of fifty percent of the company.

RITA

Which means that you can't spend one dime without our approval.

CHA-CHA

How do we know we can trust you not to ruin everything?

SYDNEY

This is a nightmare. You mean I'll have to speak with them?

RALPH

I'm afraid so.

SYDNEY

What if I want to do something innovative with the company?

RITA

We won't approve it.

PEACHES

What are you thinking?

THELMA

It doesn't matter. She's not going to do anything unless we say so.

RITA

I'll bet she'd run the company into the ground just to spite us!

SYDNEY

It's a tempting thought, Cruella, but I love my father too much to destroy his life's work.

PEACHES

Maybe she's got some good ideas.

CHA-CHA

If she has ideas, they're going to be weird ones. You don't know her.

SYDNEY

Looks like you cornered the market on weird with your outfit!

Cha-Cha looks like a circus performer or a drag queen.

CHA-CHA

You know nothing about fashion!

Sydney looks at Ralph.

SYDNEY

They can't tell me what to do, can they?

RALPH

Actually, they have a legal right to keep track of how you spend the company's money.

THELMA

I'm having such a good day!

SYDNEY

Can you find a loophole that would allow me to make them vanish into thin air?

RITA

We don't want you losing all of our money, princess.

SYDNEY

I can't function if I have them breathing down my neck. (To Rita) Are you drinking nail polish remover?

PEACHES

What kinds of ideas do you have?

SYDNEY

I've had some ideas for a new product line for a while.

RALPH

If you're adding a new product line, you're required to get a minority vote.

SYDNEY

A minority vote?

RALPH

You'll need at least one of them to agree with you.

Rita unleashes a catty laugh.

CHA-CHA

This is not in the spirit that Sydney left us this company.

SYDNEY

He didn't leave you anything! He's not dead, you heartless imbecile!

She looks at Ralph. He just shrugs.

PEACHES

Let's look at this as an opportunity to get to know each other and possibly make some changes for the company.

Sydney gives her a look. The stepmothers scowl.

RITA

Someone please give Pollyanna a Valium, preferably intravenously.

THELMA

What if Sydney screws everything up? Can we throw her out? Fire her?

SYDNEY

What if one or more of my step  
mothers tries to kill me?

RITA

Genius. Wish I'd thought of that.

RALPH

If one of them even tries, they'll  
all forfeit their stake in the  
company.

THELMA

What if she dies from natural  
causes?

CHA-CHA

And you can't prove otherwise?

RITA

Accidents happen, you know.

RALPH

Even if it looks like natural  
causes or an accident- If she dies,  
ends up in a wheelchair, or even  
has a scratch on her- you all  
forfeit your money. Am I clear?

RITA

You mean if Thelma poisons her?  
Then I lose my money?

THELMA

Or Rita runs her over with a truck?

RITA

I would never drive a truck.

CHA-CHA

She could catch a disease.

THELMA

Most likely from you.

RALPH

Ladies, please. You can't kill  
Sydney or each other.

As the stepmothers whine about it, Ralph turns to Sydney.

RALPH  
 (quietly)  
 You're a lot better protected than  
 you realize.

SYDNEY  
 I'm not sure I want to run this  
 company. What if I walk away?

RALPH  
 If you relinquish your role, it all  
 reverts back to them.

Thelma, Rita, and Cha-Cha encourage her to decline.

PEACHES  
 Shut up you three! Sydney's still  
 in shock over her poor father's  
 condition.

The three ex-steps look at her, pause, then return to their  
 bickering. Peaches looks frustrated. Ralph snaps his  
 briefcase shut and exits, leaving them primed for battle.

CUT TO:

EXT. STONE BRIEFS BUILDING - DAY

Woody dons grungy clothes and a baseball cap. He slinks into  
 the building after hours with a cleaning crew.

INT. SYDNEY'S STONE BRIEFS OFFICE - DAY

Sydney sits on the floor next to her father's desk rummaging  
 through his bottom drawer, which is filled with memorabilia  
 from her various art openings with postcards of her artwork.

Ralph enters. She peeks her head around the corner.

RALPH  
 Sydney! You did a great job today  
 handling your stepmothers.

SYDNEY  
 You mean I did a great job not  
 killing them.

RALPH  
 Tempting, I'm sure.



SYDNEY

You have no idea. These women are certified sociopaths. There's got to be a way for me to extricate them from Stone Briefs.

RALPH

If there is, I'm sure you'll think if it. You've got your father's ingenuity.

SYDNEY

Luckily I don't have my father's horrible taste in partners!

Ralph looks wounded.

SYDNEY

I meant his wives.

RALPH

I know what you meant. I've always wondered why you seem to have *no taste* in partners.

SYDNEY

I just haven't met my match yet.

CUT TO:

INT. STONE BRIEFS BUILDING - DUSK

Woody rides up in the elevator, hanging out with the cleaning crew, slouched underneath his baseball cap.

INT. STONE BRIEFS OFFICE/SYDNEY'S OFFICE - DUSK

Sydney is alone, on the floor obscured by the desk, with her artwork sprawled out in front of her. She drinks a scotch as she watches the sunset from the huge window.

Woody enters and doesn't see her. She watches him as he snoops around, pours himself a scotch, and rifles through a filing cabinet.

She slams a drawer shut with her foot. Woody jumps. She's in jeans, so she could also be part of the cleaning staff.

WOODY

You keep cleaning. Don't mind me!

SYDNEY  
(With a fake accent)  
I no cleaning!

She glares at his scotch. He notices hers.

WOODY  
(raises his glass)  
Our little secret.

He continues snooping, then takes a folder labeled, U.S. PLANTS. She grabs the folder from his hands. He tries to grab it back. They struggle over it. The file explodes over postcards of her artwork. They scramble for the pages.

WOODY  
Thank God the man has better taste  
in scotch than he does in art!

SYDNEY  
(without the accent)  
That's it! Get out of here before I  
call the police!

WOODY  
(stunned)  
What?

SYDNEY  
You heard me. I'm going to have you  
thrown in jail for breaking and  
entering and for stealing scotch!

Sydney grabs the scotch and pushes him toward the door. He's so taken off guard he thinks it's a joke. He laughs as she pushes him out the door and locks it. Then he's stunned.

WOODY  
Who do you think you are?

SYDNEY  
Who do you think you are?

He pounds on the door and tries to get back in.

WOODY  
If you don't open this door, I'm  
going to tell the boss about the  
scotch, then no more cleaning for  
you!

She opens the door.

SYDNEY  
No more cleaning for me because I  
own this company!

WOODY  
What?

SYDNEY  
Do you know who I am?

WOODY  
Do you know who I am?

SYDNEY  
I'm Sydney Stone.

WOODY  
Sydney Stone is an old guy in a  
coma right now.

SYDNEY  
I'm Sydney Stone the Second. His  
daughter. I'm in charge of his  
company until he's well enough to-

WOODY  
(flabbergasted)  
Wow! I met you twenty years ago  
when you were a teenager. You look  
great! How's your dad?

SYDNEY  
Go away.

WOODY  
Wait! I'm Woody Wild.

SYDNEY  
I know who you are.

WOODY  
I thought you fell off the face of  
the earth. You've had no media  
coverage at all!

SYDNEY  
And you've had way too much.

She pushes him back out and slams the door again.

WOODY  
(pounds on it)  
Sydney, I'm sorry. Let's talk.  
(MORE)

WOODY (cont'd)

Do you remember when we met at fashion week years ago? You sat next to me. We had the best time.

She opens the door, fuming mad.

SYDNEY

If you ever step foot in this building again I will have you thrown in jail. Is that clear?

He stares at her, enamored. She's furious.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

It's dark as Sydney enters her father's private room. The machines whirl softly. Peaches sits in the dark corner.

PEACHES

Hi Sydney.

SYDNEY

Peaches?! You scared me.

PEACHES

I didn't mean to startle you.

SYDNEY

What are you doing here?

PEACHES

What do you mean? I'm here because I'm married to your dad and I'm in love with him.

SYDNEY

Oh right. And did you know all about his little quirks when you married him- the back problems, the hip problems, the hypertension, the workaholic tendencies, and the evil ex-wives.

PEACHES

I knew about all of it. All of it. Especially how much he loves you and your late mother.

Sydney looks really uncomfortable.

SYDNEY

At least he's out of the I.C.U.

PEACHES

The doctor said he stabilized and could come out of the coma anytime. Or, it could be weeks, months.

SYDNEY

What about his brain capacity?

PEACHES

Hard to tell right now.

SYDNEY

What if he's a bumbling idiot?

PEACHES

I'd love him anyway.

SYDNEY

At least until you collected your allowance.

PEACHES

That's not fair! I'm sure you've had your share of challenges with the other step mothers, but don't take it out on me. I love your father. I have my own money and I don't need his.

Peaches picks up her things and heads for the door.

SYDNEY

Where are you going?

PEACHES

I'm going to go get something to eat. I've been here since early this morning. I didn't want to leave in case he woke up.

SYDNEY

Oh.

PEACHES

I've been sleeping on that little cot, in case you're interested.

Peaches starts to leave.

SYDNEY

Peaches.

PEACHES

What?

SYDNEY

I'm sorry. And, thank you.

PEACHES

You can talk to him. The doctor said he may be able to hear you, something might register.

Peaches leaves. Sydney sits alone with him. She starts to say something to him and instead just holds his hand.

CUT TO:

INT. WILD WEAR STORE/NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

It's late. Woody is by himself at the store/nightclub. He sits in the dark in front of his laptop.

He "Googles" Sydney Stone and thousands of articles appear about Sydney Senior. He does another search and finds Sydney's mother, her step mothers, her art openings, etc.

He finds a photo of Sydney at Fashion Week as a teenager.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Early morning sun streams in as Ralph, Peaches, and Sydney sit around Senior's bed, (still in the coma).

RALPH

Sydney, there's a reporter here to speak with you.

SYDNEY

Give her the press release that Peaches wrote last night.

RALPH

She says she wants to talk to you about the future of Stone Briefs.

PEACHES

Who is it?

RALPH

Heather Hall from **Entertainment Right Now**.

PEACHES

Heather Hall. She's so smart. Want me to handle it?

SYDNEY

No. I've got it.

Peaches accompanies her to the hallway where she faces Heather Hall, the perky reporter from the nightclub.

HEATHER

I'm Heather Hall of Entertainment Right Now! You must be the mysterious Sydney Stone, heiress to the Stone Briefs fortune.

SYDNEY

Not so mysterious.

HEATHER

You know, being an heiress is very "in" right now. Are you planning on having your own reality show?

SYDNEY

No. I'm planning on running my father's company. That's amusement enough for me.

HEATHER

But if you were going to have your own show, what would you call it?

SYDNEY

(boldly into the camera)

I'm not going to have my own show. I'm going to sell underwear, Pure. White. Simple underwear that's made right here in the United States. Stone Briefs Underwear. Anything else?

Peaches smiles. Heather looks stunned.

CUT TO:

INT. WOODY'S OFFICE - DAY

Woody watches on a big screen TV as Heather interviews Sydney. Dick brings in coffee. They're glued to the set.

HEATHER

You've got some big shoes to fill.  
Your father was an extremely  
successful and colorful man.

SYDNEY

My father **IS** an extremely  
successful man. He's not dead; he's  
just in a coma. And since when  
would a little thing like a coma  
keep Sydney Stone down?

HEATHER

You certainly have his spirit.

SYDNEY

(Looking at the camera)  
And the company is not for sale.

DICK

(with glee)  
Is she's talking to you?

WOODY

Let's hope.

DICK

We can take her.

WOODY

I'm not so sure.

CUT TO:

INT. STONE BRIEFS OFFICE - DAY

Sydney arrives to find Woody and Dick waiting for her.

WOODY

Sydney, we saw you on TV and wanted  
to offer our assistance.

SYDNEY

(to the receptionist)  
If the tall one doesn't leave, call  
the cops.

Woody tries to follow her but she walks right by him.

WOODY

Please give me a minute to explain.



SYDNEY  
(in a fake accent)  
I no give you a minute. I mean it,  
Woody. You're trespassing. Get out!

She goes into her office and closes the door.

DICK  
(to Woody)  
What's this about?

WOODY  
(to the closed door)  
Sydney, please. I just want to talk  
to you. I'll do anything for one  
minute of your time.

Dick drags him away. They argue at the elevator.

DICK  
What's the matter with you? You're  
begging!

WOODY  
I'm not begging.

DICK  
You're right. You're not begging.  
You're pleading - much worse!

Ralph walks out of the elevator. Woody slips him business  
card.

WOODY  
Please! Give this to Sydney. Tell  
her I just want to talk to her.

RALPH  
She won't see you.

DICK  
Oh, she'll see him, eventually!

WOODY  
Tell her I'm a lover not a fighter.

Dick shoves Woody into the elevator. The doors close as the  
two continue fighting.

INT. STONE BRIEFS/SYDNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Ralph knocks on her office door.

SYDNEY  
Go away Woody!

RALPH (O.S.)  
It's Ralph.

She opens the door for him.

SYDNEY  
I thought you were-

RALPH  
Woody Wild? He left you this.

Ralph gives her the card. Sydney calls him.

SYDNEY  
Woody. Stay away from me. There's  
NOTHING for us to talk about.

EXT. STONE BRIEFS BUILDING - DAY

Woody smiles listening to her scolding.

WOODY  
There's so much to talk about.

SYDNEY  
I don't ever want to see you again.  
Really, Woody. Go to hell.

Sydney hangs up on him. He's still smiling.

DICK  
What is wrong with you?

WOODY  
She likes me.

DICK  
She hates you.

WOODY  
She called me on the phone.

DICK  
She told you to go to hell.

WOODY  
I could tell in her voice that she  
likes me deep down.

DICK

There is no deep down. She hates  
your guts- all over.

WOODY

For now.

INT. STONE BRIEFS OFFICE - DAY

Sydney looks at Woody's business card with a photo of him in  
silky boxer shorts on the back side. She throws it away.

She takes out a sketch pad and continues her designs for some  
crazy-looking underwear.

INT. STEAMBATH - DAY

Dick and Woody are seating in the steamy room with a few old  
guys jabbering away in another language.

DICK

This place creeps me out. It's like  
a big cess pool of germs.

WOODY

I do my best thinking here. Relax.

DICK

I don't relax. It's not what I do.

WOODY

Then think.

DICK

Think?! I'm not good at that  
either. I'm an action kind of guy.

WOODY

Then just sit there and sweat.

DICK

Fine. You want to pay me to sweat.  
I'll sweat.

WOODY

We need some kind of plan.  
Something that will get us noticed  
in the industry and make Sydney  
realize that we're a force to be  
reckoned with.

DICK

We are a force to be reckoned with.

WOODY

No we're not. Not yet. We need a really innovative idea. Something to puts us at the top of the market.

The men jabber away in Russian.

DICK

Okay, innovative idea - most of these guys are incontinent. Maybe we should make boxers with diapers.

WOODY

That's it.

DICK

Really?

WOODY

No. But we're going to have come up with something really innovative just like that. But not that.

DICK

Why would we want to do that?

WOODY

You know how every year at the fashion awards they have the Innovator-of-the-Year Award?

DICK

You'll never get that award. We sell underwear, it covers your ass. What's so innovative about that?

WOODY

Nothing yet. Look around. The world is changing thanks to technology.

DICK

It smells like urine in here.

WOODY

That's eucalyptus.

DICK

I think you just want Sydney Stone because you can't have her.

WOODY

Yes I can.

DICK

No you can't. You can have almost any other woman, but not her.

WOODY

I don't want to 'have' her. I just want to be close to her, close enough to get my hands on her-

DICK

Boobs? Tush?

WOODY

Company.

DICK

You want her. You know it!

WOODY

We've got to come up with something really innovative. Think. What do you want your underwear to do?

OLD GUY IN THE CORNER

Give me a blow job.

Woody looks over, surprised.

WOODY

Go on.

DICK

Oh for Christ's sake. I could have told you that!

WOODY

Let's hear him out.

OLD GUY IN THE CORNER

If you can figure out a way to make my underwear give me an orgasm, you'll be the richest man in the world.

OTHER OLD GUY

And the happiest.

CUT TO:

INT. SYDNEY'S LOFT - DAY/NIGHT/DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS of her sketches as she puts her techno-savvy spin to work and comes up with the "Talk-To-Me-Bra."

The prototype is a tiny cell phone that nestles between her breasts. She calls herself on the phone. Her boobs ring, then vibrate. She smiles.

INT. STONE BRIEFS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Sydney presents the Talk-To-Me bra to the evil step mothers.

SYDNEY

It's the future of our company and it's the future of underwear as an industry. Every product in this century must be able to multi-task.

RITA

That's ridiculous!

SYDNEY

The Talk-To-Me bra is a tiny phone that has a BlueTooth built into the center clasp. It's voice-activated, and connects to any smart phone.

She hands Cha-Cha the small phone that she conceals in her big breasts. The other looks dubious.

RITA

You'll never get that back.

SYDNEY

(talks to her boobs)  
Call Cha-Cha.

CHA-CHA

It's not ringing.

SYDNEY

That's because I set it to vibrate.

CHA-CHA

Oh! Yes you did. I like that!

SYDNEY

(to Cha-Cha)  
You try it.

CHA-CHA  
 (to her big boobs)  
 Boobs! Call Sydney.

Sydney's bra phone rings, a spunky tone.

RITA  
 But will it make money?

SYDNEY  
 Of course it'll make money. Who  
 doesn't want a quick way to answer  
 their phone?

THELMA  
 Let's vote already. I have to get  
 my upper lip waxed at ten.

RITA  
 I'll say.

RALPH  
 Remember, you need a minority vote,  
 not a unanimous vote. Thelma?

THELMA  
 Hate it.

RALPH  
 Rita?

RITA  
 Hate it. Hate you. All of you.

CHA-CHA  
 I like the vibrating. Let's try it.

Rita and Thelma give her a dirty look.

PEACHES  
 I love it! You're a genius!

CUT TO:

INT. WILD WEAR STORE/NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The underwear nightclub is rocking with the "Babies" singing,  
 "Take a Walk on the Wild Side" to a roaring crowd as they  
 dance on the catwalk. Woody is the only one not having fun.

DICK  
 You're moping.

WOODY  
I'm not moping.

DICK  
You've got a big sour face.

WOODY  
She won't take my calls. She won't see me. I've tried everything. I sent her flowers wrapped in Jungle Wear.

DICK  
Play hard to get. She needs you more than you need her.

WOODY  
No, she doesn't. Her manufacturing plants aren't getting bombed and blown up like ours are.

DICK  
Her father's in a coma and she doesn't know how to run his business. Trust me. She needs you.

WOODY  
She's got people for that.

DICK  
Who? Ralphie Boy?

WOODY  
He's been with them for years.

DICK  
Your attitude's all wrong! In my neighborhood, if you even acted slightly wounded you were in trouble. People smell weakness the way a shark smells blood.

One of the models grabs Woody up on the catwalk as his signature song, "Wild Thing" blares out of the speakers.

Dick laughs. The Babies are irresistible. Woody sings and dances with the super models - a true rock star!

Sydney enters the nightclub. Dick notices her and makes a beeline for her while Woody is still singing and dancing.



DICK  
 (to Sydney)  
 Want to see how the other half  
 lives?

SYDNEY  
 What other half would that be?

DICK  
 The half that knows how to have  
 fun.

Woody notices Sydney and tries to get to her, but the Babies won't let him off the catwalk. Woody motions to her. She nods. She looks gorgeous. He's clearly smitten.

WOODY  
 (yells to her)  
 I'll be right there.

Sydney nods in his direction. The Babies keep him dancing.

DICK  
 Woody's a little busy right now.

SYDNEY  
 I just came by to tell him about a  
 new product line that I'm launching  
 tomorrow at the Consumer  
 Electronics Show. I thought he  
 might be interested in it.

The Babies surround Woody as 'Wild Thing' crescendos. Sydney slips out the door before Woody can get to her.

WOODY  
 Don't leave! Please!

CUT TO:

INT. CONSUMER ELECTRONICS SHOW - DAY

Sydney and Ralph work the booth, while Peaches and a handful of shirtless models work the crowd and demonstrate the Talk-To-Me bra. It's a big hit!

Heather Hall exchanges a quick look with Peaches before she interviews Sydney. Woody slips into the crowd.

HEATHER  
 I'm Heather Hall, here with Sydney  
 Stone at the Consumer Electronics  
 show.

(MORE)

HEATHER (cont'd)

Sydney, you certainly have heads turning with your new, "Talk-To-Me" bra. Who would have thought to introduce a new line of underwear at an electronics show.

SYDNEY

It just seemed natural to me to marry textiles with technology.

HEATHER

What an innovative idea!

Heather opens her shirt, revealing a Talk-to-me-bra.

HEATHER

Mind if I demonstrate?

Heather tells her boobs to call Sydney, whose boobs ring loudly, (aided by Heather's microphone).

HEATHER

You've got the noisiest breasts in town. Aren't you going to answer?

SYDNEY

(to her chest)  
Answer.

HEATHER

(talks to her boobs)  
Congratulations on an amazing product. And it vibrates on silent, which makes it even more fun. Plan to vibrate any other products?

Woody steps up to the interview as if on cue.

WOODY

I'm happy to collaborate on the good vibrations...

Woody goes off on a rendition of the song.

HEATHER

Well if it isn't Woody Wild, America's other favorite underwear mogul. What do you think about Stone Brief's new Talk-To-Me bra?

WOODY

I love it! It's about time we all starting talking straight to the boobs. After all, that's usually where all eyes are anyway.

SYDNEY

I designed this for convenience. Most women are multi-tasking all day, everyday. Now they can go about their day with true, hands-free calling.

WOODY

Breasts are such a forgotten part of the body- well not if you're a teenage boy or a man who's emotionally stuck at adolescence, which is about every man in America- and the around the world actually. How about talking penis pants? As if our penises don't talk to us enough as it is!

SYDNEY

You're missing the point, Woody.

WOODY

Oh I know exactly where the point is. I'm not missing a thing.

SYDNEY

Woody, stop!

The two of them continue to bicker.

HEATHER

I'm Heather Hall for Entertainment Right Now reporting live from the Consumer Electronics show with Sydney Stone and Woody Wild.

She goes off the air. Sydney is furious.

SYDNEY

(to Woody)

You idiot! You ruined my interview.

WOODY

You obviously don't know anything about the media. I just tripled your media exposure. This will go viral before you have time to go to the bathroom.

SYDNEY  
 (to Heather)  
 Heather, can we do it over?

HEATHER  
 We were live, but he's right  
 Sydney. You'll get way more  
 coverage if there's a conflict.

SYDNEY  
 I don't want a conflict! I just  
 want to have the best underwear.

WOODY  
 You show me yours, and I'll show  
 you mine. Come on, Sydney. Play  
 with me!

SYDNEY  
 I don't want to see yours! I don't  
 want to play with you! I don't  
 want anything to do with you!

Woody looks down. He's already in his boxers.

WOODY  
 I clearly want everything to do  
 with you!

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Sydney arrives all excited with the Talk-to-Me Bra in tow and  
 finds her father's room empty. She panics.

SYDNEY  
 Where's my father?

NURSE  
 Gone.

SYDNEY  
 Gone!

NURSE  
 Home.

SYDNEY  
 Is he out of his coma?

NURSE  
 Nope. Just home.

SYDNEY

How could they let him go home in a coma?

NURSE

Nothing more they could do here.

SYDNEY

Is that good or bad? That's a good thing, right?

NURSE

Don't know.

CUT TO:

EXT. FATHER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Sydney enters a stately Lake Shore Drive condo building.

INT. FATHER'S APARTMENT- DAY

Senior's hospital bed is set up in the dining room. There's a big screen television within his view and a work station with a computer nearby.

He looks flushed. Peaches stands next to him while a uniformed nurse takes his pulse. Sydney looks suspicious.

SYDNEY

Why didn't you tell me he was leaving the hospital?

PEACHES

You were busy I didn't want to disturb you.

SYDNEY

Disturb me next time. Promise me!

PEACHES

I promise. I saw your interview with Heather Hall. You were great! I watched it with your dad.

SYDNEY

He's in a coma.

PEACHES

Yeah, I know. But still. You never know what's getting through.

Sydney strokes her father's hand.

SYDNEY

Did he react at all?

PEACHES

I think he liked it. His face got flushed.

SYDNEY

Maybe he was mad.

PEACHES

I don't think so. It's a brilliant product, Sydney. I know him well enough to know what he likes.

INT. EL TRAIN - NIGHT

Sydney reads the newspaper about the Consumer Electronics show and her underwear in the business section. She notices an article about another Wild Wear plant being burned down.

One of the Tough Guys gets on. She's distracted and doesn't notice him. He seems to be following her.

EXT. EL PLATFORM/THE STREET - NIGHT

As she gets off the train, she's still reading, distracted. She walks toward her home with her guard down when suddenly, she gets mugged. A random guy grabs her purse and runs off.

As if out of no where, the Tough Guy chases down the mugger and recover her purse. They hand it back to her. She's unhurt, but startled. They disappears quickly.

INT. SYDNEY'S LOFT - NIGHT

Ralph sits at the foot of her bed.

SYDNEY

How stupid of me! And I had the pepper spray- in my purse!

RALPH

That's it, you're moving! This isn't a good neighborhood. Why are you still taking the EL? You can afford Lyft or Uber. God knows you can afford it.

SYDNEY

I could have gotten mugged  
anywhere. The world isn't safe for  
women anymore.

RALPH

You're not taking the EL anymore.

SYDNEY

I don't want to become one of those  
insulated people who's afraid of  
everything. I like my fellow man.

RALPH

Move in with me.

SYDNEY

Don't be ridiculous, Ralph!

RALPH

Your father would want me to take  
good care of you.

He moves closer to her as she starts working out a new idea.

SYDNEY

That's it. Self Defense underwear.

CUT TO:

INT. STONE BRIEFS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Sydney presents the "Fear Busters" bra to the stepmothers.

SYDNEY

It holds various self-defense  
devices such as pepper spray.

RITA

Is there room for a gun?

CHA-CHA

I'm telling you, women don't want  
to carry weapons in their boobs.

Cha-Cha takes out some items she's got stored in her large  
boobs - items she's stolen from the rest of them: Rita's  
lipstick, a compact from Thelma, Peaches' credit cards, etc.

Her breasts are much smaller without her loot. The women rant  
as they identify their things. Cha-Cha laughs

CHA-CHA

It's a great idea, but who would  
waste the space with pepper spray?

She takes off her top and puts the self defense bra on right there. Ralph looks like he wants to hide under the table but can't take his eyes off her enormous breasts.

She re-stocks her bra with the items she's stolen but this time in the little compartments.

CHA-CHA

I love it!

RITA

Why don't we rename this the  
cleptomaniac bra?

SYDNEY

Peaches, what do you think?

Peaches hesitates.

PEACHES

I don't think I would use it.

SYDNEY

I hope you can see it's value,  
especially for women who aren't as  
fortunate as you are to live in  
buildings with doormen.

PEACHES

I can see its value, but not with  
this design.

Rita stands up and starts to leave, disgusted.

RALPH

Where are you going?

RITA

I know how this ends. Sydney will  
get Peaches to agree. We'll waste  
more of our money on some other  
cockamamie idea.

RALPH

Actually, the Talk-to-Me bra is  
making money.



PEACHES

I think it's a good idea, but the prototype has to change - no knives, no pepper spray, or weapons of any kind - or else no one will be allowed to board an airplane with it on. How about using a whistle, a panic button, or some kind of loud siren to scare off an attacker?

Sydney looks at her in disbelief. Peaches smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. WILD WEAR STORE - DAY

Cha-Cha browses and shoplifts. One of the security guards starts to approach her, but Dick sees her and stops him.

DICK

It's all right. She's with me.

Dick flirts with Cha-Cha in a very sexual way. She's clearly much older than he is.

DICK

May I help you, Miss?

CHA-CHA

Why yes. I was looking for something really slutty.

DICK

How slutty?

CHA-CHA

Slutty enough that a much younger man would get a hard on just thinking about me wearing it.

DICK

I have just the thing. Follow me.

He takes her back to the stock room and they start kissing. As he's taking off her clothes, he sees all the items she's stolen. Her "bad girl" persona really turns him on.

DICK

Naughty stepmother.

CHA-CHA

I have something for you.

She she pulls out a "Fear Buster" bra from inside her own bra. Dick burrows into her breasts, as if rooting for food or more surprises. She laughs, loves it.

CUT TO:

EXT. DALEY PLAZA - DAY

A policeman on horseback at a noon rally keeps watch over the business lunch-hour crowd as they listen to speakers in support of the, "TAKE BACK THE NIGHT" campaign. Sydney sits up on the platform with a congresswoman and other activists.

Heather Hall and her camera crew wait in the wings.

CONGRESSWOMAN

It is our right and our  
responsibility to make the streets  
safe for our mothers and daughters  
and sisters and friends and wives.

The crowd applauds, some cheer. Sydney gets up.

CONGRESSWOMAN

I'd like to introduce Sydney Stone,  
of Stone Briefs to tell you about a  
new product that will help women  
take back the night!

Sydney takes the microphone. She hesitates as the SOUND of horses hooves draws her attention away from the crowd.

A SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS as Woody, Dick and dozens of his "Babies" (on horseback) gather just behind the buildings.

SYDNEY

My goal is to help women become  
more empowered, which is why we  
invented this new line of bras  
called, the FEAR BUSTERS.

Several of her models demonstrate the bra. One of them sounds the rape whistle, another activates a screeching siren while Sydney narrates.

The sound agitates the horses. They make a frantic entrance.

Woody and his models wear the new "Play-It-Safe" boxers. They're all dressed like superheroes with capes adorned with condoms. Sydney looks furious and tries to ignore them.

As she's describing her product, Woody rides up to her on horseback so they're eye-to-eye with her on the podium.

SYDNEY

What are you doing here?

WOODY

Helping women take back the night.

SYDNEY

This is serious, Woody.

WOODY

Which is why I invented the "Play-It-Safe" boxers with a condom pouch in every pair.

He whips out a condom from the pouch in his boxers.

SYDNEY

Your answer to the plight of women is to provide their assailants with condoms! You're encouraging rape.

WOODY

Any man who rapes a woman ought to have his balls cut off AND his penis.

SYDNEY

Go away! You're offending everyone.

WOODY

All I'm doing is introducing an innovative product that protects women when they want to have sex. Some women LIKE sex, Sydney.

SYDNEY

That's not what this rally is about.

WOODY

Did you know that women between the ages of 18-24 are the fastest growing demographic to become HIV positive? They're not protected. Twenty-five percent of people infected with HIV don't even know they have it. I'm helping women take back the night so they can enjoy sex and be safe about it!

The two of them continue with their verbal sparring. Woody's gang has livened up the crowd by tossing out free samples of boxers with condoms. They're a big hit!

Heather Hall and her camera crew capture it all as Sydney and Woody argue. Heather intervenes.

HEATHER

Looks like we've got a "Battle Between the Briefs" heating up. Sydney Stone fights for women's rights with her militant, "Fear Busters" bra, while Woody Wild, the King of Fun steals the spotlight with his "Play-It-Safe" boxers.

WOODY

A condom **comes** with every pair!  
How's that for a pun...

CUT TO:

INT. FATHER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Peaches is all smiles as she watches Heather's report. She sits at the foot of Sydney Senior's bed. She wears glasses and takes notes. Her "bimbo" persona has been replaced by an intelligent, career woman on a mission.

INT. WILD WEAR STORE- DAY

By the time Woody shows up, the place is packed. They can't supply the Play-It-Safe pants fast enough. Dick helps out behind the counter/bar. Woody can hardly get to him.

WOODY

I'll have a gin and tonic.

DICK

They had to shut down the web site twice because the server couldn't handle all the orders. You're a genius!

Woody stands up on the counter and whistles with his fingers.

WOODY

Listen up! We don't want the city to shut us down because of a fire hazard.

DICK

And it's not even happy hour!

WOODY

We're going to have to form a line out the door. We've got plenty of Play-It-Safe boxers and condoms for everyone.

DICK

No we don't.

WOODY

Then we'll take your names and email addresses so we can send them to you!

Woody tosses out condoms and a few pairs of rolled up boxers. The crowd cheers. He spies Thelma, Cha-Cha and Rita in the crowd and snakes his way over to them. Dick follows.

WOODY

Take as many condoms as you like, ladies.

DICK

I'm sure you all need fistfuls of them.

CHA-CHA

(seductively)

We love your store, Woody.

WOODY

I'll bet. Looks like you're carrying half of it around in your breasts.

RITA

We're not here for condoms or contraband.

WOODY

Why are you here?

THELMA

We want you to buy Stone Briefs - her half, not ours.

WOODY

She'll never sell it to me.

THELMA

Unless she's forced to.

RITA

Like if she went into bankruptcy.

WOODY  
Sydney's near Bankruptcy?!

DICK  
Now we're having fun.

RITA  
She hates to lose any kind of  
competition - just like her father.

WOODY  
What do you propose?

THELMA  
The Innovator of the Year Award.

RITA  
Keep baiting her with this Battle  
Between the Briefs and introduce a  
wager for the Innovator of the Year  
Award, as if you're going for it.

WOODY  
I **am** going for the Innovator of the  
Year Award. Isn't it obvious?

RITA  
It's perfect!

WOODY  
I don't understand how that sets me  
up to buy her half of the company?

RITA  
If she keeps inventing these stupid  
products at this rate, she's  
spending money so fast, we're  
hoping it will bankrupt her.

CHA-CHA  
We'll become one big happy family!

Cha-Cha and Dick exchange a seductive look. Then Dick  
exchanges a separate, equally seductive look with both Thelma  
and Rita when they're not looking. He's a true scoundrel.

CUT TO:

INT. STONE BRIEFS OFFICE- DAY

Sydney sits at her father's desk. His office has transformed,  
and now resembles her studio with all its creative chaos.

SYDNEY

(to Ralph)

I need you to help me get the  
witches off my back.

RALPH

Sydney, I'm not the kind of guy who  
knows that kind of guy.

SYDNEY

I'm not asking you to kill them. I  
want you to find some kind of legal  
loophole so I can get rid of them.

RALPH

There's only one way to get rid of  
them legally. You have to  
drastically increase the value of  
your half of the company without  
them taking on the risk.

SYDNEY

What do you mean?

RALPH

If you can somehow make your half  
weigh more in dollars and cents,  
then you can tip the scales and get  
them out.

SYDNEY

How do I do that?

RALPH

You have to get your hands on a  
revenue generating property that  
you've acquired on your own right  
and apply it to your half of the  
company. You'll have to take all  
the risk, but you'll get all the  
reward.

SYDNEY

Like if I got my hands on Wild  
Wear, let's say. I would double my  
equity in the company and-

RALPH

Quadruple your equity - at least -  
but you'd also acquire the  
liability. That's really risky.

SYDNEY

But the witches would be history if  
I could tip the scales!

RALPH

You'd have to at least double the  
value of your half and then buy  
them out- if they'd take it. You're  
going to need a lot of money to get  
rid of them.

SYDNEY

But there is a way, legally?

RALPH

There is a way, legally.

She kisses him she's so happy.

CUT TO:

EXT. Y-ME BREAST CANCER WALK/GRANT PARK - DAY

Close Up of a heart monitor nestled in the inside of a bra,  
against a large breast. The monitor shows the heart rate.

SYDNEY

(explains to Heather)

It's called the Heart-To-Heart bra,  
and it tells your heart rate,  
number of steps you've walked each  
day, and can even read your body  
temperature and biorhythms.

Woody approaches the Stone Briefs booth. Sydney ignores him.

WOODY

Sydney, I was hoping we could have  
a Heart-To-Heart, a conversation.

She hands him a bra. Heather waits patiently.

WOODY

Just the two of us. Excuse us,  
Heather.

SYDNEY

I don't trust you.

WOODY

I'm wearing your Heart-To-Heart tee-  
shirt for men.

(MORE)



WOODY (cont'd)

Want to see how fast my heart is  
beating when I'm near you?

SYDNEY

No. What do you want?

WOODY

You.

SYDNEY

You want my company.

Heather Hall jumps on the opportunity.

HEATHER

(into the camera)

I'm here with Sydney and Woody  
Wild. Sydney, everyone loves your  
new Heart-To-Heart bra. How perfect  
to launch it on Mother's Day.

SYDNEY

Thanks, Heather.

HEATHER

I know this is an emotional day for  
you, and an emotional charity since  
your mother died of breast cancer.

SYDNEY

That's right, which is why we're  
donating all of the proceeds from  
the Heart-To-Heart bra to Breast  
Cancer research.

HEATHER

That's wonderful. As I understand  
it, the Heart-to-Heart can also  
read your body temperature.

WOODY

Sounds like a hypochondriac's  
dream.

HEATHER

Woody, have you got anything  
*innovative* to contribute?

SYDNEY

Nothing. He's got nothing!

WOODY

Just what I'm wearing Heather, my  
Mood Pants.

HEATHER

What exactly are Mood pants?

WOODY

Remember those mood rings from the seventies? In the Wild Wear underwear version, the fabric changes color according to your body temperature, so when you're hot, your underwear is even hotter!

Woody models his, which are as close to fire-red as he can get without igniting. Heather laughs. Sydney cringes.

HEATHER

That's certainly innovative.

SYDNEY

It's ridiculous!

WOODY

They're red hot now because I'm standing next to Sydney Stone.

She walks away. He's loves it.

HEATHER

I'm Heather Hall and you're watching Entertainment Right Now!

CUT TO:

INT. STONE BRIEFS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Sydney confronts her stepmothers who are ready to pounce.

THELMA

You didn't get our approval for the Heart-To-Heart.

CHA-CHA

You're not supposed to do anything without a vote. Give us your half of the company right now.

RITA

We can have you kicked out of the company for that. Right, Ralph?

SYDNEY

According to the by laws, If I do anything without your consent or approval, then I do so at my own peril and assume the full risk.

RITA

Which means if you blow it- you're out.

SYDNEY

That's right. From now on, I'm operating my half of the company. All risks and all rewards are mine.

RITA

Go ahead! Run your half of the into the ground! I can hardly wait.

SYDNEY

Just so we're clear: I'm not consulting you three anymore and any risk I take comes out of my own interest. If I lose all my money, then the company is yours. I walk away.

RITA

Sounds about right.

SYDNEY

And if I double or triple my half of the company, the scales tip in my favor, and you four have no power anymore over my decisions.

THELMA

We'll still own our shares.

SYDNEY

Until I make them worthless!

RITA

She can't do that.

RALPH

Actually, if her new products earn her a substantial amount of the company's revenue, she can.

SYDNEY

Then the company's all mine, and you're out!

PEACHES

Unless your father comes out of a coma. Then it reverts back to him, though it would be yours anyway eventually- minus the step mothers.

THELMA

That's never going to happen.

RITA

Go back to your art projects.

CHA-CHA

You think we could get Vegas odds on this?

RALPH

Once your father comes out of a coma, he will be at the helm again.

SYDNEY

Thank you for saying that, Ralph.

RALPH

If Sydney significantly increases her half of the company's value, your collective half will be decreased substantially.

CHA-CHA

So Sydney has to screw up and lose her half so we can have more?

RALPH

Or visa versa.

PEACHES

Let the games begin!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF CHICAGO - DAY

Sydney goes for a run. It's a beautiful summer day in Chicago and she notices flyers all around about a missing woman with dementia who wandered off. She tears off a poster.

INT. STONE BRIEFS OFFICE - DAY

Sydney is all revved up, talking to Ralph.

SYDNEY

If someone you love is missing and you don't know where they are, you would give anything to locate them, wouldn't you? Especially, if all you had to do was to buy a pair of underwear.

RALPH

I'm not following you.

SYDNEY

It's the wave of the future. Underwear as a homing device. If we can find expensive cars and our cell phones when they're lost, why not people!

RALPH

Let's say you've got the chip in grandma's underwear, then what?

SYDNEY

It's not just grandma- little kids, teenagers abducted into the sex trade, old men, a terrorist attack.

RALPH

What's it called?

SYDNEY

AnyWear Underwear. The technology is there. We can also include important information like your medical history and emergency contacts.

RALPH

Like a puppy chip?

SYDNEY

But for underwear, why not?

CUT TO:

INT. WILD WEAR STORE- DAY

Woody addresses a gaggle of his super models, all lined up on the catwalk, long legs dangling like sexy ducks all in a row.

WOODY

The reason I've called you all here today is - God Damn, you're one good looking group of babes.

The models giggle gratuitously.

WOODY

I'm designing another line of innovative underwear and I want your input and your ideas.

DICK

What we want to know is what you're looking for in underwear. Don't say a Big Dick, because I'm right here!

They try to ignore him even though he gets a kick out of his own joke. One of the models raises her hand. Woody nods.

WOODY

Baby.

MODEL #1

My name's Lucille.

WOODY

Sorry, Lucille.

LUCILLE

I just want my underwear to be clean and comfortable.

WOODY

What else?

Another one raises her hand. Woody nods.

WOODY

What's your name?

JACKIE

Jackie. I want my underwear to be made out of natural fiber, like cotton so it doesn't give me a yeast infection.

The other models commiserate about the gross characteristics of a yeast infection - dripping, itching, oozing, etc.

WOODY

Fine, fine. No nasty yeast infections. But what do you want your underwear to *do*?

MODEL #3

Why does it have to *do* anything?

MODEL #4

Yeah, can't it just feel good?

MODEL #5

And look good. I'd like my underwear to make ass look smaller and my boobs look bigger.

MODEL #4

Bigger, but in a natural way, not like the pushup bra.

They all agree, then start ragging on the pushup bra.

WOODY

(points to Dick)

Are you getting this, smaller ass, bigger boobs.

MODEL #6

The other problem with the pushup bra is that you can only look one size bigger. For some outfits I'm going to want to look two sizes bigger, other outfits I only want to look a half size bigger.

WOODY

I never thought of breasts as such a fashion accessory.

DICK

That's all I think about.

LUCILLE

You can't get plastic surgery every time you change your wardrobe.

They go off on a plastic surgery tangent, complaining about their breast implants and the procedure.

WOODY

Ladies! You've all been very helpful. Thank you.

DICK

One last question...

They wait with anticipation.

DICK

What do you think about underwear  
that would wipe your ass for you?

They all heckle him. He laughs.

CUT TO:

INT. SPA - DAY

Thelma waltzes into one of the small spa rooms in a bathrobe.  
Just before the masseuse comes in, Dick hands him a bill.

Inside the room, Thelma disrobes and gets her massage.  
Toward the end, when she's like putty, the masseuse leaves,  
and Dick takes his place. He rubs Thelma's plastic body.

THELMA

I just lipo-suctioned off the rest  
of my ass, what do you think?

Dick whips the blanket back and examines her ass. He's all  
over it, kissing it, and rubbing it.

DICK

I like it.

She pulls out the next Stone Briefs invention.

THELMA

They're called, "Hot Pants."

DICK

She's out of her mind.

She turns them on and hands them to him. They're hot.

THELMA

They keep your ass warm, like the  
seats in your car.

DICK

I have a a better way to keep your  
ass warm.

THELMA

What ass?

CUT TO:



EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY

Dick saunters up to a table where Rita sips a martini at noon. He joins her and their little seductive dance begins.

She finally pulls out the folder that Woody was trying to get that first day in Sydney's office of U.S. PLANTS. Dick kisses her. She smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. FATHER'S APARTMENT- DAY

Sydney arrives really early one morning.

PEACHES

We were just talking about you.

SYDNEY

We?

PEACHES

I talk to your dad all the time. I think it helps him.

Sydney enters her father's room. His color looks good. He looks peaceful, like he's sleeping instead of in a coma. The computer is on. Sydney looks at Peaches.

SYDNEY

Was he working or just playing Solitaire?

PEACHES

What do you mean?

SYDNEY

The computer is on.

PEACHES

I was working. I like to be near him so I use his computer.

Sydney notices Peaches over-sized blouse, not her usual look.

SYDNEY

What does the doctor say?

PEACHES

His heart is strong, he appears to have his brain function in tact, and his color looks better.

SYDNEY

Let's cut to the chase. When are you due?

PEACHES

I'm just a little bloated. PMS.

SYDNEY

You're so full of it, Peaches.

PEACHES

Okay, I've been binge eating a little. It hasn't been easy.

SYDNEY

I'm sure it hasn't. So who's baby is it anyway?

PEACHES

Did you come here to insult me?

SYDNEY

I came here to see my father.

PEACHES

Well, here he is!

Peaches gives her an angry look.

SYDNEY

Sorry Peaches, you look pregnant.

PEACHES

Believe it or not Sydney, this isn't easy for me. I've been cooped up here with an invalid husband.

SYDNEY

Please don't play the poor suffering wife card with me!

PEACHES

What you don't see is that I'm your friend. I've been looking out for you all along and in ways that you can't even imagine. I'm the only one who approved every one of your new products.

SYDNEY

I know. What's he like these days?

PEACHES

Your father? A barrel of laughs.

SYDNEY

I meant before the coma.

PEACHES

He's a great man. He's powerful and sensitive and busy all the time. I love him so much. He's got so much energy and so much passion.

SYDNEY

He is a great man.

PEACHES

You've got his greatness. He always said that about you.

SYDNEY

We sort of got disconnected over these last few years.

PEACHES

I know. But he never stopped loving you or believing in you.

SYDNEY

Thanks Peaches.

PEACHES

I'm late for a meeting. Why don't you stay with him for a while.

SYDNEY

And do what?

PEACHES

Just talk to him. The doctor insists that it helps. His brain patterns are normal, so whatever is keeping him in the coma hasn't destroyed who he really is.

SYDNEY

That's great news.

Peaches leaves. Sydney sits down next to him with the television blaring about fashion week.

HEATHER

(v.o.)

We'll have full coverage on Fall Fashion week starting next Monday at nine AM.

(MORE)

HEATHER (cont'd)

Underwear Moguls Sydney Stone and Woody Wild are going head to head for this year's top award- The Innovator of the Year.

SYDNEY

(to Senior)

Hi dad. That's me she's talking about. I'm taking a big gamble with the company, but I think it's worth it. It's the only way to get rid of your ex-wives.

CUT TO:

EXT. APPAREL CENTER - DAY

Sydney walks by the Apparel Center and stands under the FASHION WEEK banner as Woody's limo pulls up. He gets out.

WOODY

Sydney!

SYDNEY

(to Woody)

You don't stand a chance at winning the Innovator of the Year Award.

WOODY

You think you're going to get it?

SYDNEY

We'll see.

WOODY

You're pretty confident that you'll win aren't you?

SYDNEY

I am confident.

WOODY

Confident enough to place a little wager on it?

SYDNEY

What did you have in mind?

WOODY

Winner gets the other one's company.

SYDNEY

I only have half a company to wager. The other half belongs to my crazy stepmothers.

WOODY

I'll put all of my company against your half of yours.

SYDNEY

That's not a fair bet.

WOODY

If I win and get your half of the company, do I get you too?

SYDNEY

I'm not a commodity that can be bought or sold, Woody.

WOODY

Just work with me then. I've never had more fun than when I've been trying to keep up with you.

SYDNEY

I can't work for you.

WOODY

I didn't say **for** me, I said **with** me. So is it a bet?

SYDNEY

I'll have to think about it.

WOODY

I can put it in writing if you want. Set down the terms.

SYDNEY

All's fair in love and war, Woody.

WOODY

Which one is this Sydney, love or war?

The combative and romantic tension builds between them.

CUT TO:

INT. WILD WEAR STORE - DAY

The store is closed and Cha-Cha and Dick have the place to themselves. She turns on music and dances for him down the catwalk. He gets into the act with her. She tries on all the risque underwear - not bad for an old broad.

He grabs her as she pulls out the "Dancing Pants."

CHA-CHA

Check out Sydney's new invention.

She slips on the dancing pants and presses her butt cheek against his butt cheek. She activates the pants and her whole ass starts to vibrate. He lets out a yelp.

DICK

Orgasm underwear! Yee-haa!

CHA-CHA

She went a little far with the vibration.

DICK

You know how I love good vibration.

CHA-CHA

She's never going to win that Innovator of the year Award - she's left out the most important part.

DICK

What part is that?

CHA-CHA

The schmeckel!

DICK

And that's not the only reason she's not going to win that award.

He pulls out a list of names and phone numbers from his back pocket. Many of them have red check marks next to them.

CHA-CHA

What is that?

DICK

What do you think?

CHA-CHA

The judges list?

DICK  
In my back pocket.

She wraps her legs around him.

DICK  
You're still vibrating.

CHA-CHA  
And my pants aren't even on!

CUT TO:

INT. FATHER'S APARTMENT- DAY

Sydney goes over some papers with Ralph. Peaches is there in the background with Sydney Senior still in his alleged coma.

SYDNEY  
(to Ralph)  
I need you to sign these papers authorizing me to use the Stone Briefs manufacturing plants for a private company.

RALPH  
You're not letting Woody Wild manufacture his underwear at our facilities?

SYDNEY  
Don't be ridiculous! I just got the patent on the product I told you about. I've incorporated it as a private company so the witches can't get their hands on it. If it takes off, I've got to be ready to produce it.

RALPH  
(signs the papers)  
I hope you know what you're doing.

SYDNEY  
I do. I hope I do.

RALPH  
You're sure? Because manufacturing the product is going to put you behind financially and tip the scales the wrong way before it takes off- if it does take off.

PEACHES

What is? Maybe I can help you.

Sydney hesitates then show Peaches the AnyWear prototype.

PEACHES

Is this the one you're introducing at the Fashion Awards next week?

SYDNEY

Yes.

PEACHES

I won't say a word to anyone.

SYDNEY

It's got a Global Positioning chip in the underwear, so the wearer can be found ANYWHERE in the world.

PEACHES

I've got to hand it to you. You never stop thinking of new ideas. You're just like your father.

Sydney walks them through the process at the computer.

SYDNEY

It's linked to a satellite, so it literally takes only seconds to find the wearer. Watch.

She types in the number on the prototype and it appears on a map in her father's apartment.

PEACHES

He'd be really proud. You should always keep the prototypes separate as a precaution. May I?

SYDNEY

I don't know.

RALPH

She's right. You should separate the prototypes for safety.

SYDNEY

Be careful with it.

PEACHES

And it's my size!



SYDNEY

Let me just record it.

Sydney jots down the number before she gives it to Peaches.

CUT TO:

EXT. APPAREL CENTER - DAY

Woody's limo pulls up. The "Babies" in their revealing outfits emerge from Woody's limo first. The crowd cheers. Heather Hall and her camera crew are poised for the cameras.

HEATHER

Welcome to Chicago's Fashion Week. I'm Heather Hall here at the Apparel Center where the top designers have gathered to spotlight the newest trends and innovations in Fashion. The big story this week is the **Brief Affair**, a fierce competition between Woody Wild of Wild Wear and Sydney Stone of Stone Briefs.

Woody finally peeks his head out of the limo. The crowd goes wild! The Paparazzi flash away as Woody waves and soaks it up. Woody wears his signature boxers with tuxedo top.

HEATHER

Here's Woody Wild now. Woody, tell us what can we expect this week?

WOODY

Lots of fun! Life is short. We're going to strip off our clothes and drop our inhibitions and have a great time and discover that underneath it all - we're all just people... people wearing WILD WEAR!

HEATHER

What about the new line you're presenting this week for the Innovation Award?

WOODY

You'll have to wait and see.

Sydney's limo pulls up and she gets out. The crowd cheers. The paparazzi go wild. She waves, looking gorgeous, aloof.

HEATHER  
Here's Sydney Stone.

SYDNEY  
Hi Heather, hi Woody.

HEATHER  
Sydney, can you tell us anything  
about your new product line?

SYDNEY  
It's going to be a surprise.

HEATHER  
We've been so dazzled with some of  
your other lines like the Talk-To-  
Me Bra and the Heart-To-Heart.

SYDNEY  
Thank you Heather. We've had a lot  
of fun this year and hopefully our  
underwear has made a difference.

HEATHER  
Woody hasn't revealed much either.

SYDNEY  
How unlike Woody.

WOODY  
I'll reveal whatever you'd like,  
Sydney. Anything at all.

SYDNEY  
That's okay. I'm good.

WOODY  
I would like to reveal this: I  
think the world of you Sydney  
Stone. You're brilliant, beautiful,  
and you've challenged me to be a  
better designer. I have so much  
respect and admiration for you.

HEATHER  
Wow. Woody, who knew you had so  
much love for your rival. Sydney,  
what do you have to say to that?

SYDNEY  
Woody, I admire your courage. Who  
else would spend his life in boxer  
shorts in a city like Chicago?

HEATHER

Good luck to both of you. One more question: who do you think is going to win the Innovator of the Year Award?

WOODY

I don't even need to answer that question.

HEATHER

You sound pretty confident.

SYDNEY

Arrogant is more like it!

WOODY

Our new product is SO INNOVATIVE that it will blow Stone Briefs right out of the water.

SYDNEY

Our product will change the world and the future of underwear.

HEATHER

Underwear that will change the world?

WOODY

Here I thought we were only supposed to change our underwear.

SYDNEY

You're history, Woody.

WOODY

I'll tell you what, Sydney. Let's make it official. Right now, in front of everyone.

HEATHER

Make what official?

WOODY

Sydney and I have a private bet going.

SYDNEY

We don't have to let everyone in on it.

WOODY

Because you're afraid you'll lose?  
Forget it. Thank you for your time,  
Heather.

He's about to walk away. She hesitates, caves.

SYDNEY

You're on.

WOODY

(pure glee)  
Are you sure?

SYDNEY

Positive.

HEATHER

What's the bet?

SYDNEY

If I win the Innovator of the Year  
Award,

WOODY

Sydney gets all of my company and  
me with it. I'll work for her.

HEATHER

(to Woody)  
And if you win?

WOODY

I get half of Sydney's company.

HEATHER

Why half?

WOODY/SYDNEY

It's complicated.

HEATHER

That doesn't seem fair!

SYDNEY

I don't want all of your company.  
I'll take half of it. That's all I  
need. I want this to be fair.

HEATHER

What about Woody? Are you going to  
take him too?

The moment hangs in the air. Woody extends his hand. She shakes it, sealing the deal on camera.

HEATHER  
 (dramatically)  
 Reporting live from the Apparel  
 Center. I'm Heather Hall for  
 Entertainment Right Now. Stay tuned  
 to see who gets into whose  
 underwear.

CUT TO:

INT. FATHER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Peaches works at the computer as she watches Heather's report on television. Only Sydney Senior's feet are visible.

PEACHES  
 (laughing)  
 She's got bigger balls than you do!  
 I knew she'd find a way to get rid  
 of them. You should be so proud.

SYDNEY SENIOR (O.S.)  
 I am.

CUT TO:

INT. APPAREL CENTER/FASHION SHOW - DAY

The Fall Fashion show is in full swing.

ANNOUNCER  
 Next on our fashion parade is the  
 Wild Wear Spring line called,  
 Larger-Than-Life. To explain the  
 concept is the Chief Underpants  
 Officer, Woody Wild.

Dick leans over to him before he goes up.

DICK  
 We've got it wrapped up!

Woody arrives at the podium where he takes the microphone. He gives the signal and the models come on stage.

His signature song, "Wild Thing" keeps the energy up as the models dance and demonstrate the new bras.

WOODY

I love breasts- big ones, little ones, perky ones, droopy ones. Breasts are beautiful no matter what their size or shape. They're also one of the most important fashion accessories a woman can wear. For some occasions, she's going to want small, demur breasts, for other occasions, only large luscious breasts will do.

The models start unraveling their "costumes" - an evening gown, a cheerleader outfit, a business suit, etc.

WOODY

What's a woman to do? She could get plastic surgery every time she changes her look, but with the risks involved and the expense, I think I can offer her a better solution.

The models strip down to their bras and start pumping.

WOODY

Unlike other pushup bras or water bras that give the illusion of abundance with cumbersome padding or heavy water inserts, our new Larger-Than-Life bra is lighter than air and inflates according to the size and shape desired. You can become an "A" or "D" cup, with a new look that molds to your body.

The simple air pump at the center clasp reads the dimensions of your breasts, so it augments based on your specific shape. Then tiny, weightless micro-fibers inflate accordingly, so the breasts look natural, not like big balloons.

Woody pauses and lets them demonstrate.

WOODY

And for those of you extra large women who want to appear smaller in bust size, the bra even has a feature to gently compress and reshape your body.

The models show how they can effortlessly pump up their breasts to various sizes and shapes. The audience cheers.

Sydney and Ralph exchange a worried look from backstage. Woody finishes his show. Sydney waits in the wings.

ANNOUNCER

Fabulous breast action, up, down, bigger, smaller. Gives the breast a life of its own. Thank you, Woody and women of wild wear. Very innovative.

Woody exits and passes Sydney backstage. She avoids him.

ANNOUNCER

Our next presenter is no stranger to underwear with a twist. Please welcome, Sydney Stone of Stone Briefs.

Woody waits. She goes on stage and takes the microphone. Rita and Thelma glare at her from their table near the stage. Cha-Cha sits next to Dick. Peaches is absent.

SYDNEY

Thank you, Woody. Interesting concept - breasts as fashion accessories. I doubt you read that one from the feminist rule book.

The music begins and her models emerge from all corners of the room. The song, "Feeling Hot, Hot, Hot" plays as the models hand out the heated underwear.

SYDNEY

Imagine it's winter and you're outside and the wind chill factor is twenty below zero. It's a Polar Vortex and you're wondering why you still live here, but you love this city like I do, even if you're shivering in your shoes. But why shiver in your shoes or in your underwear for that matter?

Thanks to the microscopic heating coils interwoven in the fabric of our new "Hot Pants" you can stay warm with the touch of a button. They're machine washable and you can even put them in the dryer.

(MORE)

SYDNEY (cont'd)

Powered by a small battery that controls the flow of heat, we also manufacture heated undershirts, bras, socks, and scarves. We've donated these products to shelters across the city to help the homeless stay warm this winter.

The crowd loves it. Next, an array of belly dancing girls come out in the vibrating underwear and hand them out to the crowd. Woody gets one and puts it on his head as he makes his way back to his table near the stage.

WOODY

This kind of gives me a headache, but I like it.

SYDNEY

Between all the fad diets and risky medical procedures, doctors agree that increasing circulation is one of the easiest, safest, and most effective ways to lose weight. But if you don't have time to go to the gym, let our new "Dancing Pants" jiggle off those unwanted pounds.

The vibration increases blood flow and circulation to the tummy area, which burns fat. It's also beneficial to wear on long plane rides where a decrease in circulation has lead to severe health problems like blood clots. These pants save lives.

WOODY

(to people around him)

I don't know if she's going to save my life with these, but they sure are fun!

RITA

She's an embarrassment.

THELMA

Let's put her out of her misery.

DICK

Is it too soon to crack open the champagne?

Sydney and her models finish the presentation.



## ANNOUNCER

Thank you, Sydney. Those certainly are underwear with a new twist! And now for our next product.

Her models leave the stage. The announcer motions for her to leave. She stays. A screen descends. The lights dim.

## SYDNEY

With your permission, I have one more product I'd like to introduce today called, AnyWear Underwear. This one doesn't have any flashy dancing girls, but bear with me.

An innocuous pair of underwear comes on the screen with the words: Pure. White. Simple.

## WOODY

(loudly enough for the crowd to hear)

Have we seen this before?

## SYDNEY

AnyWear Underwear is going to change the way we wear underwear. A Global Positioning Microchip is sewn into the tag that allows the wearer to be found anywhere in the world. It's a sophisticated technology with a simple application.

The rest of Sydney's slide show tugs at all the emotional heartstrings as it portrays the possible users.

## SYDNEY

The world is riddled with terrorism. Our country has soldiers on foreign soil. Many of our parents are becoming elderly and disoriented. Children get kidnapped and exploited everyday. Natural disasters hit and we can't find our loved ones.

In response to a rapidly changing world, a world where you can easily get swept up and swept away, I've created AnyWear underwear so you and your loved ones and your underwear can stay connected, no matter what, no matter where.

Her last screen shows a soldier waiting to be rescued. The slide show ends. The audience is overwhelmed, quiet.

Woody is the first one to stand up and applaud. Soon, everyone else joins in until she's got a standing ovation. Rita and Thelma look nervous. Dick shrugs it off.

DICK

Don't worry. I know a guy who knows a guy who's brother went to prison with another guy who forged the taxes of one of the guys on the judging panel. I got it wrapped up.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. SYDNEY'S LOFT - NIGHT

She's in her bathrobe when the bell rings. She peers outside and sees a limousine. It's Ralph. She buzzes him in.

RALPH

You were brilliant today. You deserve the Innovator of the Year Award. But I can't let you do it.

SYDNEY

Do what?

RALPH

Bet your half of the company to Woody. Legally, you can unilaterally withdraw your offer because it's not in writing.

SYDNEY

I'm not squelching on the bet if that's what you want me to do.

RALPH

If we record you rescinding your half of the bet before the judges make their decision, you won't jeopardise your interest in Stone Briefs.

He takes out his phone and starts recording her.

RALPH

All you have to say is, 'I rescind the bet.' Go on. Say it.

(MORE)

RALPH (cont'd)

It'll probably hold up in court because you only have a verbal agreement with Woody.

SYDNEY

I'm going to win. Did you see my AnyWear presentation? Even Woody loved it.

RALPH

These judges can be kind of finicky.

SYDNEY

Go home, Ralph.

RALPH

The Awards Ceremony is tomorrow night. The judges can't be trusted.

SYDNEY

What are you talking about?

RALPH

Sydney, this is Chicago. Sometimes things are done a little *unconventionally* here.

SYDNEY

Such as...

RALPH

Schmearing a judge. You ever heard that term?

SYDNEY

You mean bribing them? I won't go for it.

RALPH

Apparently, neither will they.

SYDNEY

You tried bribing them? Don't tell me about it. I don't want to know.

RALPH

Maybe someone else bribed them.

SYDNEY

Maybe they have integrity.

RALPH

You're being naive.

SYDNEY

You don't have faith in my product.

RALPH

I have faith in your product. I don't have faith in them, the judges and the Wild Wear gang.

SYDNEY

I'm going to win fair and square.

RALPH

There is no fair and square.

SYDNEY

My father would approve of what I'm doing because he would know that it's the only way to get rid of my stepmothers, once and for all, which is why I think he appointed me to take over in his absence.

She holds the door open for him. He leaves. She goes back to the window and stares out, making sure he drives away.

Later, another limousine pulls up. She buzzes open the door, expecting it to be Ralph.

SYDNEY

Ralph, I told you...

Woody walks in.

SYDNEY

Woody!

WOODY

Please, just give me a moment. I have to talk to you.

She opens the door and he enters, nervous around her.

SYDNEY

If it's about the bet and the Innovator of the Year Award...

WOODY

It's about you.

SYDNEY

Me?

WOODY

It's about you and me.

SYDNEY

What about you and me?

WOODY

Sydney, I'm in awe of you. Your AnyWear Underwear just blew me away. I'm shallow and self centered compared to you.

SYDNEY

Compared to other people too.

WOODY

I just want you to know that no matter what happens at the Awards ceremony tomorrow night, I want to be partners with you. If I win your half of Stone Briefs, I want you to stay on and run both companies.

SYDNEY

Woody, I told you, I can't work for you. I don't have it in me. I'm too fiercely independent.

He stops and looks at her. Her determination is stunning.

WOODY

I know. That's part of why I'm so in love with you.

SYDNEY

It would never work between us.

WOODY

It already works between us and you know it. Why do you think I made all these wacky underwear products?

SYDNEY

I don't know.

WOODY

Because I'm at my best when I'm with you. You inspire me!

SYDNEY

Woody, I'm bossy and determined.

WOODY

And beautiful and classy...

SYDNEY

You have beautiful women around you  
all day long.

WOODY

Those women don't have what you  
have. You're my equal. No! You're  
better at everything. I'm not even  
your equal.

SYDNEY

You really aren't attracted to me.  
It's the conquest that you crave.

WOODY

No. It's you. I'm sure of it.

She lets down her guard. He leans in about to kiss her.

SYDNEY

That's your idea of foreplay?

WOODY

I couldn't think of anything else.

SYDNEY

You're kidding?

WOODY

This is my idea of foreplay.

He gives her an incredibly tender kiss. She gives into it at  
first and kisses him back. It's magic.

SYDNEY

Woody, you have to go.

WOODY

I have to stay.

She pulls back.

SYDNEY

Really.

She finally pulls back and pushes him out the door. He's all  
smiles, savoring the kiss between them. She's blushing.

CUT TO:

## INT. FASHION AWARDS - NIGHT

The big night has arrived and the Apparel Center ballroom has been transformed. Sydney sits at a table with Ralph, Thelma, Rita, and Cha-Cha. There's an empty seat for Peaches.

At a nearby table, Woody, Dick, and their entourage of super models are seated. The Papparazzi get Woody and Sydney to pose together for a "money" shot. Heather Hall takes over.

HEATHER

We're live from the tenth annual Fashion Awards and this year everyone seems to be dressed in anticipation wondering who will win this Battle Between the Briefs as the fashion industry's two biggest underwear moguls, Woody Wild of Wild Wear and Sydney Stone of Stone Briefs are locked in a heated race for the Innovator of the Year Award. The winner takes half of the other one's company. What do you have to say for yourselves tonight Woody? Sydney?

WOODY

The real winners are the underwear buying public. Because of Sydney's drive and my subsequent attempts to keep up with her, we've brought them unprecedented underwear products all year long.

HEATHER

I think we can all agree with that. Sydney, any comments?

SYDNEY

I'd just like to say that I wish my father could be here with us.

Sydney gets all choked up.

CUT TO:

## INT. FATHER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peaches sits at the end of the bed next to Sydney Senior watching the broadcast.

PEACHES

Nice touch.

Sydney Senior watches alertly as if he never was in a coma. Peaches perches behind the cell phone set up by his bed.

SYDNEY SENIOR  
Let's get on with it.

PEACHES  
You know what do say.

SYDNEY SENIOR  
Then can we call her?

PEACHES  
Yes.

CUT TO:

INT. FASHION AWARDS - NIGHT

The Announcer goes up on stage. Everyone quiets down. Sydney's bra phone rings loudly.

ANNOUNCER  
Doing a little last minute  
campaigning, Ms. Stone?

Sydney waves him her apology. The crowd laughs.

ANNOUNCER  
To present the Award for Fashion  
Innovator of the Year, please  
welcome Isaac Mizrahi.

RALPH  
(to Sydney)  
There's still time to call it off.

SYDNEY  
Not a chance! Winning is my only  
chance of getting rid of them.

ISAAC  
Thank you. And thank you to Sydney  
and Woody for the "Dancing-Hot-  
Pants-Play-It-Safe-talk-to-me-Bra"  
that I'm wearing right now. You  
know how I like to mix media.

Ralph's cell phone rings. He checks the caller I.D. and takes the call quietly as the winner is announced.



ISAAC

The winner of the Innovator of the Year Award goes to...

He looks up and makes them sweat. Ralph gets the news.

RALPH

(quietly to Sydney)  
Your father is out of the coma.

SYDNEY

Oh my God! That's GREAT!

ISAAC

Woody Wild!

The crowd cheers. The stepmothers celebrate. Sydney is so stunned that she can't comprehend what Ralph is saying.

RALPH

Sydney, your father's out of the coma. Peaches just called us.

THELMA

You just lost your half of our company, princess.

RALPH

I wish you had taken my advice.

WOODY

That can't be right.

Woody tries to get Sydney to go up there with him. It's clear he doesn't want or deserve the award. Sydney is in shock.

WOODY

(holds up the award)  
I'd like to express my heartfelt gratitude and admiration to Sydney Stone. Without her as my inspiration, I never would have pushed myself to create so many innovative underwear products.

I'd also like to thank my right-hand-man, Dick Riccio. You are the one guy who can always get me into or out of trouble, whichever the case may be!

Dick smiles and catches a glimpse of Cha-Cha who's hot to trot! They signal each other and motion toward the exit door.

SYDNEY

I have to get out of here.

Sydney dashes out. Woody watches her go, helpless to stop her from the podium. She HEARS the Paparazzi around the corner and ducks into the closest bathroom, hides in the last stall.

INT. WOMEN'S ROOM/FASHION AWARDS - NIGHT

Sydney hears the SOUND two people enter and sits on the hand railing with her feet on the toilet so they can't see her.

She recognizes Cha-Cha's distinct laugh as she and Dick begin their love making.

CHA-CHA

You're such a naughty boy paying off the judges like that.

DICK

I am a naughty boy.

CHA-CHA

Thank GOD! She lost. We won.

Sydney sneaks out before they see her.

CUT TO:

EXT. APPAREL CENTER/FASHION AWARDS - NIGHT

Sydney races to her limo as Woody runs after her.

WOODY

Sydney wait!

SYDNEY

You paid off the judges!

WOODY

I did no such thing.

SYDNEY

Of course you didn't. You had Dick do it. The bet is off. You didn't win fair and square.

She slams the door. The limo drives away.

EXT. FATHER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The limo pulls up.

INT. FATHER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peaches waits by the window, watching for her.

PEACHES

She's here.

Sydney Senior rearranges himself on the bed. They dim the lights. He acts sicker than he really is. The elevator "ding" signals her arrival.

PEACHES

He's awake! It's a miracle.

Sydney enters her father's room. She goes to his bed and sits down next to him.

She takes his hand and breaks down and cries. He hugs her.

SYDNEY

I'm so glad you're back.

SYDNEY SENIOR

I'm so glad you're back. We can't let anything or anyone come between us again, not ever.

SYDNEY

You might not be so glad when you hear what just happened.

SYDNEY SENIOR

You mean about the bet? I heard.

SYDNEY

You're not mad?

SYDNEY SENIOR

We took care of it.

He presses a button and on the television is a video recording of him rescinding the bet.

SYDNEY SENIOR

Peaches insisted that I tape this the moment I woke up. I didn't know why but we got this on tape before the announcement.

SYDNEY  
What time was it?

SYDNEY SENIOR  
Just before the announcement.

PEACHES  
It was a miracle, really.

Peaches plays it over the top. Sydney figures it out.

SYDNEY  
PEACHES!

PEACHES  
What?

SYDNEY  
What's really going on here?

Sydney plays it back.

PEACHES  
Your father came out of his coma just in time to rescind your bet because he was at the helm of the company. Don't worry. You didn't gamble away half of the company.

SYDNEY  
That's way too convenient. Something's not right. You're going to tell me the truth right now.

PEACHES  
Sydney, your father is back. That's the only thing that matters.

SYDNEY  
What are you not telling me?

SYDNEY SENIOR  
I'm so happy to see you.

Sydney Senior takes her hand, kisses it, and squeezes it.

CUT TO:

EXT. APPAREL CENTER/AWARDS CEREMONY - NIGHT

Woody and Dick continue to smile for the cameras as they talk between clenched teeth.

WOODY

You should have consulted me about it.

DICK

I just saved your company and got you what you wanted and this is the thanks I get.

WOODY

For the record, I didn't get what I wanted.

Woody waves goodbye to the paparazzi and drags Dick into the limo. They have it out.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

WOODY

I just took half her family's business.

DICK

To save yours.

WOODY

But I didn't really win. You paid off the judges.

DICK

Enough with this, "fair and square" crap. It's what we gotta do to stay alive. You weren't born yesterday.

WOODY

I'm giving it back.

DICK

Giving what back, the award?

WOODY

All of it. Her company. The award.

DICK

How about your dick. You want to give that back too because you're in love with her!

WOODY

So what if I'm in love with her.

DICK

It's a little more complicated than that. The judges will never admit they took a bribe. Sydney's father miraculously emerged from his coma and called off the bet, supposedly just in time.

WOODY

He's awake?!

DICK

They're taking us to court tomorrow for an emergency ruling.

WOODY

Look at the mess you've gotten us into.

DICK

I've got that covered too.

Woody glares at him.

DICK

What? Have you just met me? This is what I do. How do you think you got that liquor license for the club? Wake up Woody! You're being naive.

CUT TO:

EXT. DALEY PLAZA - DAY

The two opposing teams cross the plaza for their day in court. Ironically, it's the same place where it all began during the Fear Busters/Play-It-Safe horseback debut.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The courtroom is packed with Woody, Dick, their lawyers, models, media people, Sydney, Ralph, their lawyers, the stepmothers, etc.

HEATHER

Reporting live from the Daley Center, I'm Heather Hall for Entertainment Right Now. There's been an unusual turn of events in the Wild Wear versus Stone Briefs case.

(MORE)

## HEATHER (cont'd)

Sydney Stone accused Woody Wild of fixing the Innovation Awards by bribing the judges. Meanwhile, her father, Sydney Stone Senior emerged from his coma just before the official announcement and made this recording rescinding the bet.

Reply of the video of Sydney Senior rescinding the bet.

## HEATHER

It's now up to the judge to decide if there's any merit to the legality of their bet. The only members of this circus who aren't here are Sydney Senior and his beautiful, young wife, Peaches.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLD COAST/LINCOLN PARK - DAY

Peaches pushes Sydney Senior in a wheelchair through nearby Lincoln park. At the underpass, the four Tough Guys, (as seen earlier on the EL), emerge from different angles with nylon stockings over their faces. A lone jogger passes.

INTERCUT THE KIDNAPPING SCENE WITH THE COURT ROOM SCENE:

A limo waits nearby as the Tough Guys approach them from behind. It all happens quickly and gracefully as if choreographed. The Tough Guys load Sydney Senior and Peaches in the limo and drive away.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A bailiff calls everyone to stand and announces the judge.

## BAILIFF

Please rise for the Honorable Judge Richard Neville presiding.

The judge enters, smacks the gavel and begins.

JUDGE NEVILLE

I've agreed to hear this case on such short notice because of the circumstances: the verbal agreement entered into on live television, the father miraculously awakening from a coma and rescinding the contract, the accusations that the judges were paid off, and the fact that the media has become so involved.

DICK

(quietly to Woody)

And he's running for re-election.

P.O.V. Through video a screen, a Close Up of the judge.

JUDGE NEVILLE

Stone Briefs has brought charges of fraud against Wild Wear. Wild Wear is suing Stone Briefs for breach of contract, which means you effectively become both the plaintiff and the defendant. We're going to flip a coin to see who goes first.

Sydney's and Woody's lawyers go up to the bench.

SYDNEY

(quietly to Ralph)

What is this, football?

Woody's side wins. His lawyer calls Sydney to the stand.

LAWYER FOR WOODY

Will you please tell us exactly what you saw last night in the ladies bathroom.

SYDNEY

They were having sex.

LAWYER FOR WOODY

Who was having sex?

SYDNEY

Dick Riccio and my ex-step mother Cha-Cha Stone.

LAWYER FOR WOODY

What position were they in?



SYDNEY

I don't know.

LAWYER FOR WOODY

You don't know? How do you know that they were having sex if you didn't see what position they were in?

SYDNEY

I heard them having sex.

LAWYER FOR WOODY

So you didn't actually see it?

SYDNEY

I know sex when I hear it, but it was what they were saying that's incriminating.

LAWYER FOR WOODY

Why don't you tell us exactly what happened.

SYDNEY

I snuck into the last stall to avoid the Paparazzi. They came in shortly thereafter.

LAWYER FOR WOODY

You were in the last stall and where were they?

SYDNEY

A couple of stalls down. She said, 'You're a naughty boy for paying off the judges.' And then he said, 'I am a naughty boy.' And then she faked an orgasm.

CHA-CHA

I do not fake orgasms! That was real. And I had two orgasms.

The judge gavels them quiet. Woody looks sick.

LAWYER FOR WOODY

At anytime did Mr. Riccio say anything to the effect of, 'I did it,' or 'I'm guilty.'

SYDNEY

He said, 'I am a naughty boy.'

LAWYER FOR WOODY  
Which can mean anything.

SYDNEY  
In this context, it meant that he  
paid off the judges.

DICK  
Objection your honor. I'm always  
naughty and I'm proud of it.

JUDGE NEVILLE  
Councils, please inform you clients  
that they're not allowed to object.

Dick winks at Cha-Cha.

DICK  
She didn't object.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN ROAD - DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS as the limo leaves the city and drives  
toward Wisconsin. The autumn leaves are in full color.

Peaches instructs the limo to pull over at an apple orchard.  
They take a break and the tough guys help her pick apples.

She takes a cell phone and hands it to one of the Tough Guys  
who makes the call with a mouth full of apple.

INT. FATHER'S APARTMENT BUILDING- DAY

The doorman answers and looks panicked. He calls 911.

EXT. FATHER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Police cars, emergency ambulances, and Heather Hall arrive.

HEATHER  
Reporting live from the home of  
Sydney Stone Senior. An anonymous  
tip was called in that Sydney Stone  
and his beautiful wife, Peaches  
Stone were kidnapped this morning.

INT. FATHER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The doorman looks at his watch. They try buzzing Sydney Senior. No answer. She gets some more footage of the police getting let into his apartment. He's not there.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Time has passed and Sydney's Lawyer is cross examining Cha-Cha.

LAWYER FOR SYDNEY

So you don't remember anything after the orgasm?

CHA-CHA

No. I don't have enough blood to my head to remember anything else.

LAWYER FOR SYDNEY

Did you hear anything?

CHA-CHA

No. Not enough blood to my ears.

SYDNEY

(quietly to Ralph)

You drop a dime in the corner, she'll hear it.

A SERIES OF SHOTS AS THE TRIAL DRAGS ON. Sydney and company are getting clobbered. They finally take a break.

Sydney is in the hall calling her father when Heather approaches, cameras rolling.

HEATHER

Sydney, I have some terrible news for you. We got an anonymous tip that there's been some foul play.

SYDNEY

What are you talking about?

HEATHER

Your father and Peaches have been kidnapped!

SYDNEY

Kidnapped!

HEATHER

She took him out for a walk early this morning and they never returned.

SYDNEY

How do you know this?

HEATHER

A lone jogger saw four men with panty hose over their faces throw them into a limousine. It's all over the news.

SYDNEY

Oh my God!

HEATHER

Sydney. By any chance, do you know Peaches cell phone number?

Sydney tells her boobs to dial Peaches. Heather puts the microphone to Sydney's boobs for the camera.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Peaches cell phone bra rings as if on cue.

PEACHES

(quietly to her boobs)  
Help! We've been kidnapped!

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Peaches? Dad?

SYDNEY SENIOR

I love you, sweetheart!

Peaches motions to one of the Tough Guys.

TOUGH GUY

You better not be talking on your Talk-to-Me bra or you're dead meat.

Peaches fakes a scream and disconnects them. She smiles at the Thugs who are happily eating apples.

CUT TO:

INT. COURT HOUSE/HALLWAY - DAY

They stare at Sydney's breasts as the Talk-to-Me bra goes dead. Heather's camera crew captures it all.

Sydney looks blankly at Heather, then into the camera.

HEATHER

Sydney, I'm so sorry.

SYDNEY

How could this have happened?

HEATHER

I'm sure this is difficult for you.

SYDNEY

My father just came out of a coma last night and now I've lost him again.

HEATHER

If only he or she were wearing your AnyWear underwear with that GPS microchip, which is brilliant by the way. Brilliant.

SYDNEY

I did give a prototype of the AnyWear underwear to Peaches.

Sydney takes out her laptop, logs onto the AnyWear site, and types in the number of Peaches prototype. It's moving!

SYDNEY

Oh my God!

HEATHER

What is it?

SYDNEY

I think she might be wearing them.

HEATHER

Really?

SYDNEY

You see here that dot moving slowly north. It looks like they're somewhere in Wisconsin. Let me just hone in on them.

Heather has her crew televise this.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - DAY

The Tough Guys, Peaches, and Sydney Senior watch the news coverage of Sydney following her underwear on an iPhone.

PEACHES

Can you believe the coverage she's getting? She'll sell millions of these.

EXT. ABANDONED MILL- SHEBOYGAN WISCONSIN- DAY

The Tough Guys pull the limo into a parking lot of an abandoned mill.

INT. LIMO - DAY

The Tough Guys finish tying them up. Peaches looks so proud of herself.

PEACHES

I've never pulled off a campaign this big.

SYDNEY SENIOR

I'm still don't think this is a good idea. I wish I hadn't let you talk me into this. It has become a media circus.

PEACHES

That's the point!

The Tough Guys get out and wipe down all the fingerprints that could possibly be on the car.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Peaches iPhone lets them know that the GPS AnyWear underpants has located them.

EXT. ABANDONED MILL- SHEBOYGAN WISCONSIN- DAY

The tough guys take off and leave them tied up in the limo in the parking lot.

EXT. WOODS-LAKE - DAY

The tough guys make their escape through the woods, then arrive at a lake where a motorboat awaits them. They take off and leave the limo for the television crews to discover.

EXT. ABANDONED MILL- SHEBOYGAN WISCONSIN- DAY

Police arrive via helicopter with an Entertainment Right Now satellite camera crew so Heather can cover the rescue remotely.

The cops call out, 'Come out with your hands up.' It's all very cliché as they finally storm the car and discover only Peaches and Sydney Senior tied up and gagged in the backseat.

REACTION SHOTS AS THE ENTIRE COUNTRY FOLLOWS THE RESCUE- It's Like OJ and the Bronco or Sleepless in Seattle...

INT. TRUCK STOP - DAY

Truckers are glued to the set, drinking coffee, placing bets.

INT. SORORITY/COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

The girls sit glued to the television, dressed in an array of Wild Wear and Stone Briefs underwear.

INT. APPLIANCE STORE- DAY

A huge wall of televisions shows the rescue attempt.

INT. HEALTH CLUB- DAY

A roomful of exercise fanatics run on treadmills watch the rescue on television.

INT. DAY CARE ROOM - DAY

The kids sit around watching cartoons when the show is interrupted by the coverage.

INT. COURT HOUSE/JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Heather gives her play-by-play of the rescue. The television in the judge's chambers shows Sydney looking tense and emotional and then relieved and rejoicing as the rescue mission is successful.

She puts her head down and cries. Ralph comes over and hugs her. Even the stepmothers look relieved. Woody stands in the back of the room, looking longingly at Sydney.

Entertainment Right Now shows a split screen with both Sydney's emotional reaction and the rescue scene.

EXT. ABANDONED MILL- SHEBOYGAN WISCONSIN- DAY

They open the door and discover the two tied up in the back seat. They untie them and rejoice.

INT. LIMO - DAY

They're being televised.

SYDNEY SENIOR

Oh thank God you found us!

PEACHES

(directly into camera)

Sydney, I'm never leaving home without my AnyWear underwear again. You saved our lives.

SYDNEY SENIOR

Sydney, sweetheart. Thank you.

REACTION SHOTS OF THE WORLD CHEERING as Peaches explains the GPS underwear once again.

PEACHES

Without this small microchip sewn into the tag of AnyWear Underwear and tied to a GPS we could have been left for dead anywhere in the world. But we're alive! Thanks to Sydney.

INT. JUDGE NEVILLE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Sydney looks like she has just figured something out. A look of anger or disbelief crosses her face. She turns away from the cameras and insists on some privacy.



EXT. FATHER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The Paparazzi are perched for their arrival. Peaches gets out of the limo and she helps Sydney Senior into a wheelchair.

CUT TO:

INT. FATHER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Later, the camera crews are gone and just the three of them are left. Sydney Senior looks really tired. Peaches looks pregnant. Sydney looks suspicious.

SYDNEY

Isn't it amazing that you guys are completely unharmed?

PEACHES

It's nothing short of a miracle. Thanks to your AnyWear underwear.

SYDNEY

We're not on television now, Peaches you can cut the PR stunt.

PEACHES

What?

SYDNEY

The kidnapppers got away! No fingerprints! It's the biggest day in this company's history and we conveniently have a distraction that makes me look like Saint Sydney? I'm getting more than a little suspicious here.

SYDNEY SENIOR

You can't be Saint Sydney. We're Jewish.

SYDNEY

What's really going on?

PEACHES

I can't believe you're insulting me like this. And after all we've been through today.

Peaches storms out.

SYDNEY

Dad?

SYDNEY SENIOR

What's really going on is, I'm going to sleep. I'm tired.

SYDNEY

I'm glad you're alive and okay.

Sydney gets her purse and excuses herself to the bathroom.

Inside the bathroom she looks around for clues. She takes her larger cell phone out of her purse and calls her bra phone. She removes the tiny bra phone and holds it in her hand.

Back in the apartment she goes back to say good night to her father and drops the tiny cell phone in a plant in their bedroom. She leaves without saying goodbye to Peaches.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

She listens to every word of their conversation from her big cell phone to her little cell phone.

CUT TO:

INT. FATHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

They get ready for bed. Peaches runs the show.

PEACHES

How's your back?

SYDNEY SENIOR

Fine.

PEACHES

Hip?

SYDNEY SENIOR

Great.

PEACHES

Do you think she knows?

SYDNEY SENIOR

We're going to have to tell her sometime about the baby. You can't hide it forever.

PEACHES

I'll just tell her you froze your sperm, I got impregnated by it while you were in a coma.

SYDNEY SENIOR  
I've had enough of the  
sensationalist stories for one  
night.

EXT. FATHER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Sydney slips into the shadows as she listens. Soon, she sees an exuberant Heather Hall come bounding up the walkway. Heather goes into the building.

INT. FATHER'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Heather and Peaches hug and scream. Sydney hears it all.

HEATHER  
Peachie, you wouldn't believe it!  
I just got my own show!

PEACHES  
You deserve it Heather.

HEATHER  
YOU deserve it. You're a genius!

PEACHES  
No you're a genius!

HEATHER  
No you are!

The screaming gets to both Sydneys. They cringe collectively.

EXT. FATHER'S APARTMENT BUILDING/SHADOWS - NIGHT

She has to hold the phone away from her ear from the noise.

INT. FATHER'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sydney Senior protests.

SYDNEY  
Girls! We're not in the sorority  
house anymore. I'm an old guy. I  
just came out of a coma.

HEATHER  
You did not just come out of a  
coma. How are the back and the  
hips, by the way?

SYDNEY

It was one hip and I'm fine.  
Amazing how they can rebuild an old  
body. We've all got another big day  
tomorrow, so let's get some sleep

EXT. FATHER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Sydney holds her hand over the phone and screams.

INT. FATHER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They are walking Heather to the door when the faint sound of  
screaming comes from the plant. They pause for a moment.  
Peaches looks outside. Nothing.

EXT. FATHER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

As Sydney stays hidden in the shadows, still fuming mad,  
Heather comes out and drives away.

INT. FATHER'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peaches and Sydney Senior settle down for sleep. They're  
intertwined like lovers and old friends.

SYDNEY SENIOR

I still don't know if we did the  
right thing.

PEACHES

You wanted your daughter back and  
you wanted to get rid of your Ex  
wives. It worked. We did the right  
thing. Heather got her own show.

SYDNEY SENIOR

Maybe we shouldn't have been so  
devious.

PEACHES

Sydney did the heavy lifting. She's  
ball-sy and brilliant!

EXT. FATHER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Sydney sees the four Tough Guys who had been following her  
come slinking up to the apartment.

INT. FATHER'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peaches shows them into the bedroom.

TOUGH GUY

Sorry to bother you, but we've got to skip town. We got a tip that some jogger might have seen us in the park this morning.

PEACHES

Didn't you have your nylons on?

TOUGH GUY

We did, but you never know.

Peaches gets a briefcase and pays them.

PEACHES

Here's the rest of the money. You guys did a great job.

SYDNEY SENIOR

Thanks for watching out for my daughter, my first little girl.

PEACHES

I'm not sure I'd use 'little' or 'girl' to describe Sydney.

SYDNEY SENIOR

You take care, all right?

TOUGH GUY

Sorry to leave you with no one to watch her.

SYDNEY SENIOR

She's back in my life now, I don't think I'll need you guys to trail her anymore.

EXT. FATHER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Sydney looks stunned. She slumps down on the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. DALEY PLAZA - DAY

The trial continues the next morning. Woody and company arrive from one corner.

Sydney Senior and Peaches from another, the stepmothers from another, and Sydney and Ralph from another. The media vultures are all over the place.

HEATHER

(to the camera)

It's the big day. Both sides have agreed to adhere to the judge's ruling and will not appeal. It looks like the Battle Between the Briefs will finally be settled once and for all.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

They all stand as Judge Neville enters. Sydney looks at no one. Sydney Senior tries to talk to her, but she avoids him. Sydney and Woody each confer with their lawyers.

SYDNEY

(to the judge)

I'd like to take the stand.

WOODY

(to his lawyer)

I'd like to take the stand.

LAWYER FOR WOODY

Your honor. There's been a slight change in order of witnesses. My client, Mr. Woodrow Wild has asked to speak in his own defense.

JUDGE NEVILLE

I'll hear Mr. Wild first.

The judge nods. Sydney is nervous. Woody gets sworn in.

WOODY

I'm just going to lay it all out there. For the record, my attorney has no idea what I'm going to say.

The attorney tries to protest but the judge allows Woody to continue.

WOODY

I didn't win that award. I mean I won because the judges said I won, but I'm not sure that won it **Fair and Square**, but even if I did, I didn't deserve the Award.

(MORE)

WOODY (cont'd)

I don't know definitively if my associate, the notorious Don Juan of the Ladies Bathroom paid off the judges or not. If he did it wasn't with my knowledge or approval. Sydney Stone's product was far more innovative than anything I've ever seen. Just yesterday it saved her own father's life and his beautiful wife, Peaches. I'm going to decline the award and give it to Ms. Stone, which means I'd like to voluntarily give her half of my company.

SYDNEY

I object!

JUDGE NEVILLE

What?

SYDNEY

I object. I don't want the award. I don't even want to win the bet. I don't want half of his company.

WOODY

Okay, I'll admit that my company is in a little bit of trouble because my plants keep getting blown up, but I still have plants in Asia that haven't been blown up - at least I don't think they've been blown up. Anybody read the paper today?

SYDNEY

I don't want half of your company Woody because that would tip the scales and allow me to put my stepmothers out of business and I want them in business with my father because he deserves them.

Sydney Senior starts to protest, but she gives him such a look that he knows that she knows the truth.

WOODY

But you do deserve the award.

SYDNEY

I don't need or want the award. It's meaningless to me.

The place goes up for grabs.

JUDGE NEVILLE  
(pounding the gavel)  
Chambers! Now. You two. Alone.

INT. JUDGE NEVILLE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

It's a cozy room. Sydney and Woody are alone with the Judge.

JUDGE NEVILLE  
I don't understand what's going on.  
Someone please explain it to me.

SYDNEY  
I don't want to have anything to do  
with anyone else's underwear ever  
again.

WOODY  
You've already told me that you  
could never work for me, but I  
could work for you. Please take  
half my company. I could work for  
you- I already do work for you!

SYDNEY  
Woody, I don't want your company.

WOODY  
Fine! I don't want it either.

JUDGE NEVILLE  
I'm confused.

SYDNEY  
What do you want, Woody?

WOODY  
You, Sydney. That's all I've ever  
wanted since the day I met you. I  
just want to be near you. Just you.

SYDNEY  
Me?

Woody leans over and kisses her.

WOODY  
Because I'm in love with you.

He kisses her again. She kisses him back.

CUT TO:



EXT. WILD WEAR STORE TRANSFORMED - DAY

ONE YEAR LATER

Outside the banner announces the opening of the new AnyWear Underwear store. An eager crowd snakes around the block.

INT. WILD WEAR STORE TRANSFORMED - DAY

Woody and Sydney are partners. All their technology-driven underwear is under one roof. The center counter/bar has been turned into a juice bar and the Tough Guys work behind the counter serving healthy juices and innovative underwear.

Cha-Cha pulls out some fruit from her bra and feeds a grape to Dick.

Peaches and Sydney Senior have a baby boy.

Ralph has a one of the super models on his arm. All the Stepmothers are present as Heather reports on the opening.

HEATHER

Congratulations you two! The new AnyWear store looks terrific.

A really loud phone rings to the tune of "Wild Thing." All the women check their bras. Woody holds up his hand.

WOODY

It's mine.

He answers it. They all smile, knowingly, (except Sydney)

WOODY

Yes. She's right here.

SYDNEY

What is going on?

Judge Neville walks in and stands at the center. They line up along the catwalk, as if rehearsed. Smiles all around.

WOODY

Are you ready?

SYDNEY

Are you kidding me? You want to renegotiate our partnership now? We're about to open our first concept store together.

WOODY

I'm not kidding you. I'm hoping to be marrying you.

SYDNEY

What?

WOODY

You were so busy with the store opening and the new business and the new baby, so I took care of this part. Sydney, will you marry me?

She looks around. Everyone is quiet.

SYDNEY

Seriously? That's all you've got?

Woody has a moment where it looks like she's not going to marry him. He looks around. Dick motions to him to get down on one knee. Instead, he "dips" her as if they're in a dance.

WOODY

Sydney Stone, I love you with all my heart and soul and every other part of my body. Will you please marry me and make me the happiest and luckiest man in the world?

SYDNEY

Yeah, okay.

CUT TO:

THE CEREMONY ENDS. HE KISSES THE BRIDE. THE DANCING BEGINS.

All the couples dance on the catwalk to the song, WILD THING.

-Sydney Senior and Peaches strut down the aisle with the baby

-Ralph swings his super model, Lucille around a few times

-Cha-Cha and Dick gyrate down the catwalk provocatively

-Judge Neville has his moment with Thelma

-Heather jazzes it up with her camera crew in tow

-WOODY and SYDNEY dance and sing

FADE OUT.