

BY NO SMALL FEAT

Written by

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

On the bed in an otherwise empty room, a LAPTOP illuminates TONI (26) - gothic princess of self-conscious darkness. Having recently gained weight, she avoided her last class reunion and any coinciding social engagement.

She reads responses from people in a chat-room on her page.

Squints at one, snivels, and rotates her whole body --

And WIGGLES HER TOES, painted BLACK in front of the camera.

DING.

She peeks over, excited chatter fills the page. Toni grins.

TONI
Keep it comin' boys.

Continuous wiggling.

DING-DING.

COMPUTER DICTATION
\$5, sock-a-clock!

Grabs a sock from the bedside and twirls it around her feet.

CHAT ROOM --

PIENONYMOUS: *Is that sock dirty?*

OTTOVONFOOT: *Looks like it.*

TOENDEAF4436: *took frm*

STELLARSMELLER: *ugh*

STELLARSMELLER: *SIGNED OFF*

TOENDEAF4436: *bedsde i thnik*

OTTOVONFOOT: *How much for a clean sock?*

Toni curls all but her big toe, still twirling.

DING.

She grins, rifles through some unkempt laundry, and weaves it through her toes.

PIENONYMOUS: *And the other foot?*

TOENDEAF4436: *SIGNED OFF.*

TONI
You got five?

PIENONYMOUS: *Whatever. Your cuticles need work anyway.*

PIENONYMOUS: *SIGNED OFF.*

Toni frowns into her laptop camera.

OTTOVONFOOT: *I don't mind...*

KA-CHING.

COMPUTER DICTATION
10 for 2, I'm here for you!

TONI
Let's keep it short tonight, okay?

Video chat. OTTO (34) pops up on screen. Bearded and squinty with unkempt hair, he'd be kind of cute if he cleaned up a little.

OTTO
How've you been?

TONI
Fine... Russ hasn't been feeling that great.

OTTO
Did you take him to the doc?

TONI
Na.

OTTO
What about --

TONI
Too expensive. And this isn't enough.

OTTO
If it helps I think your cuticles look great.

TONI
Otto...

OTTO
And those cute little pinky toes!

TONI
OTTO!

OTTO
I -- You -- OK.

TONI
His mom was diabetic.

OTTO
You think that's it?

TONI
I don't know.

Silence.

OTTO
Can you... take off the sock?

She does.

OTTO (cont'd)
Thanks.

Disheartened wiggles.

TONI
I think I'm done. Good night Otto.

OTTO
How about that date? --

She CLOSES the laptop.

END OF COLD OPEN.

ACT ONE

INT. SHOWER - DAY (PRESENT)

Steamy. Toni's legs, clean shaven. Her toes immersed in soapy water.

She WIGGLES them.

Scrubs her feet with EXFOLIATING SOAP and washes them in the stream of water.

Takes a closer look - one foot after the other.

Picks at her cuticles with a fingernail.

Door OPENS, she grabs a NAIL FILE, and gets to work.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

NAIL POLISH BOTTLES and LOTION abundant. Robed, Toni dries her hair in front of the mirror, her towel BLACK.

She peeks at her now pristine cuticles but can't see them.

Straining, she lifts her foot to the counter.

TONI

Ughhh --

Disappointment.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Across from a TV, a RATTY COUCH upon which freshly towel'd Toni pets her equally-fluffy pup, RUSS (6).

TONI

Who's a cutey with a diabetic booty?

He licks her face. She kisses him back.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Dishes fill the sink, recycling left on the counter. A wine bottle stuck in the drain. Toni pillages the pantry.

She places SUGARY DRACULA-THEMED CEREAL on the counter and reaches back for Russ' food.

Dumps probably-too-much into his bowl and does the same for hers.

Considers the calories...

Returns a little.

Satisfied, she reaches for the fridge.

TONI
Russie-bus! Food!

Her hand on the fridge, she pauses -- no Russ.

INT. FOYER/CLOSET - DAY

Russ hops about the front door, excited. Toni at the coat closet. Next to it, a single FRAMED PICTURE of RUSS.

TONI
Hex that hubbub, I'm coming!

She opens and peeks inside.

WORN TENNIS SHOES, BLACK FLIP-FLOPS, BLACK SUMMER HAT, and some cleaning supplies. A solitary hook holds a community pool LANYARD with KEY CARD and Russ' LEASH.

Closes the door, the leash hangs limp in her hand.

Frowns.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Far from fresh, paint peels off rotten siding previously neglected by her retiree parents. Toni relaxes between half-dead VENUS FLYTRAPS and an empty bird feeder with summer hat on. She watches Russ sniff about, his leash dragging behind.

A NEIGHBOR LADY jogs by. Russ dashes over.

TONI
Hey!

Toni stumbles to, hat FLIES off. The neighbor jogs in place to rub his chinny-chin-chin while Toni grabs for the hat.

NEIGHBOR
(between breaths)
Oh, he's fine! Don't worry about me!

Toni arrives, grabs Russ by the collar, and attaches the leash.

NEIGHBOR (cont'd)
What an absolute cutie!

TONI
He's a lovable imp.

NEIGHBOR
Yes you are! Oh yes you are!

TONI
Toni.

NEIGHBOR
Adelaide.

Jogging shake.

TONI
He doesn't get out much --

ADELAIDE
Do you need someone to walk him?

TONI
I mean --

ADELAIDE
My husband could do it.

TONI
Thanks but I think we're good.

ADELAIDE
Well OK then.

Toni pets Russ with her foot.

ADELAIDE (cont'd)
Bye bye Russie-poo!

One last pet and she jogs off.

TONI
(to herself)
Russell works too.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Toni. Screen. Bed. Feet.

FOREMOREFEET: *Nice pads. You got heel?*

DING.

Toni lifts her heel to the camera.

FOREMOREFEET: *NICE.*

OTTOVONFOOT: *It's a show!*

INRUSSWETRUS: *Where's Russ?*

FOREMOREFEET: *Let me see your feeeet.*

DING-DING.

COMPUTER DICTATION
\$2, two for two!

Full foot spread.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Russ has joined Toni on the bed and cuddles.

Otto on video chat again. Only INRUSSWETRUS left in the chat, IDLE.

TONI
-- I give him the recommended amount!

OTTO
Do you take him out?

TONI
We revel in darkness.

OTTO
He'll be fine.

TONI
But --

OTTO
It's what's best for him.

She sighs.

TONI
Yeah.

OTTO
How about a 10K?

TONI
Me? Him?

OTTO
Gotta dive right in.

TONI
I can barely swim!

Otto shrugs.

TONI (cont'd)
What do you think Russ?

Russ snuggles up. She rustles his fur.

TONI
(at Otto)
Gimme a show and I'll letcha know.

OTTO
Saturday! Reflexology? Just me and --

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Toni stares at the world from her poorly-kept porch. She wears a baggy BLACK SWEATER and SWEATPANTS with her ratty tennis shoes. Russ tugs the leash.

Toni takes a couple deep breaths, steps off the porch --
But returns to the shade.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Pristine but for a smattering of humans and their pets. Russ trots circles around Toni - hunched over, drenched in sweat.

She COUGHS. Russ wags his tail doggy-pleading to continue.

TONI
Jus -- just a minute Russ...

She straightens, struggling against her lungs.

Adelaide steams by.

ADELAIDE

Keep it up!

Tony irks out a thumbs-up and walks.

Pushes herself to a half-jog. Russ pulls and she follows.

Back on track.

MONTAGE

A group of YOUNGSTERS blow through.

A HYPER-FIT COUPLE cartwheel by, blinding all with radiance.

An ELDERLY MAN gives a gummy grin, outpacing Toni --

With his cat.

END MONTAGE

Stuck to a PARK BENCH, Toni's sweat soaks through the veneer. She shades her eyes from the sun, wheezing.

Leash threatening to fall from her limp hand, Russ darts back and forth - too excited by the little things.

She rolls off and under the bench to hide from the sun.

Another dog BARKS. Russ RESPONDS.

The leash flies from her hand. She lolls her head.

TONI

Russ?

A persistent blur, she blinks sweat from her eyes.

TONI

Russie-bus?

She manages to find a dry spot on her sweater and wipes.

A HOODED FIGURE in mid-trot - Russ tucked under their arm like a fuzzy football.

TONI

RUSS!

Toni CONKS her head on the bench.

END OF FIRST ACT

SECOND ACT

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Light poles PLASTERED with black & white HAVE YOU SEEN THIS DOG? pictures of Russ.

Toni stumbles from pole to pole, lost in a suburban underworld of sex, drugs, and tape.

A YUPPIE and his DOG jog by. Toni shoves a picture of Russ in their faces.

TONI

Have you seen my dog!?

Yuppie produces his pepper spray and clicks the safety off.

Toni falls back onto manicured grass and they pass.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

EMPTY bag of dog treats on the counter. Toni's face a fresco of runny mascara and dried tears.

She takes out cereal, dumps plenty into a bowl, and drowns it in milk.

Bite and chew. Frowning, she gazes at Russ' DOG DISH.

Turns back to her bowl. It stares back.

TONI

All my fault.

She submerges her face.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

If there was a supermarket for goths, this would be it.

MONTAGE

Toni schleps a shopping cart forward.

Ponders store-brand vs. name-brand ICE CREAM. Store-brand.

A trio of CUCUMBERS.

Treats herself to a PORTABLE FOOT SPA.

Slogs through the pet food aisle and grabs DOG TREATS.
A slick bottle of MASSAGE OIL. An OLD FEMALE EMPLOYEE winks.
Attempts self-checkout. CLOSED.
END MONTAGE

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Toni's laptop open but not recording, chat room active.
CUCUMBER SLICES between each toe - she massages her SWOLLEN
FEET.

VDEFEEETEDV: *Let's gooooooooooooo.*

OTTOVONFOOT: *She's not ready yet.*

Takes out the slices and shakes her hands to loosen them.

Begin RECORDING. Her image a MESS.

VDEFEEETEDV: *Oof*

She flips around, her toes seem cemented together.

OTTOVONFOOT: *Ass*

VDEFEEETEDV: *Let me see you spread em*

She tries.

OTTOVONFOOT: *Don't listen to him they look fine.*

VDEFEEETEDV: *fuck you man.*

OTTOVONFOOT: *Fuck you!*

TONI

If neither of you pay I'm done.

DING.

She peels each toe from the other.

OTTOVONFOOT: *What... happened?*

VDEFEEETEDV: *Maybe her boyfriend didn't clean up.*

KA-CHING.

COMPUTER DICTATION
9 he crossed the line!

VDEFEEETEDV: *KICKED.*

TONI
We went... running.

OTTOVONFOOT: *Massage them for me*

OTTOVONFOOT: *You need it.*

She complies.

OTTOVONFOOT: *And it's kinda hot.*

OTTOVONFOOT: *How'd Russ do?*

She stops and frowns, about to cry.

OTTOVONFOOT: *Don't stop! That's just what --*

Closes the laptop.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Her feet in the spa, Toni relaxes at the Dining table, ICE CREAM TUB across. Between them, SPOON. A STAND-OFF.

Reaches for the spoon but hesitates, her hand hovers above.

She NABS it and YANKS it close; poor ice cream didn't stand a chance.

She rips its top off.

STABS it. A timid, shaky bite.

STABS AGAIN

To her mouth, hand shaking, she drops the spoon.

Eyes it. Frowns, wipes it clean.

Her arm rises.

STAB. The spa STOPS.

Leaves the spoon standing.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Toe show, her feet still sore. Only Otto.

TONI
-- I'm sorry Otto.

OTTOVONFOOT: *Thanks.*

OTTOVONFOOT: *Any way you could... make it up to me?*

TONI
First one's on me.

OTTOVONFOOT: *Good deal.*

OTTOVONFOOT: *Where'd we leave off?*

Toni drizzles the massage oil over her toes.

Massages toe by toe.

OTTOVONFOOT: *Oh shit*

RUSSELLTOWE: *SIGNED ON.*

OTTOVONFOOT: *You're amazing*

RUSSELLTOWE: *Check the dog park.*

She stops.

RUSSELLTOWE: *The walker will be there tomorrow.*

OTTOVONFOOT: *No! Why!?*

RUSSELLTOWE: *With yours. And others.*

TONI
WHO ARE YOU?

RUSSELLTOWE: *SIGNED OUT.*

DING-DING.

COMPUTER DICTATION
\$5, TONIIIII!

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

Old, unkempt. A couple empty FAST FOOD BAGS litter the passenger seat. Outside, LIGHT RAIN.

Toni glances at the fast food bags and spots a dog hair. She peels it off and tucks it away for safekeeping.

EXT. DOG PARK - DAY

Lovable mayhem all in MUD. Dogs without leashes, leashes without dogs, dogs without owners, people without dogs - Toni blacked out in a TRENCH COAT with SUMMER HAT down low.

She stalks around, obliging dogs that stop for pets. Some OWNERS spot her and urge their dogs another direction.

A doggy playground and circle of plastic fire hydrants. In the center, she scrutinizes pups from beneath her hat.

Their leashes trailing, multiple DOGS approach chased by their DOG WALKER. Alerted, Toni scans their ranks.

DOG WALKER

Come back!

No Russ. She parts the doggy sea and tips her hat as the walker SPRINTS by.

Toni pops a squat and absentmindedly massages her toes.

She peeks out. Rain drips off the hat's brim.

A WOMAN sprints by CARRYING HER DOG. Toni rises and twists.

A DOG rushes to the closest hydrant, staring at Toni expectantly. It pees. Toni glances away.

DOG OWNER (O.S.)

Good boy!

In the distance, a BLUR of dogs.

She careens her neck to see. FIVE DOGS, indistinct.

The peeing dog BOLTS. The group of dogs give chase, one lags behind at pace with the DOG WALKER (2).

TONI

HEY!

The walker takes off and scoops the lagging dog --

RUSS.

Toni pounds slippery, muddy pavement.

TONI

Russell!

Toni VAULTS a hydrant. The DOGNAPPER ignores concrete paths and dashes across an open dog-playing field.

They weave through doggy D-Day - an assault of TENNIS BALLS, FRISBEES, and AERODYNAMIC FOAM.

A toy football IMPACTS Toni, she falters; her hat FLIES OFF but she ignores it. The Dognapper sprints on.

TONI

Russ!

Dognapper clears the field. Home stretch to the parking lot.

Chest pains, she slows; mud sucks her in. Tears well-up.

TONI

Russ...

Dognapper reaches the parking lot. Toni plods on having cleared the field.

One-by-one, the dogs load in a BLUE VAN. Russ last to go.

Toni blinks through pouring rain.

Van STARTS. Toni in spitting distance, she reaches out --

INT. VAN - DAY

Bouncing with the road and PANTING from exertion, Russ and his doggy pals mingle in the back.

Out the window, Toni slows to a stop.

The pups struggle to maintain their balance as the van hits a turn.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Before the cam show. Everything up but not running yet. Toni peers at the screen, waiting for users to log on.

Nothing. She starts recording and leans back.

Impatient, she hops up and paces the room.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Toni lays across her bed.

OTTOVONFOOT: SIGNED ON.

DING. Toni peeks up.

OTTOVONFOOT: *You owe me big time. Vid chat?*

TONI

I know.

She plays with her toes. Otto comes up on the screen.

OTTO

So what'll it be?

TONI

What do you want?

OTTO

Date. Tomorrow. YOU pick me up.

TONI

Your mom wouldn't like that.

OTTO

What else can you do?

TONI

I'll think of something.

OTTO

Better think fast --

Toni scrunches her face.

OTTO (cont'd)

I'm all you've got.

END SECOND ACT

THIRD ACT

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Porch covered in CHUNKS of MUD. Tossed aside, Toni's RUINED shoes and Russ' MUDDY LEASH.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Cereal box on the table, freshly-showered Toni towers above.

In disgust she topples it.

Stomps to the pantry closet and tosses her JUNK FOOD reserves next to the cereal. Her head towel becoming UNDONE.

Freezer next. She yanks out the ice cream, spoon still STUCK, and flings it with the rest.

Aggravated, she dashes out.

INT. FOYER/CLOSET - DAY

Empty but for Russ' picture.

Toni, dressed now, stomps to the closet and SWINGS the door open.

Slides her feet into the flip-flops.

Frowns at the lanyard and key card on the leash hook and glances down at her body.

TONI

Not yet.

SLAMS the door.

On her way out, she passes by the kitchen; ice cream melting and junk still on the table.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

MONTAGE

Toni marches a shopping cart forward to return the spa.

Nabs bottom shelf RED TOENAIL POLISH. Eyes the TOP SHELF.

Grabs multiple sets of less-baggy WORKOUT CLOTHING.

No black shoes. Grabs WHITE TENNIS SHOES.

Deadlifts a WATERMELON.

Sizes up some WRINKLY SQUASH. Winks at the old lady employee from before.

Next to the ice cream, frozen VEGGIES into the cart.

Before she checks out, stops in front of the VEGGIE CHIPS --

END MONTAGE

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Kitchen table a big ol' mess after the ice cream melted. Toni cleans in her old sweats.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

All but one lotion and new red nail polish left. Toni holds the workout clothing to the side still dressed in sweats.

Moves the new clothing in front. A noticeable difference.

She smirks.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Toni hides from the sunlight, leash tied around her midsection - geared up in the new workout digs.

Peeks out. Doesn't melt into a pool of shadows.

FLIPS OFF the sun and dashes away.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Lower-class suburbia. Toni jogging on a sidewalk, proud.

EXT. PARK - DAY

People mill about. A group of KINDERGARTNERS enjoy class outside. Arms hanging loose, Toni half-jogs by them all.

Slows to a stop at her former shading bench, PANTING.

Contemplates the comfort of darkness as it envelops her --
But turns away and wipes sweat from her face.
Across the way, a COMMUNITY POOL surrounded by iron-fencing.

EXT. FENCE/POOL - DAY

Back-dropped by the house, water pristine. The surrounding
PEBBLED PAVEMENT equally immaculate. A sign reads "DON'T
FORGET YOUR KEY CARD" - Toni gazes past.

She massages her legs and takes a deep breath.

Grabs hold of a top spike and hoists --

SQUEAK - her shoes can't get a grip.

Next try, barefoot, her toenails RED. She tosses her
footwear over; a sock flies into the pool.

TONI

Ugh.

She surmounts the fence and hops the top --

But lands on PEBBLES. She contains a yelp.

The pain passes and she tip-toes to the pool. Plops down on
the edge.

Slides both feet in and lolls her head back.

Lets the water buoy her feet and enjoys the peace.

Her wet sock drifts near. She inches out to fetch it with
her toes.

Close. Stretches her foot to capacity --

LOSES HER BALANCE and KICKS WILDLY. A DOG BARKS.

She snaps to. The DOG peeks in through the fence.

The dog tilts its head.

She mirrors.

It trots away. She sighs, guilty.

Pushes herself out of the water and drips where the pebbles
can't hurt her.

The BLUE VAN chugs by.

Wha... TONI (cont'd)

Takes a step. Winces.

HEY! TONI (cont'd)

STUMBLES to her shoes.

She struggles into one - her heel smushes the back.

Gahhhh - TONI

Hops along the gate, following, before the van sputters out of sight.

WAIT UP! TONI (cont'd)

She RIPS off the shoes, tucks them beneath an arm, and BOLTS to give chase.

Out the gate.

EXT./INT. NEIGHBORHOOD/VAN - DAY

No cars but those parked. A TODDLER rides a tricycle down the sidewalk.

Van totters by. Behind it, Toni sprints to catch up.

Told to be afraid of vans and people, the Toddler's eyes go wide. She swerves, DITCHES into the grass, and WAILS.

Toni sidles over and waves.

TONI
Don't cry! It'll be alright!

VAN:

MUSIC BLARES. The DRIVER hums along in a WORKOUT HOODIE.

In the mirror, Toni waves.

The Driver GRIPS the steering wheel and ACCELERATES.

NEIGHBORHOOD:

The Toddler's FATHER dashes to and glares at Toni.

Van's engine PICKS UP, Toni frowns, and resumes the chase.

VAN:

Stop sign. Driver slows and checks both ways.

NEIGHBORHOOD:

The van rolls through the stop.

Toni arrives at the stop, checks both ways --

TONI
(at the van)
Drive defensively!

And clears the intersection.

Ahead a STOPLIGHT, still GREEN. The van SPEEDS-UP.

VAN:

The Driver spots a CLUMP of dog hair on the pristine passenger seat and swipes at it.

At the crosswalk under the now RED light, a CROSSING GUARD BLOWS their whistle for a group of SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Driver SLAMS their brakes and SKIDS to a halt.

DOG TOYS fly forward and the Driver bats them away.

NEIGHBORHOOD:

Toni closer and panting hard, a couple houses away.

VAN:

Stoplight GREEN, inching forward. A few children left.

NEIGHBORHOOD:

Toni reaches the van, matches pace, and SMACKS the side.

VAN:

Children clear the crosswalk and the crossing guard follows.

SMACKING ECHOES. Checks the mirror.

Toni FLIPS them off.

NEIGHBORHOOD:

The van SPEEDS away. The stop light turns YELLOW.

Toni slows to a stop in the intersection, doubled-over and WHEEZING. Sweat streams down her face.

She blinks it away.

TONI
Like sweaty tear drops...

Lifts her head to the sky, satisfied.

EXT. MOTORCYCLE IN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A hot-rod riding down the road. The hot-shot: a helmeted PEDO-CYCLIST (PC).

PC revs-up and ogles the children on the sidewalk. He approaches the intersection where Toni catches her breath.

About to enter, his head lolls forward.

Too late.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Health MONITORS. A TV playing local news at LOW VOLUME. Both illuminate the closed curtains surrounding Toni, asleep. Her legs COVERED.

A NURSE opens the curtains startling Toni awake.

NURSE
How do you feel?

TONI
(out of it)
... things.

Nurse checks the monitors and pens something on a clipboard.

Toni rubs her eyes.

TONI
Are you... is this room... in my
network?

NURSE
Who do you have?

TONI
A-Y-A-K.

Nurse shakes his head, sympathetic.

NURSE
We'll send someone from 'Loans'
tomorrow. Your assailant left the
scene.

TONI
Great.

She falls back and pushes her WALLET off the bed.

TONI (cont'd)
What about my...

Toni nods to her feet.

The Nurse apologizes with his face and un-tucks Toni's left
foot. BRUISED.

Next the right. The top WRAPPED in BLOOD-DOTTED gauze.

NURSE
Some of your toes are crushed but
they should heal just fine --

TONI
What's with the blood?

Beat.

NURSE
The big one... got infected - we had
to amputate.

TONI
I don't... but --

NURSE
You should be able to walk again in a
week.

He sighs.

NURSE
 Another nurse will be in soon but
 don't forget...

Nurse turns to step out of the room --

NURSE (cont'd)
 There's always prostheses.

His hands clasped behind him, TWO PROSTHETIC FINGERS.

Toni, stunned. Her right foot immobile.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Pantry door half-open. Inside, the garbage can full of discarded junk food. Her right foot still WRAPPED, crutches close by. Toni slouches into a chair glaring at the junk.

With her crutch, she nudges the pantry door shut.

She struggles up and wobbles to the fridge.

Grabs a SINGLE SLICE of WATERMELON and hobbles back.

Stares at the pantry, savoring each bite.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

On the bed with laptop open and WRINKLY SQUASH, Toni - foot still wrapped in gauze. Eyes red from crying.

She logs-on, no webcam yet.

OTTOVONFOOT: *Long time no see! What took you?*

TONIBALONEY: *Longer story...*

TONIBALONEY: *Are you ready?*

OTTOVONFOOT: *Helllllllll yes.*

Right foot front and center, she turns on the webcam.

OTTOVONFOOT: *Whoa*

OTTOVONFOOT: *Gnarly*

Toni unravels the gauze. Only her pinky toe intact.

OTTOVONFOOT: *Whaaaaaaaaaaaaa*

TONI
It's still sensitive.

OTTOVONFOOT: *t the fuck?*

TONI
I am too!

OTTOVONFOOT: *Sorry. Vid chat?*

Toni sighs. Otto comes up on screen.

TONI
Thanks.

OTTO
That little guy always was my
favorite.

TONI
It would bow if I could --

OTTO
(flirty)
You still owe me after all.

Toni whips out the squash.

TONI
My treat.

OTTO
Whoa. Is that --

TONI
Your size?

Otto smirks.

OTTO
I think I know a guy that might like
this.

Otto exits the video chat. Toni pours massage oil on the
squash and runs it between her feet. Sensual.

AMPUTOES92: LOGGED-ON

AMPUTOES92: *Holy moley*

OTTOVONFOOT: *Just like I said!*

AMPUTOES92: *Amazing*

OTTOVONFOOT: *phallic/10*

TONI
Otto's got a free-ride, what about
you 92?

DING.

AMPUTOES92: *Yes*

TONI
You got any cute friends?

OTTOVONFOOT: *They're coming.*

BEYOURDEVOTEE: SIGNED-ON

BEYOURDEVOTEE: *Wow.*

DING-DING-DING.

COMPUTER DICTATION
\$23!!! She's the only amputee for me.

TONI
What'll you have me do?

A pleased smile.

INT. SPOOKY COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

A computer monitor illuminates the DOGNAPPER in a FANCY CHAIR; their arm moving back and forth with regularity. On the screen, Toni and her feet.

TONI (O.S.)
Wouldn't you like to be the one to
slide it?

In their lap, RUSS, focused on her voice. The Napper reaches over and types something.

DING-DING.

COMPUTER DICTATION
\$4 for four, my Acrotomophilic
friends.

The Napper strokes Russ' fur, always in the same direction.

END THIRD ACT

TAG

INT./EXT. CAR/PARK: PARKING LOT - DAY

Clear blue skies - perfect. Toni's car among a few others.

Toni exits leaving her crutches in the passenger seat.

Locks the car and limps to the nearest stretch of pavement.
Peeps at her right foot and tests it. Off she goes.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Tall green grass. Toni breathing hard. She limp-jogs next to
a MOBILITY SCOOTER. In it, an OLD FELLA without legs.

FELLA

-- that's too damn bad! You got nice
legs.

TONI

You too.

FELLA

Haven't heard that since 'Nam.

TONI

I thought you said it was diabetes.

FELLA

That's where they got me!

He CACKLES.

TONI

Asshole.

EXT. PARK - DAY (LATER)

Toni clutches her foot in the grass. Fella scoots circles
around her. BLOOD colors the tip of her new white trainer.

FRANK

Foot's bleedin'.

He TITTERS and continues the circle.

FADE OUT

END