

Corrupted
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ACT ONE

TITLE CARD: "CORRUPTED" THOU SHALL BE FIERCE rolls onto the screen before we fade in on.

INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - MORNING

FAITH WINDSOR. 25. Pretty, girl next door. She wears the camisoles so her boobs are hidden. A necklace that reads JESUS SAVED ME and cross earrings. If Jesus had a sexy cheerleader this would be her. The clock reads 8:45AM and her calendar shows work starts at 9:00AM. There are eggs cooking in a pan, as she is rushing through packing boxes to find her other shoe tossing clothes everywhere. The missing shoe is sitting on her trash can.

NICKY FLAY (V.O.)

That's Faith, she's my bitch. She doesn't know it just yet. But we are so going to be the best of friends.

Faith takes a plastic cup from the counter and tosses her egg inside, slips on her shoes and then walks out the door closing it firmly behind her.

NICKY FLAY (V.O.)

You forgot your purse!

Faith opens the door, and grabs her purse sitting on the floor and turns back around.

NICKY FLAY (V.O.) (cont'd)

She is such a fixer-upper. I can't wait to get my hands on her. Eeew. I mean a make over of course.

INT. SINSATION OFFICE - MORNING

TRISH BELL (20s) quirky, blonde, spaz is sitting at her desk taking notes, glaring at MAX SCOTT (20s) handsy, timid, awkward who is taking photos of models on the other side of the office. NICKY FLAY (20s) flashy and blunt sits at a desk in the middle of the office.

MAX SCOTT

Work it for me mama, pout, pout.
Okay now twist and pout. Perfect.
You are a natural, you never had a daddy growing up did you? I can be your daddy.

(CONTINUED)

TRISH BELL

Max! Keep it down over there, no matter how hot you think they are, they will never want a piece of your chode.

MAX SCOTT

(to the models)

Excuse me for a second ladies, I think this woman wants me...

(walking to Trish)

For your information it is not a Chode it is a needle dick!

NICKY FLAY (V.O.)

Like either is really something to brag about. His dick is like a landmine, small, hidden and explodes on contact.

Trish rolls her eyes and goes back to typing when SEAN MCNEAL (20s) walks out of his father Jeff MCNEAL'S (40s) office.

JEFF MCNEAL (O.S.)

I need something better than this!
I'm wasting money on this new representative!

SEAN MCNEAL

(mumbling to himself)

Yeah I got it, back to the drawing board. Got to get snow white out of the castle.

Faith rushes into the office, slightly lost. Dazed eyes gravitate to the nameplate SECRETARY on Trish's desk and she marches up to it, avoiding eye contact with the half naked women in the office.

FAITH WINDSOR

Hello, my name is Faith Windsor,
I'm the new marketing representative.

TRISH BELL

You're late.

Faith blushes, as Sean cuts in with an attempt to save her.

SEAN MCNEAL

Well there, Rose Red I am Sean McNeal, the CEO's son and extremely pleased to meet you.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH WINDSOR

Well I am the Co-CEO's niece and
I'd shake your hand, but I'm all
out of hand sanitizer.

Faith realizes what she has said and stumbles in her
recovery.

FAITH WINDSOR (cont'd)

I mean, I just sorta have this Germ
thing.

Nicky gets up in an attempt to stop the situation, as Max
creeps up behind her checking out her butt. Max reaches out
and grabs her butt, quickly pulling his hands away looking
guilty. Faith jumps up in horror.

FAITH WINDSOR (cont'd)

Hey.

TRISH BELL

You're an ass hole Max.

MAX SCOTT

Don't say it baby unless you want
me to be in it.

TRISH BELL

Your not gonna make it a day if you
don't learn to stick up for
yourself.

Trish studies her up and down, then looks around the office.
Saying snidely to Sean.

TRISH BELL (cont'd)

I give her an hour.

Nicky manages to reach through the circle surrounding Faith
to pull her out.

NICKY FLAY

I bet longer. Max, didn't your mom
show you how to touch yourself?

Nicky pulls Faith out of the small circle.

NICKY FLAY (cont'd)

Come along honey, I'm gonna give
you a small tour.

Nicky and Faith walk over to the empty desk opposite his.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH WINDSOR

I might seem like I can't but I, I
can handle myself.

NICKY FLAY

I honestly wasn't worried about
that, I really didn't want to have
any of the drama touch my desk and
seeing as how we are so close
(motioning the distance
between desks)
I had to intervene for my selfish
needs.

FAITH WINDSOR

(laughing)

Well if that's the case, thanks.
I'm Faith.

NICKY FLAY

Nicky. I'm pretty much the voice of
reason here. You just met Ms.
Stupid Bitch, Mr. McEvil's hot and
gorgeous narcissitic son, and his
best friend Microphallus.

INT. JEFF MCNEAL OFFICE - SAME TIME

Sean is sitting in front of his father's desk, his father's
back is to him.

JEFF MCNEAL

So that's the new girl? I can not
handle Bill getting involved in MY
company like this.

SEAN MCNEAL

You mean your shared company?

JEFF MCNEAL

I need to know that we can get out
of this hole without him meddling
in my plans.

SEAN MCNEAL

Which are?

JEFF MCNEAL

Just do what I asked, we need money
to get out of this hole, and you
have to come up with a strategy
before Bill's precious mole.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN MCNEAL

Mole doesn't describe Faith at all.

JEFF MCNEAL

Stop daydreaming and fix this.
Let's go ahead and call a staff
meeting.

INT. SINSATION OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Trish is signing out a model as they leave the office.

TRISH BELL

Here, cover yourself up, I don't
care how pretty you think you are
there is still a style called
skanky.

Trish hands a model a snuggie-like towel.

MODEL

Bitch.

MAX SCOTT

Don't worry sweetie she is just
jealous.

TRISH BELL

Jealous of what? You can look good
in a chicken suit so what? At least
I don't have to wear feathers to
make money?

MODEL

No you just wear them to make a
statement?

Max walks to the model patting her butt as she walks out the
door.

MAX SCOTT

(uncharmingly)

You tell her babe, see you next
week.

The model rolls her eyes at Max and walks away. He is
carrying a coffee staring at Trish who is sticking her
tongue out at the model's back as the McNeal's walk out of
the office.

JEFF MCNEAL

Trish grab your laptop, we are
having a Storm meeting. Max, don't
make me regret hiring you.

(CONTINUED)

Jeff disappears into the conference room, stopping by the water cooler.

SEAN MCNEAL

(to Max)

Come on man, keep your hands in your pockets or something, I can't win a fight with him to keep you here.

MAX SCOTT

It's cool man, no worries, they love the attention, and they'll be back. Win, Win. New girl is hot huh?

SEAN MCNEAL

Sure.

MAX SCOTT

You know the deal right. To your dad she is as filthy as you fingering your sister and finding your father's wedding ring.

INT. MEETING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A table with Faith, and Trish surround it. Trish gets up to grab a cup of coffee from the coffee table, and when she arrives to sit back down, spills it all over Faith.

FAITH

Ow! That is so hot! Did you do that on purpose?

TRISH BELL

(mockingly)

What are you gonna do about it, miss Sassy Pants.

(fake southern bell acent)

I am sooo sorry Faith. I swear I didn't mean to spill it, can you ever forgive me?

Trish walks away and tosses a few napkins in Faith's general direction.

FAITH

(mumbling under her breath)

Heathen.

(CONTINUED)

Max walks in, grabs the napkins and starts dabbing at Faith's crotch. Faith tries to grab the napkins away from him but he grabs one of her hands and moves them away, dabbing at her breast that have a few drops of coffee on it.

FAITH (cont'd)
Hey, hey, hey! I got it. I don't need your help!

MAX
It's my pleasure, don't worry I don't mind lending a hand.

Nicky walks in and attempts to pull Max off Faith.

NICKY
Your hands the only thing that IS your pleasure.

Sean walks into the room and Max moves in for one last boob squeeze, as Faith slaps his hands away.

SEAN
What the balls is going on in here?

ALL
Nothing!

Jeff walks in as everyone is straightening out getting situated in their seats. Jeff moves to the front of the conference table.

JEFF MCNEAL
Quit dickin' around and let's get something accomplished today.

Without actually looking at Faith, Jeff introduces her to the group.

JEFF MCNEAL (cont'd)
I gather you have all met our new Marketing Rep, I don't have time to waste, so tell me what you got.

Jeff leans back in his chair, as Faith gathers up her notebook of strategies for the business.

FAITH
Um, well, hello everyone, I'm Faith. I have a few, um, strategies here. I didn't have too much time to prep. but if you guys just listen I could get everyone's
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
input. I'm thinking about going personal. Getting our models in people's faces. My first strategy is a Fashion Show, where our models can strut their stuff in a classy setting.

TRISH BELL
I think you forgot the definition of SINSation, and it has nothing to do with nuns.

MAX
Naughty Nuns, now that does have a ring to it.

JEFF MCNEAL
Enough. Next idea.

FAITH
Okay, umm, well, I also thought we could do Win a Date with your favorite SINSation model.

SEAN
Do I look like snoop dog? Am I a pimp too you? We aren't selling sex we are advertising it. Why don't we try something more mainstream.

NICKY
How mainstream are you talking?

JEFF
You have 24 hours to get me something that will help our magazine not just stay afloat, but avoid the damn iceberg. Got it. Now get to work.

Jeff walks out of the conference room, leaving the rest to fend the growing chaos. Sean moves to the front to grab command of the office.

SEAN
Quiet everyone. I'm talking. We need something big, bigger than a fashion show. Every man's dream is to know that woman like it the way we picture it. We sell them what they want to hear. Trish your female magazine you love, isn't it all just how to please guys.

(CONTINUED)

TRISH BELL
You mean Queefolitan? That shit
hasn't worked for me yet.

NICKY
I wouldn't blame the magazine.

Trish gives Nicky a cold glare.

SEAN
Go home tonight, and come back with
something prepared, something sexy,
something I would want to sink my
penis into alright.

INT. SINSATION OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Sean is sitting in Jeff's office. Faith is sitting at her desk whispering across to Nicky who is propped up on the corner of her desk.

FAITH
I don't know if I can do this.

NICKY
You have too, your uncle is
counting on you.

Nicky and Faith are still sitting in their chairs.

NICKY (cont'd)
Honey I can tell you are a little
Megan Fox in nun's clothing, just
do the research, write the articles
and give it a shot.

FAITH
Megan Fox? I don't even know where
to begin on writing a topic like,
like...

Faith reaches for a magazine on her desk and picks it up.

FAITH
Organic food sex!?

NICKY
I can come over later if you want.

Faith looks at Nicky with a weird face.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY

With your article, I'm not gonna
stick a banana up your ass.

FAITH

What?

NICKY

Sorry that's the only way I know
sex, bye for now!

Nicky starts to roll away, but rolls back.

NICKY

Oh, every once in a while, Sean
request random kinky feature
stories.

Jeff walks out of his office.

JEFF

Faith.

Faith grabs her notebook and pen and rushes inside as Jeff
follows her into the office.

INT. JEFF MCNEAL OFFICE - SAME TIME

Jeff walks back behind his desk not facing Sean or Faith, as
Faith takes a seat next to Sean.

JEFF

I haven't had time to welcome you
to the magazine.

FAITH

Sir, I don't know if this...

JEFF

Bill thinks you can do it, I don't
believe it. You seem Disney-ish.

NICKY (V.O.)

Translation: Innocence doesn't sell
my magazines, so gurl...get to
fuckin'.

FAITH

Sir, I understand and I do need
the...

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

Enough. I'm assigning you Sean as a mentor for now. He'll be making sure you don't screw us over until I learn I can trust you.

SEAN

Dad, hey. I thought you just wanted me to...

JEFF

In this office, I am Mr. McNeal to you. Got it?

SEAN

Yes Mr. McNeal.

JEFF

And you two will be partnered up on your articles until further notice. Understood.

Sean and Faith start to walk out the office.

FAITH

Yes Mr. McNeal

SEAN

Yes Mr. McNeal

Jeff closes the door to his office.

ACT II

INT. SINSATION OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Faith stands there with Sean both equally taken aback.

FAITH

I don't know about this...

SEAN

You have an interview in an hour. Information is on your desk.

Faith turns and is stopped by Sean's hand on her arm.

SEAN (cont'd)

If you stay after work, I'll help you pound this out.

Faith rushes back to her desk, and Max walks up to Sean.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Dish man. Will I get a chance to motorboat those boobs?

SEAN

You? No. But good ole dad just gave me permission to.

MAX

Woah, your dad said you could date Ms. Cherry?

SEAN

No way, but I can look, which means it's only moments until I can touch and man will I touch.

Sean stares at Faith working at her desk.

MAX

Oh come on, you have to share, that just isn't fair you know.

SEAN

Fuck fair.

MAX

Fuck fair? Fuck Faith, I want to fuck her!

Trish slinks over to Sean, crawling her hand over his arm like a spider.

TRISH BELL

(whining)

Are we still on for drinks tonight?

SEAN

You know I would and maybe I will have time, but I have plans tonight that come first.

TRISH BELL

(pouting)

With Ms. Ice Queen.

SEAN

Not like it's my idea. Rain check baby, you know I'm good for it.

Sean picks her hand up off his arm, sets it down and turns and walks into his office. Nicky walks over to Faith's desk.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY

You have a sex psychologist to interview. She's supposed to bring chemistry to relationships ten-fold. If we raise her business, she'll donate 20% of her profits to our magazine. Which means brake a leg, or someone will try to break you.

FAITH

Got any ideas what kind of questions to ask for my interview?

NICKY

Do I have any ideas?

Nicky sits down and starts writing things in a notebook at Faith's desk.

INT. WAITING ROOM - SEX OFFICE

Faith is sitting in a chair of the waiting room her notebook in her lap when an elderly lady (50-60s) walks out of the room. Sits down next to Faith and begins cleaning her dentures.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Mint?

FAITH

Sure!

The elderly woman starts searching through her purse. Faith stares at the elderly woman as she pulls out dildo, handcuffs, and lube.

ELDERLY WOMAN

I had them a minute ago, yup, these things are like herpes, sometimes it's there, sometimes it isn't.

Elderly woman pulls out a box of mints and hands one to Faith.

FAITH

Thanks.

Seconds tick by in an awkward silence.

ELDERLY WOMAN

7 inches...

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Excuse me?

ELDERLY WOMAN

62 years of marriage and Wilber
can't even get it up anymore. It's
such a waste.

FAITH

I'm sure he loves you very dearly.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Not enough to play with my toys.

Wilber walks out of the office followed by Dr. Gayla.

DR. GAYLA

Faith? I'm ready for that interview
now.

Faith rushes to the door and enters Dr. Gayla's office.

INT. DR. GAYLA'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Gayla sits in her office surrounded by sex books. Faith
sets perched on the tip of her chair very uncomfortable.

DR. GAYLA

I understand you have a few
questions to ask me for your
interview.

FAITH

Yes, well to be honest my coworker
helped me write these, this won't
offend you will it?

Faith passes her notebook over to Dr. Gayla. Gayla reads the
question and passes the notebook back.

DR. GAYLA

What sex position, is a quick fix
to relationships? Hmm. I'd have to
say the Spork position. It's got
everything you want in one move.
Please ASK me your next question.

FAITH

(whispering)

Have you ever tried anal?

(CONTINUED)

DR. GAYLA
I am sorry I didn't quite catch
that.

Faith tries to pass the notebook. Dr. Gayla pushes it back.

DR. GAYLA (cont'd)
No please out loud?

FAITH
Have you ever tried a new form or
experience of the said subject that
we have just discussed.

DR. GAYLA
What?

FAITH
Have you ever tried this...
(gestures aimlessly towards
the books)
...another way.

DR. GAYLA
I'm not sure what you mean.

FAITH
You know another orifice?

DR. GAYLA
You mean like anal? My current
girlfriend isn't game for it, but I
do recommend it. It is a pleaser.

FAITH
Girlfriend? That's how you stay
happy?

DR. GAYLA
Oh no, for me it's Harry Potter.

FAITH
Huh?

DR. GAYLA
Role playing.

FAITH
Role playing?

DR. GAYLA
Yes, my girlfriend is an avid lover
of Harry Potter. We stood in line
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR.GAYLA (cont'd)
two hours dressed as Ron and
Hermione Granger... and that was
just for tickets to opening night.
But, it was certainly worth the
wait...Ron got Hermione on all
fours for a good two hours in her
hidden chamber of secrets.

FAITH
Hidden chamber of secrets?

DR. GAYLA
Unfortunately, we're going to have
to cut this short, my 12:30 is
here. Email me for any further
questions.

FAITH
But the story...

DR. GAYLA
Suck then blow, then suck again,
never spit always swallow, and if
they won't get tested drop them.

Dr. Gayla is pushing Faith out of her office.

DR. GAYLA (cont'd)
Buh-bye!

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE - LATER

Sean is sitting in his office talking on the phone.

SEAN
Oh babe, sorry I can't do drinks,
It will be a long night.

There is a knock on the door and Faith peeks her head in,
Sean motions for her to sit down.

SEAN
Okay I need to go now, got to work
on an article.

Sean stares at Faith and smiles as he gets off the phone.

SEAN (cont'd)
Thanks for coming in, I can help
you prove to my dad you do belong
here. How did the interview go?

(CONTINUED)

Sean gets up to a small refrigerator and pulls out leftover Chinese takeout.

FAITH

What are you talking about?

SEAN

(Ignoring the question)

I thought you might be hungry.
Here, now the article?

Sean grabs some and passes Faith a box. He sits on the edge of the desk and gets comfortable.

FAITH

I got some personal information,
some quick facts, and I can email
her for anything else. I just don't
know what direction to take this
in.

SEAN

Well, first breathe.

Sean grabs Faith's trembling hand until it stops shaking.

SEAN (cont'd)

It's just the beginning, let's take
it one interview question at a
time.

Sean let's go of her hand and Faith smiles up at him.

FAITH

Thank you.

ACT III

INT. SINSATION CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Sean sits at the table and there is a group of them, they all look tired and dragged out of bed, except Faith, who seems abnormally yellow and perky.

SEAN

Everyone sit down and listen up.
Our magazine is about to go balls
deep unless we can figure out a way
to hook more customers. We need the
money or you guys will be without
jobs by the end of the month. Why
did we start this magazine?

(CONTINUED)

NICKY

Carmen Skeetra, the porn star who slept with cats?

MAX

Cats....that's a theme we've done already.

SEAN

Exactly so what can we do to bring back the skanky feeling back to our magazine.

MAX

We could do a ball dropper page. Lesbians pleasuring themselves. That'd make me come buy it.

NICKY

You would cum alright.

FAITH

What about interviewing people on the street about their...lives?

TRISH BELL

Sex lives, if you can write it, you should be able to say it. And that's boring as shit.

MAX

I don't care about the average Joe, why can't we see some real tits and ass huh?

SEAN

You know that sounds bad, but it actually has something to it, I need more though.

FAITH

You want to showcase real people's naked bodies? Isn't that kind of vulgar?

TRISH BELL

Look around honey, we work in "vulgar". How about we start video blogs, educating men about sex?

MAX

But it can't be any woman, I'd listen to a porn star, she'd know what she was talking about.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY

Where would we get a porn star Max?
That's ridiculous.

Sean looks at Trish, then at Faith, he seems to muster this over. Faith looks confused, Nicky looks interested, and Max looks like he just spotted his prey.

SEAN

You're right, we can liven up our entertainment, we'll have an Ask the Porn Star section, and responses will be taped and posted. Trish why aren't you writing this down? Faith you are going to get dirty and sexy. Let's get in the mud and give them a show!

Trish is scrambling and taking notes on her computer.

NICKY

So are we really about to turn our magazine into a one hoe pimp house?

TRISH BELL

Finally someone sees Faith for what she really is.

FAITH

Excuse me?

TRISH BELL

There is no excuse for you. I know your type, your hard up for sex, and the money is just a perk.

SEAN

Trish...

Sean warningly looks at Trish as Jeff walks into the boardroom. Trish continues on.

TRISH BELL

Video Blogs are totally in right now.

MAX

I learned my best moves from watching porn.

NICKY

So we are selling a fake superstar as a sexpert? No one sees ANYTHING wrong with that?

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

Not just any sexpert, but our brand new Marketing Rep! I love it. Ok, get to business I need you all to figure out how we are going to pass this urchin off as a goddess in one hour tops.

Jeff leaves the meeting room.

FAITH

What just happened? I missed something.

NICKY

Honey you just got a conditional promotion.

MAX

So what are we talking, like a girls gone wild thing? Ten minutes of us just staring at her boobs?

NICKY

You would like that, we are really going to just exploit poor Faith?

MAX

You know, if you put a camera in front of it, it's all legal.

SEAN

That's why you are perfect.

FAITH

Me?

SEAN

You are going to turn our imaginary sex into something real. We got a camera guy, Max. We can find a bedroom or something that works for the set.

MAX

Yeah like a bedroom with stripper poles and posters of boobs just everywhere.

FAITH

This is not going to work! I can't talk about...sex. I haven't even...

(CONTINUED)

Faith stops as she realizes what she is about to say, but it is too late. Max burst out of his chair.

MAX

Woo man, I'm gonna call you miss Cherry! Hee hoo man, this is gonna be so much fun!

SEAN

Dude, man... chill. the. fuck. out. You are missing the point. No one is going to believe a Virgin. They will however believe someone who doesn't "act" like a ho.

TRISH BELL

So we just have to educate her a little bit. With her natural stiffness she should open up in no time.

Max and Trish giggle like a bunch of school girls while Nicky looks sympathetically at Faith.

NICKY

How exactly are we going to educate Faith on this subject?

SEAN

I don't know that yet but we have 45 minutes to figure it out. Clear.

Everyone but Faith and Nicky leave the conference room.

NICKY

Are you actually going to go through with it? You are gonna let Mr. Handsome sell your body for a quick buck?

FAITH

Nicky...you know I can't lose this job.

NICKY

(sighing)

I know, it just feels like he's taking advantage of you.

FAITH

I'll be doing it my uncle, for the company, I'm sure Sean still respect me if I say no to some things...

(CONTINUED)

Nicky stops her before she can finish, turning her in the chair so she can see Trish caressing Sean's arm.

NICKY

Are you crazy? He's delicious, but a dick. I mean I've dreamed in multiple ways how I might have him
(pause with eyes closed and a small smile)
but this distance thing just might have to do, there is so much better and so it wasn't your idea, but it still requires your face...and your body...and your boobs...

FAITH

My face, my body and my boobs!?!
What if my mom finds out. Or worse my dad! Oh Nicky, what am I doing?

NICKY

Who cares, you are an adult. You needed the job. Like you said opportunities weren't knocking and look it is the perfect reason for him not to fire you yet.

FAITH

My mom is like Santa Claus's wife. The reason he knows everything is because she's been snooping.

Faith plops her head on her hand. Jeff steps out of his office and motions for Faith.

NICKY

Well the King's summoning, good luck.

Faith leaves to go to his office.

INT. JEFF MCNEAL OFFICE - SAME TIME

Jeff walks back behind his desk not facing Sean or Faith, as Faith takes a seat next to Sean.

JEFF

My son has informed me of your dilemma. Unfortunately I need someone who can carry this task out to it's fullest.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

I don't want...

JEFF

I wasn't finished. I need to know that I can count on you. This is a big project. A new endeavor. It's very possible for us, to find a woman off the street, but unfortunately your Uncle is quite beholden to you.

NICKY (V.O.)

Translation: Hoe quit sucking Uncle's dick so I can get my magazine back.

FAITH

But Sir, I understand...

JEFF

Enough.

Jeff turns around and places a pamphlet on the desk for a MADAME GAYLA'S SEX WORKSHOP.

JEFF (cont'd)

I don't want to hear your excuses, in fact I don't have time for them. There's been talk of this Madame Gayla, we have contacted her, she has agreed to take you on under her wing for free. I believe you interviewed her yesterday? She said there was something interesting about you, so I assured her that you would attend with your best attitude. I want your first video blog finished by the end of next week. Meet your new sex partner.

Jeff motions to Sean, who is taken aback at the news.

SEAN

I thought you just wanted me to...

JEFF

The story doesn't work unless she has a man to explore things with now does it? A man who is an inadequate sex partner and her as a woman must fix. She has to be comfortable with that man, if she

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (cont'd)
wants to gain any potential on and
off camera.

SEAN AND FAITH
Yes Mr. McNeal.

JEFF
Her classes are Monday, Wednesdays
and Fridays starting tomorrow
night. Back to work.

Sean and Faith start to walk out the office.

JEFF (cont'd)
I also agreed that one episode a
week would showcase her class for
business. I expect you to keep this
partnership prosperous. She's doing
us a favor.

Jeff closes the door to his office.

INT. SINSATION OFFICE - EVENING

It's quiet, everyone is closing up. Nicky, Jeff, and Max are gone. Trish is at her desk fixing papers and Sean is in his office. Trish looks over at Faith typing dilligently on her computer and walks over to her.

TRISH
If you even think about playing the
queen bee I will end you. Sean is
mine! This is my castle and these
boys bow at my fucking feet.

Faith stars at Trish confused.

FAITH
Trust me, you don't have to worry
about anything. The last place I
want to control is your castle.

Faith stares at Trish and neither of them back down.

TRISH BELL
Fine for now, but if I get even the
slightest feeling otherwise
remember this. You're a small town
egg, I'm the chicken with
wings...you will fry first.

(CONTINUED)

Faith watches as Trish walks back to her desk in front of Sean's office blowing him a kiss as she walks out for the day. Sean gets up to leave while Faith is still working on her article.

SEAN
Almost finished?

FAITH
Almost.

SEAN
Alright then, don't be late for the first class okay. We'll meet up after to discuss the blog.

Sean leaves before he can get a response.

INT. PORN CLASSROOM

The room isn't an ordinary classroom it's location dark like that of a strip club. There are chairs around the room and a pole in the center. Faith walks into the room with Nicky, and looks around dubiously studying the place. There is one woman LOLA(20s) talking to a man RICH(20s)in the corner. Lola is the stereotypical female one might expect to see in a porno, huge breasts, bouncy hair, and extremely affectionate. Rich is the typical man one might expect to see in a porno, muscular, deep voice, and extremely handsome. SALA (NA)is a woman who's age is unnoticeable. She could be any age, she has an exotic look to her, long nails, she seems almost serpent like. CHASE (30s) is sitting at a desk, looking extremely uncomfortable with where he is, he appears nerdy, glasses, lanky figure, but a possible spark. GEMMA (18) is very innocent looking, she doesn't seem to belong in a class like this, she seems to innocent for this lifestyle. As Faith is about to sit down, music goes, and their professor, Madame Gayla (30s) struts into the room from the stage, doing a slight twirl on the pole, and then elegantly falling into a seated position. It is the same woman from her interview, except it isn't. She's like a subpersonality of a burlesque psychologist.

NICKY
Just breathe, I'll pick you up in an hour okay...

Nicky kisses Faith goodbye, and hustles out. Faith half waves goodbye, and sits down. Faith leans over her seat about to shake hands when she is interrupted.

(CONTINUED)

MADAME GAYLA

Everyone zit! Come, come, hurry.

Madame Gayla turns to stare at all her students. She looks closely at everyone.

MADAME GAYLA (cont'd)

My name iz...Madame Gayla! But I am just Madame too ju. If you are here it is because you are here to learn something. Sex is not just business, but an art! You come here to learn...first and obviouzly the most important lesson. What iz going to zell. You, your look, your body, your attitude. Don't come back to my classroom again looking like...

Madame Gayla's eyes land on Faith, who is still dressed in her office clothes, her hair up in a ponytail, and flats. She walks up to her, places her hand out slowly waiting for her to take it.

MADAME GAYLA (cont'd)

(sweetly)

Madaam, you look abzolutely...

(rudely)

horriblé, prudish and unless we are going for that kind of customer, boring. Please stand.

Madame Gayla helps Faith to her feet and quickly yanks out her pony tale from it's scrunchie.

FAITH

Hey!

MADAME GAYLA

Shush. One never haz there hair up, it iz alwayz down! Thiz fabric, I spit on it, it must cling to your body...zit...

Madame Gayla pushes Faith back down, then rushes over to Lola who has been stroking Rich's arm.

MADAME GAYLA (cont'd)

Please stand.

Madame Gayla runs her hands over Lola's frame, taking her time on her breasts.

(CONTINUED)

MADAME GAYLA (cont'd)
This is magnifique. Her body is
visible, nothing hidden to the eye.
It's what I, we like.

Madame Gayla turns and faces Rich.

MADAME GAYLA (cont'd)
How much money are you trying to
make?

RICH
A thousand, a hundred thousand, a
million!

MADAME GAYLA
Take off your shirt.
(he gives him a cursory
glance)
Not an impossible dream. But don't
get lazy.

Madame Gayla stalks over to Chase.

MADAME GAYLA (cont'd)
You take off your shirt...hmm.
Don't bother, shave your damn chest
huh. Looks are important. Don't
come back if you don't meet my
standards.

Madame Gayla claps her hands exuberantly.

MADAME GAYLA (cont'd)
Break time, when we get back, some
style points.
(to herself)
As if it will do any good for some
of you.

Madame Gayla rushes out of the classroom. Faith blows out a huge breath between her lips, and Chase gives her a shy smile. Lola walks by and squeezes Chase's arm as she walks out of the classroom. Rich drops a number on Gemma's desk and winks at Faith as he follows out Lola. Sala gets ready to leave, as she walks by Faith, she pretends to drop something, letting her hands flow up her skirt. Faith squeals. Sala laughs quietly to herself before walking out. Gemma is blushing furiously at her notebook.

FAITH
Hi, I'm Faith. If you don't mind me
asking, why'd you sign up for this
class?

(CONTINUED)

GEMMA

I'm Gemma.
(whispering)
I'm willing to do whatever
necessary to get out of my house.

CHASE

I'm here to pay my school loans. I
haven't found a decent job, and
they are about ready to lock me out
of my apartment. I'm Chase.

Gemma and Chase look pointedly at Faith, while she stutters
for an answer.

FAITH

Well, my boyfriend said he'd break
up with me if I didn't try to open
my boundaries.

CHASE

So why not just break up with a
douchebag like that?

Faith looks at Chase curiously. Chase looks taken aback at
what he said.

CHASE (cont'd)

I got to go to the bathroom.

Chase rushes out.

GEMMA

See, different reasons, same class.

Gemma gets up to walk out. Faith looks at the board, then
her notebook. She writes MAKEOVER, closes it then walks out.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Faith walks into the bathroom, at the sink Sala is redoing
her lipstick and Lola is trying to push her boobs out more.
Faith goes to wipe her face with a paper towel, when Sala
starts to walk towards her.

FAITH

I'd actually prefer it if you
didn't come near me...

SALA

What's the matter, you think I'm
gonna bite? Trust me if I do it
won't hurt.

(CONTINUED)

LOLA

Ooh, you can bite me anytime. I hope that's our next lesson. Foreplay. What's your ideal foreplay?

FAITH

That's easy. Candles, dinner and romantic music.

Sala and Lola both start laughing.

SALA

Foreplay for me, is pain then pleasure quick as a needle with a drug.

Sala takes Faith's hand gripping it tight, mimicking as she says the words.

SALA (cont'd)

First you bite, and then you lick.

Lola pops a piece of gum as Faith tugs her hand out of Sala's wincing.

FAITH

I prefer candles any day...

SALA

(smiling)

Candles still burn...

Sala leaves the bathroom. Lola pops a bubble then sticks her chewed gum on Faith's bitten hand.

LOLA

I got the freshness I needed.

Lola whispers in Faith's ear.

LOLA (cont'd)

He won't be kissing my mouth for long...

Lola walks towards the door, then stops and turns around.

LOLA (cont'd)

Alright I guess you are a beginner, when she said next time you enter...he meant in the next like five minutes...let me see what I can do. Where's that little school chick?

(CONTINUED)

Gemma peeks out of her stall, Lola motions her over.

LOLA (cont'd)
 You won't get your money back if he
 kicks you out, he gave you an
 assignment, I can't stand to see
 people fail this badly.

Lola pulls some scissors out of her purse.

LOLA (cont'd)
 These are my magic scissors.

Lola begins cutting Faith's suit pants into something somewhat fashionable, but very high cut. She unbuttons the jacket and rolls up her undershirt. She turns to Gemma, and turns her jeans into cut off shorts and trims her shirt so it is like a sports bra. She pulls both of their hair out of their head bands, and tousles them.

LOLA (cont'd)
 Now you look ready for sex.

Lola walks out of the bathroom looking satisfied with herself.

GEMMA
 Guess we are pretty normal compared
 to them huh?

FAITH
 Let's just say I'm not studying to
 be crazy...

GEMMA
 Because you never know who you are
 going to run into in this business?

FAITH
 Exactly.

The two girls walk back to class.

INT. PORN CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The girls are sitting in their classroom when Rich and Chase walk back in. Chase looks as to have gotten his own makeover, untucked shirt, rolled up sleeves and a white beater. Rich eyes the lady's then pats Chase on the butt.

RICH
 Don't worry dude, once she finds
 what your packing, you'll be one of
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICH (cont'd)
her star students, she'll even let
the hair slide, it's all part of
the gorilla package.

Chase blushes and sits down. Lola takes a new interest, and Gemma is looking at Chase confused. No one has time to ask anything else as Madame Gayla rushes back into the classroom.

MADAME GAYLA
Everyone up! Move back, back to the
back. Yes, yes, thank you, Lola
perkier than ever.

Madame Gayla pauses in his adjustment taking note of the changes in his pupils.

MADAME GAYLA (cont'd)
Everyone take a chair... everyone
but you that is. You stand by the
pole, and hug it.

Madame Gayla points to Gemma, having her stand in the middle of the stage.

MADAME GAYLA (cont'd)
I need one positive or one negative
about her look but I don't want to
hear the same thing back to back.

LOLA
I love your hair!

SALA
Your shoes are so last year.

RICH
Baby, rockin ass.

Chase looks at Faith, deciding who should go, neither wanting to insult the young girl. As Chase is about to speak, Madame Gayla cuts him off.

MADAME GAYLA
Faith!

FAITH
You should keep your chin up, don't
be ashamed...?

Madame Gayla nods her head in agreement. Chase still seems to be struggling for words to say.

(CONTINUED)

CHASE
I don't know what to say...

RICH
How 'bout please wrap your legs
around me?

LOLA
Anytime baby...

Madame Gayla pushes Gemma to sit down. Motions Sala up to
the center.

MADAME GAYLA
Begin!

FAITH
You should respect people's space.

MADAME GAYLA
What are we? two? Her face, her
hair, her ass! talk about her
looks!

FAITH
(resigned)
Your hair, it needs to be styled.

MADAME GAYLA
Good, continue!

CHASE
Your pants are cute...

Madame Gayla snorts at the compliment but accepts it as they
continue.

LOLA
Girl that nail polish just don't
work, need a sparkle...

Lola flashes her extremely sparkly fingernails at Gemma.

GEMMA
You are really really... bold...

RICH
You are too thin, I need something
to hold onto.

MADAME GAYLA
Next!

Faith stands up, Rich eyes her up and down.

(CONTINUED)

RICH

Do you have a ruler Ms. Uptight teacher?

GEMMA

Your hair color, it's very real.

SALA

Not the best fabric for cut-offs don't you think? Try nothing...

Chase stares at Faith, smiling awkwardly, she smiles back.

CHASE

I like your smile.

LOLA

Your shoes...we can work on, make your feet look old.

Madame Gayla looks pointedly at Rich while Faith stands awkwardly. Rich stands up in the center, motions Faith to his vacated spot.

RICH

Walk slowly so I can see you jiggle.

(chuckling)

All right baby, try to say something bad about me!

GEMMA

Your hair, can I even run my hands through it?

Rich scowls at Gemma, while Lola tries to come to his defense.

LOLA

Don't worry baby, your whiskers give me chills in my party spot.

SALA

But your hands indicate you're overcompensating...

CHASE

Form-fitting jeans...that's good right.

RICH

Right, thanks man...

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Umm, you seem over confident?

Madame Gayla claps her hands, and motions Rich down while she stands back up.

MADAME GAYLA

I'm tired of this experiment, you understand none of you are perfect, yes? Some worse than others, but well fixable...I hope. I'm done for today, now come back in two days. But come dressed for success. Bye for now.

Madame Gayla turns grabs her notebook of her desk, and walks out.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Faith is at her office, Max is staring at her making weird sexual faces, when Sean walks out of his office.

SEAN

Faith? Come. Faith gets up and walks to the door.

SEAN (cont'd)

Trish said you wanted to talk to me?

FAITH

Yes I left a note, um it's about this new part of the paper.

SEAN

Right the class, you ready for the first set of video scenarios?

FAITH

That's just it, I don't know if I can do this. It's just not me. You are going to have to find someone else.

SEAN

What do you mean find someone else? You think I can do that? And keep you? You are expendable! If you want to keep your job, you'll do everything I ask of you, or you won't work for SINSation. It's your choice. Keep in mind you'll find it

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SEAN (cont'd)
extremely difficult to get a job
elsewhere, without my
recommendation.

Faith stares at Sean agape. Sean seems content to let her
mull this over.

END TITLES ROLL