



INT. ART GALLERY LOBBY - NIGHT

An opening reception. Guests mill around a buffet table, nibbling, talking, drinking, everyone having a fine time.

SANDY MARCOS (40) drifts in from the street. Her designer dress is torn, makeup smeared. A bandage wraps her arm.

BRIANA, the host, calls to Sandy from 20 feet away.

BRIANA
Where have you been?

Briana moves closer, and Sandy's appearance sinks in.

BRIANA
...Where have you been?

SANDY
Should've stayed in the cab.

BRIANA
Oh, oh... come on.

2 INT. ART GALLERY LADIES ROOM - LATER

Sandy's trying to fix her makeup. Briana works on her hair.

BRIANA
That bandage is oozing.

SANDY
You have any duct tape? Ha!

BRIANA
I have a Valium, and you're taking it.

SANDY
I'm fine. I just...

She steps back from the mirror, takes in her torn dress. Her eyes tear up, and the freshly applied mascara runs.

SANDY
Look at my Nicole Miller. A week's pay! And I was gonna meet cute guys tonight...

BRIANA
Let me see... I never go anywhere without a needle and thread. And it's not as bad as it looks.

This gets a grim laugh from Sandy. Briana looks a question at her. Sandy wipes her eyes and shakes her head.

SANDY

I've been hearing that all day.

3

A-wide
3

INT. DRESS SHOP - DAY

3

Sandy stands in front of a full length mirror, modeling the Nicole Miller dress. Even without the dress, Sandy would turn heads: trim and muscular. With the dress, she's a vision.

SANDY

Ohhhhh, yeah. Oh yeah.

She twirls, imaginary flirtations playing over her face. She lifts the price tag...

SANDY

Holy crap...

SALES GIRL (O.S.)

It's not as bad as it looks.

Sandy looks up at the sales girl, working nearby.

SANDY

I'm seeing four figures here. Four.

SALES GIRL

Well... We have a sale tomorrow. 50% off. Good as you look, be a shame not to give it to you now.

Sandy beams.

SANDY

You take Discover?

4

A-med
4

INT. SANDY'S HOUSE - LATER

4

Sandy is talking on the phone with Briana.

SANDY

It's amazing. It makes me look like Julia Roberts with fewer teeth.

INTERCUT WITH:

5

A-med
5

INT. ART GALLERY DISPLAY SPACE - SAME TIME

5

Briana is unpacking huge boxes of framed artwork.

BRIANA
Better bring protection.

SANDY
Why would I... oh, you mean
"protection."

BRIANA
Mmm Hmm.

SANDY
Say, that 'hood is a little, uh...

BRIANA
Crunchy around the edges, yeah. But
not as bad as it looks. Still, you
should take a cab. 'Kay?

SANDY
What time do the sexy guys show up?

BRIANA
They're lining up right now, honey!

6

INT. TAXI CAB - EVENING

6

Sandy sits anxiously in the back of the cab, dressed to kill.
Traffic is grid-locked, and she is steaming mad.

CABBIE
It's not as bad as it looks!

SANDY
We haven't moved in ten minutes!

7

She throws some cash at the cabbie and gets out.

A=7

EXT. STREET - CONTINUING

7

Sandy is wildly out of place, her stunning appearance at odds
with the seedy neighborhood. She approaches a tricked out
car, four young TOUGHS leaning against it. The car's stereo
screams at jet engine volume.

Sandy's eyes scan the Toughs, but she keeps going. As she
comes even with the car, the four men move as if on cue. One
gets in her face, the others surround her.

TOUGH 1
What's the hurry, baby?

TOUGH 2
Yeah, how about you visit a while.