

INT. NEW YORK CITY - MONA CANNING'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Messy erotica meets purple haze. MONA CANNING (23), a provocateur with something to prove, wears a men's tee and rides a naked GOTH GUY (20s). Clothespins on his nipples and down the sides of his abdomen. She slaps him.

MONA

I'm so good to you. Say it.

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

MONA (cont'd)

You need to be taught a lesson. I'm taking you to a workshop tonight about building D/s relationships.

He frowns, confused. She rotates her hips.

MONA (cont'd)

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

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

GOTH GUY

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

MONA

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

He scrambles out of bed and scoops up his clothes.

GOTH GUY

You know I don't want that limit pushed. You don't listen!

He dresses in haste.

MONA

It's hard not to listen when you're shouting.

GOTH GUY

If this was reversed you'd call it assault.

MONA

You're overreacting.

GOTH GUY

You always cross the line. You can go to that bullshit workshop alone.

MONA

I don't want to go alone.

GOTH GUY

Whatever. I'm done. We are done.

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

EXT. EMPOWER HOUSE - DAY

Pre-war brownstone. A sign on the building reads: "Empower House - Where Young Girls Find Help and Hope."

INT. EMPOWER HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Rows of chairs face a small raised stage. GUESTS filter in. Mona stands off to the side scrolling on her phone. SOPHIE GARCIA, (30s) approaches.

SOPHIE

Mona. You're back!

MONA

Yeah, I did my time.

SOPHIE

Only you would get suspended from the volunteer pool. They won't tell me what you said to Amber about her boy troubles.

MONA

All I said was it's too bad you can't take him out to the woods where no one can hear him scream.

SOPHIE

Shit girl, you're lucky they let you come back at all. I'll signal when we're ready.

Sophie walks toward the stage. OLGA LE (20s), enters. She's Asian, trendy and seems intimidating but isn't. They hug.

MONA

Thanks for coming, Olga.

OLGA

What are best friends for? Nervous?

MONA

Me? No.

(hesitates)

Hey, would you want to come with me to that workshop at Aberration? It's actually owned by a woman.

OLGA

Let me guess, a sexy woman?

Mona shrugs, busted.

OLGA (cont'd)

I thought you swore off women. Again.

MONA

I'm not looking for a situation. But maybe a mentor and a play group.

OLGA

You're obsessed with touching people.

Two YOUNG GIRLS (12) run up to hug Mona.

MONA

Hey, girlies! I'll talk to you after okay?

They skip off.

OLGA

You're playing with fire as usual.

MONA

I like it hot.

Sophie beckons Mona to the stage. Mona takes the microphone.

MONA (cont'd)

Hi, everyone. I'm Mona Canning. As we prepare for the annual gala I wanted to share how much Empower House helped me when I was young and vulnerable.

Olga nods encouragement from the back.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - CHELSEA - ABERRATION - NIGHT

Mona approaches a six-story building. A discrete plaque embossed with a St. Andrew's Cross identifies it as ABERRATION. A wrought iron railing hides stairs that drop below the street. She descends to a red tufted leather door.

INT. ABERRATION - COMMUNITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Low-lit. Inviting. S&M artwork. A St. Andrew's cross in the corner. Rows of chairs face a small table.

Mona enters and is appraised by some GUESTS. Self-consciously she takes an open seat next to HECTOR (30s), a paunchy average Joe, and SOTTO, female (40s), heavysset and curious.

HECTOR

(to Sotto)

You think Mistress Jane is teaching tonight?

Mona eavesdrops.

SOTTO

If we're lucky. I mean, they're still short-staffed.

Excited whispers abound when JANE JOHNSON, (53), enters. She inspires awe: cool and controlled exterior, wicked humor and thorny energy simmering beneath. She places a bag on the table.

JANE

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

Guests clap and cheer.

INT. ABERRATION - COMMUNITY ROOM - LATER

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

JANE

I encourage experimentation because duality is in all of us. Some of the best dommes were subs first. Find your Goldilocks zone. Then share it with others.

(she winks, laughter from the crowd)

Moving on. Modern-day BDSM was born after World War II. Gay men coming out of the service fetishized their military protocols, rituals, and gear.

(picks up the cap)

This is a Muir cap, also called a Master's cap or Cover. Traditionally, these are earned. But tonight I want you to experience how wearing gear can add energy to your D/s dynamic. Now, I need a volunteer.

Lots of hands go up. Jane zeroes in on Mona and waves her forward. Mona walks to the front, head high, masking nerves.

JANE (cont'd)

What's your name?

MONA

Um, Sasha.

JANE

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

Mona obeys and suddenly stands taller.

JANE (cont'd)

Did everyone notice how her posture instantly changed? So sexy. Now let's add an element.

Jane hands the riding crop to Mona, their fingers brushing for a moment longer than necessary. Excited, Mona slaps the crop against her palm. The sound is Pavlovian and Jane is drawn closer. In fact, the whole room is turned on.

JANE (cont'd)

Wow, yes! Hot, right? This is how gear helps to set the scene.

(grins at Mona)

You're a natural. If you had a strap-on you'd be all set.

Mona's startled that Jane knows her deepest fantasy.

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

Jane points to Sotto.

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

Sotto comes forward, eager.

JANE (cont'd)
Assume the position.

She gets on her knees, hands clasped behind her. Mona glances up and sees an electrified audience. Fueled, she steps closer to Sotto. Confident. In her power. Jane watches Mona transform and forgets herself for a moment.

INT. ABERRATION - COMMUNITY ROOM - LATER

Some Guests fold chairs and reset the room, others filter out. Jane packs her bag. Mona approaches, in fan-girl mode.

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

Jane lights up, flirtatious.

JANE
Tell me.

MONA
Um, I felt in control. Commanding. Authoritative.

Jane's definitely curious about Mona and leans closer.

JANE
You seduced everyone in the room. Including me. What else?

MONA
It sounds dumb but I just felt like my true self.

JANE
It shows.

MONA
Can I buy you a coffee?

JANE
I have to be somewhere.

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

JANE (cont'd)
Perhaps another time.

Jane lets her hand linger then exits. Mona watches her go, disappointed. Sotto approaches.

SOTTO
Sasha?

Mona snaps out of her trance and turns to face her.

SOTTO (cont'd)
Thanks for playing tonight. It was so hot. Mistress Jane's right, you're a natural *domme*.

MONA
Is she really hiring?

SOTTO
She is. You should apply.

Sotto grins at the thought of seeing her again. Mona absorbs the adoration.

EXT. ABERRATION - NIGHT

Jane appears on the sidewalk. RICK JOHNSON (50s), African American, strikingly handsome and exuding a measured calm, waits beside an idling car. She kisses him.

RICK
Good evening, Mrs. Johnson.

JANE
Good evening, Mr. Johnson.

She opens the back door for him.

EXT. LONG ISLAND, NY - THE JOHNSON HOME - NIGHT

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

INT. THE JOHNSON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM

Tasteful with grand furniture and soft accents. A white cat, PEPPER, lies on the bed. Jane, in a "getting ready" slip dress, lays out Rick's clothes.

JANE

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

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

INT. BATHROOM

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

RICK

Put that down.

JANE

Yes, Sir.

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

RICK

Grab the faucet.

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

RICK (cont'd)

And this time don't break it.

Rick applies lubricant. The sex is intense, urgent and hot. In tune with each other they lock eyes in the mirror, orgasms arrive quickly. Rick bites and then kisses her shoulder.

RICK (cont'd)

Good girl.

JANE

Thank you, Sir.

INT. THE JOHNSON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

RICK
Reservations are for eight.

JANE
I'll be ready.

She glances at the present against the wall.

JANE (cont'd)
Zoey's present?
(off Rick's nod)
It better be good.

RICK
What do you mean?

JANE
You know Zoey. Add her birthday to it.

He's sympathetic. She tugs the hem of his pants.

JANE (cont'd)
There was a newbie at the workshop tonight who had a transformative experience.

RICK
Was she hot?

JANE
So very. Her eyes lit up when I mentioned pegging.

They share a wicked, knowing look. Rick cups her cheek.

RICK
Use your head this time. For both our sakes.

She acknowledges his directive by kissing his palm.

JANE
May I please finish getting ready?

RICK
You may, baby girl.

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

INT. ABERRATION - RECEPTION - DAY

Vintage kink art. A desk near a frosted pass-through window. BELLA KENNEY (30s), a real-life Bratz doll with a heart, helps COLIN SANDS (30s), bald and hot, unbox supplies: rattle, diapers, and a spiked leather paddle. Jane enters.

JANE

Morning. Is that the rattle and diapers for the new infantalist client?

COLIN

Yes, Mistress.

JANE

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

COLIN

(frustrated sigh)

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

JANE

First, Zoey's always late. Second, did I say right now? Just get it done, Colin.

Jane exits.

INT. ABERRATION - RECEPTION - DAY

Bella opens the pass-through window to ZOEY CANNING (47), an intense, frazzled rocker-chick-turned-soccer-mom. She wields a duffel bag like a boss on a critical mission.

ZOEY

Hey, Bella? Is Colin ready for me? Because I need five minutes.

BELLA

Come on in, Zoey.

The inner door buzzes.

INT. ABERRATION - LADIES LOUNGE - DAY

Mirrored vanities. Zoey, now decked out in leather with teased hair, yanks at a knotted mass of backstage passes in her bag. Several come out in a clump. "All Access" lanyards for Foo Fighters, Guns N' Roses, Muse, etc. issued to **Zoey M., Tour Manager** with a picture of a younger Zoey.

Annoyed, she fights with the clump. Jane enters.

JANE

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

ZOEY

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

JANE

Something at home?

ZOEY

Boundaries.

JANE

You're right. Sorry.

ZOEY

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

JANE

How're you feeling?

ZOEY

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

JANE

Honey, you know cathartic play doesn't work on your timeline.

ZOEY

But I've got a good feeling. Let me have it.

JANE

Fair enough.

Jane untangles the passes and finds the "Bon Jovi" All Access lanyard and ceremoniously hangs it around Zoey's neck. She gives her a reassuring grin and exits.

Zoey gathers the scattered passes and holds them for a moment, lost in memories, fighting turbulent emotions.

INT. ABERRATION - HALLWAY - DAY

One wall is lined with various implements of torture. Zoey approaches a purple door, the lanyard bouncing off her cleavage. She KNOCKS, giddy. The door opens. MUSIC blares. Colin wears leather pants and an 80s rock star wig.

ZOEY

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

She slinks past Colin into the room.

INT. ABERRATION - PURPLE ROOM - DAY

Purple walls. Seductively intimate like a speakeasy or backstage at a rock concert. Zoey, smitten, sits close to Colin on a leather couch.

COLIN

What's your name, sweetheart?

ZOEY

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

COLIN

Won't that be something?

ZOEY

You're so beautiful.

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

COLIN

Hey, just how old are you anyway?

She stands. He rises to meet her. She unbuckles his belt in challenge and runs her hand up his body. She goes in for a kiss.

ZOEY

(whispers)
Sixteen.

COLIN

Sixteen? Are you crazy?

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

COLIN (cont'd)
You naughty, bad girl.

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

ZOEY
I'm sorry, Jon!

COLIN
It's Mr. Bon Jovi.

ZOEY
But I love you!

He cranks the music louder and starts spanking her.

INT. ABERRATION - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Mid-century modern living room feel. Wall sconces. Area rug. Zoey's relaxed and back in her regular clothes, except now she wears a hat to hide messy hair. Zoey gives Bella a wad of cash and a small tip envelope with "Colin" written on it.

Jane enters and buttons her coat. She and Zoey exit.

EXT. ABERRATION - DAY

The sun has made an appearance, but they huddle together as they walk.

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

Zoey nods.

JANE (cont'd)
Ok, the mini bomb? Did Max find out about your sessions with Colin?

ZOEY
No. God no. He told me his sister's coming to the party.

JANE
So, she apologized?

Zoey fake laughs.

INT. VILLAGE CAFE - DAY

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

JANE
Oooh, sexy.

Jane's phone BUZZES. She glances at it briefly.

JANE (cont'd)
Why is Mona coming to the party if she didn't apologize?

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

JANE
Is her hair still pink?

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

JANE
I cannot wait to meet her. Should I bring popcorn?

ZOEY
Stay away from her. She's toxic. I refuse to let her cause a scene.

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

Jane's phone BUZZES again but she ignores it.

ZOEY
I'd like to choke the idiot who invented birthday celebrations. Forty-seven doesn't need a party.

JANE
But it's also your anniversary.

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

A SCRAWNY BARISTA appears at the table.

SCRAWNY BARISTA
 (to Zoey)
 Ma'am? Here's your chai cinnamon
 latte with extra foam.

The word ma'am stings. He leaves.

ZOEY
 Ma'am. Ugh.

Jane's phone BUZZES again.

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

JANE
 No. And it's a lot.

ZOEY
 Are you breaking things?

JANE
 No time.

Jane's phone RINGS and she sees the number.

JANE (cont'd)
 Shit, I gotta go.

Jane kisses her on the cheek and exits.

EXT. THRIFT STORE - DAY

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

INT. ZOEY'S CAR - DAY

A guitar-heavy rock song blares. A garment bag draped over the passenger seat. Zoey sings along at full volume.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS - LONG ISLAND

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

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

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

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

E) INT. LIVING ROOM - Pottery Barn-esque. Zoey wears ear buds. A power ballad blares. She drinks wine and tortures herself with pictures of her former life. Daniel enters and vomits on the table, narrowly missing her box of memories.

INT. ABERRATION - RED ROOM - DAY (MONTAGE)

--Red and moody. Leather furniture, an armoire. One wall is covered with impact toys hanging from various hooks: paddles, floggers, whips, etc. A bucket of water is nearby.

--Jane is dressed in male drag complete with wing-tip shoes, hair tied in a low ponytail.

--DICK LOHMAN, (60s), faces Jane naked. He's well-built but not a gym bunny. His hair is slicked back.

--Jane slips a pair of crotchless panties onto his body, snapping the sides together. He shivers with pleasure.

--Jane uncoils a red lipstick. She grabs his jowls and forces him to pucker. She applies it to his lips, rough and messy.

--Dick's transformation is complete: he's dressed as a woman in full makeup with a corset, heels and a vintage blonde wig.

BACK TO SCENE / END MONTAGE

Jane appraises him.

JANE
Fetch my cigar.

DICK
Yes, ma'am.

Jane slaps his face.

JANE
Excuse me?

DICK
(feminized voice)
Yes, sir.

She settles into the club chair and crosses her ankle over her knee. Dick wiggles purposefully to the armoire and picks up a cigar, a box of matches and an ashtray.

JANE

You know damn well I don't need that, you stupid bitch! Leave it!

He puts the ashtray back, stumbling in the heels.

JANE (cont'd)

You clumsy whore. Go back and walk over here like a lady, not a linebacker.

Dick returns to the armoire. Now he walks beautifully. He's done this before. Jane waits for him to light her cigar. She takes a drag, then blows smoke in his face. He inhales deeply and moans. She flicks ashes onto the floor.

JANE (cont'd)

Are you going to leave ashes on my floor? Clean it up, for fuck's sake. Why am I even talking? You should anticipate my every need. As a matter of fact, you can get on your hands and knees and scrub this entire floor.

(leans close)

It better fucking sparkle.

Dick drops to his knees. He sweeps ashes into his hands and disposes them into the trash. He lifts a sponge out of the bucket and scrubs the floor.

Jane slides her shoe between his legs and uses the tip to massage his scrotum. He sighs with pleasure and rocks back and forth.

JANE (cont'd)

You missed a spot.

She taps his testicle with the bottom of her shoe. Dick cries out in ecstasy. She continues kicking his scrotum, building intensity.

JANE (cont'd)

You fucking worthless slut.

Dick's body jerks and shakes as his orgasm begins. Jane grinds the heel against him. Dick pushes himself into her shoe with a final cry. He shudders with release.

Jane leans forward and drops the cigar onto the floor. She stands and smashes it beneath her shoe.

JANE (cont'd)
 (whispers)
 Clean up this shithole before I get
 back.

She exits.

INT. ABERRATION - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Dick now wears a suit and his hair is dry and styled. He stuffs money into a small envelope and leaves it on the counter. Jane appears.

DICK
 Excellent care as always, Mistress
 Jane.

She gestures to the corner of his mouth. Dick takes a handkerchief from his suit and wipes, grateful.

INT. NYU - LECTURE HALL - DAY

A packed class. On the white board: **Antony and Cleopatra - Shakespeare**. Professor Dick Lohman is mid-lecture.

DICK
 ...will explore the historical
 intrigue while dissecting the
 tension between public duty and
 private pleasure.

Mona enters at the top of the hall. She takes a seat.

DICK (cont'd)
 Nice of you to join us, Miss
 Canning. I had an early morning
 appointment and still made it to
 class on time.

Mona stares straight ahead, fuming.

DICK (cont'd)
 Now, can anyone tell me--

A MALE STUDENT enters and walks up several aisles and finds a seat. Dick watches him but says nothing. Mona crosses out the syllabus header and writes: **Misogyny 101**.

INT. ABERRATION - RECEPTION - DAY

Colin and Bella watch the TV open-mouthed as NY1 airs a breaking story.

TV ANCHOR

Aberration, an adult business in Chelsea, is under attack by conservative neighbors after an incident last night. Warning, the video we're about to show contains graphic images and discretion is advised.

Footage: A group of raucous PARTY PEOPLE in fetish clothes including Hector and Sotto on the sidewalk outside Aberration. A LEATHER DADDY (50s), holds the leash of a MALE PUP (40s) in full gear with crotch-less shorts and a cock sock. He has a tattoo of a flying pig on his forearm.

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

BYSTANDER (O.C.)

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

Hector treats Sotto's chest like a speed bag. Pup playfully nuzzles Leather Daddy's crotch. (END FOOTAGE)

Next to TV Anchor is an OTS graphic video of BETH and BRAD DUDEK, (early 30s) two tight-asses bedecked in beige being interviewed by a STREET REPORTER (20-40) outside Aberration. The vitriol on their faces is loud.

BRAD

As conservative Christians from Ohio we just don't think this is appropriate behavior in our neighborhood.

BETH

It's time to stop the perverts.

TV ANCHOR

Aberration will defend itself at a neighborhood council meeting later this week.

Bella and Colin exchange worried looks.

EXT. ABERRATION - DAY

Homemade flyers that read: "NO PERVS!" dot the neighborhood. Jane rips them off the building and stair rail. Anger courses through her body and out her feet as her stilettos spank the concrete steps on her descent toward the door. Her heel breaks. Fuck! Another pair down.

INT. ABERRATION - RECEPTION - DAY

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

JANE

Whose footage is it?

BELLA

I'm guessing it's the mouthy Ohio people being interviewed.

The phone continues ringing. Jane looks at Bella, expectant.

BELLA (cont'd)

It's been like this all morning.

JANE

Unplug it. We have to do damage control. We'll split up the client list. Start with VIPs. We cannot lose any clients. Colin, can you work with maintenance to re-open the secret entrance? Let everyone know. And reassure them.

COLIN

Social media is talking about organizing protests.

She fans her face with the flyer.

JANE

I've had worse threats by better people than Beth and Brad Dudek. We're going to be fine.

Jane exits.

INT. ABERRATION - JANE'S OFFICE - DAY

Warm and decadent. Jane opens the closet and rips the flyers to shreds over a waste basket.

The pieces fall into a pile like little trophies. She tosses her broken heel on top and slams the door.

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

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

She opens the bottom desk drawer filled with spare shoes. She perches on the chair, snaps open a decorative folding fan and cools her face. Time to reset.

INT. ABERRATION - RAGE ROOM - DAY

Padded walls. Tables covered with breakable objects including the new white vase with a blue-flowered pattern. A choice of weapons on wall pegs: bat, shovel, sledgehammer, etc.

Jane enters in protective gear. She hoists the shovel and flattens a tower of bowls then swings at the vase. She stalks the room, every smash brings the power back into her body. She continues until everything is destroyed. She's sated, renewed, ready for war.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

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

ZOEY

You ok?

JANE

I broke a heel.

ZOEY

On purpose?

Jane gives her side-eye.

ZOEY (cont'd)

I wish NY1 would stop with the footage already. You know they over-report.

She nudges Jane who appreciates the support.

ZOEY (cont'd)

I'm always here for you.

JANE

I know you are. So is the Pernach.

Zoey sharply sucks air through her teeth.

ZOEY

Nooooo.

JANE

Texted this morning. Still baiting me. The master baiter.

Jane laughs.

ZOEY

Normally I'd applaud your humor in this scary time but the Pernach? Just don't.

Jane pulls a piece of paper out of her purse.

JANE

I'm working on a speech for the council meeting.

Zoey takes it then drains her champagne.

ZOEY

Day drinking always reminds me of beer bong with Metallica.

JANE

And champagne always reminds me of wine enemas.

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

ZOEY

No. I want it to shimmer. Like I'm still hot shit. Like I was when I lived a life of excess. It's all so bland now.

JANE

The key is getting to a place of acceptance.

Zoey reads the speech.

ZOEY

Ok, the business stuff is great but the rest reads a little too us against them. Find common ground.

She hands the paper back.

JANE

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

ZOEY

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

Zoey holds up a sparkling dress.

ZOEY (cont'd)

I think this is the one.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DRESSING ROOMS - DAY

Four stalls with a seating area. A table holds their
champagne. Zoey emerges from the stall, dress unzipped. Jane
helps her.

JANE

Did you and Max change your minds
about exchanging gifts?

Zoey whips her head around.

ZOEY

No. He said we're on a budget.

JANE

Well, he and Rick picked up a
present for you at a frame shop.

ZOEY

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

Zoey gulps her champagne and irritation.

INT. ABERRATION - RECEPTION - DAY

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

BELLA

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

COLIN

She does love playing mommy.

JANE (O.C.)

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

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

JANE (cont'd)

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

Colin, annoyed, snatches his boots.

COLIN

Why is it so hard to find a
receptionist?

JANE

It's hard to find the right
receptionist.

COLIN

With all due respect, Mistress,
we've been doing triple the work
and now we're getting harassed by
protestors--

JANE

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

COLIN

So maybe where we eat lunch is
trivial right now.

JANE

Protocol is still important.

COLIN

You could waive the fine.

JANE

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

COLIN
I'll buy air freshener.

JANE
What is your damage, Colin?

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

JANE
Oh, you want a break? Fine.

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

INT. "HERE KITTY KITTY" BAR - NIGHT

Shabby and dreary with CUSTOMERS to match. Mona enters. Olga wears a skimpy outfit as she tends bar.

OLGA
Hey, roomie. Welcome to hell.

Mona sits on barstool.

MONA
I think I can ditch my suck-ass,
data-entry job. Aberration is
hiring.

OLGA
Are you high? Mean people on a rage
diet are protesting that place.

MONA
Mistress Jane will shut that down.

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

MONA
And you can't change my mind.

OLGA
So, what? You're gonna answer
phones? "Aberration, how may we
hurt you?"

MONA
I'm going to be a dominatrix.

OLGA
With no experience?

MONA
I've dominated people.

OLGA
Not for money. And not the ugly ones.

MONA
Mistress Jane's into me. I'm gonna be her protege. You watch.

A DRUNK PATRON touches Mona's shoulder.

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

MONA
Fifty bucks.

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

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

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

OLGA
(teases)
You shady bitch.

Mona pockets the money and exits.

EXT. ABERRATION - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Jane appears and greets Rick, who waits for her.

RICK
Ready for dinner, Mrs. Johnson?

He offers his arm. More "NO PERVS!" flyers are up. A MALE PROTESTOR (40s), loiters.

MALE PROTESTOR
Jane Johnson! Started packing yet?

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

MALE PROTESTOR
She's seen me.

JANE
Save it for the hearing.

They walk past him.

MALE PROTESTOR
You don't get it. We're gonna take
out the trash! That means you.

Jane and Rick round the corner.

RICK
That concerns me.

JANE
He's just an isolated asshole.

RICK
Jane.
(stops to face her)
Isolated assholes can be dangerous.

JANE
Rick, I've got this under control.

She takes his hand and kisses it. He's reassured. For now.
They arrive at...

EXT. MICHAEL'S BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

...Jane opens the door for Rick.

INT. MICHAEL'S BAR & GRILL - CONTINUOUS

Friendly neighborhood joint. The HOSTESS, (20s) greets them.

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

The TV over the bar airs NY1. An OTS graphic shows the Pup
from the video alongside a photo of the man without the mask.

RICK

It's a damn shame we're always fighting for some kind of right.

JANE

The hot newbie is a reason to keep fighting.

TV ANCHOR

...the school principal has been fired from PS 222 after his flying pig tattoo identified him as the person in this video.

Jane is crestfallen. Her phone buzzes. A chyron appears on screen from The Pernach: **You're on NY1 again. Still handling it?**

Rick envelops her from behind.

RICK

Who's that from?

Jane puts her phone away.

JANE

Zoey. She's pissed that Mona's coming to her party.

RICK

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

JANE

Zoey said that girl's been trying to break them up since they met. Do you think four years of college out-of-state softened her?

RICK

How should I know?

JANE

Max is your best friend. Doesn't he talk about her?

RICK

Yeah, but he thinks she's amazing. It's his little sister.

JANE

You guys helped her move off campus two years ago. How was she then?

RICK

Jane. When you meet her at the party you can form your own opinion.

He kisses her.

EXT. ABERRATION - ENTRANCE - DAY

A GROUP of protestors wield "NO PERVS!" signs. Male Protestor hands out flyers to passersby. He thrusts one at Mona who holds a takeout tray with two coffees.

PROTESTOR

Council meeting this week. Kick out the pervs.

Mona ignores him and heads for the stairs. Protestor sees where she's going and follows.

PROTESTOR (cont'd)

Does your father know what you are?

Mona's breath catches.

PROTESTOR (cont'd)

You're too pretty to be so disgusting.

Rattled, and trying desperately not to appear so, she descends the stairs and presses the intercom.

INT. ABERRATION - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Jane opens the door to Mona.

JANE

Sasha? What're you doing here?

MONA

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

JANE

You should've called. I have an appointment soon.

MONA

I took a chance.

They lock eyes, curious about each other.

JANE
Is one of those a latte?

MONA
They both are.

INT. ABERRATION - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

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

Jane and Mona enter. Mona stops, riveted.

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

Jane gestures for Mona to follow.

INT. JANE'S OFFICE - DAY

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

JANE
This is a welcome distraction at least. I take it protestors don't scare you.

Jane gives her a playful smile. Mona shakes her head and gathers her nerve.

MONA
At the workshop I overheard someone say you're hiring. I'm interested.
(off Jane's surprised look)
I'm really good at bondage and impact play. I have this leather paddle. It's called a "slapper." It's two pieces of loose leather that slap together--

JANE
I know what a slapper is. From both sides.

Mona's caught off guard, thought this would be easy.

JANE (cont'd)
Why do you want to work here?

MONA

I want to do something I love.
Anything else is stupid. And I'm
sick of working for people who are
unworthy of my time.

Jane's heard this before, so cliché.

JANE

And you've decided I'm worthy?

Mona nods, worried she overstepped. When Jane doesn't respond
or react Mona leans forward.

MONA

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

Jane softens.

INT. RECEPTION - SAME TIME

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

BELLA

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

Roger looks back at Bella for assurance then exits.

INT. JANE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jane leans against the front of the desk.

JANE

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

They laugh, more comfortable with each other.

MONA

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

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

MONA
I'm not--

Jane holds up her hand.

JANE
But I need a domme with experience.
You have potential but no.

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

JANE (cont'd)
I have a client waiting.

She walks to the door. Mona doesn't budge. Jane studies the back of Mona's head, intrigued by the power play.

JANE (cont'd)
Do you wanna watch?

INT. JANE'S OFFICE - LATER

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

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

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

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

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

JANE (cont'd)
What brings you here?

ROGER
I wrote it online.

JANE
Then you should be able to tell me.

ROGER

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

Roger, awkward, produces a tablet from his bag.

JANE

Tell me what you want, Roger.

ROGER

(whispers)

I want you to put me in a diaper.

She gives him a warm smile. He relaxes.

JANE

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

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

JANE (cont'd)

I have your signed waiver. No history of drug abuse, you've requested no bruises or body marks. You do permit a private viewing of your session. Your medical history says Scleroderma. Is it affecting your skin, muscles, organs?

ROGER

Mostly skin.

JANE

Pain level? One to ten?

ROGER

Um, two.

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

JANE

Go stand by the door.

He quickly obeys. Jane meets him.

JANE (cont'd)

Now, my little man--

She takes his hand.

JANE (cont'd)
Come with me.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They enter. Roger gapes at the implement wall.

JANE
Eyes forward.

He complies. Kinda.

INT. AGE PLAY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Outfitted like a nursery. Colorful. Rocking chair. An adult-sized changing table dominates the room. Jane and Roger enter. She positions him with his back to a two-way mirror.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

One chair. Mona spies into the Age Play room. Jane ties an apron over her clothes and subtly winks toward the mirror at Mona, who's startled until she remembers she can't be seen.

INTERCUT AGE PLAY ROOM / VIEWING ROOM

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

So does Mona. She fights back bile.

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

Mona walks closer to the window.

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

Mona places her hands on the glass, entranced.

Roger suckles a pacifier. Jane rubs his head then taps his erection with the rattle.

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

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

ROGER

Red.

JANE

Red for manners or do you want to stop?

ROGER

Manners.

She places the pacifier back in his mouth.

JANE

All better? Look what Mommy has for you.

She produces a salve for his skin.

Mona cocks her head.

MONA

(grumbles)

Please don't go there.

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

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

JANE

You're going to grow up big and strong, my little angel.

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

INT. VIEWING ROOM - LATER

Jane opens the door and sees the vomit. WTF?

INT. THE JOHNSON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Jane and Rick get dressed.

RICK

You nervous?

JANE

About the speech? No. About the neighbors? Yes. It's irritating as fuck that we have to waste a whole morning on them.

RICK

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

JANE

Just getting it out of my system.

RICK

Good girl.

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

JANE

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

RICK

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

JANE

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

RICK

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

INT. CANNING FAMILY HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Family photos line the wall, including a school photo of a younger Mona with pink hair. Zoey juggles her phone, a list and keys. She trips over a toy and shit goes flying. She gathers everything then kicks the toy into the kids' bedroom.

INT. CANNING FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Center island, bay window with a seat. MAX CANNING (35), a ruggedly handsome, contented everyman, laughs with Daniel and Brenna while they eat ice cream. Zoey enters and deflates.

ZOEY

Max, what are you doing?

BRENNA
Ice cream breakfast!

Daniel cheers. Zoey waves Max aside.

ZOEY
The plan was for me to get them ice
cream while we were out today.

MAX
Oh, sorry babe, I forgot.

He leans in for a kiss. She backs away.

ZOEY
Stop. I'm pissed. Just let me be
pissed.

MAX
But I want you to be happy.

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

She kisses the kids.

ZOEY (cont'd)
You guys stay here and help Dad.

She stares Max down then turns to leave. He reaches for her.

MAX
Be careful with the spending. We
have to tighten up after the party.

ZOEY
What? Why?

MAX
You can't spend so much cash each
week. Maybe limit your lunches with
Jane in the city.

ZOEY
(panics)
I need that, Max. It's my one
indulgence.

MAX
Sure, but maybe go somewhere
cheaper or get coffee instead?

Zoey fumes, holds in her anger. He turns back to the kids.

INT. ICE CREAM SHOP - DAY

Bright and quiet. Zoey licks an ice cream cone, shopping bags at her feet. Methodically focused on each bite she tries to soothe her anxiety.

A haggard NEW MOM enters in a sweat-suit, struggling with a baby in a huge carrier. Pained but mesmerized, Zoey watches her hoist the carrier onto a table with great effort. New Mom's purse slips off her shoulder and the contents scatter on the floor. The baby wails. New Mom sags with exhaustion.

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

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - ROOM 202 - DAY

A sign by the door: "Manhattan Community Board 4." Packed with gawkers and supporters, including Hector and Sotto.

A COUNCIL MODERATOR sits at the head of a U-shaped table, a gavel nearby. Jane and Rick sit on one side, Beth and Brad Dudek, the tight-asses from the beige club, opposite them.

BETH

This sick behavior doesn't belong on a public street where families live. We want to raise the standard of living in our neighborhood.

COUNCIL MODERATOR

Thank you, Mrs. Dudek. Now, we'll hear a statement from the owner of Aberration, Jane Johnson.

Jane stands, speech in hand.

JANE

I want to thank the Council for the opportunity to clear up some misperceptions. Yes, we at Aberration are atypical but my business has been here for fifteen years and we've been active in this community, proving that--

BRAD

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

Jane steels herself.

JANE

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

BRAD

Well, violence against women on our doorstep is unacceptable.

Jane reaches for her pencil to quell her growing annoyance.

JANE

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

BETH

How do you know? You weren't there.

JANE

I know those people! They teach workshops on that subject.

BRAD

So what? It's wrong!

The Council Moderator raps the gavel.

COUNCIL MODERATOR

Let's keep it respectful.

BRAD

We moved here for work and we're ready to start a family--

JANE

There are lots of families in the neighborhood. You're the only one with a problem.

The crowd gets vocal. Jane grips the pencil with both hands.

BRAD

--and you should just accept that your kind of filth is not welcome in this neighborhood anymore.

JANE

Why don't you move back to your little town in Iowa where your narrow-mindedness is welcome.

Brad jumps to his feet. Council Moderator bangs the gavel.

BRAD

It's Ohio and we didn't come here
to be insulted. You and your
whorehouse are done.

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

RICK

(to Jane)

Not like this. Come on.

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

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jane is visibly upset. Rick leads her by the hand to the side
of the building for privacy.

RICK

Just breathe, baby girl.

JANE

(panicked)

I can't lose--the dungeon--I need--

RICK

That hasn't happened.

JANE

But what if--

RICK

Jane.

His tone causes her to meet his gaze and calm herself.

RICK (cont'd)

It's still yours. It's going to be
okay.

He kisses her and she melts in his arms. He's worried.

INT. VILLAGE CAFE - DAY

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

OLGA

Excuse me, Mona Canning arrived
first? Wow!

MONA

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

OLGA

Was he hot?

MONA

She put him in a diaper--

OLGA

Wrong answer.

Olga scrolls through her phone, bored.

MONA

Did you hear me? A diaper!

OLGA

Like what? Pampers? Man pampers?

MONA

And there were scabs and--

OLGA

(mocking)

Oh God. Not scabs.

She aggressively scrolls her feed.

MONA

Yes! I threw up and bolted. Help me. How can I redeem myself with Mistress Jane?

OLGA

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

MONA

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

OLGA

Go be a human and say you're sorry.

Mona's phone PINGS with a text.

MONA

It's Max.

A CHYRON appears on screen:

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

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

Mona sets the phone down.

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

OLGA
Ooh, did you pick an outfit?

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

Olga smirks with approval.

MONA (cont'd)
She so desperately wants to be young again. And she's obsessed with Jon Bon Jovi lately. It's weird.

OLGA
He's hot.

MONA
He's a grandpa.

OLGA
Hot grandpa. Zaddy.

The Scrawny Barista appears and sets down two coffees.

SCRAWNY BARISTA
One Americano and one espresso.

MONA
Where is the X in espresso?

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

SCRAWNY BARISTA
I'm sorry?

MONA
You should be. There's no X in espresso. It's an S. Not an X. Espresso. Got it?

(MORE)

MONA (CONT'D)

Please learn how to pronounce the things you serve. While you're at it please do a good deed by correcting customers who mangle the language.

SCRAWNY BARISTA

Well, excuse me.

MONA

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

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

INT. THE JOHNSON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Jane makes the bed just so. Rick sits on it then points to the floor. Jane kneels at his feet, happy again.

RICK

I want to say something else about that meeting.

JANE

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

RICK

It escalated fast.

JANE

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

RICK

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

She meets his eyes.

RICK (cont'd)

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

JANE

Yes, Sir.

RICK

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

JANE

A respectful reminder, my business decisions are mine alone.

RICK

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

She searches his eyes. He's not playing.

JANE

Yes, Sir.

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

EXT. ABERRATION - DAY

Zoey, duffel bag on her shoulder, checks her phone. Her breath catches, assaulted by the past. A Getty Images memory photo pops up: Zoey and NIKKI SIXX stand close, cozy.

The caption: **Event Chairwoman Zoey Canning and Motley Crue bassist, Nikki Sixx.** The red carpet backdrop reads: **"Covenant House Fundraiser."** Jane appears. Zoey gathers herself.

JANE

God, I'm so hot.

She shrugs out of her coat.

ZOEY

Is it a flash?

JANE

No. Fuck you very much.

They link arms and walk down the street.

JANE (cont'd)

Speaking of hot who did you play with today? Harry Styles? Or Bad Bunny?

ZOEY

A very unconvincing Prince.

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

JANE
Hey, what's wrong?

Zoey pulls up the photo memory and shows Jane.

ZOEY
That fucking fundraiser.

JANE
Zoey, you're working through it.

ZOEY
I agreed to chair that event because Motley Crue was my favorite client and I thought it would be a good way to reconnect with my past but it just stirred up more shit. My sessions aren't working.

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

ZOEY
I'm just role-playing the old me. When I leave that room she gets left behind and this...
(gestures to herself)
...drives back to Long Island.

Zoey fights tears as Jane tries to comforts her.

ZOEY (cont'd)
I saw this woman at the ice cream shop all alone with her newborn. She looked like shit and was just trying to get something nice for herself and...God...
(breath catches)
I never wanted to be that woman.

JANE
You're not that woman.

ZOEY
An unplanned pregnancy made me that woman! I shouldn't have given up my career.

(MORE)

ZOEY (cont'd)
I miss working and it all feels
like a mistake I can't take back.

Jane takes Zoey's face in her hands.

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

Zoey knows she's right but it still hurts. Jane reaches in
her purse and pulls out a tissue and a compact.

JANE (cont'd)
Now fix your face.

Jane holds Zoey's shoulders and inhales deeply, nodding to
Zoey to do the same. She takes a restorative breath. Zoey
examines the damage in the mirror.

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

They laugh. Zoey wipes her tears.

ZOEY (cont'd)
What about you?

JANE
Rick's not happy. Maybe I need to
get Beth Dudek alone.

ZOEY
And if shit goes south?

JANE
I'll let The Pernach drown them in
the Hudson.

Zoey snaps the compact shut.

ZOEY
Jane. Don't open that box.

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

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Mona and Max walk the path carrying drinks and wrapped hot dogs.

MAX

It's good to have you back.

MONA

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

MONA (cont'd)

I can't make the party after all.

Max stops walking and nearly gets run over by a horse-drawn carriage. Mona grabs him.

MONA (cont'd)

Just kidding, big brother.

MAX

That wasn't funny.

MONA

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

MAX

Mona, I'm serious. Don't start anything with Zoey.

MONA

Why? Is she not over it?

MAX

You mean the last fight you started?

MONA

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

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

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

MONA

And Princess Mona was so sad. She missed her parents very much.

(MORE)

MONA (CONT'D)

All she had left were memories and the beautiful home where she felt safe. Then one day a mean witch-monster named Hagatha Zoey threw the orphan Princess in the gutter with nothing but the clothes on her back.

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

ZOEY

What the hell are you doing?

Mona calmly walks to Zoey.

MONA

(quietly)

Telling the truth.

She exits. (END FLASHBACK)

Mona and Max sit on a park bench eating lunch.

MAX

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

MONA

For you, I'll make the effort.

Max is touched...actually believes her.

INT. CANNING FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - NEXT DAY

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

ZOEY

Okay guys. Go play.

BRENNA

Awww, we wanna keep dancing.

ZOEY

Skedaddle.

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

ZOEY (cont'd)
I'm going to get my hair done.

She turns to leave. He stops her.

MAX
Can you do me a favor? Ease up on Mona tonight.

She stops and tenses up.

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

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

She looks him up and down.

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

Zoey smirks and exits.

INT. CANNING FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

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

ZOEY
All set. Go get dressed.

She squeezes his ass. The doorbell RINGS.

ZOEY (cont'd)
Already? Shit.

EXT. CANNING FAMILY HOME - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Zoey opens the door, sees Mona and swings it closed. Mona opens it and barges into the...

INT. FOYER

...with MONA'S DATE (30s), in a conservative suit and tie. Mona and Zoey glare at each other.

ZOEY

I guess hell finally froze.

Mona takes her coat off to reveal a Mad Men-esque housewife cocktail dress. Zoey stares at the outfit.

MONA

Do you like it? It's a tribute to your five years as a housewife.

ZOEY

Grow up.

Mona's annoyed by the non-reaction.

MONA

I'm not the one living in the past, in love with grandpa Jon Bon Jovi.

ZOEY

Google his face from 1987, 1994, 2005...

MONA

Whatever. Where's Max?

ZOEY

Stay away from me tonight.

MONA

Wish I could stay away from you forever but you bewitched my brother.

ZOEY

Nice word choice from a so-called feminist.

MONA

If the shoe fits.

Mona's Date awkwardly shuffles toward the living room.

ZOEY
Don't touch anything.

Zoey exits.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Decked out in reds and whites. Hundreds of tiny party lights overhead. Candles warm the space, Frank Sinatra fills it with sound. A makeshift bar against the wall. Mona holds up a finger to Mona's Date.

INT. CANNING FAMILY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

MONA
Maximillian Canning.

MAX
Hey! Hi, punk.

He enfolds her in a bear hug.

MAX (cont'd)
You're here. And on time.

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

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

MAX
Nice mouth.

MONA
The sticks? The 'burbs?' Hell?

Mona sets the present on the dresser.

MONA (cont'd)
Happy Anniversary, big brother.

MAX
Thanks. Did you wish Zoey a happy birthday?

MONA
Who gets married on their birthday?
Stupid.

MAX
I'm the best birthday present she
ever got.

Mona picks up the lint brush.

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

MAX
She does.

He puts on the jacket.

MAX (cont'd)
Thanks for coming. It means a lot.

MONA
You're the only family I've got
left.

She lint-rollers his jacket.

MONA (cont'd)
Mom would've liked this suit.

MAX
Did you bring a date?

MONA
Yes. Only because he has a car. I
don't even have to put out unless I
want to.

MAX
God, Mona. Don't be gross.

MONA
Don't be a virgin.

The doorbell RINGS. Several voices flood the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

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

INT. FOYER - NIGHT - LATER

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

MAX
Hey guys, come in.

Max ushers them inside and kisses Jane's cheek.

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

JANE
Very nice suit. Where's Mona? I
wanna meet her.

MAX
(incredulous)
You've met.

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

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rick walks down the hall and bumps into Mona.

RICK
Sorry. Mona?!

MONA

Rick Johnson. Still sexy.

He shrugs off the comment and they hug.

RICK

Welcome home. I like the new hair color.

MONA

Wicked, right?

Rick smiles, she hasn't changed.

RICK

My wife's looking forward to meeting you.

MONA

Cool. I'll come find you later.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

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

JANE

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

ZOEY

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

JANE

Sasha's different.

ZOEY

That's what you said about Vanessa.

JANE

Sasha's not a pet. She's got the gift. She's a natural dominant and a sponge for knowledge. I can mold her so she doesn't waste years trying to find herself like I did.

ZOEY

Don't you have enough on your plate?

JANE

Not if I give some of it to The
Pernach.

ZOEY

Enough with The Pernach.

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

ANNA

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

Zoey smiles tightly and reluctantly shifts gears.

ZOEY

Jane, you remember Anna and Marie.
Our kids go to the same school.

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

JANE

Of course.
(to Anna)
How did your mom's surgery go?

ANNA

Very well. Thank you for asking.

ACROSS THE ROOM

MAX (O.S.)

(into microphone)
Attention everyone! Where's Zoey?
Sweetheart?

Zoey walks to Max.

MAX (cont'd)

First of all happy birthday to my
beautiful wife.

Max kisses her on the cheek as the Guests clap. Mona stands
with her arms crossed next to Mona's Date.

MAX (cont'd)

You all know that Zoey gave up her
life as a Tour Manager to marry me.
She was the boss of--

ZOEY

Stop. Honey, really.

MAX

Anyway, Zoey chaired a fundraiser for Covenant House with a special appearance by Nikki Sixx, the bassist and founder of Motley Crue.

Mona nudges Mona's Date.

MONA

Ironic that she raised money for homeless youth when she threw me out of my childhood home.

Mona hands him her empty plate and gestures to the buffet.

MAX

I'll let the gift speak for itself.
Happy Anniversary!

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

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

Max hugs her, thinks she's moved by the gift. The DJ plays a "Motley Crue" song. Jane puts her arm around Zoey in support.

Mona's Date returns and presents a plate of food for her inspection. She's not happy.

MONA'S DATE

I'm sorry. They were out.

MONA

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

ZOEY

(wipes her tears)
Perfect. Max's little sister and her big fucking mouth.

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

JANE

Oh fuck.

Mona marches up to Zoey.

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

Rick appears with a plate of food.

RICK
Mona! This is my wife Jane.

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

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

MAX
Calm down. It's not a big deal.

Max moves Mona away from the glass.

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

RICK
Hey, accidents happen.

Rick flags the BARTENDER.

JANE
You're Mona?

Mona freezes as she looks to Rick then back at Jane, who's furious. Mona silently pleads for discretion. Jane flashes her a look of disappointment.

Jane steers Zoey out of the room. Mona watches, stunned and nervous.

INT. CANNING HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

JANE
That's Mona?

Zoey gives her shoes to Jane who's shaking.

ZOEY
God damn her. Every fucking time.

Zoey walks into the closet. Jane bangs the shoes together like erasers. Fight? Flight? Freeze?

JANE
Do you need anything?

ZOEY (O.S.)
Yeah, set fire to her stupid
petticoat. Asshole.

Jane drops the shoes near the door and exits to...

INT. HALLWAY

She exhales and tries to center herself. She notices the school photo of pink-haired Mona. She taps Mona's face with her fingernail. Of course. Also, son of a bitch! Feeling sick and anxious, she walks into the...

INT. LIVING ROOM

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

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

JANE
I knew I liked you.

Jane squeezes Anna's upper arm and spots Rick. She makes her way through the crowd, her eyes fixed on her Dominant. Rick holds a near-empty glass and surveys the buffet. Her submissive side kicks in. She slides behind him.

JANE (cont'd)
Would it please you, Sir, if I
refreshed your drink?

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

Rick takes her hand.

RICK (cont'd)
You're shaking. What's wrong?

Jane doesn't answer and he doesn't push. Instead he gathers her in his arms. Jane relaxes, safe. She pulls away and nods.

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

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

JANE
Hmm, you look more like a Sasha.

MONA
Answer me.

JANE
Please would be nice.

MONA
Please. How do you know her?

JANE
We've been best friends for over a decade.

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

JANE
Yes.

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

MONA
Does my brother?

JANE
Yes. But he pretends he doesn't.

MONA
That tracks. And you're Rick's wife?

JANE
Surprise.

MONA
He never said...anything.

JANE
We're careful in the vanilla world.

MONA
I'm tired of hiding who I am.

JANE
Well, after all your bravado it was disappointing to discover you don't have the stomach for the work.

MONA

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

Jane signals the Bartender and taps the rim of the glass.

MONA (cont'd)

Did you have sex with him?

JANE

No. It's not about sex. Sometimes
they get off. I rarely do.

MONA

Where's the fun in that?

JANE

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

The Bartender slides a fresh drink in front of Jane.

MONA

Doesn't anyone just want to get
beat up anymore?

JANE

You should've told me Sasha was
your scene name when you came to me
about the job.

MONA

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

JANE

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

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

MONA

There's two sides to every story.

JANE

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

Jane turns to leave. Mona blocks her with her body.

MONA

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

Those words scratch a never-ending itch for Jane.

MONA (cont'd)

Look, I can imagine some of the awful shit Zoey has said about me but you know me in a different way. A real way. I can leave Zoey out of the dungeon. Can you?

Jane sizes her up, torn between attraction, loyalty, and a savior complex.

JANE

What about Max?

MONA

He'd lose his goddamned mind.

They share a laugh, back on common ground.

MONA (cont'd)

You had just met me and pegged my deepest desire - pun intended. Can we at least talk about this some more...Mistress?

Jane appreciates the change in tactic but pulls back.

JANE

Not here. Come see me on Monday. To talk.

They both know there will be more than that. Mona touches Jane's arm, playful. Zoey sees this exchange from across the room. Jane looks up and catches Zoey's eye.

JANE (cont'd)

(to Mona, without looking)
Walk away.

Mona's smile disappears but she obeys.