

SALESGIRL

INT. VICTORIA'S SECRET -- DAY

A MAN'S HAND sensuously trails down a row of PANTIES.

Pink panties, lacy panties, scandalous red panties with no crotch...the skin of the man's hand is at odd contrast with the soft feminine fabrics.

The HAND finally stops at a pair of boring cotton briefs... perfect for a size 12 soccer mom who goes to Curves twice a week. We hear a SIGH and reveal:

BOB FITZPAYNE, 40 -- Wasp. A SALESGIRL approaches.

SALESGIRL
May I help you?

BOB
Hi. Do you think these are pretty?

SALESGIRL
Um...I think it's a nice everyday panty.

Bob scrutinizes the panty with a ferocious intensity. Then --

BOB
No, this is too boxy, it looks like mens underwear.

SALESGIRL
May I ask who these are for?

BOB
My wife. It's our anniversary.

SALESGIRL
Great. Maybe you could tell me a little about her, so I can help you make the perfect selection.

BOB
Well, she's a bigger woman. I think she's beautiful, but she doesn't. I want to buy her something nice so she feels...sexy. You know how it is. You have a couple of kids, the body changes, you don't recognize yourself in the mirror.

(then)
I want her to feel like a woman again.

START

—

PRETTY HANDSOME

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SALESGIRL
(touched)
I know just the thing.

She exits. Bob examines a bra. The salesgirl returns and holds up something we do not see. Bob is mesmerized by it.

BOB
I'll take it.

SALESGIRL
Your wife is a lucky woman.

As Bob grins shyly, we SMASH CUT TO:

- STOP

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

...ELIZABETH FITZPAYNE, 39, as she has a toe-curling orgasm. Her pretty face is flushed. Bob raises up into frame and joins her on the pillow. Bob is smiling triumphantly, thrilled with his ability to make his wife come so intensely.

Elizabeth, still lost in the wave of her climax, starts kissing him, pulling him close.

ELIZABETH
Put it in...

BOB
I'm going to be late.

He gently pulls away, starts out of bed. Then, playfully, seeing the disappointment on her face --

BOB (CONT'D)
Hey -- it's not my fault that you're at your horniest right before I have to go to work.
(off her look)
What?

ELIZABETH
Nothing. It's just...been a while.

Bob gets back into bed, sweetly takes her face in his hands.

BOB
We just had sex. Sex is not just about penetration. I'm content. I'm the luckiest guy in the world. We're okay.

She can't help but smile. Bob heads for the bathroom.

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