

BAD DYKE

Written by

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Based on her memoir

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TEASER

INT. OAKLAND ARTIST LOFT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A POT sits on a stove beneath a single light, steam rising around the lid. Casual PARTY SOUNDS murmur in the background.

A WOMAN walks into frame. This is IZABEL WOODS (32), girl-next-door pretty except for the tattoos, candy-colored dyke hair, and huge rack.

She lifts the lid and stirs. The pot is full of DILDOS.

ERIC (O.S.)

Izabel, are you ready to join us?

IZABEL

(calling back)

Yup.

INT. LOFT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Izabel scurries into the living room, where assorted queer/artsy/kinky/woo-woo party guests sit in a circle.

ERIC (43), big and classically handsome, holds court.

IZABEL

Just making dick soup.

ERIC

I hope everyone's hungry.

Laughs from the guests.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Show of hands, who has never been to a sex party before?

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. WHITE HORSE BAR - NIGHT - ONE MONTH EARLIER

A going-away party in an LA dive. BRODY (38, butch, tattooed), SIX OTHER DYKES, GUY FRIEND, & ERIC. Izabel -- hair a different color from the prior scene -- drinks a heavily-garnished bloody mary.

Fragments of party conversation:

IZABEL

Every dyke has to live in the Bay Area at some point.

HIPSTER DYKE

I thought Long Beach was sufficient to keep your lesbian card active.

PROFESSIONAL DYKE

With Long Beach you need both a wife *and* dog, so it's harder to keep the membership current.

HIPSTER DYKE

And the Bay Area you need...

PROFESSIONAL DYKE

Nothing. You just default to queer.

HIPSTER DYKE

Ugh. That word. What's wrong with lesbian?

PROFESSIONAL DYKE

Nothing, as long as you're not fucking dudes.

Awkward pause.

HIPSTER DYKE

(to Izabel)

So you're moving in together?

IZABEL

Hell no. I'm getting my own place. Eric's just good for lifting heavy things.

The other two share a look. "Right."

Elsewhere in the bar, SPORTY & ARTSY:

SPORTY DYKE

It's the natural progression. First it's a fling, then it's a "thing," then you're renting the U-Haul.

ARTSY DYKE

Except Izabel's doing it with --

Elsewhere, with BRODY, CUTESY, and GUY FRIEND:

CUTESY DYKE

A dude. I never saw it coming.

GUY FRIEND

She and I made out once.

Off Brody and Cutesy's looks:

GUY FRIEND (CONT'D)

Prince had just died. It was a confusing time. She made out with my girlfriends too.

BRODY

Cause she's gay, bro.

CUTESY DYKE

Was.

BRODY

Yeah well, shit happens.

Elsewhere, ERIC and DIESEL:

ERIC

-- For great reasons. I'm ready to leave New York. There's a big sex education community in SF, so it feels like a good fit.

DIESEL DYKE

Why can't you just move here?

ERIC

I lived in LA for a year when I was an actor. I can't do car culture.

DIESEL DYKE

That's why I ride a motorcycle.

ERIC
What's your ride?

DIESEL DYKE
2006 Yamaha 650.

ERIC
1979 Yamaha 750.

DIESEL DYKE
No shit?

ERIC
Rode her til the day she died.

DIESEL DYKE
Lucky lady.

ERIC
Lucky guy.

They clink pints. The smaller parties converge.

BRODY
(to Eric)
Oh good, you're here. I need
something heavy moved.

ERIC
Cool. Where?

Hipster and Diesel crack up at the slight. Eric's just
confused.

CUTESY DYKE
(to Izabel)
Isn't it rude to order a bloody
mary at a busy bar?

IZABEL
The bartender and I have an
understanding.

HIPSTER DYKE
Which is?

IZABEL
It's a genius arrangement,
actually. I tell her what I want.
She gives it to me and I compensate
her for her time and expertise.

GUY FRIEND

Why hasn't that caught on?

ERIC

Which profession do you think is actually the oldest? Booze-slinger or -- ?

DIESEL DYKE

Pussy-slinger?

ERIC

Yeah.

IZABEL

Duh. How do you think the first Neanderthal paid for her drinks? Ooh, here come the hot dogs.

A UKRAINIAN BAR-BACK piles hot dogs and fixings on the bar. Brody holds one aloft.

BRODY

A toast. To our dear friend Izabel and her dear dude Eric. I never thought you'd leave LA, especially for dick -- I mean, for love. We will miss you. Los Angeles won't be as sunny without your smile.

Izabel hugs Brody.

BRODY (CONT'D)

I love you, dude.

IZABEL

You too, man.

SPORTY DYKE

I hope you saved your singles, cause we're taking you to Jumbo's!

ERIC

We have a long day tomorrow.

CUTESY DYKE

Oh whatever. You're only uprooting Izzy's entire life and reshaping it into a heteronormative hellscape.

ARTSY DYKE
Titties will help.

The other women nod assent.

IZABEL
Titties will probably help.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM - NIGHT

Suicide Girl-types writhe on the dive-y strip club stage for a mixed-gender crowd of punks and hipsters.

BRODY
All these men, they're --

DIESEL DYKE
-- doing the exact same thing we are.

BRODY
When they were doing it with their own kind it was fine. But now...

ARTSY DYKE
They've infiltrated our ranks?

Brody deflects with a shrug.

Further down the stage, Izabel throws dollar bills.

ERIC
I never know what to do at places like this.

IZABEL
Seriously?

ERIC
I like to sleep with women who are genuinely attracted to me. And strip clubs just muddy the water.

IZABEL
Cash has a way of turning a woman's heart.

ERIC
(a joke)
Then why the hell are you moving in with me?

IZABEL

I'm not.

ERIC

Right. Sorry.

IZABEL

I'm moving for me. I was planning on it anyway and you decided to come along for the ride. This has nothing to do with you or your dick.

ERIC

Got it. Jesus.

(awkward pause)

I like that they serve liquor here.

IZABEL

That's why they wear pasties. Nipples or whiskey alone are innocuous. It's their combined force that's threatening.

ERIC

Makes sense. My testosterone levels are oddly steady despite all the ass cheeks and bourbon.

IZABEL

But -- carefully -- imagine the edge of an areola just peeking --

Eric makes a Hulk-transforming face.

ERIC

Can't. Hold. Back. Must. Rage.

IZABEL

Shh-sh-sh. Look, darling. They're wearing sequined pasties. Nothing to fear. You're safe.

ERIC

Thank you, California vice laws, for protecting us all from my unbridled masculinity.

He places his hand on her upper thigh. He grasps a BULGE.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Speaking of unbridled masculinity.

IZABEL
Oh this old thing?

She grinds against his hand.

ERIC
Have you been packing this whole
time?

IZABEL
And yet you didn't notice.

ERIC
I was trying to be respectful in
front of your lesbians by not
staring directly at your crotch.

IZABEL
You're such a feminist.

ERIC
I try.

IZABEL
You wanna show me just how feminist
you are?

Izabel drags Eric out of the club, giving half hugs and hi-fives to her seated friends.

ARTSY DYKE
Another one bites the dust.

DIESEL DYKE
You mean the gay thing? Or moving
away?

Brody just slugs from her beer and throws a single on stage.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Izabel fumbles for her keys. Eric drops to his knees and pulls the dildo through her fly, giving her a blowjob.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

She works the door open and pushes Eric inside. Izabel's place is a Little Armenia pre-war shoebox with a million-dollar view. Eric scoots back, knocking over a stack of MOVING BOXES.

IZABEL
Stand up.

He does.

IZABEL (CONT'D)
Turn around.

She bends him over the bed, grabs a condom from her dresser and fucks him.

IZABEL (CONT'D)
Can I stroke you?

ERIC
Yeah. Yeah.

They fuck. Then:

ERIC (CONT'D)
I think I'm done.

IZABEL
You want me to pull out?

ERIC
Yeah.

She does so. She starts to take off the strap-on.

ERIC (CONT'D)
No, keep it on.

He throws her over the bed in the same position. He strokes her dildo with one hand, while fingering her with the other. The sex is ferocious and new and hot.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eric snores. Izabel can't sleep. She crawls over him, rolls a JOINT and pads to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Izabel opens her medicine cabinet to reveal a row of candy-colored HAIR DYES. The joint dangles from her lips.

IZABEL
That's the ticket.

She dyes her hair, contemplatively.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

While the dye sets, Izabel sits in front of her picture window, with its view of Hollywood. She opens the window, takes in her view of the city, and starts to sketch it, saving it for posterity. But soon into the drawing, she breaks down and cries.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - MORNING

Eric enters with coffee.

ERIC

Wakey wakey, sleepy head. Got a long day ahead of us.

IZABEL

(Groggy, buried in blankets)
What time is it?

ERIC

Time to start moving shit.

Eric pulls back the blankets and is startled by her new look. He clocks the white sheets, now stained with Cookie-Monster blue patches.

ERIC (CONT'D)

And time to throw away these sheets.

IZABEL

I guess I didn't rinse enough.

ERIC

Cause you were stoned?

IZABEL

'Spose so.

ERIC

Smoking too much of the ganja?

IZABEL

Don't say it like that.

ERIC

Getting lit off mad doobage?

IZABEL

I wish I never told you about my high-and-dye habit.

ERIC

You know I fully support your filthy hippie lifestyle.

IZABEL

Oh my god you're such a square.

ERIC

I say we move everything onto the roof, clean this place up, and then start taking trips to the truck. But first, cuddles!

He pounces on her. She is instantly awake and giggling.

EXT. APARTMENT ROOFTOP - DAY

Izabel and Eric drag her futon mattress onto the roof. A glorious 360 view of Los Angeles surrounds them.

ERIC

I have a couple in Marin that needs relationship coaching and a blowjob workshop in Santa Cruz. And there's a sex work client who's wanting a monthly date.

IZABEL

That's a good start.

ERIC

You?

IZABEL

Von's queer porn site wanted me to do some social media stuff. Or I'll bartend again or something. I'm hoping the city will show me where it wants me.

ERIC

Classic strategy.

IZABEL

Have you been looking at apartment listings?

Off Eric's evasion:

IZABEL (CONT'D)

Our sublet only lasts three weeks.

ERIC

(gentle mocking)

I'll let the city show me where it wants me. I'm putting most of my New York stuff in storage anyway. No need to rush things.

Izabel throws herself onto the mattress. Eric crosses into the apartment and returns hiding his hands behind his back.

IZABEL

Goodbye eight good years. Okay six. Those first two sucked. Goodbye six good years.

ERIC

Hello to the rest.

Eric reveals two popsicles. They eat the popsicles on the futon and take a selfie.

IZABEL

I hated so much about this city. But now that I'm leaving...

ERIC

You made a lot of memories here. You came out twice --

IZABEL

Three times.

Off his look:

IZABEL (CONT'D)

Lesbian, queer, nonmonogamous.

ERIC

(faux offense)

Are you saying there's someone else?

IZABEL

Give or take eighteen.

ERIC

You've been with eighteen people in the past year? I guess there was that crazy party.

IZABEL
And the kink conference.

ERIC
And of course...

ERIC & IZABEL
Burning Man.

ERIC
Yeah, okay eighteen.

IZABEL
And you got...
(guessing)
Double?

ERIC
New people? I don't keep count.

Off her look:

ERIC (CONT'D)
I don't! But if I had to guess, not
quite. Maybe thirty, thirty-five.

She balks.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Hey now, you know the deal.

IZABEL
You know I support your dirty slut
lifestyle.

ERIC
Do you really though?

She grins, opaquely.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I've been with too many people who
thought they'd be the one to get me
to "settle down." I'm crazy about
you, Iz. But I'm a slut.

IZABEL
Until your dick stops working.

ERIC
Until my *heart* stops working. This
is me. It's all part of the
package.

She climbs on top of him.

IZABEL

I do so enjoy your package.

ERIC

Are you willing to be with a man
who sleeps with as many people as I
do?

IZABEL

Are you willing to be with a woman
who has a "Stomp the patriarchy"
tattoo?

ERIC

You know it.

They smooch, concerns dissipated for now.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Was I okay last night?

IZABEL

You were more than okay.

ERIC

I mean with your friends.

IZABEL

They can see how much I love you.

ERIC

I just don't like getting between
you and your community.

IZABEL

You're practically a lesbian. Your
politics are solid. And you eat
pussy better than half those dykes.

ERIC

How do you know?

She gives him a "duh" look.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Lesbians are wonderful.

IZABEL

Indeed we are.

ERIC

We?

IZABEL

I'm not ready to give up my entire identity just because I'm riding a cock.

ERIC

No cock has that power. Thank you for saying yes to me. I know I'm not the easiest person to love.

IZABEL

It's not so hard.

ERIC

You say that now. Just wait until I'm throwing all night orgies.

IZABEL

In your own apartment? So I can go home to my own place and sleep? Not a problem.

ERIC

How do you feel?

IZABEL

Ready to watch you carry my stuff down five flights of stairs.

ERIC

I'll demonstrate one of the sexiest parts of being with a man.

IZABEL

Brute strength?

ERIC

Hernias.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. HIGHWAY 5 TRUCK STOP - DAY

Izabel pumps gas at a crowded, truck stop, watching bickering hetero couples with an edge of discomfort.

A SCREAMING KID (5ish) careens towards her, pursued by a MOTHER. The kid skids and falls. He WAILS. Izabel recoils.

MOTHER
Dammit, Jeremy!

The Mother scoops him into her arms. He kicks and wails.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
(aggrieved and frazzled)
I save my kid from getting crushed
by a semi, and I get punched and
screamed at. Meanwhile his dad is
going to come back with ice cream
as though he saved the day.

Izabel is stunned silent.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
You'll understand someday.

She walks away.

IZABEL
(Horrorified, to herself)
No.
(shouting after the
Mother)
No I won't! I'm super gay!

Izabel has a moment with herself. Eric approaches.

ERIC
Sorry. There was a crazy line. I
had to go in the bushes.

IZABEL
(still annoyed)
There's one in the gas station.

ERIC
I just saw the guys over there and
assumed those were the only
toilets.

IZABEL

If you wanna get your dick sucked.

ERIC

Seriously?

IZABEL

We're at a truck stop in the middle of nowhere. Why would there be a crowd of men waiting for a toilet?

ERIC

That explains so much.

She climbs in the driver's seat.

IZABEL

You ready?

ERIC

Not anymore! I just passed up a free blow job!

EXT. SIDEWALK BAKERY - OAKLAND - DAY

Izabel is multi-browser-window shopping for apartments on Craigslist. Eric returns with coffees.

IZABEL

There's a room in a co-op in the Haight for twleve-hundred.

ERIC

Open to couples?

IZABEL

The cheaper option is rooms in houses.

ERIC

Why don't you want to live with me?

IZABEL

If we live together, people will see us as a couple.

ERIC

Which we are.

IZABEL

People will think we're -- I'm straight.

ERIC

Do you really think you could pass as straight?

IZABEL

If a huge guy is sharing my bed nightly. Yeah.

ERIC

Who cares what people think?

IZABEL

I'm a dyke, dude. I came out when I was fifteen. I took a girl to the prom and my newspaper covered it. Everyone I've ever known has known this about me. I'm going to meet a whole new group of people up here. And now the most fundamental part of my identity is invisible.

ERIC

You can't go around with a pussy attached to your mouth all the time.

IZABEL

(attempting a joke)
Try and stop me.

ERIC

I'll help however I can.
(back to serious)
People are going to think all sorts of things about us. They'll think I don't really love you because I fuck other women. They'll think you're a pushover or a masochist -- the not-fun kind. They'll think I'm just a confused gay and you're a confused straight. They'll think we'll die of AIDS or corrupt children. They'll think all of that and worse. But all of that stuff is manageable if I get to have you as my partner.

IZABEL

Partner? Is that what you are?

ERIC
Is eight months too soon to use
that word?

IZABEL
In Lesbian Land, partner is
basically wife. It's a big deal.

ERIC
We're a big deal.

IZABEL
Will it ruin our relationship?

ERIC
If it does, wouldn't that be good
information to learn before we get
even deeper?

IZABEL
You are smart about these things.

ERIC
It's why I make the big bucks.

IZABEL
All that sweet sex-education lucre.

ERIC
Aw yeah. But more importantly, tell
me more about Lesbian Land. Are
there rides? Waterslides?

IZABEL
Where will we fuck?

ERIC
Our bedroom? And everywhere else?

IZABEL
I mean other people.

ERIC
Our bedroom? And everywhere else?

Off Izabel's concerned look...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SHADY APARTMENT - DAY

Izabel's concerned face as a SLUM LORD pitches:

SLUM LORD
Black mold is a myth. It's just
aggressive mildew.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

OVERENTHUSIASTIC REALTOR
...A darling In-Law unit.

She opens the door to a garden shed.

IZABEL
(peering into the gloom)
Where's the kitchen?

OVERENTHUSIASTIC REALTOR
A hot plate and minifridge. But
many lovely ethnic places down the
block.

ERIC
How much?

OVERENTHUSIASTIC REALTOR
Thirty-six hundred a month, plus
utilities.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - DAY

A YOUNG QUEER leads Izabel and Eric through a beautiful, well-furnished Victorian home.

YOUNG QUEER
Two of us work in arts nonprofits,
four in direct actions. One is a
circus performer so he keeps weird
hours. And one comedian that no one
ever sees. They're opening a queer
gym down the street and there's a
co-op bakery on the corner. Decent
vegan options; they're working on
their gluten situation.

IZABEL
This is perfect.

YOUNG QUEER

We keep vegetarian and do family meals every Thursday. Scent free except for occasional ceremonial oils. And no men.

IZABEL

Sorry, what?

YOUNG QUEER

Well, cis men.
(to Eric)
You're not trans, are you?

ERIC

...No.

YOUNG QUEER

Right. But we'd love for you to live here Izabel.

IZABEL

(pointing at Eric)
But he...

YOUNG QUEER

Yeah. No. He really shouldn't even be in here. I'm going to have to sage after you leave.

Eric and Izabel share a look of defeat.

EXT. OAKLAND ARTIST LOFT - DAY

Craig (40s), cool dad, comes running out of an artist loft building in an industrial Oakland neighborhood.

CRAIG

Hey!

IZABEL

Sorry, this place was hard to find.

CRAIG

We technically don't have a zip code.

Izabel clocks a wiry white guy fixing the call box.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 That's the building manager, Joe.
 Good guy. Never had a problem with
 Shel seeing clients.

INT. OAKLAND ARTIST LOFT - DAY

Craig gives them the tour of the loft from the teaser. The space is two stories, open floorplan, rough, but lovely. There's even a little stage.

IZABEL
 Wow.

CRAIG
 My wife Shelly. And that's Kevin.

Shelly (40s), a hip Japanese-American woman waves. Kevin (14) plays with a leather paddle in the main area.

Cross talk, the women and the men:

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 My company got a contract in
 Arlington, so we're breaking the
 lease.

ERIC
 What's your business?

CRAIG
 Weapons-grade silicone lubricants.
 Branching out from military
 contractors to the consumer crowd.

While:

SHELLY
 Do you like Vietnamese?

IZABEL
 I think so.

SHELLY
 There are a bunch of great Banh Mih
 places just up the street. I'm
 going to miss this place.

The conversations converge.

CRAIG
 Neighborhood is a bit dicey towards
 International, but there are great
 taco trucks near the overpass.

Izabel spies an odd-looking LEATHER TABLE.

IZABEL
 Is that..?

CRAIG
 (to Kevin)
 Hey kiddo, take your basketball
 outside for a bit.

He does. After the door latches behind him:

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 Yeah that's our bondage table.

IZABEL
 Whoa.

SHELLY
 I'm a pro-domme.

CRAIG
 Was.

SHELLY
 (sheepish)
 Was.

CRAIG
 We have a bunch of custom furniture
 from Shelly's old studio.

SHELLY
 I specialized in suspension bondage
 and CBT.

IZABEL
 Cognitive Behavior Therapy?

The other three share a look.

IZABEL (CONT'D)
 I was a psych major.

CRAIG
 Come check out the chair.

ERIC
 (whispering to Izabel)
 Cock and Ball Torture.

IZABEL
 Oh.

INT. LOFT - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

The CHAIR has a circular steel frame with welded eyelets, looking more like a circus prop than furniture.

IZABEL
 Dang.

CRAIG
 Shel had a rig and twenty foot ceilings.

SHELLY
 I'd hoist the guys up to my chest height and then I had full access.

IZABEL
 So like...

SHELLY
 Punching, fisting. Play piercings.

ERIC
 And it comes with the place?

IZABEL
 Babe.

ERIC
 If you're leaving it behind, we'll definitely make use of it. We throw parties and workshops. This is kind of kismet, actually.

CRAIG
 Sure. Shel's completely out of the business. Right, honey?

Shelly nods, rueful. The women share a look, a psychic shrug.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 Completely out. And these things are a bitch to move. We can throw in the fridge, too.

END OF ACT 2

ACT THREE

INT. LOFT - NIGHT

Back to the TEASER scene. Mismatched furniture decorates the artsy space. The bondage table is proudly displayed on the stage. CANDLES. SEXY MUSIC. Three-dozen hip folks mingle.

INT. LOFT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Izabel opens bottles of champagne. Eric's voice fades in and out as he gives guests the tour.

ERIC (O.S.)
We're building rooms down here, and
a recording studio for our
educational stuff...

HANS (34), a tiny blond guy, bounds to Izabel.

HANS
You look so good! It's so crazy
you're here!

He throws his arms around her and kisses her on the lips.

IZABEL
Hans! It's been a while.

HANS
Since the reunion.

IZABEL
(naughty reminiscence)
That was a good time.

HANS
It was.

Izabel waves Eric over.

IZABEL
Eric, this is my dear friend Hans.

ERIC
Oh yeah! Thank you for offering
your storage unit.

Eric offers a handshake. Hans pulls him in for a hug.

HANS
Guess you didn't need it.

IZABEL
Now we just have to figure out how
to furnish the place.

HANS
Right! My entrance fee.

He holds up a throw pillow.

IZABEL
I didn't think so many people would
take the "pillow or plant to play"
part of the invite seriously.

ERIC
Sex geeks take party rules
seriously. Thanks. I'll throw it on
the fluff pile.

GUEST (O.S.)
Eric, where do I put my shoes?

ERIC
Excuse me.

He exits.

HANS
I thought you signed off guys for
good after we graduated.

IZABEL
Eric pulled me out of retirement.

HANS
(suggestive)
Maybe we can spend some time
together now.

They are interrupted by Eric. Hans pours himself some wine.

ERIC
(to Izabel)
Hey can I grab you for a sec?

HANS
(to Eric)
Wine?

ERIC

Thanks but I don't drink before teaching.

IZABEL

He likes to project the image that despite being a cis, white two-hundred-fifty pound male, he is under control and can be trusted.

HANS

Like a trained bear?

ERIC

Exactly like a trained bear.

Eric roars and nuzzles Izabel. Hans exits.

ERIC (CONT'D)

So the flow. I'll do intro and house rules. It's three rounds of teaching, trading off between me and Mitali. Then open play.

IZABEL

Cool.

ERIC

Do you want to be my demo model?

IZABEL

Who's Mitali using?

ERIC

Her husband. Bald and buff. He's around.

IZABEL

Cool.

ERIC

Is that a yes?

IZABEL

Sure.

ERIC

Great.

He kisses her on the temple and goes to greet more guests.

INT. LOFT - DINING AREA - NIGHT

Izabel lays out food. VON (35), a lithe, multi-racial, genderqueer approaches, with a gift HOUSEPLANT.

IZABEL

Holy shit!

VON

Welcome to your new home.

Von offers the plant. Izabel is taken. There is history here.

VON (CONT'D)

So the rumors are true.

IZABEL

Which rumors?

VON

(only half-playing)

You're a cocksucker now!

Izabel cringes.

IZABEL

Not... exclusively. Are you sticking around for the workshop?

VON

I've got an early shoot tomorrow. Lots of wrestling. Need to be rested. But I'm having a birthday party at the film studio on the tenth. We're live-streaming it. You should come.

IZABEL

I'd love to.

VON

It'll be a chance to meet people. And, you know, treat me good. If you're not monogamous now that you're riding pipe.

IZABEL

Yeah. I mean, no. We're not monogamous. Not even a little.

VON

Great. I'll email you the details.
Just be sure to let me know ahead
of time if you need a pseudonym.

IZABEL

Uh, okay.

INT. LOFT - NIGHT

Applause and laughter. Attendees sit or cuddle on pillows on the floor. MITALI (45), a spiritual white lady, gives a prayer-handed bow.

ERIC

Tough act to follow! But here at
SexFactor there is no challenge too
great.

Eric's a goofy showman. One click too far into camp.

ERIC (CONT'D)

For my grand finale, allow me to
bring up my amazing partner,
Izabel!

Izabel stands as the room applauds.

ERIC (CONT'D)

As Izabel gets situated, I want to
remind you that SexFactor is the
"salsa class before the open
dance." So, for those of you who
are curious or would like to
practice some of the techniques
you've seen here tonight, we're
opening the space for free sexy
play after this. No obligation but
education, alright?

Folks in the crowd nod. Izabel lays down on stage. She sees building manager JOE and a PRETTY BLACK WOMAN settle in some "good seats."

IZABEL

(whispering to Eric)
Did our new building manager just
come in?

ERIC
 (whispering)
 I told him he could come and see
 what we do.
 (to the crowd)
 Alright! Everyone take a deep
 breath and go "Aaahhh."

The crowd lets out a collective sigh.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 (to Izabel)
 May I take off your underwear?

She glances at the couple.

IZABEL
 (whispering)
 He has the keys to our apartment.

ERIC
 Okay?

Oh what the hell. Izabel takes off her underwear.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 Everyone say hello to Izabel's
 vulva!

The crowd does so. Izabel laughs and tries to relax.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 Now I'm going to demonstrate a few
 of my favorite hand sex techniques,
 starting with what we like to call
 "The Inverted Vulcan."

INT. LOFT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Izabel runs a bath. Eric enters with sex-hair, in briefs.

IZABEL
 Is our manager still here?

ERIC
 No. They left. Were you hiding from
 him?

IZABEL
 What did he say?

ERIC
They're swingers. They're fine.

IZABEL
You have fun?

ERIC
Had a yummy strap-on session with
Angela.

IZABEL
The trans girl?

ERIC
Yeah, but not the one you're
thinking of.

He washes his face and gargles.

IZABEL
With the septum piercing?

ERIC
Yeah, no. That's Angelina.

IZABEL
Right.

ERIC
Did you meet any fun people?

IZABEL
Chaste make out session with a
bicurious housewife.

ERIC
The new mom?

IZABEL
Not that I know of.

ERIC
Oh, you'd know. She was lactating
like crazy.

IZABEL
Definitely no lactation.

ERIC
Too bad. It was tasty.

IZABEL
You drank someone's breast milk?

ERIC

Yeah.

IZABEL

That's fluid-bonding!

ERIC

We had a safer sex talk. Mostly monogamous vegan who just gave birth. Her milk is practically super-soldier serum.

IZABEL

Just give me a heads up next time.

ERIC

You got it, boss. Mitali was wondering if she could sleep over.

IZABEL

Like a sexy sleepover?

ERIC

Yeah, but I was planning on sleeping in our bed after.

(sweetly)

Would you like me to save my orgasm for you?

IZABEL

That's okay. You have fun.

Eric kisses her forehead and leaves.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Izabel slips into the tub as LOUD SEX SOUNDS start O.S. She sinks below the water. Better.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Izabel pads to bed in her robe, blowing out candles. The party's over, but Eric and Mitali's SEX SOUNDS continue.

INT. LOFT "BEDROOM" - LATER

The bedroom is offset from the main space with curtains. Izabel puts in earplugs to mask the still-hearty SEX SOUNDS. No luck.

INT. LOFT "BEDROOM" - LATER

It's super late. Izabel, bleary-eyed, wears big headphones and tries SKYPING Brody. Long rings and no answer. She opens her browser and types DIY SOUNDPROOFING. When she hears ERIC APPROACH, she feigns elegant sleep.

ERIC

Woof.

IZABEL

(faux sleepiness)
Woof. You have fun?

ERIC

She's sweet.

Eric slips into bed, spooning her.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I like living with you.

IZABEL

(a lie)
You too.

ERIC

I forgot. I told my lover Joy she could stay here for a few weeks.

IZABEL

Sure but can we --

ERIC

(sleepily)
Thanks, babe. You're my favorite.

He starts snoring immediately.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Izabel stands in front of the medicine cabinet mirror. She stares at herself, certain she's made a huge mistake. She brings a joint to her lips, lights, and watches herself for another moment. Then she pulls open the medicine cabinet and grabs a new tub of hair dye.

SMASH TO
CREDITS.