

"POWER PLAY"

Written by

James "Séamus" Bearhart

www.jamesbearhart.com
jamesbearhart@gmail.com
3475250189

INT. PATRICIA'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

PATRICIA (81), an elegant woman, moves around her luxurious apartment. Patricia is dressed in a long flowing evening dress, with full makeup.

She walks around her apartment, seemingly a little helpless.

PATRICIA
Drea! Drea! Are you here?

DREA (29) enters in a pristine maid's uniform.

DREA
Yes, Mrs. Hiller?

PATRICIA
It's Miss now dear.

DREA
Yes, Ms. Hiller.

PATRICIA
When are the delightful ceremonies going to happen? The ones you told me about.

DREA
In a few minutes, Ma'am.

PATRICIA
Call me Patricia.

DREA
Yes, Patricia.

PATRICIA
Did you get what I wanted?

DREA
Yes, Patricia, one second.

Drea walks off to gather some items.

PATRICIA
(after Drea)
On second thoughts, let's stick to ma'am.

Drea walks back in carrying a canvas bag.

DREA
I got the megaphone you asked for, and...

She tries to hand the megaphone to Patricia, who takes a step backwards.

PATRICIA
Did you sanitize them, dear?

DREA
Excuse me?

PATRICIA
The canvas bag, and the supplies.
Did you sanitize them?

Drea looks away.

DREA
Ma'am , I...

PATRICIA
Did you bring these straight from
your home? We've talked about this.

DREA
The subways were late today, and...

PATRICIA
Did you at least change your
clothes at the door as I asked?

DREA
I didn't have...

Patricia takes a seat at her office table and picks up the phone.

PATRICIA
(on phone)
Hello, yes. Tell me, did Drea do
her hygiene screening this morning?

Drea looks nervously at Patricia as we hear someone speak on the other side of the phone.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Unhuh. Very good. Thank you.

She puts down her phone.

DREA
I'm sorry ma'am, I'm...

PATRICIA

You can't be sorry when you intentionally flout my rules, Drea. You know the terms of your employment.

DREA

I do.

PATRICIA

So why did you arrive at my door in your maids uniform today, carrying those?

She points at the canvas bag.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

I mean god knows what sort of germs you could be bringing in from...ehm...

She looks at Drea, waiting.

DREA

West farms.

PATRICIA

What is that, some sort of village?

DREA

The Bronx, ma'am.

Patricia clears her throat, horrified.

PATRICIA

And you came here in your uniform, which you are supposed to leave and never take with you, and sat in a subway car all the way from the Bronx?

DREA

Yes, ma'am. I'm sorry, ma'am. I swear I sanitized my hands and wore a mask and gloves and everything when I came down here. Please don't fire me, please.

PATRICIA

I wouldn't do that to you, my dear. You've been with me for so very long. What, maybe four years?

DREA
Five weeks, ma'am.

PATRICIA
Only five weeks? Who am I thinking
of?

DREA
The other Drea. You fired her,
remember?

PATRICIA
Well good thing you are both called
Drea, right? What a wonderfully
simple country you all must come
from.

DREA
Well, my name is actually Andrea,
and she's Kendrea, so it just
worked out, I guess.

Patricia is looking out the window, not even paying
attention.

PATRICIA
You're all the same.

DREA
Ma'am?

PATRICIA
Strip.

DREA
Excuse me?

PATRICIA
Strip. Now.

DREA
I can go back to staff quarters and
change, ma'am, if you like. Clean
my uniform and all that.

PATRICIA
No, no, no. It's too late for that.

DREA
I'm not going to strip ma'am, I...

PATRICIA
You will strip now, or lose your
job. Your choice.

Drea looks at Patricia.

DREA
No.

PATRICIA
Yes.

Drea pauses. She takes off her shoes.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Good girl.

Drea is shaking. She begins to take off her maid's uniform.

DREA
Miss, I'm not ok with this...

PATRICIA
Sssh.

Drea strips to her undergarments.

DREA
Can I change now, ma'am?

PATRICIA
All of it.

DREA
No.

PATRICIA
You're a worthless little girl. You
don't get to say no.

DREA
Ma'am, no, I...

Patricia looks at her.

PATRICIA
Go back to west farm then. Be my
guest. It's a free country and I'm
sure there's plenty of similarly
paid employment in your
neighborhood.

Drea takes in her words. She removes her bra and panties.

Patricia motions her over.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Come here my dear, let's have a
look at you.

Drea walks up to Patricia, slowly.

She stands over the seated Patricia.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Well now you could give me any
germs, couldn't you?

Patricia traces her finger over Drea's hips.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
You're a dirty girl, aren't you?

DREA
Yes, ma'am.

PATRICIA
The world should see what a dirty
girl you are.

DREA
Yes, ma'am.

Patricia gets up from her desk, and walks over to her large
penthouse windows. She looks at her watch.

PATRICIA
It's time.

Patricia flings the windows open.

At first there's the silence of a quiet city and then we hear
pots and pans being banged against each other, and then
clapping, which becomes louder.

People cheering.

Voices saying 'Thank you!', 'Thank you, New York!', 'Thank
you for all you do!'.
The clapping and cheering continues.

Patricia walks away from the window.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
You know what to do.

Drea walks up to the window and stands in front of the open
windows.

Patricia walks to the canvas bag and picks up the megaphone.
She turns it on. She stands behind Drea.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Protect your ears.

Drea puts her fingers in her ears.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
(through megaphone)
Thank you, New York! Thank you to
the healthcare workers for keeping
us safe! Thank you everyone for
staying inside!

Drea squints from the sound of the megaphone directly behind her.

More clapping, and then voices from the street:

VARIOUS NEW YORKERS (O.S.)
Is that woman naked?

Holy shit, look at this!

Tits for New York! Fuck, yeah!

Now that's a real thank you! Nice
work, lady!

The clapping becomes more about Drea and her breasts as we hear wolf-whistles, cat calls, etc.

Patricia, directly behind Drea, kisses the back of her neck.

PATRICIA
You can come back in now.

Drea walks back into the apartment away from the window.

As Patricia closes windows from the side, so she can't be seen...

VARIOUS NEW YORKERS (O.S.)
Don't go, honey!

New York needs you!

You're the cure, baby!

As the windows close we can barely hear the streets.

PATRICIA

The value of a New York dollar.
Sound proof.

She walks over to Drea, caresses her cheek. She kisses her lightly on the lips. Drea puts back on her clothes.

DREA

Same time next week?

PATRICIA

Yes, same time.

DREA

You are into some kinky shit,
Patricia.

PATRICIA

When you have all this money and
time, you get creative.

DREA

You really make your maids sanitize
before they enter the building?

PATRICIA

Yes, all of them. It's a
requirement. We put their street
clothes in a plastic bag, have them
shower, put on a clean uniform.
It's a condition of their
employment, I am in my eighties
dear, I can't take risks.

DREA

Patricia, when you gonna ask me to
move in with you?

PATRICIA

You know the arrangement. It
wouldn't be seemly.

DREA

I think we passed seemly when I
showed my tits and pussy to New
York.

PATRICIA

Don't be vulgar.

DREA

Patricia, this shit is serious, you could get sick, and you need someone you trust to take care of you. Let me, ok? It don't gotta be nothing you don't want it to be, but I think as someone who cares for you...

PATRICIA

Drea...

DREA

I don't do this shit for no regular John. I can pick up your groceries, make sure you're safe. Meet your needs.

PATRICIA

I have staff.

DREA

And let me tell you they don't like you so much. I'll make sure you're good. What'ya say?

Drea, fully dressed now, kisses Patricia on the forehead. Patricia looks touched.

PATRICIA

I...I don't feel comfortable accepting help.

DREA

Think of it as a new form of kink.

THE END