

VICTOR'S SECRET

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FADE IN:

EXT. MIDTOWN MANAHATTAN, NY - DAY

A typical city morning. Cars, cabs and busses pack the streets, droves of people move about the sidewalks.

Amongst the crowd is VICTOR LOGAN (45). Everything about him projects success; his suit, leather briefcase in one hand, folded newspaper in the other, handsome chiseled features and expensive haircut. Everything, except his eyes.

Victor's eyes shift nervously, not at the crowd he walks with, but at his surroundings.

He brings the newspaper up, holds it next to his face. It blocks his view from several stores he passes; Starbuck's, LaLa's Lingerie, Midtown Cigars, then brings it back down.

As he approaches the next block, he brings the newspaper up again, shielding his view of Sneakers Plus, Midnight Desires Lingerie, and another Starbuck's. He brings it down.

Next block, same thing, brings paper up and blocks Dunkin Donuts, a huge NIKE store and ---

The crowd jostles, knocking the newspaper from his hand, right in front of Victoria's Secret.

People continue to move around Victor as he stands frozen in front of the large storefront window. He stares at mannequins in sleepwear, lingerie and. . .panties.

His eyes dart from thongs to bikini style to lacey.

Like a road block, he just stands there, until an ANNOYED WOMAN (50), bumps into him, glaring as she passes.

ANNOYED WOMAN

Move it, pervert!

Victor snaps out of it. Ashamed, he pushes through the crowd, runs across the street, almost getting hit by several cars as his shaking hand taps his phone then puts it to his ear.

VICTOR

(on phone)

This is Victor. Please call me back. I'm having an emergency.

No longer projecting success, but complete panic, Victor enters an office building. The door closes behind him.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - 20TH FLOOR - DAY

Elevator doors open, a disheveled Victor gets out.

In front of him, a large receptionist desk. On the wall behind it, in gold letters: "DAVIS LAW GROUP".

An ATTRACTIVE RECEPTIONIST (25), is busy loading files into a large cabinet, doesn't see Victor as he sneaks by.

As she bends over to open a low cabinet, he sees her thong. His eyes widen. It's too much. Panicked, he sprints down the hall, opens a door and disappears inside.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Body against the door, Victor wipes sweat from his brow.

SOPHIA (O.S.)

VICTOR!

Startled, Victor turns, sees his beautiful paralegal, SOPHIA (35), next to her desk in a blouse and pink lace panties.

SOPHIA

You share an office with a woman,
Victor. You should knock if the
door is closed.

He can't stop staring at her panties. Nervous, he stutters.

VICTOR

I didn't expect...I mean...why? Why
are you like...that?

She giggles as she slowly walks toward him.

SOPHIA

Like what?

She looks down at her half dressed body, then seductively looks up. Stops in front of him.

VICTOR

Why are...are you...

SOPHIA

Because your client had to cancel
so I'm going to the gym.

Sophia chuckles at his nervousness. She presses her body against his, wraps her arms around him.

SOPHIA

My gosh, Victor. Relax. I know we've only been on a couple dates, but you were bound to see my panties at some point.

(whispers in his ear)

I was thinking, maybe even tonight.

He doesn't relax at all, even as she kisses his neck.

She backs away from his rigid body.

SOPHIA

Wow. You are really tense today. Come to the gym with me?

VICTOR

Oh. Ahhh...no, thanks. I have some work to do. You, though...you...

Playfully, she nudges him toward his desk on the other side of the office.

SOPHIA

Go do your work then. And don't you dare peek at me while I change.

Zombie-like, he walks to his desk, sits. She watches him as she seductively slips off her panties and puts on workout shorts. To her disappointment, he doesn't peek.

Annoyed, she places her clothes on the desk, grabs her water bottle and heads out.

SOPHIA

Be back in an hour.

Without looking at her, Victor waves.

As soon as the door closes, he exhales heavily, puts his head in his hands.

He remains still a moment, then slowly turns his head toward the folded clothes on her desk.

There's an obvious battle taking place within him, but he quickly loses, gets up and walks toward her desk.

Sandwiched between the blouse and skirt, is shiny pink fabric, trimmed in lace. He grabs it between his fingers, slowly sliding the panties out.

He holds the panties up, studies them, then scrunches them in his hand and aggressively shoves them in his face.

SNIIIIIIIIIIIIFF.

Victor exhales in ecstasy, eyes rolling back in his head as he sniffs again. Euphoria, until ---

His cell phone chimes.

Overcome with guilt, he shoves the panties in his pocket, rushes to his desk and answers his phone.

VICTOR

Doctor Wagner, thank you for calling. It's happening again.

DOCTOR WAGNER (V.O.)

Calm down, Victor. I warned you it might return. You still have a lot of work to do.

VICTOR

This is impossible

DOCTOR WAGNER (V.O.)

It's not. You're doing great. New city, new job, a fresh start. You understand your impulse much better now. Just don't let it go that far.

VICTOR

I have panties in my pocket.

DOCTOR WAGNER (V.O.)

Okay. Well, you recognized the impulse and called me. That's a good sign. Maybe think about getting a dog, or a cat Victor. You need a distraction.

A KNOCK on the door, then it opens. In the doorway is JOHN DAVIS (60). Victor puts the phone down.

JOHN DAVIS

Morning, Victor. I'd like to see you in my office, ASAP.

VICTOR

Yes sir. Be right there.

The door closes, Victor picks the phone up.

VICTOR

Doc? I'll have to call you back.

He puts the phone down, takes a deep breath.

INT. JOHN DAVIS'S OFFICE - DAY

Huge space with giant desk, couches, bar, conference table and incredible view of the city. He's obviously the big boss.

A knock at the door. John gets up from behind his desk.

JOHN DAVIS
Come in, Victor.

Looking a bit more put together now, Victor enters. John heads to the couches, motions for Victor to join him.

They sit across from each other.

JOHN DAVIS
You've only been with us a short time, Victor, but the partners and I agree you're an exemplary lawyer with plenty of experience. We're promoting you to senior counsel.

Victor can't hide his surprise.

JOHN DAVIS
You're an excellent attorney and on a fast track to become partner.

VICTOR
I don't know what to say. Thank you, sir. This is totally unexpected.

JOHN DAVIS
I don't believe in wasting time, son. Life is too short.

With sadness, John looks toward a row of portraits hanging next to the conference table, mostly of old men like, "NATHAN DAVIS - 1905 to 1995".

Victor sees John's focus is on the only three portraits of younger men. "MARCUS JONES 1980 to 2022", "JACK REYNOLDS 1981 to 2022", and "BRETT HARRISON 1983 to 2023".

JOHN DAVIS
Too damned short.

John glances at Victor who also stares at the three portraits, but with concern, not sadness.

JOHN DAVIS

Don't worry. This isn't a John
Grisham story. Just random
tragedies. Nothing more.

Victor nods, then glances back at the portraits.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Next to her desk, Sophia gets out of her gym clothes and gets dressed. Bra, blouse then --- searches for her panties. Can't find them anywhere. What the hell?

She smirks as she looks toward Victor's desk. Yeah, she knows. She puts on her skirt.

A knock on the door.

VICTOR (O.S.)

It's me --- knocking.

SOPHIA

Come in.

Victor enters, leaves the door open. Sophia walks over and closes it, looks at him coyly.

VICTOR

Let's keep it open when we're in
here together. We don't want people
to get suspicious about us.

As he reaches for the knob, Sophia leans on the closed door.

SOPHIA

Do you have something you wanna
tell me, Victor?

VICTOR

Wait. You know?

SOPHIA

Of course I do. Now what are we
gonna do about it?

VICTOR

I was thinking we could celebrate
tonight? I'll take you someplace
nice --- and expensive.

He pulls her close, kisses her. She smiles, but is confused.

SOPHIA

I was gonna make you dinner tonight. I bought all the groceries.

VICTOR

Oh, that sounds great. I'll bring some expensive champagne then. John gave me the day off tomorrow.

SOPHIA

Why'd he give you the day off?

VICTOR

Guess he figured I'd be celebrating tonight.

Sophia releases from Victor's embrace. Steps back.

SOPHIA

Celebrating what?

VICTOR

My promotion to Senior Counsel. You said you knew.

Trying to play it off, Sophia chuckles.

SOPHIA

Of course I knew. I'm just messing with you.

Victor kisses her on the cheek, walks towards his desk. He grabs his phone and briefcase, then heads back to the door.

VICTOR

Dinner at your place sounds perfect. I have a bunch of errands to run so I'll be there at seven?

Sophia doesn't answer. Her mind somewhere else.

VICTOR

Sophia? Seven okay?

SOPHIA

Oh. Yeah. Seven. Great.

Victor smiles, kisses her on the cheek. She forces a smile.

After he leaves, she shuts the door. She walks to his desk, stares at it a moment then with one angry motion, swipes everything off the top with her arm. Papers go flying.

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Small and kind of messy. An orange cat lays on a pile of clothes on the bed.

Sophia enters, followed by Victor. She heads over to the cat.

SOPHIA
There you are, Jonesy.

She picks up the cat, snuggles him. Shows him to Victor.

SOPHIA
Jonesy, this is Victor.

Not sure what to do, Victor shakes the cat's paw.

VICTOR
Nice to meet you, Jonesy.

Sophia hands the cat to Victor, grabs the pile of laundry off the bed and throws it in a hamper.

SOPHIA
I'm just gonna throw this in the wash and check on dinner. Play with Jonesy.

Sophia hands Victor a tiny stuffed mouse, then walks out.

Victor stares at the cat, who stares at the mouse.

Victor tosses the toy across the room. It slides under a dresser. The cat tries to get it but can't reach.

As Victor walks over to help, he glances at an open drawer -- full of panties.

The cat meows.

INT. SOPHIA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Washing machine whirring in the background, Sophia takes the lid off a pot, stirs the contents, then puts the lid back on.

On the counter, a bottle of Dom Perignon chills in a bucket of ice. She takes it out and pops the cork.

She grabs two juice glasses and a small vile of liquid from a cabinet. She pours the liquid into one of the glasses, then fills both with champagne.

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hands in the drawer, Victor breathes heavy as he sifts through the wide variety of panties. Silky purple bikini cut go into his pocket, along with a red lace pair and a white thong with a logo, "SIMPLY SCRIPTS".

He sees a piece of paper at the bottom of the drawer, pulls it out.

ON PAPER -- Four names, three of them crossed out. MARCUS JONES, JACK REYNOLDS, BRETT HARRISON...all crossed out. The last name, VICTOR LOGAN.

SOPHIA (O.S.)
What are you doing?!

Paper in hand, Victor turns, sees Sophia holding two glasses.

VICTOR
I'm sorry. I threw the mouse. It landed under -- I -- I...

Sophia stares at Victor, puts the glasses on the nightstand.

SOPHIA
Watcha got there, Victor? And I don't mean the panties hanging out of your pocket.

She slowly opens the nightstand drawer as Victor looks at the paper. He shrugs, chuckles nervously.

VICTOR
List of men you dated at the firm?

SOPHIA
Not only a panty thief, but a terrible liar.

Sophia pulls a gun from the drawer. Victor is stunned.

With a dead stare, she slowly walks toward him, gun at her side.

SOPHIA
I've been with this firm for ten years, passed the bar, did pro bono work, but they still won't make me an associate. Instead, they promote idiots like Mark, Jack, Brett ---
(aims the gun at him)
--- and perverts like you!

VICTOR
Sophia, put the gun down.

SOPHIA
What do I have to do, Victor? Ten
years I've given them. Why won't
they recognize me?

She continues to slowly approach him. Now only a few feet
away, Victor lunges toward her.

VICTOR
Maybe they recognize you're a crazy
bitch!

Victor grabs Sophia's wrist, squeezes until she drops the
gun.

Sophia fights, scratches Victor's face. She screams as he
forces her to the floor.

Jonesy cleans himself and watches with cat-like indifference
at their struggle.

Sophia punches and kicks as Victor rolls her over, then sits
on her.

He pulls the red panties from his pocket, shoves them in her
mouth. He uses the Simply Scripts thong to tie her wrists,
then the purple panties to bind her ankles.

She continues to flail around as Victor pulls out his phone,
taps in "9-1-1".

Jonesy rubs up against Victor's leg. Victor looks at him.

VICTOR
Doc said I should get a cat. I'm
taking you home with me, Jonesy.

FADE OUT