

**He Touched Me!**

written by

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INT. Green Room. Backstage of a beauty pageant. Posters of pageant on wall. Several teenage girls chatter excitedly in various stages of undress. Shots of a knee as pantyhose is being rolled down the calf, a swimsuit bra being attached, jeans being unbuttoned, spray tan being applied to a midriff, and the like. Nothing too risqué, just enough to communicate the point. Abruptly a large man with bright orange makeup on face and hands and floppy straw-colored hair arranged in a combover wearing a dark blue business suit with a bright red tie breaks into the room. We never see his face as he roams through the girls, bending down from time to time.

GIRL ONE

Eeek! He touched me!

GIRL TWO

Aigh! He touched me, too!

GIRL THREE

Me, too! Gross! Oh, so gross! He touched me!

The orange man runs out. The girls gather around, holding each other

GIRL FOUR

Eww! I think I'm going to throw up!

GIRL FIVE

(sobbing)

Why is this happening to me?!

Boss Pigg enters, fat, dissolute, flamboyantly southern in Good Ol' Boy style.

BOSS PIGG

It's all right! All right!

GIRL ONE

It's Boss Pigg!

GIRL TWO

Boss Pigg! Help us! He touched us!

BOSS PIGG

Now, now, there fillies! Don't get your danders all up in a bunch. Everything's just fine. Just fine. He may be a disgusting scoundrel, but he's given us all the judges we need on the Supreme Court.

The girls express confusion, dismay.

GIRL THREE

What is he saying?

GIRL FOUR

Supreme Court?! Why's he talking about that?

GIRL FIVE

(sobbing)

I want my Mommie!

BOSS PIGG

It's all right. Little honeys don't you fret your purty little heads. It's better this way. Don't worry. After all his help, we've got your wombs right in our hands. Just how we like 'em!

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