

REBECCA'S LADDER

FADE IN:

INT. REBECCA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

An attractive brunette sits at her desk reviewing storyboard panels. Her tight fitting blouse and skirt compliment her stunning figure.

This is REBECCA ELLIS(35), Senior Art Director for the Chicago based advertising agency, CREATORS SYMPOSIUM INC.

Rebecca places reading glasses on the desk and rubs her eyes. Her chair reclines as she arches back, extending her arms out as far as they can go. Firm breasts press tightly against stretched fabric.

Ogling from a sofa, with his feet on a coffee table, is CALVIN CAVANAUGH(25), the agency's superstar Copywriter.

Calvin is impossibly handsome with the perfect physique to match. He twirls a pen around his fingers with an open notebook on his lap.

CALVIN

Now, how am I supposed to work  
under these conditions?

Rebecca glances down at her blouse and smiles. She massages her neck and straightens out.

REBECCA

(slyly)

Mmm, I thought it would make you  
work harder.

Calvin tilts his head and gives his best Dustin Hoffman impersonation.

CALVIN

(shakes head slightly)

Mrs. Robinson, you're trying to  
seduce me.

Rebecca rolls her eyes. Her mood sours.

REBECCA

God, you really know how to ruin a  
moment.

CALVIN

What'd I say?

REBECCA  
Stop being coy with me, Mr.  
Cavanaugh.

CALVIN  
Ah come on Rebecca. Mrs. Robinson  
turns me on. You should be  
flattered.

REBECCA  
Comparing me to an old cougar is  
hardly flattering.

CALVIN  
I wouldn't exactly say Anne  
Bancroft was old.

She was around 35 at the time.

Rebecca grabs a magazine and throws it at Calvin. He ducks  
but the book clips him.

He laughs it off.

REBECCA  
That's not funny, Calvin.

Calvin jumps up. He wraps his arms tightly around Rebecca  
and kisses the nape of her neck.

She resists briefly but soon melts in his arms.

REBECCA  
Honey, please stop pointing out our  
age difference. You know it annoys  
me.

CALVIN  
What are you ashamed of?

REBECCA  
I'm not.

CALVIN  
Then how come nobody at work knows  
we're together?

REBECCA  
That's not true. Lily knows.

CALVIN  
(scoffs)  
Great. The one person who can't  
stand me.

REBECCA  
Lily's just a bit over protective.

CALVIN  
OK, well what about Chantal?

REBECCA  
Jessica Rabbit? Oh please. I  
wouldn't tell her anything.

CALVIN  
Why not?

REBECCA  
You have no idea how catty women  
can get. Especially Chantal!

The last thing I need is for things  
to get weird at work.

CALVIN  
I see nothing weird about it.

REBECCA  
I'm serious Calvin. Just keep  
things discreet between us for now,  
OK?

CALVIN  
We've been doing that for 6 months.

Rebecca appeals to Calvin with puppy-dog eyes.

REBECCA  
Honey, can we please get off this  
subject?

CALVIN  
(groans)  
Fine, have it your way, but I'm not  
happy about this hang-up of yours.

She kisses Calvin.

REBECCA  
Thank you.  
  
Look, it's getting late and we're  
presenting first thing tomorrow.  
  
Let's call it a night.

CALVIN

How about a nightcap instead?

She sighs in mild but hardly convincing protest.