

# HEATHER/MIKE

HANDS ON A HARDBODY

**START**

**MIKE.** You wanna use the executive washroom? It's nice and cool in there.

**HEATHER.** Am I allowed - ?

**MIKE.** (*under his breath*) What you waitin' for, an engraved invitation?

(**HEATHER** glances furtively about, then follows **MIKE** into the office.)

(*Once safely inside, they drop all pretense. These two aren't what you'd call strangers. In fact, they shoot sparks.*)

**MIKE.** (*cont.*) So, pretty lady, you in or you out?

**HEATHER.** I don't know -

**MIKE.** Honey, we are down to the wire -

**HEATHER.** I ain't cheated since algebra.

**MIKE.** You're sure gonna look sweet in the ad campaign, sitting on the hood of a brand new Hardbody.

**HEATHER.** But I'm asleep on my feet! I got this charley-horse, too, working itself up my leg -

**MIKE.** Whoa, angel! Don't lose the dream! You like riding your bike eight miles every day to the Rib Shack and back?

**HEATHER.** I got no choice. That Indian giver at the bank, he took back my Honda -

**MIKE.** All the more reason, baby.

(**HEATHER** squirms and bites her lip.)

**HEATHER.** I'm a good girl; I swear.

**MIKE.** Sometimes "good" don't get the job done.

(**SONG: BURN THAT BRIDGE**)

**HEATHER.** (*sings*)

TROUBLE SEEMS TO FOLLOW ME  
 LIKE A LOST AND LONELY DOG  
 I CAN'T SHAKE IT - NO MATTER HOW I RUN  
 AND YOU KNOW AND I KNOW  
 THIS HEAT AIN'T COMING FROM THE SUN

**STOP**