

*Dirty Little Secrets is a suburban thriller/romance full of seduction, mystery, and self-aware humor. This scene, demonstrating the final two categories, opens with YOU (MC, early 30s, just moved to town) arriving at the neighborhood park to find her wealthy neighbor SADIE (40s, resident HOA terror and You's antagonist) flirting with hunky single father CHARLES (mid-late 30s, You's romantic interest, person of interest in the deaths of his wife and the former HOA president) at the start of a pie decorating contest being held to raise money for the street.*

*(In game, YOU and Charles can both be male or female. They are written as female and male, respectively, in this script.)*

EXT. PARK - DAY

Event: You find Charles at a fundraiser pie decorating contest being held at the Upstreet park, Sadie still clinging to his arm.

Sadie [HAPPY]: Charles, tell me that joke about the leaky hose again. You are *so* funny!

You [SURPRISED]: (She sure isn't acting like Charles is some kind of murderer. I bet she's just pushing the rumor to get him all to herself!)

Event: Charles lays eyes on you, a look of relief crossing his face as he lifts his free hand and calls your name.

Charles [HAPPY]: {You}! The contest is just about to start. Come join our decorating team.

Event: Sadie glares daggers your way as you approach, triggering an automatic smile on your face.

CHOICE MENU: Thanks Charles...

<p>But I'd rather be on a team with <i>just</i> you.</p>	<p>I'd be delighted.</p>
<p>You [HAPPY]: Sadie's monopolized your time since we got here. It's my turn, don't you think?</p> <p>Sadie [HAPPY]: Oh, bummer. Charles and I already signed up together. But I'm sure you can find another Downstreeter to team up with.</p> <p>Charles [HAPPY]: I don't see a reason we can't make this twosome a threesome.</p> <p>Event: Charles flashes you a pleading smile. At least he's as desperate not to be alone with Sadie as you are.</p> <p>You [HAPPY]: Agreed. I love teamwork.</p>	<p>You [HAPPY]: We're going to make the <i>perfect</i> threesome.</p> <p>Event: Sadie flashes a smile Charles's way, then shoots you a look of utter contempt.</p> <p>Sadie [ANGRY]: ...</p> <p>You [HAPPY]: (This should be fun.)</p>

Event: You pay your donation to the contest coordinator and join the table, Sadie in between you and Charles.

Sadie [HAPPY]: I don't know if you've heard, but Charles and I are known for being quite the duo. Tell her, Charles.

You [HAPPY]: Yeah, tell me, Charles.

Charles: ...Sadie and I won this contest last year.

Sadie [HAPPY]: The neighborhood even started calling us by that... ship name, I think they called it? What was it...?

Charles [SAD]: Sad-Charles.

Event: You fight a snort as the contest coordinator dings the starting bell, and you grab a container of rainbow sprinkles.

Sadie [HAPPY]: Oh honey, let me.

Event: Sadie reaches for the container, only to bat it from your hand, sending sprinkles flying onto your face and clothes!

Sadie [HAPPY]: Oops! Butterfingers.

You [HAPPY]: You must have been joking about winning last year. Look at what a mess you've made of our pie.

Sadie [HAPPY]: Oh, I'm sure I can fix things right up.

Event: You give Sadie a smile that hurts your face and refocus on your pie... only to feel whipped cream hit your chest and plop into your lap! You glance over.

A VISUAL OF THE WHIPPED CREAM CAN APPEARS ON THE SCREEN.

Sadie [HAPPY]: Oh gosh, it's this manicure. It's making me <i>so</i> clumsy!

Charles [SURPRISED]: {You}! We should clean you up before a stain sets in.

Event: You flash a smug grin as Charles comes to your rescue, wetting a towel and gently wiping the whipped cream off your lap.

Charles: How's that?

You [HAPPY]: ...Perfect.

Event: As his eyes catch yours, you put a hand over the towel and direct him to your inner thigh, feeling yourself start to dampen.

CHOICE MENU: I have more on my...

Face.	Neck.	Chest.
Charles [HAPPY]: Allow me... Event: He lifts a tender hand to your cheek and wipes the whipped cream off with his thumb, the gentle motion only heightening your arousal.	Charles [HAPPY]: I can take care of that... Event: You feel a tingle of warmth as Charles's thumb grazes your pulse point. His gaze begins to intensify, as does your arousal.	Event: You direct his hand to a dollop of whipped cream on the fabric over your cleavage. You [HAPPY]: Do you see it? Charles [HAPPY]: I do-- Event: Your stomach swoops as he sensually brushes his thumb over the

		peak, eliciting a throbbing between your thighs.
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Sadie [ANGRY]: Ugh, there's too much pie under my nails. I'm bowing out.

Event: Sadie leaves in a huff, and you and Charles grin at each other as the judge pipes up.

Pie Judge [HAPPY]: Alright, pie decorators. Only one minute left!

Charles [HAPPY]: I don't know if you've picked up on this yet, but I'm pretty competitive.

You [HAPPY]: Then let's try to finish at least one of these pies, <i>together.</i>

Event: You grab the whipped cream, but Charles comes up behind you. He reaches around your waist with both arms and puts his hands over yours.

Charles [HAPPY]: I want to make sure the whipped cream actually gets on the pie this time.

Event: You let Charles take the lead as his breath hits your neck, his strong hands shooting a thick stream of cream into your empty pie crust.

You [HAPPY]: Now we just need a topper.

VISUAL CHOICE MENU (the following choices each have a visual accompaniment): How about...

Fresh strawberries?	A spritz of lime?	Some luscious chocolate?
<p>Event: You pluck a strawberry from a bowl and take a bite. As juice trickles down your chin, Charles thumbs it away and sucks it into his mouth.</p> <p>Charles [HAPPY]: Mmm, so sweet and juicy.</p>	<p>Event: You squeeze a lime wedge, and juice trickles down your hand. Charles guides your wrist to his lips and teasingly laps up some juice.</p> <p>Charles [HAPPY]: Tantalizingly bitter.</p>	<p>Event: You bite into a chocolate, moaning at the flavor. Holding your wrist, Charles plucks the rest of the chocolate out of your hands with his mouth.</p> <p>Charles [HAPPY]: Luscious indeed.</p>

Event: Your breath catches as his eyes fall to your lips, but the contest-ending bell dings. You and Charles pull apart as the winner is crowned.

Pie Judge [HAPPY]: Congratulations, Christine Miller, on your blueberry masterpiece!

Christine [HAPPY]: Oh, this little thing? I'm so flattered.

Charles: <i>What do you say we make a pit stop at my place? We can grab some towels to clean up.</i>

Event: You shiver as Charles's whisper hits your ear, your pie forgotten. You're sticky with sugar, and realize he hasn't stayed completely clean either.

You [HAPPY]: <i>I thought you'd never ask.</i>