

'WHAT A GIRL NEEDS' – PITCH

Logline: *When a maternally frustrated, would-be screenwriter seeks requital from her husband's secret lover, she must contend with another jilted sucker on the same mission ... and is rewarded with what she needs for her magnum opus.*

The real antagonist in "What A Girl Needs" is the protagonist's own character flaw. While other players present her with obstacles, her journey is one of confronting and conquering her own poorly perceived status.

Set in Santa Monica, the story, with a farcical sex scene and a madcap denouement, addresses in a comedic way the theme of feminist sovereignty and independence – its treatment intended to appeal to a broad audience but in particular to the 18-35 year-old demographic.

Frustrated screenwriter PHOEBE LENAULT, in her late twenties, craves "maternal fulfilment". However, husband CLAUDE, a less than successful lawyer, insists she wait until his investment plans bear fruit. So, she sits at her computer feigning to write the next blockbuster screenplay and compensates for her maternal frustration with retail therapy – a penchant that does not sit well with Claude who regards it as an expensive addiction.

When Phoebe discovers a diamond-encrusted bracelet, with an endearing inscription, hidden in a drawer in their en-suite, she assumes it is a present for her, and that her husband indeed loves her despite his aloofness.

But days later at a celebratory dinner party, Phoebe has a near heart attack on seeing the bracelet worn by PAULINE SLOANE/CASH, a businesswoman with whom Claude is supposedly negotiating a PR deal for the lifestyle center called *Aerotique* (whose activities might be considered "barely legal") which she operates with her 'brother' DAVID.

Phoebe is even more peeved to later learn from Pauline that said bracelet has no sentimental value for her – it is merely another article in her cache, secreted away from the IRS (in her bedroom of all places)!

So, when Claude flies to Las Vegas to promote a new *Aerotique* franchise, Phoebe decides to spite him and purchase her own bracelet – only to find that he has cancelled all the credit cards to which she had access. She'd pack up and leave him if she had the means – but for years this naïve mid-western gal has basically been little more than Claude's chattel, the anathema of the modern woman.

To hell with him! With a rush of blood, Phoebe, in Claude's absence that night, sets out to 'retrieve' from Pauline's bedroom what she figures is rightfully hers.

But as usual, the best laid plans – and this obviously wasn't one of them – go astray when the novice burglar is thwarted by BRUCE ('THE BOSS'), a jilted and fleeced former lover of Pauline, on the same mission. The situation turns chaotic when Pauline returns home during the heist. Midst the mayhem in the darkened house, Pauline is concussed, Phoebe loses her car keys to Bruce, but takes possession of the bracelet, makes good her escape, and leaves the jilted lover to cope as best he can with a battered and unconscious Pauline.

Although not the sharpest tool in the shed, Bruce cunningly finds a way to contact Phoebe hoping to set up a fair exchange – the keys for the bracelet – and in the process he unwittingly exposes Claude's indiscretion with Pauline. With her marriage kaput, Phoebe discovers a latent independence and sets out on a mission to confront Bruce and secure her potentially incriminating keys while at the same time determined to retain the bracelet.

And so starts a cat and mouse escapade that soon involves a duo of detectives from Santa Monica PD (Det-Sgt CASSIE CROWTHER and Det NEIL STEWART), all our major players, and Phoebe's loveable German Shepherd dog, BABY. In a turn of events, culminating in an arrest (of sorts) atop the Big Pacific Wheel on the Santa Monica pier, the dirty deeds of Pauline and her 'brother/husband/partner in crime' David are revealed; Claude is exposed for the dolt he is; and, Bruce is back where he started, with nothing – until Phoebe donates the bracelet as compensation for all his troubles.

Phoebe no longer wants those material possessions, any more than she wants maternal "fulfilment". Now she possesses what she really needs; more material than she could ever have imagined for her block-buster screenplay ... a comedy of errors.