

THE CLUB

by

Mickey Hatewood

Third Draft

22nd December 2014

mickeyhatewood@yahoo.co.uk

Copyright (c) 2014 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced
without the express written permission of the author

DARKNESS

Electricity HUMS. One by one, bright neon letters appear...

FADE IN:

EXT. THE CLUB - NIGHT

...on a glitzy neon lit billboard:

THE CLUB

SERIES OF SHOTS (TRANSLUCENT)

Newspaper showbiz pages display images of famous celebrities. Headlines laud our idols with God-like praise:

- 1> A SEXY SINGER performs at a sold out concert.
- 2> A promo still of a MUSCULAR ACTOR in an action movie.
- 3> A stunning CATWALK MODEL poses for photographers.
- 4> An NFL FOOTBALL STAR celebrates a touchdown.

INT. CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

A CLEANER (coverall, heavy-duty gloves) hoses down a large stage. He mops up blood. Picks up pieces of shredded flesh.

INT. CLUB - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Theatrical masks hang on walls. Cinematic. Dramatic. Ghoulish. Cosmetics surround a lighted make-up mirror.

SERIES OF SHOTS (TRANSLUCENT)

- 1> Viral clips. CELEBRITIES pose outside The Club with its infamous billboard in the background.
- 2> Celebrity faces. A mixture of expressions. Beaming eyes. Drunk smiles. Astonishment. Shock.
- 3> Celebrities obscure their faces with sunglasses and hoods as bodyguards escort them to nearby limousines.
- 4> Newspaper headlines enforce the establishments reputation:
"POP STAR PROVES SHE'S A-LIST BY LIVING IT UP AT THE CLUB";
"NFL STAR CELEBRATES TOUCHDOWN TRIUMPH WITH A NIGHT AT NOTORIOUS CELEB HANGOUT: THE CLUB"; "POPULAR TV HOST KEEPS LIPS SEALED AFTER EXCLUSIVE NIGHT AT THE CLUB".

INT. FANATIC'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Walls papered with posters, newspaper articles and magazine clippings of movie and TV stars. Celebrity obsession.

INT. CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

The Cleaner picks up various dismembered body parts. An arm. Half a leg. A hand. He places them inside a bulging bin bag.

A disregarded flamboyant flyer lay speckled in blood. It reads: *"What happens in the club... stays in the club."*

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:**INT. DINER - DAY**

A typical family orientated restaurant. Understaffed. Hectic.

Waitress LUCY CARROLL (20), a tiny cute mousy brunette with alluring eyes, serves CUSTOMERS. Her name tag reads: *LUCY*

LUCY'S MOTHER (V.O.)

I know it's only been three months,
but I worry about you every day.

LUCY (V.O.)

You don't need to worry, mom.
Everything's fine.

Lucy wipes down a table.

LUCY'S MOTHER (V.O.)

How's university? Have you found a
job that you're happy with?

LUCY (V.O.)

I'm working as a secretary,
temporary, but it's great work
experience and I get tons of time
to keep up with my studies.

Lucy washes dishes in a sink.

LUCY'S MOTHER (V.O.)

What about accommodation? Are you
still sharing with friends?

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Sun shines on a dingy building in a grotty part of town.

LUCY (V.O.)
 Yeah... we landed a great deal,
 we're living like superstars. I'd
 love you to come visit, mom, but
 I'm just so busy at the moment.

Lucy, on her phone, walks towards the apartment entrance.

LUCY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
 Your father and I are very proud of
 you, Lucy, but there's always a
 place for you back home if things
 get too tough. Miss you. Love you.

LUCY
 Please, mom, don't stress so much.
 I love you too.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Lucy's waitress outfit hangs on a wardrobe door. An ancient television, supported by a stack of magazines, plays a channel devoted to celebrity gossip. A distant sound of water sprays from a shower.

A phone RINGS.

LUCY (O.S.)
 Goddamnit. Again?

INT. HALLWAY - LUCY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Towel-draped Lucy stands with the telephone to her ear.

LUCY
 Oh hey... You must be Max, right?

Lucy listens, on edge. She gnaws her fingernails.

LUCY
 Have I done this kinda thing
 before? Sure! But I never got
 anything out of it, if you know
 what I mean.

Lucy's quick to correct herself.

LUCY
 I don't mean it like that.

She listens intently to the reply.

LUCY
 Oh, you wanna know a little about
 me? OK, well, I'm a uni student...
 (MORE)

LUCY (cont'd)

I study law... waitress part-time... gotta pay the bills.

Lucy twiddles with her hair as the caller replies.

LUCY

I'm not that into the whole Hollywood thing. I've been out with a few of them -- from this agency -- and they just don't impress me.

Lucy grows more relaxed. Caller's words seem to be working.

LUCY

Yeah, I know there's money to be made from the business. Especially law. That's my only interest in them. I like to pick their brains.

Lucy giggles at mystery caller's retort.

LUCY

I'm just looking for the right guy. Cheesy, I know. But this gives me an opportunity to meet like-minded people. You never know what could happen.

Lucy smiles at the reply, subconsciously flirting as if Mr. Magic-chat were in front of her.

LUCY

That would be great. What day works for you... what time?... Yeah, that's perfect... Aww, thank you. Been great to hear you too. See you then. Bye.

Lucy hangs up her phone.

Her smile evaporates into a nervous brooding sigh. She wanders up the hallway, enters her bedroom.

LUCY

Here we go again.

EXT. JONES' HOUSE - LOS ANGELES GHETTO - DAY

A run-down garden surrounded by a chain-link fence. A weed infested path leads to a depressing one-story home.

DEVLIN JONES (20, black, slim, roguish, ghetto cool) stands at his porch. Half a joint dangles in his lips. He observes the quiet neighborhood with hawk-like eyes.

A JUNKIE (30) twitches towards him from across the street. Devlin takes one last hit of his joint. Flicks it.

DEVLIN
Here we go again.

Devlin struts down the garden path. He meets his customer at the fence. They exchange a knowing nod.

JUNKIE
'Sup D, any methodology lessons going down, brother?

DEVLIN
Nah, I ain't got nothin', homie.

JUNKIE
Not even a dime bag? Shit, I just saw you smoke somethin'.

DEVLIN
Personal use. Sherbert free.

JUNKIE
So rumors is real.

DEVLIN
What rumors?

JUNKIE
Niggas be talkin', man. I hear you ain't payin' your way on the spot. Heard you made plenty De Niro's and thinkin' 'bout splittin' before the Devil catches up with you.

DEVLIN
Look, brother, I'm gonna make this clear. Crystal, so you understand. I was born in this bitch. I been slanging dope since I was seven. This is my area. I ain't letting another nigga pimp my ass, take a percentage of my cut... for what?

JUNKIE
Protection?

DEVLIN
Fuck protection. The nigga's idea of protection is this -- you can keep doin' what you doin', but I want fifty percent. If you don't pay your way, you catch a bullet. Fuck that shit, man. I got a cousin out east who I can lay low with, set up shop, get my shit together.

A car burns rubber in the distance (O.S.). Junkie's spooked.

JUNKIE
Cool, cuz. I gotta bail.

Junkie rushes across the street, disappears down an alley.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - LOS ANGELES GHETTO - DAY

A 2013 red Hyundai with black tinted windows SCREECHES to a halt at the bottom of the road.

EXT. JONES' HOUSE - LOS ANGELES GHETTO - DAY

Devlin freezes. Dread.

The Hyundai zooms up the road. BRAKES squeal. The Hyundai stops opposite Devlin. Side by side.

Tinted windows wind down. Two backseat GOONS (black) cock shotguns. They point them at Devlin.

The sunglass shaded GOON DRIVER (black), mouth covered with a red bandana, muffles his words. They're clear enough.

GOON DRIVER
You been a bad boy, Devlin Jones.

Devlin stands as still as a statue, fear in his eyes.

GOON DRIVER
There's a price to pay for transgressions, nigga. You got a meeting with the *Devil*. Tonight.

DEVLIN
I'm through. I told him. I'm out.

GOON DRIVER
You calling the boss man deaf?

Backseat goons smirk. Fingers tap shotgun triggers.

GOON DRIVER
Chantelle. Cori. Shawna.

Devlin bites his lip. Restrains anger.

BACKSEAT GOON
Momma, grandma, lil' sister. Oh sweet, sweet little sister.

DEVLIN
It's got nothing to do with them.

GOON DRIVER
Be there.

He throws a scrunched-up note out of the window. It hits Devlin and falls to the pavement.

The Hyundai ROARS down the road.

Devlin picks up the note. Unwraps it. A flyer for "THE OLD SERPENT CAFE". A bullet drops to the ground.

EXT. MUSIC STUDIO - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Low drone of sound proofed music.

INT. MUSIC STUDIO - AUDITION ROOM - DAY

JUSTINE (20, dark beauty, self-conscious) stands before her singing coach, a stern task master named ESMERALDA (60). They practise singing techniques, harmonizing.

ESMERALDA
Tra-la-la-la-la-la...

Esmeralda daintily raises her hand as she demonstrates her amazing voice. Low octave rises to high. Faultless.

She stares at Justine. Your turn.

Justine prepares herself. She coughs into her hand. Shakes nerves from her body. Steadies her figure. Performs...

JUSTINE
Tra-la-la-la...

She coughs. Chokes.

Justine looks at Esmeralda, fearful eyes beg for forgiveness.

JUSTINE
I'm so sorry, Madame Esmeralda.
I've had a sore throat all day --

Esmeralda closes her eyes. Swipes her hands. Shut up.

ESMERALDA
Oh, too bad. It hurts, does it?
Hurts when you perform? Hurts when
you try to sing? You think I care
about your tiny little throat? I
don't care if it hurts, Justine.
You've gotta learn to accept that
hurt, feel that pain, embrace that
burning, insufferable throb and
you've gotta learn to love it and
become one with it.

JUSTINE
I'm sorry--

ESMERALDA

I don't wanna hear sorry. I wanna hear music. Sweet, sweet music. All I'm hearing is pathetic whining.

JUSTINE

I understand, I just--

ESMERALDA

No, you don't. Until you do, I don't want you here. Get out.

Justine, close to tears, bows her head and exits the room.

EXT. MUSIC STUDIO - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Justine exits the studio. She takes in some air to try and prevent her swelling tears from forming.

Justine takes out a phone from her handbag. Finds a contact number -- *RICHARD DAVIES*. Writes a text message.

INT. TALENT AGENT'S OFFICE - DAY

A desktop nameplate: *JOHNNY BIGGS - TALENT AGENT*.

RICHARD (23, muscular, self-assured, arrogant) T-shirt and jeans, sits opposite a desk from confused and frustrated talent agent JOHNNY BIGGS (50), fat face, large glasses.

Richard reads a text message on his phone. Sighs. Annoyed. Deletes the message. Slips the phone in his pocket.

BIGGS

Something important?

RICHARD

Just a friend. Well, ex-girlfriend. Won't stop texting me.

BIGGS

Sounds... stalkerish?

RICHARD

Nah, she's harmless. Few of us all meet up every now and then for a night out. She thinks there's something still there between us. It's got it's advantages.

Richard thrusts his pelvis, imitating intercourse. He chortles. Biggs frowns, patience running out.

BIGGS

I'm sorry If I appear a little dense, but what is it you expect me to do for you, Richard?

RICHARD

Hook me up with a gig. Get me on one of those reality shows. I'm thinking big time, man. Exposure. Get my face and my guns on TV.

Richard flexes his muscles -- his guns -- like he's auditioning for Mr. Universe.

BIGGS

I don't think you understood what I meant. What's your skill set, what's your talent?

Richard sits silent... thinks...

BIGGS

Right. Thanks for coming in. I'll call you when... *if* I find something suitable.

INT. BRIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A cramped room decorated with posters: magazine covers, masculine soccer players, Madonna, Britney, Lady Gaga.

BRIAN (22, bitchy, pretty boy, feminine) sits at his computer desk. He lights a weed pipe with a zippo lighter.

BRIAN'S MONITOR SCREEN

Brian's Babalicious Blog. A fabulously over-the-top designed website features the latest celebrity photos with written text underneath detailing the event.

BACK TO SCENE

Brian rereads his latest post. He sits back, content. Inhales... exhales thick, relaxing, eye-glazing smoke.

His phone RINGS, vibrates on his desk.

Display screen: *RICHARD... CALLING.*

Brian answers the call.

BRIAN

Still up for the weekend, babes?

RICHARD (V.O.)
Brian. Don't call me babe.

Brian gazes up at Pam Anderson's Barb Wire poster.

BRIAN
Boom-tish. Works every time.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Unlike your shitty website. I still
can't get on it. I get the 404
access denied page every time.

BRIAN
Liar. Anyways, I wanted to talk
about tomorrow night. I know where
thee main people are gonna be,
which means *we* need to be there.

RICHARD (V.O.)
LA Rouge.

BRIAN
Yeah... did we discuss this
already?

RICHARD (V.O.)
If you stopped smoking so much of
that shit you might remember. It's
common knowledge, ho-bro. Hit
Candy's at seven, get to LA Rouge
at nine. You spoken to Holly yet?

BRIAN
I'm about to, she should be online.

Brian taps on his computer keyboard.

ON MONITOR SCREEN

A new tab opens. Brian types a [URL] into the address bar.

A web page opens: "WOMEN OF WORSHIP" -- A sex site dedicated
to adult females performing on webcams.

INT. HOLLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lingerie-clad HOLLY (22, a plastic surgery addicted blonde
barbie) sprawls across a luxurious king-size bed. She poses
seductively in front of her computer webcam.

Her eyes scan her computer screen as she prowls -- she's got
a reasonable number of victims/viewers in her *private room*.

HOLLY'S COMPUTER SCREEN

A new member enters -- BRIAN. He requests a private chat.

Holly kisses to her audience, waves goodbye. Moves near her computer. Cuts the interactive show. Accepts Brian's request.

BRIAN: Holly!!!! (filled with tons of emoticons).

HOLLY: Brian!!!! (filled with tons of emoticons).

BRIAN: Looking gorgeous babes lookin 4ward 2 tomorrow

HOLLY: u know it! gonna get wrecked and wreck a few men 2!!

BRIAN: Plzx believe that! u know how we do!!

BACK TO SCENE

Holly sits back, smiles. She turns to a half-naked man knelt in a dark corner. He wears a GIMP MASK, his head lowered in a dog food bowl with the words FOOL written across it.

HOLLY

OK, you can fuck off now,
worthless. Don't forget my tip.

GIMP MASK places a couple hundred dollars into the empty bowl. He quickly gathers his belongings and leaves.

EXT. SANTA MONICA NIGHTLIFE - NIGHT

Party people dressed in flamboyant costumes. Drag queens. Muscle flexing meathead guys. Loud drunk sexy girls. Drinking. Downing shots. Smoking dope. Weekend chaos.

INT. CANDY'S COCKTAIL BAR - NIGHT

A celebrity-obsessed channel plays on a plasma screen. A panel dissect the complex structure of Kim Kardashian's ass.

Excited and dressed to impress, Holly, Brian, Richard and Justine order drinks at the bar.

A SUAVE BARMAN serves their drinks. Shots. The group cheer as they toast each other.

RICHARD

Let's not just make this a night
we'll never forget. Let's make this
a night where no one will ever
forget us.

They down their shots. Justine eyes Richard.

JUSTINE

The Old Gang. We really should try and meet up more often.

RICHARD

Sorry, but I've been busy getting my hustle on. I'm making powerful connections these days.

BRIAN

Richard, I wouldn't call the casting director for a paint stripping commercial a powerful connection.

RICHARD

I've got my foot in the door, dipshit. When was the last time someone got famous for blogging? You've had, what, twenty views?

HOLLY

Hey, I have faith in Brian's blog. He's the next Perez Hilton.

BRIAN

Brian's Babalicious Blog will take time to catch on. It's all about ad traffic, quality content and gently easing my subscribers into monthly membership fees. It beats working nine to five in Fashion Flavors. I don't see my future there.

RICHARD

You should call it Brian Blogs Balls. All you do is write a bunch of shit and post pics ripped from other sources.

BRIAN

I put my own twist on otherwise generic and mainstream journalism.

RICHARD

Brian's Busted Balls? Brian Gags on Balls? Brian Bites--

HOLLY

Richard, stop being a wank-stain. If Brian hadn't told you about Chat Roulette, you'd never see half the action you boast about.

Brian, Holly and Justine cheer. Richard rolls his eyes.

LATER

Music pumps from a sound system. The bar swarms with sexy girls. Testosterone pumped guys. The group sit at a table.

Holly swings back her hair and flaunts her cleavage, exposing a dazzling necklace.

HOLLY

Oh this? Dolce and Gabbana.

BRIAN

How...?

RICHARD

That porno modelling's really paying off.

HOLLY

It's glamour modelling.

RICHARD

You sit naked in front of a webcam for six hours a day.

HOLLY

Anyway... I spent last weekend with a very famous celebrity. This was his little thank you gift.

JUSTINE

It's gorgeous. I'm so jealous.

Brian and Richard smirk. Holly notices.

HOLLY

He took me shopping. *That's all.*

RICHARD

Because?

HOLLY

The freak gets off on buying me things. I call it wallet rape.

An awkward silence. Brian stands.

BRIAN

And on that note, I do believe it's my round.

TABLE - LATER

A growing collection of empty bottles and shot glasses.

Holly and Brian chat with each other. Richard stares into space as Justine enthuses about her music career.

JUSTINE

...So I went to an open mic night.
I waited four hours. Just when it
was my turn, they had a power cut.

RICHARD

Are you still into that crap?

JUSTINE

I'm not saying I'm any good. I just
want the chance to be heard--

RICHARD

Take my advice. Quit.

JUSTINE

Quit?

Justine turns to Holly and Brian for encouragement. They're
chatting amongst themselves, oblivious to her conversation.

RICHARD

If you were gonna make it, you'd
have done it by now.

He sits back and guzzles his beer, lingers a lustful look at
Holly's bouncing breasts as she laughs with Brian.

RICHARD

Nothing more annoying than someone
who never takes a hint. It gets
right on my tits.

Justine looks down, hides her hurt.

TABLE - LATER

Holly brings over another round of drinks from the bar.

She holds a pint of beer between her breasts, her "party
trick". She teasingly invites Brian to take a sip. Brian
turns away with faux revulsion.

HOLLY

Get this. I overheard some people,
and I know where several major
celebs are going tonight. *The Club*.

BRIAN

And...? Did you also discover the
world is round?

HOLLY

Let's go there. Meet and mingle.

RICHARD

Holly -- lay off the crack.

JUSTINE

Do you know how hard it is to get in that place? It's why the word impossible was invented. No one even knows where it is.

BRIAN

You've got to be famous. I'm talking famously famous. You can't get in if you're not on the list.

HOLLY

We've gone to every other dive in town. Think outside the box. Let's at least try.

RICHARD

God, we go through this every fuckin' time. Forget about it.

JUSTINE

I'm not sure I'd want to go anyway.

BRIAN

It's celeb mecca, darling, of course you'd want to go.

JUSTINE

Didn't a bunch of celebs die there?

BRIAN

None of them died there. That's typical media hysteria, sensationalism in a nutshell.

HOLLY

No, no, Justine's right. I watched the funerals on TV. Six celebs. I can't remember their names so you don't have to be that famous.

Holly smirks at Brian, pleased to dispel his earlier point.

BRIAN

Five. You don't count the driver.

RICHARD

So what happened then, Mr Mortuary?

BRIAN

Simple car accident. Driver was drunk. The coroners report can be found on my blog.

RICHARD

Brian's Babalicious Body Bags?

MOMENTS LATER

The bar is emptying out. The group bunch together and take selfies with their phones. Holly admires the photos.

HOLLY

Oh my God. We are just so totally awesome. So glam, bitch, so glam.

BRIAN

Time to hit the next joint.

The quartet make a boisterous exit from the bar.

RICHARD

Bring on "La Rouge"!

EXT. OLD SERPENT CAFE - NIGHT

Weekend REVELLERS pass by a gloomy sidewalk cafe.

Through a dimly lit window, CARL "THE DEVIL" CANE (30, black) sits at a table. He's draped in black. A silver skull hangs from his chain necklace. Expensive rings adorn his fingers. His very presence exudes danger and demands respect. Yet...

He sips a cup of tea. Savors the taste. He looks out of the window. Menace gleams in his eyes.

INT. OLD SERPENT CAFE - NIGHT

Suspicious characters sit hunched in booths. A watchful BARMAN wipes a glass with a cloth.

Carl sits alone, at the top of the cafe. His restless fingers tap against a blood-red tabletop as he surveys his minions.

He sips his tea. Replaces the cup on its saucer. Sits back with a thirst-quenched sigh.

He takes out a phone from his pocket. Calls a number. Puts the phone to his ear.

CARL

Did you kiss your momma good-night?
Cos' if you ain't here within the
hour, my tea ain't gonna be the
only thing turned cold.

EXT. ROUTE 60 FREEWAY - NIGHT

A banged up old Chevrolet, Devlin's car, passes a highway sign. It directs towards: *POMONA*.

INT. DEVLIN'S CAR - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

Devlin drives, phone to ear. Call goes dead. Concern etches over his face. He tosses the phone into the passenger seat.

He looks in his rear view mirror. LA's city lights.

Devlin opens the glove compartment. A GUN lay inside. He slams the box shut, stressed at the sight.

He beats his fist against the steering wheel.

EXT. ROUTE 60 FREEWAY - NIGHT

Devlin's car passes a highway sign directing to: *LOS ANGELES*.

EXT. LA ROUGE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A neon lit sign reads: *LA ROUGE*. Dance music pumps inside.

INT. LA ROUGE NIGHTCLUB - DANCEFLOOR - NIGHT

Impressive lights flash across a packed floor. Sexy girls. Hot guys. Music and smoke fill the air.

INT. LUCY'S TABLE - LA ROUGE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Lucy, dressed modest but stylish, sits opposite her suited and booted date, MAX (35. Smug. Slimy. Slicked-back hair).

Max moves obnoxiously to the music as he stares at scantily clad girls on the dancefloor.

Lucy watches him. Is this guy for real?

Max winks at Lucy, flashes a skin-wrinkling creepy grin.

MAX

I'm gonna head to the little boys
room. You want another drink?

Lucy raises her half-full glass of wine from the table. She declines with a polite smile and shake of her head.

Max leers at the youthful flesh on display as he gyrates his way through the dancefloor.

Lucy cringes.

LUCY

Nightmare. Please be a nightmare.

INT. OLD SERPENT CAFE - NIGHT

Dim lights. Empty booths.

Devlin enters.

Barman points to a far corner table. Carl sits shrouded in darkness.

CARL'S TABLE

Devlin sits down opposite Carl. A frosty atmosphere.

DEVLIN

'Sup.

Carl stares down Devlin, his eyes burning with fury. He tips his tea cup upside down on to the saucer.

CARL

What do you know about tea reading?

DEVLIN

Huh?

CARL

Tea reading. You know, predicting future events based on how tea leaves appear.

Devlin shrugs.

DEVLIN

It's bullshit.

Carl smirks. He lifts up his cup and sets it aside. A used tea bag sits on the saucer.

CARL

See, you're wrong. I can look at this and predict your future. I can tell you exactly what lay in store for you.

DEVLIN

So what do I call you from now on? Solitaire or Jane Seymour?

Carl leans forward, eye-to-eye with Devlin.

CARL

You'll be calling me the nigga-that-killed-your-fuckin'-family if you don't do as I tell you.

Devlin struggles to keep his composure.

DEVLIN
So what's the offer?

CARL
I don't make offers. I make final demands.

Carl sits back. Lights a cigar.

CARL
You're gonna go back on the streets. You're gonna make the same quota you hit before. Only now, you pay me double the rate.

DEVLIN
I'll buy my way out.

CARL
You're talkin' like I'm giving you an option. You ain't got no motherfuckin' option.

DEVLIN
Look, Carl. You know I respect you--

CARL
Listen, nigga. You don't get respect. You take it. Problem is, you ain't been respecting me. You've just been taking.

Uneasy silence.

CARL
Fuck it.

Carl extinguishes his cigar on the tea bag. He stands up. An intimidating physical presence.

Carl nods to the Barman. He nods back. Carl frowns at Devlin.

CARL
You and me need to take a walk.

Carl gestures Devlin to the exit, unwittingly revealing a gun tucked in his trousers.

CARL
We need to discuss this out back.

INT. LA ROUGE - DANCEFLOOR - NIGHT

Holly and Brian live it up on the crowded dancefloor. Holly laps up male attention. Brian dances in a world of his own.

INT. TOILETS - LA ROUGE - NIGHT (SPLIT SCREEN)

On the left, Richard snorts a line of cocaine in front of a large mirror. He stands up. Wipes his nose clean.

On the right, Justine snorts a line of cocaine in front of a large mirror. She stands up. Wipes her nose clean.

INT. GROUP'S TABLE - LA ROUGE - NIGHT

Holly, Brian, Justine and Richard chill at their table. Richard brags (exaggerates) about his sexual escapades.

Brian shushes Richard. He gestures the group to eavesdrop on the next table.

LUCY (O.S.)
I'm sorry, Max, but I just don't
think this is working out.

LUCY'S TABLE

Max notices the group watching him. He salutes them with his drink. The group turn their heads, embarrassed.

Max winks at Lucy.

MAX
Relax, baby.

LUCY
I'm not interested.

MAX
Lucy, I know your type. You need a
strong dominant guy. Like me. You
need to be told what you like.

UNDER THE TABLE

Max's foot rises between Lucy's legs.

BACK TO SCENE

Lucy jolts back in her seat, shocked. Max smirks.

LUCY
You fuckin' pig!

Lucy throws her drink in Max's face. Onlookers laugh and cheer. Max stands, stunned and humiliated.

MAX
Fuckin' whore.

He retreats onto the dancefloor, disappears in the crowd.

GROUP'S TABLE

Richard, impressed, prepares to introduce himself.

JUSTINE

Richard -- no, don't.

Holly and Brian's eyes light up. This might be fun. Richard leads the group over to Lucy's table.

LUCY'S TABLE

Lucy dabs her eyes with a tissue.

RICHARD

Are you OK, babe?

Lucy nods. Richard takes a seat opposite her.

RICHARD

Do you mind if we join you? You look like you could use some cheering up.

LUCY

Sure, go ahead.

The group takes seats. Richard manoeuvres next to Lucy.

Holly and Justine offer insincere support. They need to quench their gossip fix.

JUSTINE

Are you sure you're OK, honey?

HOLLY

Did he try and touch you?

LUCY

I'm fine. Thank you.

JUSTINE

Boyfriend?

LUCY

Blind date. Total sleazebag.

HOLLY

I guess they don't call it the city of A-holes for nothing.

Brian picks up a wallet from the table.

BRIAN

This his?

Lucy nods. A wicked smile crosses Brian's face.

BRIAN

Karma says we should check it out.

They all look at Lucy for permission. She shrugs. Whatever.

Brian opens the wallet. He takes out \$200 in notes. Puts it on the table. He gasps. Brian closes the wallet and holds it close to his chest.

BRIAN

Oh. My. Gosh.

Brian takes out seven tickets. Lays them across the table. Invitations to **The Club**.

BRIAN

You just rejected God.

Brian passes the tickets around the awestruck group. It's like a winning lottery ticket. Lucy's confused by the fuss.

LUCY

I'll be happy with the cash. You can have the tickets.

The group are stunned... yet, delighted.

JUSTINE

Are you for real?

BRIAN

These things are priceless.

LUCY

They're just tickets to a nightclub.

HOLLY

They're gold dust!

BRIAN

Only the hottest nightclub in the world!

LUCY

I'm not into all that celebrity shit. They're just people like us.

Brian collects the tickets. He grips them tight in his shaking hands as he studies every detail.

JUSTINE

What if this guy turns up?

LUCY

Doubt it. He had a flight to catch. Besides, he's a club promoter. He was only gonna sell them anyway.

RICHARD

If we hang around long enough we might be able to ask him.

Max, angry, stands outside the entrance door of La Rouge. He gesticulates to two Bouncers that he's lost something.

HOLLY

They're gonna come over and search us. I could stick 'em in my pussy?

BRIAN

Really, Holly, really?

RICHARD

What's your plan, Batman? Unless you wanna stash 'em up your ass we ain't got any other options.

Brian, lackadaisical, points to a door not too far away. Above it is a glowing green EXIT sign.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Dingy. Steam rises from sewer gaps. Rats mingle as they eat leftovers from overflowing trash cans.

Excited, Holly, Justine and Brian waltz down the alleyway. Richard sticks close to Lucy, arm around her shoulder.

Holly and Brian take part in a majestic drunken dance.

Brian goes a-flying -- he spins against the opening back door of another establishment.

A bottle SMASHES on the ground. Brian tumbles against a trash can and falls in a heap.

The group laugh. Smiles vanish from their faces. Uh-oh.

Carl and Devlin emerge from the doorway.

Carl, his hand still poised to hold his now deceased bottle of beer, looks at the group with venomous eyes.

The group notice the gun in Carl's belt. They step back.

Brian stumbles to his feet.

BRIAN

Hey, sorry, I really am.

Carl frowns, intimidating Brian with an ice cold stare.

Brian, petrified, fumbles something from his inside pocket. He offers Carl two tickets to The Club.

BRIAN

Please take these. Free entry to the best club in town.

Carl snatches the tickets from Brian's hand. Takes a look.

CARL

Think I need this shit? Think I need some cracker to give me a handout? Think I can't get shit like this whenever I want?

BRIAN

No really, I don't want to offend you, I'm sorry...

Carl savors his torment. He holds it for a few moments...

CARL

Get the fuck outta here.

The group scram down the alleyway.

Devlin peeks at the tickets. He senses a chance of survival.

DEVLIN

Maybe we should check it out.

Carl whips out his gun, aims it at Devlin's face.

CARL

Maybe I will.

DEVLIN

C'mon, man-- Look it at it as a final request.

CARL

Your final request is in process, nigga. I'm gonna spare your family, but send your dumb ass to sleep.

A police SIREN nearby. Carl lowers his gun.

Blue and red lights illuminate the alley as a police car cruises past the top of the alley.

CARL

Fuck it. Can't say I never gave you a decent farewell.

Devlin breathes a sigh of relief.

DEVLIN

Want me to tail you?

Carl tucks his gun back in his trouser belt.

CARL

Fuck that. You ride wit' me.

Carl and Devlin walk side by side down the alley.

CARL

Besides, you ain't gonna be needing that shitheap where you're going.

EXT. STREET - SANTA MONICA, LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Packed with party people. A lively carnivalesque mood. Busy traffic. Bright lights. Famous Ferris wheel in the distance.

Brian, Justine, Holly, Richard and Lucy mingle through the crowd. Their recent encounter has sobered them up.

HOLLY

You're a fucking idiot, Brian. Why did you give them the tickets?

BRIAN

Umm--hello? Do you really think they're going to turn up? Stupid gorilla probably thinks they're tickets to a basketball game.

The group queue at a hot dog vender. He has an entertaining fire-eater outside his stall which wows the crowd.

JUSTINE

Think we should tell the cops?

RICHARD

Ain't our business. We don't know what their deal is and to be honest, I don't want to.

BRIAN

Exactly. Who doesn't carry a gun these days? This is L.A. People wear guns like they wear Ray-Ban.

INT. NOVELTY GIFT STORE - NIGHT

Holly and Justine browse celebrity gossip magazines. Justine turns to watch Richard flirt with Lucy near the counter. He's messing with a costume and mask. Lucy giggles.

JUSTINE

Bambi and fucking Faline.

HOLLY

He's only doing it to mess with your head. Guys love that shit.

JUSTINE

It's working.

Justine storms off into a separate aisle.

ISOLATED AISLE

Justine cools down. She checks her appearance in a full length mirror. Rearranges her skirt, pulls it up shorter.

A FIGURE creeps behind her. Points a gun to her head.

Justine freezes. Scared stiff.

BRIAN (O.S.)

What do you call a guy who cries
when he masturbates?

Justine recognizes the voice. Her fear subsides.

JUSTINE

Brian...

She turns around to face Brian.

BRIAN

(concluding his joke)
A tear jerker!

Brian pulls the trigger. A small FLAME flickers from the nozzle. A novelty lighter.

Justine, set to burst into a rage, looks Brian up and down.

He's dressed himself in a comical cowboy outfit. Hat, lasso, chaps, gun belt. She can't help but smile.

JUSTINE

Fuck's sake, Brian.

Brian takes another authentic looking gun from a nearby display unit. He removes the barrel. A corkscrew.

BRIAN

Could have been worse.

Justine brushes past Brian.

BRIAN

I could have screwed you to death.

EXT. STREET - SANTA MONICA - NIGHT

Lucy, Holly, Justine and Brian surround Richard as he makes a call on his cell phone.

Richard ends the call. Shakes his head. No dice.

RICHARD

Right, that's three and I'm out.
Apparently no taxi company has ever
heard of The Club.

LUCY
There's a taxi rank not far from here. Some of the drivers work freelance. Might be worth a shot.

EXT. TAXI RANK - NIGHT

Lucy leads the group to the only taxi in the rank. She leans inside the window.

A nervy Armenian driver. His name is on an ID card that sits on the dashboard: *RASHID*.

LUCY
Good evening, Rashid.

Rashid acknowledges her with a nod.

LUCY
How much to take us to The Club?

Rashid's hands squeeze the wheel with a white-knuckled grip.

RASHID
Long journey. Expensive.

LUCY
How expensive?

Rashid eyes the group suspiciously.

RASHID
One hundred and fifty.

Lucy guffaws at the cost.

LUCY
Could you do it for a little less?

Rashid frowns at Lucy. She smiles. Angelic.

RASHID
One twenty-five.

LUCY
Sorry, that's still too high.

The group urge her to pay. Time is ticking.

Beads of sweat coat Rashid's forehead.

RASHID
One hundred.

LUCY
Deal.

EXT. STREETS - HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The taxi drives past feverish weekend nightlife. Bright lights and glamour. Various Hollywood landmarks. Girls in tiny outfits. Drunk guys fist fighting on street corners.

INT. TAXI - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

Lucy sits in the passenger seat. Rashid drives. Holly, Justine, Richard and Brian sit in the back.

Rashid sneaks a peak in his rear view mirror. His eyes ogle Holly and Justine's legs.

RICHARD

Ever driven up here before, Rashid?

RASHID

I take my brother from time to time. He works there.

The group take a sudden interest.

JUSTINE

Oh my God! What does he do?

RASHID

He's a cleaner. Mops up all the mess they make.

Disappointed sighs. Justine tuts. Brian chuckles.

Rashid gazes at Lucy's legs. Lucy notices. Rashid smiles. Creepy. Lucy shuffles uncomfortably.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

The taxi drives through the landscape. Mulholland. Beautiful avenues. Tight roads. Amazing scenery.

INT. TAXI - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

Brian, Richard, Holly and Justine gaze out at various glittering lights in awe. Mansions. The lit Hollywood sign.

EXT. WASTELAND - NIGHT

The taxi drives down a dark, gloomy, winding road surrounded by endless desert.

INT. TAXI - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

Quiet. A sense of unease within the group. The desolate location makes them nervous. From the rich to the pits.

EXT. WASTELAND - NIGHT

Acres of desolate fenced off land. Bulldozers sit dormant in the distance. No sight of construction.

The taxi roars past a sign: *PRIVATE PROPERTY - TRESPASSERS WILL BE DEALT WITH*

INT. TAXI - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

The group gaze out of the window, high spirits quenched by dismal sights.

HOLLY
(deadpan)
Welcome to party land.

BRIAN
Welcome to the land of the frickin' dead. This place is a graveyard.

RICHARD
Do you ever stop thinking about bone?

HOLLY
Shut the fuck up, Richard.

Lucy bites her lip as she stares pensively out of the window.

EXT. THE CLUB - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Electrical BUZZING neon lights illuminate a billboard: *THE CLUB*. Tacky, glitzy lights serenade a canopy. Ambition to imitate the look of a glamorous 1950s style theatre oozes all the charm of a desolate, seedy Nevada brothel.

EXT. ENTRANCE ROAD - NIGHT

The taxi pulls up on a tight corner. A perimeter fence surrounds a long, uphill dust road. The Club looms, nestled halfway up the hill. The remaining road leads into woodland.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Holly, Justine, Brian and Richard exit the back of the cab.

Lucy opens the passenger door. Rashid grabs her wrist.

RASHID
Be careful.

Lucy frowns. She pulls back her arm.

LUCY
Of course I will.

EXT. ENTRANCE ROAD - NIGHT

The taxi speeds back down the road it came.

Lucy, Holly, Justine, Brian and Richard look up at The Club.

JUSTINE
It's kinda dingy.

RICHARD
It's "kinda" a fuckin' shithole.

HOLLY
This can't be the right place. That
immigrant inbred has dropped us off
at the wrong spot.

LUCY
Let's find out.

Lucy leads the group towards The Club.

BRIAN
Wait a sec. Can you hear that?

An approaching ROAR -- a car engine. The group look behind--

A limousine emerges from beyond the corner road. It speeds
past the group and parks outside The Club.

The group watch... anticipation builds...

A SUPERSTAR exits the limo. They enter inside The Club.

Brian squeals with excitement.

Holly and Justine clam together. Handbags unzipped, make-up
out. They spruce themselves up with military precision.

HOLLY
Game-face time, bitch.

Richard makes a funny face to lighten the mood. Lucy smiles.

MOMENT LATER

Glamorized, the group strut towards The Club.

EXT. THE CLUB - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Lush red carpet. Gold colored pillars support a canopy. Two BOUNCERS (Black, tuxedos, dark sunglasses) guard the door.

Lucy, Holly, Justine, Richard and Brian approach the carpet.

BOUNCER #1 gestures them to stop. He walks towards them.

Brian's hand shakes as he offers his tickets.

BRIAN

Good evening, sir. My name is--

Bouncer #1 snatches the tickets. Studies their authenticity.

He walks back to the door. Confers with Bouncer #2. They both look down a list on a clipboard.

The group wait. Apprehensive.

BOUNCER #2 makes agonizingly slow steps towards the group. The group watch his every step, terrified of rejection.

A smile creaks across his face-- a grill full of gold teeth.

BOUNCER #2

Welcome to The Club. Enjoy the show.

The excited group walk the red carpet. They enter inside The Club through a door held open by Bouncer #1.

Lucy, last to enter, looks back at stone-faced Bouncer #1. Despite his shades, she can feel his cold menacing stare.

Lucy acknowledges him with a subtle nod. She heads inside.

INT. CLUB - LOBBY - NIGHT

Before the empty lobby, two closed doors face each other across a long corridor, presumably restrooms.

The spacious lobby is color schemed in lavish gold and red. Wall posters celebrate creative arts. Theater, film, music. Various Marquis De Sade works stand out on every wall. A daunting solid black door looms at the far end of the room.

Holly, Justine, Brian and Richard celebrate their success with a group hug. Lucy watches them with a wry smile.

MOMENTS LATER

The group, bar Lucy, mock the decorative walls. They make fun of true art yet find meaning in the meaningless.

Richard zones in on lonely Lucy. He places his arm around her as they explore the museumesque lobby. He moves in to kiss her. Lucy pulls away.

RICHARD

I'm sorry.

Lucy forces a smile. His act is wearing a little thin.

LUCY

It's OK. I--

RICHARD

I'm just so pumped, know what I mean? It's like this is my calling.

Richard smells the air. Clenches his fists victoriously.

RICHARD

I can feel the fame. I just know I belong here.

MOMENT LATER

Brian leads the nervous group towards the black door. He outstretches his arms, stops the group in their tracks.

BRIAN

What if everyone just stops what they're doing and stares at us?

OWNER (O.S.)

You don't have to worry about that.

The group turn behind. The OWNER (60. A cigar chain-smoking weasel, outdated clothes, sleazy vibe).

OWNER

People slip in and out all the time.

RICHARD

You would be?

OWNER

The owner of this club.

Starstruck, Richard reaches for a handshake. Owner keeps his distance. Richard retracts his hand, humiliated.

BRIAN

It's an honor to meet you, sir. You have such an inspiring place.

The group, bar Lucy, bombard the Owner with compliments. He takes it in his grinning, cigar-chuffing stride.

LUCY

We're just a bit nervous. We've never been here before.

Owner smiles at Lucy. Gives her a cheeky wink.

OWNER

I see. Virgins. Well, what happens in the club, stays in the club.

He clicks his fingers.

SAMBA MUSIC blasts from mounted ceiling corner speakers.

At the top of the lobby, two beautiful Brazilian SHOWGIRLS emerge from the corridor. They dance past the stunned group. They stand by the black door, where they hold a model pose.

OWNER

Drinks are on the house. If you have any requests, any whatsoever, feel free to inform a member of staff. We aim to make dreams reality. We do anything to please.

SHOWGIRL #1 opens the black door.

A dark tavern. HIGH TEMPO MUSIC pumps loud.

SHOWGIRL #2 gestures the group to follow her as she teasingly wiggles her body inside. Excited, the group enter the hall.

Showgirl #1 closes the black door. Her frozen smile evaporates into a scowl.

Samba music cuts. Silence.

Owner smirks-- A snide, sinister grin.

INT. MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

A packed, dim auditorium. A theatrical curtain covers the main stage. Chit-chat emanates from tables lit by luminous lamps, eerie light casting the AUDIENCE as silhouettes.

Showgirl #2 leads Lucy, Brian, Richard, Justine and Holly across an LED striplight laden floor.

Showgirl #2 places the group at a table near a curtain-draped wall. The group take their seats. Showgirl #2 curtseys, walks away. A WAITRESS, perma-smile, delivers a champagne tray.

INT. LUCY'S TABLE - MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

Justine and Brian try to spot the stars. Mission impossible. Figures appear as silhouettes, faces shrouded in darkness.

Holly leans back in her chair. Flaunts her hair and cleavage in the hope they attract attention.

Richard caresses Lucy's shoulder. Lucy squirms. Stands up.

RICHARD

Hey, where are you going?

LUCY

To get a drink.

RICHARD

You've got one.

LUCY

I want something a lil' stronger.

Lucy heads across the room. Rejected, Richard downs his champagne. He signals to a waitress to refill his glass.

INT. BAR - CLUB - NIGHT

BUSINESSMEN and STARS mingle. Cards exchanged. Nods. Handshakes. A thriving nest for building contacts.

Lucy stands at the bar. She cuts a lone figure.

DEVLIN (O.S.)

I'll have a JD and coke. And whatever drink the lady would like.

Fed up of male attention, Lucy turns to decline the offer.

Devlin stands next to her. Lucy's surprised.

DEVLIN

Call it an apology for the misunderstanding we had earlier.

LUCY

It's a free bar.

DEVLIN

Is that right?

Devlin turns to a BARTENDER.

DEVLIN

Make that two JD's and two of whatever the lady would like.

Lucy locks her eyes on Devlin.

LUCY

In that case I'll have a stiff dick and a cum shot.

Devlin pauses.

LUCY
Non-alcoholic.

Devlin reads her order from a list of crudely named drinks on the bar menu. He grins.

LATER

Two empty glasses sit next to two untouched drinks on the counter. Lucy and Devlin relax in each other's company.

LUCY
How does it feel being among the rich and famous?

DEVLIN
What makes you think I'm not rich and famous?

LUCY
Oh, just a hunch. I wouldn't normally picture the leading lights of society hanging around dark alleys with guns.

DEVLIN
You'd be surprised.

LUCY
So you don't find this weird?

DEVLIN
Off the charts. You?

LUCY
It's a bit much to take in. I'm not used to this at all.

DEVLIN
Me neither. I'm just a simple guy with simple needs.

Lucy's smile fades.

A hand grips Devlin's shoulder. Carl steps beside him.

CARL
Showtime. We don't wanna miss the opening act now do we?

The main hall darkens. The audience applauds. Bar dwellers flock to their tables.

DEVLIN
Maybe we can chat later.

LUCY
Look forward to it.

Carl keeps his forceful grip on Devlin's shoulder as they return inside the hall. Lucy watches with curious eyes.

She acknowledges the Bartender with a nod, takes her drink and heads back to her table.

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

A gantry SPOTLIGHT beams down onto red velvet stage curtains. The curtain rises. A large theater screen.

ON THEATER SCREEN

A scratched retro style countdown. 5...4...3...2...1...

QUICK CUTS. Subliminal. Dark ambient soundscapes.

1> Faces transition. A bland human face... Friendly clown... Black face... Asian face... White face... Evil clown.

2> Space. Starlit. Quiet. A FIERY ASTEROID bursts through the cosmos, heading on a collision with planet Earth.

3> Tsunamis. Earthquakes. Hurricanes. Floods.

4> Dark figures emerge at the top of a dusk lit hill.

5> A long dark corridor. A door BURSTS open. A menacing dark figure stands in red hellish light.

6> Human eyes transform into a variety of animal and insect eyes until they morph into malevolent snake eyes.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(dramatic)
Welcome to The Club. A show unlike
anything you've ever seen before...

INT. LUCY'S TABLE - MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Richard, in a rejected sulk, watches Lucy. She's captivated. Holly and Justine arrange their make-up at the table.

HOLLY
Hurry! If the spotlight hits us
we're gonna have to shine, bitch.

Brian helps himself to some blush. He overdoes it. Looks like a mix between an Oompa-Loompa and a bad drag queen.

Lucy looks across the room. A sea of lamp-lit tables.

A flurry of lights explode from the stage.

Lucy shields her eyes with her hand.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The most spectacular show of all
time. You've all reached the light
at the end of tunnel...

Lucy scans the tables. She spots Devlin at the far bottom
corner of the hall.

Devlin gives her a thumbs-up. Lucy smiles. Waves back.

The stage lights cut.

DARKNESS.

INT. DEVLIN'S TABLE - MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Furious, Carl pulls down Devlin's hand.

DEVLIN

You're gonna kill my last chance of
getting laid too?

CARL

The only pussy you're gonna get
tonight is when a stray cat crawls
inside your carcass looking for a
warm place to sleep.

DEVLIN

Nice, Carl. Real poetic.

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: ACT I

The spotlit HOST appears stage right. 55. Suit and tie. Top
hat. Half face clean, other half chalk white make-up.

Microphone in hand, he positions himself centre stage and
addresses the audience.

HOST

Ladies and gentlemen, celebrities
and stars. Ghouls and gals, I will
be your host for the evening, and I
welcome you to your colosseum. It
brings me great pleasure to be with
such a special, powerful audience.
The chosen few. Sit back, relax and
let your eyes feast on sights you
will never see beyond these walls.
You are Gods and Goddesses.

(MORE)

HOST (cont'd)

This is your palace. Outside, mere mortals worship you. Inside The Club, we reward you.

The excited audience applaud.

HOST

Tonight's festivities begin with a segment called "Amateur Night". I'd like you all to put your hands together and give a warm welcome to our first performer, Marco the Magnificent.

MARCO (70, crumpled suit, loose gray hair flowing beneath a dusty top hat) hobbles on stage to a generous applause.

Marco removes his top hat. He takes out an endless chain of brightly colored knotted scarves.

The final scarf refuses to budge from the hat. Marco impatiently tugs at it. The final scarf emerges, bringing with it the fake bottom of the hat, thus exposing the trick.

Marco clumsily gathers the scarves. He tosses them aside.

MOMENTS LATER

Marco waves a magic wand to soothing music akin to a conductor commanding an orchestra. He bumbles across the stage, far from complimenting the graceful sound.

Marco aims his wand to the left. Holds a dramatic pose. A giant JACK-IN-THE-BOX rumbles from stage left, followed by a delayed ZAPP! sound.

Marco aims his wand to the right. Holds his pose. A giant JACK-IN-THE-BOX rumbles from stage right, followed by the off-cue cheesy ZAPP! sound.

Proud, Marco stands centre stage. He awaits applause. His ridiculous illusion is destroyed by the clear sight of STAGEHANDS retreating backstage.

Marco stands in between the two boxes. He taps his wand against both box lids. He turns to box one -- a COSTUMED FIGURE jumps out from box two. He ducks down just before Marco turns back. Rinse and repeat. No one laughs.

Marco picks up two props from the floor. Two jagged edged giant playing cards, KING and QUEEN.

Marco shows the cards to the audience. He can just about keep balance as he holds them aloft.

He slides the KING card "magically" through box one. Marco struggles, as if he's cutting those inside apart. He brings the card through to the other side of the box.

He hobbles over to box two, near out of breath. Takes the QUEEN card.

Marco struggles to slide the card through the box.

The front of the box collapses -- revealing a COSTUMED CONTORTIONIST inside. Audience laugh.

Marco struggles to replace the box wall. Patience exhausted, he makes the contortionist hold it up.

Marco bows to the audience, out of breath, awaiting applause. He receives a few generous claps.

MOMENT LATER

Host stands centre stage.

HOST

Let's hear a round of applause for our next act, a self proclaimed Mister funny man, Cosmo Crackup.

COSMO (30) enters on stage as Host exits. Cosmo takes the microphone from a stand. Dangles a pendant at the audience.

COSMO

You will all laugh at my jokes.

Silence.

COSMO

I guess everyone is jumping for joy. Joy must be stuck on the roof.

An audience member coughs.

COSMO

I noticed there's a really big fence outside this place. Reminds me of a traumatic joke, but I just can't get over it.

An audience member rummages through snack food packaging.

COSMO

What do you call a sad masturbator? A tear jerker.

A hairpin drops from somewhere in the audience.

COSMO

Not even a heckle?

MOMENTS LATER

Host stands centre stage.

HOST

Our final act of Amateur Night has travelled all the way from New Jersey. Give a big hand to a man that needs no introduction from me and would never get one.

Host heads off stage.

Guitar in hand, a grungy long-haired relic from the eighties struts on stage. THRASH-CAN, 50, stands opposite the mic.

THRASH-CAN

'Sup L.A.! My name's Thrash-Can. If anyone can thrash like slash, I'm your man. Hear my roar!

He belts out a decibel-destroying SCREECH before launching into an unintelligible rendition of a popular '80s track.

LATER

The Host appears on stage. He address the audience.

HOST

A warm round of applause for our three performers.

The audience give a generous lack lustre round of applause.

HOST

I would like to invite you all to enjoy the interval, and the free bar in particular. Refresh yourselves and prepare for act two. We'll be back soon.

He bows, turns, disappears behind the closing curtain. A handful of slow claps from the bemused audience.

INT. LUCY'S TABLE - MAIN HALL - NIGHT

The group look at each other, shocked with disappointment.

HOLLY

Umm... what the fuck was that?

JUSTINE

That was a freak show.

RICHARD

I thought it was funny.

HOLLY
 You were the only fuckin' guy
 laughing. That was embarrassing.

JUSTINE
 I mean seriously. Is this it?

BRIAN
 Don't be retarded. It's just the
 opening act. A warm up.

JUSTINE
 How do you know? Come here often?

BRIAN
 The ticket, if anyone bothered to
 read the fuckin' thing, said to be
 here no later than 1 AM for the
 main event.

He pats his wrist to indicate the time. Holly checks her
 phone. It reads: 00:15.

BRIAN
 We've got plenty of time for things
 to heat up. Keep the faith.

Lucy swipes the curtain ajar. No window. Just a wall. Lucy's
 taken aback.

LUCY
 Hey, you guys seen this?

The group glance at her... and return to their conversation.

JUSTINE
 Uh huh, nice drapes. Anyways, I
 think this is all a big joke...

Lucy sits back. Contemplates. Something's wrong here. She's
 about to voice her concerns--

HOST (O.S.)
 (booming through mic)
 Time to get this show on the road!

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

SUPER: ACT II

Host stands centre stage. He's dressed in a flamboyant dark
 robe. Outrageous make-up-- Half skull, half drag queen.

HOST
 You people work in the industry so
 I'm not going to make obvious jokes
 about entertainment.
 (MORE)

HOST (cont'd)

I'm sure you've heard and seen
enough over the last year.

The audience laugh.

HOST

I usually tell jokes about the
lower class. You know them as your
fans. But I won't do that tonight,
they're in such poor taste.

The audience laugh.

HOST

Interesting statistic. What do nine
out of ten people enjoy? Gang rape.

Laughter mixed with a couple of went-to-far "OOHS".

HOST

I sympathize with pedophiles. They
just have trouble fitting in. My
girlfriend's parents are calling me
a pedophile because she's eighteen
and I'm, well, a little older.
Ruined our tenth anniversary.

The audience love this. Howls of laughter.

Host lingers at a member of the audience.

HOST

Wowie, look at this hot blonde. Is
your dad in prison? 'Cos if I was
your daddy, I'd be in prison.

The audience cheer and laugh. Clap like crazy.

INT. LUCY'S TABLE - MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

Lucy watches, open-mouthed. Holly exchanges shock with Brian.
Justine cringes. Richard laughs.

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

Host laps up the audience's rapturous applause.

HOST

We've got four acts, you're gonna
love 'em. Let's bring 'em on!

One by one, celebrity impersonators take to the stage. Vague
similarities fail to gloss over hideous plastic surgery.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) BRITNEY (20) dances out of sync as she mimes to a record.
- B) ELVIS (60) constantly trips over his own feet as he tries to recreate the King's famous moves.
- C) JACK (50) stands silent, making bizarre facial expressions. Only when he impatiently recites famous quotes from movies like "The Shining" and "One Flew Over A Cuckoo's Nest" does his act become clear.
- D) MARILYN (30) stands above a strategically placed air vent, recreating an infamous movie moment. She recites famous movie lines in a stuporous state and ridiculously monotone voice.

The audience cry with laughter at their inept performances.

INT. LUCY'S TABLE - MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

The group submit into the "laughing at them" act. All but Lucy. She keeps her head down. It's all so cringe worthy.

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

The four impersonators sit on a couch. Nerve destroyed emotionless faces. Fear emanates from their eyes.

The Host returns. Suit and tie. Fresh faced. He sits on a chair opposite the impersonators. He portrays a typical television news anchor/chat show host manner.

HOST

Thank you for entertaining our lovely audience here tonight.

The audience cheer and clap. The impersonators gush how it's "such an honor to be here", "a lifetime ambition fulfilled."

HOST

I'd like to know a little bit about you guys. My question isn't who your idols are. I think that's clear for all to see...

Audience laughter.

HOST

...but what lengths you went to look and act just like them.

MARILYN

(deadpan)

It's taken me ten years to perfect my act and cost me twenty-five thousand dollars to perfect my look. I couldn't be happier.

JACK

I've taken acting courses from all over the world. Taught by the greats. Proof is in the pudding.

ELVIS

I've been the King for forty-two years. He just inspired me, man. Sometimes, I just feel like I *am* him, you know?

BRITNEY

I'm sorry, what was the question?

The audience laugh. Host reassures her with a playful smile. He turns to the audience, sinister sparkle in his eyes.

HOST

Before we go any further, there's something you should know.

A STAGEHAND wheels out a table full of sex toys.

Sexy music blasts out. Seductive lighting effects. The impersonators take centre stage, dance and slowly disrobe.

INT. LUCY'S TABLE - MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

Richard salivates, pumps his fist in the air.

RICHARD

Now this is more like it, baby!

Justine shoots him a look of disgust.

Holly frowns -- but she can't take her eyes off the stage.

HOLLY

Seriously? This is just gross.

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

Lights blaze as the impersonators disrobe completely. They turn towards the audience...

Britney and Marilyn thrust their secret weapons -- both have a ridiculously massive penis.

Jack wears a chastity device. Elvis spreads his vagina.

Shocked LAUGHTER. GASPS from the audience.

INT. LUCY'S TABLE - MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

The group are stunned. Speechless.

Brian shakes his head, looks away.

BRIAN

This is just degrading.

Holly retches, almost vomits. Justine and Richard watch on with wide eyed shock. Lucy can't help but giggle.

Richard scowls. Lucy shrugs, unable to stop her giggle fit.

LUCY

I'm sorry. It's just so ridiculous!

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

The impersonators climb aboard the sex toy table. They straddle the huge dildos, about to lower themselves down...

INT. LUCY'S TABLE - MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

The group look away in disgust.

HOLLY

Oh my God!

JUSTINE

Oh my God!

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

Britney and Marilyn slip on surgical latex gloves. Jack and Elvis bend over the table.

INT. LUCY'S TABLE - MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

NEWBORN BABY CRIES boom from stage speakers. Bar Brian, the rest of the group can't bare to look.

BRIAN

And now they have both their fists up there. Lots of wriggling around.

Brian squirms as he feeds the group the latest report.

BRIAN

Wow. Britney just helped Jack give birth.

HOLLY

What?

BRIAN

Britney just pulled a plastic baby doll from Jack Nicholson's ass.

Richard peeks through his fingers. He regrets it, turns away.

BRIAN

I don't quite know what to say...
apart from I never thought I'd say
what I just said.

Richard looks again. A glutton for punishment.

RICHARD

That's a fucking Chucky doll!

The group turn to the stage. Their faces scream disgust. Justine pukes in her glass as the audience LAUGH hysterically at the stage "performance".

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

CLASSIC MUSIC plays from the speakers. The Host acts as a conductor. He signals the end of act II.

Stagehands remove props. Britney and Marilyn dash off stage. Jack and Elvis limp. The Host bows. The curtain falls.

Loud congratulatory CLAPS. APPLAUSE. WHISTLES. CHEERS.

INT. LUCY'S TABLE - MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

The stunned group watch on as audience members flock to the bar. Laughter, jovial chit-chat.

Brian breaks the silence.

BRIAN

Well, it's quarter to one. Fifteen minutes to either get ourselves a bunch of sick bags or get blind drunk. I vote both.

LUCY

Or just leave.

The group stare daggers at Lucy.

HOLLY

We're seeing this through.

RICHARD

Whether we enjoy it or not.

JUSTINE

You don't leave places like this.
We're all adults, Lucy. Grow up.

Holly, Richard and Brian high-five each other. Justine receives the cold shoulder.

Holly slides Justine a breath mint on a tissue. Justine thanks her with a nod. Pops the mint, wipes her mouth.

Lucy shakes her head as if they're crazy.

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

The curtains rise.

A vintage CABARET ACT perform a song during the interval. An obese female CABARET SINGER (60) shrieks on the microphone.

CABARET SINGER

*I sold my soul to the highest
bidder,
Devil don't care, white trash or a
nigger...*

INT. DEVLIN'S TABLE - MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

Carl sits arms folded. Unimpressed. He looks at Devlin.

CARL

This shit's pushing me over the
edge. Time to go. Show's over.

He gets up to leave. Devlin pins his hand to the table, motions Carl to look underneath.

UNDER TABLE

Devlin points a gun at Carl.

BACK TO SCENE

Carl remains standing. Glares down at Devlin.

DEVLIN

Sit.

Carl sits.

CARL

Need I remind you, point a gun at
me you best pull the trigger.

DEVLIN
We ain't leaving until the fat lady
sings.

Carl sneers.

CARL
Which one?

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

Cabaret singer wails on the microphone. Her BACKING SINGERS look (fat) and sound (awful) similar. Vintage cabaret indeed.

INT. DEVLIN'S TABLE - MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

Devlin smirks.

DEVLIN
The good one.

CARL
We're gonna be here all night.

Carl takes a sip of his drink. He's calm. Cold. Calculating.

CARL
You gonna shoot me in front of all
these motherfuckers?

DEVLIN
If that's what it comes down to. I
ain't got nothing to lose.

Devlin scans the dimly lit room for an escape route. Hard to tell which way leads where.

Carl lights a cigar. Takes a puff. His eyes gaze at Devlin as he exhales a cloud of smoke. Malicious intent.

CARL
Props, homeboy. You just made the
show a lot more interesting.

INT. LUCY'S TABLE - MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

Perma-smile Waitress delivers another round of drinks to the group. They barely acknowledge her.

Holly scans the hall, restless. Her attention turns to --

A HANDSOME MAN lighting a cigarette by the lobby door. They share a moment, exchange smiles. He drifts into the lobby.

HOLLY
I'm gonna go powder my nose.

Brian gets up to go with her.

BRIAN
I need some herbal air.

Holly and Brian head towards the lobby.

Richard's wasted, stretched out across his chair. Justine moves in on him. She frowns at Lucy. Keep away.

JUSTINE
How you doing, baby?

Richard murmurs as he lies back in his chair.

Justine locks eyes with Lucy. She teasingly nibbles and kisses Richard's neck, snuggles up with him.

JUSTINE
I'm so grateful you're here. Some people should be more appreciative.

Lucy rolls her eyes. *Whatever.*

INT. MEN'S TOILETS/ RESTROOM - CLUB - NIGHT

Holly, drunk, bursts inside. She wobbles on her feet, booze spilling from her champagne glass onto on the floor.

Holly laughs LOUD as she leans against the door frame for support. She wants everyone to know she's here.

HOLLY
Oops, I spilt some.

Empty. A row of unused urinals. Immaculately clean sinks and mirrors. Disappointed, Holly turns to --

Several cubicles. Closed doors. She hones in on her target.

HOLLY
Hey! I know where you are!

Holly staggers across the room.

HOLLY
Hide and seek, hide and seek, give me something sweet to eat.

Holly goes to ground. Looks underneath the cubicles. Dark shoes inside every stall.

Holly scrambles to her feet. She bangs her fists against the doors. Kicks them with her heels.

HOLLY
I'm not leaving until I get an
autograph on my tits.

INT. LOBBY - CLUB - NIGHT

Brian wanders the deserted lobby, toying with his weed pipe between his fingers. He moves towards the entrance door.

The door opens. Bouncer #2 looms in the doorway.

BOUNCER #2
Leaving, sir?

BRIAN
No, no. I just need some air.

BOUNCER #2
You do know the rules, sir?

BRIAN
Rules?

Bouncer #2 stands intimidatingly. There's a menacing stare behind those dark sunglasses.

BRIAN
Rules... Yeah! Of course, the
rules. I've been working so hard in
the studio lately, I can't think
straight. You know how it is.

Brian laughs, nervous. Bouncer #2 keeps his statue stance.

BRIAN
Can't go outside, right?

BOUNCER #2
You can leave. But you won't come
back.

INT. LUCY'S TABLE - MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

Richard wraps his arm around Justine's shoulder. He stares at Lucy. *Jealous?* She keeps her distance. *Not a chance.*

RICHARD
I didn't take you to be a cock-
tease.

LUCY
Sorry?

RICHARD
You heard.

LUCY

Why don't you say it again.

Richard tightens his grip around Justine. She smirks.

RICHARD

How about me, you and Lucy Lovejoy over there get a room when all this is over and she can prove she's not as frigid as she makes out.

Justine laughs at the suggestion. Booze brings out the bitch.

JUSTINE

We might need a slip from her parents. I don't think her mommy would let her.

Richard and Justine huddle together, giggling.

Lucy stands up. She walks away. Richard and Justine laugh.

RICHARD

Thanks for the taxi, bitch!

INT. DEVLIN'S TABLE - MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

Devlin and Carl are in the midst of an intense stare-out.

Lucy sits next to Devlin. Carl and Devlin look at her, surprised at her dauntless intrusion.

LUCY

Don't mind if I give you boys some company, do you?

DEVLIN

No... Not at all.

An uncomfortable silence. Lucy twigs something is not right. She looks down. Notices Devlin's gun pointed at Carl.

LUCY

Oh. Shit.

DEVLIN

It ain't what you think.

LUCY

Worst. Night. Ever.

INT. MEN'S TOILETS/ RESTROOM - CLUB - NIGHT

Holly knocks and kicks the closed cubicle doors. No interest. She gives up. Storms to the exit.

HOLLY

Your loss, faggots. You just missed
out on the gang-bang of your life.

Cubicle doors simultaneously swing open with an echoing BANG.

Holly turns back, startled.

Men emerge from the cubicles wearing costume party masks,
dark shoes... and nothing else. Heads turn towards Holly.

Scared, Holly backs away. She turns to the exit door.

The exit door swings open --

The Host. Evil clown make-up. Menacing grin. Malevolent eyes.

Holly's terrified SCREAM turns into...

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

...a high pitch WAIL as a pale faced make-up decorated ROCK
SINGER yells into the microphone.

A lively maniacal performance. Outlandish costumes. Grotesque
masks. Artsy. Tinged with feverish menace.

INT. LOBBY - CLUB - NIGHT

Brian pretends to study the art work as he lingers under the
watchful eye of Bouncer #2. Bouncer #2 heads outside.

Brian sneaks down the corridor. He walks down a small set of
steps. A door marked "MAINTENANCE".

INT. BASEMENT STAIRCASE - CLUB - NIGHT

Grotty. Grimy. Dark. Brian walks down a staircase. He reaches
the bottom. He preps his weed pipe.

He looks up at the staircase. Light seeps through the lobby
door. All it takes is someone to come in... and game over.

He flicks his zippo. Light from the flame makes out a door.

INT. BASEMENT - CLUB - NIGHT

A door CREAKS open. Brian enters a large dark storage room.

He searches the wall for a light switch.

Brian stubs his foot on a crate, stumbles against a shelf,
causing an avalanche of polystyrene filled cardboard boxes to
topple down on him.

BRIAN
Shit's sake!

He gets up. Lights his weed pipe.

In the flame's light -- someone lurks behind him. An odd mannequin-mask face.

Brian finds a light switch. Hits it. Light flickers overhead.

Brian explores the basement as he smokes.

Mannequins. Costumes. Odd masks. Stage props.

Two large boxes sit side-by-side decorated with juggling clown motifs. The boxes from the Magician's craptastic show.

He tests the solidness of the top with a tap. Seems sturdy enough. Notices they have lids. Curious, Brian lifts the top.

A GIANT DEMONIC CLOWN SPRINGS from the box!

Brian SCREAMS... takes a moment... the demon clown hovers, before it wilts over and dies. It's a prop Jack-in-the-box.

BRIAN
Cute.

Brian stuffs the clown back inside the box and closes the lid. He ensures it's shut with a vengeful THUMP.

He sits on Jack-in-the-box #2. Relights his pipe. Takes a few much needed hits.

He looks at a prop coffin opposite him. Brian goes to examine it. He taps on the coffin lid. He giggles to himself.

BRIAN
Sorry, Drac. I don't fall for the same shit twice. It'll be a cold--

A MANNEQUIN-MASKED FIGURE bursts from jack-in-the-box #2. He grabs Brian and muffles his mouth with his hand.

Lights cut out.

DARKNESS.

INT. LUCY'S TABLE - MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

Justine places her empty glass on the table.

JUSTINE
Where are Holly and Brian?

Richard's lazed across his seat. He couldn't care less.

RICHARD
Probably went for a smoke together.

JUSTINE
I wanna go look for them.

RICHARD
Good luck.

JUSTINE
I need a refill. We're out.

Begrudgingly, Richard nods. He's about to get up when the Waitress brings them champagne and a selection of cocktails.

WAITRESS
On the house. All part of your VIP treatment. Courtesy of the Club.

The Waitress leaves with a smile and a sexy wiggle. Richard and Justine sit down. They toast each other.

RICHARD
Their loss is our gain.

INT. DEVLIN'S TABLE - MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

The Waitress places a champagne tray on the table. She pours Devlin, Carl and Lucy a glass each.

WAITRESS
Champagne. On the house. All part of your VIP treatment. Courtesy of the Club.

The robotic waitress leaves the bottle, smiles and leaves.

Carl downs his glass. Pours himself another. He clinks Lucy's full glass with the bottle. Lucy pushes her glass aside.

LUCY
I'm really not in the mood. Maybe if we can get through this without anyone getting shot...

DEVLIN
No one's gonna get shot. We're just gonna sit through this shit-fest of a show, wait until everyone leaves and then we're gonna deal with any problems we have. Right, Cane?

Carl sneers. He guzzles down half his bubbly. He returns his glass to the table and frowns at Devlin.

CARL
Right.

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT**SUPER: ACT III**

The Host, dressed as an executioner, emerges from between the curtains to a crescendo of gloomy ambient horror music.

The music cuts. Host faces the audience.

HOST

It's time. Time for what you have
all come to see. Final warning.
It's not for the faint-hearted.

The curtains rise.

The stage is set like a torture chamber. Various menacing instruments. A sheet covers a tall, large block.

A mannequin lay spread-eagled across the base of a filled bathtub. Another sits with a tyre wrapped around its head.

HOST

In the good old days, criminals
felt the force of the law by
something known as flaying. We
can't afford to show you the exact
procedure. Budget cuts.

Host tips the mannequin into the bathtub. It SIZZLES as it mutates from plastic to mush and, finally, nothing at all.

HOST

We could only afford sulphuric
acid. A substance used by many
gangsters today. Pits dug, filled
with acid, the unlucky swimmer then
buried under mud or concrete. A
cheap way to be rid of unwanted
trash, but highly effective.

Host moves to the tyre-necked mannequin. He picks up a can of gasoline and douses the tyre.

HOST

Let's go to Africa. Not exactly the
home of human rights...

Host lights the tyre with a zippo. Flames engulf the mannequin's head, its face sizzles and melts.

HOST

...But it is most certainly home to
dishing out some painful
punishments.

A Stagehand extinguishes the flames.

Host moves to another device. The Rack. He turns a CRANK SOUND ENHANCED wheel as a mannequin slowly stretches apart.

HOST

One of the most famous instruments.
During interrogation, the prisoner
would have their internal organs
split apart turn by turn.

CRACKS and gut-wrenching SOUND EFFECTS boom from speakers.

The mannequin SPLITS apart -- fake blood and plastic organs fly from it's many orifices.

The audience gasp in horror -- then laugh in relief.

Host takes delight in teasing their torment. He's in his element. He heads to the covered block.

He whips away the sheet. A guillotine. Four mannequin heads trapped inside a block underneath the blade. Each face painted in make-up, numbers on their foreheads: 1,2,3,4.

HOST

I'm going to take a public vote. I
wanna see fingers, I wanna hear
voices. One, two, three or four.
Who gets the chop?

The frenetic audience obey their ringmaster. Their shouts and finger gestures are mixed, indecisive.

Host takes count as a couple of heads wobble in the block. Host gestures to the audience they've requested number one.

Host releases a rope. A segment of the blade drops -- slices number one's head off into a basket below.

Host picks the mannequin head out and holds it aloft.

HOST

Torture has always been a form of
entertainment. It's in our nature.

Host arranges an iron vice-like device on head number two. He places a bar under its chin and a cup over its head. He twists an attached lever several times -- the head pops, as two fake eyeballs burst into the laughing audience.

A necklace dangles from the neck of mannequin number three. Its eyes BLINK.

INT. DEVLIN'S TABLE - MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Lucy realizes who the last two mannequins resemble.

LUCY
That looks like...

INT. LUCY'S TABLE - MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

Richard and Justine gawk at the stage.

RICHARD
...Holly and Brian?

JUSTINE
...Holly and Brian?

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

Host places the head-crusher on the third mannequin's head. Beneath heavy make-up, drugged into docility, Brian's shocked eyes flick open.

HOST
I've always wanted to try this on something a little more lifelike.

Host twists the lever. Bar squeezes up, cap squeezes down.

Brian's teeth shatter as his head compresses. Blood oozes from his nose, ears and mouth. He releases a horrific SCREAM.

The audience CHEER, APPLAUD and LAUGH.

Host twists the lever with all his might.

Brian's eyes burst from their sockets, droop down his blood soaked cheeks, hanging loose by strains of veins.

Host twists further -- Brian's head is crushed to a pulp of mushy blood, skull fragments and scattered brain.

Mannequin #4, Holly, musters enough strength to SCREAM.

Host pulls the rope. Guillotine blade sweeps down. Holly's decapitated head rolls into the basket.

Host takes a breather as the audience applaud. He acknowledges them with a courteous bow.

A spotlight beams down on Host. He holds aloft Holly's decapitated head.

A massive CHEER from the blood baying audience.

INT. MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

An overhead spotlight beams onto Richard and Justine.

An overhead spotlight beams on Devlin, Lucy and Carl.

INT. MAIN STAGE/MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

Host drops Holly's head. He opens his arms invitingly.

HOST

And here we have our volunteers for
the final act.

Devlin stands up. He points his gun at the Host.

DEVLIN

Think again, fucknut.

Host's taken aback. The audience stunned into silence.

Carl stands beside Devlin. He pulls out his gun. He points it
around at the audience, backing Devlin up.

Lucy bites her nails. Shocked. Engrossed.

DEVLIN

(to Lucy)

That your friends over there?

Lucy nods. Devlin yells over to Richard and Justine.

DEVLIN

Get outta here!

Richard and Justine run for the lobby.

HOST

Oh, but wait. You're gonna miss the
best part.

DEVLIN

Shut the fuck up.

Host frowns at Devlin. Mumbles a low GROWL.

INT. LOBBY - CLUB - NIGHT

Empty. Quiet.

Richard and Justine burst through the black door. They run
through the lobby. Justine stops. Richard looks back.

RICHARD

Come on!

JUSTINE

Wait -- what about Brian and Holly?

RICHARD

They're fuckin' dead!

Justine leans against the wall. She's weak, dizzy.

RICHARD
What the fuck are you doing?

Richard wobbles on his feet.

RICHARD'S POV

Dizzy, disorientated. The bizarre art work moves and pulsates in 3-D. Sickly red and yellow colors merge together and run down the wall like liquid. Art work of a sinister waitress serving champagne stands out.

BACK TO SCENE

Richard collapses on the floor next to Justine.

Two shadows hover over their bodies.

Bouncer #1 and Bouncer #2 look down at Richard and Justine.
Both out cold.

BOUNCER #2
Bottoms up.

INT. MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

Lucy stands with Carl and Devlin.

The silhouetted audience rise from their seats.

HOST
I'd say the odds are stacked
against you.

Carl leads the group cautiously towards the lobby door, keeping the audience at bay with his gun. Devlin backs up the rear, protecting Lucy in the middle.

Carl slows down halfway across. Grabs his chest. Woozy, he leans on a table for support.

DEVLIN
Carl, man, what are you doing?

Carl sinks to his knees. Drops his gun.

DEVLIN
Carl!

Lucy looks at the champagne on the table.

LUCY
They drugged the drink.

DEVLIN

We've been set up from the start.

The lobby door bursts open. The two Bouncers enter inside.

Carl falls to the floor, out cold.

The two Bouncers move in on Devlin and Lucy.

Devlin and Lucy backtrack -- Devlin's hand trembles as he points his gun at the Bouncers.

A SLOW CLAP from the audience builds into a FRENZY. They chant and cheer as the Bouncers move in closer.

Devlin keeps the Bouncers back with his gun.

Host LAUGHS maniacally on his microphone. Tells a joke.

Lucy backs up against the steel handle-bar of a door. She tries to pull it open. It won't budge.

The Bouncers move in closer...

DEVLIN

(to Lucy)

Come on, come on!

Lucy pushes the steel bar. The door opens. Lucy and Devlin rush inside.

INT. CORRIDOR - CLUB - NIGHT

Devlin SLAMS the door shut. He slides a bolt in a lock.

Lucy and Devlin back away, checking their surroundings. Empty. Corridor walls resemble those on a bare soundstage.

Devlin keeps his gun aimed at the door.

DEVLIN

I must have one of those faces that makes motherfuckers wanna kill me.

LUCY

Why are they doing this to us?

DEVLIN

They suck people like us in -- so they can take people like us out.

LUCY

But why?

DEVLIN

How the fuck do I know?

(calms down)

(MORE)

DEVLIN (cont'd)

They don't get kicks like we do.
Maybe they're tired of watching
themselves on the screen. Maybe
this is their idea of
entertainment.

EXT. THE CLUB - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The two Bouncers stand guard. All is quiet. All is calm.

INT. CORRIDOR - CLUB - NIGHT

Lucy and Devlin run down the hallway. They reach the bottom.

INT. CORRIDOR JUNCTION - CLUB - NIGHT

Lucy and Devlin peek at two corridors. One on their left. One
of their right. Coast is clear.

INT. CORRIDOR - CLUB - NIGHT

Lucy and Devlin take the left turn. They run down the
hallway, passing several other corridors. They end up at a
solid wall. A dead end.

Lucy and Devlin backtrack. Choose a right turn. Another solid
wall. Another dead end.

Lucy and Devlin race down the hallway, moving into yet
another corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR #2 - CLUB - NIGHT

Dead end. Devlin and Lucy are at a loss what to do. Devlin
hits the wall in frustration.

LUCY

This place is a maze.

DEVLIN

Rats in a trap.

Devlin looks upwards. An air vent.

MOMENT LATER

Devlin gives Lucy a step up so she can pry the air vent open.

She pulls it. Pushes it. Either way, it's not opening.

LUCY

This ain't the movies.

Distant FOOTSTEPS.

Shadows of approaching figures at the top of the corridor.

Lucy and Devlin freeze. Both too scared to move.

TOP OF CORRIDOR

BUSINESSMEN walk past, miraculously not seeing them.

BACK TO SCENE

Lucy and Devlin breathe a sigh of relief. Devlin lets Lucy down to the floor. He takes out his gun.

LUCY

Don't shoot it! You're gonna make
too much noise!

Devlin unscrews the barrel -- revealing a corkscrew.

LUCY

Who are you -- James Bond?

DEVLIN

I brought it at a dime store.

LUCY

You're kidding me?

DEVLIN

Best money I ever spent.

LUCY

I thought you were some kind of
gangster?

DEVLIN

I just do what gets the job done.
You point a gun, people run.

MOMENT LATER

Lucy stands on Devlin's shoulders, his hands gripping her calves to help support her balance.

Lucy unscrews nails from the air vent with the gun-corkscrew.

LUCY

It's gonna take a while.

Devlin struggles to keep her squirming body aloft. He looks up -- red satin panties flash under her skirt.

DEVLIN
Just work at your own speed.

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

The Host has the audience in raptures of laughter.

HOST
Woman delivers baby. Doctor takes
said baby, starts smashing it
around the room. Mother freaks out,
held back by nurses, begging
"WHY!?". Doctor holds the baby
upside down by the ankle and says
"I'm just fucking with you, slut,
the bitch was born dead".

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - CLUB - NIGHT

Distant audience laughter echoes through the shaft. Devlin
leads Lucy as they crawl through the tight tunnel.

Devlin stops.

DEVLIN
(whisper)
Squeeze in next to me.

Lucy crawls to his side. They peer through an air vent at a
room below.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CLUB - NIGHT

Terrified, Justine and Richard sit in front of a lighted make-
up mirror. Hands tied behind their chairs. Mouths taped shut.

Both squirm as several nonchalant COSTUME DESIGNERS (CD's)
test various shades of make-up and compare costume design
samples against their skin.

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - CLUB - NIGHT

Devlin moves to mute Lucy with his hand -- but she ushers his
hand away. Not needed. Both whisper.

DEVLIN
I'm sorry about your friends.

LUCY
They're not my friends.
(beat)
I'm sorry about *your* friend.

DEVLIN

You *know* he ain't my friend... but
shit, no one deserves this.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CLUB - NIGHT

CD's apply make-up to their unwilling participants. Staple clothing samples to their legs to make better comparisons. Richard and Justine flinch in pain.

CD #1 smells something delicious cooking in the air.

COSTUME DESIGNER #1

Mmm... Doesn't that smell good?

INT. KITCHEN - CLUB - NIGHT

Dim den lit by sparse, flickering orange light. Pots and pans. Cutlery. Sharp knives. Butchering equipment.

Carl WHIMPERS.

CARL (O.S.)

Please, stop. Please.

Huge furnace. Fierce flames rage behind an iron gate.

A sweaty, muscular BUTCHER sharpens his blades on a spinning wheel. Sparks fly.

Shelves stacked with different types of sauces. Butcher's meaty, grubby hands grab a bottle labeled "SPECIAL SAUCE".

Butcher pours it over something that sizzles...

Carl SCREAMS.

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

Host stands before his adoring audience. He's got them eating out the palm of his hands.

HOST

Before we conclude our final act,
we dine on our special feast.

Stagehands lead out Carl -- spit-roasted, well-cooked, glazed like a pig in a mobile human sized oven.

Laughter and applause from the delighted, hungry audience.

HOST

I'm sure this will whet your
appetite for the grand finale.

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - CLUB - NIGHT

Lucy and Devlin watch the dressing room from above.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CLUB - NIGHT

Owner walks in with Bouncer #1.

He examines Richard and Justine. He checks their make-up. Seems satisfied. He turns to the CD's.

OWNER

You haven't got long so finish up.

COSTUME DESIGNER #2

How's the search going?

OWNER

(chortles)

The show must go on.

A slight RUMBLE above.

Silence.

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - CLUB - NIGHT

Lucy and Devlin freeze. Busted. They gaze at each other.

They peer down at the dressing room.

THROUGH AIR VENT

Owner clicks his fingers, points to Bouncer #1, then to the door. Bouncer #1 heads out of the dressing room.

Owner circles the silent room.

OWNER

All this is a big misunderstanding.
No one's really getting hurt out
there. It's just smoke and mirrors.
It's all just a big show...

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CLUB - NIGHT

Owner whips out a gun from his belt like an old fashioned cowboy and shoots the ceiling THREE times.

He tucks his gun back in his belt.

He turns to the nonchalant CD's. Nods at Justine and Richard.

OWNER
Get them on stage ASAP.

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - CLUB - NIGHT

Three dents protrude through the floor of the empty shaft.

FURTHER AHEAD

Lucy and Devlin crawl through the shaft in hurried fashion.

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

A small studio backdrop depicts a boxing ring. The Host -- dressed in a huge comical inflatable boxer body-suit -- prances about on stage.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Welcome ladies and gentlemen to the main event of the night. In the category of Fight To The Death here in The Club, presiding this match we have absolutely no judges whatsoever.

(beat)

Now in the left corner weighing God-knows-what, with a professional record of countless kills, the current Champion of the Club, from Hell itself but living in a nice apartment in Hollywood, please welcome the 'Hell-hound' Host.

Host salutes the applauding audience by banging his huge boxer gloves together.

Richard tumbles from stage right. He's dressed in a gigantic chicken outfit. Matching yellow make-up and webbed footwear. The audience laugh. Richard scrambles himself upright.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

His opponent in the right corner, from somewhere he'll never see again, and standing no chance whatsoever, please welcome Richard 'Dead-but-doesn't-know-it-yet' Davies.

The audience BOO.

INT. MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

The silhouetted audience frantically fill out betting slips. They hand them over to roaming BET COLLECTORS.

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

Richard flaps his heavy wing-like-arms as he struggles to move across the stage on gigantic chicken feet shoes.

A BELL rings.

The Host -- in comparison to Richard -- glides across the stage. He hits and pushes Richard over several times.

Stagehands lift Richard back up. No time for recovery.

Host circles the stage, laps up the audience's cheers. He darts behind the backdrop -- returns with a sledgehammer.

Richard can't even defend himself. Host hits his gut with the hammer, blow softened by the body-suit, but enough to send Richard spiralling on to his back.

Host darts behind the backdrop. Stagehands pick Richard up.

Host returns with a baseball bat.

Richard turns as Host swings the bat. It hits him in his side. Richard drops to the floor. That one made an impact.

Host hits him repeatedly on his back with the bat. Richard grimaces in humiliation. Host WHACKS him at the back of his head. This hit hurts.

HOST

Home run.

Host drinks in the cheers. He swipes feathers from the bat.

HOST

I believe this was autographed by
Babe Ruth. Kinda hard to tell now.

He throws the bat to the audience. A "lucky" member grabs it.

Stagehands pick up Richard. He shoos them away with his wings. He's had enough. He stands on his own.

RICHARD

(to Host)
Hey, asshole.

Host turns to Richard.

RICHARD

I see only one chicken shit on this
stage and it ain't the guy in the
yellow suit.

HOST

Are you proposing we fight fair?

RICHARD
What kind of man doesn't?

Host smiles devilishly. He begins to remove his costume.

RICHARD
Yeah, that's it fuckface. Now get
this goddamn shit off me so I can
put you in your fuckin' place.

HOST
Better do as he says or he might
lay an egg.

Stagehands begin to remove Richard's costume.

A zipper becomes stuck. The two stagehands try to force it.
The zip splits. The stagehands turn to each other. Smile.

RICHARD
Get this fuckin' thing off me.

Richard looks up. His eyes almost pop. Host, dressed in his
suit, walks towards him with a gleaming samurai sword.

Host pauses to talk with the audience.

HOST
I have it on good authority this is
a genuine Chikakage. Slices skin
and bone like ham and soft cheese.

Richard forces himself out of the half-open body-suit. The
Stagehands dash off stage.

HOST
However, I have also been told it's
just an unused prop from some old
Bruce Lee flick. Let's find out.

Host turns as Richard attacks -- only to stumble in his
chicken feet shoes. He falls on his back.

Host looms above Richard. Sword blade to his throat.

HOST
There's every possibility you might
have won a fair fight...

Host sinks the blade into Richard's throat. Draws blood.

HOST
...But in every fight there's a
winner...

Host twists the sword. Richard grabs hold of the blade --
blood leaks from his sliced palms as he gurgles up red.

HOST

...In every fight there's a loser.
It doesn't matter how it happens.

Host swiftly removes the sword with a twist -- slicing both Richard's hands in half in the process.

HOST

Just get the job done.

Host swings back the sword like a golf club.

RICHARD

NOOOOO!

Host swipes Richard's head clean off with the sword. His head lands somewhere in the cheering audience.

Host takes a gasoline can from behind the backdrop. He douses Richard's headless twitching body.

HOST

I read a story once. Not sure when,
not sure why. It was about a
chicken that lived eighteen months
after it's decapitation.

Host empties the gasoline can, tosses it aside.

HOST

I'm really not one to let an animal
suffer. I prefer a quick thrill
followed by a quick kill.

Host takes out his zippo lighter and a packet of cigarettes from his pocket. He lights a cigarette.

HOST

(introspective)
Kinda like the afterglow from sex.
Just gotta enjoy the rush for a
moment, know what I mean? Before
you deal with the bitch yappin',
and yappin' an' yappin'...

Host flicks the lighter on Richard's body. He steps back as the body burns. The audience cheer.

Host watches the flames, mesmerized.

He snaps back to reality, looks out at the cheering audience.

HOST

Anyone for barbecued chicken?

INT. CORRIDOR #2 - CLUB - NIGHT

Bouncer #1 and the Owner look up at the broken air vent.

Bouncer #1 picks up the busted hatch.

A smug smile creaks across the Owner's face.

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - CLUB - NIGHT

Devlin leads Lucy through the tunnel. Dead end. Devlin sighs. He punches the tunnel in frustrated anger. Lucy burrows her head in her hands.

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

A stagehand wheels out terrified Justine. She's strapped to a chair. Host runs fingers through her hair. Kisses her scalp.

INT. MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

Smiling waitresses give the audience three cards each.

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

Host takes centre stage. Addresses the audience.

HOST

Our next contestant, Justine, has an ambition to fulfil. She wants to be famous.

Audience sigh *OOHS* and *AAHS*: "How cute." "Delightful."

HOST

This audition will bring out the best in her. It's called, rather simply I must admit...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Audition For Your Life.

The audience clap and cheer. A crowd favorite.

HOST

Three rounds. You vote. I decide.

INT. MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

The audience check their luminous cards, sort them in order. The cards read: *GIVE A CHANCE, LOSE A LIMB, SNUFF*.

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

Host kneels beside terrified Justine.

HOST
OK, little lady. Round one.
Act a scene.

JUSTINE
What? What do you mean...?

HOST
Act a scene from a movie.

JUSTINE
From what? I don't understand...?

HOST
You have to be able to come up with
something, Justine. This is the job
you always wanted, right?

Justine cries.

JUSTINE
No... please let me go.

HOST
Ad lib. Reenact a scene. If anyone
recognizes it, they might see your
potential and give you a chance.

Justine blubbers.

HOST
I'll give you a countdown. When I
reach one, you deliver the best
goddamn reenactment you can.

Host and audience count down: 5...4...3...2...1

The spotlight beams on Justine.

JUSTINE
(struggles under pressure)
I'm selfish, impatient and a little
insecure. I make mistakes, I am out
of control and at times hard to
handle. But if you can't handle me
at my worst, then you sure as hell
don't deserve me at my best.

Spotlight turns to the crowd as they vote.

Host reads the cards, points them out to terrified Justine.

HOST

A few "Give A Chance"... a
"Snuff"... a "Lose A Limb"...oh,
look, another "Snuff".

Justine shakes, tries to free herself in a frenzied fit of fear. It fails. She falls back against the chair. Resigned tears drip down her cheeks. Host pats her head.

HOST

Marilyn Monroe. Color me surprised
you even know who she is. I guess
it suits the criteria. Well done.

INT. MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

The audience reveal their glow-in-the-dark cards. A unanimous vote: LOSE A LIMB

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

A stagehand wheels in a table full of sharp instruments.
Knives. Cleavers. Skewers. Scalpels. Axe. A black shoebox.

Host takes a meat cleaver from the table.

He chops off Justine's hand. Justine SCREAMS, shakes violently in her chair.

HOST

That's much better. Gesticulate
your actions. Now you're becoming
an actress. Understand the pain.
Become one with the experience.

MOMENTS LATER

Blood spurts from Justine's handless wrist. Stagehands cover it with duct tape. No consideration. She SCREAMS in pain.

Host tap dances to the sound of Justine's agony.

A bell RINGS.

HOST

Time for round two.

He returns to Justine. She looks up at him, terrified.

HOST

You're an after dinner speaker.
Someone that's travelled far and
wide, seen sights we could only
dream about. Let's hear it.

Host whispers into her ear.

HOST
No countdown this time. Spill it.

Justine struggles under pain and pressure.

JUSTINE
I...I can't just... come up with...

Host places his microphone to her mouth.

JUSTINE
Thank you all for coming...

Her struggling, squirming, painful reactions bring LAUGHTER from the audience. Justine looks shocked. Clueless innocence.

HOST
Very good. Very orgasmic, Justine.

INT. MAIN HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

The audience show their glow-in-the-dark cards. A close match between: *LOSE A LIMB* and *SNUFF*.

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

Host counts the cards.

HOST
Wow. You beat "snuff" by one card.
Someone out there loves you.

Host takes an axe from the table. Chops off Justine's foot. Host picks up her decapitated Louboutin heel -- foot included -- and tosses it into the crowd. Another freebie.

HOST
No more standing at the top of the table for you.

MOMENTS LATER

A bucket collects blood from Justine's leg. A bell RINGS. Host ruffles Justine's hair. Addresses the audience.

HOST
Round three. Time to hear the true sound of hell. A weeping angel.

Host brings his microphone to Justine's lips.

HOST
Sing, little angel, sing.

She -- *incredibly* -- sings a beautiful heartfelt song.

The audience are stunned into silence. She's good. Real good. A round of applause. Standing ovation.

The unanimous vote comes in: *SNUFF*.

HOST

You're gonna put plenty of people out of work showboating like that, honey. You don't just walk in someone's house and tell them how to decorate. It's a bit rude.

Justine SCREAMS. Tries to escape her binds. Fails. Cries.

HOST

Sorry, babe. Tough business.

Host turns to the black shoebox on the table. Opens the lid. Takes out a glass rose ornament.

Host taunts Justine with the rose. It's dagger-like base shines in the spotlight. Jagged edges coat its long stem.

Host thrusts the rose through Justine's pelvis. He slices upwards. Blood splatters the Host. Justine SCREAMS.

He rips the rose through her torso. The rose emerges from her shoulder. Justine's body splits apart in half.

Host turns to the applauding crowd, as blood flies like a geyser from Justine's shredded body.

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - CLUB - NIGHT

Lucy and Devlin crawl through the tunnel.

Light springs on underneath them.

They peer through an air vent at an office below.

INT. OWNER'S OFFICE - CLUB - NIGHT

Owner leads three briefcase carrying businessmen inside.

Owner sits at his desk. The businessmen sit opposite. KABUTO (Japanese), SMITH (British) and REBROV (Russian).

Host enters wearing a dressing gown. He sits at a dimly lit side table. He scrubs the remains of make-up from his face.

Owner pours the businessmen drinks from a tabletop decanter.

OWNER

Well, gentlemen, I hope you've been impressed by our show.

Kabuto slides his briefcase under the desk.

KABUTO

Most enjoyable.

Rebrov slides his briefcase under the desk.

REBROV

I would be interested in taking this franchise back to Russia.

Smith makes it a trio of cases under the desk.

SMITH

You can call tonight a success.

OWNER

Shall we share a toast?

They toast together. Sip their drinks.

SMITH

I'm sure we can find suitable adequate staff back home. However, I think I speak for all of us when I say we need someone experienced to somewhat supervise the project.

The trio look at Host. He snorts a long line of white powder through a rolled up twenty-dollar bill from his table.

HOST

As long as my wages, accommodation and air fares are taken care of, I'd be happy to oblige.

The trio nod. Acceptable terms. They turn back to the Owner.

REBROV

When will the finale take place?

Owner puffs his cigar. He gives the trio a reassuring smile.

OWNER

Some things take time.

KABUTO

There is no problem, is there?

OWNER

Think of it as the main act being a typical five star asshole. They keep their fans waiting for hours in the wind and rain.

(MORE)

OWNER (cont'd)

When they eventually show up, the fans go wild. They love them even more.

SMITH

Sometimes they don't show up at all.

Owner leans across his desk. Locks eyes with all three.

OWNER

At The Club, we guarantee they do.

He leans back in his chair, puffs his cigar.

OWNER

That's what makes us different. That's what makes us a class above any other shit-hole that tries to imitate us. They can't fulfill their promises. Here, this is Hollywood. We make the impossible happen. We can do anything. We can get away with murder.

The reassured trio smile. They toast each other again.

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - CLUB - NIGHT

Devlin and Lucy look at each other, concerned.

MOMENTS LATER

Devlin and Lucy crawl through the tunnel.

They reach an open air vent. The point where they entered the shaft. They've been roaming around in a circle.

DEVLIN

Back where we fuckin' started.

LUCY

We've gotta find another way out.

FURTHER DOWN

Someone watches Devlin and Lucy.

BACK TO SCENE

Devlin peeks through the air vent gap. Empty corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR #2 - CLUB - NIGHT

Devlin drops down from the air vent. He lands feet first on the floor. He looks ahead -- empty.

He looks up at Lucy, urges her to jump.

DEVLIN

Come on.

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - CLUB - NIGHT

Lucy peers over the edge of the gap. She bites her lip, unsure of the height.

LUCY

I can't do it.

DEVLIN

(whispers urgently)

Jump. I'll catch you.

Lucy struggles to settle on a suitable lowering position.

FURTHER DOWN

Someone darts towards Lucy.

Lucy turns -- eyes widen in fear, mouth ready to scream...

INT. CORRIDOR #2 - CLUB - NIGHT

Devlin keeps an eye on the top of the corridor.

He looks up at the air vent gap. No sign of Lucy.

DEVLIN

What the... Lucy?

He looks back to the top of the corridor. Empty. Looks back up at the air vent gap. Grows nervous.

DEVLIN

Lucy?

(little louder)

Lucy?

Silence.

DEVLIN

(loud)

LUCY!

Devlin's in several minds what to do. He makes a halfhearted jump for the gap. Chastises himself. He can't wait forever.

Devlin moves swiftly down the corridor. He reaches the top. Peeks out. Another long empty corridor looms.

INT. CORRIDOR #3 - CLUB - NIGHT

Devlin runs down the corridor.

He reaches a junction. Peeks out.

A long hallway to his left. To his right -- Bouncer #1 guards a door. A tempting green EXIT sign glows above it.

Devlin pulls his head back. Takes a breather. Thinks.

He takes out his corkscrew gag gun. Looks at it with despair.

He clutches the gag gun against his chest. Closes his eyes. Whispers a three second prayer.

He opens his eyes.

DEVLIN

Fuck it.

INT. EXIT DOOR CORRIDOR - CLUB - NIGHT

Devlin aims his gun at Bouncer #1 as he storms towards him.

DEVLIN

Give the gun up, homie!

Bouncer #1 remains motionless.

Devlin stops halfway, keeping Bouncer #1 in his sights.

DEVLIN

You dumb *and* deaf, nigga?

Bouncer #1 remains still as a statue.

BOUNCER #1

Give me a warning shot.

Devlin flinches. Not the response he expected.

Bouncer #1 picks up on Devlin's hesitation. He moves for a gun in his belt.

DEVLIN

HEY!

Devlin closes in a few footsteps further.

DEVLIN

Do you really wanna make me
redecorate these walls with your
brains?

Bouncer #1 pauses. His hands sink back to his sides.

DEVLIN

Reach the sky, you know the drill.

Bouncer #1 remains still. Devlin moves a step closer.

DEVLIN

You not only gon' be the dumbest
fool I ever saw but the deadest if
you don't make your fat ass move
out the way of the fuckin' door!

Bouncer #1 smiles knowingly.

BOUNCER #1

Bitch, you gotta be the dumbest
nigga I ever seen. You're
threatening a former FBI sniper
specialist with a fake gun.

Bouncer #1 whips out his gun and points it at Devlin.

Devlin sinks to his knees. Drops the gag gun. Throws his
hands behind his head in surrender.

DEVLIN

You got me, you got me!

Bouncer #1 grins as he stomps towards Devlin.

BOUNCER #1

Glad you got acting skills, bro.
There's an audience just dying to
see you.

He kicks Devlin's gag gun to the side.

BOUNCER #1

We got your cute lil' snow bunny.
Now we got you. You bitches gon' be
singing Ebony and Ivory like no one
ever heard before.

Devlin's hand discreetly moves down his head. He's positioned
the corkscrew through a hole in the back of his top.

Devlin's fingers struggle to retrieve the corkscrew from it's
hiding place.

Bouncer #1 closes in. He raises his fist...

Devlin's hand grips the corkscrew. He yanks it free.

Devlin thrusts the corkscrew into Bouncers #1's groin.

Bouncer #1 YELLS in pain. He drops his gun as he falls against the wall and slides down to the floor.

Devlin grabs the Bouncer's gun.

He kicks Bouncer #1 in his face, CRACKING his head against the wall.

Devlin runs for the exit. He opens the door.

Devlin turns back to see Bouncer #1. He writhes in agony.

DEVLIN

Tell 'em the show's cancelled.
Bitch.

Devlin exits, slams the door shut.

EXT. BACKYARD - CLUB - NIGHT

A small area contained by a chain-link fence. Freedom beckons in dark distant hills.

Devlin races across the yard. Climbs over the fence.

EXT. ENTRANCE ROAD - NIGHT

Devlin runs up the road, heads for the hills.

He slows down, adrenaline drained. He can hear the taunting BUZZ of electricity emanating from the Club's neon sign.

Devlin stops. Sighs. He looks back.

The Club. Shrouded in darkness. Neon sign. Shines bright.

DEVLIN

It ain't my business, man.

He crouches, massages his forehead. Contemplation.

DEVLIN

Cops get paid to play the hero.

He gets up. Moves towards the hills.

DEVLIN

"Excuse me officer, I need you to check out The Club." "Why's that?" "Celebrities are getting their rocks off watching people get tortured." Yeah, like they're gonna believe that. Probably lock my ass up, thinking I'm crazy and shit.

(MORE)

DEVLIN (cont'd)
They're probably in on it. They
ain't gonna help Lucy...

He stops. Sighs. Looks up at the starlit sky.

DEVLIN
You don't make things easy, homie.

Devlin heads back to The Club.

INT. EXIT CORRIDOR - CLUB - NIGHT

The exit door creeps open. Devlin cautiously enters inside.

Empty, quiet. A small trail of Bouncer blood.

Devlin gently closes the door.

He sneaks down the corridor, gun in hand.

INT. CORRIDOR #3 - CLUB - NIGHT

Bouncer #1 leans against the wall, talking on a walkie-talkie. He grips the bloody corkscrew in his hand.

BOUNCER #1
You never mentioned anything about
this. You said you had everything
under control.

INT. OWNER'S OFFICE - CLUB - NIGHT

Owner sits at his desk with a walkie-talkie in his hand.

OWNER
You knew the risks. Part of the
job. Grow some fuckin' balls.

INT. CORRIDOR #3 - CLUB - NIGHT

Bouncer #1 tosses the corkscrew to the floor.

BOUNCER #1
I don't get paid enough for this
type of abuse.

OWNER (V.O.)
(on walkie-talkie)
And I don't pay you to let the
talent run circles round you. Now
listen, we're taking things to
stage two. Proceed as instructed.

Bouncer #1 secures his radio in his belt. Cusses.

DEVLIN (O.S.)
Hey, pretty boy.

Bouncer #1 spins round.

Devlin hits him over his head with the gun handle. Bouncer #1 drops to the floor unconscious.

DEVLIN
Lights out.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CLUB - NIGHT

Three CDs and a female MAKE-UP ASSISTANT chatter. They're winding down, packing cases and preparing to leave. Job done.

Door BURSTS open.

The stunned crew turn to the door. They back away, shocked.

Devlin enters, gun in hand.

He back-kicks the door. Door rebounds open. Devlin back-kicks it again. Shuts.

DEVLIN
Where's the girl?

Silence.

Devlin points his gun at various faces around the room.

DEVLIN
Where's Lucy? Where is she?

The crew giggle. Giggles turn to stunted laughter.

DEVLIN
You think this is funny? You freaks
think I'm playing a fuckin' game?

Movement in the mirror's reflection. Devlin double-takes. A stagehand creeps behind him with a raised baseball bat.

Devlin turns, aims and pulls the trigger. BANG!

Stagehand falls spectacularly to the ground.

Make-up assistant squirts Devlin in the face with hair-spray.

Devlin backs away, blinded.

Devlin shoots. BANG!

Make-up assistant falls dramatically over the dressing table, her body crushing an assortment of make-up, creating a thick cloud of multi colored powder in the air.

Devlin rubs his eyes clear.

The three CD's stay back against the wall. Terrified.

Devlin dusts himself down. Literally.

DEVLIN

What's wrong with you people? Why
are you doing this?

The three CD's huddle together like mocking witches, the
cloud of make-up powder replicating mist.

COSTUME DESIGNER #1

You're being prepared.

DEVLIN

Prepared for what?

COSTUME DESIGNER #2

The final act.

The threesome GIGGLE like taunting schoolgirls.

Devlin stares at the trio, aims his gun at the mirror. Fires
a warning shot. BANG!

The trio GIGGLE.

COSTUME DESIGNER #3

You're gonna go on a blind date
show. It's gonna be killer!

Devlin points his gun at the giggling CD's.

DEVLIN

And you're going on a game show
called six feet fuckin' deep. The
rules are pretty simple. I ask a
question. You answer. Failure to
comply means a bitch ending up in a
ditch. Now, for the last fuckin'
time, where is Lucy?

COSTUME DESIGNERS

(all three together)

With the owner.

Devlin snatches a set of keys from the table. Mirror intact.

He heads to the door. Turns back to the smirking make-up
powder covered trio. He shakes his head. Dismay.

Devlin steps outside the room, closes the door.

The trio smile. Nudge each other. Giggle.

INT. CORRIDOR - CLUB - NIGHT

Devlin locks the dressing room door. He leans against the wall. Slides his hand over his face. Distraught. Pumped.

He sneaks down the corridor.

Ceiling lights flicker.

Devlin stops. Dread.

The lights go out.

Darkness.

Approaching FOOTSTEPS.

Devlin crouches behind a water cooler.

Footsteps stop.

Silence. Devlin listens intensely.

Two muscular hands grip Devlin's shoulders. He's thrown against the wall. Devlin falls to the floor in pain.

Bouncer #2 looms over him.

He grabs Devlin, picks him up and throws him against a door --

INT. LOBBY - CLUB - NIGHT

-- a door in the hallway bursts open as Devlin hurtles into the middle of the corridor. He lands on the floor, dazed.

Bouncer #2 emerges at the door with a menacing grin.

Devlin looks to the entrance. Guarded by Bouncer #1.

He turns to the main lobby. It's crowded with delighted onlookers. Smith, Kabuto and Rebrov coo in delight at the spectacle as they sip champagne.

Devlin struggles to his feet. Bouncer #2 GRABS him.

Bouncer #2 throws him further down the hallway.

Devlin tumbles down a small set of steps. He scrambles to his feet opposite the door labeled "MAINTENANCE".

Bouncer #1 and Bouncer #2 stride menacingly towards him.

Devlin opens the door. He rushes inside.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRCASE - CLUB - NIGHT

Devlin stumbles down the staircase. He reaches the bottom.

INT. BASEMENT - CLUB - NIGHT

Devlin SLAMS the door behind him. He scampers into the dark.

Guided by miniscule light from glow-in-the-dark props, Devlin notices the two large Jack-in-the-boxes and the coffin prop. A clothes rack full of assorted costumes.

MOMENT LATER

The door opens. Bouncer #1 and Bouncer #2 enter inside.

Bouncer #2 flicks the wall switch. Ceiling lights blaze on.

The Bouncers split up and search the basement.

Bouncer #1 moves towards the clothes rack. He inspects various costumes. Something takes his eye. Something lay on the floor hidden in clothes behind the rack -- body shape of a human... human face...

He spreads the costumes apart and lunges inside -- to find another rack full of mannequins. His targeted victim is a fallen dummy half-covered by a fallen costume.

He turns his back, regains his composure and radios in.

BOUNCER #1

He's split. Gonna need to go to stage three.

Behind Bouncer #1, a FOOL COSTUME comes to life. Its curly tailed shoes step from the rail -- Devlin's adrenaline pumped wide eyes beam underneath a hideous mask.

Devlin whacks the handle of his gun over Bouncer #1's head.

Bouncer #1 slowly turns to face Devlin. Frowns. He shouts out to Bouncer #2.

BOUNCER #1

Yo, he's here!

Bouncer #1 steps towards Devlin.

BOUNCER #1

I'm gonna fuck you up.

Devlin aims his gun towards him. Bouncer #1 moves in.

Devlin pulls the trigger. BANG!

Bouncer #1 stumbles back gripping his chest. He drops to his knees. He sways. He collapses to the floor.

MOMENTS LATER

Bouncer #2 finds Bouncer #1's body.

His eyes search the room. The costume rack. A collection of stage props.

Bouncer #2 walks to the coffin prop. He opens the lid. The coffin is filled with bubble wrap.

He angrily kicks one of the two Jack-in-the-boxes.

BOUNCER #2

Ain't no time to be fuckin' about, Jack. Shit's got serious. You see that motherfucker, just do him. No more scare tactics. None of this jumpin' outta fuckin' boxes type shit. Straight up kill.

Bouncer #2 opens the Jack-in-the-box. Empty. He opens the other Jack-in-the-box. Empty. He slams both lids down.

Bubble wrap rises from the coffin -- Devlin (out of costume) appears from beneath.

Devlin rushes behind Bouncer #2. He covers his face with the bubble wrap. Bouncer #2's disoriented.

Devlin wraps his arm around his throat, trying to bring him down. Bouncer #2 lowers -- then springs up, taking Devlin up with him.

Bouncer #2 struggles for air as he tries to dislodge Devlin from riding him piggyback.

Bouncer #2 backs up against the wall. Devlin feels the impact, just about manages to keep his balance, but his gun dislodges from his waist and falls to the floor.

Bouncer #2 overthrows Devlin to the floor.

He tears the bubble wrap from his face, breathes in some much needed air. Devlin crawls back, struggles to get to his feet.

Devlin notices Bouncer #1's body. His gun lay nearby. Bouncer #2 reads his mind. He runs for Devlin.

Devlin crawls to the gun. He grabs it. Points it at Bouncer #2 as he closes in on him.

Devlin fires several times. BANG! BANG! BANG!...

Bouncer #2 drops dramatically to the floor.

Devlin breathes a sigh of relief.

MOMENT LATER

Bouncer #2's walkie-talkie CACKLES.

OWNER (V.O.)
(on radio)
What's going on down there?

Devlin takes the radio. He tries to imitate Bouncer #2's gruff voice.

DEVLIN
Problem solved.

Devlin waits anxiously for a response.

OWNER (V.O.)
Good. Get back in position. Show starts in five.

DEVLIN
Copy that.

OWNER (V.O.)
On your way up, get me a bottle of Moët and a side dish of oysters. I'm in a feisty mood.

Devlin eyes a tuxedo.

DEVLIN
I'll make sure you get it.

INT. OWNER'S OFFICE - CLUB - NIGHT

Owner compiles paperwork at his desk.

The door bursts open.

Tuxedoed Devlin enters, gun pointed at the flabbergasted Owner. Paperwork slips from his fingers to the floor.

DEVLIN
Oh, sorry. Did I forget to knock?

Devlin kicks the door shut.

DEVLIN
Where's Lucy?

OWNER
(astonished)
You came back... for the girl?

DEVLIN

Where is she? I won't ask again.

OWNER

She's due on stage. Anytime now.

Owner looks Devlin up and down. Admires him.

OWNER

My, my, my. You really are a modern day knight in shining armor.

Devlin frowns. This guy's a nut.

OWNER

The hero returns to rescue his damsel in distress. Very nice. Not particularly original but, hey, this is Hollywood.

Devlin storms to the desk. He aims his gun at Owner's head.

DEVLIN

What the fuck is wrong with you people? This ain't no film you're directing. This is real life.

OWNER

Life imitates art. Art imitates life. After all, aren't we all just actors playing out scenes directed by a higher power?

Devlin cocks his gun.

DEVLIN

Oh, fuck you--

Owner holds his hands up in surrender.

OWNER

Listen to me. Just hear me out.

Devlin stares at him. Irritated, but curious.

OWNER

Fame comes at a price. Superstars aren't born everyday. It takes a special breed. Fame exists because of these stars, it needs them to survive. In return, stars need fame to keep their fire lit. Without each other, our universe would become nothing but a black hole.

DEVLIN

You're about to get a black hole in your dome --

OWNER

I can make you a star. You have an inner quality, a spirit that glows bright, brighter than any other. I can make you a very rich man.

Owner relaxes his surrender stance.

DEVLIN

I'm the one with the gun, and you're giving me a choice?

OWNER

I'm making you an offer. An opportunity people would kill for.

DEVLIN

I'll tell you what's up. We're both going on stage. You're gonna call this freak-show off right now --

Owner opens his desk drawer -- pulls out a gun -- aims at Devlin. Fires. BANG!

Devlin stands, stunned. He's not hit. Owner gulps, eyes wide, frozen in his shooting poise.

Devlin shoots back.

Owner grabs his chest, falls back into his chair, slides and collapses to the floor.

Devlin looks up, as if to give thanks to God, and breathes a huge sigh of relief.

DEVLIN

Some people just get lucky.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

Devlin creeps through a tight, vacant corridor. Curtains cover both walls. Scattered cables litter the floor. Audience LAUGHTER bellows beyond the stage curtain.

Devlin peeks through a gap in the drapes.

THROUGH GAP

Host, suit and clown make-up, gallivants around the stage, followed by a spotlight. Lucy sits tied to a chair.

Devlin eyes the source of the spotlight up in the gantry.

INT. STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

Host toys with Lucy's hair mid-joke.

HOST
(delivers punchline)
...and then I saw it was mother!

AUDIENCE LAUGHTER.

Spotlight beams bright on the Host. Host grimaces, shields his eyes. He looks up at the unseeable spotlight controller.

HOST
Turn the light down... turn the
fuckin' light down!

Devlin stands in the gantry, controlling the spotlight.

Host grits his teeth. Stunned. Speechless.

INT. GANTRY - CLUB - NIGHT

Devlin directs the spotlight on the Host. The regular CONTROLLER lay unconscious on the gantry floor.

DEVLIN
I'm a good aim from this range.
I've had a lot of recent practice.

INT. STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

Host looks backstage left. Dark. Empty. He looks backstage right. Dark. Empty. No stagehands. He looks lost what to do.

Unnerved concerned WHISPERS spread throughout the audience.

INT. GANTRY - CLUB - NIGHT

Devlin keeps the spotlight on Host.

DEVLIN
Show's over, *Coco*.

INT. STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

Host frowns, releases a low menacing growl. Upstaged.

HOST
You want the bitch?

He dashes behind Lucy. Wraps his arms around her. Smirks.

HOST
You come down and get her.

INT. GANTRY - CLUB - NIGHT

Devlin steadies the spotlight on Lucy and Host.

He cautiously steps down a ladder leading to the floor. Every step ECHOES -- such is the silence from the audience.

INT. STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

Devlin enters the stage. He points his gun at Host.

DEVLIN
Untie her.

HOST
What's the magic word?

Devlin aims above the audience. Fires a warning shot. BANG!

DEVLIN
You just heard it.

Host unties Lucy.

HOST
Careful now...

Host smirks at Devlin.

HOST
...you're gonna run out of bullets
at this rate.

Devlin looks out at the audience with disgust. Strange. No movement. No noise. Just darkness.

HOST
That's a six bullet gun. This ain't
the movies. You don't get an
infinite amount of ammunition.

Devlin pauses for thought -- *How many shots have I fired?*

Lucy, free, runs to Devlin. She hugs him tight, near to tears. Devlin puts a protective arm around her.

Devlin aims his gun at Host. Host shrugs. Smiles.

APPLAUSE from the audience -- unauthentic, tinny, fake -- echoes from speakers.

Spotlight beams on Devlin and Lucy, blinding them.

Host has vanished.

The spotlight shines onto the audience.

It's a backdrop. Only the first few rows have real seats, occupied by several mannequins.

A mocking LAUGH TRACK plays over the speakers.

Devlin looks up at the gantry. The previously unconscious spotlight controller back at the helm.

Devlin looks at his gun. Crestfallen.

Words printed across the underside of the gun: REPLICIA

Devlin throws his gun to the floor. Breaks like plastic.

LUCY

What's going on?

A WHIRLING sound behind them.

Devlin and Lucy, filled with dread, turn around.

INT. MAIN STAGE - CLUB - NIGHT

The curtain rises.

Devlin and Lucy stand before the original silhouetted audience. The real audience.

A round of APPLAUSE. Dead roses are thrown on stage.

HOST (O.S.)

What did you expect? This is
Hollywood.

Host enters stage left to a rapturous applause. Owner enters stage right to similar praise. Both bow to the audience.

Devlin and Lucy stand centre-stage, stunned. Devlin's devastated and demoralized. *What the fuck is going on?*

Make-up assistants and Costume designers enter on stage. Bouncer #1. Bouncer #2. They bow to the applauding audience.

Stagehands slide an artistic wall mosaic across the backdrop. It features hundreds of assorted mutilated body parts from Justine, Richard, Brian, Holly. Burnt Carl leftovers.

The gap between Devlin, Lucy and the ever growing "stars of the show" shrinks. Lucy grips Devlin's hand.

LUCY

Hanging around for the encore?

DEVLIN
Do we have a choice?

LUCY
No.

Lucy runs towards the edge of the stage, drags Devlin along.
They both jump off the stage.

INT. STAGE PIT - CLUB - NIGHT

Lucy and Devlin land in a narrow pit.
They pick themselves up. Lucy runs towards a distant door.

LUCY
Come on!

Devlin runs after her.

Lucy reaches the door. Tries to pull it open. Won't budge.
She panics. Devlin catches up with her. They both look back.

BOOS rage from the audience.

Several stagehands climb down from the stage into the pit.
They run after Devlin and Lucy.

Devlin nudges Lucy aside. He pushes the blood-rusted security
bar of the door. It's stuck tight, probably never been used.

Tool wielding stagehands edge nearer, screaming anger.

Devlin forces the bar of the door. It CREAKS... and releases.
The door opens.

EXT. CLUB STAFF CAR PARK/ PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Devlin slams the door shut. Blocks it with a couple of nearby
propane cannisters.

Devlin and Lucy step back. Eyes locked on the door...

The door opens ajar. The cannisters work. A PUNCH hits the
door from inside. Fails. Another PUNCH. Several KICKS. Fails.

Lucy grasps Devlin's shoulder.

LUCY
Come on. We don't have much time.

MOMENTS LATER

Devlin and Lucy roam the car park. A huge area filled with expensive vehicles. Lucy scans the area with diligent eyes.

Devlin takes a breather. Exhausted.

DEVLIN

This can't be happening. It's too fucked up, man.

LUCY

It's happening. We gotta find a car. We ain't outta shitville yet.

Lucy runs further into the car park, determined to locate a particular vehicle. Preferably one that is unlocked.

Devlin follows.

DEVLIN

Maybe they used props, realistic props the whole time? Maybe this is all like some sick candid camera type shit?

LUCY

You can't fake what they did.

Lucy leads Devlin through a maze of cars. She tries various doors to see if they will open. She seems to know what she's looking for. Her fingers barely graze some; others she doesn't even bother with. Very selective.

DEVLIN

I can't believe it was a fake gun. How the hell did I not know the difference?

Lucy stops. Pissed. She looks at Devlin. She's cold. Calm.

LUCY

It looked authentic. But yeah, you should have known the difference by either the weight or the kick.

Lucy tries another car door. A red Chevrolet. It opens.

DEVLIN

You a gun expert all of a sudden?

Lucy rummages around inside the car.

She pulls out a gun. Points it at Devlin.

LUCY

People don't fly twenty feet when they get shot.

Devlin looks at her, confused.

Lucy shoots him.

Devlin falls to the ground.

LUCY
They just drop dead.

She blows the tip of the gun, movie style, cold as ice.

INT. OWNER'S OFFICE - CLUB - NIGHT

Owner relaxes at his desk. Mile-wide smile. Lit cigar in his mouth. Flicks through paperwork. A near empty bottle of Moët sits by a half-eaten dish of oysters.

Lucy, gleeful and optimistic, sits opposite.

Host -- dressing-gown, slippers and half-removed make-up -- snorts lines of cocaine at his dimly lit nearby table.

The door opens.

Max struts inside. Host sarcastically CHEERS his arrival.

Lucy looks behind. She smiles. Max kisses her cheek. He sits next to her.

MAX
Good show?

Lucy nods.

MAX
Heard the script got a little outta hand. Ran things close this time.

Owner doesn't even acknowledge him. He's too busy.

HOST (O.S.)
Max. It never gets out of hand.

OWNER
What you *hear* and what *happens* are completely different fuckin' things. You should know this by now, Maximus.

Max lights a cig. Smiles. Pours himself a glass of bubbly.

OWNER
However...

Owner puts down his paperwork. Smiles at Lucy. He passes her a large envelope bursting at the seams with cash.

OWNER

We wouldn't have been able to pull off this show without our glittering star of the night. Aptitude, attitude, willingness to fight to the very end. Perfection.

Lucy accepts the package with a demure smile.

LUCY

Thank you.

OWNER

You've definitely proven yourself. One of the best god-damn performances I've seen in a long time. You've got a bright future ahead of yourself, kid.

Owner winks. Lucy smiles. Max grins. All three toast each other with glasses of champagne.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD THEATRE - RED CARPET - DAY

Opening night at a glamorous movie premiere. Star studded event. Cameras flash. Barrier barred fans cheer their idols and worship-scream their presence on the red carpet.

Lucy appears. She's glamorous, beautiful, sensational.

A JOURNALIST calls over to Lucy as she catwalks across a crescendo of camera flashes and hoopla.

JOURNALIST

Lucy! Could you please give us just a moment of your time, we're live on air and loads of fans have tuned in to see you!

Lucy smiles delightfully and obliges. Butter wouldn't melt.

JOURNALIST

Lucy -- your rise to the pinnacle of Hollywood has been a remarkable success story. I'm sure your legion of fans, all watching at home, will be wondering just how did you get your big break in Hollywood and what advice can you give them?

Lucy delivers a million dollar smile, every subtle movement oozes with charisma and elegance.

LUCY

Make sure you don't get stepped on.
Be the hunter. Not the hunted.

FLASHBACK

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Towel-draped Lucy stands with the telephone to her ear.

LUCY

Oh hey... You must be Max, right?

MAX (V.O.)

(on phone)

Last time didn't quite work out.
Not your fault. These things
happen. You've tried to get in the
business before. I'm curious if
you've tried this method before?

Lucy looks on edge. This call means a lot to her.

LUCY

Have I done this kinda thing
before? Sure! But I never really
got anything out of it.

She hangs on as she listens intently to his reply.

MAX (V.O.)

Sex and death go together. Plan is
as always. Meet up. Spot some
marks. Fake an argument. Spider
lures the flies. Before we meet,
I'd want to know a little about
you. Just so I can beef up my act.

LUCY

I'm a uni student by day, waitress
by night... Gotta pay the bills.

MAX (V.O.)

Perfect. I'll play the arrogant
sexist playboy asshole. You play
the naive out-of-town little girl.
I'll do most of the nasty work. You
just react naturally. A face slap
is always good to draw suckers in.

Lucy twiddles with her hair. She grows more relaxed.

MAX (V.O.)

I'm gonna be honest. I'm seriously
money motivated. You look cute,
have a brain, gotta lot of
potential.

(MORE)

MAX (V.O.) (cont'd)

You can make a lot of money with those two things out here. I hear these guys offer great opportunities in the legal world. You know how much shit these celebrities get in? They always need a top class lawyer to get them out. We can provide assurances on most cases, positive results that will build your profile.

Lucy laughs at mystery caller's retort.

LUCY

I know there's money to be made from the business. Especially law. That's my only interest in them.

MAX (V.O.)

They try and be as creative as possible baring in mind this is like the sixty-first show or something. It's always pretty brutal. Expect to get blood soaked.

Lucy smiles at the reply.

LUCY

That would be great! What day works for you?

MAX (V.O.)

Friday's always work. So many choices. This week?

LUCY

What time?

MAX (V.O.)

Six? We can meet up early, practise our routine. Maybe have a couple of drinks, spot a few potentials.

LUCY

Yeah, that's perfect.

MAX (V.O.)

If the show lasts the distance, find the red chevy in the car lot. It's got a gun below the seat. Just pull the trigger. Last resort.

Lucy hangs up her phone. She wanders to her bedroom.

LUCY

Here we go again.

LUCY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Covered in posters, pictures, clippings of celebs. She's totally obsessed by fame and celebrity.

The TV show on is now the one she's being interviewed by.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. HOLLYWOOD THEATRE - RED CARPET - DAY

Lucy postures as the Journalist asks her one last question.

JOURNALIST

Any advice you can pass to your fans out there that dream of following in your spectacularly awesome high-heeled shoes?

Lucy smiles.

LUCY

It helps if you know someone in the business. Be it a friend, a friend of a friend or even just the doorman at a club, you know? You gotta get your foot in the doorway somehow. But one day, you're gonna have to prove yourself. You're gonna have to show you have what it takes. Talent wins in the end.

JOURNALIST

Thank you so much for giving us your valuable time.

Lucy smiles, waves delicately and walks off to the next interview. She looks back.

FREEZE

Lucy's ice cold eyes pierce the screen.

FADE TO BLACK