

LADY PARTS

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. MULTIPLE STRIP CLUB DRESSING ROOMS, EARLY 2000'S

CLOSE ON: Various body parts of three coeds (MOLLY, KRISTEN, JANE) are cut into a sexy, fun montage while they dress.

Each prepares by putting on tube-tops, lipstick, glitter, stockings, ect. Still not revealing their entire faces or bodies, they walk to the stage as other dancers take notice.

As the girls reach their respective showrooms, it's apparent they're all stage virgins based on the fear brought out by the spotlight. No turning back- the DJs shout their intros.

DJ #1

Welcome to the stage, Splitfire!

DJ #2

Give it up for, White Powder?!

DJ #3

26, your cheese sticks are ready.

Similar dubstep tracks blare as they strut false confidence.

MOLLY awkwardly flails her thin legs. KRISTEN now near tears, grinds her back against the pole. Panicing, JANE poorly mimics another dancer on stage.

This continues as they look foolish waiting out their time.

Molly sticks to her made-up moves. Kristen begins to actually cry and dance. Jane continues to stealthily copy the other dancer while moving closer to her and clients flashing cash.

For her finale, Molly attempts pole dancing. Kristen performs a lap dance to a man she's throttling, but sobbing onto him.

Jane is now so close she accidentally hits the dancer off of the stage; afraid, she casually flees backstage.

Surprising herself, Molly is able to wrap her legs around the pole while upside down. She actually smiles while attempting to dismantle her top, and the small crowd now shows interest.

With blood and nerves rushing to her head, Molly's smile fades and she's unable to control her vomit. The patrons get disgusted as she can only grin as her legs unhook and falls.

SUPER: 10 YEARS LATER

INT. OFFICE, DAY

Molly is now a thirty-year old business woman conducting a meeting with six other yuppies in similar power suits. Her spunky blonde hair is the only life in the room.

MOLLY

I feel I need to thank you... You all played a part in the dreams from my first night of guilt-free sleep. Even if it did get weird.

The team members are unamused.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I may be sorry for the other teams, but believe me, we deserved this.

She rolls cans of champagne down the table to no takers.

DANE

Do we have to drink those?

MOLLY

I can't make you drink champagne.

SYDNEY

Did you know the Board is meeting?

MOLLY

For what we've got, they should be fine with us smoking crack in here.

The team quietly packs up and leaves. Molly drinks alone.

CUT TO: Molly's dark cubical as her cell phone rings.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

(Concerned)

Hey, how did it go?... How long?... Alright, it could be worse. Can you tell him about the new position?

She hides her worry as an executive (ZACH, 20's) approaches.

ZACH

Hey Molly, could you get your team?

MOLLY

Helen, I have to call you back... They're right next to you, Zach.

The entire team is shown working directly beside him.

ZACH

Management just asked me to express the excitement on the new signing.

MOLLY

They actually got it right now.

ZACH

It goes without saying, you will be key in friending their affiliates.

MOLLY

Nimmo Research won't have any Zach.

ZACH

In yet another great eleventh hour vetting process, we nabbed GFY!

The team goes off Zach's energy and gets excited at the news.

MOLLY

Exactly when is our announcement?

ZACH

Don't think this was personal, they'll need more time to evaluate.

MOLLY

No. I personally lost my all my time to get a real, great company!

DANE

I'm confused, is it bad?

MOLLY

Its a demotion. We'll be lucky cold calling and blowing politicians.

ZACH

It is what it is. And it is right.

MOLLY

I'll find out what it really is.

Molly quickly walks away.

ZACH

Where are you going?!

She runs to the boardroom and gets the office's attention.

Opening the door she scans eight older men at a long table. They notice her bust in, but remain silent. At the head is the CHAIRMAN, 80's assisted by wheelchair and an oxygen tank.

MOLLY

Hey guys! I'll let you get back to your quarterly circle jerk, but us peasants need some answers first.

CHAIRMAN

(To the Board)

What is this?

MOLLY

Who is reneging on the client my team, that I, worked on for years?

CHAIRMAN

Our partners are not comfortable working with that industry... It would take away from our devotion to our more, diversified customers.

MOLLY

Do you know who I'm talking about?

CHAIRMAN

(Cold)

It doesn't matter.

Molly's boiling blood moves her closer to him.

MOLLY

Okay... Let's forget how you fucked this up; just say we'll make the best business and human decision.

CHAIRMAN

Get security for Miss...

MOLLY

Oh, what's my name? Did you forget the handie at the Christmas party?

The Chairman looks at Molly quizzically for a moment.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Jesus, Gross! You think I did that?

CHAIRMAN

Someone get her out of here!

MOLLY

Maybe with the right enhancement?

Molly grabs a stapler off the table and fashions it into her pants and moves closer to the Chairman. He can only grasp his oxygen mask as she thrusts the object across his face.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Remember me now? Come on! What is
it? Say my name; say it Krang!

She continues grinding even while being held back by other executives. He then suddenly tips and falls onto the ground.

INT. BAR, NIGHT

Molly sits with Jane at the bar of a hip restaurant as a drink is being poured for her by the bartender, Kristen.

JANE
No way! Did you kill him?

MOLLY
I don't think so. But I was being
fed the boots a little too fast.

Kristen starts to laugh, making Molly uncomfortably do so.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
What, no! It can't be funny.

KRISTEN
I'm sorry, it was meant to be.

MOLLY
I can fix this. My boss was shanked
and now the other guy is our VP.

JANE
Then I'd leave apologizing open.

KRISTEN
I wouldn't take that shit for ten
minutes, much less ten years.

A handsome bartender, JOSH (mid-30's) interrupts.

JOSH
Kris, what goes into a Daiquiri?

KRISTEN
What?... Oh, hey Josh, this is
Molly on her thirtieth birthday.

MOLLY
It was actually two weeks ago; but
every woman should relive that.

JANE
She's been out of town for awhile.

JOSH

Very cool. Sorry, I'm in the zone.

Kristen walks Josh back to the barflies.

JANE

I know you don't like when I bring it up, but how is your Dad?

MOLLY

(Regrettably annoyed)
He's good, thanks. But I can't think about what today will mean.

JANE

Alright... Sounds good to me.

Molly turns to see a six month old child (SOPHIE) in a baby bourn next to her, held by a man in his late thirties (HANK).

JANE (CONT'D)

Sophie picked you up something.

MOLLY

Oh, thank you baby Sophie!

HANK

Happy birthday, Molly.

MOLLY

Thanks. Why are you dressed up?

HANK

Is it okay if I tell her?

MOLLY

What?

HANK

We're checking out the S-Block.

KRISTEN

Really?

MOLLY

I'd assume you'd seen it by now.

JANE

Hank's boss had to go after hearing we're just so close with the owner.

HANK

I'm not happy about it, but I can't afford to be the office buzz-kill.

KRISTEN

There's other filth you can go to.

MOLLY

I swear, its alright with me now.

JANE

Okay, text me when you drop her off at your parents... Love you, bye.

HANK

Have fun.

JANE

You too... But not really.

Hank takes Sophie off Molly's arms and leaves the bar.

MOLLY

Did I not tell you he called like five times in the past month?

JANE

Who, Clint? Why?

MOLLY

I didn't answer but he has to talk.

KRISTEN

No, he needs more of your money to support bigger hookers and coke.

JANE

All that from he has to talk? She hasn't seen him in five, six years.

MOLLY

It was out of nowhere, and just had my interest for a second. Pathetic.

CUT TO: The women drinking more as time passes quickly.

JANE

I should be getting home.

MOLLY

Wait, when's Hank coming back?

JANE

Who knows.

MOLLY

What if we went to check on him?

KRISTEN

You can't honestly want to see him.

MOLLY

It's weird I've never seen it. I'm not even sure I know where it is.

JANE

Obviously I trust Hank, but it might not hurt. Is this OK to wear?

MOLLY

Or should I go home to do a resume? Or see if I'm capable of anything.

JANE

It depends if you need closure.

MOLLY

You're right... What do you think?

KRISTEN

This whole thing's retarded. But only if you ask like Josh to come.

MOLLY

... Oh God, fine.

Molly stumbles over to Josh taking off her wedding ring.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

We have a cab coming.

JOSH

Awesome.

MOLLY

I mean, we're off to a club. But they wanted to know if you escort?

JOSH

Umm, we're playing a show later.

MOLLY

You're in a band!?

JOSH

Yeah, these are the times we can get gigs. Check us out afterwards.

Molly smiles but doesn't answer as a large, tattooed woman (RITA) approaches the bar. Josh appears to know her.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Hello there; what can I get you?

RITA
You know what I want, bitch.

Rita exposes her hand to reveal long fingernails as she swipes them across Josh's face. Molly moves back in shock as his face starts to slightly bleed from the scratches.

Molly is confused as Rita leaps over the bar and starts to make out with Josh. She stands awkwardly as they continue.

MOLLY
Alright.

JOSH
I'm sorry, this is Gatekeeper Rita.

Rita stares up and down Molly, making her uncomfortable.

MOLLY
There you go; good luck with this.

JOSH
Stop by the Sadist RV on Fairfax!

Molly quickly exits the bar where her friends are laughing.

MOLLY
Keep walking; don't look at them.

EXT. STREET, LATER

While trying to find S-Block strip club, the cab drops off the women onto a dark street based on the provided address.

KRISTEN
Where the hell is it?

MOLLY
Sorry sir, this is a real mistake.

The driver turns his "Off-Duty" light on and drives away.

KRISTEN
Wait!... Dick!

JANE
It says we're here. I'll call Hank.

MOLLY
What do you really think he needs?

KRISTEN

Forget him, this will mean nothing.

MOLLY

It's fitting. I got nothing either.

JANE

Come here! I need help moving this.

Jane presses herself against wooden planks on an abandoned looking building. Molly and Kristen join to help move them.

KRISTEN

I got a fucking splinter!

Jane removes the final planks to reveal a door. The severally intoxicated women look at it for a moment before Molly opens it. Once she does- blaring, ominous club music can be heard.

MOLLY

I didn't ask for alimony, but he apparently created a sex dungeon.

Molly finally ducks into the club, followed by her friends.

INT. S-BLOCK STRIP CLUB, NIGHT

The music becomes deafening as the women walk through the entry way that is lit only by flickering florescent lights.

They become visibly scared and lock arms as they move after sprinting pass a homeless man against the wall laughing.

Arriving at the podium a creepy, smiling host (JITTERBUG) sidesteps from behind a corner scaring Kristen enough to fall in terror. He counts them off and raises three fingers.

MOLLY

Yeah, three!

Gesturing to follow him, they do so but keep their distance. They're brought into a tiny showroom with blue lighting.

With over a dozen male customers, the five strippers split lapdances. The women become more uncomfortable seeing all the strippers and clients appear dead-eyed and void of reality.

JANE

Where is Hank!?

The women scan the room to find Hank, the only one in the crowd to be fully conscious. He signals them to come over.

HANK

Hey girls! Fun, right!?

Hank clears off empty glasses from the folding chairs next to him so they can sit and be introduced to his inebriated boss.

HANK (CONT'D)

Mr. Brown, this is my wife Jane.

JANE

It is very nice to meet you sir.

He makes as inaudible groan while consumed by his dance.

JANE (CONT'D)

Hank has told me great things! I hope you and your family can make it to our barbecue next month... It might get even crazier than this.

Molly quickly realizes there is an office hidden behind her.

INT. CLINT'S OFFICE, NIGHT

Molly hears a conversation inside, but chooses to interrupt. CLINT (mid 30's) loses his fedora rushing across the office, while a Twenty year old top dancer (KILEY) sits on the couch.

CLINT

Molly! I'm so glad you came down!

MOLLY

Down would be the right word.

CLINT

It couldn't be better timing.

MOLLY

What is this? Is any of it legal?

CLINT

I'm going to make a long story short- I'm out of here in a minute.

MOLLY

Try making it slightly longer.

CLINT

It's just... The shit that has come up, I need your help in finishing.

MOLLY

You're unbelievable!... I thought there was a chance you were seeing how we were; or a happy birthday.

CLINT

If I had more time... It's never that easy, Molly. I need you to watch over the club till I get back. It's the only leverage I got.

MOLLY

What? You have to know I'm not.

CLINT

The only other guy I trust didn't show up. I wanted to tell you at a better... I had to use our marriage to finance this one last thing.

MOLLY

I'd think you'd be kidding, but I know how horribly unfunny you are.

CLINT

You've ran so many other companies.

MOLLY

I'm suing you for every G-string single you've ever whored out.

CLINT

Great, please do. Wait... here.

Clint throws cash into a bag and gives it to her.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Whatever that chance was that you thought I could change, please use it to trust me with this.

MOLLY

... I quit my job.

Clint temporarily stops from quickly packing.

CLINT

You quit there?

MOLLY

It may have been more mutual.

CLINT

...I'm glad. They're soul crushing.

MOLLY

Yeah, this is Habitat for Humanity.

CLINT

I promise you I won't let anything else happen. Only say you're the owner. (Speaking softly) And could you check up on Kiley occasionally.

MOLLY

Can I at least assume this is her?

KILEY

Yeah, I'm her.

MOLLY

I can't remember this in our vows.

CLINT

I'll be back in a week. Two, tops.

Molly is dumbfounded as he continues packing various objects, including jars into his bag. Once he puts in a large packet of papers, he has second thoughts and hands it to Molly.

CLINT (CONT'D)

And, if you could take this. Never do business with the guys that come in. This is my only friend, and he hates me too... But the others will come, and you don't know me, okay?

MOLLY

I only wish that were true.

Clint hits the air conditioning duct with a hammer until he can enter. He quickly goes over to Kiley and kisses her.

CLINT

Trust Molly. She is too kind to us.

KILEY

When can I call you?

CLINT

I'll call you sweetie, and be back before you knew I left. I love you.

Molly looks around exasperated as Clint takes his backpack and jumps into the air vent. The women sit in silence for a moment while they hear Clint trying to get through the vent.

INT. S-BLOCK SHOWROOM, NIGHT

A speechless Molly with Kiley behind go back to her friends.

JANE

Molly, you're not looking good.

MOLLY

Can I just go home now?

KRISTEN

That prick asked for money, right?

As Molly tries to explain, Mr. Brown while still appearing brainwashed gives the stripper a lot of cash, then his watch, and finally a long syringe. She tries to use it on herself.

JANE

Who is this?

MOLLY

She's the long story short.

KRISTEN

What?

KILEY

Hi, I'm Kiley.

Meanwhile, the stripper is preparing to put the needle into her arm, but her high heel snaps makes her clumsily tip over.

KRISTEN

Listen, if he made you do anything like that, I'll go out and...

The stripper falls over with it in hand and onto Kristen, who falls from the unexpected pain of being stabbed in the back.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Ahh, no!

Her friends try to help her as she riles in pain. Carrying her and running out of the club, they all scream in terror.

INT. MOTEL, LATER

Roger parks his Chavelle at a true motel and runs to a room. Before knocking in a specific pattern, he turns on the voice recorder of his cell phone and puts it into his shirt pocket.

Opening the door, he sees two large men (DON & TED) eating dinner on the beds as a stripper (DANA) dances over Ted.

DON
Close the God damn door.

CLINT
Of course... sorry.

TED
What's that?

CLINT
It's the blueprints.

DON
Blueprints? Where's the shit?

TED
Best be in the car. I need it now!

CLINT
(Hesitating)
Yeah, the shit's always in the car.
Here are the keys, just take it...
and you'd look much cooler than me.

DON
Of course, but it ain't happening.

CLINT
I've done everything and I need to
know nothing will happen to Kiley
and the girls if I actually do it.

DON
We're not negotiating! But if you
produce and headhunt like this,
I'll promise they're not a threat.

TED
I didn't say that! I'm getting her.

DON
Take it easy Ted, it's fine.

TED
No way, I'm still missing my ace.

CLINT
You can't do it.

TED
I need at least three blondes.

DON
How bout you get Indigo or Starlet?

TED
I ain't taking Starlet! That kooz.

DON
How about a three-way trade,
rotisserie style- and we all win?

TED
No, I see you guys screwing me now!

Ted awkwardly draws a revolver from his sweatpants and tries to fire at Clint who ducks, yet nothing actually happens.

TED (CONT'D)
I just cleaned it!

Ted turning it on Don and tries to fire to no results.

DON
Ted, I thought we built trust?

Ted tries to get up to run, but cannot and falls sick.

DON (CONT'D)
Come on man, you said you wanted
the product so badly. Take it in.

TED
(Losing breath)
Bastar...

DON
And how did you fall for the erotic
disarm? Even all the girls know it.

Dana pulls out his missing clip from his her bikini bottom.

DON (CONT'D)
Word of advise before you go Teddy;
if your that comfortable in this
business, you're probably fucked.

Ted grasps his last breath with food in his mouth. Don pulls down his eyes, then mouth, and finally his cheap wig.

DON (CONT'D)
Let's take a ride to the buyers.

CLINT
(Terrified)
I can't. It's now more complicated.

DON
And this isn't?! We'll just say hi.

Don pushes Clint to the door, and they exit.

CLINT
What about her?

DON
Unlike the dancers in this shit-
town, Dana's a pro. She'll fix it.

INT. CLINT'S CAR, LATER

Don drives Clint's car in silence until Clint panics.

CLINT
They're coming after us, and it
won't stop till we ask for help.

DON
I told you no! Those pussies aren't
keeping us away from this deal.

They sit in silence again until Don notices Clint's shirt.

DON (CONT'D)
Get the map out of the glovebox.

CLINT
A real map? That's old school.

Confirming suspicions, Don sees the microphone in his pocket.

DON
(Menacing)
Can't always rely on technology...

Clint is confused until realizing his phone is visible and Don pulls out a knife, but then is somehow shot head-on.

EXT. HIGHWAY, LATER

After being shot in the skull, Don spins the car out of control and onto the grass off the highway. Clint is dazed as it stops, but can grab his bag and runs out into the woods.

Two young men (DILLON & GREG, 20's) held down by faux gangster gear put down the rifles used to take down the car.

DILLON
Oh... eat it bitch! Give it up.

GREG
Pretty good.

DILLON
Pretty good? That was fucking sick.

A muffled voice is heard from their tinted Mazda Miata.

GREG
Oh shit, sorry.

Greg opens the door for EUGENE (30's) who poses like paparazzi needs to take in all his weak, 5'5 stature.

They follow Eugene's lead of walking casually over to Don.

EUGENE
Oh Donnie boy! It's actually nice
to put a bloody face to the name.

Eugene hits over his dead body to find Clint's portfolio. However, he becomes infuriated while skimming only to find signed divorced papers with his and Molly's information.

DILLON
Is that it?

EUGENE
(Screaming at the woods)
You've got no where to go!

DILLON
(Following his lead)
Yeah... Nowhere asshole!

EUGENE
Go find him.

DILLON
(Trotting into the woods)
Oh man...

EUGENE
Go the buyer to make sure he
doesn't show up, and burn this.

GREG
What?... Like gas or firebomb?

EUGENE
God, I don't know. Get rid of it.

Greg turns on the car as Eugene looks deeply at Molly's name.

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT, DAY

Molly awakens well hungover, but identifies the garbage bag on the floor. Turning over, Kiley is sleeping with her bare shoulders above the sheet. Molly peaks confirming she's nude.

MOLLY

Perfect.

Before getting up from the bed, Molly takes another look at her simply to feel jealous of Kiley's pristine figure.

She grabs her cellphone from the ground to call Clint. His voicemail comes on as she tries to take out her garbage.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Hey there Clint! If's it wouldn't put you out, give me a call to talk about this. I'd owe you big time.

EXT. PARKING LOT, CONTINUING

Molly approaches the building's dumpster after hanging up a call. She heaves the trash with enough force for her two bags, and unfortunately her cellphone, to make it in.

MOLLY

Of course I did!

She turns to walk away until feeling compelled to get it.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Fuck me.

Looking for any witnesses, she begrudgingly enters the bin.

A moment later a man in a suit, CHARLIE (35) is getting into his car and notices her. He smiles and begins to walk closer.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Where the hell is it?

CHARLIE

When I tell this later, do you want me to say you were only sorting?

She closes her eyes mortified; but finds her phone and turns.

MOLLY

Or, looking for any of my dignity.

She steps off the bin, but lands hard and hurts her ankle.

CHARLIE

Whoa! I could have helped you!

MOLLY

(Masking her pain)

No, I'm good. Really.

CHARLIE

I haven't seen you around as much.

MOLLY

(Acting pretentious)

I've been just so super busy. Such as fabulous things and whatnot.

CHARLIE

Really, you never take it easy?

MOLLY

No. I don't really watch TV either.

CHARLIE

Wow, you're too interesting.

Molly shrugs her shoulders and ends her bit.

MOLLY

I've been back and forth on business for awhile, nothing new... I woke up to a stripper in my bed.

CHARLIE

What?... Way to bury the lead.

She smiles, but neither can think of anything to say.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I've got to go, but I definitely want to pick that up soon.

MOLLY

Come by to make sure she's real.

CHARLIE

(Looking at her phone)

Will do... I hope it was worth it.

He walks back to his car making Molly smile.

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT, DAY

Molly returns to her apartment holding her garbage shoes.

She notices Kiley now awake in a hockey jersey cooking on the stovetop. Yet, is first startled by a voice from her couch.

KRISTEN
There's my best friend.

MOLLY
God! Kris what are you doing here?

Kristen appears sick in a robe with a dish towel across her head.

KRISTEN
I won't be around much longer.

MOLLY
Come on.

KRISTEN
If you can have a breakdown, let me have this... No offense.

MOLLY
Look at you, your fine.

KRISTEN
Fine? I got stripper venom running in me. (to Kiley) I meant offense.

KILEY
... I'm sorry.

MOLLY
I'm now remembering a suicide watch last night... Where's Jane?

KRISTEN
Oh, baby yoga. Just to spite me.

MOLLY
Get ready, we're running errands.

KRISTEN
I'm not your puppet. And besides, It'll take too long to get clean.

MOLLY
Can you at least try?

Kristen drags away as Molly tries speaking to Kiley.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
You found something to cook with?

KILEY
Makeshift omelettes. Is that okay?

MOLLY
Sure... I see you found his jersey.

KILEY
He talks about the glory days.

MOLLY
Look, I'm sure you feel the same way; and you seem like a nice girl, but we can admit this is absurd.

KILEY
(Agreeing)
Thank you... I know, right?

Instead of expanding on the thought, Kiley continues to cook.

MOLLY
Kiley?

KILEY
Sorry. Didn't want to mess this up.

Kiley scraps the beautiful mess to a plate and walks to the bar.

MOLLY
Did you want to call someone like your parents to stay with until we get this thing figured out?

KILEY
Oh yeah, definitely... I can't exactly call them, but I'm texting a couple of people in a minute.

MOLLY
Wow, this is incredible... Wait, do you mean those thirty percent guys?

KILEY
No, it's not like that. It's cool.

Molly realizes she has nowhere to go and changes her tone.

MOLLY
What am I talking about? With all these changes, would you mind if you stuck around a little longer?

KILEY

I promise to stay out of your way.

MOLLY

Alright... Are you okay here?

KILEY

Definitely.

MOLLY

How about you come along? Maybe you can help me with Clint's friend.

INT. MOLLY'S CAR, DAY

Molly drives her sedan with Kristen in the back and Kiley as the passenger while applying an excessive amount of makeup.

Molly groans as her foot is still in pain from earlier.

KILEY

I could drive if you want?

MOLLY

No, I'm fine... Your busy anyway.

KRISTEN

Hey, how old are you?

Kiley doesn't respond as if she did not hear her.

MOLLY

Can I guess how you and Clint met?

KILEY

Yeah, he was scouting me at my last club. When my boss found out, he took a pole and broke three ribs.

MOLLY

What the hell?

KILEY

He told me that he would have gladly had anything broken for me.

MOLLY

That's sweet; even if he would of been beaten for something else.

KILEY

It's crazy he gave up a lot for me.

KRISTEN
How much were you pulling in?

KILEY
Three hundred, maybe.

Kristen flicks her off from the back seat.

KILEY (CONT'D)
And I was dancing good for awhile
before he told me to stop... And
now he's on the run; selling it?

MOLLY
Is it possible he's looking to get
out entirely? Are you that serious?

KILEY
I have no idea. Why did you guys
get together and married?

MOLLY
If I'm fair, he's better than I'd
like to remember. But he still is
the guy trying to get something for
nothing, or weasel into success.
Unfortunately, that was our short
marriage... But he could come back
ready to start something better.

KILEY
Thanks.

EXT. STREET, LATER

The women pull up to the curb of Jane's gym and can see her
hand her baby off. She exits and gets in with sweaty clothes.

JANE
So, where did you say we're going?

MOLLY
I just need you all here to help me
clear this thing up. Pawn it off.

EXT. HIGHWAY, DAY

The women exit off the interstate to a remote, gravel road.

KRISTEN
Hey, did Molly tell you that we are
all former strippers too?

JANE
I can't even think about it.

KILEY
Um... No.

MOLLY
One night-careers at our schools.

KRISTEN
She promised us fun. Made you feel safe, then BAM!- innocence lost.

KILEY
He never told me any of that.

JANE
For the life of me, I don't why.

KRISTEN
Just saying- watch your back.

Molly takes a look at the unkempt gravel road before moving.

MOLLY
Where is it?... Couldn't be this.

They pull up to a yard of a damaged, two-story home.

EXT. ROGER'S YARD, DAY

The group get out of the car and slowly walk through the high grass of Roger's yard. Jane suddenly falls to the ground at the sound of a large snap, the others rush to help.

JANE
Shit!

Jane's foot is collapsed in a metal bear trap on her ankle.

A frightened giant (ROGER, 30's) runs out onto his porch with a shotgun. The women scream, so he heaves it onto the ground.

ROGER
Did I get ya?

KILEY
You're not bleeding?

KRISTEN
Is that a bear trap!?

ROGER
Yeah, it really is.

KRISTEN
Get her out of this!

ROGER
Of course, I've got the key here.

Roger takes out his keys and runs over to Jane.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Man, I thought I finally got this
together right. Wait, you are you?

Roger finds the keys and starts to unlock the trap.

KILEY
We're friends of Clint... Mostly.

MOLLY
He gave us your name, and I wanted
to see if you wanted to put the
first offer in to buy the club.

ROGER
Good luck with that.

MOLLY
What does that mean?

Roger takes off the trap and stands up.

ROGER
Look, this was from the "The Booby
Trap", just one of my dozen failed
themed gentleman's club... Now, I'm
sure I'm in more debt than him. For
Christ sake, this is my security.

Roger walks back to his front door.

ROGER (CONT'D)
You can come in if you want.

JANE
Alright, lets leave.

KRISTEN
Yeah, I don't wanna find out what
kind of props are in there.

MOLLY

I need five minutes to see if I can get a number of anyone else.

KILEY

Clint said not to deal with others.

MOLLY

And he wouldn't screw me again?

INT. ROGER'S HOME, DAY

The women enter and notice the small house is consumed in stereotypical stripper fixtures with strange Atlantis pieces.

ROGER

The ruins of my underwater adventure into bankruptcy.

MOLLY

You've never had a successful club?

ROGER

Not since The Poles.

MOLLY

What?

ROGER

He didn't tell you about them?

MOLLY

He appeared a little flustered.

KILEY

Do you have a picture? I think I know who your talking about.

Roger looks through his files on his desk.

ROGER

These guys came into town a few years ago, they've taken over the entire business. Real owners. They own cops, friends have high places.

JANE

Are they their own Mob?

ROGER

Well, they have enough money to make it rain for days. I hate them, but I've always wanted to do that.

MOLLY

What does Clint have to do with it?

ROGER

I don't know. He's a prick, but not an evil mastermind... Here you go.

Roger shows them a promotional picture of the group attempting to standing tough. The women begin to laugh.

KRISTEN

Did the boy band scare you?

KILEY

That's him. He came by a few times.

ROGER

Yeah, he's the leader, Eugene.

MOLLY

I've think I've seen him before.

ROGER

The commercials for his club Floor?

JANE

The Flow?

ROGER

The Floor, like Wall Street. They basically break up the girls into shares and sell them off for the cash they get during their shifts.

KRISTEN

Trading their parts?

ROGER

Yep. And when I'd even get 8 people a day, suddenly they would be taken away from me. Sending me a message.

MOLLY

That's not paranoid.

ROGER

This was built just to taunt me.

Roger pulls up the shades to reveal a large highway billboard featuring giant, mechanical breasts swinging like a pendulum.

MOLLY

That's taking out competition. He's every douchebag trying to climb up.

KILEY

He's right. Our staff got scared
from the stories about their girls.

ROGER

Not to mention his whore's bath.

KRISTEN

The what?

ROGER

A laced cream that surfaced in our
clubs. He's looking to monopolize.

KILEY

Yeah, our girls got hooked on it.

ROGER

Real dangerous. It tears them down.

MOLLY

Whatever. Bottom-line, if I find a
way to never have 'em bother you,
do we have a deal to buy the place?

ROGER

Sorry. You're looking at my assets.

JANE

Could you take out another loan?

ROGER

Help yourself to an Atlantis piece.

MOLLY

Then we'll go see swinging boobs.

ROGER

They'd already come in and take it
from you if they really cared.

MOLLY

Shit... Okay, if Clint happens to
contact you, tell him to call me.

The women head to the door as Roger tries to stop them.

ROGER

Why would he gave you my name?

MOLLY

To show there's a bigger pussy?

ROGER

I don't have a good record, but for dirt cheap I'll show you a few things so you can sell no problem.

MOLLY

Alright. Let's see how many people I can bring down with me.

KRISTEN

Well, you're riding bitch.

ROGER

I don't know any other way.

The group exits the home.

EXT. STOREFRONT, DAY

The expanding group arrives in front of Molly's new club.

JANE

It's not as scary as last night.

MOLLY

It just looks disgusting and somehow more sad than I remember.

ROGER

I've never known Clint to put any money back into his businesses.

MOLLY

This is how I'd thought I would spend my first day of unemployment.

INT. MOLLY'S STRIP CLUB, DAY

The group takes the same walk as the previous night. Crossing the sticky floor in the afternoon, its far sadder than scary.

INT. DRESSING ROOM, CONTINUOUS

Molly and Kiley peer into a beaded doorway to the dressing room after hearing a conversation. They makeout a group of women by only dim lamps. Molly turns on the overhead lights.

QUARTZ

Turn that off!

Kiley turns off the light next to Molly.

INDIGO
Who the hell are you?

MOLLY
I'm the co-owner of this club.

BUBBLES
Great, another one fucking Clint.

KILEY
I promise it's not like that.

MOLLY
I should let you know there will be changes... As a precaution I'd look elsewhere until we better forecast.

INDIGO
Forecast?

QUARTZ
Yuppie, bitch talk meaning our ass.

MOLLY
We haven't made any decisions yet, but this is in your best interest.

BUBBLES
Is it in the best interest of my daughter if she knew she could eat?

INDIGO
Where is Clint?

QUARTZ
Yeah, I don't care about you, he'll let us do our thing.

KILEY
We don't know where he went, but he might be in trouble and that's the reason they have to change things.

MOLLY
And don't give me your sob story when you're doing that every night.

BUBBLES
Excuse me!?

MOLLY
Yeah, I was watching. We saw you, all of you shot up and dead-eyed.

QUARTZ

Say that again, I'll mess you up!
I've been clean for years.

INDIGO

It just blows. He wasn't good, but
at least didn't rough us up.

MOLLY

They also hit their girls?

ROGER

I told you, he own cops.

BUBBLES

I'll see about some shifts at the
peep show.

KILEY

Guys, I this won't be that bad.
Clint will be back soon.

Molly walks out of the dressing room and into the showroom
where Kristen, Jane, and Roger are still surveying the club.

KRISTEN

So you ready?

MOLLY

You should of heard me in there. I
sounded like such an asshole.

KRISTEN

What, why?

MOLLY

They can't go to any other clubs.
And they got kids.

JANE

Most adults do but this isn't a
cause, it's a strip club.

MOLLY

I can't shake the felling that I'll
never stop acting that way.

KRISTEN

So what, do you want to keep this?

MOLLY

I'm seeing if there's a chance I'm
better than whatever that was.

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT BREEZEWAY, NIGHT

As Molly and Kiley step off the elevator and head to their apartment, they hear Charlie outside himself out.

CHARLIE

Damnit!

MOLLY

Having a good day Charlie?

CHARLIE

Hey guys.

Charlie walks over to them after dropping his heavy bags.

MOLLY

Was that you laptop?! It's probably destroyed.

CHARLIE

I could only be so lucky.

MOLLY

You're locked out? Who looks like the asshole now?

CHARLIE

I didn't call you an asshole.

MOLLY

Maybe I just told myself that or something.

KILEY

I'm Kiley, Molly's temp roommate.

CHARLIE

Hi, I've heard good things.

KILEY

Really, about me?

CHARLIE

No, just about things in general being good.

Kiley enters their apartment

MOLLY

Hey, since your trapped, do you want to help me run through a few numbers for this potential project?

CHARLIE

Yeah sure. I'm going to see if Eileen can let me for a minute.

MOLLY

Eileen?.. Mrs. Edelstein has your spare key. What are you guys up to?

CHARLIE

You know I love some strange widow.

MOLLY

Hey, don't worry about it then, you've actually worked all day.

CHARLIE

It's no problem, I'll kick my shit in and be right back.

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT, NIGHT

Molly walks in to find Kiley already in sweats, watching TV.

MOLLY

How the hell do you do that?

KILEY

He's cute... You should do that.

MOLLY

I don't even know if he's still with this girl from his work.

KILEY

When was she's brought up last?

MOLLY

I can't remember. It's been a blur.

Molly frantically straightens up her disarrayed apartment.

KILEY

Then, I'm with Clint... I think you're finding what you love.

MOLLY

I love this?

There is a knock at the door and Molly goes to answer.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Edelstein! But I have to borrower your fuck-buddy tonight.

Molly opens the door and is quickly able to identify Eugene.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
... How can I help you?

EUGENE
I'm looking for somebody.

Eugene attempts to push the remainder of the door open.

MOLLY
Whoa, you don't touch my door.

EUGENE
And who hell is threatening me?

MOLLY
Okay, this is over.

Eugene pushes the door open and is followed in by the Poles.

EUGENE
We haven't met. But it feels like I
know ya, banged ya... Discarded ya.

MOLLY
Get away from her.

Eugene pushes her cheeks together, manipulating her mouth.

KILEY
What do you want?

EUGENE
I can't do all the work, tell me.

MOLLY
We have nothing to do with you.

Eugene lets go of Kiley's face and scans the apartment.

EUGENE
I do have to give him props for
having his current wife and side-
piece together protecting him.

Eugene takes out the divorce papers and throws it at Molly.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
I guess you've been served.

KILEY
He doesn't owe you anything.

EUGENE

I'll take his club for my overflow.
That's a small portion of it. Maybe
we can work something out with you.

MOLLY

They're mine. Unless you're making
me a real offer, you and your other
J-camp bunkmates- get the fuck out.

EUGENE

You might keep me interested for a
little while. But If you ever talk
to me like that again, I'll take
everything- and I mean everything.

Eugene and the Poles walk out as Charlie enters confused.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

When you find it, call my people.

MOLLY

You betcha'.

CHARLIE

What the hell was that?

MOLLY

It doesn't matter.

CUT TO: Charlie and Molly at her table going over Clint's
makeshift financials. Charlie is investigating the numbers
from the packet he gave her, while she is still distracted.

CHARLIE

These records look prepared by
children... But it looks like money
was coming in the last few months.

Molly is unresponsive, appearing not to pay attention him.

MOLLY

Sorry. Thanks for at least looking.

CHARLIE

You could still try walking away.

MOLLY

Even if I could prove fraud, that'd
bring up of some of my other debt.

CHARLIE

Or re-invest cash and hope to sell.

MOLLY

God damnit. Because of Clint, that prick at least knows where I live.

CHARLIE

He didn't seem like a Heavy. But we only small-talked getting our mail.

MOLLY

I just can't imagine what he did.

Charlie is fanning through the remainder of packet and notices technical grids for chemical compositions.

CHARLIE

Have you seen any these blueprints?

MOLLY

(Closing the packet)

I'll add that to my endless list.

CHARLIE

Are you sure you feel safe here? Do you guys want to stay at my place?

MOLLY

We're good. I've got tazars, shoes.

CHARLIE

Ha. You'll be covered if they just stop by to play Mouse Trap later.

MOLLY

(Laughing)

Besides, I wouldn't want your girlfriend waking up with us too.

CHARLIE

Then keep me updated.

MOLLY

Okay.

INT. MOLLY'S STRIP CLUB, DAY

The group is at the club as contractors are working on the renovations. Molly speaks with the project manager (RAUL).

MOLLY

You're sure to finish this week?

RAUL

Sure.

MOLLY
That could be put in writing?

RAUL
I'm pretty sure.

MOLLY
Then I'm pretty sure I can pay.

RAUL
We got this mam, take it easy.

MOLLY
Alright... I only recently started
trusting people's word.

RAUL
That's why I became a contractor.

Raul walks back to his workers, and Molly to her friends.

JANE
Is it still on track?

MOLLY
It looks like I can't stop it now.

ROGER
I only use Raul. The best...ish.

KRISTEN
And when its up to code? Then what?

MOLLY
That was the only thing I was going
to get excited about. Was thinking
like a neo-cabaret feel, you know?

JANE
Like, the girls could be more
aloof. No fourth wall or anything,
because they're in control.

MOLLY
Sure.

Roger holds a concerned face at their suggestions.

KRISTEN
... Maybe if the paint had glitter
stripes like Kate Spade covers?

KILEY
With different phrases on beauty?

JANE
Definitely- in nice font, Helvetia?

MOLLY
Yeah, why not.

ROGER
I am all about a theme. But you understand they still need to show their tits to the drunk and horny?

The women stop their brainstorming for a moment.

JANE
I might not know that color scheme.

MOLLY
Even if I own this for a minute, it needs to be better than converted Pizza Hut with daddy issues.

ROGER
That's all good, but even if you wanted to sell it like that, you need to actually learn the craft.

MOLLY
The craft?

KRISTEN
I don't see this being workshopped.

ROGER
Hey, my attempts have given me an appreciation into the art it.

KRISTEN
Convince us what's so artistic about motor-boating lunch hours.

ROGER
You might want to stop demeaning your clients. Or know the industry standards before you revolutionize.

MOLLY
Alright, fine. What are we missing?

The group follows Roger as he walks to the stage that a couple of contractors are working on tearing out.

ROGER

The stage, obviously. But it's also the Clock. They have three minutes of a song before the DJ fades out.

MOLLY

I'm not having a DJ. I'd thought a house band be more interesting.

ROGER

Of course you did.

Quick cut to the tables and chairs in the showroom.

ROGER (CONT'D)

The lap-dance is a complicated process because the song length is meant to get the customer here long enough to order a drink. Because that's been found to be best time to get the dancer to sell more drinks as the waitress comes by. But this means, you also have to keep the girl moving after the sale. Otherwise, they'll nurse their beer the whole night.

KRISTEN

Who the hell came up with this?

JANE

What else do you thinks important?

MOLLY

How Clint drove this thing into the ground by following this non-sense.

KILEY

I know he didn't plan anything.

Quick cut of the group walking through the dressing room.

ROGER

It's obviously all an illusion. This kind of entertainment employs magic trick. You can let them in on the secrets at the door, or save your spectacle for later... But make sure not to call your club, "Smoke and Mirrors", that's a mess.

The group goes back to the stage.

ROGER (CONT'D)

But my theory is it comes down to
the improvisation that happens from
a comfortable dancer. Like jazz.

The women start to laugh, as Roger becomes embarrassed.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Fuck you... I know what I'm saying.

A moment later, the women hear loud, muffled chants outside.

JANE

What is that?

They head towards the exit where the noise is coming from.

EXT. STOREFRONT, DAY

Molly opens the door to immediately find a dozen women
representing family groups and feminists causes picketing the
entrance with signs. A newswoman and cameraman rush them.

NEWSWOMAN

Ms. Diedrich! Molly, are you aware
you are in this condemned building?

REPORTER

Is it true you're holding this
illegal club with taxpayer funds?

MOLLY

Sorry. Let me just understand this.

FEMINIST 1

Understand what? How your funneling
even more misogyny into our town!?

FEMINIST 2

Pimps with tits is still pimps.

MOLLY

I promise I'll try to work this...
let me get back to each of you.

Her thoughts are averted as a shuttle bus covered in stripper
ads pulls in front of the club, this is Eugene's mobile club.

The attention from the protestors and newscasts is now split
amongst the bus and the women. Once the bus comes to a
complete stop, two of the Poles exit the bus and are
immediately received by boos.

They make no acknowledgement of them as they move slowly through the crowd to the entrance of Molly's Club. Eugene then walks off the bus willing to speak loudly to the crowd.

EUGENE

Stop protesting this legitimate establishment... I will not see you people also demonize Mrs. Dietrich.

Eugene makes a jester for Molly to come over to him.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

You girls have to get a life. You are the intolerance ones here.

MOLLY

What is this?

EUGENE

It's your only way out...

Molly hesitates for a moment, but then approaches.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Please, after you.

They both step onto the bus.

INT. EUGENE'S BUS, DAY

Molly and Eugene step onto the bus and walk past a dead-eyed stripper using the hand-rails to dance for no one.

EUGENE

What do you think, it's the pilot version of my mobile strip club.

MOLLY

Your mother must be so proud.

EUGENE

Soon I'll franchise, and you'll see a Snatch Hatch on every block.

MOLLY

Jesus, could you teach me how to also sell sadness exclusively?

EUGENE

I know your new to this, but people don't talk to me like that.

MOLLY

Why not; they can see you right?
What are they doing at my club?

Eugene buries his anger before speaking less threatening.

EUGENE

They're just taking a look around.
I mean, I wanted to come show our
support for another owner in town.

MOLLY

So you have no idea why we're
protested before its even built?

EUGENE

I let posers know what they're
getting into before even offering
our unparalleled protection.

MOLLY

I've got to hear who protects me.

EUGENE

I won't go into specifics to
confuse you, but we can maintain
anything to keep justice working.

MOLLY

I'm in. Give me the whole package.
Vague threats, body spray, birettas
and shit. How could I be so worthy?

EUGENE

Obviously... we'd split ownership.
I will handle strategic direction.

MOLLY

Your clubs are indebted white-trash
mega-churches. You strip the girls
and sell 'em for parts... Fuck you.

While the bus is stopped, he glares at her silently until his
attention is on a middle-age man standing on the sidewalk.

EUGENE

Open the door!

The bus driver (MILES) opens the door as Eugene propositions.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Hey! Wanna ride?

SIDEWALK MAN
Me?

EUGENE
Yeah, jackass.

SIDEWALK MAN
Huh?

EUGENE
Read the bus, do you want a dance?

SIDEWALK MAN
Umm, are you heading uptown?

EUGENE
Close it!

Miles closes the bus door and drives away.

MOLLY
If there isn't anything else...

EUGENE
I don't need daywalkers fucking up
business. But to make it clear, we
could be back with a worse offer.

MOLLY
How 'bout I take my chances.

The bus arrives back in front of the club.

EXT. STOREFRONT, DAY

After circling the block and arriving back at Molly's Club,
Molly steps off while the other Poles get on the bus.

EUGENE
I would try to enjoy any minute of
success you get from this. Because
you have to wonder if Clint did.

Eugene heinously smiles as Molly tries maintaining tough. The
bus's door only closes half-way and opens again.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
Just drive!

MILES
It won't go until it closes.

EUGENE

Fuck this.

Eugene stands up and collapses the door manually. The bus leaves and the crowd in front of the club consume her.

INT. GEORGE'S HOME. NIGHT

Molly walks into her father's (GEORGE) living room with overnight bags in hand and Kiley following in behind her.

MOLLY

Hi Daddy!

George, 60's, in declining health sitting up in a recliner staring at his TV and doesn't acknowledge Molly as she becomes level with him and speaks directly at him.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Hey dad.

GEORGE

Molly. How long have you been here?

MOLLY

Not long.

GEORGE

Can I make you a sandwich?

MOLLY

I'm good... Can I get you anything?

George turns to notice Kiley standing awkwardly at the door.

GEORGE

There is a girl here, right?

MOLLY

Yep, this is my friend Kiley.

KILEY

It's nice to meet you Mr. Dietrich.

GEORGE

I thought you were the prettiest grim reaper. How 'bout a sandwich?

George's fifty year old girlfriend (HELEN) enters the room with a tray with some food and many pills.

HELEN

Hello Molly. Glad you could make it back so soon.

MOLLY

Hi Helen. How have you all been?

HELEN

We're good, right George?

GEORGE

You know, it's decent.

MOLLY

It better be nicer than a hospital.

HELEN

We'll have dinner in like, ten?

KILEY

I'll help you finish.

HELEN

Great.

Helen and Kiley leave as Molly sits next to George.

GEORGE

Is your work getting interesting?

MOLLY

It's good, same old stuff.

GEORGE

Good, you don't need the craziness.

MOLLY

That's true.

GEORGE

Your brother came by telling me about his band, have you heard 'em?

MOLLY

Dad, I don't have a brother. That would've been Helen's son, Travis?

GEORGE

That's right. He's a good kid.

MOLLY

Want to try standing for a quick walk? The doctor said you could.

GEORGE

I've been standing over 60 years.
Important things come to me now.
Should I stand up and applaud to
the game show. Bravo Sajack, brava!

MOLLY

You're right... Lets get you ready.

Cut to all four of them eating dinner on trays and on their laps in the living room watching a game show on TV.

GEORGE

Palisades Park?!... Pal-is-ades!

Molly stands and takes their plates into the kitchen.

Washing the dishes, she notices letters at the corner of kitchen with a letterhead from Bedford Hospital. She glances.

Her face becomes pale as she reads, "Amount due: \$33,410.00".
A different invoice stating "Amount past due \$24,200.00".

Molly takes the letters and charges the living room.

MOLLY

What the hell are these?!

GEORGE

What are those?

MOLLY

This is obviously a mistake right?
These hospitals and doctors just
didn't bill your insurance yet.

HELEN

We are in a little bit of a fight
with them right now.

MOLLY

What kind of fight?! We've been
paying the premium, right?

GEORGE

Calm down. You get like this.

MOLLY

Of course I do! No one else appears
to be care about it. I told you I'd
cover you till Medicare kicked in.

GEORGE
(Ashamed)
I know.

MOLLY
Tell me nothing changed with that?

HELEN
I've seen patients handle increases
this way and have it work out fine.

GEORGE
We just haven't been lucky yet.

MOLLY
Lucky?! You understand that you're
sick, really fucking sick Dad.

HELEN
Molly, that's enough!... I'm taking
shifts to cover the current drugs.

MOLLY
Great, more time not taking care of
him... the pills your pushing are
only taking his memory and dignity.

KILEY
I'm going to step out for a minute.

MOLLY
Stay Kiley, so you can literally
see the deadly effects of pure
ignorance... Mom wouldn't of...

Molly fights tears and stares back at George.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
But this doesn't help either of us.

GEORGE
I'm have to take care of you Molly.

MOLLY
It changed... I'm doing something
that might help, but I don't know.

Molly stands up and places her hands over her face in
exhaustion and speaks to no one directly..

MOLLY (CONT'D)
I knew it! The one god damn thing.

Molly walks out the front door slamming it behind her.

EXT. GEORGE'S HOME. NIGHT

Molly stomps onto the front yard yelling loudly to herself.

MOLLY

Of course it fucking happened like that. Why wouldn't it?!

Molly circles her car for a moment while she contemplates leaving before leaning on the hood and stares at the sky.

Kiley timidly comes out the front door and walks over to the car that Molly has now laid flat on. She does the same.

KILEY

Do you want me to leave?

MOLLY

No, you're fine.

KILEY

I meant altogether. I'm a burden.

MOLLY

No... I want you to try cooking.

KILEY

What?

MOLLY

Help me run the place.

KILEY

I can't do that.

MOLLY

I'd rather have someone working that knew how fucked up this was.

KILEY

I don't want to let you down.

MOLLY

Understandable, after seeing me barrette the man I care most about. But I hope you do it for yourself.

KILEY

Thanks... I didn't mind that.

MOLLY

Ha, why not?

KILEY

At least you all care about each other to speak up for what's best.

Molly sits up and peers up at the living room window.

MOLLY

I'll go apologize. Can we keep this up here for a while? I don't want anyone taking it out of context.

KILEY

(Laying back down)
Sure... I'm not messing with you.

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT, NIGHT

Molly turns on the lights and quickly checks for Kiley.

MOLLY

Kiley?

With no response, she drags in a long cardboard box, unloads the metal parts of a collapsible stripper pole, and throws back wine while attempting to put the it against the ceiling.

Starting slowly, she teases pole before completing one full spin around. Then actually has fun on her second turn.

Kiley appears out the bedroom in pajamas. She wipes her bloodshot eyes before being amused at Molly's show.

Without noticing her, Molly dances confidently and tries a third spin around the pole before it becomes loose and she falls hard to the ground. Kiley laughs as she helps Molly up.

KILEY

You do own a pole dancing club.

MOLLY

I thought I'd feel safer this way.
Sorry, I didn't know you were here.

KILEY

It's fine, I had to get up anyway.

MOLLY

I was considering asking some girls to go to our gym to teach this.

KILEY

That sounds fun.

MOLLY
I'll have to take the classes.

KILEY
Come on, you just need to relax.

Kiley sets up the pole again while the music is still going. She pushes Molly to the sofa and begins to dance over her.

MOLLY
(Jealous)
Fantastic.

Molly breaks her up noticing a lite paperweight on her shelf.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
What the hell is that?

KILEY
(Looking at her body)
What!?

Molly walks over to the shelf and stares deeply at it.

MOLLY
This isn't yours?

KILEY
No.

Molly smashes it to reveal the inner-work of a hidden camera.

KILEY (CONT'D)
Oh my God.

MOLLY
I wonder which gutter ends up at.

EXT. THE FLOOR PARKING LOT, LATER

Molly and Kiley drive to Eugene's club and parks in front by driving into the plastic statues of strippers.

INT. THE FLOOR SHOWROOM, CONTINUOUS

The women march through Eugene's large, tasteless club.

Before reaching him, he is shown in a private room attempting to snort cocaine off the cleavage of a busty, voided dancer. However, he fails at that by merely dragging his nose on her.

Before he tries again, Molly throws the hidden camera at him.

EUGENE

Oh come on! It was just getting good... She was all over you.

MOLLY

You're not even going to deny it?

EUGENE

Why would I? For what you and your husband owes me, I should be have a camera straight up your asshole.

MOLLY

What does that mean?

EUGENE

It doesn't matter!... I'm important and have my fingers in many pies. I'll take your pie anytime I want!

As Eugene stands up and gets closer to Molly, two large man (WILL & MIKE) get in his way.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

And what the fuck is this?

MOLLY

Now I'm certain I could kick your ass; they'll destroy any existence of your pathetic, little life.

EUGENE

Even if you're a flat, dick-killer, I'll love making you dance here.

MOLLY

I'll only dance on your grave.

EUGENE

If you think I'm going...

MOLLY

So, the bottomline is that we're going to leave each other alone.

EUGENE

How about...

MOLLY

Bother us again, or lay a greasy finger on a girl again, you can count on us slumming in this filth.

The group starts to exits before Eugene gets confidence back.

EUGENE

If I see you back here!...

The large men face Eugene again who's become afraid and sits down. The group continues on as Eugene causes a scene.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Fuck!... What are you looking at?

Eugene sits back on his thrown while the voided dancers feed him grapes. Yet, he feels compelled to jump back in anger.

Eugene surveys his dark club and notices a drunk man passed out with his head on the stage (TRENCHCOAT).

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Sir, you're wanted in the bathroom.

TRENCHCOAT

I am?

EUGENE

Yep. For an excellent opportunity.

Eugene walks away buttoning his suit as Trenchcoat throws back his drink and stumbles towards the restroom.

INT. EUGENE'S CLUB RESTROOM, CONTINUOUS

Trenchcoat enters the faux gold, Trump-esqe room. Eugene is at the sink washing up as Trenchcoat stumbles to the urinal.

TRENCHCOAT

Alright. I need at least one girl.

EUGENE

What?

TRENCHCOAT

Look, I'm okay. But I need at least some bumper, you pick.

EUGENE

I'm offering you some stealth work.

TRENCHCOAT

I don't care what you call it.

EUGENE

Jesus, listen. I want you to move down a few blocks to another club.

TRENCHCOAT

But I was getting my bearing here.

EUGENE

I'll expect weekly updates, and make sure you blend your creepy ass in there so I can do my business.

TRENCHCOAT

And what's in it for me?

EUGENE

What do you want?

TRENCHCOAT

Dance coupons?

EUGENE

I don't make... coupons.

TRENCHCOAT

Start. Also, lunch buffet anytime.

EUGENE

Fine, whatever.

Eugene uses the sink counter to write on a card.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

This is where the club will be.
I'll expect daily updates.

Eugene stands at the sink while Trenchcoat is standing still.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Need to run the water or something?

TRENCHCOAT

Is it less weird if I were pissing?

EUGENE

Fuck me. Just get into the club opening! This is where I should be?

Eugene walks out in a huff towards the exit.

INT. STRIP CLUB HALLWAY, EARLY 2000'S - FLASHBACK

As Eugene enters the hallway from the restroom, he is shown as a twenty-five year old club employee. Going from a suit to a stained polo shirt, he is carrying cleaning supplies.

Frustrated, he walks across the showroom not paying attention to Molly failing to pole dance. He enters the owner's office.

INT. STRIP CLUB OWNER'S OFFICE, CONTINUOUS

As Eugene enters the office he sees the owners, Don and Ted, counting cash. Clint is in the corner working in a notebook.

TED

What are you doing?

EUGENE

What?

DON

Some broad just hurled on stage.

Eugene looks out the window and sees Molly run off the stage.

EUGENE

Wait! She came in with that guy.
God damnit, make him do it.

DON

He's working on something more
important, he can't be bothered.

EUGENE

Hey, I got my own shit.

CLINT

Yeah, it's no problem. I'll do it.

TED

No you ain't going nowhere.

DON

Just take care of it.

Eugene walks out of the office and put on plastic gloves.

INT. MOLLY'S STRIP CLUB, NIGHT

Massive construction continues at the club as the group attempts to hold auditions for more dancers.

MOLLY

Alright, can you send 'em in?

JANE

Up first, it's Double-D Infinity!

The group cheers until seeing a drug and sun-damaged Medusa in an overflowing black bikini (DD) approach the stage.

DD

... Yeah.

DD stares at the group as all wait for Molly's direction.

MOLLY

Oh shit, I forgot... just do whatever you feel comfortable with.

ROGER

Hi DD! I think you and your sister-wives worked for me a few years ago. How is that whole thing doing?

DD is now bugged eyed and unresponsive to the question.

MOLLY

(Reading off notes)

If you need some direction, we're seeking an easy-going chameleon to rid stigma for untapped clientele.

DD

Is there music?

MOLLY

Yes, of course... I'm sorry, I don't even know what I'm saying. Jane, could you play track four?

The music begins as DD sways back and forth before letting her hair down and placing it in front of her face. The group is confused as she reaches her arms to the sky intensely.

After other bizarre gyrations, she removes her top to reveal electrical tape in the shape of swastikas on her nipples.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Okay... Perfect, we'll call you.

ROGER

Yep, now it's coming back. Can't believe I would forget that.

DD

What, you can't handle the trust!?

MOLLY

I guess not. You can take care.

DD exits the stage by shoulder stiffing the next applicant, a 25 year old southern beauty (Belle) in a full cowgirl outfit.

JANE

Next, we have Belle.

BELLE

Hi there.

MOLLY

Right off, you look really cute.
Thanks for dressing. Who are you?

BELLE

Thanks for having me. My last club
50 miles away shut down months ago.

MOLLY

We'll see if we can do better.

BELLE

Would it be okay with you all if I
could use my own music I gave Jane?

ROGER

Sounds good. What is it?

BELLE

He is my favorite- Ellis Paul about
a cause I've come to care about.

The gun-control themed anthem "Autobiography of a Pistol" begins as Belle goes into a well rehearsed, involved routine.

She teases by taking off all her accessories.

While pole dances she takes out her fake pistols from the holster and removes the bullets and bends the rubber guns.

They stop the song after a minute, as the group is impressed.

KILEY

That's ridiculous!

MOLLY

I mean, as long as you don't have
Clan tats, this is yours.

BELLE

Really!?!... That's it?

MOLLY

Sure. I don't know what else to do.

BELLE
Well, thanks again.

Belle exits the stage.

MOLLY
I wasn't wrong? That was great.

KRISTEN
I already hate her, that probably means she did something right.

MOLLY
Jane, can you send the next one?

MONTAGE

Many other applicants both good and bad continue to audition.

They dress up in typical dancer wear, yet some also in unique costumes. A few address the group to implore for the job.

ESKIMO PIE
Stupid! I just had 'em reduced. My last owner said they distracted. Now, its like phantom boobs. Right?

SHADE
(Grinding her crotch)
UF studied biomaterial engineering.

XANADU
(Referencing her tattoo)
Slither.net was a good opportunity. I hear the domain is now available.

INT. STRIP CLUB RESTROOM

Molly is in the restroom washing her hands when sees two women putting on makeup against the mirror.

MOLLY
You guys auditioning tonight?

POTENTIAL DANCER 1
Yes I am.

MOLLY
What made you come out?

POTENTIAL DANCER 1
I was a bank's IT director... but there wasn't money for security.

MOLLY

Absurd.

POTENTIAL DANCER 1

Hey, this could be fun to try once.

MOLLY

How about you? Any secret moves?

POTENTIAL DANCER 2

I find the owner and give him an insane blow job... That works good.

END MONTAGE

INT. STRIP CLUB, NIGHT

The group watches the last girl finish her audition.

MOLLY

Great, we'll call you this week.

The girl exits as the group looks at the head and body shots.

KRISTEN

Should we feel good about that?

ROGER

I've never seen that turn out.

JANE

Who normally shows up?

ROGER

I've usually had to find them at disgusting places, like our bus stations- or even Spencer's Gifts.

MOLLY

(To Charlie)

What did you think?

CHARLIE

I'm not an expert on this industry.

MOLLY

Just think fast- are they worth it?

CHARLIE

... They are some nice assets.

MOLLY

There you go.

EXT. STOREFRONT, NIGHT

A week has passed as Molly and Charlie wait outside the completed club for opening night. There are two men (FRED & EDDIE) in folding chairs waiting for the club to open.

CHARLIE

How nervous are you?

MOLLY

I didn't think I'd be, but I'll throw my back dry heaving soon.

CHARLIE

Sexy.

MOLLY

Wait, have you seen the sign yet?

CHARLIE

Nope, I was working last night.

MOLLY

(Texting)

Oh, I'll get them to put it on.

CHARLIE

What time did he say he'll be here?

MOLLY

Like now. God, I hope it goes fine. I'm afraid we rushed. That'd blow.

CHARLIE

It's good... But you'd also have to tell your new fanboys to go home.

MOLLY

(Walking towards the men)

Hey guys.

FRED

Hi.

MOLLY

How did you heard of us? We haven't put out ads and its just a preview.

EDDIE

You hired Belle, a friend of ours. We drove from Ocala to support her.

MOLLY

Wow, I'm sure she appreciates its.

FRED

We're not part of the business or nothing, but could we see the show?

MOLLY

Ah, sure. Because we're not either.

The club's sign lights up in cabaret letters, "THE MELTDOWN".

CHARLIE

Ha, nice. Do you have a box-office?

The INSPECTOR (50s) pulls up to the entrance in his beat up sedan. He is finishing an angry call as he slamming his door.

INSPECTOR

(On phone)

... Oh yeah!? You think you can take Bailey? Hope you enjoy your lean cuisine... I know you, shrew!

Molly stands awkwardly as he lowers it and addresses them.

INSPECTOR (CONT'D)

Alright... Let's see it.

INT. MELTDOWN STRIP CLUB, CONTINUOUS

The inspector takes a last scan around the club from the vantage point of the full-service oak bar Kristen is tending.

KRISTEN

Can I get you anything sir?

INSPECTOR

You've chosen to serve liquor? So you understand state law and this club won't be full frontal?

MOLLY

It was tough. But it always come down to pussy or tequila, right?

INSPECTOR

(Unamused)

This gives you a 30 day probation.

MOLLY

Oh my god! I won't let you down.

INSPECTOR

Couldn't care less... See you then.

INT. MELTDOWN STRIP CLUB, LATER

Later that night Molly officially opens the club. She props the door open to see Fred and Eddie still waiting.

MOLLY

Alright you're our first customers.

EDDIE

What's the cover?

MOLLY

I don't know... forget about it tonight, you drove a long way.

FRED

We do want our money to be framed as your first. Here's fifty.

MOLLY

Great. Ask for the VIP section, and also if we even made one.

Fred and Eddie walk in as a city bus pulls up to the front. Stepping off are two young club promoters (TRENT & CHAZ).

TRENT

Yo, you Molly?

MOLLY

Yes. Are you Chad?

CHAZ

Nah, I'm Chaz... Take a phone wipe.

Cellphone cleaner packet displays their club promotion.

TRENT

Roger said you was a lady owner; but damn, a woman!

CHAZ

We thought maybe a Ruggo-Ugo.

MOLLY

I'm thrilled to fit your standards.

Roger appears to see his former business partners.

ROGER

What's going on, man?

TRENT

Rog!... How's it doing brother?

CHAZ

Been a minute since your last club.

ROGER

Yeah, don't let me remember.

TRENT

Come on, you at least kept us in business. They took some balls.

CHAZ

For real.

ROGER

We want the word out that this is actually here to stay. The Poles might as well pack their shit now.

TRENT

Love it. That's what our street team does... if you can back it up.

MOLLY

Yeah, who exactly are these people?

TRENT

Chaz, wrangle 'em up.

Chaz runs over to the bus, then shouts inside.

CHAZ

Hey, hey! Stop playing on your shit nerds. They're ready.

TRENT

Sorry, they're live blogging this.

A group of around fifteen men in a wide-array of ages walk off the bus with laptops, tablets, and note pads in hand.

TRENT (CONT'D)

These guys make and break. They're the most important club critics, writers, and aficionados around.

MOLLY

That's the social virgin network.

TRENT

You still got to impress 'em; so don't make us look like assholes.

MOLLY

We'll see what we can do.

INT. MOLLY'S STRIP CLUB, LATER

The bloggers file in and sit down as Josh and his sadist band, Bandage, are setting up to perform as the house band. The drummer (HENRY) is in a full leather bondage suit.

DEVIN
(sarcastically)
Hey Josh, really great gig.

TATTOOED WOMAN
Its so tragic; not in a good way.

JOSH
She's doing us a favor... Even the damn Beatles played 10,000 hours in a strip joint to become great.

DEVIN
Fuck you they did.

Henry pulls down his mouth zipper.

HENRY
You haven't read Malcolm Gladwell's Outliers? No wonder you're a moron.

Molly breaks up the band's conversation.

MOLLY
Sorry, we've now got to start in just five minutes... I guess their mother's basement feels lonely.

She continues through the showroom to see Jane finish work on the lighting and production. Kristen finishes handing out drinks and joins them at the control are with them. Molly grabs their hands as they turn off all of the lights.

There is an awkward silence in the pitch blackness as the band scrambles to start playing to a spooky track music mix.

A spotlight is placed in the middle of the showroom to reveal Belle standing on a table in a white bikini and angel wings.

BELLE
Hell hath no fury like a woman's scorned... Until this very moment, you have all scorned us terribly; and that hell has arrived.

The ground below the showroom suddenly begins to move in a clockward direction, startling the crowd.

BELLE (CONT'D)

Don't bother to fight it. Because we're taking you further, deeper, harder into a fire- an Inferno!

Red track lighting now reveals all of the dancers standing dead-eyed surrounding the showroom in a circle.

BELLE (CONT'D)

Ladies, meet your accusers. They claim to know your weaknesses, your faults, and your roles. Now, we stand to judge them and offer the nine circles of Hell... and let's see if we can add a few as well.

Belle is lifted to the rafters by wire attached to her wings.

The dancers converge onto the clients and perform a seductive routine using props from the circles of hell from *Dante's Inferno*. Covering them in food and tossing fake money around.

Once the show ends, there is silence. The men finally stand and cheer. Molly is shocked and thrilled at the response.

MONTAGE

The following month are shown to illustrate the unbelievable success that Molly's club gains.

INT. VARIOUS COMPUTER SCREENS

We see a few anonymous people at their computer screens reading positive reviews of Molly's reopened club.

INT. HOME RECORDING STUDIO

We see a few anonymous people at their computer screens reading positive reviews of Molly's reopened club.

The dancers see the clients change, and are nicer to them.

Molly is a podcast guest with two male hosts (BEAR & HIGGINS)

HIGGINS

You're listening to the Six Foot Rule podcast with Higgins and the Bear. We have Molly Dietrich with us, the area's newest, and obviously hottest, club owner. Molly, what makes yours different?

MOLLY

I got it placed in my lap and have no experience. I thought about how any jackass can pull up a naked person, like that. I wanted to try creating a place where you can be safe, entertained, and not leave needing to take cold showers in their clothes. If we could do at least one of those, it's a success.

INT. SHOWROOM

Belle dancing for Fred as she recognizes the music.

BELLE

Oh my God. That's Ellis Paul. I can't believe you remembered.

FRED

Of course, you always seem so happy. How about we get married and this could be our first song?

BELLE

You're sweet. If I weren't given more empty proposals in a shift, I just might have to take you up.

Fred smiles.

INT. DRESSING ROOM

The dancers sit around a folding table with packets of paper. The groups of feminists and holy rollers are also present.

MOLLY

Alright guys, in front of you is an exotic dancer union that we came up with that we hope becomes the norm.

BUBBLES

That's propaganda.

ROGER

Your average career is five years. This will protect you now and in the future finding work. Take it.

INT. SHOWROOM

We see the customers change to a livelier, nicer crowd.

Kiley holds hot-wing contests, bar trivia and speed dating.

EXT. STOREFRONT

A blackboard on the storefront of the club is periodically changed by Roger to a new theme for the night's performances.

These include: Field of Dreams, Murder Mystery theater and Hipster Night "Come for the irony, Stay for the microbrews".

Cut back to: The podcast.

BEAR

What kind of things can your fans
look forward to coming up?

MOLLY

At the end of the week we're having
a bad-movie night and we're of
course watching Showgirls and
Striptease and "acting" it out.

INT. MELTDOWN CHAMPAGNE ROOM

Cut back to the Frat Boys in the champagne room.

FRAT BOY 1

I fucking told you there is sex in
the champagne room!

The frat boys stand with their pants below their ankles until the bouncers come in. They stare in fear for a few seconds.

WILL

Wanna put your dicks away for this?

One of them speaks up to appear tough.

FRAT BOY 2

Yo, we ain't...

CUT TO: Two of the frat boys pants down thrown into the alley on top of trash bags. Kevin throws the last one on top.

END MONTAGE

INT. MELTDOWN STRIP CLUB, NIGHT

A projection of "Showgirls" playing a remarkably bad scene with Elizabeth Hurley. Jenna is below, reciting the scene.

We see a group of locals and the dancers all sitting in chairs and couches applaud for her humorous overacting.

Molly and Kristen get up and walk towards her office.

INT. MOLLY'S OFFICE, CONTINUOUS

They open the door to see Charlie working on his computer going through the first month's financials.

MOLLY

So do I still need to sell my eggs?

CHARLIE

It is beyond me how it worked out.

MOLLY

And how close till I'm covered?

CHARLIE

Faster than I'd ever think. Wish my advisor's could've mentioned this.

KRISTEN

You know it's not the business...
You're lucky you can even work part-time for a great girl, right?

Molly tries hiding her embarrassment.

CHARLIE

Lucky enough where I'll try taking more cash off the top.

MOLLY

(Smiling)

You wouldn't make it too far.

Molly walks to the kitchenette around the corner.

CHARLIE

Oh really, why?

MOLLY

You're too noble. You'd cripple in fear or probably burst into flames.

Charlie stands and walks into the kitchenette.

As Molly turns around after closing the fridge, she begins to speak before being stopped by Charlie's body next to her.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
The girls keep leaving their ...

Charlie kisses Molly for a couple of seconds. He stops to see her reaction. She smiles and then kisses him back.

After another second, she scraps him off.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Hey, can you wait here for like 5 minutes and then meet me out there?

CHARLIE
Ha... Sure.

Molly grabs Kristen's hand and exit the office.

INT. DRESSING ROOM, CONTINUOUS

Kristen and Jane are putting stage makeup on Molly. Kiley appears in her cooking uniform holding her phone.

KILEY
You're too cute. What do you need?

MOLLY
I don't know, I wasn't exactly expecting this tonight.

A few of the other dancers leave the movie to go to the back.

SELMA
What's going on?

KILEY
Molly's dancing for her boyfriend.

MOLLY
Wait, should I do this?... This may be coming on a little too strong?

Molly looks up at the women show her face painted in excess.

KRISTEN
You're looking too hot to back out.

MOLLY
Then you're both coming with me.

KRISTEN
That's not happening again.

MOLLY

Please... Last time, I promise. I bet Hank would like to see you.

JANE

Since this started I've workshopped a bit in the bedroom. But lactating way too much... I might feel okay.

MOLLY

That is horrifying; but I love it.

The other dancers sit Jane and Kristen down into the chairs.

CUT TO: Charlie comes out of the office. Although confused, he approaches the regulars still watching the movie. He tries to enter in the conversation by mocking the bad movie.

CHARLIE

It's funny. I thought this was an alternative universe where Jessie Spano kept taking caffeine pills.

The men dismiss his comment, but he still tries to connect.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Because her, in Saved... Hey, do you know where everyone went?

A bright stage light blinds Charlie pointed at his face.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Oh man!

He rubs his eyes to get his sign back before hearing the PA.

KILEY

Gentleman! You are in for a treat. For one night only, three gorgeous women will dazzle, excite, and erose... in no particular order. So, please give it for Jasmine, Magnolia, and the space lady!

The dance music underneath Kiley's voice becomes audible as the lights fade to reveal the women in three full outfits.

They follow each other's lead so to look choreographed until they begin to do better and become more comfortable.

At the end of their makeshift routine, Molly tries her infamous upside-down slide. She can feel nerves overtake her again until seeing Charlie smiling, and completes the move.

The women then start laughing, feeling self-conscious being up there. Charlie approaches the stage to congratulate Molly.

CHARLIE
That was something.

MOLLY
You'd still want to date me?

They kiss again. She stands up and starts to play around with Kristen and Jane before they retire their stripper careers.

INT. EUGENE'S OFFICE, DAY

The Poles are holding a meeting on the second floor of his club. Eugene is reading his tablet that is playing a video of a news report that references Molly's club and it's success.

EUGENE
So... What the fuck!?

DILLON
Beginners luck, Eugene.

KEITH
Don't worry about the bitch. This cute'sey novelty will wear off. And besides, the Tittie Committee will not care about their dumb shit.

EUGENE
Moron, the buyers have to fit in that. They won't be too God-damn happy that a new club isn't using.

GREG
We'll keep 'em in the dark longer.

EUGENE
Didn't I tell you to break the gas line there to buy us some time?

KEITH
They've got them apes all over. I'm not dealing with them for a flash in the pan... Also, I'm done with your demands. We've been talking.

The other Poles are heads down and avoiding eye contact.

EUGENE
Is that right?

KEITH

What the fuck guys? We were just talking about this, back me up!

Keith gets up to yell making Eugene stands as well.

EUGENE

Looks like they can't really have the back of a spineless prick.

Eugene punches him as Keith moves towards the window.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Tell me how the view is.

Eugene takes Keith by the shirt and throws him at the window. However, the glass doesn't break and he lays unconscious.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Really?!

Eugene takes out his gun and fires at the bottom window. He kicks him a few feet until he eventually falls out.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Prove that shit had no idea what he was talking about; you it clean up!

GREG

It's one floor, he'll be fine... But we've got an actual solution.

DILLON

We all fully support your decision to toss him Keith out the window.

EUGENE

For Christ-sake, what is it?

GREG

We've gotten the Black Widow.

EUGENE

Who? We're not taking her out, yet.

DILLON

We know. But let us show you her.

Greg stands up and walks into the hall.

DILLON (CONT'D)

She's a professional in taking down organizations. And she was around.

EUGENE

Whatever, where is she?

TAMMY, mid-forties with mileage enters the doorway in an ill-fitting tube top and martini glass that's a better fit.

TAMMY

... Hell yeah.

EUGENE

You want me to trust this?

DILLON

And she's my sister in law.

Tammy passes out next to Eugene.

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT, NIGHT

Molly and Charlie finally relax on her couch, meaning she must still be on the phone with Jane at the club.

MOLLY

Hey Jane, how's everything?

JANE

Not bad. Its our first bachelorette party. Did you tell Josh he could dance?

Josh is dancing on stage stripping his dominatrix outfit off.

MOLLY

(Laughing)

Oh God... I didn't think he would.

JANE

Thought he lied, but he's... good?

MOLLY

Call me if anything comes up and you need me. Call if it goes okay.

JANE

Don't worry. At least get one night to take of yourself and him.

Molly looks at Charlie who makes a ridiculous smile back.

MOLLY

Yeah, we'll see about that.

JANE

I think I've got this now... Bye.

Molly hangs up the phone.

CHARLIE

Has the place crumbled since you haven't held up the foundation?

MOLLY

I'd like to think so.

CHARLIE

I was doing that until I added up all the pain compared to any relief I got, It was never worth it.

MOLLY

Wish I could determine my emotions based on a spreadsheet, but my body doesn't seem to take anything that isn't an impulsive, gut reaction.

CHARLIE

I did have to tell you about something though.

MOLLY

What?

CHARLIE

I have a chance to be a senior manager for the firm in Phoenix.

MOLLY

Oh, okay.

CHARLIE

... It is pretty damn good.

MOLLY

I know, it sounds like it.

CHARLIE

I've known for awhile, and it was dumb to try to be with you, but it would of destroyed me if I didn't.

MOLLY

I am really glad that you did... It sounds like a secure, smart choice. Our club could be done- like that.

CHARLIE

I have a week to go and try it out.

MOLLY

Again, I'm sure you through of it from every logical position. So I know you will do the right thing.

For the moment, Charlie leans in to kiss her.

INT. MOLLY'S STRIP CLUB, NIGHT

Jane passes the excitement of the crowd in the showroom while taking out the trash to the exit.

EXT. PARKING LOT, NIGHT

Jane opens the exit behind the club, garbage bags in hand. She is surprised to see Tammy leaning next to the dumpster.

JANE

God... Sorry. You frightened me.

TAMMY

And that turned you on?

JANE

What?

TAMMY

Tammy Winkle. I'm sure you've heard you me by now... I've been lining pole and bringing in more bank in the string than most salaries.

JANE

I'm not really big into this scene yet. That's good for you though.

TAMMY

It's good for both of us. Have me dance, and you'll be seeing double.

JANE

I'm sure you're great. It's just that Molly the owner isn't here. But definitely call tomorrow maybe.

As Jane walk back inside Tammy sees a pacifier on Jane's belt and realizes she needs to exploit her differently by begging.

TAMMY

I'm sorry for the whole act, but my kid isn't doing well. But I'm good.

JANE

I do feel terrible.

TAMMY

So that's that. But could you put in a good word for me?... For us.

Tammy turns to walk away.

JANE

Okay. You can try it out.

Tammy grins diabolically and faces her.

TAMMY

You have no idea what this means.

INT. MOLLY'S STRIP CLUB, NIGHT

Molly and Roger conduct a final walk through the kitchen with both dressed in formal wear for that theme night of an opera.

MOLLY

Can you ask someone to fix this?

ROGER

I'm sure the inspector won't worry about hinges during a look-over.

MOLLY

I've been screwed over by less.

ROGER

Alright, I'll get someone.

MOLLY

Thanks.

Molly inspects the dressing room while the dancers get ready. She then notices Tammy as Jane comes up from behind Molly.

JANE

Hey Molly, that is Tammy.

MOLLY

Who is she?

JANE

I feel so bad for not asking, but I hired her. Listen to her story...

MOLLY

No, it's good. I'm glad you took a chance. It's your place too.

JANE

Thanks for not freaking out.

MOLLY

(Smiling)

That's the gauge y'all base me on?

JANE

Course not, I was just impulsive.

MOLLY

See if there's a dress to fit her and explain how rented they are.

JANE

I'll make sure.

Tammy waits for them to exit before she unpacks her backpack.

TAMMY

Hey girls!... Come see about me.

A few of the dancers walk towards her in curiosity.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

They want to keep you in the dark, but I've got more of what you need.

Tammy takes out the several jars of the Whore's Bath.

INDIGO

(Grabbing a jar)

Oh shit, it has been a minute.

BUBBLES

Molly said she didn't want it.

TAMMY

I'm not selling Mary fucking Kay, you know you need it to make more.

QUARTZ

She won't know, just one more time.

Tammy hands out the remaining jars as she puts it on as well.

INT. MELTDOWN SHOWROOM, LATER

Molly walks through the evening wear performances but notices her dancers appearing void and stiff. She arrives at the bar.

CHARLIE

Wow. I think I forgot your corsage.

MOLLY

And I could forget to put out... Do you notice the girls look off?

CHARLIE

Maybe tired. They've worked a lot.

MOLLY

(Unconvinced)

Yeah, maybe.

Inspector approaches and interrupts their conversation.

INSPECTOR

I've heard some good things.

MOLLY

About us?

INSPECTOR

Sure. It better than I thought.

CHARLIE

Well we're glad you could make it tonight. Could we get you anything?

INSPECTOR

Nope. I'm just gonna get my stuff.

He walks away as Molly starts to break her smile.

CHARLIE

Look at that.

MOLLY

I guess that's another thing down.

Molly then appears confused as Tammy is on stage making demonstrative eye contact with her from across the room.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

What is that new girl doing?

Tammy is grinding her legs vigorously between the pole.

CHARLIE
Doesn't look like her first rodeo.

MOLLY
But what the hell is that?

The inspector gets into her vicinity to pick up his stuff.

Tammy then unclenches her legs from the pole and maintain eye contact with Molly as she reaches for her g-string and grins.

Molly quickly moves from confusion to fear as she charges. It's too late as she tears her bottom off, howls, and sprays an intense orgasm in the face of the inspector.

INSPECTOR
Oh my god! It's like antifreeze!

The inspector tries wiping out his eyes as Molly stands in shock and Tammy rips off her dress then casually exits.

INT. MOLLY'S OFFICE, DAY

The group is in Molly's office the following morning shocked. Roger is on the phone speaking with the inspection office.

ROGER
How can that be it?... You really think one rouge dancer could make us pay this bad? What would happen if you hired me, and the next day I flung my dick around... Oh when did that happen?... It's final?... Okay.

KRISTEN
... So what is it?

ROGER
It's not terrible, guys. We got it down to just a 15 days suspension.

CHARLIE
That's better than we thought.

MOLLY
And there isn't a fine as well?

ROGER
Well, ten thousand does mean they can't sue us or anything.

JANE
Oh my god! I'm just so sorry.

MOLLY

Nope, this is on me.

JANE

If there is anything I can do...

MOLLY

Why wouldn't I trust a housewife to make real decisions?

KRISTEN

Molly! What's wrong with you?

JANE

It's okay, I deserved that.

CHARLIE

No... This isn't that bad.

MOLLY

I'm sorry. Seems like I'm out ten grand and any money for two weeks. I put my savings into an investment a squirting skank could take down!

ROGER

It could've still worked.

Roger walks out, followed by Kristen and Jane.

CHARLIE

This sucks, but you've seen this kind of potential. Roger is right.

MOLLY

Roger's right? The man-child failed a dozen times getting men to tits.

CHARLIE

They've been nothing but supportive instead of imploding like this.

MOLLY

That takes a lot from someone who's dying to become a senior bitch for the company that still hates him.

CHARLIE

Yep... And I might take it earlier.

Charlie leaves the office as Molly stares off.

After a moment Molly leaves her office ready to bark orders.

MOLLY
 Okay. Roger, call whoever to move
 things around at your house.

KRISTEN
 Why?

MOLLY
 (Belittling)
 Cause its staying open.

ROGER
 That doesn't sound good.

MOLLY
 I'm salvaging any of this. Selling
 and forgetting it really happened.

ROGER
 ... Alright.

Molly exits the club.

EXT. ROGER'S HOME, NIGHT

A few remaining dancers are scattered amongst the small home.

A new clientele of creepy men sit on lawn and folding chairs
 while Roger attempts to still host the sad performances.

ROGER
 You couldn't possibly use that tray
 like three inches away, right?

The elderly man coughs and blows his cigarette smoke at him.

Fred and Eddie are crammed awkwardly on a futon with
 confederacy hillbillies as Belle reluctantly tries dancing.

HILLBILLY 1
 Hell girl, I know you.

BELLE
 (Unamused)
 You do?

HILLBILLY 2
 (Touching her)
 Of course, honey. Let's remember.

FRED
 Okay. Can we just watch the show?

HILLBILLY 1
Fucking show?

HILLBILLY 2
Where we beat you and your fag?

BELLE
Please stop! It's fine.

Fred sits back ashamed.

INT. ROGER'S KITCHEN, CONTINUOUS

Roger walks over to Kristen who is trying to mix drinks.

KRISTEN
I can't work in this shit... Sorry.

ROGER
It's a dump. But now a clusterfuck.

KRISTEN
We'd be lucky making a few hundred.

ROGER
Then talk to her?

KRISTEN
No, she doesn't care about me.

A loud crash is heard and they run towards the living room.

BELLE
Guys! Stop.

Roger stares as Fred and Eddie are dragged on the floor by the hillbillies as they pour beer onto them.

ROGER
Get out of here, right now.

HILLBILLY 1
Give us the your cover cash.

ROGER
I'm not going...

Roger is sidekicked across the face. The Hillbillies takes his money and walk out of the home.

INT. ROGER'S BEDROOM, CONTINUOUS

Molly speaks to Kiley at her temporary workstation.

MOLLY
What the hell happened?

KILEY
It just got away from us.

MOLLY
I know it's wrong, no one's
questioning it. But come on...

KILEY
What?

MOLLY
Look, it's already uncomfortable.

KILEY
But she didn't...

Kiley stands up helpless as Molly stares at her.

EXT. ROGER'S PORCH, CONTINUOUS

Belle places a cloth onto the blood lip of a battered Fred.

FRED
Damn it, that burns.

BELLE
Sorry... That also might not be
peroxide, I couldn't find anything.

Fred takes over the pressure and tries to discount his pain.

FRED
It's fine. Thank you.

BELLE
I mean, thank you for doing that. I
knew this was a dumb idea for me.

FRED
You didn't know... Is it a dumb for
me to stick around too?

BELLE
Course not.

FRED

I could try taking you out again?

BELLE

Like most of us I've lived too many lives. And somehow each involved manipulating almost this exact situation to get something for me.

FRED

You can't believe all that.

BELLE

But, I'm telling you as a friend, I'm not the stripper with a heart of gold. Just another girl with baggage to weigh you down.

FRED

Come on. I could help with the baggage. Stowing it away, we don't have to check it or anything.

MOLLY

You're sweet.

Belle flashes a smile at Fred, but he knows it's hopeless.

FRED

Alright... In that case, as my friend or stripper can you take me to the hospital? I was kind of underplaying my internal bleeding.

BELLE

(Jumping up)

Oh my God... I'll get more help.

FRED

No rush. When you get around to it.

Kiley walks out onto the porch.

BELLE

Can you help me lift him?

KILEY

Sure... I'm sorry about this Fred, this whole thing got fucked up.

FRED

I needed to start my first fight.

Kiley and Belle help lift Fred off the ground.

KILEY

No point in staying, we're leaving
until the club and Molly get fixed.

As they walk away, Eddie is shown on the living room floor.

EDDIE

Alright. I'm going to keep watch.

MONTAGE

INT. MELTDOWN OFFICE

Molly struggles to go over her finances while sitting in the
complete dark of the club, lite only by a table lamp.

INT. RESTAURANT

Kristen goes back to bartend at her former restaurant.

INT. JANE'S HOME

Jane and Hank play with their baby and go about life fine.

INT. HOSPITAL

Molly sits with Helen they watch George go in for surgery.

END MONTAGE

INT. EUGENE'S OFFICE, DAY

Eugene and the Poles are holding a meeting in their office.

EUGENE

Tell me now everything is set up.

ZACK

Yeah Eugene. The Committee rep
confirmed, Saturday night.

MARK

Dillon and Phil are picking them up
from the airport.

EUGENE

You see to it that happens, and you don't fuck anything else up...

MARK

Couldn't agree with you more.

EUGENE

We also don't have time to worry about Meltdown. Who the hell did I put in charge of that little bitch?

DILLON

That was Gary's job...

EUGENE

Okay?

DILLON

You sort of kicked him off.

The window is still held together with temporary cardboard.

EUGENE

Yeah, that's right... God damn yes men. Maybe speak up, I can take it.

MARK

Fucking Gary. Am I right?

EUGENE

I can't afford anymore surprises before the dance... Take her down.

DILLON

She isn't really like a threat now.

EUGENE

That's what we thought before all this shit began. How much is left?

MARK

I mean, we've got a few jars but...

EUGENE

Fine, get them to use it and wipe clean. I'll figure out the rest.

INT. POLE'S STRIP CLUBS, NIGHT

The Poles are shown at their clubs giving their remaining cream to their dancers as they become excited and reanimated.

MARK

There's a ton more at the Meltdown.

DILLON

Remember- this is your time to shine. Take back your jobs back.

EXT. STREET, NIGHT

The dancers now sufficiently high and angry are shuffled onto the mobile strip club as the Poles prepare for Molly's club.

DILLON

Get on the bus if you want more!..
And if you're feeling nasty, please take any object from the trash can.

INT. MOLLY'S STRIP CLUB, NIGHT

Molly is running most of the business herself with even fewer unhappy dancers and a small amount of customers.

MOLLY

What are you doing out here?

KILEY

We didn't even turn on the burners on, no one was ordering anything.

MOLLY

They will. I'll deal with this; so just go back, okay?

KILEY

No.

MOLLY

Really?

KILEY

Yeah!

MOLLY

Are we in another universe where I wasn't your boss, and you weren't just another gold digging stripper?

KILEY

Maybe... But I'm also pregnant.

MOLLY

Jesus, Kiley. I had no idea.

Kiley begins to cry before she tries to defend herself.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Does he know?

KILEY

Unless you want me out of the club now, I'm going to tell the girls. But I'll be gone from the apartment tonight. I do thank you though.

Kiley walks back to the kitchen as Molly tries to stop her.

MOLLY

Kiley, I'm so sorry. Can we talk about this tonight?

Kiley dismisses her and continues to walk away.

INT. MOBILE STRIP BUS. LATER

The dancers are now engrossed in zombie-like and subservient.

DILLON

This is your enemy. She wants to take away your freedom and money.

The strippers are becoming even more blood thirsty.

INT. MOLLY'S STRIP CLUB, LATER

The lack of staff makes Molly bus her own tables just as the lack of enthusiasm translates to the dancer's performances.

Molly hears metal crash against the front of the club. The cups from the table shake and she looks at one of the stunned dancers watching her chest because of the vibrations.

The entrance is finally kicked open as the possessed dancers attack the club. The bouncers attempt to stop some of them, yet are hit across the skull by the Poles who come in behind.

Due to the concentration of drugs, the women resemble a feeding frenzy as they start to destroy the entire club.

They grab the fleeing dancers and viciously punch them.

Molly can only attempt to deter them with a broom she had in hand before they take it, lite it on fire and burn the bar.

The flames spreads to the kitchen as well as the staff run.

Molly rushes into the smoke hoping for the best.

MOLLY

Kiley! Guys. Everyone okay!

DANA

She was in the walk-in!

She runs through the burning kitchen not finding Kiley, but helps a dancer with a twisted ankle as they makes it outside.

EXT. ALLAY, NIGHT

Most of the employees are accounted for before Molly screams.

MOLLY

Kiley! (to dancer) Call for help.

Molly runs away in the direction of her car.

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT, NIGHT

Breathless, Molly runs into her apartment looking for Kiley. She notices the TV is on, as well as all of the lights.

MOLLY

(Rushing)

Are you here? We have to go!

She leaps to each room and overhears the news on the TV.

NEWSCASTER

We are our top story of a body found near a chemical plant. It is presumed this may be linked to a 65 chavelle found burned last month...

MOLLY

(Frantic)

Kiley!

Kiley is clothed, crying in the shower. Before Molly can question this, her skull is hit from behind. Knocked out.

INT. EUGENE'S BUS, NIGHT

Molly regains consciousness hearing voices. Roger, Kristen, and Jane are handcuffed to the handles on the Snatch Hatch.

JANE

Molly!?

ROGER
Can you hear us?

MOLLY
Where are we?

JANE
We're figuring out how to get help.

MOLLY
Kristen... Are you okay?

Kristen remains silent and avoiding eye contact with Molly.

KRISTEN
Tell me what you want me to say?!
This time you've gotten us killed.

Molly starts to cry, but tries to remain strong.

MOLLY
Okay... I'll pay anything and get it
taken care of. I'm just so scared.

ROGER
It's fine. I explained it earlier,
this happens. It's our wrist slaps.

MOLLY
I saw Clint's car. They...

The group remains silent and expressionless for a moment.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Did you see Kiley!?

JANE
No.

MOLLY
She was tied up... God damnit!

The bus then comes to a stop. Miles opens the door.

MILES
Warehouse, end of the line.

Ralph starts to cut out Molly, while Greg works on Kristen.

DILLON
This how ya imagined us together?

MOLLY
Where is Kiley!?

Before pulling his knife to her wrists, he gropes her body.

DILLON

Inside... We'll invite her soon.

Molly knees Dillon in the crotch. Kristen sees this and immediately head butts Greg after he had just cut her loose. Jane panics as Roger is still tied to the rail helpless.

ROGER

Holy shit! We're doing this!?

Panicking, Miles tries to drive the bus in quick circles.

Dillon pulls out his gun and charges at Molly. She is able to grab onto the pole and sidekick him across the face. Roger lifts his legs up to choke Greg in between his legs.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Is this doing anything!?

Molly picks up the run and pistol-whips Miles across the skull to stop the bus. Kristen cuts down Roger and Jane.

ROGER (CONT'D)

What the hell?! I wish you said or signaled something about that.

Kristen continues to kick Greg as he lays on the ground.

MOLLY

Kristen, can you stop?

KRISTEN

I'm finishing what you've started.

MOLLY

They need to know that everything is normal, or they will hurt Kiley.

KRISTEN

Wait, you couldn't possibly be thinking of going in there?

MOLLY

What choice do we have?

KRISTEN

I'm taking this to help.

MOLLY

Come on, you can't drive this.

KRISTEN

Stop telling me what I can't do.

Molly then walks off the bus. Jane and Roger follow.

MOLLY

Roger, can you drag them off here?

ROGER

Why not.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT, LATER

As Roger pulls the Poles off the bus, Molly tries to cover their bruises these up with clothing. She looks at Kristen in the driver seat and tearing up as she starts the bus.

INT. WAREHOUSE, LATER

Molly, Jane, and Roger walking into a small entrance of the warehouse their hands behind their backs. Dillon and Greg follow behind still hurting acting control, yet Molly and Roger are holding their guns.

The group sees Eugene and the Poles that have Kiley tied up.

KILEY

Molly, guys! What's happening!?

They all keep quiet as they as they sit down.

EUGENE

Yes, Molly. Please tell her why all of this is apparently necessary?

MOLLY

I'm still not sure what you mean?

EUGENE

Alright, bitch. It's clearly over, give me the papers.

MOLLY

And what assurances do we have?

EUGENE

Really?

EUGENE (CONT'D)

I can't believe myself, but I could have taken you in and had you made.

MOLLY

(Laughing)

Made? What the fuck are you people?
You watch Scorsese movies and think
you can run a town like an asshole?

Eugene moves closer and Molly clinches her gun tighter.

TRENT

Eugene... they're here.

EUGENE

Bring 'em in. They'll have more
experience dealing with traders.

Entering from the back, a group of older men walk in, but
through the middle is the Chairman. Molly's jaw drops.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Mr. Chairman, how are you today!?

CHAIRMAN

I'm can hear... Prick.

MOLLY

What the fuck!?

CHAIRMAN

You!

EUGENE

Yes, Mr. Chairman. I see you
remember the broker's wife.

CHAIRMAN

I try to remember the women telling
me to suck their cocks.

MOLLY

We have backup coming! You're done!

CHAIRMAN

We were promised an easy exchange.
What is this cunt talking about?

EUGENE

Don't worry, this will be quick.

CHAIRMAN

Fine. I want your men checking the
perimeter anyway. Now, where is it?

EUGENE

Here is our jar, and it's even more potent than we even agreed on last.

CHAIRMAN

They just make more from it?

EUGENE

Your clients could start a fucking assembly line if they wanted to.

MOLLY

What the hell are you doing?

CHAIRMAN

I need to see that it works.

EUGENE

No problem. We got volunteers here.

Eugene puts on rubber gloves and takes out the cream from the container and walks over to the group. But Tammy rushes out.

TAMMY

Can I try it, Eugene?

EUGENE

Their isn't enough for your ass.

MOLLY

Tammy, don't do it!

TAMMY

Back off bitch.

EXT. WAREHOUSE FRONT, LATER

INTERCUT: Back two men's feet. They ambush the bus to find Kristen hasn't left the bus and is still crying and failing to leave. Kristen screams when they kick open the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE, LATER

As Molly is distracted getting answers, Dillon and Greg unsuccessfully mime to Eugene that they're not in control.

MOLLY

What else are you getting for this?

CHAIRMAN

War-zones have taken our whore bathes and made 'em cash cows.

MOLLY

Fuck, you keep them all fighting.

CHAIRMAN

To what- the hookers, traffickers,
sex slaves... Who gives a shit.

Eugene looks again at the s and finally gets the message.

CHAIRMAN (CONT'D)

So- she has papers. And that's the
last of it, what else do you have?

EUGENE

(Scared)

What do you mean?

The Chairman is the first to draw a gun. Molly reacts, pulls, and fires into the direction of the Chairman and Eugene. But the backfire makes her miss and hits Tammy in the ass.

The Board and the Poles have a shoot out while Eugene drags himself behind crates. The group runs for cover as well.

MOLLY

We have to get Kiley.

Roger runs scared until he faces Dillon and his gun. Before he reacts, the Snatch Hatch barrels in running him over.

The bus ends in the middle of the action. Getting out of the bus is a wounded Clint with two hand guns. Followed behind him is Charlie with a pipe in hand. Molly is shell-shocked.

CHARLIE

Holy shit! Are you okay?

Charlie rushes over to Molly and Jane who are in cover.

MOLLY

We need to get Kiley and the cream.

JANE

Where did you two come from?

CHARLIE

It's fine, I got this... Maybe.

Charlie rushes into the action haphazardly, pipe in hand.

The Chairman's attention is on shooting at the hiding Eugene until he peripherally notices Charlie charging. He takes a breath from his oxygen tank and aims his pistol to Charlie.

Charlie stops in his tracks before Eugene fires at the tank.

The tank explodes into a ball of fire, igniting the Chairman immediately and causes the Board to fly back, badly burned.

Charlie retreats back to the group.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Fuck me! That's not going away.

JANE
Anyone else hurt bad?

Kristen backs up the bus to pick up Molly and Jane.

KRISTEN
Get in.

Molly and Charlie get on and duck between the aisles.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry and shouldn't of left.

MOLLY
Me too... But we can talk soon.

KRISTEN
Of course. Just needed to... Yeah.

Kristen drives forward before the bus suddenly loses control.

Roger is now in a firefight with the other Poles. He tries to get to Kiley who is knocked on her side on the ground tied up. He tries signaling to Kristen to come to his aide.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
Roger is waving at us.

MOLLY
Is Kiley with him?

KRISTEN
No. She's still tied up.

MOLLY
Pick him up, barrel this bus.

KRISTEN
I like that.

Roger hides before seeing the bus moves towards him, he gets ready to get on. However, Kristen drives into a pillar.

ROGER

Oh, come on.

Clint is continuing to shoot at the Poles and the remaining Board. Eugene grabs the briefcase of money, and drags Kiley.

MOLLY

What the hell?

KRISTEN

I'm not even confident in my Focus.

Molly can see Eugene getting away with Kiley in hand.

The group leap out the bus with intent to exit. Yet, Kristen notices gasoline streaming from under the bus and onto her feet. Eugene sees this and kicks the torched body at them.

The chair rolls quickly as the group runs in opposite directions. It hits the bus making it burst into flames.

The Poles run out of the warehouse as we see Clint and Roger look for Kiley. Eugene pulls Kiley out of the warehouse.

CLINT

Do you have her?

MOLLY

Where the hell would've I put her?

CLINT

I don't know... fuck.

The bus's flames grow and they all flee to the front lot.

EXT. WAREHOUSE BACKLOT, LATER

Eugene takes Kiley and his briefcase in hand runs out of the warehouse to his car. Kiley attempts to struggle out of his grasp until he decides to throw her hard into the trunk.

EXT. WAREHOUSE FRONT, LATER

As the group flees, they see Trenchcoat. Molly draws her gun.

CLINT

Whoa, put that down!

MOLLY

He's part of this.

CLINT

I know. He's the good guy.

TRENCHCOAT

Mrs. Dietrich, my name is Agent KB,
NSA. Clint had alerted us of this.

MOLLY

No, you're the trenchcoat pervert.

He open his Trenchcoat to flash his federal badge.

TRENCHCOAT

International drug trafficking.

MOLLY

Your junk is out.

TRENCHCOAT

I'm a method actor... You must come
with us for our protection options.

CLINT

We can't! Eugene has my girlfriend.
Please, let us get him.

TRENCHCOAT

I don't know, vigilantly justice?
Thats not something we normally do.

Trenchcoat laughs at himself while the group looks confused.

TRENCHCOAT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, that's way funnier down
at HQ... Please- go do what you do.

The group runs toward's Charlie's car. Trenchcoat smiles as
he watches his team approaches and takes down the Board.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR, LATER

Charlie is driving with the group questioning where to go.

CHARLIE

Where are we even going?

MOLLY

God, I have no idea.

CLINT

What about his club?

JANE
He has to be fleeing with her.

MOLLY
(Dialing her cellphone)
Yeah, you're right.

INT. EUGENE'S CAR, LATER

Eugene is on phone as Kiley's phone rings from her purse.

EUGENE
You're in it right now? I fucking
know, but the situation changed!...
We'll be there in 30 seconds.

He hangs up and then is tempted by her phone and picks up.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
Hello.

MOLLY
Hey prick, let her go now.

EUGENE
She'll be valuable, or die trying.

MOLLY
More than the briefcase full?

EUGENE
You're pathetic.

MOLLY
Why don't you check it?

Eugene gets furious and silent. Molly is still on hold until he gives in and checks the briefcase to find it sandbagged.

EUGENE
Fucking bitch!

MOLLY
You think I'd let you take that.

INT. AIRLINE HANGER, LATER

Eugene gets out at the airplane hanger in his car while still on the phone and takes out Kiley from the back

EUGENE
I'm going to kill her, you know.

MOLLY

You've proven to be a business man,
Her price to you is not near what
we'll offer... Stop by my place.

Eugene hangs up and holds Kiley up and questions leaving.

EUGENE

Get in!

KILEY

No! My ribs are shattered.

EUGENE

God-damnit.

As Kiley collapses to the ground, Eugene puts his arms around her and tosses her back into the trunk. He peels away.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR, LATER

CLINT

What was that?

MOLLY

I knew the Board would fuck anyone.

EXT. STOREFRONT, NIGHT

Eugene puts his gun to Kiley's back going into the club.

INT. MOLLY'S STRIP CLUB, NIGHT

Once Eugene enters, Molly is standing on the burnt stage.

EUGENE

Where is it?

MOLLY

You must love getting screwed.

Eugene turns the gun at Molly and fire to no success. Molly is startled, but begins to smile as he flounders.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Beautiful.

Kiley knees him and runs over to Molly and takes out the gun clip. Eugene freaks out and flees to the entrance.

EXT. STOREFRONT, LATER

Once he gets to the front of the club and he sees all of the dancers from his and the Poles clubs. He sees the bouncers with their van open before the dancers all converge onto him.

INT. MOLLY'S STRIP CLUB, NIGHT

Molly and the entire group are watching the one remaining TV left in the bar as they see the news report showing the Board and other executives being arrested by Trenchcoat.

TRENCHCOAT

We now have proof to take these men
in for crimes against humanity.

His coat gets stepped on as it comes off and exposes himself.

Roger turns down the TV as the place remains silent.

ROGER

How did we make it this far?

MOLLY

What?

ROGER

He did you a favor. If I were you
I'd take the insurance and walk.

MOLLY

No you wouldn't.

Roger grins but remains quiet.

KILEY

You've done enough for us and we'll
try to find something else to do.

JANE

There won't be any clubs in town in
awhile. People will think its good.

MOLLY

This is still good... If they think
it's worse than them, then fuck
'em. And fuck me because I was too.

Molly stands on her stool and speaks to the entire group.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

It kills me these places will still be ran by greedy, ego cocks... But look at who they're looking up to?!

Molly points to the TV still showing arrests.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I'd like to think I had anything to do with the success, but it's not. I'm going to try to rebuild this for you. Cause it's good- you are. Don't let any asshole like me tell you otherwise... Do what you want.

CLINT

And when are we thinking to reopen?

MOLLY

If they're on time... Nine o'clock.

The group laughs.

KRISTEN

You're showing them an ash tray?

MOLLY

Sure. I haven't lost anything yet.

The group remains silent for a moment.

BELLE

In 15 hours we'll shine it up and get in a routine. I think we're in.

JANE

I'll try to use my gym's equipment.

ROGER

I've got a ton of random shit.

Molly looks at Kristen for final approval.

KRISTEN

I can salvage the bar.

MOLLY

Wow, I wasn't planning a guilt trip, but thank again to you all.

The group get excited as Fred and Eddie approach Molly.

EDDIE

We'd like to help too if it's okay.

MOLLY

Of course. You've guys been great.
Drawing a crowd, sweeping up a bit?

FRED

Yeah, we can do that for sure. But
wanted to let you know, I can offer
a lot of help. Like an investment.

MOLLY

... Then- Let's talk.

MONTAGE

With little money and time they get everyone to help restore
it including some of the regular customers.

INT. MOLLY'S OFFICE, NIGHT

Loud music vibrates as Molly is sitting in her office chair.
She is looking at papers on her desk before closing her eyes.
She hears a noise at the door and hides the papers.

MOLLY

Hey what's up?

She turns around to see George awkwardly standing up.

GEORGE

This is strange.

MOLLY

Oh my god! Dad!

Molly runs over to him and hugs him.

GEORGE

Don't break me or nothing.

MOLLY

What are you doing here?!... And
standing? This can't be good.

GEORGE

A guy can't do something without
making a big production about?

MOLLY

I know, I'm just... Wow.

GEORGE

I'd try anything for you. Besides,
from this high up, I can actually
see the place you're making better.

Molly begins to cry.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You didn't give up on me.

MOLLY

(Leaning into him)
How did you get here, anyway? Don't
tell me you ran away.

GEORGE

My new friend Charles picked us up.

MOLLY

Oh really?

GEORGE

He's a pretty good kid. His driving
is psychotic. But other than trying
to kill us, he should stick around.

Charlie and Helen are outside the office with his wheelchair.

MOLLY

I'll see what I can do.

INT. MOLLY'S STRIP CLUB, NIGHT

Molly pushes George in his wheelchair to the showroom as the
dancers approach him and all try to speak to him.

MOLLY

Ladies, this is my father, George.

GEORGE

I'm sorry to disappoint you all,
but I already got a girl... She is
totally cool with me being here.

HELEN

I've hardly ever been called cool.

MOLLY

Of course you are. Even your son
thinks so... You should say hello.

Helen's son TRAVIS is plugging in his guitar on the stage.

HELEN

Hi Travis! Hi sweetheart. You look really bitching up there.

The dancers and band members start to laugh.

TRAVIS

... I literally don't know you.

HELEN

Thanks again for letting him play.

MOLLY

He's really talented.

KRISTEN

Where do you all want to sit?

GEORGE

Oh, my heart can only take so much tonight. We're going back to the hotel. But get those nipple people.

JANE

We'll try for you Mr. Dietrich.

Helen rolls George away to the back entrance. Charlie tries to relax Molly who appear anxious, but excited.

MOLLY

Here we go.

EXT. STOREFRONT, LATER

The club is as done as it will be as a limo pulls up in front. A small group of random celebrities making up the committee get out of the car.

ROGER

And we have arrived.

They look at the signage in front which is covering up ashes.

RANDOM CELEB 1

Maybe you should stay in the car.

RANDOM CELEB 2

And keep it running.

ROGER

Come on guys. You must've seen far worse than this in your search.

RANDOM CELEB 3

Once we reviewed a club themed with the Civil War; remember that shit!?

ROGER

There you go... But I think the owner had a unique vision during that political climate... I promise you just have to spend just five minutes and we'll leave you be.

Several of the dancers come out to escort each of the members to the entrance and the Committee becomes slightly impressed.

RANDOM CELEB 1

We could make it a hard ten.

ROGER

You can't regret it.

INT. THE MOLLY-GO-ROUND, NIGHT

Roger and the Committee enter the club. No longer TVs and decor drape the hallway, and replaced by patchy wallpaper. Roger tries pretending they aren't sinking in the ground.

RANDOM CELEB 1

Am I smelling smoke?

ROGER

Yeah, I was sure clubs you've seen don't yet have that in. Great nose.

RANDOM CELEB 2

I spotted it; my aroma therapist has me sleeping on charcoal bags.

Once they reach the showroom, they take in the entire renovated area that includes athletic equipment and movie studio props. Molly approaches to introduce herself.

MOLLY

Thank you all so much for come out. I know you have to see a ton now.

RANDOM CELEB 3

No problem.

RANDOM CELEB 1

We've haven't seen this before?

MOLLY

Hopefully, that's the idea.

Kristen approaches with large mixed drinks for the committee.

RANDOM CELEB 2
Is that a Sazerac?!

KRISTEN
I just Googled for your favorites.

MOLLY
You all will love this routine.

RANDOM CELEB 1
You didn't make a new dance for us?

RANDOM CELEB 2
Yeah, cause we just wanted to see
the typical, daily show.

MOLLY
Oh no, please. That's what I meant,
standard, thing we do. Boilerplate.

The house lights turn off as techno-piano music plays on the loud speaker and colored spot-lights scan the showroom like the introduction to a professional basketball game.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Completely normal!

Two of the dancers appear on stage with T-shirt cannons. They fire several off as the crowd tries to grab them. Jane starts to speak over the PA and introduces some of the dancers.

JANE
Ladies, gentleman, and celebrities!
Put your hand noise together for
tonight's starting line up.

The respective girls are introduced in warm-up/gym clothing.

JANE (CONT'D)
Let's give it up for Belle...
Bubbles... Indigo... Quartz... and
Stella! If you're looking for a
good time, then say hello to these
extraordinary girls after the show.

The crowd applauds, Roger hands Jane a piece of paper.

JANE (CONT'D)
... And not to be outdone, nothing
could give... give you more wood
than the bench of our Dream Team.

A lineup including all of the dancers from Eugene and the Poles club appear in similar sports warm-ups at different locations in the showroom. This fills the entire area.

The dancers are stationary until the dance music begins and they proceed into a stunning routine after removing their break-away wear. Random set pieces used for their acrobatics.

Once the dance is completed, the Committee and crowd cheers. Many of the dancers catch their breathe and speak to the customers. Molly walks into the kitchen to grab Kiley.

MOLLY

Hey, do you have a minute?

Kiley leaves the kitchen and heads to the showroom.

KILEY

That was ridiculous!

MOLLY

They are something else.

KILEY

Seriously, did you see this coming?

MOLLY

If I did it wasn't through my eyes.

KILEY

What do you think we'll have planned tomorrow to top this?

MOLLY

I wanted to...

Charlie interrupts.

CHARLIE

Come on, guys. We have to see this.

The woman follow him to the stage area.

Fred and Eddie are watching Belle dance.

FRED

It's a hell of a thing... This.

BELLE

I know. I heard your donation made this thing possible.

FRED

It wasn't charity, Belle. I've found happiness from the last place on Earth. You've done that, for me.

Fred nods his head to Eddie to leave the table.

BELLE

That's quite a lot of faith.

FRED

This could be the best, and last time I'd try... Will you marry me?

BELLE

Fred. You are so sw...

FRED

I know- I'm sweet... But I want to know if you will?

The strumming of a guitar and banjo are heard from the live band area. The voice comes on and it is Belle's favorite musician, Ellis Paul. He begins to sing "Annalee".

BELLE

No!

Fred rips apart his casual clothes to reveal a tuxedo. He kneels on the ground as Belle is completely overwhelmed.

FRED

You knew Ellis would be a good guy... I wanted to show you that you, and Jeremy are so important to me. I'm not delusional, I know that this is ridiculous. And I'm not rescuing you from anything. You've saved me... Could you marry me?

Belle is starting to tear up as she is lost for words.

BELLE

Yes.

Ellis stops the music.

ELLIS

Wait... What did she say?

BELLE

Yes. I said yes... Ellis Paul?!

ELLIS

Well, good. That could've been
fucking awkward.

He leads the bands to start the music again. Belle and Fred
kiss as the crowd cheers. Champagne is handed out to all.

CHARLIE

Gonna officiate them as well?

MOLLY

(Grins)
We'll see...

The Tittie Committee approaches the group.

RANDOM CELEB 1

What the hell did we walk into?

RANDOM CELEB 2

Could I get on their wedding party?

RANDOM CELEB 3

We knew that the group wanted a new
direction.... You'll be put on the
map for a long time to come.

MOLLY

Thank you. We know your people will
have a great time... But you'll
have to speak to the new owners.

ROGER

What?

KRISTEN

New owners?

CLINT

Is it mine again?

MOLLY

Sure. Yours, hers, hers. We've
earned enough to take care of my
Dad and much more than it's worth.

CHARLIE

She's opening a placement firm.

MOLLY

We are. Another chance on people.

RANDOM CELEB 3

We'll talk to y'all soon, but call
this the downpayment for our first.

He pulls out an absurdly large stack of cash from his pocket.

KRISTEN

Good Lord, you keep that in your
shirt pocket?

RANDOM CELEB 3

Not even gangbangers think
celebrities carry cash on them.

He hands the cash to a shocked Roger, but walks it to Molly.

MOLLY

You get to worry about it now.

Roger lights up finally being able to "make it rain". Roger
is about to throw the bundle in the air, but abruptly stops.

ROGER

No, that would be tacky.

Roger runs towards the T-shirt cannon. He places the money in
and fires it straight into the air. The crowd goes crazy.

Time moves slowly as Molly takes in the moment. She scans the
circus to notice the group laughing when the cash rains.

Molly's smile falls in exhaustion, softly closing her eyes.

CUT TO:

BLACK

EXT. HIGHWAY BILLBOARD, NIGHT

The sound of industrial lights being turned on frightens the
visibly beaten Eugene and Poles before getting blinded. A
larger picture reveals them handcuffed in stuffed bikinis.

They realize they're in front of the large breasted woman
high atop Eugene's billboard. As the men try covering up, a
beaten Eugene looks down at the delighted club employees.

EUGENE

You better laugh it up now!

The group on the ground continues to laugh at his threats.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Every second will mean your friends
and family I'll cut open, beat in
and skull-fuck! That order might
change, but I'll make damn sure...

As he has lost his concentration in his anger, the robotic boob hits him. He femininely screams as his neck snaps at his fall on the catwalk and falls off the side of billboard.

FADE OUT