

THE CLUB II

Written by
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FADE IN:

INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

The GRINDING sound of a lighter wheel accompanies several short sparks.

A flame emerges from the lighter's nozzle, illuminating a bloody hand holding its base.

The hand directs the lighter to a white candle. The flame passes to the wick. The candle flame grows, dances with life.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Man has always been a voyeur.

TV SCREEN

Static. Grainy video images. A pornographic movie. A female BUXOM BLONDE rides her male LOVER. Animalistic sexual MOANS.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Whether it be unfulfilled sexual fantasies...

DISTURBING BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE: KING ALEXANDER I assassinated in a busy street. Cars crash and burn in the 1965 LE MANS disaster. THICH QUANG DUC's self-immolation.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

...or a morbid curiosity of death.

Grainy images. NAZIS shoot PRISONERS OF WAR. Firing squads. Public punishments. NGUYEN VAN LÉM's execution.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Advancements in technology would supply the voyeur what they craved.

SHOTS: 1970s exploitation movies. Modern day fake snuff flicks. ARCHIVE FOOTAGE: A PARLIAMENTARY OFFICIAL ridicules the existence of real snuff movies.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

But it only delayed the constant growing urge for the real thing. There now exists such a portal.

COMPUTER MONITOR

SEARCH RESULTS bring up such titles as "3 Guys 1 Hammer", "1 Lunatic 1 Ice-pick", "12 guys, 1 girl, 1 corpse".

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

A desire to be satisfied escalates.
Big business for the black market.
Mixing sex and death of the average
Joe is no longer enough. But a
celebrity... now there's a thought.

TV SCREEN

Grain distorted images of the porno film. Buxom Blonde rides her Lover to orgasm. She reveals a knife in her hand. STABS his throat in a fit of rage, SPLATTERS the screen in RED.

INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

A faint PUFF extinguishes the candlelight.

INT. TOUR BUS - SLEEPING QUARTERS - NIGHT

A long narrow gangway leads to a closed door. Bunk beds opposite each other, bodies wrapped under white sheets.

Loud GARGLES, GRUNTS bellow from beyond the door. Curtains flail from open windows.

A sinister tune... the classic theme from Argento's SUSPIRIA.

Stifled GIGGLES.

A door CLICKS, opens. Lights blaze from above.

BUS DOORWAY / GANGWAY

RICHARD (40, sophisticated, well-dressed, confident) lingers at the doorway with a questionable expression.

RICHARD

What are you two up to now?

RYAN PARRY (26, flamboyant, feminine, camp) shuts his I-phone down, killing the Suspiria music in the process.

His accomplice, TRICIA WINSEM (23, uppity, curvaceous), nudges him. Both can barely keep a straight face.

RYAN

Just playing some tunes.

TRICIA

We thought it might help soothe the Diva's breathing problems.

RICHARD

The Diva, as you so call her, is not to be disturbed. She's resting.

A loud SNORE from beyond the closed door.

RYAN

That's not sleeping, that's the cause of the next great tsunami.

Richard, tired of their antics, steps aboard.

He surveys his slaves quarters. Not shabby but not A-list. Somewhere in the middle... a little more near Z.

RICHARD

Where is everybody? I'd like a quick word.

Richard ventures inside the gangway --

A GHOULISH FACE and HORRIFIC YELL emerge from a low bunk bed--

Richard frowns. Not fussed in the slightest. He looks down at a mask-removing GORAN (43, balding, overweight, Hungarian, fashion disaster). *He's better with the mask on.*

Goran laughs hysterically, apologizes without a care in the world and lies back on his bed. Richard tuts. Again? Really?

With the prank played, celebrities remove their sheets and resume their activities.

PIERCE STONE (25) lies on his bunk, reading from an I-pad. Red blotches on his face only slightly disfigure his natural good looks and lean, athletic build.

DARIO (41, podgy, Italian, constant scowl) stirs mid-sleep, mutters obscenities about being disturbed and "foolish high school hijinks."

AMY WINTERS (40, looks more like 60, cold demeanour, sharp) lies motionless in her bed. Eyes closed.

AMY

I'm asleep. But I can still hear you. Go on.

Richard passes by her without a word.

EVE KNIGHT (25, homely but pretty, warm) sits romantically with DAMON (24, Afro-American, handsome, cool). They seem very much in love... or lust.

COURTNEY CANE (20, ditzy, lithe, blonde, implants everywhere) listens to music on her fluffy headphones, smothered by teddy bears and cuddly toys.

Richard coughs, clears his throat. Preparation for a commander in control speech.

RICHARD

I know it's been a disappointing night--

RYAN

That's three on the bounce, Richard.

Richard looks at Ryan and Tricia. A double act of trouble lingering near the forbidden door.

RICHARD

We're early days. Once word of mouth spreads, we'll see an increase in numbers. Both in audience and receipts.

Damon pokes his head out.

DAMON

You sure about that, man? I knew no one would come see this shit. That's why I demanded pay in advance.

PIERCE

We're not exactly the Harlem Globetrotters. If I was given a free ticket, I'd probably pass.

TRICIA

The life of a Z-lister, honey. They don't care about us.

Richard calms down the squad before a mutiny takes place.

RICHARD

I'm sure we're on the right track. In fact, I'm about to conduct an interview with the international press to give us more exposure.

PIERCE

The local rag wanna know why we're taking up car spaces?

RICHARD

It's an interview with the associated press, Pierce. Be appreciative. This *could* go global.

BELINDA, (50, haggard, motherly) Richard's TM assistant, stumbles on board.

BELINDA
They're ready for you, Richard.

Richard grins.

RICHARD
Showtime, baby.

EXT. BROKE BACK DUCK PUB - FRONT - NIGHT

A dreary main street London establishment. A group of DRUNKS complain as they leave. "What a shitfest that was", "Bunch of losers", "Twats wouldn't find work in Sainsburys."

EXT. BROKE BACK DUCK PUB - CAR PARK - NIGHT

A tour bus sits in an otherwise empty lot.

The bus door opens. Richard steps out, closes the door behind him. He's met by windswept drizzle as he steps down.

Richard shuffles his coat together. Breathes in the night air. Composure. He heads across the park to the--

BACK OF PUB

- where three JOURNALISTS chat and smoke with the PUB LANDLORD under a gloomy lit smoke shelter.

Richard smiles broadly as he extends his hand.

RICHARD
Good evening, fellas. Hope you enjoyed the show.

He's met by a cold silence. Richard lowers his hand, extends his smile.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I'm sure you've got a ton of questions and I'll be happy--

LANDLORD
We close in ten. Make it snappy.

Landlord flicks his cig, aiming for Richard's polished shoes. He turns and disappears through the pub back door.

Richard turns his attention to the three Journalists. They're far from enthusiastic. Faces of gloom.

RICHARD
I'm Richard Jones, somewhat of a super-agent slash tour manager.
(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I'm the creative drive behind this vision, the heartbeat of the passion. To bring together such diverse and creative talents will thrill the United Kingdom. We will provide a variety show no-one on these shores has seen before.

JOURNALIST #1

I thought it was shit, mate. Couldn't hear half what they said.

RICHARD

The P.A. equipment was provided by the proprietor.

JOURNALIST #2

Can't afford your own?

The Journalists sneer like a trio of mischievous witches.

RICHARD

We have back-up, yes, but riders are meant to be fulfilled... Look, do you wanna hear about these guys or what?

The nonchalant Journalists nod, shrug their shoulders. They couldn't care less, but it's a story that might make print.

PIERCE STONE MONTAGE

1> A TEENAGE PIERCE STONE sings and dances on a TV show.

RICHARD (V.0.)

Pierce Stone. Teenage heartthrob of yesteryear, child star from variety kids show, WEDNESDAY WEEKENDS.

2> PIERCE (20) downs drinks in a glitzy nightclub. Snorts cocaine from a table. Photographs appear in newspapers.

RICHARD (V.0.) (CONT'D)

His fall from grace into drug addiction was captured by the media, but his recovery is a remarkable untold tale.

3> Drunk and high, PIERCE (23) rages at flash-happy paparazzi as he exits a nightclub.

RICHARD (V.0.) (CONT'D)

He performs top level variety. Singing, comedy, heart rendering stories of addiction and recovery.

EVE KNIGHT MONTAGE

1> EVE KNIGHT performs a ballad on stage to a sell out audience.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Who could turn down the opportunity to witness Eve Knight sing her classic number one hit, "SAVE ME FROM THE NIGHT"?

JOURNALIST #3 (V.O.)
Ain't that the only song she made?

RICHARD (V.O.)
Untrue. She released three albums. One made the top twenty in Azerbaijan.

COURTNEY CANE MONTAGE

1> COURTNEY CANE poses in a revealing latex dress to the paparazzi outside a nightclub.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Courtney Cane...
(beat)
She's world famous for being herself. An envious feat.

JOURNALIST #1 (V.O.)
Ain't she the slag from that leaked porno flick?

RICHARD (V.O.)
There's more to her than meets the eye. She performs--

JOURNALIST #2 (V.O.)
Fellatio?

RICHARD (V.O.)
Let's move on.

DAMON MONTAGE

1> DAMON poses with a posse of hardcore gang members. His standout trademark features a gun in his waistband and an Afro comb made out of lock-picks in his hair.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Damon. Tough gangster from south Los Angeles.
(MORE)

RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Reformed, he's now a leading rap
 artist with tales of trials,
 torment and tribulations set to
 bring a shiver down your spine and
 a tear in your eye.

2> Damon performs a profanity laden gangsta rap at a gig.

JOURNALIST #3 (V.O.)
 What's with the gun? How'd he get
 that through customs?

RICHARD (V.O.)
 It's a prop.

JOURNALIST #1 (V.O.)
 So he's fake.

RICHARD (V.O.)
 Look at it as symbolism, OK?

AMY WINTERS MONTAGE

1> AMY WINTERS poses for photographs at a book signing.

RICHARD (V.O.)
 Amy Winters. World famous novelist.
 Well known by you guys.

JOURNALIST #2 (V.O.)
 This is more like it. Something
 juicy.

2> Amy leaves a court house, pursued by various media.

RICHARD (V.O.)
 A lengthy trial. Found not guilty
 for the murder of her husband.
 She's here to reveal all.

JOURNALIST #3 (V.O.)
 Poison Ivy must have spent all her
 dough on legal fees.

TRICIA WINSEM MONTAGE

1> Trashy newspapers headline Tricia's stories on sleeping
 with famous celebrities. A particular paper has her on the
 cover dressed in a football shirt: "I SENT ALL ELEVEN TO
 HEAVEN".

RICHARD (V.O.)
 Tricia Winsem. A delight for the
 eyes and ears. Listen to her no
 holds barred conversation--

JOURNALIST #1 (V.O.)
No holes barred more like.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Now that's just unnecessary.

JOURNALIST #2 (V.O.)
Unnecessary? She's famous for
sleeping with famous people.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Moving on...

RYAN PARRY MONTAGE

1> RYAN PARRY emerges from a Big Brother style house to rapturous applause.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Ryan Parry. Charismatic winner of
reality TV show, *Housemates*. He
talks about his trials and tasks
within the house and how it was to
live with strangers for six months.

JOURNALIST #3 (V.O.)
Was he the guy that tried to fuck a
chicken and got thrown out?

JOURNALIST #1 (V.O.)
That was Marvin Harewood.

JOURNALIST #3 (V.O.)
Shame. He'd be interesting.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Next...

GORAN MONTAGE

1> GORAN performs an horrific audition on a reality singing TV show. The contest JUDGES wince.

2> Goran performs live on stage, prancing around like a maniac. Loud. Out of tune. Out of shape. He's booed by the audience, but carries on regardless.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Most known for his Bulgarian
temperament and heralded in the
press for his antics, Goran is
back.

JOURNALIST #1 (V.O.)
Goran? Who the fuck is Goran?

JOURNALIST #2 (V.O.)
Finished... what, sixth in some
shitty singing competition?

RICHARD (V.O.)
He was voted out on a technicality.

JOURNALIST #2 (V.O.)
He hit a judge in the face with his
microphone.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Artists are passionate people.

DARIO MONTAGE

1> DARIO, head chef, yells aggressive orders to his scared-to-death kitchen staff.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Dario. Celebrity chef
extraordinaire. He will not only
cook a meal for the audience using
the staff available, but he will
turn them from beginners into five
star chefs within the hour. Then,
he will appear on stage and serve
as an after-dinner speaker during
the meal. What a guy.

2> Dario taste tests a meal from a shaking COOK. He throws it
to the floor, demands the cook try again.

JOURNALIST #1 (V.O.)
So he cooked tonight's dross?

JOURNALIST #2 (V.O.)
I still have a bone stuck in my
tooth from that fuckin' chicken.

JOURNALIST #1 (V.O.)
Maybe Marvin is on this tour after
all.

EXT. BROKE BACK DUCK PUB - SMOKE SHELTER - NIGHT

The three Journalists laugh together. Richard scowls.

The back door opens. The Landlord beckons the Journos inside.

LANDLORD
'Ere are, you three. Have a drink
before you leave.

As the Journos enter inside, the Landlord shoots a
distasteful look at Richard. He points at the tour bus.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)

As for you, I want that tunnel of
shit outta my car park. Got it?

The Landlord heads inside. He SLAMS the door shut.

CAR PARK

Richard heads towards the tour bus. Soaked by rain, he stops
in his tracks. He aims a menacing expression at the pub. *I'll
show 'em.*

INT. TOUR BUS - ENTRANCE/ GANGWAY - NIGHT

The bus door opens. Richard enters, closes the door.

He opens a door and peaks inside the--

SLEEPING QUARTERS

Dark. Everyone's asleep. Multiple SNORES.

INT. TOUR BUS - ENTRANCE/ GANGWAY - NIGHT

Richard closes the sleeping quarters door. He turns to the
driver's cabin doorway. Dashboard dials provide gloomy light.

INT. TOUR BUS - DRIVER'S CABIN - NIGHT

REG, 64, friendly face, Santa Claus 'tache and build, sits in
the drivers seat, drinking from a flask. His packed bag rests
by the side of his chair. He's ready to go home.

Richard sits in the passenger seat with a hearty sigh. Reg
turns to him, double takes, shocked at his soaked appearance.

REG

Jesus. You alright, Rich?

Richard nods. He runs his fingers through his hair as if
combing the journalist's comments from his thoughts.

REG (CONT'D)

My relief turned up yet? Only so
much oxtail soup a man can take.

RICHARD

Not yet, Reg. In fact, he won't be
turning up at all.

Reg frowns.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I need you to carry on.

REG

Carry on? For God's sake, it's illegal. I can only do a certain amount of hours and I've been driving--

Richard brings out a wad of cash from his inside pocket.

RICHARD

It's not as if we're driving across the United States. Drive us a couple of hours down the motorway, find a stop, take a rest.

Richard dangles the cash. Reg licks his oxtail stained lips.

REG

I'm retiring next week. I could do with the dough. My pension ain't gonna cut it.

Richard stands up. He plops the wad of cash in Reg's lap.

RICHARD

Good man. Get us halfway there. I can't be dealing with rush hour traffic tomorrow. Fucking Saturday means football fans are gonna be chock a block and I hate dealing with people from the Midlands.

Reg takes the money. Stashes it in his pocket.

Richard smiles. He pats Reg on his shoulder, exits into the gangway, closes the door behind him.

REG

Fuckin' rich asshole.

Reg starts the engine.

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL SITE - DAY

A rotting waste incinerator looms on a forgotten plot of land. A derelict nearby office block. Broken windows.

The tour bus passes down a distant, single-track road.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - DAY

The tour bus roars down a desolate field-surrounded road.

INT. TOUR BUS - LIVING SPACE AREA - DAY

Most of the celebs sit on a large luxury settee. Others sit on similar seats opposite. They watch television on a large plasma screen, others occupied by I-pads and I-phones.

Delighted Damon wins against confused Courtney as they play a console game connected to a separate screen.

SLEEPING QUARTERS

Eve makes her bed. Pierce enters. Eve barely registers his presence.

PIERCE

You don't have to do that. It's Belinda's job.

EVE

Keeps me busy. Besides, I like to stick to a routine. Can't expect the invisible maid when I get home.

Pierce tries to help her but is constantly in her way.

PIERCE

It's good seeing you again. Kinda crazy we haven't had a chance to talk.

EVE

Oh?

PIERCE

You know, considering we're crammed together like sardines.

EVE

What's there to talk about?

Awkward silence. Eve batters any dust from the pillows.

PIERCE

You had much work lately?

EVE

Might have seen me in "Zombie Massacre part six".

PIERCE

Think I missed that one.

EVE

Lucky boy. You didn't miss much.

PIERCE

Lead role?

EVE

Walk-on.

PIERCE

You never were much of an actress.

Eve frowns.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Don't get me wrong. You're a singer. A brilliant singer.

Eve aggressively flaps a duvet cover.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Are you still mad at me?

EVE

Pierce, I haven't seen you since the whole thing broke in the news. You didn't call me once.

PIERCE

Yeah, I know. It's been a difficult time--

EVE

It was a difficult time. I'm over it. I'm getting on with my life. You seem to be doing the same.

Moments pass. Pierce helps lay out the duvet cover.

PIERCE

Damon seems a nice bloke.

EVE

He is.

PIERCE

Been seeing him long?

EVE

Few months.

PIERCE

I don't remember you being into the whole rap thing.

EVE

People change, Pierce. But if you really must know, I'm not seeing him because of his music. We met through a friend I know at Rescue.

PIERCE

Rescue?

Eve frowns. Pierce remembers. Dummy.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. Of course. The domestic abuse charity you help run.

(beat)

I heard a few of his tracks.
Ironic.

EVE

It's a performance, an act. You would know more about it than him.
How's Stacey?

PIERCE

Settlement could kill me.

They straighten the sheet. Eve softens.

EVE

Oh. The divorce is going through?

Pierce nods. Solemn.

EVE (CONT'D)

How's the kids?

PIERCE

They're good. It's tough, but I love when I get to spend time with them. Which isn't a whole lot.

EVE

Sounds like you're still going through a difficult time.

PIERCE

Ain't we all? That's why we're on this crazy train.

EVE

I suppose so.

Eve knocks her luggage over. Contents spill to the floor. Pierce helps her pick up her clothing and put them back in the case.

He picks up a dildo. A slightly awkward moment. Eve and Pierce laugh together.

EVE (CONT'D)

It's not for me.

Pierce waves away his hands. Eve nods towards the living space area where Damon's laugh can be heard.

EVE (CONT'D)

It's for him.

LIVING SPACE AREA

Courtney sits innocently on her own, entertained by a basic game on her mobile phone.

Ryan and Tricia huddle on the couch, whispering to each other, quietly mocking and laughing at the celebs.

Courtney feels their eyes. She shifts uncomfortably. Her reaction feeds Ryan and Tricia's laughter.

Goran, listening to music on his headphones, notices. He removes his headset, bellows his reaction in broken English.

GORAN

What you laugh at, huh? Why you laugh like schoolkid?

Ryan and Tricia, silenced, squirm uncomfortably.

Pierce and Eve enter. Their presence has a calming, respect-driven effect. Goran settles down, plops on his headphones.

PIERCE

Come on, guys, cheer up. It's only as bad as you make it.

COURTNEY

Agreed. There's worse ways to make a living.

RYAN

Really? Look at what we're doing.

Ryan points at the window, beckons the countryside scenery.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Promoting shit in shitsville.

TRICIA

Certainly ain't a field of dreams.

Amy, never once taking her eyes from her book, pipes up.

AMY

We're dead to the real world, honey. This is all we have. Adapt or die.

COURTNEY

This tour might pan out, keep us relevant. Keep the faith, people!

Dario, sniffing miniature sample bottles of food extract, decides to have his say.

DARIO

(grumbles)

This is an insane way to make a living. I don't know how I got talked into this free-for-all.

Damon's had enough. He throws his console pad on the floor.

DAMON

How much y'all gettin' paid for this shit?

Silence. No-one wants to spill their details.

Damon smirks.

DAMON (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. Put up or shut up.

EXT. THE CHICKEN'S NEST PUB - DAY

The tour bus pulls in by a desolate woodland-surrounded pub. A sign depicts an illustration of a chicken pecking away at broken egg shells. Bloody words read: *THE CHICKENS NEST*.

INT. TOUR BUS - LIVING SPACE AREA - DAY

The celebs complain about losing Internet connection on their various handheld devices.

Richard enters, waving his I-phone.

RICHARD

I know, I know. Mine too.

DAMON

You be the problem fixer, man, fix the problem, homie.

RICHARD

It's out of my hands, Damon. We're in a region where technology is probably not their main concern.

TRICIA

You don't understand, Richard. I need to be on twitter. Sort it.

RICHARD

The tour involved visiting arenas where Internet availability may not yet be established. It's in your contracts. Your signed contracts.

RYAN

This is absolutely outrageous.

TRICIA

My fans might get worried about me.
I need Instagram, I need my tweets.

DAMON

How the fuck's anyone supposed to
know what we're doin' in this
shithole if we ain't got no ways of
telling anyone?

RICHARD

It's a long-term strategy, Damon.
It's to make you all look whiter-
than-white when the clothes come
out in the wash.

Damon stands up, confrontational.

DAMON

What you sayin, nigga?

RICHARD

Damon, calm down. I apologize for
any offense. It's an Englishism.

Amy, sat away in a corner, doesn't even take her eyes away
from a novel she is reading.

AMY

He's saying our visit to this
rather backwoods region might go
unnoticed now, but it could benefit
our future PR.

Damon, calmed by Amy's words, sits down. He's still confused.

DAMON

You people are weird, man. I come
to England and you motherfuckers
don't even speak English.

Tour bus entrance door opens. Belinda, breathless, hops
aboard. Her genuine smile stands out. Richard breathes a sigh
of relief.

BELINDA

It's all clear.

The celebs relax.

BELINDA (CONT'D)

The pub seems nice. Your personal
requests won't be a problem. They
seem cooperative and happy to whip
up something.

EXT. THE CHICKEN'S NEST PUB - DAY

The group disembark from the bus. Miserable faces. Cold. This is all such a chore.

INT. TOUR BUS - ENTRANCE/ GANGWAY - DAY

Richard stands by the door like an air steward. Belinda is last to leave. He grabs her shoulder, stops her.

RICHARD
Where's the diva?

BELINDA
She's below par. Unable to meet and greet anyone at the moment.

RICHARD
Still?

Belinda, nervous, shrugs apologetically.

Richard looks at the closed main bedroom door. Disgusting SNORES bellow from behind.

Richard sighs. Crestfallen.

INT. THE CHICKEN'S NEST PUB - DAY

A few LOCALS sip ale at the bar. Various FOLK sit at tables. There's a relaxed atmosphere. Low volume music plays from a jukebox. A vintage 1980s' cigarette dispenser gathers dust.

EARL, 40, rugged trucker, face hidden beneath a baseball cap, sits at a corner table with GREY, 40. Grey wears a decorator's apron splattered in green paint.

The two men discreetly observe the celebs, who sit in the dining area.

GREY
Been a while since the circus came to town, Earl.

EARL
Pompous cunts. Wouldn't know a days work if it hit 'em in the face.

DINING AREA

The celebs sit at two separate tables.

Table One: Goran, Dario, Pierce, Richard, Amy and Belinda.
Table Two: Damon, Eve, Courtney, Tricia and Ryan. Food seems far from satisfactory.

Tricia and Ryan whisper, snickering at the locals.

Pierce makes his way from the bar with three pints. Eve motions a vacant seat next to her.

EVE

Hey. Free seat if you want.

Pierce hesitates. Damon glares at him.

PIERCE

Thanks, but I've got a space. Plus I'd better stick close to Goran. You know what he's like. He might slip off without buying his round.

He nods to the table beside them. Goran guzzles a pint.

EVE

Oh OK. Well, enjoy your meal.

Pierce smiles, nods and takes a seat between Goran and Dario.

TABLE 1

Dario toys with his food. He's unhappy with his grub.

DARIO

Rancid.

PIERCE

Have you even tried it?

DARIO

Good food should not only appease an appetite, but it should look appetizing. This looks nothing of the sort. In short, it looks shit.

Pierce keeps his eyes on Eve as he eats his meal.

DARIO (CONT'D)

I'm tempted to make a complaint.

PIERCE

I think we should accept what we've been given out of respect. You can't expect five-star cuisine everywhere you go.

Dario mutters, consoles himself by sipping his wine.

Goran finishes his plate. He necks his beer. BURPS. Dario frowns, disgusted. Pierce gestures him to keep his composure.

TABLE 2

Damon pauses from his gruelling feast. He watches Ryan munch a packet of pork scratchings.

DAMON
What is that dude eating?

EVE
You've never had pork scratchings?

DAMON
Pork what?

RYAN
It's fried pork rind. It's a common snack around here.

Ryan passes Damon a piece from his packet. Damon plops it in his mouth.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Just bite down on the soft part.

Damon bites the tough texture. Fuck. Spits it out.

DAMON
No wonder you guys have bad teeth.

BAR

A BARMAN takes Richard's order. Reg, distressed, saddles up beside him.

RICHARD
Reg? I thought Belinda made you a sandwich?

REG
Forget the food. Sat nav's down. I've got no idea where to go.

RICHARD
Wonderful. Just what we need.

REG
Tell me about it. I retire next week, I could do without this crap.

Richard motions for the Barman to come over.

RICHARD
Would you be able to give us directions to "The Club"?

Confusion crosses the Barman's face.

BARMAN

Locals only, that place. You don't
wanna go there.

RICHARD

Well, I'm sure that's accurate, but
see, we're providing tonight's
entertainment.

Barman gazes at Richard, still confused.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Could you tell us where it is or
not?

BARMAN

Take a left at the top of the road.
Go straight until you come to a
right. Then you wanna take the next
left and keep going straight for
the next hundred yards or so. Or is
it right? Might be a left.

Richard and Reg exchange stone faced confusion.

BARMAN (CONT'D)

Not too far, mind.

EXT. THE CHICKEN'S NEST PUB - DAY

A group of ANIMAL-MASKED YOUTHS ride bicycles around the tour
bus, lingering with menacing intent. A trio of CHAVS (13-15)
smoke joints near the pub entrance, a couple hold notepads.

Goran exits the pub, shooing the teens away.

GORAN

Brats of broken Britain.

He makes his way on board the bus.

Pierce and Eve stop to talk with the Chavs.

EVE

Would you like me to sign it to you
personally, honey?

CHAV#1

You what, luv?

PIERCE

You do want our autographs, right?

CHAV#2

Only if you want ours.

PIERCE

Sure. Why don't we trade.

Chav#2 offers his notebook. Pierce signs his name.

CHAV#2

Piss?

PIERCE

Pierce.

Chav#2 rips off the page. Slides it in his pocket. He writes his signature on the fresh page. Hands it to Eve.

It reads: *FANCY A SHAG?*

PIERCE (CONT'D)

You little shit--

Pierce moves to grab Chav#2, but he runs off with his mates.

The rest of the celeb group emerge from the pub... the bicycle riding youths pelt eggs at them, screaming obscenities; "You cunts!", "Fuck off!", "Die, you fuckers!".

The celebs dodge the missiles, make it on board the bus.

The tour bus drives away.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - DAY

The tour bus drives down a narrow one-lane dirt road.

INT. TOUR BUS - LIVING SPACE AREA - DAY

The celebs mill about.

INT. TOUR BUS - DRIVER'S CABIN - DAY

Richard stands as he supervises driver Reg. Both share concern. They're lost.

RICHARD

Didn't you listen to that inbred's directions? How can you be lost?

REG

Maybe, and I'm just throwing this out there, because I followed directions from a fucking inbred?

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

Quiet. Peaceful. Serene.

The tour bus shatters the peace as it roars past.
 Figures with disturbing animal masks appear from the trees.

INT. TOUR BUS - LIVING SPACE AREA - NIGHT

The celebs enjoy drinks and tolerate Damon's music.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A group of ANIMAL MASKED YOUTHS watch the tour bus drive past. BIRD MASK places his hands to his beak... SQUAWKS loud.

INT. TOUR BUS - DRIVER'S CABIN - NIGHT

Reg and Richard argue over directions.

RICHARD

You've obviously taken the wrong
 turn. Go back.

REG

Go back? You expect me to drive
 this tin can in reverse?

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Several loud SQUAWKS.

Masked Youths gather at the edge of the woods. An approaching
 ROAR. The tour bus. Headlights beam across the road.

OWL MASK readies a rifle. Aims at the road.

The tour bus drives past.

Owl Mask squeezes the rifle trigger.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

The rear bus tyre BURSTS. Hazard lights gleam. The bus skids
 across the road-- before it SCREECHES to a halt.

INT. TOUR BUS - LIVING SPACE AREA - NIGHT

Glasses and spilled items cover the floor. The shaken celebs
 take account of each other. "Are you OK?" "Fine" "You OK?"

Belinda enters from the gangway.

BELINDA

Is everyone alright?

PIERCE

We're OK. What the hell happened?

Belinda shrugs.

A male and female SCREAM.

Ryan and Tricia pick up their belongings from the floor.

RYAN

My I-phone's not working.

TRICIA

My vanity mirror smashed.

INT. TOUR BUS - DRIVER'S CABIN - NIGHT

Reg runs fingers through his hair. Relief.

REG

Close call, huh?

Richard seethes with anger.

RICHARD

For God's sake, man. I expect a driver to be able to drive.

REG

I don't know what--

Richard heads outside.

RICHARD

Come on!

EXT. TOUR BUS - WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

Richard and Reg exit the bus. Richard examines the front. Normal. Reg checks the rear. Normal. They rejoin by the side of the bus.

RICHARD

No animals, no blood.

REG

Looks clear to me, too.

RICHARD

You must have hit something...

Richard double-takes at the rear tyre. He kneels down. Checks it. The tyre is shredded.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

How else can you explain this?

Reg is dumbfounded.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I can't tolerate this kind of
unprofessionalism.

REG
It's not my fault, I didn't see it--

RICHARD
Yes, Reg, you didn't see it. That's
exactly my point. Fix it.

Richard storms inside the bus.

REG
Fix it? It'll take hours--

RICHARD (O.S.)
Then you'd better start now.

INT. TOUR BUS - LIVING SPACE AREA - NIGHT

Richard takes the celebs attention as he enters. He's
bombarded with: "What happened?" "What's going on?"

Richard gestures them to calm down.

RICHARD
We've just experienced what's
called a little "bump in the road".

DAMON
So how are we supposed to get to
this gig now, "boss"?

EVE
I assume tonight's cancelled.

RICHARD
We never cancel. We walk it.

A furor of disagreement from the celebs. They're not walking
through woodland at night.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
This show is guaranteed to be one
of the best, if not *the* best, on
the whole calendar. It might not
appear that way right now, but
there's a lot riding on this gig.
This is special. A great chance for
you to really make your comeback.

The celebs confer with each other. Pierce takes a vote. They
all agree to walk.

EXT. TOUR BUS - WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

Reg sighs, kneels beside the burst tyre. He slams an overcrowded toolbox on the ground.

The bus door opens. The celebs drift out.

INT. TOUR BUS - ENTRANCE/GANGWAY - NIGHT

Richard watches Reg through a window.

Tricia and Ryan pause at the door.

TRICIA

What about our costumes?

RICHARD

We'll get someone to collect them.

Ryan peers out the window at Reg.

RYAN

I almost feel bad leaving him here.

RICHARD

The show must go on. We're professionals, Ryan.

Richard frowns at Reg.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Not bloody amateurs.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

All celebs are off the bus. Some complain about their expensive clothing not quite fitting the climate.

TRICIA

My God, my shoes are gonna get wrecked walking through this crap.

COURTNEY

I know, right? My poor Louboutins.

TRICIA

Richard better reimburse us for any damage.

COURTNEY

Physical and psychological.

INT. TOUR BUS - ENTRANCE/GANGWAY - NIGHT

Richard emerges from the driver's cabin with a flashlight. He flicks it on and off in Belinda's face. She's not amused.

RICHARD

Where is--

BELINDA

She's still unwell and won't be able to make it.

RICHARD

(deadpan)

There's a turn-up for the books.

BELINDA

She said she'd like an apple crumble pie when you get back.

Richard stares in disbelief. He almost laughs. He shakes his head, gestures Belinda to follow him outside.

RICHARD

Why did I bother bringing her along? Please tell me why...

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

Richard leads the celebs, and Belinda, with his flashlight down a narrow muddy path.

AMY

This is absolutely ridiculous.

DARIO

I can't believe I've sunk so low.

TRICIA

My agent is gonna have a field day when he finds out about this--

Something BURSTS from a bush. The startled celebs jump back. A bird flies away. The celebs laugh, relieved.

Ryan notices something on the ground. He takes out his phone.

TRICIA (CONT'D)

What is that?

RYAN

The bird dropped it.

Ryan snaps a picture of a mutilated dead baby bird.

COURTNEY

And you're taking a picture because...?

RYAN

I'm gonna put it on twitter... when I can.

COURTNEY

Oh, right. Of course. Umm, why?

RYAN

It's funny.

DAMON

British humour at it's best, right?

The group continue down the trail.

COURTNEY

I didn't know birds ate other birds. Or is this just another *English eccentricity*.

AMY

Some just kill for the sake of it, my dear. Nature's a violent thing.

They enter into a clearing. Before them stands--

EXT. THE CLUB - NIGHT

A shit-hole in the middle of the woods. Looks more like a rundown caravan park clubhouse than an establishment fit for top end entertainers. Even Butlins redcoats would turn their nose up at this joint.

RYAN

Utopia beckons. I think we've finally made it, people.

Sarcastic laughter from the celebs. Groans of disbelief.

Richard scowls at them. Deadly serious.

RICHARD

Need I remind each and everyone of you how much you are getting paid?

BELINDA

If any of you feel uncomfortable, I can go inside and check it out?

Richard marches towards the club entrance.

The celebs, bar Pierce, Damon and Eve, follow him.

Belinda smiles at Pierce and Eve.

BELINDA (CONT'D)
Coming in?

EVE
Maybe in a minute.

Belinda follows the group to the club entrance.

PIERCE
Well. What do you guys think?

EVE
What's there to say? Speaks for
itself.

DAMON
You ain't seen clubs in the ghetto.

Damon strides towards the club entrance.

DAMON (CONT'D)
Shit like this don't faze me. I
just wanna get on stage and get
paid. True pro 'till the end, bro.

Pierce and Eve stand close together.

PIERCE
Not exactly the Met Bar is it?

EVE
Are you trying to evoke good
memories or bad ones?

PIERCE
Huh?

Eve nudges him playfully. Smiles.

EVE
Was my attempt at delivering
sarcasm that painful?

PIERCE
You're not an actress, Eve.

EVE
All I recall about the Met Bar was
a duet. A very, very drunken duet.

PIERCE
I prefer to remember Boujis.
Remember that standing ovation?

EVE
Like it was yesterday.

Pierce puts his arm around her shoulder.

PIERCE
We were something.

EVE
Were.

Eve removes Pierce's arm. She heads towards the club. Pierce smiles. He follows her.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - TOUR BUS - NIGHT

The removed burst tyre lies on the ground. Bus raised on a jack. Reg struggles to fit a new tyre onto the hub under the miniscule beam of a toolbox mounted flashlight.

REG
Can't believe I'm doing this
crap... All set to retire next
week... holiday in Florida...

Reg takes the flashlight. Inspects the finished job. He smiles. Impressive.

He hears a DRIPPING from underneath the bus. His smile fades.

REG (CONT'D)
Fix one problem, find another.

Reg manoeuvres underneath the bus on his back.

UNDERNEATH BUS

Reg shines his flashlight around the underside, checking for damage.

A liquid DRIPS.

Reg shines his flashlight in the direction of the dripping noise. A busted pipe leaks fluid. Reg crawls further inside.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - TOUR BUS - NIGHT

Reg emerges from under the bus. He moves to grab his toolbox. It's gone.

Reg clammers to his weary feet. Looks around, mystified. Desolation. Tree branches sway from a breeze of wind.

Reg turns, scratching his head.

A row of several animal-masked teenagers stand before him.

Reg steps back, shocked.

REG
Christ's sake... Britain's
brightest.

The teens remain motionless.

REG (CONT'D)
OK, don't play games with me, kids.
Where's my toolbox?

Reg steps towards them, attempts his best Big Man act.

REG (CONT'D)
What are you all deaf and dumb?

MASKED TEEN #1
We're not allowed to see the show.

REG
Yeah, well, shit stinks. Look, I
need to get this show back on the
road. Where's my fucking toolbox?

The teens all point behind Reg. Reg smirks.

REG (CONT'D)
Like I'm gonna fall for that one.

Reg takes another step towards them. His face contorted by a
menacing frown. Twisted glint in his eyes.

REG (CONT'D)
I'm gonna snap each one of your
fuckin' fingers off, and shove 'em
up your candy arses if you don't
give me back my ruddy toolbox.

Like a Punch and Judy puppet show, the teens chant:

MASKED TEENS
Look behind you.

Reg feels an uncomfortable presence. He slowly turns behind--

A tall black-cloaked DEVIL MASKED FIGURE slams a claw hammer
into Reg's face.

INT. CLUB - AUDITORIUM, STAGE - NIGHT

The celebs enter inside. Basic arrangement of tables and
chairs. A closed shutter guards a bar area. A large empty
stage looms under professional bright lights. The celebs are
impressed-- it's not too bad.

DAMON
Man, check this shit out. Maybe
they do give a fuck.

EVE

The old saying, Damon. It's what's inside that counts.

RYAN

Hey, Amy. What do you know about otherworldly dimensions and portals? I think we might have just entered one.

AMY

Excuse me?

RYAN

You're a writer, yeah? I thought you might know about all that weird cosmic type shite.

AMY

I write stories based on reality, dear. Non-fiction. I don't deal with weird cosmic type shite.

The celebs explore. Goran rattles the bar shutter.

RYAN

Goran. Need. Booze.

Goran frowns at Ryan. Flicks him his middle finger.

DARIO

Well, they could have been a little more hospitable.

LING (O.S.)

You are absolutely correct.

The celebs turn to the stage. A shadow of a tall, lean figure spreads across the stage floor.

VINCENT LING, 40, Asian, slim, tall, confident, cuts an imposing figure as he emerges from backstage. He jumps gracefully off stage. Bows as he greets his guests.

LING (CONT'D)

I'm Vincent Ling, the owner of this humble establishment, and I am both delighted and privileged to be in your presence.

Ling shakes the males' hands. Kisses the hands of the females, offers a charismatic smile to boot.

RICHARD

Mr. Ling, we've suffered a bit of a mishap--

LING

I'm aware and sympathetic to your dilemma. I'm grateful you could make it.

PIERCE

You know we broke down?

LING

Big news travels fast in a small town. I've already made arrangements for repairs to be carried out.

Ryan frowns, scowls at Richard.

RYAN

Our resident handy-man's busy on the job.

Richard keeps an icy demeanour.

LING

We have employed the best repair service in the county to double-check. You can never be too sure.

Ling, as if noticing Ryan's sour tone towards Richard, places a delicate, reassuring hand on his shoulder.

LING (CONT'D)

As for Reg, you can be assured he's quite comfortable, relaxing in the nearest five-star hotel. Of which we have booked you all in, and will transport you to after tonight's events. As long as your manager has no qualms?

This impresses the celebs. Richard nods in meek agreement.

RICHARD

That's very graceful of you, Mr. Ling, and we're thankful for your gesture, but we have a strict timetable to keep to--

The group stare daggers at Richard. Don't You Dare Decline.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

So therefore I accept your offer and would like to thank you for your generosity.

Ling CLICKS his fingers.

The bar shutter opens. A dazzling, busty, smiling BARMAID stands ready to serve. The guys drool. The ladies frown.

From behind the bar, a ripped, muscular beefcake WAITER appears. He takes a tray of drinks that Barmaid has produced.

Waiter presents each celeb with their favourite drink. The ladies, and Ryan, beam smiles. The guys nod, smile through gritted teeth.

LING

Come. Let me show you around.

As the celebs follow Ling, Eve and Pierce exchange a smile.

INT. CLUB - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

A small wardrobe-like-room. Makeshift dressing table and mirror. Various make-up. Bunched costumes hang on a rail.

Ling displays, to his own delight, the celebs equipment.

LING

One dressing room. Costumes and make-up picked up and available.

COURTNEY

Kinda small. How many dressing rooms do you have?

LING

This is the only one. You will have to take turns. When changed, you will then wait in the green room.

Tricia turns to Ryan. Both unimpressed.

TRICIA

They have a green room?

INT. CLUB - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Ling leads the celebs down a bland, step-echoing hallway.

Tricia bitches with Ryan.

TRICIA

One dressing room?

RYAN

I had better preparation at my school play.

TRICIA

High school or primary?

Pierce cuts in between. He wraps his arms around them.

PIERCE

Come on, guys. Did you really expect showbiz to be all glitz and glamour?

Yeah.

RYAN

Yes.

TRICIA

PIERCE (CONT'D)

It's no worse than the last three dives. Do you really prefer getting prepped in a toilet cubicle?

TRICIA

I never noticed a single white lily. I need a single white lily. It's essential to my act.

PIERCE

My God. Stop complaining. We're here to entertain others, not be entertained ourselves.

They reach the top of the corridor, stop outside a closed green door-- entrance to the Green Room.

Two hallways either side. One leads to a door with a brightly lit FIRE EXIT sign. The other hallway leads into darkness.

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

A large spacious area, brightly lit by wall mounted lamps. A lavish corner sofa. A couple of comfortable chairs. No windows. A questionable choice of colour scheme. Everything screams green.

Wall-mounted speakers cover every wall corner. A single door carries a "TOILET" and "SHOWER" sign -- the bathroom.

The celebs relax in their surroundings. Satisfactory.

Richard, Belinda and Ling discuss various formalities. Dario interrupts.

DARIO

Sorry to burst your little bubble guys, but Mr. Ling, I need a word.

LING

Please.

DARIO

In order to make this a special night, I need to make a special meal. In order to do that, I need my special ingredients.

LING

Mr. Agostinelli, we have a variety of foodstock in our luxury kitchen.

DARIO

You don't seem to understand. I need my special sauces. Otherwise, my time is misspent and yours will be wasted.

A moment of unease. Richard stares daggers at Dario.

BELINDA

I'll go get them.

DARIO

Would you mind, love?

RICHARD

Wonderful. Problem solved.

Richard ushers Belinda through the door.

DARIO

I hope you don't mind me being so picky, Mr. Ling. It's in my nature.

LING

On the contrary, I find it refreshing when an artist shows passion for his craft. Let me show you your stage. Our kitchen.

Ling leads Dario out of the room. The door closes behind them. A LOCK CLICKS.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

A gust of wind scatters leaves across the ground.

Belinda exits the Club entrance. Cold. She wraps a scarf around her neck, hugs herself to keep warm.

She heads away from the club. She notices three different routes. Daunting. Confusing. *Which route was the right path?*

Belinda looks back at the club. Fearing the wrath of being labelled inept, she takes a chance.

Belinda takes out an I-phone. Turns the light on. Aims at the three different routes. She takes the main road.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

Belinda keeps her I-phone light directly ahead of her as she walks quickly along the muddy road.

She shivers from a gust of wind. Keeps her eyes focused on the road ahead, tries to block out any sense of fear.

A pick-up truck passes her by. Belinda turns behind. It's heading for the Club.

She looks back at the road. Ahead of her are five approaching figures in the distance. Voices of idle chatter. Young. Teenage boys.

Belinda's concerned. She switches her phone light off. Keeps on walking. Eyes to the ground.

The five boys approach. The kids from the pub. They wear grotesque plastic and papier-mâché masks depicting animals. EAGLE, OWL, BLACKBIRD, HAWK, STARLING.

The masked boys stare at Belinda. Quiet. They pass her by.

Belinda keeps her head down. Walks faster.

She dares to look behind-- the boys are heading for the Club. Belinda sighs. Relief. She sees the tour bus in the distance.

Belinda takes out her phone from her pocket, fumbles, drops it. She crouches to pick it up. Senses something behind her. She turns--

Nothing there. Empty road.

Something attracts her eyes to the woods-- animal masked faces emerge between the trees. Two. Three. Four...

Belinda rises to her feet. Spooked. She looks ahead. The five animal masked teens stand before her.

Belinda's scared stiff.

The five teens turn on their phone lights, aiming them at Belinda's face, blinding her.

MASKED TEENS' CAM PHONE DISPLAY SCREENS

Five different angles of Belinda. Some zoom in.

BACK TO SCENE

Belinda shields her face with her hand. She steps back...

MASKED TEEN POV FROM WOODS

Running through the woods... rushing towards Belinda.

BACK TO SCENE

A VULTURE masked youth runs behind Belinda. He hits Belinda's head with a thick tree branch. Belinda falls to the ground.

The masked five move in closer. Belinda twitches on the ground. The five film her body. Her agonized face.

EAGLE

Make it good. Hit her again.

HAWK

We need to see some blood.

Vulture hits Belinda repeatedly with the branch. Smashes it against her body, screaming as his adrenaline builds.

Vulture hits Belinda's head-- smashing her face against the ground. A loud CRACK. Blood flows from Belinda's nose and mouth. He hits her head repeatedly-- turning her face into a pile of bloody mush-- until the branch SNAPS in half.

EAGLE kneels down. Films her destroyed face. Zooms in.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

Bright headlights illuminate the club as several cars approach. The vehicles park in the lot.

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

The celebs, dressed in stage-show attire, go through their individual pre-show preparations.

The BOOM of a stage PA system starting up. Mixed voices from a growing audience. Excitement builds from the celebs.

Tricia, wearing a high fashion dress, can hardly contain herself as she talks with Ryan.

TRICIA

Oh my God. Ryan, aren't you excited?

Ryan fiddles with his troublesome costume, a bright latex full body outfit.

RYAN

If I was you'd be able to see, but this damn thing's draining any possible blood flow to that region.

Amy, sporting a modest, but somewhat dowdy dress sits calmly in her chair, far away from everybody else.

Goran rehearses loud awful singing.

Courtney, in a spectacularly sexy pvc dress and high heels, practises various poses in front of her compact mirror.

Pierce, suit and jacket, looks Eve up and down. She's wearing a sparkling dress with fur overcoat.

PIERCE

You look beautiful.

EVE

Thank you. I see you're going for the Bond slash Publ  look.

Pierce checks himself.

PIERCE

Is it that obvious?

EVE

It suits you. You look good.

Pierce and Eve smile at each other.

Damon intervenes. He's blinged out. Fake jewellery drools from his neck. A comb modified to resemble lock picks sticks out of his Afro. He wraps his arm around Eve.

DAMON

I already told her how good she looks, homie. I tell her how good she looks every night.

PIERCE

Then I was wrong about you, Damon. You do have good taste.

Eve senses the boiling tension. She takes Damon aside.

Pierce accepts a drink from a drunk, staggering Goran.

Eve talks to Damon, out of Pierce's earshot.

EVE

Don't react to what he says. He's a shit-stirrer. He's--

DAMON

He's trying to move in on my lady. I ain't having that.

EVE

Damon, don't get jealous--

DAMON

Damon don't get jealous, baby. My street-wise spider sense don't like the look of him, I don't like the tingle, I don't dig the vibe. I don't feel--

The door opens. All eyes turn to the Barmaid. She enters inside with a tray of drinks. Celebs resume their activities.

She serves each celeb their favourite tippie. They barely acknowledge her.

The Barmaid returns to the door.

BARMAID

Excuse me. If I may have your attention for just a second.

The chatty celebs turn towards her. Silence.

BARMAID (CONT'D)

As requested by Mr. Ling, I am informed to ask you not to leave this room under any circumstances.

The nonchalant celebs ponder the news.

DAMON

Health and safety shit.

GORAN

We get the drill, darlin'. We've done this before, you know.

The celebs return to their idle chatter.

The Barmaid looks over them with a glint of disdain. She exits, closes the door behind her. The door CLICKS, locked.

INT. CLUB - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A health inspectors nightmare. Dirty. Disorganised. Dire.

Desperate Dario walks the line, hands on his head, shouting orders at two scruffy dim teenage CHEFS. They're preparing food. Or at least, trying to.

DARIO

I don't eat because I'm hungry, I eat because of passion! I wanna be knocked out by this food!

He checks his watch.

DARIO (CONT'D)

Where's that fuckin' woman?

CHEF#1 looks up at Dario with puppy dog eyes.

CHEF#1
What was that, Chef?

DARIO
I wasn't talking to you, idiot.

Chef#1 looks crestfallen. He apologizes.

DARIO (CONT'D)
I need my sauces. They're so good
it would turn crap like this--

Dario points at the Chef's prepared food.

DARIO (CONT'D)
-- into something edible. I believe
your generation call it "The Shit".

CHEF#2 brings a taste test plate to Dario. Chef#1 and Chef#2
look at each other, nervous.

Dario examines the appearance of the grub. He sniffs the
steamy aroma. He frowns at the two chefs.

DARIO (CONT'D)
Looks shit. Smells shit. What's the
odds it tastes nothing like "The
Shit" I was talking about?

Dario takes a fork. Digs it into the mound of whatever-the-
hell is on the plate. Brings a chunk of meat to his lips.

DARIO (CONT'D)
You both better pray. Only God can
save you now.

Dario takes the mouthful. Chews. Interesting taste.
Surprisingly good.

He looks at the two young chefs. Beaming smile.

DARIO (CONT'D)
I think... this is a winner.

The two chefs remains tense. Dario takes another mouthful.

DARIO (CONT'D)
What the hell is in this?

CHEF #1	CHEF #2
Poison.	Poison.

Horror etches over Dario's face. He's feeling it. His body
stiffens. He moans a weak groan.

Dario drops to the floor, stiff as a board.

Chef#1 and Chef#2 grin at each other, relieved.

CHEF#1

Our prayers were answered.

CHEF#2

There is a God after all.

INT. CLUB - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Lights dim on an enthusiastic AUDIENCE.

INT. CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

Lights shine on stage.

A tuxedo-suited HOST, 55, tall, menacing smile, piercing eyes, half face clean, other half chalk white make-up, enters stage right.

HOST

Ladies and gentlemen, ghouls and gals, I will be your host for the evening and I welcome you to our colosseum. It brings me great pleasure to be with such a special, powerful audience. *The chosen few.* Sit back, let your eyes feast on sights you have never seen beyond these walls. You are Gods and Goddesses. This is your palace.

The audience applaud.

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens. A muscular BOUNCER stands in the doorway.

BOUNCER

Goran. You're up.

The celebs wish Goran good luck. Goran slips on a pair of shades, a £2.99 price tag still attached to its lens.

GORAN

I don't need luck, baby.

Richard gives Goran an encouraging slap on the back as he heads out of the room. Bouncer closes the door. Lock CLICKS.

DAMON

I dunno about anyone else, but I prefer the barmaid. That bitch got herself a fine pair of titties and an ass that jiggles like jello.

Pierce frowns at Damon. Damon mock-frowns back.

A FLUSH from a toilet. Eve emerges from the bathroom door.

EVE

Did I miss anything?

INT. CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

Host has his audience eating out the palm of his hand.

HOST

Without further ado, I bring to you
our first act of the evening.
Prepare to rocked, rattled and
rolled. Give it up for-- GORAN!

Goran struts on stage like a superstar. A few claps from the underwhelmed audience.

Host offers Goran a microphone. Goran snatches it. Host disappears stage right.

Goran puffs out his chest, stares out at the audience-- as if drinking in a non-existent rapturous applause.

GORAN

One word. Goran. Remember my name.
By the end of tonight, you'll be
screaming it.

ROCK MUSIC plays from a sound system. Goran nods to the beat. Jiggles his body in some sort of attempt at a rhythmic dance.

Goran places the mic close to his lips. He YELLS out the opening verse of his track. Indecipherable noise.

INT. CLUB - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Host holds a remote control device. His fingers hover over a red button as he watches Goran's pitiful performance.

INT. CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

Goran SCREAMS out an ear-destroying long held note.

INT. CLUB - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Host presses the remote control button.

INT. CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

Goran holds the mic tight to his mouth, sweat drips down his face as he warbles out his note.

The microphone head mechanically spreads apart, revealing the barrel of a gun inside.

PFFT!

The micro-gun launches a bullet straight through Goran's open wide mouth, blasting his head to gory smithereens. Goran's headless body slumps to the floor.

The audience APPLAUD like mindless maniacs.

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

The celebs are delighted by the rapturous applause.

PIERCE

That's the best reception we've had.

RYAN

Christ, if Goran can raise the crowd we won't have any problems.

The door opens. Bouncer looms in the doorway.

BOUNCER

Ryan Parry. It's time.

Confident, Ryan makes his way to the door.

TRICIA

Knock 'em dead, Ryan!

INT. CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

Host introduces the next celeb to the audience.

HOST

Next up... reality star, Ryan.

Ryan enters the recently washed down stage.

Host hands Ryan his microphone and disappears stage right.

Ryan stands centre stage.

RYAN

So I guess those of you unacquainted with me may be asking why I'm wearing this rather fetching outfit.

Ryan gestures his costume.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Me and my fellow housemates would stand outside - freezing cold - and one-by-one, we would receive electric shocks. The last one standing won the challenge and would be king of the house for the following week.

Ryan prepares to re-enact his ordeal/ most famous moment.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Of course, the shocks weren't that bad. It was more of a slight buzz. I won - because, well, I don't mind a good jolt up the arse now and then.

He stands motionless, looking into space as if his housemates from the show were in close proximity.

He acts as if he's talking with them, laughing, joking off the possibility of this task being painful in any way.

Ryan suddenly acts stunned-- no, SHOCKED.

Ryan waves good bye to a house-mate.

Ryan acts shocked again-- waves goodbye, implying another house-mate has left the game.

RYAN (CONT'D)

So you see I used a bit of psychology--

BUZZ! - Ryan SQUEALS, hops off the floor. Shocked, literally, he turns to the laughing audience.

BUZZ! - Ryan SQUEALS again, this time in pain.

He turns to the Host, who stands backstage. He smiles devilishly, his finger on a remote control device.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Hey! Now you can cut that out--

BUZZ! - An agonisingly long hit of electricity courses through Ryan's body, sending him to his knees.

The audience laugh and clap.

Ryan, stunned, stands up. He looks at the Host.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Enough is enough! I'm through!

Ryan heads off stage in a huff. Host appears on stage.

HOST
Ryan, come back!

The audience chant: MORE, MORE, MORE!

Ryan stops. Sucked in by the crowd, he rejoins Host.

HOST (CONT'D)
Ryan, you've been a great sport.
Apologies if the voltage may have
been a little excessive.

Ryan's expression says it all. A little excessive?

HOST (CONT'D)
How about I make it up to you?

RYAN
Oh really, we've only just met.

HOST
Would you perform another classic
trial from *Housemates*?

RYAN
You do understand the trials were
basically punishments? I'm not sure
how that qualifies as a reward.

HOST
Oh come on, Ryan. The crowd love
you, don't you, audience?

Host gestures to the audience. They chant: YES!

STAGEHANDS bring out a prop, a Perspex cubicle.

Ryan fakes a smile. He's seething.

RYAN
How wonderful. A sludge booth.

Host gestures Ryan to enter inside.

HOST
You won't let this wonderful
audience down, will you?

The crowd chant Ryan's name. The encouragement works.

Ryan goes behind the booth. A STAGEHAND opens the door. Ryan warns him.

RYAN

This gunk better be full of preservatives, 'cos if any of this shit gets in my mouth, I'm gonna sue your ass off.

Ryan enters the booth.

Stagehand closes the door. Locks it.

Host beckons to the audience.

HOST

Are you all ready? Let the countdown begin!

The crowd count along with him.

HOST / AUDIENCE

Three... two... one...

Gloopy green slime pours from a hatch at the top of the booth, covering Ryan.

Audience laugh. Host walks to the Booth.

INSIDE BOOTH

Ryan can't hear a word Host is saying to him. Soundproof. He clears the mess from his face. Puts on a smile.

STAGE

Host returns to the front of stage, addresses his audience.

HOST

Now you will see what we do here at The Club. Let the real entertainment begin.

Host jiggles to the side of the stage so the audience has a clear view of the booth.

A clear liquid substance pours down on Ryan. SCREAMS heard inside the booth. The audience laugh and cheer.

Host smirks by the side of the booth.

INSIDE BOOTH

Ryan tries to open the door. Won't budge. He bangs his fists against it. Kicks it. No go.

Ryan punches and kicks desperately at the solid glass of the booth. It's impenetrable. The downpour of liquid continues in short bursts.

The liquid hits his neck. His skin SIZZLES. Ryan SCREAMS in pain. The liquid coats his costume. The material dissolves on contact. Steam rises in the booth. Ryan coughs up BLOOD as he falls to his knees.

An ACID shower rains down upon him. Ryan screams in pain.

STAGE

Host and audience CHEER and APPLAUD as they watch Ryan suffer inside the acid booth. Ryan's blistered skin sizzles, drips from his limbs.

Sound stage speakers amp up the volume, capturing Ryan's screams with extra echo effects.

Ryan's exposed skinless muscles collapse from his body. His near skeletal remains lean against the glass of the booth.

Host signals to stop the downpour. The acid rain cuts out.

Host walks to the steamy booth. He taps the glass.

HOST

Alright in there? Bit hot?

Ryan's skeletal hand clasps the blood soaked glass, middle finger raised. It slowly slips to the bottom of the booth.

Host turns to the audience, tuts.

HOST (CONT'D)

There's always one.

Host turns a dial on the side of the booth.

HOST (CONT'D)

In case of emergencies, I asked the kind proprietor of this unique establishment to install a fail safe mechanism. It's also a bit of a crowd-pleaser.

Host turns the dial full throttle.

INSIDE BOOTH

Ryan's skeletal remains are BLOWN upright. His remaining inner organs expand like a balloon. His palpitating heart doubles in size, triples...

STAGE

The audience CHEER as Ryan's body EXPLODES inside the booth, covering the glass in blood, organs and all kinds of mess.

Host turns the dial downwards. He peaks at the booth, shakes his head in disgust.

HOST

Nasty.

He returns centre stage. He raises his arms aloft, absorbing the applause of his loving audience.

HOST (CONT'D)

Well, he was a waste of air.

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Distant sound of an echoing EXPLOSION. The startled celebs jump from their seats.

EVE

Have they got pyrotechnics going off in there or something?

RICHARD

I have to admit I'm curious.

PIERCE

You don't know? I thought you'd have been aware of every minute detail.

RICHARD

If it's at the proprietor's expense, and boosts the show, you won't see me complaining.

DAMON

This cat's curious too. I'm gonna take a look.

Damon tries to open the door. It's locked.

DAMON (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

AMY

Try pushing it.

Damon frowns at Amy's condescending tone.

DAMON

I did. The damn thing's locked.

The group gather around the door. Several try to open it.

AMY

This is outrageous.

COURTNEY

Maybe it's for our own good? Like so no weirdos can just like walk in and stuff?

AMY

Our own good? There's no emergency exit. No windows. This door is our only way out.

PIERCE

It's definitely breaking a few health and safety regulations.

EVE

Richard?

Richard shrugs. He's as dumbfounded as the rest of them.

Tricia returns from the bathroom, unaware of the situation.

TRICIA

My God, people. Someone needs to learn to flush.

She notices them all gathered by the door.

TRICIA (CONT'D)

What have I missed?

DAMON

I sure hope your shit don't stink 'cos we might be here for a while.

Tricia joins them at the door, confused and irritated.

TRICIA

What are you on about?

Eve bangs on the door.

COURTNEY

The door won't open. It's jammed.

The group YELL. "Hey!" "Open the door!" "Come on!" "What are you guys playing at?"

The door opens. The group back away.

Bouncer stands at the doorway. His huge intimidating figure appears more menacing than any locked door.

BOUNCER

Tricia Wincem. You're up.

The group fall silent. Tricia, not fussed, applies the last details to her flawless make-up.

Pierce makes his voice heard.

PIERCE

What's the deal with locking us inside?

BOUNCER

You're not allowed out until showtime. Security reasons.

Bouncer's glare intimidates the group. Richard takes a seat. Damon checks his look in Courtney's compact mirror. Courtney chews some gum as she prances around without a care in the world. Amy shakes her head and walks away in disgust.

Eve stands by Pierce.

EVE

You can't lock us in here like cattle. I want to see Mr. Ling.

BOUNCER

He's busy.

PIERCE

I don't think you heard her. She wants to see Mr. Ling.

Bouncer stares at Pierce.

BOUNCER

I'll pass on the request.

Tricia, delighted to be given her time to shine, heads out the door.

TRICIA

Seeya later, people!

She's gone before anyone can wish her luck.

The Bouncer and Pierce exchange menacing frowns. Bouncer closes the door. LOCK CLICKS.

INT. CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

Two chairs face opposite one another. The stage features a cheesy chat show backdrop.

HOST

Please welcome someone who always has a lot to say about everybody else, Tricia whoever-the-fuck-this-is.

Tricia enters on stage to a mild applause. Host stands next to her, drapes his arm around her shoulder.

HOST (CONT'D)
Well, well, well. The one and only
Tricia... Winsem.

Tricia smiles towards the audience.

HOST (CONT'D)
Tell us Tricia, what is it you do?

Tricia frowns at Host. He urges her to talk to the crowd.

TRICIA
You've gotta be pretty sad if you
don't know who I am. I'm in the
papers quite a lot.

HOST
Ahh, yes, you're a kiss-and-tell
girl. It's an incredible talent you
have. How did you first find out
you possessed such a skill?

Tricia scowls at Host as if he's a dirty old man. She returns a smile at the audience.

TRICIA
I think that... I think my stories
are important and people need to
read them because... I think I'm
talented in lots of areas...

Tricia starts to waffle. Host cuts her short.

HOST
Oh, I'm sure that's true.

Host invites her to take a seat. She does so. He sits opposite.

HOST (CONT'D)
Comfortable?

Tricia gyrates her derrière across the seat.

TRICIA
It will do.

Stagehands appear behind Tricia. They hold her arms to the chair. Tricia struggles to free herself, shocked, confused.

A Stagehand binds Tricia to her chair with thick layers of duct tape.

Host stands over her. She SCREAMS. Host places one last strand of duct tape over her mouth. The audience CHEER.

Stagehands disappear off stage. Host resumes his seat opposite Tricia.

HOST
Tricia Winsem. 185 Acres Street,
Lewington Road. Correct?

Tricia's eyes bulge at the revealing contact information.

HOST (CONT'D)
Just nod your pretty little head.

Tricia sways her head "no". Host chortles.

HOST (CONT'D)
This game is called Karma. Whenever
you lie, it will come back to bite
you, Tricia. Best tell the truth.

Tricia gulps. Host smirks.

HOST (CONT'D)
Timothy Winsem. Janice Winsem.
Otherwise known as Tricia Winsem's
parents. Others may call them the
worst parents since Adam and Eve.

Tricia's frozen in fear. Tears slip from her eyes.

HOST (CONT'D)
They also have another daughter. A
twelve-year-old named Cassie.

Host moves in closer to Tricia. An evil glint in his eyes.

HOST (CONT'D)
Contact details will be available
upon request.

Tricia looks horrified.

HOST (CONT'D)
There's an old saying. If you can't
take it, don't dish it out.

Host takes centre stage. He holds his arms aloft.

HOST (CONT'D)
For auction we have one Tricia
Winsem. I'd like to see some hands
raised and some money gained.

Silhouetted hands raise from the audience. Many bidders.

Host places a long, rusty nail at Tricia's tied hand. He brings out a hammer from a stockpile of goodies nearby.

Host counts down the bids like an auctioneer.

BID WINNER (O.S.)
Over here! Three hundred for that
whore!

Auction concluded, Host hammers the nail into Tricia's hand.

HOST
Sold!

Tricia's screams are muffled by her gag.

BID WINNER (O.S.)
I wanna check the merchandise.

Host caresses Tricia's hair. He grins.

HOST
Of course.

Host sniffs Tricia's hair. He relishes the scent.

HOST (CONT'D)
I'm sure you'll find her value for
money.

BID WINNER (O.S.)
I value my friend's opinions more
than my own.

HOST
No problem. We don't kiss and tell
here. Feel free to test the ride.

Two stern BOUNCERS enter the stage. They lift Tricia in her chair. They carry her off stage.

FIVE MEN emerge from the audience. They are led backstage by the Barmaid.

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Amy, in deep thought, paces up and down. Eve grows restless.

EVE
Would you just calm down? You're
gonna wear a hole in the floor.

AMY
I'm perfectly calm, dear,
considering the circumstances.

Courtney sits, readjusting her make up, oblivious to the group's concern.

Damon eyes Courtney's body. Pierce gives him a stern look. Damon squirms, looks down at the floor.

PIERCE

(to Amy)

I admit it's weird. But don't let your writer's imagination get carried away.

AMY

Pierce, dear boy, you may present yourself as a sturdy embodiment of maturity and experience, but your naivety shines through like a Chinese paper lantern.

PIERCE

What does that mean exactly?

Amy has the groups attention. She nods towards wall-mounted speakers hinged to every corner of the room.

AMY

Can you tell me their purpose?

EVE

They're speakers, Amy.

AMY

Can you tell me their purpose?

EVE

To announce who's up next.

DAMON

They ain't though. The bouncer dude's been taking care of that.

Eve shakes her head, sighs in frustration.

EVE

Maybe they're not working. Maybe they're planning a party for us after this whole shindig is over.

Pierce subtly wanders to each speaker. He looks up at them, examining their beyond-reach covers.

COURTNEY

Do you really think they'll throw an after-party? I hope they play some of our favourite tracks.

AMY

I don't think there will be an after-party. Not for us. I think we are the party.

EVE

Oh, what are you babbling on about?

DAMON

She's sayin' we're the main show.
The main acts. Right, Amy, baby?

Amy shakes her head. No.

AMY

No one has come back. Where have
they gone?

EVE

Maybe they're all on stage. Maybe
there's another room. Maybe--

AMY

They won't be coming back.

EVE

Oh don't be so ridiculous.

AMY

They're watching us.

EVE

What? Who? Amy... you're losing the
plot, girl.

PIERCE (O.S.)

She's right.

Pierce walks to the sofa. He stands over the group. He looks
at Amy. She arches her eyebrow, expecting to hear--

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Hidden cameras are inside everyone
of those speakers.

Silence.

EVE

CCTV. Security. Accident insurance--

PIERCE

Why disguise security to the people
you're trying to protect? Devices
hidden in every corner of the room?
We've been to tens of these gigs
and none of them have come close to
this level of protection. Why now,
in one of the worst dumps we've
been to? CCTV is supposed to be a
deterrent, why disguise it?

AMY

You disguise it so those you're
watching can't see.

TOILET FLUSH.

Richard exits the bathroom. The group stare at him. Richard checks himself up and down.

RICHARD
Come on. You know it's not me. You heard me flush.

MOMENTS LATER

Richard stands shocked, under verbal attack from the celebs.

EVE
So what's the agenda, Richard?

DAMON
This some kind of candid camera type shit, 'cos that ain't in my contract, dawg.

PIERCE
You must have known we were being filmed.

RICHARD
Enough!

The celebs calm down.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
You may find this very hard to believe right now, but I would like you to understand my perspective.

He gestures the irate celebs to sit on the sofa. They follow his demand.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
About five minutes ago I felt the urge to visit the bathroom, leaving behind a rather paranoid bunch of people that I believed were suffering the stress of performing on stage. I can relate to that. Five minutes later, I return to find myself being persecuted for a number of reasons. One, I've hidden cameras in speakers. Two, I've somehow set you all up to be watched by, God perish the thought, an audience that you are oblivious to. Three, and here's the kicker...

Richard's calmness fades. He laughs at the stupidity.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
...that I'm somehow responsible for
arranging my own clients to be the
victims of some ridiculous
conspiracy even though I haven't,
myself, left this fucking room.

The door swings open. Two Bouncers stand menacingly.

BOUNCER#1
Amy Winters.

The group stare at the Bouncers. No one leaves the couch.

BOUNCER#2
(impatient)
Amy Winters.

Amy makes her way to the door. Pierce takes a stand.

PIERCE
You don't have to go out there.

BOUNCER#1
Some kind of problem?

EVE
As a matter of fact there is.

Bouncer#1 looks at an embarrassed Richard.

RICHARD
Even seasoned professionals suffer
the odd bout of stage-fright.

BOUNCER#2
She don't look nervous.

Amy pats Pierce on his arm. She gives him a grateful smile.

AMY
The show must go on.

Amy walks out of the room.

Pierce shoves his foot in the doorway, an attempt to stop
Bouncer#1 closing the door.

PIERCE
We want this left open.

Bouncer#1 opens his jacket. Reveals a gun in a holster.

BOUNCER#1
No, you don't.

Shocked, Pierce steps back.

Bouncer#1 SLAMS the door shut. The door lock CLICKS.

Pierce looks at his fellow stunned celebs.

INT. CLUB - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The two Bouncers lead stone-faced Amy down the long cold corridor as if marching a prisoner to an execution.

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

The celebs panic.

EVE

That's all the proof you need.
We're being held against our will.

RICHARD

I'm sure there's a reasonable
explanation for all this--

PIERCE

He threatened us with a gun.

RICHARD

You're jumping to conclusions that
don't add up. What do you think is
going on out there... they're
killing us one by one?

Silence.

DAMON

We gotta find a way out of this
bitch.

INT. CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

The stage is set like a mini-court room.

Host stands centre stage. He's dressed in split costumes. One
half prosecutor. Other half-- crown court judge.

HOST

I can sense the jury feels
restless. Time for the next case.
Would Amy Winters take to the dock.

Amy enters on stage to a crescendo of BOOS. She takes the
setting and negative crowd reception in her stride.

Host gestures her to sit in a makeshift dock. Amy obliges.
She sniffs a foul odour in the air.

HOST (CONT'D)

Amy Winters. How do you plead?

Audience, settling in to the theme, laugh.

AMY

All depends on the charge.

HOST

Seeing as you're willing to play along, I'll suspend all charges on the condition you entertain our wonderful jury.

AMY

There's similarities in the legal system and the entertainment business. I'm happy to play both.

Host licks his lips. This could be a feisty one.

HOST

It must be a relief your real trial is over.

AMY

It's never over.

HOST

You were found not guilty by a court of law.

AMY

I'll be judged for the rest of my life. In the public's opinion, the verdict was irrelevant. They had already made their decision.

HOST

I'm sure you'll be able to live with that. Your husband won't.

AMY

That's true.

HOST

I'm sure you'll also be able to profit from selling your story. Perhaps your books might make interesting reading for once.

AMY

Opinion depends on who gives it.

HOST

How interesting. You judge criticism on a basis of who reads your material?

AMY

I respect honest feedback. I refuse to dwell on negatives, which is something you seem to revel in.

HOST

I'm simply building a case. I wouldn't want a murderer on the streets. A woman that couldn't stand to hear criticism from such close quarters. Closer than any book critic. Closer than anyone else in her life. I can imagine how such criticism would sink a blade in your creative heart. How you might want to make that particular critic feel the same exact pain.

Host moves in close to Amy.

HOST (CONT'D)

I think we both know who we're talking about here.

AMY

We all have a dark side to us, Mr. Host. Don't mind me calling you that, do you? You know who I am, but I have no idea who you are.

Host sneers.

AMY (CONT'D)

If human beings didn't have a ghoulish side, I'd be out of a job and dare I say, so would you.

Silence falls over the club. Amy has everyone's attention. She turns to the audience with a smug smile.

AMY (CONT'D)

(to the audience)
Although I'm unaware of my colleague's name, I do recognise similar work.

Unease grows in the silhouetted audience.

Amy turns back to Host. Host frowns, curious.

AMY (CONT'D)

I know full well about a previous event in Hollywood. So similar, in fact, *this* event could only be the work of what I would call a hack.

Host smirks. He backs away. Claps slowly.

Host turns to the audience. They join in with him. Claps turn into a rapturous applause.

HOST

(to Amy)

Honesty. Nothing beats a good slice of straight-up honesty.

Host gestures the crowd to bring up the volume. The audience applaud louder. CHEERS ring out. Standing ovation.

Amy's confidence drops. She's unsettled. Something's up.

Host moves inside the dock. Amy gulps. Here it comes. Host hugs Amy. She squirms under his tight embrace.

HOST (CONT'D)

If I didn't know any better, I'd say you've just been accepted. My, you've won the jury over.

Above Amy, a NOOSE lowers from the ceiling.

Host releases Amy from his grasp. Smiles at her, face to face. Amy spits in his eye.

AMY

Do it. Get it over with.

Host expresses a quick flurry of emotions as he wipes the spittle from his eye. Fury. Happiness. Anger. Delight.

He grabs the lowered noose, wraps it around Amy's neck. The rope tightens around her throat and slowly lifts her up.

Amy grabs at the rope, gasps for breath.

Host watches her, blank expression.

HOST

Looks like we have a hung jury.

Delirious CHEERS from the audience. Host makes a jovial jig to centre stage.

Amy gags and twitches as she hangs, legs kicking wildly.

HOST (CONT'D)

(to audience)

This, my friends, is what happens when you attempt to manipulate my court.

Host watches Amy with bitterness in his eyes.

HOST (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

No-one calls me a hack.

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Eve heads inside the bathroom. Pierce follows her.

Damon rushes to the sofa.

DAMON

We can barricade the door with this. If we can't get out, make sure homeboy can't get in.

Richard sighs.

Courtney frowns at him, pops a bubble in her mouth.

COURTNEY

Are you gonna just stand there?

Richard and Damon grab either side of the sofa. They try to lift it. It won't budge.

Richard looks down at the sofa legs. Imbedded in the floor, sealed by metallic plates.

DAMON

Convincing enough for ya?

RICHARD

Oh yes. I'm convinced they don't want us to fuck with the furniture.

INT. GREEN ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Everything green. Sink basin. Tiled Walls. Tiled Floor. Tiled ceiling. Shower cubicle. Toilet. Green framed mirror.

Eve and Pierce search the small room.

EVE

Maybe if we break this mirror we can use the shards as a weapon?

Pierce dismantles the pole from the shower curtain.

He hits the mirror. No effect.

PIERCE

Damn. Copolyester

Eve looks at him questionably.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Shatterproof.

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Pierce and Eve exit the bathroom. The group watch them with quizzical expressions.

Pierce stands on the table. He hits the ceiling with the shower curtain pole.

DAMON

What the-- ? Dude, now ain't the time to start renovating the place.

Pierce hits the ceiling over and over again. Styrofoam cracks. Pieces fall to the floor.

DAMON (CONT'D)

You gonna start pole dancing or some shit?

PIERCE

I'm trying to find a way out, you asshat! There might be a-- yes!

Pierce has made a hole big enough. He drops the pole. Tears away the remaining block of Styrofoam.

He shoves his hand into the gap-- his enthusiasm sinks. The next layer is a solid foundation.

Pierce climbs down from the table. He angrily kicks the shower curtain pole across the floor.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Solid. I was hoping it might be insulation material.

DAMON

Goddamnit, man! What now?

RICHARD

We keep calm.

DAMON

That's easy for you to say. How do we know you're not in cahoots with these motherfuckers?

RICHARD

I'm not going through this again.

COURTNEY

You know what? I'm more concerned about having to stay in this room for another hour. This green is making me feel sooo sick.

INT. CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

Amy's head is dunked down in a wooden barrel overflowing with water. Bouncer #1 brings her head up, his fist tightened around her hair. Amy gasps for air. Bouncer #1 plunges her head back down.

Host stands centre stage. He's now dressed as 17th century witch-hunter, Matthew Hopkins.

The court room has been replaced by a set that resembles early 19th century English GALLOWS.

INT. CLUB - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

A couple of constantly smiling CONCESSION GIRLS, in some-kind of twisted homage to cinema, offer snacks to the audience.

INT. CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

Host watches STAGEHANDS spray gasoline across the gallows. He's mesmerized, lost in deep thought, remembering...

He CRACKS his fingers together. Turns to the audience with a mile-wide smile.

HOST

Only one court matters inside these walls. Only one jury has the power to determine true guilt.

He opens his arms towards his captive audience.

HOST (CONT'D)

I ask you to vote with a show of hands. Those who find Amy Winters not guilty, raise your hands.

Host smiles.

HOST (CONT'D)

Those who find Amy Winters guilty, raise your hands.

Host grins, eyes gleaming with malevolent delight.

The two Bouncers force Amy to the gallows.

Bouncer#1 ties a metallic chain connected to the gallows around Amy's neck. Bouncer#2 ties her hands behind her back with rope.

Host pulls a lever connected to the gallows.

Amy lifts several feet off the floor. She hangs, kicks her feet, face turns red, gasps for breath.

Host takes a torch. He slowly, tormentingly, approaches Amy.

HOST (CONT'D)
I sentence you to burn in Hell.

Host lights the gallows. FLAMES shoot up the wooden beams. Stagehands standby with fire extinguishers. Host ushers them back.

HOST (CONT'D)
Let it burn.

Fire droplets rain over Amy as she dangles below the burning beam. Host teasingly swipes his torch over her feet... her clothing catches alight.

Host stumbles back. The audience CHEER at the spectacle.

Amy SCREAMS as flames spread over her body. She burns... Amy's screams turn to silence. Her body covered in flames.

Host stares at the sight. Captivated. Amy's burning corpse reflects in his morbid gaze.

He turns to the concerned Stagehands. Host nods. The Stagehands extinguish the human barbecue.

Host turns to the audience. Shrugs.

HOST (CONT'D)
Maybe she was innocent after all.

LATER

A large conference screen has been set up on stage.

Host fiddles with a remote control. After a few technical glitches, Host finally manages to bring images to the screen.

CONFERENCE SCREEN:

Grainy images from a surveillance camera. A filthy room. A white lily rests on a solitary mattress. Blood stained walls. The camera moves to the side. Tricia sits tied to her chair.

INT. CLUB - DIRTY ROOM - NIGHT

Tricia trembles, mopes into her gag.

A SCREECHING noise. Tricia turns her head. Eyes wide in fear.

A heavy door slowly SCREECHES open. Tricia's panic breaths increase. MALE VOICES, full of bravado, echo around the room.

Bid Winner and his four PALS enter inside, hooting and hollering like they're about to collect a prize.

The door SLAMS shut.

The five-some quickly set about Tricia. They grope her body.

The men get undressed. Bid Winner unties Tricia. He drags her to the mattress, throws her down.

The men savagely rip her clothes off. PAL#1 grabs Tricia's wrists, holds them above her head. PAL#2 pins down her wild, kicking feet. He spreads her legs apart.

Bid Winner sneers, rubs his crotch as he watches.

PAL#3 rapes Tricia. As soon as he finishes, PAL#4 takes his place.

As each takes their sadistic turn, the more violent they become.

PAL#3 takes control of Tricia's wrists. PAL#4 grabs her feet.

PAL#1 takes his turn. He slaps Tricia's face, thrusts inside her hard and rough. Spits in her face.

PAL#1 climaxes. PAL#2 slaps his back in a congratulatory manner. He's eager for his turn.

PAL#2 grabs Tricia by her hair. Forces her onto her front. Bid Winner moves close to Tricia's face.

PAL#2

Bet this bitch likes it up the arse, don't you, whore?

BID WINNER

Don't disturb the cunt, the dumb slut's eating.

PAL#2 sodomises Tricia. She's forced to give fellatio to Bid Winner at the same time.

PAL#2 orgasms. Mutters degrading words as he cums.

Bid Winner forces Tricia to the wall. She's a mess. Blood drips down her legs. Her face swelling with bruises.

His pals watch on, smirking. Bid Winner forces Tricia to her knees. Holds her hair, pins her head against the wall.

He viciously sodomises her. He grabs her arm, yanks it back so hard it breaks with a loud CRACK.

His pals CHEER, high-five each other.

Bid Winner increases his aggressive rape. He slams Tricia's face against the wall with every violent thrust. Her nose SNAPS sideways. Her forehead splits into a bloody mess.

With sickening satisfaction, Bid Winner ejaculates inside Tricia's dying, convulsing body.

The pals congratulate each other as they look down at Tricia's beaten, lifeless body. In a final act of degradation, they urinate over her.

They calmly pick up their clothes, leave the room.

INT. CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

Host pauses the conference screen. Zooms in on Tricia's dead body. The excited audience APPLAUD.

HOST

You'll forgive me if we don't have a title for this particular movie as yet, it's quite recent.

A couple of sickos laugh in the crowd.

HOST (CONT'D)

Copies will be made available at a reasonable cost. Details to follow.

The stage curtain drops. Host disappears off stage. Interval. Audience members head for the bar.

Bid Winner and his exhausted friends emerge on stage. Several audience members applaud them as they retake their seats.

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Courtney refreshes her make-up in her compact mirror.

Pierce and Eve sit, contemplating their situation.

Damon paces the floor, anger building with each step.

Richard, sat on the sofa, has his head buried in his hands.

COURTNEY

How long are they gonna keep us cooped up in here for?

DAMON

Atleast we ain't gotta smell that smoke no more. Shit was vile.

COURTNEY

Maybe Dario let his cooking get outta control?

PIERCE

You're gonna have to face facts,
Courtney. Dario ain't out there
entertaining with his cuisine.
Bottom line, if there *was* a fire,
where would we go to escape?

Courtney scans the room. Confused.

COURTNEY

The fire exit...?

EVE

Yes. The one thing this room lacks.
God, keep up, Courtney.

COURTNEY

So... how do we get outta here?

Pierce frowns at Richard. He's sat on the sofa. Quiet.

PIERCE

I'm open for suggestions.

RICHARD

I don't know what you expect me to
say.

DAMON

Sorry?

Richard squeezes the bridge of his nose. Sighs. Frustration.

EVE

An apology ain't gonna help us get
out of here, Damon. We need less
words, more action.

Pierce examines the door. Tries to open it -- just in a
miraculous chance it might open. It's locked.

PIERCE

OK. The way I see it is we've got
to get past those bouncers.

DAMON

The dudes packin' heat? Yeah, what,
we're gonna dodge bullets or some
shit? I dunno about you, but I had
enough of that shit in the ghetto.
I ain't no Superman, man.

PIERCE

Thanks for your input, Damon.

EVE
They're not Superman, either.
They're just men. And like all men,
they have a weakness.

INT. CLUB - CORRIDOR - NIGHT (EVE'S IDEA)

The two Bouncers guard the green room door.

A KNOCK from inside.

Bouncer#1 opens the door.

Courtney pouts and poses seductively in the doorway.

BOUNCER#1
Problem?

COURTNEY
Just a little one.

Courtney gestures small. Both Bouncers look her up and down.
Appetizing.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
Can you help solve my little
problem-- by giving me a couple of
bigger ones?

Courtney turns, wiggles her ass. Both Bouncers salivate.
Courtney gestures them to follow her inside.

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT (EVE'S IDEA)

The eager Bouncers undress as they enter, removing their
jackets and ties.

Pierce and Damon emerge from either side of the door. They
punch the Bouncers in the face, knocking them unconscious.

FREEZE FRAME

RICHARD (V.O.)
Why am I not involved in this
heroic escapade?

EVE (V.O.)
You don't have the balls.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Perhaps. But I do have the brains
to know how this would really go
down...

INT. CLUB - CORRIDOR - NIGHT (RICHARD'S IDEA)

The two Bouncers guard the green room door.

A KNOCK from inside.

Bouncer#1 opens the door.

Courtney pouts and poses seductively in the doorway.

BOUNCER

Problem?

COURTNEY

Just a little one.

Courtney gestures small. Both Bouncers look her up and down. Appetizing.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

I kinda prefer big problems, though, which reminds me about a thing I have with crosswords in magazine columns, like why do they have to put the black boxes in with the white boxes, like why can't they both co-exist and stop causing problems for the person who is supposed to be, like, solving the problem...

Hushed whispers from inside the room: "Stick to the script!", "She's forgotten already.", "Invite them in, Court!"

Both Bouncers salivate. Courtney turns, wiggles her ass, gestures them to follow her inside.

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT (RICHARD'S IDEA)

The Bouncers undress as they enter.

Pierce and Damon emerge from either side of the door. They punch the Bouncers in the face-- the Bouncers frown at them.

MOMENT LATER

The two Bouncers fire round after round into Pierce and Damon's bullet ridden bodies.

They reload their guns. Aim at Richard, Eve and Courtney.

FREEZE FRAME

RICHARD (V.O.)

I believe we need to come up with a better strategy.

COURTNEY (V.O.)

Me too. I don't wanna be the whore.

DAMON (V.O.)

Kinda missing the point, but carry on, Courtney.

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

The group listen with raised eyebrows as an excited, increasingly animated Courtney lets her imagination run wild.

INT. CLUB - CORRIDOR - NIGHT (COURTNEY'S IDEA)

The two Bouncers guard the green room door.

A KNOCK from inside.

Bouncer#1 opens the door.

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT (COURTNEY'S IDEA)

Eve convulses violently on the floor. Richard, Pierce and Damon watch on, bewildered.

Courtney pleads with the Bouncers.

COURTNEY

Please help!

BOUNCER#1

What's wrong with her?

COURTNEY

She needs sugar! She's diabetic!

BOUNCER#2

I'll go get the sugar!

Bouncer#2 runs down the corridor. Bouncer#1 enters. He kneels besides Eve, at a loss what to do.

Richard, Pierce and Damon step aside. Courtney picks up a television set from a table. She SMASHES it on Bouncer#1's head.

FREEZE FRAME

COURTNEY (V.O.)
And freedom is within our grasp.

PIERCE (V.O.)
I know you're trying to help
Courtney, but we need to be
realistic.

COURTNEY (V.O.)
What's the problem?

PIERCE (V.O.)
Well, for one, I'm wondering where
we're gonna get this TV from.

COURTNEY (V.O.)
We don't have a TV in here?

DAMON (V.O.)
Oh my God, you can't be that
fuckin'--

EVE (V.O.)
Curious as why I'm the one with the
diabetes?

COURTNEY (V.O.)
You wanted me to be a whore, bitch!

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Eve shakes her head as she paces the room. Richard pats
Courtney on her knee, stands up with a bemused expression.

Pierce remains by the door. Damon just looks perplexed - what
the hell have I got myself into?

COURTNEY
So we're gonna use my idea?

GROUP
No.

COURTNEY
Why?

RICHARD
Assuming the worst, I can't imagine
a couple of hoods, no offense
Damon, paid to kill us would really
be too concerned if one us might
suffer a diabetic attack.

COURTNEY

They'd probably film it instead,
right?

Eve storms to the door. She's about to hammer her fist
against it. Pierce grabs her wrist.

EVE

I can't take much more of this.
Christ, just send me out there.

PIERCE

Calm down. We're gonna be alright.

EVE

Are we?

Pierce nods. Reassuring. He hugs her. A comforting embrace.
Damon frowns. Eve pulls away from Pierce. Awkward.

EVE (CONT'D)

I need to sit down.

Pierce watches Eve walk back to the sofa. She sits next to
Damon.

Courtney gazes at Damon. Studies him.

Damon feels her stare. He finally turns to her, irritated.
Gestures *what are you looking at?*

COURTNEY

Are they real?

She points at his afro.

DAMON

Are what real?

COURTNEY

These.

She pulls a lock pick from his hair. Damon nods.

DAMON

Why the fuck would anyone
manufacture fake lock picks? That's
like saying I'm gonna bring out a
new line of fake combs.

COURTNEY

So they are real?

DAMON

As real as real can get, baby.

Damon smiles at Courtney. She's adorable in a child-like way.

DAMON (CONT'D)

You're the blondest blonde I've ever met, Court.

Eve frowns at Damon. He looks at her, apologetic, as if she's about to lambast him for flirting with another woman.

EVE

You've got lock-picks in your hair?

DAMON

You know this. It's part of my act. You gonna get all white on me now?

EVE

I'm gonna bitch slap you if you don't wake up and smell the coffee.

MOMENTS LATER

Clothing material covers the speakers. Pierce's suit jacket. Eve's fur overcoat. Ryan's leopard dressing-gown. Damon's hooded top.

Damon, down to a wife-beater vest, works a lock-pick on the door. He's surrounded by the group. Pressure mounts.

He stops.

DAMON

What's the masterplan when I get this sucker open? We just gonna say "Hi?".

PIERCE

We'll catch them by surprise. Five on two. Decent odds.

Damon hesitates.

DAMON

Step back. Y'all blockin' my light.

The group takes a few steps back. Damon sweats as he works the lock. Nothing.

Damon stops. The group encourage him. He turns to face them.

DAMON (CONT'D)

I don't know how to use it.

Silence.

DAMON (CONT'D)

It's just part of my act.

He drops the lock-pick to the floor. He looks ashamed; as if he's let everyone down.

COURTNEY

Dude, you're a gangsta rapper from south central Los Angeles.

Eve consoles Damon, places her hand on his shoulder.

Damon's tearful.

DAMON

I'm no gangsta. I never shot anyone in my life. Never stole no more than a twinkie. Never did nothin'.

Damon hugs Eve, taking her by surprise.

DAMON (CONT'D)

I was born in Beverly Hills. I just wanted to taste success and be an O.G. like my Daddy. He used to be a rapper. He even wrote all my lyrics. Helped me get a deal.

Pierce looks at Richard. Both unsure how to react. Damon sobs over Eve's shoulder. Eve grows more and more irritated.

COURTNEY

Your dad wrote lyrics like "Fuck a bitch up the ass, explode in her tunnel like gas"?

EVE

Not the time, Courtney.

Pierce takes the lock-pick. He tries them on the door.

RICHARD

We might need to hurry this along.

Pierce keeps working at the door.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Amy's set finished a while ago, and I'm guessing their interlude is about over.

Pierce gives up. He offers Richard the lock-pick.

PIERCE

Be my guest.

Courtney snatches the lock-pick. Blows bubble gum in Pierce's face. He lets her have free reign.

She kneels and tries her luck.

COURTNEY

I wasn't always a celebrity.

The door CLICKS open.

DAMON

Who are you, a white Axel Foley?

MOMENTS LATER

The door's ajar. Through the gap, the group spy on the empty corridor.

The group huddle together. They whisper.

PIERCE

OK. This is the plan. We get to the bus, hopefully Reg has fixed it by now. If not, we can at least use the CB and call for help.

RICHARD

Maybe we should split five ways.

EVE

No, we keep together.

RICHARD

That means we all get caught together.

PIERCE

He's right.

EVE

No. No, we don't split up. We can fight together. We can't if we're on our own.

RICHARD

Five different ways mean five different chances. We all get caught together, we're fried.

EVE

I don't like it.

COURTNEY

What if we went in pairs?

Astonished silence.

RICHARD

Good idea. Bloody hell, Courtney, you're on a roll.

MOMENTS LATER

Damon keeps look-out on the corridor.

The group prepare to leave the room.

RICHARD

Someone has to go on their own. I figure it's me.

PIERCE

Well, I ain't leaving Eve.

Eve frowns.

EVE

Excuse me? Do I have a say?

PIERCE

This ain't a game.

EVE

I decide my own choices, Pierce. You know that.

PIERCE

Eve, this is not the time for some stupid, feminine bullshit. I'm going with you. That's that.

DAMON

Think you mean *feminist*. Although, from what Eve tells me, you probably thought you were right first time.

Pierce grabs Damon by his neck.

PIERCE

Say one more word, and so help me God...

The group watch him, shocked. Pierce relaxes. Damon, unfazed, pops his collar.

EVE

I'm going with Damon.

Pierce looks to the floor. Huffs. Shakes his head.

COURTNEY

Richard. Me and you, baby.

Richard, aghast at the idea, offers Courtney a fake smile.

Damon looks back at the corridor. His eyes widen in fear.

INT. CLUB - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Bouncer#2 stomps towards the Green Room, steel baseball bat in hand.

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Damon turns to the group.

DAMON
Trouble's comin'.

PIERCE
They must have clocked the cameras.

DAMON
They gonna clock our block once they notice the lock.

Courtney takes a deep breath. She struts out of the door. The group are stunned, confused by her unfaltering confidence.

INT. CLUB - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Courtney closes the green room door behind her. She gets into character. Poses provocatively. Sex kitten/ porno queen.

Bouncer#2 stops in his tracks. Jaw meets floor.

BOUNCER#2
Hey! What the... How the fuck did you get outta there?

Courtney strides towards him, wiggling her curves.

COURTNEY
It's open.

Bouncer#2 frowns. Courtney poses in front of him.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
I took advantage of the situation.

Bouncer#2's mesmerized. Courtney wiggles to her knees before him. She UNZIPS his trousers.

Bouncer#2's hand trembles. He drops the baseball bat. MOANS in pleasure.

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Pierce and Damon stand by the door, ready to pounce. Eve and Richard stand at the far end of the room. As far away as possible.

A THUMP from the corridor. Someone collapsing on the floor.
Silence. All eyes linger on the door.

A moment passes...

PIERCE
Courtney?

Silence...

COURTNEY (O.S.)
Apart from a bit of pubic hair...
all clear.

INT. CLUB - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Bouncer#2 lies on the floor. Out cold. His broken shades next to him.

Richard, Pierce, Eve and Damon look at each other, amazed. Courtney shakes as she clutches the baseball bat.

COURTNEY
I can't believe what I just did.

Richard comforts her with a hug. Courtney drops the bat in disgust.

Pierce kneels beside Bouncer#2. Checks his pulse.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
Is he...?

Pierce takes a moment. He looks up at her. Nods.

Courtney sobs into Richard's shoulder.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
Oh God, what have I done?

EVE
You just saved our bacon.

DAMON
Yeah, the dude wasn't coming to
give us champagne and shrimps.

The group gaze at three hallways.

1> The death march leading to the stage.

2> leads into darkness.

3> leads to the FIRE EXIT.

INT. CLUB - FIRE EXIT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The group run towards the fire exit.

Richard tries the door. Locked. He kicks it, frustrated.

EVE

Surprise, surprise. Way too easy.

RICHARD

OK. We're gonna have to use the back-up plan.

PIERCE

That ridiculous splitting up scheme?

EVE

No time to argue. Just do it.

DAMON

You heard her.

Pierce snaps. He grabs Damon, pushes him up against the wall-- opening a secret door that leads into darkness.

The group are hushed by the reveal. Pierce releases Damon.

EVE

And behind hidden door number one, we have Pierce's route sorted out.

PIERCE

That could lead to anywhere.

RICHARD

Maybe the way out.

PIERCE

I'm not--

EVE

We all agreed. We stick to the plan.

RICHARD

Remember. Get to the bus. Get out of the area. Call for help.

Richard and Courtney wish and receive good luck from the group before they rush together up the hallway.

Pierce shakes his head in obvious disagreement.

DAMON

I'll look after her, man.

PIERCE

You'd better.

EVE

I can look after myself thank you very much. If you don't stop this male macho bullshit, I'll go solo and you two can bitch to your heart's content.

Damon offers a handshake. Pierce nods. Damon pulls his hand back. Smirks at the childish behaviour.

Eve sighs. She leads Damon down the hallway.

DAMON

Good luck, bro.

Damon and Eve disappear in the darkness.

Pierce seethes.

PIERCE

Break a leg. *Bro.*

INT. CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

Conference screen replays Tricia's rape and murder.

Host, centre-stage, keeps the audience amused with a series of sick jokes.

HOST

My girlfriend is into some really strange role-play when we have sex. She always insists on pretending to be fourteen years old. I don't get why, she'll be fourteen in a couple of years anyway.

The audience laugh.

HOST (CONT'D)

Seriously, no one likes a kiddy-fiddler. But I do have some sympathy. I mean, peados just have trouble fitting in.

A sense of excitement vibrates from the audience.

Overhead lights dim.

CHEF#1 wheels out a trolley loaded with food-- a platter with Dario's sauce-glazed head complete with an apple stuffed in his mouth serves as the *Pièce de résistance*.

INT. CLUB - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

CONCESSION GIRLS offer audience members exclusive snacks. They eagerly accept such lucrative cuisine as: DEEP FAT FRIED FINGERS, SPARE RIBS, CRUNCHY TOE SCRATCHINGS etc.

HOST (O.S.)

Feel free to eat until your heart's content. Prepare for the final act, it's coming right up.

INT. CLUB - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

A dark, narrow alley of scattered wires and leads. Dim light sneaks from beneath the stage curtain. A shelf covered wall full of stagehand equipment, props and maintenance tools.

Pierce crouches behind a stack of storage crates. He can hear the Host's joke routine. Audience laughter.

Pierce eyes the end of the alley. A green EXIT sign glows above a door.

Pierce creeps across the alley.

He trips over a loose wire, stumbles, knocks over several crates full of equipment.

Pierce freezes. Someone must have heard the noise.

A moment passes...

The show continues behind the curtain as normal. Laughter must have disguised the racket.

Pierce runs to the door.

He reaches it. Ducks behind a bunch of crates. Gulps, regains his breath. Pierce looks back down the alley. Clear.

Pierce tries the door handle. His hand shakes, fearing, expecting it to be locked. It opens -- but just a little.

Freedom awaits. A fresh gust of wind hits Pierce in the face.

Pierce opens the door wide. He crouches in the doorway... his relief turns into concern.

PIERCE

Eve.

A dark shadow looms over Pierce from behind.

Pierce turns around, ready to heroically find and guide his colleagues to freedom.

Pierce looks up. Terror. He shields himself with his arms...

INT. CLUB - STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

A door CREAKS open. Slim rays of light seep inside. A switch CLICKS. Overhead fluorescent lighting hits the room.

Costumes on rails. Ceiling high shelves stacked with camera equipment. VHS tapes. DVDs. Wires. Tons of wires.

Richard leads Courtney inside. He closes the door.

Richard gazes down the corridor of shelves, unsure of the safety of the room. Ceiling light inconsistently flickers.

He turns to Courtney. She's by the door, on her knees.

RICHARD

Are you OK?

Courtney still seems dazed from her Bouncer attack. Richard gently takes her face in his hands, looks her eye to eye.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Courtney?

Courtney nods. She trembles, afraid.

COURTNEY

I'm never coming to this country again. I was warned about the food, the hideous weather, but my God...

Richard stifles nervous laughter. He helps her up.

RICHARD

Two ideas. Block the door with these shelves, wait until light and then make a run for it...

SOMETHING whizzes past the bottom of the alley.

Richard turns to the storage alley. Freezes. It's empty... But they're not alone. He knows it.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(to Courtney)

Don't move.

Richard treads slowly down the alley, fists clenched. Costumes and ghoulish masks stick out from the shelves.

He reaches the end of the alley. A menacing, open armed, human sized green Guru statue.

Richard looks back at Courtney. She stares back at him, eyes wide. Spooked.

Richard steps into the second alley.

Mannequins draped in bizarre costumes. More wires. More shelves bulge with electrical equipment.

Richard steps back to reassure Courtney. She's not there.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Courtney?

Silence...

Glass SMASHES.

Richard turns back into the second alley.

Courtney's climbed a bunch of crates. She's smashed a small window. She's trying to, impossibly, clamber through.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Courtney, no!

Courtney, distraught, looks back at Richard, blood covers her hand from glass cuts. Red smears her face.

COURTNEY
I've gotta get outta here, Richard.
I can't take any--

WHOOSH!

Courtney SCREAMS as she's dragged out of the window. Her scream cuts out.

Richard backs up against the wall, shocked. Gulps. Sweats.

Ceiling bulb flickers, darkness lasting longer than light.

Richard slides back to the first alley.

Multiple mannequins block the alley. Like soldiers.

Richard YELPS, drops to his knees, terrified. Too afraid to move, too scared to do anything.

The light CUTS. DARKNESS engulfs the room.

Richard's chattering teeth. Terrified frantic breathing.

He backs up against the open-armed green Guru statue.

Moonlight shines through the smashed window.

Costumes flap from the wind. Arms move hauntingly. Masks wobble-- as if they're laughing. Mocking. Taunting.

Richard whimpers like a little boy afraid of a monster coming out of his bedroom wardrobe.

RICHARD
(chant-like)
Didn't sign up for this. I did not
sign up for this...

Sinister CREAKS. Flurry of movement at the top of the alley.

Richard nears breakdown.

The door CREAKS open, bathing half the room in light.

The two Bouncers enter. The door closes. Darkness.

Richard can barely contain his squeals. The Guru statue moves its arms-- hands muffle Richard's mouth.

INT. CLUB - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Eve and Damon run through a dark hallway. They reach closed double doors. Chains wrapped around metallic security bars.

DAMON
Screwed. We're screwed.

Eve tries to untangle the chains, searching for a lock.

The chains dismantle in her hands. The door opens-- but just a little.

Eve and Damon look at each other, surprised.

EVE
Never look a gift horse in the
mouth.

DAMON
What? Fuck does that even mean?

Eve peeks through the gap. She smiles at Damon.

EVE
We're free.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - BACK OF CLUB - NIGHT

Double doors burst open. Eve and Damon run into the yard.

They pause. Take in the misty surroundings.

A small patch of land barricaded by rows of high hedges. Slanted gravestones dotted around overgrown grass.

Damon and Eve exchange spooked glances.

MOMENT LATER

Damon searches hedgerows. He forces his way through thorns and thistles. He looks out a moonlit field beyond. Eureka.

EVE (O.S.)

Damon! Damon, come quick!

Damon carefully removes himself from the tunnel of thorns. He searches for Eve's voice. Somewhere distant.

EXT. MUDDY TRAIL - BACK OF CLUB - NIGHT

Damon reaches Eve. She's excited. Damon's daunted. A narrow path, surrounded by overhanging tree branches, leads into darkness.

Damon and Eve run down the trail.

They both stop. Dread.

A large mausoleum. Tall railings block off entry into the woods. A dead end.

Light covers them from behind.

Damon and Eve turn around.

Figures wave flashlights. They close in. Demonic faces. Zombies. Monsters. Ghouls. Goblins.

Damon and Eve back up against the mausoleum, terrified.

The monsters surround Damon and Eve. They remove their grotesque masks. Sombre teenage faces. The chavs from the Chicken's Nest pub.

The youths make way. Someone of importance walks towards Damon and Eve.

Ling. Smug. Glint in his eyes. Oozes dominance.

LING

Such a wonderful setting, wouldn't you agree? Mind you, I do have a taste for the theatrical.

A bright light hits Eve and Damon, half-blinding them. A smirking CAMERAMAN films their reactions.

EVE

What the fuck is going on!?

Two shadowy figures emerge behind Eve and Damon.

Eve senses their presence. She spins around. Two masked youths. BIRD and OWL. Owl aims his rifle at Damon.

EVE (CONT'D)
Damon, look out!

Owl hits Damon's head with the rifle. Damon drops to the ground, unconscious. Owl points his rifle at Eve.

LING
We can do this the hard way, as
your friend just found out.

Eve scowls at Ling.

EVE
How dare you--

Ling nods to Bird. Bird wraps his arm around Eve's neck. He forces a damp cloth around Eve's mouth. Eve squirms-- before she drops to the ground.

LING
Or we can do this the hard way. As
you *will* find out.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Pierce and Eve, unconscious, sit tied to their chairs. Gas masks cover their faces.

They both wake. Horrified eyes. Deep, fast BREATHS.

They look at each other. Exchange fear. Pierce turns-- his BREATHING accelerates.

Opposite Pierce sits Damon, Richard and Courtney. All three tied to their chairs. Gas masks cover their faces.

Eve struggles unsuccessfully to free herself.

DAMON
It's no use.

Eve stops. She looks at Damon.

DAMON (CONT'D)
Believe me, I've tried.

The door opens. Barmaid enters inside. She carries a tray. Five Nagant M1895 revolvers.

Barmaid places a revolver in each unwilling participants lap.

The group watch her with terrified eyes.

Barmaid heads to the door. She faces the group. Smiles. Waits.

Each member of the group look at their gun. They look at each others gun. Exchange petrified glances.

The speakers (uncovered) CACKLE into life.

HOST (V.O.)
(through speakers)
You each have in your possession a Nagant m1895 revolver. A firearm used in the 1917 Russian civil war. But we're not at war here, and this certainly ain't Russia. So you may be feeling a tad confused. The weapon was also used as entertainment. That's where you, and I, come in.

Eve sighs. Pierce droops his head. Not the best news.

HOST (V.O.)
The Russkies liked to play a game. It's called... ooh, what was it, again? I always forget... Oh, yes. Russian Roulette. I'm sure you need no history lesson on how it's played.

The group's stress levels go up a notch. Their fearful breathing increases.

HOST (V.O.)
I have a game I'm interested in trying out. More of a test than anything. I call it, forgive my inability to come up with something a little more creative, "Blow Their Fucking Head Off".

Barmaid brings out a penknife from her pocket. Flicks open the blade.

She stalks around the celebs, taunting them sadistically with her knife. She enjoys their torment. Smiles devilishly.

HOST (V.O.)
We've been taking a vote. The audience have spoken.

A tension-rising BEAT echoes around the room. The group look close to nervous breakdown.

HOST (V.O.)
Courtney Cane.

Pierce, Eve, Richard and Damon sigh in relief.

Courtney CRIES, terrified. She tries to wiggle free from her ropes. The surviving members' short-lived relief turns to sympathy and sorrow.

Barmaid struts over to Courtney. She cuts the rope around her hands.

Barmaid leaves the room, closes the door behind her.

Courtney wiggles her circulation-deprived hands. She looks at the rest of the group. Everyone's confused. Scared.

INT. CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

Conference screen displays the Green Room on a four-way split screen, camera angles directed from the speakers.

Host, microphone in hand, alternates between looking at the screen and talking to the celebs to grinning back to his entranced audience.

HOST

Rules are as simple as the name of the game. One gun each. One bullet each. One shot each. One kill wins your life. Courtney, my darling, you've been granted a bye. Our amazing audience have chosen you to fire the opening shot.

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Courtney's eyes widen. She's on a reprieved-relief high. Pumped. *It's not me!!! I've got a chance to live!!!*

Pierce and Eve look at each other. They're sat opposite Courtney. They're her obvious targets.

PIERCE

Courtney.. Wait... think what you're about to do...

EVE

Don't do it... please, Courtney...

They try to shift their chairs. Sideways. Backwards. Fail.

Courtney's shaking hands grip the revolver. She looks at Richard and Damon.

Richard and Damon try unsuccessfully to shift backwards.

RICHARD

Courtney, for the love of God, think of all I've done for you!

DAMON

Hey girl, don't point that damn thing at me! We're both Americans, baby, think patriotically!

Tears swell in Courtney's eyes. Tough choice.

HOST (V.O.)
No bullshit shots allowed. Shoot to
kill.

Courtney steadies the revolver in her hands. She points the barrel at Pierce. Changes her aim to Eve.

She points the barrel at Richard -- then at Damon.

HOST (V.O.)
Fire at will, Courtney! Survival!
Kill for your life!

A rampant audience CHANT booms through the speakers: SHOOT, SHOOT, SHOOT...

Tears drips from Courtney's eyes. She sways her head. No.

COURTNEY
I won't do it.

Courtney drops her gun to the floor. She hangs her head low.

The stunned audience are silenced.

EVE
Well done, Court.

PIERCE
You did the right thing.

The group thank God for their mercy.

INT. CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

Host mutes the conference screen. You could hear a pin drop.

HOST
Well, that's a first.

He shrugs.

HOST (CONT'D)
So be it.

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Cheers of defiance from the celebs. Courtney's head remains hung low. She knows something's in store for her.

PIERCE
They want a spectacle. All we have
to do is deny them. Keep strong.

EVE

Stick together. They can't make us do anything.

DAMON

They're gonna have to do their dirty work themselves.

A loud HISSING sound.

RICHARD

Listen!

Everyone falls silent.

The HISS continues...

Everyone looks at each other. Here it comes.

Courtney coughs. Chokes. Can't breathe. Face turns red.

The group look at her. They try, but fail, to escape their binds. They all call out to her, encourage her to breathe.

Courtney falls back against her chair, disturbingly stiff. Her whole body trembles and shakes. A massive seizure.

Her body stops moving. Her head lay limp.

The HISS fades.

Morbid silence.

The group gaze at Courtney. Expressions of guilt.

APPLAUSE. CHEERS. Audience reaction fills the tomb of a room.

INT. CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

Host laps up the audience reaction. He gestures them to keep it going, his adrenaline feeding off their applause.

A still-image of Courtney's gas-masked face lingers hauntingly on the conference screen.

HOST

Well that was a bit of a gas, wasn't it? Looks like Courtney ran out of steam. Now we're cooking.

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens. Barmaid enters, cold as ice. The two Bouncers follow.

Bouncer#2 takes Courtney's arms. Bouncer#1 grabs her feet. They take Courtney's body from the room.

Barmaid lingers at the doorway. Smirks.

BARMAID

Can I get anyone a drink?

DAMON

You sick fucking bitch.

BARMAID

Hope you're all having a great time. Everyone else is.

She winks, leaves, and closes the door behind her.

INT. CLUB - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Barmaid, stern, leads the two Bouncers down the hallway. Bouncer#1 struggles to keep grip of Courtney's feet.

BOUNCER#1

I swear this bitch kicked me.

BOUNCER#2

Shit happens all the time. It's called nerves. Nerve-ending. Nerves ending. Gettit?

BOUNCER#1

Shut the fuck up, man.

BOUNCER#2

She ain't dead enough to start going all Mrs Rigor Mortis yet. Touch the right spot and I'll bet she'll still get wet.

BARMAID

Did you get those tickets?

BOUNCER#1

For the game on Sunday?

BARMAID

No, for the fucking moon launch. What other tickets have I been waiting on the last month?

BOUNCER#1

Gonna cost another twenty-squid.

BARMAID

Umm... Why?

BOUNCER#1

I know a guy that knows a guy. I don't know a guy that knows the guy that makes up how much it costs.

BARMAID

Fuckin' useless cunt.

Barmaid storms inside a doorway, heads to the main stage.

The Bouncers take a rest. They lay Courtney's body on the floor. They kneel by her side. They share a joint.

BOUNCER#2

Now, you be good. Stop moving, you hear me, bitch?

BOUNCER#1

Don't make me gag you with something else, slut.

Courtney's leg flinches. Reflex action. Bouncer#1 steps back, shocked. Bouncer#2 laughs.

BOUNCER#2

She's getting mad, bruv! Shit, bitches hate you even when they're dead.

Green Guru Statue limps down the bottom of the hallway. He uses a cloth to clean make-up from his face.

BOUNCER#1

Hey! It's the jolly green giant.

Green Guru limps up the corridor to meet the Bouncers.

GREEN GURU

Haha. Fuck you.

BOUNCER#1

Feelin' a bit stiff?

GREEN GURU

Cramp, mate.

BOUNCER #2

I thought you made a livin' outta tryin' to keep it hard.

Green Guru flicks them a one-finger salute. He takes a curious look at Courtney's body. Seems sad.

BOUNCER#1

What's with the face? Thought you *artists* lived for this kinda shit.

GREEN GURU

Bit gutted. Sat there for fuckin' ages. I wanted to take down one of the girlies...

Guru moves to grope Courtney's body. Bouncer#2 holds him back. He locks eyes. Serious.

BOUNCER#2

Don't touch the merchandise.

GREEN GURU

The fuck...?

BOUNCER #1

You don't think we just bury this shit out back, do you? Some rich, sick fuckers like to buy prime meat like this.

BOUNCER#2

Body parts. Organs. Sometimes the whole unit. Brings in some serious dough. Especially when it's in mint condition.

GREEN GURU

Corpse fuckers?

BOUNCER #1

Don't tell me you never thought about it. You look the type.

GREEN GURU

Fuck you, cunt-chops.

Guru skulks away.

GREEN GURU (CONT'D)

I sorted you those tickets for knockdown bargain prices, and this is how I'm repaid. Absolute cunts.

Bouncers laugh. They finish their smoke. Pick up Courtney.

BOUNCER#1

Right, let's get this where it needs to be before Mistress Whiplash kicks both our arses.

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Silence. The group can't bear to look at each other.

Speakers CACKLE.

GROANS of despair from the group.

HOST (V.O.)
 Now you know the rules of my game,
 I hope you will all play along. Any
 further rule-breaking will result
 in a similar expulsion to the one
 Miss Cane experienced earlier.

The group exchange defeated expressions. Except Damon.

DAMON
 I ain't playing shit.

HOST (V.O.)
 Damon Gavin-Johnson-Williamson the
 third refuses to play?

DAMON
 You heard me, bitch.

HOST (V.O.)
 This makes my job somewhat easier.

Damon's sudden cool facade evaporates. His hands grip the
 arms of his seat. He's expecting a blast of killer gas.

HOST (V.O.)
 I'm adding a timer on all this.
 Just to speed up the process.
 People do have other things to do,
 you know. We can't wait forever.

The tension-building BEAT thumps through the room.

HOST (V.O.)
 Our audience have voted. Your time
 has come. The shooter will be...

The group exchange horrified glances.

HOST (V.O.)
 Eve Knight.

Eve doesn't move but her eyes tell it all. She was expecting
 it eventually. Now it's time.

HOST (V.O.)
 You know the game. You know the
 rules. You know the consequences.

Eve looks at Damon. So innocent, yet courageous for finally
 finding his voice in the midst of all this hell.

Eve looks at Richard. He can't even meet her gaze. She looks
 at Courtney's vacant chair. She turns to Pierce. He's looking
 right at her. No fear. No self-pity. Understanding.

He nods. As if to say: *Do me. I understand. Spare the rest.*

Eve, surprised herself at how much she's breaking down in tears, turns her head to the floor.

EVE'S IMAGINATION

Eve frowns at Pierce.

EVE
I'm stronger than you think.

Eve points the gun to her own head.

PIERCE
No!

Eve fires.

BACK TO SCENE (REALITY)

Eve gazes at the floor. Host's voice brings her to her senses.

HOST (V.O.)
Eve Knight, you have been chosen as the shooter. Your victim will be decided. Wait for the vote, honey.

The door opens. The Waitress walks over to Eve. Cuts one of her hands free.

The Waitress smirks, walks away, closes the door behind her.

Eve grips the handle of her revolver.

HOST (V.O.)
Shoot to kill...

Eve steadies her hand. She's eager to get it done with.

EVE
C'mon, you fucker...

HOST (V.O.)
Damon.

Damon's stunned. Eve raises her gun. Points at Damon.

DAMON
Eve, wait... you can't... I love--

Eve pulls the trigger. BANG!

Damon's head rockets back. Bullet hole in the forehead of his gas mask.

Eve shakes. Hands tremble. Her eyes look concentrated. Absorbing every moment. Digesting it *her way*.

RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE reigns from the speakers.

Eve lets out harsh breaths. Relief. Disbelief. Shock.

Richard and Pierce appear like mere mannequins. Humanity drained. Faces frozen. Bodies stiff. Shocked to the core.

INT. CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

The conference screen lingers on Damon's tilted-back head. Slow motion replays Eve's gunshot, impact, and result.

Audience CHEER.

Host gestures them to quieten down.

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens.

Richard, Pierce and Eve sit, lost in their own worlds.

Barmaid enters inside. Bouncer#1 and Bouncer#2 follow her. They hold SHOTGUNS.

The Bouncers cock their weapons. The noise is enough to wake the trio from their fantastical states.

Barmaid removes the group's gas-masks. The group gasp for much needed fresh air.

Pierce, Eve and Richard look at the Bouncers.

RICHARD

You've fucked me over.

Barmaid cuts the rope around Pierce's wrist and arm.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Royally fucked me over.

Pierce's hands fall limp at his side.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Now, shoot them now!

EVE

Do it now, Pierce!

PIERCE

I might need some help getting up.
I can't move my legs.

Pierce breathes a sigh of relief. He shakes his hands, builds circulation.

Barmaid pats his head. She moves behind Eve. Unties her wrist and arm.

EVE
Interesting. This was a little
stronger than I expected.

Barmaid moves to Richard. Cuts his wrist and arm binds.

RICHARD
A little too late?

Hands free, Richard exhumes a massive sigh of relief.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
You had me going there.

EVE
I wasn't paid enough for this type
of bullshit.

PIERCE
I didn't sign up for this.

Barmaid waltzes to the door. Both Bouncers follow her out of the door. Barmaid closes it. Door clicks. LOCKED.

The trio are left with their torsos strapped to their chairs, arms and hands untied. Revolvers in their laps.

They stare, aghast, at each other. Eve looks at Richard.

EVE
(mimics Pierce)
I didn't sign up for this?

PIERCE
(mimics Eve)
I wasn't paid enough for this type
of bullshit?

They both look at Richard.

RICHARD
We all know what's gone on here.
Time to lay down our cards.

Pierce, Richard and Eve look at each other.

EVE
They've played us. Played us for
the fools we are.

PIERCE
Saw us coming a mile away.

The trio laugh. Relief.

RICHARD
What deal did they offer you?

EVE
A better one than you.

Pierce smirks at Eve.

PIERCE
I doubt you did it just for the money.

EVE
Meaning?

PIERCE
Sole survivor of a celebrity massacre. The story would have been huge. The media coverage would have given you a lifetime career.

EVE
Is that the line they fed you?

PIERCE
It worked.

EVE
I can't believe I was so gullible. I've been in this industry for years--

PIERCE
No. We've been out of the industry for years. They knew that and took advantage of it.

Eve looks at Richard.

EVE
You set this whole thing up.

RICHARD
I've been set up. Just like you.

PIERCE
I find that hard to believe.

RICHARD
I don't care what you believe. Nothing matters now. We're all as good as dead anyway.

EVE
How much did they pay you, Richard? This whole plot relied on you.

RICHARD
They've got dirt on everyone, Eve.
It wasn't about the money.

Richard scoffs sarcastically.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
It was about freedom.

EVE
I wonder who else was in on it?

PIERCE
Probably everyone.

Richard yells up at the speakers.

RICHARD
You've got what you wanted. All the
footage you ever need. Just let me
out! We had an agreement!

His desperation almost resorts him to tears.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I'm not a celebrity for God's sake!
No one cares about me, no one even
knows me! No one will pay to see me
die! No one will pay to see me die!

Richard calms down. Out of breath.

EVE
You're gonna be famous when all
this is over with.

PIERCE
The sick freaks that buy this shit
might make you a fan favorite. That
little outburst might be a classic.

RICHARD
Shut up the pair of you! God, I
only hope I get to see you fucking
talentless cunts die before me.

The speakers CACKLE.

EVE
Here it comes.

PIERCE
Let's get this over with.

HOST (V.O.)

We're down to our final three. Three greedy little piggies, so eager to be in the spotlight they had no problem in having their fellow companions eliminated.

EVE

Get on with it, you sick fuck.

HOST (V.O.)

Now it's time to show how entertaining you really are. My beautiful audience will decide which two will make it to tonight's grand final. The loser, I hate to use that term because we're all winners really, won't make it out of that room alive.

PIERCE

Random vote bullshit again. Fixed.

HOST (V.O.)

We want to see a performance. The two best, live. The worst, dies.

Richard panics. He has no talent.

RICHARD

That's not fair. This is insane. This ain't stars in your fucking eyes! This bollocks is rigged, I don't stand a chance!

HOST (V.O.)

Everyone stands a chance in the game of life. Whoever wants it most, grabs it first. Now, this is all down to you. Who goes first?

Pierce and Eve look at each other.

PIERCE

We do.

EVE

We do.

Pierce and Eve smile at each other.

PIERCE

Do you remember Boujis?

EVE

Kensington?

PIERCE

Our second date. We both got a little tipsy.

EVE
We both got slaughtered.

PIERCE
Exactly.

EVE
Let's do it.

Eve sings A cappella the opening verse of Badfinger's 1970 hit "Without You".

Her voice, weak at the start, begins to grow towards the end. She nods to Pierce. He takes up singing the second verse.

Richard watches, open mouthed, shocked. Speechless.

Pierce and Eve direct loving gazes towards each other. It's cringe-worthy stuff, but their performance grows.

They both sing the chorus. Share the final verse. They give the performance of their lives. It actually sounds good, although they both overact with their loving gestures.

Silence.

Pierce and Eve exchange a worried glance.

The speakers CACKLE into life.

Overwhelming APPLAUSE from the audience.

RICHARD
You cunts. You set me up. You
double-teaming cunts set me up.

INT. CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

The conference screen displays Pierce, Eve and Richard.

A rapturous APPLAUSE from the audience. Host mimics heartfelt tears as he dries his eyes with a tissue.

He claps his hands together, still holding his microphone. Each clap BOOMS.

INT. CLUB - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

CROWD APPLAUSE. BOOM of Host's microphone.

Pierce and Eve smile, delighted. Richard sinks, defeated.

The noise levels soften.

HOST (V.O.)
That was special. Very touching.

Eve and Pierce smile at each other. We've done it.

HOST (V.O.)

Truth be told, you had me going at the start. I'm no singing expert but that started off as a right train-wreck. You salvaged the ride and therefore remain in good condition. Congratulations.

Richard fidgets with his revolver. He looks up at Eve and Pierce. Frowns. Incensed.

The door BURSTS open. Pierce, Eve and Richard turn in shock.

Both Bouncers aim their shotguns at Richard.

HOST (V.O.)

Richard. This is a competition that you entered free of your own will. You must obey the rules.

Richard drops the revolver into his lap. Hands held high.

RICHARD

I can't top that.

HOST (V.O.)

Are you not even going to try? Come on, Richard. We're a fair audience. We like underdogs. Who knows what might happen.

RICHARD

I've made my final decision. I'm not going to humiliate myself for your sick amusement. I'd rather die like a man.

HOST (V.O.)

Maybe you mean with another man.

RICHARD

That threat - that bribe - means little to someone about to be executed, you two-faced coward.

HOST (V.O.)

A coward by my definition is someone who is so desperate to hide their seedy sexual desires, an unquenchable perverted lust, for that they agree to take part in anything. After all, you found us, Richard. You initiated everything. If you want to become one of us, as you begged, you knew the rules.

(MORE)

HOST (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You must prove your stamina. You must win the game.

RICHARD

I'll prove who the coward is when you stop hiding behind an invisible wall. All you are is a voice. Words. Meaningless, clichéd words.

HOST (V.O.)

Challenge accepted.

RICHARD

What... what challenge?

Bouncers stomp towards Richard. He raises his hands in surrender. Richard screams as the Bouncers drag him out of the room. The door SLAMS shut.

Pierce and Eve look at each other.

EVE

That was intense.

PIERCE

A little.

EVE

Richard sure lost the plot quick.

PIERCE

He's not cut out to be a performer.

EVE

He wasn't cut out to be a manager, either.

PIERCE

That's showbiz.

EVE

Separates the strong from the weak.

PIERCE

Never gave much thought there might be someone else in on all this. I should have known better.

Eve sighs.

EVE

I'm more pissed about what they said.

PIERCE

Huh?

EVE

About my performance. It started weak, slowly got better?

PIERCE

They meant your acting.

EVE

Don't start that again.

PIERCE

Seriously. You can sing. You can't act. You definitely can't do both.

EVE

You were that much better, right? You're the reason I'm still here? Is that what you're suggesting?

PIERCE

I'm not suggesting anything. I'm stating fact. I can multi-task. You can't. Deal with it.

EVE

God, you can be such an asshole.

Pierce sniggers.

A few moments pass in silence. A laid-back atmosphere.

Pierce rubs his rope-burned wrist. Eve conducts some head exercises, tilting it back and forth, side to side.

Pierce eyes the revolver in Eve's lap. Looks at his own.

EVE (CONT'D)

(agitated)

When are they gonna untie us? This whole charade is over. Let's just get the final details done and dusted.

Pierce chortles.

Eve frowns. Pierce studies her face for a moment-- bursts out in laughter.

EVE (CONT'D)

What? What's so funny?

Pierce aims his revolver point blank at Eve's face. Laughter fades into a deadly serious expression.

PIERCE

You got sent the wrong script, honey. There can be only one survivor.

Pierce pulls the trigger.

CLICK.

Pierce's confused. He pulls the trigger again. CLICK. Again and again and again.

Eve smirks. Pierce frowns.

EVE
Such a silly boy.

Eve removes her rope restraints with ease. She stands up. Stretches.

Pierce frantically tries his empty gun. He throws it. Pierce bursts out in a hysterical crying fit.

EVE (CONT'D)
(sarcastic)
I'm such a bad actress aren't I,
Pierce? Please help me find my true
talent. What ever would I do
without you?

Eve aims her revolver at Pierce.

PIERCE
You... You've got no bullets
left... this is a joke? Right? A
big joke?

EVE
It wasn't just about the money,
cocksucker.

Eve pulls the trigger.

BANG!

Pierce slumps back in his chair, quarter of his head missing.

Speakers CACKLE.

APPLAUSE.

Eve stands proud. Bows to each of the four speakers.

The door opens.

Barmaid and the two Bouncers. They applaud her.

INT. CLUB - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Brimming with confidence, smug Eve struts across the hallway, the two Bouncers and Barmaid follow behind her.

INT. CLUB - LING'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ling sits behind a desk. Richard sits opposite. Several BUSINESSMEN relax in luxurious chairs.

Host and a PRODUCER, 50, sit at a dim-lit corner table. A medium-sized amount of white powder, shaped into a pyramid, serves as the centrepiece. Both use rolled-up £20 notes to snort direct from the source.

The Producer enjoys his hit with a heinous laugh. Host sits back in morbid silence. Very much inside his own head.

The office door opens. Eve enters inside. Beaming. She closes the door behind her.

Eve's greeted with smiles and applause.

She sits next to Richard. He greets her with a kiss on her cheek. Not so much the snivelling wreck we last saw him, he's looking sophisticated and reinvigorated.

LING

Everyone enjoy tonight?

The Businessmen applaud. "Great show", "Fantastic performance", "Money well spent", "Wonderful talent".

Eve and Richard smile at each other. This is one sweet deal.

LING (CONT'D)

You did a marvellous job, my dear.

Eve nods respectfully.

EVE

Thank you, Mr. Ling. I do have some questions--

LING

Not now.

Richard pats Eve's knee, winks to give her encouragement.

RICHARD

It's OK. Standard procedure.

Ling taps a BUZZER on his desk.

Door opens. A CAMERA CREW rush inside. A bright camera light directs at Eve and Richard.

Disturbed, Eve shoves her hand in the lens. Richard, blinded by the light, turns to the side.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

We're done filming!

The camera crew back away, but continue to film Eve and Richard.

EVE

Look, I'm happy to conduct an interview after I've had a night's rest. I'm tired, I'm hungry, and frankly, I just want to get paid. As in now. I'm done.

Host emerges from his dark corner. No costume. No make-up. He's a slumbering drug-addicted, skin-wrinkled, pencil-thin old man. Pained by years of giving and receiving torment.

HOST

You both are.

Host takes a gun from his belt. Shoots Eve and Richard right between the eyes.

Eve and Richard slump in their chairs.

The camera crew move in for close-up shots.

INT. CLUB - DIRTY ROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Courtney wakes on a mattress. She sits up, puts a hand to her groggy head.

Light seeps through the edges of a closed door. BOUNCER'S VOICES can be heard behind it.

BOUNCER#1 (O.S.)

Sleeping beauty awake?

BOUNCER#2 (O.S.)

She'll be out for a bit yet. She's only a skinny lil' thing.

BOUNCER#1 (O.S.)

Think she'll remember anything?

BOUNCER#2 (O.S.)

She ain't as thick as she looks. She'll figure it out.

BOUNCER#1 (O.S.)

Ding-A-Ling's happy, said it's the best movie yet.

BOUNCER#2 (O.S.)

(sarcastic)
Whoop-de-fucking-doo.

BOUNCER#1 (O.S.)

Cheer up, bruv. Shift's almost over. Think of the bonus.

(MORE)

BOUNCER#1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You might even be able to afford a box at the Emirates.

BOUNCER#2 (O.S.)

Not at their fuckin' prices. I'd have to start asking for overtime.

Courtney's eyes adjust. She scans the room. No windows. She makes out edges of another closed door blocked by a clothes rail full of various bondage equipment.

Courtney carefully moves the rail aside. She opens the door.

INT. DIRTY ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Grimy. Bare. Moonlight shines through a narrow window.

Courtney climbs on top of a sink basin. She tries to open a rusty window lock. It CREAKS open.

Courtney clambers out through the window.

EXT. CLUB - SIDE OF BUILDING - WOODS - NIGHT

Courtney climbs out from the window. Threatening woodland greets her in the near distance.

Courtney creeps alongside the wall of the club.

EXT. CLUB - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Audience members chat excitedly as they leave the club. They get inside their vehicles.

Cars drive away from the club.

The final vehicle to leave is a pick-up truck.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

The pick-up truck slows down as it approaches the tour bus.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

Earl drives. He talks on his two-way radio. His eyes analyse the tour bus.

EARL

Gonna need a bigger truck to move that beast. Your best bet would be to torch it.

LING (V.O.)
(over radio)
I need you to confirm safe delivery
of the package.

EARL
You're the boss. I'll go in and
investigate.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

The pick-up truck parks next to the tour bus.

Earl steps out from his truck. He walks casually over blood
on the ground to the tour bus door.

He opens the tour bus door. Enters inside.

EXT. BACK OF PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

Blankets cover various equipment. A black cloak and devil
mask lay haphazardly over the sheets. A crate of beer.

A blanket moves...

Courtney pops her head up. Scans the area. Quiet.

Courtney jumps down from the truck.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

Earl exits the tour bus. His devious eyes survey the area. He
WOLF-WHISTLES.

Woodland bushes rustle. Earl's sharp eyes scan the darkness.

EXT. BACK OF PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

Earl takes the crate of beer.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

Earl places the crate of beer on the ground. Kicks it.
Bottles RATTLE.

Masked Teens emerge at the periphery of the woods.

OWL, BIRD and EAGLE walk towards Earl.

EAGLE hands a USB stick to Earl.

EARL

Why don't you take those fuckin' masks off. Shit's over.

EAGLE

Why don't you take yours off first.

Bird laughs. A quite comical infectious cackle. Childish.

Earl smirks. He snatches the USB stick, heads back to his truck. The youths take the crate back to the woods.

EARL

Don't drink it all at once.
(under his breath)
Dumb cunts.

Earl opens the truck door. Hops inside.

The pick-up truck drives down the road.

Courtney emerges from her hiding place underneath the bus.

INT. TOUR BUS - ENTRANCE/GANGWAY - NIGHT

Courtney enters inside. She switches the lights on.

COURTNEY

Hello? Anyone?

INT. TOUR BUS - SLEEPING QUARTERS - NIGHT

Courtney, nervous, creeps towards the closed door of the Master Bedroom.

The door SWINGS open.

Courtney steps back, shocked.

The DIVA, 68 going on 108, dressing gown, hideous make-up.

DIVA

Where's my apple pie?

Courtney sighs. Smiles. Relieved.

COURTNEY

I got you something else.

Courtney takes a gun from the back of her belt. She shoots Diva, laughing like a nutter as she empties the chamber.

DARKNESS

RADIO STATIC. A two-way radio conversation.

COURTNEY (V.O.)
Package delivered.

LING (V.O.)
Good girl.

COURTNEY (V.O.)
Am I in?

LING (V.O.)
You're in.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Courtney, panic stricken, runs through a maze of trees.
She pauses for breath, rests by a tree. She's close to tears.
She looks around in all directions. Lost.
A distant yellow light offers a glimmer of hope.

EXT. THE CHICKEN'S NEST PUB - NIGHT

Courtney runs towards the pub.

INT. THE CHICKEN'S NEST PUB - NIGHT

Near closing-time. Music plays from a jukebox. Various red-faced, intoxicated elderly LOCALS enjoy their final drinks.
The door swings open.
Courtney bursts inside, collapsing to her knees.
The locals are stunned. Jukebox music cuts.

COURTNEY
Help me. Please help me!

MOMENT LATER

The concerned Barman helps Courtney behind the bar. Locals watch with quizzical expressions.

COURTNEY
(whimpers)
They killed everyone... I'm not safe... they're gonna get me.

BARMAN
No one is gonna get you, girl.
You're safe here.

Barman nods towards a local, LARRY, who owns a mobile phone.

BARMAN (CONT'D)
Larry. Call the old bill, mate.

INT. CHICKEN'S NEST PUB - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Courtney lies on a bed. Distant SIRENS grow LOUDER.

Blue and red lights flash through the window, illuminating a confident smirk on Courtney's face.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

A chat show being filmed. Audience applaud the climax of a segment which features a suave TV HOST and Courtney, six months older, more mature and confident.

TV HOST
Courtney Cane. There you have it.
The audience just loves you.

Another impromptu applause.

Courtney smiles, waves at her fans.

COURTNEY
Thank you so much for everyone's support. It has helped me immensely through the last six months.

TV HOST
You're a sweetheart and resilient.
You're already working on projects?

COURTNEY
It's been like therapy to write a book about what happened. And I'm considering several movie offers to document my ordeal.

TV HOST
You're an angel that has survived the gates of hell. I'm sure we'll all be queuing up at bookstores and theatres to continue our support. You've become a national treasure.

The crowd rise to their feet. They give Courtney a standing ovation as she heads off stage. Courtney blows kisses.

COURTNEY

Thank you. I feel truly blessed.

Just before she disappears backstage...

FREEZE

Courtney's face. A devilish, smug, smirk.

FADE TO BLACK.