

# THRILLSEEKERS

Written by

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Action with a Concierge's leather belt in a dance studio.  
**Winning!**

FADE IN:

INT. DEWDROP RESORT - LOBBY - DAY

The place needs is a makeover to make it more modern. The front desk looks new but the carpet is an ugly burgundy that got left behind decades ago. The indoor decor is filled with fake palm trees and a array of art deco framed posters.

A BUSINESSMAN (60s) reads a newspaper, the headline reads "Thrill seekers terrorize coast"

Two WOMEN (both late 20s) with matching paisley mini-dresses, approach the front desk. The one with the golf hat is BLAIR. Her BFF is GRETCHEN. STANLEY (mid 30s) the concierge, greets them with a smile. Before he can say a word -

GRETCHEN

I want some action.  
Private party, dance studio with  
lots of mirrors. Six bottles of  
Chardonnay waiting for us.

Flashes Stanley a credit card.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

Whatever it costs. Can you make it  
happen?

Blair reads Stanley's name tag.

STANLEY

I'll see what I can do.

Blair whispers something in Gretchen's ear.

GRETCHEN

Join us.

STANLEY

Can't do that.

GRETCHEN

Come on. Live a little.

STANLEY

Who says I'm not?

BLAIR

Three thousand tip. What do you say  
Stan? Right here. Right now. Just  
bring the wine, pour it.

GRETCHEN  
Bring some tunes.

STANLEY  
It's a dance studio. They'll have something. And I'm only the concierge, not a DJ, not a bartender.

GRETCHEN  
Not even for three k?

INT. DANCE STUDIO - DAY

Stanley, dressed in a different suit, and a snakeskin leather belt, stands next to a case of wine. LINDA (30s) crop top and leggings, shakes a finger at him.

LINDA  
Had a change of mind. What's in it for me? One of those?

Meaning the wine.

STANLEY  
It's for them.

LINDA  
Still could have got one for me. Think I'll need some.

Stanley pulls out a cell. Taps in a speed dial.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
Are you serious? Oh, that's just cold, Stan.

STANLEY  
It's my job.

LINDA  
It's a pain in the neck. Who's more important, your girlfriend or some skank flunkies?

GRETCHEN  
(phone)  
Stan the man. Where are we at?

LINDA  
That her? Is that little miss privilege?

GRETCHEN  
What's her name?

LINDA  
My name is forget you.

GRETCHEN  
I'm paying Stan three k, I'll offer  
you the same if you stay. You in,  
or out?

EXT. DEWDROP RESORT - POOL AREA - DAY

Both Gretchen and Blair getting a tan. Gretchen ditches the  
burner phone.

BLAIR  
We on?

GRETCHEN  
Oh, we are *on*.

BLAIR  
Outstanding.

EXT. DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT

Gretchen and Blair, dressed in black SWAT type gear. The  
trunk of their sports car popped open. They check an  
assortment of automatic rifles..

Another car pulls up. Two guys, NICK (20s) and ALEX (late  
20s) step out. Like the women, they are dressed like an  
assault team.

BLAIR  
What have you got there, Nick?

Nick shows off a big tactical rifle.

NICK  
What do we got in there?

BLAIR  
Sunshine.

GRETCHEN  
Two bystanders. Pot is six  
thousand, and six bottles winner  
take all.

All form a circle, hands all in.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)  
Thrill seekers!

All give a cheer.

INT. DANCE STUDIO - LOBBY - NIGHT

MUSIC PLAYS. Linda opens the door. Gretchen smiles back.

GRETCHEN  
You must be Linda. Stan here?

LINDA  
Okay. Let's get one thing out of the way. He's my boyfriend, and he overstepped. But I think you kind of knew that, did a little homework. So what's done is done, you're paying us, so I have one simple request, more like a rule. Please, pretty please. Don't fuck around.

GRETCHEN  
No problem. No reason to be jealous.

LINDA  
Did I stutter?

Gretchen points a hand gun in Linda's face.

GRETCHEN  
Back up with your hands up.

BACK DOOR

Alex kicks it wide open, storms in, his weapon raised.

DANCE STUDIO - OFFICE - SIDE WINDOW

Nick jumps through. Glass shatters all around as he lands inside. Scrambles to his feet, and breaks through the OFFICE DOOR.

DANCE STUDIO - LOBBY - NIGHT

Nick unloads on Gretchen and Linda. Gretchen pushes Linda out of the way. The spray misses both women, paints the wall in black. Gretchen fires back, tags Nick in the arm. Nick shrugs it off.

NICK

You can do better than that.

Blair rushes in, dives with two hand guns firing. Nick is covered in red.

DANCE STUDIO - MAIN FLOOR

Stanley runs, trips and slides like a baseball player avoiding the assault from Alex. When Stanley looks back, he sees Alex closing in. The mirrors reflect the approach and a hundred white splotches of **paint**.

MAIN FLOOR

Using Linda as a shield, Gretchen shoots her paint gun at Alex. Alex hustles out of the way. Splashes of red smack all over mirrored walls. Stanley caught in the crossfire. Soon all the 'Thrill seekers' are in the main floor, shooting at each other with paint balls. Gretchen the one 'winning'.

In all of the chaos, not one bottle is touched. Alex attempts to grab Stanley. Stanley breaks free. Stanley, confused. Thinks fast. Dodges as much as he can, gets hit a few times. Takes off his belt.

ALEX

Like what are you going to do with that?

SNAP! Stanley cracks his belt like a whip. One of the bottles EXPLODES as it hits. Another swing and he gets the same result with two bottles. The Thrillseekers stop the game. Stanley turns off the music.

GRETCHEN

What you do that for? Now the party's over.

Dejected, the Thrillseekers exit, one by one, through the back door.

LINDA

They paid up front, right?

STANLEY

Of course.

Opens one of the unbroken bottles. About to take a swig. Linda swipes it, chugs.

FADE OUT.