

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

MIKHAIL Horabik, 28, standing at a roulette table with a few other players, lifts his leg and scratches his ankle through a thin dress sock. He is wearing dress shoes.

A COCKTAIL WAITRESS approaches him.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Drink?

MIKHAIL

V8. In the can.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

No vodka?

Mikhail shakes his head.

He peels three thousand dollars in cash and places them on a single cell in the betting board.

The roulette WHEEL SPINNER, a middle-aged woman, picks up his cash.

WHEEL SPINNER

Changing three thousand.

The BOX MAN perks up.

BOX MAN

Change it.

The box man watches as the wheel spinner counts and stuffs the cash through a slot in the table.

BOX MAN

Mr. Horabik. Are the gods with you tonight?

MIKHAIL

We'll see.

The wheel spinner places a single yellow-and-purple-striped chip in Mikhail's cell.

WHEEL SPINNER

This chip is only good at this table. For this turn only. Yellow-and-purple, three thousand.

The wheel spinner claps her hands together and lets the camera see that her upturned palms are empty. She waves her hand over the betting board.

WHEEL SPINNER

Bets closed. Good luck.

The box man stays at the table to watch. Lights above the wheel cycle through a series of numbers. The wheel spins itself out, the marker ball settling into its spoke.

Mikhail turns from the wheel to the wheel spinner. His look is unreadable. The roulette wheel spinner places eight yellow-and-purple chips beside the one that was there.

MIKHAIL

Looks like the gods are happy tonight.

The box man regards Mikhail sternly.

BOX MAN

They never stay happy for long.

The box man leaves. The wheel spinner smiles.

WHEEL SPINNER

Press your luck?

MIKHAIL

(shaking his head)

Dinner time.

WHEEL SPINNER

Sushi?

MIKHAIL

I had my eye on that three-dollar steak sandwich.

WHEEL SPINNER

Changing table chips.

The wheel spinner takes the yellow-and-purple chips and counts fifty-four red-and-black chips onto the felt. Mikhail pockets them. The wheel spinner smiles at him.

WHEEL SPINNER

Staying long?

MIKHAIL

Nope.

Mikhail leaves the table. As he walks away, the cocktail waitress meets him with his V8 on a little tray. She hands it to him. He gives her a red and black chip in return.

The cocktail waitress blushes.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Mikhail fucks the shit out of the cocktail waitress.

Mikhail's V8 can, crushed, lies on the floor beside his shoes.

EXT. CASINO - NIGHT

Mikhail, wearing his dress shoes, comes out of the hotel with a duffel bag over his shoulder.

He raises one hand. A taxi pulls up. He gets in.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Mikhail pushes the duffel bag over to the seat beside him.

MIKHAIL

Airport.

The taxi drives off.

Mikhail takes off one of his dress shoes. A twisted pair of wires runs from inside the shoe to the bottom of his sock.

He picks at the platform inside the shoe, pulling it loose, peeling up the part where his heel was. Underneath is a brick of microcircuitry. A white indicator light pulses.

He flips a tiny switch. The white light subsides.

He strips off the sock and unwraps wires from his ankle. He peels a flexible four-button input pad from his skin.

He unzips the duffel bag, scrounges around, and withdraws a pair of sneakers with white tube socks bundled inside them. There is a thick stack of hundreds inside the bag.

He plops the sneakers on the cab floor and starts removing the dress shoe from his other foot.

EXT. SKY - DAY

A sporty private jet zooms by overhead.

INT. UPSTAIRS TRADING FLOOR - DAY

Rows and rows of long desks and hundreds of LCD monitors. Casually-dressed headset-wearing men, and a few women, work the desks.

A young man, around 28, BOZZ, sweating, looks intensely at his monitors, eyes scanning streams of prices, graphs, colored indicators.

His fingers type a few frantic strokes on a keyboard. He waits. A new line of data adds itself to the bottom of a green-text-on-black-background-themed monitor window.

Bozz jumps up. He walks quickly through the rows of desks, to the edge of the room, along a hallway, around a corner, and up a single flight of stylish, steel, open-backed stairs.

Bozz comes into a glass-walled room that overlooks the trading floor.

A glass-topped desk sports three huge LCD monitors. Wires run from machines at the desk into a hole in the floor.

Mikhail stands at the glass wall, peering down at the activity below. He is 45 years old.

When Bozz speaks, Mikhail answers without turning around.

BOZZ

Mr. Horabik.

MIKHAIL

Yes.

BOZZ

They're moving.

MIKHAIL

Cut it.

BOZZ

All of it?

Mikhail turns his head halfway round to Bozz.

MIKHAIL

Burn the motherfuckers.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The JUDGE's gavel slams down.

JUDGE

Court is adjourned.

A bailiff approaches Mikhail, who is seated next to his LAWYER behind a polished wooden bench.

LAWYER

I'm sorry.

Mikhail shrugs, resigned to the outcome (he's not happy about it, but what can he do?).

LAWYER

I'll be in touch.

Mikhail stands. The bailiff lets him go first, then follows close behind.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The bailiff accompanies Mikhail to a police car. Mikhail is not handcuffed. A police officer opens the rear door for him and helps him into the car.

The judge (who is now wearing Bermuda shorts and a clashing Hawaii shirt) and Mikhail's lawyer, exit the courthouse.

LAWYER

You would think, after Enron and Martha Stewart, these people would get the idea.

JUDGE

It's greed, man, it's universal. You in the mood for Mexican?

From the backseat of the police car, through iron grating, Mikhail sees his lawyer and the judge chatting it up.

Two officers get into both sides of the front of the police car, shut their doors. The car slowly pulls forward.

The lawyer and the judge, driving a red ferarri, cut off the police car, squealing rubber, outta there.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Mikhail is 55. He walks on crutches. A guard escorts him across a paved area. When they get to the gate a guard opens it. Mikhail steps out to freedom.

He looks at the sky and takes a deep breath.

He reaches inside one of his pants pockets and pulls out a watch face that has been separated from its band.

He doesn't look at the time, just holds the thing for a second and returns it to his pocket.

He crutches away from the prison.

INT. BANK - DAY

A bank worker takes Mikhail's safe deposit key from him. The worker inserts both Mikhail's key and the bank's key into the face of a safe deposit box. The worker turns the keys.

INT. BANK: PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Inside a private stall, Mikhail sets one of his crutches aside and opens the lid of his safe deposit box.

It's solid cash.

EXT. CACTUS TAQUIERA - DAY

A taco stand. Mikhail is down to one crutch. He leans it against the corrugated metal wall of the taco stand. He digs out his wallet, hands the LATINO CASHIER a five dollar bill.

MIKHAIL

Put the sour cream inside.

LATINO CASHIER

(to the cook)

Con crema.

Mikhail puts the wallet back in his pocket, removes his hand from the pocket. Then he takes the wallet back out, looks at it, puts it back in.

EXT. SIDESTREET - DAY

Mikhail hobbles down the street, one arm working the crutch, the other periodically bringing the burrito to his mouth. He approaches a HARD MEXICAN.

The kid is wearing a headset, carrying an attached walkie-talkie.

HARD MEXICAN

You good?

MIKHAIL

I'm sorry?

HARD MEXICAN

I asked if you all set, bro. Need something?

MIKHAIL

Like what?

HARD MEXICAN

Nothing. Don't even worry about it.

Confused, Mikhail continues down the street. Now here comes LAURA ASHLEY, white girl, pussykat, strolling in the opposite direction.

She's wearing a walkie-talkie-connected headset as well.

She sees Mikhail limping along on his crutch. She has a compassionate look for him.

LAURA ASHLEY

What's up.

MIKHAIL

Hello.

Mikhail continues down the street. He looks back. Laura is talking with a TEENAGER. Mikhail sees Laura and the teenager exchange cash inside a handshake.

Laura mock-freak/butt-dances up on the teenager; Mikhail sees that in this motion Laura passes the teenager a foil-wrapped package.

EXT. SIDESTREET - DAY

Mikhail's crutch is propped against a newsstand. Mikhail watches the hard Mexican and Laura from across the street.

A Glock 9mm comes up, muzzle to Mikhail's head.

The Glock is held by SHETH JONES, SUPERFLY, black kid, nappy head, 23.

SHETH

What's your angle, popcorn?

MIKHAIL

What?

SHETH

Cop-squapper? What's up?

Mikhail indicates his crutch:

MIKHAIL

Do I look like a cop?

SHETH

You just reeeeeeeally like sitting here, huh?

MIKHAIL

I admire the technique.

SHETH

You're looking to get shot.

MIKHAIL

I'm looking for a business partner.

Sheth sees that Mikhail is genuine. He retracts the gun.

SHETH

What's the business?

INT. 1470 - DAY

A dilapidated multi-story warehouse. Sunlight streams through jagged holes in the ceiling. Junk is strewn everywhere.

Mikhail crutches along. Sheth walks beside him. Mikhail gestures to parts of the space:

MIKHAIL

This is the bar. Private rooms. Balcony. Speakers on that column. Here. Here. That alcove?

Mikhail nods: he sees it.

MIKHAIL

Imagine: a fourteen-year-old girl...dancing in a glass cage...

SHETH

Cops find out you got a minor dancing, you get canned, they take your liquor, profit goes bye-bye, the business is done, you're done, finito, curtains, that's it.

This negativity offends Mikhail.

MIKHAIL

You're not seeing the big picture.

SHETH

And somehow this big picture scores us a permit that lets you put a fourteen-year-old in a glass cage?

MIKHAIL

No.

SHETH

Then how're we not gonna get shut down?

MIKHAIL

That's where you come in.

Sheth raises an eyebrow.

EXT. 1470 - DAY

Mikhail and Sheth exit the warehouse. The address placard, an unassuming metal plate attached to the wall above the door, says "1470".

SHETH

You're talking about integrated monitoring systems, control systems, we'd need access to databases we don't have access to, we'd need muscle we can trust, twenty-four-hour live security, even when we're not open, anti-bugging equipment--

MIKHAIL

I'm prepared to offer you a percentage.

SHETH

That'd be a percentage of zero because I'm telling you...I cannot do this job.

MIKHAIL

I think you can.

SHETH

You're on crack.

MIKHAIL

I'm satisfied by the architectural overview you just gave.

SHETH

Architectural overview? That was just bullshit.

MIKHAIL

Well, it was convincing bullshit.

SHETH

You need a real systems man. I don't know how to do that shit. I run a street scam.

Sheth looks away. Mikhail sees that he's losing him. Juggling the crutch, he takes out his wallet and starts counting out bills.

Sheth hears the sound and turns back to Mikhail.

SHETH

What's that?

MIKHAIL

I'm buying your business.

Sheth points over his shoulder with his thumb.

SHETH

My "business" is five walkie-talkies and an illiterate hooker.

MIKHAIL

I'll give you fifteen thousand dollars.

SHETH

In return for what?

MIKHAIL

Ownership of your street scam.

SHETH

You're gonna work my street scam?

MIKHAIL

I'm not gonna work it. I'm gonna own it.

SHETH

What am I gonna do?

MIKHAIL

Anything you want.

SHETH

I'm gonna work for you?

MIKHAIL

Maybe, I don't know.

SHETH

You're gonna give me fifteen thou'?

MIKHAIL

If you'll take it.

Mikhail holds out a fat sheaf of bills.

Sheth shakes his head. He takes the money.

Mikhail holds out his hand to shake. Sheth shakes it.

MIKHAIL

My friend...

Sheth smiles at him.

MIKHAIL

You are fired. Streetscam's majority shareholder has decided to close our doors and hereby shitcans you, the illiterate hooker, and all five walkie talkies.

Sheth looks at him like "you're joking".

MIKHAIL

The good news is: I need a serious systems man for my nightclub and I'd like for that systems man to be you.

Mikhail looks to Sheth for a response. Sheth doesn't say no.

MIKHAIL

The first thing I need help with is coming up with a name.

Sheth hesitates. Then he gives in.

SHETH

Hey, I'm systems. I don't think that's really my department.

MIKHAIL

Well, we're still small. For a while we'll both have to do some grunt work.

They both start walking back into the building.

SHETH

A name, huh?

MIKHAIL

Yep.

SHETH

How 'bout this?

Sheth taps the "1470" sign above the door.

EXT. 1470 - NIGHT

The boilerplate address marker is now covered with a blacklight/neon sign that is a simple rectangle with the letters "1470" inside it.

The street in front of the club is knotted with limousines.

A crowd of women and men circle the door. No formal line, just a ratpack rushing. Their costume is all over the map: some typical club-formal, some circus-freak, some casual.

Many people are wearing face-shields that are opaque from without.

The front door of the club is enclosed with a cube of bulletproof plastic. Two industrial-sized bouncers flank the cube.

A mechanized revolving door separates the outside from the inside of the cube. Inside the cube is an array of cameras and a handprint impression plate on a thin stand.

Another revolving door separates the inside of the cube from the inside of the club.

A barefoot girl in a simple white dress steps to the cube's outer door. She is washed in a barrage of light from flashes and strobes from electronic cameras mounted on the club.

The door likes her. A blue/blacklight indicator on the cube signals her. She steps into the revolving door and it turns automatically, bringing her inside the cube.

Cameras inside the cube adjust their angles to see her. She puts her hand on the impression plate and it scans her. The cube signals her and she goes through the inner door.

A couple, a man (DICK) and a woman (JANE), dressed in typical club-formal attire, go to the revolving door. He gestures for her to go first but she's nervous. He steps to the door.

The door likes him. He goes into the cube and into the club. The woman steps to the door.

The cube's indicator lights makes an angry response. The revolving door doesn't move.

She bangs on the door. The cube signals her again: she has been denied. The woman freaks out, slapping the bulletproof plastic and throwing herself against it.

JANE

(screaming)

Give him back! He's with me! We're together! Baby!

He doesn't come out.

JANE

Baby? Baby? If you're not out here in five seconds we're through! Fuck you!

A bouncer removes her, kicking and screaming:

JANE

You wouldn't even be here if it wasn't for me! I hope you get AIDS and die!

MONICA Shrader, 29, catwalker, zen dancer, machine gazelle, emerges from the crowd.

She wears skintight, blacklight-reflective garb whose primary design objective seems to have been to allow the wearer total freedom of movement.

She wears a skydiver's backpack (something like the North Face Skylark).

Monica steps to the revolving door. It moves, lets her inside the cube.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Sheth sits at a desk in a room that looks like a NASA command center crossed with a warehouse rave. He wears a brown, oversized hooded sweatshirt and brand-name jeans.

He's fiendishly drinking Diet Pepsi from a can.

Mikhail is there, seated over Sheth's shoulder, his bad leg elevated and the single crutch leaning against the control desk. He wears a beautiful suit.

Several monitors show live video of the crowd in front of the club. There are multiple live angles on Monica from within the cube.

A separate screen has distilled several frames of the Monica video into still images. Data flies across the screens: newspapers, property ownership records, fingerprints.

Mugshots. Photos of victims.

MIKHAIL

What is that?

SHETH

Looks like she killed someone.

Sheth is madly typing in a sequence on a keyboard.

MIKHAIL

Whoa, whoa, wait up.

SHETH

Wait for what?

MIKHAIL

Who did she kill? Why did she kill?

SHETH

She's not a cop, she doesn't belong to the Masons, I'm letting her in.

Mikhail squints and leans in to one of the screens.

MIKHAIL

"...killed six death-row inmates in Richers..." Forget it...

Sheth puts a hand on Mikhail's shoulder and massages it.

SHETH

Relax. She's our perfect customer.

Sheth presses return.

INT. ENTRY CUBE - NIGHT

The cube signals Monica and the inner revolving door starts to turn. Monica breaks her gaze with one of the video cameras and goes into the club.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Mikhail is standing with his crutch, right next to Sheth. They're both poring over the monitors, which are filled with information on Monica Shrader.

SHETH

"...post-coitus mutilation of all eight victims..."

Sheth gets a glassy look in his eyes.

SHETH

Mantodea.

MIKHAIL

Mantodea?

SHETH

Praying mantis. Look at this: "...according to her court-appointed psychiatric team Shrader shows no other anti-social behavior..."

MIKHAIL

Yeah, other than that, she's a real angel.

SHETH

She fucks you and then she kills you.

MIKHAIL

That's nice.

SHETH

Just don't fuck her, you'll be fine.

Mikhail grabs his crutch.

MIKHAIL

I won't.

Mikhail starts away from the desk, toward the door. He pulls the watch face out of his pocket without looking at it.

Sheth turns to him.

SHETH

You worried?

MIKHAIL

Nope.

Mikhail holds up the watch face and taps it with his thumb.

MIKHAIL

Time for dinner.

Sheth chuckles. Mikhail types a security code on a panel by the door and leaves. The door clicks closed behind him.

Sheth watches a monitor that shows Monica being frisked by the GUARD in the entry corridor.

SHETH

(quietly, to himself)

Still, you got a nice ass, girl.

INT. ENTRY CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The armed guard frisks Monica. His hands move near her ass. She shifts within his grasp.

MONICA

Ooooooh...

The guard is nonplussed; he's seen it all:

GUARD

Hold still.

MONICA

A little harder please.

GUARD

Pardon?

MONICA

A little harder please.

The guard stands.

GUARD

You'll have your fun once you get inside. What's in the bag?

Monica takes off her backpack. The guard takes it from her and puts it on a steel table.

GUARD

You know I have to open this.

Monica shrugs. She takes a mini-sized bottle of green olives that was lodged in some strap on her bodysuit, unscrews the lid, and pops one in her mouth.

The guard unzips her backpack. There's a Zip Lock bag containing trail mix, a white Tyvek bodysuit, and a Tec-9.

He pulls the Tyvek bodysuit out halfway so he can see to the bottom of the bag, then stuffs it back in.

GUARD

Gotta leave this here.

Monica offers him the bottle of olives.

MONICA

Wanna hold on to these?

GUARD

You can keep those. Got an ID?

Monica shakes her head.

GUARD

No credit cards?

MONICA

No.

GUARD

Car insurance? YMCA?

Monica stares at him, bored.

GUARD

Your problem if you do.

The guard grabs a plastic dog tag that has both a barcode and a magnetic strip running down the length of one side.

The other side is an array of black-outlined dots, some filled solid with red, some with empty white in their interiors.

The tag is attached to a necklace of fine black chain.

He scans it with a laser device and holds it out to Monica. She reaches for it. He pulls it back.

GUARD

It's a thousand bucks lady.

Monica reaches down the front of her suit and pulls out a stack of hundreds. The hundreds retain the contour of her body. She hands them to the guard.

He stuffs the money into a slot in the metal table that is reminiscent of the money slots in casino tables. He gives Monica the dog tag.

GUARD

Don't lose it.

Monica puts the chain around her neck and tucks the tag inside her suit.

The guard shoves her bag across the metal table and an attendant takes it through a large curved slot under a sheet of bulletproof plastic.

The guard sides a heavy manual lock and pushes open the door into the club. Monica goes in.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. ALCOVE - NIGHT

The alcove that Mikhail pointed to during he and Sheth's walkthrough of the dilapidated warehouse. Now, the alcove is a ten foot semispherical cutout in a wall, lined with brick.

A circular padded couch-like thing runs around the inside of the alcove; the other half of its circle extends into the room.

A white (blacklight-reflective) pole runs from the ceiling to the floor in the middle of this circle. Frameless ovular mirrors have been attached with black matte chains to the couch at irregular intervals.

They're chained to the couch like Bic pens are sometimes taped via twine to a counter: free-roaming but tethered in order to prevent the things from walking off.

The alcove is strewn with people: sitting on the couch-like thing, lying on it, lying on each other's laps, sitting on its edges, sitting cross-legged around the central pole.

Dick (the guy whose girlfriend got rejected by the entry cube) comes out of the chaos beyond this alcove. He walks alone. He leans over the edge of the couch.

A BLACK-HAIRED WOMAN sitting there who is also dressed in club-formal attire, puts her hand and wrist around the back of his neck and pulls him down.

One of the tethered mirrors is on her lap. Lines of coke.

She raises the mirror, shielding it from the movement of Dick stepping over the back of the couch and settling in beside her.

The woman offers him a plastic straw. He leans toward her lap and inhales.

A parade of teenaged women dressed in Cirque-de-Soleil-inspired bunny and cat costumes, all white-themed, dances into the alcove, expertly intertwining with the clubgoers.

For Dick, everything goes detached and dreamlike.

The woman next to him lies back on his chest.

Snowflakes drift downward from somewhere.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. ALCOVE - NIGHT

Fewer people in the alcove. Snowflakes done falling, but they remain in the cracks of the couch.

The black-haired woman is still there. Her back is to Dick, though; she's talking with someone else.

Dick is talking rapidly with a BLOND GIRL across the alcove from where he sits. The girl has one of the mirrors in her hand. She gestures wildly with it; it breaks.

One of the Cirque-du-Soleil bunnies is still in the alcove. She politely excuses herself from her conversation and cleans up the glass, using her costume's hat as a dustpan.

The blond girl's face is red. She's sweating. Dick helpfully opens several of her shirt buttons for her. The girl continues talking wildly, unaware.

Dick smiles, blissfully listening.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. ALCOVE - NIGHT

Even fewer people in the alcove: now it's just Dick, the blond girl, and another guy, an older man. The blond girl chain smokes Camel Lights.

In the hallway behind the alcove, a man dressed like a circus RINGMASTER, tuxedo and top hat, comes pushing a heavy upright rectangular box made of bulletproof plastic.

The box is on a rolling platform; the top of the platform and the base of the plastic box is the same height as the back of the alcove's couch.

Small circular holes have been drilled into the top of the box. A fourteen-year-old girl, made to look like a MOUSE, lies inside the box, pretending to be asleep.

The bottom of the plastic box is a soft, felt-like, red carpet. It's littered with silver coins.

As the circus ringmaster rolls the box past the alcove, the blond girl puts her cigarette down on the table and crawls over Dick.

She leans out into the hallway, signaling the ringmaster.

BLOND GIRL

We'll take that. We'll take that here.

RINGMASTER

She has an appointment in ten minutes.

BLOND GIRL

That's fine.

Dick has turned to see the cage.

BLOND GIRL

Isn't she nice?

RINGMASTER

Ten minutes. I'll be back.

The ringmaster holds out his hand, fist closed.

RINGMASTER

Here.

The blond girl opens her palm under the ringmaster's fist. He opens it and drops a quarter in her hand. The ringmaster leaves.

The blond girl knocks rapidly on the plastic.

BLOND GIRL

Hello?

She knocks more.

BLOND GIRL

Wake up little mouse.

The mouse girl's eyes open. She makes a theatrical yawn and stretches in the same fashion.

DICK

What does she do?

BLOND GIRL

What do you do?

When the mouse girl speaks, her voice is muffled and reverberous. She isn't enthusiastic, nor is she burdened, by her predicament:

MOUSE

(matter-of-factly)

I dance for a quarter.

Dick and the blond girl exchange glances, then the blond girl stands on the edge of the couch and drops the quarter through one of the holes in the top of the cage.

The blond girl sits down behind the couch.

The mouse begins to dance. Her movement is at once awkward and resigned. Her body is jaw-droppingly perfect, but at the same time, too skinny, too young, and disturbingly so.

The blond girl forgets all about Dick. She leaves him on the couch by himself and she circles the plastic box, putting her hands on its walls, mouth open, entranced by the mouse girl.

Dick stares.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Wall-to-wall people. Monica among them, dancing with oblivion, ignoring all around her, making a wide circle with her arms, shunning contact, going against the usual game. An LA FRAT BOY, white baseball cap-wearing, hair product-applying, too-cool-for-school-type idiot approaches Monica, dancing up on her, coming into her space, showing his wares. Monica tries to dance away from him, to subtly convey the point, but he doesn't get it. She moves away. He moves toward. She turns her back. He comes around her frontside. She snaps on him--instinct--grabs his neck.

MONICA

What's your problem?

LA FRAT BOY

Nothing...

MONICA

You need to watch yourself.

She pushes him down, releasing her grasp. He hits the floor.

LA FRAT BOY

Diesel bitch.

Monica puts her heel on his neck.

MONICA

Wha'd you say?

LA FRAT BOY

Nothing.

MONICA

That's what I thought.

She lets him get up. People nearby are watching. The frat boy tries to play it cool, to regain his composure. He smooths his shirt. Monica stares him down. He turns to go.

MONICA

Faggot.

He turns back.

LA FRAT BOY

You can--

Monica is right on top of him, right at him, right over him. She's a mass of muscle, prime worked-out machinery, and he's a flabby rat, and they can both see it.

MONICA

Shut your mouth.

He shrinks.

MONICA

That's right.

The frat boy disappears into the crowd. Monica shakes her head.

INT. BAR AREA - NIGHT

Monica edges herself between the stack of people sitting at the bar.

MONICA

A grapefruit juice.

The BARTENDER is right there. He wears a sleek headset.

BARTENDER

Vodka and grapefruit juice.

MONICA

Just the juice.

BARTENDER

Vodka's on the house.

MONICA

Just the juice...

BARTENDER

That's a shame.

MONICA

Watching my weight.

BARTENDER

I doubt that.

MONICA

Bug off, dad.

BARTENDER

You want your drink?

MONICA

I want it. Yeah. I want it. I just wish I didn't have to get past your mouth to get it.

BARTENDER

Okay, Christ.

MONICA

Pour the drink.

BARTENDER

You wanna back off my shit?

MONICA

(sarcastic)

Sure.

The bartender looks to his BARBACK.

BARTENDER

Help this bitch out.

The barback steps up to Monica.

MONICA

Grapefruit juice. No vodka.

The barback nods.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Sheth sips his Diet Pepsi. On one of his monitors, he watches Monica sitting at the bar, the live image rendered in low resolution and desaturated colors.

Sheth sees the bartender come back toward Monica. He leans across the bar and kisses her on the cheek. His headset delivers the bar audio to Sheth's speakers:

BARTENDER (VIA AUDIOLINK)

I wanna bang that shit to death.

Sheth sees Monica close her eyes.

INT. BAR AREA - NIGHT

Monica's hands clench into fists. She tries to stay calm.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Sheth presses one of many buttons on a control board. The hand-written label written on tape affixed to the button he presses says "b27".

SHETH

B-twenty-seven, copy?

On screen, Sheth sees the bartender lean back from Monica and press a hand to his earpiece, covering it so he can hear better.

BARTENDER (VIA AUDIOLINK)

This is b-twenty-seven.

SHETH

That girl you're working--

BARTENDER (VIA AUDIOLINK)

I'm sorry, I--

SHETH

It's no sweat, but...that girl is off-limits.

BARTENDER (VIA AUDIOLINK)

Why?

SHETH

Trust me, she is.

BARTENDER (VIA AUDIOLINK)

Whatever you say.

Sheth clicks off.

INT. BAR AREA - NIGHT

Monica sips her grapefruit juice. A guy waltzes up behind her and puts his hand on her shoulder. She places her glass deliberately on the bar and turns around, stiffly.

It's Dick.

DICK

Hi.

MONICA

Hi.

Dick looks satisfied with this outcome.

DICK

Wanna get fucked?

Monica laughs. Dick is unfazed.

DICK

Come with me.

Monica looks around (can't a girl just have a drink?). Dick puts his hand on her thigh.

DICK

Come with me.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Sheth presses the "b27" button.

SHETH

B-twenty-seven, copy?

INT. BAR AREA - NIGHT

Monica stands up to go with Dick.

MONICA

Are you sure?

DICK

Yeah, let's go.

Monica moves away from the bar, following Dick.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Sheth's glance is intent on a monitor where he sees Monica and Dick leaving the bar.

SHETH

B-twenty-seven, hello!? Fuck!!

He rips off his headset and slams it down on the desk. He jumps out of his chair and heads for the door.

INT. BATHROOM CELL #3 - NIGHT

Dick leads Monica into a private bathroom. Once inside, Monica leans back on the door, closing it. Dick flips the bolt, locking them in.

Dick starts kissing her neck. She smiles, obviously pleased, but after a moment pushes him away.

MONICA

Are you sure you want to do this?

He looks at her blankly, then unzips the top of her jumpsuit and starts kissing her chest.

Monica looks down at him lovingly.

MONICA

(as in "here we go again" or "if you say so")

Okay...

INT. STROBE AQUARIUM HALLWAY - NIGHT

A strobe-lit hallway. One wall is a gigantic aquarium. People dancing, people making out, people smoking. On the floor a man shoots heroin into his friend's arm.

Sheth comes running into the room, tripping over someone lying on the floor, enjoying his high.

He stumbles farther into the room, looks up, and signals above.

A SWAT-type guard holding an Uzi is perched on a platform eight feet above the floor. He sees Sheth and jumps down, carefully stepping over people, and leans in to Sheth.

SHETH

Need help.

The UZI GUARD nods. They go.

INT. BATHROOM CELL #3 - NIGHT

Dick is lost in the apparently all-consuming task of kissing Monica's body. Monica unzips her jumpsuit the rest of the way and it slips down to the floor.

EXT. BATHROOM CELL #3 - NIGHT

Sheth, with the guard in tow, arrives at the door to bathroom cell #3.

SHETH

Get me inside this room.

Sheth has his cell phone out. He speed-dials Mikhail.

The guard goes to the door.

UZI GUARD

Security. Open up.

He taps on the door with the butt of his gun.

UZI GUARD

Right now. I'm coming in.

MONICA (O.S.)

We're busy at the moment.

UZI GUARD

Get unbusy and open the damn door.

SHETH

Hi. We might have a situation.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Mikhail is sitting alone at a formal dining table. A plate of sauteed shrimp is in front of him, a plate of steamed veggies. A server pours a glass of red wine.

Mikhail's phone is to his ear.

MIKHAIL

And what might that situation be?

Mikhail nods "thank you" to the server for the wine.

SHETH (O.S.)

It might be a situation, it might not be.

Mikhail looks annoyed.

SHETH (O.S.)

Hold on, I think she's gonna let us in.

Mikhail holds the phone away from his ear, grimacing. He motions to the server.

MIKHAIL

I'll have just a taste of that oisseau.

INT. BATHROOM CELL #3 - NIGHT

Monica has re-donned her jumpsuit; she zips the top all the way up, tucks in her plastic dogtag, checks to make sure her olive bottle is secure in its strap.

Her suit is covered in blood.

Furious taps on the outside of the door.

UZI GUARD

Ma'am, I'm gonna blow this door away!

Monica goes to the door, standing to its side.

UZI GUARD

Stand clear! I repeat! Move away from the door!

Monica unlocks the bolt. The Uzi guard kicks the door in...it swings open to the side Monica is not standing on.

The Uzi guard and Sheth stand in shock: human entrails decorate the bathroom, walls, floor, mirror, antique chaise.

The Uzi guard goes in, pointing his weapon at Monica. Sheth comes in, sees what is left of Dick on the floor, covers his mouth and nose so he won't have to breathe it in. Monica slowly reaches for her olive bottle, opens it, and pops one of the green olives in her mouth. Her expression, if it says anything, says "lazy Sunday afternoon". Sheth still has the cell phone to his ear.

SHETH

Um...uhh...

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Mikhail holds the phone to his ear.

He finishes a sip of his wine. He lets it settle in the back of his mouth, pauses, swallows, sets down the glass. He uses his free hand to wipe his lips with a cloth napkin.

He sets down the napkin and speaks into the phone:

MIKHAIL

(impatiently)

Well, is it a situation or not?

INT. SUPPLY CELLAR - NIGHT

A supply cellar. Walls lined with boxes of food, there are refrigerators, bottles and bottles of liquor and wine, dry goods, cleaning equipment, stray electronics.

Monica sits on a low stool, munching green olives.

Mikhail paces, pauses, leans on his crutch, paces again.

Sheth leans against some shelves.

MONICA

It was an accident, I mean--well, not really an accident. The ripping-his-stomach part wasn't an accident but the meeting-him-in-the-first-place part was an accident. I came here to dance. True. New club. I hear good things. I come to check it out. Now here's this fucker...I mean I'm at the bar I can't even order a drink, the bartender's up in my ear with all this "I wanna fuck your shit hard"...

MIKHAIL

(to Sheth)

Feeny?

SHETH

Told him to stop.

MONICA

Anyway, this fucker...

(indicating the guy upstairs)

...it's not his fault. It's not his fault.

(kindly explaining:)

I have this reaction thing, see.

SHETH

Mantodea.

MONICA

That's right...

Monica looks at Sheth, confused. Then back at Mikhail:

MONICA

(blushing)

I'm a praying mantis.

MIKHAIL

I got that.

MONICA

Look, I'm sorry I fucked up your club.

Monica holds out the open bottle of olives, offering Mikhail one.

MIKHAIL

Hardly. The club is fine. You did fuck up a three-hundred-year-old Italian chaise--

MONICA

Sorry.

MIKHAIL

Skip it.

Mikhail gingerly takes an olive.

MIKHAIL

I propose a solution to your little problem with the po-lice.

MONICA

The problem that they want me dead?

MIKHAIL

Right.

MONICA

What's your solution?

MIKHAIL

Live here.

MONICA

Why?

MIKHAIL

We need a bodyguard.

MONICA

For who?

MIKHAIL

Me and him.

Mikhail starts counting out hundreds.

MIKHAIL

Free food, free drinks. Pay you some cash, and...we'll keep you out of legal trouble. May have to do some grunt-work from time to time, though, seeing as how we're still a fairly small operation.

Mikhail extends the cash to Monica. Monica looks confused.

Sheth takes the money from Mikhail and stuffs it in Monica's hand.

SHETH

Don't argue with him.

EXT. 1470 - DAWN

Jane (Dick's boyfriend) sits down on the curb in front of the club. The limousines are gone, the street mostly empty. Jane puts her head in her hands.

The entry corridor guard comes out of a side door of the club and goes to her.

GUARD

Do you need a taxi?

JANE

Is anyone still in there? I lost my boyfriend.

GUARD

I'm sorry.

Jane's head slumps.

GUARD

What was he wearing?

JANE

Just--

She goes in her purse, pulls out her wallet, shows the guard a picture.

GUARD

Oh. I did see him tonight, but...

JANE

What?

GUARD

I'm sorry to tell you this.

The guard looks at Jane sympathetically.

GUARD

He left with someone else.

Jane shakes her head.

JANE

Motherfucker.

INT. BATHROOM CELL #3 - DAY

ANNA, an aging woman wearing a maid's smock, kneels on the floor, mopping up blood with a wet handrag. She makes a single streak of clean; the rest is gore.

The door opens. Anna looks up. Mikhail peeks in. He gives a perfunctory look of approval.

MIKHAIL

Anna, when you're done here I have some work for you on the fifth floor.

ANNA

Si Señor.

INT. 1470: FIFTH FLOOR - DAY

This part of the warehouse is unfinished.

Sunlight streams through banks of windows and illuminates the dust being kicked up by workers as they load large industrial equipment into a freight elevator.

Mikhail, Sheth, and Monica stand side-by-side. Mikhail has his phone out, but holds it away from his mouth and speaks to Monica:

MIKHAIL

Sleep downstairs until its finished.

He puts the phone back to his head.

MIKHAIL

(raising his voice)

You're breaking up, Edward! What was that?

EXT. FREIGHT BARGE - DAY

A sea captain (EDWARD) stands at the railing of his barge holding a large, corded mobile phone. He cups his hands over the mouthpiece.

EDWARD

(loudly)

I said it's rather windy out here! I'm sorry for the reception.

MIKHAIL (O.S.)

And what about our little problem?

Two sailors are shoving a corpse-sized wooden crate over the railing. Edward narrates for the sake of his friend:

EDWARD

I'm looking at it right now... oh...wait...there it goes... Mikhail, your problem is...oh, Mikhail, your problem accidentally fell over...it's...oh, it's sinking...it's... well...I'm sorry, I would send...I would send someone down to get it, but...I'm sure you understand... we have a schedule to keep.

MIKHAIL (O.S.)

Wouldn't want to slow you down.

EDWARD

I'm sure you wouldn't.

Edward joins the handset with its base. The sailors take a stair below deck and Edward goes toward the control booth as the barge sails on through the sea.`

INT. WHEREVER - XYZ

fz

VV - genius sleeping on the street; (pocket finds him) (??) and tells him they have a special customer

VV - mantodea sleeping in the club (in her new space)

one night, a presidential candidate is enjoying himself at the club (we see the ultra-secretive procedures that are used to protect guests of this type)

- sheth wards off another Monica-killing

the genius informs his boss that video of the politician's activities is being broadcast live on the internet

INT. WHEREVER

the press outside the club gets ahold of the internet stream and surrounds the club
the pocket struggles, inside, to insulate his guests from the fact that a breach has occurred. he
locks down the club. no one in, no one out.

the person broadcasting the video is a woman dressed like a modern pink peacock, stylized,
who is feeding the candidate ecstasy powder on her tongue and lapdancing him

...

INT. WHEREVER

...

(the boss discovers that the muscle is in on it)

(the boss discovers that the genius is in on it)

(the muscle allows the genius to fuck her, then kills him)

the pocket dials 911. the muscle shoots him. the police arrest the muscle.

the presidential candidate is extracted from the club to a hoarde of press and recording
equipment.

the pocket recovers in intensive care in a hospital.

EXT. 1470 - DAY

The building, neglected, sits unused. Plywood barricades the front entrance. Trash blows on
the sidewalk.

...

EXT. FRENCH RIVIERA - DAWN

pocket wanders the french riviera (perhaps in a motorized wheelchair), mouring his failed
business venture. but something he sees inspires a new idea for a venture, and he gets
excited.

(notes)

- mikhail as a gustator

- mikhail as ocd...checking pockets all the time, quadruple-checking things