

the genius sleeps homeless, ~~in~~ in the open, nightly calculating the safety of la neighborhoods with statistical models. he says it safer than sleeping in the same place every night, even though if you did, you could have a house. hes a privacy freak, secut security freak, encrypts everything, never walks the same route twice, doesnt carry identification, never throws anything away (never buys anything that you need to throw away, only consumables)... doesnt have a bank account, just eats great food ec every night and buys vacations to exotic places. drinks the best wine, cheese, is a superfood freak.

the pussycat. shes wanted for murder on multiple counts. killed seven people in prison. the cops want her, but they dont know she works at the club. the financier has seen to that. she has personal limits. and you dont cross those limits. thwy they call her mantodea, as all the people shes killed are men shes had sex with. so dont even think about it. even though shes fly. if she flirts with you and you know who she is, you run. if s not, youre gonna have a hell of a good time right before you die. shes a sex freak. and she doesnt kill everyone she has sex with, but everyone shes killed shes done so during sex. she has no conscience. she doesnt hate those peoepl... she just gets lost in the moment. thats her thing. the moment. shes a perfect killer, perfect dancer, perfec t zen security guard because she has no preconceptions, no distractions, no self-awareness...no self-consci-- no self-consciousness. no om one knows where she came from. she stops some static at the club one night splitting heads. the financier and the genius are shocked: they think she diffused the situation by taking the problem into a bathroom to fuck him. then they see she spread his entrails all over the urinals. the plush couches in the room. the genius cant trace her fingerprints b they have no idea who she is...or they find her police record, but they see that the police dont know her name. or maybe thats soo too much...they know her name but it doesnt matter. shes just ex escaped from prison where she killed six death row inmates. so th y they dont know what to do with her theyre scared of her, but shes just helped them. the genius says dont worry... her psych profile says she only kills people shes had sex with. so they vow to protect her, keep her secret, and in return she takes care of any trouble that happens to walk throuh through the door.

start with financier-narrated intro of how the financier~~met~~ got the idea for the nightclub, or what he failed at before, then how he met the genius (walking throuhg through a genius-controlled dealing zone)...and how the genius and he then became friend and the genius told him about some of his other info-technology anti-cop shit. so now theyre a team. cut to the security measures of the club. present day. and here comes the exi evil one, mantodea, the mankillah, waltzing through their door. now we have the triumvirate.

secret / the club / 1470 /

thats it. the address. 1470. the club has no name but it becomes known known by its address. the killercat is named by the genius. they the cops just call her by her name before that--nah, some psych somehw where came up with itl it.

1650. 1370. ; maybe those are the minimum and maximum ages of entrancy. 14 and 70. they decide. the club has no name, but because -- but it becomes unofficially named by its age restrictions.