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Script v1 MASSK UP - FACE DOWN

Created Fri, Feb 23, 2024 @ 3:16pm by Gary Leger

4 Scenes · 12 1/8 Pages

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3 INT. VENUE 509 - MAIN FLOOR -3

Through the crowd, we land on SHAY, 27, Tyga-esque, and PORTLAND, 29, an athletic man with tattoos, entering the club.

PORTLAND

Bra, I told yo ass I don't fuck with strip clubs.

SHAY

Nigga chill. I'mma just get me a bitch and we out this shit.

An attractive BOTTLE GIRL, TAYLOR, 27, walks by on a missio
Shay stops her...

SHAY (CONT'D)

Ay! What I gotta do to get service round here?

TAYLOR

I got you. Let me take care of this table right quick. And I'll get y'all--

TAYLOR tries to walk off, but SHAY stops her again.

SHAY

I'm not tryna just stand here like some lame.

TAYLOR reluctantly rolls with the punches...

TAYLOR

Yeah. Okay. Follow me.

TAYLOR walks them over to the VIP SECTION, sit them down...

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I'll be right back the menu.

SHAY

Tell the bitch in the blue to come here.

TAYLOR walks off, rolling her eyes. WE TRACK HER, making her way to the bar, before she's intercepted by J-ROC.

J-ROC

You know them niggas?

TAYLOR

Nah. I ain't ever see them in here.

J-ROC

What they talkin bout?

TAYLOR

Nothing right now. I just sat em' down.

J-ROC

Aight. Do me a favor. Get them talkin. I wanna know what they on.

TAYLOR

You think they got money?

J-ROC

We bout to find out.

(then)

And bring me a bottle of Hennessy.

TAYLOR continues on the bar. She grabs a BOTTLE and lights two SPARKLERS, drawing attention as she navigates through the crowd towards a table tucked in the corner. As she does, she passes by SHAY and PORTLAND sitting in their VIP section.

WE PUSH IN ON THEM.

SHAY, now has a stripper, LYLA, sitting on his lap, while PORTLAND casually rolls up a blunt.

SHAY

(to Lyla)

Listen, I want you. But not here. Not this play play shit you doin.

LYLA

What you mean by that?

SHAY

Come back with me to the house for a private dance.

LYLA

I can't do that.

SHAY

You not making more here tonight
than fuckin with me.

PORTLAND

Ay nigga, stop beggin that bitch.
If she don't wanna come fuck it.

LYLA

How about I dance for you for
little bit and then I'll see if I
change my mind.

SHAY leans back, adjusting his position to allow LYLA to
climb on top of him, giving him a sexy alluring lap dance.

Moments later, TAYLOR pops up to serve the guys.

TAYLOR

Y'all know what bottle y'all want?
(notice PORTLAND rolling)
You can't do that in here?

PORTLAND

Bitch this my shit. I roll where
the fuck I want.

She disregards it, opting not to escalate the situation into
an argument.

SHAY

(focus on the stripper)
Just get us Ace of spades.

PORTLAND

Two of them.

TAYLOR

It's one those types of night?
Y'all celebrating a birthday?

PORTLAND

Nah. We on something bigger.

SHAY

Celebrating gettin money. M's!

PORTLAND and SHAY dap each other up.

TAYLOR

Where y'all from? Y'all don't sound
like y'all from here?

SHAY grins.

PORTLAND

(stares her down)
Memphis.
(then)

Since you asking questions, what's good with you?

TAYLOR

You don't need me. There's enough girls round here for that.

PORTLAND

Fuck dem raggedy ass bitches. I'm tryna fuck with you!

PORTLAND grabs her hand, prompting her internal frustration But instead she offers a smile before pulling her hand away

TAYLOR

I'll go get those bottles.

TAYLOR is about to to walk off when...

SHAY

(hands card over)

We needs some ones too.

TAYLOR

How much?

SHAY

(looking at stripper)

Fuck it! Bring me back 15.

TAYLOR takes notice, her interest pique. SHAY hands her a card.

TAYLOR

I need an ID too.

SHAY gives her a look, but TAYLOR doesn't back down. He reluctantly hands over his I.D.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

We TRACK TAYLOR heading to the bar. She grabs a bottle of liquor, and then makes a beeline for J-ROC and CORY.

TAYLOR places the bottle down on their table, J-ROC is focused on SHAY and PORTLAND. Meanwhile, CORY is vibing.

J-ROC

What you got?

TAYLOR

They got some shit. They bout to throw out real money.

J-ROC

Where they from?

TAYLOR

Memphis. Country ass niggas. They just got down here yesterday.

CORY

I swear pussy'll make a nigga talk more than a damn stick.

TAYLOR

They definitely down here for sumthin'. Nigga said they celebratin M's.

CORY

M's? Them nigga just talkin shit.

TAYLOR

I doubt it. Maybe. But the one with Lyla doing all the talking. They got all this money on em'. He just asked me to get \$15,000 more. I overheard him tell Lyla that they got everythin' at the house. I'm tellin you... they got some shit.

J-ROC and CORY both give her a hard look, considering.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

What y'all tryna do?

CORY

You already know what time it is.

J-ROC

Stay on them. No matter what, don't give em' no attitude. Only that southern hospitality shit. And get Destiny. We need her fa sho.

TAYLOR, beaming with excitement, heads off.

CORY

So what's up? What tryna do?

J-ROC

I'm tryna see what them nigga got. It's time to work.

J-ROC makes a phone call..

BACK ON TAYLOR

She makes her way to a back of the club. The volume of the music drops as she reaches a secluded area, we hear someone arguing outside. TAYLOR follows the voice where she dips...

5 INT. VENUE 509 - NIGHT, LATER5

TAYLOR approaches SHAY's table with a bag of money. The guy in high spirits, are enjoying the company of two strippers.

TAYLOR

Here you go. Y'all need anything else?

PORTLAND

Yeah. You!

TAYLOR chuckles flirtatiously.

TAYLOR

Looks like you good already.

PORTLAND tosses the stripper off of him.

PORTLAND

Nah. I want you.

TAYLOR, smiles, playing the part really well.

TAYLOR

Later. Enjoy yourself for now.

(to Lyla)

Lyla I need you to come with me.

LYLA

For what?

SHAY

Why you pullin my bitch away?

TAYLOR

(to Shay)

I got you.

WE SWIVEL to DESTINY standing on stage before us, ready to command the pole. Everything moves in SLOW MOTION as DESTINY's beauty captivates the audience.

DJ ANNOUNCER (V.O)

Ahhhh shit! It's bout that time y'all been waitin for. The moment I've been yearning for.

BACK ON TAYLOR

SHAY

Damn! That bitch bad as fuck!

TAYLOR

And she'll be over here after she steps off stage.

SHAY

Hell yeah. Bring her ass ova here.

Lyla eyes the TAYLOR with disgust.

DJ ANNOUNCER

Y'all niggas open your wallets and
get your money right for your
favorite lady, the queen of my wet
dreams, the one and only,
Ooooweeee, give it up for DESTINY!

BACK ON DESTINY

We float towards her sexy body getting on the pole as the
fluorescent lights hits her body even brighter, and with th
she does her dance.

A WAD OF MONEY is thrown in the air, and we...

CUT 5

DESTINY approaching SHAY and PORTLAND's section. SHAY gets
and greet her like a gentleman.

SHAY
How you doing?

DESTINY
I'm good. You mind if I seat here?

SHAY is completely smitten. PORTLAND not really impressed.

SHAY
This all you.

She takes a seat on SHAY's lap.

DESTINY
I'm Destiny. What's your name?

SHAY
Shay. And that's my nigga Portland.

DESTINY
Hey Portland.

PORTLAND, enjoying his drink, barely acknowledges her.

SHAY
Where you been all night?

DESTINY
I've been around. You the one just
gettin here. I'm actually 'bout to
head out.

SHAY
Already? I just got you.

DESTINY
I'm here all the time. Fuck with me
the next time you come thru.

SHAY

I ain't from round here baby. So I gotta have you tonight.

DESTINY

I don't care where you from, it ain't that far.

SHAY

How bout you just come with me. To my house for a private dance.

DESTINY shoots a look of interest, smiling.

SHAY (CONT'D)

And I got the bread for you. Just fuck with me.

PORTLAND

Bring your girl too. The bottle girl.

DESTINY

She don't dance.

PORTLAND

Do she fuck?

DESTINY hesitates about backing out, but then catches the eye of J-ROC and CORY. With a nod from J-ROC, she swiftly jumps back into character.

SHAY notices DESTINY looking at them.

SHAY

That's your man?

DESTINY

Nah. My boss. He lookin at me cause I need to leave.

PORTLAND looks up and notice J-ROC and CORY for the first time, looking them skeptically.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

I'll see if Taylor down. But if imma go with y'all, we gotta go now cause I can't be out too late.

SHAY

I'm ready.

DESTINY signals for TAYLOR to come over. TAYLOR approaches them.

TAYLOR

What's up?

DESTINY

We bout to head out. You tryna to roll?

TAYLOR

Where y'all going?

PORTLAND

Wherever you wanna go.

TAYLOR, looks around, considering.

TAYLOR

I gotta close tonight. You know how Marcus is about that.

PORTLAND

Man fuck all that. Just come.

DESTINY

Please...

TAYLOR considers even more.

TAYLOR

Alright. I'll close out my tables and take an Uber over right after done. Send me the address.

PORTLAND

See, you playing.

TAYLOR

I'm dead ass! I can't just leave like that tho. I need this job.

PORTLAND

Don't have me waitin all night. Real talk, I'm tryna fuck with you on some serious shit.

TAYLOR

Trust me. I'm coming.

10 INT. AIRBNB HOUSE - LIVING ROOM, NIGHT, CONTINUOUS10

SHAY stands in front of DESTINY with a liquor bottle in his hand, taking a big swig of it.

DESTINY

That's what you on?

SHAY

That's what the fuck I'm on.

SHAY strips down to his boxers. He steps back and perverted stares at DESTINY. DESTINY eyes continues to scan the house

PORTLAND

Your girl on her way?

She turns to him.

DESTINY

She should be.

PORTLAND

Tell her ass to hurry up!

PORTLAND walks off, exiting the scene.

DESTINY

I need to use the bathroom first.

SHAY

(grabs a hold of her)

Baby, you good. I like you just like that.

DESTINY

I know, but I don't. Fix me a drink. I'll be back before you done.

SHAY

Aiight. Bathroom down that hall.

DESTINY walks off with SHAY staring her down, smiling.

SHAY (CONT'D)

Hurry your ass off.

WE TRACK DESTINY, who abruptly breaks character, sneaking t the front door and unlocks it. As she turns to head to the bathroom, something catches her attention.

PORTLAND (O.C.)

Whatcha' doin'?

Regret washes over DESTINY's face, her heart pounding. Despite the nervous, she manages to keep her voice steady:

DESTINY

I'm looking for the bathroom.

PORTLAND eyes her suspiciously, but he's too high to piece together.

PORTLAND

It's down that hall.

(then)

You hit your girl up yet?

DESTINY

I'm bout to now.

16 INT. AIRBNB HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT, SAME16

PORTLAND is finishing up on peeing. He flushes and makes hi way out the bathroom.

BACK ON DESTINY

DESTINY notices TECH and UZI entering. While still straddling SHAY, she pivots around and starts twerking on him. He falls further in the moment, making it rain on her. Lost in the moment, SHAY drops his head back, only to be suddenly staring down the barrel of a gun.

TECH

Move and I'll blow yo shit off.

DESTINY whirls around, coming face to face with TECH, and lets out a piercing scream. WE CAN'T tell if she's acting or truly scared.

BACK ON PORTLAND

PORTLAND, alerted by the scream, rushes into the living room passing by UZI without noticing. Aware of TECH's gun pointed at SHAY, PORTLAND is caught off guard as UZI presses his gun against the back of PORTLAND's head.

UZI

Where the money at fuck boy?

SHAY

Y'all don't want these problems my nigga.

TECH

Shut yo country ass. Where the money muthafucka?

PORTLAND

Ain't shit here.

In the midst of the chaos, DESTINY, scared, keeps screaming

TECH

Bitch, shut the fuck up.

TECH, frustrated, slaps DESTINY, instantly shutting her up. SHAY tries to run off, but TECH swiftly hits him with the butt of the gun, knocking him out.

PORTLAND disarms UZI, knocking the gun to the floor. As PORTLAND reaches for the gun, three shots ring out, piercing his back. He collapses to the ground.

TECH (CONT'D)

(to UZI)

Get the stick nigga.

UZI snaps out of and scrambles to his feet, grabbing his gun. TECH shoots SHAY in the forehead.

TECH (CONT'D)

(to DESTINY)

Get the fuck outta here.

(to UZI)

Search this shit! Hurry up!

TECH and UZI scour the house for the money. We focus on DESTINY, she checks her mouth, spotting blood. After a moment, DESTINY quickly grabs money from SHAY's pocket and the scattered bills on the floor, then runs out the house.