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Script v1 MASSK UP - FACE DOWN

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3 Scenes · 11 5/8 Pages

Leger Film Studios
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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...

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...outside to see DESTINY, a sexy thick attractive woman, in her stripper outfit, arguing on the phone. She doesn't notice TAYLOR

DESTINY

...I don't care! The amount of favors I done done for you, and you callin me with this bullshit. Fuck it! Just leave my baby alone. Don't even touch her. I'll get Candice to come get her. Ma, don't worry about it. Trust me I'm good.

Frustrated, she hangs up and screams. Unaware of TAYLOR nearby, she nearly loses it. Leaning against the wall, she slides down until her chin rests between her knees, crying.

TAYLOR

You alright?

DESTINY jolts, shocked to see Taylor standing there. She quickly stands to her feet...

DESTINY

Bitch, why you just standing there like that? That shit weird as fuck.

TAYLOR

My bad.

DESTINY is not okay, but keeps it upbeat.

DESTINY

Yeah. I'm good.

DESTINY starts to head back inside. TAYLOR stops her.

TAYLOR

Destiny, wait a minute. I know you not good. I heard you.

(beat)

What time you supposed to leave tonight?

DESTINY backs off, almost appalled.

DESTINY

Taylor, I can't leave right now! I just got here. I gotta make some money cause if not--

TAYLOR

I know. I know. I'm not tellin you to leave. I'm askin cause I might have something else for you.

DESTINY skeptically looks at TAYLOR...

DESTINY

Like what?

TAYLOR

You remember Classic weekend 2021?

DESTINY recalls, but her expression reveals that the memory is unpleasant.

DESTINY

I ain't interested.

DESTINY tries to walk off again, TAYLOR stops her.

TAYLOR

Wait. Why not?

DESTINY

That shit was dangerous. Sorry, but I'm not built for that, and I ain't interested.

DESTINY tries to walk off, but again TAYLOR stops.

TAYLOR

You'll be fine. J-Roc and Cory ain't gonna let shit happen to you.

(beat)

Look, there's some niggas out there spendin real money. I'm about to take them 15 right now. Lyla's in that section, but I'll pull her out and get you in there if you down.

DESTINY sighs, considering hard.

DESTINY

What bout Lyla? You know how she is. I don't want no problems.

TAYLOR

Let me handle that.

DESTINY reluctantly considers even more...

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Destiny, I'm trying to get you paid, so you don't have to take that shit from your momma no more.

DESTINY takes a deep breath, and then nods.

DESTINY

Okay. Just tonight. No more after this.

TAYLOR nods. And with that DESTINY is on board.

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.