

CHICK MONEY

Written by

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WGA-WEST REGISTRATION

EXT.CITY HARBOR-NIGHT

"NEW MONEY"-2026 Superyacht, with exclusively black detailing is docked in a row of similar yachts in the city harbor. The interior yacht lighting is low, but on, indicating someone is home. There is low bass coming from the back of the boat.

EXT.YACHT DECK-CONTINUOUS

A FAMOUS BASKETBALL PLAYER, 30s, 6"11, loaded with muscles, so incredibly handsome you don't have to know his name but can tell he is 'someone of note', sprawls out on the couch wearing a Gucci Sweatsuit, complimented by huge diamond chains. Everything about him grossly screams new money-appropriately so.

He sips on champagne and bobs to loud bass driven rap while cutting a line of cocaine on the glass table in front of him.

INT.YACHT-CONTINUOUS

5 inch high heels, and bare legs click down the hallway.

KELLY, late 20s, average looking white female, bashfully enters. She is uncharacteristically dressed in nothing but a slinky metallic bathing suit and 6 inch heels.

Kelly, with false confidence, enters the door way to the rear deck.

EXT.YACHT DECK- CONTINUOUS

Tripping on the lip of the door frame, Kelly catches herself and props herself up like it was planned. She feigns a sexy smirk.

Off Kelly's fall- Basketball Player, looks up at Kelly with child like joy. He adjusts his seat and bites his lip like a kid in a candy store.

Kelly walks towards a pole in the middle of the ship deck, it is unclear if this pole is for dancing, or to hold up the deck.

Kelly is awkward in her attempt at seduction.

BASKETBALL PLAYER
Damn. Katie.

Kelly approaches the pole, hesitantly grabbing it. Not fully sure what to do with it.

KELLY
(correcting him)
It's Kelly.

BASKETBALL PLAYER
Do a little spin for me Katie.

Kelly gracefully slides around a pole. She is pretty good.
She surprises herself with her ability.

BASKETBALL PLAYER (CONT'D)
Yeaaaa Kattttieeee.

Kelly is visibly annoyed but tries to keep her sexy composure.

She dips down the pole , pressing her butt against it.

KELLY
It's Kelly actually.

BASKETBALL PLAYER
Kelly?

She dips back up.

Basketball Player looks confused, as though he has never heard of the name Kelly.

KELLY
Yea, Kelly... Like...Irish.

Kelly playfully bites her lip and does a little shimmy.

BASKETBALL PLAYER
Irish --I like that...my Irish Maiden.

Kelly walks towards him.

KELLY
You mean a sexy maiden?

Kelly puts her leg on the table right by his face.

Basketball Player grabs the inside of her thigh.

BASKETBALL PLAYER
Oh definitely --a sexy old maiden.

Kelly makes a face and stops in her track, unsure if she can move on.

BASKETBALL PLAYER (CONT'D)
 (rubbing her thigh)
 Kelly, you dance like a stripper.

Kelly straddles him and does a hair whip that would rival an Aerosmith Music video.

Kelly's dancing is increasingly getting better.

KELLY
 Thanks, I take Zumba classes
 sometimes.

Kelly flips around so she is properly sitting on his lap, giving him a full lap dance.

Basketball Player grabs Kelly's ass.

BASKETBALL PLAYER
 Damn you dance so good Im going to
 buy you some more ass.

Kelly twerks on him.

KELLY
 You gonna make it rain on this ass?

As she twerks, her butt morphs 3 times in size. Her butt now rivals a Kardashian...is that even Kelly?

Basketball player slaps Kellys ass.

Kelly turns around- now magically only wearing two hundred dollar bills as a bra. Her boobs somehow appear to have grown two cup sizes instantaneously.

BASKETBALL PLAYER
 You're so hot I'm going to buy you
 a house.

She licks his ear.

BASKETBALL PLAYER (CONT'D)
 You're so hot Im going to make you
 cry.

KELLY
 Yea you're going make me cry on
 this big ass yacht?

She pushes her boobs against his face in a motorboat/dancing fashion. She is visibly aroused.

BASKETBALL PLAYER
I'm gonna take my dick and-

KELLY
No- no! Shhh shh -- go back to the yacht!

BASKETBALL PLAYER
I'm going shove this yacht up your vagina!

She sits on him and grinds.

KELLY
Oh Fuck!

BASKETBALL PLAYER
I'm gonna lick yo-

KELLY
No! No! --The yacht!!

The Basketball Player and Kelly are dry humping? Maybe having sex? Honestly who knows but the dirty talk is enough to almost make Kelly...

BASKETBALL PLAYER
This yacht--that costs more than your mother's house.

KELLY
Oh yea so much more!

Kelly is close, so close.

Basket Ball Player is now trusting while shoving hundreds in Kellys mouth.

BASKETBALL PLAYER
With marble interior. And Crystal finishing--

Kelly now has the equivalent of ball gag of money in her mouth. She is...

BASKETBALL PLAYER (CONT'D)
That runs on fossil fuel---

Kelly screams out elated.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM- DAY.

On the 54th story of a modern Midtown office conference room, Kelly sits in a daze, at opposite ends of long office table with her boss, BILL on a conference call.

Bill, 50s, unattractive, stocky man, short and stout yet intimidating...must be ego. He is dressed in a shirt that is too small, and pants that are too big.

BILL
Right Kell?

Kelly, stares into space, still in her dream.

BILL (CONT'D)
Kelly!

Kelly snaps to reality.

KELLY
Yes-- ya totally.

Bill loudly addresses the table phone in the middle of the room.

BILL
Ok. Thanks Mark, that was great. We
are so looking forward to it.

Kelly tugs on her outfit making sure she is indeed fully clothed. (Phew she is still in her trendy office clothes.)

MARK
(on the phone)
Yea, you owe me one here.

Bill smiles at the phone and then finds a way to point it at Kelly.

BILL
Hey nothing a little night out in
Sag Harbor wont fix.

MARK
(on the phone)
Send over the papers.

BILL
Maybe one of your girls could come
pick up the ---Mark? Mark?

The line goes dead.

Bill grabs a croissant on the table and tears into it as Kelly cleans her space.

Kelly begins to exit.

BILL (CONT'D)

--Kel.

Kelly stops and waits.

BILL (CONT'D)

Are you a consultant or do you work
for us full time?

Bill uses his Amex Black Card to pick his teeth.

KELLY

Technically, I don't get health
insurance, so-

BILL

Ok good, so I can say this to you
without you going to HR.

Kelly stares blankly.

BILL (CONT'D)

I need you to be honest with me.

KELLY

Yea...

Bill with a heavy heart takes a long beat.

BILL

Am I looking fat to you?

KELLY

Um...No.

BILL

You really think so? I don't want
Mark to think I've lost it.

Bill ever so slightly adjusts his jeans... Kelly notices.

KELLY

He won't think you've lost it.

Bill pumps his fist under the table to himself.

As Kelly reaches the door...

BILL

Hey Kel...

Kelly pauses and turns around.

BILL (CONT'D)

What are you wearing?

KELLY

Uh-a suit coat?

BILL

Oh. Um, You... you normally are all like... dressed up in a dress or skirt, or something.

Kelly stands pulling at her oversized blazer.

KELLY

I mean...Im wearing a skirt, just with a jacket.

BILL

A BIG jacket.

KELLY

I guess yea...

Bill scans Kellys body/outfit thoroughly. He makes a dissatisfied face before meeting Kelly's eyes.

BILL

Huh.

He raises his mug and air cheers Kelly, her cue to exit.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY DAY- MOMENTS LATER

Kelly sits at a desk just outside of Bill's office. She mindlessly scans papers and types, contemplating life.

Kelly's Co-Worker MEGHAN, late 20s, independently wealthy , extremely attractive older yet messy sister type, only works because her dad makes her- talks at Kelly as she works at her desk.

Meghan fights for Kelly's attention.

MEGHAN

I mean...its a 30K Dollar watch...
It's a little fucking weird I woke
up this morning and can't find it.

(MORE)

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

I mean... I was fully blackout but still-

KELLY

I thought this guy was loaded?

MEGHAN

Oh he is. Filthy.

KELLY

Then why would he steal your watch?

MEGHAN

I don't know--This guy could have done anything! I literally woke up ass naked with pizza in my hand.

The Phone rings, Kelly answers.

KELLY

You probably just misplaced it.

MEGHAN

Yea but I already called him and cursed him out for stealing it.

Kelly motions for Meghan to shut up.

KELLY

(On phone)

Bill Sharpton's Office.

MEGHAN

Do you think he will go out with me again?

KELLY

(on phone)

Let me put you through to his personal line.

Kelly clicks the call over.

MEGHAN

I need a dirty martini.

KELLY

I told you I am on a no spend diet.

MEGHAN

Yea but like NO spend-

KELLY

No spe-

Bill pops his head out of his office.

BILL
What are you two talking about?

KELLY
Nothing.

BILL
Boys?

The two women stair at him in silence.

BILL (CONT'D)
Right. Kelly --what did I tell you
about connecting my wife. I will
call her when I am ready.

KELLY
Right, sorry.

Bill takes a step closer to the girls, sizing up Meghan's outfit.

BILL
Are they still calling those "fuck
me pumps"? See ya.

Bill goes back into his office.

MEGHAN
Whatever Ill just buy a new one i
guess. We are going out tonight. No
questions.

Meghan walks away.

Kelly slams her head down on the desk.

CUT TO :

INT. CLUB- LATER THAT NIGHT.

Kelly sits on a crowded club coach sipping a watered down Tequila soda.

The club is packed, its dark, smokey and the music is blasting.

Meghan sits immediately to Kelly's lapping giving a random man a lap dance.

MEGHAN
Kel! Hey Kel!

KELLY
Ya?

MEGHAN
You should really try this--its the
easiest way to catch print.

The man shoots meghan a dirty look.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)
Sorry I have to know if this is
worth my time.

A BOTTLE GIRL, hots, 20s, walks past Kelly.

KELLY
Ill close out please.

BOTTLE GIRL
The whole table?

KELLY
NO! No no--just this vodka soda
please.

Bottle girl pulls up her tab, Kelly taps her phone.

BOTTLE GIRL
It didnt go through .

KELLY
Oh um..... ill try again.

Kelly taps her phone.

BOTTLE GIRL
Still no.

Kelly quickly scans the room for a cute man. She winks at a
YOUNG HOT GUY. He completely ignores her.

Kelly looks at Meghan dancing next to her.

KELLY
You know what , just put it on this
guys tab.

Bottle girl rolls her eyes and walk away.

Kelly grabs her things and stands up.

MEGHAN
No!!! OMG No! We just got another
bottle--right?

The man under nods.

KELLY
No I want to get on the train
before its too late.

MEGHAN
OMG you can NOT take the train rn--
call an uber?!

Kelly stands up and kisses Meghan on the cheek.

KELLY
Be carefull!!!

Kelly catches print on the guy under Meghan. She tips her
hat.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Good choice.

Meghan wildly dances on the man.

MEGHAN
Love you!

EXT.CITY STREET -NIGHT

Kelly stands alone on the side walk, she pulls up her phone.
She opens uber. \$50 to ride home.

KELLY
Fuck.

EXT.CITY STREET -MOMENTS LATER

Kelly languidly walks down a busy city street, hells in hand.
She walks past designer showrooms, high-end buildings, and
stores.

EXT.FENDI STORE

Kelly pauses in front of a FENDI Window Display. She looks longingly at a Fendi Baguette.

Kelly reaches her hand out to caress the window, you can almost here Moon River begin to play when-

Kellys phone dings.

TEXTS:

KEVIN

"Yo I see your in my hood. Come through"

KELLY

"Its been a long day . Just want to go to bed"

KEVIN

"Okay... then come to bed here"

KELLY

"No I actually want to sleep"

KEVIN

"Me too"

Kelly starts to walk then her phone dings again...

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Tongue Emoji

INT. KEVINS APT HALLWAY -LATER.

An exhausted Kelly waits as she rings the doorbell apt door of KEVIN, mid 20s trust fund loser.

The day has shown on Kelly, her hair has fallen, she is weighed down by two bags, with heels in hand.

Kelly waits for a beat too long, she considers leaving. Then-

Kevin opens the door.

KEVIN

You look adorable.

Kelly reluctantly enters.

INT.KEVINS APT-CONTINUOUS

Kevin's apartment is fine, nice enough for someone with money but messy with no decor.

Kevin takes the bags off Kellys arms.

KEVIN

I left some comfy clothes for you
on the bed.

Kelly shoots him a look.

He rubs her back and winks.

INT.KEVINS BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kelly stands in Kevin's undecorated bedroom- Void of any character.

A tee shirt and sweatpants lay on the bed in front to her.

She undresses, putting on a XXL Tee. She picks up the sweatpants and struggles to put them on, they XS.

How is this possible?

She jumps and struggles to pull the sweats over her legs, eventually falling on to the bed.

Defeated, Kelly lays on the bed starrng at the ceiling. She should not be here. She just barely closes her eyes when...

INT.KEVIN BEDROOM-CONTINUOUS

Kevin appears in the door way completely naked. He pauses, posing like a male model, without the figure to boost.

KEVIN

Sorry. This is how I like to sleep.

Kevin runs and jumps on the bed sprawling his body out like a Roman Statue-Naked Man style.

Kelly does not move.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Does this...

He scoots his body closer to Kelly, accentuating his penis

KEVIN (CONT'D)
...bother you?

INT. BOYS ROOM- LATER

Kelly and Kevin have tired, uneventful sex. Kelly apathetically bounces on Kevin's lap.

Kevin constantly tries to shove his fingers down Kelly's throat despite her moving her head.

KELLY
Stop--

She chokes on his fingers, not in a sexy way.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Ugh-stop.

Kevin then grabs her boobs and squeezes them extremely hard.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Ow!

KEVIN
Can you just flip over already?

INT. BOYS ROOM-LATER

Kelly and Kevin lay moments after finishing, well...
Kelly...maybe not.

The two lay far apart. Kelly takes a moment and closes her eyes.

Kevin rolls over and tugs her in for a hug. He whispers in her ear...

KEVIN
You know I have work in the morning...

KELLY
Yea, I have work too.

Kevin kisses her neck.

KEVIN
It's just-- you know I can't sleep with other people in my bed...

Kelly hastily gets up and starts looking for her clothes in the dark.

Kevin lays in bed scrolling on his phone.

Kelly battles, yet again, to put on the sweatpants Kevin had left for her but can't seem to pull them up.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
(Without looking up from
his phone)
Aww--Are you sure?

Kelly throws on her work blazer and unzipped skirt and heads to the door.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Bye! That was fun!

INT. KELLYS LIVINGROOM-NIGHT

Kelly's apartment is a small two bedroom she shares with a roommate. The space is decorated and reflects two trendy girls in their 20s budget and style. The two bedrooms are just off the living room, that is attached to the open kitchen, leaving very little room for privacy.

ROOMATE, 20s Female, painfully corporate, type A, lays sideways on the couch, scrolling on her phone, as Kelly walks through the door.

A disheveled Kelly enters not fully seeing Roomate on the couch.

ROOMATE
Hey.

KELLY
Oh-Hey.

ROOMATE
How was work?

KELLY
Uh...Fine. My boss used the term
"fuck me pumps."

ROOMATE
Ew.

ROOMMATE BOYFRIEND, 20s male, pretends to read...your worst nightmare of a roommate's boyfriend, comes around the corner eating a slice of pizza half naked.

BOYFRIEND

Damn what did you do- suck his dick?

Kelly jumps slightly-she did not know he was there.

KELLY

Oh hey.

Boyfriend sticks out a greasy hand to shake.

BOYFRIEND

I'm Danny.

Kelly does not accept.

ROOMMATE

You know Danny.

KELLY

Yea... we've met like 10 times.

BOYFRIEND

Do I know you from somewhere you look familiar?

KELLY

I live here.

BOYFRIEND

No- that's not it.

Kelly walks into her room and shuts the door.

ROOMMATE

Hey don't forget rent is due this week!!

INT. KELLY BEDROOM CONTINUOUS.

Kelly's room is small and cluttered. Clothes are spread about. It is not messy, rather just a reflection of a small space.

Kelly flops onto her bed and scrolls on socials. She looks at pictures of people on vacations. And fancy clothes. Flashes of Rich lavish lifestyles lull her to sleep.

INT.COFFEE SHOP-MORNING

The next day Kelly stands at her local coffee shop, still half asleep. As she waits to order she catches the eye of a HANDSOME MAN, for his coffee.

Kelly Smiles.

A YOUNG BARISTA, early 20s, looks like she volunteers at an animal shelter, eagerly greets Kelly.

YOUNG BARISTA
Good morning! What can I get for ya?

KELLY
I'll just have a small back coffee.

YOUNG BARISTA
Any milk? Sugar? We just got new lavender syrup!

KELLY
Do you have almond milk?

The young barista types something into the cash register.

YOUNG BARISTA
Almond milk is going to be an extra \$1.50. We make it in house.

KELLY
O.. I'll just do regular milk then.

YOUNG BARISTA
Ok that will be \$6.

KELLY
\$6?!

Young Barista smiles with a stupid static smile.

YOUNG BARISTA
You can tap here.

Kelly taps her phone and waits.

A message appears on the screen that her card has been denied.

Then a Kelly gets a text:

THIS IS WELLFARGO YOUR ACCOUNT HAS HIT ITS OVERDRAFT LIMIT...

KELLY

Fuck.

Kelly tries to tap again. Denied.

Suddenly, someones phone appears over her shoulder and taps the screen, paying for Kellys coffee.

Kelly turns around to find HANDSOME MAN, 30s tall, with charm that glows from a mile away.

INT.COFFEE SHOP-CONTINUOUS

HANDSOME MAN gives Kelly a smile that almost makes her fall over.

KELLY

Oh my god. Thank you so much-

HANDSOME MAN

No problem. I hate when my' card gets flagged for fraud. Its like...this is my daily coffee shop-
-I'm not getting hacked!

KELLY

Totally.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, 20s, appears under the Handsome Man's arm holding two coffees.

HANDSOME MAN

Well, have a great day!

The couple shoot a glowing smile to Kelly and walk away.

Young Barista appears shouting.

YOUNG BARISTA

Plain coffee with milk?!

Kelly moves to grab her coffee but before she can get there Barista shouts again.

YOUNG BARISTA (CONT'D)

PLAIN COFFEE WITH REGULAR MILK!

KELLY

I heard you.

YOUNG BARISTA

Its kind of a depressing coffee order...

Kelly snatches the cup out of the barista's hand and walks out the door.

INT.OFFICE HALL-LATER

Kelly sits at her desk typing. She is back to her "normal work attire", a mini skirt, and body-con top, heels.

Bill pops his head out of the office.

BILL

Kelly?

KELLY

Yea?

BILL

So... we have some special guests coming in this afternoon.

KELLY

I know.

BILL

I don't care about a lot of them but this guy... I care about. He is the owner of the Riu- you know the Riu?

KELLY

Yes- I know the Riu.

BILL

Well he owns them. All of them. Whatever he wants you do okay? Offer him water, if he asks for a scotch you bring him a scotch, okay?

KELLY

Okay.

BILL

You're the best.

Bill turns to leave.

BILL (CONT'D)

Oh and Kell- put this on, I want to show off our branding. Really "sell" you know?

Bill tosses an X-Small graphic t-shirt at her. Kelly picks it up in disgust.

INT.OFFICE BATHROOM-MOMENTS LATER

Kelly stands in the office bathroom mirror. The depressingly gray walls match the stark white lighting.

Meghan is peeing in one of the stalls.

MEGHAN

(o/s)

I mean I was high on shrooms--how
was I supposed to know the fire was
real?

Kelly stares at herself in the new t-shirt. She pics at the shirt that is two sizes too small.

CUT TO:

INT.OFFICE BATHROOM-FANTASY

Kelly stands in mirror in a sexy clown outfit, if that exists.

CUT TO:

INT.OFFICE BATHROOM-CONTINUOUS

Meghan flushes the toilet and comes out next to Kelly.

MEGHAN

I can't believe he is making you
wear that. Orange is not your
color. No offense.

Meghan takes a long hard drag of a vape.

EXT. CONFERENCE ROOM- LATER

Bill and a GROUP OF SUITS, exclusively made up of male executives ages 50 and up, gather around large oval conference table. Mumbles of business jargon and laughter circulate around the room. In a Charlie Brown fashion you hear the words "Business, business, business" "money, money, money" go around.

Kelly passes by the office window.

Bill (through the window) motions for Kelly to come in.

Kelly pretends not to see him.

Bill bangs on the window, motioning again for Kelly to enter.

Kelly regretfully turns around and enters.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -CONTINUOUS.

Bill sits at the head of the table with MARK, late 60s, relatively handsome business man.

BILL

Kelly...You know Mark right?

Kelly puts her hand out to Mark's surprise. They shake.

BILL (CONT'D)

Mark this is Kelly. She is the best. Whatever you want don't hesitate to ask.

KELLY

Nice to meet you.

Bill gives her a half smile a half nod urging to say something more.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Can I get you something to drink--a water, coffee-

BILL

-scotch?

MARK

No, no. Water would be fine.

BILL

Ahhh, come on Mark...

KELLY

Yea, really- we have scotch.

MARK

No water is fine. Watching my waist.

Mark rubs his stomach but gestures a little too low, hinting at something else.

BILL

Hey Kel- before you go-- You see that-- she is wearing our new shirts. Turn around and show them the back of your shirt.

Kelly pauses confused-- then remembers she is wearing the special shirt.

She turns around--Only to realize mid turn that these men are not interested in the back of her shirt.

She turns back around to the table entirely staring at her legs and ass.

Her gaze picks up to meet the grimacing smile of every single man at the table.

BILL (CONT'D)

Thanks Kell.

Kelly exhales, physically bites her tongue and leaves the room.

INT.OFFICE HALLWAY CONTINUOUS-

Kelly stands at the sink filling up a pitcher of water and grabs cups.

Her breath shortens, as she fights back tears. Upset with herself more than the situation. Kelly rips off the tee shirt and tosses it to the ground.

She puts on a random button up hanging in the office closet and tucks it in to her skirt.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -MOMENTS LATER.

Kelly re-enters the room with the pitcher of water and she places it on the table with a broken smile.

The men continue business as usual.

BILL

Gentleman, I want to re-assure you your money is well kept here at B.C.S, we have you covered...

As Kelly begins to leave, Mark very lightly grazes her ass, Kelly whips her head around.

Mark swiftly and gently moves his hand up to her arm to her hand. In this exchange Mark slyly slips Kelly \$50 and winks.

She stands frozen in time... Bill's voice trails off into the abyss and Kelly slowly shuts down.

Kelly unsure how to move, involuntarily smiles.

She looks down at the \$50 in her hand and then to Mark.

Mark smiles at her.

Kelly exits in a daze.

INT.OFFICE HALL-CONTINUOUS

In a mindless fevered haze, Kelly storms down the hallway. There is a certain deadness in her eyes that was not there before.

Meghan types at her desk, watches Kelly pass by.

MEGHAN

Kelly?

Kelly walks directly past a Meghan then past a rows of desks.

Her walk transforms into something more deliberate, something powerful. Kelly unbuttons the top of her shirt.. A YOUNG OFFICE WORKER, 20s male handsome, gaze follows Kelly.

As Kelly passes she meets his gaze. Kelly winks.

Young Office Worker Falls out of his chair.

Never slowing her pace, Kelly struts toward the elevator.

The doors magically open as Kelly approaches, they close as Young Office Worker picks himself off the floor in a desperate attempt to catch the elevator doors.

Kelly smiles.

INT.OFFICE LOBBY -CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors open and Kelly struts out the security check point. She undoes her hair, that now flows in the wind.

She brushes by TWO BUISNESS MEN, who drop their coffees in awe of her.

Kelly walks to the door, with both hands pushes it open, two more buttons pop open from her shirt.

EXT.OFFICE BUILDING- CONTINUOUS

As Kelly exits the building her smile continues to grow, and grow-- to a concerning level.

Kelly moves her way down the middle of the street, dodging traffic, and seemingly ignoring that anyone else in the world exists.

CUT TO:

EXT.DOWNTOWN CITY STREETS- FANTASY

Out of nowhere the city streets transform around her. The streets are now movie-ready, closer to a Warner Brothers Lot, rather than NYC.

Kellys smile spreads to her whole body, so much so-- she must dance.

EXT.DOWNTOWN CITY STREETS- CONTINUOUS

Kelly passionately moves down the street....now dressed in an old Hollywood fur coat.

Kelly sashays down the street to the tune of some something in the vain of Easy Street.

A YOUNG GARBAGE MAN, jumps from a moving garbage truck and dips Kelly and spins her off.

Kelly jazzily moves through the streets. Winking and impressing any man she walks past. As Kelly continues to dance, she picks up MALE CITY GOERS along the way as they follow her in an ensemble of male dancers trailing behind her.

TWO MEN sitting at lunch outside of a cafe collapse to the ground and pound their feet (literally like dogs), at the sight Kelly. The men HOLLOW.

Kellys dress flows like Marilyn's dress over a subway grate, revealing her ass with a tattoo of a money symbol on it.

She winks directly to camera.

EXT.DOWNTOWN CITY STREETS-(FANTASY) CONTINUOUS

Now an army of men dance behind her as she jazzily walks through the city.

At one point the group lifts her up and spins her around, she gracefully lands without missing a beat, similar to Gentleman Prefer Blondes.

The group glides and sings and dances all the way to...

CUT TO:

EXT. STRIP CLUB-CONTINUOUS.

Kelly, completely out of breath stands in front of a Midtown Strip Club alone.

The building is cold and grey, the lights flicker on and off the sign.

Kelly takes a beat and proudly enters the club.

INT. STRIP CLUB - MOMENTS LATER.

Kelly's dreamy outlook comes to an abrupt stop when she is rudely awakened by the scary sight that is a midtown strip club during the day.

Mostly all of the lights are on, illuminating an empty club that has not been renovated since the late 80s.

One BUSINESS MAN, 40s sits watching a solo DANCER on a side stage with a pole.

Kelly looks around, shocked by the harsh reality of the scene.

STRIP CLUB MANAGER, early 40s, looks like he manages a midtown strip club, carrying a lock box and notepad, approaches Kelly from behind.

STRIP CLUB MANAGER

Hello?

Kelly jumps, caught off guard.

KELLY

Oh hi.

STRIP CLUB MANAGER

Can I help you?

KELLY

Oh, um...

Kelly looks around- distracted by A HANDY-MAN is cleaning in the distance. He drops a light bulb.

HANDY MAN

(to smashed light bulb)

(o/s)

Shit Mother Fucker-cock sucking
whore.

KELLY

--I was just kind of looking to see
if--

STRIP CLUB MANAGER

-No.

KELLY

What?

STRIP CLUB MANAGER

The answer is no.

He moves past her and sits in a booth. He starts opening up the lock box and counting money.

KELLY

Oh no--Um-I was going to see if you
were--maybe like hiring?

The manager pauses for a moment.

STRIP CLUB MANAGER

Yea. No.

KELLY

Oh ok. Um. Can I ask why not?

The manager puts a handful of cash down.

STRIP CLUB MANAGER

You are not a stripper. You do not
look like a stripper-

KELLY

Well, I actually am just coming
from work , I would probably wear --
most definitely wear something else
to um...strip in. Unless you think
there is a market for, office girl.

STRIP CLUB MANAGER
You don't have the face of a
stripper.

KELLY
Again, I think with some make up-

STRIP CLUB MANAGER
Are you Russian?

KELLY
No.

STRIP CLUB MANAGER
Eastern European?

KELLY
No.

STRIP CLUB MANAGER
Do you have a father?

He grabs a pack of cigarettes in his back pocket and lights a
cigarette.

KELLY
Yes.

STRIP CLUB MANAGER
That you have spoken to in the last
decade?

KELLY
Yes.

STRIP CLUB MANAGER
See--No.

He blows smoke directly at Kelly.

KELLY
Ok honestly thats like pretty
offensive... those tropes very
outdated. We are in a time of
sexual liberation, Sex worker-

STRIP CLUB MANAGER
You are not sexually liberated.

KELLY
Excuse me-

STRIP CLUB MANAGER

Listen , you have the face of an American girl doll, and not in a hot way. No one is going to want to pay to fuck you.

Kelly steps back, offended. She looks around the space.

The Handyman violently wiggles his tongue at her from across the room.

STRIP CLUB MANAGER (CONT'D)

Trust me its a good thing.

He turns back to his money with his lit cigarette in his mouth.

Kelly goes to leave then...

KELLY

Can you...just let me try. Just one dance?

He shrugs "fine", sits back in his chair and takes out his phone.

Kelly gleefully runs towards the stage.

INT.STRIP CLUB STAGE-MOMENTS LATER.

The stage is small and surrounded by a smoke filled velour curtain. The lights dim as Kelly takes her mark, center stage.

Joan Jett's "Do you want to Touch" (or something of that nature) blasts through the club speaker system, as the lights come up, and Kelly slowly gets into her dance.

She starts a little clunky but she is not bad over all.

She gradually gets better and better.

Kelly is unbelievable. She dances in heels with grace and ease.

Articles of clothing are artfully torn across the stage with the passion of a professional.

The club is now full of cheering hormonal men, who all call for Kelly by name.

Now only in a sparkly bra and underwear, with a 90's porn blowout and eye make up... Kelly dances for her life, winning the hearts of everyone in the room.

Dozens of men cheer and throw money on the stage.

Even other strippers come view from backstage and cheer.

Kelly mounts a chair mimicking Flash Dance but instead of water its a bucket of cash.

The crowd goes wild.

Kelly commands the stage and the group of men.

The men bark, howl, and shower Kelly with money.

CUT TO:

INT.STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The reality of the situation.

Manager sits in the empty audience, completely uninterested, counts his money and checks his books.

On stage Kelly dances with in an awkward, clunky fashion with no musicality.

The music faintly plays on one speaker in the distance.

Her dancing is painful to watch.

The music fades and Kelly proudly hits her final mark with a beaming smile, completely out of breath.

MANAGER (V.O.)

Get out.

Kelly, covered in sweat, clumsily picks up her clothes and proudly bows.

As she bends over to bow- she throws up from exhaustion.

MANAGER

Christ--Can someone get a mop?

EXT.KEVINS APT -LATER

Kelly still riding her stripper high, with smudged eye liner and wild hair, knocks on Kevins door.

Kevin answers

KEVIN

Woah you look amazin-

Kelly grabs Kevin and kisses him passionately.

They make out in the door frame.

Kelly pulls away.

KELLY

Call me an uber.

Kevin immediately pulls out his phone and dials and uber.

INT.UBER-LATER

Kelly sits proudly in the back of an uber. She smiles to herself.

INT.OFFICE- NEXT DAY

Kelly walks into her office holding her head a little higher than the day before. Her hair is wild and free , and she is wearing heavy eyeliner from the club the day before. Her look is "a little sexy" for the office.

She looks around at a vacant office.

Meghan passes by with a coffee as a large group gathers in the conference room.

MEGHAN

Oh my god! You look hot!

KELLY

Thanks.

MEGHAN

Did you get fucked last night--oh my god you look unbelievable.

KELLY

Whats happening?

MEGHAN

Harassment Meeting.

KELLY

Fuckkkkkkkkkk.

Kellys phone dings with a TEXT

KEVIN

(Text)

Sup Shithead? *Tongue Emoji*

Kelly rolls her eyes so hard they almost fall out of her head.

INT.CONFERENCE ROOM OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Kelly walks into a large board room for the company's annual HR/Harassment meeting. Various office workers, gather around the long conference table.

Kelly slips in the room under the radar with a cup of coffee.

Bill talks to a MALE JUNIOR EXEC, 20s Connecticut looking type, never breaking his conversation but makes direct eye contact with Kelly all the while.

Kelly takes a seat as the company Lawyer, SUZANNE comes in.

INT.CONFERENCE ROOM OFFICE. CONTINUOUS

SUZANNE, mid 60s, seasoned New York Lawyer, "one of the guys" has seen it all.

The group settles at her presence. Bill notices Suzanne's presence and the power it commands over the room.

Bill approaches Suzanne for all to hear.

BILL

Oh my god--who is this? Cindy Crawford?

Bill grabs Suzanne in for a hug. Tickled, Suzanne blushes at the compliment.

BILL (CONT'D)

Oh my god-I cant get over it, you look unbelievable.

The hug lingers a little too long. Bills hands are curiously moving around Suzannes body.

SUZANNE

(over his shoulder to the room)

This is harassment.

The whole room laughs.

Kelly winces in disgust.

BILL
Seriously, you look great.

Bill pulls away and rubs Suzannes arm.

SUZANNE
Alright everybody. Thank you all
for being here today. I know that
some of you have met be before.-

BILL
Suzanne has been with the company
for decades--and she looks
fantastic. Now I can say that can't
I? You work for me right? I pay
you.

SUZANNE
I have a external NDA--so yes
technically you can say that but I
wouldn't make a habit of it.

Suzanne winks at Bill.

Kelly sits in confusion and awe of this situation.

Suzanne passes around a stack of Harassment Handbooks to the
group.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
Okay. I am going to make this as
painless as possible for all of
you... okay? We will move quickly,
but this is important. Okay? There
is a reason we have to do this.

Kelly, now seated directly across from Bill, fingers through
the guide, and grabs a pen.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
Now, as you heard Bill-- I have
been with this company a long time.
But there are reasons we have to do
this every year. The world is
changing, and everyday there are
new rules, regulations, that we
must follow. It feels like
yesterday we experienced the global
phenomenon that was the Me Too
movement...

Bill rolls his eyes.

Kelly notices and rolls her eyes back.

She stares out the window at all the high rises. She starts mindlessly counting windows to occupy her mind.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

I mean Christ- there wasn't a day-
an hour that you didn't hear of
someone getting canceled.
Now...they expect this kind of
"fair" work environment as a norm-

Bill obnoxiously rolls his eyes again (almost aloud), for all to see.

Kelly sits distracted by a window in a neighboring building. That must be a multi million dollar apartment.

Kelly studies the window more intensely. From a distance she can see...

CUT TO:

EXT.HIGH RISE APT BUILDING 49TH FLOOR.

From outside a luxury apt window Fantasy Kelly appears wearing nothing but a floor length fur coat and diamonds. She looks like the definition of "A Million Bucks" .

HANDSOM MAN from the Coffee shop appears behind her. He is holding 2 hot coffees. He walks over to Kelly and feeds her the coffee. It burns, but Kelly plays it off as sexy.

HANDSOM MAN and Kelly Drop the coffees and passionately kiss. He suddenly throws her up in the air and catches her.

She slides down into HANDSOME MAN's arms, mimicking the lift in Dirty Dancing.

As Kelly slides down on to him, HANDSOME MAN brushes Kelly's hair out of her eyes and aggressively starts rubbing her fur. Kelly rolls in the pleasure pushing out her diamonds to sparkle in the sunlight.

Kelly and HANDSOME MAN make out. They gradually make love against the window.

CUT TO:

INT.CONFERENCE ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Suzanne continues her lecture to the group. As Kelly sits a-gaze in her dream world out the window.

SUZANNE

You are not allowed to compliment
someone's physical appearance.
Okay? Good or bad.

BILL

So I am not allowed to say "Oh
Suzanne your hair looks nice
today?"

Kelly snaps back to reality at Bill's comment.

SUZANNE

No-you are not.

BILL

For fucks' sake. This really is
ridiculous. Should I just not talk?

SUZANNE

Comments on physical appearance are
basically a guaranteed loss of a
lawsuit--okay?

Kelly looks back to the window as her dream world slowly
comes back into vision.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Now if you turn to section 19 , you
will see all of the protected
classes, many of which every person
in this room falls under...if not
multiple...

CUT TO:

EXT.HIGH RISE APT BUILDING 49TH FLOOR.

Worlds blend as we tune back into the window.

There is something different...something off. As we get a
better view, it comes to be that HANDSOME MAN is gone.

Kelly appears now wearing a Men's Suit three sizes too big
with nothing underneath. She has a pencil drawn mustache and
full glam.

She reaches down and adjusts her large crotch.

She slowly approaches... Bill (wearing nothing but a fur length coat) in the window frame.

She shoves a ball gag of money into his mouth from behind.

He takes it, not moving, but excited by it.

CUT TO:

INT.CONFERENCE ROOM OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

Back in reality, Bill holds court around the table.

BILL

What if I want our company dress code to be all the women have to wear skirts--for example...

Kelly stares out the window.

CUT TO:

EXT.HIGH RISE APT BUILDING 49TH FLOOR.

Fantasy Kelly spansks Fantasy Bill from behind at gun point against the window.

SUZANNE (V.O.)

Under the class action lawsuit in 2018- you no longer can have gender-specific uniform guidelines, you have to offer two options--a dress or a pant suit --for example.

BILL (V.O.)

I mean this is just ridiculous-how does anyone do business anymore? It's my business, I should be able to conduct the work place the way I want it.

As Bill becomes elated, money stars pouring out of his mouth like a cartoon cash cow.

SUZANNE (V.O.)

Thats why we have a large insurance claim right?

BILL (V.O.)

Heh.

Bill elated slowly slides down, out of the window frame.

SUZANNE (V.O.)

We pay a big sum of money every month to help protect us--anything that falls under these protected classes .

Kelly in the window smokes a cigar, counts cash and admires the view.

SUZANNE (V.O.)

In this day and age the defendant will never win in court. It's just the truth. And we have seen this time and time again, never usually amounting into any new laws per se, but usually in major settlements between clients. It's why I have two houses.

INT.CONFERENCE ROOM OFFICE -CONTINUOUS

Kelly locks into reality. She stares across the table at Bill.

SUZANNE

Now... if we continue to page two of protected classes we can see...

Kelly looks down at the list of protected classes. "Sex, Age, Race..."

Kelly looks to Bill.

Bill stares back at her with a sinister static smile.

Neither one of them break eye contact holding a blank stare.

Kelly smiles.

THE END