

TITLE CARD- INT. HOME HALLWAY
 (CU STATIC) CAMERA IS LOW TO THE GROUND FACING THE INSIDE
 BOTTOM HALF OF A DARK BROWN STAINED DOOR THE DOOR IS GLOSSY
 WITH PURPLE AND BLUE LIGHT SHINING ON IT

SCENES:	VOICEOVER:
<p>INT. HOME HALLWAY (KNEE DOWN SHOT CAM MOVES FORWARD) THE DOOR OPENS WE SEE THE STRIPPER'S LEGS SHE HAS BLACK MESH TIGHTS ON WITH HOLES HER LEGS LOOK DISCOLORED THROUGH THE HOLES SHE IS ALSO WEARING BLACK STRAPPY HEELS WITH SCUFF MARKS SHE IS HOLDING A BEAT-UP BAGGY LEATHER PURSE AND HER KEYS ARE IN THE SAME HAND HER LEGS SLOWLY DRAG AS SHE WALKS TO THE END OF THE HALL</p>	<p>I never asked for this but in a way I did. Every decision I have made, I brought myself to it. Did I expect it, no, was I prepared... barely. I could sit here and start with some sob story of my reality, but you haven't even seen my face yet you already know that my life can't be any good. I used to walk with life, even when my life wasn't perfect. But, it was still mine.</p>
<p>INT. HOME HALLWAY (CU STATIC) A SMALL DARK WOODEN TABLE AT THE END OF THE HALL IT IS TALL WITH LONG LEGS THERE IS A SMALL BOWL FILLED WITH RANDOM ITEMS (A BUTTON, COINS, LIGHTER, SAFETY PIN, ETC.)THERE IS A PICTURE FRAME OF HER AND HER HUSBAND BOTH LOOKING HEALTHY AND HAPPY SHE DROPS HER KEYS ON THE BOWL AND PLACES HER PURSE ON THE TABLE HER HANDS AND VERY SKINNY WITH SHORT NAILS AND CHIPPED RED POLISH</p>	<p>My life doesn't feel like mine anymore, I am just a pawn in every man's game. Guess that's what happens when you let yourself love someone. You let your guard down. You let you be you. Do you know the saying 'Buy the ticket, take the ride', if I could describe love, that exact saying is what I use to describe it.</p>

INT. HOME HALLWAY

(FS STATIC) SHE IS WALKING AWAY FROM THE TABLE SHE IS TALL AND SKINNY IN HER LATE 20'S TO EARLY 30'S (COULD BE BLONDE OR BURETTE) WEARING BLACK JEAN SHORTS WITH A SMALL RIP IN THE FRONT RIGHT SIDE SHE HAS A BAGGY GRAY/BLACK T SHIRT WITH AN EAGLE ON IT AND A LEATHER JACKET SHE IS ALSO WEARING BRIGHT RED LIPSTICK AND SMUDGE BLACK EYELINER SHE WALKS TO THE LIVING ROOM PART OF HER HEAD IS IN FRAME AND WE ARE LOOKING OVER HER SHOULDER WE SEE A LIVING WITH A GRAY COUCH IN THE CENTER AND A BROWN OTTOMAN IN THE CORNER THERE IS A QUIET BLUE LIGHTING SHINING FROM THE TV TOM AND JERRY IS PLAYING THERE IS ALSO A TABLE IN FRONT OF THE GRAY COUCH WITH VARIOUS ITEMS (BEER BOTTLES, ASHTRAY, CIGGS,) THERE IS MAN SITTING IN THE CENTER ON THE GRAY COUCH HIS ARMS SPREAD ON THE TOP OF THE COUCH

INT.LIVING ROOM

(MS) SHE WALKS OVER TO THE TABLE SHE GRABS THE EMPTY THE BEER BOTTLES FROM THE TABLE

SCENES:	VOICEOVER:
INT.LIVING ROOM (CS STATIC)AS SHE GRABS THE BOTTLES SHE LOOKS AT HER HUSBAND WITH DISGUST WE SEE HIS FACE HE IS PASSED OUT ON THE COUCH MOUTH OPEN DROOLING	Oh boy, a ride it has been.

INT. HOME LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN

(MS) SHE WALKS TOWARDS THE CAMERA ONCE SHE PASSES IT THE BLUE LIGHT SHINES ON HER BACK (THE CAMERA) IT FOLLOWS HER INTO THE KITCHEN THE ONLY LIGHT COMING FROM THE WINDOW ABOVE THE SINK SHE PLACES THE BEER BOTTLES IN THE KITCHEN SINK

SCENES:	VOICEOVER:
<p>INT. KITCHEN (LS STATIC) SHE WALKS TO THE FRIDGE (WHICH IS RIGHT NEXT TO THE SINK ON THE RIGHT) AND BENDS DOWN AND GRABS A BOTTLE OF VODKA</p>	<p>Now, I NEVER used to drink this much but...</p>
<p>INT. KITCHEN (CS CAM FOLLOWS MOVEMENT) WAIST IS LEANING ON COUNTER WE SEE HER USING HER TIPPY TOES TO REACH SHE GRABS THE HANDLE AND OPENS THE CUPBOARD SHE GRABS A SHOT GLASS SHE CLOSES THE CUPBOARD AS SHE PLACES THE GLASS ON THE COUNTER IN FRONT OF THE BOTTLE OF VODKA</p>	<p>After looking at him, seeing the way his eyes drift to a place unknown to me. He, now in his own private Havana. Some nights I just sit and watch, unpack his bag from his long vacation. Other times, I joined him in first class. Maybe a couple's trip will bring us closer.</p>

INT. KITCHEN
(ECU STATIC) FAST JUMP CUTS OF HER LIPS TAKING FOUR SHOTS AND SLAMMING THE GLASS EACH TIME ON THE COUNTER

INT. HOME HALLWAY SPLIT SCREEN- WOMAN
(FS STATIC) SHE WALKS AWAY FROM THE COUNTER AND IS HEADED FOR HER BEDROOM AS BEGINS TO WALK A SPLIT SCREEN APPEARS HER ON THE BOTTOM HALF

INT. HOME HALLWAY SPLIT SCREEN MAN
ON THE TOP HALF IS HER HUSBAND FACE HE IS IN HIS LATE 20'S TO EARLY 30'S (ECU STATIC) HE HAS BIG EYES, SCURFY BEARD, LONG GREASY HAIR HE IS WEARING A BLACK T-SHIRT, BLUE WRANGLER JEANS, AND A BLACK BELT

SCENES:	VOICEOVER:
<p>INT. HOME HALLWAY SPLIT SCREEN-WOMAN (MS CAM FOLLOWS MOVEMENT)SHE IS HAVING TROUBLE WALKING DOWN THE HALLWAY STUMBLING HER FACE LOOKS DISHEVELED, (MCU CAM FOLLOWS MOVEMENT) HER LEGS HAVING TROUBLE WALKING IN A STRAIGHT LINE, (FS STATIC) OF HER BODY,SHE IS AT THE DOORWAY OF HER ROOM AND IS HOLDING HERSELF UP</p> <p>INT. HOME HALLWAY SPLIT SCREEN-MAN (LS STATIC) FROM THE RIGHT CORNER OF THE ROOM HE IS ON THE COUCH EYES BARELY OPEN WE CAN SEE HER WALKING TO HER ROOM IN THE BACKGROUND(CU STATIC) OF ITEMS ON THE TABLE, (MS STATIC) RIGHT SIDE OF HIS BODY WE CAN SEE HER IN THE BACKGROUND, (CU STATIC) OF HER HUSBAND EYES OPENING, (MS CAM FOLLOWS MOVEMENT)OF HIM GETTING UP FROM THE COUCH AND STORMING INTO THE BEDROOM</p>	<p>I always know when he's prowling, not watching, prowling.</p>

INT. BEDROOM

(FS STATIC) SHE WALKS OVER TO HER BED SHE SITS DOWN AND STARTS TO TAKE OF HER SHOES AS HE STORMS IN AND GRABS HER

(FS STATIC) SHE TOUCHES HIS CHEST TRYING TO CALM HIM DOWN HE FLARES HIS ARMS UP AND GETS EVEN ANGER

Man

Why did you show up so late? Huh?

Woman

I am sorry, I had to cover Steph's shift.

Man
Don't fucking lie to me!

HE GRABS HER NECK AND THEN THROWS HER ON THE BED

Man
What the fuck is the shit on your neck then? Did your dumbass run into the pole instead of swing on it? God damn you can't even get being a fucking stripper right.

Woman
Baby, I promise it's nothing.

Man
I asked for you to be a stripper not a fucking whore house. If I wanted to share you, I would watch you on the corner my fucking self.

INT. BEDROOM

HE PUSHES HER FURTHER HER NOW COMPLETELY LYING DOWN ON HER BACK THE CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS IN AS HE GETS ON TOP OF HER AND HE IS PULLING DOWN HIS PANTS AS SHE IS WIGGLING AND KICKING HIM HIM NOW ON TOP OF HER HE TAKES HIS PANTS OFF

INT. BEDROOM

(BIRDS EYE VIEW FS SLOWLY ZOOM INTO A CU) WE SEE HER SCREAMING CRYING BEGGING FOR HELP SHE SLOWLY STOPS SCREAMING AND HER FACE LOOKS NUMBS AND ACCEPTS WHAT IS HAPPENING TO HER

A FLASHBACK BEGINS OF HER PAST AND HOW SHE GOT HERE WE SEE THE PAST VERSION OF THE WOMAN AND MAN THERE IS ALSO THE Present VERSION OF THE WOMAN NARRATING SHE IS TALKING TO THE CAMERA

INT. LIVING ROOM

(LS SHOT) WE SEE THE LIVING ROOM COMPLETELY EMPTY WALKING IN IS THE HUSBAND HE IS DRESSED IN A WHITE BUTTON UP THAT IS OPEN AND HAS A WIFE BEATER UNDERNEATH FOR HIS PANTS HE HAS BLACK TROUSERS HE IS CARRYING THE WOMAN SHE IS WEARING A SHORT WHITE DRESS AND A VEIL THE Present VERSION OF THE WOMAN WALKS BEHIND THEM HOLDING A BOUQUET AND CLOSES THE DOOR

Present Version Woman
(says sarcastically)
Oh look at the happy couple!

INT. LIVING ROOM

HE KISSES THE WOMAN AND THEN GENTLY SETS HER DOWN THEY START TO WALK AROUND THE HOME

Present Version Woman
(says in annoyed tone)
Doesn't it just make you feel sick?

Present Version Woman
You know?

INT. LIVING ROOM

PRESENT VERSION WOMAN THROWS THE BOUQUET TO HER PAST SELF, SHE CATCHES IT AS SHE IS STARING INTO THE MAN'S EYES

Present Version Woman
I always had an inclination that it was too good to be true. The promise he made, so textbook that there was no feeling in them. Just the science of "How can I get you?". He clearly studied and was top of his class in emotional manipulation.

INT. LIVING ROOM

A SHADOW APPEARS OVER THE PRESENT VERSION WOMAN AND SHE DISAPPEARS LEAVING THE PAST VERSION OF THE MAN AND WOMAN

Husband
(he grabs her stomach and smiles cheek to cheek)
Can't wait for you to have my babies

Woman
(laughs and smiles then places her hand over his)
What! Already, baby we just got the place

Husband
And the promotion at the shop! Baby we are all set. You don't ever have to go back to that lifestyle. You're mine now. Nobody else can take you away from me.

INT. LIVING ROOM

THEY TURN TO EACH OTHER AND KISS AS A SHADOW APPEARS OVER THEM. CAMERA MOVES AROUND ROOM AND WE START TO SEE FURNITURE AND BOXES. PAST WOMAN IS WEARING A YELLOW CROCHET VEST BUTTON DOWN,

LIGHT BLUE MOM JEANS, AND A BLUE CROCHET HEADBAND WITH WHITE FLOWERS. WE SEE HER FACE, HER SKIN CLEAR AS DAY, FACE GLOWING, HER CHEEKS TINTED WITH PERFECT SHADE OF ROSE. SHE OPEN A WINDOW THEN WALKS AWAY. THE PRESENT VERSION OF THE WOMAN POP US FROM OUTSIDE THE WINDOW.

PRESENT VERSION OF WOMAN FOREARMS ON TOP OF ONE ANOTHER AS HER THEY REST ON THE WINDOW SILL. THE PAST VERSION OF MAN AND WOMAN PASS BY WE CAN ONLY SEE THEIR WAIST THEY WALK BACK AND FORTH CARRY DIFFERENT THINGS TO SET UP THE APARTMENT

Present Version Woman

I never needed him. Most women like me get with a man to be taken care of. Me, I just wanted to be loved. I have taken care of myself my whole life, it was like second nature to me at this point. One thing I have always struggled with is remembering how to love myself. I find myself appreciating my ways of survival, I just don't remember how to love it.

INT. LIVING ROOM

PAST VERSION OF MAN CLOSSES THE WINDOW AND WALKS AWAY. A BLACK SHADOW APPEARS OVER PRESENT VERSION OF WOMAN.

INT. LIVING ROOM

CAMERA BACKS AWAY AND GOES TO DOORWAY THE PRESENT VERSION OF WOMAN OPENS THE DOOR. PAST VERSION OF MAN WALKS THROUGH, PAST VERSION OF WOMAN COMES UP TO HIM AND HE PUSHES HER OUT OF THE WAY. HE HAS DARK BLUE WORK PANTS ON AND A WHITE SHIRT COVERED IN GREASE. SHE IS DRESSED IN A LIGHT GREEN MODEST DRESS.

Present Version Woman

Maybe I did fall in love with him for my own selfish reason, even worse than wanting to be taken care of. I fell in love with him because I wanted to learn how to love myself again. For the days I didn't.

INT. LIVING ROOM

SHE IS STILL STANDING AT THE DOORWAY. PAST VERSION OF THE WOMAN WALKS INTO THE HALLWAY OF THE DOORWAY. SHE IS DRESSED WEAR A BLACK LEATHER SKIRT, BLACK BIKINI TOP, AND A RIPPED BLACK JEAN JACKET. PAST VERSION STARTS FIGHTING WITH PAST VERSION OF THE WOMAN.

Present Version Woman

You forget how to love yourself when your only focus is surviving. My skinny body, heroin chic, not a product of beauty trends. The chipped nails becoming a part of my personality that you don't like but need. The bags under my eyes carrying more than just sleepless nights. The bruises on my legs were caused by me and me only. How do you remember how to love yourself when who you are isn't there anymore?

INT. LIVING ROOM

PAST VERSION OF WOMAN COMES INTO THE HOUSE FACE LOOKING VERY DISSOLVED, SHE GOES AND SITS ON THE COUCH, PRESENT VERSION OF THE WOMAN IS SITTING IN THE COUCH. THE PAST VERSION OF THE MAN STUMBLING AS HE IS WALKING TOWARD PAST VERSION WOMAN HE STARTS SCREAMING AT HER. SHE TAKES IT THEN AFTER A MINUTE SHE LAYS IN PRESENT WOMAN'S LAP, SEEKING COMFORT AND USE HER AND A BIG TEDDY BEAR ASH SHE IS BEING DEGRADED.

Present Version Woman

Constantly surrounded by predators. I became just an armored shell of instincts, all gathered from the long paths of my life. I know I will get through it, I always do, but sometimes I get lost in my thoughts. The suffocation gets too strong and I go purple. Just wanted someone to pounce on my chest and give me my reality check. Until one day they just end up crushing you. Because they are tired of saving you. I never asked to be saved though. I just wanted to be loved. A man always feels the need to go the extra mile for the wrong things. He believes he can step out of his comfort zone and step up in yours. Until it all ends up being too much, now you are the problem when in the beginning he was looking at me as a solution. A solution to what? Well, a moment for him to shine, of course. To be prince motherfucking charming and save me from the dragon. I should have stopped him when I had the chance. Made him cookies and mothered him instead of letting him make himself into a ''man''. Men who are mothered tend to let their ego go, there's nothing like the soft touch of a woman's hand creasing your forehead as you lay gently on her chest. The only time a man could ever be so gentle with a woman. I would say there were a lot of things I could have done to stop this, or maybe this is how it's meant to

be. Girls like us never end up with a Hallmark husband, we take the empty promises and run with them. I was never promised the things he promised me, so I ran. Left my independence and armor behind and I ran like hell. If there is one thing I learned after months of running this marathon is, that actions speak louder than words.

INT. BEDROOM

(BIRDEYE SHOT) THE FLASHBACK ENDS AND THE WOMAN OPENS HER EYES.

INT. BEDROOM

(WS OF HER LYING ON THE BED HER LEGS ARE AT THE END OF THE BED) SHE SITS UP AND PULLS HER UNDERWEAR UP FROM HER ANKLES SHE STANDS UP AND WALKS OVER TO HER DRESSER SHE LOOKS INTO THE MIRROR ATTACHED TO THE DRESSER THEIR ARE AN ASSORTMENT OF ITEMS ON THE DRESSER

SCENES:	VOICEOVER:
<p>INT. BEDROOM (MS OF HER BACK WE SEE HER FACE IN THE MIRROR) WE SEE HER TAKE A DEEP DEPRESSING STARE AT HERSELF WITH HER MAKEUP ALL MESSED UP WE SEE HER EYES DART UP AND DOWN WE THEN SEE HER HAND SLOWLY MOVE TO HOLD A SHARP METAL NAIL FILER SHE TAKES ANOTHER DEEP STARE IN THE MIRROR BUT THIS TIME WITH ANGER IN HER EYES AS SHE GRIPS THE NAIL FILER</p>	<p>Fuck that. You're better than that and you know it. You may not remember what you love but you still remember what you admire.</p>
<p>INT. BEDROOM/LIVING (MS OF HER IN SCENE 19 TURNS INTO CU OF HER GRIPPING NAIL FILER THEN ZOOMING OUT INTO A WS OF HER) SHE IS WALKING OUT OF THE BEDROOM IN A BRISK PACE HEADING TOWARDS THE LIVING ROOM WHILE GRIPPING THE NAIL FILER WE SEE THE BACK OF HER HUSBAND</p>	<p>It's not you.</p>

<p>HEAD AS HE IS SITTING INT. LIVING ROOM ON THE COUCH (CAM IS NOW FACING THEM AND SLOWLY ZOOMS INTO HUSBANDS NECK AREA) SHE GRABS HER HUSBANDS HAIR PULLS HIS HEAD BACK AND SLITS HIS THROAT</p>	
<p>(MCU OF HER HUSBANDS BLOODY THROAT STATIC) HE SLOUCHES ON TO THE COUCH AND IS ON HIS BACK SHE GETS ON TOP OF HIM AND STARTS TO STAB HIM MULTIPLE TIMES (DUTCH ANGLE LOW OF HER FACE WITH BLOOD SPLATTER AS SHE IS STABBING HIM)</p>	<p>(Screaming) IT'S NOT YOU! IT'S NOT YOU! IT'S NOT YOU! IT'S NOT YOU!</p>

(MS OF WOMAN ON TOP OF HER HUSBAND WE DON'T SEE HER FACE
STATIC) WOMAN GETS OFF OF HER HUSBAND AND HIS BODY ROLLS OFF
THE COUCH AND LANDS ON THE FLOOR (KNEE TO GROUND LEVEL SHOT)
SHE STANDS OVER HIM KNEELS DOWN AND STABS HIM ONE LAST TIME
LEAVING THE NAIL FILER IN HIM HIS HEAD OPEN WITH DEAD EYES
TURNS TOWARDS THE CAMERA AS SHE WALKS AWAY

Woman
It's not you

(GROUND LEVEL SHOT CU STATIC) WE SEE HER BLOODY HANDS GRAB
HER KEYS AND PURSE FROM THE WOODEN TABLE AT THE END OF THE
HALLWAY (KNEE DOWN SHOT STATIC) HER WALKING TOWARDS THE DOOR
OPENING IT LEAVING AND SHUTTING IT WITHOUT TURNING HER BACK

SCENES	VOICEOVER:
<p>INT/EXT. CAR (EC OF HER PULLING HER CAR DOOR HANDLE TO ZOOM OUT TO LS OF HER DRIVING HER CAR STATIC) WE GET JUMP CUTS OF HER DRIVING WITH THE FEELING OF REVENGE AND DETERMINATION</p>	<p>Here it comes. 'Why didn't you leave him?', 'You are just stooping to his level.', 'Blood is still blood.'. SHUT UP, OK?! I didn't want to do it. Was it easy, yes. But, at the end of the day I never wanted to kill him, I wanted him to feel the same pain I had felt. Not from just being with him. but, ALL of my pain. To let his ignorant self, or anyone for that matter, step in my shoes. FOR ONCE.</p>

EXT. PARKING LOT.
 (LS STATIC) CAR PULLS UP TO STRIP CLUB WITH RED LIGHTS REFLECTING OFF OF THE CAR

SCENES:	VOICEOVER:
<p>(DUTCH ANGLE LOW CAM IN FRONT OF GLOVE DEPARTMENT) WE HEAR HER OPEN THE GLOVE DEPARTMENT AND SEE HER PULL A GUN OUT SHE HOLDS IT FLIPS IT SIDE TO SIDE AS SHE STARES WITH DETERMINATION AND POWER</p>	<p>This. I've always thought about it. More in a Hollywood sense. A joke. Shit. It's not like I have anything left to lose.</p>

EXT. STRIP CLUB
 (MS TO SLOWLY ZOOM OUT TO A WS CAM FOLLOWS MOVEMENTS) WE SEE HER GETTING OUT OF THE CAR HER BACK TURNS TOWARDS THE CAMERA AND WE SEE HER PUT THE GUN IN THE BACK OF HER SKIRT SHE WALKS TOWARDS THE CLUB DOORS THERE IS A BOUNCER STANDING THERE WHO LETS HER IN

SCENES:	VOICEOVER:
<p>INT. STRIP CLUB STRIP CLUB DESCRIPTION: FROM HER POV WE SEE TWO MEN SITTING AT THE BAR AND A FEMALE BARTENDER SERVING ONE OF THEM A DRINK WE THEN SEE TWO WOMEN ON STAGE PERFORMING THE CLUB HAS ORANGE AND RED LIGHTING</p>	<p>I knew everyone here. It was always the same few people. I don't think they all deserved to die. I was just on a roll.</p>

INT. STRIP CLUB
 (FS OF HER BACK CAM FOLLOWS MOVEMENTS) WE FOLLOW HER BRISK PACE TO HER BOSSES OFFICE

BOSSES OFFICE DESCRIPTION: A SMALL ROOM WITH PALE WHITE ABRASIVE LIGHTING THE WALLS ARE COVERED WITH A TACKY VINTAGE WALLPAPER THERE IS A LIGHT BROWN WOODEN DESK WITH PAPERS ALL OVER AND A COMPUTER AND OTHER OFFICE SUPPLIES WITH SILLY KNICKKNACKS THERE IS CALENDAR BEHIND HIM AND A BULLETIN BOARD WITH OTHER PAPERS AND A SAFE

SCENES:	VOICEOVER:
<p>INT. BOSSES OFFICES (MS OF HER CAM FOLLOWS MOVEMENTS) FROM THE INSIDE OF THE OFFICE WE SEE HER OPEN THE DOOR WITH FORCE SHE IMMEDIATELY WHIPS OUT THE GUN AND THROWS HER PURSE ON TO HIS DESK AND SIGNALS WITH THE GUN TO PUT THE MONEY IN HER BAG (CAM PANS QUICKLY TO BOSS) HE IS A MAN IN HIS 50'S SITTING BEHIND THE DESK WITH NO HAIR AND A POT BELLY HE IS WEARING A PALE BLUE COLLARED SHIRT WITH OFF WHITE KHAKI PANTS AND A BROWN BELT AND DRESS SHOES HE LOOKS</p>	<p>Him. He deserved to die. Skimming more than ten percent of our earnings. I guess I'm the only smart one here. Realizing that it's ok to take back what's yours. To do what you HAVE to do.</p>

FRIGHTENED WITH HIS HANDS UP IN AIR SHOWING SIGNS OF SUBMISSION HE GRABS THE PURSE AND TURNS HIS BACK TO THE SAFE BEHIND HIM TO OPEN IT

INT. BOSSES OFFICES
(CU GROUND LEVEL OF BOSS) HE IS FRANTICALLY PUTTING THE MONEY IN THE PURSE WE SEE HIM GRAB THE LAST STACK TO REVEAL A GUN BEHIND IT HE GRABS IT AND IMMEDIATELY TURNS AROUND AND POINTS IT AT HER SHE WITH DANGER IN HER EYES SHE PULLS THE TRIGGER AND SHOTS HIM

Men think they are so smart. They can be. Their reactions though, don't let them. Women have a different way of stealth. We walk within shadows, wanting to go unnoticed. We know if we want to be noticed we can do it at the drop of a hat. We have the things people want to notice. We choose when we want to be unnoticed, stealth over self.

INT. BOSSES OFFICES/STRIP CLUB
(CU GROUND LEVEL STATIC) A SPLIT SCREEN APPEARS HER BOSS IS ON THE LEFT BARELY ALIVE HE IS LYING ON THE FLOOR HE REACHES HIS PHONE IT FALLS TO THE FLOOR AND HE DIALS 911 HE IS TALKING TO THE POLICE WHILE HIS STRUGGLING TO KEEP HIS EYES OPEN

ON THE RIGHT IS HER (FS OF HER CAM FOLLOWS MOVEMENTS) SHE IS STORMING THE CLUB GOING ON A SHOOTING SPREE SHE FIRST SHOTS THE BOUNCER (WS CAM FOLLOWS MOVEMENTS) SHE THEN SHOTS THE BARTENDER AND THE TWO MEN AT THE BAR SHE THEN SHOTS THE TWO WOMEN ON THE STAGE ONE TRIPS SHE WALKS TO HER AND SHOTS HER IN THE BACK AND THEN SHOTS THE SECOND STRIPPER BY THE ENTRANCE OF THE DOOR SHE TURNS AROUND HEARING

Just let your ego die. What's the big deal? I know he has some in with a coke cartel. I know it's not about the money. The game is all about who can take the first stab and still make it out alive. A game of manhood. It's about him winning. The big and strong running in with the gold cup all satisfy feelings of ego. I want to win.

<p>THE BACKDOOR OPEN SHE SEES ANOTHER STRIPPER TRYING TO ESCAPE (AS CAM PANS TO THE LAST STRIPPER SPLIT SCREEN ENDS)</p>	
<p>INT. STRIP CLUB (EWS OF THE TWO STATIC) SHE IS STANDING BY THE ENTRANCE OF THE CLUB THE STRIPPER IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CLUB BY THE BACKDOOR THEY ARE BOTH FACING EACH OTHER SHE SLOWLY RAISES HER GUN (MCU STATIC) WE SEE POWER AND CALMNESS IN HER EYES SHE FIRES THE GUN AND SHOOTS THE STRIPPER AND WATCHES HER FALL TO THE GROUND</p>	<p>I started this now it was time to finish it. Just aim and shoot. Not a name registered in my head, just the number of how many bullets I had left.</p>
<p>(EWS TO MS WHEN SHE SITS FOLLOWS MOVEMENTS) SHE WALKS OVER TO THE BAR AND SLAMS THE BAG OF MONEY AND GUN ON THE BAR SHE SITS SHE SEES A PACK OF CIGARETTES AND LIGHTER FROM HER RIGHT SIDE AND LIGHTS ONE UP SHE THEN GRABS A GLASS OF SCOTCH FROM ONE OF THE DEAD MEN AND STARTS TO SIP IT WHILE GIVING A DEATH STARE INTO THE CAMERA HER COVERED IN BLOOD SPLATTER</p>	<p>What now? Do I run to another place I don't know and start a life for myself?</p>

(MS STATIC) SHE IS TALKING TO THE CAMERA.

INT. STRIP CLUB

At the end of the day, I'm a bad guy, right? And bad guys, all we know how to do is be bad, We are never given the chance to be good. What would have happened if I was good in this situation? Another rape tomorrow. I HAVE to be the bad guy. The ONLY thing

I know how to do is be the bad guy. I am SUPPOSED to be the bad guy. There's no point in running. At the end of the day, I won. That's all I wanted.

(MS STATIC) WE SEE BLUE AND RED LIGHTS FLASHING ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF HER FACE SHE THEN LOOKS TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE DOOR CIGARETTE STILL IN HER MOUTH SHE PUTS HER HANDS UP AS THE POLICE COME IN AND CUFFING HER AND TAKING HER AWAY SHE GIVES ONE LAST DEATH STARE INTO THE CAMERA AS THE CIGARETTE FALLS OUT OF MOUTH AND ONTO THE BAR

(MS TO ZOOM OUT INTO WS STATIC) COPS ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE EXAMINING WHAT JUST HAPPENED

CREDITS ROLL
FADE TO BLACK
THE END.