

# **Sinister Lifestyle**

by  
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September, 2008

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FADE IN:

HOUSTON, TX

INT. CUBICAL HELL, OFFICE - SO CLOSE TO 5 YOU CAN TASTE IT

Some papers are littered about the desk in the small cubical. Several pictures hang on the walls along with a print out of Al Pacino in Scarface holding a machine gun and captioned with "I could go postal at any minute."

The name placard above the computer reads "SAM WARNER - Senior Escalations Representative", underneath is printed "Five Year Team Member".

The man in the cube, SAM, is staring at the clock on his desk. He looks extremely bored and a little anxious.

It reads "4:59"

Staring.

The colon blinks.

Still staring.

After what seems like decades it finally clicks over to 5:00.

Sam sits up straight and taps a button on his phone. He brushes his dark hair out of his face and away from his soft eyes. A look of relief washes over his face as his hand comes to his headset, pushing the earpiece tight against his ear.

SAM

Hello, and welcome to Texon Oil, you have reached Sam Warner with tier two support. Unfortunately I have left for the day and with the holiday this weekend I will not be back until Tuesday of next week. If you would like to leave your name and number I would gladly return your...

INT. SAM'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Sam's mood is already improving. He taps the steering wheel along with the radio as he drives.

He pulls up in front of another large office building. A MOUSY WOMAN with glasses wearing a sharp pantsuit and her fire red hair twirled into an "I'm a strong business woman" bun steps briskly in her fashionable heels as she crosses the walkway and climbs in the car.

She leans across and gives Sam a big kiss on the cheek.

MOUSY WOMAN  
Hey baby!

SAM  
Hey Jesi...

He checks his mirror and pulls away from the curb.

SAM (CONT'D)  
...how was work?

MOUSY WOMAN / JESI  
Fine...

JESI shrugs

JESI  
Everything set for this weekend.

SAM  
Yes it is.

JESI  
Dogs taken care of?

SAM  
Called the dog sitters.

JESI  
Did you hide a key for them.

SAM  
Yes.

JESI  
Did you remember to leave the  
check.

Sam shoots a look at her. It's a look of both surprise and failure.

JESI (CONT'D)  
Dammit Sam! I told you...

A smile slowly surfaces on his face.

She punches him in the arm.

JESI (CONT'D)  
Not funny!

SAM  
Sweetie...I told you everything is  
taken care of.

Jesi lets down her thick red hair. Her soft features contrast to the crisp accents of her business dress.

She quickly unbuttons her silk blouse and pulls it open to reveal a very sexy, very revealing corset.

She lays across the dash in a playfully seductive manner.

Smiling.

JESI  
Then Austin here we come!

OUTSIDE OF TEMPLE TEXAS

HIGHWAY GAS STATION

A beat up pick-up truck sits out in front of a dilapidated gas station out on a stretch of sun baked highway.

A very attractive BLACK HAired GIRL who's fashion style contrasts with the redneck heritage of the truck sits in the passenger seat, hiding behind a pair of oversized sunglasses. She looks bored.

The front door of the gas station opens and out steps a guy in a FUCKED UP COWBOY HAT with a bag in his hand. He's a big guy, sporting the wife beater and jeans look.

He approaches the passenger side of the truck. Fucked Up Cowboy Hat drops the bag in the girl's lap and gives her a big kiss.

FUCKED UP COWBOY HAT  
Baby! We are ready to ROLL!!

She opens the bag and inspects the contents.

BLACK HAired GIRL  
No jerky?

FUCKED UP COWBOY HAT  
Shit!

He spins on his heel and walks back into:

THE GAS STATION  
The clerk is laying face down on the counter in a puddle of his own blood.

Cowboy Hat walks up to the counter and nonchalantly reaches over the corpse and plucks a bag of jerky off the rack on the counter.

FUCKED UP COWBOY HAT (CONT'D)  
'scuse me Ace.

He turns back and heads back outside.

HIGHWAY GAS STATION

Cowboy Hat walks around to the driver's side and gets in. He tosses the jerky on her lap.

FUCKED UP COWBOY HAT (CONT'D)  
Ask and you shall receive,  
sweetness!

She holds up a shiny invitation that reads "Midsummers' Night Dream Party TONIGHT at EN-Ticement"

BLACK HAired GIRL  
Ready to party tonight baby?

FUCKED UP COWBOY HAT  
Oh, yeah!

CUT TO:

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - LATER

Sam and Jesi are sitting in a booth. The same shiny invite is sitting on the table. He takes a long pull off of his refreshing carbonated beverage. Jesi stirs a couple fries through a mound of ketchup before lifting them and using them to point at Sam.

JESI  
Do you think Steve and Dede will be there?

Sam roles his eyes.

SAM  
God, I hope not.

JESI  
(defensive)  
I like them!

Sam takes a bite of burger.

SAM  
I like them to, but I don't wanna fuck'em.

JESI  
Well, I don't want to fuck them either, but they're fun to be around.

Sam relaxes back in his seat and studies his wife.

SAM  
 We ARE going to a swinger's event,  
 I just don't want them to get the  
 wrong idea.

Jesi shrugs, agreeing with Sam without having to admit it.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 You'd think they'd have gotten the  
 hint by now.

JESI  
 They probably think we're playing  
 hard to get.

SAM  
 It sucks because they are so cool  
 to hang out with...

JESI  
 And yet, completely sexually  
 unattractive.

Sam smiles at her.

SAM  
 Exactly!

EXT. HIGH DOLLAR NEIGHBORHOOD, AUSTIN - LATER

That beat up pick up truck drives through the winding suburb  
 sticking out like a sore thumb.

INT. BEAT UP PICK-UP TRUCK

Fucked Up Cowboy Hat points out the window.

FUCKED UP COWBOY HAT  
 How bout that one?

The black haired girl shakes her head. She scans the  
 surroundings and takes notice of a HUGE MANSION sitting up on  
 a hill.

BLACK HAired GIRL  
 That one!

FUCKED UP COWBOY HAT  
 Woo! Always knew you had good  
 taste.

BLACK HAired GIRL  
 It has a pool.

EXT. MIDRANGE HOTEL - SAME TIME

Sam parks the car.

EXT. MANSION

The pick-up truck pulls up in the driveway.

INT. MIDRANGE HOTEL, FRONT DESK

The male front desk ATTENDANT smiles at them.

ATTENDANT  
Hello, may I help you?

SAM  
Yeah, reservation for Warner.

The attendant types away, occasionally glancing up and eyeballing the tops of Jesi's boobs peaking out from her open blouse.

He looks up to find he's been caught by Sam.

He gives Sam an "I'm sorry" look.

Sam shrugs it off like it happens all the time.

ATTENDANT  
Ah, here it is. You have a reservation for the entire holiday weekend?

SAM  
Yes.

ATTENDANT  
Just the two of you?

SAM  
Yes

ATTENDANT  
One king or two queens?

Sam grins.

SAM  
Two queens.

INT. SAM AND JESI'S HOTEL ROOM

The door opens and Sam and Jesi enter with luggage.

EXT. MANSION, FOYER

The doorbell RINGS.

A REGAL OLD WOMAN answers the door.

Fucked Up Cowboy Hat is standing on the porch.

REGAL OLD WOMAN

Yes?

Cowboy Hat takes off his hat, and puts it to his chest. And suddenly becomes ultra courteous.

FUCKED UP COWBOY HAT

Excuse me ma'am. I'm having a little trouble with my truck. I was wondering if your son was home and could maybe help me out.

Fucked Up Cowboy Hat is surveying the interior of the house.

REGAL OLD WOMAN

What? Oh no dear, my husband and I live here alone.

FUCKED UP COWBOY HAT

You don't say?

He smiles.

And then he SLUGS her in the stomach and pushes her inside.

INT. SAM AND JESI'S HOTEL ROOM

Jesi has several naughty outfits laid out on one of the queen beds.

Sam is sitting across the room at the desk, his laptop in front of him typing away.

JESI

I just don't know what to wear...what do you think Sam.

Sam glances away from the computer screen.

SAM

Well, the theme is Mid-Summer's Night Dream, so I would say something...ah...sexy?

JESI

Oh THAT helps.

He grins.

Sam is up and behind her in moments. He reaches around and cups her boobs from behind. Softly he kisses her neck. His hands wander down to her ass.

SAM  
You're sexy in anything you wear...

She swats him away playfully.

JESI  
Not now, I've got to get ready.

INT. MANSION

The black haired girl walks through the expanses of the house.

BLACK HAIREd GIRL  
Milo, this place is beautiful!

Fucked Up Cowboy Hat comes down the stairs from the second floor wiping a bloody hunting knife on his shirt.

FUCKED UP COWBOY HAT / MILO  
Nothing but the best for my baby!

The walk through to the

KITCHEN

The old woman is lying dead on the floor with a plastic bag wrapped around her head. Milo steps over the body.

MILO  
And I don't think the owners'll  
mind if we shack up here for a few,  
do you Mercedes?

She appears to ignore the question. She runs her finger down the marble counter tops. Milo disappears.

BLACK HAIREd GIRL / MERCEDES  
I always wanted marble counter  
tops.

MILO (O.S.)  
Holy shit!

MERCEDES  
What?

Mercedes walks out into the

GARAGE

A Jaguar and an Escalade are parked in the spacious garage.

MILO  
 You wanna take the Jag or the  
 Escalade tonight?

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - SEVERAL OUTFITS LATER

Sam's car wanders down the streets.

INT. SAM'S CAR

Sam and Jesi are driving around a warehouse district. Its dark and poorly lit.

JESI  
 The directions said you can't miss  
 it.

SAM  
 Well, I think we missed it.

JESI  
 I knew we should've brought the  
 GPS.

SAM  
 And miss all this culture?

They round a corner and toward the end of an alley, looking totally out of place is:

EN-TICEMENT NIGHT CLUB

The E and N of the neon sign out front are shaped out of male and female figures in compromising positions.

Aside from the bright blue neon sign, a modest awning and a red carpet from the front door extending into the parking lot it is just another huge metal building.

A shit ton of cars are parked off to one side. As they pull towards the club a valet jogs out to meet them.

INT. EN-TICEMENT NIGHT CLUB, LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

A LARGE WOMAN in a way too tight, sheer negligée is seated behind a counter. The lobby is plush, but aside from the woman and the counter it is empty. Music BUMPS from a pair of double doors to one side.

Sam enters first, wearing a black vest and faux goatskin pants. A few pieces of garland are draped around him.

Jesi follows him in. She's all whored up with a wreath of garland in her hair. A full length trench coat covers her from the neck down.

LARGE WOMAN  
Hello and welcome to EN-Ticement.  
Do you have an invitation.

Sam fishes a glossy invitation out of his pocket and hands it to her.

LARGE WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Excellent! Have you two been here  
before?

SAM  
No.

The woman shuffles some papers and produces a clipboard with paperwork on it. She hands it over.

LARGE WOMAN  
We'll need you both to fill these  
forms out...basically they say that  
you are aware of what type club  
this is...no cameras  
allowed...etcetera, etcetera. And  
I'll need both your IDs.

Sam and Jesi busy themselves with the paperwork.

The large woman studies the both of them.

LARGE WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Mmmm...mmm...

Then she picks up a radio and speaks into it.

LARGE WOMAN (CONT'D)  
(into the radio)  
Jeff, I've got two that are gonna  
need a tour.

JEFF (O.S.)  
(through static)  
Be right there.

Sam hands the clipboard back.

LARGE WOMAN  
It's 75 for a one night membership,  
plus 40 for the party.

An equally large man, JEFF, bursts through the double doors that lead inside the club.

LARGE WOMAN (CONT'D)  
I'll have Jeff here give ya a quick  
tour of our club.

Sam pays her.

JEFF  
Hello folks! First time?

Jesi nods. Jeff is all grins. He seems like a pretty jovial  
guy.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
First time here? Or first time at a  
club like this.

SAM  
First time here.

Jeff smiles and gives Jesi a wink.

JEFF  
Alright then, right this way.

INT. EN-TICEMENT NIGHT CLUB

Jeff BURSTS through the doors into the club with the two of  
them in tow.

It's a huge club. The bass is deep but not overwhelming.  
Steady rhythmic THUMPS throb through the air.

The whole place has a progressive lounge feel to it, with  
plush surroundings, intimate booths and lots of seating.

The dance floor is packed with well dressed men and scantily  
clad women grinding to the beat. Most are dressed in theme,  
some are just wearing lingerie.

A few stripper poles are scattered through out the place,  
most surrounded by seating. And several cages lie on the  
outskirts of the dance floor.

JEFF  
(over the music)  
Welcome to EN-ticement!

He looks back at Jesi.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
The coat check is right there.

He points.

Jesi strips off her trench coat.

Her body is unbelievable. Her work duds didn't do her justice in the slightest.

The costume she's wearing leaves little to the imagination. Her red hair falls around her shoulders. And for a moment she looks super freakin' hot.

And then she gets self conscious and her body language reacts accordingly.

Sam notices.

SAM  
Hey Jeff, how bout a drink?

Jeff's eyes are nearly bugging out of his head. He shakes it off.

JEFF  
Sure, right this way.

Jeff leads them to the bar.

They get drinks and Jeff leads them around.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Most of the seating out in the open is general seating...

The push through the crowd. Jesi turns a lot of heads.

Jeff points out the obvious along the way (poles, dance floor, etc.)

JEFF (CONT'D)  
We have several private and semi private VIP rooms down that hallway.

They come pretty much full circle.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
And that about does it!

Sam and Jesi thank Jeff for his time and weave back out into the crowd.

Sam takes the lead.

SAM  
How bout over there?

JESI  
Sure.

He leads them passed the bar and towards an unoccupied table.

An ASIAN GIRL runs up to Jesi.

ASIAN GIRL  
 Jesi! Holy shit...I didn't think  
 you guys would come up here...

The words machine gun out of her mouth.

She throws her arms around Jesi.

ASIAN GIRL (CONT'D)  
 ...it's so good to see you again!

JESI  
 Hi Dede!

An ASIAN GUY brings up the rear. It appears he has a hard  
 time keeping up with DEDE.

Sam extends his hand to the Asian Guy.

SAM  
 Hey Steve...I thought you promised  
 to keep Dede away from the  
 caffeine.

Dede slaps Sam in the arm.

STEVE  
 This is her without caffeine.

They all chuckle.

Dede kisses Jesi on the mouth and Steve follows in suit. His  
 hand comes up and cups Jesi's tit. She politely backs away.

Dede practically jams her tongue down Sam's throat.

Sam and Jesi are seriously uncomfortable with everything that  
 just happened. Dede and Steve seem oblivious.

DEDE  
 Where are you guys sitting?

SAM  
 We haven't grabbed a table yet.

DEDE  
 We're sitting over there!

She points. The table is full of people.

DEDE (CONT'D)  
 You should totally join us!

STEVE  
Yeah...we haven't seen you guys in  
a while!

He runs his hand over Jesi's butt.

SAM  
Maybe in a little bit, we were  
going to scope the place out a bit.

STEVE  
Cool...

Dede calls after them.

DEDE  
Come see us later!

Sam and Jesi proceed on.

As they walk away.

JESI  
(to Sam)  
Yep, Steve's drunk.

She shakes her head.

JESI (CONT'D)  
He always gets handsy when he's  
drunk.

INT. EN-TICEMENT NIGHT CLUB, BAR

Sam has his arm around Jesi. They're sipping their drinks and  
watching the crowd.

SAM  
I told you they'd be here.

JESI  
They're harmless as long as we  
don't go home with them.

SAM  
Shiiit...Steve gets any handsy-er I  
think *home* won't matter.

They turn their attention back to the club.

Sam points towards a FAT OLD GUY and the TINY HOT YOUNG  
BLONDE that is grinding on his leg.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Look, Andrew and Betty are here.



GUNG HO GUY (CONT'D)  
 So what do you say we head back to  
 VIP and fuck?

Jesi and Sam both look surprised.

SAM  
 I don't think so.

Gung ho guy ignores Sam's response.

GUNG HO GUY  
 Yeah-yeah we can just head back  
 there right now and fuck. No  
 biggie.

(to Jesi)  
 So, can you deep throat?

On that note she pulls away from him.

JESI  
 Wha...?

SAM  
 Dude. We *just* met!

The guy doesn't seem to see anything wrong.

GUNG HO GUY  
 Come on man, we got two hot chicks  
 that'er ready to go. If you're not  
 in the mood right now, wait until  
 they start going at it. Right?

He nudges Jesi with his elbow. Jesi is VERY UNCOMFORTABLE  
 now.

Gung ho girl reaches down and strokes Sam's cock through his  
 pants.

He catches her hand and politely removes it.

GUNG HO GUY (CONT'D)  
 What? You don't wanna fuck her?  
 Come on man, look at her. Honey  
 show him your tits.

She peels back her top and two big fake boobs spring into  
 view.

GUNG HO GUY (CONT'D)  
 Now how can you say no to that?

Sam doesn't really know what to say.

## GUNG HO GUY (CONT'D)

And she's totally bare. Baby, show him your pussy.

Gung ho girl starts to pull down her pants.

Sam GRABS Jesi and pulls her away.

SAM  
Maybe later.

They walk away, both disturbed and amazed.

CUT TO:

## DOM AND SUB COUPLE

The male is tall and domineering. He is complemented by a very petite "plain by pretty" girl wearing a choker. His hand is behind her back.

DOM  
We've been to several Amorous parties. But we find them tame compared to a good Fetish Ball.

Sam nods. Jesi seems fairly uninterested.

SAM  
So do you live in Austin?

DOM  
Yes, we've lived her for several years.

The girl just stares straight ahead, unmoving.

SAM  
We heard that there are a lot of swingers in Austin and that you guys really know how to party.

Dom looks down at Sam.

DOM  
We don't consider ourselves swingers.

Sam digests that comment.

SAM  
Then...what do you consider yourselves?

DOM  
Liberated.

The girl glances at Sam and Jesi.

Jesi makes eye contact with her.

JESI  
I'm sorry, how rude of me. I'm Jesi  
and this is Sam.

Jesi extends a hand to the girl.

She starts to move.

Dom's hand comes out from behind the girl's back. He's holding a leash that is connected to the choker around her neck. He YANKS the leash, snapping her head backwards.

DOM  
Do NOT speak to her while she's on  
her leash.

Sam looks at Jesi and then back at Dom.

DOM (CONT'D)  
She is only allowed to speak when I  
tell her to.

He relaxes his grip on the leash. She looks unphased, maybe even a little euphoric.

DOM (CONT'D)  
You may speak.

Her mouth opens to talk, but Sam and Jesi are already walking away.

ANGLE ON Sam and Jesi's faces. It's a strain to contain their laughter.

JESI  
(over her shoulder)  
It was nice meeting you two.

And then the giggling overtakes them both.

CUT TO:

THE STRICTLY SOFT-SWAP COUPLE

Sam is sipping his drink. Another couple stands close to them, but their focus is mainly on Jesi.

SOFT SWAP GUY  
 (mainly to Jesi)  
 So, you two soft swap or full.

Jesi shrugs.

JESI  
 We just like everyone to have a  
 good time.

SOFT SWAP GIRL  
 Well, we're strictly soft swap.

The guy turns to Sam.

SOFT SWAP GUY  
 That means no contact with the  
 other person's partner. Just the  
 girls play.

It's Sam's turn to look uninterested.

Jesi hitches her arm through Sam's.

JESI  
 We like everyone to be involved.

SOFT SWAP GUY  
 (to Jesi)  
 Oh, everyone is.

(to Sam)  
 While they go at it we can totally  
 hang out and watch.

He makes a crude masturbation motion.

SOFT SWAP GUY (CONT'D)  
 If you know what I'm saying.

The girl nods approvingly.

SAM  
 So we jerk off together while the  
 girls mess around?

SOFT SWAP GUY  
 Well...not together exactly.

The MUSIC changes.

Sam shoots a look at Jesi. She already knows what he's  
 thinking.

JESI  
 Oh my God this is our favorite  
 song!

She pulls Sam towards the dance floor.

Sam makes the same masturbation motion to the girl as they move away.

SAM  
(sarcastically)  
Hey...maybe later?

She looks puzzled.

Again Jesi's having a hard time keeping a straight face.

DANCE FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jesi is GRINDING up and down Sam's body. The booze is starting to warm her up a little bit and she seems to have emerged from her shell a bit.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(in Jesi's ear)  
Why can't we find any *normal*  
couples that swing.

JESI  
We find them all the time, they're  
just not attractive.

The music slows and the song changes. They stop dancing and head to the bar.

THE BAR

The BARTENDER approaches them.

Jesi leans back against the bar facing the dance floor.

JESI (CONT'D)  
I just want to meet a couple that  
we both get along with and are both  
good looking. Is that too much to  
ask?

BARTENDER  
What'll it be?

SAM  
Two Redbull and vodkas.

He turns to Jesi.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Sweetie, I feel the same way. We  
all get along and the other girl is  
totally hot!

He shoots her a smile.

JESI  
 Yeah, fuck off. The girl usually IS  
 good-looking, it's the guys that  
 are usually lacking in the looks  
 department.

They grab their drinks and head back to the table. Sam is  
 walking backwards in order to talk to Jesi.

JESI (CONT'D)  
 I mean seriously, what is it about  
 the lifestyle that attracts so many  
 hot women with ugly men?

Sam shrugs.

SAM  
 Maybe it was the girl's decision to  
 swing?

JESI  
 So she could fuck other guys?

SAM  
 Or other girls...

Sam turns quickly and nearly barrels over a little blonde  
 STUNNER. Her drink SPILLS down Sam's front.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 Jesus...I'm sorry.

STUNNER  
 No...it was totally my fault...I  
 wasn't paying attention.

She grabs a napkin from a nearby table and starts dabbing at  
 the wet spot on his crotch.

Sam looks her up and down. Satisfied with what he sees he  
 lets her continue to dab.

Jesi steps in.

JESI  
 It's alright. It was my big dumb  
 husband's fault.

She shoots an icy look over her shoulder at Sam.

The stunner stands and Jesi gets a good look at her. Jesi  
 approves too.

JESI (CONT'D)  
 Can we buy you a drink?

SAM AND JESI'S TABLE - A ROUND OF DRINKS LATER

Jesi and the stunner are snuggled together and Sam sits beside them with his arm draped over Jesi's shoulders.

All three of them hold up shot glasses and CLINK them together.

The stunner and Sam lick salt off of either side of Jesi's neck, shoot their shots and then retrieve slices of lime from her cleavage with their mouths.

Jesi licks salt of her hand, slams her shot and then leans over to the stunner. She holds a slice of lime between them. They both work on opposite ends until they meet in the middle.

Sam stares on with hard-ons for eyes.

Then, something catches his attention.

SAM'S POV

A couple enters the front door. A sharply dressed guy, Milo, with his fucked up cowboy hat on that completely contrasts with the sophistication of his expensive wears steps in and starts dancing as soon as he hears the music. He gallops around a little on a make believe horse, and even shoots a few folks with his "six shooter" fingers.

Right behind him is Mercedes. She looks like a stripper. But not one of those "give me a dollar while you sit next to the stage" kind of strippers. She looks like the kind that you "accidentally" blow next month's rent on, getting lap danced like it's an event in the Olympics.

She's tall and slender, with straight long black hair and a black latex outfit that might as well be body paint. Her presence causes several of the guys around her to check their pants for accidental ejaculant.

Sam snaps out of it when he hears Jesi's voice:

BACK AT SAM AND JESI'S TABLE

Jesi runs a hand over the other girl's chest and looks back at Sam.

JESI (CONT'D)

Sammy, I like this one. Can we keep her?

Sam leans in with a "Hell yes, let's go now" look on his face when suddenly a hand SLAMS down on the table.

The all look up to see an infuriated REDNECK.

He points at the stunner.

REDNECK  
What the fuck are you doing?

The stunner is DRUNK.

STUNNER  
I-I was just making friends.  
She happily drapes her arm around Jesi.  
Sam tries to diffuse the situation.

SAM  
Hi, I'm Sam and...  
The redneck cuts him off.

REDNECK  
Am I talking to you?  
His eyes never leave his "woman".

JESI  
We were just having a little fun,  
relax.  
This seems to make the redneck even more upset. He reaches  
across the table and GRABS the stunner.

REDNECK  
Come here you little slut.  
She fights but he outweighs her by 150 pounds.

JESI  
Hey.  
He starts dragging her out of the booth.  
Jesi shoots a look of desperation at Sam.  
Sam stands up.

SAM  
Hey!  
The redneck ignores him.

JESI  
Let her go!

SAM  
Hey man!

Sam's hand claps down on the redneck's shoulder. He switches  
his attention to Sam.

REDNECK  
You want some boy?

He BACKHANDS Sam. Sam crumples back into the booth. Jesi goes to his aid.

JESI  
(to the redneck)  
You fucker!

He GLARES at her but gets distracted when his own woman tries to make a break for it.

He clamps his hand down on her arm and drags her with him. She's wailing.

The redneck turns and bumps into Milo. He's chewing gum.

MILO  
Excuse me, Ace.

The redneck draws himself up to his full height, towering over Milo.

MILO (CONT'D)  
I can't help but notice that you're lady...

He motions to the stunner.

MILO (CONT'D)  
...is a little upset. Why don't you let her go?

REDNECK  
Why don't you mind yer own fuckin' business.

He reaches out and puts a hand on Milo's shoulder.

Milo smiles.

MILO  
Oh, you really don't want to do that?

REDNECK  
What the fuck are you going to do about it?

He maintains the grin. Slowly chewing his gum. He raises his hands shaped into "guns" and playfully shoots the redneck a couple of times.

MILO  
 A smart man like yourself would  
 just let her go and walk away right  
 now, Ace.

The redneck throws his weight behind his outstretched arm in an attempt to push Milo backwards.

Milo spins out of the way and locks the redneck's wrist. This takes the wind out of his sails pretty quickly. With a shove he spins the redneck around and slams him face down on Sam and Jesi's table.

He glances at the stunner picking herself up of the floor. Their eyes meet and he jerks his head towards the door. She gets the idea and takes off running.

The redneck struggles to get up, but Milo holds him at bay with just a twist of his arm.

Several large well dressed bouncers show up and they remove the redneck. One of them claps Milo on the back.

And the bar goes back to normal almost irrationally fast.

Milo plops down in the booth next to Jesi. His hot, hot woman slides in next to him.

MILO (CONT'D)  
 I don't know about you, but I need  
 a drink!

He slams his hand down on the table.

MILO (CONT'D)  
 WOO HOO!

Milo snaps his fingers.

MILO (CONT'D)  
 Barmaid! We need DRINKS.

His tone isn't ignorant and it's laced with just enough obnoxious sarcasm to make the waitress smile.

She comes immediately to the table.

Milo points to himself.

MILO (CONT'D)  
 Dewars. Rocks.

He points at his woman.

MILO (CONT'D)  
 Mercedes here will take something  
 girly and foofie.  
 (MORE)

MILO (CONT'D)  
 And pink if you can swing it. And  
 what ever these nice folks are  
 having.

He motions to Sam and Jesi.

As the waitress walks away Milo's eyes follow her ass.

MILO (CONT'D)  
 God damn! Ass like a crack whore on  
 a Stairmaster. Mmmmm Mmmmm!

Mercedes claps a hand over his mouth and addresses Sam and  
 Jesi.

MERCEDES  
 You'll have to excuse my husband.  
 He thinks he's funny.

She extends a hand to them.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)  
 I'm Mercedes and this is...

He fights his way passed her hand.

MILO  
 Milo.

Jesi is still catering to Sam who has a little blood  
 trickling from the corner of his mouth. She turns and takes  
 Mercedes hand.

JESI  
 Jesi. And this is Sam.

MILO  
 Took a good shot to the mouth there  
 Sam.

Sam shrugs his shoulder and shakes his head as if to say "I  
 don't know why I did what I did."

SAM  
 Seems like your approach was more  
 effective.

Milo shakes his head.

MILO  
 Who's got an incredibly gorgeous  
 woman in his lap right now?

He waves a hand at Jesi.

MILO (CONT'D)

Looks to me like YOUR approach was far more effective.

This elicits a smile from both Sam and Jesi.

MERCEDES

So is this your first time here?

Jesi finishes fussing over Sam.

JESI

Yeah, we came up for the holiday weekend.

MERCEDES

Oh, so you're not from here?

Sam shakes his head.

SAM

Houston.

MILO

Well I don't want to scare you two but...

He leans in close like he's got a secret. Puzzled they lean in as well.

Milo lowers his voice. His face is dead serious.

MILO (CONT'D)

...did you know that people in this club actually have sex with each other's spouses?

He covers his mouth in mock surprise.

And everyone has a good LAUGH. With the tension in the room significantly diffused the drinking resumes.

SEVERAL ROUNDS LATER

The table is littered with empty drinks and shot glasses. Mercedes has settled in next to Sam. Jesi and Milo are cozied up next to them.

Milo's hat is laying on the table. He's holding two shot glasses up to his bald head like bull's horns. His lips SPUTTER like a bull getting ready to charge. And then he acts like he's trying to gorge Jesi in the boob.

Jesi jumps a little and then bursts out laughing.

Mercedes turns to Sam.

MERCEDES

So how long have you two been in the lifestyle?

SAM

'bout three years. How about you?

She traces the rim of her glass of foofie pink goodness.

MERCEDES

I think I've always had the swinger mentality.

She uses quote fingers when she says "swinger".

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

My folks were flower children.

SAM

You're folks were hippies and named you Mercedes?

She chuckles.

MERCEDES

They didn't have much of a choice my grandmother's name...and she all but insisted.

She focuses back on her drink.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

...but they were all about free love and very anti establishment. So that's how they raised me.

SAM

Doesn't sound that bad.

MERCEDES

They taught me how to roll a joint at the tender age of six...

Sam reconsiders.

SAM

Touche.

She turns to him and looks him in the eye.

MERCEDES

Now, for the big question. Why?

Sam's confused.

SAM

Why what?

Milo tears away from screwing around with Jesi.

MILO  
Why'd you get into the lifestyle?

He taps out a cigarette and offers the back around the table.

SAM  
I don't smoke anymore.

MILO  
Quitter.

He grins and lights up.

MILO (CONT'D)  
You see, people get into the lifestyle for all sorts of reasons...some are trying to fix a marriage or save one. Some are trying to force one spouse to do something they don't want to...

He waves his hand through the air in an "and on and on" motion.

SAM  
I think it's a way to keep infidelity from ruining a marriage.

Milo exhales loudly. He doesn't believe Sam's answer.

Jesi's a little drunk.

JESI  
And it sounded like so much fun!

Milo turns his attention back to Jesi. He points at her.

MILO  
Now THAT'S what I'm talkin' bout!

Another round of laughter.

MORE DRINKS.

Jesi is STARING off at the dance floor at a couple of girls, all platinum blonde, dancing together. They're laughing and goofing off. They seem to be their own unit. Their men sit off to one side chatting amongst themselves.

Mercedes follows her gaze.

MERCEDES  
Jesi, if you don't mind my saying, you are a beautiful girl.

Jesi can't take a compliment. She immediately gets flustered.

JESI  
(murmurs)  
Thank you.

MERCEDES  
So why aren't you two up there with  
the pretty people?

Jesi sighs.

JESI  
The Platinums?

Mercedes and Milo look confused.

MILO  
The Platinums?

Jesi looks a little upset.

SAM  
There's a core group that follows  
Amorous Party around Houston. They  
are their own little clique. All of  
them have their hair died that same  
color...

Mercedes gets it.

MERCEDES  
And they won't let you in their  
little group, right?

Jesi remains silent.

SAM  
I keep telling her that it's like  
the popular kids in high  
school...they are much less  
interesting than real people.

Milo grins and points to Sam in acknowledgement.

MERCEDES  
Sam's right, Jesi. Look at those  
guys. They look like the popular  
kids from high school...only they  
never evolved from that...still  
just a bunch of kids...

JESI  
I just want them to acknowledge  
that they know us...we go to almost  
all their events and they still act  
like they don't know us.

Mercedes reaches out and takes Jesi's hand.

MERCEDES  
For a woman, you really don't  
understand girls too much do you?

She stands and draws Jesi out from behind the table.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)  
They're jealous...

Jesi starts to protest.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)  
Come on...trust me...you're gonna  
love this.

DANCE FLOOR

The DJ mixes up a new version of a popular dance song. The blonde brigade goes nuts.

BLONDE BIMBO 1  
Oh my god! I love this song!

BLONDE BIMBO 2  
Me too!

Another bimbo moves towards the dance floor. She grasps the other bimbos' hands.

BLONDE BIMBO 3  
They're playing our jam!

The clamber across the dance floor and all three of them climb inside one of the cages and begin to "play" grind against each other. They sing along with the song and make sure that everyone is watching.

Mercedes and Jesi stand off to the edge of the dance floor.

MERCEDES  
Look at them...

She shakes her head.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)  
...do you really want to be one of  
them?

Jesi looks on.

JESI  
I just want to have  
that...confidence.

Mercedes' head snaps back to look a Jesi.

MERCEDES  
Confidence? You think that...

She points at the girls in the cage.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)  
...is confidence?

Jesi nods slightly.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)  
Jesi! Those are a group of scared little girls. They're scared that if they don't act like that, that no one will like them...acknowledge them anymore.

Jesi is fixated on them. Mercedes words aren't registering.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)  
Watch and learn.

Mercedes grabs Jesi's hand and leads her to the dance floor. They begin to dance right next to the cage.

Mercedes leads. The dance is much more sensual and erotic than the playful ass slapping of the Platinums and the attention of the crowd quickly switches to Jesi and Mercedes.

CUT TO:

SAM AND JESI'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Sam watches his wife dance with Mercedes, his mouth hangs open.

MILO  
Careful boy...you're gonna catch flies...

BACK TO:

DANCE FLOOR

The Platinums begin to notice that they are not the center of attention anymore. So in true bitch fashion they motion for Mercedes to join them in the cage.

Mercedes looks to Jesi and winks before slipping into the cage with the three girls.

Jesi looks betrayed as she watches Mercedes dance with them.

Mercedes works her body just as sensually around all three of the bimbos in the cage, but the longer her hands wander to those "naughty" places the more uncomfortable the girls become.

One of them, and then another exit the cage looking sheepish and embarrassed.

The blondie left in the cage seems to be the leader of the pack, and she isn't backing down so easily.

Mercedes just keeps on going.

They gyrate together.

Mercedes climbs the edge of the cage and flips so she's upside down. The girls are face to crotch.

The blonde tries to be brave, but Mercedes grabs her ass with both hands and pushes her face right in the girl's crotch.

The blonde can't take anymore.

She turns and stomps away, pushing passed Jesi.

The song ends.

Mercedes grins and beckons for Jesi to join her in the cage.

As the next song plays Jesi and Mercedes bump and grind in the cage.

All eyes on them.

The song ends.

The girls climb out of the cage.

Jesi is having a hard time keeping it cool as several guys and a few girls approach them.

Compliments and drooling.

The two of them turn to leave.

ANGLE ON their faces.

Jesi is about to burst.

Mercedes looks sensually satisfied.

JESI  
That was awesome!



Dede's eyes go from Jesi to the couple behind her.

JESI (CONT'D)  
Oh...Dede...this is Milo and Mercedes.

Dede seems more focused on Sam and Jesi. She barely acknowledges the introduction.

Steve finally catches up to her.

DEDE  
You guys can't leave!

Sam looks at Steve and shrugs.

Steve eyes Mercedes up and down and gives Sam the silent equivalent of a high school high five.

DEDE (CONT'D)  
We have a suite at the Dresden...and we're having an after hours...

Sam shoots a look at Steve.

SAM  
Jesus Steve.

Steve shrugs.

STEVE  
You know what they say in the lifestyle...The women call the shots.

DEDE  
You guys HAVE to come!

The situation is awkward for Jesi.

JESI  
It sounds like a lot of fun, but...

MERCEDES  
(interrupting)  
We'd love to.

DEDE  
OK. Great! Room 744  
...seven...four...four.

She gives Jesi a big hug.

DEDE (CONT'D)  
Awesome! We're leaving now. Meet you guys over there?

Jesi looks at Mercedes and then turns back to Dede.

JESI

Sure!

EXT. THE DRESDEN - MOMENTS LATER

The Dresden is a overly grand posh hotel in downtown Austin.

INT. THE DRESDEN, LOBBY

The doors open and Jesi and Mercedes enter, followed by the boys.

MILO

WOO HOO HOO...nice digs!

THE ELEVATOR

The foursome piles into the elevator. There's a SHORT UNATTRACTIVE GUY standing in the corner as they enter.

His eyeballs about fall out of his skull as the ladies enter.

SHORT GUY

Going up?

Mercedes snuggles up to Sam but keeps her eyes on the little guy.

MERCEDES

I'd rather be going down...

He fumbles for the buttons on the elevator, completely embarrassed.

SAM

Seven please...

He presses seven but never takes his eyes off the girls. Milo is standing next to him.

Milo smacks the guy in the back of the head.

MILO

Hey! Eyes front.

The poor guy turns and faces the elevator door.

He contemplates his situation for a second and then presses 3.

The elevator abruptly stops and the guy gets off.

The four start giggling before the doors even close.

INT. ROOM 744

There's a dozen people in the room. Most are standing around talking, having drinks.

Gung Ho guy and girl are talking to another couple on one of the couches. While the four of them are talking Gung Ho girl climbs onto the floor, fishes the other guy's cock out of his pants and starts going to town.

Gung Ho guy hardly seems to notice.

The door to the suite OPENS

And in walk Sam and Mercedes along with Milo and Jesi.

Everyone else is going about their business, and no one seems to be paying any attention to the fellatio that is going on on the couch.

Milo becomes captain obvious.

MILO  
(a little too loud)  
Is she suckin' his dick?

Jesi elbow's him in the ribs.

MILO (CONT'D)  
What?

Dede appears from an adjoining room. She's wearing a negligee.

DEDE  
You guys made it!

She squeals and hugs Jesi again before addressing the group.

DEDE (CONT'D)  
OK, drinks are over there, there's  
a bedroom off the main room and...

She turns to see Gung Ho Couple and the other couple going at it on the couch.

DEDE (CONT'D)  
...there's that...

Everyone laughs.

MILO  
Scuse me...Dede, is it? Where's the  
pisser?

Dede is taken back by Milo's overbearing presentation of himself. She quietly points towards the hallway that leads to the bathroom.

MILO (CONT'D)

Thanks!

He stalks off.

Dede leans in and whispers (a little too loud) in Jesi's ear.

DEDE

You and Sam should join us in the  
bedroom...

Jesi rolls her eyes at Sam. His hand goes to his mouth to mask his laughter.

HALLWAY TO THE PISSER

The bathroom is actually tucked away from the rest of the suite down a short hallway. Two guys are in line for the bathroom in front of Milo.

As he walks up a cute girl emerges from the bathroom and walks down the hall.

The next guy in line enters.

And then there were two.

Milo is smacking gum.

MILO

So how do you know the Asians?

The DUDE IN THE HALLWAY looks puzzled for a minute and then responds.

DUDE IN HALLWAY

Oh...you mean Steve and Dede? We've  
known'em for a while.

Milo leans close.

MILO

Do you know them, or do you *know*  
*them*? If you know what I mean.

DUDE IN HALLWAY

I don't think that's any of your  
business.

MILO

That answer's my question.

Milo retreats back to leaning against the wall.

DUDE IN HALLWAY  
So...have you?

Milo laughs.

MILO  
No. Why?

DUDE IN HALLWAY  
Nothing.

This peaks Milo's interest. He turns back to the guy and gets uncomfortably in his face.

MILO  
What's up?

DUDE IN HALLWAY  
Nothing...I just...I think Steve  
only has one nut...

Milo's hand is around the dude's throat in a flash. He slams the guy into the wall.

MILO  
You callin' me a fag, boy?

DUDE IN HALLWAY  
No...no...

Milo produces his hunting knife. He traces across the dude's cheek with it. And leans in really close.

MILO  
Good...cuz if you think I'm  
interested in how many balls that  
chink has...or any guy for that  
matter...

The dude is petrified, staring down his nose at the very sharp, very pointy knife that is extreme close to his eyeball.

DUDE IN HALLWAY  
Please...don't...

Milo grins.

MILO  
I catch you talking that fag shit  
again, and I'll make sure you're  
not fucking anything ever again  
with that little pecker of yours.  
Got it?

DUDE IN HALLWAY  
Y-yes...

Milo releases the dude. He completely forgets about the bathroom and heads back out into the suite.

BACK IN THE SUITE

Mercedes, Sam and Jesi are sitting on the other couch talking to a PRETTY GIRL.

PRETTY GIRL  
We met Steve and Dede the last time they came to Austin.

MERCEDES  
Do you come up this way often?

PRETTY GIRL  
Not nearly enough. We love the area. Are you from around here?

MERCEDES  
No. We've travelled around quite a bit.

SAM  
Do you and Milo live here now?

MERCEDES  
Yes...and if you play your cards right you might just see the inside of our bedroom!

PRETTY GIRL  
Mmmm...sounds hot.

The dude from the hallway walks briskly up and taps the pretty girl on the shoulder. She looks up and then turns back to the group.

PRETTY GIRL (CONT'D)  
And here's my other half...

The dude glances at the group...

DUDE IN HALLWAY  
Hi...

And then back at her.

DUDE IN HALLWAY (CONT'D)  
Honey, we really need to go.

PRETTY GIRL  
What? We just got here.

Dude looks nervously over his shoulder back towards the bathroom.

DUDE IN HALLWAY  
 Something came up. Grab your shit.

PRETTY GIRL  
 I want to stay.

He grabs her by the arm.

DUDE IN HALLWAY  
 Grab your shit. Please...

Another glance over his shoulder.

PRETTY GIRL  
 Ok..ok!

She grabs her purse.

The dude is already dragging her towards the door.

PRETTY GIRL (CONT'D)  
 It was nice meeting you guys...

Milo rounds the corner to the suite.

DUDE IN HALLWAY  
 (under his breath)  
 Oh shit.

He starts put pull her with more force.

PRETTY GIRL  
 What the fuck?!

DUDE IN HALLWAY  
 I'll tell you on the way.

They exit the room.

Milo walks up to the couch and plops down in between Jesi and Mercedes.

MILO  
 What'd I miss?

Jesi shakes her head.

JESI  
 You have no idea.

SAM  
 Yeah, have you guys ever noticed  
 how many couples have issues that  
 they should really work out before  
 they jump into a lifestyle where  
 you share your partner?

Milo check's his watch.

MILO  
Sammy my boy...don't you think it's  
a little late for that kind of deep  
thinking?

The group laughs again.

MERCEDES  
I'm thinking we'd have a much  
better time back at our  
place...just the four of us.

JESI  
That sounds fun.

MILO  
And THAT sounds like Jesi just made  
up my mind.

The two couples on the couch near them are going strong now.  
Gung Ho girl is on all fours and the guy is getting after  
her.

Moans and grunts provide interesting background noise.

Dede comes back out of the bedroom, her hair is disheveled  
and it looks like she just threw her negligee back on.

She marches up to Sam.

DEDE  
Sam, I'm ordering you to come back  
with me!

She giggles and then leans in to plan a big smacker on his  
lips.

Suddenly

GUNG HO GIRL  
What the fuck?!?

She jumps up, naked.

The guy she was just having sex with looks perplexed.

GUNG HO GIRL (CONT'D)  
You did not just try to stick that  
in my ass!

The look on the guy's face says "guilty as charged".

She turns to her man, who is still inside the other girl.

GUNG HO GIRL (CONT'D)  
Baby! He just tried to fuck my ass!

GUNG HO GUY  
Not cool dude.

And he goes back to the girl. The other guy tries to take that as a cue and approaches Gung Ho girl.

GUNG HO GIRL  
Oh, HELL no!

She pushes the guy backwards.

GUNG HO GIRL (CONT'D)  
Get the fuck out of here!

The guy looks confused, especially since Gung Ho guy is still plowing his girl.

GUNG HO GIRL (CONT'D)  
My ass...is exit only!

She pushes him again. He falls on the floor with his pants around his ankles.

GUNG HO GIRL (CONT'D)  
(screeching)  
GET OUT!!

The whole event has drawn Dede's attention away from Sam.

Sam and Jesi stand, followed by Mercedes and Milo.

SAM  
On that note!

Dede glances over.

JESI  
I think we're going to head out.

DEDE  
No...you guys just got here.

SAM  
Dede, we'll catch up with you later.

Mercedes curls around Sam.

MERCEDES  
I'll keep an eye on him for you.

Dede doesn't like that at all.

Milo takes one last look around the room.

MILO  
Nice place.

He turns to Dede.

MILO (CONT'D)  
It was nice meeting the both of  
you. I'm sure we'll run into each  
other again soon.

Dede delves out the hugs.

DEDE  
Be careful.

The four exit into

HOTEL HALLWAY

After the door closes and they're making their way back to  
the elevator.

MILO  
(in his best girl voice)  
My asshole is EXIT only!

SAM  
(imitating Gung Ho Guy)  
Not cool dude.

And then he acts like he's fucking the air in front of him.

The group laughs.

EXT. MANSION

Its a huge house surrounded by nothing but woods. The  
landscaping is impeccable. Motion sensitive lights come on as  
the SUV pulls up to the front door.

INT. MANSION, FOYER

The foyer is ridiculously large. The decor seems a little too  
conservative for Milo and Mercedes.

The front doors open and they all make their way inside.

MILO  
The humble abode...

Sam and Jesi are in awe. They gape at their surroundings.

SAM  
Jesus...

## LIVING ROOM

Milo leads them through another huge room filled with ornate furniture and artwork.

JESI  
Milo, what did you say you do for work?

He grins back at her.

MILO  
I didn't.

They enter:

## THE KITCHEN

Another massive room. The kitchen in contrast to the rest of the house is newly renovated and very contemporary.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Perhaps I'll take Sam under my wing.

JESI  
Hear that baby?

MILO  
I think I'll grab us a bottle of wine. Honey, why don't you show them out to the pool?

Milo heads down a flight of steps in the back of the kitchen while Mercedes leads Sam and Jesi out back.

## EXT. MANSION, BACKYARD

It's a tropical paradise. Palm trees run around a large natural stone pool. At one end is a large hot tub.

SAM  
(in awe)  
Holy shit!

They exchange looks. This is the nicest backyard they've ever seen.

ANGLE ON Milo from the back.

MILO  
Alright kids...

CLOSE ON the back of his head. He's still wearing his cowboy hat.

PULL OUT that's all he's wearing. Milo is buck-naked, holding a bottle of wine and some glasses.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Who wants to get in the hot tub??

HOT TUB - LATER

The four of them are sipping wine and sitting naked in the hot tub.

Milo's still wearing the hat.

MILO  
So there we are at this little shithole bar in Tijuana. We're drunk as two skunks. And there's this girl.

MERCEDES  
And Mr. Brilliance over her is trying to get her to let him do a body shot off her.

Milo looks over at Sam and Jesi and shrugs.

MILO  
She was HOT!

MERCEDES  
She also didn't speak any English. But dumbass here thought she wouldn't mind.

Milo shrugs.

MILO  
Who doesn't like a body shot?

MERCEDES  
So...he grabs her and throws her up on the bar.

Jesi and Sam are enjoying the animation Mercedes is putting into the story, topless.

MILO  
And who doesn't understand 'uno shot-o out of el navel-o por favor?'

MERCEDES  
And she's screaming bloody murder, but Milo still doesn't thing anything's wrong.

MILO  
I stand behind my previous  
statement.

MERCEDES  
So he grabs the tequila, fills her  
navel...barely because she's  
thrashing around and then he lifts  
her up and does his shot.

Milo points at his ear.

MILO  
I still can't hear really well out  
of this ear...she was screaming so  
loud.

MERCEDES  
So she climbs off the bar...we turn  
around...and there's like three big  
Mexicans ready to beat his ass.

Jesi gasps.

JESI  
Oh my god! What'd you do?

Milo puts up his dukes.

MERCEDES  
Rocky here puts his hands up like  
he's going to fight them...now let  
me remind you that he can't hardly  
stand up straight, let alone throw  
a punch. So I'm thinking these guys  
are going to kill him.

SAM  
Jesus...

MERCEDES  
And all of the sudden all three of  
their faces turn white as ghosts  
and they back off.

JESI  
Why?

Milo flexes and points at his biceps.

MILO  
The guns baby...they saw the guns.

Mercedes pushes his arm out of the way.

MERCEDES

At first I thought they were really  
scared of him...and then I turned  
around and saw the bartender  
holding a shotgun.

Milo slaps Sam in the arm.

MILO

Apparently Americans tip better!

They all laugh.

Sam drinks his last swallow of wine.

He hops out of the tub and grabs a towel.

SAM

Anybody else need more wine?

Of course, everyone does.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'll just grab the bottle.

INT. MANSION, KITCHEN

Sam walks in and picks up the wine bottle. It's almost empty.  
He glances around the kitchen and then heads back towards the  
wine cellar where Milo got the last bottle.

He walks down a short staircase and opens the door.

Inside it's PITCH BLACK.

SAM

Shit.

He starts feeling around on the wall for a switch.

He finds it and flicks it.

MERCEDES (O.S.)

Hey...

He spins away from the open door. Mercedes is standing at the  
top of the steps, naked. She descends the stairs.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

You don't want to go poking around  
in there...its filthy.

Sam's staring at her tits.

SAM

I don't mind.

She pushes up close to him and reaches through the door and retrieves a bottle. His eyes are on her the whole time.

She holds up the bottle.

MERCEDES  
Just what the doctor ordered.

Both turn and start up the stairs.

ANGLE ON the interior of the wine cellar. Laying next to the door is the BODY of the woman who answered the door bag wrapped tightly around her face. Her lifeless eyes stare out into space.

Mercedes reaches in, flips off the light and closes the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION, BACKYARD

Mercedes and Sam step out to find Milo and Jesi kissing. Sam stops and watches.

Mercedes stands behind him and talks softly into his ear.

MERCEDES  
Sexy isn't she?

Sam nods and watches. Jesi's eyes are closed and she seems really into the make out session.

Slowly Jesi's eyes open and she notices Sam standing there.

She breaks contact.

Milo looks over.

MILO  
You two came back! I figured Cede would have had you sweaty and screaming on the kitchen floor by now.

He grins.

Mercedes hands him a glass of wine and climbs into the tub.

MERCEDES  
Don't listen to him Sam...

She takes a drink of wine.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)  
I would've fucked you on the counter.

She laughs and is quickly joined by Milo and then the rest.  
Sam climbs in the tub.

Milo notices the TATTOO on Sam's deltoid. It says "COWBOY"  
and underneath there's a pair of crossed six shooters.

MILO  
So, Sam...Dallas fan?

Sam glances at his shoulder and then back at Milo.

SAM  
Oh the tat? No...not really.

Milo is intrigued.

MILO  
So...are you a...cowboy?

SAM  
Me? No...

He shakes his head.

JESI  
It's kind of a funny story.

Sam looks at Jesi.

SAM  
It's not really that funny.

Jesi clams up.

MERCEDES  
OK, now *I've* got to hear this  
story.

Jesi can't contain herself.

JESI  
They call him the Cowboy at work.  
There's not a single problem he  
can't fix or a customer he can't  
make happy...he got the tattoo  
after he won an outstanding  
achievement award.

Sam is infinitely embarrassed. He cheeks burn red.

MILO  
...interesting...

He tips his glass to Sam.

MILO (CONT'D)  
To the Cubical Cowboy!

They raise their glasses, but Sam still looks a little flustered from the comment.

Mercedes nuzzles against him.

She whispers into his ear.

MERCEDES  
I think it's cute.

Her hand ventures between his legs under the water. She moves over onto his lap and presses her lips against his. They kiss deeply before she pulls away and leans over to Jesi. She cups Jesi's chin and kisses her as well.

The three of them go at it for a few minutes while Milo smokes a cig and watches.

Mercedes looks over at Milo.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)  
Baby, you're gonna love her.

Milo slides over and pulls Jesi close.

The swapped couples explore each other's partners.

TIME PASSES

WINE GLASSES EMPTY

Milo and Mercedes lead Sam and Jesi inside to:

THE MASTER BEDROOM

A HUGE BED is against one wall opposite a pair of french doors that lead out onto a balcony.

The girls are interlocked on the bed naked. Their own partners are with them. Everyone is naked and sweating.

MORE TIME PASSES

Now Sam is in between Jesi and Mercedes. They are writhing around him. Its the kind of action you pay premium dollar to watch in the comfort of your own home.

Milo stands up from the bed.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)  
Baby?

Milo turns back.

MILO  
 Don't worry about me. You three  
 have a good time.

He looks at Sam.

MILO (CONT'D)  
 Don't ever say I didn't give you  
 anything.

He turns and disappears out of the room.

The three of them fall back into naked sweaty goodness.

Sam is a happy man.

POSITIONS SWITCH

Mercedes and Sam are pleasuring Jesi.

In the midst of ecstasy she looks over to see the french doors open and Milo sitting on the balcony. He must have slipped back in while they were in the midst.

He quietly smokes a cigarette, beer in hand. His eyes are focused on Jesi, so intently that it's more than a little creepy.

LATER STILL

The three are spent and sleeping on the bed. Milo is gone.

INT. MANSION, KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Milo is drinking a beer while making eggs. He's singing along with the radio. His loose shorts ride casually on his hips. He dances around shirtless while he sings.

THE MASTER BEDROOM

Sam is sleeping peacefully with a huge grin on his face (lucky bastard!). The girls are cuddled up against him on either side.

THE KITCHEN

Milo turns around with the pan from the stove and accidentally drops some eggs on the floor. He quickly bends down, scoops them up and throws them back in the pan. Then he glances around to make sure no one saw.

As he's rising from the floor

The doorbell RINGS.

Milo's head snaps toward the sound.

He carefully sets the pan back on the burner and pads off towards the front door, whistling, and carrying the spatula.

THE FRONT DOOR

Milo opens the front door.

There stands a MIDDLE AGED WOMAN in a tennis outfit.

As the door is opening...

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN  
Helen...ready to go?

Her eyes fall on Milo. She looks puzzled.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Who are you?

She tries to look inside behind Milo.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Where is Helen.

Milo seems perfectly calm.

MILO  
Hello, ma'am...

He reaches out a hand.

MILO (CONT'D)  
I'm Helen's son.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN  
Helen and Jim don't have any sons,  
only daughters.

MILO  
I'm sorry, I meant son-in-law. I  
just feel so much like part of the  
family.

Milo is making Eddie Haskell look like an amateur with his "good guy" rouse.

She puts a hand on her hip.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN  
None of the girls are married.

Milo still has a big grin on his face.

MILO

I was afraid you might say that.

And he throws a RIGHT CROSS and knocks the woman to her knees.

He quickly grabs her and pulls her inside the house. As he closes the door he listens for any sign of movement upstairs.

The house is SILENT.

He cups his hand over the face of the woman and drags her half conscious body into:

THE PARLOR

Just a well decorated side room. You know, the kind that doesn't serve any other purpose than to remind schlubs like me that some people just have way too much money.

The woman groggily starts to come to.

She looks up in terror at Milo. There is blood dripping from her split lip. Her mouth opens to scream.

And Milo BACKHANDS her across the floor.

He moves over her quickly.

She's kneeling on the floor, trying to stand.

He straddles her.

MILO (CONT'D)

I bet you're a wildcat in the sack...

He leans down and speaks right in her ear.

MILO (CONT'D)

...or used to be.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

What do you want?

He brings the spatula around and throttles her with it.

Her hands claw desperately at the kitchen utensil.

Milo thrusts his knee into her spine and pulls backwards.

MILO

(low guttural growl)  
I. Want. You. To. Die.

He jerks backwards.

CRACK.

The woman's head lurches back at an unnatural angle.

She stops moving.

He leans down and licks her cheek.

MILO (CONT'D)

Mmmm...

Milo holds for a second longer before dropping her corpse to the floor.

He turns, resume whistling, and walks out of the parlor into:

THE FOYER

Milo pulls the doors to the parlor closed.

He looks every bit as nonchalant as he did earlier.

His eyes wander up the stairs.

MILO (CONT'D)

(shouting upstairs)

Anybody want some breakfast.

And he dances back towards the kitchen still holding the spatula.

THE MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The two girls are lazily getting dressed. Sam is still in bed, watching.

Mercedes finishes dressing first and starts for the door.

MERCEDES

You two coming? Milo makes great food...

JESI

We'll be right there.

Mercedes leaves.

Jesi turns to Sam.

JESI (CONT'D)

Did you have fun last night?

Big grin.

SAM

What do you think? Did you?

Jesi hops on the bed with him.

JESI  
I had a great time!

She's beaming.

THE KITCHEN

Mercedes sits at the breakfast bar eating. Milo is standing on the other side of the bar eating out of the pan.

MERCEDES  
So who was at the door?

Milo talks with his mouth full.

MILO  
Neighbor...

MERCEDES  
What happened?

MILO  
...took care of it.

Sam and Jesi enter.

There's two plates already made up for them.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Mornin' sleepy heads...after last night ya'll probably need some grub!

He motions to the plates.

LATER

Sam and Jesi have finished their meals.

MERCEDES  
So what's on the agenda for today?

Sam dabs at his face with a napkin.

SAM  
Well we need to get back to the hotel.

JESI  
I need a nap.

MILO  
I like that sound of that!

Mercedes smacks Milo.

He grins.

MILO (CONT'D)

I do have an errand or two to run today.

MERCEDES

But, Jesi, we've got to get together this afternoon...I'm feeling a nasty shopping bug coming on.

Milo looks at Sam and rolls his eyes.

INT. SAM AND JESI'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

The door opens and the exhausted couple enter and plop down on the bed.

SAM

Talk about your all nighters!

Jesi snuggles up next to him.

JESI

I know. It was...fun though...

She studies him.

JESI (CONT'D)

...right?

Sam looks out the window.

SAM

Yeah...

Jesi shakes his shoulder.

JESI

What's wrong?

SAM

Nothing.

She climbs on top of him.

JESI

Samuel! You are a terrible liar.

She looks into his eyes and sees a mixture of fear and concern.

JESI (CONT'D)

What? What's wrong? You looked like you were having a great time last night.

It's his turn to study her face. He sees the hurt, and the tears welling up.

SAM

Babe. I had a great time last night. I just don't want you...

He looks away.

JESI

Me what?

SAM

I don't want you to get too emotional...after what happened an all...

JESI

What happened?

SAM

With the doctors...and...

JESI

I'm infertile Sam...you can say it...

There's a tear in her eye.

SAM

Don't you think it's a little odd that you became a lot more receptive to the idea of sex with other couples after we found out?

JESI

No, Sam I don't!

She stands and walks to the window.

SAM

Dammit Jess...don't do this.

He crosses the room and stands behind her.

SAM (CONT'D)

I just don't want you to get too emotionally wrapped up in all this.

JESI

What about you?

SAM  
It's just sex to me...and I hope  
it's the same with you.

He puts his hands on her shoulders.

SAM (CONT'D)  
I just want to make sure you're  
happy.

JESI  
Are we?

SAM  
Are we what?

JESI  
Happy?

Sam wraps his arms around her.

SAM  
I'm only happy when I'm with you.  
Just say the word and we're out of  
here.

She wipes her eyes.

JESI  
No, I want to stay. I really like  
Milo and Mercedes. I think we've  
finally found a couple that we can  
really relate to.

INT. ROOM 744

The hotel room has clothes strewn about. The furniture has  
been pushed around all willy-nilly and there are several used  
condoms scattered around.

Steve and Dede are sprawled out on the floor along with some  
RANDOM GUY from the party last night. The three of them are  
naked and look like they spent the night rubbing their  
naughty bits raw.

Daylight is blazing through the opening in the curtains.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

Steve slowly comes to.

Another KNOCK.

STEVE  
Come back later!

KNOCK

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Jesus. DO NOT DISTURB!!

Dede wakes up and the random guy stirs next to her.

KNOCK, KNOCK

Steve's getting pissed.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
GO. AWAY!

Silence.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Ahhh...much better.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK

Steve props himself up on his elbows.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Dee...can you please go tell them  
to go away?

DEDE  
What?

Steve looks back at her.

DEDE (CONT'D)  
Fine!

She gets up, still naked, and walks over to the door.

The knocking continues.

DEDE (CONT'D)  
OK! Hold on.

The knocking stops.

She grabs the handle and WHIPS the door open.

Milo is standing outside. with a shitty little grin on his  
face.

MILO  
Housekeeping!

And he SLUGS Dede in the stomach.

She doubles over and falls to the floor.

Milo enters the room and closes the door as Steve and the random guy quickly jump to their feet.

INT. SAM AND JESI'S HOTEL ROOM

Sam is lying on the bed staring at the ceiling. Jesi is curled up next to him sleeping.

He strokes her hair.

Sleepily she looks up.

JESI  
I love you baby.

Sam smiles back at her.

SAM  
I love you too. I think you were right. I think the rest of this weekend with Milo and Mercedes is going to be one to remember.

INT. ROOM 744

Dede tries to get up, but Milo kicks her in the face. Her lip splits and blood sprays.

STEVE  
What the fuck!

RANDOM GUY  
Hey!

The random guy reaches Milo first. He tries to grab him. Milo side steps and in a blur of motion has the random guy in a headlock.

Dede starts sobbing.

Milo kicks her again.

MILO  
Shut up cooze.

Steve is almost there when Milo produces his hunting knife.

Steve stops short.

RANDOM GUY  
Let me the fuck go!

The random guy tries to struggle his way free. Milo bashes his head against the wall a few times.

MILO  
STOP. SQRIMING.

RANDOM GUY  
(mumbling)  
I didn't do anything...

Beating the poor guy's head against the wall takes most of the fight out of him. He hangs there bleeding.

RANDOM GUY (CONT'D)  
I don't even know these guys.

BASH.

MILO  
Shut the fuck up.

RANDOM GUY  
What ever your beef is with them...I don't...

Milo drives the knife into the random guy's chest.

Steve's eyes grow wide.

Milo drops random guy to the floor as his body convules.

MILO  
Jesus! I thought he'd never shut up. Always with the blah, blah, blah.

Milo looks down at Dede.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Just like a BITCH.

He reaches down and grabs her by her hair.

Steve starts, but stops again when Milo levels the knife at him, still dripping with fresh blood.

STEVE  
What do you want?

Milo motions to the couch.

MILO  
Sit the fuck down.

Steve sits.

Milo drags Dede, squirming, over to the opposite couch. He pushes her over the arm of the couch so her ass is pointing in the air. With a handful of hair he pushes her face down into the cushions.

Her whimpers become muffled.

Milo looks back at Steve.

MILO (CONT'D)  
We're all swingers here, right? I  
want what everybody wants.

He unbuckles his pants and drops them around his ankles.

Steve jumps to his feet.

STEVE  
No!

Steve closes on Milo.

Milo's backhand launches Steve back onto the couch.

MILO  
What's wrong, Ace? Don't you want  
to watch me fuck your wife?

Dede tries to force her head up.

Milo CRACKS her in the back of the skull and she goes limp.  
He rests the point of the knife on her back.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Just sit back and enjoy the ride  
Stevie.

STEVE  
Please...don't.

Milo guides himself into Dede.

MILO  
Mmmm...nothing like a little rice  
patty pussy.

Steve struggles to contain himself.

Milo pushes the blade down until a few drops of blood start  
to form around the point.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Tsk. Tsk.

He looks at Steve.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, you'll get your turn.

EXT. MANSION - AFTERNOON

Sam's car pulls up in the driveway.

EXT. MANSION, BACKYARD

The girls float topless and lazily on rafts in the pool.

Sam and Milo are seated under an umbrella looking on, beers in hand. There are several empty bottles between the two of them.

MILO  
So...you ever get down with that  
chink couple?

Sam has to think a minute.

SAM  
Steve and Dede? No...hell no.

MILO  
They wanna fuck you two pretty bad.

Sam takes a drink of beer.

SAM  
Yeah...they just don't seem to take  
the hint. We like them...they're  
cool to hang out with...we just  
don't...

JESI  
...wanna fuck em!

Jesi's a little sauced.

Sam glances over at her and smiles.

SAM  
(to Jesi)  
Thanks honey.

(back to Milo)  
She's right. I think they think if  
they wait it out, it'll happen.

MILO  
Yeah, sometimes you just have to  
tell'em point blank.

He turns his full attention to Sam. His face grows serious.

MILO (CONT'D)  
And if they still don't take the  
hint...  
(MORE)

MILO (CONT'D)

(shrug)  
...maybe you hurt'em a little bit.

Sam is taken back.

Milo holds his "serious face" for another second or two and then bursts out laughing.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Just fucking with you, Ace!

He polishes off his beer and stands up.

MILO (CONT'D)  
You! Need another beer.

He wanders inside.

MERCEDES  
Ignore him Sam...he's crazy.

INT. MANSION, MEDIA ROOM - LATER

Sam and Milo are kicked back in overstuffed recliners watching sports on a gigantic projection TV in full surround sound.

Milo looks over at Sam.

MILO  
Better than shitty hotel cable?

SAM  
Oh yeah.

Mercedes pokes her head in.

MERCEDES  
Baby, we're going shopping.

Milo doesn't look up.

MILO  
OK babe!

Sam glances back to see Jesi. She looks excited. That damn shopping gene, his wallet hurts just looking at her.

She waves good bye and quickly ducks out of the room.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Chicks man...what'd your little  
gook buddy say last night?

SAM  
That the girls call the shots!

MILO  
Exactly!

They turn back to the TV.

A few moments pass.

Milo doesn't take his eyes off the TV.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Dude...you wanna get high?

INT. THE MALL - LATER

This mall can only be described as a guy's worst nightmare, crammed full of screaming children and bank account draining stores. The girls call it "the good mall".

Mercedes and Jesi bustle through, weighed down with shopping bags.

They spot something they "just have to have" and veer into a:

BOUTIQUE

Jesi steps out of a dressing room wearing a dress that fits her so snugly you can tell that she enjoys a Brazilian wax.

She is smoking hot in it.

CUT TO

EXT. MANSION, BACKYARD

Sam and Milo have returned to their seats by the pool. The empty pool isn't nearly as fun to look at, but the cloud of thick smoke around their heads and the joint in Milo's hand allude to the fact that they just don't care. They are in a deep philosophical conversation.

MILO  
That redneck at the club was just a douchebag.

SAM  
You know, I've never really been in a fight.

MILO  
What was that last night?

SAM  
I mean a real fight.

Milo chuckles.

MILO  
A real fight, huh?

Sam nods.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Never?

Milo passes the joint to Sam. He takes a drag and speaks with a lung full of smoke.

SAM  
No.

INT. MALL, ANOTHER SHOP'S DRESSING ROOM

Mercedes and Jesi are both in a single dressing room.

They are wearing matching bra and panty sets in different colors.

MERCEDES  
We've got to get these! It'll trip the boys out.

JESI  
I don't know Cede, these panties are like 150 bucks. I don't think I've ever paid more than 10 dollars for a pair of panties in my life...and don't get me started on the bra...

Mercedes strips her underwear off and pushes the bra and panties into her handbag.

MERCEDES  
Jess, I wouldn't pay that for a pair of undies either...

She smiles and winks.

Jesi has a quick moral battle with herself as Mercedes looks on in an encouraging manner.

Finally Jesi giggles, strips off the under garments she's wearing and jams them in her bag.

The quickly redress and exit the dressing room.

Jesi stumbles into a CLERK.

CLERK  
Did you ladies find anything you  
liked?

Mercedes can see that Jesi is about to burst and spill the beans. She quickly grabs Jesi's hand and drags her out of the store. They exit in a trot, giggling like school girls.

EXT. MANSION, BACKYARD

Milo and Sam are squared off facing each other next to the pool. A cigarette dangles from Milo's lips. It bounces when he speaks.

MILO  
OK, come at me.

After hesitating briefly Sam moves on Milo. His hand comes up to grapple with his opponent.

Milo quickly side steps and pushes him to the ground.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Come on, you can do better than  
that!

Sam climbs to his feet and tries again.

He is just as unsuccessful.

Milo reaches and hand out and helps Sam up.

MILO (CONT'D)  
You're telegraphing your plan of  
attack, I can see you coming.

Sam moves in again, but this time he attempts a quick fake to one side and then attacks on the other. Milo counters him again, but this time Sam got close. And he's still on his feet.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Better...

They circle.

A couple more ineffective attempts later Milo reaches out and SLAPS Sam in the face.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Come on...

Sam is pissed.

Milo can see it in his face.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Use that.

Sam rushes Milo again. This time he avoids Milo's counter and takes a swing. Milo steps back and he misses, but barely.

MILO (CONT'D)  
That's it.

He SLAPS him again.

Sam moves in again and HITS Milo in the chin.

SAM  
Shit! Sorry...

Milo rubs his chin and smiles.

MILO  
No, no...that was good. Come at me again.

Sam attacks again. This time they tussle. They duke it out for a few beats and then

CRACK

Milo accidentally catches Sam in the eye with an elbow, HARD.

Sam goes down and tumbles into the pool.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Shit!

Sam surfaces holding his face and smiling.

MILO (CONT'D)  
You OK?

SAM  
That was awesome!

INT. MANSION

The girls come in the front door and walk through to the:

KITCHEN

Sam is sitting in a chair with his head back and a big steak on his eye.

Milo is sitting on the counter, feet dangling, nursing a beer.

Jesi sees Sam.

JESI  
Oh my god! What happened?

She rushes to him.

SAM  
It's nothing.

Mercedes glares at Milo.

MERCEDES  
What did you do?

Sam pulls the steak off revealing his black eye.

JESI  
Oh my GOD!

Milo shrugs.

MILO  
We were just fooling around and his  
face accidentally got in the way of  
my elbow.

Jesi shoots Milo an icy look.

Sam laughs.

SAM  
Yeah, it was pretty cool.

Jesi and Mercedes seem to lighten up a bit.

MERCEDES  
(to Jesi)  
Boys will be boys...

(and to the boys)  
Well, you two better get cleaned  
up, you're taking us to dinner.

She smiles.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)  
Now go get cleaned up!

Milo looks at Sam and throws his hands up.

MILO  
You heard the lady.

CUT TO:

## THE SHOWER

Sam lets the water beat against his back.

Someone enters the bathroom. Their silhouette moves against the steamed glass of the shower door.

He notices.

SAM  
Hey babe...you're just in time. The  
royal penis needs cleaning.

The silhouette moves closer.

SAM (CONT'D)  
You comin' in?

The shower door opens and a woman's hand reaches in. Her fingers play across his chest before making their way down. She gets a hold of "him".

SAM (CONT'D)  
Jess?

Mercedes slips into the shower with him, naked.

MERCEDES  
Not quite.

Sam is taken aback.

SAM  
Hey Cede.

She's still holding his cock.

SAM (CONT'D)  
I don't think you should...

She looks down.

MERCEDES  
It looks like somebody wants me to.

She smiles slyly.

SAM  
Ummm...we don't really...play...  
without each other.

She kisses his neck and whispers in his ear.

MERCEDES  
She sent me up.

Kissing her way down his neck.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)  
Jess thought it would be a gift.

She moves down his chest.

His attempts to stop her diminish.

And he begins to enjoy it.

INT. HALLWAY

Jesi is bebopping along.

The bathroom door is open ahead of her.

The SHOWER is running.

She tiptoes up to the door and peeks in.

She sees

MERCEDES

On her knees, "servicing" Sam.

She quickly ducks back out of the bathroom.

Jesi looks HURT.

INT. MANSION, KITCHEN - LATER

Sam and Milo are all dressed up. Milo's wearing his fucked up cowboy hat in sharp contrast to his swanky nightclub wear.

A cigarette dangles from his lip as he and Sam bullshit.

Mercedes enters first. She strikes a pose in an unbelievably sexy dress.

MERCEDES

Tada!

Jesi enters right behind her looking equally as hot. She poses as well.

The boy's mouths gape.

The cigarette falls from Milo's lip. It lands on his shirt and he quickly knocks it off and to the floor.

SAM

Holy shit.

He walks to Jesi.

SAM (CONT'D)

You look...

She brushes passed him and drapes herself on Milo.

MILO

Baby...you are NAILS!

Sam watches Jesi.

Mercedes takes his arm.

MERCEDES

Let's go stud!

INT. NICE RESTAURANT - LATER

The foursome sits around a table eating.

Milo is once again the focus of the conversation.

Jesi is awfully close to Milo.

Sam watches her, confused.

TIME PASSES

Dinner has wound down. The plates have been cleared and everyone is having wine.

Milo takes a drag on his cigarette.

A waiter rushes over.

WAITER

You can't smoke in here sir!

MILO

Oh, shit...sorry.

He acts like he's putting it out. As soon as the waiter walks away he lifts the still lit cigarette up and brings it to his smiling mouth.

MERCEDES

(mocking him)

You're so cool.

SAM

So, where to tonight?

MILO

We are heading to Thrust, Ace.

JESI  
Is that a couples club?

MERCEDES  
No. Its a vanilla club, but it's  
pretty cool...good dance music.

Jesi and Sam exchange glances.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)  
What?

JESI  
We just don't like going to vanilla  
clubs too much any more...the  
couples' clubs are so much fun.

Mercedes glances over at Milo.

Milo chuckles.

MILO  
Trust me Jess tonight is going to  
be a night to remember.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB THRUST

An old warehouse. The huge neon sign on the roof reads CLUB THRUST and next to it there's a blinking neon girl dancing around a neon pole.

Even though the building looks run down the cars parked outside are all high dollar.

There's a roped off line of people waiting to get in. The line wraps around the building.

Music PULSATES from the open doors to the club.

The four of them bypass the line and walk straight to the door.

Milo knows the doorman and after a handshake and a shoulder bump he lets them in.

People further down the line are pissed. A few VATOS are particularly pissed.

VATO #1  
Hey! Hey why do they get to go in?

VATO #2  
Yeah, we been out here all night.

VATO #1  
Is it wonder bread night?

The doorman ignores them.

But Milo locks eyes with them as his group enters the club. His entire "party guy" demeanor fades away. He leans close.

MILO  
Cuz they don't like the smell of burritos stinking up the joint, Ace.

His face is stone.

VATO #1  
(to his buddies)  
What the fuck did he just say?

(to Milo)  
What the fuck did you just say?

Milo smiles and gives him a wink. This just pisses the guy off more.

VATO #1 (CONT'D)  
Keep your eyes open hermano...I'll be looking for you.

Milo points at him with his fingers shaped like a gun. He acts like he shoots the vato.

MILO  
Lookin' forward to it.

Milo walks in the club.

INT. CLUB THRUST

The inside of the warehouse looks like...a warehouse. A few bars scattered around and groupings of tables here and there. But the majority of the place looks like one gigantic dance floor.

The crowd PULSES to the beat. Laser lights dance over the crowd. Black light bathes the rest of the room.

Several dozen stages are scattered about. On each of them there is a girl in a white bikini dancing. Each one of the dancers is covered in neon glowing body paint.

Milo steps out in front of the group.

He shouts over the music.

MILO  
We can go someplace else if you  
want...

Jesi and Sam survey the surroundings.

SAM  
No, I think we're good.

Mercedes grabs Jesi's hand.

MERCEDES  
(to Milo)  
Drinks!

She drags Jesi onto the dance floor.

MILO  
Chicks man...

Sam and Milo push towards the bar.

MERCEDES AND JESI

Mercedes leads Jesi out into the middle of the dance floor.  
She's trying to get her to dance.

Jesi stops and shakes her head.

JESI  
I just don't feel like dancing  
right now...

Mercedes pulls her in close.

MERCEDES  
What's wrong Jess? You've been  
acting weird all night.

Jesi yanks her arm away from Mercedes' grip.

JESI  
I saw you...and Sam in the  
shower...

A tear rolls down her cheek.

She turns and storms off.

MERCEDES  
Jess, wait!

Mercedes follows.

MILO AND SAM

The two of them are forcing their way to a very over crowded bar. Several very scantily clad female bartenders are slinging drinks as fast as they can.

Milo pushes his way to the bar.

A FEMALE BARTENDER buzzes passed him.

MILO  
Hey, sweetheart!

She HALTS in her tracks.

She FIRES an icy look in Milo's direction.

He just gets this shit eating grin on his face.

She glares at him for a moment longer and then can't help but crack a smile.

FEMALE BARTENDER  
What can I get ya?

MILO  
Hmmm...come out from behind that bar and the possibilities are endless.

She steps closer. Still smiling.

FEMALE BARTENDER  
To drink...

Milo acts surprised.

MILO  
Ohhhh...gimme four beers...

They have a "moment" together before she turns and heads for the beer cooler.

Sam shakes his head.

MILO (CONT'D)  
What?

SAM  
I wanna know why she didn't just smack you upside the head. Sweetheart?

MILO  
It's not what you say, it's how you hold yourself. Women love guys with confidence.

He gives Sam his "sexy" smile.

MILO (CONT'D)  
 You gotta look 'em in the eye and  
 let them know you're in control,  
 Ace. They want to feel safe with  
 you.

Sam tries to do the same thing but he comes across looking  
 like a smiling psychopath.

Milo nods.

MILO (CONT'D)  
 We're gonna have to work on that.

The bartender returns with the beers.

Milo and her go over each other for a minute before he gives  
 her some cash and tells her to keep the rest.

Milo turns around and leans against the bar. Sam is still in  
 awe.

SAM  
 The master at work...

Milo takes a drink, his eyes on the door.

MILO'S POV The vatos from outside walk in and start scanning  
 the crowd.

Milo takes off his cowboy hat and puts it on Sam's head.

MILO  
 Well, prepare to learn grasshopper.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB THRUST, WOMEN'S RESTROOM

The bathroom is full of girls. Jesi bursts through the door  
 wiping her eyes. Mercedes is right on her heels.

MERCEDES  
 Jess, you got it all wrong.

Jesi turns, eyes red.

JESI  
 (shouting)  
 You're telling me that you didn't  
 have my husband's dick in your  
 mouth?

Some of the girls gasp. Others just silently slip out.

One girl stares blankly at the two of them.

Mercedes shoos her out like a fly.

MERCEDES  
 Didn't we BOTH do that last night?

Jesi turns and slams her way into an empty stall.

JESI  
 (over her shoulder)  
 That was different!

The stall door closes behind her.

Mercedes leans her head against the door.

MERCEDES  
 Jesus Jess, it was just a blowjob.

JESI (O.C.)  
 We only play together! It's  
 something the WE do TOGETHER.

She's sobbing. Mercedes slides down the stall door until she's seated outside.

MERCEDES  
 I didn't know it would bother  
 you...Sam didn't say anything.

Jesi quiets a bit.

JESI (O.C.)  
 He...he didn't??

MERCEDES  
 Jess, guys think with their  
 cocks...I really didn't think it'd  
 matter...

Silence.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)  
 Com'on Jess...

Another girl enters the bathroom.

Mercedes looks up at the girl and keeps eye contact with her while she speaks to Jesi.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)  
 If you come out I'll eat your  
 pussy...

The lock CLICKS open on the stall door.

The girl's eyes get wide and she hurries out of the bathroom.

Jesi opens the door and the two hug, laughing a little. Jesi's mascara has run all over her face.

Mercedes climbs to her feet and offers Jesi a hand.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)  
Let's get you cleaned up.

MILO AND SAM

Sam takes a drink.

Milo watches as the vatos see the cowboy hat and start making their way over.

INT. CLUB THRUST, WOMEN'S RESTROOM

Mercedes is helping Jesi reapply her makeup. Jesi looks normal again.

MERCEDES  
Here this'll make it all better.

Mercedes places a tab of Ecstasy on her tongue and then "french kisses it" into Jesi's mouth.

Mercedes draws back and winks.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)  
A little something to take the edge off...

She pops her own.

MILO AND SAM

SAM  
So what's first? Suave drink  
ordering one oh one?

The vatos close on the two of them. Sam is unaware.

Milo shakes his head and crosses his arms.

MILO  
Nope, first is a lesson of  
survival.

Vato #1 grabs Sam's shoulder and spins him around.

Sam has just enough time to avoid the fist coming for his face. Milo nudges Sam forward.

Sam reaches out to catch himself and pushes Vato #1 backwards.

The two of them struggle against one another.

The other 2 vatos move in.

Milo steps in front of them.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Now that's very fair is it?

MILO'S POV one of the vatos has an ice pick stuck through his belt.

VATO #2  
Fuck you white bread!

He reaches for the ice pick and draws it *almost* all the way out of the belt.

Milo steps close.

His hand SLAMS down on the handle of the ice pick jamming it into Vato #2's leg.

MILO  
Ewww...that stings doesn't it?

A grunt escapes his lips and he drops to the floor.

Milo turns and pushes Vato #3 backwards.

He flounders back into the pulsing crowd. A couple of the guys he bumps into try to help him up.

Vato #3 slaps their hands away. And a ruckus starts.

Suddenly about 10 guys are throwing punches at each other.

Sam and Vato #1 are still going at it.

Milo quickly snatches the ice pick from Vato #2, slides it in his boot and hops up on the bar.

He sits and watches as the group goes at it, quietly sipping his beer.

His hands pat his shirt until he finds his smokes. He pulls one out and lights it as the bouncers rush over.

The vatos pick themselves up and disappear before the bouncers get too close.

Vato #1's mouth is bloody. He spits a bloody loogy on the floor.

VATO #1  
We'll see you two puntas later...

Milo, still sitting on the bar, smiles and waves.

MILO  
Looking forward to it, Ace.

The bouncers break it up the rest of the skirmish in a matter of minutes.

Milo hops down and picks his cowboy hat up of the ground. He dusts it off and places it back on his head.

Sam pushes him.

SAM  
What the fuck?!

Milo smiles.

There's a small trickle of blood coming from Sam's nose.

MILO  
Felt good, didn't it?

SAM  
What?

Milo hands him a beer.

MILO  
Take a drink.

Sam takes a drink.

MILO (CONT'D)  
How do you *feel* right now.

Sam pauses for a second and ponders the question.

Then he smiles.

SAM  
Good...no, scratch that...I feel  
fucking great!

Milo nods and offers him a cigarette.

SAM (CONT'D)  
I quit.

MILO  
Why?

SAM  
They're bad for you.

MILO  
Life is bad for you.

Sam takes a cigarette. Milo lights it for him.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Let's go find the girls.

He hops off the bar.

MERCEDES AND JESI

The girls emerge from the bathroom and make a beeline for the dance floor.

MILO AND SAM

Are wandering around the club looking for the girls.

Milo smacks Sam in the arm and points up at

MERCEDES AND JESI

Dancing with one of the club's go-go dancers on a raised platform.

Many of the club's male patrons have made their way over to the base of the platform, mesmerized by the three girls dancing and grinding with each other.

The song ends and Milo offers a hand to the ladies, helping them down.

Mercedes plants a big wet kiss on Milo's lips. Her hands trace his body through his clothes.

MILO  
(to Sam)  
Somebody's rolling...

Sam looks over at Jesi who seems to be enjoying herself just as much touching Mercedes.

Sam grabs Jesi's arm and pulls her to him.

SAM  
Are you on X?

Jesi yanks her arm free.

JESI  
And what if I am?

She stumbles backwards and Milo catches her before she hits the ground.

MILO

I think you ladies need some juice.

AT THE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Sam retrieves a couple of glasses of orange juice from the bar and brings them to the girls.

Mercedes takes her's sweetly.

Jesi SNATCHES her drink from his hand and gives him a bit of the evil eye.

Sam still doesn't quite understand why Jesi is so pissed.

Milo's looking off in the distance.

MILO'S POV the vatos make their way towards the back of the bar and head down a hallway next to the restrooms.

Jesi slams her orange juice.

She grabs Mercedes hand and starts to drag her away.

JESI

Com'on Cede...I wanna dance.

She giggles.

Mercedes trails after her handing the drink back to Sam.

MERCEDES

OK, OK! Slow down there party girl!

Milo turns to Sam.

MILO

Hey man, can you hold down the fort and watch the girls for a minute? I gotta piss.

SAM

Sure.

Milo walks away.

Sam goes to take a drink of his beer and realizes he's empty.

He leans against the bar. The bartenders are deliriously taking drink orders.

A female bartender walks by.

Sam shrugs, he might as well give it a shot.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Hey, sweetheart!

The VERY BUTCH female bartender turns around.

VERY BUTCH  
Are you talkin' to me?

Sam tries his "smooth operator" grin again. It still comes out looking a little more like Hannibal Lector eyeing up liver and fava beans.

She charges over to him.

VERY BUTCH (CONT'D)  
Sweetheart? What is this the 1950s?  
Do you know how demeaning that is?

Sam recoils in terror.

VERY BUTCH (CONT'D)  
You think having a cock gives you  
control over me?

She points a finger in his face.

VERY BUTCH (CONT'D)  
You are WRONG fucker!

She spins on her heel and storms off.

The female bartender from earlier witnesses the whole thing. She comes over and puts a beer in front of Sam.

She can hardly contain herself.

FEMALE BARTENDER  
It's not just you, she doesn't like  
men. Period.

SAM  
Thanks.

FEMALE BARTENDER  
Where's your friend?

SAM  
Dunno.

He scans the crowd and sees Milo slip down the hallway passed the bathrooms.

Sam grabs his beer and starts off to investigate.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(over his shoulder to the  
bartender)  
I'm going to go see what he's  
doing.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB THRUST, ALLEY BEHIND THE CLUB

Yep, it's an alley. A shitty poorly lit, littered with trash  
alley.

The 3 vatos are standing towards one darkened end of the  
alley, near the dumpsters. Vato #2 is sitting on a trash can  
while Vato #3 ties a bandana around his wounded leg.

He hisses in pain as the bandana is pulled tight.

VATO #2

Fuck!

Vato #3 finishes tying it and stands.

VATO #3

I don't understand why we don't  
just go back in there a jump his  
white bread ass.

In the background Milo peeks out the back door of the club.

VATO #1

Be patient hermano.

He stoops down and pulls a Colt .45 out from behind the  
dumpster.

Vato #1 pulls the slide back on the gun.

VATO #1 (CONT'D)

We'll take care of him...

The slide drops back into place.

VATO #1 (CONT'D)

Trust me.

Milo slips into the alley and ducks into the darkness, unseen  
by the vatos.

MERCEDES AND JESI

The are pumping and grinding out on the dance floor, making  
all the boys drool.

Mercedes whispers in Jesi's ear.

MERCEDES  
They all want you...that's control.

EXT. CLUB THRUST, ALLEY BEHIND THE CLUB

MILO'S POV - He's made his way into the shadows between two dumpsters behind Vato #2. The three of them still don't see him.

Vato #1 pulls out a crack pipe and fires it up.

Milo slips up behind Vato #2 while Vato #1 takes a hit and then does a little dance to show it's good shit.

Slowly Milo crouches down and picks up a few broken bottles. He chucks one down into the far end of the alley.

It shatters and the three vatos turn and look that direction.

Milo's hand grabs Vato #2's mouth and slashes his throat with a broken beer bottle. Blood spills down the vato's chest.

The vato only shakes for a second before he goes limp.

Milo leans his body against the dumpster and slips away.

VATO #1  
Man...we're getting jumpy...

He passes the pipe to Vato #3.

VATO #1 (CONT'D)  
Gotta chill out before we deal with those trolos.

Vato #3 takes a hit and then steps back over to Vato #2.

VATO #3  
Dude...you ok?

He shakes Vato #2 and his corpse spills to the ground, jagged beer bottle still jutting out of his neck.

Vato #3 stumbles backwards.

Vato #1 starts scanning the alley, gun raised.

VATO #1  
Those fuckin' slices of cracka' motherfuckers are out here...

He waves towards the dumpster.

VATO #1 (CONT'D)  
Check behind the dumpster.

VATO #3  
Fuck you.

Vato #1 points the gun at him.

VATO #1  
Check. Behind. The. Dumpster.

Vato #3 slowly steps over the body and steps between the dumpsters.

He inches forward.

MERCEDES AND JESI

Dry humping on the dance floor.

BASS THROBBING.

INT. CLUB THRUST, BACK HALLWAY

Sam moves towards the back door.

EXT. CLUB THRUST, ALLEY BEHIND THE CLUB

Vato #3 has reached the back of the dumpsters. He carefully looks behind the dumpster on his left.

VATO #3'S POV - Nothing.

He exhales a breath of relief and turns to survey the other side.

Milo JAMS his thumb in his eye.

He whips Vato #3's body around using the freshly gouged eye socket like you would hold a bowling ball.

VATO #1  
Holy shit!

Milo turns to face Vato #1, holding Vato #3's body in front of him like a human shield.

VATO #1 (CONT'D)  
You're fucking crazy, hermano.

Vato #3 is shuddering in pain.

Milo CALMLY moves forward.

Vato #1 points the gun at both of them.

Milo steps by the corpse of the other vato.

MILO  
Nobody ever accused me of bein'  
sane.

He stoops, still holding Vato #3, and retrieves the ice pick from his boot.

VATO #3  
Help...me...

Milo draws himself up to his full height. His arm is wrapped around Vato #3's neck with his finger still digging around in the eye socket. Blood runs down the vato's face.

MILO  
Yeah wetback, help your buddy...

Vato #1 keeps the gun trained on them.

He doesn't know what to do.

His only option is to shoot his friend.

Milo twists his thumb back and forth.

Vato #3 HOWLS in pain.

MILO (CONT'D)  
You're move Ace.

Vato #1 can't do it.

Milo moves closer.

He still can't do it.

MILO (CONT'D)  
(almost growling)  
Com'on.

VATO #3  
Please...hermano...

Milo JAMS the ice pick up under his chin into his skull.

Vato #3 convulses in Milo's arms for a second before going limp.

Milo pushes the body at Vato #1.

Vato #1 stumbles backwards as the corpse of his dead friend falls toward him.

At the last second he steps forward to catch the body.  
 His hands wrap around Vato #3.  
 Milo plucks the gun from his hand and tosses it behind him.  
 Vato #1 carefully lays his friend's body on the ground.  
 He stands up.  
 There's fire in his eyes.  
 He rushes at Milo.

It becomes apparent fairly quickly that Vato #1 is a street brawler and Milo has some actual fighting skill.

Anything Vato #1 throws at Milo is immediately countered. They duke it out but it's a losing battle from the beginning.

Eventually Vato #1 winds up face down on the ground with Milo crouching over him.

CUT TO:

MERCEDES AND JESI

Dancing.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB THRUST, BACK HALLWAY

Sam opens the door to the alley and stick his head out.

SAM'S POV - Milo has one knee in Vato #1's back and he's pulling his neck backwards.

MILO  
 (calm as ever)  
 You know the problem with your  
 kind, spic?

The vato grunts in pain.

Milo jams his hand in the vato's open mouth, locking his fingers into the top of his jaw.

He quickly slips his other hand in, clutching the lower jaw.

Milo pulls backward.

The GUTTURAL SOUND coming from Vato #1 is unnerving.

His eyes bug.

Milo grits his teeth.

The muscles in his forearms strain.

MILO (CONT'D)  
No. Tolerance. For. Pain.

There's a SICKENING WET NOISE as Milo rips the vato's bottom jaw downward.

Vato #1 CROAKS in pain.

His jaw has been ripped unnaturally far open.

Vato #1's body shakes underneath Milo.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Bet that stings.

Milo stands.

Vato #1's hands go to his face.

He's weeping.

Blood pours from his gaping mouth.

He tries to push his jaw back into place, but that only elicits more pain and spine tingling noises.

Milo stands over him.

MILO (CONT'D)  
You should really watch who you're  
fucking with.

He raises his boot and stomps on Vato #1's face, killing him.

BACK TO:

SAM

Looking on in horror. Milo's back is to him. The vato is dead at his feet.

Milo begins to turn.

Sam ducks back inside.

MILO

Milo looks inquiringly at the back door to the club.

Did he just hear it close?

Cool and collected he retrieves the ice pick from Vato #3, wipes it off on the vato's shirt and slides it in his boot.

Then he scoops up the .45 And slips it into his waistband and heads back into the club.

INT. CLUB THRUST

Sam PUSHES his way through the crowd towards the dance floor.

He wades through the sea of people scanning the crowd for Jesi.

Finally he spots the two of them off being worshipped by a bunch of dudes off in a corner.

He bursts into the middle of the group, grabs Jesi by the arm and starts to drag her a way.

SAM  
Jess, we gotta go.

Mercedes looks surprised.

MERCEDES  
Sam, what the fuck?

Jesi pulls against Sam.

JESI  
No...Sam...

Some CLUB GUY stops Sam.

CLUB GUY  
I think the lady wants you to leave her alone.

Sam starts passed the guy again.

This time the guy lays his hand on Sam's chest.

CLUB GUY (CONT'D)  
Let her go.

SAM  
Sorry, Ace, I can't do that.

He sweeps his leg behind the club guy's legs and pushes him to the floor with a quick blow to his chest. Club guy falls to the floor sprawling.

Sam keeps moving, Jesi fighting him.

Jesi plants her feet.

JESI  
(screaming)  
What the fuck Sam?

She draws a lot of attention to the two of them.

Exactly what Sam didn't want to happen.

He turns to her.

SAM  
We have to get the fuck out of  
here, now!

JESI  
Why?

SAM  
Believe me, you don't want to know.

He turns to go.

She refuses to move.

JESI  
I think I want to know.

SAM  
No you don't! Now let's get out of  
here. Please?

She backs away from him.

JESI  
What's with all the secrets Sam.

SAM  
Secrets? What the fuck are you  
talking about?

She sways slightly as she speaks.

JESI  
Have a little extra fun in the  
shower tonight?

Mercedes walks up right then.

SAM  
What? You mean her? She told me  
that you sent her up.

Jesi looks at Mercedes.

Mercedes turns to Sam.

MERCEDES

How could you even say such a thing. You asked me to and told me Jess would be cool with it.

Sam can't believe his ears. Adrenaline and emotions are coursing through his veins.

Club guy has picked himself up and is closing on Sam.

SAM

Has everyone gone fucking nuts?

Club guy pushes through the crowd and steps up to Sam.

Sam spins and DECKS him in the mouth.

Club guy drops to the floor.

Sam pounces on him and starts beating the shit out of him.

SAM (CONT'D)

What? What the fuck do you want motherfucker?

POUND. POUND.

SAM (CONT'D)

You're all fuckin' loony!

POUND. POUND.

Right before Sam reduces the poor guys face to raw hamburger Milo pulls him off.

Milo locks Sam's arms behind his back.

MILO

Chill out, Ace.

Club guy lays there with blood pouring from his face.

People look on in disgust.

And then at Sam with horror.

SAM

(to the crowd)  
What?!

As Milo drags a flailing Sam backwards.

MILO

(to the girls)  
I'd say it's time to go.

Milo drags a thrashing Sam out of the club.

EXT. CLUB THRUST, PARKING LOT

The girls walk ahead bitching about having to leave. Jesi turns back towards Sam as they walk.

JESI

What the fuck we're you thinking Sam?

SAM

What was I thinking? Why don't you ask Mr. *Psycho-fucking-path* here what he was thinkin' when he kill that gang banger in the alley behind the club.

Everyone stops in their tracks.

Milo fishes a flask out of his pocket and takes a drink. Then he drops a pill into the flask unseen to the rest of the group.

JESI

What?

Milo laughs out loud.

He shakes the flask behind his back and then he looks at Jesi and Mercedes.

MILO

Some little wanna be gangsters started shit with us in the club...the bouncers broke it up...

He let's Sam go and lights a smoke.

MILO (CONT'D)

...one of the little fuckers lured me out in the alley and they jumped me.

Sam can't believe his ears. Milo offers the flask to Sam. Sam SNATCHES it from his hand and takes a swig.

SAM

I saw you *murder* one of them.

Another gulp from the flask.

MILO

I may have been a little hard on them...I was scared for my life and all...but I assure you I didn't *kill* anyone.

Sam looks at Jesi and Mercedes. His eyes droop slightly.

SAM  
I fucking saw him do it!

Milo chuckles some more. Sam staggers back.

MILO  
I think you've abused way too many  
substances today.

The girls grin.

Sam's fading fast.

SAM  
I know what I saw!

MERCEDES  
(sing-songy)  
Somebody's wasted.

The all laugh.

The laughing sounds DISTORTED to Sam.

SAM  
I...

Stagger step.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Know...

Eyes drooping more.

SAM (CONT'D)  
What...

And he crumples to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION, BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Sam awakes with a start in a small well decorated bedroom.

He frantically looks around, searching the room, surveying his surroundings.

He is alone and his head is POUNDING.

Once the room stops spinning he manages to swing his feet off the side of the bed and sit up.

He grimaces and clutches the sides of his head.

Sam looks down. He is still wearing the clothes he had on at the club.

Slowly he stands.

Stagger step.

He moves carefully towards the door and pulls it open.

He pitches himself down:

THE HALLWAY

Towards the master bedroom.

The bedroom door is closed. Sam reaches it and slowly, carefully opens the door and peeks in to see:

THE MASTER BEDROOM

Milo is sprawled out on the bed asleep with Jesi and Mercedes draped over him in a similar position to the one that Sam was in just last night.

Sam slips into the room and kneels next to Jesi.

He slowly wakes her.

Jesi groggily opens her eyes.

She looks disoriented.

JESI  
(whispering)  
Sam?

He puts his finger to his lips.

SAM  
(whispering)  
Com'on.

He moves her slowly towards the door.

And they slip outside into:

THE HALLWAY

Jesi's wearing a pair of panties and...well that's all.

JESI  
What's going on Sam?

SAM  
Shhhh!



Sam grabs her and covers her mouth. He whispers softly into her ear.

SAM  
Are you starting to believe me now?

She nods her head. Her eyes are frantically dancing around the room.

SAM (CONT'D)  
We have to get the fuck out of here.

She nods again.

SAM (CONT'D)  
OK. We'll grab the SUV and take off. Follow me.

He leads her to the door.

Carefully he turns the knob and steps out into:

THE HALLWAY

Where he's met in the face by the butt of Milo's SHOTGUN.

Sam's body crashes back into:

THE UPSTAIRS STUDY

Jesi SCREAMS.

Milo enters. He's wearing a pair of boxers and his cowboy hat, with a cigarette tucked between his lips.

He closes on Sam.

Sam groans and attempts to get up.

Milo SMASHES him in the face again.

Sam falls back, unconscious.

Jesi darts for the door.

Milo BACKHANDS her back into the room. She stumbles back into the desk and jars the body.

Flies.

Blood.

Maniac with a shotgun.

She starts to whimper.

MILO  
 Baby...why didn't you tell me you  
 liked the rough stuff?

He slams the butt of the gun into her stomach.

She doubles over and collapses to the floor.

INT. MANSION, WINE CELLAR - LATER

Sam slowly comes to.

One of his eyes is swollen almost all the way shut and his  
 nose is more than likely broken.

He scans the room.

The wine cellar that Sam just barely stepped into earlier is  
 revealed as a vast and cavernous. The previous owners of the  
 house must have had huge hard-ons for wine.

The walls are lined with wooden wine racks.

Sam starts to move and realizes he's bound.

He looks down to find himself duct taped to a wooden chair in  
 the middle of the room.

Next to him is Jesi, unconscious, bound to her own chair.  
 There's dried blood on the corner of her mouth.

SAM  
 (quietly)  
 Jess...

He struggles against his restraints but his efforts are  
 futile, he's strapped down pretty good.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 Jess!

She stirs for a second, moans and then drops back into  
 unawareness.

Sam tries to scoot his chair towards her. He doesn't get very  
 far before he hears something stir behind him. He tries to  
 look back but he can't see.

The sound of a bottle being drawn out of the wine rack (O.S.)

MILO (O.S.)  
 You want me to wake her up Ace?

Milo steps into Sam's line of sight. He's holding the shotgun  
 in one hand. It's an old school double barreled hunting  
 shotgun.

He dusts off the bottle and studies the label.

MILO (CONT'D)  
 Domaine de la Romanee Conti  
 Montrachet...wow...sounds  
 expensive.

Milo turns and breaks the neck of the bottle on the wall.  
 Glass and wine spill to the floor.

MILO (CONT'D)  
 Whoops!

He glances to a darkened corner.

Sam follows his gaze to see the dead man from upstairs now leaning in the corner, along with the body of the regal woman owner of the house and the corpse of the middle aged woman that had the misfortune of meeting Milo earlier.

MILO (CONT'D)  
 I don't think they'll mind. Do you?

He turns to Sam.

SAM  
 You are one sick twisted fuck.

Milo strides up to Sam and puts a foot on the chair between Sam's legs. He takes a drink from the broken bottle. The sharp glass cuts Milo's lip and blood runs down his chin. He doesn't seem to notice.

MILO  
 Woo hoo! That's good shit!

He offers the cracked bottle to Sam.

Sam recoils like the bottle is on fire.

Milo shakes his head.

MILO (CONT'D)  
 Sammy, Sammy, Sammy...I thought we  
 shared everything...

SAM  
 You're insane. I don't want  
 anything from you!

MILO  
 And yet didn't you just fuck my  
 wife two nights ago?

Milo shrugs and takes another drink.

Milo's eyes fall on Jesi. He turns and walks over to her. A smile crosses his face and he reaches down and brushes some of her hair out of her face.

SAM  
Stay away from her you fuck!

Milo laughs.

Another swallow of wine. Blood and wine is making it's way down his chest staining his shirt.

MILO  
That's good Sammy...let it out.  
Don't keep all that anger bottled  
up.

Sam looks up through disheveled hair.

SAM  
Milo, you need help man...serious  
help.

MILO  
I need help? You're the one that  
needed help. You were just a scared  
little fuck when we met. King of  
the fucking cubicle.

SAM  
Fuck you.

MILO  
Now look at ya...

Milo sets down the shotgun and draws the ice pick out of his boot. He traces the profile of Jesi's face with the point.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Sam, you and me...we're a lot more  
alike than you think.

SAM  
Don't hurt her...

The point of the ice pick stops on the soft underside of her chin.

SAM (CONT'D)  
...please...

Milo turns to Sam.

MILO  
When I met you...it was like you  
were the brother I never had...

SAM  
Milo, just don't hurt her.

MILO  
This little piece of ass?

His attention whips back to Jesi. The ice pick finds it's way under her chin. This time a drop of blood forms around the point.

MILO (CONT'D)  
You think I'd let a little cunt like this come between us?

SAM  
I'll do what ever you want...just let her go.

MILO  
If you want me to, I'll let her go. See, I'd do that for you...but you've got to do something for me first.

SAM  
OK. OK. Just don't hurt her.

Milo tosses the rest of the wine into Jesi's face. She sputters and slowly comes to.

MILO  
She's going to need to see this.

SAM  
Alright...what do you want me to do?

JESI  
(groggily)  
Sam...where...are...we...

SAM  
It'll be OK baby.

He doesn't seem so sure.

Milo picks up her chair and turns her around.

Jesi's eyes widen as she sees what's behind them.

JESI  
Jesus!

SAM  
What?

Milo grabs Sam's chair and whips him around.

Sam's eyes fall on Steve and Dede. Both of them are naked and bound in an uncomfortable kneeling position.

Steve looks like he met the butt of Milo's shotgun about a half a dozen times. Their eyes are wide. And Dede is trying to scream through the ball gag strapped around her face. Her make-up has run down all over her face.

Her eyes plead with Sam to get her out of here.

Steve is kneeling in a puddle of what appears to be his own urine.

Milo leans down and speaks calmly into Sam's ear.

MILO

All you gotta do is kill these two gooks.

SAM

What?

MILO

Killem and I'll let her go. Hell, she can even come with us if she wants.

SAM

Us?

MILO

Yeah, the three of us. You, me and Cede.

(whispering)

In case you hadn't noticed, she's got a little bit of a thing for you.

SAM

No way. I'm not killing anyone.

Milo waves the shotgun in Steve and Dede's direction.

MILO

You don't even like them.

SAM

I never said that...I said we didn't want to fuck them...big difference.

Milo shakes his head.

MILO  
 But they didn't take the hint did they? Makes them a nuisance. And nuisances need to be taken care of.

SAM  
 I'm not going to do it.

A tear rolls down Milo's cheek.

MILO  
 Dammit Sam! It's the only way I know I can trust you. To know you're really like me.

SAM  
 I'm not like you.

Milo gets right in his face.

MILO  
 But you want to be!

Sam looks him right in the eye.

SAM  
 No! I'm not a killer.

Milo jumps up. He smiles.

MILO  
 See! Just a couple of days ago you wouldn't have had the balls to stick up to me!

Sam is shaking his head.

SAM  
 No...no...

Milo SNAPS.

He grabs the shotgun and jams the barrel against the side of Jesi's face.

MILO  
 You will! Or you're pretty little cunt will be eating through a straw for the rest of her very short very painful life.

Sam breaks down.

SAM  
 OK...OK...just don't hurt her.

Milo moves behind her and rests the barrel of the gun at the base of her skull. He draws a pocket knife out of his pocket, reaches over and cuts Sam's restraints off him.

Sam stands and massages his wrists where the tape was.

Milo pulls the .45 out of his belt and hands it to Sam. Sam takes the gun. His hand is shaking as he raises it.

He points it at Steve.

JESI  
Sam, don't!

Steve pisses himself again.

Sam's aim falters.

SAM  
I...I...can't do it.

MILO  
There just a couple of worthless  
chinks Ace...it's just like putting  
a lame animal out of its misery.

Sam brings the gun up again.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Do it!

JESI  
Christ Sam...

Milo jams the shotgun into Jesi's neck.

MILO  
Shut up bitch!

She whimpers.

SAM  
I can't.

MILO  
Well then I'm just going to have to  
kill her.

This time the whole chair rocks forward when Milo pushes the barrel into her neck.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Too bad too, she was a wildcat in  
the sack.

The barrel of Milo's gun shifts away from Jesi's neck.

Sam sees his window.

He spins and kicks the shotgun clear of Jesi.

The .45 comes up as Milo turns and the barrel presses right between his eyes.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Thought you were nothing like me,  
Ace?

SAM  
I lied.

He pulls the trigger.

CLICK.

No bullets.

Milo grins.

MILO  
I knew it! You're exactly like  
me...a cold blooded killer...

Sam pounces on Milo and SLAMS him into the wine rack behind him.

The .45 and the shotgun slide across the floor. Sam and Milo start wrestling around.

Jesi's chair turns over during the ruckus.

As Milo and Sam fight on Jesi see's the broken neck of the wine bottle on the floor.

She starts inching towards it.

Milo is kicking Sam's ass all over the wine cellar.

Jesi gets the neck of the bottle and begins sawing through her restraints.

Milo is pummeling Sam when Sam's hand finds a wine bottle and he slams it into the side of Milo's head.

They continue to go at it.

Jesi gets free and makes her way over to Steve and Dede.

While Milo and Sam fight on, she cuts them free.

JESI  
Go!

Steve and Dede run up the stairs of the cellar.

BACK TO:

THE WINE CELLAR

Sam SLAMS Milo into a wine rack and the whole thing turns over on them.

Sam dives out of the way as the rack comes down on Milo.

The CLIP from the .45 slips out of Milo's belt and clatters across the ground.

Sam scrambles over and collects the gun and the clip. Slapping the clip home he spins and aims toward the pile of broken wood and wine bottles.

He's seen better days. Cuts and abrasions cover most of his visible skin and his lip is already beginning to swell.

Milo climbs free.

He doesn't look much better.

His eyes widen as he notices Sam pointing a gun at him.

MILO  
You can't pull that trigger.

SAM  
I'm pretty sure I can.

MILO  
Think of how you felt the second  
*after* you pulled that trigger the  
first time...you can't do it again.

Sam looks at Jesi.

She nods.

SAM  
I will.

MILO  
Sammy, think about what you're  
doing...

SAM  
Oh, I know exactly what I'm  
doing...It's just like putting a  
lame animal out of it's misery.

JESI  
You're a nuisance.

SAM

And nuisances need to be taken care  
of...

Sam cocks the gun.

SAM (CONT'D)

...Ace.

And

Mercedes comes running down the stairs.

She's all cleaned up and looking frantically around.

MERCEDES

Jesus, what the fuck is going on  
down here? Why are Steve and Dede  
naked in the kitchen?

Sam puts his hand back as if to calm her.

SAM

Don't worry...you're safe now Cede.

MERCEDES

Safe?

SAM

From him.

JESI

He went crazy and tried to kill us.

He motions at Milo with the gun.

Mercedes glances from the gun to Milo.

Her demeanor seems to change. She suddenly seems defenseless  
and weak.

She reaches behind her back slowly with one hand.

There's a butcher knife tucked in her waistband.

MERCEDES

Oh thank God! This psychopath has  
been holding me hostage for weeks.

She grabs the hilt of the knife.

SAM

It's going to be alright now.

Mercedes closes on Sam. She touches his arm with her free  
hand.

MERCEDES

Thank you...

Jesi has a puzzled look on her face.

The knife slides free.

JESI

What about the Tijuana story?

Mercedes head snaps in Jesi's direction. She looks crazed.

MERCEDES

Yeah, we killed that bitch too.

And she JAMS the knife into the base of Sam's spine.

Jesi watches him go down. Her mouth is open in a silent scream.

The gun falls from his hand and Sam drops to his knees. He wavers for a moment and then falls on his face.

Tears run down Jesi's face.

Mercedes turns to Jesi.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

Too bad your hubby had to figure out our bad habits. I was really beginning to like you two.

JESI

You're both fucking crazy!

Mercedes leans down and picks up the gun.

MERCEDES

The both of us? There is no "us".

She motions to Milo with the gun.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

He's just my latest boy toy. Trained him pretty well though, don't ya think?

MILO

Hey!

JESI

You are a psycho bitch!

MERCEDES

That's not fair Jess you know what they say in the lifestyle...the women call the shots.

BAM!

She shoots Milo in the face.

He gurgles up some blood and drops to the ground.

Jesi shakes her head in disbelief and tears.

JESI  
Steve and Dede?

MERCEDES  
Oh they're naked in the kitchen.

FLASHBACK TO:

THE KITCHEN

Dede rounds the corner of the stairs.

A butcher's knife PLUNGES into her neck.

Mercedes pulls the blade free.

Steve watches his wife fall to the ground, blood spraying from her neck.

He backpedals and turns to sprint in the other direction.

The butcher knife SLAMS wetly into the back of his head.

Using the handle of the knife for control, Mercedes swivels Steve's head back towards her and looks his dying face over.

BACK TO:

THE WINE CELLAR

MERCEDES  
I just didn't mention that they're dead.

JESI  
You're a fucking psychopath.

Mercedes trains the gun on her.

MERCEDES  
Look at little Jesi all grown up.

JESI  
Just one question, why us?

Mercedes rocks her head back and laughs.

MERCEDES

I spotted the two of you when we first walked into the club. Some of us are predators and some of us are prey. How does it make you feel knowing that out of everyone in that club you two were the easiest prey upon?

JESI

Fuck you!

Mercedes giggles.

MERCEDES

Didn't we already do that?

She winks at Jesi.

Jesi glares right back with a matter of fact look on her face.

JESI

And it makes me sick to my stomach right now.

She flexes her wrist. The ice pick is tucked in her hand and laying along her forearm.

MERCEDES

You wanted it so bad I could see it in your eyes.

JESI

I faked it.

Mercedes closes on her. She caresses Jesi's face with the barrel.

Mercedes leans in close.

MERCEDES

Sweetie, You've never had better than me.

Jesi leans forward, their lips almost touching.

JESI

Could've fooled me, I though you were just a cheap hooker.

Mercedes tries to angle the barrel of the gun towards Jesi.

Jesi SMACKS her arm away and

JABS the ice pick into Mercedes neck.

The gun and the knife clatter to the floor.

Mercedes sways.

Blood runs out of her mouth.

Her eyes are unfocused.

MERCEDES

Bitch.

Jesi pulls the ice pick out of her neck.

Blood SQUIRTS.

PULSE.

PULSE.

And slowly the squirts die away.

JESI

If anybody's gonna call the shots  
it's gonna be me.

And she kicks Mercedes limp body back into the wine rack where she hits the rack and slides down to a seated position. And then her head falls to one side.

EXT. MANSION - LATER

Police cars and ambulances are everywhere. A couple of cops walk Jesi out the front door with a blanket wrapped around her shoulders.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MONTHS LATER

Jesi is sitting at her desk. Her hair is pulled back in a ponytail and she's wearing her glasses. She's wearing almost no makeup and her outfit can only be described as frumpy.

She's staring at a picture of Sam. The frame reads "In Loving Memory".

A BUBBLY COWORKER bounces up to her desk.

BUBBLY COWORKER

Hey Jesi happy hour tonight?

JESI

I don't think I'll be able to make it.

Her coworker frowns.

BUBBLY COWORKER

Jesi, it's been months since you've done anything but go straight home from work.

She takes Jesi's chin in her hand.

BUBBLY COWORKER (CONT'D)

Come on we could run a comb through your hair, maybe a little eyeliner.

Jesi SMACKS her hand away.

JESI

I like the way I look.

BUBBLY COWORKER

I'm just saying it's time to move on.

Jesi's hand slips down into her purse. Her fingers find the handle of the ice pick and caress it.

JESI

I have moved on.

FADE OUT.