

SCENE 1 OF 2

19.

START

PATRICE

You should be so fucking lucky.

As Mia changes, DAPHNE arrives and dumps down her stuff.

MIA

(cheerful, sincere)

Daphne! What's up, Diva?

DAPHNE

Hey, Maniac.

DAPHNE is 24, gorgeous -- confident, relaxed and down-to-earth, with a great wry sense of humor.

MIA

Where were you all month?

DAPHNE

I went to Spain for a while. Then over to Portugal. You know how I hate New York in the summer.

MIA

Were you on that huge boat again?

DAPHNE

Yacht? No. Yes. A different one.

MIA

Awww, a different one. Didn't you like it? State room too small?

DAPHNE

Your brain is too small.

MIA

So are my tits. Such is life. I'm dealing with it.

DAPHNE

I liked it fine, it's just that my dad invited these dudes from Dubai -- this prince and all his creepy peeps -- and it got old fast.

The door opens and Claire steps in. The chatter dies.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

Who's that wide-eyed little thing?

MIA

Bambi. My new roommate. Twenty bucks says she's gone in a week.

UNTITLED SAUJET PROJECT - DAPHNE

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PATRICE
 HIIIIIII! Welcome!

All the girls *AD LIB* big, overly-cheerful greetings. Claire, with pasted-on smile, offers her own small hellos.

As she passes through the room heading for Mia, all of the women appraise her. Many smiles fall from many faces.

Claire sets her stuff down next to Mia and Daphne.

DAPHNE
 Well, you look like a Bambi.

CLAIRE
 What?

MIA
 This is Claire.

CLAIRE
 Hi.

DAPHNE
 Hi. I'm Daphne.
 (sweetly, to Mia)
 And you're a *douche*.

MIA
 Daphne's a demi-soloist. And a spoiled brat. You should see her apartment -- it's sick. So's her closet.

DAPHNE
 (to Mia)
 I like what you're wearing, it's a nice color on you. What's it called, "Bitter Bitter Jealousy"?

MIA
 That's why I love this girl. She's not afraid to be an out loud bitch. She's the only one here I trust.

~~Across the room, a naked ballerina, MONA, grabs PAPER TOWELS and shoves it in her crotch, exclaiming --~~

MONA
 Goddamn it! Does anyone have a tampon?

SUZANNE
~~Will you get your period? Poor thing.~~

UNTITLED CAUJET PROJECT - DAPHNE

(rummages in her bag)
 Um, I might have one. Somewhere.
 (holds out a crushed box)
 They've been in here a while...

MONA
 Can I just keep the box? I'm
 bleeding like road kill.

CLAIRE
 Uh, sure. No problem.

Mona grabs the box and strides away, cursing.

PATRICE
 Shove in two at a time or you'll
 never make it through the barrel!

MONA
 Why does God hate me?

Daphne grins and gets up to go. Many dancers are leaving.

DAPHNE
 Welcome to the fray, new girl. Try
 not to fit right in unless you want
 to spend your whole salary on
 shrinks.

(indicates Mia)
 This one. Watch out. Bat shit
 crazy. And a total whore.

MIA
 (grinning)
 Fuck off. I'm not crazy.

Daphne and Mia head out with the last of the dancers.

MIA (CONT'D)
 See you in the shark tank.

CLAIRE
 Let me just grab my stuff --

The door closes. The room is empty except for Claire.

END

INT. MAIN REHEARSAL HALL - DAY

Claire hustles in. All the MALE DANCERS check her out.

She sets down her bag, sits on the floor and starts to
 quickly sew elastic and ribbon onto her new toe shoes.

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SCENE 2 OF 2

39.

Claire and Daphne round a corner and head down another hallway with several doorways adorned with layers of drapes.

They pass by PRIVATE ROOMS. Glimpses of girls on laps.

Claire, intrigued, peeks in as they pass by.

START

DAPHNE

Yo, Bambi. Gotta work on your poker face.

CLAIRE

Sorry.

DAPHNE

I can't believe you've never been in a club.

CLAIRE

I can't believe you work here.

A BOUNCER in a suit escorts THREE STRIPPERS and a group of YOUNG BUSINESSMEN into a room. THREE WAITRESSES in matching bikinis follow on their heels -- two of them carry trays with bottles of champagne, one carries a tray with glasses.

The last girl gives Daphne a quick kiss on the cheek before disappearing inside. Daphne and Claire keep walking...

DAPHNE

It's not work, it's play.

CLAIRE

So, you just dance or... do you also do the... other stuff?

DAPHNE

Define *other stuff*. Do guys cum in their pants? Sure. But they can't touch. The rules are super strict.

CLAIRE

But the girls are on their laps...

DAPHNE

The girls are in charge. Some of them make arrangements though, for later. Outside the club, you know? But management frowns on it.

SERGEI

(Russian accent)

On what is it I frown?

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UNTITLED SAUJET PROJECT - DAPHNE

SERGEI, the handsome, immaculate Russian club owner, late 40's, wearing a suit so sharp the lapels could cut glass, has just come down some plush stairs.

His burly associate/body guard, TEDDY, re-clips a velvet rope at the bottom of the staircase.

DAPHNE

Not me, I hope.

SERGEI

No, never you.

DAPHNE

(flirtatious)

Good. I'd crumble under the hot glare of your disapproval.

SERGEI

(playing along)

Since you put it like that perhaps one day I'll allow you to disappoint me.

DAPHNE

Sergei, I'd like you to meet my friend and colleague Claire.

SERGEI

(takes her hand, kisses it)

Ballerina! Enchanted.

CLAIRE

Very nice to meet you, Sir.

SERGEI

Please, I am Sergei. It is my sincere pleasure meeting you -- I am honored. I cannot tell you the joy for me that is ballet.

DAPHNE

Claire's going to hang out while I do my thing, is that cool?

SERGEI

(to Claire, re: Daphne)

She always get what she wants, this one. I hope you delight in your evening with us and that we'll see you again. And again. Very soon.

The girls take their leave.

CLAIRE
Is he really a mobster?

DAPHNE
Does James Bond drink martinis?
(then)
I gotta let Remy know I'm here.

They round another corner and climb up a couple steps.

INT. STRIP CLUB - DJ BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

REMY, a young, handsome African American man sporting dreads spins records and discs from his booth above the dance floor.

REMY
Hey, Girl. When you wanna hit it?

DAPHNE
Can you put me on in about thirty?

He grabs a CLIPBOARD and adds her name to a list.

REMY
What's your flavor tonight?

DAPHNE
King of Pop's still floating my boat.

REMY
Whatever blows your skirt up.

The girls go. Remy checks out Claire as she walks away. He turns his attention back to his work, speaks into the mic:

REMY (CONT'D)
That was the lovely Sapphire --
she's quite a gem.
(cranks up a new song)
Remember gentlemen, private dances
are available all night long.

Claire and Daphne open a door and enter...

END

INT. STRIP CLUB - DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The dressing room is both functional and comfortable.

There are several make-up stations surrounded with lights, plush armchairs and sofas, chandeliers and lockers. A few girls hang out and a few girls get ready.

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