

CART GIRL

Written by

Alec Whittle

LOS ANGELES -- Over black -- the distinct SCRAPE a straight edge razor makes when it meets stubble.

GENE (V.O.)
Unbelievable. I've never seen -- I
mean this might be my best work.

INT. PRIVATE GOLF COURSE BATHROOM STALL - DAY

GENE FRANK, 70, harmless, doing the only thing that has ever truly filled the black hole in his heart -- that's right, shaving the bikini line of a willing 24 year old with a purposeful aura and bright ginger hair, named MONROE.

Monroe has one foot up on the back of the toilet, straddling Genes's face as he works in close proximity to his blade. Her shoulder is covered in an elaborate bougainvillea tattoo. Gene's headlamp illuminates her other tattoo on her inner thigh, which is a swarm of honey bees.

MONROE
Seems like you might have missed
your calling. Like Don Quixote. You
should free yourself from the
constraints of all this country-
club bullshit and let your freak
out.

GENE
Unbelievable. Like marble. Fluid
yet peaceful.

MONROE
Or you could just talk in riddles --

A KNOCK is heard on the outside door.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Sitting just out of sight from the bathroom on her drink cart is GEORGIA, 40, African American, fastened to her resolution and God. On her laptop, she watches the live video feed from the bathroom.

GEORGIA
Son of a bitch!

Georgia presses the talk button on her earpiece.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

I need the two of you two move in
and take dissuasive measures on the
George Hamilton looking mother --

EXT. BATHROOM - DAY

A well-tanned, distinguished gentleman, RAY, barks from
outside.

RAY

Gene! Jesus Christ, we got these
guys on the ropes out here with
only three holes to play. Eat a
fucking salad once in awhile!

Two Mexican maintenance workers in their thirties, JORGE and
FELIPE, use their leaf blowers to force Ray to leave.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - CONTINUOUS

Monroe hears the voice of Georgia in her own earpiece.

GEORGIA

Everything okay? Tell me that old
man is not getting weird.

MONROE

I think we crossed that line awhile
ago but he's fine.

Gene finishes up and cleans off his razor meticulously as he
looks up at Monroe. It is revealed that Gene has shaved the
design of an intricate Cardinal (red bird).

GENE

Exquisite. May I?

MONROE

You already know the answer to
that, old man.

Gene leans in and kisses the honey bees.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Georgia sees Gene make his move -- shuts her laptop and takes
off toward the bathroom. Gene emerges with a quickly forming
shiner and some blood coming from his nose. A Cheshire Cat
grin covers the rest of his face. Georgia slows herself as
she realizes Monroe has taken care of the situation.

GEORGIA

Gene, nobody touches the employees
of this club under any
circumstances. Understood?

GENE

I've just never experienced that
before. It was a rapture of sorts.
Worth any punishment.

Georgia hits herself in the forehead.

GEORGIA

All these year, down on my knees,
praying and all I had to do was
kiss some vagina.

Georgia looks over her shoulder to make sure nobody is
watching, grabs Gene by the ear and pulls him back into the
bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Monroe is cleaning up and putting her clubhouse uniform back
on.

GEORGIA

Did he hurt you?

MONROE

This old man? He is harmless. I
just had to put some of those
little baby bumpers out in his lane
to keep his balls from going in the
gutter.

GEORGIA

I should have never --

MONROE

This was my idea.

Georgia motions to the camera set up in the corner of the
stall.

GEORGIA

Gene, I might not be able to stop
the forces that be from sending
that video to your sweet little old
prude of a wife unless you do me a
favor.

GENE

Dear, God. How much do I have to pay to have a copy for myself?

GEORGIA

You can't touch any of her money without her permission, correct? Now, how in the world do you expect to finance this little curiosity with a Social Security check?

GENE

Of course. I don't know what came over me.

GEORGIA

I'll be taking what you owe, now.

Gene rifles through his wallet and gives her five one hundred dollar bills.

GENE

How do you know about my wife's bank accounts?

She hands him back one of the bills and a bag of blue pills.

GEORGIA

You don't want to ask questions about the fucking Ukrainians, Gene. Now, I'll see you on the eighteenth tee box with your mint julep. I just so happen to have some fresh Oregon marionberries that came in this morning. And if your lucky I'll pour a little honey on top.

Gene's eyes light up then and leaves. Georgia follows him out.

EXT. BATHROOM - DAY

GEORGIA

Gene, like I said, I have a little favor to ask.

GENE

I'm beholden to you, my African queen.

GEORGIA

Okay, you can keep your guilt to yourself --

Georgia hands him a business card that reads: *Peaches after dark. Anything you desire.*

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

This is a new thing I started recently. Next time you or any of your freaky old friends want something like that in there -- call this number. It has to stay separate from the club. And only people you trust.

Gene looks at the bathroom where Monroe is.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Sorry, she is not on the weirdo geriatric menu -- with all due respect of course.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Monroe drives Georgia's cart. Georgia puts three of the bills into separate envelopes then hands Monroe the first.

MONROE

My mother said the two of you used to light up this town.

GEORGIA

And that got her dead. And me re-focused on my mission in life -- creating a level playing field.

MONROE

You really think that us employees can buy this place someday? I did the math on what you have us saving up. At this rate, I will be seventy-five.

GEORGIA

I got plans for us to step it up. There's more than one elitist club in this part of the world.

MONROE

What about muscle? Where are these Ukrainians? My boyfriend used to play football. He could help.

GEORGIA

Why do you think I swore off men?
Always playing with their balls.
You think you can trust this Dante
person?

MONROE

With my life. When did I tell you
his name?

GEORGIA

You better focus on dressing
appropriately and not putting your
business out there for God and all
these dirty scoundrels around here
to see.

Georgia eyes Monroe's breasts. Monroe reluctantly buttons up
her uniform. They stop next to Jorge and Felipe. Georgia
hands them the other two envelopes.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Ustedes los reyes estan trabajando
muy duro.

FELIPE

La limpieza es junto a la piedad.

MONROE

I hear that new congressman that
just joined the club will be at the
dinner this evening. I heard he has
his hands in some fucked up cookie
jars.

GEORGIA

He's on the course now. We treat
him like everybody else until I can
do a little more research on him.
And you might want to sign up for
Ms. Georgia Jones' class on acting
like a lady with that language.

MONROE

As soon as you show me the 'fucking
Ukrainians.' I think Jorge has a
gift for you that his wife made.

Jorge moves to his cart and grabs a small gift bag and hands
it to Georgia. Georgia opens it up and pulls out a red,
white and blue sequined cape.

GEORGIA

Now, what the hell is this?

Monroe ties the cape around Georgia's neck.

MONROE

You're like Robin Hood to them. To
all of us.

Georgia lets a little happiness cross her lips then steps on
the gas. The sun shines on the holy cross around her neck.
Her cape flutters in the wind.

TITLE: CART GIRL.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

WANDA BARCO, dark skinned, 40, tired around her heart from
dealing with people like the man on the other side of the
fence from her, named CARL MAGRAW, fat, with a wispy, dyed
black ponytail. She is accompanied by a cameraman and
attempts to interview Congressman Magraw through the fence of
the golf course. She is constantly shielded from his view by
two security guards on the other side of the fence.

WANDA

Can you tell us about the emails
that came out this week, alleging
you spent seventy-five thousand
taxpayer dollars on stripper grams
for your friends?

CARL

I would say that sounds like a
necessary form of entertainment.
That's off the record of course.
Might I say, Wanda, you look mighty
nice in proper business attire. You
should try that more often.

REPORTER

And what about the claims that you
are involved with one of Mexico's
most notorious sex-trafficking
rings?

CARL

(to security)

Get her out! She's harassing me.

The two security guards begin to climb the fence.

WANDA

Jesus.

She and her cameraman run and duck under a bush nearby. From their vantage point under the bush, they have a clear look at the congressman as he is approached by Georgia in her cart.

EXT. COURSE - CONTINUOUS

Georgia pulls up and waits for Carl to finish his approach shot.

GEORGIA

I thought I would welcome you with
a little refreshment -- compliments
of the house of course. Always a
pleasure to have someone as
esteemed as you join our humble
club.

Georgia hands Carl a meticulously crafted Mai Tai, complete with pineapple, cherry, mint and lemon garnish.

CARL

Well, someone has done their
homework. You know they invented
the Mai Tai at Trader Vic's?

GEORGIA

Some would claim it was his rival,
Don the Beachcomber in nineteen
thirty-three.

Carl hands the drink back to Georgia, annoyed at being challenged.

CARL

I never drink while I play.

GEORGIA

That's why I brought you this
irresistible virgin.

Carl looks around.

CARL

Oh. Of course. The drink.

He takes it back from her.

CARL (CONT'D)

Who do I owe the pleasure?

GEORGIA

My name is Georgia, sir. And just let me know if there is anything else you need.

Georgia drives away as Carl drools over her.

EXT. UNDER A BUSH - CONTINUOUS

Wanda is struck by what she just saw.

WANDA

Holy shit. Why didn't I think of this? I need to go undercover.

(to her cameraman)

I need you to call and find out who that woman is, then run her through the system. I need every detail.

Her cameraman is a little confused.

CAMERAMAN

System? You mean Google? I'm just a camera guy.

WANDA

Nice to meet you, camera guy. How do I get one of these jobs that only require you to know one thing?

Just then the two bumbling security guards spot them in the bush and a chase ensues. Wanda stops near the clubhouse and sees Georgia talking with Monroe.

INT. WANDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wanda works on her computer and drinks a glass of red wine. Her husband, JOSH, 40, surfer-type, comes up behind her and massages her shoulders.

JOSH

You should take a break.

WANDA

Tell me how a man could leave their sick wife and teenage daughter never to be seen again --

JOSH

You talked about us getting away from here. Finding a little house on the beach --

WANDA

I mean even when that same woman dies, you don't come out of hiding to help your daughter.

JOSH

How do you know he's alive? What does this have to do with Magraw, anyway? Can't you set this aside for five minutes?

WANDA

You want a long weekend? Are we paying for that with your 'Consulting' fees? Because unless I break this story there's nobody else who wants to touch me as a reporter anymore.

JOSH

I can't imagine why.

WANDA

What the hell is that?

JOSH

Huh?

WANDA

The bulge, pressing into my shoulders.

JOSH

That's my friend, Conan the Destroy
--

WANDA

I call it a middling erection in my neck, and it's not comfortable. Can we just be with each other?

JOSH

Have you heard of soaking? I think it's big with the Mormons.

WANDA

You want to stick your dick in me and just let it rest there?

JOSH

It's not my first choice, but it beats nothing.

WANDA

How about you let me "soak" my
"purple panda" in your fanny for a
while? I won't pump, I promise.
I'll just let it rest.

Josh moves away now. His semi-erection still visible.

JOSH

I guess I'll have to deal with this
on my own.

WANDA

I'll be out here "dealing" with the
rest of our life. And try to quiet
that weird whale sound you make
when you go.

On Wanda's screen we see an article from the Los Angeles Times dated November Fourth nineteen ninety five about LEMON JONES, Georgia's father. The headline reads: *Prominent developer sold a 'Lemon' by his fellow country club members, now living in his van.* There is a photo of Lemon being escorted off the grounds of a golf course.

She scrolls to another headline: *Lemon falls from his own tree, contaminated soil ruins the dreams of a native son, causing him to flee to Tahiti in embarrassment.*

A third article reads: *Was Lemon poisoned deliberately? An inside look at the tainted investment of an up and coming black man and the white men who sold it to him.* Wanda begins feverishly taking notes and cross-referencing dates from the various articles. She picks up cell phone and dials:

WANDA (CONT'D)

Terry Doyle, it's Wanda. I need a
favor. You're fresh out of those?
How much? Unfortunately things are
a little tight right now. You can't
afford to associate with me
anymore? Huh. Interesting because
I'm sending you a little file right
now --

Wanda pulls up a video file of a TERRY, an oversized elderly fella, licking the prosthetic legs of an otherwise clothed twenty year old man. She hits send.

WANDA (CONT'D)

You should have it in a few seconds and I'm wondering how you can 'afford' a little habit like this on the side and what your husband might think. Go ahead, I'll wait. Three, two, one -- that's what I thought. Listen this could be good and I'll loop you back in if this story is what I think it is, but first I need you to look up some public records on a Lemon Jones. He was a local developer that left his family behind after falling for the okey doke back in the nineties. I need to know anything you can find, arrests, parking tickets, bank transactions and I swear I will make this worth it for you.

INT. GEORGIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's very modest but clean. Her two-year-old son, DEXTER, plays on the floor with some toys as Georgia says good night to her Nanny, VERONICA.

VERONICA

You know I love little Dex, and I don't want to lose the two of you, but why don't you take him with you? They have childcare at the club. My friend Rosie works there. She is amazing. You could pop in and see him anytime you like.

Georgia slides some cash into Veronica's pocket.

GEORGIA

Diablos blancos.

Veronica smiles and leaves.

Georgia closes the door then gets a plate of fruit from the refrigerator. Then she moves back to the living room and picks up young Dexter and move to the corner of the apartment where she has a small church pew seated in front of a painting of St. Francis of Assisi. She lights a candle and holds Dexter in front of her facing the painting while feeding him fruit.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

This is St. Francis of Assisi. He abandoned a life of luxury and devoted himself to Christianity. We'll take only what we need, baby. Anything more -- obscures the things that matter.

(serious now)

Then we get reparation.

EXT. GEORGIA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Wanda knocks. Georgia opens the door.

WANDA

My name is Wanda Barco. I'm an investigative reporter. I have a proposition for you.

GEORGIA

This couldn't wait til tomorrow?

WANDA

I want you to hire me. He needs to be stopped.

GEORGIA

He, who?

WANDA

That wretched man you served a drink today.

GEORGIA

Well that narrows it down.

She starts to close the door. Wanda stops it.

WANDA

Carl Magraw will shove his diseased cock so far down your throat that your whole operation --

GEORGIA

Maybe I like a deep throat.

WANDA

Please tell me -- God no! My husband is always going on and on about the last time I gave him a hummer was our honeymoon. I mean those distended hairy -- and the cock. Who designed all of that?

GEORGIA

I imagine it's hard to go
undercover when you are inclined to
talk so much.

WANDA

I need some actionable evidence
about this monster's connection to
a prostitution ring.

This little nugget hits home for Georgia.

GEORGIA

He's a pimp? At my club?

WANDA

Okay. I guess I should have lead
with that.

GEORGIA

You should have led with a fake
name so I didn't know you were the
same conspiracy nut that tried to
bring down the mayor of Los Angeles
for running a crack cocaine ring?

WANDA

Ms. Jones. Or should I say Peaches?
I'll have you know I had enough
evidence to send that man to prison
for life and somehow all three of
the computers I had backed it up on
came down with a nasty virus the
same night. I'll also have you know
that I know about you're operation
at the club.

GEORGIA

Damn. If you put your skills to use
in a more creative way, I bet you
wouldn't be driving that old shitty
Saturn any longer.

WANDA

How? I parked like --

GEORGIA

-- On Crawford street. And so you
know, the people that work for
Peaches are all there willingly.

WANDA

How did you know I was coming?

GEORGIA
Mexican intelligence.

Wanda puffs up her chest a bit.

WANDA
You don't have a choice here.

GEORGIA
Oh, I do. And I choose to keep the people working for me limited to a very small group.

This time Georgia shuts the door successfully.

WANDA
I know where your Father is.

Georgia opens the door, steps outside and grabs Wanda by the shirt, backing her off her porch.

GEORGIA
I don't believe in violence but you come around here talking about my father --

WANDA
I'll take you to him right now. But you have to promise me the job.

GEORGIA
Ms. Wanda Barco from Detroit. You show me that old deadbeat in the flesh and I'll put you to work tomorrow. Otherwise, I have the Ukrainians staple that mouth of yours shut.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB GREEN - NIGHT

Wanda and Georgia walk through the trees near one of the holes. Wanda carries Dexter on her back.

GEORGIA
What kind of stupid joke is this? You see ghosts? You see that old bastard out here tonight tell him, he was too soft for this Earth and we didn't need him around anyhow.

Wanda holds up a finger to her mouth to signal to Georgia to be quiet.

WANDA

You can tell him yourself.

In the distance, stands Lemon Jones with a pitching wedge in his hand. There is a bucket full of golf balls turned on its side next to a bottle of whiskey, as he practices short shots on to the green. He has a silver Afro and wears a worn down suit vest and pants and he is giving a semi-coherent play by play description as if he is competing in the U.S. Open.

Wanda waits for Georgia's reaction -- Georgia lets one single tear glide down her face before composing herself.

GEORGIA

It's late. I gotta get the boy to sleep.

She turns to leave.

WANDA

Wait. What about the job?

GEORGIA

I'll call you.

WANDA

You knew you're father was here this whole time, didn't you? Why did you let me drag you out here?

GEORGIA

You seemed like you needed a confidence boost.

INT. BANQUET HALL - DAY

Carl is surrounded by guests at a table, including Gene. He notices most of the staff are non-whites except for Monroe who serves him a beer.

CARL

(to the table)

My staff tells me I need to hold a town hall from time to time while I'm home. What say we discuss some things? I propose we demand the president of this club shows us proof of citizenship of all the employees that work here.

Nervous, spineless laughter.

A brawny brown waiter, named JERRY, gay, tattoos, spills a water glass which gives Monroe a small window to exchange pills for money with a busty woman at the table who slides them down in her cleavage.

JERRY

I'm terribly sorry. I can show you my papers if you like, Mr. Congressman. I'm a legal beagle.

CARL

No need for that.

GUEST ONE

She looks suspicious.

Jokingly pointing at Monroe.

CARL

You never know. She could be Irish. Could you prove you're American? Who did you blow to get a green card?

In her best Irish accent --

MONROE

I never kiss and tell, sir. Unless the price is right?

A few of the guests laugh. A few aren't sure this is appropriate at all. Gene is transfixed by Monroe. Carl slams his glass on the table.

CARL

You know what that is? That's an attempt at bribery, and quite frankly I don't find it funny.

Leans in to Monroe's ear.

CARL (CONT'D)

I could be that person. I could help you get a much better job than serving food to entitled assholes like these people. I love red-headed sluts.

MONROE

I'll be sure to tell my grandmother.

Monroe takes some empty glasses and walks away.

Carl leans in to Gene next to him.

CARL
If a friend of mine here at the
club needed to get some sexual
release, who would he talk to?

Gene sizes up Carl for a moment. Then he pulls out the
business card from his pocket from Georgia.

He nods with his eyes toward Georgia.

GENE
It's her alter ego.

Carl looks at the card.

CARL
Peaches? Interesting.

As Carl is saying this, Georgia walks in back of him.

1. Georgia stops to "warm-up" a table nearby with a joke
while Monroe singles out one of the guests at the table and
exchanges pills for money. Ninja-like.

2. The next table over, JERRY runs his own version of
interference with a show tune, while Monroe, again does her
thing.

3. Carl sees Georgia working the room but misses the
interactions between Monroe and the patrons.

Carl excuses himself from the table and walks out into the
lobby to make a phone call.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

CARL
I need to know everything is going
according to plan at the border. I
don't care if they're presenting
themselves for asylum. Take them to
the detention center, and make sure
their paperwork gets lost forever.
Nobody can come looking for a
ghost.

Carl looks around the empty lobby.

CARL (CONT'D)

Yes, I'm told the dark lady with the outstanding ass, has her hands in running some sex stuff on the side, but I'll take care of her. I can tell she's a light-weight. We'll have a whole new client list soon.

Georgia approaches Carl.

Carl hangs up the phone.

GEORGIA

Sir, I think the patrons want to raise a glass to their newest member if you come back inside.

Carl obliges. Georgia stays behind. Makes her own call --

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Were you able to tap his signal?

EXT. CELL PHONE TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Covered by some phony looking branches are Jorge and Felipe.

JORGE

I think your friend is right. I think this dude is into some rotten shit.

GEORGIA

She's not my friend. She's a crazy reporter.

JORGE

This man has honey on his nuts. He will lure worse people than reporters if we don't deal with this ourselves.

GEORGIA

Okay. Good work. Then I'll see you tomorrow night.

Georgia takes Wanda's business card out of her pocket and dials the number.

INT. WANDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wanda stands in front of the mirror dressed as a man with a moustache in a tuxedo. She is searching for the right "character." Phone rings. She answers at first in a deep voice.

WANDA

Hello? A trial run? Of course. What time?

Wanda scratches down on a piece of paper as she repeats the information back out loud.

WANDA (CONT'D)

Beverly Hills. Seven p.m. A tuxedo?
I think I can find one.

INT. LOBBY AREA - CONTINUOUS

Monroe approaches.

MONROE

That new guy is a piece of work. I don't like him at all. Like I want to stick a fork in his tit --

GEORGIA

Don't talk stupid.

Monroe is hurt by this momentarily.

MONROE

I really think my boyfriend, Dante, could help us out. I feel like we are crossing into new territory here.

GEORGIA

Get back to work, girl. And that's enough about your boyfriend and his little balls.

MONROE

Oh, they're not little --

Georgia cuts her off with a look.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREET - NIGHT

Wanda parks her car on the street and walks up to the gate of a posh home. She presses "call" on the security panel.

VALET

Hello?

WANDA

Yes. I'm here to work the black-tie event. I guess I will be a server?

VALET

Is that what they call it now?
Interesting.

A buzzer is hit, and the gate retracts.

EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Wanda is met by Georgia who straightens out Wanda's tux.

GEORGIA

You look like you fit right in.

WANDA

Don't you think I need some kind of disguise?

GEORGIA

Oh, not yet. None of these people have anything to do with the club. Think of this as an audition.

Jorge and Felipe emerge from the back of a van. They are wearing their tuxedos.

In Spanish:

JORGE

I think I look like Clark Gable.

FELIPE

You look like a penguin. Not one of those emperor penguins. Like the fat penguin in Batman.

WANDA

Wait. I am supposed to look like a Mexican man?

GEORGIA

These people like a certain aesthetic.

WANDA
My Spanish sucks, but I can
understand a few things. What kind
of party is this?

JORGE
You didn't tell her?

FELIPE
No need to speak. We talk with our
fingers!

The two men give a hearty laugh then stop abruptly.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Our three waiters are led into a dimly lit room with three
beds in the middle. They are surrounded by tinted windows
showing only the silhouettes of three people on the other
side of the glass. After a moment, a green light flashes
above their heads and they are led back out of the room by a
female HOST.

INT. HOLDING AREA - CONTINUOUS

WANDA
Okay. What the hell is this *Eyes
Wide Shut* shit?

FELIPE
We are going to tickle them.

WANDA
Fucking Cosquillas? We're tickling
people?

JORGE
If they try anything else. We have
been authorized to use force.

WANDA
Where is she? This -- does she have
you do this often? You let her
whore you out?

FELIPE
It's actually quite soothing. For
both the ticklee and the tickler.

WANDA

Christ. I will go Liam Neeson in there if some -- wait, are they men or women ?

Jorge shrugs his shoulders.

WANDA (CONT'D)

Well let's get this over with. How long, like fifteen minutes? I can play this game.

JORGE

One hour.

WANDA

Jesus!

Their host returns.

HOST

From now on, there will be no talking. We will let you know when the hour has passed.

INT. GLASS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wanda notices there are two women and one man facing downward on their own massage tables. She starts toward the man but is elbowed out of the way by Jorge. Wanda reluctantly moves to one of the women. Her bare back is exposed, along with her feet. There is a towel covering her mid-section.

At first she is uncertain how to proceed, but after watching her two co-worker's technique and hearing the cooing of their people, she gives it a crude try. This is jarring at first to her patient, but Wanda settles in nicely and seems quite gratified when her lady starts laughing uncontrollably. Jorge signals to take it down a notch. Wanda obliges and gets a soft slow sputter of laughter.

- Wanda seems bored by all of this. Fidgets. Tries unorthodox methods.

- Wanda gets hot and removes her jacket.

- looks at her watch.

WANDA

I think that makes an hour. It's double time after that.

Our host's voice comes over the intercom.

VOICE

Now we will proceed to the ending
portion of our night.

WANDA

(to Jorge)

What does that mean?

Jorge moves to Wanda's table and signals that she has to move
over to the man.

JORGE

Exactly what you think it means.
The "happy ending" portion. It
doesn't have to be a long and drawn
out thing. Just make it happen.

WANDA

I'm married.

JORGE

Maybe you will be able to take home
some of your newly acquired skills?

Wanda moves over to the man and signals that he should turn
over. He does, which reveals a mask on his face. She
reluctantly begins to massage his penis while not looking at
his body.

Mere seconds later: a guttural WHALE sound. Wanda looks down
and realizes that the male subject is HER HUSBAND, Josh!

WANDA

Fuck. Me.

Wanda removes the mask to confirm that it is Josh then
punches him in the nose. Wanda tries to run out of the room
but her progress is stopped when Georgia is led into the room
at gunpoint by a tall CRIMINAL in a ski mask.

WANDA (CONT'D)

Ooh okay, I was just trying to get
a drink of water. I mean the son-of-
a-bitch already did his thing.
Like, really fast. I mean normally
he just lies there slumped all up
on me rutting away for like --
hours.

Georgia's eyes get big, and Wanda returns to her place.

CRIMINAL

Nobody fucking move.

WANDA

My purse is in my car. You can have the whole thing. Take my car too. I'm too young to go out like this.

JOSH

What the hell is this?

GEORGIA

Do whatever he asks.

Georgia looks specifically at Jorge and Felipe.

CRIMINAL

Relax, and I'll let you finish what you started. I'm not a cruel man. I'm simply here to tell you that the next time you need anything like this -- you'll be using our services from now on.

GEORGIA

How did you know we were here?

Criminal pulls out a stack of golden business cards from his back pocket that read: "Mexicali Rose's Escort Services: for all of your dark-skinned desires."

CRIMINAL

If everyone would take one and pass it around.

Criminal hands them to Josh first, who after a brief pause takes one and passes it on.

WANDA

Of course.

Just then Georgia tries to knock the gun away from Criminal who quickly subdues her and points the gun at her head.

CRIMINAL

I wanted to keep this peaceful, but I see that's not an option. Everybody, close your eyes.

A chorus of shrieks and tears fill the room.

WANDA

Wait!

The Criminal pulls the trigger to reveal there is no bullet in the chamber.

GEORGIA
You will regret that.

She makes another move at him but he pulls out another gun and points it at her. She freezes. This time Wanda lunges at the man. He pulls the trigger and strikes her in the foot. Seismic pain envelopes her face but no audible sound comes out. Georgia quickly wraps the foot with a towel as Jorge and Felipe howl in fear.

CRIMINAL
See -- it didn't have to be like
this. We'd love to hear from you
all in the near future.

Criminal leaves. Jorge and Felipe act as if they want to run after him, but Georgia stops their feeble attempt.

GEORGIA
Let him go.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Wanda sits in the back of the van applying pressure to her foot. It's not a serious wound. Josh approaches with two giant pieces of gauze hanging from his nose.

JOSH
I'm not sure what kind of case your
wrapped up in but that was kind of
hot.

WANDA
I walked into that room beforehand.
Did you not recognize me?

JOSH
With your hair pulled up and the
tuxedo --

WANDA
So are you gay?

JOSH
Who knows? I'm just -- empty. Are
we ignoring one certain aspect of
what just happened? Why are you
here exactly?

WANDA
Why stay?

JOSH

I won't. I mean I can't anymore.
You deserve better.

WANDA

I catch you in a tickle cult, and
you leave me. That's rich. How did
you find out about this?

JOSH

It was a gift.

WANDA

Somebody that knows you're married?

JOSH

Actually a complete stranger
approached me at a coffee shop. She
said I looked like I needed some
adventure in my life.

WANDA

How about a job?

JOSH

Huh?

WANDA

I think you want to be coddled.
Like a little boy.

JOSH

Me? I think that you're just angry
because your other friends ended up
with rich dudes and they don't have
to work.

WANDA

What did this little tickle-
trafficking gypsy look like?

JOSH

I'm not sure why that matters?

WANDA

Because if you took a tickle ticket
from an Oompah Loompah, then you
suck even worse than I think you
do.

JOSH

She was pretty. Tall. Pale. Red
Hair -- tattoo on her shoulder.

Wanda realizes that Josh is describing Georgia's young apprentice, Monroe.

The blood leaves her face.

JOSH (CONT'D)

You okay? I'm gonna go now. We can figure this out later -- Maybe we can discuss the armed sex-crusader guy too?

Wanda pays him no attention as she gets up and limps toward the house.

EXT. WINDOW - NIGHT

Wanda presses her face to the glass and notices Georgia and the two women who were in the room being tickled, together along with the host. Curiously, they are dressed in very casual clothes. Not wealthy people casual but almost dirty -- like what you might wear if you were going to clean a house.

Wanda notices the cleaning supplies on the table and then sees the money change hands, only it's Georgia who is paying the women.

WANDA

Son-of-a-bitch.

EXT. DOOR - NIGHT

Georgia exits. She moves to a waiting Jorge and Felipe and gives them each some cash. The two men hug Georgia and leave. Then Georgia pays the valet for letting them use the house. Wanda approaches Georgia from behind.

WANDA

How does that work?

Georgia turns around slowly.

WANDA (CONT'D)

These people are out of town, aren't they? None of this was real.

GEORGIA

I would say that it was pretty real when your husband's nose started flowing like the Mississippi in there.

WANDA

You know what I mean. Nobody pays to get tickled. How did you even dream this up?

GEORGIA

Nobody pays to get tickled? Girl, that's just the tip of the iceberg.

WANDA

Why? Why go through all of this?

GEORGIA

Because you need to know what will happen to you if you step out on me.

Baffled. But in awe.

WANDA

Was the gunman necessary? I mean maybe you should focus your narrative. I don't know how believable all that was --

Georgia looks at her as if she should know that she can't reveal her tricks.

GEORGIA

You still want to do this? Partner?

Wanda staggers away.

WANDA

I got shot -- but -- that was genius. Holy shit.

Felipe moves back toward Georgia and passes Wanda without a word. Wanda moves out of sight and listens in. Felipe speaks in Spanish here and is quite flustered.

FELIPE

Tell me that was all part of your plan, and you just decided to not let us in on it.

Georgia is silent.

FELIPE (CONT'D)

Who the hell could have known about this? It wasn't even a real job.

GEORGIA
(in English)
Someone must have followed us.

FELIPE
We might be in over our heads. This
is very dangerous. Where were the
Ukrainians when we needed them?

GEORGIA
They don't know about this. We
should start by looking into
Mexicali Rose. Why would someone
name --

FELIPE
They made a movie called that.

Wanda walks back toward them as they stop talking.

WANDA
It's not the movie. It's the
restaurant. It's in Oakland. Or at
least it was --

GEORGIA
Holy shit. Trader Vic's. Oakland.
Magraw! He's rancid. We have to
dispose of him.

FELIPE
I might need a raise.

Felipe leaves.

WANDA
Yes.

GEORGIA
I'm sorry?

WANDA
You asked me if I still want to
work together. I'd say you're stuck
with me now.

Georgia finishes packing up the van.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

DANTE, football player thick, 26, with a ski mask still
sitting half on the top of his head answers a video chat from
Carl Magraw.

DANTE
Mr. Congressman, sir.

CARL
Dante! How did our little party
crashing go off?

DANTE
Message delivered. They might be a
bit scrappier than you thought, but
they know about you now.

CARL
You mean us. They know about us.
I'm going to need you in this for
the long haul unless you want me to
stop paying off your debt to a
certain loan shark. Are we clear?

DANTE
Yep. I gotta go.

Dante hangs up. Just then a topless photo of Monroe comes
through on his phone with a message that reads: *Hurry home
after your study group, mommy needs some attention!*

Dante swings wildly at his steering wheel in frustration with
himself.

END PILOT

