

INT. LOS ANGELES NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Close-up on LOU ABERN, 30s. She's blond and lean, the look of a yoga instructor who could easily kill you.

She moves in slow motion -- blinking, breathing hard. She's sweaty, her thin hair sticking to her face. But her eyes are focused. She inhales...

Then she's PUNCHED in the face, slamming us into real time.

Lou whips her head back towards the woman who punched her: KEENAN, 30s. She is tall, toned, and powerful -- an Amazon in a past life. Her skin is dark brown, reflecting the constantly shifting lights.

The club is spacious and shiny, full of glass and mirrors. A bar fight seems out of place here. A crowd of drunk MEN (and some WOMEN) surround Lou and Keenan, heckling them. There's a balcony above them, full of even more ONLOOKERS.

Keenan GRABS Lou by the collar and DRAGS her across the long metal bar top, sending the glasses there CRASHING to the floor. The crowd REACTS riotously to this while MITCH, a well-dressed man in his 30s, follows them from behind the bar, SHOUTING at them to stop. Keenan pushes Lou off the end of the bar and she lands HARD on her side.

Lou is dazed, but slowly moves to rise. Keenan KICKS her in the stomach and she crumples again to the ground.

Keenan turns victoriously to the crowd and they CHEER.

Lou moves to a crouch then POUNCES on Keenan's back, KNOCKING her through the crowd and onto a table in a booth. They WRESTLE. Lou has the upper hand for a moment but Keenan manages to get out of her grip and CLIMB onto the table. Keenan JUMPS from the table to the back of the booth to the next table, with Lou right behind her. Most of the crowd follows.

Keenan LEAPS from the last booth, lands nimbly on her feet, and turns just as Lou lunges for her. Keenan CATCHES Lou, spinning her around and SLAMMING her headfirst into the end of the bar. Lou falls to the ground, defeated.

The crowd CHEERS for Keenan and immediately surrounds her, SHOUTING drink orders to Mitch. Keenan soaks in the attention.

On the ground, Lou rolls over and looks at the ceiling, breathing hard.

EXT. LOS ANGELES NIGHTCLUB - LATER

Lou exits through a door marked "Staff Only" into a dingy alleyway. She takes a few steps then stops, putting her bag on the ground and stretching her shoulder. She winces.

A moment later, the door opens again and Keenan runs out. She comes up behind Lou and smacks her ass playfully.

KEENAN

Bitch, you actually got me in there.

LOU

I did not. Let me see.

Keenan reveals a small cut along her hairline.

LOU (CONT'D)

It's nothing. It's not like you have a Covergirl shoot tomorrow.

KEENAN

I could!

Lou raises her eyebrows.

KEENAN (CONT'D)

You don't know me like that, Lou.

LOU

I know you well enough.

Lou puts her hair up in a ponytail. Keenan pulls out some lipstick to reapply. They're waiting for something.

KEENAN

Hey, did I tell you about the movie I'm working on?

LOU

The western?

KEENAN

Nah, that wrapped last month. I'm on this lady jewel heist thing now.

LOU

(disinterested)
Cool.

KEENAN

Yeah. The main character's stunt woman actually just had to quit so -

LOU
No.

 KEENAN
What?

 LOU
I'm retired.

 KEENAN
I wasn't asking!

 LOU
Oh really?

 KEENAN
Yes really, you -

The back door opens again, shutting Keenan up. Mitch pops halfway out the door.

 MITCH
Hey.

 LOU
Hey man.

Mitch hands Lou a roll of cash and tosses Keenan another roll, which she catches mid-air.

 LOU (CONT'D)
I'm pretty sure this is light.

 MITCH
I told you to avoid the bar top.

 KEENAN
C'mon, it's a better show that way!

 MITCH
Yeah well there won't be a show anymore if I go bankrupt buying glassware.

 LOU
You make more money on Fight Night than most bars make in a week.

Mitch shrugs.

 MITCH
See you next month?