

MARTHA

Written by

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INT. HUNK-O-MANIA STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

It's Sunday night at the "ultimate ladies night" in Midtown Manhattan. It's not Friday, and this isn't Vegas.

Bridge-and-tunnel bachelorette parties are winding down across the throbbing, strobing, haze-filled club.

Perched on a stool and cheering on the DANCERS like a black-out proud parent is MARTHA (45, white, big-eyed, plump).

Martha's been posted up here since brunch ended, nursing her drink of choice: bottle service for one. She's in the zone, rocking out to an insane club remix of Lady Gaga's "911."

Martha whips out a fat roll of hundred dollar bills from her bra and squeals as GO-GO BOYS flock to her. She shoves bills upon bills into their g-strings, then reaches over the bar and grabs a bottle of rail vodka.

MARTHA

Dicks up, boys!

BOYS drop down and open their mouths for Martha's vodka shower. She cackles as the liquid dribbles down their cheeks.

Through her stupor she sees a MAN approaching the bar. As she hops out of her seat, the boys let out a disappointed groan.

BOYS (IN UNISON)

Marthaaaaaaa!

MARTHA

Hard work pays off, muchachos!

She tosses crumpled bills over her shoulder and stumbles away. The boys lunge like bridesmaids vying for the bouquet.

Martha barrels into the man from behind, startling him.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Bob-bay! Great show. Your boys got me dripping, as always!

BOBBY

Martha! The reason I'm open on Sundays!

A BARTENDER slides Bobby a drink. Martha gasps and slaps a twenty dollar bill on the bar.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I drink for free here, Martha--

MARTHA
Just shut up and tell me who's
"working" tonight, Bob-bay.

Bobby surveys the dancers around the club. REVEAL a particularly hunky young GO-GO BOY gyrating on the bar.

BOBBY
Derek! He's new. You'll love him.

DEREK is very Mark Wahlberg in Boogie Nights. Martha pats Bobby's chest and descends on her new plaything.

MARTHA
Derek! It's a little loud, what do
you say we get outta here?

Another DANCER grabs Derek's arm and pulls him in to advise.

DANCER
Martha's a good time. Don't worry.

DEREK
Oh, cool, okay.

DANCER
But she's stronger than she looks.
So make sure you got a safe word.

Derek flashes a nervous smile then jumps down to join her.

MARTHA
Atta boy!

DEREK
Hey... how's it goin'?

MARTHA
Fucking amazing, now that you're
here!
(then, quieting)
Why don't you say goodbye to your
buddies, this may be the last time
you ever see them.

Derek's eyes widen. Martha bursts out laughing.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
I'm kidding! I always bring 'em
back in one piece.

Derek exhales and laughs along with Martha. As she pulls him towards the exit, the boys see them leaving and deflate. *There goes the rest of the night's earnings.*

EXT. HUNK-O-MANIA STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

They spill out onto a deserted sidewalk. Martha's driver JUSTIN (40s, Black, lanky, quiet) leans against a TOWNCAR.

JUSTIN
Ready to go, Ms. Boxer?

MARTHA
Justin! Quick, help me hide the
body!
(then, fake gasping)
Wait, he's still alive!?

Martha roars as Justin opens their door. Derek hesitates.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
I'm a lady, what am I gonna do?

INT. MARTHA'S TOWNCAR - CONTINUOUS

Half-naked, Derek's shivering from the November air. Martha flips on a busy light display and unhitches a fold-out mini-bar, procures a blanket and wraps it around Derek.

MARTHA
How's that for cozy?

He's grateful. She grabs a decanter of scotch and pours.

DEREK
Woah, this stuff's intense!

MARTHA
Macallan 17 triple cask. And that's
just my road hooch!

DEREK
Wooooo-heeeeey!

MARTHA
Who needs condoms when you can just
neutralize the little swimmers?!

Martha threatens to pour the bottle out on Derek's crotch.

DEREK
No no no no no!

MARTHA
Oh, relax! We're protected.

Condoms drop from the ceiling. Derek is in sensory overload.