

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-heeeey!

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.