

CLUBWORLD

SCREENPLAY

by

GIOVANNI ZELKO & CHRIS JOHNSON

ATLAS FILMS
2721 SECOND STREET
SUITE 203
SANTA MONICA CA 90405
PHONE: 310.396.8236
www.giovannizelko.com

all rights reserved. registered with the Writers Guild of America

EXT. HONG KONG HARBOR - DAY

View of Hong Kong skyline from the Kowloon docks. A Chinese junk-boat reaches the dock. A tall, husky man, MR. SMITH, wearing a beige linen suit and carrying a brown leather shoulder-bag, hops off. We do not clearly see Mr. Smith's face, though we can tell he is European and not Asian.

He walks beneath the famous Railway Clock-Tower across from the Peninsula Hotel. Mr. Smith makes his way to the front entrance of the english colonial Peninsula Hotel past a splashing fountain with imposing statues of LIONS.

The circular driveway has four parked Rolls Royces attended by chauffeurs. Two Asian DOORMEN dressed in all white suits with white gloves and white hats cordially open the large glass doors for Mr. Smith.

Entering the giant vaulted lobby, he takes in the lavish panorama of wealthy patrons enjoying High-Tea in the majestic setting of palm trees, white suited waiters, silver table-settings, and a string quartet playing Bach.

Mr. Smith raises his left wrist to check the time on his diamond crusted platinum Rolex. It is precisely noon, and the chimes of the clock tower behind him begin to ring.

The CONCIERGE, a tall handsome Asian man wearing a sharp suit, approaches Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith's face remains a mystery.

CONCIERGE

Can I be of assistance, sir?

MR SMITH

(american accent)

Yes. I'm meeting a gentleman by the name of Mr. Chow, for High Tea.

CONCIERGE

Ah, yes. Mr. Smith, I presume?

MR SMITH

Yes.

CONCIERGE

Right this way, sir. Mr. Chow is expecting you.

The concierge politely leads Mr. Smith through the lobby past sharply dressed wealthy people enjoying their sophisticated brunch.

CONCIERGE
 (continuing)
 May I check your bag and coat
 while you dine?

MR SMITH
 No. Thank you.

The concierge directs Mr. Smith to a corner table where two seated ASIAN MEN in their forties rise to greet him, bowing slightly. Mr. CHOW, wearing frame-less spectacles and a scar on his right cheek, has an imposing demeanor which contrasts his small stature. Mr. Smith bows slightly in a return gesture of respect and the three men are seated. The camera glides around Mr. Smith to finally reveal his face. Mr. Smith is a 45 year old anglo-American with piercing blue eyes and a thinning hairline.

MR CHOW
 Welcome, Mr. Smith. We thank you
 for travelling such a great
 distance to meet with us in person.

MR SMITH
 Gentlemen... you do me great honor
 by seeing me.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVER REFLECTING CITY SKYLINE. BOSTON - DAY

Title sequence with Narration:

High-speed sunset melts into night over the city skyline. Slow Dissolve to a giant ATLAS holding the world on his shoulders with the word "CLUBWORLD" rotating around the earth.

MONTAGE Rapid cutting and multiple dissolves of distorted images within the frenzy of nightclub life: dancers on bars/D.J.'s spinning records/bouncers throwing out guys/doorman taking a tip/bartenders making and serving drinks/drugs sold & taken/sex in the corner/etc.

NARRATION
 Party all night, sleep all day,
 and do it all over again. We were
 the kings of the city; the gods of
 the night-life. Welcome to
 Clubworld.

Montage abruptly ends with a real-time sunrise along an empty city street where a lone MAN wearing black leather boots, leather pants, and leather jacket walks away.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - DAY

ECU of alarm clock going off, flashing the time 2:30.

JACK rolls out of bed, hurriedly throws on sweats, t-shirt, hooded sweater and ballcap. Jack, 22 years old, is a tall athletic guy who obviously works out. He grabs a couple of books, a binder, and an I-pod as he slips out the door.

Jack exits onto the front steps of a brownstone on a city street. Putting on his headset, he turns the club music way up, and heads down the steps and down the street.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS ON BUSY CITY AVENUE - DAY

Jack hops out of a trolley and crosses the street to a crowded university campus. Flipping his hood over his head, he discreetly navigates his way through the young college crowd.

His eyes squint slightly as he sees two well-dressed foreign guys in all black approach him: ASH, 24 years old and SUNEIL, 20 years old. They are dark-skinned Indians from Bombay and are obviously extremely wealthy in a gaudy sort of way with their brand new Versace apparel: a giant golden Medusa on their sweaters, sunglasses, shoes, and belt buckles.

Jack is considerably larger than both of these average, out of shape guys. ASH and SUNEIL both speak with heavy British/Indian accents.

ASH
(beaming)
Jack! Hey, my friend, Jack!

Jack turns his I-pod off, and his face lights up; it's show-time.

JACK
Hey, Ash! What's going on?

ASH
Oh, the same. You know. Listen, this is my good friend Suneil, from Bombay. He just got into town.

JACK
Pleasure to meet you. You guys
coming tonight?

SUNEIL
(arrogant)
Of course. Unless you take the
night off. That is why I had Ash
introduce us. He said you are the
one man in town to know.

ASH
Jack never takes a night off,
especially not Thursdays! Do you
Jack?

Jack, with a smirk, slowly shakes his head in a "no".

SUNEIL
(pushy)
Good. Tonight I am coming with a
group of friends who are visiting
for the weekend. These are close
friends, and I want no waiting
with any lines, or hassles with
identification.

A clock-tower bell begins ringing three times. Jack looks
over his shoulder to the University building. He's obviously
in a hurry.

JACK
(unimpressed)
No worries, pal. I'll be there.
Ash knows the deal, he'll explain
it to you. I gotta take off for
class... later guys.

Ash puts his hand on Jack's shoulder.

ASH
Jack, wait, we also want a private
table upstairs overlooking the
dance floor, and of course our own
waitress for the night. You'll
arrange that for us, yes?

Jack pauses and relaxes, deciding this will be worth being
late for class.

JACK
Okay; so, how many people?

SUNEIL
Nine guests, plus me.

JACK
Ash, I usually need at least a day
to arrange this, not six hours
before work while I'm in classes.

ASH
Jack, I'm sorry. It just came up.
C'mon. You can hook us up.

Suneil seems annoyed and speaks to Ash in Hindi.

JACK
(irritated/to Suneil)
Listen kid, you look like you're
12, so if you wanna see the inside
of any nightclubs worth getting
into, learn some manners. This
aint your daddies palace.

ASH
(apologetically)
Now Jack, he didn't mean anything
by that, he was just asking me how
much it would cost.

JACK
(not buying the b.s.)
Here, write all their names down
and I'll take care of it.

Jack hands Suneil his binder, opening it to a blank page.

JACK
(continuing)
When you get to the door, talk to
no one but me. If you don't see
me, wait. I never leave the door
for more than a minute or two.

ASH
Of course, Jack! So, do you want
to take care of it now?

JACK
Are any of them 21?

ASH
(smiling)
Only me.

Jack puts an affectionate hand on Ash's shoulder.

JACK
(fake smile)
Well Ash, since you and I are old pals, and I like your new friend here, lets say fifty a head for them, and you of course will be my guest.

SUNEIL
(surprised)
That's five hundred dollars.

JACK
That's a lot of slurpies at the Quickie Mart, huh?

Ash, amused, smiles at Jack's joke.

SUNEIL
What? I thought it was twenty a person.

JACK
Yeah, that's if they're 21 and they wanna get right in and skip the line out front. Your fifty pays for line privileges, the table and waitress, and most importantly, getting into the club in the first place since you're not 21. Whatya think? Ten teenagers can stroll into the cities hottest club for just a couple bucks?

SUNEIL
(defiant)
I am actually 20 years old, not 19.

JACK
Good. I'll see you next year.
Later Ash.

Jack shrugs his shoulders and begins to walk away.

ASH

Jack, Jack, Jack! There's no
problem here. He's new in town.
Give the lad a break.

Suneil apologetically hands the paper with the list of names
to Jack.

SUNEIL

Sorry if I offended you. I was...

Jack cuts him off as he takes the list from him.

JACK

No problem, pal. Listen, I really
gotta jam. I'll swing by the
International Cafe on the way
home. Have the cash ready in
hundred dollar bills and if anyone
asks, you don't know me. Peace.

ASH

No problem, Jack, my friend!

JACK

(matter of factly)
Oh, and make sure you bring your
platinum cards. The booths I'm
getting ya have five hundred
dollar minimums each for the night.

SUNEIL

(cocky)
Tonight, we will spend five times
that!

JACK

(unimpressed/smiles)
I know.

FREEZE FRAME ON JACK'S FACE.

SUPER: "THE DOORMAN"

The locked frame releases and Jack turns his music on and
heads away at a quick walk towards the university. Ash and
Suneil both light up Dunhill cigarettes from silver cases as
they walk to the nearby parking lot.

SUNEIL

I don't like that American. He's so arrogant. I hate having to deal with peasants.

ASH

(chuckling)

Ah, Suneil. You must learn to be kind and friendly to those "peasants." They run the clubs and can make your life here very boring if you don't play nice.

As they reach the parking lot, Ash points his key chain to a tricked-out black Braubus Mercedes Benz with diplomatic plates. The lights flash as the alarm is disengaged and the windows and sunroof open. The car starts automatically, and blasting club music spills out. Ash and Suneil get in.

SUNEIL

Where should we go for lunch?

ASH

(smiling as he exhales smoke)

The International Cafe, of course!

FREEZE FRAME:

SUPER: "THE EUROS"

The freeze frame unlocks and the Mercedes zips off screen.

EXT. THE INTERNATIONAL CAFE - DAY

Ash and Suneil step out and valet their car in front of a street-side cafe with tables inside and out. The cafe is bustling with a young, wealthy, well-dressed, international, chain-smoking crowd.

It looks like a United Nations luncheon with tables of Arabs, Asians, Latin Americans, Greeks, Indians, and sophisticated faces from just about every corner of the world. Most all of them are college students from privileged families; they are the children of the international elite.

Suneil and Ash enter the chaos of multiple language-shouting. As they pass one table, an American guy who dresses and looks like the Euros, CHARLIE, gets up to shake their hands and hug them, working the room like a campaigning politician. Ash and Suneil exit frame as Charlie sits back down.

Charlie is about 22 years old, good looking, and has a manipulative Hollywood smile. With a cigarette in one hand and a glass of scotch in the other, he excitedly talks to the captivated table of young male Euros.

CHARLIE

(hyper)

Yeah, like I was saying... you guys have *gotta* check out South Beach Miami. It's fuckin great, man! You got half-naked models on the beaches, killer night-clubs on the ocean, and the best strippers in America! It's totally fuckin cool. My partner and I wanna do a Miami night at a club here in town... maybe call it "South Beach," or something, you know, have sand shipped in, palm trees, waitresses wearing thong bikinis, somba dancers, that sort of stuff. It's gonna be great! You guys will of course have private membership cards...

FREEZE FRAME:

SUPER: "THE PROMOTER"

At the next table we see JEFF, a ruggedly handsome American man around thirty years old, sitting with a young twenty year old blonde haired guy, SEAN. They're both dressed casually in designer Italian jeans and T-shirts. Jeff leans across the table to whisper to Sean.

JEFF

Sean, I told ya you'd make five times more than you did at that college dive bar I found you at. You didn't believe that a thirty year old bartender serving drinks every night had a Masters degree in Psychology, did ya?

Jeff winks at Sean and leans back, downing his wine glass with a smile.

SEAN
 (grinning)
 I gotta admit, Jeff, I never
 thought slingin booze could be
 this good. Figured I'd have to
 throw on a three-piece suit down
 on Wall Street to make this kinda
 cash.

FREEZE FRAME ON JEFF AND SEAN:

SUPER: "THE BARTENDERS"

JEFF
 Hey, check out Mona and Carmit.
 Jesus, those two are fuckin rocket
 fuel...

Jeff motions over to the sidewalk and Sean's head turns to
 look at CARMIT and MONA. The two girls are wearing short
 mini skirts and carry Gucci and Fendi shopping bags. Both in
 their early twenties, they are incredibly beautiful and sexy.

They pass a table where two Greek guys, MANOS and COSTAS, are
 playing cards and sipping espressos.

MANOS
 (thick accent)
 Hey, beautiful ladies, shopping
 again?

Mona and Carmit pause a moment at the Greek table,
 captivating the whole cafe. Mona speaks in a brooklyn accent.

MONA
 (flirtatiously)
 Always, honey.

COSTAS
 (arrogantly)
 The two of you, come sit and join
 us for coffee. Come. Sit. You
 remember us from last week? My
 name is Costas and this is my
 friend, Manos.

CARMIT
 Of course we remember you boys,
 but we gotta go & get ready for
 work. Maybe next time.

MONA

You fellas comin tonight?

MANOS

Of course we're coming. We never miss Thursday nights.

MONA

Great! Make sure you visit *our* tables, okay? Byyye...

Mona and Carmit smile and head off. Jeff calls out to them.

JEFF

Hey, Carmit and Mona! See yuz in a few hours!

Carmit and Mona smile and wave at them.

MONA

See you tonight, Jeff!

CARMIT

Bye Jeff! Bye Sean!

MONA

(whispering)

That new boy, Sean, is beautiful!

MANOS

(smirking)

Hey, what about us?

CARMIT

Oh, we'll see you boys tonight! Don't you worry, okay?

Mona and Carmit strut their way down the street with the staring eyes of every hopeful guy and envious woman in tow. Their clothing unabashedly show off their perfect bodies.

CARMIT

(continuing; to Mona)

Fuckin clowns. I made three hundred bucks off those Greek fags last week!

Mona holds her Gucci shopping bag out in front of her.

MONA
 (chuckling)
 I know what you mean, honey!

Carmit holds out her Fendi shopping bag in a similar way as they both laugh.

FREEZE FRAME ON CARMIT AND MONA:

SUPER: "THE WAITRESSES"

The two girls continue walking and turn the corner. A funky dressed twenty year old American/Asian, SPARK, with huge bell-bottom jeans, a coat full of safety pins, and concrete blonde spiked hair, crosses in front of them. He tilts his head to acknowledge the two girls. They smile and wave as he pops into a D.J. record / CD shop.

INT. RECORD SHOP - DAY

Spark speaks with a forced, over the top, urban accent. There's a heavy biker-looking CLERK behind the register stuffing a sandwich in his mouth. The clerk is a sloppy, stuttering slug.

SPARK
 (excited)
 What up, bro? You get the new
 Saint Germain in yet on vinyl?

CLERK
 It's over there, Spark.

Chewing, the clerk points to a corner.

SPARK
 Killer!

Spark walks over to a stack of vinyl records and flips through until he finds the one he wanted.

CLERK
 You still spinning vinyl, Spark?
 You've heard about computers,
 right?

SPARK
 Fuck that noise. Rest of those
 dudes out there aren't DJ's,
 they're juke-boxes.
 (more)

SPARK (cont'd)

That's why I'm number one in this town, and they're player haters, bra!

CLERK

(amused)

Whatever, man. Don't forget to unplug the turntable when you're done.

Spark heads to a turntable in the corner and pops on the new record. Putting the needle down and pulling the headphones on, he starts bopping his head to the music.

FREEZE FRAME ON SPARK:

SUPER: "THE D.J."

TRANSITION DEVICE:

INT. SPARK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Close-up of the record spinning on the turntable. The camera tilts up to reveal Spark's Apartment, a dimly candlelit drug-den with psychedelic scarves on the wall, rugs on the floor, and burning incense choking the air. The music continues at its deafening level.

There's two other people in the room, a girl and a guy. Spark's girlfriend, JEWEL, is a sexy, slutty seventeen year old rave-chick who is obviously strung out on some drug. She stumbles over and sits next to Spark on a couch.

Spark is counting ecstasy pills in a plastic bag that was just handed to him by DAVE. Dave gathers up three bags of pills and reefer from the coffee table and shoves them into his jacket pockets.

Dave is about 27, and is relatively clean cut with long hair tied neatly in a ponytail. He's wearing black jeans and a black T-shirt.

DAVE

(chuckling)

Now don't take all that shit at once, man, or they'll be pumping your stomach... if you're lucky.

SPARK
 (nonchalant)
 No worries, dude. I got it.
 This'll keep me and my peeps good
 for the weekend.

Jewel is running her hand over Spark's crotch.

JEWEL
 C'mon, baby. I want you inside me.

DAVE
 (smiling)
 I'll leave you two love-birds
 alone. Catch ya in a minute.

Dave and Spark throw out peace signs to each other.

SPARK
 Later man. Thanks for the fly-by.

DAVE
 No worries. See ya tonight.

Dave winks at Spark.

FREEZE FRAME ON DAVE:

SUPER: "THE BAR-BACK"

Dave slams the door shut.

INT. GYM - EVENING

Close Up of a stack of weights CRASHING down.

A huge black bodybuilder, BRIAN, stands up from a rowing machine, unbuckling his gym belt. He stretches his back, flexing his imposing muscles. His partner, COLIN, is almost as big as Brian. They both stand at about six feet tall weighing around 250 pounds. Colin speaks with a thick Boston accent.

BRIAN
 That felt great. My lats are
 getting a lot stronger. I can
 feel it, man. I'm growin wings!

Brian and Colin give each other a high five.

BRIAN

(continuing)

That creatine/glutamine cocktail
you came up with is working great.
I feel way stronger.

COLIN

Yeah, but with all these fuckin
Asian gangs from Chinatown
starting to come in lately, we're
gonna need more than just muscles
to help us out. Those dickheads
at the door should start padding
people down.

BRIAN

(mocking)

What? And piss off their highest
tipping customers? Who do you
think started letting them in?
Fuckin pickle-sniffers. I'd
rather have back the cheeseball
bridge-and-tunnel rats. At least
they put up clean fights without
guns and knives. Shit's getting
out of hand, man.

COLIN

Yeah, well, if they start wearing
Versace and Gucci shit and start
dropping major cash at the bar,
they'll get in. It's all about
coin.

Colin begins his set, rowing 300 pounds as his muscles bulge
and flex, his skin turning red as the blood surges.

BRIAN

(cheering)

C'mon! Four more! You got it!
All yours! C'mon, c'mon, don't be
a pussy! One more, one more.
Nice! Good set, man.

Colin growls as he finishes his last rep, his face beat red
with veins bulging.

FREEZE FRAME:

SUPER: "THE BOUNCERS"

BRIAN
(continuing)
Nice set. Well, tonight's
Eurotrash night, so it'll get
crazy.

COLIN
(annoyed)
I hate those elitist fuckin
assholes. Christ, it's like we're
not in America on Thursdays!

BRIAN
(distracted)
In a way, we aint. Speaking of
elitists...

Brian nods his head over to the treadmills where DEMETRI is running.

Demetri is a handsome, mediterranean guy in his twenties. He has a short military style haircut. He's lean and athletically muscular.

COLIN
Yeah, that dickhead. He makes all that fuckin money and never throws the guys inside a few extra bucks. He doesn't know who's got his back. To top it off, he nails just about every hot chick in the club.

BRIAN
What'ya gonna do? Best thing is to just let him be until he eventually get's fired.

Colin nods his head over to a beautiful tall blonde girl walking by. She's wearing tight white leggings and a jock-bra.

COLIN
(impressed)
Take a look at that...

The camera follows her to the treadmill next to Demetri where she begins running. Demetri acknowledges her with his golden smile. SHEILA, nineteen, has a South Carolina accent.

SHEILA
 (glowing)
 Hi Demetri!

DEMETRI
 Hi Sheila! Don't you look pretty
 this evening.

SHEILA
 Please! I feel gross in these
 sweats. I can't wait to get into
 the shower!

DEMETRI
 (devilish smirk)
 Yeah. Me too.

SHEILA
 Hey, I really wanted to thank you
 for hooking me up with the job and
 all. Working at the university
 library just wasn't cute anymore!
 A girl's gotta shop!

FREEZE FRAME ON SHEILA:

SUPER: "THE GUEST-LIST GIRL"

The camera booms down to show their legs running on the
 treadmill.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS ON BUSY CITY AVENUE - NIGHT

A pair of legs are running. The camera pulls away to reveal
 Jack clutching his books trying to catch a trolley that's
 pulling up at a nearby stop. He barely gets in as the doors
 slam shut. The trolley drives off and heads underground into
 the heart of the city.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

SUPERIMPOSE OVER CITY: hand placing a needle onto a record
 spinning on a turntable. Loud techno club music starts
 pumping.

MONTAGE of all the preceding characters getting ready for the
 night:

INT. SPARK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Spark is in his apartment pulling records off shelves and organizing them into a specially designed metal carrying case. His girlfriend Jewel is in front of a mirror wearing a silver bikini and smearing silver body paint all over her belly, thighs, and arms. She touches up her extreme eye makeup before throwing a black hooded cloak over her near-naked body.

INT. MONA AND CARMIT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mona and Carmit are sitting topless at their vanity mirror doing their makeup next to each other while smoking joints. Mona puts in a pair of neon green eye contacts, and Carmit wears golden cat eye contacts. With a couple of final hurried dabs of powder on their faces, they each get up to finish getting dressed. Mona slips on a form-fitting white tube-top before helping Carmit get into a sexy push-up corset which she laces up the back. Carmit turns around to Mona and they embrace in a deep tongue-twisting kiss.

INT. BRIAN AND COLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The kitchen table is full of hand cuffs, bottles of mace, lead gloves, brass knuckles, steel batons, knives, tazers, and protein bars. The camera pulls back to reveal Colin and Brian dressed in black jeans and long black turtlenecks. They strap all this gear on while drinking protein shakes.

INT. SHEILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A 9mm Berretta in its shoulder holster is slung over a chair. Nearby in the bathroom, Demetri and Sheila are aggressively fucking in the shower.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack is standing in front of his dresser mirror and has transformed himself from a sweatshirt-wearing jock to a GQ model. He's wearing elegant designer slacks, white shirt, a striped black tie, and Italian leather boots. From the dresser, he picks up a short metal rod and snaps it out to reveal a long steel baton which he collapses before sliding it into a holster on his belt. Throwing on an elegant black Zegna jacket, he tosses a small bottle of mace into each of its two front pockets. Checking his slicked-back hair one last time in the mirror, he cracks his neck twice and heads out the door.

INT. RESTAURANT- NIGHT

Charlie is having an elegant dinner at an exclusive restaurant at a large table with a group of Euros, one of whom is rudely snapping his fingers at a waitress before signalling for more wine. Charlie is excitedly talking about something, waving a cigarette-clutching hand before him. The table erupts in laughter.

INT. THE FOUR SEASON'S HOTEL LOUNGE - NIGHT

Ash and Suneil are dressed in custom suits and are enjoying cigars at a lavish hotel's lounge. Ash politely smiles and waves at a group of three very beautiful and wealthy young women. The ladies head over and introduce themselves. Suneil, always trying to impress, snaps his fingers at a waiter and signals additional drinks for the women.

INT. SEAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wearing black jeans and a black silk shirt, Sean grabs a bar-kit of shakers, wine key, strainer, and bottle opener. He throws them into a black backpack, and heads for the door. As he turns out the light, he grabs a motorcycle helmet.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Sean hops onto a red Ducati motorcycle, slings his backpack over his shoulder and pops his helmet on his head. Starting the motorcycle, he races down the city street.

INT. MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Demetri, Mike, and MAX sip on beers at a table in Max's house, an old 19th century, three-story brownstone. The two predominant colors of the interior are black and white. The walls are cluttered with shelves full of books and old military paraphernalia.

Max is a grey bearded man in his fifties. He wears black circular glasses, a bandanna, a white denim shirt, black jeans and boots. His outward appearance is a bit like a biker/pirate and he's got a colorful worldly persona.

MAX

Hey, give me a few minutes to get ready here. Thanks again, Demetri, for swinging by and picking me up.

DEMETRI

Never a problem, Max. You know I
love coming by the old Black and
White.

Max gets up from the table and lights up a joint.

MAX

Peace, Rasta. Let me finish
getting ready.

Max walks to a nearby recliner chair where there's some
gloves, hand-cuffs, and things. Finishing to get dressed, he
picks up a belt and begins slipping it on.

MAX

(continuing)

Demetri, can you tell me the
difference between a whore and a
lady?

MIKE

(smirking)

There is no difference.

MAX

No brutha... there is... Peace!
Besides, I asked Demetri, not you,
coconut.

DEMETRI

A lady will fuck you on the first
night but she won't swallow your
cum until the second night.

MAX

(laughs)

Peace, rasta! That's my boy.

Max re-lights his joint and takes a drag. He walks over to
a countertop and picks up a bottle of Jack Daniels and three
shot glasses and brings them over to the table where he
stands and begins adjusting his bandanna neck-tie.

MAX

(continuing)

You know brutha, I was just 18
when I joined the Core.

(more)