

INT. NIGHTCLUB

Everyone is enjoying themselves at one of the top strip clubs in the city. A sexy dancer owns the stage as onlookers hurl single dollar bills at her. In the booths, patrons enjoy meals and others the private dances from strippers.

In a booth COZE, one of the baddest strippers at the club, seduces YUNG BULL, an up and coming rapper for all that she can get from him and the two music EXECs sitting with him. A celebration is taking place. Once Coze leaves counting her money, Yung Bull signs on the dotted line for two music executives.

Yung Bull take a swing from one of the champaign bottles on the table.

YUNG BULL

I'm bout to blow the fuck up!  
It's all up from here. You feel  
me?

In excitement, Yung Bull smacks the first fat ass he sees passing by. She stops.

YUNG BULL (CONT'D)

Here you go Sweetheart.

Still playing, he grabs a few singles off the table and starts flicking them off as if he's making it rain. When the Execs realize that the ass that was smacked belonged to SCARLETT, the owner of club, their mood instantly changed.

Scarlett turns around facing Yung Bull.

SCARLETT

You like this ass huh?

Yung Bull oblivious to the danger he's in remains celebratory as he grabs a fist full of singles off the table as if to entice Scarlett, unaware that she is the main attraction of the club.

YUNG BULL

Hell yeah.

SCARLETT

I can tell. Twenty-Thousand is a  
helluva price to pay just to  
touch it.

Yung Bull laughs and get the attention of one of the waitresses.

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YUNG BULL

Excuse me. Can I have whatever  
she's been drinking.

Scarlett doesn't flinch, she just hands out her hand.

SCARLETT

Cash only.

YUNG BULL

Bitch you crazy if you --

Exec 1 tries to hand the money to Scarlett, but she doesn't  
take it or her eyes off of Yung Bull.

SCARLETT

No think you Sweetie. I don't  
want your money. He's the one who  
touched my ass without permission  
then followed it up by calling me  
a whole bunch of bitches. So he's  
the one who's gon pay for the  
experience.

The tension in the room is rising. Two large security guards  
walk up. She holds up her hand signaling them to wait.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

(flirtatiously)

Do we have a problem Yung Bull?

Playtime is over. Yung Bull sees that Scarlett means business.  
Yung Bull looks at Scarlett with her security, then over to his  
OG's begging with his eyes for help. But they too are helpless.

YUNG BULL

No we don't have a problem... but  
I ain't got twenty-thousand  
dollars.

Scarlett snatches it out of his hand.

SCARLETT

Run me my shit.

Scarlett walks off with security following behind her.