

DÉSIRÉ

Written By

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INT. DRESSING ROOM - GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - NIGHT

We track through the LOUD, UNBRIDLED CHAOS of DOZENS OF DANCERS, all in Valentine's Day-red, in VARIOUS STAGES OF PREPARATION: GIRLS CHANGE FROM PLAIN PANTIES TO LACE THONGS; THEY ADJUST THEIR MAKE-UP, OUTFITS, AND BREASTS IN THE MIRROR; A GIRL PUTS A HOODIE ON OVER HER SEXY OUTFIT; ETC.

A VISIBLY-FRUSTRATED DANCER, early-20s, fights against the current of gossip, perfume, and glitter. Stunningly dressed as a SEXY CUPID (with wings, a pink bow and arrow, and fuzzy heart-shaped cups that barely cover her nipples), she's as good at taking her clothes off as she looks. This is DÉSIRÉ.

KIKI, mid-20s, in a lace bra, sweatpants, and one fake eyelash, intercepts her. They cheek-kiss each other hello.

KIKI

Hey babydoll! How goes it?

DÉSIRÉ

Hey, I'm fine. Just about to go on.

KIKI

No, no, no, somethin's up w' you.
Pumpkin, get it off your chest now
cause no one's tippin' you if
you're dancin' w' that attitude.

The STAGE MANAGER, 30s, appears: a balding, overweight blemish among a sea of smoking-hot beauties.

STAGE MANAGER

Désiré, one minute.

Désiré steps to the stage door. Kiki stands firm.

KIKI

The boyfriend?

Désiré gives in and unloads.

DÉSIRÉ

First of all he's not my boyfriend.
Well, he wasn't my boyfriend, he
was my boy... friend-like-thing,
whatever, it's over, I ended it.
He's not ok with what I do and I
like what I do so fuck him I guess.

KIKI

Aw, I'm sorry, honey. He seemed
like a good guy.

She moves past Kiki and goes through the stage door.

INT. STAGE - STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Désiré watches from behind the curtains as TWO TOPLESS GIRLS MAKE OUT on stage as the audience cheers and showers them with tips. She opens her clutch and sees a TEXT FROM "JACK."

C/U ON HER CELL PHONE: "I'm really sorry. Forgive me?"

Désiré ignores the text and tries to shake away her frustration as the two topless girls walk off-stage.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And now, the one, the only, Désiré!

A SEXY SONG blasts from the speakers and Désiré STRUTS HER STUFF onto the stage, her frustration completely gone. She's in her element, SEXILY DANCING her way down a catwalk that juts out into the crowd of enthusiastic patrons.

She aims her bow into the crowd, air-kissing and winking at each man she faux-strikes with the heart-shaped arrow.

DÉSIRÉ'S POV: Down the line of the arrow, she faux-strikes a DROOLING MIDDLE-AGED MAN, then a GROUP OF DRUNK STUDENTS, then A HANDSOME GUY IN HIS EARLY 20S HOLDING A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS. She DOUBLE-TAKES and lowers the bow. It's JACK.

END POV: She stares at him, frozen, speechless. The MUSIC BLARES but the audience QUIETS then starts to GRUMBLE.

She looks around, unsure. Then, she lowers her eyes and makes eye contact with Jack. She SEXILY SAUNTERS her way towards him, the crowd getting back into it.

She grabs the flowers and throws them to the ground. For a moment Jack is confused, then Désiré climbs off the catwalk and gives Jack a full-contact lap dance. The crowd LOVES IT.

JACK

I'm so sorry Meghan.

She puts a finger to his lips.

DÉSIRÉ

Shhh... It's Désiré here.

She MAKES OUT WITH HIM. The crowd GOES CRAZY. Désiré keeps dancing on Jack as he enjoys the audience's appreciation of his girlfriend-like-thing-whatever.

FADE OUT: