

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - NIGHT

A post-Trumptopian world where hope and prosperity have been replaced by despair and decrepitude.

Most of the shops are CLOSED. Others abandoned. Bits of paper scatter like leaves in the wind.

A group of PROTESTORS carry signs which read:

GUNS SAVE LIVES
ABORTION KILLS
WALLS KEEP US SAFE
MAKE AMERICA GREAT AGAIN

Others chant;

PROTESTORS

I AM SOMEONE!
ALL LIVES MATTER!
I AM SOMEONE!
ALL LIVES MATTER!
I AM SOMEONE!
ALL LIVES MATTER!

EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE STREET - NIGHT

A tall, leggy woman, ALLISON (20's) walks beneath a halo of a neon sign flashing the letters: GIRLS!~GIRLS!~GIRLS!

Pulling her collar tight to the wind, warming her hands with her breath, she crosses mid block in the direction of a rundown theater.

A lone car passes on the deserted snow covered street.

EXT. FRONT OF THEATER - NIGHT

The peeling painted façade reads: STRAYLITE CAFÉ & CABARET

In the archway, a string of half lit Christmas lights and bits of tinsel dangle with a strange loneliness. A note pinned to the front entrance reads: NEW YEAR'S EVE - LAST NIGHT - FINAL PERFORMANCE

Allison darts round the corner into the alley;

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND STRAYLITE CABARET - NIGHT

Past a group of VAGRANTS huddled around a burning barrel.

Social and urban decay are everywhere.

A sign on the back door reads: STAGE DOOR

INT. STRAYLITE - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Allison races thru the throng of DANCERS and STAGEHANDS.

Ahead is JACK (28) stage manager, clipboard in hand.

JACK

Two minutes, everyone! Two minutes!

Allison nearly barrels into him.

JACK (CONT'D)

You're late. The show's about to start.

ALLISON

I'm only late if I'm not on stage!

Disappearing into the dressing room.

EMCEE/Master of ceremonies (45) wearing a tux and tails, hurries past.

EMCEE

Excuse me.

JACK

Seen Lindsay?

EMCEE

Try the sound booth.

Only to be encountered by JULIE (20) a buxom redhead wearing a bathrobe.

JULIE

JACK? Jack!

Jack stops in his tracks, sighs to himself 'what now'?

JULIE (CONT'D)

How come Darla gets her own dressing room and the three of us have to share one? I'm tired of being suitcase-Julie.

(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)
For once I want a dressing room
with my name on the door!

JACK
Look, it's our last night. Let's
just get through this, okay?

JULIE
And I want a real door. One that
opens and closes.

Pushing her way past.

JACK
You haven't seen Lindsey, have you?

JULIE
Try the bathroom - Last I saw her
she was crying.

JACK
Why was she crying?

JULIE
I didn't ask..!

SOUND BOOTH:

Jack pops his head into the sound booth.

DOC, a gray haired man (50's) sits in a small booth
surrounded by an array of sound equipment and effects
material. He twiddles the dial on an old 40's style mantle
radio, back and forth, finding only static.

A bobble-headed kewpie doll wearing a grass skirt with drawn
on breasts, jiggles atop the radio.

JACK
You picking up anything?

DOC
Nothing.

JACK
Keep trying.

BACKSTAGE - HALLWAY:

Jack squeezes past DARLA BELLE;

JACK
Coming thru.

A statuesque nymphet of nubile proportions, bursting from a string-cut bikini. She carries the cards introducing the various acts and performers.

DARLA
What's the rush?

JACK
I'm looking for Lindsey.

Helping her gather the cards together, but her breasts keep getting in the way.

DARLA
She's in the wings where she's supposed to be.

JACK
Thanks, Darla.

Jack heads towards the wings.

Darla calls out.

DARLA
Jack..!

Pointing across to the opposite side of the stage.

DARLA (CONT'D)
Other side!

BACKSTAGE - WINGS:

Darla joins Emcee at the edge of the curtain.

Standing close, they look out at the audience seated in small groups around tables in a dinner theater atmosphere.

EMCEE
Nice tight crowd.

Glancing down at her voluptuous breasts.

DARLA
I didn't think there would be this many people.

EMCEE

Most of them have nowhere else to go.

DARLA

I guess it's better than being alone.

The house lights dim. The show is about to begin.

EMCEE

It's showtime.

He makes a grand magical gesture with his hands.

EMCEE (CONT'D)

A sprinkle of star dust - and there is light.

The stage lights come up.

EMCEE (CONT'D)

A wave of the hand - and the sound of music fills the air.

Intro-music begins.

EMCEE (CONT'D)

And with the breath of anticipation - brings it all to life.

Emcee takes hold of Darla's hand;

EMCEE (CONT'D)

And that 'ma Lady'-

Giving her a charming kiss on the hand.

EMCEE (CONT'D)

Is magic..!

BACKSTAGE - WINGS:

Hushed STAGEHANDS and DANCERS are gathered tight.

Jack pushes his way thru. He sees LINDSEY (20) slightly plain and innocent, stands next to Allison, Julie and other dancers. They all wear bikinis with sashes which read: CONTESTANT

JACK

Lindsey! There you are.

Everyone turns their heads and gives Jack a;

EVERYONE

Shhhh. The show's about to start.

ON STAGE:

A single spotlight hits center stage.

EMCEE

As you know, tonight will be our final show - Our last performance - Our grand farewell.

He glances back at everyone in the wings, then back at the audience.

EMCEE (CONT'D)

To each of us, this night has a special meaning. For some, it is a new beginning. For others, a welcome end. But this is New Years Eve; the end of one year and the beginning of another.

BACKSTAGE - WINGS:

Everyone backstage watches from the wings.

ON STAGE:

Intro monologue continues;

EMCEE

So without further adieu, I would like to start tonight's festivities with somewhat of a tradition, here at the Straylight Cabaret.

BACKSTAGE - WINGS:

Jack consoles Lindsey;

JACK

Julie said you were crying.

LINDSEY

It's nothing. Just a case of stage fright jitters.

JACK
Are you sure?

EVERYONE
Shhhh...

Lindsey nervously squeezes Jack's hand.

ON STAGE:

Emcee toasts the audience;

EMCEE
A little smile, a little laugh.
A little giggle from our staff.
A little song, a little dance.
A little seltzer down your pants.
A little time we spend together.
A little warmth to ease the cold.
A little drink to hold you over,
when the jokes start getting old!

Stage lights dim.

BACKSTAGE - WINGS:

Pageant music plays as Lindsey, Allison, Julie and seven background dancers;

ON STAGE:

Parade out and line up in classic swimsuit pose across the back of the stage. Exaggerated smiles sparkle across each of their faces.

The card on the easel reads: BEAUTY PAGEANT

Emcee wears an orange Trumpian wig.

EMCEE
This is the moment we've all been waiting for. The judges have made their decision, and now it's time to reveal our finalists. In no particular order...

Immediately jump into: WELCOME TO THE STRAYLITE CABARET

EMCEE (CONT'D)
(sing)
Misery really loves its company
(MORE)

EMCEE (CONT'D)
***So our president built a million
 factories -***

Emcee sings the primary verses as the rest of the dancers join in for the chorus.

EMCEE (CONT'D)
With big, long, shiny, bombs

The dancers use hard thrusting motions like they are building something.

EMCEE (CONT'D)
***Just how in the world did we ever
 go wrong?***

Emcee smiles as he checks out Julie's ass.

EMCEE (CONT'D)
***Hmmm... I wonder?
 So we sit here shaking like we
 should
 As our president declares
 Killing is our business and
 business is damn good!***

Emcee resumes normal singing voice and the dancers gather around his feet moving at a furious speed.

EMCEE (CONT'D)
***So when midnight comes
 And the sirens scream
 The whole world goes BOOM
 It ends the regimes!***

All the dancers hit the floor, roll around, bodies still perfectly timed to the music.

Emcee begins to crawl on the floor across Lindsey, Allison and Julie's bodies as they pull on him.

EMCEE (CONT'D)
***Now I crawl into my bunker
 And watch the hands go tick tock***

LINDSEY, ALLISON & JULIE
 (background)
***Tick Tock! Tick Tock! Tick Tock!
 Tick Tock!***

EMCEE
***Or you can let me be
 Your radiation detector***
 (MORE)

EMCEE (CONT'D)

*So I can show you
What is HOT!*

Everyone leaps back to their feet, choreographed in high energy.

CHORUS

*Because this night could be our
last night
Don't you want to be entertained?
We could celebrate with loads of
champagne!
Because this fight could be our
last fight
So let's go down swinging
We can do it from the ceiling
At the Straylight Cabaret!*

As the background dancers fan out, Emcee makes his way back to front and center while Lindsey, Allison and Julie seductively dance and tease the audience nearest the stage.

EMCEE

*Now that I have your attention,
Ladies and gentleman
Let's get one thing straight
This could be your last night on
earth
And you're spending it with us -
And that's something we appreciate
So here's your last chance
To go and hide in your shell
Or you can party with us
Because we're all going straight to
hell!*

All the dancers return to their group dance.

CHORUS

*Because this could be our last
night
Don't you want to be entertained?
You just might see something
That you find profane!
Because this fight could be our
last fight
So let's go out on top
As our world finally STOPS*

An explosion is heard as the music stops and the dancers fall to the floor.

The lights go pitch black.