SIDES “POSY”

EXT. SHANGHAI NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A line of Shanghai’s fashionable clubbing set snakes around the corner -- young, too-cool-for-school locals brush shoulders with first-timer expats.

A flashy red BMW pulls up. The Valet opens the door and a pedicured foot in a 6-inch chandelier heel steps out.

REVEAL: POSY PANG, in an Alaia mini-dress so tight it defies physics, and a matching gator-skin Kelly.

TIME SLOWS DOWN as Posy swans past the line, her long ponytail swishing side-to-side ‘til we SMASH TO:

CLOSE ON THE BOUNCER:

START

BOUNCER
Name?

POSY
Pang.

The bouncer scrolls through his phone, barely acknowledging her existence.

POSY
Posy Pang.

BOUNCER
No.

POSY
Sorry-- what?

BOUNCER
You’re not on the list.

POSY
Um, I’m definitely on the list. I’m always on the list.

Behind her, a CLUBGOER pipes up.

CLUBGOER
If you’re not on the list, you have to wait in line like everyone else.

POSY
(turning, sharply)
Well, I am, so I don’t.
(looking her up and down)
I hate your hair.
(to the bouncer)
Are you sure you’re checking the right list?

BOUNCER
Who's your contact?

POSY
My contact? Right, my contact. It should be Chris...

Posy looks at the bouncer, as if hoping he will finish the name for her.

POSY
...-topher... Christopher...

Posy, still looking...

POSY
... Lee.

BOUNCER
No one here has that name.

POSY
Oh really? In a city of 25 million people you think there's not one Christopher Lee? Get real.
(then)
Ugh, FINE, I didn't want to do this, but-- I know... Vincent Tanaka.

The bouncer's eyes flicker with acknowledgement.

BOUNCER
Really.

POSY
... Yes.

BOUNCER
You're friends with Vincent Tanaka.

POSY
Not friends, so much as ex-friends. Or-- not ex-friends so much as... You're really gonna make me say it?

The bouncer shrugs.

POSY
We used to fuck.
(off his blank look)
Birthmark on his right butt cheek. Craaaazy sensitive nipples.
(off his blank look again)
He knows I'm coming! And if he hears that you, a human-shaped bottle of whey protein,

POSY (CONT'D)
used what little power you have to keep me out of his club, the next place you'll be gatekeeping will be Cheesecake Factory.

The bouncer, still expressionless, opens the velvet rope and lets Posy through. The crowd behind her groans.

POSY
Thank you. And for your trouble...

Posy reaches into her purse for cash--

POSY
Wait, crap, these are Singapore dollars. Oh well. Next time!

Posy flashes the bouncer a smile and heads off.

END