

INT. FLASH FIVE CLUB - DAY

Flash Five's owner, JOHNNY RAINE, sits at a table with a bottle of Jack and the previous night's receipts. His CELL PHONE sits within arm's reach.

Natalie enters through the front door and cautiously proceeds into the club.

NATALIE

Excuse me?

Johnny doesn't move an inch from his paperwork.

JOHNNY

We're not open.

NATALIE

Your door was.

Johnny turns to size up his visitor then returns to his work.

JOHNNY

We're not hiring today. And even if we were, you're a little late. We only take dancers up to twenty-five. Cocktail waitress cut off at twenty-eight.

NATALIE

I'm not looking for a job. I'm looking for some information.

JOHNNY

That would be 411. This is Flash Five. Now, if you'll excuse me, I in the middle of something. You'll find the door works just as well going the other way.

Natalie takes the photocopied handbill from her purse.

NATALIE

I'm looking for Johnny.

JOHNNY

Well, I suggest you look somewhere else because there's no Johnny here.

NATALIE

Are you sure?

Johnny picks up his cane and uses it to stand.

Natalie opens her cell phone and dials the number on the back of the flyer.

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JOHNNY

Listen, I've asked you politely, now I'm not going to be polite. Turn your little ass around and march out that fucking door before I shove my cane up your--

The cell phone on Johnny's table BUZZES in synchronization with Natalie's call. He silences, but doesn't turn to look at the phone.

NATALIE

Aren't you going to answer your phone, Johnny?

She hangs up and his phone stops BUZZING.

JOHNNY

So what are you? A reporter? Hope not, because I don't do interviews. I know you're not a cop, because I pay my tributes. And if you're some kind of concerned community member, you are more than invited to go fuck yourself.

NATALIE

I want to know why my sister would have this flyer with your name and number on the back.

JOHNNY

Maybe she's a fan. What's her name?