

ANDY

Good, so I'm in the right place.
(takes out his wallet)
This is a jazz club or...?

WOMAN

Um, I don't know what this place
is... it's a space they rented for
the night.

ANDY

Okay... heard she was a singer,
just confirming. How much?

WOMAN

Twenty dollars.
(Andy pays her)
It's a night of feminist works.
Enjoy!

35 INT. DIMLY LIT LOUNGE - 45 MINUTES INTO THE SHOW - N4 35 *

THE CAMERA MOVES across an AUDIENCE of LAUGHING WOMEN sitting
at a crowded communal table.

We pass A WOMAN SMOKING A VAPE PEN and through her gust of
smoke, we arrive on a stricken Andy, waving his hand through
the smoke, stifling a cough as a COMEDIAN finishes up her set
on stage. He's currently a Martian visiting Venus.

START>>

COMEDIAN

Thank you so much, you've been an
excellent audience.

Andy leans back and discreetly waves over a Waitress. He
quietly orders another drink as the Comedian clocks him.

COMEDIAN

And shout out to this guy who is
literally unaware that I am
standing up here right now.
(waves to Andy)
Hello.

Everyone looks at Andy who freezes, caught off guard. He
smiles and waves, uncomfortably -- okay, she wins.

COMEDIAN

No please, order your drink, don't
let me interrupt your patriarchal
orb. The sound of my female voice
is just white noise to you.

(MORE)

COMEDIAN (CONT'D)

(everyone laughs, she
imitates white noise)

Shhhhhhhhhhh. Lesbian. Shhhhhhhhh.

Periods. Shhhhhhhhh.

(jokes over)

Okay, thank you very much!

<<STOP

The people around Andy LAUGH, APPLAUD and CHEER like crazy.
The Women on either side of him shoot him nasty glares.

ANDY

I thought she was done, she said
thank you so much...

MORE WOMEN arrive to join Andy's table, sandwiching him even
tighter. Andy sighs and sneaks a look at his watch when
suddenly we hear a rumbling of FEET POUNDING the floor.

A SPOTLIGHT HITS THE BACK OF THE ROOM and LOLA THOMPSON
APPEARS. The main attraction has arrived. Lola is beautiful,
comfortable in her skin, and looks like she smells of
patchouli. Andy perks up at the sight of her.

The SPOTLIGHT FOLLOWS LOLA as she makes her way through the
crowd to the stage where a microphone and a keyboard await.

TWO WOMEN join Lola on stage and stand behind her as she
begins to gently play on the keyboard and sing a soft,
beautiful melody. Her voice is smooth and sexy. Okay, this is
something Andy understands. Andy smiles, a bit taken with
her.

And just as the room mellows from her lovely voice, the
lighting on stage changes and the music takes a complete
turn.

The Two Women behind Lola start DANCING IN SYNCHRONICITY in
short, awkward, jerky, movements. Lola's song turns into an
intense, impassioned RAP ABOUT THE FEMALE EXPERIENCE --
MOTHERHOOD, SEX, ABORTION LAWS, INEQUALITY. Lola joins into
the intense synchronized dancing.

Andy's table is fully into it. Lola's act is impressive but
just too much for Andy. He looks at the faces around him.
Everyone is moved and emboldened.

For the big finish, the THREE WOMEN DROP TO THEIR KNEES at
once, ripping open their shirts, their buttons popping all
over the stage EXPOSING THEIR BARE BREASTS. They drop their
heads and raise their fists in the air.

The crowd rises, ERUPTING IN CHEERS. Andy joins in, on his
feet, clapping.

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