



"Pilot"

by

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TEASER/ACT ONE

EXT. CHICAGO -- NIGHT

In the distance, the flickering city lights dazzle and tease. The icy waves of Lake Michigan lap closer, closer. Like you, they want in. Somewhere, an EL TRAIN SCREECHES around a bend. A TRUMPET WHINES. THREE GUNSHOTS go **BAM BAM BAM**.

MAN (V.O.)
Chicago. 1963.

CAMERA FLIES with A *SHARP GUST OF WIND* toward the city. The MAN'S VOICE continues... swaggering, confident.

MAN (V.O.)
The steaming, corrupt, crime-filled Windy City may be all of those things, but there's one place in the toddling town where everything is perfect.

FLY past this door and that door. Is it here? There? THREE SNARE DRUM RIMSHOTS go **BAM BAM BAM**.

MAN (V.O.)
Where life is magic.

Around corners, through alleys, heading toward it. FLASH-CUT with COCKTAILS, HIGH-HEELS, SMOKE, and the LIPS on the BLONDE BOMBSHELL singing a sexy, horny cover of "CHICAGO" --

BLONDE BOMBSHELL (O.S.)
*Chicago, Chicago
That toddlin' town...*

The song gets LOUDER, CLOSER. WHIP up a sidewalk, CATCH UP to a well-heeled pair of SHOES -- A MAN'S -- as they walk, coming from somewhere great and going somewhere better. FLASH-CUT with BUNNY EARS, TAILS, and the FISHNET CALVES of a BRUNETTE carrying a CIGARETTE TRAY.

MAN (V.O.)
Where you can be anyone you want to be.

His fingers light a cigarette, his last. Throws away the pack. Steps over a subway grate. Arrives at 163 E. Walton Street. The Gold Coast District. Pulls a SINGLE KEY from his Pierre Cardin jacket -- gold, with a certain logo -- hands it to a beautifully-manicured hand that belongs to:

DOOR BUNNY
Good evening, Mr. Dalton.

THE DOOR BUNNY at the entrance to the Playboy Club. The ears. The tail. The satin. The breasts. Pretty, friendly, even chews her gum perfectly. She checks the number on the back of his key, writes it on her clipboard, hands it back.

He's NICK DALTON (35, a man, a jaw, confident, sharp, genial yet private, the ultimate playboy). He pockets his key.

NICK

How are you tonight, Kate?

DOOR BUNNY

I'm good. I'm always good.
(*laughs, re her costume*)
A little cold.

NICK

It's worth it.

QUICK SHOTS: Nick steps in. Checks his coat and hat with the COAT CHECK BUNNY. Takes three steps. Is met by a TRAY, a COCKTAIL and a Bunny whose face we don't yet see.

BUNNY (O.S.)

Extra-dry, extra-cold, rocks glass, no rocks, three olives.

NICK

I don't know, Brenda. My mother always told me no dessert before dinner.

BUNNY (O.S.)

A little chocolate never hurts.

REVEAL Bunny BRENDA (24, stunning, dry, Black).

BRENDA

Just don't tell your mother.

Nick smiles. He's friendly and familiar with all of these Bunnies, but he's only sleeping with one of them...

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Carol-Lynne's on upstairs.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- SHOWROOM -- SAME

Bunny CAROL-LYNNE (30, think Madonna in *Dick Tracy*) is the blonde bombshell singing "CHICAGO" on the stage in the glamorous, sparkling club, Moulin Rouge in the 60's, which we now see in the flesh. Pun intended. BUNNIES crisscross the room with drinks for the mostly male crowd -- BUSINESSMEN, POLITICIANS, JOURNALISTS, HUSBANDS AWAY FROM THEIR WIVES, even a few HUSBANDS WITH THEIR WIVES.

CLOSE ON: one new Bunny, that brunette we caught a glimpse of, who isn't crisscrossing the room. With a cigarette tray in her arms and a determined glow in her eyes, MAUREEN (20, Norma Jean before she was Marilyn, an untethered, unconscious sexuality, eager, inquisitive) watches Carol-Lynne.

CAROL-LYNNE

*On State Street, that great street
I just want to say
They do things that they don't do on
Broadway, say...*

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(loud whisper)
Maureen. Maureen.

Maureen snaps out of it, turns to see Bunny ALICE next to her (27, a bit awkward, married, takes care of everyone but herself, think Thora Birch.)

MAUREEN

Oh, hi, Alice. It is Alice, isn't it?

ALICE

Right. Hey, so I don't mean to be in your business, but you're gonna get in big trouble if they catch you standing around like this.

Brenda saunters up, takes a cigarette from Maureen's tray.

MAUREEN

I know, but I can't help it, Carol-Lynne is so perfect and beautiful up there. How come she gets to perform?

ALICE

She was the very first Bunny, she can do almost anything she wants.

BRENDA

And she wouldn't want you on stage.

MAUREEN

(reacts)
How do you know I want to be on stage?

BRENDA

You didn't get those legs just from walking, honey. Plus your tray's almost empty and it isn't even ten. That means you're selling something people want and it sure as hell ain't cigarettes.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Can I have this dance?

Maureen turns to see a KEYHOLDER (50, handsome enough, tipsy) who had the balls enough to ask. She smiles, gives an "eek" look to Alice and Brenda, sets the tray down and goes with the man onto the floor. Brenda takes an impressed puff, shares a look with Alice as they watch Maureen dance her heart out with the Keyholder. And wow, those legs.

The man tries to be a little grabby, but Maureen just swats his arm away, laughs it off. He reacts, but she just moves to the NEXT GUY, and the NEXT. She's a magnet, an effortless force. The ROOM'S ATTENTION SHIFTS from Carol-Lynne on stage to Maureen on the floor, and Carol-Lynne notices.

CAROL-LYNNE

Bet your bottom dollar you'll lose the blues in Chicago...

Carol-Lynne's POV: MORE MEN join on the floor, and new girl Maureen dances with each, shining, a star.

Another POV: From the opposite end of the room, the entrance, someone else watches Maureen. REVEAL: Nick Dalton, who has made his way up from downstairs. He watches Maureen, intrigued. General Manager BILLY MORTON (35, all business, ZBT president, young Albert Brooks) walks up, slaps him on the shoulder, has become a friend over time.

BILLY

Saw the afternoon Trib. Nice work. Who knew a goy could be such a good lawyer?

NICK

Is she new?

Billy follows Nick's eyeline to Maureen on the dance floor. Billy sighs, annoyed, starts toward her.

Maureen spins and twirls on the floor until Billy gently takes her elbow, pulls her off the floor.

BILLY

I'm glad you're having fun, Phyllis --

MAUREEN

Oh, shoot, I'm sorry.

BILLY

Just get back to work, please?

MAUREEN

Right. Okay.

Maureen grabs her cigarette tray, starts off. Spins back, taps Billy on the shoulder. He turns.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

It's Maureen.
(don't forget)
 Maureen.

She smiles, goes. Billy shakes his head. Bunnies.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Maureen.

Maureen turns to see Nick, and his smile.

NICK

Can't imagine how anyone would mistake
 you for a Phyllis.

She smiles, blushes.

NICK (CONT'D)

I'm Nick Dalton. Lovely to meet you.

MAUREEN

You, too, Mr. Dalton. Can I get you --

NICK

Reds.

MAUREEN

(looks)
 Reds, Reds. Shoot, I'm out of Reds.
 I'll get more from the back if you don't
 mind waiting a few minutes.

NICK

I don't mind.

Maureen goes, smiles to herself, he's gorgeous. Nick watches her walk off, but for no more than a beat. Steps into the light of the club. Carol-Lynne sees him, smiles. He winks back. The ultimate Playboy, the ultimate Bunny. Nick drifts toward the stage as Carol-Lynne's number comes to a close.

CAROL-LYNNE

*In Chicago, Chicago, Chicago
 That's my home town...!*

Crowd APPLAUDS. Nick helps her off the stage. They kiss.

NICK

You look great.

CAROL-LYNNE
I'll look better in a few minutes. I'm
changing into black for the second set.

NICK
My favorite. With the diamonds?

CAROL-LYNNE
If that's what you want to call them.
Did you win the case?

NICK
\$20,000 for each of the victims.

CAROL-LYNNE
Congratulations. Where do I sign up to
be a victim?

NICK
You couldn't be a victim if you tried.

CAROL-LYNNE
I could be anything for real diamonds.
Be right back. Grab table three.

NICK
I'm waiting for cigarettes.

CAROL-LYNNE
Yeah, you and everybody else.

NICK
(reacts, confused)
What do you mean?

He's good. Carol-Lynne walks off.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- BACK/SUPPLY ROOM -- NIGHT

Reds, Luckys, lighters. Maureen finishes restocking her tray
from a cabinet in a back supply room. She straps it back
around her neck, closes the cabinet -- and *JUMPS* with fright.
Behind the door stands the grabby Keyholder who brought her
onto the dance floor, an awkward, scary smile on his face.

KEYHOLDER
Hello.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- SHOWROOM -- NIGHT

CAROL-LYNNE
Oh, life could be a dream (sh-boom)
If I could take you up in paradise up
above (sh-boom)

In her exclusive black Bunny costume shimmering with "diamonds," Carol-Lynne sings "SH-BOOM" with the band. She play-acts the words right to Nick, who sits at the bar, as if she means them. Maybe she does.

CAROL-LYNNE (CONT'D)

*If you would tell me I'm the only one
that you love (sh-boom)
Life could be a dream, sweetheart...*

Nick smiles, trades his half-empty martini for a fresh one from bartender MAX (27, model looks, model brain, but sweet, think Channing Tatum).

NICK

Thanks. Seen the Cigarette Bunny?

MAX

Beautiful, isn't she?

Yes, but that's not what Nick meant. He looks at his watch.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- SUPPLY ROOM -- SAME

Maureen is backed against the supply cabinet as the Keyholder hovers too close. Something off about him, entitled, scary.

KEYHOLDER

I just wanted to dance and you pushed me away.

MAUREEN

I'm sorry, sir, but I need to get back --

KEYHOLDER

No, you don't.

He steps closer, caresses her cheek with his oily fingers. Her hands shake tensely around her cigarette tray. He moves his thumb over her bottom lip, laughs.

KEYHOLDER/CAROL-LYNNE (O.S.)

(mimics along, horrific)
*If you do what I want you to
Baby, we'd be so fine...*

Maureen shakes her head "no." He moves his hand down to her breast. Maureen flares, SHOVES him off with her cigarette tray. He flies back, but his grip holds fast on the tray, pulling her with him. He loses his balance, hits the floor, and as Maureen tries to avoid falling over him, she accidentally steps on his head with a POP. Silence. What was that sound? Maureen looks down.

Her four-inch stiletto heel has driven right through the Keyholder's ear into his skull. BLOOD gushes everywhere. She stares, horrified.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- RESTROOM HALLWAY -- SAME

Nick walks down a hallway with three doors at the end -- **GENTLEMEN, LADIES** and heads right through **EMPLOYEES ONLY**.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- BACK/SUPPLY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Nick walks through the web of offices and storage rooms in back of the club, looking for Maureen. Knows his way around.

NICK

Maureen?

Nothing. He passes this office and that, this room and that, until he sees, on the floor, a STREAM OF BLOOD. He reacts. His eyes follow the blood into the supply room, where the Keyholder's body lies on the floor. Nick freezes, stares. He hears a WHIMPER from the room. Takes a slow step in, another. Sees Maureen, shaking, standing against the supply cabinet, in a state of shock.

MAUREEN

Did I kill him?

CAROL-LYNNE (O.S.)

Ya-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da, SH-BOOM!

SMASH TO TITLE:

PLAYBOY

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- SUPPLY ROOM -- RESUME

Barely any sound. A SERIES OF CLOSE, QUICK, ECU SHOTS: Nick's eyes still on Maureen. Sees she's only wearing one of her high-heeled shoes. Maureen looks down at her bloody fishnets, trembling. Nick looks at the body. Sees Maureen's other shoe in the Keyholder's mangled ear. He steps closer, to get a look at the Keyholder's face. Reacts. Takes a quick, urgent step closer. Holy shit. He recognizes this man. Nick drops to the floor, checks for a pulse. Nothing. Jesus. Nick's breath races. Beat.

NICK

Did you have a relationship with him?

MAUREEN

A relationship? I've never spoken two words to him.

NICK
I saw you dancing together.

MAUREEN
He just came up and pulled me on the
dance floor -- we didn't even talk until
he followed me back here --

NICK
(looks at her, intense)
What did he say?

Hot tears come to her eyes. She can't repeat them.

MAUREEN
Horrible things.

NICK
Did he tell you who he is?

MAUREEN
No. Can we call the cops now, please?

NICK
No.

MAUREEN
(reacts)
No? What do you mean, "no?"

Nick's eyes move around the room, putting a plan together.

NICK
You killed the wrong guy.

MAUREEN
What are you -- I don't understand --

Nick quickly puts a finger to his lips, silencing her.
FOOTSTEPS nearby. They walk further away. Good. Nick turns
back to her. Taking control. Knows what he's doing.

NICK
I need you to focus and listen to me.
I'm an attorney, and I'm going to tell
you exactly what will happen if we call
the cops. They'll show up and shut down
the club -- not just for tonight -- for
weeks, months, maybe forever. Not just
because some guy got killed at the
Playboy Club, because Clyde Hill got
killed at the Playboy Club.

MAUREEN

Who's Clyde --

NICK

"Who's Clyde Hill?" That's what the cops will ask, but it won't take them more than a few days to figure out that Clyde Hill was a key player with the Bianchis, a major crime family. No one will doubt you were justified in killing him, except, of course, the Bianchis. You'll get a bullet within forty-eight hours.

A stunned silence. Maureen can barely breathe.

MAUREEN

Can we -- can't we just --

NICK

Walk out of here like nothing happened? No. Three reasons. One, the entire club saw you dancing with him, two, there's blood all over your fishnets, and three, one of your shoes is in his ear, Cinderella.

(before she can talk)

Now listen and do exactly as I say. See that carpet in the corner behind me?

Maureen looks over his shoulder. Sure enough, a giant rolled-up RED CARPET stands in the corner.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- RESTROOM HALLWAY -- SAME

Billy pushes through the **EMPLOYEES ONLY** door to the back just as Carol-Lynne walks out of the **LADIES** room. He turns.

BILLY

How many times -- you're supposed to use the restroom in the dressing room.

CAROL-LYNNE

The lock's broken. Which isn't the only thing that needs fixing around here.

They hold each others' stares. An unspoken rivalry.

CAROL-LYNNE (CONT'D)

I picked out the wallpaper for this restroom, Billy. Long before you were here telling me where to tinkle.

She walks off. Billy pushes through the door to the back.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- BACK/BILLY'S OFFICE -- SAME

Down the back hallway, heart pounding, Nick checks to make sure Billy's not at his desk in his office. All clear. He goes in, grabs Billy's CAR KEYS from the desk drawer. Goes out, rounds a corner, just as Billy appears at the other end of the hallway, walking toward his office. Close call.

EXT. UNION STOCK YARDS -- NIGHT

Fifteen minutes south, the Chicago River barely moves behind the stenchy Union Stock Yards. Pitch black, empty, except for the headlights of BILLY'S BUICK.

EXT. CHICAGO RIVER -- DOCK -- MINUTES LATER

Nick, steady, and Maureen, not so steady, drag the rolled-up carpet, which now holds Clyde's body, toward the water.

NICK

Almost there.

MAUREEN

(struggling, out of her mind)
It smells.

NICK

Cattle. The stock yards are right there.

MAUREEN

No, it's him. We need rocks.

NICK

(impressed)
How many bodies have you buried?

MAUREEN

None. I go to the movies every Saturday. How many have you buried, mister "Don't worry, I know a place"?

NICK

Wait here.

Nick starts back up the dock.

MAUREEN

Wait here?! What am I supposed to --

Maureen catches herself screaming, looks around. Be quiet.

STOCK YARDS: Among heaps of old machinery, junk, Nick finds an old rusty CATTLE HOOK.

BACK TO THE DOCK: QUICK SHOTS: Nick checks Clyde's pockets, pulls a WAD OF CASH, a LIGHTER and his PLAYBOY CLUB KEY. Nick and Maureen tie the hook to the rug/body. They roll Clyde Hill into the water. **SPLASH**. The body sinks *DOWN DOWN DOWN*. Nick and Maureen stare at the water. A silence.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

For the rest of my life, I killed a man.

NICK

You killed a bad man.

Maureen looks over at Nick. His stare is still on the water.

MAUREEN

(senses)

You knew him well. Didn't you? That's how you knew who he was right away.

Nick looks at her. She's smart. And beautiful enough to make him stupid.

NICK

Come on. Let's get you cleaned up.

As he leads her up the dock, Nick hands her Clyde's WAD OF CASH.

MAUREEN

What? No, I can't --

NICK

It's the least he can do.

EXT. NICK'S HIGH-RISE -- CHICAGO -- NIGHT -- ESTABLISHING

Gleaming glass-and-metal, Nick's 50-story building overlooks the shimmering Chicago River.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Nick leads Maureen into his apartment. She's inward, still in shock. But then she's shocked again. Looks around in awe. "Apartment" is an understatement. This is the most stunning mid-century bachelor pad you've ever seen. Eames when it was Eames. A built-in bar. A 40th floor view. On ONE WALL, dozens of FRAMED PHOTOS of Nick with politicians, socialites, policemen, Hugh Hefner. She turns to him.

MAUREEN

Who are you?

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- BILLY'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Billy, back at his desk. PHONE RINGS. Picks up.

BILLY (INTO PHONE)
Billy Morton.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- SAME (**INTERCUT**)

Nick, on the phone, as he plunges Maureen's Bunny costume into a vat of soapy water in the sink.

NICK (INTO PHONE)
It's Nick. I'm the one who has your car.

Billy reacts, opens his drawer. Keys gone. Didn't know. Nick heads down his apartment hallway toward his bedroom.

NICK (CONT'D)
It was a Bunny emergency.

BILLY
(*very funny*)
How bad?

Nick sneaks into the bathroom where Maureen takes a shower, grabs her STILETTOS from the floor. Watches her steamy showering silhouette for a brief moment.

NICK
Well, she's very pretty, Billy, and I just couldn't help myself.

BILLY
Let me guess. My new Cigarette Bunny.
"Maureen."

Nick pulls his eyes away, walks back toward his kitchen.

NICK
That many customers complaining? Very sorry. Don't tell Carol-Lynne.

BILLY
(*jokes*)
But we tell each other everything.

NICK
I'll have your Bunny, your Buick and your cab fare back in the morning.

Nick hangs up, uses a sponge to clean any remaining blood off Maureen's stilettos.

Billy shakes his head, amused, has to hand it to Nick. Gets up, needs a Bunny to sell cigarettes.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- SHOWROOM -- NIGHT

Bunny JANIE (23, life of the party, naughty, carefree, but that hint of a Southern accent suggests she's running away from something, a ditsy Amanda Seyfried) sets down drinks for SIX YOUNG FLOOR TRADERS, thrilled to be here, near drooling.

YOUNG TRADER

(staring at her ass)

I don't need a plate. You can serve my steak right on that.

JANIE

(smiles, plays along)

And how would you like that cooked?

YOUNG TRADER

Pink.

The boys laugh, hard-ons raging.

AT THE BAR -- SAME: Max watches Janie and her table of traders, jealous. Clearly a relationship here.

BILLY

(approaches)

Hey, Max, when Janie's done over there tell her to switch to Cigarette Bunny.

MAX

I'll tell her right now. These guys are pissing me off --

BILLY

Not now. When she's done.

MAX

Do you have any idea what it's like watching your girlfriend get hit on by every guy in the club, every night?

BILLY

Yes, that's why I married her and got her pregnant and ugly.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Morton.

Billy turns to see young mobster LEO BIANCHI (34, dark, unpredictable, think Giovanni Ribisi).

BILLY
(you again)
 Mr. Bianchi.

LEO
 Stop by our table. I've got Gus with me
 tonight. He wants to meet you.

BILLY
(oy)
 Who's Gus?

Max uses the diversion to head to Janie's table.

JANIE'S TABLE -- SAME:

YOUNG TRADER #2
 There's no prices on my menu.

JANIE
 Because everything's a buck-fifty.

Janie leans over to set down #2's drink. Her cleavage could
 pick up a salt shaker. He stares.

YOUNG TRADER #2
 Everything?

GUY'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Watch it, fellas.

All look up to see Max.

MAX
 This isn't a strip club. She's not a
 hooker. Manners would be appreciated.

YOUNG TRADER #2
(to his friend, this sucks)
 They're not hookers?

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Her Bunny costume soaks in the sink. Maureen sits on Nick's
 kitchen counter wearing one of his dress shirts, hair wet
 from the shower. Even like this, maybe especially like this,
 she is devastatingly gorgeous. Nick hands her a mug of tea.

MAUREEN
 Thank you.

She holds the mug, just looks at the tea, thinking.

NICK
(jokes)
 You drink it.

MAUREEN
 I don't know if I should. You haven't
 answered my question.

NICK
 Which one? You've asked about forty-
 seven of them.

MAUREEN
(repeats)
 Who are you?

NICK
 Just a man.

MAUREEN
 Who knows everybody.

She nods to his wall of photographs.

NICK
 I've helped a lot of people.

She looks at him. He meets her eyes. A sexual tension
 rising, a closeness by virtue of what they've done. But
 she's still not drinking the tea.

MAUREEN
 Why are you helping me?

NICK
 Because I'm done ruining the lives of
 innocent people.

MAUREEN
 That's the first time I've been called
 innocent.

NICK
 I bet.

He looks up at her. Sizzle.

NICK (CONT'D)
 Sugar?

MAUREEN
 Please. How were you ruining the lives
 of innocent people?
 (MORE)

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

I assume it has something to do with your deftness at burying bodies?

NICK

"Deftness"?

MAUREEN

Deftness. It means --

NICK

I know what it means. I didn't know that word when I was your age.

He pours the sugar into her tea.

MAUREEN

You don't know how old I am. And you can't ask. It's not polite.

NICK

I'm a lawyer, all I do is ask questions. How old do you think I am?

MAUREEN

(considers his face)

Forty.

NICK

Thank you, but I've got a few more years. How old are you?

MAUREEN

Forty. Do you have a cigarette?

He opens a drawer. He has plenty. Lights her one.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

When I was fifteen someone told me I was deft so I looked it up.

NICK

At what were you "deft"?

MAUREEN

Tap dancing. Which you're doing right now. You haven't answered my question.

NICK

Another one?

MAUREEN

How were you ruining the lives of innocent people?

That question. He looks at her. Beat.

NICK

I used to work for the Bianchis.

She reacts. Looks at her tea. Still hasn't taken a sip.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- SHOWROOM -- NIGHT

Leo Bianchi, with a table of FIVE OTHER BIANCHIS, including GUS (50, a comfortable top dog). Carol-Lynne finishes her second set with the high-energy "BIG NOISE FROM WINNETKA."

CAROL-LYNNE

*I've been the Big Noise from Winnetka for
so long
Time for a new noise to be born
'Cause I had my fun and there is just one
Who's got me from the start
Exit Big Noise for Winnetka
Enter Big Noise in my heart...!*

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- BUNNY DRESSING ROOM -- NIGHT

Lockers, makeup mirrors, garment racks. Carol-Lynne enters, done for the night. Walks to the single bathroom, opens the door, only to be confronted by Max's ass thrusting into Janie against the wall. They don't stop.

JANIE

Sorry! Sorry, Carol-Lynne!

MAX

Come on in!

JANIE

(laughs)

Max!

Carol-Lynne rolls her eyes, closes the door, goes to her locker to change. Next to her is Alice, shift also over. Out of her costume, you'd never think Alice was a Bunny. Not ugly, just plain, modest, underwear a little too big.

ALICE

We should get a new lock on that door.

CAROL-LYNNE

We should get a lot of new things. Like a Cigarette Bunny. Did you see that new girl just set down her tray and start dancing like she didn't have a job to do?

ALICE

Oh, Maureen? She's nice, she's new, I don't think she meant to --

CAROL-LYNNE

During my show.

ALICE

(beat, always the caretaker)

If it makes you feel any better, she left halfway through her shift.

CAROL-LYNNE

There's another thing. Since when is it okay to leave halfway through -- when did she leave?

ALICE

I think around eleven?

CAROL-LYNNE

Right when Nick walked out during my set.

Carol-Lynne is tough as nails, but that doesn't mean she's not stung. She slams her locker. Alice tries to Band-Aid --

ALICE

You don't know that they --

CAROL-LYNNE

Alice, please stop only seeing the good in everybody. It's taxing.

Carol-Lynne stares at the air, thinking. Alice feels bad.

ALICE

I'm sorry. It's so hard to work here and hold a steady relationship, isn't it? My husband hates that I work here, but I just tell him the money's too good. I make more money than my father.

Carol-Lynne comes out of her own thoughts, wheels turning. Looks at Alice.

CAROL-LYNNE

Don't give up that ring on your finger for this. You can't be a Bunny forever.

Carol-Lynne grabs the rest of her things. Alice looks down at her hand, at her pretty, simple WEDDING RING. The WHISTLE OF A TEA KETTLE...

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Nick pours Maureen a hot cup of tea to replace the cold one she still hasn't touched. Hands it to her.

NICK

I stopped working for Benny Bianchi three years ago.

MAUREEN

Who's Benny Bianchi? The boss?

NICK

The boss. The Ghost. They call him that because most people, even in the family, have never seen him.

MAUREEN

(off his tone)

But you're not most people, are you?

NICK

I met him once. When he first hired me. He served tea, too.

MAUREEN

I bet you didn't drink it.

He looks up at her. She's getting under his skin, and she doesn't even know she's doing it.

NICK

It's why he hired me.

MAUREEN

Why won't he show his face?

NICK

The unknown is more powerful. The unknown can't be caught.

MAUREEN

What if he finds out?

NICK

He won't. This is what I used to do for them. I cleaned things up.

MAUREEN

But what if he does?

NICK

Then we're both dead. *Comitto.*
(off her confusion)

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

It's Latin. Benny Bianchi's credo. It means trust.

(between us)

Comitto.

Their eyes are locked on each other, on their secret. She takes a sip of the tea. She trusts him. He smiles.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- BACK -- NIGHT

Carol-Lynne passes Billy's office on her way out, sees him in a meeting with the Bianchis. Stops to watch curiously.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- BILLY'S OFFICE -- SAME

Billy, at his desk. Top dog Gus sits in a chair opposite, old school, relaxed. Leo stands in the corner, tossing a glass SNOW GLOBE up and down in the air, up and down.

BILLY

Can I ask you to put that down?

LEO

I'm bored. I've been waiting for an answer for two months.

BILLY

I've given you an answer --
(stops himself, addresses Gus)
I've told Mr. Bianchi --

GUS

We're friends. That's Leo, I'm Gus.

BILLY

Okay -- Gus, I've given Leo the same answer for two months. I can't cut you guys in on the club.

GUS

Are you sure?

BILLY

I'm sure. I don't know why tonight would be any different. It's not just my policy, it's Hef's policy. I'm sorry.

Gus pulls a box from his jacket, flicks open the lid, sets it in front of Billy. A DIAMOND-STUDDED GOLD WATCH.

GUS

Are you sure?

Billy looks up at him.

GUS (CONT'D)

Think about it for a week. If you say "no deal," no problem. Just give back the watch. But you might want to find out what it's worth.

ANGLE: Carol-Lynne sees everything. She shifts behind a rack of Bunny costumes as --

Gus stands, tips his hat, goes. Leo threateningly sets the snow globe back on Billy's desk, follows Gus out. Billy looks at the snow globe. The snow swirls and falls around an inset PHOTOGRAPH OF BILLY WITH HIS WIFE AND TWO KIDS.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Maureen is halfway through her tea.

MAUREEN

-- I was born Phyllis Trout. Obviously no one's putting that on a marquee.

NICK

So you're Maureen what?

MAUREEN

I haven't figured out a last name yet. I just knew I wanted to be Maureen. It's my mother's name.

NICK

Is she still in Fort Wayne?

MAUREEN

You do ask a lot of questions.

NICK

I told you.

MAUREEN

(beat)

I don't know who my mother is. I don't even know if her name is Maureen.

NICK

Oh. I'm sorry.

MAUREEN

I'd always pretend and invent things, you know? I'd make up fantasy worlds in all the different orphanages. I'd sing and dance for myself or anyone who'd watch. "I always wanted to be a big star more than anything. It's something precious."

NICK
Marilyn Monroe said that.

MAUREEN
You're so smart, how'd you know that?

NICK
She was on the cover of the first issue of Playboy. I read the article. Very carefully.

MAUREEN
(laughs, then)
Well. I always told myself if she could make it then so could I.

NICK
You will. But you'll live longer than she did.

MAUREEN
Will I?

NICK
As long as you never tell a single person about this. And you keep doing what I say. Like staying here tonight.
(off her look, a gentleman)
In the guest room.

The door to his apartment opens. The *CLICK-CLICK* of high-heels, then she appears: Carol-Lynne. Nick closes his eyes. Shit. Maureen looks to Nick, had no idea. Carol-Lynne is nothing but calm and collected, even smiles as she drops Nick's DOOR KEY in his hand.

CAROL-LYNNE
Doorman went on a potty break.

MAUREEN
Carol-Lynne, I didn't --

NICK
Carol-Lynne --

CAROL-LYNNE (CONT'D)
No, don't let me interrupt, I'm just here to get my things.

NICK
This isn't what you think. Really.

CAROL-LYNNE
You don't know what I'm thinking. May I?

Carol-Lynne continues into the apartment to get her things. Maureen looks to Nick, unnerved.

MAUREEN

How come you didn't tell me you were --

NICK

Don't move.

Nick goes after Carol-Lynne. Off Maureen.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT -- CLOSET -- SAME

Nick's closet, the size of a small bedroom. Lined with suits, shirts, shoes, belts, ties, suspenders. Everything in perfect order, color-coordinated. Carol-Lynne flatly grabs the few things of hers in here, stowed at the end of a rack. Two dresses. A purse. A mink stole. Nick steps in. Beat.

NICK

There's a good explanation, but you don't want to hear it.

CAROL-LYNNE

I didn't ask for it.

She gives him a curt smile, walks past him and out.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Nick trails behind Carol-Lynne, watches the front door close behind her. He looks back to the kitchen. Reacts. Maureen is gone, too. As are her shoes and her Bunny costume. Her tea sits on the counter, half-full.

EXT. CHICAGO -- SIDEWALK -- NIGHT

Carol-Lynne walks up the sidewalk, wipes a half-tear from her eye. Her face changes, takes on a fierce determination. She won't be trodden upon. She whistles for a TAXI.

EXT. LINCOLN PARK -- NIGHT

Small houses sit only feet apart in this leafy district on the North end of the city. A TAXI pulls up to a small house. A Bunny gets out. Not Carol-Lynne. Alice.

INT. ALICE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Alice's husband SEAN (32, bright, complex, think Patrick Wilson) drinks a beer, preoccupied, trying to distract himself with TV. A COKE COMMERCIAL comes on with a certain young beauty queen (23) and 4 ALL-AMERICAN GUYS behind her:

ANITA BRYANT (ON TV)

Hi! I'm Anita Bryant! The Brothers
Four!

(MORE)

ANITA BRYANT (ON TV) (CONT'D)
 We'd like to sing you the new song for
 Coca-Cola!
(all sing)
King Size Coca-Cola gives you that
refreshing new feeling
Refreshing new feeling...

ALICE (O.S.)
(imitating, chirpy)
Refreshing new feeling.

Sean turns to see Alice, just walked in, removing her coat.

ALICE (CONT'D)
 Can't get that song out of my head.

Alice moves to sit next to Sean on the couch, hands him the \$200 CASH she made tonight. Sean shakes his head at the money, impressed, can't believe their luck. Not how Alice described him to Carol-Lynne at all. He looks up at her.

SEAN
 How long can we keep this going?

ALICE
 Until I slip up.

EXT. NORTH STATE PKWY -- 2:00 A.M.

A third TAXI drops Maureen off in a residential area of the Gold Coast. She uses her key to unlock the front door at her own home on North State Parkway. REVEAL... the gargantuan PLAYBOY MANSION. A man sings from somewhere inside...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
... The best is yet to come, come the day
you're mine...

INT. PLAYBOY MANSION -- CONTINUOUS

Maureen walks through the glamorous foyer, past a piano den where a drunk CY COLEMAN (34) plays the piano, singing "THE BEST IS YET TO COME" for an in-love BUNNY.

CY COLEMAN
Wait 'til you see that sunshine place
There ain't nothin' like it here...

Maureen continues through... past the bi-level swimming pool, the billiards room, climbs the twisting stairwell into the Bunny Hutch. The top floor of dorm-style apartments where Bunnies can live cheap. Walks down the hall --

INT. MANSION -- MAUREEN & JANIE'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

-- and tiptoes into the room she shares with Janie, who sleeps in the bed across. Or doesn't sleep. Amused, Janie watches Maureen as she tries to creep into bed.

JANIE
(sing-song)
 Out with Nick Dalton already.

MAUREEN
(looks at her)
 How -- how did you know?

JANIE
 Max said Nick was at the club for fifteen minutes before he went to look for you and neither of you came back. I don't blame you. He is Nick Dalton.

Janie smiles, having fun. She doesn't know anything. Good.

JANIE (CONT'D)
 Is it true what they say about him? That he has a really big --

MAUREEN
 What? I don't know, we didn't --

JANIE
 Maureen. You have a dirty mind. I was gonna say "penis."

Maureen can't help a laugh.

JANIE (CONT'D)
 No. I was gonna say "heart."

MAUREEN
 Oh. Maybe. Yeah. I don't know.

JANIE
(smiles, playful)
 You're in trouble.

Maureen says nothing more, turns over, tries to fall asleep. In trouble, indeed.

CY COLEMAN (O.S.)
Still it's a real good bet the best is yet to come...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. PLAYBOY MANSION -- 3:00 A.M. -- ESTABLISHING

It's still dark outside The Playboy Mansion, which sits on a wealthy residential street one block from the lake, with neighbors just like anybody else. From inside, we hear a faint scratchy record playing "GO AWAY LITTLE GIRL"...

INT. MANSION -- PIANO DEN -- SAME

Through a haze of smoke, FIND Maureen, curled up in an oversized leather club chair, chain-smoking, the Steve Lawrence RECORD quietly spinning on a turntable next to her.

STEVE LAWRENCE (ON RECORD)

*Go away, little girl
Go away, little girl
It's hurting me more each minute that you
delay...*

SONG CONTINUES THROUGH....

INT. NICK'S HIGH-RISE -- BASEMENT -- SAME

Nick, at his fiery building incinerator. He burns Clyde's lighter, his Playboy Club Key.

STEVE LAWRENCE (ON RECORD)

*When you are near me like this
You're much too hard to resist...*

INT. MANSION -- PIANO DEN -- SAME

Maureen picks up the book next to her, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, rereads the first page for the fifteenth time. She can't take it in, tosses it aside, lights another cigarette instead.

STEVE LAWRENCE (ON RECORD)

*So, go away, little girl, before I beg
you to stay...*

EXT. CAR WASH -- 9:00 A.M.

Nick waits while Billy's car is washed within an inch of its life. Thumbs through today's Tribune. On Page 2, HIS PICTURE next to the headline **DALTON WINS HEFTY SETTLEMENT FOR SEWAGE VICTIMS**. Yesterday was very good. And very bad.

EXT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- 10:00 A.M.

Nick parks Billy's Buick out front. MUSIC OUT.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- BACK/BILLY'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Nick walks toward Billy's office. Stops when he sees Billy already has a visitor, Clyde Hill's wife GLADYS (40s, stern, fur coat). Nick knows exactly who she is.

GLADYS

-- five-ten, a little overweight, dark eyes, red hair, gap-toothed, and somehow not terrible-looking?

BILLY

Yes, according to the door list, your husband was here last night, but we have thousands of Keyholders and I don't know everyone by face. I can ask if anyone saw him at today's Bunny meeting.

GLADYS

Okay. I'll give you my telephone number --

BILLY

No need for that, it'll be in your husband's member file. If you like, you can use our phone to call the police --

GLADYS

No. Don't call the police. Thank you.

Gladys walks out, past Nick, she doesn't know him. Nick watches her go for a split-second, continues into Billy's office, sets down his CAR KEYS and a \$10.00 BILL.

NICK

And I got it washed.

BILLY

Keep your ten dollars.

NICK

I stole your car, Billy, let me do what I can to avoid a beating next time I see your wife.

BILLY

Like the beating that woman's husband is getting next time she sees him.

NICK

(plays dumb)
Who's her husband?

BILLY

Clyde Hill, comes in about once a month.
Nice guy.

NICK

You just told her you didn't know him.

BILLY

It's the Playboy Club, not a knitting club. Can you see if I tattled to every panicky wife? "Yeah, Gladys, matter of fact I saw your husband dancing with my new Cigarette Bunny, she's got great legs, you can bounce a dime off her ass."

NICK

Well, we know he didn't go home with her.

BILLY

And we know I didn't tell your "wife."

NICK

She found out anyway.

Nick goes.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- RECORDS ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Nick sneaks in, finds a series of FILE CABINETS labeled **KEYHOLDERS**. Files through **G-L**. *Thomas Hibbard, Milton Higgins... Clyde Hill*. Pulls Clyde Hill's file.

INT. MANSION -- MAUREEN & JANIE'S ROOM -- DAY

Next to her ashtray, Maureen finally sleeps. Janie enters, toothbrush in mouth, *tap-tap-taps* Maureen. She bolts up with a start, out of a nightmare, ashtray goes flying.

JANIE

It's okay it's okay you're awake! Sorry!
We just have the Bunny meeting in a half-hour and I didn't want you to -- crap, I made you spill all your ashes.

Janie halfheartedly starts to clean up the spilled ashes, finds a half-smoked cigarette, pockets it for later.

JANIE (CONT'D)

At least I stopped your nightmare, right?

Maureen is still in those few seconds of post-dream confusion. But then she gets clarity. Remembers.

MAUREEN

It wasn't a nightmare.

EXT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- DAY

Nick steps out a side-door, runs into Carol-Lynne on her way in. Both didn't expect to see the other. Both play it cool.

NICK

Hi.

CAROL-LYNNE

What are you doing here?

NICK

(doesn't miss a beat)

I left my coat here last night.

CAROL-LYNNE

No time to stop for a silly coat when you're chasing Bunny tail.

NICK

Cute. It was nothing. Take tonight off, let's have dinner.

CAROL-LYNNE

I'm not hungry.

She walks past him into the club. Off Nick, staggered, surprisingly stung.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Bunnies, strewn about "The Living Room," a fireplace/piano enclave in the middle of the club. Maureen sits with Janie, Alice and Brenda, waiting for the Bunny meeting to start.

JANIE

-- if you didn't do it, what did you do?

MAUREEN

Nothing, we just -- talked.

JANIE

(uh-oh, to the others)

She wants to marry him.

ALICE

As much as he's a catch, Maureen, you really shouldn't go for Nick Dalton.

MAUREEN

I don't want to marry him.

JANIE

That's a big fat lie. Every girl working here is trying to marry a man just like that and if you tell me you're not I'll never trust another word you say.

ALICE

Janie, not every girl is here looking for a husband.

JANIE

(rolls her eyes, obviously)
Well, not if you already have one.

MAUREEN

(tries to sound legit)
I mean, of course he's perfect, but he's not single. He's with Carol-Lynne.

JANIE

But he hasn't married Carol-Lynne, has he? No, he hasn't.

MAUREEN

Maybe he won't ever marry anybody. Otherwise why isn't he married already?

ALICE

That's all I'm saying, Maureen. Don't fall for him, because in the end, he'll break your heart.

BRENDA

And Carol-Lynne will break your face.

Maureen reacts, looks around for Carol-Lynne as more Bunnies take their seats. Carol-Lynne isn't here.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- BACK/BILLY'S OFFICE -- SAME

Carol-Lynne is here, staked out, waiting behind a corner near Billy's office. Billy finally walks out to start the meeting. As soon as he's safely gone, Carol-Lynne slips in.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- LIVING ROOM -- MID-MEETING

Billy leads the Bunny meeting, a LIST OF TO-DO'S in his hand.

BILLY

-- so from now on, ten percent of your tips go to the busboys.

Bunnies react, annoyed. Bunny Kate, the gum-chewing Door Bunny we met at the beginning, raises her hand.

KATE

I know the Door Bunny never gets tipped, but can she wear a coat between the months of September and April?

BILLY

No, Kate, the Door Bunny is the first thing men see when they get here, and you know what they want to see. How many times are you going to ask me this?

KATE

My mom said I should ask you again.

BILLY

(rolls his eyes, ends meeting)

Okay, that's it for -- oh, I promised I'd ask -- did anyone wait on a Keyholder named Clyde Hill last night?

Maureen reacts, freezes. Already?

ALICE

(raises her hand)

I did. He skipped out on his check.

BILLY

(confused)

We weren't under last night.

ALICE

I covered it from my tips. Isn't that what we have to do?

BILLY

(impressed)

Yes. Thank you, Alice. Any idea where he went?

ALICE

No, I just turned around and he was gone.

Maureen feels bad Alice had to cover it. And feels sick to her stomach, everything rushing back. It's real.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- BACK/BILLY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Billy walks back to his office. Stops in the doorway when he sees Carol-Lynne, going through his files, a few of them already stuffed into her large purse.

BILLY

What are you doing?

Carol-Lynne looks up, caught. Billy bolts over, dumps out the contents of her purse. BUNNY PROFILES, APPLICATIONS. Looks at her. She stares back, flat.

CAROL-LYNNE

You know you can use my help, Billy.

BILLY

(incensed, wry)

Interesting.

CAROL-LYNNE

It's obvious you can run the numbers, you can pay the bills, you're good back here. But out there, half the girls don't know how to serve drinks without their tits falling out. They're leaving in the middle of their shifts, they're chewing gum, they're saying "buck" instead of "dollar," they're having sex in the bathroom. We're better than that.

BILLY

We are not a "we." Thank you for your exhaustive list of complaints, I don't get enough of that from my wife, but I don't need another manager, especially one who's breaking into my office.

CAROL-LYNNE

You may be my boss, Billy, but I've been here longer than you. I've been here longer than anyone. I've also always known the day would come when I couldn't be a Bunny anymore, but I promised myself it wouldn't be because I was too old, it would be because I was too good.

BILLY

And it turns out it's because you're a thief. You're fired.

He hands her the empty purse.

EXT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- MOMENTS LATER

Carol-Lynne walks out, seething, jumps into a TAXI.

CAROL-LYNNE

(to CABBIE)

The Playboy Mansion.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. NICK'S HIGH-RISE -- BASEMENT -- DUSK

Nick tosses Clyde Hill's member file into the incinerator as "THE WANDERER" by Dion plays on a radio in...

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT -- CLOSET -- DUSK

CLOSE ON: Nick, naked, dripping, just out of the shower, holding his own stare in a full length mirror, as if looking into the past. And last night. What has he done? Then, QUICK SHOTS, as if erasing all this... Nick puts on a shirt, a suit, buttons his cuff links, perfects the knot in his tie. Looks at himself in the mirror again. That's better.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- BUNNY DRESSING ROOM -- SAME

Another face in a mirror -- Maureen, thinking very similar thoughts -- as she Janie, Alice, Brenda and 20 OTHER BUNNIES in bras and fishnets apply lipstick and tease hair. A BUNNY walks through naked --

NAKED BUNNY

After-party at the mansion! No swimsuits in the pool!

MAUREEN

Can anyone go?

JANIE

No no no. No way. Mansion parties are guest-list only, very exclusive.

ALICE

(stop torturing her)
Bunnies are always invited.

JANIE

(to Alice, re Alice)
But not all Bunnies go.

ALICE

Husbands aren't allowed. If I could bring my husband, I'd go.

BRENDA

When are you gonna show us this husband, Alice? I've known you almost a year and I've never met his ass once.

ALICE

Well, it's not like he's gonna come watch me work at the Playboy Club.

JANIE

Well, it's not like he'd see anything so bad. You walk around here with that wedding ring like a man will get electrocuted if he so much as glances in the region of your kitty-kat.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- BILLY'S OFFICE -- SAME

Billy, at his desk, picks up the RINGING PHONE.

BILLY (INTO PHONE)

Billy Morton.

(reacts, straightens up)

Oh. Hello, Mr. Hefner. Uh-huh. I see.

Carol-Lynne, wearing a hot Givenchy dress and pearls, steps into his doorway. And smiles.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- BUNNY DRESSING ROOM -- SAME

The girls continue with their makeup, chatter about tonight's mansion party.

JANIE

At the end? It's so late? There's a breakfast buffet. I mean early. And they have these blueberry crepes with this kind of vanilla sauce? I always have way too many, but then I just stick my finger down my throat and throw them up. It's this new diet I heard about. You can't go more than five pounds over your weight when you were hired, so.

MAUREEN

Is the party all to do with... sex?

JANIE

If you want it to do with sex. But basically it's just a perfect party with only the best people invited. Guess who I met at the last one?

BRENDA

(has heard this sixteen times)

Sammy Davis, Jr.

MAUREEN

Are you serious?

JANIE

And Hef is obviously the host. If he notices you, then you're set.

MAUREEN

For what?

JANIE

Life. Whatever you want to be set for. You could be a centerfold, maybe. You could be his girlfriend. I hear he's ready to get married.

Maureen shakes her head, smiles it off.

BRENDA

(flat, applying mascara)

I'm gonna be the first Black centerfold.

The girls are blank. No idea what to do with this... joke?

BRENDA (CONT'D)

I am. You can't discriminate against these tits.

Door opens. Carol-Lynne walks in. The Bunnies react, surprised by her appearance, clothes. She walks down the line of Bunnies, casually, to each --

CAROL-LYNNE

More curls. More cleavage. Gum.

Bunny Kate spits her gum into Carol-Lynne's hand. Like Kate, all the Bunnies are confused. What is going on?

CAROL-LYNNE (CONT'D)

(to Janie)

Stand up straighter.

(to Alice)

Lose the wedding ring.

(to Maureen)

Smile.

(turns to all)

Girls. I am now your Bunny Mother.

Blank stares. Huh? From out in the club, LIVE MUSIC STARTS, the opening vamp of an up-tempo DOO-WOP SONG.

CAROL-LYNNE (CONT'D)

Like a House Mother in a sorority. Or the Mother Superior in a convent. Or your mother, who whips you into shape, who encourages you, who teaches you. Starting now, I am now in charge of all things Bunny. Starting now, I'll be watching all of you very closely.

(MORE)

CAROL-LYNNE (CONT'D)

Because you either are the living,
breathing fantasy that is the Playboy
Bunny, or you're not.

Bunnies react, nervous. Maureen assumes she's done for. The seamstress, BETTY (40, Black) enters with a rack of Bunny costumes. Carol-Lynne takes one, holds it up.

CAROL-LYNNE (CONT'D)

Betty recut all of the costumes higher at
the hip. More leg. More tips.

Bunnies react, now with smiles, cautious excitement. Maybe this will be a good thing?

CAROL-LYNNE (CONT'D)

And new corsets. Tighter. Higher. See?
Just like your mommy giving you a
training bra. Only... Bunnier.

As Carol-Lynne hands Bunny Kate a FUR-LINED BUNNY COSTUME to keep her warm at the door, WHIP TO A SERIES OF HOT, SEXY SHOTS as all Bunnies don new CORSETS, COSTUMES, HEELS. Jeweled CUFFS, glittered EARS, poofier TAILS, DOUBLE-LENGTH FALSE EYELASHES. Blink. Blink. Each goes from regular girl to super-glam Bunny. This doesn't feel like the back of a club anymore, it feels like the back of a theatre. *SHOWTIME.*

Maureen looks at herself in the mirror, one last swipe of lipstick. Maybe she can forget all this ever happened. Puts the lipstick back in her purse, and inside sees the WAD OF CASH Nick gave her from Clyde Hill's pocket.

CAROL-LYNNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And there's a new rule.

Maureen spooks, looks up to see Carol-Lynne in her mirror.

CAROL-LYNNE (CONT'D)

(at Maureen, loud enough for all)

Bunnies are now expressly forbidden to
date Keyholders. Or slip into the back
with them. Or anything.

Maureen freezes. Does Carol-Lynne know about the murder?

GIRL GROUP (PRELAP)

Watch out!

Oh, girls you know we've got to --

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- SHOWROOM -- NIGHT

An opening act, 3 BLACK GIRLS sing doo-wop song "PLAYBOY".

GIRL GROUP

*Watch out, here comes that playboy
Watch out, here comes that playboy...*

Cigarette tray in hands, Maureen walks through the club, panicked that Carol-Lynne knows. That the mob knows. She sees Nick at a CORNER TABLE OF 8, hobnobbing with CHICAGO ELITE. She looks away.

GIRL GROUP (CONT'D)

*Playboy find yourself another toy
This is one heart you won't destroy...*

NICK'S TABLE: Nick's eyes travel the club. Sees Leo, Gus, the Bianchi mobsters. Gus looks over at Nick. A strange nod. Nick gives the smallest of nods back, then pulls his eyes away. Sees Maureen, walking past, in a daze. A KEYHOLDER, whose back is to Nick, walks up to her.

WITH MAUREEN: The Keyholder approaches. She scares. It's Clyde Hill, the man she thought she killed.

CLYDE HILL

Hello.

Maureen blinks. It's not him. Just another KEYHOLDER.

KEYHOLDER

Luckys, please.

She blinks again. Yes, it is Clyde Hill. No, it's not. Yes, it is. Maureen loses her footing, nearly faints, drops her tray. From his corner table, Nick sees this, gets up.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- MOMENTS LATER

In a dark corner of the club, Nick gives Maureen a glass of water, helps reorganize her cigarette tray.

MAUREEN

She knows. She said "No more dancing with Keyholders, no more slipping into the back with them --"

NICK

She's just jealous.

MAUREEN

You don't know that. I keep seeing his face, I'm having visions --

NICK

Maureen, you have to be the same person you were before yesterday.

MAUREEN

But I'm not the same person I was before yesterday.

NICK

Pretend that you are.

MAUREEN

That's not so easy --

NICK

It should be. You've been pretending since you were little, right?

Maureen reacts. He remembered. And he's serious.

NICK (CONT'D)

You came here to be a performer. Here's your chance to really perform. Not just for you. For me.

Maureen nods, stressed. She'll try.

NICK (CONT'D)

Drink the rest of that water.

MAUREEN

(looks at it, frowns)

I hate water.

NICK

(a genuine laugh)

Me, too.

A moment between them. The escalating romance undeniable.

MAUREEN

(beat)

Carol-Lynne also said Bunnies can't date Keyholders anymore.

NICK

Then she's absolutely just jealous.

Maureen reacts, smiles. He winks back.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- SUPPLY ROOM -- NIGHT

Where the murder took place last night. Max leads Janie in. She sees something across the room, gasps. REVEAL: a romantic candle burns between two glasses of scotch.

JANIE

Max... what's this for?

Max gets down on one knee. Pulls out a "sweet" RING.

MAX

Because I love you Bunny Janie, and I
love you plain Janie, and I want to spend
the rest of my life with you. Marry me.

Janie reacts, totally confused.

JANIE

Marry you?

MAX

You could get any man in the world, and
God knows working here you meet most of
them, but I don't want any man to get you
except me.

Janie is blank. Beat. Beat.

JANIE

Max... I've only known you two months.

MAX

So what? My parents got married after
two weeks.

JANIE

Max, I love you. I really do, but... we
don't know each other that well.

MAX

You know everything about me.

JANIE

Okay, well... you don't know everything
about me.

MAX

(reacts)

What do you mean?

Janie keeps her eyes on the floor. Now Max is angry.

MAX (CONT'D)

What do you mean?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Janie, can I see you for a second?

Carol-Lynne stands in the doorway. Saved. And caught.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- COAT CHECK -- NIGHT

The Coat Check area looks Bunny-less until we find Alice, buried beneath leather and sable, using a few quiet minutes to make a phone call. RING. RING.

SEAN (ON PHONE)

Hello?

ALICE (INTO PHONE)

Hi. I only have a second. Do you know where we're meeting yet?

INT. ALICE'S HOUSE -- SAME (**INTERCUT**)

Her husband Sean, on their living room couch.

SEAN

Yes. The basement of St. Mary's Church at Lincoln and Kinsey. Two a.m.

ALICE

Okay.

ANGLE: Maureen sneaks up to Alice's tip jar outside the closet, puts \$40 in from the wad of Clyde Hill's cash, to cover his bill which Alice covered last night. Darts off.

SEAN

How much have you made tonight?

ALICE

Over a hundred and it's only eleven.

SEAN

They're gonna think we're criminals.

ALICE

In most states we are. I think it's because I took off my wedding ring.

SEAN

You what?

ALICE

I had to, it's a new rule they --

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hello? Coat, please?

Alice fumbles the phone, realizes a KEYHOLDER is waiting for his hat and coat. She hangs up. STAY WITH SEAN as he hangs up the phone. REVEAL: on the couch with him is another man, scruffy, shirtless (28, JOSHUA), sipping a beer.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- BUNNY DRESSING ROOM -- SAME

A nervous Janie sits across from Carol-Lynne, who has set up a temporary "office" in a corner of the dressing room.

JANIE

-- I'm sure I gave it when I was hired.

CAROL-LYNNE

I'm sure you didn't, Janie, and in order for you to work here, we need your social security number, so what is it?

Janie shifts, clearly has something to hide.

JANIE

We make almost all our money in tips, why do you need my social --

CAROL-LYNNE

Janie.

JANIE

Is this because you saw me and Max in the bathroom --

CAROL-LYNNE

This is because Playboy Bunnies are the most important part of the Playboy Club and we need to know who you are.

JANIE

We all make mistakes, right? Can't we... can't we leave our past behind?

CAROL-LYNNE

The thing about pasts, Janie, is that we all have them. Your social security number by Monday or you're fired.

ANNOUNCER (PRELAP)

And now, for the main attraction of the evening, the Playboy Club is proud to present... Ike and Tina Turner!

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- SHOWROOM -- NIGHT

The shimmering CURTAIN flies into the ceiling. The club is instantly transfixed, gaga, as TINA, IKE and the same three black girls who opened the night, who we now realize are THE IKETTES, launch into a show-stopping "SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER."

TINA TURNER

*Well, I've heard about the girl you've
been dancin' with
All over the neighbourhood
Tell me why didn't you ask me, baby?
Or didn't you think I could?*

Maureen walks through the club selling cigarettes, a pop in her walk, a smile on her face, performing. It makes it a little easier watching Tina, whose performance is electric.

TINA TURNER (CONT'D)

*And I know there's somethin' 'bout you
that won't step aside
I've seen you do The Bird all night
But now why didn't you ask me, baby?
I would've shown you how to do it right*

IKETTE #1

Do it right!

IKETTE #2

Do it right!

IKETTE #3

Do it right!

TINA TURNER

Do it right!

TINA TURNER & IKETTES

*Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah!
Twist it, shake it, shake it, shake it,
shake it, baby!
Here we go loop-dee-loop
Shake it up, baby!
Here we go loop-de-li*

Tina points to Maureen as she walks across the floor.

TINA TURNER

*Bend over, let me see you shake a tail
feather!*

Maureen laughs, bends over, shakes her Bunny tail.

IKETTE #1

*Bend over, let me see you shake a tail
feather!*

Each Ikettes points to a different Bunny. Janie, Alice, Brenda, Kate. All shaking their Bunny tails.

IKETTE #2

Bend over, now let me see you shake it!

Soon all the Bunnies make their way to the floor, the whole club going absolutely nuts.

TINA TURNER & IKETTES

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

*Twist it, shake it, shake it, shake it,
shake it baby!*

Maureen dances, sparkles, more than performing... forgetting. This isn't a fantasy, this is real. She catches Nick smiling at her from his table, a smile that says "You're doing great."

TINA TURNER

Do The Fly, oh!

Do The Swim, ha ha ha!

And do The Bird!

Well do The Duck!

And do The Bunny!

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

Bunnies shaking their tails, patrons dancing feverishly, the song accelerates, the place might explode. And Maureen, at the center of it all.

TINA TURNER & IKETTES

*Twist it, shake it, shake it, shake it,
shake it baby*

*Twist it, shake it, shake it, shake it,
shake it baby*

*Twist it, shake it, shake it, shake it,
shake it baby*

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

TWIST!

The number ends in a sweaty fever pitch. The club goes nuts with UNENDING APPLAUSE. Maureen's smile could not be bigger. Nick walks to her, talks close in her ear over the applause.

NICK

That. Keep doing that.

Maureen smiles.

ANGLE: From a perch in the balcony, Carol-Lynne watches Maureen and Nick, shoulder-to-shoulder, whispering in each others' ears. Carol-Lynne is not applauding.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Draped in Bunnies, Cy Coleman is at the piano in the smoky, glittering living room, playing his "PLAYBOY'S THEME."

CY COLEMAN

(to the Bunnies, a joke)

How do you shoot a blue elephant?

CAROL-LYNNE

(on approach)

With a blue elephant gun.

CY COLEMAN

How do you shoot a yellow elephant?

CAROL-LYNNE

Have you ever seen a yellow elephant?

CY COLEMAN

How do you shoot a red elephant?

CAROL-LYNNE

Hold his trunk until he turns blue, then shoot him with the blue elephant gun.

The Bunnies laugh. Cy winks at Carol-Lynne.

CAROL-LYNNE (CONT'D)

Come on girls, tails up.

The Bunnies stand up, get back to work. Carol-Lynne continues through, checking on the room.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You forgot these.

Carol-Lynne turns to see Nick, and a small jewelry box. She takes it, opens it. A pair of ruby studs.

NICK

I saw them at Tiffany three weeks ago. They've been in my dresser waiting for your next birthday, but I want you to have them now.

CAROL-LYNNE

Because you want me back or because you won't see me at my next birthday?

NICK

Can I have you back? I hear there's a new rule, no Keyholders dating Bunnies.

CAROL-LYNNE

I'm not a Bunny anymore.

NICK

Oh, right. Congratulations. Will you still perform?

CAROL-LYNNE

(pointed)

I'm performing right now.

NICK

(beat)

Look, I know why you made the rule, and I swear to you, nothing happened with --

CAROL-LYNNE

The rule was made because we don't want to jeopardize our liquor license. We can't be accused of being a brothel, can we?

Nick gives her a dubious look. She doesn't flinch.

CAROL-LYNNE (CONT'D)

That is the law, isn't it, counselor?

NICK

Yes.

(then, the earrings)

I'll get you something even better for your next birthday.

CAROL-LYNNE

I accept.

NICK

Good.

CAROL-LYNNE

The earrings.

NICK

I see.

ANGLE: Maureen enters the room with her cigarette tray, stops short when she sees Nick and Carol-Lynne talking close.

CAROL-LYNNE

Do you think I don't know why you come to the Playboy Club every night, Nick?

(MORE)

CAROL-LYNNE (CONT'D)

Do you think I don't know you need every man in the place thinking "I wish I could be him" as he watches you cross the room? And every girl thinking "Pick me"? It's your fuel. You feed on it. It's what you need to propel your meteoric rise to Best Man Ever. I know you, Nick, which is exactly why you couldn't say those four little words.

NICK

You know I'm not ready to get married.

CAROL-LYNNE

Not those four words, especially since thirty seconds ago you couldn't even say "I want you back."

Those four words. Beat.

CAROL-LYNNE (CONT'D)

I'll tell you why you couldn't say them. Because you want you back. You want the you who never had the woman walk away. Well, you can't have us all and I'm a one-strike girl, baby, so I'm walking away. Good luck finding the one for you.

NICK

I thought I'd already found her.

CAROL-LYNNE

She doesn't exist.

Carol-Lynne turns to go, instantly sees Maureen. Maureen quickly turns away, pretends she wasn't watching, but Carol-Lynne sails past her, and without stopping, says...

CAROL-LYNNE (CONT'D)

Follow me to the back, please.

Maureen goes pale.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- BUNNY DRESSING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Maureen walks in, not sure where to sit.

MAUREEN

Should -- here?

CAROL-LYNNE

That's fine.

Maureen sits across from Carol-Lynne. An awkward, forced silence. Carol-Lynne smiles thinly.

CAROL-LYNNE (CONT'D)

So. You've been here about a week now.
Are you liking it?

MAUREEN

Yes.

CAROL-LYNNE

Enjoying the money?

MAUREEN

I guess. I'm not really interested in
money.

CAROL-LYNNE

What are you interested in?

Tension is high.

MAUREEN

Look, nothing happened with Mr. Dalton.
It's just this week has been -- a big
change.

CAROL-LYNNE

Yeah. For me, too.

A chilly beat. But Maureen is no wilting flower.

MAUREEN

Carol-Lynne, if you're going to fire me,
please just go ahead and do it, I can
handle it just fine.

CAROL-LYNNE

Sweetheart, no. I called you in here
because Billy threw you out on the floor
last week without any training. You're
leaving in the middle of your shifts,
you're having trouble handling the
cigarette tray, you have no idea what
you're doing, but that's not your fault.

Maureen blinks. Confused.

CAROL-LYNNE (CONT'D)

I'm working on a training manual.
Starting now, every new Bunny will go
through six weeks of training before she
steps out on the floor by herself.

(MORE)

CAROL-LYNNE (CONT'D)

You'll be paid hourly, and by the end
you'll have all the tools you need to be
an excellent Bunny.

(off Maureen's look)

Does it really sound so bad?

MAUREEN

No, but --

CAROL-LYNNE

Then why the face?

MAUREEN

I guess -- I guess I don't believe you
really want me to be an excellent Bunny.
I think you want to -- what do they say?
Keep your enemies close?

CAROL-LYNNE

(reacts, surprised)

Well, you're more interesting than I
thought you were. Are you my enemy?

MAUREEN

(means it)

No. I idolized you from the minute I saw
you, I wanted to be your friend, but --

CAROL-LYNNE

(leans in, real)

Believe it or not, Maureen, I'm on your
side. I am your friend. Nick Dalton?
He's not. He's his friend.

Maureen reacts, a lifetime of walls and defenses shooting up.

She stands, walks quickly out.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- SHOWROOM -- NIGHT

ON NICK -- watching Tina Turner and the Ikettes perform a bluesy show-stopper, "TELL MAMA."

TINA TURNER (PRELAP)

*You thought you had found a good girl
One to love you and give you the world
Now you find that you've been misused
Talk to me, I'll do what you choose, I
want you to...*

*Tell Mama all about it
Tell Mama what you need
Tell Mama what you want...*

Nick clocks the new "Mama" walking through the club -- Carol-Lynne. Bittersweet. He's happy for her.

BIANCHI TABLE -- SAME: MIKEY (28, loud) tries to impress.

MIKEY

Who's the most famous female singing elephant?

Gus, Leo, the others stare back.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Elephants Gerald!

Crickets.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Looking for this?

Gus turns to see Carol-Lynne, bent close with the DIAMOND-STUDDERED WATCH he gave Billy dangling from her fingertips.

CAROL-LYNNE

You're more than welcome as Keyholders,
but Hef's never giving you the keys, so
either get on board, or get off.

Gus reacts, stunned, even a little impressed. Leo is pissed. Carol-Lynne smiles, hands Gus the watch.

CAROL-LYNNE (CONT'D)

Anything else I can get you boys?

GUS

Matter of fact, there is.

BAR -- SAME: Janie calls in a drink order to Max.

JANIE

Scotch, Cutty Sark. Two bourbon, Old Forester and 7 Crown. Martini. Tom Collins. Pink Lady. Heineken's.

Max makes the drinks, fast and frustrated. Janie garnishes.

MAX

I made the decision. You're quitting.

JANIE

(looks up, offended)

What do you mean, "I made the decision, you're quitting?"

MAX

It's not so crazy for a man not to want his girl working as a Playboy Bunny.

JANIE

But I like working here, Max. I want to work here. I got this job all on my own.

MAX

Goddamnit, you're not on your own anymore, Janie, you're with me.

(beat, sweeter)

Look, I make enough money for the both of us. I want to marry you. I don't know what it is you think I don't know about you, but I know that.

A heavy beat. His sincerity is heartbreaking.

JANIE

Max... I can't marry you because I'm already married.

Max reacts, stares in disbelief, crushed. Takes off his apron, bolts. Janie is sick to her stomach. The BAR PHONE RINGS. No one to pick it up. RING. Janie finally leans over, picks it up.

JANIE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Playboy Club, Bunny Janie speaking.

NICK'S TABLE -- SAME: Nick, on his third martini with his close friends and those who think they're close friends.

NICK

-- it'll be the busiest airport in the world, Jack.

POLITICO

Yeah, come back to me in three years when Daley's suicide note is on the cover of the Trib.

Nick smiles, stubs out his cigarette. Janie walks up with a TELEPHONE, sets it in front of Nick, hands him the receiver.

JANIE

Call for you, Mr. Dalton.

NICK

Thank you.
(into phone)
Dalton.

MALE VOICE (ON PHONE)

You always did have the best ties.

Nick reacts, doesn't even have to look. Knows who it is. And knows what it's probably about. REVERSE: Gus Bianchi, on an IDENTICAL PHONE, not looking back at Nick.

NICK

I'd take you shopping but I don't want to lead you on. We broke up, remember?

GUS

I wouldn't be calling if it wasn't important. I need ten minutes in ten minutes. Alley behind the club.

NICK

Same black Cadillac?

GUS

New black Cadillac.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- COAT CHECK -- FIVE MINUTES LATER

One hat, one coat left. Impatient, Alice looks at her watch. **2:06.** Six minutes past the 2:00 AM rendezvous time. Nick strides up with his ticket. Finally, Alice can leave.

EXT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- ALLEY -- MOMENTS LATER

Nick rounds the corner into the black, shimmering, wind-whipped alley behind the club. Waits. Paces. His breath visible in the cold night. A DOOR SLAMS. He turns. It's Maureen, slipping out the back door of the club, dried tears on her cheeks, lighting a cigarette, walking off.

NICK

Maureen.

Maureen turns, sees him. Turns back, flustered, keeps walking. He catches up to her.

NICK (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

MAUREEN
Home.

NICK
The Cigarette Bunny stays until three.

MAUREEN
To Fort Wayne.

NICK
(great idea)
And who's waiting for you there?

MAUREEN
(flustered, rambling)
People. No one. I don't know, but you said this would be okay and I don't feel okay, okay? I feel crazy and alone and I came here because I don't want to feel crazy and alone anymore. A bad thing happened. Nobody wants me here. That's the story of my life, so don't worry, I'll be fine on my own as I always --

Nick steps in front of her, cuts her off --

NICK
I want you here.

She looks up at him. The connection between them rages. She doesn't want to acknowledge it.

MAUREEN
Everybody's told me I can't trust you.

NICK
Do you trust everybody?

MAUREEN
I don't trust anybody. I never have.

NICK
No wonder you feel crazy and alone.

Her eyes get wet. She sighs, mad at herself for even starting to cry.

NICK (CONT'D)
You can trust me, Maureen. We made a deal, remember? *Comitto.*

She reacts. He holds her gaze, won't let her look away. Her heart wants to trust him, but her walls are strong.

MAUREEN
How do I know you don't just want me here because I know your secret?

NICK
I didn't have to tell it to you.

She reacts. He steps closer. Closer. Goes to kiss her. Their lips almost touching. Breath visible between them.

MAUREEN
(a whisper, reminds him)
Bunnies can't date Keyholders.

NICK
(a whisper back)
I don't recall asking you on a date.

She smiles. His lips go in to kiss her when GUS'S CADILLAC LIMO pulls up. Idles.

NICK (CONT'D)
That's my ride.

MAUREEN
Where are you going?

NICK
Don't worry about it. The better question is, where are you going?

Maureen is silent.

NICK (CONT'D)
(the club)
That could be your family in there.

MAUREEN
Yeah, complete with a bat-nuts mother.

NICK
All mothers are. You'd be lucky to have one. I never did.

Maureen reacts. He was an orphan, too. Nick turns, walks to the limo. Off Maureen, a small smile.

INT. GUS'S LIMO -- CONTINUOUS

Nick slides in, closes the door. Gus and Leo sit opposite.

GUS
(re Maureen)
 Women'll be the death of you.

NICK
 Right.

GUS
 No, Nicko. Women'll be the death of you.
 Only reason you'd be two minutes late.

Nick maintains his poker face. Not sure what Gus knows. The limo starts driving.

NICK
 What breaks our pact after three years,
 Gus? Can't imagine it's fashion advice.

GUS
 It's been twenty-four hours since I've
 heard a peep from Benny.

NICK
(beat, doesn't flinch)
 Is that so long?

GUS
 You know it is.

NICK
(beat)
 Are you saying you think he's dead?

GUS
 It'd be pretty hard to kill a ghost. You
 seen him?

NICK
 Why would I have seen Benny Bianchi?

GUS
(shrugs, beat)
 You're one of the only people who knows
 what the boss looks like.

Off Nick, who knows that Benny Bianchi is at the bottom of the Chicago River.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. GUS'S LIMO -- MOVING -- RESUME

GUS

I want you to look for him.

NICK

I'm not in that business anymore, Gus.

GUS

This isn't business. This is family.
Don't forget he gave you a home when you
had none. And then he let you leave.

Nick looks out the window. A tortured, secret history here.

NICK

He had no choice.

GUS

Everybody always has a choice. Like you
do now.

NICK

(beat)

I can't be sneaking around for you guys.
I'm thinking about making a run for D.A.
in the next election.

LEO

(laughs, jealous)

Gotta be the biggest big shot.

GUS

(to Leo, scolds)

Did I say you could talk?

Nick holds a stare with Leo. A long-time rivalry here.

GUS (CONT'D)

He trusted you, Nicko. He showed you his
face. Maybe in case something like this
ever happened. He doesn't even trust me
that much.

Nick is silent, looks back out the window.

GUS (CONT'D)

Where can we drop you off?

NICK

The Playboy Mansion.

LEO
(icy smile)
 Women'll be the death of you.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB -- BACK/BILLY'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Billy adds up the cash receipts for the night. Carol-Lynne stops in his doorway on her way out.

CAROL-LYNNE
 I could never do what you're doing.

BILLY
 It's just math.

CAROL-LYNNE
 Yeah. I was never good at figures. But that's not what I'm talking about. Give back the watch, Billy.

Carol-Lynne fixes him with a look, walks off. Billy tries to stay calm. Once she's gone, Billy opens his desk drawer, pulls out the watch box the Bianchis gave him. Reacts. It feels too light. Opens it. Of course, the watch is gone.

ANGLE: Carol-Lynne smiles to herself as she walks out, she'll make Billy sweat it out for a little while longer.

EXT. ST. MARY'S CHURCH -- 2:30 A.M. -- ESTABLISHING

A stone church at the corner of Lincoln and Kinsey.

INT. ST. MARY'S CHURCH -- BASEMENT -- NIGHT

Alice pads in late. Before her, rows of chairs, FIFTY MEN, A FEW WOMEN, listening to an opening salvo from a man named WALLACE. Behind him, a banner: **MATTACHINE SOCIETY MIDWEST.**

WALLACE
 -- like the Renaissance peasants from whom we get our name, we must be masked. Yet like the Mattachine, who fought against the oppression of their lords, there is power in this room...

Alice scans for Sean. There he is, in the back row, closest to her. She makes her way to the aisle chair beside him. On the other side of Sean is Joshua, the guy who was with him on the couch. Alice waves to Joshua, knows him well. He smiles back. Alice doesn't seem to mind very much that Sean and Joshua are holding hands.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Tonight is our beginning. I see fire in your eyes, I see dreams, and while those dreams are assuredly far away, we are here tonight, and you may be homosexual.

Nervous smiles. Clammy hands. A lot of fear. A donation jar is passed around, gets to Alice. She puts all \$250 of tonight's tips straight into the jar, passes it to a WOMAN (30, pretty, strong-willed) across the aisle -- their fingers touch around the jar. Their eyes lock nervously. Alice looks away. Has been used to looking away her whole life.

WOMAN

I'm Sally.

Alice looks back. Maybe she won't have to look away anymore.

EXT. PLAYBOY MANSION -- NIGHT -- ESTABLISHING

A party rages inside. Gus's limo pulls up. Nick gets out.

INT. MANSION -- MAUREEN & JANIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Maureen gets ready for bed, slips into a short nightgown. Janie enters, in a great mood, decently drunk.

JANIE

What? You're not going to bed, Maureen, the party is way too much fun.

MAUREEN

I'm tired. It's been a rough week.

JANIE

So? What about my week? Max proposed to me tonight but I broke his heart and told him no because I'm already married.

Maureen reacts, confused. Janie tears up.

MAUREEN

Why did you lie to him?

JANIE

I didn't. I'm married. To a mean bastard who's looking all over tarnation for me right now while I'm hiding here with a fake name and fake eyelashes.

(has to laugh, releasing it)

He could come crashing through that door any minute.

MAUREEN

Janie, I had no idea --

JANIE

Nobody does. But I'm not telling you because I want you to feel bad for me. I'm telling you because life will always be rough, Maureen, but it's lot more fun if you join the party.

Maureen reacts. Janie smiles.

JANIE (CONT'D)

Come on, there's a really cute stock broker named Mark something pouring champagne down everybody's boobs.

Maureen laughs. Janie pulls her out the door.

MAUREEN

Wait, wait, I can't go down like this, I'm wearing a nightgown --

JANIE

Hef will love it.

INT. MANSION -- BUNNY HUTCH -- CONTINUOUS

As Janie and Maureen run down the hallway, laughing like two sisters, we hear a DRIVING BASS JAM coming from downstairs...

INT. MANSION -- PARTY -- SAME

The party sizzles with MEN IN GUCCI and WOMEN IN PUCCI, BUNNIES, SOCIALITES, CELEBRITIES. In the piano den, Ike Turner plugs in his guitar and Tina and the Ikettes blow up the place with an impromptu up-tempo wailer, "TINA'S WISH".

TINA TURNER

*Paint me red, paint me green
Give me liberty, wash me clean
Make me over, make me nice
Cause when I'm done
Lord, I wanna be right!*

Maureen and Janie walk through, flirting, laughing, martinis in hand. When Maureen steps into the piano den and sees Tina, she stops, watches, captivated. The words strike her.

TINA TURNER (CONT'D)

*Hey Lord, make me over (Oooooooo)
I wanna be made over (Oooooooo)
Hey, yeah, make me over (Oooooooo)
I wanna be made over (Make me over!)*

(MORE)

TINA TURNER (CONT'D)
(I wanna be made over!)

*Make me smart, make me queen
 Give a lot, give me steam
 I want eternal beauty, spiritual things
 Cause when I'm done, yes I wanna be a
 good thing
 Hey, yeah, make me over...*

CAROL-LYNNE (O.S.)
 You're slouching.

Maureen turns to see Carol-Lynne next to her.

CAROL-LYNNE (CONT'D)
 The first rule of beauty is good posture.
 Put your body weight on your right leg.

It's clear Carol-Lynne isn't being mean, just instructive.
 Maureen hesitates, then does as Carol-Lynne says.

CAROL-LYNNE (CONT'D)
 Point the toe of your right foot outward
 and drop your left leg naturally into
 position in front of your right foot.
 Good. Now both knees should touch so
 your legs give the impression of one
 smooth line. Tuck your hips, arch your
 back. Shoulders back and squared. Head
 high, chin parallel to the floor.
(steps back, surveys her work)
 Bunny Perfect.

Carol-Lynne winks, walks off. Despite herself, Maureen
 smiles. She looks back to Tina...

TINA TURNER
*I wanna go places, I wanna do some things
 I wanna be a star, I wanna have a big
 name
 But in my heart, let beauty reign
 And when I'm done, I wanna have fame*

*Oh, make me over (Make me over!)
 I wanna be made over (Make me over!)*

MUSIC CONTINUES UNDER as we hear the same confident,
 swaggering voice we heard at the beginning of the show...

MAN (V.O.)
 Yes, it's a place where you can be anyone
 you want to be, no matter who you were
 yesterday or who you'll be tomorrow...

INT. MANSION -- MASTER SUITE -- SAME

A flash of his robe. A sip of his Pepsi. Cigar smoke wafts in front of his face. The Charlie above his Bunny angels. HUGH HEFNER (37). We never see his face, but we see --

HIS HAND -- drawing, with a pencil. A scene from the Playboy Club, an incredible sketch that looks a lot like Maureen watching Carol-Lynne singing on stage from the opening.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

That looks nothing like me.

Says Carol-Lynne herself as she walks in, kisses Hef.

CAROL-LYNNE

Everyone's asking for you downstairs.

HEF

Be right there, sweetheart. How's the new mother doing?

CAROL-LYNNE

She's tired. She deserves a dip in the pool.

Carol-Lynne unzips the side of her dress, saunters out. Hef adds a few finishing touches to Maureen's face, eyes.

HEF (V.O.)

When you walk down the street, you can look down at the gutter, or you can look up to the sky. Here, we only look up to the sky...

FLASH-CUTS: Hints, just hints, of the rest of the party, the glamour. Janie, in a champagne shower. Kate and Brenda in the pool with other naked Bunnies, MEN watching them as if at Sea World, only much, much better.

Hef finishes the drawing, slips it into a plastic cover, adds it to a BOUND JOURNAL filled with many drawings like these.

HEF (V.O.)

Anything is possible...

PUSH INTO THE SKETCH, into Maureen's eyes, and MATCH TO:

INT. MANSION -- PARTY -- SAME

Maureen, still at the back of the room, watching as a PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER snaps PHOTOS of Tina on stage.
FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH!

TINA TURNER

*Make me nice, Lord, make me good...
Give me power, give me love...*

HEF (V.O.)

Fantasize...

PUSH CLOSER into Maureen's eyes -- the CAMERA FLASHES going off in their glassy reflection, and WHIP TO HER FANTASY:

MAUREEN ON STAGE INSTEAD OF TINA -- as she's bathed in the **FLASH FLASH FLASH** of the camera. WHIP BACK TO REALITY:

MAUREEN AT THE BACK OF THE ROOM -- watching Tina, smiling as the words wash over her...

TINA TURNER

*Hey, yeah, make me over (Make me over!)
I wanna be made over (Wanna be made over!)*

Nick, shaking hands, kissing cheeks, but looking for Maureen. When he finds her watching Tina, he smiles, watches her. Lets her enjoy the moment. Knows he lied to her, but he had to. If she knew she'd killed the biggest mobster in Chicago, well, she wouldn't be smiling right now. And her smile is perfect. Just standing there, she's stunning. His fantasy.

HEF (V.O.)

Life could be a dream, sweetheart.

THE SONG CONTINUES as Nick heads to the bar, glances at his watch, double-takes when he realizes it's stopped. He pulls it off, winds it. It won't start again. Broken. He goes to pocket it, then turns it over, stares at the engraving he knows is on the back: "**Comitto, B.B.**"

EXT. CHICAGO RIVER -- NIGHT

On the dark surface of the water, not far from where Nick and Maureen dumped the body, something has risen to the surface. PUSH IN... a HANDKERCHIEF, monogrammed... **B.B.**

Across town at the Playboy Mansion, the SONG ENDS with a **POW.**

END OF PILOT