

TRAINERS

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CLUB 'BLISS' - NIGHT

Perspex-bound posters of upcoming performers rattle with apocalyptic vibrations. Electronik DJ beats...

Boy-band-pretty ZAC elbow-leans on a steel barricade. A millennial Fonzie, he sneaks a swig from his hip flask. Tanned Armani boot bops with the monotonous drum beat.

Two European FEMME FATALES float by. One winks at him--

Zac's epiglottis goes erect and he almost chokes on spirit. He postures up, his heel pivots with a military precision. Eye balls pop out of his skull, follow them to the end.

KAREEM (O.S.)

Told you. Place is a pussy palace.
But she was winking at me sunshine.

Usher-wannabe KAREEM casually snatches the flask off his friend and gulps a double shot worth. His torso jolts like a mongoose. He spits the dark liquor onto the street.

KAREEM (CONT'D)

What's with you white people and
whiskey. Rum and coke all the way.
Feel me?

ZAC

I have no problem with rum. I like
vodka too, gin. All the same to me.
In the end we're all going to fall
over. Yo Kareem, we're next. Here!

Zac stashes the flask inside his trendy jacket.

The COUPLE in front pass the invisible velvet rope and reveal an east Asian BOUNCER. Slight, wiry but with a confidence and knowledge. Could snap someone in two with a single strike.

BOUNCER

ID.

Zac pulls out his leather wallet. Presents his licence. Bouncer compares the photograph, looks Zac up and down. Satisfied, he returns the ID. Zac moves ahead but loiters...

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

Next in line.

Kareem struts up. Grabs a card holder from inside his black, fine-tailored coat. Finds his ID. The process is the same-- Bouncer eyes Kareem up and down, major-player in a dark suit. Bright green kerchief to match his shoes.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

No.

KAREEM

No?

BOUNCER

No.

The Electronik beats change tempo. Zac spins around--

ZAC

It's OK. He's with me Sir.

BOUNCER

I don't make the rules.

Kareem rips his ID out of Bouncer's hand.

KAREEM

I get it.

ZAC

Come on. It's all good. We're just up for a fun night like everybody else. Right Kareem?

BOUNCER

Next in line please.

The next GUY steps up but Kareem won't budge. He's pissed!

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

You're holding up the rest of the line. Step aside... Now.

Zac can feel the daggers stabbing from Kareem's brown eyes.

ZAC

Dude. It's all good, let's head out to Jackles or Soir Noir. Moose? We've got other options--

KAREEM

Are you a racist?

BOUNCER

Excuse me? Am I a racist?

KAREEM

Fuck this condescending shit!

Kareem strides forward but Bouncer immediately stops him.

KAREEM (CONT'D)

Get your Chinese hands off of me.

Zac moves in. By reflex Bouncer has a hand on each of them.

ZAC

Ow! You're hurting my wrist dude.

Bouncer forcefully shifts them to the side and in the process steps on Kareem's shoe. Green trainers with a gold Puma band.

Kareem and Zac glance up at a sign about conditions of entry:

This is Bliss!

No ID. No Entry.

No Drugs.

No Trainers.

Bouncer checks the ID of the next guy in line. Lets him in.

KAREEM

These shoes cost more than you could make in a week, dog.

ZAC

Yo dude. It's not worth it. Jackles? let's go...

KAREEM

Whatever.

Kareem rubs his shoe on the back of his trousers and follows after Zac, into the street.

BOUNCER

Excuse me? You! Green trainers? FYI... I'm from South Korea.

Kareem flips Bouncer the bird. Zac escorts him away.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

(to the next in line)

Evening ladies. Welcome to Bliss.

FADE OUT.