

GLOW

**"Waiting For... Hamlet's Father's Ghost"**

(Proposed Season Three Opener)

by

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EXT. OLD LAS VEGAS - DAY

James Brown's "Sex Machine" underscores SHOTS OF the outskirts of Fremont Street and the casinos and tourist attractions of mid 1980s downtown Vegas. CLOSE UP on two double doors that push open as we move inside--

INT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

... and PAN THROUGH the expansive, dimly lit gentlemen's club littered with a spattering of MALE TOURISTS. We follow the back view of a few STRIPPERS on the move, until arriving at:

DAWN and STACEY sit on laps, tussle hair and suck on cocktail straws of frozen drinks belonging to two middle aged MIDWESTERNERS wearing Hawaiian shirts.

MIDWESTERNER #1

We like that you two aren't like the other girls. You're more... authentic.

DAWN

Oh, we're not strippers.

STACEY

(to Dawn)

They think we're strippers!

MIDWESTERNER #2

(beat)

Well, you are in a strip club.

MIDWESTERNER #2 (CONT'D)

Showing us a good time.

STACEY

No, we're GLOW girls.

A beat.

MIDWESTERNER #1

That a euphemism for...

(sotto)

... working girls?

DAWN

Well, we do work here. In Vegas.

STACEY

Just with our clothes on.

DAWN

Most of the time. You boys like wrestling?

MIDWESTERNER #1 & #2

Hell yes!

MIDWESTERNER #1

"The Hulk!"

MIDWESTERNER #2

"Rowdy" Roddy! Are you kiddin'. We practically grew up in an arena.

STACEY

Then you should feel right at home 'cause you're in one right now!

A beat. Then utter confusion befalls the two Hawaiian shirts. They scan the room and see: half the GLOW GIRLS standing near one of the smaller stages cheering on YOLANDA as she joins two POLE DANCERS mid routine.

In the center: a floor show sized PLATFORM STAGE where an amateur hour STAGE CREW is struggling with, what is soon to be, a functioning wrestling ring. They hang from SCAFFOLDING and climb on a LIGHT GRID mounted from the ceiling.

ANGLE ON: SAM intensely observing the crew at work.

SAM

Hey, I don't wanna say anything about the union workers in L.A. versus Vegas. But I'm pretty sure when Wayne Newton moves his act to a new casino, his Vegas crew mounts a light grid in less time than it took to defeat the fucking Nazis.

BASH, coked out of his mind, appears next to Sam.

BASH

This is still happening. It's taking for fucking ever. Where the fuck is Ray?

SAM

How the fuck should I know. You're the "producer."

BASH

Jesus Christ, we didn't come out to fucking Vegas to spend every day doing shots off of strippers' tits in a... strip club warehouse.

SAM

The shots are the Vegas equivalent of morning coffee. How about you do your job and try to get a hold of Ray. See if he can bring in a crew from L.A.--

(loud)

-- and put a fire under this shit-show's collective ass!

Giant NEON "G.L.O.W" SIGN is being lowered into position by two metal wires. Sam and Bash watch the sign slowly lower. Then the metal wires snap, sending the neon sign crashing to the floor and falling forward onto the stage. The action in the club comes to a screeching halt as all eyes turn to look at the crew scurry to lift the sign - including Sam and Bash, who stare in utter disbelief and dismay.

GLOW TITLE CARD

INT. HELICOPTER - IN-FLIGHT - MORNING

David Bowie's "Life on Mars" accompanies AERIAL VIEWS OF THE GRAND CANYON. Seated in the passenger seat - next to the HELICOPTER PILOT, mid 30s - is RUTH, the look on her face fluctuating between elation, terror and euphoria as she takes in the other-worldly view.

RUTH

This is amazing! You see this view every day?!

HELICOPTER PILOT

I do all the canyons. Bryce. Antelope. Buckskin Gulch. Wherever there's a hole big enough, I explore it with others.

A beat.

RUTH

Well I was bordering on skydiving. But decided on the stay inside the flying machine option. Figure there's less chance of plummeting to my death should the parachute not deploy.

HELICOPTER PILOT

Statistically speaking, we've more chances of plummeting to our deaths in this contraption than any other. Which is why I love flyin' choppers.

RUTH

You love the prospect of death every time you pilot this thing?!

HELICOPTER PILOT

Flew an Apache in 'Nam. Compared to that, this gig's a cakewalk. Besides, look at that view. It takes the edge off when you're staring at the surface of Mars.

A beat. Ruth takes in the expanse of "Mars."

HELICOPTER PILOT (CONT'D)

Guess you're not much of a thrill seeker then?

EXT. VIEWPOINT - GRAND CANYON - MORNING

Ruth stands behind a guardrail vista overlooking the West Rim of the Canyon. A few nearby TOURISTS take pictures, "ooo" and "ahhh" at the whole damned majestic view. Ruth turns to a nearby TOURIST COUPLE: middle aged Europeans. They seem like they're open to talking to strangers.

RUTH

Pretty amazing. Isn't it?

They smile politely back at her. A beat.

RUTH (CONT'D)

(to couple)

Aren't you just humbled by the sheer grandeur of it all?

(turns away from couple)

How can you not look at this spacious wonder and not realize how insignificant we all are in the grand scheme of things?

(beat)

I've spent so much of my life thinking that I was going to have this incredible acting career.

(MORE)

RUTH (CONT'D)

That I might meet a man that would understand my need to balance a romantic relationship with the pursuit of my art.

The European couple slowly back away.

RUTH (CONT'D)

(beat)

But my art has turned into... pure spectacle, really. I mean, who am I kidding? What I'm doing isn't really "acting." When I moved to Los Angeles, I knew what I was up against in terms of creating meaningful art. But Vegas... Vegas is the death of all of that.

(beat)

So this is what I've chosen to do with my life? Move from L.A. to Vegas to be part of a glamorous floorshow? I'm a heel in a ladies of wrestling spectacle in the middle of the fucking Nevada desert! I mean, how fucking insane is my life right now!?

Ruth turns back to the European couple who are long gone. No one else remains. Ruth continues to take in the expanse of the Grand Canyon... alone and in awe of its grandeur.

EXT. BASH'S VEGAS "OFFICE" - AFTERNOON

Bash is inside of a PAY PHONE BOOTH. He uses an MCI calling card when dialing. He tap-tap-tap-taps on the top of the phone as he waits for--

BASH

Hello. I'm calling to speak with Ray... again. Is he--?

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)

Dad! That guy is calling again!

A beat.

RAY (O.S.)

Hey, it's Ray.

BASH

Ray. Hi. It's Bash. From GLOW. The show you decided to move to Vegas as your new floorshow--

RAY

Yeah, Bash. How are things going with the space? Is it coming along?

BASH

Is it coming...? No, not... not really, Ray. I mean. Yes, there is a crew and they are setting up a "floorshow" ring. But the time it's taking--

RAY (O.S.)

That's fine. I have some minor details to work out with my partners. Well, one main partner--

BASH

I thought all the partners were on board and we were good to go, when we hopped on a bus and moved into a casino hotel--

RAY (O.S.)

Yeah, how's that going? How's everyone liking the accommodations?

BASH

Well...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MONUMENT HOTEL & CASINO - MID-DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS of the most patriotic casino hotel you've ever seen in your life. The centerpiece is literally a replica of: MOUNT RUSHMORE. This is basically Sam's worst nightmare destination and is the new Vegas home of the entire GLOW team. The structure consists of two hotel towers with the casino in the middle. The Monument is located next to the RIVIERA and across the street from CIRCUS CIRCUS.

INT. MONUMENT CASINO - SAME

We move through the casino and pass slot machines and tables populated by mid 1980s tourists, card dealers and cocktail waitresses. You can practically smell the patriotism.

INT. THE HOTEL A WING - SAME

We follow a HOUSEKEEPER, African-American, 20s, through the hallway. This is where the "Good Girls" of GLOW are housed. From out of one of the rooms bursts JENNY, holding a stuffed animal. She's being chased down the hallway by REGGIE, laughing, who tackles Jenny and proceeds to try and tear the stuffed animal out of her hand as Jenny laughs hysterically. Housekeeper, towels in hand, acts indifferent to Jenny and Reggie as she gently knocks on one of the doors.

HOUSEKEEPER  
Housekeeping.

An AFRICAN-AMERICAN ARM reaches out the door.

HOUSEKEEPER (CONT'D)  
Towels. Per your request.

The arm belongs to: CHERRY, who dips her head out the door and looks down the hallway.

CHERRY  
(to Jenny and Reggie)  
You two. Get up off the floor.  
The hallway's not a ring.

JENNY  
Ring's not set up yet.

REGGIE  
We have no where to practice!

CHERRY  
So go to the workout room and...  
work it out! There are other  
guests in this hotel. We don't own  
this damn wing.

JENNY  
Let's go over to the Bad Girl Wing.  
See if Melanie is around.

REGGIE  
Really? You think she's awake?

JENNY  
It's three o'clock in the  
afternoon.

REGGIE  
And your point?

INT. CHERRY AND KEITH'S ROOM - SAME

KEITH sits on the bed, clipping his toenails with a pair of clippers, as RHONDA paces their room. Cherry walks into the bathroom with the towels.

RHONDA

It's not that the sex isn't good.  
It's that the sex is... literally  
non-existent.

KEITH

Yeah well, welcome to marriage.

Cherry pops her head out to give Keith the stink eye.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Baby. I'm just trying to minimize  
expectations.

CHERRY

Every night can't be voodoo night.

RHONDA

I just thought that Bash would, you  
know, be more romantic. He's so  
sweet and caring and has such  
amazing fashion sense.

Cherry and Keith look at each other.

CHERRY

Yeeeeaaah...

KEITH

Bash has a lot on his mind lately.  
They're dealing with the ring  
taking forever and shit.

CHERRY

What's with that anyway? Ray said  
we'd be the floorshow in a casino.  
He specifically said no strip club.

KEITH

Maybe it's, like, a strip club  
casino?

CHERRY

A what?

RHONDA

Honestly, do you think that I made  
a terrible mistake?

(MORE)

RHONDA (CONT'D)  
Because I really want to fall in  
love with Bash.

CHERRY  
A mistake? In marrying a  
millionaire?  
(beat)  
For real?

KEITH  
Just because the sex ain't on point  
at the moment don't mean shit.  
Thing about marriage is it's, like,  
25 percent sex. The rest is just  
the day-to-day. Getting ready for  
work in the morning--

CHERRY  
Which we don't gotta do now,  
apparently--

KEITH  
Getting in and out of cars.  
Driving back and forth to the crib--

CHERRY  
(to Rhonda)  
In your case, it will be in a  
helicopter--

KEITH  
Eating dinner. Getting ready for  
bed--

CHERRY  
Cutting those nasty toenails--

KEITH  
Falling asleep to Johnny Carson,  
waking up and doing it all over  
again.  
(beat)  
And that's marriage. Maybe you get  
laid every now and then.

CHERRY  
And that's all marriage is to you?

KEITH  
No, baby--

CHERRY

You know what. Rhonda can figure this shit out all on her own. She doesn't need a marriage ref.

RHONDA

I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have intruded on you two like this.

CHERRY

No. Keith still hasn't figured out what matters most in a marriage.

KEITH

And what's that, baby?

CHERRY

If you don't know by now...

KEITH

Well, I damn sure know better than Bash.

RHONDA

Yeah. Not really helping.

CHERRY

Let's put a pin on this conversation for now, Rhonda. I need to figure out what the fuck is going on with our venue. But more importantly what the fuck are all these girls up to? Specifically...

INT. CARMEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CARMEN opens her door to --

CARMEN

Cherry. Rhonda. What a pleasant surprise. Won't you both please come in?

CHERRY

We need you to come out. It's time for a room check.

CARMEN

But, we're not really working right now, until--

CHERRY

When the mice are away, these  
bitches will play... all night  
long. You know this.

CARMEN

Yeah but again, I'm not really on  
duty at the moment--

CHERRY

Just because we're not in the gym  
does not mean the rules and  
responsibilities of the job no  
longer apply.

A beat.

CARMEN

Where are we going first?

CHERRY

Seriously?

INT. HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

The three head towards the B Wing, when DEBBIE exits her  
room. She closes her door and stares at them.

DEBBIE

Hey?

(beat)

Is this the hall patrol? Curfew  
is, like, hours from now.

RHONDA

We're heading to the Bad Girl Wing.

CARMEN

To check on... you know who.

DEBBIE

Oh. Is there a midget orgy  
happening?

(beat)

Again?

Out of no where: a TENNIS BALL bounces off of Debbie's door!

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ!

CHERRY

Dawn! Stacey! What did I tell you  
about tennis in the hallway?

DAWN & STACEY (O.S.)

Sorry!

DEBBIE

Well you seem to have this all  
under control.

CHERRY

You know what's going on with the  
venue?

DEBBIE

I have no fucking clue. But I plan  
on getting to the bottom of it...

(tears flow)

As soon as I can hear my baby's  
giggles in my ear.

Carmen and Rhonda both hug Debbie.

INT. CASINO LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Debbie uses a PAY PHONE near the front desk. Off Debbie's  
face, we PRE-LAP Phil Collin's "Sussudio" --

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - SAME

... and PAN THROUGH a small HOUSE PARTY. MARK and SUSAN, who  
is holding RANDY in her arms, entertain GUESTS as the phone  
RINGS in the background, that no one hears over Phil Collins.

INT. CASINO LOBBY - SAME

Debbie hangs up the phone. Her cheeks streaked with massacre  
as she turns to face: a group of lingering TEENAGE GIRLS.

TEENAGE GIRL #1

It is Liberty Bell! I knew it!

TEENAGE GIRL #2

This is so friggin' rad!

Teenage Girl #3 has a Polaroid camera.

TEENAGE GIRL #3

Liberty, can we take a picture?

Debbie instantly composes herself, quickly wipes the tears from her eyes and flashes that Liberty Bell big toothed grin.

DEBBIE

Hey, y'all. Why of course.

The three dash over for a 1980s version of a selfie.

TEENAGE GIRL #1

Are you, like, wrestling in the hotel?

TEENAGE GIRL #2

Holy shit! Is GLOW being filmed here?

Debbie has no idea what to say at this point.

TEENAGE GIRL #3

No way! We are totally your biggest fans!

DEBBIE

Oh well, thank you all so very much.

TEENAGE GIRL #2

This is so boss! Liberty Fucking Bell is wrestling in our hotel!

INT. HOTEL FRONT DESK - MOMENTS LATER

A chipper, all American crew, and dressed the part, work the check in counter. Debbie approaches FRONT DESK CLERK, 20s.

DEBBIE

Hi. I was just wondering--

FRONT DESK CLERK

Hello! Welcome to the Monument Hotel and Casino. How may I honor your request today?

DEBBIE

The thing is, since I'm staying at the hotel as "talent", I was wondering if there was any way my group - myself specifically - could not be charged every time I - we pick up the phone.

FRONT DESK CLERK

Oh, I completely understand. But unfortunately, the phone is not included in the group rate.

DEBBIE

No, I understand that. But, see, I use this calling card.

(shows MCI card)

Yet I still get charged--

FRONT DESK CLERK

Oh, I completely understand. But, unfortunately, even if you use a calling card, we still have to charge you for the time you're on the phone.

DEBBIE

But... that's what the calling card is for.

FRONT DESK CLERK

Oh, I completely understand. But--

DEBBIE

Okay! Enough with the god-damn understanding. I don't really give a shit how much you "understand." I'm a god-damn producer and a soon-to-be Vegas headliner - with a baby 300 miles away whose giggles I need to hear on a daily basis or I lose my fucking mind! So I would think that the hotel we're being lodged at would, at a bare minimum, let me use a god-damn calling card without charging me every god-damn time I pick up the god-damn phone! Which is the entire fucking point of using a god-damn calling card!

A beat.

FRONT DESK CLERK

I'll talk to management and see what I can do.

Debbie transforms into Liberty Bell.

DEBBIE

Why thank you, darlin'. That would be ever so kind of you.

INT. MELANIE'S ROOM

(3:30 P.M.)

MELANIE is crashed out on her bed, sandwiched between a sleeping man and woman. On the floor are two sleeping men. The sleeping woman, DARLENE, late 20s, stirs first. The sleeping man, CRUSH, 30s, heavy metal rocker, turns over.

Melanie, wearing a Van Halen 1984 t-shirt and thong, springs up in a panic, leaps off the bed and trips over the two dudes on the floor: MALEK, late 20s, heavy metal rocker, and BRONSKI, 40s, rock 'n roll roadie.

MELANIE

Ah, Jesus! What the fuck?! Why are you all still here?!

She kicks Malek and Bronski.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Get-up-get-up-get-up!

She storms into the bathroom, then emerges with a small GONG that she BANGS!

CRUSH

(springs up)

Whoa! That gong should never be used by an amateur.

MELANIE

Crush, will you get the fuck up and get these two degenerates out of my personal space! I can't believe you let them crash here again.

BRONSKI

Easy, Ms. Hollywood. Is that any way to talk to your bodyguards?

MELANIE

Darlene! I told you to stop me when I make bad decisions involving alcohol.

DARLENE

Oh honey. We went way past bad alcohol decisions.

Melanie kicks Malek.

MELANIE

Hey, the other Jew in the room. Did you roofie me last night?

MALEK

You're the one who got me high! I don't even know these guys.

CRUSH

We're in the same Van Halen cover band, asshole.

MALEK

I meant spiritually.

A loud KNOCK on the door.

MELANIE

Oh fuck! I know that knock. Everyone, hide!

No one moves.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Come on! Get the fuck under the bed, in the closet or in the shower! Move your asses!

The only one who moves is Darlene, who slowly makes her way into the bathroom and shuts the door.

The hotel door opens to: Carmen, Rhonda and Cherry who holds a hotel key in her hand.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Cherry. What a surprise. Look at that. You have a key to my room.

CHERRY

I have all the keys. To all the rooms. For all the wings.

MELANIE

Of course you do. Did you bring handcuffs and a chastity belt as well? Again, this is my fucking personal space!

CHERRY

And there are rules against guests in your fucking personal space.

MELANIE

Not during the afternoon!

CHERRY

When it's an extension of last night's "activities", there is!

The three ladies enter and stare at the three rocker dudes, who smile back at them.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

Is this a personal record for you?

Darlene exits the bathroom in a bathrobe.

DARLENE

Hi. I'm Darlene. I dance at the Riviera. I've heard so much about you GLOW ladies.

CARMEN

No. She had help.

RHONDA

(sotto)

Are we talking about drugs or sex?

MELANIE

I didn't sleep with them, if that's what you're implying.

DARLENE

Well...

MELANIE

To my knowledge.  
(to the dudes)  
Right?

The three dudes all shrug.

SHEILA appears in the doorway.

SHEILA

Hey, has anyone seen Ruth? I think she may be missing.

(beat)

And I'm really not in the mood to go hunting in this heat.

All eyes on Sheila.

MALEK

A she-wolf. Bitchen.

EXT. BUS STOP - LATE AFTERNOON

Ruth exits the bus.

EXT. OUTSIDE CIRCUS CIRCUS - SOME TIME LATER

Ruth walks along the sidewalk in front of the casino and silently observes all the TOURISTS heading in and out.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Ruth, still on her "pensive" late afternoon stroll back to the hotel, passes Bash's pay phone booth. Ironically, Bash is actually inside --

INT. BASH'S "OFFICE" - CONTINUOUS

Bash's fingers tap-tap-tap...

BASH  
So you're actually in Vegas?

EXT. OUTSIDE BASH'S "OFFICE" - CONTINUOUS

Ruth walks up to the pay phone booth.

RUTH  
Bash? Bash, is that you?

Bash takes a beat. Then leans out from the booth.

BASH  
I'm on a call with Ray. He's actually in Vegas. He's headed to a meeting with our main investor.

RUTH  
But why are you in a pay phone booth? Where's your mobile phone?

BASH  
It's a long... I don't have the energy to explain. Ray's coming to the club after his meeting. So we need to round up all the girls.

EXT. DRIVEWAY OF MEYER'S MANSION - SUNSET

Establishing. A LIMO pulls up in front of a luxuries mansion surrounded by that stark Nevada desert landscape.

INT. MEYER'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

RAY is ushered into the mansion by security detail on headset, and waits in the main entrance for:

SHELLY MEYER, 60s, eastern European Jewish immigrant from New York, with a Hollywood tan and casually dressed in expensive threads, is all bright smiles and welcoming gestures.

SHELLY

Ray. How the hell are ya? You bring some of that L.A. sunshine with you?

RAY

Come on, Shelly. You've got plenty of sunshine here in Sin City.

SHELLY

Except for that fuckin' monsoon that blew through the other day. Nearly tore the roof off the joint. Let me show you around.

EXT. BACKSIDE OF MEYER'S MANSION - SUNSET

Ray and Shelly walk around the back of his property which includes: swimming pools, tennis court, grottoes, a horse stable and a nearby man-made lake.

RAY

Everything is pretty much in place, as far as I'm concerned, to make the Deluxe Americana a club that will rival every other heavy-hitter showroom. With a floorshow act that will go toe-to-toe with all the other big name acts in Vegas. I'm willing to bet the house on it.

SHELLY

It's this floorshow you keep going on about that I'm not entirely sold on.

RAY

Is it you who's not entirely sold on it, or...?

SHELLY

Tread lightly, Ray. We're negotiating here, remember?

RAY  
 Funny, I thought we already had a deal.

SHELLY  
 Ah, it's never a deal until the first million clears.

RAY  
 Did my check bounce?

The two get a good laugh as they continue the sunset tour.

INT. SHELLY'S PRIVATE "PLAYROOM" - NIGHT

Ray peruses the pool table, arcade games, Sony Videoscope TV, etc., as if it were the Louvre. He scans the walls filled with: MOVIE POSTERS.

RAY  
 Wow! Are these all the movies you produced?

The posters are a collection of: B movie horror films, "erotica" (soft core porn) and some high-end features.

SHELLY  
 Most of them. Some of them are ones that the wife starred in without my backing.

Ray goes from poster to poster until he arrives at a framed poster of a "psychological thriller" starring: "Zöe Kiss." Written and directed by: "Sam Sylvia."

Ray freezes, his eyes grow wide.

RAY  
 Did you back this one, by chance?

SHELLY  
 Yeah, against my ironclad better judgment. Zöe thought the director was "brilliant." Well there's one "brilliant" son-of-a-bitch I'll never invest in again.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Sam is surrounded by STRIPPERS. There are shot glasses and lines of blow involved. The amateur crew is still working on the ring in the background. The place is practically empty.

In stream the entire GLOW TEAM, led by Ruth and Dash. They move right over and confront Sam - who is doing lines off the glass table with Strippers - like a village burning mob.

RUTH

Sam! We need to know right now.  
Did we get hoodwinked by Ray?

TAMMÉ walks next to Ruth.

TAMMÉ

And you know how black folks react  
to being hoodwinked, Sam.

Cherry nods her head in agreement.

DEBBIE

I think we all - regardless of our  
various ethnicities - would prefer  
not being "hoodwinked."

YOLANDA

Or bamboozled.

ARTHIE stands strong next to her girlfriend--

ARTHIE

Or taken advantage of by an  
oppressor.

MELANIE

Can we just focus here, people.

SAM

Alright, look. Let's not turn this  
into some kind of racial incident.  
Or a feminist manifesto moment.  
There's obviously a reasonable  
explanation for all of this... that  
Bash can explain to us.

BASH

Me? You're the one who introduced  
us to Ray in the first place.

RUTH

And did anyone think to do due  
diligence and vet this guy before  
we moved our entire lives to  
this... vapid adult playground?

SAM

(smiles)

Told you you'd hate it.

MELANIE

Maybe lighten up a bit, Ms. Puritan.

JENNY

(to Ruth)

I bet if you came out with us more often, it would grow on you.

RUTH

Melrose is right - I mean what she said before. We need to focus. Ray specifically said we wouldn't be moving into a strip club in the Valley. But low-and-behold, we're in a strip club in Vegas. This doesn't strike anyone as odd?

DEBBIE

It strikes all of us as odd, Ruth. That's the whole point.

RHONDA

Unless this is some kind of a strip club casino.

CHERRY

Really, Rhonda?

(to Sam)

And what the fuck have you been doing this whole time, Mr. Director?

Sam stretches his arms around Strippers seated next to him.

SAM

I've decided to take the path of least resistance. I'm just going to enjoy the forbidden fruits of my labor until this--

(re: stage crew)

-- clown show can piece together a fucking functioning ring so you all can do what you came her to do.

(stands)

I mean, you're right. It's clear we've wasted enough time waiting for Ray to magically appear, like the ghost of Hamlet's father--

RUTH

Good reference, Sam--

SAM

-- to explain to us why the fuck we're not in a casino club, and why some third-rate hack crew of, I'm guessing, recently released prison inmates can't figure out how to assemble a light grid. So I think it's time for the producers to have an emergency meeting--

At that moment: three 40 something wrestler size men, wearing expensive suits, walk over and stand behind the ladies.

SAM (CONT'D)

(to Strippers)

You maybe wanna get back to your jobs?

Strippers immediately walk over to the three men.

SAM (CONT'D)

Sorry, we're in the middle of a private meeting.

The smaller of the three: PIETRO, Mediterranean, his hair in a ponytail, turns to look at Strippers.

PIETRO

Girls. Take care of what remains of the customers.

(to Sam)

First of all, we'd like to officially welcome the ladies of GLOW to our club. I hope you've been enjoying your time with us.

DEBBIE

Wait, this is your club?

PIETRO

Technically, I'm a silent partner. Along with Ray. I oversee the day-to-day activities between here and our other clubs in Vegas, L.A. and Bakersfield. So I apologize for not arriving sooner.

BASH

Well, do you know where Ray is?

PIETRO  
You must be the producer?

BASH  
I... am. Yes.

Bash extends his hand for a shake with each of the "heavies."

BASH (CONT'D)  
Hello. Sebastian Howard, but call me Bash. It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance.

RHONDA  
(waves)  
And I'm his wife, Rhonda, aka: Britannica.

PIETRO  
Pietro Alexander. These are my associates, Bruno and Cleo. Formerly known as--

CARMEN  
Bear Claw and Cyclops! Oh my gosh, I knew I recognized you guys.

BRUNO  
You must be Goliath's baby girl.

SAM  
You two are wrestlers?

CLEO  
Former.

BRUNO  
Injuries.

PIETRO  
Now they work for me.

SAM  
Well since you know a little something about wrestling, what's the deal with this stage crew?

PIETRO  
We should talk. Let's go to the office.

BASH  
There's an office?! Is there a phone in this office?

INT. STRIP CLUB OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A modest management office tucked away in the back of the club replete with couch, desk, filing cabinets, closet, etc. Bash, Sam and Debbie wait while Pietro reaches into a closet and pulls out a telephone.

PIETRO

Had a floor manager who made a lot of "extracurricular" phone calls, so we recently eighty-sixed all phone privileges.

DEBBIE

Wait, why do we need to use a phone? Who are we calling?

BASH

We're producers. It's like the most essential tool of the trade.

DEBBIE

What happened to your mobile?

SAM

Yeah. Where'd your toy go, Bash?

BASH

(sighs)

If you must know, Birdie completely froze me out since the move to Vegas... and the phone is tied in with my allowance. Ray hasn't solidified anything in terms of a real budget. The roaming charges... there's barely any reliable service out here in this desert wasteland.

(beat)

So I've been using a pay phone.

SAM

Wow. That's just awful to have to live like common folk. You must be devastated.

DEBBIE

Sam--

PIETRO

I fully understand if you're frustrated. But, you have my word Ray is finalizing the arrangement for the move into the casino hotel.

DEBBIE  
So we are moving into a casino?

SAM  
Yeah, when? And why the fuck are a bunch of ex-cons, posing as a union crew, building a ring here?

INT. STRIP CLUB - SAME

The ladies are left wondering what's going on in the office, as Bruno and Cleo keep an eye on the strip club "activity."

REGGIE  
I bet these guys are "connected."

MELANIE  
The smaller one looked kinda Greek-ish. Not Italian.

ARTHIE  
That's kind of racist... isn't it?

MELANIE  
What?

ARTHIE  
Greek-ish? That's like saying Jew...

MELANIE  
Ish? Yeah. That's how you say it.

TAMMÉ  
Wouldn't surprise me. Mobsters run this town.

YOLANDA  
But not if he's associated with Ray's clubs. He's legit.

DAWN  
Didn't any of you ever see the "Godfather?"

STACEY  
I love that movie.

REGGIE  
Which one?  
(beat)  
There were two.

DAWN

This mobster, Moe Green, created Vegas and then Michael Corleone had him whacked.

SHEILA

You think they're here to whack Sam? Replace him with a mob picked director?

JENNY

Oh! And those two over there are the hitmen!

CARMEN

No. Those guys are the nicest guys... outside the ring. The guy in the office probably does all the whacking.

RHONDA

Well I hope nobody is here to whack Bash.

MELANIE

You should be so lucky.

RUTH

No, this isn't about mobsters. This is more Shakespearean. Ray probably sent his henchmen to deliver the bad news. Which is so ironic that Sam referenced Hamlet's father's ghost. Because these Rosencrantz and Guildenstern type characters suddenly appear to tell Sam - who would be Hamlet in this scenario - that all is lost and that, we, the Players, won't be able to perform for the King. Which is also ironic because the King is a reference to Elvis. Who pretty much personifies Las Vegas.

A beat.

TAMMÉ

(sotto)

What the fuck is she talking about?

CHERRY

(sotto)

I have no fucking clue.

SHEILA

(sotto)

Abduction. That's why she went missing. The real Ruth is probably in a bunker somewhere in Area 51.

INT. STRIP CLUB OFFICE - SAME

The three stand in front of the desk as Pietro informs them:

PIETRO

The stage crew are basically favors we called in. We're new to this whole floorshow routine. Throw a few naked girls up on a pole, and the place pretty much runs itself. Set up an entire wrestling show, that's a whole other ball of wax.

DEBBIE

But why the show here if we're moving into the casino hotel?

PIETRO

Test marketing. Build a buzz. Create strong word of mouth first with guys who like two things: tits and ass and Hulk Hogan.

DEBBIE

(sotto)

Technically, that's three things.

BASH

That's actually a brilliant strategy. Build an audience first, then make a giant splash with the move to the club.

SAM

So you couldn't kick in a little extra for an actual union crew?

PIETRO

You have to talk to Ray about that.

INT. STRIP CLUB - SAME

Ray FINALLY shows up! He greets the strippers and converses with Bruno and Cleo and then addresses the ladies--

RAY

I'm sorry to keep you all waiting. I'm sure you're wondering what the hell is going on and why you're in a strip club and not the club in the casino that I sold you all on.

TAMMÉ

Sounds about damn right.

RAY

I can assure you, I'm doing everything I can to finish the deal I arranged with the owner of the casino hotel. There's just been a few minor details to work out.

RUTH

And you couldn't have finalized all of that before we up ended our lives to move out here to this--?

MELANIE

Okay, Pollyanna. Enough with the Vegas bashing. This place is a fucking rock star paradise!

JENNY

Yeah, Vegas rocks!

Sam, Bash, Debbie and Pietro exit out of the office and back into the main club area.

RAY

Great, the gang's all here. I brought in my partner Pietro - who I'd take a bullet for and vice versa - so you can meet some of the team I have working behind the scenes on the transition.

SAM

Nice work with the crew you hired to try and build this farm league version of the real GLOW floorshow.

RAY

Well you work with what you've got, Sam. You must know that from your days working on movies with other people's money.

SAM

Yeah but, I always hired the best crew I could with other people's money.

(beat)

Even though I'd end up pretty much going over budget and making my crews insane. But never-the-less.

RAY

I can promise you this, Sam. When we move into the casino hotel, we'll have the best crews in Vegas working the floorshow. These guys here have expertise in other areas we need help with.

DEBBIE

(sotto)

I can only imagine.

MELANIE

(sotto)

Me too.

OTHER ANGLE: this particular stage crew are more rough and tumble than the L.A. crew. These are the kinds of guys that would shamelessly display a Confederate flag on their pickup truck or wear a vest with a Hell's Angels patch.

Ray walks over to the stage crew, who have stopped working and are gathered in a cluster, staring at the ladies.

RAY

They have very special skills that we'll use to take GLOW to the next level to compete in Vegas.

CHERRY

You're saying they know how to wrestle? Because they damn sure don't know how to build a set.

RAY

These men are weapons and pyrotechnic experts. And once they're done here... you all are almost done here, right?

Mostly blank stares from the assembled crew of hard-ass looking dudes.

RAY (CONT'D)

They're going to take some of you out for some training. See what my team envisions is really upping the stakes. We want more weapons.

JENNY

Oh, I have a sword. We're all good.

RAY

Yeah, but have you used a real sword?

DEBBIE

Mmm... that doesn't seem safe--

RAY

And do any of you know how to handle a real gun, and are you prepared not to flinch when fireworks and explosions are fucking going off everywhere?

BASH

Yes! I see where you're going with this.

RAY

What we want is fucking rock and roll!!! A show that will make Alice Cooper's act look like Walt Disney. We want to blow people's fucking minds.

SAM

Alright, I hear what you're saying. Give them blood and bullets. That's all a wild "vision", Ray. But we can't do any of that unless we have a room to do it in.

RAY

And that's exactly what I've been working on, Sam.

(beat)

I met with the owner of the Monument today where the club - the Deluxe Americana - is located. I thought I had him sold on the floorshow before I left L.A. But then I realized something when I was at his mansion and saw a bunch of movie posters on his walls.

BASH

Please tell me they were wrestling movie posters.

RAY

Not exactly. There was some horror, some soft core, some mainstream, and a "psychological thriller" starring this guy's 25 year old wife. Who, apparently, is not big on the idea of having a ladies wrestling floorshow happening at a family oriented, rah-rah-rah Americana hotel and casino.

SAM

So, what? Is some 25 year old B movie actress whispering in his ear, telling him to put the kibosh on this deal you supposedly made with him over cocktails and blow at your strip club?

RAY

Well, I forgot to mention who wrote and directed this "psychological thriller" the 25 year old B movie actress starred in.

MELANIE

I know where this is going.

RUTH

Oh shit, Sam. Tell me you didn't--

RAY

Does the name Zöe Kiss ring a bell?

A beat.

SAM

Oh fuck. Let me guess, the hotel owner is: Shelly Meyer.

RAY

Collect your chips, Sam. You're today's big winner.

A beat.

BASH

Sam, what does this mean?

A beat.

SAM

It means.

(beat)

We're not doing a floorshow at the  
Monument Hotel and Casino.

We PAN ACROSS the look of utter despair that registers on  
each one of their faces...

As Van Halen's "I'll Wait" plays us to--

BLACK OUT.

End of episode.