

PUNISHED AND HAPPY
PILOT
"LET'S STICK TOGETHER"

Written by

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FADE IN

INT. MISTRESSES ROOM - DAY

An intercut montage of a getting-ready-for-war-sequence.

We never see the ladies: just hands, legs, details.

Two sexy female legs (AMANDA) confidently slide into a pair of black vinyl Louboutin stiletto pumps with red soles. She's *fierce!*

Two chubby legs (MARIA TERESA) awkwardly get into a pair of grandma Mary Jane shoes. She's *fiercer!*

Amanda puts on tight black latex gloves.

Maria Teresa puts on huge, worn-off yellow cleaning gloves.

Pink latex platform boots (MERCY)

Mercy hand slides on a pink studded whip.

Assunta hand slides on a broom handle.

Nurse-like white clogs (ASSUNTA)

Black combat boots (SKORPIO)

Skorpio wears a tight black corset.

Paula wears an apron.

Birkenstock-like ugly sandals (PAULA)

Amanda pours jelly lubricant on her latex glove.

Maria Teresa sprays a cleaning product onto the camera.

Screen goes blurry.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Sunset.

Aerial establishing shots of Roma. Breathtaking!

NARRATOR (GNOME)
(male, *very queer, very*
sassy, V.O.)
(MORE)

NARRATOR (GNOME) (CONT'D)
 Ah, look at that! Rome. *The Eternal City*.

Close-up of a marble portrait of a *very serious* Roman Emperor, on a rooftop with a stunning view.

Nearby, a cute COUPLE ('30) is having a romantic dinner.

NARRATOR (GNOME) (CONT'D)
 (V.O.)
 I know what you're thinking.
 (high pitch girly voice)
Oh my GAWD! I must go to Rome to eat gelato and find myself!
 (disgusted)
 Eat Love Pray *my ass*.

Downstairs from the rooftop there's a CHAOTIC TRAFFIC JAM.

HONKS, ITALIAN INSULTS, SCREAMS, TIRES SCREECHING.

NARRATOR (GNOME) (CONT'D)
 (V.O.)
 Rome. City of Gladiators & Cardinals, Sibyls and syphilis, where, since 3000 years, politicians are corrupted, tourists are scammed, and nothing. Ever. Works.

A TRAFFIC POLICEMAN (40), red-faced, tries desperately to control traffic, gesticulating and blowing his whistle.

PURE CHAOS.

NARRATOR (GNOME) (CONT'D)
 (V.O.)
 How did this place survive until now? Because it is glued together by the strongest of all forces: *chaos*. And this story, my dear gelato eater, only in this millennial chaos could have unfolded...

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

A mysterious WOMAN dressed IN RED, trench coat, long gloves, big hat hiding her hair, that we'll always and only see from behind for the whole season, walks briskly on a sidewalk, holding a take away coffee cup.

She walks through the entrance of a luxury hotel.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The overly serious CONCIERGE (60), who looks like he never smiled once in his life, stands by the reception and looks nervously towards the toilet door.

The woman in red is observing him from a short distance.

The concierge finally runs to the toilet.

She reaches the reception and gently drops the coffee cup, spreading coffee over a paper who reads on top: GUEST LIST

The woman in red walks to the elevator.

The concierge comes back, looks at the stained list in horror.

The woman in red walks into the elevator and *clashes with three Scandinavian men* in their 30/40', shaved heads, dressed in black (ICS, IPSILON and ZETA), getting out. Zeta carries a black bag with him.

ZETA
(heavy accent)
Hey lady! Watch your step!

She walks in the elevator and doors close.

The men walk away briskly.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

An isolated and dark road.

Ics, Ipsilon and Zeta get out of their black SUV car and meet BETA (50'), silver short hair, ice cold.

Zeta hands the bag to Beta. Beta opens it, checks it. We don't see what's inside.

BETA
(in Finnish)
Where is the third one?

ZETA
(in Finnish)
What?!

Beta shows the inside of the bag. We still don't see what's there.

ICS
 (whispers in Finnish)
 Oh fuck!

ZETA
 (in Finnish)
 I'm sorry Alpha, it was my fault,
 but if you-

Beta pulls out his gun and shots Zeta in the head. Zeta falls lifeless on the ground. Ics and Ipsilon are frozen, but not surprised.

BETA
 (in Finnish)
 You have 24 hours to solve this
 mess.
 (points to Zeta's body)
 And get rid of that.

Beta leaves.

Ics and Ipsilon look at each other.

INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The woman in red walks into a corridor. She checks her digital, weird smartwatch: the screen turns totally green.

A stressed WAITRESS (25) is knocking at the door of room 397.

Some LOUD '2000 TRASH DISCO MUSIC comes from inside.

Behind the waitress there is a big chart with expensive Champagne, Vodka, Caviar plates.

WAITRESS
 (knocking)
 Room service! Please open!

The woman in red sneaks nearby the chart: what is she doing? The waitress doesn't notice. The woman in red walks away.

The door finally opens, we don't see who's inside, the chart is roughly pulled inside, and the door slammed on the face of the waitress, who sighs and walks away.

INT. HOTEL - SUITE 397 - NIGHT

The music blasts in the luxurious suite. TEN MEN are partying wildly. Expensive watches, hand-tailored suits, white dusty nostrils: trashy new money.

LORENZO (35), balding, tie knotted around his forehead, shirt unbuttoned, skinny and hairy, dances like a madman.

Next to him, SERGIO (40), graying, rat face, sweaty unbuttoned shirt.

Another MAN pushes the chart inside.

MAN 1
Here's the supplies!

Sergio grabs a huge bottle of Vodka from the chart, opens it and pours it into Lorenzo's mouth.

Lorenzo turns around and snores coke from a table with a 500 euro bill. There's a MOUNTAIN of coke.

Around them, the OTHER MEN (35-40) are drunk and screaming.

SERGIO
(pointing at Lorenzo)
Can you believe this fuckin' loser
is getting married?!

EVERYONE BUT LORENZO
Boooo!! Booooo!

SERGIO
(mimics a female voice)
"Did you just look at that
waitress' ass?!"

Big laughs.

MAN 1
(mimics a female voice)
"I'm not in the mood tonight! You
must respect *my body*."

Bigger laughs.

SERGIO
(to Lorenzo)
But fear not, your bros will not
let you go down the grave without a
final *bang!*

Sergio checks the time on his watch.

SERGIO (CONT'D)
(to the others)
It's time. Get him ready!

Screaming wildly, they all grab Lorenzo and tie him to a chair using ties as ropes.

LORENZO
What the fuck are you doing?

SERGIO
Preparing you for your gift, loser.

Lorenzo's eyes widens in excitement. He's getting it.

LORENZO
No- you didn't- did you call *them*??

Sergio nods grinning. Wild howls from everyone. Lorenzo smiles in shocked excitement.

Sergio takes off his phone, reads from it.

LORENZO (CONT'D)
(reading)
Punished and Happy is the most
exclusive and desired S&M Mistress
team in the world!

The high and horny men growls and hallucinate in excitement.

As he describes the women, we see THE SHADOW of each lady's dancing seductively on the wall.

SERGIO
Face of a blonde angel, curves and
whips of a devil- Mercy will make
you beg her name!

Growls and howls.

SERGIO (CONT'D)
The dark, exotic Skorpio will tie
you up and trample you with her
boots!

The men are ecstatic, sweating, breathless.

A CARILLON MUSIC starts (the "Dance of the Sugarplum Fairy," from Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker).

SERGIO (CONT'D)

 (slow, dramatic)

 And if what you are looking for is
 an extreme experience that pushes
 you to the limits of pain and
 pleasure, surrender to the
 legendary dominatrix Amanda, the
 silver-haired...

 (a beat)

 the *Nutcracker!*

A *CRACKING* sound.

CARILLON MUSIC stops.

Sergio puts down his cell phone. The men look at each other.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!! They're at the door!

The men run to the door like a pack of hungry gorillas,
tripping over each other.

They stop by the door, pull themselves together, button their
shirts, wipe the sweat from their foreheads.

Sergio nods solemnly and opens the door.

The men's smiles turn into stunned grins.

On the threshold are three grannies in cleaning uniforms!

MARIA TERESA (50'), Italian, chubby, shy, badly self dyed
blonde hair, big glasses with thick frame

ASSUNTA (60'), Italian, grumpy, short white hair

PAULA (60'), South American, dark skin, chubby, sarcastic,

They wear the shoes we saw in the intro, headscarves, aprons,
and are equipped with brooms, mops and buckets full of
cleaning products.

They enter the room, and the men step aside speechless.

 SERGIO (CONT'D)

 (to Assunta)

 Are you- the team *Punished and*
 Happy?

Through the loud music, Assunta squeezes her eyes to listen.

 ASSUNTA

 (pissed)

 Yes, of course it's us.

Sergio, shocked, closes the door.

Lorenzo, tied with his back to the door, cannot see what is happening and struggles desperately.

LORENZO
So? Are they here? Please, I can't
take it anymore!

Sergio and the others go to Lorenzo and turn his chair towards the door in complete silence.
Lorenzo sees the grannies and gasps.

LORENZO (CONT'D)
(whispers to Sergio)
Are you sure-

MAN 2
Well, you know, with all those
filters that girls put on their
photos-

Sergio pulls out his phone, he and the other men look at it.

We don't see the screen, just their reactions.

They look at the grannies.

They look back at the screen. Tilt it a bit.

SERGIO
(reads from the phone)
Mercy- the blonde angel...

They look at chubby Maria Teresa who smiles shyly at them.

SERGIO (CONT'D)
(reads from the phone)
Skorpio- dark and exotic...

Sergio and the men look at Paula, who gives them back an annoyed look.

PAULA
Y ustedes, ¿qué están mirando?
(hints with the broom
towards the mess around
the room)
You boys are really *naughty!* *Muy malos!*

The men smile like idiots.

SERGIO
 (reads from phone)
 And Amanda- the silver-haired...
 Nutcracker.

Sergio and the men look at Assunta, who's looking at them while breaking a WALNUT WITH HER BARE HAND: CRAAAACKKK!!!

All men gasp and cover their groins like soccer players.

MAN 1
 (whispers)
 Oh God it's really them!

LORENZO
 For sure!!

MARIA TERESA
 (whispers to Assunta and
 Paula)
 Are we in the right place?!

Assunta shrugs eating the walnut.

ASSUNTA
 Cardinals aren't what they used to
 be.

Paula claps her hands.

PAULA
Trabajo es trabajo! Let's get to
 work.

The three grannies start pulling out their equipment.

Maria Teresa opens her work bag and pulls out some yellow cleaning gloves in latex. She wears them.

LORENZO
 (sweating)
 And so, it begins!

Paula takes out big black trash bags.

The men gasp!

SERGIO
 (whispers)
 God help us!

Assunta takes her huge baggage, opens it, and start SLOWLY pulling out a HUGE BLACK PLASTIC PIPE-

A big SNIFFING SOUND: Man 3 turns around from the table, his nostrils white with coke.

MAN 3
LET'S BRING IT ON!!!

The men scream and howl ecstatic!!!

CUT TO

LATER

Music is off. Room is clean.

The men are asleep, snoring on the couches. Lorenzo is half asleep still tied to his chair. Sergio sits by the floor next to him, sleepy as well.

SUPER: AN ETERNITY LATER

The grannies are still cleaning around.

Assunta sweeps singing (*awfully*) the classic Italian song "La solitudine" by Laura Pausini.

ASSUNTA
*Chissà se tuuuuu mi penserai! Se
con gli amiiiiici parlerai... Non è
possibileeee dividere la storia di
noi due...*

Paula is cleaning the glass window.

Nearby, Maria Teresa puts the trash from the room service chart into a trash bag, when *something in the chart catches her attention:*
we don't see it, but a BRIGHT RED LIGHT reflects on her face.

Her pupils dilate. *Something weird is happening to her.* She's hypnotized! She picks the thing that we still don't see from the chart and puts into her purse.

Sergio opens one eye.

SERGIO
(sleepy and hopeless)
Excuse me ma'm... But when are you
going to start?

ASSUNTA
Start what?

Assunta starts to aggressively vacuuming on a table. The table where there WAS the mountain of coke.

ASSUNTA (CONT'D)
San Gennaro! What's with all this
dust?

Sergio jumps in horror. The other men wake up abruptly.

SERGIO
NO! DON'T-

ASSUNTA
Don't worry young man, the nasty
dust is all gone!

SERGIO
THAT! WAS! NOT! DUST!

Assunta, Maria Teresa, and Paula look at him.

SERGIO (CONT'D)
THAT WAS 5.000 EUROS WORTH OF CO-

CUT TO

INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Maria Teresa, Assunta and Paula, with their toolbox, buckets
and brooms in hand, are thrown out of the room, and the door
is slammed violently behind them.

PAULA
How rude!

On the buckets at their feet is a sad faded logo in Comic
Sans that says: POLISHED AND HAPPY :)

ASSUNTA
Yes! We cleaned that mess and not
even a thank you?!

MARIA TERESA
There must have been a
misunderstanding!

Maria Teresa grabs the broom desperately.

MARIA TERESA (CONT'D)
(terrified)
Will they fire us?! Oh Goodness!
(picks her phone)
I'll call the reception!

She tries to use her phone but her hands are shaking. Finally
manages to make the call.

MARIA TERESA (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

Hello? We are the cleaning company,
Polished and Happy, we are at the
hotel but we just got kicked out of
the room-

(a beat)

Which number?

(looks at the door's
number)

Oh Goodness! It was the wrong room?

Assunta and Paula look at each other. *Ops!*

MARIA TERESA (CONT'D)

Sorry! We'll run to the right one.

(a beat)

Our what?

Maria Teresa puts away the phone, puzzled.

ASSUNTA

What did they say?

MARIA TERESA

They said that our *colleagues* are
already there-

PAULA

Which *colleagues*??

The grannies look at each other in shock.

Cue the familiar CARILLON MUSIC (the "Dance of the Sugarplum
Fairy" from Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker) in a crescendo...

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

THE CARILLON MUSIC continues.

A Hammer limousine parks in front of the Hotel's red carpet.

SUPER: FEW MINUTES AGO

A VALLET opens the car's door, and a black, shiny stiletto
heel steps out.

And then, the pink latex boots.

And then, the black combat boots.

The shoes we saw in the intro!

The CARILLON turns into hard rock with electric guitars.

The three women, that we only see from behind, walk the carpet making their spectacular entrance in slow-mo.

AMANDA (50...?), French, ageless, white hair in a tight ballerina chignon, sunglasses, wears silk and fur.

MERCY (25'), gorgeous, bubbly, a unicorn latex princess with blonde locks and a pink whip in her hand.

SKORPIO (30'), black, androgynous, pissed AF, shaved head, piercings, black leather, Naomi Campbell attitude. She always carries the trio's toolbox.

SLO-MO. Seeing the ladies, Two VALLET trip on their feet.

A horrified MOTHER (40') closes with her hands her CHILD's (8) eyes. The child has an ice cream cone on his hand, and the ice falls down.

We follow Amanda, Mercy and Skorpion into the hotel...

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

...through the entrance.

Amanda, Mercy and Skorpion walk to the reception.

The overly-serious concierge we met is standing at the desk desperately trying to blow dry the coffee stained guest list.

The women stop in front of him. He's stressed and doesn't pay them attention.

Amanda clears her throat.

The concierge looks at the ladies and his mouth drops open.

CONCIERGE

How may I help-

AMANDA

Punished and Happy.

The concierge looks at the stained guest list and squeezes his eyes trying to read.

CONCIERGE

Yes, I see- you have to go to room number...

(a beat)

397.

The concierge slowly looks up to the ladies.

Looks down to the list.

Looks back to the ladies.

He hesitantly takes a key, looks around cautiously, and offers it to the ladies, Skorpio takes it.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)
First elevator at the right.

The ladies walk to the elevator, get in, the door closes.

INT. HOTEL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Elevator going up. Amanda, Mercy and Skorpio are inside.

Mercy is going live on TikTok, from her pink diamonds stud covered iPhone.

MERCY
(bubbly, to the phone)
Hey guys! Come with me for another
episode of *BRMFM: Beating Rich Men
For Money!* Whooo-hooo!

INSERT OF HER SCREEN:

50.000 PEOPLE ONLINE, SENDING MESSAGES AND HEART EMOJI

MERCY (CONT'D)
(live on the phone)
We're in *bellissima Roma*, Italy,
for a wild bachelor party, can't
tell you much about the guests, but-

A second phone rings.

Skorpio and Amanda are still and stoic, amid the chaos of Mercy's ringing phones and live stream.

MERCY (CONT'D)
(live on the phone)
You guys, I'll be back in a sec!

She pauses the live stream, puts down the first phone and up the second one.

MERCY (CONT'D)
(very bored on the second
phone)
Hi gummy bear.
(MORE)

MERCY (CONT'D)

(a beat)
 Yes I got it.
 (a beat)
 Yes it's cute.

Meanwhile, A BUNCH OF NOTIFICATIONS NOISES.

Amanda sighs. Skorpio's left eye twitches.

MERCY (CONT'D)

(on the second phone)
 No, nothing's wrong, it's just-
 well, you know I wanted it *pastel*
pink- and the one I got is *orange*.
 Will you fix that?
 (a beat)
 Thank you gummy bear. You're the
 best.

Mercy puts away the second phone.

SKORPIO

Another bag?

MERCY

(shocked)
 It's not a bag.

AMANDA

(calmly)
 It's a *Birkin*.

SKORPIO

Whatever. Don't you already have a
 pink bag?

MERCY

(more shocked)
 I have a *neon pink Birkin*. Not a
pastel pink Birkin.

Mercy takes out the first phone and goes back live.

MERCY (CONT'D)

(live stream on the phone)
 You guys, you won't believe what my
 bestie Skorpio just said -

Skorpio rolls her eyes.

DING. Elevator doors open.

INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Amanda, Mercy and Skorpio walk in front of room 387 from which the bachelor party music blasts loud. They don't stop.

They walk down the corridor, the door of one room is ajar, they don't notice.

They stop at room 397, Skorpio opens the door, they walk in.

From the room with the ajar door emerges GIOIA (50?), psycho stare, shark grin, bob cut, too much make up, an expensive vintage pink Chanel tailleur and high heels. A journalist badge pinned to her jacket.

Frame freezes.

NARRATOR (GNOME)

(V.O.)

My dear gelato eater, you might be wondering, and now, *who the fuck is this?* Well, we must go back in time—again. I know, *I know*, don't tell me about it.

The video moves back super fast in rewind.

CUT TO

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

A cheap, lunchtime talk show set with overexposed light, two chairs and some sad fake plants. No live audience.

SUPER: 8 HOURS BEFORE

On one chair, Gioia, who hides her desperation behind her exaggerated smile.

NARRATOR (GNOME)

(V.O.)

Gioia! Look at her. Once the Queen of Italian Tv, today the host of the cheapest tv show.

On the other chair a DOCTOR (50'), tiny, pedantic, obnoxious.

A yawning CAMERAMAN (40') is pointing a camera at the two.

GIOIA

Welcome back to Gioia Live, in the company of famous Dr. Bruni, who's nothing less than the Pope's podiatrist!

Detail of the hand of a TECHNICIAN pressing a button with written "FAKE APPLAUSE".

APPLAUSES sounds.

GIOIA (CONT'D)

So, Doctor, you were telling us about the Holy Father's calluses.

DOCTOR

Yes, as I was explaining, treating His Holiness' feet requires an incredible amount of experience, devotion, and faith...

As the doctor continues his boring monologue, we see TV BOSS (60'), male, chubby, old school dude, hates drama, gesturing at Gioia from behind the camera. She sees him. He cuts the air with his hand, and mouths the word "CUT, CUT!".

GIOIA

Sorry to interrupt you doctor Bruni, now it's time for commercials!
(to the camera)
See you soon, at Gioia Live!

Fake APPLAUSES again.

Gioia's fake smile fades away revealing her true evil face.

Cameraman walks away, the doctor as well, the tv boss walks to Gioia, who jumps from her chair. He's worried.

GIOIA (CONT'D)

What the *fuck*?!

TV BOSS

Sorry Gioia. This- doesn't work.

GIOIA

I know! How many times did I told you that this set is pathetic, look at those stupid fake plants, and those chairs, they're from IKEA, can you believe it?? What is this, a Parrish bingo??

TV BOSS

No, I mean something else-

A beat. Gioia becomes serious.

GIOIA

Ok. Ok now I get it. To be honest,
it's been on my mind for a while.
It's time for a change.

Tv boss looks at her hopeful: *maybe she got it?*

GIOIA (CONT'D)

It's time to go back to my *dark hair*. This blonde is legendary, but the world needs hope: the beginning of a new era for Gioia! I'll call my hair stylist *right away and-*

Tv boss sighs. *No she doesn't.*

TV BOSS

Gioia- the problem is *you*.

GIOIA

...we'll have to discuss if we prefer a chocolate brown or a--
WHAT???

TV BOSS

Gioia, sweetheart. You're not *trendy*. Young audiences want something new and *fun*. You know, like those TikTok dances-

GIOIA

Are you serious?

TV BOSS

You know that share went downhill in the last months. The board has decided you must go. Sorry.

GIOIA

That's because of Silvana. That fucking whore stole my primetime show and all of my guests.

Tv boss pats on her shoulder. He's sorry- but not too much.

TV BOSS

I heard that on Channel SeniorTv they're looking for someone *your age* to do morning telesales.

Tv boss walks away. Gioia chases him, grabs him by the jacket.

GIOIA
Oh no, you won't do this to me.

TV BOSS
Well, we-

GIOIA
Maybe I should show your wife those videos of you- in the *Santa Claus* costume. With that cute *reindeer*.

TV BOSS
(horrified)
How do you know?

Gioia smiles.

TV BOSS (CONT'D)
Ok, listen, tonight there's Cardinal Patrizi in town, and he agreed to give us an interview.
(a beat)
I'll let you do it. If you give us a scoop, I can convince the board to let you stay.

GIOIA
You'll get it.

TV BOSS
This is your last chance, sweetheart. Don't blow it.

Gioia is still grabbing the tv boss jacket. She let the jacket go and fix it. Tv boss, scared, walks away.

Gioia sighs angrily.

INT. HOTEL - GIOIA ROOM - NIGHT

Gioia sits on a chair in the room equipped for the interview: another chair, spotlights, the cameraman fixing a camera on a tripod.

CAMERAMAN
Miss Gioia, how do you plan on taking something interesting out of the Cardinal? He's the most boring man alive.

GIOIA

I know.

CAMERAMAN

He is so boring that last time he made an interview the whole crew fell asleep and-

GIOIA

SHUT. UP. Go get me a coffee!

The cameraman runs out of the room leaving the door open.

Gioia starts to pray.

GIOIA (CONT'D)

Dear God of Tv, please. I need this scoop. If I end up doing telesales, how can I become the next Oprah?! Please-

In that moment, through the open door, she sees Amanda, Mercy and Skorpio walk in the corridor.

Gioia runs to the door and looks out spying. The women walk into room 397 down the corridor and close the door.

Gioia returns inside her room, stands with her back to the open door.

GIOIA (CONT'D)

(mumbling)

Something's off here.

Behind her, through the open door, we see the grannies Maria Teresa, Assunta and Paula desperately running down the corridor with brooms and buckets into her hands!

MARIA TERESA

(O.S.)

Hurry, we can't lose this job!

PAULA

(O.S.)

At least this time let's clean the right room!

Gioia turns around hearing the grannies and...

INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

...Gioia runs out of her room as the door of room 397 closes.

From the opposite direction arrives CARDINAL PATRIZI (80), a human turtle, wrinkly, boring, *painfully* slow. He sees Gioia.

PATRIZI

(*sloooooooow*)

Good evening, I'll quickly check something in my room, and I'll come for the interview. I can't wait to tell you...

Patrizi stops mid-sentence, lost in his senile thoughts.

GIOIA

Yes, Your Eminence...?

PATRIZI

I can't wait to tell you...

Gioia's right eye twitches.

PATRIZI (CONT'D)

...about my new exciting charity, the... St. Bartholomew Martyr's hospice senior citizen's choir.

GIOIA

(grins)

...I can't wait to hear about it, Your Eminence.

Patrizi walks away. Gioia grabs the doorframe.

GIOIA (CONT'D)

(desperate to herself)

I'm finished.

Patrizi walks into room 397 and closes the door. Gioia's eyes widen!

GIOIA (CONT'D)

I'm not finished!

The cameraman arrives with a coffee cup and offers it to her.

CAMERAMAN

Coffee's here, Miss Gioia!

Gioia slams the coffee away!

GIOIA

Get the camera ready!

CAMERAMAN

What? But-

GIOIA

NOW!

The cameraman rushes into the room and runs out with the camera on his shoulder. Gioia drags him in front of Patrizi's room and makes a phone call.

GIOIA (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

Put me live. No time to explain.

TV BOSS

(voice from the phone)

What?? Now? But the interview with Patrizi is at 8-

GIOIA

FUCK THE INTERVIEW! Patrizi is in a room full of hookers! PUT ME LIVE NOW!! I'm about to give you the greatest scandal in the history of scandals!

TV BOSS

(voice from the phone)

OH SWEET JESUS HELP US-- OK, OK
GIOIA BUT PLEASE-- IF YOU'RE WRONG
WE'RE ALL DONE!!

Gioia puts away her phone.

From inside the room we hear some WEIRD NOISES.

A LASER BEAM, some MACHINE SOUNDS.

A BRIGHT GREEN LIGHT flashes from under the door.

An EXPLOSION.

A THUD.

Silence.

The door slightly opens. A bit of smoke.

GIOIA

What freaky stuff is going on in there??

Gioia grins. *It's her time to shine!*

GIOIA (CONT'D)

(to the cameraman)

Turn it on.

The cameraman pushes a GREEN BUTTON with written "LIVE" on the camera, and gives Gioia a thumb up.

GIOIA (CONT'D)
 (speaking to the camera)
 Dear friends of Gioia Live, you are about to witness a shocking scandal. I am about to expose the dirtiest secret of one of our holiest men.

She pushes the door open...

INT. HOTEL - PATRIZI ROOM - NIGHT

...and bursts into the room followed by the cameraman!

GIOIA
 Gioia is he-

Gioia's triumphant expression turns into horror.

Cardinal Patrizi lies on the floor in a pool of blood, his head *exploded*, blood and brains smeared all over the place!

Around him, speechless and smeared with blood, the mistresses and the grannies: Amanda, Mercy, Skorpio, Maria Teresa, Assunta, and Paula.

The cameraman is pointing the camera at the scene.

The women look into the camera like *deers in the headlight*.

NO ONE BREATHEs. NO ONE MOVES.

A single, splash of blood explodes from the corpse and drips on Gioia and the cameraman!

SKORPIO
 Oh *fuck*.

Gioia screams in horror.

The lights go off!

CONFUSED SCREAM and STOMPING SOUNDS.

INT. HOTEL - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

The woman in red quickly walks away from the electrical panel board, the main button is set to OFF.

INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Pitch black.

Confused SCREAMS and STOMPS of the mistresses and the grannies.

MERCY

Oh my god!

AMANDA

What is going on?

ASSUNTA

Stop pushing!

SKORPIO

No, you stop pushing!

Down a corridor, a door opens and some light gets in.

EXT. HOTEL - ALLEY - NIGHT

Amanda, Mercy, Skorpio, Maria Teresa, Assunta, and Paula, burst out of the back entrance of the hotel.

They don't notice that, thanks to the chaos, Skorpio is now holding the grannie's toolbox, and Maria Teresa is holding the mistresses' one!

The women are in shock and their voices overlap.

ALL SPEAKING AT THE SAME TIME:

AMANDA

What happened?

SKORPIO

How did we get outside?!

ASSUNTA

San Gennaro help us!

MERCY

Oh my god! Oh my god!

MARIA TERESA

(crying)

Oh Goodness! All that blood!

PAULA

Maybe he is not muerto *muerto*...

The two groups stare at each other in a stand-off.

AMANDA
(to the grannies)
And who are you?!

PAULA
(to the mistresses)
No, who are you?

MERCY
We were supposed to work there!

ASSUNTA
Us too!

SKORPIO
(to the grannies)
Did you kill the dude?

MARIA TERESA
(to the mistresses)
Why would we do that?

ASSUNTA
We are just a cleaning company!

AMANDA
Mesdames. No one assassinated no
one. Let's calm down, and go back.
We have nothing to hid-

All the ladies' cell phones start ringing like crazy.

Mercy pulls out her phone and looks at it.

MERCY
Guys- we just got viral.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN: camera footage from the room, with
Patrizi dead and the women around him, with the description:
"Live Horror! The 6 women killers of the Cardinal!"

ASSUNTA
(whispers to Maria Teresa)
We got *viral*? Did we got the *flu* or
something?

MARIA TERESA
(whispers back)
I think it means we are famous.

SKORPIO
 (to Amanda and Mercy)
 What do we do now?

There is some DANCE MUSIC blasting from the next building, a gay club with a neon sign.

MERCY
 I have an idea! Come follow me!

Amanda, Mercy and Skorpio run away, leaving the confused grannies behind.

INT. HOTEL - PATRIZI ROOM - NIGHT

Still dark. Lights come back with an BUZZING SOUND.

Gioia and the cameraman are frozen in shock. The camera is now off.

The body of Patrizi is still there. Blood everywhere.

The cameraman runs away screaming.

Gioia's phone rings. She robotically picks up.

GIOIA
 (on the phone)
 H-hello-

TV BOSS
 (from phone)
 Gioia, are you ok??

GIOIA
 (on the phone)
 I-I-

TV BOSS
 (from phone)
 Gioia, you got 95%!

GIOIA
 (on the phone)
 95-what?

TV BOSS
 (from phone)
 95% OF SHARE! It's our best data
 since 9/11!!!

Gioia comes back to her senses. She looks at the corpse of Patrizi with a renewed interest.

TV BOSS (CONT'D)
 (from phone)
 Are you still there??

GIOIA
 (calm)
 Yes.

TV BOSS
 (from phone)
 Go back live and chase those women!

Her face morphs into a vengeful grin.

GIOIA
 (on the phone)
 Mmmh, I don't know. The young audience wants something *fun*. The *TikTok* dances.

TV BOSS
 (from phone)
 ...I'll give you back your show.

GIOIA
 (on the phone)
 I don't want the *lunchtime* show, you idiot. I want my *primetime* back.

TV BOSS
 (on the phone)
 Ok, anything you want!

GIOIA
 (on the phone)
 We have a deal. Oh, that useless cameraman ran away.

TV BOSS
 (from phone)
 Just go live from our social media profiles! You're logged in!

Gioia puts away the phone, as two HOTEL BODYGUARDS and ONE MAID arrive running, everyone is screaming and panicking.

Gioia leans from a window and sees the mistresses and the grannies running in the alley towards the gay club.

In distance, POLICE SIRENS are approaching.

EXT. GAY CLUB - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Amanda, Mercy, Skorpio run by the entrance of the club, is FULL of PEOPLE QUEUING.

MERCY

Don't worry, my friend Sugar will help us.

A dozen of FLAMBOYANT and S&M FETISH LGBTQ people is queuing.

Door selector is drag queen PEPPER (30'), legs for days, gorgeous and mean. Mercy looks at her with horror.

MERCY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

That's not Sugar. That's-

PEPPER

Mercy. So happy to see you.

She's clearly *not* happy.

MERCY

Ehm- good to see you Pepper, we were looking for-

PEPPER

Tonight's not Halloween, what's up with your outfits?

Mercy, Amanda and Skorpio look at each other in horror: they forgot they're covered in blood!

MERCY

Listen, Pepper, I'm so sorry about that time in Montecarlo, I can explain, if you could let us in-

PEPPER

Oh, no need to explain. You're dead to me.

(a beat)

And now get out of my sight.

The queuing people look at them. A BOY (25) on a leash checks his phone, whispers something to his latex GIRLFRIEND (25).

MARIA TERESA

Wait!

Behind the mistresses, jump out Maria Teresa, Assunta and Paula. The mistresses scream in surprise.

MERCY
 (angry whisper)
 Did you follow us??

MARIA TERESA
 (whisper)
 We didn't know what to do!

PEPPER
 (disgusted)
 Are they with you?

AMANDA
 Never seen them before.
 (a beat)
Ma cherie, maybe we can find a
 solution to let us inside.

Pepper looks at Amanda's stunning feather scarf. Her eyes sparkle.

PEPPER
 (to Amanda)
 Ostrich?

A beat.

AMANDA
 Marabou.

Pepper bites her lip.

INT. GAY CLUB - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Amanda, now scarf-less, Mercy, and Skorpio walk in. As the door closes behind them we get a glimpse of the poor grannies left outside.

MARIA TERESA
 (to the mistresses)
 Please! Don't abandon us-

The mistresses don't bat an eye. The door closes.

The backstage is full of GO-GO DANCERS dressed like DOGS in latex, and leather DRAG QUEENS getting ready.

SUGAR
 (O.S.)
 Jesus Christ! What are you doing
 here?!

It's Drag Queen SUGAR (50'), short and chubby, dressed as Marilyn Monroe in pink, quite different from the rest.

She looks around checking if anyone noticed the mistresses.

MERCY

We-

SUGAR

Shhh! Follow me!

Sugar drags them away.

EXT. GAY CLUB - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The grannies, sad, are abandoned outside.
Maria Teresa looks at the toolbox Assunta is holding.

MARIA TERESA

That's not our toolbox!

ASSUNTA

What?!

Assunta puts the box down. She opens it carefully...

A BUNCH OF CRAZY DILDOS, FLASHLIGHTS AND ABSURDE SEX TOYS
EXPLODES OUT!!!!

The grannies jump away, horrified. Maria Teresa rushy closes the box and hides it behind a dumpster.

ASSUNTA (CONT'D)

What are we gonna do?

MARIA TERESA

Let's follow the ladies!

PAULA

Why? They don't want us!

Maria Teresa hesitates. Sneakily opens her purse and we see the BLUE GLOWING LIGHT on her face. We finally see the source: a 20cm high ceramic garden gnome, eerily glowing.

She closes it and lights goes off.

MARIA TERESA

(to Paula and Assunta)

I just know. Please trust me.

Pepper, now wearing Amanda's marabou feather scarf, is distracted by a NORMALLY DRESSED MAN in the queue.

PEPPER

You, with that Zara suit! Where do you think you're going?! No, I don't care if you're on the list-

Maria Teresa gestures to Assunta and Paula to follow her, Assunta tries to stop her, but Maria Teresa quickly walks behind Pepper, opening the door. She gestures to Assunta and Paula to join her, and the two reluctantly run after her.

INT. GAY CLUB - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The grannies walk inside the backstage and see in distance Sugar, Amanda, Mercy and Skorpio walking into the room.

INT. GAY CLUB - OFFICE ROOM - NIGHT

Sugar drags Amanda, Mercy and Skorpio inside and locks the door behind them.

SUGAR

Ok, you seriously have some explaining to do.

MERCY

Do you know what happened?

SUGAR

Baby, the whole fucking world knows!!

Sugar scrolls a social media video feed, all videos are about the women on the run, with the footage from Patrizi's room.

MONTAGE of: a JAPANESE TG talking about it, a French Influencer talking about the women like heroins in the smash of the patriarchy...

AMANDA

Oh Mon Dieu. That's a misunderstanding!

MERCY

So the world thinks we are *killers*?!

SKORPIO

(unimpressed)
How ridiculous.

Sugar gives a suspicious look to the mistresses.

A beat.

SUGAR
 ...are you-*sure* sure you didn't...

Sugar gestures to slit her throat with her thumb.

MISTRESSES (TOGETHER)
 YES!!!

SUGAR
 (lifts her hand)
 Ok, ok! I was just asking...

EXT. GAY CLUB - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Gioia arrives running to the entrance, sees the queue and starts pushing people away.

GIOIA
 Move!

An drunk ENTHUSIAST FAN (woman) stops her.

ENTHUSIAST FAN
 OH MY GAAAAWD GIOIA I'm such a big
 fan of y-

Gioia shoves the fan away, but OTHER FANS (boys and girls) come all around her, blocking her way!

FAN 2
 That's Gioia!

FAN 3
 Can we take a selfie?

FAN 4
 Wow she looks so much older in
 person...

She's surrounded!

GIOIA
 Let me pass!!

She screams in agony as the careless fans take selfies and videos of her.

EXT. CITY ROAD - NIGHT

The SUV of the Finnish gang is parked by the sidewalk.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Ics and Ipsilon sit inside their SUV, stressed.

ICS
(in Finnish)
If we don't find it soon, we're
dead.

IPSILON
(in Finnish)
Why don't you tell me something I
don't already know?

Ipsilon sees something on his phone, is stunned.

Shows it to Ics.

IPSILON (CONT'D)
(in Finnish)
Look at this.

INSERT SCREEN:

The viral video of the ladies with dead Patrizi.

Ipsilon zooms in on Maria Teresa's bag, there's the garden
gnome popping out!

Ics and Ipsilon look at each other.

ICS
(in Finnish)
Motherfuckers!!

INT. HOTEL - PATRIZI ROOM - NIGHT

TWO POLICEMAN and THREE POLICEWOMAN stand by the entrance.
The body of Cardinal Patrizi is covered by a white sheet.

POLICEWOMAN 1
(horrified)
I've never seen anything like this.

3 CSI AGENTS (1 male 2 females) in white hazmat suits are
taking photos, studying the footprints, taking samples of the
bloody mess on the walls.

CSI AGENT 1
This is impossible-

CSI AGENT 2
What?

CSI AGENT 1
(hesitant)
It looks like the head imploded-
(a beat)
And then exploded.

POLICEMAN 1
How in hell-

CSI AGENT 2
I don't know any weapon who could
do this.

CSI AGENT 1
(distraught)
This is matter of national
security.

A moment of dire realization. Policewoman 1 grabs her phone.

POLICEWOMAN 1
(on the phone)
Did you track them? We must find
those killers *now!!*

INT. GAY CLUB - OFFICE ROOM - NIGHT

Sugar is talking with Amanda, Maria Teresa and Skorpio.

SUGAR
The only explanation is that you've
been... framed!

The DOOR OPENS! Maria Teresa, Assunta, and Paula stand there.

MARIA TERESA
Misses- we were looking for you!

Amanda slams the door in the face of the grannies.

Sugar looks at her.

AMANDA
Don't say a word.

Sugar gets some keys from her purse, gives them to Mercy.

SUGAR
Go to my garage, change your
clothes and hide. Try to save some
time- you must find out who framed
you, and why!

MERCY

Thank you for helping us.

(a beat)

I'm so sorry I abandoned you guys.

SUGAR

(hurt)

It's ok. For some people, career is more important than friendship.

Ouch.

MERCY

Sugar, I-

KNOCK at the door.

GO GO DANCER

(O.S.)

Sugar, what's going on? Please come out, we need help with the costumes right NOW!

SUGAR

(to the ladies)

I'll be back in a second.

(a beat)

DON'T MOVE!

Sugar leaves.

MERCY

(to Amanda and Skorpio)

Ok we need a ride to Sugar's place.

(grabs her phone)

Gummy Bear will send us an helicopter to escape.

SKORPIO

Maybe something less- striking?

Mercy looks at her phone. *Fuck.*

MERCY

There's no signal!!

Amanda and Skorpio check their phones as well. *Oh no!*

SKORPIO

We are fucked.

They look at each other.

And... *they hear Assunta talking from behind the closed door.*

ASSUNTA

(O.S.)

Giacomo, *amore di nonna*, where are you? Yes- yes I hear you. We need your help. We are in a weird place with loud music and some funny looking ladies-

The mistresses sneakily open the door and spy on Assunta, who's speaking on her phone, while Maria Teresa and Paula sit nearby.

AMANDA

(whispers)

Why is her phone working?

Assunta's phone looks old. Like, *really* old.

MERCY

(whispers)

That phone is a NOKIA 3210 from the late '90. That signal could break through 200 meters of concrete!

AMANDA

Let's steal it.

MERCY

How? We can't give, like, *chloroform* to those grannies!

Amanda means it.

Skorpio scratches her head.

MERCY (CONT'D)

...Seriously??

AMANDA

Get the toolbox.

Mercy sighs, opens the toolbox, puts an hand inside... and takes out a yellow cleaning supply glove!

MERCY

WHAT IS THIS? IT IS NOT-

SKORPIO

(delighted)

Ah. Looks like we got the grannies toolbox.

Mercy throws the glove away horrified and shakes her hand.

SKORPIO (CONT'D)

Look at you, cleaning lady! What's next, *cooking food*?

Mercy gags and fake vomits.

AMANDA

Cherie, your hand has been inside way worse places than a cleaning glove.

MERCY

A cleaning glove never bought me a Lambo.

SKORPIO

Dudes, we still need to steal the grannies' phone.

Amanda opens the door widely and...

INT. GAY CLUB - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

...Amanda, Mercy and Skorpio, fake smiles, walk to Maria Teresa, Paula, and Assunta, who's putting away her phone.

AMANDA

Mes cherie! We didn't know you were here. I'm so glad we found you.

Maria Teresa jumps from her sit, excited.

MARIA TERESA

I knew you would not abandon us!

Amanda sneakingly hits Mercy with the elbow.

MERCY

Uhm- yes, of course! We are calling someone to help us all, but we need a phone, cause ours don't work.

MARIA TERESA

Our phones don't have signal.
(points Assunta)
But hers does!

Assunta nods and takes her phone.

PAULA

(to Maria Teresa and Assunta)
I don't trust this weird women!

MARIA TERESA

Oh please Paula, if you don't believe in good, good won't come to you!

Paula still isn't convinced. Amanda smiles.

AMANDA

Let's stick together!

Paula sighs. Assunta gives her phone to Mercy.

Mercy, Amanda, and Skorpio immediately *run away*. In distance, POLICE SIRENS approaching!

MARIA TERESA

Where are they going??

Paula rolls her eyes, she knew it.

INT. GAY CLUB - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Amanda, Mercy and Skorpio run through a corridor, Mercy has Assunta's phone in her hand.

MERCY

Come this way! There's an exit!

AMANDA

Make the call, we need a ride!

Mercy looks at the old phone: small b&w screen, a huge keyboard... WTF is that??

Mercy awkwardly talks to the phone.

MERCY

Ehm- Siri, call Gummy Bear!

SKORPIO

We are really fucked.

Amanda grabs the phone away from Mercy.

AMANDA

Give it to me!

Amanda starts composing a phone number but stops halfway.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Merde.

MERCY

What?!

AMANDA

I don't remember any phone number!

(a beat)

You?!

Skorpio grabs the phone. She tries to remember!

SKORPIO

Ok wait, I remember something, two
five, six...

She digits the number. Puts the speaker on.

RING, RING, RING!

Someone picks up!

FRIENDLY MAN

(voice from the phone)

Hello!

The women look at each other, they are saved!!

SKORPIO

Hello! I need help...

FRIENDLY MAN

(voice from the phone)

And we are glad to help! At Pop's
Pizza we are proud to deliver the
best authentic pizza to your
door...

The women's faces melt into desperation.

SKORPIO

FUUUUUU---

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. GAY CLUB - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

People still queuing. Pepper still selecting.

Gioia managed to escape her fans, and is hiding behind the
corner. Her phone rings.

TV BOSS

(from the phone)

Where are you?!

GIOIA
 (on the phone)
 I'm chasing the women, it's just-

TV BOSS
 (from the phone)
 If you can't find them before the
 police do, you're done!

Gioia puts away the phone with a frustrated grunt.

Outside the entrance, TEN policeman arrive running, led by
 POLICEWOMAN 1.

Pepper looks vaguely disgusted at the police.

PEPPER
 The cop fetish night was yesterday.
 (a beat)
 And you should really put a bit
 more effort in those costumes.

Policewoman 1 shows a frame of the viral video to Pepper.

POLICEWOMAN 1
 Ma'am, we are looking for this
 women, they are suspected of a
 violent murder.

PEPPER
 (unimpressed)
 Typical.

POLICEWOMAN 1
 What?

PEPPER
 They're inside. And I think the
 blonde one is the boss, make sure
 you get her.

Pepper leads the way to the door.

Around the corner, Gioia screams in pain.

GIOIA
 No, no, no! I must get them first!!

She grabs a LATEX PIG MAN walking nearby.

GIOIA (CONT'D)
 You! Where are the exits of this
 shithole??

The latex pig man OINKS in fear.

INT. GAY CLUB - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Sugar comes back. The grannies run to her.

SUGAR
Where are the girls??

MARIA TERESA
(heartbroken)
They ran away.

ASSUNTA
With my phone!

SUGAR
(unimpressed)
Typical.

GO GO DANCER comes running to Sugar.

GO GO DANCER
There's police getting in from the
main entrance!

SUGAR
(to the grannies)
Oh no, they will get you!
(a beat, in fear)
There's only one way out...

Go go dancer looks at Sugar in horror.

GO GO DANCER
You don't mean-

SUGAR
Yes.
(a beat)
The well.

GO GO DANCER
Oh God!! They won't ever make it
out *alive!!*

SUGAR
There's no other option!

Sugar looks at the grannies.

SUGAR (CONT'D)
I believe they can do it!

MARIA TERESA

Ehm, we can do what?

Sugar runs to a hidden backdoor.

SUGAR

Follow me! We have no time!

(to the go go dancer)

And you prepare everyone on stage
for the anthem, we have to stop
those pigs!!

The grannies follow her.

INT. GAY CLUB - SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

A dark room dimly lit by red neons.

Sugar leads the grannies to a trap door on the floor, opens
it: there are *eerie stairs disappearing into the darkness*.

Horrible noises come out: human pain moans, desperate
screams, slapping sounds, rattling chains.

MARIA TERESA

We have to go... Down there??

PAULA

No way!

SUGAR

Ladies, listen to me. This is your
only way out. Walk alongside the
wall, straight forward, for about
50 meters. At some point you will
see an exit *glowing red sign*. Go
there.

(a beat)

It's going to be dark, and there
will be strange noises.

(fearful)

Whatever happens, don't stop, and,
for the love of God, *don't turn on
the light*.

MARIA TERESA

This sounds so scary! Can't you
come with us?

SUGAR

I must run back to handle the cops.
But you will make it, I'm sure!

The grannies look at each other, Paula starts walking downstairs, followed by Assunta.

MARIA TERESA

(to Sugar)

Thank you for helping us, Miss.

Sugar nods.

Maria Teresa disappears into the stairs.

SUGAR

(sighs)

Good luck *nonne*.

Sugar closes the trap door and sprints out.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The SUV with Ics and Ipsilon inside drives by slowly.

There's police everywhere!

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Ics and Ipsilon look outside.

EXT. GAY CLUB - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Amanda, Mercy and Skorpio stand in the deserted backyard.

POLICE SIRENS are approaching from all over.

SKORPIO

What now?

MERCY

We can't go back inside, it's full of police!

SKORPIO

They'll be here at any moment-

A moment of dire realization.

AMANDA

How *humiliating!* To be arrested in a dirty backyard alley like a vulgar criminal.

MERCY

We are not criminals! Truth will
prevail- no?

An ice stare from the other two, and Mercy shuts up.

SKORPIO

I wonder what are those grannies
doing...

MERCY

I bet they're having lots of fun!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GAY CLUB - THE WELL - NIGHT

A pitch black noisy Inferno.

BLACK SCREEN, WE ONLY SEE NOISES AND HEAR VOICES

Moans, slaps, cries, grunts, rattling chains, human... *barks?*

MARIA TERESA

Paula? Assunta? Oh Goodness where
are we??

ASSUNTA

Ew. This wall is sticky.

PAULA

Let's move forward! I want to get
out of this place!!

MARIA TERESA

I think we are lost-

PAULA

Where's that stupid exit sign??

MARIA TERESA

Assunta, stop squishing my hand-

ASSUNTA

I'm not holding your hand!!

PAULA

Me neither!

The grannies scream.

INT. GAY CLUB - NIGHT

Sugar gets on the stage with a microphone and starts singing the club's original anthem, "*Let's stick together*", while GOGO BOYS DANCE behind her. The crowd sings and dances happy.

The POLICEMEN and POLICEWOMAN 1 are running through the crowd looking around.

SUGAR

Let's give a round of applause to
the sexy policemen joining us
today!

The crowd roars and surrounds the policemen, as policewoman 1 tries to pull them away.

SUGAR (CONT'D)

You know how what I always said...
FUCK THE POLICE!

The crowd dances and sends kisses to the outnumbered policemen, who are stuck and furious.

POLICEWOMAN 1

(in her walkie talkie)
We need backup!! NOW!!

INT. GAY CLUB - THE WELL - NIGHT

Pitch black. The horror noises continue.

MARIA TERESA

Paula? Assunta? Where are you?
(a beat)
Oh Goodness I'm lost!!

Some details start to appear in the dark.

An *eerie blue glows* appears. It's something inside a bag. Maria Teresa's bag!

She opens the bag and pulls out the blue glowing garden gnome. She holds it in front of her like a torch.

The glowing blue light only illuminates half a meter ahead. She moves forward along the wall. And... some weird images pass by.

MAN VOICE

(O.S.)
Bad cow! You're a bad cow!

A man with a latex cow costume, standing on all fours, as another man milks him.

Maria Teresa screams and runs ahead.

A man hanging upside down wearing a diaper.

She looks at his face and recognises him!

MARIA TERESA
Doctor De Marco??

He smiles awkwardly. She runs away.

MARIA TERESA (CONT'D)
Oh Goodness I want to get out of
here! Paula! Assunta! Where are you-

She slams into Paula and Assunta.

ASSUNTA
We're here!

PAULA
We found it!

MARIA TERESA
What?

The three look ahead, and there's a faint red neon sign saying EXIT.

EXT. GAY CLUB - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Amanda, Mercy and Skorpio stand in the deserted backyard.

Another backdoor opens and the grannies run out.

AMANDA
Not you *again!*

MARIA TERESA
You lied to us!

ASSUNTA
And stole my phone!

MERCY
We are just trying to escape-
sorry, but you guys are a *burden!*

That's mean. The grannies are hurt by her words.

Nearby, there is Gioia, hiding behind a corner.

Triumphant, she turns on her phone camera and goes live.

GIOIA

(whispers to the camera)

Dear friends, your Gioia is here,
careless of the danger, chasing the
ferocious killers of His Eminence
Cardinal Patrizi.

She flips the camera, pointing it to the ladies...

A half broken van steers into the alley, throwing Gioia into
a giant pile of trash and trash bags!

The van stops, the backdoors opens, there is GIACOMO (30),
nerdy, cynical, Lord of the Rings t-shirt.

GIACOMO

(to Assunta)

Grandma! Here!

Assunta, Maria Teresa and Paula run to the van, and Giacomo
helps them to get up.

In distance, POLICE SIRENS, POLICEMEN VOICES, HELICOPTERS
approaching.

From the van, the grannies look at the mistresses, who now
look tired, miserable, and lost.

GIACOMO (CONT'D)

(to the grannies)

Are they with you?

Maria Teresa looks at them.

She offers to the mistresses her hand to get on board.
Assunta and Paula give her a mean look.

MARIA TERESA

Let's stick together!

Amanda, Mercy and Skorpio, guilty and grateful, get on board.

Gioia, confused, emerges from the trash bins just in time to
see the van driving away.

A cute couple (20') stops by on their Vespa, Gioia roughly
pushes them away, steals the Vespa and rides after the van.

A BUNCH of POLICEMEN and POLICEWOMAN, guided by POLICEWOMAN
1, run outside the club into the alley. *Too late!*

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The ladies sit in the back of the van.

Maria Teresa opens her purse and looks inside, as the BLUE GLOWING LIGHT hits her face.

Inside the purse there is the garden gnome, holding a post-it note: "Let's stick together".

NARRATOR/GNOME
(V.O., Mocking Maria
Teresa's voice)

Let's stick together! Jeeeee. Give me a fucking break. What? You didn't get it that it was me the whole time? Of course you didn't, you banana head. I promised you some Roman chaos, didn't I? Buckle up folks- this is just the beginning.

Behind the gnome's head there is a small CRACK...

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Ics and Ipsilon's SUV awaits nearby.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Ics holds a futuristic GPS tracking device with a digital map. A blue dot is blinking. Starts moving.

ICS
(in Finnish)
Goddamnit!

IPSILON
(in Finnish)
What?? Don't tell me-

IPSILON (CONT'D)
(in Finnish)
They *activated it*.

The two exchange an intense stare.

Ics' PHONE rings. He picks up.

BETA
(in Finnish from the
phone)
(MORE)

BETA (CONT'D)

I've seen the video. Jesus fuckin'
Christ how could you let a fuckin'
grandma get it??

ICS

(in Finnish)

We are already on the way-

BETA

(in Finnish from the
phone)

GET MY FUCKING GNOME BACK!! I DON'T
CARE IF YOU HAVE TO KILL EVEYRONE!!
OR I WILL MAKE A FUCKIN WREATH WITH
YOUR INTESTINES!

Beta ends the call.

Ics and Ipsilon are frozen.

Ics starts the car.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The woman in red confidently walks away from the hotel, now
FULL OF POLCE.

Her watch blinks red.

She speaks into her headset.

WOMAN IN

(into the headset)

We have a problem.

She disappears into the Roman night.

END OF PILOT