

MOANEEK SIDES

Gloryhole

a cocksure new play

by

Christian Victor Levatino

Fri 6/6 @ 6:30pm (Preview)

Sat 6/14 @ 10pm

Thu 6/19 @ 10:30pm

Wed 6/25 @ 6:30pm

Sun 6/29 @ 7:30pm

"Desire is structure. Grief is pattern. The hole is the truth."

SCENE 3: KEVIN & MOANEEK's BEDROOM (Same day)

The air is thick with the residual energy of the live shoot - the faint glow of a phone screen, a few lingering “dings” in the background, and the soft hum of post-show silence.

KEVIN

(exhales, plopping onto a chair) Man...that was one hell of a show. My thighs are shaking.

MOANEEK

(laughing, running a hand through her hair) Tell me about it - my knees need hazard pay. Those fucking tips though. We topped last Friday's total by almost half. It's paying off. The new angles, the dick ratings, the interactive Q & A, the ahgao - people love it. But God, I need a breather.

KEVIN

(looking towards living room) I think I heard Todd go out earlier. I'm hoping he snaps out of this.

MOANEEK

(quiet empathy) He's still stuck in it - losing a wife would break anyone. And she was your kid sister, Kev...must hit you, too.

KEVIN

(soft nod) It does. It fucking sucks, but it was nearly a year ago and he's practically frozen. I keep thinking maybe “*this*” is too jarring for him. *(beat)* I miss Colleen. We both lost her, but difference is, Todd lost his entire future. Now he's living in a place where moans and squirting define the daily routine. Not sure that's helping his heart.

MOANEEK

(cutting in sharper) Then what? We shut down our income stream because grief makes him uncomfortable?

Kevin exhales, caught between concern and reality.

KEVIN

(frustrated sigh) I'm not asking to shut the whole operation down. Just...I don't want him feeling like we're rubbing it in his face.

MOANEK

(arms folded, a spark of tension) And I don't want to lose momentum. This month alone might cover half a year's rent. Our fans expect spontaneity - if we start scheduling around Todd's moods, we risk losing them.

KEVIN

Money's not everything. He's family. Colleen would want me to...keep him safe, somehow. *(beat)* I let him drift.

MOANEK

You can't blame yourself for him shutting down. Grief makes people close off. All we can do is show him there's still life after loss - yes, even life that involves squirting and streaming. Maybe it's a weird path, but it's real.

KEVIN

(eyes flick towards the hallway) He barely looks me in the eye. I see him fiddling with her stuff - he plays her voicemails, I don't know if he realizes how thin these walls are. I hear her voice and it's...

MOANEK

(winces) That's...painful. But Kev, if he's going to stay here, we need some kind of balance. We can't put our lives on hold indefinitely, and he can't bury himself in boxes. Where does that leave us.

KEVIN

(a sharper edge) You think we should push him to leave?

MOANEK

(quickly) No, but maybe push him to live. Invite him out, talk to him - something beyond tiptoeing around. If he's family, treat him like it. Right now, we're all just pretending this dynamic is okay.

They hold each other's gaze, tension
swirling, but tempered by genuine care.

KEVIN

(exhaling deeply) Alright. I'll talk to him. Not some forced therapy session, but maybe we do a normal dinner or something. I can't watch him fade away like this, y'know?

MOANEEK

(softening) Dinner. Maybe a movie. Let him see we're actual human beings, not just 24/7 fuck machines. If he wants to vent, we listen. If he wants quiet, we give him space - but at least we try.

They share a moment, the undercurrent of tension easing slightly.

KEVIN

(quiet smile) Thank you, Mo. I know this isn't easy. He was with Colleen for twenty-five years - I owe her this much.

MOANEEK

(nods, smiling back) We owe it to him, too. He's part of this strange little family now. Let's see if we can help him find his way. Text him not to get dinner. I'll make some good ramen.

KEVIN

(on phone) Texting him now.

MOANEEK

(dry wit) Just don't let him cry in the soup. That broth took six hours.

Kevin grabs his phone.

LIGHTS FADE

SCENE 5: Kevin's Living Room (That night)

Same space—LED glow, casual clutter, faint scent of weed and whatever was last lubed. A few empty plates sit on the table, evidence of a meal recently shared. The vibe's shifted: less chaos, more calm. Todd sits on the couch, a bit more relaxed, beer in hand—still the outsider, but not completely alien anymore.

TODD

(grinning slightly) So...do you always wear a mask?

KEVIN

(shrugs, tugging at the fabric around his neck) I gotta keep my face hush-hush. I'd lose half my clients if word got out.

MOANEK

He's paranoid but not entirely wrong. The internet's crazy. One accidental face reveal, next thing you know your ex-boss sees you're doin' it doggy on Twitter.

KEVIN

(deadpan) Or your ex-wife catches wind and slaps you with more alimony. Fuck that.

They share a quiet laugh.

TODD

(taking a seat, genuinely curious) So, Mo...I realize I never asked - how'd you get into this? The OnlyFans stuff, I mean. I know you and Kevin met at the gym, but...what's your story?

MOANEK

(smiles, leaning back) Huh, my story. Well, I've always been...entrepreneurial, I guess. Grew up with not much money, hustled since I could walk. I tried a few small businesses - lingerie resale, some yoga classes I taught online - before discovering the potential of a camera and anonymity. Then I met Kevin, who had the perfect...skill set. *(winks at Kevin)*

KEVIN

(feigning offense) Skill set? I'm the best you could find?

MOANEK

(laughs) You had stamina for days, and you had the, let's say, aesthetic certain subscribers crave. It was a natural partnership. And we keep him hush by using masks, partial angles, creative editing.

TODD

(still incredulous) People pay that much for partial angles? I can't wrap my head around it. Like, they don't see Kevin's face at all?

KEVIN

Nope....Just Grade A "Mystery Dick."

MOANEK

(shakes head) Not a glimpse.

KEVIN

You never jerk to POV? Shit's huge.

Todd shakes his head, "no".

MOANEEK

That's part of the thrill for them. 'Mystery Dick' sells like hotcakes. But me? My face is out there, in all its orgasmic glory. If I ever run for Congress, I'll have some explaining to do.

KEVIN

These days, you'd probably get elected.

They laugh.

TODD

(hesitant, choosing words) Does it...ever bother you? People seeing you, you know...at your most...? *(tries not to say vulnerable, but the subtext is there)*

MOANEEK

(softly, shrugging) At first, maybe. But that wore off once I realized I'm in control - my rules, my boundaries, my rates. It's weirdly empowering. Sure, random dudes might be getting off, but at the end of the day I'm the one profiting. I keep control of my image.

A beat passes.

TODD

(quiet, fiddling with a napkin) You talk like it's no big deal. Meanwhile, I can barely look at someone new without feeling I'm betraying Colleen. I'm sorry, I'm not judging...I'm just...confused.

MOANEEK

(gentle) You're allowed your grief, Todd. Your process doesn't have to mirror ours. But maybe...pure physical release could help, if it feels right.

KEVIN

(piping in, trying to lighten the mood) Look, man, we all have our ways of coping. I do thrusts on camera in a ski mask - works for me. *(he grins)* Though Mo almost showed my face last week on a test livestream - had to pull the plug fast. I nearly had a heart attack.

MOANEEK

(grins) My finger slipped on the camera switch, okay? We had like five watchers at that moment, not hundreds calm down, Swole Daddy.

TODD

(weary laugh) Swole Daddy. Right. I can barely manage a normal conversation. Meanwhile, you handle face reveals like it's...Tuesday.

MOANEK

(matter-of-fact) Actually, on Tuesday's, I play Fortnite naked and talk hella shit. If I get real horny, I'll play with my pussy or sit on my Sybian. Face reveals are Thursday. *(she winks mischievously)*

TODD

Wait, you have a...schedule?

MOANEK

Oh yeah. We rotate themes - keeps the subscribers engaged. Q&As, gaming, cosplay, ahgao...keeps the fans coming back.

TODD

(confused) Ahey...what?

KEVIN

(grins, side-eyeing Moaneek) Oh, Todd doesn't know Ahego. Show him, babe.

MOANEK

(raising an eyebrow) You sure?

KEVIN

(playful nudge) Come on. He's gotta see that freaky shit.

MOANEK

(smirking, turning to Todd) Alright, Todd. Don't say I didn't warn you.

Moaneek shifts her posture, sticks her tongue out - slowly crosses her eyes, letting a little spit dribble from the tip of her tongue. She flashes double peace signs as her expression contorts into the over-the-top "Ahegao" face.

TODD

(caught between horror and fascination) Uh...oh - God, that's...*(he laughs, half cringes)*

Moaneek holds it for a surreal beat, a delicate stream of spittle dangling from her tongue, eyes cartoonishly rolled back.

KEVIN

(chuckling, half-applauding) And that, my friend, is Ahegao face - pure anime ecstasy.

MOANEK

(still in the pose, drooling slightly, eye whites visible) Pheee-puhl goh nuhts fuh-r ihht!

TODD

(barely able to keep a straight face) I-I see. That's...definitely...something.

She finally retracts her tongue, wiping her mouth and blinking normal again, with comedic calm.

MOANEK

(effortlessly returning to normal) Gross, right? That's a big tip night, though. One subscriber calls it "the goddess meltdown."

TODD

(rubbing his temples) I don't know if I'm traumatized or impressed. Possibly both.

KEVIN

(laughs) It's just a juiced up parody of an O-Face.

TODD

(quiet, fiddling with a napkin) I can't even imagine doing that...letting thousands of strangers see me. Let alone rolling my eyes back, drooling, and calling it a business plan.

MOANEK

(half-smiling, reassuring) Hey, it's not for everyone. But it pays the bills - and then some. And if it freaks you out, that's okay. But maybe there's something in between, you know?

TODD

(still uneasy) Maybe. I just...keep comparing it to what I had, with Colleen. That was love, real love. And now - *(looks away, tears briefly in his eyes)* Anyway, it's a bit overwhelming.

KEVIN

(reaches out, squeezes Todd's shoulder) Man, if you ever want a baby step - like something to get you out of your funk - trust me, we've got...let's call them starter suggestions.

TODD

(a weak laugh) I appreciate that, I guess...I'm just not sure how to cross that line yet.

They take a beat, returning to their food or sipping drinks. Todd is still digesting what he saw.

MOANEEK

(softening) Look, if you need moral support, we got you. Kev and I have seen plenty of people just looking for some kind of...release.

TODD

I appreciate it - both of you.

KEVIN

(shrugs, a fond smirk) You're family, brother. Even if we traumatized you with ahegao just now.

They share a gentle laugh. Todd manages a faint smile, though he's still clearly weighed down.

TODD

I might go for a walk, smoke a jay, clear my mind. Thanks for tonight.

MOANEEK

Sure. We'll be here if you want to talk more, okay?

TODD

(nods, slipping his phone into his pocket) Yeah...thanks.

They watch him quietly, offering understanding. Todd takes a breath, then exits. A hush settles.

LIGHTS OUT

SCENE 11: Kevin's Kitchen (Next Morning)

Todd stands by the counter, sipping coffee.
Moaneek enters, wearing a short robe -
barefoot, hair slightly tousled from sleep.

MOANEEK

(making a show of stretching, letting the robe slip just so) Mm...morning, Todd. You're up early. Or did you even sleep?

TODD

(forces a small laugh) I, uh...yeah, I slept. Sort of. Needed coffee.

MOANEK

(tips her head, eyes flicking over him) Huh. You look...lighter. Care to fill me in?
(setting her phone aside) You're practically glowing. *(she steps in closer, lowering her voice)* So...what put that blissed out look on you? Did you dream of something...juicy? Wet one, maybe? Come on, let me see those boxers.

TODD

(clears his throat, averting his gaze) Relax, it's nothing major. I just, uh...got out last night.

MOANEK

(licks her lips suggestively) Mmm, good for you. Sometimes a nice, dirty night out can do wonders. If you ever need pointers, I'm your girl. Anything from a discreet fetish lounge to the racier corners of L.A. - I've been around the block.

TODD

(rubbing the back of his neck, swallowing) I...appreciate the offer. Actually, I just...

Moaneek plants a hand on Todd's arm,
 leaning in until there's mere inches between
 them. Her voice drops.

MOANEK

(murmuring) Don't be shy, Todd. I can practically smell the sex on you. Or maybe that's me. *(She lets a light laugh slip)* Point is, if you wanted to talk details, I'm all ears. Or you can show me - if you need a partner who doesn't judge.

Todd almost drops his coffee, the intensity
 making him tremble. He's both intrigued
 and alarmed.

MOANEK (CONT'D)

(softening) All joking aside, Todd...You seem lighter. I hope whatever it was helped ease a little of what's been weighing on you.

Suddenly, Kevin appears in the doorway,
 wearing sweats.

KEVIN

(oblivious at first, then notices the tension) Morning. Did I interrupt something?

Moaneek steps back, sly grin.

MOANEK

(laughs lightly) Just a harmless chat, babe. Todd's suspiciously chipper.

KEVIN

(gives Todd a curious once-over) Suspiciously, huh? Usually you're a sourpuss in the mornings. Now you're humming?

TODD

(recovering, tries to shrug) I wouldn't say humming. Just...had a decent sleep...overcame some mental blocks.

KEVIN

(takes a step towards Todd) I can read you like a cum-stained diary - no hiding that vibe. You're definitely cheerier than last night. Spill.

TODD

(raising coffee defensively) Look, it's no big deal. I just...yeah, I "did something." Let's leave it at that.

MOANEK

(lifts a brow, exchanging glances with Kevin) "Says it's no big deal," but he's all flushed. Todd, c'mon, it's us. You've heard us both coming. A lot. You gotta share or we'll assume it's something crazy.

KEVIN

(playful nudge at Todd) If it's a pump-and-dump, we'd be proud. Enlightened even.

SKINNER (O.S.)

Yoo-hoo, anyone decent?

Skinner enters.

SKINNER

(looks around, noticing the tension) Morning, degenerates. Todd, you said we're hitting that double feature at noon, right?

MOANEK

(seizes the moment) Perfect timing, Skinner. Todd's got a secret.

SKINNER

(beaming) Ooh, secrets? Todd, is this about you and your "I'm gonna go cream pie some chick's mouth" plan?

TODD

I never said it like that. *(grimaces)* Dammit, Skinner.

KEVIN

(perking up) Wait, plan? So, you did something last night?

SKINNER

(grinning widely) He texted me at 2 A.M. saying "I'm out." Thought he was hitting some after hours or something, but maybe not...

Moaneek and Kevin exchange an *aha* expression, turning to Todd with relentless curiosity.

TODD

(looks trapped, throws up his hands) Fine! You want the truth? I...I went to this NoHo Gloryhole. There, I said it.

A stunned beat. Then:

MOANEK

(delighted cackle) A gloryhole?! Todd, that's bold. Zero emotional baggage. I'm proud.

KEVIN

(a small nod of pride) I guess you found your scenario, then. *(half-beat)* How's your back? *(winks)* So was it good?

TODD

(embarrassed) Weirdly good. The best...well, you know, best BJ of my life, if I'm being honest. *(he swallows)* I feel half-liberated, half freaked out.

SKINNER

(grips Todd's shoulder) My dude, you inspire me. Kinda envious, not gonna lie.

Moaneek steps in close again, giving Todd a sultry once-over.

MOANEK

(leans in, half-lowered voice) So...no regrets, right?

TODD

(exhales) I'm still...reeling. But for the first time in a long time, I wasn't drowning in my head. It was...like I was in church - getting sucked off in a confessional booth.

KEVIN

(chokes on coffee) Jesus Christ.

MOANEEK

(smiles, touches Todd's arm) Then that's a win, bae. However you found that spark. That's a step forward, yeah? Might not be how you imagined, but you needed something.

SKINNER

(clapping hands, switching tone) Alright, enough sexy confessions. We got a double feature to catch, let's get going. T, You can give me the full blow-by-blow in the car. Pun intended.

TODD

(grins, rolling his eyes) Eat a fuck. Let's go.

KEVIN

(smirks, rummaging for keys or phone) Don't let him duck into a booth on the way.

MOANEEK

(winks) Or at least invite me next time. Kidding. Mostly.

TODD

(groaning) I regret everything. Come on, Skinner.

Todd grabs his jacket. Skinner tugs his sleeve, they exit. Kevin and Moaneek share an amused grin as lights fade.

LIGHTS FADE

SCENE 14: Kevin's Living Room (Later That Day)

A couple of takeout containers on the table, half-finished drinks. Moaneek sits scrolling on her phone; Kevin sips water. Todd enters, looking restless but exhilarated.

TODD

(entering, breathless) Hey-uh, guys. I...I gotta tell you something.

MOANEEK

(looking up) You look like you just shot a Bang Bus eppy.

KEVIN

(motions Todd to sit) Whoa, slow down. You good?

TODD

I'm not sure. I met her...I mean...the woman from the gloryhole.

Beat. Kevin and Moneek sit up with curiosity.

MOANEEK

Wait, so when you said it was like getting “philosophical advice” through the wall? You meant that literally? Like...you were talking to the person on the other side of the gloryhole?

TODD

Exactly. Martha. Martha’s her name. I...I asked her to meet me for coffee, we shared an apple fritter, too. And, well...I found out who she really is.

KEVIN

(grins) Who is she?

TODD

(exhales, tapping the table with nervous energy) She told me her stage name - Cheri Velvet. She was in porn for, like, fifteen years!

KEVIN

(eyes wide) No way. Cheri Velvet? That name...I know who that is. The hot brunette with the red streaks. I used to beat it to her in the early ‘90’s.

TODD

Yeah...she was like huge in the ‘80s and early ‘90s - like a real star.

MOANEEK

Already on it. *(pulls out her phone, furiously tapping)* The internet always has receipts.

Todd and Kevin exchange a look as Moaneek scrolls.

MOANEEK (CONT’D)

(reading off phone, enthralled) “Cheri Velvet, born in 1955, started in ‘Honeypie’ - holy shit, that was a big underground hit. She did a ton of hardcore loops, a cameo in some R-rated flicks...oh my God, there’s a sub-Reddit devoted to her. People still trade old Polaroids!

KEVIN

(laughs in disbelief) A sub-Reddit? They trade Polaroids of her?

MOANEEK

Yes. Listen: *(reads)* “Vintage porn queen Cheri Velvet - timeless face, killer hips.”

TODD

(clears his throat, nodding) She's seventy-nine now, but she's still...I don't know how to describe it. Regal? She has this presence.

MOANEK

(continues scrolling) Damn, she had an entire line of "*Velvet Tapes*" in 1981. People are selling them on eBay for hundreds. *(shakes her head)* Men'll jerk off to your memory but won't lift a finger to help you survive.

KEVIN

(slides next to Moanek, peering at her phone) Wait, look at these old movie posters. "*Flashpants*," "*Wet Dreams on Elm Street*," "*Big Trouble in Little Vagina*". She was in those.

MOANEK

This user claims "Cheri Velvet was the mother of modern MILF porn." Yikes - that's a legacy. *(nodding, flicking through images)* And apparently she performed live in clubs - like touring feature dancer. She was "*The Showgirl of Sin*" or something. I'm seeing old fan forum posts: She sang in a jazz lounge, too." She was multi-talented.

TODD

She told me about - about the dancing, the singing, how the industry changed. I had no idea it was that big. She gave everything to this world...and it just left her behind.

MOANEK

(laughing, reading an old forum snippet) "Cheri Velvet could melt a camera lens with her stare." Another one: "The first time I saw her open her mouth I believed in angels." People are thirsting heavy for an seventy-year-old star from back in the day. That's some devotion.

KEVIN

(exhaling, impressed) You naughty boy, Todd. Are you starstruck?

TODD

(half-laugh, half-astonished) A bit, yeah. But also sad. Like, she's living in the shadows now - gloryholes, weird business deals with scummy guys. She's basically invisible.

MOANEK

(puts phone down, lips pressed) You know what really gets me? People see her as just a legend, but they ignore the real woman behind all this - someone who built an identity from nothing. How did someone so powerful become invisible? That's messed up and why is nobody coming to help her?

TODD

That's what I keep asking. She mentioned a man named Dario. Sounds like he's controlling her gigs.

MOANEK

(frowns) Yeah, I've heard that name before. Porn producer. Shady as fuck. He's sicker than Rob Black. If she owes him...*(taps phone contemplatively)*...then she might be locked in some indefinite contract. Legally or otherwise. *(she continues scrolling)* Look at these fans - there's a whole market for vintage stars going online. She could be making real money if she had control. She doesn't need some scumbag. She needs a platform, a re-introduction.

KEVIN

(nods, thoughtful) Could be. But if Dario's got her pinned down financially or threatened her physically, it's not that easy.

TODD

(sighing) Still, can't we...do something? She's...worth saving.

A pause. Moaneek and Kevin exchange glances.

MOANEK

(slowly) Todd, I like your heart. But we have to be careful. If we piss off a big fish, he might come for us. Our channel, Kev's face, everything.

KEVIN

(softening) But yeah. We can't ignore it, either. Cheri Velvet...who'd have thought? And she's counting on you?

TODD

(swallows) I don't know if she expects me to help. But...I can't stand by. Not after hearing what she's been through.

MOANEK

Alright, well...from what I see on here, she's got fans, community...maybe we can use that. Expose Dario's hold, gather some support.

KEVIN

Could be a way to pry her free, or at least give her options. Let's talk more. I'll check around quietly with some adult industry folks we met at Fetish Con.

TODD

(soft gratitude) Thank you. This...this means a lot.

MOANEEK

(half smiles) Cheri Velvet might get the second act she deserves.

KEVIN

Yeah, if we don't all wind up on Dario's shit list.

They share a heavy but determined moment.

LIGHTS FADE OUT

SCENE 16: The Gloryhole (A Day Later)

Todd stands nervously at the gloryhole booth, uncertain. He taps the wall lightly.
**Lacey to be doubled by the actress playing Moanek*

TODD

(whispering cautiously) Martha? Martha, are you there?

A beat. Rustling from behind the partition.

LACEY (O.S.)

Um...hello?

Todd stiffens, confused.

TODD

Who...who's this?

LACEY (O.S.)

Who's that?

TODD

No, who's this?

LACEY (O.S.)

I asked first.

TODD

(sighs, frustrated) It's Todd.

LACEY (O.S.)

Todd who?

TODD

Just Todd. Wait...is this Martha?

LACEY (O.S.)
Martha? No, I'm not Martha.

TODD
Who are you?

LACEY (O.S.)
You mean my name?

TODD
(heavy sigh) Yes. Your name.

LACEY (O.S.)
It's Lacey.

TODD
Okay, Lacey, I'm Todd.

LACEY (O.S.)
Hi Todd! Are we...doing this?

TODD
No...wait. Doing what?

LACEY (O.S.)
You know. (makes blowjob sound) Gllurk-Gllurk-Gllurk.

TODD
No! I mean - yes, but no. I'm looking for Martha.

LACEY (O.S.)
But I already told you: Martha isn't here. It's just Lacey.

TODD
Yeah. I get it. I'm just asking if you've seen Martha lately?

LACEY (O.S.)
Today? Or, like, right now?

TODD
Today. At all.

LACEY (O.S.)
I saw her earlier. Or maybe that was yesterday. It's kind of dark in here.

TODD

(trying patience) Okay, let's try again. Did you talk to Martha?

LACEY (O.S.)

Today?

TODD

Yes!

LACEY (O.S.)

Hmm...not really.

TODD

Not really?

LACEY (O.S.)

Yeah, like...I talked near her, but she wasn't really listening.

Todd leans close to the partition,
exasperated.

TODD

Did Martha say anything to you?

LACEY (O.S.)

She said a lot of things.

TODD

Great! What did she say?

LACEY (O.S.)

Something about leaving. Oh! And fucking some guy named Dodge.

TODD

What? *(getting concerned, piecing together)* Getting the fuck out of Dodge?

LACEY (O.S.)

Yeah, that's it! Who's Dodge?

TODD

Never mind about Dodge! Did she say where she was going?

LACEY (O.S.)

Yeah! To the future.

TODD

The future?

LACEY (O.S.)

Exactly! You know the future?

TODD

Yes-no-I mean, Martha mentioned the future, too.

LACEY (O.S.)

Whoa. Do you think it's the same future?

Todd pauses, sighing deeply, realizing he's getting nowhere.

TODD

Okay, Lacey. Just tell Martha Todd was looking for her, if you see her.

LACEY (O.S.)

No worries, Todd, I will! So wait, I'm not sucking your dick?

Todd shakes his head, exhausted, and exits quickly.

LACEY (O.S.)

...Hello? You still there?

LIGHTS FADE QUICKLY.

SCENE 19: Kevin's Living Room (Two Days Later)

Lights are low. Moaneek's equipment - laptop, webcam, LED ring light, condenser mic - sprawls across the coffee table. A half-empty bag of chips and an open notebook sit beside it. Martha lounges on the couch, calm and composed, a quiet storm of poise. Skinner sits cross-legged on the floor, munching chips and tapping out a beat. Kevin leans in the doorway with two beers. Todd stands nearby, silent support.

MOANEK

(adjusting gear) Camera check...mic check...lighting's good. *(to Martha)* You ready?

MARTHA

(to Todd) You don't have to stay.

TODD

(smiles) I want to - only if you're okay.

MARTHA

(nods) Then sit. But keep quiet. My nerves already race.

MOANEK

(grinning) You don't need nerves. You need presence. And you've got it.

SKINNER

(chuckles) Ever think about a new stage name? Something snappy?

MARTHA

(smirks) I've had enough names for one life. Martha's fine.

MOANEK

Respect. Raw is trending: real voices, real names, real skin. People hunger for honesty.

KEVIN

(raising his beer) Showbiz still, though.

MOANEK

Exactly. But tonight, Martha runs the show.

Moaneek spins the laptop to Martha.

MOANEK

Here's the interface: stream controls here, chat mod here. Soft launch - just Q&A. Feel it out.

MARTHA

(eyes narrowing) No gimmicks?

MOANEK

No toys. No shtick. Talk. Let them see you. You're not selling sex; you're selling power.

MARTHA

(flat) Been doing that since 1976. Just wasn't digital.

Laughter ripples. Martha takes a chip.

MOANEK

(whispers) Live in three..two...one.

The LED ring light brightens. Martha leans forward, composed.

MARTHA

(steady) Hello. I'm Martha. No personas, no illusions - just me.

The chat pings. Hearts float up the screen.

MARTHA

I've lived a long, strange, beautiful life. Seen eras shift and tastes evolve. Yet here I stand - unyielding, unapologetic.

SKINNER

(low to Kevin) She's magnetic.

KEVIN

(nods) Raw power.

MOANEEK

(softly) Questions coming in. First. "What's the hardest lesson you've learned?"

MARTHA

(reading) "Bet on yourself. Every single time."

Applause emojis flood the feed.

Suddenly, Todd's phone BUZZES. HE checks it; Moaneek leans in.

MOANEEK

(concerned) That you?

Todd taps on a voicemail icon. Dario's gravelly voice echoes through the speakers:

DARIO (V.O.)

You cotton-candy cockstain. I told you what not to do. Now you better get your ass down here...alone. I'm waiting.

The chat keeps buzzing oblivious.

MARTHA

(alarmed) He means business.

TODD

(cold resolve) He wants me alone. No backup.

KEVIN

(angry) That's suicide.

TODD

(turns to group) If I stay, he'll unleash hell on all of you. This is mine to settle.

MARTHA

(fierce) Go. And come back alive - because if you don't, none of this means a damn thing.

TODD

(quiet determination) I'll see you on the other side.

He opens the door; cold hallway light splits
across his face. The door clicks shut.

Moaneke kills the stream. The LED light
dims; the coffee table - strewn with chips,
mugs, equipment - stands deserted. Only the
blinking green "LIVE" icon lingers briefly
before fading.

LIGHTS FADE OUT