

CHEEKS

A screenplay by Sera Gamble and Raelle Tucker

EXT. CHEEKS PARKING LOT-- DUSK

The sun is setting over the deserted parking lot of Cheeks, a rundown topless bar nestled under a freeway in industrial downtown Los Angeles. Over the DISTANT SOUNDS of TRAFFIC, CAR ALARMS, HELICOPTERS, and POLICE SIRENS we hear LOLITA'S VOICE. Lolita speaks with a thick Chicana accent.

LOLITA (V.O.)

I guess you could say this is the story of Cheeks, this tittie bar I work at, and the crazy drama that went down there last Tuesday night.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALIBU CONDO -- DUSK

A deserted seaside street jammed with pastel apartment buildings. A beat-up yet sparkling clean vintage convertible is parked at the curb.

LOLITA VO:

But then, none of it would have happened if it wasn't for this idiot named Vinnie who used to be the Cheeks toilet cleaner...

VINNIE, early thirties, heavysset with slicked-back hair and generous sideburns, meticulously wipes down the vintage car.

Vinnie checks his watch. Sighs, shakes his head. He picks up a duffel bag off the passenger seat and carefully places it in the back.

We close in on the contents of the bag: guns and ski masks.

CUT TO:

INT. STRETCH LIMO -- DUSK

LOLITA (V.O.)
...cuz of the trouble Vinnie got
into with this badass vato everybody
calls Frankie The Hat....

FRANKIE THE HAT, the leather-faced mob boss with the famous fedora, rides through downtown LA in his cushy limousine. He watches the bleak scenery go by, face hard and impassive.

Frankie checks his diamond-studded wrist watch. He sighs and shakes his head.

CUT TO:

INT. JONAS' TRAILER - DUSK

A tiny trailer resembling a zoo.

LOLITA (V.O.)
Or I guess you could say this is the
story of Vinnie's little brother
Jonas, who's fine as hell...

Jonas, late twenties, handsome in that slightly disheveled way, sits on the bed in his cluttered, homey trailer surrounded by his pets: a parrot, a poodle, an iguana, a hairless cat.

LOLITA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...and Jonas' cute dancing ferret
Robert De Niro...

Jonas TURNS ON THE RADIO. ROBERT DE NIRO, Jonas' trick ferret, crawls out from under the bed and begins "dancing": hopping around on his hind legs to the beat of the music. Jonas applauds enthusiastically. Jonas checks his watch and picks up a big bag of pet food. Animals appear from everywhere, under the bed, through the window, out of the cupboards, and line up in front of their feeding dishes.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHEEKS PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

LOLITA (V.O.)

But actually, Jonas' ex-girlfriend,
this waitress named Claudia, is the
real hero of this story....

CHEESY RADIO LOVE SONG PLAYS over the RATTLE AND BANGING OF
AN APPROACHING CAR. Claudia's ancient trashed Hyundai
pulls into the Cheeks parking lot, farting smoke from its
wobbly exhaust pipe. CLAUDIA, late twenties, the girl next
door with an edge, parks the car and switches off the
radio. A caption appears: **CLAUDIA, OUR HERO.**

LOLITA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Claudia's a hero cuz she worked at
Cheeks six nights a week for eight
years. She lived in a roach motel
and drove this piece of shit car.
She saved every penny she made cause
the girl had a dream: to retire, buy
a little house and paint portraits
of people's pets.

Claudia tosses the sketchbook that's been lying in her lap
into the backseat and we catch a glimpse of the work-in-
progress: a well-crafted pencil sketch of a pissed- off
Pekingese puppy.

Claudia reaches into the backseat and pulls out a backpack.
She climbs out of the car and slams the dented door
repeatedly till it closes. She looks up at the unlit neon
CHEEKS sign. She checks her wristwatch.

LOLITA VO:
You could say this is the story of
Claudia's last night waitressing at
Cheeks...

Right on time, the neon Cheeks sign flickers and lights up:
CHEEKS: BEER AND BOOBS. Claudia smiles fondly at the sight
and heads for the front entrance.

LOLITA (V.O.)
But if you ask me, it's not about
that shit at all. I say this is a
story about Real, True Looooove.

We close in on the sketchbook, lying on the cluttered floor
of the backseat. The Pekingese portrait is half folded

over, revealing the sketch underneath: A doodle of Claudia and Jonas looking glowy and in love, a little crumpled by time, over which

OPENING CREDITS ROLL

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS -- CONTINUOUS

Claudia enters the empty strip club.

It is a slightly divey affair, red burgundy carpets worn through, cheesy neon lighting, large stage with a pole in the center. A small room labeled MANAGER'S OFFICE stands just past the front entrance. A long bar occupies one wall. Opposite, a VIP area sits atop a slightly raised section of floor. The VIP area is cordoned off with velvet rope, hung with Vargas pinup girl paintings, and features several overstuffed leather couches and easy chairs. In the rear of the club are two doors. One, framed by a beaded curtain, reads CHAMPAGNE ROOM in neon lettering. The other, the entrance to the dressing room, is hidden from view by a thick black curtain. A sign by the door reads: DANCERS ONLY.

Claudia knocks at the door to the manager's office. An impossibly crabby old man with a thick Italian-y/Persian-ish accent calls out from within.

CARLO (O.S.)

What the fuck do you want! Quit
bugging me!

The door swings open, and Claudia enters.

CUT TO:

INT. CARLO THE CRAB'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Antique furniture, a massive safe, a giant velvet painting of The Last Supper, ashtrays overflowing with Silk Cuts, industrial-sized bottle of prune juice. All stuffed into a room the size of a shoebox.

Carlo the Crab, ancient, withered, and bitter as last week's coffee grinds, lowers himself painfully into his chair.

CARLO
Fucking lumbar shit.

A caption appears: **CARLO THE CRAB.**

He lights a cigarette, glaring at Claudia. Carlo and Claudia have a deep, unspoken respect which Carlo vehemently denies.

CLAUDIA
Here. Last one.

Claudia pulls a stuffed envelope out of her purse. Carlo pockets it, then waves her out of the office.

CARLO
You're off to greener pastures. Get outta my face.

CLAUDIA
Aren't you gonna say something nice?

CARLO
What nice? It's nice if I could take a shit before I die.

CLAUDIA
You'll miss me.

CARLO
I miss my colon too, but that doesn't mean the thing was pretty.

CLAUDIA
Well, I'm going to miss you, Carlo. You're the fairest man I ever worked for.

Carlo shifts uncomfortably in his chair. Maybe he's blushing behind his cigarette.

CARLO

Blah, blah, blah, she's so goddamn agreeable. I'm fairer than the manager at Del Taco.

CLAUDIA

You love me.

CARLO

The last woman I loved was my mother, and she had a face like five-day-old prosciutto. All right, Miss Doris Day, you go tell the girls to shake the sand out their flip flops and put on a fucking gown. I got somebody coming in.

CLAUDIA

Who's coming in?

CARLO

Somebody important, you nosy bitch!

Carlo swigs his prune juice.

CARLO (CONT'D)

You're killing me, you know that?

Claudia looks at him expectantly. Finally, Carlo leans in, eyes shining with pride.

CARLO (CONT'D)

My old pal Frankie. Frankie the Hat. The man who gave me this place. Go put on your uniform and act like a proper fucking waitress.

Carlo waves her away, muttering to himself. Claudia exits. Carlo walks to the safe, pulls out the envelope.

CARLO (CONT'D)

Now what the hell was the combination? Oh Christ. Every fucking time. Brain like a fishnet stocking.

Carlo glares at the safe. He swigs his prune juice bitterly.

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Claudia parts the velvet curtain to the dressing room, a chaotic riot of glittery clothes, assorted garbage and half naked girls. LOLITA -- giant frizzy hair, rhinestone studded fake nails, and an enormous pregnant belly -- smiles at Claudia. A caption appears: **LOLITA, 8 MONTHS PREGNANT.**

LOLITA

Claudia! You bitch!

As Lolita throws her arms around Claudia, the other girls in the dressing room gather around: PARIS, mid twenties, tall, beautiful and French, wearing thigh high go-go boots; COCOLICIOUS, black with gold braids, gold fingernails and a tangle of gold jewelry; and SAVANNAH, Southern Belle uber-Barbie with a brand new stiff boob job stuffed into a minuscule white top.

CLAUDIA

Hi everybody.

PARIS

I thought you quit.

CLAUDIA

Tonight's my last night.

LOLITA

Don't even talk about it, girl. I'm gonna get all emotional and my eyelashes won't stick on right.

SAVANNAH

Aww, I'm sure we'll be seeing Claudia again. I've quit the business at least five times and I always come back in the end.

A caption appears: **SAVANNAH, FORMER MISS SMACKOVER, ARKANSAS.**

COCOLICIOUS

Shut up, Savannah, fix your boobies,
they crooked. You better sue that
surgeon.

Savannah looks down at her chest, alarmed.

SAVANNAH

Dr Weinberger said it's too soon to
tell. He said not to lift my arms
or I'll pop a stitch.

Cocolicious dances around Claudia, singing. A caption
appears: **COCOLICIOUS: COMPTON HIGH'S MOST LIKELY TO
SUCCEED.**

COCOLICIOUS

Oooh yeah, Claudia's out, she's out!
She's gonna buy a big-ass house and
have a hundred babies.

CLAUDIA

No I'm not.

Claudia finds a spot in front of the mirror and changes
whip-quick into her uniform: a pair of hot pants and a
baby T emblazoned with the slogan: **GOT CHEEKS?**

PARIS

Claudia can't have babies. Her
boyfriend is still in prison.
Loser.

LOLITA

Shut up, Paris.

PARIS

You shut up.

LOLITA

You.

CLAUDIA

She's right. I'm done with all
that. I don't want a boyfriend. I
just want to do my paintings, focus
on myself, you know?

LOLITA

But you can't give up on love, girl.
Love is--

PARIS

Love is a stinking pile of vomit.

A Caption appears: **PARIS: FRENCH.**

LOLITA

Don't even listen to her. Paris is
just hatin' on love cause she don't
have a man.

PARIS

Men are stupid, like Mickey Mouse.

LOLITA

She don't know what it's like to
love someone so much you gotta
tattoo them all over your body...

The girls roll their eyes. They know what comes next.
Lolita points to her enormous belly hanging over her
lapdance shorts, at a big tattoo above her navel. The
tattoo reads "SOFTY".

LOLITA (CONT'D)

That's my true love, his name is
Softy... Softy...

Lolita reveals each of her seventeen Softy tattoos: on her
thigh, her ankle, her boobs, her neck, etc.

LOLITA (CONT'D)

Softy. Softy... Softy...Softy...

CLAUDIA

Okay, I get it! Can we just change
the subject now, please?

The girls return to the task of getting ready for a long
night of ass-shaking.

COCOLICIOUS

So is Carlo throwing a farewell
party for your ass or what?

CLAUDIA

No, I think he's kind of
preoccupied. Frankie the Hat is
coming in.

COCOLICIOUS

Frankie the Hat?! Coming in here?

CLAUDIA

Yeah, they're old friends I think.

SAVANNAH

Is he a movie star or something? I
lapdanced Quentin Tarantino last
week, and I pitched him my
screenplay Amazon Lady Vampire Cult
and he said—

PARIS

No one cares about your silly movie,
Liposuction Barbie. Especially not
this man with the hat ... what is
his name?

CLAUDIA

Frankie the Hat.

Paris looks pensive, troubled.

PARIS

I know this name... Who is this?

COCOLICIOUS

Hi, hello, notorious crime boss.
Why don't you just ask who Al Capone
is?

Paris' face falls. She wrings her hands nervously.

CLAUDIA

Leave her alone, Coco.

Paris stares mournfully into the mirror.

COCOLICIOUS

What are you tripping about? C'mon,
I didn't mean it-

PARIS
No, it is not you. You mean nothing
to me, silly person. I have much
bigger problems.

Paris' chin trembles; her eyes well with tears.

SAVANNAH
Aww, are you crying? I didn't know
you could cry!

PARIS
Just because I am French does not
mean I am not human!

CLAUDIA
What's wrong, Paris? What happened?

Paris opens her mouth to tell them...just as Carlo pops his
head through the curtain.

CARLO
What is this, a goddamn Tupperware
party? I got a tour bus of Japanese
dairy farmers in the parking lot!
Get moving!

Carlo's head disappears again.

CARLO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You lazy broads are killing me.

The girls rush to get ready. Claudia reaches out for
Paris.

CLAUDIA
Paris, if you want to talk later--

PARIS
Why do you care! You are quitting
to make happy drawings of happy
little animals. You are always so
happy happy happy. Stupid, like
Taco Bell.

Paris storms out of the dressing room. Cocolicious and Savannah shrug at Paris' bizarre behavior.

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The curtain swishes shut on Cocolicious and Savannah. Claudia sits at the makeup counter. She watches them leave through the mirror.

Claudia fishes through her apron for a hair tie, looks into the mirror....Jonas is standing in the doorway behind her! He's smiling sweetly, eyes shining with Love. A bird flies around his head; a kitten sleeps on his shoulder. Jonas stares deeply into Claudia's eyes in the mirror. He pulls a gigantic bouquet of red roses from behind his back to present to her.

Claudia stares hopefully at Jonas' image, lost momentarily in the fantasy. But then she remembers something. She tears her eyes away from his and looks lower....yup. He's wearing a prison uniform. That bastard.

Claudia squeezes her eyes shut. When she opens them the image is gone.

Lolita, lazily sifting through her makeup bag, sneaks a glance at Claudia. She sees that Claudia is frowning.

LOLITA

So fuckin' smile, *chica*, you gonna leave it all behind. No more spilled beers all over you. No more drunk *pendejos* tipping you a food stamp and shit. You rich. You gonna buy a castle with a...what do you call it, a MOAT.

Claudia laughs.

LOLITA (CONT'D)

Hey, why you tell everyone you don't got an old man?

Claudia doesn't want to talk about it.

CLAUDIA

Because I don't.

LOLITA

Just because Jonas is locked up,
he's still your man anyhow.

CLAUDIA

As far as I know, he hasn't been
locked up for a year or two now.
We're not in touch.

LOLITA

Why? When Softy got sent to Juvie
the night of the junior prom, I
still considered him my man. I
brought him cookies and a toothbrush
in my party dress. It was pink with
butterflies and shit. I looked
better than anybody else's prom date
in the whole correctional institute.

CLAUDIA

That's sweet.

LOLITA

You know why?

CLAUDIA

Because you love him.

LOLITA

Because I'm his gangster bitch.

CLAUDIA

Huh.

LOLITA

When you really, really love
somebody, and it's like, true love,
you'd stand by him no matters, then
you their gangster bitch, end of
story. Don't look like that, you
can be white and be a gangster
bitch. I didn't know that, but then
I looked at you.

CLAUDIA

I'm not-

LOLITA

That's the thing about you, girl,
you say Jonas ain't your old man,
but I don't see any other old man,
and I been knowing you for years.
You have true love, therefore you
his gangster bitch, and I say, fuck
it, he's a nice guy, even if he did
go to jail that one time. He sent
you all those love letters and shit,
even when you sent em back. You
could do a helluva lot worse, you
feel me?

CLAUDIA

I don't know, Lolita, I just want to
retire-

LOLITA

I know, you just wanna get outta
Cheeks and go draw pictures of
puppies and shit, but I'm saying if
Jonas walked up in here right now
you'd be like, Oh shit, I'm his
bitch. What the fuck, that pregnant
chick was right.

The two women look at each other levelly.

LOLITA (CONT'D)

You know where he's at these days?

CLAUDIA

No clue. Some building where they
allow monkeys.

INT. JONAS' TRAILER -- CONTINUOUS

The trailer is dominated by various-sized pet food bowls,
all bearing names - SIDNEY POITIER, KELLEY LEBROC,
LAURENCE OLIVIER, CHRISTOPHER WALKEN. A rabbit hops over
to eat out of the ANTHONY HOPKINS bowl.

A parrot swoops acrobatically through the trailer, circling Jonas. A caption appears:

JONAS, HOTTIE ANIMAL TRAINER.

JONAS

Okay, Britney Spears. Ready, set,
and - GO!

The parrot zooms towards Jonas' head, then alights gently on his shoulder. Jonas feeds it a parrot treat.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Good girl! You're a superstar.
You're gonna rock that El Pollo Loco
audition. Now let's try the flaming
hoop...

The camera finds a large canvas hanging on the wall behind Jonas. It is a well-rendered if sappy portrait of Jonas, nude, sitting in the grass. He is surrounded by his animals: rabbits, cats, dogs, a rooster, a happy snake, a gerbil. Birds perch on his head, shoulders, and outstretched finger a la Snow White. His face beams with the enlightened calm of a religious icon. Camera closes in on the painting...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY

The caption reads: **SEVEN YEARS AGO, BEFORE JONAS FUCKED UP.**

Jonas, butt naked, poses in the grass with all his animals as a younger, more innocent Claudia paints his portrait. Butterflies flit through the air. It is a scene of Hallmark-quality corniness. Claudia and Jonas are caught in the throes of sick, syrupy infatuation.

Claudia turns the easel around to show Jonas her handiwork.

JONAS

Wow. C'mere.

Claudia joins Jonas on the grass. He yanks her on top of him.

JONAS (CONT'D)

I think you've captured a side of Christopher Walken that's really special. It can't be easy to paint a gerbil so expressively.

CLAUDIA

I love it that you get my work. Why are you so perfect?

JONAS

Because...you know, I love you.

CLAUDIA

Are you ever afraid we're so cheesy
God will drop a brick on our heads?

Claudia and Jonas kiss deeply in the grass. As the camera tightens on the portrait...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JONAS' TRAILER -- CONTINUOUS

Camera pulls away from the portrait to find Jonas grooming his iguana. His face betrays his sadness as he remembers Claudia. Outside, the SCREECH OF CAR BRAKES. Jonas looks out the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. JONAS' TRAILER -- CONTINUOUS

An immaculate old Chevy sporting fuzzy dice has pulled up in front of Jonas' house. Vinnie is driving. He looks anxious and preoccupied. Caption reads:

VINNIE: DISGRUNTLED FORMER CHEEKS EMPLOYEE.

In the passenger seat, a skinny, tattooed white dude with spiky platinum hair, BB GUN, drums the dashboard. The caption reads: **BB GUN, THE NOTORIOUS B.B.G.** BB doesn't talk so much as rap, frequently quoting famous lyrics. BB is beyond thinking he's black - he thinks he's Eminem.

Vinnie kills the engine. BB leans back, putting his shoes on the dash.

VINNIE

Hey! Couldja not put your dirty
feet all over my car? I just armor-
alled!

BB moves his feet.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

'Kay. I'm gonna go talk to my
brother. You wait here.

BB Gun reaches into the duffel bag in the backseat and
pulls out a gun, spinning the chamber like a bad ass.

BB

I'ma check my shit.

VINNIE

Put that thing away, will you?
Jonas ain't gonna play ball if
you're waving that around.

BB shrugs, tossing the gun back in the bag.

BB

"Baby you don't wanna fuck with me,
only nigga that I trust is
me...dance with the devil, they
always wanna dance."

Vinnie gets out of the car, leaving BB to his own devices.
BB attempts to compose his own lyrics.

BB (CONT'D)

And then one night in Vinnie's
car...yo, I'ma take this shit too
far, I'm BB Gun, and I got my gat,
and I like the bitches whose asses
is fat....

CUT TO:

INT. JONAS' TRAILER -- CONTINUOUS

Jonas answers the door, iguana on his shoulder. Vinnie
walks past him into the trailer.

VINNIE

Hey, Jonas, I like what you done to the place.

JONAS

What's wrong.

VINNIE

Nothing. How's the animal training shit?

JONAS

Great. Why?

VINNIE

You free tonight?

JONAS

What did you do, Vinnie?

VINNIE

Nothing! Can't a guy take his big brother out for a burger? Shit!

Jonas' look says: I'm not buying it.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

Fine. I need you to drive me somewhere.

JONAS

No.

VINNIE

Just drive me-

JONAS

No WAY! I'm on probation! And so are you.

VINNIE

Well, I'm gonna do this regardless of you, so you come help me now or fuck it.

JONAS

Help you what?

VINNIE

I got a problem. I got a big problem, Jonas.

JONAS

What did you do?

VINNIE

Nothing, I didn't do nothing. I fell in love. I fell in love with this amazing girl, she's European, and, and-

JONAS

That doesn't sound like a problem.

VINNIE

Well, she needed this operation ... So I borrowed a little cash, I'm into somebody for a lot of money.

JONAS

Who. Wells Fargo?

VINNIE

Not exactly.

JONAS

B of A?

VINNIE

More like, Frankie the Hat.

JONAS

No.

VINNIE

Interest rate's a motherfucker, and I got till midnight. Or they pop me.

JONAS

Oh shit.

VINNIE

So you gonna drive the car or what the fuck, Jonas, cuz I'm gonna get killed at midnight, and the snooty bitch left me anyhow, she says I don't know how to treat a woman, I got nothing left to lose here. You gotta help me!

JONAS
I can't go back to jail.

VINNIE
You won't, I got a real good plan.

CUT TO:

INT. NAIL SALON -- DAY

Vinnie holds up a nail salon full of diminutive Korean manicurists. Caption reads: **VINNIE'S LAST REAL GOOD PLAN.** He stands in the center of the store, gun drawn. Jonas, startled, looks on from his seat on the couch, where he has been innocently reading ANIMAL TRAINERS WEEKLY.

VINNIE
Gimme all your money!

JONAS
Vinnie! What are you doing? I thought you said we were here to get a pedicure-

VINNIE
Don't worry Jonas, I know exactly what I'm doing. I got a real good plan.

The manicurists scramble in their aprons for loose bills and change, piling them at Vinnie's feet.

VINNIE (CONT'D)
Oh for chrissake! Is this all you got?!

NAIL LADY
Manicure is \$5.95! We very cheap!

Suddenly, a second nail lady sneaks up behind Vinnie, wielding a plastic hand of the type used to display airbrushed acrylic nails.

Slam! She bangs it over Vinnie's head, knocking him over. All the nail ladies jump on Vinnie, beating him and throwing nail polish bottles at him.

A caption appears over the throng of fierce nail technicians: **KICK ASS NAIL LADIES.**

VINNIE
JONAS! HELP!

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL CELL -- NIGHT

A large holding cell peopled by a motorcycle gang, a few homeless drunks, Vinnie, and Jonas. Claudia appears on the other side of the bars. She's been crying. Jonas leaps up, runs to her.

JONAS
Baby! I'm sorry, it all went wrong...

Claudia says nothing.

JONAS (CONT'D)
Please, talk to me.

Claudia says nothing.

JONAS (CONT'D)
Are the kids okay?

CLAUDIA
I had to give them to Star Pets Unlimited. There's no animals in my building.

JONAS
Not Star Pets.

CLAUDIA
Yes, Jonas. Star Pets.

JONAS

Oh God. But it's gonna be okay.
I'm gonna take care of Vinnie and
we're gonna get out of here.

CLAUDIA

No you're not. You're going to
prison.

JONAS

Claudia -

CLAUDIA

For trying to rob a bunch of poor
manicurists. Whose fabulous idea was
that?

JONAS

Poor manicurists? Those crazy nail
ladies almost killed Vinnie! They
should have been charged with
assault with a deadly weapon -

CLAUDIA

You were the ones with the gun!

JONAS

Have you ever been bashed in the
skull with a plastic hand? I don't
think so. I didn't know Vinnie was
going to rob that place. I thought
he was there for a pedicure.

CLAUDIA

I thought you were smarter than
this! Everything I believed about
you was wrong.

JONAS

That's not true. Don't give up on
us-

CLAUDIA

You've got other plans for the next
few years. I have to take care of
myself.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JONAS' TRAILER -- CONTINUOUS

Jonas and Vinnie stand off.

JONAS

Doesn't third strike mean anything
to you, Vinnie?

VINNIE

Yeah, what do I look like - an
idiot?

Moment of uncomfortable silence.

JONAS

There has to be another way.

VINNIE

There ain't another way, there's
midnight and there's Guido the
Headsmasher there to take my balls
to Frankie the Hat. Come on, Jo, Ma
would want you to drive my getaway
car. Take care'a your little bro
here.

Jonas stares at Vinnie, appalled.

CUT TO:

INT. VINNIE'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

BB is still rapping for his own amusement.

BB

"And we like the hot butter on what
- the popcorn"...oh yeah, I said oh
yeah -

Vinnie slides behind the wheel. Jonas reluctantly lowers
himself into the backseat.

VINNIE

Hey, couldja sit on the towel?
Don't get dog hairs all over my car.

Jonas scoots a towel under his butt. Something wiggles in Jonas' coat pocket. He looks down at the lump, surprised, then pats it.

VINNIE (CONT'D)
Jonas, this is my partner BB.

BB turns to face Jonas.

BB
Yo, the name's BB Gun, the
Notorious, whazzup?

JONAS
I know you.

BB
Come again?

JONAS
Ms Kramer's fourth grade homeroom.
Your name used to be Benji Isaacson.

BB
That's before I got my colors.

BB holds up a grey bandanna.

BB (CONT'D)
Cross Creek Hoods, bling bling!

Jonas flashes a disbelieving look at Vinnie: "How could you bring this guy?" Vinnie starts the car before Jonas can get out.

JONAS
Isn't Cross Creek in Malibu?
There's no gangs in Malibu.

BB
Whatevs, homes, I'm keepin it real,
it's rough by the beach, yo. You
got no clue the shit goes down in
the 'Bu. It ain't all Barbra

Streisand and Nobu Sushi, I'll tell you that right now.

JONAS
Where are we going?

BB
Well, hello everybody, my name's BB Gun, and this is how we do it when we start to have fun. We get up out the crib and we get in Vinnie's car, cuz...we want to shoot some hoes and become a superstar...

JONAS
Stop the car.

VINNIE
It's okay, it's no place, a bar with no real security. In and out in five minutes. Keep the engine running.

BB
It ain't no thang, I do this shit twice a week.

JONAS
Oh, Jesus. I'm going back to jail.

Jonas buries his face in his hands.

VINNIE
Midnight, Jonas.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS -- NIGHT

Claudia serves drinks like a seasoned pro, expertly maneuvering her overflowing tray through the crowd. She stops in front of CHARLIE, a balding fat guy in a suit. Claudia pulls out her notepad.

CLAUDIA
What'll it be today, Charlie?

CHARLIE

The usual. You on the rocks with a shot of cream.

CLAUDIA

Allrighty then. One Adios
Motherfucker coming right up.

Claudia scrawls his order on the notepad and heads off to another table. THREE MARIACHI PLAYERS in giant sombreros smile up at her. Claudia grins.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

Hey Fillipo, Juan, Toto, how's it going?

TOTO

Just chillin, you know.

CLAUDIA

Rough night?

TOTO

We had to sing La Cucaracha six times.

CLAUDIA

Ouch.

TOTO

But we feel much better now. You're always smiling, you make our night.

CLAUDIA

Well, thanks. I try. What can I get you guys?

TOTO

Round of tequila shots.

CLAUDIA

Gottcha.

Fillipo and Juan start humming La Cucaracha.

TOTO

Shit, you better make that a double.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHEEKS PARKING LOT-- EVENING

A black limousine glides into the parking lot. The mirrored rear window slides down. Frankie the Hat, his scary serious face framed by his ever-present fedora, looks up at the flashing Cheeks sign. His stony mug is illuminated in the neon. A typed caption appears: **FRANKIE THE HAT.**

TITS lumbers out of the limousine. He scans the parking lot before opening the door for Frankie. Tits is fat and jolly with piles of gold jewelry and massive sweat rings all over his shiny silk shirt. A typed caption appears: **TITS.**

Frankie and Tits stand in front of the building contemplating the sign.

TITS

Cheeks. That's a good fuckin name.

FRANKIE

That's cause I fucking named it, you fuck. This was my very fucking first club, Tits. This is where it all fucking started.

TITS

Fucking unbelievable.

FRANKIE

Fucking believe it, my friend, believe it. You fucking ready?

Tits nods and flashes his holster. They head for the entrance.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Now I don't even fucking think the kid still works here so there's no fucking need for you to be flashing that fucking silver dick around. I don't want to scare old Carlo.

TITS

You're fucking talking about Carlo
The Crab, right?

FRANKIE

Of course I'm fucking talking about
Carlo The Fucking Crab.

TITS

That man's a fucking legend.

FRANKIE

These days he's a fucking legend
with fucking hemorrhoids and fucking
Old-Timer's. He don't know his
fucking dick from an overcooked
fucking cannoli. So fucking be
nice. The fucking kid's his fucking
nephew.

TITS

Too bad, too fucking bad.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS -- MOMENTS LATER

Frankie and Tits enter the club.

Everything stops on a dime: MUSIC CUTS OFF, the customers
freeze. Frankie glances around the place appreciatively.

He waves his hand - and the MUSIC RESUMES, the customers
return to their beers, etc. Carlo limps out from behind
the bar and Frankie kisses him on both cheeks.

FRANKIE

Carlo. You look fucking fabulous.
You're like a fucking teenager,
ain't he Tits?

TITS

Yeah ... a regular fucking
schoolboy.

CARLO

It's --

Carlo suddenly starts hacking up a lung. When he recovers he attempts a smile that makes his face look ready to crack in half.

FRANKIE

What's fucking wrong with you? Are you fucking dying on me?

CARLO

No. I'm fucking smiling. It's so good to see you, *Patron*, that I forgot how much my ass burns.

CUT TO:

INT. VIP AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

Carlo, Frankie and Tits sit in a plush couch overlooking the stage. Carlo opens an expensive bottle of bourbon and pours them a drink.

FRANKIE

So how's business these fucking days?

CARLO

Same old shit.

They raise glasses....

TITS

To the Same Old Shit.

...and knock 'em back.

FRANKIE

Hey, your fucking nephew, he still work here?

CARLO

Nah. I fired the asshole. He was killing me. Always complaining about why he gotta clean the toilets. I told him I used to clean toilets. During the war. The first one.

Carlo notices Claudia freshening bowls of peanuts on the VIP tables.

CARLO (CONT'D)

Hey, c'mere.

Claudia turns to see Frankie The Hat. She approaches the table cautiously.

CLAUDIA

Hi.

CARLO

Frankie. I want you to meet this crazy bitch. It's her last night. She's retiring. Claudia, this is Frankie The Hat and Tits.

Frankie eyes Claudia appreciatively. He suavely takes her hand and kisses it with his leathery lips.

FRANKIE

It's a fucking pleasure. Move the fuck over, Tits. Give the lady your fucking seat.

Tits leaps off the sofa to make room for Claudia. He settles into a nearby loveseat and watches the stage.

Frankie eyes Claudia meaningfully. Then he turns to Carlo.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Carlo, would you be so fuckin kind as to select a bottle of your nicest fuckin champagne for me and Claudia here?

Carlo limps to the bar. Frankie snaps a finger at Tits.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Tits, go talk some business to the Crab.

Tits follows hastily after Carlo. Frankie pulls Claudia closer, throws an arm around her.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

You are a lovely fuckin woman.

CLAUDIA

Thank you.

FRANKIE

Why would you fucking retire? You got another five, ten fuckin years of lookin like a peach, what the fuck, make your fuckin money. You the waitress here?

CLAUDIA

Yes.

FRANKIE

The waitress is always the best lookin broad in the joint. Why the fuck you leavin'? Carlo don't fuckin treat you right?

CLAUDIA

Well, you know, I'm going to turn thirty soon. I put myself through school -

FRANKIE

You don't fuckin say. What fuckin school is that?

CLAUDIA

I went to UCLA - I majored in Art History. Then I did a semester in Italy learning portrait technique. I had a full scholarship.

FRANKIE

That's fuckin impressive. A fuckin educated broad.

Frankie poses.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

You wanna fuckin paint me?

CLAUDIA

I sort of specialize. In pets.

FRANKIE

The fuck you say! I got twin fuckin Siamese. Spooky and Ooky, I call em Fuck One and Fuck Two, they're arrogant, mean, evil little fucks, I'd fuckin love you to paint their fucking portrait.

CLAUDIA

It'd be my pleasure.

FRANKIE

No, fuck no, it's my fuckin pleasure. I own about eighty nine fucking tittie bars, and it warms my fuckin heart to see a young woman take her fuckin education fuckin serious. The mind is a fuckin terrible piece'a shit to flush down the toilet, you agree?

CLAUDIA

Yes, I do.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS BAR -- CONTINUOUS

Carlo grunts as he stoops to fish a bottle of Cristal out of the wine cooler. Tits leans against the bar behind him.

TITS

So, Carlo, tell me, have you seen your fucking nephew Vinnie since you canned him? Can you tell us where the fuck he mighta got up to?

Carlo shrugs, hacks something black into an empty beer glass.

TITS (CONT'D)

He and Frankie got some fucking accounting to straighten up.

CARLO

He owes money to Frankie?

TITS

Fuckin big time.

CARLO

Shithead. He shoulda known better, but what the hell do you expect. One minute he's too good to clean the toilets, next minute he's licking my shoes asking for a loan to buy his girlfriend some new titties. I said, No Vinnie, no titties for your old lady until you learn some goddamn respect for the value of a dollar. His Ma, god rest her soul, she babied him. He demands the money or else. I say, or else, what? And he says, or else I quit. And I say, hell, I would quit if I could, we should all be so lucky as you. And then I fired his pathetic ass and chased him out of here with a broom.

TITS

He's in a fucking world of hurt now, I gotta tell you.

CARLO

I feel sympathy for his poor dead Ma, but do what you gotta do, Tits. I can't stand between Frankie and his business. Vinnie made his bed. I hope he got a feel of the titties while he could.

CUT TO:

INT. VINNIE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Vinnie drives the car. BB thumps a syncopated beat on the dashboard. In the back, Jonas sits tensely, mind racing.

VINNIE

It's gonna be all right, bro, I swear to ya.

JONAS

This girl you were telling me about,
does she know what you did? Does
she know the kind of risk you took
for her?

BB

Aw, man, he told you about Mystery
Ho? He never said shit to me, I was
like, "Yo, Vin, why you so whipped?"
And he was all, "Yo, BB, it's a big
huge secret and you don't get to
know-"

VINNIE

I did what I did for love, Jonas.

JONAS

But if you love someone you should
be straight with them, you should
give her the chance to voice an
opinion about this first.

VINNIE

I looked in her big, sparkly eyes,
and I felt like...like a toothpaste
commercial, you know? When the lady
with the pretty teeth leans in to
the guy and her breath is just so
fresh, so crystallly fresh, that he
freezes solid from it. I never felt
like that before.

Vinnie's voice cracks as he goes on.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

She don't love me. I risked
everything for her and she stomped
my fucking heart with her boot. I'm
a victim here! I'm dead. I'm dying
for love, Jonas, have some
compassion for your brother here.

A tear runs down Vinnie's cheek. Jonas stares out the
window, worried. Through the window, the CHEEKS neon sign
blinks into view. Vinnie slows.

JONAS

Hey-

VINNIE

It's no problem-

Vinnie pulls into the parking lot, idling the car.

JONAS

They know you in there, you WORKED there!

VINNIE

I thoughta that! I got us ski masks.

Vinnie and BB each pull out a ski mask. They hand Jonas a third.

JONAS

Claudia waitresses in there. No way.

VINNIE

She quit ages ago. I swear to you. Okay, BB, we got everything?

BB reaches into his knapsack. Pulls out two guns. Attempts to spin them, Old West style.

BB

Check THIS, boy-ee!

JONAS

That's great.

VINNIE

What, come on, they just gonna hand me the money cuz I ask?

JONAS

This isn't gonna work.

VINNIE

Why the hell not?

JONAS

First of all, he's crazy.

Jonas nods at BB, who is aiming his gun sideways, a la bad gang movies.

VINNIE

Listen to me. You get behind this wheel, me and BB go in, do the thing, and we're out and paying off Frankie the Hat by 10 pm.

BB hands Vinnie and Jonas ski masks.

BB pulls the ski mask over his face and checks himself in the mirror.

BB

Oh, shit, I look fucking GOOD as a thug. Ungh! -"Get your club on, uh, uh, Get your club on."

Vinnie grabs one of BB's guns. He slips it into his pants and pulls down the ski mask.

VINNIE

Drive around to the front, run the motor. Don't get out the car. Here we go.

JONAS

Vinnie.

VINNIE

Like I got a choice. He's gonna pop me. It's this or popped. I love you, bro.

Vinnie and BB exit the car. Jonas sighs deeply: "This is so messed up." Then he gets out, moves up to the driver's seat, and starts the car.

CUT TO:

INT. VIP AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

Tits is enjoying a lap dance from Cocolicious, who performs miracles with her ass, the cheeks rotating independently of one another inches from Tits' delighted face.

TITS

Wow. That must be's why they call
this fuckin' place Cheeks.

Claudia and Frankie the Hat watch the stage from their position on the couch. Paris is just finishing her set, sneering at the tourists as she goes. Lolita mounts the stage. DJ Aquarius Rising (30s), the scraggly-haired, perpetually stoned club DJ, introduces Lolita over the mike.

AQUARIUS (O.S.)

And now, coming to the stage, give a
love soaked welcome to Lolita! I'm
feeling the good karma out here
tonight, guys, follow your bliss and
tip this Hot Body...this is DJ
Aquarius Rising telling you, All You
Need is Love, and Love is All You
Need.

Frankie stares at Lolita's undulating pregnant belly. Claudia watches Frankie's reaction. Is he pissed off there's a pregnant lady dancing at his tittie bar?

FRANKIE

Fuck me. That broad's got one in
the fucking oven, am I mistaken?

CLAUDIA

Um, no. But, Lolita really likes
her job--

LOLITA (O.S.)

Aquarius, turn down the bass, my
baby's kickin'!

FRANKIE

Nothing fuckin sexier than a sexy
pregnant dame. Now that is a
fucking beautiful, life affirmating
sight.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHEEKS -- CONTINUOUS

Vinnie and BB reach the front entrance. They flank the entrance and pull out their guns. Vinnie is anxious. BB's having the time of his life.

BB

(singing)

"Comin up as a nigga in the cash
game, livin in the fast lane, I'm
for real."

VINNIE

On three. One, two...and BB? You
gotta shut the hell up in there.

BB opens his arms wide, waving his gun at the (thankfully
deserted) street.

BB

What, do I look fucking dumb to you?

Vinnie sighs.

VINNIE

Three.

They bust through the doors.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS -- CONTINUOUS

BAM! Vinnie and BB in ski masks, guns drawn, run into the
club.

VINNIE

Hands up! NOW!!!

Chaos. Customers SCREAM, jump up, bolt past them for the
door. Vinnie and BB are all but flattened by the JAPANESE
DAIRY FARMER CONTINGENT and Mariachi band as they race out
the front doors to safety.

BB

Hey! Come back!

When the dust settles, Lolita stands alone centerstage. She steps towards the gunmen, holding her hands up.

VINNIE

Freeze, bitch! All a ya!

In the VIP area, Carlo stands holding a bottle of champagne mid-pour, mouth agape. Cocolicious' ass is frozen midair, inches from Tits' face. Claudia sits in shock next to Frankie the Hat, the only person who looks utterly calm and unruffled, as though this sort of thing happens to him every evening.

BB leaps up to the VIP and points his gun at Tits.

BB

Gimme your piece, big man, I know
you got one, yo.

Tits peers around Cocolicious' ass to see the gun pointed at him. He reluctantly reaches into his jacket, pulling out a good-sized handgun and relinquishing it. BB holds the gun in the air.

BB (CONT'D)

Wooo! Yeah, boy-ee!

Meanwhile, Vinnie is efficiently sweeping the club, checking for other customers and dancers. He whips back the curtain to the dressing room, where he finds Savannah, arms thrown around Paris in fear. Vinnie freezes for a moment at the sight of Paris, fuming at the indignity of having a gun pointed in her direction. Vinnie gestures for them to come out of the dressing room and sit at the stage. Satisfied that the club has been swept, Vinnie beelines for Carlo.

VINNIE

You the manager? Say yes,
motherfucker!

CARLO

Yeah, so what, you gonna kill me?
I'm begging you. Kill me.

VINNIE

Shut your mouth, old man. Just do
as I say. You're taking me to your
safe.

The word "safe" shocks Claudia to life. She bolts from her
position, running at Carlo, panicked.

CLAUDIA

NOOO! Not the safe! Don't give it
to him!

Vinnie SHOOTS A WARNING SHOT into the ceiling. Plaster
rains down. Claudia stops in her tracks, terrified. From
behind them, a single high pitched SCREAM. Vinnie glances
over his shoulder in time to see Lolita double over on the
stage.

LOLITA

Fucker! You made my water break!

Savannah jumps up from her seat to help Lolita. Vinnie
FIRES a second SHOT.

VINNIE

Didn't I or didn't I not say to
FREEZE!

CUT TO:

EXT. CHEEKS -- CONTINUOUS

In the idling car, Jonas hears the GUNSHOTS. He springs
into action, killing the engine, whipping the ski mask over
his face, racing into the club to help his brother.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS -- CONTINUOUS

Jonas dashes through the entrance. He sees Vinnie pointing
his gun straight at Claudia. Jonas runs between them,
pulling Claudia away from Vinnie. She struggles against
this third masked man.

JONAS

Ssh.

He keeps a firm hold on her. From the floor of the stage, the sound of Lolita's voice.

LOLITA (O.S.)
Somebody help me-

Vinnie shrugs at Jonas.

VINNIE
Bitch having a baby on the stage.

He points his gun at Savannah and Paris.

VINNIE (CONT'D)
You two, up there, help her.

PARIS
I do not deliver babies. I do not
like stinky babies.

Vinnie takes a warning step towards them. Savannah giggles nervously.

SAVANNAH
We'll figure it out, 'kay?

VINNIE
BB, keep an eye on em.

Vinnie indicates Frankie, Tits, and Carlo. BB points his gun menacingly. Vinnie marches to the stage.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Vinnie grabs Paris by the arm and pushes her up onto the stage where Lolita lays, moaning.

VINNIE
Get up there and deliver that baby.

Paris meets Vinnie's eyes levelly.

PARIS
Oh really. Unhand me.

SAVANNAH
It's okay, she's sorry-

Savannah kneels before Lolita and lifts her skirt, checking stuff out under there. She cringes.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Ew.

Vinnie shoves Paris down next to Savannah.

VINNIE
You're doing as I say now.

Vinnie stalks away.

CUT TO:

INT. VIP AREA -- CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, Jonas still has Claudia firmly in his grasp. Her brow knits in confusion: there is something familiar about the way he holds her. She leans her cheek against his arm, takes a little sniff. Her expression grows even more confused. She takes a deep breath and addresses him in a low tone.

CLAUDIA
Please let me go. I won't do
anything. I'll go sit right there.

Claudia motions with her head towards the couch where Frankie the Hat sits, his face stony. Jonas doesn't let go of her.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
There has to be a reasonable
solution here, right? Please -

Vinnie plants himself firmly before Carlo, who is lighting a Silk Cut.

VINNIE
Safe number, old man.

CARLO

Lick my ass.

VINNIE

NOW! You better give me that
fucking number!

CARLO

You better, you better, you better.
You like to order people around,
hah? Feels good to a fucking toilet
cleaner, to shake his dick?

VINNIE

What did you say?

CARLO

Oh, cut the shit, Vinnie, you think
I don't know who you are? Just cuz
my colon is fulla holes don't mean
my brain is.

Carlo looks over his shoulder at Tits and Frankie.

CARLO (CONT'D)

This here is my fuck up nephew
Vinnie. Go home, Vinnie.

Vinnie pulls off his mask in frustration. Claudia gasps.

CLAUDIA

Vinnie!

Frankie the Hat sits up straight.

FRANKIE

Hey, I fucking know you.

VINNIE

What?

FRANKIE

I fucking know you. Tits, I fucking
know him, that's the guy owes the
fucking money. No, Vinnie, fuck
this, you can't fucking rob Cheeks
to fucking pay me, I own this

fucking club. You can't pay me with my own fucking money.

VINNIE

Tell him, Uncle Carlo, tell him I'll pay, I need time, he says he's gonna whack me at midnight.

CARLO

Kill the bastard.

VINNIE

Carlo!

CARLO

What do I care?

CLAUDIA

Vinnie, what the hell are you doing? How dare you come in here and threaten us like this? We're your friends--

VINNIE

Bullshit.

CLAUDIA

Yes we are!

VINNIE

BB! Chain up all the doors. Lock this place in tight. Nobody's leaving till Carlo opens the safe.

Claudia's frustration mounts. She is yelling.

CLAUDIA

What do you think you're doing, Vinnie! You're just gonna get yourself thrown back in jail - someone could get hurt -

VINNIE

Jonas, control your bitch.

Claudia gasps. She whips her head around to look at the masked man holding her, and all at once realizes it is

indeed Jonas, her own exboyfriend, the lost love of her life. When she speaks, she can barely make a sound.

CLAUDIA

Jo...Jonas?

LOLITA (O.S.)

Claudia! Help! These *pinche* bitches don't know shit! Ow, Paris, get your hand off my *culo*!

JONAS

Come on.

Jonas leads Claudia to the stage.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Lolita is squirming on the floor of the stage. Savannah wrestles to hold her down as Paris stares between her legs, looking ill. Jonas leads Claudia onto the stage.

JONAS

Does she need something?

LOLITA

I need you to take this little fucker out of me!

PARIS

We are trying-

LOLITA

Try harder!

Paris yells between Lolita's legs.

PARIS

Come out, little fucker!

Claudia kneels before Lolita.

CLAUDIA

That's good, Lolita, just relax.

LOLITA

Oh, *jesucristo*, this is as bad as
getting a neck tattoo!

CLAUDIA

Ssssh. Breathe. Do your lamaze
breathing.

LOLITA

Lamaze? What the fuck is that!?
Some kind of cheese?

Jonas kneels behind Lolita, mopping her sweaty brow.
Lolita screeches, pushing him away.

LOLITA (CONT'D)

OH JESUS! It's coming! CLAUDIA!!!

CLAUDIA

You're doing great.

Claudia's eyes widen as the baby's head begins to appear.
Much screaming and crying and begging.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

Okay, almost there. Good, we're
there! We're almost there!

Lolita howls. Then, the sound of a baby crying.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

Yes, here it is!

LOLITA

Here it is? Here it is? Is it
normal?

Jonas hands Claudia his coat. She wraps the baby in it.
She hands the baby to Lolita.

CLAUDIA

Nice work, it's a girl.

Lolita gazes at her new baby. Then she looks up at the
shocked faces all around her, laughing.

LOLITA

Well, the least you could do is tip me!

VINNIE
Bitches, to the dressing room now!

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Vinnie leads Claudia, Paris, Cocolicious, Savannah and Lolita into the dressing room at gun point. He glances around the messy room, shaking his head in distaste.

VINNIE
Stop! I can't even go in here, it's disgusting. You girls are pigs. This - is a garbage can right here. Didn't anyone ever show you bitches how to use a goddamn garbage can? Well, Vinnie's gonna teach you a little lesson. He's gonna make you pay for everything you did to him. Get down there and pick this shit up! NOW!!

CLAUDIA
Vinnie, listen to me-

VINNIE
Shut up, Claudia! Just cause you turned my brother into a pussy whipped little shitzu lap dog doesn't mean I gotta listen to you. I'm the one with the pants on in here, so get down on your knees and clean this dump up before I gotta pull out my dick and show you who's boss!!

Paris giggles.

PARIS
We are so afraid. Oh, so scary.

Red faced and trembling, Vinnie turns to Paris. His expression is frighteningly intense. He points his gun from her to the trash.

VINNIE

Do it. Now.

The girls mutter and moan like spoiled six year olds as they slowly begin picking up garbage and throwing it in the can. Vinnie keeps the gun pointed at Paris' head.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

How does it feel, huh? How does it feel? For years I crawled around on my hands and knees picking up your chewing gum, your moldy Chinese take-out, your sticky panties. And what did you do? You didn't even look at me! Well you're looking at me now aren't you? LOOK AT ME!!!!

The girls look up at Vinnie, deadpan.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

Is it so hard to just say, Hi Vinnie, that's a nice shirt, Vinnie, thanks for cleaning up my puke, Vinnie. Thanks for risking your life for me, Vinnie. Is that so hard? What, you think I'm not good enough for you?

Vinnie looks down at Paris.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

Answer me, Paris! You think I'm not good enough for you? Smart enough? Rich enough? French enough? I have feelings, big feelings...

As Paris sneers up at him, we are treated to VINNIE'S POV: the fluorescent light is a halo around Paris' head. Paris' teeth sparkle like a Colgate commercial. She rolls her eyes at him.

PARIS

You Americans, so emotional. So
needy. So fat. Who cares how you
feel? Nobody.

VINNIE
But I did it all for you-

PARIS
Nobody cares, toilet boy.

Vinnie is speechless. He looks like he might cry.

VINNIE
Finish cleaning this shit up. And
don't try to do anything stupid.
Claudia! I'm watching you.

He storms back into the club.

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Claudia motions frantically for all to gather round. She
speaks in a low, urgent tone.

CLAUDIA
My money's in the safe.

SAVANNAH
(loud)
What?

COCOLICIOUS
SSSSH! What money?

CLAUDIA
All of it. For the house.

COCOLICIOUS
Oooh, girl. How much?

Claudia swallows hard.

CLAUDIA
Two hundred thousand.

The girls gasp.

PARIS

Why did you put it in the safe?
That is very stupid.

LOLITA

I stash my tips in Softy's sock
drawer.

CLAUDIA

At first I had two bank accounts,
but you know, taxes...it was just
simpler to leave my retirement money
with Carlo.

PARIS

Why would you trust the creepy
little man?

CLAUDIA

Because...look at him! Vinnie's
been pointing a gun at him for half
an hour and he refuses to open the
safe. He has some twisted form of
honor.

COCOLICIOUS

He's old school.

Claudia stands. She faces the girls with the intensity of
a grassroots unionist.

CLAUDIA

I've worked here six nights a week
since the day I turned 21. No
vacations. No facials, no pilates,
no shopping at Betsey Johnson. I've
had these sneakers for 7 years. I
mean, you guys have seen my car.

LOLITA

Piece of shit.

CLAUDIA

You should see my apartment.

Her voice wavers, but she forces herself to speak with determination.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

Vinnie is not leaving here with my money. I'm not working here another ten years.

SAVANNAH

I'll help.

CLAUDIA

That's sweet, Savannah, but you just had surgery, you shouldn't-

SAVANNAH

I'm not going to let a little thing like two heavy sacks of silicone solution shoved under my freshly severed pectoral muscles stop me from helping you! Think of all the times you came to my aid in my hour of need!

Savannah turns to the other girls to Testify.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

When I got my liposuction and it came out all lumpy, Claudia was the only one who would massage it. And now look at it, it's almost perfect.

Savannah lifts up her shirt to reveal her shockingly lumpy stomach.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

So I'm with you, Claudia. I can't lift my arms, but I'll do what I can.

Lolita, gently rocking her sleeping baby, joins in.

LOLITA

Whatever you need, chica, I'm there.

CLAUDIA

But you just gave birth!

LOLITA

Please, bitch, women used to squat down in the field, pop out a kid, and go right back to work. The least I could do is help you after you pulled this cute motherfucker outta me. I'm your bitch.

Claudia sniffles at all the loyalty and goodwill.
Cocolicious is next.

COCOLICIOUS

Girl, my ass is so on your team. You did your time here. Ladies, when your heel breaks who's got the super glue?

ALL

Claudia!

COCOLICIOUS

When your Aunt Flow pays an unexpected visit to fairyland, who's got the tampax?

ALL

Claudia!

COCOLICIOUS

That's right, sisters, that's right. Anybody who don't back this girl up is a flat out bitch.

That would be....Paris.

PARIS

What? I'm French. You don't ask a French person for help. She spits in your face.

COCOLICIOUS

Claudia never said a bad thing to you in all the time she known you, and the way I see it, that makes her a saint. You owe her.

PARIS

This is her own fault. To put her
money in the tittie bar safe.
Stupid. To love a criminal.
Idiotic.

LOLITA

Hey! Don't diss her cause she loves
Jonas, he's a good guy!

PARIS

He's a how you say, a prick.
Claudia agrees.

Claudia opens her mouth. Shuts it again. Can't bring
herself to defend him, or diss him. Just thinking of Jonas
out there upsets her.

COCOLICIOUS

Well, Paris has a point there. You
better think about that, Claud, cuz
Jonas is what's standing between you
and your cash.

Claudia looks stricken.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS BAR -- CONTINUOUS

Jonas, still wearing his black ski mask, paces back and
forth, trying to figure out what to do. Carlo watches him
for a moment, then limps off behind the bar. BB points his
gun at Carlo.

BB

Yo, Vinnie said don't move. You're
moving.

CARLO

Tell Vinnie he can eat the cancer
outta my ass. My friend Frankie
needs a drink.

BB

Check it Pops, you're not gonna have
to worry about no cancer once BB

goes BANG! You betta sit yo tired
ass down fore I-

JONAS
Shut the hell up. Stop pointing
that thing at him.

BB
Aww, listen to grandpa's little boy
here, "leave him alone, stop
pointing that gun at him, waaaa,
waaaaa, waaaaa...."

JONAS
He's my uncle, you asshole. Show
some respect.

BB
(rapping)
R. E. S. P. E. C. T. Find out what
it means to BB, get down on your
knees and blow me!

Jonas stands in front of BB, towering over him.

JONAS
Hey Benji, you remember what Chuckie
Harris did to you in fourth grade?
I do. I remember it just like it
was yesterday. I remember he took
you in the broom closet and--

BB
Shut up.

JONAS
You don't want me to tell that
story? It's a good story.

BB
SHUT UP!!

JONAS
Oh, you want me to shut up? Then
you better stay away from my family,
understand? Get the hell out of
here, I want to talk to my uncle.

BB

I'ma go tell Vinnie your funky ass
turned on me.

JONAS

(overly loud)

So Chuckie Harris was this fat kid
in the sixth grade and little Benji
here, everybody called him The Runt-

-

Tits cracks up at this.

TITS

The Runt! He is a fucking runt,
ain't he? Shrimpy little
motherfucker.

BB

Shut up.

JONAS

So Chuckie really really liked
bologna sandwiches--

BB

SHUT UP!!! Vinnie!! VINNIE!!!

BB races out of the room, looking for Vinnie.

Jonas turns to Carlo, bows his head.

JONAS

I'm sorry, uncle.

CARLO

Take that thing off your head. How
can you be such a goddamn amateur,
Jonas? You were the hope of the
family. If I'd known you'd turn out
like your idiot brother I'd have
shot myself in the gut a long time
ago.

Jonas pulls the mask off.

JONAS

Vinnie said he needed help. Frankie here has a hit out on him. I didn't know it was this place, I swear, I never would have come here if I knew.

CARLO

It don't matter. It's too late now. Thank God your Ma ain't alive to see this.

JONAS

I'll talk to Vinnie, I'll make him apologize. We'll just leave, you know, pretend this never happened --

Carlo reaches out and slaps Jonas over the head.

CARLO

You dumb shit! Do you even know who you're trying to rob? Nobody's stupid enough to try to pull a job on The Hat, not even the biggest guys, not even our goddamn retard of a President will touch this man. You think after what you've done he's just gonna let you walk outta here?

Jonas turns to Frankie.

JONAS

This has all been a mistake--

FRANKIE

You're fucking right it has.

JONAS

My brother's just desperate. He fell in love. He couldn't see straight. You gotta know what I'm talking about, don't you? Haven't you ever been in love like that?

FRANKIE

Love is pretty fucking blinding.

TITS

It can make you do some crazy
fucking shit.

JONAS

So I'm begging you, for love, let my
brother go.

Frankie sighs and looks over at Tits. Tits shrugs.
Frankie turns back to Jonas, ready to consider his offer.

Unfortunately, Vinnie picks that moment to storm into the
room waving his gun. BB follows, looking vindicated.

VINNIE

Jonas! What're you doing?

BB

I told ya, Vin, I told ya he was
roundin on your ass like bananas.

VINNIE

I said to watch them, bro, did I say
go making friends?

JONAS

I'm trying to explain to these
gentlemen that you're just an idiot
in love, you got screwed up but now
you're gonna fix it. Isn't that
right, Vinnie? You're sorry, aren't
you?

VINNIE

No, I ain't sorry! The only thing
I'm sorry about is that I'm gonna
have to start shooting holes in
Frankie's fucking hat unless
somebody gives me the combination to
the goddamn safe! And you know
what? I'm not even sorry about
that!

JONAS

(to Frankie)

He doesn't mean that.

VINNIE

Yes, I do!

TITS

You fucking come anywhere near
Frankie's fucking hat and I'm gonna
fold your fucking balls into
origami.

VINNIE

Ori-what?

JONAS

Origami. It's an ancient Japanese
art form. They fold paper into tiny
flowers and swans--

VINNIE

He wants to make my balls into a
swan? What kind of a freak are you?

TITS

Trust me, baby, you're about to
fucking find out.

Vinnie panics. He leans over the bar and grabs Carlo by
the shirt, thrusting his gun in the old man's startled
face.

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The girls crowd around Claudia, who is so upset she is
nearly hyperventilating.

CLAUDIA

I can't believe this. Help me
understand this.

COCOLICIOUS

Girl, you know men.

CLAUDIA

No, I don't. I don't know anything.

LOLITA

There's a good reason, you know
there is. Jonas don't want to jack
you.

CLAUDIA

Well then why is he in here? Oh my
god.

LOLITA

It's about family. He's helping his
brother. He's protecting him.

PARIS

Isn't that sweet. He is helping his
imbecile brother to be retarded.

CLAUDIA

Gangster bitch, huh? What do you
have to say about that now? Am I
still his gangster bitch when he's
holding me hostage?

LOLITA

You gotta believe in his love.

COCOLICIOUS

What? Please, that is whack. Look,
Jonas is a good lookin boy, but last
I checked he was more interested in
busting a safe than treating Claudia
like a lady. All I can say is, Love
yourself, cuz the boy got issues.

Claudia buries her face in her hands. Savannah puts an arm
around her.

SAVANNAH

Don't cry, Sugarpuff! When I woke
up from my surgery and I saw that Dr
Weinberger had only put in one
breast implant, I was really really
mad too. I felt hurt and betrayed.
But he made it right in the end.
You just gotta be strong. I think
I'm a lot stronger as a person from
that experience. Just look at 'em.

One boob wouldn't be the same
without the other.

Everyone stares at Savannah's oversized rack.

LOLITA
You and Jonas can get through this.

CLAUDIA
(exploding)
There is no me and Jonas!

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS BAR -- CONTINUOUS

Vinnie has pulled Carlo half way over the bar. He waves
the gun in his face.

VINNIE
Just give me the numbers Carlo.
Don't make me shoot you.

CARLO
Can't you shoot me sitting down, Mr.
Big Shot? My hemorrhoids are about
ready to burst outta my pants.

JONAS
Let him go!

CARLO
Don't worry about it. I already hit
the panic button. The cops'll be
here any minute.

VINNIE
You what?!

CARLO
Your Ma was a legendary criminal
mind, why you such a moron? Look at
you. Brain like boiled catshit.

VINNIE
That's it--

Vinnie puts the gun to Carlo's temple, clicks off the safety. Jonas runs over and pulls Vinnie away. Vinnie struggles.

JONAS

Stop it, Vinnie. I said stop it!

VINNIE

Who's side are you on here, bro?
You were supposed to help me! You
promised Ma you would help me!

JONAS

That's what I'm trying to do, you
asshole, I'm trying to save your
life—

VINNIE

You wanna save my life? My life
don't mean shit unless I get this
money.

JONAS

But even if Carlo gives you the
money—

CARLO

Over my rotting colon.

JONAS

Even then you can't pay Frankie off
with it cause it's his strip club
and his money. He's still gonna
kill you.

FRANKIE

That's fucking correct.

JONAS

And even if he doesn't kill you
you'll go to jail. So what's the
point, Vinnie?

TITS

Yeah, what's the fucking point,
Vinnie?

VINNIE

If I get the money we can run away,
you know, disappear, and maybe when
I'm rich Paris'll realize that she
loves me ---

CARLO

Paris? You did this shit for Paris?

VINNIE

I did this shit for love, old man.

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Claudia is wiping the mascara tears from under her eyes,
pulling herself together. The other girls hover around
her. Paris darts her head quickly through the curtain,
scans the area, and shuts them back in. She whispers
intensely.

PARIS

There is a reason for this. I know
why Jonas came here with Vinnie.

All eyes on Paris. Paris frowns.

PARIS (CONT'D)

But I do not want to tell you.

SAVANNAH

Tell us!

COCOLICIOUS

You better talk fore we beat it
outta you.

PARIS

It is not my fault. You will
mistakenly believe that it is all my
fault.

CLAUDIA

What is it.

PARIS

Is it my fault that I knew? From a very young age, as a small boy in gay Paree, that I would be the most beautiful woman, that I would be more beautiful than all of you? No.

COCOLICIOUS

What are you saying? You were a small BOY?

PARIS

I never slept with Vinnie. He is a toilet cleaner. I could never sleep with a man who smells like other women's pee pee. But Vinnie borrowed the money anyway. I did not know! I did not know he was so stupid! Stinky, yes. Stupid, no. I just wanted to be a real woman.

LOLITA

You were a man and you chopped your dick off?

PARIS

So crude. I was like a sculpture, with the extra marble carved away.

LOLITA

Wow. You're way more of a badass than I thought.

PARIS

I knew I would be prettier than all of you. Vinnie borrowed this money from the Hat man for me.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS BAR -- CONTINUOUS

Vinnie has let Carlo go.

All eyes follow Vinnie as he wanders up onto the stage. He leans against the pole, all sadness and poignant nostalgia.

VINNIE

At first she wouldn't talk to me,
you know, cause I was just the
toilet cleaner. But then one day I
was in the girls bathroom, plunging
the damn toilet for the third time
that day--

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHEEKS BATHROOM -- NIGHT

The scene has the warm peach glow and vaseliney lense of a
highly sentimental flashback.

A pink mess of a bathroom. Puddles, crumples of tissue,
spilled make-up, graffiti, tampon wrappers. Vinnie,
dressed in a janitor's uniform, trudges in, kneels on the
floor in one of the stalls and starts plunging the toilet.

VINNIE
Goddamnit! That's disgusting!

Vinnie looks under the door at the adjoining stall, notices
a pair of overlarge stiletto heels pointed at the toilet
bowl.

VINNIE (CONT'D)
How many times I gotta tell you
girls not to throw your Goddamn
tampax in the toilet!

A SQUIRTING SOUND. Vinnie suddenly realizes the person in
the stall is peeing standing up.

VINNIE (CONT'D)
Hey! What the hell are you doing?
You can't pee standing up, you're
gonna get it all over the floor!

The person in the stall ignores him.

VINNIE (CONT'D)
Hey! I'm talking to you! Why can't
you just sit down like a normal
woman!

Nothing.

VINNIE (CONT'D)
That's it! I've had enough!

Vinnie kicks open the stall. We close in on Vinnie's face as his expression goes from anger to awe.

VINNIE (CONT'D)
Is that a...? Wow.

PARIS
Please, Vinnie, don't tell anyone.
Please.

A lovestruck smile spreads across Vinnie's face.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. CHEEKS BAR -- CONTINUOUS

Vinnie stares dreamily into the distance, absentmindedly caressing the pole.

VINNIE
She was the only one who ever needed
me. The only one that ever made me
feel like a man.

TITS
Fuck, you're a fag?

Vinnie whips his hand off the pole in a hurry.

VINNIE
No, I ain't no fucking fag!

TITS
You don't have to use that fucking
tone with me. I was just fucking
asking cause my brother's a fag and
I thought maybe you fucking knew
him. Do you know my fucking
brother?

VINNIE

No, I don't know your fucking brother!

TITS
I told you not to fucking take that fucking tone with me—

FRANKIE
Fuck it Tits, let it fucking go.

TITS
But I asked this fuckhead a perfectly civilized fucking question about my brother and he has to fucking go fucking snapping at me like a little fucking bitch—

BB
Who you calling a bitch, Boobies?

BB climbs up on the stage, stands next to Vinnie.

TITS
My fucking name is Tits.

BB
Yo, you talking to me, Jugs?

TITS
Tits, you fuck.

BB
Melons, Chachas, Hooters, Headlights, Bongos...

TITS
Tits! You fucking piece of fucking...

Tits leaps out of his chair and dives toward the stage. Jonas runs to protect Vinnie.

BAM! BB fires his gun.

The bullet misses Tits and hits the DJ booth. Everyone stops and stares up at the DJ booth. DJ Aquarius Rising

pops his head up over the booth and speaks into the microphone.

AQUARIUS

This is DJ Aquarius Rising here.
And I'm not feeling the love out
there. Now, I know Mercury went
into retrograde tonight, but c'mon
fellas, that's no excuse. Be a
lover not a fighter. This song here
goes out to our main man Vinnie, the
toilet cleaner.

Suddenly MUSIC BLASTS through the speakers - AEROSMITH:
'DUDE LOOKS LIKE A LADY'. Tits lunges for BB again but
Vinnie presses his gun into Tits' forehead, stopping him
cold.

VINNIE

BB! Turn this shit off now.

BB heads for the DJ booth.

CUT TO:

INT. DJ BOOTH -- CONTINUOUS

BB approaches the DJ booth, an elevated cubicle decorated
with Christmas lights. The interior of the booth is
covered with DJ Aquarius Rising's weird New Agey drawings
and astrology books. As BB gets closer Aquarius puts his
hands in the air. BB motions to the CD player.

BB

Yo, turn that off.

Aquarius nervously fiddles with the buttons. The MUSIC
STOPS. Aquarius puts his hands back up.

BB (CONT'D)

Relax, homie, chill. I ain't gonna
do nothin'. I'm the next B.I.G.,
check me.

BB hands Aquarius something - a CD case.

CLOSE UP of the CD case: BB GUN GOES BANG, with a photo of bad-ass BB, a gun in each hand, arms around a pair of obese black women in bikinis.

BB (CONT'D)

Play this shit every hour. I
appreciate the promo. Thanks, yo.

BB struts off, leaving Aquarius staring at the CD in his hands.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS BAR -- CONTINUOUS

Vinnie's hand is shaking as he holds the gun to Tit's forehead. Tits wants to smash some heads so bad he's sweating and snarling like a barely chained attack dog. Jonas stands behind Vinnie, desperately trying to talk some sense into him. Frankie stands behind Tits, watching: blank-faced but dead serious.

JONAS

Vinnie, put the gun away.

FRANKIE

Tits, sit the fuck down.

JONAS

I mean it, Vinnie!

FRANKIE

Don't make me fucking tell you
again, sit your fucking ass down
right fucking now, Tits.

Tits sits. Frankie fixes Vinnie with a deadly stare.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I want you to fucking understand
something. My boy here may be
backing off right fucking now but
that's only because at this fucking
moment you fuckheads are the ones
with the fucking guns. But it's
important that you know that when
all this is done it don't fucking

matter where you hide cause my
people will fucking find you. Make
no fucking mistake, you will pay for
this fucking humiliation.

Frankie sits down next to Tits, pats his arm comfortingly.

Vinnie lowers the gun, wipes perspiration off his brow. He
frantically whispers to Jonas.

VINNIE

Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit. What am
I gonna do, Jo? What the hell am I
gonna do?

JONAS

I don't know. I don't know.

VINNIE

You gotta think of something.

JONAS

I can't believe you got me into
this. I can't believe you lied to
me about Claudia quitting. God, she
must hate me right now.

VINNIE

Well, Jesus Christ, when it's all
done you can send her an apology,
tell her it was my fault as always.
Whatever. We got bigger problems
right about now. You gotta get
Carlo to open the safe.

JONAS

You've been threatening to kill him
for the last hour and he won't move
an inch. What makes you think I can
do any better?

VINNIE

You gotta do something but quick.
Or I'm gonna have to kill somebody.

JONAS

You wouldn't kill someone, Vinnie.
You may be stupid but you're not a
murderer.

VINNIE

Maybe I'm not - but what about BB?

The brothers turn to watch BB strutting up and down in
front of Frankie and Tits, a gun in each hand.

JONAS

Why's he here, anyway? What kind of
split did you promise him?

VINNIE

Nothin'. He don't want money. He's
here to prove himself as a gangster,
thinks it'll help him sell records
if he shoots some strippers....Wait
a second! I got an idea!

Jonas looks at Vinnie warily, waiting for his next 'really
good idea'.

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The girls stare at Paris, speechless. Paris sulks.

PARIS

It is not my fault!

CLAUDIA

No, Paris, it's not your fault.
Vinnie's always been crazy and
irresponsible. No one blames you.
But we need to figure out how to get
out of here now before he finds out
the combination.

COCOLICIOUS

Hold up. I know some shit.

CLAUDIA

What shit?

COCOLICIOUS

Some pretty crazy shit, it might come in handy. Usually I keep it to myself, cause it really kills my tips but—

PARIS

You were also born with a wee wee?

COCOLICIOUS

Hell no, I just—

SAVANNAH

Wait, I got it! You have one of those motorized butt implants from Japan, don't you?

COCOLICIOUS

Pleeeeeease, girlfriend, this ain't no robot butt. Can I just say this shit?

CLAUDIA

Go ahead.

COCOLICIOUS

I wasn't always a topless dancer. It took me some time to realize my true calling was right there down my pants.

Cocolicious shakes her ass proudly.

COCOLICIOUS (CONT'D)

So while I was still figuring this shit out I went to school and I learned some stuff: MIT Organic Chemistry, Class of 98. Uh, you know, the doctorate program.

A caption appears:

PROFESSOR COCOLICIOUS, A.A. B.S. M.S. PhD.

SAVANNAH

So you're a doctor? I just got some Botox shot into my knees cause I had

these funny little wrinkles but now
I can't feel my toes and I was
wondering-

COCOLICIOUS

I ain't no doctor. I did my thesis
on Volatile Compounds. I almost got
kicked out cause I blew up the lab.

CLAUDIA

So you know how to blow stuff up?

COCOLICIOUS

Shit. If you hand me your makeup
bags I'll go McGuyver all over these
motherfuckers.

The girls pile their makeup in front of Cocolicious.
Cocolicious dumps the contents into a pile and efficiently
sorts through it.

SAVANNAH

Just be nice to my Frozen Peach Lip
gloss. It's my signature color.

Coco gazes down at her pile. There are easily fifteen
tubes of Frozen Peach gloss in the mix. Savannah shrugs,
running her tongue over her goopy glossy lips.

CLAUDIA

Coco, this is a little crazy. We
can't just build a bomb. We need a
plan.

COCOLICIOUS

If you say so.

LOLITA

So what's the plan, chica?

They all stare at Claudia.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS BAR -- CONTINUOUS

Vinnie takes Jonas by the shoulder and leads him away from the bar. He whispers-

VINNIE

Uncle Carlo's always been real tight with Claudia, so I'm thinking maybe-

JONAS

No way. Claudia has nothing to do with this. There's no way I'm getting her involved in another one of your messes-

VINNIE

If you can just get Claudia to get the combination outta Carlo then-

JONAS

Forget it! You might think loving someone is about robbing their boss or paying to have their man-thing whacked off...but some of us have more traditional values, okay? I love Claudia, even if she thinks I'm the biggest loser on the planet. And there's no way I'm putting her in any more danger than she's already in.

VINNIE

If she knows the combination I can guarantee that nobody gets hurt and we all go home tonight. But if we don't get that combination....I don't know what's gonna happen, bro. I can't control what BB does.

JONAS

You asshole!

VINNIE

All I'm saying is, ask her. That's all I'm saying.

JONAS

Fine. I'll go talk to her. But if that doesn't work I want you to

promise me that we'll split and
nobody'll get hurt. You promise me?

VINNIE
Sure. I promise.

JONAS
Swear on Ma's grave?

VINNIE
I swear on Ma's grave. Now hurry up
before the cops get here.

Jonas gives Vinnie a warning look then heads for the
dressing room.

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Claudia has drawn a rough floorplan of the club in lipstick
on the mirror. She draws in people's names in eyeliner.

CLAUDIA
So, Frankie the Hat is sitting
about...here...the door is here....

Lolita rocks her baby, peeking through the curtain. She
sees someone coming.

LOLITA
Jonas is coming!

Claudia drapes a scarf over the map on the mirror.
Cocolicious drops her half-made bomb into the nearest
duffel bag.

Jonas comes through the curtain. His eyes meet Claudia's.
They stare at each other for a moment, the tension so thick
you could cut it with a knife.

JONAS
Hi.

CLAUDIA
Hi? HI?! That's what you have to
say "Hi"?!

JONAS

I wanted to make sure you were okay.

CLAUDIA

We're. Doing. Fabulous.

JONAS

The baby?

LOLITA

She's fine, Jonas. She looks just like her daddy when he wakes up in the morning all squishy and wrinkly and soft ...

JONAS

That's good, I'm glad.

CLAUDIA

What do you want?

JONAS

Nothing. I just—

CLAUDIA

Let me guess. You're here helping Vinnie.

Jonas nods.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

I know a great way you can help him. Why don't you come into Cheeks on the very last night before I retire and steal every cent I've ever made.

JONAS

What?

CLAUDIA

All my money is in Carlo's safe. All of it. Everything I've saved.

JONAS

What are you talking about?

CLAUDIA

So go get it, Jonas. Do what you need to do. It's only two hundred grand. You never cared one way or another about what happened to me.

JONAS

You know that's bullshit. You've got every reason to be pissed at me but—

CLAUDIA

Nah, really?

JONAS

Yeah I fucked up. More than once. But don't stand there and pretend you don't know how much you mean to me.

PARIS

Oh vomit. American hamburger love.

CLAUDIA

Then what are you doing here?

JONAS

I didn't know. I didn't know where we were going.

COCOLICIOUS

Me, I would'a said, excuse me, fellas, if we just goin' to Jack In the Box, why the semiautomatics?

JONAS

I had no idea you were here.

CLAUDIA

Of course you didn't. You've never called or tried to see me, not in two years.

JONAS

I wanted to.

CLAUDIA

Well that's great, good to know. I would have liked to know that when I was sitting around waiting for you-

JONAS

You were waiting for me?

CLAUDIA

All this time I kept imagining I'd open the door and you'd be standing there with a bouquet of flowers... isn't that funny? And now here you are! With a bunch of guns instead.

JONAS

I'm sorry.

LOLITA

See, Claudia? He's sorry.

SAVANNAH

Look how cute he is!

PARIS

Men are always so cute when they are sorry.

COCOLICIOUS

I don't know, girlfriend. If he's so sorry he'd stop being a thug for his brother and start being a man for you.

CLAUDIA

What do you want from me?

JONAS

I want to talk to you. Alone. Okay?

Claudia glances around the room at the girls. Lolita nods vigorously and motions for her to go.

CLAUDIA

Okay.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS -- CONTINUOUS

Jonas leads Claudia through the main room toward Carlo's office. He nods at Vinnie.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS BAR -- CONTINUOUS

BB joins Vinnie at the bar. He helps himself to a bottle or two.

BB

Where'd your brother go?

VINNIE

He's back there trying to get his bitch ex girlfriend to help us.

BB

You trusting him alone with a hostage?

VINNIE

Don't worry about it, man. When we were kids every time I got in trouble Jonas always took the blame for it. He'd do anything for me. It's his ex girl I'm not too sure about. She's always telling him I ain't good, I'm a bad influence. She's got no respect for family.

CARLO

Respect for family, you say? If I could laugh without losing my teeth, I would. Your Ma would puke in her grave if they'd ever found her body. She was a real criminal, an artist. But you, you walk in here with no plan, no preparation, no class--

VINNIE

Don't make me shoot you, old man!

CARLO

I'm rotting already. I'm dying of shame. You're a failure and an embarrassment of a criminal. I had high hopes for Jonas, he had his animal training gig and Claudia as his girlfriend. But you screwed that up too, didn't you? Your life is just a pile of soft, stinking shit, Vinnie, and now you gotta go smearing it all over the rest of us.

VINNIE

If you don't shut up I swear I'm gonna start killing the girls!

BB's ears perk up.

BB

Yo, I'ma shoot some strippers, like Jack the Ripper's...zipper...yo!

CARLO

Go ahead, shoot the bitches.
They've been killing me for years.

CUT TO:

INT. CARLO'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Claudia and Jonas stand face to face in Carlo's office.

CLAUDIA

So?

JONAS

You look great.

CLAUDIA

Thanks. Is that why you brought me in here? To flirt with me?

JONAS

Why didn't you answer my letters?

CLAUDIA

I didn't want letters from prison.
I didn't want to think about you.

JONAS

So you just turn it off? You love somebody so much one day and they make a mistake and it's over, just like that? Are you really that cold?

CLAUDIA

Yeah, I'm that cold, Jonas. Thanks to you.

JONAS

I don't believe you. I remember you used to grab me and kiss me for no reason ... you used to say you wished I had a zipper in my chest so you could unzip me and climb inside. You said that was the only way we could be any closer. You remember that?

CLAUDIA

What do you want from me? You want me to forgive you? You want me to say it's all gonna be okay? You want me to help you steal my own money to get your brother out of trouble? Why don't you just tell me what you want?

JONAS

I want you back, Claudia.

CLAUDIA

Oh really? So you're going to stand up to your brother? You're going to tell him to stop ruining your life? You're going to walk out of here with me and never talk to that sonovabitch—

JONAS

He's still my brother.

CLAUDIA

That's what I thought. As long as Vinnie is in your life there's no room for anyone else. Because he'll never let you be happy until you're as screwed up as he is! And you know what? I want my life to work. I just want to buy a little house on a hill and paint portraits of people's pets-

JONAS

I have lots of pets.

CLAUDIA

I don't need this.

JONAS

I think you do.

Jonas grabs Claudia and kisses her. Claudia returns the kiss so passionately that they almost fall over. They tumble around the office, knocking things over, scattering papers, ripping at each other's clothes. They land on top of the desk, mouths still locked.

CLAUDIA

Oh my God, I am your gangster bitch.

JONAS

Huh?

Claudia shut him up with her lips. They kiss ardently.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE TO CARLO'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

BB stands outside Carlo's office. He hears several LOUD THUMPS and THE SOUND OF SOMETHING BREAKING. He kicks open the door.

CUT TO

INT. CARLO'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Claudia is straddling Jonas on top of the desk when the door flies open. Jonas face is smeared with lipstick and

Claudia's uniform is pushed up over her bra. BB stands watching as they hastily straighten their clothes and pick up the trashed office.

BB

Yo, sorry to interrupt, yo. But you better hurry up and get the combination outta her cause Vinnie's about to start shootin the girls.

JONAS

What?

Claudia looks Jonas, searching his face for answers.

CLAUDIA

What's he talking about?

JONAS

Claudia, I just told him I'd get the combination you of you so I could talk to you--

CLAUDIA

Oh my God ...

Claudia pushes him away and runs toward the dressing room.

JONAS

Claudia!!

Jonas turns to BB, clenching his teeth, trying his best not to hit him.

BB

What? What did I do?

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS BAR -- CONTINUOUS

Carlo sips his cognac as Vinnie keeps yelling and sweating. The more nervous and desperate Vinnie gets the calmer Carlo becomes.

VINNIE

C'mon, *Paisano*, you don't want that much blood on your hands.

CARLO

(to Frankie)

How bout Al Pacino here. Calls me *Paisano*. We're not even Italian. We're fucking Armenian.

FRANKIE

Fuckin kids today. They watch too much fuckin' cable.

Just then the sounds of police sirens wailing in the distance, getting closer...

VINNIE

Shit! I'm serious, I'm gonna go shoot the girls right now, Uncle! And I'm gonna start with that bitch Claudia-

Vinnie turns around, sees Jonas standing in the doorway to the office.

JONAS

What did you say?

VINNIE

Ummm...nothin'.

JONAS

No, what did you just say?

VINNIE

I was only trying to scare him, bro. He won't give me the combination-

JONAS

Forget about that, we're getting out of here.

VINNIE

But the cops... I think they're outside...

Jonas listens to the sirens, the screeching tires in the parking lot.

JONAS

There's got to be another door
somewhere.

VINNIE

I'm not going anywhere without my
money.

JONAS

Goddamnit, Vinnie, it's not your
money! It's Claudia's money in that
safe, everything she's worked for.

VINNIE

What are you talking about?

The cop sounds outside the door are getting loud.

JONAS

We don't have time for this right
now. You've got to help me find
another way out of here.

Jonas hurries around the room searching for another way
out. He checks the heating duct. Too small.

VINNIE

Wait a sec, if it's Claudia's money
instead of Frankie's then I *can* use
it to pay him back, can't I?

FRANKIE

(To Carlo)

It's not my fucking money in there?

CARLO

I made a deposit this morning.
Everything that's in there belongs
to the broad.

FRANKIE

How fucking much?

CARLO

Around two hundred Gs.

JONAS

I don't give a shit what happens to us but we're not stealing Claudia's money! We're getting out of here. You promised, you swore on Ma's grave--

VINNIE

Uncle, if you give me the combination I'll pay Frankie back double what I owe him-

FRANKIE

Triple, for the fucking inconvenience.

JONAS

Carlo, you can't do this. Claudia's worked eight years for that money-

Carlo looks torn. He glances back and forth between Frankie and Jonas, opens his mouth, when suddenly -

OFFICER COX (O.S.)

This is Officer Cox. The strip club is surrounded. Drop your weapons and come out with your hands up.

JONAS

Is there another way out of here? Carlo, please!

CARLO

I don't remember...

FRANKIE

I built this place like a fucking fortress. There's only two fucking ways outta here.

JONAS

Two?

FRANKIE

You can fucking count. You're a fucking genius. The first fucking way out is through the fucking front door. The second fucking way out is a fucking secret. I'm not telling you pathetic fucks my fucking secret till one of two things happen: One: Vinnie here gives me the fucking money he owes me, or two: Vinnie here gets shot in the head. So which one will it fucking be?

The club phone starts ringing.

OFFICER COX (O.S.)

We understand you have hostages in there. We just want to talk to you. Pick up the phone.

Jonas buries his head in his hands.

JONAS

Goddamn you, Vinnie.

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Lolita, Savannah, Cocolicious and a reluctant Paris surround Claudia in a huge group hug.

LOLITA

Oh, Claudia! It's okay, girl, it's okay, don't cry, come on...

PARIS

I think you should not cry...but it disgusts me to touch you.

COCOLICIOUS

We're gonna bust out of here. We're gonna get your money. Jonas will take care of Jonas, but we're gonna take care'a you.

Savannah looks up from the group hug....and gasps.

SAVANNAH

There's a monkey in my undies!

All eyes follow hers...it's Robert De Niro, Trick Ferret, lounging in a pile of lingerie.

Claudia steps closer to the ferret.

CLAUDIA

That's not a monkey. That's Robert De Niro, Jonas' trick ferret.

SAVANNAH

Gross!

PARIS

He is not gross! He is beautiful.
A beautiful rat.

Paris moves to pick up the ferret. The ferret bolts under the table and disappears.

Claudia whips the scarf off the mirror, revealing their map.

CLAUDIA

Can we figure this out? Please?

PARIS

I will find the rat.

CLAUDIA

So we have to get to Carlo, get the combination, get to the safe, get the money, and get out of here.

PARIS

(sarcastic)

No problem. We will just ask Vinnie and his little friend to lower their gun. This is great. I will make so much more tips with a bullet hole in my tit.

SAVANNAH

Oh, now, hush, Paris. What we need
from you right this sec is just a
little positivity.

Paris makes a serious lemon face.

PARIS
Positivity. What is this? A cheap
perfume from Kmart?

Claudia is in full thinking-cap mode now, pacing the
dressing room. She picks up a gauzy pink kimono and hands
it to Savannah.

CLAUDIA
Take off that dress and put this on.
Coco, how long till the bomb is
ready?

COCOLICIOUS
Give me a hot minute.

PARIS
I want the rat.

Paris gets on all fours to search under the makeup counter.
A sudden, private smile lights Claudia's face.

CLAUDIA
Watch this.

Claudia begins to hum "The Entertainer." After a moment, a
twitchy ferret nose appears from under a makeup bag.
Claudia moves into full voiced "da da da"-ing. The ferret
leaps out and begins to dance a sexy ferret shimmy.

SAVANNAH
Oh my gawd that is the CUTEST!

Paris gasps with delight.

PARIS
You are all so lucky - I have an
idea. This talented creature will
save us all.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS BAR -- CONTINUOUS

The stand off continues as Carlo decides whether or not to give up the numbers. The phone keeps ringing.

VINNIE

C'mon, Carlo, give me the numbers so
I can get Frankie his money.

FRANKIE

You know, my friend, it's not a bad
fucking idea.

JONAS

Don't do it, Carlo. Claudia trusts
you-

CARLO

I got this Alzenheisenberg's disease
in my head, these goddamn mushrooms
growing in my socks, you trying to
give me a heart attack now? Answer
the phone so I can think!

VINNIE

BB, get the phone.

JONAS

You can't let him talk to the
police!

VINNIE

Well, I don't know if I can trust
you.

JONAS

So you're gonna trust Eminem here
over your own brother?

VINNIE

BB, get the phone.

BB flashes some meaningless gang style hand signals at
Jonas, picks up the phone and starts to rap into it.

BB

I'm the negotiator, Phat-er than the Terminator, Check my name you'll hear it later-

OFFICER COX (O.S.)
What's your name son?

BB
It's BB, the notorious BB Gun.

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The room is running like a well-oiled machine. Claudia and Savannah are drawing football-formation-style arrows onto the map, plotting their route. Cocolicious kneels over a pile of makeup building her bomb. Lolita watches the proceedings as she breastfeeds her baby, now wrapped in a sequined dress. Paris hums "I Love Little Girls" from Gigi as she snips a swatch from the bottom of Cocolicious's jungle-print booty shorts.

COCOLICIOUS
Hey! Why you fucking up my groove?

PARIS
Silence. It is for Claudia.

And with that, Paris scissors off a generous lock of Savannah's blonde hair. Savannah gasps, checking out her bald spot in the mirror. Paris snickers.

Cocolicious' bomb has taken on an impressively professional look. Paris hums as she puts the finishing touches on the ferret.

Claudia takes one last look at the map.

CLAUDIA
(to Savannah)
Ready?

Savannah stands. She is naked beneath the kimono.

SAVANNAH
I guess so, hon.

CLAUDIA
This'll be easy. Just distract them
enough to get word to Aquarius.

SAVANNAH
I should'a taken the night off.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS -- CONTINUOUS

Savannah streaks out of the dressing room, holding the front of her kimono closed. Claudia peeks through the dressing room curtains. BB turns to watch as Savannah approaches.

Savannah stops in front of BB.

BB
Get back in the dressing room, Lee
Ann Rhimes.

Savannah's eyes dart to Aquarius, who is watching from the DJ booth. Suddenly, she opens the front of her kimono. Underneath, she is topless.

SAVANNAH
Ta da!!

Savannah raises her arms above her head in a showgirl flourish.

PLOP!

Savannah quickly closes her robe. Everyone stares at the breast implants on the floor: they've fallen out.

Savannah looks puzzled. She's clearly not in any pain.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Hmm.

She remembers her job. She places a Scarlett O'Hara hand to her forehead.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Oh, my lord! Aquarius, help me -
Aquarius!

Aquarius leaps over the top of the DJ booth to Savannah.

AQUARIUS
Goddess! It's okay, we'll put 'em
back.

Aquarius and Savannah kneel. Aquarius hands her an
implant. Savannah quickly whispers something to him.

AQUARIUS (CONT'D)
Wha--?

SAVANNAH
Just concentrate. Kay?

BB stands over Aquarius and Savannah, his back to the
dressing room. Claudia seizes her chance: she crouches
low, running towards Carlo.

BB
Back off, Shake 'N' Bake. She can put
'em back in by herself. Get back in
the dressing room. Now!

Savannah hugs her implants to her chest as she runs to the
dressing room.

Claudia reaches Carlo.

CLAUDIA
(whispering)
What's the combination?

Carlo scratches his head, trying to remember.

CARLO
My birthday I think.

CLAUDIA
What's that?

CARLO
(louder)

You ungrateful bitches don't even
know my birthday? How long you
fuckin work here? You don't deserve
the combination!

Vinnie spins around. He heard that.

VINNIE
Your birthday?

CARLO
I don't remember talking to you.

VINNIE
The combination is your birthday?

Vinnie and Claudia bolt for the safe room. Vinnie grabs
Claudia by the hair.

JONAS
Let go of her!

VINNIE
Back off Jonas. BB, take this bitch
to the dressing room.

BB rests his gun on Claudia's neck.

BB
Hop to it.

Vinnie dashes into Carlo's office.

CLAUDIA
Damn it!

BB drags Claudia to the dressing room.

JONAS
Don't worry, Claudia, I'm not going
to let it happen.

Claudia meets Jonas' eyes desperately as BB shoves her
through the dressing room curtains.

CUT TO:

INT. CARLO'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Vinnie kneels in front of the safe trying different combinations on the lock. He can't open it. He bangs his head against the metal door.

VINNIE

Shit!

Jonas enters.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

Good, Jonas, what's Uncle Carlo's birthday?

JONAS

I don't know. And if I did I wouldn't tell you. I'm not helping you steal Claudia's money.

VINNIE

Please? I swear I'll never ask you anything ever again.

JONAS

Forget it.

VINNIE

I need you, bro! We can take this money and go wherever you want. We could go to that place that has kangaroos....?

JONAS

Australia?

VINNIE

Yeah, Australia. I don't speak German but I can learn. You always wanted a kangaroo, didn't you? When we were kids—

JONAS

Don't talk to me about when we were kids! You swore on Ma's grave, you looked me right in the eye and you lied about Claudia. You threatened

to kill her! Do you have any idea
how fucked up this is? Do you have
any idea what you've done?

Jonas slowly backs Vinnie up against the safe.

VINNIE

This is about Claudia? She canned
you, man! She dumped you in prison.
That girl has never even heard that
song "Stand By Your Man."

(Singing)

*Give him two arms to cling to. And
something warm to come to when the
nights are cold and lonely. Stand
by your man-* I love that song.

JONAS

Do you know why I haven't seen
Claudia for the last two years? Do
you? Because of you, Vinnie! Ever
since I got out of prison I've been
working to get my shit together so I
could be good enough for her, so I
could get her back. I was going to
call her as soon as my parole was
up, next fucking week!

Jonas slams his fist against the safe behind Vinnie's head.

VINNIE

But kangaroos, Jonas, kangaroos—

Jonas heads for the door.

JONAS

See ya later.

VINNIE

What're you doing?

JONAS

I'm getting out of here.

VINNIE

You can't just leave me!

Jonas keeps walking.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

You promised Ma! You remember? You
promised.

Jonas stops in his tracks, slowly turns around.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MA'S KITCHEN -- DAY

The caption reads: **MA'S KITCHEN, 1982.**

MA sits at the kitchen table. She wears a dark silk bathrobe. Smokes a huge cigar. She's the spitting image of Marlon Brando, complete with padded jowls. A caption appears: **MA. THE GODMOTHER.** On the kitchen table in front of her is a birthday cake with eight candles. Ma stares into the camera, deadpan, puffing her cigar. She speaks in a deep, hoarse whisper to a visitor offscreen.

MA

You come to me on the day of my
son's birthday ...to tell me that my
son ...is an idiot. Why do you
think you should come to me today
with this problem of yours?

Camera pans out to reveal PRINCIPAL PUNY sitting across from Ma at the table. He's a small, spectacled man clutching a notebook to his chest and trembling from head to toe.

PRINCIPAL PUNY

Mrs.-

MA

Ma.

PRINCIPAL PUNY

I don't think you understand. This
is not my problem that I'm coming to
you with today. This is about
Vincent, he has the IQ of a drunk
puppy, he--

Ma holds up her hand and the principal instantly shuts up.

MA

You ...are a teacher. You are the principal of the school. And you say you can't teach my son...because he is stupid. Do you see how that is your problem?

PRINCIPAL PUNY

But I've tried everything! The boy can't spell his own name. He's going to fail the third grade—

MA

I see. But.... if my idiot son fails the third grade then your fine church- going wife will find out about a certain young secretary--

PRINCIPAL PUNY

Mrs. Akbar, Steven is my administrative assistant!

MA

Please have the respect to call me Ma. As a token of my admiration for you and all of your "fabulous" brothers in the education system, I will keep this information within the family. In return I ask only a small gesture of your allegiance. Do we understand each other?

There is a pause. Principal Puny shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

PRINCIPAL PUNY

I...I think we do. I would be proud to recommend your son Vincent for the Student of the Year award. I can't think of a more promising, deserving—

MA

It's been a pleasure doing business with you.

PRINCIPAL PUNY

I should be going-

Principal Puny gets up to leave. Ma offers him her heavily jeweled hand. Hesitantly he kneels in front of her and kisses her ring.

MA

Stop in the basement on your way out. Take one of those Alaskan polar bear opera coats for your lovely wife.

PRINCIPAL PUNY

I better not -

MA

She'll love it.

PRINCIPAL PUNY

But they're endangered-

Ma glares at him.

PRINCIPAL PUNY (CONT'D)

Thank you... Ma.

Shaking, the principal backs out the door. Ma rises slowly, heavily, and walks over to the window.

Through the window, we see eight year old Vinnie standing in the front yard, staring at a tree. With a look of extreme concentration he runs head first into the tree trunk and falls face down into the grass.

Ma sighs, her expression a mix of affection and disgust.

MA

Jonas!

Six year old Jonas appears beside her. He's got a parakeet perched on one shoulder and a mouse on the other.

JONAS

Yes, Ma?

MA

Your brother is an idiot.

JONAS

I know, Ma.

MA

Ever since I found you in that
garbage can I have treated you like
my own flesh and blood. In return I
ask of you only this one simple
favor: When I am gone you must look
out for your brother. You must take
care of him always.

JONAS

I will, Ma.

MA

And teach him to spell his name.

JONAS

Yes, Ma.

MA

Promise me.

JONAS

I promise.

Ma watches Vinnie through the window. He gets up, rubs his
swollen head, then runs at the tree again.

CUT TO:

INT. CARLO'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Vinnie fixes his brother with a sad puppydog look. Jonas
steels himself.

VINNIE

You promised.

JONAS

Yeah, I remember what I promised. I
remember when you used to steal shit
from the corner store and I'd chase

around after you paying for it so they wouldn't call Ma. Or when you'd pick on a kid much bigger than you and you'd run away and hide, so I'd take the beating. And I remember watching the woman I love crying through the bars of a jail cell how can I forget? Helping you has screwed up everything good I ever had-- I've spent my whole life cleaning up every sad, pathetic mess you've ever made and now I look at you and I think- what a waste. What a waste of my life. Well I've got a chance here, it's a small chance but I'm gonna take it, I'm not gonna let you screw it up this time.

VINNIE

Oh, blame it all on me, go ahead! Everything's my fault! There goes Vinnie the idiot screwing everything up again! Go ahead, leave me here to die or go to jail, what do you care? You're only my brother!

JONAS

Actually, you know what Vinnie? I'm not really your brother. Ma found me in a garbage can.

Jonas turns around to walk out. Vinnie snivels. Then a look of concentration spreads across his face. We recognize it: the determination he had as a child running head first into that tree. He hunches down and runs at Jonas, knocking them both onto the ground.

The brothers struggle violently on the office floor. Vinnie grabs a heavy paperweight shaped like a woman's ass off the desk and tries to smash Jonas in the head - Jonas ducks out of the way just in time.

Jonas punches Vinnie in the jaw. Vinnie pretends to cry, then punches Jonas back. Jonas falls to the floor and Vinnie climbs onto his chest, hawks up a big loogie...

JONAS (CONT'D)

Don't do it-

Vinnie just grins and lets the spit dangle out of his mouth above Jonas' face. Jonas struggles to get away as the green gob gets closer and closer ...

Finally he manages to toss Vinnie off of him. He slams Vinnie into the wall, twisting his arm behind his back.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Say uncle!

VINNIE

Is the wind blowing ? I can't feel anything ...Was that a fly that just bit me?

JONAS

I said say uncle!

VINNIE

Say uncle!

JONAS

Say Uncle, fucker!

VINNIE

Uncle fucker!

They brothers continue to brawl, knocking over the desk, rolling across the floor, crashing through the doors into the main room.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

The brothers topples through the office door, struggling all the way to the stage. Jonas lands a few good punches but then-

Vinnie headbutts Jonas, knocking him unconscious.

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Claudia peeks out the edge of the dressing room curtain watching the fight. She winces as Jonas collapses to the floor.

CLAUDIA

Jonas ...

Lolita has been peeking out the other side of the curtain. She tries to comfort Claudia-

LOLITA

Don't worry chica, he'll be okay.
Softey's been shot twenty two times,
he's only got one kidney, and his
right eye is made of plastic, but
he's okay.

CLAUDIA

Are you ready?

LOLITA

Let's do this thing.

COCOLICIOUS

My ass is ready and waitin, girl.

CLAUDIA

Alright then. Here we go.

Claudia sneaks out from behind the curtain.

CUT TO:

INT. CARLO THE CRAB'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Claudia squeezes through the half-open door into the office, followed by Cocolicious and Lolita, holding her sleeping baby. They hide behind the door, breathing hard. The three women face the safe. They speak in low tones.

CLAUDIA

The combination is Carlo's birthday.

LOLITA

When's that?

COCOLICIOUS

1492, right?

CLAUDIA

I don't know...

Claudia pokes through the clutter on Carlo's desk.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

Check the file cabinet for a clue...

Lolita balances the baby and carefully opens a drawer in the creaky file. Cocolicious stands behind her, eyes darting around the room. Then Cocolicious notices something.

Cocolicious approaches a huge velvet painting of the Last Supper, which takes up one whole wall. In one corner, a birthday card featuring a happy bunny in a fedora is jammed into the frame. It is dusty and yellow with age.

COCOLICIOUS

Hey...

Coco pulls the card out. She blows the dust off.

COCOLICIOUS (CONT'D)

I think I may have found something.

Claudia and Lolita look over Cocolicious' shoulders. Cocolicious opens the ancient card.

COCOLICIOUS (CONT'D)

"To Carlo: Happy fucking 60th birthday. Many fuckin more, Frankie. January 5, 1970."

LOLITA

Carlo is NINETY-something?

CLAUDIA

Looks like it.

LOLITA

Wow, then actually he looks pretty good.

Claudia approaches the safe.

CLAUDIA

Here we go. Get in position.

Lolita and Cocolicious flank Claudia, crouching low. Claudia turns the dial and opens the safe. Aside from a few old papers, it's empty. A sexy framed picture of Liza Minelli stares back at them. Claudia stands back up in alarm.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

It's empty!

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS -- CONTINUOUS

Vinnie duct tapes unconscious Jonas to a chair near the VIP area. Frankie, Tits and Carlo look on impassively.

FRANKIE

When your own fucking family don't want nothing to fucking do with it, you know your fucking plan is down the shithole.

TITS

That's fucking right, boss, family is a fuckin sanctity. It fucking hurts me deeply to watch this motherfucker abusing the holy fucking bond between brothers.

VINNIE

BB, make them shut up. I need to think.

Vinnie wraps the last of the duct tape around Jonas' chest. He's frantic and sweating. The gun shakes in his hand.

BB dances over to Frankie and Tits.

BB

Well, hello, all my hostages, my name is BB Fresh, I'ma take your fucking money...

He struggles for a rhyme.

BB (CONT'D)

To my address.

FRANKIE

Give that man a fucking Grammy.
He's the next P. Diddydoo.

TITS

Look how he brandishes his weapon.

FRANKIE

Fuckin side-wise.

Tits burst out laughing. Frankie manages a little chuckle.

TITS

That's fuckin impressive, I never
met a fuckin guy who's aim was that
fucking good.

FRANKIE

Me neither, and I know a lot of
serious fucking guys. I hear that
shit works like a charm on the
fuckin MTV, though.

BB rotates his gun to the proper position.

BB

Happy? Now I can kill you better.

Jonas opens his eyes, groggy, bleeding.

JONAS

Claudia ...

CUT TO:

INT. CARLO'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Claudia stares into the empty safe.

CLAUDIA

I don't understand. I gave Carlo an
envelope this afternoon--

Claudia sticks her head in, feeling the walls.

COCOLICIOUS
Move your ass over, girl. Let me
see.

Cocolicious examines the safe while Claudia circles it,
looking for clues.

COCOLICIOUS (CONT'D)
It's gotta be somewhere, right?

Claudia is starting to lose her cool.

CLAUDIA
I've seen him stash my money in a
suitcase and set it in the safe!

LOLITA
It's cool, Claudia, we'll find it.
Right, Cocolicious?

Cocolicious backs away, scoping out the office.

COCOLICIOUS
It's a decoy safe. Carlo ain't
stupid. Check the desk.

LOLITA
Okay.

Lolita scans the desk. Claudia approaches the velvet
painting.

CLAUDIA
Coco-

Cocolicious follows Claudia's eyes to the painting. She
nods.

COCOLICIOUS
I hear what you're screaming.

As quietly as they can, they lift the painting off the
wall. Behind it is a second safe.

COCOLICIOUS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but we're good. We the
shit. We're like Charlie's Angels
with rhythm.

Claudia starts to dial the combination, but the door just
swings open on its own.

LOLITA

It's not even locked!

Inside, suspicious looking brown bags, fake passports and
the like. Claudia reaches further in and pulls out two
bright pink Hello Kitty Suitcases. She hands one each to
Lolita and Cocolicious. Then she pulls out a brown paper
bag. Inside is a gun. Claudia takes it.

The phone on the desk RINGS. They freeze.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS -- CONTINUOUS

Vinnie paces frantically. BB keeps his gun right where
Frankie and Tits can see it. Suddenly we hear the phone
RINGING from the office. The phone rings once then stops.
Vinnie's face falls, he rushes toward the office.

VINNIE

Claudia!

He turns back.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

BB! I'm gonna go get us the money.
You find out where this secret
passage is. We're getting outta
here.

Vinnie runs out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. CARLO'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Cocolicious swoops the phone off the hook before it can
ring again.

COCOLICIOUS

Cheeks Beer and Boobs, how may I help you?...Yeah, where the hell are you people? Why ain't you busting in here and saving our asses, or isn't that your job anymore, officer...yeah, she was pregnant, but now she got a baby...what, so you're just gonna sit out there shooting the shit cuz there's a baby in here? They already got guns pointed at the motherfucking baby, get your stupid cop asses in here!

Cocolicious slams down the phone.

COCOLICIOUS (CONT'D)

Oh, shit. Was I loud?

CLAUDIA

Let's go.

Pounding Charlie's Angels action music kicks in.

The three girls duck out of the room, secret agent style....SLAM! Right into Vinnie. Claudia and Vinnie simultaneously raise their guns.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS -- CONTINUOUS

BB swaggers up to Frankie, posing menacingly with his weapon. Frankie eyes him with the same interest he'd give a TV test pattern. BB gets right in Frankie's face, bugging his eyes out, waving the gun. BB taps Frankie's chest with the nose of the pistol. Now Frankie's getting annoyed.

BB

Where's the fucking passage, yo?

FRANKIE

The fuckin passage? Up my ass.

BB

Don't make me look there, Pops.

BB marches up to Frankie and reaches for his hat. His hand hovers in the air.

BB (CONT'D)

Where's the passage?

FRANKIE

(dead calm)

Don't you fuckin touch my fuckin hat.

TITS

Don't fuckin touch his fuckin hat.
You don't fuckin know the pain.

BB swipes the hat off Frankie's head. Revealing a bald pate emblazoned with a vivid wine-stain birthmark (think Gorbachev), perfectly forming the shape of a shining erect penis.

BB

Oh shit! Look at Frankie Dickhead!

TITS

Put it back, put the fuckin hat back
on his fuckin head, fucker!

Tits leaps up, covering the penis mark with his hands. He removes his jacket and tries to fashion a turban on Frankie's head.

BB dons the hat.

BB

Look at me, I'm the boss man now,
bada bing!

Vinnie and Claudia, their guns aimed right at each other, back each other into the center of the main room. Lolita and Cocolicious hover close to Claudia.

VINNIE

Drop the gun, Claudia.

CLAUDIA

No.

VINNIE
(yelling)
I said drop the goddamn gun! I'm
through with fucking around!

CLAUDIA
I said no.

At their table, Tits can't help staring at Frankie's exposed head but Frankie sits calm as the Buddha (maybe thinking about where to bury BB's body) with his penis mark on display. Carlo is sipping whiskey. BB keeps a close eye on Jonas, who watches helplessly.

FRANKIE
That's a fuckin woman right there.

TITS
I fuckin agree. That's fuckin
beautiful to behold, nice looking
lady handling her fuckin business
like that. That's the fuckin girl
that's retiring?

FRANKIE
The same fuckin one. Claudia, after
you fucking quit Cheeks, you wanna
work for me?

VINNIE
SHUT UP!

Vinnie swings around and points the gun at Jonas.

VINNIE (CONT'D)
Drop the gun, and drop the
suitcases, or Jonas is dead.

Claudia falters.

CLAUDIA
You wouldn't kill your own brother.

Vinnie steps back.

VINNIE

You're right, I wouldn't.

He turns to BB.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

BB, be my guest.

BB lets out a howl and runs to Jonas, sticking his gun in Jonas' temple.

BB

"Whatchu wanna do? You wanna be ballers, shot callers, brawlers!"

CLAUDIA

NO!

JONAS

Claudia-

VINNIE

Tell your bitches to drop those suitcases.

JONAS

Don't give it to him.

CLAUDIA

But, Jonas-

JONAS

Don't do it, baby.

CLAUDIA

I'm not letting anything happen to you.

Claudia lays the gun on the floor. She motions to Lolita and Cocolicious.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

Give him the suitcases.

Vinnie grins victoriously at Cocolicious and Lolita's furious expressions.

VINNIE

Bring em riiiiight here.

Cocolicious and Lolita walk to Vinnie's side and drop the suitcases on the floor. Lolita can't resist kicking him in the leg.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

Ow!

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Savannah and Paris have donned catsuits. They are ready for battle. Savannah squints at the map drawn on the mirror. She checks her watch.

SAVANNAH

We haveta go now. You about set?

Paris holds up a small marabou-covered, writhing sack.

PARIS

Ready.

Savannah picks up Coco's bomb.

SAVANNAH

Alrighty then, sweetie pie. Lets
save this lil' old strip club.

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM ENTRANCE -- CONTINUOUS

Paris appears in the doorway, holding the writhing sack. Savannah joins her, waving a pair of lacy white underwear in each hand. (Without the boobs, she can lift her arms just fine!)

SAVANNAH

(whispering)

Wait till Aquarius sees....

PARIS

(low)

Pathetic stone-head. He better wake
up.

CUT TO:

INT. DJ BOOTH -- CONTINUOUS

Aquarius is scrawling astrological symbols into his book. He looks up. He sees the panty signal. He nods to Savannah, sitting up straight and giving himself a little slap to sober up.

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM ENTRANCE -- CONTINUOUS

Paris kneels and opens the sack.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS -- CONTINUOUS

Claudia, Cocolicious, and Lolita with her baby stand before Vinnie. The Hello Kitty suitcases sit on the floor between them.

A blur, low to the floor, runs past Vinnie and BB. Robert De Niro, Trick Ferret, in full drag, climbs the stage. The ferret wears a blonde wig, sequined skirt, and tassels. Everyone turns to stare.

CUT TO:

INT. DJ BOOTH -- CONTINUOUS

Aquarius flips a switch and presses play. "BB Gun Goes Bang" BLASTS through the sound system.

BB (O.S.)
Hey! That's my shit! Wooo!

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS -- CONTINUOUS

Hearing the music, Robert De Niro begins to dance. He hops around on his little ferret feet. He turns his back to the

awed audience of kidnappers and hostages and executes a perfect booty-shake. The crowd is mesmerized.

BB

Oh shit!

TITS

Look at that fuckin ferret go!

SAVANNAH (O.S.)

Hiiii-ya!

Savannah somersaults out of the dressing room, ninja style. She comes back up, wielding the homemade bomb, Paris close on her heels.

Savannah hurls the bomb. The ladies split up:

Paris beelines for Vinnie,

Lolita stalks BB,

Savannah and Cocolicious approach Frankie and Tits.

The bomb lands in the middle of the room. It releases copious multicolored smoke. The dense smoke fills the room, blinding everyone.

VINNIE

HEY! I can't see!

Vinnie struggles through the smoky club searching for the suitcases. He spots them and scrambles toward them. He reaches out for them.

THUMP! ...Vinnie's knocked to the floor. His gun flies out of his hand and lands a foot away.

VINNIE'S POV: Paris stands above him, one of her go go boots raised above her head. Her hair flies around her face, her teeth sparkle in the smoky neon light. Vinnie sighs dreamily as THWACK! The boot comes down on his head.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKIE'S TABLE -- CONTINUOUS

Savannah and Cocolicious make it over to Frankie and Tits.
Savannah grabs Tits' arm.

SAVANNAH
You're a big, strong man, come help
us little girls out.

Savannah leads Tits through the blinding smoke to the front
door.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Let's break this silly little door
open.

Tits obligingly hurls himself at the bolted door.
Cocolicious joins in the effort, aiming for the door with
her butt.

TITS
I gotta tell you, Coco, I been
thinking of your magic ass all
fucking night long.

Cocolicious is flattered.

COCOLICIOUS
Yeah?

TITS
When all this fucking shit is
through, I'd like to take you out to
this Italian place I know, have a
couple drinks, maybe photograph your
ass from every angle.

Cocolicious grins. Tits grins. A romance is born.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS -- CONTINUOUS

Lolita, holding her sequin wrapped baby in one arm, has
drop kicked BB. She pounds him with her high heel.

BB
Ow! Stop! Do You Mind!

LOLITA

Do I mind? No I don't mind-

She kicks him hard.

BB

Stop it! You're hurting me!

LOLITA

Why you sound so white all of a sudden, Neil Diamond?

BB

You better stop! My dad is on the Malibu City Council!

LOLITA

Well my man Softy is the king of 58th street!

With her baby safely cradled in her arms, she kicks the shit out of the moaning, helpless guy.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKIE'S TABLE -- CONTINUOUS

Claudia runs by the table. Frankie sits calm as ever, sipping his drink in the fog.

FRANKIE

Claudia!

Claudia stops in her tracks.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Why don't you come sit the fuck down for a moment.

Claudia hesitates. She wants to break down the door, and she wants to get her suitcases. Frankie pats the seat next to him. Claudia sits. She squints at his head through the smoke.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Are you looking at my fuckin head?

CLAUDIA

You shouldn't cover it up all the time. It's not so bad, it's just a little birthmark.

FRANKIE

It's not just a fuckin birthmark.

CLAUDIA

No, its a birthmark in the shape of a penis. And the penis is a beautiful thing. Embrace your head.

FRANKIE

Huh, what the fuck, maybe I will. Now lets talk fuckin business. You're in love with Vinnie's fuckin brother? You want to get him the fuck out of here?

CLAUDIA

Yeah.

FRANKIE

You're a quality fuckin broad, you know that?

CLAUDIA

Thanks.

FRANKIE

I think I can be of fuckin help to you. It just so fuckin happens I got a way to get you and your boyfriend the fuck out of here right now.

CLAUDIA

The suitcases - they're-

FRANKIE

The suitcases are fuckin mine. They're owed to me.

CLAUDIA

It's all I have.

FRANKIE

Well, you can wait till the fuckin pigs bust in, but I am afraid your friend Jonas is going to fucking jail then. This is the fucking bed his fucking brother made for all of you.

Behind them, the sound of the DOOR SPLINTERING.

CLAUDIA

I have to get Jonas out of here.
Take the money. Where's the door?

FRANKIE

Go to the last fuckin lapdance booth on the right, pull out the fuckin purple couch.

CLAUDIA

Thank you.

Claudia runs to Jonas through the clearing smoke. She rips savagely through his duct tape bonds.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS -- CONTINUOUS

Paris straddles Vinnie, beating him relentlessly with the boot.

VINNIE

Not the boot! Not the stinky boot!

PARIS

Yes! The stinky boot for you!

VINNIE

But I did it all for you! I love you, Paris!

Paris pounds him mercilessly.

PARIS

Perhaps I love you as well.

VINNIE

If you love me why are you beating
me up?

PARIS

Because I am French and I am angry!

Paris grabs Vinnie's gun and points it at him.

PARIS (CONT'D)

What you did for me, no one has ever
done. When you get out of prison I
will let you kiss me.

Vinnie beams ecstatically.

Jonas and Claudia run past, heading for the Champagne room.
Vinnie calls after them.

VINNIE

Jonas!

Jonas stops running. Claudia waits. Will he go to his
brother as usual?

CLAUDIA

Jonas--

JONAS

Let's get out of here.

VINNIE

Jonas! I just want you to know I
love you, even if you're not really
my real brother. I'm not gonna tell
the cops about you. Paris loves me,
bro, she loves me!

PARIS

It is true, I love you, toilet
cleaner! But shut up or I will
shoot you!

JONAS

Goodbye, Vinnie.

Jonas grabs Claudia's hand and they run toward the champagne room.

JONAS (CONT'D)

But the money-

CLAUDIA

Leave it.

Jonas and Claudia disappear into the champagne room.

INT. CHAMPAGNE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Claudia and Jonas run to the last lap dance booth. Claudia grabs one end of the couch and pulls. It won't move. She yanks. It won't budge.

JONAS

Here-

Jonas tries. Not an inch. Claudia kicks the couch in utter frustration.

The couch glides forward and then smoothly swings out in an arc. Behind the couch is a doorknob. Claudia grabs it and turns. A secret door opens. Laughing, almost crying with relief, she grabs Jonas' hand and runs through the door. The door closes and the couch swings back into place behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS FRONT DOOR -- CONTINUOUS

Tits, Savannah, and Cocolicious continue to rush at the door. Carlo leans against the bar, smoking a Silk Cut, watching impassively.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHEEKS -- CONTINUOUS

Just outside the door, cops in full riot gear pose at the door, ready, guns drawn. Behind them, reporters aim cameras at the front door, which rattles with repeated blows from just inside.

Officer Cox, black, early fifties, speaks into a bullhorn.

OFFICER COX

*Let the hostages go. You are
surrounded.*

Camera finds DAPHNE DAVENPORT, plastic newswoman, taping a segment several feet away.

DAPHNE

This is Daphne Davenport, coming to
you live from Cheeks Beer and Boobs,
where a hostage situation has come
to a head tonight - hey-

Daphne is drowned out by the PULSING BASS of a bouncing lowrider which parks directly behind her. Half a dozen HOMIES pour out. They stand on the street in their baggy jeans and wife-beater shirts, staring at the strip club.

The homies begin to pull out small bibles and rosaries. They join hands.

The driver's door opens. A mountain of a man hefts himself to his feet. He raises his face to gaze upon the strip club. His face is fat and kind, wet with tears. The word "Lolita" is tattooed across his forehead. Yup, it's SOFTY.

Softy stares wistfully at the door while all around him his gang clasp their hands in prayer.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

Let's get the gang bangers.

Daphne and Cameraman hurry over to Softy, shoving their camera in his face.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

Why are you here? Is this your
hood? Are you related to the
suspects?

SOFTY

No I ain't related to no suspects!
My lady's in there ...

Softy's chin begins to tremble and tears roll down his cheeks.

SOFTY (CONT'D)

Some people say it ain't cool for a man to cry. But I'm so bad I ain't afraid to sob like a baby. That's why they call me Softy.

The Reporter takes a closer look at Softy's Lolita tattoo.

DAPHNE

Lolita. Is that the name of your gang?

SOFTEY

No, mami, that's the name of my one true love, my beautiful Babymama. I wanna send a message to those *putos* in there - you best watch yourselves cause my beautiful gangsta bitch will kick your head in so far you'll be checking out the inside of your ass, so watch out fuckers!!

DAPHNE

(to the Cameraman)

Can you bleep that?

CUT TO:

INT. CHEEKS -- CONTINUOUS

Lolita has kicked BB into a whining state of semiconsciousness. No trace of his former posturing remains. She bends over, holding her baby carefully, and yanks the gun out of BB's hands. Tits calls to her from the door.

TITS (O.S.)

Bring that fuckin gun over here!

Lolita beelines for Tits. The suitcases lay in her path. She freezes.

LOLITA

Oh, shit, Claudia's money!

Frankie rises from his couch.

FRANKIE

Don't touch that fuckin money.

Tits approaches the suitcases protectively.

TITS

It's Frankie's fuckin money.

LOLITA

No it's not! It's Claudia's!

FRANKIE

Don't you fuckin worry your head.

Tits takes the gun out of Lolita's hand.

TITS

Back away from the fuckin door,
everyone.

Tits aims and fires. He shoots the lock off. Frankie joins him at the entrance.

FRANKIE

Tits, get the fuckin suitcases.

The doors fall open. Tits and Frankie find themselves staring down a sea of cops.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

On second thought, leave the fuckin
things for fuckin Carlo.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHEEKS -- CONTINUOUS

Smoke billows from the front door of Cheeks. Half a dozen cops in full riot gear raise their weapons. Behind them, camera crews focus their cameras on the front door.

Silhouettes appear ghostlike in the doorway. Coccolicious and Savannah, soot-covered and wide-eyed, stumble out into the fresh air, hands above their heads.

SAVANNAH

Don't shoot! We're topless dancers!
I know I don't have tits right now
but I swear -

Cops stream into the club. Paris pushes through them out into the street: one boot on, ripped clothes, hair everywhere. Paris walks straight up to the reporter, posing for the camera. Cocolicious and Savannah follow her.

PARIS

Hello, I am Paris.

Daphne stares at Paris' torn clothes. After a beat she remembers to interview her.

DAPHNE

Were you inside the club this whole time? Did you feel you were in danger?

PARIS

Yes, I was in danger. But I was not afraid. I am very brave. You all cannot see right now because I am so dirty, but I am the most beautiful woman in this club. I am far more beautiful than you.

DAPHNE

How many gunmen were there?

Paris leans in to the camera.

PARIS

I am the most beautiful woman!
Believe me!

Cocolicious inserts herself between Paris and the camera.

COCOLICIOUS

There were two gunmen. Two, right?

She looks meaningfully at the other girls crowded behind her.

SAVANNAH

Two.

PARIS

Two.

COCOLICIOUS

Just two gunmen.

DAPHNE

Were any of you hurt?

PARIS

In my country, the women are far more beautiful than in America. But even there, I am considered to be the most beautiful! I cause many car accidents!

Lolita stumbles past them, clutching her baby.

LOLITA

Softy? Softy?!

SOFTY (O.S.)

Lolita! LOLITA!!!!

LOLITA

Softy!

Lolita takes off running.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Lolita runs towards Softy's prayer circle of homies. Softy runs to Lolita.

SOFTY

Lolita!

LOLITA

Oh, Softy! My man!

The rush together in a passionate embrace.

SOFTY

Oh, baby, I was outta my head!

LOLITA

I had that shit covered, you know
me. No big deal. Hey, look, I had
the baby.

SOFTY

Oh, shit!

Lolita hands Softy the baby.

LOLITA

I thought we could name her, like,
Claudia Cocolicious Softy Rodriguez.

Softy exposes the unmarked underside of one arm, tracing
the length where the tattoo will go.

SOFTY

"Claudia...Cocolicious....Softy...."
I think it'll fit.

They kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHEEKS -- CONTINUOUS

Cops load Vinnie and BB into the back of a squad car.
Carlo watches, smoking his cigarette sourly. He waves at
the cops as they slam the door.

CARLO

That's both of em. Idiots.

Two more cops lead Frankie and Tits, handcuffed, to a
second car. Frankie is calm, slightly annoyed.

FRANKIE

You got fuckin nothing.

TITS

Fuckin nothing!

OFFICER COX

You telling me Frankie the Hat just happened to be in there tonight? We'll see.

FRANKIE

Hey! My fuckin name ain't Frankie that Hat. Call me...Frankie the Penis.

Frankie's eyes shine with quiet pride as they load him into the car. Tits follows him in.

TITS

That's a beautiful fuckin name. Frankie the Penis. Fuckin A.

Carlo limps over to the car.

CARLO

Frankie-

FRANKIE

It's okay, Carlo, they got fuckin nothin, I'll fuckin call you tonight from Vegas. Take a fuckin night off sometime, we'll party like the old days, what do you say?

CARLO

The old days....I don't remember any old days. You know the luggage, your suitcases?

FRANKIE

The fuckin ones in the club, them?

CARLO

That's the ones. No disrespect, Frankie, I gotta give them to Claudia.

FRANKIE

She fuckin bequeathed that luggage to me.

CARLO

I know. But if I don't, she'll have to keep workin for me for another eight years, a thorn in my ass.

FRANKIE
I can't just fuckin-

CARLO
There'll be other luggage.

Officer Cox moves to close the car door.

CARLO (CONT'D)
One fuckin second here, Mr
Fancypants, I am talking to my
friend!...What do you say, Frankie?

Frankie gazes at Carlo, his face twitching with displeasure.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Claudia and Jonas emerge from the secret passage, crawling out a grate into a deserted alleyway. In the distance we hear the sounds of police sirens and other ruckus coming from the strip club. Jonas takes a few steps into the alleyway but Claudia remains frozen, staring back at the club.

JONAS
You okay?

CLAUDIA
No. I just left all my money in there. I can't believe I traded you for two hundred grand. I must be crazy.

JONAS
I'm not even worth half that. You got ripped off.

CLAUDIA
Just shut up.

JONAS

Seriously, I'm not sure why you did that. But I want you to know I'll work to pay you back. I'll buy you a house. I'm not going to get in any more trouble, I--

Claudia kisses him passionately. Claudia's hands run up and down Jonas' body. Suddenly she stops, feels around his crotch.

CLAUDIA

I don't remember it being quite this--

The ferret - Robert De Niro, still wearing his makeshift wig - pops his head out of Jonas' pants pocket. Claudia laughs.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

Oh well, I was about to be really impressed. Never mind. How're you doing, Mr. Robert De Niro? How is it down Jonas' pants these days? Shall we find out?

Claudia slips her hand down Jonas' pants. He gasps.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

Now I didn't work for ten years for nothing, you understand? You're going to have to make it up to me.

JONAS

And how am I going to do that?

CLAUDIA

You're going to be my personal slave boy and give me everything I want and we're going to be so disgustingly happy that people will gag when they see us. Deal?

JONAS

I'll take that deal.

They kiss again. Jonas pulls away.

JONAS (CONT'D)

So you don't hate me for screwing up
your life savings?

CLAUDIA

I guess I believe that everything
happens for a reason. Maybe I'm
meant to go back to work at Cheeks
and give people joy one Budwiser at
a time. And if that's what my
life's supposed to be...then so be
it.

JONAS

I love you.

CLAUDIA

You better.

They walk down the alleyway hand in hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Jonas and Claudia walk arm-in-arm down the alleyway towards
the street. Around the corner, the sounds of HEAVY
BREATHING and DRAGGING FEET.

CARLO (O.S.)

Goddamn it!

Jonas and Claudia stop at the sound of Carlo's voice.

CLAUDIA

Carlo?

CARLO (O.S.)

Wait one godforsaken...minute!
Fucking sciatica shit!

Carlo limps around the corner. He is carrying the Hello
Kitty suitcases. Claudia runs to him.

CLAUDIA

The money!

She embraces the old man.

CARLO
Get the fuck off me!

CLAUDIA
I thought....I thought Frankie-

CARLO
What, I told Frankie I had to give
the bitch her money or she'd keep
working at Cheeks and bug me all the
time. Small price to pay to get you
the hell off my back.

Claudia is near tears.

CLAUDIA
Thank you Carlo.

CARLO
Don't thank me, just leave me alone.

Carlo turns to Jonas.

CARLO (CONT'D)
And you. No more funny stuff.

JONAS
No, sir.

CARLO
Damn right.

Claudia moves to hug Carlo again.

CARLO (CONT'D)
Don't touch me! I'm going to bed.
Shitty night. Fucking shit.

Carlo turns and limps away. Claudia stares at the
suitcases, then at Jonas.

Slowly, an infectious smile spreads over her face. She
grabs Jonas and kisses him.

CLAUDIA

I'm gonna buy a house. I need a boy
who can mow lawns with a lot of
weird pets. You know anyone?

Claudia and Jonas each pick up a suitcase. They walk arm-
in-arm down the alley.

LOLITA (V.O.)

And at that moment, Claudia knew for
a fact that I was right all along.
When you think about somebody every
day, and you feel like, shit, if I
only got to pick one person and it
was me and them versus the planet,
he's the one, no matter if he got
money, or if he cause trouble,
you're for him and he's for you.
Claudia looked at Jonas and realized
if he called her from the moon,
she'd jump in her motherfuckin
Hyundai and go pick his ass up.

Claudia and Jonas emerge behind the Cheeks parking lot.
They can see the sirens and TV vans and chaos just in front
of the building. They walk together to Claudia's Hyundai.
Jonas, ever the gentleman, kicks the front door till it
opens for Claudia. They climb in.

LOLITA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Claudia knew once and for all she
was Jonas' gangster bitch.

Claudia starts the car. They pull out of the parking lot
and drive past the crowd at the front entrance of Cheeks,
driving past the strippers, Frankie and Tits in one squad
car, BB and Vinnie in another. Robert De Niro the ferret
presses his nose to the window.

LOLITA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Sometimes all you need to be
reunited with your true love is four
strippers, two gangsters, a couple
of pinche idiots with guns, and
Robert de Niro.

Claudia and Jonas watch the chaos as they drive by.

LOLITA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And I don't gotta tell you, cause
you know it - they lived happily
forever after and all that shit.

Claudia and Jonas dive away from Cheeks with smiles on
their faces, puttering off into the moonlight as

CREDITS ROLL.