

WARRIOR WARRIOR

Written by

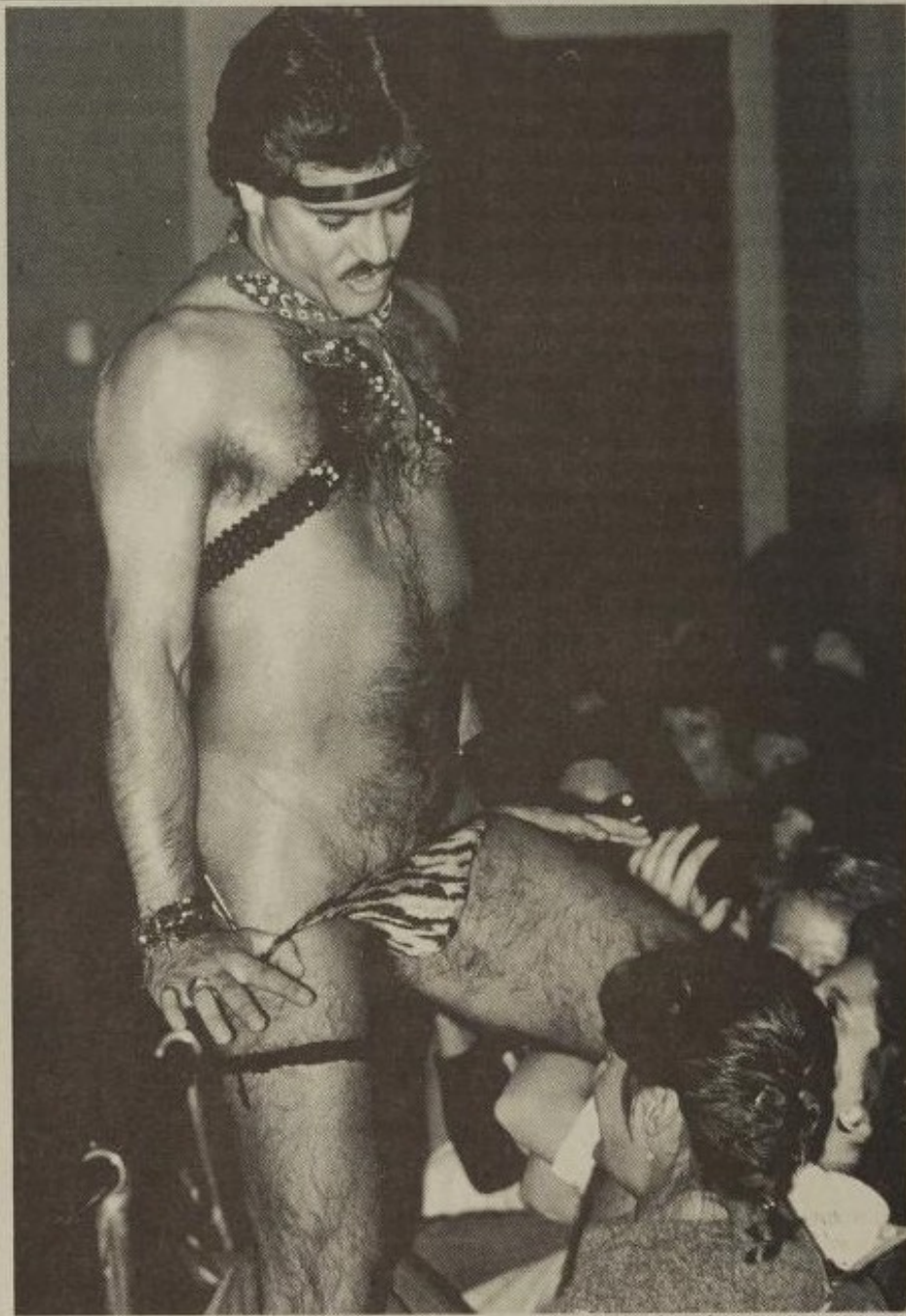
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Based on a true story

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MY MENTOR IN ACTION - THE INTERNATIONAL LOVER

Page 6



Daily Photo by STU WEIDENBACH
One of the male strippers from the "World Series of Male Dancing" at the Michigan Theatre Tuesday shows how he pulls his own strings.

The Michigan Daily - Friday, November 30, 1984

EXT. DETROIT - DAY - 1972

Aerial shots of smoke billowing from auto-plants along the Detroit River, concertgoers streaming into Cobo Hall, The Birwood Wall and an urban gun battle.

EXT. ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Cornerstone of the community. The lot's packed with cars.

INT. ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

MITCH, 7, untarnished, waits for the sacrament in the front pew with his second grade class. FATHER TOMAS, 40s, worldly-wise, preaches at the pulpit.

FATHER TOMAS

When we search for faith and hope,
where should we look? In the bible?
Maybe in a reading, or a hymn? Or
should we look to our children? For
it's through their innocence that
we may find God. Like today, on
their first holy communion.

Mitch's mother FAYE, mid 20s, heart of conviction, smiles with pride. His asshole father VIC, late 20s, is smiling at Mitch's teacher MS. ANNE, 30s, hair of an angel. Faye twists Vic's chin back towards the altar.

INT. ST BARTHOLOMEW'S GRADE SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Ms. Anne sits behind her desk. A line of eager students step up to receive their grades. Mitch steps up for his.

MS. ANNE

Guess who tested the highest?

MITCH

When I grow up I want to be a
doctor so I can help sick people
feel better. My mom says I need to
study a *whole* lot. Dad told me to
tell you he...

Mitch whispers into Ms. Anne's ear. Her mood turns serious.

MS. ANNE

I'm going to need a word with him.

EXT. DETROIT STREETS - LATER

A pissed Faye, scissors in hand, drags Mitch down the street.

FAYE
Mitchell, keep moving.

INT. VIC'S IMPALA / EXT. LOVER'S LANE - MOMENTS LATER

Vic's having sex with Ms. Anne. She's MOANING.

MS. ANNE
Oh, Vic. Oh yeah, Vic...

Faye reaches in, snipping Anne's hair. She runs from the car.

MS. ANNE (CONT'D)
Get off my hair!

Faye and Mitch slide in. Faye turns the scissors to Vic.

VIC
Don't. No, Faye. It was nothing!

Vic hops out. Faye throws the car into gear, speeding off.

MITCH
Is he not my dad anymore?

FAYE
If I didn't love you so much. You
are going to need a new teacher.

INT. ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL - LATER

A guilt ridden Faye kneels, making the sign-of-the-cross. An empathic Father Tomas listens from behind the screen.

FAYE
Forgive me father for I have
sinned. I've failed my family. I've
acted with a jealous heart.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - MITCH'S BEDROOM - SAME

Mitch is reading a "Hardy Boys". Vic, furious, without a word, enters with a yardstick. Mitch SCREAMS as Vic tears off his pants, SNAPPING the yardstick in two over his bare ass.

Vic swings a toy Paddle Ball, SNAPPING that too. Vic strips off his belt, LASHING Mitch's ass. Mitch HOWLS. Vic, in a final climax of rage, drops his pants, exposing his dick.

VIC
Rat on me again...

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - MITCH'S BEDROOM - DAY - 1984

There's a poster of David Lee Roth, spread eagle, jumping from a drum-riser. A skeleton with a stethoscope hanging from it's neck stands on a desk next to a stack of medical books.

Mitch, now 19, glasses and scraggly hair, is masturbating over a Playboy Centerfold. It's not going well. She's looking right at him, making him self-conscious. He stops, folding the page to cover the model's face. He regains his rhythm.

EXT. LOVER'S LANE / INT. MITCH'S BONNEVILLE - LATER

Rusted 68 Bonneville convertible. Mitch fights his nerves to open a condom. His impatient girlfriend KELLY, 19, grabs the condom, tearing it open with her teeth. She dons the condom onto Mitch, then straddles him.

MITCH
I could have done that.

KELLY
Just think about dead puppies.

MITCH
That's awful. Why would anyone--

Mitch MOANS, overcome with pleasure. Kelly's eyes roll back, for three seconds. Kelly's eyes turn to daggers. Kelly bursts from the car. Mitch fights into his pants.

KELLY
Three months. Three months of listening to your stupid band. And all I get is three seconds?!

MITCH
It's my first time, I'll get better. Let me drive you home.

Mitch hops back in his car, turns the key, but it won't start. Kelly lifts a middle-finger as she heads out of sight.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Shit...

INT. BLUE COLLAR HOUSE - BASEMENT - LATER

Mitch steps off the bottom step carrying a guitar. He's shocked to discover JIMMY, 19, and GREG, 19, jamming, wearing all black wigs, nail polish and lipstick. Jimmy's singing.

JIMMY

Eat the rich. Eat the rich!

Jimmy spots Mitch. He tosses his wig behind an amp.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Weren't you uh gonna be with Kelly?

MITCH

Was that Krokus? Pentagrams? We've been a rock and roll band since high school. We play Van Halen.

GREG

Metal's in man. We voted. Get with it or don't. Right, Jimmy?

Jimmy and Greg stand firm. Mitch heads back up the steps.

MITCH

I play guitar, not makeup.

INT. THE PIZZA PLACE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A down Mitch works the dough as orders pile up. His obese boss ANGELO tosses a burnt pie from the oven into the trash.

MITCH

Have you checked your cholesterol, mister Angelo? Like we talked about, an elevated cholesterol level can lead to an increased risk for a heart attack if left untreated.

Angelo shoves a stack of pizza boxes into Mitch's arms.

ANGELO

You're burning the fucking pies. Go, deliver these. Get out.

EXT. THE PIZZA PLACE - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Mitch sets the stack of pizzas on the roof of his car. He fights to unlock the door with his key. Angelo steams out.

ANGELO

What the hell are you doing? Go!

Mitch hops in his car. To his relief it starts. He slams it into gear, leaving a trail of steaming pizza on the pavement.

ANGELO (CONT'D)

Fuck you. Fucking asshole, fuck!!!

EXT. MITCH'S STREET - DAY

The sun rises over the lower-class neighborhood in the shadow of 8 mile. Mitch's Bonneville sits at the curb.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - MITCH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A downhearted Mitch, in Levi's and a flannel, PLAYS a lonely blues riff on his guitar as he reads an anatomy book lying open on his nightstand. He pauses to flip the page.

VIC (O.S.)

Ha! Two more blackies shot each other. Wish they had more ammo.

Mitch shakes his head, disgusted by Vic's racist rant.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Faye cooks eggs in a cloud of nicotine. Vic chain-smokes Camels as he reads the paper in his factory overalls. Mitch enters, sitting at the table with a bookbag. Vic ignores him.

FAYE

Our freshman's up early. Guess someone doesn't want to be late.

MITCH

Job interview, then school.

FAYE

And he lost the pizza job...

MITCH

Dad, I need money for more books.

VIC

Borrow. Bookstores are a racket.

FAYE

Like you ever went to college, Vic?

VIC

Like my father, I work for a living. Don't you forget he fought in these very streets. Besides Jimmy Hoffa. Just so people like you could have a better life.

MITCH

I'm not getting into medical school without all of my text books.

VIC

For fuck's sake. You just started Goddamned community college here!

Faye sets down breakfast. Mitch spots her black eye. Vic catches Mitch's look. He SMASHES his plate into the wall.

VIC (CONT'D)

Your mother broke my yolks again.

MITCH

I didn't say nothing...

VIC

Says the bum. Who's hiring a nineteen year old bum dressed like you? Jesus K-rist...

EXT. MITCH'S STREET - LATER

Mitch, in a suit, hops into his car. Rock music BLARES. The tailpipe smokes as it passes a pair of Trans AMs parked at a neighbor's house. Fuzzy-dice hang from the rearview mirrors.

INT. MITCH'S CAR / EXT. STREET CORNER - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch stops at a red-light. A group of Black Teens circle his car. Mitch gives a "piece sign" but a teen pummels his car with an apple. Another splatters milk across the windshield. Mitch ducks behind the wheel until the light turns green.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - LATER

The site's buzzing with workers. Mitch exits his car. Foreman checks out Mitch's suit. He points to a shack across a field.

MITCH

That's where the interviews are..?

Mitch tromps into the field, sinking to his knees in mud. The workers LAUGH. Mitch gives up, tossing his coat in disgust.

MITCH (CONT'D)
You guys suck!

EXT. DETROIT STREETS / INT. MITCH'S CAR - LATER

The Bonneville passes a sign "Community College - Two Miles" and SPUTTERS to a halt. Mitch pounds his head in frustration.

MITCH
Fucking, really?!

EXT. GORTOVSKI GAS - LATER

A tow truck pulls away. Mitch anxiously paces next to his car in his muddy clothes. His neighbor's Trans AMs tear in, fuzzy-dice swinging.

Out climb the Polish brothers, direct from the motherland. It's STAN, late 20s, Paul Rodriguez type, wakes with a smile. And NIK, 20s, John Leguizamo type, dastardly. Two lady-killers sporting porno-moustaches, gold chains, hairy chests and eyeliner.

NIK
(slight Polish accent)
I told you. I fucking told you!

STAN
(heavy Polish accent)
What're ya blabbering about, Nik?

NIK
Tell me I'm right, Stan. That exhaust's been getting darker by the day. You said he'd drive it in. I said no fucking way. It's coming in on a tow. Was I right, or what?!

STAN
Do I need to slap ya around?!

MITCH
Guys, I need to get to school.

Stan opens the hood, spraying cleaner into the engine. Nik turns the key. It won't start. Stan SLAMS the hood in defeat.

STAN

Yeah, she's gonna need a major overhaul. It's gonna take us weeks.

NIK

If we can even find the parts. And they ain't gonna be cheap. You're gonna have to walk to school.

MITCH

It's a ten mile drive!

Mitch crumbles to the ground. The brothers pat his back.

STAN

At least ya still got yer band.

LATER - Vic's making out with his passenger Ms. Anne. A disgusted Nik pumps gas into Vic's Impala. Vic spots Stan using a crane to lift the engine out of Mitch's Bonneville.

VIC

Fuck me...

MS. ANNE

Uh, hello? We just did it.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - MITCH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A deflated Mitch scratches out the "5" on his drivers license. He pens in a "3", making himself "21".

VIC (O.C.)

Who else's son's fucking dumb enough to buy a convertible in the middle of fucking Winter?!

FAYE (O.C.)

He bought what he could afford.

VIC

I am done with his freeloading. He ain't getting another dime from me. If he wants to go to school, let him come up with the fucking cash.

Mitch grabs his ID and heads for the door. Vic enters, grabs Mitch's hair, shoving his head into the door. Faye runs in.

VIC (CONT'D)

Most dropouts at least make it to the damned parking lot. Yuh, bum!

FAYE (O.C.)
Stop it, Vic!

Mitch makes his escape. Vic SLAPS Faye's face.

VIC
Don't you even...

EXT. DETROIT STREETS - LATER

Mitch walks the darkened streets, carrying the weight of the world. Finally, he spots a welcoming sight.

EXT. 1999 CLUB - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The shattered sign "1999 Club" turns the face of the dive-bar red. There's another sign "Must be 21". Mitch flashes his ID. A bouncer waves him inside.

INT. 1999 CLUB - BAR - LATER

Mitch searches for an answer at the bottom of his mug. He checks out the waitress SANDRA, late 20s, badass in fishnets and heels. She catches his look and he shyly turns away.

Mitch heads to the restroom. He spots a door ajar and curiously peeks inside.

INT. 1999 CLUB - SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

A dozen women sit around a beat-up stage with stacks of dollar bills on their tables. Stan's pacing under a dying spotlight with a mic in one hand and a brandy snifter in the other. He's also wearing a rhinestone-spandex-matador-suit.

STAN
Ladies of the night, welcome to the Motor City Men's show. My name is Mr. Midnight Delight. Ya having a good time? I know I am...

The women CHEER. Stan winks back. Then, he wipes a tear.

STAN (CONT'D)
Our next dancer, I walked him to school. Taught him to ride a bicycle. Even changed his diapers, yeah? Ladies, here comes my baby brother. The International Lover!!!

"Mony Mony" by Billy Idol BURSTS from the sound system. Nik runs to the stage, wearing a red cowboy outfit that looks like pajamas. The women SCREAM, spilling their drinks.

AUDIENCE

Take it off! Take it off!

Nik grins at the crowd as he spins into the white-man's-dance, feet barely touching the ground. Mitch is amazed.

MITCH

Jesus...

At the mirrored-backstage-wall, Nik pumps his hips like he's having sex with the invisible woman. Mitch is blown away.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Sex machine...

Nik rips his shirt off, throws it between his legs and rides it like a horse. He rips off his velcro pants, twirling them at his side. He's only wearing cowboy boots, gold chains and a G-string.

Kelly rushes the stage. Nik grinds her doggy-style. She jumps on Nik, humping him like she's possessed. Mitch turns away.

INT. 1999 CLUB - BAR - LATER

Mitch pounds beer after beer. Stan and Nik walk up, flocked by women, including Kelly. She LAUGHS in Mitch's face.

KELLY

Oh look, it's three second Mitch.
Here to find a new girlfriend?

MITCH

No. But I seen what you guys were
doing back there.

Nik and Stan look anywhere but at Mitch.

NIK

It was Kelly. She hopped onto that
stage all crazy like and---

MITCH

What you guys did was awesome. I
never seen anything like it.

The brothers do a "double take" in disbelief.

STAN

Ya think so?

MITCH

You think like maybe I could try it too? I mean, I know I'd have to learn and all.

The women LAUGH. Nik winks at Stan. Stan shrugs back. Stan signals and the group follows him back to the showroom.

KELLY

Really? Oh my God!

INT. 1999 CLUB - SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

The women HOOT and HOLLER as Stan sits Mitch in a chair onstage. Stan sets his snifter down, pacing, deep in thought.

STAN

When ya dance, ya gotta be like a cheetah. Ya gotta figure out in a second how much time to spend with each woman, just by the eyes. Then, slip away before they stick a finger up yer ass.

Stan does an evasive spin. He straddles Mitch, swaying his hips. The women CHEER in delight.

STAN (CONT'D)

Ya gotta swing yer hips.

Stan unzips his fly, revealing a sequined G-string. He pulls the waistband towards Mitch's chin. The women WHISTLE.

STAN (CONT'D)

Yer G-string's yer money bag.

Stan spins, pulling his pants down as he bends over. He backs his ass into Mitch's face while looking over his shoulder.

THE WOMEN

Stan, Stan, Stan!!!

STAN

Ta fill it ya gotta be quick, yeah? If ya don't make it to every lady, ya don't make the money.

Stan zips his pants, lifts his snifter and gloats as he drinks. The women APPLAUD. Nik looks Mitch dead in the eyes.

NIK

Pure Pleasure just quit and we need a fifth guy for the choreographed numbers. You really want to try?

KELLY

Him? He's so shy he left his underwear on when we had sex!

NIK

At least he's one of us, from the block. Not some random jerk-off.

KELLY

There's no way he's doing it!!!

MITCH

Yeah, I'm doing it. And then I'm paying my own way to med-school...

Nik and Stan toast Mitch. Kelly LAUGHS in disbelief.

MONTAGE - MALE DANCING IS HITTING THE NATION

- CHIPPENDALES - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT - Women line the block to enter. A beefy shirtless guy, wearing white cuffs and a collar, in spandex pants, checks their tickets at the door.

- LA BARE - DALLAS - NIGHT - A cowboy tears off his Velcro'd Levi's for a packed house of partying women.

- SUGAR SHACK - LAKE GENEVA, WISCONSIN - Oiled thirty year old guys in G-strings lap dance for women in their sixties.

INT. THE PHIL DONAHUE STUDIO - LIVE TAPING

The audience CHEERS as male-strippers finish a pro-level dance routine. Even PHIL's impressed. The dancers take their seats upstage as their leader JOHNNY, 30s, systemically cool, in a purple Prince-outfit, blows kisses to the crowd.

PHIL

And there you have it, the latest fad. From Detroit, The Foxy Frenchmen.

Phil heads into his audience of excited women, mic in hand. EAGER WIFE, homely but happy, grabs his mic.

EAGER WIFE

All I can say is, I can't wait until my husband gets home!

PHIL
Yeah, yeah...

The audience CHEERS. Phil moves on to the LOCAL LIBRARIAN.

LOCAL LIBRARIAN
I like the uh, the tall fellow with
the uh, hair on him. He's like woo!
What is uh..? Uh, more popular--

PHIL
The tall fellow with the what?

LOCAL LIBRARIAN
All that hair and those big lovely
thighs!

The audience ERUPTS. Johnny proudly high-fives his dancers.

LOCAL LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)
But tell me, um. Tell me uh, who is
more popular? These um, really
handsome fellows? Or uh--

PHIL
Or yeah. Thee uh, big hairy men.
Well uh, which ones do you like?

LOCAL LIBRARIAN
Well, my husband's like big and
hairy and very bearded.

PHIL
So you like the barbarian type?

LOCAL LIBRARIAN
Yes!!!

The crowd ROARS. Phil heads back to the stage.

VIC (O.S.)
Turn that fucking shit off!!!

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vic stares down Faye. She reluctantly turns the channel.

INT. ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH - THE NEXT NIGHT

Mitch sits in a pew with his parents. He's fidgeting in his
seat as his conscience contemplates all ten commandments.

FATHER TOMAS

It's God's expectation that we act as he. That we too be Godlike in nature and avoid the temptation of lust. We should control our bodies in a way that is sacred. Not act on seduction like the non-believers. For they've lost sight of their opportunity in Heaven...

LATER - As the parishioners file out, Mitch breaks from his parents. He heads to the Sacristy behind the alter.

VIC

What the hell's he up to?

INT. ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH - SACRISTY - MOMENTS LATER

Father Tomas eyes Mitch's shaky knees as he pours sacramental wine into two chalices. He hands one to Mitch.

FATHER TOMAS

These hairy ears are all yours.

MITCH

I have this chance to do something I never thought I'd do. But I'm not sure it's a good idea. And father I-

FATHER TOMAS

Nineteen, normal, rumspringa...

MITCH

Rum what..?

FATHER TOMAS

Before an Amish teen enters adulthood, they take a break. Acting out with behavior that totally destroys their parent's hearts and expectations. You wouldn't believe the things they do. But afterwards, they make their choice for baptism, or not. And they do it with a clear head. You need to clear your head Mitch.

(praying)

Heavenly father, let your perpetual light shine upon Mitchell so he may find his path. So he too may enjoy the fruits of your kingdom. Amen.

Father Tomas CLINKS a stunned Mitch's chalice in a toast.

INT. 1999 CLUB - MEN'S ROOM - LATER

A wary Mitch enters. Costumes, makeup and bottles of baby-oil are everywhere. Nik's combing his moustache, dressed in his cowboy outfit. Stan's in just his matador pants, spraying Aquanet with one hand, drinking cognac with the other.

STAN

Hey, it's the virgin!

NIK

And look who showed up. Meet The Satisfier. He's from California.

THE SATISFIER, 30s, buffed, overly-tanned surfer, in a worn-out astronaut's outfit, applies blue eye-shadow in a mirror.

THE SATISFIER

Need anything, like eyeliner or cover-up? I'm here for you, brah.

Nik BANGS on a stall-door and out comes LOU, 20s, Italian, swarthy guy, barely five-foot-six in heels, wearing a mangy karate-gi. He's pulling his pants up from around his ankles.

LOU

Didn't ya know I was fucking busy?

NIK

The Italian Stallion. Once got laid in a convent.

Lou makes the sign-of-the-cross. He kisses his fist.

LOU

I answered that broad's calling.

A woman walks out of the stall wiping her lips. She grabs Stan's snifter, slugging it. She hands it back before leaving. Stan grimaces as he sets the snifter down.

LOU (CONT'D)

You Christen this kid yet or what?

NIK

You can't dance without a stage-name. It's your identity. With that crazy hair and this outfit, I'm naming you, The Warrior.

THE DANCERS

Warrior! Warrior! Warrior!

Nik tosses Mitch a zip-lock bag filled with rags.

MITCH
Wait. What's this?

STAN
Yer costume.

MITCH
In a Ziplock bag?

LOU
What about it? We can't afford no
real fucking costume designers.

THE SATISFIER
This group does things one way.
Down and dirty.

LATER - Mitch walks out of a stall with leopard-skin cloth tied around his knees, his biceps, as a head band and one as a loincloth. He looks like John Travolta in *Staying Alive*. Except he's pale, wearing glasses and has zero confidence.

MITCH
Is this right?

STAN
Wow, ya really are The Warrior.

The intro-music PLAYS from the stage. Nik LAUGHS as he removes Mitch's glasses. He gives Mitch a pep talk.

NIK
Those women don't give a shit about
who you really are. But on that
stage, you are a fucking rock star.

INT. 1999 CLUB - SHOWROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nik hops onstage, picking up a mic. A dozen women CHEER.

NIK
Who's ready to see some men?!

INT. 1999 CLUB - MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stan smears oil across an unsuspecting Mitch's back.

STAN
Chicks love it when we're oiled. Ya
wanna look sexy under the lights,
ya oil.

Lou gathers the dancers into a circle for a prayer.

LOU

Come on, come on. OK, God. Please let us make a shitload of money tonight. So much that we don't have to work our stupid fucking day jobs anymore. Thank you God, Amen.

DANCERS

Amen!

Lou loads a key with coke. Stan snorts it.

STAN

Ya, that's some good shit.

Lou sticks a key in Mitch's face. He backs away.

MITCH

Wait I, I don't do cocaine. I've only smoked weed like twice.

LOU

Awe, come on already!

STAN

Ya just gotta pinch one nostril and sniff real hard with the other.

THE SATISFIER

You're gonna dig it. Trust, brah...

Mitch takes a SNIFF, falls against the wall, but recovers.

STAN

Ya see? He's gonna be alright. And guess who goes up first?

MITCH

Lou?

DANCERS

The new guy!!!

INT. 1999 CLUB - SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sandra's serving drinks to a dozen raucous women. Nik spots a freaked out and extremely high Mitch in the doorway.

NIK

Ladies, we have a special treat for you. Now he's shy.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

So what?

NIK

And I'd be lying if I didn't tell
you he's young.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Would you bring him out already?

NIK

You like em lean?

ENTIRE AUDIENCE

Yeah!

NIK

Do you like em wild?

ENTER AUDIENCE

Hell, yeah!

NIK

Then welcome to the stage for the
very first time, The Warrior!!!

"Dancing With Myself" by Billy Idol PUMPS from the speakers.
Stan shoves Mitch out the door. He bursts to the stage,
running from one side to the other like a bottle-rocket
without a plan. A helpless Nik watches from the side.

NIK (CONT'D)

Fucking dance!

Mitch runs to the mirrored-wall at the back of the stage,
humping it wildly. Stan screams in desperation.

STAN

In front of the women, ya nut!

Mitch runs to the front of the stage and freezes.

AUDIENCE

Take it off! Take it off!

Mitch takes their cue, ripping his outfit off, revealing a
black G-string. The crowd points. His G-string's on sideways,
exposing his nuts. FLASH. Kelly's holding a polaroid camera.

KELLY

Oh my God!!!

Mitch covers his nuts as he sprints to the dressing room,
passing Sandra and hopping over the GUT-LAUGHING dancers.

NIK
 (pissed off)
 Give a big hand for The Warrior.
 Was that something else, or what?

INT. 1999 CLUB - MEN'S ROOM - LATER

Nik SLAMS a stall door open. Mitch is cowering inside.

MITCH
 I'm sorry I messed up your show.
 But if you just give me another
 chance, I'll figure it out. I
 really need this job, Nik.

NIK
 (swallowing his anger)
 You crossed the line between those
 that do and those that only dream.
 But if I give you another chance,
 you're fucking training with me.

Mitch stands up, accepting the challenge.

INT. 1999 CLUB - BAR - LATER

The party rages around the dancers. Sandra walks past in her low-cut Ted Nugent T-shirt. Mitch checks her out.

STAN
 Ya should hit that.

MITCH
 She's so out of my league.

NIK
 Do not say that. Never say that!

MITCH
 But I don't even know what to say.

STAN
 Rule number one. Say anything, even
 if it's stupid. Two. Say it with
 confidence. Look her in the eyes.
 Three. She says no, fine. She'll
 tell ya when she's ready. Now go.

Mitch doesn't budge. He stares at the brothers in fear.

NIK
You said you were training with me.

Mitch gathers his courage, then heads over to Sandra. She's bending over in her high heels, cleaning a table.

MITCH
Do you uh, like Ted Nugent?

Sandra looks down at her breasts.

MITCH (CONT'D)
I wasn't looking at your--

SANDRA
You wanna party at my house?

MITCH
Oh, you're having a party?

SANDRA
There is no party, Warrior...

Sandra walks on. Nik and Stan drag Mitch to the men's room.

NIK
Time to do some fucking lines!

INT. SANDRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Sandra shoves Mitch onto her bed. She pulls the covers over and they wrestle. Suddenly, the action stops.

SANDRA
Whiskey dick... This is happening
with or without you.

Sandra pulls an arm-sized vibrator from under her bed. It ROARS as she lowers it under the sheets. The bed shakes as her legs lift the sheets like a levitating ghost.

Mitch freaks out, hits the floor, lunging for his clothes. He bursts out the door, naked ass fading into the night.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

A hungover Mitch cracks eggs into a blender of juice.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - LATER

Mitch shakes off a headache, working out on a rusted gym set.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mitch watches TV, studying dance moves from MTV music videos.

EXT. MITCH'S HOUSE - PORCH - LATER

Mitch, wearing a trench-coat, heads towards Nik's house. Vic spies from a window.

INT. NIK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch follows Nik past a table where The Satisfier's fighting to level a beam-scale loaded with cocaine. Lou's watching impatiently with a bottle of "mannitol". Stan's folding rectangular bindles. He's also shaking the table with his foot to fuck with the guys.

LOU

Would ya level it out already? How am I supposed to cut this shit if I don't know the fucking weights?!

THE SATISFIER

I've done this a million times. Dude, your scale's bogus!

INT. NIK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Nik slams a cassette into a boom-box. He turns, finding Mitch in spandex-pants, a half-shirt, tube socks and sweat bands.

NIK

What the fuck..?!

MITCH

These are my dance clothes...

NIK

Ever dress like that again, to my house, I will beat you to death.

Nik pushes play and "Dancing With Myself" BLARES. Nik does the white-man's-dance, moving just his legs.

NIK (CONT'D)

Right left, right left. Practice. You got two days to get it down.

Nik pulls a card from his wallet. He tosses it at Mitch.

NIK (CONT'D)
Stan's banging a chick at a tanning
salon. Go twice a week, minimum.

INT. TANNING SALON - LATER

Mitch lays in a tanning bed, working on his footwork.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mitch, face shockingly red from the tanning bed, passes his bewildered parents watching Lawrence Welk. He heads to his room. Then, MUSIC and FOOT THUMPS radiate from his room.

VIC
Quiet the fuck down in there!!!

INT. NIK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - TWO DAYS LATER

Mitch moves his legs, almost in rhythm. Nik works his arms.

NIK
Right arm over left leg, left arm
over right leg. And do something
with the hair. Think rockstar...

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER

Mitch reads instructions on a box of "Hair Bleach".

INT. NIK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - TWO DAYS LATER

A bleach-blonde Mitch dances. Nik gives an approving wink.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vic's asleep on the couch. Mitch swipes his car keys.

EXT. MITCH'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Vic's Impala rolls silently down the drive.

INT. STEAK AND ALE - BAR - LATER

80's version of an Olive Garden, bustling with white-collars drinking to escape their dismal lives.

Mitch and Nik belly-up. Nik slides a bundle of coke to the barkeep. She slides over a round of drinks.

NIK

You're going to need to work your ass off here. But if you do good, tomorrow night, I'm putting you in the opening choreographed number.

Mitch makes the sign-of-the-cross. A disco ball spins as Nik grooves to the floor and women swoon. Mitch hits the floor with his white-man's-dance. The crowd LAUGHS at his move.

LATER - Mitch collapses on the bar. Nik's not having it.

NIK (CONT'D)

Fucking giving up already?

The guys hit the floor. Nik spins. Mitch tries too, almost making it around. The crowd points but Mitch keeps trying.

LATER - The guys drink at the bar. Up steps KATHY, 30s, hugely-bosomed redhead. She let's out an embarrassing YAWN.

KATHY

Could one of you gentlemen give this very sleepy girl a lift home?

NIK

Mitch was just leaving, right?

INT. VIC'S IMPALA / EXT. KATHY'S HOUSE - LATER

Mitch parks the car. Kathy unbuttons her dress, tossing her bra into the backseat. Mitch looks away. Kathy's offended.

KATHY

If a girl brings out talent like these, you'd better appreciate em.

A shy Mitch buries his head in his hands. Kathy forgives him.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Nik said you'd be difficult.

MITCH

He said that?

KATHY

Something about a lesson in confidence. But you're going to have to work with me. Now, stick out your tongue.

Mitch works up his courage, then sticks his tongue out. Kathy swirls her tongue around Mitch's tongue.

KATHY (CONT'D)
Around, then back. Your turn.

Mitch sticks his tongue out. Kathy leans back on the seat.

KATHY (CONT'D)
No mister, not my tongue.

Mitch's head goes down into Kathy's crotch and her legs begin to quiver. She MOANS as she bites her hand.

KATHY (CONT'D)
Oooooohhh... Fuck yeah!!!

EXT. KATHY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mitch BARFS out the driver's window. Kelly climbs out.

KATHY
You wanna be my boyfriend?

Mitch BARFS again. Kathy walk-of-shames up the drive. Mitch wipes his grinning lips of accomplishment.

INT. 1999 CLUB - SHOW ROOM - THE NEXT NIGHT

"New York New York" by Sinatra PLAYS as the guys choreograph dance, wearing toy top-hats and twirling plastic canes. Mitch is in the back row, struggling to keep up, but smiling big.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY

Faye and Mitch sit at the dinner table. A car SCREECHES into the drive. Vic bursts in. He lifts Kathy's huge bra.

VIC
The hair. That tan. Now this? You ain't fooling me. I seen you going to those eyeliner wearing Polack's. Tell your mother what you're up to!

MITCH
Dad, don't.

VIC
Your failure of a son's a homo stripper. He's what you raised!

MITCH
You're an asshole!!!

Mitch heads to his room, SLAMMING the door. Vic's not having any of that. He heads to Mitch's room. Faye's at his heels.

FAYE
Vic... Vic, no!

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - MITCH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vic bursts in. Mitch stands nose to nose. Vic blinks first.

VIC
Christ. A guy can't take a joke?

Mitch turns. Vic pounces, twisting Mitch's arm behind his back, shoving him to his bed. Mitch grimaces with pain.

VIC (CONT'D)
I'll fucking break it. Call me an asshole again. I will break it!

FAYE
I'm calling the police!!!

Faye runs out. Vic goes after Faye.

DAD
I pay the bills in this house.
Don't you touch that phone!

FAYE (O.C.)
He is my son. He will always be my son. He doesn't hurt people!

INT. 1999 CLUB - SHOW ROOM - NIGHT

A down Mitch solo dances, out of sync. Nik can barely watch.

INT. 1999 CLUB - MEN'S ROOM - LATER

Mitch mopes as he packs his gig bag, bringing down the mood of the room. Lou pulls a lone dollar from his G-string.

LOU
Stays like this, I'm gonna need a side-job for my fucking side-job.

THE SATISFIER
Their dinero's for the blondes.

LOU
Oh yeah? Fuck you.

NIK
I don't know, Lou. Maybe you'd make
more money sucking dick?

THE SATISFIER
Lou could suck some bitchin cock.

STAN
I got a dollar for em right here.

Stan folds a dollar over the front of his G-string. Lou, on his knees, chases after Stan. Stan runs in circles, LAUGHING.

STAN (CONT'D)
Look at this guy. Look at em!

Mitch finally breaks a smile. The guys high-five.

NIK
Your dad really is an asshole.

The Satisfier swallows a pill. He flexes for Mitch.

MITCH
What the hell was that?

THE SATISFIER
Dianabol. Put on ten pounds of pure
muscle in a month.

MITCH
No shit? Can I get some?

THE SATISFIER
Oh, I got you covered brah.

The Satisfier pulls a syringe from his gig bag. He leads Mitch into a stall. Mitch comes out rubbing his ass.

NIK
Now all you need is a routine. Pay
attention to these fucking guys.

MONTAGE - SHOWROOM - MITCH WATCHES THE DANCER'S ROUTINES

- Lou spins glow-in-the-dark nunchucks. He seduces the crowd with his eyebrows as he works combo moves, motioning "did you see what I did?". He teases, pulling his gi over a shoulder, then pulling it back, shaking his head "no". He gives in to the crowd's SCREAMS with an "awe, alright" removing his gi.

- The Satisfier moon-walks across the stage then breakdances. He hops on a woman's lap, lifting her leg between his crotch, riding it. He lifts both ankles to his ears and humps away.

- Stan's seduces a woman, plastering his hair back, then shaking it wild, never breaking eye contact. He rolls the straps of his G-string towards her face with his thumbs. She gestures "can I look?" Stan winks "yes". She does, nearly fainting. Stan bows, heading offstage. Nik hops onstage.

NIK

And we are brothers. So we both gotta big, you know...

STAN (O.C.)

Mine's bigger. By a whole inch.

NIK

Really, Stan?

INT. 1999 CLUB - BAR - LATER

A downhearted Mitch drinks at the bar, deep in thought. Stan, snifter in hand, looks on empathetically.

MITCH

I watched, Stan. I watched your guy's every move. Things just aren't clicking for me.

STAN

It's just cocks and eyes. Some are here for cocks, some for eyes. The eye ones are sneaky though. They'll hurt ya like a motherfucker.

Stan grabs Mitch's balls, doubling him over. As Mitch recovers, he spots two dancers, 20s, rock vixens with huge hair, squaring off on the dance floor. They're nailing music video worthy moves with exaggerated arm and leg moves.

MITCH

That's it. I've been trying to dance like you guys!

STAN

Ya were?

MITCH

I wasn't dancing like me. The way those girls move, that's the energy I want. And I'm not stopping until I have *that* and then some!

Stan stands confused. An inspired Mitch hops to the floor. The dancers circle him like wolves stalking their prey. One thrusts her hips into his ass. One thrusts her hips against his crotch. They body-snake, forcing Mitch into rhythm.

MONTAGE - MITCH INTENSIFIES HIS TRAINING

- INT. MITCH'S BASEMENT - Mitch stacks on heavier weights.
- INT. MITCH'S BEDROOM - Mitch perfects his spins.
- INT. MITCH'S BATHROOM - Mitch injects steroids.

INT. 1999 CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

"Yankee Rose" by David Lee Roth PLAYS. Mitch crawls, doing pushups as the crowd CLAPS to the rhythm of his hips. He hops up, thrusting his limbs to the beat of the music. He strips, revealing a more muscular bod. Nik and Stan watch in shock.

STAN

We got our own David Lee Roth!

NIK

I don't fucking believe it!

The brothers hug and kiss cheeks. PARTY GUY steps up.

PARTY GUY

You guys got some party favors?

Nik signals. Party Guy follows Nik to the men's room.

INT. 1999 CLUB - MEN'S ROOM - LATER

The mood is high. The Satisfier high-five's Mitch.

THE SATISFIER

Dude, you and I gotta rage. I want you to meet some friends of mine.

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL / INT. THE SATISFIER'S CAR - LATER

Beaten Datsun, filled with The Satisfier's belongings. He snorts a line. Two women, one sexy, 20s and one homely, 50s, carrying a six pack, walk up. They wave at the guys.

THE SATISFIER

We are going to party hardy. And the young one, you're doing her.

MITCH

You're doing the old one?

THE SATISFIER

Nah, I'm doing the young one too.

MITCH

Wait, what? I want to go home.

THE SATISFIER

Listen brah, the grannie's just gonna drink brews and watch.

MITCH

That's *not* going to work for me.

THE SATISFIER

She's gonna pay us a C-note, each! Dude, like I sleep in this car. I got no place to live. We do this, I get that room for a week.

MITCH

Maybe stop doing so much coke?

THE SATISFIER

Its not, that's not the issue. It's responsibility. Dancing's the only thing I can wrap my head around. And hey, I've been there for you. Now I need you to be my brah. And no worries. All you gotta do is jackoff. I'll handle the rest.

The Satisfier hops out before Mitch can argue. He leads the women into the room with a smile. Mitch gathers his courage.

LATER - Mitch exits the room, totally ashamed. He drops onto the curb, head in his hands. The Satisfier comes out in a towel, holding out a bill. Mitch gives a "what the fuck?".

THE SATISFIER (CONT'D)

She gave you twenty for the effort.

INT. MITCH'S BONNEVILLE / EXT. GORTOVSKI GAS - THE NEXT DAY

Nik hands Mitch the keys to his Bonneville. And a jambox.

NIK

Stripograms are a whole other deal than dancing in the safety of a club. Get the cash and get the fuck out. Happy graduation...

EXT. MIDDLE CLASS HOME - PORCH - NIGHT

Mitch, in his overcoat, jambox in hand, RINGS the doorbell.

INT. MIDDLE CLASS HOME - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch jumps from the stairs in his Warrior outfit. What was once a classy bachelorette party is now a disaster-zone of empty liquor bottles, torn streamers and molested Playgirl-pictures. A dozen amazingly DRUNK WOMEN surround Mitch.

DRUNK WOMEN

Take it off! Take it off!

One dives, wrapping Mitch's knees. One grabs his hair. They fall, smashing the snack table. Mitch breaks for the stairs.

INT. MIDDLE CLASS HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mitch ducks inside, holding the door closed with all his might. The door BANGS as women slam their bodies against it. Finally, the door goes SILENT. Mitch cautiously opens it.

MITCH

Are we cool? Ladies, are we cool?

The women burst in, chasing Mitch over the window sill.

EXT. LOWER CLASS HOME - PORCH - LATER

Mitch gathers his courage as he RINGS the doorbell.

INT. LOWER CLASS HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mitch dances for DARLENE, 20s, nerdy, in sweats and glasses. Her two sisters, pull cash from their bras, making-it-rain. GRANDMA, 80s, hands out fresh beers. The girls shove bills in her blouse. Mitch playfully grabs them with his teeth.

LATER - Mitch readies to leave. Darlene turns up the stereo. A sister lands the splits, rolls backwards onto her feet, sliding out of her jeans. The other strips too. It's obvious they're pros as they hit the floor, fake-screwing each other.

GRANDMA

Aren't my girls just wonderful?

Darlene drags Mitch down the hall before he can answer.

INT. LOWER CLASS HOME - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Darlene lets her hair down, snakes out of her sweats and drops to all fours. She's sexy as hell, crawling to Mitch.

HUGE GUY (O.C.)
Darlene, I know you're in there!!!

Mitch darts to the hall. Darlene sprawls across the bed.

DARLENE
Hey. Where are you going?

INT. LOWER CLASS HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mitch peeks around the corner. HUGE GUY SMASHES a window, grabbing for a doorknob. Grandma swats his arm with a broom.

INT. LOWER CLASS HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mitch darts in, battling to open a window that won't budge.

DARLENE
Dumbass boyfriend painted it shut.

MITCH
He's going to kill me!

DARLENE
Ma'll stop him. She likes your ass.

MITCH
What are you saying? Do something!

DARLENE
I guess I can call the police.

MITCH
Yes, thank you!

Darlene dials the phone on her bedside table.

DARLENE
I tell him to polish my car, he leaves the wax on all night. Nik had to sand-blast the paint off.

EXT. LOWER CLASS HOME - FRONT YARD - LATER

Huge Guy's cuffed in a police car. Darlene saunters over.

DARLENE

Can you please keep him? I got
someone I want to do in there.

Mitch sprints past into the night. Darlene SCOFFS in disgust.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - MITCH'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Mitch bicep-curls a dumbbell in the mirror. Faye enters.

FAYE

There's a handsome but unusually
tanned gentleman here to see you.

EXT. MITCH'S HOUSE - PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch steps outside. The Satisfier can't contain himself.

THE SATISFIER

The Foxy Frenchmen are looking for
dancers. My car broke down. I need
a lift. Okay? Rad, let's go!

MITCH

You're quitting the show?

THE SATISFIER

For my chance at the bigtime? Yes!

MITCH

But Nik needs you. We all need you.

THE SATISFIER

Small potatoes, I need to eat. Your
parents fill your fridge. Not me
brah. Me el uno persado...

INT. MITCH'S BONNEVILLE / EXT. WESTSIDE STREETS - NIGHT

Mitch drives. The Satisfier snorts line after line.

MITCH

Don't mess up your audition.

THE SATISFIER

The higher the better when I dance.

EXT. CHARLIE'S CLASS ACT - PARKING LOT - LATER

Upscale part of town. The glittering sign turns the packed lot of the posh nightclub gold. The guys stare in awe.

MITCH

Half the town must be here.

THE SATISFIER

This is what I've been trying to tell you. Come on!

The guys sprint to the entrance.

INT. CHARLIE'S CLASS ACT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The guys burst in as Johnny dons his Prince jacket. His face falls when he spots The Satisfier.

JOHNNY

Fuck me. Not this guy.

THE SATISFIER

Come on, Johnny. I need this gig!

JOHNNY

Look at yourself, all geeked up. What you need is rehab. No way...

A defeated Satisfier turns to leave. Mitch steps up.

MITCH

I can dance...

JOHNNY

You got a costume?

Mitch thinks for a sec, then grabs a pizza box from a shelf.

MITCH

I do now...

INT. CHARLIE'S CLASS ACT - SHOWROOM - LATER

Johnny's onstage, mic in hand. Hundreds of women SCREAM. Mitch hops up, pizza box in hand. The crowd goes SILENT.

JOHNNY

We are about to start a show here. Besides, no pockets, no money...

Johnny wiggles his ass. The crowd CHEERS, waving their cash.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
It looks like the ladies are hungry
tonight. You're up, pizza man.

Johnny signals the DJ and Bon Jovi's "In And Out Of Love"
BLARES as the high-end stage lights flash and turn.

Mitch heads to a table. The women go nuts, scaring him off.
He heads to another and they go even more berserk. He heads
to another, spreads a woman's legs, steps onto her chair and
places the pizza box on her head. He gyrates his hips,
magically causing the pizza box to open and close.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
That's all you got? The magic
show's down the street, pizza man.

Mitch throws the box into the air, jumps to the stage, hits a
somersault and lands a double-reverse-splits. He rises with a
body-snake, tearing his T-shirt off, revealing his ripped
bod. He checks for Johnny's approval.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
I've seen better...

Mitch runs across the stage, leapfrogs over a woman's head,
landing on a row of tables. He spins across the tables like
Jennifer Beals in Flashdance.

At the last table he rips his jeans off, locking eyes with a
blonde. He lassoes her with his jeans, pulling her face to
his crotch. He guides her cash-filled hands down his chest to
his underwear. She grabs him by his hair, passionately
kissing him. The crowd SCREAMS.

Mitch spins back to the stage. He somersaults, locking a
double-biceps pose. Johnny walks over, mic at his side.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Are you even twenty-one yet?

MITCH
My ID says I am...

JOHNNY
I'm going to make you into a
fucking star.

EXT. NIK'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

INAUDIBLE - A guilt ridden Mitch tells Nik and Stan he's out.

NIK
 Guess your father's not the only
 asshole on this street.

The brothers SLAM the door in Mitch's face. A limo pulls to the curb. Mitch gets in.

INT. LIMO / EXT. DETROIT STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Mitch contemplates the unknown as the streets blur by.

EXT. JOHNNY'S MANSION - PORCH - LATER

Mitch exits the limo. He RINGS the mansion's angelic doorbell. No one answers. Mitch heads through the side gate.

EXT. JOHNNY'S MANSION - POOL - CONTINUOUS

Mitch freezes when he spots DEBBIE, 30s, chic, reading Vogue pool-side catching rays with two other women. Mitch regroups, expanding his chest. He walks up, doing his best James Dean.

DEBBIE
 You're the new guy? You're a baby.

MITCH
 I got my moves. You Johnny's girls?

DEBBIE
 Roommates, paying his mortgage.
 Johnny likes his money more than
 anything. Besides, no sane woman
 would ever date a male-stripper.
 (flirting)
 No matter how cute.

Johnny walks from his mansion, breaking the moment.

JOHNNY
 I've seen the pizza routine, but
 not like this guy. Let's see what
 he does with a real act. Give me
 something. What turns you on?

MITCH
 I like medicine.

JOHNNY
 That doctor schtick's old hat.

MITCH
I uh, play guitar.

Johnny paces in thought.

JOHNNY
OK, alright. You move fast. With a
ton of energy. Like a flash. But we
need something sexy... I got it.
Yeah. And it's fucking genius!

INT. LIMO / EXT. CLUB DIMPLES - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Johnny and Mitch pull up. Women line the block to get in.

JOHNNY
You're about to make more money
than you'll know what to do with.
Get more tail than Hugh Hefner.
Enjoy. But remember, it's my show.

MITCH
Yeah, Johnny. Say it, I'll do it.

JOHNNY
(satisfied)
I'll introduce you to my Armani
guy. I got a suit in every color.

INT. CLUB DIMPLES - SHOWROOM - LATER

A Hundred CHEER as The TERMINATOR, late 20s, in all leather,
CRACKS a whip before heading offstage. A spotlight focuses on
a solemn Johnny, hand on his heart. The crowd goes SILENT.

JOHNNY
Ladies, I was in love once, but no
more. My heart, it's been broken.

AUDIENCE MEMBER
No, Johnny. Don't say that.

Johnny extends his palm. He buries his chin into his chest.

JOHNNY
Please, don't cry. Do you know why?
Because I have hope. Hope for us
all. See, I've found someone to
fight for us. A true super hero.
Here tonight to unleash the power
of rock and roll and conquer
heartbreak.

(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Ladies, I give you the defender of
love. The one, the only, our very
own, Flesh Gordon!!!

The stage lights burst as Foghat's "I Just Want to Make Love to You" BLARES. Mitch, in a pearl spandex sequined outfit, complete with a full length armless cape, hits the stage. His guitar's slung over his shoulder as he JAMS the opening riff.

The vocals kick in and Mitch SINGS the words, strutting on top of a row of tables like a rock star. The entire crowd jumps up, showering him in cash. Some cry like he's a Beatle. WOMAN'S entire body quivers as she collapses into her seat.

WOMAN

Save me, Flesh. Save me!

INT. CLUB DIMPLES - BACK BAR - LATER

Mitch makes his way into the depths of the club, struggling to contain his overstuffed cash-filled G-string. Women wink and smile. One shoves a cocktail napkin with her lipstick written phone number into his mouth. One flashes a breast. Another beans his chest with ice cubes just for attention.

INT. CLUB DIMPLES - FRONT DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch enters. The Seducer, 30s, bullfighter getup, snorts a line. Pure Pleasure, 30s, cop getup, fixes his eyeliner.

THE SEDUCER

Fuck off!

PURE PLEASURE

Shit-turds to the back.

INT. CLUB DIMPLES - BACK DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mitch enters. JESSE, 20s, gold lamé tux, stacks his cash alongside The Terminator. They're happy to meet Mitch.

JESSE

What's up, fresh meat? I'm Jesse.
This here's the Exterminator.

THE TERMINATOR

That's The Terminator. Because I
got the biggest dick in this place.
To be fair, asshole bullfighter has
the biggest balls I've ever seen.

(MORE)

THE TERMINATOR (CONT'D)

But his pecker's the size of a peanut. It's why he's so angry.

Jesse hands Mitch a mirror lined with coke.

JESSE

Welcome to the circus.

Mitch snorts a line. He offers the mirror to The Terminator.

THE TERMINATOR

Nah. My vices are pussy and money.

BUSINESS WOMAN bursts in, obviously drunk. She drops her purse, raising a hundred in the air.

BUSINESS WOMAN

A hundred bucks says I get fucked!

THE TERMINATOR

Bingo...

The Terminator heads over, but The Seducer grabs the c-note first. The Seducer leads Business into the back restroom.

THE TERMINATOR (CONT'D)

Bet she asks for a damned refund.

Pure Pleasure walks over. He pisses in Business's purse.

Business exits the restroom, picks up her purse and heads out followed by The Seducer and Pure Pleasure. Johnny walks in, closing the door so Pure Pleasure and The Seducer can't hear.

JOHNNY

Those two numb-nuts, they're trying to steal my show. I say fuck em, I'm hitting the road. You guy's in?

THE TERMINATOR

Holy shit. Yeah, we're in!

Jesse throws cash in the air. Mitch does too.

EXT. RURAL ROAD / INT. JOHNNY'S VAN - DAY

It's the middle of nowhere. Johnny's driving. The Terminator, Jesse and Mitch sit in the back. The van turns into a gas station. MARLBORO MAN, 30s, Tom Selleck look alike with an edgy tick, life in a paper bag, climbs into the van.

JOHNNY

Boy's, meet the Marlboro Man.
Nobody asks where he's from. You
see feds around, let him know.

THE TERMINATOR

(whispering to Mitch)

I bet he don't like post offices.

INT. TRAVERSE CITY, MICHIGAN - THE BAY CLUB - NIGHT

The Marlboro Man, cigarette in his teeth, cuffs, collar,
cowboy hat and a Lone Ranger mask, grooves for a hundred.

EXT. YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN - THE SUDS FACTORY - NIGHT

Ex-brewery next to EMU. LEO, 20s, hair like a lion, flat-
affect, waits at the door as the guys walk up.

JOHNNY

Hey. It's the Pink Panther, right?

LEO

It's just Leo...

The guys head inside. The Terminator checks out Leo's hair.

THE TERMINATOR

You better not have fleas...

INT. YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN - SUDS FACTORY - SHOWROOM - LATER

A hundred CHEER. Johnny's ruling the stage, mic in hand.

JOHNNY

Who likes a guy that can make you
purr? And what if he purrs? How
about a tail and a mane? Call the
zoo, cause one got loose. Give it
up for, Leo the Lion!

"George of the Jungle" BLARES. Leo skips across the stage
swinging a tail in his lion suit, only his face is exposed.

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

It's photo day. Johnny's completed group muck it for the
camera. Marlboro Man never removes his Lone Ranger mask.

JOHNNY

Smile big. Your mugs are going to be in nearly every newspaper across the Midwest.

THE TERMINATOR

The chicks are going to have their favorite dancers picked out before we even hit town!

EXT. FREMONT, OHIO - VFW HALL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Middle of nowhere. The van pulls into a sea of cars. Mitch climbs on top and happy-dances. The guys pelt him with trash.

JOHNNY

Save some for the ladies, rockstar.

INT. FREMONT, OHIO - VFW HALL - SHOW ROOM - NIGHT

"Greased Lightnin" by Travolta PLAYS as the guys choreograph dance wearing rhinestone studded vests and spandex pants. Five hundred crazed women wave their cash.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Vic flips a newspaper to a pic of an oiled Mitch with the Frenchmen. "Flesh Will Rock You!". Vic crumples the page.

INT. FREMONT, OHIO - VFW HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse break dances. A woman rushes the stage, dragging him to the floor by his G-String. A bouncer carries her out.

INT. RICHMOND, INDIANA - HOLIDAY INN - HALL - NIGHT

Sea of seven hundred. The Terminator wraps his whip around Woman 2's neck. She licks oil from his chest to his crotch.

INT. LANSING, MICHIGAN - RED ROOF INN - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Music BLARES. MSU cheerleaders dance on furniture. Leo stomps from the bathroom in a towel, shaving cream from head to toe.

LEO

Would you keep it down? I'm trying to shave my balls in here. And now I got shit dripping from my dick!

Leo fumbles under his towel. Green discharge hits the floor.
A cheerleader vomits into a waste-paper basket.

THE TERMINATOR

His dick's going to fall off!

MITCH

Nah. Green means gonorrhoea. If it
was yellow, he'd have chlamydia.
Either way, a week on antibiotics
and he'll be as good as new.

JESSE

How the fuck you know that shit?

MITCH

I'm studying to go into medicine.

INT. JOHNNY'S VAN / EXT. LANSING - BAZAAR CLUB - LATER

Mitch sits in the van. COED 1 walks up, flashing her breasts.

INT. COLLEGE APARTMENT - COED'S BEDROOM - LATER

It's post-sex. Mitch and Coed 1 drink vodka from a bottle.
The front door SLAMS. Mitch scrambles for his clothes.

COED 1

It's just my roommate, silly.

COED 2 peaks her head inside. She recognizes Mitch.

COED 2

Flesh..? Are you finished with him?

COED 1

For now...

Coed 1 heads out. Coed 2 heads in. She strips naked.

MITCH

Sorry but, my motor's empty.

COED 2

It just needs a kick-start, baby.

Coed 2 bends over, SPANKING her ass. Mitch waves her over.

INT. CHEBOYGAN, MICHIGAN - THE RUSTY NAIL - BAR - NIGHT

Mitch signs a group-pic for COUNTRY GIRL 1 and 2.

COUNTRY GIRL 1
We got cheap weed at our place.

COUNTRY GIRL 2
It'll still get you high though.

MITCH
I'll grab one of the other guys.

COUNTRY GIRL 1 / COUNTRY GIRL 2
Do you have too..?

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Mitch lounges on the bed smoking a joint. The Country Girls burst in, naked, wearing ski-masks, brandishing rope-ties.

COUNTRY GIRL 1 / COUNTRY GIRL 2
The safe word is "fire truck".

EXT. BATTLE CREEK - BULLY'S BAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

It's after the show. Mitch heads towards the van. MOM, won't take "no" for an answer, sits on the trunk of a Ford.

MOM
Flesh Gordon, right? I saw your picture in the paper.

MITCH
Oh, cool.

MOM
So did my daughter. Unfortunately, they wouldn't let her in the damned show because she's not twenty one. And it's her eighteenth birthday.

MITCH
Yeah, that sucks. I could sign a picture for her?

MOM
I was sorta thinking more along the lines of you being her present.

MITCH
I don't know about that...

MOM
Dillon!

Dillon, stunning, climbs out of the Ford. Mitch smiles. Mom shoves cash down Mitch jeans, rearranging his junk.

MOM (CONT'D)
You do a good job now. Go on...

A satisfied Mom lights a smoke as the car begins to shake.

EXT. MITCH'S HOUSE - STREET - DAY

Mitch drags duffle bags from a limo to his house. Nik and Stan smoke on their porch. Mitch waves but they ignore him.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - MITCH'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch dumps the duffles, covering his floor with cash. He happy dances. An envious Vic SLAMS the door closed.

EXT. MITCH'S HOUSE - PORCH - LATER

Vic enjoys a beer. Mitch pulls up in a loaded new pickup. Vic swallows hard, crushing his beer with frustration.

EXT. MACOMB COLLEGE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Mitch unloads an armload of new textbooks from his truck.

INT. MACOMB COLLEGE - DINING HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch sits at a table, reading a syllabus. BELLA, 20s, naturally sultry, the kind of girl that would never talk to Mitch outside of the shows, takes the seat across the table. She stares hard, like she's solving the cure for cancer.

BELLA
Your picture's under my new
mattress. Want to help break it in?

MITCH
Now? It's the first day of class.

Bella SNEEZES. She wipes her nose with a Kleenex.

BELLA
The professors barely take roll the
first day. We can start tomorrow.

MITCH
I'm not sure that's a good idea.

BELLA

Look, I have a list of the top ten things I want to do to you. Come... Come with me. Come. Come...

Bella walks backwards towards the door, pulling Mitch with her finger tips. Like a puppet, Mitch follows her out.

INT. MITCH'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Faye shakes her head as she reads a thermometer. Mitch is SNEEZING in bed. His new textbooks sit on his nightstand.

INT. MITCH'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Faye hands a lethargic Mitch a glass of juice. He can barely hold it. She holds it to his lips as he drinks.

INT. MITCH'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Mitch summons his energy to sit up in bed. He can barely open a textbook. Faye pulls the covers back over him.

INT. MITCH'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Faye sets down a bowl of soup. Now Mitch is both ill and devastated. He knocks the textbooks into the trash.

FAYE

You can reapply next semester.

EXT. SHEBOYGAN, WISCONSIN - THE COZY UP - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The dancers pile out of the van. Mitch is grey, COUGHING.

MITCH

I think I might need to go to an ER for a breathing treatment.

JOHNNY

Tours don't have fucking sick days.

MITCH

Feel my head. I got a temperature.

JOHNNY

These women paid to see your ass, sick or not. So unless you die up on that stage, you're dancing.

INT. SHEBOYGAN, WISCONSIN - THE COZY UP - STAGE - LATER

An ailing Mitch forces his moves for five hundred, pulling tissue from his G-string to wipe his nose.

LATER - Mitch is with Jesse at the bar. HOUSEWIFE walks up.

HOUSEWIFE

Look at you. You need me drive you
back to your hotel so you can rest.

INT. HOUSEWIFE'S CAR / EXT. RURAL SHEBOYGAN ROAD - LATER

Mitch is Housewife's passenger as she drives through a blizzard. She pulls to the shoulder in the middle of nowhere.

MITCH

Where's my hotel?

HOUSEWIFE

We'll get there. After I blow you.

MITCH

Aren't you married?

HOUSEWIFE

That's none of your concern.

MITCH

No married women. It's a thing for
me. When I was a kid, my dad he--

HOUSEWIFE

And I have a thing too. So either
you whip it out, or you walk the
next five miles in the snow. Hmm?

Mitch reluctantly UNZIPS his jeans.

INT. SHEBOYGAN, WISCONSIN - HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Jesse's watching Carson on the TV. Mitch drags himself in the door, collapsing onto a bed. Jesse LAUGHS.

JESSE

She take you on a little detour?

MITCH

She used me. Johnny too. He doesn't
give a fuck about us.

JESSE

And that's the business we're in. Everyone's using everyone. When it comes to sex, the women at these shows are worse than guys. Johnny's a selfish prick. It's all fucked up. Work on your medical thing. I got my exit plan. I'm gonna--

There's a KNOCK at the door. Jesse opens it. GRIZZLY 1 and GRIZZLY 2, both Grandma Clampet looking, 60s easy, burst in.

GRIZZLY 1

We knew you's were hiding in here.

Grizzly 2 somersaults across the floor, jumping onto Mitch. She tries to kiss him. He squirms. Grizzly 1 grabs at Jesse.

MITCH

What's wrong with you two?

JESSE

Get out. I'm trying to watch TV.

GRIZZLY 1

I'll give you something to watch.

Grizzly 1 hops on the TV, lifts her skirt, finger banging herself. Jesse grabs the phone.

MITCH

Jesus. I'm calling the cops!

GRIZZLY 2

Go ahead. Cause we're not leaving.

LATER - POLICEMAN enters.

GRIZZLY 1

Officer, you're gonna need to arrest these two.

POLICEMAN

On what grounds?

GRIZZLY 2

They're both faggots.

MITCH

We just don't want sex with them.

POLICEMAN

Lets go, girls.

Policeman opens the door. The Grizzlies file out.

GRIZZLY 1
 Guess you're all a bunch a faggots.
 Your mamma's must hate you!

Mitch and Jesse hang their heads in despair.

JESSE
 Exit plan, my man. Exit plan...

INT. AUTO FACTORY - LUNCH ROOM - DAY

Vic's eating a sandwich. WORKER 1 and 2 smack down newspapers open to Mitch's pic. The caption reads "The Foxy Frenchmen - The Return to Detroit Show - One Night Only".

WORKER 1
 The wives want the kid's sig.

WORKER 2
 Must feel pretty good having a
 celebrity for a son. Was he on
 Donahue too? What's he like, Vic?

Vic's taken aback. He regroups as the workers lean in.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - MITCH'S ROOM - LATER

Mitch packs his gig-bag. Vic slaps down the papers and a pen.

MITCH
 You kidding me? You hate what I do.

VIC
 Don't rake me over the coals here.
 Just make me proud and do this.

MITCH
 You've never been proud of me.

VIC
 I don't tell you because if I'm not
 tough on you, you could turn out to
 be a cream puff or something.

MITCH
 So now you're okay with me dancing?

VIC
 I respect your fortitude...

Mitch soaks in the compliment and signs the papers.

INT. DETROIT'S CLUB CHANDELIER - SHOWROOM - LATER

Eight hundred CHEER as Mitch spins across a table. He drops onto a lap. Its Ms. Anne. She slides a buck in his G-String.

MS. ANNE

My, have we grown...

LATER - Mitch passes the bar on the way to the dressing room. He spots a hammered Vic, arguing with the bartender.

VIC

You think you can cut *me* off? My son's the star of this thing!

Ms. Anne runs up. She kisses Vic. Vic's happy she's horny.

VIC (CONT'D)

Yeah? You like all that shit?

Mitch's heart sinks, it all adds up.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The family eats breakfast in silence.

VIC

Well them bills ain't gonna pay themselves. Mitch knows, right?

Vic plops his napkin onto his plate. He messes Mitch's hair before heading out the door. Mitch resists the urge to fight.

MITCH

Why do you stay with him?

FAYE

Family is all I have.

MITCH

I'm not sticking around. I'm out soon as I get my prereqs out of the way. You could go too. Get a job.

FAYE

I had a job once. For a day...

MITCH

What? Where? No one told me.

FAYE

A factory downtown. Sewing door handles for cars. Your father was so jealous I was going to cheat, he honked his horn in the parking lot until I quit. I couldn't leave if I tried. He'd just track me down.

INT. MITCH'S TRUCK / EXT. DETROIT STREETS - LATER

Mitch's drives with a vengeance. He stops at a red-light. The Black Teens that threw milk at his car point with excitement.

BLACK TEEN 1

That motherfucker's in the paper!

INT. MITCH'S TRUCK / EXT. AUTO FACTORY - LAWN - LATER

The workers eat lunch. Mitch pulls up in his truck. The workers point. Two dance. Vic yells back as heads to Mitch.

VIC

You's all wish you were my son.

MITCH

You have to leave mom. It's the only way. She'd never leave you.

VIC

Are you fucking crazy? What for?

MITCH

Because you've been cheating on her since I was in grade school!

VIC

So? I paid for the house. The car.

MITCH

Dad, you can't keep lying to her. She doesn't deserve this.

VIC

For Christ's sake, grow some balls. Fuck em, or get fucked. It's the way things work. Doing what you do, I thought you'd gotten it by now?

MITCH

But she's my fucking mom!

Mitch TEARS off in his truck. Vic LAUGHS to himself.

INT. BENSON'S BOOBS GALORE STRIP CLUB - SAME

Nik, gold chains, 3 piece suit, is in a booth with STRIPPER. Hollywood couldn't have cast him better as a drug dealer. They're even sneaking hits off a coke-bullet.

NORMAL GUY walks up. Stripper shrugs at Nik, vouching for Normal Guy. He takes a seat in the booth and snorts from the bullet. It's obvious he likes the product.

INT. NIK'S TRANS AM / EXT. NIK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Normal Guy hands Nik an envelope of cash. Nik pulls a bale of coke from under his seat. Police cruisers pull in. Normal Guy pulls Nik's keys from the ignition. A busted Nik slumps in his seat. Normal Guy opens his door, carousing with the cops.

INT. YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN - THE SUDS FACTORY - BAR - NIGHT

Mitch is unglued, drowning his sorrows, drinking with Jesse.

MITCH

Johnny uses me. The women use me.
My own fucking dad uses me. Let's
face it, even I'm using me.

JESSE

The business we're in. And unless
you're a real jerk, it's only a
matter of time until the fun and
excitement's replaced with regret.
But with regret does comes blame.

Jesse and Mitch slam a round. Johnny walks up.

JOHNNY

Hey, show starts in ten.

MITCH

I'm not fucking dancing.

JOHNNY

Didn't we already have this talk?

MITCH

This life, it's not for me, okay? I
feel like I'm on a speeding train
heading straight to fucking hell.

JOHNNY

You can quit when you're thirty.
But now, you're a commodity that's
making me money. Drink. Drug. Do
whatever. But you be ready in ten.

LATER - Mitch dances on a table. He grabs a shot from a woman and slams it. Her friends offer up their shots and Mitch knocks em all back. He stumbles from the table into Waitress.

INT. YPSILANTI - THE SUDS FACTORY - DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Mitch sits in a chair, toweling off. Waitress sets down a tray of shots, drops her panties and straddles Mitch.

MITCH

You think I fuck for shots? Is that
what people think of me?

Johnny enters and he's pissed. Waitress scurries out.

JOHNNY

You wanna get us 86'd? She's
supposed to be selling drinks. No
tipping for you. Wait in the van!

Johnny leaves. Mitch downs the entire tray of shots.

EXT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATER

A drunken Mitch falls out of the van. Johnny grabs his keys.

JOHNNY

Jesus, fuck...

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Johnny drops Mitch on his couch. He heads to his room. A hand runs through Mitch's hair. He opens his eyes. It's Debbie.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - DEBBIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Debbie hops under the covers. Mitch, obligated, strips naked.

DEBBIE

What do you think you're doing?

MITCH

You don't want to do me..?

DEBBIE
I'm not some hormonal college girl.

Mitch, relieved, pulls up his underwear. He climbs under the covers. Debbie spoons Mitch.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Your skin's so soft.

MITCH
Baby oil...

DEBBIE
And you smell nice.

MITCH
Also, baby oil...

Debbie GIGGLES. She pulls Mitch closer as they fall asleep.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - DEBBIE'S ROOM - DAY

Mitch wakes to a heated discussion in the hall.

DEBBIE (O.C.)
That's all we did, sleep. He was on the couch without a blanket even.

JOHNNY (O.C.)
He was to drunk to care. And don't tell me nothing happened.

DEBBIE (O.C.)
Really, Johnny? I'm some slut?!

JOHNNY (O.C.)
He's business, Debbie. You know better. Do not shit where I eat!

DEBBIE (O.C.)
He's practically a kid still.

JOHNNY (O.C.)
Stay away from my guys.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Mitch is with his parents. A birthday cake reads "Happy 20th Birthday". A down Mitch blows out a candle without a smile.

INT. NIK'S TRANS AM / EXT. DETROIT STREETS - SAME

Nik drives, pointing out a dope-house to Normal Guy.

INT. KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN - VFW HALL - STAGE - NIGHT

Four hundred Cheer. Mitch dances catatonically, over it all.

INT. JOHNNY'S VAN / EXT. RURAL ROADS - LATER

The guys drive home in an uncomfortable silence.

EXT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATER

The guys pile out of the van. Mitch gets into his truck. Johnny watches to make sure he drives away.

EXT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch climbs the back fence. He TAPS on Debbie's window.

DEBBIE (O.C.)

Go away.

MITCH

It's my birthday.

DEBBIE (O.C.)

Happy birthday. Now go away.

MITCH

Why didn't you have sex with me?

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - DEBBIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Debbie opens her window. Mitch climbs in.

DEBBIE

Because that's what normal people do. They wait to get to know someone before jumping their bones.

Mitch climbs into bed, fully dressed.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

At least someone's trainable.

Debbie strips. Tears roll down a broken Mitch's face.

MITCH
Please..? I just need a friend...

EXT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - STREET - THE NEXT DAY

Johnny drives off in his van. His face falls as he turns the corner. Mitch's truck is parked at the curb.

INT. FLINT, MICHIGAN - STAR CLUB - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

The guys prep for the show. Johnny confronts Mitch.

JOHNNY
Stay the fuck away from the bar.

INT. FLINT, MICHIGAN - STAR CLUB - BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch and Jesse down shot after shot in defiance.

INT. FLINT, MICHIGAN - STAR CLUB - SHOWROOM - LATER

Johnny, mic in hand, is onstage in front of three hundred.

JOHNNY
Alright, we have your next dancer.
Here to save us from heart--

"Yankee Rose" BLARES. Mitch has switched his routine. He circles Johnny, antagonizing him. Johnny heads offstage.

INT. FLINT, MICHIGAN - STAR CLUB - BAR - LATER

Jesse and Mitch drink. The Terminator walks up LAUGHING.

THE TERMINATOR
Johnny says he ain't paying you. Ya
fucking drunk.

Mitch tears across the club. Jesse's at his heels.

EXT. NIK'S HOUSE - STREET - SAME

A Lincoln pulls up. Drug dealers climb out with machine guns. Windows shatter, wood splinters, as they empty their clips into Nik's house. They hop back into Lincoln and speed off.

INT. FLINT, MICHIGAN - STAR CLUB - SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

Johnny's signing autographs. Mitch shoves him into a wall.

MITCH

You're fucking paying me!

Johnny punches Mitch in the face. An unfazed Mitch chases Johnny through the packed house and onto the stage.

Johnny swings a chair into Mitch's face, spewing blood. Bouncers grab Mitch, using his head to open the stage door.

EXT. FLINT, MICHIGAN - STAR CLUB - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jesse stands over a bloodied and barely squirming Mitch.

JESSE

That was some exit plan...

INT. HOSPITAL - MED SURGICAL ROOM - DAY

Mitch is in bed, bruised, nose in a cast. Vic and Faye stare.

MITCH

I'm out of the Frenchmen.

VIC

Fucking loser you are...

Vic walks out in disgust. Faye hugs Mitch.

MITCH

I can't live this way anymore, mom.
I need to get away.

FAYE

Do what you have to do. I'll be
okay. No matter where you are,
you'll always be my boy.
(correcting herself)
Young man.

INT. ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL - DAY

Mitch kneels, making the sign-of-the-cross.

MITCH

Forgive me father for I have
sinned. My last confession was...

EXT. ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH - FRONT STEPS - LATER

Father Tomas smokes. Mitch holds his head in his hands.

FATHER TOMAS

Dancing is a form of worship, but their must be opportunity for good. After all, it is God who gives us our paths. Follow your heart, all will be revealed. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil...

EXT. GORTOVSKI GAS - DAY

A solemn Stan pumps gas into Mitch's truck.

MITCH

I'm sorry.

Stan refuses to look at Mitch.

MITCH (CONT'D)

You guys were the best friends I ever had. You didn't deserve me quitting the show.

STAN

Friends? We treated ya like a brother. We don't do that for just anyone ya know.

MITCH

I fucked up bigtime. And this whole dancing thing. I did so much shit.

STAN

Ah, it don't matter now. Show's over. Nik's on the run. I can't stop thinking about him. Alone...

MITCH

If I knew where he was, I'd run with Nik. I don't fit in here.

Stan whispers something INAUDIBLE into Mitch's ear.

EXT. MITCH'S STREET - DAY

Mitch's truck is filled with his belongings. Faye hugs him goodbye. Vic gives a half-assed wave as he heads back inside.

INT. MITCH'S TRUCK / EXT. INTERSTATE 75 - DAY / NIGHT

Mitch drives through Ohio, Kentucky, Georgia, then Florida.

INT. MITCH'S TRUCK / EXT. POMPANO TIRE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Mitch parks. A Nik we've never seen before, emotionally broken, loads a tire onto a car. He snubs Mitch.

LATER - The shop's closed. Nik grabs a sleeping Mitch.

NIK

Go home and don't look back.

MITCH

I don't want to go home.

NIK

You don't fucking understand. And who the fuck told you I was here?

MITCH

Stan. He's worried sick about you.

Nik takes a breath as he accepts his fate.

NIK

I gotta make a call...

INT. NIK'S POMPANO APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Low-class one bedroom. Mitch lays on the couch, watching TV. Nik's on the phone in the back. He hangs up then walks over.

NIK

That couch is temporary.

MITCH

Yeah, I'm going to find a school. Get my own place. There must be tons of clubs to dance down here.

NIK

Thee Dollhouse. If I was you I'd start there. It's down the street.

MITCH

Really? Great. Thanks, Nik.

NIK

Do not thank me.

EXT. POMPANO - THEE DOLLHOUSE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

High end, multi-room strip club. Mitch's truck pulls in.

INT. POMPANO - THEE DOLLHOUSE - DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Mitch enters. Guys are oiling up. EDDIE, 20s, Black, chiseled jaw, trusting smile, reaches to shake Mitch's hand.

EDDIE

What do you say there, friend?

Mitch hesitates. Then, over-enthusiastically shakes hands.

MITCH

I'm Mitch, from Detroit.

EDDIE

You okay?

MITCH

I never worked with a Black dancer before. There was a single Black kid at my high school.

EDDIE

This isn't the North. Things are mighty different down here.

MITCH

Sounds good to me.

Eddie gives an approving nod. RALPH, rat-faced, walks in.

RALPH

Who the fuck's this guy?

EDDIE

My friend, from Detroit.

RALPH

You're vouching for a Yankee?

EDDIE

Ralphie, don't worry. He's alright.

RALPH

But he don't get paid.

EDDIE

Yeah, it's an audition.
(reassuring Mitch)

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)
It's just the day shift dancers.
All 8s and 9s with cash.

INT. POMPANO - THEE DOLLHOUSE - SHOWROOM - LATER

Mitch dances for the female dancers. They shower him with cash. One hops onstage, dancing along, making Ralph jealous.

INT. POMPANO - THEE DOLLHOUSE - DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Mitch enters, dumping a mound of tips onto the floor.

EDDIE
You're fucking great. And the rock
and roll? Hell, yeah!

The guys high-five. Ralph comes in, gathering Mitch's tips.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Come on, Ralphie. Give him a break.

RALPH
Nobody gets paid their first night.

MITCH
You're not taking my fucking tips!

Mitch shoves Ralph. Ralph pulls a switchblade-knife.

EDDIE
Come on. He's not worth it.

RALPH
Let me see your face here again.

Ralph heads for the stage. Eddie pats Mitch on the back.

EDDIE
Fuck him. Meet me in the main-room.

INT. POMPANO - THEE DOLLHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - LATER

The most beautiful girls imaginable work the velvet clothed tables at the swanky club. Roller Girl's onstage, upside-down, swinging from a poll. She blows a kiss. It's for Eddie.

EDDIE
The crème de le crème from around
the globe. They make a grand a
night. Us guys, not so much. You
just danced at one of my hot spots.

MITCH
For only a dozen girls?

EDDIE
At least they tip. You sure you
still want to work down here?

MITCH
I'm not going home...

EDDIE
Be at Club Oz tomorrow. 8 o'clock.

Roller Girl heads backstage. So does Eddie.

INT. SOUTH MIAMI - ENTRANCE - CLUB OZ - THE NEXT NIGHT

Mitch enters. A sea of partying women flow by. Mitch spots a sign taped to the kitchen door "performers" and heads inside.

INT. SOUTH MIAMI - CLUB OZ - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mitch freezes with fear. It's five Black drag queens in panties, heels and wigs. JOE, as Dianna Ross, duct-tapes his dick and balls up into his butt crack. He gawks at Mitch.

JOE
Honey, I'll suck your cock so hard
your ass cheeks will cave in.

AL, as Donna Summer, leads a frightened Mitch to her table.

AL
Don't you mind that bitch. Line?

Al hands Mitch a mirror of coke. He snorts a line.

JOE
That one doesn't like our kind.

Al gives Joe the "hand". He turns to Mitch.

AL
You ever seen La cage Aux Folles?
Female impersonators?

Mitch shrugs 'no'.

JOE
See? He don't like our kind.

AL

He is going to like us. He just doesn't know us yet. Our's is the best show East of the Mississippi.

JOE

Which is why you still trick behind the 7-Eleven?

AL

Zip it!

MITCH

I thought I was the show?

JOE

Court-jester, this is a lesbian bar. Full of I-don't-want-no-penis-near-my-vagina-carpet-munchers.

AL

You're the intermission act. Don't touch anyone, you'll be fine. If you get too close, one could bite.

INT. SOUTH MIAMI - CLUB OZ - STAGE - LATER

The drag queens dance, lip syncing a disco song. The crowd LAUGHS. Mitch too, watching from the safety of the DJ booth.

LATER - A nervous Mitch dances. The audience stands arms folded, glaring. A few roll pocket-change at his feet.

INT. SOUTH MIAMI - CLUB OZ - DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Mitch enters holding change. Al hands him a sympathy shot.

AL

That's more than most make...

INT. SOUTH MIAMI - CLUB OZ - BACK TABLE - LATER

Mitch parties with the drag queens, having a blast.

MITCH

You lost your virginity to your Algebra teacher? In 12th grade?!

JOE

Yes!!! That man gave me straight A's. And I can barely count to ten.

The group belly LAUGHS, downing another round of shots.

JOE (CONT'D)
Honestly. What do you think of us?
And tell the truth.

MITCH
I think... I think I like you guys.

The groups CHEERS.

AL
See? You see? I knew it!

MITCH
But I better go. Pompano's a drive.

GROUP
Awe...

MITCH
But I'll be back again.

Mitch heads through the crowd. PAT 1, sexy Pat Benatar wanna-be in fishnets and ripped shirt, drags him out by the arm.

INT. PAT'S CAR / EXT. CLUB OZ - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Pat 1 hits a joint, blowing smoke into Mitch's mouth. PAT 2, also a Benatar wanna-be, POUNDS on the window.

MITCH
Is she your sister?

Pat 2 climbs in, sandwiching Mitch.

PAT 2
So how's my girlfriend taste?

PAT 1
Six years, right honey?

PAT 2
How about you fuck yourself?

MITCH
What's uh, six years?

PAT 1
Six years without a dick.

MITCH
Ah...

PAT 1
Three for me.

PAT 2
I stole her from her boyfriend.

PAT 1
Converted. But I still miss a dick.

The Pats kiss. Pat 2 grabs Mitch, tonguing him. Pat 1 LAUGHS.

MITCH
I think I have an idea...

INT. NIK'S POMPANO APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Nik's asleep. The trio sneak into the dark room. Pat 1 licks Nik's ear. Nik thinks its Mitch. He runs out the door, naked.

NIK
What the fuck is wrong with you?!

Mitch GUT-LAUGHS. Nik returns. He spots the girls.

MITCH
We wanted to cheer you up.

NIK
I can't be doing this shit anymore.
I'm fighting for my life down here!
(gathering himself)
Have your fun tonight. But
tomorrow, you're out of here.

Nik tears off. A bummed Mitch sits at the edge of the bed. The girls undress each other. Pat 1 rides Mitch first.

PAT 1
No pouting. We make it all better.

Pat 2 can't contain her urge. She taps Pat 1 on the shoulder.

PAT 2
That means me too...

PAT 1
Give it a minute. I'm not finished.

PAT 2
But I need it worse...

Pat 2 wrestles with Pat 1. Mitch tries not to orgasm.

PAT 1
Stop it.

PAT 2
No, you stop it.

MITCH
(orgasming)
Guys. Slow. Please, ahh. Shit...

PAT 1
No!

PAT 2
You ruined it. You ruined my penis.
It was mine too!

PAT 1
Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to.

The Pats CRY in tandem, comforting each other with a hug.

EXT. FORT LAUDERDALE - ANGEL'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY

Mitch waits as Nik RINGS the bell.

NIK
Angel's an, an acquaintance of
mine. So I need you to grow the
fuck up, fast. Don't be getting
involved in anything.

ANGEL, 30s, chubby Latino, thinks he's a comedian, huge
personality, yanks the door open. He jokes with Mitch.

ANGEL
It's stripper guy! You get a lot of
pussy? A guy like me could use a
lot of pussy. Right? Huh..?

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The guys enter. Angel gets serious as he points.

ANGEL
My room's there. Your room's there.
Go into my room, we got problems.

NIK
He won't go into your room.

ANGEL

Two fifty a month, with an orgy size water-bed to boot. You have an orgy, you knock on my door, okay?

NIK

He's not having any orgies. Look, I'm late for work. I gotta go.

Nik's already heading out. Angel follows Nik.

ANGEL

Hey, I pay rent to you know. I gotta go sell some shoes.

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - MITCH'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mitch collapses on the water-bed, rolling on a wave.

INT. FORT LAUDERDALE - BACK STREETS CLUB - NIGHT

Mitch is on a pedestal. Eddie's on another. They're dancing on a regular club night. The small crowd could care less.

MITCH

How do you survive like this? I gotta come up with tuition.

Eddie smiles, shrugging off the question.

INT. FORT LAUDERDALE - ANGEL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Mitch searches the barren kitchen, finally finding a box of mac-and-cheese. Angel enters.

MITCH

You even eat here? There's no food.

ANGEL

Ever hear of a restaurant? They serve breakfast, lunch and dinner.

MITCH

Yeah, with the money I'm making, I'll be lucky to pay you rent.

ANGEL

Awe, come on. Let's go party.

MITCH
 Angel, I'm burning through my
 life's savings down here.

ANGEL
 Get your dancing ass out of this
 kitchen and into my car. Tonight,
 you're Angel's friend.

EXT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

An impressed Mitch sits in Angel's tricked out Corvette.

MITCH
 You can afford this selling shoes?

ANGEL
 Employee of the month. They even
 got my picture above the register.

Angel's holds up a CD case. CDs are brand new technology.

MITCH
 What the hell is that?

ANGEL
 A compact disk. Bon Jovi. Slippery
 When Wet. Like my girlfriend's
 vagina. These tunes rock so hard,
 they've been lasered.

EXT. FORT LAUDERDALE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Bon Jovi BLARES as the Corvette makes it's way through palm
 tree laden streets, crossing the Intracoastal.

EXT. JOSEPH'S RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - LATER

ANGEL
 My buddy's the maître d'. Watch the
 car while I go say hi.

MONTAGE - MITCH WAITS IN THE CORVETTE AS ANGEL GOES IN AND
 OUT OF CLUBS ALONG THE INTRACOASTAL.

EXT. LAUDERDALE - SWANKY STRIP CLUB - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Angel high-fives the valet. Mitch heads inside.

ANGEL

Hey. Make sure you tell em you want
Angel's table.

INT. FORT LAUDERDALE - SWANKY STRIP CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Dancers work the busy room. Mitch sits at the best table. A waitress uncorks a bottle of Crystal as Angel arrives. He drops a pile of coke onto the table in plain sight. Mitch covers the coke with his hands. Angel shoves Mitch back.

MITCH

Jesus, Angel.

Angel snorts a line. He throws his golden straw at Mitch.

ANGEL

This is my town, my club, in my
back pocket. I've done blow off
that bartender's ass. Do not
embarrass me. Got it?

MITCH

I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking.

ANGEL

You're with Angel. Not some shmuck.

Mitch snorts a line. Eddie sits, hugging Mitch.

EDDIE

Mi mejor amigo!

ANGEL

(suspicious)
What, you guys know each other?

MITCH

Eddie's been getting me gigs. This
is Angel. He sells shoes. A lot.

EDDIE

Hey. Who can't get enough Capezios?
(serious/to Mitch)
Now there's this job in Austin
tomorrow. It's different. But it
does pay.

MITCH

You see? Eddie's alright.

ANGEL

Yeah, long as he makes you money.

Angel hands Eddie the straw. Dancers bookend the guys.

LATER - The guys are totally geeked up on blow.

MITCH

You guys!

ANGEL

Us guys?

MITCH

Yeah, you guys!

EDDIE

What about us guys?

MITCH

I love *you* guys...

ANGEL

(pointing at Eddie)

Me and him?

MITCH

No, you don't understand. I fucking love all you guys!!!

The entire table CHEERS. Angel throws the straw at Mitch.

INT. SAN ANTONIO AIRPORT - ARRIVAL AREA - THE NEXT DAY

A hung over Mitch staggers from the plane, confused by a sign "Welcome to San Antonio". LIPSTICK, serial killer looks, holds up cardboard with "Mitch" written in lipstick.

LIPSTICK

(southern slur)

Mitch. Oh, Mitch. Yoo-hoo!

MITCH

Wasn't I supposed to fly to Austin?

LIPSTICK

San Antone was cheaper. And now, I get you for the whole day!

A fearful Mitch looks Lipstick over.

INT. LIPSTICK'S VAN / EXT. RURAL TEXAS ROAD - LATER

Lipstick drives a beat-up van. The back's filled with trash. Mitch holds his breath, hand on the door, ready to jump.

LIPSTICK (CONT'D)
I bet folk tell ya you're sexy.

INT. LIPSTICKS VAN / EXT. LIPSTICK'S AUSTIN APARTMENT - LATER
Lipstick parks the van. Mitch's suspicions grows.

LIPSTICK (CONT'D)
We stay here till the club opens.
Just to warn you, he's mine.

INT. LIPSTICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER
Lipstick clears trash from a couch. Mitch opens the front door, then takes a seat. Now Lipstick stares suspiciously.

MITCH
I'm claustrophobic. It's a
psychological thing.

LIPSTICK
Psychological..?

Lipstick heads to the back. A hung over Mitch nods off.

LATER - Mitch wakes. A guy, 16, black eye, hopeless, is staring at him. He slips to the back. Mitch heads outside.

EXT. LIPSTICK'S AUSTIN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS
Mitch spots a payphone. He heads over and DIALS.

MITCH
Mom...

FAYE (O.S.)
Oh, thank God, Mitchell. I was
worried about you.

MITCH
Mom, I'm in Texas for a job.

FAYE (O.S.)
Well, you have cousins in Dallas.
The nicest people. But I've never
been. I've never been anywhere.
They sent you toy guns. You were
probably too young to re--

MITCH
 Mom, listen. If anything happens to
 me, promise you'll move on from
 dad. You deserve to be happy.

FAYE (O.S.)
 Oh, I don't know...

MITCH
 At least just think about it some
 more. I gotta go. But I love you.

FAYE (O.S.)
 And I will always love you...

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Vic hangs up the basement phone, he's been listening in.

VIC
 Faye!

INT. AUSTIN, TEXAS - GLEE CLUB - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Mitch enters. He's confused by a poster on the wall behind
 DOORMAN. It reads "Fisting Fridays". Doorman sells the promo.

DOORMAN
 Fun. But a pain in the ass.

INT. AUSTIN, TEXAS - GLEE CLUB - BAR - CONTINUOUS

Posters of naked guys line the walls. Mitch bellies up.
 BARTENDER, handlebar mustache, is cleaning the well.

MITCH
 Is this place like..?

BARTENDER
 The gay kind.

Lipstick walks up.

MITCH
 Eddie made a mistake. I'm not gay.

LIPSTICK
 That's so sad.

MITCH

Look, I am totally cool if you guys are. But like I said, I'm not. So there's no way I'm dancing here.

LIPSTICK

You don't dance, I don't get paid, no plane ticket home. And so you know, we're all gay a little. You just haven't caught on yet, Mary.

Lipstick heads off. Bartender slides over a shot.

BARTENDER

Just dance. No one's finding out unless you tell them.

LATER - The front of the stage is lined with guys holding cash. Mitch dances awkwardly, never getting close. His Catholic's conscience won't even let him look at the guys.

GUY IN THE CROWD

Don't you want your money?!

Bartender hops onstage with a bottle of tequila. Mitch opens his mouth and leans back. Bartender pours and pours.

LATER - A drunken Mitch works the crowd. They tip big. Lipstick stuffs a plane ticket into Mitch's G-string.

EXT. AUSTIN AIRPORT - ENTRANCE - LATER

Mitch stumbles head-first into the locked door. The airport's closed for the night. He slides to the side walk and sleeps.

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - MITCH'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Mitch collapses face-first onto his bed. Angel walks in.

ANGEL

Hey, sleeping beauty. My sales guy called in sick. How about you watch the store while I make a delivery?

MITCH

You really sell shoes?

ANGEL

This fucking guy...

INT. ANGEL'S SHOE STORE - LATER

Mitch, in shorts and a tank top, sits behind the register. There's a pic of Angel "Employee of the Month".

In bursts a hobbling ROSA, 20s, fiery Latino bombshell, in a low cut waitress outfit. She's wearing one shoe, the other's in her hand with a busted heel. Mitch's heart skips a beat. Rosa spots Mitch and demands action.

ROSA

Pumps! I need pumps! My boss is gonna shit if I don't make it back in time for the lunch rush.

Mitch heads to the women's section, searching through shoe boxes, no idea what he's doing. Rosa checks his attire.

MITCH

Size uh eleven, twelve?

ROSA

Six. You sure you work here? And what's with the tank top? You look like you should be on a beach.

MITCH

Oh yeah. Thee uh, girl shoe guy called in sick. So I'm a, sixes!

Mitch holds up a shoe box. Rosa sits in a chair, lifting her sexy leg. Mitch blushes. Rosa points at her foot.

ROSA

Hello? I have to go.

MITCH

Oh yeah, uh here uh, okay...

Mitch fumbles as he dons Rosa's shoes. Rosa's charmed.

ROSA

So what do I owe you?

MITCH

What?

ROSA

For the shoes? What do I owe you?

MITCH

Oh uh, nothing. I got em.

ROSA
A shoe salesman that gives away
free shoes? You don't even know me.

Mitch takes his best shot.

MITCH
I would if you'd maybe meet me at
the beach..?

ROSA
Ho Jo's. After lunch. But you
better not stand me up.

Rosa runs out before Mitch can say "no chance in hell".

EXT. FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA - HO JO'S BEACH BAR - LATER

Mitch drinks a beer at the bar in the sand. Rosa bellies up.

ROSA
What's up, shoe guy?

MITCH
You actually came.

ROSA
I don't look honest? My mama, she
always told me, "tell the truth and
you'll have less to remember".

MITCH
Smart woman your mother. Beer?

ROSA
Margarita...

Mitch signals the bartender.

MITCH
A margarita for the honest girl who
survived another day in the
dangerous world of waitressing.

ROSA
Survived my working vacation. Home
is Los Angeles. And this Fall, I'll
be attending UCLA nursing school.
On scholarship, yay..!

MITCH
You? Bedpans and diapers?

ROSA
Dios mio! That is totally sexist.

MITCH
(laughing at himself)
I don't, please, educate me.

ROSA
Nurses run the show. IVs,
medications, lab work. Did you know
that nurses with advanced training
can even be anesthesiologists?

MITCH
I did not. But I am very impressed.

ROSA
And what's with you, shoe guy? Tell
me your dreams.

MITCH
Just trying to figure out how to
pay for my own tuition.

ROSA
And what will shoe boy study?

MITCH
I've been trying to go pre-med.

ROSA
Look at you, mister fancy pants. In
your tank top and shorts.

MITCH
(flirting)
Look. It's a free country.

ROSA
Is that your pickup line? For moi?

MITCH
(searching)
My pick up line for you would be...
(in her eyes)
Give me a chance, and I'll shoe
your feet *all night long*...

ROSA
That was fucking weird.

MITCH
So is a shoe-less waitress.

Rosa makes two fists.

ROSA
Oh, you did not.

MITCH
Oh, yes I did.

Rosa chases Mitch across the sand.

EXT. BEACHSIDE BASKETBALL COURT - CONTINUOUS

Rosa picks up an abandoned basketball and shoots. She passes the ball to Mitch. He rolls it back.

ROSA
What the heck was that?

MITCH
Yeah, I never played...

ROSA
Your father never taught you
basketball? You playing with me?

EXT. MITCH'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY - BEGIN FLASHBACK

Mitch, 7, awkwardly dribbles a basketball. Vic drives in from work. He grabs the ball from Mitch.

VIC
Who the fuck gave you one of these?

MITCH
Coach Langman. He said I could try
out for the intramural team.

VIC
He think you're a fucking Jigaboo?

Vic whips the ball down the street. Mitch chases after it.

EXT. LAUDERDALE PARK - BASKETBALL COURT - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Mitch shrugs with shame.

MITCH
Said it wasn't a white man's sport.

ROSA
It's an everyman's sport. I'll
teach you. Dribble, then you shoot.

Rosa dribbles, then shoots. She passes the ball to Mitch. He dribbles then shoots, almost making a basket.

ROSA (CONT'D)
Didn't see your skin color change.

Rosa dribbles past Mitch. It's game on, both all smiles.

EXT. ROSA'S APARTMENT - PORCH - LATER

Mitch walks Rosa to her door. She turns with a proposition.

ROSA
Margarita..?

Mitch struggles with temptation. He shies away.

ROSA (CONT'D)
What just happened? You gay?
Because my roommate, you know, he's
gay and he's muy caliente.

Mitch grabs Rosa, laying a passionate kiss. She melts.

MITCH
I'm not screwing this up with a one
nighter. But maybe next time? If
you play your cards right...

Mitch breaks away, heading for his truck. Rosa teases back.

ROSA
Oh? You wanna play cards with me?
Remember. I don't bluff. It's the
truth when you play with me, baby.

EXT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - PORCH - LATER

Mitch searches for his door key. Eddie walks up behind him.

EDDIE
My man...

MITCH
What the fuck, Eddie? Sending me to
Austin to dance at a gay bar?

EDDIE
You did okay with the lesbians.

MITCH
Yeah, because they were women.

EDDIE
Who cares?

MITCH
Me. I care.

EDDIE
You wanted to make money. And I knew that given the choice, you wouldn't go through with it. But I also knew that a young blonde guy with your bod would kill it. And guess what? Miami is loaded with gay clubs. They *all* pump. Plus, you're straight...

MITCH
What's straight got to do with it?

EDDIE
You're a fucking unicorn. Every guy's gonna want to be your first.

MITCH
You're fucking crazy.

EDDIE
You want that tuition? You can get your money. But you're going to have to do it Miami style...

Mitch ponders the proposition.

INT. MIAMI BEACH - THE COPA - LATER

Eddie leads Mitch through the palm tree laden club, filled with gay men. They pass a table with a "Reserved" sign and a champagne bucket. LUIS, 50s, patron Latino, wealthy, holds court. He watches Mitch's every step, already attracted.

EDDIE
The Copa's the hottest place in town with the biggest players. Make it here, you're in their scene. A scene that's not easy to get into.

LATER - Mitch dances onstage. Guys are lined up to tip. Eddie dances with no line. Eddie shrugs to Mitch "I told you so".

EXT. FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA - HO JO'S BEACH BAR - DAY

Mitch and Rosa close-talk. Like the world doesn't exist.

INT. MIAMI BEACH - THE COPA - NIGHT

Mitch is onstage with Eddie and five other oiled guys in G-Strings. You can cut the anticipation with a knife as MC FRED, dressed as Ann Margaret, works the room.

MC FRED

Let's hear it for, Flesh Gordon.
Our new King of the Copa!

Cameras FLASH as MC FRED hands Mitch a bouquet of roses. The crowd CHEERS. Luis signals a waiter. Waiter heads to Mitch, whispering in his ear. Mitch heads over to Luis's table. A smiling Luis hands Mitch a congratulatory glass of champagne.

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mitch bursts in the door with Rosa on his back, piggybacking. She's LAUGHING. Mitch is the happiest he's ever been.

INT. ANGELS APARTMENT - MITCH'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rosa GROWLS as Mitch tosses her onto his bed. He teases her as he unzips his pants, acting goofy. Rosa plays her part.

ROSA

Oh really? Show it to me, baby.

Mitch dives on top of Rosa.

LATER - Post sex. Rosa lays on Mitch, gazing into his eyes.

ROSA (CONT'D)

I want to know everything. Tell me about your mama.

MITCH

She's my mom. A good person. I know she'd love you.

ROSA

And tu padre?

MITCH
My dad? Fuck him.

The mood turns serious.

ROSA
He is your father. Do not say shit like that. You're lucky you have one. Mine abandoned my mama.

MITCH
Mine's complicated, okay?

ROSA
He's your father. You respect him.

MITCH
Respect's not in his vocabulary.

Mitch grabs the phone next to his bed. He DIALS.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Mom? Mom, yeah. I'm calling to tell you guys that I have a girlfriend.

Rosa smiles with pride.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Yeah. And her name is Rosa.
Yeah, no, *Rosa*. She's Latino.
(whispering to Rosa)
She's telling dad about you.
(back into the phone)
No, mom. No, that's. Tell dad *that* word is racist. Rosa is *Latino*.

Rosa's face falls.

MITCH (CONT'D)
I, you have to... Love you too mom.

Mitch hangs up the phone. Now Rosa gets it.

ROSA
So your father's complicated...

MITCH
But not me. I'm simple.

ROSA
Just a shoe boy with a dream?

Mitch looks Rosa straight in the eyes.

MITCH

I've dreamed my entire life. But of all the things I've ever dreamed about, nothing compares to you.

They kiss with their entire beings, blending into one.

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mitch and Eddie pass a joint, LAUGHING at Fast Times at Ridgemont High on the TV. Spicoli's on the screen. Angel bursts in the door followed by Nik.

ANGEL

A party? And Angel wasn't invited?!

MITCH

No, it's just, Eddie's hanging out.

EDDIE

But we are going to a party later.

ANGEL

You dancer guys really flock together, don't ya?

EDDIE

Hey, it's fucking tough out there.

NIK

So where's this uh party you're going to?

MITCH

It's some snowflake party.

ANGEL

The fucking snowflake party?!

MITCH

Luis from the club invited me. I guess he throws it every year.

ANGEL

Yeah, I know who Luis is. Everyone knows who Luis is. But not everyone gets to party with Luis.

EDDIE

And guess who's Mitch's date?

ANGEL

(to Mitch)

You get *me* into that party, and I'll blow you before this fucking guy can even pull your cock out.

EDDIE

I love you, Angel. You're the shit!

ANGEL

Fuck that. This is Angel's shit...

Angel slaps a bindle down. Eddie cuts the lines. Angel cuts his own line and it's a foot long. He snorts it in a single breath. He motions for the guys to follow him to his room.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Get your asses over here.

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - ANGEL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Angel opens his closet, revealing a wall-safe.

ANGEL

You fucking guys you. Turn around.

The guys turn around.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Okay, now face me.

They turn, stunned to find Angel pointing a handgun at them. They raise their hands. Angel falls to his knees LAUGHING.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

If you..? The look on your faces! I wish I had a camera! Priceless! Okay, alright. Now I got something here you don't see everyday...

Angel tosses bricks of cocaine at the guys from his safe.

NIK

Wow, this. This is...

Nik checks Eddie's look. Eddie confirms Nik's thoughts.

EDDIE

The motherload...

MITCH

Who has this much cocaine?

Angel stashes a brick into the back of his waistband.

ANGEL

I just need you to get me into that
fucking snowflake party. Okay..?

Nik and Eddie give Mitch "the look", putting him on the spot.

EXT. MIAMI MANSION - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

Limos line the street. Mitch leads Eddie, Angel and Nik, dressed to the nines, to the gate. Mitch pleads his case and security waves the group inside. Angel dances ahead. Eddie pats Mitch on the back. Nik breathes a sigh of relief.

EXT. MIAMI MANSION - POOL AREA - CONTINUOUS

Swanky pool party. The wait-staff wear snowflakes that barely cover their privates. Luis is holding court at a table. He spots Mitch and spins a Lazy-Susan piled high with cocaine.

LATER - The guys party. Angel pulls out the brick from his waistband. Luis smiles "okay". The pair head into the house. Eddie gives Nik a celebratory elbow to the gut. Nik gives a halfhearted smile. Mitch waves goodbye. Eddie grabs Mitch.

EDDIE

What? You're fucking leaving? The
party's just getting started here.

MITCH

I got someone I need to see...

Eddie places his hand on Mitch's heart.

EDDIE

Love's powerful. More powerful than
cocaine. *If* you have the heart?

MITCH

I'm working on it...

Eddie smiles. He lets go of Mitch. Mitch heads out.

INT. ROSA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Rosa drags Mitch in the door, passing a couch where her ROOMMATE'S reading Blue Boy Magazine, a Miami gay mag. Roommate frantically flips the pages until he finds what he's looking for. He breath-holds as he lifts the page.

INT. ROSA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Rosa dances in, filling the Mister Coffee with water. She spots the Blue Boy Magazine on the counter. Mitch walks up. Rosa holds up a pic of Mitch being crowned King of the Copa.

ROS
What the hell is wrong with you? Is this who you really are?!

MITCH
No, I just. I do it for money. I dance. It's just dancing.

ROS
This is not just dancing. This is crazy. You told me you sold shoes!

MITCH
Because I knew you wouldn't understand. No one understands.

ROS
(swallowing the truth)
You're a liar...

Tears roll down Rosa's face. She shoves past Mitch, heading into her room, SLAMMING the door.

MITCH
Rosa, I care about you. That's why I didn't want to tell you. Please, just open the door!

Roommate walks up, pointing for Mitch to leave.

EXT. LAUDERDALE STREETS / INT. MITCH'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch drives in despair, barely able to breathe.

EXT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch's truck pulls in. DEA agents drag a resisting Angel to a car. Mitch's truck pulls back to the street.

EXT. NIK'S POMPANO APARTMENT - PARKING LOT - LATER

Mitch tries Nik's door. The place is deserted. A DEA car burns in. Eddie's behind the wheel. He's been an agent all along. He climbs out to confront Mitch.

EDDIE
You're not finding Nik. His debt to Uncle Sam's still in repayment.

MITCH
You've been tricking me this whole time?!

EDDIE
Yeah. It's kinda what I'm good at.
(coming clean)
Look, Luis *is* the Miami gay connection. And like I said, those clubs pump. Angel will turn. Then Luis. And up the ladder we go. Fucking drugs, man. They kill. Good people die all the time because of them. *Every* fucking day...

Eddie heads for his car. Then, he turns back.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Know what your problem is? You're the guy that looks to do things right. *But*, you're also choosing to live in *this* fucking world... Get your shit and get the fuck out of Florida. These guys will eat you alive to save their own skin.

EXT. ROSA'S APARTMENT - PORCH - LATER

Mitch frantically BANGS on the door.

INAUDIBLE - Roommate tells Mitch Rosa's gone back to Los Angeles. Mitch hangs his head, swallowing the news.

EXT. FT LAUDERDALE AIRPORT - SKY / INT. JET AIRLINER - SAME

A teary-eyed Rosa watches the ground fade away.

INT. MITCH'S TRUCK / EXT. I-75 FLORIDA - LATER

A devastated Mitch drives North along the interstate.

INT. MITCH'S TRUCK / EXT. LAKE CITY, FLORIDA - LATER

Mitch pulls to the side of the road, emotionally lost. He considers the sign "I-10 West", takes a breath, gathers his courage, then makes a determined left, driving West.

INT. MITCH'S TRUCK / EXT. I-15 - OUTSKIRTS OF VEGAS - NIGHT

Mitch drives, taking in the lights of the strip.

MONTAGE - MITCH HITS UP CASINO AFTER CASINO, FILLING OUT EMPLOYMENT APPLICATIONS WITHOUT ANY LUCK.

INT. CIRCUS CIRCUS CASINO - EMPLOYMENT OFFICE - DAY

A desperate Mitch sits across a desk from Human Resource Guy. He shakes his head, unimpressed by Mitch's application.

MITCH

But I'm willing to do anything. I
just need a job. Please, mister?

INT. CIRCUS CIRCUS CASINO - PINK PONY DINER - LATER

Mitch, in a filthy apron, busses a table at the greasy spoon. An obese waitress hip-checks Mitch into the next table, snatching her tips from the table Mitch was cleaning.

INT. CIRCUS CIRCUS CASINO - PINK PONY - DISHWASH ROOM - LATER

Mitch, CHOKES on steam. Sweat flies as he slings racks of slopped plates into an industrial size dishwasher.

EXT. CIRCUS CIRCUS CASINO - ALLEY - CASHIER - NIGHT

Exhausted, Mitch waits in line. He cashes his meager check.

INT. VEGAS STRIP - CHEAP LUCK MOTEL - BATHROOM - LATER

Mitch climbs from the shower, smelling himself. The stench is still there. He heads back in, scrubbing with a vengeance.

INT. LAS VEGAS - TRAMPS NIGHTCLUB - BAR - LATER

Mitch drinks, watching classically trained dancers, Black, Latino and AAPI rule the dance floor. JONATHAN, Black, 30s, Englishman, spins records in the dj booth.

LATER - A woman taps Mitch. He follows her to the dance floor. She sways her hips. Mitch sways his. The crowd CHEERS.

LATER - Mitch drinks at the bar. Jonathan hits him up.

JONATHAN
 (English accent)
 That hip thing you do so
 religiously. I get the feeling
 you've done that before...

Mitch shrugs him off.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
 No shenanigans on my end. As it
 happens, there's a review on the
 strip that might fancy those hips.

MITCH
 That life's over. I have a job.

JONATHAN
 Brilliant. Yes, so where do you
 earn a wage these days?

MITCH
 The Pink Pony...

JONATHAN
 (laughing hysterically)
 Fuck all! You're working the Pony?!
 Well that calls for me buying your
 next drink, mate!

EXT. LAS VEGAS - TRAMPS NIGHTCLUB - PARKING LOT - DAY

The duo stumble into the daylight. Mitch falls to his knees.

MITCH
 My shift at the Pony. I missed it.

JONATHAN
 (honored)
 And you're very welcome...

INT. VEGAS WORLD CASINO - SHOWROOM ENTRANCE - LATER

Mitch reluctantly drags himself through the casino. There's a
 line of dancer-guys at the door. PATRICK, 20s, friendly
 smile, hands Mitch a clipboard. The list of names covers the
 page. Mitch's face falls. Patrick spots the look.

PATRICK
 You from around here?

MITCH
 New in town.

PATRICK
Then you just beat out half of the
scumbags on that list.

INT. VEGAS WORLD CASINO - SHOWROOM - LATER

Behind a judge's table sits Patrick with COLLEN, 20s, flowing blonde mane. And BILLY, 70s, gay Jew, cigar-shaking-hand. Mitch hits the stage in his now worn Flesh Gordon outfit. Billy likes what he sees. His handshaking quickens.

LATER - The dancers stand onstage, waiting for the judges.

BILLY
Have that Flesh guy dance again.

COLLEN
But Billy, we already picked him.

BILLY
I'm the manager. I say he dances.

PATRICK
Flesh, dance again. It's for Billy.

The other dancers file off in disgust. Mitch takes the stage.

LATER - Mitch sits at the judges table.

BILLY
Okay, yeah. The gig's yours. But
that costume, it looks like it got
fucked by a pack of alley cats.

MITCH
It used to be superhero-ish...

PATRICK
I don't see it. He's no superhero.

COLLEN
Vegas loves a cowboy...

PATRICK
And there you go.

BILLY
But what's his name? He's gonna
need a fucking name. And one that
goes over big.

COLLEN
How about, The Texas Longhorn?

The guys LAUGH hysterically

BILLY

Now I like the sound that. Mm mm, I like the sound of that a lot.

PATRICK

I bet you do, Billy. I bet you do.

INT. VEGAS WORLD CASINO - SHOWROOM STAGE - NIGHT

Collen, tux with tails, makes the rose from his lapel float in midair, then disappear in a puff of smoke in front of a packed house. He takes a bow as the crowd APPLAUDS.

COLLEN

Okay, ladies. Now I know you want more magic, but the only trick I have left is my disappearing sausage illusion. And well, we'd need a bigger stage for that trick.

The lights go down as smoke blankets the stage.

COLLEN (CONT'D)

You like six pack abs? This guy I'm bringing up has an eight pack. Do you like a guy with a big...

Collen looks down at his crotch. The crowd goes NUTS.

COLLEN (CONT'D)

Shoes! I was looking at my shoes! What were you thinking? Ladies, I give to you, The Texas Longhorn! Giddy up, y'all!

"The Good the Bad and the Ugly" PLAYS. The curtain opens, revealing Mitch as a cowboy, in ass-less leather chaps. He puffs on a Swisher Sweet. Collen pulls a string, dragging a tumble weed across the stage.

"You Can Leave Your Hat On" by Joe Cocker KICKS in. Mitch pumps his hips, as if he's riding a horse down the runway. He hits the splits, tossing his shirt to Collen. The crowd jumps to their feet as "Summer Girls" by Dino BLARES.

INT. VEGAS WORLD CASINO - BACKSTAGE - LATER

Mitch passes Showgirls in various stages of undress. There's a Hawaiian guy in a grass skirt, flower head piece, twirling a fire baton. Another guy's in a Top Gun flight suit.

Mitch sits at his dressing table. Billy slaps down a Vegas newspaper with Mitch's pic. The headline reads "Ride em Cowboy". Patrick picks up the paper and reads.

BILLY

This is good. Real good...

PATRICK

A straight shooting cowboy out of the old West. The side-winding bad guys better get out of his way. Mitch combines Clint Eastwood's strong rugged image with...

Patrick CRACKS UP. Collen grabs the paper.

COLLEN

Sensationally erotic dancing! One look at Mitch and every woman will want a cowboy like him in her coral? No fucking way!

PATRICK

You can't make it up. Looks like Vegas has itself a new celebrity.

BILLY

And this is just the beginning. We're running big with this guy.

The guys celebrate. An indifferent Mitch gives a half-smile.

INT. LAS VEGAS TELEVISION STATION - NIGHT

It's a telethon. A panel of local celebrities answer phones. A TV Host sticks a mic in an apathetic Mitch's face.

EXT. VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

Mitch and the group are being interviewed under a billboard of themselves. Mitch hangs in the back, unimpressed.

INT. LAS VEGAS RADIO STATION - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Mitch sits across from RADIO HOST, waiting to be interviewed.

RADIO HOST

Good morning, Las Vegas. We have a special guest today on Coffee In the AM. And he's lighting up the strip with the Men of Paradise.

(MORE)

RADIO HOST (CONT'D)

(to Mitch)

So how hard is it?

MITCH

Excuse me?

RADIO HOST

Walking around everyday with those soap opera star good looks. I mean, it's like why aren't you on General Hospital? For God's sake, go to LA already, will ya? This guy has it all. If I only had half his looks.

Mitch takes in a poster on the wall of a serene Venice Beach.

INT. VEGAS WORLD CASINO - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

SHOWGIRL approaches a lackluster Mitch at his changing table.

SHOWGIRL

You like ice cream?

INT. MITCH'S TRUCK / EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - LATER

Showgirl and Mitch enjoy ice cream cones.

MITCH

So, what's your story? You have a boyfriend?

SHOWGIRL

I'm dating a doctor.

MITCH

Ah, nice.

SHOWGIRL

He's actually my sugar-daddy.

MITCH

Oh? Well, I'm going back to school soon. I want to be a doctor too.

SHOWGIRL

Do not be a doctor. They're all so crazy. He injected his penis with some crazy chemical, making the tip the shape of this ice cream cone!

MITCH

What the hell..?

SHOWGIRL

I know, right? It freaks me out.
Who would want to have sex with
that? Eww. I can't even look at it.

MITCH

I'm sorry. Yeah... That's just...

SHOWGIRL

You know you're so nice to talk to.
You make me feel comfortable.

Showgirl opens her top, rubbing ice cream over her nipples.

MITCH

Wait. What are you doing?

SHOWGIRL

You said you liked ice cream. And I
thought you liked me?

MITCH

I do but, I barely know you.

SHOWGIRL

(almost in tears)
Is this bad? Am I being bad?

MITCH

No, it's just, I need to do things
right. I want to be in love...

SHOWGIRL

That is so sweet. Good for you...
Do you happen to have any napkins?

INT. MITCH'S VEGAS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

House party with performers and a juggler. ELVIS IMPERSONATOR
heads to Jonathan and a dispirited Mitch playing poker.

ELVIS IMPERSONATOR

Thank you. Thank you very much for
inviting me. Cool pad you two cats
got here.

Elvis hits a coke bullet. He offers it to Mitch.

MITCH

No offense, but I'm never touching
that shit again as long as I live.

In bursts PIERRE, 20s, a brother in the wire-walking duo.

PIERRE
 (French accent)
 Where's Julian? His car's outside!

MITCH
 He was here earlier. I think.

PIERRE
 We walk the wire in only an hour!

JONATHAN
 Well, let's say we find him...

The party scrambles, searching the house.

INT. MITCH'S VEGAS HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mitch slides open a closet door. JULIAN, 20s, is passed out, spooning an empty liquor bottle. Jonathan runs in.

MITCH
 Found him. Sort of...

EXT. MITCH'S VEGAS HOME - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The group loads a passed out Julian into Pierre's car.

MITCH
 No way is he walking that wire.

JONATHAN
 Wanna bet?

The group runs for their cars. Mitch walks to his truck.

INT. CIRCUS CIRCUS CASINO - SLOT FLOOR - LATER

Jonathan's collecting bets. Drunken gamblers join the party, watching the ceiling. A spotlight lights the brothers on a pedestal connected by a hundred foot of wire to another.

Julian can't keep his eyes open. Pierre SLAPS Julian's face, then climbs on his shoulders, holding a stabilizing pole. The brothers traverse the wire and the crowd goes NUTS.

An Elderly Women, 80s, slumps to the floor with labored breathing. Mitch hops into action.

MITCH
 You forget to take your meds?

Mitch palpates her wrist. He checks her ankles.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 Shit, you're tachy. Look how
 swollen you are.
 (to Johnathan)
 I think she might be in heart
 failure. Go. Call 911!

Johnathan dashes for help. Mitch repositions Elderly.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 Come on, let's get you on your
 right side. You'll breathe easier.

Elderly catches her breath. She barely opens her eyes.

LATER - A better looking Elderly's on a gurney, holding
 Mitch's hand. Paramedics wheel her out. Mitch heads to a
 payphone and DIALS.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 Mom. I need you to come visit me.
 (grimacing/accepting)
 If he has to come, he has to come.

INT. VEGAS WORLD - SHOWROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

It's after a show. Mitch exits, signing group pics for fans.
 He spots Faye playing a slot machine. She points.

FAYE
 Hey. Look it's Mitch!

Vic holds up a plastic container filled with silver dollars.

VIC
 I love this fucking town!

INT. MITCH'S VEGAS HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

An upbeat Faye cooks. Mitch sits with a chain-smoking Vic.

FAYE
 Even the grocery store has slot
 machines. They got em by the
 restrooms. I wouldn't believe it if
 I didn't see it with my own eyes.

VIC
 They got slot machines in Vegas.
 Like he's never seen one before?
 (MORE)

VIC (CONT'D)

Are you that stupid? Your kid works at a fucking casino over here!

FAYE

I'm talking about a grocery store!

VIC

I gotta call work. They're probably shitting themselves without me.

Vic jumps up, grabs the phone from the wall and DIALS. Vic signals "just a minute" to Mitch. He stretches the phone cord out the door and into the yard. Mitch heads to the bathroom.

INT. MITCH'S VEGAS HOME - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mitch pisses. A window's open. He can overhear Vic outside.

VIC (O.C.)

And now I know, Annie. I'm not spending another minute without you. I'm selling the house. She ain't getting nothing. All you gotta do is be patient. From now on it's gonna be you and me every day. Because, I fucking love you...

INT. MITCH'S VEGAS HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mitch heads back to the table. Vic hangs up the phone.

MITCH

Tell her.

VIC

Tell her what, Mitch?

MITCH

That you're an asshole.

VIC

Come again?

MITCH

Never mind. I'll tell mom for you. Mom, after all these years. Dad's still seeing Ms. Anne.

VIC

Mitchell, don't you fucking...

MITCH

He's also taking the money from the house. He's leaving you "without nothing." Right, dad?

Vic paces, his rage building with every step.

FAYE

(disbelief)

Your father quit seeing that woman years ago. Tell him, Vic.

MITCH

He's going to leave you, mom. He just doesn't have the guts to tell it to your face.

FAYE

I don't believe this. Mitchell, I can't believe it. I can't.

Vic gets noses to nose with Mitch, spitting as he speaks.

VIC

And look at you. You're fucking trash. Just because they got your picture on a billboard in some sleazy fucking town? That doesn't mean nothing. You're still that loser kid playing alone on 8 mile. That's all you'll ever be. A fucking loser!

MITCH

I played alone because my abusive father scared away every friend I ever had. Thinking he was smarter than he really was. But he's the dumb one.

Vic punches Mitch in the face. Knocking him to the floor.

VIC

And now what's *your* excuse?!

EXT. MITCH'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY - BEGIN FLASHBACK

Mitch, 7, SOBS, holding a basketball. Vic drives up.

VIC

You didn't make the team, did you?

Mitch shakes his head "no".

VIC (CONT'D)
Because you're a fucking loser.

INT. MITCH'S VEGAS HOME - KITCHEN - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

A defiant Mitch pulls himself back into his chair.

MITCH
My whole life you set me up just to knock me back down, making yourself feel better. About your failures. But today's the day that everything changes. Mom, until I die, I will not be in this man's presence. He doesn't get the privilege to fuck with my head or anyone else's head that I care about. He's dead to me.

VIC
Oh, so that's supposed to hurt?!

MITCH
What it means is that mom is going to have to choose. You or me. Before I leave this table.

FAYE
I don't want to choose!

MITCH
You have to choose, mom.

Vic gets nose to nose with Mitch. Mitch doesn't flinch.

VIC
Fuck you! I will rip your head off and shit down your throat!

MITCH
Mom, answer the question. And do it before one of us really gets hurt.

Vic's at his wits end. He's so mad, he pisses himself.

VIC
She ain't choosing you. You failed her. You ain't done nothing for her. You fucking bum!!!

INT. MAXIM CASINO - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

It's a cocktail party with Showgirls and guys in tuxes. A production-set sits in the middle of the suite. Mitch leans against a window, taking in the view of the sparkling city.

P.A. (O.C.)
They're ready for you, Mitch.

Mitch takes a seat in a director's chair, opposite the HOST.

HOST
Feeling good? Need a drink?

MITCH
Nah, I'm good...

The cameras roll as Host interviews Mitch.

HOST
Welcome to Vegas After Dark. We begin tonight's soiree with some sad news. We have a retirement announcement to make. And at the ripe age of twenty-one?

INT. DETROIT - LAWYER'S OFFICE - BOARD ROOM - DAY

LAWYER's behind her desk. Faye's sitting across from her.

LAWYER
Cup of tea before we begin writing the terms of your divorce?

INT. MITCH'S PICKUP / EXT. SANTA MONICA I-10 - DAY

Mitch drives past a sign "Santa Monica College 2 Miles".

INT. SANTA MONICA COLLEGE - ANATOMY CLASS - LATER

ANATOMY TEACHER, loves his job, points to a diagram of the nose. Mitch is in the front row taking notes.

ANATOMY TEACHER
I dare one student to share the name of this nasal structure.

MITCH
The cribriform plate of the ethmoid bone?

Anatomy Teacher takes a celebratory bow to Mitch. The other students APPLAUD.

INT. LAS VEGAS - FLAMINGO CASINO - SLOT AREA - DAY

Faye's working as a casino porter, cleaning the slots. A wealthy RANCHER, Latino, plays one. He tilts a beer to Faye.

RANCHER

You look like you'd be a good dancer.

FAYE

It's been awhile, but I dance.

RANCHER

How bout traveling?

FAYE

Haven't been really.

RANCHER

I like traveling. Pretty much seen the world.

FAYE

I was married. We didn't do much.

RANCHER

I'd take you traveling. If you were inclined to bet on an old horse?

Rancher gets a GIGGLE out of Faye.

FAYE

How about we start with dancing?

EXT. UCLA COMMONS - DAY

Mitch is leaning on a wall, reading a text book. Rosa walks up with a group of nursing students, in scrubs, carrying books. She stops when she spots Mitch. The others walk on.

ROSA

(stupefied)

You're a UCLA student?

MITCH

Santa Monica Community. But they are the number one feeder school for UCLA. So yeah, maybe one day..?

ROSA
(suspicious)
Why aren't you in class right now?

MITCH
Night school. The waitlist is huge
over there.

ROSA
So then you're not..?

Mitch shakes his head "no".

MITCH
Look, I'm not here to ask for
forgiveness. And honestly, I
haven't forgiven myself.

ROSA
(pushing the knife deeper)
And maybe that's a good thing..?

MITCH
(baring his soul)
I just want you to know that you're
the only person, besides my mother,
who's ever been happy with me just
being me. And when we were
together, it was the only time in
my life, ever, where I felt like I
belonged. And that, you have to
know that means everything to me.

ROSA
Because I loved--
(guarding)
I was falling in love with you.

Mitch breathes in the words. He regroups.

MITCH
I can't take back what I did. But
I'm on my path. And life, it's a
long road, you know? I don't want
to walk it with anyone but you...

Rosa breathes in the words. She regroups.

ROSA
(accusatory)
I told my mother about you.

MITCH
(with little hope)
Yeah? So what did she say?

Rosa peers into Mitch's eyes. Looking for a liar's flinch.

ROSA
That without forgiveness, no two
people can ever hold onto love.

Mitch doesn't flinch. Rosa gives a hesitant nod.

ROSA (CONT'D)
So there's this place, it's in
Venice. They make their margaritas
from scratch. They're for real...

Rosa, hands Mitch her books, allowing him to carry them. She
folds her arms, still guarding as they walk.

MITCH
Who doesn't love a beach..?

Rosa finally breaks a smile. So does Mitch...

THE END