

## **BLONDS**

Melanie Winstead

2223 Ruhland Ave. #B  
Redondo Beach, CA 90278  
(310) 370-6265  
Melwins@aol.com

BLONDS

FADE IN:

EXT. VENICE BEACH, CALIFORNIA - BOARDWALK - DAY

All the colorful characters are out: the MUSCLE MEN, the turban-wearing guitar-playing RELIGIOUS GUY.

HEATHER, 25, and BRIANA, 24, walk by: they're bouncy, bubbly, oblivious and BLOND.

MEN fall all over themselves to get a better glance at their ample cleavage.

HEATHER

The magazine said there's no need to ever wear underwear. It only adds unsightly bulges and lines.

BRIANA

Ew. No one likes to wait in line.

A NERDIE TEEN falls at their feet, looks up their dresses. Heather and Briana step over him, clueless.

NERDIE TEEN

Thank you, God! I love L.A.

EXT. "URANUS" STORE - DAY

A sign sways above. It's not only misspelled, but a few letters are written backwards.

HEATHER AND BRIANA GIVE THE "BERRY" BEST "HI" "CLONIKS."

On the wall: a PHOTO of Heather and Briana. A crotchety male PROCTOLOGIST walks by. He screeches to a halt. Is he really seeing what he's seeing?

PROCTOLOGIST

What's the world coming to?

He remembers his next patient. A "THOUGHT BUBBLE" appears above the Proctologist's head. It's ARCHIBALD CLEEVERS, 50, birdlike with beady condescending eyes.

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

Briana and Heather walk along; empty their purses into a HOMELESS GUY'S filled coffee mug. Coffee spills all over him, but he doesn't care.

HOMELESS GUY

Bless you. May you always find love  
and happiness, especially love.

BRIANA

Gosh, Heather, he's making me miss  
my Clyde Beamer even more. Do you  
think we'll ever find my Clyde  
Beamer?

Their attention turns to a FLYER on a wall. It has a PHOTO of  
CLYDE BEAMER, blond and 25.

It says: THE "BLONDIE" KIDNAPPER WANTED FOR KIDNAPPING 5  
WOMEN. REWARD 5 THOUSAND DOLLARS.

These FLYERS are plastered everywhere.

A gust of wind blows one of the FLYERS into Briana's face.  
Briana and Heather look at it, but they just don't make the  
connection. Briana tosses the FLYER into the trash.

BRIANA

The Private Eye specifically said a  
million dollars in unmarked bills  
by the end of the month.

HEATHER

"Brie," I promise you, we'll get  
that cash in time and find your  
Clyde Beamer.

Briana looks up. A sweet memory crosses her face. Heather  
looks up, too.

BRIANA

I remember my last moment with  
Clyde like it was day before  
yesterday.

Briana closes her eyes. Funky music plays.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK:

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

A slide and swing set. Briana, at 10, swings. CLYDE BEAMER, 11, pushes her off. They laugh. They giggle. It turns into a wrestling match. A fight. Fists fly.

Clyde's MOTHER, 30, motions to Clyde. One last longing glance, he hands Briana a RED LOLLIPOP and runs to his Mother.

BRIANA

Noooooo!

Briana falls into a sandbox. She looks up, sees a weeping Clyde in the passenger seat of a U-HAUL TRUCK as it drives away. A tearful Clyde waves goodbye.

LATER

Briana sits on the swing crying onto her sandy RED LOLLIPOP.

CUT TO:

BACK TO PRESENT DAY:

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

Heather watches as Briana pulls an ant-infested, gangrene-ridden RED LOLLIPOP from her bra.

BRIANA

He moved onto another block and I never saw him again.

(Licks the LOLLIPOP)

But when I finally found this, I knew it was a sign, a sign to find my Clyde.

HEATHER

True love rules the world.

BRIANA

Do you think my Clyde ever thinks about me?

INT. CLYDE BEAMER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

PHOTOS OF BLOND MODELS are pasted all over the walls.

Using bubble wrap, CLYDE BEAMER, 25, ties DETECTIVE LARSON, 28, to a chair. Detective Larson wears a BLOND WIG and DRESS, pretending to be a dumb blond girl, but Clyde hasn't a clue.

CLYDE

Are you comfortable? Cause I wouldn't want you to be in even the slightest pain.

DETECTIVE LARSON

(Female high-pitched voice)

What are you going to do with me?

CLYDE

Have you ever heard of a girl named Briana? I miss her. I haven't been able to get into contact with her. She's my true love.

DETECTIVE LARSON

Like, all my friends are named Briana.

CLYDE

Damn. I should have asked her, her last name.

DETECTIVE LARSON

You didn't have to kidnap me to get that information. I would have told you.

CLYDE

It's just that, no pretty blond girl ever talks to me.

DETECTIVE LARSON

That's where you have it wrong. We talk to everybody. It's just that men are afraid to talk to us. Can you let me go, now?

CLYDE

Yeah. Sure. Can you write down their phone numbers so I can call them? I gotta find my Briana.

Clyde unties him. In one fell swoop, the wig and dress fly off, underneath a police uniform. Detective Larson holds a PISTOL to Clyde's forehead. A slew of POLICE race in.

CLYDE  
 (Getting a good look at  
 this now obvious male)  
 You're, you're -- you're not a  
 blond!

DETECTIVE LARSON  
 You're going straight to jail,  
 Clyde Beamer.

INT. PROCTOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The Proctologist reviews a CT SCAN with obnoxiously thick  
 eyeglasses. ARCHIBALD CLEEVERS, 50, terribly uptight, sits.  
 Beads of sweat form on his face.

PROCTOLOGIST  
 Good news is: no cancer, not even a  
 drop. However, your colon is still  
 packed and --

CLEEVERS  
 (High-brow British accent)  
 Get to the point.

Cleever's sweats even more.

PROCTOLOGIST  
 In my professional opinion, with  
 all the medication you're taking --

CLEEVERS  
 I've already checked with my  
 pharmacist, you imbecile.

PROCTOLOGIST  
 Perhaps it's psychological. How's  
 your stress level? Do you exhibit  
 any anal-retentive behaviors?

CLEEVERS  
 Listen to me, you bumbling baboon,  
 I have not had a proper bowel  
 movement since the day I divorced.  
 I've tried everything. How much  
 does one have to suffer at your  
 incompetent hands? I am desperate.

There's only so much humiliation one can take.

PROCTOLOGIST

Have you ever heard of high colonics? It's a procedure that cleanses the colon. Highly controversial. But under these dire circumstances, I believe it to be worth a try.

CLEEVERS

And where would one, such as myself, find this highly controversial procedure?

INT. "URANUS" - DAY

Newly painted with stars, moons and a galaxy. SECURITY CAMERAS on the walls. Heather and Briana check their appointment book.

BRIANA

Our very second day and "boo-hiss" only one customer.

HEATHER

Soon there'll be two and tomorrow they'll be two and so on and so on.

BRIANA

That is so deep, Heather; soon we'll have more than one customer.

They see CleEVERS hesitating outside. Heather and Briana fall all over themselves. Papers fly. CleEVERS walks in, looks around, still unsure.

HEATHER

You must be Mr. CleEVERS.

CLEEVERS

Judge. Judge CleEVERS.

HEATHER

What do you judge?

CLEEVERS

Excuse me?

BRIANA

We're so sorry to hear about your colon problems.

HEATHER  
But we're here to...Ready, Briana.

BRIANA  
Ready, Heather.

Grabbing POM-POMS, they do a cheer. And --

They're great! Every move choreographed with mechanical precision. In utter shock, CleEVERS pops a PRESCRIPTION PILL.

HEATHER  
We're here to take that foul from your bowels. And make it go away.

BRIANA  
Keep you nice and happy.

HEATHER  
You're constipation forever gone. Yay!

Briana and Heather give each other big hugs.

BRIANA  
C'mon, Mr. CleEVERS. You can do it. A biggie hug for health and happiness.

HEATHER  
We feel that human touch makes all the difference in the world.

CLEEVERS  
What does that have to do with the problem at hand?

CleEVERS backs out. Briana and Heather pull him back in.

HEATHER  
The problem isn't your hand, now is it, Mr. CleEVERS?

CLEEVERS  
What type of degree does this require?

CleEVERS sits, but his "rump pain" causes him to jump up.

HEATHER  
It's perfectly normal to feel nervous.

CLEEVERS

How long did you two study for this?

BRIANA

We've been best friends since the third grade.

HEATHER

First grade.

BRIANA

We never go anywhere without each other. We're two peas in a pod.

HEATHER

No peeing in the pod!

INT. COLONIC ROOM - DAY

The COLONIC MACHINE, "URANUS" sits in the corner. It looks like a huge slot machine with a long hose.

Heather puts a plastic sheet on a table. Ouch! Mr. CleEVERS tries to sit again, but ends up on his side.

Briana turns the machine on. It starts with SPURTS and GURGLES, ready to die at any moment.

BRIANA

So, Mr. CleEVERS, are you ready to strip down?

No way! Mr. CleEVERS goes for the door.

Too late, Heather drops CleEVERS' pants. His belt buckle catches in the Colonic Machine. He falls, Heather trips, lands atop CleEVERS.

They both land atop the table. The table rolls across the floor tossing Briana into the air. Briana lands atop Heather.

HEATHER

Whoooooaaaaa.

CLEEVERS

Aaaaarrgghh.

BRIANA

Oooooopsy.

CRASH!

The table hits the door. They fly into another room.

INT. STORAGE CLOSET - DAY

Heather and Briana land atop each other in a compromising position. CleEVERS lands below a shelf. An industrial size bottle of BABY OIL falls over, drenching him.

INT. COLONIC ROOM - DAY

An oil-soaked CleEVERS walks out. The Girls drag him back in.

CLEEVERS

I've had it. Forget it!

HEATHER

Please, Mr. CleEVERS, please.

BRIANA

We're totally professional. Heather and I have been doing this for, for, years.

HEATHER

Give us a chance. Think about how healthy your colon is going to be.

BRIANA

We know how terrible it feels. You see, we were once like you and it wasn't a pretty sight. Well. Look at us now.

HEATHER

It'll only take 5 minutes. Five short minutes. Five minutes and you'll be free from the horrible pain inside of you. Five minutes.

EXT. "URANUS" PARKING LOT - DAY

Behind the store. SIX SEXY BLONDS, in lingerie, hop out of an SUV. They carry BALLOONS, CAKE, and a very LARGE FLOWER VASE with a ribbon attached. They sneak through a back door.

AMBER BLOND

I can't wait to see Heather and Briana's faces.

CURLY BLOND  
Are they gonna be surprised!

INT. COLONIC ROOM - DAY

Pants down to his ankles, Cleavers lays on his side. Briana slaps on latex gloves. Heather holds his hand.

Briana sees the WATER PRESSURE building and building in the rubber tube until it looks like a huge balloon.

Briana slathers VASELINE onto the hose tip.

BRIANA  
(Worried)  
Everything's in proper working order. Yessiree. Ready and set up to go.

HEATHER  
It's only mildly uncomfortable. But soon your colon is going to be nice and elastic.

BRIANA  
Your lady friends are going to go crazy.

HEATHER  
This is the hardest part. Now. Relax. Relax that rectum muscle.

CLEEVERS  
I can't. That's why I'm here, you nincompoops. I've had enough! Turn that thing off.

One thrust of Heather's hand and the look on Cleavers' face says it all.

CLEEVERS  
Aaaahggg!

The hose swings like a snake in the air, spouting water everywhere. Cleavers sprints up off the table and topples over. He falls into the MACHINE.

BOOM!

The Machine falls over, gasps, sputters and dies.

Briana and Heather's full attention turns to the Colonic Machine. Writhing in severe abdominal pain, CleEVERS' face burns bright red. He gasps to speak, nothing comes out.

BRIANA

Omigod.

HEATHER

I think it's broken.

BRIANA

Did you try the knob? No, the other one.

HEATHER

This one?

BRIANA

The one on the other side.

HEATHER

Over here?

BRIANA

Not that one.

HEATHER

Maybe it's not plugged in.

They go to the socket, it's plugged in. Heather and Briana scratch their heads. Finally, something SPUTTERS from CleEVERS' mouth.

CLEEVERS

Loo.

HEATHER

Who?

BRIANA

Loo who?

CLEEVERS

Bushra? Busshrag!

BRIANA

Bushrag?

CLEEVERS

Bushra? Busshrag!

HEATHER

Mr. CleEVERS. What are you trying to say?

CLEEVERS

Buthruh!

BRIANA

Buttocks? We know you hurt. You're full of cleaning fluid.

CLEEVERS

(Eyes even wider now in utter fear and pain)

Whaaa?

HEATHER

She means full of cleansing water. Briana keeps calling it cleaning fluid, but CleEVERS, I promise you, we use only 100% tap water.

CLEEVERS

Bathroom!

HEATHER

Gosh. Why didn't you say that in the first place? It's third door --

CleEVERS sprints out.

BRIANA

On the left. "Cheese wiz," I hope he heard us.

HEATHER

I'm positive he heard us.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Three doors on each side. CleEVERS races to each door. Locked. Last one on the right isn't. CleEVERS races in.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Completely dark. CleEVERS feels the walls, touches what feels like porcelain. Plop. Plop. Plop. Squeak. Ah.

The lights flick on.

It's a pajama party replete with feather pillows. The 6 Blonds toss up the balloons, light the candles on the cake.

ALL THE BLONDS  
Surprise!

Pants around his ankles, Cleavers sits atop the LARGE FLOWER VASE. Briana races in.

BRIANA  
Oh, Mr. Cleavers! Were you in on this?

PLATINUM BLOND  
Hark, I hear Heather coming.

ASH BLOND  
Turn the lights off, girls.

Lights go off. Heather walks in.

HEATHER  
Is everything okay in here?

The lights flick on.

ALL THE BLONDS  
Surprise!

HEATHER  
You guys are the best! The very, "berry" best.  
(Re: the FLOWER VASE)  
Mr. Cleavers, it's my favorite color. Did you pick it out all by yourself?

Heather kisses him. The Blonds CHEER.

CURLY BLOND  
Guess what time it is?

PLATINUM BLOND  
Our favorite time.

ALL THE BLONDS  
Pillow fight!

Heather, Briana and the Blonds toss pillows, feathers fly.

Still oily from before, those white fluffy feathers stick to Cleavers like glue. He looks like a veritable swan.

CLEEVERS  
 (Spits out a feather)  
 Ahem. May I have a word?

HEATHER  
 Of course. You can have as many  
 words as you'd like, Mr. Cleevers.

CLEEVERS  
 Alone!

INT. COLONIC ROOM - DAY

Briana and Heather and the 6 Blonds set the Colonic Machine upright. The Blonds play with the buttons, nothing happens.

STRAWBERRY BLOND  
 How much do you think it'll cost to  
 fix it?

ASH BLOND  
 You should make him pay to fix it.

DIRTY BLOND  
 It was your dream for like a  
 zillion years.

PLATINUM BLOND  
 (Holds up 2 fingers)  
 You guys saved up for, like, four  
 years.

AMBER BLOND  
 He broke it, he's gotta fix it.

BRIANA  
 Hmmmm. I don't know.

CURLY BLOND  
 I remember in the fifth grade you  
 always looked at the buttocks as a  
 work of art.

HEATHER  
 Do you know if you stretch the  
 colon out it's, like, as long as a  
 football field?

The 6 Blonds "OOH" and "AHHH."

PLATINUM BLOND  
 That's amazing.

BRIANA

Did you know it's, like, the  
biggest bone in your body?

HEATHER

If we didn't have a colon, we'd,  
we'd, we'd be without a colon.

Ew! CleEVERS walks, then runs. The Blonds chase him.

CLEEVERS

Yes. Well. Ladies.

STRAWBERRY BLOND

That big meanie, don't let him get  
away!

INT. HEATHER AND BRIANA'S OFFICE - DAY

The 6 Blonds finish tying CleEVERS down with STREAMERS and  
BALLOONS. Heather and Briana figure out the bill.

CLEEVERS

Unhand me, now! I'm not paying  
either of you a penny for the  
humiliation I have suffered at your  
incompetent hands.

HEATHER

No. No. No. No. The decimal point  
goes there.

BRIANA

How many paychecks did we save up?  
Gosh. You know my brain just  
doesn't seem to be working today.

PLATINUM BLOND

Did you take away for rent?

AMBER BLOND

I've got it. Add all these numbers  
up and we'll have what he owes.

CLEEVERS

If you don't unleash me this  
minute, I shall be forced to call  
the police!

BRIANA

Oh. I forgot. We took out some  
money for that Private Eye.

CLEEVERS

I can't believe this, you're all simpletons. Didn't you save the receipt for God's sake?

HEATHER

The receipt! Of course.

BRIANA

How silly of us. The receipt's at home.

HEATHER

We'll send you a bill; Mr. CleEVERS, if that's okay with you.

CLEEVERS

(Lying)

Right. Yes. Send me a bill. I'll be sure to pay it promptly, straight away.

The 6 Blonds cut CleEVERS free. He straightens his tie, races to the swinging exit door, gets his left MIDDLE FINGER stuck in the door jam. CleEVERS writhes in pain.

CUT TO:

THE NEXT DAY

INT. CLEEVERS' DINING ROOM - DAY

Opulent. A happy CleEVERS, wearing a FINGER CAST, sips a Cabernet, dances a waltz by himself.

INT. "URANUS" - DAY

Empty save for the mounted SECURITY CAMERA on the wall, a VIDEOTAPE on the floor and a TV SET. On TV: THREE POLICEMEN escort Clyde Beamer into the Beverly Hills Courthouse.

Heather and Briana do a final "walk through." They stop and watch the TV.

REPORTER ON TV

The infamous "Blondie" kidnapper, Clyde Beamer, has finally been caught. We have Police Chief Ryan here to talk about why it was so difficult to catch him.

CLYDE ON TV  
 Briana, wherever you are, I love  
 you!

Shock riddles Briana's face. TWO MOVING GUYS walk in,  
 retrieve the TV.

BRIANA  
 Is that what I think it is? Omigod!  
 Wait! No!

MOVING GUY  
 I'm sorry, we gotta take it.

BRIANA  
 You don't understand! I can't give  
 you this TV, yet. Heather, help!

Briana and Heather struggle with the Moving Guys to gain  
 control of the TV. With one last shake, the Moving Guys win.

PLOP!

Heather and Briana end up on the floor. Briana pops up, races  
 to the door.

BRIANA  
 Noooo!

EXT. "URANUS" - DAY

The TV sits atop a flatbed truck. Heather watches as Briana  
 races to the TV, wipes off a SMUDGE with her sleeve.

BRIANA  
 There. All better.

LATER

The truck with all their STUFF drives away. The wind picks  
 up. The Colonic Machine's hose swings in the air as if waving  
 goodbye. Briana and Heather wave back.

BRIANA  
 (Holding up the VIDEOTAPE)  
 Great. All we have left is this.

HEATHER  
 We might as well keep it.

BRIANA  
I gotcha, like, a souvenir.

HEATHER  
(Correcting Briana)  
More like a memento.

EXT. CURBSIDE - DAY

A close up view of Heather and Briana sitting atop something that's moving upwards.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

HEATHER  
That Mr. Cleavers sure turned out to be a real weenie even though he was kinda cute.

BRIANA  
You thought he was cute?

HEATHER  
In a fatherly sort of way.

BRIANA  
No one can replace your father.

HEATHER  
I know. I never had one.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

BRIANA  
Neither did I. Now we'll never find my Clyde.

HEATHER  
Be positive. When one door closes all others close.

BRIANA  
I get it. Never be in a house unless it has open windows. Heather, why are we moving?

Pull back to reveal that both Girls are sitting atop a trash bin. A DUMP TRUCK hauls it upward and --

HEATHER  
Aaaah!

BRIANA

Ooopsy!

PLOP!

Heather and Briana fall in.

INT. DUMPSTER - DAY

Heather and Briana land atop a fluffy mound of clean white shredded PAPER. They look around, shocked at their good fortune. They share a serious moment.

HEATHER

Sometimes, I get the feeling that we are two very lucky ladies.

BRIANA

Me, too.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Congested. The DUMPSTER winds through traffic. Cars swerve to miss the shreds of paper flying out.

Heather and Briana pop their head's out, look around.

HEATHER

I have a feeling we're going to be in here for a while.

INT. DUMPSTER - DAY

FOUR GORGEOUS GARBAGE MEN lift Heather and Briana up and out.

EXT. DUMP SITE - DAY

Hills of garbage. The Men set Heather and Briana down. The Girls look up. A SLEW OF GARBAGE MEN stand next to them, CLAPPING. Heather and Briana curtsy.

EXT. "ELLEN'S NEW-AGE SHOP" - DAY

A HELP WANTED sign is removed.

INT. "ELLEN'S NEW-AGE SHOP" - DAY

A PHOTO of Sylvester Stallone's Mother hangs on the wall. A BOOK called: RUMPOLOGY sits on the desk. Heather and Briana stare at a PHOTOCOPY OF A MAN'S BUTTOCKS.

MR. TUTTLE, 32, watches as Heather scrutinizes the creased lines on the photocopy. Briana takes a magnifying glass to "the Buttock's photo."

BRIANA

Mr. Mr. Tuttle?

MR. TUTTLE

It's Mr. Tuttle. Only one "Mr."

HEATHER

It says here on your sheet. "Mr."

BRIANA

And you wrote another "Mr." We all know what that means. One plus one is...is...

MR. TUTTLE

Two. I think I'd know what my name is. Nevermind. I was once with who I thought was my soulmate, but he refused to get serious. So, I called it off. I ask you ladies, will I ever find a new love?

BRIANA

Your soulmate. It makes me want to cry.

HEATHER

We believe true love conquers all. Mr. Mr. Tuttle, this line means you're going to have a baby. Omigod, look here: two little babies.

BRIANA

Twins! I'm so happy for you!

HEATHER

I think twins are the "berry" best.

MR. TUTTLE

That can't be right, I'm gay. I've never been intimate with a woman, except for a "third base" incident in 8th grade which I'm still in therapy over.

BRIANA

I get it. I'd be pretty upset if I were a guy and a girl beat me at baseball.

Briana consults the RUMPOLOGY BOOK.

BRIANA

(Points to a passage)

Heather. Look.

HEATHER

Oopsy. We made a huge mistake. This line is your marriage line. It looks like you just got married.

BRIANA

Congratulations!

HEATHER

Who's the lucky lady? Out with it.

MR. TUTTLE

Okay. Hmmm. I see I'm not going to get anywhere with you two. Who owns this fine establishment?

EXT. "ELLEN'S NEW-AGE SHOP" - DAY

A GYPSY WOMAN hurls Heather and Briana out the door. They land on their butts.

GYPSY WOMAN

You're fired!

HEATHER

What time would you like us to come in tomorrow?

GYPSY WOMAN

Fired means you never set foot on this property again. How dense can you girls be?

The Gypsy Woman walks back in, SLAMS the door. Heather brushes the dust off Briana.

HEATHER  
That was way harsh.

BRIANA  
Mean people suck. We quit! How's that?

HEATHER  
You told her off. Good going.

INT. HEALTH CLUB - WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Filled with half-naked CORPORATE-TYPE WOMEN. Briana and Heather grab two CURLING IRONS.

CORPORATE WOMAN  
(Hands them two larger  
CURLING IRONS)  
Here. Use these. They're much better.

HEATHER  
Thank you so much.

BRIANA  
You guys are so sweet.

Yeah. Yeah. The Corporate Women laugh as the CURLING IRONS singe and crackle Heather and Briana's hair, but Heather and Briana remain oblivious.

A TUFT of Heather's HAIR falls into a trash can, lights up some tissues.

BRIANA  
How are we going to make the kind of money we need to hire our Private Eye now?

Smoke fills the room. A FIRE jumps from one trash can to the next. Finished curling their hair, Heather and Briana walk to the exit.

Heather stops Briana. Near the exit door, a TV.

On TV: Heather sees a TAMPAX commercial with a PRETTY BLOND ACTRESS touting the product.

HEATHER

Hmmm. Wait a minute! Mr. Mr. Tuttle's an acting teacher. He could teach us to be actresses. They make loads and loads of money.

BRIANA

I don't know. He didn't seem to like us very much.

HEATHER

Not just any old kind of actress. We could be commercial actresses!

BRIANA

Commercial actresses?

HEATHER

The things that are really short and fun to watch, but then gets interrupted by that other boring stuff.

By now, a FIRE rages everywhere behind Heather and Briana. The Corporate Women SCREAM and hide.

BRIANA

I do love commercials, especially the ones with music. But. I don't know, Heather.

HEATHER

Clyde will see you on TV and we all know what that means.

BRIANA

It'll be easier for the Private Eye to find him?

HEATHER

Exactly.

BRIANA

Is that smoke I smell?

Oh, well.

Heather and Briana walk out as TWO SECURITY GUYS race in with FIRE EXTINGUISHERS. They hose down the area and all the Corporate Women inside.

INT. ACTING CLASS - NIGHT

Full of pompous Shakespearean ACTORS. Mr. Tuttle presides. Heather and Briana walk in. All eyes stare. Smirks abound.

HEATHER

Mr. Mr. Tuttle, how's your wife doing?

BRIANA

How are those cute little twins of yours?

MR. TUTTLE

What are you two doing in my class?

HEATHER

We used most of our savings to study here.

BRIANA

We even paid extra to study with you.

Mr. Tuttle turns. In the doorway, an exuberant MALE OFFICE WORKER waves a WAD OF MONEY.

MR. TUTTLE

Okay. Yes. Well. Today we're going to study animals. Why, you ask?

BRIANA

Why?

MR. TUTTLE

Funny you should ask. You can get to the core of a character in many ways. A character can be an animal.  
(Acting this out)  
Sleek like a tiger. Timid as a mouse. Sly as a fox. Leslie, be a mouse. Timmy be a tiger. Joseph, you're going to be a big bad grizzly bear.

In serious concentration, the students act this out.

MR. TUTTLE

I just love seeing all this wildlife in front of me.

BRIANA

I wanna be a pussycat! Can I? Can I? Can I?

HEATHER

I wanna be a pussycat, too.

MR. TUTTLE

Go for it! Be pussycats.

Briana and Heather act like cats and --

They're awesome! Mr. Tuttle is utterly impressed.

MR. TUTTLE

Magnificent. I'd like everyone to sit down. Look at how their tails spring up when they're excited. She's being demure, now. Take notes students. She's licking her paw, her head. Watch and learn. These two young ladies are so enraptured by their animal characters, they don't even see us. Shhhh...Okay! Everyone, be pussycats. Be the pussy!

They all act like cats. Purr.

MR. TUTTLE

No. No. No. No. Gerald, not like that. Watch the girls! Leslie, your purring sounds like a Mac truck. If you can't be a proper pussy get out of my class, Robert.

LATER

Heather and Briana gather their purses. Mr. Tuttle stops them in utter awe of their acting abilities.

MR. TUTTLE

I just want to thank you for pleasuring this class with your pussies. You have what it takes.

HEATHER

Thank you, Mr. Mr. Tuttle. You've been so very helpful.

MR. TUTTLE  
 (Hands them a BUSINESS  
 CARD)

Here. My ex-beau is a talent agent.  
 Give him a call. And remember when  
 the road gets tough, be the pussy!

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

In the back corner sits Briana and Heather's OFFICE STUFF,  
 including their COLONIC MACHINE.

The meanest ugliest looking BULLDOG, tied down by a thick  
 chain, GROWLS as Briana and Heather walk up to a slimy  
 JUNKYARD GUY.

HEATHER  
 We came to see our stuff.

JUNKYARD GUY  
 You wanna buy that junk? I'll sell  
 it all real cheap.

HEATHER  
 We're not here to buy it, silly. We  
 can't afford to do that until after  
 we hire our Private Eye.

JUNKYARD GUY  
 Okay.

Foam drips from its mouth as the Bulldog GROWLS more. It  
 tries to break free. The chain buckles slightly.

BRIANA  
 We just wanna look at it, make sure  
 it's okay.

HEATHER  
 (Opens her wallet)  
 How much is that going to cost us?  
 You know, to look at it?

JUNKYARD GUY  
 Unbelievable. Would you like the  
 weekly package? Or the daily? The  
 weekly package is cheaper.

HEATHER  
 How much is the weekly?

JUNKYARD GUY

Twenty-five dollarinos which includes a special ten minute touching period per day. As opposed to the five minute in the daily package.

BRIANA

I don't know. What do you think, Heather?

HEATHER

What do I think? I think this is highway robbery. That's what I think.

BRIANA

I'm so with you on this one.

HEATHER

We'd pay at least 50 bucks. Duh.

Heather hands him the money.

JUNKYARD GUY

Knock yourself out, kiddos.

The chain breaks. The Bulldog races to get at the Girls getting closer and closer, until --

The Bulldog, tongue hanging out, rolls over on its back with a happy whimper. Heather and Briana pet him.

HEATHER

Aw. He's so cute.

BRIANA

A friendly little fella. What's his name?

JUNKYARD GUY

Killer.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Wielding a rifle, the Junkyard Guy walks by Heather and Briana's stuff. His Bulldog trails behind. The wind picks up; the Colonic Machine's hose slaps him, hard, in the buttocks.

JUNKYARD GUY

Come out, come out wherever you are. I know you're in there.

EXT. "PARADISE APARTMENTS" BUILDING - DAY

Next to the beach. A banner reads: "VAWN BOYAJUH!"

The 6 Blonds, Heather and Briana fill a rusted old YUGO with food, drinks and luggage. Briana and Heather hop in.

PLATINUM BLOND

You have a full tank of gas?

CURLY BLOND

Plenty of food and water for the long drive? Don't be nervous, "Brie."

BRIANA

It's just that I've never been out of Venice Beach State before.

ASH BLOND

We're going to miss you so much.

BRIANA

We'll try and visit every Christmas, but Hollywood being on the other side of the continental divide.

HEATHER

Wish us luck.

CURLY BLOND

Break a leg!

Putt. Putt. Putt.

The Yugo lurches down the street, loses its BUMPER. It goes around the corner, a WINDSHIELD WIPER flies off. The TAIL PIPE drags on the ground.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The Yugo makes it to the packed 405. The HOLLYWOOD SIGN glistens in the near distance.

INT. YUGO - DAY

Complete gridlock. Heather drives. Briana consults a MAP.

BRIANA  
I thought it was kinda rude, too.

HEATHER  
I mean, who would want anyone to  
break a leg. That would hurt.

BRIANA  
And we wouldn't be able to be  
commercial stars.  
(Points to the "breakdown"  
lane)  
How come no one goes in that lane?  
It looks like a lane.

HEATHER  
Maybe it's too close to the curb.

BRIANA  
You're a good driver, let's try it.

EXT. 405 FREEWAY/ INT. YUGO - DAY

The Yugo drives along the "breakdown" lane, losing its parts  
intermittently. Heather and Briana's clothes fly out the back  
windows.

A POLICE CAR pulls behind them sirens BLARING.

HEATHER  
Those guys with the flashing lights  
are making me nervous. I can't hear  
a thing.

BRIANA  
What should we do?

Heather speeds up.

The MAP flies out of Briana's hands onto the Police Car's  
windshield. The Police Car loses control and --

CRASH!

It lands in a gutter.

INT. THE 6 BLONDS' APARTMENT - DAY

Filled with stuffed animals. The 6 Blonds watch TV. On TV:  
SIX POLICE CARS and a HELICOPTER track Heather and Briana's  
"runaway" Yugo.

REPORTER ON TV  
 One police car has already crashed,  
 yet these fugitives of justice  
 refuse to slow down.

The Blonds look at each other, then back to the TV.

CURLY BLOND  
 Is that?

ASH BLOND  
 No. It couldn't be.

PLATINUM BLOND  
 When are the commercials coming  
 back on?

On TV: a close-up of Heather and Briana's face. The 6 Blonds  
 jump up and down for joy. Hugs abound.

DIRTY BLOND  
 It's them!

STRAWBERRY BLOND  
 Omigod. They got their wish!

CURLY BLOND  
 They're stars on TV, just like they  
 said. They're my heroes.

DIRTY BLOND  
 You know what that means? We need  
 to call in all the "re-forc-  
 iments."

CURLY BLOND  
 Omigod.

AMBER BLOND  
 We've never done this before.

DIRTY BLOND  
 Girls, get to the phones.

With military precision, the 6 Blonds stand at the ready,  
 grab their cell phones.

DIRTY BLOND  
 Ready? And dial! We want everyone  
 to see this.

A MONTAGE:

BLOND calling BLOND calling BLOND. It becomes like a web of thousands of BLONDS on the phone, turning on the TV.

INT. YUGO - DAY

Heather speeds up. Briana closes the window.

HEATHER

Gosh. This is getting scary. Maybe I should stop.

BRIANA

I heard about this. People who want to steal your car make you stop, and when you get out, they steal your car.

HEATHER

Of course they would want to steal our baby. This is a one-of-a-kind car. To own a Yugo is like owning a priceless Rembrandt. Remember how the salesman was so reluctant to sell it?

Smoke billows from the engine. The Yugo dies.

BRIANA

Maybe we should have bought the Honda.

INT. TEEN BOY'S BEDROOM - DAY

"GREENBAY PACKERS" FOOTBALL memorabilia everywhere. MILTON CLEEVERS, 16 and nerdy, watches television. On TV: POLICEMEN frisk Briana and Heather.

BRIANA ON TV

What are we going to do now?

HEATHER ON TV

Remember what Mr. Mr. Tuttle said when times get hard?

HEATHER AND BRIANA ON TV

Be the pussy!

Milton gets closer to the TV set, hypnotized, as Briana and Heather act out their "kitten" routine. A camera zooms in on Heather and Briana's butts and boobs as they're pressed into the police car.

MILTON

Whoa.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

MILTON

Not until you let me live with Mom.

CleEVERS opens the door.

CLEEVERS

Your mother is in Brazil lapping up the waves with her new boyfriend.

MILTON

Bullshit. She's living in Compton in a cardboard box because of you.

CLEEVERS

Oh, well. I hear it's the nicest one. Dinner is served.

MILTON

(Eyeing CleEVERS FINGER CAST.)

What happened to you?

CleEVERS sees Heather and Briana on TV.

CLEEVERS

What are they doing on TV? Turn that, that thing off this minute!

MILTON

You know them?

CLEEVERS

Know them? I said turn it off. Off!

MILTON

They're not making you nervous, are they?

Milton and CleEVERS struggle to gain control of the remote. Milton wins. On TV: cameras zoom in on Heather and Briana's face. Frightened and sweating, CleEVERS backs out of the room. Milton looks at the TV, then where his father once stood. Odd.

INT. CLEEVERS' HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Law books everywhere. Milton sneaks in, shuffles through a slew of papers. He attempts to open CleEVERS' briefcase. Locked. Milton pries the briefcase open.

Inside: HEATHER AND BRIANA'S FLYER. Mustaches and beards cover their faces: "Ha-Ha Gotcha!" is scribbled across it.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

A WRINKLED OLD LAWYER talks to Heather and Briana.

LAWYER

Plea bargain. Very fair. You'll spend a few months in jail, pay a fine.

HEATHER

We can't spend time in jail.

BRIANA

We just can't. Not now. We're trying to find my long lost love, Clyde Beamer.

Heather wipes Briana's tears away.

LAWYER

That name sounds so familiar. Clyde Beamer. Well, ladies, I'll do my very best, but I can't promise anything.

HEATHER

Wait a minute. CleEVERS is a judge somewhere. Maybe he can help us.

LAWYER

"Iron-ax" CleEVERS? You don't want him, believe me.

BRIANA

Yes, we do. Can we request him? Oh, Please?

LAWYER

You two actually know him?

HEATHER

Intimately.

LAWYER

Do tell.

LATER

The Lawyer laughs so hard he chokes. Heather and Briana slap his back. His FALSE TEETH fly out. Heather picks them up, hands them back to the Lawyer.

HEATHER

Are you okay?

LAWYER

I've known old "iron-ax" for quite a while and never have I heard anything so preposterous.

BRIANA

Can you help us?

LAWYER

I might be able to do something. This should be good.

HEATHER

So we won't be spending any more time in jail, right?

LAWYER

With Judge CleEVERS, you'll be spending plenty of time behind bars.

The Lawyer leaves, still cracking up.

BRIANA

What are we going to do? We'll never find my Clyde.

HEATHER

You are my very "bestest" friend and if that lawyer can't do anything for us, we'll fire him.

BRIANA

Then what will we do?

HEATHER

If we could explain our story to the judge, he'd let us go. We're good people. We're honest and nice to small dogs.

BRIANA

What will we do after that? We have  
no place to go, no place to live.

Heather comforts Briana. A rude FEMALE JAILOR walks by  
carrying a large box full of MAIL. She hurls the MAIL at the  
girls through the bars.

FEMALE JAILOR

Here. Fan mail.

BRIANA

What's that?

The Jailer walks away.

BRIANA

Fan mail?

HEATHER

I know exactly what it is.

LATER

Heather and Briana complete their "fan" made from the  
unopened mail. Heather "fans" Briana with it.

HEATHER

Be positive, "Brie," we'll get out  
of this. I promise you.

BRIANA

I don't even know where I put that  
agent's phone number.

Heather reaches into her bra, out comes a BUSINESS CARD.

BRIANA

You're the best. Better than  
"berry." You're more like --  
(Face scrunches up tight,  
thinking)  
"Ultra-Zest."

HEATHER

Did you just make up a new word?  
Tell me you didn't just come up  
with that all by yourself.

BRIANA

Can you believe it?

HEATHER

You know what this means?

BRIANA

We're the two luckiest gals on the planet?

HEATHER

No. It means when we take a shower, everyone around us will know.

BRIANA

I get it. We're going to be clean soon which means we're going to get out and find a place to live.

HEATHER

We understand each other so well.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS COURTHOUSE - DAY

TWENTY BLOND GIRLS, including the 6 Blonds, picket with signs: "FRE BREEANA AND HETHER!" PAPPARAZZI film them along with a MALE REPORTER.

THE BLONDS

Free Briana and Heather! Free  
Briana and Heather!

INT. JAIL LUNCHROOM - DAY

Clyde Beamer takes his lunch tray to a table. He looks at the TV: on TV a photo of Heather and Briana, the Blonds picketing. Clyde blinks. Is he really seeing what he thinks he is? Nah.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Full of TEEN BOYS in awe. Briana and Heather sit. The FEMALE PROSECUTION ATTORNEY, 55, stands. CleEVERS strides in and sits down. He takes one look at Heather and Briana and hides his face behind papers.

CLEEVERS

What the hell?

He checks his court sheet. Yep. It's right there, another name is crossed out; a HAPPY FACE WITH ITS TONGUE STICKING OUT is scrawled next to Heather and Briana's names.

BAILIFF

Court's in session. The honorable  
Judge CleEVERS presides. Please  
rise.

CLEEVERS

(Covering his face)  
You may be seated.

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

Let the court transcripts show that  
both defendants refused their right  
to a lawyer.

CleEVERS ducks under his desk.

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

Sir? Sir? Is everything okay?

CLEEVERS

Fine.

HEATHER

We just knew if we explained our  
side of the story you'd understand.

BRIANA

Why is the judge hiding?

HEATHER

Mr. Judge, sir, if we could just  
tell you what happened.

CLEEVERS

Quiet in the courtroom!

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

I'd like to start with the  
videotape of the events if I may.

HEATHER

This isn't right. How are we going  
to explain something when we can't  
even see his face?

Heather goes to CleEVERS. A SECURITY GUARD stops her.  
CleEVERS gets out from under his desk, still hiding behind  
folders. Heather catches a glimpse of CleEVERS' face.

HEATHER

Mr. CleEVERS? Is that you?  
(To Briana)  
(MORE)

HEATHER(cont'd)

Our lawyer did get us CleEVERS after all. Mr. CleEVERS, Omigod, you won't believe what has happened to us!

BRIANA

Why is he hiding?

HEATHER

Mr. CleEVERS, you promised us you'd pay for our machine and you didn't. We don't like people who break promises. Now look what's happened.

BRIANA

The only thing we have left in the whole wide world is a stupid videotape. A dumb video of everything you said and did.

HEATHER

It's doesn't even make a good souvenir.

BRIANA

Or a memento.

CLEEVERS

Videotape?

HEATHER

Of you. You were our only one.

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

Do you know these girls?

CLEEVERS

Videotape?

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

What the hell is going on?

CLEEVERS

Videotape?

HEATHER

That's right. From the moment you walked in to the moment you left.

BRIANA

One stupid, boring old videotape of every single little teensy-weensy thing you did.

HEATHER

The pajama party wasn't boring.

CLEEVERS

No. This can't be. Case dismissed!

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

Excuse me? We have solid evidence here, eyewitnesses, a tape of events.

CLEEVERS

A tape of events? Case dismissed due to they didn't understand their Miranda rights.

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

Sir? Sir? We have it all on tape.

CLEEVERS

Videotape? Videotape. Oh, my God, a videotape. Case dismissed!

Cleever bangs the GAVEL down, right onto his FINGER CAST.

Ouch! The GAVEL flies out of his hand. Cleever looks up. The last thing he sees is the GAVEL rocketing toward his eye.

INT. COURTHOUSE LOBBY - DAY

Bustling with PEOPLE. Cleever's right eye is swollen shut. He stands at the bailiff's desk. The older BAILIFF signs papers.

CLEEVERS

You let them leave? How could you?

BAILIFF

I don't remember you helping my brother out when I asked.

CLEEVERS

Drats.

It's crowded with PEOPLE. Cleever watches as Heather and Briana exit. Cleever sprints toward the door, banging into everyone.

The crowd parts to let an ELDERLY BLIND LADY shuffle by using a cane. She's right in front of Cleever: all eyes upon him to see what he'll do.

Gently moving aside, Cleavers waits and waits and waits as the Elderly Blind Lady ever so slowly shuffles past.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Heather and Briana walk down the steps to MEN "HOOTING" and "HOLLERING." Milton pops up in front of the girls.

MILTON

Hi. I'm Milton.

HEATHER AND BRIANA

Hi, Milton.

MILTON

Do you mind if we go someplace more comfortable, so we can talk?

HEATHER

Sure.

EXT. BUSHES - DAY

Next to the courthouse. Heather, Briana and Milton cram between thick branches. Milton's eyes are glued to their cleavage.

MILTON

I just wanted to say I heard about your plight and, well, I have an extra bedroom and you both can stay at my place for a while. All expenses paid.

HEATHER

You mean, like, for free? That sounds so cool. But we're going to stay at the "Oasis."

BRIANA

What's that?

HEATHER

You mean you don't know what the "Oasis" is? It's where all blonds go.

MILTON

It's a big house. It won't be for long.

(MORE)

MILTON(cont'd)

See, we're going to be selling the house once my Dad signs the deed over to my Mom.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Cleavers walks out, looks everywhere for the Girls. He eyes the bushes. Aha!

EXT. BUSHES/PARKING LOT - DAY

Milton leads Heather and Briana through winding branches until they reach a parking lot.

BRIANA

What do you say, Heather? C'mon. It sounds like fun.

HEATHER

We'll do it! Wait a minute. This sounds a little fishy. Why are you doing all this for us?

MILTON

Let's just say my father is like Superman and you're like his kryptonite.

BRIANA

Your father's Superman?

EXT. BUSHES - DAY

On all fours, Cleavers winds his way through the bushes.

THWACK! A branch smacks him in the face. He falls down, grabs his back in pain.

INT. THE 6 BLONDS' APARTMENT - DAY

Cleavers is on the couch with small tree branches sticking out of his hair. He wears a BLACK EYE PATCH. Lipstick marks cover his face. The 6 Blonds feed him peeled grapes, fan him. And -- Cleavers HATES this.

CLEEVERS

(Spits out a grape)

What do you mean you don't have their phone number?

Cleever tries to get up; the Blonds push him back down.

PLATINUM BLOND

They said they would call, 'cause there's this guy Briana is looking for and, well, they gave the number for him to call.

CLEEVERS

Who is this man?

AMBER BLOND

We forgot to ask his name.

DIRTY BLOND

I remember. Oh, I forgot.

The Platinum Blond sits on Cleever's lap. Cleever pushes her away. She falls back, teetering precariously above a long glass coffee table.

Cleever can't help himself. He pushes her with his index finger and --

The Platinum Blond does an elegant back flip over the table.

PLATINUM BLOND

Whew, that was close.

In the melee, the Curly Blond steps on Cleever's toe with her 6-inch stiletto.

CLEEVERS

Aaaargh.

Cleever loses his balance. He falls backward hitting the couch with such force, the couch falls back on top of him.

Cleever's hands and feet jut out from underneath. The 6 Blonds look at each other, not sure what to do.

CLEEVERS

(With a muffled voice)

Would somebody please get this thing off me?

MOMENTS LATER

Cleever straightens his jacket, hands one of the 6 Blonds his BUSINESS CARD.

CLEEVERS

Have them call me. Pronto. They have something I need. Am I making myself perfectly clear?

PLATINUM BLOND

You mean, "Tonto?"

STRAWBERRY BLOND

We love "Tonto." You know him. The horse.

CLEEVERS

I said, "Tonto," I mean, Pronto. Quick. ASAP.

PLATINUM BLOND

This is so confusing. I thought we were talking about a horse.

ASH BLOND

(Pointing to her head)

Don't worry. I got it all up here.

CURLY BLOND

This might help.

The Curly Blond hands CleEVERS a BUSINESS CARD from her cleavage. CleEVERS reads it: ED MINSKY, PRIVATE DETECTIVE: I'M YOUR MAN!

CURLY BLOND

Heather and Briana went to see this person.

CLEEVERS

Why didn't you tell me this before? You could have saved me all this trouble!

ASH BLOND

See, it all started way back when.

PLATINUM BLOND

In the olden days.

Holding the BUSINESS CARD like a weapon, CleEVERS backs himself to the exit door, opens it and takes off like a bat out of hell. Whew!

AMBER BLOND

Briana was just a little girl and she fell madly in love.

ASH BLOND  
True love.

DIRTY BLOND  
I so wanna be in true love.

CURLY BLOND  
So do I.

PLATINUM BLOND  
Me, too. Where did he go?

INT. AGENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Full of HEADSHOTS on the walls. RICHARD "WEATHERBEE," 40, looks at Briana and Heather intently.

WEATHERBEE  
I definitely can get you some commercial work. You have your headshots?

BRIANA  
We've had all our shots.

HEATHER  
We so have to thank Mr. Mr. Tuttle. He's the best.

BRIANA  
Were you at his wedding?

WEATHERBEE  
Wedding?

HEATHER  
Mr. Mr. Tuttle, silly. They have twins.

BRIANA  
I bet she was a beautiful bride.

HEATHER  
Have you met her?

WEATHERBEE  
She?

HEATHER  
No. Her. His wife.

WEATHERBEE

Lazlo married a woman? That can't possibly be. Girls, bring those photos in; I'll see what I can do.

BRIANA

Thank you very "berry" much.

The Girls leave. Weatherbee pulls out a PHOTO of him and Mr. Tuttle hugging. A garishly dressed FRENCH POODLE sits between them. A TEARDROP falls on the photo.

INT. BRIANA AND HEATHER'S DIGS - DAY

A small twin bed. TWO VIDEO CAMERAS hang from the ceiling. Heather and Briana put away their very girlie stuff. Heather looks at her wristwatch.

HEATHER

It's past seven. Time for our exercise.

Briana and Heather do jumping-jacks.

HEATHER

It was sure nice of Milton to put us up and all.

BRIANA

It's sweet people like him who make me feel all "googly" inside.

HEATHER

He cares about our health.

INT. MILTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

In their uniforms, FIVE TEEN FOOTBALL PLAYERS huddle around a TV. Milton passes around popcorn. On the TV: Briana and Heather doing jumping-jacks.

Milton operates a remote. The CAMERA zooms in on Heather and Briana's cleavage. Out comes a ton of CASH.

FOOTBALL PLAYER #1

Twenty says they take off their clothes and get into slinky lingerie.

FOOTBALL PLAYER #2

Thirty says they sleep naked.

FOOTBALL PLAYER #3  
Oh, my God. They're changing!

FOOTBALL PLAYER #4  
(Disappointed)  
Oh.

FOOTBALL PLAYER #5  
What the hell?

FOOTBALL PLAYER #1  
Man. This is not what I came here  
for.

INT. BRIANA AND HEATHER'S DIGS - NIGHT

Briana and Heather zip up their FURRY FOOTSIE "BUNNY" PAJAMAS that go up to their necks. They hop into bed.

INT. MILTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Football players throw down more MONEY. Milton zooms in on Heather and Briana as they get into the small twin bed.

FOOTBALL PLAYER #2  
They're going to sleep in the same  
bed?

MILTON  
I told them they could only have  
one bed. A twin bed.

FOOTBALL PLAYER #1  
Good going, my man.

FOOTBALL PLAYER #4  
Thirty says their lesbians.

FOOTBALL PLAYER #2  
She touched her thigh.

FOOTBALL PLAYER #3  
Twenty-five dineros says they start  
making out!

On TV: Heather and Briana close their eyes, fall asleep.

FOOTBALL PLAYER #1  
This is boring. Wait. She's  
touching her, her, underarm.

FOOTBALL PLAYER #2  
Let's go. There's no more action.

Milton grabs the wad of CASH as they leave.

MILTON  
Tomorrow night. Same place, same  
time. And whatever you do, don't  
let them see you or our gig is up.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Holding a BLOND TEDDY-BEAR, Clyde Beamer reads "Cosmopolitan"  
magazine. A slimy, grey-toothed JAIL ROOMIE takes it away,  
tears it up page by page.

Clyde tries to put in back together.

CLYDE  
Hey, what did you do that for?

JAIL ROOMIE  
So? What were they like?

CLYDE  
Who?

JAIL ROOMIE  
The girls.

CLYDE  
What girls?

JAIL ROOMIE  
The ones you kidnapped. Did you  
have sex with them?

CLYDE  
Of course not.

JAIL ROOMIE  
What did you do?

CLYDE  
Nothing.

JAIL ROOMIE  
You tie them up?

CLYDE  
Not to hurt them.

JAIL ROOMIE  
What did you do next?

CLYDE  
I wanted information.

JAIL ROOMIE  
Did they have big boobs?

CLYDE  
Some.

JAIL ROOMIE  
Did you get a look at them?

CLYDE  
Yeah. I got a good look at them.

JAIL ROOMIE  
What did they look like?

CLYDE  
Blonds. You know.

JAIL ROOMIE  
I mean, what did their boobs look  
like? Big?

CLYDE  
I don't like the way you talk. It's  
not right.

JAIL ROOMIE  
What are you, stupid or something?

Clyde takes his Roomie to the floor and sits on him.

CLYDE  
You have to be nice to the ladies,  
and then they'll be nice to you.

JAIL ROOMIE  
You call kidnapping women nice?

Jail Roomie hands over the magazine. Clyde lets him go.

CLYDE  
What are you in here for?

JAIL ROOMIE  
I killed my mom, grandmom, sister,  
other sister.

CLYDE

What did you go and do that for?

JAIL ROOMIE

I didn't like the way they treated me. I'd do it again, given the chance. I hate women.

CLYDE

You really kill them?

JAIL ROOMIE

With my bare hands.

CLYDE

I could never hurt my lady. I love her so much. She means the world to me.

JAIL ROOMIE

Who is she?

CLYDE

Her name is Briana. She's the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. I first met her at school...

LATER

Clyde carries on with his story. His Jail Roomie cries.

CLYDE

And that was the very last time I ever saw her.

JAIL ROOMIE

That's so touching. I wish I had a Briana.

CLYDE

Is that why you're crying?

The Jail Roomie reaches into his mouth, pulls out a ROTTED TOOTH. No more pain.

CLYDE

If you had a Briana you wouldn't have killed your family.

JAIL ROOMIE

She could have saved me from a life  
behind bars. You think once you  
find her, she'd be my pen-pal?

CLYDE

Don't push it, buddy.

INT. CLEEVERS' HOME OFFICE - DAY

Holding up the Private Eye's BUSINESS CARD, CleEVERS talks on  
the phone.

CLEEVERS

Mr. Minsky, I don't care how you  
break the law. You're a Private  
Detective...Okay. Okay. Private  
Eye. I want those two blond  
knuckleheads found. You hear me? I  
want that damn videotape....Yes, of  
course I can pay you in unmarked  
bills.

CleEVERS hangs up. The phone hits his FINGER CAST. Ouch.

INT. BRIANA AND HEATHER'S DIGS - DAY

Heather wakes Briana up.

HEATHER

I can't sleep. I can't eat. I feel  
flutters in my tummy. My heart  
hurts. I can't stop thinking about  
Mr. CleEVERS.

BRIANA

Are your hands sweaty?

HEATHER

No, but my feet are dry.

BRIANA

You know what that means?

HEATHER

I found my one true love like you?

BRIANA

You might have a bladder infection.

HEATHER  
What should I do?

BRIANA  
(Hands Heather a cordless  
phone)  
Call him.

Their eyes turn to a mirror: written in LIPSTICK with huge numbers reads: CLEEVERS 555-7614

HEATHER  
It was so nice of Milton to give us  
his phone number.

INT. CLEEVERS' HOME OFFICE - DAY

Cleever shuffles through a mound of paperwork. RING. RING. RING. Cleever picks up the phone.

CLEEVERS  
I refuse to let you extort money  
from me until you find them!

HEATHER (V.O.)  
Mr. Cleever? Hi, It's Heather.  
Remember me?

Startled, Cleever drops the phone.

CLEEVERS  
The videotape. Damn.  
(Retrieving the phone)  
Hello? Hello? Hello?

The line is dead. Mr. Cleever BANGS the wall in frustration. RUMBLE. RUMBLE. It's his tummy.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Cleever races into the bathroom, shuts the door. Heather and Briana walk past.

HEATHER  
He yelled and hung up.

BRIANA  
Maybe the line went dead. What  
exactly did he say?

HEATHER  
Something about extorting.

BRIANA  
Extorting?

INT. CLEEVERS' LIBRARY - DAY

PLOP!

A DICTIONARY lands in Heather's lap, Briana next to her.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER

Briana and Heather are still confused. They put the Dictionary back.

BRIANA  
I know. Maybe he thought you wanted money. And he's letting us know he already paid us back by getting us out of jail. Everything's equal now. You need to call him again.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The cordless phone is on the counter. CleEVERS pops some PRESCRIPTION PILLS. RING. RING. RING. CleEVERS answers.

HEATHER (V.O.)  
Hi, Mr. CleEVERS? It's Heather again.

CLEEVERS  
Yes. Yes. How much do you want for the videotape?

HEATHER (V.O.)  
What? I don't want your money. Maybe you should take a look at that videotape and see the nice person you once were.

CLEEVERS  
Yes. Of course. I'd be happy to buy your tape.

HEATHER (V.O.)  
You can't buy it.

CLEEVERS

What do you mean, I can't? What else could you possibly want from me?

HEATHER (V.O.)

"Cheese wiz," Mr. CleEVERS, you're making this so hard.

THROUGHOUT THE MANSION

Heather's on a cordless phone. She and Briana walk past the living room, just missing CleEVERS, phone to his ear, as he walks into the kitchen.

Heather and Briana walk through the dining room into a parlor.

CLEEVERS (V.O.)

I want that tape. I want it ASAP. Got it? No one is to see that tape, but me. Am I making myself clear?

HEATHER

Oh, Mr. CleEVERS. I get it. You've lost who you are and want to get back to that place of sweetness.

BRIANA

You're so smart, Heather.

CleEVERS thinks he hears Heather and Briana's VOICE.

He races into the parlor just as they walk out. Nope. The dining room. Nope. He scratches his head.

Is he hearing voices that aren't there? Heather and Briana walk through a hallway.

CLEEVERS (V.O.)

Fine. If it's not money. What is it you want?

HEATHER

Dinner?

CLEEVERS (V.O.)

Dinner?

HEATHER

Or lunch.

CLEEVERS (V.O.)

Ah, you want to discuss this over dinner. Meet me at the "Blues Cafe." Wednesday. Six PM sharp. Bring me that videotape and we'll further this conversation. And no one is to get near that tape. Am I making myself crystal clear?

HEATHER

Oh, thank you, thank you!

INT. DEN - DAY

Heather jumps up and down with Briana.

HEATHER

Cleavers is taking me out to dinner! He wants to look at the tape and see the nice person he once was.

BRIANA

This whole thing is making me hungry.

HEATHER

Me, too.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

RUMBLE. RUMBLE. Could it be? Not again! Cleavers sprints out.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Cleavers goes to the bathroom, closes the door. Heather and Briana walk by.

HEATHER

This house is so big. Where's the kitchen?

Briana tries to open the bathroom door. Locked.

BRIANA

Hello? Milton?

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

CleEVERS washes his hands. Did he just hear Briana? He turns off the faucet. Silence.

He races out.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Turkey, lettuce and mayonnaise sit on the counter. Sandwiches in hand, Heather and Briana walk out one side as CleEVERS races in another.

CleEVERS takes off his eye patch: his eye's a puffy, oozing crusty mess.

CLEEVERS

Milton? Milton!

MILTON (O.S.)

I'm busy.

CLEEVERS

Get down here this minute and clean up your mess!

Milton walks in.

MILTON

I didn't do this. Dad, dude, what happened to your eye? Are you okay? You haven't been hearing voices or anything, right?

CLEEVERS

I haven't a clue as to what you might be referring to.

MILTON

Voices of the female persuasion? Dad, are you sweating?

CleEVERS snatches his EYE PATCH, backs out, popping pills.

BAM!

CleEVERS' head smashes against the corner of a cabinet.

MILTON

That's gotta hurt.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Tufts of hair surround a huge BALD SPOT in the back of Cleavers' head. A DOCTOR stitches up the gash.

DOCTOR

Your hair should grow back. Most of it anyway. I mean, some should. I hope it grows back. It might not.

INT. WEATHERBEE'S OFFICE - DAY

WEDDING STUFF everywhere: color scheme samples, miniature cakes. Heather and Briana give Weatherbee PHOTOS of themselves. He's on the phone.

WEATHERBEE

(Hands them a piece of PAPER)

Here's the address of your audition. Don't be late, girls.

(Into the phone)

Periwinkle blue? Honey, it's too gay. Navy? Too straight.

Weatherbee blows air-kisses into the phone, hangs up.

BRIANA

Are you guys are getting married?

WEATHERBEE

The whole kit-and-kaboodle. Adopting twins, dogs, we're even buying a house together, as soon as we find that perfect home.

HEATHER

Omigosh, we know a house that's going to be for sale soon.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Filled with BRUNETTE WOMEN, studying lines, doing "calming exercises." Heather and Briana look around.

HEATHER

No blonds. Isn't that weird?

BRIANA

Freaky-weird. What should we do?

HEATHER

Be nice.

(To an Uppity Brunette)

Hi, I'm Heather. This is Briana.  
This is our first audition.

BRIANA

We're so excited.

UPPITY BRUNETTE

I don't feel the need to make  
friends with the competition.

Heather and Briana walk up to another Brunette, who quickly walks away. Ugh. Blonds. Not knowing what else to do, Heather and Briana sit. A young, male AUDITION ASSISTANT walks out, SCENE PAGES in hand.

AUDITION ASSISTANT

Next up. Lillian.

The Uppity Brunette strides confidently into another room.

HEATHER

Excuse me, sir. What are we  
supposed to do?

AUDITION ASSISTANT

(Hands over the SCENE  
PAGES)

Just say these lines and you'll be  
fine. Don't be nervous. This is a  
piece of cake.

HEATHER

I get it.

BRIANA

Say "these lines?"

AUDITION ASSISTANT

Yeah.

(Points to the SCENE  
PAGES)

These lines.

He walks away.

BRIANA

(Trying hard to memorize)

These lines. These lines. These  
lines.

The Uppity Brunette races out of the other room in tears.

AUDITION ASSISTANT  
Up next. Heather.

HEATHER  
That would be me. Can we go  
together?

AUDITION ASSISTANT  
I don't see why not. Go on in.

INT. AUDITION ROOM - DAY

Pretty cobalt-blue bottles of "BUTICH" BEER sit on a table.

A heavy female CASTING DIRECTOR wears a BLACK WIG. She and two balding paunchy ad execs, PLUME and BERNSTEIN, peruse actor's headshots and resumes.

Heather and Briana walk in, holding their SCENE PAGES.

The Casting Director fumes as awestruck and love-bitten, Plume and Bernstein give the girls their own seats.

CASTING DIRECTOR  
We're not interested in any fancy  
monologues we just want to hear  
"the lines."

BRIANA  
(Scratching her head)  
Wait. The guy out there said say  
"these lines," but you said say  
"the lines." Which is it?

CASTING DIRECTOR  
The lines on the paper.

HEATHER  
Say "the lines on the paper?"

BRIANA  
I'm so confused.

CASTING DIRECTOR  
The scene pages. You looked them  
over, right?

HEATHER  
We didn't have enough time to do  
all that.

BRIANA

There's like, 3 pages of stuff on this long thing.

CASTING DIRECTOR

I think we've seen enough of you two. Next!

Plume and Bernstein pull the Casting Director aside. Heather and Briana grab bottles, look at them.

PLUME

Wait a minute, I told you it was too long and unwieldy.

BERNSTEIN

And why are these the first blonds we've seen all day?

CASTING DIRECTOR

Every other beer commercial sells sex. Point being, we wanted something a smarter.

PLUME

Sex sells.

BERNSTEIN

We've been through this before, I think he's right, Hilda.

CASTING DIRECTOR

You want some silly blonds like everyone else, then I'm not the person to cast this. Look at them for God's sake!

Heather and Briana hold the BOTTLES, still staring. The Casting Director grabs a BEER BOTTLE from Heather.

She grabs it back.

HEATHER

If you'd just say "please."

It's a tug of war. Heather does a final grab hurling the Casting Director into the table. It splits down the middle.

CRASH!

Everything tumbles onto the Casting Director. Heather and Briana catch all the BOTTLES, one by one before they plummet to the ground. Whew!

The Casting Director is stuck between the two ends of the table. It takes all of their sweaty effort to lift her.

PLUME  
Work with me, Hilda.

CASTING DIRECTOR  
I'm trying!

HEATHER  
Can I give you guys some advice?

PLUME  
Of course.

BERNSTEIN  
Absolutely.

CASTING DIRECTOR  
No!

HEATHER  
I love the color of the beer bottle. All my friends would choose it for that. It's so pretty.

PLUME  
Is she making any sense to you?

PLOP! They drop the Casting Director. Her WIG flies off.

Heather picks up the WIG, puts it back on the Casting Director.

HEATHER  
There. All better. It looks great, just like a little poodle.

The effort begins again. Finally, they get her to her feet.

PLUME  
Of course she's making sense. Picture all the beautiful women drinking this beer because it has a pretty bottle.

BERNSTEIN  
Men are going to stock up on this stuff; keep it in an icy cold fridge for the pretty ladies who like the bottle.

CASTING DIRECTOR  
 (Straightening her WIG)  
 I see where this is going. I cast  
 several seasons of "CSI" and unlike  
 this fiasco, that is smart TV.

The Casting Director swoops out. The door shuts, her dress  
 gets caught. It rips. She frees herself and peers in.

CASTING DIRECTOR  
 You think you've won? I'm going to  
 do everything in my power to  
 blacklist you. You'll be relegated  
 to a life of boring, stupid,  
 asinine commercials.

The Casting Director SLAMS the door behind her.

HEATHER  
 Gosh, commercials are nothing but  
 boring.

BRIANA  
 That's the only reason we watch TV.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

The Brunettes watch as Heather and Briana breeze by.

HEATHER  
 I can't believe we got the job.

BRIANA  
 Now we can find my Clyde!

DAPPER BRUNETTE  
 You got the job?

HEATHER  
 We didn't even have to say "the  
 lines."

BRIANA  
 "These lines."

HEATHER  
 "These lines." "Those lines." "The  
 lines on the paper." Who cares? We  
 did it!

ANGRY BRUNETTE  
 This is ridiculous.

ANGRIER BRUNETTE  
I studied at Julliard for this?

ANGRIEST BRUNETTE  
I went to Yale.

BRIANA  
Maybe if you dyed your hair  
blonde...

That's it! Claws out, all the Brunettes chase Heather and  
Briana out.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Heather and Briana duck. The Brunettes race past.

BRIANA  
Why were they so rude to us?

HEATHER  
I have no idea.

BRIANA  
Gosh, Heather, I don't know what  
I'd do if -- I mean, what if one  
day you woke up and decided to --  
(Gulp)  
Dye your hair brown.

HEATHER  
Perish the thought.

BRIANA  
Perish? Where did you get that one  
from? What does it mean?

HEATHER  
I don't know times two.

BRIANA  
You don't think --

HEATHER  
It could have been.

HEATHER AND BRIANA  
A "brunette moment."

BRIANA  
The horror.

HEATHER

It made my head hurt.

BRIANA

Promise me. No more of those. Ever.

They cross their pinkie fingers.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Plume and Bernstein walk.

PLUME

Those gals are going to make us a  
shit-load of money.

BERNSTEIN

With their looks, they could almost  
have their own --

Bernstein stops dead in his tracks.

INT. OPULENT OFFICE - DAY

Short balding cigar-toting "MR. BOSS," 55, watches TV with  
Plume and Bernstein.

Briana and Heather's sultry, yet "beachy" fun "Butich" Beer  
commercial plays.

HEATHER ON TV

All beer tastes good, but all the  
pretty girls like me and Briana  
like it for the bottle.

BRIANA ON TV

So, boys, what are you going to  
stock up on?

Bernstein turns the TV off.

PLUME

Well? What do you think? A dumb  
blond reality TV series starring  
these two girls. Boobs, butts and  
all. We're taking TV to places it's  
never been before.

MR. BOSS

Straight into the toilet. I'm  
liking it. Tell me more about them.

BERNSTEIN

Seventy-seven stations have picked up that police video. Their ratings have go through the roof. No one can get enough of our beer commercial. They're actually requesting it on TV. People everywhere are showing our blonds in places like Japan.

INT. HOUSE IN JAPAN - DAY

An ASIAN FAMILY OF 4 watches the "Butich" beer ad on TV. The MOM and DAUGHTER sport dyed blond hair.

INT. HOUSE IN IRAQ - DAY

A BOMB hits, tearing off the wall. TWO IRAQI WOMEN, covered from head to toe, don't care.

They're in hysterics watching the "Heather/Briana Police Tape" on TV.

IRAQI WOMAN

Rewind. Rewind.

INT. OPULENT OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Boss turns to Plume and Bernstein.

MR. BOSS

Japan, you say? Well? Sign them up.

PLUME

We have a better idea. We kick the series off at the Kodak Theater. Think of the press this will generate. We could sell the seats for 200 bucks a piece, my friend.

MR. BOSS

What are we waiting for? Get your lily-white asses in gear. Go to where no middle-class ugly bald man has ever gone. Well? Get going!

INT. WEATHERBEE'S OFFICE - DAY

Plume, Bernstein and Weatherbee peruses Heather and Briana's PHOTOS.

PLUME

This is unbelievable. You forgot to get, not only their address, but their phone number. What do we do now?

Bernstein sees ED MINSKY, PRIVATE DETECTIVE in the background of one of Heather and Briana's PHOTOS.

INT. PRIVATE EYE'S OFFICE - DAY

Buckets lay about catching water drips from the ceiling. A trench-coat clad PRIVATE EYE, 55, patches a water leak.

Plume and Bernstein help.

PRIVATE EYE

Yep. I know the broads. Blond. Nice gams. Wanted me to find some boob, a childhood love interest.

BERNSTEIN

When can you start?

PRIVATE EYE

They remind me of every blond joke in the book. Yeah. I knew the "stoolies."

PLUME

How long will this take? We're on a bit of a time-line here.

PRIVATE EYE

They were here all right. I "flimflammed" them. Gave them the "bum steer." Quoted them some outlandish price. They said they'd get the money to me no matter what it took.

PLUME

You can start? When?

PRIVATE EYE

All things in good time, my friend.  
They'll be back with the dough.

BERNSTEIN

We need you on this right away.  
This is very, very important.

PRIVATE EYE

I can see those south-paw broads as  
if there were right in front of my  
eyes. Innocent. Guiltless. Two  
rabbits in a bean shooting contest.

BERNSTEIN

Maybe we should forget this whole  
thing.

PRIVATE EYE

I'm on this like shit on a shingle.  
Like I said, I'm your man, Jack.

PLUME

Question. It hasn't rained in  
months. What's the leak from?

PRIVATE EYE

I haven't figured that out yet.

EXT. "LOVE BUG MOTEL" - DAY

A two-story building next to the Private Eye's OFFICE. A  
SCRUFFY MAN flushes the toilet in the bathroom upstairs.

The pipe leaks water onto the Private Eye's roof.

INT. PRIVATE EYE'S OFFICE - DAY

The Private Eye HEARS a toilet flush. He moves his buckets to  
the "new" water drips.

EXT. "BLUES CAFE" - BAR AREA - NIGHT

Briana and Heather walk to the door. Heather hyperventilates.  
Briana gives her a BROWN BAG to breathe into.

BRIANA

You sure you're going to be okay?

HEATHER

Maybe I shouldn't have eaten those  
spicy meatballs for lunch. I think  
I'm going to be sick.

BRIANA

You want me to stay?

HEATHER

Do you mind?

BRIANA

Of course not. I remember the first  
time I met Clyde. I felt the same  
way.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK:

INT. KINDERGARTEN - DAY

YOUNG CHILDREN color with crayons. Briana, at 6, eats a  
crayon; pukes orange and green all over Clyde's shirt, at 7.  
Clyde cries.

CUT TO:

BACK TO PRESENT DAY:

INT. "BLUES CAFE" - BAR AREA - NIGHT

Bustling with MEN. A BAND plays the blues. Briana straightens  
Heather's outfit, brushes away flecks of dust. Men ogle.

HEATHER

What do I say?

BRIANA

Give him the tape first. Remember  
he's gotta see that tape to get  
back to the real him.

HEATHER

I should have brought a VCR.

BRIANA

Maybe he brought one.

HEATHER

Oooo, I'm getting that feeling  
right before you puke. You know,  
when your fingernails go numb.

BRIANA

Be brave, Heather. Remember what  
Mr. Mr. Tuttle said?

HEATHER

Be the pussy?

BRIANA

C'mon, Heather. You can do it.

HEATHER

(Enacting the cat routine)  
I'm the pussy. The "berry" best  
pussy.

BRIANA

That's better.

The music stops abruptly. The Men sit with gaping mouths.

HEATHER

What are you looking at? We're the  
best pussies Hollywood has ever  
seen.

INT. "BLUES CAFE" - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Heather sits at a table, looks around, sees Briana hiding  
behind a free-standing shelf with a FISH TANK atop.

Heather is getting worse by the minute. Briana gives the  
"thumbs up."

In the corner, Cleavers puts on his EYE PATCH, hides his  
FINGER CAST in his pocket, puts on a BASEBALL CAP.

He slinks over to Heather and sits.

CLEEVERS

You have the videotape?

One looks at Cleavers and Heather SCREAMS. Everyone turns.

CLEEVERS

(removing his eye patch)  
It's me, Judge Cleavers.

HEATHER

Mr. CleEVERS, what happened to you?  
Are you okay?

CLEEVERS

What is it you want for the tape?

HEATHER

Can we order some food first? I'm  
feeling kinda "poopie."

CLEEVERS

"Poopie?" Did I hear you correctly?  
You specifically said, "Poopie?"

CleEVERS moves uncomfortably in his seat. RUMBLE. RUMBLE.  
It's his tummy again.

CleEVERS squirms, he can barely take it.

HEATHER

You know. Bad. Upset tummy.

CLEEVERS

Yes. Yes. Of course.

A WAITER walks over.

CLEEVERS

Water.

HEATHER

I'm kinda hungry.

CLEEVERS

Two waters. Make it snappy.  
Restroom?

WAITER

Second door on the right.

CleEVERS rushes to the bathroom, knocking the Waiter out of  
the way. Glasses of water go flying.

LATER

Heather gulps in air to prevent the heaves. CleEVERS returns  
to the table.

CLEEVERS

Let's get back to our little  
discussion. The videotape.

HEATHER

(Gives the VIDEOTAPE to  
Cleevers)

I get it; Briana said you'd want to  
see it first.

Heather can't hold it in anymore. She BARFS all over  
Cleevers, the VIDEOTAPE.

HEATHER

I'm so terribly sorry, Mr.  
Cleevers. Mr. Cleevers?

Cleevers grabs the VIDEOTAPE, sprints off. His foot slips in  
the PUKE.

SCREECH! BANG!

He slides all the way to the FISH TANK shelf, hits it,  
twisting his leg backwards. He can't move. Cleevers looks up.

The FISH TANK see-saws precariously above him. Briana pops up  
in front of Cleevers. Heather races over.

BRIANA

Hi, Mr. Cleevers.

HEATHER

Are you okay?

Cleevers points to the FISH TANK.

BRIANA

Oh. No problem.

CLEEVERS

No. No. No!

With all their might, Briana and Heather push the FISH TANK  
back.

BRIANA

There.

Oops.

Briana's foot slips, her purse strap catches the corner of  
the FISH TANK. WHOOSH! BAM! SPLAT!

HEATHER

Oh, my God.

The last thing Heather sees is the white of CleEVERS' good eye before the FISH TANK lands directly atop him.

CleEVERS YELLS out in pain, yet --

A smile escapes his lips. The FISH TANK sits upright on CleEVERS' stomach, not a drop of water has escaped.

EVERYONE gathers around.

WAITER  
Sir, are you all right?

HEATHER  
You are so lucky.

At that, CRACKS appear in the glass. The water, FISH and SEAWEED ooze out all over CleEVERS.

BRIANA  
Save the fish!

EXT. "BLUES CAFE" - NIGHT

Soaking wet with seaweed tangled in his hair, CleEVERS limps to his car with glee, ripping the VIDEOTAPE to shreds.

CLEEVERS  
(Spits out a GOLDFISH)  
I did it. I did it. I won. I never  
have to see those miscreants again.  
Thank you, God.

INT. CLEEVERS' BMW - NIGHT

Classical MUSIC plays as CleEVERS weaves in and out of traffic on the freeway. Peace at last.

The song gets interrupted.

RADIO ANNOUNCER  
Okay all you gorgeous blonds out  
there. If you see Briana and  
Heather, get them to the Kodak  
Theater Tuesday night kicking off  
that new reality TV series,  
"Blonds."

CleEVERS punches the radio, tries to change the station, it won't go off. His "bad" leg sticks to the gas pedal.

CLEEVERS  
Relax. Calm. Breathe.

He swerves, just missing another. CleEVERS swerves again to avoid another car and --

CRASH!

CleEVERS' BMW plummets down an embankment, hits a tree.

EXT. EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

A Police Car and an Ambulance are there. Smoke billows from the completely totaled BMW. SEVERAL POLICEMEN shake their heads as they walk around the car. What an idiot.

TWO PARAMEDICS put a NECK-BRACE and LEG-BRACE on CleEVERS; hoist him into the back of their truck.

EXT. CLEEVERS' MANSION - NIGHT

The Football Players walk up the walkway. From the window, Milton motions for them to hide.

MILTON  
They're here!

The Football Players climb a tree next to Milton's window as Heather and Briana walk past.

BRIANA  
What was that?

The Football Players freeze.

With a YELP, one Football Player plunges downward. Three others make it into the window.

From the window, Milton and the others try to hoist another Footballer up and in.

HEATHER  
Did you hear something?

Again, everyone freezes. One Football Player dangles precariously below the window by one arm; Milton and the rest hold onto him.

Heather and Briana look around. They don't see anything out of place. They continue up the walkway.

BRIANA  
There's only one thing to do now,  
wait for CleEVERS to call.

HEATHER  
But I never gave him my number.

BRIANA  
Gosh, Heather, you're in the same  
puddle as me.

HEATHER  
(Correcting her)  
Canoe. In the same canoe.

Heather sits under the tree. Briana sits next to her. The  
Football Player still hovers above them.

His hand is slipping.

HEATHER  
Do you really think he'll watch the  
tape?

BRIANA  
I'm sure he will.

HEATHER  
What if he doesn't?

BRIANA  
Then he wasn't meant for you.  
You're the nicest person I know,  
Heather. And you deserve someone  
just as nice.

HEATHER  
You think maybe CleEVERS isn't the  
man for me?

BRIANA  
I think there's a better person out  
there for you, but we just don't  
know who that is yet.

HEATHER  
Maybe all the true love you feel  
for Clyde made me want it too.

BRIANA  
 I'll tell you what, tomorrow we get  
 our money and with what's left  
 after the million dollars, we go  
 shopping. How's that?

HEATHER  
 What would I ever do without you?

Briana and Heather get up, brush off the dirt, walk away just  
 as --

SPLAT!

The Football Player plummets to the ground, pulling Milton  
 and the rest with him. They lie in a big pile with Milton  
 underneath them all.

FOOTBALL PLAYER #1  
 Some bright idea.

MILTON  
 (Muffled)  
 Would you please move?

FOOTBALL PLAYER #2  
 Who's got their hands on my "nut  
 sack?"

INT. WEATHERBEE'S OFFICE - DAY

Weatherbee presses Heather and Briana into chairs.

WEATHERBEE  
 A reality TV series starring you  
 two. Well, what do you think?

BRIANA  
 I don't know. What do you think,  
 Heather? Will we make a million  
 dollars?

WEATHERBEE  
 More. Much more. This is the top of  
 the game, ladies.

HEATHER  
 I don't know. We had our heart set  
 on doing commercials.

BRIANA  
 But we do need the money.

Heather and Briana are still undecided.

WEATHERBEE

Do you realize how many gals would kill to get this gig?

HEATHER

Don't say that. Ever. That's makes me even more sad.

BRIANA

I can barely say the word, but we are against anyone who would hurt anyone else.

HEATHER

And for that matter, someone who would hurt someone else.

WEATHERBEE

I want you two to stay right here. I'm going to get the producers and have him talk to you. Okay? Stay here. Don't move. Stay.

Weatherbee races out.

HEATHER

That made me upset.

BRIANA

It's not worth --

(Gulp)

-- killing to get a job, or even to find my Clyde. It's just not right. What makes people special is caring about others. Caring is the most important thing in the whole wide world.

HEATHER

What you said touched my heart and soul and everything in between.

BRIANA

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

HEATHER

Totally.

Briana eyes two closed windows.

BRIANA

You said never be in a house unless  
it has open windows. How are we  
going to get out of this one?

HEATHER

Let's take the door.

Heather and Briana leave.

TWO SECONDS LATER

Weatherbee races in with Plume and Bernstein. No Heather or  
Briana.

WEATHERBEE

Damn.

INT. CLEEVERS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On TV: a news channel showing the police video of Heather and  
Briana. Wearing a NECK-BRACE, a FULL LEG CAST, a LOWER BACK  
TRUSS and CRUTCHES, CleEVERS attempts to sit.

Milton eats a sandwich.

ANCHORWOMAN ON TV

Every case Judge CleEVERS has tried  
in the last ten years is being  
reviewed.

ANCHORMAN ON TV

Let's get a close-up of Heather and  
Briana again. Hmmm. Do you think  
there was some ruse to undermine  
Judge CleEVERS?

ANCHORWOMAN ON TV

I think we have two brilliant young  
ladies who have exposed the  
brutality of a justice system that  
no longer works.

ANCHORMAN ON TV

Well, there you have it.

ANCHORWOMAN ON TV

Up next, those who work with Judge  
CleEVERS speak out against his  
unlawful conduct in the courtroom.

ANCHORMAN ON TV

We also have an interview with a Mr. Lazlo Tuttle. He's met several times with Briana and Heather and will give us a dose of what they're really like in person.

ANCHORWOMAN ON TV

Do you think Briana and Heather will ever come out of hiding?

ANCHORMAN ON TV

Highly unlikely at this point. We'll return to our leading story after this commercial break.

Heather and Briana's "Butich" beer commercial plays on TV.

CLEEVERS

Turn it off!

MILTON

You okay? Maybe you should "up" your dosage.

Hyperventilating, Cleavers slinks down. The crutches hit him in the FOREHEAD.

INT. CLEEVERS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cleavers pops PRESCRIPTION PILLS. Milton puts a BAND-AID over the ghastly golf ball-sized LUMP on his forehead.

MILTON

(Hands Cleavers some  
SCHOOL PAPERS)

I need you to sign this for school. A field trip. And this one for the science thing. And this one for that sex film they're showing.

CLEEVERS

Sex film? At school?

Cleavers signs and passes into sleep.

INT. CLEEVERS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

RING. RING. RING.

It's the door. CleEVERS props his crutches to the side. He looks through the peep hole. A REAL ESTATE GAL, 45, shoves the door open, SLAMMING CleEVERS behind it.

She pushes her way past with Mr. Tuttle and Weatherbee.

REAL ESTATE GAL  
What do you think?

MR. TUTTLE  
This is perfect. It's so Frank  
Lloyd Wright!

REAL ESTATE GAL  
Wait until you see the kitchen.

Nose flattened to the side, CleEVERS hops over. CRACK!  
CleEVERS fixes his nose.

CLEEVER  
What in God's name is going on?

REAL ESTATE GAL  
Don't mind him. Distraught hubby.  
Divorce.

CLEEVERS  
I own this house! Get out of here  
this minute, you weasels, before I  
call the police!

REAL ESTATE GAL  
Your ex-wife put the house on the  
market twenty minutes ago.

The Real Estate Gal hands CleEVERS a SLEW OF PAPERS. He peruses them. CleEVERS grabs his heart in shock.

WEATHERBEE  
Heather and Briana were right. This  
is the perfect house.

CLEEVERS  
Heather? Briana?

MR. TUTTLE  
You know, the blond girls?

WEATHERBEE  
We'll take it!

The Real Estate Gal pulls out a slew of MORTGAGE PAPERS.

REAL ESTATE GAL

Sign here and here and here and  
here and here. Here, too. And here.  
And here and here and here.

MR. TUTTLE

This is going to be sooo gorgeous  
for our wedding.

INT. HEATHER AND BRIANA'S DIGS - DAY

Hyperventilating, CleEVERS hobbles in, shuts the door. He  
grabs a BROWN BAGGIE from the dresser, breathes deeply.

CLEEVERS

Bad dream. Bad dream. Wake up.  
Relax. Okay. Nice and relaxed.  
Whew.

CleEVERS looks around. Heather and Briana's girlie stuff lies  
everywhere. CleEVERS hobbles to the closet: more girlie  
stuff.

CLEEVERS

Noooo!

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Clyde tries to put his "Cosmopolitan" Magazine back together.  
His Jail Roomie sleeps. CleEVERS hops in, swats Clyde's Jail  
Roomie on the head with his crutches.

Clyde's Roomie passes out.

CLYDE

Hey. What did you do that for?

CLEEVERS

(Lifting his EYE PATCH)  
He's nothing more than an insidious  
little worm. So, Mr. Beamer, we  
finally meet.

CLYDE

What happened to you? Auto  
accident?

CLEEVERS

Yes. No. Forget it.

CLYDE

Um. Are you supposed to be in here?

Cleavers drops a JAIL KEY next to Clyde's feet, a change of CLOTHES. Cleavers gets a bad neck itch, but the neck brace covers it.

CLYDE

What's that?

CLEEVERS

In case you need it. You know.

CLYDE

What would I need a key for?

CLEEVERS

In case you want to escape.

CLYDE

Why would I want to do that?

CLEEVERS

To be free.

CLYDE

I kinda like it in here. I get three square meals a day. Well, they're not really square.

CLEEVERS

Listen to me, you bonehead, you need to escape or face the rest of your life behind bars.

CLYDE

That's not what my attorney says.

CLEEVERS

I'm the judge and you will receive nothing less than the death penalty.

Cleavers hits himself in the head with his crutches, trying to reach the itch.

CLYDE

Death is a penalty?

CLEEVERS

No. Death is death.

CLYDE  
I don't get it.

CLEEVERS  
(hands Clyde an ADDRESS on  
a piece of paper)  
Let's put it this way, meet me  
here. Tonight at 7PM sharp and  
we'll discuss your punishment.

CLYDE  
Okay. So. How do I get out?

Cleever presses the JAIL KEY into Clyde's palm.

CLEEVERS  
With this.

INT. COURTHOUSE LOBBY - DAY

Cleever opens a side door, peeks out. PAPPARAZZI pop up from  
the bushes.

PAPPARAZZI #1  
How do you feel, Judge Cleever?

PAPPARAZZI #2  
Would you like to comment on your  
"saure" with the blonds?

PAPPARAZZI #3  
Is it true you've set Heather and  
Briana free for no reason?

Cleever SLAMS the door shut.

CLEEVERS  
Damn.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Dressed in his new OVERSIZED CLOTHES, Clyde holds onto his  
BLOND TEDDY-BEAR as he sneaks out. Jail Roomie wakes up.

JAIL ROOMIE  
What are you doing, man? I wanna go  
with you. C'mon. Pretty please with  
sugar on top?

CLYDE

Okay, only if you promise not to hurt anyone.

JAIL ROOMIE

My family's already gone. Hey. This way. Follow me.

INT. JAIL HALLWAY - DAY

They sneak past a SLEEPING POLICEMAN in a booth and exit.

The Sleeping Policeman awakes, looks at the video monitor, sees the empty jail cell.

POLICEMAN

Holy Moly.

He falls off his seat, grabs a phone.

INT. COUTHOUSE - DAY

Cleavers peeks through a side window. Coast is clear outside. Using his crutches, he hobbles through an EMERGENCY EXIT DOOR.

Alarms RING as Cleavers hobbles away.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

POLICE gather at the emergency exit door, guns drawn. A TEDDY-BEAR toting Clyde and his Jail Roomie, walk down the front steps, run away.

Uh-oh. Clyde drops his BLOND TEDDY-BEAR. He sneaks back to get it. POLICE see the Jail Roomie racing frantically down the street.

POLICEMAN

Over there!

The Police chase the Jail Roomie just as Clyde pops up from the bushes.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - NIGHT

TWO BLACK CATS meander through the garbage. Sweat pouring from his brow, Cleavers shows Clyde the FLYER of Heather and Briana.

CLYDE

This one looks so much like someone  
I used to know.

CLEEVER

All of them look the same. Perky  
breasts, that same faraway gaze.  
They have their own language. I  
need you to rid the world of their  
evilness.

CLYDE

You want me to get rid of them for  
you? I can't hurt nobody.

CLEEVER

Their stupidity is nothing more  
than a ruse. A ruse to break me.  
But they can't. They won't. I won't  
let them.

At that, Cleever's pets the Cats. Uh-oh.

HISS! SCREECH! MEOW!

Clyde tries to get a closer look, but can only see tufts of  
CAT FUR flying in the air. He sees Cleever's CRUTCHES flying  
up. Clyde hears a few YELPS! A trash lid SLAMMING down and --

Cleever pops in front of Clyde, SCRATCHES cover his face.

MEOW. MEOW. MEOW.

CLYDE

Whoa. You okay?

CLEEVERS

Of course, I'm okay. Let's get back  
to the matter at hand.

CLYDE

What do you want me to do, again?

MEOW. MEOW. MEOW.

CLEEVERS

We. We. We'll pull off their  
toenails, one by one, then watch  
the look on their faces as we pull  
out all their teeth. We gleefully  
watch as they die a slow  
excruciatingly painful death.

CLYDE

Man, I can't do this. I'm in love with a blond girl. She has my heart.

CLEEVERS

You idiot. Look what she's done to you. For God's sake, look at what she's forced you into doing; kidnapping women to find her. Had it not been for me, you would have died in the electric chair.

CLYDE

You were kinda nice to me.

CLEEVERS

All this for what? You still don't know where she is. Probably married to some other man, laughing at you as we speak.

MEOW. MEOW. MEOW.

CLYDE

You really think so?

CLEEVERS

Laughing out loud to all her other blond friends. Laughing hard.

CLYDE

I don't like that.

CLEEVERS

Get back at them; all of them, for the torture you've endured.

CLYDE

Yeah. It was torture, now that I think of it. She didn't want to be found. She is laughing at me.

CLEEVERS

They all are.

CLYDE

What do I do?

Cleever's whips out a BLUEPRINT of the Kodak Theater.

MEOW. MEOW. MEOW.

Clyde can't take it. He lifts the Cats from a trash bin, pets them, cuddles them. They love him.

CLEEVERS

I have devised a simple, yet elegant plan. Would you put those things away?

CLYDE

They're so cute.

CLEEVERS

We are going to rig the Kodak Theater, so that one of the lights falls down atop them and splat! They exist no more.

CLYDE

Cool. Oh. You're going to hurt them?

CLEEVERS

Not hurt them, my friend, kill them! Kill them in front of the whole wide world. Kill them on TV. Those two blonds are the soul and axis of evil.

CLYDE

Kill them?

CLEEVERS

This is your way of paying back society for your ills. This is your community service.

CLYDE

Well, since you put it that way.

INT. KODAK THEATER - 2ND FLOOR RAFTERS - NIGHT

Lights and wires wrap around heavy WOOD BEAMS. A metal ramp wraps around the back wall.

Using a flashlight, Clyde climbs the ladder to the top of the rafters. Below, the Two Cats circle CleEVERS like prey. CleEVERS attempts to hit them with his crutches, to no avail.

CLEEVERS

See that light over there, the large one?

CLYDE  
Yeah. The large one.

CLEEVERS  
That's our implement of  
destruction. It will fall atop  
their heads and they'll be  
pulverized into dust. Hee-hee.

CLYDE  
Let's do it!

CLEEVERS  
Not now, you blockhead, tomorrow  
night. How old are you?

CLYDE  
Twenty-five. You want me to stay up  
here until tomorrow? But I don't  
have a pillow.

CLEEVERS  
I'll bring you a pillow. I'll bring  
you everything you need. Make a  
list.

CLYDE  
Are you sweating again?

CLEEVERS  
Would you just shut up?

CLYDE  
You're supposed to tell people to  
be quiet, not shut up. I think you  
need to apologize to me.

CLEEVERS  
Yes. Yes. Of course.

CLYDE  
I can't hear you. I didn't hear the  
word.

CLEEVERS  
I apologize. How old are you again?

CLYDE  
I just told you. Did you forget  
already? Geez, are you dumb.

CLEEVERS  
Just forget it.

CLYDE

My age? How can I forget that?  
Well? What are we waiting for?  
Let's do this! Die blondies!

CLEEVERS

What-what-what are you doing? Not  
now, you numbskull!

The last thing CleEVERS sees is a ONE-TON LIGHT FIXTURE  
pummeling toward him.

EXT. CLEEVERS' MANSION - NIGHT

Heather and Briana sit on the curb with their luggage.

BRIANA

We're not any closer to getting the  
million dollars to find my Clyde.

A BUS drives by with a PHOTO OF BRIANA AND HEATHER on it.

"HAVE YOU SEEN THESE GIRLS? TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS TO THE  
PERSON WHO CAN GET THEM TO THE KODAK THEATER THIS TUESDAY  
NIGHT"

Perplexed, Heather looks at it.

HEATHER

You know, the more I think about  
it, the more it seems like an  
awfully large amount of money.

BRIANA

You think our Private Eye was  
trying to rip us off?

HEATHER

I was thinking maybe we could find  
him ourselves.

BRIANA

How?

HEATHER

(Thinking hard)  
I got it! You still have that  
lollipop?

BRIANA

(Holds the LOLLIPOP up)  
Right here.

HEATHER

We put an ad in the paper with a photo of the lollipop. And whoever knows about the lollipop will answer the ad.

BRIANA

Who?

HEATHER

Your Clyde Beamer, that's who!

BRIANA

Whoa. That's so "ultra zest!" But how will Clyde get in touch with us when we don't even know where we're going to stay?

HEATHER

We'll put a meeting place in the ad.

BRIANA

Wow. You amaze me. "Cheese wiz," I wish we would have thought about this sooner.

HEATHER

When is that taxi going to get here?

BRIANA

I can't wait to see the "Oasis."

TWO HANDS come up from behind; thrust A BURLAP SACK over Briana and Heather's heads.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

Small. Empty. Heather and Briana try the door. It's locked.

HEATHER

Help!

BRIANA

Let us out of here!

HEATHER

Or we'll call the police!

BRIANA

Good one. We'll call the FBI and CIA!

HEATHER

You better set us free whoever you are.

BRIANA

How are we going to get out of this one? I'm scared. Really scared.

Heather takes off her jacket, puts it around Briana's shoulder.

HEATHER

I know this is hard, but we have to trust God. He loves puppies and kittens and little babies.

BRIANA

He loves things that are really cute. Do you think he loves us?

HEATHER

He does love us. We're going to get out of this.

BRIANA

No, we're not. I'm sick of being positive all the time. I'm sick of being cheery for other people. Sometimes, I just get sad. And sometimes I don't want you to try and cheer me up.

HEATHER

What are you saying? You don't want to be my friend?

BRIANA

We're in a big mess. You don't have any idea how to get us out and I'm sick of it all. I just want to be alone.

HEATHER

God's going to help us, but we have to stick together. What else do we have, but each other? If we don't have each other then, we have nothing.

BRIANA  
 Maybe nothing is better than  
 something.

HEATHER  
 Nothing is nothing.

BRIANA  
 This really, really makes me wanna  
 cry.

HEATHER  
 Don't cry, "Brie," remember what  
 happened at the skating rink? Wait  
 a minute! I have an idea! Cry,  
 Briana. Cry. Cry. Cry. Thank you,  
 God!

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The sun rises. SKATERS skate. JOGGERS jog.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The sun sets. SKATERS skate. JOGGERS jog.

INT. PRIVATE EYE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Private Eye smokes a pipe, talks on the phone.

PRIVATE EYE  
 Yep. I'll bring them...an hour or  
 so. That's all in cash. Unmarked  
 bills, right?

EXT. KODAK THEATER - NIGHT

A wall of cars and PEOPLE fill up the place. TEN BRUNETTES  
 hold up picket signs that read: HIRE US, WE HAVE BRAINS!

SOMEONE throws a raw egg at them.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Briana and Heather cry. They gather a mere CUPFUL of tears.

HEATHER  
 It's not working.

BRIANA  
 What did you think was going to happen?

HEATHER  
 I thought our tears would fill up the room and the weight of the water would break the door down. Boy, was I silly.

BRIANA  
 That was the best idea I've ever heard in my whole lifetime. It was.

HEATHER  
 (Crying)  
 But it didn't work. You're right. Nothing's working. God has forgotten about us.

BRIANA  
 We'll think of something. Something is better than nothing.

DRIP. DRIP. DRIP.

Heather and Briana look up. The ceiling leaks. An idea.

BRIANA  
 Wait a minute. Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

HEATHER  
 Are you thinking that we punch a hole in the roof? That the water will come gushing down, fill up the room and push the door down? Is that what you're thinking?

BRIANA  
 Whoa, that's exactly what I'm thinking.

HEATHER  
 Get on my shoulders. Quick.

Heather holds Briana on her shoulders. Briana punches through making a HUGE GAPING HOLE. Water dribbles down.

HEATHER  
 Gosh. I don't know.

BRIANA

I know. You climb through the hole and we'll find out where the water is coming from. Then we redirect it to fill the room up. The door breaks. We escape.

HEATHER

You're the best.

EXT. ROOF TOP - NIGHT

Starry night. Briana looks down through the GAPING HOLE into the closet at Heather.

HEATHER

See any water up there?

BRIANA

No. But the stars look beautiful. Wanna see?

LATER

Briana and Heather sit atop, stare at the clear sky.

BRIANA

It sure is a pretty night.

HEATHER

I miss "Uranus" so much.

BRIANA

So do I.

INT. PRIVATE EYE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Private Eye unlocks the closet door, looks inside. No Heather or Briana. He looks up at the GAPING HOLE.

PRIVATE EYE

"Daggummit!"

He races out.

INT. KODAK THEATER - NIGHT

Filled to the brim. The CROWD gets restless. Plume and Bernstein stand at the podium with Mr. Boss.

CROWD

We want Heather and Briana! Heather  
and Briana!

PLUME

They'll be here any minute!

A raw egg flies, it hits Plume in the face.

RING. RING. RING.

Bernstein answers his cell phone.

BERNSTEIN

What do you mean they escaped?  
Shit.

(Hangs up)

Now what do we do?

Gulp! Plume and Bernstein look at the angry Crowd.

UP IN THE RAFTERS

Clyde begins cutting the wooden rafter beam in half with a  
long SAW.

Cleavers sits in a WHEELCHAIR on the 2nd floor ramp.

His arm is in a CAST propped out to the side, another CAST  
covers his head and one ear. Using his good toes, Cleavers  
shuffles the wheelchair toward Clyde.

CLYDE

You sure you still want to do this?

CLEEVERS

Just think, soon I'll be free, free  
from the likes of them. Ha-ha.

CLYDE

You mean, we.

CLEEVERS

We. Yes. We.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

The Junkyard Guy stands next to Heather and Briana as they  
look at their stuff, pet the Bulldog.

JUNKYARD GUY

You ready to buy it back?

BRIANA

We kinda don't have any money.

HEATHER

We'll come up with the money. How much?

JUNKYARD GUY

(Re: the Colonic Machine)

I couldn't part with this guy for less than a thousand dollarinos.

A gust of wind picks up, COLONIC MACHINE falls atop the Junkyard Guy. The hose wraps around his neck, tighter and tighter. His face turns deep red, crimson, purple. Briana and Heather walk away; the happy Bulldog at their heels.

JUNKYARD GUY

Help. Help!

But wait, the Bulldog has something to do. He PEES on the Junkyard Guy, then races back to Heather and Briana.

BRIANA

Gosh. That's a lot of money.

HEATHER

You know what? It's worth it.

BRIANA

How are we going to get that kind of money?

HEATHER

We'll figure something out.

BRIANA

Nothing seems to be going right for us anymore. Where's our luck gone?

HEATHER

You're right. It's been one bad thing after another.

BRIANA

Gosh, even if I tried right now, I couldn't be the pussy.

HEATHER

Neither could I.

The Girls hear a RADIO coming from inside the Junkyard Guy's office.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

The Kodak Theater is full. And those pretty little blond girls haven't shown up. Heather and Briana, if you're listening, please, please I beg you, get to the Kodak Theater. The crowd's going crazy.

BRIANA

What do we always do when life throws us lemons?

HEATHER

We hang out with other blonds and eat french fries drenched in mayonnaise!

BRIANA

And the fact that these two have the same name.

HEATHER

It's a "blond" miracle.

BRIANA

We have one problem. How are we going to get there?

Heather and Briana turn to see the Junkyard Guy losing consciousness under their Colonic Machine. They help him out from underneath.

JUNKYARD GUY

That thing tried to kill me. I want this shit out of here. Now! And I mean this minute. And take that damn dog with you!

HEATHER

We'd be happy to help you out and all, but we have one teensy-weensy little favor to ask.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

A JUNKY TRUCK speeds along. Heather and Briana's stuff in the back, including the Colonic Machine.

INT. JUNKY TRUCK - NIGHT

Junkyard Guy drives, faster and faster. Briana and Heather are squished next to him. The Girls put ribbons on the Bulldog, paints its nails.

BRIANA  
This is so very sweet of you.

JUNKYARD GUY  
Yeah. Yeah.

BRIANA  
You never told me what the "Oasis" was.

HEATHER  
All blonds are born with it in their brains. Maybe you were born backwards.

BRIANA  
Is it a fun place?

HEATHER  
Is it fun? It's like the "funnest" place on the planet.

BRIANA  
Which planet?

POP! Something explodes outside.

HEATHER  
What was that?

INT. KODAK THEATER - NIGHT

Plume and Bernstein peek out at the Crowd from backstage. The Crowd's even more restless throwing soda cans, tomatoes, raw eggs on-stage.

PLUME  
Maybe we should call the whole thing off.

BERNSTEIN  
Give 'em 5 more minutes.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Heather and Briana pet the Bulldog as the Junkyard Guy stares at a blown tire. The Junkyard Guy walks away. Heather pulls him back.

BRIANA  
Where are you going?

JUNKYARD GUY  
To call a tow truck.

HEATHER  
You can't just leave us. Not now.

JUNKYARD GUY  
What do you want me to do? I ain't got no spare. I'm not about to ruin my rims for 2 dumb blonds.

BRIANA  
It's people like you that make it hard for people like us.

JUNKYARD GUY  
Huh?

BRIANA  
You're mean and uncaring and you call this sweet little doggie, Killer. It's not right. Right, Heather?

HEATHER  
Right.

BRIANA  
If you had one drop of love in you, you would try to be nice to people. That's what it's all about. Niceness. Didn't your Mom teach you anything?

Tears roll down the Junkyard Guy's face.

JUNKYARD GUY  
I never had a Mom.

EXT. KODAK THEATER - NIGHT

It's packed to the brim with PEOPLE. All parking lots are full. BUMP. BUMP. BUMP. The truck drives in on its crumpled rim. SPARKS fly.

INT. JUNKY TRUCK - NIGHT

Junkyard Guy drives. Holding the Bulldog, Briana and Heather look out.

BRIANA

Now what are we going to do?

EXT. KODAK THEATER - VIP PARKING - NIGHT

The Junkyard Guy's truck pulls up to a cute PARKING ATTENDANT. Heather and Briana pop their heads out.

HEATHER

Excuse me, sir?

BRIANA

We're here to see Heather and Briana. The blonds?

HEATHER

It's very important that we talk to them.

The Parking Attendant looks at the POSTER showing their faces, then back to them.

PARKING ATTENDANT

Right this way, ladies.

INT. KODAK THEATER - NIGHT

The Crowd "BOOS" and "HISSES" as Plume, Bernstein and Mr. Boss walk to the microphone.

MR. BOSS

We made a huge mistake. We promised you Heather and Briana and...well...well...

Heather and Briana walk onto the stage, with the Bulldog behind them. The Crowd goes nuts.

MR. BOSS  
Here they are!

HEATHER  
Wow. What's going on?

BRIANA  
I don't know but everyone seems so  
very nice.

Plume thrusts the microphone into Heather and Briana's face.

HEATHER  
Thank you so very much. We just  
wanted to see our blond friends and  
eat french fries.

BRIANA  
It was so nice of each and every  
one of you came out here and see  
Heather and Briana too.

HEATHER  
Where are Heather and Briana?

The Crowd goes even more crazy.

UP IN THE RAFTERS

Atop the beam, Clyde saws into the wood. The beam CRACKS.  
Cleevers wheels his wheelchair closer to the edge. He sees  
Heather and Briana standing beneath them.

He motions to Clyde.

CLEEVERS  
Now!

CLYDE  
Wait.

CLEEVERS  
What do you mean, wait? Now! Do it!  
You imbecile. God damn it. Now!

CLYDE  
Duh. If it breaks I go down with  
it.

Cleevers grabs Clyde's SAW with his two good fingers. He  
slips. His wheelchair tangles in the ropes. Cleevers hangs.

The wood beam CREAKS and MOANS and continues to rip.

Cleavers swings the ropes to the lip of the railing. His fingers almost touch it and then --

Clyde jumps onto the ropes, hoists himself up. The weight of Clyde makes everything drop down a few feet.

The beam rips in two.

CLYDE

Uh-oh.

Briana looks up, pushes Heather out of the way and jumps back in the nick of time.

SNAP! CRACKLE! POP! KABOOM!

Cleavers and Clyde plummet down along with the ropes, rafters and wheelchair.

Thinking it's part of the act, the Crowd goes even more nuts with "HOOTS" and "HOLLERS."

Briana lifts Heather up. Heather cries.

BRIANA

Are you all right?

HEATHER

You saved my life. How can I ever thank you?

BRIANA

You already have.

Clyde pulls himself from the wreckage. He looks at Briana. Their eyes meet.

BRIANA

Clyde? Is that really you?

CLYDE

Briana?

BRIANA

I've been looking for you for so long. I never thought I'd ever see you again.

CLYDE

I've been looking for you, too.  
I've missed you so very much. Gosh,  
I can't seem to find the words.

BRIANA

I can't find words either.

Briana pulls the grimy RED LOLLIPOP from her cleavage.

BRIANA

I sleep with it under my pillow  
every night.

Clyde pulls a small VIAL OF SAND from his pocket.

CLYDE

I don't go anywhere without it.  
God, how I've missed you.

It's as if time itself stops as Brian and Clyde melt into  
each other's arms and kiss. The Crowd jumps to their feet in  
a standing ovation.

Champagne corks POP! Glasses are filled. CONFETTI sprinkles  
down. A LOVE SONG plays.

With his one good finger, CleEVERS inches toward the exit. He  
looks up. Heather stand above him.

HEATHER

Mr. CleEVERS, is that you?

Heather grabs the SAW.

HEATHER

What's the meaning of this?

POLICEMEN slap handcuffs on Clyde and CleEVERS.

POLICEMAN

Sorry, ladies, it looks like these  
two guys were trying to kill you.

HEATHER

I'm ashamed of you. I thought you  
were a nice man, but you never did  
get to see your videotape, did you?  
And now look at you.

CLEEVERS

(Going insane)  
Videotape. Ha-ha.  
(MORE)

CLEEVERS(cont'd)

They're everywhere. They've infiltrated the whole world with their bloneness.

(To a Policeman)

Unhand me, you baboon. I have to use the restroom.

Three Policemen drag CleEVERS away. Briana turns to Clyde.

BRIANA

Clyde, is this true? You tried to kill us? Tell me this isn't true.

POLICEMAN

This man is also wanted for kidnapping several blond girls.

CLYDE

I did it because I love you. I've always loved you. I did it because you're my one true love. I'm sorry, Briana.

Policemen lead Clyde toward the exit door.

BRIANA

Noooooo!

Briana grabs Clyde and tries to pull him back.

BRIANA

Heather, help me! We have to do something!

Heather helps, to no avail.

Two Policemen hold the Girls back. Briana breaks free, rushes over to Clyde. She hands him the LOLLIPOP just as the exit door closes.

Briana weeps uncontrollably. The Bulldog licks the tears from her face. Heather comforts her.

BRIANA

Now he's gone, gone forever.

HEATHER

Maybe not.

BRIANA

But what can we do? If God were here he'd have an answer.

HEATHER

Maybe there is an answer. We don't have to press charges.

BRIANA

What about the girls he kidnapped?

HEATHER

They are blonds.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Heather and Briana sit in the pews. A handcuffed Clyde sits behind a table. On the stand, a CUTE BLOND GIRL, 25.

A slimy LAWYER peers into her eyes.

LAWYER

Like all the rest, you're going to sit here and tell me you don't remember anything, not one little thing?

CUTE BLOND

What can I say? I'm blond.

LATER

Detective Larson takes the stand. RED LIPSTICK marks up his face. The Lawyer walks up to him.

LAWYER

Surely, Detective, you remember the sting operation? It was recorded.

DETECTIVE LARSON

I thought it was all a joke.

Heather winks at Detective Larson. He winks back.

EXT. PLAYBOY MANSION - DAY

WEDDING DECOR is in the background. Packed with BLONDS drinking champagne with HUGH HEFNER.

In complete awe, the Football Players and Milton stand next to the 6 Blondes.

TWIN GIRLS, 6, stand next to Mr. Tuttle and Weatherbee.

Hugh Hefner raises his champagne glass in a toast.

HUGH HEFNER  
Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to my  
"Oasis." Enjoy.

Peering out from behind a bush is wheelchair-bound Cleavers:  
arm and neck jerking with weird "ticks." A MACHINE GUN is  
duct-taped to his arm cast.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Dressed up like a flower girl, the Bulldog sits. Heather zips  
up Briana's silky wedding dress. It's a special moment  
between the two of them.

HEATHER  
You look so beautiful.

A tear trickles down Briana's cheek. Heather dabs it with a  
beautifully embroidered HANDKERCHIEF.

HEATHER  
Just in case you need it for, you  
know.

BRIANA  
Thank you. Heather, we've been  
through so much I couldn't have  
done this without you. I just  
wanted to say, from the bottom of  
my heart --

Heather puts her finger to Briana's lip.

HEATHER  
That's what friends do for each  
other, especially best friends.

Outside, Cleavers wheels past and stops. He salivates. At  
last, his moment of revenge!

EXT. PLAYBOY MANSION - DAY

Cleavers aims the MACHINE GUN at Heather and Briana inside.  
He readies his good finger to squeeze the trigger and --

FEMALE VOICE  
Now, Mr. Cleavers, you know you're  
not supposed to be here.

Cleavers looks up. It's the Platinum Blond, the 5 other Blonds stand behind him. They rip off the tape, take the GUN and wheel him away.

EXT. FRONT OF PLAYBOY MANSION - DAY

A WHITE VAN awaits: "GLENVIEW REST HOME."

The 6 Blonds wave goodbye, blow kisses as TWO INTERNS lift a sweating Cleavers and his wheelchair up and in.

CLEEVERS

They're after me. I've got it,  
they're aliens. Do you have  
implants in your brain? Unleash me,  
you imbeciles. You're working for  
them. You're all aliens!

Cleavers continues to rant and rave as the Interns shut the doors.

THE WEDDING

Filled with PRETTY BLONDS and Hugh Hefner.

The 6 Blonds sit next to the Football Players.

Mr. Tuttle and Weatherbee sit; the Twin Girls in their lap.

Clyde's Jail Roomie, shackled from head to toe, sits next to TWO POLICEMEN.

AT THE ALTAR

A BLOND LADY PREACHER presides. A beaming Clyde and Briana look lovingly into each other's eyes.

Heather stands as the Maid-Of-Honor. Detective Larson is the Best Man. He carries the Bulldog.

BLOND PREACHER

I now pronounce you husband and  
wife. You may kiss the bride.

Clyde goes to kiss Heather.

BLOND PREACHER

Your wife. The woman next to you.

Clyde looks around, nervous. Briana grabs him, bends him backwards in a big smooch.

Everyone CHEERS, throws RICE and CONFETTI as Clyde and Briana walk down the aisle.

DIRTY BLOND  
I can't wait to fall in love.

STRAWBERRY BLOND  
True love is the best.

ASH BLOND  
Briana is the luckiest girl in the world.

BRIANA  
We. All of us blonds are lucky and do you know why? We're all friends who care about each other. We're always there for each other. And that's what true love is really about.

Everyone hugs. It becomes a huge cry-fest.

HEATHER  
Stop you're crying, girls. Remember what happened at the zoo?

The Blonds grab their private parts, cringing in the memory.

INT. BRIANA AND HEATHER'S TV SHOW - DAY

Cameras film Heather, Briana, the 6 Blonds and the Bulldog. They wear Adidas, Nike, sip a Coke; even their COLONIC MACHINE wears advertising.

HEATHER  
Everyone loves commercials, so we decided to make our show one big commercial! Welcome to "Uranus." I'm Heather.

BRIANA  
I'm Briana and we're two peas in a pod.

HEATHER AND BRIANA  
No peeing in the pod!

## BEHIND THE CAMERAS

Cuddling the Black Cats, Clyde watches his new wife in awe. Sitting next to him is Detective Larson. Plume and Bernstein and Mr. Boss give each other a "thumbs up."

## SEVERAL MONTHS LATER

## INT. "GLENVIEW" REST HOME - DAY

Classical music wafts through. SEVERAL PATIENTS watch the LOCAL NEWS on TV. CleEVERS walks by and sits at a window.

He is completely healed from all his prior wounds.

Outside; a gentle breeze blows leaves into a quaint flowing brook. A SPARROW flutter from branch to branch.

Chirp. Chirp. Chirp.

Complete serenity at last until --

Someone changes the channel.

## HEATHER ON TV

And it's our super-duper mission to  
cleans the world, one colon at a  
time!

## BRIANA ON TV

A very biggie hug for health and  
happiness.

No. It can't be. CleEVERS turns to look. It's Heather and Briana's TV show. Sweat spews from his pores; CleEVERS races over, bangs the TV until it breaks.

## CLEEVERS

Die! Die! Die! Kill! Kill! Kill!

TWO BUXOM RED-HEADED INTERNS race over, hold CleEVERS down.

## CLEEVERS

You must kill them. They have to  
die.

The Red Head flicks her nails out, cuts off each of CleEVERS' shirt buttons. A terrified CleEVERS watches as the other Red Head unzips his pants.

SEXY RED HEAD  
You thought blonds were the soul  
and axis of evil?

SEXIER RED HEAD  
You have no idea.

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

Heavily padded. Wearing a straight jacket, RED LIPSTICK and a  
BLOND WIG, CleEVERS watches a MOUSE eat crumbs.

CLEEVERS  
(In a high-pitched voice)  
Two peas in a pod, no peeing in the  
pod! A biggie hug for health and  
happiness. Here little kitty.  
Omigod! Be the pussy. Be the pussy.  
We love "Uranus" very "berry" much.  
Meow. Meow. Prrrrr.

FADE OUT:

THE END