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.

Cleevers 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. Cleeverson 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. Cleeverson, are you ready to strip down?

No way! Mr. Cleeverson goes for the door.

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

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

HEATHER
Whooooooaaaaa.

CLEEVERS
Aaaaarrgghhh.

BRIANA
Ooooopsy.

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. Cleeversons lands below a shelf. An industrial size bottle of BABY OIL falls over, drenching him.

INT. COLONIC ROOM - DAY

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

CLEEVERS
I’ve had it. Forget it!

HEATHER
Please, Mr. Cleeversons, 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, Cleevers 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. Cleevers 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? Bussrag!

BRIANA
Bushrag?

CLEEVERS
Bushra? Bussrag!
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


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, Cleevers sits atop the LARGE FLOWER VASE. Briana races in.

BRIANA
Oh, Mr. Cleevers! 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. Cleevers, 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 Cleevers 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
Hmmm. 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. Cleevers 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!


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 looses 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,
bring 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: “FREE BREEANA AND HETHER!” PAPARAZZI 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!

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

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

INT. COURTHOUSE LOBBY - DAY

Bustling with PEOPLE. Cleevers’ 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. Cleevers watches as Heather and Briana exit. Cleevers 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 Cleevers: all eyes upon him to see what he’ll do.
Gently moving aside, Cleevers 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
Cleevers 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, Cleevers 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
Cleevers 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 -- Cleevers HATES this.

CLEEvers
(Spits out a grape)
What do you mean you don’t have their phone number?
Cleevers 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 Cleevers' lap. Cleevers pushes her away. She falls back, teetering precariously above a long glass coffee table.

Cleevers 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 Cleevers' toe with her 6-inch stiletto.

CLEEVERS
Aaaargh.

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

Cleevers' 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

Cleevers 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

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

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

HEATHER (V.O.)
Mr. Cleevers? Hi, It’s Heather. Remember me?

Startled, Cleevers drops the phone.

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

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

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Cleevers 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?

Dinner?

CLEEVERS (V.O.)

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
Cleevers 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! Cleevers sprints out.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY
Cleevers 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 Cleevers’ 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.


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 gone 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, Cleevers 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 Cleevers and Heather SCREAMS. Everyone turns.

CLEEVERS
(removing his eye patch)
It’s me, Judge Cleevers.
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.
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, Cleevers slinks down. The crutches hit him in the FOREHEAD.

INT. CLEEVERS’ BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

MILTON
(Hands Cleevers 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?

Cleevers 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

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?

Cleevers drops a JAIL KEY next to Clyde’s feet, a change of CLOTHES. Cleevers 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.

Cleevers 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?

Cleevers presses the JAIL KEY into Clyde’s palm.

CLEEVERS
With this.

INT. COURTHOUSE LOBBY - DAY

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

PAPPARAZZI #1
How do you feel, Judge Cleevers?

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?

Cleevers 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 awakens, looks at the video monitor, sees the empty jail cell.

POLICEMAN
Holy Moly.

He falls off his seat, grabs a phone.

INT. COUTHOUSE - DAY
Cleevers peeks through a side window. Coast is clear outside. Using his crutches, he hobbles through an EMERGENCY EXIT DOOR.

Alarms RING as Cleevers 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, Cleevers 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, Cleevers 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 Cleevers’ CRUTCHES flying up. Clyde hears a few YELPS! A trash lid SLAMMING down and --

Cleevers 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?

Cleevers 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.

Cleevers 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, Cleevers 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 "funnester" 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

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.

Cleevers 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!

Cleevers 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)
Their everywhere. They’ve infiltrated the whole world with their blondeness.
(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 Blonds.

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 Cleevers: 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, Cleevers wheels past and stops. He salivates. At last, his moment of revenge!

EXT. PLAYBOY MANSION - DAY

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

FEMALE VOICE
Now, Mr. Cleevers, you know you’re not supposed to be here.
Cleevers 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 Cleevers 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!

Cleevers 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.


Complete serenity at last until --

Someone changes the channel.

HEATHER ON TV
And it’s our super-duper mission to cleanse 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.

FADE OUT:

THE END