

CONTINUED: (4)

COOK

Better lay off dem wings. Next time Max catches you, you outta here.

LARGE MARGE

Sorry.

Large Marge, with a scared look on her face, drops the chicken wings back on the wing bar, along with the one she had already half eaten. The cook, shrugging, walks off.

LARGE MARGE (CONT'D)

Bite me.

Ralph, coming up behind Large Marge, quickly grabs the half-eaten wing and scarfs it down.

RALPH

You ever had chicken and waffles? I got a coupon.

INSERT:

Discount coupon of Ed and Gene from the Hollywood Chicken Shack mobile restaurant.

Large Marge smiles awkwardly at Ralph.

CUT TO:

Private booth. Mimi gives Tidy an enthusiastic lap dance as he continues to fill her garter with neatly rolled hundred-dollar bills. Mimi runs her hands through Tidy's messy comb-over.

MIMI

You make me hot, baby. I can't believe a sexy, successful man like you is single.

Tidy smiles.

MIMI (CONT'D)

You gonna be at the lot tomorrow?

TIDY TIM

Uh-huh.

MIMI

Good. 'Cause I have a little business to discuss with you.

(CONTINUED)

INT - PUSSYCAT SHOWCASE - MAX BUNGER'S OFFICE

Mimi's on the other end of the phone in Max's office as he kisses her on the neck.

MIMI
Hi, big boy.

TIDY TIM
Hey there, Mimi.

MIMI
I need to see you, baby. Got something I want to talk with you about. You gonna be at the lot for a little while?

TIDY TIM
Sure, babe. Come on over.

Tidy hangs up the phone, smiling like a choir boy, as he goes to the "Knock Out" pinball machine.

CUT TO:

INT - MAX'S OFFICE - PUSSYCAT SHOWCASE - CONTINUOUS

Mimi walks away from the phone.

MIMI
The kid's all mine, but I have to win over the old man. The property's in his name.

Mimi winks.

MAX
It'll be no contest, doll-face. He'll melt in your mouth.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - TIDY TIM'S CAR LOT

We hear the ringing of chimes and bells as Tidy plays the "Knock Out" pinball machine in the office as JESSIE and EMILY, a dysfunctional lesbian couple, eye one of the two hearses. Big Tim hurries out to them.

JESSIE
Bitchin' ride.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Emily looks skeptical.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
This old Caddy is cool as hell.

EMILY
It probably won't even start, babe.

Big Tim greets them with a big shit-eating grin.

BIG TIM
It's one of my best runners on the lot,
little lady.

Mimi enters the lot in high heels and mini skirt.

EMILY
Whatever. I'll bet you haven't even
changed the headlight fluid or polished
the carburetor.

Both Big Tim and Jessie give her a quizzical look as Mimi
barges through the couple.

MIMI
Hello, I'm Mimi. I'm Tidy's friend.

Big Tim quickly diverts his full attention to Mimi.

BIG TIM
If you two will excuse me a moment...

Emily rolls her eyes and utters her disdain.

EMILY
Ehhh!

BIG TIM
Any friend of Tidy's is a friend of mine.
Now, what can I do for you?

MIMI
I need a car but nothing too fancy. I
don't want to draw attention to myself.

BIG TIM
I see. You want something that runs but
looks a little used...

Big Tim turns to Jessie and Emily.

BIG TIM (CONT'D)
I'll be just a moment, ladies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Emily is trying to pull Jessie away from the caddie.

BIG TIM (CONT'D)

Let me turn you over to Tidy. He knows the inventory better than I do.

Duke wanders up to Mimi and sniffs her feet as Big Tim heads to the PA system.

BIG TIM (CONT'D)

Mr. Timothy Karnes O'Hara III, please report to the front lot. TKO, you have a customer.

JESSIE

What year is she?

BIG TIM

Nineteen eighty-four. A great year for Caddies.

JESSIE

Can I start her up?

BIG TIM

Sure. Just let me grab the keys.

Mimi applies a fresh coat of lipstick as Big Tim turns back to her.

BIG TIM (CONT'D)

TKO will be here in a jiffy, lady. By the way, what's your line of work?

MIMI

I work next door. I'm a dancer. We put on quite a show.

BIG TIM

Lady, you put on a show wherever you go.

Tidy approaches Big Tim and Mimi, acting as though he doesn't recognize Mimi.

TIDY TIM

You called, Pops?

BIG TIM

This little lady says she's a friend of yours, and she's looking for a no-nonsense car. Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to grab a set of keys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Big Tim heads to the office.

MIMI
TKO?

BIG TIM
Uh, technical knock out. It's a joke.

Tidy smiles at Mimi.

MIMI
Maybe not. You knock me out.

TIDY TIM
Ah, Mimi... You really need a car?

MIMI
I'm thinking about it. But I'm thinking about you more.

TIDY TIM
Yeah. That was my best birthday ever.

MIMI
Why don't you bring your father to the club tonight? He looks like he could use a good time. I'll ask Juicy Jasmine to be extra-nice to him.

TIDY TIM
That might be a little awkward, Mimi.

Big Tim returns with the keys to the Caddy and realizes Tidy and Mimi are not talking business.

BIG TIM
Suppose you show this little lady our '84 Chevette.

TIDY TIM
It's got a rotten transmission, Pops.

BIG TIM
Then show her the green Grabber.

TIDY TIM
The engine's blown.

BIG TIM
Put her in that '71 Duster then.

TIDY TIM
The alternator's shot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MIMI
Don't you have anything that runs?

BIG TIM
Just pick one out and we'll make it run!

Big Tim heads to Jessie and Emily as Mimi looks at her watch.

MIMI
Oh, I'm sorry Tidy, I have to go. Must have my beauty sleep, you know. I'll stop by later, okay?

TIDY TIM
Sure, Bombshell.

MIMI
So nice to finally meet you, Mr. O'Hara.

Big Tim tips his cap to Mimi.

BIG TIM
Come back anytime, little lady.

Big Tim and Tidy both watch Mimi as she walks off the lot.

BIG TIM (CONT'D)
Why do I get the feeling she's not really interested in a car, Tidy?

TIDY TIM
She likes *me*, Pops.

BIG TIM
Watch out, Tidy. She's got more curves than a snake in heat.

Big Tim walks back to Emily and Jessie.

EMILY
I bet it has a busted strut and the shocks haven't been waxed. Plus, when's the last time the engine was oiled? Baby, I'm getting a bad feeling about this car.

BIG TIM
Start her up.

Jessie slides in the driver's seat and turns the key. Amazingly, the old car starts right up.

JESSIE
Nice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EXT - TIDY TIM'S - THE NEXT DAY

Tidy is nodding off on one of the plastic lawn chairs outside as Mimi approaches. The clicking of Mimi's heels nearly awakens Tidy from his cat nap. Mimi bends down and tousles his hair, awakening him.

TIDY TIM
Hi, Bombshell.

MIMI
Hello, Tidy Tim.

TIDY TIM
It's good to see you.

MIMI
I dropped by yesterday and almost cried when your friend Digger told me what happened to your dear father. Is he okay, Tidy?

TIDY TIM
He's fine. It was a panic attack. I told him to take the day off. Digger's playing cards with him.

MIMI
I'm so glad to hear that.

TIDY TIM
Thanks for the balloon and note. Pops really appreciated it.

MIMI
Well, isn't that what friends are for? We help each other out when in need. Actually, I already feel like we're gettin' to be more than friends, pretty quick. It's kinda scary.

Tidy takes a big dry gulp as Mimi runs her fingertips across his neck.

TIDY TIM
Uh-huh.

Tidy gets out of his seat and grabs the water hose to wash down the cars on the front row. As he walks away, Mimi follows him like a terrier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIMI

You don't have much business anymore, do you?

TIDY TIM

It's Christmas. People aren't buying cars right now.

MIMI

That's when people *do* buy cars, Tidy. You're not facing reality. Neither is your dad.

TIDY TIM

We're just in a temporary slump. Come spring, folks will flock to the lot.

MIMI

It's time to put on your big boy pants, Tidy. Pops is getting older. He should sell out and retire. And *you* need to start being your *own* man.

TIDY TIM

I don't know. Pops does the taxes and all the buying.

Fred opens up the VW Camper door, pours out a large bucket of piss, then belches.

TIDY TIM (CONT'D)

All I know how to do is sell cars and close deals.

MIMI

Don't de-ni-grate yourself, Tidy. Surely you want a better life for yourself. And you don't always have to live with Pops, you know.

The car Ralph's tuning lets out a cannon ball-esque backfire.

TIDY TIM

Maybe you're right. Who'd buy this place? It'd probably backfire on them as well.

MIMI

I know for a fact that the Pussycat is looking to expand. Max is checking out property in other parts of the city. I can tell him to look in his own back yard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TIDY TIM
You'd do that?

MIMI
I already have.

TIDY TIM
You have? What'd he say?

MIMI
He's willing to offer you ten thousand
for the vacant lot.

TIDY TIM
Shit. Pops paid twenty grand for it
fifteen years ago.

MIMI
And he's never improved it.

TIDY TIM
This is still a high-traffic location,
Mimi. Pops would want a lot more for the
lot, and he might not even consider
selling the business. It's his life.

MIMI
It's giving him panic attacks, Tidy. What
kind of life is that?

TIDY TIM
And he has a bad cough. He thinks he's
got lung cancer.

Mimi's eyes flash.

MIMI
Lung cancer costs money.

TIDY TIM
That's what I mean. Ten-thou is not
enough.

MIMI
I'll talk to Max again. Maybe I can get
him up to fifteen-thou.

TIDY TIM
Will you, Bombshell? You're a real
friend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MIMI

You've been mighty nice to me, Tidy. And I don't forget my friends.

An officious little MAN, who resembles Charlie Chaplin, approaches Tidy flashing a city badge.

CITY OFFICIAL

I'm looking for the owner of this business.

Tidy shuts off the water hose and puts it down.

TIDY TIM

He's taking the morning off. I'm his son and the sales manager. Can I help you?

Mimi looks on.

CITY OFFICIAL

You'll have to remove those plaster images from your lot. You're not licensed by the city to sell that kind of product.

TIDY TIM

Hey, everyone on the strip hustles something on the side. Don's Fruit Market sells Beanie Babies. The used-furniture store sells refurbished laptops. And Freddy's Retreads sells condoms.

CITY OFFICIAL

I don't know about that, mister. I'm only responding to a complaint.

Mimi breaks in.

MIMI

Who filed the complaint?

CITY OFFICIAL

I can't answer that, lady. I'm just a field inspector. The complaint says this car lot has been selling plaster products against the terms of its license, and I see proof of this. I'll issue a warning, and the owner has thirty days to correct the situation.

Mimi rocks on her heels, loving this, while Tidy doesn't notice her glee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Ralph raises his head from under a hood and looks over the City Official.

MIMI

It's a damned shame a person can't run his business without being harassed by city bureaucrats.

CITY OFFICIAL

You're entitled to your opinion, lady.

He writes out a citation and hands it to Tidy Tim.

CITY OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

This is an official warning. Either you correct the situation or face a twenty-five hundred dollar fine.

RALPH

Say, mister, d-didn't you buy a car from us six months ago?

CITY OFFICIAL

I did. A 1987 Dodge Minivan.

TIDY TIM

Don't tell me. It broke down the day you drove off the lot.

CITY OFFICIAL

Why, no. It runs like a top. I wouldn't sell it for three times what I paid for it... You thought this was a personal vendetta?

TIDY TIM

It crossed my mind.

CITY OFFICIAL

Well, it's not. I'm just doing my job. I don't like to issue these warnings, you know. This isn't the safest job in the world. People have pulled guns on me. It's a wonder my hair hasn't completely fallen out.

He drives off.

MIMI

You weren't making much money on the plaster stuff anyway, Tidy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

TIDY TIM

They were attention-grabbers, Bombshell. We made lots of sales that way. If it wasn't for that shit, we wouldn't have any business. Pops is gonna be real steamed, that's for sure.

MIMI

You're business is shrinking, Tidy. It's almost gone. And you have someone willing to buy the whole she-bang. How lucky can you get?

TIDY TIM

We're in the midst of our annual Christmas sell-a-thon, Mimi.

MIMI

You're joking, right?

Tidy pops a green balloon bobbing on the antenna of the car Ralph's working on.

TIDY TIM

And we've sold a total of one car, which came back to us. That's the real joke, isn't it?

INT - PUSSYCAT SHOWCASE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

It's just before its 4 p.m. opening with today's special again being free hot wings from 4 to 6 p.m. Large Marge, working the early-dancers shift, has arrived extra early to nab some wings. We follow her POV through the unopened club as the "Mission Impossible" tune begins to play. Large Marge has her extra-large purse in tow as she snakes through the club, making her way carefully to the Free Wings Bar. As she opens her purse and begins filling it with wings, she's startled by the voices of Max and Mimi.

LARGE MARGE

Oh, shit.

Large Marge quickly hides behind the Free Wings Bar as Max and Mimi head her way.

MIMI

We've got them by the balls now, Max.

MAX

You tightened the screws?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIMI

The city has made them stop selling the plaster shit, so they can't even buy a bag of groceries.

MAX

How'd that happen?

MIMI

A phone call from a disgruntled citizen.

MAX

You can be a true ball-buster, Mimi.

On the other side of the Free Wings Bar, Mimi grabs a wing and begins chewing on it as Large Marge sits motionless.

MIMI

You love me anyway, don't you, Maxie?

MAX

Sure, baby. The corporation *promised* me the Vegas spot if I can pull off this real-estate coup. And who will be my official star assistant and show-stopper? Mimi the Vegas Vixen!

MIMI

I just love it when you go off on these flights of fantasy, Max.

MAX

It's no flight of fantasy, doll-face. You get those suckers to sign on the dotted line, and we've got a one-way ticket to the Big Time.

MIMI

Tell me more, Max.

MAX

We'll live the high life, baby. Sleep as late as we want. Caviar for lunch. Duck under glass for dinner.

MIMI

Can I buy a pair of matched Shih-Tzus?

MAX

Hell yeah, baby.

MIMI

And mink coat?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAX
You betcha.

MIMI
A diamond necklace?

MAX
Sure thing.

MIMI
And matching bracelet?

MAX
Of course.

MIMI
And a red Firebird convertible?

MAX
Why not?

Max moves in on Mimi.

MAX (CONT'D)
You know something, baby? I got the hots
for you on day one.

MIMI
The day I applied for the job here?

MAX
Yeah. The minute you walked across the
room flashing that sweet butt, onion
tight in your jeans, I nearly blew a
gasket.

MIMI
And I thought you were about the coolest
guy I ever met. So commanding... and with
a tight butt, too.

They embrace fiercely and kiss, holding it a long time. While
knocking against the Wings Bar, Max and Mimi knock over the
Buffalo hot sauce, which lands on Large Marge's head,
stunning her. When they unclinch, Mimi's all business.

MIMI (CONT'D)
We need to get a lawyer to draw up the
papers so I can get those morons to sign
while the irons hot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAX

No problem, doll-face. The corporation wants to move on this, too. Their lawyer will fax me the papers tonight.

Large Marge begins wiping the Buffalo Hot Sauce off her face.

MIMI

It's all coming together, Max. Isn't it?

Max and Mimi embrace again. Max picks Mimi up and carries her toward his office, bearing a PRIVATE sign.

FADE OUT.

INT - BIG TIM'S OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING

Open on Ralph jackhammering in the back lot. Next door at the Pussycat Showcase office, we see Max Bunger with a pair of binoculars trained on Ralph through the window blinds. Inside Big Tim's office, Tidy is seated at the main desk. Big Tim enters.

BIG TIM

Did you sell all our plaster pieces, Timmy? That's great news.

TIDY TIM

I'm afraid not, Pops. I loaded them into one of the vans.

BIG TIM

Why would you do something crazy like that?

TIDY TIM

A city inspector came by yesterday and ordered them removed. Said we're not licensed to sell plaster products.

Big Tim paces.

BIG TIM

I'll be damned! That's the last straw. If a fickle public don't do you in, the government will. This ain't a free country anymore, TKO. It's a cliquey club run by the rich to make themselves richer, aided and abetted by the government.

Big Tim sits down.

(CONTINUED)