

**The Outrageously Homofunky  
Adventures  
of  
Sergio Menendez**

original screenplay  
by  
Felix Pire



The Pixel Fire Company  
3293 Cahuenga Blvd. West, #115  
Hollywood, CA 90068  
<http://felixpire.com>

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SOUND OF RHYTHMIC BEEPING FROM A CARDIO MONITOR.

FADE IN:

INT. MANSION - MADRID, SPAIN - DAY

CLOSE UP on a PAIR OF BULGING BREASTS framed by white lace walking toward us. CLICKETY-CLACKING HIGH HEELS.

WIDEN to reveal a stunning brunette MAID in her 20's walking briskly down a huge hallway. She arrives at two huge, white doors ~ BURSTS them open.

MAID'S POV - a sparse room filled with flower arrangements. In a four poster bed lies an OLD MAN dying. THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE IS IN SPANISH with ENGLISH SUBTITLES:

OLD MAN'S FACE - He can hardly speak.

OLD MAN

Closer.

She walks many steps towards him. The feeling of a Stanley Kubrik-style move of the CAMERA towards the old man.

She stands at the foot of his bed.

CLOSE ON THE OLD MAN'S FACE - She leans into the shot, her cleavage on display. He takes her hand.

OLD MAN (cont'd)

My sweet Dalia. I hold you so dear.

DALIA

How do you feel, Don Juan?

He lets her hand go.

OLD MAN

Dalia, I feel the shadow of death nearby.  
I need a favor from you.

DALIA

Sí, whatever you need.

OLD MAN

Well... Two things.

DALIA

Sí, Señor. I am here to serve you.

OLD MAN

Look here, I have a letter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hands her a letter.

OLD MAN (cont'd)  
I want you to mail it today. For my lawyer. About my inheritance.

DALIA  
Ay Sí?!

OLD MAN  
Sí. For your help I have left you one million *pesetas*.

DALIA  
*Ay gracias*, Don Juan! You are so generous!

OLD MAN  
The rest I have left to my family.

DALIA  
What family?

OLD MAN  
A family that I never knew, nor knew each other.

DALIA  
Why?

OLD MAN  
Many years ago, my daughter left me. She said I was a cheap Spaniard, and didn't want anything else to do with me after I refused to allow her to marry a pauper. She left for Cuba and never more did I see her.

A tear from Dalia's eye.

OLD MAN (cont'd)  
I set a detective on her. He was able to locate her. She had two children. Twins. To them I leave my inheritance, for she is no longer with us. This letter has the details. This is my last desire, you see. That you deliver this letter as soon as you leave this room. And here is some money for you. In this box, which also contains a special gift.

He hands her another envelope and a box, she opens them both. Takes out the money and a small perfume bottle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DALIA

Don Juan... Your famous *formula*?

OLD MAN

It is the powerful essence of it. I have only afforded you two drops. Put them on when you are near the man you want to marry. As he smells it, he will fall in love! Make sure he sees no one else in that moment. Only a past true love will be able to take him from you. If he has never truly loved before you, he will be yours forever!

DALIA

I will!

OLD MAN

Good. What saddens me the most is that I discovered the formula too late in my life to use it.

DALIA

Thank you for your gifts, Don Juan. You've only asked for one thing, however, to take the letter to your lawyer, Don Palermo, with whom I am in love.

OLD MAN

I know.

DALIA

But you had two wishes, no?

The old man, smiles and nods 'yes'.

OLD MAN

I chose to live my life so... alone. I only have you now. This is my last favor, don't be offended. Open up your blouse and show me your *glorious tetas*.

She smiles and gladly bares her breasts for him.

CARDIAC ARREST. The machine's BEEPING going WILD! Then: FLAT LINE.

Dalia covers her breasts again, holding her hand to her face, eyes welled up with emotion. She closes his eyes with her fingertips, then runs out of the room.

CLOSE UP - A smile on the dead old man's face.

EXT. STREET IN MADRID - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dalia runs through the streets and into a nearby building.  
She BUZZES at the door of the building and they let her in.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

A handsome lawyer, DON PALERMO, sits at his desk looking at his computer screen. On it, pictures of naked men.

His front door opens, and he nervously closes the computer window. An effeminate, but super-attractive young, male SECRETARY walks in. IN SPANISH/ENGLISH SUBTITLES:

SECRETARY

Don Palermo, Dalia, Don Juan's maid is here. Says she wants to see you.

DON PALERMO

Of course. Tell her to come in..

Dalia sashays into the lawyer's office as she applies some perfume to her neck. She hands him the letter.

DON PALERMO (cont'd)

*Hola.* Please, sit.

Dalia sits seductively, as Don Palermo walks to the other side of his desk and leans on it. Dalia looks at him, completely enamoured.

A *VISIBLE PINKISH WAFT* of perfume ascends from Dalia's neck and twists and winds itself through the air, up Don Palermo's nostrils as he reads the letter.

Suddenly his eyes widen, mad from passion, he looks up at Dalia, grabs her by the shoulders, lifts her and passionately makes out with her. She is delighted!

With one swipe of his arm, he throws everything but the computer off his desk, and sits her on it -- skimming off her panties and going straight into *crazy lovemaking!*

Palermo's SECRETARY opens the door, finding his lover Dalia. He puts his hands to his mouth! She smiles wickedly.

CUT TO:

*CREDITS OVER:*



CONTINUED:

SERGIO

I live here. South Beach, Miami. The epicenter of vanity.

The man puts down the weights, turns to Sergio and lifts him up to his face. In a Low-Pitched Gruff Hulk Hogan voice:

CHARLIE

Sergio, how many times do I have to tell you not to do that! It's distracting, and (*through gritted teeth*) you make me *horny!*

SERGIO

Charlie, you're not even gay.

CHARLIE

I love you so much, or I swear I'd put you over my knee and spank that tight little ass!

SERGIO

Puuuhhhllleeease, okay? All I get from you are false promises. Wreaking all this bulging sexuality, *pero* then when it comes to the nitty-gritty, the one gay guy you *say* you'd "do", you're like this (*Sergio limps his wrist*). By now? This close? A real red blooded gay guy could cut diamonds with his hardness.

Charlie lifts Sergio to a big bear hug, causing Sergio's golden glitter to sprinkle on him. Sergio loses air!

CHARLIE

You're my faaaavorite little gay dude.

SERGIO

You can't handle this. Pleeeease. I would never go out with you, Charlie, you're nice, but totally, like, "See Tarzan, hear Jane!" You *sound* gay, but...

CHARLIE

If I were a fairy, you'd be the one I'd gay marry. Or maybe after a few drinks?

SERGIO

Yeah, let me go before your love kills me! Look at all this glitter I wasted on you.

CHARLIE

I know I'm not worthy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SERGIO

Pllease. Of course not. I just wanted to cop a feel o' the nips! I mean, really. Thank GOD you're straight! But, Puh-lease, okay? Helloooo! Narcissus Complex!

Charlie plops Sergio down. He lands on his ass. THUMP!

SERGIO (cont'd)

(to KIKO)

OW! Yeeesus, can't you just feel up a built guy's muscles nowadays without getting harassed?!... I love you, you big hunka brainless *carrrrrne asada!*

Sergio leans him down, gives him a noogie, slaps Charlie playfully on the ass, and continues on his merry way.

CHARLIE

(under his breath)

That Loony Sergio... I wish I had his sense of style! So talented.

(sighs, then honestly frustrated:)

GGGGOD, I wish I were GAY!

He takes it out on the weights.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

An overwhelmingly beautiful dark haired WOMAN, floats on a raft created from planks of wood and black inner tubes. With her she carries two babies. A horrible situation glamorized by Sergio's imagination:

SERGIO (V.O.)

Flashback: My mother, who they say looked a lot like a wealthy Lynda Carter from Wonder Woman, escaped from Cuba on a raft when Fidel Castro took over.

In the distance, a tropical island, and in the water nearby, the fin of a shark.

ANIMATED IMAGES of FIDEL CASTRO & THE GRINCH walk on.

SERGIO (V.O.)

For those of you who don't know Fidel. He's kinda like the Grinch who stole Christmas.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SERGIO (V.O.) (cont'd)

The point of communism was that everyone shares things equally, except Fidel who gets everything. Mami was like: "Blow up the Inner Tube, I'm Out!"

BACK TO THE OCEAN - The woman puts the babies down and pulls out some make-up powder from her bra. She applies lipstick carefully as the fin smoothly passes before her. She does a double take at it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY - LATER

The woman is now sea sick, and looks terrible. She falls into the ocean. From above, a lifeguard helicopter appears. In the raft next to her lie two BABIES crying.

SERGIO (V.O.)

Like Elian, whose name spells "alien" if you de-scramble it, I ended up making it to Miami, but motherless. Nuns rumored there was someone else with me, but I just figure it was my attitude, which takes up a whole lotta extra space.

Looking freshly made-up, she melodramatically expires.

EXT. SOUTH BEACH ORPHANAGE - DAY - PAST

SIGN: "Our Lady of AY DÍOS MÍO" - Behind it, the orphanage.

A GROUP OF 8 YEAR OLD BOYS play soccer in a fenced in section behind it. They are all dressed in mundane colors. Wearing a bright, frilly outfit (green plastic shorts and a species of halter top), a YOUNG SERGIO of the same age, sits on a swing filing his nails.

SERGIO (V.O.)

The orphanage on South Beach where I grew up was okay, pero the nuns were really strict. Never wanted me to be too creative; denied my Dr. Doolittle abilities to speak with animals.

WIDEN TO REVEAL - a puppy pink POODLE sitting next to him. They seem to "talk" to each other inaudibly.

SERGIO (V.O.)

My best friend in the world was Kiko, my pink pet poodle. I adopted him from the streets. He confessed to me that it was karma -- and that he was my cousin on my mother's side in his past life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The NUNS look worried, whispering, pointing at Sergio.

FLASHBACK:

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - 1960's CUBA - DAY

An attractive young lawyer, a KIKO in human form, with a pink streak through his hair, wearing a guayabera, and smoking a cigar, sits on his desk speaking on the phone. An unkempt HOUSEWIFE barges into his office and they argue.

SERGIO (V.O.)

Kiko was a lawyer, *pero* was murdered by one of his clients, when she got upset with the settlement he got for her --

She takes off a silver spiked heeled shoe and races towards him.

SERGIO (V.O.)

She barged into his office like Jennifer Jason Leigh in SINGLE WHITE FEMALE, and plunged her silver spiked heel shoe into eye socket, puncturing his brain.

KIKO'S POV - Her MADDENED FACE! The Heel headed into OUR EYE!

BLACKOUT:

EXT. SOUTH BEACH ORPHANAGE - DAY - PAST - CONTINUOUS

Sergio swings as his little poodle runs behind him, gaining momentum, and lunges at Sergio from behind, pushing Sergio on the swings. A little game, where Kiko does this repeatedly.

SERGIO (V.O.)

Kiko says he'll take the life of a dog any day over the life of a lawyer.

WIDE TO REVEAL - A young BLOND BOY of the same age wearing short shorts and a tank, holding a parasol. He walks over to Sergio, who has stopped swinging, and holds the parasol over his head. Sergio allows this as they walk over to a small bench.

SERGIO (V.O.)

Oh, little blond kid following me around? That's Gogo. He was sort of my confidant y wardrobe *asistente*.

The ball from the soccer game flies over, and both boys look at it like it's a meteor fallen from the heavens. A BIG GRUFF BOY walks over and kicks the ball back. He walks up to Sergio. Kicks a cloud of dirt in his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

                  SERGIO (V.O.)

          The straight boys, for some strange  
          reason, never wanted to hang out with us.

ANGLE - a BULLY, picking a fight. He rolls up his sleeves.

Young Sergio looks to Gogo and rolls his eyes. Gogo shrugs.

The BOYS CLUMP together, like a *mean gang*. Sergio saunters to them with Gogo carefully keeping the parasol over his head.

                  YOUNG SERGIO

          Look... you guys? I reeeeaally don't want  
          to have to kick jour asses, okaaaaayyyy?

The boys laugh. One of them pushes Sergio. Another spits in his face.

                  KID #1

          Shut up, *faggot!*

Sergio wipes the spit off his eye, removes his halter top and hands it to Gogo, who delicately folds it and steps aside.

                  YOUNG SERGIO

          Gogo, could you hold Kiko for me?

BULLY GLARES. Gogo sits on the bench holding puppy Kiko.

                  YOUNG SERGIO (cont'd)

*Buuuueno*, bullies, *jou* asked for it!

                  KID #2

          Bring it on, sissy!

He lifts up his arms and right leg in a martial arts pose. The boys lunge at him. Sergio executes a series of moves, *SLOW MO* to *SUPER FAST MOTION* fighting!

One by one, they're dispatched, until they're all beat down, whimpering on the ground or running away.

Sergio wipes his brow, regards his pinkie nail.

CLOSE-UP: It's slightly chipped.

He head nods at Gogo, who hurls a nail file like a Chinese Star: *FFFFPPP!* Directly into Sergio's hand. He calmly strides back to Kiko, who awaits panting with a smile, and sits on the bench as Gogo helps him with his halter top.

INT. SOUTH BEACH ORPHANAGE HALLWAY - DAY - PAST

Young Sergio and Gogo walk down the hallway wearing full on drag regalia in SLOW MOTION. A group of boys and girls see them and laugh, and point at them. They POSE for the kids.

A couple of BUTCH NUNS see this, giggle, and quickly withdraw KODAK instant cameras from their dresses, snapping pictures of the boys... Then, take Sergio & Gogo by the arm into:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - PAST

The boys are bent over the nuns' knees facing each other. The NUNS SPANK the boys HARD!

                  SERGIO (V.O.)

                  The nuns used to spank us a lot when we were kids. To us, the straight children seemed like such *scared-y cats*.

Sergio and Gogo cry and SCREAM!

EXT. CLASSROOM - DAY - PAST - CONTINUOUS

A GROUP OF BOYS AND GIRLS crowd around the door, listening to the SCREAMING and YELPING. Some laugh sadistically while others look horrified.

EXT. CLASSROOM - DAY - PAST - CONTINUOUS

The nuns WHACK AWAY.

                  SERGIO (V.O.)

                  But that's totally okay, because we LIKED IT... and we *knew* it was prep for gay life.

CLOSE UP - Young Sergio and GOGO's FACES. They look up, smile and wink at each other -- *enjoying* the spanking!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KUNG FU CLASS - DAY - PAST

THROUGH THE WINDOW - Boys play soccer in the yard.

PAN LEFT TO REVEAL - Sergio, the only student, with nuns holding nun-chucks, teaching him how to fight.

                  SERGIO (V.O.)

                  The nuns used to teach us a lot of things, like kung fu, for whoever wanted to learn. They were good that way.

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CONTINUED:

Eight year old Sergio holds his own, fending off three nuns and their serious Martial Arts moves!

EXT. SERGIO'S SHACK - DAY - PRESENT

Sergio *sashays* with Kiko on a leash off the main South Beach boardwalk into the sand. They come upon a little shack.

                          SERGIO (V.O.)  
 So now, I live by myself in this little  
*chack* on South *Beash*, and I work six jobs  
 to make ends meet.

Sergio, at the door, sorts through his key holder charms: Purple Teletubby, "Gay Pride", "Boytoy"...

INT. SHACK - DAY

A succession of bolts and locks CLICK, door opens. KIKO looks up happily FOLLOWING Sergio into the shack.

SERGIO'S POV ~ magically, the place is HUGE! The décor is a mix of primary colored Almodovar meets Thrift Shop ~ with a touch of 70's kitsch. MacDonald's Happy Meal toys, Pee Wee Herman dolls, wind-up stuff, He-Man, My Little Pony, plush animals, pink trucks and Muppets.

                          SERGIO (V.O.)  
 My little dump place. I can barely afford  
 it, girl. I'm paying for location,  
 location, location. Anywhere near gay  
 guys, you're gonna pay triple. How do I  
 do it? Please. I work my ASS OFF!

Sergio sinks, exhausted into the palm of a GIANT, open handed white glove chair.

INT. KUNG FU STUDIO - DAY

TITLE: **Monday**

ODDBALL STUDENTS struggle to keep up with Sergio's martial arts combinations to a HOT TECHNO-BEAT.

                          SERGIO (V.O.)  
 On Mondays, I now teach Kung Fu to a mix  
 of nearsighted old straight guys, and  
 Asians who want to "get back to their  
 roots".

Sergio points at a beautiful BRUCE LEE look-alike within the freakish crowd of students. He lunges at Sergio, and knocks him around a bit.

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CLOSE UP - SERGIO'S FACE. He sighs, loving it!

Everyone looks at him suspiciously. He shakes the guy off. Gets up, triple flips in the air, lands. Picks the guy up like a WWF wrestler, and throws the guy out the large studio-front window! CRASH!

The class is utterly shocked. THE ASIAN OWNER runs out, his fists in the air, YELLING in CHINESE at Sergio!

SWIPE LEFT:

INT. MALL - DAY

TITLE: **Tuesday**

Sergio, outside a GLAMOUR SHOTS knock-off store: FANCY FOTOS.

SERGIO (V.O.)

On Tuesdays I do Glamour Shots at FANCY FOTOS at the mall.

He urges a small OLD LADY inside with her pet chihuahua.

MONTAGE: Yanks a platinum blonde wig on her head. Tammy Faye style make-up on her face. Sets her in a ridiculous pose in front of an MGM backdrop. Transforms the chihuahua into a miniature Lion. Sergio POPS pictures behind the camera. CLOSE UP - The chihuahua ROARS!

SWIPE LEFT:

INT. CAR REPAIR SHOP - DAY

TITLE: **Wednesday**

Sergio wears a powder blue jumpsuit streaked with grease, leans over the hood of a car, fixing the motor. A Super-Model beautiful BLOND WOMAN and an equally gorgeous MAN stand behind him in their blue jumpsuits, full of grease, admiring Sergio's ass. They look at each other and nod: "yeahhh".

They hop into action, as a YOUNG MODEL CHICK in a Cougar drives up, and slides out of the car, holding keys out to Sergio.

SERGIO (V.O.)

Wednesday I work as a part time mechanic.

The chick looks at him, nods yes, POPS her gum. She hands Sergio her card. Sergio looks at it, and pulls out a cellular from his pocket. He dials. A phone rings in the chick's pocket. She retracts it and answers.

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CONTINUED:

SERGIO

Your car's done, Mrs. Dawson. Can you please pick it up and stop trying to pick ME up?

The chick sighs. Sergio rolls his eyes --

SERGIO (cont'd)

Okay, let's make out for two minutes in the closet, but that's it.

YOUNG MODEL CHICK

Really?

He's in the closet waiting impatiently.

SERGIO

I said I was gay, not stupid.  
(to the CAMERA)  
SCRAM! Beat it!

He yanks her in and BANGS the door shut!

SWIPE LEFT:

EXT. GYM - DAY

TITLE: **Thursday**

SERGIO (V.O.)

Thursday I teach aerobics, which I know is very stereotypical.

INT. GYM - DAY

An assortment of OLD LADIES and GAY GUYS move to Sergio's groove, as he leads them in shaking their asses to the beat.

OLD LADY

Sergio, You Suck! FASTER! FASTER!

They hyperventilate and struggle through. Sergio flogs them with a little cat of nine tails. They look grateful.

SWIPE LEFT:

EXT. SHOE HOUSE - LIBERTY CITY - DAY

TITLE: **Friday**

A small house in the shape of a shoe. Way torn down, in the worst possible location in Miami. Sergio in a tight suit.

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CONTINUED:

SERGIO (V.O.)

And Fridays ~ I do a little social work  
for kids who are abused by their parents,  
because please. That's not cool.

Sergio KNOCKS on the door. CONSUELO, a chubby faced girl with  
a shrill, funny voice opens the door improvising threats to  
her children.

CONSUELO

What the *fuck* do you want?

Sergio opens his mouth to speak -- the kids get LOUDER --

CONSUELO (cont'd)

SHUT UP!

Sergio thinks it's to him.

SERGIO

No need to get rude.

CONSUELO

No, not to you, THEM!

SERGIO

Do you always yell obscenities at your  
children like that?

CONSUELO

How else are they gonna fuckin' hear me?  
Don't - don't - don't you touch that plug  
you little ASSHOLE!

SERGIO

Excuse me?

CONSUELO

Who the fuck are you anyway?

SERGIO

Stop with the "F" word okay? I'm from  
*child services*, and we are seriously  
considering taking your children away  
from you.

CONSUELO

(relieved, she smiles)  
THANK GOD you're here! Please, come in!

SERGIO

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Children scattered every where fighting, wreaking havoc. She points at them.

CONSUELO  
Which one do you want?

SERGIO  
No, I mean, we want you to have a chance to keep them.

CONSUELO  
Why? ...

SERGIO  
Because children are a beautiful thing. They bring you love.

CONSUELO  
*Love?* ... These people?

SERGIO  
They are your legacy. The beautiful souls you leave behind on the planet Earth.

CONSUELO  
You're a gay guy, right?

SERGIO  
I'm not allowed to say.

CONSUELO  
You're a gay guy. I'm telling you you are. So what the hell would you know about raising these little tit biters?

SERGIO  
Well, most gay people grow up in straight households, and they're highly abused and mocked.

CONSUELO  
Mocked? Is that the worst of it?  
(to one of the kids)  
Stop playing with THAT broken glass! Put Mommy's adult toys back, Maria Elena de la Farandula Romero Willams!

SERGIO  
Please, you shouldn't yell at children.

CONSUELO  
That's the runt. She's impossible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SERGIO

I bet YOU were the runt in your family.

CONSUELO

No, the pretty, dainty one.

SERGIO

Okay. (sighs) I think the kids are doing great here. You obviously feed them 'cause they're alive, and ~ oh, look, this one just rubbed some chocolate on my new white *Pradas*.

CONSUELO

That's not chocolate.

SERGIO

Sign here please.

Her cellphone rings.

CONSUELO

Be right back, hold on, gay guy ~ I gotta think about this...(on the phone) WELL GET YOUR ASS OVER HERE! Am I your sex Goddess? Then, hurry up, there's some diapers gotta be changed! Yeah, I love you too! Yeah. Yeah -- bye, Hector.

She smiles like a crocodile at Sergio.

CONSUELO (cont'd)

So, you won't take 'em? (*sotto*) I could sell one to you personally.

SERGIO

I did not hear that. How dare you imply that I would buy a child?

CONSUELO

You gay guys are disgusting, you'll do anything.

SERGIO

Oh, my GOD! You're gonna get to know a good *bull-dyke beating* when you land in jail, you mean, sarcastic *bruja*! I'm gonna take you down hard, like a Joan Collins cat fight from *DYNASTY*. I'm reporting *this* to the authorities!

CONSUELO

GET OUT! ... KIDS, THROW POOP AT THE GAY GUY! THROW THE POO-POO! *COCK SUCKER!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SERGIO

Looks like I'm not the only one!

Sergio gets KNOCKED in the face with a good wad of turd. The DOOR BANGS SHUT!

SWIPE LEFT:

EXT. ALAIN'S DESIGNS - SOUTH BEACH - AFTERNOON

**BOLD, SWIRLY PINK TITLE: Saturday!**

CRAZY FONT SIGN outside: "COME IN, WE'LL DO YOU!"

STEADY CAM INSIDE - A demure little shop filled to the brim with OLD LADIES chit-chatting, playing card games. A CREW OF HAIR DRESSERS doing them all at once. Madness!

SERGIO (V.O.)

On the weekends ~ well, those are my favorite jobs of all! In the mornings I work at ALAIN'S DESIGNS doing old Jewish ladies' hairs.

SERGIO, stands next to ALAIN, an edgy, nervous French guy in his 30's. Old lady hair is FLYING! They pull so hard at hair that their faces extend, their face lifts POP OFF, revealing crazy sags. They YELP holding in pain.

ALAIN

Hurry up! We've got 10 more customers waiting!

SERGIO

AAAAlain, Pleeeeeease, reeelax, okay!

ALAIN

Relax on your own time. No. Save time, do it with one swipe, Like THIS!

SERGIO

Alain, that's ridiculous. I cut in my style. Please, okay? Get a butt plug. I've got a show tonight. And ~ I'm already late!

ALAIN

I'll never HIRE YOU AGAIN!

SERGIO

That's what you said last week, *Alain!*

Sergio storms out the shop. An OLD LADY SCREAMS! She's taken off her dryer to reveal a bald scalp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANOTHER WALKS INTO FRAME, CLOSER. Hers looks like a red and yellow striped homage to the sun. ALAIN'S FACE DROPS and his mustache sags.

INT. SHACK - DAY

CLOSE - A HOT IRON, over a FLUORESCENT GREEN & BLUE paisley outfit. KIKO, now older, is played by an uber-real looking, *animatronic dog in a cartoon style, switched in movement shots for a real dog*. His face is somewhat jaded, but playful, his eyes, ping-pong ball bulgy and soulfully blue. The live dog version busily puts on a backpack. Super cute.

SERGIO (V.O.)

Okay, Alain is right ~ Saturday's not a job, it's my *addiction*. It's why I work all these other jobs! To be an Artist!

Sergio sewing frantically at a machine. Fabric everywhere.

SERGIO

Don't forget the fake eye lashes, KIKO!

Kiko grabs the lashes with his snout off a table. A DIGITAL CLOCK on it glows: 7:50PM.

SERGIO (cont'd)

CoÑO! ... The DIVA is TARDY to the Party!

CLOSE - KIKO with the fake eyelashes on.

SERGIO (cont'd)

Please. Take those off, you look ridiculous!

Kiko BLINKS.

Sergio places the IRON next to one of the straw walls.

SERGIO (V.O.)

You know, I don't got much, just Kiko and my little shack. At least I got a home, even if it looks like I'm living in a shack on FANTASY ISLAND.

We FOLLOW the cord underneath a SMALL TABLE. Old, dry muscle magazines under there. Kiko attempts to unplug the iron. Sergio pulls Kiko out from under the table by the legs. Kiko YELPS, HIS EYES WIDEN.

SERGIO

We're so screwed Kiko! The show's at eight! We've got five minutes to get there!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGIO packs his jock strap with a wry look TO THE CAMERA, breaking the 4th wall, and then grabs his PINK ROLLERBLADES, a PROTRUDING RED BUTTON on them, LABELED: "OH MY GOD!"

SERGIO (V.O.)

This is the most outrageously homofunky part of my life! I'm a STAR in Miami's South Beach! Got my own SHOW, bitches!

Sergio shuts his door, and roller-blades out into the street with a big smile holding Kiko in one arm, with a backpack and pink helmet, as MUSIC SWELLS!

INT. COCO MACACO CLUB - TWILIGHT

A MOB OF CLUB KIDS AND KIDETTES in line chanting: "SER-GI-O! SER-GI-O!" are being let into this popular dance rave. They're sucking on pacifiers, holding water bottles, flashing neon tchockes, and glow-in the dark TWIZZLERS!

FAN GIRL

I showed my tits last week... So fun, and so socially relevant!

KLUB KID

Sergio's like a tit magnet. If you combined Facebook, Twitter, Instagram and Gay Porn into one singular performance artist.

SOUND of SIRENS in the distance. They DANCE.

EXT. STREET - TWILIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sergio races down the street at lighting speed, gliding with masterful skill, past cars with surefire moves -- gaining speed with the MUSIC, then a well-rehearsed, roller blade double pirouette -- until -- SERGIO hears SIRENS!

SERGIO

Oh, no, Kiko! Somebody's flaming!

A FIRE TRUCK rounds the corner --

SERGIO (cont'd)

KIKO, it's headed in our direction!

Sergio slides to the side of it, lets it pass, then grabs hold of its extended ladder just in the nick of time! The fire truck pulls Sergio and Kiko along at a frenetic speed!

ROLLER-WHEELS scrape on the rocky pavement, but hold firm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

                          SERGIO (cont'd)  
                          KIKO, I HOPE WE CAN MAKE IT IN TIME!

The fire truck makes a sudden turn --

                          SERGIO (cont'd)  
                          Iiiiiittt's TUUUURNING, KIIIIIKO!

Sergio lets go of the fire truck just in time, to keep a straight course! Sergio looks ahead, and his face registers: OH SHIT!

INT. CLUB - TWILIGHT

                          SERGIO (V.O.)  
                          It's about to become SATURDAY NIGHT at  
                          the infamous COCO MACACO CLUB with the  
                          OUTRAGEOUSLY HOMOFUNKY SERGIO MENENDEZ!

TITLE: 8:05PM

The audience is restless and impatient!

                          AUDIENCE  
                          SER-GI-O! SER-GI-O! WE WANT SER-GI-O!

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

SAL, the 50 year old, cigar smoking club owner taps a 27 year old, built, blond GOGO boy on the shoulder.

                          SAL  
                          Hey, you're his best friend, right? He's  
                          LATE AGAIN! So, you get your ass out  
                          there!

                          GOGO  
                          It's not even Seven fifty seven yet, Sal!

                          SAL  
                          We start on time around here!

MISTRESS FORMIKA sneers; Gothic queen who hates everyone.

                          SAL (cont'd)  
                          GET ON WITH IT!

He pushes Gogo onstage. PEOPLE CHEER! Gogo at the mike.

                          GOGO  
                          Hit the LIGHTS! Hello, Munchkins.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA TILTS TO THE CEILING. AMAZINGLY, IT'S COMPOSED OF A STAINED GLASS PICTURE OF DOROTHY & HER FRIENDS ON THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD in that CLASSIC IMAGE from "THE WIZARD OF OZ"!

BANG! Lights turn dark and cool. Spot on GOGO, buying time.

GOGO (cont'd)  
WELCOME TO OZ!

AUDIENCE CHEERS!

BACKSTAGE - SAL PACES.

SAL  
That fuckin' -- I'm gonna KILL HIM! HE'S  
**FIRED!**

MISTRESS FORMIKA  
Yes, fire that asshole. I can do a better  
show.

Sal gives him a double-take.

SAL  
You queens are such back stabbers.

ONSTAGE - Gogo is anxious, and looks scared improvising:

GOGO  
A story about an art passed on from one  
flag daddy to another! An art that is  
going to make all you tripping boys and  
girls out there veeeeery happy --

THE MUSIC INTENSIFIES. EVERYONE TAKES OFF THEIR SHIRTS!

GOGO (cont'd)  
~ when you see me pull out my WINGS AND  
FLYYYYY BITCHES!

THE MUSIC STOPS. LIGHTS OUT! SUDDENLY, LOUDER THAN BEFORE,  
THE BEAT GOES: DUMM -- DADUMM -- DADUMM -- AWESOME!

Gogo pulls out two HUGE, Rainbow Flags, as the lights turn  
flourescent on him! He's THOR up there, Twirling Flags! THE  
CROWD "AAAHHHHS!"

CLOSE UP - Gogo's face.

GOGO (V.O.)  
Hurry up, SERGIO!

EXT. STREET - TWILIGHT

A ROAD BLOCK BY THREE CITY WORKERS is up precisely in the direction Sergio's headed at 50 miles an hour. LENNY, MURRAY, & JOE, wearing their fluorescent orange uniforms, are spreading PITCH on the ground... One of them notices Sergio speeding towards them.

LENNY

Hey, Murray... isn't that Sergio Menendez racing toward us at 50 miles an hour?

JOE

Hey, yeah, Lenny, it is!... He's a dead man if he hits this pitch.

SERGIO

DO SOMETHING YOU GUUUUUUYS!

A WHISTLE BLOWS!

MURRAY

DIINNNNEERRRR BREAK!

All three guys drop everything and walk away.

MURRAY (cont'd)

Hey, Lenny, you wanna see a fairy fly?

Murray waves them over. They set up a make-shift ramp above the pitch.

SERGIO - still WHIZZING toward them:

SERGIO

OH MY GOD, KIKO, WHAT ARE THEY DOING?! Oh my God, I think they're trying to SAVE US! OH MY GOD, KIKO, WE'RE NOT GOING FAST ENOUGH. WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

KIKO BARKS TWICE.

SERGIO (cont'd)

Oh my GOD Kiko, you're right! I should press the OH MY GOD BUTTON!

Sergio's finger presses the OH MY GOD BUTTON on his roller-blades. FIRE BURSTS from behind them, they're ROCKETS!

SERGIO & KIKO'S FACES plastered back by the wind in TURBO BOOST!

INT. CLUB



TITLE: 8:14 PM

MISTRESS FORMIKA, strolls onstage, yanks the headphone mike from GOGO.

MISTRESS FORMIKA  
OK, MY LITTLE MONKEYS ~ FORGET THAT  
SERGIO MENENDEZ, **MISTRESS FORMIKA** IS HERE  
TO LEAD YOU DOWN THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD!

THE AUDIENCE BOOOOOOS!

EXT. STREET - TWILIGHT

At CRAZY SPEED, SERGIO HITS THE RAMP, GOES FLYING INTO THE AIR! In the air, Sergio's eyes almost POP out of his FACE!

SERGIO  
OOOOOH MYYYY GOOOOOOOD!

SERGIO'S POV - AERIAL VIEW OF THE CLUB'S CEILING - a delicate, stained glass Dorothy & Friends ceiling.

SERGIO (cont'd)  
Sooooorry JUUUUUUUDY!

DOROTHY'S STAINED GLASS EYES WIDEN IN HORROR as SERGIO CRASHES right THROUGH HER FACE!

INT. CLUB

TITLE: 8:15PM

SERGIO CRASHES THROUGH THE CEILING, LANDING ON MISTRESS FORMIKA! KLUB KIDS GOES WILD! CRAZY CHEERING! BOOBS JUMPING!

SERGIO (V.O.)  
Girrrrl, the only dance club in the world where the gay male guests take off their shirts to rave - and the women too! What can I say? It's *SOUTH BEACH*!

BIG BREASTED WOMEN IN THE AUDIENCE JUMP UP AND DOWN!

SERGIO (V.O.)  
Once they made THAT announcement to the general public on the radio, surprisingly, straight guys became very gay friendly!

STRAIGHT GUYS looking around; wolves salivating! EVERYONE'S HAVING A **BLAST!**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

                  SERGIO (V.O.)  
 Totally mixed crowd, it's THE hottest  
 South Beach night life spot. *Bueno...*  
 because I twerk my little ass off!

CLOSE ON SERGIO - he rips the mike from FORMIKA's hand as he  
 pulls off his helmet.

                  SERGIO  
 So sorry to crash my ass on ELPHEBA'S  
 FACE, *pero* don't worry CHILDREN, porque  
 TONIGHT -- SERGIO IS THE WIZ, and he's  
 taking you behind the CURTAIN!

CURTAIN OPENS: An assortment of over-sized *doo-dads*: BARBIE  
 DOLLS, BIG RED BALLS, A DRAG QUEEN'S EYE, TOY CARS, HUGE OPEN  
 LIPS WITH A TONGUE STICKING OUT OF IT, WHICH EXTENDS TO A  
 TRAMPOLINE.

SERGIO appears wearing a bullfighter outfit. FLAMENCO NUMBER!  
 Gogo, who plays the bull, SLAYS him. Then, the BULL stays on  
 flagging. Sergio sighs relief -- break time -- he rolls to  
 the wings, and rushes backstage followed by Kiko.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

A foot extends, making Sergio trip and fall. He looks up.

TILTING UP SLOWLY PAST GOTHIC DRAG QUEEN ATTIRE, REVEAL:  
 Evil, crooked nosed, MISTRESS FORMIKA, arms folded.

                  SERGIO  
 Mistress Formika, *my arch enemy!* What are  
 you doing here? I thought they fumigated  
 this place.

                  MISTRESS FORMIKA  
 Listen you punk ass bitch. You're *fired*.

                  SERGIO  
 Ay, please, you're so dramatic. SAL is  
 NOT gonna fire me. Pllllllleeeeeease.

Sergio rushes past to his dressing room with Formika  
 following. In the distance, SAL rounds the corner, and sees  
 Sergio.

                  SAL  
 SERGIO!

Sergio makes a sharp right into his dressing room.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is another carefully crafted vomit of pop culture and gay icon madness with a certain ephemeral class.

A young black kid, of about 8, RORY, pops out from behind a costumes in a closet.

SERGIO

Oh my God! You scared me to death! RORY!  
Please, how do you even sneak back here?!

RORY

I have my ways.

He looks to Formika, who looks away. Sergio sighs and continues changing costumes.

SERGIO

That's what they're teaching you at the orphanage? Breaking and entering?! I'm gonna hafta talk with Sister Ignatius and explain it all to her.

Sergio's donned a devil outfit with two horns, which he delicately glues to his head.

RORY

It's Sister Ignacio.

SERGIO

Is she really a dude?

RORY

Maybe.

SERGIO

**Ay!** Rory, I got glue in my eye! **AY!**

Sergio whirls around knocking stuff over. KIKO barks.

SERGIO (cont'd)

What am I gonna do, Kiko -- I can't see a thing! I'm gonna have to go out there in mere seconds!

Kiko BARKS! ... SAL BANGS ON THE DOOR, BARGES into the room. Mistress Formika, whirls around to a sharp full stop on a nearby black, rubber chair.

MISTRESS FORMIKA

Get a load of this pathetic mongrel, Sal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGIO

Listen, Snape de *Harry Potter*, I'M BLIND!

SAL

And you're FIRED!

SERGIO

SAL, you're firing a BLIND MAN!

Rory rummages through Sergio's bag, finds a gadget for cleaning out his eye.

SERGIO (cont'd)

Ay Rory, thank you. How are my horns? Do I look horny?

MISTRESS FORMIKA

This is disgusting. What a way to address a child.

Sergio grabs a brush and FLINGS it at her. It stabs a hole in the wall. SAL pops into THE DOOR FRAME, RED-FACED:

SAL

You gay little, tardy, fuckin' faggot showgirl queen, imbecile!

SERGIO - Now fully dressed as The Devil, smiles.

SERGIO

Ay, Sal, don't be like that. I know you think that I have this "devil may care" kinda attitude ~ but I really, really care about this job! It's my LIFE!

SAL

GET OUT THERE, and give 'em your last good one Sergio, because after that, you can pack your bags!

Kiko BARKS.

SAL (cont'd)

You shut up!... I'm too old for this shit.

Kiko hides his head under his paws.

STEADYCAM FOLLOW - Sergio as he races onstage.

Rory pokes his head out from behind some crazy outfits.

SAL (cont'd)

Who let you in here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mistress Formika, arms crossed, stands leaning against the door frame, examining a black pinkie nail. Rory points at Formika, who bares his vampire teeth and HISSES.

MISTRESS FORMIKA

Traitor.

Sal huffs past Formika, then turns back:

SAL

And YOU better get your act together! ...  
'Cause -- you're going up as soon as I  
get the roof repaired.

MISTRESS FORMIKA

Try not to look so happy...(sighs, to  
Rory) I woulda thunk stealing Sergio's  
show would have been a little tougher.

RORY

You're a monster! He'll get it back!

MISTRESS FORMIKA

HA!

Kiko GROWLS. Mistress Formika HISSES at him.

INT. CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Sergio in a FOSSE medley of "FEVER" and "TAKE A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE". No prop goes unused. CLOSE UPS of THE AUDIENCE MESMERIZED & AGOG!

SERGIO (V.O.)

The other day I heard that LADY GAGA had  
shown up to see the show - but then we  
discovered that it wasn't her after all -  
just some drag queen. I'm like: What's  
the difference?! I took a picture with  
her anyway.

Sergio humps a GIANT Ken Doll... ON A LARGE MONITOR an  
INSTAGRAM pic of him and... *could it be* the real Lady Gaga?  
Grabs the two red balls at a suggestive moment and throws  
them out into the crowd.

SERGIO (V.O.)

Sometimes you can be like Madonna. You  
don't have to be gay yourself, just  
friendly, to be considered family.

GOOGLED CELEBRITY PICTURES SWIRL ON in the order that Sergio  
mentions them:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGIO (V.O.)

John Stamos? Family. Barbra Streisand?  
Family. Brad Pitt? Family. Ricky Martin? -  
never mind. He's gay. Wanted to show some  
gratuitous scruff.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLUB - 10:30PM

SERGIO is lifted out of a BOX by Gogo in a drag version of  
the STATUE OF LIBERTY. He holds the torch up triumphantly and  
FIREWORKS go off behind him! TICKER TAPE RAINS DOWN!

HOT BEAT pumps LOUDER as the AUDIENCE - CHEERS!

SERGIO

I FLAMED. WE CAME. END OF STORY... AND  
NOW, WE RETURN YOU TO YOUR REGULARLY  
SCHEDULED X-TRIPPING!

Mistress Formika's shadow in the wings, then: a plush, red  
curtain FALLS ON SERGIO. FANS, think it's part of the act.  
They're CHEERING to the ROARING TECHNO MUSIC!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Sergio models his after-show spandex-wear while furiously  
inserting the entire contents of the dressing room into a  
magically bottomless bag.

SERGIO

I thought we were FAMILY!

SAL

We are. (Sal *hardens.*) I mean, we were!

SERGIO

After all the amazing floods of people I  
brought you here, Sal, you're gonna kick  
me out? Just because I broke your  
ceiling? What is this the Sixteenth  
Chapel? No, this is a club in South  
Beach, Miami -- the only one that makes a  
nickel! And it's all because of SERGIO  
MENENDEZ! You think they're gonna pile in  
to see MISTRESS FORMIKA? She's named  
after fake wood, Sal! That's what you're  
gonna get! I give them *real wood*.

SAL

Well, better fake and on time --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGIO

Than, what? Late and FABULOUS?! Remember your 20's, Sal? You, Fred Flintstone and Barney Rubble, standing in line at a club when a performer is late is part of the ritual! It's Fun! Girls just wanna have fun!

He points to Formika who looms in the corner.

SERGIO (cont'd)

You think this tired Gothic queen from 1995 is gonna pack 'em in? I got news for ya, Sal. Welcome to the 2000's. It's all about David Bowie, Hedwig and bisexuality ~ and a little bit of repression, like the 1980's.

FORMIKA

I hope Cindy Lauper takes a shit on your face and beats it with Kinky Boots.

SERGIO

At least it won't be like *cuando* you got triple ass gangbanged and cream pied by The Village People!

FORMIKA

I don't even know what that *means*.

SERGIO

Go ahead, bitch, pretend.

Sergio finishes. The room is completely bare. Sergio nods to Kiko who jumps into his arms, he grabs Rory's hand with the other. Gogo shows up at the door with a Huckleberry Finn bundle on a pole.

SAL

Where are *you* going?

GOGO

I'm sorry, Sal. I've got Sergio's back.

SERGIO

(to Gogo)  
Hey, slow down.

GOGO

I mean, if Sergio's outta here, so am I.

SAL

GREAT! I knew this would happen!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SERGIO

Sergio has LOYAL friends, Sal! That don't fire him outta their lives! Good luck keeping this place the IN crowd without me. Aaaaallll my friends are not only friends, Sal, but *devotees*.

MISTRESS FORMIKA

I know a million Brazilian go-go boys we could have dancing here in a second!  
(snaps) *Insta-HARDON*.

GOGO

Yeah, but can they FLAG?

MISTRESS FORMIKA

Honey, your cute gay bath house, circuit boy parlour tricks don't impress or amuse anyone. Gogo, the 411, girl, is that flagging is *tired*. Boop. Done. Face it, Sucka.

SERGIO

Can Brazilian go-go bitches craft performance art that entertains AND references gay culture?

MISTRESS FORMIKA

FUCK Gay Culture.

SERGIO lunges at FORMIKA! CAT FIGHT! SAL splits them up!

SERGIO

You know, if it wasn't because you were the J.R. Ewing from the hit TV series DALLAS in my life, and good guys have to let the villain go, I'd Kung Fu your ass back to Slytherin.

GOGO

This is getting far too Jerry Springer, Sergio, let's go!

SERGIO

EXCUSE ME! I SAY when it's time to go!  
I've been insulted enough! LET'S GO!

They all pile out. Sergio in the middle.

SERGIO (cont'd)

Kiko, we will not be part of any establishment that won't put us on stage.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

Kiko nods 'NO'. Rory walks out with Gogo and Kiko, while Sergio hangs back to give SAL the evil eye as he exits.

                  SERGIO (cont'd)  
Hooowww daaaare you...

He twirls his head, then Rory twirls it, then Kiko: so hard we hear a BONE CRUNCH and Kiko's eyes widen slightly.

                  SERGIO (cont'd)  
'C'mon you guys... Let's go home.

Sergio looks back to Sal searching for any sign of remorse, but there is none. Formika spots a high heeled shoe, Sergio left behind and picks it up -- off his elated face:

EXT. DESERTED CLUB PARKING LOT - DAWN

WIDE SHOT - Sergio, Gogo, Rory and Kiko walk out of the CLUB, looking like Dorothy, the Tin Man, the Scarecrow and Toto, as THE HIGH HEELED SHOE comes flying out of the door HITTING Sergio on the head -- THUMP! The door, SLAMS SHUT!

A HIGH ANGLE CAMERA LOOKS DOWN ON SERGIO AND PULLS UP AS HE YELLS OUT TO THE NIGHT:

                  SERGIO  
I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS -- FORRRRRMIKAAAA!

A CLOSE UP OF SERGIO.

                  SERGIO (cont'd)  
DAMN! *Que RICO!* I've been waiting for that moment all my LIFE! I have always wanted to say that.

                  RORY  
I guess he won, though.

                  SERGIO  
Al please, Rory. That's a big life lesson, there's *bueno y malo*. Sometimes, in real life, like in Tarantino movies, the *drag-queena mala* wins. Boo! *But* you get to say melodramatic shit and no one laughs at you, because it's totally earned. Yay!

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Sal is in mid-lecture:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAL

-- expect you to be on time, and to do Sergio's act perfectly.

MISTRESS FORMIKA

What?! HIS ACT?! I don't DO Pedro Almodovar meets Pee Wee Herman, Sal.

SAL

Sure, his act! I don't want people knowing I FIRED Sergio Menendez?! I'd have a riot on my hands!

MISTRESS FORMIKA

I have some INTEGRITY -- You don't think they'll tell the difference?

SAL

They're High... I'll pay ya an extra fifty bucks.

He throws fifty bucks at Formika's mug. She sees the money, smiles wide and looks blankly at him.

MISTRESS FORMIKA

I can do spit-curls.

Sal's like "whatever".

EXT. SOUTH BEACH STREET - NIGHT

Sergio holds Kiko by a leash, walking with Rory and Gogo.

SERGIO

Is this really all I've ever wanted? I mean, I'm still lonely. You'd think I'd get offers in a solo extravaganza.

GOGO

Well, *I've* always been here --

Sergio suddenly stops, interrupting Gogo --

SERGIO

Oh my God, *where* are my keys?

RORY

Right here.

SERGIO

Where's Kiko?

Kiko BARKS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGIO (cont'd)

I don't know, I just felt like I lost something.

RORY

You lost your job.

SERGIO

Thaaaaaat's it. *Ay Días Mio*, I'm a has-been at thirty-(he muffles it).

RORY

You can't be a has-been until you're at least forty.

Sergio glares at Rory. Gogo gives him the 'cut neck' signal.

RORY (cont'd)

But then you make your comeback.

SERGIO

Rory, at 8, you know little about life.

RORY

I know that Madonna's holding auditions day after tomorrow.

SERGIO

MADONNA?! Gogo, did you know about this?

GOGO

Yes. I'm going.

SERGIO

And YOU didn't TELL ME! YOU BITCH!

GOGO

I've had no time! You said she's geriatric!

SERGIO

WHaaaaat?! I LOVE MADONNA! Pleeeeeease Gogo.

GOGO

Well, actually, you know, I'd written down the address for you -- (hands him a small paper) -- here.

SERGIO

What would I do without you at my side?

Gives him a quick, platonic hug.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SERGIO (cont'd)

(sighs)

Probably get my pipi serviced a helluva lot more.

GOGO

I never stop you!

SERGIO

Sometimes the boys think you're like "the boyfriend" or something and they run away. That's when I get testy. I'm sorry. It's okay. Just take your hand off my ass.

They walk in silence. Rory looks up at Sergio.

RORY

So where you going to live now Sergio?

GOGO

You could move in with me...?

SERGIO

No, Gogo, because then you'd start bugging me about a relationship again!

GOGO

Can I help it if I've been in love with you since I was eight.

RORY

Awwww, that's so romantic.

SERGIO

No it's NOT! I'm not in love with him back, Rory! You're good for a best friend, Gogo, but not a boyfriend. I've told you a million times you're TOO GAY.

GOGO

How else do you want me to be?

SERGIO

Don't take this the wrong way, Gogo, I need a MAN, not just a cute, blond Gogo boy that looks like a Calvin Klein model, who's allergic to poodles.

RORY

Sergio you're not even giving  
--

GOGO

I can't help my dog allergy.  
(sneezes) HACHOOOO!

Kiko BARKS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SERGIO (cont'd)

AY, YA! Rory, I'm going to bite my bottom lip really hard until it bleeds. Gogo I'm going to think up another cockamamie scheme to get us up on stage! So I'm going to ask you both to SHUUUTT UUUUP!

Kiko BARKS.

SERGIO (cont'd)

Not you, Kiko. Don't cop an attitude.

GOGO

You don't have to yell in our faces.

SERGIO

Quit bringin' me DOWN!

RORY

Sooo-rrrry.

SERGIO

I still love you, Gogo, in my own way. Rory I know you mean well, *pero* -- would you look at this? *We've been out all night! The sun's coming up!*

Past them, the sun is yellowing the blue morning sky.

EXT. SUNRISE - OCEAN

TILT DOWN TO REVEAL A WIDE ANGLE - Sergio and his friends walk around the bend. What they see stops them cold.

ANGLE - Sergio, runs up into a CLOSE UP - A SLOW ZOOM IN ON HIS HORRIFIED, SADDENED, then TEARFUL FACE.

SERGIO

Oh, Noooooooooooooo...

SERGIO'S POV - HIS SHACK, BURNT TO THE GROUND.

Many of his friends are gathered in a clump: ALAIN, TALL TIM, a FEW OF THE OLD LADIES from the salon. CHARLIE cries for Sergio as an OLD LADY comforts him. Everyone looks sadly at Sergio, when a mailman, JEFF, a short guy with a roundish body and a jovial, high pitched voice, walks over nonchalantly, not really noticing.

JEFF

Mornin'! I have some mail for you, Sir - Gio. Oh no -- what happened to your...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hands Sergio some letters. Sergio examines them, flinging them into the air.

*SERGIO*

*Gracias... Let's see. Bill. Bill. Bill. Catalogue. Porn Catalogue. Bill. Bill. Bill. Aaaaannd GREAT -- letter from a lawyer surely suing me for setting the beach on fire.*

*GOGO*

*Keep that one girl, God knows what kinda mess you're in.*

Sergio pockets the letter as a hot FIREMAN ambles over.

*FIREMAN*

*We did the best we could.*

*SERGIO*

*No, the best you could do is save my house and then come over for dinner...*

*FIREMAN*

*I'm sorry -- it went down like this:*

He hugs Sergio who is in ecstasy. Gogo huffs.

INT. SHACK - FLASHBACK - DAY

THREE ELECTRICAL PRONGS lay on the sandy floor.

*FIREMAN (V.O.)*

*We tried to figure out what mighta happened, and we concluded your iron was left on too close to your shack's palm tree-leafed walls, which are a fire hazard, but for some reason was overlooked by inspectors I'm sorry.*

TILT up a black electrical cord to find the iron resting on Sergio's odd bed in the shape of a "strong man silhouette".

EXT. BURNT SHACK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

KIKO BARKS. Sergio snuggles his head against the fireman's hairy chest.

*SERGIO*

*OH, NO! Kiko, maybe I forgot to unplug that iron! (turns to the fireman) You're so cute, what's your name?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIREMAN

Married.

SERGIO

That's a horrible name: Married. So effeminate. I guess a man like you *can't* stop my flame. Cause now you've botched it twice!... I'm sorry. I'm being a bitch.

FIREMAN

Ummm -- we've been looking for a *unicorn*.

SERGIO

(rolls his eyes)

With you and your... wife?

FIREMAN

Yes.

Sergio's eyes open WIDE and he stands there, stunned, for a second considering the offer. KIKO SHRUGS at him, Sergio grabs him.

SERGIO

Thanks for the offer, but I'm -- I'm not sure where I'm gonna go tonight.

The fireman walks away, as Sergio melodramatically peers into the sun. THE CROWD watches as he walks towards the ocean.

ANGLE LOOKING UP at Sergio - he raises both hands to the air, drops KIKO who YELPs!

SERGIO (cont'd)

YEMAYA, OCHUN, African Sea Goddesses!

GOGO DRUMS on a nearby tree with STICKS.

SERGIO (cont'd)

Your devoted son Sergio asks for your help! Would that your powerful waves had put out the flames devouring my home! I HEAR YOUR SIGN of change! I call on you for direction now with this dance!

SERGIO'S POV - Oddly, the Miami Beach sky before Sergio still glistens with stars. One *shoots off*, diving into the sea.

Sergio's face registers acknowledgement of this good luck omen. He jumps into wild and athletic African dance moves.

DRUMS intensify. EVERYONE jumps in with found objects, creating a drum circle, then into CHOREOGRAPHED MOVEMENT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

In the distance behind them, smoothly smiling with his feet, gliding along the boardwalk with an easy strut is the coolest, most awesome Afro-Cuban Black man you've ever seen. Dressed in glowing white with a cane he twirls like a magic wand, he's slip-slapeddy-slidin' to the beat.

RORY  
(pointing)  
*Mira! EL SANTERO!*

SANTERO  
(singing/rapping)  
OH SERGIO, YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW  
THAT YOU HAVE LITTLE TO FEAR  
YOU'VE GOT NO MOM, YOU'VE GOT NO DAD  
BUT EL SANTERO IS HERE!  
AND DON'T YOU WORRY CHILD, I DON'T CARE  
THAT YOU'RE QUEER AS A THREE DOLLAR  
BIIIIILL!

EVERYONE  
QUEER AS A THREE DOLLAR BILL!

He dances up to Sergio and tries to tousle his hair, but gets caught in the gel. Sergio peels his hand off, bows before the Santero, and kisses his hand.

SANTERO  
WHAT YOU MUST KNOW,  
IS WE MUST LOVE THOSE  
OF DIFFERENT FRAMES OF MINDS,  
MY POWER'S LOVE.  
AND THE GODS ABOVE?  
THEY THINK I'M A KICK-ASS GUY!

The mailman, JEFF, pulls out a TUBA.

EVERYONE  
THEY THINK HE'S A KICK ASS GUY!

People pull out an assortment of instruments. A CLUMP of them becomes a FULL ON JAZZ BAND - with BRASS SECTION! AFRO-CUBAN SALSA MUSIC - IT GETS HOT!

SANTERO  
OOOOH, THE CARACOLES,  
THESE ARE THE ONES THAT ALWAYS  
TELL THE TRUTH!

EVERYONE  
OOOOOOH, THE CARACOLES  
SHELLS WILL TELL THE TRUTH!  
OOOOOOH, THE CARACOLES  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

EVERYONE (cont'd)  
SHELLS, WHOSE LIPS TELL TRUTH, ARE LOOSE!  
TO HER, AND ME, AND YOU -- AND YOU!

SANTERO  
OOOOOOH, THE CARACOLES  
THOSE SHELLS WILL TELL THE TRUTH!

SANTERO AND EVERYONE  
SHELLS WILL TELL THE TRUTH,  
TO HER... AND ME... AAAAAAND YOU!  
SHELLS WILL TELL THE TRUTH!

DANCING ENDS in a TABLEAU around SERGIO!

El Santero moves them back with a sudden gesture of both arms like Moses parting the seas.

SERGIO'S POV - a FISH EYED LENS, the Santero leans in on a beat:

SANTERO  
*Caaaaan youuuuu dig it?!*

Sergio pauses, looks around. CRICKETS, CRICKETS.

SERGIO  
Can I make it, Santero?

SANTERO  
Sure you can, son, you just gotta  
BELIEEEEEEEVE in my SHHHHIIIEEEET!

MUSIC ENDS WITH A PADUMP. El Santero throws magical shells. They land on the sand before Sergio's feet.

SERGIO  
I *believe...* my life sucks!

Sergio looks down at the shells.

SERGIO (cont'd)  
I *believe...*

Everyone leans in curiously, crowding the Santero.

SANTERO  
Alright, everyone go HOME! I've gotta concentrate on Sergio now! Can't have anything distract my energies!

THE CROWD disperses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SERGIO

Gogo! You take Rory to the orphanage. I have to talk in private *con el Santero*. KIKO, you, sniff the grass for a minute.

Gogo takes Rory by the hand. They wave goodbye. KIKO pees on a palm tree. El Santero examines the shells closely, his eyes gleaming.

SANTERO

Hmmmm... Allright... Unh-hunh-- Ooooooh! Okay. AY, COÑO! Ahhhh. UH! EEEEEEE!

SERGIO

What do you see, Santero?

SANTERO

Oh, I wasn't seein' anything in the shells, I was havin' some indigestion.

Absentmindedly he FARTS, then gets up on his feet.

SANTERO (cont'd)

Ooops, the pipes are loose! (shakes his leg)... Well, my child, it seems that you're in lots of trouble! You need a place to live.

Sergio side eyes him.

SERGIO

The shells say that?

SANTERO

I say that.

SERGIO

What do the shells say?

SANTERO

They say I better help you out, or CHANGO GOD o' THUNDA's gonna come over to my *casa* and try to slice it open with a FLASH OF LIGHTIN'!!!

Sounds of thunder rumble behind him.

SERGIO

So, what do the shells say I should do?

SANTERO

They say you should follow your heart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SERGIO

It's been busted like a drag queen at a Republican convention.

SANTERO

There's a lot more the shells have to say!... Come with me, my boy!

MUSIC returns. El Santero wraps his arm around Sergio as they dance, a nifty and fun choreography towards the boardwalk to the magic man's house.

SANTERO (cont'd)

Listen to your intuition Sergio, because the next phase comes fast!  
SERGIO, YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW  
THAT YOU HAVE LITTLE TO FEAR

Kiko runs up to Sergio and lands in his arms.

SANTERO (cont'd)

YOU'VE GOT NO MOM, YOU'VE GOT NO DAD  
BUT *EL SANTERO* IS HERE!

The sun rises as they dance further into the distance towards the huge palm trees hugging the multi-colored, pastel backdrop of South Beach's strip of beach-side hotels.

SANTERO (cont'd)

EL SANTERO IS  
EL SANTERO IS  
EL SANTERO IIIIIIS  
HEEEEEEEEEEEEEERE!

Santero LAUGHS. They dance away, fading into the distance.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. SANTERO'S HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

A modest studio apartment. KIKO barks.

SERGIO (O.C.)

Ay, Kiko, *chatap*. Too early for that barking shit.

INT. SANTERO'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE UPS of El Santero preparing Cuban coffee: pouring milk into a small mug, cutting Cuban bread into thin slices, and setting a table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGIO drags himself in from a bad night's sleep on the sofa, hair plastered to one side. Kiko is at his feet, also kind of messed up, his big ping-pong eyes slowly opening.

SERGIO

What are you doing, Santero?

SANTERO

What does it look like I'm doing, my boy?  
I'm making you *cafe con leche*.

SERGIO

Ay, Santero, you are such a kind man -- you don't even want sexual favors in return, but I'm not like a big breakfast person.

He waves Sergio's last comments away.

SANTERO

Here, sit. Drink this *cafe con leche*, while I read your shells.

Sergio sits at the small card table that doubles as the Santero's kitchen table. Kiko jumps to his lap.

SANTERO (cont'd)

Oh, and I haven't forgotten about you, Kiko. Here's a bowl of *arroz con pollo* I had last night.

The Santero sets the bowl on the floor and Kiko laps it up. From the pocket of his guayabera, the Santero retracts a small pouch, wrapped with a golden cord. He opens it, and lets shells fall on the table.

SANTERO (cont'd)

Now, you know, Sergio, I'm supposed to do this at night.

SERGIO

Why? Because it works better?

SANTERO

Because it's spookier, but morning will do.

SERGIO

Okay, but don't make up shit just to make me happy.

SANTERO

Santeros never make up shit. We say what the shells say.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He gathers and throws the shells on the table.

                  SERGIO  
What does it say?

                  SANTERO  
Let me read, boy!

El Santero's eyes gleam and narrow as he takes in Sergio's fortune. He passes his hands over the shells. They magically move around, spinning, sparking with some sort of magic dust.

                  SANTERO (cont'd)  
M'hijo, you are protected by Ellegua, The God of Trickery and the Crossroads. That is why you have magical abilities.

                  SERGIO  
Like packing a lot of shit in my bag?

                  SANTERO  
Exactly.

                  SERGIO  
Thank you, Ellegua!

                  SANTERO  
This is an important moment in your life, Sergio. Your house has burnt down for a reason. There is a death here. The death of old ways, the end of a karmic cycle and the beginning of a new one.

                  SERGIO  
All my costumes and my make up are gone. How can I survive this without my "I Will Survive" album?

                  SANTERO  
Ultimately, you will discover secrets about the past and who you are.

                  SERGIO  
Will it help me find my mother?

                  SANTERO  
The shells do not say.

                  SERGIO  
I hope that I will find a mother in Madonna, and the *familia* I've wanted all my life in her dancer children.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SERGIO (cont'd)

Unfortunately, I have to get to her audition, but I'm gonna hafta slog through this Miami heat on foot.

SANTERO

Here, take these magic coins. They will help you get there.

Santero hands him three gleaming GOLD COINS.

SERGIO

Magic coins? These are bus tokens.

SANTERO

They work like magic.

Sergio side eyes him. Kiko BARKS. He pushes the bowl with his nose.

SERGIO

Sorry Kiko, no more. We're jobless. You're on a dancer diet now, *bitch*. *Bettah* learn to *smoke*!

EXT. ALAIN DESIGNS - DAY \_ LATER

Sergio passes in front of the store to find ALAIN arguing with a LUCILLE BALL drag queen hair stylist.

ALAIN

You're fired!

LUCILLE BALL DRAG QUEEN

(cries)

WWAAAAAAAAANNNnnnHHHHHH!

SERGIO

Give it up, Alain! Stop play'a hating!

ALAIN

Get outta here! I'm glad your house burnt down!

SERGIO

When I get this Madonna gig, I swear, you'll eat your words, *maldito*!

LUCILLE grabs her purse and opens the front door to leave.

LUCILLE BALL DRAG QUEEN

Alain Doesn't Love Lucy... Waaaaannnhhhh!

She storms out. Sergio charges on with Kiko.

EXT. MIAMI DANCE STUDIOS - DAY

Sergio performs odd stretches in a waiting room full of EXPERIENCED DANCERS wait for the choreographer, a young, skinny black man, CISCO, who finally saunters in, and immediately gets to it.

CISCO

Okay, kids, gather 'round! We're going to ONE-TWO-THREE, and a UNH, and a UNH.  
Okay?

He spins around doing the choreography. Sergio is dumbfounded. All the other DANCERS get it.

CISCO (cont'd)

We don't got time for your yappin' and playin' 'round. Let's do it, 'cause Ms. Thang *herself* will be here when we're done to check... you... Out! And a one two three --

MUSIC! THE DANCERS do a FULLY CHOREOGRAPHED NUMBER above and beyond what Cisco's choreographed! Sergio makes a fool of himself, then meekly walks up to Cisco holding KIKO for protection.

SERGIO

Uh, excuse me.

CISCO

We don't allow mutts in the studio.

SERGIO

Oh, I'm sorry -- Kiko?

Kiko rolls his eyes and saunters over to the doorway, where he lays himself down, resting his head on his paws.

CISCO

Now what?

SERGIO

Uh, you didn't choreograph anything. You just said Unh-unh-unh, and these people know what you mean?

CISCO

Don't you have any formal dance training?  
(points at a DANCER) Where have you danced?

DANCER #1

Joffrey Ballet, five years.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CISCO  
(points at another) You?

DANCER #2  
Paul Taylor company member ten years.

CISCO  
(To Sergio) You?

SERGIO  
The Coco Macaco Club, South Beach, my own  
show, two years.

CISCO  
I rest your case.

SERGIO  
Well, Mr. You're Better than me, can you  
do THIS? MUSIC!

MUSIC chimes on and Sergio goes into a spasmodic dance which  
looks like early Fosse, possibly *Rich Man's Frug* from *Sweet  
Charity*.

CISCO  
Seen that in 1969. We don't have time to  
waste here! She's going to be here any --

MADONNA HERSELF walks into the room! EVERYONE freezes.

SERGIO  
Oh ... My ... God.

MADONNA  
*Hi, bitches... Let's get to work!*

Sergio genuflects, then waves shyly, while all the other  
dancers look jaded.

CISCO  
And a-ONE TWO THREE --

MUSIC! DANCERS SPRING into Action! Sergio trails behind them  
by three beats. MUSIC STOPS. POW! Tableau! Sergio's way off  
to the side, completely committed to some weird pose.

MADONNA  
YOU!

Dancer #1 thinks it's him.

MADONNA (cont'd)  
No, YOU!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Sergio, terrified, steps forward. Kiko lifts his head, and growls quietly at Madonna.

SERGIO

Me?

CISCO

I'm sorry, Madonna --

MADONNA

Shut up, Cisco.

CISCO

Yes, Ma'm.

MADONNA

What's your name?

SERGIO

*Sergio Menendez.*

MADONNA

Sergio. What are you doing back there? Is that what Cisco choreographed for you to do?

SERGIO

Um, well, no -- I was trying to -- I mean, I was following, but then I just did my own thing.

MADONNA

Your own thing?!

SERGIO

Yeah, like my own --

MADONNA

I STOLE!

CISCO

What?

MADONNA

I *STOLE VOGUING* from the drag queens at the balls in New York and made *that* a national phenomenon. I *STOLE* the pointy bras from my high school math teacher, Mrs. Martinez. And now, Sergio -- I'm gonna steal *This!*

SERGIO

What? -- I mean -- Que? --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MADONNA

MUSIC!

MUSIC plays, and Sergio, eyes wide open goes into a weird fit of the pelvis which looks like it's in possession of him. Then he mimes shopping at a store, the robot, then landing planes at an air strip, then SPASMS again.

MADONNA (cont'd)

STOP! THAT'S ENOUGH! ALL OF YOU! GET OUT!

Everyone quickly and quietly gets their stuff.

MADONNA (cont'd)

You too CISCO!... Not you, SERGIO! You stay.

Sergio, shaking in his boots. Everyone leaves the dance studio in a hurry.

SERGIO

Oh my God, Madonna. I'm like so sorry. I've totally made a fool of myself. I mean, this dance I made up, and you know I have no dance training with these major companies like all these talented people.

MADONNA

Don't you see, Sergio, that's why I LOVE IT!

He opens his mouth, she interrupts --

MADONNA (cont'd)

LOVE IT!

He utters a sound --

MADONNA (cont'd)

LOVE!

Utters --

MADONNA (cont'd)

... IT!

SERGIO

Okay.

MADONNA

That's it, you're hired! Meet me here tomorrow, and bring your talent! The novelty of it fascinates me! This isn't dance, it's something else. Sergiography!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MADONNA (cont'd)

That's what I'm going to call it!  
SERGIOGRAPHY! After you!

SERGIO

After me? Really?

MADONNA

Now GO!

SERGIO

Yes, I'll be back!

MADONNA

Tomorrow! Nine AM SHARP!

SERGIO grabs KIKO's leash and runs out the door, jumping in the air with glee! The letter Jeff once gave him falls from his dancer bag. Madonna whisks it right up, and casually tosses it in the trash without giving it a glance.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WALLA WALLA WASHINGTON'S WAX MUSEUM - DAY

A FROZEN MADONNA in pointy bra phase stands next to WALLA, an overweight African American woman in her late 60's, hair done up in curlers, wearing a moo-moo. She talks on an old rotary phone while dusting off wax statues.

WALLA

I say she's a bitch, personally.

THE VOICE on the other side with a thick Cuban accent, her adoptive son, HECTOR.

HECTOR (FILTERED, O.S.)

We can't blame her for having sex with a Cuban and then bearing his child. It's in the blood.

WALLA

Those children are not yours. You're impotent. That's what the doc told me. She's seen more Dick than Ms. Van Dyke herself... my Mama's premonition tells me she's not the one for you.

HECTOR (FILTERED, O.S.)

Why can't I find love? Cause I'm impotent? Our doctor has no right to tell you anything like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She dusts off a picture of herself, with her HUSBAND to one side, and SIX STRAPPING YOUNG BLACK MEN, plus an oddly small whiter young man beside them with a thick mustache and a bandana; it's the person she's talking to: HECTOR.

INT. HECTOR'S CAR - MIAMI STREET - DAY

Hector, whose face we can't yet see well, except for mirrored sunglasses, a mustache and a red bandana. He drives, talking to Walla on his cell with his odd Cuban accent. SPLIT SCREEN:

HECTOR

You never told me that!

WALLA

Baby your dad and me are African American. Now, we tol' you that all throughout your growin' up.

HECTOR

And I guess that must make me Afro-Cuban.

Hector takes out an envelope like Sergio's from his glove compartment.

WALLA

What I mean to say is... Baby, there ain't no black in you.

Hector bursts into tears, side swipes a car, barely missing it! He pulls over to the side of the road.

HECTOR

You mean, I'm adopted?

WALLA

Just like Gary Coleman in DIFFERENT STROKES, but in reverse.

He shakes it off, gets back on the road and rounds the driveway of a shoe-shaped house.

WALLA (cont'd)

You got that letter?

HECTOR

Yes, Momma, I'm reading it now.

WALLA

Well, son I'm bullshittin' ya, I already opened the letter, read it, closed it and so I know all. I just didn't want you to think I was bein' dishonest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HECTOR

But you are, Momma.

WALLA

When it concerns you, it's all my business. Now, someone's left you an inheritance, sugar, and the lawyer's in South Beach.

HECTOR

I drove down. I'm staying at Consuelo's house.

WALLA

I don't like that woman!

HECTOR

You never like any woman, Momma!

WALLA

They no good for my sons, 'less they made o' wax!

HECTOR

Okay, Momma, I love you.

WALLA

Alright nah -- I love you, baby.

Walla hangs up. Hector's parked in front of CONSUELO'S house.

EXT. CONSUELO'S SHOE HOUSE - DAY

Hector walks up to the door with a bouquet of flowers in hand. CHILDREN SCREAMING inside. CONSUELO, Asian, 30's, ugly & overweight, opens the door holding a two year old in her arms, who is delightedly pulling her hair.

CONSUELO

STOP IT! (to Hector) Whadda YOU WANT?!

HECTOR

Brought you these.

He extends the flowers to Consuelo. She grabs them and throws them across the living room behind her. Like piranhas, the kids jump on them, mauling the flowers.

CONSUELO

What they really need is a father.

HECTOR

I can be a father.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONSUELO

Hector... I've been dating -- and Ice is much better looking than *you*. **ICE!**

A MUSCULAR BLACK MAN dressed in a dirty white tank top and low hangin' jeans, ICE, steps out from the bathroom having just taken a dump. He's zipping up, closing his belt. ZOOM IN ON: The Huge package on this guy. HECTOR leans back when he sees it. Ice looks up:

ICE

Who's *dis* sucka?

CONSUELO

Just some guy.

HECTOR

What do you mean, just some guy? I've been sending you money for our kids for about five months now.

CONSUELO

*Our* kids? Don't get it twisted. I lied.

ICE pulls out a revolver.

ICE

You see this? This says you ain't nobody.

HECTOR

That's what it says?

CONSUELO

Leave him alone. He's paying for the roof over your head.

ICE

Listen, I gotta get back to my hoes.

He puts on his oversized purple hat with the feather on it, and straps on his zoot suit.

ICE (cont'd)

I gosta get outta this bitch. You finish up with him and quick, you got me?

Hector steps cautiously inside.

CONSUELO

Yes, honey.

ICE leaves with a BANG of the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HECTOR

What was *that* about?

CONSUELO

I have to make do when you're not around.  
You know, sexually. Ice helps me out.

HECTOR

With the kids around?

CONSUELO

No, what kind of a mother do you think I  
am? I lock them with their toys in the  
bathroom and they play SPLASH MOUNTAIN.

Off of Hector's confused look and the kids making a mess!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sergio speed walks towards the Santero's house, when he's  
stopped by his mailman, JEFF, who laughs delightedly.

JEFF

HEY! Sergio, it's JEFF, your mailman?  
Member me?

SERGIO

O.M.G., Jeff! I just met Madonna! She  
picked me for her dance company!

JEFF

No kidding!

SERGIO

Would I kid about something like that?

JEFF

Not at all -- and you know I wouldn't kid  
about the mail... Well, Sergio you've got  
yet another letter from Dewey Cheatem &  
Howe. Didn't you answer their last one?

SERGIO

I was *ocupado*, okay? Nobody understands  
me when I say I'm busy. Maybe I should  
rent that musical with the guy who  
teaches that lady how to talk.

JEFF

My Fair Lady?

SERGIO

Please, Jeff, flattery will get you  
everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF

Letter's from a lawyer's office. If I were you, I'd open that immediately. You're not in trouble, are you?

SERGIO

Maybe somebody's trying to sue me because I haven't given Kiko his shots.

Kiko WHINES, and covers his face with his paws.

SERGIO (cont'd)

Kiko, if you get rabies, live with it, I don't have health care. Here, Jeff, you open the letter.

JEFF

Me? That's against the law.

SERGIO

So was sodomy until just a few years ago, but look, they eventually thought that was stupid. I give you permission. Read.

JEFF

Well, I -- I guess so.

JEFF opens the letter.

JEFF (cont'd)

(reading)

Dear Mr. Menendez.

SERGIO

That's so proper. Mr. Menendez. I like that. I feel important, you know?

JEFF

You have been left an inheritance by your late grandfather, Don Juan Francisco Roberto del Amor Menendez, owner of the Elixir of Love Perfume Company in Spain.

SERGIO

Ay please, I don't have no grandfather. I'm an orphan. This is some kinda prank.

JEFF

Please call us at your earliest convenience to set up an appointment to meet with our lawfirm. We will instruct you on how to receive your two million dollars.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

SERGIO

TWO MIL-LION DOLLARS! Did you hear that  
KIKO?! Kibbles & Bits for you forever!

KIKO rolls his eyes.

JEFF

Get over there ASAP. C'mon, we'll take my  
postal truck!

SERGIO

Isn't *that* illegal?

They hop in the postal truck.

JEFF

Fuck it, I feel like I'm *breaking bad*.

Postal truck peels off.

EXT. LAWFIRM OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Hector drives his car, coming upon a downtown street. Turns  
the corner as Jeff's POSTAL TRUCK parks in front.

Sergio gets out of the postal truck holding KIKO, and sashays  
into the building, followed by Jeff. Moments later, Hector  
walks into the building.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Hector gets in the elevator, followed by Jeff and Sergio, who  
stand at the opposite corner. Both of them look up at the  
numbers. They sneak a glance at each other for an awkward  
moment in the elevator. KIKO looks over to HECTOR, and FARTS  
LOUDLY.

SERGIO

KIKO! That's disgusting.

HECTOR

(under his breath)  
Faggot.

Jeff gives Hector a dirty look, but Sergio is not sure what  
he heard. DING! Doors open.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Sergio, Kiko and Jeff scurry out of the elevator and down the  
hall to the lawyer's office, trailed by Hector. They walk in,  
Jeff making sure to pointedly SLAM the door in Hector's face.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Sergio approaches an OLD ASIAN LADY. Hector is reading a magazine with his mirrored sunglasses at his nose tip.

                  SERGIO  
 Hola, I'd like to see a lawyer.

                  OLD ASIAN LADY  
 Take seat please.

                  SERGIO  
 KIKO, do me the honors.

He turns KIKO with his ass facing the lady. He FARTS a visible, toxic, pink waft in her face.

                  OLD ASIAN LADY  
 Oh my GOD!

                  SERGIO  
 Now that I have your attention: Please, just call me Sergio. I'm here to see. Mr. Dewey or Cheatem, or even Howe. Doesn't matter. It's about my inheritance.

                  OLD ASIAN LADY  
 Take a seat please.

                  SERGIO  
 I'm going to sit momentarily, but if I don't see some action and quick, the dog's ass goes in your face again old lady. Got it?

The door swings open, and a rotund, sweaty man in his 50's, DEWEY, wearing a business suit opens his office door.

                  DEWEY  
 Mr. Menendez! We've been expecting you!  
 How are you?

Both SERGIO AND HECTOR turn to him.

                  SERGIO & HECTOR  
 Fine.

They look at each other, Hector's eyes unseen through his mirrored sunglasses.

                  DEWEY  
 Oh, my goodness, how wonderful! You both got my message. Step right in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGIO

I've brought my friend Jeff, can he come?

DEWEY

Well, this is a sensitive matter. I think he should wait outside.

JEFF

It's okay Sergio, I've got to get back to my route, just let me know what happened okay?

SERGIO

I'm giving you ten thousand dollars, just for being so great Jeff.

JEFF

Thanks a million!

SERGIO

No, ten thousand.

JEFF

Great! See ya!

Sergio and Kiko step inside the office, followed by Hector.

INT. DEWEY'S OFFICE - DAY

A cramped office filled with books, and papers stacked high upon a desk.

DEWEY

Well, well, well. It's been difficult getting a hold of you two: Hector and Sergio Menendez. Good to finally meet you.

Hector slowly removes his mirrored glasses.

DEWEY (cont'd)

Well, Sergio, it's my great pleasure to introduce you to *Hector* --

SERGIO

Excuse me but who is this guy and why has he had plastic face surgery to look like me?

DEWEY

You don't know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGIO

Um, he called me a faggot under his breath in the elevator, so I have an idea of *what* he is, but not *who*.

DEWEY

Why, Hector here, is your twin brother!

Hector removes his glasses. The twins look at each other, horrified! KIKO's eyes bulge, and he faints in Sergio's arms.

SERGIO

This cannot be, I'm an orphan!

DEWEY

Or so you thought, Sergio! But it seems that while you were being raised in that orphanage, someone was seeking you out. You see, your grandfather knew of you both because he hired private investigators to follow your mother around Cuba before she died.

HECTOR

There must be some mistake. I can't have this homosexual for a brother. It must be someone else and you have us confused.

DEWEY

Look at him, Hector. Imagine yourself without the mustache. With your eyebrows plucked. You're the spitting image!

HECTOR rises from his seat and grabs Dewey by the throat, holding him up against the wall.

HECTOR

This is NOT my brother. You are a liar, and liars get their asses kicked.

SERGIO

Ay, please, Hector -- or whatever your name is. Don't be such a sissy about this.

Hector lets go of Dewey turns to Sergio and sends a PUNCH his way. Sergio simply slides to the side. HECTOR's punch lands on a stack of books, sending him into reeling pain.

SERGIO (cont'd)

You're wasting your time trying to intimidate me. Embarrassing as it is for me, you're my brother and you're going to have to live with it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SERGIO (cont'd)

And believe you me, it's more offensive to me than it is to you to have a hater for a brother.

HECTOR

Ugh, sad, pathetic faggot.

SERGIO

Ay please, try another word, because if you keep using that one, you're going to wear it out. And besides look at me. Do I look like a bundle of sticks to you?

DEWEY

Gentlemen. There are TWO MILLION DOLLARS at stake here.

CAMERA PANS ACROSS THEIR FACES. This stops them cold.

DEWEY (cont'd)

If you two don't start reconciling with each other soon, all will be lost and you will be left with nothing.

SERGIO

Please, Mr. Dewey, wipe your sweaty forehead, give me my share of the money, and let me get out of here, okay?

DEWEY

Oh, but it's not that easy.

SERGIO

It never is.

Dewey takes a paper from within a file on his packed desk.

DEWEY

Says here, in your grandfather's will, that he knows of the existence of both of you, and that he has left money to you. *However*, it is not in the form of monetary bills or even a bank account. But rather in some other form.

HECTOR

What? What does that mean?

DEWEY

Well, he's left you a *treasure*, and the will states that from the time you meet with me, which is exactly two thirty in the afternoon on May 27th.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DEWEY (cont'd)

You have seventy-two hours to find the treasure, or you get nothing at all.

SERGIO

*This* butt-pirate knows all about treasure, gimme the map.

HECTOR

I got kids to support.

DEWEY

Time is ticking gentlemen. So what's it going to be?

HECTOR

I'm not doing it. Keep the money.

Hector opens the door.

DEWEY

TWO MIILLION DOLLARS?

Hector closes the door.

SERGIO

Sit down, Ms. Thang.

Hector leers at Sergio.

SERGIO (cont'd)

Don't even try it. I'll have you pinned down on the floor faster than you can say, "I'm a heterosexist asshole."

He makes as if he's going to attack Sergio, who, from his seat, kicks him in the shins. Hector falls to his knees in pain, then flat, as Sergio slowly puts his foot on Hector's face.

DEWEY

No need for violence.

SERGIO

He's got to learn, Mr. Dewey. Now, say you're an heterosexist asshole! SAY IT!

Hector mumbles some words. Sergio releases his face.

DEWEY

UP on your feet Hector. If you don't do this, I don't get my fees either!

Hector rises, defeated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HECTOR

Fine... Now what?

DEWEY

Here are the instructions. Remember, you MUST return within seventy-two hours, three days, with the treasure. Your first stop will be a festival in TWINSBURG, OHIO. There you must win a GOLDEN CUP. Within it, will be the a clue for the next step. The festival begins tomorrow. Good day, gentlemen. I hope you get it together. You have 72 hours. Good day.

Sergio swipes the instructions from Dewey's hand and slips out. Hector stays there staring at Dewey.

HECTOR

Isn't there any other way to claim the inheritance? I don't need this shit.

DEWEY

Mr. Menendez, this "scavenger hunt" is what your grandfather wanted. I said, good day.

Hector exits as Dewey slumps back into his chair.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sergio exits the building with Kiko, and finds JEFF's postal truck waiting outside. He slides himself in.

JEFF

Well, what happened?

SERGIO

Two million dollar inheritance, but I have to go on a treasure hunt for it with *an asshole*.

JEFF

What? Really? Who was that other guy?

SERGIO

My twin brother, who I've come to find out, is a homo-hating sub-cretin.

JEFF

That's too bad.

SERGIO

Yeah, I really wanted to like him. But he's violent, closed minded, and --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hector sidles up to the postal truck.

HECTOR

What kinda shit are you talking about me?

SERGIO

Get outta here! I'm not talking to you.

HECTOR

You wanna fight me? Get out here on the street where I have a fair chance at breaking your faggot head open!

SERGIO

There you go again with that word. Didn't I already teach you a lesson in there? Or are you that *estupido*?

HECTOR

Try me! C'mon!

Hector grabs at the instructions. Sergio holds them tight.

SERGIO

Wait for me Jeff. This'll only take a minute.

Kiko rolls his eyes. Sergio sighs and gets out of the truck.

HECTOR

You want a piece of me?!

SERGIO

Not even a particle.

Hector puts up his dukes.

HECTOR

Then, let's go!

He lunges a punch at the air.

SERGIO

Okay, but if I win, we have to go to Twinsburg together and you're driving.

HECTOR

Deal.

SERGIO

And then you have to drive me back.

HECTOR

Fine, let's Go!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

SERGIO

And before we leave, we have to drive downtown so I can tell Madonna's people that I'll be back.

HECTOR

Whatever.

SERGIO

Deal?

HECTOR

Deal, motherfucker! LET'S GO!

A CROWD has now assembled. Sergio puts down his man purse. Hector dances around him.

SERGIO

*Jou Ready?*

HECTOR

Yeah. Let's go you fuckin' fairy!

PEOPLE HOOT AND HOLLER.

SERGIO

*Jou sure?!*

Hector throws a punch, close to Sergio's face.

HECTOR

Mother fucker! I'm gonna fuck you up!

SERGIO KICKS HIS FOOT STRAIGHT INTO HECTOR'S FACE, MAKING HIM FALL BACKWARDS LIKE A BOARD, HITTING THE SIDEWALK WITH A FLATTENED THUD. SOUTH BEACH, SIDEWALK PEOPLE look around at each other not knowing what to make of it.

SERGIO

Well, aren't you gonna *cheer*?

EVERYONE scurries away... Sergio finds a half-empty water bottle on the sidewalk and pours it on Hector's face.

HECTOR

(coming to, groggy)  
Let's go! I'll kick your ass.

SERGIO

The fight is over, girl, and you lost.

HECTOR

(dazed)  
I did?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

                  SERGIO  
What does your face feel like?

                  HECTOR  
I have a face?

                  SERGIO  
Exactly. Let's go. I'm late already.

Sergio helps a groggy Hector to his feet.

                  JEFF  
You sure you're okay with this guy,  
Sergio?

                  SERGIO  
Yeah, he's a pussy. Let's go Kiko.

Kiko jumps into his arms.

                  JEFF  
Okay, hop in.

Hector is dazed. Jeff opens the back of the truck and Sergio pushes Hector into the back. He lands against mounds of undelivered mail. Jeff pulls down the back flap and gets in the truck.

                  JEFF (cont'd)  
Where to now, Sergio?

                  SERGIO  
Don't you have to deliver the mail?

                  JEFF  
It's more fun to hang out with you. You put me in a good mood. Believe me, you don't want to see me disgruntled.

                  SERGIO  
So, Jeff, where do you think I could find the people who are like Madonna's agents? I just need to stall her without getting fired.

                  JEFF  
Well, that's easy. The Emerald City Agency Building downtown.

                  SERGIO  
Yeah, let's go to the Emerald City, maybe someone can give this hater a brain.

They drive off.

EXT. EMERALD CITY BUILDING - AFTERNOON

A CROWD has assembled before the building. EVERYONE looking up. On the 30th floor, there is a highly attractive blond woman dressed in a business suit who is about to jump off! SIRENS BLARE in the distance signaling an approaching FIRE TRUCK.

SERGIO

Oh, my God, Jeff look up there!

Hector pokes his head out from behind them.

JEFF

Look at her up there! We've gotta save her!

Sergio looks at Hector.

HECTOR

Don't lookit me, I'm afraid of heights.

SERGIO

Nice priorities.

HECTOR

The ambulance guys will take care of it.

SERGIO

Not if I get there first. Jeff -- you make up some kind of distraction. Kiko, you come with me.

And for the first time in a long time, Kiko speaks, sounding like Harvey Fierstein:

KIKO

I'm staying here.

HECTOR

What the hell was that?

SERGIO

What? You've never seen a talking dog?

HECTOR

Why don't you make money offa this?

SERGIO

And it's not a dog. It's our cousin, Kiko, reincarnated. I guess you can hear him 'cause you're related to us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKO

Quit with the introductions. I'll create the distractions, I know what I have to do to get you up there. And you must go, Sergio, it is your destiny.

SERGIO

Ay, Kiko, sometimes you get so "Yoda" from Star Wars.

HECTOR

I'm afraid of heights, I'm staying right here with the talking dog. This thing is worth a fortune!

Sergio gets out with Jeff running up behind him. They walk up to the entrance of the building where TWO BURLY SECURITY GUARDS are blocking the way.

GUARD #1

I'm afraid I can't let you up there, ma'm.

SERGIO

Ma'm? Who are you calling --

JEFF

That's my WIFE up there!

Sergio gives Jeff a quick look and a wink -- "good thinking".

BACK AT THE POSTAL TRUCK --

Kiko runs out of the truck. Hector yells after him:

HECTOR

Hey, come back here!

BUILDING ENTRANCE --

GUARD #2

Sorry, Sir, no postal workers are allowed in the building in times of crisis.

SERGIO

This is ridiculous, we're her *family*! We're the only two people who can talk her down! You have to let us in.

Then, behind them, on the street, the AMBULANCE turns the corner. Kiko is waiting for it, patiently, and as it comes closer, he runs straight in front of it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sergio and Jeff plead with the guards, when from behind them, the AMBULANCE SCREECHES ON ITS BREAKS! Then, a distant THUD... The SECURITY GUARDS look to the noise. At that moment, Sergio and Jeff slip past them, running towards the elevators. Moments later, the guards notice them waving good-bye as the elevator doors close.

ON THE 20th FLOOR --

A young talent agent, HEATHER, dressed in a dark blue business suit, cries. Her blond hair, once curled into a tight knot above her head, now dangles haphazardly. Her make-up is smeared and her sobs are deep and heartfelt as the wind tousles her hair. She looks down.

A BUNCH OF PEOPLE have gathered in front of the ambulance taking care of that THUD. A large net is being assembled by some of the firemen below.

From behind her, Sergio appears. Jeff is about four steps behind him, fidgeting, nervously smitten.

She sees them, is startled, and loses her balance! She waves her arms for leverage. PEOPLE below her GASP! But her hand is caught by Sergio. He pulls her back. Stories below, the distant MURMUR of people APPLAUDING AND CHEERING.

HEATHER

Go away. I'm done with it all, and I don't want you to fall too.

They sit on the precipice.

SERGIO

What do you mean? I'm safe. A little wobbly... I'm not afraid of heights... I am afraid of dead air.

HEATHER

What are you a comedian?

SERGIO

Performance artist. Used to be a Madonna dancer. She's expecting me tomorrow morning. I gotta go on a treasure hunt instead. I was hoping to beg someone at her agency to convince her to take me back in three days.

HEATHER

My husband left me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SERGIO

Is he blind? You're gorgeous! What's your name?

HEATHER

Heather Mae Parksworth.

SERGIO

Pleased to meet you. I'm Sergio.

They shake hands, and sit like gargoyles on the ledge.

HEATHER

I'm so tired of all of it, you know? I mean, I used to model for the *Swedish Bikini Team*, and then I decided that I needed something more practical, and so I went into this. You know what the difference is between a sperm and an agent? The sperm's got a one in a million chance of becoming a human being... That's what I get for dating closeted actor.

SERGIO

Honey, *all* actors are gay.

HEATHER

No, he got on this show with a bunch of gay guys where they redesign people's houses and if people find out he's straight, his career is over.

SERGIO

Oh he's "metro-sexual".

HEATHER

Yeah, whatever that means.

SERGIO

What if I told you I knew a good man. He's loving and caring and likes children, and he has a cute pink pet poodle, and he needs a family because his house just burnt down and everything's going the way of the crapper? Would you be interested in meeting him?

HEATHER

Is he metro?

SERGIO

Not exactly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HEATHER

Then, yeah. I guess so.

Sergio extends his hand out to Heather.

SERGIO

Well, pleased to meet you. My name is Sergio Menendez.

HEATHER

But you're gay.

SERGIO

Yeah, but think of it this way -- my mother's dead. You're the only woman I'll ever love.

HEATHER

I can get Madonna to take you back.

SERGIO

Ay please, I'd only get that job back if lady luck put my face in between her boobs, and smushed in it there good.

She goes up to Sergio, unbuttons her blouse and does just that to him.

HEATHER

Hi, I'm Lady Luck. I'm Madonna's agent.

SERGIO

O... M... G!

JEFF pokes his head out through the open doorway.

JEFF

Hey, uh, Serg -- are you saving her or molesting her?

SERGIO

A little bit of both.

HEATHER

Who's that?

SERGIO

My friend Jeff. I'm going with him and my twin brother who I never knew existed until this afternoon, to find our fame and fortune, which is carefully hidden in a golden cup in Ohio.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SERGIO (cont'd)

We have to get there by tonight so that we can enter some kind of festival in order to get a clue so that we can return it to a lawyer who's going to give us our grandfather's inheritance -- two MIL-LION DOLLARS! Wanna come?

She thinks about it. Looks into Sergio's smiling face.

HEATHER

Yes!

They wave down at the crowd below as Sergio leads her by the hand back into the building. The MASS OF PEOPLE CHEER!

ON THE STREET -- Sergio emerges with Heather triumphantly, and people outside CHEER! Jeff scuttles behind them.

SERGIO scans the crowd and spots HECTOR, who is looking solemn and defeated. Sergio goes up to him.

SERGIO

Look, she's alive! What are you so sad about?

HECTOR

Sergio, look, they made me come here and tell you because, well, I guess, I'm going to have to face it -- and I'm very sorry -- you know, I don't like it, but you're my -- you're my... brother. But, well, look over there.

Hector points to the street. Sergio looks over. KIKO lays dying on the street in front of the ambulance. He RUNS towards KIKO with HEATHER, JEFF, and HECTOR behind him. He kneels in front of KIKO.

SERGIO

KIKO! What happened?

KIKO

I'm dying Sergio. As I was supposed to in this part of your movie.

SERGIO

But no, KIKO, you can't die! You've been with me all my life! I raised you! I love you!

KIKO

That's it for this incarnation, Sergio. I've fulfilled my job.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (6)

KIKO (cont'd)

I've accompanied you through thick and thin -- and now, I'm no longer necessary. In this form I'll be in your way. I'll be back.

Sergio cries.

SERGIO

Kiko you're talking SMACK! I *still* need you!

KIKO

I'll be back when the time is right. Look for me, Sergio. Later on in your life, you'll recognize me. But for now, I gotta go.

SERGIO

No, KIKO, NO!

And Sergio picks up Kiko's head, and sees a pink mist in the shape of a poodle lift out of Kiko's body and float away.

SERGIO (cont'd)

KIKO! Don't go! I need you! I'm still alone, KIKO! I'm still ALONE!

Sergio's friends gather around him. Hector, is moved to the point that he reluctantly puts a hand on Sergio's shoulder as he bawls.

Sergio's WAILS are intermingled with the screams of a pregnant CAT, which is giving birth past a series of shrubs, in the back porch of a nearby house. The cat has squeezed out several kittens, which are writhing in a small basket soaked in post-natal fluids.

Floating above the shrubs, the pink mist appears moves towards the mother cat. It goes up her nostrils and the cat's eyes WIDEN. Out of her belly, one more kitten. POP! The runt of the litter. It has a white streak on its head, for one thing, but most surprisingly, it is PINK. The newborn PINK CAT, makes its first sound as a newborn kitten. It... BARKS.

The mother cat's eyes roll back in her head and she faints. All the kittens suckle at her nipple -- except for the PINK one, the runt, who just rolls its eyes.

EXT. POSTAL TRUCK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Sergio walks holding Kiko's limp doggie body solemnly in his hands. In a mournful procession, the CROWD OF PEOPLE around the building walk behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF

Sergio, what are we going to do with the body?

SERGIO

I don't know.

HECTOR

We could send it to my mother. She's a taxidermist.

SERGIO

What?

HECTOR

I mean, she could stuff the body. Make it look real, like it's alive. My adoptive mother, Walla, she owns a wax museum in Christmas.

SERGIO

It's summer right now, the body will be rotting by then.

HECTOR

No, Christmas, Florida. It's a town north from here. It's on our way to Twinsburg.

SERGIO

Okay, let's go. I'll leave Kiko with her. Maybe she can bring him back to life.

HEATHER

Nobody can do that Sergio. You have to let him go.

JEFF

Should I drive?

HEATHER

Aren't you a mailman? Isn't this a mail truck?

JEFF

I um, I gave that up this afternoon. This way --

They stand before the postal truck.

JEFF (cont'd)

Yeah, and I decided I'm officially "postal" 'cause I'm keeping the truck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HECTOR

That's not a good idea.

JEFF

Sure it is. They won't bother us. They're afraid I'm disgruntled. If they send a cop car, then I'll kill you. All of you.

Jeff smiles proudly... They mount the truck and drive off, with Kiko's dead body resting on Sergio's lap.

EXT. THE ROAD - LATER - DAY

The postal truck hums along the highway at eighty miles an hour. Jeff whistles a tune.

JEFF

There's no radio. We aren't allowed to listen to anything. That's why we're always wearing head phones. Me myself. I like the sound of the road.

Heather pulls out a cell phone, dials.

HEATHER

(into the phone)

Hey Madge?... It's Heather... You heard what? That's ridiculous! Kill myself!? Are you kidding? No, I was having a breakdown followed by a business meeting with Sergio Menendez, your choreographer?

Sergio's eyes light up.

HEATHER (cont'd)

Yeah, I rep him. We're going to be out of town for a couple of days. Tell the people at the studio to cool their heels. We're taking care of some business. Yeah, just signed him, talking to his lawyer, figuring out details. Sure, yeah. Okay, bye.

SERGIO

Who was that?

HEATHER

Who do you think? Lady Gaga?

SERGIO

Madonna?

HEATHER

Yep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGIO

Wow...

Jeff whistles again. Sergio looks down at Kiko.

SERGIO (cont'd)

Did you hear that Kiko?! I'm a choreographer for Madonna now!

A wave of emotion hits him, and Heather holds him to her breast.

HECTOR

Hey, uh -- can I have a turn at that?

FLORIDA HIGHWAY - DUSK

Sergio is fast asleep with Heather atop a few bags of mail. Kiko lies atop another bag, looking as if he too were asleep. Hector rides in the passenger seat as Jeff drives.

HECTOR

Take this way, to the left, we'll get there faster... So you ever gonna deliver that mail in the back of the truck?

JEFF

Oh, eventually. Things get lost all the time. They end up in the DLO, the Dead Letter Office. I'll just take it there to my friend Sam when we get back. He'll get them delivered.

**ROAD SIGN: CHRISTMAS, FLORIDA ... 13 MILES**

INT. COCO MACACO CLUB - NIGHT

Mistress Formika is practicing Sergio's act. Sitting in the audience are Gogo and Rory, with their arms crossed.

MISTRESS FORMIKA

And then does he cross left or right?

GOGO

Beats me.

RORY

You suck.

MISTRESS FORMIKA

Listen you little mole, I'm trying to do my best up here -- and YOU! You were paid to come in tonight and tell me how to do this. I'd rather be doing MY OWN ACT!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISTRESS FORMIKA (cont'd)

Not this shit, so if you don't get your flag-waving, ass-shaking act together, you're going to be FIRED!

GOGO

You know what? I'm outta here.

SAL walks into the club, notices the argument.

MISTRESS FORMIKA

(whining)

Saaaaalll, Gogo won't help me!

SAL

What's going on here?

Sal takes a cigar out of his pocket and chomps it.

GOGO

I'm sorry, but I'm not going to give him tips on how to steal Sergio's act!

SAL

That's what I'm paying you to come in and do, Gogo! Unless you're willing to do it, then you're FIRED. Get out, Gogo. And take the kid with ya!

Gogo grabs Rory by the arm.

GOGO

Let's go, Rory. We're going to find Sergio, so he can sue the pants offa this place for stealing his act!

BANG! The door closes behind them.

MISTRESS FORMIKA

Sal, I've got this great HEDWIG AND THE ANGRY INCH thing I do. It's rock and punk. I know everyone's gonna love it.

SAL

Can the chicks take off their tops to it?

MISTRESS FORMIKA

Sure, if they want to, but it's more like angry rock. Like "Don't look at me like I'M A FREAK!"

SAL

You are a freak, you asshole.

MISTRESS sinks into a chair, as Sal lights his cigar.

EXT. WALLA WASHINGTON'S WAX MUSEUM - NIGHT

The postal truck drives up. They all get out and knock on the door.

HECTOR  
MOMMA! MOMMA, IT'S ME!

WALLA  
Why you showin' up here at night, boy? I thought you was in Miami.

HECTOR  
These are my friends. Can we come in?

WALLA  
Look at me, I look terrible, and your father's asleep. Your brothers went off to that show where they crash the trucks and -- alright come on in.

She kisses them all tenderly as they walk in.

INT. WALLA WASHINGTON'S WAX MUSEUM - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The place is a combination kitchen, and decapitation warehouse. FRANK SINATRA, WHOPI GOLDBERG, and ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER heads, among others, are scattered about. Walla has made coffee and everyone is holding a mug. KIKO lies on the kitchen table.

HECTOR  
So, we want you to bring it back to life.

WALLA  
Now, I told you I stopped doing the Santeria rituals a long time ago.

HECTOR  
No, Momma, just, you know, stuff him, and make him look happy and alive.

WALLA  
And you, what's your name, baby?.. I can't get over how much you two look alike! ... No wonder your grandfather wanted you together. You're a set!

SERGIO  
I'm Sergio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLA

You're my little Hector's twin brotha, arentcha? Yes, you are. I did have a feeling you had a twin.

SERGIO

That's what they tell us.

WALLA

Twin?

HECTOR

Yep. I was hoping for a guy into sports, but --

WALLA

Sergio look like you got run ova by a homo hurricane. I mean, Jesus, boy, ain't anyone ever made you wear loose pants? Yo balls don't have no room to grow.

SERGIO

Um, no, not really. The nuns didn't care.

WALLA

Nuns. (under her breath:) Got some stories about those Lebanese nuns.

SERGIO

Can you taxi-dermy Kiko up, Mrs. Walla Washington? I mean, it's not like bringing him back to life, but at least, he can live forever as adornment.

WALLA

Call me Walla, or Momma. Now, you know, I'm gonna have to tear out alla his insides and pull out his little brain through his nose and such?

SERGIO

To me, this is like you and gayness. I only want to think of it in the *abstract*.

HEATHER

I'm getting queasy.

Jeff sidles up to Heather in case she needs to faint.

WALLA

Well, I'm just tellin' it like it is chillun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HECTOR

You sure you wanna do this, Sergio?

SERGIO

Yeah, go ahead. I realize Kiko's gone.  
That's it. Game over.

Sergio gets teary eyed. *Hector, softening, awkwardly puts his arm around Sergio.* Walla's motherly instincts kick in.

WALLA

Now, come over here. I'm gonna give y'all  
some cherry jubilee cake I made  
yesterday. Hector can't have none. He  
says he's allergic, I think it's a story.

Everyone EATS pie. Walla sits in her rocking chair. Sergio sits on her lap, his sad head on her shoulder.

WALLA (cont'd)

That's what I'm here for, my little  
orphaned baby, that's what I'm here  
for...

JEFF

You guys, don't we need to get going in  
order to make the deadline?

HECTOR

You're right, Jeff! We have to be in Ohio  
by morning, Momma, if we're gonna make  
the deadline.

WALLA

That means, y'all better hurry up!

HEATHER

According to my watch, if we leave now  
and we all take turns driving --

SERGIO

Me first.

WALLA

You'll make it. Okay, go down the hall,  
and make a right turn at KING KONG, and  
you'll see Hector's room, use that  
bathroom to freshen up before you go.

They all run off down the hallway. But Sergio stays.

WALLA (cont'd)

You too, baby, you too.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

SERGIO

Momma, I like, never had a mom. And I was wondering, when it gets to be Mother's Day and things like that --

WALLA

Now, Sergio, Walla's been a momma since -- well, I can't remember when I wasn't. So, for and ever and ever. I'm always here to give and receive love, sugar... Now, get going, you got lots o' drivin' to do.

SERGIO

Walla. Make somethin' of KIKO -- nothing too flashy, please.

Sergio scurries down the hallway. Walla smiles broadly, arms akimbo.

INT. POSTAL TRUCK - DAWN

Sergio drives, SINGING to himself, MUSIC ON HIS RADIO as the others sleep. **ROAD SIGN: ENTERING GEORGIA.**

NOW HEATHER AT THE WHEEL, driving with her feet as she applies make up and texts her friends.

TEXT: "NO, I'M NOT DEAD. FORGET MADONNA. I THINK I JUST LANDED A STAR!"

**ROAD SIGN: WELCOME TO SOUTH CAROLINA.**

INT. POSTAL TRUCK - MORNING

Hector, drinking Gatorade at the helm, smoking a cigar.

HECTOR

... and *that* is why my adoptive parents are black, yet I have a *Spanish accent*.

The others 'ahhh' and nod understanding.

SERGIO

You guys we're in a postal truck, shouldn't we switch vehicles, in case the authorities ~ it's a federal --

EVERYONE shoots him an angry glare. Sergio sinks down.

**ROAD SIGN: NORTH CAROLINA INTERSTATE.**

HECTOR, who drives, along with SERGIO, JEFF and HEATHER sing the theme song to "GOOD TIMES".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

**ROAD SIGN: VIRGINIA**

JEFF AT THE WHEEL. I-77 NORTH exit towards BLUEFIELD/CHARLESTON WEST VIRGINIA. EVERYBODY behind him is passed out on bags of mail.

THEN SERGIO UP AT THE WHEEL AGAIN, turns to the gang:

SERGIO (cont'd)  
Hey, everybody, we're in OHIO!

They all CHEER!

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

They pass under a sign for TWINSBURG.

EXT. TWINS DAYS FESTIVAL - DAY

Sergio reads the instruction papers, as Jeff drives.

SERGIO  
Well, it says here that what we're going to is the Twins Day Festival!

HECTOR  
This must be it, look, two of everything.

THEIR POV - DOZENS OF TWINS, of all shapes and sizes, dressed alike, enjoying "county fair" type festivities.

HEATHER  
There are so many!

JEFF  
Look at those sets of knockers!

JEFF'S POV - TWO UNBELIEVABLY HOT WOMEN in short shorts jogging in synch. He GIGGLES.

SERGIO  
I guess there's something for everyone.

Behind the two female twins, jog TWO MALE TWINS, equally as attractive.

HEATHER  
Yowza.

SERGIO  
Hello. I haven't had coffee. I'm awake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HECTOR

Says here that we have to win some golden twins cup.

JEFF

Must be some twin contest.

HEATHER

I know you guys can do it! Woo!

Hector eyes Sergio, unsure if he can pull this off.

EXT. TWINS DAYS FESTIVAL COMPETITION BOOTH - DAY

A couple of hulking twin sisters, THELMA and VELMA work the booth. They speak in harmony.

THELMA & VELMA

How may we service you?

SERGIO

Um, we want to enter into the competition.

THELMA & VELMA

Sorry, no more sign ups.

HECTOR

Oh, come on ladies. Two healthy, voluptuous women like yourselves can place two virile Latino gentlemen into the competition.

THELMA

We're really not allowed to.

HECTOR

Am I really allowed to do this?

He plants a big one on her.

THELMA

(flustered and blushing)

Oh my, I guess you would be -- I mean, I'm not married.

Velma looks at Sergio hungrily. Timidly, he makes a face at JEFF and HEATHER, who egg him on from a distance, urging him to kiss her. Hector widens his eyes at him, and jerks his head, motioning to Velma. Sergio sighs, and holds his breath. He kisses her.

VELMA

Ohhhp -- I think I just got hard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THELMA

You did. These Cuban boys are *CALIENTE!*

Hector looks confused, as if he might vomit.

HECTOR

You two are women, right?

THELMA

Yes, of course.

SERGIO

(trying to butch it up)  
So, whatddaya say, ladies?

THELMA

Velma, we can't.

VELMA

But they're so cute! I like the one with  
the mustache that kissed you.

THELMA

I like the queer one.

Sergio and Hector exchange glances.

VELMA

Well, okay, here, make it quick. Sign  
right here. Take these badges and present  
them at the contest. The first phase  
begins in ten minutes. You'll have to run  
across the lawn to the northernmost side.  
It's the potato sack race.

They swipe the badges from the women's hands.

OUR GANG RACES to the north side of the lawn.

EXT. TWINS DAYS FESTIVAL - NORTH LAWN - DAY

Dozens of twins already in line in their respective potato  
sacks. Sergio and Hector arrive just in time. GUN GOES OFF!

Sergio and Hector lose balance once, twice -- but they hang  
on. Pass a few of the twins. Finally, they reach the finish  
line, and come in... FIRST!

JEFF and HEATHER jump and CHEER! HEATHER picks JEFF up and  
hoists him onto her shoulder! They wave at Sergio and Hector  
who wave back, and shake hands with each other... awkwardly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER  
(OVER LOUDSPEAKER, FILTERED)  
Ladies and gentlemen! The WINNERS of  
today's POTATO SACK RACE: THE MENENDEZ  
TWINS!

People CHEER!

ANNOUNCER (cont'd)  
Up next, PIE EATING CONTEST on the WEST  
LAWN! See you there in twenty minutes!

OUR GANG all hug and cheer, running off towards the next  
contest.

HEATHER  
You guys did great!

SERGIO  
Thanks, Heather!

HECTOR  
The next one is pie eating! I can eat  
that All-American Apple pie until the  
cows jog home!

JEFF  
You guys are gonna rack it up!

ANNOUNCER  
GET THOSE TWIN TASTE BUDS READY KIDS! The  
CHERRY PIE EATING CONTEST IS NEXT!

Hector stops cold. They all run past him, then realize he's  
stopped!

JEFF  
C'mon!

SERGIO  
OH NO!

EXT. TWINS DAYS FESTIVAL - CHERRY PIE CONTEST - DAY

There is a large table set up with an assortment of twins,  
napkins on their necks, seated before cherry pies. PANNING  
ACROSS THEM until: Sergio, nervously looking to his right.  
HECTOR's EYES are practically bulged out.

HECTOR  
I can't do this.

SERGIO  
Of course you can, Hector, please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HECTOR

I break out into hives. I'm allergic to cherries. The class bully made me eat cherry pies until I barfed. All of a sudden every time you even mention it --

SERGIO

See? That's why!

HECTOR

What?

SERGIO

Well, it's totally psychosomatic.

HECTOR

It's psycho -- what?

SERGIO

Somatic. It's like you just broke out because of the panic that you felt about going back to school and facing the bully, so the hives were produced by your mind, not by the fact that you're physically allergic. You'll be fine. Just don't think of that guy.

HECTOR

Two guys. SLACK and MAC. The evil twins of my high school. I heard one of them died when a lawn mower ran over his face.

SERGIO

*Gracias a Días.*

WHISTLE! People CHOW DOWN! Jeff and Heather, worried, try their best to CHEER!

Hector takes his first GULP, then his second, and looks over to Sergio, who is also stuffing it in.

HECTOR

Not bad. I think you're right. I'll get through this.

Sergio's first plate is switched for a full one. Contestants get sick and drop off. Hector is surprised it's going down. But Thelma and Velma are getting close to winning this one. They're tying with Sergio and Hector.

JEFF

Good thing we didn't eat much during the road trip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He ribs Heather, who shrugs and nods. Pushing them aside, TWO BURLY TWINS show up. One of 'em has a brutal scar across his face. His name tag reads: MAC.

Hector looks at Jeff and Heather who give him the thumbs up! Then, he spots MAC, followed by SLACK!

Hector chokes. Sergio, seeing that's going on, slaps Hector in the back, which sends a piece of cherry pie flying through the air in SLOW MOTION, and HITS SLACK in the EYE!

SLACK

There he is Mac, the asshole that ran  
over your FACE!

MAC marches up to the stage with his brother in tow. They tear up the table and toss everything on it onto the ground!

THREE JUDGES standing to the side lose count. Look at each other, not knowing what to make of this.

MAC tries to get at Hector, who leaps back. Thema and Velma, step away from the mayhem.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen we seem to have a  
problem here. The SWEENY SISTERS and the  
MENENDEZ BROTHERS are in a tight race,  
but mayhem has disrupted the contest!

SLACK grabs a hold of Hector with his massive hand and leans back to punch him, when his leg is kicked out from under him by Sergio.

MAC wraps his tree trunk arms around Sergio's neck and pulls him back. Slack gets a good punch in, and blood flows from Sergio's face.

Hector is still coughing and gagging. Slack reels his fist back for a punch.

SLACK

So, you are the homo twin of this wimp  
who ran my brother over with a lawn  
mower?

MAC

A little... fruity... Nellie.

SERGIO

Nelly's a singer, asshole.

Sergio jerks his neck back and HEAD-BUTTS MAC'S FACE, causing him to let go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Dodges to the side, and Slack's punch misfires and landing on his brother's face! Sergio double-flips in the air and lands in a kung-fu pose.

They lunge at him, but in a moment, they're both knocked out. Security guards show up, cuff the monsters and drag them away. Jeff and Heather run to the Menendez Twins.

HEATHER

That was amazing, Sergio!

SERGIO

How's Hector?

Hector walks up to them embarrassed.

HECTOR

Sorry, I made us lose the contest... I'm going to be shitting berries for a week!

ANNOUNCER

Sudden mayhem notwithstanding, BOY AND GIRLS, the JUDGES have declared a TIE! SWEENEY and MENENDEZ are head to head! ON TO THE NEXT, AND FINAL ROUND OF THE TWINS FESTIVAL SYNCHRONICITY COMPETITION!

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

CONSUELO and her KIDS bump into MISTRESS FORMIKA at the grocery store.

CONSUELO

Hey, aren't you that drag queen that does the shows with that Sergio Menendez?

MISTRESS FORMIKA

Who wants to know?

CONSUELO

Read about you in a rag magazine -- My boyfriend found out he was that guy's twin and took off to find some treasure he said.

MISTRESS FORMIKA

Treasure? Sergio? ... Uh, no.

Her YOUNGEST KID grabs a toy robot off the shelf, and she deals with putting it back, while another CHILD goes round the corner.

CONSUELO

Let that go! Oranjello!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MISTRESS FORMIKA  
Oranjello?

CONSUELO  
'Cause I love Orange Jello.

She grabs a packet off the shelf and models it.

MISTRESS FORMIKA  
Creative Scarring. Poor kid. Look lady --

CONSUELO  
It's Consuelo, your new best friend.

MISTRESS FORMIKA  
What?

Mistress Formika realizes she's daffy and shoos down the aisle, but before he's gone:

CONSUELO  
A lawyer said it was worth couple millions of dollars.

Mistress Formika, as before with Sal, turns on a dime.

MISTRESS FORMIKA  
Treeeaaasuuuure, you say?

CONSUELO  
They're closing in on the prize now. Some kind of scavenger hunt. Hector tells me everything. Thought you can tell me what you know, we can team up. Get there faster.

MISTRESS FORMIKA  
Sounds enticing.

CONSUELO  
There's a time limit. I can see where he's at like the National Security Agency, 'cause I rigged his cell. (Screams Suddenly:) ORANJELLO! Where's your sister AQUANETTA!?

WIDE of the GROCERY STORE - PEOPLE IN OTHER AISLES ARE STARTLED.

MISTRESS FORMIKA  
Don't tell me. You like Aquanet... I sing in a Rock Band and you just blew out my ear drums.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CONSUELO  
It's a lot of money.

MISTRESS FORMIKA  
If you're into bringing Sergio Menendez  
down, bring it on...

CONSUELO CACKLES a witch's laugh... which startles Formika.

EXT. THE WINNER'S STAGE - DAY

A LARGE CROWD has gathered.

ANNOUNCER  
The WINNERS of the TWIN FESTIVAL'S DAY OF  
BONDED CHALLENGES: The MENENDEZ TWINS!

Sergio and Hector BEAM as they're handed a large Trophy Cup. Immediately, Sergio dips his hand in it. His eyes grow wide as he looks at his brother. Sergio pulls out a white paper inside, which he reads while PEOPLE CHEER for them, including Heather and Jeff!

SERGIO  
(checks his watch)  
We're running late. We have to get back  
to Miami within a day and a half!

Keeping the following conversation just between them, Sergio and Hector continue smiling and waving, as:

HECTOR  
What does it say?

SERGIO  
It's Two RIDDLES.

HECTOR  
Riddles? What is this? A scavenger hunt?

SERGIO  
Oh my God, did you just tune in?

HECTOR  
GIMME THAT!

He nabs the paper from Sergio and reads it, furrowing his brow.

HECTOR (cont'd)  
I'm not too good with reading.

SERGIO  
Wave!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They both wave as the CROWD CHEERS! Sergio snatches the paper back from his brother.

EXT. OPEN ROAD - IN THE VAN - DAY

Hector drives with Heather in the front seat. Sergio is looking at the paper, with Jeff looking over his shoulder.

SERGIO

You know, if Kiko, were here, he'd know what to make of this.

HECTOR

He's getting stuffed, so crack your head on it!

JEFF, stands next to Sergio reading:

JEFF

How Dracula pronounces taking a pee, or a synonym for "namely", "that is to say", and "as follows".

HECTOR

Just watching Jeopardy made me feel like a loser.

JEFF

That's why we have magic cell phones! Heather, you look up Dracula piss and I'll look up the other stuff.

HEATHER

Got it.

Heather and Jeff work their smart phones.

JEFF

Okay, Viz.

HECTOR

There is no rest stop for the next five miles. A Viz is not possible.

JEFF

No, VIZ, it means "namely", "that is to say", and "as follows"

SERGIO

Cute, and a vampire wouldn't take a WHIZ, he'd take a VIZ.

HEATHER

That makes sense!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGIO

This thing has got to be in Miami,  
because we don't have time to go anywhere  
else!

Hector's cell phone rings.

HECTOR

What? What, Ma? Now? Yes, we're on our  
way back! No, we're in a hurry... Okay,  
Ma.

SERGIO

I don't like the sound of that. What does  
Walla want?

HECTOR

She wants to give you your stuffed dog,  
and invite us to dinner at the Wax Museum  
on our way back to Miami.

Sergio, Jeff and Heather exchange glances.

EXT. WAX MUSEUM - TWILIGHT

Hector SCREECHES up to its empty parking lot with the postal  
truck.

INT. WAX MUSEUM - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Everyone is in the kitchen area of the Wax Museum, which is  
made up to look like a "mock" perfect living room with a fake  
sunny day beyond the window.

SERGIO

It's still sunlight?

WALLA

Chil' you can't tell a wall painting from  
reality?

HECTOR

Momma, we don't have much time to finish  
this race. We got tomorrow. That's it.

WALLA

Come 'ere sit on Momma's lap.

He doesn't want to do it in front of Heather.

HECTOR

Momma, not in front of the girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLA

Get yo ass over here... You too Sergio,  
on my other lap.

She sits in a giant rocking chair.

WALLA (cont'd)

Now, that's more like it... Now, how can  
Momma be of help?

JEFF

Well we think we figured out the first  
part. It's like this word thing. Now, we  
gotta figure out the second half, CAYA.

WALLA

*What you talkin' 'bout Willis?*

He hands her the paper, the Twins stand up, and let her put  
on her glasses to survey. She looks and thinks to herself.

JEFF

It's Jeff... Caya.

HECTOR

Like Spanish for shut up? *Callate?*

HEATHER

I was thinking maybe it has to do with a  
KAYAK, you know, one of those tube things  
or the travel website?

HECTOR

Momma's got a PhD in Etymology. She used  
to work for a guy who was like Indiana  
Jones, except she never went on the  
adventures.

WALLA

I got a bum knee.

JEFF

(feeling her pain)  
Ooooh.

WALLA

Don't I know it.

HEATHER

So, what do you make of it, Ms. --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALLA

You best call me Momma too, dear... I would deduce that whoever planned this out for you didn't expect the impossible. So, more likely, it's a place within the east coast. Secondly, I do not think that CAYA, as a stand alone word is actually Spanish.

SERGIO

This all sounds like Chinese, Momma.

WALLA

Best put on your seat belt honey, 'cause I am not done deducin'. I am teasin' this out... Take the first word VIZ... I get it... Now y'all have been pronouncin' this like: Hey-ya. Caya... I think it's not that at all, baby. It's more like the Spanish word for Street. CALLE... But it's pronounced CA-yyyyA.

ALL

CAYA.

She gets up off the rocking chair, and they follow her to...

INT. WAX MUSEUM - PHANTOM OF THE OPERA DISPLAY

A library of books behind the Phantom. Walla grabs a book.

SERGIO

I'm sorry, okay, Momma -- this is so creepy up in here.

WALLA

I will grant you that, baby.

Heather has trouble deciding if she'll cuddle up with Hector or Jeff... and feeling awkward about both, keeps to herself.

WALLA (cont'd)

Ah, YES! HERE IT IS! My History of Florida POP-UP Book!

She pops it out on the Phantom's desk.

SERGIO

Why does The Phantom have a desk and pop up books?

WALLA

That's part of the 'magic'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She opens the book to an intricate POP-UP VIZCAYA.

CLOSE - LEVEL with the PAPER VIZCAYA - Every detail, conceived in illustrated paper.

HEATHER

It's a castle?

WALLA

A rich man's castle.

JEFF

That's in --

SERGIO & HECTOR

Miami.

WALLA

The second syllable, CAYA, brings together VIZ, and CAYA. The Italian style villa & formal gardens built in 1916.

JEFF

You mean to tell me it was this simple?

SERGIO

Right under our noses.

HECTOR

Well, it looks like we know where we're headed.

WALLA

The southernmost point, which is here.

She indicates on the pop-up.

HECTOR

I say we go now.

SERGIO

We've got less than twenty-four hours now.

HEATHER

I'm driving.

JEFF

I'll co-pilot.

WALLA

You best hurry up then! This wax business is melting, and one of my kids has got to support me in my old age.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She hugs them goodbye. She waves as they peel off!

EXT. OPEN ROAD - THEY TRAVEL BACK TO MIAMI - NIGHT

HEATHER drives. HECTOR co-pilots in the van as Sergio and Jeff sleep.

HECTOR

What happens after all this -- is... it all goes back to normal.

HEATHER

Really? And what's normal?

HECTOR

Sergio returns to his thing, me to chasing after Consuelo, and Jeff -- (looks back at him) Jeff probably will go to jail.

HEATHER

Really?

HECTOR

I'm no lawyer, but isn't this van public property? The letters, stolen? I smell federal crime here.

HEATHER

You gonna keep up with Sergio?

HECTOR

Naw.... Yyyy -- I don't know. He's okay I guess.

HEATHER

He's your twin brother. You don't have any twin feelings for him?

HECTOR

Yeah, there's something weird, I can sense that. But I thought I had myself defined you know? My stances in life. Who I was going to be and what I was going to do with my life, who I was going to surround myself with and this throws all of that off balance.

HEATHER

Maybe it widens your scope.

HECTOR

I do not condone his lifestyle.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

HEATHER

Oh, no?

HECTOR

No, but the thing is, I figure that's okay... because he doesn't condone mine.

Heather looks at him lovingly.

HEATHER

There's an open minded guy in you somewhere, Hector.

HECTOR

Somewhere...

He looks out the truck into the distance.

Sergio's phone rings. He's been passed out and his curls are crooked. He presses a button. GOGO & RORY's excited faces appear on his cell.

SERGIO

(groggy)

Hi Guys what's the haps? I'm on my way back.

RORY

Yay!

SERGIO

Ay please, you have never been this excited to see me. I look like a wreck. My hair is all fried, dyed and flipped to the side.

GOGO

If it weren't for Facefuck, would we actually *ever* see you?

SERGIO

Facefuck is a great App. I can see your snark with great clarity from a moving van.

GOGO

I miss you.

RORY

Me too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SERGIO

I miss everyone. We're on our way to the treasure, keep teaching him cuss words, Gogo, and I'm hoarding it all.

GOGO

I don't need your treasure... Here.

He hands RORY the phone, walks away.

SERGIO

Oh, great.

RORY

He just misses you, man. Where's Kiko?

SERGIO

Oh he's okay, he's right here.

Sergio, removes a sheet. Behind it is a "stuffed" Kiko. Sergio points the phone to it.

RORY

You guys are freezing up!

Sergio turns it back to himself.

SERGIO

Uhhh, can you see me?

RORY

Yeah, now you're moving again.

SERGIO

I think we're losing the connection, I'll see you soon!

CLICKS THE PHONE OFF. IT'S VIDEO IRIS CLOSES. SERGIO WAVES.

EXT. VIZCAYA - EARLY DAWN

Hector drives their postal truck into the grounds.

INT. POSTAL TRUCK - DAY

Sergio is looking at a compass on his phone.

SERGIO

We only have like, minutes, you guys, so go that way!

HECTOR

There's a few cars and one unmarked, black tinted window vehicle following us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGIO

Here we go, there had to be some kind of drama.

HEATHER

Don't worry, I'm also a lawyer.

SERGIO

Heather, it's one wonderful thing after another with you!

JEFF

The compass says, That Way!

They drive up to a corner of VIZCAYA. The southernmost point of the main building, get out of the truck and stand there, looking around.

SERGIO

We're looking for clues you guys.

JEFF

Is it like one of those things where you have to move the bricks on the walls?

Hector tries to push in random bricks.

SERGIO

That could be an idea. But if my gut feeling is right -- it's probably --

HECTOR & SERGIO

Buried.

Jeff walks up with a shovel...

JEFF

I'm way ahead of ya.

Jeff throws the shovel to Sergio, who THRUSTS THE SHOVEL into the ground!

MISTRESS FORMIKA ROUNDS THE CORNER IN HER JEEP, WITH CONSUELO. Wielding two shovels, THEY SCREECH TO A HALT.

HECTOR

What are you doing here, Consuelo?

SERGIO

My arch nemesis, Mistress Formika.

Consuelo marches up to them, using her SHOVEL as a weapon!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CONSUELO

You can just stop right now and leave!

SERGIO

Ay please, that makes no sense.

CONSUELO

Mistress Formika, show them.

MISTRESS FORMIKA

I have these papers...

She pulls them out of her bra and uncrumples them. Everyone stops to listen, while Consuelo, hastily keeps digging.

MISTRESS FORMIKA (cont'd)

Within these legal papers, you'll find that I am making litigious moves against you, Sergio Menendez!

Heather steps forward:

HEATHER

I'm Sergio's legal adviser in such matters, let me look at that.

MISTRESS FORMIKA

(clicks his tongue)

*This* Big-titty Bimbo's your lawyer?

Heather tries to take it from Formika's hands as she laughs like Maleficent!

HECTOR

Sergio, it's just a drag distraction tactic to waste time!

SERGIO

(to Formika)

I should Stick My Foot In Yo Ass as a distraction tactic.

JEFF

Dig Sergio! Dig!

Sergio pushes Consuelo aside and digs. She gets right back up, and pushes her shovel in the ground, gaining a great bit of ground!

Out of nearby bushes, their original lawyer, DEWEY, appears, carrying a stopwatch OTHER SUITED MALE WITNESSES in tow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DEWEY

Well, boys you've made it this far, if  
you're able to find something in the next  
five minutes --

Sorrow befalls Sergio's face, he looks at Hector then: DINK!

CONSUELO

Found it!

SERGIO

What?

She digs in the ground like a maniac! And pulls out a Huge  
Boulder.

HECTOR

Dig!

Everyone digs like maniacs.

DEWEY

Three minutes!

DINK! Sergio has something!

SERGIO

It's a red trunk!

Consuelo cries and stomps her feet.

Jeff's eyes gleam when he looks into her sad eyes, and he  
moves to console her.

Mistress Formika sinks to the ground, defeated, huffing...

Sergio and Hector unearth the red box with gold gilded edges.

HECTOR

It's locked.

SERGIO

Let's pull at the lock together.

HECTOR

Alright.

SERGIO

*UNO, DOS, TRES!*

The lock gives immediately. The twins open the box and peer  
inside, a magic light within shines on their faces, their  
eyes illuminated by its mystical glow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JEFF

I can't stand the suspense, what is it?

SERGIO

It's a --

He removes a vial, the pink contents of which whirl around.

HECTOR

It's a potion of some sort.

DEWEY

TIME! Menendez twins, the Two Million is yours!

Consuelo, removes herself from Jeff's hold, and runs toward Sergio SCREAMING!

CONSUELO

NOOOO!!!! IT'S MIIIIINEEE!

Mistress Formika also makes a MAD DASH for the vial.

Sergio is SQUISHED IN BETWEEN THEM, and the vial **FLIES OUT OF HIS HAND, ITS CORK FLIES OFF! ... IN SLOW MOTION, THE VIAL TWIRLS WHILE AIRBORNE! MINUTE DROPLETS FALL INTO THE EYES OF:**

CONSUELO AND JEFF AS THEY TURN TO LOOK AT EACH OTHER!

MUSICAL STRINGS AND THEY'RE **IN LOVE!**

GOGO SHOWS UP WITH RORY IN THE DISTANCE! BUT **SERGIO, IN THE MIX UP, LOOKS AT HEATHER** -- ZOOM lens effect -- AND IS **IN LOVE!**

**HECTOR LOOKS AT GOGO! BOOM! LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT!**

GOGO'S EYES GROW WIDE WITH FEAR.

MISTRESS FORMIKA'S EYES BECOME DOUSED. HE SHUTS THEM!

MISTRESS FORMIKA

Oh, no, it's a LOVE POTION! I won't give in and open my eyes!

HE RESIGNS, OPENS THEM, SEES SERGIO! ... MISTRESS FORMIKA'S HEART MELTS FOR SERGIO!

The rest of the vial flies into the lawyer's firms hand, who quickly re-corks the bottle. The other men assemble behind him.

Consuelo walks away consoled by and in love with Jeff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Formika slithers off reluctantly, heart broken. He looks on in horror as: HECTOR & GOGO AND SERGIO & HEATHER - KISS! ... (BOTH HEATHER & GOGO are STUNNED!)

THE TWINS, THEN pick up their respective mates off their feet, and proceed in opposite directions, leaving everyone dumbfounded.

DEWEY, happily holds up the vial to his face.

CLOSE UP POV of the swirling, magically pink liquid contents.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SERGIO'S SHACK - HIS FRILLY BEDROOM - DAY

Sergio looking like a real, studly hetero man has MAD, PASSIONATE SEX with an enchanted Heather.

INT. HECTOR'S BACK CAR SEAT - MIAMI STREET - NIGHT

Hector with Gogo, whose love potion droplet is quickly wearing off --

GOGO

Wait a minute, you're scratching me with that broom handle!

HECTOR

Aren't you attracted to my brother? I look just like him -- except I actually do wanna have sex with you!

GOGO

So that means I win?

HECTOR

Of course! Lookit this!

He dances an oddly timed, totally self-assured pelvic thrust.

GOGO

Sex isn't everything, Hector. Let's kiss.

HECTOR

Don't you want -- Gay Monkey Sex?

GOGO

Yeah, but I don't think I want you...

HECTOR

What if I do THIS!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pushes GOGO down into the seat. GOGO SCREAMS! HECTOR POPS BACK UP DOING A GRIND.

INT. MADONNA'S DANCE STUDIO - DAY

SERGIO DANCES a MADONNA dance in a really butch way. He's off his 'gay game', his effeminacy completely gone -- as she judges his moves with her entourage of DIVA BLACK GUYS AND DANCERS/MODELS.

MADONNA  
You're fired Sergio.

SERGIO  
(low pitched)  
*Porque?*

MADONNA  
Your dancing's gotten too butch.

Sergio lumbers a dejected dude-walk to his bag of stuff.

SERGIO  
(totally butch)  
But maybe I'll get gayer, it's just that I had a love potion spilled in my eye, and all of a sudden I'm straight, and it's affecting all of my Oscar Wildness.

MADONNA  
That is not my problem, Sergio. I told Heather I'd wait those three days. But now you come back with this shit? I'm gonna have to let you go.

SERGIO  
Because I'm straight now? That's discrimination!

MADONNA  
If your dancing was just a little bit bi, I'd let you stay. But your dance has lost its *fem sensuality*, and as it stands you're just... *too butch*, Sergio.

SERGIO  
I'm WHAT?

MADONNA  
You're a TOP. You're THE MAN. You're MUCHO MACHO. You're a DUDE.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

                  SERGIO  
                  (still manly)  
                  Hooooowwwwww... DAAAARE YOU!

He takes his jacket and splits!

EXT. SOUTH BEACH - DAY

Sergio walks down the street, FUMING -- he notices his old club across the street. THE HEADLINER: Mistress Formika! He mumbles:

                  SERGIO  
                  I hate being straight.

ANGLE - TRACK ALONGSIDE Sergio from profile as he passes the alley between two buildings. For a moment the SANTERO is there posing in his white suit. Sergio backtracks:

                  SERGIO (cont'd)  
                  Santero?

                  SANTERO  
                  You're straight now, Sergio?

                  SERGIO  
                  How do *you* know?

                  SANTERO  
                  That's what the *caracoles* said would happen. Plus, I could tell by your masculine stride.

                  SERGIO  
                  Oh, no, do you think people can tell?

                  SANTERO  
                  I think so... But maybe this was just a lesson.

                  SERGIO  
                  Ay, please, in what? The Vaginal Arts?

                  SANTERO  
                  Precisely... This was the great goddess of the sea, OCHUN's way of showing you a way to see into the situation more clearly.

                  SERGIO  
                  What situation? That now I think dudes are just cool, and their ding-dongs kinda gross? I have learned a lot about women, though.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANTERO

Exactly... Now you can understand your brother's homophobia.

SERGIO

Heterosexism, and no, but yes, but no... I mean, what do gays worry about? Dancing? Interior design? There are other things: chicks, football, beer.

SANTERO

You don't even care to stay thin?

SERGIO

Nahhh... I'm not into "maahdeling" anymore. I've been thinking of getting married to a hoochie mama, raisin' a family, Catholic church.

SANTERO

Oooh, this is bad. Ellegua the trickster god has to fix this. Could be years.

SERGIO

It's been three days, and --

Suddenly, an amazing looking male model, MICHAEL MANGO walks up to Sergio.

MICHAEL MANGO

Remember me? Michael Mango? Prada model? We fucked at gay pride? OMG, you're famous now! I'm your cologne's biggest fan! Just touch me... Wooo!

Sergio touches him and Michael kisses him on the lips, *HARP STRINGS*, he runs off, delighted. Sergio JERKS HIS HEAD ABOUT AND MOVES IN A HERKY-JERKY WAY -- his lisp suddenly returning.

SERGIO

What jusssssst happened, okay?

SANTERO

What do you mean?

SERGIO

*Jou* did it, Santero! Oh thank you random male model from South Beach for changing me back. Wait, that was my ex-boyfriend Michael Mango! Listen to me! My beloved, trademark lisp is back!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SANTERO  
Look over there! Analysis?

A HUNK stretches on South Beach.

SERGIO  
I would totally eat breakfast off his  
asscrack!

The Santero hugs him tight!

SANTERO  
Sergio, you're back!

SERGIO  
Oh my god, I totally wanna pick out  
curtains with him. Is this the real me?

SANTERO  
I think so, my son, I think so.

MUSIC: They "ease on down the South Beach sidewalk"...

INT. GOGO'S BEDROOM - DAY

GOGO is tied up against the bed, looking stunned and bored.

HECTOR is dancing a "Sexy Dance" in front of him in his  
tighty-whities...

HECTOR  
What about this? Hunh? You like this?  
Nice banana hammock, eh!

ZZZZP! ... And as if receiving an electric shock, Hector  
comes to his straight self again, in the middle of a pelvic  
thrust.

He looks down at Gogo, wondering what has happened.

HECTOR (cont'd)  
What are we... doing here?

A glimmer of hope in Gogo's watery eyes that this episode has  
passed. Hector covers up his crotch!

GOGO  
I told you I'm not interested.

HECTOR  
I uh, this is awkward, I don't think I'm  
interested anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GOGO

Thank God. By the way you have shit  
landing strips on your underwear.

Sergio barges in through the door, shocked to see Hector.

Gogo rolls his eyes, arms crossed, finally untied on the bed.

Hector stopped cold, exits the room meekly.

SERGIO

I don't even wanna know.

Gogo throws Hector's underwear at Sergio's face.

EXT. COCO MACACO CLUB - NIGHT

To establish --

INT. SAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sergio KNOCKS at the door.

SERGIO

Sal! ...

Sal opens the door, chomping his cigar.

SAL

Whaddayawant?!

SERGIO

I want my Saturday nights back!

SAL

I got Mistress Formika working those  
nights already!

SERGIO

I just got kicked out of Madonna's dance  
troupe, and I'm available.

SAL

I don't care.

SERGIO

Yes, you do, because that's a lot of  
publicity.

SAL

Listen to me, I don't give a shit  
anymore.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAL (cont'd)

I'm sick of the smell of liquor and the young people music and all that crap. I wanna retire to Alaska! I'm selling the club!

SERGIO

Wait, what? To whom?

SAL

Maybe some developers, I don't know. I hadn't even thought of that until this moment. Maybe just tear this all down and build a parking lot! There's money in parking lots.

SERGIO

You can't do that!

SAL

Watch me.

SERGIO

A million dollars.

SAL

What about 'em.

SERGIO

I offer you a million dollars for this place.

SAL

This place is not worth a million dollars, not that you don't have the money. I seen your win on the news. Something about a love potion perfume.

SERGIO

You need to sell it to me Sal! I poured my blood, sweat and mascara into this place.

SAL

By the sound of it, you could pack the Orange Bowl right now. Very popular.

SERGIO

I could. People love me. They always have, Sal.

SAL

Because you got all that dough? Yeah, it got around to me that you're rich now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SERGIO

Rich? Ay, please. I'm wealthy.

SAL

I'll name my own price... Free.

SERGIO

*Qué?*

SAL

You heard me. You can have it. You can fire all these people and start fresh, whatever you want. I just want out.

He plops into his chair.

SERGIO

You know what, Sal? You need someone to *froof* up your feathers. Why don't I buy you a cabin in Alaska?

Sal perks up.

SAL

Really?

SERGIO

Yeah, Sal. You give me this place, and I'll have my people take care of everything. Your own cabin in the woods, with logs and bear hunting shit. And we'll even throw some dolphins in the water and you can fish them out and shoot 'em in the head and eat them.

SAL

No dolphins, Sergio. Trout!

SERGIO

Okay, trout!

FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER -- SAL SMILES!

He bear hugs Sergio! Sergio tries to wiggle away, but can't.

SAL

I knew something really BIG was going to happen to you, Sergio! I may be an old straight fart -- but I can spot talent!

CLOSE - AS HE HOLDS SERGIO TIGHT. Sergio gives in...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SERGIO

You're right, Sal. Mean old bastard that you are, you did give me a shot at stardom. And now, look at me, I'm famous!

SMASH CUT TO:

NEWSPAPER HEADLINES OF SERGIO ON MAJOR MAGAZINES.

MEN'S HEALTH - "Sergio Tightens Your Ass"

SERGIO (V.O.)

Well as you can imagine, everything just started to work out after that...

FORTUNE MAGAZINE - "The Magically Scented Menendez Brothers"

SERGIO (V.O.)

Hector and I finally got our shit together, and decided to form a company with the potion.

ROLLING STONE - "The Outrageously Homofunky Sergio Menendez"

SERGIO (V.O.)

I, of course, continued my career, dancing and singing at the COCO MACACO CLUB. Along with hiring me, the name for that place was one of Sal's most brilliant ideas. One of mine was to make commercials with our new fragrance.

EXT. BY A FOUNTAIN - DAY

SERGIO: ARTSY, BLACK & WHITE, sexy cologne commercial. HECTOR strides in and works a Dramatic Look to the CAMERA. SERGIO TURNS TO IT with a cologne bottle labeled: "HOMOFUNKY".

SERGIO (V.O.)

We parceled out the formula into little itty bitty portions and -- basically watered it down, because we knew the sexually confusing damage it could cause.

They squirt the potion on. Beautiful MALE MODELS oogle Sergio and FEMALE MODELS encircle HECTOR.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

SERGIO, along with RORY and GOGO, say goodbye to SAL, who is all dressed for ALASKAN fishing at MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGIO (V.O.)

Sal gave me the club outright, and so I shipped his ass to an all expense paid life in ALASKA.

SERGIO HANDS HIM A CHECK! Sal walks in with fishing poles, carelessly almost gouging a few PASSENGER eyes out.

EXT. ALASKAN FORREST - DAY

SAL VACATIONS in ALASKA! A BEAR chases after him, and he RUNS, a LOOK OF DELIGHT on his face!

SERGIO (V.O.)

He wrote me once saying a bear ate his leg and he loved it.

EXT. SHACK BEING REBUILT - DAY

A few construction vehicles building a stronger structure.

INT. SHACK - LIVING ROOM - DAY

SERGIO (V.O.)

As for me, I rebuilt my shack with extra-strength gay guys. All ex-Porn Stars. Every aspect of the architecture just oozes gay, gay, gay.

Sergio orders around AN ARMY OF BUFF, BEAUTIFUL MEN, whose arms he feels up as they do the building.

INT. SHACK - BEDROOM - DAY

RORY hugs Sergio.

SERGIO (V.O.)

Of course, I had to fix shit up for Rory, because I actually adopted him, and designed his room.

RORY IS ELATED: Barak Obama Chia Pet, Dr. Martin Luther King bust that looks around, Rory makes its mouth move. Jimmi Hendrix guitar bed, on which Rory jumps joyously.

INT. SHACK - LIVING ROOM - DAY

KIKO's stuffed body is placed atop a Mantle.

SERGIO (V.O.)

Of course we should never forget our loved ones who have been run over by trucks, so I built a little special place over a mantle for Kiko.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SERGIO, RORY, HEATHER, WALLA, HEATHER, HECTOR and GOGO look on... Everyone agrees WALLA did a great job. They APPLAUD!

INT. JAIL HOUSE - DAY

A POLICE OFFICER opens a jail cell door.

SERGIO (V.O.)

Jeff got arrested because he stole the Postal Truck, but seeing that the Post Office is almost insignificant in this modern age, they let him go... Once we paid out the ying-yang.

JEFF HUGS EVERYONE! CONSUELO shows up, and JEFF lights up when he sees her. They embrace.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Sergio & Hector get checks from the Lawyer, who shows them a graph of how well sales of the fragrance is going.

SERGIO (V.O.)

Our lawyers at Dewey Cheat'em and Howe, keep the checks coming, as we own the patent to the formula. Don't worry, I have them audited quarterly.

Dewey puts on a video. Their GRANDFATHER CONGRATULATES THEM.

SERGIO (V.O.)

He showed us this video of our grandfather congratulating us. It made my mascara run.

Sergio looks to Hector who smiles comfortingly.

SERGIO (V.O.)

Interestingly, I found that Hector had changed. Maybe our grandfather was right to do this. Hector was not a douche anymore. And I realized I was not alone. I actually have a brother now.

Sergio cries and his brother hugs him.

EXT. FINISHED SHACK - DAY

From outside the EVERYONE assembles outside the SHACK nodding approval.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

                  SERGIO (V.O.)

The day I finished my reconstruction, I invited everyone to the shack to check it out. And with the setting sun behind my shack, I made an announcement that even surprised me.

SERGIO, arms around his brother HECTOR, who looks "bougie" *nouveau riche* with his *blinged-out* look as he holds HEATHER's hand.

                  SERGIO

I love you all! I am bigger on the inside today, even though I am still fine and muscular on the outside. I have learned to love a man that I do not want to have sex with. My twin brother: Hector.

CHEERS! Hector hugs him, patting him hard on the back. Suddenly, Sergio pulls away.

                  SERGIO (cont'd)

AY, PLEASE, what is it with you straight guys? You can't enjoy a gentle hug. You have to SMACK the other guy on the back. Do you have to simultaneously inflict pain?

                  HECTOR

Shut up Sergio.

PEOPLE CHEER!

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

GOGO is with SERGIO as HEATHER gives birth to *their* baby. EVERYONE is there and they pass the baby around.

                  SERGIO (V.O.)

You're not gonna believe this, but during that time of confusion, I, who apparently have an incredible sperm count, impregnated Heather. We thought it was Hector's for a while, but then, no.

INT. SHITTY NIGHT CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT

MISTRESS FORMIKA performs at a shitty night club. SERGIO WATCHES from the back of the house and APPLAUDS. The only one.

INT. SHITTY NIGHT CLUB - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Formika eyes Sergio suspiciously.

MISTRESS FORMIKA  
Really? My OWN CLUB?

SERGIO  
It's all yours, in the sense that I do  
Saturday nights, everything else is you.  
You're the new Sal.

MISTRESS FORMIKA  
Please don't insult me.

SERGIO  
Sorry, force of habit.

Reluctantly, Mistress Formika holds out her black finger  
nailed hands to shake them with Sergio.

MISTRESS FORMIKA  
How come you never beat me up with your  
stupid Kung-Fu?

SERGIO  
Because Mistress Formika, you are my arch  
nemesis, and if I did that, it'd be over.  
And I wouldn't want anyone else to  
pretend I hate.

Mistress Formika hugs him.

MISTRESS FORMIKA  
That's the nicest thing anyone's ever  
said to me.

SERGIO (V.O.)  
It kinda was like giving up the club to  
Snape from Hogwarts, you know, from  
Slytheryn, but I was like oh well, Snape  
was the hero. Except not in this case.

Sergio leaves Formika to her make-up. Formika sighs.

EXT. VIZCAYA - DAY

In a TRIPLE WEDDING performed by EL SANTERO, Sergio marries  
Gogo, Hector marries Heather, and Jeff marries Consuelo.  
Sergio gathers EVERYONE for a family picture at Vizcaya.

SERGIO (V.O.)  
Then, I realized I loved Gogo all along,  
and we all got married.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

                          SERGIO (V.O.) (cont'd)  
                           Rory was my best man... And that night  
                           something very special happened...

EXT. COCO MACACO CLUB - NIGHT

A BIG BLOWOUT SHOW at the COCO MACACO CLUB starring SERGIO!

His friends are in the audience cheering SERGIO, and we SEE A MONTAGE of his fancy AUTOTUNED song, "Homofunkafragilistic" and OUTRAGEOUS PROPS & DANCERS. WOMEN take off their tops, as HECTOR and JEFF'S eyes POP out of their heads.

EXT. COCO MACACO CLUB - BACKSTAGE DOOR - TWILIGHT

CROWD DANCES to "WE ARE FAMILY" by Sister Sledge.

OUTSIDE: SERGIO BANGS THE BACK ALLEY DOOR SHUT, AS HE sneaks away with GOGO and RORY.

As they're walking down the alleyway, partying after the club at night: a loud MEOW!

A YOUNG, PINK CAT with a white streak in his hair, slinks over to them and stops them in their tracks with his magical pink presence in the spotlight of a street lamp.

                          SERGIO  
                           Kiko?... Is that you?

                          KIKO CAT  
                           (Harvey Fierstein voice)  
                           You better believe it's me, Sergio!

                          SERGIO  
                           I thought dogs only had one life.

                          KIKO CAT  
                           I did go to heaven.

                          SERGIO  
                           You got sent back?

                          KIKO CAT  
                           God said I'm not done taking care of you.  
                           I had to die so you could marry Gogo.

                          SERGIO  
                           Kiko, don't be dramatic.

                          GOGO  
                           No allergic reactions now.

                          KIKO  
                           Bingo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He jumps on Sergio's shoulder like a shawl.

SERGIO

Well, Kiko, it's nice to have you back in the family.

KIKO

You have to tell me everything.

SERGIO

Oh, don't worry I'm making a movie.

Hector and Heather walk past on their way to their car waving goodbye in the distance.

HECTOR

Great show, Sergio! You can put your top back on now, Heather... Love you, brother.

SERGIO

Love *you* too! Okay? Pleeese.

They get in a car, waving, and drive off... The flashing lights of the COCO MACACO CLUB ZAP off in the distance, leaving SERGIO, GOGO and RORY in silhouette walking down the wet street to "*WE ARE FAMILY*" by *Sister Sledge*.

FADE OUT.