SPA DAY

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. TREE-LINED SUBURBAN STREET - EVENING

A baby blue convertible VW Beetle flies down the road.

INT. VOLKSWAGON BEETLE - CONTINUOUS

The car is brimming with birthday balloons. A pink sprinkled cupcake with one tiny bite missing rides copilot.

SASHA, 30, a perfect 10, sweet and naive, SINGS off-key along to the Dixie Cups' "Chapel of Love" on the radio:

SASHA
(making up lyrics)
Going to the chapel 'cause I *wanna* get married, gee *I'm turning 30*, and *we're not getting any younger are we*? Going to *get engaged for my birthday*...

She squeals as she pulls up to an adorable "starter" home, the walkway lined with pink rose petals and candles.

INT. SASHA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sasha coyly opens the door to find even more rose petals and candles. The sweet crooning of classic Backstreet Boys FLOODS the speakers. It's magical.

SASHA
Aww... Wyatt! Baby?

She follows the trail of rose petals into the living room:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where the fireplace crackles, a giant sparkly HAPPY 30TH BIRTHDAY, SASHA! sign hanging above it.

SASHA
Oooh, pretty!

However, she pauses, a little thrown off, when she notices a cake on the coffee table - printed across the top in frosting is an unflattering photo of Sasha in high school, donning a bad perm and her cheerleading uniform. Her eyes are half-shut but she's smiling widely to reveal a mouth full of braces.

She jumps at the sound of a dog YAPPING; confused, she spots an adorable 2-legged dog hooked up to a little cart with wheels instead of hind legs, wagging its tail happily on the sofa. Then, she notices the life-size cut-out of a cheesy romance novel cover, the faces of the models replaced with pictures of Nick Carter and Sasha.

And next to the cut-out, posing as if she's on the romance novel cover too, is DENISE, 37, a walking ball of energy who's as oblivious as she is loyal. No filter, no self-awareness, all confidence, her spirit animal is Donkey Kong and her style is Tokyo Pop meets Game Stop.

Denise suddenly animates, whooping with sheer joy; Sasha screams in shock as Denise rushes to full-body embrace her.

DENISE
Happy birthday, Sasha!

SASHA
Denise?! Oh my God!

Denise takes a good look at her, grinning wildly. Sasha's speechless.

DENISE
Dude, I didn't think I could top your sweet sixteen surprise party, but this is pretty sick, huh? I can't believe you're *thirty*!

SASHA
I can't believe you're *here*! How did you get in?

DENISE
It took some convincing, but your housekeeper let me in.

SASHA
What?!

DENISE
No, I don't want to get Selena in trouble! She could just see the family resemblance, is all. See?

Denise digs into her Sailor Moon suitcase and pulls out a worn, framed picture of her, 17, and Sasha, 10, on the first day of school, both in Catholic school uniforms (and Denise in goth make-up); young Sasha hugs her big sister proudly.

Denise tucks the photo away, then turns back to Sasha.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Jesus, you look hot! You've gotta be dodging rapists right and left with this body.

SASHA
Um, thanks?
(looking around, at a loss)
Sorry, I just need a minute to process all of this. You scared the crap out of me! And Selena, I'm guessing.

Sasha collapses on the sofa. The dog licks her face sloppily.

DENISE
Sure. It's a lot of awesome to handle at once.
(then, heartfelt)
Look, Sash. I did this because I want you to know how sorry I am that I went M.I.A. on you after Dad died.

Denise tries to stay upbeat, but there's a flash of sadness.

DENISE (CONT'D)
I pretty much went M.I.A. on my whole life. Played way too many video games and all of a sudden it was like, "Woah, it's 2014! Take a shower, Denise!"

SASHA
(genuine)
Hey, come on. I could've picked up the phone, too. I'm sorry.

Sasha smiles. Despite the scene, she's happy to see her sister, if overwhelmed.

DENISE
No, I'm the big sister, I'm supposed to take care of you. So, I want to make it up to you.

SASHA
Well, all this is more than enough-

DENISE
This is just the beginning...

Before Sasha can respond, the front door slams.

WYATT (O.S.)
Sweetheart, I'm home! Where's my birthday baby boo?

WYATT, 34, rounds the corner, still in his hospital scrubs, carrying a birthday balloon. Handsome in a boring way, Wyatt's a bland, reliable guy; nice, erring on the side of a bit of a pussy. He jumps when he spots Denise and the decor.

WYATT (CONT'D)
Lord almighty.

Denise gets up and gives him a long, tender, intense hug. The embrace goes about ten seconds too long.

SASHA
Wyatt, you remember my sister Denise?

Wyatt extricates himself from the hug and tries to compose himself politely.

WYATT
Sure I do! I, ah, just wasn't expecting her or-
(glancing around)
these treats in our living room. I thought we were going to dinner?

SASHA
Me neither. And we were...

Denise is the only one not picking up on the awkwardness.

DENISE
Man, I *killed* this surprise!
(conspiratorial, to Wyatt)
Sorry I didn't let you in on it, I just didn't want you to accidentally let the cat outta the bag.

Wyatt spots the dog on his pristine sofa.

WYATT
Who's that little munchkin?

Denise picks up the dog lovingly; he licks her face and she sloppily kisses back. Wyatt tries to hide his discomfort.

DENISE
Yohio.

WYATT
Yohio? What an interesting name. Is that Asian?

DENISE
Yep. I named her after a Japanese transgender pop star.

She flips Yohio on her back, cradling her like a baby.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Seemed fitting because this one's a bit of a hermaphrodite. Mostly girl, but she's got a little doodle-oodle-oodle!

Wyatt blanches.

WYATT
What a novelty! Say, sugar bear, we're late for our reservation.
(even more awkward)
I didn't know we had a guest, so I just made it for the two of us-

SASHA
But we could easily make it for three, right?

Their eyes meet; she shrugs helplessly, unsure of what else to do. Wyatt nods reluctantly.

DENISE
Nah, I couldn't impose. You two lovebirds go have fun. I'll have plenty of Sasha time this weekend.

SASHA
Wait, what?

DENISE
That's the real surprise! I booked us the penthouse at the Mondrian South Beach for a spa weekend... We're going to Miami!

WYATT
What?

SASHA
Denise, I'm sorry, but I don't know if I can do that-

WYATT
(trying to be jovial)
Hey, isn't that a little pricey for a veterinary technician's salary?

SASHA
(shooting him a look)
Wyatt. Denise, that's so generous, but-

DENISE
Sasha, with Dad gone, you're all the family I have left. I miss you... I want to change things with us, be close again, like when we were kids. Reconnect. Please?

BEAT. Denise and Wyatt both stare at Sasha, pleading. Sasha relents, forcing a smile.

SASHA
I can't really turn that down, can I? So, um, yes. I would love to do a girls' weekend with you, Denise.

Denise yelps, overjoyed, pulling Sasha into a tight hug.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Okay, now we're really gonna be late. You sure you don't want to come with us?

Wyatt holds his breath. Denise waves them off.

DENISE
Thanks, but I've got a date to play StarCraft with my boyfriend.

SASHA
Oh! You have a boyfriend?

Wyatt glances at his watch. Denise notices.

DENISE
I'll fill you in later. Go!

Sasha smiles, leaving with Wyatt as Denise calls after them:

DENISE (CONT'D)
Have fun, lovers. Can't wait for tomorrow!

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - THAT NIGHT

Wyatt and Sasha examine their menus at a classy joint. Wyatt squirts Purell into their hands.

WYATT
Pumpkin, are you sure you want to go away for the whole weekend?

SASHA
I think I need to, baby. She put so much thought and money into this... I just don't feel like I have a choice. I have to.

Wyatt pouts. Sasha leans over and gives him a sweet kiss, trying to shake him into a better mood.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Please, Wyatt. She's my sister-

WYATT
Technically, she's not your sister. She's your *half*-sister. Her mother was a stripper and a meth addict-

SASHA
Look, I get it, she's a lot to handle. I feel terrible, because I was actually *relieved* she distanced herself, as if she's just someone to "deal" with and not my *sister*. Then she shows up, with no one in her life but that dog, and all she wants to do is celebrate my birthday.

Sasha takes his hand.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Honey, you're in surgery tomorrow and on call all weekend, anyway; you won't even know I'm gone!

WYATT
(nervous, fumbling)
I, uh, I'm not really working tomorrow. I had, um, a birthday surprise of my own planned...

SASHA
(recognition dawning)
What? *Oh*. Oh no. I didn't - or I would have - and now it's too late.

She's so bummed, Wyatt backs off, going into fix-it mode.

WYATT
Hey, no, I'm sorry. Don't be sad, birthday girl. It can wait! After all, you'll only be gone one night.
(winking)
And why don't you get a manicure while you're at the spa? My treat.

SASHA
(beaming)
Okay! Thank you, baby. I'll be back before you know it!

Sasha leans across the table and kisses him sweetly.

INT. HALLWAY, SASHA & WYATT'S HOUSE - MEANWHILE

Denise rolls her suitcase down the hall, Yohio trotting along with his cart dragging behind. She pauses to look at the wall of photos: Sasha and Wyatt on a tandem bicycle, Sasha and her girlfriends doing "skinny" poses, Sasha posing cutely in her pharmaceutical sales rep uniform. Denise isn't in any photos.

Undeterred, Denise pulls the photo of her and Sasha as kids back out of her bag.

DENISE
Trade you.

She takes a photo of Sasha off the wall and replaces it with the sister photo, then heads into the guest room.

INT. GUEST ROOM, SASHA & WYATT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Denise opens her laptop, Yohio snuggling into her on the bed. She signs onto the gaming website Battle.net, where her profile pic is of her in "cosplay," dressed as Sailor Moon at Comic-Con. She puts on her headset and initiates a game of StarCraft II with RHETT REYNOLDS. In his profile picture, Rhett is *identical* to movie star hottie Ryan Reynolds.

DENISE
(into her headset)
Hi sexy! You ready to rescue Kerrigan from the Zergs?

RHETT (O.C.)
Hell yeah, hot stuff! Let's do this.

Denise is intensely focused and methodical, her fingers moving frantically.

RHETT (O.C.) (CONT'D)
How'd the big birthday surprise go?

DENISE
It was awesome, she freaking adored it. I'm *so* pumped for Miami and a weekend of uninterrupted debauchery with Sasha! How 'bout you, any luck tracking your twin down?

RHETT (O.C.)
Nah. Ryan's "people" are idiots, I tell them "We were *separated* at *birth*" and they're all "Stalker! Restraining order!" It's bullshit, I just want to know my brother Ryan Reynolds! His fan page says he's shooting another rom com soon, so I'm going to just drop by the set.

DENISE
Do it! Then come visit me.

Denise is "killed" in StarCraft. She groans, making a face.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Dang, I got distracted by the thought of actually being with you, in person.

RHETT (O.C.)
I still need to take this slow. I'm not ready for face-to-face yet.

DENISE
Worth a shot...

Denise gazes at her computer screen, entranced by a StarCraft video clip of Zerg-infected, gravely ill but gorgeous KERRIGAN being carried away in handsome, manly JOHN's arms, as if she's Whitney Houston in *The Bodyguard.*

DENISE (CONT'D)
I guess we're just destined to be like Kerrigan and John, kept apart by the Zerg.

RHETT (O.C.)
I'll come for you, just like John came for Kerrigan. Promise.
(MORE)

RHETT (O.C.) (CONT'D)
It'll be just like in StarCraft, only even *more* romantic.

DENISE
I can't wait for that day... Alright, I need my beauty sleep.

RHETT (O.C.)
(whispering in Japanese)
Okay. Night, my *koibito*.

DENISE
(blushing, so happy)
Goodnight *my* sweetheart!

RHETT (O.C.)
I love you.

DENISE
I love you, too.

She shuts the laptop, spoons Yohio, and flips the light off.

EXT. AIRPORT - SATURDAY, EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

The sun is just rising as Denise, dressed to the nines in Harajaku Lovers for her big weekend, gathers her bags while Sasha kisses Wyatt goodbye.

WYATT
I love you. Bye, honeysuckle.

SASHA
Love you baby, miss you already!

DENISE
Byeeee Dr. McStudly!

Wyatt jumps in his SUV and drives off. As they roll their suitcases toward the entrance, Sasha tries to make conversation.

SASHA
So, tell me about this boyfriend!

DENISE
His name's Rhett, we met online. It's getting pretty serious. I think we're actually gonna meet soon.

SASHA
Wait, you haven't met him yet?

DENISE
No, but it's like people always say, "when you know, you *know*," you know? I mean, he's fluent in Japanese and is even better than me at drawing anime. Oh, and he and Ryan Reynolds were separated at birth; sort of like in *The Parent Trap*, only more messed up because Ryan became a movie star and Rhett just recently got out of prison.

SASHA
Oh my god. That's... intense.

DENISE
(mistaking her concern)
I know, I've never felt this way about anyone before!

Denise looks up at the airport excitedly and hollers as they head inside:

DENISE (CONT'D)
Miami, I want to be inside you!

INSERT - PLANE SOARING OVER MIAMI SKYLINE

EXT. MIAMI AIRPORT - LATER, SATURDAY MORNING

Sasha busts out of the airport, dragging all their luggage as Denise pushes Yohio in a stroller. They're rapping "Miami" Big Willie style:

DENISE
Miami the base and the sunset low/Everyday like a Mardi Gras everybody party all day/No work all play okay-

SASHA
Miami the base and the sunset low/Everyday like a Mardi Gras everybody party all day/No work all play okay-

Denise stops rapping and looks around, taking in the tropical air, suddenly emotional.

DENISE
Man, got a *lot* of feelings coming back to the Sunshine State. On one hand, Miami is the party capital of the universe. On the other, Florida is where an alligator took my innocence, and also my gallbladder.

SASHA
What?

DENISE
Oh yeah, forgot to mention it...

Denise pauses, and gets serious for a moment.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Look, I didn't want to worry you, but back in Palm Beach, after Dad's funeral when I was packing his stuff up, his redneck neighbor's pet 'gator got out. That thing came outta nowhere like, BAM!

SASHA
Wait. You got attacked by an *alligator*?

Denise nods and lifts her top up just enough to reveal some gnarly scars. Yohio barks, as if she's recalling the memory too. Sasha gasps.

DENISE
It did a real number on me.

SASHA
Oh my God. Why didn't you call?!

DENISE
You were sad enough about Dad. Besides, I got a hundred grand in the settlement, so at the end of the day it was kind of worth it.

SASHA
That sounds like a really serious thing, though, Denise.

DENISE
It was! I almost died.

Denise spots a shady driver, RAUL, 30's, total dipshit with a tough guy front poorly masking how flamboyantly gay he is. He speaks with a lisp. He's holding a sign that reads DENASHA.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Hey, that's our guy!

RAUL
You Denasha?

DENISE
We are. I'm Denise, this is Sasha. If we were famous sisters, that would be our celeb name.

RAUL
Hop in.

He throws their bags in the trunk of a town car sprayed opaque black, tricked out with giant wheels.

DENISE
So Raul,
(lisping)
You from Barcelona?

RAUL
Bitch I'm Cuban, I just got a lisp.

The girls get in and Raul peels out of the airport.

INT. BADASS TOWN CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Raul drives like a gangster through the streets of Miami. Denise and Sasha happily point out the sights to each other:

- A family of OBESE TOURISTS in matching Hawaiian shirts pose in front of a *Welcome to Miami* sign, flashing the 305 hand signal for a photo.

- Two tan, leathery OLD LADIES rollerblade in bikinis.

- A HAGGARD MOTHER smokes a cigar outside a brightly colored house as her KIDS play with metal pipes on the lawn.

- SMOKIN' HOT BIMBOS play beach volleyball, tits bouncing, as SEXY DUDES lie out nearby, rubbing tanning oil on themselves, flexing and admiring their own muscles.

- An outdated, faded billboard featuring CUTTER TAVINS, 50's, painfully sexy in an Old Hollywood way but with a ridiculous spray-tan and mustache, reads: "*Don't trust the cops? Call CUTTER TAVINS, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR: 305-LEGITPI.*"

Sasha points the billboard out gleefully.

SASHA
Right there. Sexiest man alive!

DENISE
Yeah, maybe in 1990.

Denise makes a fake phone with her hands and talks into it:

DENISE (CONT'D)
Hello, Cutter Tavins? I'd like to investigate the last time someone actually hired a P.I.
(BEAT)
Sorry, your car phone is breaking up, page me later, bro!

They dissolve into a fit of giggles.

EXT. MONDRIAN SOUTH BEACH - LATER, SATURDAY MORNING

Raul speeds into the glamorous entrance to the Mondrian. The girls get out of the car, stretch, and admire the hotel.

DENISE
What a dump, huh?

SASHA
(playing along)
Totally. *So* gross.

DENISE
Wait'll you see our room.

The girls hurry into the hotel.

INT. MONDRIAN SOUTH BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Denise and Sasha approach the check in desk. A SNOBBY CONCIERGE looks down at her and Yohio in the stroller.

CONCIERGE
Welcome to the Mondrian South Beach. Are you lost?

SASHA
(defensive of Denise)
No, we're guests.

DENISE
Res is under "Denasha Cox."
Penthouse, baby!

CONCIERGE
How special.

Sasha meets her tone, refusing to be treated poorly.

SASHA
It *is* special, my sister's actually treating me for my birthday.
(MORE)

SASHA (CONT'D)
Can you make us a reservation to celebrate at your restaurant? We'd love to try your infamous lobster.

DENISE
I'm gonna have to put the kibosh on that, I have a severe shellfish allergy that causes me to puff up like a pregnant beaver. Got chicken fingers?

Sasha's smile tightens, but she stands by her sister, holding the concierge's gaze.

CONCIERGE
Yes. We do.

SASHA
Great.

CONCIERGE
Any other inquiries, or shall I have a bellhop escort you to your room?

Denise opens her mouth, but Sasha cuts her off, trying to save her from herself.

SASHA
That will be all. Let's see that penthouse, right Denise?

INT. PENTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Denise and Sasha take in the room. It's insane: Sweeping ocean view, fabulous living room, two bedrooms.

DENISE
You likey?

SASHA
This is the most beautiful place I've ever been.

Denise beams. Sasha throws herself onto the bed, in heaven.

SASHA (CONT'D)
I can't wait to lounge by the pool, drink cocktails, do some research-
(excitedly pulling wedding magazines out of her bag)
Because I think Wyatt's gonna propose!

DENISE
O.M.F.G.!

Sasha squeals with excitement and Denise squeals right back, beyond thrilled Sasha wanted to share the news with her. She pulls Sasha into one of her too-long, deeply emotional hugs.

SASHA
Yeah! I think he was actually planning to do it this weekend-

Denise pulls away and looks at her, upset.

DENISE
Oh no, really? Did I screw that up?

SASHA
(covering, forced laugh)
Meh, who knows, probably just wishful thinking! But soon, I hope. I really love him.

DENISE
Well, when the time comes I will maid the shit out of your honor. This is going to be the best weekend ever. Just some sisters, doing sister things!

Sasha laughs; despite her intensity, Denise's joy is infectious. Denise lets her go, grabbing her suitcase and dragging it into one of the bedrooms.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Come on, we've gotta bust a move or we'll be late!

SASHA
To what?

INT. PENTHOUSE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Denise enters the sickest hotel bedroom ever, unzipping her bag. In the corner, Yohio humps a fancy chair leg.

DENISE
I got a sweet Groupon for a Russian banya, but it said it was "tucked away from the hustle and bustle of downtown Miami," which probably means it's friggin' far.
(to Yohio)
(MORE)

DENISE (CONT'D)
You get your own day of pampering at the hotel's doggie daycare!

SASHA (O.S.)
What about the Mondrian spa?

DENISE
It's closed for renovation. I tried to slip them some cash to speed it up, but they don't accept bribes. So, I thought the *Nyezhneeyeh Teela* Spa sounded like an adventure!

INT. BADASS TOWN CAR - LATER, SATURDAY MORNING

Raul drives the girls through the shadier outskirts of Miami.

SASHA
Are you sure this is the right way? It seems kind of far. And scary.

RAUL
It's okay. Off chance someone tries to sexually assault you, just say you got Hep C. They'll back off.

Sasha's distracted by an angry, busted-up transvestite, TINA, with a forgotten needle hanging out of her arm, eating fries out of a garbage can.

Behind Tina is another *Cutter Tavins, P.I.* ad. Someone's spray-painted a cock coming out of Cutter's mouth.

Tina notices Sasha staring out the window, bares her teeth, pulls a knife out of her skirt, and licks it. Denise notices.

DENISE
Don't worry! As long as you don't have a dick or crack, she's not interested in you.

SASHA
I don't know. She's making pretty heavy eye contact.

DENISE
That look in her eyes just means she's high on cheap H. She could come at you full-speed and would still be in slo-mo. And even then, I'd protect you.

Raul stops and nods toward a creepy windowless building labeled *Nyezhneeyeh Teela: Tender Bodies Spa.*

DENISE (CONT'D)
Yo, we've got a solid eight-hour game plan, so don't wait around.

The girls get out, staring at the spa as Raul speeds away. The street is silent.

SASHA
This looks like a rape den.

DENISE
Nah, I bet it's like a vagina: hideous to look at, but gorgeous inside.

Denise notices a beautiful Korean girl with purple hair, BONG CHA, in a heated conversation with a KOREAN GUY. Denise approaches and speaks to her in Korean:

DENISE (CONT'D)
Hello, pretty friend. Can you please take our photograph?

Bong Cha nods distractedly. She holds it up and accidentally takes a picture of herself, the lens facing the wrong way.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Whoops, was snapping some selfies.

Denise adjusts the camera and Bong Cha gets the picture of them with the spa's entrance in the background.

DENISE (CONT'D)
(in Korean)
Thank you.

SASHA
You speak Chinese?

DENISE
Korean, actually. And Japanese, Mandarin, some Arabic, French, conversational Tagalog-

SASHA
How many languages do you *know*?

DENISE
Most native to Asia, 'cause that's where the future of the video game industry is.
(MORE)

DENISE (CONT'D)
My fiercest competitors live there, and when Sheng-Li or Yao Niang are trying to destroy me in StarCraft or Call of Duty, I want to understand what they're saying.

SASHA
So you like, play them remotely? From Omaha? That's so cool.

DENISE
Yeah. I don't want to brag, but I'm in several international gaming leagues. I'm that good.

They head in, Bong Cha behind them, glancing back nervously to Korean Guy; he glares at her and she follows the girls in.

INT. TENDER BODIES SPA - MOMENTS LATER

Inside, it's a chic, traditional spa. The lobby bustles with RUSSIANS in uniform and SPA PATRONS in pale orange robes.

Denise and Sasha approach the receptionist, a gorgeous, impossibly tall blonde Russian, 28, OKSANA. A snakehead tattoo wraps around the corner of her neck. Oksana examines them, expressionless, taking a second once-over of Sasha, eying her suspiciously. She speaks in a thick, dull accent:

OKSANA
I can help you?

DENISE
(in perfect Russian)
Denise and Sasha Cox, massage deluxe Groupon. It's her birthday.
(off Sasha's look)
Had a Skype affair with a Ruski I met in a StarCraft tournament.

OKSANA
You, relax in sauna. Massage for birthday girl first. Women's lounge straight ahead, waiting area in back.

Oksana watches, studying Sasha, as they head for the lounge.

INT. WOMEN'S LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Sasha ties her robe as Denise chugs two mini-vodka bottles at once, sticking out of her mouth like glass buck teeth.

DENISE
Sure you don't want some shots? My boyfriend recently went to adult space camp, and he said going in the steam room drunk feels like dropping Vicodin in an anti-gravity machine.

SASHA
Tempting, but no thanks.

DENISE
Your loss. You cool if I split for the sauna?

SASHA
Go for it.

Denise makes for the door.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Hey, Denise.

Denise turns around.

SASHA (CONT'D)
It was really awesome of you to surprise me. I'm sorry I haven't been the best sister; I'm lucky you're such a good one.

Denise gets emotional and runs to give her a tight hug.

DENISE
I love you too, Sasha.

Denise heads for the door, looking over her shoulder:

DENISE (CONT'D)
I wish I'd lived with you and Dad when we were kids, so we could've grown up together, invented our own language.
(off the cuff)
Vuck dunkey! In StarCraft, that's how the Protoss say "sister soulmate." I dunno, it's a start.

SASHA
(laughing)
Okay. Vuck dunkey, Denise!

Denise slips out happily.

INT. SAUNA - MOMENTS LATER

A skinny, wrinkly, naked OLD MAN lies ass-up on a bench, groaning as a SPA EMPLOYEE hits him with birch branches.

Denise sits nearby in a bathing suit with a skirt, soaked in sweat, surrounded by more empty mini bottles of cheap vodka. She's wearing a waterproof fanny pack.

Across from her sit a naked, obese, extremely hairy BALDING RUSSIAN MAN and his naked, fake-titted TROPHY WIFE. Denise, wasted, can't stop staring at her jugs.

DENISE
(slurring)
Excuse me, but I've gotta know. How many babies are you nursing right now?

The Russians stare back, silent and expressionless. The old man gets up, his beating finished. As he wobbles past Denise, she notices he's not circumsized and grows nauseous:

DENISE (CONT'D)
Jesus, it's like one of the monsters from *Tremors*.

She stumbles over to the SPA EMPLOYEE and lies down.

DENISE (CONT'D)
I beg of you, beat the memory of that cock-ness monster out of me.

The SPA EMPLOYEE obliges, beating the shit out of her. She gets one moment of enjoyment before the old man sits directly next to her, his gross dick inches from her face.

DENISE (CONT'D)
(dry heaving)
Ahhh it's back! It's gonna eat my face!

INT. SPA HALLWAY - MEANWHILE

Mellow Russian "spa" music plays, calming candles burn. Sasha sits in the waiting area, reading a wedding magazine.

Suddenly, a door swings open and a NAKED GIRL who looks strikingly similar to Sasha runs out and down the hall.

SASHA
Oh my God!

The girl bolts past her, running buck naked down the hall.

NAKED SASHA DOPPELGANGER
(terrified)
He's coming! He'll be back any minute!

SASHA
(shouting after her)
Who?! Wait, your robe-

Too late. The girl is gone.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sasha steps into the dimly lit massage room.

SASHA
Excuse me? That girl forgot-

She notices the rumpled massage table, lotion smeared on the counters. The room's a mess; it looks like there was a fight.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Gross! Fucking Groupon.

Sasha jumps when a giant, 'roided-out, tatted-up man, VADIM, enters from a door in the back of the room. He has a snakehead tattoo matching Oksana's on top of his bald head. Vadim, 35, would be scary as shit if he didn't also seem a little slow on the uptake - total "Lenny" in *Of Mice and Men*.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Are you my masseuse?

VADIM
Come with me.

Vadim motions for her to follow, and heads back out the door.

SASHA
No, wait! Excuse me, I think that girl needs help-

She follows him through the back door into a dark room as she tries to get his attention.

INT. BACK ROOM, SPA - CONTINUOUS

SASHA
I'm sorry, sir? That girl-

VADIM
Take off your robe.

SASHA
You know, I'd like to speak to a manager first. I feel uncomfor-

VADIM
I said, *take it off.*

Sasha screams as Vadim rips her robe off. The lights turn on abruptly, revealing: A wall of TV screens, each featuring a HIDEOUS/CREEPY/LECHEROUS MAN. Dangerous-looking GUARDS block all the exits in the room. And standing directly in front of Sasha: Oksana and a badass, tatted up Russian gangster with a greasy ponytail, KODIAK, 45, also with a snakehead tattoo. He's pointing a video camera on her in her bikini.

Sasha melts down, hyperventilating. Oksana studies her.

SASHA
What the fuck? Who are you? Oh my God, what's happening? Let me go!

Kodiak softly puts a finger to her trembling lips.

KODIAK
Shhh. No one wants to buy a crazy.

SASHA
Buy? What-

Kodiak shoots Vadim a look. Vadim grabs Sasha and duct tapes her mouth shut roughly, holding her still. She struggles as, on one of the TV's, a one-eyed REDNECK in overalls, with a chihuahua in a tutu on his lap, shouts:

REDNECK
Ten grand!

On another TV, a BEASTLY LESBIAN wearing a lot of fur, animal heads on the wall behind her, pipes up:

BEASTLY LESBIAN
Seventy-five g's for that pussy.

Sasha screams in horror. On another TV, an OLD PERVERT with a bad toupee, donning a Justin Bieber crop top, eats pudding lasciviously, letting it drip down his chin, as he mumbles:

OLD PERVERT
A hundred thousand smackers to make her my naughty, naughty niece.

Oksana suddenly recognizes Sasha, just as another face on TV pops up: A meek, morbidly obese, terminally ill-looking, generally fucked-up Saudi Arabian Prince, ABU, 22. He's on a gold, blinged-out motorized scooter, dragging a ventilator covered in jewels. There's no hair on his body.

ABU
A million.

BEAT. No one else chimes in. Kodiak grins, ignoring Oksana tugging on his arm.

KODIAK
Sold to Abu. You're moving to Saudi Arabia, princess.

Sasha crumples to the floor, WAILING, as Oksana barks in rapid-fire Russian:

OKSANA
Kodiak, there's been a mistake, this is the wrong girl.

KODIAK
I don't give a fuck who she is, she just made us a million dollars.

OKSANA
But, she's a guest. She bought the massage Groupon with her sister.

KODIAK
Why did we offer a fucking Groupon?

OKSANA
It helps keep the cops from questioning us. I figured no one buys them anymore. Kodiak, the sister will miss her.

KODIAK
How did this happen?

OKSANA
Our girl must've escaped. They look similar. I told you to get Vadim tested for retardation.

Vadim GIGGLES at the sound of his name. But when one of the guards LAUGHS too, Vadim's face grows expressionless and he approaches the guard, who immediately looks down, afraid. Vadim takes his hand and breaks each finger, one by one. Kodiak doesn't even glance as the guard MOANS in pain.

KODIAK
Find the whore who got away. And bring me the sister.
(to Sasha, in English)
Pack your bags for the Middle East. Oh wait! You don't have any!

He CACKLES as Vadim exits. Abu bats his bald eyes at Sasha.

ABU
I love you, my little American Doll.

INT. SAUNA - MEANWHILE

Denise tries to hold back her vomit as she's beaten with the birch branches. But it's too much when the old man gets up, bumping her face with his gross dick. She grabs her orange robe and bolts from the sauna-

INT. SPA POOLS - CONTINUOUS

Sprinting through the spa, leaping over people in lounge chairs like hurdles, narrowly missing falling into a pool-

EXT. SPA BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Finally reaching the balcony. Denise leans over the railing just in time to yak all over the bushes below.

Woozy, Denise spots a black Escalade screeching onto the loading dock behind the spa. Two BEEFY RUSSIANS in spa uniforms carry out Bong Cha, the Korean girl who took their picture, and toss her carelessly in the trunk.

DENISE
What the shit?
(recognition dawning)
Korean girl!

Denise blinks, thinking she's hallucinating. Two more BEEFY RUSSIANS drag Sasha to the car, her mouth still taped shut.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Sasha?!

Sasha's too busy trying to fight off the men. They slip chloroform under her nose. Sasha slumps immediately. The man shoves Sasha's limp body in the backseat.

DENISE (CONT'D)
SASHA!

One of the beefy Russians slams the door, hops back in the front, and speeds off. Denise groans, terrified but still drunk. Behind her, Denise spots Oksana, Vadim, and Kodiak by the pools, talking to the old man with the *Tremors* dick. He points to Denise on the balcony.

TREMORS DICK MAN
She touched my penis!

OKSANA
The sister. Go!

They run toward Denise. She GASPS in fear.

KODIAK
Get her!

A STUPID WOMAN with too much plastic surgery saunters obliviously in front of them. Vadim, focused on his task, shoves her out of his way and she flies into the pool.

Denise is cornered, nowhere to run. As they approach, she takes her chances and leaps over the balcony.

EXT. SPA, SHRUBBERY - CONTINUOUS

Denise crashes through the bushes below. It's not graceful. As she catches her breath, Oksana, Kodiak and Vadim peer over the balcony and spot her splayed across the destroyed bushes.

VADIM
Lady, are you dead?

Panicked, Denise scrambles off the bushes, making for the street.

EXT. SPA BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Vadim pulls out his gun, but Kodiak shakes his head "no."

KODIAK
Get the car. We're going after her.

Vadim and Oksana rush back inside as Kodiak stares over the balcony, watching Denise run away with his dead eyes.

EXT. GHETTO STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Denise rounds the corner and spots Tina biking slowly on a hot pink beach cruiser with streamers. Denise chases her.

DENISE
Hey, wait!

TINA THE TRANSVESTITE
Hey, wait!

DENISE
Stop!

TINA THE TRANSVESTITE
Stop!

Denise leaps in front of her. Reflexes slowed by drugs, Tina bikes right into her. Both fall down. Tina starts to cry.

TINA THE TRANSVESTITE (CONT'D)
I skinned my knee!
(peaking under her skirt)
And my dick.

Denise tries to comfort her, shushing and rubbing her back as she digs cash out of the fanny pack under her robe.

DENISE
Don't cry, pretty girl. How about I trade you this for your bike?

TINA THE TRANSVESTITE
(brightening)
Okay!

Denise throws her money, hops on the bike and speeds off as quickly as her legs will take her, rounding another corner.

INT. YELLOW MERCEDES G-CLASS - MOMENTS LATER

Vadim drives as Kodiak rides shotgun. Oksana's in the backseat watching a fly buzz around, trapped inside. Stonefaced, she catches it in her hand and pulls its wings off without killing it. Kodiak scans the street.

KODIAK
Find her.

Vadim speeds up, driving wildly. He takes a shortcut, peeling through a dark, sketchy alley-

INT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

-Where, hiding next to a dumpster, they spot the girl who escaped. Oksana's eyes narrow and she rolls her window down.

NAKED SASHA DOPPELGANGER
Help! Please-

Her eyes widen as she recognizes them; she opens her mouth to scream, but Oksana shoots her before any sound can come out. Then, she throws the wingless fly on the girl's body.

OKSANA
No one wants to buy a crazy.

Kodiak nods, emotionless. Vadim screeches out, around the corner.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

He speeds along another decrepit, abandoned street. In the distance, they spot Denise biking as fast as she can on the highway. Vadim floors it onto the onramp.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Vadim swerves crazily through cars. Just as they're about to bump Denise, she veers into the bike lane (separated from the highway by guardrails), so they can't hit her.

Vadim throws the brakes on to match her slow speed, narrowly missing causing a huge accident as cars fly out of his way, blaring their horns. Denise is out of breath, sweating.

Kodiak rolls the window down and leans out innocently, grinning sweetly. They're moving about 3 miles/hour.

KODIAK
Sweetheart, I think there's been a terrible misunderstanding.

DENISE
Yeah, I misunderstand why you kidnapped my sister!

Kodiak laughs kindly, laying on the charm.

KODIAK
Kidnap? We gave her an upgrade! The receptionist informed me it was her birthday, so we comp'd her a special treatment at our VIP location. We want to give you one, too! Why don't you hop in?

DENISE
For a treatment involving duct-tape and chloroform? No thanks, fucker!

Kodiak tries to keep his cool, but he's restrained:

KODIAK
How about you get in the car, and we discuss this, mano a mano?

DENISE
How about I go to the cops and get your ass thrown in jail?

Cars pile behind them, honking. An OLD WOMAN in a beatass car whips around them, flipping them all off before peeling away.

KODIAK
(losing his shit)
Get in the fucking car!

DENISE
Fuck your lame-ass car, Mercedes are the taxi cab of Europe. Where's my sister?

Kodiak laughs. Vadim jumps in giddily, as if it's good news:

VADIM
She's getting married!

DENISE
What's that, Gilbert Grape?

KODIAK
I sold her.

DENISE
What?

VADIM
She gets to be a Saudi Arabian princess, like Jasmine in the cartoon!

Kodiak pulls a gun on Denise; it only makes her more defiant.

KODIAK
Now get in, I've got a client who's in the market for a freak.

DENISE
No thanks, I'm taken. And I have a very particular set of skills, skills I have acquired from neutering countless animals, and virtually battling a *lot* of foreigners and learning their native language, skills that will make me a nightmare for you.
(in Russian)
I will look for you, I will find my sister, and I will kill you.

Denise abruptly exits the highway, onto the streets of Miami.

Vadim hits the brakes, tires squealing as he reverses directly into a semi. They collide with an epic CRASH.

Despite the damage, the car flies off the side of the highway overpass in pursuit of Denise.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MIAMI STREET - CONTINUOUS

Denise shoots off the highway onto a crowded, busy street. She glances over her shoulder, watching as the SUV lands with a THUD, then speeds toward her, narrowly missing pedestrians.

Denise frantically searches for a place to hide. She spots a pack of HARE KRISHNAS, chanting:

HARE KRISHNAS
Hare Krishna Hare Krishna-

Denise catches up, leaps off her bike, and immerses herself, her orange spa robe blending perfectly. She tries to join in:

HARE KRISHNAS (CONT'D)
Hare Rama Hare Rama, Rama Rama, Hare Hare.

DENISE
Rama Lama Ding Dong. Hare Krishna.

It works; the busted-up Mercedes blasts past them.

She ditches the Hare Krishnas as they CHANT on, and spots the police station in the distance.

DENISE
Oh, thank Vishnu!

She scrambles for her bike, dodging traffic as she hurries across the street and up the stairs into the building.

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Denise pours her emotions out on the OFFICER at the front desk. Out of context, she looks insane.

DENISE
Then the Russian gangster who kidnapped my sister pulled a gun on me. If I hadn't bought that tranny's bike, I'd be roadkill. Or worse, being sold into sexual slavery!

The officer nods uncomfortably. CAPTAIN BOEHNER, early 50's, a grizzled, intimidating war vet-turned cop with a fake right arm, overhears her. He puts his hand on the officer's shoulder, reassuring.

CAPTAIN BOEHNER
It's alright officer, I'll take it from here.
(to Denise)
Come with me, ma'am, sounds like you've been through quite an ordeal. I'm Captain Boehner.

INT. POLICE STATION, CAPTAIN BOEHNER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Denise runs her mouth as Boehner listens, poker-faced.

DENISE
Then I camouflaged myself with a pack of Hare Krishnas, lost them, and now here I am.

Boehner gestures grandly with his fake hand. Still a little drunk, Denise can't help but be mesmerized by it.

CAPTAIN BOEHNER
Ms. Cox, I'm horrified to hear about this terrible turn of events. But rest assured, we have a stellar force dedicated to the threat of human trafficking and I will get them on the case immediately.

As he dials the phone with his fake fingers, Denise blurts:

DENISE
How'd you lose that arm?

CAPTAIN BOEHNER
A cobra got me in Desert Storm One. Self-amputated.

DENISE
When you beat it, does it feel like a robot-ghost is tuggin' your man piece?

CAPTAIN BOEHNER
Yes.

He turns away from her as he speaks into the phone:

CAPTAIN BOEHNER (CONT'D)
Kodiak? Captain Boehner. I've got a tourist whose sister was allegedly kidnapped and sold in a girl auction at Nyezhneeyeh Teela Spa this morning. Ring a bell?

Denise notices a snakehead tattoo creeping out of his shirt, around his neck - the same tattoo the Russians all had.

DENISE
(gasping under her breath)
The snake!

Denise clumsily makes a break for it. In her hurry, she pushes instead of pulls and hits the door at full speed, falling to the floor. Captain Boehner peers over her, grinning.

CAPTAIN BOEHNER
You're in luck, I found your sister! Her friends are coming to bring you to her now.

Denise tries to scream, but the wind's been knocked out of her, so it's just a silent RASP.

INT. POLICE STATION "DRUNK TANK" - MOMENTS LATER

Boehner throws Denise into a holding cell next to an obese, sassy, shit-canned African-American prostitute, BEAUJOLAIS, who's eating whatever's in her belly button.

DENISE
He's a dirty cop!

Boehner nods to a baby-faced OFFICER manning the tank.

CAPTAIN BOEHNER
Whacked out of her gord. Cite her for public intoxication.

DENISE
Where is my sister? Wait! Please! Boehner!

Too late. The Captain's gone.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Baby cop! I didn't do anything, you can't hold me! Look at me!

He refuses to acknowledge her. Denise's eyes well up.

BEAUJOLAIS
Don't cry, lollipop. I get caught at least once a week since I threw my back out taking it up the butt. Makes it harder to outrun the po po, you know? Aw, tell Beaujolais your troubles.

Denise starts to sob.

DENISE
That cop's in cahoots with the Russians, and now my sister's gone. All I ever wanted is to be her best friend and I ruined it, because I bought a Groupon for a spa that turned out to be the front for a human trafficking ring, and she got kidnapped and sold to be a sex slave for a Saudi Arabian prince.

BEAUJOLAIS
Girl, you on some wild shit. Who's your dealer? I want some.

DENISE
No, not even, just some vodka, nothing fun.

BEAUJOLAIS
Oh. Then that's fucked up.

DENISE
Yeah. I'm so selfish. All she wanted for her birthday was to get engaged, she was about to get proposed to by the man of her dreams, but I had to get in there and make it about me, take her on a trip first, prove I'm a good sister so she'll want me in her life. It's all my fault and now it's too late.

BEAUJOLAIS
Girl, uh uh, no way! Look, worst case scenario, her dream of getting engaged came true. She gonna be a princess! But, best way I can think to prove you a good sister is to rescue someone from slavery.

DENISE
You're so right, Beaujolais.

Denise snaps out of her funk and yells at the young officer:

DENISE (CONT'D)
Hey! I'm entitled to a phone call and I want to use it. My sister *needs* me.

INT. PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR OFFICE - SATURDAY, MID-MORNING

CUTTER TAVINS (the guy from the *LEGIT P.I.* ad), sits at his desk, staring intently. He's even more handsome, charming and tan in person.

CUTTER
Fuck you. You think you own me? You think *I* need *you*? You're wrong. I'm getting by just fine on my own. I haven't touched you, tasted you, inhaled your sweet stench for nine days and I've never felt so alive.

We see he's not talking to a person, but a bottle of 18-year-old scotch. A gorgeous, sweet, nimwit of a bimbo, STEFANI, 27, pokes her head in. Cutter quickly hides the booze.

STEFANI
Cutter - ah, Mr. Tavins - you have a phone call.
(unable to contain her excitement)
It's a client.

CUTTER
A client?

STEFANI
Yes, her name is Denise and she needs you to bail her out of jail.

What little ounce of hope he had melts away.

CUTTER
Tell her I'm not a bail bondsman, I'm a legitimate private investigator.

STEFANI
She was worried you'd think that, so she said to tell you-

Stefani checks her Hello Kitty notepad and reads carefully:

STEFANI (CONT'D)
She's got tons of hot cash to pay you because she was attacked by an alligator, and her sister's been kidnapped by a human trafficking ring, so she needs a legit PI.
(excited again)
That's you! That's our phone number, L-E-G-I-T-P-I. It's fate!

CUTTER
How badly do we need money?

STEFANI
There's a muscley guy taking our lobby furniture right now. Also, we're being evicted next week.

Cutter mulls things over, barely betraying a smile.

CUTTER
Well, what're you running your trap for? We've gotta bust a client outta the slammer.

INT. POLICE STATION, BOOKING AREA - SATURDAY, NOON

An OFFICER hands Denise her waterproof fanny pack. She spots Cutter, observing her through the bulletproof glass wall and hurries out the door, officially discharged.

CUTTER
Denise?

DENISE
Yes! God, I'm glad you're here. I've had a messed up day.

Cutter puts his hand out. Denise admires his physique.

CUTTER
Cutter Tavins, P.I.

DENISE
Goddamn, Cutter Tavins. You could make a living donating sperm.

CUTTER
I'm doing just fine as a P.I., thanks. And I don't just take on any client. My assistant said you can pay double? I require half up front.

DENISE
Right. Thanks again for taking me on such short notice. I don't-
(choking back emotion)
I don't know what I'll do if we don't find Sasha.

Cutter exits. Denise trails after him, digging cash out of her fanny pack.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

They walk down the stairs, dragging her bike.

CUTTER
How in the hell did you think to call me in the first place?

DENISE
I saw your ads around town, and I've got the memory of a ferret. Those fuckers never forget.

Stefani bounds up to them excitedly, giving Cutter a kiss.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Who's this beaut?

CUTTER
Denise, this is my assistant-

STEFANI
Girlfriend-

CUTTER
Stefani.

DENISE
Hiya, Stephanie.

STEFANI
No, Stefani. Like Gwen Stefani. I legally changed it because I love her so much.

DENISE
Holy shit! Me too. I've got a Harajaku Lovers tattoo right above my no-no place.

STEFANI
Ohhh, I have a pegasus right here.

Stefani points to her bikini line.

DENISE
No, I meant here.

Denise indicates somewhere near her asshole.

DENISE (CONT'D)
That's a story for another time. We've gotta find Sasha.

STEFANI
(sympathetic)
I'm sorry your sister got kidnapped. It's so scary, like it could happen to *anyone*! I mean, I go to the spa all the time!

DENISE
And I buy Groupons all the time! It's so fucked up.

Denise turns to Cutter, desperate.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Tavins, what's the plan? How are we going to get her back?

CUTTER
I know every curve of this city like the body of the first woman I ever made love to. I live in its shadows.
(MORE)

CUTTER (CONT'D)
And I know exactly where the Russians conduct their business. We'll scour the city, check all their fronts.

DENISE
I knew you were the right ally. It's like the Terrans and the Protoss against the Zerg, fighting to save Kerrigan. We *will* prevail.

STEFANI
The *what*?

CUTTER
Pardon?

DENISE (CONT'D)
StarCraft. It's a video game I play at a professional level. I'm like a "Terran," basically a future human space Marine. But you, you're a Protoss: A highly evolved, deeply spiritual race of aliens. Ancient, wise, super violent and cool. The Russians are the Zerg, a hostile race of alien bug creatures. And the way the Zerg took Kerrigan, the Russians have taken Sasha.

BEAT. Cutter and Stefani take this flood of information in.

CUTTER
Ancient? You think I'm ancient?

DENISE
Dude, being likened to the Protoss is the *highest* of compliments!
(refocusing)
Life is a real time strategy game, Tavins. There's no pressing "pause" or "taking turns," you're in control of your own destiny. And it's time for us to strike.

Revitalized, Denise hurries ahead, calling over her shoulder:

DENISE (CONT'D)
We just need to swing by my hotel to pick up my dog first.

CUTTER
No. No dogs. It'll slow us down, they're not allowed-

DENISE
She's a certified therapy dog, so I can bring her anywhere. Besides, what if the Russians find out where we're staying and they kidnap Yohio too, or worse...

The thought's too scary to finish. Cutter sighs; she's right. They reach a scabby Miata. Cutter gets in the passenger seat.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Sweet set-up: Assistant, lover, and chauffeur.

Cutter masks his embarrassment with professional bravado:

CUTTER
I, ah, had a slight mix-up with my driving and am not allowed behind the wheel until it's cleared up. Nothing serious, just waiting for the paperwork to set things straight, remove the Ignition Interlock and whatnot.

DENISE
It's okay, I used to be addicted to Monster Energy drinks and once stayed awake playing StarCraft for five days straight, even wore adult diapers so I didn't have to get up to take a crap like that astronaut lady... Everyone has a past.

Denise hitches her bike to the back of the Miata, hops in the back of the convertible, and they speed off.

INT. POLICE STATION "DRUNK TANK" - LATER, SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Captain Boehner leads Kodiak and Vadim to the cell.

CAPTAIN BOEHNER
Denise sweetheart, look who came to your rescue.

They see Denise is gone. Boehner turns on the nervous cop.

CAPTAIN BOEHNER (CONT'D)
Where the fuck did she go?

BABY-FACE OFFICER
A man in a suit came for her. Sh-she wasn't officially charged, so-

Kodiak slams his fist into the wall furiously.

KODIAK
Goddamnit!

Vadim grins bashfully at Beaujolais. She mimes a dirty blow-job back.

VADIM
Can we take her home instead? Please?

INT. MONDRIAN DOGGIE DAYCARE - MEANWHILE

Denise, Cutter, and Stefani enter a posh doggie daycare, complete with a pet spa. An ATTENDANT carries Yohio out, looking fresh with a new ‘do and pink highlights. Stefani squeals excitedly.

STEFANI
Oh my god, she looks just like Gwen Stefani!

Denise smothers Yohio with kisses, hugging her tightly.

DENISE
Mama loves you so, so much. Come on, let’s go save Aunt Sasha.

INT. MIATA - SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Denise, Cutter, Stefani and Yohio, donning her Service Animal vest, drive through the crowded, colorful streets of Miami.

DENISE
And then I made it to the station, only to get stuck with a dirty cop with a gimp arm, “Captain Boehner.”

Cutter’s face goes white.

DENISE (CONT’D)
He was nice at first, but then he turned on me and called someone named Kodiak to come get me.

CUTTER
Did you say Captain Boehner?

DENISE
Yeah. He’s got an arm like-

She mimes a weak, mangled baby arm.

CUTTER
(under his breath)
Fuck me.

DENISE
You know the dickbag?

CUTTER
We used to be partners. Worked VICE.

DENISE
(mind blown)
You were a copper?

CUTTER
We were more than cops, we were kings of this city, untouchable. We were like Goose and Maverick - I was Maverick, obviously. Worked hard, partied harder. I hit the booze, but Boehner, he fell for the harder stuff. Started to make deals with the devil, helping the scum we shoulda been busting in exchange for blow, skag, shnizzy, poodle coat, Santa's dust.

Denise is enraptured. Cutter's voice is like butter.

DENISE
This is some real life *Miami VICE*.

CUTTER
Boehner called in sick one night, and I got called to a gunfight on the docks. Drug deal gone wrong. I enter a shipping container packed with bricks of cocaine. And a gangster in a mask pulls a gun on me. I shoot first, hit him in the arm. He goes down, I go down to arrest him, pull the mask off, and-

DENISE
It's fucking Boehner! He said a *cobra* janked his arm in the war.

CUTTER
It was me. I janked his arm.

Stefani pulls to a stop in a Walmart parking lot. They watch a meek, gentle-looking ELDERLY MAN slowly push a shopping cart into the store.

DENISE
Woah. Solid front, who'd ever think Walmart was in on human trafficking?

Flustered, Cutter looks at his notes then back up at Walmart.

CUTTER
No. This isn't right...

STEFANI
It's the address you gave me.

Denise looks at him, confused. Cutter covers.

CUTTER
Must've moved locations, sneaky bastards. Let's hit the next place on the list.

Stefani peels out of the parking lot.

INT. MIATA - LATER

Stefani drives through an upscale suburban neighborhood as Denise grills Cutter.

DENISE
So, why's Boehner the captain and you're scooting around in a busted up Miata, bailing desperados like myself outta jail?

CUTTER
I was no angel, either. I'd had a few drinks on the job when I got the call, Boehner sniffed it out. Claimed I was so drunk, I didn't know I was shooting a fellow officer. And he bet right. I blew a .56 back at the station and was thrown off the force, disgraced. And Boehner, he became the hero.

DENISE
Why didn't you fight him?

CUTTER
I tried, but he had gangsters silently paying for the very best legal representation for Miami's knight in shining armor. I was just the drunk. And I kept getting drunker. It's been fifteen years.

STEFANI
(proudly)
And he's been sober for two.

Cutter looks at his lap, unable to look Stefani in the eyes. She rolls up to a Gymboree and stops.

STEFANI (CONT'D)
We're here!

They all watch rich MOMS in yoga pants push strollers in. Through the window, they see TODDLERS taking a gymnastics class. Denise looks at him, *needing* to believe he can help.

CUTTER
Goddamnit.

Cutter rifles through his notes as Stefani drives on.

EXT. CHICK-FIL-A - LATER

Denise, Cutter, and Stefani, Yohio in tow, stare up at a brand-new Chick-Fil-A. Nearby, a TEEN wearing a First Methodist Youth Group t-shirt hands out Bibles.

DENISE
(doubtful)
Dude. The Russians conduct their business at Chick-Fil-A?

Cutter looks around, at a loss. Things have changed since he last dealt with the Russians.

CUTTER
No, I- Wait. This used to be a caviar shop, their front, I'm sure of it. I was here all the time-

DENISE
But wasn't that fifteen years ago? Where are they *now*? Please tell me your intel isn't as outdated as your billboards, Tavins.

The perky teen interrupts, offering them a Bible.

PERKY TEEN
Welcome to Chick-Fil-A! Would you like Jesus to join you tonight?

STEFANI
He's here?!

Cutter cuts her off, sending the teen on her way.

CUTTER
Tell him we'll take a raincheck, thanks.
(turning to Denise)
Trust me, I know how to track down the Russians. I've got a guy, Raul, used to be my informant back in the day. His grandmother was the biggest drug lord in Miami, but she got dementia and Raul couldn't cut it. The Koreans stole their scene and Raul's working for them now. He'll know what we're dealing with.

DENISE
(dubious, but hopeful)
Alright. Let's sniff out Raul.

They head to the Miata, Stefani trailing them as she peruses the Bible.

INT. KOREAN KARAOKE BAR - LATER, SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Cutter, Stefani, and Denise, carrying Yohio in her bag, enter the stereotypical karaoke bar: neon lights, plush banquettes, and dozens of proper, clean-cut ASIAN BUSINESSMEN enjoying the early afternoon Happy Hour.

Raul - the same Raul who drove Denise and Sasha - is onstage RAPPING NWA's "Fuck Tha Police."

RAUL
Fuck tha police! The jury has found you guilty of bein a redneck, whitebread, chickenshit muthafucka!

As he lisps away, Denise's eyes widen in recognition.

DENISE
Holy shit, that's the driver I hired! Fool's got mad beats.

CUTTER
Well, he's also my guy.
Chauffeuring's his front.

Raul notices them. Cutter nods at him to come over and Raul hops off the stage. Cutter pats Stefani's tush and she takes Raul's place, rocking out to No Doubt's "I'm Just A Girl."

RAUL
Come on, homie. You're messing with my flow.
(recognizing Denise)
Oh, hey! What's up, Denasha?

DENISE
A lot, actually. I'm in a pretty effed-up situation, Raul.

CUTTER
That's why we're here, for your help. I'm cashing in a favor.

RAUL
Aww man, I don't owe you nothin'! I've got enough of my own troubles, you know. Mi abuela's got dementia!

CUTTER
Yeah, yeah. And it would be a shame if I called up a few of my buddies at Miami metro, let them know where your grandma's hiding out. Abuela may not remember her own name or what she did, but I bet the criminal justice system does.

RAUL
Shit, no no no! Okay, whatchu want?

CUTTER
Know anything about the new human trafficking ring run by Russian gangsters? Guy named Kodiak's the ringleader.

RAUL
Oh, totally!

Denise and Cutter look at each other, surprised it was this easy.

RAUL (CONT'D)
So, get this: My boss Suk-Chui is pissed at the Russians right now.
(MORE)

RAUL (CONT'D)
We was fine, doin' our separate thing, Russians selling weapons and girls, us Koreans selling drugs. But now, with this new guy Kodiak, the Russians is selling drugs too, and Suk-Chui is so mad-

CUTTER
Where is this going, Raul?

RAUL
Suk-Chui's at his nail salon right now. I bet he knows where the Russians keep the girls, he's got spies on Kodiak. We could go?

DENISE
Yes! Now! Raul, I can't lose her, she's the only family I have left.

RAUL
I hear you, mi abuela is all I got. I gotta swing by and change her diaper, then I'll meet you there.

Raul dances off. Cutter turns to Denise.

CUTTER
Have you notified loved ones, is anyone else coming to look for her?

DENISE
No. Sasha's got a boyfriend, but I don't want to spook him. We'll find her ourselves, we have to-

CUTTER
We can use all the help we can get.

DENISE
Look, he didn't want her to come with me this weekend. I want to be a part of their lives, and this trip was supposed to help my case, not ruin it! What am I supposed to tell him, I lost her? Sorry bud, missed your shot, she's engaged to a Saudi Arabian prince? You were right, I'm a fuck-up? The man doesn't like me as is, Tavins.

CUTTER
Suit yourself.

DENISE
I do want to call my boyfriend, though, maybe he can help. He's an internet genius.

They notice Stefani, still prancing onstage as the men stare.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Daughter issues much?

Cutter stands up straighter, clearly sensitive to this topic.

CUTTER
As a matter of fact, I do have a daughter. Josephine. And she's perfectly well-adjusted.

Denise goes for her purse. She discovers it's missing. As she searches, Cutter sneakily steals a tequila shot off someone's table and downs it, deeply affected by Denise's comment.

DENISE
Oh no!

CUTTER
(thinking he's caught)
What?

DENISE
I don't have my purse, or my phone, or anything. All my stuff is still at the spa.

INT. MIATA - LATER, SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Stefani drives the Miata toward Tender Bodies Spa. She's wearing Denise's orange spa robe and Denise is squeezed into Stefani's impossibly tiny, slutty clothes.

DENISE
I still don't understand why *I* can't go in. She's my sister, what if they have her in there?

CUTTER
We've been over this. You *saw* them drive her away. They know you, and they're looking for you. They'll recognize you. End of discussion.

They roll past Tina the transvestite, who's licking the same *CUTTER TAVINS, 305-LEGITPI* ad from earlier. They pause to watch as Tina lifts her skirt and humps it vigorously.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
She's raping my face.

Stefani drives a safe distance from Tina and parks. Denise digs the locker key out of her pocket and hands it over.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
Stefani. Get in, get her stuff, and get out. Don't talk to anybody; I don't want them taking you, too.

Stefani bounces out of the car.

STEFANI
I feel like a Bond girl!

CUTTER
(calling after her)
Stay calm, blend, don't get too excited.

Too late, she's slipped inside the spa. Cutter and Denise sit tensely, nervous.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
When she gets overstimulated, she wets herself.

DENISE
Aw, she's like a puppy. Where'd you rescue her?

CUTTER
(begrudgingly)
Gentleman's club.

DENISE
Don't be ashamed, if my dad hadn't raw-dogged a stripper, I never would've been born.

INT. TENDER BODIES SPA - MOMENTS LATER

Stefani attempts to stroll in casually, but she's bubbly with nervous excitement.

A beefy, super butch lesbian Russian SPA ATTENDANT manning the front desk narrows her eyes as Stefani walks past.

SPA ATTENDANT
(thick accent, man voice)
Where do you think you're going?

STEFANI
Oh, hi, I was just-

SPA ATTENDANT
Do you have an appointment or what?

Stefani tries to mask her nerves with sexiness.

STEFANI
I was actually here earlier and was just so relaxed after my massage, I forgot my stuff. Can I please get it out of my locker, please?

Tense BEAT. Then, the spa attendant nods, red-faced, too busy staring at Stefani's ass as she struts by to notice Stefani's pissing herself. She got over-excited.

INT. WOMEN'S LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Stefani studies the key number, 69.

STEFANI
Ohhh, my favorite!

But the key won't open 69. She tries to force it, exhausting herself. She studies the key hard - upside down, it reads 96.

She hurries to 96. It opens.

INT. TENDER BODIES SPA - MEANWHILE

The spa attendant files paperwork as Kodiak marches in. She GASPS and stands to attention, clearly terrified of him.

SPA ATTENDANT
(in Russian)
Good afternoon, sir.

KODIAK
(in Russian)
Be on the look out for a woman trying to look Japanese but isn't even Asian. If she comes, do not let her escape.

The spa attendant nods nervously. Kodiak exits. After a BEAT, Stefani rounds the corner, wearing Denise's Harajaku Lovers dress and *Sailor Moon* purse.

STEFANI
Thanks, sugar.

The spa attendant nods, smitten, then does a double take.

SPA ATTENDANT
Stop! Wait!

Stefani bolts for the door. The spa attendant runs around the desk, chasing her, but just as she grabs a handful of hair, she slips in Stefani's pee. Her feet go out from under her and they both go down.

INT. MIATA - MEANWHILE

Denise and Cutter remain in the car, Cutter now in the driver's seat and Denise shotgun. They're growing anxious.

CUTTER
I'm gonna go in and check on her.

DENISE
But what if they've got her, and they get you too? You better believe they've got customers who'd make a wife out of you. And then we're all fucked. You, literally. In the butt and mouth, maybe even the ear.

Suddenly, they hear a loud crash, the Miata shaking. They both SCREAM as Tina the Transvestite's face pops upside down in front of them, peering from the roof of the car.

TINA THE TRANSVESTITE
Hey! That's my bike on your car!

Tina slaps the windshield for emphasis. Denise hits right back, where Tina's face is.

TINA THE TRANSVESTITE (CONT'D)
Ow!

DENISE
That's *my* bike, I bought it.

TINA THE TRANSVESTITE
I spent the money, I need more. I'm hungry.

Cutter opens the glove compartment, grabs a bag of beef jerky, rolls down the window, and throws it as far as he can. Tina rolls off the car, stumbling down the street after it.

Suddenly, the door to the spa swings open and Stefani bolts out. Denise throws the car door open and awkwardly climbs into the backseat with Yohio as Stefani leaps in.

STEFANI
Go go go go!

Cutter tries to start the car, but it won't work.

CUTTER
Fuck!

STEFANI
The breathalyzer thingy!

Cutter breathes into it. It lights up red, BEEPING. Stefani looks at Cutter, confused and crushed. Cutter tries to cover.

CUTTER
I only ate some of those scotch-
flavored chocolates I gave you.

The spa door swings open again and the attendant runs out.

STEFANI
(believing him)
Stupid machine, it's just candy.
(noticing the attendant)
Ohhh shoot!

Denise breathes into the Ignition Interlock. The car revs forward just as the spa attendant leaps in front of them.

They hit the spa attendant and she CRASHES into the windshield, leaving a crack, then flies over the roof and bounces off the back.

As they drive off, Tina bounds over to the spa attendant, holding the bag of jerky under her nose like smelling salts. The attendant comes to with a start, groaning.

INT. RUSSIAN HOSTEL - MEANWHILE, SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Sasha and Bong Cha share a damp, dimly lit windowless room, dirty mattresses on the floor. Sasha bangs and kicks the door, throwing herself against it.

SASHA
Please, let me go! I have people
who love me, they'll come for me.
My sister will find me!

Two balogna sandwiches wrapped in cellophane are jammed under the door. Sasha becomes frantic and emotional.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Wait! *Please*! I want to go home.

She slides to the floor WEEPING as the FOOTSTEPS walk away.

Bong Cha approaches, equally frightened but trying to be kind, and sits on the floor next to her, holding one of the sandwiches out to Sasha.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Sasha cries as she eats, getting increasingly emotional:

SASHA (CONT'D)
How did we get here? Things like this are only supposed to happen in Albania! Or Mexico! I'm supposed to see it on the news, not have it happen to *me* on vacation! All I wanted to do was make things right with Denise, then get engaged to my boyfriend and keep living my life. I think the universe is punishing me for being a bad sister...

Sasha SOBS for a BEAT, mouth full of bologna. Bong Cha nods sympathetically and rubs her back, trying to comfort her, and Sasha remembers she's there, going through the same thing. She takes a deep breath, trying to pull it together.

SASHA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I think I just had a panic attack. Do you speak English?

Bong Cha shakes her head sadly, equally desperate to connect.

BONG CHA
Korean.

SASHA
My sister speaks Korean, she'd be able to talk to you. She speaks a lot of languages, which I didn't even know and is so cool; but, it's only because her social life *only* consists of playing video games with people in foreign countries. Which makes me so sad for her. And mad that *I* wasn't there, to be her friend.
(MORE)

SASHA (CONT'D)
But, it’s so hard to be her friend! My whole life, she’s been a constant embarrassment; she doesn’t care what people think, which I guess is admirable, but it’s also *infuriating* because you can’t bring her anywhere without an inevitable scene. It’s funny, because she always says the wrong thing, but at the same time, never gives up on fixing things. In high school, my boyfriend cheated on me and she beat the shit out of him, using moves she learned from *Street Fighter*. And I was *so* embarrassed and angry with her ‘cause he was afraid to get back together with me. But like, looking back, he totally deserved it. I wish she was here right now.

Bong Cha holds her hand, SPEAKING rapidly in Korean, trying to comfort her, but it just causes Sasha to lose it again.

SASHA (CONT’D)
I’m sorry, I don’t think my panic attack is over yet and I don’t understand what you’re saying, and I feel so alone, and I just want to have someone to talk to right now, but the only Asian words I know are Vera Wang, sushi, and Yohio, and none of those are even Korean!

Bong Cha suddenly perks up as Sasha melts down.

BONG CHA
Yohio?

SASHA
(mouth full, wailing)
Yeah, he’s my sister’s dog. Her only real, live friend. If I’d just been her friend, none of this would have happened!

BONG CHA
(brightening)
Yohio!

Bong Cha smiles and starts to SING Yohio’s “Without Wings.” Sasha starts to laugh-cry, grateful but overwhelmed.

SASHA
That's beautiful. Thank you. I bet Denise loves that song.
(to herself, needing to believe it)
She'll come for me. I know it. She's a better sister than me.

EXT. NAIL SALON - SATURDAY, LATE AFTERNOON

Denise, Cutter, and Stefani head toward a nondescript strip mall nail salon, Denise holding Yohio. Her phone RINGS; the ringtone is that same Yohio song, "Without Wings." Rhett's face pops up on caller ID. Cutter and Stefani pause, waiting, but she waves them in and answers, distraught:

DENISE
Not gonna lie, I'm in some bad shit, Rhett.

RHETT (O.C.)
I've got a lot of weapons in my condo. You need me to take care of some business? No questions asked, I'll roll up blazing, Zerg-style.

DENISE
Nah, as badly as I want to rock your bod in the flesh, now's not the time. I don't want you to get mixed up in this. But thanks.

RHETT
You sure?

Rhett sends her a photo of a wall covered in swords.

DENISE
You are a true gentleman.

RHETT (O.C.)
Anything for my baby.

DENISE
Love you.

Without waiting for a response, she hangs up and hurries in.

INT. NAIL SALON - CONTINUOUS

Cutter and Stefani lounge in massage chairs, their feet in the bubbling pedicure bath. Denise stands there, aghast.

DENISE
What? Why are you pampering at a time like this? Where's Raul? And his guy? Any updates on Sasha yet?

CUTTER
(answering rapid-fire)
No, Raul's on his way, and because we might as well while we're waiting.

A MANICURIST approaches. Denise hands her the bag with Yohio in it and climbs in the chair next to Stefani.

DENISE
Fine. She'd like one too, please. She's had a rough life.

The manicurist nods and takes Yohio. The dog bounces from the movement of the chair as she buffs his nails. Denise scans the room, anxious. Stefani tries to distract her.

STEFANI
So, Denise. Do you have a boyfriend?

Denise beams, grabbing her phone. She opens Rhett's Facebook profile and proudly shows it off to Stefani. It's a picture of Ryan Reynolds in cosplay at a video game convention.

DENISE
His name's Rhett Reynolds. We met on Battle.net playing StarCraft II, and bonded over our shared love of vintage Nintendo games, cosplay, and erotic anime.

STEFANI
That's so romantic!
(studying picture)
He looks just like Ryan Reynolds. They even have the same last name!

Cutter leans over, checks out the picture, and SNORTS.

CUTTER
That's a fake profile.

DENISE
The fuck it is!

CUTTER
Do you have *any* evidence that supports your theory this “Rhett Reynolds” actually exists?

DENISE
We talk every night, I hear his voice and I trust it. We write each other sexy fan fiction starring ourselves. He loves me.

Denise shows the photo of Rhett’s katana swords, defensive.

DENISE (CONT’D)
We were planning to wait until our first anniversary to meet face to face, but I told him I was in a jam, and he offered to come to my rescue with a few of these.

CUTTER
Do you *know* how many creeps there are on the internet? I’m just trying to save you from being chopped into human sashimi.

STEFANI
(to Cutter)
You of all people should know you don’t have to see someone to love them. You haven’t talked to your own daughter in fifteen yea-

CUTTER
That’s enough, Stefani.

Denise studies Cutter, who refuses to betray any emotion. Stefani turns to Denise, gossiping like it’s a slumber party.

STEFANI
I think it’s super sweet and old-fashioned, like a soldier sending love letters to his sweetheart during the war. Hashtag jealous!

Cutter rolls his eyes. Denise is surprised, and touched.

DENISE
Really? Of me?

STEFANI
Yeah! I want the full scoop. When did you *know* you were in love?

Denise beams, thrilled to be the focus of a girly conversation.

DENISE
Probably when he told me he wants a daughter named Sailor Moon. That was when I felt the most intense pangs of soulmatery, you know?

Stefani nods, loving it, as Raul struts in.

DENISE (CONT'D)
You're late.

RAUL
My car broke, I had to take the bus.

Raul notices Yohio and SQUEALS, giving her a tongue-kiss.

RAUL (CONT'D)
Ayyy, perrito!
(to Denise)
Mmm, she's sexy.

Grossed out, Cutter gets back on track.

CUTTER
Your guy here?

RAUL
Oh, you'll *know* when he's here. It's like looking the devil in the face. Suk-Chui's the stuff of nightmares, for real. This is the monster who destroyed the Cuban empire; and believe we didn't go down without an epic battle, yo. Cubanos once ruled Miami. You didn't smoke, snort or shoot nothin that wasn't sold by mi abuela-

CUTTER
The Koreans took over because your grandma got dementia and you're an idiot. There was no war.

RAUL
Way to take a shit on my story. It goes deeper; the Koreans didn't just take over, they *became* Cuban. They're all obsessed with Scarface-

Sure enough, *Scarface* plays on mute on all the TV's in the room, a weird contrast to the usual nail salon MUZAK playing.

RAUL (CONT'D)
But Suk-Chui, he's worse than Tony Montana.

Raul's face goes white with fear when the door swings open and a petite Korean man, 40's, in a 70's-style leisure suit and long coke-fingernails, enters sipping a boba tea: SUK-CHUI. He's sweet and shy, despite his scary fingernails.

Raul approaches nervously, muttering in Korean.

RAUL (CONT'D)
Good afternoon, sir.

DENISE
Holy shit, chica speaks Korean? I underestimated him.

CUTTER
They locked him in a dog crate with nothing but a Rosetta Stone for a week. He came out near death, but fluent.

They look on as Suk-Chui lovingly kisses Raul's cheeks. He speaks Korean in a kind, soft-spoken, girlish voice:

SUK-CHUI
Hi, angel. Your grandma would be proud of you, taking initiative and bringing a special client in! Good boy. What are they in the market for? Blow? Black tar?

RAUL
A girl. That tourist's sister was kidnapped by the Russians. They sold her in their human trafficking ring. I thought you could help?

Suk-Chui looks to Denise. She grins hopefully back.

SUK-CHUI
Wait. Your "special client" doesn't want to buy anything?

RAUL
She'll buy information. I thought, because you hate the Russians-

Suk-Chui pats his head like a dumb kid who tried his best.

SUK-CHUI
I may dislike them, but I'm not going to prod the beast and start a war just to help some stranger.

RAUL
Can you at least tell me where they keep their girls?

SUK-CHUI
I'm sorry, love, but the answer is no.

Raul nods fearfully and darts back to Cutter and Denise.

RAUL
No go. I did everything I could, but he is pissed. We gotta jet before he gets *really* mad.

Denise ignores him, eavesdropping as Suk-Chui approaches a MANICURIST. It plays out like a stylized, melodramatic, over-the-top Korean soap opera, the MUZAK adding dramatic flair:

SUK-CHUI
Where is Bong Cha? She should have been at work by now.

MANICURIST
You told Dong Min to send a spy to the Russian spa to see if that's where they're keeping the drugs. So he sent Bong Cha yesterday.

Suk-Chui goes white.

SUK-CHUI
He sent Bong Cha? My purple haired beauty?

MANICURIST
Yes.

Suk-Chui falls to the floor, moaning.

MANICURIST (CONT'D)
Woah. Are you hooking up with Bong Cha?

SUK-CHUI
We were trying to keep it on the D.L. until we knew if it was true love. Cho Hee killed herself when I dumped her.

MANICURIST
Yeah, I cried when she did that. Uh oh. So Bong Cha's been gone since yesterday. They probably sold her.

Denise races over, spilling her pedicure-tubwater everywhere.

DENISE
(in Korean)
Is this your purple-haired beauty?

Denise opens her phone to the picture Bong Cha accidentally snapped of herself outside Tender Bodies Spa. Suk-Chui GASPS.

SUK-CHUI
Bong Cha!

DENISE
She was taken with my sister by the Russians. Wherever Bong Cha is, so is my sister. Please. I can help.

Suk-Chui's face goes dark. <u>This</u> is the man Raul told of:

SUK-CHUI
Kodiak stole the wrong *girl.*

DENISE
So how do we get them back? Where are the Russians keeping them?

Infuriated, Suk-Chui punches a hole in the wall.

SUK-CHUI
He's got safe houses all over Miami, they could be anywhere. Even I don't know!

Denise's face falls. Suk-Chui breathes heavily for a BEAT, rubbing his hand as he thinks, then smiles.

SUK-CHUI (CONT'D)
But Raul's grandma does. She helped Kodiak's predecessor, Anton, establish the trafficking ring and got a piece of the business. I was cut out when Kodiak took over. Go with Raul, talk to Abuela, and report back to me.

DENISE
Consider it done. But, you don't want to come?

SUK-CHUI
Better not, she's still upset her grandson's a fucking nimwit who lost her business to me. Go. I will ready my posse to storm the location and rain vengeance. Do not go without us; you have no idea what you are up against. Above all else, we cannot call attention to ourselves until our M16's are cracking. You must follow my lead. And be prepared for a massacre.

DENISE
I put down a 22-year old asthmatic Calico once. I'm ruthless.

Suk-Chui nods and exits. Denise rushes back to her crew.

CUTTER
Holy shit, *you* speak Korean, too?

DENISE
Of course. Get this: Suk-Chui's girlfriend was taken with my sister.
(to Raul, pointedly)
And he thinks your grandma knows where the Russians are keeping them.

RAUL
Oh yeah, I forgot. Should've asked her first, huh?

Off Denise and Cutter's frustrated look-

EXT. RAUL'S TRAILER - SATURDAY, LATE AFTERNOON

Stefani drives Cutter, Denise, Yohio, and Raul to a rundown trailer.

RAUL
Yo, thanks for letting me ride with you. I forgot to lock mi abuela in her room last night and she got out and blew up my car. Old habits die hard, fucking dementia.

Mouths agape, they see Raul's car is in fact burned to bits.

DENISE
No one called the cops?

RAUL
Bitch, please. It's the ghetto.

DENISE
Why do you even live in the ghetto? I thought your grandma was a huge drug kingpin?

CUTTER
(smirking)
Raul lost all his money in a Nigerian prince email scandal-

RAUL
Fool, what would you do if someone told you you'd won the African lottery? You'd give them your social security and bank account numbers, that's what.

Raul gets out of the car and sniffs the air.

RAUL (CONT'D)
Mmm, Abuela's making her famous empanadas. Want to taste heaven?

DENISE
All I want is to know where Kodiak's got my sister.
(BEAT)
But I could eat fast while Abuela talks. Stefani, you in?

STEFANI
Sorry, I'm late for yogalates.

Denise grabs her bike off the back of the Miata as Raul heads toward the trailer. Stefani pokes her head out the window, giving Cutter a kiss.

STEFANI (CONT'D)
Bye, daddy!

She peels off. Cutter gets redder. Denise CACKLES, loving it.

DENISE
You are such a cliche.

INT. RAUL'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Raul, Denise and Cutter enter. ABUELA, 90, a tiny, sweet woman in a colorful Cuban dress, listens to upbeat Merengue MUSIC as she cooks in the kitchen. She's smoking a joint.

Abuela jumps when Raul comes up behind her, laughing as he wraps her into a hug. But when Yohio starts to BARK, Abuela notices Denise and Cutter and quickly pulls a gun on them.

ABUELA
Te voy a matar y beber su sangre, hijos de puta madre!

RAUL
Abuela, no! These are mis amigos.

Abuela turns on a dime, smiling and cooing as she wraps a petrified Denise and Cutter into a hug.

ABUELA
So skinny, like starving African babies asking for money on TV.

Raul grabs himself a beer out of the fridge, asking casually:

RAUL
Yo abuela, you remember where the Russians hide the girls they sell?

ABUELA
(breezily)
Si, Snuffer's strip club in Overtown.

Cutter and Denise look at each other, thrilled.

DENISE
Thanks, Abuela! Nice to meet you, but we've actually got to jet-

Abuela shoots her gun in their air like a dinner bell.

ABUELA
First, we eat! Sit.

Denise and Cutter freeze, scared shitless. Glancing up, they see the trailer's roof is ridden with bullet holes.

DENISE
I wish we could, but my sister needs me-

Abuela shoots her gun again three times, rapidly. Denise and Cutter do as they're told and sit.

CUTTER
On second thought, a quick bite won't hurt anyone.

RAUL
(mouthing silently)
Sorry. Dementia.

He crosses his eyes and spins his finger around his ears, doing the universal “crazy” symbol. Abuela serves the empanadas.

DENISE
(trying to appease her)
Abuela, those look delicious. What’s the flavor of the day?

ABUELA
(proudly)
Mushroom.

CUTTER
Mmm, Stefani will be thrilled, she’s trying to get me to cut red meat out of my diet, get the cholesterol down.

DENISE
Aww, you really are her daddy!

Cutter chooses to ignore her. They dig into the empanadas. Abuela leans in, taking pleasure in watching them eat.

DENISE (CONT’D)
Oh my god, this is the best thing I’ve ever put in my mouth.

CUTTER
Christ almighty, these are glorious.

Raul licks the butter off the crust lasciviously, then deep-throats the empanada in one bite. Everyone eats quietly for a few BEATS, lost in their food. Abuela gets up, and reappears with a pan full of rice and shellfish.

ABUELA
Paella?

DENISE
Pie-what-a?
(seeing how good it looks)
Yes, please!

Denise shovels in the paella, oblivious to the mussels, shrimp, and lobster. More silent eating. Gradually, they start to feel visibly woozy. The MUSIC intensifies.

CUTTER
Can anyone else smell that?

DENISE
What?

CUTTER
The music.

Denise looks around the room slowly, smiling: The colors have somehow become more vibrant. Cutter stares at Abuela, trying to focus; but her old woman face keeps morphing into that of a sexy young Cuban woman.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
Abuela, these empanadas are magic.

ABUELA
Si, 'shroomas!

Abuela holds up a sack of 'shrooms, smiling devilishly.

DENISE
"'Shrooms" shroomas?!

Her voice sounds deep and warped, like *Charlie Brown*'s teacher. She covers her mouth, shocked; then dissolves into a fit of GIGGLES.

CUTTER
Oh no! My sobriety!

Denise LAUGHS harder. Cutter tries to look upset, but can't help himself; he CRACKS UP, too. Abuela LAUGHS, clapping. Cutter's eyes fly to the liquor cabinet. A bottle of fine tequila beckons him in the "Most Interesting Man" accent:

TEQUILA
Drink me. I make you smarter,
funnier, more of a man.

CUTTER
You're right. I'm at my best when
I'm wasted.

He grabs the tequila confidently and starts to chug.

Raul gets up, salsa dancing by himself but holding an invisible partner. Denise stares deeply in Yohio's eyes.

DENISE
Yohio, is this really happening?

Miraculously, Yohio talks back in a James Earl Jones VOICE:

YOHIO
You bet your titties it is. Look around you! You finally have friends! You're saving your sister and now she's going to want to gossip on the phone and play video games with you and have sleepovers and get matching tattoos and you won't be alone anymore!

DENISE
How come we've never spoken before?

Yohio shrugs nonchalantly and licks his ass.

YOHIO
I don't know man, that's just the life we live.

Mid-dance, Raul passes out. Abuela pets Yohio, grinning.

ABUELA
Now I cook perro! Yummy fried perro, mmmmm...

Denise squints her eyes, trying to focus on gleeful Abuela, but it's as if everything's slow motion, under water.

DENISE
Pollo? I love fried chicken, chicken fingers are my favorite.

ABUELA
No, *perro*.

Still smiling sweetly, Abuela tries to take Yohio from Denise. Denise hands Yohio over, smiling back.

DENISE
Okay, she loves chicken fingers, too.

Abuela dances over to the kitchen and pulls out a butcher knife, holding it high over Yohio's head.

ABUELA
Yum yum, perro!

Denise's trip takes a bad turn. The walls start melting blood, the MUSIC pulses violently, Denise lunges for Abuela, knocking the little old woman off her feet just in time.

DENISE
Yohio, no! Don't cook Yohio!

With Denise on top of her, Abuela starts to SWEAR in Spanish, trying to get her off. But from Denise's perspective, Abuela's become possessed and is cursing her.

DENISE (CONT'D)
She's a demon! Listen, the devil's talking through her!

Cutter pulls her off, terrified. Raul's still out cold on the couch.

CUTTER
Don't let the devil crawl inside you. Shut your mouth!

Denise holds her breath as Cutter drags her and Yohio out.

EXT. RAUL'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Denise sucks in air as the trailer door slams behind her. Free, she collapses into another GIGGLE fit. It's contagious.

DENISE
Sasha, we're coming for you!

Denise tucks Yohio into her bike's handlebar basket and leaps on. Cutter spots a small BMX bike outside another trailer.

CUTTER
Badass.

Cutter steals the tiny bike. Happy, completely ignorant to how fucked-up they look, Denise and Cutter pedal away, Denise SINGING Skylar Grey's "C'Mon Let Me Ride" featuring Eminem.

DENISE
Come on let me ride your bicycle,
It's so fantastical, on your bicycle...
(shouting at Cutter)
This song's about riding a guy's peen like a bike!

Cutter jumps in, SINGING along as they bike wobbily through the trailer park toward Miami...

EXT. GHETTO STREET CORNER - MOMENTS LATER

Denise and Cutter, trippin' balls, bike past a run-down tattoo parlor and around the corner, SINGING the same song at the top of their lungs. Denise only pauses to shout:

DENISE
Sasha! We're coming!

CUTTER
Left! Siri said to go left again!

Cutter shows her his "phone" - only it's not a phone, it's a cassette tape. Denise nods approvingly as Cutter holds it up to his ear, awaiting his next instruction.

They round the corner, and go back the way they just went, continue to bike in circles around the same block.

The sun goes down as they circle the same block again. And again. And again. *Still* SINGING.

EXT. SNUFFER'S STRIP CLUB - 6 HOURS LATER, SATURDAY NIGHT

The dark sky is lit up with the lights of Miami's hot nightlife, the street packed with PEOPLE out for a good time.

Denise and Cutter bike up, sweaty and coming down from the drugs, still half-heartedly SINGING under their breath, looking like shit. People stare: Cutter's now wearing Yohio in the Baby Bjorn and Denise's face is red and swollen.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
Christ, this place was hard to find.

Cutter slumps to catch his breath as Denise ties their bikes to a lampost with her bra. Cutter jumps, noticing her face.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
What the fuck happened to your face?

DENISE
What do you mean, 'what happened to your face?' What happened to my face?!

CUTTER
You look like the Elephant Woman.

DENISE
I love elephants, so I take that as a compliment.

Denise digs a compact out of her bag and sees the damage.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Did I eat shellfish?!

Sure enough, her throat starts to constrict, GASPING for air.

CUTTER
Did you eat Abuela's paella?
(off her confused look)
Paella is rice and shellfish. Those are the ingredients. Do you eat *anything* besides chicken fingers?

DENISE
(choking out)
Oh shit. Oh shit oh shit oh shit.

She digs through her purse as she SUCKS air like a fish on land, pulls out an Epi-pen, and stabs the needle into her heart, *Pulp Fiction*-style. She GASPS, her eyes bulging.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Fuck yeah. I feel like Kerrigan after she's been infected with the Zerg virus.

CUTTER
Wait, I thought Sasha was Kerrigan? And we're the Terrans and Protoss, rescuing her from the Zergs?

DENISE
She is, we are, it was just a metaphor- *Nice* StarCraft reference.

She breathes deeply, sobered by the near death experience.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Alright Tavins, let's roll.

CUTTER
"Let's roll?" How about, let's call Suk-Chui, tell him where we are, and follow the *plan*.

DENISE
Screw that! We just did 'shrooms; shit, I almost just *died*, all while Sasha's locked up in some sex dungeon waiting for us to save her! We can't waste any more time. We're going in and taking care of this. Now. It's time to go fast and hard, blitzkrieg-style, ambush them when they least expect it, before they have time to amass a force-

CUTTER
Denise, this isn't StarCraft, this is *real*. Suk-Chui knows how to fight a crime lord because he *is* a crime lord. Can't you wait for him?

DENISE
I've waited my whole life for my sister to want me. Now, she *needs* me. I can't let her down.

CUTTER
Denise, be reasonable-

DENISE
Sasha's in there. So, I'm going in. Now. With or without you.

Cutter sighs. Against his better judgement:

CUTTER
Ok... If we're going to do this, we have to cover each other. I'll go in the front, you go in the back.

Cutter takes her by the shoulders, serious.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
You're ready to do this?

DENISE
My veins are coursing with hallucinogenics and steroids. I could not be more ready.

Denise darts around the corner of the back alley. Cutter takes stock of himself; he's a sloppy, hungover mess.

CUTTER
(to himself)
Enough, Tavins. Enough.

Resolutely, he pulls out his phone and texts Stefani: *I swear, I'm going to become the man you think I am. Love you.* Then, he dials and holds the phone up to his ear.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Suk-Chui? Cutter Tavins.
(BEAT as Suk-Chui screams at him)
Sorry, I know we got side-tracked, but we found it. Snuffer's strip club, in Overtown. They're here.

INT. SNUFFER'S STRIP CLUB, BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Denise slips in the back door and finds herself amongst a haphazard bunch of STRIPPERS. A super old, frail woman, MAMA, reading a food magazine called *Soup,* snaps at her without looking up.

MAMA
You the new girl?

DENISE
Um... Yes. I am the new stripper.

MAMA
Get dressed, you're up next.

A southern belle of a STRIPPER, donning a Miss Alabama sash, runs up to her, concerned.

SOUTHERN BELLE STRIPPER
Oh my god, sweetheart, your face!
Did you try Botox?

DENISE
Uh, yeah. I told the doctor,
"Sculpt me to look like a female
Brad Pitt," then this happened.

SOUTHERN BELLE STRIPPER
Botox is injectible, not surgery.
(conspiratorially)
I get it in my cooter to numb it,
so I don't have to feel when I have
sex. But if you're allergic to
bees, you're allergic to 'tox.

DENISE
Dang. Guess I can't strip like
this. I'm just gonna look around,
see if there's like a locker room
or some other place where more
girls are, you know, hanging out?

SOUTHERN BELLE STRIPPER
No! I won't let you!

Denise freezes, petrified she's been found out.

SOUTHERN BELLE STRIPPER (CONT'D)
I *know* how bad you must need money-
(gesturing to Denise's
face and body)
Getting that fixed is going to cost
a lot. Here, borrow my mask.

She pulls out a masquerade mask.

SOUTHERN BELLE STRIPPER (CONT'D)
I wear this when I have black eyes.

DENISE
Thanks, but I'm not even sure if I want to be a stripper anymore.

Mama grabs a golf club and pokes Denise in the ass with it.

MAMA
You're up.

DENISE
Ahh, I gotta hit the ladies room... Someone else can take my turn.

Mama hits Denise harder, still engrossed in soup recipes. Scared of Mama, the stripper rips Denise's clothes off, puts the mask on her, and pushes her to the entrance.

DENISE (CONT'D)
(getting desperate)
I'd be more confident if I could take a tour first, meet some of the other girls. Do you know if there are other girls here, anywhere else? One named Sasha? *Please*?

Mama MUTTERS under her breath as she tries to stand up.

SOUTHERN BELLE STRIPPER
(re: Mama)
If she gets up, you're fucked. *Go*.

Out of options, Denise reluctantly heads backstage.

INT. SNUFFER'S STRIP CLUB - MEANWHILE

Cutter, Yohio still in the Baby Bjorn, scans the room for suspicious behavior, when the most haggard stripper ever, STARLA, 40's, approaches him. If a skin disease exists, Starla has it - especially mouth herpes.

STARLA
Hi hot stuff. I like your baby.

CUTTER
Thanks. It's actually a dog.

Cutter looks around, ignoring her. No Suk-Chui or Koreans.

STARLA
You look like you got a big old dinosaur dick.

CUTTER
Excuse me?

STARLA
Want Starla to give you the wettest lap dance of your life?
(whispered)
Or a blowie in the back alley?
(smacking her lips)
I got like, three teeth left. It's like getting sucked off by a whale.

Cutter leans back, trying to get out of her space.

CUTTER
Tempting, but no. I'm waiting for a friend.

Cutter notices a few BEEFY KOREAN MEN entering. Hard to tell if they're Suk-Chui's guys, or tourists there for some fun.

STARLA
I had a friend once. She died.
(sniffing)
You drinking piss?

CUTTER
What? No. Apple juice.

STARLA
You don't wants booze, boobs, or beaver? You a faggot? Or Mormon?

CUTTER
No, you're just... Not my type.

STARLA
I'm not your type? Well, who is?

Starla's angry gaze settles on a YOUNG FLEXIBLE STRIPPER.

STARLA (CONT'D)
She's out of your league. Look at me. We're the same. Past our prime, like a Gucci hankerchief that's now a cumrag. *I'm* your type, you're in *my* league. Your loss, limp dick.

Starla stumbles away as the Young Flexible Stripper finishes dancing. Cutter wipes drops of her spit off his face, noticing Kodiak coming from the back with Vadim and Oksana.

More KOREAN MEN enter. They're in 70's-influenced clothes. Last is Suk-Chui, in a leisure suit and brass knuckles. Cutter nods to him and Suk-Chui flips him off, still pissed.

Cutter watches as Kodiak's guard goes up, at the sight of Suk-Chui. He WHISPERS to Vadim as the D.J. yells over the music:

STRIP CLUB D.J. (O.S.)
Put your hands together for Kerrigan!

CUTTER
Kerrigan?
(recognition dawning)
Oh Christ...

Denise saunters out in her anime-covered lingerie and mask. She starts to dance nervously, feeling the eyes of LECHEROUS MEN. But then she spots Cutter giving her an encouraging thumbs up, desperate for her to not blow their cover.

Denise gets into it. She inherited her mother's genes; stripping comes naturally to her. Denise climbs the pole, slides back upside down, does the splits.

The men go WILD. The attention is so addictive, she forgets herself and rips her mask off.

There's a SILENT BEAT as the crowd reels from her puffy, red face. Vadim SCREAMS fearfully at the sight of it. Suk-Chui's first to recognize her. He mutters furiously to his posse:

SUK-CHUI
Attention whore ruin everything!

KODIAK
Who is this bitch?
(his eyes narrow)
The sister. Get her.

Oksana storms the stage, filled with rage. It's hot as fuck.

DENISE
(realizing she's been discovered)
Oh shit.

Oksana leaps up and bitch slaps Denise.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Uh uh, you Russian gazelle.

Denise charges Oksana, yanking her weave out and knocking her to the ground. Straddling her, Denise twirls the weave like a lasso then tosses it into the crowd; the men love it, thinking it's a staged girl fight.

Oksana punches Denise in the gut.

DENISE (CONT'D)
(groaning)
My uterus.

Oksana rolls them, so she's stradding Denise. Denise rips her top off, exposing Oksana's huge tits. Denise gives her a titty twister straight on the nips, Oksana moaning in pain.

It's almost too much for the crowd; the men are like animals, hooting and grunting. It's getting out of control. One stringy-haired man with CRAZY EYES tries to climb onstage.

CRAZY EYES
I gotta get in there-

A bouncer throws him off the stage. Crazy Eyes lands on a table of BIKER DUDES, knocking their drinks all over. The biker dudes beat the shit out of him. All hell breaks loose:

- The beefy Koreans try to sneak backstage. BUFF RUSSIAN MEN block them. They get into a fight, fists and bullets flying.

- Kodiak aims a gun at Suk-Chui. Suk-Chui gracefully karate-kicks it out of his hand. They fight man-to-man; Kodiak is aggressive and dangerous, but Suk-Chui is wily and limber.

- Oksana and Denise have devolved to a strip fight, each kick and punch ripping another item of clothing off.

- Starla totters around the room on her tall plastic heels, dragging the Young Flexible Stripper by the leg as she SOBS:

STARLA
I used to be the pretty one!

- A table of FRAT GUYS cheer for Denise, like pigs. One frat guy's so pumped, he suddenly leans over to the bro next to him and kisses him. They have a heavy make-out sesh.

- Vadim inserts himself into the fight between Kodiak and Suk-Chui. He pile-drives Suk-Chui like a football dummy, knocking him out cold. Vadim then lumbers toward the backstage entrance, Kodiak close behind him.

KODIAK
Get upstairs *now*, we've gotta move the merchandise.

Cutter steps in front of Kodiak, trying to block him. Kodiak punches Cutter across the face. When he pulls his fist back, he sees it's covered in self-tanner. Kodiak smirks.

KODIAK (CONT'D)
Are you wearing bronzer? And a dog?

CUTTER
(defensive)
It's Miami!
(composing himself)
Where are you keeping the women?

KODIAK
(smirking)
You couldn't afford one.

Kodiak walks away; Cutter grabs his shoulder and Kodiak whips around, clocking him straight in the nose. Cutter crumples to the ground, groaning, as Kodiak saunters away.

Meanwhile, Oksana's practically naked at this point, in nothing but a thong and heels. Denise high kicks her in the face and she falls to the ground, unconscious.

DENISE
My Call of Duty avatar is a krav maga expert, bitch.

Denise projectile-vomits shellfish all over her victoriously. Then, she notices Cutter rolling around on the ground.

She bolts for him, tends to his bloody nose by stopping it up with tampons, then drags Cutter onto his feet.

CUTTER
The heat's getting too hot, Denise. Time to trust Suk-Chui, we gotta get outta the danger zone.

Denise wraps Cutter's arm around her shoulder. They make for the entrance, but it's blocked by fighting gangsters and drunk clubgoers, as are the emergency exits. As they stumble past, Suk-Chui groggily grabs at Denise from the floor.

SUK-CHUI
This your fault. You didn't listen, and now my girl is gone. You sister gonna be a sex slave 'cause of you.

DENISE
Suk-Chui, no-

Suk-Chui rolls away, flipping her the “talk to the hand.”

SUK-CHUI
You dead to me. Get out of my sight before I kill you.

Denise’s eyes widen. Shocked and upset, she and Cutter hobble toward the back room as Suk-Chui screams, keening:

SUK-CHUI (CONT’D)
Bong Cha!

INT. SNUFFER’S STRIP CLUB, BACK ROOM - MEANWHILE

Mama’s passed out, SNORING. All the other strippers are gone. Vadim roughly shoves Sasha, Bong Cha, and the other blind-folded girls downstairs, out the back door to a waiting car.

KODIAK
Go, go, go. Get ‘em out of here.

Denise and Cutter round the corner just as Sasha slips out.

DENISE
Sasha!

Cutter clamps a hand over her mouth, but it’s too late. Kodiak and Vadim’s heads whip around as Sasha SCREAMS:

SASHA
Denise! Help me!

Sasha’s shoved into the car. It speeds off, Kodiak grinning.

KODIAK
Hello, Denise.
(nodding at Cutter)
So Malibu Ken’s your pal?

DENISE
This is Cutter Tavins, legitimate P.I. And we’re going to destroy you, and get my sister back.

KODIAK
How are you going to do that, exactly?

Denise realizes she has no weapons. She didn’t think that far ahead.

KODIAK (CONT'D)
I have a better plan. Why don't you two join your sister? I could find a marvelous new home for you.

DENISE
I'd rather suck your mother's cock, because whatever created a monster like you defies nature.

KODIAK
(nonchalant)
Okay.
(to Vadim)
Give me the gun, I want to kill them.

CUTTER
Goddamnit, Denise.

Vadim goes for the gun, the handover giving Denise and Cutter a chance to escape back the way they came, through the club.

INT. SNUFFER'S STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Denise and Cutter push their way through the club, leaping over the two kissing frat guys.

Vadim and Kodiak are quickly gaining on them, not noticing the Crazy Eyes man dangling from the disco ball above them. Crazy Eyes falls onto Kodiak, knocking him to the ground.

Meanwhile, Cutter spots Starla sobbing as she chugs a bottle of Jaeger.

CUTTER
Starla! Hey!
(pointing at Vadim)
Isn't that your asshole baby daddy?

Starla squints, confused but drunk enough to fight anyone.

STARLA
Hey... Yeah! Fuck you, Roberto!

VADIM
(genuinely confused)
But my name is Vadim-

Starla SHATTERS the bottle of Jaeger on Vadim's head. He goes down, unconscious. Cutter and Denise escape out the entrance.

EXT. SNUFFER'S STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Denise and Cutter rush to their bikes, untying them and pedaling off into the night as the club is swarmed by cops.

EXT. SKETCHY STREET - MOMENTS LATER, SATURDAY, LATE NIGHT

Cutter bikes away from Denise, Yohio still in the Bjorn, trying to look dignified despite the tampon strings dangling out his nose. She finally catches up, sweating and breathing heavily. His eyes are focused straight ahead, upset.

DENISE
Cutter, wait! Where are you going? The car that took Sasha went the *other* way, we have to get her-

CUTTER
How? *Where*? Every lead we get, you screw up!

DENISE
All I'm trying to do is find my sister! So we had a hiccup, we'll restrategize. We also *saw* her, she's alive and we're so close-

CUTTER
This isn't a game, Denise. That wasn't a hiccup, that was a massacre! You only know how to fight *virtually*. But what happens when you venture into the real world? You get attacked by a fucking alligator, you lose your sister, you destroy a strip club!

DENISE
That was harsh, Tavins.

CUTTER
You know what's harsh? The fact that the most dangerous man in Miami knows who I am. The "P" in P.I. stands for *private*; I'm supposed to track bad guys like a panther, striking before they ever know I caught their scent. And now *I'm* the prey! I gotta text Stefani to come get us.

Cutter digs his phone out and tries to text while biking. It's too hard to text and ride.

Cutter falls off his bike, pushing him over the edge. He rips the tampons out of his nose and proceeds to have an emotional breakdown.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
Goddammit! I fucking hate this texting bullshit! What happened to a good old fashioned phone call?! *Fuck*! I'm a goddamn dinosaur. Starla was right, I'm past my prime.

He looks up to Denise miserably. His outburst has rendered her, for the first time, speechless.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
I'm tired, Denise. I'm old. It's the middle of the night, for chrissakes! I should be in bed right now, not biking around Miami with tampons in my nose. I never should've taken you on.

DENISE
Then why did you? You were in such high demand, I had to pay double.

CUTTER
That was bullshit. You're my first client in eight months. My last job was tracking down a World War 2 vet who wandered away from his nursing home. We're being evicted, I have debts all over town! I lied because I needed cash. But not *this* badly.

Cutter climbs onto his bike and pedals away. Denise bikes after him, upset.

DENISE
I trusted you! Jesus, is *everything* with you bullshit? Your business? Your "tan?" Your sobriety?

CUTTER
I've been sober for two years.

DENISE
You failed that breathalyzer at the spa, then you drank tequila at Abuela's, then you did 'shrooms. Vis a vi, *not* sober, idiot.

Cutter holds his hands in the air, mocking her.

CUTTER
Congrats, you caught me!
(off her angry smirk)
Don't judge me, I *have* to be wasted to tolerate you. You shove your way into people's lives and wreck havoc. If it wasn't for you forcing yourself on your sister, none of this would have happened.

DENISE
At least I'm trying to be close to my family. You don't even have a relationship with your daughter!

CUTTER
You don't know a thing about relationships! You don't even have any friends!

DENISE
I have friends all over the world!

CUTTER
Those are just strangers you play video games with online. You have no real human connections in your life. And the only reason you work with animals is because deep down you know they're the only ones who'll ever really love you. Even your boyfriend is fake. You're being Catfished, dumbass!

DENISE
How do you even know what Catfishing is, old man?

CUTTER
Come back to reality, Denise, and hear this: I *quit*.

DENISE
You can't quit! I paid you. I *need* you. I have no other options!

CUTTER
And whose fault is that?! We're *finished*, Denise. It's over.

He pulls Yohio off, handing Denise the Bjorn. Denise realizes he's serious. She takes a deep breath, calms down, and backs off, trying to reason with him.

DENISE
No, wait. I'm sorry, Cutter. You're right. Please, you're all I have left to find my sister. *Please*!

Cutter bikes away from her. Denise tries a different tactic, calling after him:

DENISE (CONT'D)
Wait! What if I found something you lost, something you want back more than anything? Would you help me?

Cutter stops and turns, giving her a hard look.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Just give me ten minutes. I promise, it'll be worth it.

Cutter hesitates. Then, he sighs with frustration:

CUTTER
Alright. *Goddamnit*.

DENISE
Follow me. It's not far.

Denise hops on her bike. Unsure and pissed, Cutter follows.

EXT. BOOTH'S MANSION - MEANWHILE, SATURDAY, LATE NIGHT

The Russians' car peels up to a giant, gaudy mansion. A second car follows; Kodiak and Vadim get out, Vadim's bloody bald head wrapped in a bandage. Boehner emerges from the mansion, furious.

CAPTAIN BOEHNER
What the shit is going on, boys? I've got an invalid terrorist riding around my home on a go-kart, you're rolling up with stolen hookers, this was *not* the deal.

KODIAK
This is part of the deal now. The sister *you* let get away fucked it all up. My skank joint's swarming with cops, I had to stash the inventory elsewhere.

Kodiak gestures grandly to Boehner's house.

KODIAK (CONT'D)
And what better a place to introduce a prince to his bride?

On cue, Abu gleefully speeds out the mansion on his motorized scooter, GUARDS chasing after him with the ventilator. He's even more hideous in person, like a giant, diseased baby.

ABU
Where is my toy? Have you got me my toy yet?

KODIAK
Yes sir, I do.

Kodiak yanks the door to the first car open. Sasha's shoved out, hyperventilating. Abu claps joyfully, thrilled:

ABU
Oh, she's perfect! Isn't she perfect?

His guards nod, clearly afraid of Abu.

SASHA
Please! Don't do this!

ABU
I'm going to call you Mommy.

SASHA
No! *Please*, I have a family-

ABU
I'm your family now, Mommy.

SASHA
Stop! My name is *Sasha*! I'm not your mommy! Why are you calling me that?!

ABU
Because all I've ever wanted is a mother.

SASHA
What happened to your real mom?

ABU
(darkly)
She was a whore. Papa beheaded her.
(brightly)
But you're my virgin American doll!

Sasha looks around; she's surrounded. She tries to calm down, seeing this is an angle she can use.

SASHA
Okay. You're right, I am. And I better stay a virgin.

ABU
(cheerfully)
Of course. No fucky-fucky. Or I'll cut your whore head off, too.

Abu motors toward the house, his guard shoving her to follow.

ABU (CONT'D)
(giggling)
I've been a bad, bad boy, Mommy! Chase me! Punish me!

He squeals with happiness as Sasha trudges after him, afraid.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - LATER, SATURDAY, LATE NIGHT

Cutter and Denise bike up a quiet street to a quaint home. Denise stops, and Cutter follows suit, confused.

Then, he glances into the window of the house and spots a MAN and WOMAN, early 20's, on the sofa, laughing as they nosh on some late-night ice cream. She looks just like Cutter. He stares, entranced.

CUTTER
Josephine?

DENISE
She goes by Josie now. Josie Waggoner's her married name.

CUTTER
(overcome)
What? How did you- *Why*?

DENISE
Because you're helping me find my sister, and there's no amount of money to repay you for that. I wanted to give you your family back, too.

CUTTER
But *how*? How did you find her?

DENISE
I used some of my own P.I. skills. I can find anyone, anywhere, if they are in the online universe. I tracked her down in a chatroom for cold case afficianados; she's a chip off the old block. How'd you lose her, Tavins?

CUTTER
I was a drunk, loved my job too much. And I was angry when I lost it. After Boehner's betrayal, the court wouldn't let me near her. She was only six. Her mom moved her away, and it was like Josephine Tavins ceased to exist. I've been trying to find her for years... Some P.I. I am.

DENISE
That was a long time ago, Cutter.

CUTTER
I wish I'd done things differently. Been a good dad.

DENISE
I wish my mom didn't show up to my Back to School Nights on meth. Or die of syphilis. But shit happens and life goes on.

Cutter doesn't know how to begin to respond.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Look, it took my mom *dying* for my dad to own up to fathering me. I was just an unwanted souvenir from a one-night stand with a stripper. I only lived with him my senior year of high school. But when he got cancer, I moved back in and took care of him. Most of my life he pretended I didn't exist and in the end, I was still there to wipe his butthole. He was my dad. That's what you do. I loved him. Family is everything, I would give *anything* to have my sister back right now.

Cutter takes a deep breath and one step, then pauses.

CUTTER
I'm not ready. I gotta get my shit together first. Get sober. Be the kind of man a girl would be proud to call her dad.

DENISE
But see, the thing about family is she'll love you no matter what. You were wrong about what you said earlier; my animals aren't the only ones who love me unconditionally. My sister does, too. And that's how Josie loves you. Go.

Cutter stares into the house longingly.

CUTTER
I can't, not yet.

Denise looks at Josie, then nods, understanding.

DENISE
Okay. She's here when you're ready. Can I still be your client again, though? Please?

Cutter hedges for a BEAT, thinking... Then:

CUTTER
Alright. Call Stefani.

Denise digs her cell phone out, dialing excitedly.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
Denise?

She looks up. He wraps her in a fatherly hug.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
Thank you.

EXT. RAUL'S TRAILER - LATER, SUNDAY, EARLY THAT MORNING

The sun's just coming up as Stefani's Miata rolls up to the trailer. Denise and Cutter hop out, exhausted, chugging Venti coffees, and take their bikes off the back of the car.

STEFANI
(leaning out window)
Be safe!

Cutter leans in and kisses her. Denise awkwardly wedges under him in order to kiss Yohio, who's sitting in Stefani's lap.

DENISE
(to Stefani, emotional)
Take care of her for me, ok?

Stefani nods, blows them another kiss, and drives away. Denise and Cutter lean their bikes against the trailer, walk past Raul's blown up car and climb the rickety trailer steps, knocking. RAUL swings the door open.

DENISE (CONT'D)
You owe me. Help us find my sister.

RAUL
Bitch, I owe you nothing. You paralyzed mi abuela.

Denise peers inside: Abuela is in a wheelchair, catatonic.

DENISE
She tried to cook my dog, it was self-defense. If you don't fucking help me, I'm telling Suk-Chui you and your grandma are dealing drugs on the side. Those empanadas were packed with 'shrooms!

RAUL
Alright, alright! Let me figure out a mode of transportation.

INT. SLEAZY CAR REPAIR SHOP - LATER, EARLY SUNDAY MORNING

Denise and Cutter bike up to a busted old repair shop, melancholy country MUSIC wafting out. Raul is rollerblading.

RAUL
This is my ex's place, the Russian's go-to car fixer, a fucking vehicular genius. We were like Romeo and Juliet. Sweet thing will forever be the one who got away, love of my life.

Just then, an overweight redneck, COOCH, 40's, wearing overalls with no shirt and an Ed Hardy hat with tits graffiti comes out. The sexual tension and heartache is palpable.

RAUL (CONT'D)
Cooch.

COOCH
Raul.

RAUL
You look good.

COOCH
So do you.

DENISE
Yo. Before you rekindle this love affair, can someone explain what the plan to find my sister is?

Raul and Cooch snap out of it, momentarily.

COOCH
I fixed up Kodiak's ride good. Vadim's picking it up this morning.

Cooch gestures to the garage, where the yellow Mercedes SUV pokes out. It dawns on Cutter:

CUTTER
We'll hide in the trunk, and he'll unwittingly drive us straight to Sasha.

She drags him toward the car past Cooch and Raul, still in rollerblades, slow dancing to the MUSIC on the radio.

DENISE
Hell yeah! Let's go play some Whack-a-Russian.

Cutter and Denise climb into the trunk of the car and wait.

EXT. YACHT - MEANWHILE, THAT MORNING

Abu's parked on the deck of a glamorous yacht, basking in the sun as his guards fan him. Sasha rubs sunscreen all over him.

ABU
Mommy, remember the time Papa took us and his seventeen wives and my thirty brothers and sisters on a yacht to the French Riviera? And we played Duck Duck Goose and ate macaroons and Papa murdered the whore?

Abu GIGGLES, joyful at the memory. Sasha WHISPERS mournfully:

SASHA
No, I don't remember that because I'm not your mother.

Abu turns on her darkly.

ABU
Bad mommies get their heads chopped off and fed to my pet shark Billy.

He points to a giant aquariam on the deck of the yacht where a badass Great White swims. Sasha GASPS.

ABU (CONT'D)
(brightly)
Read me a story, Mommy!

A guard hands her *Love You Forever* by Robert Munsch.

SECURITY GUARD
This one's his favorite.

Sasha SIGHS miserably, opening up the book and reading:

SASHA
"I'll love you forever, I'll like you for always, As long as I'm living, My baby you'll be."

Abu starts to sob.

ABU
Ohhh! She dies in the end!
(heavy eye contact)
Mommies always die in the end.

INT. YELLOW MERCEDES G-CLASS - LATER, SUNDAY MORNING

Vadim speeds erratically on the road next to the ocean, happily SINGING along to Radio Disney. He's wearing a helmet.

Denise and Cutter listen from the trunk.

DENISE
(whispering)
Why's he wearing a helmet?

Vadim turns hard, tires squealing, everyone hurled forward as he abruptly throws the car in park. Cutter rubs his head.

CUTTER
(whispering)
That's why.

Vadim hops out. Denise and Cutter peek out the tinted window:

EXT. DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

Vadim lumbers toward Kodiak and Oksana. Kodiak is watching Abu's yacht, as Oksana surreptitiously snaps rubberbands at a TODDLER playing nearby. She smiles as a rubberband pops on his arm and he starts to scream. Kodiak notices Vadim.

KODIAK
Why the fuck are you wearing a helmet?

VADIM
Safety first! I bought this today because I always forget my seatbelt.

KODIAK
But you'll remember to wear a helmet?

VADIM
Yes.

As they talk, Denise and Cutter stealthily slip out of the trunk. They tiptoe to get closer.

KODIAK
That gay-ass hillbilly did a fine fucking job.

Vadim walks back to the car and strokes the new chrome tires.

VADIM
Yes. Rim jobs are Cooch's specialty.

Vadim notices the yacht.

VADIM (CONT'D)
Ohhh are we going for a boat ride?

KODIAK
Not today, big boy. We're working. Abu's taking his new girl out for a spin on the yacht. Then, we'll drive them back to Boehner's, so they can fly home.

Denise frantically searches for a way to the yacht as Cutter grabs his phone and attempts to text *Boehner's* to Stefani. He only notices it auto-corrected to *Boner* after hitting SEND.

CUTTER
Goddamn texting.

Denise notices two buff HOT JAPANESE TOURISTS idling on jet skis. She grabs Cutter, dragging him to the beach.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Denise sashays, getting all sexy, as they approach the guys.

DENISE
I've got this. Asian dudes love me. I may be an "8" here, but over there, I'm a "10."

Denise hoists her cleavage up. The guys' jaws drop.

DENISE (CONT'D)
(kittenish, in Japanese)
Hi, beautiful men. I'll take a photo with you if you let me and my daddy ride your jet skis...

They can't believe their luck. Nodding emphatically as they CHATTER excitedly in Japanese, they grab a camera. Cutter snaps pics as Denise poses with them. They toss her the keys.

CUTTER
To each his own, I guess.

They rev up their jet skis. Cutter realizes what's happening.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
Wait! Are we storming the yacht?

Denise pulls two guns out of her tits, tossing one to Cutter.

DENISE
I found these in the trunk. We're rolling *Miami Vice*-style!

CUTTER
How about StarCraft-style? Let's blitz these mother fuckers!

Denise grins, touched and pumped up by Cutter's reference; they have a moment. Then, Denise speeds off, catching air as she hits a wave, whooping. Cutter flies after her.

EXT. DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

Vadim notices Denise and Cutter on the jet skis.

VADIM
Look! Water Vespas!

KODIAK
They're called jet skis, dipshit-
(seeing Denise and Cutter)
Holy fuck.

EXT. YACHT - CONTINUOUS

Sasha and the guards sit in a circle as Abu slowly drives his scooter around them.

ABU
Duck... Duck...

He reaches Sasha and bumps her with the scooter.

ABU (CONT'D)
Goose!

Abu zooms around the deck, screeching with pleasure as Sasha chases him and the guard running with the ventilator.

ABU (CONT'D)
You'll never get me, Mommy! Never!

Sasha stops when she faintly hears in the distance:

DENISE (O.S.)
Sasha!

A glimmer of hope and relief washes over Sasha.

SASHA
Denise?

Abu stops, pissed.

ABU
Billy's hungry, Mommy. I'd chase me, if I were you.

DENISE (O.S.)
(louder, closer)
Sasha! I'm coming for you!

Sasha runs to the side of the boat and peers over it.

SASHA
Denise! Denise, up here!

Denise sees Sasha. She freaks out with excitement:

DENISE
Sasha! You're alive! Are you a princess yet?

SASHA
No! Get me out of here!

DENISE
Thank God. Okay! Jump!

SASHA
What?!

Sasha looks down. It's a long way. Abu speeds up next to her, leaning over the railing:

ABU
What do you want with my mommy? Who are you?

DENISE
I'm Sasha's sister and I'm taking her back. Jump!

ABU
(panicked)
No! You can't, I bought her! Help!

Dozens of ARMED GUARDS flood out of every window and door, running for them. Sasha looks back and forth, scared.

DENISE
I've got you. Trust me, Sasha.

Just as the guards reach her, Sasha leaps over the side of the giant yacht, Abu SCREAMING.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Denise motors the jet ski, trying to get it under Sasha. Sasha lands on the back perfectly and GROANS. Denise winces:

DENISE
Oof, that's a pussy pounding.

CUTTER
Probably should've let her land in the water, *then* pulled her onboard.

ABU
Stop them!

The guards shoot at them, Cutter and Denise zigging and zagging on their jet skis to avoid the bullets.

ABU (CONT'D)
No, don't *shoot* them! You might hit Mommy!

Denise shoots back wildly, reeling with pain as a guard topples into the ocean, DEAD.

DENISE
Ah! My wrist! I hurt!

CUTTER
That's what shooting a gun feels like, Denise. You killed that guy.

Denise screams, losing it. She speeds off, circling the body.

DENISE
Aww, things just got real. It's so fun to murder people in video games, but now I feel so sad!

CUTTER
Life isn't a video game, Denise. Guns kill people.

DENISE
(to the body)
I'm so sorry. I will dedicate my life to your memory.

EXT. YACHT - CONTINUOUS

Abu's mid-meltdown, throwing a tantrum.

ABU
Sic Billy on them!

The guards run to the aquarium, releasing a latch that opens the side facing the water. The shark flies over Abu's head into the ocean, ala *Free Willy:*

ABU (CONT'D)
Free Billy!

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Denise, Cutter, and Sasha watch the shark crash into the water a few feet behind them.

ABU
Get them, Billy! Get them!

DENISE
(woozy)
It’s like the gator all over again.

CUTTER
(incredulous)
He trained a shark? A fucking shark?!

ABU
(hollering proudly)
I’m a billionaire oil business heir, I can do anything!

They speed off, glancing over their shoulders until the shark is gone, the yacht in the distance. They whoop in disbelief.

CUTTER
Ha ha, fuck you shark!

DENISE
Yeah, eff you, ya slow-ass shark!

Sasha yells with an anger Denise has never seen:

SASHA
Fuck you Billy, I’ll never be your lunch! Fuck. You.

DENISE
Woah, relax. He’s just a shark. And he’s gone. We did it. We’re safe.

Sasha gets her bearings and nods, then hugs Denise.

SASHA
You’re the best sister in the world. I love you, Denise.

Suddenly, the shark comes out of nowhere, knocking them all into the water, everyone screaming. Total chaos.

A fleet of tranquilizer darts whizz through the air, hitting Denise, Cutter, Sasha and the shark. Then, silence.

INT. BOEHNER’S MANSION, BASEMENT - LATER, SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Denise comes to on a cement floor. She groans, woozy and disoriented.

DENISE
Sasha? Where's Sasha?

SASHA
Here! I'm here. Thank god, I-
(getting emotional)
I thought you might be dead.

Sasha kneels over Denise, holding her hand. She's wearing a homemade sweatshirt that says PROUD MOMMY with Abu's grinning face silk-screened on.

DENISE
Where are we? Am I on drugs? I feel like I'm on drugs. Is this real?

SASHA
Yeah, it's real. They caught us, we're locked in. I think they shot you with extra tranquilizers, you've been out for a while.

Denise sits up groggily, the weight of what's happened sinking in.

DENISE
I'm sorry, Sasha. I'm such a screw-up. You would've been better off if I'd just stayed out of your life.

SASHA
No, *I'm* sorry, for ever making you feel like I didn't want you in my life! I *do*. And despite how shitty this trip turned out, it was still the nicest thing anyone's ever done for me.

DENISE
Thanks, that means a lot. I know it would've been so great, if you hadn't been kidnapped and sold.

SASHA
Remember when I was little and you were in high school, and we used to play pretend that I was a princess and you were my bodyguard?

DENISE
Yeah...

SASHA
I’m so lucky that protecting me has always been your thing. If we ever get out of this alive, I want to hang out more. Be friends.

DENISE
(hopeful)
Maybe get matching tattoos?

SASHA
Maybe...

DENISE
That sounds like the best thing in the world. I’d love that. I’ll even teach you how to play StarCraft, so we can hang out online.

Their moment is interrupted when the giant metal door suddenly swings open and Abu zips in, trailed by a guard dragging his ventilator. Several other guards follow.

ABU
Hello, darling Mommy.

DENISE
Let us out of here, you fat dick!

ABU
I’m afraid I can’t. You’ve been a very bad girl. You murdered my favorite guard, Bushra. And tried to steal Mommy. So, I’m going to have to kill you.

SASHA
No!

Sasha starts to sob, panicking. Guards restrain her.

ABU
But I can see how much Mommy loves you. And I love Mommy. So, do you want to attend our wedding and be her Maid of Honor before you die?

DENISE
I do! So badly. Just without the dying part.

ABU
Too bad.

Abu claps his hands gleefully.

ABU (CONT'D)
Let's have a wedding! Then an execution!

INT. BOEHNER'S MANSION, SECURITY ROOM - MEANWHILE

Cutter comes to tied to a gaudy Greek statue, his arms above his head. Stripped to his tighty-whities, and with his ripped body, he looks and is posing just like the statue.

Boehner, Kodiak, Oksana and Vadim stand in front of him.

CAPTAIN BOEHNER
Morning, sunshine.

CUTTER
Boehner.

CAPTAIN BOEHNER
Tavins. How long's it been?

CUTTER
Fifteen long years.

Boehner chuckles.

CAPTAIN BOEHNER
Just when I thought you couldn't fuck your life up any worse... How far the mighty hath fallen.

CUTTER
I'm a legitimate P.I. You're nothing but a dirty cop turning tricks for the Russian mafia.

CAPTAIN BOEHNER
I'm Captain of the Miami P.D., have an All You Can Snort buffet of cocaine, and live next door to Tiger Woods. If that's dirty, I don't want to be clean.

Boehner caresses Cutter's face with his fake arm.

CAPTAIN BOEHNER (CONT'D)
All that and more could've been yours, too, compadre.
(getting emotional)
You were my best friend, Cutter, and you betrayed me.

CUTTER
You were my best friend! You betrayed me first!

CAPTAIN BOEHNER
You ruined our best-friendship just like you ruined your career, your marriage, your daughter's life.

CUTTER
I should've shot you in the heart, not the arm, when I had the chance. Go to hell, Boehner.

CAPTAIN BOEHNER
See you there, Tavins.

Boehner gestures grandly to the security cameras live-streaming the other rooms of the house.

CAPTAIN BOEHNER (CONT'D)
I'm worried you're gonna drink yourself to death any day now, and I don't want you to die alone. So, why don't we find you a soulmate?

VADIM
So romantic. I don't want to die alone, either.

Kodiak messes with the security computer. Suddenly, all of the video monitors flip to images of dozens of leering PERVERTS - just like when Sasha was auctioned off.

KODIAK
Let's start the bidding at fifty G's.

CUTTER
Please. I'll pay you fifty G's to cut me down and give me some pants.

CAPTAIN BOEHNER
(laughing)
You don't have fifty cents to your name.

On one TV, a MILF with grotesque plastic surgery and DDD-fake boobs, her 90-yr-old husband asleep next to her, pipes up:

MILF
I wanna see his tongue.

Boehner obliges, pulling Cutter's tongue out for display.

MILF (CONT'D)
Mmm, moist. And his fingers?

Boehner holds his "fingering" fingers up.

MILF (CONT'D)
I like that. Now show me his wiener.

Boehner holds his underwear open. The Milf GASPS, but a hulking WHITE SUPREMACIST covered in tattoos on another TV beats her to it:

WHITE SUPREMACIST
Two hundred and fifty grand-

They're interrupted by the sound of windows shattering, a door being kicked down, and machine-gunfire downstairs.

VADIM
Guns!

Kodiak flips the monitors back just in time to see dozens of KOREANS dressed like '70's Cuban gangsters storming the house. He clicks to enlarge the screen showing the hallway outside the security room, grunting in fear as he sees:

INT. BOEHNER'S MANSION, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Suk-Chui at the top of the staircase, dressed like Tony Montana, holding an M16 rifle with an M203 grenade launcher.

SUK-CHUI
You wanna play rough? Say *anyong haseyo* to my little friend!

INT. BOEHNER'S MANSION, SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A grenade blows the door to smithereens. Everyone goes flying, Cutter breaking out of his bindings from the force.

Suk-Chui steps in, waving his gun wildly.

SUK-CHUI
You wanna play?

VADIM
I wanna play!

Vadim runs out of the room, giggling playfully as he shoots at Suk-Chui.

Suk-Chui deftly leaps up to dodge the bullet, doing the splits in the air like he's in fucking *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*.

SUK-CHUI
Okay, let's play, big boy.

INT. BOEHNER'S MANSION, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Suk-Chui machine-guns Vadim down, Vadim's dead body flying down the stairs. Suk-Chui then turns back on Kodiak.

INT. BOEHNER'S MANSION, SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SUK-CHUI
How 'bout you? You wanna play? Or you wanna give me my Bong-Cha back?

Kodiak holds his hands in the air like a coward.

KODIAK
She's in the basement, for sale. Wanna buy her back?

SUK-CHUI
You wanna fuck with me? Okay. We go to war... Cold War: The Sequel, mother fucker!

Suk-Chui flees from the room, Kodiak and Oksana close behind. Cutter grabs a fallen gun, pulls himself to his feet and limps to Boehner, standing over him. They quote *SCARFACE:*

CAPTAIN BOEHNER
You can't shoot a cop. *Again*.

CUTTER
Whoever says you was one?

But Cutter falters. Despite it all, he can't shoot. Boehner sees this weakness and laughs, shakily holding up a gun.

CAPTAIN BOEHNER
Pussy.

Cutter stops hesitating and shoots him dead.

CUTTER
Boehner.

After an emotional BEAT for Cutter, Stefani bursts in.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
Stefani! How'd you find me?

STEFANI
I got your "Boner" text and used my secretarial skills to deduce it meant "Boehner" the man, not penis.

CUTTER
Those aren't secretarial skills. Those are legitimate P.I. skills. You're promoted.

They kiss.

INT. BOEHNER'S MANSION, BASEMENT - MEANWHILE

An impromptu wedding is mid-ceremony, a guard officiating as Abu sits on his scooter facing a sobbing Sasha. Denise is held next to her by a guard. They all look up at the sound of gunfire and yelling.

The door is suddenly kicked open and the room is flooded with Korean gangsters, who shoot down Abu's guards. It's chaos. Last to step in like badass mother-fuckers are none other than Wyatt, in a preppy, pastel J.Crew get-up, and RHETT REYNOLDS, who looks *exactly* like Ryan Reynolds, only hotter. Rhett poses like an action-hero with a katana sword:

RHETT
Suck my dick! And by dick, I mean my sword.

DENISE
Rhett! I knew you were real!

RHETT
One hundred percent, half-Canadian, all-sexy man-meat.

Rhett runs to her. They have a Nicholas Sparks-worthy make-out session.

RHETT (CONT'D)
See? I told you I'd come for you.

DENISE
Just like in StarCraft, but better.

Rhett nuzzles her. She's in shock, overjoyed.

RHETT
I want to lick you like a cheesecake on a stick.

DENISE
I want you to spin me like the Wheel of Fortune. But first, let's get the hell out of here. How did you find us?

RHETT
Stefani tracked me down on Facebook. I packed my swords, hopped on my hog, and rode all night.
(re: Wyatt)
Made a quick stop in Georgia to pick this guy up; filled him in and he cried the entire way here.

DENISE
But why? What if I didn't find her?

RHETT
I knew you would.

Rhett strokes her cheek gently. They have a moment, then look to Wyatt just as he kneels in front of Sasha:

WYATT
Darling, if I learned anything over the past 12 horrifying hours, it's that life is short and you must live it to the fullest, because you never know when a human trafficker is going to steal your girlfriend. I can't wait another minute to ask you. Sasha Cox, would you please do me the great honor of marrying me?

SASHA
Yes. Yes, Wyatt, I will!

They kiss tenderly. Denise watches, relieved and thrilled for her sister. Then, she glances around, realizing Abu escaped.

RHETT
Alright. Let's go turn that Saudi into a dead body.

INT. BOEHNER'S MANSION, ENTRYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Rhett leads Denise out of the basement by the hand, trailed by Sasha and Wyatt, into the pandemonium of fighting gangsters. Koreans machine-gun down Russians, Russians maul Koreans *Eastern Promises*-style. It's a shitshow.

Denise spots Abu zipping out of a glass elevator on his scooter past the top of the staircase, a guard dragging his ventilator.

DENISE
There, the scooter!

Sasha's eyes narrow. She runs up the stairs with a vengeance, the others following, dodging bodies and bullets.

EXT. BOEHNER'S MANSION, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

With a guttural scream, Sasha catches up to them and leaps onto the back of Abu's guard, putting him in a sleeper hold. He passes out and crumples to the ground immediately.

DENISE
Woah.

SASHA
(to Denise)
Thanks for making me watch *Street Fighter* so many times. It gave me nightmares for years, but I guess I also picked up a few moves...

She turns on Abu.

ABU
Please Mommy, no. Don't be a bad whore.

SASHA
I. Am. Not. Your. Mommy.

She yanks his bejeweled venitilator away from him. His eyes bulge as he CHOKES for air, dying a slow, melodramatic death.

DENISE
It's sort of touching. He finally gets to be with his mom. Dead.

Cutter and Stefani emerge from the security room, relieved to spot the group. Denise eyes him. He's still in his underwear.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Rockin' bod, Tavins. How could you ever even *think* that six-pack was expired?

Cutter starts to smile, but his eyes go wide when he spots Oksana in the distance, running toward them skillfully in stilettos, Kodiak just behind her, aiming a gun at Denise.

CUTTER
Nooooo!

In SLO-MO, Cutter knocks Denise to the ground just as a bullet soars by, raises his gun and shoots Oksana. She falls to the ground with a thud. Kodiak trips over her lifeless body and hits the wall.

Kodiak sprints down the hall, his stringy, greasy ponytail blowing behind him. Denise grabs Rhett's sword, shoves Abu's body off the scooter and turns it to full speed, chasing Kodiak. She swings the sword once, slicing off Kodiak's ponytail; she swings again, this time slicing off his head.

Kodiak's body crumples and Denise breathes a sigh of relief, then looks over her shoulder, smiling at Sasha.

DENISE
Thanks for watching *Street Fighter* with me so many times. I guess I picked up a couple moves, too.

Sasha runs to embrace her. They share a moment.

Then, Wyatt wraps his arms around Sasha as Rhett climbs onto the back of the scooter, snuggling into Denise as Cutter and Stefani gather behind, surveying the gory aftermath of the chaos. They survived.

EXT. MONDRIAN SOUTH BEACH - LATER, SUNDAY EVENING

The valet bustles with TOURISTS' weekends coming to an end. Denise climbs after Rhett into Raul's new pimped out Town Car painted with leopard print, Raul and Cooch cuddling in the front, when Stefani's Miata peels up. Cutter jumps out.

DENISE
Tavins!

CUTTER
Denise. Couldn't let you leave without saying goodbye.

DENISE
This isn't goodbye. Didn't Stefani tell you? Back at the nail salon, we decided to be best friends. I'll be visiting all the time.

Cutter laughs.

CUTTER
Then I'll just cut to the end of my speech... I'm proud of you, Denise.

She's deeply touched. No one's ever told her that before.

CUTTER (CONT'D)
And I want to thank you.

DENISE
For what?

CUTTER
I'm going to rehab. I want to reconnect with my daughter.

DENISE
Nice! I'll drink to that, Tavins.

CUTTER
Yeah, well, timing seemed right. Next month, I'm being reinstated on the Miami P.D. They were pretty impressed with us taking down a crime syndicate in one day.

Cutter plays it cool, but can hardly contain his excitement.

DENISE
Aw man, who's proud of who, now?

Cutter nods to Sasha, who's happily examining her engagement ring as Wyatt loads their bags into the Town Car.

CUTTER
You find what you were looking for in Miami?

DENISE
All my dreams came true-

Rhett pokes his head out of the car, cradling Yohio like a baby.

RHETT
Angel face, you coming? We're gonna miss our flight. Oh, hey Cutter!

CUTTER
Hi Rhett.

DENISE
I'll be right there, lover.

Rhett smiles and slides back in the car. Denise grins wildly.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Sasha asked me to be her Maid of Honor.

CUTTER
Congratulations. I know you'll do a stand-up job.

DENISE
Heck yeah I will! I'm planning the bachelorette party already. Bought a sick Groupon for a Colombian eco-tour this morning.

Off Cutter's horrified look-

FADE OUT.