

QUEENS FOR A DAY

Bernie DeLeo

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - CHRISTMAS EVE - DUSK

MUSIC UP: Dean Martin's bouncy "Let It Snow" swings underneath THE OPENING CREDITS as light flakes dust various Philly landmarks, all decked out for the Yuletide season:

- Historic Independence Hall with big lit tree out front;
- Burly, baroque City Hall awash in red/green spotlights;
- The upscale Reading Terminal Market bustling with last-minute yuppie shoppers;
- And of course the holly-trimmed Mario Lanza Museum.

As our tour continues, we head out of downtown and into the blue-collar ethnic enclaves of South Philly where:

- A nativity scene lays illuminated before a soot-stained brick church;
- Elderly Italian women bark orders at the fish market in preparation for the evening's traditional seafood spread;
- Cheesy electric Santas, reindeer and lights lights lights transform a block of rowhouses into a mini-Times Square;
- And factory workers stream out of the gates, slapping backs and savoring their Xmas shore leave. Two workers peel off and head into a Pennsylvania institution:

EXT. A CORNER BAR - CONTINUOUS

Out front, bathed in neon, his truck parked curbside, stands the man who keeps the taps flowing and Happy Hour happy: LOU POLLETTA, 50s. A burly beer delivery guy, Lou wears the hangdog expression of a guy who coulda been a contender... had he only been dealt a different hand of cards.

Lou huffs and puffs, stacking crates of longnecks from his truck onto a dolly, then he rolls the liquid cargo into:

INT. THE BAR - CONTINUOUS

It's a 1950's time capsule complete with cracked leatherette booths and dark-stained wood. END CREDITS as Dino winds down on the corner jukebox. MARV, the aging meaty-faced barkeep, signs a bill of lading as Lou unloads the beer.

LOU
So, you comin' New Year's Day?

MARV
What, to see youse all choke again?

LOU
Hey! It's OUR year! Wait till you see what we cooked up for the show! We're money in the bank, trust me!

MARV
No thanks. The Irish are the favorites this year. Again. I got a C-note down on them.

LOU
How could you back the goddamn Micks??

MARV
Simple. They get the job done.

LOU
Yeah, then let 'em get the job done delivering your kegs for New Year's Day! Gee, I hope we don't run out.

And Lou wheels the dolly off, miffed.

MARV
Now hold on! You can't stiff me on Mummings Day! That's my biggest cash day of the year! Lou, WAIT!!

But Lou is out the door...

EXT. ESTABLISHING - LOU'S ROWHOUSE ON SECOND ("TWO") STREET - CHRISTMAS DAY

INT. LOU'S ROWHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

A typical, South Philly Italian household: old, cramped and faded. Today, Christmas Day, it's packed with men & kids, all in high spirits, while the women are noticeably absent.

By the front door, Lou holds court with his lieutenants:

Plump PETEY, 40s, a buoy on the ocean of life -- little fazes him and he's generally cheerful and clueless;

JIMMY, 40s, a runt with a bad case of Little Man's Disease;

MOOCH, 40s, a gangly Good-Time Charlie sprung from the same mold as *The Honeymooners'* Norton;

BIG FRANK, 50s, once a dashing Cock-of-the-Boardwalk, now gone to pot...in the belly department; and

FRANKIE JR., 30, Big Frank's son who's pure East Coast Guido -- a preening peacock obsessed with women, his dick, women, his bod, women, his hair and, oh yes, women.

MOOCH

(to PETEY)

Hey, where's the ol' ball and chain?

PETEY

Took the boys to her family's.

LOU

Yeah, well Terri better not snub us on New Years Day -- cuz we need all the help in the stands we can get!

PETEY

She'll be there, don't worry.

LOU

Good! She'll finally see us taste victory this year!

JIMMY

I fuckin' hope so. Cuz I'm sure as shit tired a' suckin' down defeat!

LOU

We will, I'm tellin' ya! Frank, we all set for the load-in tomorrow?

BIG FRANK

Got the trucks lined up for our slot at the Civic Center.

LOU

You fix the secret weapon?

BIG FRANK

Me and Junior spent all afternoon --

FRANKIE JR.

-- and it works like my dick on a Saturday night at the shore!

MOOCH

What, ya mean it's gonna explode the second we bring it out?

The Boys all laugh and razz Frankie as THE DOORBELL RINGS.

Lou opens the front door to:

BUNNY GALATI, 50ish, a blowsy, statuesque former Atlantic City chorus girl -- who still dresses like one, in leopard print pants and a fur jacket.

THE BOYS

BUNNY!

She plows through them holding a large pan with oven mitts.

BUNNY

Comin' through, comin' through! Hot lasagna! GET OUTTA THE WAY!!!

And she barrels down the hallway, out of sight, into:

INT. LOU'S KITCHEN

Where an army of Mediterranean mamas buzz over pots and platters of food. Bunny charges in and barks to MARIE, 50s, Lou's long-suffering wife, the rock that keeps this family together.

BUNNY

Marie! Where do you want this??

MARIE

Over by the window! Every other surface is full!

Assisting her mother is TINA, 25, your basic South Philly fashionplate special, with the zebra-striped nails, the too-tight jeans and the signature Big Hair.

TINA

Then maybe we should serve the freakin' dinner, huh Ma??

Clucking over them both is GRANDMA, Lou's Ma -- she's 80, tough as horsemeat and might just bury them all.

GRANDMA

In my day, Christmas dinner was on the table by two o'clock.

MARIE

Yeah, well it AIN'T your day anymore so make yourself useful and take out the antipasta, *capisce*??

Grandma grabs an antipasta platter with a sour look on her face and heads out down the hall to the menfolk.

TINA

Easy, Ma. It'll all be over soon.

MARIE

Christmas Day, sure! But then we got Mummings Day madness to look forward to on New Years! And the pissing and moaning and sulking all year after that!

BUNNY

Not this year. The number is to die for. They're gonna win, I swear --

Marie glares at Bunny, skeptically.

BUNNY (CONT'D)

-- though not on a stack of Bibles.

INT. LOU'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Everyone holds plates and glasses of red wine as Lou clinks a fork against his own glass.

LOU

Okay, quiet down! QUIET DOWN! First, let's pay respects to my wife Marie, who engineered yet another holiday gastro-masterpiece.

Marie smiles wanly as everyone whoops and cheers for her.

LOU (CONT'D)

Second, I wanna thank everyone for working so damn hard on our number this year. The costumes, the sets -- they all look fantastic!

Bunny clears her throat loudly.

LOU (CONT'D)

I was getting to you! And to Bunny, the pride of Atlantic City and our fearless director/dance captain 12 years now. Long may she reign!

They all raise glasses and shout "HEAR HEAR"...Bunny holds up her hands to shush them.

BUNNY

Please. Stop. I'm afraid...I'm gonna rain on my reign.

LOU
Whaddaya mean?

MARIE
And what's that on you hand?!
OHMYGAWD, did he PROPOSE??

BUNNY
(beaming girlishly)
Yes! Last night, Christmas Eve! In
the lounge at Bally's where we met!
I'M GONNA MARRY SID!

The women all squeal and quickly cluster around to ogle the sparkling rock on her finger.

LOU
The Deck Chair King of Des Moines??

BUNNY
Yep. And we're off to Miami for good
-- the day after New Year's! So you
cafones better win! Cuz after this,
you're on your own!

A pall falls over the crowd.

BUNNY (CONT'D)
Hey, come on! It's not like I died!
Eat! Drink! *Mangia!*

But the cheery spirit has been sucked out of the room...

EXT. LOU'S ROWHOUSE - EARLY MORNING (THE NEXT DAY)

Marie & Tina climb into Tina's rusting once-sporty Camaro, as Lou watches them go from the stoop in his bathrobe.

LOU
Can't you two take a year off?

TINA
You know how cheap shit is the day
after Christmas?

MARIE
When do you think I buy all your
underwear for the year?

LOU
Announce it to the WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD
why don'tcha??

MARIE

We'll be gone till late, so eat the
leftover manicott' after the load-in.

LOU

And Merry Christmas to you too.

Lou waves them off then shuffles back inside... as mother and daughter glance at each other, conspirators both.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA'S 30TH STREET STATION - 40 MINUTES LATER

In the spectacularly vaulted Beaux Arts train station, Marie and Tina trot over to a track stairwell where passengers are gathering to board. Marie holds a shopping bag with gifts.

MARIE

This is the one time of the year when
I'm thankful your father's so
clueless. You know what to buy?

TINA

Wrapping paper, ribbon and extra large
Jockey boxers. Don't forget to tell
that *stroonz* I miss him.

MARIE

I will. God how I wish he were down
here for Christmas...

Mother and daughter just look at each other, ruefully.

TINA

Go, Ma. Don't miss your train.

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN - TRAVELING - MORNING

Marie stares out at the Northern New Jersey swamp blight -- and she smiles as the Empire State Building comes into view in the distance. A CONDUCTER calls up the aisle:

CONDUCTER

NEXT STOP, NEW YORK CITY, FOLKS!

INT. NYC'S PENN STATION - MORNING

Underneath the Big Board, Marie glances around, giddy anticipation on her face, when from behind her, she hears:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

That better be Grandma's canoli in
your bag --

Marie turns, beaming. Standing before her is:

ANTHONY POLLETTA, 30, her trim, handsome, wavy-haired son who views the world through irony-tinged glasses.

ANTHONY
-- or you can turn right around and go home!

And she whirls and gives her son a crushing bearhug.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Geez, Ma! You tryin' out for *Wrestling Smackdown* or what?

MARIE
Hey, I get one day a year to hug you, so I gotta make it good.

ANTHONY
Merry Christmas, Ma. Come on...

He takes her shopping bag as she takes his arm; you can tell there is genuine affection between them.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - BROWNSTONE WALKUP - DAY

Marie & Anthony slide from a cab, then head on up the steps.

MARIE
So, uh...how's Kenny?

ANTHONY
Oh he's great. His father's here for the holidays.

MARIE
Really? They still speak?

ANTHONY
Of course! Not every dad's the troglodyte Pop is.

MARIE
Where's his father in from?

ANTHONY
San Francisco.

MARIE
Ah. That explains it.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Anthony fumbles with his key, Marie cocks an eyebrow -- taped show music and singing wafts from behind a door.

ANTHONY

Kenny must be rehearsing his new cabaret act for his dad. He's gonna miss the opening next month.

INSIDE THE APARTMENT

Anthony silently ushers his apprehensive mother toward:

A LIVING ROOM EXPLODING WITH COLOR AND KITSCH.

In the center of the room in a satin evening gown, long-sleeved gloves, high heels, and cascading blonde hair stands the gorgeous, fabulous MISS KIMI, drag alter-ego of Anthony's gamine partner, KENNY WREN.

To a recorded score piping from a boombox, Kenny/Kimi sings Cole Porter's "Why Can't You Behave" (with altered lyrics) and snakes a feathered boa around a life-sized photo cutout of the Senator Mitch McConnell.

KENNY/KIMI

*Whyyyy can't yooooou be gaaaaaay?
Oh whyyyy can't yooooou be gaaaaaay?
Why would you want to oppress me,
When I just want to be your slaaave?
Oh whyyyy can't yooooou be gaaaaaay?*

*There's a bar I know near Sheridan
Square,
Where the patrons look like RuPaul or
Cher.
In a skirt and wig,
You'll go over big,
Or come dressed as Doris Daaaaaay!
Oh whyyyy can't yooooou be gaaaaaay?
Oh whyyyy can't yooooou be GAAAAAY!!!*

Kenny/Kimi belts out the last faux-heartwrenched note, then plants a big red smooch on the conservative crank's lips.

MARIE just stares at this, speechless -- when the lanky, patrician BILL WREN, 60s, applauds and bounds from the sofa.

BILL

That was great, son! You'll knock 'em dead!

KENNY/KIMI
 (re McConnell)
 Could I just knock HIM dead?

ANTHONY
 Now now.

Kenny/Kimi looks up to see Anthony and Marie.

KENNY/KIMI
 Oh my GOD, it's my future mother-in-law! Come in come in come IN! You must meet the father of the bride!

Marie, overwhelmed by his manic energy, shakes Bill's hand.

BILL
 I've heard so much about you. Welcome to the family, Marie.

MARIE
 Well...it's not a real family.

KENNY/KIMI
 Just a matter of time. So what d'you think of the number? It's from my new one-woman show called "*It Takes A Village People*."

MARIE
 Uuuuh...great!

Beat. Kenny/Kimi just stares at her -- then suddenly, he/she dissolves into a mass of artistic insecurity.

KENNY/KIMI
 Oh God, she HATES it!

ANTHONY
 She doesn't!

MARIE
 I don't!

KENNY/KIMI
 Look, it's my fourth solo show, I'm running out of fresh ideas! I don't want to do them anymore, I just want to choreograph, but OH NOOOOOO, I didn't put my time in as a chorus boy, working my way up the Broadway ladder! I'm a DRAG QUEEN so why should ANYONE take me seriously??

ANTHONY

No, you're a DRAMA Queen who's taking herself WAY TOO seriously! Can we just go eat now...?

INT. PHILADELPHIA CIVIC CENTER - LOADING DOCK - AFTERNOON

Lou barks to his crew (Petey, Jimmy, Mooch, Big Frank, Frankie Jr. & others) as they roll moving pieces of scenery (Olde English in theme) off the back of an open semi.

LOU

KEEP IT MOVING! We got 40 minutes left, then the Irish get the loading dock at 2 p.m. sharp!

Petey rolls a big cart with armor & Medieval weapons stacked on it -- a large jousting pike sticks out dangerously.

PETEY

No problem! I don't wanna see them evil leprechauns before the big day if I don't have to --

But Petey's going too fast, not watching where he's going --

LOU

Petey, look OUT! You're gonna -- !

Too late -- **CHNKK!** -- as the pike slams into and punctures the side of a large, red, scaly float.

LOU (CONT'D)

Aw FUCK!! You just punctured Nancy!

Lou and the crew race over, all of them freaked.

PETEY

I'm sorry! You said to move it!

LOU

NOT INTO OUR MEAL TICKET'S SIDE!! Aw Jeez, what are we gonna do??

MOOCH

Uh, clock's tickin', boss.

LOU

OKAY, LISTEN UP! We'll fix her later! Let's unload for now and pray we're not seriously screwed!

INT. RUBY FOO'S - MANHATTAN - LATE AFTERNOON

In the overblown Chinese restaurant (that looks like a Charlie Chan film set) sit Marie, Anthony, Bill Wren and Kenny, who's out of makeup, now wearing androgynous clothes and back in his upbeat spirits.

KENNY

Oh, I just ADORE this place. It's so
kissy!

MARIE

Kissy?

KENNY

Oh look! Paul's tending bar! I'll go
say hi -- and snag us some free mai
tais!

Kenny flits off, and Marie watches him, agog. Bill & Anthony chuckle at her reaction.

BILL

He's quite unique, isn't he?

MARIE

I'll say. But don't his, y'know --

She swishes her hands around.

ANTHONY

Mannerisms?

MARIE

Yeah. Don't they...bother you?

ANTHONY

Aw Jeez -- Ma!

BILL

No, it's okay. At one time they did.
My wife especially. Nob Hill
blueblood. Couldn't stand that he was
gay. So Kenny shunned us, and vice
versa. Until Sheila was killed in a
car accident.

MARIE

I'm so sorry.

BILL

Don't be. She was a shrew. Who kept me from my son for too long. And that's what I learned -- that life's too short. I'm just so glad Kenny was so forgiving.

ANTHONY

Yeah well, he lucked out getting a dad like you. Wish I was so lucky.

And Marie squirms, hoping to hide their dirty laundry.

MARIE

Oh, your father's not that bad.

ANTHONY

Not that bad?? Ma, when I told him I was gay, he tossed me out of the house! Literally!! Threw me off the stoop! See this bump on my nose?? That's from my face hitting the sidewalk! Not only did he break my heart, but he broke my damn nose!

MARIE

He didn't mean to break your nose.

ANTHONY

Oh, so that excuses him??

MARIE

(embarrassed)

Look, we shouldn't talk about this in front of Mr. Wren.

BILL

I don't mind, really. Get it out. Helps heal the hurt.

ANTHONY

(with a snort)

It'll take more than that.

A waitress flounces over in a sarong; in one hand she holds a tray of umbrella drinks, with the other she obscures her face with a Chinese fan. In a bad cartoon Asian accent:

WAITRESS

Rady rikee drinkee?

Marie looks up -- **WHAPP!** -- as the waitress snaps the fan shut, revealing a grinning Kenny, who's somehow managed to find a Chinese quickchange in 60 seconds.

KENNY

Surprise! It's your order of Sum Yung
Guy!

Again, Marie just stares, speechless -- and Bill explodes with
laughter.

BILL

Ah God, that's great, son! Where'd
you dig that up??

KENNY

Tokyo Rose not reveal anyfing to white
devil!

Bill laughs even harder, eyes twinkling with affection for his
campy gadfly son. Marie observes them interact, with newfound
respect.

And Anthony can only watch with sadness, at the perfect model
of a father and gay son relationship...and wonder what that
might be like...

INT. RICCO'S - SOUTH PHILLY - EARLY EVENING

Your classic neighborhood red-sauce joint. Lou and The Boys
have retired here, all of them sucking down beers morosely.

LOU

Man, I hope he can fix her.

BIG FRANK

Hey, the machine don't exist that my
son can't fix.

Just then, Frankie Jr. waltzes through the door, beaming.

FRANKIE JR.

Good as new, ladies!

A loud cheer goes up, as Lou & Big Frank sidle over to him.

LOU

Aw, thank GOD! You just earned
yourself a case of Rolling Rock.

BIG FRANK

Come here, son. I'm proud a' you.

Big Frank gives his son a misty-eyed beer-soaked embrace.

BIG FRANK (CONT'D)
I'm so glad you and me got this
tradition to share. I love you.

Lou watches them both, pained, thinking about his own son --
or lack thereof -- when Frankie Jr. pushes his father away.

FRANKIE JR.
Aw geez, get off, Dad! What are you,
a fag or something??

BIG FRANK
Frankie!

Big Frank swats him, then eyerolls indicating Lou.

FRANKIE JR.
Oops. Uh, sorry, Lou.

LOU
Sorry about what?

Acting unfazed, Lou quickly moves off to address the crowd:

LOU (CONT'D)
OKAY, LISTEN UP, EVERYONE! Tech
rehearsal tomorrow at ten, dress
rehearsal the day after at noon. YOU
ALL KNOW WHAT TO DO??

THE BOYS
YEAH!!!

LOU
WE GONNA WIN THIS THING OR WHAT??

THE BOYS
YEEEEEEEEAAHHH!!!!

LOU
GOOD! THEN LET'S GO KICK SOME
SHAMROCK ASS!!!

They go apeshit cheering. And as they do, we're suddenly hit
with the bizarre aural assault of a thousand banjos,
saxophones and glockenspiels blasting out a jaunty chorus of
"The Pennsylvania Polka" as we

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILLY - BROAD STREET - NEW YEAR'S DAY

Bundled, frozen faces line the streets, cheering on a raucous parade in full swing. Two coiffed news anchors, perky blonde JODY KELLY and chiseled leading man RON STERN, commentate for the TV cameras:

JODY

Welcome to the 121st Annual Mummers Day Parade! Philadelphia's subzero answer to Mardi Gras.

RON

We're your live local coverage of this long-time tradition in the City of Cream Cheese and Cheesesteaks --

JODY

-- where every Southside Johnny dons their golden slippers, satin, sequins and takes the city by storm.

And indeed BOOZY, BEEFY GROWN MEN in brightly grotesque drag cakewalk up the street, blowing kisses, dancing arm-in-arm and hamming it up for the crowd. The anchors both chuckle.

RON (O.S.)

Somewhere in Heaven, William Penn is dying all over again.

JODY (O.S.)

We'll be judging the traditional Mummers groups today: The Comics --

A CLOWN ARAB in over-the-top Sheik costume runs up the street carrying a giant round black cartoon bomb with "W.M.D." stenciled on it, as he's chased by a KEYSTONE COP IN A GEORGE BUSH MASK.

RON (O.S.)

The Fancies --

Fantastical floats glide by exploding with streamers, spangles and colors -- dragons, sea creatures, alien motherships -- it's a Peter Max painting run amok.

JODY (O.S.)

The ever-popular String Bands --

A sequined and feathered "String Band" (banjo, sax & glock players) march in lockstep blaring out the weirdest amalgam of musical noise you've ever heard.

RON

And later in the day we'll take you to
the Civic Center for the crowning
event of each year's Mummers Day
celebration --

JODY

-- the Fancy Bridage Competition!
Where age-old neighborhood rivals face
off with musical production numbers,
all for cash prizes --

RON

But more importantly, for bragging
rights throughout the next year!

EXT. THE PHILADELPHIA CIVIC CENTER - AFTERNOON

Tour buses disgorge legions of jowly seniors who file into the auditorium laughing, beaming, and calling out to old pals. For these folks, it might as well be Oscar night.

INT. THE CIVIC CENTER - AFTERNOON

Patrons fill in banks of grandstands which surround a massive thrust staging area, backed by a mammoth curtain.

INT. BACKSTAGE - BEHIND THE GIANT CURTAIN

It's pandemonium: a Greek Temple, two pirate ships, and other thematically-clashing sets jockey for position as armies of costumed pipefitters, cops, and longshoremen prepare for showtime.

AT THE CRACK IN THE CURTAIN

A chubby medieval minstrel (Petey), a stringbean jester (Jimmy), a lanky bug-eyed knight in chainmail (Mooch) and a stocky knight in armor (Lou) peek out at the audience.

PETEY

Jeez, look at that crowd.

LOU

Ours for the taking.

Suddenly, Big Frank, dressed as a King, jogs over to them.

BIG FRANK

Lou! Bad news! Nancy sprung a leak!

LOU

Aw SHIT!!

BIG FRANK

Junior's workin' on her right now!

LOU

Well he better fix it!

GRAVELLY VOICE (O.S.)

Or what? You'll lose?

Our Medieval quintet whips around to see:

A GROUP OF BURLY IRISHMEN outfitted like island warriors: grass skirts, spray-on tans, war paint and bone/feather headdresses. Smirking front and center is MIKEY O'MALLEY, 50s, a tall, sinewy wiseacre dressed as their king, flanked by his two flat-topped lieutenants, RANKIN & QUINN, 40s.

O'MALLEY

What else is new?

LOU

Fuck you, O'Malley! You're goin' down this year.

O'MALLEY

I just did -- on your wife in the men's room! And there's a line ten-deep for the free clam pie!

LOU

You Goddamn mick ASSHOLE!!

Lou lunges at O'Malley -- but O'Malley easily sidesteps Lou's armored bulk and trips him with his spear. Lou pitches forward, clanking onto the cement floor...

INT. OUT FRONT - UP IN THE GRANDSTANDS

Sit Marie, Tina, Grandma and a very nervous Bunny.

MARIE

Dear God, please let your father win this year!

TINA

I think Grandma's got that end covered for ya, Ma.

Grandma rattles off her rosary, working her hotline to God.

GRANDMA

Hail Mary, full of Grace, the Lord is
with thee...

BUNNY

Don't worry! I showed the boys some
breathing exercises. As long as
they're relaxing, they're fine.

BACKSTAGE

Lou sputters and thrashes on his armored back like a furious
turtle. The Irish laugh as Lou's own teammates just stare.

LOU

HELP ME UP, YOU FUCKIN' IDIOTS!!

Petey & Mooch do so as the Irishers yuk it up.

ONSTAGE

A follow spotlight picks up a tuxedoed ANNOUNCER trotting
onstage with a cordless mike; he bellows into it:

ANNOUNCER

HELLOOOOOOOOO PHILADELPHIA!!! ARE YOU
READY TO RHUMBA??

The CROWD rattles the rafters "YEEEEEEAHH" right back.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Okay then! Let's start with the
reigning champs two years running: Bob
McGurk's Shooters and their theme,
"Paradise Tossed"!!

BACKSTAGE

O'MALLEY

That's us! Look forward to watching
you schmucks bellyflop! Again!

LOU

Fungool, douchebags!

Lou flips him the cocked elbow "fuck you" salute -- and his
armor locks up, freezing his arm at a 90-degree angle.

LOU

Aw Christ! TOOLBOX!!

And Lou scuttles off for help.

ONSTAGE

The massive curtains part, and thus begins the grandest, gaudiest Super Bowl half-time show you ever saw:

JUNGLE DRUMBEATS RHYTHMICALLY RUMBLE OVER LOUDSPEAKERS as A SWARM OF HAWAIIAN WARRIORS (the Irish crew) pours onstage hauling a big aqua tarp (representing water). Warriors in rolling outriggers paddle out behind them.

Next come more island guys wheeling out palm trees, huts... and the *piece de resistance*: a gigantic smoking mound.

FROM THE WINGS

Big Frank, Mooch, Jimmy, Petey & Lou just gawk.

BIG FRANK

Ho --

MOOCH

Lee --

JIMMY

SHIT!

PETEY

They got a VOLCANO!!!

Lou's impressed and freaked out, but tries to hide both.

LOU

Some volcano! You see any lava? All I see is a big smokin' turd!

BACK ONSTAGE

The warriors do a frenzied dance in two concentric circles weaving in and out, twirling spears, clacking them against each other in a savage rhythm -- and they look pretty good.

UP IN THE STANDS

TINA

Geez, they look pretty good.

BUNNY

Just wait till you see what your Father's gang has...if it works.

ONSTAGE

Two Burly Warriors (Rankin & Quinn) drag a scantily-clad, thrashing YOUNG WOMAN right up to the King (O'Malley) -- he points up at the volcano, scowling through his war paint.

FROM THE WINGS

PETEY

What the hell are they doin'?

BIG FRANK

Sacrificing a virgin, ya putz!

MOOCH

To appease the volcano god??

PETEY

Oh yeah? Well the joke's on them.
Cuz that's Amy Kelly out there, and
she sure as shit ain't no virgin!

The Boys all just shake their heads...

ONSTAGE

The Warriors carry the alleged Virgin up the volcano, which glows brighter from inside. Drums crescendo dramatically.

And they toss her down into the hole, screaming!

BOOM!! Confetti and smoke explode from the volcano!

And then, over the volcano's rim flows a thick wave of orange goo. THE CROWD OOOOOOs, applauding like wild.

FROM THE WINGS

JIMMY

Screw me sideways!

PETEY

They got lava! They GOT LAVA!!

LOU

Oh really?? I thought it was FUCKIN'
JELLO!

Lou stomps off backstage, totally wiggled out.

UP IN THE STANDS

Grandma applauds lustily, while Marie looks nauseous.

GRANDMA
Just like Pompeii! BRAVO!!

TINA
Gram! It's the OTHER TEAM!

MARIE
Aw Christ on the crapper.

ONSTAGE

The natives run in circles, freaking out in choreographed fear. Some sink into the water as if dying.

The King sees this, and races up the volcano -- then throws himself in too! Another **BOOM!!**...more smoke & confetti... but now the lights inside the volcano dim...then go out.

The warriors rise up, dance to celebrate in more and more elaborate whirling circles, music spinning faster and faster until -- **POKK!!** -- ALL SOUND CUTS OFF ABRUPTLY with the warriors in a fearsome freeze-frame.

Long beat. Then the audience goes berserk!!

BACKSTAGE

Frankie Jr.'s still tinkering with tools on the side of the float -- when Lou stomps right over to him.

LOU
So?? Is she workin'??

FRANKIE JR.
I'm...not sure.

LOU
Well GET sure! And fuckin' FAST!
'Cuz we're up next! And if she don't
work, we're DEAD, you hear me?? 'Cuz
THEY GOT FREAKIN' LAVA!!!

BACK ONSTAGE

The warriors roll their island sets behind the curtain and clear the stage as the Announcer trots back out.

ANNOUNCER
Bill McGurk's Shooters! Right away
setting the bar awfully high. Let's
welcome our next group, the Two Street
Turks and their medieval theme,
"Knightmare"!

A castle set rolls out, accompanied by lively medieval tambor, pipes and lute music; the Minstrel (Petey) and the Jester (Jimmy) prance out, leading the way. The King (Big Frank), A QUEEN AND A BEVY OF COURTIERS caper about the stage in a lame-ass jig.

They draw back as TWO KNIGHTS ON HORSEBACK (Lou & Mooch with horses sewn onto their costumes -- their own legs are dressed as horses doing the running) emerge from the side holding spears, ready to joust for the hand of THE PRINCESS.

The Princess drops her glove, and Lou runs straight at Mooch...whose visor falls over his eyes -- he can't see!

As Mooch runs wide of Lou, struggling with heavy pike and fallen visor, he gallops straight for the audience!

Patrons scream and jump out of the way -- as Mooch plows into the folding chairs in the stands!

FROM THE WINGS

O'Malley and his Hawaiian henchmen roar with laughter.

UP IN THE STANDS

Marie reaches over to Grandma -- and yanks her rosary away.

MARIE

Gimme that! Hail Mary, full of grace,
the Lord is with thee...!

ONSTAGE

Petey and others help Mooch to his feet, as Lou gestures frantically to Big Frank.

LOU

Cue Nancy, goddammit!

Big Frank waves offstage...and over the top of the castle, a towering, fearsome dragon with light-up eyes wheels up to the wall, then bends over and roars!

The audience pipes up, applauding heartily, as the court dashes around in choreographed horror.

Lou, who's shed his horse and now holds a sword & shield, runs up and bravely gestures he'll take on the threat!

The dragon's mouth opens and Lou braces for flames -- but nothing happens. Lou looks around, panicked.

INSIDE THE DRAGON

Frankie Jr. pumps a priming mechanism, then flips a switch.

FRANKIE JR.
Please work! Please work! PLEASE
WORK, YOU FREAKIN' BASTARD!

ONSTAGE

A tiny flame flickers from the back of the dragon's throat --
and the court onstage cowers with dread.

Lou holds up his shield, to ward off the impending heat --
when suddenly, the dragon's whole head erupts in flames!

Lou drops his jaw, staring at the flaming float, zombified.

ON THE AUDIENCE

And they're doubled-over, dying of laughter, while

IN THE WINGS

The Hawaiian Irish are practically pissing themselves.

UP IN THE STANDS

TINA
Madonn'!

MARIE
GodDAMMIT!!!

GRANDMA
Was that supposed ta happen?

BUNNY
(disgusted)
That's it! I'm done. South Beach,
here I come.

ONSTAGE

Lou drops his sword and just shambles offstage -- why
continue? Another twelve months, down the damn drain...