

MINDSUCKERS:  
THE WITCHES OF WESTWOOD

by Jason Quinn



FADE IN:

EXT. HILARY'S BEACHHOUSE -- NIGHT

HOUSE MUSIC pulses outside an expensive apartment complex.

INT. HILARY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

A richly decorated bedroom, louder MUSIC.

Half-empty WINE GLASSES on a bookshelf. CLOTHES on the floor.

A no-nudity but as dirty-as-we-can-make-it house video.

HILARY, hot and trampy in a black teddy, stockings, and heels, straddles STEVE, tan and athletic. Gratuitous MOANING.

The couple has attractive, athletic, no-real-nudity sex. CLOSE-UPS and PANNING shots across legs, faces, arms, etc.

Steve and Hilary roll over. More CLOSE-UPS and MOANING.

Sweeping shots across naked backs.

The bed shakes. Hilary MOANS as Steve thrusts away.

Hilary's hand claws Steve's back. Steve roughly spins Hilary around and pulls her to her hands and knees.

Hilary's hand grips the bedsheet. Hilary MOANS and bites her lip.

EXT. HILARY'S BALCONY -- NIGHT

A poorly lit balcony outside Hilary's bedroom.

GLORIA stands shrouded on the balcony. Thunder CRACKS.

Gloria peeks through glass as Hilary kneels in front of Steve. Gloria's best 900 voice, a husky purr.

GLORIA (V.O.)

The universe was created by the  
Zan'A'ah, aliens represented on earth  
by a cult of pagan witch goddesses,  
responsible for advocating basic  
social tolerance and lots of hard,  
deviant sex.

Gloria wipes the glass as fake rain falls.

LIGHTNING flashes. Through the rain-streaked glass, Hilary rubs her eyes.

Gloria senses someone approaching and peeks over the balcony.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

For centuries, the cults who oppose sex have oppressed the cults who promote it. The persecutors' success in war is dependent upon the rage achieved through repressing their adherents' basic sexual desires. Meanwhile, the nicer folk having sex in hopes that the gods would rain on their crops are overrun by these zealots, who use their prude religions to achieve social control through a self-hatred that removes the simple joys of sexual objectification.

Below Gloria, on the street, PHOEBE approaches.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I am one of the last witches. So is the tramp in the bedroom. And this, I think, is her apprentice.

Phoebe, 22, dressed like a paralegal, looks up at the balcony and hurries into the building. She carries an ATTACHÉ CASE.

INT. HILARY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Steve relaxes on the bed as Hilary heads into the bathroom, wiping herself off with a towel.

GLORIA (V.O.)

A war is upon us that few will survive. Old alliances are failing. So many are already dead. When only one witch remains, the world will be unmade. So says the oracle.

INT. HILARY'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Hilary turns on the shower and goes to the mirror.

GLORIA (V.O.)

And now, a traitor is among us. Attacking unexpected, which, actually, at this point, is expected. Trying to become the unmaker.

INT. HILARY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Steve, on the bed, rolls over and stretches.

GLORIA (V.O.)

And so we watch each other for protection. And sometimes just for kicks. This one is easy. Dumb, hard body, thick like a rolling pin. I may borrow him.

INT. HILARY'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Hilary stands in the shower, the water HISSING behind her. MUSIC slows and warps.

Hilary relaxes and rolls her neck, smiling. The water bounces off her naked back.

She takes the showerhead off it's carriage. Again, Hilary relaxes and rolls her neck. The doorbell RINGS.

INT. HILARY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Steve sits on the bed, listening and waiting. The doorbell RINGS again. Steve lays back on the bed.

INT. HILARY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Phoebe stands outside the door. She waves her hand and the door CLICKS open. She goes inside.

INT. HILARY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

The living room matches the bedroom. Subtle wealth.

Phoebe walks across the room to the bedroom door, pauses, and opens the door.

INT. HILARY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Phoebe scans the room, out of breath and distrustful of Steve, who poses on the bed like a gigolo.

STEVE  
Well, hello, Phoebe.

Phoebe looks away as Steve stretches.

PHOEBE  
Where's Hilary?

STEVE  
She's here.

PHOEBE  
You're not going to trick me this time.

STEVE  
(rises)  
Why would I want to?

Steve approaches Phoebe.

PHOEBE  
Where's Hilary?

Steve looks into Phoebe's eyes.

SERIES OF SHOTS -- Steve and Hilary

1) Hilary MOANS, straddling Steve on the bed.

2) Phoebe MOANS, straddling Steve on the bed.

3) Steve smiles.

4) Phoebe, wrapping herself in a sheet, stumbles out.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

Phoebe turns away from Steve.

STEVE  
She's in the bathroom. Cleaning up.

PHOEBE  
I need to see her right now.

STEVE  
I'll let her know when she's out.

PHOEBE  
I need to see her now.

Phoebe tries to push by. Steve grabs her arm.

STEVE  
You know, we have time.

Steve kisses Phoebe. At first, she reciprocates.

PHOEBE (V.O.)  
What are you doing? Stop it! Stop!

Phoebe catches herself and pushes Steve away.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)  
Stop it. Is that all you think about?

STEVE  
Pretty much.

Steve stares at Phoebe, hypnotically. Phoebe turns away.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Whatever.

Steve returns to the bed.

PHOEBE  
Tell Hilary I'm here.

Phoebe exits back into the living room, shutting the door.

EXT. HILARY'S BALCONY -- NIGHT

Gloria watches from the balcony as Steve turns on the RADIO.

RADIO 1 (V.O.)

But that's the problem with these bigots and their racism. The republican party wants an apartheid system, just like Israel. It's not as if we're enforcing our immigration laws. They want lots of illegal immigrants so they can pay substandard wages and avoid giving benefits. And that's really true of the big money behind both parties. As a nation, we're more wealthy than ever.

Steve stretches and poses on the bed.

RADIO 1 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Revenues are up. We just split those revenues unevenly. The rich would have you believe that they need to keep illegal labor to maintain low food prices, but what they really want to maintain is their unequal standard of living. Why won't Americans take those jobs? Because they're little more than slavery, right now. We need immigration reform, but not as much as we need to recognize that all necessary functions in a successful society are deserving of a living wage.

INT. HILARY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Phoebe frets on the couch.

RADIO 2 (V.O.)

You're right about that, Bob. You know, most of our food is picked by illegal immigrants. We could round them up. It's no secret where they work. But we want them here, and if they're here, that means worker protections and basic human rights. And if that means agro-business is less profitable, so be it. Right now, we pay those jerks not to grow things. Why? To keep prices high so farmers can make more money. And how crazy is that? I mean, who cares if farmers make money- they live on a farm! What more do they need? They can grow their food.

(MORE)

RADIO 2 (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Do we really want these people having  
 big ticket items like cable tv? It  
 just means the fat kids last longer  
 on American Idol.

INT. HILARY'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Hilary takes a steamy, sudsy shower.

RADIO 1 (V.O.)  
 Good jobs are fleeing this country,  
 triggered by bad policy like NAFTA.  
 It's an apartheid system with a hidden  
 and disenfranchised second class who  
 perform most of the actual labor in  
 this country. They are the backbone  
 of this economy and most live at the  
 edge of subsistence. Our minimum  
 wage should be doubled. Yes, doubled.  
 Minimum wage is seven bucks an hour-  
 that's less than fifteen grand a  
 year. Right now, you need two full  
 time minimum wage jobs to reach the  
 poverty line. We expect people we  
 intentionally don't educate to work  
 eighty hour weeks just to achieve  
 poverty. That's why inner city kids  
 sell drugs. There's no way out of  
 the ghetto selling French fries.

RADIO 2 (V.O.)  
 You said it. Our uneducated urban  
 poor aren't stupid- they're uneducated-  
 just like our uneducated Midwestern  
 bigots. Everyone on the planet does  
 the best they can with the information  
 as they see it. That large  
 percentages of minority communities  
 see selling drugs as a better life  
 option than the system tells you  
 something about the system.  
 Everybody's trying hard to live a  
 good life and we should stop blaming  
 people for bad choices we lead them  
 into in their pursuit of the same.  
 It's like immigration. They cross  
 the river for a better life for  
 themselves and their children.  
 Nothing pisses me off more than these  
 fat, white middle-aged assholes saying  
 that because these people came  
 illegally, they should be sent back.  
 No, you gutless obtuse fucks, these  
 jobs should be paid a living wage,  
 and then we wouldn't need to let  
 people in to fill them.



RADIO 1 (V.O.)

Unless you make your money through  
Indian casinos, at one point or  
another, nearly all of our ancestors  
were immigrants. We committed  
genocide. Let's try and be more  
inclusive so they don't have to.

Hilary rinses her hair.

EXT. HILARY'S BALCONY -- NIGHT

Gloria stands on the balcony.

GLORIA (V.O.)

I feel it coming.

Gloria waves her arms and gesticulates to perform a spell.

BINK. The sound of a frozen windows operating system.  
Nothing happens. She checks the balcony door. Locked.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Sonofabitch!

INT. HILARY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Steve fiddles with the radio.

RADIO (V.O.)

I don't know, Bob. I wouldn't call  
the pope a worthless nazi bigot.  
You could sell the meat.

Steve changes the radio to FUNK.

INT. HILARY'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Hilary, out of the shower and wrapped in a towel, checks  
herself in the mirror, dancing happily. She shivers.

HILARY (V.O.)

Oh my.

She braces herself against the vanity, hot and bothered.

She orgasms, quietly. Aaah. She orgasms again, less quietly.  
AAAGHH! She looks into the mirror.

HILARY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

She orgasms repeatedly, a long, building grind, wholly out  
of her control. She MOANS. She shakes.

Her eyes roll. A spiderweb of electricity envelopes her.  
Hilary MOANS as she orgasms over and over against her will.

EXT. HILARY'S BALCONY -- NIGHT

Gloria mumbles incantations on the balcony.

GLORIA (V.O.)  
Nikki nikki buwana la gana bang bang.  
Numma boo-tah kaleck-ey.

No effect.

INT. HILARY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Phoebe charges in. Steve lies motionless on the bed. Phoebe points at the door.

PHOEBE  
Open!

No response.

INT. HILARY'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Hilary WHIMPERS and MOANS as she grinds against the wall.

HILARY  
Tvaya docheri my-u ah-byed!

With a massive, unladylike GRUNT, Hilary dissolves into a small mound of blue cream.

EXT. HILARY'S BALCONY -- NIGHT

MUSIC swells and BRIGHT LIGHTS shine from inside as Gloria makes futile gestures at the window.

GLORIA (V.O.)  
No!

INT. HILARY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Phoebe turns on Steve, still lying on the bed.

PHOEBE  
What just happened?

Steve rolls over and sits up.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)  
What just happened?

STEVE  
How should I know?

Steve gets off the bed and faces Phoebe.

PHOEBE  
I don't believe you.

STEVE  
What just happened?

Steve starts to shake.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Oh God, what's?

Steve drops hard to the floor. Phoebe pulls at the locked door to the bathroom.

Phoebe, freaking out, hyperventilates. She tilts back her head and massages her breasts, counting.

PHOEBE  
One two three four five six seven  
eight nine ten eleven...

EXT. HILARY'S BALCONY -- NIGHT

Gloria watches in horror, waving her arms with no effect.

GLORIA (V.O.)  
Let me in, dammit. Hakala. Zhe zhe  
zaa.

INT. HILARY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Phoebe, midst orgasm but fighting it, reaches for the bed.

PHOEBE  
How?

Phoebe holds herself up for a moment, then falls to her knees.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)  
Oh.

Phoebe, giving in, rolls onto the carpet. She MOANS and grinds on the floor next to the bed.

She tries to pick herself up, contorts, MOANS harder, and with a GRUNT, dissolves into a small pile of light blue cream.

EXT. HILARY'S BALCONY -- NIGHT

Gloria BEATS her fists against the window, but not hard enough to break the glass.

Inside, Steve rises. He looks through the window, confused.

Gloria turns, near tears, and grabs her breasts.

GLORIA (V.O.)  
Home.

Gloria squeezes and disappears. BINK.

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

Streetlights above a mostly empty park, somewhere near Venice Beach. No rain.

A BAG LADY slouches across a picnic table.

On a playground swing, EASY, a hot punky skater girl, smokes a handrolled CIGARETTE. Her SKATEBOARD rests beneath her.

The bag lady on the picnic table comes to with a start. It's Gloria.

GLORIA (V.O.)  
She killed Hilary!

Easy slides off the swing and walks toward Gloria.

EASY (V.O.)  
Are you okay?

GLORIA (V.O.)  
Go to the club and check on Sonya.  
I'm calling the triad.

EASY (V.O.)  
But why would Sonya? It doesn't  
make any sense.

GLORIA (V.O.)  
I know, the decadent are rarely so  
motivated, but it has to be her. No  
one else is strong enough. Find out  
what she knows.

Easy nods, tosses down her skateboard and rolls away.

Gloria sits up on the picnic table and takes off her shirt.

She drops her shirt behind her as she sways and HUMS.

On her wrist, Gloria wears a bracelet with a green crystal.

Gloria leans her head back and rubs the bracelet with her opposite hand.

The braceleted hand squeezes to a fist.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Come.

Letting go of the bracelet, she kisses her fingertips.

A flash and a ZHOOM.

EXT. GARDEN -- NIGHT

A full moon shines over a dark garden.

Eerie, sparse MUSIC.

A black cat runs across the grass.

A crow CAWS and flies off.

An owl HOOTS.

A HOT MIDGET in a tutu skips across the grass to CIRCUS MUSIC.

More owl HOOTING.

Gloria appears in a small, shiny green dress and matching witches' hat.

Heavy BEAT MUSIC starts as she appears.

Gloria performs a repetitive sequence of stripper-esque dance moves.

She wiggles her ears with her thumbs and forefingers.

Twice, she pumps her elbows behind her back to show the rack.

She repeatedly circular ass-grinds against an imaginary pole.

Gloria spansks herself, once with each hand. Slap. Slap.

Bellydance. And repeat.

A stripper macarena.

GLORIA (V.O.)

The triad can be called by any of  
the three most powerful witches, and  
when called, all three must appear.  
It is one of our few laws.

She gesticulates and chants.

Wiggle the ears.

Pump the elbows.

Circular ass-grind.

Spank. Spank.

She waves around and the eerie house music is filled with orgasmic MOANS.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB -- NIGHT

Advertising shot for location sponsor.

INT. NIGHT CLUB -- NIGHT

An upscale but nearly empty strip club.

BAMBI, sexbomb in lederhosen, dances onstage to HIP-HOP.

All of the tables on the main floor are empty.

At the bar, club owner and gothic vampire hotty SONYA, 30, checks the costume of dancer and protege GRETA, 22.

Sonya wears a conservative black suit. Greta wears a black rubber bondage outfit with swim goggles around her neck.

GRETA

Ja?

SONYA

Ya.

Across the bar, a restricted access door opens and JANET, the bookkeeper, comes out in a business suit.

Behind her, Bambi continues her dance.

Janet approaches Sonya and Greta at the bar. She whispers to Sonya.

JANET

The blue witch is dead.

Sonya pulls out a cigarette.

Greta pulls out a MATCH and flicks it against her groin.

She lights Sonya's cigarette.

JANET (CONT'D)

She was there.

Sonya shines, involuntarily. Her eyes glaze.

SONYA

The office.

Sonya rises and Greta and Janet escort her across the room.

Behind them, Bambi dances, down to a g-string, pasties and a pair of ping pong paddles.

Sonya shakes as she enters the door.

EXT. GARDEN -- NIGHT

Darkly lit, but more eerie HOUSE MUSIC.

Gloria continues her pattern -

Wiggle ears -

Elbows back -

Ass circles -

Spank spank.

GLORIA (V.O.)

The destruction of a witch releases  
her energy. At least that's the way  
it's supposed to happen. But now  
things have gotten so hopelessly out  
of control.

Sonya appears in an equivalent shiny witch outfit, hers red.

She materializes next to Gloria, their motions synchronized.

Wiggle ears -

Elbows back -

Ass circles -

Spank spank.

They glare at each other but keep on dancing.

Wiggle ears -

Elbows back -

Ass circles -

Spank spank.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I feel her resistance.

Wiggle ears -

Elbows back -

Ass circles -

Spank spank.

EXT. EVA'S CONDO -- NIGHT

A redbrick apartment building in a university neighborhood.  
PROFESSOR EVA, 30s, a hot liberal academic, exits.

Eva wears black jeans, a "Bush is a ChristNazi" t-shirt, and smart-girl glasses. She carries a BRIEFCASE and a small STATUE depicting an African bushman with a giant penis.

A coed waits outside. VIRGINIA, 19, squeaky and shining with the light of faith, wears an "I'm With Jesus" t-shirt.

As Eva walks by, Virginia follows.

VIRGINIA

Professor! I need to ask you something.

Eva keeps walking. Virginia scrambles to keep up.

EVA

Go ahead.

VIRGINIA

Well, I just wanted to say that I don't appreciate your t-shirt. President Bush is a hero to every patriotic American for having the courage to fight for our freedom. Calling him a nazi is wrong.

Eva shrugs, disinterested, and keeps walking.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)

Professor?

EVA

What?

VIRGINIA

Well, what about your shirt?

Eva stops and faces Virginia.

EVA

Well, I understand that you don't appreciate it and you are entitled to your opinion. Mine differs. I think nazi is a very accurate term. It connotes three things; jingoism, Aryan-first Christianity, and the suppression of minority religions. The Christ part in christnazi is, indeed, redundant, but lest folks thinks I'm criticizing socialism - the only thing the Germans did right -

(MORE)



EVA (CONT'D)

as opposed to Christianity - the problem - I use christnazi. The United States is a white Christian military nation systematically attacking other religions and political systems with the fervor of a crusader. No surprise, as our unelected President is not only a born again Christian, but an unapologetic warmonger.

VIRGINIA

But--

EVA

No, fuck you, you little jingoist bug. You bigots that say we're so right we can starve countries whose politics we disapprove of, or bomb countries whose governments we disapprove of, without the consent of even our own allies, you're all fucking assholes. You killers who support these bigot monsters, literally bombing thousands of the world's poor to death in some sort of euthanasia we self-righteously distribute to countries who aren't intelligent enough to be like us, already - you murder babies in the name of Jesus, you pushy assholes. This fat, addicted-to-tv sports-culture based on a system that intentionally creates a large poverty base as a necessity of manning a global war-machine and justifying it with your jesusfist- it's all just a process to chew up and spit out dumb, believing monkeys like you. They might as well strap you to the matrix and use you for electricity.

VIRGINIA

How can you say that about Jesus?

Eva walks away, Virginia following.

EVA

Have you ever read the fucking Bible? Matthew twelve-thirty, "He who is not with me is against me." Christ is an intolerant bag of shit. You're either with him, or wrong.

(MORE)

EVA (CONT'D)

And Jesus says to make subjects of all nations, so basically, these fucking nazis, and I intentionally use the word again to remind people that the nazis, like the kkk, the inquisition, Napoleon, and the pro-slavery shitbag confederacy were all entirely Christian. Fuck Jesus, and more importantly, fuck Jesus as an excuse to kill other people. The Christians are behind the war on terror, and the war on drugs, and the war in Iraq, none of which are legitimate fights with achievable ends. And non-secular idiots, much like the masses behind the nazis, are helping the religious pricks fight their holy war against non-Christian religion. They call it democracy, and say that since they're the majority, we should all go along, but it's really just bigotry with guns. Jesus is just a sick excuse to kill non-Christian babies.

VIRGINIA

But--

EVA

No, fuck you! Good people are tolerant of other cultures. They don't bomb them unless they are attacked. They don't authorize the execution of foreign leaders. This president- this worthless fucking nazi killer - totally screwed our relationships with most of our allies, spent a fortune our children have yet to create, and ordered the deaths of a whole bunch of people with weapons we built and soldiers we deployed. Preemptive defense is CIA for "let's kill the darkies."

VIRGINIA

I don't appreciate your language.

EVA

Well, I don't appreciate the Supreme Court striking down Brown vs. the board of education, but that's the shit you get from these people. False allegiances to antiquated philosophies, a culture of discrimination and fear, and a good double fuckjob for john q. public.

VIRGINIA

Saddam Hussein was a very bad man.

EVA

Yeah? So is McCain if you live in Kandahar. Nobody entrusted us with taking out other nations' leaders. We openly assassinate foreign heads of state, but only when it's convenient, or more specifically, when it makes us a quick buck.

Eve shudders, hard. Virginia notices but Eve keeps walking.

EVA (CONT'D)

Are we going to China, where they kill the little girl babies? No. Are we in North Korea, where they already have nuclear weapons? No. We pick low-hanging fruit. Who can we kill and get away with it? You fucking jerks who think it's our right to play globocop guarantee the eventual loss of our power.

(shudders again)

And our government tells us we will be attacked again. Even though they're doing a great job. And why? Because of these rich assholes and their greed for money and souls.

VIRGINIA

Are you okay?

EVA

They should all just choke to death.

Eva, shaking, arrives at the door.

VIRGINIA

I'll pray for you.

EVA

I have to go.

Eva goes inside. Virginia hesitates, pouts, then leaves.

INT. EVA'S BUILDING -- NIGHT

Eva stumbles down the hallway. She puts down her things on a small table. Eerie HOUSE MUSIC.

EVA (V.O.)

Oh no.

Eva sighs deeply, rolls her neck, and MOANS. She GASPS.

EXT. GARDEN -- NIGHT

Gloria and Sonya do their dance.

Eva appears in a matching purple outfit, mimicking them.  
Wiggle the ears - elbows back - ass circles - spank spank.

MUSIC stops and they accuse each other, telepathically.

SONYA (V.O.)  
What is going on?

EVA (V.O.)  
Why am I--? What happened to Hilary?

SONYA (V.O.)  
She's dead.  
(re: Gloria)  
She killed her.

GLORIA (V.O.)  
You lie!

SONYA (V.O.)  
You were there!

GLORIA (V.O.)  
How would you know?  
(to Eva)  
Yes, I was there. I tried to protect  
her. The apartment was shielded.

SONYA (V.O.)  
What about her apprentice?

GLORIA (V.O.)  
It had to be you. No one else is  
strong enough.

SONYA (V.O.)  
It wasn't! You swear it wasn't you?

EVA (V.O.)  
But the power wasn't all released,  
was it? I didn't feel--

GLORIA (V.O.)  
There must be another. Your  
apprentices.

SONYA (V.O.)  
You do not allow us apprentices.

GLORIA (V.O.)  
The power wanes. The war is coming.

SONYA (V.O.)  
The war is here.

EVA (V.O.)  
(freaking out)  
We're not in a war any more! I can't  
believe you want more power.

GLORIA (V.O.)  
The nature of power is to want more.

SONYA (V.O.)  
So you admit it.

GLORIA (V.O.)  
I didn't kill Hilary.

EVA (V.O.)  
(sobs)  
I can't be third. I'm against the  
war. All war. Please don't--

GLORIA (V.O.)  
I will not hurt you.

EVA (V.O.)  
But someone will. Are there really  
only three? I can't be third.

SONYA (V.O.)  
We need apprentices.

GLORIA (V.O.)  
No. I swear I'll kill you all.  
Once more. The pledge.

All three cup their breasts in their hands.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I will not seek.

SONYA & EVA (V.O.)  
I will not seek.

GLORIA (V.O.)  
I will not unmake the universe.

SONYA & EVA (V.O.)  
I will not unmake the universe.

Gloria extends her fist. All three put their fists together.

GLORIA (V.O.)  
The fist.

SONYA & EVA (V.O.)  
The fist.

EXT. PARK -- DAY

A sunny day. Gloria lies passed out on the picnic table.

She jerks awake.

She gathers herself and sits up, BLINKS and redoes her makeup.

She rubs her fingers together and blows glitter out of them.

BWONG. Gloria faints as HOUSE MUSIC begins.

Two non-Asian coeds, A & B, BLINK to life in matching Asian school uniforms, both in straight black wigs, white shirts, navy skirts, saddle shoes and Hello Kitty backpacks.

A & B walk around the picnic table from opposite sides.

They meet in front of the table, Gloria passed out behind them, and kiss.

Then, A & B walk away in opposite directions.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB -- DAY

SKATEBOARD WHEELS jump off a curb in time to the MUSIC.

Easy, in cargo pants, a Yellow #5 "Osama Bin Dubya" t-shirt over a long-john shirt, shades and skullcap, skates through small groups of PEDESTRIANS.

Janet, still in a suit, waits on the curb as a large, muscled bouncer, BEE-BO, hails her a cab.

Easy skateboards up to the curb. She kicks her board into her hands and watches Janet get in the cab.

Bee-bo closes the cab door for Janet. The cab drives away.

Easy, carrying her skateboard, walks up to Bee-Bo.

EASY  
I need to see Sonya.

BEE-BO  
Why?

EASY  
I came for Gloria.

BEE-BO  
Yeah? Nice skateboard.

Bee-bo leads Easy inside.

INT. NIGHT CLUB -- DAY

Bambi, in a bodystocking covered with balloons, and another dancer, CLEO, dressed as Snow White, dance at the entrance.

CLEO

(rubs her nose)

Well, it's my body, and if I choose  
not to feed the fetus in my womb,  
that's my right.

BAMBI

It's not just that. The fact is, a  
vast majority of abortions occur  
amongst the poor. Why saddle these  
people, already at a major  
disadvantage within this sick  
capitalist system, with the additional  
burden of an unalterable  
responsibility that they clearly did  
not plan and do not want. Children  
deserve a loving environment. If  
you consider that these people are  
willing to kill their baby in the  
first place, what kind of parents  
are they going to be? I refuse to  
believe an unborn child's soul, if  
there is such a thing, suffers a  
penalty for the actions of its'  
parent. People have the right to  
not want children, and the right to  
safe and reasonable solutions to  
avoid the same.

CLEO

And the same bigots want the parents  
in jail for drugs. Like, how does  
it help anyone to have the state pay  
to raise crackbabies?

BAMBI

Absolutely. And again, this is just  
another fight for religious  
conservatives that has the complicity  
of otherwise secular masses. The  
people against abortion are largely  
the same right-wing religious pricks  
who perpetuate segregated schools  
and no real education for the  
resultant urban poor. Not to mention  
the homophobia and misogyny all over  
our news.

CLEO

(rubs her gums)

Fer sure. Look at Europe.

(MORE)

CLEO (CONT'D)

The only countries where abortion is illegal are Italy and Ireland. Why? Catholicism. Because the jew-hating pope is just another oppressive bigot.

BAMBI

I don't know if I'd call him jew-hating. I mean, sure during World War Two the pope was complicit in Hitler's scheme to exterminate the Jews. He stood by and let it happen like the gutless fucking murderer all popes turn out to be. But the Jews survived, and he didn't bitch about it or anything.

CLEO

Fucking Catholics. They're just like the confederacy. The war is over and you fucking assholes lost. Get over it.

BAMBI

Yeah. And just stop fucking little boys and telling us it's all right. It's a shame little boys don't get pregnant, or Catholics would have to favor abortions.

CLEO

Totally.

BAMBI

Moreover, the shift toward fewer rights for women seeking abortions, and that's what this whole late-term argument does, is just another way of letting their stupid bigots mess with my body because of their god.

CLEO

Yeah. Their god sucks.

Easy enters.

EASY

I'm here to see Sonya.

Bambi opens the door into the niteclub.

BAMBI

She's been waiting for you.

Bambi leads Easy to Sonya, who sits at the bar.



INT. NIGHT CLUB BAR -- DAY

Sonya drinks a cocktail.

Behind the bar, a hot bartender, NAOMI, mixes drinks.

Easy sits down next to Sonya, Bambi standing behind.

SONYA  
What's your name?

EASY  
They call me Easy.

SONYA  
Welcome to my club. You are her  
apprentice?

EASY  
I don't know what you mean.

SONYA  
Must I test you?

Sonya closes her eyes and concentrates.

HUMMMMMMM.

With a small pulse of sound, Bambi, Easy and Naomi  
simultaneously shudder with intense orgasms.

MOANING.

All three hold themselves against the bar.

Naomi grits her teeth.

Bambi, pleasantly surprised, goes with it.

Easy almost falls off her stool.

Sonya takes a drink.

Easy exhales and collects herself. She twitches.

EASY  
Wow. Good trick.

SONYA  
Gloria never taught you defense?

EASY  
Gloria never taught me anything.

SONYA  
Really?

EASY  
She can do that, too?

SONYA  
Would you like to learn?

EASY  
Who wouldn't? Please.

Sonya motions across the room.

Greta, now dressed as a white latex nurse with big leather boots and a medic's bag, marches across the room.

Greta joins the others at the bar.

GRETA  
Ja.

SONYA  
Easy, this is one of my students, my best student, Greta. She is very advanced. You must do whatever she says.

EASY  
Yeah? I can do that.

GRETA  
Ja.

Greta opens her nurse's bag and pulls out a leather, studded dog collar.

Greta puts the dog collar on Easy.

EASY  
This is different.

SONYA  
Be glad it's not a choke chain.

GRETA  
Ja.

Greta hooks a leash to the collar.

GRETA (CONT'D)  
Heel.

She leads Easy to the dressing room.

EASY  
Okay, okay.

EXT. HILARY'S BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

FUNK. The sun shines down on Hilary's apartment.

INT. HILARY'S BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

Elevator doors open and A exits into the hallway.

A, in sexy 80's private-eye gear; big hair, nude pantyhose with a short skirted, shoulder-padded suit, and a big magnifying glass, sneaks down the hall.

GLORIA (V.O.)

Choice is a liberal word.  
Conservatives despise choice in every  
context short of potential assault  
rifles "what fer killin' the nigras."  
Worship their god without question.  
Embrace their economic system without  
question. Do what they say.

INT. HILARY'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

The door opens and A enters in stealth mode. A slinks through and finds Phoebe's attaché case.

GLORIA (V.O.)

The right to sit where you want on a  
bus, to marry outside of your race,  
or to drink liquor on any day of the  
week are all fought by conservative  
people who think that limiting choices  
will somehow benefit the rest of  
society. They know better, and if  
we just did it their way, the world  
would be a better place. Of course,  
we would still have slavery, too.

She reaches both hands into the bag and pulls out clenched fists, palms down. She turns her hands over.

In the right hand she holds a small RED PILL. In the left, she holds a small BLUE PILL.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And if people make choices against  
the prevailing majority- by doing a  
drug not approved by whitey, or by  
loving another adult not approved by  
whitey because of the color of their  
skin or because they have too similar  
genitalia, or if they don't support  
the fascists fucking the earth for  
their extra nickels, well, then  
they're branded unAmerican.

She swallows both pills.

INT. HILARY'S BEDROOM -- DAY

A, now a space hooker in latex dress, stockings, heels, and funky eye makeup, walks up to the pile of deteriorated ice blue shaving cream that marks Phoebe's death.

GLORIA (V.O.)

Choice. The ability to stand up and say, "Fuck you, you nazi bigot asshole. You are not a legitimate president and you commit treason against humanity with your policies of torture, rape and extermination." The sort of things the conservatives keep out of the press while they try to scare us with news about drive-bys and shootings and robberies so they can sell us more guns.

A looks at herself in the full-length mirror.

MUSIC. She starts to take off the dress.

INT. HILARY'S BATHROOM -- DAY

A enters with shaving cream all over her hands and obscured nipples.

It drops off her hands as she rubs them together.

GLORIA (V.O.)

How many people stood by and watched the nazis? What makes you think you're not one of them? Because you believe in freedom? That and three dollars will buy you a gallon of gas.

A walks in a trance, rubbing her hands together. At her feet is the pile of deep blue SHAVING CREAM.

MUSIC swells as A buries her hands into the shaving cream and rubs it all over her face.

INT. NIGHT CLUB DUNGEON -- DAY

HOUSE MUSIC. A dark, old style dungeon.

Greta handcuffs Easy's hands behind her head to an iron rack. Easy, in a torn t-shirt and panties, feigns a struggle.

Greta and Easy look into each other's eyes.

Greta uses a pair of big scissors to cut away Easy's t-shirt.

On the ground, a metal baseball bat, painted with the words "The Oracle."

INT. EVA'S CLASSROOM -- DAY

"Feminism & The Arts" and "Final This Friday - Room 420, 1pm" in colored chalk on the board. Eva stands in a tight red t-shirt with a yellow star.

EVA

But Hawthorne was basically an uptight  
puritan white-power pussy, right?

Eva's seven students don't care. Each student wears a slogan or picture t-shirt and feigns interest in the lecture.

Pasty, androgynous goth hotties CLAIRE (pink: "CATNIP") and CHLOE (red: "PUSSY") write notes back and forth.

EVA (CONT'D)

Hawthorne, in the tradition of the  
founders of America, was just another  
racist, misogynist bigot. His kind  
were unceremoniously kicked out of  
Europe after the good people there  
went through the age of reason.  
These bigots needed a place where  
they could continue to oppress and  
profiteer in the name of stealing a  
buck for Jesus, while all of Europe  
turned to socialism in an effort to  
improve the lives of common people.

Slacker/stoner JAY (green: "420") ogles Eva as Pierced goth  
loner SEBASTIAN (grey: "ESKIMO") doodles knives and crude,  
worm-infested skulls on a yellow pad.

Behind them, GUNTHER runs his pen along his lower lip and  
thinks about Klaus. His t-shirt shows a picture of Lenin.

Born-again spy Virginia (white: a similar picture to Lenin,  
but of Jesus) rubs her cross pendant and prays.

Behind her, B (one of Gloria's splits) uses a CREDIT CARD to  
cut lines of what looks like COCAINE.

EVA (CONT'D)

So these bigots arrive, institute a  
slave state in the name of Jesus,  
and thanks to the most successful  
campaign of genocide in human history,  
lay misbegotten claim to the fruits  
of this great nation.

Chloe unwraps a NOTE from Claire. "I want to eat you."

EVA (CONT'D)

They call it manifest destiny, this  
rightful claim to America as designed  
(MORE)

EVA (CONT'D)

by their white male god. Doing right by the savages by placing bounties on the scalps of their children, killing off their food source and intentionally infecting them with horrible diseases. They make it seem like they came here in search of this predestined nation, chosen by god just for them, but the fact is, they were uptight bigots kicked out of the old country because they couldn't get along with anybody they weren't allowed to persecute. Europe no longer wanted to tolerate their racism, bigotry and oppression, and these intolerant fuckers had to find a new place to keep slavery alive another hundred and fifty years.

The bell RINGS.

EVA (CONT'D)

Hawthorne, again, worthless puritan bigot. That'll be on the final.

The class rises and files by Eva.

VIRGINIA

I pray for you.

EVA

Claire. Chloe. I need to talk to both of you.

Claire checks Chloe, and they approach as the others exit.

CHLOE

Whatever you want.

CLAIRE

Yeah, sure. You say, I do.

EVA

I need both of you to come to my apartment this afternoon.

CLAIRE

Really? Great.

CHLOE

Oh, wow. Thank you. Really?

EVA

Yes. Wear skirts.

Claire and Chloe exit through the doorway into the hall.

EXT. PARK -- DAY

THUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMP. Gloria wakes up on the picnic table.

Steve beats his fist against a nearby metal garbage can.  
Gloria looks up at Steve, confused.

STEVE

I know you!

He hits the garbage can again. THUMP.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Wake up!

GLORIA

Stop! Okay.

Steve stands over Gloria, glaring.

STEVE

I saw you there!

GLORIA

(collects herself)

I don't know what you're talking  
about.

STEVE

Get up!

Gloria sits up and makes a subtle movement with her hand.  
BINK. Her hair and makeup are perfect.

GLORIA

You're mistaking me for someone.

STEVE

I'm mistaking you for-- Hey! Who  
are you?

GLORIA

Fine.

Gloria rubs her hands together. Steve stands waiting.

STEVE

I saw you!

GLORIA

You didn't.

Gloria blows on her hands and gestures at Steve.

STEVE

(eyes sparkling)

What the?

INT. HILARY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Fast, throbbing HOUSE MUSIC plays as Hilary, back in the teddy, rides on top of Steve, who looks up at her, reverently.

Sweeping sex shots (no nudity), moaning, and Hilary from various angles, having what appears to be a really nice time.

GLORIA (V.O.)

You are part of a system. Regardless of age or sex or gender, you are by your awareness a member of the social construct.

Steve GASPS beneath the grinding Hilary.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A fundamental erring of capitalism is in its reliance, derived from the western religions, that one's family is priority one. As if the people not related to you are somehow unrelated to you. By setting family units within society at odds against each other, in an attempt to keep them working the longest hours in the free world, we guarantee a society that works against itself. Americans work longer hours and six to eight more weeks per year than Europeans, who have better welfare, health insurance and educational standards. Why? Because we'd rather outperform each other than enjoy each other. There's plenty of food for everyone. Let's all share and stop making bombs.

Hilary gives Steve, who sits on a chair, a lapdance.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What's so wrong with other political ideologies? Why are Americans so afraid of socialism? Consider Cuba, a country we are still starving, even though a post-soviet Cuba poses about as much of a threat to the US as a pack of golden retrievers. Ten percent of North Korea starved to death in the nineteen-nineties, largely due to our forcing our allies not to sell them food. George Bush and his baby-killing father starve non-whites anywhere their politics don't agree. Every person who kills another person over ideology is a fucking jerk.



As the shots fly by, Hilary's body changes to Gloria's and back. They wear the same outfit.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And you know what else sucks? The lack of Universal health care. We spend fourteen percent of our GDP--no other first world nation spends more than eight. So we pay more than anyone else for a system that provides particularly substandard care for those who need it most, seniors and children.

Hilary grinds on top of Steve.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Insurance should be uncoupled from employment. We need a universal system that isn't a whore for the doctors. We have the highest paid doctors in the world? Why? Well, in capitalism you can charge what the biggest sucker will pay. And what will the biggest sucker pay to stay alive?

More suggestive shots with MOANING and HOUSE MUSIC as Steve and Gloria move around the chair.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Our prescription drugs are the most expensive in the world. Why? Because money is more important than public health in a capitalist system. The pharmaceutical companies sell the same exact life-saving drugs for less, just across the Canadian border. Why? Because they can. Shame on you, you greedy fuckers.

Gloria MOANS as she rides Steve.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Is it really that confusing? If you were stranded on an island with a dozen people, the first thing you would do is make sure everyone was fed and cared for. Well, there are eight billion people on the island. Let's start with no starvation.

Steve looks up from under Hilary as she orgasms.

DISSOLVE CUT TO:

EXT. PARK -- DAY

Gloria stands with Steve, as before. Gloria waves her hand.

STEVE

(dazed)

How may I pleasure you?

INT. HILARY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

HOUSE MUSIC. Repeat Steve's first sex scene with Hilary, now with Gloria. Add shots of feet, oily feet, foot massage, and sweeping shots suggesting athletic and limber sex. MOANS.

GLORIA (V.O.)

It didn't make sense, him finding me among the forty five million people in New York, but I wiped his memory and size like that is hard to find. Still, I knew I needed him, just like I know American foreign policy is nothing but a series of historical lies; a jesufist scam designed to cultivate souls and win foreign industrial contracts. Haliburton. They're the ones that really scored from nine-eleven. And nine eleven wasn't Afghanistan. It was eighteen Saudis and a guy from Yemen. Saudi Arabia is the center of Islamic terrorism, wahabbism, just like DC is the center of Christian terrorism. Look at what we did to those poor Afghanis, who were just trying to defend their crappy little opium farms against heavily armed foreign invaders who were already bombing the shit out of them. We drag them to Cuba and say that they're conspiring against us. We don't even grant them prisoner of war status because our refusal to recognize their government means they're not soldiers. Plus the systemic raping and abuse of those same prisoners, intentionally photographed by perhaps the dumbest motherfuckers ever. This administration will go down in history as singularly corrupt and manipulative, a new form of policy for hire, directed by the wealthy few, for the wealthy few, and at the expense of the rest of us.

Steve holds Gloria face down in the pillow. More oily foot rub, MOANING and clenched teeth. MUSIC stops.

INT. EVA'S CLASSROOM -- DAY

Gunther waits as Eva packs her bag.

GUNTHER  
Professor. I have a question.

EVA  
Yes, Gunther?

GUNTHER  
As a European, I just want to say  
that I am entirely in support of  
your views against the imperialistic  
approach of the US government.

Gunther draws boobies on the chalkboard as he speaks.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)  
Too many fat middle-Americans, who  
have never traveled anywhere and  
know nothing of our different  
political systems, assume that the  
American way is the best way because  
it is the American way. As if, the  
idea that other nations, nations who  
have successfully kept themselves  
peaceful and fed - not Germany, of  
course - we, sadly are the biggest  
jerks in Europe - but countries like  
Sweden - the first nation where  
doctors could not assess a child's  
economic class by his nutritional  
health, a nation with universal health  
care, better education and literacy,  
almost zero poverty -Sweden's last  
war was in the fourteen-fifties.  
Warmonger bigot countries who want  
to learn about avoiding attacks could  
do well to look at Sweden's  
international policies, based on  
armed neutrality.

Eva takes a piece of chalk and draws a big penis and balls  
below the boobies.

EVA  
Oh, I agree. I would even go so far  
as to say that American arrogance-  
the assumption that we're doing it  
and therefore it must be right- has  
dangerously damaged our relationships  
with all of our allies. We take it  
in the ass on all sorts of overseas  
trade deals and give out complicity-  
purchasing aid packages just to buy  
support for our imperialism.

Gunther adds to the boobs and penis and balls to make a face.

EVA (CONT'D)

Look at the whore coalition of nations bought to sign on to the Iraqi invasion. And, of course, the costs in bad tariff policy and big payoffs to countries whose politicians we've purchased come straight out of our taxes, making the folks at the bottom pay for stupid and dangerous policy. So, now we're hated by everyone, deep in debt, and meanwhile our own government now reserves the right to incarcerate anyone, citizen or visitor, whenever they want, for as long as they want. Patriot Act my ass. It's the SS in America and Michael Hayden is Hermann Goering.

GUNTHER

Long live the union.

Gunther eats his chalk and exits the classroom.

EVA (V.O.)

I never meant to be a teacher, but there are only so many avenues by which to peddle our propaganda. And the propaganda is important.

Eva stands alone. She writes on the board.

EVA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Can I change anything in the greater scheme of things? Maybe not, but knowing what I know, it's unconscionable not to try.

Eva puts down the chalk and takes off her "Bush Is A ChristNazi" t-shirt.

EVA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Conservatism is winning. People would rather be uptight assholes angry at the idea that other people might have a good time than to go out and have the good time themselves.

She picks the chalk back up and keeps writing.

EVA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This makes enough sense, as having fun for most people isn't any fun at all. It just reminds them how seldom they have it.

Eva walks over to the window, and looks out.

EVA (CONT'D)

American consumerism sells drinking beer and cheating on your wife as the way to spend your weekend because there's no profit in encouraging family time. Shareholder earnings are more important than positive social interaction. Drink away the hate and loneliness you feel from your unfulfilling relationships. Eat bad, fatty foods that give you heart attacks. Then they fight a war on drugs? How about a war on fat? It kills a hell of a lot more people and it looks really awful.

Eva writes on the chalkboard in big block letters, "It's OK to be fat."

EVA (CONT'D)

Seriously, fat people ick. If you're fat and believe in Jesus, trust me, a third of the country hopes your heart gives out. Soon. Yeah, get the extra butter, you tub of shit.

Above that are "It's okay to be an addict."

EVA (CONT'D)

Watch these fat, evil assholes. It's easy to say that we're great and people ought to be like us because we're so right. But how do we know? What is conservatism?

"It's OK to be a nazi."

EVA (CONT'D)

It's reactionary. It's a desire to stay the course, to be the same, to avoid change, to suppress diversity. He who is not with me is against me.

And "It's OK to kill bad people."

EVA (CONT'D)

Those are the words of that bigot, Jesus. Doesn't tolerance make more sense?

Eva checks outside the classroom and returns.

She closes here eyes, exhales and -- BLINK -- disappears.

INT. NIGHT CLUB STAGE -- DAY

MOAN-filled HOUSE MUSIC.

Easy and Greta, in solid red and yellow bodysuits, do two-woman yoga positions on the stage.

MOANS from the music could be either of them as they move from one provocative position to the next.

Very faux art.

Feigned emotions of joy.

Rage.

Euphoria.

Bambi and Cleo sit at one of the tables, watching the show, a seltzer spray bottle between them. Both wear thin, tight white t-shirts.

BAMBI (V.O.)

You know what else pisses me off?  
Conservatives talking about how  
liberals spend too much money. The  
whole myth of liberals representing  
big government and republicans  
representing little government just  
bears no truth in recent history.  
Reagan and both Bushes spent money  
faster than any democrat ever has.  
And worse, they spent a lot of that  
money on defense and war instead of  
decent programs for the actual people  
of the country.

Greta and Easy contort through a series of suggestive and  
bizarre positions.

CLEO (V.O.)

I know. It's like the conservatives  
pay for super-expensive invasive  
murderous wars that ruin thousands  
of lives and then complain when a  
democrat suggests a policy to make  
sure nobody here starves. They don't  
want to spend more on schools, but  
they'll spend more on prisons.

BAMBI (V.O.)

All the good countries have better  
welfare systems than we do, but have  
less fraud, as well.

(MORE)

BAMBI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Of course, they have fewer prisoners, too, because people care about being a part of an integrated society, as opposed to creating a secondary society separate from the establishment. Too many people here aren't included, and would rather undermine society than actively participate, and that's because we create a culture of fear and intolerance that separates people. By design.

CLEO (V.O.)

Fer sure.

BAMBI (V.O.)

We already spend like five times as much per prisoner as we do per student- at least the ones we cover. Some of the really stupid people don't even want to cover the education of our illegal immigrants- as if it's the kids' fault their parents came here. Denying anyone an education just ensures that they will eventually be a ward of the system, either through welfare or prison. It's like preventative medicine.

Greta and Easy lie parallel on the floor of the stage.

A Hot Midget in a prom dress runs across the stage carrying a FOOTBALL.

She hurdles Greta and Easy, spikes the football, and does a pelvis-shaking endzone dance.

CLEO (V.O.)

Yeah, it's a lot cheaper to pay for their assimilation into society than to police them, incarcerate them, and ultimately care for them because the system denied them a way to positively contribute. Prison is just a place where you learn to be a better criminal.

BAMBI (V.O.)

Yeah. I wish I had bigger hands.

Easy and Greta roll offstage.

The midget curtsies, bows, and follows them off.

EXT. ART GALLERY -- DAY

An art gallery somewhere in the city.

INT. ART GALLERY -- DAY

Art hangs on all of the walls.

A stylish girl, LOLA, sits at a small reception desk.

ED and MABEL, rich Midwestern tourists, stand in front of a huge splotchy canvas.

Ed, 50, fat and stupid, wears an "Ask Me About Pork" button on his bad suit.

Mabel, 19, Midwestern trophy wife, a hot redneck girl in a fashion accident outfit of big hair, bright colors, and bad jewelry, looks confused.

MABEL  
Well, what is it?

ED  
I don't know, but I sure like it.  
(to Lola)  
Miss?

Lola looks up and comes over to them.

ED (CONT'D)  
Could we get some help?

LOLA  
Of course. Do you have a question?

ED  
What's this supposed to be?

LOLA  
Well, it's abstract, but it is called  
"Solstice."

Ed nods his head dumbly.

ED  
I like it. How much?

LOLA  
I believe it's eight thousand.

Ed nods and smiles.

ED  
That'll look great in the rec room,  
you know, next to the Colin Powell  
display.



WIND blows through the gallery. Ed and Mabel turn.

HESTIA, the gold witch of art, stands in a stylish evening gown, overdressed, hair blown back.

MABEL

Oh my.

The wind stops.

Hestia speaks with a thick Eastern-European accent.

HESTIA

Welcome to my gallery.

ED

Is this place yours?

HESTIA

Da.

ED

Some bee-yuti-ful art.

Mabel, wide-eyed, nods in agreement.

Hestia motions them to a door.

HESTIA

Come.

INT. ART GALLERY -- DAY

Hestia leads Mabel and Ed to a small, childish painting of a house with a big tree and dead stick figures lying all around.

HESTIA

Art is what you make it, of course.  
Anything that makes a statement.

ED

Well, I like the art that's supposed  
to be something, but really isn't.

HESTIA

Then maybe you will like this.

Hestia BLINKS her eyes.

INT. ART GALLERY -- DAY

On a small stage, a fat, bald old man, VINNY, sits on a stool wearing heart-covered boxer shorts.

At the base of the stool is a gallon CONTAINER, half-filled with water. Behind him stands a row of framed 8x10 PICTURES.

Hestia, Ed and Mabel stand in front of the stage as Vinny drinks from a styrofoam CUP.

ED (V.O.)  
Wow. I like it.

Vinny finishes the water, crumples the cup, and turns away from them, facing the line of pictures.

The first picture is Josef Stalin. Vinny pees, and an arc of urine falls on Stalin. Ed LAUGHS.

The next picture, a celebrity caricature drawing of Trey Parker and Matt Stone. Continuing, Vinny pees on them.

The next picture, Gandhi, doused in urine. Ed stops laughing.

ED (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Who's that?

Vinny pees on a picture of a purple dinosaur. Then, Vinny pees on a picture of Jesus.

ED (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
That's art?

HESTIA (V.O.)  
To some of us, yes.

Hestia leads them out.

INT. ART GALLERY -- DAY

Hestia, Ed and Mabel re-enter the main gallery and stand together near another painting.

At her desk, Lola shudders.

LOLA  
Oh, god.

Lola shakes and tries to hold together.

Hestia looks over at the desk, concerned.

Lola searches her desk.

She WHIMPERS a few times, lets out a soft MOAN, and disintegrates.

ED  
(missed it)  
How long til he does it again?

INT. NIGHT CLUB BAR -- DAY

Sonya, in a tight dress, sits next to JOE, a skeezy, middle-aged businessman.

Naomi brings Joe a whiskey and Sonya a martini.

JOE  
So, you, uh, come here often?

SONYA  
Constantly.

JOE  
Yeah? Can I, uh, buy you a drink?

SONYA  
I have a drink.

JOE  
Yeah.

Joe goes back to his drink.

SONYA  
That's the best you can do?

Joe shrinks.

JOE  
Sorry. I'm a little out of practice.  
My wife, just, uh--

SONYA  
Oh, who fucking cares about you?

Sonya waves her hand and walks away.

Joe, still at the bar, GASPS, GRUNTS, and falls off his stool, kicking through an impossibly long orgasm.

He kicks and thrashes on the ground.

Sonya walks into the office.

Greta, wearing a patent-leather catsuit and round, mirrored glasses, follows her in.

Joe spasms one more time and starts to get up.

He convulses.

JOE  
Mary fucking Moses--

INT. NIGHT CLUB OFFICE -- DAY

Sonya sits behind a big desk in the business office. Greta, in her catsuit, smokes a JOINT on the couch.

SONYA  
You have consulted the oracle?

GRETA  
Ja.

SONYA  
Tonight?

GRETA  
Ja.

Greta smokes her j. Sonya rubs her earlobes and hums.  
ZZZZMMAHHHH. Janet and Bambi enter the office.

Janet, still in a suit. Bambi wears cutoffs and a too small t-shirt with no bra. They join Greta on the couch.

SONYA  
Tonight. If the green witch attacks,  
Eva will need all of our strength.  
Janet and Greta will come with me.

BAMBI  
But what about me?

SONYA  
Someone must stay in case we fail.

BAMBI  
But what can I do?

SONYA  
Run things as normal. If we are  
defeated, you must catch the release.  
Stay on hard-wood floors.  
(kisses Bambi)  
Open your mind to nothing.

BAMBI  
No problem.

Janet, Greta and Bambi rise. Sonya holds open the door as they pass. Sonya spansks Greta and whispers to her.

SONYA  
Your ass is like candy. You know  
that?

GRETA  
(hands Sonya the j)  
Ja.

EXT. PARK -- DAY

HOUSE MUSIC. A sunny, dirty street.

Easy, back in punk clothes, skateboards along a sidewalk through pedestrians.

She hops a curb.

Easy crosses the street, heading toward a small park.

Gloria sleeps on a shaded blanket next to Steve, who softly massages Gloria's back as he smiles, mesmerized.

Gloria MOANS, happy.

GLORIA (V.O.)

Have you ever noticed how anti-sex the Christians are? Think about masturbation. God gives us this great little button that doesn't cost us anything and makes us feel good and relaxed. What do the Christians say? Don't touch it.

Nearby, a stupidly hot ICE CREAM GIRL dirty dances with her pushcart to the now tejano-flavored HOUSE MUSIC while eating a thick POPSICLE.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That's just crazy talk. Your kid has acne the size of dollar pancakes, gets seventeen erections a day and can't talk to a girl with breasts without foaming at the mouth. Let the kid live a little.

Easy skates up to the Ice Cream Girl.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And the double-standard is worse with girls. The boys at least have the common sense to ignore the puritans. But lots of American girls make it all the way to college thinking it's dirty, that girls who exploit themselves or who are sexually active are sluts, only to find out that they're also expected to be good at sex once they're there. We sell them a Prince Charming and a white wedding until they're ready for their first college mixer and the rush-chair says, "it won't hurt if you drink more jagermeister," or "Make sure to close your eyes."

They dance together as Easy buys a popsicle.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
That stuff stings." Some of them  
don't even know how to make themselves  
cum, and it's not like we give the  
boys enough information to do it for  
them. Next thing you know, it's not  
enjoyable, and girls are using sex  
as a political tool within their  
relationships instead of for their  
own release. That's just tragic.

Ice Cream Girl has a popsicle, too.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And once you make sex something dirty,  
knowing that guys are really just  
horny, fragile little ego-monkeys,  
women politicize it, turning it into  
a quid pro quo where the quid is sex  
and the quo is control or money or  
affiliation.

Easy and Ice Cream Girl trade and lick each other's popsicles  
as they dance.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Anything other than having sex because  
it feels good to have an orgasm.

They laugh and dance.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Sex shouldn't be feared. Our kids  
should be encouraged to develop caring  
relationships and to treat their  
bodies with dignity, but to recognize  
that sex and sexual release are  
natural parts of our lives and should  
be respected as a wonderful gift we  
give to the people we really care  
about, as long as they're not related,  
or hairy.

Ice Cream Girl and Easy finish their popsicles, laughing.

MUSIC ends.

Ice Cream Girl pulls a small BAGGY from her cart and hands  
it to Easy. Easy hands her \$40.

Ice Cream Girl pushes her cart away as Easy pockets the BAGGY.

Easy walks over to Steve and Gloria, carrying her skateboard.

EXT. PARK -- DAY

Steve smiles as Easy approaches.

Easy walks up to them and kicks Gloria.

Gloria jerks awake.

She looks around confused, stretches and sits up.

Easy glares at her.

What? GLORIA

Steve leers.

STEVE  
Hi.

Hi. EASY

GLORIA  
This is Steve.

Another? EASY

GLORIA  
Is there a problem?

EASY  
Yes. This isn't really a good day  
for this, is it?

Easy glares at Gloria.

GLORIA  
Oh, don't worry. We have bigger  
concerns. He's just a prop.

Steve, confused, shrugs and smiles.

EASY  
Tonight's the night.

STEVE  
The night for what?

EASY  
The end of the universe.  
(to Gloria)  
Did you tell him we're witches?

STEVE  
What's that?

EASY  
Sorry. No time for formalities.

Gloria glares back at Easy.

EASY (CONT'D)  
She's going to brainwipe you anyway.

STEVE  
Brainwipe?

GLORIA  
Don't worry. We're good witches.

EASY  
The best witches. But we don't have time for this.

STEVE  
Hey! Where'd the apartment go?

EASY  
Not now, stuntcock.

GLORIA  
Okay then, let's go.  
(to Steve)  
I'll be back.

Gloria and Easy hold hands. They both close their eyes and harmonize a "ZAAAH."

STEVE  
Wait.

Steve reaches out and grabs Gloria and Easy each by one wrist.  
Easy glares but Gloria shrugs and takes his hand.

GLORIA  
Be the seven.

Easy harrumphs as she lets Steve in to form a triangle.

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
Zaaa--

EASY  
Zaaa--

STEVE  
(flat)  
Zaaa--  
(correcting)  
Zaaa--

BINK.



EXT. EVA'S BALCONY -- DAY

WORLDBEAT MUSIC.

The balcony of Eva's apartment building, with a wrought-iron gate decorated with wooden phalluses.

At one end, a stack of protest signs leans against the railing. The top cards read "Jesus Makes You A Bigot" and "No War U Nazi Assholes."

Gloria, Steve and Easy appear. BLING.

Gloria pulls them away from the sliding glass door.

GLORIA

Stay down!

Everyone ducks. Gloria peeks over the railing.

EXT. EVA'S BUILDING -- DAY

Chloe and Claire approach in shiny minidresses.

Above them, Gloria peeks out from the mid-level balcony.

Chloe and Claire enter the building.

INT. EVA'S BUILDING -- DAY

Muffled MUSIC. Claire and Chloe walk down the hall.

GLORIA (V.O.)

Conservatives and liberals. The question, really, is do you believe in war? Liberals believe in peace. The conservatives believe in war. It helps the economy, it unites us against a common enemy, and it kills off the different and the excess poor, which is really what they're after. Consider the war on terror-- a war against a foe with whom we will never negotiate. So how does that war end? Once they kill all the people they think might someday be bad guys. Even if they're not dangerous, yet. You get this, right? Conservatives will kill people on spec. The war on drugs? We should call it the war on minority drugs. Tobacco and alcohol, whitey's drugs-- not to mention prescription drugs, coffee, sugar, viagra and internet porn, are all totally legal.

INT. EVA'S ELEVATOR -- DAY

Claire and Chloe get into the elevator.

Along with the music, the amplified SPARK of a lighter and loud GURGLING.

GLORIA (V.O.)

See, heroin was made illegal just after the turn of the century because the Chinese Mafia was making a fortune selling it to the folks building the transcontinental railroad.

EASY (V.O.)

(coughs)

Really?

More burning and GURGLING as Claire and Chloe make out in the elevator.

GLORIA (V.O.)

Yeah. Same story with coke. The Panamanians and Columbians who were selling cocaine were just another bunch of coloreds to pre-Jim Crow whitey. It was all about beating back the upstart darkies. Marijuana was a casualty of the Dupont corporation, as well as the general misgivings middle class white America had against a drug that was used primarily by blacks, Indians and Mexicans and jazz musicians.

Chloe spins Claire around and gropes her from behind. They grind against the wall.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Still, there was an openly stated intent to take money away from minorities profiteering from drugs. Of course, the fact that American drug law is just a reflection on our history of racial intolerance and self-righteous bigotry isn't even critical to the primary reason that we liberals think drugs should be legal.

EASY (V.O.)

(coughs)

The right to basic personal freedom?

The elevator door opens and Claire and Chloe exit, heated.

INT. EVA'S HALLWAY -- DAY

Claire and Chloe walk down a long hallway lined with doors.

GLORIA (V.O.)

No. Just good sex. Anything that might make you come a little harder. Sure, ecstasy reduces the fluid in your spinal column, but it feels fucking great.

Claire and Chloe come to a door. #420.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If these conservative dicks would get over trying to police everyone else's good time, we could approach the genuinely dangerous drugs for the social, not criminal, problems that they represent. The problem isn't drug use. It's drug abuse. Drugs are great. That the rich folks get prescriptions for them doesn't change what they're for or why people do them.

Claire and Chloe look at each other.

CLAIRE

(mouths words)

I am gonna fuck you so hard.

GLORIA (V.O.)

What really sucks is that while the entire rest of the first world moves toward greater tolerance and decriminalization of drugs, idiot pricks like John Ashcroft are cracking down on Tommy Chong for selling glass bongs.

Chloe RINGS the doorbell.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If they can't stop folks from smoking the chronic, at least they can make it more likely they'll get lung cancer. And they tie it all to bad stuff that makes no sense. Iraq, Al Qaeda, drugs, terrorism. Absolutely idiotic, especially when legalization would effectively cut off all of the bad guys' money.

INT. EVA'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Eva's professorial apartment, bookcases and funky art.  
WORLDBEAT MUSIC plays.

GLORIA (V.O.)

The truth is, our government and the capitalist whores that support them make tons of money and are able to justify over-aggressive policies based on illegal drugs. If they weren't illegal, these drugs would be all but free- marijuana and poppies grow anywhere. Instead, the U.S. government values a single marijuana plant at five thousand dollars.

Eva, in a satin robe, goes to the door and opens it.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Meanwhile, you can buy a forty of malt liquor in most poor neighborhoods for a dollar twenty. They - our government - keep the prices for street drugs high both to appease the alcohol and tobacco companies and also to justify the hundreds of millions of dollars they pass out to their buddies fighting this non-crime. It's all just whitey's way of keeping his dick in the pie.

Chloe and Claire enter Eva's apartment.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There are only a few of us left. I should have seen it coming, but for too many years I waited as the power waned and our enemies grew strong with intolerance. A witch derives her power through the orgasms of her subjects. Americans work too hard-harder than any other first world country. But do the workers profit? No!

Eva leads them to the couch and goes off to make drinks.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Once, there were hundreds in our order, but now we are down to just a handful, and even we who remain are not as strong as we once were. We need our people to have more sex.

STEVE (V.O.)

What can you do?

GLORIA (V.O.)  
 Anything, really, but most of our  
 spells are simple. Making men forget  
 things, then getting mad at them for  
 it. Transformation. Seduction.

Chloe and Claire conspire together on the couch.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Delusion. Psionic mind attacks that  
 make our target orgasm over and over  
 again until they die.

Chloe runs her hand along Claire's inner thigh.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 That sort of thing.

Chloe and Claire make out.

EASY (V.O.)  
 The strongest witch always wins.

STEVE (V.O.)  
 But why would you kill each other?

GLORIA (V.O.)  
 When there is only one witch  
 remaining, all of the power of the  
 universe will be available to her.  
 The one who unmakes the universe  
 wins.

Chloe takes off her shirt.

STEVE (V.O.)  
 Wins what?

EASY (V.O.)  
 Nobody is really sure, but it's  
 probably pretty good.

Eva returns with drinks for Chloe and Claire, who disengage  
 on the couch.

GLORIA (V.O.)  
 Only a fool would unmake the universe.  
 Of course, only a fool would try.  
 And here we are.

Claire digs through her backpack and presents Eva with a  
 small, giftwrapped BOX.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 The black witch died first.

EXT. PARK -- DAY

The BLACK WITCH, a hot woman in a sweatsuit, jogs in the park. She wears a walkman that plays happy POP MUSIC.

As she runs past a tennis court, she pulls up, GASPING.

GLORIA (V.O.)

There have always been private feuds  
within the coven. Women fight.

The black witch contorts against a chain-link fence. She falls down and dissolves into a pile of dark grey CREAM.

EASY (V.O.)

It's not a bad way to die. We all  
figured she had it coming. But then  
the others started dying, too.

MONTAGE OF ORGASMS

INT. ART GALLERY -- DAY

HOUSE MUSIC. Hestia MOANS long and loud while rubbing against a large modern art statue. Titles read "GOLD."

SPLIT SCREEN (2) -- INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

On the left, Hestia continues her MOAN.

The second screen reveals the White Witch, aka Ice Cream Girl, now in a maid's uniform, writhing on the bed. "WHITE."

SPLIT SCREEN (3) -- EXT. TENNIS COURT -- DAY

Between the existing two, a new frame reveals THE COPPER WITCH, a spandexed woman spasms on a tennis court. "COPPER."

SPLIT SCREEN (4) -- INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

In a fourth frame, the SAND WITCH, in Osama Bin Laden pasties and a thong, bounces on a bed, GRUNTING while rubbing George W. Bush \$1000 bills all over herself. "SAND."

SPLIT SCREEN (5) -- INT. RESTAURANT -- DAY

An Indian woman GASPS at a restaurant table. "SAFFRON."

SPLIT SCREEN (6) -- INT. BATH TUB -- NIGHT

A skinny Asian girl, the GREY WITCH, hyperventilates and MOANS in a bath tub. "GREY."

All frames crescendo in long, exhausting orgasms. VWZHHIIT. Piles of colored CREAM replace the witches.

END MONTAGE

INT. EVA'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Eva, Chloe and Claire hold cocktail glasses. Eva toasts.

GLORIA (V.O.)

We all swore not to take on new apprentices. With the decline in the source, we few need what power is available. We felt the release when they died, and started to regather their followers, but it wasn't enough.

Chloe changes the stereo to dark, industrial GOTH. Eva closes the blinds as Chloe and Claire dance together.

Claire moves in behind Eva and caresses her neck.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The death of law is good for me, which makes me a suspect. But I would never unmake the world. And you just never know about everybody else.

Eva turns and kisses Claire. Chloe joins them.

EXT. EVA'S BALCONY -- DAY

Gloria, Steve, and Easy wait on the balcony, curtain drawn.

GLORIA

I need to go look.

Gloria disappears. BLINK.

EASY

Witches can teleport themselves.

STEVE

Oh. Okay.

INT. EVA'S APARTMENT -- DAY

GOTH MUSIC. Claire and Chloe stand in front and back of Eva, caressing her.

The closet door slowly sneaks open. Gloria watches the women make out from inside the closet.

EXT. EVA'S BALCONY -- DAY

Easy and Steve stand on the balcony.

Easy, bored, looks at Steve as he peers through the window.

Easy takes Steve's hand. They disappear with a "BLING."

INT. HILARY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Crunchy PUNK ROCK. Intermittent MOANING.

Easy, dressed in a slinky cocktail dress and high heels, and Steve, dressed in new stonewashed jeans, a white t-shirt, new workboots and a shiny construction helmet, make out.

They start by undressing each other.

Under the dress, Easy wears a bra, panties, and stockings.

As the voice over begins, the punk music audibly dials down to the background.

STEVE (V.O.)  
So, you're her apprentice.

Easy and Steve kiss as Easy takes off his shirt.

EASY (V.O.)  
Yeah. Her only apprentice.

STEVE (V.O.)  
Why?

Steve spins Easy around to help undo her dress.

EASY (V.O.)  
Witches only have so much power to give. Apprentices cut into your share. We can only give what we have, and that can make us weaker, at least one-on-one.

STEVE (V.O.)  
But how much power do you get?

Throughout the rest of the scene, Steve and Easy have gratuitous, no-nudity sex.

Lots of naked backs, clenched hands and intense faces.

EASY (V.O.)  
It's a ratio, based on how many orgasms we create. Gloria's strongest. Everyone thought Hilary was second.

STEVE (V.O.)  
So she must have had an apprentice?

EASY (V.O.)  
Had to.

Obscured views of every sexual position we can come up with.



STEVE (V.O.)  
And are you like, the fire witch or something?

Easy, tiring, bounces up and down on Steve.

The bed CREAKS rhythmically with the MUSIC.

EASY (V.O.)  
No. Our deviations are by discipline.  
We represent the people. Their sex sustains us. As we are destroyed, our peoples are redivided. Hilary used law to bewitch the believers. Eva uses academia, Sonya the addicted. I'm a punk rocker.

STEVE (V.O.)  
Sounds complicated.

EASY (V.O.)  
Nah. We share.

STEVE (V.O.)  
What about Gloria?

Easy, face down, breathing hard, looks back over her shoulder at Steve in disbelief.

EASY (V.O.)  
The largest and most sustainable group of all- the working poor. They'll never stop having sex, no matter what the Christians do. Neither will us punk rockers.

STEVE (V.O.)  
And I can see where there's overlap.

EXT. EVA'S BALCONY -- DAY

Easy and Steve stand on the balcony, as before.

Easy, bored, clicks her tonguering against her teeth.

Steve crouches and peers into the window.

EASY  
I know why she brought you.

STEVE  
I'm easy to talk to?

Easy shrugs a no. Steve turns from the window, stands and faces Easy, posing.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Giant cock?

EASY  
Yeah.

STEVE  
Yeah, well, that's the thing you need to know about witches. Living off other people's sex ultimately leaves you desperate for a good workout. The weapon is the easy part.

EASY  
Yeah?

Easy unbuttons her belt.

EASY (CONT'D)  
Balconies are great.

STEVE  
Yeah, that would be fun, again, but I really don't have time, now.

Steve leers at Easy. Easy shudders. ARCH MUSIC.

EASY  
Oh god.

STEVE  
Yes, I will be.

Easy trembles.

She grabs her wrist and pointing her fist at Steve, fights out a futile defense spell.

EASY  
Bang!

Steve flinches, but holds his glare.

Easy MOANS and WHIMPERS.

STEVE  
Not bad for an apprentice.

With a narrowing of his eyes, the music SKIRLS.

Easy tries to catch her breath, but can't.

She grunts out a final "Ugh."

She spasms against the balcony railing and dissolves into light green CREAM.

INT. NIGHT CLUB OFFICE -- DAY

BUZZZ. Bambi sits behind the desk, smartly dressed in a business suit.

SEX TOY ATTACHMENTS are evenly spread across the desk; a number of rubber dongs, some studded; a few spiky, painful looking kitchen items; a plastic baby doll's arm.

On one corner of the desk, a half-filled minute sand-timer counts down.

MEG, a beautiful sales rep in a lab coat and glasses, sits across from Bambi.

MEG

The N-G-Titan Three-Sixty-Eleven, Gugg-Flarex's SlutSaddle, and the Hertzelnation Ultra-G-Breaker are the best selling sexual riding devices in the world.

Behind Meg, on the floor, three costumed strippers, a cowgirl, a ballerina and a nun, straddle large vibrating seats, mute in sexual euphoria.

Cleo, now dressed as a cowgirl in a leather skirt, vest, and holsters, fires off cap guns. POP. POP.

Virginia, now dressed as a nun in fishnets, grinds hard down into her chair.

Naomi, the bartender, now a ballerina, bounces and MOANS.

MEG (CONT'D)

It's really fortunate you can bring in some people to try it first.

Cleo the cowgirl turns a dial at the base of her seat and the BUZZ gets louder.

MEG (CONT'D)

These are the sort of thing that I think would be popular in a club like this, if you just placed them around. Everyone likes to watch a woman orgasm, don't you think?

BAMBI

Well, I sure do.

Naomi, the ballerina, starts to MOAN.

NAOMI

AAHHH!

MEG

A lot of women are shy about the bigger toys, but I really can't recommend them enough. I have a SlutSaddle, and talk about a company that knows who they're target is, they really give you some options at the larger end of the scale. When you've had one for a while, that's really important.

BAMBI

For sure.

The women all grind on their toys.

VIRGINIA

Oh, yes, fuck me, Jesus!

The sand runs out in the timer.

BAMBI

Time!

Cleo, Naomi and Virginia climb off their toys.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

Rotate!

INT. EVA'S APARTMENT -- DAY

GOTH MUSIC. Gloria watches from the closet.

Chloe lies face down across Eva's lap.

CHLOE

Harder.

Eva spansks Chloe's bottom as Claire takes video.

Spank. Spank.

INT. NIGHT CLUB OFFICE -- DAY

More BUZZING, MOANING, and HOUSE MUSIC.

Cleo, Naomi and Virginia, rotated, continue to ride toys.

Bambi and Meg make out in front of the desk.

GLORIA (V.O.)

Sometimes I think the way America markets sex is just a front for some sleazy, pathetic snowjob encouraging people to eschew humanism in favor of a whining justification for the  
(MORE)

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 punishment of so-called baser urges.  
 That much of the sex- especially the  
 ugly, mean sex- comes from a  
 conservative crowd who doesn't want  
 us to really enjoy it, but instead  
 presents it as some great danger,  
 just makes it more creepy. The real  
 danger- since these same bigots  
 disapprove of sex-education- is that  
 their uptight, repressed kids will  
 snap and start leaving pipebombs in  
 smiley face patterns all across  
 America. That's what majority  
 religion gets you.

The sand-timer continues to run.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Democracy sucks my ass. As if the  
 majority should rule just because  
 they are the majority. All that  
 does is legitimizes culture bias  
 against minority opinion. Once upon  
 a time, a majority of people favored  
 slavery. Believed women were  
 inferior. Believed the world was  
 flat. Screw the majority. Let's  
 aim for basic tolerance and unite  
 against bullies everywhere.

Meg takes off her glasses and lets down her hair.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Allowing a democratic process to  
 build a set of laws that reflects  
 the intolerances of the majority  
 just sets the bigots up to justify  
 their intolerance. That's why they're  
 trying to rewrite the constitution.  
 Jefferson forgot to make it official  
 that god hates fags. The point is,  
 my drugs don't hurt you. My sex  
 doesn't hurt you. My decisions, as  
 an individual are my own and should  
 be protected well in advance of the  
 majority's opinion of what I should  
 be doing with myself and my time.

Meg, grinding behind Bambi, pulls a giant candy cane from  
 the desk.

She waves it in front of Bambi, who licks it.

MEG

Rotate!

EXT. EVA'S BALCONY -- DAY

Steve checks the door to the balcony. Locked.

He looks down onto the street.

EXT. EVA'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Sonya, Greta and Janet get out of a limousine. They wear swimsuits with pageant ribbons, sunglasses and high heels.

Sonya waves her arm at the limo, which lurches and brakes with a small CHIRP. Her ribbon says "MISS HOSPITALITY."

The limo idles a few seconds, then drives off.

Hidden before, Janet has a tremendous rack. Her ribbon says "B-B-B-BRITSKY."

Sonya looks up at Eva's building and sees Steve on the balcony. Steve conspicuously drops from view.

SONYA (V.O.)  
What's he doing here?

Janet and Greta, whose ribbon says, "PEE ON ME," look to Sonya for leadership. She nods sternly.

SONYA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Let's go.

Janet and Greta run for the building.

Sonya looks up to the balcony. Sonya jumps up, a la the Bionic Man. "BOING".

EXT. EVA'S BALCONY -- DAY

Sonya lands in her heels and scans the balcony.

Otherwise empty, the signs have been replaced. New ones read "We Love You, Michael" and "No Fur! Shave That P"

Sonya steps on the pile of light green cool whip. Her shoe skids and she crashes to the ground.

SONYA (V.O.)  
Mother--

Sonya blinks, and with a "BWANG," she is back standing.

She leans down and touches the cool whip. She tastes it, considers, and looks out over the balcony.

The street below is empty.

Sonya checks the balcony door. Locked.

INT. NIGHT CLUB OFFICE -- DAY

BUZZING and MOANING. The girls ride their toys. (No nudity).

GLORIA (V.O.)

Conservatives are scared of homosexuals, as if their acceptance could trigger some flood of homosexuality. The Christian argument against this is simple, god is a bigot and he says no. God hates fags, or at least so says Paul. Most of the sodomy and decency laws in this country represent that Christian majority. After all, it is indecent, right?

Bambi and Meg make out on the desk.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That said, two girls is just plain hot. If this were two guys, it would piss off most of the audience. Instead, somewhere over half are pretty ecstatic, and the women don't mind it much, either.

Cleo and Virginia kiss.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Least not the women who are still watching. We like to watch women have orgasms. Or maybe that's just me.

Naomi the ballerina MOANS and writhes.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In any case, girl girl sex is okay, because it leaves the potential for a dominant male to come in and have his way with both of them, or all three, or the whole lick party, or whatever. Good system, for the men. Fagbashing in a country awash in lesbian spectacle is really just a fight against equal sexual rights for women. A man who wants two women is normal. A girl who wants a gangbang is a freak. Look at the difference in pornography.

Meg and Bambi make out against the table.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A European gangbang movie is some hot, happy Czech supermodel surrounded by half a dozen athletic German guys, filmed at a Budapest coke-party. The American gangbang movie is a hungry-skinny high school girl holding three twenty dollar bills, surrounded by hairy, fish-belly white rednecks who try not to touch each other while they make her cry. Filmed in a double-wide. Shame on us.

Virginia the nun MOANS and writhes.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Secular homophobes are part of a different group of intolerant pricks. Really, what they fear is that their children or their spouse will turn out gay, and because everyone else is such a bigot, it will reflect poorly on them. The point is, you have the bigots trying to dictate personal choice and the bigots who let them, because at least they aren't the ones being persecuted.

Cleo the cowgirl MOANS and writhes.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Either way, the idea that a marriage is exclusive to a certain gender configuration is an open conflict of church and state that the Christian majority successfully enforces because they are the majority, even though our constitution guarantees equal protections under the law. Marriage belongs to their god, even though all cultures celebrate it. Of course, what should we expect, given the history of the Christians. From the nazi's to the inquisition to the kkk to the U.S. extermination of innocent Iraqis, it's all about America's god saying it's all right to kill the bugs that are in the way, or that don't believe what they should believe, according to Jesus.

Naomi, the ballerina, MOANS and writhes.

All three orgasm loudly on their respective riding devices.

The sounds of BOMBS DROPPING mix with their MOANS.



INT. EVA'S BUILDING -- DAY

Janet and Greta walk down the hallway to muffled GOTH MUSIC.

They stop outside an apartment door. #420.

Greta shudders.

JANET

Are you okay?

Greta catches herself against the wall.

She looks around, disoriented.

JANET (CONT'D)

Greta, are you okay?

GRETA

(shudders)

Ja.

Greta pushes herself against the wall.

GRETA (CONT'D)

Ja.

Greta shakes and beats her fists against the wall.

GRETA (CONT'D)

Ja. Ja ja. Ja. Ja! Ja!

EASY (V.O.)

All else being equal, it's a pretty good way to die.

Janet cowers against the wall. Greta MOANS and convulses.

STEVE (V.O.)

And is that how you want it?

EASY (V.O.)

Eventually.

JANET

Oh god, no. I'm not ready. She didn't teach me anything!

Janet watches in fear as Greta spasms against the wall. Greta dissolves into a pile of pink CREAM.

JANET (CONT'D)

(sobs)

I'm not ready!

STEVE (V.O.)

Can you stop an attack?

Janet hides her face with her arms.

EASY (V.O.)  
 You can fight, but it's like an orgasm  
 contest. A head start can be huge.  
 But you can join a fight in progress.  
 Gloria was trying to protect Hilary,  
 but now they think she's the  
 Shakashanibooboo.

Janet lets out a low MOAN.

JANET  
 I don't want to die this way. Damn  
 it! These are real.

Janet shudders.

STEVE (V.O.)  
 What's that?

EASY (V.O.)  
 The prophecy. One day, a witch will  
 go mad, her people fallen hopeless,  
 and she will create the revolution,  
 the Shakishaniboo, and the world  
 will be unmade.

Janet spasms and MOANS softly.

STEVE (V.O.)  
 And why would Gloria want that?

EASY (V.O.)  
 She doesn't. Why would she, with  
 her place so secure in this world.  
 But others, like Hilary, preferred  
 fewer complications.

Janet dissolves into light pink cream.

STEVE (V.O.)  
 And what about you?

EASY (V.O.)  
 Long as there's something to talk  
 about, people like me will be against  
 it. This place is good enough.

STEVE (V.O.)  
 How does it feel?

EASY (V.O.)  
 You're teasing me.

INT. EVA'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Eva lies face down on the dining room table, wrapped in a bath towel.

Claire, wearing an Abraham Lincoln holding a bong t-shirt and panties, ties Eva's wrist to a table with a silk scarf.

Eva's other arm and both ankles are already tied to corners of the table.

Chloe comes in from the other room with a gallon container of Wesson oil and a soccer ball.

CLAIRE

That's not too tight, right?

EVA

It's good.

Gloria watches from the closet as Claire fires up a joint.

Chloe sets down her props and walks over to the table.

She lifts the towel and slaps Eva's bottom.

CHLOE

My turn. This will feel just like your midterm.

Claire exhales smoke into Chloe. Eva spasms on the table.

EVA

Gaaa--

Chloe holds as Claire massages Eva.

CLAIRE

You don't have to fake it. We have all night.

Eva shakes, violently. Claire pulls away.

SONYA (V.O.)

No!

In the closet, Gloria flails her arms with no effect. There is a heavy THUD at the balcony door.

Eva convulses and MOANS.

CHLOE

What's she doing?

CLAIRE

I don't know.

Claire goes to the balcony door.

Sonya BEATS against the glass in her swimsuit.

Claire checks with Chloe, who exhales and shrugs, "Why not?"

Claire opens the door and Sonya pushes in.

SONYA

Stop.

Gloria jumps out of the closet.

GLORIA

Aha!

Eva shakes as Sonya runs to her. Too late.

Eva stops convulsing and disappears, leaving a small pile of yellow cream.

CHLOE

(exhales smoke)

Wow.

GLORIA

(to Sonya)

You!

SONYA

Me? I didn't do it.

GLORIA

Then why are you here!

SONYA

To protect her. I swear.

Chloe passes the joint to Claire.

CHLOE

Who are you people?

Claire takes a hit.

Gloria winds her arms like a windmill.

Sonya kneels.

SONYA

Please, no!

Gloria stops windmilling. Sonya begs.

Gloria, frustrated, blinks her eyes and disappears. BINK.

EXT. GARDEN -- NIGHT

Gloria, in her green witch outfit, stands alone in the cemetery. HOUSE MUSIC.

She begins the summoning dance.

Wiggle the ears.

Elbow pump.

Circle the ass.

Spank spank.

Wiggle the ears, elbow pump, circular ass-grind against an imaginary pole.

BINK. Sonya appears in the garden, back as the red witch.

She, too, performs the dance.

Wiggle the ears,

Squeeze the breasts,

Circular ass-grind,

Spank spank.

SONYA (V.O.)  
What are you doing?

GLORIA (V.O.)  
It isn't you.

SONYA (V.O.)  
I told you that.

GLORIA (V.O.)  
I didn't believe you.

SONYA (V.O.)  
Eva's dead. Who's third?

GLORIA (V.O.)  
I don't know, but I bet she's the one. Keep dancing.

SONYA (V.O.)  
I have apprentices.

GLORIA (V.O.)  
I know.

SONYA (V.O.)  
I thought the third has to come.

GLORIA (V.O.)  
 She will. None of our apprentices  
 are strong enough to hear. Or alive.  
 Don't you feel her fighting it?

Wiggle the ears,  
 Squeeze the breasts,  
 Circular ass grind,  
 Spank spank.

SONYA (V.O.)  
 No.

GLORIA (V.O.)  
 Harder. Together.

Sonya and Gloria dance together, getting more into their  
 gestures.

Wiggle the ears,  
 Elbow pump,  
 Circular ass grind,  
 Spank spank.

With a loud ZHOWM, Steve appears dressed as the blue witch.  
 He, too, dances.

Wiggle the ears,  
 Squeeze the breasts,  
 Circular ass-grind,  
 Spank spank.

The MUSIC stops and they face each other.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 You!

Steve transforms into Hilary.

She looks better in the dress.

HILARY (V.O.)  
 Yes. And we are all that remain.

SONYA (V.O.)  
 Greta?

HILARY (V.O.)  
Yes. I killed them all. I stole  
their power. And now I am an even  
greater witch than you!

Hilary strikes a pose. Sinister HOUSE MUSIC begins.

Gloria BLINKS into position, arms extended outward.

Sonya strikes her fists together.

SONYA (V.O.)  
Break.

Hilary smiles and menacingly struts up to Sonya.

HILARY (V.O.)  
Not even close. I've eaten your  
apprentices. Your girls just give  
out too easy.

Hilary smiles as Sonya GASPS.

GLORIA (V.O.)  
Stop!

Hilary releases Sonya, who GASPS and clutches her waist.

Hilary turns on Gloria.

HILARY (V.O.)  
Not this time.

Gloria licks her wrist and Hilary quivers.

HILARY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Good one. But I assure you I planned  
this a long time. Once she's gone,  
you'll have no chance.

SONYA (V.O.)  
Save me.

Sonya falls on the ground.

Hilary stands over her.

Gloria gesticulates obscenities at Hilary, who shakes them  
off. MUSIC PULSES.

Gloria drops to her knees, clasps her arms close to her chest  
and yells.

GLORIA (V.O.)  
Solidarity!

Gloria glows.

She raises her arms to the sky and claws at the moon.

Awash in orgasms, Hilary stumbles.

Sonya, released, scrambles away.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 There is no power greater than that  
 of the proletariat. Regardless of  
 the system or the structure of the  
 payoffs, there's always a class of  
 folks killing themselves and each  
 other trying to live like the monkeys  
 with the strings.

Gloria climbs up and stands tall in moonlight. Hilary MOANS.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Their spirit is inexhaustible as  
 long as they procreate, because each  
 generation brings the hope of class  
 ascendance. An opportunity to turn  
 the tables on history. It is the  
 potential of revolution that sustains  
 the poor, and fates the rich to short-  
 lived victory. Long live the union.  
 Viva la revolution!

Hilary shakes and MOANS.

HILARY (V.O.)  
 Oh yeah, that's the spot.

With an explosion of light and a long ZH00000000000000M, Hilary  
 collapses and disappears, leaving a pile of blue cream.

The ZHOOM dies down.

Gloria stands with her hair blown back, arms extended,  
 collecting power to the HUMM of devolving, dissonant MUSIC.

Sonya rolls up to her knees, and as the sound dies, shivers.

Sonya shakes and glows, awash with energy.

Gloria turns and faces Sonya.

Sonya bows in submission.

Gloria stands over her.

Gloria puts her hand on Sonya's face.

With a ZHHWIIP, Gloria disappears.



INT. EVA'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Gloria lies on the floor. Sonya kneels over her. Behind them, Claire sniffs at the pile of goo that was Eva.

Chloe, confused but content, exhales smoke.

SONYA  
Are you okay?

Gloria opens her eyes. Sonya holds her hand.

SONYA (CONT'D)  
I thought it was you.

GLORIA  
Never.

Sonya kisses Gloria as DRAMATIC MUSIC swells.

SONYA  
Thank you.

GLORIA  
Thank you.

At the table, Claire tastes the yellow cream.

CHLOE  
What just happened?

EXT. PARK -- DAY

Gloria sits at a picnic table, displaying cheap crystal jewelry. She wears John Lennon glasses, a tie-dyed "Mindsuckers" t-shirt and a long, hippy skirt. HOUSE MUSIC.

GLORIA (V.O.)  
It's hard to pick the right people,  
but fun to try. I finally agreed to  
apprentices, just to build up our  
ranks.

Across from Gloria sits Meg, now a hyperventilating college coed in sorority letters. Iota Eta Pi.

As Gloria strokes the bracelet on her arm, Meg shudders, smiling ear-to-ear.

She looks at Gloria, smiling. Gloria furrows her brow and Meg shudders again.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Most people just don't have it in  
them. The ability to just keep  
coming, over and over, smiling all  
the way.

Meg MOANS.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
We'll call back anyone still coherent  
at seven. This one's at nine. I  
think I'll keep her.

Meg pounds her fists on the table in a semi-epileptic fit.  
She's still smiling.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Opposition is a natural response, so  
even in this period of calm, we can  
expect further attempts on us by the  
CIA and the Shriners and the mystical  
little people of Fanzibar. Power  
corrupts, and these bastards are  
really powerful. Down with whitey.

Gloria releases Meg, who gasps and smiles, clutching the  
table.

A hot POLICEWOMAN skates up on rollerblades.

The cop pulls out a goofy space RAY GUN and aims it at Gloria.

From the bench, Gloria looks up and sees her.

Gloria holds out her hand in defense.

ZZHAPP! A LASER flies at Gloria, bounces off, and hits the  
cop, exploding her in a ball of SMOKE.

Gloria refocuses on Meg, who writhes on the table.

SPLIT SCREEN -- ROLL CREDITS

Credits on black to the left.

On the right, every cast member dances wildly for sixteen  
bars of FUNK.

FADE OUT

INT. HOT TUB -- DAY

Gloria, Sonya, Bambi, Claire and Chloe relax in a hot tub.

CHLOE  
So, is this all just some treatise  
on good and evil? Bitchin'.

GLORIA  
Well, it's not--

CHLOE  
No, I totally get it. Bitchin'.

CLAIRE

The law will always find some new way to screw the poor and the addicted, who probably deserve it. Hardcore.

CHLOE

Or the nature of law is to deceive at the expense of the least connected. Just like democracy, I guess.

CLAIRE

Or, when all is really said and done, liberals are mostly concerned about penis size.

BAMBI

Well, without god, what else is there?

GLORIA

No. Law exists to balance out the natural good of people sharing the earth and getting laid. Law is the evil.

BAMBI

That's kind of a bummer.

Total darkness.

SONYA (V.O.)

The important thing is that the broken and the disconnected can overwhelm with mass, whether they realize it or not. A giant daisy chain would be really healing.

GLORIA (V.O.)

Yeah, but that's not it at all. Can someone go get some batteries?

FADE OUT: