

FADE IN:

INT. PEEP-SHOW BOOTH - NIGHT

A large man, SMOOCH (32), leans over something in the middle of the room. As he moves around it, the something turns out to be a chair -- its occupant MR. HICKEY, 64, small, white-haired, duct-tape over his mouth. Smooch and Hickey both wear tuxedos.

As Smooch fiddles with straps and cuffs on the legs and sides of the chair and around Hickey's chest, his powerful frame dominates the frail man in the chair.

SMOOCH

Not too tight, is it, Mr. Hickey?

Smooch stands back. Hickey strains, but he's immobilized.

SMOOCH

Of course not. I take pride in my job.

Smooch goes to the window, takes a token out of his pocket, drops it in the slot.

The screen rises.

On the stage, a wall banner -- "BON VOYAGE, MR. HICKEY" -- hangs across the back wall. A giant party cake sits on the floor.

Smooch takes the phone off the hook and holds it up to Hickey's ear.

SMOOCH

Say hello.

HICKEY

Mmmmrff?

Out from the cake bursts a gorgeous girl in a rich burgundy evening dress with pearls and long gloves -- KATRINA, 22, long auburn hair and piercing green eyes. The glass is soundproof, but she carries her voice.

KATRINA

(filtered)

Surprise!

Hickey's eyes light up -- more than just from seeing a pretty girl. He recognizes her.

Smooch takes something from his pocket and unfolds it -- it's a very stupid party hat.

SMOOCH

Lift your chin, Mr. Hickey.

He puts the hat on Hickey's head and adjusts the strap under his chin.

SMOOCH

It's a party, Mr. Hickey. Has to have a cake. And hats.

Smooch puts on his own party hat. He walks over to a corner, leans against the wall. Hickey looks at him, eyes pleading.

SMOOCH

A good host is always at hand to attend to his guests.

Hickey shakes his head violently.

SMOOCH

I suggest you get over it. You're well into your first token.

KATRINA

(filtered)

So, Mr. Hickey, you're looking elegant tonight. As am I.

She steps out of the cake. Indeed, she's stunning.

KATRINA

(filtered)

And doesn't this cake look delicious?

She swirls a finger into the white frosting, then licks it luxuriously off her gloved finger.

KATRINA

(filtered)

Mmm... frosting roses. My favorite!

She picks up a frosting rose and twirls it in her fingers, eyeing it with lust.

She parts her lips and eats the rose -- in a way a rose would want to be eaten. Hickey squirms in his seat. Smooch is motionless in the corner.

KATRINA

(filtered)

Oh, that was delicious! But look
at my fingers! All pink and
sticky! I'll have to take these
off.

Katrina strips off her gloves in an elaborate ritual. First she loosens the fingers on her left hand...

... then she loosens the fingers on her right hand...

... she tugs on the left glove to loosen it...

... then peels the glove down as if skinning her arm...

... and twirls the glove, then throws it at the window.

She tugs on the right glove...

... peels it off...

... and tosses it at the window.

She blows a kiss to Hickey.

KATRINA

(filtered)

Oh, my. This cake looks soooo
tasty.

She scoops up a handful of cake and begins to eat it...

... nibbling, licking...

... taking playful bites...

... and licking and sucking her fingers, one by one.

KATRINA

(filtered)

Oooh, I've made a mess!

She wipes her hands on her dress.

KATRINA

(filtered)

Gosh! Now my dress is a mess! I
can't wear this!

She sits on a stool and crosses her legs, showing off burgundy 6-inch stiletto heels. She reaches around back and starts to work her zipper.

The light on the coin box starts to blink. Hickey strains against the straps and turns his head toward Smooch.

HICKEY

Mmmph!

Smooch strides over to the box and drops in a token. The light stops blinking.

Hickey calms a bit, turns his attention back to Katrina.

Katrina slides her dress off languidly, letting it slide down her body.

She stands, and the dress slumps to the ground. She's in matching burgundy satin and lace bra and panties, with a garter belt holding up her black fishnet stockings.

She steps out of the dress. She takes the stool and positions it center stage in front of the window.

She sits demurely on the stool, knees drawn up like a pin-up girl.

Then she repositions and opens her legs wide.

KATRINA

(filtered)

See anything you like, Mr. Hickey?

Hickey nods.

KATRINA

(filtered)

You'll miss me, won't you?

Hickey nods vigorously.

KATRINA

(filtered)

Then let me give you a sweet memory to take with you.

She runs her hands up to her breasts, cupping them.

KATRINA

(filtered)

You loved these.

She squeezes them together.

KATRINA

(filtered)

Let's have a look.

She unclips the bra from the front and opens it. Her breasts are firm enough to stand up by themselves.

She reaches into a pouch hanging on the side of the stool and pulls out a bottle of oil. She pours some into the palm of her hand and puts the bottle back.

She rubs her hands together and then oils her breasts. Her tanned skin begins to shine.

She runs her hands over her breast in a slow, liquid motion.

KATRINA

(filtered)

You like this, don't you, Mr. Hickey?

She cups them again.

KATRINA

(filtered)

You loved to suck on them. Just like a little baby.

She teases her nipples.

KATRINA

(filtered)

My baby boy, I called you. And you were so funny -- I think you almost expected to get milk out of them!

A tear rolls down Hickey's cheek as he strains against his bonds.

KATRINA

(filtered)

You were so cute when I had you all tied up.

She presses them together. She coos in baby talk.

KATRINA

(filtered)

Were you my little snookums?

She squeezes her breasts rhythmically.

KATRINA

(filtered)

Yes, you were! You were Mommy's little snookums!

She speeds up the rhythm.

KATRINA
(filtered)
You used to love it so much.

She leans forward to the glass, practically pressing her breasts to it.

The light starts to flash. Hickey tries to scream.

HICKEY
Mmmmmmmmm!

Smooch grabs the phone from Hickey's shoulder.

SMOOCH
Better get on with it, honey.
This'll be the third token. Only
one more to go.

Hickey shakes his head violently. He strains with all his might.

KATRINA
(filtered)
Oh, you can afford a few more
tokens, can't you, Smooch? For
Mr. Hickey?

SMOOCH
Hey, these tokens are coming out
of my own pocket.

KATRINA
(filtered)
You're getting well-paid to throw
this party, Smoochy. Besides, Mr.
Hickey's a very good tipper.
Aren't you, Mr. Hickey?

Katrina nods and smiles. Smooch shakes his head.

SMOOCH
Katrina says you're a good tipper
and you'd be good for a few more
tokens.

Smooch drops another token into the slot. The light stops blinking.

Smooch leans down to whisper into Hickey's ear as he puts the phone to it.

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For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at
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