

DOG GONE DUBIE

Original Screenplay

written

by

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REVISED January 3, 2023  
WGA East No. 1359420 (1/3/23-33)  
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FADE IN:

EXT. SHEEPSHEAD BAY, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK - DAY

It's Fall in Brooklyn. The trees are just starting to change color. A young COUPLE, 20s, enter a local diner.

INT. SPIRO'S GREEK DINER - DAY

The couple sit in a booth as DEMETRI SPIRO, 60s, a short Greek Inan with thick black hair, in an Italian suit yells as NICK PANAGAKOS, 50s, the manager of the diner.

DEMETRI

Nick, I told you a hundred times,  
keep these losers out of here.  
Nobody wants to eat around bums,  
who sit at this counter all day  
ordering nothing but coffee.

NICK

I can't thrown them out just  
because they order coffee, Mr.  
Spiro. They're paying customers.

DEMETRI

I don't want them in here!  
Especially those friends of  
Dubie's!

NICK

But Dubie's the reason they come  
here. You're the one who gave him  
the job remember? He's our new  
dishwasher.

DEMETRI

I still say get them out of here!

NICK

What about your wife, Mr. Spiro?  
Does she know you're seeing Dubie's  
mother? Or is that still a secret  
too around here?

DEMETRI

That's none of your business! And  
it's not my wife's business either.

Demetri exited the diner and walked off. Nick looked back at the kitchen annoyed as--

INT. SPIRO'S KITCHEN - SAME TIME

JOHN DUBIE 'The Dubster', 30s, is a huge man of three hundred pounds and growing. He stands by the huge kitchen sink filled with dirty dishes and washes them by hand, while HUMMING the song, 'New York, New York.'

DUBIE

If i can make it there, I'll make  
it anywhere, it's up to you New  
York, New York!

Dubie keeps humming as TINA PANAGAKOS, 30s, a gorgeous Greek waitress and Nick's daughter, enters the kitchen with some dirty dishes. She puts them down next to Dubie at the sink as Dubie picks up a half-eaten egg from one of her plates and devours it along with some left over fries.

TINA

Dubie! For god sakes, you just ate  
lunch!

DUBIE

You call a Tuna Sub, four dogs the  
hard way, a pound of coleslaw  
lunch? I didn't even get any  
pickles thanks to Stanley running  
out!

Dubie BELCHED as STANLEY and RALPH, 40s, two of his kitchen co-workers, were busy manning the grill and plating up food for the diner customers in the dining room.

STANLEY

It's one thing having to order food  
to keep up with the customers, but  
for him-- I'd never see the end of  
the delivery truck!

RALPH

He's already eating all the chips  
we got and they just came in!

Ralph points to a bunch of empty chip bags on the floor by the back door that lead into the alleyway behind the diner.

DUBIE

You know, your father outta get a  
new menu going here and add a few  
of my slamdogs to it. I'd give him  
a hell of a price for them too, as  
they're all hand rolled and--

TINA

My father doesn't own the place. He just works here as the manager! And as for your friends, Mr. Spiro doesn't like them coming around no more and wanting free food.

DUBIE

What friends?

She pointed to the window at the lunch counter where BUDDY BANUCHI, 30s, sat with his bleached white teeth, dressed in a pirates outfit.

DUBIE (CONT'D)

Oh, him. He just comes here for the atmosphere.

TINA

And the free food! He never wants to pay since you started working here.

She grabbed a few plates of food and went back into the diner as Nick came in and saw all the empty bags of chips by the backdoor.

NICK

What are those bags doing back here? Why are there no chips being given with the sandwiches!?

RALPH

Ask Dubie! He did it.

Dubie eats the last of the chips from the last bag on the shelf above the sink as Nick grabs it away from him.

NICK

That's it Dubie! I'm docking your pay for everything you eat around here! And that includes any leftovers you steal off Tina's plates!

DUBIE

Is that legal? I mean, it's food that's already paid for? Why should that to be charged twice?

NICK

Shut your clam-hole! The only reason you're working here, is because you're mother's sleeping with the boss!

DUBIE

Oh, you can't prove that. My mother isn't interested in sex. It's money she likes.

Nick walks over to Stanley and Ralph.

NICK

And don't let me catch you feeling him either! Or you'll be fired as well.

Nick left the kitchen as Stanley put a burger on the plate. He fixes it with lettuce and pickles as Dubie walked over and smelled it.

DUBIE

That smells delic' Stan! How about some onion rings with that?

Dubie reached for the plate as Stanley slapped his hand.

STANLEY

You want to get us fired! Get back to the dishes and mind your own business.

DUBIE

It's too hard working in a place like this. I need to get back to making my slamdogs and get my own dreams now. Now that I can no longer work at Nathan's!

Dubie went back to the dishes and frowned.

RALPH

What did happen at Nathan's hotdog, Dubs?

STANLEY

Yeah, Dubster. How did you loose that job you had and end up working here?

DUBIE

Yeah, it was the mother of all dream jobs flipping Nathan's dog, until Louie my boss, placed in the annual Hotdog eating contest, and blew that stupid bet he put on me!

Dubie continues to washing dishes as he recalls the day.

FLASH TO:

EXT. CONEY ISLAND BOARDWALK, BROOKLYN, NY - DAY

It's July 4th. Forty thousand PEOPLE attend the 'Annual Nathan's Hot Dog Eating Contest.

Multiple news organizations and CAMERA CREWS and REPORTERS are present recording the events and interviewing the contestants.

Dubie stands behind a curtain with other CONTESTANTS watching all the hundreds of hotdogs being grilled for the contest. Drool lands on the pink shoe of TRUDY DUBIE, mid-50s, a dark-skinned Italian/Jewish mother, who pinched Dubie's arm.

DUBIE

Ma, stop it! That hurts!

TRUDY

Do you remember why we're here?

DUBIE

Sure! To win the contest so I can earn enough money to start my own hotdog business.

Trudy pinches him again.

TRUDY

No! We're here so you can get over your eating problem and stop thinking about food!

DUBIE

Ma, hotdogs are my life. Besides, my slamdogs are ten times better than Nathan's dog! They're going to be famous someday!

TRUDY

Will you stop thinking about hotdogs? You'll kill yourself before reaching forty if you don't go on a diet soon! Did you hear what the doctor said about your heart?

DUBIE

Ma, there is nothing wrong with my heart! And I'm only thirty!

TRUDY

Dr. Koche was right. If this doesn't work, nothing will. And then I wash my hands of you. You will no longer be welcome to live in my house!

DUBIE

Ma!? You're throwing me out if I don't win the contest? What kind of mother does that to her only son whose just trying to better his life?

TRUDY

A mother who wants to see you live to forty! That kind!

Trudy pinches him again and walked off.

Dubie's boss, LOUIE GRATIS, 50s, a small greasy Italian man in a white suit with black tie appears in the CROWD. Several TV REPORTERS spot Louie and shove microphones in his face.

FEMALE REPORTER

Look! It's Mr. Louie Gratis, the owner of Nathan's! Who is your favorite to win the contest today, Mr. Gratis?

LOUIE

We don't have favorites at Nathan's. We route for everyone. Only I'd have to say if it was my money was on anyone, I certainly wouldn't be Dubie!

He points at Dubie who look at him from behind the curtain.

FEMALE REPORTER

You mean, John Dubie 'the Dubster' who works for you, Mr. Gratis? Why specifically not him!?

LOUIE

Because he's already ate too many dogs for breakfast!

Louie winks at Dubie and walked off. His Cell phone RANG as Louie answers it away from the reporters.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

Talk to me.

INT. LAS VEGAS BETTING PARLOR - DAY

Huge crowds of PEOPLE place bets of all kinds at windows. Fifty flat screen TV's show races taking place across the country, including Nathan's Annual Hot Dog Eating Contest in Coney Island.

JOEY 'the Jaw' MARICONI, 40s, a skinny Italian crook from Brooklyn, approaches the screen where the odds are displayed.

JOEY

(into cell phone)

The odds are in, Louie! The favor is not on Dubie!

LOUIE

Excellent! What are they?

JOEY

Kobayashi', 9-5, 'Deep Dish Bertoletti', 7-1, The Black Widow Thomas, 6-1, 'Hoover the Hunt' 5-1, and 'Dubie the Dubster', 50-1.

LOUIE (O.S.)

Good, then double all my bets for Dubie to win! He'll blow them all away with that bottomless pit of his!

JOEY

You got it, Louie! You'll make a fortune with those odds! Good luck!

Joey hangs up his cell phone and approaches the betting window. He plopped down fifty thousand dollars in cash in front of a FEMALE TELLER, 30s, who counted the money.



JOEY (CONT'D)

Fifty thousand on John Dubie, 'The Dubster' to win Nathan's Hot Dog Eating Contest in Brooklyn, New York.

FEMALE TELLER

The whole thing on Dubie?

JOEY

The whole thing! And here's my bet too.

Joey handed her another thousand of his own money and placed another bet for Dubie to win too.

EXT. CONEY ISLAND, BROOKLYN - DAY

The Nathan's Hot Dog event continued as Louie approaches Dubie behind the curtain. Louie rubs Dubie's shoulders as if he is a prize fighter about to go into the fighting ring.

LOUIE

You look beautiful.

(kisses Dubie's sweaty forehead)

I have fifty thousand riding on you baby, so don't screw up.

DUBIE

Fifty-thousand? But Louis, that a lot of money. What if I can't--

LOUIE

You'll eat till you bust! And don't spew, or you'll be disqualified.

Louie slaps Dubie's butt and walks off. He passes by Trudy on his way out front as they both exchange hostile looks.

TRUDY

What did he have to say?

DUBIE

Nothing, Ma. Just that he wants me to win is all.

TRUDY

I never liked that man. He reminds me of your father. Just another sleazy gambler who has no heart and no conscience who he hurts!

DUBIE

Don't say that, Ma. Louie promised to help me start my own gourmet hotdog business. If I win, he's going to give me the money and be my first investor.

TRUDY

And you believe that?

Outside of the curtain, Louie approaches a TEENAGE BOY, 13, and hands him a paper bag full covering a liquid laxative bottle of Dulcelax.

LOUIE

Make sure all the contenders except Dubie get this in their water. They'll be shittin' so hard they'll be too busy worrying about what's coming out, rather than what's going in!

Louie laughed, handing the teenager a fifty dollar bill along with the bag before walking off.

The teenager takes the bag over to the eating tables where the contestant will soon be seated. He empties some of the liquid contents into each of their water glasses, except for the one that has the name 'Dubster' on it.

The teenager disappears behind the curtain as the EMCEE, 40s, steps up to the microphone wearing a suit and tie along with long sideburns and sunglasses.

EMCEE

Welcome one and all to the Annual Nathan's Hotdog Eating Contest which is broadcasted to you live today from Brooklyn's very own Coney Island. Happy Fourth of July everyone and here are you contestants!

The Emcee calls each of the contestants by name as they appear from behind the curtain and sit down at the eating tables.

EMCEE (CONT'D)

Today's annual hot dog eating contestants are; Kobayashi', 'Deep Dish Bertolletti', The Black Widow, Thomas, Herbert, 'The Hoover Hunt dog, and John Dubie 'The Dubster'!

Dubie takes his seat last and gets the least applause from the crowd. The SERVERS bring out stacks of steaming Nathan hot dogs and place them on the eating tables in front of the contestants.

Dubie for some reason seems to have more than the others while Louie watches from the crowd. The teenager behind the curtain dumps the empty bottle of liquid 'Dulcelax' into the trash can and walks off holding his fifty dollars in his hands.

EMCEE (CONT'D)

Are you ready to rumble  
contestants!?

Louie gives Dubie a thumbs up to a nervous Dubie as a GUN goes off.

The CONTESTANTS start to consume the hotdogs as fast as they can, sipping the water to wash down the dogs. Dubie instead uses his water to dunk his dog in whole before bending his head back and popping the dog down his throat without chewing. He swallows and does it again and again, making the other contestants look slow.

Dubie's mother Trudy, watches from the crowd as Demetri Spiro joins her. Demetri sneaks a kiss her on the back of her neck and hugs her waist before letting go, being sure nobody is watching him.

DEMETRI

Did I miss anything?

TRUDY

I can't watch! It's too horrible!

Trudy said, covering her eyes as Dubie devours one dog after another, in the same manner. Buddy approaches Trudy and Demetri in the crowd.

BUDDY

How's our boy doing? Did he barf  
yet?

TRUDY

You are an enabler!

Trudy slaps Buddy with her purse with tears in her eyes.

BUDDY

What did I do? He told me to his  
for support! What was I gonna do,  
stay at home?

TRUDY

If you were a real friend, you stop him from making a fool of himself.

BUDDY

But he wants to win, so Louie will give him a loan!

TRUDY

Louie Gratis is a crook! God, I hate all men! There isn't a single brain among you!

Trudy pinches Buddy and walked off as Demetri followed her.

DEMETRI

Does that mean me too, Honey?

Buddy didn't seem to care. He was busy enjoying the women in the crowd as he checks out the asses as they walked by. Suddenly there was a strange SOUND coming from the tables where the contestant's were still eating.

Each of their stomach's started to RUMBLE. Two contestants stop eating as they exchange glances. They look like they are about to shit themselves as the favorite to win, Kobayashi, an Asian man of 40, takes his time and enjoys each hot dog before swallowing the next one whole.

He is neck and neck with Dubie as they both continues eating as Louie and the teenager look on from the crowd.

TV REPORTER

Oh, oh. Something's happening. Several of the contestants have stopped eating with only two minutes left in the contest to finish!

Dubie looks up and sniffs something as the only female contestant sitting next to him which was, The Black Widow Thomas, who suddenly shits her pants. Dubie sees this on her chair as he and swallows his next dog whole.

DUBIE

What the--

LOUIE

Eat! Eat you fool! You've got only a minute left!

Dubie saw at the clock with one minute to go and downs more dogs as the CROWD goes wild.

Another contestant, Hover the Hunt, drinks his water and barfs all over the table while taking a dump in his pants. He runs off as Dubie is distracted by the chaos and reaches for the wrong water glass and puts his dog into the water.

More of the contestants run off with the shits as Dubie is now ahead of the favorite two win. He is now even now beat the favorite, Kobayashi, as the crowd start to chant his name, cheering Dubie on.

CROWD

Dubster, Dubster, Dubster!

Dubie looks into the glass and sees something brown floating inside as his face turns turns white. He realizes he's using the wrong glass with the name Widow on it and starts to feel sick himself as his stomach rumbles.

LOUIE

Oh, Christ! He's using the wrong glass! Put it down, Dubie! And what every you do, don't spew!

BUDDY

What? He's gonna hurl?

Buddy said, suddenly appearing behind Louie as Dubie's mouth suddenly opens wide. A stream of vomit gushes all over the crowd like a broken fire hydrant as the film crews recored Dubie barfing all over the audience, the live TV and his mother Trudy who stood now near the stage with Demetri.

FEMALE REPORTER

That's it folks! Dubie the Dubster is now disqualified! And just when he was about to win the contest!

LOUIE

He's disqualified!? I object on the ground of--- of the grounds of -- of --a fixed contest!

FEMALE REPORTER

How is it fixed? He spewed!

Louie stormed off, too upset for words as Dubie then starts to shit himself! He runs off stage headed for the port-a-potties which already had all the other contestants inside, trying to get into the ones that were already occupied.

We hear loud FARTS and shitting coming from inside, as Dubie banged on the doors.

DUBIE

Let me in! For God's sake, let me  
in!

Demetri who was also covered in vomit tried to wipe off Trudy's dress with his handkerchief as the TV film crew recorded her reaction.

TRUDY

Why me, dear Lord? Why me?

The Emcee, also covered barf, looks at Kobayashi, who is the only one still at the table eating who had already shat himself, but was too afraid to leave his chair and was still tried to hide it from the crowd.

The gun went off as the Emcc grabs Kobayashi's dirty hand raises it to the air in front of the TV cameras.

EMCEE

Kobayashi is the winner! Five  
hundred and ten hot dogs and in  
only sixteen minutes! Let's hear  
if for this years Nathan's Annual  
Hotdog winner!

Kobayashi also gets up and runs for the port-a-potty, beating Dubie out of the way as one just became free. He shits inside as Dubie bangs on the door, still covered in his own shit along with some of the others.

DUBIE

Please, take pity on me! I only  
need it for a minute! I'm nearly  
all out!

Louie, who was also covered in vomit, walks up to Dubie fuming mad and slapped his face.

LOUIE

You're fired! You will never work  
at Nathan's again you two-faced  
loser!

DUBIE

But Louie! I did the best I could!  
It wasn't me who spiked the water!

FLASH BACK:

INT. SPIRO'S DINER KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Dubie continues to wash dishes, looking depressed as ever.

STANLEY

Gee, Dubs. That's tough. And now you're just a dishwasher without a dream left in the world, just like us.

DUBIE

But I do have a dream! I'm going to be famous too someday, and even bigger than Nathan's! My slamdogs are going to be world famous. If I ever do get the money to sell them.

STANLEY

Sure, sure. We understand.

Stanley and Ralph exchanged doubtful looks as Tina returned to the kitchen with more dirty dishes. She placed them beside Dubie at the sink as Buddy looked into the kitchen through the window.

BUDDY (O.S.)

Dubster! Whatcha doing in there? Did you forget out my lunch buddy?

DUBIE

Oh, that looks like a hungry guy to me. We got any food for him today, Tina?

TINA

He's not getting any free burgers off me, I can tell you that much!

INT. DINER KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Buddy sat back at the lunch counter as Nick spotted him from the office. He stepped into the diner and stormed up to him at the lunch counter, wearing his Spiro's managers jacket.

NICK

What are you doing back here? I told you stay you of this place, didn't I?

BUDDY

I'm here to see Dubie!

NICK

You're not allowed in here, and you're not getting any more free burgers. So out before I put your private face on a meat hook!

Nick pointed towards the door.

BUDDY

But I'm paying today, see!? I got cash right here!

Buddy waves a wad of ones in front of Nick's face.

NICK

Where did that come from? A stripper? They're all ones!

BUDDY

They're tips from the birthday party I did. Kids don't carry large bills!

NICK

I thought you were supposed to be an actor? And now you doing birthday parties?

BUDDY

I do Bar Mitzvah's too! It's a start!

Tina exited the kitchen with some plates of burgers of the other customers in the booth.

NICK

(to Tina)

Take his order and get rid of him.

TINA

Dad.

NICK

Just do it!

Tina served the other customers in the booth before returned to the counter to take Buddy's lunch order. Buddy smiled.

TINA

I suppose it's the usual again.

BUDDY

So when do you get off work? Wanna take a drive in my car later?

TINA

I wouldn't be caught dead in that rat trap of yours!



Tina glanced out at his old rusted 1960's Corvette with it's cheap paint job, filth tires and muffler falling off.

TINA (CONT'D)

Besides, I got a boyfriend now, so you can hitting on me and embarrassing yourself. Which you've been doing since fifth grade!

BUDDY

Don't flatter yourself. You're ass looked better then, that's all. Now it's getting fat.

TINA

Don't be looking at my ass! And who are you to talk? You're not even an actor yet and are still doing birthdays!

BUDDY

And you're a waitress! So what's your point?

Tina glared at him before walking into the kitchen to place his order. She caught him looking at her ass and gave him the finger from inside the kitchen window as Buddy smiled.

EXT. SPIRO'S DINER - NIGHT

Buddy stood outside the diner, leaning against his Chevy as the last of the customers for the night were departing.

Tina exited with her handsome new boyfriend, BILL POWERS, late 30s, who wore and expensive suit. He helped her get into his red Porsche which was parked by the curb as Buddy watched. He saw Tina kisses Bill in the front seat of car before the Porsche drove off.

Tina's father, Nick, Dubie, Stanley and Ralph were the last to exit the diner. Nick locked up the diner for the night.

NICK

Enjoy your Saturday night, guys.

The other men walked off as Dubie approached Buddy by his car.

DUBIE

So what do you want to do tonight?  
Go bowling?

BUDDY

No! I don't want to go bowling on a Saturday night! I want to meet some hot looking women.

DUBIE

Where are you gonna do that? At the bowling alley?

BUDDY

At the club! Let's get dressed and go out dancing.

Buddy said getting into his car, before Dubie.

DUBIE

You mean at Roxy's? We got thrown out three times by that bouncer already! He says we can't go back ever again.

Dubie sat in the car as his side sank to the ground.

BUDDY

He said you can't go back, because you make a fool of yourself by your dancing! He never said anything about me not going back!

Buddy started the car as the muffler BACKFIRED.

DUBIE

Give me a break! He hates you even more than me, that guy.

BUDDY

All you need to do is put on a disguise. Then he won't know it you!

DUBIE

But I don't want to wear a disguise! I want to go bowling.

BUDDY

We're not going bowling on a Saturday night! What do you make us out as-- a couple of losers?

DUBIE

Don't rub it in! I told you it wasn't my fault I lost the contest. Someone put shit in my water!

They drove off in Buddy's broken down car as the muffler BACKFIRED again leaving a cloud of black smoke, as it scrapped along the ground on Dubie's side.

INT. TRUDY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Trudy was fast asleep on the sofa with the TV on as she heard Buddy's car screech to a halt out front with it's bad brakes. She got up and looked out the front window spotting Buddy and Dubie getting out the car.

She immediately gathered up the remains of some left over Chinese food and placed an afghan blanket over the tray as Dubie and Buddy entered the house. Dubie stood in the hallway and quickly SNIFFED his surroundings.

DUBIE

Ma, you are so predictable. I can smell the Chinese from here.

TRUDY

What Chinese?

DUBIE

The Chicken Moo Goo Gi Pan, a PuPu Platter for two, house fried rice with two spring rolls, and six crab Rangoon's! Only you forgot the lobster sauce this time.

TRUDY

How can you smell all that from all the way out there when it's under a blanket?

DUBIE

It's a gift!

TRUDY

It's a curse is what it is. You're supposed to be on a diet.

Dubie entered the living room with Buddy and pulled off the blanket.

DUBIE

I see you ordered for two again. Does that mean that Demetri was here? You know that man is married, right?

TRUDY

I don't know anything of the kind!  
And it's none of your business who  
I ordered for or share my food  
with.

He grabbed for the crag Ragoons as she slapped his hand  
back.

TRUDY (CONT'D)

Leave that alone!

DUBIE

You know his wife still comes by  
the diner sometimes. It seems  
everyone knows about her but you.

TRUDY

He said he's getting a divorce.

BUDDY

All men say that. That doesn't mean  
anything, Mrs. D.

TRUDY

Oh shut up!

She picked up the tray of food and carried it to the kitchen.  
Dubie followed.

TRUDY (CONT'D)

You're lucky you got that job  
working at Demetri's diner after  
what you did at Nathan's last  
month.

DUBIE

What did I do at Nathan's!?

He reaches for the food again as she pulled the tray away.

TRUDY

You embarrassed me on live TV with  
the entire world watching by puking  
on my own mother!

She entered the kitchen as Dubie remained in the hallway with  
Buddy.

DUBIE

That't wasn't my fault, Ma. It was  
Louie who had the water spiked!

(MORE)

DUBIE (CONT'D)

How was I supposed to know I was  
the only contestant not to get the  
Dulcelax!?

TRUDY (O.S.)

Leave me alone and go to bed!

BUDDY

Bed!? Were here for him to change  
so we can go out dancing!

TRUDY (O.S.)

Dancing!?

Trudy stuck her head out from the kitchen.

TRUDY (CONT'D)

At that club that threw you out for  
breaking their dance floor?

DUBIE

That was an accident, Ma! That  
floor caving in because of shotty  
contracting!

TRUDY

It broke because you're fat, you  
moron! You need to go on a diet!  
The doctor said so just last week!

She returned to the kitchen, upset to put the food away.

BUDDY

Dubie get dressed! The club is  
going to close in less than a hour!

Buddy said glancing at his Star Trek watch on his wrist.

DUBIE

I'm coming! Ma, where'd you put my  
John Travolta suit? Did you get it  
back from the cleaners?

TRUDY (O.S.)

Oh Dear God! Not the suit!?

Trudy dropped the Chinese food inside the kitchen.

INT. DUBIE'S HALLWAY - SHORT WHILE LATER

Dubie comes down the stairs wearing a 1970s a white John Travolta in white suit from the movie 'Saturday Night Fever.'" The suit hugs his every curve, thigh, butt and stomach as he heads for the door way while passing by his mother.

TRUDY

Dubie, you are no John Travolta!  
Please don't go out in that! The  
girls will make fun of you!

Dubie opened the door, revealing Buddy waiting for him in the car.

DUBIE

I can't help it, Ma. It's the  
dancer in me who requires it! Don't  
wait up!

Trudy yanks out a grey hair from his revealed chest hair as Dubie exited the house and closed the door.

TRUDY

What that boy needs is a father  
figure! Someone normal to talk too  
instead of that idiot friend of  
his.

She stared out the front door window as Buddy's rattling junk box car slowly drove off.

EXT. ROXY'S NIGHT CLUB, HYDE PARK, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Buddy's car is now parked down the street from Roxy's nightclub in front of a fire hydrant.

A line of WOMEN where outside of the door wait to get into the club as Dubie and Buddy approach the main door.

DUBIE

There is no way he's going to let  
me in, Buddy. He's seen this suit  
before.

BUDDY

Put this hat on and keep your face  
down.

Buddy hands Dubie a white hat as he and Dubie walked up to the bouncer. Buddy hands him a twenty dollar bill.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Hey, mister. Did you drop this  
twenty? I found it on the corner.

The huge Black BOUNCER, late-30s, immediately recognized both  
Buddy and Dubie in the Travotla white suit despite his hat.

BOUNCER

You again! I told you both to stay  
away from here! You and the  
Pillsbury Dough boy!

BUDDY

Come on. The girls love this guy.  
Don't you girls?  
(the women groaned)  
You love seeing the Dubster doing  
his cat walk, admit it?

GIRLS

We love laughing at him, that's for  
sure! And his suit!

BUDDY

Come on, just give us five minutes.  
Here's extra ten just for one  
dance, and then we're gone!

Dubie watched Buddy slip the Bouncer another fin.

DUBIE

(to Buddy)

Where are you getting all this  
money from?

BOUNCER

Tips!

(takes money)

All right, but this time don't  
break anything or it'll be your ass  
I'm wiping the floor with this  
time!

BUDDY

You got it!

Dubie and Buddy entered the club as the girls got upset.

GIRLS

Hey! What about us? We were here  
first!

BOUNCER

(counting money)

Do I see any cash out here? No! So shut up!

INT. ROXY'S NIGHT CLUB - SAME TIME

The BEE GEE'S DISCO MUSIC PLAYED inside the club. Within seconds, Dubie paraded onto the dance floor, strutting his big stuff, while forcing some of the other dancers off the

The WOMEN all stared at his Travolta suit and moved away, despite his making many fine struts and spits in his white patten leather shoes with white socks.

The BARTENDER served Buddy a shot of Tequila and he tries to pick up a tall busty BLONDE, 30s, who stood next to him at the bar wears a tight sequin dress. She was sipping a Chocolate Martini.

BUDDY

How are you doing tonight, little lady? Care to have this last dance with a stranger?

BLONDE

Screw you, Buddy! You dance even weirder than your friend out there!

BUDDY

There's nothing weird about the moonwalk. Michael Jackson did it for years before he croaked!

The Blonde walked off to join her friends, as Buddy frowned. He spotted Tina un a booth in the corner of he club with her boyfriend, Bill, who had his arm around her.

Buddy walked up to the table and smiled at Tina who had since changed into a nice sexy dress.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I thought you were headed into the city? What keeps you slumming in Brooklyn tonight?

TINA

I have to get up early for work. Someone called in sick, so it's my turn to fill in for Sunday brunch.



BUDDY

That's a shame. Care to have a dance with me, Tina? I mean, if your boyfriend doesn't mind?

BILL

I don't mind! I don't like this kind of music anyway. I prefer techno!

Tina got up and walked onto the dance floor with Buddy.

TINA

You're not going to hit on me again, are you? In front of Bill?

BUDDY

Do I look that stupid? I know you like him for his money. So what's do this Porsche guy anyway?

TINA

He's a stockbroker in the city.

BUDDY

I had some stocks once.

She watched Buddy doing the moonwalk, and rolled her eyes.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

They broke loose before going bust!

He laughed as Tina shook her head, regretting the dance.

TINA

You're in love with yourself, That's your problem.

BUDDY

Hey! I'm not going to be doing birthday parties all my life. I actually up for a TV commercial soon.

Tina kept her back to him, pretending to dance with someone else.

TINA

What kind of commercial?

BUDDY

Erectile disfunction, I hope.

TINA  
 (turns around)  
 Sounds exciting.

BUDDY  
 It is!

She watched Dubie next to them who was now doing splits on the floor and scaring the WOMEN off as sweat poured off his face and chest.

TINA  
 Can't you control him? He's scaring everyone!

BUDDY  
 The man is a machine. Nobody can slow him down once he gets started! Not like your Mr. Techno boy sitting over there snorting coke!

TINA  
 What?

BUDDY  
 I bet he's some real cool dancer on taking that stuff.

Buddy moonwalk his ass towards her as Tina walked off to join her Bill at the table. He put away his coke as she scolded him in front of the Waitress brought more drinks to them.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
 Quitter!

Just then, a Donna Summers song "I Fell Love" started to play at Roxie's. The sound made Dubie SCREAM with excitement as he went even more wild on the dance floor.

Buddy looked up at the DJ in the booth who smiled at him and winked. The DJ spoke over the MUSIC.

DJ (OVER PA)  
 Watch out there ladies! This is going to rock his world!

BUDDY  
 Christ! I told him never to play that song with him here!

The DJ jacked up the MUSIC as Buddy climbed up to the DJ's BOOTH and banged on his window.

DJ  
 (laughing in booth)  
 I love this guy!

BUDDY  
 Stop the record before I ram it up  
 your a-hole! You know that song  
 makes him nuts!

The DJ gives Buddy the 'finger' and turned the song up even louder. Dubie sheer size and maneuvers totally clears the dance floor, he was the center of attention which he loved.

Dubie takes off his jacket and starts to swing it over his head, struts his stuff in front of the ladies.

Dubie makes increasingly sexy moves, including butt shakes, leg kicks, floor splits and a few floor spins. The ladies were either shocked or laughed as they couldn't take their eyes off him.

WOMAN AT BAR ONE  
 He's actually not bad.

WOMAN AT BAR TWO  
 That's hilarious.

Dubie continues to parade his stuff, tossing his his jacket around as it finally got caught on the disco ball above his head. Dubie jumps up to free it, but it was stuck and wouldn't come down.

Soon, Dubie was dangling from the disco ball, holding onto his his jacket he started to swing around un the air, as if working an invisible strippers pole for the ladies.

As the weight of his body started to crack the ceiling, Buddy let go of the DJ inside the booth hearing the noise above his head. Buddy looked out onto the dance floor and saw ceiling started to shake above Dubie's head as he grabbed the DJ's microphone.

BUDDY  
 Dubster! Let go of that damn ball!

As Dubie hung from the ball the others look on in horror as the ceiling began to crack and flack off.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
 (to DJ)  
 I said, kill that song before I  
 shove that player up your A-hole!

DJ

Touch my disc again and you'll be  
tongue kissing your friends fat-ass  
all the way to China!

The disco ball can no longer hold as Dubie's three hundred pounds came crashing down along with the ball and the entire ceiling above the dance floor.

The patrons screamed and ran off as the Bouncer from outside comes into the club and sees what was going on. He Dubie lying in the middle of the dance floor covered in plaster with the shattered disco ball lying next to him in a thousand pieces under his fat body.

FIRE ALARM went off along with the sprinklers which soaked everyone, including the bouncer who approached Dubie.