

SCENE 1

(THE KITTY CLUB is in full swing. FUNK MUSIC fills the room. ROSA GRIER dances in front of MR. ROBINSON in the corner as they have a hushed conversation. VINCENT MYERS greets guests as he makes his way to center. In his arms is a KITTEN that he strokes. He raises an arm and the MUSIC FADES.)

VINCENT

(To AUDIENCE)

Brothers and sisters. Ladies and gentlemen. Boys and girls. Friends... and enemies. I'd like to personally welcome each and every one of you to the funkier nightclub in the city! As you all should know, tonight, is a very special night for The Kitty Club. Tonight, is our one-year anniversary!

(Beat)

I do have some important people to thank. First, all of you beautiful, funky people that come out to The Kitty Club night after night to party-down with us. We really wouldn't be where we are today without each and every one of you.

(Beat)

I would also like to give a very special thanks to my right-hand man. He is the manager of the Kitty Club and might I add... ONE! BAD! MOTHER--

ROSA

SHUT YOUR MOUTH!!

(ROSA slaps MR. ROBINSON and storms away from him in anger)

I don't wanna hear another word from your lying mouth, ya hear me?

VINCENT

Rosa?

ROSA

(To MR. ROBINSON)

Not. Another. Word.

VINCENT

Rosa? What's the matter, sweetness? Did Mr. Robinson touch you in an inappropriate manner?

(To AUDIENCE)

Because we would all like to.

(ROSA rushes back to MR. ROBINSON and drags him across the room towards VINCENT.)

ROSA

This slimy cat lied to me, Mr. Myers! He said that he was sick last night! Couldn't even get outta the bed! Couldn't meet me after my shift! And guess what I found? Guess what I found on his collar? LIPSTICK! He had lipstick on his collar!

VINCENT

(To MR. ROBINSON)

Didn't change your shirt?

MR. ROBINSON

No sir.

VINCENT

Sloppy move, Mr. Robinson... Sloppy move.

ROSA

Sloppy move?! SLOPPY MOVE?! That's it? You're not gonna do anything about it? You're gonna let him get away with steppin' out on your star dancer? Is that what you gonna do?

VINCENT

Of course not, Rosa.

ROSA

Good!

(To MR. ROBINSON)

You gonna get it now, punk!

(VINCENT signals for MR. ROBINSON to come stand next to him. He does.)

ROSA (Continued)

Tell him like it is, Mr. Myers!

VINCENT

Mr. Robinson... Was she foxier than Rosa?

MR. ROBINSON

No sir.

VINCENT

(To ROSA)

See... you're still his foxy mama, Rosa.

ROSA

WHAT?!

VINCENT

You're still... his foxy... mama.

ROSA

Is that it? Is that all you're gonna do?

VINCENT

(Stern)

Rosa. Were you or were you not working all night long at the club?

ROSA

Yes, but--

VINCENT

(Stern)

Didn't Mr. Robinson have the night off from the club?

ROSA

Yes he did, but--

VINCENT

(Stern)

But nothing, Rosa.

(Back to mornal)

Mr. Robinson simply had himself a... Let's call it...
A man's night of leisure--

ROSA

WHAT?!

VINCENT

And this man's night of leisure just happened to include a chick that was *much less* foxier than you.

(MR. ROBINSON leans in and whispers
into VINCENT's ear.)

VINCENT (Continued)

Sorry, Rosa... A *little* less foxier than you.

(ROSA gives off an exasperated SCREAM
and storms out.)

VINCENT (Continued)

Ladies and gentlemen. It seems that Rosa Grier will be
taking a few minutes off. But, no worries... She will
be back very soon to 'shake what her mama gave her'
for your viewing pleasure. Enjoy your drinks... and
enjoy the funky, funky jams!