

Bang

Episode 10

"There's Mrs. Goldberg" by

Rick Diamond

Rick Diamond
1927 Bitsy Grant Ct.
Lawrenceville, GA 30044
678-779-7374
richard_diamond@comcast.net

BANG (S1, E10: THERE'S MRS. GOLDBERG)

FADE IN:

EXT. LUXURIOUS CAYMAN ISLAND ESTATE - DAY

Turquoise water on three sides. A three-story glass and stucco island palace. A verdant back yard with a huge putting surface complete with sand traps and ruff. REGGAE MUSIC BLASTS from speakers on the outside of the house.

A tan, fit man, GEORGE RUSSELL, 50, putts while the ash from the cigar gripped in his teeth grows longer.

An elegant woman, MRS. GOLDBERG, sprawled on a comfortable lawn chair reads a romance novel. She's completely covered in a gauzy outfit and sports oversized sunglasses and a floppy straw hat and is safely in the shade of a huge, outdoor umbrella. Mrs Goldberg, mid-40's, looks a dozen years younger than she is but sounds a dozen years older.

On the small, white, private beach only a few feet outside the low stuccoed wall topped by wrought iron that surrounds the property and within Mrs. Goldberg's sight through the wide open double gate, a toddler, JOSHUA, sits in the sand and digs with a plastic shovel.

He looks up and smiles, then points to something in the perfect sky.

JOSHUA

Boon!

He looks toward his mother then points again toward the spot in the sky...

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Mama, boon!

...but she doesn't hear.

Joshua stands...

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Mama, boon!

Mrs. Goldberg looks up from her book and sees Joshua pointing toward something approaching in the sky.

MRS. GOLDBERG

Turn down the music, George!

George hears her say something...

GEORGE
What'd you say, Hun?

MRS. GOLDBERG
Turn down the damn music!

George reaches into his pants pocket, extracts a remote and pushes a button. The MUSIC stops and the SOUND of the now visible HELICOPTERS can be heard as they approach.

George and Mrs. Goldberg look to where Joshua points.

GEORGE
Fuck me.

MRS. GOLDBERG
Oy.

INT. SAG'S HOTEL SUITE BEDROOM - MORNING

Sag is asleep. Angel is face down in a wife beater and nothing else on the bed beside him.

Sag opens his eyes and sees Melody in black bra and panties and wearing a black cap and sunglasses. She's got a gun stuffed in the front of her panties and she's seated on top of Sag, straddling him.

MELODY
Mornin', poots.

SAG
Nice duds.

She squeezes both cups of her bra.

MELODY
Thanks.

She makes a surprised face and repositions herself a little.

MELODY (CONT'D)
Oho! So you do still care.

SAG
Of course I still care...but that might just be a morning thing.

The PHONE ALARM CHIMES...

MELODY
Hey, that's my job.

Sag's eyes open. Melody is gone.

ANGEL
(groggily)
What's going on?

Sag reaches over to the bedside table and TURNS OFF the phone alarm.

SAG
Go back to sleep.

Angel snuggles up to Sag with her eyes closed.

ANGEL
Oh. Little Sag isn't so saggy this morning.

SAG
I have to get up.

ANGEL
(smiling and wiggling
against him)
You're already there, boss.

SAG
Seriously.

He gets out of bed and cracks his back and stretches a bit.

Angel, propped on an elbow, watches, a sour look on her face.

ANGEL
How can you resist me?

He looks at her and bites at his lip.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
I'm a giant piece of candy.

SAG
Go back to sleep. I'll come by the club later.

INT. NAOMI'S HOTEL SUITE BEDROOM - MORNING

Naomi is asleep, a slight smile on her face.

On the pillow next to her are two feet sticking out of the sheet.

Naomi's phone ALARM CHIMES. She reaches for it and turns it off. She turns to the pillow next to her, sees the feet and smiles.

The body under the sheet repositions itself moving onto Naomi and she SQUEALS.

NAOMI

Oh, my God.

She spasmodically kicks up the sheet over her legs revealing Sophie's sweet face licking her knees.

SOPHIE

Today's my birthday.

She reaches under the sheet covering the rest of Naomi.

NAOMI

Oh...my God...it's my birthday, too.

SOPHIE

Really?

NAOMI

No...oh...oh..oh.

Sophie smiles.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

We'll...do...uh...uh...something...oh,
God...uh...special tonight, baby.

Sophie slides one foot under the sheet and pulls her crotch up against Naomi's.

SOPHIE

It's *my* birthday. I want to do
something special *now*.

INT. RALPH'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

One of Ralph's twelve-strings sits in a stand by the small table. A purple bra and panties hang from it.

Raven, covered by a sheet, is asleep on the bed.

Ralph, dressed in black, emerges from the bathroom. He looks at Raven, sees she's asleep, and reaches into his pocket and pulls out a wad of hundreds.

He places some bills down on the bedside table, UNBOLTS the door and leaves.

Raven stirs in her sleep then opens her eyes. She looks around.

RAVEN

Ralph?

She spots the money on the table; two fans of three bills each.

She smiles contentedly and rolls over for some more sleep.

INT. BANG SALON (BACK ROOM) - MORNING

Farhad, Brian, and Rita at the table nibble at their breakfast.

Jack, the scissor guy, set up at the counter, sharpens shears.

BRIAN

So, how did you escape being
disintegrated...like the million
people you blew up?

Farhad stuffs some Honey Nut Cheerios into his mouth and contemplates while he chews...

FARHAD

Good question, Brian.

RITA

Maybe you put the car in cruise
control and flew out through the sun
roof...like Superman.

BRIAN

Yeah, boss, like Superman.

Farhad looks at Brian and shakes his head.

FARHAD

Why are you mad at me?

BRIAN

I'm not mad at you. Why aren't you
mad at Rita?

FARHAD

Why would I be mad at Rita?

BRIAN

She made the crack about Superman.
I just repeated it.

RITA

I was serious. After the last few
nights, I'm pretty sure he is
Superman.

She smiles and takes a drink of juice.

Farhad pats her hand and smiles while Brian stares at their intertwining fingers.

RITA (CONT'D)

Have you noticed the way he's talking?

BRIAN

Oh, yeah, you've cured him. You could open a clinic. Call it "Fuck Me Straight".

RITA

You're an asshole.

BRIAN

You could lie around all day with your legs spread fucking the gay out of queers.

FARHAD

Brian...

BRIAN

You could get your own show on CBN.

Shelley strolls in followed by Albert, the formerly homeless guy, now looking like a hair superstar with his black T-shirt and black jeans and his salt-and-pepper coif and close-cut beard and shiny new diamond earring.

Shelley plops down next to Rita and Albert grabs the step-up from in front of the wall of color tubes and sits on it making him a few inches lower than everyone else.

No one speaks for an awkward moment...

Shelley looks at Farhad.

SHELLEY

Should we leave?

FARHAD

No, Shelley. I was just telling Rita and Brian about my dream.

SHELLEY

Are you stoned?

FARHAD

No, of course not.

BRIAN

He's not gay anymore.

Rita smiles Cheshire-like.

SHELLEY
(to Farhad)
You were never gay.

FARHAD
I think I was.

BRIAN
No, you weren't.

Brian gets up and walks out into the salon.

ALBERT
He would know.

Everyone looks at him, all of them contemplating what level of judgment to assign to the statement, then dismissing it.

Jack, whose back is to the table, CHUCKLES.

Sag, dressed in black, enters, sees Farhad, and approaches the table.

SAG
I need to talk to you.

FARHAD
Right now?

SAG
Yeah, outside.

Farhad stands.

FARHAD
I've only got a few minutes.

SAG
Are you stoned?

FARHAD
No! I'm not stoned!

Everyone except Sag LAUGHS.

Sag hurries to the back door and opens it, then waits for Farhad to get there. They step out onto...

EXT. THE SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

FARHAD
What's going on, Sag?

SAG

Ralph and I are goin' on a little day trip. If we don't get back by ten tonight, I want you to go to my office -- do you know where the office is?

FARHAD

Yes, Ahmad's office.

SAG

Yeah. I want you to open the top drawer of my desk and get the letter you see there and give it to my lawyer, Naomi.

FARHAD

Sag, what are you and Ralph doing?

SAG

I'll tell you when we get back. It's not a big deal. If you don't see me by ten, can you do it?

FARHAD

Yes, I can do it.

SAG

Great. What can you do?

FARHAD

I'll get the letter out of your office drawer and give it to Naomi. But I probably won't have to, right?

SAG

Right...if everything goes the way it's supposed to.

He BANGS ON THE DOOR and Albert pushes it open and Sag and Farhad step through to...

INT. BANG SALON (BACK ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

...as Farhad pulls the door shut.

FARHAD

Sag, I think I was the twentieth hijacker.

Sag stops and turns.

Albert and Jack look at Farhad.

SAG

What are you talking about?

FARHAD

9/11, Sag. I'm pretty sure I was supposed to be on that fourth plane.

SAG

You were a teen-ager back then.

FARHAD

My cousin, Yousef, won a million dollars in the lottery the week before. He matched five numbers but not the Powerball. He said it was a sign from Allah.

SAG

What're you talking about?

FARHAD

I remembered it while I was brushing my teeth this morning. He gave me his plane ticket and drove me to the airport.

SAG

That's crazy talk, Farhad. I gotta go. You can handle what I asked, right?

FARHAD

Yes, Sag, no big deal.

SAG

All right. Later y'all.

He leaves as Shelley and Brian slide past him back into the room.

SHELLEY

(to Farhad)

Mrs. Popplesteen is here.

FARHAD

I think I might be a terrorist. I have a bad feeling.

BRIAN

At least you're not gay anymore.

RITA

(whispering)

Thank you, Allah.

INT. QUEST PARKING GARAGE - MORNING

Sag and Ralph, both dressed in black, and Foster in his lab coat, are in the open elevator. Foster holds an iPad.

FOSTER

It's done.

SAG

Are you sure?

FOSTER

Yeah. All the cameras that can see you are down.

Foster hands the iPad to Ralph.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

(pointing to the pad)

Green to reactivate, red to shut 'em down. Do you have your burner phones?

RALPH

Yes, mom. How far's the pad signal good for?

FOSTER

A couple of blocks. Turn the cameras back on when you're a block away.

SAG

And we'll turn 'em back off a block before we get back tonight.

RALPH

If we get back.

He smiles and slaps his thigh.

FOSTER

Not funny.

Sag and Ralph hurry out to a step van parked close to the elevator.

Foster waves as they climb into their seats, Sag on the driver's side.

Ralph leans back and pulls a black baseball cap down over his face.

The van pulls away.

INT. NAOMI'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Naomi stands at the counter between the living room and the kitchen and pours two glasses of champagne. She removes the cap from a prescription bottle, removes a capsule, opens it into one of the glasses, and stirs it with a pinky.

There's a KNOCK at the door and she opens it.

A masseur is there holding his fold-up table in its nylon case.

NAOMI
(whispering)
Come on in.

The guy steps into the room...

MASSEUR
(quietly)
Good morning.

NAOMI
(pointing)
Over there.

The masseur takes the table out of the case and quickly locks it together. He stands there waiting, looking at Naomi...

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Oh, no, not for me.

She takes a step toward the bedroom door.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Sophie! I need you out here!

Naomi smiles at the masseur.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Could you hand me that oil that's on
your belt?

The guy looks puzzled.

Naomi smiles and hands the guy a hundred dollar bill.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
I'm going to do the massage. You
can come back in a couple of hours.

MASSEUR
That's highly unusual, ma'am.

Naomi hands him another hundred.

The guy looks at his watch.

MASSEUR (CONT'D)
I'll be back in two hours.

As he steps toward the door, Sophie comes out of the room naked.

The guy stops and stares.

SOPHIE
Good morning. What's going on?

Naomi opens the door and the masseur hesitantly leaves.

NAOMI
Happy birthday, beautiful. Hop up
on the table.

Sophie grins and sits on the table.

Naomi hands her a glass of champagne, picks up the other for herself, and holds it out to toast...

NAOMI (CONT'D)
To ageless beauty.

SOPHIE
To ageless beauty.

They click their glasses and both take a sip.

INT. FOSTER'S LAB - DAY

Foster, Dr. Mac, and Bennie are all chopping up a huge sheet of freshly created medicine.

There's a KNOCK at the steel door.

Foster looks up and frowns. He walks to the door and sees Farhad through the glass porthole. He opens the door.

FOSTER
Hey, what's up?

FARHAD
I need to talk to you.

FOSTER
Sure...

Farhad looks at Dr. Mac and Bennie.

FOSTER (CONT'D)
You can talk.

FARHAD

Did you build a nuclear bomb for me?

Foster looks at Mac and Bennie and lets out a nervous LAUGH.

FOSTER

(wide-eyed)

What? Come here, man.

He walks toward the other side of the room with Farhad following and he opens a door that leads to...

A CORRIDOR

...with several doors with round, thick glass windows. He opens one and he and Farhad enter...

A CLINIC HOTEL ROOM

...that looks like a generic chain motel room and, although, freshly constructed, appears much older than the rooms in the rest of the hotel.

FARHAD

What the hell is this? What's that smell?

He looks around and then points at the door with its glass window and tray pass-through.

FOSTER

We're going to be having patients with brain problems. We need to keep 'em safe.

Farhad's brows go up.

FARHAD

Really? That's what this is for?

Foster nods...

FOSTER

Yeah.

FARHAD

Foster, I've been remembering all kinds of things lately and having dreams about...crazy things.

FOSTER

Yeah?

FARHAD

Was I a terrorist?

EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE - DAY

On a clear and cloudless day the step van sails along in traffic.

INT. STEP VAN - CONTINUOUS

Sag drives, Ralph sits and watches the countryside slide by...

SAG

What if she goes to some other restaurant?

RALPH

They've both been doin' the same thing for years, man. Ya saw it with your own eyes. Rafferty goes to the Hog and Holler and Kelly Mac goes to the New Rock Center Cafe.

SAG

But it could happen.

RALPH

She'll be there.

SAG

She better be.

RALPH

Two years ago when she interviewed me, she told me they'd been doin' the same Tuesday night dinner at the same restaurant since the Bang.

SAG

Why'd she mention that?

RALPH

They were goin' out right after the show.

SAG

Yeah?

RALPH

She invited me. I went.

Sag shoots Ralph a look...

RALPH (CONT'D)

It was a Tuesday night. We didn't have a gig. I went.

SAG

Huh. You didn't tell me that. You didn't even remember her name.

RALPH

Not until you reminded me who she was. I've met a lot of folks, Sag.

SAG

Kelly Mac, huh?

RALPH

That's what the crew calls her.

SAG

You called her that?

RALPH

I called her Mac...

Sag glances over at Ralph...who's grinning...

RALPH (CONT'D)

...while I was slappin' that superstar ass.

INT. NAOMI'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Sophie is asleep face down on the massage table, a hand towel on her butt.

Naomi rolls dark ink from an ink pad onto the bottom of one of Sophie's feet. She takes a piece of paper from the printer in her office nook by the window and tapes it to the cover of a book on the coffee table.

She presses the book against Sophie's foot and Sophie MOANS.

She looks at the image on the paper and then snaps a close-up with her phone.

NAOMI

Gotcha, you gorgeous little turd blossom.

INT. BANG SALON (BACK ROOM) - DAY

Farhad is at the table having a snack.

Jack, the scissor guy, at the counter sharpens shears.

Farhad has a troubled look...

FARHAD

Jack, have you ever thought you might be crazy?

JACK

I hang with hairdressers all day, every day.

FARHAD

I keep remembering things I think happened before my accident. And they can't possibly be true...but they seem so true.

JACK

Like what?

FARHAD

Crazy stuff, Jack.

Albert enters the room and plops down at the table.

ALBERT

What's goin' on, gentlemen?

JACK

Farhad thinks he's crazy.

ALBERT

Crazy's good. We're all a little crazy.

JACK

He's remembering things that happened before his accident.

FARHAD

But they can't be true.

ALBERT

Like what, boss?

FARHAD

I remember my cousin telling me he had trained in Afghanistan to go on a great mission, but instead, Allah selected him to get five numbers right in the Powerball...the numbers of my birthdate.

ALBERT

That is a little crazy.

Jack gives Albert a stern look.

JACK

So, why do you think you were supposed to be one of the hijackers?

FARHAD

I didn't say that, did I?

Albert looks at Jack.

JACK

You said it earlier when you were talking to Sag.

Albert smiles.

ALBERT

That's right. I heard you, too.

FARHAD

I told Yousef I'd do it...that I was the chosen one. I remember all this, now, but it can't possibly be true.

JACK

What else do you think you remember?

FARHAD

I think I felt bad about chickening out at the airport so, years later, I planned a bigger mission.

JACK

And what was that?

FARHAD

I blew up New York.

ALBERT

And how did you do that, boss?

FARHAD

I drove my beautiful blue 380zx turbo into a building or a wall or something in midtown...and detonated a nuclear device.

ALBERT

And blew the belly out of the greatest city on earth.

JACK

And you're here to tell the tale.

FARHAD

See? Crazy.

EXT. BACK ALLEY, NEW ROCK CENTER CAFE - AFTERNOON

Sag and Ralph's step van is parked by a back door. Sag, dressed in a long, sack-like grey dress and wearing a middle-eastern head scarf rolls a commercial towel cart down the ramp at the back of the van. He closes the door and wheels the cart around to the restaurant's back door.

Ralph, still in the passenger's seat, the window rolled down, grins.

RALPH
Give us a kiss.

SAG
(frowning)
This is nuts.

RALPH
Seriously, ya look good. I'd do ya.

SAG
Evidently, you'd do anybody.

RALPH
Not true, mon ami. Kelly McCarty is a beautiful woman.

SAG
She's a Tea Party nut casserole.

RALPH
She's a lawyer playin' a part...for three million a year.

SAG
Really?

Ralph smiles and nods. He holds up the iPad.

RALPH
Cameras are off. Go fetch her, Malala.

He slaps his leg.

Sag looks around the deserted alleyway then lifts up his dress and removes a lock-picking device from his pants' pocket. He reaches toward the door...

RALPH (CONT'D)
It's open.

He slaps his leg.

The door is not quite closed and Sag pulls it open and slips into...

INT. CAFE BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...and nervously pushes the towel bin arriving at a swinging double door that he pushes through to...

THE CAFE STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...where he steers the towel bin toward a door that opens into...

THE CAFE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

...where several kitchen personnel are working.

A dishwasher turns and checks Sag out, then turns back to his dishes.

Sag pushes opens a door...

INT. NEW ROCK CENTER CAFE - CONTINUOUS

...and finds himself at the back of the cafe by the restrooms. Ahead of him he can see a wall of glass at the front of the restaurant and people ice-skating on the big rink outside. He checks the room for his target, doesn't see her.

He takes a seat on the long bench by the women's restroom, looks around nervously, then stands and pushes the bin through the door...

INT. CAFE WOMEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and stands there a moment, checks under the stalls...

The room is empty.

He leaves the bin against a wall and goes back out to...

THE WAITING BENCH

...and sits.

He makes a call on his burner phone...

SAG
(whispering)
She's not here.

EXT. BACK ALLEY, NEW ROCK CENTER CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Ralph is relaxed, his feet on the dash, his seat back...

RALPH
Patience, Grasshopper.

INTERCUT BETWEEN INT. AND EXT.

SAG
(whispering)
I can't sit here forever.

Two older women enter the restroom.

Sag peeks a look as they go by.

RALPH
She always goes straight to the
bathroom anytime she enters a public
place.

SAG
What don't you know about this woman?

Ralph scratches his head, then fingers through his hair,
contemplating...

RALPH
Let me get back ta ya on that.

He grins.

SAG
(whispering)
This is such a half-baked plan.

RALPH
No, it's not. T.V.'s an exact
business. The show wrapped fifteen
minutes ago. She'll be there before
you can say, "Kidnapping is a capital
offense".

Ralph slaps his leg.

INT. NAOMI'S HOTEL SUITE BEDROOM - DAY

Naomi is on her phone...

NAOMI
Thanks, Polly. I appreciate you
being so quick with this. So, lay
it on me, woman.

Naomi's eyes widen and her face freezes.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Huh. Yeah, I guess not. Wow. You don't have to report this do you?
 (listening)
 Great, I appreciate that, Polly.
 Yeah, we'll send her cute little ass back to her mama.
 (listening and laughing)
 Oh, yeah, you'd love her, girl.
 She's...lovely. Yeah, yeah.
 (listening)
 Me? No, no, I haven't touched her.
 (listening)
 You're a dirty old dike, Polly.
 (laughs)
 Well, thanks again. I owe you one.
 Yeah, talk to you later.

Naomi stands there thinking a second or two, then turns and with a quiet intensity marches into...

THE LIVING ROOM

...where Sophie is sound asleep on the massage table.

She shakes Sophie's shoulder. Sophie doesn't stir. She looks at Sophie's inked foot, then goes to the kitchen counter and gets some wipes, returns and starts cleaning Sophie's soul.

Sophie wiggles and then GIGGLES. She opens her eyes, sees Naomi.

SOPHIE

Is the massage over?

NAOMI

Get up.

SOPHIE

How long have I been asleep?

NAOMI

'Bout an hour and a half. Get up.
 The guy'll be back soon for his table.

SOPHIE

Just a few more minutes.

She closes her eyes.

NAOMI

Get up!

Sophie's brow knits as she opens her eyes.

SOPHIE
 (whining)
 It's my birthday.

NAOMI
 Yeah, your fifteenth birthday.

Sophie's expression changes from sleepy, perturbed, to frozen alarm -- she's been found out.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
 My first thought was that I was a rapist. Then I realized I was also a child molester and technically, for the last couple of days, a kidnapper...with, literally, a napping kid in my room...naked.

Sophie sits up.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
 Cover yourself up.

SOPHIE
 I thought you liked me.

NAOMI
 Put some fucking clothes on.

SOPHIE
 It's my birthday.
 (gesturing)
 This is my birthday suit.

NAOMI
 Get off the fucking table and put some fucking clothes on.

Sophie's eyes fill with tears.

She covers her boobs with her hands and SOBS.

Naomi sets her jaw and watches, then lets out a breath.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry Sophie. You have to go home.

Blubbering now, Sophie leaks from her eyes and nose.

Naomi puts her hand on Sophie's shoulder.

SOPHIE
 (jerks out the words)
 It's...my...birth...day.

Naomi pulls Sophie's head to her breast and holds her there a moment.

Sophie looks up at her with wet, pitiful eyes.

Naomi stares back...conflicted...

INT. CAFE WOMEN'S ROOM - DAY

A beautiful, confident woman, Kelly McCarty, 38, strolls through the door, glances at the mirror, and enters a stall.

The bathroom door opens slowly and Sag, dressed as a Middle Eastern woman, slips into the room. He looks under the stalls and sees Kelly's shoes.

He reaches quickly into the towel bin he earlier parked against a wall and removes a small spray bottle and a rubber wedge.

He shoves the rubber wedge under the bathroom door, pulls his scarf over his nose and mouth, and reaches up above the occupied stall and spritzes a mist down into it.

KELLY

What the fuck!

Sag sprays it again. This time there's no response.

He pulls at the stall's door but it's secured from the inside.

SAG

Fuck.

With much difficulty he crawls under the door into...

THE STALL

...where his face is in Kelly's lap. He looks down and sees a vial of white powder caught between her thighs and her belly.

SAG (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Ralphy, you left out this part.

He looks up and sees a faint trace of white powder below the nose of her sleeping face.

Daintily, he extracts the vial of powder and drops it into Kelly's slacks pocket and then tugs her panties up and then her slacks.

He unlocks the stall's door.

Quickly, he carries her to the bin and drops her carefully in and covers her up.

He smiles in disbelief and relief.

SAG (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Wow.

He's gotten away with it...

...but then the bathroom door pushes in an inch...and then stops with a THUMP.

His eyes widen in panic. He leans against the door and reaches down and removes the wedge.

The door opens and a young woman pushes past Sag.

YOUNG WOMAN
Oh, sorry.

Sag nods and pushes the bin out through the door.

INT. NAOMI'S HOTEL SUITE BEDROOM - DAY

Naomi and Sophie are in bed under the sheet. Sophie is tucked into Naomi's shoulder while Naomi stares at the ceiling.

NAOMI
I can't quit you.

SOPHIE
(smiling)
I can stay?

NAOMI
Here are my terms...

Sophie's hand darts under the sheet.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Oh, my God. No, no, hang on a second...oh, my God...stop, Sophie... Sophie, this is a negotiation.

SOPHIE
(looking at Naomi)
I'm negotiating.

NAOMI
You can stay here...or...
uh...huh...wherever you want...

SOPHIE

And I can dance?

NAOMI

Yes, you can dance...but you have to keep having...sex with me. Oh, my God, I'm a monster.

SILENCE while Naomi grinds against Sophie's hand.

SOPHIE

That's it? We've negotiated?

NAOMI

Aaahhh...we're not quite finished...keep...negotiating.....
aaahhh...

Naomi arches her back, makes a horrible face, and begins to shake while Sophie's face lights up into a mammoth smile.

SOPHIE

I could be a lawyer.

Naomi continues to twitch and pant.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Are we going to go somewhere and celebrate my birthday?

NAOMI

Give me a minute.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN STREET - EVENING

The step van is parked down from the entrance of the parking garage across from the Hog & Holler Restaurant. In the van's cab Sag and Ralph, both in black, Ralph with a ball cap and Sag with a chauffeur's hat, sit staring at the entrance to the restaurant. Sag sports a really good fake mustache and beard.

SAG

I haven't had a rush like that since we grabbed the uranium. It was so easy.

RALPH

I told ya, man. Piece 'o cake.

The door of the restaurant opens and two men appear. They exchange a few words and one takes off down the sidewalk and the other crosses the street and heads for the garage entrance.

RALPH (CONT'D)
And the curtain rises...

The driver's door of the van opens and Sag hops down, the bill of his hat pulled low.

Ralph slides immediately into the driver's seat.

RALPH (CONT'D)
Eye of the tiger.

Sag looks at Ralph.

SAG
The...
(holds up air quotes)
...voice of our generation...gives
me "Eye of the tiger"?

RALPH
I thought it was appropriate.

He slaps his leg, smiling...

Sag turns back to his task, his eyes locked on his prey...and follows the man, FINN RAFFERTY, 50, into...

THE GARAGE

...where Rafferty heads for a black Mercedes facing the back wall.

He points his remote at the car and it starts, lights on, door lock CLICKING.

As he reaches for the door handle...

SAG
Mr. Rafferty!

Finn Rafferty turns...

SAG (CONT'D)
Mr. Rafferty...I didn't mean to
startle you.

Sag holds up his palms and smiles.

SAG (CONT'D)
I was just wonderin' if I could get
an autograph, maybe.

RAFFERTY
I'm kinda in a hurry.

SAG

My dad is such a fan. It's his
birthday next week...

Rafferty lets out an exasperated breath.

RAFFERTY

You got something to write with?

Sag steps forward, smiling, while reaching into his pockets. From one pocket he pulls out a folded piece of paper and holds it out to Rafferty and from the other pocket he pulls out what looks like a pen.

He locks eyes with Rafferty. Eye of the tiger. He smiles a slight smile...

...and jabs the "pen" into Rafferty's neck.

Rafferty pushes away holding his neck.

RAFFERTY (CONT'D)

What the heck?

He looks at his hands. No blood.

Sag again steps forward with the small spritzer bottle in his hand. He sprays it in Rafferty's face.

RAFFERTY (CONT'D)

What...?

Rafferty collapses, still standing, against the car. The key chain falls from his hand.

Sag grabs the keys and catches Rafferty as he further collapses. Sag studies the remote quickly and double pushes a pad. The back door lock CLICKS.

Holding Rafferty, he opens the door and plops Rafferty's top half into the back seat, his legs dangling out the opened door.

FOOTSTEPS ECHO toward him.

A MAN and WOMAN quickly approach.

MAN

Is that Finn Rafferty?

Sag turns and stares...Eye of the deer in the headlights...

MAN (CONT'D)

Here, let me help you.

He grabs Rafferty's legs and folds them into the car.

WOMAN

We saw him drinking in there earlier.
He was throwing 'em down.

MAN

Like the good Irishman he is.

These two are a little tipsy themselves.

SAG

(hoarsely)
Every night, same thing.

The man and woman both shrug...

SAG (CONT'D)

Thanks for the help.

Sag closes the door and opens the driver's door.

SAG (CONT'D)

Thanks again.

He slides in, pulls the door closed...

INT. MERCEDES FRONT SEAT - CONTINUOUS

...and pulls his burner phone from his pocket, pushes a couple of keys, and waits...

SAG

The package is secure.

INT. STEP VAN - CONTINUOUS

Ralph, phone to his ear, slaps his leg with the other hand.

RALPH

The package is secure!

INTERCUT BETWEEN VEHICLES

SAG

I'll meet you there.

RALPH

Any drama?

SAG

A little but everything's cool.

RALPH

I'll race ya.

SAG

Drive like an old person.

RALPH

I'll see ya in a little while. Good work, man.

INT. BUMPS, DRESSING ROOM - EVENING

The room is filled with the sight and SOUNDS of dancers getting ready. Sophie sits at Raven's desk behind the Soji screens that partition it from the rest of the room.

She sports a skull cap that makes her look completely bald except for a few wisps of fine hair. She's in a robe.

A phone is held in one hand while the other hand nervously fiddles with stuff on the desk...

Raven, in a tuxedo jacket, black pleated skirt that looks like it has a petticoat under it, garters and heels and a bright red wig under a top hat, walks up...

SOPHIE

Yes, Mom, a couple of people from my sandwich shop and Cousin Andrea and a few of her friends are taking me to a really nice bakery-cafe...yes...In a few minutes.

Raven smiles and shakes her head, then scrunches her boobs under her tuxedo shirt.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

When are you and Dad coming home?...Oh...What's he doing in Denver? Oh, wow, some vacation, huh?

Raven points at the invisible watch on her wrist.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I gotta go, Mom...Yes, I will, as always...Okay...Thanks...Yes, I love you, too...Bye.

RAVEN

The people from the sandwich shop and Cousin Andrea.

(laughs)

Kind of a separate reality thing you've got going with the parents, huh?

SOPHIE
 (sheepishly)
 Yeah...

RAVEN
 Well, you've got Naomi in your corner,
 now.

Sophie makes a worried face...

SOPHIE
 Yeah...

RAVEN
 And you're finally legal...
 (whispering)
 ...and I'm no longer a child molester.

SOPHIE
 Yeah...

RAVEN
 So, let's go get the real party
 started.

Sophie smiles.

SOPHIE
 Is there a cake?

RAVEN
 Is there a cake?

INT. BUMPS, MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ANNOUNCER
 Ladies and gentlemen...and the rest
 of you...

CROWD LAUGHTER

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
 ...Bumps proudly presents...Raven...

Raven rushes onto the center walk dressed in her tux, top hat, and skirt and pushing a giant fake cake that evidently is on rollers...

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
 ...and our birthday girl, Miss Sadie
 Hawkins, nineteen years young!

Sophie, dressed as a diapered baby, bursts through the top of the cake as the sides pancake down around her bare feet.

She grabs Raven's shirt, rips it open, and puts her mouth on one of Raven's nipples.

The crowd ROARS.

Raven rips off her tux and shirt and then Sophie stops sucking and pulls down Raven's skirt.

Raven's wearing a diaper. Sophie makes a puzzled face and then removes Raven's hat and then with the flick of her wrist, Raven's red wig revealing Raven's bald skullcap with wisps.

The two dance a routine as the crowd ROARS and throws bills at the stage.

EXT. EDGE OF THE GREEN ZONE, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

The step van is parked on a neighborhood street in front of row houses that face an expanse of green grass that appears to extend beyond the illumination of the modern LED street lights.

The back of the van is open and a ramp has been extended down to the street.

Ralph stands beside the opening as Sag drives the Mercedes up the ramp and into the van.

Sag tries to open the door of the Mercedes and squeeze out but he can't do it.

He opens the sun roof and climbs out and then hurries down the ramp.

Sag and Ralph slide the ramp up and Ralph pulls the door down.

RALPH

I'm hungry. Let's go eat.

SAG

Are you serious?

RALPH

We haven't eaten since this mornin'.

Sag stares at Ralph a moment then walks to the driver's side, opens the door and hops up into the driver's seat. He STARTS the engine as Ralph hops up into the passenger's seat.

INT. STEP VAN - CONTINUOUS

SAG

We've got two hours and forty-five minutes to get home.

RALPH

Farhad's house looks exactly the same.

SAG

But Gramercy Park is now the biggest city park in the world.

RALPH

And it's no longer gated. Power to the people.

SAG

Do you think Foster calculated the blast damage this precisely?

Ralph looks over at Sag.

RALPH

I had Farhad put it in the contract.

Sag stares at Ralph a second then puts the van in gear and pulls away from the curb.

EXT. EDGE OF THE GREEN ZONE, MANHATTAN - CONTINUOUS

A black SUV with flashing green lights appears from around the corner and stops in front of the van causing Sag to hit the brakes.

SAG

What the fuck!

RALPH

Stick ta the story.

A GREEN RANGER, dressed in a slimmed down hazmat suit, jumps out of the SUV and with taser drawn approaches the driver's side of the van.

Sag rolls down the window.

GREEN RANGER

(metallic voice)

This is a restricted area, sir.

SAG

We just wanted to see the zone.

GREEN RANGER

This place is still radioactive.

SAG

We heard it would be safe for a couple of hours.

*

GREEN RANGER
Not true, sir.

Sag looks at Ralph and Ralph shakes his head.

SAG
I'm pretty sure it's okay. We've
only been here a few minutes.

GREEN RANGER
You're going to have to follow me
down to the station.

SAG
Why?

GREEN RANGER
To get decontaminated.

SAG
I don't think that's necessary.

GREEN RANGER
I'm not asking you, sir.

Sag reaches for something in the console between the seats...

...and the ranger fires the taser missing Sag and hitting
Ralph in the shoulder.

Sag pushes a button on the door and the window rolls up as
Ralph flops and jerks for a few seconds.

Sag angrily holds the item he retrieved from the console up
to the closed window. It's a Geiger counter showing an LED
green bar and an unlit red bar.

Ralph stops twitching and opens his eyes. He looks over at
the ranger standing outside Sag's side of the van.

RALPH
(screaming)
You motherfuckin' piss cunt dog ass
cock suckin' whore buggerin' dirt
bag puke garglin' piece o' shit!

He rips the barbs out of his shoulder.

RALPH (CONT'D)
Fuck!

He opens his door.

SAG
No!

Sag grabs Ralph's arm.

SAG (CONT'D)

No.

INT. GREEN RANGER STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Sag and Ralph, both naked and holding their hands in front of their genitals, stand in a large shower and are coated with foamy, pink soap like at a car wash. Ralph has a bandage wrapped around the top of his arm.

A few seconds later water sprays out of the same shower heads that the soap came from and rinses the soap from their bodies and then with a ROAR, air is blown on them to dry them.

The green ranger enters the room sans hazmat head gear and tosses them each a towel.

Ralph scowls at him.

GREEN RANGER

(to Ralph)

Has anyone told you you look just like Ramblin' Ralph LeFebre?

Ralph continues to scowl.

SAG

He gets that all the time.

GREEN RANGER

You guys are free to go. There're some paper jump suits in the locker room.

Sag and Ralph wrap the towels around their waists.

GREEN RANGER (CONT'D)

Your clothes have been packaged. There're instructions on there telling you how to launder them.

Ralph scowls at the ranger.

RALPH

(under his breath)

Putain de porc.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The van pulls away from the curb in front of a building with "Union Station Green Center" spelled out in green LED lettering across the the top of the entrance.

INT. STEP VAN - CONTINUOUS

Sag in the driver's seat punches out a number on his burner phone. He waits...and waits...and waits...

SAG
(to no one)
Answer your phone...

He disconnects.

RALPH
Who're ya callin'?

SAG
Farhad.

RALPH
Relax, man, we did it.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The van approaches the entrance to the Holland Tunnel as traffic slows. It creeps forward and disappears into the opening.

INT. STEP VAN - CONTINUOUS

Sag and Farhad stare at the stopped car in front of them.

RALPH
Must be a wreck or somethin'.

Sag tries to make a call.

SAG
Fuck.

RALPH
He's probably at the big birthday
bash.

SAG
Who's birthday?

RALPH
Sophie's.

SAG
My underage stripper?

RALPH
Your lawyer gave her the okay.

SAG

Really?

Sag tries his phone again.

SAG (CONT'D)

Try callin' Farhad. I'm not gettin'
a signal.

Ralph tries a number.

RALPH

Mine's not workin' either.

SAG

Fucking burner phones!

RALPH

Settle down, big boy. Life is fine.

INT. BUMPS, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The place is packed and LOUD.

Farhad enters, letter in hand, and looks toward the main walk.

He spots Naomi and strolls down and hands her the envelope.

She opens it and begins to read the first of many pages...

Drink in one hand, still reading, she gets up and walks toward the lobby entrance.

A man hurries down from a distant table and grabs Naomi's ringside chair and sits.

ANNOUNCER

Once again, Bumps proudly
presents...Raven and our birthday
girl, Sadie!

Raven, dressed in a British Revolutionary War red top coat and powdered wig, once again pushes the giant cake out to the center of the main walk. It collapses as Sophie pops out dressed in an American Revolutionary War blue top coat and powdered wig.

They both draw pistols from their hips and then stand butt cheek to butt cheek in duel position. Each pace forward a few steps and turn. They raise their weapons and point...

...and then from the first row in front of the walk where Naomi had been sitting...

TOM

Sophie?

Sophie turns and looks down...

SOPHIE

Daddy?

...and as she does she's splattered with red liquid from Raven's pistol as the crowd ROARS.

Tom stares at the "blood" running down Sophie's perfect belly into her perfectly trimmed pubic hair.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Naomi reads with wide eyes...

SAG (V.O.)

You said you could protect me if I told you everything. Well, if you're reading this, something's gone terribly wrong and now, you're going to have to follow through with that.

The elevator stops and Naomi downs her drink and still reading steps out into...

THE HALLWAY

...and walks to her door and opens it...

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

It all started late one night several months before the Big Bang. Farhad's hash oil, Ralph's big mouth, and a pissed off, depressed and horny boy genius -- that's pretty much what caused the biggest manmade disaster in the history of the world.

...while two doors down a woman holds a sleeping toddler in her arms and struggles to get the door lock to open.

Naomi HEARS the unsuccessful attempts and glances over...

NAOMI

Mrs. Goldberg!

...and the door in front of Mrs. Goldberg opens and Angel is standing there in a delicate, flowered dress.

Mrs. Goldberg stares at Angel, then stares at the dress.

MRS. GOLDBERG
Is that my Giambattista?

Angel studies Mrs. Goldberg and Joshua, who's still asleep.

ANGEL
Sheila Goldberg.

From behind Angel, Albert, the former homeless guy, appears and then Shelley, the assistant, and then Jack, the shear sharpener.

MRS. GOLDBERG
What're all you shmutzers doing in
my home?

FADE TO BLACK.