

Bang
Episode 2
"Naked" by
Rick Diamond

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

BANG (S1, E2: NAKED)

FADE IN:

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - MORNING

A multicolored, hot air balloon undulates, deflated on the surface. The center is raised creating a tent effect.

In the distance a commercial fishing vessel approaches. As it moves closer two men on deck ready a Kodiak and lower it to the water. A FAINT PURR of the motor is heard as they head toward the balloon.

The Kodiak's motor ROARS then shuts down as the small craft pulls alongside the deflated balloon.

One of the men leans over the side and pulls the top layer of material until the gondola underneath pops into view.

It's empty.

INT. SAG'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sag's face is peaceful, almost smiling.

MELODY (O.S.)
(rooster-like)
Err err err err errrrrr!

Sag opens an eye and looks around. Melody, in yellow and white polka dot panties and bra, is leaning against Angel's hip which is covered by a sheet. Melody's legs are draped over Sag's sheet-covered crotch.

SAG
(squinting at the
clock)
Why're you waking me up so early?

MELODY
Does this woman ever wear clothes?

SAG
Not so much.

MELODY
Not so much clothes?

She uses her hands to highlight her own scanty attire as if she were a game show model...

MELODY (CONT'D)
Or not so much *wearing* clothes?

She pulls the sheet down a couple of inches, stares at the top of Angel's bottom, and makes a startled, cartoon face.

SAG

Neither?

MELODY

This makes me uncomfortable, you know. Sag?

SAG

You look pretty comfortable to me, Melody.

MELODY

And how is this even possible?

She points to the space where her thighs are pressed together.

SAG

What?

She points again, making an "uh oh", silly cartoon face while spreading her thighs a careful inch.

SAG (CONT'D)

That's a normal morning thing.

MELODY

How do you have the strength to raise a tent after last night?

SAG

I like her. Better get used to it.

MELODY

I was more comfortable with you groveling for sex with Sheila and then having not so hot sex. You and this one... It's embarrassing.

SAG

Mrs. Goldberg wouldn't like you calling her Sheila.

He closes his eyes and smiles back into the pillow.

MELODY

How could she hate me any more than she already does, Sag? I'm the girl of your dreams and she was just a place saver. Like this one.

She leans back sprawling arched-back over Angel's sleeping body then sits up like a catapult being released and ends up in Sag's face.

MELODY (CONT'D)

Wake up!

INT. BANG SALON - MORNING

Farhad stands in the middle of the salon. There are a couple of clients processing in chairs by one wall, but the salon is mostly filled with black-clad hairstylists.

FARHAD

(in his gay affectation)

As I'm sure everyone knows by now --
hairdressers being the greatest
gossips on the planet -- Sag won the
hotel in a card game last night...

Everyone HOOTS and APPLAUDS.

FARHAD (CONT'D)

...and he gave me the salon!

More HOOTS and APPLAUSE.

FARHAD (CONT'D)

As you also know, I was the owner of
the original Bang in Chelsey, wherever
that is...

NERVOUS LAUGHTER from the room.

FARHAD (CONT'D)

...but I don't remember that.

More NERVOUS LAUGHTER.

He pulls back a dark shock of middle-Elvis bang from his forehead revealing a faint scar.

SILENCE.

FARHAD (CONT'D)

So I'm looking forward to being a
boss for the first time, even though
half of you had me for a boss back
in New York.

LOUD HOOTS and APPLAUSE from half the staff.

FARHAD (CONT'D)

And since I hate shop meetings more than anyone, this is how we will do them from now on: short and sweet and casual.

LOUD HOOTS and APPLAUSE.

BRIAN

What about Mrs. G?

FARHAD

We don't know where she is, Brian.

BRIAN

We heard she flew off in a balloon with the kid because Sag was banging some stripper.

FARHAD

That's not what happened, Brian. She left before he banged the stripper.

LAUGHTER.

FARHAD (CONT'D)

When Sag gets more information, I'll tell you guys everything we know...and...one last thing: Everyone gets a five percent raise starting right now!

LOUDEST APPLAUSE.

INT. HIGH ROLLERS ROOM - MORNING

The ornate room is filled with a couple dozen people all wearing different uniforms representing all the departments of the hotel.

A poker table is on its side and leans against one wall. It's missing a leg.

Sag stands in front of the bar facing everyone.

SAG

Okay, you've all heard about the change in ownership. I know some of y'all from the salon...

He smiles at a few people and they smile back.

SAG (CONT'D)

I know a few others from just bein' around here for the last two and a half years...

Again he smiles and people smile back.

SAG (CONT'D)

And I hope to get to know the rest of y'all over the next couple of weeks.

He straightens and takes a deep breath.

SAG (CONT'D)

I plan on firing...

They all tense up...

SAG (CONT'D)

...nobody.

There's a collective SIGH.

SAG (CONT'D)

Having lived here awhile and having experienced the accommodations, the restaurants, the casino, and for the first time, yesterday, Bumps...

LAUGHTER.

SAG (CONT'D)

...I find no reason for this place not being full, other than the lackluster main ballroom.

A man in a three-piece suit looks down at the floor.

SAG (CONT'D)

I don't blame Mr. Banks.

The man looks at Sag.

SAG (CONT'D)

Ahmad Farusi ran a good hotel and casino and, even though he never set foot in it, a great strip club...

LAUGHTER.

SAG (CONT'D)

...but musical entertainment wasn't his thing...and I know he overrode you, Tony.

Mr. Banks nods his head.

SAG (CONT'D)

So, here's the deal, everybody.
Keep doin' what you've been doin',
and if we're showin' at least the
same numbers next month, everybody
in this room gets a five percent
raise.

APPLAUSE.

SAG (CONT'D)

And if we start showin' real
improvement, we'll talk about doin'
more.

APPLAUSE.

SAG (CONT'D)

Okay, then.

INT. SAG'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Angel sits at the table by the open window that overlooks the ocean 45 stories down. She's wearing a man's "wife-beater" and a pair of silk boxers while she finishes her breakfast from a room service tray.

There's a KNOCK at the door. She gets up and runs to the peephole and peers out. She smiles and pulls the door open. It's Sag.

SAG

That son-of-a-bitch, Ahmad, changed
the code. What a dick.

FROM THE HALL LOOKING IN...

Angel stands in front of the open door, the undershirt riding her hips.

Sag looks her up and down.

SAG (CONT'D)

I just got an idea for a new doorman's
uniform.

He enters and they kiss.

SAG (CONT'D)

You're like a giant piece of candy.

ANGEL

You're like a giant piece of candy.

He puts his hands up the back of her shirt and then around to the front.

SAG

You're like a giant piece of soft candy.

She looks him in the eye and dives both hands into his pants.

ANGEL

You're like a giant piece of hard candy.

INT. BUMPS STRIP CLUB - DAY

DANCE MUSIC fills the air. Nude and semi-nude women prowl the catwalks and wander the room.

Ralph sits in a booth facing away from the dancers. He fools with his iPad and sips a drink.

Raven, wearing red underwear and high heels approaches his table.

RAVEN

I don't mean to bother you, but you're Ralph Lefebvre, right?

RALPH

That's right, cher, the one and only.

RAVEN

Wow. Are you all right? I saw the shooting thing on Facebook. That was wild.

RALPH

Yeah, wild is the word, but I'm bulletproof.

RAVEN

I'm glad you're okay.

RALPH

Thanks, cher.

RAVEN

I have tickets for your concert tonight in New York. My friend, Abby, and I are taking the train up in a couple of hours.

RALPH

All right. Have you got good seats?

RAVEN
Not really, they sold out fast.

RALPH
Well, maybe I can fix that, cher.
Would you like to sit down?

RAVEN
Sure, but only for a minute. I gotta
get back up on the walk.

She sits.

RALPH
So, tell me, cher, what's your name?

RAVEN
Raven.

RALPH
What's your real name?

She smiles sheepishly.

RAVEN
Rachel.

RALPH
My mother's name is Rachel!

RAVEN
Really?

RALPH
No, I'm just ribbin' ya.

She LAUGHS.

RAVEN
Can I ask you a question, Mr. LeFebre?

RALPH
Anything, cher, but call me Ralph.

RAVEN
Why're you in here facing away from
the girls and playing with your pad,
Ralph?

He slaps his leg and CHUCKLES.

RALPH
In a strip joint playin' with my
pad. I'm sorry, cher, was that crude?

RAVEN

Crude? I've worked here for three years. I'm pretty sure that doesn't qualify as crude. I could tell you stories.

RALPH

Well, then go ahead, I'd love to hear 'em.

He LAUGHS.

RAVEN

I can't really tell you anything. We have a strict policy about that.

RALPH

What happens in AC stays in AC.

She smiles and nods.

RAVEN

I gotta get back, Ralph.

RALPH

I'll leave two tickets at the Will Call window for you and your friend. Fourth row center. But ya gotta promise not to shoot me. How's that?

RAVEN

Thank you, Ralph!

She stands and extends her hand to shake.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

I'd kiss you, but I might get fired

Ralph stands and stoops down and kisses her hand.

Raven glows.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

It was really nice meeting you, Ralph. Maybe I'll see you tonight.

RALPH

You'll definitely see *me*, cher. Maybe I'll see *you*.

He LAUGHS.

RAVEN

Time to get naked.

She wiggles her butt and smiles.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

Later.

She leaves heading for the catwalk and sees Angel.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

Where've you been?

ANGEL

You know that guy from yesterday?

RAVEN

The guy you dry humped and got fired for?

ANGEL

There was nothing dry about that hump...and I got fired for kissing him...and kissing him...

She puts her fingers up to Raven's face and moves closer to her as if she's going to kiss her...

ANGEL (CONT'D)

...and kissing him.

She LAUGHS.

RAVEN

So, where've you been?

ANGEL

I've been kissing him, and kissing him, and kissing him.

RAVEN

(smiling)

You slut. I wanna hear all the details, but I gotta get out of these hot clothes. I'm burnin' up!

She turns and starts to walk away.

ANGEL

He's the new owner.

RAVEN

(turns)

I heard some guy won this place in a card game last night, but I thought it was just some noise.

ANGEL

I was there. He didn't just win this place, he won the whole city block.

RAVEN

Oh, my God, I wanna hear about it. Tell me on the train.

ANGEL

Rachel, you don't have to dance if you don't want to.

RAVEN

And why is that?

ANGEL

'Cause I'm the new manager here...for the time being.

RAVEN

For real?

ANGEL

This was the only part of the hotel Ahmad Farusi managed himself and that pig is now history, so Sag asked me if I wanted to do it and I said "yes".

RAVEN

Holy shit, Abby!

ANGEL

So, come have a little lunch with me and Sag. He's on his way over.

RAVEN

I'll do a few minutes and then come join you.

ANGEL

Why?

RAVEN

'Cause I want the money, honey.

ANGEL

I'm gonna make you assistant manager. You won't have to dance anymore.

RAVEN

I like dancing...and I like being naked.

Angel LAUGHS.

ANGEL

Yeah, me too. Come join us when you're done and we'll talk business.

RAVEN

You're still going to the concert, aren't you?

ANGEL

I guess...but I met Ralph LeFebre last night. He's a friend of Sag's, and he's a bit of a jerk in real life.

RAVEN

He's sitting right over there in booth seven. I thought he was charming. He's giving us free tickets to the show.

ANGEL

We already have tickets.

RAVEN

He's giving us good tickets.

Angel shrugs.

ANGEL

We're having lunch with him. Sag wants him to come play the ballroom.

RAVEN

Really? He'd fill this place up.

ANGEL

That's the plan.

RAVEN

Get him to turn around when I'm on the strut.

ANGEL

Floozy.

RAVEN

(smiling)
Putty in my hands.

INT. BANG SALON - DAY

A beehive of black-clad hairstylists attend to their clients.

Sag enters from the lobby and is greeted with APPLAUSE and HOOTS and HOLLERS.

He smiles broadly and nods.

SAG

Thank you, my former lackeys. Carry on.

He looks around, sees Farhad's empty station, keeps moving toward the back and passes into the...

BANG BACK ROOM

...and sees Farhad sitting at the table talking to Brian. Everyone in the back room APPLAUDS. Sag shakes his head and smiles.

SAG (CONT'D)

Thank you, thank you so much. Nothin' to see here. Get back to goofin' off.

FARHAD

(affected voice)

Are you just waking up, Sag? *

SAG

You're gay again?

FARHAD

I've always been gay, Sag. I used to mask it by being promiscuous with women.

SAG

No. You were the biggest pussy hound on the planet.

Brian makes a face like he bit into something nasty.

SAG (CONT'D)

You were you when you were stoned last night.

FARHAD

I don't remember that.

SAG

Trust me.

FARHAD

A leader should never say trust me. And a leader should wake up earlier than you wake up.

SAG

What've you been reading?

FARHAD

Sometimes stuff just pops into my head.

SAG

I've already met with all the managers, I've checked out my offices and looked at the books with the accountants. I'm energized.

FARHAD

Good for you, Sag. It's the new you. Did you hear from Mrs. Goldberg?

SAG

No.

FARHAD

Aren't you worried, Sag? What about little Joshua?

SAG

I'm sure they're fine. Please, Farhad, no more about Mrs. Goldberg and Joshua.

FARHAD

You know more than you're saying, Sag. You couldn't be so cold about your son.

SAG

I'm sure they're fine. I gotta go over to Bumps and meet with Ralph for lunch. You wanna come?

FARHAD

I've already eaten with Brian, Sag, but I have a break until two.

SAG

Let's go.

They leave through the back door and...

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE THE HOTEL - DAY

...see Albert sitting on the pavement, leaning against the building.

ALBERT

Mr. Gold, Mr. Farusi, how goes it?

SAG

What's the word on the street, Albert?

ALBERT

The word on the street is you won this hotel in a card game.

SAG

The street is never wrong, Albert.

ALBERT

Never, Mr. Gold.

Sag thinks a moment...

SAG

Albert, where do you sleep at night?

ALBERT

Oh, different places.

SAG

How would you like a room here?

ALBERT

I don't think you have a discount package that fits my budget.

He takes a swig from a paper bag wrapped bottle.

SAG

How about free? I'll throw in room service and a visit to the men's boutique and Farhad will throw in a free haircut, won't you Farhad?.

FARHAD

Sag, are you sure...

SAG

Yeah, I'm sure.

FARHAD

(to Albert)

Okay, but only if you clean up first.

SAG

There you go, Albert, the full monty. You're gonna live on the 46th floor. I hope you don't get nose bleeds.

ALBERT

Sometimes I do. I wake up and my face hurts and all my cash and stash is gone.

SAG

I'm gonna call the desk right now
and set it all up.

ALBERT

Okay, Mr. Gold. Have a nice day.

Sag and Farhad continue down the sidewalk toward the outside entrance to Bumps while Sag speaks into his phone.

FARHAD

I don't think any of that registered
with him, Sag.

SAG

I'll check on him later.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

The balloon and gondola are on the deck of the commercial fishing boat as the boat's Hispanic crew haul in a catch of fish.

Inside the gondola is a waterlogged teddy bear and an opened white purse.

When the catch is secured in storage bins, the boat chugs toward the distant shoreline.

INT. BUMPS STRIP CLUB - DAY

DANCE MUSIC in the background.

Ralph's booth is now occupied by Sag, Angel, and Farhad who sit across from him, and Felicity and Foster who sit beside him.

RALPH

I think we should have a toast.

He holds up his glass.

RALPH (CONT'D)

To Sidney Goldstein, the luckiest
son of a bitch on the planet. He
beat four sevens and won a 47 story
building. What are the odds?

FOSTER

Just under 650,000 to 1.

All of them raise their glasses.

ANGEL

(to Sag)

Your name is Sidney Goldstein?

*

SAG

Yeah, Sag is my dancin' name.

FELICITY

You didn't know his name?

ANGEL

(to Felicity)

I knew his name was Sidney. I thought his real last name was Goldberg.

*

*

(to Sag)

I just assumed you shortened it for business and Mrs. Goldberg took your name for the baby.

(to Felicity)

Sorry.

SAG

Nope. Goldberg and Goldstein.

RALPH

Okay, so I've got sound check in New York at 5 o'clock. Tell me why I've been asked to be at your business meetin'.

SAG

Well, first I wanna say that Angel has agreed to manage the club, here...

ANGEL

Until I find somebody who actually wants to do it.

SAG

...yes, I understand, and I appreciate you doin' it...and Foster and I checked out the sub-basement this morning...

FOSTER

Yeah, baby...

He rubs Felicity's belly.

SAG

...and his giant brain is already clickin' away with ideas how to set it up.

FARHAD

Why am I here? I'm my own boss,
right?

SAG

You're here because I want you to
know that I know you'll do a great
job runnin' the salon because you
did a great job back in New York...

FARHAD

But I don't remember that.

SAG

...yes, yes, and that if you have
any questions or need any help, just
ask.

FARHAD

Where did Mrs. Goldberg buy the toilet
paper, Sag? I asked around today
and nobody knows.

SAG

We'll figure it out tomorrow, okay?

FARHAD

It's not the kind of thing you can
wait a day on, Sag.

SAG

Take some from housekeeping.

FARHAD

Where's housekeeping?

SAG

We'll figure that out, too. Moving
on...

He looks at Ralph and hesitates...

RALPH

(very fast)

Yeah, I'll play the room, one show a
night, Wednesday and Thursday. Two
shows on Friday and Saturday, and a
matinee on Sunday. We'll sit down
tomorrow and hash out the money thing.

Sag, grins and shakes his head.

FARHAD

It's going to be like the old days.

FELICITY

That you don't remember.

SAG

You knew I was gonna ask. *

RALPH

You had ta ask. It'll be fun, man,
and it *will* be like the old days...
playin' the Hole and then smokin' up
at Farhad's. It'll be great.

SAG

Thank you, Ralph. You're gonna put
us on the map.

Farhad raises his glass.

FARHAD

To Ralph.

Everyone clicks their glasses and CHEERS.

ANGEL

(to Sag)

Raven and I are taking the train up
to Ralph's concert tonight. I'm
going to have to get going in a
minute.

RALPH

Why don't we all take the chopper?
It's right up on the roof.

A SCREAM cuts through the MUSIC.

They all crane their necks to see what's happening. A
beautiful Asian woman, FLOWER, is talking to two men in suits.

FLOWER

Nooo!

A dancer next to her puts her arm around her as Flower bursts
into tears.

ANGEL

(to Farhad)

Let me out. *

Farhad stands as both Angel and Sag hurry past him and rush
to Flower.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

What's going on, Flower?

FLOWER
 (blubbering)
 Danny's been shot!

The two men in suits hold up their badges to Angel and Sag.

FIRST DETECTIVE
 We're from the 2nd Precinct. I'm
 Detective Avery, this is my partner,
 Detective Walsh.

SECOND DETECTIVE
 And who are you?

SAG
 I'm the new owner of the hotel, as
 of last night.

ANGEL
 I'm the manager of the club.

FIRST DETECTIVE
 Mrs. O'Boyle's husband was assaulted
 early this morning.

SECOND DETECTIVE
 We had him as a John Doe until this
 afternoon when someone brought in
 his wallet they found in a dumpster.

FIRST DETECTIVE
 Mrs. O'Boyle, we'll drive you to the
 hospital.

Flower bursts out CRYING again.

ANGEL
 Can someone go with her?

The dancer comforting her nods her head.

SECOND DETECTIVE
 (to the comforter)
 You can follow us, ma'am.

FIRST DETECTIVE
 (to Sag)
 Mr. O'Boyle is one of your employees?

SAG
 Is he?

FIRST DETECTIVE
 I believe he's a dealer in the casino.

SAG

Really. Wow. I don't think we've met.

(to Flower)

I'm so sorry. If I can help in any way, let me know.

FLOWER

Danny was the dealer last night for your card game.

SAG

Oh, my God, I guess we have met.

FLOWER

It was his last night at the casino.

FIRST DETECTIVE

He was quitting?

FLOWER

He's sick. He has cancer.

SECOND DETECTIVE

He was carrying flowers. Is there, perhaps, another woman in the picture?

Flower starts CRYING again.

FLOWER

(glaring at the Second Detective)

He has terminal cancer. The flowers were for me.

The first detective looks at the second detective with amazement and almost imperceptibly shakes his head.

SECOND DETECTIVE

I don't mean any disrespect, ma'am. The reason why I asked is it looks like it was a professional job. Like maybe somebody wanted him dead.

FIRST DETECTIVE

Okay, okay, let's not do this here. Jeez.

INT. AHMAD'S HOTEL PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY

Ahmad is on the couch, his feet up on the coffee table. He's holding what looks like a cigar. His lawyer, Naomi, sits in a chair across from him.

NAOMI

You have to tell me what's going on
if you want me to protect you, Ahmad.

AHMAD

I'm protecting both of us, Naomi.

NAOMI

He wasn't mugged, Ahmad. It was a
hit. One to the heart, one to the
head. You have to tell me if you're
involved.

AHMAD

Why do you think I had anything to
do with it?

NAOMI

You threatened him last night.

Ahmad takes a drag on his "cigar".

AHMAD

Nobody heard that.

NAOMI

I heard it. Someone else may have
heard it.

AHMAD

Good thing we have privileged
communication.

NAOMI

Or what?

AHMAD

(pointing at her)

One to the heart. One to the head.

He LAUGHS.

NAOMI

You're being much too casual about
this. You lost your hotel in a card
game. The dealer who dealt your
opponent a royal flush is in the
hospital from a professional hit.

AHMAD

Not so professional...he's alive.

NAOMI

Ahmad.

AHMAD

Naomi, take a drink and calm yourself.

NAOMI

You don't pay me to be calm. You pay me to keep you safe.

AHMAD

Relax, Naomi. Go get a facial and a massage. Stress is such an ager.

NAOMI

You have to be out of here in two and a half days and you're just sitting there smoking whatever that is.

AHMAD

An e-cigar. I'm trying to quit.

NAOMI

What is the plan, Ahmad?

AHMAD

The plan is to not have a plan. In spite of my occasional grumbling, I like it here. I think I'd like to stay.

NAOMI

I'd like to stay, too, Ahmad, but the reality is we have to leave. I'm going down to clean out my office.

She gets up and walks to the door.

AHMAD

Naomi, who knows what's going to happen in the next two days? Why not wait?

NAOMI

Whatever you're planning, my advice is don't even think about it.

She leaves.

The French doors open from the next room and BIJOU, a little man, 40, appears.

AHMAD

So, finish what you were saying.

BIJOU

(French accent)

It is on the stabilizer. I also attached a GPS tracking device so we will know exactly where they are.

Ahmad takes a hit on his e-cigar.

AHMAD

The helicopter is registered in Essington, Pennsylvania. That's Philadelphia, where the Cajun played his concert last night.

BIJOU

Yes, but they filed a flight plan to take it to Staten Island this afternoon. Do you want to do it during daylight?

AHMAD

No, wait until they return late tonight.

BIJOU

The flight plan lists two pilots and seven passengers. That is a lot of carnage.

AHMAD

Tonight I take care of all family business.

He grins and takes a hit.

BIJOU

I understand the Jewish half-breed, and the smart ass Cajun big shot, but your cousin is probably going to be one of the seven.

AHMAD

He heard me threaten Danny.

BIJOU

He has a Swiss cheese brain. He probably does not remember...and who would believe him, anyway?

AHMAD

I can't take a chance, Bijou.

BIJOU

So, boss, what about Mrs. Goldberg?

AHMAD
She won't be on that helicopter.

BIJOU
You know this?

Ahmad picks up a tablet from the coffee table, pushes on it a few seconds, and hands it to Bijou.

BIJOU (CONT'D)
That is a balloon?

AHMAD
We just monitored the exits. I didn't see this until this morning.

BIJOU
Hmm.

AHMAD
They all knew she wasn't in the building when we played last night.

BIJOU
(nodding his head)
I see.

AHMAD
How much range does that device have?

BIJOU
From the top of the building with them approaching over the water, maybe a couple of miles.

AHMAD
The GPS or the...thing?

BIJOU
The GPS, maybe two miles, the device maybe half that.

AHMAD
Wait until they're almost here.

He smiles and sits back and takes a hit from his e-cigar.

AHMAD (CONT'D)
I want to watch.

INT. LUXURY HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Sag, Ralph, Farhad, Foster, Angel, Raven, and Felicity sit in the cabin fitted for eight passengers. One of Ralph's guitars in its road case sits in the unoccupied seat.

The seats face in toward the center.

There are three CONVERSATIONS going on: one between Felicity and Foster, one between Sag and Angel, and one between Ralph and Raven with Farhad chiming in in his non-affected voice...

FELICITY

How much is it gonna cost, Foster?

FOSTER

Baby, we still have over a million bucks.

FELICITY

You're talking about setting up a huge operation down there.

FOSTER

I'll get more grants. I don't have to do it all at once.

FELICITY

You've been curing cancer in our hotel suite...and you fixed your hemophilia pretty much in your dorm room.

FOSTER

Well...mostly over at...
 (looks at Angel and
 Raven and whispers
 to Felicity)
 ...Bomb Central.

FELICITY

But what I'm saying...

FOSTER

I know what you're saying. I'll be careful with the money.

Felicity smiles.

RAVEN

So, Ralph, you haven't told me about your girlfriend.

RALPH

Girlfriend? Who has time for a girlfriend, cher? This is what I do every day.

RAVEN

There must be a woman in your life.

RALPH
There is, cher...

He takes her hand and kisses it as Farhad stares.

RALPH (CONT'D)
My mother!

He slaps his leg and pours brandy for all who want it as the skyline of New York approaches.

FARHAD
Ralph likes to rent girlfriends.

Raven and Ralph stare at Farhad.

RALPH
That was uncalled for, man.

He smiles...

RALPH (CONT'D)
No more booze for you.

RAVEN
You date escorts?

RALPH
Farhad was just being silly, right, man?

He slaps Farhad's knee.

Farhad stares out the window of the helicopter at the New York skyline.

The intercom CLICKS on and the pilot, CAPTAIN DOUGAN, speaks.

CAPTAIN DOUGAN (O.S.)
This is Captain Dougan. As you can see, we're starting our approach to Staten Island from the east. The Manhattan skyline is on the right side of your cabin. Thanks for joining us this afternoon, folks. We'll be touching down in a couple of minutes.

The gaping desolation in the middle of Manhattan is clearly visible as they swing by in their approach to their landing. War zone-like stretches of multistory rubble are surrounded by beautifully manicured splotches of green grass.

FELICITY

Oh, my God. I haven't seen it from
the air.

They all stare out the window.

RALPH

Yeah, baby.

FARHAD

Who could do such a thing?

Ralph, Sag, Felicity, and Foster all glance at Farhad then divert their eyes and try to create innocent faces.

Angel and Raven look puzzled.

Farhad continues to stare at where Midtown once was.

RALPH

But look at all the skyscrapers goin'
up on Staten Island.

The helicopter sets down on top of the Bloomberg Center for the Performing Arts.

Foster, Felicity, Raven, and Farhad stand.

Sag and Angel, still pressed together, continue to sit as Ralph stands and reaches for his guitar case.

ANGEL

(to Ralph)

So, Ralph, what's it like backstage?
Are there private rooms for you guys
to warm up in and stuff?

RALPH

(to Sag)

Ya got ya'self a hot one, buddy boy.

(to Angel)

Lots of rooms.

Ralph grins.

INT. BLOOMBERG CENTER - NIGHT

The stage is dark, the house lights dim, the MURMURS dissipate...

...and in the center of the stage a spotlight illuminates Ralph as the crowd gets to its feet and HOOTS and HOLLERS and APPLAUDS.

He slings his guitar around to his back...

RALPH
It's good to be home! Hello, New
York!

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE, HOOTS and HOLLERS.

RALPH (CONT'D)
Still the greatest city on earth!

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE.

RALPH (CONT'D)
I usually save my preachin' 'til
after the first tune, but tonight, I
know y'all are all concerned about
my safety...and your safety, too
here in this beautiful new venue.
Well, we've got plenty of security
on hand, for y'all, and well, I'm
invincible!

He outstretches his arms and throws his head back.

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE.

Ralph straightens and slings his guitar back in place and
adjusts his harmonica holder and begins solo...

RALPH (CONT'D)
(singing)
Someday New York will disappear.
And the world will look to the sky
in fear
And wait for the rockets to fall
But it won't happen at all
And the CIA and the FBI
Will twiddle their thumbs and wonder
why
But it won't take a genius
To know just what it was
Some dumb Isey with a bomb in a box
Who buried us all...

...and the BAND begins as the COLORED LIGHTS illuminate them
and the crowd ROARS.

INT. WARMUP ROOM BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

An almost darkened room. On the couch Angel, nearly naked,
face-down with Sag on top of her. They're both asleep.

Sag opens an eye...

MELODY, in polka dots as usual, sits in a chair at an angle
to the couch, holding a guitar.

She begins to PICK and SING the same tune Ralph was singing...

MELODY

And in Miami Beach and in Tel-Aviv
They'll shake their heads 'cause
they can't believe
But it won't take a genius
To know that it always was
Some dumb Jew with a chip on his
shoulder
Who held the key

SAG

I haven't heard that one in a while.

MELODY

He's playin' it right now.

Melody puts a cupped hand up to one ear and smiles. The sound of the CONCERT can be heard MUFFLED through the walls.

SAG

Why's he playin' that?

MELODY

He's Ralph.

SAG

I don't understand.

MELODY

I think the bigger question is...

Melody dramatically strums a SUSPENDED CHORD.

MELODY (CONT'D)

...how did you draw a royal
flush...and why would the guy who
dealt it to you get gunned downed
mob style an hour later?

SAG

Huh.

Melody raises her brows and nods.

SAG (CONT'D)

You just sit around all day and think
of these things?

MELODY

For me...not a lot to do.

Sag smiles and closes his eyes and settles into Angel's hair.

Melody frowns.

MELODY (CONT'D)
 You need to be careful, darlin'.
 You need to...
 (dramatically strumming
 a chord)
 Wake up!

Sag's eye blinks open.

The MUFFLED SOUND of a song ending is heard through the walls and then MUFFLED APPLAUSE, HOOTS and HOLLERS.

INT. BLOOMBERG CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Onstage Ralph rises from a deep bow and slings his guitar around to his back.

RALPH
 Thanks, y'all. Thanks for not
 throwin' anything at us.

AUDIANT 1
 We love you, Ralph!

AUDIANT 2
 Rock on, Ramblin' Ralph!

RALPH
 I was told never to do that tune
 again, and I've been respectful of
 that...

AUDIANT 3
 Don't listen to the man!

RALPH
 (smiles)
 Yeah, brotha...

The drummer does a series of RIM SHOTS.

RALPH (CONT'D)
 ...but I think my audience has always
 been smart enough to know that I
 didn't cause that horror in
 Midtown...not with a silly little
 song.

AUDIANT 4
 It's not silly, Ralph!

RALPH

Well, thank you, but, yeah, it's just a song.

AUDIENT 5

We love you, Ralph!

RALPH

So, movin' on...This is my last stop on what was a seemingly unending tour we started two years ago. We've seen the world...

He turns and looks at his band...

RALPH (CONT'D)

...it's been pretty humblin' for a transplanted Lou'siana Cajun, now New Yorker, who'd never been west of Kerrville, Texas or east of Boston.

He hangs his head and pauses and then looks up and stares ahead...

RALPH (CONT'D)

If it all ended today, It'd be all right...It'd be fine...I've had my run...I've had my time.

He hangs his head again then turns to the drummer who TAPS his sticks together twice, then does a two beat intro. A wall of SOUND electrifies the concert hall as WHERE'S THE BOY begins...

INT. LUXURY HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Sag, Ralph, Farhad, Foster, Felicity, Angel, and Raven seated with one of Ralph's road cases in the empty seat and another road case leaning against the helicopter's door.

They're all exhausted. Felicity sleeps with her head against Foster's shoulder. Farhad also sleeps.

Sag and Angel whisper and peck.

Ralph and Raven sit next to each other, Ralph looking down while Raven looks around, occasionally smiles at Ralph.

RAVEN

(whispering to Ralph)

So, rock star, now that the road has ended and you're gonna be staying put for a while...

RALPH
...Ya know that thing Farhad said?

RAVEN
About you...and escorts?

RALPH
There might be some validity there.

RAVEN
Huh.

RALPH
It's just easier.

RAVEN
I bet.

Ralph shakes his head and SIGHS.

RALPH
I don't know.

RAVEN
You're not gonna be on the road for
a bit. Maybe...you might like
something a little more...stable.

RALPH
It'd be even more complicated.

RAVEN
Look, Ralph...I like you...and I
think you like me...

She looks at him a moment and he finally, reluctantly nods
his head.

RAVEN (CONT'D)
(lowering her voice
even more)
...and I like being naked...I love
being naked...and I like to screw...a
lot...and I could use some extra
cash.

RALPH
Maybe we can work somethin' out.

FOSTER
(to FELICITY)
Wake up, sweetie, we're home.

FELICITY stirs, opens her eyes, and smiles.

FOSTER points out the window to the lights of Atlantic City.
Felicity touches an index finger to Foster's nose.

FELICITY

Home.

A loud THUMP. The helicopter lurches then spins.

CAPTAIN DOUGAN (O.S.)

(on the intercom)

Everyone! Buckle up!

RALPH

(singing)

Peggy Sue, Peggy Sue.

YELLING and SCREAMING...

SAG

Shut up, Ralph!

FADE TO BLACK.

A loud SMACK as the the helicopter hits the water, then QUIET,
then the SOUND OF WAVES BREAKING.