

Bang

Episode 4

"Headaches" by

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BANG (S1, E4: HEADACHES)

FADE IN:

INT. SAG'S HOTEL SUITE - EVENING

Sag's eyes open. He's in a bathrobe, lying on the floor.

Melody, in blue and white polka dot underwear and wearing a GIANTS helmet, sits on the couch.

MELODY

Sag, you need to be more careful. I  
got you somethin'.

She removes the helmet and tosses it toward him hitting him  
in the head.

SAG

Owww!

MELODY

Your head is a pain magnet.

SAG

Why am I on the floor?

MELODY

I think you have somethin' someone  
wants.

SAG

Like what?

She pops up off the couch and walks over to him and leans  
down close.

MELODY

I know your head hurts from all the  
knockin' around it's been gettin',  
so I'll whisper, pootie...

He smiles as she gets closer and he closes his eyes.

MELODY (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Wake up!

Sag opens his eyes and looks around. The front door is open,  
the door frame is splintered.

He gets to his feet and sees blood on his robe. He feels  
the spot where he got stitches the day before and then looks  
at his bloody hand.

He hears NOISES coming from the bedroom and rushes to the open door and sees Ahmad rummaging through his closet and Bijou sifting through his open dresser drawers.

AHMAD

It's got to be here.

BIJOU

It is not in these drawers.

Sag sees the bathroom door is closed.

He backs out of the doorway and goes into the kitchen and takes a big knife from a drawer.

INT. FARHAD'S HOTEL BEDROOM - EVENING

Farhad, naked, asleep in a sitting position on the bed, Raven naked, asleep with her raised butt in Farhad's face and her face in his lap.

Ralph stands in the doorway and stares a moment.

RALPH

I didn't pay you enough?

An eye peeks out of Raven's messy hair. She sees Ralph, then realizes where she is.

RAVEN

Oh, shit.

She closes her eyes and collapses back into Farhad's lap.

Farhad opens his eyes, stares down into Raven's crotch and makes a face like he bit into something awful. He looks up and sees Ralph in the doorway.

FARHAD

(affected voice)

It's not what you think.

INT. SAG'S HOTEL SUITE - EVENING

Sag stands by the busted front door, a large knife in his hand, while he dials his phone.

SAG

(whispering)

I need someone up in 4512 immediately....Oh. She must've called from the bathroom. Okay.

He steps out into the...



FARHAD  
That wasn't me.

Ralph slaps his leg and LAUGHS.

RALPH  
Y'all are too much.

FARHAD  
You're not mad?

The bathroom door opens and Raven walks out naked.

RAVEN  
(to Ralph)  
You're not mad?

Farhad makes an uncomfortable face.

FARHAD  
Put some clothes on.

RALPH  
(to Raven)  
Come here.

Raven walks over and Ralph reaches out and draws her onto his lap.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
(to Farhad)  
It's not like we haven't done this before.

FARHAD  
We've done this before?

KNOCKING at the front door.

Farhad stands and walks out of the room.

RAVEN  
Do you think it's hideous?

RALPH  
Non, cheri!

He buries his face in her neck and she GIGGLES then SQUEALS.

INT. FARHAD'S HOTEL SUITE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Farhad opens the door. It's Sag. He enters holding a towel to his head.

SAG  
I have to go back to the hospital.

FARHAD  
What happened?

SAG  
Get dressed. Angel has to open the club.

Ralph appears in the bedroom doorway.

RALPH  
What happened?

SAG  
Ahmad happened.

Raven appears standing behind Ralph.

RAVEN  
Is Abby okay?

FARHAD  
Who's Abby?

SAG  
She's fine. She just went down to the club.

Sag looks at Raven and realizes she's naked behind Ralph and then looks at Farhad in his robe and then finally at Ralph fully clothed.

RALPH  
Don't ask.

He slaps his leg and LAUGHS.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - EVENING

Sag and Farhad sit in the waiting area, Sag with a towel held to his head.

FARHAD  
(affected voice)  
Have you ever really looked at one, Sag?

SAG  
(tired, hurt, exasperated)  
Farhad, you've seen hundreds of 'em. You were the man.

FARHAD

I'm so grateful for my memory loss.

They sit SILENTLY for a moment, then...

FARHAD (CONT'D)

What if my memory comes back?

SAG

Then you'll remember you're not gay.

FARHAD

I must be gay, Sag. I can't get that image out of my head.

A female PHYSICIAN'S ASSISTANT approaches.

PHYSICIAN'S ASSISTANT

Mr. Gold? Back again?

SAG

Hey.

PHYSICIAN'S ASSISTANT

(looking at her iPad)

Your stitches are bleeding?

SAG

I had an accident.

FARHAD

My cousin tried to kill him.

SAG

No, he didn't...well, maybe last night...but today he just broke down my door and it kinda hit me in the head.

PHYSICIAN'S ASSISTANT

You lost consciousness?

SAG

Just for a few seconds I think.

PHYSICIAN'S ASSISTANT

(to Farhad)

He's going to be here overnight, again.

SAG

No, I'm okay.

PHYSICIAN'S ASSISTANT

Let's go check you out.

She looks at Farhad and gives a slight nod.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - EVENING

Bijou sits across a table from the two detectives who visited Bumps.

DETECTIVE 1

This is such a mitzvah. We were just thinkin' of you, Mr. Bardot...and here you are.

Bijou stares across the table.

DETECTIVE 2

Fred and I were just talkin' to the NTSB about that helicopter crash off Harbor Beach.

DETECTIVE 1

They told us there was a chunk blown out of the tail section.

DETECTIVE 2

Yeah, that's the chopper that spent the better part of a day up on your roof.

BIJOU

It is not my roof.

DETECTIVE 1

Your boss's roof.

DETECTIVE 2

Fred, remember? The hotel doesn't belong to Mr. Farusi anymore.

DETECTIVE 1

Oh, that's right, Andy. He lost it in a poker game.

DETECTIVE 2

The poker game dealt by the guy who got shot in the chest and the head but is perfectly fine.

DETECTIVE 1

Except for the pancreatic cancer.

DETECTIVE 2

Yeah, stage 4 pancreatic cancer.

BIJOU

He has cancer?

The detectives nod in a smug, happy sort of way.

DETECTIVE 1

And now, you guys break into the room of the guy who won the building, who was also on that chopper.

DETECTIVE 2

How dumb was that?

The door opens and Naomi, Ahmad's lawyer, strolls in stiff and stoic.

NAOMI

Not another word, Bijou.  
(to Detective 1)  
May I speak to my client?

The two detectives stand.

DETECTIVE 1

We were just about to offer him a deal.

NAOMI

What kind of deal?

DETECTIVE 1

Tell us about Ahmad Farusi's involvement in all this, and we'll see what we can do.

NAOMI

That's not a deal. That's a puff of smoke.

The detectives turn and walk toward the door.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

How about full immunity for Mr. Bardot...and for me, if we fully cooperate and tell you everything we know?

The two detectives exchange a glance.

DETECTIVE 1

We'll run it past the D.A.

INT. SAG'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Sag is sitting up in bed with a bandage on the side of his head.

Foster sits in a chair by his bedside.

A KNOCK at the door. The door opens and Naomi appears at the threshold. A policeman is seated at the side of the entrance.

Naomi takes a step forward.

NAOMI  
May I come in?

SAG  
Whadda you want?

NAOMI  
May I speak with you, Mr. Gold?

SAG  
You're Ahmad's lawyer. You can't be in here.

NAOMI  
I no longer represent Mr. Farusi.

She closes the door.

FOSTER  
Right.

NAOMI  
Mr. Bardot and I have been given immunity.

The curtain between the beds slides aside and Danny the dealer appears sitting on the side of his bed.

DANNY  
How is that little piece of shit getting immunity?

NAOMI  
There's no physical evidence linking him to your assault and nothing so far to link him to the crash. I told them the deal was for right now, or I'd simply...evaporate.

SAG  
So, why're you here?

NAOMI  
May I sit?

SAG  
Whatever.

Foster drags a chair over from Danny's side.

Naomi sits.

NAOMI

(to Sag)

First of all, I like working at the Quest. I'd like to stay on as your counsel.

\*

Sag looks at Foster. Foster shrugs.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

I could be very useful.

SAG

And second?

NAOMI

If we put Ahmad away with Bijou and me testifying against him, you'll be safe...all of you. Ahmad isn't connected. There isn't any army of thugs. Bijou was his only bad boy.

DANNY

And he's incompetent.

NAOMI

Evidently.

DANNY

Two shots. One in the flask and one off the plate in my skull.

Everyone looks at Danny.

FOSTER

Seriously, dude?

Danny smiles.

DANNY

Yeah, I'm supposed to be dead. Flower should be rolling in insurance money and having a tidy death to deal with.

NAOMI

That's why you set up the deck?

DANNY

That's why I rigged it in favor of Mr. Gold.

Everyone digests the information.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Am I gonna get immunity?

NAOMI

Ahmad's side won't bring any of that up, and the D.A. certainly won't. This isn't going to trial.

SAG

(to Danny)

Wow. I guess I should thank you.

NAOMI

(to Sag)

Am I your attorney?

Sag looks at Foster. Foster shrugs again.

SAG

Sure.

NAOMI

As your attorney I advise you never to speak of that again.

INT. BUMPS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

MUSIC playing. Dancers on the catwalks. Conventioneers drunk and throwing money.

Ralph sits in a booth facing away from the action. He fools with his iPad.

Angel, in red bra and panties, slides into the booth facing Ralph.

ANGEL

She really likes you, Ralph.

RALPH

(not looking up)

I'm not mad.

ANGEL

You have to be mad.

Ralph looks at Angel.

RALPH

Why do I have ta be mad?

ANGEL

Because you care. I know you care.

RALPH

I pay for it so I won't have...an attachment.

He goes back to his pad.

ANGEL

She's never smoked that stuff before, Ralph. She really does like you. Beats me why, but she does, so, please, give her a break. It's not going to happen again.

Ralph looks up and stares at Angel for a long moment.

RALPH

You seem like a really nice girl. You're educated, ya really care about your friends...you're a nice girl.

He shuts off the pad.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Sag was with Mrs. G. for more than three years. She flies off into the wild blue with the kid he raised and he doesn't blink before he's hooked up with you. Ya think that's 'cause you're so wonderful?...which ya may be, I don't know.

ANGEL

What's your point?

RALPH

He's in love with a dead girl.

ANGEL

I don't understand.

RALPH

He lived with a girl back in Atlanta before he moved to New York.

ANGEL

She died?

RALPH

Yeah, in a car wreck...sorta.

ANGEL

Sorta?

RALPH

She was in a coma for a year. Then she died.

ANGEL

He didn't love Mrs. Goldberg?

RALPH

I think he thought he did in the beginnin'. He was a basket case the first year I knew him. Then he met Mrs. G. She woke him up. She was what he needed. Ya dig?

ANGEL

I guess.

RALPH

I don't think ya do. You're what he needs...right now.

Angel stares off behind Ralph as she tears up a little.

ANGEL

(a little shaky)

You said "the kid he raised". What do you know about that?

RALPH

Whadda you know about that?

ANGEL

Do you know the story?

RALPH

You're gonna have ta ask Sag. So let me ask ya a question.

He turns on his pad and flips it around for Angel to see.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Whadda ya think about me havin' sex with this girl?

ANGEL

Are you serious?

RALPH

She found my twelve-string bobbin' in her backyard. I don't really need it...I just bought another one.

ANGEL

What do you want me to say?

(MORE)

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
(sarcastically)  
Sure. Then you'll be even.

RALPH  
I was just askin' if ya thought she  
was cute?

INT. SAG'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone from earlier is still there.

A NURSE enters.

NURSE 5  
Y'all need to say good night.

Everyone stands.

FOSTER  
(to Danny)  
Hang in there, dude.

Danny smiles.

NURSE 5  
Do you boys need anything?

SAG  
I'm fine.

DANNY  
Thanks, I'm good.

NAOMI  
(to Sag)  
I'll stop by tomorrow.

SAG  
I'll be outta here tomorrow.

NURSE 5  
I don't think so.

SAG  
I'm fine.

NURSE 5  
You've had two concussions in less  
than twenty-four hours.

She shakes her head.

NAOMI  
(to Sag)  
See you tomorrow.

She leaves with the nurse.

FOSTER  
(to Danny)  
Can I ask you a horrible question?

DANNY  
Shoot.

He smiles.

FOSTER  
Is there something wrong with you  
other than the gun shots that didn't  
seem to hurt you?

DANNY  
Oh, they hurt.

He LAUGHS.

FOSTER  
You know what I mean.

DANNY  
I have cancer.

FOSTER  
You wanted Ahmad to kill you?

DANNY  
Something like that.

FOSTER  
What kind of cancer?

DANNY  
The terminal kind.

FOSTER  
Pancreatic?

DANNY  
Good guess.

FOSTER  
I'm going to bring you something  
tomorrow that might help.

DANNY  
 If it's not a gun, it's not gonna  
 help.

The nurse walks back in with a stern look on her face.

FOSTER  
 (to Sag)  
 Tell him what I'm working on, Sag.  
 (to both)  
 Later.

He leaves.

EXT. PRIVATE DOCK, ABSECON BAY - NIGHT

Ralph and SOPHIE, teen, cute, in short shorts, halter top,  
 and barefoot, stroll down the long, wooden walk built over  
 the marsh.

SOPHIE  
 Will you hurry up? I want to show  
 you.

She takes Ralph's hand and pulls him along.

RALPH  
 Slow down, Sophie, I'm exhausted.

They reach the dock at the end of the walk.

SOPHIE  
 Right there!  
 (pointing)  
 I saw the thing on your website and  
 ran right out here and there it was  
 next to the bateau.

RALPH  
 Amazin'.

She looks at him in the moonlight, her big eyes sparkling.

SOPHIE  
 I've been a fan since I was in middle  
 school.

RALPH  
 Yeah?

SOPHIE  
 Two whole years...since 'Where's the  
 Boy'.

RALPH  
So, you're, what? Sixteen?

SOPHIE  
Uh, huh.

RALPH  
Well.

SOPHIE  
I can't believe you're giving me  
five thousand dollars.

RALPH  
That's the reward.

Sophie takes his hand again.

SOPHIE  
Come see where I found it.

She looks down at the bateau then gives him a grownup smile.

RALPH  
I'm more than twice your age.

She steps down into the bateau.

Ralph looks down the long dock toward the house.

SOPHIE  
My parents can't see us.

RALPH  
I could go to jail.

SOPHIE  
Sixteen's legal in New Jersey.

RALPH  
Are you sure? That sounds like a  
southern number.

Sophie sits on the plank in the middle of the boat then lies  
back on it.

SOPHIE  
Are we gonna do this?

INT. BUMPS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

MUSIC blasting. Angel behind the bar, Raven on a barstool.

RAVEN  
I'm telling you, he wasn't upset.

ANGEL  
He's a man, Rache.

RAVEN  
He has a different set of rules.

ANGEL  
He has an ego.

RAVEN  
Actually, I think he doesn't have an ego when it comes to sex. He was instantly fine with me...and with Farhad Gump.

ANGEL  
That's not normal.

RAVEN  
That's what I'm saying, Abby. Can't you just be happy for me?

Angel puts her hand on Raven's hand.

ANGEL  
Sure.

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A nicely decorated family room.

Ralph, Sophie, and Sophie's parents, TOM and MARGARET, sit holding lemonade glasses.

Ralph's guitar in it's road case sits at his feet.

Ralph makes out a check while he speaks...

RALPH  
Y'all have been really nice to me, I appreciate the hospitality.

He smiles at Tom and Margaret and then at Sophie who glows.

SOPHIE  
Ralph is going to be playing at the Quest.

RALPH  
A friend of mine's the new owner.

MARGARET  
How nice.

TOM  
Doing the Elvis thing.

RALPH  
I've agreed to help him out for a couple of months.

TOM  
You're not like Elvis, are you?

RALPH  
Musically? I'm...not sure whacha mean.

TOM  
You're not into teen-age girls, right?

MARGARET  
Tom.

TOM  
Elvis liked 'em young. Priscilla was fourteen when they met.

RALPH  
Yes, sir, she was, and that always seemed a bit creepy to me.

TOM  
Good to hear.

RALPH  
Sometimes the great talents have weaknesses.

A CAR HORN sounds.

Ralph stands and picks up his guitar.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
That's my cab. It's been really great visitin' with y'all...  
(to Margaret)  
...thanks for the lemonade.  
(to Sophie)  
Thanks for savin' my ax.

He grins.

Tom frowns.

Sophie beams.

Ralph hands Sophie the check. It's made out for FIFTY-THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

She looks at it and smiles.

The HORN sounds again.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Well, goodnight, y'all, and thanks  
again.

INT. FOSTER AND FELICITY'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Foster sits on a stool at the kitchen counter. He watches  
as liquid drips through a filter into a collection beaker.

He picks up another beaker and pours more suspension into  
the filter.

FELICITY (O.S.)  
Foster. Are you coming to bed?

FOSTER  
(not looking up)  
I have to finish this.

He takes the filter paper containing the collected paste and  
places it under a bright light and with a pizza cutter dices  
it up and spreads it out.

After a few seconds visible fumes appear.

FELICITY (O.S.)  
What's that smell?

Foster gets up quickly and turns on the stove FAN and walks  
to the open bedroom door.

Felicity is in bed reading.

FOSTER  
It's not harmful.

FELICITY  
Could you close the door, please?

FOSTER  
I'll be done in a little while.

She stares at him then goes back to reading.

He closes the door and climbs back on his stool and resumes  
dicing the substance that's still fuming a little.

He pulls on a pair of latex gloves and takes an empty capsule  
from a Tupperware container filled with capsules and pulls  
it apart and then picks up a razor blade and chops up a small  
section of the substance that has stopped fuming.

With the blade he scrapes some of the powder he's made into the capsule half and then reattaches the other half of the capsule.

He smiles, studies his creation, and then drops it into an unmarked pill container.

He picks up the razor blade and begins again.

INT. RALPH'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ralph has both of his twelve-strings out of their cases and leaning on pillows on his bed.

He studies them and then picks one up and PLAYS for a few seconds.

He puts it down and picks up the other one and PLAYS the same thing.

He puts it down and picks up the first one and walks to the door and steps out into...

THE HALLWAY

...and walks down to a door marked: EXIT, and steps into...

THE STAIRWAY

...and goes up one flight and sits down on the top step, CHECKS HIS TUNING, and then PLAYS and SINGS...

RALPH

Gather up  
 Everything that you've used as your  
 truth  
 Put it in a think-proof place  
 Leave it there 'til you're old  
 If you're lucky no one will push for  
 your head  
 Peel back your scalp  
 Chant for you dead  
 You'll keep tellin' your tall tales  
 The greatest ever sold  
 Serpents are talkin'  
 Some guy's water walkin'  
 Heavens are made in one day  
 Run that by some group of  
 seven-year-olds  
 Ask 'em what they have to say  
 We still live in this world  
 We still live in this world  
 If you mess it up here  
 We'll be cleanin' up here  
 We still live in this world...

INT. SAG'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Danny sits on the side of his bed shuffling a deck of cards.

Sag sits in a chair facing him.

Danny straightens the deck, then cuts it in about the center and holds out the bottom half to Sag.

Sag looks at it then looks at Danny who's smiling, then draws the top card and looks at it.

SAG

Man. I was watchin' you this time,  
and I don't have a clue how you did  
that.

DANNY

Magic.

SAG

I'm beginnin' to believe in magic.

Sag hands the card back and Danny shuffles like the pro he is while he talks...

DANNY

I appreciate your friend wanting to  
help me, but I made my peace with it  
months ago.

SAG

You have nothing to lose, Danny.

DANNY

If I let hope in, it'll be harder  
for me and especially for Flower.  
We've gotten comfortable with  
this...as comfortable as you can  
get, I guess.

SAG

Then don't tell Flower. Just humor  
Foster and do exactly what he says.

DANNY

No disrespect, but he's a kid. Has  
he even been to college?

SAG

He was at NYU until the Bang.

Sag leans back in his chair.

SAG (CONT'D)

You know how some people spend a fortune grasping at miracle cures or they go to Mexico or somewhere for bizarre treatments?

DANNY

Yeah, we considered some of that.

SAG

Well, Foster's free and you don't have to go anywhere. Don't tell your wife, don't get your hopes up. Just do what he tells you.

Danny fans out the deck.

DANNY

Pick a card..any card.

INT. SAG'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

The only light is what's leaking in through the blinds on Danny's side of the room.

Sag and Danny are asleep.

Melody, in her retro white underwear and 50's white nurse's hat, twists the rod to open the blinds. LIGHT floods in.

Danny squints and rolls away from the light and closes his eyes.

Sag's eyes open and he squints at Melody as she approaches.

She walks to the side of Sag's bed and reaches one hand under the covers and grabs Sag's crotch.

She stands there for ten seconds moving her hand slightly while she stares up at the ceiling, thinking, while Sag peeks under the covers.

She readjusts her hand and body position and stares at the wristwatch on her other arm for fifteen seconds while Sag stares up at the ceiling and occasionally around the room not really focusing on anything.

MELODY

Okay. Good news. After examining your head I can tell you you're getting excellent blood flow. I also checked your pulse and it's very robust.

She looks down at where her hand is still under the covers.

MELODY (CONT'D)  
 Your pressure's a little high, but  
 that's to be expected, pootie...

She leans into his face and with clinched teeth and a wicked smile on her face and a wild look in her eyes she moves her hand up and down under the covers.

MELODY (CONT'D)  
 ...when a pretty girl...a dirty little  
 pretty girl...has hold of  
 your...big...powerful...

Sag's eyes close...

SAG  
 Ahhhgh...

Sag's eyes open. He looks around disoriented. No Melody. Just Danny peeking around the curtain at him.

DANNY  
 Bad dream?

SAG  
 No, actually...

He feels around under the covers then makes a worried face.

SAG (CONT'D)  
 Uuh.

The nurse appears from behind Danny's curtain.

NURSE 5  
 How're you feelin' this mornin' Mr.  
 Gold?

Sag holds the covers tightly.

SAG  
 Fine.

NURSE 5  
 How's your vision?

SAG  
 It's fine.

NURSE 5  
 Are you in any pain?

SAG  
 No...no...not at all.

NURSE 5  
Do you have a headache?

SAG  
I don't know. Maybe a little, but  
it's not bad.

NURSE 5  
I'll have the day nurse get you  
somethin' for that.

SAG  
Can I get outta here?

NURSE 5  
The doctor'll be in in a few minutes.  
I'm goin' off my shift, now. You  
boys take care.

DANNY  
See you later.

SAG  
Thanks.

Foster walks in as the nurse leaves.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the pill container.

FOSTER  
Hey, guys.  
(to Danny)  
Are you ready?

Sag hops out of bed and slides into the bathroom.

DANNY  
I've decided to pass.

FOSTER  
This is going to save your life.

Toilet FLUSHES. Faucet RUNS.

DANNY  
Do you know how crazy that sounds?

SAG (O.S.)  
You have nothin' to lose, Danny.

DANNY  
(to Sag)  
This twenty-year-old kid is gonna  
cure my pancreatic cancer with his  
homemade concoction.

SAG (O.S.)

If he says he can do it, I believe him.

FOSTER

(hurt)

I'm twenty-one.

DANNY

Sorry, man.

FOSTER

I'm not going to cure you. I'm going to knock the cancer back to where it's invisible...with a couple of weeks of therapy...meaning, pill popping...and then every two or three months until I find a real cure, you'll take pills for two or three days.

DANNY

And who's tried this stuff before me?

FOSTER

No one.

DANNY

(laughs)

What about lab animals?

Foster looks him directly in the eye.

FOSTER

You're it.

DANNY

(laughs again)

You guys have brain damage.

Sag comes back in, sits on his bed, and holds his head.

SAG

He's perfectly fine.

DANNY

You want me to take something that's never been tested on a living creature?

FOSTER

I've done all the calculations correctly. It's theoretically sound.

DANNY  
 Seriously, guys...

SAG  
 When Foster says he has somethin'  
 figured out, I've never seen him be  
 wrong.

DANNY  
 I have nth stage pancreatic cancer.

Foster flings the container to Danny.

FOSTER  
 Take one every four hours today.  
 Take one every six hours tomorrow.  
 Take one every eight hours Wednesday.  
 You'll feel better by tomorrow  
 morning. You'll feel cured by  
 Wednesday but you won't be. Come  
 find me at the Quest on Thursday.  
 I'll have more pills cooked by then.

He walks out frowning.

SAG  
 If it doesn't work, I'll give Flower  
 a hundred thousand dollar bonus.

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - DAY

Angel, Raven, and Ralph sit at the beautifully set round  
 table enjoying brunch.

The elevator doors open and Foster steps out and walks over  
 to the table and sits. He smiles sheepishly and does a quick  
 wave and everyone acknowledges by nodding or lifting their  
 fork. They all eat including Foster while they talk...

ANGEL  
 How's Felicity?

FOSTER  
 She's fine. She's going to stay in  
 bed one more day just to be safe.

Everyone smiles with their mouths full except Ralph who talks  
 with his stuffed.

RALPH  
 That's great, man.

FOSTER  
 (to Angel)  
 Is Sag home yet?

ANGEL

They're keeping him another day.  
I'm going over there in a little  
while.

FOSTER

He seemed fine this morning.

ANGEL

You went over there?

FOSTER

Yeah, I'm going to fix Danny's cancer.

RAVEN

Who's Danny?

FOSTER

The card dealer. You work with his  
wife. He's in Sag's room. They  
both needed police protection so the  
hospital put them together.

RAVEN

The guy who got shot has cancer?

ANGEL

You knew that, Rache.

RAVEN

Maybe so.

RALPH

How're you gonna cure his cancer?

FOSTER

I've been working on it for the last  
year. It's not a cure. It'll  
eliminate all the tumors and remove  
all the symptoms.

ANGEL

You cured cancer working in your  
hotel kitchenette. That'll sound  
great in interviews.

FOSTER

It's not a cure.

ANGEL

So, then what's the regimen?

FOSTER

Two weeks of popping pills.

(MORE)

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Then two or three days of follow-up every couple of months.

ANGEL

And you know this works, how?

FOSTER

It's all theoretical until Wednesday.

ANGEL

What do you think the chances are it'll actually work?

RALPH

A hundred percent.

He grins and nods at Foster.

FOSTER

I think it'll work.

ANGEL

When are you going to start setting up your lab?

FOSTER

I'm getting my first delivery today. I was hoping Sag would be here so we could decide on a contractor to build it out.

ANGEL

I'd like to talk to you sometime about what you're doing with this cancer treatment.

FOSTER

Maybe I could come by the club sometime.

Ralph CRACKS UP with his mouth full, almost spitting food while he slaps his leg.

RALPH

That third trimester can be a bitch.

Foster looks embarrassed and stares at his plate.

ANGEL

I'd feel more comfortable discussing biology with my clothes on.

RALPH

Zing!

RAVEN  
Makes no difference to me.

Everyone looks at her.

RAVEN (CONT'D)  
What?

INT. BANG SALON - DAY

Albert the homeless guy sits at the manicure table in the make-up area. He looks like a very hip businessman with his fashionably long sweptback hair and salt and pepper goatee.

His fingers soak in soapy water while the manicurist prepares to do her magic.

Farhad, having walked his finished client up to the front desk, spots Albert and stares a moment.

He walks over to Brian who's applying color.

FARHAD  
(affected voice)  
Who is that?

BRIAN  
Albert...the homeless guy.

FARHAD  
(staring)  
You are kidding me.

BRIAN  
That's him.

Farhad continues to stare then walks over to the manicure table.

FARHAD  
Albert...is that you?

ALBERT  
Mr. Farusi! How you doin'?

FARHAD  
You look amazing.

ALBERT  
Little Shelley did all right, didn't she?

FARHAD  
Shelley and a thousand dollars worth of clothes.

ALBERT  
And don't forget the room service.

FARHAD  
And now your nails...the whole package.

ALBERT  
Now that my panhandlin' doesn't have to feed me I can splurge on such things.

FARHAD  
You're still begging?

ALBERT  
It's a living.

FARHAD  
Do you have a room or a suite?

ALBERT  
(smiling)  
The suite is sweet.

EXT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA PATIO - DAY

Angel with her coffee looks at her nook.

Foster approaches and stands by the table.

Angel looks up.

ANGEL  
Hey.

FOSTER  
Hey. Sag said you were down here.

ANGEL  
What's up?

FOSTER  
Danny took his first two pills.

ANGEL  
Yeah? Tell me about that.

She gestures for him to sit.

He grins stupidly and does.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

So, you're some kid living in a hotel who has a lab in his kitchen. And it's not just a weird hobby.

FOSTER

Yeah.

ANGEL

You live in a hotel and you don't have a job. You have family money?

FOSTER

I have my money.

ANGEL

You were at NYU until the Bang. You saved your money working at Burger King?

FOSTER

My Dad was on a plane that was approaching La Guardia when the Bang happened...

ANGEL

Oh, I'm sorry.

FOSTER

...I got some money from that...and I did a project while I was in school...for a rich guy who paid me really well.

ANGEL

What kind of project?

FOSTER

Just something.

Angel sips her coffee while looking at Foster.

ANGEL

Just something. And now you're going to cure cancer.

FOSTER

Not cure it. Make it invisible.

ANGEL

Where it can't be detected...but it's still there in a few cells and will always be regrouping.

FOSTER

Maybe, but it's the proclivity that'll always be there. The genetics and the environment that triggered the genetics will always be there.

ANGEL

Not necessarily, so, some people actually will be cured.

FOSTER

Until it happens again. Which it will.

ANGEL

Not in everyone.

FOSTER

I'm reluctant to agree with you...so I'm not going to.

ANGEL

The acute case will be cured, but the same body that created the cancer will create it again.

FOSTER

Yeah, and the immune system will always weaken as a person gets older.

ANGEL

So, even though the person is technically cured, you're saying that the disease is the proclivity to create the disease...not the disease itself.

Foster stares at her.

FOSTER

Hmm.

Angel picks up her pad.

ANGEL

I've got to...

She points upward.

FOSTER

Yeah, I've got to get back to Felicity.

Angel stands.

ANGEL

Maybe we can talk some more...

FOSTER

Yeah.

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - EVENING

The sky is orange.

Ralph lies in a chaise longue PLAYING his new 12-STRING.

The elevator doors open and Sophie steps out.

The sky darkens and turns to black.

The sky turns pink and then blue.

KNOCKING on a door.

INT. RALPH'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

KNOCKING on Ralph's door.

RALPH (O.S.)

I'm comin'! I'm comin'!

Ralph, disheveled more than usual, in a white hotel robe, looks through the peephole, frowns, and then pulls the door open.

Two detectives holding their badges stand there.

INT. SAG'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Sag's eyes open. He's on his back under the covers.

Melody in retro nurse undies is sitting on top of him.

MELODY

Do you know how long you've been out?

SAG

No.

He looks at her expecting an answer.

MELODY

Don't look at me. I don't know any more than you do.

SAG

I have a hotel to run.

MELODY

The hotel's fine. You have good managers.

SAG

I should be there.

MELODY

Your brain needs to rest.

SAG

I'm fine.

MELODY

You might need a couple of Foster's blood pills, Mr. Pootstein. Open up...

She grabs his face putting a hand above and below his mouth and pries it open and spits in two capsules.

SAG

Ahrg...

MELODY

Now, pootie, Wake...

Sag opens his eyes slowly, sees a doctor and a nurse leaning over him, and then closes his eyes again.

DOCTOR

Get him into imaging.

FADE OUT.