

Bang

Episode 6

"Undone" by

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BANG (S1, E6: UNDONE)

FADE IN:

INT. MATERNITY WARD WAITING AREA - NIGHT

Sag is asleep. His eyelids part and flutter a couple of times at the bright lighting, then his eyes open. Across from him, seated, he sees...

Raven on a naugahyde couch staring at the ceiling.

Angel next to her reading a maternity pamphlet.

Melody next to Angel in a diaper and tiny pink tube top and baby bonnet sitting in a love seat across from him holding her feet up bumping her soles together.

She makes a silly face and appears to be about to speak...

SAG

No baby talk, please.

Melody's brow knits and her mouth turns upside down and begins to quiver.

MELODY

Waaaaaaa!

SAG

Stop, Mel, please, my head...

Melody stops and leans her face toward Sag and pauses, looks at him, then defiantly...

MELODY

Gaga...googoo.

Sag shakes his head, leans back, and closes his eyes.

MELODY (CONT'D)

No, don't leave yet!

Sag opens his eyes and smiles.

MELODY (CONT'D)

Very clever, but it's not nice to trick a baby.

SAG

You're not a real baby.

Melody gets up and models her clothing as if she were on a runway.

MELODY  
I look like a baby.

SAG  
(sadly)  
You were always my baby.

She climbs into his lap.

MELODY  
Pootie.

Sag smiles and his lids flutter down.

ANGEL (O.S.)  
Sag.

Sag's eyes open. Angel is shaking him gently.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
It's a girl.

Foster stands in front of Sag beaming.

Sag stares at him a second, gets his bearings...

SAG  
Oh...congratulations.

They shake hands.

SAG (CONT'D)  
How's Felicity?

FOSTER  
Tired, but she's fine. No complications. It was actually a pretty easy birth.

RAVEN  
For you.

FOSTER  
Four pounds, four ounces. Almost nineteen inches.

SAG  
Wow. That's tiny.

FOSTER  
She's perfect but she has to stay here for a while 'til her lungs get stronger and her swallowing and temperature regulation develop a little more.

SAG

Huh.

FOSTER

I've got to get back...

SAG

Yeah, yeah, go. I'm glad everything's okay.

Angel gets up and hugs Foster and Raven smiles and Foster blushes.

FOSTER

(to everyone)

Thanks for being here.

RAVEN

Can we see the baby?

FOSTER

I don't think so...not yet. Go on back to the hotel. Get some sleep.

INT. FARHAD'S HOTEL SUITE (BEDROOM) - MORNING

Farhad asleep. Rita asleep in his arms.

Rita's eyes open. She sees Farhad and the corners of her mouth rise.

She reaches under the covers.

FARHAD

(asleep)

Uhhh.

Rita smiles and slips under the covers.

FARHAD (CONT'D)

Brian.

A moment passes.

Farhad's eyes open. His brow knits.

He lifts the covers and peeks down below.

FARHAD (CONT'D)

(affected)

What are you doing?

No response.

FARHAD (CONT'D)

Stop!

Rita's head pops back from beneath the covers. She's exasperated.

RITA

Seriously? You're gay again?

Farhad has a troubled expression.

RITA (CONT'D)

You're not gay.

FARHAD

I think I am, Rita.

She reaches for her phone on the bedside table and taps on it a couple of times. TINNY, LOW VOLUME MOANS AND SCREAMS.

She holds it up for Farhad to see.

He watches for a moment, leans closer to the screen, then makes a face like someone who just realized he ate worms.

RITA

You up for one more?

With widely opened eyes and a horrified expression, still watching the video, he shakes his head.

Rita stares at him.

RITA (CONT'D)

I have to get ready for work.

INT. SAG'S HOTEL SUITE - MORNING

Sag, in knee-length cut-off pajama pants and a T-shirt, stands at the kitchen counter and waits for his phone to come on.

PHONE MUSIC. Sag taps the screen, then taps it a couple of more times, then holds it to his ear. He listens, frowns, taps it again and waits...

SAG

Mom.

He listens...

SAG (CONT'D)

I'm comin' down.

He listens...

SAG (CONT'D)  
It's not a problem, Mom. I'll call  
you later.

He listens...

SAG (CONT'D)  
Okay, yeah, I'll call you when I  
know...all right. Bye.

He puts down the phone and walks into...

THE BEDROOM

Angel is sitting up in bed.

ANGEL  
What's going on?

SAG  
I have to go home...to Atlanta.

ANGEL  
What's wrong?

SAG  
Just somethin' with my Dad.

She waits...

SAG (CONT'D)  
I have to make some calls.

He turns and walks back into...

THE LIVING ROOM

...and plops down onto the couch.

Angel enters the room in a pajama top that matches Sag's  
pajama bottom but looks a lot newer.

She sits beside him.

ANGEL  
Can I help?

SAG  
No.

Angel frowns and walks to the drapes and opens them. She  
slides the glass door and steps out onto the patio.

Sag looks up from his phone and sees Angel strip off her top, hold out her arms and close her eyes, letting the sun drench her.

The SOUND OF A HELICOPTER fills the room.

Angel waves, LAUGHING, then runs back into the room and plops back onto the couch.

The HELICOPTER SOUND subsides.

SAG (CONT'D)

Is Ralph goin' somewhere?

ANGEL

I think that's his band. Rachel says they're supposed to be here today.

SAG

Maybe I should call Ralph.

ANGEL

Why?

SAG

I could take the helicopter.

ANGEL

Seems fitting for a mogul such as yourself.

SAG

It's faster than drivin'.

ANGEL

And slower than a plane.

Sag thinks a moment.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Are you going to tell me what's going on with your Dad, or do I just have to think all these horrible things I'm thinking?

Sag looks at her and pauses.

SAG

My Dad has Alzheimer's.

ANGEL

How old is he?

SAG  
Too young. Sixty-nine.

Angel puts her hand on Sag's hand.

SAG (CONT'D)  
He's been living at home, taking the  
drugs.

ANGEL  
So, what happened?

SAG  
He's been gettin' worse. My mom  
says he wakes up disoriented and  
gets a little crazy with her.

ANGEL  
Violent?

He pauses and doesn't want to continue...

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
Do you want me to go with you?

SAG  
No. Do you want to?

ANGEL  
How long would we be gone?

SAG  
A couple of days maybe.

ANGEL  
Rachel can handle the club.

SAG  
You think?

ANGEL  
She's been there longer than I have.  
She'll be fine.

SAG  
Yeah, but...

ANGEL  
Sag...she'll be fine.

INT. RALPH'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Ralph on the corner of the bed with a 12-string looking out  
the glass doors at the blue sky.

He PLAYS a bit, stops, PLAYS some more, stops. PLAYS some more...

RALPH  
(singing)

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Let go  
Stand there tall  
You might wobble and fall  
Find your  
Own straight line  
Take one step at a time

He stops and looks out the glass doors some more.

The bathroom door opens a couple of inches.

SOPHIE (O.S.)  
Ralph? I want to come out.

RALPH  
What are ya doin'?

SOPHIE (O.S.)  
It's been an hour, Ralph.

RALPH  
I'm not done, Sophie.

SOPHIE (O.S.)  
(whining)  
Raalph.

RALPH  
Stop actin' like a child.

'WHERE'S THE BOY' rings out of Ralph's phone.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

He puts the guitar down and picks up the phone and studies it.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Hey, Mikee, what's up?...Yeah, I  
heard the bird...Sure, man, I'll see  
y'all at noon...in the main  
ballroom...Yeah.

He puts down the phone and picks up the guitar and begins to PLAY.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
And use what you wanna use  
Lose what you wanna lose...

Sophie sticks her head out of the bathroom.

SOPHIE  
Raalph!

RALPH  
...Refuse who you wanna refuse  
It's okay  
And end what you wanna end  
Mend what you wanna mend  
Offend who you wanna offend  
Have your say  
'Cause life begins today  
Life begins today

'WHERE'S THE BOY' from the phone again...

Ralph slaps down the guitar and angrily picks up the phone and studies it.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Sag. What's up?...Yeah...What's  
wrong?...Sorry ta hear that,  
man...Sure...Yeah, yeah, it's not a  
problem...Lemme call 'em right  
now...Yeah, man.

He punches another number and waits...

Sophie, in nothing but a Ramblin' Ralph LeFebre Tour T-shirt cautiously leaves the bathroom and approaches Ralph.

With the phone in one hand he grabs her arm with the other hand and leads her toward the front door and manages to open it...

SOPHIE  
Raalph!

...and he shoves her out into the hall and then closes the door.

RALPH  
(into the phone)  
Hey, man, this is Ralph  
LeFebre...Yeah, thanks, man...

KNOCKING on the door.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Raalph!

RALPH

(into the phone)

...Hey, I was wonderin' if y'all could take a buddy of mine down to Atlanta today...Yeah, yeah, keep it on my tab...Norcross, I think...Yeah, yeah, get somethin' to eat. I'll send him down ta talk ta y'all...You're the best, man. Merci.

KNOCKING on the door. Ralph opens it.

Sophie stands there sad and pitiful.

SOPHIE

I'm sorry, Ralph.

RALPH

I'm sorry, too, ma petite cherie.

Sophie smiles.

Ralph calmly closes the door in her face.

RALPH (CONT'D)

(yelling)

I'm tryin' ta write a song!

INT. LUXURY HELICOPTER - DAY

Sag and Angel are seated in the plush cabin with its ten empty seats. A steady HUM accompanies the ride.

ANGEL

How about if I tell you something about me and then you tell me something about you? It won't be that painful...I promise.

Sag looks out the window.

SAG

I can't believe you don't wanna just look at this view. Man.

ANGEL

Yeah, it's pretty. What's your middle name? Alan, right?

SAG

No.

ANGEL  
Really? Andrew?

SAG  
No.

ANGEL  
Tell me.

Sag continues to look out the window.

SAG  
Arthur.

ANGEL  
Sidney Arthur Goldstein.

SAG  
You feel so much better now, right?

ANGEL  
Yeah, actually...yeah. So who's  
paying for this flight?

SAG  
(looking at her)  
Why do you wanna know that?

ANGEL  
It seems crazy to take this big empty  
thing hundreds of miles. It must be  
costing a fortune.

SAG  
I don't know...Ralph and I'll split  
it or somethin'.

ANGEL  
Why's he so nice to certain people  
and such a jerk to others?

SAG  
He's pretty much a jerk.

ANGEL  
But not to you...not to any of you.  
What's the "tie that binds"?

SAG  
Huh?

ANGEL  
You're all so different, but you're  
all so close.

SAG  
We've been friends awhile.

ANGEL  
Not that long really.

SAG  
What's your point, Abigaile Porizkaya,  
who doesn't even need a middle name?

ANGEL  
'Yulia', after my Russian grandma.

SAG  
Lovely, like you.

She smiles and takes his hand.

ANGEL  
So, how did you all meet?

Sag turns and points out the window.

SAG  
Look, Barbara Walters, cows.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - DAY

Sophie tries not to cry.

The elevator doors open and Raven steps in.

She smirks when she sees Sophie's shirt, then realizes  
Sophie's been crying.

RAVEN  
You all right?

SOPHIE  
Yeah, I'm fine.

RAVEN  
Is it boy problems or parent problems?

SOPHIE  
My boyfriend's a jerk.

RAVEN  
Yeah, mine too. Welcome to the  
club...Nice shirt.

Sophie looks down and remembers what she's wearing. She  
tugs at the bottom to make it longer.

SOPHIE

You wouldn't happen to have twenty bucks I could borrow for cab fare, would you?

She starts to CRY.

RAVEN

Sure, honey. I don't have any money on me, but I'll get you some. I work downstairs.

SOPHIE

Thank you.

The elevator stops and the doors open and a middle-aged couple gets on.

The woman scowls at her husband who's smiling at Sophie and Raven.

Raven smiles.

INT. BUMPS STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Raven enters with Sophie right behind. There are no dancers and no music. The female BARTENDER sets up while a WAITRESS sets out ads and specials on tables.

Sophie's eyes grow wide at the see-through outfit on the waitress and the underwear worn by the bartender.

SOPHIE

(to Raven)

You dance here?

RAVEN

Yep...but for the next couple of nights, I'm the manager.

They pass into...

THE DRESSING ROOM

...and Raven goes to her locker and opens it and removes a bank bag stuffed with cash.

SOPHIE

Wow. You got that dancing?

RAVEN

Yep. Just from this week.

She peels off a twenty and hands it to Sophie.

SOPHIE  
Thanks, I'll pay you back.

RAVEN  
Whenever.

SOPHIE  
How do you get a job here?

Raven smiles.

RAVEN  
You're a little young, aren't you?

SOPHIE  
How old do you have to be?

Raven smiles, again.

RAVEN  
How old does your ID say you are?

SOPHIE  
Eighteen...but it's up in the room.  
My boyfriend locked me out.

RAVEN  
We're two girls short this week.  
Can you dance?

SOPHIE  
I love to dance!

Raven puts the bag back and closes the locker.

RAVEN  
Follow me.

They walk back out into...

BUMPS MAIN ROOM

...and Raven goes behind the bar and turns on the MUSIC and the LIGHTS over the catwalks. She pours out a shot of cognac and walks it over to Sophie.

RAVEN (CONT'D)  
Liquid courage...now, get up there  
and show us what you got.

Sophie smiles, takes the drink, downs it, COUGHS, grins, hands the glass back to Raven, and steps up onto the closest catwalk and begins to dance like a pro.

BARTENDER

Oh, yeah!

WAITRESS

Take it off!

Sophie grabs the bottom of her T-shirt, whips it over her head, and twirls it around a few times, then flings it into the seats.

Everyone APPLAUDS.

Raven walks toward the bar and signals for the bartender to KILL THE MUSIC.

Sophie stops dancing, stands there and looks around.

RAVEN

You want a gig for a couple of days?

Sophie lights up like a Christmas tree.

SOPHIE

Really?

INT. BANG SALON (BACK ROOM) - DAY

Farhad, Rita, and Brian at the table eat their lunches. From time to time Rita smiles at Farhad, Farhad smiles at Brian, Brian frowns at both of them.

The back door opens and Shelley and Albert mosey into the room and head toward the door to the main room.

Farhad looks up.

FARHAD

(affected)

Wait, wait, wait, Shelley. What are you doing?

SHELLEY

I'm gonna show Albert how to shampoo.

FARHAD

Why?

SHELLEY

I'm gonna train him to be my assistant.

FARHAD

You're my assistant.

SHELLEY

Yeah?

FARHAD

Why do you need an assistant?

Rita and Brian look up from their food and tune in.

SHELLEY

There're things I don't necessarily want to do.

Rita LAUGHS.

Brian scowls at her.

FARHAD

Do you understand the concept of 'assistant'?

SHELLEY

Sure. It's the person who does all the grunt work, knows everything that's going on in the salon, and gets paid squat for working the longest hours.

FARHAD

Exactly.

Rita LAUGHS again. She looks at Brian who's trying to remain unhappy.

RITA

Oh, come on, Brian.

He smiles a little and goes back to eating.

SHELLEY

I'm gonna pay him out of my tips and let him keep *his* tips.

FARHAD

And you are going to eat air sandwiches?

SHELLEY

I have enough money.

RITA AND BRIAN

Really.

FARHAD

If the state inspector shows up, you are invisible, Albert.

ALBERT

Invisible.

FARHAD

A one week trial period.

Shelley rushes to where Farhad is seated and hugs him.

Farhad cringes.

Brian flashes jealousy and then stares at his food.

Shelley and Albert exit out into the salon.

BRIAN

(to Farhad)

Are you serious?

Rita chuckles and pats Farhad's hand.

Farhad and Brian wrinkle up their mouths.

RITA

Do you guys wanna get some dinner  
later?

INT. HOTEL MAIN BALLROOM - DAY

Onstage, Ralph and his band finish a SONG...

RALPH

(singing)

Hold on  
Bear down hard  
You will deliver yourself

Ralph turns around and addresses the guys...

RALPH (CONT'D)

Whadda y'all think?

Everyone smiles and nods except Mikee the guitar player.

Ralph looks at Mikee and raises his eyebrows, waits for an answer...

MIKEE

It doesn't have a bridge, boss.

RALPH

Yeah.

MIKEE

All your non-political tunes have  
bridges.

RALPH

Not all of 'em, but yeah, I get that.

MIKEE

It's good without it. I was just making a music nerd observation.

RALPH

Yeah, I don't know if it's finished or not, but we'll keep rehearsin' it this way while I ponder on it a few days.

Ralph whips off his twelve-string and puts it in its stand. He sits down on the edge of the drum riser.

RALPH (CONT'D)

I wanna talk ta you guys a second.

He gestures for them to gather closer. The drummer, LARRY, gets down from his stool and sits on the riser as the other three face Ralph.

RALPH (CONT'D)

When I hired y'all a couple of years ago, I chose each one of ya 'cause ya were multi-instrumentalists and we've used most of that variety in the songs...but we've never had the time ta work up somethin' really different using all that extra talent on one number.

MIKEE

Uh, oh.

Ralph grins and slaps his leg.

RALPH

Ya guessed it, son. I wanna work up a string quartet arrangement for 'I'm Over You' with Larry playin' vibes.

Everyone GROANS.

Ralph grins and nods like an idiot.

RALPH (CONT'D)

(to Larry, the drummer)

I've seen ya do it on YouTube, man. I hired a percussionist, but I've only heard the drummer.

FELTON, the bass player, shakes his head.

FELTON

I haven't played cello since I auditioned for you, boss.

RALPH

And you were great, man. We have some time here...for the first time in two years...ta work up somethin' special.

FELTON

It's not like ridin' a bike.

RALPH

It's one song.

Doug, the keyboard player, raises his hand.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Yeah?

DOUG

Who's gonna score it?

RALPH

I thought you and Mikee might take a shot at it together.

DOUG

He can barely read music.  
(to Mikee)  
No offense, man.

MIKEE

(smiling)  
Offense? That's rock 'n' roll street cred, bro.  
(to Ralph)  
Who's the fourth string?

RALPH

We'll get some pretty gal to take first violin. She can do the hard stuff.

Mikee and Doug nod.

EXT. DANVILLE, VIRGINIA REGIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Sag and Angel stretch their legs on a grassy patch outside the modest little terminal that faces the runways.

ANGEL

So, Angel, why bio-science?  
(MORE)

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Well, Sag, ever since I was a little girl I've been fascinated by the human body's ability to cure itself. Well, that's so interesting, Angel, tell me more.

SAG

What is it you wanna know?

ANGEL

Everything.

SAG

Ummmm.

ANGEL

So, it is actually painful.

SAG

I really like you. I think we have some powerful chemistry.

Angel smiles and nods.

SAG (CONT'D)

But you have to understand, I've just had a major life change. It's only been a few days.

ANGEL

Yeah, I know, I should shut up.

SAG

My mom is gonna be destroyed when she sees you even though I'm sure she had reservations about Sheila.

ANGEL

You're calling her Sheila again.

SAG

You're not worried about what my mom is gonna think?

ANGEL

I had nothing to do with it. I'm going to smile for two days.

SAG

My mom's losing her husband. She's lost her grandson and doesn't even know it yet and...she's lost her de facto daughter-in-law...although I'm not sure if that's a negative. Uhhh.

Angel puts her arms around him.

ANGEL

I won't ask you anymore questions.

The terminal door opens and the helicopter PILOT steps out.

PILOT

We're fueled up, y'all.

The pilot walks toward the helicopter where the other pilot is talking to one of the maintenance guys.

Sag and Angel follow arm-in-arm.

SAG

So, let me tell you how Sag Goldstein and Sheila Goldberg met.

ANGEL

(euphoric)

Yes!

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY

THREE YEARS BACK

Farhad and Sag sit munching on chips and salsa. Farhad studies a woman sitting alone at a table across the room. The woman's back is to him.

Dressed to the T's she wears a white, linen jacket and matching skirt while she eats her meal. A large hat sits on the chair next to her.

FARHAD

(normal voice, slight  
Middle Eastern accent)

Women are like Nachos to me, Sag.  
One after the other...I can't get  
enough.

Sag appears melancholy, disinterested, disengaged. He nods with his mouth full.

FARHAD (CONT'D)

That woman is really something  
special, Sag.

Sag nods again and chews some more.

FARHAD (CONT'D)

I am going to go talk to her, Sag.

Sag nods and reaches for another chip and dips it.

Farhad stands and with his hand brushes off the front of his shirt.

He strolls across the restaurant with the confidence and grace of Middle Elvis crossing a Vegas stage.

Sag watches as Farhad chats with the woman. She removes the large sunglasses she's been wearing and holds them while she talks.

Farhad hands her a business card and she appears to read it. He shakes her hand and returns, moving like Gene Kelly about to walk up a wall.

FARHAD (CONT'D)

Guess how old she is?

SAG

I don't know. Did you ask her how old she was?

FARHAD

Forty-two. She looks twenty-seven. Can you believe it?

Sag eats another chip.

SAG

I can't believe you asked her how old she was.

FARHAD

She told me, Sag.

SAG

You said, "Hi, I'm Farhad Farusi", and she said, "Hi, I'm forty-two".

FARHAD

Not exactly like that.

SAG

Uh, huh.

FARHAD

I said, "Hi, I'm Farhad Farusi" and she said, "Sonny, I'm married and I'm forty-two years old, so save your breath".

Sag cracks his first small smile and pops in another chip.

INT. LUXURY HELICOPTER - DAY

Angel stares at Sag her brow knitted.

ANGEL

That's it? You never saw her face.

SAG

That was the first time we were in the room together.

ANGEL

Uh, uh. You have to do better than that.

SAG

I can't really talk about the first time we actually met.

Angel lets out an exasperated LAUGH.

SAG (CONT'D)

I swore an oath.

ANGEL

To whom?

SAG

To whom.

ANGEL

That's what I said.

SAG

Impressive.

ANGEL

You're just trying to derail the conversation.

Sag leans toward the glass.

SAG

Look, more cows.

INT. BUMPS STRIP CLUB (DRESSING ROOM) - EVENING

Sophie sits in front of a mirror in a long line of chairs and mirrors and applies eyeliner while Raven hovers over her. They both wear green bras and panties. Sophie's hair is crimped and exotic. There's nothing 'teen' in her appearance.

RAVEN

So, have you thought of a name?

SOPHIE

Sadie Hawkins.

RAVEN

You don't need a last name, baby...but Sadie is good. We don't have a Sadie.

SOPHIE

I want to have a last name.

RAVEN

Sure, why not, right?

SOPHIE

You said I get to choose the men and I can touch them but they can't touch me. Just like Sadie Hawkins where the girls get to choose.

RAVEN

That's good, Sophie.

Sophie stares at Raven in the mirror.

SOPHIE

Sadie...Hawkins.

Raven straightens.

RAVEN

You ready, Sadie Hawkins?

Sophie picks up the drink in front of her and downs it like a thirsty cowboy.

A wild look invades her eyes.

SOPHIE

Let's do it.

INT. BUMPS STRIP CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

MUSIC BLASTING, LIGHTS FLASHING. The place is packed. Waitresses in their sheer attire work the room. Dancers in their green undies strip down to green garters. From the PA...

ANNOUNCER

Please welcome...Raven and Sadie.

Raven and Sophie dance out together. Raven gyrates and Sophie echoes her, on and on, getting wilder and wilder.

Raven puts her hands on Sophie's hips and slides Sophie's panties down halfway. Sophie does the same to Raven.

Raven undoes Sophie's bra and Sophie holds it on with her hand then flings it out into the crowd.

The crowd EXPLODES.

Sophie undoes Raven's bra and flings it out into the crowd.

The crowd EXPLODES again as Raven feigns shock as the crowd LAUGHS.

Sophie and Raven pull each other's panties down and then kick their panties into the crowd.

Another EXPLOSION.

They dance wildly, shaking their bottoms in patrons' faces while the patrons stuff bills in their garters.

The MUSIC fades...

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Let's hear it for Raven and Sadie!

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE and HOOTS and HOLLERS.

Raven and Sophie wiggle off the catwalk and into...

THE DRESSING ROOM

...where several women are primping and dressing.

SOPHIE

Oh, my God!

RAVEN

That was wild.

SOPHIE

Look at all this money!

RAVEN

Yeah, that was a good haul. You did great.

Sophie starts pulling money out of her garters and placing it on the makeup counter.

Raven grabs two robes from where they're hanging and hands one to Sophie. They both put them on and sit and finish tidying up their money.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

You ready to do a lap dance?

Sophie's face sparkles.

SOPHIE

Yeah.

She begins to freshen up her face.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Can I get a drink first?

RAVEN

Ask the gentleman, Sadie Hawkins...to buy you a drink.

INT. RENTAL CAR - EVENING

Sag drives while Angel looks out the window.

ANGEL

So, you were about to tell me who you swore an oath to.

SAG

No I wasn't. It was an oath...You know, the most fun thing about comin' home is gettin' to drive a rental car.

ANGEL

Oh, God, more evasion.

SAG

It was an oath.

ANGEL

Please, tell me, please. I want to know something about Mrs. Goldberg before I meet your mom.

Sag shakes his head.

SAG

It was an oath...He's dead now.

ANGEL

Who's dead? The guy you swore the oath to is dead?

SAG

The Bang.

ANGEL

So, telllll me.

Sag changes lanes and waits at a light.

SAG

Almost there.

ANGEL  
I don't see the problem.

SAG  
Let me think about it.

He turns the steering wheel to the left.

ANGEL  
Yes!

SAG  
Okay...no.

ANGEL  
Sag. I'll tell your mom I'm a  
stripper.

SAG  
No you won't.

He looks over at her.

She grins and nods playfully.

SAG (CONT'D)  
No.

ANGEL  
Yes. I'll just throw it out while  
she has a mouth full of food.

SAG  
No, you won't.

He glances at her again.

She's smiling, contentedly.

SAG (CONT'D)  
His name was Roscoe Pope. He was  
the facilitator at a Hindsight  
Training Seminar.

Angel leans over smiling and puts her hand on Sag's thigh.

ANGEL  
What's a Hindsight Training Seminar?

SAG  
They teach you to leap before you  
look.

Sag turns the wheel to the right.

ANGEL

Why would you want to do that?

SAG

I'm not supposed to tell you.

ANGEL

Hi, Mrs. Goldstein, I'm Abigaile, but my clients call me Angel...while I'm grinding my naked cooch against their engorged crotches during the lap dance portion of my repertoire.

SAG

You wouldn't say that.

ANGEL

You're right. Not like that...I'd use more detail.

She winks as he looks over.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

What's the big deal. Just tell me how you met.

Sag turns the wheel to the right then stops the car.

SAG

We're here.

ANGEL

Just wait.

SAG

I'll tell you tonight.

Angel smiles.

ANGEL

Are we going to sleep in the same bed?

\*

SAG

As soon as we get back to Atlantic City.

INT. MARGARITAVILLE RESTAURANT - EVENING

Rita and Brian on barstools sip their umbrellaed drinks.

RITA

There's this couple of minutes when he's in the middle of his third drink  
(MORE)

RITA (CONT'D)  
where he could probably go either  
way.

BRIAN  
Or both. Yick.

Rita makes a SLURP as she sucks up the last of her drink  
with her neon straw.

RITA  
Yum.

Brian has a wrinkled lip pucker.

RITA (CONT'D)  
We could probably keep him there if  
we controlled his liquor intake...you  
know, getting him to sip a little  
every few minutes once he's in that  
sweet spot.

BRIAN  
You're crazy...and you're a whore.

RITA  
I'm just trying to help you, Brian.  
If he keeps drinking, which he will,  
he's all mine.

She smiles.

Brian pouts and stirs his drink with his pretty umbrella.

Farhad approaches smiling...

FARHAD  
Our table's ready.

Brian picks up his drink and downs it.

Farhad retrieves his drink from the bar and waits for Rita  
and Brian to rise and follow the waitress to their table...

...then he brings up the rear watching both of them wiggle  
their way to their seats.

They sit, then Farhad sits.

RITA  
(to the waitress)  
Can I get another one of these?

She spins the umbrella.

FARHAD

And another ouzo for me.

The corners of Rita's mouth rise.

Brian puts his fingertips on his temples and massages his scalp.

INT. SAG'S PARENTS' HOUSE (NORCROSS, GA) - EVENING

Seated at the dining room table are Sag, Angel, MRS. GOLDSTEIN, 60, and MR. GOLDSTEIN, 69.

Mrs. Goldstein, shoulder length wavy auburn hair, looks shell-shocked and exhausted.

Mr. Goldstein has a pleasant smile and looks surprisingly good for his age and condition. Every time he looks up from his plate he smiles at Angel and she smiles back.

MR. GOLDSTEIN

(to Angel)

We have chocolate cake. You love chocolate cake.

ANGEL

I do love chocolate cake.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN

Morey, that's Abby. She's Sidney's friend.

MR. GOLDSTEIN

I know who she is.

Sag's mom tightens her lips then pokes at her food.

SAG

Dad, Abby manages one of the restaurants at the hotel I own.

MR. GOLDSTEIN

Why would you want to own a hotel? That's a lot of work.

SAG

It's a long story. Mom'll tell you sometime.

ANGEL

Sidney has good people working for him. The hotel's doing great.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN

You call him Sidney?

ANGEL  
(smiling)  
No, never.

SAG  
Mom, I didn't tell you...Ralph's  
gonna be playin' for us for a couple  
of months. He finally finished his  
tour.

MR. GOLDSTEIN  
Ralph's an asshole.

Angel almost CHOKES.

ANGEL  
You got that right.

Mrs. Goldstein LAUGHS and then BURSTS INTO TEARS.  
She gets up from the table and rushes into...

THE KITCHEN

Sag comes in and puts his arms around his mother.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN  
This is too much at one time.

SAG  
It's gonna be okay.

Sag's mom breaks the embrace.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN  
How's it going to be okay?

Sag stands there...

MRS. GOLDSTEIN (CONT'D)  
It's not going to be okay. I'm  
exhausted. I'm scared. He needs to  
be in a home.

SAG  
You can't put him in a home yet.  
He's not ready for that.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN  
I'm ready for that.

SAG  
Mom, you just need a break.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN  
(a bit hyper)  
I can't take a break, honey.

SAG  
They'll drug him into a stupor if  
you put him in a home. That's what  
they do with Alzheimer's patients.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN  
I have to keep an eye on him  
constantly. He wanders off. I had  
to have a plumber over here last  
week to disconnect the garbage  
disposal because he turned it on and  
I was scared he was going to lose  
his fingers.

She starts to weep...

MRS. GOLDSTEIN (CONT'D)  
He thinks Abby is Melody.

SAG  
Yeah, I know.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN  
I want my old life back. Everything  
started falling apart when Melody  
got hurt.

Sag puts his arms around her.

SAG  
Yeah.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN  
I'm not a grandmother.

She breaks out into full blown tears...

SAG  
I'm so sorry, Mama.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN  
I'll kill that cunt Sheila if I ever  
see her again.

She LAUGHS and CRIES simultaneously.

INT. BUMP DUMP HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

The front door opens and Raven and Sophie nearly fall into  
the clothes-strewn room exhausted and exhilarated.

Sophie gazes around at the mess.

RAVEN

I told you.

Sophie looks at the sleeper couch pulled out and unmade and at the two cots heaped with clothes.

SOPHIE

Where do you sleep?

RAVEN

We rotate. Abby and I have the bedroom this week and she's out of town.

SOPHIE

There's a bedroom?

RAVEN

Yeah, right there.

She points at the door.

Sophie opens the door and sees the huge bed.

SOPHIE

You sleep together?

RAVEN

It's a big bed. You can stay until Abby gets back.

Raven plops down on the pulled-out sleeper and removes her shoes and rubs her feet.

Sophie sits on the arm of the couch and opens her paper bag and leafs through her money.

SOPHIE

(sadly)

I have to go back home this weekend.

RAVEN

Where do you live?

SOPHIE

On Abercon Bay.

RAVEN

You live here?

SOPHIE

Yeah, a few miles from here.

RAVEN

I thought you were staying at the hotel.

SOPHIE

My boyfriend is. I was just hanging out...until he threw me out.

RAVEN

Do you have an apartment or do you live with your folks?

SOPHIE

I live with my parents.

RAVEN

Did you tell 'em you were staying here tonight?

SOPHIE

They're out of town. They think I'm staying with my cousin.

RAVEN

Hm. You hungry?

SOPHIE

I'm starving.

RAVEN

Me too.

Raven walks into...

THE BEDROOM

RAVEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Come freshen up with me. And grab some clothes out of the bedroom closet...they're all mine and Abby's.

Sophie enters and sees Raven standing at one of the bathroom sinks RUNNING THE WATER. She walks to the bathroom entrance.

SOPHIE

She won't mind if I wear something of hers?

RAVEN

She's been wearing all of Mrs. Goldberg's stuff. She won't care.

SOPHIE

Who's Mrs. Goldberg?

RAVEN

Some woman who flew off in a hot air  
balloon the other day.

She signals Sophie to come into...

THE BATHROOM

...and Sophie does.

SOPHIE

I saw a hot air balloon the other  
morning. It went right over my  
school.

RAVEN

You're in college?

SOPHIE

High school.

RAVEN

You're graduating in a couple of  
weeks?

SOPHIE

Um...well...maybe.

RAVEN

Yeah, I know what you mean. It's  
hard to concentrate the last half of  
your senior year. Don't worry, you'll  
make it. I did.

She LAUGHS.

SOPHIE

Yeah.

EXT. STONE MOUNTAIN - LATE AFTERNOON

The sun is low in the pink and orange sky as it sinks into  
the distant Atlanta skyline. At this moment Sag and Angel  
are the only people hiking up the rock.

They stop at a point just shy of the peak where long wheat-  
like grass grows in the cracks in the granite and trees rise  
from where they can't possibly take root.

ANGEL

This is beautiful.

SAG

I used to come up here all the time  
after Melody's accident.

Angel opens her mouth as if she's going to say something and then bites her lip.

SAG (CONT'D)

What a day, huh?

ANGEL

Your mom's a saint.

SAG

Yeah.

ANGEL

I was exhausted dealing with your dad this morning...before we even had breakfast.

SAG

Yeah, me too. Makes you feel selfish, huh?

ANGEL

Yeah.

SAG

My mom's gonna be okay.

ANGEL

Yeah, of course.

SAG

She really doesn't like the idea of someone living in the house with 'em.

ANGEL

It seems like the best choice for right now.

SAG

Yeah.

ANGEL

You're going to be okay, too.

Sag sits down and pulls on Angel's hand and she sits.

SAG

I went from fifteen employees to two thousand in one hand of cards.

ANGEL

And three weeks from now the Cagey Cajun, Ramblin' Ralph LeFebre, will fill your half empty hotel...

SAG

...And I'll make a pile of money.

ANGEL

I was going to say, "...and you'll stop worrying so much".

Sag takes his sweatshirt off and rolls it up and puts it behind his head as he lies back.

Angel puts her head on his chest.

SAG

This might be the last peaceful moment I get for a while.

Angel smiles and they both close their eyes.

A large bird circles overhead. A SQUAWK is heard.

Sag opens his eyes.

Melody, in feathered underwear and hiking boots and a Falcons cap, snuggles in Sag's arms.

MELODY

Thank you for bringing me here, pootie.

SAG

The pleasure is mine, my little fluff of nonsense.

MELODY

I could stay like this forever.

SAG

But you're gonna yell at me to wake up, aren't you?

MELODY

No...Your Mom's new helper person is with her. We can snooze here awhile.

SAG

Thank you, sweetie.

He closes his eyes and Melody puckers her lips and blows out a stream of sparkling dust that rises as the sky darkens, and the dust becomes a million stars.

FADE OUT.



