

Bang

Episode 7

"Sharper" by

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BANG (S1, E7: SHARPER)

FADE IN:

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - MORNING

Sag, in shorts and T-shirt, asleep on a chaise longue.

His eyes open. Melody, in pink and white polka dot bra and panties, and wearing a big straw Panama with a hat band that says 'Quest', is propped on her elbow and side on the chaise next to him.

MELODY

So, what's the plan, Stan?

SAG

I have no plan...do I?

MELODY

Don't look at me.

SAG

I like lookin' at you.

He smiles.

MELODY

The meeting, boss. What's your plan?

SAG

We're doin' great. I guess the plan is to keep doin' what we're doin'.

MELODY

Well, that's safe...and boring.

She flops back into the chaise longue, puts the hat over her face, and feigns CARTOON SNORING with the hat floating up and down as she breathes in and out.

SAG

Whadda you suggest?

She sits up and tosses the hat to Sag who puts it on.

MELODY

Be bold and mighty forces will come to your aide. Goethe said that.

SAG

Yeah, but whadda you say?

MELODY

I say...
 (leaning forward)
 Time's a-waistin'!

She smiles at him...

MELODY (CONT'D)

Fooled you, huh?

She wets her lips and leans in for a kiss and Sag smiles sleepily and closes his eyes.

MELODY (CONT'D)

Wake up!

Sag's eyes open. He's wearing the straw hat and he pulls the brim down a little to shade his face then sits up and takes a deep breath.

INT. BANG SALON - MORNING

A beehive of activity. All hands on deck.

Shelley, Albert, and the other assistants shampoo clients while the stylists cut, color, and primp their full roster.

Albert, dressed in a black T-shirt and black slacks, and sporting a spiked, salt and pepper coif, smiles while he scrubs like a pro.

Shelley looks over and smiles.

Albert winks and Shelley smiles wider and blushes.

Farhad watches and shakes his head then returns attention to his CLIENT, a thirty-something woman with wet hair.

CLIENT

You guys are busy this morning.

FARHAD

(affected)
 It's been like this ever since Ralph's show opened.

CLIENT

We're going tonight.

FARHAD

You'll love it.

CLIENT

You called him 'Ralph'. Do you know him?

FARHAD
He's one of my best friends. I knew
him back in New York before...the
thing.

CLIENT
Really? What was he like back then?

FARHAD
I have no idea.

The woman stares at Farhad in the mirror, a puzzled look
invading her face.

CLIENT
I don't understand.

FARHAD
I was in a car accident right
before...you know...

CLIENT
What?

FARHAD
The thing with New York.

CLIENT
The Big Bang.

FARHAD
Yes.

CLIENT
So you were in the hospital when it
happened.

Farhad stops cutting and stands there with a blank face.

FARHAD
I think so.

CLIENT
You lived in New York?

FARHAD
Yes, on Gramercy Park.

CLIENT
Wow, right on the edge. Is it still
standing?

FARHAD
I think so, but...no one is allowed
to go there.

CLIENT
Good thing you had your accident.

FARHAD
I guess.

CLIENT
And you're still friends with Ramblin'
Ralph LeFebre?

FARHAD
Yes, we've hung out almost every
night after his show.

CLIENT
Really. Is he gay?

Farhad LAUGHS.

FARHAD
Definitely not.

CLIENT
He's never linked with any women in
the tabloids.

FARHAD
Can you keep a secret?

CLIENT
Sure.

FARHAD
(whispers)
He has two girlfriends.

Shelley wraps a towel around her client at the shampoo bowl and walks her up to the empty chair next to where Farhad is cutting his client's hair.

FARHAD (CONT'D)
(to Shelley)
See if Jack is done with my shears.

Shelley walks toward the back of the salon and enters...

THE BACK ROOM

...where JACK, 40, neatly hairy, is sharpening shears using a Japanese honing machine.

Shelley stands next to Jack and watches for a moment, smiling.

Jack looks up from what he's doing.

JACK

Farhad's shears are done.

He smiles and Shelley blushes.

He points at two pairs of shears next to the machine.

Shelley picks them up, still smiling, and heads out into...

THE SALON

...and places them on Farhad's station.

She picks out a brush from a Tupperware bin and lifts the blow dryer from its holder.

Farhad smiles at the freshly sharpened shears.

FARHAD

Shelley, give him these before you get started.

He holds out the shears he's been using.

Shelley sees Albert has escorted his shampoo client to her stylist's seat. She catches his eye and he hurries over.

SHELLEY

(to Albert)

Hold these.

Shelley hands Albert the brush and the blow dryer and takes the shears Farhad has been using and walks toward the back room.

Albert smiles.

Farhad closes his eyes and shakes his head.

FARHAD

(to his client)

Shelley will be right back to finish you up.

He picks up a freshly sharpened pair of shears and moves over to the client Shelley has just shampooed.

FARHAD (CONT'D)

Get the Band-Aids ready.

The new client's eyebrows go up.

FARHAD (CONT'D)

(laughing)

For me, silly, not you.

INT. CASINO (HIGH ROLLERS ROOM) - MORNING

All the managers from the various departments dressed in their uniforms and suits mill around the poker table that's covered with a buffet feast of breakfast foods. Most of them are eating and TALKING.

Angel and Raven, dressed in flower print dresses, munch on melon balls.

Sag enters the room and it becomes QUIET.

SAG

Good mornin' everybody. I'm not gonna keep you here very long. I guess I'll start by tellin' you that since last week when Ralph Lefebre opened in the main ballroom, we've got rooms occupied between floors thirty-three and forty-three for the first time since this hotel was built.

APPLAUSE, HOOTS, AND WHISTLES except Raven who stands there with her arms crossed.

SAG (CONT'D)

So, first of all, the freeze on hiring is lifted.

APPLAUSE, HOOTS, AND WHISTLES.

SAG (CONT'D)

Be cautious and prudent, but get the help you need...and since this near capacity occupancy is only a week old and already it's made this month the highest grossing month on record, I'm giving y'all each another five percent raise.

APPLAUSE, HOOTS, AND WHISTLES.

SAG (CONT'D)

You're also all gettin' two complimentary tickets to Ralph's show that include the meal and a couple of drinks. They'll be in your mailboxes tomorrow.

APPLAUSE, HOOTS, AND WHISTLES.

SAG (CONT'D)

That's pretty much it. Great job, everyone.

(MORE)

SAG (CONT'D)

The meeting was scheduled for half an hour so take your time eating...take some of this stuff back with you if you want. Thanks for your time.

APPLAUSE and smiles all around.

As everyone goes back to eating and TALKING, Angel and Raven approach Sag.

As Angel is about to hug Sag, Sag holds out his hand to shake.

Angel's face hardens, then she holds out her hand and they shake.

Raven smiles and chuckles downing a melon ball.

SAG (CONT'D)

(to Raven)

Assistant managers didn't need to be here.

Raven looks at Angel...

ANGEL

(to Sag)

We'd like to talk to you about something.

SAG

Uh oh.

ANGEL

I want to work with Foster and Dr. Mac. I think Rachel should manage the club. She does everything but the scheduling now.

SAG

The lab has no money comin' in yet.

ANGEL

And it won't for a couple of years...maybe much longer. I think we should all get together and talk about that, but in the mean time, I think Rachel should be running Bumps.

SAG

I thought you wanted money for school.

ANGEL

I want school to get a good job designing medicine. The best job I could ever get is right here two floors down.

SAG

What about *walkin' around* money?

ANGEL

I'll work at the club. I just don't want to manage it. I want to spend as many hours in the lab as possible.

SAG

(to Raven)

You wanna manage the place?

RAVEN

(smiling with her
mouth full)

Yes, Mr. Gold.

ANGEL

She'll do a great job, Sag.

RAVEN

Yeah, Sag, don't worry. The club's doing great. The Raven and Sadie Show brings down the house every weekend.

SAG

That's what I hear.

RAVEN

We were packing 'em in before Ralph opened.

SAG

(to Angel)

So, if I say 'yes', you'll start dancin' again to make money?

ANGEL

I love to dance and I love chemistry. I want both.

SAG

As long as you don't have chemistry with somebody you're 'dancin'' with...I guess y'all can do your things.

Angel and Raven SQUEAL and hug each other and then Angel throws her arms around Sag who looks terribly uncomfortable with everyone looking.

He breaks the embrace and pushes back a half step.

ANGEL

Let's talk about the lab tonight. I have a break at eight.

SAG

I'll be at Farhad's. Foster'll be there.

ANGEL

Okay, then.

Raven holds out her hand for Sag. They shake...

RAVEN

Thanks, boss.

SAG

I'm doing the right thing, right?

RAVEN

I got it under control...I'll go get started.

She smiles and leaves.

SAG

When I look back five years from now, this is where I took my first misstep, right?

ANGEL

(smiles)

I don't go in until noon.

SAG

What a coincidence.

ANGEL

Oh, yeah?

SAG

Oh, yeah.

ANGEL

This is Mrs. Goldberg's dress.

SAG

Then you shouldn't be wearing it.

ANGEL

Exactly.

INT. RALPH'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Ralph on the corner of the bed PLAYING GUITAR, Sophie in a T-shirt, sitting up in bed, the covers pulled up to her waist, duct tape across her mouth.

Sophie has a cross expression as she stares at Ralph's back.

RALPH

(singing)

Don't fret honey and don't feel funny
 If I won't complete your pass
 Just turn my frown upside down
 And try to make it last
 But I'm oh so scared of fallin' for
 you
 'Cause you'd be so perfect for me
 And I do hear love is at the door
 And it's waitin' for me to say
 Come on in today

Sophie's expression softens.

She peels the tape from one side of her mouth...

SOPHIE

(meekly)

That's really nice, Ralph.

Ralph shakes his head, his lips pressed tightly together. He stands up, gently places the guitar down on the bed, then takes one of Sophie's hands and brings it to his mouth as if to kiss it, then bites it.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Aaah!

Ralph drags her out of bed, opens the front door, tosses her out into the hall, and slams the door.

RALPH

(quietly, to himself)

I asked one thing...

(loudly, directed
 beyond the door)

One thing!

INT. BANG SALON (BACK ROOM) - DAY

Jack sharpens shears while Shelley stares at the spinning horizontal wheel.

Jack looks up from his work and smiles at Shelley.

Albert, standing behind Shelley, frowns.

SHELLEY
(to Jack)
That's fascinating.

JACK
Everyone says that and then fifteen
seconds later they're off doing
something else.

SHELLEY
No, really, it is.

JACK
Yeah.

Foster enters the room and walks over to Jack.

FOSTER
Hi.

Jack looks up.

JACK
Hey.

Shelley yawns and wanders off and Albert follows.

FOSTER
I'm the guy who called you.

JACK
Yeah? What can I do for you?

FOSTER
Can you do surgical scissors?

JACK
Depends. Lemme see.

Foster hands Jack a leather case and Jack opens it and looks at two pairs of shears that don't look like haircutting shears.

Jack studies the blades.

JACK (CONT'D)
Yeah, I can do 'em. Thirty bucks
apiece.

FOSTER
So, sixty dollars?

JACK
Yeah. What are you gonna use 'em
for?

FOSTER
Brain surgery.

Jack looks at Foster.

JACK
What are you gonna cut with 'em?

FOSTER
Well, skin, maybe, and probably
bandages.

JACK
You don't seem so sure.

FOSTER
I've never done it before.

JACK
Surgery or brain surgery?

FOSTER
Well...neither.

JACK
Okay then.

He continues working and then starts LAUGHING.

JACK (CONT'D)
Keep 'em separate.

Foster nods.

INT. SAG'S HOTEL SUITE (BATHROOM) - DAY

Sag and Angel in the garden tub soak amid mounds of bubbles.

ANGEL
What time are your parents getting
here?

SAG
Sometime after five.

ANGEL
I can't believe your Mom is going to
allow it.

SAG
 She's stressed out of her mind dealin'
 with the situation.

ANGEL
 Even with the help?

SAG
 She hates havin' someone livin' in
 her house...and she knows he's only
 gonna get worse.

ANGEL
 I know, Sag, but this seems nuts.

SAG
 She says her life is over. She wants
 her old life back.

ANGEL
 He could die.

SAG
 I think she would prefer that over
 her current situation.

Angel shakes her head.

SAG (CONT'D)
 I've never seen Foster fail at
 anything.

ANGEL
 He's never done anything this
 gigantic.

SAG
 Well...that *might* be true.

INT. FOSTER'S LAB - DAY

Long countertops filled with bunsen burners, beakers, giant
 jars packed with capsules of different colors.

Huge aquariums filled with beautiful jellyfish.

A wall of cryogenic tanks and shelves filled with various
 plastic bins labeled with the names of various ANTIBODIES
 (ANTI-CD 47, RHESUS FACTOR, etc).

A dentist chair occupies the middle of the room. Tanks of
 compressed gas are at one side of the chair and a couple of
 metal roll-carts are on the other side.

A raised, two tiered bleachers viewing area is halfway constructed facing the dental chair.

Dr. Mac and his wife, BENNY, early 30s, are at one of the countertops dumping ingredients onto a stainless steel tray.

The elevator door on one side of the room DINGS and Foster steps out and walks over to Dr. Mac and Benny.

Benny smiles.

FOSTER

(to Benny)

Benny, you look better every day.

DR. MAC

(smiling)

Hey, watch it.

BENNY

(slight Italian accent)

Thank you, Foster. I feel amazing.

FOSTER

Ready for tomorrow?

BENNY

Absolutely. Everything is here and working.

FOSTER

(to Dr. Mac)

You?

DR. MAC

(smiling)

Ready to lose my license.

FOSTER

You're not going to lose your license.

DR. MAC

No, they won't bother...they'll just throw me in jail.

FOSTER

Nobody's going to jail...nobody's going to know.

BENNY

(to Dr. Mac)

This is our new life...embrace it.

She hugs him.

DR. MAC
 Oh, my God, Benedetta, you're so strong.

She smiles and her eyes fill with tears. She hugs Foster and he awkwardly returns the hug.

DR. MAC (CONT'D)
 (to Foster)
 I told you to watch it.

He frowns and then gives both of them a bear hug while his eyes fill with tears.

INT. SAG'S HOTEL OFFICE - DAY

Sag sits at his desk (Ahmad's old desk) sipping an iced tea while Naomi and MILTON FINKLE, 50's, small, glasses, suspenders, sit on the couch intermittently fiddling with their mini pads while talking...

MILTON
 (to Sag)
 I can't give you an exact figure.

SAG
 Just ball park it, Milton.

MILTON
 It varies from day to day, Mr. Gold.

NAOMI
 About a quarter of a million, Sag.

SAG
 We're bringin' in a quarter of a million bucks a day?

MILTON
 (chuckling nervously)
 No, no, of course not. That's ridiculous.

Sag stares at Milton waiting for an explanation...

Milton looks up from his pad.

MILTON (CONT'D)
 Since Mr. LeFebre began his tenure, we're averaging about two hundred and thirty-six thousand a day...profit...not counting the casino and the gentlemen's club. Less on the weekdays, more on the weekends.

SAG

Profit? I'm making over a million
and a half a week?

MILTON

Approximately one point six five
million...not counting the casino
and the club...which are real money-
makers...the casino much more than
the club...

SAG

Holy shit.

NAOMI

We need to talk about your tax
situation...

MILTON

And we need to talk about what happens
after Mr. LeFebre leaves.

SAG

We have Ralph contracted for two
months.

MILTON

And when he leaves?

Sag shrugs...

MILTON (CONT'D)

You need to lock him in for more.

NAOMI

No one else with that kind of draw
is going to be available on short
notice.

MILTON

Can you talk him into extending?

SAG

Maybe.

NAOMI

Is he happy?

SAG

He seems to be.

NAOMI

Keep him happy.

SAG

One point six five a week?

MILTON

Only if we're full. If we go back to where we were, we'll be back to sweating bullets again.

SAG

I thought Ahmad was okay.

MILTON

He had money in the bank. He could survive a bad week or two.

NAOMI

Before I forget...you need to tell me what you're doing down in the basement. I can protect you.

Milton resumes playing with his pad.

SAG

I don't need protecting.

NAOMI

You should tell me after Milton leaves.

Milton looks up from his pad and shoots Naomi a worried look.

MILTON

I need to know so I can protect your money.

SAG

One point six five a week.

MILTON

With the casino and the club, it's probably closer to two and a half.

SAG

Two and a half million a week.

NAOMI

I can protect you, Sag.

Sag smiles and shakes his head.

SAG

What are y'all doin' there?

Naomi and Milton look up from their screens, both with blank faces.

Sag is staring at the pads.

NAOMI
I'm checking my TD Ameritrade.

MILTON
Angry Birds.

INT. BUMPS STRIP CLUB - DAY

MUSIC BLARES but the place hasn't opened yet. Sophie, still in her T-shirt, and Raven, in street clothes, practice a nasty routine while the bartender sets up.

The MUSIC STOPS and the bartender APPLAUDS. Sophie curtsies as Raven hops down from the walk and sits at a table.

Sophie hops down and joins her.

RAVEN
So, what did you do this time that pissed him off?

SOPHIE
I didn't do anything. He's just crazy.

RAVEN
What set him off...Sadie Hawkins?

SOPHIE
Nothing.

Raven looks at her, waiting for more...

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Nothing. I gave him a compliment...and he threw me out.

RAVEN
Literally? He threw you out?

SOPHIE
Yeah. I pulled the tape off my mouth and said one sentence.

RAVEN
Why'd you have tape on your mouth?

Sophie stares down, embarrassed.

RAVEN (CONT'D)
Some kind of sex game?

SOPHIE

No!

Raven lifts her palms up...(Why?)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

He wanted me quiet while he worked.

RAVEN

My boyfriend's the same way, but he's never put tape on my mouth. Lucky for him.

SOPHIE

You're lucky. You have a nicer boyfriend.

RAVEN

I just leave when he works.

SOPHIE

(sighs)

Yeah...you wanna double date sometime?

RAVEN

I don't know. My guy's kind of reclusive.

SOPHIE

Yeah, so's mine. He probably wouldn't wanna do it.

RAVEN

Yeah...but I like talking like this, Sadie Hawkins. We've never really done this.

SOPHIE

You can call me Sophie if you want.

RAVEN

Okay, Sophie.

She looks up at the catwalk.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

You wanna go again?

Sophie stands and peels off her T-shirt.

SOPHIE

Undress rehearsal.

INT. MAIN BALLROOM - DAY

Ralph and the BAND are onstage rehearsing. They're playing the SAME SONG Ralph was working on earlier in his room.

RALPH

(singing)

Don't get mad and don't feel sad
If I won't respond like most
Just release me from my misery
But don't you get too close
"Cause you're so young
And you don't understand
That what I need is time
And I do see love is in the wings
And it's waitin' for me to say
Come on in today

Ralph stops playing.

RALPH (CONT'D)

No, no, no!

The MUSIC BREAKS DOWN...

The guys all look silently to Ralph.

RALPH (CONT'D)

These words aren't right. Let's
just do the chorus and I'll work on
this some more. Let's take it from
the "How long is it..." One, two,
three, four...

...and the band begins to PLAY...

RALPH (CONT'D)

(and harmony)

How wrong is it to let you
Fall in love with me this way and
How long is it gonna take
I gotta know 'cause
Time is runnin' out
Time is runnin' out

The song ends and the SOUND OF ONE PERSON CLAPPING is heard.

Raven has slipped into the room and is seated toward the back wall.

Ralph sees her...

RALPH (CONT'D)

(to the band)

Take five.

He picks up his drink and lopes toward Raven.

RAVEN
Another new one?

RALPH
I'm a writin' maniac.

He sits.

RAVEN
Where do you get your subject matter?

RALPH
(pausing and staring
at her)
I just make stuff up.

RAVEN
So that wasn't about anybody in
particular?

Ralph downs the rest of his drink and presses his lips
together.

RALPH
Do you like fucking me?

RAVEN
Yeah...

RALPH
Okay, then. What time do ya get
done tonight?

RAVEN
Anytime I want. I'm the new manager.

RALPH
Really. Congratulations. Come by
Farhad's about nine.

He gets up.

RAVEN
Okay.

Ralph turns and lopes back toward the stage.

INT. FARHAD'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Lava lamps blubbing, Farhad, Sag, and Foster pass the glass
pipe.

Ralph NOODLES on his six-string, taking an occasional hit.

Foster flops back into the soft velvet cushions...

FOSTER

Fuck.

SAG

Maybe you should stop.

Foster, who's closed his eyes, squints one open.

FOSTER

Yeah, maybe.

SAG

Who's gonna do the actual cutting?

Foster tries to sit up a bit...

FOSTER

Mostly, Mac, but I'm going to feed the needle in.

FARHAD

(normal voice)

Dr. Mac, the gynecologist, is going to drill into a man's head?

He starts GIGGLING and breaks into a LAUGH.

Ralph grins and NOODLES out a riff.

RALPH

Good luck, y'all.

He slaps his thigh

FOSTER

We're not drilling into his head. We're going through his ears and nose.

SAG

What if this thing works?

FOSTER

You'll get your dad back...and we'll find somebody else and do it again.

SAG

So...we need to talk about how we can make some money with all this stuff.

FOSTER

That would be nice.

SAG

So give me an idea.

FOSTER

I think we should find rich people and powerful people and offer them miracle cures for big money.

Farhad takes a hit and sinks back into the overstuffed couch. His eyes close.

SAG

You don't wanna create a miracle center that can help the whole world?

FOSTER

I've been thinking about this a lot, Sag. If we open a public center, we'll have to submit everything I come up with to years of trials, and...

He takes the pipe out of Farhad's hand and fires it up and breathes in..

SAG

And...

FOSTER

Huh.

SAG

And...

FOSTER

...and we'll have to deal with China and India stealing our formulas, and the whole political mess of fighting against billion dollar pharmaceutical companies trying to delay my cures while they play "catch up".

SAG

So, how would that work?

He takes a hit and sits back.

FOSTER

We'll research the rich and famous and find out who's terminally sick.

SAG

And we'll cure 'em quick for less than they would've paid for years of ineffective treatment.

FOSTER

And they'll pay cash and they'll sign agreements to not talk about the therapy.

RALPH

And a few years from now, when there're hundreds of rich and powerful survivors of terminal illnesses to advocate for y'all...

SAG

The drugs'll be rushed through the FDA process.

FOSTER

(eyes closed)

Exactly.

Foster smiles and falls asleep.

SAG

I was hopin' to change the world a little faster.

RALPH

You're makin' enough money to change the world faster...if ya want.

SAG

Yeah?

RALPH

Sag, have you ever thought about how a few people in high places...
(takes a hit)
...are fuckin' up the whole world for the rest of us?

SAG

Whadda you mean?

There's a KNOCK at the door...

Ralph looks at his phone...

RALPH

You expectin' anyone?

SAG

It's Angel.

He gets up and opens the door.

Angel, in one of Mrs. Goldberg's flowered dresses, stands there smiling.

ANGEL

Hey.

SAG

Hey.

Angel strolls in and sees Foster and Farhad asleep on the couches.

ANGEL

(to Ralph)

Hey.

Ralph nods and begins to NOODLE again.

Angel stares at Foster.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

He's been smoking?

SAG

We all have.

She shakes her head and sits down beside Foster.

ANGEL

Unbelievable.

SAG

He'll be fine.

ANGEL

It's your dad.

SAG

He'll be fine, too.

ANGEL

Oh well...your parents got here okay?

SAG

Ralph sent the chopper.

Angel looks at Ralph and manages a smile and Ralph returns it.

SAG (CONT'D)

My mom sedated my dad. It was pretty uneventful.

ANGEL

Huh.

SAG

They're in a suite on 44.

Sag plops down beside her. He picks up the pipe and the lighter from the coffee table in front of Ralph.

SAG (CONT'D)

You wanna hit?

INT. BUMPS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Sophie and Raven grind out a wild, nasty routine while the MUSIC BLASTS and drunk, infatuated men stuff bills into their orange garters.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Give it up for Raven and Sadie!

Raven and Sophie stand smiling and holding hands. Sophie looks at Raven and blushes. Sophie's a little bit drunk.

Raven looks at Sophie and then out at the CHEERING crowd and then turns and presses her body up against Sophie's while staring into her eyes.

Sophie kisses Raven and the crowd EXPLODES.

They brake the embrace and, still holding hands, they bow and hurry offstage into...

THE DRESSING ROOM

...and collapse side-by-side into chairs in front of the long mirror. There's a bottle of cognac on the long makeup table.

RAVEN

Are you drunk?

SOPHIE

Maybe a little.

RAVEN

The crowd loved...what you did there.

SOPHIE

Yeah. Me too.

RAVEN

That was just part of the show, right?

SOPHIE

I just felt like doing it...so I did.

RAVEN
I'm not gay. Not even a little bit.

SOPHIE
Me either...I don't think.

An awkward SILENCE...

RAVEN
It felt...sexual.

SOPHIE
Yeah.

RAVEN
You know, not like a friendship thing
or a stage thing.

SOPHIE
Yeah.

Sophie picks up the bottle of cognac in front of her and takes a long swig.

Raven watches, then picks up the bottle from where Sophie has set it down and takes an even longer swig.

She sets down the bottle and stares into Sophie's eyes.

They slowly lean toward each other, their faces getting closer inch-by-inch, both scared, both staring at the other's lips.

Right before their lips touch Raven pulls away and sits back staring at Sophie a long moment.

She reaches out with one hand and touches one of Sophie's boobs.

RAVEN
You are soooo pretty.

They lean in again but then Raven pushes away.

She grabs the raincoat draped on the back of her chair and runs toward the door, then turns and goes back for the bottle and rushes out the door.

INT. FARHAD'S HOTEL SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Farhad and Foster are still asleep. Sag, Ralph, and Angel, sunken in the furniture, pass the pipe.

Angel, for no apparent reason, begins to GIGGLE.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

Angel's eyes get big and scared and then she looks at Sag who's smiling stupidly, and she begins to GIGGLE again.

Ralph stands and stretches.

RALPH

It's Raven.

Sag and Angel look at each other and start nibbling on each other's lips.

Ralph lopes to the door and pulls it open.

Raven stands there in a trench coat holding an empty cognac bottle.

Ralph smiles. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his hotel cards and hands one to her.

RALPH (CONT'D)

I'll be there in a few minutes.
Wear that outfit you wear when you dance.

RAVEN

I got it on right now.

She pulls the coat open revealing her nude body adorned with four, bill-stuffed garters.

RALPH

That's the one.

He closes the door and lopes back to the overstuffed velvet chair where his guitar leans.

Sag and Angel are kissing and GIGGLING.

Ralph sits and waits for Sag to notice him staring.

Sag finally does.

SAG

What?

RALPH

What I was sayin' earlier about changin' the world?

SAG

Yeah?

Angel smiles stupidly, sleepily, and tucks her head into Sag's chest and closes her eyes.

RALPH

You're makin' enough money, Sag, to alter the landscape if ya really wanna.

SAG

Like what?

RALPH

Ya could have some people removed.

SAG

(smiling)

Who would I have...removed? Whatever that means.

RALPH

Negative forces in the world, Sag. Bad people who poison people's minds.

SAG

Politicians?

RALPH

Politicians, talkin' heads, right-wing radio nuts. Everybody who's part of the giant lie factory.

SAG

Define "remove"?

RALPH

Eliminate.

SAG

(chuckling)

You want me to kill people?

RALPH

Not yourself, man. You have some serious money.

Sag looks down at Angel who's sleeping peacefully.

SAG

Why not kidnap 'em and hold 'em here at the hotel?

Ralph nods his head, thinking...

RALPH

I like it. Foster could alter their brains.

SAG

Yeah, and we could send 'em back into the world...better people.

RALPH

Yeah, man, and instead of just removin' the negative, ya'd be creatin' a positive.

SAG

We've got shitloads of space down in the sub-basement. We could build special rooms to hold 'em.

RALPH

Yeah, ya could wire 'em up with audio and video. No tellin' what kinda shit ya could get on 'em.

SAG

Yeah, we might not have to alter their brains if we can get 'em talkin' off the record.

RALPH

Yeah, but it'd be fun ta do it anyway...if we have the technology we might as well use it.

SAG

Yeah, huh...Lemme sleep on this. It might not seem like such a good idea in the mornin'.

Ralph stands and picks up his guitar.

RALPH

Or it might sound even better. I'm gonna go down ta the club and pick up a bottle of somethin'. Ya want anything?

SAG

I'm wasted.

RALPH

Yeah, ya are.

INT. RALPH'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Raven soaks in bubbles.

A KNOCK at the door.

Raven steps out of the tub and wraps herself in a towel and hurries to the door.

She opens it.

Standing there is Sophie.

They stare at each other, not sure what's going on.

RAVEN
How did you know I was here?

SOPHIE
What are you doing here?

RAVEN
What? What am *I* doing here?

SOPHIE
This is my boyfriend's room.

RAVEN
Honey, this is *my* boyfriend's room.

INT. FARHAD'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Farhad and Foster are asleep on the couches.

Sag is also asleep. Angel's head is tucked into his neck and shoulder. Melody's head is tucked into his other shoulder. She's wearing orange and white polka dot panties and bra.

Sag's eyes open. He looks at Angel and smiles, then notices Melody.

Melody opens her eyes and sits up and stretches, then pauses and studies Sag's face. Her brow knits...

MELODY
You have a little lipstick...
(points)
...right there...

Sag wipes at the side of his face with his hand.

MELODY (CONT'D)
...and right there...

He does it again.

MELODY (CONT'D)
One more time.

He rubs at his face.

MELODY (CONT'D)

Um...better...

SAG

I like her.

MELODY

I can see that.

She points again.

MELODY (CONT'D)

Maybe one more time.

Sag rubs vigorously at his mouth.

SAG

I feel alive when I'm with her.

MELODY

That's how I feel when I'm with you.

A tear forms in one of her eyes and spills down one cheek.

SAG

The last time I was with you...I
killed you.

A tear forms in one of his eyes and spills down one cheek.

MELODY

No you didn't. You freed me.

SAG

Well, technically...and legally...I
killed you.

MELODY

Pootie, I was already gone.

SAG

No you weren't. You opened your
eyes and looked at me.

MELODY

That was just muscles and reflexes.
The body's last gasp...you know that.

SAG

I wish I did.

MELODY

Can we change the subject?

SAG
Whadda you wanna talk about?

MELODY
Kidnapping and re-education.

SAG
You heard about that?

She gives him a dumb look...

SAG (CONT'D)
Thumbs up or down?

She raises both thumbs above her head and gives him an elated cartoon face.

SAG (CONT'D)
Ralph suggested we kill people.

MELODY
You *do* have experience in that area.

SAG
You just said I didn't kill you.

MELODY
Well, technically...and legally...you did.

She moves closer and puts her hand on his face and wipes the last trace of lipstick from the corner of his mouth.

MELODY (CONT'D)
Tomorrow's an important day.

She puts the tip of her fingers under his waistband and leans in, puckering for a kiss...

MELODY (CONT'D)
You should...wake up.

He opens his eyes. Angel is kissing him. Her fingertips are under his waistband.

ANGEL
Let's get out of here.

INT. RALPH'S HOTEL ROOM (BATHROOM) - NIGHT

Candles flickering. Raven is in the tub. Her eyes are closed. She's smiling. The shower curtain is pulled revealing only her head.

The door opens. It's Ralph. He's holding a bottle of Remy Martin and two glasses.

Raven opens her eyes and stares at Ralph...and then starts making almost pained expressions and taking short, quick breaths.

Ralph smiles.

RALPH
Are ya playin' with yaself?

He pulls back the curtain.

Sophie is licking Raven's nipple while Sophie's hand is servicing her.

Sophie looks up at Ralph and grins while Raven begins to thrash and splash...

RAVEN
Aaahhh! Aaaahhh!

She lays her head back and SHUDDERS then SIGHS...then opens her eyes again.

RAVEN (CONT'D)
You're gonna need another glass.

Ralph pops the bottle open and takes a swig and hands Sophie and Raven each a glass and fills them both until they spill out into the tub.

Sophie GIGGLES and Raven, temporarily spent, smiles and takes a gulp.

RALPH
So, I see y'all have met.

RAVEN
Sophie is Sadie Hawkins.

RALPH
(to Sophie)
Yer a stripper?

SOPHIE
An erotic dancer.

She takes a sip.

RAVEN
She's my dance partner.

RALPH
I can see that.

Sophie kisses her way up to Raven's face and pauses.

Raven downs the rest of the glass and hands it to Ralph.

She takes Sophie's face in both her hands and kisses her for a long moment then lies back again.

RALPH (CONT'D)
Ya told me ya weren't into...this.

RAVEN
She's like a giant, pink, Hostess
Sno Ball. I can't help myself.

RALPH
I hear ya, mama.

Sophie smiles and pulls Ralph down to her and kisses him and then she kisses Raven and looks back at Ralph and smiles.

INT. FOSTER'S LAB - MORNING

Foster, Dr. Mac, and Benny, all in full operating duds, are standing around the dentist chair where Morey Goldstein rests comfortably with an I.V. drip in his arm and his head in a brace.

In the viewing bleachers, now enclosed in glass, are Sag, his mom on one side, and Angel on the other.

ANGEL
I can't believe they finished this
in time.

SAG
I gave 'em a little extra. They
worked all night.

Foster steps on a pedal and two large flat-screens light up in the viewing area and two smaller ones light up next to the dentist chair.

On the screens: A FOSTER DOUGLAS PRODUCTION

SAG (CONT'D)
Cool.

ANGEL
Oh, man.

She hangs her head.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

This is crazy.

Sag's mom looks over at her, a bit wild-eyed.

SAG

It's gonna be okay, Mom.

Sophie and Raven, wearing fuschia bras and white wrap-around skirts and four-inch high heels teeter into the viewing area holding hands.

Sophie has a colorful bag of movie popcorn in her other hand and Raven holds an open bottle of Courvoisier in hers.

RAVEN

Hey, everybody.

Everyone holds up a hand acknowledging.

Sophie plops down next to Sag's mom.

SOPHIE

(to Sag's mom)

I'm Sophie.

Sag's mom looks Sophie over.

SAG'S MOM

How old are you?

SOPHIE

How old are *you*?

SAG'S MOM

A lady doesn't answer that.

SOPHIE

Exactly.

She pulls at one of her bra cups and adjusts her boobs.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Would you like some popcorn?

Sag's mom looks horrified...then...

SAG'S MOM

Maybe a taste...I couldn't eat breakfast.

She reaches into the bag.

SAG'S MOM (CONT'D)

You're very pretty.

SOPHIE
You're very pretty, too.

Raven sits down beside Sophie and takes her hand.

The screens light up with Morey's face and the PURR of the "operating theater" is heard over the speakers in the viewing space.

FOSTER
Scalpel.

Benny hands Foster a scalpel.

DR. MAC
I thought I was making the incision.

FOSTER
You are. I just always wanted to say that.

ANGEL
Oh, God.

She hangs her head again.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
I can't watch.

Sag's mom begins to WEEP.

Sophie takes her hand and smiles.

ON THE SCREENS: A WIRE MOVES THROUGH MOREY'S EAR AND PASSES INTO HIS TEMPORAL LOBE.

FOSTER
You still with us, Mr. Goldstein?

MOREY
Hi, buddy. How are you?

ON THE SCREENS: A SECOND WIRE MOVES INTO MOREY'S OTHER TEMPORAL LOBE.

FOSTER
How you doing, Mr. Goldstein?
...Morey?...You still with us, Morey?

Sag, his mom, and Angel lean forward. No one breathes.

Ralph enters the viewing area.

SOPHIE
Ralph!

Benny looks up into the viewing area.

BENNY
(to Dr. Mac)
That's Ramblin' Ralph LeFebre.

MOREY
Ralph's an asshole.

Sag, his mom, and Angel all let out a SIGH of relief.

FOSTER
Okay, let's continue...

FADE OUT.