

Bang

Episode 8

"Stawkers" by

Rick Diamond

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

BANG (S1, E8: STAWKERS)

FADE IN:

INT. PARKED STEP VAN - NIGHT

Sag in the driver's seat, Ralph sits shotgun. Both are dressed in black, both are wearing baseball caps.

SAG  
He's not in there.

RALPH  
You gotta be patient.

SAG  
Tell my bladder.

RALPH  
He's a creature of habit, Sag. Every Tuesday after the show, that's where he eats.

SAG  
He may have changed his habit since last year.

RALPH  
He's in there. I'll bet ya a million bucks.

EXT. THE HOG N HOLLER RESTAURANT, NYC - CONTINUOUS

A group of people exit the restaurant and stand around talking for a few seconds and then wander off in different directions.

RALPH (O.S.)  
Nope.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE EXT. AND INT.:

SAG  
Let's get outta here.

RALPH  
Go back to sleep.

Sag leans his head against the headrest and closes his eyes.

From the back seat Melody's head pops up between Sag and Ralph.

Sag opens his eyes.

MELODY

This is so exciting!

She's holding a bag of movie popcorn and nervously stuffing her mouth while watching the entrance of the restaurant across the street.

SAG

This might be a terrible idea.

MELODY

I think it's the best idea you've had in a while.

SAG

You don't think it's crazy that two multimillionaires with really cushy futures are puttin' it all on the line here?

MELODY

I think it's sexy.

Sag looks at her and their eyes lock. With really serious expressions their faces move closer and closer together...

RALPH (O.S.)

Sag. Sag! Wake up, bud, it's show time.

A man is standing in front of the doors to the restaurant.

RALPH (CONT'D)

His producer.

Another man exits the restaurant and talks to the first man for a few seconds.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Whad I tell ya?

Ralph holds out his palm...

Sag stares at Ralph's hand.

SAG

You want some kind of hand slap?

RALPH

Pay up, dude.

The first man walks to the street side and holds his hand out for a cab.

The second man crosses the street right in front of where Sag and Ralph are parked in the step van.

They slump down a bit and try to be invisible.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
You owe me a million bucks.

Sag looks at Ralph.

The man enters the parking garage a hundred feet in front of the van and disappears into the darkness.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Let's go.

He grins.

Sag hops out of the van followed by Ralph and they enter the garage.

At the back of the street level parking in a reserved section, the man approaches a black Mercedes SUV and activates the remote door lock and ignition.

Sag and Ralph pause, then slip between two parked SUVs and wait.

The man backs his car out and passes by Sag and Ralph and then drives out of the parking garage.

Sag casually walks over to the space where the man's car had been parked and sees the number 127. He casually walks back to where Ralph waits and they stroll out nonchalantly and hop back in the van.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Piece 'o cake.

SAG  
Yeah, we watched perfectly. Let's hope actually doin' it goes this smooth.

INT. BUMPS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

The place is packed. The MUSIC BLASTS. The dancers on the catwalks are a little wilder than usual.

Sophie's dad, Tom, flanked by two other middle-aged guys, enters the club.

The hostess, dressed in a see-through long dress, holds up three fingers and the guys nod. She wiggles off toward the back of the room while the guys watch her.

TOM  
This is so wrong.

He's a bit drunk and so are his friends. Their eyes are huge as they take in the room.

His friend, MIKE, grabs him by the shoulders.

MIKE  
This is what men do!

His other friend, DAVE, chimes in...

DAVE  
...when their wives and kids are in Florida.

TOM  
The kid's staying with my sister-in-law a couple miles down the beach.

The hostess returns and they follow her to a table in the back quite a distance from the nearest catwalk.

MIKE  
There's nothin' closer?

HOSTESS  
Sorry. We've been slammed since Ramblin' Ralph LeFebre opened in the ballroom. Your waitress'll be with you in a minute. Enjoy.

She wiggles off while the three guys watch.

DAVE  
Damn. Where do they find these girls?

TOM  
I met Ralph Lefebre.

MIKE  
Yeah?

TOM  
Sophie found his guitar floating in the reeds next to my dock.

DAVE  
Oh, yeah, after his helicopter went down.

MIKE  
What's he like?

TOM  
He seemed nice enough...

DAVE  
But...?

TOM  
I don't know...he gave Sophie a fifty-  
three hundred dollar reward.

DAVE  
But...?

TOM  
I didn't feel comfortable with the  
way he looked at her...and the way  
she looked at him.

MIKE  
She was star struck, Tommy. No big  
deal.

DAVE  
And he's probably just some pussy  
hound who drools at all the pretty  
ones.

TOM  
What the hell, Dave? That's my little  
girl you're talking about.

MIKE  
He didn't mean that the way it came  
out.

DAVE  
Yeah, sorry, Tom.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
And now, our featured act of the  
evening...

The house lights dim and the stage lights begin to strobe...

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
Bumps proudly presents, in their  
first of two performances  
tonight...Raven and Sadie!

Dressed in an Indian deerskin outfit consisting of two flaps  
for front and back, a narrow piece of hide tied around her  
boobs, and a headband with two vertical feathers sticking  
out of her wild, crimped mane, Sophie dashes out onto the  
central catwalk.

She looks around, her war-paint streaked face frightened.

THE SOUND OF GUNSHOTS HEARD ABOVE THE MUSIC...

Raven struts onto the walk bowlegged in high-heeled cowboy boots wearing chaps, a sheriff's badge on one nipple, a band of bullets strapped diagonally across the other, and a ten gallon hat on her head. Her hands are held high, a six-gun in each one.

MIKE

This is gonna be good.

Tom stares at Sophie from his seat at the back of the room. He squints and leans forward.

DAVE

Yeeowsa. I'd like to poke her hontas.

INT. SAG'S PARENT'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Morey and Elaine Goldstein are on the couch watching T.V. Sag is in a chair next to them.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

Sag gets up and opens it. It's Foster and Dr. Mac.

SAG

Hey, y'all, come on in.

They enter.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN

Hey, boys, can I get you something to drink?

FOSTER

I'm fine, thanks, Mrs. Goldstein.

DR. MAC

I'm good.

They sit on the love seat.

Sag points the remote at the screen and TURNS DOWN THE SOUND.

DR. MAC (CONT'D)

Morey, how are you?

MR. GOLDSTEIN

(not taking his eyes  
off the screen)

Fine, thanks. Could you turn that back up?

FOSTER  
Do you know who we are, Morey?

MR. GOLDSTEIN  
Visitors.

FOSTER  
Yeah, that's right, visitors, but do you remember us?

Morey turns and looks at them.

MR. GOLDSTEIN  
Should I?

He goes back to watching. Sag rises and points the remote at the screen, again, and RAISES THE VOLUME A LITTLE.

SAG  
Let's talk in the kitchen.

He walks into the kitchen area followed by Foster, Dr. Mac, and Mrs. Goldstein.

FOSTER  
It's still too early.

DR. MAC  
Probably considerably too early.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN  
He's actually worse. He thinks I'm his sister.

FOSTER  
That would've happened fairly soon, anyway. The procedure disrupted some of his longer memory.

DR. MAC  
He's still completely functional. We just have to give it some time.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN  
How much time?

FOSTER  
This has never been attempted before, Mrs. Goldstein. I wish I could give you a time-line.

SAG  
It's remarkable you stuck those things in his brain and he's up and watchin' T.V. a few days later.

DR. MAC

It wasn't very invasive...and the brain doesn't feel pain.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN

So, what's a headache?

DR. MAC

That's usually a blood vessel thing.

FOSTER

We didn't mess with any blood vessels.

MR. GOLDSTEIN

I'll tell you what's a headache. Y'all talkin' while I'm tryin' to watch T.V.

SAG

His hearing seems better.

DR. MAC

Benedetta cleaned him out before the procedure.

Sag turns to his mother...

SAG

There's somethin'.

Mrs. Goldstein's face is still showing distress.

FOSTER

His ability to use sarcasm is a very good sign.

MR. GOLDSTEIN

You wanna hear more, just keep talkin'.

INT. MARGARITAVILLE - EVENING

On the dance floor Farhad and Rita and several other couples sway to the liquid croon of Ralph's "I'M OVER YOU".

Brian watches from his barstool.

He hops down and hurries to an unattended table across the room and sits.

He picks up a half-filled glass and downs the contents and removes a bottle from his hip pocket and unscrews the cap and pours some liquid into the glass he just drank from and then returns to his seat on the other side of the room.

The SONG ends and an UPBEAT SONG begins.

Farhad and Rita, smiling and holding hands, return to their seats. Farhad picks up the glass Brian just refilled and drinks.

Brian watches from across the room. He stands and walks over to the D.J. and says something to him and hands him some money.

He returns to his seat at the bar.

Farhad catches the eye of his waitress and orders another round for Rita and him.

The SONG ends and Ralph's long ballad, "I HAVE A FRIEND" begins.

Farhad says something to Rita and they stand and walk over to the dance floor and embrace and become one with the music.

The waitress clears the glasses from Farhad and Rita's table and plops down two fresh ones.

Brian hurries to the table and sits and downs Farhad's drink. He remains there a few seconds, unsteady, then reaches into his pocket and removes the bottle again and refills Farhad's glass.

On shaky legs he wobbles back to his barstool.

INT. BUMPS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Sophie's dad, Tom, and his friends, Dave and Mike sit slightly hammered and watch the lovelies grind to the MUSIC.

TOM

I can't get over how much that girl  
looked like my Margaret.

His friends look at him with their brows raised.

DAVE

I don't see it, Tommy.

TOM

When she was young, Dave.  
(sighs)  
When she liked gettin' naked.

DAVE

She *is* young, Tommy, and she obviously  
likes gettin' naked. She works *here*.

MIKE

He's talking about Margaret, you moron.

TOM

The Indian girl dancing with the sheriff, Dave. She looks just like my Margaret looked when we were dating.

DAVE

Why were you dating your wife?

MIKE

Get a lap dance from her, Tom.

Tom lets that suggestion hang for a few seconds...

TOM

I could do that.

MIKE

You will do that.

DAVE

I've never gotten a lap dance from my wife.

Tom and Mike look at Dave...

Tom turns back to Mike.

TOM

How do I do that?

MIKE

Tell the waitress. She'll set it up.

Tom bottoms his drink.

TOM

I'm gonna do it.

MIKE

It's what men do.

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - NIGHT

Sag, Ralph, and Foster lounge in chaises and pass the glass pipe while they talk. Ralph, in the middle, gets a hit coming from both directions. His six-string is tucked under one arm and lays across his chest.

FOSTER  
How are you picking these people?

SAG  
You get a vote, too.

FOSTER  
I don't wanna pick who goes down there.

SAG  
It's your space, Foster. You need to be involved.

FOSTER  
I'm not political. I don't care.

SAG  
Don't you wanna try to fix some of the mess you made?

FOSTER  
I didn't make the mess.

SAG  
You built the thing. You actually made it functional.

FOSTER  
I'm a perfectionist.

Ralph slaps his leg and COUGHS and LAUGHS.

RALPH  
That's rich.

FOSTER  
(to Sag)  
You and Mrs. G. stole the fuel. \*

SAG  
And Farhad. Sheila and I were just tryin' to control Farhad's chaos.

RALPH  
Why're ya callin' her Sheila?

SAG  
That's her fucking name.

RALPH  
Whoa. What's goin' on?

He begins to NOODLE on the guitar.

SAG

Do you know why I called her Mrs. Goldberg?

RALPH

Some kinda sex thing.

FOSTER

Like you were fucking your best friend's mom.

SAG

She doesn't look any older than me.

FOSTER

But she is older.

RALPH

A lot older.

SAG

It was because the sainted dead Leo was the only man who ever got to call her by her first name.

FOSTER

And the guy who got to impregnate her from the grave.

RALPH

What?

FOSTER

(giggling)  
You didn't know?

RALPH

I'm not up to speed on all y'all's personal shit.

Ralph takes a long hit and holds it awhile, then lets it leak out.

RALPH (CONT'D)

(to Sag)

So, the kid isn't yours?

The outside elevator doors DING and open and Felicity, holding the baby, steps out and walks over to the chaises.

FELICITY

(to Foster)

This is your meeting?

FOSTER  
(smiling)  
Sit down, my family.

Felicity sits on Foster's chaise longue and Foster gingerly touches the baby with his pinky.

Felicity smiles.

RALPH  
This is so bizarre.  
(to Felicity)  
You've come a long way from where  
you were when we met.

Felicity frowns and stares at Ralph.

FELICITY  
I was making a lot more back then  
than you were, superstar.

FOSTER  
(to Ralph)  
We've all come a long way.

RALPH  
I didn't mean any offense, y'all. I  
just meant the baby, the clean bill  
o' health, the luxury hotel suite...

SAG  
Ralph.

RALPH  
...the husband curing cancer in the  
basement...it's quite a change...from  
the circumstances of our first  
meetin'.

Felicity, still holding the baby, stands.

FELICITY  
(to Foster)  
How much longer are you going to be?

FOSTER  
We haven't really discussed anything  
yet.

FELICITY  
(to Ralph)  
You do understand why they call you  
Ramblin' Ralph, right?

RALPH

Not a clue, ma petite pute.

Sag and Foster look down and shake their heads. Felicity looks at Foster and waits for him to say something and when he doesn't, she storms off with the baby.

RALPH (CONT'D)

I like whores. All my girlfriends are whores.

He takes a hit on the pipe.

RALPH (CONT'D)

What's the big deal?

INT. BUMPS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Mike and Dave drink and watch the action while the MUSIC THROBS.

Sophie, dressed in blue underwear and garters, approaches their table and stands in front of them with her hands on her lovely hips.

SOPHIE

So, gentlemen, who wants to give me a ride?

MIKE

Our friend's in the john. He'll be right back.

DAVE

(slurring)

You are a peach. I'll do it.

MIKE

No, Dave. Not cool.

Sophie raises her brow.

Dave looks her up and down and then stands.

Sophie holds out her hand and takes Dave's and they walk off toward the private room.

Dave looks back at Mike and Mike shakes his head.

Tom returns to the table and sits.

TOM

Where's Dave?

Mike points at Sophie's lovely behind as it disappears into the lap dance room followed in tow by Dave.

TOM (CONT'D)

Was that my girl?

Mike takes a drink.

INT. MARGARITAVILLE - NIGHT

Farhad and Rita sit sipping their drinks. Rita is a bit tipsy. Farhad is a bit lispy.

FARHAD

You should slow down, Rita.

Rita looks at him through her glass as she dumps down the final swallow.

RITA

Why're you talking like that?

Brian strolls up to their table.

FARHAD

Brian! What are you doing here?

BRIAN

Just hanging out, having a little dinner.

FARHAD

Sit with us.

Rita looks alarmed.

Brian plops down quickly next to Rita.

Farhad glows.

Rita looks at Farhad. She's crestfallen. She turns and looks at Brian who gives her a triumphant, slished smirk.

Rita waves her arm at their waitress and the waitress scurries over with raised eyebrows.

RITA

(pointing at Farhad)

Get him another ouzo and a mojito for me.

FARHAD

No, no, I think I'm fine.

(MORE)

FARHAD (CONT'D)

Just bring me some water -- with  
lemon -- and maybe one of those little  
umbrellas. I love those things.

The waitress looks at Brian.

BRIAN

Jack on the rocks.

He smiles at Farhad and Farhad smiles back.

Rita watches.

RITA

Make mine a double.

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - NIGHT

Sag, Ralph, and Foster puff on the glass pipe.

Ralph NOODLES between hits.

SAG

I was on Facebook today...

Ralph GIGGLES like an idiot.

FOSTER

You were on Facebook?

SAG

That's what I said...didn't I?

Ralph GIGGLES and slaps his leg.

FOSTER

Why?

SAG

Why what?

FOSTER

Why were you on Facebook?

SAG

Who told you I was on Facebook?

Ralph is HYSTERICAL. When he recovers a bit...

RALPH

Quick, make a decision. Who goes  
into the dungeon with Finn Rafferty?

Sag and Foster stare at Ralph, their faces frozen.

FOSTER

Oh. I say the Chief Justice.

SAG

That's not gonna happen.

FOSTER

You stole uranium from a Senate hearing room in broad daylight.

SAG

We stole it out in the corridor. Sheila was amazing.

FOSTER

You stole it from the Capitol Building...of the United States of America. Why can't you steal a Chief Justice?

RALPH

(still giggling)

Why did ya say, "...of the United States of America"?

FOSTER

For dramatic emphasis.

RALPH

(giggling and mocking Foster)

"...of the United States of America".

Sag takes a long hit and slowly blows out the wisp of smoke.

SAG

Maybe we could do it.

Foster and Ralph look at Sag.

SAG (CONT'D)

It's the same offense no matter who we snatch.

RALPH

But not the same level of difficulty.

SAG

Let me think about this.

FOSTER

Why were you on Facebook?

SAG

Who said that?

FOSTER  
I did. Just now.

Sag squints and looks puzzled.

SAG  
What are you talkin' about?

FOSTER  
I don't know.

There's a pause and a STILLNESS, and then the faint PURR of air conditioners, and then Ralph explodes in LAUGHTER.

INT. BUMPS STRIP CLUB, DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Angel, in blue underwear and garters strolls in and walks to the back corner where room dividers create an office area.

Raven, dressed in a safari shirt and cargo shorts and knee boots sits at a small desk typing on a laptop. There's a safari hat beside the keyboard.

ANGEL  
(gesturing)  
Is this your new routine?

RAVEN  
Hey. You like it?

ANGEL  
What is it?

RAVEN  
You'll see in a few minutes. You won't believe Sophie.

Angel sits in the only other chair in the small space.

ANGEL  
You got a minute?

RAVEN  
What's up?

ANGEL  
I know I'm not the manager anymore, and I think you're doing a great job...a kick-ass job, but I think we need to talk about Sophie.

RAVEN  
What about her? She's doing great. She's a fucking star.

ANGEL

I know, Rache, but we've all seen her without her make-up. We've all talked with her.

RAVEN

I've seen her I.D. I photographed it. We're covered.

ANGEL

That's my point. I don't know if we're actually covered. The hotel has attorneys on staff. We should have them look into it.

RAVEN

And if they find out she's under age?

ANGEL

Then you can hire her back when she turns eighteen.

RAVEN

The Raven and Sadie Show is the reason this place is packed. She speaks pigeon French to her lap dance clients. They love it.

ANGEL

I know, but if we get caught with an under-age kid dancing nude and lude, we'll all be out of work and Sag will have a scandal just when the place is starting to take off.

Raven closes the laptop and leans back.

RAVEN

Can we talk to the attorneys without Sag knowing?

ANGEL

They're his employees. Rache, Sag has to know.

RAVEN

He'll think I was reckless hiring her. I put the business at risk.

ANGEL

He's probably up on the roof right now smoking hash oil...and he lost three million in a card game.

RAVEN

And drew for an inside straight with everything he owned...and the mother of his child...on the line.

ANGEL

Remind me to tell you about that sometime.

RAVEN

What?

Angel sits there saying nothing, a little upset with herself for blabbing.

Raven stares at her, waiting, then looks at the time on her phone.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

Oh, gotta go.

She stands and puts on the hat.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

You gotta see this, Abby.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Farhad, apparently the only sober one, pushes an elevator button. Rita keeps resting her drunken head against Farhad's shoulder and he keeps trying to straighten her up, while Brian leans against the wall and tries not to fall down.

Farhad's phone RINGS and he looks at it and answers...

FARHAD

(affected voice)

Sag.

(listening)

Okay.

\*

The elevator DINGS and the doors open.

Rita starts to step forward and Brian tries to take an unsteady step toward the door and almost falls.

FARHAD (CONT'D)

Wait.

Rita pauses.

Farhad pushes another button.

The doors close.

BRIAN  
No! Whadda you doing?

FARHAD  
We are going to go up to the roof  
and have a smoke with the boys.

RITA  
I like boys.

BRIAN  
Me too...but I thought we were going  
to your place, boss.

FARHAD  
Just a small detour.

The elevator DINGS and again the doors open and tipsy Rita steps out followed by Farhad and drunk Brian.

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Still in chaise longues, Ralph NOODLES on guitar, Sag, heavy lidded, stares at his phone, and Foster sleeps.

Farhad approaches ahead of Rita and Brian who's bringing up the rear.

Sag looks up from his phone.

SAG  
That was fast...wasn't it?

FARHAD  
We were in the elevator when you called.

Farhad sits down on a chaise longue and Rita and Brian flop down at the same time onto the same chaise longue. Rita GIGGLES and gets up and sits beside Farhad while Brian passes out.

Ralph hands Farhad the pipe and a lighter and Farhad ignites the black tar and then passes the pipe to Rita.

He ignites it for her and she holds the smoke a moment and then starts COUGHING.

RITA  
Holy fuck!

She stretches out on the long chair, smiles, and closes her eyes.

FARHAD  
 (non affected voice,  
 to Sag)  
 Why did you call?

SAG  
 You told me to.

FARHAD  
 I did?

SAG  
 Yeah.

FARHAD  
 Huh.

SAG  
 One hit and you're straight again.

FARHAD  
 Huh?

SAG  
 Your voice.

Farhad picks up the pipe, refills it, and then fires the bowl and breathes deeply holding the smoke in a few seconds, then lets it leak out slowly.

FARHAD  
 Let's see what happens when I have  
 two.

He lays back into the chair and faces Rita who's sound asleep. He smiles and sticks his hand in her pants and then closes his eyes and drifts off to sleep.

RALPH  
 Great party.

SAG  
 Interesting.

Sag watches as Ralph pours himself a shot of Remi XO and downs it in one gulp and then lights the pipe, takes a hit, and starts NOODLING again.

SAG (CONT'D)  
 You're amazing, Ralph.

RALPH  
 That's what the critics say...and  
 the ladies.

He stops NOODLING long enough to slap his leg.

Sag smiles and closes his eyes.

He opens them and Melody in blue panties with white polka dots is lying next to him. Their lips are inches apart.

MELODY

(in a low whisper)

Why don't you put your hand in *my* pants?

SAG

(in a low whisper)

You're not wearing any pants.

MELODY

(exasperated)

My panties.

SAG

You know that won't work.

MELODY

How do you know that for sure?

SAG

I've tried it a hundred times. You'll disappear and I'll wake up.

MELODY

(in a low whisper)

Close your eyes, pootie, and just do it.

Smiling, Sag flutters his fingers between his face and Melody's and closes his eyes as his hand moves south.

His smile vanishes and a look of surprise fills his face as he opens his eyes.

SAG

What the fuck?

Melody is gone and he has his hand down the front of his own pants. He extracts it and bolts upright.

Ralph, still NOODLING, watches, slightly amused.

RALPH

Is there a story that goes with that?

SAG

Let's snatch Kelly McCarty.

RALPH

Ya were dreamin' about Kelly McCarty?

SAG

No. It just came to me.

RALPH

While ya were touchin' yaself.

SAG

That has nothin' to do with it.

RALPH

Who's Kelly McCarty?

SAG

The POX anchorwoman. She has her own show now where she takes a piece of misinformation...

RALPH

Yeah, I've seen it. She interviewed me two years ago when my tour started sellin' out.

SAG

She takes some blogger's bullshit and builds a whole narrative around it and the next morning it's all over social media like it's the gospel.

RALPH

Ya wanna reprogram her?

He grins.

SAG

She works in the same studio as Finn Rafferty?

RALPH

Yeah...

SAG

One stakeout, two prizes.

RALPH

Why two talkin' heads from the same place?

SAG

I have an idea.

RALPH

It came to ya while ya were playin'  
with yaself?

INT. BUMPS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

ATMOSPHERIC MUSIC. On the center catwalk Raven in a now shredded safari shirt and no pants, her safari hat still on, is being circled and stalked by Sophie on all fours in full tiger body paint. Sophie's eyes are amber and black, her hair ratted out.

Tom, Mike, and Dave watch from their seats toward the back of the room. They're all drinking and a bit drunk.

TOM

Damn.

MIKE

Tommy, just go down there and grab  
her after they finish.

He downs the rest of his drink and signals the waitress for another.

DAVE

(to Tom)

She was amazing. I don't  
automatically stand at attention...at  
my age, you, know? But, buddy, she  
was human Viagra.

MIKE

(to Tom)

Go wait by the dressing room.

DAVE

She was ridin' me, and grindin'...

(simulates)

I grabbed that perfect ass and nearly  
saluted. Man, I'm gonna fuck the  
shit out of Sarah when I get home.

MIKE

You grabbed her ass?

DAVE

Yeah, it was like I had to. It was  
right there, you know?

MIKE

She didn't stop you?

DAVE

Not until I got my hand wet.  
(smells his fingertips)  
She just kept panting, you know,  
warm, Peppermint Schnapps right on  
my face and mumbling in French or  
some shit, so I, you know, went for  
it.

Tom and Mike look at Dave.

MIKE

Huh.

DAVE

She had these beautiful, clear, wild  
eyes. It was unbelievable.

MIKE

These girls are sexual athletes.  
They're as toned as men.

Tom and Dave look at Mike.

DAVE

I haven't felt anything like that  
since high school.

MIKE

Tight like a guy's ass, huh?

Tom and Dave both look at Mike again.

DAVE

No, tight like young.

Tom stands and takes a second to get his balance.

Mike and Dave look at him.

TOM

I'm gonna do it.

MIKE

Hell, yeah, you're gonna do it.

Tom takes a deep breath and straightens.

Mike slaps him on the ass.

Tom and Dave look at Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Go get her, tiger.

Tom wobbles off toward the other side of the room while Sophie finally pounces on Raven and starts chewing on her while fake blood flows from her tiger face and bloodies Raven's nearly naked body while the crowd HOOTS and HOLLERS.

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - NIGHT

Ralph is still NOODLING and Sag is slit-eyed while Foster sleeps, Brian sleeps, and Farhad and Rita sleep.

Farhad's hand is still in Rita's pants. Rita opens an eye and sees Farhad and smiles.

She looks down and sees her situation and reaches into Farhad's pants. He moans and then smiles in his sleep.

She kisses him and he smiles again and then opens an eye still smiling...and then a look of horror...

FARHAD  
(affected voice)  
What the fuck?

Rita's free hand hugs him tightly as he tries to extricate himself.

Brian and Foster stir and then straighten up in their chaises and watch through squinting eyes.

Farhad pulls his hand from Rita's pants and grabs her arm.

FARHAD (CONT'D)  
Let go, Rita!

RITA  
No...

She clamps down on Farhad as she stares at him.

FARHAD  
Help me! Somebody help me!

RITA  
(hoarse whisper)  
Take me to your room and fuck me.

BRIAN  
No! Take me!

Farhad looks over at Brian, finally breaks free of Rita and holds out his hand.

Brian stares at Farhad's hand that's been in Rita's pants. He makes his just-bit-into-something-horrible face.

Farhad stares at Brian staring at his hand; he doesn't get it.

Brian sniffs his own hand and then looks at Farhad's hand and then at Rita.

Farhad wipes his hand on his pants and reaches again for Brian's hand.

Brian makes the face again.

Farhad reaches with the other hand and Brian rises, all aglow.

Farhad drags him toward the elevator.

SAG, FOSTER, AND RITA

No!

Ralph continues NOODLING.

Farhad looks back defiantly.

RALPH

Farhad, you're not gay, man. Ya don't wanna do that.

Farhad turns again and punches the elevator button.

Brian looks back and smirks at Rita as the elevator doors open.

Farhad and Brian step inside.

INT. BUMPS STRIP CLUB, DRESSING ROOM - EVENING

Raven, in her "bloodied" safari shirt, and Sophie still in full tiger body paint with "blood" dripping down her chin and neck, burst into the room carrying handfuls of bills and with their double garters stuffed to the max with more.

They each dump their bills onto the table in front of mirrors and begin unloading their garters.

SOPHIE

Oh, my God! That was amazing!

RAVEN

This might be a record haul.

Sophie looks at Raven and touches her hand.

SOPHIE

(throaty)  
Graarr!

RAVEN

We could get rich doing this.

SOPHIE

This is the most money I've ever seen.

RAVEN

You're gonna make a fortune doing lap dances the rest of the night.

SOPHIE

You think?

Angel enters the room and hurries over to Raven and Sophie.

ANGEL

(smiling)

Hey, tiger, there's a guy waiting outside the door who wants a kitty on his lap.

RAVEN

(to Sophie)

See?

ANGEL

He's got a hundred dollar bill in his hand.

Sophie's amber and black contact lensed eyes light up.

She looks down at all the money then picks up a bottle of cognac that's on the long table and takes a long swallow.

SOPHIE

Could you put him in the room and tell him I'll be there in two minutes?

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - NIGHT

Ralph still NOODLING, Sag and Foster sitting up straight, Rita sobbing in between swigs of cognac from the bottle.

SAG

We have to do an intervention.

FOSTER

We better hurry.

RALPH

So what if he sucks a dick?

Sag and Foster look at Ralph their faces frozen in alarm.

Rita tilts the bottom of the bottle up then CHOKES on the liquid spitting it out.

SAG  
He's not gay!

RALPH  
What if he is? Do you really care?

SAG  
Ralph, he's not gay. He's just fucked  
in the head.

Ralph LAUGHS and slaps his leg.

RALPH  
Fucked in the head. I just got a  
visual...

RITA  
That's not funny.

SAG  
I'm goin' down there.

RALPH  
(laughing)  
So's Farhad.

Sag stands and looks at Foster.

SAG  
Are you comin'?

RALPH  
I hope Farhad asks Brian that before  
it's too late.

He starts shaking with LAUGHTER and slapping his leg.

FOSTER  
Let's go.

Rita pops to her feet and her eyes open wide and she plops  
back down.

RITA  
Fuck.

Foster rises and wobbles a second.

Rita tries again, this time slowly, and manages to stand.

Ralph puts down the guitar and rises to his full height.

Sag, Foster, and hammered Rita look at him.

RALPH  
You think I'm gonna miss this?

INT. FARHAD'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

The room is lit by the changing glow of the lava lamps. Farhad and Brian are sunken into the velvet love seat. A bottle of ouzo sits on the large coffee table.

Farhad holds a full glass while Brian, who's pouting, watches.

FARHAD  
(affected)  
I'm sorry, Brian, I have to.

BRIAN  
Just a sip.

FARHAD  
I don't know if that'll do it.

BRIAN  
Take a sip, then kiss me real quick.

Farhad looks down at his drink and then at Brian's lips, then makes a worried face.

He takes a sip and then looks again.

Brian closes his eyes and puckers.

Farhad takes a big gulp and looks again.

Brian, still puckering, opens one eye and sees Farhad's pained expression.

Farhad bottoms the drink and pours another.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
You're not gay!

Farhad downs the refilled glass.

FARHAD  
(unaffected voice)  
Fucking right I'm not gay.

The door flies open. Sag, holding a fluorescent key card, stumbles into the room followed by Foster and Rita, who falls on her face.

Ralph strolls in casually, grinning.

Rita gets up and stumbles to the couch. She flops face down. Farhad and Brian watch all this without changing expression.

SAG

You're not gay, Farhad.

FARHAD

We've both...

(gestures toward Brian)

...come to that conclusion.

Rita opens an eye and smiles stupidly and winks at Brian who shakes his head and manages a slight embarrassed smile in defeat.

Rita grabs a throw pillow and stuffs it under her hips and pulls her pants down revealing her bare butt. She gives Farhad the eye and grins.

BRIAN

Oh, my God.

FOSTER

Yike, time to leave.

Sag looks for a moment, then looks at Ralph who's staring blankly. Ralph looks at Sag and they both explode in LAUGHTER.

RALPH

Our work here is done.

RITA

(to Farhad)

Come here.

Farhad picks up the ouzo bottle, takes a swig, then turns to Rita and her bare bottom. He smiles and slowly unzips.

BRIAN

(staring)

Oh, dear God.

Sag waves his hand in front of Brian's eyes.

SAG

Come on.

Brian, Sag, and Foster move toward the door and leave. Ralph sits on the love seat and picks up the bottle of ouzo.

Rita sees this...

RITA  
Whatever, dude.

INT. BUMPS STRIP CLUB, LAP DANCE ROOM - NIGHT

ATMOSPHERIC MUSIC. Low lighting. Mirrored walls.

Tom sits alone in a comfortable chair and uncomfortably watches two lap dances in progress across the room. He holds a double shot of whiskey in one hand. He's too uncomfortable to continue watching so he hangs his head, puts the glass down on a small table at the side of his chair, and wipes his sweaty palms on his pants.

Sophie, in full tiger paint and contacts enters the room and sees Tom, the only lone figure in the room. She struts confidently over.

Tom raises his head and looks at her.

She freezes.

He studies her, looking her up and down and in the mirror. He takes hold of her hand and she tenses. He hands her a hundred dollar bill.

She frowns and shakes her head and tries to pull away.

TOM  
That's not enough?

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a clip of bills and thumbs out another hundred.

She shakes her head and tries to pull away again.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I think you're beautiful.

She relaxes a bit.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I know no woman wants to hear this,  
but when I saw you dance earlier  
tonight, you reminded me of my  
wife...when we were young.

She manages a slight smile.

TOM (CONT'D)  
So, you do understand English.

She smiles a coy smile and gestures with her thumb and index finger...

SOPHIE  
(throaty)  
Un peu.

Tom smiles.

TOM  
You are truly fascinating. How about  
three hundred? That's all I have.

He holds out the whole money clip.

She studies his face. She looks at the money then picks up his double shot and downs it in one mighty gulp and SLAMS down the empty glass.

SOPHIE  
Que'est ce que diable.

She throws a leg over his thighs and settles onto his lap taking the bills from his hand and tucking them into a garter and then snatching the money clip and freeing it of its content and depositing his last cash under another garter. She holds up the gold clip and pauses, staring at it and smiling a coy smile.

TOM  
My daughter gave that to me. You  
can have it.

Sophie's brow knits and she GROWLS low and slow and then clips it onto a garter.

Tom's face lights up with anticipation.

She grabs his arms and pulls them down by his sides and shakes an index finger in his face...

SOPHIE  
Non.

She locks her hands behind his head and begins to ride him, her back arching and her face toward the ceiling as the intensity of the MUSIC increases.

TOM  
Oh, fuck yeah.

Sophie glances down at his face as his excitement mounts. Her eyes widen.

She sticks her fingers in her ears and closes her eyes and removes herself from the moment...

SOPHIE  
(in a throaty whisper  
to the tune of "Frere  
Jacques")  
Lalalala lalalala lalala lalala...

FADE OUT.