

Bang

Episode 9

"Sunshine" by

Rick Diamond

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

BANG (S1, E9: SUNSHINE)

FADE IN:

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - MORNING

An array of solar panels covers the entire rooftop except for the grassy square with the table and chaise longues, and the raised helicopter pad. Around the perimeter wall are huge sea shell shaped wind turbines spaced every ten feet.

Sag, in shorts and a Hawaiian shirt, sleeps in one of the chaises. Melody, in pale yellow underwear, sits sideways on a chaise holding a large yellow paper parasol to shield her from the bright sunlight.

Melody stands and stares down at Sag peacefully sleeping, a slight smile on his face. The parasol casts a shadow over Sag.

He opens his eyes and sees Melody standing over him. He looks around and sees the panel array and the wind turbines.

MELODY

Morning, poots.

SAG

Why am I out here?

MELODY

You couldn't sleep. That naked woman never came home so you wandered up here.

SAG

I've been here all night?

MELODY

You took some of that herb sleeping stuff you used to take.

SAG

I'm not depressed.

Melody frowns and sits down on her chaise again removing the shadow covering Sag.

MELODY

You've gotten over me?

SAG

I've moved on, sweetie. Why would I take that stuff again?

MELODY

We spend more time together when you do.

She stands, smiles, and twirls her parasol, then gestures with her arm...

MELODY (CONT'D)

I've redecorated. Do you like it?

Sag looks around at the rooftop changes.

SAG

What about rain water collection?

MELODY

Oh, yeah.

She wiggles her nose "Bewitched" style and huge collection funnels appear between the wind turbines.

SAG

(smiling)

I love Melatonin.

MELODY

(frowning)

And as much as I love spending time with you...you don't need to get started with that stuff again.

SAG

I've got a lot on my mind.

MELODY

That stuff makes it too hard for you to....

She leans down right in his face...

MELODY (CONT'D)

Wake up!

Sag continues to stare at her, his smile widening.

Melody's mouth begins to tremble and her eyes fill with tears until a lone droplet falls onto Sag's now concerned face.

He touches the tear and another one falls into his eyelashes and he closes his eyes and wipes as more tears fall.

MELODY (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Wake up!

Sag's eyes open. It's overcast and drizzling. He sits up and looks around at the roof top and sees it's as it's always been: no panels, turbines, or rain collectors.

INT. BUMP DUMP HOTEL SUITE - MORNING

On the pulled-out sleeper couch Raven and Sophie are sound asleep. On one of the cots, Angel in a Bumps T-shirt stares at the ceiling, deep in thought.

On the coffee table a cell phone VIBRATES. Angel reaches for it and looks at the screen. She hops out of bed and hurries to the...

BATHROOM

...and flicks the screen.

ANGEL

Hey.

(listening)

At the Dump.

(listening)

We had a situation at the club last night.

(listening)

How 'bout we meet you on the roof for brunch.

(listening)

It is?

She walks out of the bathroom and crosses the living area to the drapes and peeks out. Bright sunlight cuts across the room and finds Raven's squinting and frowning face.

RAVEN

What the fuck?

Sophie reaches over half asleep and tries to pull Raven toward her.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

(aggravated)

Not now.

ANGEL

It's beautiful out.

(listening)

Open your drapes, Sag.

She pulls the Dump's drapes open and sunlight floods the room.

RAVEN

Aaaa!

Raven grabs the covers and pulls them over her head.

Sophie squints her still closed eyes and ducks her head under, too.

Angel walks to the couch sleeper.

ANGEL  
(still on the phone)  
We'll meet you up there. Okay.

She flicks off her phone.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
(to Raven)  
Get up.

RAVEN  
(from under the covers)  
What!?

ANGEL  
We're meeting Sag on the roof in an hour.

RAVEN  
Go away, Abby.

Angel grabs the covers and yanks them down. Sophie is tucked into Raven's chest hugging her.

RAVEN (CONT'D)  
Are you serious?

ANGEL  
Get up!  
(to Sophie)  
You too, you little shit.

Sophie's brow knits, her eyes still closed.

SOPHIE  
(whining)  
I need to sleep.

She hugs Raven tighter.

Angel reaches down and pulls Sophie off of Raven.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?

ANGEL  
Get dressed.

INT. BANG BACK ROOM - MORNING

Farhad and Rita attack a stack of pancakes and a bowl of mixed melon balls while Brian mopes and plays with his phone.

FARHAD  
(affected and with  
his mouth full)  
I can't believe how hungry I am.

Brian looks up from his phone.

RITA  
(with her mouth full)  
You expended a lot of energy last  
night, stud.

Brian makes a worried face.

FARHAD  
You know, I remember it. It's really  
weird...I don't usually...but this  
time I do.

RITA  
And?

FARHAD  
I don't feel grossed out. It's like  
someone else did it.

RITA  
No, darlin', it was you.

Brian grimaces and turns his attention back to his phone.

FARHAD  
And I had the weirdest dream...

The door to the back room swings open and Sag walks in...

FARHAD (CONT'D)  
I hired Foster to build a nuclear  
bomb and I drove my 380ZX into some  
building surrounded by flags from  
all over the world...

He stuffs another big fork load of pancakes into his mouth  
as Sag freezes in front of him...

FARHAD (CONT'D)  
...and I blew up New York...  
(MORE)

FARHAD (CONT'D)  
(takes a drink of  
juice)  
...but I must not have died, because  
you can't die in your dreams.

Sag, who's been holding his breath, exhales.

Everyone looks at Sag.

RITA  
He remembers last night.

BRIAN  
And he blew up New York.

FARHAD  
Not really...just in my dream. Are  
you all right?

SAG  
Yeah, I'm fine. I was gonna ask you  
to have some brunch with us up on  
the roof. Angel has some big  
important thing she needs to talk  
about so I ordered a bunch of food.

FARHAD  
I have to do a cut right now. Maybe  
in a while. I'm still a little  
hungry.

RITA  
He was an animal last night.

Brian winces and Farhad shrugs.

Rita smiles.

RITA (CONT'D)  
We're making progress.

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - MORNING

Angel and Raven are sitting at the table picking at the massive variety of breakfast food. Sophie is asleep in a chaise longue.

ANGEL  
I can't get the image out of my head.

RAVEN  
It was a perfect by-the-book lap  
dance.

ANGEL  
Except for that one complication.

RAVEN  
Yeah.

The outside elevator doors open and Sag approaches.

SAG  
Hey.

Angel and Raven sit silently and each hold up a hand in acknowledgement while they nibble at their food.

Sag sits and starts shoveling food onto a plate.

SAG (CONT'D)  
So, what's goin' on?

Angel looks at Raven and Raven stuffs a cantaloupe ball in her mouth and doesn't make eye contact with Sag.

ANGEL  
We have a problem.

Sag eats while they talk...

SAG  
Yeah?

ANGEL  
Sophie's sixteen.

SAG  
(pointing at Sophie)  
I assume that's Sophie?

ANGEL  
Sophie is Sadie.

SAG  
(shrugs)  
I don't know her, do I?  
(to Raven)  
She's the girl you dance with?

RAVEN  
Yeah.

SAG  
So don't do it anymore. What's the problem?

RAVEN

Our act is packing the place every night.

SAG

If she's sixteen she can't dance anymore. It's pretty simple.

ANGEL

We had an idea.

SAG

Oh, boy...

RAVEN

What if she petitions for liberation from her parents?

SAG

Emancipation.

RAVEN

Yeah, emancipation.

SAG

Will that allow her to dance naked?

ANGEL

We don't know. We want to talk to your attorney.

SAG

Her parents'll fight us and make a royal stink. It'll be a big public mess for us.

ANGEL

I don't think so.

RAVEN

We have a video of her...giving her dad a lap dance last night.

SAG

(starts to LAUGH then begins to CHOKE)

I...don't...understand.

ANGEL

Last night Rachel and Sophie did this safari theme. Sophie was in full tiger body paint.

RAVEN

Completely unrecognizable.

SAG

But she recognized him.

ANGEL

He offered her three hundred dollars.

SAG

Wow. And she gave her dad a lap dance. Yike. Her real dad or her step dad?

ANGEL

Her flesh and blood dad.

RAVEN

And his flesh was full of blood -- if you catch my drift.

ANGEL

Oh, God, you didn't tell me that.

Raven nods wide eyed.

Sag makes a face of displeasure.

SAG

A few weeks ago I was a simple salon owner.

RAVEN

He's obsessed with her.

SAG

(to Raven)

Wake her up.

Raven leans back and shakes Sophie.

SOPHIE

What?

Raven shakes her again.

RAVEN

Come sit at the table with the grownups.

Sophie GROANS and lies there a moment, then stands and closes her eyes again.

SOPHIE

I need to sleep.

RAVEN

Sit down.

Raven pulls out a chair for Sophie, takes her arm, and Sophie drops into it.

SAG

(to Sophie)

The only way I'm gonna let you dance is if you get an uncontested emancipation from your parents...and if the state of New Jersey will then let you have full adult rights.

SOPHIE

You're Angel's boyfriend?

Sag looks at Angel and Angel gives him a raised brow slight smile.

SAG

Yeah, I guess.

(looks at Angel)

We haven't actually discussed that.

SOPHIE

If we show my dad the video, he'll have to agree, right?

SAG

I would think...but you won't have a family anymore if you do that.

RAVEN

(to Sophie)

And what happens when your mom finds out? She'll kill both of you.

ANGEL

Or herself.

SOPHIE

My mom won't find out.

SAG

Seriously? Lemme get Naomi up here.

SOPHIE

Who's Naomi?

ANGEL

The hotel's lawyer.

Sag whips out his phone.

INT. FOSTER'S LAB - MORNING

Foster in a white lab coat with a Notebook in front of him is seated across a small table from Morey Goldstein. Mrs. Goldstein is seated alone in the viewing bleachers alternately crocheting and watching the proceedings.

FOSTER

Okay, Morey, you're doing really well.

MOREY

Am I going to get out of here in time for breakfast...they're going to stop serving.

FOSTER

They serve all day.

MOREY

Yeah? Smart.

FOSTER

I can't get over your verbal improvement.

MOREY

I can't get over your hair all spiked like that...and that lab coat. You ever watched "Bullwinkle"?

Foster insecurely touches at his hair and pulls at his lapels.

FOSTER

Okay, Morey, do you remember when we started this session and I told you to remember three words?

MOREY

I can't be remembering everything for you. Isn't that a computer?

(points)

Try typing something if you need to remember.

FOSTER

Humor me, Mr. Goldstein. Do you remember the three words?

Elaine Goldstein looks up from her yarn and watches and mouths the words as Morey says them...

MOREY

Orange, airplane, tobacco.

(MORE)

MOREY (CONT'D)

O,A,T, oat. It helps if you use a memory device.

Elaine Goldstein begins to CRY and CLAP.

FOSTER

That's fucking amazing.

MOREY

Hey, watch it, Sherman, there's a lady present.

FOSTER

You do know that my name isn't Sherman, right?

MOREY

I know what your fucking name is, Sherman.

INT. MAIN BALLROOM - DAY

Ralph and the band are onstage rehearsing. Ralph and his six-string are accompanied by Mikee on violin, Felton on cello, Doug on viola, Larry on vibes, and the lovely HEIDI, 30, on first violin.

RALPH

(singing)

If I say that I love you  
It's because  
It's as true as it's been  
From the start  
Nothin's changed I continue  
Through this loss  
Hopin' healin' begins when  
We're apart

Farhad comes into the empty room holding a take-out bag and a drink and sits at a middle table and proceeds to lay out his food.

RALPH (CONT'D)

I'm standin' up now  
I have to get on with my life  
I'll make a vow  
If it's true  
I'll just whisper one time  
No need to say it twice  
I'm over you mmm mmm mmm mmm  
I'm over yooooou  
I'm over you  
I'm over you

RALPH (CONT'D)

I'm over you I'm over yooooo ooo  
mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm

Farhad stands, his mouth full, a napkin hanging from his neck covering the front of his shirt.

FARHAD

(clapping)  
Bravo! Bravo!

Ralph, who's had his eyes closed during his performance looks up, smiles, and turns to his musicians and motions for them to stand.

They do and they bow.

RALPH

(to the band)  
Take five.  
(to Heidi)  
Come meet my buddy, Farhad.

Heidi sets down her violin and accompanies Ralph to the middle of the room...

RALPH (CONT'D)

(whispering)  
Farhad spent a year in the hospital.

HEIDI

Yeah?

Farhad looks at Heidi and smiles.

FARHAD

That was wonderful.

\*

Heidi smiles.

RALPH

Heidi, this is my best old New York ami, Farhad Farusi. Farhad believed in me before anybody else. Never missed a performance at the ol' Hole.

Heidi holds out her delicate hand and Farhad takes it and she blushes.

FARHAD

Sit. I have to eat...I have to get back to work in a few minutes.

Everyone sits and Farhad attacks his food.

Ralph looks at Farhad and hesitates..then...

RALPH  
You seem different, man.

FARHAD  
I keep thinking I'm remembering things, but I don't know if those things are real or not.

RALPH  
Like what?

FARHAD  
I had a break a couple of hours ago so I went back up to my room and I was sitting on my velvet couch having a smoke watching my lava lamps...

He takes a huge bite of food and chases it with a big gulp of his drink...

FARHAD (CONT'D)  
...and I had this flash of memory...or something, of all of us, you, me, Sag, Mrs. Goldberg...sitting there smoking the HO, and you telling me...

He takes another, long drink...

FARHAD (CONT'D)  
...I was the guy in the Nostradamus prophesy who blew up the "new city".

Ralph has been staring wide-eyed at Farhad while he talks. He looks at Heidi.

RALPH  
Wow! That's rich!

He slaps his leg.

FARHAD  
And here is what's really crazy.

He takes another bite and chews while Ralph and Heidi lean in a bit...

FARHAD (CONT'D)  
I dreamed last night I was the guy who blew up New York. Then this vision or whatever it was.  
(MORE)

FARHAD (CONT'D)

Am I getting better or worse? I don't know.

RALPH

Well, you're entertaining, and that's what it's all about. Entertainment.

FARHAD

Did you tell me to blow up New York?

Ralph sits there staring at Farhad a long moment then slaps his leg and LAUGHS.

RALPH

I don't remember *that*, but if I did, I was kiddin' of course.

FARHAD

I didn't do it did I?

RALPH

Blow up Manhattan with a nuclear bomb?

FARHAD

Of course not, right?

Heidi shakes her head.

Ralph makes a "That's absurd" face.

FARHAD (CONT'D)

I don't know what's going on with my brain.

Ralph stands and Heidi follows suit.

RALPH

We gotta get back ta work.

Heidi holds out her hand again and Farhad takes it and holds it through the conversation...

HEIDI

It was nice meeting you, Farhad Farusi.

FARHAD

You just met me and now you think I'm crazy.

HEIDI

(blushing)  
I like crazy.

FARHAD

I'm going to come see you play this weekend, Heidi. Heidiii?

Heidi and Ralph stare at Farhad, waiting...

HEIDI

Oh...Holtzman. Heidi Holtzman.

Heidi smiles, blushing again.

Ralph looks at Heidi and then at Farhad.

RALPH

I'm feelin' a love connection.

Farhad lets go of Heidi's hand.

FARHAD

You know I'm gay, Ralph.

Ralph and Heidi speak simultaneously with the word "you're" spoken at the same time...

RALPH

No, you're not.

HEIDI

You're...gay?

RALPH

That's what's different about you, man. You're talkin' different.

FARHAD

I am?

HEIDI

I know a lot of gay string players and you don't seem the least bit gay.

FARHAD

I smoked a little bit a couple of hours ago. Maybe that's what you're seeing.

RALPH

Maybe so.

Larry the drummer starts PLAYING A TUNE on the vibes...

RALPH (CONT'D)

(looking down)

Fuckin' drummers jumpin' time.

He turns and looks toward the stage.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
It hasn't been five minutes!

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - DAY

The food has been nibbled to death and the table is a mess. Sag, Angel, Raven, Sophie, and Naomi are in the middle of a discussion...

NAOMI  
Emancipation won't allow her...  
(turns to Sophie)  
...you to dance. In fact, it would  
have the opposite effect.

SAG  
Meaning what?

NAOMI  
If you have a copy of her I.D. on  
file and it looks legitimate, you're  
covered.

ANGEL  
It's still illegal.

NAOMI  
But no one will prosecute it. We  
had a girl here four years ago when  
we opened who was seventeen. She  
got caught and nothing happened.

SOPHIE  
She got to keep dancing?

NAOMI  
No, of course not. She stopped  
working. But it didn't even make  
the paper.

SOPHIE  
I can't keep dancing without my dad  
finding out.

NAOMI  
How will he find out? You seem to  
have gotten away with it for weeks,  
now.

Everyone except Naomi averts their eyes.

NAOMI (CONT'D)  
What are you not telling me?

Everyone looks at Sag.

SAG

Why me?

ANGEL

Sophie's dad was in the club last night. She gave him a lap dance.

RAVEN

He's obsessed with her.

NAOMI

What?

SOPHIE

I was painted like a tiger. I had yellow and black contact lenses...he didn't know it was me.

NAOMI

Oh, my God. Why would you do that? Okay, okay, don't answer that.

She shakes her head smiling with a perplexed, horrified undertone and finds a clean fork and spears a couple of melon balls.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Why don't all of you...except Sophie...leave, and Sophie and I will have a little talk and figure this out.

SAG

I'll be in the office.

Sag, Angel, and Raven stand.

RAVEN

(to Sophie)

I'll be down in the club.

She pats Sophie's hand and Sophie jumps up and hugs Raven.

SOPHIE

I'm sorry.

They break the embrace and then Sophie kisses Raven on the mouth.

Everyone stares at them a long moment.

SAG

Okay, then, let's get outta here.

ANGEL  
(to Raven)  
What the fuck, Rache?

Sag grabs Angel's arm.

SAG  
And away we go.

INT. FOSTER'S LAB - DAY

Foster and Dr. Mac are sitting in chairs at a small table in a room that looks like a generic hotel room but with no windows and a metal door with a thick, glass window and a pass-through for a food tray. The door is open.

FOSTER  
We've never talked politics, Dr.  
Mac.

DR. MAC  
That's why we're still friends.

He smiles.

FOSTER  
(seriously)  
How do you feel about life on this  
planet?

DR. MAC  
I like it. It beats the alternative.

FOSTER  
Seriously, Doc, what's your world  
view?

DR. MAC  
I'm not sure what you mean.

FOSTER  
What's important to you?

DR. MAC  
(smiling)  
After the last three years with Benny,  
I think peace, prosperity, and good  
health are pretty much all that  
matters.

Foster chews on his lip and nods.

FOSTER  
So, are you a Democrat or a  
Republican?

DR. MAC  
Does it matter...to you?

FOSTER  
Not really, for what we're doing.  
Do you know why we built these rooms  
like this?

He gestures toward the door.

DR. MAC  
I assume you're about to tell me.

FOSTER  
Well, let me ask you this...If you  
had more money than God, what would  
you do with it...to change the world?

DR. MAC  
You know, Foster, after seeing Benny  
literally rise from her deathbed and  
become the woman she was when I  
married her, well,  
(choking up)  
I don't need more than that.

FOSTER  
Let me reframe the question. If you  
knew there were a handful of people  
on this planet who were making things  
difficult for the rest of us, would  
you do everything possible to stop  
them?

DR. MAC  
Like a Hitler situation?

FOSTER  
More like media people or the people  
who finance them and finance  
politicians.

DR. MAC  
What would I do about them? What  
can you do about that kind of thing  
other than finance the other side?

Foster takes a deep breath...

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - DAY

Naomi and Sophie are alone sitting at the table still filled  
with the mega-brunch. Naomi has a pen in her hand and a  
legal pad in front of her.

NAOMI  
I've seen the photo of your I.D. Is  
it real?

SOPHIE  
Is the photo real?

Naomi exhales...

NAOMI  
I'm your lawyer. Anything you say  
to me stays with me.

SOPHIE  
Anything?

NAOMI  
I'm trying to help you, Sophie. Sag  
says you're sixteen. Is that true?

SOPHIE  
So, anything I tell you, you won't  
tell anybody?

NAOMI  
That's what I said.

SOPHIE  
I'm not eighteen.

NAOMI  
How old are you?

SOPHIE  
My birthday's next week.

NAOMI  
Really? You're going to be seventeen?

Sophie stares...

NAOMI (CONT'D)  
Please tell me Sag's wrong and you're  
going to be eighteen. If you're  
going to be eighteen we don't have a  
problem.

Sophie bites her lip and looks up...

SOPHIE  
I'm going to be eighteen.

NAOMI  
Next week?

Sophie stares at Naomi, looking her up and down...

SOPHIE  
Are you married?

NAOMI  
No. Sophie, do you have your real  
driver's license with you?

SOPHIE  
I don't have a real driver's license.

NAOMI  
A learner's permit?

SOPHIE  
No.

NAOMI  
Can you get me a copy of your birth  
certificate?

SOPHIE  
How do I do that?

Naomi takes a breath and exhales... She jots a few words on  
her pad.

NAOMI  
Do you have a Social Security number?

SOPHIE  
What's that?

Naomi is getting really frustrated. She jots a few more  
words.

NAOMI  
When were you born?

SOPHIE  
You don't have a wedding ring.

NAOMI  
I told you I'm not married. Tell me  
how old you are.

Sophie reaches across the table and puts her hand on Naomi's  
hand.

SOPHIE  
You have nice fingers.

INT. GOLDSTEINS' HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Morey and Elaine Goldstein are seated on the couch. Morey watches a MOVIE while Elaine crochets and occasionally looks up at the screen.

MOREY

Kevin Spacey is Keyser Soze.

ELAINE

(looking at the screen)

Morey, I was enjoying it.

MOREY

Fish in a barrel. Who writes this  
crap?

He points the remote at the screen and finds another MOVIE.

Elaine shakes her head and returns to her yarn. A few seconds later she picks up the remote and looks at it a moment, then points it at the screen and the SOUND LOWERS.

She looks at Morey and begins to SOB.

MOREY (CONT'D)

What's the matter now?

Elaine shakes her head trying to control her emotions.

MOREY (CONT'D)

I thought we were done with menopause.

ELAINE

Do you remember the three words Foster  
gave you to remember this morning?

Morey points at the screen...

MOREY

I was watching that, you know.

ELAINE

Do you remember?

MOREY

(waving at the screen)

Oh, hell, what's the use in watching  
anyway. I'll bet you all the money  
in that asshole Ralph's bank account  
Leonardo de Caprio is the crazy one.  
He's a patient, not a cop.

ELAINE

Have you seen this before?

MOREY

No, but I'm right. Transparent like  
the wings of the Greta Oto butterfly.

They sit in SILENCE a moment...

MOREY (CONT'D)

(quickly)

Orange, airplane, tobacco. O, A, T,  
oat...which is tao backward, or  
backwards, as the British might say.  
Tao, pronounced with an unasperated  
T -- more like a D. Tao, the path.

Elaine begins to SOB again. She puts down her crocheting  
and removes her glasses and takes a sip from a glass on the  
coffee table.

Morey points the remote, searches for a channel and TURNS UP  
THE SOUND.

Elaine turns to Morey and kisses him.

He tries to look around her head which is blocking his view  
of the screen.

She throws her arms around him and really lays it on him  
while he struggles to see around her.

She finds the remote and TURNS OFF THE T.V.

She unbuckles his belt.

MOREY (CONT'D)

Whoa! Slow down there, Irish. I  
haven't taken my pill.

ELAINE

(while kissing)

They're in my purse, but I don't  
think you'll need one.

MOREY

My brain might be feeling younger,  
but I'm still sixty-seven years old.

Elaine pulls back and stares at him, alarmed...

ELAINE

You're sixty-nine.

MOREY

I am?

ELAINE

Yes.

MOREY

I guess that explains how long I've been gone. Come here my little Dublin dumpling.

He grabs her ass and she SQUEALS and he whispers something in her ear.

She squirms with delight, GIGGLES, and pulls back...

ELAINE

Hold that thought, Popeye, while I go get you some spinach.

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - NIGHT

Tiki torches burn around the perimeter of the grassy area as Foster, Ralph, and Sag, sprawled in chaises, pass the glass pipe with Ralph in the middle getting hits coming and going. Ralph's guitar is in his lap.

FOSTER

We can still not do it.

RALPH

Oh, come on man, we're ready.

SAG

Ralph, we could just be rich instead. You know? Just be happy?

RALPH

When we choppered into New York for my concert...

(takes a hit)

...you saw that hole. We did that.

SAG

I tried to stop it.

RALPH

Nooo...you didn't. You went along with it every step of the way.

SAG

I didn't think it would work.

RALPH

Our boy, here, does *excellent* work.

Foster grins stupidly.

FOSTER

Thanks, man.

SAG

(to Foster)

Do you still think we should do this?

Foster takes a hit.

FOSTER

We fucked up. All of us. You, me, Mrs. Goldberg, and you, too, Ralph, planting that demon seed in fertile ground -- Farhad's soft head.

He LAUGHS.

RALPH

And a million folks died. Yeah, we fucked up. But we can save millions now, and we can change the world for the better.

SAG

You don't really think we fucked up.

RALPH

(takes a hit)

I was just making the rap sound better. Poetic license, ya know? It wouldn't have sounded stirring and heroic if I had said what I really think.

SAG

Probably not.

RALPH

I do it all the time with my song writing.

He PLAYS and SINGS...

RALPH (CONT'D)

The streethearts are deadbeats  
It's all their own doin'  
Cuddled on concrete  
They're into public screwin'

He LAUGHS and slaps his leg.

Foster GIGGLES.

SAG

Yeah, not so  
(air quotes)  
"voice of our generation".

RALPH

Show business, ain't it great?

SAG

You see it as a means to an end.

RALPH

What?

SAG

Everything we did. What you  
instigated. It was all to get you  
where you are now.

RALPH

We *all* are there now. You boys are  
gonna be mega rich, probably richer  
than me. So, yeah, let's make that  
end happen, Sag. We've given  
ourselves opportunity. The door is  
open.

SAG

(takes a hit)  
Wow. That was kinda stirring and  
heroic.

(takes another hit)

Okay. What the fuck.

FOSTER

Felicity never hears a word about  
anything...Ralph?

RALPH

Of course, man, just the three of  
us. We've all got skin in the game.  
Nobody else does.

FOSTER

I was talking to Dr. Mac today. I  
think he's cool. He and Benny will  
have to know if they're working down  
there.

RALPH

They have no skin in the game, son.

FOSTER

Yeah, they do, big time.

(MORE)

FOSTER (CONT'D)

If anything happens, to me, Benny  
won't have any meds.

Ralph ponders a moment then lights the pipe and takes a huge  
hit.

RALPH

Okay, next subject.

SAG

Hold on a minute. What about Angel?

FOSTER

She can't know what we're doing down  
there.

SAG

You told her she could have a job.  
She gave up managing the club.

RALPH

There's no jeopardy for her.

FOSTER

She can't do it, Sag.

SAG

I promised her.

RALPH

Moving on. Farhad's startin' to  
remember stuff.

FOSTER

Like what?

RALPH

Everything.

Sag sits up straighter.

SAG

He remembers what he did.

RALPH

He doesn't know if what he's  
rememberin' is real or not, but he's  
rememberin' everything.

FOSTER

(takes a hit)

The Swiss cheese is becoming Muenster.

He GIGGLES and then sits up straighter.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

(to Sag)

Speaking of which...have you seen your Dad today?

SAG

I knocked on my parents' door and they didn't answer.

RALPH

They were probably...you know...

He closes one eye and hangs his tongue out and PANTS, then slaps his leg and grins.

Sag looks at him...

SAG

Yeah, right.

FOSTER

Your dad's Alzheimer's seems to have left for the moment.

SAG

What does that mean?

RALPH

He's cured. I saw him down in the casino about an hour before my show.

SAG

What?

RALPH

He and your mom were hangin' on each other like teen-agers.

Foster lies back and closes his eyes.

FOSTER

I'm a genius.

He sits up quickly...

FOSTER (CONT'D)

We need to MRI Farhad.

SAG

We need to talk to Farhad...before he shoots his mouth off anymore.

INT. BUMPS STRIP CLUB, DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Working from pictures taped to the long mirror, Brian and Rita are turning Raven and Sophie into red butted macaques. Brian airbrushes Raven's macaque "costume" while Rita glues hair on Sophie's skull cap.

While she works, Rita keeps glancing at Sophie's face which hasn't been painted yet.

RITA

Your skin is so delicate, Sophie.  
Like a child's.

Raven looks over at Sophie while Brian sprays both their butts red.

Sophie smiles innocently and looks up.

RAVEN

You ever thought about dancing?

RITA

Me?

RAVEN

Yeah. We can always use another girl. Especially one who can be called in on short notice.

BRIAN

Yeah, ho, you should jump on that. Get *paid* for being naked.

RITA

I don't think Farhad would go for it.

RAVEN

Yeah, I guess it wouldn't be cool for his employees to moonlight stripping.

BRIAN

And even less cool for his favorite pin-cushion to be doing it.

RAVEN

You're dating Farhad?

Rita doesn't respond...

BRIAN

They haven't actually left the building, so, I'm not sure dating is the right word.

RAVEN

I thought he was gay...you know, until he gets loaded and turns momentarily straight.

RITA

He's actually straight until he gets unloaded.

RAVEN

That's kinda complicated isn't it?

BRIAN

It's pretty simple...hold still.

Sophie GIGGLES and squirms while Brian sprays her butt.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

When he's straight he's gay, and when he's loaded he's straight.

RITA

But he's getting better. Almost daily.

RAVEN

So, what about it?

RITA

What? Dancing?

RAVEN

Yeah. We have Amateur Hour Happy Hour every Tuesday. You could try it.

RITA

I don't know. Maybe if I could hide in a disguise like this.

BRIAN

You could be a Puritan. I could paint a big red "A" across your boobies.

He LAUGHS.

RAVEN

That's a pretty good idea, Brian.

She nods at Sophie who nods back.

RITA  
 (sarcastically)  
 Yeah, that's a pretty good idea,  
 Brian.

INT. BUMPS STRIP CLUB - MOMENT'S LATER

MUSIC BLASTING and dancers grinding.

Sag, Ralph, and Foster enter from the lobby entrance. They're all trying to act straight. Foster is least succeeding.

The hostess sees Ralph and Sag and her eyes widen...

HOSTESS  
 Good evening, Mr. Gold.

She blushes...

HOSTESS (CONT'D)  
 Mr. LeFebre.

She looks at Foster and says nothing.

He smiles, sheepishly.

FOSTER  
 You're pretty.

She gives him an uncomfortable smile.

RALPH  
 (points)  
 There he is.

They blow past the hostess who steps aside.

Farhad has a ringside seat for the main attraction. The two seats on either side of his are marked "reserved".

Ralph and Sag plop down into the reserved seats.

FOSTER  
 (perplexed)  
 What about me?

A guy at the table behind the ringside seats tugs at Foster's sleeve. It's Sophie's dad's friend, Mike. He's sitting at a table for four with Sophie's dad, Tom, and their friend, Dave.

MIKE  
 You can sit here, young man.

Mike smiles.

Foster plops down into the empty chair.

Mike holds out his hand...

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm Mike.  
 (pointing)  
 Tom...and Dave.

Tom and Dave hold up their glasses and nod. They're all a little drunk.

FOSTER

Foster.

Farhad holds a drink while he watches the dancers and occasionally stuffs a bill into one's garter.

SAG

(to Farhad)

What's goin' on?

FARHAD

Rita and Brian are doing the body painting and makeup for the main event. You're sitting in their seats.

SAG

Can we talk for a second?

FARHAD

Right now? It's going to start, Sag, any minute.

RALPH

(to Sag)

Let's watch the show.

Brian and Rita stroll up and stare at Sag and Ralph in their seats.

SAG

(rising and looking  
 at Rita)

Here, I'm goin' to the bar.

Brian plops down.

Rita shakes her head and gestures in disbelief...

RITA

Brian?

Rita stares at Ralph.

RITA (CONT'D)  
Yer Majesty?

Ralph smiles and doesn't move.

Farhad puts his arm around Rita and pulls her down onto his lap.

She smiles and swishes side to side.

RITA (CONT'D)  
Oooh. I see you've already had a couple of drinks.

Brian shakes his head.

BRIAN  
God, could you be any skankier?

Sag finds his way to the bar where Angel in gold lingerie is talking to the bartender.

ANGEL  
(to Sag)  
Hey! What are you doing here?

SAG  
I was lookin' for a lap dance.

ANGEL  
Don't look at me, cowboy. The last time we tried that I got fired.

SAG  
Come on. I know the new owner.

ANGEL  
You're stoned.

She comes around the bar and kisses him and takes his hand and they walk toward the private room.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
Can I kiss you while we're doing it?

SAG  
I'm so stoned you can do it while we're doin' it.

ANGEL  
Really?

SAG  
 Maybe not. Let's play it by ear.

They enter...

THE PRIVATE ROOM

...and Angel leads Sag to a big, comfortable couch and he falls into it.

ANGEL  
 Stay here and get comfortable. I'll  
 bring you a drink.

She exits into the...

THE MAIN ROOM

...and sees Raven and Sophie on the center walk painted as macaques with flaming red asses. They're throwing unwrapped big Tootsie Rolls at each other while the crowd GOES APE SHIT.

Angel shakes her head and then begins to CHUCKLE as Raven spots her and tosses a Tootsie Roll at her -- which she catches and looks at and then breaks out into uncontrollable LAUGHTER.

Sophie spots Naomi in the crowd sitting behind her dad's table and throws a Tootsie Roll to her making Naomi blush.

Sophie winks a monkey eye at Naomi and Naomi crosses her hands over her heart.

Her dad breaks into a huge smile thinking the wink was for him.

INT. BUMPS STRIP CLUB, PRIVATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sag, is sitting on the couch, asleep...

His eyes open. He's looking at Melody, dressed as all the dancers, in golden lingerie.

SAG  
 Hey.

MELODY  
 (throaty)  
 Hey.

SAG  
 What's all that noise out there?

MELODY  
Beats me. Something wild.

She begins to ride him, arching her back dramatically. She leans forward and whispers sexily to him...

MELODY (CONT'D)  
You should do that roof renovation.

SAG  
Huh?

She leans back again and starts to grind...

MELODY  
(yelling)  
You're gonna miss it if you  
don't...wake up!

He opens his eyes and sees Angel, naked, on top of him grinding away.

ANGEL  
Ehhhh! Ehhhh! Ehhhhh!

SAG  
Uhhhhh! Uhhhhh! Oh, my God!

Angel leans forward and collapses onto him, panting and twitching.

ANGEL  
(whispering into his  
ear)  
I love you.

Sag's eyes open wide.

FADE TO BLACK.