

## MISSION STYLE

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN BACK ALLEY - MORNING

A Dumpster sits overrun with garbage, sirens wail in the background as horns honk amidst the city clatter. ERNEST, 70, paper crumpled skin, tiny eyes, lies face down as papers blow around him.

He stirs, comes to his knees, then to his feet.

Ernest shakes off the debris and-

ERNEST

Let's get about it then.

A BUM, 65, wrapped in an old filthy rug, lifts his head from a pile of trash and groggily looks at Ernie.

BUM

See ya later Ernie.

ERNEST

Lord willing, my friend. Lord willing.

Ernest whistles as he strolls along the alley. He pauses at a puddle, leans down, scoops up a handful of water and runs it through his stringy hair.

INT. CHURCH - PULPIT - MORNING

White walls, stained glass and brown pews. It's the church we've all been to.

The CONGREGATION waits in their seats as an organ plays. Behind the keyboards, GRACE, 68, coke bottle glasses, maybe seventy pounds.

While stroking the keys, Grace smiles. Her upper dentures slip and clack on the lowers. She bites down, smiles again.

CHURCH PEWS - CONTINUOUS

The PUGSTONS tend to their fussy one year old bundle of joy HEATHROW. GILBERT, 35, side hair part, Clark Kent glasses, frustrated, hands the baby to his wife.

GILBERT

No, Kim, I've never heard of a dry nipple. When did this happen?

KIMBERLY, 32, beehive hair, peach fuzz on her upper lip, takes the baby from Gilbert.

KIMBERLY

I didn't exactly say it was a dry nipple. Keep your voice down. I said it was chaffed. Chaffed and inverted. He can't dock properly.

GILBERT

Cant dock? For God's sakes Kimberly, it's not a shuttle mission. Just feed him something.

With little Heathrow in hand, she stands up.

KIMBERLY

I'll try. Sometimes if I squeeze real hard, the nipple pops back...

Gilbert throws up his hands.

GILBERT

Okay, fine. Just pop it back out, dock him and bring 'em in safe.

Kimberly walks off.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - MORNING

A group of BUMS stand around a fire can. All dressed in vagrant attire. Ernest strolls up. FRANK, 56, short, bald head, greets Ernest.

FRANK THE BUM

Morning Ernie.

ERNEST

Top of the morning as well.

TONY, 45, tall, trash bag pants also greets Ernest.

TONY THE BUM

On your way to church?

ERNEST

I am indeed. Any help from a friend to get me through another God forsaken sermon?

TONY THE BUM

I got a swig. You remember you owe me though.

Tony passes Ernest a bottle of whiskey. He takes a long drink, spins the cap closed, hands it back.

ERNEST

She's warm now. Thanks, my friend.

TONY THE BUM  
We'll see you later on.

ERNEST  
And you will.

Ernest walks off, whistling without a care in the world.

INT. CHURCH - PEWS - MORNING

TRISH, 16, butch, dressed like a boy, waits with her mom,  
KATHY, 35, dainty, proper.

TRISH  
I hope the preacher's a lesbian.  
The Methodists let lesbians preach.

Kathy rolls her eyes.

KATHY  
Does everything have to be about  
your lesbian ways?

TRISH  
Don't hate me cause I munch. I'm  
what God made me. Okay?

KATHY  
Yes, I know but for once can we  
please have a single conversation  
without you bringing it up?

TRISH  
I graze and...

KATHY  
One more and we leave.

Grace plays the organ, smiles, clacks.

BACK OF THE CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The door swings open. Ernest walks in. The door slam loudly  
behind him. The congregation turns around, looks back at  
him, then turns back toward the front again.

Ernest takes a seat in the last row, grabs a Bible from the  
pew. He flips through it, stops on a page, runs his finger  
through a passage, slams the bible shut.

ERNEST  
Okay.

He rises up, brushes himself off, walks up to the pulpit.

CHURCH PEWS - CONTINUOUS

TRISH  
Is it a he or she?

KATHY  
Shhhh.

PULPIT - CONTINUOUS

Ernest takes a moment, rights himself, then throws his hands up in the air.

ERNEST  
Let's pray.

Everyone bows their heads, including Grace. Her teeth clack. He glances over and gives a "thumbs up gesture" to her and then, once again, raises his arms.

ERNEST  
Let's try that again. Minus the clacking.

Grace glances up with a look of contempt.

ERNEST  
Oh God, please stop the slow  
bloodletting you call life and call  
us home now, today. Maybe a fire.  
Oh lord look at these poor wretched  
despicable droppings we call a  
congregation and bring your  
horrible judgment soon. In your  
name we pray.

CONGREGATION  
Amen.

BACK OF THE CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

LES, 50, nerdy, stands up in the back row.

LES  
Asalida com dong tag.

ERNEST  
Not yet, Les.

Les has a seat.

CHURCH PEWS - CONTINUOUS

KATHY  
He was speaking in tongues.

TRISH

Mmmm.

KATHY

Not a word.

PULPIT - CONTINUOUS

Ernest starts the morning service.

ERNEST

People, our beloved mission's in trouble.

The congregation stirs.

ERNEST

Oh for God's sakes, settle down. It's come to my attention that our mission, The Merciful Lady of the Benevolent Incarnate Inception and Bingo Hall may be in danger of foreclosure.

BACK OF THE CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Les stands up.

LES

Cone da stall unto blasa.

ERNEST

Somebody shut him up?

Trish grabs a hymnal, stands up, swings around and throws it, nailing Les in the face.

PULPIT - CONTINUOUS

ERNEST

Nice throw for a girl.

He squints towards Trish.

ERNEST

You a girl aren't you?

TRISH

Keep moving old man.

ERNEST

Let's finish this up. We gotta save the mission. Any ideas?

LES

How about bingo?

ERNEST  
We already play bingo. Next?

GILBERT  
How about a garage sale?

Ernest slams his hands on the podium.

ERNEST  
People, we need a lot of money,  
quick. These stupid ideas are  
giving me a headache. Come  
on...anybody?

TRISH  
How about a gay pride day?

ERNEST  
If you can't lick 'em, join 'em?  
Next?

CHURCH PEWS - CONTINUOUS

Kimberly stands up.

KIMBERLY  
I know. How about we have an old  
timey festival? Different churches  
can participate. And we can have  
contests. Lots of 'em. Church  
against church or mosque or  
synagogue.

PULPIT - CONTINUOUS

Ernest freezes in his tracks.

ERNEST  
Hold the bran muffin. That's not  
such a bad idea. We'll finally find  
out whose faith is the best.

KIMBERLY  
That's not what I was going to...

ERNEST  
I can see 'er now.

Ernest turns, stares off into the distance.

ERNEST  
An interfaith competition pitting  
Rabi against Cleric. Preacher  
against Father.

TRISH  
Or mother.

ERNEST  
Sure the lesbo's can come too.

TRISH  
Thank you!

Ernest continues his stare into the distance.

ERNEST  
Grace, a little keyboards if you  
please.

Grace starts a slow melodic dirge. She closes her eyes,  
sways her head.

ERNEST  
Christ almighty, Grace, pick it up.

Grace stops for a moment, starts a faster more hip rhythm.

ERNEST  
Now you're cooking, old girl.  
People, we're at a crossroads. I  
envision our beloved mission, The  
Merciful Lady of the Benevolent  
Incarnate Inception and Bingo Hall,  
rising from the ashes of  
foreclosure. Can I get a witness?

Ernest throws his bible at a PARISHIONER, hitting him hard  
across his head.

ERNEST(CONT)  
How bout that witness now?

The crowd reluctantly responds.

ERNEST  
You want me to come down there,  
don't you.

The crowd stirs more, stands up, claps their hands.

CHURCH PEWS - CONTINUOUS

KATHY  
I shouldn't have brought you here.

TRISH  
And miss this? No way!

PULPIT - CONTINUOUS

Ernest slaps his hand on the podium, points to the crowd.

ERNEST  
Alright Les, let 'er rip.

BACK OF THE CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Les stands up.

LES

Foobla con daluse alaa cart del  
solo.

PULPIT - CONTINUOUS

Ernest points to Grace.

ERNEST

Come on Grace, let's put the hooks  
to 'er.

Grace, slams the keyboards. Her head, sways back and forth.

ERNEST

Grace Costanza on the keyboards.

Grace doesn't even notice as her uppers fly clean out of her  
mouth. Ernest shakes his head, kicks them aside.

CHURCH PEWS - CONTINUOUS

The crowd's hopping as if at a concert. Ernest walks up to  
the parishioner he popped with his bible, picks it up off of  
the floor and wipes it off on the man's chest. Ernest walks  
down the hall and straight out the door.

EXT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The church doors slam behind him. He reaches into his  
pocket, pulls out a watch.

ERNEST

Time for a drinksy.

Ernest walks down the stairs, to the street. A stray BUM  
walks by.

BUM

Hey Ernie.

ERNEST

Morning friend.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Grace rolls into the final keyboard solo. The crowd  
applauds, then looks around for Ernest.

GILBERT

Where did he go?

LES  
Sola del obla con...

KATHY  
Knock it off Les, he's gone.

Les stops.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BACK ALLEY - AFTERNOON

Ernest and a group of BUMS stand around an old broken toilet. TONY, 40's, tall, fills the holding tank of the toilet with a five gallon bucket of water.

ERNEST  
Everyone down to a butt?

They all take long hits from their cigarettes.

ERNEST(CONT)  
And...drop 'em.

All of the men drop their cigarettes onto the toilet, FRANK, 65, pudgy, flushes it. The fat silhouette of a MAN looms in the shadows behind them.

ERNEST(CONT)  
Pall Mall takes the outside with  
Camel coming closer to the rim. It  
may take a double flush.

The bums cheer as the toilet water whirlpools. The butts spin around as the water empties out onto the pavement.

FRANK THE BUM  
Your smokes been doped.

ERNEST  
Kool's chilling from the rim with  
Marlboro taking the high country as  
Camel tows behind.

Ernest and the bums cheer for their butt as they swirl closer to the center.

ERNEST(CONT)  
And it's Kool down the crapper.

Frank cheers, the others are not as happy.

FRANK THE BUM  
Pay 'em in fellas.

All of the losing bums pull a cigarette from their packs, then hand one to Frank. The fat silhouette comes closer.

FRANK THE BUM (CONT)

Double or nothing, guys?

STEWART, 68, fat, small hat, stands directly behind Ernest.

STEWART

Hello Ernest.

Ernest freezes, stares directly at a wall. The men look to see what he stares at.

STEWART

Aren't you going to turn and greet an old friend, eh?

ERNEST

Stewart Labowitz. I remember that voice from seminary.

Ernest spins quickly.

ERNEST

Converted when you found out there was money to be made in the synagogues. Soooo, has your old testament little "g" God lived up to the hype?

STEWART

Don't little "g" my God. After all, he led us out of Egypt.

Stewart majestically spreads his arms open wide.

ERNEST

Okay, okay! Props to Moses.

STEWART

That's better. The reason I'm here is because one of my lay staff has disclosed to me that you're having a festival.

ERNEST

Yeah! So?

STEWART

A festival, with contest? Eh? I've come to issue a challenge of wits as it were.

TONY THE BUM

As what were?

STEWART

As it were, nimrod. Put a muzzle on your indigent.

Ernest turns to Tony.

ERNEST

Don't you fall for it, buddy. I promise, you'll get plenty of chances to torment him in hell.

TONY THE BUM

Thanks, Ernie.

STEWART

You do remember the little game we played in seminary? Eh?

ERNEST

You mean...

STEWART

Yes, oh yes. I'm challenging you to a game of...Torah, Torah, Torah.

Tony throws his arms up in the air.

TONY THE BUM

Remember Pearl Harbor.

STEWART

How is it you people even breed? No, it's a game about...

ERNEST

Bible trivia. You're on Stew.

Tony taps Ernest on the shoulder.

TONY THE BUM

Hey Ernie, I've heard your sermons. Doesn't sound like you've ever even opened a bible?

STEWART

Then until the contest. Oh and pity about your mission, foreclosure and all. Nice building, very nice.

As Stewart walks off, he chuckles at the bums.

ERNEST

It ain't over yet, Stew.

INT. CHURCH OFFICE - DAY

DELORIS, 50, pudgy, extra large teeth, speaks with Grace.

DELORIS

Where did you find them?

GRACE

Under the keyboard, he slap shot  
'em while I ripped my solo.

DELORIS

Any damage?

Grace pulls out her teeth, examines them.

GRACE

None I can see.

She wipes them off on here shirt, pops them back in.

DELORIS

So I'm to understand the good  
pastor wishes to try and save our  
beloved mission by throwing a  
festival?

GRACE

That's the rumor.

DELORIS

Well Grace, you were there. Is it a  
rumor, or is it what he said.

GRACE

That's what he said.

DELORIS

Then why say it's a rumor, Grace?

GRACE

It's hip talk.

Deloris gently strokes Grace's cheek.

DELORIS

Dear wonderful depleted soul.

GRACE

I'm having a mid-life crisis.

DELORIS

You would've needed to have one of  
them, twenty, no, hold on, thirty  
years ago. Can't claim 'er now.

GRACE

Mm.

DELORIS

Now tell Pastor Ernie...

GRACE

Father.

DELORIS  
Oh, for the love of all that's  
holy. Now Grace, how many times do  
we have to...

A stare off.

DELORIS  
Fine...fine. Tell Father Ernie I'll  
start right away on the plans for  
the festival.

EXT. ALLEY DOWNTOWN - DAY

Ernie and the bums reset for another round of bowl derby.  
TEDDY SLAUGHTER, 55, pork chop sideburns, dressed in bum  
attire approaches.

ERNEST  
Who's got ripple.

TEDDY (O.S)  
Make way!

The bums part to reveal Teddy.

TEDDY  
For I'll make ya whole.

Tony whispers to Ernie.

TONY THE BUM  
That's Teddy Slaughter. Fallen  
televangelist from the People of  
The Holy United Movement of the  
Non-Denominational Enlightenment  
Church.

ERNEST  
That's him? Looked taller on T.V.

TONY THE BUM  
His church names longer than yours  
too.

TEDDY  
It's my understanding that you're a  
man in want?

TONY THE BUM  
Careful Ernie. He's a slick'n.

ERNEST  
Teddy Slaughter. I recall you on  
the news. Seems you had a taste for  
the young parishioners in your  
flock.

TEDDY

Lies, all lies. I was the victim of  
an assassins pen.

ERNEST

What about the testimony of the  
eight girls that came forward?

TEDDY

Co-worsted at best. They were all  
forced to...

ERNEST

And the six hours of hotel video  
found in your...

Teddy throws his hands up.

TEDDY

Okay, okay! Shit! I'm Fallen. Feel  
better now, Reverend?

FRANK THE BUM

Pastor.

TEDDY

We're moving on. Okay? Right?

ERNEST

Fair and fair. Care to take a walk.

TEDDY

What exactly are you anyway?

INT. IRISH CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

CHAMOIS, 25, coiffed hair, man-scaped, runs, no, flails in a  
kilt like a girl down the hallway. A paper in his hand.

A blur blocks the area that proves he is not wearing any  
underwear. He slams abruptly through a door. The sign on  
this door reads FATHER PATTY O'SHEATH.

INT. IRISH CATHOLIC CHURCH - PATTY'S OFFICE - DAY

Inside, Patty, 52, red balding hair, reading a copy of AIN'T  
NUN magazine, looks up abruptly.

PATTY

Tiz it boy!

Chamois hands him the paper.

CHAMOIS

Pastor Ernie, sir. Seems he's  
having a meeting regarding a  
festival on the morrow.

PATTY

On the morrow? On the morrow? Been going to Medieval Times again? Sucking the Irish right out of ya is it?

CHAMOIS

No sir it's just...

PATTY

Fancy yourself one of those prancing girlish types in pants, do ya? Well, tis a moony for ye ta call it tune un a lepes?

CHAMOIS

I...I'm sorry I didn't get that last part. Sir, It's just, I do have to work up on a ladder a lot and with the kilt and all. There's no shame in underwear sir. We do have nuns.

PATTY

Just go and see we are invited to this meeting or ya can cule it atap to bluv for the floogen dute.

CHAMOIS

Yeah...Okay. That last part again. The whole town's talking, sir. Twill be done.

Patty puts his face in his hands.

PATTY

Twill? Ahhhh. Get the hell out of here, boy. Fore my booot cracks your jewels.

INT. STEWART'S OFFICE - DAY

A plush interior complete with a BARBRA STREISAND bobble head on his desk. Stewart, picks up the phone, quickly dials a number.

STEWART

Sandra? I must call a meeting with you as soon as possible. I know he is. I won't let anything interfere with me getting that building. Four o'clock then.

He slams the phone down.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Teddy and Ernest walk through crowded streets as pedestrians pass by.

ERNEST

So tell me Teddy, why'd you do it?

TEDDY

You mean the girls? Oh, it didn't start out that way.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. TEDDY'S CHURCH - DAY

SUPER:1977

TEDDY (V.O)

I was on fire for the Lord and of course a national television spot.

A seventies style Teddy struts about the stage, preaching, wearing a light purple suit, puffed out hair, pork chop sideburns.

TEDDY

I'm preaching hard on this house tonight ya'll.

A TEENAGE GIRL in the front row winks at Teddy.

END FLASHBACK:

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

The two men continue their stroll.

TEDDY

Look, there's no need saying it. I knew wearing purple was risky but that wink was for real.

ERNEST

Man, were you ahead of the curve.

TEDDY

I was, wasn't I? Then one night, I couldn't believe it. I was evangelizing at the roller rink and out of no where, celebrity-ism.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. ROLLER RINK - NIGHT

Disco music jam's as a mirror ball reflects color light on the walls. The seventies style Teddy hands out pocket bibles. CRISTY, 16, pony tail, calf high socks rolls up on skates.

CRISTY

Hey, you're that preacher on T.V.

Several girls gather around Teddy.

TEDDY

Yes, sweet child, I am and I  
uh...come to proclaim the...

CRISTY

You wanna go smoke a joint with us?

TEDDY

Yeah, I'm in.

EXT. BEHIND THE ROLLER RINK - NIGHT

Teddy and the girls have a blast smoking weed. A Camero car door jammed wide open as the radio blares "Dancing Queen".

TEDDY (V.O)

Next thing you know, I'm jamming to  
ABBA and bogarting a reefer. I've  
gotta tell you though, it was one  
of the best nights of my life.

END FLASHBACK:

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Teddy and Ernest pause their stride for a moment. Teddy turns to Ernest.

TEDDY

Soon, ABBA wasn't enough. I went on  
to harder bands like K-C and the  
Sunshine Band. It got so dark. Oh,  
not to mention I was tooling  
teenagers and getting high.

ERNEST

Wow, K-C and the Sunshine Band. How  
do you come back from that?

TEDDY

Counseling, Ernie. As you would  
suspect, one thing led to another  
and soon I was zipper deep into the  
ultra gay British band Wham.

Ernest heaves, as if to throw up.

ERNEST

Jeez Teddy, I'm afraid to ask, but then what happened?

INSERT PICTURE:

The cover of Teli-Vengeance magazine shows Teddy with a bong in his hand and his arm around a hot teenage girl.

TEDDY (V.O)

The unthinkable. The following month, I was on the cover of Teli-Vengeance magazine.

BACK TO SCENE:

ERNEST

The gold standard.

TEDDY

They called my actions despicable. My days were numbered. Brother, I was doomed!

ERNEST

Hard times.

TEDDY

That's why I gotta redeem myself at this festival. It's my chance to show the world, or at least the neighborhood I'm truly a repentant man.

ERNEST

You'd do it again wouldn't you?

TEDDY

In a heartbeat. So...am I in?

ERNEST

Can I say no to those sideburns?

They high five.

TEDDY

Righteous!

INT. LESBIAN CHURCH - DAY

The leader of the church, FATHER MOTHER DAKOTA, 48, heavy set, flat top mullet, talks with Trish.

FATHER MOTHER DAKOTA  
I understand you've got news  
regarding a festival.

TRISH  
I do, Father Mother Dakota. Pastor  
Ernie, is gonna have a contest to  
raise money to save his mission.

FATHER MOTHER DAKOTA  
Thought he was a Reverend. How can  
I help, my sweet, sweet child? Mm!

TRISH  
I...uh, was hoping we could  
participate. Maybe show we're  
normal everyday people.

FATHER MOTHER DAKOTA  
The laity here at the United Gay  
and Lesbian Youth and Melissa  
Etheridge National fan club wish to  
show that we blend in just like all  
others.

A knock at the door.

FATHER MOTHER DAKOTA  
It's open.

The door opens, BROTHER SISTER CHEYENNE, 45, heavy set, flat  
top mullet enters.

FATHER MOTHER DAKOTA  
Ah, Brother Sister Cheyenne, do  
come.

BROTHER SISTER CHEYENNE  
Father, Mother.

FATHER MOTHER DAKOTA  
Brother Sister.

She nods her head towards Trish.

FATHER MOTHER DAKOTA  
And?

BROTHER SISTER CHEYENNE  
A sweet, sweet, sweet child. Mm!

TRISH  
Look, I'm gay and y'all are  
starting to freak me out.

FATHER MOTHER DAKOTA  
You go and tell Ernie, we except.  
The UGLY MEN foundation will show  
the world we are not freaks. Just  
heavy set.

BROTHER SISTER CHEYENNE  
With mullets.

TRISH  
Is it alright if my girlfriend  
comes?

FATHER MOTHER DAKOTA  
Sure. you still dating that sweet  
little puff pastry from the Mega  
Masque?

TRISH  
Jasmine? Yeah.

BROTHER SISTER CHEYENNE  
Ouch, that girl looks like she was  
just poured into that burka.  
Mm...mm!

INT. MEGA MASQUE - DAY

Strolling in an empty mosque are JASMINE, 16, completely  
covered with a pale blue burka, and MOCKMUD, 45, typical  
middle eastern dress.

MOCKMUD  
But how do we know we are welcome  
Jasmine?

JASMINE  
My friend Trish says the preacher,  
Ernie invited all faiths.

MOCKMUD  
Thought he was a Pastor. Anyway, Do  
you know what competitions they'll  
be having?

JASMINE  
Not all of them, but Trish did say  
they're going to have a speaking in  
tongues competition.

They stop their stride.

MOCKMUD  
Speaking in tongues? We practically  
invented speaking in tongues? Okay,  
tell your friend we will come then.

Jasmine stands motionless in her fully covered burka.

JASMINE  
Thank you father.

MOCKMUD  
You're very excited I see.

Mockmud gently strokes her burka covered face.

MOCKMUD (CONT)  
Ah, the innocent smile of a child.  
You have your mothers dimple. How I  
do miss her.

JASMINE  
As me, father. Her honor killing  
was a complete shock.

MOCKMUD  
I did tell her, no starch.

EXT. ALLEY - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Ernest and the bums, stand around a trash can fire.  
Ernest takes a long drink of ripple, empties it.

ERNEST  
Ripple's gone, gentlemen, so am I.

The bums wave.

FRANK THE BUM  
Night Ernie.

TONY THE BUM  
Take care buddy. We'll see ya  
tomorrow.

BUM (O.S)  
You be now safe Ernie.

Ernest walks a small distance to the side of a dumpster,  
lies down.

ERNEST  
Night fellas.

TONY THE BUM  
Night Ernie. Need some extra  
newspaper?

ERNEST  
Fit as a fiddle my friend. Night.

He rolls over towards the wall.

ERNEST  
Fit as a fiddle indeed.

LATER:

Ernest sleeps comfortably in a heap of papers. Sirens howl in the background. A shadow appears and approaches him.

A TENNIS SHOE jabs Ernest in his lower back. He swats it. The shoe jabs him once again.

ERNEST  
Not now.

The shoe swiftly kicks him hard. Ernest rolls over swiftly.

ERNEST  
What?

He squints to focus on the intruder.

GRACE  
Are you not coming home again tonight?

ERNEST  
Honey?

GRACE  
Don't honey me. The bums see more of you than I do.

ERNEST  
You know I sleep better out here, sweetie.

BILLY THE BUM, 55, ragged, peppered hair, rolls over.

BILLY THE BUM  
Howdy, Grace.

GRACE  
Evening Billy, how's the misses?

BILLY THE BUM  
Playing canasta tonight. Under the thirty second street bridge.

GRACE  
Send my love.

BILLY THE BUM  
Will do.

GRACE  
I miss you. I'm having a mid-life crisis.

ERNEST

Been watching The View again?  
Sweetie, you had one of those back  
in the seventies. You can't double  
dip.

Grace doesn't move.

ERNEST

Tomorrow, Okay?

GRACE

I'll see you bright and early then.

ERNEST

Noon.

GRACE

I'll have lunch ready.

ERNEST

Fair and fair. Night sweetie.

BILLY THE BUM

Night Grace. You gonna be Okay?

A small group of HISPANIC MEN walk up. Tatted, wife beaters,  
baggy pants. Making a lot of noise.

ERNEST

She'll be fine.

GRACE

I got my homies from Barrio Kings  
Five Nine at my back.

One of the GANG MEMBERS reassures Ernest.

GANG MEMBER

Don't worry Ernie, we got her.

ERNEST

Night boys.

TONY THE BUM

Night Grace. Boy what a peach.

The gang members walk off with Grace.

TONY THE BUM

Hey Ernie, how long you been  
married anyway?

ERNEST

Thirty six years.

FRANK THE BUM

So Ernie, you happy? Things the way  
they are and all?

Ernest lies motionless, stares into the night sky.

FRANK THE BUM

Ernie, you there?

ERNEST

Yeah, I'm here. It didn't always be  
like this, you know. Her beauty  
used to stop a clock.

GRACE (O.S)

I can still hear you.

ERNEST

I met Grace in a Utah milk joint.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. CAPTAIN MORMON'S SPEAK EASY - NIGHT

SUPER:1962

Behind the counter, a BARTENDER pulls the handle of a  
dispenser, draws a tall glass of milk. Slides it down the  
bar. A patron's hand stops it with a slight overspill.

ERNEST (V.O)

This was the hard side of Salt Lake  
city. Underground green stamp  
trading and, yeah, un-pasteurized  
milk. That is, if you were willing  
to roll the dice.

A dapper, much younger Ernest sits at a table in the back of  
the room. A jar of milk on his table. A shot glass full in  
front of him. Pat Boone(ish) music plays on the jukebox.

Grace walks in. He slams back the shot glass of milk, wipes  
his mouth off on his sleeve.

ERNEST (V.O)

Then she walked in the room. I have  
never seen anything more God awful  
beautiful than her.

A much younger Grace walks towards him, smiles.  
He smiles back. A MAN walks by, the two bump into one  
another. Milk spills.

MAN

Hey, do you mind?

Grace freezes, her eyes well up.

MAN

I'm sorry. Look, there's no sense crying. Can I buy you a milk?

Ernest gets up, forcefully walks towards the two.

ERNEST

Haven't you done enough already?

Grace spins, smiles at Ernest. Ernest looks to the man.

ERNEST

Want a milk shake?

MAN

What, I don't...

Ernest grabs the man's arm, shakes it wildly. Milk flies everywhere.

ERNEST

Beat it fore I pasteurize ya.

Grace beams a smile.

ERNEST

Care to join me?

MOMENTS LATER:

The two sit at a table.

ERNEST

I'm Ernest.

GRACE

It's good that you have morals. I'm Grace.

ERNEST

Amazing.

The two smile. The bartender walks up.

BARTENDER

Another round Ernie?

ERNEST

No sir. Tonight, my new friend and I will have...The Captain Mormon.

BARTENDER

Whoa! We got a player! Alright, let's get the gentleman some of the top shelf stuff. You got a ride home?

ERNEST

Done and done.

BARTENDER

Okay then, okay then. A Captain  
Mormon for the roller.

Grace, surprised, stunned, bewildered-

GRACE

What are we doing? Is it illegal? I  
once put salty peanuts in my Coca  
Cola. I don't remember much after  
that.

ERNEST

Grace, tonight we drink eight  
ounces of Wisconsin dairy, mixed  
with four ounces of Kansas  
Guernsey. And to top it, oh yes, a  
shot of imported un-pasteurized  
heavy cream from Mexico.

Grace gets up, Ernest grabs her hand.

GRACE

I have to go. If I were seen...

Ernest yells to the bartender.

ERNEST

Bar keep, we'll take it in the  
rear.

BARTENDER

It's better that way.

GRACE

My reputation...

ERNEST

...is already ruined being here,  
Grace.

GRACE

Okay. I'll do it, but only in the  
rear.

INT. CAPTAIN MORMONS BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Jazz music blares from the jukebox. Ernest and Grace dance  
in a dimly lit room. They hold empty mugs by their sides.  
She looks up at Ernest, a milk mustache on her upper lip.

GRACE

Wow!

ERNEST

Dwell in it. The first time's  
always the best.

END FLASHBACK:

EXT. ALLEY - DOWNTOWN - CONTINUOUS

Ernest lies with his arms behind his head, still staring at  
the night sky.

FRANK THE BUM

Man, Ernie. What a story. Did  
y'all, you know, take it on?

ERNEST

Nah! Actually, I came in for an  
open mouthed kiss and she white  
washed me with a stomach load of  
cottage cheese.

FRANK THE BUM

That's beautiful Ernie. Goodnight.

ERNEST

Night fellas.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. ALLEY - DOWNTOWN - MORNING

Ernest stirs, gets up. A Hershey wrapper stuck to the side  
of his face. He peels it off. A dirt devil blows by.

TONY THE BUM

Morning Ernie.

ERNEST

Is it? Why does it seem different?

ANGEL, 30, black, puffed out afro, sits on a dumpster.

ANGEL (O.S)

Ernest Costanza, your time is at  
hand. Get to prostrating, old man.

Ernest drops to his knees, looks up to the sky.

ERNEST

Is it true O'Lord? Is it my time?

ANGEL (O.S)

Over here, Ernie.

Ernest spins around to find Angel, a bull horn to his mouth.  
He's dressed normal, except his wings are off to the side,  
busted up.

ANGEL  
Fielding for the Texas Rangers...

ERNEST  
Been done buddy.

ANGEL  
I'm God and...

ERNEST  
If you're God, I'm Billy Graham.  
you're just some busted up angel.  
What the hell happened to you  
anyway?

ANGEL  
Hit a Lear jet coming in. I'm  
waiting to see if insurance covers  
it.

ERNEST  
You're kidding?

ANGEL  
Universal health care. Even in  
heaven, it's hell.

Angel hops off the dumpster, walks over to Ernest.

ANGEL  
Ernest, the names Angel. I was sent  
here to...

ERNEST  
Wait...how did you know my name?

ANGEL  
Oh, we're going to do this, huh?  
Okay, here goes. Beloved child,  
when you were still in your  
mother's womb, I took your license  
out of your dumb, drunk ass back  
pocket. Amen.

He pops a drivers license up in his hand, then gives it back  
to Ernest.

ERNEST  
All the angels in heaven, I get  
Richard Pryor. How's he holding up  
anyway?

ANGEL  
It's heaven, Ernie. Sellout crowds.

ERNEST

Are you here to show me what my  
life might have...

Angel slaps Ernest up side the head.

ANGEL

No, no, Stop, stop, you can stop  
that right now. Do I look like a  
"this was your life" kind of angel?  
Huh? Do I? I don't give a fallen  
flock members feather about your  
past.

Ernest rubs his skull.

ERNEST

You're awful frickin pissy for an  
angel.

A light beam illuminates Angel's head. Angel, stretches his  
arms out wide.

ANGEL

Ernest, I was sent by God because  
he wants to...

ERNEST

Touched by an Angel. The light beam  
thing's gonna land you in court.

Angel, reaches over, flips off a light switch on the wall.  
The light goes out.

ANGEL

Look, here's the dope. Big "G"  
wants to see this whole festival  
thing work out for ya. But most  
importantly, there's someone who'll  
be attending that has got to be  
saved.

ERNEST

Saved? Who?

On the brick wall, a video shows Trish in Ernest's church  
earlier that week with her mother.

ANGEL

Little teenage girl named Trish.  
Despite having gone to your church,  
we think she can still be saved.  
There's more at stake than just the  
mission. A person's soul hangs in  
the balance.

The video on the wall stops.

ERNEST

I'm glad there's no pressure then.  
Lose my mission, a damned soul. You  
care to add anything else? I don't  
know, the fate of the world?

ANGEL

If this person is not saved, it  
will mean the end of life.

ERNEST

Oh come on. Annihilation of the  
human race. You've got to be  
frickin kidding me. What are you,  
the harbinger of sorrow?

ANGEL

Just a messenger, my man.

ERNEST

Death. That's it. You're the black  
angel of death.

ANGEL

Look, you old fart, that's  
profiling. I'm not the angel of  
death, but I do have a dark side.

Angel slaps him in the face.

END DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. ALLEY - DOWNTOWN - MORNING

Ernest jolts awake, sits up, looks around surprised.

ERNEST

It was a dream. Just a dream. Then  
why does my jaw...

Angel sits on top of the dumpster.

ANGEL

I sure do dig doing the "in the  
dream thing". Now, I'm gonna  
magically disappear.

Angel slides off the dumpster, brushes himself off, walks on  
down the alley.

ERNEST

Had your wings pulled off as a kid,  
didn't you?

ANGEL

When the time comes, Ernie, you be ready. Black angel! Somebody get me Al Sharpton.

Angel fades away.

TONY THE BUM

Hey Ernie, who ya talking to?

ERNEST

Might have just been the devil.

INT. BABBLECOCK SAVINGS AND LOAN - DAY

At her desk, SANDRA BABBLECOCK, 48, pudgy, small head, large hair, sits in her runaround battery powered chair.

She watches her favorite show on TV. The APPRAISER on the show gives great news to a enthusiastic CLIENT.

TELEVISION SCREEN INSERT:

APPRAISER

Do you have any idea of what this ancient toe nail clipper might be worth?

CLIENT

Some friends said it could be from the Ming Dynasty. But I'm not sure.

APPRAISER

It is from the Ming dynasty.

CLIENT

Oh my.

APPRAISER

And it's created quite a buzz with my fellow appraisers.

CLIENT

Really?

APPRAISER

In fact, do you still work?

CLIENT

Well yes, why?

APPRAISER

Because I want you to look at that camera right there and quit your job.

CLIENT

Oh my God, you're kidding.

Her eyes well up, she puts her hands over her mouth.

CLIENT

I can't, it's too...

APPRAISER

Look at that camera and tell your employer, I quit.

CLIENT

Alright! I'll do it. Francis, For twenty two years, I've hated working for you. You fat cow. Oh and I slept with your husband.

APPRAISER

Because...

CLIENT

Because I quit. Go to hell Francis. Whoa! That felt good.

A tap on the glass door. Ernie walks in.

APPRAISER

Well it should feel good because your nail clipper is valued at auction, conservatively, between twelve and fourteen hundred dollars.

CLIENT

What? No, My God, my life, what have I...

Click! Sandra turns off the TV.

ERNEST

Auctions gone bad. I love that show.

SANDRA

What brings you in, Ernie?

ERNEST

May I?

SANDRA

Please do.

Ernest has a seat.

ERNEST

Sandra, it's the mortgage.

Sandra flings her head back.

SANDRA  
Oh, God no, not again.

ERNEST  
I don't mean to keep bringing...

SANDRA  
Not you, my spinal stimulator just  
went out. Can ya help me?

Ernest gets up quickly, rushes to her.

ERNEST  
What do I need to do?

SANDRA  
There's a cord rolled up and in my  
gunny sack. Oh hurry.

Ernest reaches in, finds it.

ERNEST  
This?

SANDRA  
Plug it in to that wall outlet.

Ernest plugs it in. A moment of silence, then-

SANDRA  
Ahhh, delicious voltage. There it  
is. Yes.

She slowly straightens her head back to normal.

SANDRA  
Thanks Ernie. Now where were we?

ERNEST  
We've got to work something out  
regarding my mortgage. I haven't  
been able to...

Sandra flings her head back again.

SANDRA  
No, no, noooo, I can't do this  
again.

Ernest jumps up.

ERNEST  
Come unplugged?

Sandra straightens her head back up.

SANDRA

No, I just can't stand listening to you bitch about that mission again. Let it go already.

Ernest sits back down.

ERNEST

I've got an idea that might save the mission and get you your money.

SANDRA

Do tell.

ERNEST

A festival.

SANDRA

A what? A festival? Ernest have you taken leave of your senses?

ERNEST

Not in recent memory. So, you want to be a sponsor?

SANDRA

Pay you money to be a sponsor so you can use it to pay me back? I'll pass but I'll do you this. I'll hold foreclosure till the end of the festival.

ERNEST

Fine and fine. You should come. Gonna be some healings.

SANDRA

I'll think about it. Anything else?

ERNEST

That's about it.

Ernest gets up.

ERNEST

Oh and I'll be praying about that stimulator thing for you.

SANDRA

Thanks Ernie. Last time it happened, I was at the park. A pigeon parked on my face. Stayed there for nearly two hours. They're not as clean as you'd think.

INT. CHANNEL 842 NEWS - DAY

News man SLAB CORTEX, 42, bewitching dimple chin, sits behind a news desk and gives the mid-day report.

SLAB

And so the would-be home invader was found dead when local police finally showed up.

Slab straightens some papers.

SLAB

Mother pit bull and her pups. Bad place to step through a window. Ouch. Well that'll do it for us at 842 news. I'm Slab Cortex. Now, go be the news.

The CAMERA MAN flips a switch and the red light on top of the camera goes off.

CAMERA MAN

And you're clear. Nice piece, Slab.

SLAB

Thanks guys.

Slab gets up. His phone rings.

SLAB

This is Slab. Oh hey. Really? Thanks for the hot tip.

Slab closes his phone.

INT. CHANNEL 842 NEWS - HALLWAY - DAY

Slab walks up to, knocks on Stan's door.

STAN(O.S)

What?

Slab opens the door. Goes in.

INT. CHANNEL 842 NEWS - EDITORS OFFICE - DAY

Editor STAN FELDSPAR, 56, swept over balding hair, shuffles through paperwork at his desk.

SLAB

Clear your desk, Stan. Seems a mission downtown is hosting a festival in order to try and save itself.

Stan stands up quickly.

STAN  
Anyone else get wind of this yet?

SLAB  
My extensive networks say no.

STAN  
Go and flesh it out, Slab, and get back to me.

SLAB  
This story can put us on top.

STAN  
Son, we're on channel eight hundred and forty two. You have any idea what that means?

SLAB  
Wha?

STAN  
It means there's eight hundred and forty one chances for a viewer to find something better than us. Hot damn, Slab, we've got to take this story and make it come alive.

SLAB  
We're going global.

INT. THE COSTANZA HOME - DAY

Ernest struts through the front screen door. It slams behind him. Grace prepares lunch, looks up, surprised.

ERNEST  
Sandra Babblercock just gave me a righteous extension.

He grins, Grace smiles.

GRACE  
Lunch is almost...

ERNEST  
Lunch can wait. Go take your teeth out, Grace.

Grace coos-

GRACE  
How long?

ERNEST  
Let 'em soak.

Grace excitedly unties her apron.

GRACE  
Can I freshen...

Ernest stomps his foot down.

ERNEST  
Take 'em out, Grace.

Grace leaves the room.

GRACE (O.S)  
Ohhhh...as you wish, my lord. I'll  
be waiting.

Ernest walks over to the dinner table, takes a bite of sandwich, a drink of milk. Does some stretches.

GRACE (O.S)  
Ernie...

ERNEST  
On my way, cuddle dove.

EXT. PUSSCAT THEATER - DAY

Trish glances around as she walks up to the ticket stand. The TICKET TAKER, 21, goth dress, takes her money.

TICKET TAKER  
Our current feature, City Lickers  
Two is almost over.

TRISH  
What's on next?

TICKET TAKER  
Terms of Enqueerment. Are you  
eighteen?

Trish slides her a twenty dollar bill.

TRISH  
Twenty says I am.

TICKET TAKER  
Thank you, enjoy the show.

Trish walks in.

INT. PUSSCAT THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Trish walks down the red carpeted aisle. Only three people occupy the theater, a LESBIAN COUPLE, who are making out and Jasmine, covered in her night time black burka.

JASMINE  
Trish, over here.

TRISH  
Is that you?

Trish sits down, the two hug.

JASMINE  
Are you sure it's safe here?

Trish looks back.

TRISH  
Hey girls.

LESBIAN COUPLE  
(in unison)  
Hey Trish.

TRISH  
See, it's all good. So take that  
worried look off your face, okay?

Jasmine lays her head on Trish's shoulder. Jasmine's phone rings, she flips it open.

JASMINE  
Damn!

TRISH  
What is it? Is it your dad?

JASMINE  
No, It's prayer time.

TRISH  
What...here?

JASMINE  
Stop, drop and pray...five times a  
day. Remember?

Jasmine rushes to the center aisle, opens her phone. Islamic music blares from it. She pulls out a compass, centers herself, drops to her knees and genuflects directly at the two lesbians.

The lesbians stop kissing, watch Jasmine, wide eyed.

TRISH  
It's that thing she has to do.

INT. THE COSTANZA HOME - BEDROOM - LATER

The bedroom is completely trashed as if a tornado had just passed through. Ernest and Grace lie on the floor, wrapped

in bed linen, stripped from the bed.

GRACE

Yonkers!

Ernest nods in approval.

ERNEST

Yeah!

GRACE

Way to take it old school.

ERNEST

Yeah!

GRACE

Was I enough of a...

ERNEST

Oh yeah!

GRACE

Oh Ernie.

Ernest shakes the covers, a cat comes out, meows.

INT. BABBLECOCK SAVINGS AND LOAN - DAY

Stewart sits in a chair across from Sandra, his fingers intertwined, across his fat stomach.

STEWART

We're still in agreement then, eh?

SANDRA

I went into this thinking he didn't have a preacher's chance in Vegas. But after seeing the fire in his eyes when I gave him that extension...

STEWART

Hear me Sandra. It's always been my dream to own the worlds first Star Dave's coffee shop and bagel-rama. That building is perfect.

Stewart gets up, walks over to Sandra, kneels down in front of her.

SANDRA

He's not going to come up with the money anyway. So why even argue?

STEWART

I just need to know you're still in  
my camp. You are still with me, eh?

The two stare at each other.

STEWART

I'll ask again.

Stewart unplugs the cord to her gunny sack from the wall.  
Sandra's head plops back. He plugs it back in, straightening  
her head back up.

Repeatedly, Stewart pushes and pulls the electrical cord in  
and out of the socket. Her head swings wildly, her hair  
comes undone, her glasses fly off as she involuntarily nods  
in agreement.

STEWART

That's it. Nod, if you approve.  
Yes, there it is. Gooood!

SANDRA

Aaagghh, Okay, okay. Stop it, stop  
it! I'm not a bobble head.

Stewart puts his hand up.

STEWART

Glad we're in agreement.

SANDRA

Just see to it you stand clear  
until he fails. Okay?

EXT. CHURCH - AFTERNOON

Ernest approaches the stairs of his mission, a van pulls up  
with a large 842 on the side. It screeches to a halt, the  
door flies open.

Slab exits with Camera man, ANTONIO, 36, Hispanic, very fat,  
extremely short arms.

SLAB

I look Okay?

ANTONIO

You're a hunk, Slab.

SLAB

Okay, let's do this. Excuse me sir.

Slab rushes over to Ernest. Antonio holds the camera down by  
his side. Ernest turns around.

ERNEST

Me?

SLAB

I would like to talk to you  
about...

Ernest bolts.

ERNEST(O.S)

I didn't do it.

Slab and Antonio look at one another.

ANTONIO

He's going for it, Slab.

SLAB

He's elderly, his stamina is  
diminished.

The two run after Ernest.

EXT. BACK ALLEY DOWNTOWN - MOMENTS LATER

Slab and Anthony run around a corner. Slab looks around,  
sniffs the air, then points.

SLAB

Deep heating Ben Gay...from over  
there.

They sprint around the corner-

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Right into Ernest, along with eight bums. Slab and Antonio  
stop dead in their tracks. Ernest points to the camera.

ERNEST

That thing running?

SLAB

Yeah, why?

ERNEST

It's about to video a bum rush if  
you don't explain what you want.

Antonio tilts the camera lens down towards the ground.

SLAB

The name's Slab Cortex from...

TONY THE BUM

We know who you are, fella. What do  
you want with Ernie here?

SLAB

I caught wind of the festival  
you're putting together. For your  
mission.

ERNEST

Yeah! So?

SLAB

It's great news Mr...

ERNEST

Ernest will do.

SLAB

Ernest, we want to air the contest.  
We think this could...will go  
global?

ANTONIO

Global.

SLAB

Can we shoot a small piece here for  
the announcement?

Ernest looks around, the bums splash puddle water on their  
heads, streak their hair back.

ERNEST

Oh come on guys.

They gather around Ernest.

SLAB

Okay, let's do it.

Antonio brings the camera up to his waist.

ERNEST

Aren't you going to put that on  
your shoulder?

SLAB

He, ah...can't. His arms are too  
short.

ANTONIO

It's a medical condition.

ERNEST

So how do you know whether you got  
the aim right.

ANTONIO

I approximate.

ERNEST

You approximate?

INT. CHANNEL 842 NEWS - EDITING ROOM - DAY

Footage runs on the monitor as Slab, Stan, and Antonio watch.

VIEWING MONITOR SHOWS:

Footage shows random images of the upper half of Ernest, with Slab's heads out of focus. Footage now shows half of Slab out of the picture, Ernest's chest, the sky, Slab's face, a knee.

STAN

Great footage. Any takers on why we're on channel 842? Anyone?

ANTONIO

Award winning coverage?

STAN

Award winning coverage. Yeah! Circle gets an X. Excuse us please?

Antonio walks out, closes the door behind him.

SLAB

I know, I know. Dammit Stan, believe me, I know. But just give 'em a chance.

STAN

If there's life behind that dimple, Slab, you'll get me that shot. Whens the announcement?

SLAB

About an hour.

STAN

Crap, Slab, get over there and get me my news.

INT. CHURCH HALLWAY - DAY

Deloris and Ernest walk.

DELORIS

You expecting many folks.

ERNEST

As many people are talking, at least a dozen.

Ernest opens a door that leads into the worship center.

INT. CHURCH WORSHIP CENTER - DAY

The room is packed, standing room only. Slab, along with Antonio sit in the front row.

ERNEST

Whoa, Nelly.

DELORIS

Seems you've tapped a pulse here,  
Ernie.

Ernest walks up to the podium, taps on the microphone.

ERNEST

I'd like to thank you all for  
coming, but I wont. As many of you  
know, our great mission has  
suffered some set backs.

FRONT ROW - CONTINUOUS

Slab stands up, turns to Antonio, who records Slab.

SLAB

Slab Cortex here today at the  
Merciful Lady of the Benevolent  
Incarnate Inception and Bingo Hall  
where local Preacher Ernest  
Costanza who...

PULPIT - CONTINUOUS

Ernest interrupts Slab.

ERNEST

...thought it might be a good idea  
to hold a festival to try and  
save...

FRONT ROW - CONTINUOUS

Slab interrupts Ernest.

SLAB

...a crumbling dream and who is  
desperately trying to hold on to  
this pathetic band of...

PULPIT - CONTINUOUS

Ernest throws a bible, hits Slab in the back of the head.

ERNEST

Dummy up Slab.

Slab sits down.

ERNEST

Here's the skinny, folks. This may seem a shallow, hell almost arrogant way to try and exploit money from you fine people, and in fact it is.

Grace walks up to the keyboards, cracks her fingers.

ERNEST

Let's butter some bread, Grace.

Grace plays a slow melodic tune.

ERNEST

Folks, God has a funny way of bringing people together.

Ernest looks off into the distance. The entire group looks to see what he stares at. He snaps out of it, looks back to the crowd.

ERNEST

I look out among you and see a whole host of religions. Most of 'em wrong. None the less you're out there.

BILLY THE BUM

Hot damn! Preach it, Ernie.

ERNEST

Sometimes in life, we've only got one chance to show the world that many religions can come together and pummel the faith out of each other and walk away leaving my mortgage paid.

TONY THE BUM

Come on now.

ERNEST

Alright Grace, let's kick up some dirt.

Grace holds a single note with one hand, the other hand straight up in the air. Hips gyrating.

ERNEST

People, you wanna see me on the streets?

CROWD

No!

ERNEST  
How about a soup line?

CROWD  
No!

Ernest motions to Grace to pick it up. She thrust her hips, increases the tempo.

ERNEST  
This weekend, we'll show the world  
that all faiths, not just the loser  
ones, you know who you are, can  
make a difference for the love of-

Ernest points to Trish.

TRISH  
God?

Ernest points to Jasmine.

JASMINE  
Allah?

Ernest points to Billy.

BILLY THE BUM  
Mary?

ERNEST  
Now were cooking.

Ernest points to Tony.

TONY THE BUM  
Jesus?

PATTY  
Da poop?

ERNEST  
Sure, Patty, da poop. All of them  
are fine as long as, come on now,  
everyone stand up, as long as, let  
me see, I said let me see your  
hands, as long as Ernie gets his  
money at the expense of every  
single one of your Gods.

Ernest throws his hands up, the crowd erupts into applause. Trish and Ernest make eye contact. With a look of disgust, she leaves with Jasmine.

ERNEST  
Um...all right Grace, take it home.

Ernest walks off stage with Deloris.

INT. CHURCH HALLWAY - DAY

Ernest and Deloris walk down the hallway.

DELORIS  
Still got it Ernie.

ANGEL (O.S)  
Excuse me sweetheart, you mind if  
Ernie and I have a word?

Angel walks behind them, they stop and turn.

ANGEL  
You mind?

ERNEST  
He's a friend.

Deloris walks off.

Ernest and Angel continue to walk. Ernest glances over to  
Angel's T-shirt.

ERNEST  
Where's your wings?

ANGEL  
In the shop for repairs. Got a  
loaner pair though.

He turns around. The word "WINGS" are printed on the back.

ERNEST  
Ha, you are one funny son of a-

ANGEL  
Beatrice.

ERNEST  
Huh?

ANGEL  
Beatrice Moore. Prayer request she  
put in for her granddaughter.  
That's why I'm here.

Angel's face morphs into an image of a demon.

ANGEL  
That and to take you home to burn  
in Hell.

Ernest squeals and runs off, arms flailing.

ERNEST(O.S)

I knew it. You're the Angel of  
death. I've should have seen it.

Angel cackles out loud.

ANGEL

Oh, come back Ernie.  
Whoo...okay...okay.

He slowly stops, then looks to God.

ANGEL

I know, I know, I was just having a  
little fun. What? Oh come on, a  
co-pay for the wing upgrade? Jesus  
Christ almight-

A massive ray of light beams on him.

ANGEL

Ow, ow, ow, meant it in love, meant  
it reverence.

The light beam shuts off.

ANGEL

Jeez. Had it set to pop corn, did  
ya? Thanks for the tan.

A moment passes. He looks up again.

ANGEL

Oh come on, that was a good line,  
right? Anyone? Richard?

The sound of one person clapping.

ANGEL

Tip at the door.

INT. CHANNEL 842 NEWS - EDITING ROOM - DAY

VIEWING MONITOR SHOWS:

Footage of Slab's crotch, Ernest, the ceiling, Grace, an out  
of focus cross on the wall, then Slab again as a bible hits  
him on the back of his head.

STAN

That's my shot? Are you kidding me?  
A half retarded chimp could've done  
better.

SLAB

It got complicated. Ernie got up  
and everybody...

STAN

Slab, give me one good reason not to pull the plug on you and bring in ten year seasoned veteran Laybin Fostwald to host that festival?

SLAB

First off, we're working on a new harness for his camera.

ANTONIO

To approximate.

SLAB

Secondly...dammit, Stan, I was scared. okay? You hear me? I mean, what if that Bible hitting me, baptized me or something?

Slab cries, Stan moves in, comforts him. The lights dim.

STAN

Come on now, pull yourself together.

SLAB

There were so many people, and a camera, and a preacher.

STAN

I know, I know. Tell you what, I'll co-chair the commentary during the festival.

SLAB

You better not be playing with my heart.

ANTONIO

Should I leave?

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON

Angel and Ernest stroll among the hustle of the city crowd. The two stop at a hotdog cart.

ANGEL

Look, I'm sorry about that back there. I didn't know you were so touchy about the whole death thing.

ERNEST

With more days behind me than ahead, It crosses my mind.

ANGEL

Just so you know, I'm not the angel of death. Okay? Far from it.

ERNEST

Exactly what are you then?

ANGEL

I'm a tweener.

ERNEST

You know what? If you're gonna keep up with the...

The HOT DOG VENDOR taps his cart to get their attention.

HOT DOG VENDOR

What'll have?

ERNEST

Barnstormer, extra kraut.

ANGEL

Well played! I'll have the jalapeño chile dog with extra peppers.

Ernest and the hot dog vendor both look surprised.

ANGEL

What? I like it hot. So?

ERNEST

Makes me wonder which side you're really flying for.

ANGEL

Back to where we were. Everyone seems to think that all God made was good angels and bad angels. Tweeners are, well, we're down the middle.

ERNEST

For what reason?

Angel looks over to the hot dog vendor.

ANGEL

More peppers my man. Ernie, let me ask, would you feel comfortable talking to a little miss prissy perfect angel that can do no wrong?

ERNEST

Not particularly.

ANGEL

How about one of those hard boiled  
minions from the pinches of hell?  
Care to have a beer with him?

ERNEST

Good point.

The hot dog vendor hands off the hot dogs.

HOT DOG VENDOR

Here you go. Extra peppers.

ANGEL

God, being, well God, created  
tweeners so we could relate to your  
lower than average species. You  
might say, we smoke, but don't  
inhale. Making sense so far?

ERNEST

You've got my attention.

The two men walk over to a park bench.

PARK BENCH - CONTINUOUS

Ernest and Angel have a seat.

ANGEL

Semantics aside. Cards on the  
table. Beatrice Moore, the  
grandmother I mentioned earlier is  
the grandmother of Trish Moore.  
Remember her?

ERNEST

The little lesbian with the Billy  
Ray Cyrus haircut?

ANGEL

Yeah. She was there today, got up  
and walked out of your church.  
Seemed hurt.

ERNEST

And?

ANGEL

She thinks you're a hypocrite,  
going around bashing everyone's  
faith for your own gain. You've  
gotta change that.

ERNEST

Fair and fair.

ANGEL

For your troubles, God's adding an extra room to your mansion in heaven.

ERNEST

Well, I'll be!

Ernest takes a bite of his hot dog.

ANGEL

That gives you two rooms. One more, you can have yourself a double wide.

INT. KATHY AND TRISH'S HOME - KITCHEN

Kathy prepares dinner. Trish walks in, grabs an apple, hops up on the counter.

TRISH

You should've came to the announcement. It was a riot.

KATHY

Was the Reverend there?

TRISH

Pastor Ernie, yeah. He's such a trash talker. Said our church could be part of the festival though.

KATHY

You gonna participate?

TRISH

Thought I might. Why, you wanna come?

KATHY

Me? Are you sure your mother, sisters or whatever they are won't mind? You know last time I had to have a restraining...

TRISH

They'll be fine. I promise. Really? You'll do this with me? For real?

Kathy stops working, turns to Trish.

KATHY

Sweetie, my love for you hasn't changed. We just seem to have this, gaping divide where your sexuality is concerned.

TRISH  
Yokay. So you're in?

KATHY  
I'd love to.

They hug.

EXT. SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON

Ernest walks among the shuffle of people. He stops and waits at an intersection.

TEDDY (O.S)  
Hey Ernie.

Ernest looks around.

TEDDY  
Over here.

Teddy walks up along side.

TEDDY  
So the festival's in a few days.  
You nervous?

ERNEST  
Na! It's not like there's a lot  
riding on it.

TEDDY  
That's what I love about you Ernie,  
your optimism. Don't worry, Teddy  
has a few magic bullets left for ya  
when the time comes.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - DAY

Crew members set up a festival. Tents, booths, concession stands.

INT. TRISH'S BED

Trish, tosses in her bed. She wakes up, eyes wide open.

EXT. ALLEY - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Ernest, drinks around a trashcan fire with the bums.

EXT. ALLEY - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Teddy, reaches from behind a dumpster, pulls out a purple suit sealed in cling wrap. He dusts it off.

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM

Jasmine, hangs up her burka in her closet. She has her nighttime pink burka on for bed.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH

Patty, walks into the library where Chamois stands at the top of a tall ladder working. A group of nuns are gathered at the base of the ladder looking up. He disperses them.

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - DAY

Ernest, stands looking out over the festival in it's completed glory. He smiles.

END MONTAGE:

EXT. FESTIVAL - MORNING

Ernest, scissors in hand, stands in front of a ceremony ribbon. Various other church members stand nearby.

ERNEST

I'd like to start off the festivities by wishing everyone a great time, but I wont.

Deloris steps over to the microphone.

DELORIS

Welcome everyone to the first annual festival held by The Merciful Lady of the Benevolent Incarnate Inception and Bingo Hall.

The crowd applauds.

DELORIS

As you know, the proceeds go to help keep our marvelous Mission out of foreclosure.

The crowd applauds.

ERNEST

There's a bunch of contests, but for the senior members, just three and the winner who gets to takes home bragging rights and this trophy.

He points to a trophy.

ERNEST(CONT)

Starting in one hour, the first of the contest, Torah, Torah, Torah.

The crowd applauds as he cuts the ribbon. Everyone moves through the entrance to the festival.

INT. OPEN AIR TENT STAGE - FESTIVAL - DAY

Positioned in a single row, five podiums. Behind them, Father Mother Dakota, Patty, Stewart, Mockmud and Ernest. Deloris steps up to the microphone.

DELORIS

We are pleased to have the team from channel 842 here with us to commentate.

INT. COMMENTATORS TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Slab and Stan sit at a booth in the tent, just to the side of the stage.

Antonio sports the new harness attached to his camera just even with his belt line. His camera sits at a perky thirty degree angle.

SLAB

Hi everybody, I'm Slab Cortex, and here with me is Stan Feldspar covering what might be history in the making.

STAN

Slab, not since the inquisition of the dark ages has religion played such a positive role in the lives of everyday people.

SLAB

Right you are, Stan. Now let's introduce our competitors.

INT. OPEN AIR TENT STAGE - FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

A view of Father Mother Dakota.

SLAB(O.S)

She hails from the United Gay and Lesbian Youth and Melissa Etheridge National fan club. Better known as Ugly Men, Father Mother Dakota.

A view of Patty.

STAN(O.S)

Our next contestant says "not on my crotch" when it comes to undergarments at the Irish catholic church, Patty O'Sheath.

A view of Stewart.

SLAB(O.S)

This pudgy porker has a battle cry  
all his own here at Torah, Torah,  
Torah. I'm gonna take my Yamaka,  
and slap your mamaka. Stewart  
Labowitz.

A view of Mockmud.

STAN(O.S)

Well, check your watch folks, cause  
it's midnight at the oasis for our  
next contestant, Mega Masque mogul  
Mockmud Mahamad.

A view of Ernest.

STAN(O.S)

And the man who started this whole  
train wreck of a festival, but you  
gotta love him, people, let's hear  
it for Ernest Costanza.

A view of Deloris at another podium.

SLAB(O.S)

Deloris will start with the first  
round of questions. So is everyone  
ready? Then let's begin Torah,  
Torah, Torah.

DELORIS

Our first question deals with the  
Old Testament.

Stewart smirks at Ernest.

DELORIS

By what means did God prefer to  
talk to Moses?

Mockmud buzzes in.

MOCKMUD

Through...the killing of every  
first born son?

DELORIS

What? No, that's incorrect.

Father Mother Dakota buzzes in.

FATHER MOTHER DAKOTA

A flaming bush?

DELORIS  
Correct. Five points for Ugly Men.

STEWART  
Figures she'd get that one.

DELORIS  
The next question deals with  
Revelations. What did the pale  
horse represent?

Patty buzzes in.

PATTY  
In the time of da pule hurce wooz  
to been cumba ba loom fur da floket  
decroock.

DELORIS  
We...ah, have no choice but to  
assume he is right. Irish Catholics  
get five points.

Patty throws his arms up.

PATTY  
Ahhhh.

DELORIS  
With two on the board, our third  
question.

EXT. FESTIVAL GROUNDS - DAY

Trish and Kathy walk together. Trish eats a rainbow colored  
cotton candy.

TRISH  
I've got us entered in the mother,  
daughter pie eating contest.

KATHY  
Pie huh?

TRISH  
Mom, don't read too much into it,  
It's just a contest.

EXT. FESTIVAL PIE EATING CONTEST - LATER

Trish and Kathy sit at the pie eating table. One hundred  
WOMEN in the audience, dressed in yellow UGLY MEN t-shirts  
chant.

WOMEN  
Eat that pie, eat that pie, eat  
that pie.

KATHY

Nothing to read into here.

The ANNOUNCER, 50, candy cane shirt, starts the contest.

ANNOUNCER

And...go!

Five women start to eat pie. Kathy is voracious, takes the lead over everyone. The women continue chanting.

ANNOUNCER

We have a winner.

Kathy stands up, throws her arms in the air. Trish hugs her. A WOMAN IN THE AUDIENCE gives her approval.

WOMAN IN AUDIENCE

(yells out)

What a lucky pie!

The women applaud, laugh.

INT. COMMENTATORS TABLE - FESTIVAL - DAY

Slab and Stan work at the news booth where the Torah, Torah, Torah competition continues.

SLAB

Welcome back and wow do we have a competition warming up here.

STAN

Slab, with Ugly Man leading, you might say, there just might be a crack in the old dike today.

SLAB

No Stan, I don't think you want to...

STAN

It's an old news term Slab. Let's get back to the competition, where Ernest and Stewart are tied for second place, with Patty sliding in the rear in fourth.

INT. OPEN AIR TENT STAGE - FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

The contest continues on stage.

DELORIS

Our next round of questions are ten points each. When Noah's Arc finally touched ground, God sent

(MORE)

DELORIS (cont'd)  
what symbol that he would always  
keep his promises?

Father Mother Dakota buzzes in.

FATHER MOTHER DAKOTA  
A dove?

DELORIS  
That's incorrect.

Mockmud buzzes in.

MOCKMUD  
Through...the killing of every  
first born son?

DELORIS  
Wow...no...Anyone?

Ernest buzzes in.

ERNEST  
A rainbow?

DELORIS  
That's correct for ten points.

Father Mother Dakota slams her hands down on the podium.

FATHER MOTHER DAKOTA  
Oh come on.

ERNEST  
You'll never live that one down.

DELORIS  
That puts Ernest in a tie for lead  
with just two questions remaining.

EXT. FESTIVAL GROUNDS - DAY

Chamois stands at a basketball throwing booth.  
The BOOTH MAN, 25, behind the counter, taunts him a bit.

BOOTH MAN  
Come on, you don't think you can  
shoot two out of three baskets?

CHAMOIS  
It's not that. I just haven't shot  
ball in...

BOOTH MAN  
You mean hoop? Haven't shot hoop?  
What's to stop you girly boy? Eh?

CHAMOIS

Okay, I'll do it.

BOOTH MAN

That's a good sport. Three balls,  
two dollars.

Chamois hands him the money. A NUN stands beside him. The  
Booth man gives him a ball.

BOOTH MAN

Alright buddy, get two out of three  
and win a prize.

Chamois bounces the ball a couple of times, lines up, jumps  
and shoots. His Kilt, flies up, a blur blocks out the fact  
that once again he is not wearing underwear. The ball  
misses.

BOOTH MAN

That's okay buddy, you still have  
two more balls.

NUN

Got that right.

Booth man hands him a ball. He bounces it, jumps in the air,  
kilt flies up, he makes it. The three nuns applaud loudly.

EXT. DARTS BOOTH

A group of nuns notice the commotion over at the basketball  
booth. They rush over.

EXT. FESTIVAL GROUNDS - DAY

Chamois shoots again, misses.

BOOTH MAN

Sorry buddy. Care to try...

A nun hands him a twenty.

NUN

Yes he would.

BOOTH MAN

Ma'am, that's a twenty.

NUN

Give him the ball if you know  
what's good for ya.

Fifteen nuns are now gathered around, all applauding along  
with some cat calls.

INT. COMMENTATORS TABLE - FESTIVAL - DAY

With the competition in high gear, Slab and Stan work the booth.

SLAB

Folks, we're down to the last two questions and a tie between Ernest and Stewart.

STAN

There's no love lost here Slab. The epic battle of Jew verses Gentile is about to come to a head.

INT. OPEN AIR TENT STAGE - FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Deloris continues her questioning.

DELORIS

This question will be worth ten points. When Pharaoh refused to set the Egyptians free, God sent down an angel of death to do what?

All of the contestants look to Mockmud. A moment passes by. Patty looks to Ernest, nods. Ernest looks to Mockmud, bumps his shoulder.

ERNEST

Say...ah, you might want to field this one.

Mockmud buzzes in.

MOCKMUD

Through...the killing of every first born son?

DELORIS

Correct for ten points.

Mockmud and Ernest high five. The crowd applauds.

DELORIS

And now, the last question. In a dispute between two women claiming to be the mother of the same child, King Solomon offered what solution to determine who the rightful mother was?

Father Mother Dakota buzzes in.

FATHER MOTHER DAKOTA

Joint custody?

DELORIS  
I'm sorry, that's incorrect.

Patty buzzes in.

PATTY  
Did they muud wrestle fur da wee  
un?

DELORIS  
Did you, say mud wrestle for him?  
No, I'm sorry, that's incorrect?

PATTY  
Ahhhh-

Stewart and Ernest freeze, then turn to look at one another.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. SEMINARY - DAY

SUPER:1968

Stewart, 20, and Ernest, 20, walk down a hallway. Both wearing tie die shirts.

STEWART  
Man, brother Ernie, I can't wait  
for lunch.

ERNEST  
Yeah, me too brother Stew. Hey,  
know what, wait a minute, I've got  
a candy bar. You want some?

STEWART  
Sure, what kind?

Ernest pulls it out of his back pack.

ERNEST  
A Baby Ruth. You wanna split it?

STEWART  
Sure, brother. Thanks.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. OPEN AIR TENT STAGE - FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Stewart and Ernest's eyes both go wide. In an instant, both go for the buzzer. Stewart's buzzer goes first.

DELORIS  
Stewart, for the win.

STEWART

He commanded, split the baby in  
half.

DELORIS

Correct for fifteen points and the  
win.

Stewart throws his hands up in victory. The crowd applauds.

INT. COMMENTATORS TABLE - FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Slab and Stan, excited, continue with the closing report.  
Antonio works the camera.

STAN

Boy, if this is a sign of things to  
come, I'd say, it's Branch  
Davidian time for Ernest and his  
posse.

SLAB

I...wow, what?

STAN

Just an old news saying, Slab.  
Tomorrow, in the second of three  
contests, it's speaking in tongues.  
Until then, I'm Stan Feldspar-

SLAB

And I'm Slab Cortex, good night  
everyone.

ANTONIO

Okay, you're clear.

SLAB

Really...Branch Davidian? Jeez  
Stan.

EXT. FESTIVAL GROUNDS - NIGHT

The night is lit up with the glow of colorful lights. The  
sounds of festivities all around. Ernest walks with Grace.  
The two enjoy ice cream.

GRACE

Wanna know what this reminds me of?

ERNEST

What, sweetie?

GRACE

A festival.

ERNEST  
Me too, pudding cup.

Patty rushes up.

PATTY  
Tis the bouy. Seems he found  
himself a piece of truuble. I need  
ya heulp.

EXT. FESTIVAL GROUNDS - NIGHT

Patty, Grace and Ernest rush up to a trampoline surrounded by nuns. Some have torches, some slam the edge of the trampoline with their hands. Chamois frantically jumps up and down on it.

CHAMOIS  
Help me, please someone help.  
Patty...Patty, is that you? Help!

NUNS  
Jump, jump, jump, jump.

Patty confronts the group of nuns.

PATTY  
What ja doing to da that poo bouy?

Several nuns swing around.

NUN  
Who wants to know?

PATTY  
Patty O'Sheath. Let hum dun. Now!  
What ja duing? he's juust ta lad.

NUN  
How bout, it aint nun ya business.

PATTY  
Get back, get back or ya feel the  
wrath oof da poop.

From under his shirt, Patty pulls a necklace with a large picture of the Pope on it.

PATTY  
Da poop see's ya fur whut ya doon.  
Ahhhh-

The nuns squeal, run into the darkness, arms flailing. Chamois stops jumping, gets off.

CHAMOIS

It all started so innocent. Then they...

PATTY

I knew bouy. Nuuns, you got to wutch em. They can tuurn ta loone fluk da take too ought.

CHAMOIS

Yeah! Okay, hey thanks for the first part.

PATTY

Marrow, we gut ya some skivvies for ya undercarriage. Aye?

CHAMOIS

Underwear? You mean it?

PATTY

Ahhh-

The two hug. Some bums walk by.

TONY THE BUM

Hey Ernie.

ERNEST

Hey fellas.

FRANK THE BUM

You on for dumpster diving later tonight?

Grace looks up to him.

ERNEST

No fellas, I think I'm gonna finish up on some dumpster diving I started earlier today.

GRACE

I saved the Efferdent.

TONY THE BUM

That Grace, wow what a girl.

EXT. FESTIVAL GROUNDS - NIGHT

Les waits in a dimly lit area behind a popcorn stand. Around him, darkness.

STEWART(O.S)

You do understand we have a deal, eh?

LES

Yes. When do I get my money?

Stewart come from out of the dark.

STEWART

First things first. Rumor has it, you won the silver tongue devil award five years straight. Is it true?

LES

Oh, it's true. You ah, care to sample the product?

Stewart, fidgets, looks around.

STEWART

Do it.

LES

Plada sun cotga aslada due mengga.

STEWART

Oh, you'll get your money and when your tongue wins me that contest tomorrow. I can't wait to see the look on Ernest face.

He laughs manically.

LES

You just remember my money and I'll win your contest.

EXT. FESTIVAL GROUNDS - NIGHT

Grace and Ernest continue to walk. Kathy and Trish walk up.

KATHY

Hey guys. We sure did enjoy your sermon last week.

ERNEST

Thank you Mrs...

KATHY

Oh, please, just Kathy and this is my daughter Trish.

ERNEST

Trish, Trish, oh Trish you were at the service as well, weren't you?

TRISH

Yeah, it was a hoot. But I don't care for your smart ass remarks regarding other people faith.

KATHY

Trish!?

Mockmud and Jasmine walk up. Jasmine has her brown evening burka on.

ERNEST

Mockmud, great to see you. You've met my bride Grace.

MOCKMUD

I have and good evening to you as well Ernie.

GRACE

Evening Mockmud.

TRISH

Hi Jasmine.

JASMINE

Hi Trish.

MOCKMUD

You two know one another? And you are?

KATHY

Trish's mother...I'm sorry Kathy.

MOCKMUD

So nice to meet you Kathy.

Grace and Trish make eye contact.

GRACE

Trish, do I know you from somewhere?

TRISH

I don't think so.

GRACE

Strange, I feel like we've met before.

TRISH

Yeah?

In a fenced in area, a chained up COW with a CHILD on top. Both Mockmud and Jasmine's phones ring. Mockmud uses his compass to get his bearing towards Mecca.

JASMINE  
Stop, drop and pray.

MOCKMUD  
Five times a day.

Jasmine's phone plays blaring Islam music as they drop to pray. They stare straight at the asshole of the cow.

MOCKMUD  
This is awkward.

Mockmud and Jasmine genuflect towards the cow. The cow takes a heaping shit.

ERNEST  
We'll...ah leave ya to it.

KATHY  
So we'll see you guys tomorrow  
then. Nice to meet you Mockmud.

MOCKMUD  
You as well Kathy.

Kathy and Trish, leave.

GRACE  
Nice girl.

ERNEST  
Glad you thought so.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. THATCHED HUT - JUNGLE - DAY

A SMALL BLACK CHILD lies on a cot, sweaty, in pain, crying. A WHITE HAND wipes the forehead, the child fusses. The MOTHER, 45, black, jungle garb, sets next to the child, looks up.

The white hands reach down, picks up the child, cradles it.

A reflection in the mirror holding the child shows that it's Trish, twenty years older.

END DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. TRISH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Trish bolts straight up from her bed, sweaty, breathing hard.

INT. THE COSTANZA HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ernest and Grace sleep on the floor on their trashed bedroom. He bolts straight up, sweaty, breathing hard.

He reaches for, then pulls Grace's upper dentures from his shoulder blade.

ERNEST

Christ almighty Grace, I thought  
you put these to soak.

She stirs but does not wake. Ernest gets up.

INT. THE COSTANZA HOME - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

At the sink, he plops the teeth into a glass to soak. He looks up. In the mirror, Trish holds the black child, she stares back at him.

ERNEST

Ahhh-

Ernest backs up, bumps into Angel, Ernest spins around.

ERNEST

Ahhh-

ANGEL

Easy, Ernie. You about banged up my  
new wings.

ERNEST

What was...why did she, how was it  
that...

ANGEL

Careful old man, ain't your time  
yet. Don't need you checking out a  
week ahead of schedule.

ERNEST

What do ya mean a week? Saaay...was  
that bloated little fella in the  
mirror you as a kid?

ANGEL

Oh, you know what? We just went to  
a new level, you and me.

Angel grabs Ernest, spins him around to face the mirror, grabs the back of his neck, shoves his face into the glass.

INT. THATCHED HUT - JUNGLE - DAY

Ernest and Angel are transported to the corner of the room. Trish tends to the small black child on a table.

ANGEL

(whispers)

This is Trish's future if she's introduced to God. Helping the poor as a Peace Corps volunteer at first.

ERNEST

(whispers)

Then what?

ANGEL

(whispers)

She goes on to do things that truly glorify him. It's what she was born to do.

ERNEST

(out loud)

Wow and I get to be a part of the...

Trish turns, looks at the two.

TRISH

Who are you guys?

Ernest, looks over to Angel, completely stunned. Trish walks in their direction.

ANGEL

You didn't just see me whispering?

ERNEST

She can see us?

ANGEL

I don't have invisibility options yet.

TRISH

If you guys are going to be here, the least you can do is help out. Hey are you the kids father? You look kinda like him.

ERNEST

Ha!

ANGEL

Ain't this some shit.

Angel picks up a bed pan, shoves Ernest's face into it.

INT. THE COSTANZA HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ernest and Angel are transported back into the bathroom once again. Ernest spits out pieces.

ERNEST

A frickin bed pan, really? Ever heard of diphtheria?

ANGEL

You had that coming. Lucky it wasn't full. As for that kid, he didn't look nothing like me.

ERNEST

I can see it now, Angel, the tests are in, you are the baby's father.

ANGEL

Just a laugh a minute aren't ya? Look, just see to it Grace is with you tomorrow, Okay?

ERNEST

Done and done. Say, how's the new wings working for ya?

ANGEL

Left one's a little out of balance. I can feel it knocking around fifty.

Angel walks over to the shower, opens the curtain, steps in.

ANGEL

And now, I'm gonna...

ERNEST

Yeah, I know, magically disappear.

Angel closes the curtain.

ANGEL

No, take a shower. That jungle shit gives me the willies.

The shower turns on.

ERNEST

Night Angel. Turn the water off when you're done.

ANGEL

Who uses Suave? Christ this water's...

A strong beam of light flashes down on Angel. A silhouette on the outside of the shower curtain shows him writhing in pain.

ANGEL

Ahhhh, ow, ow, oooowwww, Okay, okay.

The light turns off.

ANGEL

Steam fried. Good stuff. Wonder why my hair's curly? Thanks big "G".

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room's dark, then, a tap on the window. Jasmine, dressed in her pink bed time burka, reaches over, turns on the night stand light.

It's Trish outside the window. Tris opens it, crawls through, and hops on the bed with Jasmine. The two lay in each other arms.

JASMINE

I'm glad you made it. I didn't think you would.

TRISH

And miss that look of surprise? I wouldn't have missed seeing you for the world.

JASMINE

Are you going to the festival tomorrow?

TRISH

Yeah! Mom's coming too. You know, your dad and my mom seem to hit it off.

Trish reaches, tilts Jasmine's burka'd chin up.

TRISH

Hey, what's wrong?

JASMINE

I don't know if I'm ready yet, to come out.

TRISH

If you're ready, fine, if not, don't worry about it. Okay?

JASMINE

Okay. Love you.

TRISH

Love you too.

INT. COMMENTATORS TABLE - FESTIVAL - DAY

Slab and Stan ready themselves at the desk while Antonio adjust his harness.

SLAB

You need a hand with that thing fella?

ANTONIO

I think I got it. Does the angle look Okay?

The camera sits attached at his belt line, perched at a thirty degree upward angle.

STAN

Well, you do have a respectful angle going there. I did notice that the camera shot was a bit off yesterday, try bending it down just a bit.

Antonio spreads his legs, grabs the lens and bends it downward like a morning hard on.

ANTONIO

Ugh...like this?

Stan and Slab glance at one another.

SLAB

Yeah, ah...that fine. Great angle.

Antonio puts his other hand on a tent pole.

ANTONIO

This should help. And you're on in three, two, one.

SLAB

Hello everybody and welcome back. I'm Slab Cortex...

STAN

And I'm Stan Feldspar. Today, the second of three contests pitting faith against faith.

SLAB

Right you are, Stan. We're talking about a game of whits, stamina, and down right skill. You guessed it, speaking in tongues.

STAN

Slab, speaking in tongues wasn't always a game of skill. In the dark ages, it was usually the natural response to a blistering hot poker into the eye, while converting people over to the saving love of God.

Slab, chuckles.

SLAB

I'll bet they did babble on.

INT. OPEN AIR TENT STAGE - FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Father Mother Dakota, Mockmud, and Teddy, are set to go head to head. Ernest pulls Teddy aside.

ERNEST

I don't know where Les is. He should be here by now, but we can't forfeit. Are you sure you can do this. It's been a while.

TEDDY

I'll give it my best shot, buddy.

GRACE

Are the contestants ready? And go!

Teddy, Farther Mother Dakota go at it. Instead of speaking in tounques, Mockmud ululates.

FATHER MOTHER DAKOTA

Dong duda fluda mudda grudda  
whuudda shudda cuudda.

TEDDY

Shwang talla lipsom gunt falla tooo  
croma doiung.

MOCKMUD

Lalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalala...

Father Mother Dakota looks over to Teddy, they both look to Mockmud.

INT. COMMENTATORS TABLE - FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Slab, and Stan, nod their heads in disapproval.

SLAB

With that kinda spit flying out there, I don't envy those microphones.

STAN

Or the first four rows. Father  
Mother Dakota is taking the time  
tested cudda, shuda wuda approach,  
but at this level of competition,  
the safe route won't get you to the  
finals.

SLAB

True that Stan, in fact, Teddy's  
babbling like a crack crazed idiot  
but Mockmud sounds like he's on the  
warpath with his middle eastern  
Gatlin gun. And that's what it  
takes.

INT. OPEN AIR TENT STAGE - FESTIVAL - DAY

The three continue to go at it.

TEDDY

Lasta bang oplabug tugh fang sorra

FATHER MOTHER DAKOTA

Budda fludda crudda toguttaaaaaaaa-

MOCKMUD

Lalalalalalalalalalalalalalalal...

Out of breath, Father Mother Dakota, stops.

SLAB(O.S.)

I guess she coulda, shoulda, came  
with a better game. You'd think her  
tongue would've been in better  
shape than that. Down to Mockmud  
and Teddy.

MOCKMUD

Lalalalalalalalalaaaahhhhh...

Mockmud runs out of breath. Slams the podium.

STAN(O.S.)

Teddy takes it in the first round.  
Mockmud needs to la-la learn how to  
reload that turban, tounge gun.

SLAB

Shootin blanks in the end Stan.

INT. COMMENTATORS TABLE - FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Antonio stands off to the side. His camera pointed straight  
at the side of Slab's face.

SLAB

We'll need to pause for a commercial break but we'll be right back with more speaking in tongues.

ANTONIO

And clear.

SLAB

Hey ah, buddy, you think you might be able to back that up just a smidgen? Kinda feeling boxed in here.

ANTONIO

Sorry Slab, I just wanted that shot on your face to count.

INT. OPEN AIR TENT STAGE - FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Ernest and Teddy huddle over at the corner of the stage.

TEDDY

I don't know if I can go though that again.

ERNEST

You did good. You did good. Now where the hell is Les?

Patty and Chamois walk in, have a seat in the audience. Deloris looks out and notices Trish and Kathy in the audience, waves. Trish waves back, smiles.

INT. COMMENTATORS TABLE - FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Antonio, grips the camera, points it down, aims it at Slab and Stan.

ANTONIO

And you're on.

STAN

Welcome back to the next match up in the speaking in tongues competition. Since the Catholics don't believe in speaking in tongues outside of confession, or binge drinking, they'll be sitting this one out.

SLAB

We've just received a notice that Stewart Labowitz has been replaced in the competition.

STAN  
Highly unusual, Slab. Let's go to  
the stage.

INT. OPEN AIR TENT STAGE - FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Grace is handed a note, looks over to Ernest.

GRACE  
We've just received a notice of  
substitution. Stewart labowitz is  
being replaced by...Les Cromtower?

Stewart walks in with Les, a broad smirk on his face.  
Stewart has a seat, Les goes onto the stage.

ERNEST  
I knew Stew had to be up to no  
good. That fork tongued serpent.  
Teddy, can you do it?

TEDDY  
I've got nothing left, Ernie. Can  
you do it?

Patty and Chamois look on, surprised.

ERNEST  
I haven't tongued in years.

Grace clears her throat.

TEDDY  
Okay, I'll give it a try.

ERNEST  
That's all I ask, buddy.

Teddy gets back on the stage, Les smirks.

TEDDY  
Your own church?

LES  
He needed a ringer, I need a phone.

GRACE (O.S.)  
They will have one minute to warm  
up.

LES  
unsa dala goma tume trung tane un  
wango ta

SLAB (O.S.)  
Wow, pipes of a pro.

Teddy tries to give it his best.

TEDDY

Brun dela un tage sho caugh, caugh,  
caugh.

STAN(O.S.)

Teddy just doesn't have it to  
give. Ernest has got to be feeling  
the pressure.

STEWART

You can always quit, Costanza. Ha!

Teddy walks off the stage.

GRACE

I'm afraid with no one else to  
represent, Ernest's team will be  
forced to...

INT. AUDIENCE - CONTINUOUS

CHAMOIS

Wait!

Everyone turns, looks at Chamois.

CHAMOIS

Patty, Follow me.

PATTY

What cha doiung bouy?

CHAMOIS

Trust me, come on.

The two step on to the stage.

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

CHAMOIS

Patty will be substituting for  
Teddy.

GRACE

Any objections? Anyone? Then done.

PATTY

Boy, I dount knew whutch yuu gut in  
mund, bute um note good at-

CHAMOIS

Someone get me something to read.

Trish stands up, magazine in hand.

TRISH  
I've got a copy of Modern  
Domesticated Lesbian Life Partner.

CHAMOIS  
Perfect, bring it here.

Trish runs it up to him, hands it off.

CHAMOIS  
Thanks. Okay, Patty, I want you to  
read from this as fast as you can.

PATTY  
I dunt understund whuch-

CHAMOIS  
Just read it, Okay?

GRACE  
Are you ready? Go!

LES  
Sala dos latta none uga cha demano  
came brea thu dat datta

PATTY  
I fund whut du it fur hen frum da  
tore id jane as fur dala tune

Les looks over, surprised, Stewart looks on shocked.

INT. COMMENTATORS TABLE - FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Slab and Stan look on stunned as well.

SLAB  
Hold the pickles, we've got a  
tongue lashing being served up at  
the hands of Patty O'Sheath.

STAN  
We're witnessing the birth of a new  
star, folks.

INT. OPEN AIR TENT STAGE - FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

The two are tongue and tongue.

LES  
Salo dul abno du kafla del plascido

PATTY  
Iva torn da papras cuse wevela tone  
da cuple

Patty tosses the magazine aside, spins to look at Les.

PATTY

Cun de lasala plut un a liggle tot  
blatha un flago graata dek sun

LES

lam de uno cas el du uh, del so ah,  
web cot,

PATTY

bludo casa delwanga telno ragel com  
ga des agonta delosala

LES

ah, can, uh, de, ah, ata ahhhh---

Les, exhausted, limps over.

PATTY

Das how yoou du it bouy, ahhhh-

GRACE

Patty wins it, Patty wins it.

The crowd applauds. Stewart gets up, storms out.  
Trish notices, smiles and waves to Jasmine. Jasmine, in her  
beautiful gray daytime burka, waves back.

KATHY

She's adorable. I can see why you  
like her.

INT. COMMENTATORS TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

Stan and Slab finish up with some closing remarks.

SLAB

I think it's safe to say, Les and  
Mockmud were served up an all  
tongue Patty.

STAN

With two contests down, the next  
competition will be the face off.

INT. BABBLECOCK SAVINGS AND LOAN - DAY

Sandra watches the contest on T.V.

SANDRA

Face off huh? We'll see about that.

She turns off the T.V.

INT. CHURCH OFFICE - DAY

Grace, Ernest, and Teddy go over the numbers for the day.

GRACE  
We're still shy.

ERNEST  
By how much?

GRACE  
A couple grand.

ERNEST  
We can always plan "B" the money  
and start a mission somewhere else,  
say, Vegas or Cancun.

GRACE  
Ernest Costanza, we are not going  
on a vacation with this money. A  
second honeymoon maybe.

Teddy ponders for a moment.

TEDDY  
Okay! How long until the face off?

GRACE  
Two hours, why?

TEDDY  
I'll be back.

Teddy leaves.

ERNEST  
Teddy, where you going?

TEDDY (O.S.)  
I'll be back.

INT. COMMENTATORS TABLE - FESTIVAL - DAY

Slab and Stan back in the saddle, ready to get going.  
Antonio bends down the camera.

ANTONIO  
Ugh, three, two, one and you're on.

SLAB  
Here we are at the final in a  
series of three competitions in the  
first ever, most likely last faith  
on faith smack down.

STAN  
Okay, lets get ready for the  
contest that People Magazine claims  
they've never heard of, the face  
off.

INT. OPEN AIR TENT STAGE - FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Grace positions herself behind the microphone at her podium, while Ernest, Father Mother Dakota, Stewart, Patty, are all back up on stage as well.

STAN(O.S.)

Folklore has it, the laying on of hands was first conceived in the early church when a nun slapped a man in the face for groping her Rosary. He later claimed his impacted molar was miraculously healed.

SLAB(O.S.)

That tooth is enshrined at the Vatican, Stan. I've seen it. Mockmud will not be participating because Muslims don't believe in the laying on of hands unless it's to condemn.

GRACE

Each contestant will lay hands on ten people with confirmed cases of physical, emotional, or spiritual illness.

The PEOPLE in the audience walk up, wheel up, limp up, line up. Mockmud and Jasmine have a seat next to Kathy and Trish. Mockmud, and kathy, smile to one another.

GRACE(O.S.)

You must confirm whether or not you're healed. Either by falling down, or nodding no. There's no points for staggering. The contestant must drop for it to be legit. Are the contestants ready?

They all are lined up in front, ready to be healed.

GRACE

And go!

Stewart lays hands on a MAN with crutches.

STEWART

Fifty bucks says your saved.

The man drops.

Ernest lays hands on an OLD WOMAN, she goes down.

Patty pulls out his cross with the picture of the pope on it from his shirt. He presses it to the forehead of A FAT

WOMAN.

PATTY

Da poop will heal ya.

Smoke plumes from the cross that's pressed on her forehead. She squeals and stumbles backwards. With a blazing red cross stamped on her forehead, she turns, stumbles, then crashes into the front row of on lookers.

Father Mather Dakota, grabs a hold of a MAN by the face, the man does not go down. She shakes him, still, he does not drop. She open hand bitch slaps him in the face, he goes down.

She looks at her hands with a menacing smile.

FATHER MOTHER DAKOTA

I'm a God.

She continues to bitch slap one after another. The next person is slapped so hard, he is forced into the audience.

INT. COMMENTATORS TABLE - FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Slab and Stan look on, terrified.

SLAB

Oh my God, we've got a rogue healer.

STAN

There's a name for this?

INT. OPEN AIR TENT STAGE - FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Father Mother Dakota grabs the next victim, head butts him so hard, he falls backwards, taking the last two people in line down with him.

She throws up her hands.

STAN(O.S.)

Well with ten down, we'll probably need to call paramedics.

People rush to help the wounded.

SLAB(O.S.)

They signed waivers, Stan. But she will be disqualified. The rules state she must wait three seconds between healings.

STAN(O.S.)

You tell her.

SLAB(O.S.)  
Not a chance. Grace?

GRACE  
Father Mother Dakota will be  
disqualified for not allowing the  
correct time between healings.

FATHER MOTHER DAKOTA  
What? You old bag, you can't do  
this to me. Those were legit  
healings and if I have to come up  
there...

Grace's demeanor completely changes.

GRACE  
Back off, bush whacker. One step  
closer and I'll personally come  
down there and clean your rainbow  
colored clock. You feel me, chubs?

FATHER MOTHER DAKOTA  
But I was...

GRACE  
Get off my floor.

FATHER MOTHER DAKOTA  
I was...

GRACE  
Now!

Everyone turns away, not to embarrass Father Mother Dakota  
as she leaves. Grace returns to her sweet, soft, self.

GRACE  
Now, with that elimination, and all  
of Patty's people running for their  
lives, we're down to Stewart and  
Ernest. As we begin...

SANDRA(O.S.)  
You're all a bunch of fakes.

The crowd spins around to see-

SANDRA  
Why don't cha pick on a real  
cripple?

INT. COMMENTATORS TABLE - FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Antonio, still bent over, films Slab and Stan as they look  
on to the new events.

SLAB

If this competition could have gotten any weirder, people, it just did.

STAN

Slab, It looks like we're going into a double facial. Two finalists have one shot at healing a single person by the laying on of hands.

SLAB

Back to Grace.

INT. OPEN AIR TENT STAGE - FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Grace composes herself, opens the rulebook.

GRACE

In a double facial, the two men have only one chance to get this woman up. A coin toss.

Grace flips a coin.

GRACE

Stewart, you call it.

STEWART

Tails.

The coin hits the floor, rolls around, stops.

GRACE

Tails. Stewart has first shot.

Stewart walks up to Sandra, kneels down beside her, whispers in her ear.

STEWART

We both know, you can walk, eh?  
Five hundred dollars says you can.

Sandra looks nervously around the room.

SANDRA

(whispers)

Fine, Okay. Put the money in my gunny sack. Make sure no one sees you.

Stewart looks around, grins at Sandra, slips the money in her sack.

STEWART

Now, lets get about curing you, Eh?

SANDRA  
Sure. Say when.

STEWART  
I am ready when you are.

GRACE  
And go!

Stewart puts his hands on Sandra's face. He looks to heaven, then back to her.

STEWART  
Rise. I command you!

SANDRA  
Ahhh-

STEWART  
I said, rise I command you...again.

SANDRA  
Ahhhhh-

STEWART  
The power of God is in you. Rise,  
rise now...now!

SANDRA  
Ahhhhhhh-

Stewart leans in, whispers to her.

STEWART  
Why won't you get up? We had an-

SANDRA  
I'm a cripple you moron, but thanks  
for the money.

Sandra flails her arms.

SANDRA (CONT.)  
Make him stop. It's too painful.

STEWART  
Why you little...

He reaches for the gunny sack.

SANDRA  
Ahhh...stop. Not my food stamps.

He backs off. Sandra adjusts herself.

SANDRA  
Next.

GRACE

Stewart fails at his attempt.  
Ernest is now next.

Ernest cracks his knuckles, lines her up with his thumb,  
walks over.

ERNEST

Okay, Let's do this.

SANDRA

So how are you and the misses  
doing?

ERNEST

Well, and yourself?

SANDRA

I'll do. Just ran into some money.  
You up for the track this weekend?

ERNEST

Sure, let's get this done first.

SANDRA

You betcha.

Ernest takes a firm grip on Sandra's head, kneels down  
beside her.

ERNEST

Okay Sandra. I want you to look  
right into my eyes.

SANDRA

Okay, so?

ERNEST

I swear to God, if you don't get up  
right now, I'll see to it you never  
walk again.

SANDRA

What? Why you...

TEDDY (O.S.)

Wait! Stop!

The crowd spins around to the stage. Teddy, in full purple,  
stands with his arms outstretched.

TEDDY

I got this one Ernie.

Ernest looks back to Sandra.

ERNEST

Uh, Oh.

Ernest steps away, leaving a straight path between Teddy, on the stage, and Sandra.

SANDRA

Ha! Do your worst.

TEDDY

Oh no, sweetheart, I'm about to do my best.

INT. COMMENTATORS TABLE - FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Stan and Slab watch on.

SLAB

Teddy Slaughter fixen to serve it up old school. Remember him on T.V.

STAN

Who could forget, Slab.

INT. OPEN AIR TENT STAGE - FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Teddy cracks his knuckles, hops off the stage.

SLAB(O.S.)

Those fantastic moves he used to do as he walked down the aisle. And how he...

Teddy walks down the aisle, both arms outstretched, touching the foreheads of every person at the end of each row on both sides. They fall in the center aisle behind him.

SLAB(O.S.)

That's it! Hot damn, that's it. He's doing it Stan, the patented center row flock drop that made him famous.

STAN(O.S.)

Look at him go, Slab, like human dominoes. Wow, does he still have it or what? Mark this day.

Teddy comes to the end of the aisle, looks back, they're all down, he blows the tips of his fingers.

TEDDY

And now to make it rain in here.

Teddy licks the tips of his fingers, grabs hold of Sandra's head. They both convulse.

ERNEST

Yikes, we may want to back up in case she pops.

SANDRA

Ahhh-

TEDDY

You feeling it? Huh? No faking that sister. Mmmm, come on, let it run through ya. Yeah! Ooohhh yeah!

SANDRA

Ahhh...my foot hurts. I...I can feel my foot, ahhh...Come on, crank it up, Teddy.

TEDDY

Ride God's white lightning, sweetheart. Ride it.

Sandra and Teddy shake violently.

SLAB(O.S.)

An interesting note, only five states now allow electrocution as a means of killing inmates on death row.

ERNEST

Come on Teddy, put the spurs to her, brother. Bring 'er around the final turn.

Teddy leans in, Sandra looks him in the eyes.

TEDDY

I ain't funnin none! You best get it on up.

Sandra rises from her chair, a little at first, then back down. Teddy replants his feet.

TEDDY

Come on now...up, now! Uuuuuuuuuup!

Sandra rises from her chair, all the way this time. The wind blows, light bulbs explode.

SANDRA

Oh my God, oh my God.

Teddy releases Sandra, leaving two red hand prints on her face. He leans over, exhausted. Several people gather around Teddy to hold him up. Sandra dances around the room.

SANDRA

I can't believe it, I can really walk. Ha, ha, ha, ha. Praise God, I can walk. Thank you Teddy. I love you. I love everybody. I can walk.

Sandra hugs Stewart, laughs in his face. He storms out of the tent.

INT. COMMENTATORS TABLE - FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Slab and Stan, stunned and amazed, sign off.

SLAB

Folks, we've seen it all today. Dueling tongues and a double facial and to think, Ron Jeremy was nowhere in sight.

STAN

Slab, we've discussed many things over the last couple of days but there's one thing sure enough. Today, faith came together and with that, God showed up. I'm Stan Feldspar...

SLAB

And I'm Slab Cortex, Thanks for watching.

ANTONIO

And clear. Ugh.

Antonio lets go of the camera, it springs upward.

INT. OPEN AIR TENT STAGE - FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Grace stands at the podium. Trish walks up. The two watch Sandra dancing. Trish turns to Grace.

TRISH

So, I'm not saying I'm totally convinced or anything. But...um, that was for real, wasn't it?

GRACE

Was it real? Oh, sweetheart, that was God. it doesn't get more real than that.

TRISH

Mmm. And you know all about God?

GRACE

Enough to introduce you two if you like?

TRISH  
Yeah, actually. I think I would.

INT. OPEN AIR TENT - FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Angel sits in the back row. Ernest walks up, has a seat next to him.

ERNEST  
So, ah, when do I need to talk with Trish about...

ANGEL  
Seed's getting planted as we speak.

ERNEST  
But I didn't do anything.

ANGEL  
Sure you did. You got Grace here. You got Trish here.

ERNEST  
You know, it doesn't seem I've done much of anything here. Everyone else...

ANGEL  
Hold on. Let's look at that. You brought Teddy back, Right?

ERNEST  
It was his time.

ANGEL  
And you brought several faiths together for some fun, didn't ya?

ERNEST  
Yeah, but...

ANGEL  
No buts Ernie, you did more than you'll ever know. People just need to laugh sometimes and not take things so serious. You did that here.

ERNEST  
Yeah. We came up short on the money though.

Teddy walks up.

TEDDY  
Not necessarily, Ernie. Come on.

ANGEL

I love this part.

EXT. FESTIVAL GROUNDS - DAY

Everyone walks outside of the tent. Ernest reaches in his pocket, pulls out his watch.

ERNEST

Six o'clock. Time to close the gates. So?

TEDDY

Time to close the gates, to the general public, you mean.

ERNEST

I'm not following.

Hundreds of bums come from around the corner towards the festival gates. The festival TICKET TAKER, 18, stops the bums.

FESTIVAL TICKET TAKER

Sorry guys, we're closed.

FRANK THE BUM

Hey Teddy, we're here right on time just like you said.

ERNEST

Teddy, you did this?

TEDDY

Yeah. When you said earlier that you didn't have enough money, I took it to our friends here on the street.

TONY THE BUM

Yeah, Ernie, you gonna let us in or not?

ERNEST

Open the gates, open the gates, my friends are here.

The bums pay the ticket taker, happily greet, hug Grace, shake hands with Ernest.

ERNEST

Where did you guys get the money?

TONY THE BUM

Ask Teddy.

TEDDY

Well, I've never been quite as broke as I let on. When my church fell, I simply started walking the streets. The dirtier I got, the less people noticed me. Soon, I just disappeared right in front of the world. I became a bum.

ERNEST

Well it looks like you've got your game on again. You gonna get back into it? The church and all?

The bums continue to flow through the entrance.

TEDDY

Can't say at this point, my friend but thank you. Thank you for giving me back something I have missed for so very long.

ERNEST

What's that?

TEDDY

My dignity, Ernest, my dignity. That can never be taken away from me, ever again.

ERNEST

Zipper's open.

Teddy looks down.

TEDDY

What? Ahhh...Jeez!

He zips up.

TEDDY

Was it open when I was...

ERNEST

Yeah!

TEDDY

And during the...

ERNEST

Oh yeah!

TEDDY

The...

ERNEST

Whole time. You should think about underwear, or at least trimming. Want some cotton candy?

EXT. FESTIVAL GROUNDS - NIGHT

The dark night sky is filled with the moving lights attached to festival rides. Every ride, filled with bums.

Ernest walks with Grace.

GRACE

You know what this reminds me of?

ERNEST

No, sweet pea, what?

GRACE

A festival.

ERNEST

Me too.

Grace puts her head on Ernest's shoulder.

FRANK THE BUM

Great festival, Ernie. You up for dumpster diving later?

ERNEST

Na, fellas, tonight, I am going home with...

GRACE

You go. Have fun with your friends. You earned it, my husband.

ERNEST

Hey fellas, I'll see you later then.

FRANK THE BUM

See ya then.

Mockmud, Kathy, Trish, and Jasmine walk up.

MOCKMUD

Hey guys. Thank you so much much for the wonderful time and for allowing me to meet such a great person as Kathy.

KATHY

I must admit, it's been awhile sense I've dated but I'm willing to give it a go.

ERNEST

Wow, you two? And your daughters?  
Being lesbians can...

MOCKMUD

What did you...

JASMINE

Nothing, father.

Kathy stares straight at Ernest.

KATHY

Let's be friends. That what you  
said, right?

ERNEST

Yeah...lez be friends. That's what  
I meant. We should, us...you  
know...friends.

MOCKMUD

Um, yeah...Okay. Thanks again  
Ernie.

Mockmud looks to Kathy.

MOCKMUD

Buy the way, do you like to iron?

KATHY

Come again?

EXT. ALLEY DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

The bums, Ernest, and Teddy stand around a trash  
fire. Ernest takes one last swig of ripple.

ERNEST

A fine showing today, my friends.  
One for the books. And with that, a  
good night, gentlemen.

Teddy and Ernest hug.

TEDDY

Night, buddy.

FRANK THE BUM

Night, Ernie, be careful. We'll see  
ya tomorrow.

Ernest walks over to his usual area, hunkers down with some  
fresh news paper, rolls over to the wall.

ERNEST

Fit as a fiddle.

EXT. ALLEY DOWNTOWN - LATER

Ernest lies sound asleep. A tennis shoe kicks him in the back. He stirs, it kicks him harder.

He spins around.

ERNEST  
Honey, is that you?

Grace stands there.

ERNEST  
Sweetheart, is everything okay?

GRACE  
I miss you.

ERNEST  
Okay, I'll come...

GRACE  
No, I wanna join you here.

ERNEST  
You...you do? That's the first time  
you've ever...yeah, of course,  
here, come on, crawl in.

Grace crawls in between Ernest and the wall.

GRACE  
I'm not imposing?

ERNEST  
Imposing? No, sweetie. You know you  
still stop my clock.

GRACE  
Night, my Lord.

Angel sits on top of the dumpster right above them.

ANGEL  
Nice job, Ernie.

Ernest looks up.

ERNEST  
Tell me you didn't just look down  
Grace's shirt.

GRACE  
Who you talking to, honey?

ERNEST  
Um, no one, sweetie.

ANGEL

Yeah, that's right, Ernie.  
Invisibility option. Now, time for  
me to magically disappear.

Lightning bolts, thunder, flames explode into the night and  
he is...still there. Angel hops off the dumpster, walks off.

ERNEST

Well played, Angel.

TONY THE BUM

Night, Grace.

GRACE

Good night, guys.

Grace and Ernest cuddle in tight.

TONY THE BUM

That Grace, boy what a peach.

ANGEL

What a peach indeed.

Angel points to the single bulb that illuminates the alley.

It quietly pops.

FADE OUT: