

# BUDDING PROSPECTS

Episode #101

Written By

Melissa Axelrod & Terry Zwigoff

Based on the Novel By T.C. Boyle

Directed By

Terry Zwigoff

Picrow Streaming, Inc.  
736 Seward St.  
Los Angeles CA 90038

Production Draft (White) Sept 19, 2016  
1st Revision (Full Blue) Oct 03, 2016  
2nd Revision (Pink) Oct 04, 2016  
3rd Revision (Yellow) Oct 05, 2016  
4th Revision (Green) Oct 06, 2016  
5th Revision (Goldenrod) Oct 11, 2016

© 2016 AMAZON.COM, INC. OR ITS AFFILIATES All Rights Reserved. This material is the exclusive property of AMAZON.COM, INC. OR ITS AFFILIATES and is intended solely for the use of its personnel. No portion of this script may be performed, or reproduced by any means, or quoted, or published in any medium without prior written consent of AMAZON.COM, INC. OR ITS AFFILIATES.

# BUDDING PROSPECTS

Episode #101

## CHARACTER LIST

Felix .....	Adam Rose
Phil .....	Joel David Moore
Gesh .....	Will Sasso
Vogelsang.....	Brett Gelman
Aorta.....	Natalie Morales
Boyd Dowst .....	Ali Ghandour
Rudy .....	Michael X. Sommers
Marianna .....	Cyrina Fiallo
Nelda .....	Clare O'Kane
Linda.....	China Crawford
Martha .....	Jen Tullock
Mission Girl #1 .....	Rachel Brunner
Busboy .....	Alfonso Felix Godinez
Celia .....	Mary Baird
Tracy .....	Emily Scott
Joey.....	Jackson Dabney
Girl with Singed Hair .....	Val Garrahan

# BUDDING PROSPECTS

Episode #101

## SET LIST

### INTERIORS

Pop's Tavern	D
Pop's Tavern - Entrance	D
Survival Research Labs Warehouse	D
Mission District Greasy Spoon	D
Felix Apartment	D
Felix Apartment	N
Felix Apartment - Hallway	N
Taqueria	N
Gesh's '62 Cadillac	N
Gesh's Cottage	D
Vogelsang's House	D
Vogelsang's House - Library	D
Vogelsang's House - Dining Room	D
Felix's Car / Rural Highway	D

### EXTERIORS

Felix Apartment	D
Felix Apartment - Driveway	D
Mission Streets	D
Survival Research Labs (SRL) Show	N
Mission Police Station	N
Gesh's '62 Cadillac	N
Gesh's Cottage	D
Pacific Heights/Clay Street	D
Vogelsang's House	D
Vogelsang's Driveway	D
Palace of Fine Arts	D
City of San Francisco	D
Golden Gate Bridge	D
Felix's Car/North of GG Bridge	D
Felix's Car/ Rural Highway	D
Rural Highway	D

## 1 MONTAGE OF VINTAGE STOCK FOOTAGE 1

TITLE: "San Francisco, 1983" over first image.

Images travel through various neighborhoods showing iconic, but not clichéd, landmarks & signs (i.e., Mabuhay Gardens, Doggie Diner), finally arriving in the Mission District (i.e., Roosevelt's Tamale Parlor, Pop's Tavern).

END STILLS MONTAGE

CUT TO:

## 2 INT. POP'S TAVERN - DAY (NOON) 2

A punk rock dive bar. QUICK MONTAGE of FELIX (30's) opening.

Turns on lights. Mops. Takes down the stools. Pours ice into bar well. Pulls a garbage bag out of a box. Cuts three holes in it. Pulls it on, finally revealing his face. Heads back to the bathroom wearing the Hefty bag like a hazmat suit and carrying a plunger. Hauls a keg. Back behind the bar, slices lemon and lime wedges. Opens the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 3 INT. POP'S TAVERN - DAY (A FEW HOURS LATER) 3

Three young, drunk PUNKS, with a hyper little DOG. At the other end of the bar, an old woman (CELIA) sits next to her walker sipping a beer. Felix listens to NPR.

GIRL PUNK (TRACY) waves FELIX over from down the bar.

TRACY

Hey - psss - bartender -

He approaches her. She leans in his ear and yells...

TRACY (CONT'D)

THREE MORE'A THESE.

FELIX

(winces)

I can hear you. The time to whisper is now. The time to yell is when I'm on the other end of the bar.

She laughs drunkenly in his face. Her breath is awful. He pours the drinks, takes their wadded up bills.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

FELIX (CONT'D)  
*(as he walks away)*  
Jesus, do you own a toothbrush?

They do shots. One of them (JOEY) goes to the bathroom.

Felix unwads their grimy singles near Celia.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
How're you doing there, Celia?

CELIA  
You don't wanna know.  
*(beat)*  
I thought Dominic worked this shift.

FELIX  
I got called in. He didn't make it back from tour, and I'm low man on the totem pole.  
*(pours her a drink)*  
This one's on me.

CELIA  
Thanks, dear. I gotta hit the head.

She gets up. Her walker has tennis balls on its feet, and as she makes her way to the bathroom, JOEY's dog attacks it.

CELIA (CONT'D)  
Hey! Offa me! Shoo!

FELIX  
Hey, can you watch your dog?

TRACY  
*(grabs the dog)*  
It's Joey's! Sorry. Sorry lady.

Celia frowns. Opens the restroom door.

CELIA  
Oh, hellfire. Felix! You better get in here.

Felix shakes his head, mouths "Fuck" and grabs the plunger. Opens the restroom door and sees JOEY on the toilet, needle in his arm, unconscious.

FELIX  
Jesus... JOEY? JOEY?!

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

He yanks the needle out of Joey's arm. Sits him upright. Joey starts to fall over. He shakes him.

FELIX (CONT'D)

JOEY! WAKE UP! CRAP! SOMEONE GET ME  
SOME ICE!

TRACY and other PUNK run to the bathroom to look and then leave in a hurry. The dog is excitedly running in circles.

Felix feels for a pulse. He puts his head against Joey's chest to listen, when - Joey pukes.

FELIX (CONT'D)

What the fuck?!

JOEY

(unintelligible)

Iwasjuzindawrhz

CUT TO:

4 INT. POP'S TAVERN - ENTRANCE (CONTINUOUS)

4

Felix shoves them out the door.

FELIX

OUT! OUTTA THE BAR! GO!

DISSOLVE TO:

5 INT. POP'S TAVERN - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

5

Felix finishes washing the puke out of his hair. He's changed into a crisp new Pop's Tavern T-shirt. He picks up some dimes left as a tip on the bar. The phone RINGS. Felix picks up.

FELIX

Pop's.

INTERCUT:

6 INT. SURVIVAL RESEARCH LABS WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

6

A loud, grungy industrial shop filled with machinery parts.

PHIL has a rock-a-billy pompadour, and leather work gloves tucked under his arm.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

PHIL  
(imitating the Red Tape in  
bad Bronx accent)  
Yeah. I dug up yer mudder's grave  
and fucked 'er skeleton.  
(regular voice)  
What time you off?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

FELIX  
You manage to score that sheet  
music?

PHIL  
Getting high is now on the agenda.

FELIX  
Miracle of miracles.

PHIL  
So what time?

FELIX  
NOW.

Felix hangs up. We stay on his side of the scene.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
Celia, you're in charge. I quit.

Felix tosses the keys.

CUT BACK TO:

6A INT. SURVIVAL RESEARCH LABS WAREHOUSE (SAME TIME)

6A

Phil hangs up. He walks over to MARTHA, a brawny female wearing goggles. She welds a crab-like machine with a blowtorch. Another SRL GUY and SRL GAL work in the background.

PHIL  
(yelling over the shop  
noise)  
I gotta head out.

Martha turns off the blowtorch.

(CONTINUED)

6A CONTINUED:

6A

MARTHA

Hey, did you check the propane in  
the flame thrower?

PHIL

I'm sure it'll be fine. How's the  
hand?

Amazon Studios

(CONTINUED)



6A CONTINUED: (2)

6A

Martha holds up a bloody, bandaged thumbless stump.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Jeez, Martha, you gotta be more careful. You're all thumbs. Or rather, you're no thumbs.

MARTHA

I'm only down one.

PHIL

Maybe in a few months they can graft on a toe. But then you'll be walking all gimp. It's a trade off.

MARTHA

Is that belligerent friend of yours helping us move shit tonight? Because, uh...

She brandishes the stump again.

PHIL

Who, Gesh? Nah, he's gotta work.

CUT TO:

7 INT. MISSION DISTRICT GREASY SPOON - DAY

7

Everyone who's ever had hepatitis has worked here. A broad swath of San Francisco. Gay, straight, questioning. A BUSBOY dumps a pile of dishes in front of GESH (30's), the dishwasher. Gesh is a giant bear of a guy. He grabs an uneaten hunk of hamburger off a plate and chases it down with a beer.

GESH

*(hoists beer to Busboy)*

Another day in paradise, 'ey?

BUSBOY

Yo, homes. You get hepatitis that way.

GESH

Oh yeah? You can't catch that shit twice.

BUSBOY

You got it all figured out, Gesh.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

GESH

Hey, lemme get another six 'ludes  
offa you.

The Busboy shakes them out of a plastic bottle in his apron,  
smoother than a pharmacist. Gesh gives him a wad of bills.

BUSBOY

Those are the "real", man. Don't do  
anything I wouldn't do.

GESH

Already done 'em.

Gesh gulps down two pills with his beer and stashes the rest  
in a cellophane he slips off his Camels.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. FELIX'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

8

Phil rings the doorbell to Felix's apartment. It's in an old  
Mission District Victorian; a once regal painted lady.

PHIL

(yelling up)

Hey Felix.

He's buzzed in.

CUT TO:

9 INT. FELIX'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON (MOMENTS LATER)

9

Phil sorts stems and seeds from pot in the crux of the  
Captain Beefheart "Trout Mask Replica" double album cover.  
Felix is in the bathroom.

PHIL

Hurry up, I got shit to do.

MARIANNA, 27, comes out of the kitchen in pajamas. She looks  
pretty straight but for the dozen piercings going up the  
cartilage of each ear. She's eating a bowl of muesli. She  
puts it down and blows her nose. She's got a cold.

PHIL (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

MARIANNA  
Couch surfing.

PHIL  
*(lights up joint)*  
What about Joey?

MARIANNA  
Eh, that's not happening. He dumped  
me for some chick he met in rehab.

Felix comes out of the bathroom. Phil passes Felix the joint.  
He takes a hit and hands it back. Felix looks at a pile of  
Kleenexes on a plate.

FELIX  
*(pleads with her)*  
Are you saving these for re-use? I  
eat off these plates.

MARIANNA  
Oh, that reminds me - Felix, before  
you go, I have no food.

She hands him a punk band flyer.

FELIX  
Blue's Hammer at Chatterbox?

She turns the flyer over. She's written a list on the back.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
What's "orangutang"?

MARIANNA  
Yeah, I want an orangutang. It says  
"orange juice."

He knits his brow as he attempts to read it.

MARIANNA (CONT'D)  
That's "Turkey Tetrizzini."

FELIX  
You write in cuneiform. You have  
the handwriting of a drunk  
Sumerian.

MARIANNA  
It's like, five things.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

FELIX

I'm not buying your groceries.

MARIANNA

I don't have any money.

FELIX

I know. Maybe you should get a job.

MARIANNA

Really? Believe me, if I could get a job, I would. And I wouldn't quit on some whim because I was having a bad day. It's not like it's easy out there.

FELIX

Maybe I should quit letting you stay on my couch.

PHIL

*(to Marianna, re: joint)*

Here, hit off this. We gotta go.

MARIANNA

*(coughing)*

Is this from Gesh?

PHIL

Everyone's dry. I had to go to the Haight.

MARIANNA

It's tourist pot. I can't even smoke this.

She passes it to Felix. He declines taking it.

FELIX

I don't need your cold.

PHIL

Okay then, always a pleasure!

She collapses back on the couch as they leave.

CUT TO:

10

EXT. FELIX'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

10

They come down the stairs and head to the Mission District.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 10

PHIL  
You are a glutton for punishment.  
You two fucking again?

FELIX  
Lord, no.

CUT TO:

11 MONTAGE OF MISSION DISTRICT STILL IMAGES 11

A few static shots of details, signs, etc.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. MISSION STREETS - LATE AFTERNOON (MOMENTS LATER) 12

At 24th Street, Phil pauses to staple flyers for that night's SRL show.

PHIL  
You know, once you're divorced,  
you're no longer obligated to feed  
her.

FELIX  
I know. She's driving me nuts. I  
think about smothering her with a  
pillow when she's asleep.

We see one of the Mission District's creative lunatics that once made it great, The RED MAN. He's a Latino man with a John Waters mustache and fedora, who paints his face and hands red. Always around, completely nuts.

PHIL  
Red Man, how's it going?

He grabs two Bay Guardians from a vending box.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Wanna a "Gay Bardian"?

FELIX  
No.

PHIL  
Current events in our fair city,  
Felix. Where's your civic pride?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

FELIX

It went the way of my dignity.

Phil slips an SRL flyer into a Guardian and puts it back in the box. They continue their walk.

12A

They turn the corner into an alley. TWO GUYS are charging the battery of their low-rider. Phil reads the Guardian as they walk past an especially goofy mural.

12A

PHIL

Those Republican slimebags are defunding the NEA.

FELIX

I'm all for it if it gets rid of crap like this.

A hooker (LINDA), on a nod, leans against the wall smoking a cigarette.

LINDA

Hey - got a cigarette?

FELIX

You're smoking a cigarette.

She stares at him with taxidermy sloth eyes.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Okay, here.

He gives her one. She stashes it behind her ear.

LINDA

How 'bout a blowjob? Fifty bucks.

PHIL

That's kinda steep.

LINDA

Reaganomics, baby. It be hurtin' us all.

12B

They continue on - approach MUDDY WATERS CAFE. It's crowded with YOUNG PEOPLE sipping lattes at outdoor tables.

12B

FELIX

All these people have nothing to do but drink \$2 cups of coffee all day. Soon the cafes are gonna outnumber the taquerias.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

PHIL

That, I doubt. Not in the Mission.

Phil hands a couple of cute MISSION GIRLS a flyer.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Hey, we're doing a show tonight.  
Survival Research Labs. You should  
come.

MISSION GIRL

That's a lame name for a band.

PHIL

It's not a band. It's socio-  
political satire with teleoperated  
weaponry and robotics. It'll blow  
your mind.

CLOSE ON FLYER: Black and white collage of a maniacal child  
puppeteering a metal dinosaur.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. SURVIVAL RESEARCH LABS (SRL) SHOW - NIGHT

13

Giant metal behemoths battle it out in a parking lot. A crowd  
of CHAOS ENTHUSIASTS watch the show. It's a bedlam ballet.

Felix stands next to the Mission Girl. Even he is on the cusp  
of a good time. They're cheering. Phil works a remote that  
triggers a smoke cloud and noises from a weird sculpture.

Phil is now struggling with a crab-like robot. It breathes  
fire so close to the audience that it singes A GIRL'S hair.  
She screams, her hair smoking. The show stops. A few people  
gather around her to help.

FELIX

(to the Mission Girl)

Well, that's the end of that.

A hand clasps Felix's shoulder.

VOICE (O.S.)

Ah! So, you are here!

Felix turns to find VOGELSANG; tall with long hair,  
eccentrically cool, dressed in a paisley shirt and leather  
jacket.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

FELIX

Vogelsang! I was gonna give you a call. I was thinking we should partner up again. Make some money. We made a good team.

VOGELSANG

What I'm doing now, it's not painting gingerbread on Victorians for Yuppies. That bubble has burst.

FELIX

What are you doing?

VOGELSANG

This and that. Nothing up your alley.

FELIX

What's that mean? What's "my alley"?

VOGELSANG

I don't know. I was considering Rudy -

Vogelsang gestures to RUDY, a gravelly voiced vibrating sleaze-bag, standing off to the side watching the chaos.

FELIX

He's completely strung out! I wouldn't trust that guy to take a quarter to the jukebox.

VOGELSANG

I like Rudy. I don't care what a man does in his private life. He's an American dreamer.

They look at Rudy. He sucks so hard on a roach from a clip that it's vacuumed down his throat and he starts choking.

FELIX

He's an idiot! He legitimizes the "Just Say No" crusade.

Vogelsang makes a conciliatory gesture.

VOGELSANG

Perhaps he is that, too.

(CONTINUED)



13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

SIRENS. An ambulance and a police car pull up. AORTA (24), beautiful and inscrutable, and DOWST, an oddly straight fellow in a polo shirt walk up to Vogelsang.

VOGELSANG (CONT'D)

Ah, Aorta. This is Felix.

She puts her arm around Vogelsang.

VOGELSANG (CONT'D)

And Felix, this is Boyd Dowst.

DOWST

Felix. Finally. Good to meet you.

AORTA

(to Vogelsang)

Let's get the hell outta Dodge.

VOGELSANG

(to Felix)

We'll talk.

Vogelsang, Aorta, and Dowst quickly slither away. Rudy follows.

INTERCUT:

EMT WORKERS tend to the Crab Victim near the ambulance. Her hair is still smoldering.

A couple of fairly restrained COPS approach the crew.

CUT BACK TO:

Felix. He walks towards the action, then freezes as he sees A COP slam Phil up against one of his robots, and cuff him.

FELIX

Oh, fucking hell.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. MISSION POLICE STATION - NIGHT (4AM)

14

Felix comes out with Phil, who's reading his paperwork.

PHIL

"Unlawful burning and use of explosive materials." They say I'm a "public nuisance."

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

FELIX

Few would argue that fact.

PHIL

Thank God they didn't find my stash. I'd be on a bus to San Quentin.

FELIX

*(horrified)*

You had dope on you?

PHIL

I dumped it when the cops pulled up.

*(looks at paperwork)*

They want to ban me from "effectuating future demonstrations" in the County of San Francisco. They're shutting us down.

FELIX

Just so you know, I emptied my bank account bailing you out.

PHIL

I appreciate it. I do. But we have to look at this as an opportunity. Do you know what the word "chaos" translates to in Chinese?

FELIX

No. I don't speak Chinese.

DISSOLVE TO:

15 INT. FELIX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (LATER - 5AM)

15

Felix is in his flannel bathrobe making Jiffy Pop on the stove. Marianna is SNORING on the couch. Her stuff is everywhere. A zombie movie plays on TV.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Marianna pulls the blanket over her head.

FELIX

Who's there?

VOGELSANG

Felix.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

As Felix opens the door...

FELIX

It's 5AM.

VOGELSANG

You have to be somewhere?

Felix ignores him. He sniffs as Vogelsang walks by him.

FELIX

What is that smell?

Amazon Studios

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

VOGELSANG

I was at a sex party. It's a medley  
of pussy juice.

Felix is slightly more repulsed than intrigued.

FELIX

Fantastic.

MARIANNA

*(groggy)*

You guys are disgusting. I'm taking  
the bed.

She drags her blankets into Felix's room.

Vogelsang sits down. He picks up a baggy of pot on the coffee  
table, sniffs it, and scrunches his face in disapproval. He  
tosses the bag back down.

FELIX

You want a beer?

Felix searches the fridge.

VOGELSANG

I don't drink beer.

FELIX

How about a water. You drink water?

VOGELSANG

Yes, great. No ice.

Felix gets Vogelsang's water.

FELIX

So, to what do I owe this pleasure?

VOGELSANG

I just closed a deal on 390 acres  
in Mendocino - remote as the moon,  
with a cabin on it.

*(smirking)*

I'm going to start a summer camp.

FELIX

Sure. What parent wouldn't want to  
leave their kid with you and Aorta  
for a month?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

VOGELSANG

*(leaning forward)*

Listen, Felix. Maybe we can do each other a favor. How would you like to make half a million dollars, tax-free?

FELIX

Ahh, yeah. For what? Being a counselor at your summer camp? \*

VOGELSANG

Boyd's just finished up his Master's degree at Yale. In botanical science.

FELIX

Good for Boyd. He's even more boring than he looks.

VOGELSANG

You don't understand. Botanical science. He can grow anything, anywhere.

Vogelsang produces a plastic vial of breath neutralizer and squeezes two quick shots into his mouth.

VOGELSANG (CONT'D)

I'm going to grow cannabis sativa. Two thousand plants. I want you to farm my land.

FELIX

*(a bit staggered)*

Really? \*

VOGELSANG

Yes. Really. I need you, Felix. I trust you. You're dependable.

FELIX

Wow... I'm flattered... but, I can't even keep a houseplant alive. I don't know anything about farming, or - \*

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (4)

15

VOGELSANG

You don't have to. That's Boyd's department. You do have to be willing to give up the next nine months of your life, which doesn't look like such a sacrifice.

FELIX

What about the cops?

VOGELSANG

Leave it to me. There won't be any. Just follow my rules.

FELIX

So, out there, on an isolated farm?

VOGELSANG

You won't be alone. You'll need two other people to work with you - whoever you want.

FELIX

I just, I see myself as more of an urban guy. I mean, I don't exactly see myself on a farm...

\*  
\*  
\*

VOGELSANG

I'm not talking about a corn field in Iowa. This is the Emerald Triangle. This is the place to get your head together, away from all the chaos of the city.

\*  
\*

FELIX

Half a million dollars?

VOGELSANG

Yes. You're ready for this, Felix. I'm giving you the chance to make some money and move on with your life.

\*

CUT TO:

16 INT. FELIX'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

16

Marianna is standing in the hallway wrapped in the blanket, covertly listening.

CUT TO:

17 INT. TAQUERIA - EVENING (D2)

17

Felix and Phil sit at a table drinking beer.

Amazon Studios

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

PHIL

Wait, he offered you half a million dollars?

FELIX

Yeah, but whadda I know about growing pot?

PHIL

Why do you have to know anything. He told you he's got it covered. He's got his guy, that botanist. We just have to do the labor.

FELIX

Great. The easy part.

PHIL

Vogelsang knows how to make money. The entire time we've known him, he's never had a real job and he's lived like a king. The guy finds money like a dog sniffs out truffles.

FELIX

I got news for you: *Pigs* sniff out truffles.

A cute LATINA peaks in, decides she doesn't want to eat there and leaves. Phil winks, she smiles.

PHIL

I know that girl.

FELIX

Why am I not surprised?

PHIL

*(refocuses)*

Hey, the point is, he's got killer instincts. He doesn't make mistakes.

FELIX

It's just so risky. And Phil, farming land, it's really hard work. That doesn't seem to be our strong suit.

(CONTINUED)



17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

PHIL

Growing plants? How hard can it be?  
Anyway, what's the alternative? Get  
a job in a cubicle? Wear a suit and  
tie and wind up like your Dad who  
never took a risk in his life?

Felix gives Phil a look - he's using Felix's own lines on  
him.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Look, SRL is over. Give me a chance  
to pay you back. We're free agents.  
Why not take this job? We do this  
and we're set for life.

FELIX

I dunno.

PHIL

Nine months of good old-fashioned  
work, away from the city, tilling  
the soil. Nothing but fresh air and  
green acres, and dirt under your  
fingernails and the wind in your  
hair.

Felix nods. There's not much to lose.

PHIL (CONT'D)

C'mon. Guys like us, we don't get  
chances like this very often. And  
Felix - *half a million dollars.*

FELIX

*(sighs)*

Fuck it. I guess, I'm in.

PHIL

*(cheers!)*

Alright!

They clink their bottles with a still-worried Felix.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Now who's the third?

FELIX

We need a real workhorse -

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

FELIX/PHIL  
(it hits them at the same  
time)  
Gesh!

CUT TO:

18 INT/EXT. GESH'S '62 CADILLAC - EVENING

18

MEDIUM CU Gesh's face. His eyes are fluttering bloodshot slits, in an apparent war with gravity to keep from rolling completely back into his head. Oh, and he's driving.

Gesh pulls out his cellophane of 4 Quaaludes, pours them all into his mouth and chews. (ALT: Gesh picks up a whippet with a balloon filled with nitrous oxide. He starts inhaling from the balloon.)

The top of Bernal Heights Blvd. No other traffic, and a nice view of the city lights. He's only two blocks from home, navigating blindly on instinct, when he hits the guardrail and shears off the front passenger-side tire. Sparks fly as he continues on as if it's a minor hiccup - in fact, his response is to let out a BELCH.

We see a trail of SHOOTING SPARKS as his tire-less rim carves a rut into the road. He turns up his dirt driveway. Nice. Made it home. Bedtime.

DISSOLVE TO:

19 EXT. GESH'S COTTAGE - NEXT DAY (D3)

19

Felix and Phil walk up Gesh's driveway following the rut in the road that leads to the '62 Cadillac. They knock on the door and wait awkwardly as we hear: a yelling female, banging, more yelling. Finally, NELDA(20s) lets them in. She's wearing a T-shirt, but she's naked from the waist down. Her eyebrows are shaved as is her head, apart from a single braided strand hanging in front - other than that, the only evidence of hair on her body is in the form of a giant bush. She looks pissed off and insane.

FELIX  
Hey - oh sorry! Didn't mean to -

NELDA  
Laundry day.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

FELIX

Oh - Is, uh, Gesh here?

NELDA

Sleeping Beauty! You got visitors!

CUT TO:

20 INT. GESH'S COTTAGE - DAY (LATER)

20

Gesh is slurping coffee. Felix and Phil have been trying to convince him to join them.

GESH

I don't know... I gotta a pretty good set-up here. Nelda's disability came through. We got the rent covered...

Nelda, still without pants, now carrying a laundry basket, comes into the kitchen to grab bug spray out from under the sink.

GESH (CONT'D)

Nelda, for crying out loud, cover that shit up. We got guests.

Nelda drops the basket at the doorway.

NELDA

Fuck you, Gesh! Who the fuck appointed you Pope? You do the fucking laundry!

Nelda retreats to the bedroom, slams the door. Gesh winces at the sound.

PHIL

She's quite a gal, that one.

Felix gets the coffee pot off the table and refills Gesh. Gesh adds bong water to his coffee as if it's half & half.

FELIX

Look, it'll just be us. You won't be busting your ass all day working for somebody else.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

PHIL

Yeah, and then being so depressed  
you have to blow all your money on  
pills and booze.

Felix pulls his chair closer to Gesh.

FELIX

This is a chance to set yourself  
up. For life.

Still no response.

PHIL

All the weed you can smoke.

This last bit seems to hit a chord with Gesh who looks up at  
them now. He stands up and walks into the next room.

He grabs a pile of dirty underwear off the floor. He walks  
back in. He stuffs the underwear into a paper grocery bag.

GESH

Packed.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. FELIX'S APARTMENT DRIVEWAY - DAY

21

Phil and Gesh help Felix fasten a mattress to the roof.

GESH

Th' fuck, Felix. They're gonna have beds up there.

Phil snakes a ratty clothesline through the windows.

FELIX

I need firm back support. Besides, I know it's clean.

PHIL

I spent a week sleeping in the front seat of a Volkswagen Bug.

GESH

I slept on a moldy, shag bath mat first month I moved here. Then, after I set my futon on fire, I slept in a dog bed for six weeks. I can sleep on anything.

FELIX

You're confusing a good night's sleep with a drug coma. I need this mattress.

Felix pulls on the clothesline.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 21

FELIX (CONT'D)  
You sure this is going to hold?

Phil adds a showy knot.

PHIL  
Are you kidding? That's a Double Fisherman's and a Figure Eight. You could take this thing through a hurricane and then drive coast to coast and back again.

He pats the mattress.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
No. This baby ain't going nowhere.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. FELIX'S APARTMENT DRIVEWAY - DAY (MOMENTS LATER) 22

FROM OVERHEAD as they exit frame: The car pulls out with Felix at the wheel. The mattress mushrooming over the top.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. PACIFIC HEIGHTS / CLAY STREET - DAY 23

Car/mattress emerges over the crest of a hill; the city, and the bay in the background.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. VOGELSANG'S DRIVEWAY - DAY 24

Felix, Phil, Gesh exit the car.

CUT TO:

25 EXT/INT. VOGELSANG'S HOUSE - DAY 25

A large Victorian-era home.

Aorta answers the door wearing a strategically ripped T-shirt, miniskirt, and Doc Martins.

AORTA  
Hey.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

FELIX

Hey. I met you at the show.

AORTA

Yes, you did. Follow me.

CUT TO:

26 INT. VOGELSANG'S HOUSE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

26

She leads them into a cavernous room with exposed beams. The Boswell Sisters is blaring from a stereo system. On the far end of room, a table is set for five.

The walls are covered with artwork - odd and dark stuff, old poster ads for Absinthe and Heroin. Beautiful art nouveau lamps. An opium pipe collection displayed on the wall. They're sucked into another world.

GESH

Nice set up you got here.

PHIL

Where'd he get all this stuff?

AORTA

Auctions, mostly. Vogelsang loves a good auction. Bidding's like a sport for him.

PHIL

It's like a museum in here.

AORTA

He won't even go into a museum. He has no interest in things he can't own. Just hang. He's cooking.

She leaves them there alone. Gesh immediately turns down the music and inspects an erotic bronze on the coffee table.

GESH

How'd you get involved with this guy *Vogelsang*?

FELIX

Well, I met him through Rudy.

GESH

That's a ringing endorsement.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

PHIL

Vogelsang's been around forever. He made his money off LSD, but he backs shit, y'know?

GESH

LSD. What's this fucker's first name?

FELIX

It's Herbert - but don't call him anything except "Vogelsang". We went to see The Maltese Falcon at the Castro and he was with this girl, and afterwards she started calling him "Vogie", like "Bogie" - and he sent her home in a cab. She was--

Vogelsang bursts through the door. He's wearing an apron.

Gesh remains seated.

VOGELSANG

Welcome! You must be Gesh. Phil, Felix - What can I get you to drink?

FELIX/PHIL

Whatever you've got is fine./Yeah.

GESH

Beer.

VOGELSANG

Beer. Of course. Okay, friends, make yourselves at home. I'm about to drop the pasta in the water, and then we'll have a feast.

FELIX/PHIL

Great, thanks.

Vogelsang leaves. Gesh plunks his boots up on the coffee table.

Felix walks over to a painting. Aorta comes back in.

AORTA

What's the verdict?

(CONTINUED)



26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

FELIX  
It's a masterpiece.

AORTA  
It's mine. I begged him for a month  
to get it for me for my birthday.  
And when I go, it goes with me.

Felix isn't sure if she's joking.

AORTA (CONT'D)  
C'mon. I'll show you around.

CUT TO:

27 INT. VOGELSANG'S LIBRARY - DAY

27

Aorta takes him into the library.

AORTA  
Lots of art books. Books on  
chemistry. Not a lot of fiction.

FELIX  
I like fiction. Reality's  
unpleasant.

AORTA  
I like 'em mixed. I'm not even sure  
there's a difference.

But sometimes I'd rather just play music.

FELIX  
Oh yeah? You play an instrument?

AORTA  
Yeah, and I sing, in my band.

FELIX  
Oh yeah? Whadyou play?

AORTA  
Romanian pan flute.

FELIX  
Really?

AORTA  
No. I play bass.  
Wanna see something cool?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

She slides an old wooden library ladder over.

AORTA (CONT'D)  
Hold the ladder.

She languidly ascends the ladder so that he can see up her skirt. She picks up a child's skull with exposed dentin and shows it to Felix.

AORTA (CONT'D)  
It's a child. That's why it looks like it has two sets of teeth.

FELIX  
Like an Alien. From that movie.

AORTA  
You don't think about all those mature teeth lurking under a kid's face, but they are there.

She places one foot on the highest rung. Felix tries to focus on the skull.

AORTA (CONT'D)  
I guess we're all just freaks when you scratch the surface.

FELIX  
Yeah.  
(clears his throat)  
I guess so.

AORTA  
See anything else you like?

FELIX  
Uh, yeah ...

Before things can heat up, Vogelsang barges in.

VOGELSANG  
Ah, there you are. Exploring the anatomy.

FELIX  
Vogelsang! She was just showing me the skull -

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

VOGELSANG

*(unfazed)*

Of course, the guided tour. Lunch is served.

CUT TO:

28 INT. VOGELSANG'S DINING ROOM - DAY

28

Aorta pours Amarone. Everyone is engaged and animated, except for Gesh who looks sullen. \*

VOGELSANG \*

I've made *gnocchi* from scratch with three cheeses from neighboring farms. \*

They dig in.

FELIX/PHIL \*

This is great. \*

GESH \*

*I can really taste all the cheeses.* \*

Vogelsang sits in front of a bowl of brown rice.

GESH (CONT'D)

Why aren't you eating?

VOGELSANG \*

Oh, God. This is much too rich for me.

AORTA

He's a bit of a health nut. He eats things like fish flakes.

VOGELSANG

But I love to cook. I know the chef at Vanessi's, and have been, on occasion, invited into his kitchen where he's shared some of the finer nuances of the craft.

GESH

I've spent a lot of time in kitchens, and I don't know how you can cook it if you don't eat it, *Vogie*.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

VOGELSANG

Maybe after lunch, you can show off your expertise. We'll have plenty of dirty dishes.

GESH

I'll pass.

Phil tries to salvage the mood. \*

PHIL \*

Well, whatever you eat, you've mastered this meal.

VOGELSANG

So, down to brass tacks. I'm sure you have some questions.

FELIX \*

Why don't you fill us in on the house? You know, what we can expect up there. \*

GESH \*

Yeah, we're gonna be living out there in the asshole of nowhere for the next nine months while you're chewing the fat down at Vanessi's. I wanna know what kinda shape the place is in, does it have running water and electricity and all? \*

Vogelsang retrieves a framed old photo off the mantle. A pastoral scene of a welcoming-looking cottage.

VOGELSANG

It was used as a hunting lodge back in the 20's. It has all the essentials. A generator for electricity. Water from a big redwood holding tank. With a little work, it could be quite cozy.

PHIL \*

Nice. Looks idyllic. \*

FELIX \*

If the cops come, what do we tell them? \*

PHIL \*

I'm sure Vogelsang has us covered.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

VOGELSANG

You'll be fine. No one will even  
know you're there. I bought the  
land as an investment, I don't know  
anything that's going on up there.  
Under the table of course, I pay  
all legal fees.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Felix looks concerned.

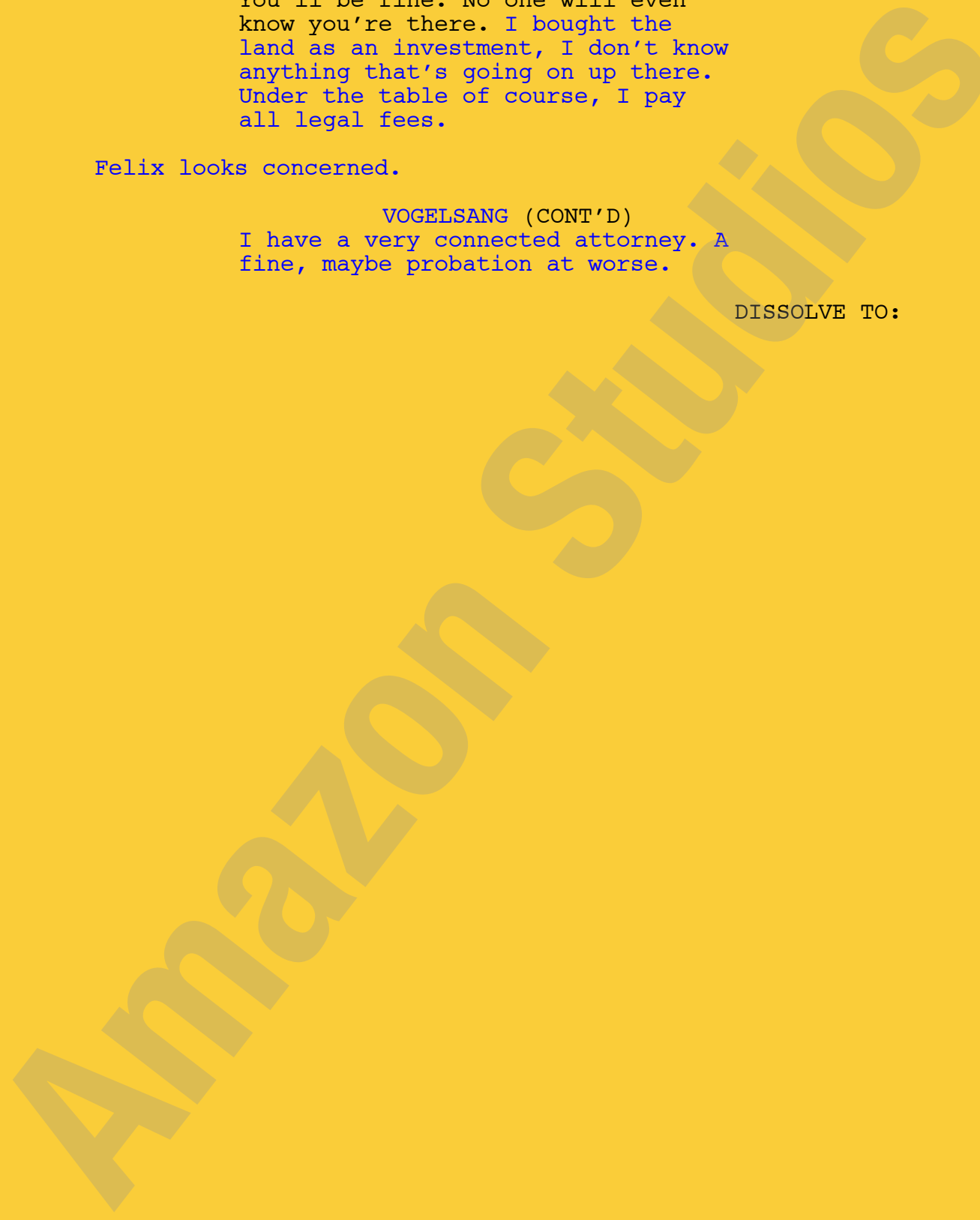
\*

VOGELSANG (CONT'D)

I have a very connected attorney. A  
fine, maybe probation at worse.

\*  
\*  
\*

DISSOLVE TO:



29

EXT. VOGELSANG'S DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

29

Tools and rolled wire fencing, etc. in the driveway. The guys get in the car. Gesh downs two Quaaludes with the remains of a mug of beer as he climbs in the back seat. He hands his empty mug to Vogelsang.

GESH

Keep this chilled for me, Chief.

VOGELSANG

Good luck. Boyd'll be up with the rest of this stuff in a few days. I'll come up soon and check in on you. Here's something for the drive.

He hands Phil a bag of good, green pot. He sniffs it.

PHIL

Sens. Nice. Thanks!

GESH

Work will set us free!

PHIL

Adios, Vogelsang!

FELIX

Hey, where's Aorta?

VOGELSANG

You need to talk to her?

FELIX

What? No. I was just... uh...

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 29

Felix starts the car. As he does so, he catches sight of Aorta leaning out an upstairs window. He looks up at her as she blows him a kiss goodbye.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
(invigorated)  
Alright, let's hit the road.

They drive out of frame.

BEGIN DRIVING MONTAGE WITH UPBEAT MUSIC. The greatest, wildest, craziest version of "You Are My Sunshine".

30 EXT. PALACE OF FINE ARTS - AFTERNOON 30

Wide shot of car with mattress driving past.

31 EXT. CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO - AFTERNOON 31

Wide shot glides North toward city skyline.

32 EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - AFTERNOON 32

Panning wide shot: their car drives across the bridge.

33 EXT. FELIX'S CAR / NORTH OF GG BRIDGE - AFTERNOON 33

They drive along winding roads, beautiful forests. Sunny skies.

CUT TO:

34 INT. FELIX'S CAR / FOREST - AFTERNOON 34

They're all in exceptionally good spirits. Gesh passes a joint to Phil. It's good stuff and they're feeling it.

GESH  
Whaddayou gonna do with your share?

PHIL  
Check it out -- I'm gonna get my own warehouse like Warhol, finance a whole subversive art movement. You know, wallpaper it in tinfoil.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

PHIL (CONT'D)

We could have bands, and just, make shit. Like the Factory, but more explosions.

FELIX

You just wanna fuck Edie Sedgwick.

PHIL

Well, yeah. The alive version. What're you gonna do?

FELIX

My dad's been pestering me to pay him back for school. He says it was a bad investment.

PHIL

What?

FELIX

Yeah, so get that off my back, and then, I dunno, maybe I'll invest in something. What's the next big thing?

PHIL

Computers?

GESH

Cabbage Patch Dolls.

FELIX

Yes! Cabbage Patch Dolls. Or those dolls with the faces, the trolls. Ten years from now, those things'll be worth a fortune. And then, finally have time to write my book.

PHIL

That nine to five job was really holding you back. How bout you, Gesh?

GESH

I'm getting my car fixed, that's numero uno. Then, lots of good liquor and bad drugs. And a big fuckin' upgrade in pussy.

They all laugh.

CUT TO:



35-38 OMITTED 35-38

39 EXT. FELIX'S CAR / RURAL HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON 39

As the guys joyously, obliviously, drive along the highway, a gust of wind rips the mattress off the roof. They continue, unaware as it tumbles onto the road. We stick with it as our heroes venture onward, to find their fortune at the summer camp, until there's nothing but the road, an abused, abandoned mattress, and the majestic sunset of the glorious West.

40 EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON (30 SECONDS LATER) 40

A SHERIFF'S CAR drives down the highway and slows down as it approaches the fallen mattress in the middle of the road. As he passes it, he turns on his RED LIGHTS and SIREN and speeds off.

41 INT. FELIX'S CAR / RURAL HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON (SAME) 41

As they continuing driving, Phil studies a map.

FELIX  
Where the hell are we?

PHIL  
I'm trying to figure it out.

GESH  
We're in the middle of fuckin'  
nowhere, that's where.

Felix notices, in the rearview mirror, the Sheriff's car rapidly approaching them from behind.

FELIX  
Ah, shit! A cop!

PHIL  
Eat the pot!

Gesh & Phil start eating fingerfulls of pot.

GESH  
Give me that!

Gesh stuffs a giant handful of pot in his mouth and then eats the rest, including the plastic baggie.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

FELIX

Oh, great.

The Sheriff car is now right behind them. The red lights flashing on our three heroes.

**END OF EPISODE**

Amazon Studios