

RALPH SON OF GOD

By
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Episode 1.

The Road to Vegas

Ralph GLARES over at a gangling man in his fifties busily engaged in trimming his TOENAILS. This is Denis and you won't be shocked to discover he's a DRUMMER. Visible on his shoulder is a LARGE TATTOO that reads DOUBLETHINK.

RALPH

Why don't you piss off and do that somewhere else? This is private.

Sandra's IRRITATED voice ECHOES from the I-Pad.

SANDRA

I am not coming on tour with you.

RALPH

Why not? It'll be fun!

SANDRA

No, it'll be awful, boring and it'll piss Mom off, which is why you asked, right?

RALPH

How would it be boring? I'll be there and I'm a rock star!

Denis SNORTS derisively.

DENIS

Not anymore.

RALPH

Who's paying your salary, sideman?

DENIS

Murray.

RALPH

Yeah, and who pays Murray?

DENIS

The record company.

RALPH

Yeah, well ... bollocks!

Ralph gives in to a fit of COUGHING, which Sandra interrupts.

SANDRA

Dad, did you blow your voice again?

DENIS

He did.

SANDRA

Will you do something for me?

RALPH

Course I will. For my Princess, my flesh
and blood, my inspiration, my raison
d'etre, my legacy who writes her own
melody!

SANDRA

Pray with me.

Ralph's smile freezes into a RICTUS. A TOENAIL pings of
the I-Pad screen.

RALPH

(To Denis)

That was nearly my eye!

DENIS

She's an optimist, man. Nigel's been
tryin' to save your soul for years. No
sale.

Ralph pointedly IGNORES Denis and awkwardly TAKES a KNEE
in the cramped confines of the bus. He then CLASPS his
hands together in the traditional fashion.

SANDRA

What are you doing?

RALPH

I'm bloody well praying. This is what
'praying' looks like.

Sandra bursts out LAUGHING and Denis isn't too far behind.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Shut it the pair of you. I am about to
commune with one of my gods.

He CLOSES his EYES and assumes a beatific expression and
begins to SING. His voice is HOARSE and CRACKS painfully
making Denis WINCE, but there's a ghost of serious talent
here.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Ground control to Major Tom ... Ground
control to Major Tom, take your protein
pills and put your helmet on.

Ralph is now INTO this. He reaches down, about to dig
deep. And then he LETS TRIP and for a moment his voice is
HUGE, but only for a moment ...

RALPH (CONT'D)

This is Ground Control ... urk!

Ralph doubles, COUGHING.

RALPH
Ibuprofen, Tylenol ... I'd settle for a
fucking Aspirin.

VOICE
(Commanding)
FOLLOW!

Ralph jerks to his feet, still CLUTCHING his HEAD. Just visible through his torn clothing is an IDENTICAL TATTOO to the one on Denis' shoulder.

RALPH
Ow, ow, bloody ow.

The voice is now DEAFENING.

VOICE
FOLLOW!

Ralph sets off at a shambling RUN towards the shimmering PURPLE FIGURE.

RALPH
Alright, you mouthy sod.

Overhead, the VULTURES still CIRCLE in the irony free sky and look down on the TINY FIGURE of Ralph as he scurries INTO the trackless dessert.

Behind him, visible to the vultures from their vantage point HIGH ABOVE, the Tour Bus is on it's SIDE the front end SMASHED into a HUGE ROCK, and the whole vehicle is a BURNING RUIN.

5 **INT. MORGUE - DAY**

5

A huge middle-aged man, MURRAY THE MANAGER, clad in a very expensive suit that strains at the seams, SOBS uncontrollably as he stands over a SHROUDED figure laying on the proverbial SLAB.

A nervous MORTUARY ATTENDANT steps forward.

ATTENDANT
Are you ready now?

Murray gets control of his sobs and NODS a YES. The attendant GRASPS the SHEET. A new VAST sob of animal PAIN bursts from Murray and he GRABS the ATTENDANT'S hands, stopping him DEAD (pun intended). The attendant WINCES as Murray inadvertently crushes his hand.

MURRAY
(British accent)
No!
(MORE)

MURRAY (CONT'D)

I can't stand to see his simple,
innocent, unblemished face for the last
time like this!

The attendant STRUGGLES to EXTRACT his hand.

ATTENDANT

(Painfully)

It might not be him! Wouldn't you please
take a quick look just to be sure?

Murray shakes his head FURIOUSLY ... then, after a moment,
he NODS just as furiously and RELEASES the attendant's
hand. The attendant GASPS with relief and WHIPS the sheet
back revealing ...

Denis.

Murray's SOBS cease, instantly and he GRABS the attendants
previously UN-CRUSHED hand and SQUEEZES. The attendant
YELPS in pain.

MURRAY

That's the fucking drummer!

Murray WHIPS his PHONE from his pocket and DIALS, still
holding the attendant's hand in his bone-crushing grip.
This causes the attendant's arm to whip back and forth
like a flag in the wind as Murray dials.

ATTENDANT

Please let me go!

Murray's call CONNECTS.

MURRAY

(To attendant)

Shush.

(Into phone)

It's not him.

The voice on the phone EXPLODES. Murray SIGHS, aims his
phone at Denis's corpse and SNAPS a picture.

ATTENDANT

You can't do that!

Murray ignores him and SENDS the image to the Squawker.

MURRAY

(Into the phone)

Satisfied?

The attendant's hand is turning BLUE.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

No, don't call the daughter, call the fucking record company and tell 'em to ship every copy they got of the Greatest Hits. This is gonna go viral!

Murray HANGS UP and pulls the attendant's hand up till he's EYE to EYE with the poor guy.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Let's talk non-disclosure, matey.

6 **EXT. DESERT - NIGHT** 6

Ralph sits SHIVERING on a rock. Next to him is a PURPLE RATTLESNAKE.

RALPH

I hope that Indian from The Doors doesn't turn up. You ever watch that movie? Utter shite. Two hours staring at a spirit guide with his knickers wedged so far up his arse it made me wince every time he took a step. What was Oliver Stone thinking, making Val Kilmer's spirit guide a redskin with a yeast infection?

The snakes RATTLES menacingly. Ralph rocks back, holding his HANDS UP.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Jesus, alright, sorry ... a 'Native American' with a yeast infection. Happy?

The snakes SETTLES again. Ralph SHIVERS.

RALPH (CONT'D)

It's cold enough out here to freeze the balls off a brass monkey. Can't you be something more useful? Like a burning bush?

A BUSH in front of Ralph COMBUSTS theatrically in a blaze of purple-tinged FIRE.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Subtle.

He looks DOWN. The snake is gone.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Trouble with the dessert is all the fucking symbolism laying about.

If the vultures could circle at night they'd be up there looking down on Ralph, lost in the middle of the dessert talking to a BURNING BUSH, but they can't; so you'll just have to imagine it, won't you.

7 **EXT. DESERT NIGHT/DAY - MONTAGE**

7

The sun RISES at SPEED and is followed by the MOON, which in turn falls and is replaced by the SUN. Over and over, faster and faster, the sun and moon swap places and both ADVANCE across their respective SKYS.

FADE TO BLACK.

8 **INT. LIVING ROOM/TV - DAY**

8

Sandra sits on a HUGE SOFA in the middle of an even HUGER lounge staring at a MONSTROUS TV on which Murray is being interviewed by Conan (or someone cheaper).

Sandra has a LETTER in her hand and her phone to her ear. TEARS stream down her face, but make no mistake, these are tears of ANGER.

CONAN
(From TV)
So, this ...

He holds up a GREATEST HITS LP titled 'DOUBLETHINK' that shows an IDENTICAL DESIGN to Ralph and Denis's TATTOO'S.

CONAN (CONT'D)
... is just a wacky coincidence, right?

MURRAY
Right. Complete coincidence. Denis dies, Ralph disappears and ... ka-boom, Doublethink's back at the top of the charts. Tragic, but amazing. You couldn't make it up.

Murray's VOICE echoes from the PHONE at Sandra's ear.

MURRAY (CONT'D)
(Voicemail)
You got Murray. Speak --

BEEP.

SANDRA
One week! *One week!*? And you're milking him already!? You ... you ... SCUMBAG!

She HURLS the phone at the TV. It bounces off and SKITTERS across the floor.

On the TV Conan turns the LP over in his hands and is confronted by a close-up of a YOUNG RALPH pouting into the camera, his hands clasped as if in PRAYER.

CONAN

Have you thought of putting this on Milk
Cartons?

Conan holds up the back photo on the LP and MUGS for the camera.

CONAN (CONT'D)

Lost: Ralph Corbiere, lead singer of
Doublethink, last seen in 1987 in the
company of Milli Vanilli, Jennifer Rush
and The Georgia Satellites!

Murray LAUGHS ALONG with the audience.

MURRAY

Well, he's more popular than any of them,
now. Right?

Conan LAUGHS along with the audience obligingly.

The TV EXPLODES as Sandra HURLS a HEAVY BRONZE AWARD of some sort (possibly a Grammy) into the SCREEN. The noise brings her Mom, KIMBERLEY, Ralph's ex-wife, running into the room.

KIMBERLEY

My plasma screen!

Kimberley eats a macro-biotic diet. She's into cupping and takes cannabis oil twice a day for 'anxiety'. She's just been engaged in HOT BIKRAM YOGA and, if women don't sweat, she's glowing like a hundred watt lightbulb.

Sandra STORMS from the room. Kimberley follows.

9

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

9

KIMBERLEY

Do you have any idea how much that cost?

SANDRA

Do you?

That gives Kimberley PAUSE as she does not.

KIMBERLEY

A lot. It cost a lot, OK? Where do you
think you're going?

SANDRA

Church!

KIMBERLEY

Oh, of course. I've got Ellen in seven hours and you're going to spend it begging forgiveness for smashing my TV.

Sandra STOPS and turns to her Mother.

SANDRA

Do you even care if he's dead or alive?

KIMBERLEY

Name one thing your Father ever did for us.

SANDRA

Bought the TV. And, oh I don't know, this house and everything in it ... including your nose!

Kimberley RECOILS, her hands flying to her nose defensively.

KIMBERLEY

I bought this!

Sandra is half out the door ...

SANDRA

Oh right, I forgot, it was your tits!

Kimberly GASPS.

... but Sandra is out the door and GONE.

10

INT. CHURCH - DAY

10

The Church is a MINIMALIST STRUCTURE built with earthquakes in mind. The Crucifix and altar are both concrete and Sandra sits on a chilly pew staring up at the CRUCIFIX, struggling not to CRY.

A painfully beautiful ASIAN MAN dressed in black and wearing a DOG COLLAR appears next to her, FATHER JOEL.

FATHER JOEL

Sandra ... back again?

She looks up and SMILES, hurriedly wiping away a tear and it's clear from this one look that she's head over heels for the priest. Admittedly, he does look more like a ROCK STAR than a Man of God, but then ... this *is* LA, so what d'you expect?

SANDRA

Father Joel, hey. Sorry, I'm just, you know. It's my Dad and Mom and ... stuff.

Father Joel NODS in understanding.

FATHER JOEL
Mothers and Fathers; they criticise what
they don't understand, right?

Sandra nods her head.

SANDRA
Exactly. That's it exactly. I just ...

She SMOOTHS the letter on her knee.

My Dad, he ... he's obsessed with this
British show, 'Antiques Roadshow', right?

Joel nods, letting her talk.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
He get's super stoned and binge-watches,
and laughs at the people trying to make
money off old shit ... whatever.

She looks up at Joel. He smiles to her to GO ON.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
So, we got a load of his mail today and
this letter was in it from this woman in
England who's, like, super grateful and
stuff. She said Dad saw her on the show
tryin' sell this family heirloom to raise
money for an operation 'cause her kid's
got cancer, right?

JOEL
A candle in the wind.

SANDRA
But the expert guy told her the
painting's a fake and totally worthless.

JOEL
(Sighing)
Every rose has it's thorn.

SANDRA
My Dad sent her the money.

Joel looks SURPRISED.

JOEL
(Channelling Keanu)
Whoah.

SANDRA

He didn't tell anyone, he just ... did it. All my life he's been this immature, selfish asshole. And then he does this ... it's like ... all the time, underneath ... who is he *really*? And ... he's gone.

Her chin TREMBLES, on the verge of TEARS.

FATHER JOEL

Do you want some words?

Sandra nods. Father Joel leans back, thinking deeply; clearly this will be GOOD.

FATHER JOEL (CONT'D)

The tree of life is always growing. The spirit, it never dies. And that bright light of salvation it burns even in empty skies.

Sandra thinks about this as it's clearly DEEP SHIT. Father Joel takes her HAND.

FATHER JOEL (CONT'D)

Just remember ... always remember, death is not the end.

Sandra CRUSHES the letter in her hand as she finally gives into her GRIEF and lets the tears FALL.

11 **EXT. DESERT - DAY**

11

Denis sits behind a DRUM KIT that squats incongruously in the middle of the barren desert.

He's playing a wicked BEAT.

Ralph walks through the desert keeping shambling time with the rhythm. He's LOST WEIGHT and his skin has taken on the vague texture of BEEF JERKY; his hair is long and scraggly and he's sporting a ratty beard. The overall impression is of a bedouin who's really let himself go, but at least the GASH on his HEAD has healed.

TIME has clearly PASSED.

RALPH

(Croaking)

Direct line to Heaven and all I keep thinking is you look like shit.

Ralph STUMBLES, but manages to keep walking. Denis's DRUM KIT is now VERY CLOSE to Ralph, close enough to chat.

Denis effortlessly keeps up the beat as the drum kit keeps pace with Ralph.

Denis is clearly a SHIT-HOT drummer.

DENIS

This is how you remember me: old, fat and dressed like a Hawkwind Roadie. Depressing, right?

Ralph's shambling walk grinds to a halt rather like watching a clockwork soldier wind down and he slowly SINKS into a sitting position.

RALPH

Yeah ... but you still sound amazing. Unlike me. I got nodules on my nodules.

DENIS

Take up the tiny violin.

Ralph LAUGHS.

RALPH

My ex-wife's got ... two plastic surgeons, a cosmetic dermatologist and a personal stylist ... all on speed-dial.

DENIS

Expensive.

Ralph nods.

RALPH

You wouldn't believe, and do you know how many copies my last album sold?

Denis's playing SEGUES into something JAZZY.

DENIS

Put the band back together. One tour, no more money worries. You heard Meatloaf sing lately? Or Axl Rose? No one gives a shit how they sound.

RALPH

I do.

DENIS

Bollocks. I heard your last solo album. It was depressing. The sound of a man from whom not a single fuck was given.

Ralph struggles to his feet and stumbles off in an attempt to leave Denis behind.

RALPH
Piss off and haunt some other poor
bastard.

DENIS
I would if I could, but I'm stuck with
you. Which is also depressing.

Ralph STOPS and LOOKS BACK.

RALPH
All I have is my voice and it's going.
Without it ... name one person in this
entire world who genuinely gives a shit
about me?

Denis stops playing.

DENIS
Sandra.

RALPH
You know why she calls?

Denis says nothing.

RALPH (CONT'D)
They're court-mandated. She's got no
bloody choice.

Ralph trudges away.

DENIS
What they gonna do, lock her up?

Ralph FLIPS Denis THE BIRD over his shoulder.

12 **EXT. DESERT NIGHT/DAY - MONTAGE**

12

Denis's DRUMS fill Ralph's EARS as ...

The sun RISES at SPEED over the tiny figure of Ralph as he
trudges on. His SHADOW LENGTHENS as the sun RACES across
the sky to be replaced by the MOON.

Ralph's FACE fills the screen, distorted and stretched by
the WIDE ANGLE as the SUN rises behind him at amazing
SPEED. He pants as beads of sweat ROLL down his face, but
these evaporate under the GLARE of the SUN, which darts
out of the sky and is replaced by the MOON as Ralph's
BREATH CONDENSES in the icy night.

Over and over going ever faster the CYCLE of DAY/NIGHT
repeats as Ralph trudges on, his skin growing BROWNER and
TAUTER, his hair growing MATTED, his BEARD lengthening.

... Denis's DRUMS beat relentlessly, driving Ralph on and on into the desert.

FADE TO BLACK.

13

INT. RECORD COMPANY/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

13

Murray sits across from a FAT ACCOUNTANT and a SKELETAL WOMAN.

MURRAY

The sales figures are amazing. We're looking at fifty thousand units on vinyl in five weeks. Five *weeks* for fuck's sake, on *vinyl*!? Who knew that knackered old shite would suddenly be cool, but it's the format du jour.

SKELETAL WOMAN

The twelve to twenty two demographic?

FAT ACCOUNTANT

Their base are pre-download, generationally.

SKELETAL WOMAN

Numbers?

FAT ACCOUNTANT

Negligible.

SKELETAL WOMAN

Physical obsessives?

MURRAY

It's not just groupies who wanna hold a piece of a rock legend in their hands!

The skeletal woman gives him an ACID LOOK.

SKELETAL WOMAN

(To the Fat Accountant)

Sales projections?

The accountant SHAKES his HEAD.

FAT ACCOUNTANT

Tapering sharply. We're almost at market saturation.

MURRAY

We're looking at fifty thousand fucking units!

SKELETAL WOMAN

Factor in manufacturing, distribution,
manpower costs, breakages, theft and the
basic cut with the stores and the
financial's don't make sense.

Murray's AGHAST!

MURRAY

Twitter, Facebook, Instagram all trending
and we've got a new solo album ready to
go! This is the beginning of a comeback!

SKELETAL WOMAN

He's dead.

MURRAY

Missing.

FAT ACCOUNTANT

Our projections show his current social
media profile is a blip. In three weeks
he's digital dead.

MURRAY

I can't believe the lack of fucking
vision, here!

The skeletal woman STANDS.

SKELETAL WOMAN

We run out our physical stocks.

Murray also STANDS, confrontational as always.

MURRAY

And then what?

SKELETAL WOMAN

Then ... nothing.

She walks PAST him as, behind her, the fat accountant,
struggles to rise and follow. Murray is desperate.

MURRAY

I can get the band back together!

The skeletal woman PAUSES and looks back at him.

SKELETAL WOMAN

They're all dead.

The fat accountant PIPES UP.

FAT ACCOUNTANT

Technically Mr Corbiere is 'missing' and
Nigel Watson is very much alive.

(MORE)

FAT ACCOUNTANT (CONT'D)

To the true fans, the so-called 'Thought Police', Corbiere/Watson as the main songwriters were the heart and soul of the band. Without them there'd be no Doublethink and ...

He TRAILS OFF under her WITHERING gaze.

MURRAY

I've been talking to Nigel. We've got a relationship.

SKELETAL WOMAN

You mean Abdullah Ibn Nigel? In the current climate this company will not put it's reputation behind a born again Muslim guitarist who hasn't been seen in fifteen years, and a middle-aged singer who can't sing!

MURRAY

They sold twenty three million records for fucks sake!

The woman turns and leaves. The fat accountant waddles after her, but PAUSES at the door.

FAT ACCOUNTANT

If you can build a genuine social media following around a comeback ...

MURRAY

(Irritated)

What do you care?

The fat accountant shyly rolls up his sleeve to reveal the now familiar DOUBLETHINK TATTOO. He smiles nervously at Murray who GAPES.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

You're *Thought Police!*?

The accountant scuttles from the room.

14

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

14

Ralph is in a BAD WAY. He STUMBLES through the desert night, his beard a TANGLED MESS, he's emaciated and it looks like the only thing holding him up is the STIFF BREEZE blowing in his face.

RALPH

That fucking priest. Wanker. Pushing Jesus. What does he know?

Denis, looking exactly as he did previously, has conjured himself a TINY SCOOTER and is SCOOTING along beside the shambling Ralph.

DENIS

I reckon she just needs a bit of a father figure.

Ralph SCOWLS.

RALPH

What am I? She thinks he's such hot shit. Every word he says ... fucking Dylan lyrics! Tosser.

DENIS

We've been out here for weeks going round and round. It's getting really boring.

Denis tries a BUNNY HOP on his Scooter and FALLS OFF. Ralph pauses in his shambling to shoot a bit of sarcasm Denis's way.

RALPH

Thought your lot could fly. If they gave you a cloud you'd fall off.

DENIS

Do you see wings? You got me all wrong, man, I'm just a guide. I take you to where you need to be and the rest is on you.

RALPH

Free will ... always was ... poxy.

And with that Ralph falls FLAT on his FACE in the sand as if he's been POLEAXED. Denis, back on his Scooter, circles Ralph's prostrate form.

DENIS

I dunno why this is so hard for you. Just accept the Good News.

Ralph BLINKS up at him.

RALPH

What's so Good about it?

Denis points to a GLOWING PURPLE SIGN that reads MAGDELENE'S just ahead. Ralph just manages to FOCUS on the sign.

DENIS

We've arrived.

RALPH
Looks like a knocking shop.

... and PASSES OUT.

15 INT. MAGDELENE'S - NIGHT

15

Ralph's eyes SNAP OPEN and he finds three female faces STARING DOWN at him. The closest is a glamorous but now fading older woman sucking a smoke, MAGGIE.

The second is BLACK, barely out of her teens, beautiful and gazes at him with vacant eyes, TAMMY.

The third is a skinny white woman with RED HAIR arranged in CORNBROWS and PORCELAIN SKIN, SHARELLE.

The two young women wear HEAVY MAKE-UP and are dressed to ADVERTISE.

MAGGIE
I think it's him, but I ain't sure. On TV he's got more hair and he looks, I dunno, younger?

TAMMY
He really is old.

SHARELLE
That's what happens when you don't die, girl.

Ralph PANICS.

RALPH
Denis!? Denis!

The women RECOIL at Ralph's shout.

OLDER WOMAN
Whoa, pilgrim. There ain't no Denis here. Just a shit-kicker in the Roswell Room attempting re-entry with Lurlene.

RALPH
DENIS!

Denis's excited face appears.

DENIS
They've got a room here made up to look like a spaceship! You can even order something called an 'interstellar orgasm'. The brochure says it makes the *stars* move!

RALPH

Where the fuck am I?

MAGGIE

My place. I'm Maggie and you're Ralph Corbiere.

TAMMY

Who's Denis?

Ralph POINTS over her shoulder at Denis.

RALPH

He is.

The three women LOOK ... but they don't see Denis.

TAMMY

I like his accent. It's sexy.

Sharelle, SNORTS derisively.

SHARELLE

Stay away from the Brits, girl; they kinky. You lay back and show 'em the road to glory and all they wanna do is stick it in yo' ear or up yo' ass. Shit, I had one all he wanted was to watch me take a dump!

Sharelle rolls up her SLEEVE.

SHARELLE (CONT'D)

See this scar?

MAGGIE

(Cutting in)

Can it, Sharelle.

Sharelle SUCKS her TEETH. Ralph is very confused and looks up at Maggie imploringly.

RALPH

Please don't let her poo on me.

TAMMY

(Wide-eyed)

Is pee your thing? She does that, too!

MAGGIE

Goddam it! No-one's pissin' or shitin' on anyone!

(To Ralph)

TV said you went missing over to Bairstow a few weeks back. That right?

RALPH
I'm not sure ...
(To Denis)
... is it?

Denis SHRUGS.

DENIS
Mostly.

Sharelle produces her PHONE and begins FILMING RALPH.

SHARELLE
Your tourbus crashed, dogg. You tellin'
me you don't remember that?

RALPH
I've been undergoing a period of intense
spiritual growth.

MAGGIE
Well, they pulled everyone out the wreck
'cept you. All they found was a set of
footsteps leading into the desert. Six
weeks later ... here you are.

DENIS
(To Ralph)
A very boring six weeks.

TAMMY
You're just like Jesus when he went on
vacation in the desert that time.

RALPH
You have a fucking Christian?

TAMMY
Except Jesus wasn't so rude. Not that I
ever met Jesus, but I imagine he's got
manners and was brought up right ...
considering who his Daddy is.

Ralph looks a little panicked.

RALPH
I didn't mean a Christian who *fucks*, just
... a fucking *Christian*. It's unexpected.

SHARELLE
This girl believes in redemption through
humping. She cray, cray.

TAMMY
At least I'm honest. You're not even
black.

SHARELLE

I'm one sixteenth African-American, dogg!

TAMMY

But you look *really* white. It's very confusing.

SHARELLE

Least I'm not running away from my heritage, bitch. Whitest thing in this crib as your middle-class ass!

MAGGIE

At least she don't pad her's. Tone it down, Sharelle, I keep getting complaints.

Denis inspects Sharelle's ass, which is improbably KARDASHIAN considering her FRAME.

TAMMY

(To Sharelle)

It does look like you're wearing a diaper.

Sharelle advances on Tammy with a murderous look in her.

SHARELLE

It's NATURAL!

Maggie cuts them off.

MAGGIE

Next one says a word is on clean-up duty in the jerking booths for a week!

Sharelle SUCKS her TEETH at Tammy who just looks BLANK. The moment is broken by a HIDEOUS BELLOW of AGONY that REVERBERATES from a corridor leading off the room.

RALPH

What the fuck was that?

A NEARLY NAKED woman dressed like PRINCESS LEIA runs into the room. She hasn't spared the burgers and there's a lot of JIGGLING.

LEIA

(Near hysterical)

Maggie, Maggie! I think ... I think I broke his cock!

MAGGIE

Jesus, Lurlene! We're liable!

Maggie, closely followed by Sharelle, who's STILL FILMING, and Tammy, SPRINTS into the corridor headed towards the BELLOWS. Ralph, much to his surprise, finds himself following.

16

INT. HALLWAY/ROSWELL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

16

Ralph walks into a room decked out like a cheesy 50's Sci-Fi fantasy. Maggie is trying to help an AGONISED man on the bed, who clutches at his GROIN in agony. Tammy, her innocent eyes WIDE with AMAZEMENT, stares at the man's COCK.

TAMMY

Why does his dingus have a corner?

She leans her head on one side to get a better angle on said Dingus.

MAGGIE

Call 911! CALL 911!

Sharelle is, of course, FILMING.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

JESUS FUCKING CHRIST, SHARELLE! STOP
FILMING THIS SHIT AND CALL 911, NOW!!!

SHARELLE

Hold up! I need a close-up!

Ralph finds himself staring down at the man's penis, which does indeed BEND painfully ninety degree's to the right and GLOWS a familiar SHADE OF UNEARTHLY PURPLE.

RALPH

That's not natural.

STAR FIELDS projected onto the walls to aid the ambience suddenly MORPH into Denis's face.

DENIS

Help him, Ralph.

RALPH

I'm no Jedi.

Ralph BLINKS and everything SLOWS.

In a TRANCE he steps forward, kneels on the bed and GRASPS the man's broken PENIS. Ralph closes his EYES and MUMBLES under his breath. The man's agonised yells slowly subside and Ralph's world slowly SPINS BACK UP to NORMAL speed.

Ralph OPENS his EYES and looks down.

He GRIMACES and drops whatever he's holding with a YELP of disgust. Maggie's jaw DROPS.

MAGGIE

How the hell did you do that?

Tammy's head, which has been on one side, straightens to reflect the penis's new, healthy, angle.

TAMMY

It looks so happy!

Ralph stands, his hands outstretched in a strangely RELIGIOUS pose. Sharelle POINTS her PHONE at him, still FILMING.

SHARELLE

I filmed me a motherfuckin' miracle!

Ralph looks IMPLORINGLY at Maggie who GAZES back at him in SHOCK.

RALPH

I'd really like to wash my hands.

17 INT. KIMBERLEY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

17

The room is full of CAMERAS and LIGHTS. Kimberley, her face now cast in a mask-like attitude of mourning, is having her hair precisely arranged.

Sandra, wearing a large GOLD CRUCIFIX, sits next to her mother and SCOWLS at the perma-tanned INTERVIEWER. Let's call him CHET as it seems to fit, APPROACHES.

CHET

Hey, soooo ... here's what's gonna happen: we'll get a cue from the studio and that means we're counting down to go live and --

A PRODUCER interrupts him. Chet's eyes go WIDE.

CHET (CONT'D)

For real?

The producer turns up the VOLUME on a monitor. A NEWS PROGRAMME screams out: RALPH CORBIERE ALIVE? The anchorperson, KATHY, is in the midst of the story.

KATHY ANCHOR

... bring you this breaking story; Ralph Corbiere, lead singer of legendary art rock band DOUBLETHINK has been found alive and well in a Nevada brothel.

(MORE)

KATHY ANCHOR (CONT'D)

And, allegedly, he's now performing *miracles*. Mizuki Tremble has more ...

Chet TURNS OFF the monitor.

SANDRA

What are you doing!?

She GRABS the TV remote and SNAPS on a BRAND NEW living room TV. On TV Sharelle's SHAKY PHONE footage is being streamed via a website, MAGDELENE'S HOUSE OF ILL-REPUTE, and shows Ralph 'healing' a heavily PIXELATED dingus.

CHET

Whoah, we can't have the TV on. We're live in five!

KIMBERLEY

Sandra, turn it off!

Kimberley SNATCHES the REMOTE from Sandra and turns OFF the TV.

SANDRA

He's alive and none of you care!?

Sandra GRABS at the remote in Kimberley's hand and they STRUGGLE. A RED LIGHT on the camera BLINKS.

KIMBERLEY

(Yelling)

The ONLY time your father's ever been useful is when he's DEAD! *I don't want him ALIVE!*

PRODUCER

Oh shit! We're live!

Chet TURNS to face the camera a RICTUS grin on his face. The chaotic scene is visible on the multiple monitors and it doesn't look good.

CHET

Chet Baker here *live* at the Corbiere family home where the rock singer's family are struggling to come to terms with the shock news that he *may* be alive ... and *miraculous*.

He turns to Kimberley.

CHET (CONT'D)

Kimberley, as his wife, what are you feeling right now?

Kimberley's face is still RED and she's holding the REMOTE as if she's about to BRAIN Sandra with it.

KIMBERLEY

Anger.

Chet turns back to the camera his face frozen in incomprehension.

CHET

Wise words I think we can all appreciate
... wise words from a grieving family ...

Chet FIXES the camera with his most SINCERE gaze.

CHET (CONT'D)

Kathy?

And, behind the camera, the producer signals CLEAR. Chet turns to Kimberley and Sandra his professional demeanour forgotten.

CHET (CONT'D)

What the fuck was that? I thought you
people were fucking *professionals!*?

Kimberley SNAPS and HURLS the remote at Chet. It SMACKS into his perfect smile with a CRUNCH and Chet goes down, howling. Sandra looks at her mother in surprise.

SANDRA

Go, Mom.

18

I/E. MAGGIE'S VAN/HOTEL - DAY

18

Ralph GAWPS from the passenger seat as Maggie, who's driving, pulls the van to a stop in the Hotel driveway. They can't get any closer because the entrance itself is blocked by a crowd of MEDIA and a mass of vaguely HIPPIE-ISH types carrying HEAL ME and RALPH SAVES signs.

Many in the crowd wear DOUBLETHINK T-shirts.

RALPH

How do this lot know about the cock-snapper?

TAMMY

Because I posted it on Maggie's website.

Ralph GLARES at her.

RALPH

Why?

MAGGIE

Because the website's part of her job.

TAMMY

The other part is performing a wide array of sex acts for money.

She GRINS at Ralph.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

I'm multi-talented.

SHARELLE

And I got the footage to prove it.

Denis LEANS forward from the gloom in the back of the van and points at the crowd.

DENIS

They're the start of your flock.

RALPH

Oh, piss off! I want a shave, a bath and a drink. What I don't want is a fucking flock! Not now, not ever, alright?

Maggie SIGHS.

MAGGIE

I wish you'd stop talkin' to him, honey. It makes you look really crazy.

RALPH

Then tell him to leave me alone! He's a twat!

Denis looks OFFENDED.

TAMMY

We can't because he's not real. Except to you. To you he's real, but that's because you have a mental disease.

She favours Ralph with a STUNNING smile. Ralph realises that Sharelle is FILMING everything on her PHONE.

RALPH

Why are you filming this?

SHARELLE

Because it's *my* job, son.

RALPH

In addition to a wide array of negotiable sex acts, right?

MAGGIE

Our rates ain't negotiable and we need the publicity. You think this is a charity? Think again.

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Since Cock-Snapper went viral bookings are up nineteen percent from the S+M crowd and forty two from the Viagra brigade. They figure if we can get him up, we can get anyone up.

SHARELLE

Word.

MAGGIE

Religion's good for business, honey.

Ralph is about to say something, but JUMPS as a hippy, who's wandered over to the van and noticed him, BANGS excitedly on the window.

HIPPIE

It's *Him!* He's in here! I can see *Him!*

The hippie RIPS the door open and PAWS at Ralph who FLINCHES back.

HIPPIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god! It's really you!

RALPH

Bugger off!

Ralph SHOVES the man away, but a DOZEN MORE and accompanying MEDIA TYPES crowd around the van. The crowd paw at him and the media types shove CAMERA'S in his face. Sharelle films them right back, but the shoving yelling crowd is about to go critical when --

BANG!

A SINGLE SHOT rings out.

The crowd FREEZES and Ralph slowly turns to find Maggie stood in the open driver's door holding aloft a SMOKING GUN.

RALPH (CONT'D)

(A little in love)

Wow.

Maggie is MAGNIFICENT.

MAGGIE

BACK OFF!

SCREAMS echo from the crowd and, as one, they turn and SCRAMBLE away from armed madwoman and her van.

In the chaos a beautiful blonde woman in a WHEELCHAIR, holding a RALPH SAVES SIGN, is THROWN from her chair by the stampeding crowd.

Ralph, his body moving before his brain has fully engaged, HURLS himself from the van towards the woman and covers her with his body, PROTECTING her.

RALPH

These fuckers are nuts!

The woman GAZES up at him. Almost in a trance she REACHES for Ralph's HAND. Ralph looks DOWN at her, a faint smile twists his lips and she SMILES back.

She GRASPS his HAND.

And then she STANDS.

She GASPS.

WHEELCHAIR WOMAN

I ... can walk.

RALPH

Er ...

All around her, like OIL poured on raging waters, the stampeding crowd PAUSES and STARES at the standing woman. Dozen's of camera's and cell-hones FOCUS on her as she throws her arms WIDE and STRIDES forward.

WHEELCHAIR WOMAN

It's a MIRACLE!

The woman, TEARS STREAMING down her beautiful face, turns back to Ralph.

WHEELCHAIR WOMAN (CONT'D)

He took my hand and ... HEALED me!

She FALLS to her KNEES in front of Ralph as he struggles to his feet. He looks round, bemused, as the crowd begin FALLING to their KNEES.

Ralph unconsciously RUBS his offending HAND on his grubby trousers as if to clean the miracle off it and defaults to his basic Englishness, meaning there's only one thing he can say ...

RALPH

Sorry ... ?

Ralph looks INTO the cameras, which are recording this remarkable moment for posterity; he's dirty, dishevelled and as desiccated as you'd expect a man lost in the desert for forty days and forty nights to be.

He looks ... PROPHETIC.

The sun SHINES DOWN framing a resplendent Maggie, her hair streaming, her gun in her hand; Sharelle, filming everything in sight and Tammy, who beams her mega-watt smile at the crowd and points to the LOGO for MAGADELENE'S HOUSE OF ILL REPUTE on the van.

TAMMY

Find us on Google!

19

INT. HOTEL SUITE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

19

Ralph sits on the bed watching an interview with the WHEELCHAIR WOMAN play on TV.

INTERVIEWER

(To Wheelchair woman)

Do you believe Ralph Corbiere has special powers?

The Wheelchair woman SMILES, TEARS streaming down her cheeks, answers ...

WHEELCHAIR WOMAN

I know he does.

Ralph SNAPS OFF the TV in disgust and looks over at Murray who's sat in an armchair, fiddling with a TABLET.

MURRAY

How the fuck does Instagram work?

RALPH

Ask Tammy and Sharelle they're experts.

MURRAY

Useful. We need people like that. The wankers at the record company cut us loose. Meaning I'm doing all the PR myself. Could use some help. Especially when it looks like those two. The red head's got a nice arse.

RALPH

Did you plant the wheelchair woman?

Murray looks up and REGARDS Ralph for a moment, thinking, before answering.

MURRAY

'Course I did. You'd don't actually think you've got 'special powers', do you?

Ralph looks uncomfortable and Murray bursts out LAUGHING.

RALPH

Yeah, well ... what do we do when everyone figures out she's a fake?

MURRAY

Who cares? No such thing as bad publicity. This is better than a sex tape.

RALPH

They crucified Jesus, Murray. And he was telling the truth.

MURRAY

Says who?

Ralph GETS UP from the table and STOMPS out of the room, scowling. Murray yells after him.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Ralph! I've got an ache in me balls! Can you lay hands on 'em?

20

INT. HOTEL SUITE/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

20

On the SOFA Maggie and Sharelle are busy working on a tablet as Tammy, who's BUFFING the HARD-SKIN from her feet, watches the wheelchair woman on a huge TV.

Maggie notices Ralph.

MAGGIE

(Sarcastic)

Praise be!

RALPH

Two hundred channels and you're watching fake news?

TAMMY

It can't be fake. It's on TV.

RALPH

Murray staged it. She's a fake. It's all fake.

Murray speaks from the doorway.

MAGGIE

Who cares? It's the number one trending topic on Twitter ...

SHARELLE

... Facebook, Instagram, Tumblr ... sheeee-it negro, you bigger than Car-Pool Karaoke.

TAMMY

(To Ralph)

It's called 'Social Media'. It's how young people talk to each other now.

MAGGIE

He knows what Social Media is, Tammy.

TAMMY

You don't know. He's old.

MAGGIE

Christ, Tammy just 'cause someone's over the age of thirty it don't make 'em old.

SHARELLE

Yes it do.

Tammy NODS vigorously.

TAMMY

It really do.

Maggie stands, irritated..

MAGGIE

Do I have to get my gun?

Tammy and Sharelle look away. Maggie looks over at Ralph and shoots him a crooked little HALF SMILE and touches her HAIR reflexively under his gaze. Ralph stares back, unsure how to respond.

Tammy and Sharelle mime VOMITING.

MURRAY

Ralph, mate, you're an internet sensation! We can build on this. Look, I ain't mentioned this before, but, fuck it, I'm in touch with Nigel. He want's to meet. We could get the fucking band back together! Get on the road. Ride this wave. Sky's the limit! Star? You'd be a supernova! Who cares if your voice is fucked!

The room FREEZES. Murray PAUSES under Ralph's FURIOUS stare.

RALPH

I do.

Ralph grabs his jacket and STOMPS away, headed for the main door to the suite.

RALPH (CONT'D)

It's all fucking fake, anyway.

MAGGIE

What about the cock-snapper?

But Ralph's gone, the door SLAMMING after him. Maggie
TURNS to face Murray.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Can you really get 'em back together or
is that more bullshit?

MURRAY

What d'you care? You're making bank off
this as it is.

SHARELLE

Because she's a fan, dogg! She got the
tattoo and everything!

Maggie shoots Sharelle a poisonous look as Sharelle
doubles up laughing.

MAGGIE

I'm getting my gun and then I'm gonna
shoot you.

A SLOW SMILE spreads across Murray's face as the light of
understanding DAWNS in Tammy's eyes.

TAMMY

Oh ... so *that's* why you love him.

MAGGIE

(Embarrassed)

Both of you!

21

EXT. HOTEL GARDEN - NIGHT

21

Ralph plops himself down on a recliner. He gazes out over
the garden and stuffs his hands into the pockets of his
jacket to shut out the cold.

He makes a discovery and pulls out a JOINT.

He looks at it, sighs, and then throws it away into the
garden. He YELPS with pain as something TWINGES in his
SHOULDER.

RALPH

Ow!

Denis's voice filters down from somewhere above.

DENIS

You could fix that, if you wanted.

RALPH
I'm ignoring things that aren't real.

DENIS
Sandra's real and you're ignoring her.

Denis is sat in a PALM TREE, which wouldn't be that noticeable save for the fact he's a good THIRTY FEET up in the canopy and has a set of BONGO'S.

Ralph, who's now sulking, IGNORES him.

The silence *drags* and Denis starts playing a neat little rhythm on the bongo's to pass the time.

RALPH
She was a fake. Murray hired her. PR shite, you know? All to sell records or tickets or ... whatever!

DENIS
So?

Ralph almost unconsciously pulls a SECOND JOINT from his jacket.

RALPH
If it's not real ... what's the point? I just feel ...

Ralph STARES at the joint and SNAPS it in his fingers.

RALPH (CONT'D)
... dead.

Denis says nothing, just keeps up his Bongo beat. Ralph stands and begins PACING unconsciously keeping time with Denis's Bongo's.

RALPH (CONT'D)
But then, what about the cock-snapper?

DENIS
What about him?

RALPH
That's wasn't fake. Couldn't be ... I was right there. I had it in my hands.

Ralph SHUDDERS at the memory and unconsciously rubs the PALM of his HAND on his thigh.

RALPH (CONT'D)
(Disgusted)
His cock looked like a fucking boomerang and then I grabbed it ... and he was standing up like ... like ...

Words fail Ralph.

DENIS

A stiff dick?

Denis watches Ralph from the arboreal canopy. Ralph looks at his hands and then slowly PLACES them around his own THROAT.

DENIS (CONT'D)

If none of it's real, why do that?

Ralph DROPS his hands from his throat and looks UP at Denis in his tree.

RALPH

What if it's true?

Denis stops drumming and peers DOWN at Ralph, considering him.

DENIS

Go see your daughter.

RALPH

Is that it?

DENIS

Yep.

Denis starts DRUMMING again. Ralph PLOPS back into his chair and SCOWLS.

RALPH

Twat.

22

EXT. JOEL'S CHURCH - DAY

22

Ralph paces up and down outside the Church. He grasps the doors and is about to enter, but stops himself. He curses and starts pacing again. The doors of the Church open, Joel smiles down beatifically at Ralph.

JOEL

Ralph!

RALPH

Is my daughter inside?

JOEL

Though it's been awhile now I can still feel so much pain. Every rose has it's thorn.

Joel descends the steps of the Church and EMBRACES Ralph. Ralph shoves him away.

RALPH

OK, piss off you weird bastard. I'm not interested in hearing you quote bloody Poison lyrics at me.

Sandra appears in the doorway. Her jaw DROPS when she sees Ralph.

SANDRA

Dad ... ?

Ralph looks up at her.

JOEL

The words fill my head and fall to the floor. If god's on our side ...

Ralph TURNS on Joel.

RALPH

FUCK OFF!

SANDRA

DAD!

Ralph looks at her, suddenly embarrassed at himself. Joel meanwhile doesn't seem to take Ralph's outburst personally.

RALPH

I ... sorry. I keep fucking everything up. Can we just talk? I could really use a chat. Things are really weird right now.

Sandra walks down the steps of the Church and draws close to Ralph. She looks up at him. Throws his arms open for a HUG just as Sandra sticks her hand out to SHAKE.

It gets complicated for a moment as they try and sort themselves out. The compromise is a handshake.

RALPH (CONT'D)

I don't know what's real and what's not anymore.

SANDRA

Me either, but we'll figure it out.

RALPH

Together?

SANDRA

Together.

She smiles at him. Ralph looks from her smile to a PALM TREE in the background. Denis sits in the palm tree. As Ralph watches Denis gives him a THUMBS UP.

FADE OUT.