

IT HAD TO BE LOU

PILOT

"DIVERSITY FOLLIES"

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LOU AND ENRIQUE'S SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT - DAY -  
ESTABLISHING

INT. LOU AND ENRIQUE'S APARTMENT - DAY

LOU SINGER, a lively man in his 30s, happily moves to music as he dusts around the apartment. His movements become a dance, his dusting becomes more theatrical. He's a star waiting to be discovered.

With a flourish of his duster, he knocks over a Mexican tchotchke which smashes on the floor. As Lou picks up the broken pieces, ENRIQUE ENRIQUEZ, a handsome Latino in his 30s, barges in.

ENRIQUE  
(fuming)  
Honey, I'm home!

Lou scrambles to hide the broken tchotchke under a chair cushion, and turn off the music.

LOU  
Why are you home so early?

ENRIQUE  
I don't wanna talk about it.

LOU  
What's wrong?

ENRIQUE  
I just... can't!

LOU  
Can't *what? What's wrong?!*

ENRIQUE  
Apparently we're "*racist!*"

LOU  
We are?

ENRIQUE  
Not *us... Us!*

LOU  
*Who?!*

ENRIQUE

The club!

Enrique holds up his phone and scans through pages.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Look! There's a whole Face page of people saying we're not diverse enough! And all this twittering...! "Hashtag Onyx Not Diverse," "Hashtag Boycott Onyx," "Hashtag Onyx So Racist!"

LOU

But Onyx is a Latin club!

ENRIQUE

I know!

LOU

So how is that not diverse?

ENRIQUE

I guess Latin doesn't count! It's like everyone's gone crazy or somethin'...

(scrolling through)

We're barely staying afloat, and look! They're talkin' about picketing! Just as we're about to do our big telethon on Saturday! What am I gonna do...?

Enrique wearily starts to sit in the chair where the broken tchotchke is hidden. Lou gently steers him into another chair.

LOU

There must be something we can do...

ENRIQUE

I dunno...

LOU

(his eyes light up)

I've got it! Make the telethon a big show with acts from all different countries, all different cultures. Call it -- "The Diversity Show!"

ENRIQUE  
 (dubious)  
 "The Diversity Show?"

LOU  
 (seeing it)  
 No. "Diversity Follies!" You could  
 do it once a month, once a week!

ENRIQUE  
 You know somethin'? That's not such  
 a bad idea...

LOU  
 See...?!

ENRIQUE  
 (rising and texting)  
 I'm gonna call a meeting and start  
 planning it now!

LOU  
 (pacing excitedly)  
 Now what should I do? Maybe  
 something from "Miss Saigon" or  
 "Flower Drum Song"...

ENRIQUE  
 (gently)  
 Uhm... baby...?

LOU  
 Or "South Pacific"... that's a  
 culture...!

ENRIQUE  
 Lou?

LOU  
 Yeah?

ENRIQUE  
 I've got everything riding on this  
 telethon. It all needs to be  
 very... *professional*.

LOU  
 Absolutely!

ENRIQUE  
 Everyone involved needs to be on  
 the same level as... *me*. You  
 know... *me*?

(MORE)

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

The lead singer of *Momentito*? The biggest boy band in the world?

LOU

Yeah. Twenty years ago...

ENRIQUE

Excuse me. We sold thirty million albums, we sold out --

LOU & ENRIQUE

(in unison)

-- Estadio Azteca three nights in a row!

LOU

But I've had a lot of performing experience too you know...

Enrique can't help but roll his eyes.

LOU (CONT'D)

The Green Bay Playhouse, The Kenosha Community Theatre... We toured Oshkosh and Waukesha!

ENRIQUE

Honey...

LOU

I was in *Fiddler on the Roof*, *Bye Bye Birdie*, *Annie Get Your Gun*, and you have no idea what any of those are, do you.

ENRIQUE

No.

LOU

I was in *Grease* three times! I was Kenickie *twice!!*

ENRIQUE

(gently)

Baby...

LOU

Yes?

ENRIQUE

You know I love you...

LOU

Yes...?

ENRIQUE  
But you cannot be in the show!

LOU  
Enrique...!

ENRIQUE  
I don't care how many times you  
were Kinky!

The front door opens and in walk ECHO SCHULTZ, a spiritual,  
earthy woman in her 60s, and her husband FRANK SCHULTZ, a  
grumpy man in his 60s.

ECHO  
Hi all...!

LOU  
Hi Echo.

ECHO  
(cheerful)  
How are my favorite tenants in the  
whole world?

LOU  
We're your *only* tenants in the  
whole world.

ENRIQUE  
(eager to change the  
subject)  
How's it going Frank?

FRANK  
(sarcastic)  
Oh fine. I get laid off after 38  
years at IBM and no one in tech  
will hire anyone over 23. So I'm  
just great.

ENRIQUE  
Well at least you've got all this  
time to spend with each other. That  
must be nice...

ECHO  
(cheerful)  
Oh it's wonderful!

She turns to Lou, glares, and shakes her head.

ENRIQUE

I'd love to stay but I've gotta get to the club and find all these acts from different cultures. We're calling the telethon *Diversity Follies*.

FRANK

That sounds like a great idea!

LOU

(sarcastic)

I wish *I'd* thought of it.

ECHO

You know, Enrique... we were San Francisco's premier a cappella folk song duo...

FRANK

That's right! "The Hootenannies!"

LOU

The *who*?

ECHO

We played all the hip clubs! The Jabberwock, The Cellar, The Purple Onion...

FRANK

The Hungry I...

ECHO

And our songs were from *all* different cultures!

ENRIQUE

Why don't you two be on the telethon?

ECHO

Really?!

ENRIQUE

Sure!

FRANK

Thanks!

(to Echo)

C'mon honey, let's go dig up the old repertoire!

ECHO  
Oh, this'll be wonderful!

As they hurry off together:

FRANK  
So long kids!

ECHO  
I've still got the turtlenecks!

And they're gone. Enrique turns to Lou, who glares at him.

LOU  
"The Hootenannies."

ENRIQUE  
What.

LOU  
*I'm not good enough... so you hire  
"The Hootenannies"?!*

ENRIQUE  
Look babe, I've gotta run...  
(as he hurries out the  
door)  
Order something nice for dinner!

LOU  
(fuming)  
Oh he makes me so mad...!

He plops down on a chair, then jumps up, pulls the broken tchotchke out from under the cushion, and throws it across the room.

EXT. CLUB ONYX, A SOUTH OF MARKET CLUB - AFTERNOON -  
ESTABLISHING

INT. CLUB ONYX - AFTERNOON

At a work table sits the club manager EMMETT, a nervous Southern boy in his 30s, who wears horn-rimmed glasses and a headset as he scribbles notes on a clipboard. Nearby is the deadpan tech manager SONYA who wears a headset and consults a laptop.

Enrique hurries in and joins them.



ENRIQUE  
Thanks for coming guys. Is she here yet?

EMMETT  
(into his headset)  
Is she here yet?

SONYA  
(into her headset)  
Not yet.

EMMETT  
(to Enrique)  
Not yet.

ENRIQUE  
Okay, what have we got so far?

EMMETT  
(reading off his  
clipboard)  
We've got the Arabesque belly  
dancers, rappers Big and Lil, the  
Kpop group BangDog, and Jay Ho.

ENRIQUE  
Jay who?

EMMETT  
The best Indian dancer in town.  
Does all that Bollywood kinda'  
stuff.

ENRIQUE  
Great. And you can add "The  
Hootenannies."

EMMETT  
(writing)  
Done and done.

Sonya looks at a text that just came in, then speaks into her headset.

SONYA  
She's here.

EMMETT  
(repeating)  
She's here.  
(panicked)  
She's here!

A pair of very high heels strut slowly towards us. We PAN UP the full-length leopard coat to see a striking woman in a turban and huge dark sunglasses, carrying a huge cup of coffee. This is ZORRA, the imperious drag queen.

She stops at the table and holds out her coffee cup which Emmett immediately takes from her. She holds out her arms and he hurriedly removes her coat. She removes her sunglasses and holds them out. Emmett takes the sunglasses from her hand and replaces them with a martini. Glaring at Enrique, she takes a sip of the martini. And then:

ZORRA

(in a Latin accent)

So. What is so important that I had to get out of bed and rush over here so quickly?

ENRIQUE

It's... 2:30.

Zorra continues to glare at him.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Our telethon is gonna be a multi-cultural show and we've gotta set it up quick to avoid a public relations disaster.

ZORRA

Multi-cultural? So I can do any one of my numbers...

ENRIQUE

Just nothing Latin.

ZORRA

Nothing Latin...? I am *Zorra!*

ENRIQUE

I know.

ZORRA

What am I supposed to do? The Love Theme From *Crazy Rich Asians?*

EMMETT

Is there one?

ZORRA

(barks at him)

No!

EMMETT  
 (startled)  
 I knew that.

ZORRA  
 (to Enrique)  
 Mr. Enriquez. This is *my* club...

ENRIQUE  
 This is *our* club.

ZORRA  
 And if you expect me to --

ENRIQUE  
 It's just for one night. And  
 believe me... this could mean the  
 difference between staying in  
 business -- and closing the doors  
 for good.

Zorra continues to glare at him.

BLACKOUT

EXT. LOU AND ENRIQUE'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING

INT. LOU AND ENRIQUE'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

An electric fan lays on the floor downstage. Lou's laptop and  
 work papers are set up on the dining table.

Echo enters from the front door.

ECHO  
 Lou...? What's the big surprise...?  
 (pause)  
 Don't scare me...

Greek folk music starts to play. Lou dances in from the  
 bedroom, wearing a bedsheet toga, a makeshift laurel on his  
 head, and homemade tinfoil bracelets. He moves around the  
 room, holding his phone, doing what appears to be a modern  
 dance.

ECHO (CONT'D)  
 I'm scared.

She crosses her arms, and watches him for a moment. Then:

ECHO (CONT'D)  
I know I'll regret asking, but what  
are you doing?

LOU  
It's a routine I put together for  
the telethon. I call it "The Dance  
of Dionysus!"

ECHO  
And Enrique said you could do this?

Lou hits his phone and the music stops.

LOU  
Well... he hasn't seen it yet.

Echo glares at him.

LOU (CONT'D)  
And *everyone else* is in the  
show...!

Echo continues to glare.

LOU (CONT'D)  
(defensive)  
Greek is a culture! And I was in  
the Twin Lakes Terpsichorians for  
two years...

ECHO  
Oh honey...

LOU  
Just watch, you're gonna love it!

He turns the music back on and goes into his expressive  
dance.

LOU (CONT'D)  
It's a celebration of nature... of  
the harvest... of wine...!

ECHO  
I could use a glass.

LOU  
It's very authentic Ancient  
Greek...

ECHO  
I wouldn't know.

LOU  
I'm still working some of it out,  
but here's the big finish...

He dances gracefully downstage, moving with great feeling. He reaches for the heavens, his foot taps the fan button, and the fan sends his toga billowing gracefully around him.

Enrique appears at the front door with mail in his hand. He stares at Lou, who sways in the breeze to the music.

Enrique moves slowly forward, speechless. Echo moves slowly backward, towards the open door.

Enrique comes up behind the billowing Lou.

ENRIQUE  
Lou...?

Echo bolts out the door.

Lou turns to Enrique, his toga still billowing.

LOU  
(casual)  
Yes...?

ENRIQUE  
Is this... whatever this is...  
something that you were planning to  
do on... oh, I don't know... *the*  
*telethon*...?

Lou steps on the fan button. It turns off.

LOU  
(proudly)  
Yes.

ENRIQUE  
(controlling his anger)  
Even though I said you could not be  
in the show...?

LOU  
(pause)  
Maybe.

Enrique slowly paces the room, struggling to control his rage as he mutters to himself.

ENRIQUE  
Estoy tratando de salvar mi negocio  
y tengo que lidiar con esto...  
(MORE)

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

(Translation: I am trying to save my business and I have to deal with this one...)

Lou watches him, worried. Enrique slaps the mail down. Lou jumps.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

¡Cada vez que doy un espectáculo tengo que lidiar con este lunático del Green Bay Playhouse en Michigan!

(Translation: Every time I put on a show I have to deal with this lunatic from the Green Bay Playhouse in Michigan!)

Enrique grabs a notebook that he'd left behind and shakes it at Lou as he moves towards the open door.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Si puedo pasar esta semana sin retorcerte el cuello, ¡será un milagro!

(Translation: If I can get through this week without wringing your neck, it will be a miracle!)

Enrique storms out and slams the door behind him. Lou jumps.

Lou's laptop rings, startling him. He hurries to the dining table and sits. The face of AMITA, his Indian boss, pops up on his screen.

AMITA

Hey Lou!

LOU

Hey Amita.

AMITA

(pause)

What are you wearing?

LOU

It's a long story.

AMITA

How's everything there?

LOU

Oh, fine. How's New York?

AMITA  
I wouldn't know, I never leave the house. Did you finish the new marketing plan?

LOU  
Yes ma'am! I'll send it right over.

AMITA  
You're the best. Bye!

LOU  
Bye!

She disappears. Lou starts to type. The phone rings, startling him again.

LOU (CONT'D)  
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

EMMETT  
(on the phone)  
Enrique?

LOU  
No, who's this?

EMMETT  
It's Emmett. From Onyx.

LOU  
Oh hi Emmett, it's Lou.

Emmett's face brightens. He's got a little crush on Lou.

EMMETT  
Hey Lou, I mean hi! Sorry, I've got a new phone and no one's numbers are in it yet...

LOU  
No problem. What's up?

EMMETT  
Could you give Enrique a message? Tell him that Jay Ho had to cancel.

LOU  
Jay who?

EMMETT

The Bollywood dancer we booked for  
the telethon.

LOU

Okay, I'll tell him.

EMMETT

Thanks Lou. Seeya' soon!

LOU

Bye!

Lou hangs up and goes back to typing, when a thought occurs to him. He looks down at his phone, then at his laptop, then back at his phone. His eyes brighten.

He hits the call back button on his phone, and then:

LOU (CONT'D)

(in an Indian accent)

Hello, is this Mr. Emmett of the  
Onyx nightclub?... This is -- Rama --  
-- Ramayana Krishna. I work with Jay  
Ho. I am very sorry for the  
confusion, but Jay Ho will be  
available to do your show after  
all. Yes... Eight o'clock on  
Saturday? Very very good. Thank you  
very much. Good day.

He hangs up -- and a look of mischievous triumph spreads  
across his face.

BLACKOUT

INT. LOU AND ENRIQUE'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Lou sits at his laptop on the coffee table, Zooming with  
Amita.

LOU

Thank you so much for doing this...  
You are saving my life!

INTERCUT WITH:

AMITA

No worries. I've been doing these  
dances since I was a kid.



LOU  
 (suddenly worried)  
 But wait. Isn't this cultural  
 appropriation?

AMITA  
 Cultural *what?*

LOU  
 Isn't it wrong for me to do this --  
 since I'm not Indian?

AMITA  
 Have you done yoga?

LOU  
 Yes. Once.

AMITA  
 So all the white girls with the  
 ponytails can't do yoga anymore?

LOU  
 Well...

AMITA  
 You eat Chinese food?

LOU  
 Every Christmas Eve.

She looks at him.

LOU (CONT'D)  
 I'm Jewish. It's a tradition.

AMITA  
 And I just ate a bagel. Am I  
 appropriating *your* culture?

LOU  
 No...

AMITA  
 Then shut up and dance.

Lively Indian music starts to play. Lou stands as Amita  
 begins to do the basic steps.

AMITA (CONT'D)  
 Now we start off like this...

Lou imitates her movements.

AMITA (CONT'D)  
Very good...

Lou dances, proudly.

AMITA (CONT'D)  
Then that goes into this...

The screen freezes.

LOU  
(stops)  
Wait. Amita...?

Her image is frozen.

LOU (CONT'D)  
Can you hear me?

The screen unfreezes. The music and her dancing continue.

AMITA  
Then we move onto this...

Lou tries to catch up, imitating her movements.

LOU  
Okay...

AMITA  
(encouraging)  
There you go...

Lou is getting into it.

AMITA (CONT'D)  
(dancing)  
Now this part is tricky but it's  
very important...

The screen freezes again.

LOU  
(still dancing)  
Hello? Hello...?

The screen unfreezes as Amita is onto another dance step.

AMITA  
(dancing)  
Got that...?

LOU  
 (dancing awkwardly)  
 Oh, yeah... sure...

Amita continues to dance. Lou struggles in vain to keep up with her.

FADE OUT.

EXT. LOU AND ENRIQUE'S APARTMENT - EVENING - ESTABLISHING

INT. LOU AND ENRIQUE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Lou is sitting and reading a magazine as Enrique hurries in from the bedroom with a garment bag.

LOU  
 All ready for the big night?

ENRIQUE  
 I just hope the livestream works.  
 And the place is sold out!

LOU  
 Well that's encouraging...

Echo and Frank hurry in excitedly, carrying garment bags.

FRANK  
 The Hootenannies are in the house!

ENRIQUE  
 Great! The car will be here in a minute.  
 (to Lou)  
 Your ticket's at the box office.

LOU  
 Thanks but, I'm not sure if I'll go...

ENRIQUE  
 Why not?

LOU  
 Well... tonight is about you, and Frank and Echo. It's not about *me*.

ECHO  
 (suspicious)  
 Are you feeling all right...?

LOU  
Yes... I mean, well... I mean, no,  
not really...

He rubs his stomach.

ENRIQUE  
Whatsa' matter baby?

LOU  
It's kind of a headache...

FRANK  
In your stomach?

Lou rubs his forehead.

LOU  
I'm just a little queasy...

ECHO  
In your head?

Lou rubs his forehead and stomach.

LOU  
Maybe it's just allergies...

FRANK  
Really.

ENRIQUE  
Gee honey, maybe you should lie  
down and get some rest...

ECHO  
Have some chamomile tea...

LOU  
I think I will. You all have fun...  
have a great show!

Enrique, Frank and Echo hurry towards the door.

FRANK  
We will...

LOU  
Break a leg!

ENRIQUE  
We will!

LOU  
 (to himself)  
 All of them.

They all turn to Lou. He smiles and waves.

LOU (CONT'D)  
 Bye!

And they're off. As soon as they're gone, Lou excitedly hurries into the bedroom.

EXT. CLUB ONYX - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The marquee reads: Live Telethon! Diversity Follies! Tonight!

INT. CLUB ONYX - NIGHT

As a Japanese song builds to a climax, the back of a woman in geisha regalia moves to the music. She turns and we see that it's Zorra - in full Madame Butterfly drag. As the song ends, she snaps her fan open and glares at the audience.

To the crowd's tepid applause, she fans herself, then glares offstage, looking daggers at Enrique, in his tuxedo, who applauds meekly in the stage right wings.

Offstage left, Lou enters the wings, decked out in Indian prince finery, wearing a turban, a fake black beard and a mustache. He approaches the harried Emmett, who wears his headset and clutches his clipboard.

LOU  
 (bowing, with an Indian  
 accent)  
 Hello kind sir. I am here.

EMMETT  
 (confused)  
 For what?

LOU  
 To perform my dance. I am Jay Ho.

EMMETT  
 No you're not.

LOU  
 (in his own voice)  
 I'm not? I mean --  
 (in the Indian accent)  
 I most certainly am...

EMMETT

I don't know who you are, but...  
Jay Ho is a woman.

On Lou's shocked reaction...

CUT TO:

Enrique comes on stage with a microphone as Zorra bows to the tepid applause.

ENRIQUE

Let's hear it again for our very  
own - Zorra!

Zorra glares at him, snaps her fan closed, and storms imperiously off the stage. As she passes Emmett in the wings, she smacks him with her fan.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

(reading from a prompter)

Thank you all for joining us here  
in the club, and on our livestream  
around the world, to help support  
Club Onyx -- San Francisco's  
premier venue for the...

(struggling)

L-G-B-T-Q-Q-I-A-A-P-B-I-P-O-C  
community.

Tepid applause.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Let's take a look at our board to  
see how we're doing...

The tally board changes from \$240 to \$242.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

(trying to stay cheerful)

Isn't that something. But we can do  
better, right? So make those  
donations online, or call in and  
chat live with one of our charming,  
sexy, *diverse* boys who are waiting  
to take your donation!

A shirtless trio of Black, Asian and Latino go-go boys sit at the phone bank by silent phones.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Wouldn't it be wonderful to talk to  
them...

(cheerful)

(MORE)

## ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

And now, ladies and gentlemen --  
and everyone else -- we have a very  
special treat for you! Here with a  
medley of their greatest hits, is  
San Francisco's legendary folk  
singing duo -- The Hootenannies!

Echo and Frank come on stage, wearing jeans, black  
turtlenecks, and big medallions. Frank wears a porkpie hat,  
Echo wears a beret. To the audience's tentative applause,  
they begin their a cappella medley.

## ECHO / FRANK

(singing)

*He's got the whole world in His  
hands  
He's got the whole world in His  
hands  
He's got the whole world in His  
hands  
He's got the whole world in His  
hands*

The audience members are generally enjoying it.

## ECHO / FRANK (CONT'D)

*I looked over Jordan and what did I  
see  
Comin' for to carry me home  
A band of angels comin' after me  
Comin' for to carry me home  
  
Swing low, sweet chariot  
Comin' for to carry me home  
Swing low, sweet chariot  
Comin' for to carry me home*

Emmett, Enrique, and the audience, are growing dubious.

## ECHO / FRANK (CONT'D)

*Work all night on a drink of rum  
Daylight come and me wan' go home  
Stack banana 'til de mornin' come  
Daylight come and me wan' go home*

Sonya in the sound booth, and audience members, including  
some African-Americans, are growing concerned.

The tally board changes from \$242 to \$222 to \$192.

## ECHO / FRANK (CONT'D)

*Come, mister tally man, tally me  
banana  
Daylight come and me wan' go home  
(MORE)*

ECHO / FRANK (CONT'D)  
*Come, mister tally man, tally me  
 banana  
 Daylight come and me wan' go home*

The tempo changes as their performance becomes more soulful.

*Nobody knows the trouble I've seen  
 Nobody knows my sorrow  
 Nobody knows the trouble I've seen  
 Glory, Hallelujah*

African-American audience members are getting pissed.

The tally board changes from \$192 to \$162 to \$132.

ECHO / FRANK (CONT'D)  
*Gone are the days when my heart was  
 young and gay,  
 Gone are my friends from the cotton  
 fields away,  
 Gone from the earth to a better  
 land I know,  
 I hear their gentle voices calling  
 "Old Black Joe".*

Enrique, Emmett, Sonya, and audience members react -- in silent horror.

ECHO / FRANK (CONT'D)  
 (their big soulful finish)  
*I'm a' comin', I'm a' comin'  
 For my head is bendin' low  
 I hear those gentle voices calling,  
 "Old Black Joe"*

The audience stares -- in silent shock.

The tally board changes from \$132 to \$102.

Echo and Frank take a bow -- to silence. Enrique enters.

ENRIQUE  
*Ladies and gentlemen... The  
 Hootenannies!*

More silence. Enrique gently gestures to Echo and Frank, who exit the stage in silence.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)  
*Wasn't that something.  
 (trying to salvage the  
 evening)  
 And now, for our grand finale...  
 (MORE)*



## ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

please welcome to our stage... the  
toast of Bollywood... Jay Ho!

Enrique exits the stage Indian music begins. Out comes Lou -- in full Indian princess drag. His veiled face is covered; only his extravagantly made-up eyes can be seen as he awkwardly begins to dance.

## INTERCUT WITH:

The audience looks dubious and confused.

Lou dances more energetically, if not more gracefully.

The audience members grow amused, starting to enjoy themselves.

Lou throws himself into the dance, becoming lost in the moment.

The audience grows enthusiastic; some begin to clap along with the music.

The tally board goes from \$102 to \$202 to \$352.

Cheered on by the audience, Lou starts to cut loose.

Delighted by the response, Enrique starts to clap along in the wings.

Lou becomes more graceful and free, as he expertly executes the dance moves.

The tally board goes from \$652 to \$952 to \$1,152.

Emmett claps along from the wings, with Echo and Frank moving happily behind him.

Lou vigorously throws himself into the dance as the clapping audience cheers him on.

The tally board goes from \$2,652 to \$3,152 to \$4,152.

Lou sees Enrique clapping from the wings. He dances over to Enrique and pulls him onto the stage.

The crowd cheers as Lou pulls the startled Enrique into the dance.

As the song builds to a climax, Lou dips Enrique and, facing away from the audience, he pulls down the veil and grins. Shocked and delighted, Enrique grabs Lou's face and kisses him. The audience cheers.

Lou replaces the veil, they both turn to the audience and bow -- to thunderous applause.

The tally board goes from \$6,992 to \$8,992 to \$10,000.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)  
And that, ladies and gentlemen, is  
what we call "Diversity Follies!"

As the crowd cheers, Lou and Enrique take another bow and head off stage together.

As Enrique heads into the dressing room, Emmett takes the veiled Lou's arm and leans in to him.

EMMETT  
(confidentially, regarding  
Enrique)  
He has a boyfriend.

LOU  
(with a seductive glint)  
I know.

BLACKOUT

EXT. LOU AND ENRIQUE'S APARTMENT - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

INT. LOU AND ENRIQUE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Lou, Echo and Frank are relaxing over coffee and brunch bites at the coffee table as Enrique scrolls through his laptop. More food is on the dining table.

ECHO  
Well I for one had a wonderful  
evening!

FRANK  
It sure is great to know that The  
Hootenannies have still got it!

LOU  
(sardonic)  
Oh yes. Still a "Hoot."

ECHO  
(to Lou)  
And I had no idea you're such a  
wonderful dancer!

FRANK  
That was dancing?

LOU  
Well the audience had a wonderful time. And isn't that why we do it? Why we create art? To brighten up the lives of our audience...?

Enrique finds a story online.

ENRIQUE  
Hey, we got a review!

LOU  
From who?

ENRIQUE  
The San Francisco Chronicle!

ECHO  
Oh, he's a tough one...

FRANK  
What's it say?

ENRIQUE  
(reading aloud)  
"Diversity Follies Brings Down the House."

LOU  
(delighted)  
We sure did!

ENRIQUE  
(reading aloud)  
"Club Onyx, which has been recently under fire with accusations of not being culturally diverse enough, addressed those allegations with a live and live-streaming fundraising spectacle called *Diversity Follies*."

LOU  
(pleased)  
A "spectacle!"

ENRIQUE

(reading aloud)

"Performances included drag diva Zorra, trussed up like a Japanese geisha from Hell, in a nightmare vision that one might suffer after eating too much bad sushi."

LOU

She's not gonna like *that*...

ENRIQUE

(reading aloud)

"This viewer was initially mortified by the performance of an elderly couple called The Hootenannies..."

ECHO

(insulted)

"Elderly...!"

ENRIQUE

(reading aloud)

"...who performed tone-deaf renditions of old folk songs."

FRANK

(insulted)

"Tone-deaf...!"

ENRIQUE

(reading aloud)

"It was only later that I realized it was a brilliant gag, satirizing how clueless white folk singers used to co-opt Negro spirituals."

LOU

(cheerfully, to Echo and Frank)

"Brilliant...!"

FRANK

(disgruntled)

Yeah, well...

ENRIQUE

(reading aloud)

"But the grand finale highlight of the evening..."

LOU  
 (excited)  
 That's me, that's me!

ENRIQUE  
 (reading aloud)  
 "...was a hefty drag queen done up  
 like an Indian princess..."

LOU  
 (insulted)  
 "Hefty...!"

Echo and Frank can't help but smirk.

ENRIQUE  
 (reading aloud)  
 "...whose performance made me think  
 I was either witnessing the world's  
 worst dancer, or the world's  
 greatest physical comedian. Or  
 quite possibly -- both."

They all look at Lou.

ECHO  
 He liked you!

FRANK  
 Or not...

LOU  
 (disgruntled)  
 Yeah, well...

Lou clears a serving plate and returns it to the dining table.

ENRIQUE  
 (reading aloud)  
 "But the most important lesson of  
 the evening, was that in this time  
 and place, as knee-jerk accusations  
 ricochet throughout the internet  
 and our popular culture -- we need  
 satire, and humor, and those who  
 create it -- now more than ever."

They look at each other for a moment -- surprised. Then:

FRANK  
 I didn't know if they'd catch on to  
 our brilliant gag... but this guy  
 did!

ECHO  
(proudly)  
He certainly did!

ENRIQUE  
(rising)  
He's a pretty smart fellow...

Lou returns to them, holding a cream pie.

LOU  
(to Echo and Frank)  
You were both wonderful!

ECHO  
Thanks honey!

LOU  
Just not quite as wonderful as...

He strikes an elegant pose, holding the pie.

LOU (CONT'D)  
"The world's greatest physical  
comedian!"

Enrique hits Lou's hand and the cream pie hits Lou square in the face.

Echo, Frank and Enrique bust out laughing. Lou stares at them for a moment, then grabs Enrique's face and gives him a big kiss, covering his face with cream pie as well.

Enrique pulls back, startled. Lou busts out laughing. As all of them dissolve into uncontrollable laughter...

FADE OUT.

THE END