

PARKS AND RECREATION
"Drag Queen Bingo"

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PARKS AND RECREATION

"Drag Queen Bingo"

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. PAWNEE RETIREMENT HOME - MEETING HALL - NIGHT

A boisterous old broad, BEA BROOKS (90's) with her hair up in a blonde beehive and a black gown, vamps in front of a group of blue-hairs all sitting at long tables with Bingo cards. Every one is having a great time.

LESLIE (V.O.)

I used to come here when I was a little girl, with my grandma, to watch Bea. She's sort of a Pawnee institution.

Next to Bea is an antique bingo ball machine. She grabs a ball from it, holds it up to her eye.

BEA

B12!

A HOOT that sounds as if it came straight from the grave rings out. Bea shoots a glance in that direction.

LESLIE (V.O.)

The Parks department and the old folks home have a had an agreement... Gosh. Going on I think forty years now. Bingo every Sunday.

BEA

You got something good Ethel?

ETHEL BEAVERS smiles a withered, wrinkly smile up at Bea who beams right back at her.

ON LESLIE - TALKING HEAD

Leslie stands off at the edge of the crowd, the bingo game going on behind her.

LESLIE

Ever since her husband Rusty bought the home she's been in charge of emceeding the Bingo games.

LESLIE (cont'd)
And Pawnee wouldn't have it any
other way. She's great, isn't
she?

A chorus of about ten BINGOS ring out. Card checkers run to each of the supposed Bingos. One by one they raise their hands. A ten way win.

OLD WOMAN
It's a deca-bingo win!

Leslie looks excited.

LESLIE
Oh my god! This has never
happened in Pawnee. Most bingo
masters go their entire lives
without --

Behind her Bea clutches her chest with one hand and the ball cage with the other. She collapses, bringing the ball cage down with her. Every one in the crowd GASPS. Leslie looks horrified. Balls roll across the floor.

FADE OUT.

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY HALL - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Bright sunlight shines on the front of city hall.

INT. PARKS AND REC DEPT - LESLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Leslie is sitting next to a despondent Ethel.

LESLIE

We still have two days! Come on,
Ethel. Chin up.

She puts an arm around the old woman's shoulders.

LESLIE (PRELAP)

After Bea died, her husband Rusty
was so overcome with grief that he
decided to sever the Bingo
agreement with the Parks
department.

TALKING HEAD - LESLIE

LESLIE

A deca-bingo... At least she died
doing something she loved. We
should all be so lucky. The other
seniors... They're going on a week
now. They're getting restless.

She looks worried.

BACK TO SCENE

Leslie still has an arm around Ethel.

LESLIE

I know it's hard losing a friend,
especially one as wonderful as
Bea.

ETHEL

We have a running pool on whose
toes are going to curl up first.
It's about quality of life, dear.
We only have so many Sundays left.

Ethel lets her go. Stands, albeit very slowly, and totters toward the door. She turns back to Leslie.

ETHEL (cont'd)
Wouldn't hurt to find a
bingomaster as good as Bea.

She shrugs, smiles and departs. Leslie runs to the door, calling after her.

LESLIE
I already have a plan!

TALKING HEAD - LESLIE

She shakes her head. Nope, definitely no plan.

INT. PARKS AND REC DEPT - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Leslie storms out of her office with stacks of paper on a beeline for the conference room.

APRIL, DONNA, and JERRY are all at their respective stations. ANDY is hanging around April's desk.

LESLIE
April, Andy, Donna and... Tom?

Leslie stops. TOM is getting coffee from the machine.

LESLIE (cont'd)
What're you... Doesn't matter.
Every one, conference room.

JERRY
Do you need --

LESLIE
Not now, Jerry!

TOM
I don't work here.

LESLIE
Doesn't matter.

She continues on to the room. Every one else hesitates, giving each other confused looks.

TIME CUT:

INT. PARKS AND REC DEPT - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Leslie stands at the head of the table while Donna, Tom, Andy, and April sit around it looking bored.

LESLIE

And that's where you all come in.

Andy raises his hand.

ANDY

I'm really sorry, Leslie... I wasn't listening.

Leslie shakes her head, looks at the floor.

LESLIE

Okay. We have two... two days to find a venue and a new Bingo master. Tom, can we book Entertainment 720?

TOM

No can do. All booked up.

Leslie's face droops.

INT. ENTERTAINMENT 720 - TALKING HEAD - TOM - DAY

Tom sits on the couch with DETLEF taking shots in the background.

TOM

Not true. But old, dying people... Not the image we are trying to project here. Right, Detlef?

He looks over at Detlef who just nods.

INT. PARKS AND REC DEPT - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Tom scoots forward in his seat, leans on the table.

TOM

What I can offer you is this: Exclusive access to a pool of Indiana's premier Bingo masters.

LESLIE

Fantastic.

TOM

You realize Leslie, that with
premier service comes a premier
price tag.

LESLIE

Just do it Tom. April and Andy, I
need you to go on a hunt for a
venue. Donna can you check the
Snakehole Lounge?

Donna scrunches her face.

DONNA

It's not really a... Bingo kind of
place.

LESLIE

Doesn't matter. Now I just need
to get permission...

Her smile fades. She looks over at Ron's office. RON is
sitting at his desk, looking typically formidable.

INT. PARKS AND REC DEPT - RON'S OFFICE - DAY

Leslie stands, Ron sits, the desk between them.

RON

No.

LESLIE

Please.

RON

No.

LESLIE

Please. Please.
Pleasepleaseplease.

RON

Okay! But there damn well better
be a breakfast buffet.

Leslie nods and runs out.

TALKING HEAD - RON

RON

I don't like old people. They are
a chilling reminder that there is
always one unconquerable opponent.
Providing services for them just
keeps them around longer.

(beat)

I don't care for children either.

EXT. JJ'S DINER - TALKING HEAD - DAY

Leslie shakes hands with JJ.

JJ

You just let me know where and
when and you'll have more bacon
than Ron Swanson can eat.

Leslie laughs.

LESLIE

JJ. Don't make promises you can't
keep.

JJ walks off. Leslie pulls out her phone. Dials.

LESLIE (cont'd)

(into phone)

What's the news from the
Snakehole?

INTERCUT:

INT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY

Donna is getting a pedicure. An attendant brings her a
glass of white wine.

DONNA

(into phone)

I'm pretty deep into negotiations
but the outlook is not so good.

Leslie looks glum.

LESLIE

Okay... Keep fighting the good
fight. Hopefully Andy and April
will come up with something.

INT. ARCADE - DAY

Andy HOOTS and dances as dozens of tickets pour out of a skee-ball machine. April looks slightly embarrassed.

TALKING HEAD - APRIL AND ANDY

The pair stand in the arcade, Andy with dozens of cheap plush and plastic toys in his arms. Andy looks confused.

ANDY

Leslie asked us to do what?

APRIL

What does it look like we're doing?

She gives a half hearted look around.

APRIL (cont'd)

This place doesn't seem like a good fit for the elderly. Come on Andy, lets check out the coffee shop. Old people love caffeine.

ANDY

That... I was not aware of.

April gives the camera "the eye."

INT. ENTERTAINMENT 720 - DAY

Tom is sifting through dozens of head shots.

TOM

(into phone)

Let's see. I have Bilford Weathersby of New Palestine, Shelly Cornyp from Cicero, and John Wilkes Booth, no relation, from Hicksville.

LESLIE

(from phone)

Those all sound great... Except the Wilkes Booth guy.

TOM

Problem is, they're all booked up.

EXT. JJ'S DINER - DAY

Leslie is now outside. She looks exasperated.

LESLIE
(into phone)
Booked? Crap. Okay. Plan B.

TOM
(from phone)
What's plan B?

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

Leslie slaps a piece of paper on the door. It's a call for auditions.

LESLIE
(to camera)
Public auditions.

She smiles.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

DIANE, Pawnee's most bookable "talent", dances on stage.

FACING THE AUDIENCE

We see Ben, Donna, Leslie, and Tom all sitting at a long table. Ben leans forward.

BEN
Excuse me. Diane?

She stops dancing.

BEN (cont'd)
Can you just read the letters and numbers?

DIANE
B... Four.

LESLIE
Thank you. We'll be in touch.

BEN (V.O.)
The turn out was pretty good.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - LATER

TRISH, Miss Pawnee, unsuccessfully twirls a baton.

BEN (PRELAP)

The quality of said turnout? That
remains to be seen.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - LATER

The Lady in the PINK JACKET stands on stage, squinting
under the lights.

PINK JACKET

Who do I contact to report a bird
attack? I was attacked by birds
in one of your parks.

LESLIE

With all due respect, ma'am, this
is an audition not a public forum.

TALKING HEAD - BEN

He stands at the back of the auditorium, the stage behind
him.

BEN

Some were better than others.

He turns around, revealing ORIN standing on the stage.
He turns back to the camera, crept out.

INT. THE BULGE - NIGHT

Andy and April are dancing amid a gaggle of gays. A POP-
PRINCESS REMIX is blaring from the speakers. April's
PHONE BUZZES. She pulls it out and runs to a corner.

LESLIE

(from phone)

Please, please, please tell me you
have SOMETHING.

APRIL

I think we've got you covered.

April turns to the stage where a beautiful drag queen in
a big blonde wig, ARTAFEESHA SWEETS(30), is lip syncing
to the music. A sustained high note sends her into a
fever pitch, driving the crowd wild.

11.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. PARKS AND REC DEPT - LESLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Leslie and Artafeesha (now out of drag but still looking fabulous) are laughing raucously, a bevy of pictures spread out in front of them.

LESLIE

Oh my god! You are so beautiful.

She holds up a picture in front of her.

LESLIE (cont'd)

And your legs. Ugh.

ARTAFEEESHA

Oh girl, you've got nothing to worry about.

LESLIE

So... I'm sorry. Do I call you Artafeesha when you're not...

ARTAFEEESHA

I was born Arthur, went by Art and the "afeesha" was just a natural part of the progression.

A KNOCK at the DOOR draws their attention. They turn to see CHRIS standing at the door.

LESLIE

Chris! I want you to meet-

Artafeesha stands, quickly pushing Leslie out of the way, extends a hand to Chris.

ARTAFEEESHA

Artafeesha Sweets. But you, candy man, you can call me Art.

Artafeesha gives him the once over. About four times. Chris points at Artafeesha.

CHRIS

Artafeesha Sweets. Art. It is lovely to meet you, but I need to speak with Leslie in my office.

LESLIE

Just give me two minutes and I'll
be right up Chris.

CHRIS

I'm looking forward to it.

Chris disappears.

ARTAFEESHA

Girl you best not waste any more
time dilly dallying with an old
queen when you have that adonis
requesting an audience.

LESLIE

Chris? Nah. And you aren't old.
You're younger than me.

ARTAFEESHA

In gay years, honey? Thirty is as
good as dead.

Leslie smiles, gives Artafeesha a hug, walks out.

TALKING HEAD - ARTAFEESHA

ARTAFEESHA (cont'd)

She doesn't know it, but Leslie
has been a big inspiration to me.
I was strictly a ginger...

Artafeesha holds up a picture of herself in drag, big red
wig and sparkling dress.

ARTAFEESHA (cont'd)

After she married those two he-
penguins? Been blonde ever since.
I actually thought about changing
my name to Leslie Grope. Upon
further reflection it didn't seem
that flattering.

She looks off camera, wishing she hadn't revealed that
last bit.

INT. BEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Ben sits at his desk outside Chris' office. We can hear
MUFFLED YELLING coming from the next room.

BEN

Yeah. Not going so well.

MARSHA (O.S)
It's appalling, disgusting, and
incredibly insensitive to the
needs of our elders!

INT. CHRIS' OFFICE - DAY

Leslie already looks worn down as she sits across from
Chris, next to Pawnee's culture warrior, MARSHA LANGMEN.

MARSHA
Do you even know what those bright
lights and sequinned dresses will
do to the cataract ridden eyes of
our senior citizens? Are you
trying to blind our seniors, Miss
Knope?

Leslie doesn't quite know how to defend herself against
this bizarre accusation.

LESLIE
Is your problem with a drag queen
hosting bingo that the reflected
light from the sequinned dress
might blind some old people?

Leslie stands, smiles.

LESLIE (cont'd)
Great. I'll tell Artafeesha not
to wear sequins.

CHRIS
Sit down, Leslie. Please.

She does.

MARSHA
If a deca-bingo win can take down
one of Pawnee's most beloved
citizens what do you think a man
dolled up to look like a fifteen-
cent street harlot mincing about
and playing with balls is going to
do to them?

Leslie gets very testy.

LESLIE
I'll have you know that Artafeesha
Sweets is a very talented and
dignified performance artist.

INT. THE BULGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Artafeesha stands on stage surrounded by hunky men in white underwear.

ARTAFEEESHA

Wet underwear contest! Wooooo!

She is handed a pitcher and proceeds to dump water down the hunky men's chests. Blur spots are appropriately utilized over the now damped undergarments.

INT. CHRIS' OFFICE - DAY

Chris is pensive.

CHRIS

Ladies, I've heard your thoughts.
I need some time to mull it over.

The two women get up and walk out.

INT. BEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Leslie and Marsha exit the room.

MARSHA

Which way to the parking --

LESLIE

You know the way out, Marsha!

Leslie scrunches her face. Frustrated.

MARSHA

(to Ben)

Do you validate?

Ben gives her a withering glare.

MARSHA (cont'd)

No? Okay. Bye, Leslie. Don't do anything stupid. I know it's hard not to.

Marsha turns. Leslie apes Marsha's last line with a stupid edge to her voice. Ben chuckles.

BEN

What a bitch.

Leslie nods.

INT. COURTYARD - CITY HALL - DAY

ANN and Leslie are sitting at a picnic table eating lunch.

LESLIE

-- It's like she has a gland that alerts her to instances of moral outrage. It's uncanny.

Ann continues to eat, letting Leslie vent.

LESLIE (cont'd)

I don't know what I'm going to do.

Ann puts a hand on Leslie's hand.

ANN

I'll talk to Chris. I think the whole thing is a great idea.

Leslie warms up.

TALKING HEAD - ANN

ANN (cont'd)

There is a major epidemic of STI's being passed around among the seniors in Pawnee. We just live in different times. What better place to educate?

She holds up a bag of condoms. Her face droops.

ANN (cont'd)

Also, the gay men of Pawnee are woefully uneducated when it comes to safe sex. You can't just slap on one of Kernsten's rubber nipples and dive right in. I aim to change that.

INT. CHRIS' OFFICE - DAY

Ann sits across from Chris.

ANN

-- And it would help me address a major health crisis in Pawnee. Two birds with one stone.

Chris smiles.

CHRIS

Two birds. One stone. I like it.
You've won me over. I'll call
Leslie right now.

Ann stands, shakes Chris' hand and walks out.

THROUGH CHRIS' DOOR

We see Ben. He looks surprised that Chris said yes.

INT. THE BULGE - NIGHT

Behind Leslie and Artafeesha (in full drag), Donna and Jerry set up rows of tables and chairs while Tom watches, disinterested. Off to the side Ron is already partaking in the buffet.

LESLIE

Love that Ann. Love her.

They turn and wave, the CAMERA FOLLOWING their gaze. We see Ann setting up a table with pamphlets and prophylactics. Artafeesha turn back to Leslie.

ARTAFEESHA

And she's the one who got up on
that "Mmm Mmm Good"?

LESLIE

Chris? Yeah. For a little while.

ARTAFEESHA

Mmm. I'ma have to grill her later
about some... measurements.

(to camera)

Oh my, where is my class?

They become aware of the camera on them.

LESLIE

(to camera)

Andy, April, and Ben are already
on their way here with the
seniors. The bar was a bit...
Rough around the edges when we
first got here, so we had to make
a few aesthetic changes.

Artafeesha suddenly looks graven.

ARTAFEESHA
We've made some hard sacrifices
for the greater good.

BEGIN
FLASHBACK:

INT. THE BULGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Artafeesha watches as Jerry takes down the "gay cowboy"
picture next to the door. She takes a deep, choked
breath. Fights back a sob.

ARTAFEESHA
Oh.

She begins to fan herself with her hand, upset.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO SCENE

Artafeesha looks sad, Leslie consoling.

ARTAFEESHA (cont'd)
(re: cowboy picture)
Gurl down.

Leslie nods.

INT. THE BULGE - NIGHT

Leslie is standing on the stage. Donna, Jerry, Tom, and
Ron are all standing at attention. Artafeesha watches
from the bar surrounded by a gaggle of gays.

LESLIE
I can't thank you all enough for
the extra work you've put in
today. Pawnee's seniors are going
to be most appreciative as well.
And Artafeesha... Oh...

Leslie puts her hands over her heart and smiles.

LESLIE (cont'd)
The most beautiful wo-uhhh... man.
In Pawnee. I think this is going
to be the best, most exciting
bingo ever!

Every one starts cheering. Leslie puts her hands out to quell the jubilation.

LESLIE (cont'd)
But let's not get the excitement
level too high. We don't need any
repeats of last time.

There is a mumbled consensus in the room. Leslie steps down off the stage.

DONNA
What's that?

Everyone listens. We can now hear MUFFLED CHANTING coming from outside. Everyone rushes to the door.

EXT. THE BULGE - NIGHT

Leslie and the gang poke their head out the door.

Marsha and a group of PROTESTERS holding picket signs have made a wall in front of the bar. Just then Ben, Andy, April, and Pawnee's Seniors pull up and start filtering out of the vans.

Another vehicle SCREECHES to a stop. A news van. JOAN CALAMEZZO hops out with her crew, descending on the scene of the scandal. Everyone is too tense to move. Leslie looks from one group to another, terrified.

LESLIE
(bleeped)
Shit.

Artafeesha puts a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. THE BULGE - NIGHT

Joan Calamezzo stands in front of the camera, microphone in hand. Behind her the stand off continues with Leslie and Marsha up in each other's faces.

JOAN

...And once again Leslie Knope finds herself at the center of a scandal. Will she lead the seniors into a den of sin and iniquity or will the good people at the S-F-F-S-F win out and protect our seniors from --

LESLIE

Just go home, Marsha! I'm doing this for them.

The seniors all look bored and restless.

MARSHA

For them? More like to indoctrinate them into a degenerate life of sexual deviancy! It's debasing and disgusting.

Artafeesha steps forward. A lioness.

ARTAFEEESHA

Girl, the only thing debasing and disgusting is that blouse you're wearing.

Marsha is taken aback. Suddenly self conscious. Chris runs up, in his jogging gear.

CHRIS

Leslie Knope!

Marsha lays into him.

MARSHA

Chris! Did you approve this?

CHRIS

I... Uh...

Marsha turns to Joan's Camera man.

MARSHA

I am hereby calling for the
resignation of both Leslie Knope
and Chris --

LESLIE

Wait! Wait. No. Don't drag
Chris into this. He... I didn't
get this approved. This was all
me. I take full responsibility.
And...

She looks at the seniors, raises her voice.

LESLIE (cont'd)

And if the good senior citizens of
Pawnee decide that... Drag queen
bingo is offensive or horrible...
I'll step down immediately.

Marsha is taken aback. So is everyone else. Murmurs
ripple through the crowd. Marsha looks up at Chris.

MARSHA

I accept her terms.

She stares daggers into Leslie.

MARSHA (cont'd)

I look forward to seeing that
resignation letter tomorrow.

She waves her arms and her collective of protesters
filters out. The mood is dark for just a moment before
Artafeesha steps forward, linking her arm with an Old
Man.

ARTAFEEESHA

Who's ready for some Bingo?

The gaggle of gays CHEERS. The seniors are a little more
hesitant. Artafeesha and the P&R gang start to filter
inside with the seniors. Leslie stays outside, Ben
joining her at her side.

BEN

A lot at stake tonight.

Leslie shrugs.

LESLIE

Well... I'm trying to look at it
as a sort of win-win situation.

BEN

How so?

LESLIE

It goes well and we have a new
Pawnee tradition. If I have to
resign... You and I can
finally --

Chris walks up.

CHRIS

Excuse me, Ben. Can I have a
moment with Leslie?

Leslie and Ben clam up. Ben beats a hasty retreat,
calling back to them.

BEN

I'll see you inside.

CHRIS

What you did, thank you. I
hope... I hope everything goes
your way. It would be a shame to
lose you over something so
trivial.

He puts a hand on her shoulder and jogs inside.

BEN (V.O.)

Yeah. She's pretty amazing. Who
else would be willing to put it
all on the line like that.

Leslie sighs, smiling. That only lasts a minute before
the worry sets in.

INT. THE BULGE - NIGHT

Ben stands near the door, the Bingo game in full swing
behind him.

BEN

(to camera)

And for a bunch of people that are
going to be dead soon anyway?
That takes guts.

He smiles. The door opens. Leslie pops her head inside.

LESLIE

How it going? It's going horribly
isn't it? Crap... It's horrible.
I should start writing my
resignation letter now...

Ben grabs her by the shoulder, turns her toward the stage.

BEN

I think you're going to be okay.

The Pawnee seniors are situated at their tables with their cards. Mixed in with them is Pawnee's lively gay population.

Artafeesha pulls a ball out of a bingo machine.

ARTAFEEESHA

O5! That is "O" as in, "Oh god,
my dementia kept me from putting
pants on today." O5!

The seniors CHUCKLE. An OLD MAN raises his hand.

OLD MAN

Bingo!

Artafeesha saunters off stage, checks his card.

ARTAFEEESHA

Stand up here and let's get a
picture.

Artafeesha helps the man stand, Jerry approaches with a camera. Artafeesha plants a big kiss on the surprised old man's cheek. The camera flashes. Picture taken.

ARTAFEEESHA (cont'd)

First winner of the night. Give
this hunky piece of man-flesh a
big round of applause!

The crowd is eating her up. They clap boisterously.

BACK ON LESLIE AND BEN

Leslie looks guiltily satisfied. Ben looks proud of her.

INT. THE BULGE - NIGHT (LATER)

Leslie stands next to the breakfast bar. Ron approaches with an already soiled plate.

LESLIE
 Fourths, Ron?

RON
 The bacon is free. It would be
 un-American of me not to consume
 it.

Leslie looks up at Artafeesha who is still going strong on stage. Then to Ron.

LESLIE
 She's pretty great, isn't she?

RON
 I've been meaning to ask. Is it
 proper to address her by "she"
 or...

Leslie smiles and walks away.

TALKING HEAD - RON

RON (cont'd)
 I find myself inexplicably
 attracted to...

He turns to Artafeesha. Back to the camera.

RON (cont'd)
 It's unsettling. I'm going to
 bury this in a pile of bacon.
 Tell no one.

INT. THE BULGE - LATER

April and Any sit next to DEREK and (GAY) BEN who are flanking Ethel.

APRIL
 I hate this. Bingo is dumb.

ANDY
 You at least gotta stay till our
 song.

APRIL
 Fine.

ARTAFEESHA (O.S.)
 Spot your spots and dot your dots
 for G12. G12.

Next to them, Ethel lets out a HOOT.

ETHEL
 Bingo!

Ben and Derek check her card. They nod to Artafeesha who sounds a BEAR HORN.

Ben and Derek plant kisses on either side of a very surprised Ethel's face.

INT. THE BULGE - NIGHT (LATER)

Joan, her camera man, and Marsha sulk at the back of the bar. Artafeesha saunters up to them, sucking on a lollipop. Marsha gives her a disgusted look.

ARTAFEESHA
 Take that evil eye elsewhere,
 brimstone.

Marsha rolls her eyes and walks away. Artafeesha scopes out Joan, who is slightly uncomfortable under the scrutiny.

ARTAFEESHA (cont'd)
 Where'd you get your work done?
 They look fabulous.

Joan motions toward her breasts.

JOAN
 These old things? A visionary man
 out in Indianapolis.

ARTAFEESHA
 Got a card?

Joan starts fishing around in her purse.

JOAN
 Thinking about having some work
 done?

ARTAFEESHA
 Me? No.

She produces one of her fake breasts, plops it into a very surprised Joan's hand.

ARTAFEESHA (cont'd)
I prefer breasts that you can take
off. But I have some friends who
might be interested.

Joan stands there, confused, holding a fake boob.

INT. THE BULGE - NIGHT (LATER)

Artafeesha hunkers down on the edge of the stage. A
spotlight hits her.

ARTAFEESHA
I want to bring things down for
just a moment. Let's not forget
the reason I'm... We're all here
tonight.

She puts a hand to her chest, a little choked.

ARTAFEESHA (cont'd)
Young Andrew. Could you come join
me?

Andy, like a happy dog, runs up to the stage with his
guitar.

ARTAFEESHA (cont'd)
I dedicate this rendition of one
of my people's holiest of hymns to
the late, great, Bea Brooks.

With Andy backing up on guitar Artafeesha starts to sing
in a beautiful tenor voice.

ARTAFEESHA (cont'd)
"Somewhere over the rainbow..."

Her song continues in the background. The seniors are
held, rapt. Ron, Tom, Donna, and Jerry are equally
sucked in. Leslie stands off to the side. Ben sidles up
to her.

BEN
Good job, kid. I think you're
gonna be okay.

LESLIE
Yeah... Are we?

BEN
A time and a place for everything.

She nods, smiling. We turn back to Artafeesha while she continues to sing.

LESLIE (V.O.)
I wouldn't say it was stupid.
Foolhardy maybe.

TALKING HEAD - LESLIE

LESLIE
Who knows? I guess I'll find out
tomorrow if I get to keep my job.

Her face droops.

LESLIE (cont'd)
Oh my god, I offered to resign
from my job!

A sudden CHEER in the background grounds Leslie again.

LESLIE (cont'd)
Chances are I won't have to.

She smiles, looks off camera and bites her lip. Clearly nervous.

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

EPILOGUE

FADE IN:

INT. PARKS AND REC DEPT - LESLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

We hear their LAUGHTER before we see Leslie and Artafeesha (out of drag) sitting at Leslie's desk looking at photos from the night before.

LESLIE

Awww. And the one of you and Ron.

She turns toward Ron's office. He's sitting in it, looking sheepish.

LESLIE (cont'd)

You gotta come see this Ron!

He shakes his head, no. Leslie turns back to the screen when a KNOCK takes her gaze right back to the door. An elderly man, RUSTY BROOKS (80's) is standing there.

LESLIE (cont'd)

Rusty! Where did you come from?

RUSTY

Are you the... The...

ARTAFEESHA

Yes, honey. And I am so sorry about your wife. She was an amazing woman.

RUSTY

She was. And on behalf of Pawnee's senior citizens I want to thank the both of you. From what everyone has told me, it was a huge success.

LESLIE

It wasn't without its hiccups...

RUSTY

I wanted to bring you something to thank you.

He pulls a wagon in that was hiding behind the wall. In it is a wig box and the antique bingo machine from the first scene with Bea.

RUSTY (cont'd)
Bea would have wanted the Parks
Department to have this.

LESLIE
Oh my... Rusty, I don't know what
to say.

RUSTY
Just say you'll keep putting on
bingo, Leslie. And you...

He hands Artafeesha the wig box. She opens it. Inside
is Bea's blonde beehive wig. Artafeesha's breath catches
in her throat.

TALKING HEAD - LESLIE & ARTAFEESHA

LESLIE
Big high five.

The two... ladies slap palms.

LESLIE (cont'd)
Suck on that, Marsha Langmen.

ARTAFEESHA
Ooo, gurl.

Leslie smirks.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE