

THAT THING YOU GET

by
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(Based on characters and situations created by Tom Hanks)

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TITLES ROLL:

Lenny Haise's dusty, but cool-looking, black 1967 El Camino with Nevada plates SPEEDS first through the barren desert, then the suburbs, and finally down the sunlit streets of LA.

Intercut with this we see Guy Patterson, who PLAYS on piano a moody, slowed-down version of 'That Thing You Do!', the 1964 hit song he performed on.

Caption after the credits: **'Venice Beach, California - January, 1975'**

EXT. VENICE BEACH CANAL - DAY

Lenny's car ROARS over a steep bridge on Dell, with grim-jawed T.B. Player riding shotgun. Lenny's tires actually leave the pavement as the El Camino JUMPS the steep slope.

LENNY
(whoops)
Airborne!
(suddenly sober)
Hope no cops around...

Lenny's vehicle loudly SCREECHES to a halt in front of Guy and Faye's odd-looking canal waterfront home. Wisps of steam RISE from under the El Camino's hood.

Silence for a moment, save for the HISS of Lenny's overheated radiator. Lenny SQUINTS at the address on the house in disbelief, then POKES his mute companion.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Hey, we made it! Oh man, check out
their crazy pad!

But T.B. sits impassively and STARES straight ahead..
Something is wrong with this dude.

Lenny SIGHS, but BRIGHTENS and YELLS as Guy Patterson BURSTS out of his house to greet them.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Skiiiiitch!

As Lenny emerges from his ride, Guy ENGULFS him in a bear hug.

Guy appears a bit more mature since last we saw him, but hasn't changed his look much, as opposed to the arriving duo who are a lot hairier and funkier dressed than they used to be.

GUY
 (sincere)
 Lenny... Wow, way too long.
 (looks at the El Camino)
 Nice wheels.
 (to T.B.)
 Hey, welcome to Venice Beach!

Nothing from T.B. Except... a quick glance and a ghost of a smile.

LENNY
 (studies the drip from his radiator)
 Thanks. 396 V-8 mill, ran it flat-out all the way, like 'Fear and Loathing' but without the bats.

Guy CRACKS UP at the image.

LENNY (CONT'D)
 (quieter, as Guy laughs)
 Time to flush the radiator, I guess. Hope it's not a rusted thermostat.

Guy CALMS back down and looks again at T.B. as he just sits.

GUY
 Well. Faye and I have been in a pleasant state of shock since we got your call. What brings you back to LA, and...
 (slight bow to T.B.)
 with our former bass player to boot?

LENNY
 (back to manic)
 Lost my gig, house band at the Flamingo. I swear this is true. I came outside after they fired me, it's like 90 degrees, and he's standing right there on the corner on the Strip. I freaked! But he doesn't say a word to me.
 (whispers)
 Gotta be shell-shock from 'Nam.

GUY

Ah. Well. Let's go in.

CUT TO:

INT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Guy and Lenny ad-lib COAX T.B. inside, where he BLINKS in confusion as he stands with his Marine-issue duffel bag.

GUY

(feigns indifference)

Drop that sack and let's kick back.
Wanna beer?

They both do. As bottles POP open, outside the unmistakable sound of a VW engine RATTLES loudly outside. A SLAM of a door. All TURN as the door SWINGS open.

It's Faye, just as beautiful as ever in her nearly thirty year old maturity. She CARRIES a couple sacks of groceries.

FAYE

(happy grin)

At last! 'Bout time you fellas
came to visit us!

She emphatically BONKS the sacks down on counter and RUSHES over to the arrivals. As hugs are exchanged, T.B. manages to weakly CROAK in greeting.

T.B.

Hello Faye...

LENNY

(to Guy)

First thing he's said since dawn...

FAYE

(also to Guy)

Out of the blue, Cruella wanted me
to work late. I told her I had
long-standing plans... she didn't
like it.

LENNY

(laughs)

Cruella?

FAYE

My hideous boss at the manicurist shop. If you want your nails done I can get you a discount.

GUY

(wry, waves hand to indicate the house)
Faye and I slave like dogs to support this structure. Let's do the tour, and I'll show you why.

CUT TO:

INT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT MUSIC STUDIO - DAY

Guy proudly LEADS the way down the stairs.

GUY

Saved the best for last. Welcome to the command center... my soundproof musical universe. Supposedly it was originally a bomb shelter. Thick walls!

It's pretty cool, all right. Drum kit on a riser, upright piano, microphones on stands with modest PA speakers, various amps and some battered guitars line the walls. Tasteful indirect lighting completes the studio effect.

LENNY

(impressed)
Woah! How'dya afford this, Skitch?

GUY

We can't but...

Faye chimes in on what is clearly an old joke.

FAYE AND GUY

What the heck!

LENNY

I'm insanely jealous.

GUY

Our parents helped finance it. We're in hock to our eyeballs...

FAYE

More like our scalps.

GUY

Anyway, you two want to crash down here 'till you figure out what ya wanna do, it's cool. We want you to stay long as ya like.

Guy seats himself at the piano and HAMMERS out some jazzy chords. He's not bad. Lenny GRINS and GRUNTS in admiration. Meanwhile, T.B. EYES a battered Fender Jazz Bass on a stand.

LENNY

Wow! How long you been playin' keys?

GUY

Aw, 'bout six, seven years. Learning to play a new instrument when you're an old geezer is rough.

LENNY

You sound pretty good, man!

GUY

I mostly use it for arranging, like in my old jazz band. I wouldn't pretend to take solos.

FAYE

He's inspiring. Maybe there's hope for me. I might start on the harmonica.

The boys ignore this.

GUY

(rueful, scratches head)
If only I wasn't afraid of singing, but I freeze up in front of people. Something from childhood.

Lenny SLAPS his thigh.

LENNY

(chortles)
You know why? It's 'cuz you sang so bad to your hero. Freddy Fredrickson! Remember? Sang 'Mr. Downtown' at him on the Playtone tour? Then later when we tried to get you to do harmony with us in the band, you got all glassy-eyed. It used to crack us up, Skitch.

Guy looks startled, and then NODS thoughtfully.

GUY
You know, I think I blocked that
all out. But you're right, I...

Faint but undeniable unamplified bass notes RING out.
Everyone TURNS. It's T.B., who experimentally PLUCKS a
simple bass pattern.

LENNY
Proof once again that music hath
charms to soothe...

T.B.
The savage Marine?

Abruptly he PUTS DOWN the bass, and silently COVERS his face
with his hands. Everyone else LOOKS on in concern.

GUY
(quietly)
Hate to say, I gotta get back to
the station.

LENNY
Station... Service? Radar?
Railroad? Space?

CUT TO:

INT. KJZZ STUDIOS- DAY

Guy still works at the jazz radio station, where he is now
Program Director and afternoon drive deejay. KJZZ has moved
up a half notch to a somewhat bigger facility. Guy even has
his own office, with his name and title on the door.

Paris, now KJZZ General Manager, STRIDES into Guy's office.

PARIS
(glum)
Bad news. Worst ratings dive since
I hired you.

GUY
(unsure if he's kidding)
No. Say it's a joke.

Paris TOSSES him a sheaf of papers.

PARIS

The Fall book, just out. We lost nearly a quarter of our audience.

Guy STARES at the papers in disbelief.

GUY

I'll work on some new sales staff.

PARIS

What we need is new roadside billboards and major promo. I hear a church group made an offer for the station. Start prayin', man.

CUT TO:

INT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A few days have gone by as we can tell from Lenny's beard growth. Lenny and T.B. have settled in. Lenny WATCHES TV, and CACKLES loudly at Kirk and Spock.

CUT TO:

INT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Faye makes dinner. T.B. WANDERS in as she PLUNKS down a bag of potatoes on the counter.

T.B.

Can I help?

Faye gives him a look.

FAYE

Peel potatoes?

T.B.

Yes Ma'am!

FADE TO:

INT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

A big pile of peeled and diced potatoes, along with sliced carrots, onions, celery and beets SITS heaped on the kitchen counter in front of T.B. as Faye SMILES.

FAYE
 (impressed)
 We'll have enough soup for a week.

T.B.
 Happy to help...

FAYE
 So, what happened over there.

She means 'Nam. T.B. is caught off guard.

T.B.
 (matter of factly)
 Lotta things blew up. Burned up.
 Some of us died. My best friend...
 died. Stepped on a booby trap. I
 missed it, was wounded myself.
 They hated us, Faye. They wanted
 us gone. Most of them didn't know
 why we were there. After a while,
 we didn't either.

Faye processes this quickly.

FAYE
 I hope you won't hate me for this.
 I protested the war from '65 on.
 Got tear gassed a couple times,
 even went to jail once at a sit-in.

T.B. STARES at the floor, then LOOKS up slowly.

T.B.
 I don't hate you, Faye.

In the distance, Lenny still BARKS with laughter at the TV.

T.B. (CONT'D)
 Do you hate me for going?

FAYE
 (firm)
 Nope.

They HUG briefly, but it's intense. T.B. SIGHS with relief.
 Faye starts to get what his problem has been.

T.B.
 (slowly)
 I made friends with some people in
 a village. This one family, whole
 bunch of kids. Little girls, so
 shy. I'd give 'em candy.
 (MORE)

T.B. (CONT'D)

Couple months later we went through there again. Couldn't find the place at all, thought I was lost. Then I found out... it had been carpet bombed by B-52's. It was just big craters... lots.

Faye's lips tighten, her forehead furrows.

FAYE

(shaken)

I don't know what to say.

T.B.

Faye. Why do people hurt each other?

FAYE

(eyes tear up)

I don't know. I saw a girl next to me get hit on the head by a billyclub like five times. Blood everywhere. I've always wondered what happened to her.

T.B. regards her with respect.

T.B.

Yes. I wonder about many things like that. I tell myself to go on. Did Guy protest too?

FAYE

(shakes her head)

No... He felt as a vet, he shouldn't. But lately he's said if he had it to do over, he would have marched with me.

T.B.

Faye. I don't think I'll ever get married like you two, but tell me: Why don't you have any kids?

FAYE

(grins)

Well, like I keep telling my truly patient mother, we really can't afford...

Lenny APPEARS in the doorway, clueless about the heavy discussion.

LENNY

I love Star Trek! They came back
to our time and everyone thought
they were a UFO!

CUT TO:

INT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT MUSIC STUDIO - NIGHT

Lenny and T.B. POKE around the studio. Lenny PLAYS a
terrible attempt at boogie-woogie chords on the piano. T.B.
SITS for a moment at Guy's drum kit, and gently HITS random
beats.

Lenny PICKS UP the beat-up bass, and PICKS at it for a
moment, with greater success than the piano. A fiendish look
APPEARS on his face.

LENNY

I dub thee... The Bass!

He touches T.B.'s head with the top of the bass neck, as
though it was a sword. T.B. obligingly BOWS his noggin.

LENNY (CONT'D)

We'll just call ya T.B. fer short.

T.B. is cool with that.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Sir, take thy instrument!

CUT TO:

INT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT MUSIC STUDIO - LATER
THAT NIGHT

Guy CLOMPS down the stairs. He can't help but hear the music
Lenny and T.B. JAM on, a simple blues shuffle.

GUY

Hey! Cool!

Guy GRABS his sticks and joins the song with natural grace.
The trio sounds a little rough in places, but they haven't
forgotten how to play as a unit.

LENNY

(yells over the music)
So what's a decade! We can still
boogie!

Faye LISTENS from the top of the stairs and GRINS as they JAM on.

CUT TO:

SHORT MONTAGE: A week passes, with the 3 reunited musicians playing at night as a trio. They get better as they go.

CUT TO:

INT. KJZZ STUDIOS - ON AIR BOOTH

Guy talks into the microphone: he's doing live radio.

GUY

(smooth and calm)

...time flies when your having fun, and this last three hours has been no exception. Taking us up to the six o'clock hour is the title track from Del Paxton's latest, 'The Immigrant', an import available at Tower Records on the German Himmel label. Stay tuned for Iron Mike Armstrong after the news to take you all the way to ten PM. I'm Guy Patterson on KJZZ, Los Angeles, and as always, thanks for listening!

Guy FADES IN Del's song, a boppin' number, and CUTS the mike. He NODS to himself with the satisfaction of a job well done as Paris EASES into the broadcast booth.

PARIS

(edgy)

Good show.

GUY

Thanks.

PARIS

Big trouble. I didn't want to tell you before you went on.

GUY

(still in a good mood)

We start religious programming at dawn? Can I play some gospel tracks?

PARIS
 (impatient)
 Not quite, but headed that way.
 Listen, we lost Duke Motors.

GUY
 (sits up, sobered)
 Ouch! Oh God.

PARIS
 (grim)
 That's exactly what you might be
 sayin' soon.

GUY
 What happened? I thought Mr. Duke
 loved us.

PARIS
 He says he still does, but he
 brought in an advertising
 consultant who explained the
 ratings to him. He's switching to
 TV spots.

GUY
 Just great.

CUT TO:

INT. 'NAILED DOWN' MANICURIST SHOP - DAY

An obnoxious 200+ pound woman SMOKES as Faye nervously BUFFS
 the woman's left hand. She FROWNS at Faye.

OBNOXIOUS WOMAN
 (poisonous)
 For the amount of time you take,
 you aren't half as good as Ella.

FAYE
 (struggling to be patient)
 I'm sorry, Ma'am.

OBNOXIOUS WOMAN
 (tries to get under her
 skin)
 How long you been doing this
 anyway? You a trainee?

FAYE
 (fights not to blow up)
 No Ma'am. Four years now.

OBNOXIOUS WOMAN
 Coulda fooled me. Also, your
 manners aren't the best. Your
 mother evidently failed in your
 upbringing.

That does it. Faye DROPS the woman's hand abruptly.

OBNOXIOUS WOMAN (CONT'D)
 Wait a minute. You aren't
 finished.

FAYE
 (quietly)
 If only I had a cream pie...

Faye's boss, ELLA, a dried-up prune of 63, WALKS UP behind
 FAYE as the woman EMITS a toxic cloud of smoke at Faye.

OBNOXIOUS WOMAN
 (outraged)
 What? What did you say to me?
 Ella, did you hear that?

ELLA
 (dripping venom)
 Faye, the customer is always right.
 Apologize this instant.

Faye TAKES a deep breath.

FAYE
 I'm afraid I'm unable to summon the
 slightest amount of contrition,
 under the circumstances.

OBNOXIOUS WOMAN
 What's that supposed to mean?

ELLA
 (ominous)
 Last chance, Faye.

Nope. It's over.

FAYE
 (to Ella)
 How dare you stand up for this big
 bully? You've heard her abusing me
 for the last 20 minutes... isn't
 there a single drop of compassion
 in that ice cold thing in your
 chest?

The two women GAPE at Faye as she THROWS down her apron.

FAYE (CONT'D)
 (picking up steam)
 It's people like you two who make the world dark and evil. You enjoy the pain of others to make up for the self-loathing you have for yourselves. Yes, I'm angry but ultimately I just feel sorry for you.

Ella has been SPUTTERING through most of this.

ELLA
 (incandescent, shrieks)
 OUT! GET OUT! YOU WANT YOUR LAST PAYCHECK, TRY SMALL CLAIMS COURT!

FAYE
 (parting shot)
 No money is worth seeing your face again.

CUT TO:

EXT. 'NAILED DOWN' MANICURIST SHOP - DAY

Faye BURSTS through the front door. It's a beautiful day outside, and she is free. Faye LAUGHS and STRIDES away as the SQUAWKS of rage FADE into history.

CUT TO:

INT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT MUSIC STUDIO - DAY

Lenny and T.B. JAM furiously, then wind down.

LENNY
 Man, that's a groovin' riff.

FAYE
 Yes indeed.

She's come downstairs unnoticed, looking ruffled.

LENNY
 Oh hey, Fayester! Thought you were in lacquer hell this afternoon...

T.B.
 Faye, what's wrong?

He's the more sensitive of the two, it seems. Faye's clearly upset.

FAYE
(shaky)
I dunno whether to laugh or cry.
I've been doing a bit of both.

LENNY
If you've hit the El Camino, I'll
try to forgive, but it won't be
easy.

Lenny finally notices her condition.

LENNY (CONT'D)
You ARE upset! Thought you were
kiddin' us. What happened? You OK?

FAYE
(blurts)
I got fired!

LENNY
(unimpressed)
That all? Join the club.

T.B., however, HUGS Faye in sympathy.

FAYE
I wouldn't mind so much if we
didn't really need the money.

T.B.
Still, could be worse.

Yes. It could. Faye gives him a brief GRIN of appreciation, but her expression quickly CLOUDS UP again as she thinks.

FAYE
(determined)
I'm done with doing nails. What
scares me is that I hate all work
jobs. I need to start doing
something creative for money.

LENNY
I know the feeling. I still have
no idea what I'm gonna do when I
grow up.

FAYE
 (ignores this)
 Aside from my poetry I have nothing
 artistic in my life.

Lenny rolls his eyes.

LENNY
 Poetry? Not exactly a cash cow.

Faye WALKS over to a small bookcase and grabs a massive
 ledger-type book.

FAYE
 I do it to stay sane.

Lenny FLIPS through the hundreds of pages she has written.
 At first he is nonchalant, though taken aback by the volume
 of material. But he gradually begins to NOD in dawning
 recognition of her talent as T.B. LOOKS over his shoulder.

LENNY
 This one's called... 'Twenty-first
 Century'?

FAYE
 (a little shy)
 It's about us getting older.

Lenny reads out loud.

LENNY
 I had a dream last night that we
 were all right, and that we had set
 ourselves free...

T.B.
 Hmm.

LENNY
 And we were finally wise, there was
 love in our eyes, in the twenty-
 first century.

Lenny READS on silently for another few seconds.

LENNY (CONT'D)
 I like this next bit about the
 solar car. Have you ever thought
 these could be song lyrics?

Faye looks at him and raises her eyebrows.

FAYE
(slow)
You know, Guy has said that too.

Suddenly impish and inspired, Faye TAKES the book from Lenny and FLIPS through the pages.

FAYE (CONT'D)
OK, add music...

She GRABS for Lenny's classic Fender guitar.

LENNY
(squeaks in dismay)
Uhhmmm... if you don't mind, play
the spare here.

Faye PLUGS Lenny's old guitar from the early Wonders days into an amp, and BANGS out plangent discords. T.B. COVERS his ears.

LENNY (CONT'D)
(blurts)
No no, lemme show ya a few actual
chords here. Start with E Major.

He PLACES her fingers on the guitar strings.

LENNY (CONT'D)
No, pointer finger on the first
fret. Yeah, push tight.

Faye STRUMS, and by chance, hits the right notes for a decent open 'E' chord. Faye BEAMS with pleasure.

FAYE
(loving it)
Wow.

She lifts up her fingers, then replaces them on the neck, but she loses the notes.

FAYE (CONT'D)
(both amused and angry)
Nails... too long.

She REACHES into her purse for her clippers. One last admiring look at her left hand and the beautiful long fingernails.

LENNY
Yikes. Big step, Faye! You sure
about...

FAYE
(as she clips)
To heck with nails anyway. Ka-
blooey to all nails. Babalooey.

She LAUGHS as she PICKS UP a small buffing block.

LENNY
Guess ya can always grow 'em back.

FAYE
(firm)
No.

Faye picks up the guitar again. This time the 'E' chord rings true. Lenny and T.B. GRIN at each other as, elated and empowered, she STRUMS away at it.

LENNY
(resigned)
OK. Next chord is 'A'. Ready?
Fingers there, there and there.
Yep, all second fret.

FAYE
Yes sir!

She takes to 'A' as well.

LENNY
(dogged)
OK. Notice if you lift up and
strum the strings open, yeah like
that, you get a rough third chord.
Check out the strum with the right
hand. Here, I'll show ya.

He SHOWS her, and HANDS the guitar back. Faye now MAKES UP a two-chord song about hating her evil boss which she SINGS with rough gusto and rude charisma.

FAYE
(sings)
Hate my boss, name o' Cruel Ella,
Face so ugly she look like a fella,
mean as can be, unfortunately, so I
hit 'er with pies, chocolate and va-
nilla...

Lenny and T.B. CRACK UP. T.B. begins to PLAY a funky bass line, and then Lenny CHIMES IN musically behind her. Faye's outright elation is infectious. It's rough, but sounds good!

CUT TO:

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Faye's ex-boyfriend Jimmy Mattingly, the ex-Wonders lead singer, sits in a comfortable chair in his gorgeous Hollywood Hills home with a fine L.A. view.

His expression is quite grim as he READS the latest Billboard Magazine. 'Heardsmen Unheard' screams the headline... 'Band's Expensive Flop'.

Jimmy THROWS down the mag in disgust as the phone RINGS. It's our old friend Mr. White from Playtone Records.

MR. WHITE

(on phone, sarcastic)

This the famous head Heardsman?

Jimmy fights to stay calm. It seems Mr. White has also just read the latest Billboard.

JIMMY

What can I do for you, Sir?

MR. WHITE

(laughs)

Thought I'd see if the number still worked or if you were already moved out.

JIMMY

Nope. I figure there's still some royalty checks still in the pipeline from my hits. Least that's what Morrie, my new attorney, tells me.

MR. WHITE

(cautious)

Pizzkoff? Really.

Jimmy GRINS. For once he's got the upper hand here.

JIMMY

He says we should audit the whole last decade with Playtone.

MR. WHITE
 (still cautious)
 Well now. Let's not be too hasty
 here.

JIMMY
 (chuckles)
 Whatcha got in mind?

MR. WHITE
 This is your third tanker in a row,
 and we need to re-think your
 career.

JIMMY
 (angry)
 We wouldn't have to if Playtone had
 promoted me better the last few
 years.

MR. WHITE
 (smiles)
 Ah yes. When in doubt, whine about
 no promo.

JIMMY
 (angrier)
 What do you want, White?

Now we're down to it.

MR. WHITE
 (quietly)
 Hold off on 'Morrie'. I'll check
 on your check pipeline. Most
 importantly, keep an open mind,
 Jimmy. There could be some new
 opportunities at Playtone for you.

JIMMY
 (puzzled)
 I don't know what that means.

CUT TO:

INT. KJZZ STUDIOS - GUY'S OFFICE - DAY

Guy READS the same issue of Billboard that Jimmy was reading,
 lips PURSED as the station's jazz PLAYS softly in the
 background.

He LOOKS UP from his desk to see, to his utter astonishment,
 his old girlfriend, TINA POWERS, STRIDE into his office.

If possible, she looks more radiant than ever.

TINA
Well, Guy, don't I deserve a hug...
after all this time?

Guy can't quite speak. So he HUGS. He tries to let go but Tina CLINGS like a girl being rescued from high surf.

GUY
(stammers)
Wha, what are you doing here Tina?

TINA
(perky)
So, I finally got a divorce from my
two-timing creep of a husband.
When it was final and I got my
first check, I decided to leave
Erie and drive out to the coast.
Since I knew you were at KJZZ, I
thought I'd come say hi first.

Paris WALKS IN to see what's going on. Tina finally LETS GO of Guy.

GUY
Paris, Tina, Tina, Paris. Our
General Manager.

TINA
(respectful of the title)
Hi! Pleased ta meetcha!

Paris is just as dazzled as Guy is, and just MUMBLES. Guy is amused; he's glad to see he's not the only man here who is dumbstruck by Tina. And now he has some perspective back.

GUY
(indicates Tina)
Old friend from Erie.

TINA
(chides him)
That the best you can do, "old
friend", after our torrid year of
passion?

GUY
(laughs)
Good old friend, then.

Guy hasn't forgotten she dumped him for that dentist. But Paris REGARDS Guy with newfound respect.

TINA
So you married Faye.

GUY
Our ten year anniversary this
April.

Tina gives this a moment's THOUGHT, then moves right along.

TINA
(breathless)
Anyway... So I took some
broadcasting classes, and loved it!
I made it my major. When I got out
of JC, I got a job in Steubenville,
but then I auditioned for WJET...

GUY
(to Paris)
Back in Erie...

TINA
(still breathless)
...they gave me the afternoon
drive!

Paris is dizzy, Guy notices.

GUY
So now...

TINA
I'd like to audition for KJZZ...

This brings both men up short.

TINA (CONT'D)
...because, imagine this, my ex-
husband was even more of a jazz-
freak than you, Guy... so I do know
my jazz! 'Specially the new stuff.

PARIS
You do?

Seems too good to be true.

GUY
I have to ask you this. Why... how
did you, ah, change so much?

TINA
My teeth.

She LAUGHS joyously. Guy and Paris wait for it.

TINA (CONT'D)

Always had problems with 'em. Was in the chair so much I started to freak out when the ex would come at me with that needle, so he needed to calm me just to work on me. So, I chalk it up to all that nitrous oxide... suddenly I'd have these deep revelations telling me to revamp my focus and do something different with my life than just be Mrs. Collins, dentist's housewife!

Guy and Paris both NOD. Understandable stuff.

PARIS

(wants to be convinced)
Do, uh, you recognize the music playing now?

He refers to the saxophonist playing on Guy's radio monitor.

TINA

(brisk)
Too easy. Anyone who doesn't recognise John Coltrane needs to have their ears cleaned. I'd say middle period... 'Crescent', possibly 'Bessie's Blues.'

GUY AND PARIS

Right!

PARIS

OK, you've got your audition. Guy can set you up in Studio Two.

CUT TO:

INT. KJZZ STUDIOS - STUDIO TWO - DAY

Guy pushes some buttons. A reel-to-reel starts turning.

GUY

OK Teen.

He WINCES at how easily her nickname comes back to him.

TINA

(all business ad lib)

Ten minutes to the top of the hour and I'm Tina Powers with you here at L.A.'s jazz central, KJZZ. In the next sixty minutes we'll be hearing music by Cal Tjader and his stellar band from the late 50's which included Vince Guaraldi, Mongo Santamaria and Willie Bobo. Also Weather Report is on tap, a funky new track from Herbie Hancock and some classic Oscar Peterson and Ella Fitzgerald. Taking us onward right now is fusion-jazz from the Sarcophagus Quartet, the track, 'Dusky'.

She TURNS her mike down as the MUSIC comes UP. Guy NODS. She's good radio stuff so far, all right.

TINA (CONT'D)

Want me to cold read some spots next?

Her confidence is staggering. And on Guy's turf, no less.

GUY

Sure. This one gave me trouble yesterday. I got mad at the salesman who wrote it.

He hands her some ad copy, as she TURNS up the mike.

TINA

(reads)

One of the greatest problems for the motorist of the 70's is where to get reliable tune up and repair work done at a reasonable cost, with great results. There is an answer to this dilemma, Mighty Moe's Motors in Santa Monica! Mighty Moe's Motor's expert mechanics will rapidly diagnose and complete work on your vehicle in a manner that will send you down the road with a gigantic grin of pleasure! That's Mighty Moe's Motors, corner of Santa Monica and 26th Street in Santa Monica!

Guy is now officially a believer. Tina SMILES flirtatiously.

TINA (CONT'D)
What else ya got?

Paris PUSHES open the semi-closed door.

PARIS
(brisk)
Couldn't help but overhear that. Tina, we have a weekend slot open now, and we'll have you come in some weekdays to do spots and promos... since you just got to town we can get you a tradeout for a local hotel so you can stay nearby. You've got some papers to sign in my office. Welcome to KJZZ!

TINA
Thanks, to you both!

She RISES to follow Paris to do the paperwork, but waits until he's gone.

TINA (CONT'D)
(low, almost a whisper)
Oh, so great! I'm really going to enjoy working closely with you at KJZZ!

Guy looks like he's been walloped in the head as she EXITS.

FADE TO:

INT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

That evening Guy attempts to explain his awkward situation to Faye, but his words are lost in the hubbub at home. He SIPS a sample from the soup pot.

GUY
Mmm! Uhhh... Had a strange day at work today...

FAYE
(flushed)
Me too!

LENNY
She got fired and learned to play guitar all in a few brief hours.

T.B.

She's pretty good for the first day. Lenny even taught her bar chords. Those long fingers really work.

LENNY

(proudly)

Fastest learner I ever saw.

This is way too much for Guy. He GASPS as he sees her hands and the shorn nails.

GUY

What happened!

The other three laugh at his expression.

FAYE

(to Lenny and T.B.)

Let's go downstairs. Simpler.

CUT TO:

INT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE- BASEMENT MUSIC STUDIO- NIGHT

Guy STANDS in confusion as Lenny counts down. Faye, Lenny and T.B. start to PLAY a simple but effective rock tune.

Faye is glowingly liberated by her newfound ability as a singer-songwriter and the musical support of Lenny and T.B.

Guy can't help but be impressed. He THROWS the dust-cover off his tubs and the four begin a wild session that lasts for hours.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

Jimmy OPENS his grand front door to admit Mr. White.

MR. WHITE

Jimmy, nice to see this place in the daylight. It's always been your parties at night.

JIMMY

(sour)

Come in.

MR. WHITE

Thanks.

Jimmy LEADS the way to his fabulous living room. He fails to offer his guest anything. Mr. White SITS, but he doesn't relax.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

First the good news. There was in fact a misunderstanding about some royalty checks from your golden era.

White PULLS an envelope out of his coat and hands it over. Jimmy SMILES thinly, then RIPS it open. Then he SMILES much more broadly.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

Hmmm? Pay your morgage for at least another six months.

Jimmy's smile FADES somewhat. White's got him pegged but good. Jimmy RISES slowly.

JIMMY

(breezy)

I'll get you your Coke with ice, no straw, so you can get on with it.

MR. WHITE

Oh? 'Get on with it?'

JIMMY

(pours coke over ice at a nearby bar)

Yeah. You don't deliver checks. You're here to say you're gonna sack my band from Playtone.

Now it's Mr. White's turn to be pegged. He doesn't like it any better than Jimmy did. He FROWNS as Jimmy HANDS him his cola.

MR. WHITE

Very good. I'm afraid Sollie insists. But there's a joker in the deck.

JIMMY

The fact that I got an A-list lawyer?

MR. WHITE

That's not as big a factor as you might think. I want you to produce some of the new acts Sollie has signed.

JIMMY

It'd be more fun to sue ya.

MR. WHITE

(dead serious)

Only in the short term. Playtone's legal staff can grind it out for a long time, longer than you can pay Morrie's fees.

JIMMY

(hates this)

Perhaps. Why produce? And who?

MR. WHITE

Crunch time for both of us. I've got a lot on my plate, and you need a new venue. Nice thing is, as a producer, you can still write songs. You'll have some say in how they wind up sounding.

JIMMY

I'd much rather sing 'em myself.

MR. WHITE

Jimmy, you became passe' about 1971.

Jimmy really hates it. But it's true. He sits, mute.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

You know we got the Blakey Brothers signed. I want you to produce some tracks this Friday at our studios. The bros are a bit rough, but they can still sing. They need arranging and some original ballads.

Jimmy SIGHS.

JIMMY

I'll think it over.

Mr. White takes a good QUAFF of his drink, sets it down with a decisive THUMP, and RISES.

MR. WHITE
 Let me know by this Wednesday, 5
 PM.

He OFFERS his hand to Jimmy. For a second, JIMMY considers not shaking it, but does.

JIMMY
 We'll never be friends, White.

MR. WHITE
 (faint smile)
 Your call. But we can work
 together.

Mr. White lets himself out as Jimmy BROODS at his view. He SIGHS again, then PICKS UP his nice Martin guitar and STRUMS it as he SINGS softly along.

CUT TO:

INT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Guy, Faye, Lenny and T.B. SIT at the kitchen table and EAT breakfast. Everyone is a bit disheveled but in good spirits.

FAYE
 (shy)
 Yesterday wasn't a dream, was it?

LENNY
 (looney grin)
 Yep. Back to paintin' nails,
 slave. Get goin'.

GUY
 You really got fired?

FAYE
 Yes hon. I snapped at a rude
 customer. Cruella also burned me
 for nearly two weeks pay.

LENNY
 (outraged)
 Oh yeah? The swine!

GUY
 There are laws about that.

LENNY
 (grim)
 Takes a while, though.

GUY
 Finances'll be tight, but you
 needed a vacation after drudging
 for that witch. Take a break.

In the distance, the telephone RINGS. Guy GROANS.

GUY (CONT'D)
 Oh Gawd, I hope Paris doesn't want
 me in early.

He RUNS out to answer it.

T.B.
 I hate telephones in the morning.

LENNY
 (To Faye)
 How much does the wicked witch owe
 ya?

FAYE
 You know, it's not the money, it's
 the insult.

LENNY
 We'll work on it. And if you wanna
 do some chord progressions today,
 I'm available.

FAYE
 It's all I wanna do! Now I see why
 Jimmy...

She STOPS abruptly.

LENNY
 (quick glance at T.B.)
 That bozo? Heard he was picked up
 by evil aliens who experimented on
 him mercilessly. Explains what
 happened to his career.

That makes Faye LAUGH. T.B. WATCHES and then LAUGHS also.

FAYE
 How long till my fingertips toughen
 up? They really hurt.

LENNY
 Shower with a bag over your hand
 when the early calluses form, or
 they'll peel off.

T.B.
 You learn to play through the pain.
 Pain is my best friend.

Faye LOOKS at him soberly, then BRIGHTENS and SCRIBBLES on a sheet of paper.

FAYE
 Great title!

She still GRINS as she writes when Guy comes back in.

FAYE (CONT'D)
 Who was that, hon?

GUY
 (resigned)
 Tina Powers.

FAYE
 Who?

Lenny knows. His eyes WIDEN.

LENNY
 No. Calling from Erie?

GUY
 From here. I tried to tell you last night. She's in radio now, and Paris gave her a job yesterday.

FAYE
 Tina your old girlfriend? At KJZZ?

Faye looks like a big safe dropped on her head.

FAYE (CONT'D)
 She still with the dentist?

GUY
 Divorced. She took our station by storm. She's good, I must say. She wants to come by next Saturday morning, say hi to everyone from Erie, and take her first-ever walk down to the beach.

Silence. Too much information.

FAYE
 (slowly)
 She knows... jazz?

Lenny and T.B. look at each other in concern.

Faye tries to put a good face on it, but is clearly put out by the notion that Guy's ex is now suddenly back in his life.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE over MUSIC:

Faye, obsessed with her new craft, plays 14 hours a day. With the help of wisecracking Lenny and the bemused (and now more human) T.B., she cranks out tune after tune in the home studio basement on Guy's four-track recorder, and uses a drum machine to replace the at-work Guy in the daytime hours.

Meanwhile, Tina fits right in at KJZZ, on air and behind-the-scenes.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAYTONE STUDIOS HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Mr. White welcomes Jimmy into the control booth. A slow funk groove PLAYS on the large monitors. The studio is mellow and state-of-the-art.

Two laid back FUNK MUSICIANS, AL and MARCUS, look up in surprise.

MR. WHITE

Gents, this is James Mattingly.

JIMMY

(shakes hands)

Call me Jimmy.

AL

Al.

MARCUS

I'm Marcus, bro.

Jimmy LISTENS for a minute.

JIMMY

Tasty stuff.

MARCUS

Thanks man.

MR. WHITE

The guys don't want to admit it,
but they've been stuck on this tune
for nearly a week now.

AL

Yeah. 'Stuck' is a brutal word.

MR. WHITE

'Slowed down', then?

MARCUS

Yeah, that's better.

JIMMY

(all biz)

It's a good tune and the groove is
solid. But for a soul ballad like
this, I'd go with an electric piano
with echo. Some picked guitar,
muted. The bass tone's too wet;
the notes are good but your eating
up the bottom with it. No
definition.

MARCUS

(mock surprise)

Why that's just what I was sayin'
to my man. That's got to be right.

AL

(pokes Marcus)

You jive ass...

(to Jimmy and Mr. White)

Let's try it. Bass is track two.

Jimmy EASES behind the panel and twists some knobs. Mr.
White gives him a faint but approving smile.

MR. WHITE

I'll be in studio D down the hall.

It looks like Jimmy has a gig.

FADE TO:

INT. PLAYTONE RECORDS HQ - MR. WHITE'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

Mr. White has a tasteful corner office. Gold and platinum
singles and records line the walls.

The occupant READS through some major-looking documents when
a RED LIGHT on his desk goes on.

Mr. White straightens his desk and smooths his hair down just before the door FLIES open.

In BURSTS Sol Siler, CEO and founder of Playtone Records. He WAVES a rocket-like cigar at Mr. White.

MR. WHITE

Everything go OK at the conference, Sol?

SOL

Ehh. I hate London at this time of year, and I'm jet-lagged backwards. First thing I want to know is how the Blakey Brothers are doing.

MR. WHITE

Good. They bogged down on a ballad so I brought in a consultant. It sounds much better now. I hear a single in the one they started Monday.

SOL

(satisfied)

Better is good. I like good. You know how much this one means to me. We need to go Platinum or it looks like my big deal went caca. Stick it deep to the goy at Bishop Records we stole 'em from, eh? Eh? You drop those bands we red-lined?

MR. WHITE

All except the Heardsmen, there's a complication there. But they won't be recording with us as a band.

SOL

We'll be eating their returns all year as it is. Speaking of eating. C'mon, let's get some Thai down at Lee's. Yeah, yeah, I promise not to pinch that waitress!

Mr. White RISES to his feet. Slowly.

CUT TO:

INT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT MUSIC STUDIO - DAY

Faye PLAYS a tune she's written to Lenny and T.B.

FAYE
 Called 'Why Do People Hurt Each
 Other.' Something you said, T.B.
 In key of B.

LENNY
 (shocked)
 What! B? No way!

FAYE
 I use your capo. Without it I
 can't play well in 'B'!

LENNY
 Ah. OK.

FAYE
 It's simple, almost a child's song.
 (sings)
 If you've ever been lonely, then
 you're not alone... Love and
 affection, are like finding a
 home... Why do people hurt each
 other, why are they so mean? Why
 do people hurt each other, when
 life is but a dream?

Faye slows to a halt.

FAYE (CONT'D)
 There's more. You get the idea.
 The next verse starts 'If you ever
 felt crazy, then you're not
 insane...'

LENNY
 (thoughtful)
 No no, it's good. I'm thinking
 reggae, like Bob Marley.

T.B.
 Yes. Good call.

LENNY
 Like this...

CUT TO:

INT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT MUSIC STUDIO - LATER

The three of them BLAST Faye's new tune as Guy EASES downstairs. He GESTURES for them to keep playing, TOSSES the drum dust cover off, and comes THUMPING in on the drums.

CUT TO:

INT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Everyone MUNCHES pizza out of a box.

LENNY
(mouth full)
The food here ain't as good lately,
but the music is better.

Faye LAUGHS. The others join in.

GUY
I like these latest tunes a bunch.
It's time to play out.

LENNY
Yeah! Good thinkin', Skitch. But
this time you sing backups or no
deal.

Guy looks terrified for a second. Everyone LAUGHS. Guy sheepishly JOINS in.

GUY
I think that club on Washington is
a good first try.

FAYE
Not that place! What a dump.

GUY
(knowledgeable)
Great acoustics tho, I played with
my jazz band there a lot.

Faye
How could I forget. Guh!

GUY
I hear they need new talent. And I
know the booker, sorta.

FAYE
Ugh. I'm wearin' my boots in
there.

T.B.
What's it called?

CUT TO:

EXT. - 'CLUB 86' - VENICE BEACH - DAY

We pan back from the modest marquee to see Guy PULL UP in his '67 Oldsmobile Delta 88 convertible. He LEAPS confidently out with a cassette tape in hand and STRIDES towards the beat-up doors. He's a man with a mission!

CUT TO:

INT. - 'CLUB 86' - VENICE BEACH - DAY

It is quite dark and dingy. Guy WRINKLES his nose, then HEADS towards the back. In a back office, with a desk half buried in cassette tapes, he spots the booker, WINKY.

GUY
Hey Wink.

WINKY
(squints)
Oh hey. Uh, you're the drummer from the jazz station... Gary.

GUY
Guy. But close.

WINKY
Guy, sorry. Listen, we stopped booking jazz combos this year, I'm afraid. I liked that band you had.

GUY
(amiable)
Thanks, but I'm pushing a rock act now.

WINKY
(mildly interested)
Yeah? Didn't know you played rock. You good? Got a tape?

Guy WAVES his cassette.

WINKY (CONT'D)
I'm a little busy right now, but...

He reaches for the cassette, but Guy PULLS it BACK.

GUY
 (dead serious)
 I'm not leaving 'till you hear the
 tape. Otherwise, you'll lose it,
 and I'll have to make another one
 in a month.

Guy WAVES at the pile on Winky's messy desk, and Winky has to
 LAUGH.

WINKY
 OK brutha, just this once. 'Cos I
 like ya. Whatcha called?

Guy hasn't thought that far. He thinks fast.

GUY
 Uhm, The Faye Dolan Band.

WINKY
 (looks up sharply)
 Female singer? Different from the
 usual act in here.

GUY
 (proud)
 She plays electric guitar too.

WINKY
 That's REALLY different. Let's
 hear.

Winky SLAPS the tape in his cassette player...

CUT TO:

INT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Faye STRUMS Lenny's old electric guitar as Guy WALKS in.

FAYE
 (bright)
 Hi hon!
 (notices he's glum)
 Tough day with Tina?

Guy notes a bit of an edge in her voice, and wisely doesn't
 react.

GUY
 No, she wasn't there today. Hon, I
 really hope I did the right
 thing...

FAYE
 (concerned)
 What? What?

She PUTS ASIDE the guitar.

GUY
 Our first gig at Club 86...

FAYE
 (shrieks)
 Wow! Too cool, Mr. Patterson!

GUY
 ...is on our tenth anniversary.

FAYE
 Oh. Well...

Guy WATCHES her closely.

FAYE (CONT'D)
 ...what better way to celebrate?

Guy is relieved, and looks it.

GUY
 It was the only date available on
 short notice. We open the show.
 Our name on the sign will be 'The
 Faye Dolan Band'.

The Faye Dolan Band... Faye has a band!

FAYE
 (grins wickedly)
 My man. C'mon upstairs with me
 now. We have the house all to
 ourselves, the boys just went out
 to see 'Shampoo'.

Guy SMILES as she TUGS him up by the hand...

CUT TO:

INT. - 'CLUB 86' - VENICE BEACH - NIGHT

Faye SINGS as the band THROBS behind her. But... She's
 clearly nervous, SINGS off key, hitting bad chords on guitar,
 and then forgets her words.

Suddenly she STOPS awkwardly. GUY improvises an ending, but it's less than brilliant. A few in medium sparse audience HOOT, and a few CLAP.

FAYE
 (quietly to band)
 I got the jitters.

LENNY
 (testy)
 First lesson in performance: The show must go on.

FAYE
 (miserable)
 I don't think I can.

The audience is RESTLESS. More HOOTS. Guy, behind the tubs, HALF RISES to her defense. But help arrives from an unexpected source. T.B. suddenly GRABS her arm.

T.B.
 Faye. Listen to me. This ain't nothin' compared to facing Viet Cong on night patrol. Do this for me... imagine me in Vietnam with a gun in my hand. Now, I'm back here with you and Guy and Lenny. I've seen you kick butt for weeks with us. Time to show these fools who you really are. One thing I know... they don't have guns pointed at you. They ain't nothin'. Now breathe!

Faye takes a deep ragged breath. Then another. And another, and SMILES.

FAYE
 Yes.
 (louder, takes command)
 OK. We work it up. Play the one chord jam beat, Guy!

Guy knows what she means and at once pounds out a tribal beat. T.B. lets him establish it, then falls in behind him with some BOOMING bass.

Lenny GRINS and contributes a nasty chordal comp, as lastly Faye plays a simple yet effective riff, not unlike the Bo Diddley beat. The crowd simmers down as Faye AD-LIBS lyrics.

FAYE (CONT'D)

(sings simply)

I ain't afraid of Viet Cong, or
being weird or singin' wrong, I
ain't afraid of being free, like
those fools on my TV...

Interesting. Different. Faye suddenly leads a hot band. She shines, and the music is smokin'! The crowd is disarmed. Lenny WAILS a few solo notes and then Faye resumes.

FAYE (CONT'D)

(sings on)

I'm the music that's inside you,
and I've become what you wanna do,
so the time is here to kick some
bun, with the rockin' sound of the
generation...

The boys are aware that she's totally making it up as she goes. Lenny YELLS.

LENNY

YEAAAAH!

FADE TO:

INT. - 'CLUB 88' - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The band is stone elated as they pack up.

FAYE

(grins)

I can't believe how much fun it is
bein' on stage.

T.B.

It's a substitute family.

LENNY

Too real. Have a beer.

FAYE

Anyway, it's 'bout time girls get
to play.

T.B.

(pops his beer open)

Maaaan, I'm proud of you, Faye.

GUY
 (produces big bouquet)
 Me too. Happy tenth anniversary,
 love!

Faye is about to melt down with joy.

FAYE
 (to Guy)
 I love you.
 (to Lenny and T.B.)
 You too!

The CLUB MANAGER WALKS in.

CLUB MANAGER
 Not too bad. Call your share of
 the door a hundred fifty.

He holds out the green stuff.

FAYE
 (likes it)
 Sure.

She takes the dough. Faye just got paid! The band WHOOPS!

CLUB MANAGER
 Look. You all live, what, six
 blocks from here? I had a
 cancellation. Wanna open Friday
 for us, if you can bring in more
 people? I need a band that can
 build a draw and fill the room by
 10:30. You pull it off, we'll see
 about keepin' ya Fridays. Since ya
 live close, least you'll prolly be
 on time.

FAYE
 (fast, firm)
 Deal.

LENNY
 Celebration time!

CUT TO:

INT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The party is in progress.

FAYE
They paid in fives and tens, so
splitting it up is easy.

T.B.
Keep my share for food money.

Lenny adapts quickly, though he is broke.

LENNY
Me too.

FAYE
(adamant)
No. Lenny, you drove the gear, and
you both carried almost everything.
And you've practiced with me for
weeks, and taught me. You MADE me.
Take the money, dang it!

GUY
(nods)
There's more a-comin'.

LENNY
Yarr!

He walks out, and BRANDISHES his cash as he goes.

GUY
What a night.

T.B.
Quite unforgettable.

FAYE
(soberly)
T.B., you saved me.

T.B.
Nah. You just listened good.

GUY
I'm sorry I couldn't sing, Faye.

FAYE
You're the worst!

In the distance, Lenny YELLS.

GUY
Gotta cool him out, he'll wake the
neighbors. Let's take it
downstairs.

Lenny BURSTS into the kitchen.

LENNY

T.B.! I just turned on the TV...
Saigon fell today.

The news STUNS T.B. And he STARES off into space silently.

FAYE

(puts her hand on his
shoulder)

T.B. ...I'm so sorry.

GUY

Bummer. T.B., I'm sorry too.

T.B.

(finally whispers)
It was all... for nothing.
Nothing.

Party over.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - DAY

The next morning Tina pulls up at Guy and Faye's house in a flashy new BMW. She briskly POPS out, wearing a stylish beach robe with matching sandals. She KNOCKS at the door. No answer.

Tina looks puzzled. She PEEKS in a window, then WALKS to the beautiful canal side of the house, then back to the front door and this time RINGS the doorbell.

After a few more moments GUY OPENS up. He's looking groggy.

GUY

(startled)
Tina! What's happening?

Tina SHAKES her head and LAUGHS.

TINA

Did you forget about our walk to
the beach?

Guy looks utterly blank.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - DAY

The boys are in swim trunks, beach sandals and Hawaiian shirts. Faye appears to have a swimsuit on under her shift. Guy has a small cooler under his arm as he LOCKS the door.

Tina is as frisky as a puppy. The rest are, like Guy, barely mobile as they prepare to set off down the street.

TINA

I feel like Balboa! What an adventure!

T.B.

I shoulda had another cup of coffee.

LENNY

(goofy)

Balboa? Doesn't he play shortstop for the Dodgers?

Lenny SPOTS Tina's shiny new 1975 BMW, which now features a bright KJZZ bumper sticker. It's parked behind Faye's '56 VW Bug. Faye regards the expensive car wordlessly.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Yow. Hey Tina, nice Beamer.

TINA

(big grin)

Dental alimony... countless root canals paid for that. Ready?

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE BEACH - NEAR THE PIER - DAY

A picture-perfect day on Santa Monica Bay. The gang spread towels out in the shade of some palm trees.

TINA

My God. It's even better than I dreamed.

GUY

I remember the first time I saw it...

TINA

(interrupts)

'Weekend at Party Pier'. It was on TV a couple nights ago.

(MORE)

TINA (CONT'D)

You guys looked so cute in those sailor suits!

LENNY

We'll never live that one down. Though it was fun. Still, Jimmy was right. Mr. White played us for chumps.

TINA

(interested)

Who was Mr. White? The name seems familiar.

GUY

(absent mindedly)

Manager. I'm sure I wrote you about him...

Guy abruptly STOPS and LOOKS at Faye. She doesn't exactly look pleased to be hashing over the era when Guy wrote Tina.

FAYE

(sotto voce)

Too much dental work.

Faye PULLS OFF her shift. She indeed has a fairly modest one-piece swimsuit on. Still, she looks quite attractive in it.

T.B.

That's a nice suit, Faye.

Faye FLOPS down on a towel.

FAYE

Thanks.

(to Guy)

Pass me the cooler, hon.

She SMOOTHES out her towel, and PATS her hair down. Silence, except for seagulls who SQUAWK.

FAYE (CONT'D)

(turns to Guy)

Hon?

Guy isn't looking her way. He, like the other lads, GAWKS at Tina, who has removed the beach robe to reveal a stunning high-cut French bikini. Tina PRETENDS not to notice them as she PULLS off her cute thongs and PLACES them tidily next to her towel.

GUY
 (just in time, but hasty)
 Cooler. Right.

Guy FUMBLES with it, but gets it to her. Faye looks stunned, then annoyed. Before she can speak, Tina beats her to it.

TINA
 (smug)
 My first big moment in the salty sea! I'll take these two bachelors as escorts. C'mon boys, let's go.

She GRABS the unprotesting Lenny and T.B. by the hand and RUNS off towards the waves with them. Guy and Faye WATCH them go. Guy has no idea what to say.

FAYE
 Call me paranoid, but she's after you. What a set-up.

GUY
 Nah. She can do much better than a poor married drummer.

Faye doesn't like the sound of that. She STANDS up and GRABS her beach bag and SHIFT.

FAYE
 (half-smiles)
 I'm gonna go home and practice for tomorrow night. See you there. Try not to drool too much.

GUY
 No no Faye, there is nothing to be...
 (falters)

Faye
 It's OK. Bye.

Off she goes. Guy WATCHES her go, then HEAVES a big SIGH.

GUY
 (rubs head)
 Bye.

FADE TO:

SHORT MONTAGE - As the May weeks go by, we see Faye and the boys get their act tighter, and make the remaining rough musical edges work for them, in terms of proto-punk.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAYTONE STUDIOS - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Jimmy, in the recording studio, is hitting his stride. Now he's producing a country-rock band. Mr. White once again NODS.

MR. WHITE

This could be their next single, unless Sol gets in the way. Good tune.

JIMMY

(to engineer)

Give them playback of that take.

(to Mr. White)

Think so? It's one of mine.

MR. WHITE

(not surprised)

At this rate you'll have that house paid off by next Easter.

JIMMY

Nah, why bother? I'm goin' for a Corniche to make my motoring experiences truly exceptional.

This makes Mr. White CHUCKLE.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(sharper)

Anyway, everything is fine. What's on your mind? Something.

MR. WHITE

Two things, Jimmy.

He GLANCES at the engineer, who has headphones on.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

First of all, we need to meet soon with Sol, get you a full contract with Playtone. I'm at the limit of how much I can pay you.

JIMMY

Oh? Yuck.

MR. WHITE

He's never liked you either, from day one. But we'll work around him. Second, here's an ad in 'L.A. Weekly' you might find interesting. I circled it for you, towards the bottom.

Mr. White HANDS Jimmy a folded back newspaper. Jimmy PAUSES, looking at Mr. White's SMILE. Finally he LOOKS at the paper.

A rather comical LOOK crosses his features. But Jimmy quickly masters it and gives White an impassive look.

JIMMY

Can't be the same Faye Dolan. It's a coincidence.

MR. WHITE

(enjoying this)
Is it?

JIMMY

She can't sing, and I doubt she can play a kazoo.

MR. WHITE

I called the club. The drummer's name is Guy.

JIMMY

(blithered by this)
Really! Really now.

MR. WHITE

So it must be 'our' Faye. I suggest we go catch the show, Jimmy... for old times' sake.

JIMMY

(looks at ad again)
Yes, perhaps so.

MR. WHITE

Since you don't have that Rolls yet, I'll have a limo pick you up at 8:40 Friday. You can dress down for it; I doubt black tie is required at, ah, Club 86.

CUT TO:

INT. KJZZ STUDIOS - PARIS' OFFICE - DUSK

It may be bigger than Guy's, but not much. And it's at least twice as cluttered.

Guy ENTERS. He looks a bit concerned.

PARIS

Hey man. Dug your show, nice piano set in the second hour.

GUY

Oh thanks. Need a favor.

PARIS

(grins)

Name it. I owe ya one for bringing Tina in. Our spots sound a hundred percent better cuzza her.

GUY

I didn't 'bring her in', but if you think so that's OK. I wanna trade KROK some airtime for ours.

PARIS

(sighs)

Like three of ours for every one of theirs?

GUY

(also sighs)

Exactly.

PARIS

You got it. I'll put it on your trade-out tab. What's it for?

GUY

Faye's band. I need to fill the club she's at. So it's just a couple weeks of promo. Wanna come down and see us?

Paris doesn't want to hurt his feelings.

PARIS

Not my crowd. Rock never was my cuppa tea. Gonna have Tina cut the spot?

GUY

(laughs)

No. This one's all mine.

EXT. - SANTA MONICA - BEACH OVERLOOK - SUNSET

Guy and Faye WATCH the sun go down, as they lean against Guy's big Oldsmobile convertible. ROCK MUSIC plays on the car radio.

FAYE
(wistful)
We haven't been here for a long
time.

GUY
Not since I got the afternoon
drive.

FAYE
No, yeah. Remember the first time
we came here?

GUY
How could I forget? Lucky we
weren't arrested.

FAYE
Woulda been your fault.

GUY
...said the greatest teaser in the
history of teases.

FAYE
I'm a pleaser, not a teaser.

GUY
You're both, as you well know.

Guy LOOKS at his watch, then STEPS over to TURN UP the car
radio. The rock music BOOMS louder.

GUY (CONT'D)
However, I am going to give you a
run for your money. Hold on.

FAYE
Since when do you listen to KROK?

GUY
The media is the message. Listen.

The song ENDS. The deejay says something about being back
after these important communications. Then...

GUY'S VOICE
 (on radio)
 Who is... Faye Dolan?

Faye SQUEALS and JUMPS at Guy. We hear a BLAST of music from one of Faye's demo tapes.

GUY'S VOICE (CONT'D)
 Faye Dolan, poet, growing star in the rock world, and a singer/songwriter with a message. Friday nights, 9 PM at Club 86, Washington just East of Lincoln, on the border of friendly Venice Beach. That's Club 86, Friday nights for the Faye Dolan Band. Music that makes you feel good!

Faye is very excited to hear her very own radio ad!

FAYE
 Buh buh, but HOW did you do that?

GUY
 (pleased)
 As you know, I am a mysterious man of many talents.

CUT TO:

EXT. - 'CLUB 86' - VENICE BEACH - NIGHT

A very nice limo, looking rather out of place, PULLS up in front. Jimmy EMERGES. He appears nervous and put out. Mr. White, in contrast, GRINS in high good humor.

INT. - 'CLUB 86' VENICE BEACH - NIGHT

As they come in, the place is rockin' with one of Faye's uptempo numbers. The club is not packed, but close. Even Tina has showed up.

Jimmy and Mr. White WATCH the show. They are frankly astonished at Faye's transformation, as she confidently fronts the band. In fact, White has that familiar thoughtful 'Hmm' look as he RUBS his chin.

Jimmy takes note of his interest; Jimmy's expressions register a full spectrum of emotions.

Tina DANCES nearby with some nameless YOUNG LOU. Jimmy FROWNS as he looks at Tina. He's seen her before, but where?

CUT TO:

INT. - 'CLUB 86' - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Show's over. Jimmy brashly approaches Faye, who he hasn't talked to since they savagely broke up back in 1964.

As he starts to say 'Hi' to her, she GAPES for all of one second, then instantly KICKS him in the shin, which causes him to YELP. Guy, Lenny, and T.B. TURN at the sound.

FAYE

(yells)

I've been waiting for years to do that, you bastard!

Jimmy hops comically on one foot! She connected pretty good.

FAYE (CONT'D)

In fact...

She kicks him again, on the other ankle!

FAYE (CONT'D)

... it's worth doing twice!

Jimmy SITS on the floor and RUBS both ankles, shocked. But Lenny, Guy and T.B. RUSH over to say hello... after all, it's been a long time. Tina, who has made her way backstage, looks on in cool amusement.

LENNY

Mr. Mattingly the Second I presume!

GUY

Jimmy! You caught the show?

T.B.

Hey Jimmy. You OK?

Amid the commotion of the reunion of the full membership of the former Wonders, Mr. White appears. He can see Faye is still mighty dangerous, and may strike again.

MR. WHITE
 (forceful and commanding)
 Faye! You need to calm down. Even
 if he does deserve it.

It's Faye's turn to be amazed at the sight of Mr. White, the other man who turned her whole life upside down.

FAYE
 What are you doing here? You with
 Jimmy?

MR. WHITE
 More or less.

FAYE
 Well, it's good to see you after
 all this time!

MR. WHITE
 It gets better. Step over here
 with me. No more kicking, now.

CUT TO:

INT. - 'CLUB 86' - BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Mr. White GUIDES Faye over to the reunited Wonders. Jimmy has been helped to his feet and CHATS with some relief to his ex-bandmates. Tina stands a few feet away in the deep shadows.

MR. WHITE
 Since you're all here, it seems an appropriate time to let you know about my pet project: the Playtone 25th Anniversary Show, which will feature the past and present stars of the Playtone Galaxy. The Wonders are hereby requested to play 'That Thing You Do!' for the nationally televised event.

GASPS and EXCLAMATIONS. No one expected this.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)
 Guy of course will wear his "shades". Your suits will be provided... I think white tuxes.

Jimmy WINCES at the concept of performing 'That Thing You Do!' with his old band. But the other ex-Wonders hastily agree to do the big reunion.

Faye is momentarily forgotten in the buzz, and stands silently. As the boys CHATTER, Mr. White takes her aside.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)
 (deadly serious)
 Faye, I enjoyed your set. I have to say... you have a unique talent. If you keep moving forward with it, you can expect some very great things to happen.

He hands her his card. Faye GASPS.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)
 Let's keep in touch.

Faye GLOWS at this unexpected praise from the Wonders' former manager.

CUT TO:

INT. - 'CLUB 86' - VENICE BEACH - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Tina, meanwhile, takes advantage of Faye's distraction and approaches Guy.

TINA
 Guy, that was great. Can we chat a sec?

GUY
 (buzzing)
 Sure!

TINA
 I tried to talk to you at the station, but it seems like it's never the right time. I want to update the music format on my show; a lot less straight-ahead trad-jazz and more contemporary fusion and such.

GUY
 (still buzzing)
 Well, weekends are wide open. Sure, try it out. Our ratings can't get worse... if Paris calls you up and yells, tell him I gave the OK. I'll talk to him soon as I can, he's so busy with sales.

Jimmy can't help but notice what a knockout Tina is, and suddenly he remembers who she is. He APPROACHES.

JIMMY

You're from Erie like the rest of us. Remember me? Jimmy Mattingly.

TINA

Of course! Good to see you again, Jimmy.

Faye, RADIANT from her chat with Mr. White, approaches and joins them. Jimmy, Faye, Guy and Tina stand together, but no one speaks.

Faye GLARES at Jimmy and to a lesser extent Tina, but she's so exuberant from having played a strong set and Mr. White's laudatory praise that a SMILE keeps breaking through.

For some seconds these four, who were once two couples back in Erie, REGARD each other. Still no one speaks. Everyone LOOKS at everyone else. Hesitant SMILES keep forming.

Guy tries to say something, but fails. Then Tina. Jimmy just GRINS intermittently. The tension builds. No one wants to walk away, as everyone has their own center of power.

Finally someone CHORTLES quietly, and all four burst out LAUGHING.

Lenny and T.B., over to the side with Mr. White, observe this all with raised eyebrows. Fascinating!

Suddenly Faye takes charge- it's her gig they are at, after all.

FAYE

(sweetly)

It sure has been an interesting evening. Thanks for coming, but it's time to call it a night.

She OFFERS her arm to Guy, who TAKES it at once. Faye NODS at Jimmy and Tina politely.

FAYE (CONT'D)

(amused, to Jimmy)

It was truly disgusting to see you again.

Faye DEPARTS gracefully, guitar case in one hand, with Guy arm in arm. It's quite the EXIT!

TINA
 (to Jimmy)
 Hard breakup, eh?

Mr. White, interested, STRIDES up and ARCHES an eyebrow at Jimmy.

JIMMY
 Tina, Mr. White, Playtone Records.

TINA
 A pleasure, Sir.

MR. WHITE
 No, it's all mine, Tina. You know all these folks... how?

TINA
 (playful)
 We hail from a far-off land.

MR. WHITE
 Ahhh, so you're from Erie also, I gather?

TINA
 I was a late escapee. Now at KJZZ with Mr. Patterson, my childhood flame.

It all comes back.

MR. WHITE
 Guy's mysterious girlfriend. Yes, of course. 'Shades' waited for you throughout the Wonders tour in '64 while a million girls pined. Now I see why.

Quite. She's dressed to kill with a major megawatt smile.

TINA
 My life was hijacked by a ghoul in a white dental coat. He charmed me away and then bored me silly. However, I did receive excellent dental care and a staggering ethnic musical education, which serves me well in my current vocational path.

She's got Mr. White pegged cold. He's not interested in her for the usual reasons. Something's up.

Jimmy is already left in the dust, but hangs in to watch this develop. He's allowed to because of his introduction.

MR. WHITE

So you're on-air with Guy now at KJZZ.

TINA

I admit that the irony is supreme. Tell me what you do at Playtone.

MR. WHITE

(unusually frank)

Wrangle talent, or arrange for others to, like our budding and somewhat battered young Producer here. There are other things, but time constraints forbid a lengthy exposition. Speaking of talent, I'd like you to audition for the announcer's job for the Playtone Show.

TINA

Thank you. Sure, why not?

MR. WHITE

(again unusually frank)

If it works out, you would look and sound great on TV, and distract my boss from other mischief.

TINA

I keep a blackjack in my purse.

MR. WHITE

Good girl.

(hands her his card)

Call me early next week.

Lenny APPROACHES but the vibe from the three is very intense.

LENNY

Ahhh... goodnight?

CUT TO:

INT. - PLAYTONE RECORDS HQ - MR. WHITE'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

Mr. White and Jimmy SIT in his office.

MR. WHITE

Try to let me do the talking.

JIMMY

I oughta see a shrink for not bringing my lawyer.

MR. WHITE

Sol would just walk out.

The red light FLASHES, courtesy of Mr. White's secretary.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

Your mantra: 'Don't react.'

Sol BLOWS through the door and stops short at the sight of Jimmy.

SOL

What's John Lennon doing here?

MR. WHITE

Sol, Jimmy's been doing some great work for us in production.

SOL

(to Jimmy)

You're a washed-up has-been, and White's slipping.

Jimmy's smile becomes STRAINED.

MR. WHITE

Sol, he's put a polish on two of your big signings. We need him.

SOL

This weasel cost us a lot of money over the past few years with his pretty-boy artistic pretensions! Toss him out of here, I have real business to talk over!

MR. WHITE

(still calm)

There are a number of factors in play Sol...

SOL

(madder)

The sight of those thick greasy lips and eternal three o'clock shadow creeps me out! It reminds me of his whiny voice that grates on every nerve in my body. You want me to call in security and slap him around?

Jimmy ROLLS his eyes at White. But abruptly Mr. White's inside line RINGS. Could be important... White PICKS UP just as Jimmy loses it.

MR. WHITE

Hello!

JIMMY

Look Siler, my tunes and 'thick lips' lined your pockets for years, and this is the thanks I get?

MR. WHITE

(horrified)

Bad time, Lenny. How'd you get this number?

Sol's face is GLOWING red. He's not used to being talked back to. Jimmy PULLS his Playtone contract out of a coat pocket.

JIMMY

If you notice in paragraph eight in my contract...

MR. WHITE

Lenny, we can talk reunion later...

Too late. Sol GRABS the contract out of Jimmy's hand and WHIPS OUT a lighter.

SOL

(contemptuous)

Contract! Here's what this is worth, you phoney punk!

In an instant the paper is ABLAZE! Sol TOSSES it onto Mr. White's desk.

MR. WHITE

(dry)

Lenny, I have to go now. My desk is on fire.

The burning contract has IGNITED a good-sized pile of paper on the desk. Smoothly Mr. White YANKS DOWN his expensive drapes and SMOTHERS the mini-inferno.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

(somehow calm)

Jimmy dealt with the Blakey's and the Wheelmen when no one else could.

(MORE)

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)
 He's perfect for the full time
 Producer slot, and I need him as an
 arranger and writer.

SOL
 (still enraged)
 Producers are a dime a dozen!

MR. WHITE
 (adamant)
 Not great ones.

Jimmy wasn't expecting that, and STIFLES a GRIN. Siler's
 ready to explode.

SOL
 I want him fired and you want to
 promote him?

MR. WHITE
 He wants to bring in his attorney,
 Sol.

SOL
 (laughs in disbelief)
 Roland, that weenie? My nine-year
 old granddaughter could flatten him
 in any court!

Jimmy SMILES poisonously.

JIMMY
 Actually, my attorney is now Morrie
 Pizzkoff.

Sol's smile FADES; clearly that name troubles him. He
 SQUINTS at Mr. White.

SOL
 (reverses course)
 He's great in the studio, you say?
 Try him for a year, standard
 contract.

And with that, Sol DEPARTS. Mr. White and Jimmy contemplate
 the smoking ruin of his office.

MR. WHITE
 Welcome to the inner Playtone
 Family, Jimmy. One thing about
 working here... you're never bored.

CUT TO:

INT. EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Mr. White DINES with a well-dressed and dignified Asian gent, who exudes the vibration of the powerful wheeler-dealer class.

MR. WHITE

...so the question is whether to finally leave Playtone. Sollie is less stable than ever, going past obnoxious into psychotic, and I'm close to the end of my rope. I do have an offer from a new Japanese label with some deep-pockets backers.

The Asian man SIPS from a small cup. Every movement suggests restrained power and cultural refinement.

ASIAN MAN

You have put many years of hard work into Playtone. The catalog of hits speaks for itself.

MR. WHITE

Someday I'll write a book.

ASIAN MAN

(slow smile)

In retirement, with your savings protected. Regarding Playtone... perhaps there is another way to handle the situation.

MR. WHITE

Yes. I wondered if that possibility would occur to you.

CUT TO:

INT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Guy's paying bills and SHAKING his head. Faye and Lenny SIT and MUNCH chips and salsa.

GUY

We're circling the drain. I'll have to get a higher limit on my credit card.

LENNY

Least you still have one. I got a couple banks after me.

FAYE
 (concerned)
 I can go get another job.

LENNY
 As your guitar teacher and sideman,
 I don't recommend that.

GUY
 Agree. You'll lose your momentum.

FAYE
 If only I got that last paycheck.

GUY
 Wouldn't hurt. In fact it would
 get us through the rest of May.

LENNY
 Hmmmm!

Lenny has a wild look in his eye. Uh oh.

GUY
 What?

LENNY
 Just had a brainstorm... I still
 have a decent suit left. But I
 need to borrow that expensive
 lookin' watch, Skitch. And your
 radio job briefcase.

CUT TO:

EXT. - 'NAILED DOWN' MANICURIST SHOP - DAY

Lenny, DRESSED in a fine suit and tie and sporting Guy's nice
 watch and briefcase, STRIDES into the empty, just-opened
 shop. Ella FROWNS at him.

ELLA
 Can I help you?

LENNY
 (serious tone)
 Leonard Green, with Anderson,
 Shapiro and Green. I'm
 representing plaintiff Faye
 Patterson, your former employee.
 (MORE)

LENNY (CONT'D)

Thought we should have an informal talk before we file multiple civil and criminal complaints against you in Superior Court.

ELLA

(aghast)
Superior Court?

Lenny PUTS DOWN Guy's briefcase and looks at Guy's watch.

LENNY

I only have a few minutes, so I'll be brief. I've taken her case pro bono because her father is a family friend. She has excellent prospects in this matter and wants me to file for punitive damages this week. However, I have prevailed on Mrs. Patterson to give you a final chance to settle, which will save you a great deal of time, and money.

Ella surrenders in the face of this onslaught.

ELLA

(grinds teeth)
I'll get my check book. She was owed for two weeks.

Lenny's EYES WIDEN. It's go-for-broke time.

LENNY

(grim)
I'm afraid it's not that simple. Since you fired Mrs. Patterson wrongfully, and with humiliating and abusive intent, we will require two additional weeks severance pay. Otherwise I'd suggest you retain an attorney, and we will let the wheels of justice grind at the usual speed.

Ella almost stops, but GRIMACES and WRITES the check. She hesitates before giving it to Lenny.

ELLA

(suspicious)
Four weeks. I wrote 'Paid in full plus severance'.

Lenny fights snatching it out of her hand.

LENNY

I believe that will be adequate,
and that you won't regret it.

She very reluctantly HANDS it over. Lenny PICKS UP Guy's
briefcase and NODS.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Good day to you.

CUT TO:

EXT. - 'NAILED DOWN' MANICURIST SHOP - DAY

Lenny can barely keep himself from a loud GUFFAW as he WALKS
down the sidewalk and TURNS the corner, where Faye WAITS in
her VW bug at the curb. Lenny JUMPS in and HOWLS with joy.

Faye LOOKS at the newly-written check in disbelief, then HUGS
Lenny with vigor.

LENNY

To the bank quick before she stops
payment!

CUT TO:

INT. - GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Lenny and Faye SWAGGER in. She holds a wad of greenbacks.

FAYE

(giggles)

Leonard Green! I just got it. Oh,
if only I could have seen her face.

LENNY

It was a mess. That last look will
haunt me to my dying day.

FAYE

(squeals happily)

Len, you're my hero!

LENNY

I now revert to your lecturing
guitar teacher. You need your own
axe.

FAYE

Can't I just buy yours from ya?

LENNY

(scoffs)

That thing? Obsolete hulk. The action is clunky, the tone thin, the body is made of masonite and it looks like dog doo. The time has come for you to discover the outstanding McCabe's Guitar Shop, over on Pico.

FAYE

I'd spend all this money I just got. It's for bills.

LENNY

Believe me, you will never regret buying a great guitar. Get a nice Fender Strat... what the guitar Gods play!

FAYE

(hesitant)

Well...

She comes to a quick decision and FLASHES that big Faye GRIN.

FAYE (CONT'D)

Will you help me get it?

CUT TO:

INT. - KJZZ STUDIOS - DAY

Guy is dealing with some minor problem in the main office as Tina BREEZES in. Her latest outfit is that of a confident sexy woman on the go. She shows Guy the SMILE that Dr. Collins helped make.

TINA

I know you! Guy, isn't it?

Guy doesn't want to flirt. But he doesn't want to seem glacial either.

GUY

Hello Tina. What's new?

TINA

I vowed never to do sales, so this is what I get. Sales AND production.

Guy understands.

GUY

Too right! You sell 'em an ad, write the copy, and if you're on air, the client wants you to voice the copy too.

TINA

(rueful)

One's my new trade-out hotel, so it doesn't count.

GUY

(polite interest)

Whatcha land?

TINA

(proud)

The Victorian Inn.

Guy knows of it, and is very impressed.

TINA (CONT'D)

Heated towel rails. Check out the spot, only twice a day...

She shifts into a smooth sexy announcer voice.

Imagine yourself easing into a large jacuzzi spa with a complementary cocktail in hand. You've just begun a relaxing weekend at the Victorian Inn! For just 82.50 per person per night double occupancy you can have a fantastic time and relax to the max!

Paris STUMBLES out of his office. He looks bad: worried and irritable.

PARIS

You didn't happen to actually sell any, did ya?

TINA

Of course! Closed two paying clients, to show my appreciation.

PARIS

Really! Big ones?

TINA

I hope you'll think so.

PARIS
You got the checks?

TINA
Well, I stopped by the racetrack
first so...

Guy LAUGHS at Paris' expression.

TINA (CONT'D)
Of course I do, boss.

Tina is already reaching in her purse, and PULLS out two big-sized business checks.

PARIS
(yelps)
Griffin Auto Sales! And Bisker
Furniture Showrooms! Oh yeah baby!

Paris SLAPS her the high five.

GUY
(simply)
We needed that, Tina.

PARIS
Some good news for ya. The freak
who covers radio for the L.A. Times
called. Told me he wants to
interview you.

GUY
Woah. Triple threat day.

Tina gives him an extremely serious, intense LOOK.

TINA
Maybe quadruple, Mr. Patterson.

Paris renews GLOATING over the checks and fails to notice Tina's line. But Guy notices, all right.

CUT TO:

EXT. - MCCABE'S GUITAR SHOP - DAY

Faye STANDS and LOOKS closely at the door handle. It's a guitar neck, attached to the door. She TILTS her head sideways in admiration. Pretty cool.

CUT TO:

INT. - MCCABE'S GUITAR SHOP - DAY

Faye LOOKS at rows of wall-racked and floor-standing guitars with awe. What a sight!

A man stands half-turned at the end of the room, who PLAYS one of the electric guitars with a SULLEN expression. It's Jimmy, who LOOKS UP at Faye abruptly. He expression CHANGES to surprise and pleasure.

Not so Faye.

FAYE

Oh no.

JIMMY

(big charming grin)
If you plan to assault me, I'll start running now.

FAYE

(mad)
You got off easy, and you know it.

JIMMY

(simply)
Yes. Very true.

He takes a few steps towards Faye, cautiously.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Shopping for a Wonders reunion axe, much to my chagrin.

FAYE

Hmmp.

Faye is debating leaving, and Jimmy knows it.

JIMMY

I'd like to apologize.

FAYE

(not sure she's heard right)
What?

JIMMY

I'm sorry. I am. For what I said that day. I've said 'Sorry' many times in my thoughts.

FAYE

Really.

Faye isn't sure she cares. Or does she?

JIMMY

Yes. I've always wanted to tell you.

FAYE

Why didn't you?

JIMMY

(slight smile)
Afraid you'd kick me. Buying a guitar, I assume?

FAYE

Yes.

Faye's face reflects several emotions, both mad and sad.

JIMMY

What kind?

FAYE

Lenny...

She stops. Then goes on, defiantly.

FAYE (CONT'D)

...said I should get a Fender Strat. For the action, tone and the look.

JIMMY

He's right, of course. Why didn't he come in with ya?

FAYE

He said it was time for me to sink or swim. But, he'd had a big day. I think he wanted to watch TV.

Jimmy THINKS for a few seconds, and decides to keep it simple.

JIMMY

I've already played most of these.

He PULLS down a cool black and white Stratocaster.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

And this one has the best action, and a really good neck.

CUT TO:

EXT. MCCABE'S GUITAR SHOP - SIDEWALK - DAY

Faye has warmed up a half a degree. She has a snazzy hard Fender guitar case in her hand.

FAYE

(neutral)

That was a real break that you knew the manager. Otherwise I couldn't have afforded it. Thanks. See you at the reunion, I guess.

JIMMY

May I buy you lunch at the little place over there? The food's pretty good.

Faye is surprised. Or perhaps not.

FAYE

I've gotta get home.

JIMMY

It will be fast. It would be my honor.

He's good. Faye is undecided now and doesn't want to show it.

FAYE

I think not. I appreciate the offer.

JIMMY

Since I got you such a good deal there, the least you can do is let me buy you lunch.

This line is delivered with such charm and sincerity that Faye really does smile.

FAYE

Well...

JIMMY

And let me carry the Strat.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMEY RESTAURANT

Faye's plate is not much eaten. Jimmy's neither. But their drinks are almost gone.

JIMMY
 ...it comes down to the fact that I
 was a total idiot.

FAYE
 Yep.

She swirls her ice with the straw.

JIMMY
 Then I heard you were with Guy, and
 then later that you married him. I
 was really surprised, and sad.

FAYE
 (uneasy)
 Good. Jimmy...

JIMMY
 It was the biggest mistake of my
 whole life.

Faye's run out of words.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 And you were right. I've never
 found another love, just like you
 predicted. Girlfriends, yeah, but
 nothing like you. I used to think
 you cursed me that day, but then I
 realized I cursed myself.

Faye's got to get out.

FAYE
 Jimmy it all comes together in the
 end. From what you told me, I
 think your life IS coming together.
 It all works out for the best.
 Listen, thanks for lunch and the
 help today. I've gotta go.

Before he can speak, he's WATCHING her walk away, new guitar
 in hand. He looks like he's made of stone, except for his
 eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAYTONE RECORDS HQ - MR. WHITE'S INNER OFFICE

The office is refurbished and shows no sign of the fire.

Jimmy SIGNS his contract. Seated next to him is a very sharp looking little man who looks like a billion bucks.

This would be the dreaded MORRIE PIZZKOFF, 62, widely regarded as one of the top five entertainment attorneys in Hollywood's record biz.

Next to him sits SOL, and at his desk is Mr. White. Sol and Morrie suck all the air out of the room.

SOL
You really didn't need to come down here Morrie.

MORRIE
I don't come down, you'd have the kid payin' YOU to work here.

SOL
(ingratiating)
Aw, such a kidder. How's your game lately.

MORRIE
Terrible. I'm too old now.

SOL
I heard you broke 90 last week.

MORRIE
Barely.

He FLICKS his eyes at Sol.

MORRIE (CONT'D)
Where'd you hear that?

SOL
Blitzman.

MORRIE
That schmuck. He'll ruin my bets.

SOL
Do lunch?

Sol is trying to make lemonade here.

MORRIE
I have lunch with you, my acts get nervous. And I have a one thirty. That Lennon stuff.

Jimmy's eyes get real WIDE.

JIMMY
 (greatly daring)
 Take me. I really need to meet
 him.

Mr. White looks like he wants to crawl under his desk.

SOL
 See why I want to bag him?

MORRIE
 Yah.

He now FLICKS his eyes at Jimmy.

MORRIE (CONT'D)
 Don't forget to initial the last
 page, kid. It's the whole point.

Jimmy hastily complies and WRITES. Sol's lips TIGHTEN.

MORRIE (CONT'D)
 Give him hits and stay out of his
 way. Easy. As for you Sollie...
 free advice. Quit raiding the
 other labels and go back to artist
 development. Quit with the
 vendettas, and watch your blood
 pressure. The advice is free
 because you won't take it. Call me
 Cassandra. Good to see you, White.

Morrie GETS UP and is out the door before anyone can react.

Sol EYES Jimmy with barely-in-check DISGUST, then SIGHS
 deeply. Slowly he too GETS UP and goes out.

JIMMY
 He left this gold pen.

MR. WHITE
 He always does, Jimmy. Let's go
 eat. Sushi sounds good at this
 point.

CUT TO:

INT. - GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Lenny WATCHES TV. It's a 'Lost in Space' rerun, and Lenny GIGGLES like a lunatic at The Robot, who is saying "Danger Danger." In the distance Faye HAMMERS her guitar as she SINGS her heart out.

T.B. WALKS in quietly. Lenny GRINS at him and POINTS at the TV with his beer bottle.

LENNY

There ya are T.B.... How long you think before I can have my own Robot? When I'm 50?

T.B.

More like 60. I got a job.

Lenny WINCES.

LENNY

Now I may have to get one. What and where?

T.B.

That big construction project in the Marina.

LENNY

You ever done construction?

T.B.

No. But I've destroyed a lot of buildings. This might even things out.

He's got Lenny there.

T.B. (CONT'D)

Nice thing is, it's over at five, so I can make our gigs.

LENNY

Messes up our rehearsal time though.

T.B. WAVES that off.

T.B.

Still time. Hey, let's make dinner for Faye. She's had a big day.

LENNY

It'll take a crowbar to get her off that Strat. OK, I'll start cuttin' veggies.

CUT TO:

INT. KJZZ STUDIOS - PARIS' OFFICE - MORNING

Tina ENTERS, blazing like a sun. Paris and Guy LOOK at her fondly.

PARIS

Did you see the Times this morning?

TINA

They finally impeach Ford for the pardon?

GUY

Nothing like that. It's your article!

Tina picks it up. It's on the front of the 'Calendar' section, and the headline reads 'The New Jazz in Town.'

TINA

Me?

GUY

It says you're the best thing to happen to local radio in years.

PARIS

And that your programming choices are unbelievable.

TINA

I just threw in some Motown and blues along with the new fusion. I was afraid you'd get mad.

PARIS

It's not counter-programmable. A new format.

Guy SIGHS.

GUY

Since Robbie's getting on in years...

PARIS
And dragging down the morning drive
numbers badly...

Tina GASPS!

GUY
We both agree you deserve it.

PARIS
Don't stop the sales. The pay is
not really that much better than
weekends.

Tina doesn't have to think long. She's being offered a
Morning Drive show in L.A.! Only one issue remains.

TINA
But Guy, don't you want...

GUY
Nope. Never been a morning person
like you.

TINA
Outta sight! My God, yesss!

She RUSHES to ENGULF them with HUGS. Guy looks a bit FRIED.

CUT TO:

INT. - GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT MUSIC STUDIO - NIGHT

Faye, with her new guitar, concentrates on a chord sequence.
She works doggedly to master the pattern. Guy CLOMPS
downstairs to join her.

Faye SMILES.

FAYE
Hi hon.

Guy also SMILES. But cautiously.

GUY
Hi hon! How goes the new axe?

FAYE
It's just too cool. I can't
believe the difference. But it's
funny, I do miss the old one I
learned on.

GUY
Major move at the station. We gave
Tina the morning show.

Faye's eyes NARROW.

FAYE
(flat)
You did. What about Robbie?

GUY
He's gone. It was pretty rough.

FAYE
(flatter)
Tina takes over. Your idea?

GUY
(defensive)
Paris, and I. Look, I know you
don't like her...

FAYE
Putting it mildly.

GUY
I think it's all pretty weird
myself.

FAYE
(frank)
Hon. Can you blame me for finding
it hard to handle that you and your
blonde babe girlfriend are in such
close quarters?

GUY
(corrects her)
EX-girlfriend. Ex.

Guy awkwardly tries to reassure her.

GUY (CONT'D)
She's a rising star in radio, and
we had to give her this shot.

This isn't helping.

FAYE
(brightens)
She'll have to go to bed early, so
she can't go to our gigs anymore!

GUY
Awww... Speaking of which, I gave
our new-and-improved demo to that
trendy venue on the Strip.

Now THAT helps.

FAYE
(excited)
The Zuma Room!

GUY
(pleased at her reaction)
Next Wednesday, second set.

CUT TO:

INT. - 'THE ZUMA ROOM' - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Mr. White and Jimmy sit at an elevated VIP table as Faye and
the band ROCK the house with some new numbers. They sound
better than ever. Still edgy, but cleaner.

MR. WHITE
So, I requested for you to pre-
produce the Playtone Anniversary
Show. Sol threw his usual fit.

JIMMY
(cool)
I'll do it if we can skip me
playing with the Blunders.

MR. WHITE
(needles Jimmy)
Go up there now and ask to sit in.
Play "That Thing You Do!"

Jimmy refuses to be baited.

JIMMY
Bad enough that you want it on
nationwide TV. Faye's Strat looks
good on her with that outfit.

MR. WHITE
(he'd noticed)
Yes it does.

The tune POUNDS to an end, to strong APPLAUSE. Faye GRABS
her microphone.

FAYE

(impish)

Thank you. Thank you thank you.
We have a special treat. Our own
Lenny Haise is going to sing a
blast from the past. And since
he's in the room, lets bring up
Jimmy Mattingly, the Second, to
play it with 'im!

MR. WHITE

(big grin)

There ya go! Get up there!

JIMMY

(dazed)

What?

LENNY

(in his mike)

It's 'Dance With Me Tonight'. I
know you haven't forgotten it,
James.

GROANING in protest, yet with a sly smile, Jimmy LEAVES to go
upstage. Faye HANDS him her guitar. He STRAPS it on, and
FUSSES with the tuning.

Faye joins Mr. White at the VIP table. She PATS her face
with a cloth napkin. Various LAUGHS and ad-lib off-mike
comments from the band as they get ready to do the tune.

FAYE

(dreamy)

Isn't this where we came in?

Mr. White, as is his style, doesn't waste any time.

MR. WHITE

Faye, I want you to give me a three
tune demo tape. Your best three.

Faye's mouth HANGS open.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

(fast)

Don't get too excited. I have to
get it past Sol, and my stock with
him is low at the moment.

FAYE

Demo. Three tunes. Not excited.
Ohhhh...

She THROWS herself at Mr. White. And MUSSES his hair!

FAYE (CONT'D)
 (big laugh)
 I always wanted to do that!

As Mr. White wryly COMBS it back into place, the band KICKS IN. It's a funkier, slightly faster version of 'Dance With Me Tonight', and Jimmy and T.B. haven't forgotten the backup vocal parts. Mr. White and Faye GRIN. It's The Wonders!

At the end of the first verse, Tina WALKS in! Mr. White SIGNALS her over.

FAYE (CONT'D)
 (quickly)
 Oh no no, please don't have her sit with us.

MR. WHITE
 Why not? I invited her to the club.

Faye GROANS as Tina STROLLS over.

TINA
 (to Faye)
 Do you feel like we are in a time machine?
 (to Mr. White)
 Thanks! I wouldn't have wanted to miss this.

MR. WHITE
 What are you drinking? A Coke?

TINA
 (shakes head)
 Nothing that strong. Seven-up.

Mr. White ORDERS for her as they watch the now-older version of the Wonders. Lenny is SINGING like a pro, and LAUGHS as he solo's on guitar, working the crowd and MUGGING at his band mates. Even Jimmy has to laugh.

MR. WHITE
 (muses)
 If that boy had an ounce of ambition he'd be a superstar.

FAYE
 I need him. Don't give him any ideas.

(MORE)

FAYE (CONT'D)
 (to Tina)
 Congrats on your morning job.

TINA
 (beams)
 Why, thank you!

FAYE
 I read your article. Well done.

TINA
 You aren't doing too bad yourself.
 I like this club much better.

FAYE
 Actually the acoustics aren't as
 good. But thanks!

They are on their best behavior. Mr. White thinks he knows why.

MR. WHITE
 Guy and I are running off to Spain
 together after the show. Just so
 you both know.

Wow! Both gals GAPE at this.

Then everyone LAUGHS! Faye still FROWNS a bit though as the
 tune ENDS.

FAYE
 Gotta go back up now, before they
 start to fight.

She RUNS back to reclaim her guitar from Jimmy, who is happy
 to HAND it over. She gives him a brief HUG, which isn't lost
 on Guy.

Meanwhile Mr. White regards Tina.

MR. WHITE
 The Playtone emcee auditions start
 at two o'clock at the Playtone
 Studios Wednesday. If possible, I
 want you there at one. Think you
 can do it?

TINA
 (mock flirtatious)
 You mean be there, or get the gig?

MR. WHITE
 Both...

TINA
 No prob. I've read off
 teleprompters before.

Jimmy RETURNS.

MR. WHITE
 See? You had fun!

JIMMY
 (ignores White)
 Good evening Tina. A great
 pleasure to see you again.

Tina's distracted by Mr. White's statements.

TINA
 Hi. And you. That was great.

Tina PATS her hair as Jimmy SITS next to her.

TINA (CONT'D)
 You coming to the emcee auditions
 too?

JIMMY
 (gallant)
 Not as a participant... I'm no good
 at public speaking, but if you're
 there, I'll try to be there too.

MR. WHITE
 (dogs him)
 Good good Jimmy...

Faye, on stage, gives Guy a signal, and he COUNTS in the next
 tune as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. - GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - DAY

Tina's Beamer ZOOMS up behind Lenny's hood-up El Camino,
 PARKS, and JUMPS out. Lenny and T.B., who are both grimy,
 WORK on the engine. They LOOK UP in surprise.

LENNY
 The powerhouse of the L.A. radio
 waves! What brings ya to the canal
 district? Wanna go to the beach
 again?

Lenny hasn't forgotten that bikini.

TINA
 (diplomatic)
 No time today, I fear. Guy home?
 I have some copy for him to
 practice for a spot.

T.B.
 He left a little while ago to beg
 the bank not to foreclose.

TINA
 (disappointed)
 Darn. Well, could you give him
 this then?

She WAVES some papers. Lenny REACHES for them with his grimy
 paws, but Tina PULLS away. Upstairs, the bedroom curtain
 MOVES BACK and Faye' unsmiling face appears.

TINA (CONT'D)
 Uh, I'll just put this on your
 seat. Tell him I want him to use
 his really silly voice.

She delicately PLACES the papers through Lenny's open
 driver's side window.

LENNY
 You shouldn't encourage him to be
 silly. He said "I am Spartacus"
 hundreds of times back in 1964.

TINA
 (thoughtfully)
 I'd almost forgotten about that...

Tina can use this.

T.B.
 I never got it, myself.

TINA
 It was about that night when...
 when...

The boys HANG on her words. Tina CATCHES herself.

TINA (CONT'D)
 Well. A long time ago, back in
 lovely Erie. I don't miss it,
 personally.

LENNY

Shovelling snow was my beef. You sure you don't have time for the beach?

TINA

No thanks. Don't forget to give Guy that ad copy. Oh, by the way, I liked your song at the club the other night!

She HOPS back in her car and ZOOMS away, leaving Lenny with a comical expression.

CUT TO:

INT. - GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS WINDOW - DAY

Faye both FROWNS and SIGHS as she stares out the window. She TURNS away and LOOKS at the framed Polaroid pictures from the Ambassador Hotel, one of her, and the other of Guy, one on each side of their bed. In each of the photos they wear only a sheet.

Faye SIGHS yet again.

CUT TO:

INT. - PLAYTONE RECORDS HQ - SOL'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Mr. White STEPS out of the private elevator and into a spacious outer office, decorated with dozens of Gold and Platinum Records, as well as pictures of Sol with everyone who is anyone in the music biz.

Sol's secretary, a platinum bleach-blonde with too much makeup, WAVES Mr. White to the elaborate double doors of the ultimate sanctum of Playtone Records.

Mr. White STRIDES in. Now THIS is an office! It's more like a penthouse, with a tropical fish tank, astro-turf putting green, full bar, massive desk, TV screen with a beta tape player, king-size couch and huge audio speakers.

Sol is STANDING at the floor-to-ceiling tinted window; he BROODS at the view. He turns to STARE at Mr. White, who PULLS several Beta tapes out of his briefcase.

MR. WHITE

OK, here are the ones I thought were best. Freddy Fredrickson made the cut.

SOL
 (already angry)
 Don't show me that moron, I've had
 enough of him. What else?

MR. WHITE
 A professional announcer, Biff
 Pipduck, from the Birchwood Agency.
 Great pipes.

Mr. White INSERTS the tape, and an upright mustached older
 gentleman appears on the TV screen. His resonant voice FILLS
 the room.

OLDER MAN (O.S.)
 When Sol Siler discovered The
 Blizzards they were just out of
 high school in Monrovia,
 California...

SOL
 (impatient)
 Sounds OK, looks too stiff. What
 else.

Mr. White fast-forwards the tape.

MR. WHITE
 (matter-of-fact)
 Bit of a longshot. KJZZ morning
 deejay named Tina Powers.

SOL
 Where did I read about her
 recently?

MR. WHITE
 The Times had an article a couple
 weeks ago.

SOL
 Right right. Lets see.

Mr. White again TRIGGERS the tape. Tina just about bursts
 off the screen in a lovely tight dress.

TINA (O.S.)
 The legendary Sol Siler has been a
 forceful presence in the music
 industry for a quarter century now,
 and this evening we pay tribute to
 his genius.

(MORE)

TINA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Sol Siler may be the greatest
 living single influence on the way
 popular music is perceived and
 enjoyed by the public...

Sol goes from skeptic to fan in record time.

SOL
 That's the one! Best discovery
 you've made in years. Sign her up.

Mr. White STOPS the tape.

MR. WHITE
 (turns away, smiling)
 Sure, Sol.

SOL
 I'm getting great feedback on my
 Playtone Anniversary show. Big
 change: we're doing the show in New
 York, not here. Touch of class.

Not what Mr. White wanted to hear. But he DEALS with it.

MR. WHITE
 All right, I'll pass the word. We
 will have to fly everyone out,
 and...

SOL
 Just do it.

Sol FROWNS. That means he's done.

MR. WHITE
 (calm)
 One other thing.

He pulls a cassette tape out of his coat pocket.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)
 Singer-songwriter named Faye Dolan.
 Plays electric guitar, looks like a
 model, plays good edgy rock.

SOL
 (dismissive)
 Another discovery. If she's over
 twenty, forget it.

MR. WHITE
 Just listen.

He STARTS the tape and Faye's song FILLS the room. Sol gives it about seven seconds. He MOTIONS impatiently for Mr. White to CUT the tape.

SOL

That's just noise. I'm working on the deal of a lifetime. The Stones. We're only a couple points apart now. I pull this off, it's the biggest move in Playtone history.

Mr. White forces a SMILE.

MR. WHITE

Stunning, Sol. So, working on getting the show moved to New York.

Sol's phone RINGS. Could be that mega-deal.

SOL

Good, get out.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAYTONE RECORDS HQ - MR. WHITE'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Mr. White thoughtfully ENTERS, his head full of thoughts, and STOPS at his secretary's desk. LULU is a well-preserved 48, and looks smart.

MR. WHITE

Lulu, please get me a list of the complete Playtone artist back catalog.

LULU

(brief NOD)
Sure thing.

CUT TO:

INT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Faye HANGS up the phone with a SOUR look as LENNY, who WIPES his hands, walks in.

LENNY

(notices this)
Cruella phoning this morning? She finally wise up to Leonard Green?

FAYE
 (wry smile)
 No. Worse. It was Jimmy, on my case.

LENNY
 He offends thee? I'll propose a duel to the death for thy honor!

FAYE
 (suppresses a smile)
 He wants us to cut some new demos at Playtone Studios so Mr. White can get us a deal.

LENNY
 That doesn't sound so bad!

FAYE
 Yeah but the kicker was that he wants me to go up to his house and talk it over this afternoon.
 (she SNORTS in disgust)
 I told him I wanted you three with me.

LENNY
 (amused)
 Since Guy and T.B. are chasing paychecks, 'twould seem only yours truly is available. What time?

FAYE
 (concerned)
 If you go, promise not to start with him? I couldn't take it.

Lenny thinks that over.

LENNY
 I want to have a good time these days. I just fixed the Camino. Lets drive up the coast.

FAYE
 (likes it)
 Where?

LENNY
 Canada, and beyond!

CUT TO:

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

Lenny MOTORS casually, left arm on the open window frame of the El Camino, up the PCH on a lovely sunny morning. Faye and Lenny are in casual beach-going form: cut-offs, sandals, and t-shirts. Faye LAUGHS, carefree and pleased, her feet on the dash; it's the era of no mandatory seat belts.

FAYE

This car is pretty cool, Len!

LENNY

Won it in a ruthless all-night Vegas card game. Came down to a final card cut. He drew a queen, I laughed and pulled the ace of hearts!

FAYE

No!

LENNY

No, but it makes a better story.

A couple bikers with flying long hair ROAR past, in the era of no mandatory motorcycle helmets.

LENNY (CONT'D)

(grins)

I never mind being passed when I'm over the speed limit myself.

FAYE

Hah haaa! Oh man, did I need to get out of town.

LENNY

I brought my 2 beater acoustics. We can play songs by the foaming surf!

FAYE

Cool!

Lenny reaches over to turn on the radio, but Faye STOPS him.

FAYE (CONT'D)

I don't want to hear any radio. It makes me think of Tina. Len, do you think Guy...

LENNY

(absolute)

Nope.

(MORE)

LENNY (CONT'D)

Aside from the fact that he loves you dearly, he'll never forget her dental experience.

CUT TO:

EXT. - COUNTY LINE BEACH - MALIBU - DAY

Faye and Lenny, seated on a big driftwood log, STRUM their guitars happily. Waves CRASH and distant surfers SURF. Some little kids RUN past, STARE at them curiously, and RUN on.

Faye PLAYS mightily! Lenny CHUCKLES at the sight of her. Finally she HALTS and SHAKES her left hand.

LENNY

(in admiration)

What a cool progression you have there. I like the open E seventh at the end. You know what would go good with it, your song about the future.

FAYE

(surprised)

You remember that? It's called Twenty-first Century.

Faye CLEARS her throat, and SINGS the second verse:

FAYE (CONT'D)

In a solar car we will travel afar,
to a dome beside the sea, in each
others arms we'll be safe from all
harm, in the twenty-first century.

LENNY

Cool! That melody works with those chords. You just need a hook in the chorus, and a bridge.

(imitates Mr. White)

"Something snappy".

Faye SHAKES her aching hand again, and LAUGHS.

FAYE

These strings are like bridge cables! What are they, heavy gauge?

LENNY

Nah just mediums. I put 'em on for loud beach parties.

FAYE

(rueful, FLEXES fingers)
I haven't hurt this bad since the first week.

(thinks)

Does that seem like a long time ago?

LENNY

Six-seven months. You've come a long way, baby.

FAYE

(grins)

"Long way". You watched too much TV, then and now. And you drink too much beer, and need a girlfriend. Aside from that you're OK, though.

LENNY

I got a card from my ex. She married a gourmet chef, which works 'cuz she never learned how to cook. Anyway, so I'm off the hook.

FAYE

(thinks)

Kitty, her name was.

LENNY

(sighs)

That first six months was a lot of fun. But I always felt guilty about leaving the band.

FAYE

But it didn't matter. Jimmy quit too.

LENNY

Then he formed a new band and got a Playtone deal again; I never did understand how that worked. Brrr! I can't believe we're gonna go see his fabulous dream pad.

FAYE

(faint)

Let's not.

LENNY

He really wants us to record at Playtone... for demos?

FAYE

I suppose. He says it's Mr. White's idea. But Jimmy has ulterior motives. He's trying to make up with me.

LENNY

He just doesn't wanna have to invest in shin guards. Hey! I see dolphins out there... it's a pod!

They look out to sea for a moment.

FAYE

You know what Len? I wanna live out here someday. Maybe right there.

Faye points at the nearby beach front Whaler's Village condos.

FAYE (CONT'D)

The end unit, that looks this way.

LENNY

(shakes head)
Too much maintenance from salt spray. Paint, rust... and I bet the foundations are rotted out.

FAYE

(faint again)
I wouldn't care.

Lenny SIGHS, then STANDS.

LENNY

You'll need big money. Let's go talk to Jimmy about recording us.

FAYE

This has been a perfect day. I'm afraid he'll ruin it.

CUT TO:

EXT. - JIMMY'S HOUSE - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - FRONT GATE - DAY

The security gate CLOSES behind Lenny's El Camino. Lenny and Faye make mock '3 Stooges' fear noises... Nyuh-ah-ah-ah!

CUT TO:

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jimmy, Faye, and Lenny SIT in the fabulous yet comfortable room. Everyone seems somewhat relaxed.

The drinks on the table are almost gone. The conference clearly draws to a close.

JIMMY

What gets me is that he won't introduce me to him, when I've paid Morrie so much money.

LENNY

It's my expert opinion that you work your way up to an icon. Start lower... Co-write some tunes with the Doobie Brothers.

Jimmy makes a note in his book.

JIMMY

That's actually not a bad idea. They have a great new singer...

Faye is impatient with Jimmy.

FAYE

Let's lower our sights from ex-Beatles back down to us. So to review, we do three new tunes, two uptempo and one mid, starting next Monday night, 10 PM. We'll wire 'em up at home, and see you then.

JIMMY

Great. If you want some extra vocals, I'm game.

LENNY

Thanks old chap, but we want to keep it sounding like we do live. Though I have thought of using a cattle prod on Guy to make him do harmony.

Both Jimmy and Faye SMILE.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAYTONE STUDIOS - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

FAST MONTAGE:

As the night sessions proceed, Guy once again feels less and less in control of events. Jimmy is at his best: funny, slick, and capable of pulling fine results out of any musical efforts. This by far the best sounding tape of the Faye Dolan band we have heard yet.

FADE TO:

INT. PLAYTONE STUDIOS - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Jimmy SNAPS OFF the big tape player.

JIMMY

I'll give White your cassette tomorrow. As for Sollie, who knows? Get him at the right moment... I heard White spent the whole day today hushing up Sol's latest executive faux pas.

Guy and T.B. are half asleep, but Faye and Lenny NOD at each other.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

At first I thought this music was in the punk category, but you have a lot of influences.

FAYE

We were talking about that yesterday. It's like garage rock from reggae-jazz hell. Well, I gotta get these day workers home, they are really draggin'.

GUY

I'm awake. I just can't talk.

JIMMY

Have you thought about gigging in New York? There's a whole scene there going on. I know a club in the Village you'd go over big at. Hip audience, different people.

LENNY

Too far away, and it's weird there.

FAYE

I love the idea, we'd expand our horizons as a band. And I could see my sister, she lives on the Upper West Side.

LENNY

These two would have to quit their day gigs.

GUY

(rouses himself)

I'm not seeing that currently. The three days in the Big Apple we have for the Playtone Anniversary would be the only window of time.

(he stands)

Let's go, T.B.'s starting to snore. Thanks, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Thank White. I just work here.

CUT TO:

INT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Guy, Faye, and Lenny EAT bowls of cereal in front of the TV.

Guy is using one of those clunky 1975 channel changers, noisily FLIPPING around.

LENNY

I wish 'Mad Mad World' was on so we could watch Jonathan Winters tear down that gas station.

GUY

(excited)

Still my single most favorite moment in the history of filmed comedy!

They SLAP high-fives.

FAYE

Settle on something, hon.

Guy lands on the news.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

An United States Apollo and a Soviet Soyuz spacecraft docked together in orbit today. It was a historic first-ever link-up between spacecraft from the 2 nations. And now, Florence Willoughby has the entertainment report.

Guy SITS a little straighter.

GUY

Oh, I forgot to mention, this might be...

FLORENCE WILLOUGHBY (O.S.)

There's a new voice on the L.A. radio waves that's been MAKING waves... Meet Tina Powers, who has shaken up the format at all-jazz KJZZ with a refreshing new take on the programming.

Guy and Lenny LEAN forward and EXCLAIM as Tina's face appears, ANNOUNCING into a microphone.

Faye's face is set in stone.

GUY

Wasn't sure they'd air it!

FLORENCE WILLOUGHBY (O.S.)

Powers took command of the KJZZ morning show just last May, before that doing a weekend show that became the talk of the L.A. musical world for its unique musical programming.

LENNY

Watch out Skitch, she'll get your job next.

GUY

(smiles)

I was the one that gave her the go-ahead... Hon, you remember when I came home and said...

Guy TURNS to face Faye. But she's left the room.

GUY (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Ah well...

CUT TO:

INT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Faye PLAYS one of Lenny's acoustic guitars at the kitchen table as Lenny READS the comics in the paper. She STRUMS a rather haunting chord. Lenny looks up in interest.

LENNY

What's that chord you have there?

FAYE

I was just gonna ask YOU. I made it up.

LENNY

Play it slowly, note by note.

(As she does so)

Hmm. B minor with a 5 in the bass, sounds like a dominant 7, 9 and 11. Cool! Kinda Brazilian.

FAYE

I wanna put it in the bridge on '21st Century'.

LENNY

(goes back to the comics)

Bridge smidge. Write the hook.

FAYE

I'm stuck. I keep singing the title, but that's not it.

She puts the guitar down.

FAYE (CONT'D)

Lenny. You're a male.

LENNY

(still reads)

Last time I checked.

FAYE

Do you think Tina is more beautiful than I am?

LENNY

(looks up)

No fair. What a no-win question. Too many factors at work here.

FAYE

Just tell me. Is she?

LENNY

Either one of you could cause a train wreck.

FAYE

(laughs)

TELL ME!

LENNY

She's a knockout, so are you. You have something she doesn't. A kooky inner drive, a moral sense. A kindness. It shows when you talk about things you feel strongly about. You're deep, Faye.

FAYE

Really?

LENNY

Lot of us males love women who aren't stuck up about how good they look. See the diff?

Faye NODS, but THINKS a few seconds.

FAYE

The main reason I'm insecure about her is that she spends more time with Guy than I do.

LENNY

Take the bull by the horns, so to speak. Go have lunch with him.

Faye holds up her index finger in an AH-HA gesture.

FAYE

Why didn't I think of that?

LENNY

Sometimes the obvious is the hardest to see.

FAYE

Like 'The Purloined Letter?'

LENNY

Huh? What's that?

Faye RISES.

'FAYE

'Scuse me, Sir. I'm going go get ready to take my husband out to lunch!

CUT TO:

INT. KJZZ STUDIOS- STUDIO TWO - DAY

Guy and Tina are indeed working together, voicing a spot.
Cheery music PLAYS in the background.

TINA

(into microphone)

...and Petrini's Pizza will deliver
their delicious discs right to your
door.

GUY

If it's New York/Italian-style
pizza you crave, call Petrini's
Pizza, with twenty two handy L.A.
locations to serve you. Remember,
when you think pizza, think
Petrini's Pizza!

Guy FADES UP the music, then FADES it out.

GUY (CONT'D)

That's the take.

TINA

Yes. That was fun.

GUY

I didn't really need to be on that
spot.

TINA

Yes you did. I'm doing too many of
our spots now, need to break it up.

GUY

(passive)

I see. OK what's left.

TINA

That's it...

GUY

Kay.

(stands)

See ya later.

TINA

(quickly)

Don't rush off. Let's talk. Like
we used to. Lenny said something
that got to me the other day.

GUY
 (antenna up)
 What?

TINA
 (imitating Guy's delivery)
 I. Am. Spartacus.

Guy, already aware that he is in a rather small room with an over-friendly foxy ex-girlfriend, CRACKS open the studio door.

GUY
 Good impression. Kirk Douglas is in trouble.

TINA
 (pushing the conversation)
 One winter's afternoon in Erie at the Club, your name came up. Someone said you were in radio in L.A. It was like zero degrees outside that day. Suddenly, I wanted more than anything to be with you, doing that. Having fun.

GUY
 (surprised)
 Really?

In spite of his instincts to flee, Guy is fascinated by her story.

TINA
 (simply)
 I told you some of this that first day I got here. I was on nitrous in my ex's dentist chair while he was drilling... when I got it.
 (she takes a deep breath)
 You ever breathe nitrous oxide?

GUY
 (slow)
 Noooo... my dentist says it's for traumatized cases. Laughing gas, well it sounds interesting.

TINA
 It just makes you less anxious, more thoughtful, that's all. And you have to have oxygen with it, or bad things happen.
 (MORE)

TINA (CONT'D)

Once it kicks in, everything feels different, at least for me. Some people get freaked.

Tina PAUSES a second.

TINA (CONT'D)

At first I thought if I breathed a lot, I'd learn more, but I found out... you either get it, or you don't.

She TAKES a deep breath.

TINA (CONT'D)

(simply)
I'd gotten it! I was just pretending to myself that I was stuck in Erie. I signed up for broadcasting classes the next day. I knew I'd see you again. Guy, you're not jealous of my success here, are you?

GUY

No, not really. I'm glad for you.

TINA

Then why do you avoid talking to me?

GUY

(sputters)
I don't, not really.

TINA

(makes her move)
Well I came to L.A. mostly... because I care for you.

Guy's mouth FALLS open. He was afraid of this.

CUT TO:

INT. KJZZ STUDIOS - DAY

Faye BREEZES in, dressed pretty hot. Paris LOOKS up and SMILES at her.

PARIS

Mrs. P! Congratulations on your band. Keep on swingin'!

FAYE

Thanks Paris... just here to take
Guy out to lunch.

PARIS

I think he's cutting some spots
with Tina back in studio two. Make
sure the red light's not on when
you go in.

Faye's lips NARROW. There's a red light on all right, but
it's on Faye's face.

CUT TO:

INT. KJZZ STUDIOS- STUDIO TWO - DAY

GUY

(very uneasy)
Tina, you have to understand.

TINA

(direct)
You were mine first. I want you
back, at least as much as you'll
let me in.

Mistaking Guy's astonished horror for a good sign, Tina
PLACES her hand on Guy's chest.

We see what Guy and Tina don't, a SHADOW appears by the
partly opened door.

TINA (CONT'D)

You were my one and only
Spartacus... and now I've got you
back.

Tina PUTS her other hand on Guy's cheek. Paralyzed, but
starting to come out of it, he SHAKES his head slightly. We
see he's not buying her pitch. Tina, to her surprise, sees
it also, when Faye's voice SPEAKS up.

FAYE

(grim)
Do you?

Guy JUMPS like a scalded kitten!

GUY

(yelps)
Hon!

Tina STANDS back with chagrin. Guy is as mortified as a human can be. Faye PUSHES open the door.

FAYE

I guess it's better to know now.

GUY

I'm so sorry, no, it's not...

For one who is truly innocent, Guy's already really blowing it.

FAYE

I kept telling myself it wasn't true.

Guy tries again, but his major over-reaction is both comic and tragic.

GUY

Please. We don't, you have to forgive this, I... really isn't...

FAYE

But it is... so you don't have to sneak around any more.

(to Tina)

You win.

Tina flat-out knows that's not right. She tries to explain.

TINA

No. Actually you don't...

FAYE

Yes I do, and we're all done here.

Guy reaches out to Faye, but she PULLS away. Guy is mind-blown, and continues to over-react.

GUY

(frantic)

No Faye! Please listen, it just isn't, I mean it's not, never did... It looked...

FAYE

(deadly calm)

You can do what you want now. You're free. I'm leaving.

GUY

(shakes his head
furiously)

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)
 Hon! Please, you must
 understand...

But he's looking at her back as she STRIDES off.

GUY (CONT'D)
 (to Tina)
 You've gotta explain it to her.
 Come on.

Tina is sorry, especially since Guy has made it clear he
 doesn't want her.

TINA
 I'd probably make it worse than it
 already is. Go after her, and try
 to explain it with out looking so
 guilty.

GUY
 Come with me!

TINA
 No, I'm not going to help the
 situation. Go, don't let her drive
 off.

Guy stands STARING at her a crucial moment more.

Then he RUNS after FAYE! He SPRINTS down the hall and
 COLLIDES with Paris, which causes a stack of papers he has to
 go FLY everywhere. Guy lies on the carpet a second, JUMPS to
 his feet, and RUNS on.

CUT TO:

EXT. KJZZ STUDIOS - DAY

Faye TOSSES her heels into her VW and HOPS in. She's in the
 severely angry stage.

The VW CRANKS and BURSTS into life, and she GUNS the bug away
 as Guy FLIES out the front door. Not willing to give up, he
 runs to his Olds, HOPS in, and gives chase.

Faye BLASTS down the street. Guy FLOORS it to catch up, and
 goes through a late yellow light just as the LAPD turn on to
 the street. The red lights come on! Guy knows he's busted,
 and pulls over at once, as he GROANS in frustration.

CUT TO:

EXT. - SANTA MONICA - BEACH OVERLOOK

Faye's past the first rage, now in shock. She STARES at the waves numbly and THINKS. And THINKS more. Her expression looks vacant.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE-DAY

Lenny WORKS once again on the El Camino, hood up. He LOOKS up to see Guy's Olds FLY over the bridge and SCREECH to a halt behind his car.

Lenny WIPES his hands on a greasy rag and WALKS over.

LENNY

Hey man, do you know a good mechanic, 'cuz I think...

GUY

Lenny! Did Faye come home? Has she been here?

LENNY

(shakes his head)
No, I thought she was having lunch with you...

GUY

(interrupts)
If she comes home tell her I've got to talk to her, I've gotta explain, it's NOT what she thinks...

LENNY

Well, sure I...

GUY

(wild)
I'm on the air in 20 minutes, I gotta go. Just tell her, OK?

LENNY

Sure Skitch. What's wrong? Bad meal?

Guy pays no attention and ZOOMS away.

Lenny watches him go, his face troubled. He SWIGS at his beer.

FADE TO:

EXT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER

Faye PULLS up. There's no sign of Lenny. The hood is down on his El Camino now.

INT. GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - DAY

Faye ENTERS and looks around. The TV BLARES in the Living Room. On the couch is Lenny, fast asleep. Several empty beer bottles are on the table beside him. Faye regards him with no expression at first, and then a slight, brief tenderness.

CUT TO:

INT. - GUY AND FAYE'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - DAY

Faye is winding up a phone call. Two suitcases stand by the bedroom door. The TV DRONES in the far distance.

FAYE

...are you sure it's a good time?
 ...Really? OK that's great,
 Heather. I can't wait to see you.
 My taxi's on the way, gotta go.
 I'll call from the airport. I love
 you, thanks!

Faye hangs up. Her faint smile FADES as she looks around. Her eyes FALL on the framed Polaroid pictures on each side of the bed. She LAYS the framed Polaroid of Guy down, and for the first time today we see her get sorrowfully emotional.

FAYE (CONT'D)

Bye bye.

Faye WALKS towards the suitcases, then STOPS and SHAKES her head. She WALKS back and PICKS UP the framed Polaroid of Guy, and PUTS it back the way it was. She looks around one last time and NODS her head.

CUT TO:

INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE PUNK NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT - A MONTH LATER

We see Faye on stage with a somewhat edgier and younger punk backing band, singing "You and Me in the 21st Century." It's clear she's finished writing the tune, but she seems a bit hardened and jaded as she SINGS.

Jimmy LOOKS ON from a back table.

CUT TO:

INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE BAR - NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT - 30 MINUTES LATER

Faye JOINS Jimmy at his table. She looks around.

FAYE
No Mr. White?

JIMMY
Had some big meeting.

Faye SPOTS a bowl of pretzels and GRABS a handful.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
You gaining weight? Every time I see you you're chowing down.

FAYE
Never tell a woman she's getting heavy, silly. Well. Did Sol ever listen to our demo cassette?

JIMMY
Umm... White said Sol tore it out of the player and stomped it.

FAYE
(mouth full)
After all that... Well, I'm not surprised. Thanks again for introducing me to these guys and setting up this club so fast.

Jimmy SHRUGS, as she grabs another handful of salty snacks.

JIMMY
I like this scene. And you fit right in.
(short laugh)
Sorry for noticing, but the change hasn't hurt your appetite, I see.

He pauses, clearly a bit hesitant.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
There's a new band I think a lot of, just around the corner. Funny name, called 'Talking...

FAYE
(interrupts)
Jimmy, I truly appreciate what
you've done for me here, but I'm
not dating. You or anyone.

JIMMY
(nettled)
Yeah? Who you waitin' for? I keep
hearing stuff about Tina and Guy.

FAYE
(flat)
From whom?

JIMMY
(evasive)
No one you know.

FAYE
(munching pretzels)
So what then? I don't care anyway.
And I'm not going out with you.

JIMMY
(pissed, but moves on)
OK. One other thing. After too
much work, we have finally set up
the Playtone Show. The live
broadcast is next Tuesday.

FAYE
(interested in this)
Ah ha! So you'll be on stage with
Guy, Lenny and T.B.?

Jimmy hates that image.

JIMMY
Yes. We're actually closing the
show, before Siler's final speech.

FAYE
Wow. Pretty good.

JIMMY
If you want to see it I have third
row aisle seats.

FAYE
Go with you to the Playtone show?

JIMMY
Call it what you want.

FAYE

I don't want to see Guy.

JIMMY

He'd be hard to avoid.

FAYE

(chewing still more)

I do miss Lenny, and T.B. Wow...
The Wonders on TV again! And I'd
like to thank Mr. White, in person.
He really tried.

She pauses, then looks at Jimmy.

FAYE (CONT'D)

Gah... All this is just as well.
It's just as well! How could I
still be in the band with Guy?

JIMMY

So you'll go? Backstage pass too,
of course, so you can say hi and
bye.

FAYE

(slowly)

OK. Leave an envelope at Will
Call. I'll sit with you, if you
like.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAYTONE SHOW AUDITORIUM - DAY

Tina stands with Mr. White many hours before show time; she reads from a bright teleprompter. The auditorium is empty and darkened except for some STAGEHANDS in the distance.

TINA

This next Playtone act needs no
introduction...

(pauses, grins)

Sollie write these?

MR. WHITE

(curt)

Yes. Don't go on, you'll be fine
with these intros. You were born
to do this stuff. Tina, let's talk
about Guy.

TINA
 (puzzled and cautious)
 Guy. Yes.

MR. WHITE
 You owe him something, don't you?

TINA
 (flat)
 Yes. He was the first boy I really
 loved. In some ways...

MR. WHITE
 The only love you've ever really
 had?

TINA
 (backed into a corner
 already)
 No. ...Yes.
 (sighs)
 Do we need to go into this...

MR. WHITE
 Now. Yes.

TINA
 Why?

MR. WHITE
 Never be a better moment.

Tina STARES at Mr. White. She SPEAKS slowly.

TINA
 I grew to hate being Mrs. Collins.
 It was like being married to
 cardboard. Thinking about Guy was
 my only escape for years. He was
 sweet and intense inside, where it
 counts, like no other man I've ever
 met.

MR. WHITE
 (grim)
 I've noticed that about Guy myself.

Tina suddenly totally understands Mr. White feels exactly the
 same way about Guy that she does! She almost GASPS. Mr.
 White sees that she starts to get what's going on.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)
 He's a gentle soul, and so is Faye,
 in a different way. Not like us.

TINA
 (stares into his eyes)
 So...

She can't go on.

MR. WHITE
 (quiet but with great
 power)
 So you decided to get him back. And
 as a result, you've tapped into a
 new career, a new life. But you're
 stuck now. You need to let him go.
 And you know how I know this, yes?

TINA
 (horrified)
 Yes. Oh God...

Mr. White is satisfied with her. She really is a smart one.

MR. WHITE
 Faye will be in the audience
 tonight, with Jimmy, center aisle
 seats, third row. It's time to
 give Guy a gift no one else can,
 and move on. Because you owe it to
 him.

Tina bows her head, slowly NODS, and suddenly, as her eyes
 BRIM with tears, BEAMS a huge smile at Mr. White.

FADE TO:

INT. PLAYTONE SHOW AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM-
 NIGHT

It's a few hours later. Backstage, we briefly see T.B. as he
 has a touching reunion with Cecily, the Chantrellines singer
 he was involved with before he went to 'Nam. A little girl
 STANDS nearby.

CECILY
 This is my daughter Emily...

We PAN past to a worried Mr. White who TALKS urgently to Guy.

MR. WHITE
 No, he only told me just now.
 You're sure you can do it with out
 him? We could just let Sol extend
 his speech, he wouldn't mind a bit.

GUY

I, we can do it. It's strange...
I've heard this other version in my
head for years. The boys are quick
learners, and we'll go over my
arrangement. This was meant to be.
We won't let you down.

Mr. White STARES at Guy. He SEES something in his eyes that
convinces him. Slowly he REACHES an arm out to Guy's
shoulder.

MR. WHITE

All right Guy. It's the musical
climax of the whole show, and I'm
taking a huge chance on you here,
but... OK.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAYTONE SHOW AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM-
NIGHT

Guy, Lenny, and T.B., who have worked for some time with
their instruments, now PUT them DOWN and pause to refresh
themselves with plain glasses of water.

LENNY

Why didn't I think to arpeggiate
those chords... You really used to
play this on piano and croon?

GUY

I wanted to learn to sing, and I
knew the tune.

LENNY

I need a burger, or something.
Where's Faye with the food?

Guy and T.B. just STARE at him.

LENNY (CONT'D)

(suddenly aware)

Oh. Sorry. I was in the past
again, back when there was always a
friendly female to get stuff for
us. Miss that.

GUY

There's a big table of food out
there.

LENNY

Uhh, Skitch... you know she's in the audience tonight, with the traitor?

GUY

(seemingly casual)
Yeah, Mr. White mentioned it.

T.B. SHAKES his head, then LOOKS sharply at Guy.

T.B.

You really think we can get away with this?

GUY

(calm)
Either that, or we look like oafs in front of millions of people.

T.B.

(grins)
Yes Sir.

Lenny does T.B. one better; he stands and SALUTES Guy.

LENNY

Skitch, I always knew you'd truly deserve your name one day... So, where's that food?

CUT TO:

INT. PLAYTONE SHOW STUDIOS- AUDIENCE SEATS- NIGHT

The studio audience has half filled the seats in the darkened studio when Tina appears next to Jimmy and Faye in the aisle. Tina's DRESSED up to the max for her big role in the show.

TINA

Jimmy, Mr. White says something's come up that he needs your help with... he said it's pretty important.

Jimmy GROANS as Faye COMPRESSES her lips and STARES at Tina angrily.

After Jimmy RUNS off, Tina PLUNKS herself down next to Faye and, before Faye can react, SPEAKS to her with sincere urgency.

TINA (CONT'D)

I have to tell you this, Faye. You totally have the wrong idea about Guy.

FAYE

How do you...

TINA

He's always been the perfect gentleman with me, even though I threw myself at him that day.

FAYE

(still furious)

Did he tell you to say this?

TINA

No. You have to listen, because I can only tell the truth to you.

FAYE

Why should I believe a thing either of you say?

TINA

You must. For your sake. Guy won't even talk to me any more since you left. Listen, he's more in love with you than I thought. He loves you more than anyone I've ever seen love someone else. I wanted him back... to love me like that.

Faye starts to doubt herself. A look of confusion appears on her face.

TINA (CONT'D)

He's dying inside each day without you. Do you know how hard it is for me to watch that?

Silence. Faye FROWNS, and tries to absorb this.

TINA (CONT'D)

You don't know you're the luckiest woman I've ever met, much luckier than I am. It must be really something to have a truly devoted husband. I just hope you can forgive me for wanting him back so much.

(MORE)

TINA (CONT'D)
Really afraid now that I'll
never... find true love.
Because...

Tina makes an odd GASP. This is real hard work.

TINA (CONT'D)
You know I betrayed him, back then.
And... I'll never get over it.

Suddenly Tina looks very sad: for a moment, she has let her mask slip, and Faye sees deeply into Tina, and the strange interplay of their lives.

Faye's mouth OPENS in shock. Slowly she puts her hand on Tina's arm. Tina LOOKS down at this gesture, then at Faye's face. Both women's eyes MIST up.

TINA (CONT'D)
I've gotta get ready.

Tina RUNS off.

As Faye REELS in astonishment from Tina's statement, Jimmy returns. He GRUMBLES with offended dignity.

JIMMY
That idiot White. He didn't need
me, I think he just likes making me
jump on command.

Faye is clearly distracted, deeply moved, and Jimmy LOOKS at her with sudden concern.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Hey. You all right?

She shakes him off.

FAYE
Yes.

Jimmy doesn't believe her, but abruptly the LIGHTS COME UP. The big show has begun!

FADE TO:

MONTAGE: The Playtone Show in all its glory. It includes The Chantrellines, Freddy Fredrickson, and performers from the various periods of the Playtone Galaxy of Stars, from the early 50's to the mid 70's.

All of it interspaced with brief yet potent introductions from an incandescent and fabulous Tina.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAYTONE SHOW AUDITORIUM - AUDIENCE SEATS - NIGHT

Show's almost over, and Faye is barely there. But she does have a question for Jimmy, as the show heads for the conclusion.

FAYE

Jimmy. Don't you have to go get ready to go on?

JIMMY

Nope. I decided not to do it.

FAYE

What? Why?

JIMMY

I don't want to be a Wonder, Faye.

FAYE

(concerned)
So the song...

JIMMY

They are going to do it as a trio. Let Lenny sing it.

FAYE

(quietly)
Why not.

Why not indeed. Faye is numb. The act previous to the Wonders WINDS up.

TINA (ON STAGE)

And now, before we bring out Mr. Sol Siler himself, the evening's final Playtone treat will play everyone's favorite hit song from the Sixties.

She pauses for effect.

TINA (ON STAGE) (CONT'D)

It's... The Wonders!

The Wonders are revealed on the stage without Jimmy. Lenny holds a classic electric twelve-string instead of his usual Fender Strat. Lenny WAITS for the applause to die down.

LENNY (ON STAGE)

Thank you. Since James Mattingly the Second could not be with us onstage tonight, we decided to hand the vocal chores to 'Shades' and give you... a decidedly different take on 'That Thing You Do!'.

Both Jimmy and Faye are knocked for a loop by this news!

GUY (ON STAGE)

I want to dedicate this song to the only woman I've ever loved... my wife, Faye Dolan.

Guy gently TAPS his cymbals for the intro. It's a ballad tempo!

Then Guy, as sweat runs down from under his sunglasses (or... is it a tear?), SINGS a heartfelt, heartbreaking, slow version of 'That Thing You Do!'

[NOTE: To fully understand the musical approach used, listen to the demo CD of the ballad version.]

Guy's intonation might be a little shaky as he reaches for the higher notes, but his sincerity as he SINGS on live television staggers everyone.

Lenny and T.B. BACK him tastefully, and CHIME IN on vocals sparsely but crucially.

Tina WATCHES from offstage. Her mascara RUNS as she lets go of Guy Patterson. Mr. White notes this, and PUTS his arm gently around her. It helps her, since he understands fully.

Faye is in utter disbelief. No one more than she gets so much about what an incredible effort this must be for Guy.

The tender ballad is received with major APPLAUSE by the studio audience. The boys BOW, and Guy barely makes it out of view of the audience and cameras before he has to SIT down.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAYTONE SHOW AUDITORIUM - AUDIENCE SEATS - NIGHT

Upstaged by Guy's masterstroke of re-balladizing his tune, Jimmy out in the audience is stunned and then enraged.

JIMMY
 (nearly incoherent)
 He sped up my tune back then... and
 now he slows the tempo down!

But Faye's reaction at seeing her husband finally overcome his greatest fear of singing, and to her, in front of a huge audience, is to RISE in her seat, PUSH past Jimmy, and RUSH towards the backstage. Jimmy also RISES and FOLLOWS her.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAYTONE SHOW STUDIOS- BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM- NIGHT

Faye and Guy SEE each other at the same time. They wordlessly KISS and KISS. And KISS some more, oblivious to all around them.

Jimmy stands next to Tina, as she GRINS at him.

TINA
 We gave it a good shot, eh?

Jimmy NODS thoughtfully at her.

Mr. White, meanwhile, STEPS UP to blusterin' Sol Siler, who FLUSHES with pleasure from his now-concluded big moment onstage which ended the show.

MR. WHITE
 Sol, it was a great career at
 Playtone.

SOL
 It ain't over yet.

MR. WHITE
 But it is. You're being bought out
 of the company by the Yoshi Group.
 You do get a nice golden parachute,
 very generous.

SOL
 (bug-eyed)
 You... goddamn backstabber. You're
 behind this!

Sol SPLUTTERS incoherently for several seconds, as his rage BUILDS.

SOL (CONT'D)
Yoshi... How do they think they can... Oh, I see. You're in charge, I suppose.

MR. WHITE
(slightly smug)
As a matter of fact, I am. If you have any further questions, contact Morrie Pizzkoff.

Sol TURNS PURPLE! His hands KNOT into fists.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)
You'll note that to prevent any possible misunderstandings, I have some friends on hand.

Several very large bodyguard types LOOM up behind Mr. White.

Sol's mouth WORKS noiselessly for a few moments. He STOMPS away, making odd NOISES. Lenny, Jimmy, T.B. and Tina WATCH in astonishment, though Lenny, closest, has a goony GRIN.

Mr. White next SHAKES his head at the sight of Guy and Faye, who continue to KISS and KISS.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)
(to Lenny)
When these crazy kids surface, tell them Faye has a record deal with Playtone, as my first new signing.

Everyone able to GASPS. Especially Jimmy. Guy and Faye finally realize they have an audience. They LOOK around at the watchers.

FAYE
Record deal?

MR. WHITE
With a decent advance. You can quit the day jobs. Guy, good work on that number by the way. Pretty snappy... for a ballad.

General LAUGHTER. We see them all. Tina, liberated. Jimmy, crestfallen as he STANDS next to her. Lenny and T.B., who SLAP multiple high-fives. Guy, sheepish but amused.

And Faye. She STANDS, and HOLDS UP her hands for quiet.

FAYE
 There's something everyone may as
 well know.

Silence. Something about the way Faye looks and sounds.

FAYE (CONT'D)
 I haven't told anyone yet. But...
 well... I'm ten weeks pregnant-
 with our twins!

Guy WHOOPS. Pandemonium. Everyone RUSHES forward to
 congratulate Faye and Guy. We all slowly...

FADE TO:

INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE BAR- NIGHT

Faye and Guy enter a Greenwich Village nightspot and sit down
 at the bar. They are having a very mild argument.

FAYE
 (determined)
 Guy, see it from my point of view.
 Try. Please.

GUY
 (equally determined)
 I do. But this is more important.

Unnoticed, next to them, are a couple- the man has longish
 hair, the woman is short and has really long black hair. We
 only see them from the rear. (Are we being set up? You bet!)

FAYE
 (to bartender)
 Perrier, please. And pretzels.
 Got pickles?

Guy GRINS at her order.

GUY
 Scotch and soda. Make it a double.

This is the strongest drink we have ever seen him with in
 1975. They continue the mostly good-natured argument.

FAYE
 These New York gigs pay really good
 money. And it's two months solid.
 (MORE)

FAYE (CONT'D)

My new band worked so hard to learn my songs, they get so burned if I just cancel. How can I do it to them?

The woman next to them DEPARTS. The man WAVES goodbye. He SPEAKS after her in a good natured, thick English accent.

MAN

Be along later, Mama.

Meanwhile, Guy doggedly works on Faye.

GUY

Growing families should be together.

The man next to them, who still looks straight ahead, suddenly SPEAKS UP.

MAN

In my experience, I'd have to agree.

Guy and Fay TURN, and their jaws DROP. Oh my God! Is it THAT ex-Beatle? Round glasses, unmistakable profile, it's...

JOHN LENNON

If you stay together, you'll be a family together. That's what I've had to learn the hard way, y'know.

John SWIGS his drink as Guy and Faye exchange a look of awe and wonderment.

JOHN LENNON (CONT'D)

(nods)

I'm retiring from the game, m'self. This time I'll do it right, and make a real family.

John GRINS at them. Eyes wide (and somewhat spooked), Faye TURNS to Guy.

FAYE

OK. We'll give the band some severance pay out of our advance, and I'll come home with you.

Guy NODS and slowly SMILES.

GUY
 (to John)
 Thanks... for everything, including
 'Fame'. What a kick-ass tune!

JOHN LENNON
 Any time.
 (uses a 'silly' voice)
 And the best of good fortunes to
 ye... always!

John NODS pleasantly, WAVES with a huge GRIN, and WALKS off.

Guy and Faye sit silently for a few moments.

Then, as the soundtrack swells to a crescendo, they begin to LAUGH, softly at first, then louder, then even louder and then HOWL with wild amusement as they HOLD each other tight.

FADE TO:

Roll up: What happened after...

Faye Dolan, backed by 3 former members of the Wonders, released a pair of albums for Playtone records in the mid-1970's. Neither quite went gold, but they were later regarded to be extremely influential in the early history of punk and new wave rock.

She was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 2006.

Tina Powers became the host of a top-rated afternoon television talk show. She married record producer **James Mattingly** in 1978.

They were divorced in 1984.

Mr. E. D. White profitably steered Playtone Records through the 70's and 80's, winning renown as an executive with great "ears". Playtone, one of the last big independents, was sold to a major label for 145 million (plus stock options) in 1996.

He is retired (and writing his memoirs) on his ranch near Hana, Maui.

T.B. Player's building company was honored with the Florida Construction Enterprise of the Year Award in 2000.

He is currently married with two children.

Guy Patterson continues to run the Puget Sound Conservatory of Music (founded in 1995) with the help of his wife Faye.

Their four children formed their own band that became a major pop music success in the twenty-first century.

Lenny Haise, after recording on Faye Dolan's 2 albums, returned to Las Vegas and a job in hotel management, and now is in charge of a major resort in Monaco.

He is currently still single.

FADE TO BLACK.

(TO BE CONT'D?)