

BOB! THE MUSICAL

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No Disney Magic Kingdom logo.
No credits.
And, of course, no music.

EXT. CHESTNUT RIDGE, NEW JERSEY - EARLY EVENING

A pale winter sun lingers over this idyllic New Jersey town.
(No that is not a contradiction in terms.)

EXT. BOB'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

A picture-perfect colonial house with a manicured lawn, a white picket fence, and a minivan in the driveway. A FORD F-350 pulls up behind it.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - EARLY EVENING

Our hero, BOB CABLE (40s), walks into view, wearing khakis, a crisp white shirt, and a navy blazer. He has an Army style crew-cut and the tough, no-nonsense demeanor to go with it.

BOB
(into phone)
It's not that I don't appreciate
the offer -- Hudson Academy made me
the man I am today.

Bob enters the living room to find his radiant, free-spirited wife, KAREN, playing with their adorably quirky son, MAX (5). Although she's wearing a decorative CHEMO HEAD-SCARF, she's so full of life it's almost hard for us to believe she's ill.

BOB (CONT'D)
(into phone)
And some day it may well do the
same for Max. But right now, Karen
and I are leaning towards publ--

A MAN'S VOICE interrupts on the other end of the line.

BOB
(into phone)
No, of course I think discipline is
important... Yes, but... The thing
is... I know, but...

KAREN
(yells out)
But there are other things too!
Like passion! And family! And love!

MAX
(yells out)
And Jell-O with little chunks of
pineapple!

Bob smiles at Karen and Max as the man on the phone RANTS.

BOB
(into phone)
Yes, you heard them correctly.
(another rant, then)
Thank you, Dad, I'll take that
under advisement... Goodbye.

The call ends. Bob shakes his head in frustration. Karen draws him close and gives him a tender kiss.

KAREN
Want to talk about it?

BOB
Nope.

KAREN
You sure?

BOB
Yup.

MAX
I always talk about what I don't
wanna talk about. Sometimes I draw
instead. And sometimes I do this...

Max does a weird MIME thing. Bob looks at him like he's an alien.

BOB
Sometimes I wonder if you got *any*
of my genes.

KAREN
You're doing it again.

BOB
No I'm not. Not everybody has to
express every little thing. In fact,
most people don't. Totally normal.

KAREN
Not in this house, it isn't. You're
in trouble now, mister.
(then)
Max, honey? Would you mind grabbing
my axe for me?

Max runs off to grab Karen's UKULELE.

BOB
That's okay, Max. We're good.

But Max has already handed Karen her ukulele, revealing it has an intricate illustration of a SONGBIRD on it.

Knowing what's next, Bob squirms and attempts to backtrack...

BOB
 Know what -- you're right, let's
 talk about it.

KAREN
 Sorry, Bob, sometimes words just
aren't enough.

Karen breaks into an impish grin and STRUMS A CHORD...

BOB
 No. Wait. Don't--

Karen launches into a playful, semi-improvised version of
 "Feelings." Max loves it. Bob squirms uncomfortably.

KAREN
 (singing)
Feelings, nothing more than feelings /
Just try to express your feelings, Bob

BOB
 I don't have any feelings.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Feelings, for all your life you'll
have them / So you better try to feel
them, Bob / Or this song'll never end

Bob just shakes his head. Then Max joins in as well...

MAX
Feelings, whoa-o-o feelings / Whoa-o-o
feelings...

As she continues to strum the ukulele...

KAREN
 You realize we're just going to
 keep doing this till you join in.

BOB
 It's a free country.

KAREN AND MAX
 (slightly over the top)
Feelings, whoa-o-o feelings / Whoa-
o-o feelings / Whoa-o-o feelings

At this point, even Bob can't help but crack a smile.

BOB
 Okay, okay... But only if you
 promise you'll stop.

Off Karen's playful nod, Bob musters his nerve and opens his
 mouth to sing, when...

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP.

AS BOB'S

eyes slam open. We are jolted by their sheer intensity. He hits a button on the alarm clock, silencing it.

He's alone on the far right side of his bed. The left side remains totally untouched. He regards it with a bittersweet expression for a brief moment...

Then immediately rolls to the floor and rips off crunches... the type that involve punching the air. As he air boxes, we see the RED COBRA tattoo on his bicep expand and contract.

THE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bob approaches Max's bedroom. The sign on the door reads, "KEEP OUT - GENIUS AT WORK." Bob KNOCKS forcefully.

BOB
Wake up. You have T minus 15
minutes to get to breakfast.

We hear Max GROAN from inside his bedroom.

THE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

QUICK CUTS of Bob... taking a shower... shaving... flossing...

THE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bob walks in the other direction, a towel wrapped around his waist. As he passes his son's door, he BANGS on it...

BOB
T minus seven minutes!

MAX (O.S.)
Coming!

BOB'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

QUICK CUTS of Bob: buttoning up his crisp white shirt... removing shoe-horns from his loafers... smoothing out his navy blue blazer... Now fully dressed, he's ready for business.

Bob takes a picture of KAREN out of his wallet. He looks at it for a long beat, then places it back in his wallet.

THE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bob pounds on Max's door as he walks past...

BOB
Time's up! Let's go! Today's the
big day!

MAX (O.S.)

Coming!

DINING ROOM

As Bob walks past the immaculate room, he notices A MESS on the table. He walks over to find: a strip of PHOTO BOOTH PICTURES with Max making silly faces... a doodled "PLAYBILL" for "BEST MUSICAL EVER - Starring Max Cable"... a single, filthy SNEAKER... a container of MUSTARD... and a BUSINESS CARD of some sorts, which Bob picks up to reveal:

MAX CABLE

**Actor, Artist, Amateur Astronomer,
Mezzo Alto, Beatles Expert, Buddhist,
Cartoonist, Movie Buff, Ukulele-ist**

Allergies: Cauliflower

E-mail: feedmeseymour@gmail.com

Cell phone: I'm not allowed to have a cell phone yet

Bob just shakes his head. Checks his watch. Still no Max.

INT. MAX'S ROOM - MORNING

Bob enters the dark room to discover that Max hasn't even gotten out of bed yet.

MAX

Coming!

BOB

Max, I'm standing right here.

Bob opens the window shades. Daylight pours in, revealing a the room is overflowing with weird, expressive creativity.

The walls are filled with posters of old movies and musical one-sheets. On the floor beside the bed is KAREN'S UKULELE.

Max recoils from the sunlight like a vampire... pulls the covers up over his head.

Bob looks around the room, sees: a couple of FRAMED POSTERS in the corner... Max's backpack on the floor by the door, obviously untouched since he got home from school yesterday.

Bob grits his teeth and leaves the room. A beat later, he returns with a hammer... takes the posters down, tosses them onto the floor and begins HAMMERING NAILS into the wall.

MAX

(from under the covers)

Worst. Nightmare. Ever.

BOB
Don't need these distractions anymore...

Max throws a pillow over his head to block out the noise.

MAX (CONT'D)
I'm being chased by a monster who
shouts in an angry baritone.

Bob hangs the framed posters. With each bang of the hammer...

BOB
C+ in math... C in science...

MAX
Okay, okay, I'm up! Jeez!

Max finally springs up, revealing that he is now a messy haired 11 year-old boy. He wipes the sleep from his eyes, blinks in his focus and sees the posters that his father is hanging on the wall... a periodical table of elements, a multiplication table, and a map of the solar system.

MAX
You realize there's no math and
science in musical theater, right?

Bob glares at Max, who has obviously missed the point...

BOB
You have two minutes.

INT. KITCHEN, BOB'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - MORNING

Bob pours himself a cup of coffee, then opens the refrigerator to get the half-and-half, only to see an iPod next to it on the shelf. *That's weird.*

As Bob grabs the iPod, he accidentally presses PLAY. "*CIRCLE OF LIFE*" from *The Lion King* comes on. As Bob paws at the iPod, desperately trying to get the music to stop, Max snatches it out of his hands... and presses stop.

MAX
Thanks. I was looking for that.

We now see that Max's unkempt hair and oddball fashion sense make him the yin to Bob's buttoned-up, tightly-wound yang.

BOB
Why was it in the refrigerator?

MAX
Exactly.

As Max shuffles off toward the door, Bob looks at him as if he were from outer space.

EXT. MARY WONG'S SZECHUAN PALACE - DAY

As Bob and Max enter, they're greeted by a BUSBOY WITH A WIMPY, WISPY MUSTACHE and a WAITER WITH A GREG BRADY PERM.

MAX
 (to the mustachioed busboy)
 My main man, Bao. Love the 'stache.
 It's coming in nice and thick.

The Busboy smiles proudly, strokes the peach-fuzz on his lip.

MAX
 (to the Waiter)
 Hey, Chen. How'd Chen Junior's
 science project turn out?

BRADY PERM WAITER
 Third place!

Max gives the Waiter an elaborate celebratory high-five. Bob just shakes his head -- *he doesn't get this kid at all.*

On seeing Max, MARY WONG (a throw to Bloody Mary from "South Pacific") lights up with a giant smile.

MARY WONG
 My favorite customer!

MAX
 Mrs. Wong!

Max leaps into her arms with a hug.

MARY WONG
 Good news, Bob -- my grandson got
 into Stanford!

Mary Wong holds out her arms for a hug... Bob sticks his hand out instead. They awkwardly shake hands.

BOB
 Congratulations.

Mary shows them to a booth... they sit across from each other.

MARY WONG
 What can I get for you today?

MAX
 Same as always for me: the best
 American-style French toast ever to
 be served in a Chinese restaurant...
 (then, off the menu)
 ...between the hours of six and
 eleven o'clock AM.

BOB

Actually, today he's going to have an egg-white omelette with a side of bacon. I'll have the same.

MAX

But I'm a vegetarian...

BOB

You can be a vegetarian on days you don't have your interview at Hudson Academy. *Today*, you're going to have a *real* breakfast.

Bob hands Mary Wong the menus. As she walks off, Bob opens the newspaper and begins reading... Max sits there looking anxious and fidgety, as if there's something important he wants to say, but doesn't know quite how to say it...

MAX

Newspapers. Gotta love 'em. So much... news.

Bob ignores Max and continues reading... Still unsure how to bring up whatever's on his mind, Max builds a STRUCTURE using only the salt and pepper shakers and little packs of butter.

BOB

Stop playing around.

MAX

I'm not, I'm *making* art.

Bob shoots Max an annoyed look, and immediately dismantles Max's ad hoc sculpture... More awkward silence, then...

MAX

Great game last night, am I right?

BOB

What game?

MAX

The one... played by the... sports team you like... with the hats... and the shirts... I mean, wow, that was some exciting stuff.

BOB

They didn't play last night.

MAX

Huh... Well, if they did, I betcha it woulda been a good one.

Bob glares at Max. Just as the tension starts to get uncomfortable, Mary Wong arrives with their breakfasts.

MARY WONG

Here you go -- two egg-white
omelettes with a side of bacon.
(whispers to Max)
Don't worry, I gave you *facon*.
(then)
Enjoy.

As Mary Wong walks off, Max swallows his fear and nervously
sucks in a breath, psyching himself up... CLEARS HIS THROAT to
get Bob's attention... No dice... CLEARS HIS THROAT again...
Again, no dice... Then, just as Bob is about to take a bite...

MAX

Actually, Dad, there's something
I'd like to read to you.

With that, Max produces a letter from his pocket.

BOB

Please tell me that's not another
manifesto.

MAX

It's not.
(beat)
It's more like a mission statement,
with a manifesto-like qualities.

Bob rolls his eyes, but Max charges ahead and begins reading...

MAX

Dear Dad, I know we've had a tough
time since Mom died. I know you
wish I was more like Mr. Gribbon's
son and liked little league and
talking about my farts. From now on
I'll try and be quiet and also play
your favorite board game Stratego
with you on rainy days if you
please cancel the meeting today at
the military school.

BOB

That's enough.

But Max just continues reading...

MAX (CONT'D)

I'll even work in the store with a
smile on my face, except when it's
time to talk about how America is
falling to pieces. Then I'll do this...

Max purses his lips and shakes his head sorrowfully.

MAX (CONT'D)

In conclusion, please please please
reconsider sending me to that so-
called school. Very truly yours,
Maxwell R. Cable. P.S. Have you
seen my iPo...?

(holds up his iPod)

Well played.

Bob takes a moment, digesting that.

BOB

You like letters? Here's one I got
from your principal a few days ago.

Bob takes out his iPhone, pulls up an email and reads it.

BOB

"Mr. Cable. As much as we value
Max's passion for self-expression,
it is, unfortunately, getting out
of hand. He painted his latest 'art
project' over the school mascot on
the gymnasium wall."

MAX

I have a lot to say. It's the only
place the mural would fit.

BOB

"Last week, he high-jacked the PA
system and led the student body in a
quote-unquote 'freestyle rap' version
of the Pledge of Allegiance."

MAX

And you know what? They pledged the
heck out of it instead of standing
there like zombies... I admit, the
horn-section might've been a bit
much, but still... I did it for
America, Dad... You love America!

BOB

"Unfortunately, if Max's behavior
persists, we will be forced to
suspend him at the very least."

Suddenly quiet, Max just looks down at his food...

INT. BOB'S F-350 TRUCK - MORNING

Bob parks outside the school, then turns to face Max...

BOB
Max, the interview this afternoon
is very important. I need you to be
on your best behavior...

MAX
So you can ship me off to prison?

BOB
Hudson is not a prison, it's a
prestigious institution. Your great
grandfather, your grandfather and I
all went there. And now it's your
turn to carry on the tradition. I'm
going to pick you up right here at
three o'clock sharp. Don't be late.

Max just looks away... Bob regards his son for a beat, then
licks his fingers and attempts to tame the boy's unruly mane.
Max swats him away.

MAX
Cut it out!

BOB
But you look like that Justin
Bleeber.

Max shoots him the *"you're so lame"* look and hops out... and
musses up his hair as he walks toward the school.

EXT. CHESTNUT RIDGE, NEW JERSEY - DAY

An idyllic town where Mom & Pop stores share the block with
Starbucks and Chase Bank.

On foot, Bob waits at a light. A CHUBBY WOMAN wearing Yoga
pants pulls up beside Bob in a Prius. Bob immediately looks
down and to the side, hoping to god she doesn't see him...
Too late. She spots Bob and rolls down her window.

CHUBBY YOGA WOMAN
Bob! My word, it's been an age.

BOB
Lydia.

CHUBBY YOGA WOMAN
(overly concerned)
How's everything going?

BOB
Fine.

CHUBBY YOGA WOMAN
Good, good... Time heals all wounds
as they say...

Bob's eyes are pasted on the light, praying for it to change.

CHUBBY YOGA WOMAN
Anywho, Mike and I are having our
annual "game night" party next
week. I know you've been... busy
the past few years, but we'd just
love to have you. Our new neighbor,
Suzy, will be there. She's a single
mom and I just think you two would--

As the light finally changes and Bob quickly goes...

BOB
Nice seeing you, Lydia.

Thoroughly confused, the Chubby Yoga Woman waves goodbye.

INT. AMERICAN SPORTS SUPPLY - DAY

A massive mart of sporting supplies. The sign reads,
"American Sports Supply... nine franchises and growing."
Bob owns this chain and this is his flagship store.

Bob looks over the books at the counter while an older
employee named BOYD (a throw to Joe Boyd from "Damn Yankees")

Boyd walks with a severe limp helped by a cane -- teaches a
new employee, MUGLIN (20s, goatee), how to stock the wall-
display of baseball hats.

MUGLIN
So I was hoping I could get out a
little early today.

BOYD
What'cha got cookin?

MUGLIN
I'm going on my second date with
this amazing girl tonight.

BOYD
Good for you.

Overhearing this, Bob gets annoyed...

MUGLIN
Yeah, I kind of lost my mojo after
Molly, but I've been using this
dating coach to help me get back in
the game, and I'm telling you, man,
she's like a match-making ninja.

Now even more irritated, Bob walks over...

MUGLIN (CONT'D)

I mean, me and this girl are vibing hard. I dunno, man, I think she might even be *the one*.

BOB

Problem is that when she asks what you do for a living you're going to have to tell her you're unemployed.

Muglin looks up to find Bob in his face.

BOB

We sell sporting supplies in here. We don't talk about our personal lives. We don't use words like "vibing" or "the one," and we sure as hell don't refer to anybody that isn't fat and on the sidelines of a football game as a coach.

Terrified, Muglin just looks at him.

BOB

Sporting supplies! Got it?

MUGLIN

Loud and clear.

Bob heads off. Still unnerved, Muglin just looks to Boyd.

MUGLIN

Okay, that's the scariest person I've ever met.

INT. MISS RODGER'S CLASSROOM, CAVALLINI MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

This is theater class. The walls are covered with framed one-sheets from the great romantic musicals throughout the years.

MISS RODGERS, quirky attire, chop sticks in her hair, a more confident Annie Hall, stands before a room of chattering kids.

MISS RODGERS

Okay, let's settle down... Now that the auditions for the musical adaptation of "*Pulp Fiction*" are over, I'm pleased to announce our two leads are Max Cable and Hunter Reeves...

FIND IN THE BACK ROW

Max holds hands with the adorable, emotionally intense HUNTER, 11. Theater kids par excellence, they believe their two month-old relationship is a Tennessee Williams play.

MAX
Hunter, are you ready to take this
creative journey with me?

HUNTER
Yes. But promise me now this won't
be just another showmance.

As Miss Rodgers continues...

MISS RODGERS
Paul Finklestein will be playing
the role of Jules Fox...

Max's best friend FINKLESTEIN (braces, glasses and acne) POPS
into frame behind Max and Hunter, startling them.

FINKLESTEIN
(doing a perfect Samuel L. Jackson)
*Oh, I'm sorry, did I break your
concentration?*

MISS RODGERS
Thank you, Paul.

Max shoots Finklestein a thumbs up. Finklestein nods proudly
and pops back out of frame.

MISS RODGERS
Now, for a little housekeeping...

As Miss Rodgers continues, Max turns to Hunter...

MAX
Look. What happened with me and
Tammy Alfonso during "Brigadoon"
last year was just two kids
mistaking passion for love.
This is my first grown-up
relationship.

MISS RODGERS
If you lost a rainbow-colored
retainer let me know...

EXT. CAVALLINI MIDDLE SCHOOL/INT. BOB'S F-350 - DAY

Bob's F-350 is parked in front of the school.

Now wearing his Marine Corps Blues, Bob waits for Max, annoyed
that he's not there yet. The clock on the dash reads: **2:59.**

INT. HALLWAY, CAVALLINI MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Max files out into the hallway with Hunter, Finklestein and
the rest of the class, when Miss Rodgers stops him...

MISS RODGERS
 Max, I need to talk to you.
 (re: Hunter and Finklestein)
 In private.

Hunter and Finklestein make a show of leaving, then duck behind a nearby locker and spy on Max and Miss Rodgers...

MISS RODGERS
 Are you familiar with the New World School?

MAX
 Are you kidding?? It's only the single best performing arts school in central-eastern New Jersey of all time!

She smiles.

MISS RODGERS
 Then you'll be glad to know I got you an audition.

Behind Miss Rodgers, Hunter and Finklestein begin jumping up and down with excitement... But Max just stands there...

MAX
 I'm sorry. I don't think I heard that correctly. Because I could've sworn you just said--

MISS RODGERS
 Max, you have talent. Real talent. And you have passion and drive and I just think New World could be the perfect place for you.

Now Hunter and Finklestein really start freaking out. Sensing this, Miss Rodgers turns around to see what's going on... They stop on a dime and pretend to be texting.

And then, Max charges Miss Rodgers and lands in a hug.

MAX
 You are Mother Teresa!

MISS RODGERS
 Hey, I don't want you to get your hopes up too much...

MAX
 You are Maya Angelou.

MISS RODGERS
 ...only one out of twenty gets in.

MAX

You are... wait, I had a third one
but I forgot what it is.

(beat)

This couldn't have happened at a
better time. My dad's trying to...
Nevermind. Doesn't matter now.

MISS RODGERS

You're going to have to write and
perform your own song. This year's
theme is love.

MAX

Love?? I love love!

He breaks the hug and goes into business mode.

MAX

Just tell me when.

MISS RODGERS

Three weeks.

Off Max's concerned reaction...

EXT. CAVALLINI MIDDLE SCHOOL/INT. BOB'S F-350 - DAY

Bob's F-350 idles outside the school.

Bob fidgets restlessly and jiggles his leg like an impatient
child. He scans the horizon for Max... but Max is nowhere to
be found. Bob grits his teeth in frustration, on the verge of
losing the last tiny remnant of his patience...

Then the clock on the dash turns to **3:01**... and he loses it.

BOB

Boy's got no discipline.

Bob jumps out of the truck and marches toward the school.

INT. ALL PURPOSE ROOM, CAVALLINI MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

As Bob enters, a CLUSTER OF MOMS watching their kids all turn
and look at him with a heartfelt pity he finds patronizing.
He's stopped by one of the single mothers, BRENDA GREENBLATT.

BRENDA GREENBLATT

Brenda Greenblatt. Rachel's mom.

BOB

Yes. Hello. How are you?

BRENDA GREENBLATT

(deeply)

How are you?

BOB

Fine.

She nods and looks at him like he is the saddest, bravest man on the planet. Then musters up a bit of courage:

BRENDA GREENBLATT

You know, if you ever want a home cooked meal?

BOB

That's very generous but--

BRENDA GREENBLATT

--Rachel could spend the night at her father's.

A flush of red creeps up Bob's neck.

BOB

I need to find Max.

INT. MISS RODGER'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Miss Rodgers looks over an essay and makes a face, "*Not good.*"

As Bob enters, she looks up and immediately breaks into that uber-polite face that teachers throw on when dealing with parents they pretty much despise.

MISS RODGERS

Mr. Cable, so nice to see you today.

BOB

I came to pick up Max. He's late.

MISS RODGERS

Well, Max is not currently here...

And he turns to go, but...

MISS RODGERS

...but I am happy to get a moment of your time because I've been emailing you.

BOB

Yeah, he's not auditioning for that special school.

Not losing that smile...

MISS RODGERS

So you did get the email.

BOB

Yes. And I also got a letter from the school about Max's "artistic" behavior problems, so sending him to a place where the students are encouraged to make-pretend and dance around isn't going to be in the cards.

For just a moment she loses her cool...

MISS RODGERS

New World is so much more than a place where the students "make-pretend" and dance--

She stops, collects herself and throws on that smile again...

MISS RODGERS

Maybe if you came to see Max perform, you'd change your mind about the value of performing arts. I've been teaching for over 15 years. I can count the number of kids with real talent on one hand. Max is the best student I've ever had -- he's truly exceptional...

As she speaks, through the window behind her, we see Max doing a truly terrible moon-walking robot routine for Hunter and Finklestein... which ends with him falling flat on his face.

BOB

(sarcastic)

Yeah, he has a real gift.

And with that, he leaves to retrieve Max.

EXT. HUDSON MILITARY ACADEMY - DAY

CLOSE ON: A TWELVE YEAR old in full military dress:

CADET

Atten-hup!

He leads a group of CADETS marching past a sign that says:

**HUDSON MILITARY ACADEMY
200 YEARS OF EXCELLENCE**

As CADETS march past Bob, he salutes them. Max jumps at the end of the line, marches over-the-top like a toy soldier behind them then heads back to his dad with...

MAX

Sorry, they literally walked right into that one.

INT. WAITING ROOM, HUDSON MILITARY ACADEMY - DAY

Bob and Max sit in the large hall. Miserable, Max looks over old FRAMED PHOTOS on the wall. Bob leafs through a brochure.

Max stops at a photo...

MAX
Hey, Dad... it's you.

Bob looks over... sure enough the picture is of a young Bob Cable, dressed in his Hudson uniform and standing proud.

BOB
Max, sit down.

Suddenly they hear a door open and boots marching toward them. This is GENERAL CONRAD CABLE, 60s, ex-military, head of Hudson Academy and...

MAX
Grandpa... what's up?

GENERAL CABLE
It's not Grandpa. Not here. It's General.

MAX
Got it. General Grandpa.

General Grandpa just looks at Max for a moment, then...

GENERAL GRANDPA
Max, the hair is a bit long.

Max turns to his grandfather with a smile and...

MAX
Flow it, show it -- long as God can grow it.

And General Grandpa now turns to Bob.

GENERAL GRANDPA
Bob, can I have a word?

General Grandpa takes Bob aside... out of Max's earshot.

GENERAL GRANDPA
The boy clearly needs this.
(beat)
Karen was good with him... but it was her job. Nobody can expect you to do this on your own.

Behind them, we see Max inching over... clearly eavesdropping.

GENERAL GRANDPA
My intel at Cavallini Middle School
informs me the weak fronts in this
battle are science, math and
appropriate self-expression.

BOB
Your intel? You play golf with
Principal Phillips.

GENERAL GRANDPA
I can neither confirm nor deny that.

With that, General Grandpa turns back to Max who immediately
pretends to be looking at the old pictures on the wall...

INT. ADMISSIONS HALL, HUDSON ACADEMY - MOMENTS LATER

Max sits down in front of a long table consisting of the
admissions committee. They're current INSTRUCTORS, SENIOR
STUDENTS and ALUMNI... all in uniform. General Grandpa Cable
sits in the middle. Bob isn't included.

GENERAL GRANDPA
Max.

MAX
Grand-- General Gran-- Cable.

General Grandpa reads over Max's file.

GENERAL GRANDPA
First of all, Max, we want you to
know that this is just an
introductory get-to-know-you. This
is for us to learn more about you.

MAX
Great. Learning's very important.

General Grandpa smiles...

GENERAL GRANDPA
We think so too.

And a COMMITTEE MEMBER jumps in with...

COMMITTEE MEMBER
Max, we would all like to take a
moment to hear your thoughts about
what you can offer the Hudson
Military Academy.

MAX
Oh, I can offer a lot.

COMMITTEE MEMBER
That's good to hear. Why don't you
expound on that?

MAX
Awesome. I love to expound...
(then, under his breath..)
Two three four...

And Max leaps up onto his chair and begins to SING -- it's a
cross between "*America Fuck Yeah*" and "*Yankee Doodle Dandy*."

[NOTE: this isn't part of our "musical," it's just Max
singing alone in the real world... over-the-top and mocking.]

MAX
(singing)
*I can offer you song! I can offer
you dance! But most of all, I can
offer you... jazz hands!!!*

And they all just sit there, humorless and blank, looking at
Max... and his jazz hands.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BOB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bob furiously paces. Max just sits on the couch, looking
straight ahead.

BOB
What did you think you were going
to accomplish?! They've taken
pyromaniacs in the past.

Max reacts... jumps to his feet and shouts back...

MAX
I'm never going to Hudson! I'm
going to New World!

Max turns and runs up the stairs... Bob shouts after him...

BOB
You're starting at Hudson just as
soon as your grandfather convinces
the committee to allow you early
admittance...

INT. MAX'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Max sits on his bed, pouting. Bob storms in.

BOB
This manipulation is not going to
work, Max!

MAX
You haven't even seen me perform
since I was seven.

BOB
You were tree #4.

MAX
Cedar. Not just any tree. I was
Charlie Cedar! I had a name and a
backstory and an emotional arc.

BOB
You didn't say anything!

MAX
Because trees don't talk! I had to
do it in looks -- it's called
acting.

And Bob notices that the musical and movie posters are back
up on the wall, while the science and math posters have been
shoved back in the corner. He can't believe it.

MAX
I'm going to New World.

BOB
Not on my watch.

Bob pulls a pillow out of its case, then takes the musical
and movie posters down and puts them in the pillowcase...

BOB
You're going to Hudson, you're
going to learn discipline, and
you're going to become a man!

Bob stuffs the pillowcase with various other memorabilia
and knick-knacks from Max's room... including Karen's UKULELE.

MAX
You're not listening to me! That
audition means everything to me!
Musicals are my life!

BOB
Well, life is not a musical!

Max glares at Bob, wounded...

MAX
Mom would've understood.

BOB
Yeah, well, she's not here.

MAX
(welling with emotion)
I know...

As Max turns to leave, Bob swings the pillowcase against the wall in anger and -- CRACK! -- KAREN'S UKULELE falls out onto the floor in **two broken pieces**.

Max reacts, his eyes filling with tears...

MAX
You did that on purpose!

BOB
It was an accident.

Wounded, Max stares daggers at Bob, storms out of the room...

BOB
Get back here!

While bounding down the stairs...

MAX (O.S.)
Or what?? You're gonna send me to
military school??

Bob takes off down the stairs after his son...

EXT. BOB'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - EVENING

Bob exits to find Max getting his bike out of the garage.

BOB
Where do you think you're going?

MAX
Somewhere I'm actually wanted.

Max hops on his bike and TAKES OFF. Bob runs to his car, but then he STOPS... and lets Max go...

Bob enters the house and SLAMS the door behind him.

INT. MAX'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - EVENING

An unexpected moment of emotional vulnerability as Bob regards his wife's broken ukulele on the floor...

Then Bob shoves all of his emotions back inside and stuffs the broken ukulele back into the pillowcase...

EXT. MAIN STREET, CHESTNUT RIDGE - NIGHT

Bob gets out of his F-350, carrying the pillowcase, cell phone pressed to his ear as he walks past an ADORABLE FAMILY leaving Mary Wong's Szechuan Palace.

BOB
(into phone)
Hi, Judith. If you're okay with him
staying over it's okay with me.

Bob listens as he watches the ADORABLE FAMILY get into their car, laughing about something.

BOB
Yes. You know -- fathers and sons.

INT. AMERICAN SPORTS SUPPLY - NIGHT

Bob just stands in the middle of his large store. It's so quiet... and he's so alone.

INT. STOCK ROOM, AMERICAN SPORTS SUPPLY - LATER

Bob walks into his stock room/man cave. He surveys the room... a small cot, a television, a biography of Robert McNamara.

Bob moves to a wall of shelves beside his desk, places the pillowcase filled with the stuff from Max's room on a shelf...

Bob sits at his desk and takes a shoebox out of one the drawers. Opens the box to reveal it's filled with pictures of his deceased wife, KAREN... a hidden stash.

He removes one of the photos -- it's of him and Karen at the Jersey Shore, taken many years ago. They're clearly in love.

And Bob stares at the picture, all the feelings rising...

BOB
I'm trying my best, Karen, but I
just don't get him at all, and I
don't think I ever will...
(sighs, then)
I really wish you were around to
help me with him...

CLOSE ON KAREN -- smiling, frozen in time.

Suddenly, Karen's broken UKULELE falls out of the pillowcase. As Bob goes to pick it up... one of the strings SNAPS, whipping his hand. He YELPS IN PAIN and jumps back... SMACKING his head into the wall behind him.

THUD! -- Bob goes out like a light.

EXT. MAIN STREET, CHESTNUT RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

A COLD WIND blows through the small town. The trees rustle. A streetlight flickers. A shopping cart shakes. It almost sounds like music.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

OPEN ON: CHESTNUT RIDGE, NEW JERSEY

Flying over New Jersey.
The Disney Magic Kingdom logo.
Booming orchestral music begins to play.
UP TITLE, in super-duper ornate cheesy cursive handwriting:

**BOB!
THE MUSICAL**

CUT TO:

A ROOSTER

on a fence-post... the town of Chestnut Ridge looming in the bg.
The rooster looks up at the rising sun, then to us and...

ROOSTER
Cockadoodledoo!

It almost sounds like the rooster is singing...

INT. AMERICAN SPORTS SUPPLY - CONTINUOUS

BOB'S EYES slam open. His face is upside down in frame
Apocalypse Now-style. He hears the music, then... leans up.

He's on the floor... with Karen's broken ukulele beside him.

EXT. NEW JERSEY - CONTINUOUS

We're floating HIGH ABOVE THE NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE as the word

OVERTURE

is emblazoned in giant red letters across the screen.

And we SOAR OVER NEW JERSEY in all its natural beauty...
power plants... toll booths... the Jersey Turnpike... and
finally swooping into the suburban hamlet of CHESTNUT RIDGE:

-- **AT AN EXXON STATION:** THREE SIKH GAS STATION ATTENDANTS do
a Martha Graham inspired dance routine as they pump gas and
clean windshields.

-- **ON A SCHOOL BUS:** HIGH SCHOOL KIDS are dancing in the
cheeseball manner of High School Musical.

-- **AMERICAN SPORTS SUPPLY:** Bob suddenly explodes out of his
store. *And to our surprise...*

BOB SINGS AND DANCES!

**OPENING NUMBER: I WISH EVERYONE WOULD BE LIKE ME/THANK GOD
WE'RE NOT LIKE BOB!**

THE SONG is like "Provincial Town" from Beauty and the Beast, with the people of Chestnut Ridge singing about their lives.

In the opening verse, Bob tells us that the only reason he's singing and dancing is that he's obviously in a dream...

*What follows is a musical romp, where our main characters -- Max, General Grandpa, Miss Rodgers, Mary Wong -- **POP UP** and join in as Bob sings and dances his way down Main Street...*

Bob sings about how he wishes everybody were disciplined and efficient like him, and the town thanks God they're not like Bob -- unwilling or unable to emote on any level...

The number ends with the company following Bob back to his store. Bob bids them farewell, singing about how he's going to get back in bed now then wake up so he can end this dream.

[A Note about the rules moving forward:

1. Everyone but Bob views this musical reality as normal. It's how they express their emotions. When Bob references his life as a musical or questions the singing and dancing, everyone else looks at him like *HE's the crazy one*.

2. Bob is the only person who's aware he's in a musical.]

THE MUSICAL NUMBER ENDS (KIND OF)

As Bob closes the door to the back room, gets back into his cot, closes his eyes and goes back to sleep.

MOMENTS LATER

Bob's eyes open up. He shakes off his sleep with...

BOB
Worst. Nightmare. Ever.

He gets up then heads for the door leading back into the store and opens it.

AND OUR WHOLE COMPANY

is still there, right where Bob left them. They sing the final note of the musical number and Bob slams the door.

Bob's eyes go wide. He opens the door again... They sing again... He slams the door again.

AND BOB

splashing cold water on his face...

BOB
Wake up, wake up, wake up.

Now believing he's sufficiently awake, Bob moves for the door, opens it and...

OUR WHOLE COMPANY

still standing in the store, right where Bob left them... belting out the next note. Bob slams the door again.

AND BOB

...doing push ups... counting off jumping jacks... hanging upside down from the rafters ripping off Rocky Balboa sit-ups.

AND BOB

carefully walking to that door... completely freaked out... slowly turns the knob and opens the door to find...

THE STORE IS EMPTY

Bob exhales in relief... takes a step out into the store, when suddenly...

OUR COMPANY

POPS UP from the various aisles -- as if it were Bob's surprise party -- and belts out the final note of the song.

Bob SCREAMS, as our singing/dancing company backs him up against the wall... Terrified, Bob sees a door beside him... and lunges for it.

INT. BATHROOM - AMERICAN SPORTS SUPPLY

Bob SLAMS the door behind him, then moves over to the mirror, trying to get a look at the lump on his head...

BOB
I must've hit my head harder than I
thought...

INT. FOOTBALL BLEACHERS, CAVALLINI MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Max and Hunter sit at the top of the empty bleachers. The FOOTBALL TEAM practices below.

MAX
I didn't sleep at all last night.

HUNTER
I know. You texted me questions
every hour.

She holds up her phone and reads aloud...

HUNTER

"What did the Von Trapps do when their father wouldn't let them go to Salzburg?"

(beat)

"What did Dorothy do when the Wizard refused to grant her friends' wishes?"

(beat)

"What did Danny do when Sandy rebuffed him because he was a greaser?"

(then)

There's a bunch more...

MAX

Yes, because the answer is the same for every one.

She looks at him.

MAX

See I've been doing it all wrong, I realized it last night!

(beat)

Hunter, it's time to... Outfox. The. Fox.

HUNTER

The fox in this case being your dad?

MAX

Dad, Bob, Fox -- yes.

HUNTER

How?

MAX

"...supreme excellence consists in breaking the enemy's resistance without fighting."

HUNTER

What musical is that from?

MAX

It's not. It's from Sun Tzu's "*Art of War*." It's my dad's favorite book. He used to read it to me at bedtime.

Finklestein pops into frame behind them (like he did earlier).

FINKELSTEIN

That is seriously wack.

Finklestein drops back out of frame.

HUNTER
Okay, so how are you going to win
by not fighting?

MAX
I'm going to be the perfect son.
I'm going to win his approval.
That'll buy me the time I need.

HUNTER
The time to do what?

MAX
Prepare for my audition. Don't
forget, Hunter -- I have to write a
musical number in three weeks.

HUNTER
But what's the point of auditioning
for New World if your dad's never
going to let you go there anyway?

As he chews on that...

MAX
He's going to let me go... because
he's going to see the audition.
(beat)
"If you can't defeat your enemy on
neutral ground -- you must bring
your enemy to you."

HUNTER
Wow -- this is like a whole new
side of you.

Max nods his head in conclusion... confident and resolute...

MAX
I just know that if my dad could
see me perform, Hunter... he won't
be my enemy anymore. Because then...
(with a shrug)
...maybe he'll like me again.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, CHESTNUT RIDGE HOSPITAL - DAY

ON AN 18th CENTURY PHRENOLOGY HEAD --

But instead of being divided into sections like "humor" and
"equanimity" the sections are "pitch," "speak-singing," etc.

REVERSE -- Bob staring at it, concerned.

DR. S. (A throw to Dr. Scrivello from *Little Shop of Horrors*)
puts Bob's X-RAYS up on the light-box and looks them over...

DR. S.
So let me get this straight... you
were singing and dancing?

BOB
Yes. Everybody was.

Dr. S. produces his pad and takes notes.

DR. S.
And you're sure it wasn't a dream?

BOB
I thought it was, but... it wasn't.
They were all there when I woke up.

DR. S.
Who was?

BOB
Everybody. My father, my son, his
teacher, the whole town...

DR. S.
I see...

And Bob realizes...

BOB
You don't think this is strange --
do you?

DR. S.
I think you think it's strange,
Bob... and that's what's important.
(then, with a sadistic smile)
But I'm totally down to perform a
cranial scope if you are.

And Bob... now more unsettled than when he came in here...

DR. S.
Look, unsettling episodes can occur
in times of stress and then just
disappear. I had hallucinations
before I found neurology.
(beat)
I used to be a dentist.

Bob nods vacantly... still worried.

DR. S.
Bob, this was most likely just an
isolated incident.

BOB
I hope you're right, Doc.

The phone buzzes --

DR. S.
I'm sorry. One second.
(presses the speaker)
Yes?

NURSE (THROUGH PHONE)
You have a new three fifteen.

Then a fun jaunty little melody kicks in -- a "competition" song a la *"Anything You Can Do I Can Do Better"* from Annie Get Your Gun!

DR. S.
A three fifteen?

NURSE (THROUGH PHONE)
A three fifteen!

The Doctor winks at Bob.

DR. S.
(an octave higher)
A three fifteen!

And Bob doesn't notice through the window behind him TWENTY PATIENTS are marching down the hallway with their walkers like the Broward County Production of Stomp!

NURSE
(an octave higher)
A three fifteen!

DR. S.
With who?!

NURSE
(singing)
A man.

DR. S.
(ridiculously operatic)
A maaaaaan?

NURSE
(singing)
Named Howard...

The Doctor and Nurse come together in a ridiculous HARMONY:

DR. S. AND HIS NURSE
Lieberstein!!!

She stops singing and then says gravely:

NURSE
He has a thyroid tumor.

A MALE NURSE suddenly KNEE SLIDES into frame and SINGS:

MALE NURSE
IT'S BENIGN!

They all twirl around happily... And the patients now march in with their walkers.

And suddenly something comes over Bob... a force from within... that courses through his body... stands him up straight... possesses his very being... and causes him to sing against his will... belting out off key...

BOB
(singing involuntary)
Crap, I'm stuck in a musical...

And Dr. S. spins over to Bob and checks the file...

DR. S.
(announcing/singing)
The tests are in and they're quite irrefutable... Crap--

COMPANY
(singing)
--you're stuck in a musical.

MUSICAL NUMBER: CRAP, I'M STUCK IN A MUSICAL

This number is about Bob realizing he isn't hallucinating, but is actually stuck in a musical... And once again, Bob is forced to sing and dance against his will, as if possessed...

If at first the musical felt like a dream, it now feels like a nightmare... PATIENTS and DOCTORS and NURSES all POP UP out of the shadows, singing and dancing and emoting... It's as if Bob is in a musical horror movie...

Bob manages to escape from the hospital... only to have the entire ensemble literally dance-chase him through the town...

Finally, Bob rips around the corner and runs into...

BOB'S HOUSE

Safe at last, Bob takes a moment to catch his breath... And then, singing/dancing MILK MEN, CONSTRUCTION WORKERS, GARDENERS POP UP through the windows and doors... a singing dancing CHIMNEY SWEEP POPS UP upside-down in the chimney... Coming from all sides... It's like a musical zombie attack...

Bob scrambles to his feet, runs up the stairs and into his room... He slams the door behind him and ALL GOES SILENT...

THE MUSICAL NUMBER ENDS

And Bob... completely shell-shocked and distraught... waiting for the other shoe to drop. But nothing.

BOB
What the hell is happening here?

INT. BOB'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bob slowly heads down the stairs with a baseball bat, ready to attack... But no singing... no dancing... They're all gone.

Bob finally exhales, collects himself and grows some resolve...

BOB
C'mon, Bob... you can't just take this lying down.

SMASH CUT TO:

Bob installs SOUNDPROOFING TILES on the walls... the kind they use in music studios... and mental institutions... He takes a beat to admire his work... no song is going to get in here.

Suddenly, the doorbell rings.

HALLWAY

Bob walks by Max's room, but stops when he notices...

The wall is now completely covered with all the science/math posters Bob had bought Max and then some... a diagram of the human endocrine system... Pi to the 500th decimal point ... stickers with slogans such as "*Chemists do it Carefully*" and "*Mathematicians Have Serious Problems.*"

Max sits at his desk, reading his science text book. The doorbell rings again and Max looks up.

MAX
Can you get that? I'm in the middle of this insane chapter about the difference between non-metals and metalloids -- can't put it down.

BOB
(re: new posters)
Are those new?

MAX
Yeah. I hope you don't mind, but I added a few of my own...
(beat)
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)
Do you think I should hang Alfred
Nobel right next to Albert Einstein
-- or should they bookend the wall?

Bob just stands there, not knowing what to say... Then
doorbell RINGS again, and Bob walks off to answer it...

MAX
(whisper yelling at himself)
I over-sold it!

ENTRY WAY

Noise reducing headphones around his neck, Bob opens the door
to see Miss Rodgers.

BOB
Miss Rodgers, wow. People are
really just popping up lately.

MISS RODGERS
Well, I tried calling but you
weren't answering.

BOB
Yeah, I've been... dealing with
something.

MISS RODGERS
Max told you me you're forbidding
him to audition for New World.

BOB
Please, this is not the time to
argue about this.

MISS RODGERS
Totally get it. I won't bring it up
again.

BOB
Thank you.

But she doesn't leave. She just looks at him, then...

MISS RODGERS
So you're making a terrible
mistake.

BOB
I thought you just said--

MISS RODGERS
Your son is full of passion and has
the talent to back up his dreams.
This is an opportunity he may not
have again.

BOB

Max is going to Hudson Military Academy... he's not focused on what's important... his grades are...

He stops short... just shaking his head...

BOB (CONT'D)

Max needs discipline.

MISS RODGERS

And what if that discipline kills his passion?

BOB

Discipline doesn't kill anything, Miss Rodgers -- in fact, it's the only road to success.

MISS RODGERS

It's just dreams are so fragile, especially at this age. And Max needs to follow his.

BOB

Max needs to develop his discipline and that's the end of this discussion!

And she sadly capitulates with a nod and turns to go.

Bob exhales and sets to head back into the house, but...

MISS RODGERS

Just one more thing...

And she proceeds to break into song...

MUSICAL NUMBER: DREAMS VS. DISCIPLINE

This is the "I want" song as a dueling duet... Bob and Miss Rodgers (as a proxy for Max) each tell us what they want...

Miss Rodgers sings about how Max's dream is to perform and make people laugh and cry and, you know, feel!

Bob sings about how he wants Max to learn responsibility and discipline so he can succeed in the cold, hard world.

Hunter, Finkelstein and the theater kids POP UP to support Miss Rodgers' side of argument... General Grandpa and the Hudson Academy cadets POP UP to support Bob's side.

Although Max is not in this number, it is essentially a war for his soul. And both sides should be right!

Finally, exhausted and desperate to stop singing or dancing, Bob bids Miss Rodgers goodnight and he closes the door.

THE MUSICAL NUMBER ENDS

INT. MAX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bob peeks in to check on Max... finds him at his desk, passed-out face-down in a puddle of drool...

Bob nods, pleased that Max is making such an effort.

Then he gently carries the boy over to his bed and tucks him in in a seamless gesture, letting us know this happens a lot.

Bob regards his snoozing son and smiles ever so slightly...

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

As Bob pours himself a glass of water, he spies his copy of "*The Art of War*" on the counter...

BOB
Huh. I thought I put that back.

He picks the book up, begins reading... and has an epiphany...

BOB
(reading)
To defeat your enemy...

INT. BOB'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bob sits in bed, watching *Pippin* on YouTube on his iPad...

BOB (V.O.) (POST LAP)
...you must know your enemy.

He stares at the screen, hating every second, then clicks on another video -- *Singing in the Rain*... likes it even less.

Bob proceeds to click through a series of videos for the greatest musicals ever made -- *Fiddler on the Roof*, *Les Mis*, *West Side Story*, *Guys and Dolls*, *The Sound of Music*, *Grease*, *Phantom of the Opera* -- and he reacts to each and every one with the same numb, glassy-eyed expression.

As he continues to click on videos of different musicals...

CUT TO:

DARKNESS

ROOSTER (O.S.)
Cockadoodledoo!

Bob shoots up and glares hatefully at the soundproofing tiles that have turned his bedroom into a recording studio... and are obviously not working.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Bob shuffles into view, looking uncharacteristically frazzled and unkempt -- unshaven... bed-head... mismatched socks... His shirt is mis-buttoned and only partially tucked in.

Max is already at the breakfast table, chipper as can be, hair combed perfectly, wearing a button-down and chinos...

It's as if they've swapped wardrobes and grooming habits...

MAX

Good morning.

BOB

You look... different.

MAX

Tamed my hair... Discipline's kind of my new passion, so...

(beat)

You... look different, too.

BOB

Rough night... So, I, um... I wanted to pick your brain about those movies you like.

MAX

You mean, war movies? 'Cause I don't just like war movies, I *love them*.

Bob regards Max with confusion...

BOB

I mean the other ones... where they sing and dance and you know... frolic.

MAX

(skeptical)

You wanna pick my brain about musicals? How come?

BOB

No reason... Just curious...

MAX

That's so weird 'cause I was just wondering if *I* could pick *your* brain about... that like planning thing military people use for winning wars and junk?

BOB
Military strategy? Why do you want
to know about military strategy?

MAX
Because I... To play Stratego...?

Bob just looks at Max for a beat, then...

BOB
So... are there universal rules
that these musicals all share?

MAX
Duh. Everything has rules.
(beat)
What's the best way to make a
stronger enemy come to you?

BOB
Anger them. Make them act on emotion.

As Max takes mental note of this, Bob wipes down the already
clean kitchen counter... trying to act casual.

BOB (CONT'D)
Okay, so assuming there are these
universal protocols -- what has to
happen for a musical to be over?
(rushed, aggressive)
As in what would be the most
important thing... in a musical...
to, you know... just end it?

MAX
(dismissive)
Beats me -- I'm totally over all
that crap.

As Max checks the time and quickly stands...

MAX (CONT'D)
Well, gotta cruise if I'm gonna
make it to math club new member
orientation on time.

...and goes.

INT. MISS RODGERS' CLASSROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON A POSTER -- last year's student production of GREASE!

REVERSE -- Bob studies it intently.

MISS RODGERS (O.S.)
I got your voicemail.

Bob turns to see her...

MISS RODGERS (CONT'D)
So you wanna talk about musicals?

BOB
Exactly.

MISS RODGERS
Why?

BOB
Because I... want to... understand
my son better.

She bites her lip skeptically... not sure if she believes him.

MISS RODGERS
That's noble.

Bob just nods... forces a smile. An awkward beat as Miss
Rodgers studies him, attempting to divine his intentions...

MISS RODGERS (CONT'D)
What would you like to know?

BOB
Anything. About the stuff on the
wall you've done before.

MISS RODGERS
You're serious.

BOB
I hate to say I am.

Bob walks over to the musical posters on the wall.

BOB (CONT'D)
In these, for instance. What does,
I don't know, the star of it do?
Besides prance around?

MISS RODGERS
(breaks into song)
*They sing, they dance, there's a
little bit of romance--*

Bob cuts her off...

BOB
Um, yeah... Can you start over,
using only *spoken words* -- you
know, the kind people use when they
talk normally.

MISS RODGERS
Alright. Where do I begin?

MUSIC begins... Off Bob's chagrin --

MUSICAL NUMBER: MUSICALS 101

Miss Rodgers breaks into song, teaching Bob about the conventions and rules of musicals... She explains that musicals are basically love stories, in which the lead characters fall madly in love in a very short period of time.

Bob waves that off and interrupts...

BOB
That's crazy. Love takes years.

MISS RODGERS
I don't think so. I don't think there's a time requirement on how someone feels in their heart.

BOB
But what about hard work, trust and commitment?

MISS RODGERS
In musicals -- people fall in love in just a song.

With that, Miss Rodgers resumes her song and dances past the musical posters on her classroom wall -- and as she does, the lead characters all step out of their one-sheets and come to life. (The Phantom, Maria, Sandy Olsson, Sky Masterson, etc.) They dance with Miss Rodgers and try to dance with Bob before stepping back into their respective one-sheets.

Once again, Bob gets impatient and interrupts her with...

BOB
BUT HOW DO THEY END??

She stops singing.

MISS RODGERS
They all end differently. I mean they're almost always stories about two very different types of people -- opposites -- falling in love.

And she resumes singing, citing all of the examples so we really get it: Tony and Maria, Sky and Sarah Brown, Danny and Sandy, Henry Higgins and Eliza Doolittle...

And Bob once again interrupts...

BOB
No. Wait! It must be something
else.

END OF MUSICAL NUMBER

MISS RODGERS
Nope. Nothing else but that.
(beat)
Oh -- and a kiss!

BOB
A kiss?

MISS RODGERS
A kiss with your opposite...
Because you love them!
(then, correcting herself)
Well, not you of course... the
lead character.

INT. BOB'S F-350 - MOMENTS LATER

Bob sits in the driver's seat, totally freaked out about the
prospect of inviting a new romantic partner into his life...

But he's desperate to end the curse, and this is the only way
to end it, so he takes a deep breath and musters his nerve...

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN SPORTS SUPPLY - DAY

Muglin uses the price gun to label baseball mitts, when he
feels a shadow creep over him and turns to see...

BOB
I need the number of that dating
coach.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

Now wearing an overcoat to conceal his identity, Bob gets out
of his truck and looks over to a sign that reads, "*GOLDIE
LAZAR -- DATING COACH AND NOTARY PUBLIC.*"

A MAN with a long beard exits the office and nods to Bob as
he passes by. Bob notices that the man has a fiddle... weird.

Bob sucks in a deep breath -- *here goes nothing* -- and heads
inside.

INT. GOLDIE LAZAR'S OFFICE - DAY

GOLDIE LAZAR -- DATING COACH (Basically Yente, the village matchmaker, from "*Fiddler on the Roof*") sits behind her desk, reading through pages on a clipboard. She's a small, older woman wearing a scarf on her head.

Bob sits across from her, looking sweaty and uncomfortable. The only place he'd less rather be is stuck inside a musical.

Goldie Lazar looks up from her clipboard and regards Bob.

GOLDIE LAZAR -- DATING COACH
I see here that you're a widower
and the father of a young boy.

Bob shifts uncomfortably in his seat...

BOB
Correct.

GOLDIE LAZAR -- DATING COACH
How many dates have you been on in
the past five years, give or take?

BOB
Depends on what you mean by 'date.'

GOLDIE LAZAR -- DATING COACH
I mean where one person goes out with
another person they are hoping to
make a romantic connection with.

Bob thinks about that for a beat, then...

BOB
By that definition, I have been on
exactly zero dates.

GOLDIE LAZAR -- DATING COACH
Is this going to be difficult for
you?

BOB
Can we just get this over with!

GOLDIE LAZAR -- DATING COACH
Very well, Mr. Cable... What type
of woman are you looking for?

BOB
See that questionnaire I filled out
for you?
(off her nod)
I need you to go through that point
by point... and then find me my
exact opposite.

As Goldie Lazar flips through the pages on her clipboard...

GOLDIE LAZAR -- DATING COACH
 Let's see here... So you're looking
 for someone who enjoys expressing
 herself... desires the company of
 other human beings... and is
 otherwise not emotionally
 constipated. That about right?

BOB
 (impressed)
 You are *good*.

GOLDIE LAZAR -- DATING COACH
 The best.
 (then)
 I have just the person for you.

INT. SUPERCUTS - DAY

Bob gets his high n' tight *highed and tightened*.

INT. CVS - DEODORANT AISLE - DAY

Bob examines two different cans of *Extreme Body Spray*...
 He could not look more confused.

INT. HALLWAY, CAVALLINI MIDDLE SCHOOL - EVENING

Fresh from rehearsals for "*Pulp Fiction*", our heroes are
 dressed in character: Max is *Travolta* -- fake sideburns,
 slicked-back hair... Hunter is *Uma Thurman* -- bright red
 lipstick, black bob-cut wig... Finklestein is *Samuel L.*
Jackson -- fake sideburns/walrus mustache, Afro wig...

Max attempts to pick the lock on the door to the PRINCIPAL'S
 OFFICE, as Finklestein reads the instructions off his phone--

FINKELSTEIN
 Jiggle the paperclip up and down.

Max does as told... and the lock pops open.

MAX
 Bingo!

They hear FOOTSTEPS and peer around the corner to see THE
 JANITOR approaching. Just when we're sure they're busted...

HUNTER
 I got this.

And Hunter intercepts the Janitor in the nick of time...

HUNTER
 Ahhh! I just saw a rat!

JANITOR

Where?

As Hunter leads the Janitor in the opposite direction...

INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - EVENING

Finklestein sits at the computer, attempting to hack into the Principal's email account, while Max watches on...

Finklestein tries to guess the password: "1234"... No dice... "0000"... No dice again... Then he tries "PASSWORD"... Bingo!

MAX

How'd you know his password?

FINKELSTEIN

I just googled the most common passwords used by people over 50.

MAX

Finklestein, you're a genius. This is definitely gonna buy me the time I need to nail my audition.

(then)

My dad's email is:
Bob@AmericanSportsSupply.com.

INT. BOB'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

ON BOB'S LOAFERS -- as he polishes them to such a perfect sheen that we begin to see his face reflected -- and he looks kind of terrified.

Bob stands before the mirror, combing his hair... combs it to one side, doesn't like it, combs it to the other side, doesn't like it even more, then combs it back.

He removes the picture of Karen from his wallet, talks to it.

BOB

I don't want to do this. But I have to to break out of this nightmare.

(beat)

Look -- I may say "I love you" to this woman but I won't mean it... I just need to trick the curse.

He looks at her one more time and sighs...

BOB (CONT'D)

And I need to stop talking to a picture.

INT. MAX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hunter now sits on his bed. Max ponders a blank sheet of paper with a pen in his mouth. (Both are now out of costume.)

MAX

Love... The theme of love...

HUNTER

What do you have so far?

MAX

How I feel about live performance.
How you feel about your cat, Madam
Feline Whiskers the Third, Esquire.
How my dad feels about nothing.

HUNTER

Those are all good, Max -- except
maybe the one about your dad -- but
they're not about the right kind of
love. If you wanna knock New
World's socks off, your audition
scene needs to be about romance!

As Max takes that in, they suddenly hear Bob approaching...

BOB (O.S.)

Max... Max...

Max and Hunter spring into action and rush into the closet.

As Bob peeks his head into the room, Hunter slides in the corner of the closet... Max thinks fast -- jumps up, grabs the top shelf and struggles mightily to do one pull up.

MAX

Fifty-two... fifty...

Can't do it.

BOB

What are you doing?

MAX

(genuinely out-of-breath)
Pull-ups.

Bob regards Max skeptically for a beat, then...

BOB

Um... I'm going out.

MAX

Where?

BOB

Out.

Now Max regards Bob skeptically for a beat...

BOB (CONT'D)

Out.

MAX

Cool. Out's good. I love out.
Sometimes it's better than in--
(nervous)
--okay bye.

Bob takes one last look around the room then goes.

After a moment, Hunter finds his side...

MAX (CONT'D)

He was wearing *Brut by Fabergé* --
he hasn't done that since my mom
was alive. His chinos were gray --
he only has khaki, black and navy,
which means they're new. He doesn't
do new.

HUNTER

What are you saying?

MAX

My dad's going on a date.

HUNTER

Wow -- I don't picture him as the
romantic type.

MAX

He used to be.
(beat)
I mean the way he asked my mom to
marry him was really romantic.

HUNTER

What'd he do?

MAX

My mom used to tell me the story
when I was little, so I'm a little
foggy on the details... but it had
something to do with fireworks...

Hunter breaks into a big smile...

HUNTER

You definitely need to get him to
tell you that story.

MAX
Definitely...

CUT TO:

BRENDA GREENBLATT

The mom from the drama class... now sitting across from Bob.

BRENDA GREENBLATT
When Goldie called me and told me the
date was with you, I almost died.

BOB
Small world...

BRENDA GREENBLATT
She's amazing. So talented at
finding people their soulmates.

Bob forces a polite smile...

BRENDA GREENBLATT (CONT'D)
I've been using her for years.

And she just starts GIGGLING. A lot. Bob is totally confused.

BOB
Are you okay?

BRENDA GREENBLATT
Yes! Better than okay.

Bob sees a familiar face enter the restaurant: Miss Rodgers.
They lock eyes for a brief moment, then turn away, trying to
pretend they didn't see each other.

BRENDA GREENBLATT (CONT'D)
It's just funny how the world works
sometimes... Me, this Phish-head
from Burlington turned divorced
suburban hausfrau. You this tough
guy Marine. But as the lady said...

BOB
Who?

BRENDA GREENBLATT
(giggling)
Paula Abdul. "You take two steps
forward I take two steps back. We
come together because opposites
attract."

That's it, Bob's done... He gets up from the table...

BOB (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry, I'm sure you're a very
 nice person... it's just I don't
 think we have anything in common.
 (beat)
 And despite what the rules say, I
 don't think kissing my opposite is
 going to end this nightmare.

Brenda stands as well... steps to him...

BRENDA GREENBLATT
 But we can try. Bob, let's try to
 kiss and see if we can end our
 nightmare together.

Bob steps back...

BOB
 I... uh... Enjoy the rest of your
 evening.

And Bob just walks off, muttering to himself...

BOB
 I'm doomed.

No sooner does Bob leave the table, than Mary Wong drops a
 BOWL OF ICE CREAM in front of Brenda Greenblatt.

MARY WONG
 So sorry. Compliments of the house.

Mary Wong crosses the restaurant and moves to the bar, where
 Bob is now standing....

BOB
 I'm sorry, Mrs. Wong. Can I get
 that order to go?

MARY WONG
 Sure thing, Bob.
 (quietly)
 Good move. She's not your type.

As Mary Wong wanders back into the kitchen, Bob turns to see
 Miss Rodgers standing behind him, waiting for take-out...
 and she appears to be wearing FLANNEL PAJAMAS...

They make eye contact once again -- this time there's no way of
 denying it, so they acknowledge each other with an awkward nod.

BOB
 Are you wearing pajamas?

MISS RODGERS
(re: her pj's being flannel)
Not necessarily. How do you know I'm
not in a grunge band?

BOB
Because it's not 1996.

MISS RODGERS
Yeah, well, it's not 1986 either,
and you don't let that stop you
from wearing *Brut by Fabergé*.

Bob sniffs himself awkwardly... They trade forced smiles...
and stand there in silence for a long, uncomfortable moment.

BOB
Hey, quick question: Let's say the
lead in a musical finds his exact
opposite, but he can tell right away
she's not the one. What then?

MISS RODGERS
Ask for a refund. Because it's a
terrible musical.

BOB
(slightly stung)
Being that as it may...

MISS RODGERS
They don't just need to be opposites,
they need to have a spark.

BOB
A spark. Right. As in...?

MISS RODGERS
The fighting. The word play. The
spark that makes it fun for an
audience to watch the two romantic
leads go at each other a little.

BOB
(rolling his eyes)
Only in the movies.

MISS RODGERS
You're very self-righteous for
someone always asking for help.

BOB
And you're extremely unhelpful for
someone whose job it is to teach.

MISS RODGERS

Fine. So sparks are flying, zing zang zing. By this point it's pretty clear to the audience that these two people who drive each other nuts are gonna wind up together. But they're too blind to see it so they just keep fighting.

BOB

They'd have to be complete idiots.

MISS RODGERS

That's the fun of it. Because when it seems like they're both at the end of their rope? There's a love song.

BOB

If you break into song right now, I'm going to vomit.

MISS RODGERS

Please. I wouldn't waste my breath.

They turn their backs on each other, stand there, simmering... Mary Wong walks up with Bob's take-out and begins to SING:

MUSICAL NUMBER: LOVE IS IN THE WOK TONIGHT

It's "Can You Feel the Love Tonight?" "Kiss the Girl." "Whole New World." A love ballad about love ballads. About how people can fall in love in just the time of a song if the moment and music are right.

MARY WONG (CONT'D)

*When two lovers meet at night/
And two hearts can beat as one.
He'll say he can't believe it/
She'll fight with all her might/*

MISS RODGERS

BOB

I'm just gonna call Domino's. I'm not even that hungry.

They both move for the door but Mary LEAPS in front of them--

MARY WONG (CONT'D)

(belting)

Love is in the wok tonight!

And this is the number, Mary Wong forces these two together... The entire restaurant helps out as UNLIKELY COUPLES come together and begin SLOW-DANCING atop the restaurant's various LAZY SUSANS... A MAN eating alone and Brenda Greenblatt... The SHORT FAT COOK and a TALL THIN WAITRESS... The Mustachioed Busboy and the Brady Perm Waiter... In the tank, TWO LOBSTERS connect their claws and face each other.

As Mary Wong instructs them...

MARY WONG (CONT'D)
Go to your store. I bring dinner
there.

MISS RODGERS
I don't know if that's such a good
idea.

MARY WONG
Open your cookie.

She opens hers. It reads, "*Tonight is a special night.*" She
turns to Bob.

MISS RODGERS
What does yours say?

Bob opens his. Music is BOOMING --

BOB
Lucky numbers 6 12 16 26.

MARY WONG
Flip it over.

BOB
"*Tonight will change everything.*"

Bob and Miss Rodgers look at each other -- *could it be?*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AMERICAN SPORTS SUPPLY - NIGHT

*As Mary Wong SINGS IN VOICE-OVER about how people can fall
madly in love in just the time of a song, we see Bob giving
Miss Rodgers a tour of the store... both of them are nervous
and unsure... and in her nervousness, Miss Rodgers stumbles...
Bob catches her, spins her back onto her feet, and, suddenly...*

THE ROOF

Bob and Miss Rodgers are dancing with each other...

MARY WONG (V.O.)
(singing)
And love is in the wok tonight!

*Like Astaire and Cyd Charisse learning to dance together in
The Band Wagon, it's a mess at first: Bob steps on her feet...
She spins too soon... But then, they begin to find their
groove... and their initial awkwardness gives way to grace...*

WIDE TO REVEAL --

Two silhouettes, whirling across the rooftop in perfect sync, with the lights of suburbia twinkling around them like stars.

As the number builds to a crescendo, Bob dips Miss Rodgers and they gaze into each other's eyes, sharing a moment of genuine intimacy... Then Bob realizes he's actually feeling something, and this freaks him out...

BOB

So I should... um... go.

She's a bit surprised...

MISS RODGERS

Oh... Okay.

BOB

You know... because Max is at the house and it's late.

MISS RODGERS

Of course. I completely understand.

BOB

I'll have someone clean this up tomorrow.

A little let down...

MISS RODGERS

Okay, good. That'll be... good.

He moves to her and...

BOB

I enjoyed this.

...formally holds out his hand.

MISS RODGERS

So did I...

As she shakes it...

MISS RODGERS (CONT'D)

...Mr. Cable.

CUT TO:

INT. BOB'S ROOM - SAME

Hunter and Max ransack the room... looking for keepsakes or pictures or anything to learn more about Bob's history.

HUNTER

I got nothing here. Medals... old military strategy guides....

And Max finds a picture of a young Bob Cable, dressed in his Hudson uniform and holding an ACCORDION.

MAX
Wow... I never knew my dad played
the accordion...

HUNTER
He looks like you in that picture.

Max nods, then grows serious...

MAX
I can't believe he didn't keep any
pictures of my mom.

HUNTER
You're gonna have to get him to
open up and tell you the story of
how he proposed to your mom.

MAX
That's going to be hard.

He thinks for a beat, then...

MAX (CONT'D)
There's only one thing that opens
my dad up...

And off that, we...

CUT TO:

A STRATEGO BOARD

A cross between Chess, Battleship, and a Civil War Re-enactment.

It's the next day and Bob and Max sit at the board.

BOB
I was so surprised this morning
when you said you wanted to play
Stratego after school today.

Max just shrugs...

MAX
You always told the best stories
about your war buddies and stuff
when we played.

Max considers his next move...

MAX (CONT'D)
 (Ken Burns documentary voice)
 It was a war that pit families
 against each other. Brother against
 brother. Father against son.

BOB
 Max--

MAX
 --right, I'll make a move.

CUT TO:

VARIOUS SHOTS of our guys at war: Bob plays seriously; Max makes machine gun noises, grenade explosions, does a couple of "Band of Brothers" lines from Henry V; they ARGUE about the wisdom of their moves; when one of his men is taken, Max falls to the floor in Jesus symbolism like he's in PLATOON.

CUT TO:

TWO HOURS LATER --

The game is still going strong. Max is considering his move... takes a deep breath.

BOB
 So Hunter... she's your girlfriend?

MAX
 Girlfriend, soulmate, muse -- we're not into labels. The whole thing took me by surprise to tell you the truth...
 (beat)
 I mean, when I met Hunter, she was a cheerleader and liked Anthony Santucci -- mainly because of his soccer legs. And I was happy being single and focusing on my work -- but our connection became undeniable.

Bob laughs... Max regards him.

MAX (CONT'D)
 Was it like that with you and Mom?

Bob surveys the board and just nods.

BOB
 Um-hm...

This is going to take work. Max thinks for a moment, then...

MAX

I saw this one marriage proposal video where this guy had like a drone fly down from the sky to the park where he and his girlfriend were... and the wedding ring was right on the drone.

(beat)

That's like the best marriage proposal in the history of the world. Don't you think?

BOB

If you want to put yourself thousands of dollars in debt before you even get married.

Bob looks up at Max, then makes his move on the board.

Max grins, knowing he has his father on the hook. He looks down at the board, pretending to lose interest in the conversation.

MAX (CONT'D)

Okay, my move.

(picking up a game piece)

I'm gonna move my scout... here.

Max pauses, then sells the following as a casual afterthought:

MAX (CONT'D)

So how'd you propose to Mom?

CUT TO:

INT. CHESTNUT RIDGE DINER - NIGHT

Half-eaten pieces of pie sit before them. Bob is finishing his story about how proposed to Karen... Max is rapt.

BOB

We'd been going out for a year, so I booked a suite at the Essex Hotel down at the shore to celebrate... It was the 4th of July, so it was packed to the gills, but your mom -- she had this way of making it seem like we had the place to ourselves...

(smiles softly, then)

The forecast was for a big storm, but it was sunny as could be, so we went down to the pier to get a good spot for the fireworks. We were ridiculously early, so it was just the two of us...

(smiles wistfully)

She was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen...

(then)

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

But that storm hit after all. One minute it was clear blue skies, the next it was raining sideways -- gale-force winds, waves pounding the pier... So we start heading back to the hotel, and this huge wave comes out of nowhere and hits your mom and washes her right off the pier. I look down in the water for her, but... nothing... she's gone...

MAX

(on the edge of his seat)
So what did you do???

BOB

I dove in after her and hoped to god I'd find her... And, by some miracle, I did... In that moment, I knew I never wanted to lose her again. So I asked her to marry me. And as soon as she stopped coughing all the water out of her lungs...
(inside of a shrug)
...she said "yes."

Max smiles wide -- moved and relieved.

MAX

Man, that's the most romantic thing I've ever heard.

BOB

Your mom brought out the best in me.

They sit in silence for a moment, then...

MAX

I still miss her, you know?

BOB

So do I, Max... So do I...

Bob breaks into a million mile stare.

A BEDROOM WINDOW

as a rock CRASHES through it. After a moment, it opens and Hunter sticks her head out...

HUNTER

Max, that's the third window you've broken this month. You can just ring the doorbell, my parents love you.

MAX
I know. But this is so much more
romantic.

She smiles in agreement.

HUNTER
It is. Makes me feel like Rapunzel.
What's up?

And Max dramatically breaks into a smile and announces...

MAX
I got the story. And it's AWESOME!

INT. BOB'S F-350 - MORNING

Bob drives. Max shotgun. Glowing, Bob's actually whistling to the song on the radio. And this is not lost on his son.

BOB
So, I got an interesting email from
Principal Phillips this morning.

MAX
(playing dumb)
You did?

Bob holds up his iPhone and reads...

BOB
And I quote, "I am pleased to
report that Max is no longer having
any behavioral problems related to
his passion for creative self-
expression. His grades in math and
science are both improving. And
this past week he won the *Most
Disciplined Student Award*.
Sincerely, Principal Phillips."
(then)
Good work, Max. I'm proud of you.

MAX
Thanks, Dad. I'm proud of me too.

BOB
I didn't even know there was a *Most
Disciplined Student Award*.

MAX
(feeling a little guilty)
It's new.

Bob pulls the truck into the school lot to discover that Miss
Rodgers is doing drop-offs. He lights up like a schoolboy...
The Score to "*Love is in the Wok Tonight*" begins BOOMING...

BOB'S POV: IN SLOW MOTION: We see Miss Rodgers smiling radiantly, bathed in an angelic light.

And we're jolted back to reality as Max now realizes...

MAX

Oh my god!

BOB

(overly defensive)

What? You think I...? Pffft. That's ludicrous... Because I don't...

As Miss Rodgers sees Bob, she greets with a warm smile and a wave, causing him to panic.

BOB

Out you go. Don't want to be late.

He shoos Max out of the truck... and peals out just as Miss Rodgers is about to walk up to his truck. As Bob speeds off, she stands there disappointed and confused...

Max places a sympathetic hand on her shoulder.

MAX

I know.

INT. AMERICAN SPORTS SUPPLY - MORNING

Bob heads into the store to find his father waiting for him.

BOB

Dad. What are you doing here?

GENERAL GRANDPA

Bob...

Grandpa looks around the store...

GENERAL GRANDPA (CONT'D)

You've done a good job here, son.

BOB

Thank you.

As he smiles over to Bob...

GENERAL GRANDPA

I came to give you good news. I worked the admissions committee and they agreed this morning to accept Max immediately.

Bob just stands there... registering that...

GENERAL GRANDPA (CONT'D)
Did you hear what I just said?

BOB
I did.

GENERAL GRANDPA
I thought you'd be happy. This is what the boy needs... you said so yourself.

BOB
It's just... He's doing so much better... He even won the *Most Disciplined Student Award*.

General Grandpa places a comforting hand on Bob's shoulder...

GENERAL GRANDPA
When he performed "*Frozen*" last year, he set the thermostat to 27 degrees Fahrenheit. That's not normal.

Off Bob's conflicted expression...

GENERAL GRANDPA
Look, I understand this is a hard thing to do. And you need to know... this isn't a failure on your part. You've been trying to do a job that wasn't meant for you.

BOB
What does that even mean?

And General Grandpa pieces his thoughts together, looks at Bob... and sings.

MUSICAL NUMBER: A FATHER'S JOB.

This is General Grandpa's chance to express his world view. He isn't a bad guy... just a little outdated.

In this number he will sing about how a father's job is to prepare his children for the tough world by creating structure, enforcing self-control and putting food on the table.

He will sing to the fact that Bob's tried his best but was really fighting an uphill battle since Karen died. That affection, expressing emotions, supporting a child's dreams, and everything else is really a mother's job.

And General Grandpa will reiterate that sending Max to Hudson ASAP is the best choice for Max.

END OF MUSICAL NUMBER

As General Grandpa heads out...

GENERAL GRANDPA
You think on it, Bob... but we're
gonna need an answer soon.

And Bob... standing at the register in conflicted thought...

CUT TO:

A MINI-MONTAGE:

With LOVE IS IN THE WOK score playing underneath.

-- THE NEXT DAY at drop-off, Miss Rodgers comes over to help Max out of the truck. This time, instead of driving off in a blind panic, Bob greets her with a smile and a wave. She returns the gesture... the spark beginning to rekindle...

-- TOP OF BLEACHERS, Max and Hunter write the audition scene.

-- THE NEXT DAY at drop-off, Bob is now wearing what he thinks are cool sunglasses. As Miss Rodgers walks over, Bob takes the sunglasses off in a manner he thinks she will find sexy. Max looks at his dad and can't believe it.

-- SCHOOL HALLWAY, all the students head into their classrooms while Max steals into the school theater. He greets Hunter and Finkelstein and they begin to rehearse the audition scene.

-- THE NEXT DAY, Bob drops Max off, but now gets out of the truck and walks over to Miss Rodgers... who's on bus duty.

BOB
I like your vest.

MISS RODGERS
Bus duty.

And he nods, musters up some nerve, then...

BOB
So I was wondering if you'd like to
have dinner with me tomorrow night?

MISS RODGERS
Seriously?

Bob washes over with worry...

BOB
I mean...

Miss Rodgers breaks into a broad smile.

MISS RODGERS
I would love to.

Off Bob's relief...

INT. BOB'S F-350 - DAY

Bob driving. **MUSIC UP:**

MUSICAL NUMBER: TOMORROW NIGHT!!!!

In the style of "One Day More" and "Tonight." Bob excitedly sing-speaks about how he will confess his love tomorrow and end the curse and never have to sing again.

MISS RODGERS' CONDO

She reprises her love song, hesitantly optimistic... This budding romance is almost too good to be true... And the fact that it's with Bob blows her mind... They couldn't be more different... In fact, they're exact opposites...

BOB'S BEDROOM

He is doing crunches. He **SING-SPEAKS:**

BOB
I'm in love with my opposite. And
tomorrow night I'm going to end
this thing.

EXT/INT. RANDOM PLACES ALL OVER CHESTNUT RIDGE

As minor characters step forward and talk about their Thursday evening plans.

AT MARY WONG'S RESTAURANT --

As Mary pours red pepper into a big pitcher...

MARY WONG
I'll make my Bloody Marys!

HUDSON MILITARY ACADEMY --

As General Grandpa leads his cadets in a march...

GENERAL GRANDPA
I'll shape young minds!

AMERICAN SPORTS SUPPLIES --

As Boyd and Muglin show a CUSTOMER a baseball bat...

BOYD/MUGLIN
We'll sell America's pastime!

IN THE ICE CREAM SECTION OF THE A&P --

BRENDA GREENBLATT
I'll eat my feelings!

CAVALLINI MIDDLE SCHOOL --

*All dressed as their respective "Pulp Fiction" characters,
 Hunter and Finkelstein help Max rehearse for his audition...*

MAX
*I'll rehearse for the greatest
 audition ever!*

TOWN PARK --

THE PENGUINS FROM MARY POPPINS
*We don't know what we're doing in
 this number!*

SPLIT SCREEN WITH ALL OUR PLAYERS --

EVERYONE
Because of tomorrow night!!!

SLAM TO BLACK.

END OF MUSICAL NUMBER

FADE IN:

EXT. OUTBACK STEAKHOUSE - EARLY EVENING

In a big box store strip mall. A big MUSICAL STING let's us know the climax is coming. Then a couple walks by pushing a Best Buy shopping cart with a flat screen in it.

INT. OUTBACK STEAKHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

IN THE WAITING AREA --

It's a madhouse in the way only Early Bird Special hours can be -- hundreds of SENIOR CITIZENS waiting, complaining, or eating very slowly.

Bob stands there, looking very nervous, when Miss Rodgers walks in. They trade smiles, genuinely happy to see each other.

BOB
 Hello.

MISS RODGERS
 Hi.

Bob moves in for an awkward kiss on the cheek.

CUT TO:

AT A TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

We see that Bob has calmed down a bit, as we catch them in mid-conversation...

MISS RODGERS
...so she's a good kid and she
wants to be a saxophonist and I'm
encouraging her to--

BOB
Whoa. Hold up. Did you just say she
wants to be saxophonist?

MISS RODGERS
I sure did.

An OVERLY CHEERY WAITRESS walks up to the table and fills
their water glasses...

OVERLY CHEERY WAITRESS
So how's everybody doing tonight?
My name is Tina and I'll be your
server. Are we ready to order or
do we need a few more minutes?

BOB
We need a few more minutes.

The Waitress smiles and walks off. Bob and Miss Rodgers pick
up where they left off...

BOB
So this girl... she wants to play
the saxophone, like... as a career?

MISS RODGERS
It's her passion in life, Bob.

BOB
And how does that pay?

MISS RODGERS
Paid pretty well for Charlie
Parker.

BOB
And what are the chances she's
going to end up with Charlie
Parker's career?

MISS RODGERS
Pretty slim... But maybe if she
applies herself, learns the craft
and believes in the impossible...
she'll be better off for it.

Bob just regards her... smiling and smitten.

MISS RODGERS (CONT'D)
Yes, okay, at some point she'll probably decide that the saxophone isn't a realistic career... But she will have gained the tools in that journey to succeed at other things.

BOB
You're right.

MISS RODGERS
I know I am. And she'll be a hit at parties.

He just blurts out...

BOB
I love you.

MISS RODGERS
Excuse me?

As Miss Rodgers tries to process that, the Waitress returns...

OVERLY CHEERY WAITRESS
Have we made our minds up yet? I highly recommend the Awesome Blossom -- it's awesome!

Then, picking up on the awkward silence between them...

OVERLY CHEERY WAITRESS
A few more minutes then.

As the Waitress walks off, Bob leans in and holds Miss Rodgers' hand... In his expression, we can even detect real emotion...

BOB
I love you. I do. I didn't think this could happen so fast, but you were right -- there's no time requirement on how someone feels in their heart.

MISS RODGERS
Bob--

BOB
It's true. I love your passion. I love your optimism. I love the way you see the world. It's all so different for me, and I love it and I... love you.

She just looks at him... registering what just happened...

MISS RODGERS
Well that's something -- isn't it.

BOB
I'd say so.

She thinks for a moment, then...

MISS RODGERS
And I'd say...

As Bob hangs on her words... the Waitress returns once again.
Off Bob's annoyed look, she turns right around and leaves.

BOB
You were saying?

MISS RODGERS
I was saying...

She pauses... The tension is almost too much for Bob to bare.

MISS RODGERS (CONT'D)
I love you back.

And Bob... dramatically swiping away their waters and place
settings, jumping on the table and kissing her.

A long, romantic, kiss... after which the music just stops.

And Bob and Miss Rodgers kiss some more... overcome with
passion. Finally, they break and Bob notices the silence.

It's over. He professed his love to his opposite, kissed her
and now nobody's singing... they're just all staring at this
man on the table.

Bob smiles over to them all with...

BOB
How you all doing?

AND THE ENTIRE RESTAURANT ERUPTS IN SONG:

EVERYONE IN THE RESTAURANT
*Wonderful, stupendous, enchanted,
jubilant and joyous!!!*

Bob tragically falls off the table...

BOB
Nooooo!!!!

EVERYONE IN THE RESTAURANT
*...because love is in the Outback
tonight!*

Shouting at the heavens...

BOB
I said I loved her!

MISS RODGERS
Who are you talking to?

The entire restaurant serves as our Greek chorus... rejoicing in song...

EVERYONE IN THE RESTAURANT
*She loves you too! She loves you
too! Love is in the Outback tonight.*

BOB
(almost to himself)
I must not be in love with you.

But she hears it.

MISS RODGERS
Are you kidding me? Did you just
Indian give an "I love you?"

BOB
I thought I loved you, I really
did, but...

He just motions to the singing and dancing restaurant patrons now surrounding them.

MISS RODGERS
Who does that? What kind of twisted
sociopath are you?

And a BUSBOY dances over with a full glass of wine, hands it to Miss Rodgers and she throws it in Bob's face.

Bob just shakes his head in defeat... soaked in wine... surrounded by this Greek chorus.

And he sighs as he realizes...

BOB
I really did feel it when I said
it.

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Max -- fully dressed and ready for the day -- enters the dark room to discover that Bob hasn't even gotten out of bed yet.

MAX
Dad...?

BOB
 (still asleep)
 Coming...

Max gently opens the window shades. Daylight pours in. Bob GROANS and pulls the covers up over his head.

MAX
 I made you a waffle. It's kind of burned, but I think you can still eat it. It's on the kitchen table.
 (then)
 Okay then, see you later. I'm gonna take the bus today.

As Max walks off, Bob stirs -- he looks *and feels* horrible.

INT. BOB'S TRUCK - MORNING

Bob vacantly drives through town with the window open...

He stops at an intersection and sees a TRAFFIC COP... who happens to be singing a sad ballad while directing traffic...

MUSICAL NUMBER: BOB'S LAMENT!

And as Bob parks his truck and walks down...

MAIN STREET -- Bob sees that everyone is singing a sad lament about losing love and being stuck in what feels like a curse. This is Bob's lament, and they're all singing it!

INT. GENERAL GRANDPA'S OFFICE, HUDSON ACADEMY - MORNING

We find General Grandpa at his desk, sitting before a MOTHER and FATHER and their 14 year-old JUVENILE DELINQUENT SON.

GENERAL GRANDPA
 Arthur -- why don't you tell me
 what some of your hobbies are?

JUVENILE DELINQUENT SON
 I like to melt things.

Before General Grandpa can respond, his ASSISTANT peaks her head into the office...

ASSISTANT
 Principal Phillips is here to see
 you. He says it's urgent.

General Grandpa forces a smile...

GENERAL GRANDPA
 I'm sorry, this will only take a
 moment...

...and walks out.

INT. ASSISTANT'S OFFICE, HUDSON ACADEMY - CONTINUOUS

A deadly serious PRINCIPAL PHILLIPS hands General Grandpa a manila envelope that reads, "EYES ONLY." He pulls out a DVD.

INT. AMERICAN SPORTS SUPPLY - DAY

Bob stands behind the cash register. He's zoning out.

BOYD
Bob... Bob...

He snaps back his attention to see Boyd holding up the phone...

BOYD (CONT'D)
It's for you.

And Bob takes the phone...

BOB
(into phone)
Hello...

INTERCUT WITH

General Grandpa in his office, watching SECURITY CAM FOOTAGE of MAX AND FINKLESTEIN (in their "*Pulp Fiction*" costumes) breaking into the principal's office and hacking into his computer.

GENERAL GRANDPA
I have some bad news, son.

BOB
What is it?

GENERAL GRANDPA
Max has been suspended.

BOB
What??

GENERAL GRANDPA
He broke into Principal Phillips' office and hacked into his computer.

BOB
That can't be right. He's been behaving so much better lately. I even got an email from...
(then, realizing)
Dammit! I knew that *Most Disciplined Student Award* sounded fishy!

Bob shakes his head in frustration...

GENERAL GRANDPA
 Bob, he's been playing you.
 (beat)
 It's time for Hudson, son...

And Bob... now growing furious...

INT. MISS RODGERS' CLASSROOM - DAY

Miss Rodgers teaches the class.

MISS RODGERS
 Tennessee Williams wrote a lot
 about our capacity for memory...
 that our memories are never as
 concrete as when the events
 originally unfolded. That our
 memories aren't tangible--

And she turns to see Bob standing in the doorway. But before
 he can say anything...

MISS RODGERS (CONT'D)
 He also wrote his male characters
extremely flawed.

As she pastes her glare on Bob...

MISS RODGERS (CONT'D)
Vulgar, heartless, immature men
 with almost no capacity whatsoever
 to understand the wonderful women
 they are lucky enough to know.

Throwing on a plastic smile...

MISS RODGERS (CONT'D)
 Mr. Cable... how can we help you?

EXT. MISS RODGER'S CLASS - MOMENTS LATER

They stand in the hallway...

BOB
 Max has been suspended.

MISS RODGERS
 For what??

BOB
 He broke into Principal Phillips'
 office and sent a fake email from
 his account. I'm here to take him
 home.

MISS RODGERS
Well, I don't know where he is.
He's sick today.

BOB
Who called him in sick?

MISS RODGERS
You did.

Bob shakes his head in anger, realizing...

BOB
He had Finkelstein do it. Kid's
like a pubescent Rich Little. I'm
raising a little con-man...

As he rushes off...

BOB (CONT'D)
...but he's never coming back to
this school again -- I'll tell you
that.

INT. MAX'S ROOM - DAY

Furious, Bob storms in...

BOB
Max!!! Max -- you better be in
here!

But he's not. The room is empty. From downstairs, we hear
someone enter the house.

GENERAL GRANDPA (O.S.)
Bob?

BOB
Up here.

And Bob starts tearing the room apart... looking for any clue
he can find. But he stops when he sees what's sitting right
on the desk... in plain view... the printed-out email
confirmation for Max's New World audition...

Bob reads it... "Per your request we were able to move up the
audition by four days... 3pm... Max Cable..."

General Cable enters the room...

GENERAL GRANDPA
Any luck?

Now starting to unravel, Bob sticks the print-out in his
father's hands. The General reads it, then...

GENERAL GRANDPA
I'll drive.

INT/EXT. BOB'S F-350 (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

General Cable drives as Bob stewes in the passenger seat.
Bob gets a call... answers it.

BOB
Yes...

INTERCUT WITH

MISS RODGERS
Did you find him? Now I'm getting worried.

BOB
He's auditioning at that performing arts school you wanted him to go to.

MISS RODGERS
Max is auditioning now? I thought that was scheduled for Friday.

BOB
You knew about this?!

MISS RODGERS
This is his dream, Bob. He deserves a shot.

BOB
(furious)
I respectfully disagree.

MISS RODGERS
Bob. Wait. Let's talk about... Bob?
(but the line is dead)
Ugh!

Miss Rodgers grabs her car keys and heads for the door.

INT/EXT. BOB'S F-350 - DAY

General Cable pulls the truck up to the "NEW WORLD SCHOOL FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS".

Bob hops out of the truck, seeing red and ready to do battle.

INT. NEW WORLD SCHOOL FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS - DAY

Instruments lean against walls painted in colorful murals.
The place feels more like a den of creativity than a school.

Bob storms in, sees a sign for the auditorium, and heads off in that direction...

INT. NEW WORLD AUDITORIUM - DAY

Bob rushes in to find the audition taking place. The ADMISSION COMMITTEE (five teachers and administrators) sits in the third row and Max and Hunter stand on the stage.

Bob's about to put an end to this, but...

MAX

I'd like to take a moment to
dedicate this to two people. First,
to my mom, who I lost a few years
ago.

...this makes Bob stop.

MAX

She used to sing to me every night
because -- in her words --
"sometimes words just aren't
enough."

And Max then looks over to Bob and just gives a slight nod...
as if he knew the whole time Bob would be there.

MAX

I'd also like to dedicate this to
my dad... it took a lot to get him
here.

And Bob suddenly realizes as he utters...

BOB

"Get the enemy to come to you."

MAX (CONT'D)

I hope it works.

Suddenly, music plays over the PA and Max starts the audition.

Bob realizes that this scene is his proposal to Karen with
Max playing Bob and Hunter playing Karen.

As Max breaks into a song... *"Karen, Will You Marry Me?"*
This Max's audition, not a musical number of our movie.

Bob can't believe it... he's frozen. Watching this musical
rendition of his spontaneous proposal to Karen.

It's emotional and Max is killing it.

Bob turns to see somebody has joined his side... Miss Rodgers.

BOB

(transfixed, hushed)
His scene... it's... my proposal to
Karen. He's really good...

MISS ROGERS
(hushed)
I know.

BOB
(hushed)
Wait, why are you here?

MISS ROGERS
(hushed)
To make sure he got a chance to do
that.

She points to Max performing on stage. And they look on as...

MAX AUDITIONS

It's the climax of Max's piece. Max (as Bob) gets on one knee and sings to Hunter (as Karen), "*Will you marry me?*"

FROM BACKSTAGE -- Finklestein pulls a chord and...

...a backdrop with FIREWORKS suddenly appears behind Max and Hunter. She stares at the "fireworks" for what feels like an eternity, then turns to Max and says, "*Yes*"...

Bob flushes with emotion... moved to the verge of tears...

Max finishes the audition and all is still.

The admission committee members pass over forms to the LEAD ADMINISTRATOR, who proceeds to read them over.

Max, Hunter, Finklestein, Miss Rodgers, and Bob await the answer for a long, tense beat... Then, finally...

LEAD ADMINISTRATOR
Thank you, Max. As you know,
admission to The New World School
is very competitive -- and although
you clearly have talent -- at the
present moment we will not be able
to provide the attention and
environment necessary for you to
develop it.

Max's face falls...

LEAD ADMINISTRATOR
We would love to see you again next
year.

BOB
What's going on?

MISS RODGERS
He didn't get in.

BOB
He didn't get in?

She sadly shrugs...

MISS RODGERS
It's really hard.

And suddenly... from across the room...

GENERAL GRANDPA (O.S.)
Alright, enough.

Bob turns to see his father arriving on the scene.

GENERAL GRANDPA
Kumbaya time is over. It's time to
face reality.

Max slowly walks over to Bob, crestfallen and heartbroken...

MAX
(destroyed)
You won, Dad -- I'm going to
military school.

Bob is speechless... emotional, but at a loss for words.

Max steps up to General Grandpa...

MAX
Let's go, General.

GENERAL GRANDPA
(to Bob)
It's for the best. Send his things.

As General Grandpa leads Max off, Bob can only look on...
defeated.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bob stands alone in the entry way. He takes in the silence,
the dark house and suddenly music begins to swell.

REPRISE: DREAMS VS. DISCIPLINE

*This is the sad/ballad reprise of Dreams Vs. Discipline.
We'll cut between a sad Bob sleep-walking through his life
and Max getting acclimated to Hudson. Time will pass.*

*The most important thing to note is that the dynamic will be
reversed here... Bob sings about how dreams might be
beneficial after all, while Max sings in favor of discipline.
Witnessing this reversal is truly heartbreaking.*

We'll find Bob at the supermarket and he'll see Miss Rodgers... who won't see him. But he'll be too sad to go up to her.

We'll also find Max at Hudson learning formation and marching... everything he made fun of before is now his actual life.

Near the end of the reprise, Bob's lyrics promoting dreams will begin to resonate with him while we see Max preparing for "Parents Day" at Hudson.

Bob makes a decision and jumps into his truck as Max and his fellow cadets get in formation for the parents day presentation.

END OF MUSICAL NUMBER

CLOSE ON A SIGN:

WELCOME PARENTS!

A gardener rides a John Deere, finishing the last of the grass so everything looks perfect for the parents.

EXT. HUDSON MILITARY ACADEMY - DAY

As Bob's truck screeches to a halt out front.

EXT. DORMITORY, HUDSON MILITARY ACADEMY- DAY

Bob marches up to the door, carrying a GIFT-WRAPPED BOX. The Cadet at the door salutes him. He salutes back.

INT. DORMITORY - DAY

Bob knocks. No one answers. He slowly opens the door.

Max's room is empty. A small bed. A neat desk. No joy. No passion. Bob looks around sadly and then leaves the room.

INT. DORMITORY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bob strides down the hall and stops a passing CADET.

BOB
Have you seen Private Cable?

CADET
Already left for assembly, sir.

BOB
Thank you, Private.

Bob walks briskly down the hall. Soon he is running.

EXT. HUDSON MILITARY ACADEMY FIELD - DAY

200 CADETS are assembled, waiting for the order to enter. Parents proudly wait to see their children follow orders.

From the sidelines, Bob frantically searches the crowd of cadets for Max, until, finally, he sees him.

For a moment Bob doesn't recognize him -- shaved head, crisp cadet grays, a dull obedience in his eyes. Suddenly, from the front of the line --

A CADET
Cadets move out!

Bob rushes over to his son...

BOB
Wait... Max, I need to talk to you.

But all Max can do is salute Bob and march out with the other cadets... obedient and robotic.

EXT. HUDSON MILITARY ACADEMY FIELD - DAY

CLOSE ON --

GENERAL CABLE
Ladies and gentleman, I am proud to
present the 132nd Corps of Cadets.

A hundred boys march out in lockstep.

IN THE BLEACHERS --

The parents can't believe their children's transformation. Surprised gasps, photos taken on camera phones, applause.

GENERAL CABLE
Charlie Company! Bravo Company!

Bob is looking... in the middle of the pack is Max.

ANOTHER PARENT
Look what they've done to our boys.
Such discipline.

Bob watches Max marching in formation... and it breaks his heart. He closes his eyes... knows what he has to do.

BOB
I guess sometimes words just aren't
enough.

Bob reaches under his seat and pulls out the GIFT-WRAPPED BOX... opens it to reveal **KAREN'S FULLY REPAIRED UKULELE.**

GENERAL CABLE
 (to the Cadets)
 Atten-hup!

The Cadets all snap-to and stand at attention... The parents in the stands all wait for the Cadets' next move... And in the middle of this moment of deafening silence...

Bob sucks in a deep breath, then stands and begins PLAYING THE UKULELE...

Everyone turns to look at him at once, including General Grandpa and Max. The confused audience becomes even more confused as Bob walks out onto the field with the Cadets and snatches the microphone out of General Grandpa's hands.

And then, the craziest thing of all happens, Bob begins singing... of his own free-will for the very first time.

MUSICAL NUMBER: MAX -- I LOVE YOU

Bob sings a riff on the "Bob's Feelings" Motif... about how hard it was to lose Karen, his loneliness, pain... how hard it's been to relate to Max after her death... how he wants Max to be happy... how it hurt to see Max give up on his dreams.

Bob sings how he just wants Max to come home so they can start over again. Bob walks up to Max and embraces him with every fiber of his being... But most importantly, the lyrics speak to the fact that all Bob needs Max to know is...

BOB
 (singing/chorus)
 Max -- I love you.

And Bob... singing... finally expressing his feelings.

BOB
 Max -- I love you.

Bob stops singing... In fact, the music stops altogether, but Bob is too caught up in the moment to notice...

BOB
 Max, you said all you want to do is
 make people feel. Well, you made me
 feel. And we both know that's not easy.
 (beat)
 You brought out a different side of
 me, just like your mother used to.

And this breaks Max out of his robotic, military gaze and smiles back to his father.

BOB
 I love you, son.

MAX
I love you too, Dad.

And as they embrace, the music suddenly stops... Everybody stops dancing... Normal lighting resumes... The magical surrealism returns to reality.

And Bob realizes...

BOB
Two opposites... finding love...
...kissing Max on the forehead...

BOB
...all sealed with a kiss.

MAX
What?

BOB
Nothing.

END OF MUSICAL!

A mortified General Grandpa looks on...

GENERAL GRANDPA
What the hell are you doing, Bob?

BOB
I'm doing a father's job... loving
my son.

And now Bob turns to Max with...

BOB
Let's go home.

Max agrees. And as they walk away from the parents day presentation, Bob turns to Max with...

BOB
So I have this crazy idea...

Wanting to hear it, Max looks back to Bob...

WHO LITERALLY MORPHS

into Max... wearing exactly what Bob was just wearing.

And the military field turns into a stage... and Max (as Bob) plays Karen's UKULELE and turns to Hunter (wearing Max's cadet uniform) and sings...

MAX (AS BOB)
 (singing/chorus)
Max -- I love you.

And to the side of the stage... we find Bob... providing the music... by playing the ACCORDION.

Miss Rodgers stands next to Bob... wearing the hat of director... mouthing the words and rooting Max on.

MAX (AS BOB)
 (singing/chorus)
Max -- I love you.

PULL BACK

To reveal we are in the auditorium of the New World School for Performing Arts...

CARD: "ONE YEAR LATER"

As Hunter (as Max)... breaks out of a robotic gaze and smiles back to Max (as Bob).

HUNTER (AS MAX)
 I love you too, Dad.

They embrace, and Max (as Bob) kisses Hunter's (as Max) forehead.

And Miss Rodgers turns to Bob and nods over to the admission committee... all clearly moved... some in tears...

MISS RODGERS
 He's definitely in.

And Bob takes her hand into his and gives it a squeeze... looks deep into her eyes and smiles wide...

BOB
 There's something I've been meaning to ask you...

MISS RODGERS
 (expectantly)
 Yes...

BOB
 What did you think of my accordion playing? Pretty rockin', right?

She laughs and punches him in the arm... And as they kiss... The admission committee breaks into applause...

ADMISSION COMMITTEE (AD LIB)
 Stuck inside a musical, imagine
 that... a boy playing his father
 with such emotion...

As we move to the stage... Max finishes the audition with...

MAX (AS BOB)
 The musical is over.

FROM BACKSTAGE -- Finklestein pulls a chord and...

...a backdrop suddenly appears with ORNATE CURSIVE LETTERING:

THE END

FADE OUT.