

Mank's
WGL

DISTURBING THE PEACE

by David Misch

Doug Wick/Red Wagon Productions
Warner Brothers

FIRST DRAFT
June 1, 1989

FADE IN.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

CU: Dirty underwear. TILT UP: Perched atop it is an old take-out Chinese container. TILT UP: Grotesque debris stretches as far as the eye can see. In the distance, a door opens, pushing against the mound of debris. Two legs appear.

ROB (O.S.)

Willy?

The legs step forward gingerly; TILT UP to ROB, long-haired, bearded, moustached, in his thirties/forties. He's well turned-out in hip L.A. gear and doesn't relish wading through garbage.

ROB (cont'd)

Willy! It's the Nineties, you gotta get up now!

Beneath the dirty clothes, old food, music magazines, cardboard boxes, records, CD's, audio cassettes, video cassettes, cables and brassieres, there is movement.

WILLY's head appears, followed by the majority of his body, clad only in underpants. He's also in his thirties/forties, with long hair, beard and moustache. Willy is The Compleat Degenerate; no super-ego dares tread in the terrifying jungle of his mind.

WILLY

(searches; sing-songy)

Oh, sweetiekins! Where are you?
Mr. Gopher's getting lonely for his
nice warm cave!

ROB

Willy...

WILLY

(stares; then, back to
quest)

Come out, honey-lips! I got a real
big surprise for you!

ROB

Willy -- there's no one else here.

Willy considers this, then has an awful thought -- what if it's true? He scans the room, then sifts quickly through the rubble around him.

WILLY

Oh shit! I lost her! She was here
a minute ago, or last week... Rob,
I think I love this girl!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB

Really! What's her name?

Willy stops and thinks. Hard.

WILLY

God, you can be cruel. What's for breakfast?

ROB

It's three in the afternoon. We're due at the office.

WILLY

Wait -- I have something for you.

He reaches into his underpants, pulls out papers, and hands them to an understandably disgusted Rob.

WILLY (cont'd)

Some guy gave em to me.

ROB

'Some guy'? NO!
(drops them)
Pick em up.

WILLY

Man, are you losing it?

ROB

Pick em up and read em.

WILLY

'Subpoena, State of California,
Michaels Vs. Michaels...'

ROB

Melanie's been trying to serve those
divorce papers for six months and
you just handed em to me.

WILLY

You and Melanie were married?!

ROB

We kept it quiet, we didn't ---
(beat)
Oh no.

WILLY

Jesus, I'm really sorry. If I'd
known...

Rob shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY (cont'd)

I didn't even know you were serious!

ROB

We weren't. C'mon, we got a meeting.

He heads for the door; Willy follows, picking up articles of clothing to wear as he goes. Meanwhile, Rob is distracted by noises which indicate that a drum set (including cymbals) is being crushed beneath his feet.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

They enter a gigantic, ornate hallway, where a golf cart is parked. They climb in, Willy starts it, and they ride down the hall.

They drive in silence past rooms of gilded splendor until they pass a butler. Willy slows the cart.

WILLY

Miguel, is anyone in the dining room?

MIGUEL

No, monsieur.

WILLY

Then turn off the lights.

(to Rob)

God, the waste in this place.

They come to a grand entrance foyer; Willy stops the cart and they get out. Rob fluffs his hairline at a mirrored wall while Willy speaks to a butler who holds the front door open.

WILLY

Tony, buy a maid to turn off the lights.

TONY

Oui, monsieur.

EXT. WILLY'S MANSION

Willy and Rob walk out the front door of a stupendous mansion.

ROB

Your servants aren't French, are they?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY

No. Why?

ROB

No reason. Let's take my car.

A super-stretch limo awaits, with a chauffeur at the door. They step in and the car pulls away.

EXT. FREEWAY

The limo drives.

INT. DTP OFFICE

A standard-issue corporate office: eight or ten people at desks, typing, filing. It's quiet, serious.

Suddenly, "THE HALLELUJAH CHORUS": heads jerk up.

CU: VICTOR's head jerks up.

Rob and Willy enter; Willy carries a boom-box, from which "THE HALLELUJAH CHORUS" booms. They wave to the assemblage, which rewards them with smiles of vague amusement -- their bad-boy routine is wearing a bit thin.

WILLY

Thank you! Thank you!

ROB

Please, don't get up.

Willy passes a woman's desk.

WILLY

Wow! Great breasts! Come to my tent at dawn and bring a bathtub.

As Willy moves on, Rob hands a bill to the woman.

ROB

Sorry. Here's a hundred.

Willy passes a man.

WILLY

Woh, nice suit! I have a floor made out of that.

ROB

(hands money)
Terribly sorry. The lobotomy didn't take, what can I say.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As they move through the room, a SECRETARY presses a button.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE

On a desk, a discreetly placed sign flashes urgently. It reads "IT'S THEM!"

Nearby is a small water-jar with a device attached: it CLICKS and a paper cup drops out; it CLICKS again and water pours; it CLICKS again and two pills drop onto the desk.

Victor pops the pills and washes them down.

He's in his twenties/thirties, a seriously greedy businessman who responds to Rob and Willy with studied pomposity.

His impressive office contains a small stage area with lights, microphones, amplifiers, and a drum set. There's also a poster of a rock band: Willy is on drums and Rob, on guitar, does a spectacular leap.

Victor realizes the music has stopped; he listens apprehensively.

Suddenly, the door flies open.

WILLY

Vicky-baby!

ROB

Lamby-pie!

WILLY

Honey-lips!

ROB

Shnooky-lumps!

Willy comes around the desk and pinches Victor's cheek like an obnoxious uncle.

WILLY

Iddy-biddy-woody-doodo-rama-lama-ding-dong...

VICTOR

Thank you for being only two days late. Shall we get down to business?

WILLY

Get down!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB

Get funky!

They slap high-fives, low-fives, bent-over-backwards-between-the-legs-fives, then join together in a charming mock-standing-hump.

Victor opens a drawer and pulls out a document.

VICTOR

Most amusing. Well... I'll try to keep it short.

WILLY

Just think about your girlfriend.

Victor winces as Willy goes to the stage, then notices that Rob's disappeared. Victor peers over his desk and sees Rob lying on the floor with his legs draped over the seat of a chair.

VICTOR

Your back bothering you?

ROB

No, it's just a lot easier to look up your dress.

Willy launches into a furious DRUM SOLO; Victor opens the document.

VICTOR

Well...

He stares at Willy, who drums on, oblivious.

VICTOR (cont'd)

(loud)

Although Disturbing The Peace had a fairly good year, with gross receipts in the region of twenty million dollars, profits were down to about three million two hundred, and that ---

WILLY

Would you speak up?!!

Victor grimaces, then starts again, louder.

VICTOR

Gross receipts were approximately

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB
Victor ---

WILLY
(stops playing)
Rob...
(Rob turns)
'Vicky-baby'.

ROB
(to Victor)
Vicky-baby ---

WILLY
Rob...
(Rob turns)
'Victor'.

Victor puts his head in his hands.

ROB
We're still drowning in oceans of
wealth, aren't we?

VICTOR
(not looking up)
Yes.

ROB
So what's the problem?

VICTOR
You hired me because your
corporation was in chaos. I brought
financial stability, but my salary
is based on new receipts and
Disturbing The Peace hasn't released
product in four years.

ROB
We don't make product. We make
music.

VICTOR
You don't appear to do either.

WILLY
So we'll put out an album.

VICTOR
Frankly, I don't see that as an area
of major profit potential.

ROB
It's what we do!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTOR

It's what you did. Your fans are grown up. Rock may still be a part of their lives but it's not as important as a decent school for their children.

WILLY

This is a sick society.

VICTOR

I ask you once again to consider the area of merchandizing. Almost every act in rock has aligned itself with a commercial product.

ROB

It's demeaning. It's a sell-out.

VICTOR

You sell records.

ROB

Because our music means something. We won't let it be used to mean something else.

VICTOR

It would be a shame if some crass commercial enterprise corrupted the pristine imagery of 'Tongue Me, Baby'.

WILLY

Who you callin pristine?!

VICTOR

Not you, surely.

WILLY

Who you callin Shirley?!

VICTOR

Whatever I propose, you oppose. You never return calls, it takes weeks to get anything done.

(pulls papers from
desk; stands)

I have prepared two documents. One gives me power to act alone when you fail to contact this office for thirty days. The other is a letter of resignation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY
(mock outrage)
You expect us to resign?!

VICTOR
I expect you to sign one.

Willy immediately signs the first.

WILLY
Don't wanta lose you, Vicky-licky.

ROB
(signing)
You're a beautiful human being and
we love you more than life itself.

Willy stands and puts his arm around the uncomfortable Victor; Willy poses stiffly, with a big broad smile, as if they're being photographed.

VICTOR
Thank you. I will use this
increased flexibility to revitalize
your company, your band and your
careers.

Willy holds Victor's bright red tie in one hand.

WILLY
I now declare this bridge open.

He takes a scissors from the desk and cuts the tie.

EXT. STREET

Rob and Willy walk pensively in a middle-class commercial district.

WILLY
When did we stop being musicians and
become businessmen?

ROB
When we got successful.

WIDEN to show Rob's limo trailing behind them. Across the street, a man runs frantically.

They reach a cross-walk where the traffic-light's about to turn green.

ROB
C'mon, we can make it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They exchange a glance, then take off furiously. Rob stops halfway; Willy reaches the other side and realizes he's alone. Rob smiles.

WILLY

You are so immature.

ROB

Am not!

WILLY

Are so!

Suddenly there's a NOISE. A white Lincoln careens around a corner and zooms towards the crossing. Rob stares, transfixed.

WILLY

Rob!

Rob jumps out of the way; as the car passes, Rob and Willy see a passenger: a dark-complexioned man who stares at them scornfully.

WILLY

You okay?

ROB

Jesus. Yeah.

WILLY

Don't die on me, man. It's too Sixties.

He puts his arm around Rob. As they walk, Rob puts his arm around Willy.

EXT. STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A seedier neighborhood. On the far side of the street, the running man appears again. He's terrified, looking behind him frequently, and collides with a garbage can, setting off a terrific CLATTER. Rob and Willy walk INTO FRAME (followed by the limo) and glance in his direction, disinterested.

ROB

I'll tell you a secret. Last time we were on tour?... I felt like a fool. A thirty-nine-year-old man prancing around in front of thousands of sixteen-year-old girls who think they want to have sex with me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY

It's a living.

The white Lincoln zooms by, in the same direction as the man. Rob and Willy don't notice.

ROB

We're dinosaurs. We've been doing the same riff for fifteen years.

A beat, then...

ROB/WILLY

Boom!-da-da-Boom!-da-da-duh...
duh... Boom!

WILLY

Good riff.

ROB

Great riff.

A loud BANG. They don't notice.

EXT. STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Rob and Willy walk, followed by the limo. Behind them, the man appears from around a corner, running towards them.

ROB

Rock and roll isn't even hip anymore!

WILLY

What are you talking about?

ROB

Rap is hip! Hip-hop is hip!

SCREECHING TIRES, then the Lincoln SQUEALS around a corner and speeds towards the man -- and Rob and Willy. They turn to see what's going on just as the man peels off and jumps a fence. The car SQUEALS to a stop, backs up, then ZOOMS down an alley. Rob and Willy shrug.

EXT. STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Rob gets a Wall Street Journal at a newsstand, then he and Willy walk on. Behind them, the chauffeur pays.

ROB

Y'know the problem? We're insulated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY

Us?!

ROB

Yes! We're completely cut off from the real world. Like, when's the last time you took an ordinary walk through the city like this?

In the distance, a SIREN. They turn a corner; the man suddenly runs out of an alley and smashes into Willy. They both fall.

ROB

Hey! Watch where you're going!

The man reaches up and grabs Rob.

MAN

Help me! They're gonna kill me!

ROB

Jesus!

(yelling for chauffeur)

Martin!

ON CHAUFFEUR/NEWS GUY

They talk, oblivious. The SIREN GETS LOUDER.

BACK TO SCENE

The man, still holding Rob, hears a SQUEAL and a car-motor being gunned. Terror-stricken, he starts to run. Suddenly, there's a SERIES OF BANGS. Rob and Willy drop to the ground as the man falls.

Rob and Willy look up. The Lincoln jerks to a halt; the man they saw before leans out the window and glares at them. In addition to the driver, there are two more men in the back seat.

The SIREN indicates the cops are almost there. The passenger swears; the car guns into reverse and speeds back up the alley just as a squad car zooms onto the sidewalk next to the dead man. Rob and Willy lie on the ground, frozen with fear.

Two cops (man, woman, both in their twenties) leap out of the car; COP 2 (the woman) runs to the dead man, COP 1 to Rob and Willy.

COP 1

You hurt?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB
No.

COP 1
See anything?

ROB
White Lincoln, up the alley.

Cop 1 runs back to the squad-car; Cop 2 joins him. As he picks up the mike, she shakes her head, indicating the man's dead.

COP 1
Unit 1202. Homicide, Pico and
Fourteenth, send a wagon. APB,
White Lincoln, headed east.

Rob and Willy rise slowly as the limo pulls up; the chauffeur gets out, worried, but Rob waves him off. As the cops walk over to them, Willy starts shaking.

COP 1
What's wrong?

ROB
He's a little upset.

WILLY
Piano.

ROB
Can't get one.
(to cops)
Willy has this thing about grand
pianos. He kind of thinks they're
evil.

WILLY
The Devil's Keyboard.

ROB
He tends to push them through
windows. It helps him relax.

COP 1
'Willy'. Willy Stone!
(to Cop 2)
These guys are Disturbing The Peace!

COP 2
(baffled)
How about we deal with the homicide
first?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COP 1

The rock group!

(to Rob and Willy)

My dad really loves your records!

Rob reacts.

COP 1 (cont'd)

(flustered)

Jeez! Well, I --- uh, look --- I mean, we need to get statements, but if you guys are shook up, we can do it later.

ROB

We didn't see very much.

COP 2

(recognizing Willy)

Oh... yeah...

Being recognized calms Willy down; he responds with a roguish smile. Cop 2 is taken aback and reverts to business.

COP 2 (cont'd)

Okay, look, you guys go home. We'll contact you tomorrow.

ROB

Thank you, officers.

He starts for the limo -- but Willy stares at Cop 2.

WILLY

You know, officer, I do remember a few details.

(takes her arm)

Perhaps we could discuss them over coffee while your partner takes care of things here.

COP 2

Um... well...

Cop 1 and Rob stare in amazement as Willy puts his arm around Cop 2 and leads her off. Rob shakes his head and goes to the limo as the ambulance arrives.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROB'S MANSION - NIGHT

A huge house nestled in the hills. A black sedan pulls up in front and sits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A moment later, another black sedan drives up. A moment later, three more black sedans drive up; one pulls into the driveway and two figures get out.

PRINCE is in his fifties; beefy, tough. WHARTON is in his twenties; nervous, deferential.

Prince goes to the door and RINGS the bell. A light goes on and the door opens; a BUTLER pulls a bathrobe around him.

PRINCE
(holds out badge)
FBI. We need Michaels.

WHARTON
Could you, um, ask if we could
possibly speak to him please?

BUTLER
Mr. Michaels has retired for the
evening. I'll notify Mr. Morton,
his personal valet, who will be
happy to leave a message for Mr.
Michaels' appointments secretary who

Prince shoots him a glare that would melt Rambo's underwear.

PRINCE
(threateningly)
Do you mind if we come in?

The butler, scared, falls back against the door. Prince enters, Wharton following apologetically.

WHARTON
Sorry for the inconvenience...

INT. ROB'S MANSION - ENTRANCE FOYER

Prince and Wharton enter.

PRINCE
Where is he.

The trembling butler points to a grand staircase; Prince goes up, Wharton follows.

PRINCE
Michaels!

INT. ROB'S BEDROOM

Rob's in a monumental canopied four-poster. Upon hearing his name shouted in the middle of the night by a strange voice, he leaps straight up, smashing his head on a beam.

ROB

Yes! What?!! Hello!

Prince and Wharton stick their heads in the door and see Rob, in silver silk pajamas, kneeling on the bed holding his head.

PRINCE

Michaels...

ROB

Yes. May I ask what the fuck is going on?

WHARTON

(star-struck)

Nice to meet you.

PRINCE

(flashes badge)

FBI. We have reason to believe your life is in danger. It would be best if you came with us right away.

ROB

All right... let's go.

WHARTON

Don't you want to get dressed?

ROB

When I am awakened in the middle of the night, I expect to see young women with gigantic breasts, not moronic policemen. I will go with you, you will inform me about this incredible danger, then you will release me immediately, because if you don't, I will file the biggest fucking lawsuit since life began on this planet, millions of eons ago.

WHARTON

Mr. Michaels... um...

PRINCE

Let's go.

He turns and exits; Rob follows. Wharton looks unhappy, then hurries to catch up.

EXT. ROB'S MANSION

The butler watches from the doorway as Prince and Wharton escort Rob, who strides with silken dignity to the car. They drive off, followed caravan-style by the other cars.

EXT. WILLY'S MANSION - A LITTLE LATER

A fleet of black sedans pull up. Three figures emerge from one.

INT. WILLY'S MANSION - ENTRANCE FOYER

A terrified bathrobe-clad SERVANT falls back against the door as Prince, Rob and Wharton enter.

SERVANT

Een ze bassroom -- seex doorz on ze left, monsieur!

WHARTON

Sorry.

Prince, Rob and Wharton head down the hallway as a squadron of agents pass the amazed servant.

ROB

For God's sake, he's in the bathroom.

Prince picks up the pace.

WHARTON

A guy got drowned in his bathtub.

WILLY (O.S.)

Aaah! Aaah!

Prince, Rob and Wharton react, then run down the hall, followed by the others.

INT. BATHROOM

The door flies open. Willy's in the bathtub -- with Cop 2. Both react with lightning reflexes; he grabs a towel, she grabs her gun.

COP 2

LAPD -- drop it!

Prince throws Rob to the floor as he and Wharton pull their guns; instantly, a dozen agents join them in the doorway, guns out.

PRINCE

FBI -- drop it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The armed lawpeople face each other -- then Willy drops it. (The towel.) Prince looks disgusted, Wharton stifles a giggle, Rob rolls his eyes... and Cop 2 grins.

INT. HALLWAY

Cop 2 has a faraway smile as, buttoning her jacket, she walks to the entrance. Behind her, dozens of agents guard a door.

INT. SITTING ROOM

CU: Willy, who has a faraway smile as he sits in an immense overstuffed chair, wrapped in a towel. PULL BACK to show Rob next to him in another overstuffed chair, one of Willy's loud sports jackets wrapped around his silk pjs. PULL BACK to show the room.

It's a slavish copy of the classic English gentleman's study: dark oak, beams, gas lights, the works. There's an impressive fireplace surrounded by baroque grating; inside are a TV and VCR -- the TV plays a videotape of burning logs.

Then there are the hunting trophies. Animals everywhere -- lions, tigers, deer, bears. Each one is a toy, sometimes a child's stuffed toy but more often a blow-up beach-tube.

Prince and Wharton stand near Rob and Willy, Wharton next to a blow-up plastic horse-head. Prince is stone-faced; Wharton, while fighting it, thinks the room is hilarious.

Wharton notices a little peeling on the horse-head. He looks around: Prince stares straight ahead, Rob taps his fingers impatiently, Willy stares off dreamily. Wharton turns back to the horse-head and picks at it. Suddenly, a patch comes off and the head deflates. Wharton is horrified; Prince glowers; Rob glances at Wharton with disdain; Willy looks over dreamily, then turns back, smiling at nothing.

INT. HALLWAY

The agents stand idly. The front door OPENS then CLOSES; we hear FOOTSTEPS and the agents suddenly snap to attention. A woman walks INTO FRAME, carrying a briefcase, her back to us; an agent opens the door for her.

INT. SITTING ROOM

MAURA enters. She's in her twenties/thirties, good-looking but no-nonsense. She glances at Prince and Wharton; Prince elbows Wharton, who realizes they're supposed to leave. They do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Maura looks quickly around the room, expressionless, then turns to Rob and Willy.

MAURA

I'm Maura Birney of the U.S. Marshals Service. Less than eight hours ago, you witnessed a murder which involved elements of a local street-gang heavily involved in the international narcotics trade.

She waits. An answer seems called for.

WILLY

One right -- let's go to Jamie Farr.

MAURA

This and other incidents will be presented to a federal grand jury. Although there are other witnesses and other crimes involved, your testimony will be of invaluable assistance.

ROB

Excuse me -- couldn't you have told us this in a postcard?

MAURA

This gang is extremely violent.

EXT. HILL ABOVE WILLY'S MANSION

The white Lincoln pulls into view. Below, the fleet of black sedans sits in front of the house.

MAURA (V.O.) (cont'd)

They know who you are. They do not want you to testify. They may already be looking for you.

The Lincoln drives off.

INT. SITTING ROOM

Maura's turned away from them. Willy leans over to Rob, indicating Maura.

WILLY

Great ass.

Rob scowls ("Not now!"). Maura turns back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB

I, uh, guess we could just not testify.

MAURA

They would still desire to eliminate the only eyewitnesses.

WILLY

We'll buy some bodyguards! We're really rich.

MAURA

How nice for you. But that choice would result in a life of complete seclusion under the constant supervision of a team of security experts.

WILLY

Are you wearing underpants?

MAURA

Mr. Stone, I know who you are. You're a spoiled overgrown child with a legendary capacity for illegal drugs and women in bathtubs. You also have some less attractive qualities.

This cracks Rob up.

MAURA (cont'd)

And you, Mr. Michaels, are a shameless social-climber wallowing in an opulent, excessive and utterly useless existence.

ROB

Hey, if we wanted abuse we could just put out another album. What're we supposed to do?

MAURA

I am authorized to admit you to the Federal Witness Protection Program. We can get you new identities, find you jobs in a different part of the country, guarantee your safety until the trial.

ROB

And after?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAURA

Well, after, they'll all be in prison, won't they.

WILLY

Okay.

ROB

You can't just say 'okay'! Don't you know what doing this means?! It means we --- ... we'd have to --- ... we couldn't --- ...

(to Maura)

What does it mean?

MAURA

First, you have to cut off everything.

WILLY

Euuu.

MAURA

You can have no access to any person, possession, or business dealing you have ever known. Other than a small subsidy provided by the government, your income comes from whatever job we set you up with.

ROB

Wait -- we're doing you this incredible favor and we have to work?

MAURA

People with no visible means of support draw attention.

WILLY

Are we gonna have to play lounges?

MAURA

Mr. Stone, please try to rally all your IQ points to this cause.

WILLY

Beat me whip me.

MAURA

Obviously, you can have no connection with music.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAURA (cont'd)

(thinks)

You've both been rock stars since
you were teenagers, haven't you.
You really don't have any idea how
ordinary human beings live.

ROB

Are you saying we couldn't do it?

MAURA

It might be as long as six months
before the trial.

ROB

Listen baby, we can kick shit out of
ordinary life.

WILLY

We'd be the most incredible normal
people who ever lived!

MAURA

You realize you'd be in separate
locations.

ROB

Oh no.

MAURA

Being together would double the
chance they'd find you.

ROB

Look...

(to Willy)

... sorry...

(to Maura)

Willy's a fuck-up. His idea of
incognito is having sex in the dark.
If he goes out alone, he'll screw up
and get killed.

WILLY

Are you done?

Rob nods.

WILLY (cont'd)

(to Maura)

He's right.

MAURA

I'll see what I can do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAURA (cont'd)

This program has never lost a witness who stayed underground. You come out, you draw attention to yourselves -- you're dead men.

ROB

And if we don't go in we're dead men.

WILLY

Where would we be?

MAURA

For security reasons, we're not permitted to say. The location will be chosen from a list of cities with access to certain jobs requiring minimal skills.

WILLY

Oh great. Like they must be really great cities.

ROB

Fly-overs. Two-bit rinky-dink backwater hickvilles.

MAURA

(pulls out folder)

We have a wide range of locations, many of them surprisingly exotic.

(reads)

Rome, Paris, Cairo...

As she reads, we see the folder: a listing of thousands of small towns, including Rome (New York), Paris (Texas), and Cairo (Illinois).

WILLY

Cairo!

ROB

The mystic East!

WILLY

Pyramids!

ROB

I don't think the pyramids are in Cairo proper.

WILLY

One of the 'burbs, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB

(to Maura)

Do we have to get plastic surgery or
our fingerprints lifted or
something?

MAURA

Oh, I don't think we'll have to go
that far.

INT. HALLWAY - A WHILE LATER

Rob and Willy emerge from the sitting room to the stares
of Maura, Prince, Wharton, the group of agents, and a
barber. They have been shorn of long hair, beards, and
moustaches. They regard each other.

WILLY

If I look half as bad as you, I'm
gonna kill myself.

ROB

(to Prince)

Give him a gun.

MAURA

Come on.

She walks off. Prince takes Willy and pulls him along;
Wharton goes to take Rob but can't bring himself to do
it. Rob shakes his head and walks off, followed by
Wharton and the other agents.

EXT. FREEWAY - EARLY MORNING

A caravan of black sedans sails down the freeway.

INT. CAR

Rob and Willy sit in the back seat on either side of
Prince. Wharton drives; Maura's next to him.

WILLY

So what's our job gonna be?

MAURA

There are two openings in a
realtor's office.

WILLY

Wow -- realty, what a concept.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB

Look, about this money thing, can we take just a million? Just one lousy million?

Prince shakes his head, disgusted.

INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE

Passengers board a flight. Rob and Willy, escorted by Prince and Wharton, start for the gate; Willy notices that Maura's not moving.

WILLY

Hey, aren't you coming?

MAURA

Love to, but I can't. No underpants.

She walks off.

WILLY

(to Rob)

She wants me.

Prince grabs Willy and pulls him off. Rob looks at Wharton.

WHARTON

I'm really sorry, Mr. Michaels.

Rob grabs Wharton and pulls him off.

EXT. ABOVE THE CLOUDS - DAY

The silver bird wings skywards.

Chicago
EXT. O'HARE AIRPORT - RUNWAY

The plane lands.

INT. PLANE

Willy, Prince, Rob and Wharton move off with the other passengers.

WILLY

(to Rob)

Did I miss an ocean somewhere?

PRINCE

We're in Chicago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB
Gotta change planes, right?

Wharton responds with a wan smile.

EXT. CAR - DRIVING DOWN TWO-LANE HIGHWAY

The car passes a sign: "CAIRO / POP. 5931".

INT. CAR

In the back seat, Rob and Willy react. In the front, Wharton looks unhappy; Prince giggles.

EXT. CAR - ON HIGHWAY

WHARTON (V.O.)
Sorry.

EXT. STREET

Rob and Willy stand beside the car as Prince hands over...

PRINCE
Fake bios -- memorize them. Twenty-four hour emergency number, three thousand dollars cash, keys to a beautiful '86 Cutlass Supreme and the house, both paid for the next three months. There's clothes in the closet.

WHARTON
Good luck!

The car roars off; Rob and Willy are alone.

They turn to face their car (beat-up) and house (extremely modest 2-floor with a small front lawn). A few yards on the right is a similar house; on the left, a garage next to another similar house.

Dazed, Rob and Willy start forwards. They notice an older man at the window of the right-house; he stares at them unabashedly and suspiciously. They stare back in a stupor.

They get to the front door and enter.

INT. ROB AND WILLY'S HOUSE

Rob and Willy enter and stare.

It's sparsely furnished, carpeted, bland and small.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rob speaks in a choked voice.

ROB

Well, at least there's a big closet.

He walks forward and looks around. Then he turns to Willy, horrified.

ROB (cont'd)

It's the living room.

Willy goes to a coffee-table. His arms sweep the air above.

ROB (cont'd)

What is it?

WILLY

Bacardi and Cheez-Whiz. Our contract says we get Bacardi and Cheez-Whiz.

Rob takes him by the shoulders.

ROB

This isn't a gig, Willy. This is our life.

Willy's eyes widen in despair. Zombie-like, he turns and sees something in a corner. It's a room -- white... tiled... and there, where the bathtub should be, is... a prefab shower.

It's too much. Willy lets out a HOWL of anguish.

He turns to the living room. Rob's not there.

WILLY

Rob?... Rob!

ROB (O.S.)

I'm in the back yard.

His voice comes from behind a curtain. Willy rips it aside; instantly, he's next to Rob, who stands in the 6x6 back yard, inches from the next house.

Actually, inches from the bathroom of the next house, where the head of the suspicious man is visible. As he pees. He stares at them even more suspiciously.

Rob turns to Willy, who makes little choking noises. Someone has to be strong. Rob wipes wetness from one eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB

It's okay, Willy. We can make it.
Look at it... as a gag. We're gonna
pretend to be straight.

(laughs hysterically)

Get it? It's like... like straight
is a costume! We'll put it on,
we'll fool everyone, it'll be
hilarious! Whattya say? Whattya
say, Willy?!

Willy gasps in little hoots. Finally, after great
effort, he's able to speak.

WILLY

I'm hungry.

SFX: ALARM CLOCK.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

PAN the floor, littered with half-eaten packages of
pretzels, Cheez-Whiz, and frozen pizza, ending on Rob,
who sleeps with his legs over the seat of a chair (back-
pain position). Willy's stretched on the dining table
amidst a profusion of beer cans.

The ALARM WINDS DOWN; Rob and Willy do not stir. It
stops; Rob and Willy do not stir.

ROB

(without opening eyes)

Time to get up.

They do not move.

INT. LIVING ROOM - A WHILE LATER

Rob and Willy stand by the front door, clad in business
suits and ties. They stare at each other for a moment,
then Willy collapses in tears in Rob's arms. Behind
them, through the window, the neighbor watches in
disgust.

INT. CAR

Rob drives; Willy's next to him.

WILLY

I've always worked nine-to-five.
But it was the other nine-to-five.

EXT. ROAD

The car rides down the road.

EXT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE

On Cairo's modest Main Street, Rob and Willy stand before an office: "BRUCKNER REALTY". Willy collapses in Rob's arms, then pulls himself together. They enter.

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE

Four desks, four people (dressed informally), many filing cabinets. JANET (attractive, thirties) looks up.

JANET

Can I help you?

ROB

(ultra-cheery)

We're here to work!

JANET

Oh, the new assistants, right? I'm Janet Josephson.

(turns and calls)

Mr. Bruckner...

BRUCKNER, forties, indicates he's on the phone.

JANET (cont'd)

He'll be a sec.

(regards them)

You from a big city?

ROB

No! Oh no. A really small one. A village, actually. A small village. Just a couple cows.

WILLY

One cow.

JANET

You dress like you're from a big city.

ROB

(shrugs, grins)

Village.

WILLY

Cow.

She regards them skeptically as Bruckner comes over and shakes hands.

BRUCKNER

Hi, my name's Ed Bruckner. My friends call me Ed... Bruckner. I see you've met our star saleswoman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He puts his arm around Janet but she moves away; he covers by clapping his hands together.

BRUCKNER (cont'd)

And you are...

ROB/WILLY

Mike Stacey.

(quickly, pointing at
other)

He's Mike Stacey.

ROB

He's Mike Stacey and I'm Jim
Harrington -- Harrison!

WILLY

We're incredibly normal.

ROB

(covering)

So! Let's sell some houses!

JANET

What brings you here? Not too many
people move to Cairo to break into
real estate.

ROB

Yeah!, that's why we came -- more
opportunities! We're rarin to go,
aren't we, Wi-Ji-Mike!

WILLY

That's right...

(searches)

... champ!

They clamp arms around each other's shoulders; Janet
stares dubiously.

BRUCKNER

You'll have to excuse Janet. She's
just generally suspicious of the
male species.

She glares daggers.

BRUCKNER (cont'd)

Tell you what, Janet, since you're
making the most money, you can
afford a little time. Why don't you
take these men under your very
attractive wing and show them the
ropes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANET

Because I don't want to.

BRUCKNER

It wasn't a question, Janet. Break them in.

He walks off. Rob tries to ease the awkward moment.

ROB

So! Let's sell some houses!

Janet glares.

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE

Rob and Willy, jackets off, are by the cabinets, filing. Rob enthusiastically calls the name of each filee as he hands over a folder.

ROB

Abromowitz! Meldihyde! Wizansky!
Castrinkle!

Unfortunately, the strain of pretending to be normal for over a half-hour has been too much for Willy. Stuporized, he takes each folder and puts it in the same place in the same cabinet.

Janet comes over; Rob smiles enthusiastically.

JANET

I hate liars. I don't care who you are or where you come from, but don't ever lie to me again.

She walks off. Rob is punctured; Willy, still stuporized, feels nothing. Rob sighs, then bucks himself up and goes back to his enthusiastic efforts.

ROB

Stringhampton! Norriswade! Baglap!

Willy, barely moving, dumps each file into the cabinet as he gets it.

EXT. ROB AND WILLY'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Rob and Willy, exhausted, support each other as they walk to the door. In the right-house window, the man stares at them even more suspiciously.

INT. ROB AND WILLY'S HOUSE

They enter and stand, stupefied.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY

Honey, I'm home.

CARTOON

An animated Rob and an animated Willy romp through a cartoon world of dancing musical instruments and happy furry creatures, lip-synching one of their hits. This clip is saccharine enough to make the Care Bears look like THE WILD BUNCH, featuring "Rob" in a limo the length of a football field and "Willy" in a bathtub with a female furry creature, chastely kissing.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Victor and MORT (forties, sleazy) watch the cartoon on a TV.

VICTOR

Frankly, I'm not sure that America considers Rob and Willy to be nutty zany crazy loveable goofballs. They're just Sixties rockers who somehow survived into the Nineties.

MORT

Hey, you called Mort! I'm your slave, Vic.

VICTOR

My name is Victor. And I want to concentrate on the music.

(hands over page)

Here's their big hits. These songs are symbols of rebellion, of unorthodoxy, of integrity. That's what we're selling.

Mort glances at the list and holds two fingers together.

MORT

Like that, that's how we're thinkin. For 'Rollin The Night Away', we get a tire company. For 'Stuck On You', we get glue. For 'Tongue Me, Baby', we get... lozenges. Right?!

VICTOR

(smiles)

Right.

MORT

Now a-course you gotta get all the legal clearances.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTOR

In a few weeks, I will be empowered to proceed under my own authority, at which point it will be imperative to obtain the maximum return in the shortest possible time.

MORT

Don't wanta get caught, huh.

Victor glares at him witheringly; Mort realizes he's gone too far and stares at his shoes. Then, surprisingly, Victor smiles. Different as they are, he realizes that Mort is a soul-mate. Mort senses the change in atmosphere and looks up.

VICTOR

No.

Mort nods. The deal is struck.

INT. ROB AND WILLY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Rob and Willy enter like extras from NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. Utterly exhausted, Willy goes to the closet, removes his coat and hangs it in mid-air; it falls to the floor and he moves off as Rob does the same thing.

Willy heads for the stairs as Rob goes to a chair, lies down, and puts his legs over the seat. Willy is slumped motionless on the stairs.

WILLY

(without moving)

I'm horny.

INT. ROB AND WILLY'S HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

Rob and Willy sit at the dining table finishing frozen pizzas. There is a moment of silence.

WILLY

I'm still horny.

ROB

Fight it.

WILLY

Shit, what a decade. First I had to kick drugs, then I had to stop sex, now I can't play music. Everything I love wants to kill me.

ROB

You never stopped sex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY

I have safe sex. I know it's safe
cause I can't feel it.

ROB

I use two condoms.

They fall silent in sober contemplation of their sex
lives.

ROB (cont'd)

Willy, all those groupies, all that
sex... did you ever get tired of it?

WILLY

Like, exhausted?

ROB

No, y'know, not as interested. Not
as turned on.

WILLY

Not turned on by constant sex? What
do you mean?

ROB

Never mind.

INT. WILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - HOURS LATER

A moonlit view of what was, a few days ago, a sterile,
near-empty room, and is now a sterile room rapidly
filling with junk.

We see a shape on the bed which is... clothing and
towels. There, on the floor, is a peacefully snoozing
Willy.

INT. ROB'S BEDROOM

Equally sterile but neater. Rob lies on a board on the
bed (presumably for his back). We become aware of a
faint rhythmic THUD. Rob's eyes open. He can't figure
out what the noise is, or even if it's just in his mind.

He shuts his eyes. Faintly, a CYMBAL CRASHES. His eyes
open. He gets up, goes to the window, and looks out.

INT. HALLWAY

Rob, in terry-cloth bathrobe, paces in front of Willy's
bedroom. The THUD is louder now -- it's a bass guitar.
Willy snores peacefully, which irritates Rob even more.
Finally, he SLAMS his fist on the door-jamb.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY

Huh?! What?!

ROB

Yeah, I know -- I can't sleep either.

EXT. ROB AND WILLY'S HOUSE

The MUSIC'S LOUDER as Rob and Willy walk across their tiny lawn to the left-house. But they pull up short -- the music's coming from the garage. Rob goes to the door and opens it.

INT. GARAGE

Rob and Willy enter to see a girl rock group rehearsing. BETSY, the lead singer, prances and growls like a mini-Mick Jagger; FLUFFY, a bit overweight, is the aggressive drummer; LAURA, on bass, is quietly acerbic; and GINA, the keyboardist, is an enthusiast with green hair.

Oh, yeah: they all wear Chef costumes.

Rob is struck with Betsy, who cuts a fetching figure at the mike; Willy quickly regains his outrage.

WILLY

Do you kids know what time it is?!!

The band grinds to a halt and they all look.

ROB

We have to go to work in the morning!

WILLY

Try and have some fucking consideration!

There's an awkward silence. Betsy takes out a pair of glasses and holds them in front of her eyes.

BETSY

We're really sorry, sirs.

WILLY

'Sirs'?!

FLUFFY

(to Betsy)

Are these the weirdos from next door?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA

Mr. Anderson says you're homos.

Rob and Willy are speechless.

GINA

Maybe Laura could take down the bass
a bit...

Laura glares at her.

WILLY

How're you gonna get a back-beat
without a hot bass?

Rob glares at him.

FLUFFY

Guys, get a life. The world doesn't
close at eleven.

BETSY

Fluffy!

WILLY

'Fluffy'?

FLUFFY

My parents' cat died when I was
born. Wanta make something out of
it?

LAURA

You're the only homos in this
Congressional District.

JANET (O.S.)

Do you kids know what time it is?!

Janet, the realtor, is in the doorway with drinks and
cookies.

BETSY

(grits teeth; to self)
Not cookies.

ROB

Janet!

JANET

Yes, we're neighbors. Isn't life
wacky?

BETSY

Thanks for the cookies, Mom!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANET

Nice try, dear, but rehearsal's over.

FLUFFY

What's the point of trying to do anything in this lame-o town?

LAURA

(unplugs bass)

Fluffy, you're such a butthead.

FLUFFY

Eat poop.

WILLY

Language!

JANET

Jim, may I speak to you outside?

Rob and Willy look at her, smiling.

WILLY

(sotto; through smile)

Which one of us is Jim?

Janet starts out, then turns and looks; Rob inches forward tentatively. She turns and heads out as Rob sighs in relief and follows.

EXT. GARAGE

Rob and Janet come out.

JANET

Sorry about the noise. Would you rather the Chefs rehearse somewhere else?

ROB

No, no. But why don't they take up something like waltzes or polkas? Mike and I don't know much about this rock and roll stuff.

JANET

Good idea. I'll suggest they try some heavy metal polkas.

Rob smiles dopily and starts to head back in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANET (cont'd)

I did some checking on your references, Mr. Harrison. There's no phone for 'Sam's Plumbing' in Cedar Rapids, Idaho.

ROB

Oh, he's ~~an~~. unlisted plumber.

JANET

Mr. Harrison, my ex-husband worked in a car repair shop. One day, I went to visit him and he wasn't there. They'd never heard of him. He was a drunk who borrowed money to make me think he got a paycheck. Now you're such a bad liar, I almost don't mind it. But I want the truth now -- what are you doing here.

Rob smiles lamely -- then, from the garage, there's a TITANIC FLURRY OF DRUMMING. Rob rushes in.

INT. GARAGE

Willy flails at the drum-set while the girls stare in amazement. When he sees Rob, Willy "falls apart"; his drumsticks fly "klutzily" away.

FLUFFY

Jesus Christ.

WILLY

It's weird -- I never played before.

BETSY

Jimmy -- Mike tells us you used to pick a little guitar.

Janet's returned.

JANET

Really!

Rob glares at Willy, who moves away from the drums.

WILLY

(guilty)

Y'know, folk stuff, at parties. How about a chorus of 'Kumbaya'?

Betsy hands Rob the guitar with a condescending smile. Rob can't resist -- he whips off an extremely HOT LICK. But then he remembers Janet and "falls apart". Betsy and the others all smile patronizingly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But Janet seems suspicious.

ROB
I'm better on accordion.

WILLY
Well, we should hit the hay!

ROB
Nighty-night!

They exit.

JANET
(to girls, sarcastically)
Nighty-night!

Janet exits. The girls look at each other, then burst out laughing.

LAURA
'I'm better on accordion.'

BETSY
I think Jim's kinda cute. And he can sort of play.

GINA
So Betsy, how's Turk feel about your new boyfriend?

FLUFFY
Just keep the spaz away from my drums.

GINA
Old people should be banned from music.

They nod sagely.

EXT. ROB AND WILLY'S HOUSE

Rob and Willy walk home quietly, then break out laughing.

WILLY
'The Chefs'!

They gradually stop laughing. A beat, then Rob grabs Willy.

ROB
Nothing to do with music.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY

I can't take it! I'm gonna crack!
(realizes)
I actually said 'Do you kids know
what time it is?'

ROB

We're supposed to say that! We're
adults!

WILLY

I don't wanta be adults! I wanta be
them!

ROB

What you need is a shot of rhythm
and blues.

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

ROCK AND ROLL on the soundtrack. WIDE-SHOT: people talk
on the phone, type, sort through paperwork. But in the
back, Rob and Willy groove. CLOSE IN: they wear Walkmans
and file rock 'n roll style, flipping folders with
pinpoint accuracy while doing dance moves.

Janet looks at them, smiling, from her desk. Then she
turns around to work, just as Bruckner appears behind
her. He leans over her provocatively, a hand on either
side. Without reacting, Janet takes a stamp, stamps one
of her papers, then stamps the back of his hand: NO SALE.

INT. DTP OFFICE

Workers work as two men in uniforms walk past.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE

Victor's at his desk; the intercom BUZZES.

VICTOR

Yes.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

(filtered)

The air conditioning men are here.

Victor looks puzzled as the door opens and two men enter
in "AAA RAPID SERVICE" uniforms. One is the man Rob and
Willy saw in the Lincoln.

VICTOR

(irritated)

There's nothing wrong with ---

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN 1

We know.

They sit. Somehow, Victor senses not to have them thrown out.

MAN 1 (cont'd)

We wish to contact Mr. Robert Michaels and Mr. Wilfred Stone.

VICTOR

I don't know where they are.

MAN 1

You don't.

VICTOR

No, I don't. What concern is it of yours?

MAN 1

We have business with them.

MAN 2

We will pay a reward for ---

MAN 1

For information.

VICTOR

I don't know where they are.

The men stand.

MAN 1

We will check with you from time to time. If you should find out, and not tell us, we will kill you.

Victor reacts; they exit.

MONTAGE

- A) Rob and Willy leave their house just as Janet's pulling out in her station wagon. She stops and beckons; they get in.
- B) They return that night. Rob and Willy wave goodbye to Janet, and Willy heads in. But Rob notices Betsy pass Janet on her way to sunbathe on the lawn. Her body structure is revealed to be significantly healthy. She waves to Rob, who waves back as he walks urbanely into the wall. He recovers quickly, smiles politely, and goes in the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- C) The Chefs rehearse.
- D) Rob and Willy cook hamburgers. They hear the music and freeze, then look at each other guiltily and go back to work.
- E) The Chefs rehearse.
- F) Rob and Willy, done with dinner, sit at the table unconsciously tapping silverware along with the music. They realize what they're doing and freeze.
- G) TV SOUNDTRACK UNDER MUSIC: Willy watches a game show to drown out the Chefs, but his arms and legs unconsciously "play drums". LOUD NOISE; Rob walks INTO FRAME, vacuuming.
- H) Rob and Willy sit silently in chairs and stare at each other. After a moment, they mouth "Fuck it."
- I) The garage door opens; Rob and Willy enter. They gesture for the girls to keep going, and sit.
- J) (A FEW NIGHTS LATER) Janet's car pulls up; she goes to her house, Rob and Willy to theirs. After a few moments, Rob and Willy emerge and go to the garage, followed moments later by Janet with a tray.
- K) Janet enters the garage with pizza for Rob and Willy, who are in postures indicating they've become fixtures. Janet sits and listens with them.
- L) Rob takes instruction on the guitar from Betsy, who stands very close. The other girls grin knowingly; Janet watches stone-faced.
- M) Willy tries to explain something to Fluffy. He reaches for a drumstick, she grabs it back, Willy takes it from her; Fluffy pokes him in the gut with her other stick and grabs the first one back while Willy staggers away.

MUSIC ENDS.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Willy talks to Fluffy and Gina while Laura works on a bass-run.

WILLY

(to Gina)

Like your hair.

FLUFFY

Barfola.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA
(ignoring her; to
Willy)
It's really blonde, but I'm on the
swim team and chlorine makes it turn
green.

Janet brings over a tray of food and drinks.

FLUFFY/WILLY
Thanks Mom.

They exchange a small smile.

ROB/BETSY

Rob watches Betsy (glasses on) do his trademark playing-leap.

BETSY
That must've been tough with an
accordion.

ROB
It's just a stunt. You got the
pipes --- um, the vocal skills, to
really go somewhere. I would
assume.

BETSY
It's pure fantasy for me. I just
imagine I'm, y'know...

ROB
Janis?

BETSY
(no idea)
'Janis'. No... Y'know, Madonna,
the Bangles, that girl in Vixen.

ROB
You ever listen to... Disturbing The
Peace?

BETSY
Are you kidding? I loved them when
I was a kid.

Rob reacts as Gina and Laura come over.

LAURA
(to Rob)
That rhythm thing you want me to do
sounds like shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB

(laughs nervously)
It was just an idea. I mean, what
do I know, huh?

We hear a MOTORCYCLE.

BETSY

I gotta split.

She takes off her glasses and packs her guitar. Gina and
Laura confer with Rob.

GINA

It's Turk.

LAURA

Don't tell Janet, but they're
working their way through the Kuma
Satra.

Rob reacts ("Kuma Satra?") as the door opens and TURK
enters. Things may have changed in twenty years, but not
greasers.

JANET (O.S.)

Beef jerky?

Janet has quietly appeared with her tray.

ROB

No thanks.

They watch as Turk gazes at the assemblage with supreme
disinterest; Betsy takes his arm and pulls him out.
Meanwhile, Willy comes over and whispers to Rob.

WILLY

(as Barry White)

A spy in the house of love.

Rob notices the other girls looking at him; they giggle
and move apart.

ROB

Why do I feel like I'm in high
school?

JANET

Twinkie?

ROB

I find it a little weird that you
let her go out with someone who
looks like...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY
You, when I met you.

JANET
Have you ever been married, Jim?

ROB
Me? No, no.

JANET
So what is that, once?

Rob, guilty, nods.

JANET (cont'd)
So at least twice.

ROB
What's your point.

JANET
Don't you think it'd more
appropriate for you to be attracted
to a grown woman?

She turns and exits. Willy grabs Rob by the shoulder and
uses his other hand to slowly, painfully extract an
imaginary shaft from Rob's chest.

EXT. GARAGE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Rob and Willy come out.

WILLY
Is something going on that Uncle
Willy should know about?

ROB
Like what?

WILLY
Like are you and Betsy about to do
the horizontal mambo?

ROB
I may ask her for a date.

WILLY
A date?! Since 1966, there haven't
been three women whose names you
knew before you played Hide-The-
Salami. What're you gonna do on a
date?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rob starts to speak, then stops; there's a gun at the back of his head.

VOICE

Doan say a fuckin word.

Willy turns to look. The gun quickly goes to his head.

VOICE (cont'd)

My face ain't so gorgeous it should be the last thing you see. Get into the house.

Rob and Willy walk; LONG-SHOT of a hooded figure following them into their house.

INT. ROB AND WILLY'S HOUSE

Rob and Willy enter.

VOICE

Okay. Turn round.

They do. The figure removes the hood: it's Maura.

INT. ROB AND WILLY'S HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Rob and Willy sit while Maura paces.

MAURA

So imagine my surprise when a cursory check of the Cairo police log shows twenty-two complaints from your next-door neighbor, starting with a homosexual love orgy.

WILLY

One! We had one homosexual love orgy!

MAURA

So I come out and what do I find you doing? Jamming with jailbait!

ROB

Betsy's nineteen!

MAURA

Shut the fuck up.

WILLY

I love it when you talk dirty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAURA

What does it take to get through to
your, excuse the expression, minds?
How about visual aids...

(hands them photos)

Recognize it?

ROB

Looks like some raw meat and old
clothes on a lawn.

MAURA

That's Vincent Gardelli, our star
witness. Couple months ago, he
found out he had a heart condition
so he called his old doctor. Now
he's fertilizer.

ROB

So you think we shouldn't hang out
with the band so much.

She grabs him.

MAURA

I got four witnesses left. From now
on, you go to work, you come home,
you crawl under your beds and stay
there till morning. You do nothing,
you say nothing, you think nothing
to draw the tiniest bit of attention
or I'll have your gonads for
breakfast.

WILLY

Mine first!

MAURA

No, shit-for-brains, the only way to
keep you alive is to chop off your
arms and legs, staple your lips, and
vasectomize your brain. I could
care less about your worthless
pampered stupid lives, but my job's
on the line. Forget the gang --
from now on, I'm the enemy.

She stomps out.

WILLY

(moony-eyed)

Our first fight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB

She's right, obviously, but...
Yesterday, a song popped into my
head. Just popped into my head.

WILLY

You're horny.

ROB

No. Not much.

WILLY

Betsy's got chops. They all do.
With a little help from their
friends, they could do it to it.

ROB

Forget it. You heard what your
honey-lipped sweetie said.

WILLY

C'mon, that was just to get me hot.
All she wants is for us to keep a
low profile.

EXT. ROB AND WILLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Two black-clad figures climb out a window and fall to the
ground; Rob and Willy GROAN. Rob looks up and sees
Anderson next-door, who stares through his window -- and
salutes. Rob's baffled.

WILLY

(whispers)

I told him you were former astronaut
Buzz Aldrin.

Anderson salutes insistently. Rob salutes back; Anderson
puts down his arm, satisfied.

Rob and Willy scurry over the front lawn, keeping low to
the ground, tripping at intervals. They finally get to
the garage and look around quickly, then Willy opens the
door and zips inside. Unfortunately, he doesn't leave it
open enough for Rob, who bashes into it, then drops to a
crouch, looks around, opens the door and zips in.

EXT. GARAGE - A WHILE LATER

Janet approaches with a tray, but the door's locked.
She's amazed -- and angry. She pounds.

JANET

Hey! Open up right now!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door opens; a black-clad Willy sticks his head out, glances around, then pulls Janet in.

INT. GARAGE

Willy pulls Janet in; she sees Rob with the girls, Betsy resting her arm on his shoulder while he talks. Janet's uncomfortable with this and takes it out on Willy.

JANET

Don't you ever lock my door.

WILLY

No, y'see, we can't let anyone know we're doing this.

JANET

You guys are so uptight.

ROB/GIRLS

ROB

So dump the costumes. Three of you, have good voices, work out some interesting harmonies, back-up at least.

BETSY

I like those ideas.

JANET

Cheeseballs.

Laura, Fluffy and Gina go to Janet.

LAURA

(low; to Fluffy)
This is really twisted.

Rob holds Betsy back.

ROB

Look, Betsy, um... I was wondering, uh...

He notices Willy, who pops a cheeseball and grins. Next to him, Janet watches impassively.

ROB (cont'd)

I thought maybe, if it'd be okay with your mom, y'know, and you want to, of course, you and I could, y'know, go kind of out...

He looks at her hopefully.

INT. ROB AND WILLY'S HOUSE - THE NEXT NIGHT

Willy eats and watches TV. Rob comes down the stairs in a conservative sports jacket and tie.

ROB

How do I look?

WILLY

Like K-Mart threw up on you.

ROB

Willy, rilly -- is it okay?

WILLY

What do I know about dating? She lives in Cairo! Maybe wearing a tie is too hip.

Suddenly he turns to the TV, as does Rob.

ON TV: a cheerful female chorus chirps "We Gotta Clean It Up" behind a detergent commercial.

ROB

We wrote that for the '68 Convention!

WILLY

Vicky-wicky.

ROB

The bastard's selling our music and we can't do a thing.

WILLY

When we go back, we kill him.

ROB

First we kill him, then we torture him.

(notices watch)

Shit, I'm late. Don't wait up.

He rushes for the door.

WILLY

Rob!

ROB

What?!

WILLY

Have a nice date.

ROB

Shut the fuck up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He grabs flowers by the door and exits.

EXT. JANET'S HOUSE

The door opens; Rob stands holding the flowers and looking his Sunday best... for Janet. Neither moves; then, suddenly, Janet sings.

JANET

'Mem'ries... dad dah dah dah dah
dum...'

Rob's nonplussed; Janet indicates while singing that he should enter, which he does.

INT. JANET'S HOUSE

JANET (cont'd)

'Misty water-colored mem'ries... of
the way we were...'

(overly enthusiastic)

What lovely flowers! Shall I stick
them in someone? ---

(laughs gaily)

--- I mean, thing?

ROB

(baffled; wary)

Uh, yeah. Thank you.

JANET

Betsy's just putting on her face.
You don't mind if her body stays
with me. Can I get you something?
Comic book? Lollipop? Teething-
ring?

ROB

Uh, Janet, I didn't realize you had
such a problem with our going out.
I find Betsy attractive. Is that a
crime?

JANET

Depends on the state.

She hears something and turns; Betsy descends the stairs,
in typical teen garb, which even in Cairo is hipper than
what Rob's got on.

JANET (cont'd)

Jim brought these for you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Janet gracefully floats the flowers in front of Betsy (who takes a sniff) then wafts them and herself out of the room, as if she were in an extremely sarcastic romantic movie. Betsy notices nothing, although Rob is suitably distracted.

BETSY

So, what're we gonna do?

ROB

Do? Nothing! I mean, I'm not gonna, y'know, you don't have to, I mean, everything'll be fine.

BETSY

Um... great. But are we gonna, like, go somewhere?

ROB

Oh, yeah! Sure! I haven't, well, Christ, I mean, wow, I didn't actually think about...

BETSY

Didja hear Tom Finley's playing? He's one of my idols. I'd love to see him.

ROB

Tom Finley?

CU: TOM FINLEY, SINGING. He's in his fifties, a star of the Fifties who now recycles his three hits in backroads bars.

INT. BAR

A backroads bar, smoky, beat-up, packed with people, only some of whom are listening. The others talk, shoot pool, play pinball.

CU: BETSY, rapt with idolatry. PAN TO Rob, uncomfortably bored.

Finley finishes the song; Betsy applauds wildly (joined by thirty or forty others), Rob pallidly.

FINLEY

Thanks. I'll be back in twenty minutes.

Less applause, but Betsy's is full-out.

BETSY

Isn't he incredible?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB

I gotta be honest -- he seems old
and ragged and wasted and worn-out
and beat-up.

BETSY

I didn't think that at all! I mean,
don't you think it's incredible to
actually be in the room with a star?

ROB

Well, there are bigger stars than
Tom Finley.

BETSY

Not in Cairo!

ROB

(smiles)
You never know.

BETSY

Well anyway... So how's real
estate?

ROB

Hey, I'm not just a realtor. I
mean, I am now, but I got big plans.

BETSY

So do I. We probably have the same
chance of succeeding.

ROB

(smiles)
I'd bet on it.

BETSY

Jim, I hate to say this, but you
don't know anything about the music
business. You need contacts.

ROB

Well, you might make contacts.

BETSY

In Cairo.
(gives up; patroniz-
ing)

Yeah. We might. Anyway, we're
gonna try doing commercials for
local businesses in exchange for
their paying for the recording.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB

Well now, you wanta be careful about that. You don't want to have your music selling something.

BETSY

Why not?

ROB

Cause it's your music. It means something to you.

BETSY

So why wouldn't I want to get paid for it?

ROB

(beat; pained)

No reason.

Betsy rolls her eyes audibly and sips her drink.

INT. CAR

Rob and Betsy drive in awkward silence.

INT. JANET'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Janet's doing bills on the dining room table. She hears a CAR DOOR SLAM and looks at her watch. She's amazed.

EXT. JANET'S HOUSE

Rob and Betsy get to the front door. Betsy turns around professionally.

BETSY

Wow, thanks for a great night.

ROB

Um, sure.

He was hoping for at least a quick kiss -- his are the lips, after all, that inflamed a thousand groupies -- but Betsy whirls on her heels and the door closes.

Rob looks at his watch. It's 10:15.

INT. ROB AND WILLY'S HOUSE

FILTERED ROCK MUSIC. Willy watches TV as Rob opens the door.

WILLY

C'mere! Quick!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rob goes to the TV, where a DTP SONG plays under a commercial.

ROB
Deodorant?! We're selling a
deodorant?!!

WILLY
It could've at least been condoms.
(speaking of which)
How was your date?

ROB
She thinks I'm a nobody.

WILLY
You're pretending to be a nobody.

ROB
She should be able to see through
that!
(looks at TV)
Bastard. Running our company.
(an idea)
Willy -- we have our own label.

WILLY
Yeah...

ROB
We can sign other bands.

WILLY
Yeah...
(realizes)
No. Rob, you don't wanta sign the
Chefs just so you can get laid.

ROB
That has nothing to do with it.
That has very little to do with it.

WILLY
We can't call Victor. You're
totally screwing up our stereotypes
-- I'm the irresponsible one!
(gleam in the eye)
Can I call?

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - EVENING

A richly but tackily appointed manse in the Hollywood
hills.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The lights are low in the Love God living room; there's a grand piano, lacquered dining table, elegant fireplace with objects on the mantel and a shotgun mounted above. Victor sips wine with a sweater-extending bimbo who admires a painting.

JACQUELINE

(about to touch)

Is this one of those David Hockeys?

VICTOR

(pulls her hand back)

A quarter-million dollars, that's what it is.

JACQUELINE

You have quite a prodigious abode.

VICTOR

(reacts)

Thanks, Jacqueline. Why don't we sit down.

She notices a line of objects on the mantel.

JACQUELINE

Ooo! Duckies!

VICTOR

Those are extremely valuable objets d'art.

JACQUELINE

They're darts?

VICTOR

They are highlights of the world's largest collection of ceramic duck decoys, perhaps the most prestigious of my recent acquisitions. This little one is worth eighty thousand dollars.

JACQUELINE

That is so atypical!

VICTOR

Um, yes. But it's a bargain compared with the wine, from my cellar, which is Chafitte Rothschild.

JACQUELINE

Ooo! He's my favorite Rothschild!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTOR

You are certain you understand.
Your responsibility is simply to
monitor all phone calls and
correspondence in the office for any
information about Mr. Michaels and
Mr. Stone. Due to these gratifying
but costly purchases, and the torpid
nature of royalty payments, their
return in the next few months would
make my position financially
untenable.

JACQUELINE

Oh I hate the torpid nature of
royalty payments!

VICTOR

(beat)
My dear, let's not talk.

JACQUELINE

All rightie!

She puts down her glass and lifts her sweater. This was
just the cultured reaction Victor was hoping for; he puts
down his glass and sticks his head inside her sweater.

The phone RINGS. Jacqueline is distracted.

VICTOR

(under sweater)
That's okay -- the machine's on.

She's relieved and encourages him to continue.

VICTOR'S VOICE

(filtered; on machine)
I'm not home. Leave a message.

BEEP.

WILLY (V.O.)

(filtered)
Hey scumbag!

Victor's head pops through the top of Jacqueline's
sweater, so that they look like THE INCREDIBLE TWO-HEADED
TRANSPLANT.

ROB (V.O.)

(filtered)
Let's go, Victor. We can't stay on
long.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY (V.O.)
(filtered)
He's probably trying to screw some
secretary.

JACQUELINE
How'd he know that?

Victor, panicky, still in the sweater, goes for the
phone, pulling Jacqueline with him.

JACQUELINE (cont'd)
Hey!

He picks up the receiver.

VICTOR
Willy?! Rob?!

WILLY (V.O.)
(filtered)
What the fuck are you doing with our
music?

Inadvertently, Victor jerks away from Jacqueline; like a
slingshot, she shoots out, then slams back.

VICTOR
Um... what are you talking about? I
didn't authorize those commercials.

INTERCUT BETWEEN ROB, WILLY AND VICTOR

ROB
Garber, every time someone in the
world lies, you get a royalty.

WILLY
If your dick worked like Pinocchio's
nose, you wouldn't have to bang
bimbos for a living.

VICTOR
Where are you? Are you coming back
soon?

ROB
Stop the commercials.

VICTOR
I've got the lawyers working on that
right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB

Listen carefully. A group's gonna come in, some girls. We've worked with em -- added harmonies, varied the material, killed some dumb costumes. They're ready now and we want you to sign em.

VICTOR

Certainly, whatever you say. But I can't keep your absence a secret indefinitely. You have to tell me -- why did you leave? Where are you?

ROB

Egypt.

He hangs up. Victor's in shock. Jacqueline, inches away, snores.

INT. GARAGE - THAT NIGHT

The girls finish a number as Rob and Willy enter. Betsy does a quick-change from hot lead singer to awkward teen as she avoids Rob's eyes.

ROB

We have a surprise. Willy and I were talking about how good you are and whether there was anything we could do to help you.

LAURA

Maybe a gig at a housewarming.

Rob reacts as Gina giggles but jabs Laura in the ribs ("Behave!").

ROB

Actually, we know someone in the music business.

FLUFFY

Oh, like an accountant?

WILLY

Like the head of a record company.

ROB

(glancing at Willy)
He's a friend of a friend of a friend... We arranged for you to see him in L.A. and he may well sign you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The girls are incredulous.

BETSY

You did what?

ROB

But you can't say anything about us.

WILLY

And you can't say anything about yourselves.

ROB

You're a mystery band -- that's the gimmick. No one knows who you are or where you come from.

LAURA

Who's paying for this?

Rob and Willy, all smiles, go pale.

ROB

We are!

Willy's eyes bug out above his gritted smile.

BETSY

Jim, if you're serious... this is incredible! Wait'll I tell Mom!

ROB

Uh, well, maybe I better be there when you do that. She may not approve of you going to L.A. by yourselves.

INT. JANET'S HOUSE - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Janet, with Rob and Betsy, has just heard the news.

JANET

Great! Have fun!

ROB

That's it?! Aren't you worried?! I mean, y'know, it's L.A.! Things can happen!

JANET

Oh, I see.

(takes Betsy's
shoulders)

Honey, I don't want you sleeping with anyone who isn't famous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETSY

Mo-om!

JANET

(to Rob)

The girl is nineteen years old. Her chastity belt doesn't fit anymore.

ROB

Well pardon me, I thought this might be, like, an emotional situation.

JANET

When you have kids, you get used to it. You can't start bawling every time they leave home.

EXT. BUS STATION - THE NEXT DAY

Through the windows of a bus, the girls chatter excitedly as it pulls out.

CU: Janet, crying. PAN TO Rob and Willy, crying.

INT. CAR - LATER THAT DAY

Rob and Willy, dressed for work, SNIFFLE as Janet drives.

JANET

Listen, I can't stand to see grown men cry, so get out and walk.

WILLY

Ice-bitch.

JANET

Dung-mouth.

WILLY

(to Rob)

I dig this babe.

He turns on his Walkman and DRUMS on his briefcase, interjecting SECTIONS OF SONGS and "WHOO!"s into Rob and Janet's conversation.

ROB

What happened to your husband?

JANET

When I found out about his lies, he disappeared. I never saw him again.

(beat)

So how was the big date?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB

Good.

JANET

Bad, huh? So your male ego got all limp and you figured you'd impress Betsy with your connections.

ROB

Boy, are you off.

JANET

Which leaves me scared shitless while my nineteen-year-old daughter goes off to Los Angeles.

ROB

But you said...

JANET

I'm not gonna tell someone she can't do what she's always dreamed of, especially if she'll do it anyway.

A beat.

ROB

She thought I was straight.

JANET

Jim, look at yourself. Look at all of us. We're car-pooling!

EXT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE

The car pulls up, they get out and enter. Willy continues to bop to his Walkman.

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE

They walk in; Bruckner turns, glaring, holding a fistful of folders. Behind him, three workers are on the floor with piles of files.

Rob looks at Janet. Janet looks at Willy. Willy, oblivious, grooves and bops, "Yeah!" and "Woo!"s, slaps his thighs.

BRUCKNER

It will take weeks -- weeks! -- to straighten this out.

(to Rob and Willy)

You are fired.

(to Janet)

And you fix this mess. Today.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANET

No way. The Medwicks are coming in
and I have a daughter to support.

BRUCKNER

File or you're fired.

Janet stares at him.

EXT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE

Rob, Willy and Janet stand by the car. Willy attempts to
look discouraged.

WILLY

Geez, now we can't be realtors any
more.

ROB

I was getting into it. I wanted to
sell a house.

JANET

Can't you ever stop lying? You
never cared anything about the job.
But I did. I needed the money.

She gets in the car and drives away, while Rob and Willy
feel miserable. CHUCK and MARGE walk towards the office,
stopping in front of Rob and Willy.

CHUCK

What was her name, 'Janet
Johnstone'?

MARGE

I'm pretty sure.

WILLY

Are you the Medwicks?

CHUCK

Yes -- Chuck and Marge.

WILLY

(whips off phones)
No no, don't tell me -- Chuck and
Marge! You're the kids Janet was
going to show...

CHUCK

Euclid Drive.

WILLY

Euclid Drive!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB
(catching on)
Maybe we should show them!
(to Medwicks)
Janet's out sick.

WILLY
(Slurred)-itis.

MARGE
Um, what?

WILLY
Inflammation of the eyebrows.

He shivers with disgust. Rob puts his arm around Chuck's shoulder.

ROB
We're Janet's associates.

WILLY
And we're incredibly normal.

Rob glares quickly at Willy, then back to Chuck.

ROB
We'll meet you there.

He grabs Willy, then freezes. Willy leaps into action again.

WILLY
(to Chuck and Marge)
That was 112 Euclid?

CHUCK
33.

Willy and Rob smile winningly.

INT. CAR

Rob drives; Willy's got his phones back on.

ROB
Good work. Great work. Now this is really important -- we can make things up with Janet. So let me do the talking, okay?

Willy shrugs.

EXT. DUMPY HOUSE

Rob and Willy and the Medwicks' cars enter the driveway of a lackluster property. As they all get out, Rob looks dismayed, as do Chuck and Marge.

ROB

Um...

MARGE

(to Chuck)

I was hoping for something a little newer.

CHUCK

(to Rob)

How old is it?

ROB

Um...

Willy rips off his phones.

WILLY

Old! Like the Sistine Chapel! Old! Like the Tower of Pisa! Old! Like the air we breathe, like the sea we piss in!

He grabs them around the shoulders and leads them to the house; Rob, amazed, trails behind.

WILLY (cont'd)

Without age, there would be no life. And what would life be without the magical wonderland we call 33 Euclid Lane.

CHUCK

(confused; as he's pulled in)

Drive.

INT. DUMPY HOUSE

Willy pulls them into the nondescript, barren living room.

WILLY

What's this?! A sultan's palace here in Cairo? Impossible! But the impossible becomes reality in Euclid Drive. Picture, if you will, a plush divan stuffed with ostrich feathers... a pearl-studded armoire shimmers in the morning twilight...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY (cont'd)

... a stately solid pewter obelisk stands guard over the Samsonite fireplace -- truly a smorgasbord of sensation, home decor pushed beyond the furthest boundaries of taste...

MARGE

(low, to Chuck)

Can we afford an obelisk?

Willy pulls them to the kitchen.

WILLY

But soft! What appliance from yonder kitchen breaks? It is the yeast, and Juliet...

(indicates Marge)

MARGE

(correcting)

Marge.

WILLY

... is the chef, joyfully preparing a repast fit for a Chuck. And what's that smell? Could it be the finest purée of steer flesh, nestled twixt lightly toasted cylinders of sesame-sprinkled bread, flanked by garden-fresh potatoes, fried in the French fashion and garnished with Marge's award-winning ketchup?

INT. DUMPY HOUSE - BEDROOM

An empty bland room. Willy's still got his arms around Chuck and Marge; Rob stays in the background.

WILLY

Three little words. Sex sex sex.

INT. DUMPY HOUSE - BATHROOM

The same.

WILLY

A bathroom. And yet we feel no shame, because we recognize the primacy of our bodies and their need to function. Bowel movement? Toilet! Urination? Toilet again! And water, cool refreshing water for face, for teeth...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY (cont'd)

(to Marge)

... for those... intimate places...
A tap on the tap and it's aqua ahoy,
your choice of fiery hot or absolute
zero.

EXT. DUMPY HOUSE

They all look at the house.

WILLY

So, what was that question you asked
earlier, 'Can we afford it?'

CHUCK

Uh, no -- 'How old is it?'

WILLY

Isn't the question really, 'Can we
afford not to buy.' And the
answer...

CHUCK

(tentatively)

No?

WILLY

No -- yes.

He reaches back without looking; Rob slaps a contract in
his hand, Willy whips it in front of Chuck.

WILLY (cont'd)

Sign here.

INT. CAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Rob drives; Willy, holding a wad of bills, has his phones
back on.

ROB

I got an idea for a fantastic scam.
We learn the business, sell a bunch
of houses, and pocket some hefty
commissions!

WILLY

The scam is to become successful
realtors?

ROB

We just made five thousand dollars!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY

We're rich! Rich within our wildest dreams!

ROB

There's more to life than pushing pianos out of hotel windows.

WILLY

Of course there is. But how often can you find anything bigger?

ROB

(thinks)

Don't you think the responsible thing, the adult thing, would be to give this money to Janet?

WILLY

Yeah. So what?

EXT. JANET'S HOUSE

Rob and a less-than-fully-enthusiastic Willy stand in front of Janet at the door.

JANET

Four thousand dollars?!

Rob glares at Willy, who pulls out more bills and hands them to Janet.

JANET (cont'd)

Four thousand five hundred?!

Willy looks at Rob, who smiles and shrugs.

JANET (cont'd)

That is so wonderful of you guys.

Willy gives her a look and sends his tongue darting in and out. She reacts.

JANET (cont'd)

This'll tide me over for a few months. I've been thinking I might start my own business.

ROB

We're gonna celebrate by getting horribly fucked up. Wanta come?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANET

Sounds great, but I want to be home when Betsy calls. But it's Monday -- there's almost nowhere in Cairo to get repulsively drunk.

ROB

'Almost' nowhere?

JANET

Well, there's beer at the bowling alley.

Rob and Willy look at each other.

INT. DTP OFFICE

Victor, looking at papers, walks through the office. There are guards posted near the front door. He opens his office door and goes in.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE

Victor enters and jumps; the "air conditioning men" are seated, waiting for him. They wear guards' uniforms.

VICTOR

Jesus!

MAN 1

Mr. Garber, have you been contacted by Mr. Michaels and Mr. Stone?

Victor senses that lying is a bad idea.

VICTOR

Yes.

MAN 2

Where are they?

VICTOR

They didn't say.

MAN 1

We would like you to find out.

(puts card on desk)

When you do, call this number.

Victor, pale, nods.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

A slow-moving car passes Rob and Willy's house. The driver looks at the house, obviously empty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's Maura, and she's pissed.

EXT. JANET'S HOUSE

The door opens and Janet sees Maura.

MAURA

Hi! I'm Monica Parker, I'm an old friend of Jimmy Harrison -- do you know where he is?

JANET

He and Mike are out getting wrecked.

Maura starts to fume, but holds it in.

MAURA

Sounds like them. You know where?

JANET

The bowling alley.

Maura starts to leave.

JANET (cont'd)

Oh, listen -- tell them Betsy called from the plane and she's incredibly excited.

MAURA

Betsy called from the plane.

JANET

Mike and Jim are so generous. They have this friend at an L.A. record company and they set up an audition for my daughter's group!

MAURA

(through gritted teeth)

That is generous.

JANET

So you'll give them the message?

MAURA

Believe me, I'll give it to them.

She whirls and walks briskly away; Janet reacts.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - COFFEESHOP

Rob and Willy sit at a table. A substantial number of beer bottles line the table's perimeter.

ROB

I swear, I didn't recognize her standing up!

WILLY

For a groupie, she had very strict morals. If she wasn't in love, she'd only give you head.

ROB

It sure was nice being immortal, even if it was only for a few years.

Willy sees a gorgeous woman at the bar; he gets up.

WILLY

Excuse me...

ROB

(grabs him)
Don't make trouble.

WILLY

Mr. Gopher needs a mate.

The woman walks past; Willy stops her.

WILLY (cont'd)

Hi! Great hooters! Wanta fuck?

Rob leaps out of his chair, grabs Willy, and pushes him across the coffeeshop into a wall.

ROB

Listen! We are not on the road! We are in an actual town with actual women -- not groupies, women! Think back, way back, to a time when you couldn't have sex just by nodding your head! What'd you do?

WILLY

Masturbate.

ROB

You asked - girls - out! Politely!

Willy thinks -- it's a strange concept, but who knows...

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - COFFEESHOP - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Rob lingers behind as Willy, shame-faced, approaches the woman. He takes a deep breath, preparing to apologize, and opens his mouth.

WOMAN

Yes.

Willy beams; Rob puts a hand to his head. Suddenly, Willy goes white. The woman follows his eyes.

WOMAN (cont'd)

Your wife, huh?

She walks away as Rob joins Willy to face... Maura.

WILLY

What's the matter? We're not allowed to bowl?

MAURA

You're not allowed to call your company.

WILLY

Really?

Maura slugs him in the stomach. Rob is aghast; Willy, doubled over, looks up.

WILLY (cont'd)

You want a beer?

Maura sees other people looking, fights through her rage, breathes heavily, then says...

MAURA

Yes.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - COFFEESHOP - LATER

Rob, Willy and Maura drink at the table; a waitress brings over a second round.

MAURA

No, no more.

The waitress leaves.

MAURA (cont'd)

You guys have crossed the line. Calling Garber, sending those girls to L.A., getting fired...

WILLY

Good news travels fast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAURA

Willy...

He's surprised -- it's the first time she's used his first name.

MAURA (cont'd)

Don't fucking joke.

She eyes his beer. He pushes it towards her; she shakes her head. He realizes something's up.

WILLY

What is it?

MAURA

I was in... I was somewhere else yesterday. A witness got blown away. I saw it.

WILLY

Jesus. I'm sorry.

MAURA

He was a witness for this case. Besides you guys, there's only one left.

Nervous, Rob and Willy take a quick chug.

MAURA (cont'd)

Garber's in touch with the gang.

ROB

What? Oh c'mon...

MAURA

They contacted him and he didn't call the authorities. That makes him dirty. And it makes you guys fucking morons.

WILLY

But Maura...

She looks at him.

WILLY (cont'd)

Wouldn't you say we're charming fucking morons?

She stifles a laugh, shakes her head... then reaches for his beer and chugs it. Willy smiles at her.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Willy, pretty drunk now, prepares to bowl. He lines up his shot with extraordinary care, approaches the lane, and launches the ball, which goes instantly into the gutter.

Rob (also pretty drunk) and Maura sit at the scoring table; she talks to herself while chugging beer.

MAURA

Goddam funding cutbacks.

Rob turns and smiles uncertainly at her; she looks at him absently.

MAURA (cont'd)

Goddam stupid witnesses.

Willy bowls again -- another instant gutter. He returns to Rob and Maura.

ROB

What'd you get?

WILLY

Strike.

(to Maura)

You're up.

She stands, walks past Willy without looking, grabs her ball and bowls ferociously: a SMASH-STRIKE. Willy and Rob are impressed as she returns.

MAURA

Goddam geek-head bureaucrats.

She sits; Rob goes to bowl. Willy takes a cup of ice cream and pours beer into it.

MAURA

That is the most grotesque thing
I've ever seen.

WILLY

Wait'll you sleep with me.

Rob bowls a gutter while Maura chugs again.

WILLY (cont'd)

Job problems?

She looks at him with just-starting-to-get-drunk sarcasm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY (cont'd)

It seems pretty cool -- boring towns, bowling alleys, handsome virile witnesses...

MAURA

Low-life creeps hiding from depraved animals. Scum of the earth. No offense.

WILLY

None taken. Why don't you quit?

MAURA

Great benefits.

She looks at the beer in her hand and seems not only surprised but offended.

MAURA (cont'd)

Listen, I said no more!

WILLY

My mistake.

This seems to satisfy Maura; she chugs again.

Meanwhile, Rob prepares to bowl but is facing the wrong way, aiming straight down the approach area where everyone else bowls. Willy notices.

WILLY

Hey! Rob!

Rob smiles, waves, then bowls -- the ball rolls down the corridor, people dive out its way.

ROB

Unbelievable. I can't hit anything!

Willy giggles helplessly.

ROB (cont'd)

'sso funny, you try it.

Willy draws himself up and goes to the approach area; Maura, drinking, doesn't notice.

Willy takes a ball, sets himself in the other direction, and bowls. He uses body English as the ball sends people flying, finally hitting a guy at the far end. Willy leaps in the air; he and Rob exchange their series of Fives.

Maura stomps up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAURA

Gimme my ball.

She's plastered; Rob hands her a ball and Willy turns her so that she's facing away from the lane.

MAURA

This isn't right.

WILLY

It's damn close.

Maura shrugs and bowls: a strong shot into the coffee-shop, where people SCREAM and dive and a table falls over.

Willy and Rob pound her on the back; Maura smiles drunkenly.

Behind the proprietor's counter, the MANAGER punches a number into the phone.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - A MOMENT LATER

CU: Willy and Rob prepare to bowl... together? REVEAL that their "ball" is Maura, who they carry to the lane, then swing onto it. She slides a bit, then stops and yells back at them.

MAURA

Wimps!

She picks herself up, runs, and flings herself into the pins.

Hands grab Rob and Willy -- the manager and a beefy BOUNCER.

MANAGER

Okay boys, you're busted.

Maura stomps up to them. We hear a SIREN.

MAURA

Take your hands off those dirtballs.

BOUNCER

Who's the bitch?

WILLY

That bitch... is my bitch.

Willy slams the bouncer in the stomach, to no effect. Well, to the effect that the bouncer flings him into some seats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAURA

All right, buddy, now you've done it
-- that's government property. HAY-
AH!

She leaps into a karate pose and kicks the bouncer into oblivion. FOUR COPS rush in; Maura draws herself up, somewhat unsteadily, and raises a hand.

MAURA (cont'd)

Back off! I'm in charge here.

COP

You're in charge.

MAURA

(leans in)

This is a secret undercover operation.

COP

And what operation is that, you two-bit hooker?

MAURA

(eye-to-eye)

We are trying to determine how drunk a human being can get and still look an asshole straight in the eye.

She jabs him in the stomach.

Willy and Rob watch as all four cops try to subdue Maura.

WILLY

I'm in love.

Hands grab them and jerk them OUT OF FRAME.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAIL CELL - EARLY THAT MORNING

Rob and Willy lie in a bunk-bed.

ROB

God I hate this.

WILLY

God I love it.

ROB

When was the last time we were in jail?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY

I killed a man in Abilene.

ROB

Memphis. You had a joint in your underpants. We got that lawyer to fly out from New York but they sprung us for the concert and he had nothing to do so we gave him a Cadillac.

WILLY

Why did we give him a Cadillac?

ROB

We had style.

WILLY

Oh yeah.

A cop unlocks the door.

INT. JAIL - A FEW MINUTES LATER

In front of the sergeant's desk, Janet writes a check. Rob, Willy and a few cops watch.

WILLY

Just make it out to 'cash'.

The cops glare at him; Rob stifles a laugh. A female cop brings Maura in. She looks grim and doesn't acknowledge Willy or Rob.

SERGEANT

She a friend of yours too, Janet?

JANET

Sort of. It's okay, Bill.

SERGEANT

Okay, they're yours.

Janet heads out with Rob, Willy and Maura, nodding to the cops as she goes.

JANET

Jake, Elliot, Peggy...

WILLY

(to Rob, indicating Janet)

Spends every weekend in the drunk tank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They exit.

INT. CAR

Maura sits silently as Janet drives; Rob and Willy suppress giggles.

EXT. JANET'S HOUSE

They get out of the car.

MAURA
(to Janet)
Thanks.

She starts for her car. Janet walks with Rob; Willy chases after Maura.

WILLY
Hey! Don't leave yet!

MAURA
I'm gonna catch hell for not stopping this.

WILLY
You started it.

She grimaces and gets in the car.

WILLY (cont'd)
I had a great time.

Maura shakes her head then looks at him.

MAURA
So did I.

She drives away.

INT. ROB AND WILLY'S HOUSE

Rob goes to stretch out on the sofa.

ROB
My back is killing me. And that's the part that feels good.

JANET
I have a hangover cure.

ROB
Please.

She goes to the kitchen as Willy enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY

I'm kinda tired. Think I'll go upstairs and take a nap.

He walks to the stairs but with each step, he goes slower and slower, slumps lower and lower, and finally oozes onto the staircase, snoring, fast asleep.

Janet brings Rob a drink -- he tastes it and gags.

JANET

Cod liver oil and tomato juice. It makes you more nauseous than the hangover.

ROB

This all seems disgustingly familiar. I used to spend half my life recovering from the other half. I have a prosthetic nasal canal. I'm getting too old for this shit.

(beat)

Do you like your life?

JANET

When I was a kid, I never identified with the wimpy princess. I wanted to be the hero -- rescue a prince, torch me some dragons. Instead, I got pregnant, married, and divorced, and all I have to show for it is Betsy.

ROB

But you seem like you're happy.

JANET

I am.

ROB

You're probably not gonna believe this...

JANET

If it's about your past, you know I won't.

ROB

I used to be rich. I could get anything or anyone I wanted. It wasn't that long ago, but it feels like a dream. I look at you, I look at your life, and it seems so much realer.

more real

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANET

Oh it's real...

FANTASY SEQUENCE

Rob fantasizes what Janet talks about.

JANET (cont'd) (V.O.)
I get up in the
morning...

... and make breakfast
for my teenage
daughter...

Then I do calls for
eight hours...

... come home and make
dinner for my teenage
daughter...

... then I take a
shower, brush my teeth,
and go to bed.

INT. JANET'S HOUSE -
DAY

Janet rises from bed in
a sexy negligée, blown
by a wind machine.

She serves a four-star
omelette to a mindless-
ly yapping Betsy, still
wearing the wind-blown
negligée.

She talks on the phone,
legs on her desk, as
the wind streams
through her hair -- and
the negligée.

She serves a lavish
supper to mindlessly
yapping Betsy, still
wearing the negligée,
of course, and still
blown by the wind.

She emerges from the
shower, still in the
negligée, soaked.

BACK TO SCENE

JANET (cont'd)

That real enough for you?

Rob, lost in his fantasy, doesn't answer.

JANET (cont'd)

Jim? What're you thinking about?

ROB

Hm? Oh, nothing.

JANET

You're looking at me funny.

ROB

I've looked at hundreds of women
this way and ninety-nine per cent of
them reacted by grabbing a birth
control device. You say I look
funny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANET

Are you coming on to me?

ROB

I don't even know. I guess that'd be pretty weird, what with Betsy and everything.

JANET

It's weird considering you've lied to me more than my ex-husband. But I wouldn't worry about Betsy.

ROB

Why not?

JANET

She thinks you're a dork.

Rob reacts.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE

Victor's at his desk with Mort.

VICTOR

These are not going to be chintzy or cheap.

MORT

Believe me, they'll be the classiest decorative cocktail napkins on the market.

VICTOR

You're taking out the word-balloon jokes?

MORT

Right. Just drink-related lyrics from their songs.

Victor signs a paper.

MORT (cont'd)

Beautiful. Mort is on the move.

Mort takes the paper and exits. In the stage area, the Chefs (un-costumed, dressed hot) smile nervously.

VICTOR

All right, girls. Blow me away.

Betsy counts them off.

MONTAGE (MUSIC UNDER)

- A) The Chefs play.
- B) Victor watches, expressionless.
- C) The Chefs play.
- D) Victor drums his fingers idly and glances at papers on his desk.
- E) The Chefs play.
- F) Victor takes a call.
- G) The Chefs play, a bit desperately -- Betsy starts to overperform.
- H) Victor, on the phone, puts a finger in one ear and continues talking.
- I) The Chefs are thrown. They finish raggedly.

Victor nods as they put down their instruments.

VICTOR

Girls, let me tell you about rock
and roll.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Victor's pulled up a chair to talk to the girls, who sit nervously on the sofa. Still in make-up and "hot" stage clothes, they seem incredibly young, awkward... and humiliated.

VICTOR

--- and you've got no sound -- the material jumps between ballads and up-tempo. As for those harmonies -- the Sixties are over, girls. Even your outfits -- it's just a jumble. Why don't you do something original, like costumes? You're the Chefs -- dress like em!

The girls' mood -- especially Betsy's -- shifts from humiliation to rage.

VICTOR (cont'd)

So go home and work these things out. Where'd you say you were from?

BETSY

(bitter)

It's a secret.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLUFFY
We're a mystery band.

LAURA
Cairo, Illinois.

Victor reacts.

INT. DTP OFFICE

The girls, carrying their instruments, slink through the office under the curious gaze of the workers.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE

Victor sits at his desk. He opens a drawer, takes out a card, and stares at it. He thinks hard and decides... he can't do it. He begins to put the card away, then stops and puts it in his jacket pocket.

INT. ROB AND WILLY'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY (LATE AFTER-NOON)

The TV's on, but Willy ignores it. He paces and downs pretzels, followed by beer, followed by potato chips, followed by beer, followed by pretzels.

WILLY
Being unemployed is even more boring
than being rich.

He stops; a strange MOTOR NOISE comes from outside the house. He goes to the window and looks.

WILLY'S POV: Rob happily mows the lawn.

Willy shakes his head. His attention is pulled to the TV, where another DTP SONG plays behind a commercial, this one for dog food.

Willy glares death-rays at the screen.

ROB (O.S.)
Willy! Ah, Mike!

Willy gets up and exits.

EXT. ROB AND WILLY'S HOUSE

Willy comes out to see Rob going to meet Janet's car.

ROB
They're back!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Willy joins him to greet Janet and Betsy, who's still in her hot outfit, but bedraggled.

ROB (cont'd)

How'd it go?!

BETSY

Your friend, huh? He said we sucked.

She runs into the house. Rob and Willy are shocked.

JANET

She'll get over it. I just hope, I just really hope, that you didn't lie about knowing that guy.

She goes to join Betsy. Rob's mortified; Willy seethes.

WILLY

I didn't tell you -- there are new commercials.

ROB

We're helpless. We can't sue him, we can't stop him. We can't even see him.

They hear the faint sound of a DTP SONG. Willy's eyes flare and he strides towards the house.

ROB (cont'd)

Willy!

INT. ROB AND WILLY'S HOUSE

Willy stomps in and heads for the TV, which plays a toilet paper commercial. Fury imbuing him with almost superhuman strength (also, it's a small TV), Willy rips the set out of the wall -- there's a small EXPLOSION and SPARKS FLY. He carries it to the living room window and throws it through.

Ultra-dramatic SUPER-SLO-MO: the set CRASHES through the window, accompanied by Willy's animal SCREAM.

EXT. ROB AND WILLY'S HOUSE

Rob watches the TV bounce anti-climactically on the lawn. Willy strides out of the house.

WILLY

Helpless?!? HELPLESS?!?!? Fuck that! It's time for Disturbing The Peace to fight back!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB
Yeah! Stay pissed!

WILLY
We're going to L.A.! We're gonna
have a little talk with our lawyers!

ROB
Extrapolate!

WILLY
When they're done with Victor...

ROB
Exaggerate!

WILLY
... his head'll be so far up his
ass, he'll have to loosen his tie to
take a shit!

ROB
Growl!

Willy GROWLS.

ROB (cont'd)
Like you mean it!

Willy GROWLS!

ROB (cont'd)
Let's roll!

Rob runs to their car; Willy stomps over like Godzilla
and pulls open the door with a mighty heave -- it's
ripped off its hinges. Willy smiles malevolently, gets
in, and they roar into the sunset.

EXT. SKY - EVENING

A plane soars through the sky.

INT. LAX - ARRIVAL GATE - NIGHT

Rob and Willy enter the arrival area. Willy walks
stiffly, his face an ugly mask of hatred: teeth, arms,
legs and hair are all clenched.

WILLY
Victor. Kill.

ROB
Good boy, good.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB (cont'd)

But it's night, we'll have to talk
to the lawyers tomorrow.

WILLY

Fuck lawyers. Kill Victor.

ROB

That's an intriguing notion.
Perhaps we could kill Victor a bit
before we sue him.

WILLY

Kill. Torture. Sue.

Rob nods encouragingly and they head down the hall, Willy
still stiff like a zombie.

EXT. VICTOR'S HOUSE

An impressive multi-story manse. Rob and Willy's car
pulls up outside. The house is dark.

INT. CAR

WILLY

I smell Garber meat.

ROB

It must be leftovers -- no one's
home.

WILLY

How kill if not home?

ROB

Gotta get in. We'll have to think
of something tricky... sneaky...
subtle...

EXT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

Rob and Willy use a tree-trunk to SMASH through the
basement window.

INT. BASEMENT

Rob and Willy climb in.

WILLY

God help me, I love destruction.

ROB

Isn't it cute that Victor and I have
the same alarm system?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He flips on a light. They're in an enormous wine cellar.

ROB (cont'd)

Thirsty?

Willy smiles.

EXT. VICTOR'S HOUSE

A Jaguar pulls into the driveway. Victor and Jacqueline get out and go to the front door.

JACQUELINE

Smidgims, how would you like to go
for a midnight swim?

VICTOR

I'd be happy to watch you.

He takes her arm and they go to a nearby gate; Victor takes out keys and opens it.

EXT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - POOL AREA

They walk in -- the pool's in front of the living room, where sliding doors are open with shades drawn across. The pool's dark. Jacqueline takes off her dress.

JACQUELINE

I'm not gonna do it if it's cold.

VICTOR

The heat's supposed to be on
permanently. I'll check.

He bends at the pool's edge and feels the water. His hand hits something hard. He's puzzled -- it's smooth and long.

JACQUELINE

Well?

VICTOR

There's something in the pool.

JACQUELINE

Ooo! What is it?

He goes to a wall and flips a switch -- lights reveal a grand piano floating in the pool. Jacqueline SCREAMS as if it were a corpse. Victor has a terrible suspicion; he turns to the shades and pulls them aside.

INT. LIVING ROOM

A war zone: furniture overturned, paintings upside-down, gunshot holes in the walls. Leg-tracks gouge a groove in the carpet from where the piano was to where the piano is. Empty wine bottles and shattered duck decoys lie everywhere.

Rob reclines on a sofa, wine bottle in one hand, shotgun nestled in the other. Willy roasts marshmallows over a small fire built, interestingly, not in the fireplace but right on the carpet. Next to him is a row of duck decoys.

As Victor stares in horror, Willy smiles at him and tosses a decoy in the air; Rob BLASTS it.

Jacqueline SCREAMS and stands behind Victor.

ROB

(drunk)

Vicky-dicky, we've decided to forgive you.

WILLY

(drunk)

You sold our music, you humiliated our friends, but hell, this is America, you're supposed to do things like that.

He tosses another duck, which Rob BLASTS. Victor winces.

ROB

And we want you to know that even though we're gonna have our lawyers crucify you, it's nothing personal.

WILLY

We'd do it to anyone who looks like you.

He tosses another duck, which Rob BLASTS.

VICTOR

I'll get you for this.

ROB

That's just how we felt a couple hours ago.

(offers bottle)

Have a drink.

WILLY

Wreck something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTOR
I'm calling the police.

He goes to the phone, leaving Jacqueline uncovered.

WILLY
You're naked. I like that in a woman.

She crouches behind a chair while Rob makes "warning" noises at Victor.

ROB
Ah! Ah!

Victor picks up the receiver -- wine spills out of it onto his face.

ROB (cont'd)
Sorry. It was an experiment.

WILLY
It didn't work.

VICTOR
Get out.

WILLY
'Get out'? 'Get out' is what Europe said to the Pilgrims...

He stands as Rob hums "GOD BLESS AMERICA".

WILLY (cont'd)
So they got out of Europe and they came to America...

Rob goes to the dining table and pulls off the tablecloth, sending the setting flying. Humming louder, he stands behind Willy, flinging the tablecloth back and forth like a flag, while Willy moves closer and closer to the fuming Victor.

WILLY (cont'd)
... and they built a nation where today every man, woman, and child shares the very same dream -- a vacation in Europe!

He grabs Victor, gives him a big wet sloppy kiss, then pulls back.

WILLY (cont'd)
Ah-ah -- no tongues!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rob hands the tablecloth to Jacqueline, who wraps it around; Rob stares for a moment, then grabs and bends her over for a Clark Gable kiss. She's astonished, and not entirely displeased.

Rob lets her go and joins Willy -- they exchange Fives then walk out.

Victor stands for a moment, breathing heavily. Then he spins and strides to the door.

JACQUELINE

Where're you going?!

VICTOR

(pulls card from
jacket)

To make a call.

He exits.

INT. CAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Rob and Willy drive along a freeway.

WILLY

Did I mention I love destruction?

ROB

Okay, time for beddy-bye. But we can't go home, it's too dangerous.

They look at each other.

ROB/WILLY

The San Remo.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE

Their car arrives at an elegant hotel; an attendant takes their car then watches as they walk in giggling.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY

Rob and Willy approach the desk, fighting giggles. A CLERK smiles warily.

ROB

Hi. We want a room.

CLERK

Certainly.

They almost crack up; the clerk is more suspicious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns the register around and hands Willy a pen; Willy laughs uncontrollably.

CLERK (cont'd)

An amusing pen, sir?

ROB

About fifteen years ago, a rock group stayed here and kind of destroyed a floor...

He and Willy have another fit of laughter.

WILLY

They've been banned ever since and now we're here.

CLERK

That is amazing...
(looks at signature)
... Mr. Garber.

They crack up again.

INT. ELEVATOR

Rob and Willy ride up.

WILLY

It's gonna be a long night, Robby ole buddy ole pal. I'm in Full Metal Destructo Mode.

ROB

I'm gonna crash.

WILLY

Wimp.

INT. HALLWAY

Willy puts the key in the door and tries to open it.

WILLY

Y'know my back hurts now. I think it was the piano. Maybe I should get a new medium. Synthesizers -- they're Nineties, they're def, they're hep. And they're lighter.

ROB

Would you open the door? I'm dead on my feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY

So I gotta do all the work,
destroying this room inch by inch...

As he opens the door, he drops the key. He bends to retrieve it and Rob moves past. The room is beautiful and garish, a perfect canvas for Willy. Rob turns back to report the good news, but no one's there. He looks down. Willy's asleep on the floor.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - ON REGISTER

A hand signs "JUAN NADIE" in the register below "VICTOR GARBER". PULL BACK: a man who we see only from the back speaks to the clerk.

MAN

I know Mr. Garber. Which room is he?

CLERK

1511. Would you like to leave a message?

MAN

I'll leave it myself.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY

The man emerges from his room wearing a bell-boy's uniform. It's the man from the Lincoln.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY

The man works something in the lock of a door. A CLICK; he opens the door and pulls out a gun.

INT. HOTEL - ROB AND WILLY'S ROOM

The man quietly shuts the door behind him.

We are in semi-darkness. The man sees a lump on a bed at the far end of the room. He starts forward -- and trips.

He's tripped over Willy, who Rob left lying on the floor. The man falls heavily; his gun flies away.

WILLY

Huh? Wha ---

ROB

Hello! Hello!

Both Willy and Rob are barely conscious. Willy gets groggily to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY

Rob? Rob?

ROB

Willy!

Below Willy, the man looks for his gun, which is a few feet away. He reaches out just as Willy unseeingly steps on his hand.

MAN

Aah!

WILLY

Rob? Rob?!

ROB

Willy!

Rob, in shorts, starts out of bed. Meanwhile, Willy moves forward just as the man gets up to go for the gun again; Willy inadvertently knees him in the jaw and he drops.

WILLY

Shit! I'm sorry!

ROB

What? Hello? Shit! Is it morning?

Dazed, Rob starts to put on his shoes.

WILLY

Lemme help you...

Still thinking he's bashed Rob, Willy goes to help him up, but steps directly on the man's groin.

MAN

AAHH!!!

WILLY

Rob?! You okay?

ROB

I'm fine, I'm fine -- lemme help you...

Rob's only got one shoe on; he hops towards the commotion, shoe swinging free in one hand... until it connects with the man's jaw, knocking him out.

Willy flips on the lights. They're surprised to see each other; they're shocked to see the man lying on the floor; and they're horrified to see the gun a few feet away.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY

Rob (holding a robe) and Willy thunder out of the room.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY

Rob and Willy stand in the lobby, petrified. Suddenly, Rob reaches into his shorts.

WILLY

What're you doing?!

ROB

I gotta make a call.

He pulls out a card and heads for a bank of phones.

EXT. ROAD - EARLY MORNING

A black sedan speeds along the street.

INT. CAR

Rob and Willy sit in the back behind a grim Prince and Wharton. Wharton constantly checks the rear-view mirror.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

The sedan stops. Wharton and Prince hustle Rob and Willy inside.

INT. MAURA'S APARTMENT

A small, very messy apartment. Maura, wearing only a long shirt, is on the phone.

MAURA

No, right away. Fuck the contacts,
just find me a safe house.

A BUZZ.

MAURA (cont'd)

I'll call back -- work on it.

She gets up and goes to the door, realizing on the way she's only half-dressed.

MAURA (cont'd)

Shit.

She opens the door; Prince and Wharton escort Rob and Willy inside as Maura walks quickly to the sofa, where there's a pair of jeans. As she goes, Rob and Willy notice her gorgeous gams. Willy turns to Rob and grins.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Maura pulls up her jeans, then turns around self-consciously.

MAURA
(to Prince and
Wharton)

Out, out.

They exit.

MAURA (cont'd)
You're going deep cover. Maybe out
of the country.

WILLY
That's okay.
(to Rob)
I could dig bumming around the world
for awhile. When we toured, we
always had to stay in those shitty
grand hotels.

MAURA
I always wanted to do that. I
started once after college, but ---

ROB
Wait a minute -- we can't just leave
Cairo.

MAURA
Can't go back. Cause of the girls,
Garber can trace you. That's why
you almost got killed tonight --
talking to Garber is talking to the
gang.

ROB
Oh c'mon. Victor's a shmuck, not a
murderer.

WILLY
Maybe if someone else did it. Hey,
we're threatening his us-gotten
gains. And he's the only one who
could've guessed we'd be at the San
Remo.

MAURA
There's more. The other witness was
killed. I shouldn't be telling you
this... the government doesn't know
what kind of case it has with just
you guys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY

What's that mean?

MAURA

They could go to trial and lose. Or they could put the investigation on hold.

WILLY

What's that mean?

MAURA

Either way, you could be in the program... for a long time.

Willy and Rob sit.

MAURA (cont'd)

Jesus, I'm sorry. Those bastards do their own killing so there's no one to testify but eyewitnesses, who keep getting popped. I swear to God, I like you guys. You're so stupid, so incompetent, but that's no reason for you to die. You're in total shit now, total shit, and it's not your fault, it's ours, and I hate it, I HATE IT!

She stands there, shaking with emotion. Willy looks at her.

MAURA (cont'd)

No, I don't wanta fuck right now!

She turns around, fighting for control. Rob and Willy look at each other. Rob mouths "Right now"? Willy smiles. Rob moves close to him.

ROB

I gotta get back to Cairo. I can't just disappear on Janet.

(off his look)

I mean Betsy.

(asserting)

I mean Janet.

(idea; to Maura)

What if you caught em in the act?

She turns around.

MAURA

It won't happen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB

What if we made it happen.

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Jacqueline helps Victor as he sits amidst the destruction, gluing beaks onto decoys. The PHONE RINGS. Victor hands Jacqueline a decoy/beak combo.

VICTOR

Keep pressing them together.

JACQUELINE

I find this a bit arduous.

Victor shakes his head and picks up another damaged duck as he goes to the phone.

VICTOR

Victor Garber.

INTERCUT BETWEEN WILLY, ROB, MAURA AND VICTOR

WILLY

Hey jerkoff!

Rob jabs Willy; Victor crushes the duck into dust.

WILLY (cont'd)

Look, we're really sorry. We got drunk, it was dumb. We'll pay for everything.

VICTOR

Yes.

WILLY

But Rob's got a great idea.

He gives the receiver to Rob.

ROB

Victor, hi. We got a way to make it up to you and get our career in gear. Let's do an album. We're hiding out, we can't say why, but we'll use that. We'll record the album live from underground. And we want you to be in charge.

VICTOR

I'd have to know where you are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB

We'll tell you everything. We'll set things up and call with the details. Can you do it in a couple days?

VICTOR

Yes. Yes I can. This is very exciting.

He hangs up, smiling, and goes to the window. Behind him, workmen use a crane to lift the piano from the pool.

VICTOR (cont'd)

Jacqueline...

She looks up suddenly, then notices that the decoy is stuck to her hand.

VICTOR (cont'd)

I'll be out of town for a few days.

JACQUELINE

(trying to shake decoy
loose)

I think I got coagulated.

VICTOR

(not noticing)

I'm going hunting.

INT. MAURA'S APARTMENT

Rob, Willy and Maura look pleased with themselves.

MAURA

So we'll catch em at the recording session.

WILLY

Gig. Call it a gig.

MAURA

'Gig'.

WILLY

My God she's funky.

ROB

She's a funk-machine.

MAURA

It's dangerous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY

A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do.

ROB

We should make it look real -- get some recording equipment, a hall, a band...

MAURA

It won't go that far. They don't want more witnesses -- they'll probably try for you when you arrive.

WILLY

But what if, God forbid, they don't kill us on the way in?

MAURA

Can't have a band, there's no way to protect em. Unless... Unless I put agents everywhere... outside the hall, inside the hall, on the stage...

WILLY

How're you gonna hide FBI agents on a stage?

He realizes at the same time as Rob. They look at Maura in dread.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY - A FEW DAYS LATER

One of the buildings is a gym, in front of which a glass-encased board says: "HAVE A GOOD SUMMER / Bingo / Thursdays thru Aug".

Sound of PEOPLE TALKING, INSTRUMENTS TUNING.

ROB (V.O.)

(filtered)

Okay, settle please. You'll come up one at a time, everyone plays solo, and you have two minutes max.

INT. GYM

There's a balcony where the audience sits for basketball games; a few climbing-ropes are tied to the railing. Below is a floor with about a hundred folding chairs. Willy and Maura sit near the front; behind them, men and women fiddle with instruments.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At one end, under a basketball backboard, is a stage, empty except for a small amplifier and Rob at the mike.

ROB (cont'd)
Good luck, and have fun with it.

He leaves the stage to join Willy and Maura as a MAN with a saxophone walks to the mike.

MAN
Um, Charles Everling -- narcotics,
tenor sax.

He rears back and BLASTS into the mike, a screeching cacophony that is probably an attempt at atonal jazz. In the audience, everyone grabs their ears and lets out a BARRAGE OF ABUSE. The man stops, looking hurt.

ROB
Okay, thank you.

Crushed, the man walks off.

ROB (cont'd)
Let's remember to give the mike
plenty of room, okay?

Wharton walks on with an electric guitar, which he plugs into the amp. Rob and Willy look at Maura, who shrugs.

WHARTON
Um, Miles Wharton, Witness
Protection, lead guitar.

He moves back from the mike awkwardly, sets himself, then launches into a blistering SOLO. Everyone stops and watches; Rob, Willy and Maura are amazed. He finishes and Rob stands.

ROB
That's the break from 'She's Mine'!

Wharton smiles modestly.

ROB (cont'd)
I can't play that.
(looks at Willy, who
nods; to Wharton)
You're in.

WHARTON
(goes to mike)
Um, thank you, I just wanta say, you
guys are like my idols. I can't
believe I'm gonna ---

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB

Okay okay, save it for the Grammys.
Next.

Wharton walks off starry-eyed as Prince walks on with a sax.

PRINCE

Sherman Prince, Witness Protection,
baritone saxophone. 'The Trolley
Song'.

He leans back and plays ("Clang clang clang went the trolley..."), not very well. Willy and Maura grimace; Rob leans over.

ROB

He's in.

WILLY

Why?!

ROB

I want to see him try to follow your charts.

MONTAGE (MUSIC UNDER)

- A) A man plays bass while doing a Chuck Berry duck-walk, ending as he falls on his ass. Rob, Willy and Maura wince.
- B) A man plays bass incredibly quickly, then takes a record from his pocket, throws it in the air, pulls out a gun, and SHOTS it. In the audience, everyone's taken cover: from under Rob, Willy and Maura's chairs, three thumbs up appear.
- C) A woman plays electric piano. We can't hear what she's singing, but her mouth goes "Clang clang clang went the trolley..." Rob and Willy look sick, Maura embarrassed.
- D) A man plays piano; Rob, Willy and Maura aren't interested. He stands, playing harder, then kicks away his stool. Rob, Willy and Maura are interested.
- E) SERIES OF SHOTS
 - 1) The man plays with a leg on the keyboard.
 - 2) Becoming disheveled, he plays lying on top of the piano.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- 3) Shirt off, he plays upside-down on top of the piano.
- 4) He plays backwards sitting on the floor.
- 5) Pants off, he flings himself on the keyboard.
- 6) Rob and Willy smile; Maura has her head in her hands.
- F) Four men wearing straw boaters do a barbershop rendition of "The Trolley Song". Rob, Willy and Maura grind their teeth in agony.
- G) Three women sing; they contain great funk. Rob and Willy smile and point at them; the women point back as Rob and Willy slap fives with Maura.

INT. GYM - LATER THAT DAY

The chosen agents are onstage. Rob works with Wharton and the bass player while Willy runs through a series of Motown moves with the back-up women.

ROB

Okay, we got it.

He starts a DTP SONG as Willy runs to the drum-set and joins in.

In the audience, Maura walks around the hall, weaves in and out of chairs, snaps her fingers, nods her head, turns towards and away from the stage and then, casually, reaches inside her breast pocket.

Instantly, all the agents stop playing and whip out guns; Prince and Wharton shield Rob and Willy.

MAURA

Whatta you think?

ROB

B-section needs work.
(to band)

Again...;

They START AGAIN.

EXT. GYM

Fluffy walks past the gym and stops. Is that rock 'n roll? She heads for the door and peeks in.

INT. GYM

The band cooks (although Prince sways in the opposite direction from his fellow horns). In the back, Fluffy sees Rob and Willy. She's amazed. The SONG ENDS.

ROB

Okay, we're getting there, but we got a lot of work to do before Thursday night. You'll probably never play a note, but if you do, you gotta convince Garber you're a real band. Prince -- study those charts. Okay, take five.

EXT. GYM

Fluffy's in shock.

INT. GARAGE

Betsy, Laura and Gina stare at Fluffy.

BETSY

They're putting together their own band?

GINA

To play for Garber?

FLUFFY

They were jerking our chains.

LAURA

As I understand that expression, we don't actually have chains.

BETSY

The question is, do we have balls. I say we go there. I say we play. I say it's time for the Chefs to kick some ass!

She turns around and sees Janet with her food-tray.

BETSY (cont'd)

Mom! You been there long?

JANET

Ding-dongs?

EXT. ROB AND WILLY'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

Rob and Willy walk from their car, laughing.

WILLY

Those guys are such amateurs!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB
No slickness. No professionalism.

Beat.

ROB/WILLY
I love it!

Janet comes running out of her house.

ROB (cont'd)
Hi! What's wrong?

JANET
Fluffy saw you at the gym.

ROB
Oh shit. Janet, I can't say anything. It'll be over soon and then I'll tell you, I swear.

JANET
That's not good enough. The girls think you betrayed them. Did you?

ROB
You gotta trust me.

JANET
I don't.

ROB
I'm not gonna disappear.

JANET
Tell me what's going on.

ROB
I can't.

She turns and goes to her house. Rob aches; Willy looks at him and goes to their house.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GYM - EVENING - A FEW NIGHTS LATER

The sign outside has been amended: "HAVE A GOOD SUMMER / Bingo / Thursdays thru Aug / Tonite: Rock Band".

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
G... twenty-three.

INT. GYM

An odd mix of people: about forty mostly older men and women, about twenty teenagers, and about twenty studiously anonymous agents. The older people stare down at their cards, the kids stare off into space, and the agents scan the room.

There's rock equipment onstage but at the mike, an announcer calls bingo numbers. (He'll continue throughout the following.) Near the back entrance, a flat from the theater department serves as a divider for "back-stage".

There's a sound-board near one wall and a table with drinks nearby. Maura serves juice to two older people, then hears a "PSST!" She looks to the divider; a finger beckons. She hurries over.

BEHIND THE DIVIDER

Maura sees Rob and Willy.

MAURA

What're you doing here?!

WILLY

We heard they're giving away a vulva.

MAURA

(thinks; realizes)

Volvo!

WILLY

Damn.

ROB

(to Maura)

What happened?

MAURA

We called too late. They couldn't cancel bingo. It's fine -- just wait in the van.

WILLY

For how long?

MAURA

Till Garber arrives. Then you come in. You stop in the lot -- it's dark, it's deserted. They'll move and we'll grab em.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB

Let's go home. I'd rather be terrified there.

MAURA

Rob, you can't do that.

ROB

Whatta you mean?

EXT. ROB AND WILLY'S HOUSE - EARLIER THAT DAY

A van sits in front of the house as movers put their belongings in it.

MAURA (V.O.)

We moved your things out. If the gang doesn't show tonight, you'll have to go someplace else.

PAN TO Janet, on her front lawn, staring in shock.

ROB (V.O.)

No! Janet'll think I lied about...

BACK TO SCENE

ROB (cont'd)

... about everything I lied about.

Willy pats him on the shoulder, then pulls Maura aside.

WILLY

When this thing's over, I'm taking off.

MAURA

Why tell me?

WILLY

I like you.

He turns to Rob and takes his arm.

WILLY (cont'd)

C'mon.

EXT. JANET'S HOUSE

Janet sits, thinking, as Betsy, in a hot outfit, heads for the door.

BETSY

I'm going, Mom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANET

Why? I told you, Jim and Mike
aren't going to be there.

BETSY

Mr. Garber might be. And if he is,
we're gonna play.

JANET

Do you want me to come?

BETSY

No!

JANET

Kiss.

Betsy is mildly disgusted, but gives Janet a quick peck
on the cheek and runs out.

INT. GYM

The announcer continues droning letters and numbers as
Maura glances at her watch, then around the room. A very
nervous Victor appears at the entrance. Maura goes to
him.

MAURA

Mr. Garber?

VICTOR

Yes.

MAURA

Rob n Willy'll be here soon. They
said you should hang with the sound
guy.

She indicates the board; Victor goes there as Maura
walks...

BEHIND THE DIVIDER

... and takes out a walkie-talkie.

MAURA

Garber in. Give it ten, then move.

EXT. STREET

A large van waits a few blocks from the gym.

INT. VAN

Prince, the driver, has his walkie-talkie out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRINCE

Roger.

He puts it away, then looks at Rob and Willy, who are very nervous. Behind them, Wharton and the other musician-agents prepare: one after another checks his/her weapon; the last cleans his sax.

EXT. JANET'S HOUSE

Janet opens the door. Hands across her arms against the chill night, she looks around the quiet neighborhood, ending with Rob and Willy's house. There's a light inside. A flashlight.

Janet ducks in her door, opens it a crack, and peers out.

Rob and Willy's door opens, a face pokes out, then four policemen emerge. Janet is puzzled.

JANET

Those aren't Cairo policemen. I
know all the Cairo policemen.

The men go to a car parked in front, which is certainly not a squad car, and drive away.

Janet looks after them, worried. Suddenly, she slams the door behind her, runs to her car, and drives after them.

INT. GYM - ON ANNOUNCER

ANNOUNCER

R, sixty-two.

Agents move "randomly" towards the back entrance. Maura scans the room, paying special attention to Victor, who seems unconcerned.

EXT. PARKING LOT

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

G, one-twenty-seven.

A few agents move "casually" towards the back entrance and other strategic positions.

KIDS (O.S.)

Chefs! Chefs! We want the Chefs!

INT. GYM

Tables of teens chant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIDS

Chefs! Chefs! We want the Chefs!

ANNOUNCER

Now, children -- children, please!
Your friends will play very soon,
but let us finish our game.

Maura's gone to the teens' table.

MAURA

Y'know the Chefs aren't the band
tonight.

KID

Ah, whatta you know? They tole me
they're playin.

Maura reacts.

EXT. STREET

The van starts moving.

INT. VAN

Rob, Willy and the agents scan the street: nothing.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

D, thirty-nine.

EXT. PARKING LOT

The van pulls into the lot.

INT. VAN

They see agents "lounging" around the area. Other than
that, nothing.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

G, one-twenty-six.

EXT. PARKING LOT

The van stops.

INT. VAN

Prince turns off the motor.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

M, twenty-four.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Prince nods to the agents in back, who pull open their sliding door; the sound is like a shriek in the night.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Agents scan the darkness as the musician-agents climb out of the van with their instruments.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

F, ninety-one.

Rob and Willy look at each other, then open the passenger door and hop out. The other agents have formed a seemingly random but protective mass swirling around them. Slowly, painfully slowly, they make their way to the gym's back entrance.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

P, sixty-six.

Prince opens the door; Rob and Willy start to enter.

ECU: OLD LADY

OLD LADY

BINGO!!!

She screams with such ferocity that Rob and Willy dive in the door while agents inside and out grab for their breast pockets.

INT. GYM

Rob and Willy fly in, Maura whirls to the door and grabs in her pocket, just short of pulling her gun. The room buzzes with excitement and applause at the old lady's triumph; Rob, Willy, Maura and the agents realize what's happened and exhale.

WILLY

This is the most disappointed I've ever been at not getting killed.

He and Rob pick themselves up and the other musician-agents join them behind the divider. Maura gestures the floor-agents back to their positions.

Meanwhile, the old lady rushes onto the stage waving her card and smothers the announcer with hugs.

BEHIND THE DIVIDER

The musician-agents unpack their instruments. In the way they carefully don't show it, it's clear they were secretly hoping they'd get to play.

BACK TO SCENE

The announcer battles away from the old lady and gets to the mike.

ANNOUNCER

Congratulations, Lydia Castrinkle.
Now I'm afraid we're going to have
to end a little early tonight so
that these young people may hear
their loud music.

The older people BOO as Rob, Willy and the band come out and set up. The agents in the audience smile to see their compatriots onstage, and nudge each other in the ribs. But the kids are pissed.

KID

(to friend)

I can't believe it -- an opening
act.

Maura glances at Victor and sees him go pale. She follows his eyes to the entrance, where the four "police-men" appear, in regular clothes now: the gang. Victor hurries over as they walk in.

VICTOR

(whispers)

What are you doing here? You were
gonna get them at home!

MAN 1

They weren't there. They'll be
here.

VICTOR

You can't do it here! You'll get
caught! We all will!

MAN 1

After they're dead, no one will stop
four heavily armed men. About you,
I don't give a flying fuck.

The man pushes Victor, who falls into some chairs and drops to the floor, pale and trembling.

The band's tuning up and no one really notices Victor, who stumbles back to the sound-board.

But some of the agents saw; they reach in their pockets, but Maura gestures for them to hold off. Then she notices Man 1, who glances at her as he sits with the others at a front table. Maura covers her gesture with a sweep of the hair, smiles broadly, and goes to them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAURA

Getcha somethin?

Man 1 smiles.

CAR-MAN

Coke. We all want Coke.

They all laugh loudly. Maura gives a thin smile, then leaves. At a safe distance, she turns to the stage, catches Rob's eyes, and nods her head to indicate the men at the table. Rob sees, and tenses.

Maura indicates "Keep cool". Rob turns to Willy and indicates the men; Willy tenses. Then Rob turns to Prince -- but Prince has already seen them, as have the other band members.

Wharton looks at Rob, who gives a tiny shrug ("Might as well"). So Wharton suddenly drops to his knees and starts a DTP SONG.

The band cooks. They've got some snazzy choreography (although Prince still sways out-of-sync), and as Rob weaves in and out of the others, and the others weave back and forth in front of Willy, we realize that it's planned so that someone's always between them and the gang.

A small matter: Rob thinks his guitar's too low. He makes an "up" motion to the back of the room. Victor, understandably distracted, nonetheless notices this and speaks to the sound-man.

VICTOR

Up. Bring the rhythm guitar up.

The agents in the audience watch the gang, but can't stop their fingers and feet from tapping -- they also can't prevent a few quickly stifled smiles at seeing their buddies rocking onstage.

The old people have their hands over their ears but the kids stare unbelievably at the stage then at each other as they realize who it is.

At the entrance, Janet gapes at the stage. And...

BEHIND THE DIVIDER

Four faces gawk in awe: the Chefs.

GINA

It's Disturbing The Peace!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLUFFY

Mike is Willy Stone!

BETSY

Jim is Rob Michaels!

LAURA

You could've had sex with him!

BACK TO SCENE

Man 1 reaches inside his jacket pocket. Maura tenses, as do the other agents -- this is it.

Suddenly, Victor charges through the crowd. Maura gestures for everyone to pull back again; Victor grabs Man 1, whose face goes hard.

VICTOR

There are innocent people here!
Call it off!

Man 1 pushes Victor, even harder.

BEHIND THE DIVIDER

The Chefs have been reduced to the most shameless of teen-groupies. They jump and wave, moving out from the divider, close to the stage.

VARIOUS CHEFS

Jim! Mike! Rob! Willy! Yoo-hoo!
It's us!

BACK TO SCENE

Rob and Willy see the girls -- and are aghast. They wave them away, but the girls misinterpret and wave back happily.

BETSY

Can we come out?! Can we play with
you?!

Rob and Willy shake "NO!" and wave them away. The girls, in their excitement, interpret this as "Come on!" -- and on they come.

Gina plugs in her bass and plays; Laura goes next to the keyboard man and plays; Fluffy stands next to the horrified Willy and bangs on the drums with him. Betsy plugs in next to Rob; he shakes his head frantically -- she does likewise, thinking it's a great look.

At the back, Janet thinks it's terrific.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the floor, Maura knows it's a disaster, but before she can do anything, Man 1 unexpectedly stands... and pulls his gun.

The other men do the same.

The teens and older people SHOUT and scramble for safety, some running out, some ducking under tables.

Maura and the other agents whip out their guns. The men turn around, surprised.

Rob stops playing and the band winds down. The girls are baffled.

Man 1 whips around and points his gun back at the stage; the other men do the same. Maura realizes it's a stand-off: if her agents try for the gang, the gang gets Rob, Willy or the girls (who still don't know what's going on, but know enough to be terrified).

Suddenly, Man 1 leaps onto the stage and grabs Betsy. Maura and the agents can't possibly shoot. In the back, Janet is horrified.

MAN 1

Everyone stay calm.

He nods for the gang to join him -- they clamber onto the stage. Behind them, Willy twirls a little nut at the top of a cymbal. At the entrance... Janet's gone.

Man 1 addresses the audience.

MAN 1 (cont'd)

We are getting out of here. We are taking this girl.

He pulls the terrified Betsy towards the side as the other men, guns out, scan the agents for movement. Maura has her gun trained on Man 1, but is helpless, as is Rob.

Willy pulls off the nut and pockets it. He's got one hand on the cymbal when he spots something. He makes a soft noise on a drum -- Rob turns. Willy nods up; Rob looks.

Janet's in the balcony, untying a climbing rope. Rob looks from her to Man 1 and Betsy, and realizes what she's going to do. Maura picks up on Rob's look and sees Janet. Any moment, the gang will catch on.

Rob catches the sound-man's eye and gives him the "up" motion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sound-man pushes a lever all the way up; Janet grabs the rope and swings off the balcony; Rob leaps in the air and hits an incredibly loud BLAST on the guitar. Man 1 is jolted and grabs his ears, letting loose of Betsy just as Janet swings into him, knocking him off the stage.

The other gang members are immobilized by the noise for only a moment, but that's long enough for Willy to leap up with the cymbal and smash it into one's head; instantly, Prince hits another in the gut with his sax and Wharton Hendrixes the third over the head. A phalanx of agents leap onto the stage and it's all over.

That releases the audience: YELLING, they run for the exit.

BEHIND THE DIVIDER

Man 1 gets groggily to his feet and looks around -- there, a few feet away, is his gun. He stumbles forward, leans down... and his hand is stomped by a foot. He looks up to see Maura.

BACK TO SCENE

On the side of the stage, Janet and Betsy pick themselves up.

JANET/BETSY

You okay?

They hug; then Betsy is distracted, her eyes bugged out -- Rob is running over.

ROB

You okay?!

Betsy stares, open-mouthed.

ROB (cont'd)

(to Janet)

You were incredible! You rescued the princess, you killed the dragon!

JANET

Thanks... 'Jim'.

ROB

Oh. It's, uh...

VICTOR (O.S.)

Rob!

Victor's being pulled off by an agent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTOR (cont'd)

Rob, tell them! I had nothing to do with this! I was here to supervise the recording!

Rob's about to answer when Willy stops him.

WILLY

Rob, we've won. Don't you think it behooves us, in victory, to be magnificent, beneficent, municifent, and just plain fent?

(turns to agent;
indicates Victor)

This man... is Beelzebub. Don't put him in jail -- burn him! Blow him up! Feed him to the wolverines! Tear off his limbs! Poke out his eyes! Color his hair! Suck his fingernails! Slaughter his in-laws! Ring his doorbell and run!...

Willy follows as the agent pulls Victor away. Janet turns to Rob (Betsy still stares gape-jawed).

JANET

I suppose a story goes with this, but I don't want to hear it. To win my trust, to win the trust of the beautiful heroine, you must tell her one true thing. Just one thing, but it must be unquestionably true.

That's a toughie. Rob considers carefully, then speaks.

ROB

I think I love you.

Janet melts and they move in for the kiss... but they realize that Betsy's just inches away. She stares in utter amazement and can find only one thing to say.

BETSY

Rob Michaels is going to be my step-father!

BEHIND THE DIVIDER

Maura holds a gun on Man 1 as an agent cuffs him.

MAURA

--- You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be ---

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Willy comes around the divider.

WILLY

There you are!

Maura shoots him a look ("This is business!") and resumes.

MAURA

If you cannot afford an attorney,
one will be ---

WILLY

Girls with guns make me hot.

MAURA

Willy, I am right in the middle of
arresting th --- th --- ...

(hands gun to agent)

Hold this.

(to Willy)

Goddamn it, let's do it!

She grabs Willy and pulls him to a corner, where they fall to the floor, tearing madly at each other's bodies.
RACK-FOCUS: In the foreground, in GIANT CU, in ultra-romantic profile, Rob and Janet kiss.

FADE-THROUGH TO:

GIANT CU: Two fish sizzle on a grill.

EXT. JANET'S HOUSE - DAY

Rob barbecues, whistling merrily, wearing an apron that says "BASTING IS MY LIFE". The PHONE RINGS; Rob picks up a portable receiver.

ROB

Hello!

VOICE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Ship-to-shore, line two-eight-one-zero, Mr. Robert Michaels?

ROB

What? Sure, yes...

WILLY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Rob?

ROB

Willy! My God, where are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Where are you, man?

ROB

Same place I've been for the last year.

WILLY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Selling real estate with Janet. I can't believe you went straight.

ROB

I ever tell you about my brother Dan? He was wilder than you, a complete lunatic, and suddenly he enlists in the Army. I go to see him at boot camp and there he is, marching in step with fifteen hundred guys. I say 'Dan, what happened? You're just like the others!' He said 'No way, man -- they're marching... I'm truckin.'

WILLY (V.O.)

(filtered)

So he was really kidding himself.

ROB

Yeah. So where the hell are you?

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

A ship's cabin; Willy lies naked in bed, Maura asleep in his arms. INTERCUT BETWEEN ROB AND WILLY.

WILLY

I'm not exactly sure. The phrase 'slow boat to China' came up over breakfast and the next thing I knew...

Rob begins moving. From now on, he'll walk through Janet's perfect suburban house.

ROB

So you and Maura are having a blast.

WILLY

Shit no, we're bored out of our skulls -- why d'ya think I'm calling you? First time I've been bored in a year, though.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLY (cont'd)

As soon as we're off this damn boat,
we're gonna raise hell.

Rob's gone into a nursery, where he leans down and picks
up a baby.

ROB

Listen to this.

He tickles the baby and it GIGGLES.

WILLY

You still got my old Blind Lemon
Pledge record.

ROB

It's my baby.

WILLY

I know, I read. A girl, right?

ROB

You come within ten feet of her,
I'll shoot you dead.

He walks on, holding the baby.

WILLY

How're the girls?

Rob stops by a phonograph and picks up an album by The
Pirates (the girls in pirate costumes).

ROB

Album's still Top Twenty. Betsy and
I are doing a little songwriting.
Hey, you really should call that
lawyer -- you got residuals piling
up somewhere.

He enters the bedroom, where Janet nurses a second baby.

WILLY

Rob, I've come to realize that
what's important isn't having money
-- it's being irresponsible.

A BELL RINGS; Rob hands the baby to Janet.

ROB

Oh shit, I gotta get the laundry.
Call me from China, okay?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB (cont'd)

And Willy -- it's a Communist country, you can get into real trouble. Will you guys be careful?

WILLY

Hey -- you know me.

Rob reacts. MUSIC UP.

EXT. CHINESE HOTEL - NIGHT

A multi-story hotel with a swimming pool. AGITATED CHINESE VOICES, a ROLLING SOUND, and then a grand piano bursts through a third-story window and lands in the pool.

FADE OUT.

THE END