

THAT THING YOU DO!

by

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August 29, 1995

OPENING CREDITS:

A1 INT. PATTERSON'S APPLIANCE STORE - DAY A1

It's a typical day. We see the appliances... windows... displays... toasters...

1 WE ARE VERY CLOSE ON GLISTENING GROOVES 1

Swirling seductively on the ebony surface of an LP record, revolving at a languorous 33 1/3 rpms. Here comes the Hi-fi needle, landing delicately in the the record's outermost river of sound. POP... HISS... CRACKLE through the silence, and then... "Time To Blow" by the incomparable Del Paxton.

2 EXT. ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA - NIGHT 2

It is 1964 and downtown Erie is dead. Dead. The Liquor store down the way is open, but the Pharmacy, Post Office, and Christian Science Reading room are dark and locked up.

Funny, then, that Patterson's Appliances still has its lights on. Say, who's playing the records?

3 INT. PATTERSON'S APPLIANCE STORE - NIGHT 3

GUY PATTERSON, that's who. Mid-Twenties. He's way in the back, at a desk under one moody light. Listlessly going over some receipts on a huge, thousand-keyed adding machine. The phone suddenly RINGS, so loudly it makes Guy yelp.

GUY
(picking up)
... Patterson's..

ANGRY VOICE (O.C.)
(FUTZED)
What's going on down there?

GUY
Dad...

Guy has flipped the phone over and is turning down that frigging bell.

MR. PATTERSON (O.C.)
Harriet Priestly just called your mother. Her husband drove by the store and saw the lights were still on. What are the lights still doing on?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

GUY

I'm cookin' the books as usual.

MR. PATTERSON (O.C.)

The sign, Guy! The sign is still on!
Are we open for business all night now?

Guy checks outside with a glance.

GUY

Sorry, Pops... I'll turn it off, pronto.

MR. PATTERSON (O.C.)

Is that music playing on one of the floor
Hi-Fi's?

GUY

I'll turn that off, too.

MR. PATTERSON (O.C.)

Turn that off, too!

4 EXT. PATTERSON'S APPLIANCE - SAME 4

The big sign flickers out, as do the front fluorescents.
"Time To Blow" gets cut off suddenly, too.

5 A LIGHT BULB SNAPS ON 5

INT. BASEMENT OF STORE - SAME

There amongst the crates and packages, Guy is going to take a
break. He places the LP on a piece-of-junk record player and
trails the speaker over to a stack of boxes...

... revealing A DRUM KIT. An old, simple drum kit. Bass,
snare, tom-toms, two cymbals and a high hat. The music
starts up as he takes position on an upturned box.

From a crevice he pulls a pair of worn drumsticks. He almost
joins in with Del Paxton once, twice, then... Guy Patterson
finds the beat.

He isn't a great drummer, but he picks up the rhythm with a
gusto that makes him look like, well, a drummer.

6 INT. PATTERSON'S APPLIANCES - SAME 6

MUSIC, heavy with percussion, vibrates up through the floor,
causing ripples in a cup of cold coffee.

7 CLOSE ON A CAR RADIO 7

INT. GUY'S KARMANN GHIA - NIGHT

Trying in vain to find something other than static and commercials, Guy tools along, a man done with his work day.

8 EXT. TATE'S BAR - NIGHT 8

Guy pulls his car up to the curb. A KID approaches him as he hits the door.

KID

Mister, buy me a pack of smokes?

GUY

Kid, I'm a cop. Don't make me arrest you.

9 INT. TATE'S BAR 9

Guy breezes in the door and, without even looking, slugs a dime into the Jukebox and punches in a number.

BARTENDER

If that's the "Theme from Mister
Downtown" I'm gonna kill you.

"Mister Downtown" blares from the Seeburg's speaker.

GUY

Seen Pete?

BARTENDER

Nope.

GUY

Steve or Norm?

BARTENDER

Hoss and Little Joe chased 'em out of
here when they insulted their Pa.

GUY

Tina been in looking for me?

BARTENDER

Nobody's looking for you.

GUY

That's bad. I'm supposed to meet Tina,
but I can't remember where.

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER

Fascinating. You gonna drown your troubles?

GUY

Maybe...a Zombie, or a Grasshopper. A simple Highball, perhaps. Or a Tom Collins. No - A VO and Seven. Wait! In Germany, I developed a taste for fine hops and barley malts.

BARTENDER

The Army does that to a man. Same thing happened to me in Fort Sill.

GUY

But... Whatever I order, will be in some other den of iniquity.

BARTENDER

(as Guy leaves)
Half a buck, lost.

On his way out, Guy selects "Mister Downtown" from the jukebox one more time.

10 EXT. ERIE STREET INTERSECTION - LATER

10

Guy is tuning his AM Radio and waiting out a light. A car opposite him FLASHES its high beams.

GUY

(squinting)
Uh oh...

The light changes and the two cars meet in the middle of the deserted intersection. TINA, Guy's serious girlfriend, is behind the wheel of a huge Chrysler, rolling down her window.

TINA

You forgot all about me didn't you?

GUY

(caught, but lying)
I was going there now.

TINA

We were all waiting for you.

GUY

Let's go back, I'll follow you.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

TINA

No. Let's go to your place and chat into the wee hours.

GUY

We go to my place, I'm gonna make out with you.

TINA

We can do that too.

Tina peels out in the Chrysler while Guy hangs a U-Turn.

11 INT. GUY'S BACHELOR PAD - EVEN LATER

11

Almost a thousand records. A phenomenal Hi-Fi. Excellent JAZZ is playing while Kirk Douglas silently slaps someone around on TV.

Time is lost on our couple because they are busy making out on the sofa. Wildly making out. Fully clothed, yet wildly making out. Tina is definitely the aggressor...

GUY

(between her kisses)

I'm being a gentleman about this, aren't I?

TINA

So far.

GUY

I don't paw you, do I?

TINA

No, my darling. You don't paw me.

GUY

Do you want me to paw you?

TINA

Not yet. I want you to kiss me. Right now. I want you to kiss me right now.

They kiss. Deep. Hard. Long. And still fully clothed.

TINA

(breaking it off)

Okay... okay... too much.

(CONTINUED)

GUY

I didn't touch you.

TINA

No, I just gotta... stop!
 (a beat, a breath, in awe)
 Guy Patterson...

Tina is impressed with her man.

TINA (CONT)

I like to kiss my Guy Patterson.

Guy flexes his muscles as he regards the movie on TV.

GUY

I... am... Spartacus.

TINA

(purring)

You know what I was thinking today?
 We've been an item for one year.
 (explaining)

You got out of the Army, then Brisbane's
 Christmas party - we meet. There was our
 flirting period until you came to your
 senses and asked me out. So, almost a
 year, total. Except for those two months
 I broke up with you.

GUY

Yep. Almost a year. Total.

TINA

Let's call it a year.

GUY

Okay...

A year. Guy nods. Faye nods. They nod at each other.

TINA

Okay...
 (a beat)
 I'm going home now.

GUY

You don't have to.

TINA

I have the dentist in the morning...
 (straightening clothes,
 brushing hair)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TINA (CONT)

What did your father think of those ideas?

GUY

What ideas?

TINA

Moving the store to Riverside Plaza and doing TV commercials.

GUY

Oh, yeah. The inventory was all goofed up and he was in no mood to talk so I tabled that stuff 'til later.

TINA

What about staying open on Sundays?

GUY

And miss church? My Dad?

TINA

Is it good business to let these things wait for the sign to read "Guy Patterson's Appliances"?

GUY

I'll probably keep it "Patterson's Appliances." The name you trust... Besides, good ideas have no deadlines.

Tina is not sure what that means. She's going home.

TINA

Honestly, Guy. Sometimes I wonder, just what kind of catch are you?

(her piece said)

Now... get ready for my patented night-night kiss.

She leans into him...

12 TWO CAR BUMPERS SMASH INTO EACH OTHER

12

EXT. ERIE STREET CORNER - MORNING

Guy's Karmann Ghia bounces off a Ford parked in front of him. Guy looks like he spent a sleepless night.

13 INT. CORNER DINER - SAME

13

A booth full of four young men (LENNY, JIMMY, CHAD, and one other) saw what just happened.

LENNY

Look at Skitch! Crashing his car.

CHAD

Erie's lone beatnik. Can't even drive.

14 EXT. CORNER DINER - SAME

14

Guy has leapt from his car and is apologizing at light speed to the driver of the Ford, FAYE, a young, pretty girl with long hair and an open, honest face.

GUY

Sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry!

FAYE

(waving her keys)

I had just gotten out...

GUY

Are you okay?

FAYE

Not a scratch, but what about your cute little car?

They inspect the damage.

GUY

My bumper looks the same. But, look, I dented yours...

FAYE

No you didn't...

GUY

Yeah, I did. See? Right there.

FAYE

I don't see any dent, Guy.

GUY

Faye, the chrome is all scraped! I'll pay the repair.

(CONTINUED)

FAYE

(pointedly)

Listen to me, Guy. I don't see any dented bumper on my sister's car, who won't be back from Nursing School for another month and is a lousy driver anyway. I don't even remember you bumping into my sister's car.

It takes Guy a moment to realize how cool Faye is being about this. But then it sinks in.

GUY

Oh, you are so cool! Let me buy you breakfast.

FAYE

You're too late. I ate. I'm just meeting Jimmy...

15 INT. CORNER DINER - SAME

15

CHAD

He thinks he's cool.

LENNY

Not cool. Stylish. A subtle difference.

JIMMY

He stylishly almost ran over my girlfriend, didn't he?

CHAD

I think he's making moves on her.

JIMMY

Let him try.

LENNY

I did that once, ran into a chick's car to get her name and number. Turned out she was eighty years old.

Guy escorts Faye into the diner and to the boys' booth. Greetings are ad-libbed. Faye slides in next to Jimmy and they kiss.

FAYE

It was horrible! Screeching Tires!
Broken Glass! Red Asphalt!

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

CHAD

Guy, you win this morning's Destruction Derby.

Guy laughs like Chad's joke is the funniest thing he has ever heard.

GUY

Lenny, tell Chad here, that some day he'll drive an automobile of his own.

Guy takes his usual place at the counter and rattles his coffee cup.

GUY

Coffee, java, hot joe...

DINER WAITRESS

You just hush.

GUY

And some French toast please, because...

DINER WAITRESS

... you were once the toast of France.

16 ANGLE ON BOOTH AGAIN

16

A better look at these young musicians. LENNY, the oldest, has a dry, sharp wit. JIMMY, early twenties, takes himself seriously. CHAD is the cocky drummer, always tapping ever-present sticks. THE BASS PLAYER, at 19, the youngest and a man of few words.

FAYE

I thought you decided on "The Echoes."

JIMMY

Some band in Ashtabula is "The Echoes," and I wasn't wild about that anyway.

LENNY

Let's just call us "The Band You Are About To Hear."

CHAD

I like "The Corvettes."

JIMMY

Is that the "Cor-vettes" or the "Chord-vettes"?

(CONTINUED)

CHAD

Cor-vettes. Like the car.

JIMMY

I thought you meant "Chord-vettes." As in "we use chords in our music." And neither one is right.

FAYE

Couldn't it be something like "Jimmy and the... somethings"?

CHAD

How about "The Stingrays"?

LENNY

"Jimmy and the Stingrays"... Is that like the car or like the rays that sting?

THE BASS PLAYER

(his suggestion)

"The Tempos."

LENNY

I used that in a band already. And we were terrible.

CHAD

Must have had Guy playing drums.

FAYE

"The Fabulous Tempos" then.

JIMMY

I keep going back to "The Herdsmen."

The Waitress brings them their check.

DINER WAITRESS

How about "The Big Tippers"?

17 ANGLE ON GUY

17

Digging into his French toast. Lenny slips onto the stool next to him as his band heads out.

LENNY

Hey Skitch, how's the whiplash?

GUY

Shouldn't you and those kids be in school or jail or someplace?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

LENNY

You want to experience shame? Come hear us tonight at the College?

GUY

Chad going to solo on "Wipeout"?

LENNY

It's the Spring Sing Talent Show. Should be hilarious.

GUY

I'd rather have the flu. But you need any new amps or wires, give me a call.

LENNY

You're going to miss it. College Co-eds.
(leaving)
Hey, my Dad wants a Roto-Antenna.

GUY

(perking up)
Tell him to come by the store.

LENNY

He's already talked to a guy at Tele-Mart.

Guy is stunned at this.

GUY

That's a big mistake. Those cats don't know squat about service!

18 DINAH SHORE IS POINTING TO A HI-FIDELITY CONSOLE

18

EXT. PATTERSON'S APPLIANCES - MORNING

Guy saunters to work. His Father is in the window arranging the cardboard cutout of Dinah.

19 INT. PATTERSON'S APPLIANCES - SAME

19

As he enters the shop, ORGAN MUSIC throbs as his MOTHER plays a Hammond Rhythm-Master, with just one finger.

MR. PATTERSON

(constantly angry)

We opened an hour ago.

(CONTINUED)

Guy looks around and sees no one but his folks and his younger sister, DARLENE, a high school junior, who's in the back.

GUY

Sorry. Gosh, we're swamped.

MR. PATTERSON

Go talk to your sister. Ask her what am I paying you for.

Guy considers that statement as he heads to the rear of the store.

GUY

Hey Mom!

Mrs. Patterson waves with her free hand. At the desk, Darlene is going over the same books Guy had balanced the night before.

GUY

What's Dad sore about?

DARLENE

You not knowing shit about keeping books.

GUY

Darlene just said a swear word!

DARLENE

What were you using, some kind of Pig Latin Math?

GUY

I hadn't double checked them yet, Darlene.

DARLENE

Odd how the entire world thought you were done with the books.

GUY

Saturdays are for double checking the books.

(enough of her)

Dad... We should move the store out to Riverside Plaza, don't you think?

MR. PATTERSON
 (still so very pissed)
 What in the world are you talking about?

GUY
 Parking... Steady flow of foot traffic...
 The excitement of a new location. We
 could throw a Grand Opening and give
 Tele-Mart something to worry about.

The Organ music suddenly STOPS. Darlene looks like Guy has just committed a sacrilege. Mr. Patterson looks like his head is going to burst.

DARLENE
 (whispering)
 Don't mention Tele-Mart, you idiot.
 They're killing us.

20 CLOSE ON A PARKING METER SHOWING: VIOLATION!

20

EXT. ERIE STREET - DAY

Hands wrap around the meter and a body flies over it.

The Band we met in the diner are still talking about possible names as The Bass Player and Chad take turns jumping over a parking meter.

Chad stabs his drumsticks into his back pocket and sets up for his try. Going up is fine...

But coming down is a very different story. His groin SMACKS on the meter's dome, and he CRASHES down into the gutter.

The Bass Player is the first to notice something is wrong. Chad is WRITHING around on the pavement, cradling his arm.

THE BASS PLAYER
 (to the others)
 Uh, Chad fell down...

21 INT. PATTERSON'S APPLIANCE - LATER

21

With the mention of Tele-Mart still hanging heavy in the air, Mr. Patterson has chosen this time to angrily move around the refrigerators.

Luckily customers enter the shop. Guy is overjoyed for the diversion, until he sees the customers are Lenny and Jimmy.

(CONTINUED)

GUY
(too cheerful)
Hey, fellows! How are we today?

Mr. Patterson shoots the kids a look, then goes back to wrestling the Amanas.

GUY (CONT)
(sotto voce)
Stay away from the old man, okay?

JIMMY
We have a big proposition for you, Guy.
You still playing percussion?

LENNY
I said he was, didn't I?

GUY
The drums? Yeah.

JIMMY
How about sitting in for Chad tonight?

GUY
Why?

LENNY
The asshole just broke his arm.

Guy laughs out loud, drawing a look from every member of the Patterson Family.

GUY
Would anyone even notice Chad's busted
arm?
(that's a joke)
What's the tune?

JIMMY
Little ditty we've been working on.

LENNY
Nothing you can't handle.

GUY
Being in a band again... Sounds like fun.

JIMMY
It's just for tonight. If we win, we
split a hundred dollars.

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

Guy steals a look around the tense and empty store. He's tempted.

GUY (CONT)

Here's the deal. If you want these magic hands, you gotta buy two new record needles and the clock radio over my left shoulder.

22 THE CASH REGISTER: KA-CHING!

22

Guy counts out change.

GUY

Thanks for shopping at Patterson's.

Lenny almost forgets his needles before leaving. Guy ceremoniously presents the receipt to his sister and begins straightening up things that are already tidy.

MR. PATTERSON

What did those hoodlums want?

GUY

Clock radio.

The telephone rings at Guy's elbow. He snatches it up.

GUY

Patterson's Appliance City.

Dad shoots a look: "Appliance City"?

GUY

Tina?

23 INT. DENTIST OFFICE - SAME

23

TINA

What 'cha doing?

24 INTERCUT DENTIST OFFICE/PATTERSON'S STORE

24

GUY

I'm selling appliances.

TINA

It just so happens I have no cavities and am free for lunch.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

GUY

Congratulations, but no can do.

TINA

Poo on you, then. But I warn you. My dentist is a very attractive man.

She hangs up the phone. Her Dentist, DR. COLLINS enters, as handsome as a Ken doll.

Guy, very much aware she hung up, stays on the line.

GUY

Lunch? Why, sure, Tina. I could see you for a quick bite.

25 INT. JIMMY'S GARAGE - LATER

25

The members of the band, sans Chad, are hooking up their equipment. Jimmy scribbles lyrics in a notebook.

FAYE

Poor Chad. I've never seen anything swell up that fast. Or that big.

LENNY

(to Jimmy)

Don't take that personally, old man.

JIMMY

(oblivious)

Guy will be pretty rusty, don't you think?

Guy's Karmann Ghia, loaded with his drum kit, screeches into the driveway. Guy bolts from his car and starts unloading.

GUY

I've got less than an hour! What's this tune?

JIMMY

(explaining)

It's three stanzas with a two-chord break into the chorus. Up-tempo but not too fast. Chad stayed on the high hat for most of it, but I'd like some kind of paradiddle to round off each phrase.

Guy looks blankly from Jimmy to Lenny.

(CONTINUED)

LENNY

It's four-four time.

GUY

Got it. Just the one number, right?

JIMMY

One, right.

GUY

One-der-ful.

FAYE

Oh! Leave it to Guy to come up with our name!

(beat)

The Won-~~ders~~! But like the Beatles use an E-A, we use an Oh-en-ee. The One-~~ders~~

LENNY

Are you talking gibberish?

She writes it on a piece of cardboard: ONEDERS

FAYE

"The Oneders"!

LENNY

Looks like "The Oh-nee-~~ders~~."

GIRL

(singing, too)

*You take a stick of bamboo**You take a stick of bamboo**You take a stick of bamboo**And throw it on the water*

INT. STATE COLLEGE GYM - NIGHT

The Girl is accompanied by three other girls who play guitars. They all join in singing the timely chorus of this lousy folk song.

GIRLS

Oh-oh! Oh-oh! Hannah!

And they continue singing. The crowd fills only half of the All-Purpose Gym-a-torium. A HECKLER can take this folk music stuff no longer.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

HECKLER
(shouting)
Stick this Bamboo!

27 INT. BACKSTAGE - SAME

27

Jimmy and the band are prepping their equipment with a hovering STAGE MANAGER. Chad is there, his arm in a cast.

JIMMY
When do we go on?

STAGE MANAGER
I don't know.

JIMMY
How many bands before us?

STAGE MANAGER
I'm not sure.

JIMMY
How many bands in competition?

STAGE MANAGER
I don't know.

LENNY
Where's Guy?

STAGE MANAGER
Your drummer? He's out front.

28 FOUR FRAT BOYS SINGING "SUBWAY SURFING"

28

Guy and Tina milling about in the crowd. Tina is shouting to be heard over the third-rate Beach Boys harmonizing.

TINA
This is hardly a date, Guy! I thought we were going to dinner at the club and a movie!

GUY
We'll cream these guys!

TINA
How long is this going to take?

Faye enters, having been searching for Guy.

(CONTINUED)

FAYE

Here you are! We gotta set up!

GUY

Okay... Tina you know Faye.

Yes. Tina does.

TINA

(to Faye)

How long is this going to be?

FAYE

Almost didn't happen at all! Thank god for Guy!

They leave Tina still wondering how long this evening will last.

29 FIVE TRUMPET PLAYERS

29

Tooting out their version of "La Senora de Dos Costas." Believe it or not this is the best band of the evening.

Tina is alone now, envious of a couple who snuggle and sway to the beautiful melody in brass. Her attention is diverted to the stage, where Guy and the Band take position behind their blaring competition as the number comes to an end.

A blue tuxedo-clad student M.C. takes the mic.

M. C.

Listen to that applause! That easily makes "The Legends in Brass" of Phi Kappa Epsilon the front runners.

(beat)

Hey, how do you sell a chicken to a deaf man?

HECKLER

Kadden, eat my shorts!!

M. C.

You say, "YOU WANT TO BUY A CHICKEN!?"

HECKLER

Eat my shorts, Kadden!!

M. C.

Shut up! Our last band, all locals...

(reading off a card)

The Oh-nee-ders!

(CONTINUED)

HECKLER

I'll eat your shorts, Kadden!

The slightest ripple of applause greets The... Oh-nee-ders. Jimmy tries to correct the mistake, but Lenny has already signaled Guy on the countdown. One, two, one, two, three, four!

And now begins "That Thing You Do." It is a raucous tune. It is a contagious song. It has the magnetic hook of "La Bamba" and the energy of "Twist and Shout." From one spirited verse it pounds into the next, powered by Guy's crisp beat-keeping.

The crowd floats towards the stage like moths to flame. Dancing breaks out. Rhythmic clapping sweeps the gym as the Chorus lets loose a collection of phrases so tight and pure everyone seems to know the words already.

Everyone except Tina, who plugs her ears, bored silly.

There is only one verse left now, as the song hops into a musical afterburn.

Guy rips into the syncopation with hands that truly are magic. High Hat and Bass Drum respond to his dancing legs like taps on the heels of Astaire. His face is joy and concentration and abandon all personified. This is what Picasso looked like when he was painting. No lie.

Here comes the end of "That Thing You Do," in a signature, all-final exclamation point that is satisfying to the soul...

... BOMP BOMP BOMP WHANG-TITILIP.

Silence. For a beat. And then...

Raucous applause. The Oneders are the obvious, last-minute winners, much to the disappointment of the Legends in Brass.

Each Oneder is smiling. Guy beams and catches his breath. He hasn't done that in a while. A trophy is handed to Jimmy.

Lenny is accosted by a big man with slick hair, VILLAPIANO, who shouts in his face.

VILLAPIANO

You ever been to the Fireside Lounge?

LENNY

That place out by the airport?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

VILLAPIANO

That's it! I run the place, and I gotta
have you! I just gotta have you!!

30 INT. JIMMY'S STATION WAGON - DRIVING SHOT - NIGHT

30

The band is ecstatic. Faye has her arm wrapped around Jimmy
at the wheel. Lenny is passing out the shares of money. The
Bass Player counts his share again and again.

CHAD

Shouldn't I get a share?

LENNY

I don't think so.

FAYE

There was no question who won tonight.
We creamed everybody!

JIMMY

Wasn't Guy playing a little too fast?

THE BASS PLAYER

The Fireside Lounge is going to pay us?

LENNY

A surprise bonus. That Villapiano guy
almost kissed me, for God's sake.

CHAD

Your new drummer only knows one song.

JIMMY

We'll change that.

THE BASS PLAYER

My brothers won't believe this, me
getting paid, like it's a regular job.

LENNY

Goes along with being one of The "Oh-nee-
ders."

FAYE

(up ahead)

Isn't that Guy and his girlfriend?

(rolling down the window)

Hi Guy!! The Oneders Rule!!

31 EXT. DRIVING SHOT - CONTINUOUS 31

Jimmy's station wagon passes Guy's drum-laden Karmann Ghia.

32 INT. GUY'S KARMANN GHIA - CONTINUOUS 32

Guy and Tina are kind of crammed in there.

TINA

Maturity everywhere I looked. There was a reason I left college. That Jimmy certainly has a cute gal pal in Faye.

GUY

The only other band I was in broke up after playing one wedding, and this one gets a gig.

(beat)

You coming out to the Fireside Lounge on Friday or Saturday night?

TINA

I'll come on Sunday night.

(then)

What about the store, Guy? Don't you usually work late on Fridays?

33 EXT. PATTERSON'S APPLIANCES - NIGHT 33

The Sign. Fully powered and shining like a full moon. The place looks like it's opened 'til midnight.

GUY (V.O.)

I've got that wired. A little extra effort during the week and the store operates on automatic.

A Chevy pulls up in front of the store - it's Mr. Patterson, in his bathrobe and slippers, fumbling with his keys, swearing he's gonna strangle his worthless son.

34 INT. JIMMY'S GARAGE - NIGHT 34

The One-ders, sans Chad, rehearse a different tune.

JIMMY

No... it's the minor chord there. You just played it.

LENNY

I'm saying, what if we hook it in "A"?

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

No. No, no, no. The minor chord. Like you just played it.

LENNY

Just listen to it in "A."

JIMMY

I wrote it the way you just played it.

They continue arguing. Faye has been passing out sandwiches and offers one to Guy.

GUY

Are they always like this?

FAYE

Only when they have guitars around their necks and are rehearsing.

GUY

So Lenny hasn't changed. Wait, is this a Baloney sandwich?

(it is)

Faye. Never, ever, hand me a Baloney sandwich. Never.

FAYE

(playing along)

Got it. Never. Baloney is a no... Tell you what, I'll put this tray down and make you get your own sandwich.

GUY

That's only fair.

FAYE

(waving one)

Baloney Sandwich!!

They both scream in mock terror. Jimmy and Lenny are still at it.

JIMMY

In simple language? The change is in the minor chord because it works just fine for the Beatles.

LENNY

You mean we'll sound just like the lads themselves? Why are we even bothering with this tune?

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

For our encore.

LENNY

Ed Sullivan calls us back for a chat.

JIMMY

(giving up)

Alright. Let's shelve this. We need something slow anyway.

LENNY

No, we don't.

JIMMY

I've been working on a ballad.

Jimmy digs around in his guitar case and comes up with a song. Lenny rolls his eyes.

JIMMY (CONT)

"All My Only Dreams."

FAYE

Yeah! That song's about me!

LENNY

(to Guy)

I've dragged you into hell. I am sorry.

35 EXT. THE FIRESIDE LOUNGE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

35

There are cars and kids and a banner that says "This Weekend! The OneDers! Erie's Own! Too \$ Cover." Too Dollar cover?

There is also the sound of "All My Only Dreams."

36 INT. THE FIRESIDE - SAME

36

And there Jimmy is, singing soulfully, his eyes locked on Faye, who listens to her man sing to only her.

The One-ders are jammed onto a tiny stage in the corner. The fair-sized crowd waits for them to get back to the good stuff.

HECKLER

Get back to the good stuff!

Jimmy finishes his tune to scattered applause. As he dramatically pulls on a glass of water, there are calls for "That Thing You Do."

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

LENNY
 (in the mic)
 So, our fame preceded us, eh?

There are roars of approval.

LENNY
 Are you sure you can handle it?

More roars.

LENNY
 Okay, but don't hold us responsible!

Guy starts pounding out the infectious intro.

37 COLD HARD CASH

37

EXT. THE FIRESIDE LOUNGE, ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A wad of it being counted out by Villapiano into the hands of Lenny.

VILLAPIANO
 (counting)
 Plus - Five, ten, fifteen, twenty.
 (a beat, then)
 A bonus to entice you back. The word is
 out on you Oh-nee-ders.

LENNY
 That's "Won-ders."

VILLAPIANO
 The door went up on your second set
 tonight. People were calling their
 friends to get down to the Fireside. I'm
 going to make a fortune off you.

Then Villapiano eyes the Heckler and some stragglers.

VILLAPIANO (CONT'D)
 Hey! Get lost! The Fireside is closed.

Lenny crosses the parking lot. The band is loading up.

FAYE
 ... The girls in the rest room were all
 talking about you. I almost slugged
 someone named Chrissy.

(CONTINUED)

GUY
 (recognizing the name)
 Chrissy Thompkins?

LENNY
 What'd I miss? Which one was she?

GUY
 Red hair with the bow leaning against the
 pay phone. Stayed for both sets.

FAYE
 Had her eye on Jimmy.

LENNY
 What a waste.

FAYE
 (smiling at Guy)
 Said some flattering things about our
 drummer as well.

GUY
 Get out!... What she say?

The stragglng kids approach.

HECKLER
 Hey, I love that song you do. Where can
 I get the record?

The One-ders look at each other. Stopped in their tracks.

GUY
 You can't. Not yet...
 (as the kids leave)
 Now what about that? Let's make a
 record.

FAYE
 You mean, actually re-cord a record? A
 record we could actually... play?

GUY
 That's what I mean.

FAYE
 Play it... on a record player?

JIMMY
 They have a sound booth at Tele-Mart.

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

LENNY

That's just for birthday greetings.

GUY

Oneders! You are talking to Guy
Patterson... of Patterson's Appliance
Showcase! Let Spartacus handle this...

38 EXT. FOURSQUARE GOSPEL TABERNACLE - DAY

38

Guy's Karmann Ghia sits in the tiny parking lot beside a
Fifties model panel truck that reads "Professional Sound
Services" on its side.

A jaded and dissipated man (UNCLE BOB) lights another
cigarette as he unloads cable and equipment with the help of
a custodian (MANNY).

UNCLE BOB

I don't need your money.

GUY

Uncle Bob, I can't pay you any money.
This is a mercy booking. I want to make a
record.

UNCLE BOB

What, cut a demo?

GUY

Cut a demo, exactly. I can cover the
expenses, but that's all.

UNCLE BOB

How many copies?

GUY

(hadn't thought of this)
Uh, say a thousand? No. Five hundred.
(off Bob's look)
No. A thousand.

UNCLE BOB

How 'bout ten thousand?

Guy is confused. Is he joking?

UNCLE BOB (CONT)

Cause it don't make any matter to me.
Provided you pay me in cash before we cut
the disc. You are family. Otherwise, I
wouldn't even consider this.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE BOB (CONT)

(a beat)

Who's the girl?

GUY

What girl?

UNCLE BOB

A guy comes to me and says he wants to make a record... There is always some girl. Wants to be on the Hit Parade. Can't sing worth a tossed rock, but has... what? Nice eyes... big boobs... charisma.

GUY

There's Faye. She's cute, but she doesn't sing. So there is no girl.

UNCLE BOB

Whatever.

(a beat)

Okay, drummer boy. I'll record you.

But, Guy...

(stabbing out his butt)

In the record business, there's always a girl.

39 A BIG-HAIRED WOMAN HAS HER MOUTH WIDE OPEN

39

INT. FOURSQUARE GOSPEL TABERNACLE - NIGHT

She is standing at a microphone, a choir backing her up, singing in the higher-most registers of her faltering soprano -- "On Christ The Solid Rock I Stand."

Out in the pews, behind a makeshift table and piles of cable, sits the headphone-clad Uncle Bob, manning a huge, portable reel-to-reel tape recorder and mixing board.

Behind him sit Guy and The One-ders.

GUY

(To Lenny, a whisper)

I must have this woman.

LENNY

The hell you say. She is mine.

That elicits a look from Uncle Bob. A look that becomes rolled eyes. This pains even him.

40 LATER

40

PASTOR
 (a passionate prayer)
 ... And we ask your Blessings, too, Lord,
 on this man, Bob Patterson, and his
 recording crew...

The Oneders?

PASTOR (CONT)
 ... In their work to capture forever the
 wonder of Thy music and the praise of our
 voices on this record for all the world
 to hear. Amen.

The assembled offer "amen."

PASTOR
 (dead serious)
 When do we get the records?

UNCLE BOB
 In fifty days.

PASTOR
 Business days or calendar days?

UNCLE BOB
 For you, Reverend, as the crow flies.
 We'll start pressing first of the month.

PASTOR
 Hallelujah. God Bless you.

The Pastor nods towards Manny sitting in a rear pew.

PASTOR (CONT)
 Manny, here, will lock up when you finish
 packing. Watch that your crew don't scar
 the walls.

Uncle Bob nods.

PASTOR (CONT)
 And no food or drink in the Tabernacle.

As the Holy Father leaves, Uncle Bob signals to Guy, then
 produces a small bottle of bourbon.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

UNCLE BOB
 (to Guy a whisper)
 I promised this to our friend with the
 church keys. You get set up. I'm outta
 here at ten-thirty.

In the back, Manny is already standing and smacking his lips.

41 LATER

41

UNCLE BOB
 (yawning into a mic)
 Oneder demo. Take twenty-six...
 Correction... Twenty-seven.

Guy, behind his drums, slowly counts down, again, and the
 band starts up with... "All My Only Dreams"!

Jimmy gets two phrases in when he blows the lyrics.

LENNY
 (pissed off)
 Jesus Tabernacle Christ!

JIMMY
 Let me take it again.

LENNY
 (sourly)
 Take five was as good as it gets.

Faye is cleaning up cheeseburgers and shakes.

FAYE
 I liked three and seventeen.

UNCLE BOB
 They're all fine, believe me.
 (waving his watch)
 It is now ten forty-three!

JIMMY
 One more take.

LENNY
 Only if I sing it.

GUY
 (the peacemaker)
 Once more, then we cut "That Thing You
 Do."

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE BOB
What? You only paid for one demo.

GUY
(surprised)
Don't we need something for the "B" side?

Uncle Bob considers a bad painting of the Crucifixion for a moment.

UNCLE BOB
(with a sigh)
Ain't no "B" side on a demo, child. One song. Both sides. So the people hear what you want them to hear.

The expression on Guy's face? "Oh."

GUY
Oh.

UNCLE BOB
Ten Forty-four!

... BOMP BOMP BOMP WHANG-TITILIP.

"That Thing You Do" comes to an end. A quiet BEAT, with the band frozen still. Uncle Bob punches off the reel-to-reel with a flourish.

UNCLE BOB
Hey, that was snappy!

LENNY
(to Guy)
Which did you like better, take one or take one?

JIMMY
That was still too fast.

Guy calls out to Uncle Bob, who is already half packed up.

GUY
When do we get the records?

UNCLE BOB
(simply)
Wednesday.

43 EXT. THE FIRESIDE LOUNGE PARKING LOT - NIGHT 43

A new banner has been added. "HELD OVER! ERIE'S OWN
RECORDING ARTISTS: THE ONE-DERS! BY POPLAR DEMAND!"

Yes. By "poplar" demand.

44 INT. THE FIRESIDE LOUNGE - SAME 44

Jammed bedlam! More people than ever. They all want "That
 Thing You Do," though right now just the JUKEBOX is playing.

A stack of the records -- shiny, black trophies with generic
 labels -- selling like licorice hotcakes by a beaming Faye.

FAYE

(to the Heckler)

It's on both sides so you won't miss
 hearing it!

HECKLER

It's really the Oh-nee-ders?

FAYE

(for the millionth time)

The "Won"-ders! O-N-E! "Won -ders"!

GUY IS CHATTING WITH CHRISSY THOMPKINS

CHRISSY THOMPKINS

You can see me from up there?

GUY

Crystal clear-ly. You've been here every
 night.

CHRISSY THOMPKINS

You guys are way better than anything. I
 told my folks about you!

GUY

(joking)

They should come hear us.

CHRISSY THOMPKINS

My Dad will. He wants to ask you
 something -- Why there he is now!

(calls)

Daddy!

Chrissy is looking over at the door, where, in fact, DADDY
 THOMPKINS is standing, right next to another newcomer to the
 Fireside Lounge... Tina.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

GUY (CONT)

Tina!!

A speeding bullet leaves a gun a little slower than Guy leaves Chrissy. In an instant he is at Tina's arm.

GUY

Teen! You came!

TINA

I have to see you sometime. Is it always this smoky?

Villapiano pops in.

VILLAPIANO

Hey, Ringo. Show time.

45 LATER

45

The Oneders are in full stride in a SONG from their set. The place is jumping!

Tina is nursing a Seven-Up while getting jostled by a shimmying Chrissy Thompkins. Her Daddy seems to enjoy what he hears.

Some ROWDIES are cutting up by the Fire Extinguisher when one of them pulls it out of its wall bracket. Uh-oh! Trouble!

Tina and those near her are suddenly doused with flame-retardant foam! Bedlam ensues! Not fisticuffs, mind you. More of a good-natured bedlam. Tina, however, doesn't know the difference.

Neither does Villapiano, who grabs our Heckler, who is doing absolutely nothing, and smacks him across the chops.

A Chicken-in-a-basket smacks into bowling trophies. A beer sign gets doused in... beer. French Fries fly. It's a riot.

GUY

(to Lenny with a laugh)

It's a riot!

LENNY

Hurry! Our encore!

Lenny starts up on his guitar with an impromptu version of the theme to "Bonanza." Guy picks up the beat, as push comes to shove out on the dance floor.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

TWO COPS come striding into the Lounge, making us all wonder how they got there so fast.

46 CLOSE ON A NEWSPAPER PHOTO: RIOTS IN THE PANAMA CANAL ZONE 46

INT. PATTERSON'S APPLIANCES - MORNING

Darlene reads from the Erie Daily Herald while Mr. Patterson sips coffee.

DARLENE

(loving this)

... Though no arrests were made. The Lounge's owner and manager, Anthony Villapiano, blames the riot on rowdy fans of the popular local musical group, The Oh-nee-ders, who were performing nightly. Damaged were chairs, tables, glasses, windows, and an ice machine. Two fire extinguishers were stolen.

MR. PATTERSON

(calling out)

Where are those extinguishers, Jr.?

This is the first time we've seen Mr. Patterson smile. By the window, Guy is stacking up 829 copies of "That Thing You Do" by The Oneders. A hand-printed sign reads "Special Offer."

MR. PATTERSON (CONT)

I'm harboring a fugitive!

DARLENE

Big Brother on the lam.

MR. PATTERSON

Maybe next time you should sing "Jailhouse Rock"!

(a chuckle, then)

How much of that window space you gonna take?

Ignoring both of them, Guy's attention is drawn to a Jeep pulling up in front of the store. Chrissy Thompkins and her Daddy get out, with Chrissy animatedly pointing "There he is!" at Guy in the window.

47 EXT. PATTERSON'S APPLIANCES - CONTINUOUS 47

Guy comes out from the store and ad-libs greetings.

(CONTINUED)

GUY

I hope you weren't hurt in the melee.

DADDY THOMPKINS

Me? Hell, no. I like a good dustup.

CHRISSY THOMPKINS

I played Daddy your record. He loved it.

GUY

Really?

DADDY THOMPKINS

What do I know about this music with you kids? I liked you and your boys.

Guy is wondering just where all this is going.

DADDY THOMPKINS (CONT)

You kids got anything lined up for the summer?

He pulls a COLORFUL BROCHURE out of his pocket and hands it to Guy.

48 THE BROCHURE: "LAKE CHESTER CAMPGROUNDS"

48

GUY (V.O.)

We play every other night through Labor Day. To keep the teenagers happy so the families stay longer.

INT. CORNER DINER - DAY

Guy has assembled all the One-ders, and Faye of course.

LENNY

What do we do every other day?

GUY

(off the brochure)

Enjoy... "summer fun"... and count our thirty bucks a week.

THE BASS PLAYER

Apiece?

GUY

Room and board included.

(beat)

Am I alone in liking this? There are no other gigs on our horizon.

(CONTINUED)

LENNY

I'm turning mental somersaults.

JIMMY

A long stay in the country with nothing to do but write songs? Perfect.

At that, Faye gets up and leaves. She's upset.

LENNY

Whoa... trouble in paradise.

GUY

Faye should come too. You want me to see if there's some job for her.

JIMMY

(nodding)

I'm in either way.

Jimmy goes after his girlfriend. Guy turns to The Bass Player.

GUY

So? You?

THE BASS PLAYER

(struggling with this)

Um... Um um um... Okay.

LENNY

(ribbing him)

You're sure now? Hey check out the lovers...

Outside, Jimmy calms an upset Faye.

LENNY

(providing the dialogue)

"Oh, Jimmy. Don't go without me. Whose hand will I hold at the soda shop?"

(as Jimmy now)

"Ease up, doll. 'Sticks' inside says there's a job for you -- giving us footrubs and skimming the pool."

Lenny's dialogue times out perfectly. Faye gives Guy a relieved look through the window... Guy smiles and waves off her troubles like a true hero. Her eyes linger as she mouths 'thank you.' Then she is gone in Jimmy's shadow.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

LENNY

Hey, Skitch. Question. I just want to meet girls...

GUY

In this business, there's always a girl.

LENNY

But what are you getting out of this?

GUY

This is a gig, man. I play the drums. Deep in my Erie, Penn. heart I've always been... a musician.

49 WE HEAR TINA'S LAUGHTER

49

EXT. TINA'S HOUSE - DAY

Guy is leaning against his car, smiling sheepishly. His girlfriend giggles as she examines the Lake Chester brochure.

TINA

You... you aren't a musician, Guy. You're a camp counselor.

GUY

It'll be like a vacation. You can come down and we'll swim and frolic.

TINA

What did your father say about abandoning the store like this?

GUY

Dad didn't seem to care. He's got Darlene to help in the store.

(a beat)

It's just for the summer, Tina. It'll be fun.

TINA

I bet you have to sleep in a tent...

(with a wave)

But go ahead. Bang your drums and frolic away with the kids. But remember, Mister. You only get this here in Erie.

She grabs him. Pins his arms to his side. Kisses him to the point of suffocation. He can't escape. He can't even kiss back. The brochure drops to the ground around their feet.

50 CLOSE ON THE BROCHURE 50

... as Tina spikes it with her heel.

51 RADIO COMMERCIALS ABOUT "SUMMER SPECIALS" 51

INT. THE ONEDERS TENT - SAME

Its flap being PULLED BACK as the One-ders inspect their digs.

LENNY

It's a frigging tent!

THE BASS PLAYER

Dibs on the top bunk!

52 INT. DINING HALL KITCHEN - SAME 52

Faye, donning rubber gloves and an apron, eyes a mountain of dirty pots, pans, dishes, and silverware. Such is her task.

53 EXT. LAKE CHESTER AMPHITHEATER/HANDBALL CENTER - DAY 53

The Oneders inspect the place they are going to play. It's a fine handball center.

54 EXT. AMPHITHEATER/HANDBALL CENTER - NIGHT 54

A string of light bulbs glow as the One-ders perform before a thin crowd of campers. They finish a SONG to scattered applause.

JIMMY

Thank you... Our next tune is an original, and if you like it, the record can be purchased immediately after the show.

He counts down the intro to "That Thing You Do."

55 RADIO: A COMMERCIAL WITH THE WORDS "HOT! HOT! HOT!" 55

INT. DINING HALL KITCHEN - MORNING

Faye is lugging a tray of waffles. How many plates of waffles are there on this tray? As many as she can hold.

56 EXT. AMPHITHEATER/HANDBALL CENTER - DAY 56

Guy and The Bass Player are actually playing handball. Faye, in her apron, is being serenaded by Jimmy, who quietly strums his new SONG for her. She loves it!

(CONTINUED)

A PINK KID comes running up, covered with calamime lotion.

LENNY

Outta here, kid. Staff only.

The Kid runs off. But his BIG SISTER runs up looking for him. She's pretty.

BIG SISTER

You see a little pink boy run through here?

Lenny is up like a rabbit.

LENNY

He headed off this way. The moppet stumble into some poison ivy?

Off he goes. Faye checks her watch and sighs.

FAYE

That's my break.

(softly, to Jimmy)

How do you do that? Write songs like that?

JIMMY

I think of you...

Faye strokes Jimmy's chin and kisses him.

GUY

(pausing his game)

Faye... Come swimming this afternoon.

FAYE

Can't. Swiss steak for dinner tonight.

Faye leaves. Guy goes back to his game. Jimmy to his guitar.

57 CLOSE ON JIMMY'S GUITAR

57

EXT. AMPHITHEATER/HANDBALL CENTER - NIGHT

Jimmy bangs through a SONG from the set. The crowd is larger, with more kids dancing.

ANGLE ON FAYE

Selling records at a table. One is purchased by a Gentleman (HORACE) wearing socks and sandals.

58 EXT. ONEDERS TENT - MORNING

58

Guy is returning from the showers. He finds a note pinned to the tent flap.

59 EXT. CAMPGROUND AREA - LATER

59

With the note in hand, Guy locates a Pickup Truck and camper, its windows covered with Fishing Decals and "I visited such-and-such" stickers.

Guy is about to knock when he sees the Gentleman sitting on a lawn chair by a barbecue.

GUY

Mr. Horace?

HORACE

(yells)

Ahhh!

Guy scared the man to death.

GUY

Sorry!

HORACE

(calming down)

Not your fault, son... It was the Krauts.
D-Day plus two. A long story.

GUY

I got your note...

HORACE

(rising to shake hands)

Glad you did... Glad you did. Phil
Horace.

GUY

Guy Patterson.

HORACE

Yes... the Drummer. Rhythm section.
Heart of any band. The Time Keeper.

GUY

Nice of you.

HORACE

You fellows have a nice, natural rawness.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

GUY
(rawness?)
... Thank you...

HORACE
I'm not going to waste any more of your
time. Step into my office, would you?

60 INT. HORACE'S CAMPER - SAME

60

He means the camper, and Guy is none too sure he wants to
venture in there. This fellow is just a little too... odd.

The Camper is not just a vacation vehicle, but a place of
business, too. There is a small desk, a typewriter, filing
cabinet, even a mimeo machine.

There are also stacks and stacks of records, tapes, and a
phonograph, all jammed in next to the rods, reels, and tackle
boxes. Horace finds his copy of "That Thing You Do."

HORACE
I want to tell you, I think this...
(holding the disc)
... is a hit record.

61 EXT. CAMPGROUND AREA - LATER

61

That camper is now rocking. Should we bother knocking?

62 INT. HORACE'S CAMPER - NIGHT

62

The Oneders are crammed but comfortable. Horace offers cold
beers. Jimmy and Guy examine a two-page legal contract.

HORACE
If I am contributing to the delinquency
of a minor, I don't want to know.

LENNY
(sipping away)
Don't worry about it.

JIMMY
(the contract)
I'm not so sure about this...

HORACE
It's a standard contract. It says that
if I do my job, you make money.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

GUY

I guess what we need is some kind of guarantee.

LENNY

(between sips)

Yeah. We don't want to blow this great Lake Chester gig.

JIMMY

Mr. Horace, I'm reluctant to sign anything that has to do with my music.

Lenny nearly chokes on his beer.

HORACE

Do you fellas want to make another record?

Each of the Oneders has an appropriate response.

HORACE (CONT)

Then you leave it to me. And here's a guarantee... If I don't get your song moving, and by that I mean radio air play, in one week - we rip up that contract and I am no longer your manager.

GUY

(after a beat)

Maybe we should try to talk to a lawyer.

LENNY

Are you nuts? Let's just sign the thing.

There is a sudden "Find a Pen" contest.

63 EXT. PATTERSON'S APPLIANCES - DAY

63

A sign in the window reads HELP WANTED. Chad, his busted arm still covered in plaster, decides he might as well take this job.

64 INT. DENTIST OFFICE - DAY

64

Tina is in the chair, bibbed and ready for yet another cleaning. She is reading a POSTCARD from Lake Chester. Guy has written "Slaving away, Tina. Thank God I don't have to teach arts and crafts! When will I see you? Guy."

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

TINA

(muttering)

When will I see you. Good question...

She snaps the card into her pocketbook when Dr. Collins comes in. The man is gorgeous! He has her X-rays.

DR. COLLINS

You are in luck, Tina dear. It's only an itsy-bitsy problem...

65 EXT. LAKE CHESTER - DAY

65

It is so hot and muggy not a camper is stirring.

66 INT. DINING HALL KITCHEN - SAME

66

Faye, poor Faye, mops the floor single-handedly. Somewhere, a tinny-sounding RADIO is playing. Faye splashes more water onto the floor when a commercial ends and a Disc Jockey's chatter starts up.

Then, some music begins. We can't really hear it, but it does sound... vaguely familiar. In between sashes of her mop, Faye hears it. She stops. Then...

FAYE

(a scream)

OH MY GOODNESS!!!

She runs over to the radio above the dishwasher. She ratchets up the volume. "That Thing You Do" is playing in all its AM radio glory!

FAYE (CONT)

Jimmy!!!

67 INT. THE ONE-DERS TENT - SAME

67

Bored and hot in their canvas Vulcan's Stithy. Jimmy's guitar playing doesn't help, nor does the Bass Player doing push-ups.

LENNY

(re: those push-ups)

My brain is swelling just looking at you.

The voice of a screaming Faye can be heard. "Jimmy! Jimmy!"

LENNY

Sounds like the rabbit died.

(CONTINUED)

Faye collapses in the tent.

FAYE
 (gasping)
 ...radio... turn on the... radio...

The Bass Player reaches for the knobs. As it warms up...

JIMMY
 What is it?

FAYE
 Our record... He did it...

Lightning strikes The Oneders.

GUY
 Horace!?

FAYE
 I heard it!... It's playing right now!

A COMMERCIAL PLAYS

FAYE (CONT)
 Wrong station!!

JIMMY
 Change it!!

Wrong station... wrong... wrong again... And then:

... BOMP BOMP BOMP WHANG-TITILIP

FAYE
 That was it!!

JIMMY
 That was us!!

GUY
 (in awe and wonder)
 That was me...

The Bass Player whoops. Faye throws herself onto Jimmy. Then onto Guy, who hugs her hard, and for a few beats extra. Then

GUY
 I am Spartacus!

68 EXT. CAMPGROUND PAY PHONE - SAME

68

The Band is gathered around Lenny at the receiver and Guy with an open phone book.

LENNY
Still ringing...

FAYE
Oh, answer the phone!!

LENNY
(into phone)
... Hello! I'd like to request that record you just played! "That Thing You Do" by the Oneders... No, no, The Won - ders. I know, it's confusing...

GUY
Ask him if anyone else is requesting it.

LENNY
... Uh, yeah, all the kids here at the Beautiful Lake Chester Campgrounds just went cookoo over it. So play it again, would you?
(hanging up)
Says his phone is going off the hook!

GUY
Just like that!

THE BASS PLAYER
God bless America!

69 FIREWORKS EXPLODE OVER LAKE CHESTER!

69

EXT. LAKE CHESTER AMPHITHEATER - NIGHT

The Fourth of July is in full, festive swing. Guy lays back in a lounge chair and takes in the light show while MUSIC blares from P.A. speakers.

As kids run around with sparklers, Guy sees that people have paired off into couples. Lenny has the Pink Kid's Sister. The Bass Player shyly holds hands with a dark GIRL WITH GLASSES. Jimmy and Faye are kissing.

The only one going solo is Guy.

70 EXT. CAMPGROUND PAY PHONE - MUCH LATER 70

Guy has placed a call in the middle of the night.

GUY

... We all went nuts when we heard it,
but there it was, on the radio.

71 INT. TINA'S BEDROOM - SAME 71

In bed, yawning, as she chats on her pink Princess Telephone.

TINA

That's so great... who would have thought
it.

72 INTERCUT TINA BEDROOM/CAMPGROUND PAY PHONE 72

GUY

Yeah... So, you see some fireworks? I
called earlier and you weren't back yet.

TINA

Oh, yes. Out at the club like always.

GUY

Were they bright and pretty colors?

TINA

You'll never guess who I ran into there.
Dr. Collins. My Dentist.

GUY

He a member of the club?

TINA

No, but someone invited him.

GUY

Ah. Well, here's an invitation to come
down and check out Lake Chester. The
woods are calling you.

TINA

I don't know if I can, Guy. I started my
golf lessons...

GUY

You're playing golf?

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

TINA

And I've never been a woodsy girl - the bugs, the heat...

(then)

Oh, did I tell you? I'm getting my crown replaced on my number ten molar..

73 EXT. THE ONEDERS TENT - VERY LATE

73

Guy, all alone, has no place to go other than his tent.

Horace's truck and camper is parked out front of it. Horace himself is in the cab with the radio on low.

HORACE

Where you been?

GUY

Signing up for Golf lessons... We heard our record.

HORACE

(waving to the radio)

Three times since this afternoon.

GUY

You are good.

HORACE

Yep. I have friends in the local radio scene.

(a beat)

But, hey, time's a'wasting. Where are your pals?

Guy shrugs.

HORACE (CONT)

Head'em up. We're movin' out.

GUY

We are?

HORACE

Yep. Down Pittsburgh way. A big rock and roll show that will feature you Oneders. We gotta be there ASAP.

GUY

What about our job here?

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

HORACE
 (a chuckle)
 Loyalty... I like that.
 (then)
 Just round up up your band. And hey...
 Happy Fourth of July.

74 MUSIC: PITTSBURGH RADIO STATION I.D.'S

74

STOCK FOOTAGE: PITTSBURGH!

In whatever glory we can glean from this 1964 Aerial view.

75 EXT. PITTSBURGH STREET/THEATER - MORNING

75

The convoy of Horace's Camper, Jimmy's station wagon, and
 Guy's Karmann Ghia pass under the THEATER MARQUEE.

Up there for all of Pittsburgh to see are two magic words:
 "The Oneders." Other names are in bigger letters, like "The
 Odysseys."

The biggest letters, though, are reserved for the name at the
 very top: BOSS VIC KOSS PRESENTS:

LENNY (V.O.)
 Who is Boss Vic Koss?

76 CLOSE ON A PASTE BILL FOR "BOSS VIC KOSS PRESENTS":

76

EXT. STAGE DOOR - SAME

The Oneders pass the bill and straggle into the theater.

HORACE
 The main man around here. You kids get
 settled. I gotta take care of business.

THE BASS PLAYER
 Can't we eat or something?

LENNY
 Yeah, Mr. Horse. I'm hungry.

Horace fishes for his wallet.

HORACE
 Faye, there's a coffee shop around here
 somewhere...

Faye is right there, ready to take orders.

77 INT. PITTSBURGH THEATER - SAME

77

As Faye takes orders, Guy wanders out onto the stage.

He sees, for the first time, the performer's-eye-view of a large venue: seats... balconies... a chandelier...

It impresses him deeply. An EMPLOYEE is out amongst the seats cleaning up.

GUY

Hey! How many seats this place hold?

EMPLOYEE

Coupla' thousand. I gotta vacuum every one.

Guy takes in the theater as though it was the Cathedral at Chartres.

78 INT. DRESSING ROOM - LATER

78

Big, with couches, a refrigerator, signatures on the walls of all the acts who've played this palace. Guy is reading the names in awe. Jimmy is at his guitar with another song.

GUY

(reading)

The Kingston Trio!

LENNY

(commenting)

Pussies.

GUY

Peggy Lee!

LENNY

Chubby, but I like that in a woman.

GUY

Del Paxton!

LENNY

(impressed)

Get out. In Pittsburgh?

The door crashes open, revealing a belligerent MAN who is too well-dressed for Pittsburgh. A SECRETARY is in tow.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

WELL-DRESSED MAN

You pricks are in the wrong dressing room!

LENNY

Oh yeah?

(rising)

Who are you, Mister? Boss Vic Koss?

79 INT. CELLAR DRESSING ROOM - LATER

79

Jimmy, Lenny, and The Bass Player are carrying their stuff into the dingy hole with the low ceiling.

JIMMY

(pissed)

You and your idiotic mouth.

LENNY

Vic Koss is an asshole.

JIMMY

Quiet! You wanna get us thrown out?

LENNY

He can't hear us, dolt. We're in a frigging bomb shelter.

80 INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - SAME

80

Guy helping the Secretary get some coffee. Well, actually, he's trying to pick her up. Accent on "trying."

GUY

How long have you been with Mr. Koss?

SECRETARY

Too long.

GUY

I hear he's an important man.

SECRETARY

He thinks so.

GUY

I'm the drummer with the Oneders.

SECRETARY

I'm the secretary with the asshole.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

As she leaves with her coffee, a slight argument erupts at the stage door. Guy hears Faye, her voice breaking, arguing that she has the Oneders' breakfast.

81 INT. STAGE DOOR

81

Faye is loaded down with take-out food, trying to get past a STAGEHAND.

GUY

(to the rescue)

She's with us! This is Faye Dolan, of Dolan, Dolan, and Dolan! The letters "V.I.P." are her initials! Don't you read the papers?

82 INT. THEATER STAIRWELL - LATER

82

Guy is carrying some of the load.

GUY

Have you seen this place? It's huge. We're going to play in front of two thousand people.

FAYE

Everything is happening like a whirlwind. Didn't even give notice to Mr. Thompkins. Lost a week's pay.

GUY

Show biz, Faye. When you're a musician you go where the whirlwind takes you.

FAYE

I'm not a musician. I'm the girl who carries food. Grasp the difference?

GUY

Nope. You're with the band. You are one Oneder and we would be wandering woefully without one such as you.

FAYE

(smiling, re: the food)

Will waffles be okay?

They are at the door of the cellar dressing room. Guy toes it open.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

JIMMY

Excellent! My woman and the food!

83 EXT. PITTSBURGH THEATER - DAY

83

A crowd is forming for the Matinee show.

84 INT. VIC KOSS' DRESSING ROOM - SAME

84

In a far too hip Beatles-style suit, Vic Koss warms up his announcing style in front of a mirror. MUSIC pulsates from the house band.

VIC KOSS

Poppety-poppety-poppety-wow-wow-wow-
shake-it-shake-it-shake-it-oh-yeah-oh-
yeah-hit-me-hit-me-hit-me.

His Secretary helps him on with his jacket.

VIC KOSS (CONT)

The Rub, honey. Gimme the Rub.

The Secretary has to massage his shoulders.

85 INT. CELLAR DRESSING ROOM - SAME

85

The One-ders are suiting up for their big moment. Faye is helping Jimmy on with his jacket.

JIMMY

What's the back of my hair look like?

She gives Jimmy a quick combing. Horace enters in.

HORACE

(beaming)

How are my boys?

GUY

Ready to show Pittsburgh no mercy.

HORACE

Hope so. You're on first.

86 WE ARE VERY CLOSE ON BOSS VIC KOSS

86

VIC KOSS

Shake it, Pittsburgh! Shake it, shake
it!

(CONTINUED)

INT. PITTSBURGH THEATER - LATER

Every one of his pearly whites gleam as he rockets through his patter for the nearly jammed house from the theater stage.

VIC KOSS
Are you ready to HIT ME?!

The crowd roars "Yeah"!

VIC KOSS (CONT)
You gonna HIT ME? HIT-HIT-HIT-ME?

The crowd roars again.

VIC KOSS (CONT)
Then let's Go! Get Stit-stop-started!
Bake, shake, and make it with Lake...
Erie's... Own... Ohhh-nee-ers!!!

The crowd goes... well, not exactly nuts. But they do offer polite applause.

The One-ders troop onto the stage, blinded by the follow-spots and thrown by the lukewarm reaction.

Guy is suddenly so nervous he nearly falls off his stool. Jimmy tries to make out the crowd in the glare of the lights. Lenny struggles with his amp cord.

A moment of silent tension passes, broken by a few heckles from the crowd. In the wings, Vic Koss is no longer smiling.

VIC KOSS
(hissing)
Play some friggin' music!

After one false start, then another, Lenny counts down for Guy, and the MUSIC begins. It's not "That Thing You Do," but some guitar-heavy riff.

87 INT. PITTSBURGH THEATER - LATER

87

It's the music of The Odysseys, their twangy instrumental hit "Voyage Round the Moon." Onstage, a Greasy-Haired, FORTY-YEAR-OLD DRUMMER backs up a band of his peers.

Backstage, Guy looks on glumly from the wings. The Secretary sidles up next to Guy and says something to him. Her presence makes him brighten.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

GUY
(not hearing her)
What's that?

SECRETARY
(shouting)
I said... "your band choked real bad"!

88 EXT. STREET NEAR THEATER - DAY

88

Guy, hands in pockets, keeps pace with Horace.

HORACE
I will admit your spot was the weakest in
the show.

GUY
Is that your opinion or did you take a
straw poll?

HORACE
Don't let the tepid reaction of a matinee
affect your dedication to the band.

GUY
Phil, they all but booed us. Jimmy
couldn't even hear how off-key he was.

HORACE
You'll get it back tonight.

GUY
We came off as amateurs.

HORACE
You are amateurs. For a few more
minutes, anyway.

They are in front of a Chinese Restaurant.

HORACE (CONT)
Let's enjoy the exotic cuisine of the far
east.

89 INT. WONG-GEE KITCHEN - DAY

89

Guy is reading a menu while Horace keeps checking the door.

GUY
The Sampan Special has sweet and sour
chicken covered in pineapple...

(CONTINUED)

HORACE
(seeing someone)
There'll be three of us.

GUY
Oh... then the Great Wall Deluxe, with
crunchy noodles and pea cakes...

HORACE
(rising)
This is Guy Patterson...

At the mention of his name, Guy looks up to see Horace
pumping the hand of a dapper MAN.

HORACE (CONT)
Guy Patterson, this is Mr. White.

Mr. White takes a seat.

HORACE (CONT)
Mr. White is with Play-Tone Records. He
was at the show this afternoon.
(a beat)
Mr. White would like to talk some
business with you, regardless.

GUY
Does Mr. White ever move his lips?

Mr. White's lips smile, but his eyes don't.

GUY (CONT)
(joking)
Play-Tone Records? You going to sign the
Oneders to a million dollar recording
deal?

Mr. White shoots Horace a look.

HORACE
Told you. He's the smart one.

The Waiter comes to take their order. Mr. White waves him
away and gets down to brass tacks. He's done this many times
before.

MR. WHITE
I've heard your record, Guy. It's got
something. We'd like to release it and
add you to the Play-Tone stable of
artists.

(CONTINUED)

Sometimes things happen just this easily. Guy: shocked but smiling.

GUY
Just like that?

MR. WHITE
Some papers will have to be signed. And you'll have to say good-bye to Phil, here.

GUY
Phil?... He's our manager.

HORACE
Not anymore. My bird-dogging is done.

Guy is just shocked now.

HORACE (CONT)
There's only so much I want to do in the record business. Play-Tone will take good care of you.

GUY
What if we don't want anything to do with Play-Tone?
(to Mr. White)
No offense, but... you know...

MR. WHITE
Guy, if you want to stay with Phil, and play the three rivers crowd...
(leaving)
Enjoy your chop suey.

HORACE
(stopping him)
Wait...
(to Guy)
Play-Tone has a show touring state fairs. A show you will join, provided you get off your brain.

GUY
A tour? We'd be on "tour"?

MR. WHITE
With other stars of the Play-Tone Galaxy.

GUY

Horace can't come along?

HORACE

I don't leave my beloved Pittsburgh except to fish. Besides, I make money off this deal.

GUY

(thinking and thinking)

Let me talk this over with the band.

HORACE

(to Mr. White)

See? The smart one...

90 CLOSE ON CONTRACTS BEING SIGNED

90

INT. CELLAR DRESSING ROOM - LATER

The band, minus Faye, is digging into takeout Chinese Food. Mr. White puts newly signed contracts into a zippered pouch.

MR. WHITE

Next... This Oneders with the Oh-en-ee doesn't work. From now on you're The Wonders.

LENNY

As in I "wonder" what happened to the "Oh-nee-ders."

MR. WHITE

Play-Tone will release your record at each stop, promoting as we go.

JIMMY

If "All My Only Dreams" is on the "B" side, shouldn't we re-record it?

MR. WHITE

I don't see how it would make a difference... You're going to need new clothes. Matching suits. Nice. You are nice kids.

(pointing to Guy)

Except maybe for you.

The band scoffs at that.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

When do we cut our next record?

MR. WHITE

Touring is the priority. We meet up in Columbus middle of the week and we're on the road 'til Labor Day.

THE BASS PLAYER

Not me.

This stops everyone.

MR. WHITE

A mutiny already?

THE BASS PLAYER

Sorry, but I enlisted in the United States Marines Corps back home. I report at the end of August to South Carolina. So, I'll have to leave the band at the end of August.

This news shocks everyone. The Band exchange looks. Lenny throws a pair of chopsticks at The Bass Player.

MR. WHITE

The Marine Corps...

(beat)

A fine Branch of the Armed Forces. As I recall, Parris Island is hot that time of year.

(done)

Next... Who is Faye?

Everyone points to Jimmy.

JIMMY

Uh... sort of... what... my girlfriend.

MR. WHITE

That is so sweet... You want her on the road, she's your Costume Mistress.

(as he leaves)

I'm going to have a word with Boss Vic Koss-lovich. Do better tonight than you did today. And Guy... see how the world looks through these.

Mr. White tosses Guy a pair of Cool Ray Polaroid SUNGLASSES, and is gone.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2)

90

GUY
(slipping on the glasses)
Percussionist Foster Grant.

LENNY
Let's go by The Odysseys' dressing room
and talk about this really loud.

Faye enters, burdened with a huge tray of... Chinese Food.

FAYE
I hope everyone likes Chinese Food.

91 MUSIC: A MARVELOUS GUY PATTERSON DRUM SOLO...

91

INT. STAGE - LATER

A suddenly friendly Boss Vic Koss is getting his picture taken with The Wonders, draping his arms around the boys' shoulders. Mr. White is supervising. Guy waves Faye into the photo, right between himself and Jimmy.

92 INT. CELLAR DRESSING ROOM - LATER

92

A TAILOR is fitting the Boys for matching suits. Faye is busy, hanging up coats and folding shirts...

93 EXT. USED CAR LOT - DAY

93

Guy is selling his Karmann Ghia to a DEALER. Cash!

94 V.O. FOR OHIO STATE FAIR COMMERCIAL

94

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Yes, there's adventure to be had at the
Ohio State Fair!

VIDEO: A COMMERCIAL FOR THE OHIO STATE FAIR

EXT. REAR OF OHIO GRANDSTAND - EVENING

A beat-up television sits on a folding chair with the commercial playing. Musicians play cards in front of it when someone crosses with a BOX OF RECORDS...

It's Mr. White, presenting The Wonders with the pressings of "That Thing You do" on the Play-Tone label. Jimmy immediately flips one over to admire the title "All My Only Dreams."

Busses are circled like covered wagons. The fanciest of the land yachts is the home of The Chantrellines, beautiful Supreme-like sirens and the headliners of the show.

(CONTINUED)

The Play-Tone recording artists mill about before the evening show, enjoying drinks and food like at a picnic.

GUY

(oggling, a fan)

The Vicksburgs... Diane Dane... Larry Harris formerly of The Storms. He used to play for Chet Allen on Snap Records.

THE BASS PLAYER

(in utter awe)

The Chantrellines are really in that bus?

(beat)

Those women are beautiful.

LENNY

Guy! Look! Freddy Fredrickson!

FREDDY FREDRICKSON is approaching.

GUY

Freddy Fredrickson!

FREDDY

(hearing this)

You the Wonders?

GUY

We sure are!

Ad-lib greetings. Guy is thrilled.

FREDDY

Heard your tune at the sound check. It's catchy.

JIMMY

(coolly)

Thank you.

GUY

First record I ever bought was "Theme from Mister Downtown"!

Guy serenades Freddy with his own song... "He had a badge, a badge and a job to be done..."

FREDDY

You sing it better than I do.

(leaving)

I'll see you out there.

94 CONTINUED: (2)

94

LENNY

Mister Downtown! Have one of our records...

Lenny grabs a record and spills a drink, on Jimmy.

JIMMY

Oh, criminy!
(calling)
Faye!

95 EXT. OHIO GRANDSTAND STAGE - NIGHT

95

Freddy Fredrickson is belting out "Mister Downtown."

96 MR. WHITE IS YELLING THE SAME THING: "FAYE"!

96

EXT. GRANDSTAND STAGE - BEHIND THE CURTAIN - NIGHT

Freddy Fredrickson is out front, the Wonders are positioned, nervously waiting for their intro. Faye appears, if only for a moment.

MR. WHITE

Get Guy's glasses, quick!
(to the band)

The fat guy over by the light board is K.O. Baily, Columbus' second most popular DJ and biggest cootie.

ANGLE on a very, very fat K.O. BAILEY.

MR. WHITE (CONT)

If he likes what he hears tonight he features "That Thing You Do" tomorrow morning, with 50,000 watts behind it.

(pointedly)

It's important you don't stink tonight.

LENNY

I make no guarantees.

MR. WHITE

Take your bow in unison very quickly.
Don't let the applause die out.

JIMMY

What if they want an encore?

MR. WHITE

You unplug and run - run - offstage.
Smiling. No encores.

(CONTINUED)

Faye is back with Guy's shades. Mr. White grabs them.

MR. WHITE (CONT)

Guy, put these on. From now on you wear day and night... They are your trademark!

He clears the stage, dragging Faye with him.

As Freddy Fredrickson segues from "Mister Downtown" into his Emcee role, The Wonders are alone, onstage, about to give the performance of their five-week-old careers.

They all share looks. Then smiles. Behind his new trademark shades, Guy nods, ready to rock the house...

LENNY

Take us there, Skitch.

We hear Freddy shouting out the magic words: "Ladies and Gentlemen... The Wonders!"

Before the curtain even starts to rise, Guy is there with the downbeat... and "That Thing You Do" takes flight once more... only now, the tempo is crisper, the harmonies tighter, the guitar licks hotter, the drumming downright... tribal!

The crowd, hearing this song for the first time... like it a lot.

MONTAGE: OHIO: IMAGES OF A BAND ON TOUR

- | | | |
|-----|--|-----|
| 97 | RADIO STATION: K.O. BAILEY CUES UP "THAT THING YOU DO"...-DAY | 97 |
| 98 | SUBURBAN LAWN: KIDS LAYING ON TOWELS HEAR THE WONDERS ON A RADIO.- DAY | 98 |
| 99 | GUY'S SUNGLASSES: REFLECTING LIGHTS AND DRUMS AS HE POUNDS THROUGH ANOTHER PERFORMANCE... - NIGHT | 99 |
| 100 | PERFORMANCE FOOTAGE - NIGHT | 100 |
| 101 | BACKSTAGE: THE WONDERS COME OFF STAGE, PUMPED FROM THEIR PERFORMANCE. FAYE HANGS UP CLOTHES. - NIGHT | 101 |
| 102 | LOADING ZONE: AS THEY ARE ABOUT TO BOARD THE BUS, MR. WHITE PRESENTS THE WONDERS WITH <u>BILLBOARD MAGAZINE</u> . THERE, AT NUMBER 93: "THAT THING YOU DO" BY THE WONDERS. THE BOYS TAKE TURNS HOLDING THE SACRED TABLET, GUY FLIPPING UP HIS SHADES TO SEE. - DAY | 102 |

- 103 LOADING ZONE: THE BUS AND TRUCK CARAVAN PULLS AWAY. GUY IS HANGING OUT OF A WINDOW WAVING A ROLL OF TOILET PAPER. - DAY 103
- MONTAGE: INDIANA:
- 104 PERFORMANCE FOOTAGE/CROWD FOOTAGE -INDIANA STATE FAIR - NIGHT 104
- 105 TURNTABLE: SPINNING "THAT THING YOU DO!" - DAY 105
- 106 INSIDE A CAR: THE WORLD OBLITERATED BY A GUSHING HOSE, KIDS WASH WINDOWS WHILE THE RADIO PLAYS OUT THAT NEW SONG BY THAT NEW BAND, THE WONDERS. - DAY 106
- 107 INT. DENTIST OFFICE - DAY 107

Tina is in the chair with Dr. Collins working in her mouth. A radio is playing... guess which song?

TINA
(recognizing it)
Arrrruummmmmph...

DR. COLLINS
Sorry, dear. Did that hurt?

TINA
(re: the radio)
Arrgggghhhhummm...

DR. COLLINS
Let's get some more novocaine then...

He reaches for it...

- 108 EXT. INDIANA STATE FAIR, POLAROID-AT-THE FAIR BOOTH - DAY 108
- The Polaroid Spokesman interviews the boys on live TV!

SPOKESMAN
... And you'll be performing when?

GUY
Every night at the Grand Concourse at eight and nine-thirty.

SPOKESMAN
Genuine rock and roll recording stars right here at the Indiana State Fair - the Biggest State Fair in the world! Tell us about your latest record.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

It's our first record, we wrote it in my garage during...

SPOKESMAN

What do you make of our Hoosier Hospitality?

THE BASS PLAYER

(was looking into the camera)

Huh?

SPOKESMAN

I'll wager the kids and the folks here at the fair are showing you a time like you've never had!

LENNY

Oh, I'm not here with these fellows. I have a pig in the competition at the Livestock Pavillion. And I'm gonna win that Blue ribbon!

SPOKESMAN

Okay! Thanks for stopping by and chatting with us here at the Polaroid House of Instant Photography. All guests of Polaroid-at-the-Fair receive the new, exciting Polaroid 101 Camera...

As the Spokesman goes into his spiel, a PRETTY MODEL demonstrates the camera by taking a picture of The Wonders...

- 109 POLAROID: OF THE BAND. THEN ANOTHER: OF THE MODEL. THEN ANOTHER: OF LENNY HUGGING THE MODEL... 109
- 110 POLAROID, MANY OF THEM: LIFE ON THE BUS... LIFE IN HOTELS... BACKSTAGE... AROUND THE FAIR... THE BAND PERFORMING... FAYE SMILING... MR. WHITE HOLDING BILLBOARD... HIS FINGER POINTING TO "THAT THING YOU DO" AT #71! WE SEE MANY POLAROID... FROM BACKSTAGE, THE CHANTRELLINES PERFORMING... 110
- 111 INDIANA PERFORMANCE FOOTAGE: THE CHANTRELLINES - NIGHT 111
- 112 BACKSTAGE: THE BASS PLAYER WATCHES THE BEAUTIFUL HEADLINERS PERFORM. TRANSFIXED. THEY ARE VISIONS! HE COPIES THEIR PATENTED HAND-CLAP CHOREOGRAPHY. - NIGHT 112

- 113 GRANDSTAND AREA: GUY IS GETTING SOMETHING TO EAT AND CHATTING WITH CECILY, ONE OF THE CHANTRELLINES. GUY, AND THE WORLD, NOTICE THE BASS PLAYER, HOVERING LIKE A PUPPY, UNTIL GUY PULLS HIM OVER AND INTRODUCES HIM TO CECILY. THE KID BARELY KNOWS HOW TO SPEAK. CECILY IS AMUSED. DAY 113
- 114 BACKSTAGE: THE WONDERS HAVE FINISHED THEIR TUNE AND COME OFFSTAGE. THEY PASS DIANE DANE, ABOUT READY TO GO ON. SHE WANTS THEM OUT OF THE WAY. - NIGHT 114
- 115 INDIANA PERFORMANCE FOOTAGE: DIANE DANE BELTS OUT HER TORCHY NUMBER. SO SINCERE SHE HAS TEARS IN HER EYES. - NIGHT 115
- 116 JUKEBOX: DEEP INSIDE ITS BOWELS, WE SEE RECORDS BEING SELECTED. DIANE DANE. THE CHANTRELLINES. FREDDY FREDRICKSON. THE WONDERS. - NIGHT 116
- 117 INT. INDIANA HOTEL BAR - NIGHT 117

The place has been taken over by the Play-Tone galaxy of stars. Guy is in a corner talking to a black drummer, BOBBY WASHINGTON.

GUY

You're Bobby Washington? The Bobby Washington?

BOBBY WASHINGTON

Yeah.

GUY

You played with Del Paxton! Live at the Philadelphia Jazz Junction! I have that record!

BOBBY WASHINGTON

Well, that's me on the drums then.

GUY

You recorded with Del Paxton! What was that like?

BOBBY WASHINGTON

Son of a bitch owes me money.

Mr. White and Faye are at the bar drinking Cokes.

FAYE

(re: his Coke)

You're a man of mystery, Mr. White. Don't you ever drink anything harder?

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

MR. WHITE

Not in bars like this. And never around
the clients. What is Jimmy doing?

Jimmy is trying to meet Diane Dane, but her entourage is
making it a little tough on him.

FAYE

Well, he really wants to meet Diane Dane.
The woman who has yet to say hello to me.

MR. WHITE

There is something you have to know about
Diane. She's a hideous monster.

And yet she has allowed Jimmy to sit at her booth and pull
out his notebook of songs.

MR. WHITE

(mocking)

Run, Jimmy! Run!

FAYE

If I only get his carcass back, I'm suing
Play-Tone.

MR. WHITE

Sue me. I signed her.

On the dance floor, The Bass Player is joyfully dancing with
Cecily.

Jimmy is punching some numbers into the Jukebox. We see the
huge record move into place. It's The Wonders... "All My
Only Dreams." Jimmy looks back at Diane and her entourage.
She is smiling, but they are stifling laughter as Jimmy's
ballad plays.

MONTAGE: ILLINOIS

- 118 MARQUEE: AT THE ILLINOIS STATE FAIR, THE WONDERS HAVE MOVED UP THE BILL. - DAY 118
- 119 TEEN PAVILLION: A CRUSH OF TEENAGERS PRESS FORWARD AS THE WONDERS PERFORM IN THE BLISTERING SUNSHINE, ALL WEARING SHADES NOW. EVEN MR. WHITE, WHO FLASHES FAYE THE LATEST BILLBOARD. "THAT THING YOU DO!" #49! - DAY 119
- 120 BLACK AND WHITE TV: KIDS DANCING ON AMERICAN BANDSTAND. THE SCREEN CUTS OVER TO DICK CLARK AT THE PODIUM WITH A YOUNG 120

COUPLE, BEHIND THEM A HUGE CARDBOARD RECORD WITH THE LABEL READING "THAT THING YOU DO" BY THE WONDERS. PULL BACK TO REVEAL WE ARE IN PATTERSON'S APPLIANCES. CHAD WATCHES. HE'S BUMMED SO DARLENE SHYLY OFFERS HIM COMFORT... - DAY

- 121 ILLINOIS PERFORMANCE FOOTAGE - THE WONDERS AT NIGHT. 121
- 122 HOTEL ROOM: OUT OF ITS VELVET CASE IS A BRAND NEW 12 STRING GUITAR, JIMMY'S PRIZE. LENNY AND THE BASS PLAYER HAVE NEW SAXES TOO. GUY RECORDS THIS MOMENT WITH HIS POLAROID 101. DAY 122
- 123 TINA'S HOUSE: AT THE MAILBOX, TINA OPENS A LETTER FROM GUY, CONTAINING SOME POLAROIDS FROM THE TOUR. SHE LOOKS AT THEM LIKE THEY CAME FROM MARS. - DAY 123
- 124 HOTEL DOOR: FROM INSIDE, THE BASS PLAYER OPENS UP AND GUY COMES BARGING IN, WAVING THE LATEST BILLBOARD MAGAZINE. THEY'RE AT #21! IT TAKES A MOMENT FOR HIM TO REALIZE THE BASS PLAYER IS NOT ALONE. CECILY IS IN HIS BED. GUY SHEEPISHLY BACKTRACKS OUT OF THE ROOM AND GIVES THE BASS PLAYER A HANDSHAKE AT THE DOOR. - 124
- 125 ILLINOIS PERFORMANCE FOOTAGE: THE WONDERS PLAY THEIR NEW GUITARS LIKE MUSICAL GODS. - NIGHT 125
- 126 EXT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT 126

Cecily is watching The Wonders perform. Her bandmates (CHAR and JACKIE) are about to go on.

CHAR

Cecily, what in the world are you up to with that white boy?

JACKIE

If you're in love, I'm telling your mother and your world will come to an end.

CECILY

That adorable little creature has gone off and joined the Marine Corps. He might be fighting a war soon, getting shot at.

CHAR

And what, you're making a man of him before he goes?

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

CECILY

(a smile)

Nobody has to make a man of that boy.

The Bass Player is playing with new confidence and gusto.

MONTAGE: WISCONSIN

- 127 HANDBILL: THE WISCONSIN STATE FAIR FEATURES THE WONDERS SECOND ONLY TO THE CHANTRELLINES. - DAY 127
- 128 WISCONSIN PERFORMANCE FOOTAGE: KIDS IN THE CROWD ARE NOW WEARING SHADES. - NIGHT 128
- 129 GRANDSTAND AREA: FAYE IS PRESSING THE WONDERS' SUITS. - NIGHT 129
- 130 BACKSTAGE: JIMMY IS PLAYING A POTENTIAL SONG FOR DIANE DANE. DAY 130
- 131 FERRIS WHEEL: THE BASS PLAYER AND CECILY ARE IN ONE CAR... GUY RIDES ALONE IN ANOTHER, WITH HIS POLAROID CAMERA. - DAY 131
- 132 A DRIVING RANGE: TINA IS TRYING TO WHACK GOLF BALLS. GOOD THING THAT DR. COLLINS IS THERE TO SHOW HER GOOD FORM. - DAY 132
- 133 BALL TOSS GAME: MILK BOTTLES SPLATTER. GUY, WITH NOTHING ELSE TO DO, BUYS ANOTHER ROUND OF THREE TOSSES. - DAY 133
- 134 GRANDSTAND AREA - DAY: THE WONDERS ARE REHEARSING A NEW SONG. THEY ARE ALL HAVING A GREAT TIME. IT'S COKES, HOT DOGS AND FUN. - DAY 134
- 135 PATTERSON'S APPLIANCES: CHAD IS ON DUTY WHEN SOME KIDS COME INTO THE STORE WITH A 45 RECORD THEY WOULD LOVE TO HEAR ON A GOOD HI-FI. CHAD SAYS SURE. GUESS WHAT SONG IT TURNS OUT TO BE? - DAY 135
- 136 WISCONSIN PERFORMANCE FOOTAGE: THE WONDERS ARE WRAPPING UP ANOTHER ON-FIRE RENDITION OF "THAT THING YOU DO." SOME GIRLS CLIMB THE APRON. - NIGHT 136
- 137 LOADING ZONE: COPS HAVE CORDONED OFF THE BOYS' PATH TO THE BUS. FAYE, TRYING TO KEEP PACE WITH JIMMY IS PULLED OUT OF LINE BY SOME COPS. BUT GUY COMES TO HER RESCUE, "SHE'S WITH THE BAND!" - NIGHT 137
- 138 EXT. WISCONSIN HOTEL - NIGHT 138

Cars full of Teenagers are in the parking lot, all of them screaming for The Wonders. They see them! Up in the windows!

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

GIRL

Where's the one with the Shades!?

A chant starts up: "We want Shades! We want Shades!"

139 INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME

139

Guy is hanging out the window with the others, enjoying the scene.

GUY

I'm right here! I'm right here!

LENNY

Jailbait, every one of 'em.

GUY

I love Wisconsin!

LENNY

All women named Kathy to the tenth floor,
please!

THE BASS PLAYER

(pointing)

Look... The Cops!

Sure enough, a phalanx of patrol cars have pulled up.

MR. WHITE (O.C.)

Get packed!

The boys turn.

MR. WHITE (CONT)

We're moving. Be in the service elevator
in seven minutes.

140 INT. HOTEL SERVICE AREA - LATER

140

The elevator doors grind open, revealing Faye, in the middle of a coughing fit, The Wonders, Mr. White and Two COPS. They march en masse to an exit.

COP

We've got a car out back, but the kids
are onto us.

MR. WHITE

(checking his watch)

How far to the airport?

(CONTINUED)

COP
Don't worry, you'll make your plane.

GUY
Our plane?!

LENNY
Where are we going?

MR. WHITE
Never-land...
(a beat)
Things have changed, kids. Tomorrow
morning The Wonders have the number seven
record in the country...

The Wonders shit their pants, collectively.

MR. WHITE (CONT)
Fastest Top Ten entrance in the history
of the Play-Tone label. State Fairs are
small potatoes now. We fly out to the
Coast in...
(his watch again)
... less than a half.

JIMMY
The Coast?

FAYE
(coughing still)
California?!

THE BASS PLAYER
Disneyland?

MR. WHITE
You've heard of it.

Guy and Lenny howl in triumph! Faye coughs again, on Jimmy.
The Bass Player sees himself on the Matterhorn right now. A
COP yells "Move it!"

The Wonders fight their way through a frenzied mob to the
safety of a Cop Car. The Motorcade pulls out, Teenagers
hanging from the Cherrytops.

142 EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - LATER

142

Tires screech up to a propeller driven Skyliner. The Wonders explode from the squad cars and barrel up the steps.

Just before he boards the plane, Guy grabs the greeting STEWARDESS and plants a full-bore dip-at-the-knees smooch on her. When righted, she straightens her cap and slaps his face.

143 EXT. NIGHT SKY - LATER

143

The Airliner drones in the sky, westward.

144 INT. AIRLINER - NIGHT

144

In the Galley, Guy is trying to make nice with the busy, no-nonsense Stew, a cold towel to his face and a cup of coffee in his hand.

GUY

It's a big break for all of us. For a bunch of musicians from Erie, to suddenly get whisked off to Hollywood... it's...

STEWARDESS

... A big break.
(offering)
More coffee?

GUY

Do you spend much time on the Coast?

STEWARDESS

Yes. With my six-foot-four-inch mountain of a husband.

Lenny appears.

LENNY

Band meeting with Herr Play-Tone.

FAYE SLEEPING IN TWO SEATS

Her head dangles into the aisle. Guy stops, finds a pillow and wedges it in for her. He playfully whispers to her...

GUY

We're winging to the Coast...
(feels her brow)
Hey, you got a fever, kiddo.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

Faye mumbles something unintelligible.

GUY (CONT)
(sweetly)

Aw, hush up, now. You get some rest.

145 INT. AIRLINER - REAR OF PLANE

145

Four Seats face each other. Commercial air travel used to be this comfortable. The Band is assembled.

LENNY

Any chance we can get into the Playboy Club?

MR. WHITE

As good as any.

(Guy arrives)

Ah, Floyd Patterson. Pull up a chair.

GUY

Hey, Faye isn't feeling good.

JIMMY

I want to know when we get into a recording studio.

MR. WHITE

It's on the calendar. But nothing happens 'til you meet Sol Siler, Founder and Chairman of Play-Tone Records.

LENNY

Your Boss?

MR. WHITE

Yours, too. I signed you Oh-nee-ders with his okay. You can thank him personally at the Press Conference tomorrow.

GUY

A conference of press!

LENNY

What hotel are we at?

MR. WHITE

The place Lucy and Ricky stayed...

(from a notebook)

We'll take some photos. The next morning you do radio interviews starting at six.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR. WHITE (CONT)

(off Lenny's "ugh")

If Hefner's in town, they serve flap jacks.

JIMMY

Then into the studio?

MR. WHITE

Then... I check my hole cards.

JIMMY

The point of all this is to make more records.

GUY

Hole cards?

MR. WHITE

(on his fingers)

One... A movie appearance...

Slack jaws.

MR. WHITE (CONT)

Don't get too excited yet. I still gotta work the phones. But Number Two is a done deal... I think...

(a beat, total suspense)

... The Hollywood Television Showcase.

GUY

Tina's going to choke!

MR. WHITE

Saturday's live broadcast is either you or Jan & Dean.

LENNY

Ugh... Car songs.

MR. WHITE

Sometime after that, Discmaster Studios on Sunset. We cut a record.

(a beat)

Any questions, don't ask. I'm tired of you all.

(a yawn)

Now, return to your seats. And get Faye some aspirin.

146 INT. AIRLINER - MORNING 146

Everything is dark, until Guy opens his window shade and light pours onto his face. He squints a look outside...

147 GUY'S P.O.V. - AERIAL 147

Housing tracts. Little Boxes, with...

GUY

Swimming pools... Movie stars...

148 VERY CLOSE ON POSTCARD PICTURES OF LOS ANGELES - 1964 148

The Hollywood Sign... The Griffith Park Observatory... The Brown Derby... a Kid catching a 'Whacky' Fish off a Boat to Catalina... The Ambassador Hotel...

149 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL GIFT SHOP - DAY 149

The postcards are on display in the Hotel gift shop, but nobody is buying. Instead, Kleenex and Listerine are being purchased by...

FAYE

(very ill)

Oh... I don't have any cash.

The Hotel Doorman (LAMARR), who's been buying some gum, can't help but notice how sick this girl is.

LAMARR

Charge it to your room, Cherie'.

(kindly)

Then I'll send you up some soup. This is my hotel, and we take care of people here...

Faye smiles for the first time in California.

150 EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL POOL - DAY 150

Guy, in his shades, already chatting up a YOUNG SUNBATHER.

GUY

... The drums are the backbone of any band. Quick, The Beatles. Who do you think of? Ringo!

SUNBATHER

I used to like the Beatles, but now I like the Dave Clark Five.

(CONTINUED)

GUY

Dave Clark is the drummer!

SUNBATHER

What's your name again?

GUY

Guy Patterson.

SUNBATHER

No, your band...

GUY

The Wonders. We just tore up Wisconsin.

SUNBATHER

I hope Wisconsin is okay.

151 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - JIMMY'S ROOM - SAME

151

Lenny is enjoying the view and a room service Bloody Mary while Jimmy is going over one of the many songs.

JIMMY

... and then we break back with the same refrain, but like in the distance with an echo....

(sings)

I want the pretty, pretty, pretty-est girl in the city... I want the pretty pretty pretty-est girl in the city...

LENNY

How far distant, exactly?

JIMMY

Does it bother you that the rhyme scheme changes in the third verse?

LENNY

(looking poolward)

It bothers me I'm not french kissing that chick in the yellow.

The phone rings. Jimmy doesn't answer it.

JIMMY

If I do all the work on these songs, then mine will be the only name on the record. I'm beginning to wonder why you're even in this band.

(CONTINUED)

LENNY

I'm in this band to French Kiss chicks in the yellow. Besides, I made one record and it didn't seem that tough.

(grabs the phone)

Hello?... Hi, Faye...

Jimmy waves his hand like he isn't there.

LENNY (CONT)

Jimmy has disappeared into the smog. You sound terrible.

JIMMY

(whispers)

I don't want her at the press conference.

LENNY

(into phone)

Sure, I'll tell him.

(hangs up)

Your girlfriend is too ill to make the press conference, but she is sure you'll do just swell.

Lenny shoots a glare at his "writing partner."

JIMMY

Oh... good.

LENNY

And, hey... listen... All these songs with your name on them stink.

INT. PLAY-TONE RECORDS LOBBY - DAY

Bored Reporters are standing around, eating free sandwiches, wondering when something interesting will happen. A Photographer takes pictures of The Wonders, who hold up their one record.

MR. WHITE

Label right side up please.

REPORTER #1

How come you guys don't have long hair like the Beatles?

REPORTER #2

What's the matter, you boys don't like the Beatles?

REPORTER #1

You in the Foster Grants! Those prescription or you just trying to look cool?

Guy is not sure what he is supposed to do or say. So he smiles...

GUY

Well... I am the Drummer.

Nobody laughs. The Press is bored.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Where the hell is Sollie? *✓

SILER (O. C.)

Sol Siler is here!

Sol Siler enters the room, not unlike Elvis, if Elvis had been a 5'6" Accountant with a pot-belly. The Reporters greet him like an old pal.

REPORTERS

How was Acapulco, Sol?... Did Mamie go with or stay home?... Sollie, tell us about your pals in the Sheriff's Office! *✓

Sol Siler just loves this.

SILER

You guys/spend too much time in the wrong places.

REPORTER #1

Does Don Drysdale still want to sock you in the nose, and why? *✓

SILER

(mock hurt)

"Fellas, come on! / These veins bleed
"Dodger Blue."

The press keeps up with these bizarre questions until Sol Siler waves them off.

(CONTINUED)

OK!

SILER (CONT)

Business, Gents! / I gotta take care of business! / I want to tell you 'bout my new boys...

↑ Ta flourish to the band) *
"The Wonders!" / Top Ten Group and the Fastest ever. / Teen sensations! / Caused the worst riot in Texas since Oswald got shot.

The Wonders share a look.

THE BASS PLAYER

When were we in Texas?

SILER

50 - I'm in Detroit, and the insomnia acts up. / Go for a drive / way out into the boonies and come across a Neon and Sawdust dive, / ... but / jammed with kids. / And Why? / These "Wonders!" / Playing music like nectar / and my Ears / do not lie. / I grab 'em, / I sign 'em / and here they are!

The Wonders, wondering...

SILER (CONT)

Think all this / British-Beat stuff is new? / Give us another month / and we'll be invading them. / Won't we kids?...

↑ (then)
... Where's that drummer? / Raise your hand!

Guy is delighted to be singled out.

SILER (CONT)

Call him "Shades," boys! / The next "Sandy Nelson!" ??

whose Sandy Nelson

REPORTER #2

Were you at Chasen's with Suzanne Pleshette last night? *

SILER

(loving this) **
Quit with that! / My wife works upstairs.

Everyone laughs except The Wonders. / They look to Mr. White for a translation of what is going on.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: (3)

152



SILER (CONT)

Photographs! Me and my Stars!

Sol Siler wraps his arms around Lenny, and a Flashbulb EXPLODES...

* * *

H

153 INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

153

The Wonders posing for various "goofy" pictures. The shots are idiotic... Funny Hats... The Bass Player being held sideways by his band mates... Holding a great big Hammer...

The last PHOTO has all the Wonders LEAPING simultaneously off a ladder...

154 WE'RE UNDERWATER: SPLASH!

154

EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL POOL - EARLY MORNING

The Bass Player is taking a wake-up dip. He is the only one in the pool.

155 EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL GIFT SHOP - MORNING

155

Guy picks up the Morning papers.

156 EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL, MAIN ENTRANCE - MORNING

156

Guy searches the news for some mention of yesterday's press conference. Lenny wanders up, sipping take-out coffee.

GUY
(the papers)
I don't get it. Nothing about us at all.

LENNY
We ain't boffing Suzanne Pleshette.

Jimmy saunters out, offering only a cool 'mornin.'

LENNY
Woody Guthrie's chipper today.

Mr. White pulls up in his car as The Bass Player appears with wet hair.

LAMARR
(popping the door)
Young Squires, the day is yours!

157 EXT. KHJ RADIO STATION - DAY 157

KHJ, in all its AM glory...

158 INT. KHJ RADIO STUDIO - SAME 158

The Wonders are in the Engineer's booth. Mr. White negotiates with the Engineer while the DJ rattles off a commercial for discount diamonds at "Easy, Breezy Credit."

Mr. White makes signals to the DJ - "Come on! Just a quick interview?"

The DJ signals back - "No can do" without muffing a word of his copy.

159 EXT. ANOTHER RADIO STATION - LATER 159

KMPC, maybe?

160 INT. KMPC RADIO STUDIO - SAME 160

This time all the Wonders are there, with headphones on, ready to go on the air. If only the DJ would stop jammering about himself.

KMPC D.J.

... So mark that date, Saturday and Sunday August 20 and 21, Pacific Car Showroom just look for the KMPC Hit Caravan and me. I'll be signing autographs and if you want a picture of me in my Official Dodge Boys Rally Team Windbreaker, well, I just might oblige...

The Wonders are beginning to fidget with their headphones.

KMPC D.J. (CONT)

But, hey, I got some exciting guests on my show today. Makers of a hit record. Visitors from the East. Hold On Girls! Not those Mop Tops... America's Own, Wonderful Wonders! Say Hello, fellas!...

The Boys barely get through "Hello."

KMPC D.J. (CONT)

And here's their Hit, a Big LA Fave Rave... at ten minutes past one... on KMPC!

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

160

"That Thing You Do" blares out.

KMPC D.J.
 (off air, curtly)
 Thanks, fellas... just leave the
 headphones here.

161 EXT. THIRD RADIO STATION - DAY

161

The Wonders exit the building. Mr. White gets the car.

GUY
 At least we got air play.

JIMMY
 This is a waste of my time.

Jimmy stomps off and hails a taxi. Lenny spots a bar across
 the street.

LENNY
 (leaving too)
 That's lunch.

The Bass Player lets loose with a yawn.

MR. WHITE
 (to Guy)
 You still with me?

GUY
 Yeah... but is anyone going to actually
 talk to us?

162 EXT. KLOS FM GRAVEL PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

162

The Bass Player sleeps in the back of the car.

CAMERA PANS to reveal the transmitting tower of a radio
 station surrounded by oil pumps and cyclone fencing. A sign
 reads - KLOS FM...

163 INT. KLOS FM RADIO STUDIO - SAME

163

Guy chats with the station's lone employee -- a skinny,
 beatnik, radio-phile, PARIS SMITH, while Mr. White lingers.

GUY
 I copied drummers like Jimmy Cobb and
 Connie Kay. Cozy Cole.

(CONTINUED)

PARIS

Sure, yeah...

GUY

I mean, I'll never be as good as those guys, but... inspirations, you know.

PARIS

Inspirations... Joe Morello?

GUY

Yeah!...

PARIS

Just played with Brubeck on Jazz Impressions of New York... So, what artists popped your cherry? Which records you remember hearing the first time?

GUY

Well, Stan Getz... Anything he did on the Verve label. Del Paxton...

PARIS

(savoring the name)

Oh yeah...

GUY

"Time to Blow" on Chex Records. My Uncle gave me that record and we played it in the High School band.

PARIS

Del Paxton in the High School Band... That's wild...

GUY

(aw shucks)

We're pretty wild in Erie, Penn.

PARIS

(chuckling)

Must be... So, Guy Patterson, come back and talk with us again.

GUY

(confused)

Again? You mean, we've been on the air?

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED: (2)

163

PARIS

(nodding)

On KLOS FM. Jazz for all of Los Angeles.

164 AN A.M. CAR RADIO

164

Fingers keep pushing buttons. Nothing but static.

165 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - MORNING

165

The ocean is on one side, the continent on the other as The Wonders, Faye included, wind their way up the Coast. Guy is driving and studying a map.

GUY

It was an FM station. K-something.

LENNY

That narrows it down.

JIMMY

Nobody even gets FM.

LENNY

Are we in Oregon yet?

GUY

(the directions)

We're supposed to see trucks and a big bus, four miles past the tunnel.

LENNY

We went through a tunnel?

Faye sneezes.

JIMMY

(explodes)

So sneeze all over me!

FAYE

I'm sorry...

GUY

You should still be in bed, Faye.

FAYE

Not when you're going to make a movie.

LENNY

A movie with no name.

(CONTINUED)

GUY

Mr. White says they name them after they make them.

LENNY

Oh, right. There were guns. They were in Navarone... so...

THE BASS PLAYER

Are we ever going to go to Disneyland?

GUY

(seeing it)

That's it! Up ahead!

FAYE

This is... exciting...

Faye sneezes again.

JIMMY

You're gonna give me pneumonia!

166 EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - DAY

166

A low budget, 1964 Beach Party Movie location. An exhausted FEMALE A.D. shows The Wonders to their dressing room... a tiny, Honey wagon single...

FEMALE A.D.

This is you. Makeup is that trailer. Coffee over by that truck. Wardrobe's that tent. I'll get you when they need you in a couple of hours.

JIMMY

We're all supposed to fit in here?

FEMALE A.D.

Sit on the beach if you don't like it.

LENNY

What's the name of this epic, honey?

FEMALE A.D.

"Rick and Anita's Bongo Party," chez lips.

She leaves.

(CONTINUED)

LENNY

I like her.

JIMMY

(appalled)

This is a "Rick and Anita" movie?

167 A TWENTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD PEROXIDE BLONDE IS DANCING UP A STORM 167

EXT. SHRIMP SHACK MOVIE SET - DAY

She and other "Teenage" dancers have way too much enthusiasm for the moronic SONG we are hearing... "Big Kahuna Tuna."

Up on the stage, The Wonders are dressed in Sailor Suits with very short pants and inverted caps. Their instruments are all fake, the guitars not even plugged in, and for some reason, Lenny is pretending to play a saxophone.

Having never heard this song before, their "acting" doesn't come close to matching.

The MUSIC ends and the "crowd" bursts into applause equal in enthusiasm to their dancing. DON RICKLES, dressed as "Cap'n Geech" comes on stage. Before he gets his first line out... someone yells "Cut"!

DON RICKLES

What, cut? Am I not the star here?

Or some such Rickles line. The movie crew all laugh.

LENNY

Hey. Guy. Look at me... Boots Randolph!

GUY

This is how movies get made? Where was the camera?

JIMMY

This is stupid. We heard this song for the first time like ten minutes ago.

DON RICKLES

You don't like it, kid? Go sell shoes.

JIMMY

Who do we talk to so we can actually learn it?

(CONTINUED)

DON RICKLES

Kid, they notice you and I am in big trouble.

FEMALE A.D.

(running in, to Jimmy)

Do not talk to him!

As Jimmy protests, Lenny makes for the Peroxide Blonde, just lighting up a smoke with the other dancers.

LENNY

(taking a cig)

Were you not in that Elvis movie about race cars?

BLONDE

I'm in every Elvis movie.

The Bass Player strums his Stand-up Bass. The tune is M-I-C...K-E-Y...

168 EXT. SHRIMP SHACK MOVIE SET - SAME

168

Guy steps away from his drums to a table of food, and finds Faye getting some advice from a HAIRDRESSER.

HAIRDRESSER

Once a week, brush your hair a thousand times.

FAYE

Watch it, Guy!
(the food)
Baloney Sandwiches!

They crack up!

GUY

Check out Rick and Anita! Do they look old or what?

FAYE

What would you think of me in short hair?

GUY

I'd think, every inch, a goddess.

HAIRDRESSER

You cut this hair and it's a sin.

(CONTINUED)

The A.D. storms over to Guy and Faye with fire in her eyes.

FEMALE A.D.

You in the band... You're dismissed.

GUY

What?... You mean that's it?

FEMALE A.D.

We'll be shooting around you and your friend.

She means Jimmy. And she isn't friendly. Guy and Faye are crushed at having to leave.

FAYE

What did he do?

169 EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - LATER

169

The Wonders tramp towards their car.

JIMMY

I told them they could train friggin' chimpanzees to do the same thing!

LENNY

You got us fired, man!

JIMMY

You want to stay? Go and beg them for your saxophone back.

GUY

This was supposed to be three days of work.

JIMMY

They were using us as fools. Sorry, but there are some things I don't compromise.

LENNY

What, exactly, were we compromising?

JIMMY

You, Lenny? Nothing.

THE BASS PLAYER

We didn't even get lunch.

170 A RESTAURANT CHECK SLAPPED ONTO A TABLE

170

INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL COFFEE SHOP - AFTERNOON

The Wonders, among their dirty plates, all glum and morose.

JIMMY

This whole thing was Mr. White's idea.
His vision of The Wonders.

LENNY

We weren't the Wonders, you moron. We
were Cap'n Geech's Shrimp Shack Shooters.

JIMMY

Let me put this in simple words. I'm not
for hire, to be in the background for
Rick and Anita's teen romance act.

LENNY

How many times are we going to hear this?

JIMMY

Oh! Sorry I'm buggin' you.
(leaving)
I guess I'm alone in my outrage...

The remaining Wonders watch him go. Lenny laughs.

LENNY

He goes to his room right now and writes
a song... "Alone in my Outrage."
(beat)
Faye, your boyfriend is obviously all
pent up. Why don't you do that thing you
do and give us all a break.

Guy notices how embarrassed Faye suddenly looks.

Outside the coffee shop windows, we see the Peroxide Blonde
pull up in a fine convertible. Lenny spots her, too.

LENNY

Looks like the day was not a total loss.

Lenny bolts the booth and heads off for his dream woman.

GUY

I'm with Lenny. Jimmy's pissed 'cause
we're in a movie? Why? We got a hit
record. We're getting paid! We're
dancing on the edge of possibilities like

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GUY (CONT)

the god of show biz slipped us a free pass. I don't see a problem.

THE BASS PLAYER

Maybe we need a trip to the Happiest Place on Earth.

FAYE

You have to understand something about Jimmy...

Faye will now explain this...

FAYE (CONT)

His standards are... way up there. Because he's so smart. He was tested, in school, at a genius level. So...he has very high standards...

She has run out of steam defending her boyfriend.

FAYE (CONT)

(rising, a sigh)

I'm going back to bed. Right after I brush my hair one thousand times.

Faye leaves, passing Four Young Marines, in uniform, who take places at the counter.

GUY

If Jimmy is a genius, I'm U Thant.

(beat)

Let's get outta here and see some of The Coast.

THE BASS PLAYER

(eyeing the Marines)

Wow...

With stars in his eyes, The Bass Player approaches the Marines. Guy follows him to pay the check at the register.

THE BASS PLAYER

Excuse me, sir?

The Jarheads look up.

THE BASS PLAYER

I'm going to be joining your ranks soon. I can already do two hundred push-ups.

170 CONTINUED: (2)

170

MARINE

Really, Boot? Gimme a hundred right now.

Guy exits as The Bass Player hunkers down.

171 EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - MAIN ENTRANCE - EARLY EVENING

171

Guy stands, pondering the coming evening.

LAMARR

Taxi, young squire?

GUY

Uh... yeah..

LaMarr whistles and one is there, pronto. He opens the door.

GUY

William Holden calls for me, I'll be at
Chasen's with Suzanne Pleshette.

(then)

Hey, where's a place with good jazz?

LaMarr eyes this boy.

LAMARR

(testing him)

Who played cornet for Jacques James on
"Vital Stats"?

GUY

(a beat, thinking)

Scotty MacDonald!

LAMARR

You want The Blue Dot, then...

(to Cab driver)

Take this young man to The Blue Dot.

172 WIRE BRUSHES PLAY ON A GOLDEN CYMBAL

172

INT. JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

A soft, gentle rhythm. We reveal Guy, sitting as close to
the band as possible. See the man in his element... air-
drumming along with bit lip, bobbing chin, snapping fingers.A Cocktail Waitress (MARGUERITTE) checks him for his order
and he fingers the signal for another round. She is amused.The combo completes the tune and steps off for a break while
Guy claps and claps and claps some more. He claps too much.

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED:

172

GUY

Gudd-Dang! That is fine!

173 LATER

173

Guy is standing at the bar, chatting up the Waitress, keeping his eye on the Combo, now seated in a booth with a BLACK MAN.

MARGUERITTE

... I left Vancouver for Tacoma, Tacoma for Portland. Got married in Portland. Left Portland for Reno. Got divorced in Reno. Then wised up and faced the inevitable. Drove to L.A. the next morning.

(off Guy's look)

You're bored, admit it.

GUY

The band going on again?

MARGUERITTE

Three sets not enough for you?

(beat)

Yeah, soon as they're done doing the Cock and Bull with Del, there.

Del...?

GUY

Del?

MARGUERITTE

Del Paxton. Roving hands... but good Cock and Bull.

GUY

Del Paxton? Del... Paxton... is sitting... right over...

(he looks)

Oh my god... it is him!

MARGUERITTE

(off his reaction)

I just lost you, didn't I? Rats. Almost ensnared me a nice young man to seduce and abandon... You want to meet him?

Guy nods. Indeed!

(CONTINUED)

MARGUERITTE

Take my hand.

Like a nurse with a convalescent, the Waitress leads Guy over to the booth. Del Paxton and the Band are sharing a joke.

PAXTON

(mid-story)

... He wins, right? Thirty to one odds. Pays off everybody and still has over six grand left. I says, "Cappy, what you gonna do with all that money?" And he says, "Just keep playing gigs till I go broke."

The Combo chuckles and murmurs "ain't that the truth," as they rise for another set.

MARGUERITTE

You may not believe this, but this kid has heard of you.

PAXTON

That right? Then sit down and buy me a drink.

Guy sits, unbelieving what is happening to him.

PAXTON

(introducing)

Del Paxton. Who are you?

GUY

(gushing)

My name is Guy Patterson. I'm from Erie, Pennsylvania and I'm in a band called the Wonders, and we have a record out right now and we are here on the Coast, and I play the drums and I have all your records, well not all of them but a lot of them, at least I used to but some got swiped when I was stationed in Germany and you were in Germany playing when I was stationed there, but I couldn't get to see you cause you were playing in Hamburg and I was stationed near Munich, but I still listened to your records and I think you are great. You are my biggest fan.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED: (2)

173

PAXTON

Thanks.

(to Margueritte)

I'll have another Hennessey.

174 LATER

174

Guy is now hanging on every word in a good, drunken way.

PAXTON

Ain't no way to keep a band together.
Bands come and go, you just have to keep
on playing. Don't matter with who.

GUY

But we have something special. I really
think we do.

PAXTON

Sure you do, but sooner or later
something makes you crazy. Money.
Women. The Road. Hell, man, just time.

GUY

We've only been together a couple of
months.

PAXTON

Some bands I been with, that's two months
too long.

Then Margueritte comes over.

MARGUERITTE

Last call, lovers.

PAXTON

(rising)

I'm gone. Thanks for the hospitality.

GUY

Thank you, Mr. Del Paxton.

Guy stands, wobbling on his heels. This kid is soused.

MARGUERITTE

Look at you. No good to me now.

175 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - JIMMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

175

Mr. White, dressed in a stylish Tuxedo, is forced to listen
to Jimmy play song after song.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

(singing)

And that is why... I always cry... I
find myself alone... against the sky.

He ends with a flourish. Mr. White is a blank slate. The phone starts ringing.

MR. WHITE

Another woeful ballad, huh?

JIMMY

What if we put cellos here under the chorus? Like this...

Jimmy plays, ignoring the phone. Mr. White's profession prohibits such behavior.

JIMMY

If it's Faye, again, we're busy.

MR. WHITE

(picking up)

Yes... Yes. I know Guy Patterson... Yes, he is staying at this hotel... Sure.

He hangs up. Jimmy launches into his first verse.

MR. WHITE

You have anything up-tempo?

176 EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL, MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

176

A Muscular, Tuxedo-clad Young Man (LLOYD) leans on the hood of a classic Jaguar XKE. He keeps checking his watch.

LAMARR

(passing)

That's a nice monkey suit.. but you still can't park here.

A car approaching... A Renault Dauphine - a tiny, tiny car - swings round the traffic circle and pulls up to the door. The Waitress is at the wheel. Guy is beside her, totally shit-faced, realizing how great this gal is.

GUY

You are so great. Really. A great gal.

MARGUERITTE

Really? I'm a great gal?

(CONTINUED)

GUY

Yup. You are. A really great... Gal.

MARGUERITTE

A Gal. A great Gal. Imagine that. I'm a Gal... You have to get out of my car now.

GUY

Okay.

He does not move. He can't remember how. LaMarr whips open the door.

LAMARR

Margueritte? What are you doing with the young Squire?

MARGUERITTE

My civic duty.

MR. WHITE (O.S.)

Guy!

Mr. White to the rescue, helping Guy out of the subcompact.

MARGUERITTE

Is he yours?

MR. WHITE

One of four. Thanks for calling.

MARGUERITTE

Keep a better eye on him. One more Gin-and-Tonic and I'd have me a Cabana boy.

The Renault puttters away. Mr. White waves to the Tuxedo-Clad Lloyd.

MR. WHITE

In a minute, Lloyd. And don't look so sad. We'll be "fashionably late."

(to Guy)

You all right?

GUY

I'm kinda drunk, but yes...

MR. WHITE

Can you take some good news?

(CONTINUED)

GUY

With the best of them.

MR. WHITE

You boys got the Hollywood Showcase.

Guy doesn't so much as flinch.

MR. WHITE (CONT)

A live shot on nationwide TV is a big deal. I wanted to tell you all in person. Jimmy kept me prisoner. Lenny isn't here and your Bass Player is missing.

(Guy: blank)

Is any of this getting through to you?

The news has finally made it to Guy's brain. His mouth moves but nothing comes out for the longest time.

GUY

...Hollllll...eeee...wood... SHOWCASE!!!

Guy's yelling echoes all the way to the Hollywood Sign.

MR. WHITE

That's right. Now, you round up your band and show up on time, like a good boy.

Mr. White crosses to the XKE and hops in the passenger seat. Guy has blindly followed him.

MR. WHITE (CONT)

No, no. You go up to your room and sleep.

LLOYD

Bring him along.

Lloyd and Mr. White share a laugh and quick squeeze of hands.

MR. WHITE

I don't think so... No. Off you go, Guy. Night-night. Check your messages in the morning. I have a feeling you won't remember this conversation.

Lloyd starts up the Jaguar and squeals off into the night. Guy repeats the words "Hollywood Showcase" and does a little dance, a victory jig.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED: (3)

176

LaMarr watches as he runs smack into a Glass Door.

177 A TELEPHONE IS RINGING LOUDLY

177

INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - GUY'S ROOM - MORNING

It is not being answered. Oops, now it is!

GUY

... Yeah...

MR. WHITE (V.O.)

Guy! Guy! Guy! Guy!

178 INT. HOLLYWOOD SHOWCASE ARTISTS' ENTRANCE - SAME

178

MR. WHITE (CONT)

Get up! Get up! Get up! Get up!

179 INT. HOLLYWOOD SHOWCASE ARTISTS' ENTRANCE - LATER

179

Guy comes running through the door, panic overpowering his hangover. He finds Mr. White at a table in the coffee area, chatting up the show's choreographer, TONY HABER.

GUY

Still can't find our bass player!

Mr. White is unfazed by this bad news.

MR. WHITE

I bumped our rehearsal. We have time.

GUY

Has Lenny shown?

MR. WHITE

Sure has.

GUY

Jimmy?

MR. WHITE

(nods)

Seems a little nervous. You should take a few deep breaths yourself.

Guy inhales as he walks down the hallway, passing the dressing rooms of other performers until he reaches his... The Wonders written on a card in a metal bracket on the door.

180 INT. DRESSING ROOM - SAME

180

The Peroxide Blonde is sitting cross-legged on the sofa, smoking a Pall Mall. No one else to be found.

BLONDE

Hi ya!

GUY

(confused)

Am I in the right place?

BLONDE

Yeah!

GUY

Where's Lenny?

BLONDE

Around.

GUY

Jimmy?

BLONDE

He the guy throwing up in the bathroom?

181 INT. DRESSING ROOM BATHROOM - SAME

181

Guy opens the door to the bathroom. There Jimmy is, leaning over the bowl.

GUY

Holy cow! You sick now?

JIMMY

(pale)

I thing Faye gave me something.

GUY

But we're on TV in a few hours!

JIMMY

(suddenly livid)

I know!!

LENNY

(busting in)

Guy! I gotta talk to you!

(beat)

What do you think of her?

(CONTINUED)

GUY
(the Blonde)

Her?

LENNY
She was a Playboy Bunny, Guy! Took me to her apartment way up with the coyotes last night. I did me some howling!

GUY
Any idea where our bass player is?

LENNY
He's not here?

GUY
I better call the hotel.

LENNY
Guy, how far is it to Las Vegas?

Vegas?

LENNY (CONT)
We're going tonight. Gonna drive through the desert with the top down. I'm in love, Guy. Friggin' stars in my head!
(noticing Jimmy)
Up-chucking, Mr. Hammerstein? You nervous?

182 INT. HOLLYWOOD SHOWCASE ARTISTS' ENTRANCE - LATER

182

At a pay phone, Guy hangs on the receiver.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
I'm sorry, sir. Still no answer. Would you like to leave a message?

GUY
I've left fifty messages!

Guy slams the phone into its cradle.

GUY (CONT)
Where the hell is he?!

183 EXT. DISNEYLAND - DAY

183

Four Marines and The Bass Player laugh as Mickey Mouse and Goofy give them mock salutes.

184 THEN

184

They go whizzing by in one of them Matterhorn Toboggans!

FLOOR MANAGER (V.O.)

The Wonders on stage for rehearsal,
please. The Wonders on stage for
rehearsal.

185 INT. HOLLYWOOD SHOWCASE HALLWAY - SAME

185

Guy runs past Dancers, Pages, and Stagehands, fear overtaking
him...

GUY

What are we going to do? What are we
going to do?

He stops, completely lost. A Female Page comes out of a
Ladies Room.

GUY (CONT)

I can't find the stage!!!

186 INT. HOLLYWOOD SHOWCASE STAGE - SAME

186

Orangutans, dressed up like the Beatles, are being led off by
their Trainer. The Page leads Guy passed them.

GUY

(to the Trainer)

Can that one really play the bass?

Onstage, cameras are moved into position. Mr. White is there
with... a New Bass Player, already hooked up and ready to
play.

MR. WHITE

(introducing)

Steve Pell, everybody.

GUY

A replacement?

JIMMY

Who has he played with?

MR. WHITE

The Techniques, Roy Maxwell and the
Corsairs...

(CONTINUED)

LENNY

Who?

MR. WHITE

He's your new bass player.

GUY

We get a replacement just like that?

(To Steve Pell)

No offense... we've been together for a while.

PELL

I ain't offended.

MR. WHITE

Not much choice here, Guy.

JIMMY

Can he handle our tune?

PELL

I think I can handle it, junior.

Steve Pell, without even looking at his hands, eyes right on Jimmy, puts on a Bass thumping demonstration to dazzle the eye and ear, ending with the by now familiar bass line of "That Thing You Do."

PELL (CONT)

Just stay out of my camera.

187 A WALL-MOUNTED SPEAKER

187

FLOOR MANAGER (V.O)

Tony Haber Dancers onstage for rehearsal, please. Tony Haber Dancers onstage for rehearsal.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - LATER

The Wonders tramp in from rehearsal, sans Steve Pell. The Peroxide Blonde hasn't budged. Lenny is nearly in her lap instantaneously.

LENNY

Hey, baby. You hear us?

BLONDE

That was you?

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED:

187

JIMMY

That song is tiresome.

GUY

(realizing)

Hey, where is Faye?

(beat)

She's coming, isn't she?

JIMMY

Like I could keep her away. She's off making herself... pretty.

He says "pretty" like it might not be possible.

188 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL DRESS SHOP - DAY

188

Faye is trying on a smart outfit in front of a mirror. A sales lady has three others ready for her. But Faye is distracted, fingering her hair. Studying her... hair.

189 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL BEAUTY PARLOR - LATER

189

Faye sits, a floral print smock around her pretty neck, flipping through magazine after magazine, searching for the perfect hairstyle.

190 INT. HOLLYWOOD SHOWCASE HALLWAY - SAME

190

Guy is eating off a paper plate while he and a DANCER in a huge Headdress listen to GUS GRISSOM tell of flying in space. Around them swirls the hurly-burly of show biz...

Steve Pell saunters by. For some reason he is asking around for a match, though he holds no cigarette...

The Peroxide Blonde gives him her matchbook, then goes back to staring dreamily into the eyes of Lenny, who stares just as dreamily back, leaning there in the doorway of the Dressing Room...

191 INT. DRESSING ROOM - SAME

191

Which bothers Jimmy, who is nervously ticking out yet another tune on his 12 string. After repeated requests for Lenny to shut the door, Jimmy gets up to do it himself. He spots Mr. White, who is walking by with two paper plates of food...

JIMMY

Hey, White! Can I have a word with you?

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED:

191

MR. WHITE
(stopping)
Get some dinner?

JIMMY
Any thoughts as to which songs we record?

MR. WHITE
Not really.
(Jimmy is about to protest)
Let's discuss it after the show.

JIMMY
Please let's do.

MR. WHITE
You feeling good? Ready for the magic
moment?

Jimmy nods.

MR. WHITE
It better be magic.

192 CLOSE ON A VERY PRETTY PAIR OF LEGS

192

EXT. THE HOLLYWOOD SHOWCASE - LATE AFTERNOON

Stepping from a taxi, Faye emerges, looking very much like... magic. Her dress, a pert ensemble with matching accessories. Her hair, done up to perfection. Her smile, pure and winsome as 1964 itself.

She approaches a Clipboard-toting Page and whispers with authority...

FAYE
Faye Dolan. I am a VIP guest of The Wonders.

The Page can hardly take his eyes off her.

193 INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - SAME

193

The announcer is shuffling papers on his stand and sipping water.

ANNOUNCER
(mumbling)
... Hollywood Showcase... host Troy Davis... special guests The Amazing Matsutani, Canadian Comedy Team of
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED:

193

ANNOUNCER (CONT)

Fletcher and O'Shaughnassey, Astronaut
Virgil "Gus" Grissom, Paul Pope's
Primitive Primates... that's gonna kill
me... Teen Sensations The Wonders, the
Tony Haber Dancers...

194 INT. STUDIO AUDIENCE - SAME

194

The Page is showing Faye to her taped-off seat. He hands her a program and lingers. Faye excuses him with a sweet "Thank you," and breathes in the electricity of her surroundings.

195 A WALL MOUNTED SPEAKER

195

FLOOR MANAGER (V.O.)

Ten minutes to air...

(then)

Ouch! What the hell you doing? Watch
it!

(then)

That's ten minutes to air, people...

INT. DRESSING ROOM - SAME

The Wonders, in varying stages of nervousness. The Peroxide Blonde fixed permanently to the sofa.

196 INT. STUDIO AUDIENCE - SAME

196

Faye is counting down silently with the Floor Manager, who is screaming. "Five... Four... Three... Two..."

197 CLOSE ON A T.V. SCREEN

197

EXT. PATTERSON'S APPLIANCES, ERIE, PA. - NIGHT

The opening credits of The Hollywood Showcase play on a new Magnavox Color Console Television. We barely make out the music and announcer through the window, when the entire store goes black...

Chad flexes his newly castless arm, as Darlene giggles, locking the door behind her.

198 INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - SAME

198

ANNOUNCER

(on the Air)

Fletcher and O'Shaughnassey! Astronaut
Gus Grissom! Paul Pope's Primitive
Primates! Teen Sensations...

199 INT. STUDIO AUDIENCE - SAME 199

Faye, glee in her eyes.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
... The Wonders!

Faye bursts with pride!

200 INT. DRESSING ROOM - SAME 200

Jimmy pukes in the bathroom again.

LENNY
Whatever you do, man, don't think of pork
chops!

A WALL-MOUNTED SPEAKER

FLOOR MANAGER (V.O.)
The Wonders to the stage please. Teen
Sensations The Wonders to the stage
please.

MR. WHITE
Boys! We go!

201 INT. HALLWAY - SAME 201

Out of their dressing room stream The Wonders. Guy, full of anticipation. Lenny, cocky and sure. Steve Pell, glassy-eyed. Jimmy, holding a rag to his mouth.

202 INT. HOLLYWOOD SHOWCASE STAGE - SAME 202

The Wonders stride into their places and strap into their instruments. Guy straddles his stool, almost forgetting his trademark sunglasses. He fishes them out of his jacket pocket and puts them on like an angel's halo.

MR. WHITE
Okay, fellas. Do that thing you do.

Guy - A deep breath now, and a shared look with Lenny.

LENNY
Hey, Skitch...
(a smile)
How did we get here?

(CONTINUED)

GUY

I led you here, sir.

(a beat)

For I am Spartacus.

Guy is suddenly bathed in a hot, hot light. Someone, somewhere is shouting "The Wonders!" Men in headsets point and wave as the curtain parts before our band.

Faye screams! She infects other teenagers around her, who scream, too.

On instinct, Guy pounds out the opening rhythm of "That Thing You Do," and here it comes, one last time. Different than we have heard it before. Better, maybe? No. Professional. That's it. Crisp. Tight. Professional.

This is the best rendition we will ever hear of "That Thing You Do."

The Teenagers in the audience love it, though the older folks don't care much for it. One Lady covers her ears.

In the BOOTH, the DIRECTOR shouts out camera shots.

Rotor lenses on a camera swirl. Cameramen move positions.

On a monitor, we see the Wonders featured, one by one, each identified by a SUPER:

Lenny has been re-christened "Leo." Steve Pell is "Wolfman." Guy is "Shades," of course. Jimmy remains "Jimmy," with an added "Careful Girls, He's Engaged!"

Faye sees this and it registers. Jimmy catches it in the monitor as well, and a dark cloud passes over him.

Here comes the last verse, for the last time. The Wonders sound and look like young Gods... like idols... like teen sensations. And then...

... BOMP BOMP BOMP WHANG-TITILIP!

Applause. A Bow. The curtain closes, and Frank Gorshin introduces the Great Ferruci, a famous plate-spinning act. Guy steps from his Drums like Errol Flynn from the Sea Hawk.

Faye is out of her seat like a shot...

203 INT. HOLLYWOOD SHOWCASE HALLWAY - LATER

203

Charged from their spot, The Wonders celebrate with the other performers. Tony Haber and his dancers head on-stage. Many calls of "Great show!" But hey... Where is Jimmy? Where is Faye?

204 INT. DRESSING ROOM - LATER

204

Faye's smile has turned into the look of the shell shocked. Jimmy is very angry.

JIMMY

So it just appeared? Like magic, for all the world to see...

FAYE

(quietly)

I never said anything...

JIMMY

(mocking)

'Careful Girls, He's engaged.'...
Am I supposed to pull out some diamond ring now?

FAYE

(totally sincere)

Jimmy... you're ruining this beautiful moment.

JIMMY

Where did you get the idea we're engaged? We're not. You think we are, you're going nuts!

Faye, enlightened by Jimmy's harshness, sees her entire life with this man flash before her eyes.

JIMMY (CONT)

Last thing I need...

Lenny and the Peroxide Blonde barge in, oblivious to their bad timing.

LENNY

Hey, man, you got a couple hundred bucks? I need some extra scratch for the tables.

JIMMY

No.

(CONTINUED)

LENNY
Anything, then. It's my first trip to Vegas.

JIMMY
Try Guy. He's a sucker.

Mr. White enters.

LENNY
White-y, can you spot me some Black Jack Cash?

MR. WHITE
That's against my policy.

JIMMY
Mr. White! It isn't true.

Before Mr. White can determine what Jimmy is on about, Guy enters.

LENNY
Guy! Can I borrow some money?

GUY
How much?

LENNY
Couple Hundred?

GUY
(his wallet, with flourish)
Hah! Chump change!
(seeing Faye)
Good Lord, Faye! You're gorgeous!

Gorgeous. And quiet.

MR. WHITE
Listen up, now. You boys have a record to make. Discmaster Studios.
(To Lenny)
Make sure you come back.
(to Jimmy)
I'll be thinking over your songlist.
(to Guy)
Kiss your two hundred dollars good-bye.
(to the blonde)
Your roots are beginning to show.

FAYE

(calmly, quietly)

Can I just say something?

GUY

The Fair Faye will address us all!

Faye has the floor. Does she ever. She is looking right at Jimmy as her eyes mist with emotion.

FAYE

From now on, you stay away from me.

(beat)

I've wasted thousands and thousands of kisses... on you. Kisses that weren't anything special, but I pretended they were despite your thin little lips that sit there on your face, soulless and flat. Sometimes when you smile they take on some color and life, and I used to think that was the real you, when you smiled. But I was... delusional. The real you shows up in those sad excuses for kisses I was foolish enough to give away. Shame on me for kissing you with my eyes closed so tight.

BLONDE

You tell him, honey.

FAYE

(turning)

What is your name?

BLONDE

Call me Kitty.

FAYE

Well, watch, Kitty, as Jimmy, here, begins his slow, tortuous journey towards the loveless life he deserves.

Faye leaves the room, taking most of the air with her.

JIMMY

(calling out)

Should've dumped you in Pittsburgh!

(then)

Which one of you butts said we were engaged?

(CONTINUED)

MR. WHITE

(leaving)

The same people who said you had class.

LENNY

Let's blow, Baby. I need that desert wind in my hair right now.

BLONDE

We really have to have the top down?

They leave. Only Guy and Jimmy remain. Guy is no longer Jimmy's pal.

JIMMY

Take those stupid sunglasses off.

Guy does.

GUY

(sadly)

Why couldn't you have dumped her in Pittsburgh?

Stepping out into the hallway, Guy looks for Faye. She's gone.

205 A PRINCESS TELEPHONE IS RINGING

205

INT. TINA'S BEDROOM, ERIE, PA. - NIGHT

The phone rings and rings and rings, underneath a pile of cushions. The Norm Wooster Singers are heard singing some song about "Lovin' You Lots and Lots!"

Tina and Dr. Collins are having a kooky, late-night Wallpapering session. These folks are in love.

206 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - GUY'S ROOM - SAME

206

Guy stays on the phone for one more ring, then gives up. No Tina. It's Saturday Night and he's alone in a Hotel room. There is a KNOCK at his door. Guess who's there...

GUY

I was just thinking about you.

FAYE

Your phone was busy.

(beat)

I need some company.

(CONTINUED)

GUY

How about me?

FAYE

I've determined I can do no better than you.

She walks right in, eyeing the furniture, ending up at the window.

FAYE

So, this is your room. Can you see Jimmy's from here?

GUY

(joining her)

That's his there.

FAYE

Got a couch we can throw at it?

(before Guy can reply)

My Mom couldn't stand him. His parents refer to me as "Jimmy's little beatnik." Me. A Beatnik.

(a beat)

Am I a beatnik, Guy?

GUY

How would I know?

FAYE

Because even though you don't look like a beatnik, with the goatee and all, you operate like one. Back in Erie we thought you were funny, like a beatnik.

GUY

A funny beatnik. Faye, you flatter me.

FAYE

(explaining)

'Cause look, you went into the Army, to Europe. I remember when you left. But then you came back. Back to Erie, and you had all those records and you'd let us listen to music on the good Hi-Fi's at the store. And you play the drums.

GUY

Where was I supposed to go?

(CONTINUED)

FAYE

(a list)

Paris, Manhattan, Tokyo, Africa. The
Peace Corps, Cleveland...

GUY

I figured out a while back that I can
listen to records and play the drums in
Erie as well as I can in exotic locales
like Cleveland.

Faye sits on the only bed in the room.

FAYE

Guy, let me ask you a question.

GUY

Shoot.

FAYE

Were you content in Erie?

GUY

In my waking hours.

FAYE

Challenged?

GUY

More than in the Army.

FAYE

Happy? Carefree?

GUY

When I wasn't at work, yeah.

FAYE

That might be beatnik thinking. I don't
know...

(beat)

Were you in love in Erie?

GUY

I thought so.

FAYE

With that Tina woman?

(CONTINUED)

GUY

(nodding)

She did all the work, you know? So it was easy. But she wasn't wild about me being in the band, so...

FAYE

I never liked her.

(then)

She a good kisser?

GUY

Yes.

(Faye could hear more)

It would be un-gentlemanly to elaborate.

FAYE

Hmmm...a gentleman... I forgot what you fellows looked like...

She smooths the bedspread absentmindedly.

FAYE (CONT)

Thanks for talking with me.

(leaving)

I'm going to hurl myself off the roof now.

(beat)

I'm joking.

GUY

What are you going to do? Now that you, uh...

FAYE

Am no longer with the band? Not much choice there. I'll go back to Erie. Where I thought I was in love...

(beat)

I'll test your theory on being content during the waking hours. How long are you going to stay here?

GUY

That's hard to say. We've got to cut another record.

FAYE

Of course. Another record. Send me a pressing, would you? You'll know where to find me...

207 EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL HALLWAY - SAME 207

Guy watches Faye walk down the hall and out of his life.

208 INT. HOTEL GIFT SHOP/NEWSTAND - MORNING 208

Guy stops off to get the morning papers and the new edition of Billboard Magazine. Excited, he pops open the Music Bible to the charts... and his face falls...

JIMMY (V.O.)

Then I'm not making another friggin' record!

209 INT. DISCMASTER STUDIOS - DAY 209

Jimmy is screaming at a very calm Mr. White. Guy looks sheepish. Lenny's nowhere to be seen. Steve Pell is eating.

JIMMY (CONT)

You got that, White? I ain't doing it!

MR. WHITE

No one says you have to.

GUY

(holding up Billboard)

Does this mean we can't record one of our songs?

JIMMY

'Our' songs? How many have you written?

MR. WHITE

The charts don't lie, kids. Your stock has dropped.

(holds up Billboard Magazine)

You fell to Number 13. In and out of the Top Ten like a summer lover.

GUY

But the Hollywood Showcase...

MR. WHITE

(laughs)

Nobody watches the Hollywood Showcase.

JIMMY

You're a liar, White.

(CONTINUED)

MR. WHITE

You're illiterate, kid. Read your contract. You do what Play-Tone says.

(a list)

You cover these songs from the Play-Tone catalogue. You record "That Thing You Do" in Spanish and an instrumental. You get one cut per side of the LP, but none of this "Lover's Lament" crap. I want something peppy, happy, and up-tempo.

JIMMY

I quit. I quit. I quit. I quit.

He grabs his guitar case and is gone.

MR. WHITE

Jimmy just quit.

(to Guy)

Your band is falling apart, Guy. Where's Lenny?

GUY

I have no idea.

210 A FLASHBULB GOES OFF

210

INT. DUNES HOTEL CHAPEL ON THE STRIP, LAS VEGAS - DAY

Lenny, holding a huge stack of chips, poses with his new, Peroxide Blonde Bride beneath a garland of fake flowers. She holds a cigarette, right there by her ring finger

211 INT. DISCMASTER STUDIO - SAME

211

MR. WHITE

Not much I can do with just the drums and bass.

PELL

I'm gone, too. Got a gig at Capitol.

MR. WHITE

Gimme a call later.

Nodding, Steve Pell leaves with his food. That leaves only Guy and Mr. White.

GUY

(stunned)

I can't believe this. This is piano-in-the-head time.

(CONTINUED)

MR. WHITE

The Wonders are in breach of contract.

GUY

I'm sorry, Mr. White. I really am.

MR. WHITE

(a chuckle)

Nobody's going to prison, son. This is a very common tale.

GUY

For you maybe. But I was in a band. We had... hell, we still have a hit record.

MR. WHITE

(packs his papers)

The One-Hit Wonders. Very common tale.

GUY

My first time in a real recording studio...

MR. WHITE

Hang around if you want. But be out of the hotel tomorrow. And Guy...

(before leaving)

You are the smart one. Jimmy's the talent. Lenny's the fool. Faye is...special. And I think you're the smart one.

He's gone. Guy considers what Mr. White just said... There, all alone in the Studio.

212 INT. DISCMASTER STUDIO - SAME

212

He plinks the piano absently, then steps up to his drums and takes his sticks.

Quietly at first, he riffs. Nothing heavy, a light jazz rhythm that moves around his kit, from the snare to the high hat to the tom-tom and back -- a paradiddle that is perfection, the result of his months with the band.

Guy settles into a mournful drum-solo groove that builds in intensity until he is truly tripping the light fantastic. This is not hard rock. This is the coolest of cool jazz, on the drums, on ice, yet on fire. Until...

... BOMP BOMP BOMP WHANG- TITILIP!

(CONTINUED)

ENGINEER (O.C.)

What do you call that?

Guy, looking around for the disembodied voice, sees some dimly lit FIGURES in the booth.

GUY

"I Am Spartacus"...

ENGINEER (O.C.)

(amid laughter)

Should we lay it down?

GUY

(a smile)

No. I was just goofing around.

In the booth, one of the figures breaks away... and comes into the studio. Guy, and we, recognize... Del Paxton, who takes a seat at the piano.

PAXTON

Can I jam with you a bit?

GUY

Jam? With me? Sure!

(beat)

What are you doing here?

PAXTON

Recording some tracks in Studio C with Willy Walker.

GUY

(in utter awe)

Willy Walker is in the building? Could we jam with him, too?

Guy laughs at his own audacity. Del smiles, too

PAXTON

Let's keep it a duet. That "Spartacus" number...

(calling to booth)

Ernie, let's roll tape on this.

Paxton starts up on the eighty-eights and Guy, nervous and shy, eventually joins him. It's a nice sound...

From the Engineer's booth, it looks like Guy and Del are cutting a record.

213 THE KLOS-FM RADIO TOWER 213

We hear a phone RINGING.

214 INT. KLOS-FM STUDIO - SAME 214

Ringing and ringing. It's finally answered.

PARIS

We don't take requests.

215 INT. DISCMASTER STUDIO PAY PHONE - SAME 215

It's Guy.

GUY

Paris? This is Guy Patterson of The Wonders! Remember me?

216 INTERCUT DISCMASTER STUDIO/KLOS-FM STUDIO 216

PARIS

Yeah...

GUY

You won't believe where I am!

PARIS

I doubt I'll even care.

GUY

I'm at Discmaster Studios! I just jammed with Del Paxton, who is recording down the hall with Willy Walker, "Five Hand" Johnson, and Peter Dean Falcon.

PARIS

(rising)

My God, Man! Can you talk to them?

GUY

I just did!

PARIS

Can you get them on tape?

GUY

I think so. Maybe. I don't know!

PARIS

Talk to them! Interview 'em! Get them to play! Then get that tape to me! It'll be priceless someday!!

(CONTINUED)

GUY

I'll try! Told you you wouldn't believe it!!

PARIS

How much do you want for doing this?

GUY

What?

PARIS

How much do you want to get paid?

GUY

Oh!... I don't know...
Let's work that out later!

PARIS

You've got the job!

217 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL, FAYE'S ROOM - DAY

217

Faye listlessly packs up her things. Among them, a Polaroid of the band. She ceremonially tears off the image of Jimmy, leaving her in the photo leaning next to Guy.

218 INT. DISCMASTER ENGINEER'S BOOTH - LATER

218

We see tape is rolling. We see Guy, leaning on the piano, talking with Del Paxton and two other musicians over coffee, cigarettes, and laughter. The conversation is easy, funny, and punctuated by musical riffs and melodies. And it's all being recorded...

219 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL, HALLWAY - DAY

219

A door opens. Faye, struggling with two bags and a pocketbook, is checking out without the aid of a Bellboy.

220 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL, MAIN ENTRANCE - LATER

220

Faye, dragging her bags. LaMarr rushes to help her.

LAMARR

Oh no, darlin'! Think about your pretty hands. Gonna be a sad hotel if you're leaving us today.

FAYE

Sorry, but it's true. I need to get to the Greyhound Bus Station, wherever that is.

(CONTINUED)

LAMARR

Bus Station? The thought of you on a bus just ruined my day.

(he isn't joking)

We have a shuttle leaving in about twenty minutes. Why don't you grab some sustenance til then. You'll need it.

He points to the Coffee shop.

FAYE

Alright...

LAMARR

(watching her go)

A bus... Some days on this job make me want to retire...

221 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL COFFEE SHOP - SAME

221

Faye takes a seat at the counter and listlessly examines the menu. When the Waitress appears...

FAYE

Anything... Except no baloney sandwich.

222 EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL, MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

222

Guy, erupts from a taxi, carrying a box full of Tape Reels.

LAMARR

Slow down, young squire. Life is long.

GUY

I gotta check out.

LAMARR

You leaving us, too? That partner of yours with all the attitude left hours ago. And your Fifi is about to vamoose as well. On a bus. Criminal.

GUY

Fifi? You mean Faye.

LAMARR

The special mademoiselle. She's still in the coffee shop. Smelling very nice.

(pointedly)

All alone at the counter. Where I come from that's just not right.

GUY

Me and Faye are the only ones left?

LAMARR

You going to be solo in about fifteen minutes. Unless, of course, you make some kind of move. I'd act myself, if that wife of mine wouldn't take offense and shoot me.

(then)

Here, let me hold that box for you.

Guy protects his treasure.

GUY

Oh, no... Not this...

(bragging)

What would you say if I told you I have the greatest collection of living jazz history right here?

LAMARR

I'd say, why you keeping it in that ratty box? Then I'd say get in there before that lady climbs on her bus.

223 INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL COFFEE SHOP - SAME

223

Guy, box in tow, slides in next to Faye at the counter.

FAYE

(looking right at him)

Guy Patterson... I know you.

GUY

Were you actually going to leave without saying good-bye? That's a very un-Faye-like thing to do.

FAYE

I have been forcibly checked out of this fine hotel. I was actually hoping we'd meet up somewhere.

(the tapes)

That the Wonders' next hit record?

GUY

No. The Wonders are...

Guy can only wave to the sky.

(CONTINUED)

GUY (CONT)

Everything's changed, Faye.

Faye brightens. This could be good news.

FAYE

Oh? Tell me how.

GUY

(the tapes)

These are hours of "The Immortals," the Gods of Jazz, talking with me and playing riffs and telling stories you wouldn't believe.

FAYE

And that's changed everything?

GUY

They're going to pay me to "edit" and "produce" these tapes. It means I have something of a job, now, here in California.

That's how everything is changed.

FAYE

Ah... I see... You'll be a permanent West Coaster.

GUY

Yeah!

(a long beat)

And now you are leaving.

FAYE

Yes. I have four days alone on a bus to look forward to. But it won't be so bad. Maybe some drunken sailor will start up a lively conversation to make the time pass quickly.

(beat)

If you ever get back to Erie, stop by and see me. Ask for the Beatnik chick. We'll listen to records and laugh about the horrible time we've shared.

GUY

I'll do that.

(CONTINUED)

FAYE

Good. Here's good-bye...

She leans over and kisses him sweetly on the cheek. Twice. She holds his neck, just for a moment.

FAYE (CONT)

Good-bye, Guy. None of this would have happened if you hadn't joined the band...

She means that in a good way. She pays her bill and goes. Guy watches her leave, and then follows her.

224 EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL, MAIN ENTRANCE - SAME

224

Faye stands with her bags, waiting to begin her long bus ride.

LaMarr sidles up to Guy, who is watching her.

LAMARR

When you kids checked in, that pretty young thing was a girl. But checking out, she's a woman.

(beat)

Have you noticed that?

Guy has. He shoves the box of tapes into LaMarr's hands. He walks up to Faye. They look at each other.

FAYE

I said 'good-bye.'

GUY

Let me ask you a question before you go.

FAYE

Shoot.

GUY

I'm curious. When was the last time you were decently kissed? I mean, truly, truly, good and kissed?

Faye eyes this man.

FAYE

Are you flirting with me?

GUY

(shaking his head)

Flirting I save for strangers. And I'm not very good at it. I just want to know, has it been months, years, what?

She eyes him some more.

FAYE

You making a play for me? Trying to catch me on the rebound?

GUY

That all depends. On your answer.

Faye thinks for a moment.

FAYE

(her answer)

Dave Gammelgard kissed me New Year's Eve of 1961. Since then it's been all Jimmy. So that was the last time. And it was pretty good.

GUY

Well, mark this date, then.

Guy steps into her. Like a true gentleman. And kisses her. This is a good kiss.

LaMarr gives them some silent help with his own Body English.

WE HEAR DRUMS

Guy and Faye break. Both a little short for air. That was Guy Kissing Faye. Now comes Faye Kissing Guy. They break. Now they both kiss each other.

They break, staring into each other's eyes. They ask unspoken questions. They nod.

FAYE

We should have done this long ago.

Guy shrugs his shoulders. Yeah. Well. But so...

FAYE (CONT)

So now what?

(CONTINUED)

GUY

I still have to check out.

FAYE

You mean... you still have a room in this fine hotel?

They look at each other a long time.

GUY

(to LaMarr)

Watch our things for a bit.

LAMARR

It's what I do.

They kiss again. Then, dramatically, go back into the hotel.

PAN TO LAMARR

He is looking right into camera.

LAMARR

Faye Dolan and Guy Patterson got married on April 30, 1965. I was at the wedding. They have four kids, two grandchildren, and a wicked record collection, including one 45 single that is plated in 14 karat gold!

(calling off)

Let me get that for you, Madame!

DRUMS GIVE WAY TO MUSIC

225 WE SEE A POLAROID OF FAYE, GORGEOUS, DRAPED ONLY IN A HOTEL BEDSHEET, SMILING OVER A TRAY OF ROOM SERVICE. 225

WE SEE ANOTHER POLAROID, THIS TIME OF GUY, IN THE SAME ATTIRE, AT THE SAME TRAY

ROLL END CREDITS - POLAROIDS OF OUR CAST