

Untitled “Tonic” Movie

a noody movie (2007)

by mark noonan & nick oddy

PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

1. EXT. NEARLY DAWN. WILLIAMSBURG, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Glide up to a green “Entering Manhattan” traffic sign. The camera continues up and pans left revealing a wide expansive shot of Lower Manhattan obviously shot from the Williamsburg side of the Williamsburg Bridge. It is just before dawn.

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES:

A wide shot, but closer, of the Lower East Side.

Another closer wide shot of the L.E.S. (for all these establishing dissolves our eventual destination is a building that remains in the upper right hand corner of the frame (like Xanadu’s lit window in Citizen Kane’s opening sequence))

Another closer wide shot: our building is barely noticeable.

Another closer wide shot: we can see our building: a 26-story glass condominium complex.

Now the building is in full view: it towers over the crummy downtown neighborhood. Off in the distance left is another 21-story glass condo building. And further off in the distance right stands another 23-story condo tower.

Our 26-story tower is lit up—every floor illuminated thru the floor to ceiling glass windows. And because it is lit up we can see that it is a shell: empty inside, every floor, bottom to top.

The camera floats down to street level, and now we see something strange: the 26-story tower looks complete but smack dab center where presumably the grand lobby entrance should be is instead a 2-story garage-like building planted like a final weed between the legs of the 26-story tower. There is one floor of wide open space above the 2-story garage and likewise some space on both sides. But, other than that, the garage is surrounded on three sides by the 26-story condo tower. It looks as if the tower was built completely around and above the garage and is simply waiting for the owner to sell or the lease to run out so they can demolish the garage and use the space for a proper lobby/coffee bar/gym. Which is precisely what is happening.

Tracking towards the front glass double doors: we can now tell that although the façade looks like a garage, it has been converted into something else:

Finally, above these doors we see a sign bearing the name of the music club: Toodle-oo

The camera floats out front. Through the glass double doors, from inside the club, a faint light illuminates in the distance. Then:

EXPLOSION!!

The glass blows out. The nameplate Toodle-oo blasts at the camera along with the brick and concrete.

From another angle, farther away, in front of the club: the explosion carries upwards into the 26-story condo building.

Flying upwards, in succession, floor by floor, the floor to ceiling glass windows blow out until the penthouse gives a final destructive Poof into the dawn sky.

From farther away in front: the whole building collapses inwards like a controlled demolition, and then it falls straight down onto Toodle-oo. A dust cloud is born out of this implosion. Car alarms beep monotonously through the rising wall of smoke and dust that trails through the street in both directions.

From above, but farther away than the collapsing shot, a plume of white smoke traces up into the dawn sky (again, as in Citizen Kane's closing shots)

The camera pulls out. There is an eerie quiet. It is first light.

CUT TO:

2. "BREAKING NEWS" MONTAGE (Our "News On The March")

T.V. News graphics bearing the words "Breaking News" flash on the screen one by one right after each other: FOX News' graphic, CNN's graphic, MSNBC's graphic.

Their studio anchors:

FOX News Anchor: We have breaking news—

CNN Anchor: Breaking news—

MSNBC Anchor: Breaking news—

FOX News Anchor: Coming to us from—

CNN Anchor: New York City—

MSNBC Anchor: Manhattan—

FOX News Anchor: Down on the lower east side—
CNN Anchor: The lower east side—
MSNBC Anchor: There appears to be an Explosion—
FOX News Anchor: Explosion—
CNN Anchor: An Explosion—

MSNBC Anchor: An Explosion has rocked downtown—
FOX News Anchor: Rocked downtown—
CNN Anchor: Rocked—
MSNBC Anchor: Downtown Manhattan.

FOX News Anchor: It appears a bomb has gone off—
CNN Anchor: A bomb—
MSNBC Anchor: A bomb—

(We go to their On-The-Scene Reporters. We will fast cut back and forth between the On-The-Scene Reporters, the Studio Anchors, and the helicopter shots from above.)

FOX News Anchor: On the scene—
CNN Anchor: On the scene—
MSNBC Anchor: On the scene—

FOX News Reporter: Thanks, Bob—
CNN Reporter: Thanks, Carol—
MSNBC Reporter: Thanks, Ted—

FOX News Reporter: A massive explosion—
CNN Reporter: Huge explosion—
MSNBC Reporter: Leveling a condominium tower—
FOX News Reporter: High rise condos—

(Interview with a Woman who lives in the neighborhood.)

Woman (in robe and slippers): I just heard this huge explosion, like a train was coming thru my apartment. It was loud. I mean loud.

MSNBC Reporter: What was the first thing you thought?

Woman: Terrorists. I mean it was loud. Loud.

FOX News Reporter: What we know now, what the fire department is telling us—
CNN Reporter: And this is all preliminary—
MSNBC Reporter: Is that the condos were unoccupied—
FOX News Reporter: Not occupied—
CNN Reporter: Not occupied—

(Interview between Fire Chief and CNN Reporter)

CNN: Not occupied?

Fire Chief: That's right. From what we know now there was no one inside the building, the building wasn't finished. It was Unoccupied. Nobody inside. We're still checking, but it appears to be an empty building. It wasn't finished. So, Nobody lived there.

(Interview between Police Chief and FOX Reporter.)

FOX News Reporter: Was it terrorism?

Police Chief: It does not appear to be terrorism or terror related. I repeat: it does NOT appear to be terror related. NOT terrorism. NOT...NOT!

(The Three Anchors each sigh relief one by one right after each other.)

FOX News Anchor: That is good news—

CNN Anchor: A relief—

MSNBC Anchor: A great relief—

MSNBC Reporter: It doesn't appear to be Terror related—

FOX News Reporter: Terror related—

CNN Reporter: Terrorism.

FOX New Anchor: Terrorism—

CNN Anchor: Terrorism—

MSNBC Anchor: Terrorism.

MSNBC Reporter: That's right. Police are saying it was not Terrorism—

FOX News Reporter: Terrorism—

CNN Reporter: Terrorism—

CNN Anchor: Terrorism—

MSNBC Anchor: Terrorism—

FOX News Anchor: Terrorism.

FOX News Reporter: Correct. It was not Terror related—

CNN Reporter: Terror—

MSNBC Reporter: Terror—

MSNBC Anchor: Terror—

FOX News Anchor: Terror—

CNN Anchor: Terror—

CNN Reporter: A relief for all of us, that it was not Terror—

MSNBC Reporter: Terror—

FOX News Reporter: Terror—

FOX News Anchor: Terror—

CNN Anchor: Terror—

MSNBC Anchor: Terror—

(JUMP TO: later in the day. The Reporters remain the same. The Anchors are different people.)

FOX News Anchor: We now go to the Lower East Side for the latest on this morning's Massive Condo Explosion.

FOX News Reporter: Police are now telling us that there was a music club—

CNN Reporter: Toodle-oo—

MSNBC Reporter: The music club, Toodle-oo—

FOX: Which the condo tower was built around.

CNN Anchor: A mainstay in the neighborhood for more than fifteen years, Toodle-oo had recently closed, like other rock clubs: Sin-e, Luna Lounge, The Bottom Line.

MSNBC Anchor: Unable to compete with the changing gentrified neighborhood—

FOX News Anchor: Just like other rock clubs, Sine-e, Luna Lounge, The Bottom Line—

CNN Anchor: And the list goes on and on.

CNN Reporter: The rock club had recently closed after fifteen years—

MSNBC Reporter: We're now learning from Police that two bodies have been recovered—

FOX News Reporter: Two bodies—

CNN Reporter: Two bodies—

CNN Anchor: And confirming our worst fears—

MSNBC Anchor: Two bodies have been recovered—

FOX News Anchor : Two bodies—

CNN Anchor: From the rubble—

MSNBC Anchor: --the rubble.

CNN Reporter: Confirming our worst fears that this is indeed—

FOX News Reporter: The day the music died. Alice.

(JUMP TO: the following day.)

“The Day the Music Died” Graphic flies at the screen.

FOX News Anchor: Jody is downtown with the latest—

FOX News Reporter: Police still don't know what caused yesterday's explosion—
CNN Reporter: But they do now know who the two people were who lost their lives—

MSNBC Anchor: Ethan Wright and Bryan Chapman.

(Their pictures appear on the screen. Ethan is thin, frail, with large doe eyes and the look of a scared rabbit. An afternoon breeze could blow him over, for he is: Sensitivo. Bryan is large, overweight but dressed up like some crazed Ziggy Stardust/Peter Gabriel circa 1973 creation: Expensivo.)

CNN Anchor: Two local musicians who frequently played at the rock club, Toodle-oo. (trying to remain dignified but genuinely surprised) Wow. That's some outfit.

(JUMP THROUGH: the course of the next week with these short interview clips.)

(Bryan Chapman's Parents Interview. His Mom is your typical emotional Jewish Mother (think Shelley Winters). The Dad is a no nonsense blue collar UPS driver.)

Bryan's Mom: (crying, blows her nose hard)

Bryan's Dad: I just don't know—we don't understand—

Mom: (wailing) My baby! My baby boy!

Dad: (soothing wife) Come on, now. I always knew no good would come of that kid. That damn guitar!

(Ethan Wright's Girlfriend, Kristine Interview. She is a pretty lithe girl. Elegant but also new agey (yoga, vegan, etc.))

Kristine: He was just a...really beautiful songbird. My E. He was just too beautiful for this world, I guess. Only the good die young. (she nods her head, agreeing with her statement)

Local News Anchor now (it's no longer a big national story): Last week's Massive Condo Tower explosion still has no cause as Police continue their investigation—

(Toodle-oo's Owner. Gordon Deck Interview. He's a larger-than-life creature. Booming voice, big gut, a former marine and decades-long schemester.)

Gordon Deck: It's a shame. Good kids. I am...I'm just...Leaves a real sour taste in the back of my throat, if you know what I mean...Like vomit. Sick to my stomach. The whole thing.

(Two Tonic Regulars Interview. Penny Charliehorse (a groupie of the scene) and Tom Beach (an electric bass-playing comedy singer-songwriter: Comedy))

Tom Beach: Yeah, they were good guys.

Penny Charliehorse: It's a terrible terrible day for anyone who loves music. Any music lover.

Beach: Bryan was a good friend of mine. Ethan—

Charliehorse: --was a delicate flower whose music will live on in the hearts of all of us. (she really believes it)

(Beach turns and looks at her)

Beach: (not believing it) Sure.

Local News Anchor (another one): File this under the bizarre news front. The Massive Condominium Tower Explosion at 107 Norfolk Street two weeks ago—at the time Police said it was not Terrorism-related—then there was speculation it could have been a gas leak. Now police are saying—

(A Police Spokesman behind a podium reading a prepared press statement.)

Police Spokesman: This is an ongoing investigation that we will continue to treat as a homicide but our preliminary findings lead us to believe that the explosive device detonated from inside the rock music club Toodle-oo, thus leading to the collapse of the Condominium Complex at 107 Norfolk Street. The remains of Misters Chapman and Wright are placed at the scene of the initial blast point which leads investigators to believe that Mister Wright and Mister Chapman may have been involved in the explosion themselves. Again, this is a preliminary report. Further information will be made public in the coming weeks pending a full investigation. Take no questions. (He pauses, realizes he just read the parentheses aloud) Oh. Thank you.

CUT TO:

3. CLOSE-UP. A POINTER FINGER CLICKS A MOUSE.

4.. INT. OFFICE. CLOSE-UP. ARTHUR'S FACE. (like one of those strange Kane close ups)

Arthur: Moron. Now why would they—(it's obvious he's been viewing this press conference video from his computer screen) blow themselves up?

Roger (his dashing boss): Musicians are crazy. You know that.

(Both Arthur Thompson and Roger Dix are early forties. That is where the similarities end. Roger is the outgoing handsome lead music critic for The Scene magazine. Arthur is his misanthropic unattractive lead fact checker. Arthur does all the dirty work; Roger attends the cocktail parties. They make a great team. And although technically Roger is Arthur's boss, they remain good friends.)

Arthur: Yeah. But they down a bunch of pills or blow their brains out. They don't blow up buildings.

Roger: (packing up his stuff to go on a trip) The times we live in.

Arthur: That's bullshit.

Roger: (naming closed clubs) Fez, Rothko, C-Note,

Arthur: Gas Station. So in protest they blow themselves up? Is that what you're saying?

Roger: I don't know.

Arthur: (sarcastic) To fight gentrification they blow themselves up?

Roger: Look, I don't know. Hey, they went out with a bang, I'll say that. You got the quote check for that Timberlake interview?

Arthur: It's all good. I emailed you.

Roger: Fantastic. Thanks.

Arthur: This whole thing stinks. Like a big pile of shit.

Roger: Shite.

Arthur: Yeah, shite.

Roger: I think the police would know.

Arthur: Like they know who shot Kennedy? It doesn't make any sense.

Roger: Well then you figure it out, Colombo.

Arthur: Maybe I will.

Roger: Knock yourself out.

Arthur: You really buy this?

Roger: I really don't care. I've got to get to LaGuardia in like—(checks watch) Shit!

Arthur: The times we live in.

Roger: What's that?

Arthur: Nothing.

Roger: All right. I'll see you in a couple weeks. We'll email. Have a good weekend, all right?

Arthur: Yeah, you too. Say hi to Bono for me.

Roger: (close-up of his face wearing Bono-like sunglasses) Always. (smiles a charismatic grin as he exits out the door, his wingtips clicking against the hardwood floor as he goes.)

(Arthur pulls up the headshots of Ethan Wright and Bryan Chapman on his computer and looks at them quizzically for a moment, thinking long and hard...)

Arthur (V.O.): I wish I could say I remember these guys. I used to see tons of shows at Toodle-oo. Tons. But recently, the last few years, (for a second he glances at a picture frame on his desk that is face down) not so much. (then it's back to looking at Ethan's and Bryan's photos on his monitor) I don't think I ever saw these guys. (looking at Bryan's Tanq photo) I'm fairly sure I'd remember that outfit.

5. EXT. OUTSIDE OFFICE BUILDING. RAIN. DUSK.

(Arthur pulls up his coat's collar and walks out into the afternoon rain. He has no umbrella.)

Arthur (V.O.): Everybody was upset about Toodle-oo closing. Well everybody that cares, that gives a shit about music, which I suppose is about one half of one tenth of one percent of the whole fucking population. (getting poured on he stops at an intersection and looks scornfully at the business folk scurrying around him safe under their black umbrellas. He catches a glimpse of a Black Labrador's rear end as the dog and owner disappear into the masses. Arthur isn't even sure he actually saw the dog or if he imagined it.)

6. INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

(Arthur at home in his Kitchen. He dries his hair with a towel. He stands at the stove.)

Arthur (V.O.): (cont.) But I'm sure these guys cared. Ethan and Bryan...But a suicide mission? "Two musicians protest the closing of a music club by blowing themselves up inside the music club?" That doesn't sound right. Maybe they fucked up. Accidentally blew themselves up. Lord knows we've all thought about it. (turns his gas range on, watches and listens to the hissing gas escape) But then instinct kicks in. (turns the knob, the circular flame lights) Darwin. Reason. (he puts a tea kettle down atop the flame) And you feel like a real idiot for even thinking it. (smiles small to himself)

7. INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT (cont.)

(Arthur is dry, in a change of clothes. He sits in a chair in his living room. TV is on.)

Arthur (V.O.): Do the police really believe this? Really believe these guys blew up Toodle-oo? Like suicide bombers?

8. INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT (cont.)

(Arthur at his computer. He types and then clicks away at a few things.)

Arthur (V.O.): But we're just supposed to accept whatever we're told. Whatever is put in front of our faces. Lap it up. (He looks down to the throw rug on the hardwood floor next to his chair. Arthur is lost in deep thought.)

9. INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT (cont.)

(Arthur pacing in his apartment on the phone. The conversation seems to physically pain him (out of sadness and compassion, not anger).)

Arthur (V.O.): But somebody's gotta figure out the truth. What is the truth. Just gimme some truth, all I want is the truth. Like John said. And if that somebody's gotta be me, then so be it.

10. INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM.

As Arthur gets on the L Train he sees a subway Busker being given a ticket by a Police Woman for not having a permit. The Busker is a skinny gawky kid, no more than twenty. (think: Keith Carradine's Cowboy in "McCabe & Mrs. Miller")

Arthur: (V.O.) So be it...

11. INT. ARTHUR GETS ON THE L TRAIN. HE SITS NEXT TO AN OLD LADY WEARING DARK SHADES.

Arthur (V.O.): (he looks around) So be it.

(Arthur is really worked up. It doesn't help that he looks around and is surrounded by Williamsburg hipsters on their Ipods, laptops, blackberrys, and toting skateboards, scooters, and bicycles. Thus Arthur emanates a nervous angry destructive aura. A Blind Old Lady wearing dark shades seated next to him puts her hand on top of his and pats it reassuringly. She smiles. Arthur is perplexed by this move.) [give her a dog?, not a seeing eye dog, just on a leash]

Arthur: Are you blind?

Blind Old Lady: (said sweetly) Don't be an asshole, dear.

(Surprised look from Arthur.)

12. EXT. DAYTIME. ARTHUR AT A RED FRONT DOOR TO A BROWNSTONE.

Arthur (V.O.): So be it.

13. INT. BROWNSTONE. STAIRS.

(Arthur gets buzzed into the brownstone. He climbs the five flights of stairs. By the top he is exhausted, sweating like an August hog.)

Arthur (V.O.) (huffing and puffing): So be it. (aloud) Fuck me.

(Arthur puts his hand up to a green apartment door to knock.)

Arthur (V.O.): So—

14. INT. CRAPPY BOHEMIAN LIVING ROOM. ARTHUR SEATED ON A COLLEGE-TYPE COUCH.

(A pretty thin Girl, Ethan's Girlfriend, Kristine, carries two mugs of tea into the living room. Arthur is finishing off his tall glass of water.)

Arthur: Man, I needed that.

Kristine: I've got to tell you I'm not really one for interviews. The whole police thing wore me out—

Arthur: This isn't really an interview, Don't think of it like that—

Kristine: Okay. How should I think of it?

Arthur: I don't know. A conversation?

Kristine: (she laughs) Ethan would find it so funny I'm talking to you.

Arthur: Why's that?

Kristine: (quoting an ad) "Be a part of The Scene. The Scene, man. The Scene." (Arthur laughs. Her tone switches) He hated your magazine. Everything that was wrong with music. All gloss. No substance.

Arthur: Well, maybe he was right.

(Pause.)

Kristine: What do you want to know, why he blew up Toodle-oo?

Arthur: You think he did?

Kristine: That's what everybody says, right?

Arthur: But you don't believe that.

Kristine: Do you?

Arthur: No.

Kristine: Why?

Arthur: I don't know. A hunch. (Pause)

Kristine: What do you want to know?

Arthur: I want to know about him. The man.

Kristine: The artist.

Arthur: Sure.

Kristine: They were one and the same. There was never any separating it with Ethan. The man and the artist were the same. His life and his art, the same.

Arthur: How'd you first meet?

(Kristine smiles remembering.)

Kristine: I first met Ethan, I first saw Ethan...

DISSOLVE TO:

15. INT. COFFEESHOP. DAYTIME.

Kristine: ...at Doma, which became our favorite Fair Trade coffeeshop. I used to go in to study. I had my LSAT's in a week.

16. INT. BACK TO KRISTINE'S APARTMENT.

Kristine: (smiles to herself) But all that changed...

17. INT. DOMA. DAYTIME. (cont.)

(An angry tattooed lesbian Chick (Feministo) finishes playing a song on her acoustic guitar. Scattered bits of applause. She exits the stage which is simply a six inch high platform about four feet by four feet stuck in a corner. This trendy coffeeshop is packed with hipsters and yuppies. The kind of place people go to act like they're working on laptops when in fact it's a social beehive more than somewhere to get any work done. Eyes constantly scan the room for any sort of connection. Except for Kristine whose head is buried deep in a big textbook. A huge mug of coffee in front her. Hair in a ponytail, pencil sticking out, she looks like an adorable cramming neurotic.

An acoustic guitar starts being strum quietly. No one in the room pays attention.

A voice, into a microphone, begins singing quietly.

Heads around the room look up from their reading and laptops. Their gazes are predominantly women and gay men. They are curious at first.

Now for the first time we see where this voice is coming from: Ethan Wright. He sits on a wobbly wooden chair playing his song: Envelope of Tears. A harmonica hangs around his neck. He's dressed in rags: jeans, scuffed boots, an old tattered hoodie. All wrinkled and stained and holey. A long lock of his dark hair falls across the front of his delicate pale face. He looks like a fragile vampire bird. And he is oh so sensitive. For he is Sensitivo.

His song slowly fades out and fade up on his "Sensitivo Theme"

18. MINI-MONTAGE SHOWING THE "ETHAN-EFFECT" ON A ROOM:

3 Couples in the room:

Couple 1: the Girl looks up from her writing, staring towards Ethan. Her Boyfriend, noticing her enchantment, gets up and goes to the bathroom.

Couple 2: the Girl stops typing away on her laptop and looks up mesmerized by Ethan. Her Boyfriend notices her dreamy gaze. He quietly spins the laptop in front of him and checks his email.

Couple 3: the Girl is on the phone. She sees Ethan singing, stops mid-sentence and slowly snaps her cell shut. Her Boyfriend immediately picks up his phone and checks his voicemail.

Couple 4: the Girl has big headphones on so she can't hear Ethan but she sees him and she also sees the female reactions from around the room. She removes her headphones ("Sensitivo Theme" out, Ethan's live song up) and is immediately entranced. Surreptitiously and casually her Boyfriend takes her big headphones and puts them over his ears (Live song out, "Sensitivo Theme" back up)

Back to Kristine, completely enraptured by what she sees (even more so than what she hears).

Everyone in Doma feels exactly the same way (some for better, some for worse): "God! He is so damn Sensitive!"

19. INT. KRISTINE'S APARTMENT (cont.)

Kristine: That was it. He was just so...

Arthur: Talented?

Kristine: Sensitive. (Emotionally...open, Real)

(Arthur nods in agreement, "I see")

20. INT. LIVING ROOM. DAYTIME. ETHAN AND KRISTINE MEDITATING
(They sit legs crossed on the floor facing each other)

Kristine: (eyes closed) What are you thinking about right now?

Ethan: (eyes also closed) The centuries of suffering endured by the Native American people. (The unknown suffering of a newborn baby)

(Kristine opens her eyes and looks at him. Then Ethan opens his eyes – we see that he's been crying and he looks at her, like a forlorn puppy dog. She embraces him.)

Kristine: Oh, Ethan.

21. INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.
(Kristine and Ethan intertwined on the couch watching a black and white French film like "Jules et Jim" or "Breathless". Kristine watches Ethan shake his head in wonder.)

22. INT. KITCHEN. AFTERNOON.
(Ethan cooking an elaborate dinner. He wears an apron and actually seems to know what he's doing. Kristine, in a pants suit, returns home from work exhausted. She is amazed when Ethan nonchalantly pulls a roasted Tofurkey out of the oven.)

23. INT. LAUNDRY ROOM.
(Pulling clothes out of the dryer. Kristine jokes playfully with Ethan. She takes a white undershirt and rubs it against his cheek. He's so sensitive it bothers him physically (he recoils in slight pain or he sneezes).)

24. INT. A BAR. NIGHT.
(Out at a bar. Ethan is attempting to order a glass of water. He is accidentally knocked to the ground by a large inebriated blond Frat Boy. Then the Frat Boy turns and sees Ethan on the floor, "Oh, shit. Did I do that?" He feels bad, picks Ethan up, apologizes, and then orders Jagermeister shots all around. He forces Ethan to down a Jager shot with him as a form of apology and camaraderie. Frat Boy downs his shot without thinking twice. Ethan downs his, has a pained expression on his face, then he throws up—just a little bit—into his hand. The Frat Boy looks at Ethan like he's crazy.)

25. INT. KRISTINE'S APARTMENT. (cont.)

Arthur: Did you know his family?

Kristine: I met them once. At a family barbecue.

26. EXT. SUMMER DAY. BACKYARD OF A BEAUTIFUL BIG HOUSE IN
SOMEWHERE LIKE DARIEN, CONNECTICUT

(Ethan's blueblood Mom and Dad talk with Kristine. On the big back lawn Ethan's three older Sisters and their respective husbands and kids play.)

[Sidenote: Ethan and Kristine have a John and Yoko vampire look going on at this sunny party.]

Ethan's Mom: My goodness dear, look at how thin you are. You're practically wasting away. Dear, fix her a plate.

Ethan's Dad: I think this is our best pig yet.

(We see a medium-sized Pig (about the size of a toddler) on a spit rotating. Dad cuts some meat, it slides right off, soft and juicy.)

Kristine: Oh, no, thank you, really. Maybe I'll just have some salad.

Ethan's Mom: Salad? What about a main course? An entrée?

Ethan's Dad: You gotta have some meat.

Kristine: I'm actually—Ethan and I are both vegan.

Ethan's Mom: Vegan?

Ethan's Dad: When did this happen?

Ethan's Mom: You can't be vegan at a barbecue—

Kristine: Uh, well—

Ethan's Mom: And where is that boy? Ethan! Ethan! Oh, he's probably up in his room. Be a dear and take him a plate.

(She hands Kristine a plate full of meat: roasted pig, chicken, hot dogs, potato salad.)

Kristine: Uh, well.

Ethan's Mom: Go on.

(Kristine exits with the heavy plate.)

Ethan's Mom: (to herself) I need a Scotch. (to Dad) Honey?

Ethan's Dad: Scotch?

Ethan's Mom: Yes, thank you, dear.

27. INT. ETHAN'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM.

(Kristine, holding her plate of meat, pushes open Ethan's bedroom door.)

Kristine: Ethan?

(A Serge Gainsbourg record plays. Ethan sits on the floor in the corner, knees pulled up to his chest, crying.)

Kristine: Ethan.

Ethan: I never knew what he was saying but I always find it so powerful. (he weeps)

Kristine: Oh, Ethan.

Ethan: (sees plate) Why have you brought me murdered animals?

Kristine: (realizing) Oh.

Kristine: (V.O.) He was always so intense. About everything. So sensitive. (Open, emotionally alive? Accessible.)

28. INT. ETHAN'S PARENTS' LIVING ROOM.

(Kristine and Ethan's Mom, seated on a couch, look through a photo album. Dad paces behind them, scotch in hand. Ethan sits uncomfortably in an easy chair (the soft leather bothers him) and drinks his herbal tea. Mom points to a picture of Ethan as a young child, maybe a first grader.)

29. PIC #1. INT. CLASSROOM.

(A portly older Lady with white hair mouths the word, "Ethan?...Ethan?" A dapper little kid in schoolboy shirt, tie, and coat sits uncomfortably. "Ethan?" It's obvious he is very shy. The Teacher smiles reassuringly and puts her hand on little Ethan's shoulder, "It's okay.")

Little Ethan: Ow.

(The Teacher gives a confused look then calls on another child.)

30. PIC #2. INT. PRIVATE HIGH SCHOOL.

(Ethan seated in class his freshman year. Jacket, shirt, and tie for the boys. White button down, skirt, and socks for the girls. Ethan looks over at a Pretty Girl. She looks at him. He looks away.)

Jock: (across from Ethan) What are you looking at? Hun? What are you looking at? What? Hun?

Ethan: Nothing.

31. EXT. OUTSIDE HIGH SCHOOL.

(The same Pretty Girl walks up to Ethan. He tries to speak to her but physically can't do it.)

Pretty Girl: Hi. (hands him a flyer) Here you go. I'm Courtney. We're having a rally Friday to Support the Troops. Not the war. It's not their fault. But the troops. My older brother, John, flies helicopters in the Army. He went to West Point. I hope you can come. And get your parents to donate. Whatever they can.

Ethan: (quietly) Okay.

Courtney: (all bubbly energy) Bye.

(She leaves. Ethan is angry with himself. Another Jock sees this.)

Jock: Hey! What are you looking at my sister for?!

(Ethan nods No.)

Jock: Don't look at my sister. You hear me? Don't look at my sister, freak.

(Jock leaves. Ethan is mad: at himself, at the Jock, at the world. He walks off, head down.)

32. EXT. MAIN STREET. DAYTIME.

(Ethan strolls upon a Local Guitar Store. He stops and looks for a while at the guitars in the shop window. He thinks for a short while. Then he walks inside.)

33. EXT. MAIN STREET. LOCAL GUITAR STORE.

(Ethan exits the store carrying a guitar case with him.)

34. INT. ETHAN'S BEDROOM. DUSK.

(A book on Ethan's bed: "Mel Bay's Learn How to Play Guitar". Ethan is slowly teaching himself how to play chords on his new acoustic guitar. One of Ethan's older Sisters bursts into his room.)

Sis #1: Dinner time, loser! (she leaves just a fast)

35. INT. ETHAN'S BEDROOM. MORNING.

(Ethan strumming along on the guitar. Over his right shoulder, behind him on the wall, is a picture of Woody Guthrie. Another older Sister bursts in the room.)

Sis #2: Breakfast, loser!

36. INT. ETHAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

(Ethan writes lyrics in a notebook then puts the pen in his mouth and strums some chords while following along with his words. Another older Sister bursts in.)

Sis #3: Stop the fucking guitar! (Ethan stops, looks up at her, pen in his mouth. She turns and leaves, muttering to herself) Jesus! Freak.

(For the first time in his life Ethan displays a steely gaze (his confidence growing, at least a little, because of the guitar.))

37. INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM. FRIDAY. RALLY.

(A full half-side of bleachers. This is an all-school rally. Courtney is at the microphone.)

Courtney: Like, wow, you guys. We've raised thirty seven thousand four hundred seventeen dollars and twenty-seven cents for Our Troops!

(Applause.)

Courtney: That's gonna go directly to help them and their families.

(More Applause.)

Courtney: It's great, you guys. Like, wow. Thanks. Thank you so much.

(The school Principal, a thoroughly bored middle-aged man, goes to the microphone.)

Principal: Thank you, Courtney.

(A gym door opens, in steps Ethan toting his guitar case.)

Principal: (cont.) It's really good news—and all of you—(Ethan walks across the basketball court, all eyes follow his trek, even the Principal is thrown for a loop)—please thank your parents for their generous support for our brave men and women—

(Ethan stands next to him.)

Principal: (aside, to Ethan) Who are you?

Ethan: (quietly) I'm E—

Principal: Who?

Ethan: E—

Principal: Who?

Ethan: (louder) E. E. Wright. I'm E. Wright. And I have a song I'd like to sing. (he looks right at the Principal)

(Principal looks at the other stunned teachers, then to Courtney, etc.)

Principal: Um...Well...All right? Yeah? Yeah.

(Ethan opens up his guitar case and removes his acoustic.)

Teacher 1: Who is that?

Teacher 2: I have no idea.

(E. Wright walks up to the microphone.)

Ethan: (quietly, into mic) This song's for Courtney. And for your brother, who flies helicopters.

(Ethan starts singing his song—Camera pulls out and now we see written across his guitar it says: This Machine Kills Terrorists

He plays a sweet weepie sensitive tune. As he plays the audience, misinterpreting his message, turns on him. They start pointing, yelling. Finally the Principal walks around in front of Ethan and sees his scrawled message. Principal's eyes turn enormous. (any use of the word terrorist elicits an immediate knee-jerk response by adults at a school)

Principal: Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! All right! That's enough! Thank you! Thank you! (he takes over the mic from Ethan. Then Ethan stops playing. Silence a moment. Then from the upper reaches of the bleachers: "Fag!"

Principal: Hey! Who said that?! Who said that?! Cool yer jets, people! (keeps talking over the following dialogue)

(Ethan quietly goes over to his guitar case and opens it up.)

Courtney's Brother #1: (in the grandstand, vibrating with anger) That little asshole.

Courtney's Brother #2: (next to him, likewise) That piece of shit.

(Ethan is depressed. Courtney stops him before he puts his guitar away.)

Courtney: Ethan? E? (he turns to face her but doesn't look her in the eye) It's a beautiful song. Thank you.

Ethan: It was my pleasure. (he takes her hand)

Courtney's Brother #1: That Motherfucker!

(Courtney's Brothers don't contain themselves anymore and they come flying out of the bleachers and tackle Ethan. The crowd stands in excitement. A female teacher screams. The Principal's eyes grow huge again. One Brother picks up Ethan's guitar and smashes it down onto the parquet floor. Courtney screams. One Brother keeps smashing the guitar while the other wrestles Ethan. Finally forced to act, the Principal and other Teachers (Phys. Ed.) break up the Brothers and restore order.)

Principal: People! People! Sit down! Sit down! Let's cool it! Cool it, people! Cool yer jets! Sit down!

(Courtney looks at Ethan who is looking at the bits of his destroyed guitar. Then Ethan turns and looks Courtney in the eyes for the first time. Ethan has tears down his cheeks. Upon seeing his face Courtney's eyes well up and then she cries. A final shot of Ethan's face as he returns his gaze to his ruined guitar.)

Kristine: (V.O.) He said that was it. That was when he knew the power of music. And what he wanted to do with his life. But his parents—

38. INT. ETHAN'S PARENTS' HOUSE. DAYTIME.

(Ethan seated center on the living room couch, his Parents pace behind yelling at him (Scotches in hands, of course). Ethan's face shows his mind is somewhere else, he's not listening to them. ("Sensitivo Theme" fades up quietly in the background)

Kristine: (V.O.) (cont.) His parents said he was going to college. No son of theirs wasn't going to get his college degree.

39. INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM. DAYTIME.

Professor: (a middle-aged chipmunk of a man with big thick glasses) Welcome, freshmen, to Economics 101.

(We see Ethan seated, a whimsical smile across his face, his mind elsewhere as he looks out the window. His "Sensitivo Theme" has built up to full strength. The Professor keeps talking, beginning his lesson. Ethan quietly gets up from his desk, walks straight up to the Professor and hugs him. The Professor is completely caught by surprise. The students are bewildered. Some laugh. Ethan gives the Professor a good full hug. Then he pulls out of it.)

Ethan: (looks at Professor) Thank you. Thank you.

Professor: (confused, it's the first day of class) Uh, you're welcome?

(And then Ethan exits the stunned classroom.)

40. INT. KRISTINE'S APARTMENT. (cont.)

Arthur: Do you believe that?

Kristine: Well...that's what he told me. And I believe him.

Arthur: You don't think maybe he embellished that a bit?

Kristine: No. Ethan was genuine. Always. He was passionate. He wanted change. He was also brutally honest about himself.

41. INT. ETHAN AND KRISTINE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

(Kristine on the couch reading Noam Chomsky's "Hegemony or Survival." Enter Ethan quietly through the front door. He slowly steps forward into the light. He is completely rain drenched. And he is in tears. Kristine sees him, "Oh, Ethan!" and rushes to him as he falls to his knees.)

Kristine: Ethan, what is it? What's wrong? What's wrong, baby?

(Ethan can barely get words out he is so distraught.)

Ethan: I...I...

Kristine: What, baby?

Ethan: I...

Kristine: What? Whatever it is, we can figure it out.

Ethan: I...I...

42. INT. KRISTINE'S APARTMENT. (cont.)

Kristine: (V.O.) You see, Ethan was a strict vegan. But every once in a while, like an alcoholic, he'd go out one night and gorge himself on fast food.

(Shot of Ethan devouring tacos in a Taco Bell.

Ethan weeping on a park bench.

Ethan tearing into a big bucket of fried chicken at a KFC. (he looks around nervously)

Ethan weeping in an alley, next to a dumpster. He tries to make himself puke.

Ethan feasting at a McDonalds.

Ethan sitting on a streetcurb crying in the pouring rain. A taxi hits a huge puddle and splashes all over Ethan but he just keeps open-mouthed wailing.)

Kristine: He was really hard on himself. And he hated supporting those terrible massive corporations. That's part of why he started doing benefits, he felt guilty about his secret fast food habit.

(Shot of Ethan standing outside of a Gap playing a song.
Ethan stands outside of Wall Street playing a song.
The camera tracks down from the second floor Times Square MTV Studios down to the sidewalk below where Ethan plays a harmonica solo. No one pays any attention to him.)

Arthur: What about Bryan Chapman? Were Ethan and Bryan good buddies?

Kristine: No.

Arthur: (surprised) No?

Kristine: No.

Arthur: Really?

Kristine: No.

Arthur: Why not?

43. INT. TONIC. NIGHT. PERFORMANCE.

(Ethan is onstage performing. Penny Charliehorse sits enraptured out in the audience. Bryan, dressed up as Tanq Thunderball (lightning bolt across chest) stands offstage right. Tom Beach (suspenders, bass, funny hat) stands next to Bryan.)

Bryan: I think you have to have a vagina to like this music. (He looks to his right and sees a disgusted Kristine who obviously overheard him) What?

(Kristine walks away from Bryan and Tom. As she exits, in a quick passing shot we see Peter Pasko for the first time. He's looking at Tanq.)

44. INT. KRISTINE'S APARTMENT. (cont.)

Arthur: So they weren't really friends at all.

Kristine: Ethan had nothing against Bryan. But Bryan, for some reason, didn't like Ethan. Maybe he was jealous. I don't know.

Arthur: Then why would Ethan have been at Toodle-oo that night, with Bryan?

Kristine: I don't know. It wasn't uncommon for Ethan to go for walks at night—he has trouble sleeping. Had trouble sleeping...(she gets emotional) “Can't turn off the

machinery” he used to say. I don’t know. My guess is he went to have one last look at the place. Toodle-oo was a big part of his life. I don’t know. I’m sorry.

Arthur: So you don’t think he had anything to do with blowing it up.

Kristine: Ethan? No. Ethan was too...

Arthur: Sensitive?

Kristine: Stupid. (she smiles through tears, means it as a term of endearment, not a put-down.)

Arthur: Yeah...

Kristine: Beautifully stupid. Like an innocent child. He didn’t know anything about explosives.

Arthur: It doesn’t seem like he had an angry bone in his body.

Kristine: No. Well that’s not true. The only things that made him angry were injustice and organized sports. He hated football especially...Ethan didn’t blow up that building, Mister Thompson. It had to be Bryan.

Arthur: Then why was Ethan there?

Kristine: (emotional, spent, slightly angry) I don’t know. I’m sorry.

Arthur: It’s all right. I’m sorry. Thank you. I’m sorry.

45. INT. OUTSIDE KRISTINE’S FRONT DOOR. (cont.)

(Arthur standing outside Kristine’s front apartment door. He holds up a couple CD’s as he says goodbye. Kris waves, smiles, and then sadness washes over her face and she quietly closes the door.)

46. INT. ARTHUR’S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

(A pointer finger presses Open and a CD player pops out. Arthur puts the disc on and closes it. He presses Play. Holding the CD cases he walks over and sits down in his easy chair. On a table behind his couch 2 picture frames lie face-down. He takes a long glug from a bottle of Stella Artois. The CD comes on, way too loud—the volume turned all the way up. Arthur quickly turns the volume down and returns to his easy chair. He checks out the album’s artwork (a black and white photo of Ethan taken by Kristine), and the liner notes (Add:), and song titles (Add:). Ethan starts singing the song. Arthur turns left and looks at his couch, most specifically the armrest closest to him. He looks at another photograph of Ethan off the album artwork. Off the photograph Arthur tries to visualize Ethan. Arthur closes his eyes and then...magically, Ethan fades into view on the

couch with his guitar. Arthur opens his eyes, turns, and sees him on his couch. Arthur smiles to himself.

Ethan Song: something like Bright Eyes' "The First Day of My Life"

After the short ditty Ethan fades away and disappears. Arthur laughs to himself.)

Arthur: Always the sensitive ones.

Music: one of Ethan's songs off of the same album plays, and this music carries us through an Arthur mini-montage:

47. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

Arthur at his office doing some work. He can't concentrate and ends up looking at Ethan and Bryan pictures.

48. INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Arthur lies wide awake in bed.

49. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

An email pops up from Roger. The subject line reads: "Yo, Dude!" Arthur ignores the email. He looks at pictures of the model for what the Condo Building at 107 Norfolk was supposed to look like when it was finished.

50. INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Zonked out on the couch is Arthur. Beer bottles everywhere. TV left on.

51. INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT. DAY

Arthur stands in his kitchen making a tuna fish sandwich. He looks through a bunch of print-outs he has about the Toodle-oo/Condo explosion. Arthur is reading, drinking, thinking, and putting together the sandwich all at the same time. His mind distracted he drops the tuna sandwich onto the dirty linoleum floor, tuna-sides down. Disgusted with himself, he sighs. And finally realizes what he must do:

Arthur: Fuck it.

52. EXT. TAXI. DAYTIME.

(Arthur in the back of a Taxi, driving over the Queensboro Bridge on his way out to Flushing. He looks hungover (probably kept drinking many Stellas). He looks at a Bryan Chapman (Tanq Thunderball) picture printed out from off the web.

The Taxi drives through a working class neighborhood.

The Taxi pulls up to the curb in front of a modest house.

53. EXT. SIDEWALK.

Arthur closes the Taxi door and steps onto the sidewalk.

An attractive Woman walking a Chihuahua passes him. Arthur and the Woman smile to each other, their eyes meet. Arthur's eyes follow the tiny dog. The mini-dog looks up at him – their eyes meet.

Arthur: A little guy.

Woman: That's my baby.

(Arthur gets lost in thought. Or just hungover. Or is it something else? Then he snaps out of it.)

Arthur: Have a good day.

Woman: You too.

54. EXT. HOUSE. FRONT DOOR. DAY.

(Arthur walks up the front walk to the house. He looks at a large tree stump in the front yard as he passes. At the front door, he presses the doorbell and waits.

The front door swings open. (Music Out) Through the screen door a plump Woman in her fifties wails uncontrollably. She is unable to speak, she keeps crying and dabbing her eyes with a tissue.

Arthur: Mrs. Chapman?

(She nods thru sobs and motions with a wave, for Arthur to enter. The screen door opens. As Arthur enters:

Mrs. Chapman: (screams to the back of the house) Honey!! That reporter's here!!

(Her sheer volume wakes up Arthur instantly, better than the strongest cup of joe. Arthur blinks his eyes a few times.)

55. INT. CHAPMAN'S KITCHEN. DAY.

(Mom and Dad bicker over drinks. Arthur sits between them at the kitchen table.)

Dad: Offer the man a beer!

Mom: He doesn't want a beer!

Dad: You want a beer?

Mom: It's only eleven o'clock in the morning!

Arthur: No, thank you. Coffee's fine.

Mom: See!

Dad: You sure you don't want a beer?

Arthur: No, I'm fine. Thanks.

Dad: Than her sludge coffee.

Mom: Then don't drink it!

Dad: Oh, I'll drink it! (Strange close-up: he takes a long, over-emphasized drink from his mug)

(Silence for a moment.)

Arthur: So, Bryan—

(Mom drops a couple plates in the sink and starts sobbing uncontrollably, again.)

Dad: More waterworks! It never stops.

(Mom exits to the bathroom.)

Arthur: I'm sorry. I didn't mean—

Dad: It's okay. She has a hairline trigger. Anything can set her off. I fart. Bryan used to fart—Bang! Waterworks.

Arthur: Yeah, it's hard.

Dad: It's not hard. It's emotional.

Arthur: Okay.

Dad: For her.

Arthur: Yes.

(Pause. They stare at each other.)

Dad: So, what do you want to know?

Arthur: Well, I was just kind of hoping to get a sense—

Dad: You want to know if he blew up that building.

Arthur: Well...Uh...Sure.

Dad: That's the only real question, right?

Arthur: Um, well, that's the big one, I guess.

Dad: What do you think?

Arthur: I don't know.

Dad: Bullshit.

Arthur: I don't see why your son would blow it up.

Dad: (sarcastic) He was angry, right? The Police found all sorts of stuff on his computer. Explosives.

Arthur: Well, he did use pyrotechnics in his show, though, right?...(cold stare from Dad)
With the costumes?...(cold, dead stare) And the stage name?...(cold dead stare, then: Dad gets up, goes over to a wooden cabinet just off the kitchen, in the living room) Where did that name come from?...

(Dad opens up the front doors of the wooden liquor cabinet and pulls out a bottle of gin (Tanqueray, but we don't see the label). He pours a shot. He downs it. Pours another. Downs it. He walks back to the kitchen table, sits down. Arthur is caught off guard by all this, slightly scared. Dad pours two shots. He puts the bottle down. He picks up his shot glass and looks straight at Arthur. Arthur picks up his full shot glass. Arthur moves his glass towards his face, Dad stops him. They interlock arms. Dad looks Arthur dead in the eyes – their faces are inches apart. Then Dad downs his shot and Arthur follows suit. Dad looks over his shoulder to the living room. Arthur looks too as we're taken back in time. Pan left to the living room:

DISSOLVE TO:

56. INT. LIVING ROOM. DAYTIME. 20 YEARS EARLIER.

Dad: (V.O.) From a place of immense stupidity. That's where that name came from. Immense stupidity.

(Dad sits on the couch, a six year-old kid (Bryan) plays on the floor. A Sunday afternoon. On the TV the scene in the James Bond movie "Thunderball" right before the opening credits play. Dad looks exhausted and bored. Bryan plays right next to the coffee table. Dad finally pulls himself out of his entrenched position. He pours himself a drink then

accidentally slams the glass bottle of gin down on the glass coffee table next to Bryan's head. The glass on glass startles Bryan.

Dad: Sorry, buddy.

Bryan's head turns and watches his Dad down the drink. Tom Jones theme song and opening credits erupt onscreen. Bryan looks to the TV screen. In the right side of his vision is his Dad's bottle of Tanqueray. The Thunderball title comes onscreen. Bryan thinks that name is awesome. Then in his right peripheral vision he notices Tanq (the name boldens) so it looks like

THUNDERBALL (on screen, in red)

Tanq (on the bottle, bold)

In his mind's eye the two names slowly interchange so he's left with:

Tanq THUNDERBALL

The name pulses with throbbing intensity. Tom Jones keeps singing in the background. Bryan is amazed. The Name changes into big flashing lights like on a neon billboard. "This is awesome!" Bryan thinks. He looks up at his Dad who is half-drunk and lost in the Bond opening sequence. The Tanq Thunderball title grows bigger and bigger. Bryan's eyes grow enormous. Then a small flashing toy green U.S. Army tank drives right at the screen and splits the two names. Tanq and Thunderball catch on fire. The tank turns left and drives offscreen. Bryan is amazed.

Tanq Thunderball explodes at the screen. Six year-old Bryan stands triumphantly, hoists his arms in the air and exclaims: "Tanq Thunderball!" He's all excited energy. He turns and looks at his Dad. Mr. Chapman looks at his bouncing boy as if he was a little green alien.)

57. TANQ MONTAGE. (POSSIBLY ANIMATED)

(Six year-old Bryan, donning a green army helmet, drives a small green tank through a black background. He's all smiles. Then we see he's on a blacktop road in the desert in the middle of nowhere—but hot damn is this kid excited—he passes a mile marker, but instead of the mile it says: 9 years old.

58. INT. BRYAN'S BEDROOM. DAY.

(His Mom helps him try on different combinations of strange Superhero-like clothing. She is all excited to be doing something with her son. Dad looks in thru the doorway and bears the same "this is crazy" look as before.)

59. TANQ MONTAGE (cont.)

(Six year-old Bryan back in his tank driving down his lonesome desert highway (all smiles) passes another mile marker: 13 years old. He pumps a fist in the air as he drives on.)

60. INT. GUITAR CENTER. (P.T. Anderson-like slow motion throughout)
(Thirteen year-old Bryan—all awkward pudginess—checks out different electric guitars off the rack. The pimply kid salesman tries to smooth talk Mr. Chapman about the guitars. Mr. Chapman ignores him. Bryan messes around with a Fender. Then an Epiphone. A Rickenbacker. And finally he sees it: Slash’s Les Paul Signature Guitar, every 13 year-old guitar lovin’ kid’s wet dream. A close-up of the Salesman’s mouth (in slow-mo) “Tasty.” Bryan plugs it in to a huge Marshall amp. He turns the dials all the way up. The salesman doesn’t notice this, he’s too busy sweet talking Ma & Pa Chapman. She listens attentively; Dad continues to ignore the sales clerk. Bryan turns around, faces them, holds his guitar pick up high and unleashes a Pete Townshend style windmill. The sound blows Ma, Pa, and Clerk back. The Clerk quickly turns down the amp. Bryan plays chords on the guitar. His Dad calls him over and makes Bryan point the neck up to him. Dad removes a small pair of reading glasses, puts them on, then he finds the tiny white tag that dangles from the Slash Signature Guitar’s neck. Both he and Bryan look at it:

MSRP: \$6680.00
G.C. PRICE: \$4499.99

Mr. Chapman’s eyes grow enormous. Even Bryan mouths a “Whoa.” Dad looks down at Bryan. Bryan knows he’s not getting this guitar. Then they both turn left and see another guitar on display, on sale. It’s a simple, basic Stratocaster for \$499.99.

The 4 on the sign for the expensive guitar’s G.C. Price drifts away offscreen and we’re left with the 499.99. Bryan nods his head up and down, his Dad pats him on the head reassuringly. They’ll be getting that guitar.)

61. TANQ MONTAGE (cont.)

(Six year-old Bryan in his tank standing up playing a guitar solo, a la Slash (guitar slung low) with his new guitar. He passes a mile marker: 15 years old. The camera pans up to the starry nighttime sky and off in the distance we see a glowing dark-red planet.)

62. INT. BRYAN’S BEDROOM.

(Pan across posters on the wall: Bowie, GNR, AC/DC, Genesis, Spinal Tap, Pink Floyd.

A hand plugs a guitar cord into an amp. An amp is turned all the way up.

Bryan stands back in front of a full length mirror.

He brings the guitar pick up behind his right ear and then unleashes an E-minor chord.

63. INT. CHAPMAN KITCHEN.

(Mom and Dad look up at the ceiling. They sit across from each other having breakfast. They hear loud guitar chords over and over. Dad moves to put down his newspaper and go up there. Mom gives him a look that calms him: “let the boy try it.” Dad begrudgingly sits back down to his oatmeal.)

64. INT. BRYAN'S BEDROOM (cont.)

(Bryan rocks out, Pete Townshend style, with his Stratocaster. He gets more and more into it. Loses himself to the power of the electric guitar. And then, without thinking, he grabs the guitar by the neck and smashes the hell out of his guitar into his carpeted bedroom floor. Long silence. He looks down at it.)

65. INT. CHAPMAN KITCHEN (cont.)

(Mom and Dad, relieved yet surprised, look at each other: "What was that?")

66. INT. BRYAN'S BEDROOM (cont.)

(What he's just done sinks in to Bryan's head.)

Bryan: Shit.

67. INT. CHAPMAN LIVING ROOM.

(Bryan seated couch center. His Dad paces everywhere screaming at him. Mom stands off to the side, trying every time Dad passes her to pat him and console him and squelch him. Dad finishes his speech with a: "That's it! No more! You want another guitar, you buy it!" He slams the front door after him as he leaves.

Bryan looks out the living room's front window: it is beginning to storm outside: Lightning flashes. Thunder booms.

Close-up on Bryan's face thinking.)

68. INT. BRYAN'S BEDROOM. NEXT MORNING.

(Bryan zonked out in bed. His Dad opens the door.)

Dad: I could use your help outside.

(Last night is not spoken of. Dad acts like it's forgotten or never happened. He shuts the door. Bryan rolls over in bed: so comfy. Dad pops his head back in the room.)

Dad: (not angry) Now.

(Bryan pulls himself out of bed.)

69. EXT. FRONT YARD. SUNNY MORNING.

(Branches, leaves everywhere. The Big Maple Tree in their front yard has been split open by lightning. Half of it is fallen.)

Bryan: Holy shit.

Dad: (holding chainsaw) It's a shame. This is great wood. We can't use it all. We'll have to give some to the neighbors.

(Dad pulls a cord (maybe a musical chord resonates too, Beatles A Day In The Life chord?) and starts the chainsaw. Slow-mo: Bryan's mind lost in thought as he watches his Dad cut down the obliterated Maple tree. Bryan's eyes focus on a big block of wood in front of him.)

Dad: Heads up!

(Bryan looks up. The remains of the tree fall straight at him but Bryan is frozen, he doesn't move. The top branches land at Bryan's feet, just missing him.)

Dad: Hey! Wake up! Let's go!

(Bryan walks over to his Dad as he keeps cutting apart the tree with his chainsaw.)

Bryan: Hey, Dad.

Dad: Yeah! (over chainsaw)

Bryan: Can I have some wood?

Dad: (can't hear him) What?

Bryan: Can I have some wood?!

Dad: You want some wood?!

Bryan: Yeah!

Dad: Sure! Have all the wood you want! (back to work cutting)

(Bryan drags off a huge block of wood towards the garage. His Dad's head pops up out of an area of branches and gives his common look "what is that kid up to now?")

70. INT. GARAGE. DAY.

(A huge block of wood stands in the middle of the garage. Bryan stands looking at it, thinking. Finally, he realizes something.)

71. INT. LIBRARY.

(In the Music section Bryan's finger moves down the shelf scanning book titles. Finally he reaches the Mel Bay section (it's massive). He passes a title then goes back to it and pulls it out:

"Mel Bay's Learn How to Build Guitar"

Bryan's face gives a, "Wow. That's perfect."

72. GUITAR-MAKING MONTAGE. INT. GARAGE. NIGHT.

(Bryan puts googles on his face. Like a sculptor, he begins cutting down the big block of wood with a gouge and chisel.)

73. INT. BRYAN'S BEDROOM. DAY.

(Laid out on Bryan's bed are guitar picture books of famous guitars: B.B. King's Lucille, Bo Diddley's The Twang Machine, Brian May's Red Special, and finally Eddie Van Halen's Frankenstrat. A notebook in his lap Bryan nods his head and takes notes.)

74. INT. BRYAN'S BEDROOM. AT HIS DESK. NIGHT.

(Late at night Bryan, with a pencil, sketches a rudimentary model for his new guitar. He doesn't like it, crumples the paper, tosses it over his shoulder, it lands among two dozen other crumpled pages.)

75. INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

(Bryan, on the couch with a notebook taking notes. He watches video of famous guitarists: Eric Clapton, Slash, Frank Zappa...)

76. INT. GARAGE. DAY.

(Bryan cuts down parts of the chunk more, now using a table saw. Splinters fly everywhere but Bryan's goggle protected eyes remain singularly determined. His Mom and Dad lean into frame and look in the open garage door, perplexed by what the hell he's doing.)

77. INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

(Bryan on the couch. More famous guitarists: Stevie Ray Vaughn, Angus Young, Jimmy Page...)

78. INT. BRYAN'S BEDROOM. AT HIS DESK. LATE AT NIGHT.

(More unsuccessful sketching, he tosses a crumpled sheet over his shoulder. It lands among fifty-plus other discarded pages.)

79. INT. MUSEUM. DAY.

(Searching for sweet elusive inspiratu Bryan looks at abstract paintings: Pollocks, Kandinskys, Picassos, DeKoonings, etc. And then...something comes to him.)

80. INT. BRYAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

(Now with an easel in his room, Bryan sketches away. A mountain of big crumpled papers on the floor behind him. His eyes above the top of the easel grow larger: he has discovered something, something important.)

81. INT. GARAGE. DAY.

(The block takes shape as the body of a guitar. Bryan starts sanding it. A long piece of wood for the neck stands next to him. Again, his Mom and Dad look in on him.)

82. INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

(Couch. More famous guitarists: Duane Allman, Keith Richards, Jimi Hendrix...)

83. INT. GARAGE. DAY.

(Bryan drills pegholes into the head of the guitar.

Bryan hammers frets onto the neck.

Bryan holds up, in two pieces, the body and the neck.)

84. INT. BRYAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

(Bryan stands back and admires the painting on his easel. A small smile grows across his face.)

85. EXT. JUNKYARD. DAY.

(Bryan sifting through a dumpster for parts and wiring. Random electronic detritus.

Perhaps he finds a beat-up discarded theremin. Some spark plugs. A bit of bungee cord.)

[add more]

86. INT. GUITAR CENTER. DAY.

(Bryan's eyes look around the room cautiously. Across the room he sees the dorky Sales Kid with his back to him. When the Sales Kid bends over to pick up a guitar to show some customers, Bryan seizes the opportunity to pocket guitar pickups, parts kits, control pots, output jacks, etc.)

87. EXT. DRIVEWAY. DAY.

(Bryan spray paints the hanging body of the guitar. Mom and Dad look on from a side window inside their house. Bryan pulls off strips of painters tape revealing thin yellow lines over red. He pulls off some tape shaped like a lightning bolt: yellow lightning revealed.)

88. INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

(Bryan has the body and neck in front of him on the coffee table still in two parts and just wires and string and rubbers bands and electronics parts sticking and pointing out of everywhere all around him. He watches The History Channel as he works. A program about the Nazis, of course. Shots of Hitler's army marching. Adolph giving an impassioned speech with subtitles. Subtitle: "We shall create a Mean Machine." Bryan catches a quick glimpse of the Mean Machine subtitle, he does a double take. Hitler again, subtitled: "Our Mean Machine will crush all who oppose the will of the courageous! The will of the people! A Mean Machine for the people!" Much applause, Hitler pauses. The show's narrator takes over: "Hitler created his Mean Machine faster than anyone in western civilization could have thought...or hoped." Cut to a commercial for Washer Balls and Dryer Balls. Bryan looks down at his mess of wiring and his guitar. He looks up, thinking: he has an idea.)

89. INT. GARAGE. DUSK.

(The Guitar, seen from behind, is finished. We can't tell anything about it except the shape which looks a little strange – maybe some weird sharp angles to the body – but

nothing that would stick out right away. Bryan's face is frozen firmly up by the guitar's head. He dips a pencil-thin paint brush into a small jar of gold paint, then brings the brush up to the head and ever so carefully – Bryan's tongue stuck out of his mouth in concentration – he paints seemingly a cursive name.

The camera, still behind the suspended guitar, pulls away and down the driveway as we see dusk on a cool summer night and a kid in a garage with a couple lights on him as he works.)

90. EXT. BRIGHT SUNSHINE MORNING.

(Blue sky everywhere. Sunshine drenched street. Bright green leaves on trees. Birds chirping. Sprinklers whizzing. Paper Boys tossing.)

91. EXT. A LADDER. DAY.

(A pair of Chuck Taylor sneakers climb a creaky wooden ladder. A body in a used white painter's jumpsuit (sort of a Pete Townshend/The Clash look) disappears atop the garage.)

92. EXT. ATOP THE GARAGE. DAY.

(A hand turns all the dials on an Amp all the way up to 10. A guitar cord is plugged into an amp. A pair of large dark sunglasses are put over Bryan's eyes. The volume knob on a guitar is turned all the way up.

93. INT. BRYAN'S BEDROOM. DAY.

For the first time we see, on the easel, Bryan's guitar painting—the model he's been shooting for.

94. EXT. ATOP THE GARAGE. DAY.

Right hand outstretched, Bryan holds a golden pick up towards the sky dramatically.

Panning up from the front: Bryan's Chuck Taylors stand on a shingled roof.

Slow dramatic pan up his body: white pants legs with splatters of paint. The body of the guitar comes into view:

Shape: somewhere between a Stratocaster and a Gibson SG.

Color: a dark red with a large yellow lightning bolt and little yellow lightning bolt inlays. Maybe a sky blue Jackson Pollock-esque pick guard resembling a cloud formation.

Wires fray out of the guitar, bungee cords wrapped around it. Duct tape. A spark plug sticks out. String.

Continuing the pan up to the shiny black head. Written in shiny gold cursive letters, it says:

Hitler

A wide shot from the front of Bryan atop the garage ready to strike.

Back to over his right shoulder shot. Bryan tilts and holds his golden guitar pick near his right ear, poised to strike downward. (Back to the Future shot) He lets fly with his golden pick:

Loud E minor chord.

Birds scatter.

95. INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

(Mid-sip of coffee Bryan's Dad spills the joe on himself. Mom, scissors in hand, slices a whole page of coupons in half instead of just the one she wanted. They both turn their heads, and look to the kitchen window.

More electric guitar chords reverberate over the neighborhood.

Mom and Dad slowly approach their kitchen window. They look out the kitchen sink window and see their son in his Dad's painter's jumpsuit, his Mom's dark Elizabeth Taylor sunglasses, rocking out atop their garage in the early morning sunshine against a blue sky backdrop.)

96. INT. KITCHEN. RETURNING TO PRESENT INTERVIEW (cont.)

Mom: (recovered from her emotion, has joined them in the kitchen) I mean what kind of nice Jewish boy calls his guitar Hitler?!

Dad: He was being a smart ass!

Mom: Hitler!

Arthur: I don't know. Maybe—

Mom: Hitler!

Dad: He heard you the first time!

Mom: I don't care how many times he hears me. It's Hitler!

Dad: That damn guitar! And that moron took it everywhere he went...

97. INT. PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY. DAY.

(Bryan, a freshman, heavy backpack on, also carries a "KISS" lunchbox in one hand and his guitar case in the other.)

98. INT. BLOCKBUSTER VIDEO. NIGHT.

(Bryan reshelves videos. As he moves down a row to the next section he pushes his little cart full of videos. Then he walks back the four feet and moves his guitar case to his new location so it's right next to him while he shelves.)

99. EXT. THE BEACH. DAY.

(Bryan's at the beach. A bunch of his friends run off into the ocean. They urge Bryan to join them. He is torn, he wants to but he looks back and sees his guitar case laid out on a beach towel.)

100. EXT. ROLLERCOASTER. DAY.

(A quick shot of Bryan in a rollercoaster car as it slowly climbs the first big hill. His guitar case is strapped down next to him. The rollercoaster hurdles down the hill. Bryan puts his arm across Hitler's case just to make sure, but he is all smiles too. It is great fun they are having. Together.)

101. INT. KITCHEN. INTERVIEW (cont.)

Arthur: Was he playing out at this point?

Mom: Out?

Arthur: Like gigs.

Mom: No, no. He just practiced. He was always practicing up in his room.

Dad: Choking the chicken.

Mom: He was practicing.

Dad: Making noise.

Arthur: But he never played anywhere? What was the first time he played out?

(Mom and Dad look at each other knowingly.)

102. INT. PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM. DAYTIME.

(It is afternoon but the shades are drawn on the large windows up high around the gym, but light easily creeps in around the sides so you can see it is daytime. Lights are off in the gym but anytime doors are opened light floods in. A temporary makeshift stage is set up. A couple rows of the gym's overhead lights have been left on. Two spotlights with student operators.

The bleachers are half full on both sides. The rest of the student body stands on the basketball court.

A Green Day wanna-be band leaves the stage to a good round of applause. Out comes the uncool teacher M.C.

Teacher: (over dramatic) And the battle continues! The battle for Flushing High. Who will represent?! Who will rule Flushing from on High? Rule on High!!?

Kid: (bleachers, up high) Fuck You!!

(Laughter)

Teacher: (effects him) All right. The battle of the bands. Next up is senior Bryan Chapman playing an original song that he wrote himself. (he pulls out a card and reads from it) But this afternoon he's not Bryan Chapman. Bryan Chapman doesn't exist. Bryan Chapman is dead. (Mr. Chapman, in the back of the room, gives another one of his customary looks: "Oh, no. Now what?") And the man who killed him is the man he became. Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome, straight from the planet Acturus in Rigel Nine, Tanq Thunderball!!

(A dorky stage crew kid starts a smoke machine. Another stage crew kid lights up some large sparklers. A third stage crew kid, the sound board operator, presses play on a cassette tape. Music begins: drums, bass, synths – all obviously pre-recorded. The music builds. The audience looks on perplexed. The stage fills with smoke, the sparklers spray.

A large white paper-mache Egg is wheeled onstage by two stage crew kids dressed in black. They exit the stage. The audience is thoroughly confused.

Suddenly, timed to the music, a left fist breaks out of the side of the egg triumphantly. On another big beat a right fist breaks out. On the next big beat out steps Tanq Thunderball. He has some small difficulty getting out of the egg and has to wipe away a piece of paper-mache covering his face, but he makes it out in one piece. And now, with both spotlights on him, we get our first good look at Tanq Thunderball: he's a crazy superhero/Ziggy Stardust/Peter Gabriel circa 1973 creation with a little bit of KISS thrown in for good measure. But unfortunately Bryan's body more closely resembles that of Meat Loaf.

No one in the building knows what to say. At first: stupification.

Tanq goes right into guitar chords on Hitler. Then he walks up to the microphone and starts singing (a Space Oddity type song perhaps, "Roadside Explosion").

[Anthem underscoring?]

During the pre-chorus build he expects an explosion that doesn't come. He looks offstage to a terrified crew kid. Bryan/Tanq stares down the little freshman and nods, "Go on! Do it!" The stage crew kid closes his eyes and lights a fuse. Tanq hits the chorus. There is an

upstage explosion like someone put a whole bunch of firecrackers (M-80s) in a metal garbage can and set them all off – which is precisely what Bryan/Tanq did.

It sounds like machine gun fire. The audience is rightly terrified: screams, people immediately duck to the floor – Tanq keeps rockin’ – the rat-a-tat-tat continues firing, ricocheting off the metal container and then bouncing off the gym walls creating an echo effect. How many damn firecrackers did he put in there? The Principal points to the two kids manning the gym’s overhead lights. “Lights!” The Principal instructs. The two kids flick all the lights on.

All the lights in the gym come on (but not fully because it takes a few minutes for the lights to completely heat up) but it’s enough to surprise everybody and relieve them. But the rat-a-tat-tat continues. Once the overhead lights hit—the sound kid hits stop on the cassette. Tanq keeps rocking to no music. Two seconds later the firecrackers end and we get five more seconds of Tanq’s chorus until he realizes there’s no backup music, no explosions, and the lights are on. He stops. The sparklers fizz out.

Teacher: (from backstage walks out onstage toting the trash bin) Everything’s okay. It’s just firecrackers. In a trash can? It’s all right.

Everyone in the room looks at Tanq with utter bewilderment. The Teacher stands next to Tanq and has no idea what to say to him, he just stares in confused disbelief like everyone else. Bryan doesn’t know what to do. He hadn’t planned for this possibility. Suddenly, breaking the stunned silence, from up high in the bleachers: “Fag!”

Bryan exits upstage as quickly as possible.

Bryan’s Mom and Dad, in the back of the gymnasium, look at each other.)

103. INT. KITCHEN. INTERVIEW (cont.)

Arthur: And then he started playing places.

Mom: Yes.

Dad: Mooching is what he did—

Mom: Honey—

Dad: Mooch, mooch, mooch. That’s what that kid was good at—

Mom: Dear, now let’s not—

Dad: Never kept a job for longer than a few months—and why would he? He had the perfect setup here: free food and free rent—I wanted to start charging him rent but She wouldn’t let me. The freeloader.

104. INT. BRYAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

(He tries on different shirts for his Tanq look. His Mom enters with a plate of sandwiches, a handful of chips, and a glass of diet coke. Bryan doesn't even acknowledge her, just part of their routine, he's not being mean. She quietly puts the tray down on his desk next to a Black Box stage model Bryan is working on. Then she tiptoes out, not wanting to disturb his concentration.)

105. INT. UPS FACILITY. NIGHT.

(Boxes slide off a conveyor belt. Bryan sits off to the side practicing Hitler. The boxes pile up in the end trough, then fall to the floor. Bryan keeps playing, oblivious to the problem at hand. A Supervisor walks on and can't believe what he sees.)

Dad: (V.O.) He couldn't even keep a job loading boxes?! I mean, how hard is it to load boxes? You take them off the truck, you put them on the truck. You take them off, you put them on. The moron couldn't even handle that!

106. INT. KITCHEN. INTERVIEW. (cont.)

Arthur: Well, you're son was a musician, he was an artist who, ya know, would do whatever he could to keep doing that.

107. INT. DOMA. DAY.

(Bryan setting up for a gig on the small four by four riser. He's dressed in streetclothes.)

108. INT. KITCHEN. INTERVIEW (cont.)

Dad: That might be the biggest croc of shit I've ever heard in my life.

109. INT. DOMA. DAY. (cont.)

(Bryan as Tanq rocking out hard in the trendy little coffee shop. Everyone in the place is petrified. The Doma manager interrupts Bryan mid-song and politely asks him to leave.)

110. INT. KITCHEN. INTERVIEW (cont.)

Dad: An artist?!

Mom: Honey, come on—

Dad: An Artist?! He was a bum. A Bum!!

111. EXT. ALLEYWAY. NIGHT.

(Bryan, dressed as Tanq but with a puffy powder blue down parka on overtop with a pair of matching blue mittens pinned to the sleeves. He carries his guitar case and walks down a cold, damp alleyway.)

112. INT. KITCHEN. INTERVIEW. (cont.)

Arthur: Did you know Ethan? Ethan Wright?

Mom: No.

Dad: No. We never went down to that club.

Arthur: No? Why not?

(Mom moves to talk, but:

Dad: Because we like good music, Mr. Thompson.

113. INT. BRYAN'S BEDROOM. DAY.

(Pan across glam rock posters and memorabilia. Arthur looks around Bryan's bedroom as Mom remains in the doorway suppressing the tears from coming.)

Dad: (V.O.) Johnny Mathis, Perry Como, Engelbert Humperdinck,

Mom: (thru tears) Lawrence Welk.

Dad: That's right! Real music.

(Shot of Bryan admiring himself in a full length mirror, sucks in his gut, he's dressed as an incarnation of Tanq.)

Dad: (V.O.) Not flash. Not pose. Not crap.

(Mom, Dad, and Arthur in Bryan's bedroom talking. Real quick pan across Bryan's three guitar stands: an acoustic guitar rests in one, an electric bass in the other, but the middle stand is empty.)

Arthur: Did Bryan have a girlfriend?

(Dad laughs)

Mom: No, no.

Arthur: A boyfriend?

Mom: (gentle, not at all offended by the question) No, he wasn't gay.

Dad: He wasn't gay. He was a loser! Maybe if he'd a been gay he wouldn't've been such a loser!!

Mom: (emotion returns) What kind of person blows up a building?!

Dad: He didn't blow up that building! I don't care what they say on the TV! I don't care what the police or anybody else says! I know my son. He might've been a moron but he wasn't stupid!

(Cue: Tanq's music over the scene change.)

114. INT. FRONT DOOR. DAY.

(Arthur leaving the Chapman home, thanking them. He has a handful of CD's, DV tapes, a few photographs. Mrs. Chapman is very nice to Arthur, glad that he came. Mr. Chapman is sick of talking to him and walks back to the kitchen without saying goodbye. Arthur waves and smiles to Mrs. Chapman as she closes the front door after him.)

115. INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT. DUSK. (MAGIC HOUR)

(Arthur pours himself a stiff drink and then sits down at his computer.)

Arthur: (V.O.) Tanq Thunderball. What a name.

(Arthur visits Tanq Thunderball's myspace page. It is an elaborate setup: rotating photo album of pictures. A gig calendar. And a video starts loading that Arthur waits for. He enjoys his drink.)

Arthur: (V.O.) Could he really have known enough about explosives to blow up a building?

(Video begins onscreen but Arthur isn't noticing. He also doesn't realize he accidentally has the volume on his computer speakers turned all the way up.)

Arthur: (V.O.) I mean, a rock show's one thing but—

(A huge explosion erupts on a small dark stage. Arthur does a spit-take he's caught by such surprise.)

Arthur: (coughing) Jesus.

(He fumbles for the volume and turns it down. Tanq explodes onto the stage, all by himself and goes into his Anthem.)

Arthur looks over to the two overturned face-down picture frames on a small living room table. His face turns sad, all light goes out of his eyes. Tanq's Anthem carries us thru:

116. INT. OFFICE. DAYTIME.

Arthur trying to do some work. Another Roger email pops up. Subject: "Hey, Amigo!" Arthur ignores it.

117. INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

On his toilet, Arthur reading a copy of his magazine, The Scene. Suddenly he becomes disgusted, throws the magazine down on the linoleum.

Arthur: Goddamn It.

118. EXT. POLICE STATION. DAY.

Arthur enters the front doors of a Police Station. Two muzzled German Shepherd Police Dogs exit with their corresponding Officers holding their leashes. They are bad-ass looking dogs.

Arthur: Wow.

Police Officer 1: Take your fucking hand off.

Arthur: Really?

Police Officer 2: Oh yeah.

After a final look at the departing dogs, Arthur enters the Police Station's front doors.

119. INT. A POLICE OFFICE. DAY.

Arthur sits in an office waiting. He is bored and looks over the bulletin board behind the desk as he waits.

The door flies open and in enters a middle-aged Man who looks similar to Arthur, although this guy is dressed in a suit and tie, has a bit of a tan, and carries himself with authority, something Arthur does not.

Arthur: (stands awkwardly when the Guy enters) Hey, Kenny.

Kenny: You know I'm busy. I got stuff to do.

Arthur: Yeah, yeah, I know. I'm sorry to bother you.

Kenny: What is it? You look terrible.

Arthur: Yeah. Well you look good. I like the office.

Kenny: It's an office, ya know.

Arthur: Yeah. Yeah.

Kenny: So what is it? (sits down behind his desk)

Arthur: I just uh...I have this uh, case I'm working on, not a case, you guys do cases,

Kenny: A story?

Arthur: Yeah. You know that Condo Tower that blew up down on the lower east side, I just uh, do you know anything about that?

Kenny: (laughs) Like what?

Arthur: Like what happened? I'm just, uh, curious. Two musicians—

Kenny: Ah. Musicians.

Arthur: I just can't get it out of my head why these two musicians would blow up that building.

Kenny: One musician.

Arthur: One?

Kenny: One.

Arthur: Bryan Chapman.

Kenny: There you go. Case closed. Good job.

Arthur: Why? How'd he get explosives? I mean that was a big, huge explosion—you don't just go down to Rite Aid and pick up—

Kenny: All right. Look...I can see you have your overactive imagination going again, I know you're going through a rough patch, so I'm gonna put your mind at ease. Just this once. Just for you.

Arthur: All right.

Kenny: But you can't repeat this. I'm sure it will all come out soon enough, but until then...

Arthur: Yeah. Absolutely.

Kenny: C-4.

Arthur: Jesus! Explosives?

Kenny: You know another kind?

Arthur: Sorry.

Kenny: Chapman's cousin, Donnie Chapman, owns a small demolition company in the Bronx...

Arthur: Bryan stole it.

Kenny: Bingo.

Arthur: Fuck...And that's for sure?

Kenny: What, you think I'm lying?

Arthur: No. Sorry...(trying to wrap his mind around this new information, lost in thought)

Kenny: All right. (stands up) I have shit to do. So...It's been religious, Bro.

Arthur: Yeah...(lost) (Kenny walks him to the door)

Kenny: And get some sun. You don't look well.

Arthur: Yeah. I will. Thanks. Thanks, Kenny.

Kenny: Anytime. Don't go repeating that now.

Arthur: No. No. (wanders down the hallway)

(Kenny stands in the doorway, waves to Arthur, feels sorry for him, shakes his head.)

Kenny: And call Mom!

(Arthur doesn't turn around but waves over his right shoulder as if to say, "Right. Yeah. I will.")

120. INT. OFFICE. NIGHT.

Arthur stares ahead thinking. Another email pops up from Roger. Subject: "Cock!" Arthur ignores it. On his computer Arthur is perusing the Toodle-oo website. He just can't seem to leave well enough alone. He clicks around on photos. He stops on a picture of Gordon Deck.

121. EXT. EAST VILLAGE. DAYTIME.

(Arthur, hungover again, walks through the East Village streets. He looks up at the bright sun and squints painfully. He sees old historic landmark buildings, and then right next to them big brand new condominium complexes. He walks thru Tompkins Square Park. The Busker is playing to a small crowd. Arthur passes. As he does two Policemen walk up to the Busker and ask him for his permit.

122. EXT. OUTSIDE TOODLE-OO. DAY.

Arthur walks past the empty lot where the Condo Tower and Toodle-oo once stood. He pauses a moment and takes in the nothingness. Arthur turns right and ducks into a local bar/restaurant right across the street from the empty lot.

123. INT. BAR/GRILLE. DAY.

(Sunlight floods through the brand new front windows (had to be replaced) but the place is practically empty (it is a late Sunday morning after all). Arthur sees a large dangerous looking man. Thick glasses, a scowl across his face, leather vest – a real fuck off attitude without saying a word. And he’s eating messy Buffalo wings. At 11 a.m. There’s also a red toy kazoo on the table.)
(Tanq’s Music Out.)

Arthur: Gordon Deck?

Gordon: Who the fuck are you?

Arthur: Arthur Thompson...The Scene.

Gordon: What Scene?

Arthur: Scene Magazine?

Gordon: (tone switches to sweet immediately) Oh, yeah. Yeah. Right. Sit down. You want a drink?

Arthur: Yeah, sure.

Gordon: What’s your poison?

Arthur: Cup of coffee’d be great.

Gordon: (yells to bartender) Jeff!! Irish coffee! And I’ll have another. (He looks down at the pile of stripped wings, a dozen still to go. He copes with grief via food) I really shouldn’t be eating these things.

Arthur: Why’s that?

Gordon: (incredulous) ‘Cause they’re terrible for you...What can I say, I’m weak. I’m a weak man. (He looks out the front window at the empty lot that once was his music club.)

Arthur: It was a great club.

Gordon: Yeah. You saw shows?

Arthur: A lot. Years ago. I used to see a lot when I was younger.

Gordon: I hear ya there. There used to be tons of great clubs.

Arthur: Gas Station, Luna Lounge,

Gordon: Bottom Line, Tramps, Sin-e

Arthur: Coney Island High.

Gordon: That's right.

(Jeff arrives with Arthur's Irish Coffee and Gordon's Bloody Mary and a new fresh glass of water.)

Gordon: Thanks, Jeff.

Jeff: You got it. You want food?

Arthur: No, I'm good. Thanks.

Jeff: It's okay with me.

(Arthur laughs. Gordon and Jeff do not. Jeff leaves.)

Arthur: (uncomfortable) How you been doing the last few weeks?

Gordon: Well...My club of sixteen years closed and then blew up, my girlfriend tells me I'm depressed and to stop eating like a horse or she'll dump my ass, my teenage daughter is dating some guy named Deek who is a deek, and my hemorrhoid surgery is next week.

Arthur: So you're well.

Gordon: Can't complain. (smirks)

Arthur: You obviously knew Bryan and Ethan well.

Gordon: Yes I did. As well as can be expected. We didn't hang out. But they played at my place. All the time.

Arthur: Why would Bryan—why would they blow themselves up?

Gordon: I have no fucking idea. Suicide? But kids these days are crazy. Who knows why they do anything. Deek.

DISSOLVE TO:

124. INT. TONIC.

(Bryan, dressed casually but with Hitler strapped on, and Ethan stand against a wall waiting. They don't talk but seem anxious. Gordon walks out of his office, toots his red toy kazoo like a bugler, and posts the evening's running order outside his door.)

Gordon: Enjoy, ladies.

(Gordon exits back into his office. Bryan and Ethan look at the set list:

9 PM – Peter Pasko
10 PM – Tom Beach
11 PM – Tanq Thunderball
12 PM – E. Wright

Bryan: What the fuck? Hey, Gordo. Gordo, man, you can't do this.

Gordon: What's done is done.

Bryan: You gotta put me last. Ethan can't close.

Gordon: Sure he can, he just never has. Right, Ethan?

Ethan: (quietly, looks down at shoes) No.

(Enter Peter Pasko and Tom Beach, checking when they play.)

Bryan: But Tanq's got a new album. I got video projections, I got loops, I got costume changes, I'm gonna set off some cluster bombs—don't worry, my cousin Ronnie's here, he's a volunteer fire fighter—it's a big—it's gonna be huge, it's a big production.

Gordon: Just don't blow the power this time.

Bryan: Come on. Ethan, what do you say? You want to switch? You're not a closing act.

Ethan: It doesn't matter to me. I just want to play my music.

Bryan: See, he doesn't care.

Gordon: No.

Bryan: Come on, Gordo. What does it matter?

Gordon: No. Exactly.

Bryan: He's not a closing act. It's just him and his guitar. There's no drama. There's no fireworks. There's—

Gordon: Don't use fireworks. I've told you before.

Bryan: There's no theatrics. There's no show!

(Bryan steps outside the office. Pasko looks at Bryan's guitar for a few seconds. Beach gives a wave, Hi. They all know each other.)

Gordon: Bryan, it's not gonna happen. Ethan's closing.

(Silence. Beach looks at his shoes. Pasko stares at Bryan. Ethan fidgets with his jacket. Bryan storms out of Gordon's office and down the hall past Ethan, Pasko, and Beach.)

Bryan: I'm gonna do a whole set on the ukulele! No. A whole tambourine show. All tambourine solo! In a frock. A bland brown frock! Like a Monk! A tambourine playing Monk! Bring the fucking house down!

125. INT. BAR/GRILLE. (cont.)

Gordon: I had four clubs before I opened Toodle-oo. My first place,

(A young Gordon stands on the sidewalk in front of the simple neon sign for his new club, The Brown Note.)

Gordon: (V.O.) was a jazz club, The Brown Note.

(A John Coltrane-type blasts away on a soprano sax.)

Gordon: (V.O.) It started out well. But then I was accused of racism because I had only black musicians. Really? Can you believe that shit?

Gordon: (V.O.) Then there was Gordon Deck's—

(Another sign—real hippie artsy fartsy:
Gordon Deck's Medicinal Tonic and Hair Cream)

Gordon: (V.O.) Medicinal Tonic and Hair Cream. What can I say? It was a strange period. (a quick shot of Gordon dressed in full-on crazy hippie attire) After that was Club Vietnam...

(Private Gordon Deck in Saigon on a U.S. Army base doing his radio show. He talks into the microphone, spins records, toots his kazoo, etc.)

Gordon: (V.O.) I was an army D.J. Not a bad gig. Unfortunately my bad judgment was to actually tell what was going on.

(In the Studio Private Deck is passed a press release that he proceeds to crumple up and toss to the floor without thinking twice and just carries on with his show. Two Engineers in the booth look at each other puzzled, thinking: “That can’t be good.”)

Outside two Soldiers listening on a transistor radio look at each other surprised by what they’re hearing.

A Jeep, in the backseat a Two Star General, two Soldiers up front, they listen to the radio—suddenly the General orders the driver to stop and pull over. They all listen to the radio. The General’s face shows he can’t believe what he’s hearing. Who the hell is this guy? And why is he telling it like it is? He shouldn’t be on the air? This is the United States Army, Goddamit!

Gordon: (V.O.) That didn’t go over very well.

Gordon: So after my discharge, I got back home and a few years later I opened up Propaganda (show a simple wooden sign), my hardcore place—

(Gordon looks on as a crowd on the floor in front of the stage starts beating the hell out of each other. Gordon is stupefied by this scene and disgusted.)

Gordon: (V.O.) —and I made some cash. Made a lot of cash actually. But goddamn it I hated that music. Kids beating the hell out of each other, that wasn’t what I wanted. So I closed Propaganda and started a little coffee shop, The Grind—

(A Little Cute Coffee Shop: The Grind. A small place, simple, adorable.)

Gordon: (V.O.) Grind was good—good coffee. My buddy Miguel really knew how to make good strong cup of coffee—

(A fat Mexican Guy holds up two handfuls of coffee beans for Gordon to smell. Gordon takes a whiff but could really care less. He leaves. Miguel is annoyed by his aloof boss.)

Gordon: (V.O.) And there were poetry readings,

(An Emily Dickinson-type reads her poetry aloud. Gordon sits behind the counter reading the newspaper and chewing on his kazoo.)

Gordon: (V.O.) (cont.) and book readings,

(A pompous Christopher Hitchens-type reads from his new book. Gordon bored outside smoking.)

Gordon: (V.O.) (cont.) and little art shows,

(A Basquiat-type explains one of his paintings to two eager yuppies. Close-up of the painting. Close-up of Gordon's face as he looks at the terribly pretentious painting. His face is blank.)

Gordon: (V.O.) (cont.) but really I missed the music.

126. INT. BAR/GRILLE
(Arthur nods his head.)

Gordon: I mean, it was so fucking boring. So fucking boring.

Arthur: You wanted to rock.

Gordon: Exactly. I wanted to rock. Again.

127. EXT. TOODLE-OO. NIGHT.
(The front of Toodle-oo (there is no Condo Tower, this scene is much earlier). We follow Gordon as he crosses the street (presumably exits the same bar/restaurant he sits in for the interview with Arthur). He approaches Tonic. There is a long line snaking down the street. He gives a pat on the shoulder to the big, bald Bouncer. The Bouncer smiles to Gordon, then once Gordon passes, the Bouncer turns stern and checks some hipster twerp's I.D. Above, we see the Tonic sign and then follow, over his shoulder, Gordon inside (this continuous shot should mimic the Henry Hill Copacabana entrance in Scorsese's "Goodfellas". Three shots to use throughout: behind Gordon, in front of Gordon, and to the side of Gordon.)

128. INT. TONIC. FOLLOWING GORDON. (cont.)
(Gordon follows the line of kids waiting to get into the main room. He says Hi to someone he knows. He puts his hand on the shoulder of the Guy snapping wristbands on wrists. Gordon approaches the box office booth which is rapidly selling tickets. He checks in with the Girl and Guy working the booth. They show him what their counter is at: 296. Gordon puts up his hands as if to signal: "10 more then that's it." The crowd (led by a young, spunky Penny Charliehorse) moans, detecting that Gordon just ended their chances of getting in. Gordon cracks a joke to the Girl in the booth, she smiles. Gordon circles back around. He gives a pat, as he passes, to the Kid ripping tickets. Gordon enters the main room: just a big empty, garage-like space. Gordon swings over to the bar in the back. The young Bartender sees him and pours Wild Turkey on the rocks (Gordon's drink) that he places down in front of him. After watching the band onstage for a few seconds Gordon picks up his drink and moves to another door across the room. A sign on the door reads:

Restricted Access (Private)

Drop down to a smaller sign: That Means You, Asshole!

(Gordon unlocks the door and steps thru into his office.)

JUMP CUT:

Gordon's office door opens and out he steps. He's dressed differently. It is a few years later. As he crosses the floor we see a different band playing. The room is $\frac{3}{4}$ full. Penny Charliehorse films the action with a Super 8 camera. Gordon walks up to the bar, a different Bartender immediately pours him his drink. He sips and surveys the scene.

JUMP CUT:

Gordon's office door opens. Out he steps dressed differently, it's a few years later. The room is $\frac{1}{2}$ full. A different band plays, Penny Charliehorse films with a VHS Camcorder. Gordon walks up to the bar, a different Bartender pours him his drink. He downs the beverage in one long gulp. He looks over the room suspiciously.

JUMP CUT:

Gordon's office door opens. Out he steps dressed differently, it's a few more years later. The room is $\frac{1}{4}$ full. Yet another different band plays, Penny Charliehorse films with a small miniDV Camcorder (like a Canon ZR10). Gordon makes for the bar, a different Bartender doesn't notice him at first (busy flirting with a girl). Gordon finally slams his fist down on the bar. The Bartender comes over and pours him a shot. Gordon stares him down. The Bartender pours a double—keeps pouring—Gordon just stares blankly at him—keeps pouring—a triple—hound dog stare—a quadruple—blank eyes—glass almost full—the nervous Bartender finally stops when the highball glass is full. Gordon nods, the Bartender disappears. Gordon picks up the heavy drink and downs it in three big glugs. It doesn't seem to phase him at all. He dejectedly looks over the room. His face shows his thoughts: this band sucks.

JUMP CUT:

Gordon's office door. It doesn't open. The camera waits for it, then gives up and pans left. A few years later. The room has maybe 20 people in it. A different band plays. Penny Charliehorse films with a large professional looking DV Camcorder (like a Canon XL2). Over at the bar sits Gordon drunk. A half-empty bottle of Wild Turkey in front of him, he pours another large shot and downs it. He grimaces. One gets the impression he's been abusing himself with the drink for a good many months. A crappy three piece band exits the stage to a smattering of applause. Gordon doesn't care, he knows they suck too. It's open mic night but Gordon long ago gave up auditioning the acts. He simply doesn't care anymore.

A young Guy walks onstage with his electric guitar. He plugs in, goes and sits down on a chair centerstage (not a good sign). The open mic M.C. introduces him.

M.C.: Folks, give a hand for...(checks his card) Peter Pasko.

Three people semi-applaud. No one has ever seen this little guy before: wild hair, glasses, looks ultra-serious or crazy—like a postgraduate student who is so immersed in his dissertation that he has no idea there's a whole other world out there: that's what Peter Pasko looks like.

Bored and drunk, Gordon puts his head down on the bar (next to his kazoo) to take a nap. Pasko quietly tunes up. Gordon lets out a deep sigh and starts to drift off...

And EXPLOSION of guitar! Not necessarily volume but Power. Dexterous, powerful playing.

Gordon's eyes open wide. He slowly sits up and takes in what he sees:

This little guy seated on a wobbly wooden chair tearing into his electric guitar. Not so much playing as prodding out the notes and chords. Notes with a power of somewhere otherworldly. It's music that's impossible to ignore, it's played with such quiet angry passion. The notes explode at the audience. In one word: powerful.

Gordon hasn't heard anything like this in a long time. He is immediately reenergized, excited about living again and putting on musical acts in his club.

Pasko keeps blasting out powerful sounds into the room. Gordon looks around. He can tell not everyone likes it but no one isn't glued to what Pasko's doing. One girl even has her hands over her ears but still she watches him play. Penny Charliehorse, excited, zooms in close on Pasko. Gordon takes all of this in as Pasko hits a high point in his first number and then stops.

Real applause this time and Pasko eyes it very suspiciously. But Gordon Deck is excited once again. Excited by music. He applauds. He toots his kazoo.

129. INT. TONIC. ONSTAGE.

A few weeks later. Tommy Beach is onstage playing. The room is still only maybe ¼ full but it's better than before. Beach plays the electric bass. He's a comedy guy: funny songs. Some improv. Some written. And he really is funny, the small audience is enjoying him.

Gordon sits at the bar. He looks much better. He takes a small sip of his Wild Turkey on the rocks, that's all he needs. He laughs—a real laugh.

Tommy Beach keeps performing his act. Penny Charliehorse films. Peter Pasko stands off to the side of the stage, ultra-serious looking. It's not that he dislikes Tommy, Pasko just doesn't get it. Any of it. He is sans sense of humor. An eggplant has a larger sense of humor.

Beach finishes his routine and leaves the stage to a good solid round of applause which he highly appreciates—he's used to busking for loose change. He gives Pasko a brotherly

pat on the shoulder. Pasko nods his head up and down, the best he can do by way of a brotherly response.

130. INT. TONIC. ONSTAGE.

A few weeks later. Ethan is onstage playing. It is a small crowd, but mostly all girls. Kristine stands offstage left. Even Penny Charliehorse has sat down, allowing someone else to videotape. She is enamored.

Gordon stands at the back taking all this in. Pasko and Beach stand on each side of him. Gordon turns his head left and looks at Beach. Beach is trying to get into Ethan but having a hard time, it's really not his thing. Gordon turns back straight ahead and eyes Ethan curiously. Gordon turns right and looks at Pasko. Pasko's face is blasé about Ethan. Gordon returns to straight ahead. All the girls and even a few guys in the room are laser-focused on Ethan. Gordon ponders this situation. Gordon brings his Wild Turkey on the rocks up to his mouth and takes a drink. Acting subconsciously, Beach (with a bottle of beer) and Pasko (with a glass of milk) bring their drinks up to their mouths and take a drink. Then all three, again acting subconsciously, lower their drinks together. Gordon chews on some ice.

131. INT. BAR/GRILLE. (cont.)

Arthur: How'd Bryan get a spot?

Gordon: Well...

132. INT. TONIC. ONSTAGE.

(Tanq Thunderball is onstage playing. Slow-mo: Explosions erupt behind him on both sides. Slow-mo: wide-eyed audience members—they are terrified.)

Gordon: (V.O.) I kind of felt sorry for him. But he did attract a certain crowd.

(Two thirteen year-old Boys unleash angry screams (still in slow-mo), loving the pyro explosions—the bigness of it all. A Bouncer grabs them by the shirt collars and pulls them out.)

Gordon: (V.O.) Unfortunately for him, I'm a music club and I serve booze. So we can't have thirteen year-olds running around, which seemed to be Bryan's—I'm sorry, Tanq's, main demographic.

(Pasko stands off stage right watching Bryan—still a blank expression remains on his face but he follows Tanq's every move.)

133. INT. BAR/GRILLE. (cont.)

Gordon: But Bryan was good for other things.

(Arthur gives an inquisitive look.)

134. INT. TONIC. DAYTIME.

(Gordon with Pasko, Beach, Ethan, and Bryan. They are going over the plans for that evening. Enter a Snazzy Guy in a dark business suit.)

Business Man: Excuse me, Mr. Deck.

Gordon: (turns and looks at him suspiciously) Yeah?

Business Man: Hi. Richard Buttermen. Just wanted to stop by, introduce myself—

Gordon: --And you have, good for you.

Business Man: Just, out of curiosity, you given any more thought to vacating early?

Gordon: (calm) You motherfuckers.

Bryan: (seated in a chair in the shadows he suddenly rises and steps into the light in full Tanq Thunderball regalia) You motherfucker!

Business Man: (totally surprised at this glam rock maniac coming straight for him) No, I didn't mean—

Bryan: (grabs him by the lapels) I would rip your heart out if you had one—

Business Man: Wait a second—

(Bryan drags him out the door. Wilber, Beach, Ethan, and Pasko wait patiently as if this is a common everyday occurrence.)

135. EXT. TONIC. DAYTIME.

(Bryan tosses Business Man to the curb.)

Bryan: (points at him, with emphasis) Thunderball. (he thinks for a second, having no idea where that came from and why he just threw out his alter-ego's last name as some kind of pseudo-threat. He turns to go back inside.)

136. INT. TONIC.

(Bryan re-enters.)

Bryan: Sorry, Gordon, you were saying?

137. INT. BAR/GRILLE. (cont.)

Gordon: That kid had major balls. Misplaced balls. But balls nonetheless. And that means a lot to me. (his mind wanders off, waxing nostalgic for a moment) But, I suppose, the writing was on the wall. (he looks out the window at...)

138. INT. TONIC.

(Tommy Beach performs onstage to a super happy $\frac{3}{4}$ full crowd.)

Gordon: (V.O.) We were doing pretty good business.

(Pasko tears into his guitar for a $\frac{1}{2}$ full crowd of audiophiles. Ethan and Bryan (Tanq) stand next to each other offstage right. Suddenly Penny Charliehorse runs in front of Ethan and takes his picture. The flash blinds both of them. Penny is gone in a instant.)

Bryan: Jesus! What is wrong with that girl?

Gordon: (V.O.) But the pressure was all around us...literally.

139. TONIC-SQUEEZE MONTAGE. EXT. OUTSIDE TONIC.

(On the left side of Toodle-oo, the Condo Tower starts to go up in fast motion.

Bryan (Tanq) tosses another Business Man to the curb.

Ethan plays a set onstage. The place is $\frac{1}{2}$ full of girls.

The right side of the Condo Tower starts to go up in fast motion next to Toodle-oo.

As Ethan plays onstage, Bryan stands offstage right watching, Hitler strapped on. Pasko stands offstage left acting like he's watching Ethan but he's really looking at Bryan (soft focus/hard focus pull).

Bryan (Tanq) tosses another Business Man to the curb.

The left side and right side of the Condo Tower meet in the middle, above Toodle-oo.

Bryan (Tanq) plays onstage to a $\frac{1}{4}$ full crowd of young men.

Bryan (Tanq) exits Tonic with a Business Woman. He's trying to be suave and sophisticated as he gets her to leave. Unfortunately he's dressed as Tanq which makes that impossible. Then he says something offensive to her. Business Woman slaps him and leaves.

The Condo Tower keeps going up in fast motion: floors 6 thru 13.

Bryan keeps rockin' onstage. Ethan watches offstage right with Beach. Pasko watches from offstage left. Gordon, at the bar, finds himself secretly rooting for Bryan/Tanq to succeed.

The Condo Tower's rise continues: floors 14 thru 20.

Bryan keeps rockin'. Explosions go off all around him. He loves it.

The Condo Tower reaches its apex: floors 21 thru 26. The penthouse is completed.

Bryan still rockin', more explosions go off around him—he blows something. The lights flash—the place plunges into darkness as all electricity goes out.

The Lights are turned on, floor by floor, going up the Condo Tower, all the way to the penthouse, until we can see all the floor to glass windows lit up—and that all the floors remain lit up empty space. The Condo Tower is a bright glass shell. It completely towers over little Toodle-oo. As we hold on a wide shot (from literally street level looking up so the full Condo Tower is in sight), Bryan (Tanq) drags another Business Man out of Toodle-oo and tosses him into the street, right in front of the camera's viewpoint. Bryan brushes off his hands, then turns back to enter Toodle-oo. As he goes he turns right and launches a loogie toward the sidewalk in front of the right side of the Condo Tower. Then quickly turns his head left and launches a loogie left. Then Bryan disappears back inside Toodle-oo. The Business Man slowly pulls himself up. Stands fully. Brushes himself off. Then he pulls out his Blackberry and begins typing away.

140. INT. BAR/GRILLE. (cont.)

(Back to the present day and looking out thru the window across the street to the empty lot. Pan back over to Gordon in the bar at the front table with Arthur.)

Gordon: Maggots. You can't kill them. They're like ants. You cut off their heads, they just keep coming.

Arthur: They wanted you out.

Gordon: You're goddamn right they did. I never had a fucking chance, even if I thought I did. Well Bryan made me think that maybe, just maybe...Gave me some hope...(Suddenly sad, misses Bryan) Shit...

Arthur: Bryan and Ethan weren't buddies.

Gordon: Buddies? No. They had some issues. To be honest, they were probably more alike than either one wanted to admit.

Arthur: Yeah. We always hate what we're most like. (he can see that Gordon is suddenly tired)

Gordon: Yeah. Could be.

(Some silence.)

Arthur: Just one last question:

Gordon: All right.

Arthur: Was Bryan...or Ethan, were they really upset—I mean, do you think they were so upset about Toodle-oo closing that they'd...

Gordon: (sighs, then,) You ever lost something you love?

Arthur: (suddenly pensive) Yeah...

Gordon: Well there you go.

(Arthur suddenly looks like he might cry.)

141. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

Arthur: (on the phone) Do you have any new ideas why Ethan would have been there that night?

Kristine: I really don't. I mean, maybe he and Bryan meant to blow the place up, take down those condos.

Arthur: Yeah...

Kristine: Or maybe...I don't know.

Arthur: What?

Kristine: I don't want to say it...

Arthur: Maybe Bryan killed Ethan?

Kristine: I don't know. No. I mean...I don't know.

Arthur: Why would that be?

Kristine: I don't know. I don't want to speculate. Talk to Penny and Tommy. I can't...I'm sorry.

Arthur: It's okay.

(She hangs up. Another Roger email pops up. Subject: "Dickhead!" Arthur ignores it. He gets up and leaves.)

142. INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT. HIS BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Arthur, drunk and teary-eyed, stands over his bed. He swigs from a beer. He looks at the indent on the side of the bed he doesn't sleep. He takes another long drink.

143. INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM.

Arthur, staggering a bit, goes over to his stereo and puts on a Peter Pasko CD (given to him by Gordon: something like "Live at Toodle-oo")

Arthur, still emotional, walks over and sits down, his back to the speakers. Electric guitar blasts out of the speakers, immediately ending his tears—he leaps up, runs over and turns down the volume.

Arthur: Jesus.

Late night, empty beer bottles on the coffee table, TV left on, Arthur drunk and passed out on the couch.

144. ARTHUR DREAM SEQUENCE

Inside Tonic. Night of the Explosion.

Arthur walks thru the front door and into the empty club. He hears Pasko's guitar playing off in the distance (from his stereo, entered into his subconscious). Once he enters the main room the guitar music falls silent. There is no Pasko—only Ethan and Bryan (dressed as Tanq, of course). Bryan has Ethan tied to a chair, his mouth duct taped shut. In Ethan's lap, two dozen bricks of C-4 Explosive. Arthur walks into the middle of the room. Confused, he says aloud:

Arthur: This can't be right. What the hell are you doing?

Bryan: (like he knows him) Blowing this place sky high, what's it look like.

(Ethan, muffled by the duct tape, tries to talk and get Arthur to help him. Arthur's in a state of shock. Bryan backhanded slaps Ethan across the face to shut him up.)

Arthur: Hey!

Bryan: What?

Arthur: What the hell are you doing?

Bryan: We just have to run this line, throw this switch, (he stupidly, not thinking, throws the switch in his hands) Oh shit.

(Shot of Arthur's petrified face.)

Arthur: How much time do we have?

Bryan: (checks watch) There's a three sec—

EXPLOSION!!

(Pasko's crazy electric guitar plays over the destruction. The faces of the 2 Police German Shepherds (un-muzzled) emerge through the white smoke barking, snarling, and foaming at the mouth—straight at the camera.

Arthur wakes up with a start.

Arthur: (breathing heavily, sweating) Jesus! (He breathes heavily a few moments then his drunkenness hits him, he reaches to the side of his bed, locates his plastic trash can just in time, leans over the side of his bed, and throws up into the can)

145. INT. CLOSE-UP

A white bowl of organic oatmeal carried by two delicate hands drops off the bowl at a table for an appreciative healthy, happy, smiling Hipster.

146. INT. CLOSE-UP.

Arthur's face, feeling like shit, horribly hungover. He looks around the room. And he sees:

147. INT. DOMA. SUNNY DAY.

Hipsters on laptops having serious conversations over lattes and scones, fruit plates and cheese spreads. This is the place both Ethan and Bryan once played at. It has since turned even more gentrified. But Penny Charliehorse still goes to it because they are a Fair Trade coffee shop—whatever that means, but it sounds hippie and caring.

A Waitress stands taking Penny's order.

Penny: I'll have the Rapanui people's indigenous black tea with hi—

Waitress: Oh, we're out of the black.

Penny: All right, then I'll have the white with the Himalayan yak milk and two cubes of the South African brown sugar.

Waitress: Sure. You guys?

(Tommy Beach and Arthur look at each other. They both feel out of place, this is somewhere neither would ever personally frequent.)

Arthur: Um...

Beach: Uh...

Arthur: Just a cup of coffee.

Beach: Yeah, I'll have coffee too.

Waitress: From where?

Arthur: From...the pot?

(Beach laughs at that one.)

Waitress: What region? (points to a large map of the world on the wall next to them)

Arthur: (smug, hungover) Surprise me.

(Beach laughs. Waitress exits peeved.)

Penny: (to Beach) Don't be an asshole.

Beach: Only on Tuesdays.

Arthur: So...Ethan and Bryan.

(Penny gets emotional.)

Arthur: Oh, I'm sorry. Uh...

Beach: No, it's all right. It's not your fault. It's Ethan (Penny gets worse) His name...causes her to a...

Arthur: Oh. Okay. I'll try to, um...

Penny: (better) I'm sorry.

Arthur: It's okay. I guess his music meant a lot to you.

(She nods her head.)

Penny: His music, his words, his eyes, his hair—

Beach: She liked Ethan a lot. (she cries worse) Sorry.

Arthur: What can you guys tell me about the uh—

Penny: (Turns on a dime. Crying off. Righteous rage on.) Bryan blew up Toodle-oo and he took Ethan with him because he was a fat talentless fuck!! (She storms off to the bathroom)

(Arthur and Beach sit in silence a couple seconds, recovering.)

Arthur: (to himself) What is it with the women? (O-kay.)

Beach: She didn't like Bryan.

Arthur: I gathered that.

Beach: She adored Ethan.

Arthur: What about you?

Beach: To be honest, Bryan was a friend of mine. Ethan not so much.

Arthur: Why not?

Beach: He didn't really get what I do.

Arthur: But Bryan did?

Beach: Bryan was just more outgoing. Ethan was all...internal. I had no problem with him. His stuff was just geared more for—

Arthur: The ladies.

Beach: Yeah. And Bryan and I, I guess you could say were more male-driven...I just can't believe they blew themselves up. I mean Bryan was always fucking up with his explosions and stuff, but...

Arthur: You think Bryan was upset enough to do that?

Beach: About Toodle-oo closing?

Arthur: Yeah.

Beach: Yeah. I mean he was upset,

DISSOLVE TO:

148. INT. TONIC.

Bryan picks up a wooden chair and smashes it into a table right in front of Ethan who just sits there (his eyes wide) but body like a wilting flower. Pasko, Beach, and Gordon round out the seated circle.

Bryan: Gordo, you gotta do something about this. We gotta fight this, man.

Ethan: (straight) This news makes me very angry.

Gordon: There's nothing we can do, Bryan. I can't afford to keep this place open.

Bryan: FUCK!!!!

Ethan: Fuck.

Beach: There's no way?

Gordon: No. I'm afraid not.

Bryan: Fuck that! We're gonna do something. We're gonna put on a benefit show, and we're gonna save this place! You just watch! (he storms out, inspired.)

149. EXT. TONIC. DAYTIME.

(A line of people down the street. A Banner hangs out front:

Save Toodle-oo! Benefit Show

Drop down to a smaller banner: Give What You Can
Then Give Some More!

150. EXT. IN FRONT OF TOODLE-OO.

(Continuing a pan down from the banner we now see Bryan standing on a couple of milk crates, megaphone in hand, addressing the patrons and a small crowd of musicians gathered around him (Ethan, Kristine, Beach, Penny, Pasko, Gordon, are all out front too).)

Bryan: (thru megaphone) We might be surrounded on three sides, but on that fourth side, that fourth side is angry! Angry! (applause from crowd) And we're not gonna take it anymore! We're not gonna take it! (more applause) Pretty soon there's gonna be nowhere left to play! Sin-e. Gone! The Bottom Line. Gone! Luna Lounge. Gone! Well, we're taking a stand! Right here, right now! We're taking a stand, and we're saying, No! (a loud Yeah!! from crowd, Gordon toots his kazoo) Hell No, We Won't Go! Hell No, We Won't Go! (A guy and girl in line look at each other perplexed by Bryan's use of the old anti-Vietnam War slogan) Hell No, We Won't Go! (no longer into megaphone, Bryan jumps down and as he runs inside,) All right! Let's go save this place, with Music!! (He runs inside, leaving everyone a little confused. Then, in a line, Gordon, Beach, Penny, Ethan, Kristine, and Pasko casually walk inside.)

151. INT. TONIC.

Pasko onstage alone playing an insane guitar solo. He's really into it and the audience can tell and appreciates it. He finishes. Good applause. Then, and he never speaks to the audience:

Pasko: That's a new piece. Called Gentrification (The Angry Musician). Dedicated to Bryan Chapman. A comrade in arms.

(Offstage left Bryan is genuinely surprised by Pasko's words, and touched.)

(Silence from the crowd.)

Pasko: Thank you. (he leaves) (Bryan applauds)

Beach comes onstage, unfortunately he has to follow that.

Beach: Okay. As you can see, there's lots of anger here tonight, and that's okay. And so in honor of that I'm gonna play the angriest song in my catalog. This one's called: "Now Where Did I Put My Shoe?...motherfuckers" (He starts to play)

152. INT. TONIC'S GREENROOM

(As Pasko passes, head down, Bryan stops him.)

Bryan: Hey, man. That was really something.

Pasko: (his eyes remain downcast) Thanks.

Bryan: What you said really meant a lot to me.

Pasko: Thanks.

Bryan: We're gonna save this place.

Pasko: Yeah.

(Bryan moves to go.)

Pasko: Hey. (Bryan turns back) Turn down your and turn up your . (ADD: guitar terminology. See Nick) You'll get more power.

Bryan: Thanks. I'll try that.

153. INT. TONIC. ONSTAGE WITH BEACH.

Applause as he's just finished his set.

Beach: Thanks. Thank you very much.

(Ethan stands offstage right with his acoustic. Next to him is a Guy on a laptop—Bryan’s explosives Guy—all programmed to the max and ready to go.

Penny Charliehorse is talking Ethan’s ear off. Ethan nods his head, faking like he’s listening to her. Bryan, off right, nods to his laptop Guy. Laptop Guy runs on to Beach.)

Beach: And now, ladies and gentlemen. The man who organized all this—What’s this? (Laptop Guy hands Beach a note, shrugs, then exits back to his laptop) (Beach reads the note first, then,) I’ve just been informed that this will be Tanq Thunderball’s last show ever. (The Audience semi-cares. Bryan looks ultra-serious, preparing himself mentally for Tanq’s last show) (Beach looks off to Laptop Guy) Really? (Laptop Guy shrugs, “Yeah, I guess”) All right. This is it. Tanq Thunderball’s final performance. It’s all you, Tanq.

The Stage goes Black. Beach exits. Music begins in the darkness—it builds until finally a spotlight stage center on Tanq Thunderball, arm raised triumphantly. A few people applaud at the sheer ridiculousness. Two simultaneous explosions go off upstage. Lights come up full. Tanq starts rocking—he is in fact playing The Anthem of Tanq Thunderball (Rock N Roll Suicide?).

Laptop Guy presses buttons: all the explosions are planned with engineered precision. Ethan inches toward Laptop Guy because Penny is crowding him with her love and excitement: it makes Ethan uncomfortable.

Pasko watches Tanq from offstage left.

Tanq rocks out in glamorous fashion.

Beach bumps shoulders with Ethan as he tries to pass around him in tight quarters. Waif-like as Ethan is he loses his balance, falls to his left, and without thinking—a natural reflex to stop himself from falling—he puts his hand down flat on the laptop keys. The screen goes crazy.

Laptop Guy: Oh, shit. Why’d you do that?

And just as he says that—pyrotechnic explosions start going off all over the stage in no order whatsoever. Tanq ducks down to shield himself from the sparks.

Bryan: Jesus!

Gordon: (back at his bar spot) Not again. (Kristine, awed and terrified by the pyro, stands next to him.)

Two dorky teenage Boys in the audience, eyes wide. (or staple guys, like Major League)

Boy 1: Awesome.

Boy 2: Fuck yeah.

The explosions go absolutely nuts. Tanq tucks himself into a ball stage center with Hitler between his legs—his only place of safety. Laptop Guy tries feverishly to stop the madness but to no avail. Penny clutches Ethan.

On the opposite side of the stage Pasko keeps looking on, worried about Bryan.

Pasko considers running onstage to save him. He false starts a couple times and then just goes for it.

Tanq is getting slightly burned. And being the big baby that he is, he screams out in terror. But it is barely heard amid the explosions.

Beach, wearing funny glasses, watches in awe, the sparks reflecting off his glasses (like Wilford Brimley's Pop Fisher at the end of "The Natural")

The Audience is terrified yet awed by both the explosions and then Pasko's daring dash.

Boy 1: Look at that.

Boy 2: Sweet.

Pasko, in slow-motion, runs through the flames and reaches Tanq. He throws his leather jacket over Tanq to shield him. Then he puts Bryan's left arm around his shoulder, grabs Hitler from between Bryan's legs, and then huddled together, Pasko wills them both thru the pyro and back to safety offstage left.

The moment they get offstage all the explosions, everything stops. The audience is visibly relieved.

Laptop Guy looks at his laptop which freezes, then crashes.

Bryan regroups and looks across the stage at Laptop Guy. Bryan is furious. Then Bryan's eyes turn to Ethan and just from Ethan's facial expression Bryan can tell Ethan had something to do with this. Ethan breaks their eye contact. He is uncomfortable. Bryan storms off.

He returns briefly and takes Hitler from Pasko.

Pasko, with his steely gaze, looks at Ethan with disgust, then he exits, following Bryan.

Ethan: (to Beach) I...I...I didn't...

Beach: I guess you're up. (Beach walks out onstage to resume his M.C. duties, calm the crowd, and introduce Ethan)

154. INT. TONIC. ONSTAGE.

Ethan seated on a wooden chair stage center playing one of his super-sensitivo numbers with his acoustic guitar and harmonica.

155. INT. GREENROOM.

Bryan is furious, he paces the room, yelling at Laptop Guy. Pasko stands looking at Hitler on the couch.

Bryan: Fuck!...Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! (he throws a chair) It totally fucked! That was Tanq's final performance and it was fucked!

156. INT. TONIC. ONSTAGE. (cont.)

Ethan singing onstage. He looks around uncomfortably.

157. INT. GREENROOM. (cont.)

Bryan: Why the fuck did he do that?

Laptop Guy: I don't know! It was an accident!

Bryan: Accident my fucking ass! It was fucking sabotage! That little fuck! That fuck!

(Bryan storms out.)

158. INT. TONIC. ONSTAGE. (cont.)

Ethan onstage playing, in the middle of a harmonica part—his eyes closed in concentration.

159. INT. GREENROOM. (cont.)

Pasko strums a few chords on Hitler for the first time. His eyes light up.

160. INT. TONIC. ONSTAGE. (cont.)

Bryan clumsily storms onstage. He stops, sees what Ethan's doing, then walks straight up to him—snatches the guitar out of Ethan's hands and then smashes it once, twice, three times down into the stage, obliterating the acoustic guitar. The Audience gasps. Penny shrieks. Kristine puts her hands over her mouth in shock.

Boy 1: Whoa.

Boy 2: This show's awesome.

Bryan hands the neck back to Ethan. Bryan exits the stage. Ethan, his lips still on his harmonica having frozen when Bryan grabbed his guitar—and continuing to hold his breath during the altercation—Ethan now sighs and exhales, and it comes out as a slow harmonica fart.

161. INT. DOMA. INTERVIEW (cont.)
(Back to Beach and Arthur.)

Beach: Probably not the best way to end a benefit concert. But I think we kind of pulled it together at the end. As best we could.

162. INT. TONIC. ONSTAGE. FINALE SING-A-LONG

Beach leads the finale sing-a-long song. Ethan stands to his right uncomfortably singing without a guitar. On the other side of Beach is Pasko, seated, wailing little guitar fills, but his eyes remain mostly on Bryan's right hand strumming chords on Hitler. Next to Pasko Bryan sings along, looking like he'd rather be anywhere else in the world than onstage after the earlier debacle.

The Finale ends big (but with no explosions thankfully) Some applause as Bryan walks offstage left (Pasko's head follows him) and then Ethan walks off right, leaving Beach and Pasko to receive the applause which they both actually deserve because they are good at what they do. (slo-mo?) Beach looks over at Pasko who appears uncomfortable with all the attention.

163. INT. DOMA. INTERVIEW (cont.)
(Back to Beach and Arthur. Penny Charliehorse has returned to the table too.)

Arthur: Bryan might have killed Ethan. It's possible.

Penny: There's no might. He did!

Beach: Yeah. But. Why would he kill himself?

Arthur: Maybe he didn't mean to. Maybe it was an accident.

Beach: That's what I think. I think he wanted to bring down those condos, those fucking condos—

Arthur: But he fucked something up.

Beach: Exactly.

Penny: Yeah, he was always fucking up.

Arthur: What about Pasko? Do you guys have his number?

Beach: Pete? Yeah. He's real shy, though. So tread lightly. (writing down the number)

Penny: He doesn't have a cell.

Beach: That's his home number.

Arthur: He doesn't have a cell?

Beach: No. He's just like that.

Penny: He fancies himself an artist. But all he does is play the guitar. It's not like he could write lyrics. Beautiful, meaningful lyrics (waterworks return, she runs off to the bathroom again)

(A beat of silence after she leaves, again.)

Beach: Pete was real emotional too.

164. INT. TONIC. ONSTAGE. FINALE (cont.)

(Continuing directly from the end of 162, Pasko suddenly bursts into tears and hugs Beach, stuffing his face into Beach's chest. Beach is caught completely by surprise.)

165. INT. DOMA. INTERVIEW (cont.)

Beach: So, go easy on him.

Arthur: I will. Where are you gonna play now?

Beach: Oh, you know, around. There's still some places left. I just haven't been feeling funny lately. Maybe I'll write some serious songs.

Arthur: Seriously?

Beach: (laughs) Nicely played.

Arthur: You set me up perfectly.

Beach: Well...Life's too short, ya know?

Arthur: Yeah. I hear ya.

(Arthur is lost in thought.)

166. EXT. STREET. DAY.

Arthur walking down a street in the Village. He's thinking.

167. EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK. DAY.

Arthur sits on a bench. He is lost in thought.

Arthur: (V.O.) Maybe he fucked up.

A quick slow-motion shot of a Tanq performance explosion.

Arthur: (V.O.) He was always fucking up.

Another quick slow-motion shot of a Tanq performance explosion.

Arthur: (V.O.) Makes sense.

An attractive Woman sits down next to Arthur. She has a Yellow Labrador that jumps up and sits on the bench next to her. After a few moments Arthur turns his head right. The Woman and Dog both turn left and look at him. The Woman smiles. Arthur looks down at his hands in his lap and smiles and fights back tears at the same time. Then he quickly walks away without looking back. The Woman is confused for a moment. But then she lets it go and pets her happy dog.

168. INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT. DAY

Arthur, drinking heavily, watching a Tommy Beach performance on his computer (off of YouTube, filmed by Penny)

An email pops up from Roger. Subject: "Asshole!" Arthur ignores it.

169. INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Pizza boxes, Chinese food containers, beer bottles and cans, liquor bottles everywhere. The place is a pig sty. Arthur, drunk, zoned out on the couch, watches TV, he listens to a Tanq Thunderball CD in the background. On the TV, a News Anchor:

News Anchor: A New York institution, CBGB's, announced today is closing its doors for good next month. Rising real estate prices are to blame. (aside) A real shame.

Weatherman: Absolutely.

News Anchor: What's our weekend looking like?

Weatherman: Oh, it's gonna be a good one. Lots of sunshine—

(Arthur throws an empty beer can at his TV.)

(Arthur's home phone rings, he ignores it.)

170. INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Arthur, on the floor, pops in another miniDV tape (from Penny) and starts watching live performance video from Toodle-oo. MiniDV tapes scattered out on the floor amongst the clothes, pizza boxes, Chinese food containers, beer bottles and cans, liquor bottles, photos of Tanq, Ethan, Beach, and Pasko. And their albums too. Arthur takes a long drink.

171. INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT. IN BED. MORNING. TV ON.

Hungover, he pulls himself up, sits on the bed's edge. His cell rings, he holds it up, checks who's calling: Rog. Arthur silences the phone. He tosses it. Falls back into bed.

172. INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT. EARLY EVENING.

TV on in the background. Apartment by now, after a 3 day bender, is a total wreck, much like Arthur. Arthur, manic and drunk, is on his computer researching the Condo Tower at 107 Norfolk. Who owns it, etc. An email pops up from Roger. Subject: "FuckFace!" Arthur ignores it. His cell rings.

TV News Anchor: --107 Norfolk. (Arthur jumps up and goes to the living room) The Massive Condo Tower explosion that also demolished the rock club Toodle-oo, a month ago tomorrow—We go live to the Police Press Conference—

Arthur turns off his cell phone. He takes a long drink.

Police Spokesman: (same guy as before) The explosion at 107 Norfolk on September 19th was the work of One Man: Bryan Chapman. Using C-4 Plastique Explosives stolen from his cousin's demolition company and concealing the explosives within a guitar case, Mister Chapman, who had an extensive background in pyrotechnics, was solely responsible for the explosion that originated inside the rock music club Toodle-oo and resulted in the collapse of the unoccupied Condominium Tower at 107 Norfolk. Ethan Wright, it appears, was an innocent victim—the victim of revenge Mister Chapman sought for a perceived slight during the final performance at said rock music club Toodle-oo. Full details will be available in the final After Action Report. Ask if they have any questions. (Spokesman pauses, peeved he messed that up again) Are there any questions?

Arthur's doorbell rings. He ignores it and continues watching the press conference.

A question is asked: "Why did Mister Chapman blow up the Condos?"

Arthur's doorbell rings again. He ignores it.

Police Spokesman: It appears Mister Chapman held the Condominium at 107 Norfolk personally responsible for the closing of the rock music club Toodle-oo.

Arthur's doorbell rings a third time. He ignores it.

A question is asked: "Did Mister Chapman mean to blow himself up?"

Finally, the sound of Bryan's front door being unlocked by a key. Arthur pays no attention, he's focused on the press conference. Wingtip shoes across the hardwood floor. A pause. Wingtip shoes sound on the hardwood, getting closer.

"Jesus!"

Enter Roger Dix, looking dapper as ever.

Roger: (sees the carnage) What the hell is this?

Arthur: (lost) Hey...Uh...

Roger: This is a disaster. What, you don't return emails? Calls?

Arthur: No, I'm, uh...

Roger: (sees Toodle-oo stuff) What is this? Jesus, you really went all out. You gotta get over this. Pull yourself together. Molly's not coming back.

Arthur: What?

Roger: She's gone, amigo. (he overturns one of the picture frames that has been face-down on Arthur's table for months. We see who Molly is: a beautiful Yellow Labrador Retriever. A dog.) You gotta get your life back in order. This, this is not someone in good headspace.

Arthur: No, I'm just...It was Bryan's revenge?

Roger: I don't know what you're talking about. (puts his hands on Arthur's shoulders) Listen, I was up at Tom Waits' ranch.

Arthur: What?

Roger: I told him your story—

Arthur: You did what?

Roger: He was touched. Moved to tears. Tom waits weeping. (he steps into the next room) Don't move.

(Roger returns carrying a Bernese Mountain Dog puppy.)

Roger: He wanted you to have him. Here.

(Arthur takes the adorable dog into his arms. He is moved, almost to tears.)

Roger: He breeds these guys. For the military. Why? I didn't ask. (thinks about it) He might've been fucking with me.

Arthur: (begrudgingly) I can't accept this. Him.

Roger: Sure you can.

Arthur: No, I'm not ready.

Roger: Sure you are.

Arthur: (looks at Molly's picture on his table) No! I can't! I can't just replace Molly with this adorable...cute...puffy...adorable puppy.

Roger: He is really cute.

Arthur: No! I can't! I gotta go!

Roger: Go where?

Arthur: Here! Take him! I appreciate it. I just can't! I can't! Not now! Take him! Take him! (Roger takes him) Goddamn it, he's cute! I gotta go. I just gotta go. (grabs his clothes, keys, etc.)

Roger: Where are you going?

(Arthur exits, leaving Roger holding the puppy face to face with him.)

Roger: Hmmm...Well...(He looks around the disaster of a room. He looks the puppy in the face) Let's go pick up some chicks.

173. EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREETS. NIGHT.

Arthur walking the streets frantically. He wipes tears away from his eyes, he needs to calm down. He needs to walk. He needs to...see some music, that always helps him, it's always been his refuge. He pulls out his cell and dials:

Arthur: (on cell, leaving a voicemail) Kristine! This is Arthur Thompson. I just need to, uh, I need to know—to know what my frame of my was—I mean Ethan's frame of mind was that night Molly was, uh, I mean Ethan was, uh, (he sees a Norwegian Elkhound sitting there on the sidewalk looking at him, following his leash up is an oblivious owner on his cell phone) uh, that night he, uh, (Arthur and the dog make eye contact) died. (The eye contact is too much, Arthur breaks it, snaps his cell shut, backpedals, and then enters a music club called The Stone.)

174. INT. THE STONE.

Arthur plops down into a seat on the end of the aisle. The small room seats about 70 people and it's almost full, the performance is about to start. Thus Arthur disrupts the sensibility of the quiet room when he enters hurried and haggard. Heads turn.

An avant-garde guitar Player (Fred Frith-type) finishes tuning up and begins playing.

Arthur tries to clear his head, calm down, and just listen to the music. He closes his eyes.

He sees: Molly's face looking straight at the camera. The dog smiles.

Arthur opens his eyes. He closes them again.

175. INT. TONIC. THE NIGHT.

Ethan duct taped to a chair inside Toodle-oo. His mouth duct taped shut. The camera pans right across the room, then tracks along the concrete floor...

176. INT. THE STONE. (cont.)

Frith is tearing up his guitar. Arthur listens along, trying to get lost in the music. His eyes are still closed. He thinks to himself:

Arthur: (V.O.) Man, this guy plays a mean guitar...

177. INT. TOODLE-OO. THE NIGHT. (cont.)

Continuing the tracking shot we reach a guitar case on the floor and Bryan kneeling on the floor. He opens the case. The camera tracks around the side and we can now see all the C-4 Explosives inside the case.

Arthur: (V.O.) A mean guitar...

The camera circles around Bryan, paying close attention to the empty concrete floor around Bryan.

Arthur: (V.O.) One mean—

Quick shots of the concrete floor on all three sides of Bryan. There is nothing. Nothing. No...

178. INT. THE STONE. (cont.)

Arthur's face: he opens his eyes.

Close-Up: just Arthur's mouth, whispered (like "Rosebud"): "Hitler..."

179. EXT. TONIC. THE NIGHT.

The night of the Explosion, out front. Shot across the street from across the hood of a Jeep Cherokee we see Ethan walk up to the front glass doors of Toodle-oo. He pulls on

the door, expecting it to be locked, but it opens. Ethan looks around confused, then walks inside.

180. EXT. TONIC. THE NIGHT.

Shot from the backside of the Jeep: Bryan walks up to Toodle-oo toting his guitar case. He pulls hard on the front door, assuming it will be locked. But it isn't. Bryan hits himself in the forehead with the front door. He shakes his head a couple times in recovery, then enters.

Close-up (slow-mo?): on Hitler's case as he enters thru the glass doors and disappears inside.

181. INT. THE STONE. (cont.)

Close-Up: Arthur's face—his eyes, become huge.

Track across guitar stands in Bryan's Bedroom: acoustic, empty stand, electric bass. Back track to the empty middle stand.

Wide-shot: Arthur stands up and exclaims:

Arthur: HITLER!! (excitedly)

Frith stops playing. Everyone in the room turns and looks up at Arthur.

Arthur: (can't control his excitement) Where's Hitler!?! (like: "Don't you get it? It's great!")

Arthur is so excited he actually expects an answer. Everyone looks at him like he's crazy. Frith glares at him over thick glasses.

John Zorn: What the fuck, man?!

[Possibly Add: Arthur looks over the angry room (growing angrier by the second) and then quickly splits out the front door.]

182. INT. TONIC. THE NIGHT.

Bryan walks into the main room. He sees Ethan sitting on the stage, legs dangling over the edge like a little boy.

Bryan: What are you doing here?

Ethan: What are you doing here?

Bryan: (charges at him) Don't fuck with me, Ethan!

Ethan: I'm not. I won't.

Bryan: (stops) Oh, shit. (laughs) Fuck it. (he plops down on the concrete floor)

Ethan: Fuck it. (Bryan gives him a look) Sorry.

183. EXT. STREETS. NIGHT.

Arthur outside, calls on his cell. He's walking down the sidewalk quickly. Lots of people are out, it's a Saturday night after all.

184. INT. CHAPMAN HOUSE. NIGHT.

The phone rings in the Chapman House. Mr. Chapman sits in the living room watching TV News reports about his son (a bottle to Tanqueray on the glass coffee table?) Mrs. Chapman answers the phone in the kitchen.

Mrs. Chapman: Hello?

Arthur: Mrs. Chapman? (we'll cut back and forth obviously)

Mrs. Chapman: Yes?

Arthur: Arthur Thompson. Listen, where is Hitler?

Mrs. Chapman: Excuse me?

Arthur: Hitler. Bryan's guitar. Do you have it?

Mrs. Chapman: (starts crying) No. I don't think so. Hold on. (shouts) Mark David!

Mr. Chapman: (off camera) What?!

Mrs. Chapman: Have you seen Hitler?!

Mr. Chapman: (off) It blew up with the moron! (Now we see him, he downs a shot of Tanqueray)

(Mrs. Chapman cries some more.)

Arthur: You don't have it?

Mrs. Chapman: Hold on. (she's now in Bryan's bedroom, she looks around, sees the empty middle guitar stand) No. I'm sorry. (her crying grows worse)

Arthur: You're sure?

Mrs. Chapman: I'm sorry. (crying worse, she hangs up)

Arthur: Wait! (Arthur stops on a street corner. He thinks. He looks around.)

Arthur: (V.O.) He plays a mean guitar.

Beach: (V.O.) He's real shy.

Penny: (V.O.) He doesn't have a cell.

Beach: (V.O.) He's just like that.

Penny: (V.O.) He fancies himself an artist. But all he does is play the Guitar (echo-effect on the word "Guitar" as we see, quick shots in succession:

Pasko onstage tearing into his guitar. Gordon clapping.

Arthur's face, a moment of realization.

Pasko's eyes looking downward.

- use actual Pasko shots from earlier

Offstage at Toodle-oo, Bryan taking Hitler from Pasko.

Pasko looking over his shoulder.

Arthur: Pasko.

185. INT. TONIC. THE NIGHT. (cont.)

Bryan: Did you see Pete?

Ethan: No. Was he here?

Bryan: Yeah... That's strange. (he thinks, then drops it) Hey, I'm sorry I smashed your guitar. (Ethan looks at him) Really.

Ethan: Yeah, well... Not the first time that's happened.

Bryan: (laughs) No?

Ethan: I'm not kidding.

Bryan: (still laughing) I can see you're not.

(Ethan joins in laughing too. Then,)

Ethan: I'm sorry I screwed up your set.

Bryan: Yeah, well, it wouldn't have mattered anyway...

Ethan: Are you really not gonna do Tanq anymore?

Bryan: That was the plan.

Ethan: Are you gonna make a new character?

Bryan: I don't know. What are we gonna do without this place?

Ethan: I don't know. I might go to law school. (Bryan looks at him like he's crazy) That was a joke.

Bryan: Ah... (He laughs) Never did write a song for this place.

Ethan: What's that?

Bryan: For the benefit. I was gonna write a new song.

Ethan: About Toodle-oo?

Bryan: Yeah.

Ethan: What's it called?

186. ARTHUR IN THE BACK OF A TAXI. CALLING SOMEBODY.

187. INT. KENNY'S HOUSE. DINING ROOM.

Kenny and his Wife have just sat down at their dining room table for their first romantic dinner alone in a long long time. The phone rings. Kenny's Wife shoots him a look that could cut glass. The phone rings. Begrudgingly, Kenny gets up from the table. The phone rings.

Kenny: It might be important. (He exits to the kitchen)

(A put-off sigh from his Wife, she's used to it. He is a Police Detective after all.)

Kenny: (picks up phone) Hello?

Arthur: (In Taxi. Again, cut back and forth) Kenny?

Kenny: Arthur? Look, this isn't a good time.

Arthur: Kenny, you gotta do something for me. You gotta meet me somewhere.

Kenny: When?

Arthur: Now. Right now.

Kenny: I can't do now. What is this?

Arthur: I'll explain. Come on, Kenny, it's important. (Hold on Kenny's face while Arthur speaks) Please, Kenny. Come on. I need you. Please. (Kenny's face shows he gives in)

Shot: Kenny pokes his head into the dining room thru the cracked kitchen door. He wears a smile on his face. His Wife gives a "you gotta be kidding me" look.

188. INT. TONIC. THE NIGHT (cont.)

Ethan: That's a good title.

Bryan: I thought so... You want to work on it?

Ethan: Me and you? Together?

Bryan: Yeah. Why not? Who knows? It might be great.

Ethan: You have any music?

Bryan: Yeah, I've got some ideas.

Ethan: (holds up his notebook) I've got some lyrics here I've been sitting on—might work.

Bryan: All right. Let's bring good old Uncle Adolph into this conversation.

(Bryan pops the latches on the case)

Bryan: What do you say?

Ethan: I say, let's rock.

(Bryan laughs, it's funny hearing Ethan say let's rock. Bryan flips the case open.)

Bryan: Where's...

Whiteout starts as he turns confused and looks at Ethan.

Whiteout overtakes his face. (see The Usual Suspects or Arlington Road for reference)

189. TAXI. ARTHUR. (cont.)

He dials Tommy Beach's number. It rings, rings, rings...

Taxi Driver: Tunnel.

Arthur: Shit.

The Taxi disappears into the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel.

190. INT. MUSIC CLUB: THE LIVING ROOM. GREEN ROOM.

Beach, putting on a pair of suspenders, flips open his cell—

Beach: Hello? Hello? (There's no one there. He closes the phone. Shrugs, "Oh, well."
Goes back to prepping.)

191. EXT. TONIC. THE NIGHT.

The same shot as earlier from across the Jeep Cherokee's hood, Ethan enters Tonic.

Camera pans right until we see Pasko in the dark in the Jeep's driver's seat watching Ethan enter and smoking a cigarette.

Pasko: What's he doing here?

He flicks the butt out the window and gets out of the Jeep.

192. EXT. CURB. TAXI. NIGHT.

Arthur: (on cell) All right. As soon as you can. (snaps cell shut) Right here's fine. (he pays the cabbie and exits the taxi.)

As he walks down a street full of old warehouses he makes a call on his cell. He then checks the scrap of paper he has an address written on: 1610 Dudding.

193. EXT. THE LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Penny exits the front of the music club, The Living Room, so she can hear.

Penny: (answers phone) Hello? (back and forth again)

Arthur: Penny! Arthur Thompson.

Penny: Oh, hey.

Arthur: (his phone beeps) Shit!

Penny: What's wrong?

Arthur: My phone's dying.

Penny: I was gonna call you. We're meeting up tonight. Tommy's playing The Living Room—

Arthur: Listen, Penny, Peter Pasko blew up Toodle-oo.

Penny: (bursts out laughing) What did you just say?

Arthur: Peter Pasko. (beep beep) Shit. He blew up Toodle-oo. Not Bryan. It was Pasko.

Penny: (laughing) Are you high?

Arthur: What? No. I'm heading to Pasko's apartment right now.

Penny: You're going to his apartment?! Jesus. All right. (sarcastic) Well, if I see him I'll be sure to tell him you're looking for him.

Arthur: (beep beep) No, wait, Penny, my phone's dying. You gotta believe me, Pasko blew it up, he wanted Hitler.

Penny: (sarcastic) Oh, that makes sense. (Man, you gotta get a life)

Arthur: It's True! (beep beep) Shit! Look, my phone—

Penny: (tone: like talking to a crazy person) I'm gonna go back inside now. There's this new kid, he's really good.

Arthur: Wait, Penny—Is Pasko there? (his phone cuts out) Penny? Penny? (It starts to rain on Arthur)

Penny walks back inside The Living Room

Arthur: Shit.

Arthur hurries down the street.

194. EXT. TONIC. THE NIGHT.

Pasko's back hatch is open and he unloads his trunk with pieces from Tonic: chairs, parts of the stage, remnants, and memorabilia he hopes to keep. He pulls out a guitar case that looks similar to Bryan's Hitler case and then he slides it onto the pavement under the Jeep. It is a strange thing to do. Then he looks around. He checks his watch. Almost 4:30 A.M. He looks around.

195. INT. THE LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

The Busker has just finished his set to great applause. He is all smiles, appreciative. Penny re-enters from the back.

Penny: Oh, shit. He's already done?

(She walks up to Kristine and Gordon.)

Kristine: (clearly smitten) He's fantastic.

Gordon: Yeah, the kid's good.

Penny: That Arthur Thompson guy is crazy. He just called me to tell me Pete blew up Toodle-oo.

(Gordon laughs. Kristine laughs too.)

Gordon: What?

Kristine: He left me a crazy message too. It made no sense at all.

Gordon: That is crazy.

196. EXT. TONIC. THE NIGHT.

Bryan enters, Hitler's case in hand. He walks up to Pasko and shakes his hand.

Bryan: What's this? I thought we were meeting at four thirty.

Pasko: I thought it was three thirty.

Bryan: Really? Oh, shit. My mistake, man. I'm sorry.

Pasko: It's okay.

Bryan: Well, shit. Let me help you.

(Bryan sets down Hitler's case to load some chairs and other Tonic memorabilia into the Jeep. Pasko's eyes lock on Hitler's case. While Bryan is distracted and shoving chairs deep into the Jeep, Pasko casually slides the guitar case that is under the Jeep out and replaces Hitler's case with the replica. Then he slides the "real" Hitler case under the Jeep. At night, in the dark, it is impossible for anyone to see.

On the switch we see: the guitar cases look exactly the same, down to the stickers and scratches.

197. INT. PASKO'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

A quick shot of Pasko in his basement warehouse lair working meticulously to replicate Hitler's case, off of photos he has (probably taken by Penny Charliehorse).

Reconnaissance-style black and white photos of Hitler pinned up on a cork board. He tarnishes up a "Queen" sticker with a nail file. (think: Blown Away or In The Line Of Fire)

198. EXT. TONIC. THE NIGHT.

The Jeep full, Pasko closes the hatch. He and Bryan shake hands, a job well done. Pasko lights a smoke. Bryan declines one. Bryan picks up Hitler, Pasko's eyes follow Bryan's

hand for a split second to make sure he got the weight right and he doesn't suspect anything. And the weight must be right because Bryan is clueless. Bryan walks towards Tonic. As he goes:

Bryan: Gonna pay my respects.

Pasko: Cool...(Bryan keeps walking, then Pasko speaks with actual authority for the first time the whole movie) You know, you should play something while you're in there. I did. For old time's sake.

Bryan: That's a good idea. Maybe I will.

Exit Bryan inside Tonic (same shot as earlier (he accidentally hits his head with the door) from the backside of the Jeep). Then: Pasko pulls the real Hitler out from under the Jeep, opens up the side backseat door and places Hitler's case inside. He shuts the door.

199. EXT. WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.

In an industrial area—no people around—Arthur finally finds the door he's looking for:

1610 Dudding Pickle Factory, Basement

Arthur knocks on the big metal door. Nothing. He knocks again. He looks into the small dark windows but can't see anything. Just then a huge BOOM! and then lightning erupts startling the hell out of Arthur. Arthur thinks and then decides to try to knock down the door. He runs and hits it with his shoulder but it doesn't budge and, man, that hurt. Arthur thinks a moment, whips out his cell and calls Pasko. Suddenly he hears a phone ringing from the darkness inside. He calls out:

Arthur: Peter Pasko! Peter Pasko!

200. INT. THE LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Penny: I mean, what a freak.

Kristine: It's sad. I think the man has no life.

Gordon: Yeah. He's a very sad little man.

Penny: (shudders all over) Freak.

201. EXT. WAREHOUSE. (cont.)

Arthur's hand slowly tries the doorknob. It actually turns. The door opens.

Arthur: Peter Pasko?

The phone keeps ringing. Arthur enters the darkness. Lightning flashes. A Thunder boom.

202. EXT. TONIC. THE NIGHT. (cont.)

Pasko's Jeep pulls away from in front of Tonic.

203. INT. PASKO'S APARTMENT. (cont.)

Holding up his cell phone for a light, Arthur's other hand flicks on a big industrial light switch he has found. The room is flooded with light. The phone rings. Arthur looks around and now we see: the long basement warehouse is completely empty. Arthur stands there drenched. The phone rings. Until finally we see an old rotary phone on an old wooden chair. The phone stops ringing. Arthur snaps his cell shut.

204. EXT. TONIC. THE NIGHT. (cont.)

Outside Tonic: the Explosion. Dust settles, white smoke rises over the collapsed Tonic.

205. INT. PASKO'S APARTMENT. (cont.)

Arthur stands there. The big metal front door remains open. It is pouring down rain outside. And now we see, on the hardwood floor in front of the chair and phone, an electric guitar case. Arthur walks up to it slowly. It is Hitler's case. Arthur stops and looks down at it (Close-Up on Arthur's face). He crouches down and looks at it, carefully.

206. EXT. JEEP. MORNING. (cont.)

Pasko lights a smoke as he drives. He looks in his rearview mirror and sees the smoke from the demolished Tonic rising up behind him off in the distance.

207. INT. PASKO'S APARTMENT. (cont.)

Arthur clicks open the latches on the guitar case. He looks down and pauses a moment thinking.

208. INT. TOODLE-OO. THE NIGHT.

Bryan and Ethan, right before Bryan flips open the fake Hitler case.

209. INT. PASKO'S APARTMENT. (cont.)

Arthur's face scrunched up in concern.

210. INT. TOODLE-OO. THE NIGHT. (cont.)

Bryan, thinking nothing of it, flips open the case.

211. INT. PASKO'S APARTMENT (cont.)

Really fast, with his eyes closed, Arthur flips open the case. He slowly opens one eye and looks down.

212. INT. TOODLE-OO. THE NIGHT. (cont.)

Bryan looks down and is confused by what he sees. He looks to Ethan. Ethan's eyebrows ask, "What's up?"

213. INT. PASKO'S APARTMENT. (cont.)
Arthur continues to look down. His jaw drops.

214. INT. TOODLE-OO. THE NIGHT. (cont.)
Whitewash on Bryan's face.

215. INT. PASKO'S APARTMENT. (cont.)
Arthur removes something from the case and now we see what it is: Hitler. Arthur thinks: "But how?" "Why?" "No. He..." Arthur runs his hands up and down Hitler, almost disbelieving he's actually holding the guitar. "How can that be?" he thinks.

216. INT. THE LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.
Tommy Beach, with his bass and suspenders, runs onstage. Applause all around. This is the first time he's performed since the death of Toodle-oo. It is a cathartic experience for many. Especially those in the back of the room: Kristine, Penny, and Gordon. Gordon blows his kazoo. Penny hugs him. Kristine meets eyes across the room with the Busker, both smile.

217. EXT. JEEP. MORNING.
Pasko smokes as he drives. A look of determination on his face. Pasko looks to his right.

218. INT. PASKO'S APARTMENT. (cont.)
Arthur hugs Hitler. He breaks down, really letting it all out for the first time since Molly's death. His obsession has gotten the best of him. As he falls into the fetal position on the floor hugging Hitler, Kenny enters, he has a small crappy umbrella that really does him no good.

Kenny: Jesus Christ, Arthur! You drag me all the way out here—(finally sees him weeping in the fetal position with the guitar. He stops, stands there, and doesn't know what to say)

219. INT. NEWS ANCHOR REPORT.
Bryan's stock Tanq photo in the block over each other their shoulders:

MSNBC Anchor: --The Explosion was the work of one man—

CNN Anchor: --One Man—

FOX News Anchor: --One Man, and One Man Alone...

220. INT. PASKO'S APARTMENT. (cont.)
Arthur weeping on the floor in the fetal position clutching Hitler. Kenny stands there dumbfounded.

Kenny: (doesn't know what to say) It's just a guitar.

(Arthur wails louder. The Bernese Mountain Dog Puppy runs in thru the door. Kenny doesn't know what the hell is going on. The Puppy runs up and licks Arthur's face. Enter Roger (for some reason practically perfectly dry). Kenny and Roger know each other.)

Kenny: What's with the dog?

Roger: Tom Waits gave me that.

Kenny: Are you fucking with me?

Roger: That's what I thought. (casually lights a smoke)

(Confused look from Kenny. Arthur is a broken man. The Puppy licks his face.)

Roger: At least he likes the dog.

Kenny: What's his name?

Roger: Pete.

Kenny: Pete?

Roger: (nods his head up and down, he likes the sound of it) Pete.

221. INT. THE LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Beach, his set finished, runs up to Penny, Gordon, Kristine, and now the Busker too and is greeted by hugs, kisses, tears, and smiles all around. It is a joyous event.

222. INT. NEWS ANCHOR REPORT.

Close-up on faces of the anchors. And then mouths:

MSNBC Anchor: --the work of One Man—

CNN Anchor: --One Man—

FOX News Anchor: --One Man Alone...

223. EXT. JEEP. MORNING. (cont.)

Pasko smokes. He turns and looks to his right, to the passenger seat, and now we see what's in it: Hitler, the real Hitler. In pristine condition Hitler is firmly seatbelted in.

224. INT. TONIC. THE NIGHT.

Slow-mo: The shared look between Bryan and Ethan right before the bomb explodes. They both look confused and terribly fragile.

225. INT. CHAPMAN HOUSE. NIGHT.

Mr. Chapman throws back a shot of Tanqueray.

Mr. Chapman: (V.O.) That damn guitar!

226. INT. PASKO'S APARTMENT. (cont.)

Slow-mo: Arthur wails.

Kenny: (V.O.) It's just a guitar...

227. EXT. JEEP. MORNING.

The camera pans left off Hitler. Shot from the front, head on, Pasko's face, close-up: Slowly, a sly smirk grows across Pasko's face until it turns into a big smile. The first time he has smiled the whole movie.

228. EXT. JEEP. MORNING.

A shot from in front—thru the windshield, we see Pasko and Hitler driving. Pasko reaches up to the sun visor, he slides on a pair of dark sunglasses. He looks cool. Hitler sits seatbelted-in next to him. The green Jeep drives down and enters the dark Holland tunnel to New Jersey.

When the Jeep disappears into the tunnel the camera glides up to a green traffic sign: "Leaving Manhattan".

Mr. Chapman: (V.O.) That damn guitar!

Fade to Black

Credits Roll: we hear the song Ethan and Bryan would have written had they not blown up. It's a sort of Queen/Bowie Under Pressure kind of thing with a bit more heartfelt lyrics supplied by Ethan and a few added on explosions courtesy of Tanq Thunderball.