

Karaoke Kid  
by  
Justin De Nino

FADE IN:

INT. JUILLIARD SCHOOL OF MUSIC - DAY

Soft harmonic scales emit their soothing tone. A long corridor reveals a group of hopeful APPLICANTS, preparing for one of the most prestigious music institutions in the world.

JAKE SINGER, CAUCASIAN, (20's), stares blankly at a piece of gum stuck to the floor. He is unknowingly amidst a zealous conversation with a pretty, young, CHRISSI HAUGHTINGSWORTH, (18).

CHRISSI

...I don't even know why I'm here  
I've trained at the residence in  
Paris and the Barron Von  
Burrenberrber Academy in Berlin.  
Where have you trained?

JAKE

Excuse me, what was that?

CHRISSI

TRAINED... learn to sing, get your  
talent from. You know... why are  
you here?

JAKE

No... I don't train or anything  
like that. I just like sing by  
myself and with my dad.

CHRISSI

(shaking her head)  
Wow? With your dad.

The DOOR OPENER, to salvation.

DOOR OPENER

Jake Singer.

JACOB

That's me...  
(to Chrissi)  
I hope to see you in the fall.

(CONTINUED)

INT. AUDITION STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Silence the sound. Jake gives a few awkward taps on the keys of a BABY GRAND PIANO. He closes his eyes and begins a sweet sounding melody.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The mellifluous melody plays on, we see a beautiful 1967 SEA FOAM GREEN CADILLAC DE VILLE pulling up to a CITGO.

A YOUNG BOY sits in the back seat watching his PARENTS argue as he sits in sad silence.

The FATHER takes his child inside, as they walk away, the boy notices his MOTHER nervously looking at a near by BUS taking on passengers.

JAKE (V.O.)

My dad is the type of guy that takes away any fear or doubt you have and put the best of who you are into a single moment.

(beat)

So when I think of what's good inside of me it's because of my dad.

INT. AUDITION STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Jake eyes slowly open to see the ENTIRE COMMITTEE in shock.

JOHN FITZHENREY, (34), a member of the committee, gives a standing ovation until he's hushed by the COMMITTEE CHAIR, (60).

The chatter amongst the faculty continues, Jake ambivalently awaits an outcome.

COMMITTEE CHAIR

Mr. Singer, please come with me for a moment.

The Committee Chair escorts Jake to the door.

COMMITTEE CHAIR (CONT'D)

Under no circumstances am I supposed to do this Mr. Singer but your chances of attending this institution are extremely... well... good.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

Really?!

COMMITTEE CHAIR

Keep singing Jake Singer and we'll  
look forward to seeing you in the  
fall.

JAKE

Thank you! Thank you very much!

EXT. JUILLIARD - CONTINUOUS

New York's pedestrians fill Lincoln Center. Jake eagerly  
dials his CELL PHONE, pumping his feet, FLASH DANCING  
before his AUNT CALI, (50's), answers.

CALI (V.O.)

Hello..?

JAKE

Dad! Who is this? Aunt Cali? Why  
did I call you?

CALI (V.O.)

Jake, you need to listen to me  
sweetie, I came to see you father  
yesterday and found him on the  
floor passed out. I get home today  
to have some doctor tell me your  
father has less than a...

JAKE

I'm coming home.

Dejection swept over, Jack hangs up the phone.

TEN YEARS LATER

INT. JAKE SINGER'S BEDROOM, LOS ANGELES CA - DAY

Walls are blanketed in CULT CLASSIC MOVIE POSTERS,  
PICTURES of ANTIQUATED VOCALISTS.

A LED ZEPPELIN FALLEN ANGEL TEE SHIRT covers Jake's eyes.

An older Jake Singer, smiling peacefully in an early  
morning dream. He wakes up to the flashing and clanging  
of his BIG BEN MOON BEAM alarm clock.

JAKE

Up... I'm up.

(CONTINUED)

A hangers worth of clothes and the finishing touches of a LAPEL PIN start Jake on another work day.

A sickly voice from downstairs.

MARTIN(O.S.)

Son, I've got some extra breakfast  
down here.

JAKE

Be right there pop.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

A cluttered kitchen, MEDICAL EQUIPMENT strewn about. Jake enters and gives MARTIN SINGER, AFRICAN AMERICAN, (60's), a big kiss on his sparsely covered Afro.

JAKE

You shouldn't be eating this pop,  
you should be getting rest.

MARTIN

What? I'm a grown man, I'll eat  
what I want. Now go sit down.

JAKE

Smells great!

MARTIN

Of course it does, it's nutter  
butter and bacon.

Jake dips his bacon into a heaping glob of NUTTER BUTTER and chomps away.

JAKE

Thanks for this pop, but I'm  
running late.

MARTIN

Finish up... I'll clean this.

Jake scarfs a few more bites and goes to wash his dish.

Martin whacks him on the head with a WOODEN SPOON.

JAKE

Owe!

A ROTARY PHONE rings, Martin looks at the phone and exits.

JAKE

Singer's house of madness.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR VARGAS (V.O.)  
Hey Jake, it's Doc Vargas.

JAKE  
Hey Doc...

DOCTOR VARGAS (V.O.)  
Your dad missed his appointment again, I wanted to make sure everything was Ok.

JAKE  
Ahh? Yeah... he must have forgotten again. I'll make sure he makes the next one.

DOCTOR VARGAS (V.O.)  
I'll be out of town next week. I'm going to give you a number to call in case you need me.

JAKE  
Hold on, let me write it down.

Jake scrambles to find a pen. Now, just a piece of paper?

The only thing presenting itself rests neatly in an open frame by the fridge, an ACCEPTANCE LETTER from Juilliard. Jake rips the letter out to write on it.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Got it... thanks Doc.

DOCTOR VARGAS (V.O.)  
Jake... it seems like you have your hands full. You know there are consistent uncertainties to your fathers condition. I'm sure you're aware of this Jake but there are plenty of places Martin could receive proper care for what you're paying.

JAKE  
Dad in a home? Please, he'll think he's going crazy too, see you doc.

Jake hangs up the phone.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Pop..! That was Doc Vargas again. Why did you missed your treatment?

MARTIN (O.S.)  
Oh I can't stand that clown... I thought you were leaving?

(CONTINUED)

JAKE  
I'm taking you next time.

MARTIN (O.S.)  
OK... but tonight I'll be out with  
the fellas playing baccarat so  
don't wait up.

JAKE  
Love you pop.

MARTIN (O.S.)  
Love you too, my boy. Can you pick  
up my meds on your way home?

JAKE  
Of course...

EXT. FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Jake emerges a CHOCOLATE BROWN WHITE PINNED STRIPED  
SCHWINN CRUISER.

He puts HEADPHONES and ignites the instrumentals he needs  
to hear.

JAKE  
You can forget about putting one  
of those in our yard! It's never  
going to happen LARRY!

Jake agilely wisps the cruiser down the staircase barely  
missing LARRY LEMMING, (40's), a routinely dressed  
relator in a banana yellow jacket and brown slacks,  
holding a stack of personally photographed FOR SALE  
SIGNS.

LARRY LEMMING  
Awweecckk! I'm just saying, it is  
how it is Jake. I can get you a  
great price!

Jake peddles off, wildly pumping faster, swaying the  
handle bars from side to side.

EXT. SIRUS RENT A CAR - DAY

SIRUS LUXURY CAR RENTALS, a lot full of HIGH END, EXOTIC VEHICLES. Anyone with an opulent taste in motors or a stress to impress rents their car here.

Jake peddles in with a few minutes left to spare.

TERRENCE ALVEREZ, (20's), stands on the front steps. He looks at his watch then at himself in a window.

TERRENCE

Finally Jake. How is it possible that I live further away and I still make it here earlier than you? Fifteen minutes prior mi amigo. Mi papi used to say, "If you're not fifteen minutes early, don't even bother showing up."

JAKE

Not getting into my head today Terry. Now please, try saying it in Spanish.

Jake slides past Terrence.

TERRENCE

Spanish... you wouldn't know my history gringo and don't call me Terry.

INT. SIRUS RENT A CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Terrence unlock the chained door to enter and find WHITLEY WALLACE, (20's).

Whitley is intricately placing ALL of the CAR RENTAL KEYS into a very ornate MOSAIC PORTRAIT.

JAKE

Hey... Whitley? Are those all the keys to the lot?

WHITLEY

I was feeling especially duplicitous today.

(pointing at the mosaic)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WHITLEY (CONT'D)

I opted to corollate and categorize all of the keys into various transaction amounts.

TERRENCE

Wow? You're really on top of it Whitley.

Terrence is behind Whitley's back, feebly making crazy faces, mocking Whitley's creation.

A FLAT SCREEN presents an ANIME-ESK commercial for MAO MING, (27), a famed Karaoke singer from China.

TERRENCE

That guy's a God.

Terrence immediately turns up the volume.

MAO

Spit Fire! Spit Fire! Spit! Nine thousand... Che Che Ma.

Whitley still focused on the mosaic, multi-tasking.

WHITLEY

What's his name Mao? That's what they said in the Deer Hunter right before...

JAKE

Terrence can you please check to see if guys are in back?

TERRENCE

I get it... send the Mexican to supervise the Mexicans. If you think I'm selling out my own people, you can forget it!

JAKE

Go please!

EXT. FRONT SIRUS RENTALS - CONTINUOUS

Without a moment of repose, famed rapper, FILTHA GREEN\$\$, (40's), traveling by way of MAYBACH with an entourage tailing in a LIME GREEN TOUR BUS.

JAKE

Great... just what I don't need.

(CONTINUED)

The Maybach's doors open simultaneously, revealing all the flavors of Fitha's CREW, (all ages), twenty deep, approach an extremely apprehensive Jake.

An ultra sexy, confident SWEET PEA, (20's), looks closely at Jake's lapel pin.

SWEET PEA

Hi there... JAKE.

Her crew laughs.

JAKE

Hi.

Sweet Pea hands Jake a gum ridden, crumpled CONTRACT.

SWEET PEA

As you can see... we're a little late on our return. Now, we know you don't "Normally" make any exceptions. But you see... Filtha here was gracious enough to think out a deal.

Filtha's blinged GRILL could brighten the darkest of caves.

JAKE

Looks like you need to pay an additional twelve thousand dollars Mr. Greens. I can't make any exceptions to rules of the contract.

Sweet Pea sighs and begins to scramble in her SUPER SIZED GUCCI for some cash.

SWEET PEA

(to the posse)

Listen up y'all. I need twelve G's! Check your pockets.

Twelve grand isn't a problem for this garish gang. Wads of money pour into Sweet Pea's arms.

SWEET PEA

Wait... wait. Keep going... keep going... that's it... that's it... STOP!

JAKE

You didn't even count it?

(CONTINUED)

SWEET PEA  
Honey, if I had to count it, I  
wouldn't be me.

Filtha whispers in Sweet Pea's ear.

WHITLEY  
Why is he whispering?

SWEET PEA  
Filtha doesn't talk to people  
during the day. Sweet Pea speaks  
for Filtha in the day.  
(to Filtha)  
Filtha Green\$\$ saves himself for  
the night time... ain't that right  
Filtha baybay.

Filtha gets a bit filthy with his murmuring.

SWEET PEA  
Stop baby, not here... OK here!  
(to Jake)  
Listen... we got's one more thing  
to discuss before we got's to go.

EXT. FRONT SIRUS RENTALS - MOMENTS LATER

The DOOR PANEL of the Maybach is badly damaged.

Filtha appears to be upset but whimpers and whispers to  
Sweet Pea who continues to translate.

SWEET PEA  
(to Jake)  
Give us a solid on this and Filtha  
will consider it a personal favor.

Jake shakes his head, Whitley swoops in for the recovery.

WHITLEY  
Hi, Sweet Pants.

SWEET PEA  
Sweet Pea.

WHITLEY  
The situation is this Ms. Pea. On  
top of what you previously owed  
Sirus. You're now looking at  
another thirty to forty thousand  
in damages.

SWEET PEA  
Yes, that is the current  
situation.

(CONTINUED)

WHITLEY

Ms. Pea, please, come with me and we'll figure something out.

Whitley escorts Sweet Pea to the side and collects a business card.

SWEET PEA

Das it... let's roll!

JAKE

What did you do?

WHITLEY

I told her we'd claim it under our insurance.

JAKE

Why would you do that?

WHITLEY

Don't worry, I'll set it up so my so my father won't even know. A favor from Filtha Green\$\$ is worth it.

INT. SIRUS RENTALS - DUSK

The hard workers of Sirus finish up a long day.

Jake goes to punch out, he immediately goes for his bike.

Terrence creeps up beside Jake.

TERRENCE

So, tonight's the opening of Karaoke Knights. Their the first to have the Spit Fire Nine Thousand Z and I was thinking... wondering? Would you like to come and sing some karaoke?

JAKE

Who me? No, no... I've got to pick up my dads meds. I like to get things cleaned up before he comes home from baccarat.

A strange stare down between Whitley and Terrence.

TERRENCE

How about you Whitley?

(CONTINUED)

WHITLEY

Sure? Yeah... I'm in, I think  
it'll be fun. I'll get a couple of  
my dad's girlfriends to join us.

TERRENCE

Great!

Jake continues to make his exit he stops and goes back  
retrieve the paper with the Doctors number.

Whitley notices a PENGUIN letterhead, the unique  
Juilliard mascot.

WHITLEY

This looks interesting.

Whitley snatches the paper before Jake can get to it.

JAKE

Gimme that!

WHITLEY

Just a minute here! I'm ashamed of  
you Jake Singer. Looks like Jake  
here has been hiding something  
from us.

JAKE

Whitley!

TERRENCE

Is he... Illegal?

WHITLEY

Not sure but I know this is an  
acceptance letter from Juilliard  
School of Music.

JAKE

It was only an acceptance letter.  
I gave it up a while ago.

TERRENCE

You never give up being an artist  
Jacobo.

(beat)

I never got my letter Jake but we  
all have dreams and songs to sing.

JAKE

A little thick Terrence, I'll  
go... I'll go.

(CONTINUED)

TERRENCE

You wont regret it. I'll see everyone at eight!

Terrence quickly sneaks out the door.

WHITLEY

No need to worry about a ride Jake. I've got us taken care of.

JAKE

Still following that car you think is going in the same direction huh?

WHITLEY

Listen... if you knew how it worked... you'd do it too.

JAKE

Get the doors, let's get this over with.

WHITLEY

I quote the George Miller classic, "We ride like the night... Night Rida!"

Whitley holds a Rock God salute before hitting the lights.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Cutting pedestrians off and generally driving recklessly. A BLACK 65 FORD GALAXY sporting a bumper sticker that reads "F\_\_K Off! It Runs On Vegetable Oil".

INT. WHITLEY'S GALAXY - CONTINUOUS

Whitley's father's girlfriends. AMY RUIZ, (20's) and SUZY CHANG, (20's). Both ladies sharing an interest in Whitley's father's money and wearing revealing attire.

AMY

I'm sure we're in for a wild night of Karaoke at some gaybot bar in dirty K-town. You sure this is going to be crazy cool Whitley?

SUZY

Ha ha... crazy cool Latina!

(CONTINUED)

AMY/SUZY

China Latina!

JAKE

Laughing already... I like that.

The girls drop to complete silence.

WHITLEY

Crazy like a fox! Don't pay any attention to them Jake. They've never 'Oke'd with us before. They think they can handle it.

JAKE

We've never "Oke'd" before Whit.

WHITLEY

(to Suzy)

Think you can handle it?

SUZY

I'd sure like to try!

WHITLEY

Then maybe it'll be a crazy night after all.

INT. KARAOKE KNIGHTS - LATER

Through a pair of reflected double doors, scores of WIRES entwine themselves weaving their bundles to a Frankensteined KARAOKE SYSTEM.

An ELECTRONIC SCORE BOARD stands above rows of MONITORS beneath. Four foot high CUBICLES partition TABLES, STEPS lead to the tops of each table.

AMY

This place gets packed after ten?

WHITLEY

Sure, it'll be out of control, watch.

Terrence gleefully troops forward.

TERRENCE

Hey guys... I told you it's happenin' right?!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

Each table comes with its own SPIT FIRE NINE THOUSAND Z and a two thousand watt amplifier. You can virtually download any song and convert it to karaoke. Now everybody gimme five bucks.

JAKE

Anyone else seeing the four foot walls?

WHITLEY

Roll with it.

RETRO HOSTESS'S, (20's), fitted in their classic leather miniskirts, show the Sirius crew their table.

Terrence turns on the tricked out, SPIT FIRE NINE THOUSAND Z system. Very clean, very high tech, ready rock as fast as it turns on.

KARAOKE DJ, BRITISH, (40's), sits in a booth neighboring the score board.

KDJ

(holding a hat)

We're all set... ladies and gentlemen this is how it works. Everyone who sings enters their name and table number into their Spit Fire. Once the proper pecking order is established by me, your KDJ. We then have a go with the participating tables in the bar. After each performance all tables vote. One through ten, ten the best and you all know the rest. Let's do it to it and may the best 'Oke win!

ALL HEADS ARE DOWN, entering selections on their SPIT FIRE 9000 Z's.

Jake gazes across the bar to catch the eye of a stunning WOMAN, (20's), sitting by herself in a far corner.

JAKE

(to himself)

Hello beautiful woman, my name's Jake... Jake Singer.

(lady voice)

Ohh hi Jake, you're so cool, I bet you sing real nice will you come talk to me?

(CONTINUED)

TERRENCE

What's it gonna be? I bet I go first, please lucky one!

JAKE

I'm not interested in singing.

WHITLEY

What? No self respecting man doesn't sing at a karaoke bar?

JAKE

Are you singing?

WHITLEY

No... but I'm susceptible to acute polyps in my larynx.

JAKE

Bullshitter.

WHITLEY

Jake, you didn't come out here tonight to sit and ponder... play the game.

SUZY

Come on Jake, be a Supa Sta!

Jake unwillingly makes a song pick.

JAKE

Happy now.

WHITLEY

Yes... yes I am, thank you for asking.

A single SPOTLIGHT falls on TABLE TWELVE.

LADY GODIVA, DRAG QUEEN, (50's), a voluptuous regular, is escorted up to the top of her table. This reverent queen winks towards the crowd.

KDJ makes a worthy introduction.

KDJ

At table twelve. A woman beyond words, the fire and ice of Karaoke Knights. Please get your hands together to make that wonderful sound for... Lady Godiva!

(CONTINUED)

LADY GODIVA

Hello my children, tonight, I'll perform "Love Hangover", by the queen of disco herself...  
(to KDJ)  
Jerry, give me the version from "76".

The sensual sounds of "**Love Hangover**" by Diana Ross. Godiva's on it from the very first note.

AMY

Dang, we all have to sing like that?

TERRENCE

If you want to win, you do.

WHITLEY

Don't listen to him, just have a good time.

TERRENCE

Yeah, good time... until this whole place laughs you straight out of the door.

Amy and Suzy already too many drinks in show and their appreciation for Ms. Godiva's performance echo's with a boisterous standing ovation.

AMY

Wheewww!! That was great!

SUZY

That was Mao Ming great!

AMY

I said that already Cheena, don't copy me!

SUZY

I'm not copying you... Latina!

AMY/SUZY

CheenaLatina!

Lady Godiva receives an almost perfect score of 9 points.

KDJ

Table thirty... Screech, Screech is up. Lay it easy on us, please.

TERRENCE

That's me, get ready for our first mark on that board.

(CONTINUED)

WHITLEY

Screech?

JAKE

I don't want to have to guess.

A somber CROWD. Folks put in EARPLUGS, others begin to tear PAPER NAPKINS, shoving them to their ears.

Any **MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE** song plays. Terrence wildly pumps his leg falling into a deep EMO ROCK trance.

The audience winces and shifts uncomfortably in their chairs. Terrence's wailing and whining is borderline unbearable.

A giant sigh of relief when it's all over.

Terrence instantly looks to the monitors, eagerly anticipating his score on the board. An eternity of time before a single point appears on screen.

TERRENCE

I'm getting better! Wheewwww!

KDJ

Your next birthday wish has been granted... Annie and Devin, grab your mics and show us what you're made of!

ANNIE and DEVIN, (20's), looking overly confident.

ANNIE

Hi, I'm Annie.

DEVIN

And I'm Devin.

ANNIE/DEVIN

We wanna bring you back... people are you ready to OKE!

Annie and Devine utilize the entire bar as their stage. Evoking the crowd to clap along to an energetic Roxette's "**Joyride**".

ANNIE/DEVIN

Hello... You Fool... I Love You...

Scores reflect themselves on the monitors, an amalgamation of karaoke greats plays through the 9000 Z. Still sweeter than all subsequent performances, none can come close to table twelves lead.

(CONTINUED)

AMY

This is gay star.  
 (to Whitley)  
 Let's leave, the rest of us don't  
 want to be here and table twelve  
 is just too good.

TERRENCE

(smelling his straw)  
 Godiva's table has a no loser nine  
 point lead.

JAKE

Right, so good... we should leave.

WHITLEY

I'm not leaving until Juilliard  
 here shows us what he can do.

KDJ on cue.

KDJ

Jake... Jake, you're up.

WHITLEY

See... it's meant to be, just a  
 song.

JAKE

Easy for you to say.

Jake steps up to the lonely spotlight at his table.

KDJ

Haven't seen this pulled off in a  
 while.

JAKE

Excuse me, for I know not what I  
 do.

The KDJ dials in Elvis Presely's "**Hunka Burning Love**".

Jake transcends a Memphis connection to the very essence  
 of the King himself.

JAKE

Hey baby, I ain't askin' much of  
 you...

Jake's actions and rendition of the song are so rich, so  
 pure, so pitch perfect, the entire bar transfixed into a  
 blind musical bliss.

(CONTINUED)

Jake lost in the moment, comes to, to an undeniable ten points on screen.

JAKE

Yess!

Jake notices the Beyonce bombshell in the corner of the bar looking at him as she exits.

JAKE

Goodbye, beautiful stranger.

Amy and Suzy give Jake a big hug and kiss.

AMY/SUZY

That was... amazing!

JAKE

You liked it?

WHITLEY

Liked it!? I knew it, I knew it and yes I knew it! Jake Singer you've got some soul underneath that mild mannered exterior.

Lady Godiva eclipses the table.

LADY GODIVA

You a ringer? Some kind of "Professsionaaaaal" or somethin'?

JAKE

No... no maam, I'm just a manager at an exotic car rental.

LADY GODIVA

It's the quiet ones you always have to watch out for. Good job kid, come back again for free table on Lady G.

Lady Godiva hands Jake some PASSES.

JAKE

Thanks.

WHITLEY

There is a... shall I say, a grande adresse in you.

TERRENCE

And you don't stink either. Brace yourself Jake, There's a culture here my friend.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

You need to start thinking, World  
Karaoke Championships.

JAKE

Enough... enough, I'm flattered  
but I'm too old for this stuff  
anymore.

Whitley's entrepreneurial wheels are spinning.

INT. SIRUS RENTALS OFFICE - DAY

Whitley's on the phone.

WHITLEY

OK, we're all set then... thanks  
Sonny.

Terrence maintains his look of anticipation.

TERRENCE

Well?!

Jake enters, making sucking noises through his teeth.

WHITLEY

(to Terrence)  
Silence.

JAKE

Anyone have a toothpick? I've had  
bacon in my molar since yesterday.

TERRENCE

It's World a qualifier Jake! I  
don't know anyone who's ever made  
it. Aye Dios! I can't believe  
you're gonna do it!

WHITLEY

Walk away!

JAKE

Whitley, please tell me what is  
happening?

A miserly, MURRAY MENSON, (70's), enters unattended to.

WHITLEY

Relax... I've taken care of  
everything. I entered you in a  
tiny, infinitesimal, karaoke  
contest tonight.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

What?

WHITLEY

This guy Sonny I went to Stanford with or maybe it was Princeton? Harvard? No... not a Harvard man. Anyway he got us on the list tonight at a very exclusive bar.

TERRENCE

Muy exclusivo.

JAKE

Fancy... come on... no way, I've got to help my dad.

Jake attempts to assist Mr. Menson, Whitley cuts him off.

WHITLEY

(to Murray)

Hold on shinny top, this will only take second.

(to Jake)

I called your dad already. He said Lamont will take him to therapy tonight.

JAKE

You called my dad!? How could you go behind my back like that? Lamont? They'll be out all night. (beat) Whitley, why did you do this? You know what people think about karaoke singers.

WHITLEY

Come on Jake, who cares what people think, this is a great opportunity and it's for money.

MURRAY

Can I get some help here please?

WHITLEY

Terrence, help this guy will you?

TERRENCE

I'm on break.

Jake goes to help, Whitley interrupts.

JAKE

Sir, I apologize.

(CONTINUED)

WHITLEY

Five big ones...

JAKE

Five thousand dollars?

WHITLEY

Five thousand dollars? This isn't American Idiot man, wake up, five hundred.

JAKE

Five hundred, we could use that... I don't know?

MURRAY

Go get 'em kid... can I just get a little help please!?

WHITLEY

Stop worrying, it'll be easy.

MURRAY

Does anyone want my business?

WHITLEY

Yes sir! What can I help you with sir?

MURRAY

Do you have any discounts for rent?

WHITLEY

Do you see Sirius Shit Box Rentals on the sign out front? Try Rent A Wreck in the valley.

MURRAY

I never! Who's your manager?

TERRENCE

You never will, his dad owns the place. Speaking of which... poker faces people!

Murray storms out.

EXT. FRONT SIRUS RENTALS - CONTINUOUS

A CANARY YELLOW BENTLEY rolls up with HAROLD WALLACE, (50's), the absent minded boss of all unfortunate enough to be employed by SIRUS.

Mr. Wallace is escorted by two BEAUTIES, TISHCA, (20's) and TATTYANNA, (early 30's).

Murray tries to explain his grievance to Harold who just smirks like a seventies game show host and continues walking toward the entrance.

The beautiful ladies deflect any verbal recourse by just being themselves.

INT. SIRUS RENTALS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Whitley's smile drops dead pan, realizing he's next in line to speak with his father.

WHITLEY

Oh great.

Terrence opens the door assuming the position.

TERRENCE

Hello Mr. Wallace, great to see you today sir! Good looking ladies out there sir. Need us to set you up with anything this afternoon?

MR. WALLACE

Tone down the ass kissing Terrence. It annoys me.

TERRENCE

Yes sir... I mean yes Mr. Wallace... I mean...

Whitley's up to bat.

WHITLEY

Hello father, no need to be here, we're running ahead of schedule.

Mr. Wallace looks suspiciously at Whitley and pries his sons eye lids.

WHITLEY

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

MR. WALLACE

Just seeing if whatever you've taken has kicked in yet, I'm sure I won't have long before it does.

WHITLEY

That's right father... why would I have anything useful to say? Well whatever it is? It's been helping us in our fraudulent misdoings.

JAKE

Ahh? Funny Whit... what Whitley's trying to explain to you Mr. Wallace is... your son, has come up with a plan that has been saving us time and...

Mr. Wallace sniffs his ear wax.

MR. WALLACE

You see those ladies out there Singer? One of those princesses could be the next future Mrs. Wallace. I willing to bet'cha each of 'em has a little name tattooed somewhere I haven't seen right... right?

JAKE

Ohhh right sir, tattoo... very sexy sir.

MR. WALLACE

(to Whitley)

Son... I'm pleased all those years and countless contributions to various Ivy League institutions has proven your effectiveness in relieving your employees early.

WHITLEY

It seems like a good option since hardly pay any over time! Father... this isn't about Jake or the rest to the staff, it's about you and me, as it always seems to be.

MR. WALLACE

Calm down. I don't care if you want to save company time Whitley. Jake my boy where are you?

JAKE

Right behind you sir.

(CONTINUED)

MR. WALLACE

Right... just make sure all the cars have been detailed before you leave. They look drab.

JAKE

Yes Mr. Wallace, they'll all be taken care of.

MR. WALLACE

Good man Singer, get my son to help you, he seems to like you sorts.

Mr. Wallace inquisitively surveys Terrence.

MR. WALLACE (CONT'D)

I can't quite figure out why?

INT. SINGER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The best stage on Earth, Martin shares a Dirt Devil Fred Astaire moment to the poetic melody of Sammy Davis Jr.'s **"I've Gotta Be Me"**.

MARTIN

I'll go it alone... that's how it'll be!

A dim call of a door bell, blending itself with the blaring Golden Boy music. A wild tolling of bells when the song is finished.

EXT. FRONT PORCH SINGERS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Martin, in bathrobe attire, smiles despite his condition.

PAUL THE POSTMAN, (40's), frantic from ongoing doorbell ringing.

A fine portrayal of Mr. Wonderful himself, Martin unwittingly answers the door.

MARTIN

Hello... Wait a minute Mr. Postman.

PAUL

Ohh funny man... package for Mr. Martin J Singer.

MARTIN

That's me.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Martin opens the package, a brochure headlined "GREEN LOTS", a beautiful tropical paradise. A DVD in a PALM FRAWNEED sleeve amidst dozens of golden SUNSET BEACH PHOTOS.

A picture shows that Filtha Greens himself endorses this lush green paradise.

MARTIN

I've been waiting for you.

Martin is as giddy as a school boy, quickly locking the front door, starting up the DVD PLAYER and popping a squat on the couch.

EXT. GREEN LOTS - DAY

A tropical shoreline, beautiful LAPURIA, JAMAICAN, (30's), strolls an ELDERLY MAN in an AQUA GREEN WHEELCHAIR complete with inflatable beach wheels.

LAPURIA

Ie an Ie... whatcha say people,  
welcome to Green Lots.  
Lapurria 'ere, 'n I'll be ya  
'ostess fur dis 'ere advencha'.

Green Lots is a fully equipped MEDICINAL MARIJUANA COMMUNITY.

Bombed BABY BOOMERS play volleyball, body surf and take bong rips by the pool side.

LAPURIA (CONT'D)

Ya see, 'ere at Green Lots,  
everyday is 'n ire day. An' me and  
da staff will be sure to put a  
smile on yur face.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Martin's alone, all alone, some "Self Reflexive Time" has presented itself. He closes the blinds tight and embraces the beauty of being home alone.

MARTIN

Daddy likes what you're saying  
Lapurria. Just keep talking my  
ebony queen and you'll be sure to  
have a smile on my face.

EXT. BACK LOT SIRUS RENTALS - LATE AFTERNOON

Whitley sparks a JOINT.

WHITLEY

Glad he left...

Terrence enters waving his hand to the skunky cloud of marijuana smoke.

TERRENCE

Are you is smoking pot again?

WHITLEY

That is correct, quite observant  
of you Terrence.

EXT. DUMPSTER - CONTINUOUS

A homeless man in a long black trench coat paces back and forth. INKEE HASNOT, (60's), talking/mumbling on his clearly broken CELL PHONE.

EXT. BACK LOT SIRUS RENTALS - CONTINUOUS

Whitley takes another puff and dabs out his spliff.

WHITLEY

This looks interesting?

A quick TUNE IN TOKYO on Terrence.

WHITLEY (CONT'D)

Nipples.

TERRENCE

Aghhhggghhh!!

WHITLEY

Take a puff of that, it'll help  
with the pain and maybe make you a  
little cooler. Use the Range  
Rover, I smoke in there all the  
time.

Terrence, rubs his sore/tweaked nipples. He notices the doob on the ground. Making sure the coast is clear, he picks up the joint and discreetly ambulates to a majestic RANGE ROVER. All black, black everything, this vehicle is so captivating it's very presence demands attention.

EXT. DUMPSTER - CONTINUOUS

Whitley's negotiation abilities far exceed that of any ordinary orator.

WHITLEY

So it's twenty an hour for the first two hours...

INKEE

GRGRGRGggrgrgrgr.....

A cellphone moment.

WHITLEY

Excuse me, one second.

MARTIN (V.O.)

Did you tell him?

WHITLEY

Yep... just as you said, he believed the Lamont thing.

MARTIN (V.O.)

Good... Now promise me you'll take this as far as it will go Whitley.

WHITLEY

I won't let you down Martin, you can count on me.

(to Inkee)

So we're on right?

INT. RANGE ROVER - MOMENTS LATER

Stoned off his rocker, Terrence has miraculously become fluent in Spanish and is singing Enrique Iglesia's "**Hero**", en Espanol.

Whitley bangs on the rear window, Terrence's paranoia gets the best of him.

WHITLEY

Nut check! Wow, It stinks so good. Welcome to the dark side Terrence. Now buckle up, we're moving out.

EXT. FRONT SIRUS RENTALS - DUSK

Whitley systematically places Inkee to the far corner of the lot then grabs Jake from behind.

JAKE

What's up?

WHITLEY

Jake, I've decided nothing is going to make this night more special than presenting your reclaimed talents in the most luxurious SUV in the world.

Whitley bestows the timeless Range Rover Westminster.

JAKE

REALLY? We're going to do this. Your dad will have our asses if we take this out.

WHITLEY

Jake, you still not getting it. When it comes to my father and I there are no rules.

JAKE

Whit, Your dad told US to detail the cars, remember?

WHITLEY

Stay focused, I've got things taken care of here.

JAKE

Taken care of?

WHITLEY

Jake stop questioning, just Rock n' Roll... OK.

JAKE

I don't know Whitley? This seems like a bad idea.

WHITLEY

What's to speculate Jake? Cruising around in opulence or piggy backing on your handle bars? Stop worrying, we'll have it back in a few hours tops.

JAKE

I don't think this is wise.

(CONTINUED)

WHITLEY

I'll open up tomorrow just like you did today. Come on, it's settled, we take the Rover.

JAKE

We?

Terrence makes his presence known.

TERRENCE

Hola.

JAKE

We're not even closed yet?

WHITLEY

Take the wheel, I'll be right back.

Whitley sneaks Inkee into Sirius as Jake steps into the driver side of the Range Rover.

JAKE

Who's that?

WHITLEY

A temp, I called ahead.

EXT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

The Westminster sails onto the open road.

INT. RANGE ROVER DRIVING SEQUENCE-EARLY EVENING

The White Stripes clear any hesitation. All three gentlemen rock out.

Another Mao Ming commercial for the Spit Fire Nine Thousand Z.

MAO (V.O.)

Spit Fire! Spit Fire! Spit Fire!  
Nine thousand... Che Che Ma...

TERRENCE

Who knows Jake... this could be your beginning.

WHITLEY

Don't give him that much credit yet. Karaoke Knights could have been his one trick pony.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE  
One trick pony huh?

EXT. O'HALLAHALLAHAN'S - EVENING

The Rover docks at the valet of crowded O'Hallahallahan's. The employees of Sirius Rentals never looked so good.

Whitley with a quick nod to DOORMAN #1, (30's) and everyone's in with no problems.

INT. O'HALLAHALLAHAN'S - CONTINUOUS

On a small stage in the back of the bar, OLD MAN FLANNERY, IRISH, (70's), O'hallahallahan's resident Karaoke DJ. Holding a large pitcher of beer, Old Man takes a few gulps, followed by a thunderous belch and a huge disgorge of spit.

OLD MAN FLANNERY  
We welcome one of my class act  
grade A'rs.

BRENT, (20's), a fraternity type, red faced and trying his drunken best at an old Irish tune.

BRENT  
Proud of all the Irish blood  
that's in me. Div'il a man can say  
a word against me. H - A - double  
R - I - G - A - N, spells  
HARRIGAN. You see, is a name that  
a shame never has... HARRIGAN  
that's me.

OLD MAN FLANNERY  
Stop right thar! I enter ya in my  
contest and call yourself an  
Irishman. You make me wanna vomit  
you Pied Piping fairy!

Old Man takes the remainder of his pitcher and pours it over Brent.

OLD MAN FLANNERY  
When ya sing a song, ya sing from  
ya hart. Till the last once of ya  
rotten stinkin' soul speaks out in  
a grand hallelujah.

Brent sees the error of his ways, soaked in beer.

(CONTINUED)

BRENT  
I'm so sorry, I let you down, I  
let everyone down.

Brent scampers off stage, whimpering to himself.

JAKE  
Wow... that didn't look like fun.

WHITLEY  
See Jake, This is contest for  
money. Fun is for fairies or  
farting in Terrence's Cheetoe's  
bag. We don't want "Fun" Jake. We  
want the Night Rida, The best  
karaoke singer this place has ever  
seen!

OLD MAN FLANNERY  
Oh, don't yank your nipples in a  
twist. Let me show you how it's  
done.

The lights dim low before Old Man settles into a  
beautiful rendition of "**Shady Grove**".

Accompanying the Old Man is a sycophantic, LIMMERY  
SNIPPITS, IRISH, (20's), a wry young bloke, always ready  
to keep up the Old Man's image.

LIMMERY  
Ohh Pissarr boy! Flannery duz it  
agayen!

TERRENCE  
Dang! That was good.

WHITLEY  
Jake that has nothing to do with  
you... take this.

Whitley drops a one/two punch of an Irish Car Bomb.

Jake downs the shot and is ready for the kill.

JAKE  
OK, I'm ready... let's do it!

WHITLEY  
Hold on! Not yet...

JAKE  
What do you mean not yet? How  
long?

(CONTINUED)

WHITLEY

I presumed it was best to wait and set the same tone.

JAKE

Same tone? Same flow? Same time? Same Universe? You keep sayin' same this and same that but none of it's the same. You try going up there. Why are we here?!

The number two shot takes a much more visceral effect on this light weight.

JAKE

Wheeew! I can wait.

Terrence hands Jake the BLACK BOOK.

TERRENCE

Aye papi, I can't wait to hear what you pick!

JAKE

This will determine the outcome of the evening.

Jake disappointedly turns page after page, trying to find a song he can sing his best to.

TERRENCE

Come on, just pick one, we know you can sing.

JAKE

Nothing! Not one song, the whole things filled with Irish folk songs, We should leave.

TERRENCE

(looking through the book)  
He's right... ohh? Except this one.

Terrence shows Whitley the book.

WHITLEY

Sixty three, we're in good shape. You can definitely sing that one.

JAKE

Which one?

Terrence shows Jake the book.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE (CONT'D)

I can't sing that.

WHITLEY

Sure you can!

TERRENCE

Si se puedes you can.

Limmery's at the bar, ordering another pitcher for the Old Man, the guys excitement has Limmery into some eavesdropping.

LIMMERY

Aye, what's that you gutt thire?  
Tinkin' of singing sixty three  
are ya? Hey looky Tom! We got  
another big timer who's tinkin' to  
sing sixty three.

TOM, (40's), bartender, wildly rings a FIRE BELL attached to an overhang on the bar.

TOM

We got a Sixty Threeyar!!!

Roars from the CROWD.

Old Man Flannery casts a crazed fiery stare at Jake.

OLD MAN FLANNERY

Siiilleeence!

Library quiet, Old Man's eyes burn red and slowly begin to swell to tears. Whimpering, squirming he can barely get the strength to calm himself from what appears a psychotic rage.

OLD MAN FLANNERY (CONT'D)

Dun't you dare sing that song  
unless ya meean it!

Jake blinks -- a deer in headlights.

Patrons back in action, Jake is left in shock.

JAKE

Whoa! I'm outta here...

WHITLEY

Stop Jake! You need to sing  
tonight because if you don't? Ahh?  
You'll always wonder what your  
life would be like if you did but  
you'll never know until you try.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

I got called out by a crazy old man and his imp. Bullshit, I'm out!

Jake goes for the door.

WHITLEY

Plan B.

Terrence grabs Jake's head for a third Irish Car Bomb delivered swiftly.

Jake begins to gag, vision blurred.

WHITLEY/TERRENCE

Open your mind Singer...

Jake starts wandering wildly -- signs of vomiting imminent.

Jake's unlocked his Mr. Hyde.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I am the Night Rida!

WHITLEY

Wheewww! Night Rida!

OLD MAN FLANNERY

Aye, just in time, we got Jaycob performin' mi beloved sixta three. Don't fack it up boy. Limery, make sure you top off a pitcher!

The crowd stares at Jake.

Jake walks the ominous gauntlet. UGLY DRUNKEN FACES peer at him up to stage.

LIMERY

He looks like a sharter, duesn't hee? A sharter for sure, shitty, shitty, shart... shart. Aye maaybee he'll shart it up fresh for us!

Jake's face to face with Old Man Flannery, the tension between them could be cut with a knife.

OLD MAN FLANNERY

Look boy, I save the one's who don't quite make... fur later you know.

(CONTINUED)

Jake glances to see THREE PERFORMERS, (all ages), soaked beer, shivering.

JAKE

Not tonight, Mr. Flannery. Even the loser gets lucky sometimes.

Jake taps the mic.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Test... test, hi everyone, thanks for letting me sing for you tonight.

The soft guitar of U2's "One" the crowd not sure how to react.

Jake takes a deep breath and right as rain, his song is captivating.

Old Man's in tears, enamored with Jake's performance.

Lost in the moment, Jake's inner silence are again broken by the cheers of the crowd.

Old Man Flannery inhales the remainder of his pitcher belching loudly and giving Jake a warm hug.

OLD MAN FLANNERY

Shite sun! If Aye wulda known yu' culd sing lik' that I wuldn'ta rode you so hard. We got a Winna!

Jake's awarded with a BLUE 4H CLUB RIBBON and a wad rolled up of CASH.

PATRONS continue to cheer -- Jake's on top.

EXT. SINGER HOUSE- LATE EVENING

Whitley pulls up the Rover, Jake gets out and meets Whitley on the drivers side.

JAKE

Thanks for this Whitley. I've never had night quite like this.

WHITLEY

Great job Jake, I knew you had it in you. Going to need the same thing from you tomorrow night though. It's your last qualifier before the WKC.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

WKC?

TERRENCE

(eyes closed)  
World Karaoke Championships.

JAKE

Right, the championships. Tomorrow  
night? Seems a little sudden  
doesn't it?

WHITLEY

You're in entertainment now  
Singer. Rest is for the weak.

Jake reveals his winnings taking out fifty bucks and  
handing it over to Whitley.

WHITLEY (CONT'D)

What's this for?

JAKE

You're my manager right?

WHITLEY

Yeah but? This isn't necessary.

JAKE

No buts, ten percent. Sure you're  
OK to open tomorrow?

WHITLEY

Stop worrying and relax those  
vocals Jake.

JAKE

Right vocals, have a good night  
Whit.

INT. JAKE SINGER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Jake's blinded by the preemptive flashing of his Big Ben  
Moon Beam alarm clock.

JAKE

Thank you alarm clock, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Up before Martin, Jake starts to make pancakes. He notices the Green Lots palm frawned brochure.

JAKE

Pretty.

Before reading the brochure, a scratching cause Jake to open a cabinet and find - GANJII the CAT (a Persian cat with a Mohawk). Feeling melodious, Jake sings to his furry friend.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Ganjii... the cat. Come out and eat... so you can take a nap.  
Ganjii... the cat. I wanna know if you fluffy or fat? It's Ganjii... the cat.

Ganjii leaps out from the cupboard.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Looking sharp today Ganjii.  
Looking real sharp.

Jake floats around the kitchen continuing his breakfast preparations.

INT. MARTIN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jake tip toes in with a TRAY of FRESH BREAKFAST, MEDICATION and a NEWSPAPER, a maneuver only the best waiter could bolster.

Martin peacefully mumbles in his sleep.

MARTIN

Stir it up, little darlin'. Stir it up... stir it up baby. Stir it up for me... stiiir it... stiiir it.

JAKE

Rise and shine pop... I made you breakfast.

MARTIN

(one eye open)  
Awwe..? That's real nice of ya son.

JAKE

No worries.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

How did it go last night? You have fun?

Jake's wild eyed -- a kid at Christmas.

JAKE

Fun is for fairies and farting. I won money last night.

MARTIN

That's my boy.

JAKE

I won... I won! You should have seen it! I hadn't felt that great in years.

MARTIN

You gave them some of that Singer fire huh?

JAKE

I did... I did! Pop, there was all this cheering and it was for me -- it was like Raaaahhhh!!!

(beat)

Hey... I wanted let you know, I saw the brochure downstairs and I agree with you.

MARTIN

You do?

JAKE

Of course! We've needed a vacation for the longest time and after tonight we'll be able to take one.

MARTIN

Awwee son, that's not about a vacation, it's a...  
What do you mean after tonight?

JAKE

Whitley entered me in another contest, even bigger than last night.

MARTIN

I thought we were gonna to have movie night tonight?

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

Can't that can wait dad? This the WKC... Ask Lamont, I'm sure he'll have movie night with you.

MARTIN

Sure he will... I knew you had in you. You just had to find it.

JAKE

I found it all right.  
You remember where my old song books are?

MARTIN

Check in the attic... I'm so proud of you son.

JAKE

Thanks pop... it isn't a problem about tonight is it?

MARTIN

If I remember correctly, I'm still your father, now go on... practice.

JAKE

I wouldn't be here without you.

Jake exits.

Martin gazes discerningly down to the Green Lots DVD.

MARTIN

I guess there's a time for everything.

INT. ATTIC - LATER

Being a winner never felt so good.

Jake climbs an old ceiling ladder. A BOOK OF SONGS reveals itself and Jake's very own HOW-TO'S on vocal exercises.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Martin watches the '79 cult classic, "Mad Max" with the NIGHT RIDA burning rubber and MAX on the hunt.

Jake paces from the couch to the window over and over.

MARTIN

Will you keep your booty on the couch? You're making me nervous.

JAKE

I know... me too. I just want this so badly and it's the last qualifier before the Championships.

MARTIN

The "Championships" huh?

Martin puts the movie on pause.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Jake, I've tried to be honest with you your whole life, right?

JAKE

The most honest pop.

MARTIN

I'm not about to stop now. What I'm about to tell you is important, let it sink in... OK.

JAKE

OK?

MARTIN

Everything we do in our lives is like a test. Some are tests are easy, so we don't pay much attention to them. Some are really tough, so we feel like we'll never pass 'em. But every moment you take a breath you're passing your test... understand?

JAKE

I think so.

MARTIN

What I'm trying to say is... the key to living your life is just...

The horn blows, Whitley's outside.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

That's Whitley pa, can you explain  
life to me tomorrow?

MARTIN

Of course... go get 'em son. Take  
no prisoners, Night Rida!

JAKE

I will, I mean, I won't... Night  
Rida!

Jake gives his dad a kiss on the cheek and heads out the  
door.

Martin hums a old tune and then continues the movie.  
Coughing heavily, he notices a small amount of blood in  
his sputum -- a look to the ceiling.

MARTIN

Please not tonight, my boy needs  
me.

INT. WHITLEY'S GALAXY - EVENING

Jake gets in, unaware his CELL PHONE has dropped between  
the seat and the passenger side door.

Amy and Suzy have come along for the night.

AMY/SUZY

Hi Jake...

JAKE

Hey Amy, Suzy, hey Whit... No  
Terrence tonight?

WHITLEY

Jake, it's optimal for us to  
utilize our lady friends here. I  
think we will need to maintain a  
low profile tonight. Our biggest  
obstacle is just getting in.

JAKE

Where we going..? Lindsay Lohan's  
ha ha ha.

WHITLEY

She might be there... who knows  
with that brawler. My friend,  
we're attempting Centipede.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

Centipede?

SUZY

The hottest club' in all LA.  
Tonight is live band 'Oke. Big big  
deal... only superstars go there.

JAKE

How are we getting in?

AMY

Don't worry about that papacito.  
Suzy's been hooking up with this  
guy who looks like Lil Wayne, he's  
letting us in... maybe?

SUZY

Been with only once... shut up  
Latina, he's cute, you know it.

AMY

He looks like Lil Wayne and you  
know it!

EXT. WHITLEY'S GALAXY - CONTINUOUS

Traffic in Hollywood on a Friday night, a burden all  
must bare if they want to trip the light fantastic.

INT. WHITLEY'S GALAXY - CONTINUOUS

WHITLEY

Why is this happening?  
(slamming on the horn)  
Move people... let's go!

JAKE

What's the rush?

AMY

The line ends for the "Ordinaries"  
at 10:30.

JAKE

Ordinaries? All these crazy names,  
rules and status.

(CONTINUED)

WHITLEY

Let's be parochial for a second, a win for you tonight puts us up three large and is our last qualifier before the worlds.

JAKE

Three hundred? I made more last night.

WHITLEY

Three thousand my friend... you're in the big time.

SUZY

That's a lot money to make in one night Jake... you sure you're ready?

JAKE

Ahh?

WHITLEY

Zip it! Everyone Zip their Von Zippas!

Whitley notices a CHERRY RED PORSCHE turning away from the congestion. He swerves out of traffic following the random car.

JAKE

Please don't Whit.

AMY

What's he doing?

JAKE

He's following a car he thinks is going in the same direction.

SUZY

What?

WHITLEY

I'm telling you it works. It's all relative to make, model and personal style.

Whitley continues to follow the aleatoric vehicle down some random neighborhood side streets, remarkably leading them right to the front of CENTIPEDE.

EXT. CENTIPEDE - NIGHT

The ultra upscale Centipede is packed with swarms of CELEBRITY TYPES, PAPARAZZI and all of BEAUTIFUL HOLLYWOOD wanting to be noticed through the velvet ropes.

INT. WHITLEY'S GALAXY - CONTINUOUS

WHITLEY

Jake, there's no easy way to say this. So I'm going to break it down as basic as I can. Ladies please allow me talk to Jake alone for a moment.

AMY

Let's go Cheena.

Amy and Suzy exit.

JAKE

Break it down?

WHITLEY

You need to comprehend what's in there Jake. This is the side you've never seen, people like this aren't to be considered human. What lies in that club are arrogant, maladjusted, jackanapes. Psychologically twisted types. Who, like my father, only talk about themselves and what they have. These are the types of people I've been around my whole life. I don't want any remark they make or face they scoff at you to even dent the armor of kindness you carry.

JAKE

I'll do my best.

WHITLEY

Best was last night, save your prudent side for those worthy of it Jake. Tonight you need to attack. You know... Night Rida.

JAKE

Right? Attack, got it.

EXT. CENTIPEDE - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Whitley mill through the masses.

Amy and Suzy flirt up to a LIL WAYNE LOOK A LIKE, (20's), the gate keeper of Centipede.

Wayne questions Jake and Whitley's coolness factor.

LWL

Oh HELL no! You ain't got enough.  
This is ain't no place for a  
Jewish cookie over 'ere meinn.

WHITLEY

I knew this wasn't going to  
happen.

AMY

This is useless.

As if the Karaoke Gods aligned the moons, the only thing that could rescue them now arrived in a LIME GREEN TOUR BUS.

Filtha Green\$ steps out amidst a thick plume of smoke.

PAPARAZZI flash their cameras at a much more out spoken Filtha.

FILTHA

The Greens is here! You can take  
all ya pics. But unless you spend  
the night wit Filtha... you ain't  
never gonna see the green\$!

Whitley see's destiny.

WHITLEY

Filtha! Ms. Pea! It's us from  
SIRUS RENTALS!

Sweet Pea catches some familiar faces.

SWEET PEA

Ohhh how sweet it is... Pickles  
make sure they get in.

An enormous PICKLES, (30's), Ominously nods at the Lil Wayne wannabee who reluctantly gives Jake and the others the green light in.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE  
Is this really happening?

WHITLEY  
Smile, look straight ahead... and  
pretend you belong.

LWL  
(to Suzy)  
Call me... so I can make it juicy  
for ya!

SUZY  
Yeah right... you Lil Wayne wanna  
be. Wake up... you ain't Wayne.

SWEET PEA  
You Filtha Greened that fool! P I  
M P Y!

INT. CENTIPEDE - CONTINUOUS

Centipede is adorned with LIGHTS, LASERS, GO GO DANCERS,  
FOG MACHINES, CIRQUE DE SOLEI PERFORMERS and DENGUE FEVER  
as the live house band.

JAKE  
This place is amazing! Everyone's  
so beautiful.

WHITLEY  
Don't be fooled Jake, we've  
descended into the blind world  
now.

INT. CENTIPEDE STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The music lulls, and a celebrated CAJUN MC, (20's),  
begins the battle.

CAJUN MC  
Dun dare... everyone, everyone..!  
May I have your attent-cion! Could  
the owner of a blue ninety four  
Corrola please move your vehicle?  
It's been fuglian up our parkin'  
and we're gonna have to tow it!  
Wha Hahaha!

The Crowd roars in laughter.

(CONTINUED)

CAJUN MC (CONT'D)  
 No serious... serious... I wanna  
 welcome you all to Centipede. A  
 very special night, tonight. Our  
 second annual live band Karaoke  
 contest. Won't you give it up for  
 last years winner... Banging  
 Brenda!

BANGING BRENDA, (20's), bounces her way up to stage.

CAJUN MC (CONT'D)  
 We can see where you spent your  
 money girl.

BRENDA  
 Ohh Cajun.

CAJUN MC  
 She'll have the chance to defend  
 her title against anyone who's  
 thinks they gots the skills to  
 come get their thrills. So without  
 further addoodoo... it's time to  
 turn and burn this mutha. Inside  
 out, upsidedown, shaka kan and  
 riki tiki timbo. Live band 'Oke at  
 Centipeeeede!

Brenda, in position with the DELINQUENT DEBUTANTES (20's  
 to 80's).

INTELLIGENT LIGHTS capture a Pussy Cat Dolls **cover** but  
 the girls clearly don't sing.

Brenda's on stage poorly mimicking lyrics and definitely  
 not singing. Just bouncing, flipping, splitting and solo  
 chair dancing.

When the last chord is played, the club goes wild with  
 applause.

INT. CENTIPEDE DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

JAKE  
 No one sang anything?

The masses erupt even louder, barely audible.

WHITLEY  
 What!?

JAKE  
 Not one of them sang anything!

(CONTINUED)

WHITLEY

I told you this Jake. Singing isn't what matters here. The approval of the crowd puts you on that pedestal. You need to own them. My father once told me... If you want to be victorious you must be willing to bite the head off your opponent. Help?

JAKE

I wish it did.

AMY

(to Jake)  
Let's get you signed up.

INT. CENTIPEDE SIGN IN BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Standing by the booth is Brenda. Her sportsmanship is as genuine as her pin straight extensions. This socialite misfit and her pack of debutantes ridicule all who try to enter the contest.

BANGING BRENDA

What's this? Walmart and man bitch.

AMY

Funny trick... you must of got tonight confused with The "Rock of Love" Reunion.

BANGING BRENDA

How would you know? You get cut?

AMY

No, you didn't.

BRENDA

I did... and I'll do it again.

AMY

Evil witch, let's go! I want you... and you... and you!

SUZY

Yeah, Back off!

AMY/SUZY

Cheena Latina!

Jake snatches the BLACK BOOK from Brenda.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

I'll see that!

Locking eyes with Brenda, Jake quickly grabs the Black Book and makes his pick within seconds.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Done.

WHITLEY

You got it? That's it?  
Are you sure?

JAKE

I'm sure.

WHITLEY

OK then... That's the guy we need.  
Welcome back Night Rida.

More rivaled eye exchanges with Brenda. Jake casts his attention to the dance floor.

INT. CENTIPEDE DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Music is thumping, bass is pumping and the BEAUTIFUL CROWD is so captivating.

Jake's alive and completely enveloped by the surreal scene around him.

JAKE

This is the best! I'm finally  
where I should have been ten years  
ago.

WHITLEY

Riiight..?

INT. CENTIPEDE STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The music lulls once more and the Cajun MC announces the next contestants PETER, (40's) and EVAN, (20's).

CAJUN MC

Evan and Peter where you at? Get  
your booties up here and show us  
what ya made of.

Peter and Evan's duet of Lady Gaga's "**Bad Romance**" is sweet but Jake's dark side grows and he begins to mock all who attempt the 'Oke.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE  
Somebody let a draft of fag in!

Brenda won't let anyone steal her thunder.

BRENDA  
Delicate flowers come sing for us!  
What a joke, homos need to step  
down.

The crowd howls.

PETER  
(crying hysterically)  
You're the Witches of Eastwick!

Peter runs off stage humiliated.

EVAN  
Peter!

Evan follows Peters exit.

DEBUTANTE#1  
It's like you were meant to be the  
winner Brenda.

BANGING BRENDA  
After tonight, I'm hitting Dr.  
Ray.

Brenda bounces.

BANGING BRENDA  
(to the crowd)  
Are you with me people!  
(to all the Debutantes)  
See just like last year.

EXT. WHITLEY'S GALAXY - NIGHT

Sounds of a CELL PHONE ringing, a faint flashing light  
illuminates frantically.

A VALET, (20's), parks a CAR blocking the Galaxy, the  
phone continues to ring.

INT. CENTIPEDE DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

CAJUN MC (O.S.)  
Next up... Jake... Jake Singer

Jake smiles sadistically -- something up his sleeve.

JAKE  
Finally... my turn.

Jake takes Whitley's HAT and heads confidently on stage.

INT. CENTIPEDE STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Brenda tries to get in some jabs.

BANGING BRENDA  
Ohh look, little man bitch. I  
think there's a manssier shop in  
West Hollywood if you need some  
support.

A chuckle from the crowd, Jake carries himself at  
Brenda's level.

JAKE  
Good one hooker, I've got the  
perfect song for your no talent  
ass tonight.  
I think it's time Banging Brenda  
gets her butt banged off stage.

Brenda's in shock.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
(to the band)  
I need hard cow bell and don't be  
afraid to go heavy on the strings.

The cow bell request is granted and the lead guitarist  
wails the prefatory chords of Mountains "**Mississippi  
Queen**".

Jake is possessed, spewing, sweating and generally in a  
lewd state of delirium. Every lyric, every motion and  
every sound seemingly contoured to secure Brenda's  
ignominy.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Heeeeayyy Mississippi Queen!

Jake succumbs to the evils he's been warned to avoid.  
Finishing the song like John Belushi on a bender.

The mob screams louder, whether it's for Jake or Brenda's  
humiliation, the situation feels dirty.

The Cajun MC, shaking his head at what he's just  
witnessed.

CAJUN MC  
Jake Singer everybody!

Brenda and the Debutantes attempt to retaliate but Jake's  
intense dramatization gives the ladies no time to react,  
the masses continue to bellow Jake's name.

CAJUN MC (CONT'D)  
Wha Hahaha... What a night, what a  
night! We all know there can be  
only one. Defending her title,  
that Mississi... Wha Hahaha! That  
was some funny shit. Banging  
Brenda!

Like a light switch; Brenda's perfect world has turned on  
her. She's on stage solo, seeing all the faces she once  
mocked, wild eyed and sneering, just waiting for the  
chance to see her drown. Forced to capitulate before she  
begins Brenda runs off stage.

Brenda's first heckled by Peter.

PETER  
Forget it, you fake tittied  
hooker! You can't sing!

Cackles of the crowd, even her Debutantes snickering, all  
too quick to turn.

DEBUTANTE#1  
Face it. You're as fake as your  
titties!

INT. CENTIPEDE DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Jake's back to his friends, the chaotic eruption has PEOPLE eyeing Jake.

AMY

Jake... you really stuck to that bitch!

SUZY

Wow... Jake that was, ahhh..?

WHITLEY

I've never seen you like this? You were so angry.

The throngs have found their new leader, they start to swarm Jake.

Things get unruly when MANIACAL FANS begins to yank and jerk at Jake. Even Filtha Green\$\$ is frenzied in the moment.

Jake embellishes his new found fame and wallows in the fans obsessions.

Whitley turns to Amy and Suzy and the power of the Cheena/Latina to make for a quick escape.

WHITLEY

We have to get him out of here.  
Amy, Suzy... you ready?

AMY/SUZY

Cheena Latina!

The ladies create a Popping/Locking/Krumping force shield diversion.

Whitley grabs Jake from the crowd surfing Jesus pose. He pulls Jake into the dancing force shield.

AMY/SUZY

We don't have much time! You need to stay as close as possible... got it.

WHITLEY

Got it!

Amy and Suzy's rhythmic spasms manage enough space for a narrow getaway.

EXT. CENTIPEDE - LATER

Streets are purveyed with BACON DOG VENDORS, a trailing FAN, (20's), follows.

Jake fervently counts his money.

JAKE

Wheew yeah! That's how we do it!  
Winners for life! Rest is for the  
weak. Who wants a bacon dog!?

FAN

You were fantastic!

JAKE

I was wasn't I... maybe I'll see  
you next year.  
Yeah right! I won't need this dump  
in a year, I'm going straight to  
the top! Wheeeww!

WHITLEY

Getting little ahead of yourself  
aren't you.

JAKE

Come on mann... you saw the way  
they loved me in there. I'm the  
best thing they've ever seen!  
I never thought it would be so  
easy?

WHITLEY

What? To turn into an asshole.

JAKE

Asshole..? This was your idea and  
I'm the asshole? Sorry Whit, but  
coming from a guy who can't even  
speak to his own father it doesn't  
mean much.

WHITLEY

Low Singer, you got me figured  
out, can't put it past you.

AMY

Stop it! This is getting us  
nowhere. Let's eat... I'll drive.

INT. WHITLEY'S GALAXY - LATE EVENING

Amy takes the captain seat, food service is all night in Los Angeles.

AMY

What sounds good? Mel's.

SUZY

Mel's good... I like big burgers.

JAKE

Yes... I'm having a big bacon breakfast. Think they'll have peanut butter there?

Whitley is sprawled out in the back seat. He notices a CELL PHONE flickering on the floor of his car. He blinks to make sure it's not him, then picks it up -- the hammer falls.

WHITLEY

Ahh..? Jake

JAKE

I know it sounds weird but don't knock it till you try it. There's a double crunch to it.

WHITLEY

It's not the food.

Whitley hands the phone to Jake, seven missed calls from Martin.

JAKE

You need to take me home.

AMY

What? Not hungry anymore?  
I'm starvin'... you're just gonna have to wait.

JAKE

Pleeeaaase... take me home now!

Jake's face goes gaunt, horrified, shaking.

WHITLEY

Did he leave a message?

(CONTINUED)

JAKE  
I'm checking. I don't know what to do?

WHITLEY  
I'm sure he's fine.

JAKE  
Shut up Whitley, Jesus... he's at Cedars!

AMY  
That's not far from here.

Amy flips a U-turn.

JAKE  
What if something really bad happened?

WHITLEY  
It's gonna be OK Jake.

JAKE  
It's not OK, Whitley! This isn't another adventure for you. This is my dad's life we're talking about!

AMY  
He's just trying to make you feel better Jake.

JAKE  
Well... I don't need to feel better Amy! As a matter of fact I don't need any of this!  
(beat)  
What have I been thinking? Trying follow some stupid ass dream.  
What's wrong with me?

WHITLEY  
Stop being so hard on yourself.

JAKE  
Hard on myself..? What would you know about being hard on yourself? You're just like the rest of those people in that club tonight.

(CONTINUED)

WHITLEY

You were just one of those people  
Jake.

JAKE

Yeah you almost turned me but  
that's not gonna happen. You don't  
know about dreams. Everything's  
always just given to you! Get me  
to the hospital and PLEASE!  
Please! Leave me alone!

EXT. CEDARS HOSPITAL - LATE EVENING

A somber silence, Amy pulls up to the emergency entrance.

Jake storms out and throws the money at Whitley.

JAKE

Take all of it... it wasn't me in  
there. I'm finished with this and  
all of you!

Jake walks away.

SUZY

Do we go after him?

WHITLEY

No... he's his own man.

INT. CHECK IN DESK - MOMENTS LATER

A short timer, ELLE MARES, KOREAN AMERICAN, (60's),  
working the late shift. In a typical conversation with  
one of the regulars HARRY, (80's), at the front desk.

Elle notices Jake's frazzled distress.

ELLE

It's not going to work Harry, I  
wont do it.

(to Jake)

May I help you?

JAKE

Yes, I'm looking for my dad,  
Martin J Singer.

ELLE

Do you know what time he came in?

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

No... I don't know what time he came in?

ELLE

Do you know what room he's in?

JAKE

Why would I..? No, I don't know what room he's in, that's why I'm here. Listen, I know he's here... could you please tell me where to go?

ELLE

Martin Singer... that's your father right?

JAKE

Yes... Martin Singer, my father. A blithesome black man always smiling. Look I was adopted when I was young, he's raised me since birth. Do I need to give you any more information?

ELLE

No... that'll do. He's in room three fifteen.

EXT. CEDARS HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

The Galaxy's purrs in idle, Whitley's intently staring at the entrance.

AMY

You should have told him his dad put you up to this. Sorry Whit but this a Debbie Downer. How's about after hours at Mastro's?

Amy helms the steering wheel, Whitley still staring off.

INT. MARTIN'S HOSPITAL ROOM -MOMENT LATER

Sounds of vomiting reverberate through the hallway. Jake sprints to three fifteen to find a curtain drawn.

JAKE

Pa... I'm here!

Jake opens the curtain, not to discover Martin but MARCUS,(20's), being forced to drink Epikak/Liquid Charcoal to induce vomiting.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

God! Please... make it stoo...

JAKE (CONT'D)

Ohh..? I'm sorry.

ORDERLIES, take the vomiting Marcus out of the room.

Martin lays peacefully in the next bed over, HEADPHONES in his ears, comfortably watching TV.

JAKE

Dad!

MARTIN

Hey you found me. I tried calling you. I couldn't listening to that nonsense any longer.

(pointing)

You know that fool tried to kill himself? I'm here, laid up, fighting for my life and little lonely boy is tryin' to take his own... ain't that something.

Martin's good spirits forces Jake into tears.

JAKE

I'm sorry pop... I left you.

MARTIN

Don't get worked up, I'm fine. The doctor told me I had some type of hemop... hemoptysis? They gave me a chest x-ray and the doc says I can leave in the morning. Forget all that... how did you do tonight?

Jake hugs his father and begins to cry in their embrace.

JAKE

It doesn't even matter, I'm here now. This "Karaoke" thing isn't for me, I feel like I'm turning into someone I'm not.

MARTIN

What? A great singer? It's your last name for heavens sake. You were born for this.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

I can't leave you alone again.  
This singing great but I'd rather  
be your son. I'll cut my hours at  
Sirus, I'll work from home, I sell  
jewelry, snuggies, something?

MARTIN

Jake... I wouldn't want that.  
Listen to me for a second... Are  
you listening?

JAKE

Listening pop.

MARTIN

Alright then.

(beat)

For ten hard years you've been by  
my side. Even after your mother  
left, doing your best to get me  
through this illness.  
I've tried... I've tried to be  
there with you but somewhere along  
the way I forgot something...  
something important... something  
of reverence.

(beat)

I forgot to let you live. You've  
been all wrapped up in trying to  
save money for the next treatment,  
next payment, not living for the  
one you need to... you.

JAKE

What are you saying?

MARTIN

Jake, I'm saying this whole  
karaoke things been my idea. I  
knew you wouldn't do it on your  
own.

JAKE

But why? Why now?

MARTIN

I'm selling the house and moving  
to Green Lots. It's a beautiful  
place and I'll receive proper  
medical attention twenty four  
hours seven days a week. I can  
even bring Ganjii.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Sooner or later this was going to happen son. I've got to let you live too.

JAKE

Selling the house? Losing you? Moving to Green Lots? What am I supposed to do?

MARTIN

Jake, I'm not going anywhere you can't visit. In fact, I hope to see you as much as possible. It's what's best for the both of us.

Jake is overwhelmed by the news he can only think of sitting close and curling up to his dad.

MARTIN

Don't worry son I'll always be your pop.

INT. MASTROS - LATER

A beacon of bad luck, Whitley is no sooner in the establishment than he see's his father at a corner table with two bottles of Cristal Brut, Tatyanna and Tishca.

Whitley is set to turn around, hoping Harold wont notice the exit.

WHITLEY

Not dealing with him, not now.

AMY

Come on Whit, he's your dad, relax.

WHITLEY

What is this a set up too?

AMY

No... I didn't...

WHITLEY

You can ride with me or stay here.

Harold in a late night drunken stupor notices his sons exit.

MR. WALLACE

Whitley! Son, wait! I'll get another bottle! Amy, what's his deal?

(CONTINUED)

Whitley's made the B-Line straight for the door he stops mid door and decides to turn around and come right back to his father.

WHITLEY

Unbelievable! Another late night with the ladies huh dad? You know one day, this is all going to go away and that's when you're going to say to yourself, I wish I would have been a better father... I'll see you at work.

Whitley exits.

Familiar soft harmonic scales ring their mellifluous tones.

MONTAGE.

- A) Jake and Martin pack up the house to move.
- B) Whitley and Terrence making sales at Sirius.
- C) Jake watches a STREET PERFORMER playing ACOUSTIC GUITAR in a SUBWAY STATION.
- D) Whitley auctions off one of the EXOTIC CARS for LOCAL CHARITY.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. FRONT SIRUS RENTALS - DAY

Jake coasts in on his Schwinn.

INT. SIRUS RENTALS - CONTINUOUS

Terrence is on the phone haggling in Spanish.

TERRENCE

No... no... no. Pero... pero...  
 entonces tu necessito devolver la  
 coche mananna. Si... si...  
 gracias... mananna... OK... OK...  
 buenas tardes.  
 Jake... it's been awhile. How are  
 you?

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

I'm good Terrence... Whitley around?

TERRENCE

Whitley's in the bathroom. I swear all that guerro does is pee.

JAKE

Ohh..?

TERRENCE

I've been keeping a tight ship for you.

JAKE

You're doing great... I see the Spanish is easier.

TERRENCE

A doob every other day and I'm fluent.

Whitley sees Jake, an awkward moment of silence.

JAKE

Hey... Whitley.

WHITLEY

Hey... Jake.

JAKE

How's everything?

WHITLEY

Fine... just fine.

JAKE

Well that's... ahh.. fine? Ummm, do you mind if I speak with you for a second?

WHITLEY

Sure... of course... can you cover this Terrence?

TERRENCE

(in Spanish)  
No worries my friend.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. BACK LOT SIRUS RENTALS - CONTINUOUS

JAKE

Wow Whit..? Everything seems better than ever.

WHITLEY

It's mostly Terrence... I swear the guy loves this stuff.

JAKE

My dad told me what he had you do. I just came out here to say... I'm... I'm real sorry for the other night.

WHITLEY

That's it?

JAKE

What else can I say? Everything seems to be running smoothly here.

WHITLEY

Yeah, you already said that Jake. I told you Terrence has been doing great.

JAKE

Terrence... right. OK then... I guess I'd better head out.

WHITLEY

Where you going? You just got here.

JAKE

Why be here anymore? My dad's selling the house. I figured I'll see this whole Karaoke thing through and then I don't know what?

WHITLEY

Sounds great.

JAKE

Yeah great, I guess, I'm not sure where this whole thing will go but I got this far so I might as well keep trying right?

WHITLEY

Right.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

Hey Whit.

WHITLEY

Yeah Jake.

JAKE

Why did you do this for me?

WHITLEY

Singer, you're bigger than this place and you don't even know it. You're the only person I know who doesn't think being kind is charity for yourself and when you sing, man! It's like hearing that song for the first time. The one you play over and over until it's a permanent part of your memory. You bring that and I know it.

JAKE

I sure missed your pep talks Whit. You definitely know how to make a fellah feel warm and fuzzy inside. Thanks.

WHITLEY

Give me some man love, Singer.

The friends hug it out -- reconciliation received full circle.

JAKE

Whatta we do now?

WHITLEY

I'll tell you what we do. Wait for me out front.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. FRONT OF SIRUS RENTALS - CONTINUOUS

Jake bouncing the Schwinn's front tire.

Whitley rolls up the regal Rover.

WHITLEY (CONT'D)

Can't have my client going to the  
"World Karaoke Championships"  
looking like a sucka.

JAKE

No way... no sucka's here.

INT. RANGE ROVER DRIVING SEQUENCE - MOMENTS LATER

A regular Thelma and Louise, Jake and Whitley share a ride and a friendship few experience in a lifetime.

JAKE

What's the plan coach?

WHITLEY

Simply put, we kick the ass and  
take the names. Only... an  
essential element is needed before  
we get our onslaught underway.

JAKE

I don't have any pot.

WHITLEY

This is beyond any alternative  
means of consciousness Jake.  
What we need is a master.

JAKE

A master..?

EXT. SINGERS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Rover's in idle, Whitley runs into the house.

JAKE

He's an ill man, we shouldn't be  
here.

Whitely and Martin run back to the Rover.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Pop you shouldn't be out.  
You're...

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

Sick? Yes... I'm sick son, but this old man's got a whole bunch more miles left in him. So get in the back I got shotgun.

The Rover casts off.

EXT. WORLD KARAOKE CHAMPIONSHIPS - DAY

STAGE COACH BUSES caravan the entrance of a massive CONVENTION CENTER.

GIANT FLAGS adorn walls, bearing each countries unique cultural trademark, huge CROWDS filter through the entrances.

INT. WORLD KARAOKE CHAMPIONSHIPS - CONTINUOUS

Dozens of TABLES rowed in single file formation. BLACK BOOKS laid out for spectators and participants to peruse the immense song selection.

WHITLEY

I've deduced a plan with a myriad of opportunities. One that will not only propose ourselves victorious and set a positive standard for generations to follow. First... we take it in and breathe.

JAKE

I just can't do that.

MARTIN

You're not going to just do that.  
(beat)  
Jacob, you're going to win.

TEAMS are outfitted in OLYMPIC JUMPSUITS stretching in front of their perspective flags.

Milling through the masses, Jake, Martin and Whitley find the AMERICAN TEAM.

Teammates giving rub downs, practicing vocal techniques.

Outfitted in an AMERICAN FLAGGED ONE PIECE. TODD STEWBING, (40's), walks directly toward Jake for an immediate introduction.

(CONTINUED)

TODD

Jake Singer... we've been waiting  
for you. Cameron, suit him up.

CAMERON HOWARD, (20'S), pulls a ONE'R out of a box and  
gives it to Jake.

CAMERON

Should fit, I'm pretty good with  
measurements.

The team agrees.

JAKE

How do you know me?

WHITLEY

I'm Jake's manager and I need to  
know what this is all about?

TODD

We know you too Whitley Wallace,  
son of Harold Wallace. Owner of  
Sirus Rentals a moderately  
successful exotic car rental.

MARTIN

Then you must know me then, I'm  
Jake's father and before we get  
Jake all "Suited Up". You need to  
enlighten us with your names and  
what exactly is this jumpsuit  
business all about?

WHITLEY

I was getting to that.

TODD

Cam!

CAMERON

Yes.

TODD

Did you not brief these people?

CAMERON

They just got here, I got caught  
up.

TODD

Milli Vanilli!

CAMERON

Now?

(CONTINUED)

TODD  
Milli Vanilli!

INT. WORLD KARAOKE CHAMPIONSHIPS - CONTINUOUS

Cameron sways fluidly into a Milli Vanilli dance with his own vocals.

CAMERON  
Girl you know it's true! Eww...  
eww... eww... I love you! Ba...  
BBa... Ba... BBaba Baby! Don't  
forget my numba!

TODD  
OK, That's enough!

CAMERON  
Thank you!

Todd turns to Jake.

TODD  
So Jake are you ready to take your  
place?

MARTIN  
No and no, my sons not ready to  
take any place! You haven't  
explained one thing to us.

WHITLEY  
The only place we're taking Jake  
is number one and he doesn't need  
you to get it.

TODD  
Disgrace your country, go ahead,  
turn your back Singer, we don't...

A familiar and glowingly beautiful, JENNY HAMILTON,  
(20's), interjects.

JENNY  
Need you... Yes Jake, we do.  
Hi I'm Jenny.

Jake's enamored by her presence.

JAKE  
I've seen you before?

JENNY  
Jake, I hope this doesn't sound  
creepy but I know a lot about you.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JENNY (CONT'D)

See, I caught your performance at Karaoke Knights.

JAKE

Yes, that's it, you were so... you.

JENNY

(smitten)

Thank you... I think? Well... after I saw you I immediately came to the team and told them how amazing you were.

JAKE

You said I was amazing?

JENNY

Of course... you are. It wasn't until recently they saw your upload from O'Hallahallahan's. I had to prove your talents to the team.

WHITLEY

Upload? What upload?

A freakishly large surly BARRY SMITTS, SAMOAN, (30's), extends a massive arm out to reveal a SMART PHONE with VIDEO FOOTAGE.

INT. O'HALLAHALLAHAN'S CAM - NIGHT

Through a smudged LENS flecked with droplets of beer. The bottom of the frame reads "Old Man's Drunken Cam".

A not so recognizable Jake giving his U2 cover.

INT. WORLD KARAOKE CHAMPIONSHIPS - CONTINUOUS

WHITLEY

We'll sue...

CAMERON

Can't, there's a disclaimer when you walk in, I've been there... just soaked in beer.

TODD

Never mind the video. Look at the hits.

Views are reading THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND and climbing.

(CONTINUED)

JENNY

You are the secret weapon Jake.

JAKE

Secret weapon?

Todd gets presidential.

TODD

There's war going on Jake. A war on entertainment. Mao Ming, Ballywood, Chinese Opera, Middle Eastern films in French. We now believe Japan's going international with Martial Arts drumming.

BARRY

They're good.

TODD

The thing is we are no longer the pioneers of "Tinseltown" Jake and karaoke is the "Who's Who" in underground entertainment. We've got to start delivering. Are you going to be apart of your countries message or not?

JAKE

Dad what should I do?

MARTIN

Follow you heart.

JENNY

We need you Jake, will you help us?

Jake looks at the group, Whitley, Martin and finally Jenny

JAKE

I'll do it!

JENNY

Alright!

Jenny gives Jake a hug, they lock eyes.

TODD

Take our money, take our land but you can never take our Oke.

(CONTINUED)

JENNY

We should get you suited up before  
the performances start.

JAKE

(enamored)

OK, I'll just suit on up then.

INT. WORLD KARAOKE CHAMPIONSHIPS STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Fans hoard the stage, a CRYSTAL PODIUM serves as the soap  
box for OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN and BRET MICHAELS. Hosting a  
celebrity ceremonial kick off to the championships.

OLIVIA

Welcome to the World Karaoke  
Championships and congratulations  
to each and every countries  
representatives for making it this  
far.

BRET

Truly some of the best in the  
world competing here today Olivia.

OLIVIA

Let's get our first performer from  
the U S of A to stage. Barry  
Smitts... Barry and team USA must  
prove strong in the opening rounds  
to set the good pace for the  
Americans.

INT. WORLD KARAOKE CHAMPIONSHIPS - CONTINUOUS

TODD

It begins, everyone to their  
places.

JENNY

Come with me Jake, I'll show you  
where we need to be.

Jake looks to Martin and Whitley.

JAKE

I guess this is it.

MARTIN

I'm proud of you son.

WHITLEY

Show 'em why we came here Jake.

INT. WORLD KARAOKE CHAMPIONSHIPS STAGE - CONTINUOUS

JENNY

Follow my lead and you'll be fine.

JAKE

Showbiz, got to get used to it.

Barry and the rest of Team America place themselves on stage.

Barry vocalizes the sultry Mr. Barry White classic **"You're The First, The Last, My Everything"**.

JUDGES score the ballad with an 8 out of 10 points giving Team America a formidable start.

BRET

Good beginnings for Team USA  
Olivia. Do you think they'll be  
able to deliver the whole show?

OLIVIA

Not if Mao Ming has anything to  
say about it. The man's a God.

BRET

You must really like him Olivia.

INT. WORLD KARAOKE CHAMPIONSHIPS STAGE

Mao Ming and TEAM CHINA take the stage with a very systematic single file entrance and crisp choreography. It looks as if Mao is going to sing when his THROAT SPRAYER preforms their duty.

MAO

Heeagh Hummm... Mi mi mi.

Mao shakes his head, he isn't feeling the singing. He casually saunters off stage.

Two well placed women. LING MAO and KATE MAO carry a crisp well executed show of T'PAU'S **"Heart and Soul"**.

INT. WORLD KARAOKE CHAMPIONSHIPS STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Many other countries make their mark for the title of the World Karaoke Champion.

MONTAGE

CUTS/ANGELS

A) An ALL MALE AUSTRALIAN TEAM, (all ages) a "Revenge of the Nerds" homage to Men at Works **"I Come From A Land Down Under"**.

B) The GERMANS finish the round with Mozart's Magic Flute, **"Der Holle Rache"**.

END MONTAGE

INT. WORLD KARAOKE CHAMPIONSHIPS - MOMENTS LATER

So much talent on stage, scoring is high and tight between countries.

OLIVIA

You know it'll be tough to top that one... I should know, I have my own downloadable music.

BRET

Right? Along with the rest of us Olivia. Here's a guy who's not afraid to stand out. Jake Singer, having his first solo performance in the WKC.

OLIVIA

I'm impressed with this guy. If there ever was true talent tonight he's it.

INT. WORLD KARAOKE CHAMPIONSHIPS OFF STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake's alone with Jenny only moments before Show Time.

JAKE

Any advice?

JENNY

Pretend you're close friends with everyone out there.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

What about the ones who give me  
dirty looks?

JENNY

Give them the finger.  
Keep singing Jake, you're going to  
be great, just be yourself.

JAKE

Being myself hasn't been easy  
lately.

JENNY

Your truth is in your voice.

JAKE

Truth in voice, wow, I like that.

JENNY

I'll be out front, I believe in  
you.

JAKE

Thanks.

INT. WORLD KARAOKE CHAMPIONSHIPS STAGE - CONTINUOUS

OLIVIA

Let's here it for Jake Singer!

Jake's surveys the thousands of ATTENDEES waiting in  
silence.

JAKE

Truth in voice, truth in voice.

Jake spots Martin, Whitley and the rest of Team America,  
looking proud. Jake breathes in deep, the sultry guitar  
of Pearl Jam's "**Release Me**".

JAKE (CONT'D)

I hear the world...

Jake's crescendo leaves the judges in awe. The song ends  
as soft as it began with nothing left to do but applaud  
and become apart of the thousands cheering.

JAKE (V.O.)

This whole time I thought I was  
missing out on life when I've  
really just been living it. The  
only choice left is how to live  
the rest of it.

INT. WORLD KARAOKE CHAMPIONSHIPS GREEN ROOM - LATER

Jake stands in line for a unisex bathroom, SUSAN BOYLE, (40's), is one ahead.

SUSAN B

That was you out there, wasn't it?

JAKE

It was... what did you think?

SUSAN B

I thought what everyone else thought... it was amazing!

JAKE

Thank you very much.  
You're a celebrity aren't you?

SUSAN B

I've been to a party or two.  
You'll be there soon enough, if  
you keep singing like you did out  
there.  
This isn't much different than how  
I got started. Before long, it's  
world tours, special performances  
and book deals.

JAKE

Book deals?

SUSAN B

Just the tip of it really, pretty  
soon you'll try to cherish any  
brief moments you have alone and  
with your family.

JAKE

Doesn't sound as exciting as I  
thought.

SUSAN B

The price you pay for a gift.  
You'd be loon not to profit from  
your talents, right?

JAKE

Right?

Susan's up fro the bathroom.

SUSAN B

My go.

Jake's alone with his thoughts.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

What am I doing?

INT. WORLD KARAOKE CHAMPIONSHIPS OFF STAGE - LATER

China lures a little closer to the U.S. flustered and a bit paranoid at performance they had witnessed.

Team USA prepares for their next perspective vocalist strike. Martin and Whitely are with the team.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I can't do this anymore.

WHITLEY

What do you mean? You just did and it was fantastic!

JAKE

No, this... this whole thing. I'm chasing someone I'm not. I'm not a karaoke superstar Whit, I'm just a guy who loves karaoke. Aside from the money, the cheering and beautiful Jenny. This lifestyle is running from place to place. Dealing with people who aren't so wonderful. I want to be with the people I care about most and unfortunately for me it's not the fans. Thanks for everything Jenny, Captain Stewbing... team, I'm done.

Mao Ming notices some discontent amongst the team.

Noticing the malicious interest, Todd forcefully mills Jake to a corner.

TODD

Done? You're not done. You can't be done! This is the American dream you idiot and you're in it! Stay suited up and get ready for the next win.

JAKE

No... not me, I'm finished.

TODD

I don't think so, son!

Barry cracks his knuckles.

(CONTINUED)

Martin might be frail but his wooden spoons are never too far behind.

BARRY

Owe!

TODD

Owe!

MARTIN

If my son says he's had enough  
then I think you both best sha-  
monnn...

An unlikely resolution made, Jake's only true regret, the beauty before him.

JAKE

I hope our paths meet again Jenny.

JENNY

Me too Jake, I won't forget you.

JAKE

Never ever! Not for the rest of my  
life. I'll see you Jenny Hamilton.

JENNY

Not if I see you first Jake  
Singer.

EXT. WORLD KARAOKE CHAMPIONSHIPS PARKING LOT - LATER

Jake, Martin and Whitley make the long trek back through a packed parking lot.

WHITLEY

We could have paid the valet...

JAKE

He needs the exercise Whit.

MARTIN

Son, you sure this is what you  
want?

JAKE

Good news or just blues dad... I  
love you.

MARTIN

I love you too son.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

Question is: What am I going to do now?

MARTIN

Perform, you do have your fathers voice.

WHITLEY

You can always come back to Sirius.

JAKE

Thanks Whit but I'm thinking of something a little more tropical.

MARTIN

Are you saying what I think your saying!?

JAKE

I could talk to Filtha... I think he really likes me. Would you have me pop?

MARTIN

Of course I would, my boy.

JAKE

Then I don't want anything else.

Kindred spirits, father and son embrace.

WHITLEY

This is what I'm talking about. I never speak to my old man like that.

JAKE

It's easy, you just say what's in your heart.

ONE YEAR LATER

EXT. GREEN LOTS - DAY

Jake sleeps in a hammock swaying to the pleasant sounds of the ocean.

Little TROPICAL CHILDREN, (all ages), giggling, placing BOTTLE CAPS all over a sleeping Jake.

Still drowsy, Jake reaches for his Big Ben and nearly falls out of the hammock , spilling caps to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

The children runaway in laughter.

A different Jenny Hamilton, looking tropically beautiful, smiles at her man.

JENNY

Hurry or they'll start without you.

JAKE

I just had the strangest dream. You were in a One'r.

JENNY

Tell me later, I want to know all about it.

EXT. STAGE GREEN LOTS - CONTINUOUS

Whitley and Filtha Green\$ and Sweet Pea have an audience gathered on a small stage overlooking a sea of emerald green.

WHITLEY

And that's the legend of the Karaoke Kid.

(in Spanish)

And that's where we end the story of the Karaoke Kid.

Filtha murmurs to Sweet Pea.

SWEET PEA

Ohh, how I love that story.

WHITLEY

You or him?

SWEET PEA

Both.

WHITLEY

Gotcha.

Jake a local celebrity amongst the RESIDENTS of Green Lots.

Martin's a glowing man, appearing much better in this lush island paradise.

MARTIN

Ready to sing my favorite son.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE  
Wouldn't have it any other way  
pop.

IRE PATIENTS and NATIVE PEOPLE of the ISLAND, (all ages),  
dance to a reggae beat.

Martin and Jake duet "**Three Little Birds**" by the Legend  
Bob Marley.

A sing along is only as good as the ones who sing in it  
and these folks can sing.

THE END