

Karaoke Kid

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK, NY - EARLY AFTERNOON

JAKE SINGER, (20's), dodging buses, taxis and scores of pedestrians on the bustling streets of the big apple. He murmurs to himself as he keeps up the hustle.

JAKE

It's just an audition... your
biggest audition... they'll love
you... no, they'll hate you...

Jake catches his breath to realize he's beneath the world renowned letters of the Juilliard School Of Music.

JAKE

Just keep going.

Jake rushes past a pair of double doors.

INT. JUILLIARD - CONTINUOUS

A long corridor, groups of hopeful APPLICANTS, (all ages), await their chance to make an impression on one of the most prestigious institutions for music in the world.

CORRIDOR - LATER

A pretty, young, CHRISSE HAUGHTINGSWORTH, (18), rouses a sleeping Jake with a carefully placed wet willie; opening a zealous conversation about their mutual crossroads.

CHRISSE

Oh... hi. What method are you
using today?

JAKE

Huh...? What time is it? Excuse
me, what was that?

CHRISSE

Method M E T H O D

I've trained at the residence in
Paris and the Barron Von
Burrenberber academy in Berlin...

You seem old?

JAKE

I was an early bloomer...

No...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE (CONT'D)

I don't have a method or anything.
I just sing by myself and with my
mom.

CHRISSI

(shaking her head)
Wow..? With your mom...

CHRISSI (CONT'D)

Personally... I don't even know
why I'm here..?

(beat)

My parents have been donating a
huge amounts of money here for
years...

I'm certain to get in.

The DOOR OPENER, to salvation.

DOOR OPENER

Jake Singer...

JACOB

That's me...

(to Chrissi)

I hope to see you in the fall.

PIANO MONTAGE - CONTINUOUS

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

CUTS/ANGLES

Jake's mother, MARY, AFRICAN AMERICAN, (60's), singing to
Jake.

A) In the car.

B) At the choir.

C) Jake laying in bed.

JAKE (V.O.)

Do you have someone in your life
that can take away any fear or
doubt you have in yourself and put
the best of who you are into a
moment, my ma does that for me.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I know we don't look much alike
 but every time I think of what's
 good inside of me, it's because of
 her. So when I sing a song, I
 think of my ma.

INT. AUDITION STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Jake opens his eyes to see the ENTIRE COMMITTEE in shock.

Some staring with their jaws a little looser than before,
 and ONE MEMBER with an standing ovation until he's hushed
 by the COMMITTEE CHAIR.

A chatter amongst the faculty, Jake ambivalently awaits
 an outcome.

COMMITTEE CHAIR
 Mr. Singer could you come with me
 for a moment?

The Committee Chair escorts Jake to the door, the rest of
 the committee still buzzing.

COMMITTEE CHAIR (CONT'D)
 I'm not supposed to do this... but
 your chances of attending this
 institution are extremely... well,
 good.

JAKE
 Really?!

COMMITTEE CHAIR
 You just keep singing Jake Singer
 and we'll look forward to seeing
 you in the fall.

FADE OUT.

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

Walls are blanketed, covered in CULT CLASSIC MOVIE
 POSTERS and PICTURES of ANTIQUATED VOCALISTS. The LED
 ZEPPELIN FALLEN ANGEL tee shirt covering his eyes.

A different 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...up, I'm up.

Jake chats to his morning wood, stumbling into the
 bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE (CONT'D)
Calm Char Knock, calm.

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A flip of a switch and the turn of a dial on a WATERPROOF RADIO gets Jake singing to some Poison.

JAKE
"Unskinny bopp bopp, just blows me
away... Unskinny bopp bopp bopp,
all night n day."

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

(O.S.) A sickly voice calls out from the kitchen.

MARY (O.S.)
Hey baby, breakfast is ready.

JAKE
Be right there.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

A cluttered kitchen, MEDICAL EQUIPMENT strewn about, Jake gives his mother a big kiss on her sparsely covered Afro.

JAKE
You didn't have to do this mom,
you should be getting rest.

MARY
I'd go crazy if I didn't get to do
stuff like this... now go sit down
and eat.

JAKE
Smells great!

MARY
Of course it does -- nutter butter
and bacon.

Jake dips his bacon into a heaping glob of nutter butter and chomps away.

JAKE
Thanks for all of this ma, but I'm
running late

MARY
Finish up... I'll clean this up.

Jake scarfs some bites and goes to wash his dish, Mary whacks him on the head with a wooden spoon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

Owe!

MARY

I said go...

An old ROTARY PHONE rings, Mary looks at the phone and exits.

JAKE

Singer's house of madness.

DOCTOR VARGAS (V.O.)

Hey Jake it's Doc.

JAKE

Hey Doc?

DOCTOR VARGAS

Your mom missed her appointment again, I wanted to make sure everything was Ok.

JAKE

Ahh? Yeah... she must have forgotten again. I'll make sure she makes her next one.

DOCTOR VARGAS

I'll be out of town for the next week. I'm going to give you a number to call in case you need me.

JAKE

Hold on, I'll write it down.

Jake scrambles for a piece of paper, the only thing that presents itself evident is an ACCEPTANCE LETTER from JUILLIARD, placed in an open frame by the fridge. Jake rips the letter out to write on.

JAKE (CONT'D)

OK, got it, thanks Doc.

DOCTOR VARGAS

We're not all bad Jake.

JAKE

Don't tell ma that, she'll think she's going crazy too.

Jake hangs up the phone peering in a neighboring room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE (CONT'D)

Ma... that was Doc Vargas. You missed your treatment again.

MARY

Ohh I can't stand that clown. I thought you were leaving?

JAKE

I'm taking you next time.

MARY

OK... but I'll be out playing baccarat with the ladies tonight so don't wait up. Can you pick up my meds on your way home?

JAKE

Of course... love you.

MARY

I love you too sweetie, my boy.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Jake emerges a CHOCOLATE BROWN, WHITE PINNED STRIPED, VINTAGE SCHWINN CRUISER.

He agilely wisps the Schwinn down the staircase barely missing LARRY LEMMING, (40's), routinely dressed in a yellow jacket and brown slacks holding a stack of personally photographed REALTY SIGNS.

LARRY LEMMING

Awwecckk!

JAKE

Forget about putting one of those in our yard, it's not going to happen LARRY!

LARRY LEMMING

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

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

Jake's HEADPHONES ignite the instrumentals of Journey's "Feeling That Way".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAKE

Oopen my eyes to a new kind of way. All the good times that you saaaaved.

Are you feelin? Are you feeling that way too...or am I just, am I just a fool.

When the Summers gone, She'll be there standing by the Liiight. Once she's been to where she's gone to she should know wrong from right.

Is she feeling?

EXT. BICYCLE MONTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake's benevolence is evident towards others, going out of his way to help various strangers.

CUTS/ANGLES

A) Folks crossing the street.

B) Towing a shopping cart up a hill

C) People getting on to the bus.

Jake loads up his bike up on a FRONT RACK and squeezes himself a spot on the BUS.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIRUS RENT A CAR - LATER

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

Jake peddles in with a few minutes left to spare.

TERRENCE ALVEREZ, MEXICAN AMERICAN, (20's), standing on the front steps, looking down at his watch then at himself in the window outside the entrance.

TERRENCE

Finally Jake. How is it possible that I live further away and I still make it here earlier than you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

Not going get into my head today
Terrence.

TERRENCE

Fifteen minutes prior. My papi
used to say, "If you're not
fifteen minutes early, don't even
bother showing up."

JAKE

Thanks Terry... please, tell me in
Spanish.

TERRENCE

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

(CONT'D)

Jake slides past Terrence.

JAKE

Got you Terry.

INT. SIRUS RENT A CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Terrence find WHITLEY WALLACE, ATHLETIC, (20's).
Whitley's carries himself with the appearance of the
absent minded professor but with a bit more absent.

Jake notices Whitley intricately placing all of the CAR
RENTAL KEYS into an ornate mosaic portrait.

JAKE

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

WHITLEY

I was feeling especially
duplicitous today. So I opted to
corollate all of the keys we have.
(pointing at mosaic)
They've now been updated,
categorized, alphabetized and
placed into transaction amounts...

TERRENCE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Terrence is behind Whitley's back, feebly trying to make crazy faces, pointing and mocking Whitley.

JAKE

I've had enough drama this morning. Terrence, can you check to see if Quique and Stan detailing 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

Just go please!

EXT. BACK LOT SIRUS - CONTINUOUS

QUIQUE, (20's) and STAN, (40's), two MEXICAN car washers employed by Sirus. They are taking pride in their work. Detailing cars.

Terrence is rehearsing something to himself. He attempts to speak in his most non-congenial Spanish.

TERRENCE

Que PAso MUchaCHO's! Bueno Dia...

Quique and Stan laugh at Terrence's inept ability to speak to them in their native tongue.

QUIQUE

Que honda, no sabes mas espanol?
Trata de cojer a tu gato y aver si te alluda.

Terrence has no idea he was told to have sex with a cat. He smiles and pretends he understood what was said instead.

TERRENCE

Gracias mi amigos.

EXT. FRONT SIRUS RENTALS - LATER

Things at Sirus are running remarkably well. Unfortunately for Jake, famed rapper, FILTHA GREEN\$\$, (40's), traveling by way of MAYBACH with an entourage in a LIME GREEN TOUR BUS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Maybach's doors open simultaneously revealing all the flavors of Filtha\$ crew. Twenty deep, approach an extremely apprehensive Jake.

INT. SIRUS RENTALS - CONTINUOUS

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

SWEET PEA

Hi there... JAKE.

JAKE

Hi.

Sweet Pea hands Jake a gum ridden, crumpled CONTRACT.

SWEET PEA

As you can see... we're a little late in our return.

JAKE

Yes... I can see that.

SWEET PEA

Now, we know you can't "Normally" make any exceptions. But Filtha here was gracious enough to think out a deal.

Filtha'\$ grill could brighten the darkest of caves.

JAKE

It looks like you need to pay an additional amount of twelve thousand dollars. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

SWEET PEA

Wait... wait. That's it... that's
it... OK... STOP!

JAKE

You didn't even count it?

SWEET PEA

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

Filtha whispers in Sweet Peas ear.

WHITLEY

Why is he whispering?

SWEET PEA

(annoyed)

Filtha Green\$\$ doesn't talk to
people during the day, I speak for
Filtha during the day.

(to Filtha)

Filtha Green\$\$ saves himself for
the night... ain't that right
Filtha baybaay.

Filtha gets a bit filthy with his murmuring.

SWEET PEA

Ohh...Ahh! stop baby, not here...
yes 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 Maybach is badly damaged on the drivers side.

Filtha is visually upset but only whimpers and whispers
to Sweet Pea who continues to translate.

SWEET PEA

(to Jake)

Give us a solid on this one and
Filtha will consider it a personal
favor.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHITLEY

Hi Sweet Pants

SWEET PEA

Sweet Pea...

WHITLEY

The situation is this Ms. Pea. On top of what you owed Sirus Rentals on your original contract. You're now looking at... least another thirty to forty thousand in damages.

SWEET PEA

Yes, that is the current situation.

WHITLEY

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

Whitley escorts Sweet Pea away from everyone and collects a business card.

SWEET PEA

Das it... let's roll!

Jake questions his buddies proposal as Filtha Green\$\$ and crew roll out.

JAKE

What are you doing?

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 dad won't know the difference. Believe me, a favor from Filtha Green\$\$ is worth it.

EXT. BACK LOT SIRUS RENTALS - DUSK

The hard workers of Sirus are finishing up, taking in the last of the cars in the lot.

Terrence steps outside the office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRENCE

Are you almost done? I got big plans for us tonight.

JAKE

(to Terrence)

Plans!? You don't get to speak!

(to everyone)

As for everyone else, thanks for staying late and all your help.

WHITLEY

(in Spanish)

Let's go see what fake boy has planned.

INT. SIRUS RENTALS - CONTINUOUS

Terrence is meticulously looking for the best angle, straightening up staplers and file trays.

Jake and the rest of the gang come in to punch out. Jake immediately goes for his bike ready to leave.

TERRANCE

So, all finished huh?

JAKE

Yep, another day in the books.

Terrence manages to creep up beside him.

TERRENCE

Tonights my birthday and I just got off the phone with my moms and she said no one wants to go out because it's Novella night again.

JAKE

Ohhh? More time with yourself then...Good for you.

TERRENCE

Would you like to come and sing some karaoke tonight? I rented this room in Korea town. It's only five dollars a head, they have very their own 9000Z Spit Fire! It would be a shame not to use it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

9000 What? Spit Fire? No...
I've gotta pick up my moms meds, I
like to clean up before she gets
home from baccarat.

A strange stare down between Whitley and Terrence but
under the circumstances it just seems like the right
thing to do.

TERRENCE

How about it Whitley?

WHITLEY

Sure, Yeah...I'm in, I think it'd
be fun.

TERRENCE

Great!
(to Quique and Stan)
Compadres?

QUIQUE

How bad could it be? They have any
Ciente Fernandez?

TERRENCE

Does Ivy Queen look like a
travestido?

Quique taps Stan's shoulder.

QUIQUE

We're in!

WHITLEY

I'll get some of my dad's
girlfriends to go.

TERRENCE

That makes six, but I need a
seventh as to not have the mark of
the diablitos. What am I supposed
to do?

Whitley's abstract sense of knowledge notices a piece of
paper in Jake's hand bearing the unique PENGUIN, the
Juilliard mascot.

WHITLEY

This looks interesting.

Whitley snatches the paper from Jake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE

Gimme that!

WHITLEY

Wait one minute here? I'm ashamed of you Mr. Singer. Just as I expected, he's been hiding something from us?

JAKE

Whitley!

QUIQUE

Is he... Illegal?

WHITLEY

I'm not sure, but I do know this is an acceptance letter from Juilliard.

TERRENCE

A chef? I would of never guessed.

WHITLEY

The 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.
(beat)
I never got my letter Jacobo but we all have dreams and songs to sing too.

JAKE

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

TERRENCE

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

WHITLEY

You don't need to worry about a ride Jake. I've got us taken care of.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAKE

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

WHITLEY

If you knew how it worked... you'd do it.

JAKE

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

WHITLEY

I quote the 79 classic Mad Max. "We will ride like the night... Night Rida!"

Whitleys Rock God solute before hitting the lights.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - EVENING

Cutting off pedestrians and generally driving recklessly a BLACK 65 FORD GALAXY sporting a bumper sticker that reads "F__K Off! It Runs On Veggie Oil".

INT. WHITLEY'S GALAXY - CONTINUOUS

Whitley's dads girlfriends, AMY, LATIN AMERICAN, (20's) and SUZY, CHINESE AMERICAN, (20's). Both ladies sharing an interest in Whitley's fathers money and wearing revealing attire.

AMY

I hope we're ready for a Wild night of Karaoke at some gaybot bar in dirty K-town. You sure you're not crazy Whitley?

SUZY

Ha ha... crazy!

AMY/SUZY

China Latina!

JAKE

Laughing already... I like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The girls drop to complete silence.

WHITLEY

Crazy like a fox... don't listen to them Jake. They've just never 'Oke'd with us before, they think they can handle it.

JAKE

We've never "Oke'd" before Whit. I'm sure they'll be fine.

WHITLEY

(to Suzy)

You 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 KOREA TOWN - NIGHT

Through a pair of mirror reflected doors, scores of wires lead up to a Frankensteined KARAOKE SYSTEM. A massive ELECTRONIC SCORE BOARD with rows of MONITORS beneath. Four foot high CUBICLES partition TABLES and STEPS lead up to the tops of each of table.

Amy and Suzy stagger behind. Not too sharp, but not dim-witted enough to believe Karaoke Knights is a trendy hot spot.

AMY

This place gets packed after ten?

WHITLEY

Wait until it gets going, it'll be out of control.

Terrence gleefully troops forward, dragging Quique and Stan with him.

TERRENCE

(smiling)

It's happenin' right...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

each table has its very own
KARAOKE SPIT FIRE 9000Z. It comes
with a 2000 watt amplifier and you
can virtually download any song
and convert it to karaoke. Now,
everybody gimme five bucks.

JAKE

Is anyone else seeing the four
foot walls?

WHITLEY

Roll with it.

QUIQUE

Don't worry Jake, I heard the Spit
Fire's no joke.

A RETRO HOSTESS, (20's), fitted in a black and white
leather miniskirt show the coworkers to their table.

Terrence carefully turns on the unique, SPIT FIRE 9000Z
system. Very clean, very high tech, it's ready as fast as
he turns it on.

KARAOKE DJ #1 BRITISH, (40's), neighbors the score board
and states the rules for night.

DJ

(holding a hat)

We're all set... girls, boys, This
is how it works. Everybody's name
and table number in the hat. Once
the pecking order is established.
You have a go with the
participating tables in the bar.

After each performance all tables
vote on 1-10 grading scale. Your
tables average will appear on
screen. Ten the best and you know
the rest.

Let's do it, to it and may the
best 'Oke win!

Waitresses carry classic BLACK TOP HATS, collect each of
the tables performers slips.

Terrence is the first to be done, quickly dropping his
slip into the hat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

(to Whitley)
Are you singing?

WHITLEY

No... but I'm susceptible to acute
laryngitis.

JAKE

Bullshitter.

WHITLEY

(to Jake)
Juilliard, you didn't come out
tonight to sit ponder... just play
the game.

SUZY

Come on Jake, be a Supa Sta!

Jake closes his eyes and drops his name the hat.

JAKE

Fine, happy now.

WHITLEY

Yes... yes I am, thanks for
asking.

A SPOTLIGHT falls on TABLE TWELVE, LADY GODIVA, (50's),
a voluptuous regular, escorted up the steps, to the top
of her table.

This reverent karaoke star winks towards the crowd, the
DJ makes a worthy introduction.

DJ

At table twelve, center stage.
This woman is beyond words, she is
the fire and ice of Karaoke
Knights.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DJ (CONT'D)

Please get your hands together to
make that sound for... Lady
Godiva!

LADY GODIVA

Hello my children, I'm going to
sing "Love Hangover", by the queen
of disco...(to DJ) Jerry give me
the version from "76".

TERRENCE

I love this song.

JAKE

My mom sings this one great.

The sensual sounds of Diana Ross's "Love Hangover" play
through the Karaoke Knights SPIT FIRE 9000Z. Godiva's on
it from the very first note.

LADY GODIVA

"Ahhhh, if there's a cure for
this...I don't want it, Don't want
it.

I've got the sweetest hangover...
I don't wanna get over...Sweetest
hangover....

Jake watches in awe, noticing similarities, he thinks of
Mary.

Quique nudges Whitley.

QUIQUE

Dawg, 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.

AMY/SUZY

Ssshhh!!

TERRENCE

(to Quique)
Yeah, mi amigo, good time... until
you're laughed straight out of the
door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Godiva's finishes her performance with a collapse on the floor, so convincing. It has Jake imagining his own mother.

JAKE

Ma!

Jake checks his pockets for his CELL and anxiously makes a call, he gets the answering machine.

Amy and Suzy are three or ? drinks in. They show their appreciation for Lady Godiva with standing ovation.

AMY

Wheewww!! That was great!

SUZY

That was great!

AMY

Don't copy me.

SUZY

I'm not copying you... China Latina!

AMY

China Latina!

Lady Godiva starts off the competition with almost perfect score of 9 points on the MONITOR, high fives all around at table twelve.

DJ

Screech is up... Screech lay it easy on us, please.

TERRENCE

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

AMY

Screech?

WHITLEY

I don't want to have to guess.

A somber crowd, some put in earplugs, others begin to tear paper napkins and shoving them to their ears.

Any MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE song plays. Terrence pumps his leg wildly in an Emo Rock trance. The painful wailing and whining is borderline unbearable, a giant sigh of relief when it's all over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Terrence immediately looks to the monitors, eagerly anticipating some points to show up on the board. An eternity of time before 1 appears on screen.

TERRENCE

Whееееeww! I'm getting better! It's my birthday everyone! Wheewwww!

The DJ mangles Quiques name for next karaoke.

DJ

Table thirty, again, Kwaii Kee, Kwaii Kee, you're up next.

The Dinosaur reflex to kicks in -- Quique is that dude.

The SPOTLIGHT centers on their table, no one wants to stand up.

STAN

(whispering)

Kwaii Kee? He must mean you Quique, you gotta sing homie.

QUIQUE

Dang!

Quique steps up to embraces his lonely hot seat.

QUIQUE (CONT'D)

Hello... my name is Quique Javier Salvador Roberto Hector Ranaldo Gozales the IV... and this is my song.

Guitars and trumpets spark the signature of the immortal Vicente Fernandez. Quique delivers a reputable execution, complete with a John Candy, Uncle Buck dance.

QUIQUE

Aaaaaaaaaaay ay amor aaaaaaaaaay ay que dolor!
Te mire, estabas tan bonita... tan sensual... Te imagine ajena y...

Quique gets the approval of the crowd and 6 more points for table thirty.

STAN

Ayye carnal, muy muy bien! You got us on the board big time and you said you were worried.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

QUIQUE

Ohh gracias...gracias...

Lady Godiva mumbles with some cohorts at her table, not everyone is happy with Quique's stand up performance.

WHITLEY

Looks like we've got some competition.

TERRENCE

No one beats Godiva, we should be happy we're on the board.

DJ

This is what I like to see.
Dueling tables. Annie and Devin,
grab those mics and show us your
made of.

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

ANNIE/DEVIN

Hi we're Annie and Devin. And we
wanna bring you back... Are you
ready to OKE!

Annie and Devine swing their hands in the air using the whole bar as their stage. Getting the crowd clapping and delivering a energetic performance of Roxette's "Joyride".

ANNIE/DEVIN (CONT'D)

Hello... You Fool... I Love You...
Come on join the joyride.

Sweeter than all subsequent performances that follow, none can come close to table twelves lead.

AMY

This getting gay star.
(to Whitley)
The rest of us don't want to go
and table twelve is kicking
everyone's ass.

TERRENCE

(smelling his straw)
Godiva's tables has a no loser ten
point lead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

STAN
They're just.

SUZY
Too.

QUIQUE
Good.

JAKE
Yeah right, so good... let's head
out of here.

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

On cue, the DJ announces Jake's name.

DJ
Jake... Jake, you're up.

WHITLEY
See, it's meant to be.

DJ
Haven't seen this pulled off.

The DJ dials in Spacehog's "In The Meantime". Jake transcends a connection to the very essence of singer, Royston Langdon.

JAKE
In the end we shall achieve in
time, this thing they call Devine
and all the stars will smile for
me...

A rendition of the song, so pure, so rich, so pitch perfect, it the puts entire bar into a momentary state of blind musical bliss. Jake's wraps up, lost in his own moment.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Just like you...just like yooooou,
justlike....justlike youuuu...

When Jake comes to perfect ten points appears on screen. Amy and Suzy are first to congratulate, giving Jake a big hug and kiss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

AMY/SUZY

That was... amazing!

JAKE

Wow... you liked it? Thanks.

WHITLEY

I knew it... I knew it and I knew it! Jake Singer you've got some pipes underneath that mild mannered exterior.

JAKE

Ok... ok enough everybody, I'm too old to get a big head.

Lady Godiva eclipses the table.

LADY GODIVA

You some kind of ringer? Some kind of "Professsionaaaal" or somethin'?

JAKE

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

LADY GODIVA

It's always the quiet ones you have to watch out for. Good job tonight Jake, come back for a free table on lady G.

WHITLEY

Fantastic! There is... shall I say... a grande adresse in you.

TERRENCE

Yeah and you don't stink either. Brace yourself Jake, There's a culture here my friend. You need to start thinking, World Karaoke Championships.

JAKE

Enough... enough, I'm flattered, I really am but I don't do this stuff anymore.

Whitley's entrepreneurial wheels start spinning.

FADE OUT.

INT. SIRUS RENTALS - AFTERNOON

Whitley's on the phone, talking a deal.

WHITLEY

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

Whitley hangs up the phone, Terrence holds an overtly
anticipated look.

TERRENCE

Well?

WHITLEY

Well, silence... here he comes.

Jake walks in, making sucking noises, picking his teeth.

JAKE

Hey guys, does anyone have a
toothpick? I've had chunk of bacon
stuck in my molar since yesterday.

WHITLEY

Hey Jake, how are you?

JAKE

I am fine Whitley... thanks for
asking.

TERRENCE

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

JAKE

Do what?

WHITLEY

(to Terrence)
Spaz-Monkey! Walk away!

(to Jake)

I... we, have something we'd like
to discuss with you.

Quique by the water fountain.

QUIQUE

Way to go Jake! You're gonna be
great tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHITLEY

Thank you, Quique!

JAKE

(to Whitley)

Please tell me what is happening?

A balding, miserly CUSTOMER #1, (60's), enters.

WHITLEY

(to Jake)

Relax my friend... I've taken care of everything. You just have to show up.

JAKE

Show up for what?

WHITLEY

A small, tiny, minute, infinitesimal karaoke contest I entered you in tonight.

JAKE

Contest? Karaoke? Come on. Hell no, I've got to help my mom.

WHITLEY

I already called, your mom. She said Latrice from Baccarat will take her to therapy.

JAKE

Latrice? They'll end up out all night again.

(beat)

Come on Whitley, why did you do this? You know what people think about karaoke singers.

TERRENCE

No Jake, what do people think?

JAKE

Well... I'll tell you. If you're little good then you're a loser. And if you suck then you're a dork loser. No, Nuh uhh... no dloser for me.

WHITLEY

Come on man, who cares what other people think.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WHITLEY (CONT'D)

This is a great opportunity and
it's a contest for money.

CUSTOMER #1

Can I get some help here?

WHITLEY

Terrence, help this guy will you?

TERRENCE

I'm on break.

Jake goes to help, Whitley interrupts.

JAKE

Sir, I apologize...

WHITLEY

(to Customer #1)

Hold on shiny top, this will just
take one more second.

(to Jake)

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

STAN

Muy Exclusivo.

JAKE

For money too... I know we need
it, but not like this. I'm not a
karaoke guy.

(beat)

How much are we talking about?

WHITLEY

Yes! This is what I'm trying to
convey. Five big ones!

JAKE

Five thousand?

WHITLEY

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

JAKE

Five hundred, Still good... I
don't know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WHITLEY

It'll be easy, you bring the golden vocals and I'll set the rest.

JAKE

I'm under a lot of pressure taking care of my mom. This just seems like more stress.

(beat)

Where's it gonna be?

WHITLEY

"O'Hallahallahan's".

JAKE

O'Hallahallahan's? Sounds like an Irish think tank.

CUSTOMER #1

Is there anyone who wants my business?

WHITLEY

Yes sir! What can I help you with?

CUSTOMER #1

Do you have any economically priced vehicles for rent?

WHITLEY

Yes, if you can see a Sirius Shit Box Rentals sign out front. Try Rent A Wreck.

CUSTOMER #1

I've never! Who's your manager?

JAKE

(to Customer #1)

It won't work, his dad owns the place. Speaking of which, poker faces people!

EXT. FRONT SIRUS RENTALS - AFTERNOON

Customer #1 storms out to a CANARY YELLOW BENTLEY rolling up with HAROLD WALLACE, (60's), the absent minded boss of all who are unfortunate enough to be employed by SIRUS RENTALS. He's escorted by TWO RUSSIAN BEAUTIES, TISHCA, (20's) and TATTYANNA, (early 30's).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Customer #1 tries to explain his grievance, Harold just smirks like a seventies game show host and continues to the office. The girls deflect any recourse of Customer #1 by just being themselves.

INT. SIRUS RENTALS - CONTINUOUS

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

WHITLEY

Oh great.

Terrence rushes to assuming the position.

TERRENCE

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

Mr. Wallace passes Terrence without a word.

WHITLEY

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

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

WHITLEY

What are you doing?

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

Here we go again. That's right... Why would I have anything useful to say?

JAKE

What Whitley is trying to explain to you Mr. Wallace is... your son, has come up with a solid plan that has been saving us time and.

Mr. Wallace isn't much interested in what Jake has to say either. Mr. Wallace's prowler stare is fixated on his two new conquests.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. WALLACE

Ohh... isn't that great.

Mr. Wallace sniffs his ear wax, staring at the esthetically gifted Russians outside.

MR. WALLACE

You see that there Singer? One of those ladies could be the future Mrs. Wallace and I bet'cha each one has got a little name tattoo somewhere I haven't seen yet
hmmmm...hmmmm..?

JAKE

Ohhh right sir, tattoo... name hidden... sexy... yes sir.

MR. WALLACE

(to Whitley)
Son, I'm pleased all those years and countless donations at various Ivy League institutions has proven your effectiveness in relieving everyone early.

WHITLEY

Well, you don't pay any over time!
So it seemed to be a good option...

Father and son squabble, it turns ugly, with a quick thought, the course of the day changes for the worse.

MR. WALLACE

Saving time huh? Well, that's the problem right there. What we need to do is, keep everyone's source of income up and running.
(to Terrence)
Isn't that right Terrence?

TERRENCE

Yes sir! That's what I've been saying for sometime now...

MR. WALLACE

And that's why, you're closing Sirius today Terry.

TERRENCE

Ohh thank you sir, I love when you call me Terry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jake's look of fury clearly explains what he can't say.

JAKE

Oh...OK...right?

WHITLEY

Dad... This has nothing to do with
Jake or the rest of the staff.
This is about you and me, as it
always seems to be... In the long
run this will save us money.

Mr. Wallace is a cheap, sexist, idiot but a heart of
stone, never.

MR. WALLACE

Jake, where are you?

JAKE

Right behind you sir.

MR. WALLACE

Yes, well you're back on today.

JAKE

Thank you sir.

MR. WALLACE

I don't care if you want to save
company time. Just make sure all
the cars in the lot have been
detailed, they look drab.

JAKE

(dejected)

Yes sir, they will all be taken
car of.

MR. WALLACE

You're a good man Singer, get my
son to help you... he seems to
like you sorts.

Mr. Wallace looks inquisitively at Terrence.

MR. WALLACE (CONT'D)

I can't quite figure out why?

EXT. SINGERS HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A POSTMAN, not on his furlough day, walks up a flight of cobble stone staircase to a glowing VICTORIAN home nestled amongst a sea of FOR SALE SIGNS.

POSTMAN

Package for Mrs. Mary Jane Singer.

MARY

That's me.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mary opens the package to a brochure headlined with "GREEN LOTS" a beautiful tropical paradise. A DVD in a palm frawn sleeve amidst photos of sunset beaches.

MARY

I've been waiting for you.

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

EXT. GREEN LOTS - DAWN

A buff, shirtless commentator, LEMPURI, JAMAICAN, (30's), strolls an ELDERLY WOMAN in an AQUA WHEELCHAIR.

LEMPURI

Ie an Ie... whartcha say people,
welcome to Green Lots.
Lempuri 'ere, 'n I'll be ya 'ost
fur dis 'ere advencha'.

Green lots is a Medicinal Marijuana Retirement Facility. The bombed baby boomers are playing volleyball, body surfing and taking bong rips by poolside at night.

LEMPURI (CONT'D)

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

Mary's alone, all alone -- some "Self Reflexive Time" has presented itself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

Momma Mary likes what you're saying.
You just keep talking and you'll be sure to put a smile on my face.

EXT. SINGER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A quiet hum from outside.

EXT. BACK LOT SIRUS RENTALS - LATE AFTERNOON

Quique is trying to figure out a jammed ROTARY WAXER.

QUIQUE

There she goes.

STAN

Turn on some music 'eh Quique.

QUIQUE

What am I? Quique the guy who does everything? Yeah... I guess I am.

Quique powers up a super heavy duty, six speaker DEWALT CONSTRUCTION RADIO. Smokey Robinson keeps the work day moving.

QUIQUE (CONT'D)

Dare's some sad things known to man but da aint too much sadder than Stan. Da Tears of Clown... when dares is no one around... Doo dod dod...dut dee dutt dut a doo....

STAN

Smokey...is a great name 'eh Quique?
I need a name like that.

QUIQUE

Why? You want a web site?

STAN

Naw homie, just a name that people will remember.

QUIQUE

Your names Stan fool. Try dealin' with Quique for a bit... then come talk to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quique sprays Stan with the hose. Whitley walks over and sparks a JOINT.

WHITLEY
(joint in mouth)
Hey fellas... care to partake?

Stan notices a name he likes.

STAN
Like Whitley... Whitley's a cool
dudes name.

QUIQUE
Whitley's a white dudes name.

STAN
Stan's a white dudes name.

QUIQUE
Cool... then you're halfway there
foo.

A homeless man in a trench coat, INKEE HASNOT, (60's), paces back and forth talking on his broken CELL PHONE by the DUMPSTER.

Whitley takes another puff and carefully dabs his spliff out; setting it gently on the ground for later.

WHITLEY
This looks interesting?

Always time for a TUNE IN TOKYO on Terrence.

WHITLEY (CONT'D)
Nipples.

TERRENCE
Aghhhggghhh!!

Terrence, rubbing his sore nipples, sees the joint on the ground. He picks it up and discreetly ambulates to a Range Rover.

INT. RANGE ROVER - MOMENTS LATER

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRENCE

Puedo ser usted bebé del héroe
Puedo besar lejos el dolor
Le haré una pausa por siempre!

Quique and Stan are sniffing around the Rover, opening the door to a thick plume of smoke.

QUIQUE

Dang, Employee Of The Month! Move over... we gotta get this ride up front.

TERRENCE

Que paso muchacho's.!?

QUIQUE

It stinks so good.

TERRENCE

Whitley necessito el coche ahora?

STAN

A little weed and this boys fluent.

EXT. FRONT SIRUS RENTALS - DUSK

Whitley leads Inkee to the far corner of the premises and grabs Jake, bringing him outside.

JAKE

What's up?

WHITLEY

Jake, I've decided nothing is going to make this night more special. Then gallivanting in the most luxurious SUV in the world.

Quique drives up the timeless RANGE ROVER WESTMINSTER. All black, black everything. This majestic vehicle is so captivating it's presence demands attention.

JAKE

Oh Noooo! What are you thinking? Your dad will have our asses if we take this out.

WHITLEY

Jake... you still don't understand.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WHITLEY (CONT'D)

If you're going to play with the big dogs you must get out from underneath the porch. Stay focused, I've got things taken care of here.

JAKE

What's taken care of Whit? Your dad just likes to think of things to get mad about. Remember when his diet Coke wasn't cold enough. He got so mad. he made me buy another refrigerator the next day.

WHITLEY

That doesn't seem horrible?

JAKE

With my money!

WHITLEY

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

JAKE

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

WHITLEY

Bad idea? What's to speculate Jake? Floating to this contest surrounded by positivity and luxury or piggy backing on your Schwinn. Stop worrying, we'll have it back in a few hours tops.

JAKE

I don't think it would be wise.

WHITLEY

I'll bring her in and open up tomorrow just like you did today. It's settled, we take the Rover.

JAKE

We?

WHITLEY

Yes, we... we are a family. If one of our employees is gonna make it, then we're all goin' make it. Isn't that right Stan?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

STAN

Shoo Nuff Hefe!

WHITLEY

I need a sec... Everyone in the bus, I'll be right back.

Whitley takes Inkee into Sirius as Jake gets into driver side of the Range Rover.. Range rover

Whitley's the last to jump in.

WHITLEY (CONT'D)

For a guy who's afraid of my father you sure didn't mind taking the reigns of this opulent bad boy.

JAKE

If I'm going, I'm going big. All in! We ride like the night!

EXT. RANGE ROVER DRIVING SEQUENCE - CONTINUOUS

The Westminster sails off onto the open road.

Jake's confidence dips when he notices Terrence's head bobble up from the rearview mirror; an interesting inquiry comes to mind.

JAKE

Terrence too?

WHITLEY

Yes, Terrence too.

JAKE

If we're all here, who's locking up Sirius?

TERRENCE

(stoned and in perfect Spanish)

Ay Dios Mio! Que vamos ser!

WHITLEY

Don't worry yourself. I hired a temp for the evening. Relax... think about your vocals. I've got the rest takin care of.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

My vocals? Kinda tough for me
Whitley. Your dad can't fire
you... but he sure a shit can fire
all of us.

TERRENCE

Si, es sierto Jacobo'. Que paso
Whitley?

JAKE

Can you at least tell me who you
hired?

WHITLEY

(mumbles)
Inkee.

JAKE

Inkee? Who's Inkee?

Stan reveals his presence in the SUV.

QUIQUE

Cochino!

STAN

(opens the window)
AAAHHHHOFFF! That's scary ass, I'm
chewing on it. It's tainted my
tongue

(to Jake)
You see him everyday.

QUIQUE

(to Jake)
He means Stinky Inkee fool... like
my boy here next to me.

STAN

Churro's revenge!

JAKE

"Stinky Inkee" The homeless man
who flashes his dirty ass.

TERRENCE

He does... he does! He flashed me
once... it wasn't bad.
(chanting)
Da Stinky... Da Inkee... Da ...
Everybody

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVERYONE

Da Stinky...! Da Inkee...! Da
Stinky...! Da Inkee!

JAKE

This is bad.

WHITLEY

Admit it Singer, I came up with a
solid plan.

JAKE

Solid? No... Brady Bunch at best.
Not solid.

QUIQUE

That's my jam, turn it up. Do you
lika da Fat Boys

Jake shrugs and turns up the volume, it's the Fat Boys
rapping the classic "The Fat Boys Are Back".

EXT. O'HALLAHALLAHAN'S - EVENING

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

Whitley springs into action with the DOORMAN. A quick
wave and everyone's in with no problems.

QUIQUE

(whispering)
Shit Stanny, even the hot girls
are waiting. This is gonna be good
bro.

INT. O'HALLAHALLAHAN'S - CONTINUOUS

Whitley makes his way back from the bar with all the
ingredients to an Irish Car Bomb.

WHITLEY

(passing out shots)
Gentlemen... this evening we take
Jake to the next level. Let's try
and recreate that energy we had
the other night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

This is not the same deal. This completely different... it's a contest, look around.

On stage is OLD MAN FLANNERY, (80's), the Karaoke DJ, holding a large pitcher of beer.

Old Man takes long gulps of beer followed by a thunderous belch and a huge discharge of spit.

SINGER GUY #1, a fraternity type, red faced and trying his drunken best at an old Irish tune.

SINGERGUY #1

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

(stops the music)

Ya' enter my contest and call
yourself an Irishman. You make me
voomite! You Pied Piper fairy!

Old Man Flannery takes his pitcher and pours it over Singer Guy #1.

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

LIMMERY

Ohh...u got 'em good there, did ya!

Pissarr... Flannery duz it agayen!

QUIQUE/STAN

Dang!

Jake's horrified.

WHITLEY

(grabbing Jake)

Look at me! That has nothing to do with you... take this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Whitley drops the one/two punch of an Irish Car Bomb.
Jake downs the shot and is ready for the kill.

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

WHITLEY
Hold on? Not yet...

JAKE
What do you mean not yet? How long?

WHITLEY
Your performance was top notch last night, I assumed it was best to try to set the same tone.

JAKE
Same tone? "Same flow" "Same time" "Same Universe"! You keep sayin' same this and same that but it's not... why?

ALL FOUR
Drink...

Number two takes a visceral effect on this light weight.

JAKE
Wheeew! I can wait.

WHITLEY
Take in the scene... know your audience.

QUIQUE
(looking around)
It looks like a bunch of white people to me.

STAN
Me too.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Jake begins to turn page after page, trying to find a song he can sing his best too. The pages continue to turn.

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, they're all Irish folk songs. Oh..? Except this one.

Terrence shows Whitley the book.

WHITLEY

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

JAKE

Which one?

Terrence shows Jake the song.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I can't sing that.

WHITLEY

Sure you can! Si se puedes .

QUIQUE/STAN

Si se puedes!

EVERYONE

Si se puedes!

Limmery is at the bar, ordering another pitcher for the Old Man Flannery. The guys excitement has got him into some eavesdropping.

LIMMERY

Aye, what's that? What's that you gutt thire? Tinkin' of singing number sixty threee are you? Hey Tom! One's tinkin' to sing sixty threee again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TOM, the bartender, wildly rings a BELL attached to an overhang on the bar.

TOM

We got a Sixty Threeyar!!!

The bar roars, Old Man Flannery casts a crazed fiery stare at Jake.

OLD MAN FLANNERY

Siiilleeence!

Library quiet, Old Man's eyes are wild, burning red and slowly begin to swell to tears. He whimpers and squeaks, becoming very emotional.

OLD MAN FLANNERY (CONT'D)

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

Jake blinks -- a deer in headlights.

The crowd back in action, Jake still stoic in expression.

JAKE

Whoa! I'm outta here.

Jake makes for the exit, surrounded -- no escape.

JAKE (CONT'D)

It's like this? You guys are gonna
force me to sing?

WHITLEY

We're not going to force you to do
anything Jake. We just hoped you'd
realize what we've had to give up
to be here tonight.

JAKE

No reverse psychosis! Slimy
bastard!

WHITLEY

Think of it as an awakening to
your new self.

JAKE

I got called out by a crazy old
man and his imp.

TERRENCE

He has a point...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

WHITLEY

Jake... you need to sing because if you don't? You'll always wonder what your life would have been if you did, but you'll never know until you try.

JAKE

Bullshit... I'm out!

Jake goes for the door.

WHITLEY

Plan B.

Terrence grabs Jake's head, Irish Car Bomb delivered swiftly. Jake begins to gag, vision blurred. Another Jake is starting to take over.

ALL FOUR

Open your mind Singer...

Jake starts wandering wildly -- signs of vomiting imminent.

QUIQUE

No bueno homie...

JAKE

MMMMMMMLLLLLOOOOPPOOOO...Hahahahah!
Suckas!

Jake has unlocked his Mr. Hyde.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I am the Night Rida!

WHITLEY

Wheewww..! Night Rida!

TERRENCE

Night Rida!

JAKE

We're here to have fun.

WHITLEY

Fun? No fun here Jake. Fun doesn't pay the bills. Fun? Fun is for fairies and Dungeons and Dragons. Fun, fun is a three some with Dorothy and Lollipop Kids.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

WHITLEY (CONT'D)

Fun is farting in Terrence's
Cheetoes bag. We don't need "Fun"
tonight Jake. (beat) We need the
Night Rida! The best karaoke this
place has ever seen!

Old Man Flannery gulps the remains of his ? looking for
the refill.

OLD MAN FLANNERY

(to Limmery)

Boy, refill...

LIMMERY

(pushing through
people)

Move your arsses! No room fur the
spaciously challenged.

OLD MAN FLANNERY

We got Jaycob 'ere... parformin'
mi beloved numba sixta three!
Don't fack up. Limery, get me a
fresh one and make sure you top it
off!

The crowd stares at Jake, forming a path to the stage.

WHITLEY

We're right here Jake.

Jake walks the gauntlet, reassuring himself the whole
way. Blurred vision and ugly, DRUNKEN FACES, set out to
fluster our hero.

JAKE

(to himself)

You can do this. Do it for ma...

LIMERY

Maaybee we got a sharter? He looks
like a sharter duesn't hee? Aye
maaybee hee's gonna shart it up
fresh for us. Shitty... shitty
shart... shart.

Quique stuffs a napkin in Limery's mouth, Terrence gives
some ominous words.

TERRENCE

(whispering)

Maybe you should callate your boca
gringo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

QUIQUE

Yeah... callate la boca.

TERRENCE

(still whispering)
Or maybe... I'll have my boy here
show you how to play on his rusty
trumpet in the alley way.

STAN

Orale.

Stan smiles, his gold tooth backs up Terrence's
ill-omened threat.

Limmery shrinks embracing his new found silence.

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

OLD MAN FLANNERY

(pointing)
Aye boy... I like to save the
one's who don't quite make it in
the back. Fur later you know.

Jake glances to see three performers, soaked beer,
shivering looking like Blair Witch. Jake shakes it off
and catches his friends smiling back at him.

JAKE

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

Jake taps the mic, checking the levels.

JAKE (CONT'D)

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

The soft guitar of U2's "One". Jake breaths deep and
right as rain, he's captivating.

JAKE (CONT'D)

"Is it getting better? Or do you
feel the same? Will it make it
easier now... you got someone to
blame? You say, One life...One
love...When I ask you to answer an
then you let me fall... when all
you got, is one life... one
love...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

JAKE (CONT'D)

LOVE is a temple LOVE the higher
love... LOVE is a temple! LOVE the
higher love.

Jakes inner silence is broken by the roar of the crowd.

Old Man's in tears, he chugs the bottom half of his
pitcher and belches loudly. He gives Jake a warm hug.

OLD MAN FLANNERY

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

Old Man awards Jake a BLUE 4H CLUB RIBBON and a rolled up
wade of ones.

The crowd continues to cheer -- Jake's soaks in the
affection of being on top.

EXT. SINGER HOUSE- LATE EVENING

Whitley pulls up with most of the Sirius crew passed out.

Jake gets out and meets Whitley on the drivers side.

JAKE

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

WHITLEY

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

JAKE

WKC?

TERRENCE

(eyes closed)
World Karaoke Championships.

JAKE

Right, the championships. Tomorrow
night too, all seems a little
sudden doesn't it?

WHITLEY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jake unveils the wad of cash from his winnings. He takes out fifty bucks and gives to Whitley.

WHITLEY (CONT'D)

What's that for?

JAKE

You're my manager right?

WHITLEY

Yeah but? This isn't necessary.

JAKE

No buts, ten percent. You're ok to open tomorrow?

WHITLEY

Stop worrying and relax those vocals Jake.

JAKE

Thanks again man, have a good night.

(sticks his head in
the car)

Good night everybody.

EVERYONE

(mumbles)

Night.

INT. JAKE SINGER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

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

JAKE

Thank you alarm clock, thank you.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Up before Mary, Jake makes pancakes and opens a cabinet to find GANJII the cat (a Persian cat with a Mohawk). Feeling harmonious, Jake sings to his furry friend.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Ganjii... the cat. I wanna know where you're at? It's Ganjii... the cat. Hey look, are you fluffy or fat? Ganjii... the cat.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE (CONT'D)

Come out and eat...so you can take
a nap.
Ganjii... the cat.

Ganjii leaps out the cupboard.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Hey buddy... looking sharp today.
Looking real sharp.

Jake continues to float around the kitchen.

MARY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

Mary's peacefully dreaming, talking in her sleep.

MARY

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

JAKE

Rise and shine ma... I made you
some breakfast.

MARY

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

JAKE

No worries mom.

MARY

How did it go last night? Did you
have fun?

Jake gets wild eyed -- a kid at Christmas.

JAKE

Fun is for fairies and dragons.
Ma... I won money last night.

MARY

That's my boy.

JAKE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARY

You gave them some of that fire
huh baby?

JAKE

I did... I did. (beat) I wanted
let you know, I saw the brochure
downstairs and I agree with you.

MARY

You do?

JAKE

Of course, we've needed a vacation
for the longest time now. After
tonight we'll be able to take one.

MARY

Awwee baby that stuff's not about
a vacation. It's a... What do you
mean after tonight?

JAKE

Whitley's got me entered in
another one of these karaoke
contests. Probably even bigger
than last night.

MARY

Sweetie... I thought we were going
to have movie night?

JAKE

Ma, that can wait... can't it?
Maybe you could ask Latrice? You
should have seen it. They were all
cheering for me, it was like
Raaaahhhh!!!

MARY

My boy, I knew you had in you. You
just had to find it.

JAKE

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

MARY

Check in the attic... Jake, I'm so
happy for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAKE

Thanks ma... it isn't a problem is it?

MARY

If I remember correctly, I'm your mother, go ahead practice.

JAKE

Thanks ma, I couldn't have done without you.

Jake exits, Mary discerningly gazes down to the Green Lots DVD.

MARY

(to herself)
There's a time for everything.

ATTIC - LATER

Jake climbs up an old ceiling ladder and pulls out a SONG BOOK. A book of songs Jake's written and his very own how too's on vocal exercises.

INT./EXT. MONTAGE SINGER'S HOUSE - DAY

Jake practices his scales throughout the house with just enough time to:

CUTS/ANGELS

A) Read singing for idiots.

B) Run on a treadmill.

C) Clean up the entire house.

Being a winner never felt so good.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Mary watches the 1979 original, "Mad Max" the NIGHT RIDA is burning rubber and MAX is on the hunt.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

Please keep your booty on the couch for more than one second. You're making me nervous.

JAKE

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

MARY

The "World Championships" huh.

Mary puts the movie on pause -- it's mentor time.

MARY (CONT'D)

Jake, I've been honest with you your whole life, right?

JAKE

The most honest ma.

MARY

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

JAKE

OK?

MARY

Everything we do in life is like taking a test. Some are easy, so you don't pay much attention to them. Some are really tough, so you feel like you can never pass them. But every moment you take a breath you're passing your test. Understand?

JAKE

Nope, I do not understand?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARY

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

The horn blows, Whitley's outside.

JAKE

That's Whitley ma, can you explain
this to me tomorrow?

MARY

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

JAKE

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

Jake kisses Mary on the cheek and heads out the door.

Mary continues the movie, she coughs heavily, noticing a
small amount of blood in her sputum, a look at the door.

INT. WHITLEY'S GALAXY - EVENING

Jake gets in, unaware his CELL PHONE has dropped between
the seat and the door on the passenger side. Jake's
greeted by Amy and Suzy who have come along with Whitley
for the evening.

AMY/SUZY

Hi Jake...

JAKE

Hey Amy, Suzy, Whit... where's the
rest of the guys?

Whitley drives off, breaking into stern character and
becoming disturbingly serious.

WHITLEY

I had to cut off all
communication. It was optimal for
us to maintain a low profile.
Tonight our biggest obstacle is
just to get in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

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

WHITLEY

She might be there... who knows
with that brawler? My friend...
we're escorting you to Centipede.

JAKE

What's Centipede?

WHITLEY

A preponderantly nocturnal
predacious arthropod having 15 to
173 segments each with a pair of
legs, the foremost pair being
modified as set of pincers... and
a night club.

SUZY

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

JAKE

How are we gonna get in?

AMY

Don't you worry about that
papacito... Suzy's been with this
door 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!

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

WHITLEY

Why is this happening? We're never
going to make at this plodding
rate.

(beeping horn/yelling)

Let's move people... let's go!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE

What's the rush?

AMY

The line shuts down for the
"Ordinaries" at 10:30.

JAKE

Ordinaries?

AMY

Basically anyone not on the TMZ
watch list is a no go.

Whitley notices a pair of random cars turning away from
the congestion.

Whitley pulls out of traffic to follow a random car. One
that he believes by description is going in the same
direction.

JAKE

Please don't Whit.

AMY

What's he doing?

JAKE

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

WHITLEY

I'm telling you it works... trust
me. It's all in a matter of car
make and personal style.

Whitley follows an aleatoric vehicle down some
neighborhood side streets, leading them right in front of
CENTIPEDE.

WHITLEY (CONT'D)

See... I knew it, where we needed
to be y con tiempo para matar.

AMY

I love it when you speak Spanish.

EXT. CENTIPEDE - NIGHT

Whitley valets the Galaxy; the ultra upscale Centipede is packed with swarms of CELEBRITY TYPES, PAPARAZZI and all of BEAUTIFUL HOLLYWOOD wanting to get through the velvet ropes first.

WHITLEY

(to Jake)

Let me be parochial for a second.
A win for us puts up three large
and will be our last qualifier
before the worlds.

JAKE

Three hundred? I made more at the
bar.

WHITLEY

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

JAKE

Three thousand... Snarf me sweetly
Lion-O.

SUZY

That's a lot money Jake... are you
sure you're ready?

JAKE

Ahh?

WHITLEY

Zip it! Everyone Zip their Von
Zippas! Amy/Suzy see what you can
do about getting us in. Let me
talk to Jake alone for a moment.

AMY

On it. Let's go China.

WHITLEY

Jake, there's no easy way to say
it. So I'm going to break it down
as basic as I can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

Break it down?

WHITLEY

You know how you thought last night was the most overwhelming experience you've ever had and it took everything inside you just to rise up and sing the way you did.

JAKE

It was one the toughest things I've ever done.

WHITLEY

That was a child's game compared to what you have to accomplish tonight. Not just little children Jake, but little children in short... little yellow buses.

JAKE

I've been through tough times before Whit. I'm sure I... We can handle it.

WHITLEY

I needed to let you know what you're dealing with in there. These people aren't to be considered human. What's in there Jake are arrogant, maladjusted, conniving, contemptuous jackanapes. Psychologically twisted types, who only talk about what they have. The types 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

Thanks mann, I'll try my best.

WHITLEY

Let's hope that will be enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jake and Whitley mill through the masses to see Amy and Suzy flirting up to LIL WAYNE LOOK A LIKE, (20's), the gate keeper of Centipede.

Wayne questions Jake's cool factor.

LWL

HELL No! You ain't got enough cash
for Fluffy and Crocket over 'ere
meinn.

JAKE

I ran today?

WHITLEY

I knew this was going to happen.

JAKE

We don't have to do this. Maybe
they'll have another contest.

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\$\$ and his gang step out of the bus amidst a thick plume of smoke. Paparazzi flash their cameras and a much more out spoken Filtha has something to say.

FILTHA GREEN\$\$

(speaking into a
portable vocalizer)

The Green's is here! You can take
all ya pics. But unless you spend
the night wit Filtha... you ain't
never seen the Greens!

Whitley see's destiny; he makes his way to Filtha and the gang.

WHITLEY

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

Sweet Pea catches the familiar faces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SWEET PEA

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

An enormous PICKLES, (30's), nods at Lil Wayne wannabee
giving Jake and the others the green light.

JAKE

Are we doing the right thing?

WHITLEY

Smile, look straight ahead... and
try pretend like you belong.

LWL

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

SUZY

Yeah right... Lil Wayne wanna be.

SWEET PEA

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

A deserved high five.

INT. CENTIPEDE - CONTINUOUS

Centipede is well adorned with LIGHTS, LASERS, GO GO
DANCERS, FOG MACHINES, CIRQUE DE SOLEI DANCERS and DENGUE
FEVER as the live band karaoke set up.

JAKE

This place is amazing! Everyone's
so beautiful.

WHITLEY

Don't be fooled Jake, we're in
deep now.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAJUN MC

Everyone everyone..! May I have your attention! Could the owner of a blue 94 Corrola please move your vehicle? It's been fuglian up our parkin' lot for over an hour now and we gonna have to tow it! Wha Hahaha!

Crowd roars in laughter.

CAJUN MC (CONT'D)

No serious... serious...

I wanna welcome you all to Centipede. A very special night, tonight. Our 2nd annual live band Karaoke contest!

Crowd roars once again.

CAJUN MC (CONT'D)

We'll here from all you who didn't want to compete in some reality show. The winner of the contest bounces out with three large. That's right, 3 G's and a qualifier for the World Karaoke Championships. Give it up for last years winner... Banging Brenda!

BANGING BRENDA, (early 20's), begins to bounce on stage.

CAJUN MC (CONT'D)

We see where you spent your money girl. Brenda's gonna open with last years win. She'll also have the chance to defend her title, against anyone who thinks they got the skills to come get their thrills. Without further addoodoo... Time to turn this mutha, out, upsidedown, shaka kan and riki tiki timbo! Live 'Oke at Centipeeeede!

Brenda, in position with the DELINQUENT DEBUTANTES (20's to 60's). The INTELLIGENT LIGHTS capture a Pussy Cat Dolls cover but the girls don't sing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

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

JAKE

No one sang anything?

The crowd erupts louder, barely audible.

WHITLEY

What?

JAKE

Not one of them sang anything!

WHITLEY

That's what I'm trying to tell you. Singing isn't what matters here. The approval of the crowd to put you on that pedestal, is priceless here. You need to own them.

JAKE

How do I own them?

WHITLEY

My father told me once. If you want to be victorious at something you have to be willing to bite the head off your opponent. That help?

JAKE

A bit sadistic.

AMY

(to Jake)

Let's get you signed up.

Standing by the sign up booth is Brenda. Brenda's sportsmanship is as genuine as her pin straight extensions and her bubbly breast augmentation. This socialite misfit and her pack of debutantes ridicule all trying to enter the contest.

BANGING BRENDA

Look ladies, what's this..? It's Walmart and man boobs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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

China Latina!

Jake snatches the BLACK BOOK from Brenda.

JAKE

I'll see that!

Jake locks eyes with Brenda, quickly perusing the Black Book. This time very different from the last, Jake's got 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.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The music is thumping, the BEAUTIFUL CROWD captivating. Jake's alive and completely enveloped in the surreal scene around him.

JAKE

This is the best! Everyone's so pretty!

WHITLEY

Riiight..?

The music lulls once more, the Cajun MC picks the next contestant.

CAJUN MC

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

BANGING BRENDA

What a joke... delicate flowers... come sing for us.

EVAN, (20's) catches wind of Brenda's ill words.

EVAN

Bitch.

Peter and Evan's duet of Lady Gaga's "Bad Romance" is sweet. Subsequent acts follow Brenda and her evil Debutantes mock all who attempt the 'Oke.

DEBUTANTE#1

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

BANGING BRENDA

(to Debutante #2)
After tonight, I'm hitting Dr. Ray.

Brenda bounces.

BANGING BRENDA

(to the crowd)
Are you with me people!
(to all Debutantes)
It's just like last year.

Crowd roars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

AMY

Nobody's getting a fair shake with
that Brenda.

Jake smiles sadistically, something up his sleeve.

JAKE

Don't worry Amy...I've got
something for that whore.
It's time Banging Brenda gets
banged off stage.

CAJUN MC

Next up... Jake... Jake Singer!

JAKE

That's me.

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

Brenda tries to get some jabs.

BANGING BRENDA

Ohh look, man jugs is up...
There's a manssier shop in West
Hollywood if you need some
support.

A chuckle from the crowd, Jake brings himself to her
level.

JAKE

Good one... I've got the perfect
song for your slutiness tonight.

Brenda is taken aback.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Boys... hard cow bell and don't be
afraid to go heavy on the strings.

The Debutantes attempt to retaliate but Jake motions to
the band, giving the ladies no time to react.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JAKE

Mississippi Queen..! if you know
what I mean..! Mississippi Queen!
If youuu know what I mean.

Jake is seemingly possessed, every lyric, every motion
every sound are contoured to secure Banging Brenda's
ignominy.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Youu know she was a dancer! She
moved better on wine... why the
rest them dudes was gettin' their
kicks... gonna beg your pardon...
I was gettin mine!

Spewing, sweating and in a severe state of delirium. Jake
continues his look a like of John Belushi on a bender.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Heeeaaayyy Mississippi Queen!

Jake succumbs to the evils he's been warned to avoid. The
mob howls louder, wether it's for Jake or Brenda's
humiliation, the situation feels dirty.

SUZY

Jake... you stuck to that bitch!

AMY

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

WHITLEY

I've never seen you that angry?

JAKE

I got her! I... got that...

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

CAJUN MC

Dam, Jake Singer everybody!

The masses roar once more.

CAJUN MC (CONT'D)

Wha Hahaha..! What a night... but
we all know there can be only one.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

CAJUN MC (CONT'D)

Defending her tittle, that
Mississi... Wha Hahaha! That was
some funny shit. Defending
champion... Banging Brenda..!

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 Brenda to attempt to follow Jacob's loutish act.

Brenda's first heckled by BYSTANDER #1, (20's).

BANGING BRENDA

Hi... I'm gonna sing a.

BYSTANDER #1

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

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

Brenda bounces but gets no love.

BANGING BRENDA

I know I can't sing..! I... I
forfeit!

Brenda runs off stage.

JAKE

Forfeit..? You just bounced up
there! Hahaha!

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

CAJUN MC

Let's not bullshit... we all know
who we want... Wha Hahaha!

Things get unruly and MANIACAL FANS begins to yank and
jerk Jake. Even Filtha is frenzied in the moment, out of
control, the mob gets ugly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

Amy and Suzy turn to the power of the China Latina to think of an escape.

AMY

We have to give to 'em Suzy... You ready?

Suzy signals Wayne.

SUZY

Ready Amy... Hit it Wayne !

Suzy eyes Lil Wayne Lookalike, who nods to the DJ who plays "A Milli" by Lil Wayne.

This allows Amy and Suzy to create a distraction. A Popping/Locking/Krumping force shield around Jake and Whitley.

AMY

(to Jake and Whitley)

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

JAKE/WHITLEY

Got it!

Their dancing force shield gave just enough space for a very narrow escape.

EXT. CENTIPEDE - LATER

They make it to the bacon dog purveyed streets of LA.

JAKE

Wheew yeah! That's how we do it!
Winners for life! Rest is for the weak...

BYSTANDER #2

You were fantastic!

JAKE

I was wasn't I... maybe I'll see you next year.
Right... I won't need this place next year. I'm going to the top!
Wheeww!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHITLEY

Aren't you getting ahead of yourself Jake?

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

(mumbling)

To turn into a asshole.

JAKE

Asshole..? This place was your idea and I'm the asshole? Sorry Whit, coming from a guy who can't even get along with his dad. Asshole 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'm driving.

INT. WHITLEY'S GALAXY - LATE EVENING

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

AMY

What sounds good? Mel's...

SUZY

Yeah Mel's good... I like big burger.

JAKE

I'm having the big bacon breakfast. They'll have peanut butter there right?

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

WHITLEY

Ahh..? Jake

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

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 Mary.

JAKE

You need to take me home.

AMY

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

JAKE

Pleeeaaase... take me home now!

Jake's face gaunt, horrified, shaking.

WHITLEY

Did she leave a message?

JAKE

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

WHITLEY

I'm sure she's fine...

JAKE

Shut up Whitley.

Harsh realities.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Jesus... she's at Cedars!

AMY

That's not far from here.

Amy flips a U-turn in the boat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE

What if something really bad happened to her?

WHITLEY

It's gonna be OK Jake.

JAKE

It's not gonna be OK, Whitley. This isn't one of your adventures. This is my mom 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. It's not a bad proposition to follow your dreams.

JAKE

Hard on myself..? What would you know about being hard on yourself? You're like all the rest of those people in that club tonight. You don't know dreams... Everything, just given to you! You almost turned me into one of you but that's not gonna happen. 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 of the car counting out money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

Here's your share... I'm done with
this and all of you!

Jake throws the money in car.

SUZY

Do we go after him?

WHITLEY

No... he needs to learn this one
on his own.

INT. CHECK IN DESK - MOMENTS LATER

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

ELLE

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

ELLE (CONT'D)

May I help you?

JAKE

Yes... I'm looking for my mom...
Mary Singer.

ELLE

Do you know what time she came in?

JAKE

No... I don't know what time she
came in? I know she's here...
could you please tell me where to
go?

SIMON KAGLE, (90's), with a request.

SIMON

Time to make the poopie?

ELLE

No... it's not time to make the
poopie...Mr. Kagle.

JAKE

Please lady! I just want to see my
mom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ELLE

Mary Singer... right?

JAKE

Yes... Mary Singer a blithesome
black lady. Always smiling.

ELLE

And that's your mother?

JAKE

Yes! My mom... I was adopted when
I was very young. She's raised me
practically since birth, do you
need any more information?

ELLE

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

MARYS HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

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

NURSE #1, (40's), trying desperately to assist a PATIENT.

NURSE #1

Ma'am... try to relax! It wont do
you any good to try to fight it.

JAKE

Ma... I'm here!

Jake opens the curtain, not to discover Mary but SOME
WOMAN, (40's), being fed Epikak/Liquid Charcoal, to
induce vomiting.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Ohh..? I'm sorry.

SOME WOMAN

God! Please... please make it
stooo.....!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NURSE #1

Let's move her out.

Nurse #1 and the ORDERLIES, take the vomiting patient out the room.

Mary is in the next bed over, HEADPHONES in her ears, comfortably watching TV.

JAKE

Ma..!

MARY

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

(pointing)

You know that girl tried to kill herself. I'm here, laid up, fighting for my life and little miss lonely lips, is tryin' to take her own... ain't that something.

Mary in good spirits, forces Jake into tears.

JAKE

I'm so sorry ma... I left you. My phone fell from my... it doesn't matter. I'm here now and I'm never leaving you again.

MARY

Jake don't get so worked up. I'm fine... the doctor told me I had some type of hemop... hemoptysis? Something or other, they gave me a chest x-ray. The doc says I can leave in the morning. Stop worrying about me. How did you do?

JAKE

Well... I won... but it doesn't matter. This "Karaoke" thing isn't for me anymore. I feel like I'm turning into someone different.

MARY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JAKE

I can't leave you alone again.
I'll cut my hours at Sirius, I'll
work from home... selling Snuggies
or jewelry or something?

MARY

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

JAKE

Yeah I'm listening ma.

MARY

Good... cause I don't wanna say
this twice and you know how much I
hate having to repeat myself.

JAKE

I know ma.

MARY

Alright then.
(beat)
For ten hard years you've been by
my side. Taking care of me and
doing your best to help me battle
this monster inside me.
I've been there with you but
somewhere along the way we forgot
something... something very
important. We forgot how to live
baby... we've been all wrapped up
in this illness. Saving money for
the next treatment. Not living for
who we need to... us.

JAKE

So what are you saying ma? Should
we take a vacation..?

MARY

Well one of us is... and it's
going to be permanent. Jake, I'm
selling the house and moving to
Green Lots. Sooner or later I've
got to let you live too. They'll
be able to take good care of me
there and I can even bring Ganjii.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JAKE

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

MARY

The same as me honey... live your
life.

JAKE

What will I do without you?

MARY

Awe baby, I'm not going somewhere
you can't visit. In fact, I expect
to see you as much as possible.

Jake is overwhelmed by the news, he can only think of one
thing to do, curl up close to his mom.

MARY

This isn't the end of your journey
son, it's just the beginning.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Jake sits on a nearby bench watching CHILDREN play.

Wearing CAPES and wielding PLASTIC LIGHT SABRES a Childs
world with everything at their finger tips, imaginations
free from limitations.

EXT. FRONT SIRUS RENTALS - AFTERNOON

Jake coasts in on his Schwinn, he notices Quique outside.
Not washing cars but dressed up in a suit talking to a
CUSTOMER.

INT. SIRUS RENTALS - CONTINUOUS

Terrence is on the phone haggling in Spanish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRENCE

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

JAKE

I'm good... is Whitley around?

TERRENCE

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

JAKE

Ohh..?

TERRENCE

I've been keepin' a tight ship for
 you... Hoping to make you proud.

JAKE

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

TERRENCE

A doob every other day and I'm
 fluent.

Whitley seeing Jake -- an awkward moment of silence.

JAKE

Hey... Whitley.

WHITLEY

Hey... Jake.

JAKE

How's everything been?

WHITLEY

Fine... just fine.

JAKE

Well that's... ahh..? Fine...Ummm?
 Do you mind if I speak with you
 for a sec?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WHITLEY

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

TERRENCE

No te preoccupes.

EXT. BACK LOT SIRUS RENTALS - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Whitley see Stan passing some instructions to a
couple of NEW EMPLOYEES.

STAN

Orele... make sure you get up
under the chassis... Hey, what up
Jake?

JAKE

Hey Stan... don't be too hard on
'em now.

STAN

Shoot Jake... you know how we do.

JAKE

Wow Whit..? Seems like
everything's better than ever.
You've sure done a great job.

WHITLEY

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

JAKE

I came out here to say... I'm...
I'm sorry for being such a dick to
you. I brought a peace offering.

Jake pulls out two large zip loc bags filled with some
Momma Mary's famous sticky icky brownies.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Mom said...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARY (V.O.)

I've prepared a special stack of Momma Mary Janes famous psychedelic, honey buttered cannabis brownies. Made from the finest and freshest of medicinal marijuana.

(beat)

Believe me... when I say that Mary Jane herself would proudly curtsy to something that tasted sooo good and made ya feel alllriiight!

WHITLEY

That's big coming from her. Tempting as it is... none for me, I'm moderating, cleaning out the system. I've been imbibing a cayenne, lemon, wheat grass solution. I'm sure Terrence would appreciate them though.

JAKE

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

WHITLEY

Where you going? You just got here.

JAKE

Moms putting up the house and this Larry guy has already made an offer. I've got a little money now... I figured I'd see this whole Karaoke thing through. I don't know where it'll go? But... I got this far, might as well keep going, right?

WHITLEY

Right.

JAKE

Hey Whit.

WHITLEY

Yeah Jake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JAKE

Why did you do all this for me?

WHITLEY

Jake, you're the only person I know who doesn't think being kind is charity. When you sing... whew! It's like hearing that song for the first time. The one that one you play over and over until it becomes a permanent part of your memory. You can bring that and I know it.

JAKE

Sure know how to make a fella feel good about himself.

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 out front.

EXT. FRONT OF SIRUS RENTALS - CONTINUOUS

Jacob's bouncing the front tire off the ground, checking his pressure.

Whitley rolls up in the regal Ranger Rover Westminster.

WHITLEY (CONT'D)

Put that bike on the rack and get in. Can't have my client going to the "World Karaoke Championships" looking like a sucka. You're no sucka, are ya Singa?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JAKE

No sucka's here.

INT. SIRUS RENTALS - CONTINUOUS

CUSTOMER #1 is enamored by the presence of such a fine piece of machinery.

CUSTOMER#1

Wow! Sweet ride... who is that guy? Some celebrity?

TERRENCE

Si, that's the karaoke kid.

INT. RANGE ROVER DRIVING SEQUENCE - MOMENTS LATER

A regular Thelma and Louise, these buds share a ride and a friendship few experience in a lifetime.

JAKE

What's the plan coach?

WHITLEY

Simply put, to kick ass and take names. We need an essential element before we get this onslaught underway.

JAKE

I gave the brownies to Terrence.

WHITLEY

This is beyond any alternative means of consciousness. We need a master.

JAKE

A master?

EXT. SINGERS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Rover in idle, Whitley runs into the house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

Wait! She's an ill woman, we shouldn't be...

Whitley and Mary run back to the car.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Ma you shouldn't be out... you're...

MARY

Sick? Yes, I'm sick honey but this old woman's got a bunch more miles left in her... so, get in the back!

Jake wiggles to the back seat, the Rover casts off.

EXT. WORLD KARAOKE CHAMPIONSHIPS - DAY

STAGE COACH BUSES caravan the entrance of a massive CONVENTION CENTER. 20 X 20 FLAGS adorn the walls, each bear a cultural trademark for all to see, CROWDS filter through.

INT. WORLD KARAOKE CHAMPIONSHIPS - CONTINUOUS

Dozens of TABLES rowed in single file, BLACK BOOKS for spectators and participants alike to browse through the immense song selection.

Jake, Mary and Whitley are amazed to see such a turn out. They discuss their plan at one of the tables, checking the Black Book.

WHITLEY

I've deduced a plan with a myriad of opportunities that will only propose ourselves victorious.

TEAMS, outfitted in OLYMPIC JUMPSUITS, stretch in front of their perspective flag.

JAKE

What have we gotten into?

WHITLEY

Take it in... breathe.

JAKE

I can't do that...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

You're not going to just do that.
Jacob dear, you're going to win.
Now come on, let's see where we
can get you one of those little
jump suits.

Milling through the masses, they arrive to find the
AMERICAN TEAM, giving rub downs, rehearsing vocal scales.

A man in a AMERICAN FLAGGED ONE PIECE. TODD STEWBING,
(40's), sets a direct introduction to the three still
caught in awe of this spectacle.

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

I didn't think it would be this
serious... 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.

MARY

You must know me then, I'm Jake's
mother and before we get Jake all
"Suited Up" . I'd hope you can
enlighten us with your names and
what exactly all this means?

WHITLEY

I was getting to that.

TODD

Cam!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAMERON

Yes.

TODD

You didn't brief these people?

CAMERON

I told you, I got caught up that night.

TODD

Millie Vanillie!

CAMERON

Ohh come on, not now.

TODD

Millie Vanillie!

Cameron begins the antiquated Millie Vanillie 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

That's enough!

CAMERON

Thank God!

Todd turns back to Jake.

TODD

Are you ready to take your place.

MARY

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

WHITLEY

His only spot is number one, he
doesn't need you.

TODD

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

A glowingly beautiful, JENNY HAMILTON, AFRICAN AMERICAN,
(20') interjects.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JENNY

Need you... we do. Hi, I'm Jenny.

Jake's enamored by her presence from first eye contact.

JAKE

My name is J...

JENNY

Jake I know, I hope this doesn't sound too creepy but I know a lot about you. See, Cam here caught your performance at the Knights and immediately came to us. It was only until recently we saw your You Tube upload from O'Hallahallahan's.

JAKE

You Tube?

A freakishly tall BARRY SMITTS, (30's), extends a long arm out to show Jake his SMART PHONE with the footage.

INT. O'HALLAHALLAHAN'S CAM

A smudged lens with droplets of flecked beer. The bottom reads "Old Man's Drunken Cam". A not so recognizable Jake giving his U2 cover of "One".

INT. WORLD KARAOKE CHAMPIONSHIPS - CONTINUOUS

WHITLEY

We'll sue.

CAMERON

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

TODD

Never mind the video, look at the hits it's getting.

Views are reading two million and climbing.

JENNY

You are the secret weapon Jake.

JAKE

Secret weapon?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD

There's a war going on Jake. A war on entertainment. Ballywood, Chinese Opera, Middle Eastern films in French and we now believe Japan has it's own Martial Arts drumming.

CAMERON

They're good.

TODD

We are no longer seen as the pioneers of industry. Karaoke is the underground of the "Who's who" in entertainment, we've got to start delivering. Are you going to be apart of your countries message Jake?

JAKE

Message What message?

TODD

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

JAKE

Huh?

JENNY

We just really need you. Will you help us?

Eyes on Jake, a bewildered moment of resolution.

JAKE

I'll do it.

JENNY

Alright!

EVERYONE

Alright!

Jenny gives Jake a hug, they lock eyes.

JENNY

You should get suited up before the performances start.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE

I'll just suit on up then.

Fans crowd the stage, a CRYSTAL PODIUM serves as the soap box for OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN and DAVID HASSELHOFF. A celebrity ceremonial kick off to get the games to begin.

OLIVIA

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

DAVID

Truly some of the best in the world to competing here today Olivia. Korea, France, Finland and my personal fav Germany. Can I get Hasselhoff meine fruede!

The GERMAN TEAM happy to oblige.

GREMAN TEAM

Hasslehoff!

OLIVIA

And you live in America David, that being said. Let's get our first performer to start the scoring. Barry Smitts opening from the U.S., Barry's got prove strong in order to set the pace for the Americans.

TODD

It begins, everyone to their places.

JENNY

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

Jake looks to Mary and Whitley.

JAKE

I guess this is it.

MARY

I just want to cry.

JAKE

Please don't cry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARY

Alright, I won't.

WHITLEY

Show 'em why we came here Jake.

JAKE

OK, see you out there, cheer for us, I mean the U.S.

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

Barry vocalizes the sultry smooth beginnings of Mr. Whites "You're The First, The Last, My Everything.

Support from the FANS sets a positive tone.

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

DAVID

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

OLIVIA

Not if my Aussie mates got
anything to say about it.
Aussie... aussie... aussie!

An ALL MALE AUSTRALIAN TEAM, (all ages) performs a nerdy
homage to Men at Works "I Come From A Land Down Under".

CUT TO:

The KOREAN'S take the stage next. A very systematic
entrance and single file crisp choreography.

The delicate KIM SUE, (20'), solos Christina Aguilera's
"Beautiful", it leaves the fans in tearful joy.

KIM

You're beautiful in every single
way... Words Can't Bring Me
Down... Don't Ya Bring Me Down
Today.

INT. WORLD KARAOKE CHAMPIONSHIPS MONTAGE - CONTINUOUS

CUTS/ANGLES

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Many other Countries compete for the title of the World Karaoke Champion.

The GERMANS last to finish the first round with Mozart's Magic Flute, Der Holle Rache.

INT. WORLD KARAOKE CHAMPIONSHIPS - MOMENTS LATER

David and Olivia keeping action going, sending Jake his lead in.

DAVID

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

OLIVIA

Along with the rest of us Dave.

DAVID

Here's a guy who's not afraid to take on some culture. Jake Singer from the U.S. Of A, having a shot at his first solo in the WKC. Here's a guy who might be selling albums next to mine one day.

OLIVIA

Let's hope for his sake he gets more than that Dave.

OFF STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake's alone with Jenny who is about to take her place on stage.

JAKE

Any advice?

JENNY

Just pretend you're close friends with everyone out there.

JAKE

What about the ones who give me dirty looks and laugh at me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNY

You give them the finger. You're going to be great, just be yourself.

JAKE

Being myself hasn't been that easy lately.

JENNY

Your truth is in your voice.

JAKE

Truth in voice, that's deep.

JENNY

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

JAKE

You do? Thanks.

WKC MC

Jake Singer!

Jake's looking at thousands of ATTENDEES to the contest.

STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Disconcerting looks from the KOREAN TEAM but Jake finally spots Mary, Whitley and the rest of Team America, looking hopeful and proud.

JAKE (V.O.)

Do you have someone in your life that can take away any fear or doubt you have on yourself and put the best of who you are in one moment. I still do, when I sing I think of my ma and now everyone who lifts me up and makes me feel like I'm a part of something better, I can do anything.

Jake breathes in the sultry guitar of Pearl Jam's "Release Me".

JAKE (CONT'D)

I hear the world... Feel the truth... Which way to go...
Windowsill...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This whole time when I thought
missing out on life, I've been
living it out the best I can.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Ohhh deep down, can you see me
now. I am myself like you
somehow...

JAKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The only choice left is how I'll
live the rest of it.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Release me!

Jake crescendos and leaves the judges in awe. The song
ends as softly as it began and there's nothing left to do
but applaud and become apart of the roar of thousands
cheering.

Jake gets smothered by his mother.

MARY

Awwee baby you never gave up!

WHITLEY

Off we go my friend!

The judges score the American, a near perfect
announcement. Eyes are on JUDGE JUDY, who explains her
decision.

JUDGE J

He was a bit flat in the
beginning, I'm entitled.

Todd ecstatic on his teams lead.

TODD

You did your country proud Singer!

JAKE

Thank you sir... Todd. Geesh, all
this excitement... I've got to
relieve myself, I'll be right
back.

WKC GREEN ROOM - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jake stands in line in front of a unisex bathroom, SUSAN
BOYLE is one ahead in line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUSAN B

That was you just out there wasn't it?

JAKE

It was... what did you think?

SUSAN B

I thought what everyone else thought. Well, except for the one old lady, it was amazing!

JAKE

Thank you very much. Always has to be one right... you look familiar? You're a celebrity aren't you?

SUSAN B

I have been to a party or two... You'll be there soon enough, you keep singing like that. This isn't much different than how I got started. Not before long it's tours, special performances, book deals.

JAKE

Book deals?

SUSAN B

Just the tip of it really, you'll try to cherish any brief moments you have alone.

JAKE

Doesn't sound as exciting as I thought.

SUSAN B

The price you pay for a gift, you'd be crazy not to profit from your ability, right?

JAKE

Right?

SUSAN B

My go.

Jakes earnest to urinate is not greater than his desire to finally get something off his chest.

JAKE

I've got to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Team USA prepares their next perspective vocalist. Mary and Whitely are with the team.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I can't do this.

WHITLEY

You just did, it was fantastic!

JAKE

This... this whole thing. This karaoke/singing dream is not what it's cracked up to be. Aside from the cheering, the crowds and superbly hot Jenny. This whole lifestyle is about running place to place and dealing with some not so wonderful people. I want to spend as much time as I can with the ones I care about the most and it's not the fans.

TODD

It's the American dream idiot and you're in it. Stay suited up and let's get ready for the next performance.

JAKE

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

TODD

I don't think so, son!

MARY

I do think so boy! If my son says he's had enough well, I guess you better shamonn...

A brief but bonding experience, Jenny won't let Jake just walk away.

JENNY

Jake, hold on... you're one the most gifted artist I've ever seen, I hope our paths will meet again.

JAKE

Me too... I won't forget you Jenny Hamilton or this, for the rest of my life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JENNY
See you Jake Singer.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Jake, Mary and Whitley make the trek out in a full parking lot relieved.

MARY
I want to say how proud I am of you.

JAKE
Come on ma, good news or just blues I want to be with you. I would have never made it this far if it wasn't for you.

WHITLEY
You see, I never speak like this to the old man.

JAKE
It's easy, you just say what's on your mind. It starts with...

Suddenly, a BOTTLE CAP falls from the sky, like in the movie *The Gods Must Be Crazy*.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Hey..?

Soon enough, HUNDREDS OF BOTTLE CAPS start falling from the sky.

Jake is overwhelmed by bottle caps and a BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT sets a divine reveal to.

FADE TO:

EXT. GREEN LOTS - DAY

Jake is in a hammock with the sounds of the ocean and little TROPICAL CHILDREN, (All Ages) placing BOTTLE CAPS all over Jake.

Jake still drowsy, nearly falls out of the hammock reaching for his Big Ben, spilling the caps to the ground. The children runaway in laughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A different Jenny Hamilton, looking tropically beautiful, smiles at her man and walks towards him.

JENNY

Hurry or they'll start without you.

JAKE

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

JENNY

Don't forget to tell me, I want to know all about it.

Jake walks amongst the RESIDENTS of Green Lots. Everyone recognizes Jake. Mary is glowing, appearing much better in this lush paradise.

MARY

Sing my favorite.

JAKE

Wouldn't have it any other way ma. I love you.

MARY

I love you too, my boy.

Jake is surround by TROPICAL SIRUS STAFF, IRE PATIENTS and NATIVE PEOPLE of the ISLAND. Jake brings "One Love" by the legend Bob Marley. A sing along is only as good as the ones who sing in it. Friend, these folks can sing.

THE END