

THE ORLANDO SOUND

"Pilot"

Written by

Jimmy Sanders

INT. THORNTON PARK HIGH - CLASSROOM - DAY

A class of high school students struggle through their restlessness as the Floridian sunshine beckons through the windows, inviting them to the summer vacation that awaits; but only after the heavy-set Mr. McDonald (45) releases them from this, the last class of the semester.

MR. MCDONALD

...in flowery meads, the sportive
Sirens play. Touch the soft lyre,
and tine the vocal lay. Me, me
alone, with fetters firmly bound.
The gods allow to hear the
dangerous sound. Hear and obey; if
freedom I demand. Be every fetter
strain'd, be added...

Mr. McDonald pauses, then in a huff he plonks the heavy book he was reading from down onto his desk.

MR. MCDONALD (CONT'D)

Oh, forget the damn Odyssey!

PRUDISH STUDENT

Don't cuss, Mr. McDonald!

MR. MCDONALD

Oh, sorry. It's my fault for
starting you all on such a long
book in May.

BOOKISH STUDENT

You can always assign the rest for
summer reading.

The rest of the student body groans at the suggestion, some throw wads of paper at the bespectacled offender.

MR. MCDONALD

If you think I'm reading this while
I'm lounging by the pool in my B-V-
D's, you're crazy. No, for your
last assignment of the year, I just
want you all to tell me what you
all plan on doing this summer.

A muscular jock, flanked by a couple of other muscular jocks, raises his hand and stands up.

JOCK

Me and my buddies were just invited to compete in the Flex-N-Flop weightlifting competition in Venice Beach.

MR. MCDONALD

The one near Sarasota?

JOCK

The one near L-A. Woo!

The jock high fives his other jock buddies.

A cheerleader, already in her uniform, leaps from her chair to speak for the other cheerleaders surrounding her.

CHEERLEADER

Ooh! Me and the cheer squad...

OTHER CHEERLEADERS

Hoo-rah!

CHEERLEADER

...we're going to be representing our Thornton Park Fighting Swans at the International Cheer Finals in Tokyo!

OTHER CHEERLEADERS

Wooooooo, Swans!

MR. MCDONALD

Exciting stuff. Anyone else?

The bookish kid, and his bookish friends, stand up.

BOOKISH STUDENT

Mister McDonald?

MR. MCDONALD

Yes, and where will the computer club be going this summer?

BOOKISH STUDENT

Nowhere at the moment. Me and my friends are working on a program designed to automatically buy and sell stocks and futures based on computerized price predictions.

The jock raises his hand.

MR. MCDONALD

Hey, you're not going to throw something at him, too?

JOCK

Naw, I just wanted to know if he could use some money. I'm looking to invest some of the muscle money I'll be winning in California.

BOOKISH STUDENT

Sure. We've been looking to upgrade to a 16-bit processor.

JOCK

Righteous!

MR. MCDONALD

Well, don't let me stop you. If you've got a trip planned, or a get-rich-quick scheme to start, get out of here! Summer starts now, enjoy.

The class darts out of the room, except for Kim (18); an unassuming young woman with blond hair cut short, but not too short. She blankly stares out the window, wondering what it is she's missing. It's kind of hard for anyone to tell what that is, exactly.

MR. MCDONALD (CONT'D)

Kim? What are you still doing here?

KIM

You said we could only leave if we had something planned.

MR. MCDONALD

You don't have anything planned?!

KIM

Well, I was planning on being a movie star; but Missus Jong wouldn't let me in sixth grade drama club.

MR. MCDONALD

Oh. In that case, why don't we try to finish the Odyssey, here.

KIM

But the semester ends in an hour.

MR. MCDONALD

Not with that attitude, it won't.

Mr. McDonald picks up the heavy book from his desk. Kim silently expresses frustration.

CUT TO:

EXT. THORNTON PARK HIGH - DAY

The bell rings. A tidal wave of teenagers, most of which are wearing some combination of acid wash jeans, acid wash jean jackets, polo shirts, and any number of bright pastels. Kim, on the other hand, is tucking her white shirt into the black pants that come with her cinema uniform; not to mention the standard issue red vest. Students are running around her in a great hurry to get to enjoy themselves. She passes by a group of boys shaking cans of some type of carbonated liquid, they're wrapped up in foam coozies so it's hard to tell what they are.

BOY

Hey! Cheezer!

KIM

I told you to stop calling me that.

The boy points his can at Kim and pops the top. A spritz of amber suds flies toward Kim, drenching her uniform. The boys laugh as Kim stomps off in disgust.

Kim wades through the parking lot of brightly colored and sporty-looking Japanese imports. She makes it to her car, a faded-out, navy blue Chrysler LeBaron coupe (hard top). She gets in and is overwhelmed by the heat.

KIM (CONT'D)

Fuck, it's hot!

I/E. KIM'S LEBARON

She cranks the window down as fast as she can, and starts the car.

KIM

Where the hell is Debbie?!

She pulls her LeBaron out, but is quickly blocked by the gaggle of cheerleaders from earlier, all carrying sponges and buckets.

CHEERLEADER

Hey! Wanna help us get to Tokyo?!

Without waiting for a response, they start throwing sudsy water on Kim's car and start indiscriminately scrubbing.

KIM

Hey!

A second bucket flies right through the open window, giving Kim yet another impromptu shower; though at least this time it won't make her sticky.

KIM (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!

One of the cheerleaders climbs on the hood and starts scrubbing the windshield, up close and personal.

KIM (CONT'D)

Oh, come on! Act your age, for once!

CHEERLEADER

That'll be ten dollars.

KIM

Ten dollars?! You didn't even rinse the soap off!

The cheerleaders starts rabbling in anger.

CHEERLEADER

Wow, you suck, Cheezer!

The cheerleaders walk off in a huff of entitlement.

Kim drives up to the front of the school, where Debbie (18), a freckly, curly-haired ginger is waiting with a grin, holding her cinema uniform. It's just like Kim's, only drier.

DEBBIE

Did the cheerleaders get you, again?

KIM

Just get in the damn car.

Debbie gets in the car and Kim drives off.

KIM (CONT'D)

I hate my life.

DEBBIE

You hate your life?

KIM

I hate my life. I hate my family. I hate my car. I hate my fucking name.

DEBBIE

Your name? What's wrong with Kim?

KIM

Not my first name.

DEBBIE

Oh.

KIM

Why does my last name have to be Kraft?!

DEBBIE

Is this about the Cheezer thing, again?

KIM

Why couldn't my last name be Hershey or something? They could call me White Chocolate or something. But no, they have to make me sound like a rejected snack food mascot.

DEBBIE

You can always change your name.

KIM

That's not enough. I've got to get out of here, Debbie.

DEBBIE

What's wrong with Orlando?! It's got it all!

KIM

Oh, poor naïve Deborah. That's just what they want you to think. Distract you with mice and magicians, while there are people in Miami and L-A making a name for themselves.

DEBBIE

Who says you can't make a name for yourself here in Orlando?

KIM

Have you ever seen Stephen Spielberg roaming around here? Lee Iacocca? Donald Trump? They're power brokers. People like them decide who gets to live the good life in this country; and honey, they're not picking us.

DEBBIE

Come on, whatever happened to hard work and elbow grease?

KIM

It's the Eighties, your dad's homespun wisdom doesn't apply.

DEBBIE

What does my dad have to do with this?

KIM

Everything! In America, if your dad ain't shit, then you ain't shit. You think Drew Barrymore got to be in the movies because she's cute?

DEBBIE

But she is cute.

KIM

Forget it, Debbie. We're doomed to slog away unless, miracle of miracles, we somehow run into Brandon Tartikoff or something.

DEBBIE

Brandon who?

KIM

Geez, watch Entertainment Tonight once in a while.

DEBBIE

And pry Dad away from his Wheel of Fortune? Good luck.

KIM

I sure could use some good luck.

DEBBIE

Hey, we're just a year away from getting to start college. You never know what doors that can open.

KIM

God!! You sound like a fucking guidance counselor!

DEBBIE

You aren't stoked about going to Rollins?

KIM

Rollins?! You think my parents love me enough to send me to Rollins?!

DEBBIE

Macy and Stacy go there.

KIM

Yeah, well, they're my parents' perfect princesses. I'm only worth community college to them.

DEBBIE

Hey, that and a good word from your mom, and you can work with her down at that stock broker.

KIM

Why would I want to spend more time with that bitch?

Debbie pauses for a second.

DEBBIE

At least you have a mom.

KIM

Yeah, well, it's not all it's cracked up to be. And why aren't you dressed yet?!

DEBBIE

Do you expect me to get dressed in the car?

KIM

We're already five minutes late, and we only have four more blocks 'til we get...no, make that three blocks. Get that shirt off, already!

DEBBIE

But I've got my seat belt on.

KIM
Two and a half blocks!

Debbie begins pulling her shirt off.

DEBBIE
Fine, fine.

EXT. GENERAL CINEMA

The sign showing the multiplexes offerings stands tall as Kim's car rolls past. The car rolls past the box office as Kim tries to find a place to park.

KIM (O.S.)
Hey, watch your elbow.

DEBBIE (O.S.)
I'd like to see you try to change clothes in a bucket seat.

KIM (O.S.)
Oh god, I just saw your butt.

DEBBIE (O.S.)
Well, this was your idea.

KIM (O.S.)
I didn't say anything about your changing your underwear.

DEBBIE (O.S.)
It slipped off, okay!

Kim swerves into the nearest parking space, sets the parking brake, and leaps out.

KIM
Come on, we're already five minutes late.

Debbie gets out of the passenger seat as she struggles to pull up her work pants.

DEBBIE
Ugh, the things I do for love.

KIM
You can wax poetic later, Deb.
Let's go!

Debbie hops toward the entrance as she tries to get her pant zipper up.

INT. GENERAL CINEMA - LOBBY

Becky (18), complete with her trademark big, curly brown hair, has her head leaning against the soda fountain, playing with the various valves.

KIM

What the hell are you doing?

BECKY

Watching the colors pass me by.

DEBBIE

Becky, half of those drinks are brown.

BECKY

Yeah, but the Doctor Pepper has a sort of reddish hue; like it's been eating beets.

KIM

Where is everybody, anyway?

BECKY

Don't know. I think five of the theaters are completely empty.

DEBBIE

But there are only six theaters here.

KIM

So what are we doing here?

BECKY

I don't know. I already vacuumed the lobby.

Kim grabs a soda cup. She pushes Becky out of the way and pours herself a Diet Pepsi. Becky doesn't protest.

DEBBIE

Becky, why do you put up with this job when you clearly don't like it?

Becky collapses into Kim's arms.

BECKY

Because I'm so lonely. It's so scary being at home by myself.

Kim pushes Becky away.

KIM

So let me get this straight, Becky.
Your parents join the Peace Corps;
you have a whole house to yourself
with no one to bother you, and
you're not happy?

BECKY

It's just so quiet. I can hear the
wolves at night.

KIM

There aren't any wolves in Orlando!

BECKY

Then what am I hearing?!

DEBBIE

Why did your parents just leave you
here alone, anyway?

Kim takes a long sip of her soda.

BECKY

Well, they working at the Cape,
then the Space Shuttle exploded,
then they got fired, then they gave
me their checkbook and American
Express card...

Kim nearly chokes on her drink.

KIM

They gave you their Amex?!

BECKY

I have to pay the cable bill,
somehow.

DEBBIE

Come on, Becky. Cheer up and make
the most of it. We're all eighteen,
now! The sky's the limit!

KIM

Says the girl whose house is
missing a chunk of the roof.

DEBBIE

Hey, Dad put a tarp over it.

Just then, Peter (38), a bespectacled White man in a Cosby
sweater walks up to the girls.

PETER
Hey, kids. I need to see you all in
my office, please.

KIM
Why?

PETER
We need to discuss some of the
finer points of customer service.

BECKY
But, we could have a customer any
minute.

Peter pushes the girls away.

PETER
Hey, don't worry about it. Just
meet me in my office.

As the girls walk away, as a customer walks up.

PETER (CONT'D)
They'll be right back.

Peter leaves the customer behind.

CUSTOMER
Come on!

INT. GENERAL CINEMA - OFFICE

Peter sits at his gray, aluminum desk in his drab, windowless office with just an intermittently flickering fluorescent tube light for illumination.

PETER
Girls, we've been getting a lot of
complaints about the service at the
refreshment stand, lately.

DEBBIE
How is pulling us away from the
refreshment stand going to help?

PETER
I'm getting to that. I just feel
that now is a good time to remind
you of the kind of service our
customers expect at General Cinema;
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)
because lately we've been noticing
rude service, unkempt sales
displays, lukewarm buttery topping.

KIM
(blasé)
You're not going to fire us, are
you?

Debbie elbows Kim.

PETER
No, of course not. We haven't
gotten a job application in months.
But once we start getting them
again, we might have to start
making some...difficult decisions.

DEBBIE
Please, I promise to do better. I
really need this job.

BECKY
So, do I.

PETER
Well, at the moment, we can't
afford to lose any of you. Besides,
with school out, you'll have some
time to pick up some extra shifts.

KIM
Not if I quit, first.

PETER
Kimberly, we've been over this.

A small crash is heard in the background.

DEBBIE
I think we need to get back.

PETER
Right, go ahead, and remember to
keep those smiles up.

Kim rolls her eyes as she follows her co-workers out.

PETER (CONT'D)
Oh, and Kim...

Kim turns around.

KIM
(annoyed)
What?

PETER
Be sure to come straight home after
your shift, your mother saved us
some Hamburger Helper.

KIM
(annoyed, still)
Great.

Kim leaves the office.

FADE TO:

EXT. GENERAL CINEMA

Becky, Debbie, and Kim walk out of the theater, their shift now over. There are small puddles strewn across the parking lot, the lights of the strip mall and the overhead lamps reflecting off of each. Becky and Debbie try to avoid them, Kim just stepped in one.

DEBBIE
I am so glad to be out of there!

BECKY
You think I could sleep over at
your place, tonight, Deb?

DEBBIE
Why not your place?

BECKY
You know I promised my parents I
wouldn't have any parties while
they were gone!

DEBBIE
So what? You still have two years
to clean up after me before they
come back.

KIM
Your idea of living it up is having
a sleep over? What are you, eight
years old?

Kim opens her car door.

BECKY

Hey, Deb's dad is a good hang. He's got the best albums, he lets us take beers out of the fridge.

DEBBIE

Oh, so that's why you want to stay at my place.

Debbie opens the passenger side door, and pushes her seat forward so Debbie can get in the back.

KIM

I'm sorry, bumming beers is not my idea of a good time.

Kim gets in the car.

I/E. KIM'S LEBARON

Becky slides into the back seat, while Kim and Debbie get in the front.

KIM

If I'm getting drunk, I'm doing it with class. I'm going to Bennigan's.

BECKY

But we can't drink at Bennigan's.

DEBBIE

No thanks to those weasels in Washington; but in their haste, they forgot to take my vote away, and in two years, I'm going to make them regret it.

KIM

There's an election this year, dumbass!

Kim turns the ignition.

DEBBIE

There is?!

KIM

You never heard of a mid-term, before?

DEBBIE

Oh yeah, that's why we got held
back in tenth grade.

Kim growls as she backs out of her parking spot.

KIM

I swear to Christ, these Baby
Boomers have got it out for me!

Kim puts her car in first gear and speeds off and turns onto Colonial Drive. The windows are wide open, their uniquely large hairdos blowing gently in the man-made breeze.

BECKY

Hey, can I play my Depeche Mode
tape?

KIM

The tape player's busted, Becky.

BECKY

That sucks.

Kim reaches for the radio knob, and starts searching through the static.

KIM

Blame Peter, he won't pay to fix
it.

DEBBIE

Why can't you pay for it?

KIM

Blame Peter, he won't give me a
raise.

The static and the periodic yelps of commercials finally stop when Simply Red's "Holding Back The Years" comes on the radio mid-song.

BECKY

Hey, keep it here. I love this one.

Kim sighs.

KIM

Fine.

BECKY

Holding back the years

KIM
Oh, please don't.

BECKY
*Chance for me to escape from all
I've known*

Holding back the tears

'Cause nothing here has grown

DEBBIE
*I've wasted all my tears
Wasted all those years
Nothing had the chance to be good
Nothing ever could...*

BECKY/DEBBIE
*I'll keep holding on
I'll keep holding on
I'll keep holding on
I'll keep holding on*

KIM
Can I turn it back to K-S-One-Oh-
One, now?

DEBBIE
Only if you sing along with us.

KIM
Oh, fuck off.

BECKY
Come on, we know you like this
song. We heard you singing it the
other day when you came to pick us
up.

KIM
You were spying on me?

DEBBIE
Come on, the next verse is coming
up.

BECKY
Do it, Kim!

KIM

Fine, well, I've wasted all my
tears

Wasted all of those years

And nothing had the chance to be
good

'Cause nothing ever could

Oi! Oh...

BECKY/DEBBIE/KIM

I'll keep holding on

I'll keep holding on

I'll keep holding on

I'll keep holding on

Kim turns onto the brick-covered street. The rattling of the tires accompany the coming crescendo.

KIM

Holdin'! Holdin'! Holdin'!
Aaaaaaahhh...

The car pulls in front of Debbie's place as Kim's sustain comes to a close. The rest of the song continues in the background.

BECKY

Woo! Kim!

DEBBIE

You got some pipes, girl.

KIM

Yeah, I guess I do. Now let's never
speak of this again.

Debbie gets out of the car and lets Debbie out of the back seat.

DEBBIE

You sure you don't want to hang
with us? We can order some pizza,
watch some Friday Night Videos,
maybe practice our vocals a little
more?

Debbie closes the door.

KIM
Why do I hang out with you two?

Debbie puts her hands on the window.

DEBBIE
Because we're all you've got,
Kimberly.

Debbie flashes a cheeky grin and walks away.

KIM
You know, a simple thank you would
be nice!

BECKY (O.S.)
Thanks, Kim!

Kim speeds off in a huff.

CUT TO:

INT. DEBBIE'S LIVING ROOM

Becky and Debbie walk into the house, a bungalow that's clearly seen better days. The living room walls have been plastered with wood paneling more suited for a basement rec room. Debbie's dad Bruce (48), a mustachioed grunt worker still dressed like he's a random work site, relaxes on his well-worn couch that looks as dated then as it does now. He's watching the local news, presented by a stereotypically mustachioed anchorman, holding a bottle of cheap beer in lieu of the remote control he cannot afford.

DEBBIE
Hey, Daddy.

BRUCE
Hey, Deb! Since when do you bring
friends over?

DEBBIE
Since right now!

BRUCE
You two sure look happy.

BECKY
We've been serenading the night
away.

BRUCE
Oh, I get it.

Bruce winks.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
But, that's none of my business.

DEBBIE
Uh, sure, Daddy.

Debbie reaches into her purse.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
By the way, I got my paycheck
today.

Debbie hands Bruce her paycheck.

BRUCE
Hey, a hundred bucks!

Bruce approvingly smacks the check.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
One step closer to getting that
roof fixed.

DEBBIE
What are you going to do with your
money, Becky?

BECKY
I don't know.

BRUCE
How much did you make this week?

BECKY
Uh...

Becky clutches her purse.

BECKY (CONT'D)
I'd rather not say.

DEBBIE
Hey, let's go upstairs and practice
our singing.

BECKY
Okay!

BRUCE
Wait a minute! I don't want you
wearing out my good Doobie Brothers
album!

DEBBIE

Calm down, Daddy. We were just going to sing along to the radio.

BRUCE

Deb, I don't know why you've never tried getting a gig somewhere.

DEBBIE

A gig?

BRUCE

Why not? You've always sang in the shower, even when the water's not running.

DEBBIE

I do do that.

BRUCE

So, monetize it! You never know what could happen.

DEBBIE

Yeah, Daddy. I think you might have stumbled on something.

BECKY

Stumbled on what?

DEBBIE

What if me, you, and Kim started a singing group?

BECKY

Okay!

DEBBIE

Really?! You're not worried about what your father might say?

BECKY

Oh, right.

BRUCE

Hey, I'm Debbie's dad, and I think it's a good idea. Might get you girls out in the world a bit more instead of schlepping between school and the mall.

DEBBIE

Schlepping?

BRUCE
It's a word, look it up.

BECKY
So, what how do we start this
singing group idea, Mister Strain?

BRUCE
pfft I don't know. Get one of
those boomboxes and stand in front
of Publix or Eckerd's or something.

DEBBIE
How do we afford the batteries for
the boombox?

BRUCE
From the money people give you.
You'll get noticed, trust me. Who
knows, maybe you'll get to be so
popular they'll give you morning
show on Channel Nine.

BECKY
News and tunes!

DEBBIE
We'll keep that in mind.

BRUCE
Yeah. Yeah! You do that!

Bruce gets up, seemingly in a big rush.

DEBBIE
Daddy, where are you going?

BRUCE
It's Friday, Debbie. I'm going to
Penguin's!

Bruce continues on his way, Debbie and Becky laugh while they think about the opportunities that have seemingly been laid out in front of them...that is until a rather large drop of water falls square on Debbie's head. She and Becky look up.

DEBBIE
Not again.

CUT TO:

EXT. KRAFT HOUSE - NIGHT

Kim turns her car into the driveway of her family's well-lit home. She quickly turns off the ignition and marches toward the front door.

INT. KRAFT HOUSE

Kim walks into a cacophony. A primetime soap opera is heard in the background as her toddler-aged twin brothers whine in the kitchen. Her mother Sharon (42) tries to ignore them as she's figuratively wrapped up in a phone call, and literally wrapped up in the cord of the wall-mounted phone.

SHARON

I told Larry he needed to hold on to his Republic shares. I said they were a prime acquisition target.

Kim walks into kitchen to find the skillet of Hamburger Helper promised by her father.

SHARON (CONT'D)

I know, but then he sold all the shares, and what happened? Yep, Northwest bought Republic.

KIM

Mom?

SHARON

I never said I was a clairvoyant!

Kim opens the cupboard to look for a plate. She only finds saucers. She proceeds to the kitchen sink where the rest of the dishes are. She picks one out and starts washing one.

SHARON (CONT'D)

I do know a thing or two about the airlines. Hell, I worked at Northwest out of college.

KIM

Mom?

SHARON

Well, after I had twins again, I couldn't justify those weekly jaunts to Taipei. Peter would've died trying to raise them and run the theater.

After Kim finishes washing the dish, she opens the drawer where the utensils are typically found. There are no forks. She proceeds to stick her hand in the dishwasher.

SHARON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 What are you talking about? Macy and Stacy were little angels. They practically raised themselves.

Kim silently gasps and rapidly pulls her hand out of the water to find a cut on her finger.

KIM
 Mom?! Where are the damn forks?!

SHARON
 Hold on a second...Kimberly Kraft, I told you a million times not to use that kind of language!

Kim finds a paper towel to wrap her finger in.

SHARON (CONT'D)
 Now, what were we talking about?...Right, it really was a miracle Hutton was hiring. I finally get to put that degree to good use.

Kim gives her mom a dirty look.

INT. KRAFT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Kim walks in with her hard-earned plate of Hamburger Helper to find her twin sisters, Macy and Stacy (20), watching TV in all their big-haired glory.

KIM
 Hey, can I have the remote? I want to watch Miami Vice.

MACY
 For the last time, no! Friday is Falcon Crest night.

KIM
 Oh, come on!

STACY
 Forget it!

KIM
 Can't we compromise?

Kim reaches for the TV Guide.

KIM (CONT'D)
 Look, see! Channel Forty-Four is
 showing the original Friday The
 Thirteenth.

MACY
 Eww, no.

STACY
 Besides, that's a Tampa station,
 and there's no way I'm doing the
 Reynolds Wrap Dance to pick it up.

Kim sighs and leans back with her meal.

KIM
 Maybe there will be some good
 murders on the news, later.

Kim proceeds to eat her meal.

KIM (CONT'D)
 (mouth full)
 So how was college?

Macy and Stacy look at their sister incredulously.

MACY
 What?

KIM
 I said: how was college?

STACY
 Is this some kind of trick?

KIM
 No.

MACY
 Uhhh...it was fine, I guess.

KIM
 What are you studying, again?

MACY
 Nursing.

STACY
 International business.

Macy and Stacy look at each other.

MACY (CONT'D)

Just what are you trying to prove here?

KIM

Prove what?

STACY

You never take interest in anything we do.

MACY

Last time we were at the dinner table, when Dad asked us about us joining the pep squad; as soon as we finished our cheer, you belched.

KIM

(amused)

Yeah. I did, didn't I?

MACY

Why are we still talking to you?

STACY

We're in the middle of watching this.

KIM

A Gas-X commercial? Figures you would.

STACY

You know we have I-B-S!

Kim snickers.

STACY (CONT'D)

It's a serious medical condition!

MACY

And if anybody finds out, we're going to string you up from that old oak tree on Lake Maitland!

Macy and Stacy get up.

STACY

Let's go in Mom's room. We'll get better reception up there, anyway.

Kim's sisters leave.

KIM
Works every time.

Kim grabs the remote, clicks down four positions, and is greeted by the Miami Vice theme.

FADE TO:

INT. GROVER'S OLDE TIME CONFECTIONARY

Debbie, Kim, and Becky are sitting at their table, picking at their respective fried selections; as they're reluctantly serenaded by the ragtime piano music in the background.

KIM
You two have been awfully quiet.

BECKY
We're just enjoying the music.

Kim gives Becky a look of incredulity. Debbie laughs.

KIM
What's so funny?

DEBBIE
Should I tell her?

BECKY
Better you than me.

KIM
Oh god, what did you two assholes do now?

DEBBIE
Nothing yet.

KIM
Well, then, you can both go to Contempo without me. I don't want anything to do with what you're planning.

DEBBIE
What do you think we're planning?

KIM
If it's anything like what you pulled at Chess King last year...

BECKY
Hey, boys love pranks.

KIM
Not when it involves their pants!

DEBBIE
Kim, nobody's pants are involved here.

KIM
So, you're going to contaminate the shoes at Thom McAn, now?

BECKY
Kim! We want to start a singing group, okay!

Becky ducks her head down. Debbie's french fry turns limp.

KIM
What?

DEBBIE
Well, you know, we had so much fun singing in your car last night; and you seemed to have as much fun as anybody...

KIM
Wait, Becky.

Becky looks up.

KIM (CONT'D)
I know what you mean, now. We just invented karaoke in the car, and you want to start a business selling car karaoke machines.

BECKY
Huh?

KIM
Come on, I know you and your weird ideas. This one could take though if the technology is there. Is that what you meant by starting a singing group?

DEBBIE
No.

KIM

So, you don't mean like, say, the Chubb Group, but for karaoke machines. You mean a singing group like...

DEBBIE

The Pointer Sisters. Expose. Bananarama.

KIM

Okay, Debbie; why did you put Becky up to this?

DEBBIE

What?

KIM

I know you and your Pippi Longstocking bullshit. "We can do big things if we try!" Do you see any talent scouts here? Hmm? Do you really think Don Johnson got lost on the way to Miami, decided to stop for directions to the Turnpike, and thought "Hmm, maybe I'll look for some backup singers while I'm here. Save myself a trip"?!

BECKY

I just thought it would be fun.

KIM

Wait, you're in on this, too?

BECKY

I just thought we could start out singing in front of Publix or Eckerd's or something; maybe someone from Channel Nine would notice us and put us on the news.

KIM

That's your plan? To sing for Green Stamps and hope someone from Eyewitness News will feel sorry for us?

BECKY

Or NewsCenter Two.

DEBBIE

Hey, if you don't like that plan.
What if we found someone to give us
an audition?

KIM

Who would give us an audition?

DEBBIE

How should I know? The idea just
came to me.

BECKY

Do you think those guys could help
us?

Becky points to two young men, dressed in Dixieland outfits, who have been playing the organ music we've already been hearing. Mike Bigelow (18), a young African-American gentleman with a clean, slick façade; and Mike Wilson (18), a White, punkish looking kid with his Dixieland hat barely staying on his puffy and punky hair. Mike B. seems to be enjoying himself playing his respective piano; Mike W. not so much.

DEBBIE

The Mikes?

KIM

Oh, no. Those weirdos aren't taking
us anywhere except the trunk of a
Tercel.

BECKY

Hey, they're smart. Didn't they
graduate early?

KIM

Likely story.

DEBBIE

Come on, Kim. Can two guys that hot
be that bad?

KIM

Sure, they're hot. Ted Bundy's hot.
Doesn't mean I want to go into
business with them.

DEBBIE

What is your deal, Kim?

KIM

They're creepy! When we had music class with them, they'd just sit in the corner writing songs while we sucked on our recorders.

DEBBIE

They were ahead of the curve.

KIM

Yeah, well, what's up with the Black one? He's always talking like he's trying to sell you something, and the White one...I don't think I've ever heard him talk.

DEBBIE

Yeah, he's mute.

KIM

Mute?

DEBBIE

Yeah.

KIM

Mute?! You want to hitch our wagon to a mute guy?!

DEBBIE

What's wrong with that? He can play, can't he?

KIM

Play what?! Take Me Out To The Ballgame?! Right before they bludgeon us with a baseball bat?!

DEBBIE

If you want to be a big baby, Kim, and just sit there with your frozen yogurt, be my guest. I'm going to talk to the Mikes.

Debbie walks away.

KIM

Can you believe this? Is Debbie really expecting us to save her from herself?

BECKY

Save who from who's self?

Becky gets up, too.

Debbie walks up to the two organists with an air of confidence, if not a smidge of seduction.

DEBBIE

Hey.

Mike B. responds as he and his fellow Mike continues playing.

MIKE

Hey! Likin' the tunes?

DEBBIE

I don't know. I kind of like the sounds of this century a bit better.

MIKE

(sheepish)

Yeah, I know. Please don't let Mister Cox know I said that.

Debbie giggles.

DEBBIE

You're taking orders from a guy named Cox?

With a closing flourish, as if to introduce his partner's solo act, Mike B. stops playing and turns to Debbie.

MIKE

Hey, I like your swag. I'm Mike.

Mike extends his hand to Debbie. She obliges.

DEBBIE

I'm Debbie. Debbie Strain.

MIKE

Nice. Who's your friend?

DEBBIE

Oh, this is Becky.

Becky extends her hand.

BECKY

Charmed.

MIKE

So, what brings you up on stage?

DEBBIE

I don't know. I was just wondering if you knew any other instruments.

MIKE

Anything with a keyboard.

DEBBIE

So, a baby grand?

MIKE

Sure.

BECKY

A Korg TK-88?

MIKE

I think that's a drum machine.

DEBBIE

But you can play it, right?

MIKE

Mike, over there, can.

DEBBIE

Oh yeah, what's his deal?

MIKE

He just chooses to let his music speak for him.

BECKY

A real man of mystery.

MIKE

Eh, he likes all the things a typical American male likes. Fast cars. Fast women.

DEBBIE

I see.

Kim barges in.

KIM

Okay, I've watched you long enough.

MIKE

And who do I have the pleasure of meeting?

DEBBIE

This is our lead singer, Kim Kraft.

KIM

Oh, why don't you give him my home address while you're at it.

MIKE

Lead singer? Hey, you're not going after those caviar dreams and champagne wishes, are you?

BECKY

You do know caviar is fish eggs, right?

KIM

Nobody's eating fucking fish eggs!

DEBBIE

Hey, Kim, calm down.

KIM

I'll calm down when we leave. Let's go!

MIKE

Hold up, Mike's about to hit the big finish.

The silent Mike starts playing both levels of the pipe organ, quickly building to crescendo; but before he can get there, Kim walks over and slams her open palm on the keyboard, causing a startling sound. The Italians call it "col pugno", the patrons just call it "loud". The number screeches to a halt.

KIM

There. He's finished.

Mike grabs an index card, and starts scribbling.

KIM (CONT'D)

Now, what is he doing?

Mike holds up the card to Kim. It reads: "DO I COME TO YOUR JOB AND MASH YOUR KEYS?"

KIM (CONT'D)

Huh?

Mike starts scribbling on another card.

BECKY

He's writing something else.

KIM

No, duh.

Mike holds up another card reading: "YOU THINK I LIKE PLAYING ANCIENT INSTRUMENTS?"

Mike W. starts scribbling on another card.

MIKE

Uh oh. He's going on a rant.

Mike holds up yet another card, this one reading: "I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU TRY TO PLAY AN 1897 WURLITZER"

KIM

Are you done?

Mike holds up another card, simply reading: "YES".

Kim sighs in relief, until Mike holds up one more card saying: "BITCH".

Kim starts to lunge at the silent Mike, but Debbie holds her back.

DEBBIE

Hey, hey, hey.

Kim acquiesces, deciding to turn around in a huff and leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROVER'S OLDE TIME CONFECTIONARY

Kim is stridently pacing towards her car, without any regard to whether her "friends" are coming.

Becky and Debbie run out to catch up to her.

BECKY

Kim! Wait!

Kim turns around.

KIM

Was that some kind of joke?!

DEBBIE

What are you talking about? You call your mom a bitch on an hourly basis.

KIM

Because she is one! What he did in there was first-degree slander.

DEBBIE

Kim, please, keep an open mind. It's not like he called you Cheezer or anything.

Kim walks up to her car.

KIM

Forget it! Let's keep our singing in the car.

Kim opens the driver's side door and gets in.

KIM (CONT'D)

...but not right now, I'm too mad.

Kim closes the door.

MIKE (O.S.)

Hey!

The verbal Mike runs up to the three ladies.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hey, sorry about Mike in there. He's a little...angsty, if you catch my drift.

Kim's car starts up, and immediately starts reversing. Becky has to leap out of the way. Kim rolls her window down.

KIM

If you want a ride, you've got five seconds.

MIKE

Hey, girl.

Mike approaches Kim's car and puts his hand on the edge of the open window. Kim pauses for a second, her jaw agape from Mike's undeniable charm, but quickly snaps back into annoyance.

KIM

Don't "hey girl" me. I'm a grown woman.

MIKE

And every woman has a dream, right?
Come on, Mike is just really
serious about his art.

KIM

You call that art?

MIKE

You've clearly never seen him work
through a drum solo, have you?

KIM

Drum solo?

MIKE

Yeah, or the twelve other
instruments he plays.

DEBBIE

Twelve?!

KIM

(defeated)

I don't have time for this.

BECKY

Does he have a synthesizer?!

MIKE

A Yamaha D-X-Seven, to be exact.

BECKY

Yeah?!

MIKE

Yeah. What studio would be complete
without it?

DEBBIE

He has a studio?!

MIKE

Well, it's really just a big
closet, but the acoustics are
phenomenal.

KIM

You aren't really falling for this
scam, are you?!

DEBBIE

Hey, they're professional
musicians.

BECKY
They've got a D-X-Seven!

Kim lets out a deep sigh of defeat.

KIM
I'm going to have to save you two
from yourselves, aren't I?

BECKY
Looks like it!

Debbie and Becky swivel towards Mike.

DEBBIE
We'll do it.

MIKE
Do what?

DEBBIE
Go to your studio!

MIKE
Oh, why?

DEBBIE
You know, to make beautiful music
together.

MIKE
Uh, I don't know. I mean, we just
met.

KIM
See, even he thinks this is a bad
idea.

DEBBIE
Quiet, Kim!

MIKE
But, on the other hand, we've never
had the opportunity to work with a
soprano.

BECKY
Well, can we come to your studio,
or not?

MIKE
Hey, Mike's aunt is out of town, so
I think we can make it work.

DEBBIE
It's a date then!

Suddenly, Kim's car backs up in a frenzy.

KIM
Okay, you signed yourselves away.
Can we go now?

DEBBIE
Hold on. We don't even know where
Mike's studio is.

MIKE
It's on Lake Conway.

DEBBIE
That's good enough. We'll just head
there and listen for the
synthesizers.

KIM
Come on!

Becky and Debbie get in Kim's car.

BECKY
See you, tonight.

DEBBIE
I hope you're ready for a show.

Kim speeds off.

FADE TO:

INT. BECKY'S BEDROOM - TWILIGHT

Becky, her curly brown hair now clad in an outrageous pink bow, is searching through her closet as she listens to the latest funk hit, gently swaying along. Once she picks her top out, she starts dancing and twirling with it, as if it was her date for the night. She then throws it on her bed, and turns her attention to her chest of drawers. She pulls out a drawer, and starts shaking her rear end in a decidedly staccato pattern. It quickly interrupted, though, by the insistent sound of a car horn.

EXT. BECKY'S HOUSE

Kim is outside, standing next to her car honking the horn through the window. Debbie is standing by.

KIM
Come on. Don't you want to get
hammered, tonight?

BECKY (O.S.)
Just a second!

DEBBIE
The Mikes are serving drinks?!

KIM
No, they just look like the type to
use a hammer as a murder weapon.

Debbie looks at Kim with pity. Becky finally emerges from the house.

BECKY
Hey guys!

Kim is appalled.

KIM
No! I'm not going to be seen with a
woman who dresses like a fucking
birthday present.

DEBBIE
It's already seven o'clock.

KIM
Debbieeee...

Kim crosses her arms.

DEBBIE
Since when do you care what the
Mikes think of you and what your
friends are wearing?

KIM
I don't.

DEBBIE
So, what do you care about?

KIM
What literally everyone else
thinks.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE WILSON HOUSE - TWILIGHT

The girls pull up to a huge, modern house; almost big enough to be called a mansion.

DEBBIE (O.S.)
Oh. My. God!

BECKY (O.S.)
These Mike guys must be millionaires!

DEBBIE (O.S.)
And to think you were scared of these guys, Kim.

The car rolls right by the house.

DEBBIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Kim?! What are you doing?!

KIM
This is a trap.

BECKY
A trap?!

Debbie finally starts losing patience with Kim's cynicism.

DEBBIE
What do you mean "a trap"?

KIM
I saw this in one of those C-B-S movies; a bunch of young ladies, not unlike ourselves, get lured in by a charming, rich guy. And then...

Kim claps her hands, mimicking the snap of an alligator's jaw.

DEBBIE
Then what?

Kim can't quite believe Debbie can't figure out what she's trying to say.

KIM
They're never heard from again!

BECKY
What movie is that?

KIM

I don't remember! Maybe it was on A-B-C. Maybe it was an episode of Family Ties. I don't know.

BECKY

Family Ties?

DEBBIE

Gee, I never saw Skippy as the villain type.

KIM

Can we forget about this? We can stop by Matt's house, on the way. He's actually a good guy, for once.

DEBBIE

Kim, you were the one who said you wanted out of your humdrum suburban life.

KIM

There has to be another way. What about the dog track?

BECKY

Aww, those poor puppies. I hear they put them down when they stop winning.

DEBBIE

What would you rather do, Kim? Bet on some sick dogs, or bet on yourself?

Kim hems and haws for a second, before letting out a sigh of defeat.

KIM

If either of these fuckers pull something on us, I'm using you both as human shields.

Kim turns the car around and back to the front door. They come out of Kim's car, and Debbie rings the doorbell. She and Becky are brimming with confidence. Kim looks over her shoulders once, twice, thrice more to be safe. Mike W. opens the creaky door. He beckons them in.

INT. THE WILSON HOUSE - FOYER

KIM
Some hello.

DEBBIE
Kim, be nice.

BECKY
Wow! This place is like something
out of a magazine!

Mike W. points up the stairway, and starts climbing.

KIM
Uh, is there a fire escape up
there? Safety first, you know.

Debbie pulls Kim up the stairs.

INT. THE WILSON HOUSE - HALLWAY

KIM
Oh geez, this is it.

DEBBIE
Kim, you've been in a million boys'
houses in your life.

KIM
No, I haven't! You have!

DEBBIE
Oh, well, take it from my
experience: it's all going to be
fine.

Becky opens one of the doors out of curiosity. She gasps.

BECKY
They have...a bidet!

DEBBIE
Becky!

Out of another one of the doors, appears Mike B.

MIKE
I knew I heard three crazy chicks
in here.

KIM
 (contemptuous)
 You got that right.

DEBBIE
 Heyyyy.

MIKE
 Hey. Wanna come in and see where
 the magic happens?

INT. STUDIO/CLOSET

Mike B. opens the door to reveal the studio/closet that he and his fellow Michael do their work in. Drums, keyboards, various brass instruments set neatly on their stands. All lit by highly modern can lighting which brings out the ruddy tone of the room, the walls of which are still being used for their intended purpose: hanging a massive wardrobe fit for a rich divorcee.

BECKY
 Oh. My. God.

KIM
 If this is a closet, I shudder to
 think what the bedroom looks like.

Debbie inspects some of the clothes surrounding the instruments, while Mike W. tunes his Stratocaster. It's a recent model, made well after it's heyday; nonetheless, he turns the tuning keys with a slow, deft touch, testing each fret carefully.

DEBBIE
 Are these yours, Mike?

MIKE
 Nah, they belong to the other Mike.
 Gifts from his aunt.

Debbie takes a skimpy, white cocktail dress off the rack.

DEBBIE
 I have to say...he has interesting
 fashion sense.

MIKE
 Girl, you're buggin'! That's his
 aunt's favorite cruising dress.

BECKY (O.S.)
 Hey, Deb!

Deb turns around to see Becky holding a leopard print negligee.

BECKY (CONT'D)
Don't you have something just like
this at your house?

DEBBIE
Becky, cut it out!

BECKY
Hey, you were the one telling Jimmy
Lee all about it in English lit.

KIM
Hey, quick question? Why do you two
perform surrounded by lingerie?

MIKE
The acoustics! Nothing softens an
echo like silk.

KIM
(under her breath)
Likely story.

Mike B. claps his hands.

MIKE
All right, it's go time! You got
the music, Mike?

Mike W. holds up a stack of sheet music. Mike B. takes them
off his hands and passes it out to their guests.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Yes! Time to hear what you ladies
got.

The girls shuffle the papers with incredulity.

KIM
What the hell is this?

MIKE
It's the music.

BECKY
Are these the words here under the
dots and bars?

MIKE

Come on, I remember all of you taking music class with Mister Skinner in junior high.

DEBBIE

Mike, I barely remember anything from junior high.

MIKE

Mike, they don't know how to read sheet music.

Mike W. shrugs; continuing to tune his Strat.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I got an idea. You see those words on the sheet? I'm going to play a bar, and I want you all to sing along with what I play.

Mike B. walks up to the Yamaha DX7 keyboard and plays the first bar of music.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Now sing that first line, just like I played it.

KIM

This line doesn't have any words on it!

MIKE

Second page.

Kim turns the page.

KIM

Oh.

MIKE

Hey, you're gonna do great.

KIM

Yeah, sure.

MIKE

Here we go.

Mike B. repeats the tune he played earlier. After some general hesitation, the silence is broken.

BECKY

There's just no tellin'

Mike B. punches out the next bar.

BECKY (CONT'D)
Who you might meet today

Another bar is played.

DEBBIE
They might be passin' through

Then another bar.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Or they could be here to stay

Mike B. plays the next bar. Becky and Debbie look towards Kim, waiting for her to do her part.

KIM
But when we get together

Kim gives a look of disdain, but you certainly can't hear it in her voice. Mike B. plays the next two bars; and Kim, in a moment of musical clairvoyance, sings along.

KIM (CONT'D)
*There's one thing I know
That there ain't nothin' better
Than seeing our faces glow*

MIKE
Mike!!! Hit that Fender!!!

Mike W. starts jamming on his freshly-tuned Stratocaster, as a hot percussion track comes out of nowhere to set the beat. Mike B.'s synthesizer provides some ambient atmosphere to the opening flourish, as Becky and Debbie bop along, brimming with confidence. Even Kim can't help but snap her fingers, even as she tries to keep her friends from thinking she might be enjoying herself.

BECKY
*There's just no tellin'
Who you might meet today*

DEBBIE
*They might be passin' through
Or they could be here to stay*

KIM
*But when we get together
There's one thing I know*

BECKY/DEBBIE/KIM
*That there ain't nothin' better
 Than seeing our faces glow!*

*We're sisters and brothers
 All of us from another
 We don't need a mother
 To tell us we need each other
 No matter what changes
 Or what the world rearranges
 We're gonna stand tall
 With our sisters and brothers*

Mike W. hits his guitar for an extra riff.

DEBBIE
*We've got the good life
 If just we dare to dream
 But maybe there's no need to
 Now is better than it seems!*

BECKY/DEBBIE/KIM
*We're sisters and brothers
 All of us from another*

The girls look with bewilderment as Mike W. suddenly takes off his guitar and starts rummaging under the clothes.

BECKY/DEBBIE/KIM (CONT'D)
*We don't need a mother
 To tell us we need each other*

Mike B. is worried. He doesn't know what's got into his musical partner.

BECKY/DEBBIE/KIM (CONT'D)
*No matter what changes
 Or what the world rearranges
 We're gonna stand tall
 With our sisters and brothers*

Out of nowhere, the soulful shrieking of a soprano saxophone fills the room. Mike W. has apparently found what he's been looking for.

MIKE
 Yeah! Go on, sax man, go on!

The girls are quite impressed with the performance of their once-silent acquaintance.

BECKY/DEBBIE/KIM
*We're sisters and brothers
 All of us from another
 We don't need a mother
 To tell us we need each other
 No matter what changes
 Or what the world rearranges
 We're gonna stand tall
 With our sisters and brothers!*

Mike W. and his sax gives an encore performance to close out the song; the magical percussion track fades out on cue.

BECKY
 Did we just do that?!

DEBBIE
 I think we did.

MIKE
 Damn straight! Mike, great touch
 with the sax.

Mike B. reaches out for a fist bump, or the 1980s equivalent.
 Mike W. gladly obliges.

DEBBIE
 Kim, what do you think about that?

Kim is at a loss. Her mouth is agape.

KIM
 I'm somebody.

DEBBIE
 That's what I've been trying to
 tell you.

KIM
 Did any of you record that?!

DEBBIE
 Well, I think this was just a jam
 session.

KIM
 I need proof. Nobody's going to
 believe this happened.

BECKY
 Kim's right. I mean, if Laura
 Branigan sings alone in the woods,
 is it still a concert?

DEBBIE

I'm sure we'll have a chance to record something later on.

Mike pulls out a cassette tape.

MIKE

Yeah, but why try to improve on perfection.

Kim grabs it out of Mike's hands. She looks at it longingly, as if it was a photograph of a long lost love.

KIM

I have a golden ticket.

Mike takes the tape back.

MIKE

Hey.

KIM

Oh, I mean, we have a golden ticket.

MIKE

Glad you think so. Hopefully, the executives think so.

DEBBIE

What executives?

MIKE

Record executives.

KIM

You mean...like the ones in Hollywood?!

MIKE

Yeah, now you're getting it.

BECKY

Hey, I got a cousin who lives down in Hollywood. Well, technically she lives in Hallandale...

MIKE

Oh, not that Hollywood. I'm talking Hollywood, C-A.

DEBBIE

You hear that, Kim? L-A. And you thought these guys were going to...

Kim puts her hand on Debbie's mouth.

KIM

She means to say that I always knew you two were legit.

BECKY

Oh, I always wanted to have a chili dog from Pink's!

MIKE

Great, but first, we've got to stop at K-S-One-Oh-One.

KIM

What?

MIKE

Hey, they're not just going to let us nobodies stroll into A-and-M Records. We got to get some buzz going; but once we get on the radio here, they'll start playing us everywhere.

BECKY

That sounds rad!

Debbie and Becky lead Kim out of the "studio".

MIKE

Great, see you there tomorrow morning. They're on Bumby across from the Beefy King.

DEBBIE

See you there!

The ladies re-enter the hallway.

KIM

Great, I've always wanted to grovel next to a disc jockey.

FADE TO:

EXT. KS101 STUDIOS - DAY

Kim's car pulls into the parking lot of the spartan looking building that, supposedly, houses the radio station Mike B. mentioned. Becky is in the backseat, sipping on a Big Gulp. Debbie is putting on the best makeup she could find lying around in her room. Kim is just there.

KIM

This better work, Deb.

DEBBIE

It will work, Kim; I can feel it in my bones.

KIM

How can you be so sure?!

DEBBIE

Hey, I saw that look in your eye when you got a hold of that tape. Trust me, this will all be worth it once you get that first royalty check.

BECKY

Yeah! Do you know how much singers make these days? I heard that Prince even has his own Slurpee machine.

Becky takes a sip of her big soda.

KIM

That's some great ad copy, Becky.

BECKY

Thanks! Maybe I can write my own liner notes.

DEBBIE

Kim, just be positive for once in your life. If this works, you'll be thanking the Mikes for the rest of your life.

Suddenly, a revving engine is heard. A red Pontiac flies into the parking lot and into the space next to the girls.

BECKY

Is that them, right there?

DEBBIE

They have that Mike swagger.

The Mikes come out of the car, clad in aviator sunglasses. Becky and Debbie can't help but swoon. Kim sighs, and then yelps as her window is slapped, with considerable force, by a blue index card. It reads "Ready to Rock?". Mike W. gives Kim a thumbs up.

INT. KS101 STUDIOS

The girls and the Mikes walk into the studio lobby. Mike turns around and starts walking backwards through the door.

MIKE

This is the first day of the rest
of your lives.

BECKY

Isn't every day the first day of
the rest of our lives?

MIKE

Those days aren't like today, girl.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Can I help you?

The receptionist, looking like she's given up, yet is still trying to convince people she hasn't, curtly greets Mike B.

MIKE

Yeah. We're The Orlando Sound.

RECEPTIONIST

The Orlando Sound?

KIM

The Orlando Sound?

MIKE

Yeah, every band needs a name.

KIM

We never agreed on a name...

RECEPTIONIST

Sir, do you and your little friends
have an appointment?

Mike B. pulls out the cassette tape from his pocket, as if he were showing a platinum card to a jaded jeweler.

MIKE

Ma'am, with a demo like this, we
don't need an appointment.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, you do, actually. So, if you
could leave the premises promptly,
I won't have to call the
authorities.

MIKE
I'm telling you...

The receptionist picks up the phone.

MIKE (CONT'D)
...you're making a mistake.

RECEPTIONIST
Nine.

MIKE
This is going to put you and this town...

RECEPTIONIST
One.

Mike puts the cassette on the desk.

MIKE
What if I just leave this here?

RECEPTIONIST
What if I dialed the last "one"?

Mike takes back the tape.

MIKE
Well, we tried. Come on.

The Mikes turn towards the door, the girls follow.

DEBBIE
What? That's it? You're just giving up?

BECKY
I missed Sale of the Century for this?

Before they can open the door, someone walks in: it's Dr. Pibb; a bearded, heavy-set man with a pleasing baritone.

DR. PIBB
Afternoon, everybody. Another day in paradise, huh...

Dr. Pibb stops in his tracks.

DR. PIBB (CONT'D)
Mike Bigelow?!

MIKE
Doc-tor Pibb.

Mike B. and Dr. Pibb hug it out.

MIKE (CONT'D)
What's up, man?!

DR. PIBB
I should ask the same of you.

DEBBIE
You know Doctor Pibb?

MIKE
Yeah, I interned with him when I was in the eighth grade.

KIM
Eighth grade?!

DR. PIBB
Hey, don't act so surprised. This guy knows more about music than Dick Clark.

Mike W. writes out a note: "Nice to see you, too."

DR. PIBB (CONT'D)
Is that the mute muse, himself?

Dr. Pibb and Mike W. high five.

DR. PIBB (CONT'D)
Come on, you two. Let me show you and your girlfriends the studio.

KIM
Uh, we're not their girlfriends...

DR. PIBB
Not yet, you're not.

INT. KS101 STUDIOS - BOOTH

Dr. Pibb leads the gang into his inner sanctum, strewn with racks of tapes and all the other requisite equipment.

DR. PIBB
So, what brings you lugnuts in here, this fine Florida morning?

BECKY

He's trying to take us to
Hollywood.

DR. PIBB

That's crazy. My old boss just
moved to Hallandale Beach.

MIKE

No, man. Hollywood, C-A.

DR. PIBB

Wow, the airport's getting flights
to all sorts of places. This place
is really on the map, now. I
remember when all that was here
were orange groves. Guess that's
still here, but for how long? Who
knows? So, when does your flight
leave?

MIKE

No, no, no. I figured Capitol
Records or somebody would send us
there on their dime.

DR. PIBB

You've always been a dreamer,
there.

MIKE

It's no dream. Not after you put
this on the air.

Mike gives Dr. Pibb the tape.

DR. PIBB

What's this?

MIKE

A demo we cut last night. These
ladies here can sing, man.

DR. PIBB

Oh, cool.

Dr. Pibb gives Mike the tape back.

MIKE

Hey, aren't you going to play it?

DR. PIBB

Mike, remember when you typed out
the playlists when you worked here?

MIKE

How could I not?

DR. PIBB

Do you ever remember me getting that playlist, and then deciding... "hey, I don't feel like that. Let's get the Led out and climb that Stairway to Heaven?"

MIKE

Of course not, it wouldn't fit the format.

DR. PIBB

Now you know why I can't play your tape.

MIKE

But it fits your format like a glove.

DR. PIBB

Mike, I think it's time you learned the truth about this business. Our format is not "hot hits". Our format is "play whatever the H-Q in Cincinnati tells us to play."

MIKE

So, we have to go to Cincinnati?

DR. PIBB

I wouldn't. You see, they're not too big on the whole "discovering talent" thing. They play what their research tells them will get the most listeners, and that research always says Phil Collins, Madonna, Michael Jackson. It doesn't say "local band with gumption". I'm sorry, but if I play this, I'm out on my fat ass; and you wouldn't want that to happen to Doctor Pibb, Orlando's favorite drivetime companion?

MIKE

I guess not.

Becky taps Mike B. on the shoulder.

BECKY

Psst. We don't really have to go to Cincinnati, do we?

KIM

No. No! You can't do this!

DR. PIBB

I'm sorry, young lady, but it's out of my hands.

Kim falls to her knees.

KIM

Please, Mister Doctor, sir. Have some compassion. You don't know what it's like having two bitch sisters constantly bettering you in every way. I need an out, and I can't have an out until I find an in. Please, give me an in.

DR. PIBB

Sorry, but I'm a married man.

Dr. Pibb puts on his headphones. The five look defeated, except for Kim, whose eyes are starting to slowly fill with rage due to losing her beauty sleep.

DR. PIBB (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(radio voice)

Hey, this is your ol' pal Doctor Pibb, with another refreshing set of hot hits for your lunchtime. We've got Paul Young this hour, as well as the fresh, new sound of Whitney...

KIM

I knew it! I fucking knew it! That's what I get for thinking I was a good person.

DEBBIE

Kim, we still got this.

MIKE

Exactly, I got a plan B.

KIM

Oh God, not a plan B!

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. STUDIO

The five listen to the DJ, who's wearing sunglasses indoors, apparently taking his schtick too far.

DJ

Are you kids crazy? I've got an all-Bryan Adams set coming up. Besides, what would the head office in Columbus think?

They stand in front of BJ105. The door slams in their faces.

They stand in front of Y106. The door slams in their faces.

INT. LOBBY

An elderly receptionist greets the five.

OLD LADY

May I help you?

MIKE

Yeah, we're the hottest new act in town, and we were wondering if you'd play our tape?

Mike hands the receptionist the cassette.

OLD LADY

Hottest new act, eh? So you're representing Lawrence Welk?

They stand in front of Z93. The door slams in their faces.

They stand in front of K92. The door slams in their faces. Then the D-J reopens the door to retrieve the cowboy hat that's appeared on Becky's head, before slamming the door again.

INT. OFFICE

The five stand in front of a rather obese executive, chomping on a cigar in his well-appointed office; replete with leather-bound books and rich mahogany.

EXECUTIVE

You kids think you can just waltz into a radio station and get your music on the air? Not unless there's something in it for me.

The five look at each other. Becky starts to take her shirt off.

EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)
Hey! Keep your shirt on! I'm talking about...

The executive gives a money gesture.

MIKE
Sir, isn't payola illegal?

EXECUTIVE
Only if you get caught.

:END MONTAGE

EXT. OFFICE PARK - DAY

The five are walking around a nondescript corporate park.

KIM
This is the last time you're going to drag me on one of your schemes, Deb!

DEBBIE
Why are you blaming me?! This wasn't my idea!

KIM
Bullshit! If it weren't for your boundless optimism, we wouldn't be out here getting heat stroke in whatever kind of corporate hellscape this is.

BECKY
I don't want to die!

DEBBIE
Becky, we're going to be fine. I'm sure the Mikes have a plan.

KIM
Oh, I bet they do.

MIKE
Hey, we're here.

KIM
Here?! Where's here?!

Mike B. points over yonder. A sign reads NewsTalk 1690 WJLS.

KIM (CONT'D)
News Talk? News Talk?!?!

MIKE
It's still radio.

KIM
We've given up on music, and we're settling for taking calls from Jim Bob in Bithlo?!

MIKE
Hey, it's still radio. Maybe they can steer us to someone...

Kim pulls the cassette, and some spare change, out of Mike B. pocket.

MIKE (CONT'D)
...hey!

Kim walks off with the cassette, pennies streaming from her hand.

KIM
We're going home.

MIKE
That's our meal ticket, girl!

KIM
Not anymore, it isn't.

Kim winds up and starts to throw the tape into the ether, but not before Debbie grabs her arm at the top of her pitch.

DEBBIE
Kim!

KIM
Ow!

Kim forces herself out of Debbie's grip. She defiantly shows the tape to everyone.

BECKY
Kim? What's wrong?

MIKE
Hey, don't anything hasty. That performance was lightning in a bottle.

Kim starts bouncing the cassette in her hand, as if it was window-bound brick.

KIM

I don't care! I don't want to do this! My life sucks enough without having to sell myself door-to-door like I'm a fucking Girl Scout cookie!!!

Kim finally heaves the tape; a hundred feet in no particular direction.

MIKE

The tape!!!

Mike B. and Mike W. run after the airborne cassette.

DEBBIE

Kim, what is wrong with you?! We needed that tape!

BECKY

I thought you wanted to be a star?

KIM

Would you two grow up! People like us don't get to be stars! The head honchos in their ivory towers?! They've got a list, they've checked it twice, and we're not on it!!!

Kim's building rage has finally devolved into tears.

KIM (CONT'D)

We're the unchosen.

Kim crouches down and starts gently sobbing. Becky and Debbie put their hands on Kim's shoulders. Then, a looming shadow casts itself over Kim. It's Mike W., holding a familiar cassette tape. He gives it to Kim.

KIM (CONT'D)

See, I can't even throw a damn cassette right.

Kim is handed a note: "Great follow-through". Kim can't help but laugh, just a little.

FADE TO:

INT. MIKE'S CAR

Debbie, Kim, and Becky are squished in the backseat of Mike's Pontiac.

MIKE

Are you doing okay back there?

KIM

It's all I deserve.

DEBBIE

We're fine, Mike.

BECKY

We had a bad day.

DEBBIE

We just need to reconfigure our strategy.

KIM

Didn't you hear a word I said?!
We're scum to these people.

DEBBIE

And you're just going to let them get away with it?

KIM

What choice do we have? When did I even say I wanted this?

DEBBIE

Kim, you've wanted to be a star ever since first grade. You hang on Mary Hart's every word. You used to beg your parents to take you to auditions at the performing arts center.

KIM

Which they never let me go to.

DEBBIE

For God's sake, Kim; stop feeling sorry for yourself and start feeling spiteful!

KIM

How's that better?

DEBBIE

Because at least you'll be doing something! Didn't you hear yourself? Didn't you listen to how our voices melted with the Mikes' music? They don't want us? Then we'll make them pay. We'll sing the best songs since the Beatles. We'll sing so loud even Gorbachev won't be able to ignore us. We'll be noticed, we'll be hot, we'll be undeniable, and then...we'll be free.

BECKY

We'll be free.

KIM

That'll drive Mom batshit.

DEBBIE

We'll get out Becky's boombox, sing in front of Publix, what's the worst that could happen?

KIM

We could get impaled by a shopping cart?

BECKY

I wouldn't worry about it. It doesn't hurt that bad.

FADE TO:

EXT. PUBLIX - DAY

The girls have a boombox set up in front of the tile mural outside the store, as shoppers pass by. Most of the patrons ignore the bumping backing tracks playing as they pass. They do some on-the-fly choreography as the background music comes to a close. An elderly lady, with an empty shopping cart, stops to give some polite applause. Becky curtsies in appreciation.

DEBBIE

Uh oh, the red light's back on. Becky, it's your turn to get batteries.

BECKY

I hope they're not out.

Becky runs into the store.

KIM

Debbie. We've been standing here for two hours. I'm soaked with boob sweat, and we only have fifty-six dollars to show for it.

DEBBIE

This isn't about money. This is about exposure

KIM

What record producer is shopping at the Winter Park Publix?

DEBBIE

None, but there are plenty of other people who might have gigs for us.

KIM

Gigs?!

DEBBIE

Just a small one at first. Like this, except at a Lions Club meeting or something.

KIM

Eww. Can't we skip to the part when we're on Letterman?

Just then, a man carrying a grocery bag walks up to the girls.

MAN

Hey, you girls have got something special.

He hands the girls a twenty dollar bill.

KIM

Twenty dollars?

DEBBIE

Is that...the guy from Channel Nine?!

KIM

Here we go.

CUT TO BLACK.