

THE BARBERS OF NEW ENGLAND

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Logline: An eclectic barbershop quartet trying to make it big, struggles to find cohesion (and a new fourth member) within their group and their everyday lives.

COMEDY

WGAE Registration: I344855

THE BARBERS OF NEW ENGLAND

"PILOT"

TEASER

CLOSE UP

LAROI MONTGOMERY, African-American, 38, teddy bear figure, HUMS in his soprano voice.

CLOSE UP

RAPHAEL MICHELANGELO LEONARDO DONATELLO, Italian-American, 36, dark features, boyish good looks, soul patch, HUMS in his tenor voice.

CLOSE UP

HERBIE SHINGLES, 40, Caucasian, a little fat around the edges, HUMS in his tenor voice.

CLOSE UP

GUY MANNING, 35, Korean-American, scrawny and gangly, gay, HUMS in his baritone voice.

EXT. CONNECTICUT COMMUNITY PARK - DAY

It's a sunny September day for the ninetieth birthday celebration of GREAT GRANDPA CECIL, skinny and wrinkly with a cane in his hand and a fedora on top of his head.

Barbershop quartet, CONNECT FOUR, dressed in blue and white striped jackets, white pants, blue bow ties, and blue boater hats, performs "When My Baby Smiles at Me" by Ted Lewis on a small stage.

Great Grandpa Cecil dances alone in front of the group, waving his cane in the air.

Other PARTY GUESTS dance and drink around him. A large cake sits half-eaten in the pavilion. Several of the Guests stand around eating it.

CHILDREN chase each other around the park, fly kites, and blow bubbles.

Herbie moves out in front of the group and sings the lead.

CONNECT FOUR

*My baby's eyes are blue / As blue
as summer skies / My baby's hair is
golden-hued / The kind I idolize...*

An OLD FEMALE PARTY GUEST approaches Herbie. She holds a sunflower in her hands as she sways to the music.

She drops the sunflower at Herbie's feet and smiles sweetly at him. He reaches down and kisses her hand, serenades her. She swoons.

CONNECT FOUR (CONT'D)

*And when my baby's near / I'm happy
all the while / For there is
nothing in this world / Just like
my baby's smile.*

Raphael notices the attention Herbie receives, glares at him.

He steps to the front and takes over the lead.

Herbie swings back toward Raphael and continues to sing lead as well.

They try to outdo and out position each other on stage, gradually shoving more and more.

LaRoi and Guy exchange concerned glances but keep singing.

The Party Guests cease dancing and watch in horror, but Great Grandpa Cecil keeps on dancing.

Herbie and Raphael stop singing and grab each other's faces.

HERBIE

Why are you doing this?

RAPHAEL

(Italian accent)

You always get the sunflower. I
want the sunflower.

Raphael reaches for the sunflower.

Herbie hits Raphael in the throat with his microphone.

RAPHAEL (CONT'D)

(grabs injured throat)

God's gift!

Herbie grabs the sunflower. Raphael tries to steal it from him. They rip it in half.

Herbie throws the sunflower head at Raphael's face.

RAPHAEL (CONT'D)
You bastard!

Raphael tackles Herbie to the ground, and the two of them wrestle on the stage.

LaRoi and Guy still sing. Great Grandpa Cecil still dances.

Herbie and Raphael accidentally knock the mic stand off the stage.

It falls onto Great Grandpa Cecil's head. He collapses to the ground, unconscious.

No one seems to notice, except LITTLE PENNY, 6, cute sundress and curly blonde hair. She rushes to his side.

LITTLE PENNY
Great Grandpa Cecil!

Little Penny knocks on Great Grandpa Cecil's forehead.

LITTLE PENNY (CONT'D)
Wake up!

She places her head on his chest and listens for a heartbeat, then runs to the stage and picks up the sunflower head.

She brings it to Great Grandpa Cecil, places it on his chest.

LITTLE PENNY (CONT'D)
(waves)
Bye, bye, Great Grandpa Cecil.

Little Penny runs away and flies a kite.

FEMALE PARTY GUEST, previously oblivious to Great Grandpa Cecil's fall, sees him motionless on the ground, SCREAMS.

Everyone GASPS and hovers over him. Some call for help on their cellphones.

Herbie and Raphael stop fighting and look over at Great Grandpa Cecil.

(beat)
They continue to fight as LaRoi and Guy continue to sing.

END OF TEASER

ACT I

INT. THE BARBERSHOP - DAY

LaRoi enters. He walks up to CHARLES, his barber, shakes his hand.

CHARLES

Hey, what's going on, LaRoi? How's the family?

LAROI

Wonderful. Take a look at this.

LaRoi takes out his phone, shows it to Charles.

LAROI (CONT'D)

That's Crisp and Porsha dancing behind me while I'm singing. I may have the voice, but they got the moves. Their mother, well, she got the whole package.

CHARLES

That's great, man. Truly, truly blessed. Now, can you explain something to me?

LAROI

What's that?

CHARLES

What the hell is going on over there?

Charles points behind LaRoi, who spins around. Herbie and Guy sit in waiting chairs, observing and taking notes.

LAROI

Herb? Guy? What are you fellas doing here?

HERBIE

Research. In order to make it to the State Fair this year, which is not simply a desire, but an absolute necessity, then we must find the true essence of the barbershop and take that onto stage with us every time out.

GUY
(whispering)
The essence.

HERBIE
The barbers must become one with
the shop, and the shop must become
one with the quartet, and the
quartet must be four voices...four
souls...becoming one.
(beat)

LAROI
(sighing)
Sorry, Charles. Is it cool?

CHARLES
Whatever. Just don't interview me
or any crap like that.

GUY
I love the name: The Barbershop.
Says it all right there.

CHARLES
What did I just say?

Guy lowers his head. LaRoi follows Charles to his station.
Charles works on LaRoi's hair. Herbie and Guy write
furiously.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
So, these guys are in your quartet,
huh?

LAROI
Sure are.

CHARLES
Man, I knew you were in a
barbershop quartet because you talk
about it every time you're in here,
but I guess I just assumed they
were all black.

LAROI
Oh, no. We're an eclectic mix.
We've been running together for a
few years now.

CHARLES
Cool, cool. So, uh, what's the deal
with them? Are they crazy or
something?

LAROI

No, Guy is straight, or I mean, he's not straight, he's gay, but he's not crazy, so he's straight in that sense. Guy is a straight homosexual.

CHARLES

Right, right. How bout' the other one?

LAROI

Herbie? Herbie...Herbie isn't crazy, he's just passionate, and stubborn, and a bit egotistical, but he wasn't always like this. He's lost a lot the past couple of years, and I think this quartet is really the only thing he has left that he truly cares about.

Herbie's face lights up as he writes down something inspiring.

CHARLES

Damn. Poor guy. Hey, you want a shave too, right?

LAROI

You know it.

Charles looks around his station and the rest of the shop, searching for something.

CHARLES

(loud enough for everyone to hear)

Hey, hold on a second, LaRoi. I gotta check the back for my new Sweeney Todd blades.

Herbie and Guy look at each other, then at Charles. They SCREAM, run out of the door.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

What the hell is wrong with those fools?

LAROI

(staring at the door)

Those bastards just left me here.

INT. PARK WHERE THE STATE FAIR IS TO BE HELD - DAY

Herbie, Guy, and LaRoi stand in the middle of the field.

Herbie kneels down, grazes the grass with the palm of his hand. He tears out a piece of grass, licks it. A smile ignites on his face. He stands back up.

Herbie pulls out a folded piece of paper from his pocket. It's a FLYER from last year's State Fair. He looks at it longingly, then holds it up to the rest of the group.

HERBIE

You see this right here? This is a dream. You see where we're standing right now? Look around you. This is also a dream. Later this year, we're going to wake the hell up as these two dreams shall merge to become one singular reality, and we will be standing at the forefront of history as we perform at the State Fair!

Guy and LaRoi CLAP and CHEER.

HERBIE (CONT'D)

The greatest barbershop quartet this great state has ever seen!

Guy and LaRoi CHEER some more.

HERBIE (CONT'D)

The greatest, hey, wait a second. Where's Mussolini?

GUY

Oh, uh, I mentioned it to him, but he, uh, said he's not coming.

HERBIE

Why the blazes not? What seems to be the treble?

GUY

He said his throat is still too damaged to sing, and that hopefully he'll make it to the next practice, but he's not taking any chances with the 8th wonder of the world, or wait, sorry. He corrected himself. 9th wonder of the world.

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

King Kong is the 8th wonder of the world. Also, he's still pissed at you.

HERBIE

Well, balls in my face. Doesn't he know that this isn't just practice? This is bonding. This is spiritual. This is an emotional seminar. This is growth!

LAROI

Herb, we didn't practice today.

HERBIE

Jump bet.

LAROI

It's true. We were supposed to, but you've been standing in the middle of this field for the past hour.

HERBIE

And you've just been standing here with me this entire time?

LAROI

No, not the entire time.

GUY

We snuck off to get a muffin.

HERBIE

Ah. Can't blame you there. My apologies, good sirs. I get lost in the dream sometimes. It still doesn't give what's-his-name an excuse for not being here.

GUY

I can give him some notes from today?

LAROI

(whispering to Guy)
What notes?

GUY

(to Herbie)
An overview of what happened, perhaps?

HERBIE

Insufficient! We came so close last year, and in order to take that next step, to achieve our dreams, we need to--

GUY

(checking his watch)

I think we need to get to work.

LAROI

Oh, damn. We have real jobs?

END OF ACT I

ACT II

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HERBIE'S OFFICE - DAY

It's a small room with a large oval table that consumes most of the space.

Herbie sits at one end, typing furiously on his laptop, occasionally pausing to look up across the table.

Non-descriptive toys sit in the middle of the table, surrounded by various materials describing their functions and potential advertising strategies.

SHERRIE, 37, fit and healthy, sits at the opposite end of the table.

She fiddles with a mini keyboard at the table, stopping occasionally to write notes on a pad of paper.

SHERRIE
(doesn't look up)
Is there something wrong?

HERBIE
I hate you.

SHERRIE
Oh, pipe it.

HERBIE
You could have at least let me have the house. You know I love that apple tree in the backyard. How am I supposed to make homemade cider now?

SHERRIE
An orchard, perhaps?

HERBIE
Blasphemy!

SHERRIE
Herbie, just let it go. It's been two years. How long are you going to keep this up?

HERBIE
As long as you vowed to be with me - forever.

SHERRIE
Oh Christ, Herbie.

HERBIE
Last autumn was the worst in the history of my life! I didn't have my apple tree, and I didn't have my homemade cider.

SHERRIE
Would you shut up already? We're already behind because you've been gallivanting with your glee club.

HERBIE
It's not a glee club, goddamnit! I'm tired of you belittling us. You never supported me and my dreams. We're a goddamn barbershop quartet, and we're goddamn good!

SHERRIE
Mhmm.

HERBIE
We're going all the way this year!

SHERRIE
I don't care about your silly issues. What do you have so far for the new line of products?

Herbie SIGHS and glances down at his laptop.

HERBIE
(to tune of "The Trolley Song")
*Bark bark bark went the doggie /
Oink oink oink went the pig / Clank
clank clank went their innards /
After they were turned into robotic
toys.*

Sherrie stares silently at Herbie for a moment.

SHERRIE
What the hell was that?

HERBIE
It was our new jingle.

SHERRIE
It was "Meet Me in St. Louis."

HERBIE

What?

SHERRIE

Judy Garland.

HERBIE

Oh...well, maybe if you weren't sitting there taunting me all the time with the memories of what used to be.

SHERRIE

I asked you if this was going to be a problem, and you said, "No, Sherrie-baby. Everything's gonna be like ice - nice and cool."

HERBIE

It melted...It melted...

SHERRIE

Well, leave if you don't like it!

HERBIE

I can't!

SHERRIE

Why not?

HERBIE

Because nobody else will write jingles with me!

SHERRIE

I can't imagine why not. What the hell were you talking about? Dogs and pigs and robots?

HERBIE

(nods toward center of table)

Are those not bionic fighting farm animals?

Sherrie SIGHS deeply, stands up, and walks out of the room.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - SCIENCE LAB - DAY

LaRoi sits at the front of the room. "Bill Nye the Science Guy" plays on a projection screen.

The THIRD GRADERS sit in their chairs and intently observe Bill Nye. The video ends.

LaRoi rises and stops the video. Beakers and other science equipment are set up on the table behind him, some partially filled with liquid.

LAROI

And that was the three states of matter.

TAYLOR, 8, precocious, smart-ass, raises his hand but doesn't wait to be called on.

TAYLOR

Actually, there's four.

LAROI

Not until the fourth grade, Taylor.
(to the class)
And what did I tell you always to remember?

CLASS

If Bill Nye says it, you better not forget it.

JASON, 9, ginger-haired with big glasses and a bow tie, sits in the back of the class.

JASON

He's the master.

LaRoi turns off the projector.

LAROI

Class, what state of matter is oxygen?

CLASS

Gas!

LAROI

Right! And as I'm about to show you, fire thrives on oxygen. Trees give off oxygen, and paper is made out of trees, so paper is full of oxygen, and since fire eats oxygen, giving the fire paper allows it to burn. Right? Good. Now, everyone please put your safety goggles on.

The class puts on their safety goggles. Many of the goggles are too big for the children.

LaRoi straps on his safety goggles. He moves to the back of the table and faces the class.

He holds up a sheet of paper and shows the children both sides so that they know it is an ordinary sheet of paper.

He pulls out a match from a matchbox.

LAROI (CONT'D)
Queen Annabelle, would you hit the
lights please?

QUEEN ANNABELLE, 9, wearing a tiara atop curly red hair,
turns off the lights.

LaRoi inhales, then strikes the match. He slowly brings it to the edge of the paper. He lights it.

He shakes the match and tosses it on the table, still partially lit.

He holds the slow-burning paper up for the class to see. They stare in amazement.

Queen Annabelle SCREAMS.

QUEEN ANNABELLE
Mr. Montgomery, the table!

LaRoi looks down at the table and SCREAMS in a pitch higher than Queen Annabelle.

Fire burns in a few small patches on the table.

LaRoi drops the fiery piece of paper on top of the table as he tries to put out the few patches with his sleeve.

He accidentally knocks over a beaker filled with chemicals. The whole table lights up.

LaRoi throws himself back up against the wall.

LAROI
Get out, kids! Save yourselves!

Mass chaos erupts as the children SCREAM and run out the door, knocking over desks and school supplies.

LaRoi scrambles in circles around the table, SCREAMING continuously.

JASON
(concerned)
Was that not supposed to happen?

LaRoi halts in front of Jason, the fire blazing behind him.

LAROI

No! Why would I start a fire in my own classroom?

JASON

(shrugs)

I don't know! You're the teacher!

LAROI

I've never done this before!

JASON

Bill Nye wouldn't set the classroom on fire...

Jason scurries out of the room.

LaRoi hides in a corner and closes his eyes. He HUMS a soft melody.

Taylor grabs the fire extinguisher off the wall, carefully reading the instructions, then puts out the fire.

LaRoi opens his eyes to see Taylor standing there with the fire extinguisher. He hops up.

LAROI

Good work, Taylor. You're the only one who passed my pop quiz on fire safety.

The bell RINGS.

TAYLOR

Bye Mr. M. Awesome class.

LAROI

Thanks, Taylor.

Taylor sets down the fire extinguisher, grabs his books, and exits. LaRoi stands there alone next to the smoky desk.

LAROI (CONT'D)

Damn. I thought I only started fires with my voice.

INT. A SOUND IN THE WIND PUBLISHERS - DAY

Guy walks into the office of MISTY REINE, his boss and senior editor of the independent publishing company he works at.

GUY

Hey there, Misty. Have you had the opportunity to read my book yet?

MISTY REINE

Uh, yes, I did.

GUY

And?

MISTY REINE

Guy, we can't publish that.

GUY

What? Why not?

MISTY REINE

It's a children's book called "Dragons in the Closet" about Dragons coming out as homosexuals.

GUY

Childhood is tough for gay kids. It's about being strong and proud of being gay. It's empowering.

MISTY REINE

The dragons burn the kids alive who make fun of them.

GUY

It's also about confronting people who don't accept them, a.k.a. not taking any crap.

MISTY REINE

It's not suitable for children.

GUY

Are you serious right now? You run a children's publishing company, and you sold a book called "Tiny Dick" about a boy named Dick who's insecure about himself because he's so tiny.

MISTY REINE

And it's a bestseller, goddamnit.

GUY

You see? You can publish my book.

MISTY REINE

I'm sorry, Guy. It's not going to happen.

GUY

The guys were right.

MISTY REINE

What guys?

GUY

My fellow quarteters.

MISTY REINE

Who the hell is that?

GUY

The guys in my barbershop quartet. They told me my book would never be published.

(beat)

Bloody hell. America is so soft. In other countries, they publish books where children get their fingers cut off for misbehaving, or sometimes they even get eaten. Children want the hard truths!

MISTY REINE

I'm sorry, Guy. There's nothing else to say.

GUY

I need to go sing something.

Guy storms away. He tries to slam the door on the way out, but his hand slips off of the handle. He trips on the door and stumbles out of the doorway into the hallway, falling flat on his face.

EXT. GUY'S CONDO - BACK PORCH - DAY

Guy writes in a notebook, LaRoi practices his dance moves, and Raphael sits in a lawn chair, filing his nails with a Band-Aid on the center of his throat.

LAROI

Hey, Guy, can you come help me with these moves?

GUY

Just a second. I'm finishing up a song for us to try out.

RAPHAEL

An original? You know originals are forbidden.

LaRoi pulls out a pocket book from his back pocket.

LAROI

Actually, according to *The Official Barber's Handbook for Quarteting*, barbers are allowed to perform original songs, so long as it is performed in the traditional barbershop style.

Without looking up, Guy raises his fist in the air for LaRoi.

LAROI (CONT'D)

Right on. This book is sacred.

LaRoi kisses the book, then puts it back in his pocket.

Herbie strolls in from around the side of the house.

HERBIE

(sings)

*Whoooooooo's ready for some songs
and singing and quarteting?*

RAPHAEL

(still filing nails)

You are twenty minutes
late...again.

HERBIE

Zip it. I wasn't talking to you.

GUY

Ralphie does have a point.

RAPHAEL

It's Raphael.

HERBIE

(to Raphael)

Hey, do you have something you'd
like to say to me?

RAPHAEL

Besides making you aware of your
inability to hold a note longer
than two seconds?

HERBIE

How about, "I'm sorry?"

RAPHAEL
You're not forgiven.

Herbie hovers over Raphael.

HERBIE
I'm not apologizing, you skimpy cannoli. What the hell was that yesterday? Trying to overtake my position as lead vocal, and you killed Great Grandpa Cecil!

RAPHAEL
That was you, not me.

GUY
He's actually just in a coma.

LAROI
Still breathing! Hallelujah!

HERBIE
Oh, that's just swell - because a ninety-year-old man is gonna wake up from a coma.

LAROI
Hey, it could happen. You just gotta believe. Have some faith.

HERBIE
No, it couldn't happen. He's dead!

Raphael rises from his chair.

RAPHAEL
And I'm never going to sing leads as long as Herbie's around!
(to Herbie)
And I'm just as good as you! No, I'm on top of you!

GUY
Calm down, Ralphie.

RAPHAEL
I'm the Italian Sinatra!

HERBIE
Guy's right. Spumoni's lost it.

RAPHAEL

And I'm tired of all the name-calling! My name is Raphael, goddamnit!

Raphael kisses his cross necklace, kicks the lawn chair over.

HERBIE

Just accept the fact there is no way in Hell that you are singing my leads. You just don't have what Shingle Jingles has.

RAPHAEL

I spit on you.

Raphael spits.

RAPHAEL (CONT'D)

I spit on Shingle Jingles.

Raphael spits again.

RAPHAEL (CONT'D)

I spit on this group and all of your households!

LAROI

Hey, man, that's my household you're talking about.

Raphael spits one more time.

GUY

Take it easy, Ralphie. You can come get on top of me if you like.

RAPHAEL

For chrissakes! My name is Raphael! And I quit!

LAROI

No! Now, we'll only be a trio! A triolet! A trilet! A triplet!

RAPHAEL

Oh, yes. Connect Four has been disconnected! And believe you me, this will not be the last time you hear the smooth vocal lovemaking of...Raphael Michelangelo Leonardo Donatello!

(beat)

Herbie and LaRoi LAUGH. Guy looks longingly at Raphael.
Raphael strides into the condo.

Herbie and LaRoi continue to LAUGH, but it slowly dies down
as they realize that Raphael isn't coming back.

HERBIE

Can we have a barbershop quartet
with three people?

LAROI

Nope. It clearly states in *The
Official Barber's Handbook of
Quartetting*, that a group must
consist of four members.

HERBIE

Whale's blowhole.

LAROI

Yeah. Does anyone have a
screwdriver?

GUY

Not on me. Why?

LAROI

Because damn, we're screwed.

The three of them stand motionless, one man short of a
barbershop quartet.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

INT. GUY'S CONDO - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Herbie, Guy, and LaRoi stand scattered around the rather small bathroom and practice their singing, performing "Yes Sir, That's My Baby" by Frank Sinatra.

CONNECT FOUR

*Yes, sir, that's my baby / No, sir,
don't mean maybe / Yes, sir, that's
my baby, now!*

They turn towards the door where Raphael stands, glaring.

RAPHAEL

(in Italian)

Burn in hell, bitches.

Raphael exits.

LaRoi reaches behind the toilet, pulls out a Connect Four game. Herbie sits on the floor across from him. They play.

HERBIE

Guy, you gotta kick him outta here.

LAROI

I agree. How are we supposed to practice with him creeping around?

GUY

I can't kick him out. He pays rent.

HERBIE

But, he's such a bother.

GUY

I suppose we could try to find a new regular place to practice.

HERBIE

And a new fourth member, and we have that gig at the wharf this week! That's supposed to initiate our path to the State Fair!

GUY

Right. We need to act fast. What we need is...an audtion.

LAROI
Yes, an audition! Three shall
become four!

LaRoi drops a game piece into a slot.

LAROI (CONT'D)
Connect Four, bitch!

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Guy and LaRoi sit at a table in front of the stage. LaRoi scrolls down the sign-up sheet.

GUY
So, how many people signed up?

LAROI
Um...four.

GUY
(in shock)
Four? That's just terrific.

Herbie barges in.

HERBIE
Don't worry about it! All we need
is one man. We got four options
with a twenty-five percent chance
for each one being good, meaning...
(sits)
We got about a one hundred percent
chance of finding at least one guy.

GUY
That's not right.

HERBIE
So you see? Nothing to worry about!

LAROI
Let's just get it over with. I was
already here for ten hours today.
Regina's gonna kill me if I don't
help Crisp and Porsha with their
homework. And technically, I'm not
even allowed in here because I was
recently placed on probation.

GUY
Probation? How the hell does that
happen?

LAROI
I almost burned the school down.

GUY
Yep, that will do it. Can't believe
you weren't...fired...

Herbie grabs a pen and aims it toward the stage.

HERBIE
(shouting)
Let's gooooooooooooo!

LANCE MCGUNDERSON, 50, balding and a little tubby, walks out
to the front of the stage.

LAROI
Who do we have here? Lance?

LANCE
Yes, that's me.

GUY
Let's see what you can do, Lance.

LANCE
I will be singing...the greatest
song of all time.

Lance inhales deeply, then he begins to sing George M.
Cohan's "Harrigan" in a thick Irish accent.

LANCE (CONT'D)
*H-A-dooble-R-I...G-A-N spells
Harrigan / Proud of all the Irish
blood that's in me / Divil a man
can say a word agin me.*

LaRoi bobs along with the song.

LANCE (CONT'D)
*H-A-dooble-R-I...G-A-N you see / Is
a name that a shame never has been
connected with--*

LAROI & LANCE
Harrigan!

LANCE
That's me!

Lance poses, his arms stretched outward, breathing heavily.

GUY
Thank you, Lance.

LAROI
(clapping)
Yes. Nailed it.

Lance bows his head and exits the stage.

HERBIE
Next!

Taylor enters from stage left.

LAROI
(looking at the sheet)
Taylor?

TAYLOR
Yes, that's me.

LaRoi does a double-take.

LAROI
Taylor Smith?

TAYLOR
(squints)
Mr. Montgomery?

LAROI
It doesn't say Smith on here?

TAYLOR
Taylor Billingsly is my stage name.

LAROI
I'm sorry, you can't--

HERBIE
Shut it, LaRoi. Let's hear the boy.

GUY
Sure, why not? Let's have a listen.

TAYLOR
Thank you, gentlemen.

Taylor pulls out a bottle of water and gurgles, then spits it out onto the stage. He lightly smacks himself a few times across the face.

He starts to sing Pat Boone's, "Love Letters in the Sand."

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

*On a day like today / We pass the
time away / Writing love letters in
the sand / How you laughed when I
cried / Each time I saw the tide /
Take our love letters from the
sand.*

Herbie CRIES and begins to sing along.

TAYLOR & HERBIE

*You made a vow that you would ever
be true / But somehow that vow
meant nothing to you.*

LAROI

Okay! Thanks, Taylor.

TAYLOR

You're welcome!

Taylor skips away, HUMMING to himself.

HERBIE

The voice of an angel.

LAROI

He's eight.

GUY

Maybe in a few years.

HERBIE

(sniffles)

Next!

BERNARD HARRISON, 80, wrinkly but still spry, dances onto stage.

LAROI

Bernard? Bernard Harrison?

BERNARD

Yes, I'm Bernard.

GUY

Please, just go ahead, Bernard.

Bernard sings Frank Sinatra's, "Young at Heart."

BERNARD

*Fairy tales can come true / It can
happen to you / If you're young at
heart / For it's hard you will find
/ To be narrow of mind / If you're
young at heart.*

HERBIE

Thank you.

BERNARD

Did I make it?

Herbie shakes his head slowly.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Why in the blazing hell not?

HERBIE

Let's just say that we're looking
for a long-term member.

BERNARD

What's that supposed to mean?

HERBIE

Let's be honest, you're probably
gonna die soon. We can't afford
that.

BERNARD

You bunch of infantile schmucks!

Bernard storms off the stage.

HERBIE

God, can't anybody sing in this
town?

JOSH GROBAN (the real Josh Groban) walks onto the stage.

JOSH GROBAN

Hello, I'm--

HERBIE

Thank you!

JOSH GROBAN

What? But, I'm here to audition. I heard you were looking for a fourth member for your barbershop quartet, and that has always been a secret dream of mine, even with a career in the music industry as long and illustrious as I've had, this is something that I--

HERBIE

I said thank you! Next!

Josh Groban, befuddled, exits the stage.

HERBIE (CONT'D)

Just another pretty boy trying to make it big.

GUY

He was the last one, Herbie.

HERBIE

That's it?

LAROI

All four.

HERBIE

People don't understand what it means to be in a barbershop quartet. It's not all about becoming rich and famous. It takes passion and courage. It takes gusto. But most of all, it takes a bold, beautiful, bloody, ba-bum beating heart. That's what we've all got inside of us, men. We are Barbers of New England, and we should be goddamn proud of that.

LaRoi and Guy CLAP and nod in agreement.

HERBIE (CONT'D)

If only we could find a fourth member who understands that and possesses those qualities as we do.

Nathaniel Morgan, the dog walker from the Teaser, floats down to the stage on a wire.

NATHANIEL

Hello, my beautiful, glowing fish eggs.

GUY
What the hell?

LAROI
So majestic. How did he get a wire?

HERBIE
Who are you, stranger?

LAROI
He's not on the list.

HERBIE
(to Nathaniel)
You're not on the list!

NATHANIEL
I am the one here to solve all of
your little quandaries.

HERBIE
How dost thou know of thy
quandaries?

NATHANIEL
Wherever there's a threat to music,
I'll be there.

LAROI
I trust him. I trust him so much I
would let him hold my wallet, my
keys, and my phone. I'd even let
him hold my dick while I pee.

NATHANIEL
I am he who burrows through the
treacherous path that is mankind,
who rides on horseback through the
travailing sands of time, who
shines a light into the darkest
patches of your mind.

LAROI
Hell yeah. He's got my vote. That's
some poetry ballet right there.

HERBIE
Skies above Ralphie.

NATHANIEL
I...am Nathaniel.

Nathaniel smiles with a shimmering in his eyes.

EXT. WHARF - NIGHT

Herbie, Guy, LaRoi, and Nathaniel stand together on the wharf in their blue and white Connect Four outfits.

Herbie addresses a SMALL CROWD of only a few people, as Guy, LaRoi, and Nathaniel keep their backs to the audience.

HERBIE

Ladies and gentlemen, may we have your attention please? Tonight, we have a performance that will knock you off your feet and straight into the water until you almost drown! We're that good! First, let's meet the group. Say hello to Straight Shooter!

Guy turns and waves.

HERBIE (CONT'D)

Cocoa Daddy!

LaRoi turns and gives a thumbs up.

HERBIE (CONT'D)

The New Guy!

Nathaniel turns and bows.

HERBIE (CONT'D)

And me! Shingle Jingles!

Herbie does a spin followed by jazz hands.

HERBIE (CONT'D)

Gentle ladies and mannish lads, I present to you...Connect Four!

Guy HUMS.

Nathaniel HUMS.

Herbie HUMS.

LaRoi HUMS.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT III

TAG

INT. GUY'S CONDO - NIGHT

Raphael sits at a desk in his room. An old-fashioned desk lamp is the only light in the room. A gramophone plays ITALIAN OPERA MUSIC in the background.

Raphael holds a newspaper with an advertisement stating, "Three singers wanted for barbershop quartet to back up THE ITALIAN SINATRA!"

RAPHAEL

I will get you all for this. We'll
see who's laughing when I'm on top.

Raphael signs his full name on the advertisement, then holds it up to admire it.

FADE OUT.

THE END