

# *The Jingle Man*

*A Musical Screenplay  
By  
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*Songs By  
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*Based Upon Characters  
Created By  
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FADE IN

*ON BLACK:* Three piano/guitar chords are played off screen. Words appear with each progressive chord... **[TRACK 1]**

*THE..... JINGLE..... MAN.....*

Remove titles and resume...

*ON BLACK:* In the wake of the three chords, a strange rhythmic percussion begins. It gains strength...

EXT. THE TULSA TOWN PARK - DAY (*PRESENT*)

The percussion continues. It's a beautiful sunny day in Tulsa...

A banner hangs at the town park's entrance: "*Tulsa Apple Fest & World Record Pie Attempt!*" A festival is underway inside.

TOWNSFOLK stand circled around a HUGE METAL PIE TIN at the festival's center. The tin is twenty feet in diameter and twenty inches deep.

The percussion is revealed to be the sound of Townsfolk peeling a countless number of apples.

An OPENING MUSICAL NUMBER is born out of the percussion: "*We Have Apples to Peel*"... **[TRACK 2]**

The Townsfolk juggle, peel and slice apples; filling up the pie tin as they dance and sing...

RAY and LAURA FINKSTER (both in their 60s) root the apple peelers on with a CHANT...

RAY & LAURA

Peel away the apple skin!  
Chop 'em! Drop 'em in the tin!  
With hard work and a group effort,  
We're gonna break that world record!

## TOWNSFOLK

*Some people sail on their yachts  
 Other people drive in their cars  
 Some people go out and drink  
 Then spill the beans to their shrink  
 But we have apples to peel  
 We have apples to peel  
 We have apples to peel  
 We have apples to peeeeeeeeeel! Awh yeah!*

*Some people like reading books  
 Other people are fantastic cooks  
 Some people glue model planes  
 Other people ride choo choo trains  
 But we have apples to peel  
 We have apples to peel  
 We have apples to peel  
 We have apples to peeeeeeeeeel! Awh yeah!*

*Peel away the apple skin!  
 Chop 'em! Drop 'em! In the tin!  
 With hard work and a group effort,  
 We're gonna break that world record!*

The MUSICAL NUMBER ends: the pie tin is a quarter full...

## RAY

It's noon everybody! Great job! Time  
 to go to lunch!

Townsfolk CHEER and disperse into the festival. MR. GREEN  
 and his young daughter KELLY emerge from the crowd. Mr.  
 Green is a jovial middle-aged man, clad in a tie. Kelly is  
 a sullen Goth girl, ears covered in headphones.

## MR. GREEN

Good afternoon Mr. Finkster.

## RAY

Mr. Green! Very nice to see you made it!  
 Meet my wife, Laura. Laura, this is the  
 gentleman I told you about, from the  
 world records compartment.

## LAURA

World records compartment! Shut your  
 pie hole!

RAY

No can do today. This pie hole stays open.

MR. GREEN

Actually, it's world records "department"...

LAURA

Very nice to meet you Mr. Green. Who's this pretty young lady you brought along?

MR. GREEN

This is my daughter, Kelly. Say hello to the Finksters, Kelly.

KELLY

Hi Finksters.

LAURA

Hi Kelly. We're about to have a balloon toss, wheelbarrow races, and all sorts of fun games near the picnic area. Would you like to join in?

KELLY

Do I have to?

MR. GREEN

Try and have some fun for once, kiddo. Balloon tosses are a hoot.

Kelly huffs and follows Laura to the picnic area.

RAY

How about it Mr. Green? Games for the girls, ribs for the men?

MR. GREEN

Absolutely. Ribs it is!

Ray and Mr. Green join a line for the barbecue.

RAY

Enjoy it while it lasts, Mr. Green.

MR. GREEN

What? Are they running out of meat?

RAY

No, no. Enjoy your daughter's youth. I can tell she's going through a little phase right now, but she'll grow out of it. My boy Ken was heavy into disco at one time. Tight lime green pants. It was a nightmare.

MR. GREEN

Ah, you have a son? Is he here?

RAY

No. He's off somewhere, writing songs.

MR. GREEN

Really? Any work I might know of?

RAY

Maybe. That's sort of a long story...

MR. GREEN

Oh. Okay.

RAY

But, by the looks of our pie, and this line for the barbecue, it's going to be a long day.

Off in the distance, a water balloon toss gets underway.

RAY (VO)

My boy started out here in Tulsa, performing songs at The Pub for a Thursday night showcase...

Laura and Kelly throw a water balloon back and forth. It explodes in Kelly's hands...

INT. THE TULSA TOWN PUB - NIGHT (PAST)

Beer from a tap splashes into a pint glass. A moderate sized AUDIENCE is in attendance, CLAPPING and CHEERING in rhythm.

KEN FINKSTER, a large mustached man in semi-cowboy garb, walks onto a small stage. He's armed with an acoustic guitar and a smile. He waves to the crowd.

SIGMUND ELLO, a blonde haired nerd in the audience, is unhappy with the attention for Ken.

KEN

Hi everybody! Thanks for the cheers! I'd like to take quick a moment and invite my girl Rosie on stage to sing with me.

ROSE, a naturally pretty blonde, joins Ken on stage. She smiles and waves to the crowd. Ken proceeds to play a DUET: "Tulsa Mimosa" [TRACK 3]

KEN

*I drink a Tulsa Mimosa  
When I wake up in the morning  
It helps to wipe the sleep  
Away from my eyes  
I keep the champagne on ice  
And orange juice by its side  
The only ingredient missing  
Is the love of my life  
Here with the girl of my dreams  
She's sitting down next to me  
You think she wants to share my pancakes?  
I'll feed her biscuits and gravy  
Because she's a real special lady  
Ask her to go on a date  
And hope she says...*

ROSE

*Okay!*

KEN

*I drink a Tulsa Mimosa  
When I wake up in the morning  
It helps to wipe the sleep  
Away from my eyes  
I keep the champagne on ice  
And orange juice by its side  
The only ingredient missing  
Is my loving wife  
Here with the girl of my dreams  
She's sitting down next to me  
Hey baby, want to share my pancakes?*

ROSE

*Sure! Thanks!*

KEN

*I'll give you everything  
And an engagement ring  
Ask you to marry me  
And hope you get up to sing*

ROSE

*I'll drink your Tulsa Mimosa  
When I wake up in the morning  
And help to wipe the sleep  
Away from my eyes  
You keep the champagne on ice  
And orange juice by its side  
We'll lead a happy life  
I'll be your blushing bride...*

KEN & ROSE

*We drink our Tulsa Mimosa  
When we wake up in the morning  
It helps to wipe the sleep  
Away from our eyes...*

The DUET ends. An enthusiastic OVATION follows. Ken and Rose exit the stage, working their way through the crowd, shaking hands.

Sigmund Ello stops Ken dead in his tracks. He scowls.

SIGMUND

You think you're so cool, huh Finkster?

KEN

Hey Sigmund. Good luck up there.  
Break a leg.

SIGMUND

I'll break a leg! I'll break your  
audience! They'll be mine tonight!

KEN

Sounds good. See you later.

Ken continues on his way and approaches the bar. Rose is already there drinking red wine, busy talking to ANTHONY; a well-scrubbed Italian man in a business suit. He uses a dirty martini to finish a joke...

ANTHONY

Then her Grandmother says, 'Somebody!  
For the love of God! Pass the brajole!'

Rose LAUGHS at the punch line, placing her hand on Anthony's shoulder. Ken interrupts, kissing Rose's cheek.

KEN

Hey Rosie...

ROSE

Hey Ken. You were great up there tonight.

ANTHONY

For an amateur. Good thing Ms. flower  
power here saved the show.

ROSE

Be nice. He did fine without me.

KEN

Who's your alpha-male acquaintance?

ROSE

This is Anthony Scaraglino. Anthony  
this is Ken Finkster.

Ken extends a hand. Anthony shakes it quickly.

KEN

Nice to meet you Anthony.

ANTHONY

It's pronounced Ann-knee.

KEN

What?

ANTHONY

Ann-knee. Not An-tha-knee. I don't  
need the 'T' 'H' because I'm already  
too hard.

(Punches Ken's arm)

Gotta look out for that chooch. You  
need to be quick in this business.

Ken rubs his arm and nods, suppressing anger.



ROSE

Ant is a talent agent from LA.

KEN

Wow. The actual city of LA? What brings you all the way to Tulsa?

ANTHONY

You kidding? This whole town reeks of easy vagina sex.

Anthony BARKS at a passing FEMALE.

On stage...

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome our next performer, MR. SIGMUND ELLO!

Scattered APPLAUSE. Sigmund jumps on stage with a Casio Keyboard in tow. He approaches the microphone, ready to sing, but is interrupted by a MOCK COCKNEY ACCENT...

FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER

`Ello!

Multiple audience members join in, a symphony: `Ello! Sigmund grabs the microphone, fed up.

SIGMUND

Why do you say my name like that?  
Just once, please, let me perform  
heckle-less! I promise to wow you!

Sigmund attempts to SING through the heckling. The audience members ignore him: `Ello!

ANTHONY

This guy's a pisser. `Ello!

Rose waves for the BARTENDER and taps Ken.

ROSE

You want a drink?

KEN

Sure. The usual.

ROSE

A mimosa for Ken, a dirty martini, and another merlot for me. On Ken's tab.

KEN

How do you know this An-an-eee guy?

ROSE

He sat in on my acting class last Tuesday. He already scored Jenny a paying role. He might find work for me too..

KEN

Uh huh. "Scored Jenny", I'll bet. She's easier than a pre-school paint class.

ROSE

Watch your mouth. Jenny's sweet.

Sigmund gives up and storms off stage. The audience members SHOUT: Cheerio! The Announcer jumps back on stage.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, without further adieu, give it up for DANCING TONY!

The song "*Dirty Disco*" begins... **[TRACK 4]**

DANCING TONY appears in the middle of the audience and performs his signature dance moves, stunning the crowd.

ANTHONY

All right! Tony! Tony!

Ken watches Anthony; something bobs inside his mouth, glowing. Ken squints to see what it is..

KEN

Excuse me. Annie? What's that bobbing around inside your mouth?

Anthony removes a tiny glow stick from between his teeth.

ANTHONY

Glow stick. Tony! Tony! Take notes Finkster. This guy has star potential. I might be back in a year to sign him.

Rose hands Ken a mimosa, Anthony a martini.

KEN

Let's get out of here and head back to my place. What do you think?

ROSE

Oh, come on. I want to stay for at least five or six more drinks.

KEN

Okay, but stop by later. I have a song to finish. I want you to hear...

ROSE

Fine.

Ken and Rose kiss goodbye. Anthony interrupts...

ANTHONY

Yeah! Get those tongues wagging!

Ken and Rose break their kiss.

KEN

It was nice to meet you. An-cho-vee.

ANTHONY

Finkster. A pleasure. We'll talk about your career some time...

Anthony grabs Ken's face and squishes his lips together.

ANTHONY

I could sell this mouth in the Barrio.

(He smacks Ken's cheek)

Take care, buddy boy.

Ken wipes his mouth and exits with his guitar and a mimosa.

Anthony waits until the coast is clear, then dances up against Rose. She GIGGLES.

ANTHONY

Tony! Tony!

INT. FINKSTER'S GARAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dark. The garage door opens. Light from outside illuminates the room. Ken turns on the overhead lights.

The room is littered with vinyl records, 'Soup of the Month Club' containers, storage boxes and old lawn chairs. An air mattress is set up on the floor, in the corner.

Ken sits in a lawn chair and sips his mimosa. He picks up a large binder stuffed with papers, and removes a sheet of song lyrics for "She's Perfection".

Ken pulls out a four-track tape recorder, readies his guitar, and presses record.

KEN

This one's for you Rosie...

Ken records a LOVE SONG: "*She's Perfection*" using a few different instruments - keyboard, guitar, etc... **[TRACK 5]**

KEN

*The way that she laughs  
The way that she cries  
Lift me up halfway to heaven  
I'm so happy  
Her eyes trap me  
The way she looks at me  
I think that  
She's perfection...*

The song ends with three KNOCKS on the garage window. Ken opens the door. Rose is outside, drunk as hell.

ROSE

Hey there garage man!

She staggers toward a lawn chair to plop down.

KEN

Hey. Drunk again baby?

ROSE

That's right. And now I'm getting high.

Rose removes a joint from her purse and lights up.

KEN

How was the rest of your night?

ROSE

Tony! Tony! Smoke?

KEN

Uh. No. You want some food? Soup of the Month came in the mail today.

ROSE

Nope. I'm good. I have chips in my bag.

Ken sits next to Rose and clasps her free hand.

KEN

Want to hear the song I wrote for you?

ROSE

Another one? For me? That's like thirty now.

KEN

You're my girl. I write every song for you.

ROSE

Fine. Sure. Let's hear it.

Ken starts the tape player. "She's Perfection" begins. After two lines, Rose pukes all over the floor.

KEN

Baby! Are you ok?

ROSE

I'm sick...

KEN

You drank way too much...

ROSE

No! I'm sick of that mush! What's with all of these sappy love songs?

Ken is taken aback. Rose hocks an aftermath loogie.

KEN

You just threw up because of my music?

ROSE

And the spins, but enough is enough Ken. Look at your life. You're twenty-nine. You perform at The Pub in a Thursday night showcase for next to nothing. You write me a love song every few days. You're addicted to soup. You live in your parent's garage!

KEN

I need my own space!

ROSE

Then get a real job and move out! You're stuck in a childhood fantasy, playing the role of a starving artist!

KEN

You told me you admire the sacrifices I make for music! You said you were my biggest fan!

ROSE

Listen, you're a talented guy, but you're not going anywhere. You're waiting for someone to find you, instead of heading out and making it on your own. I can't be with a passive man. That's why I'm leaving you for Anthony.

KEN

AUNT ANNIE? You really want a man who chews on glow sticks? That's dangerous!

ROSE

He's very determined and has clients in major cities. He's doing things with his life and he's my new man. Goodbye Ken Finkster. We're through.

Rose opens the garage door and exits. Ken is left alone, shattered. He takes a seat in an old lawn chair and picks up his guitar. He stares at Rose's puke on the floor. Silent fury builds in him until he explodes in the opening lines of an ANGRY SONG: "*Nobody's Perfect*"... **[TRACK 6]**

KEN

*She was perfection  
Now she's just an infection  
Rotting my brain  
She lost affection  
So I gained an obsession  
To make me completely insane  
Listen to me, yeah listen to me  
Perfection ain't nothing  
But a sick old daydream  
Listen to me, yeah listen to me  
Perfection was invented  
By movies and T.V.*

INT. THE TULSA TOWN PUB - NIGHT

Ken continues the song "Nobody's Perfect", performing it furiously for his regular pub audience. The audience is a put off, scared by Ken's new sinister attitude.

KEN

*I heard that women  
Were inherently evil  
But I didn't believe  
And then she turned on me  
I'm telling you people  
Now I completely see  
Listen to me, yeah listen to me  
Perfection ain't nothing  
But a sick old daydream  
Listen to me, yeah listen to me  
Perfection was invented  
By movies and T.V.*

Everyone is silent and still at the end of his performance. Ken walks off stage and exits the pub, bawling..

EXT. THE TULSA TOWN PARK - DAY (*PRESENT*)

Ray and Mr. Green sit at a picnic table, plowing through two piles of messy ribs.

MR. GREEN

Oh man. Poor guy.

RAY

Sure. Poor guy, break ups are rough, but Ken overreacted. He stayed in bed for two weeks, hyphenating..

MR. GREEN

You mean hibernating?

RAY

My wife was soft on him while he was growing up. I should have belted him more often...

LAURA

Belted him more often? Oh really?

Ray winces at the sound of Laura's voice. Kelly sits down with her father. Laura stands behind Ray.

LAURA

What's my husband telling you Mr. Green? He thinks I wasn't hard enough on our boy? Is he saying it was my fault Ken hyphenated like a bear when the heart-break whore left him flat? Well, one thing Ray always forgets to add to this little story is that without me, Ken would have been allowed to stay in bed for another two weeks. Ray would have just kept on brewing coffee..

INT. FINKSTER KITCHEN - MORNING (*PAST*)

A coffee pot brews next to a FRAMED PICTURE: Ken's school photo from third grade.

Ray stares at the photo -- not too happy. He pours himself a cup of coffee and approaches the back window. He watches the garage, sipping from a mug. Laura joins Ray by the window, sipping coffee as well.

LAURA

Is your son still out there sleeping?

RAY

He's your son too, Laura.



LAURA

But you're his father. You should tell him to go out, get a job, and become a man. He's been loafing around for two weeks and you've done nothing but suck from that mug. What are you? Dickless?

RAY

Sometimes Laura, you convince me I am.

Begin MUSICAL NUMBER: "Go to Work!"... [TRACK 7]

INT. FINKSTER'S GARAGE APARTMENT - DAY

The garage door opens. Soup of the Month cans litter the room. Ken is asleep on his air mattress, clutching a framed picture of Rose. Ray grabs his son, wakes him, and sings...

RAY

*Go to work you lazy dickface  
Go to work you lazy dickface  
Shit and shave, take a shower  
Brush your teeth then find a job!  
Go to work you lazy dickface  
Go to work you lazy dickface  
You've been lounging around  
For too long in my house!*

KEN

*But dad Rose left me  
And I just want to sleep.*

RAY

*Be a man! Get out of bed!  
Tow the line!  
And do the right thing!  
Shape up or ship out!*

KEN

*But dad she meant the  
Whole darn world to me.*

RAY

*This is criminal! It's an old simple fact  
You can't let some pair of legs get you  
like that!*

RAY (CONT'D)

*Go to work you lazy dickface  
Go to work you lazy dickface  
Shit and shave, take a shower  
Brush your teeth then find a job!  
Go to work you lazy dickface  
Go to work you lazy dickface  
You've been lounging around  
For too long in the garage!*

INT. FINKSTER BATHROOM - DAY

Ken showers.

KEN

*Woe, woe is me  
Everybody's right  
I'm worthless and lazy*

Ken exits the shower and dries off.

KEN

*I'll never be what I want to be...*

Ray kicks open the door, startling Ken.

RAY

*Are you brushing your teeth?*

Laura pops into the room and sings...

LAURA

*I cook, clean, and food shop  
And you both don't do squat  
I'm getting so sick of you two!  
You're a lazy cocksucker  
Both you and your father  
Do sicken me worse than the flu!*

RAY

(To Laura)

FUCK YOU!

Ray throws a bundle of clothes at Ken.

INT. FINKSTER STAIRCASE - DAY

Ken escapes down the staircase, fully dressed. Ray and Laura follow...

RAY & LAURA

*Go to work you lazy dickface!*  
*Go to work you lazy dickface*  
*Be a man, tow the line*  
*Shape up or ship out!*

INT. FINKSTER LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ray and Laura force Ken to the front door.

RAY & LAURA

*Go to work you lazy dickface*  
*Go to work you lazy dickface*  
*You've been lounging around*  
*For too long in the house!*

RAY

GET OUT!

Ken is thrown outside. The front door slams shut. End MUSICAL NUMBER.

EXT. FINKSTER HOUSE - DAY

Ken walks away, dejected. Laura peeks out of the house, fist in the air.

LAURA

And don't come back until you find  
 a work ETHNIC!

The door slams shut again.

KEN

Do you mean ethic? Oh man.

EXT. THE STREETS - DAY

Ken wanders the streets, aimlessly.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Ken comes across a company of LANDSCAPERS - *The Green Machine*. They manicure a lawn. One Mexican worker, with a leaf blower, pauses to let Ken pass on the sidewalk.

WORKER

Buenos dias. Go ahead amigo.

KEN

Thanks a lot.

Ken starts to walk, but stops in front of the worker.

KEN

Sir, where did you get your work ethnic?

WORKER

Wha? Ethnic!

KEN

I mean ethic! Excuse me...

WORKER

Excuse me, chulo! Tienes un piqueno pinga en tu pantalones!

An older fellow, MR. MANN, approaches with a weed-wacker.

MR. MANN

What's the problem here?

WORKER

He's calling me ethnic, man!

KEN

I'm sorry. My mother said...

WORKER

Tu madre es una puta! Cuanto cuesta?

KEN

What I meant to ask, and I apologize again, what inspires you all to work?

MR. MANN

Paychecks.

KEN

Do you take pride in your job?

MR. MANN

Guy, are you looking for work?

KEN

Sort of. Not really. I couldn't mow lawns, I don't know how. I want to be a songwriter.

MR. MANN

A songwriter? Hmmmmm. Do you know what a jingle is, by chance?

KEN

Oh, sure. Nabisco! Ding!

MR. MANN

Right! Well, suppose you wrote one for my company, and it was good, I'd surely buy it.

KEN

Really?

Mr. Mann produces a business card from his pocket.

MR. MANN

Here's my card. I'm Leslie Mann, owner and founder of "The Green Machine" lawnmower guys. I've been looking to expand into radio advertising, but I need a killer jingle. My outfit can't carry a tune.

Nearby, Green Machine WORKER #2 clips hedges and SINGS, out of tune: La! La! La! La!

Ken and Mr. Mann shake hands.

KEN

Give me one day, Mr. Mann, and you'll have yourself a jingle!

INT. GREEN MACHINE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Mr. Mann sits at his desk, doodling sunflowers. Ken KNOCKS on the door and enters wielding a guitar.

MR. MANN

Hey Ken. So, it's been a day. What you got? Hit me...

Ken sings the opening lines of "*The Green Machine Jingle*"...

KEN

*If your lawn is looking shabby  
And you need it cut  
Call the Green Machine  
And we'll get it done!*

MR. MANN

I love it! It's going on the radio!

INT. FINKSTER LIVING ROOM - DAY

"*The Green Machine Jingle*"... **[TRACK 8]**, expanded and spiced up with SYNTH-PIANO and DRUM MACHINES, blasts from a radio. Ken listens to the commercial with his parents. They all shimmy and twist to the music, enthusiastic...

KEN

What do you think? It's playing in five counties. Their sales increased twelve percent in two days.

RAY

We're proud, my boy. Come here.

Ray and Laura grab Ken for a group hug.

LAURA

It's work, but you still need an ethnic.

KEN

You mean ethnic ma. That caused me some trouble before...

LAURA

Right. I see. So, now how do you plan to parfait this jingle job into a career?

KEN

Parfait? You want some desert?

LAURA

Good lord.

RAY

Parfait! How are you going to use this success to further your career?

KEN

Oh, parlay! Well... I didn't think about that just yet.

RAY

You didn't think you were going back to sleep in the garage, did you?

LAURA

Did you?

Ken gets flustered... The doorbell RINGS. Laura answers. Anthony Scaraglino is on the front porch, dressed to the nines, holding a contract.

ANTHONY

Mrs. Finkster! You are one gorgeous mamma!

KEN

What are you doing here?

ANTHONY

You convinced me Finkster. Fine. I'll be your talent agent. Sign here.

Ken notices, behind Anthony, Rose is sitting out in a fancy car on the street.

LAURA

Who is this mongo-aloid?

KEN

The guy Rose chose over me.

ANTHONY

Mongo-aloïd. That was my mother's maiden name. I listened to your jingle Finkster. We could do major business together in LA! Just sign here on the dotted line.

EXT. FINKSTER HOUSE - DAY

Ray exits the house and towers over Anthony.

RAY

Get the hell off my property before I morph into a shepherd and rape you like a goat.

Ray smacks Anthony's face. Anthony falls off the porch.

ANTHONY

Woah! Take it easy there pops.

Rose exits the car and approaches the house.

ROSE

Hey! No need for violence! This is business, not personal! Whatever happened between me and Ken is a whole different matter...

KEN

Different matter? This is your new boyfriend. The guy you ditched me for!

ROSE

Ditched? Ohhhh! I get it...

Begin MUSICAL NUMBER: "Ditched"... [TRACK 9]

ROSE

*You don't like to be ditched  
Well neither do I  
Remember back to last July  
You left me at the movies all night  
Then the very next week  
You did it again  
Friday night, July the tenth  
I waited with a menu in hand*



ROSE (CONT'D)

*My heart was broken in two  
But I didn't say  
And it wouldn't have mattered anyway  
You'd plea to me with some serenade  
But when I think of the guys I've  
Been with before  
I know I'm much better off  
With you and no one new  
Except for maybe Mark and Brian  
Chris and Jay and, oh yeah, Ryan...*

ANTHONY

Hey! What about me? Ann-knee?

KEN

*I don't like to be ditched  
And neither do you  
Speak was all you had to do  
I would have done my best to improve*

ROSE

*It's too late for all that  
I'm moving away  
Going west with Ah-en-knee  
We're starting over fresh in L.A.  
But when I think of the guys I've  
Been with before  
I know I'm much better off  
With you and no one new  
Except for maybe Al and Andy  
Franco, Mike, and dirty Randy*

ANTHONY

Again! You forget me! Ann-knee!

Laura rushes outside and punches Rose in the face. Rose drops to the ground. Laura pounces and sings, "That's My Son"... **[TRACK 10]**

LAURA

*That's my son and you're a slut  
You broke his heart, so now you get  
A knuckle punch!  
That's my son! That's my son!  
I'm getting a knife  
So you better run!*

Laura storms inside the house. Ken follows.

KEN

*No ma! Not the knife!  
This isn't worth the prison time!*

Anthony helps Rose to her feet. Ray pokes his finger at Anthony's chest. Anthony drops Rose and backs away...

RAY

*That's my son! How dare you come!  
I see through your suit  
And you're a bum!  
That's my son! That's my son!  
You better leave  
Before I become  
A farmer and you become a goat  
And go BAAAAA! BAAAAA! BAAAAA!*

Laura exits the house with a knife, SCREAMING. Ken struggles to hold her back, gaining control of the knife.

RAY & LAURA

ARRRRRRR! THAT'S MY SON!

End MUSICAL NUMBER.

Anthony retreats into his fancy car. Rose stands up, dazed. She stumbles over to Anthony's car and falls in.

ROSE

*Eat shit Finksters! The two of us are  
moving to LA and starting new lives!*

RAY

*Good riddance to bad hummus!*

Anthony's car peels away.

Ray and Laura dust themselves off, regaining composure. Ken watches Anthony and Rose flee in their car...

KEN

*You know what? I think I just realized  
how I'm going to parlay my success.  
I'm using my jingle money to move out.*

RAY

Finally...

LAURA

Where? Across Tulsa?

KEN

Nope. I'm moving to a place where I can hunt down big commercial companies and show Rose what I'm truly made of. I'm going to LA to become a professional Jingle Man!

EXT. THE TULSA TOWN PARK - DAY (*PRESENT*)

A tug of war game is in progress. Ray and Mr. Green are anchors on one side. Laura and Kelly are on the opposing team. They all struggle to pull.

RAY

At first we didn't believe he would go. We took it with a grain of salt. Less than a day later, he found a roommate named Cody over the online. Laura and I realized it was serious and started to help Ken pack and plan for his trip out west.

MR. GREEN

Must have been difficult, helping your only child move so far away.

RAY

Well, I was glad Ken finally made a step toward his dream, but I was also afraid he'd be eaten alive by the villains of the world. Evil comes in all shapes and sizes...

Suddenly, Ray and Mr. Green fall forward with their team, dropping the rope. Laura and Kelly celebrate victory on the other side.

RAY

Anyway, Ken was happy as pie.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY (*PAST*)

Ken, giddy with excitement, watches a train pull into the station. Ray and Laura cry their eyes out, hugging their son.

LAURA

My boy!

Ray hands Ken a piece of folded up paper.

RAY

Once you pull into town, give your cousin Ben a call. He'll be expecting you. You need to stay close to family...

KEN

Okay dad. Will do. I love you guys.

RAY & LAURA

We love you too.

Ken gathers his luggage and boards the train. The doors shut behind him. The train starts up. Ray and Laura watch it go...

The opening notes of the TRAVEL SONG "Choo Choo" mimic the train's progress as it pulls out of the station and builds speed.. **[TRACK 11]**

INT/EXT. CHOO CHOO MONTAGE - DAY/NIGHT

An animated train travels along a hand drawn map of the United States. Ken stays glued to the train's window, in awe of the sights. Famous landmarks are superimposed over his happy face...

KEN

*Choo Choo!*  
*I'm seeing all the sights*  
*And I'm feeling all right*  
*'cause it's really exciting!*  
*Hot damn!*  
*I'm a big fan*  
*Of American land*  
*It's lush, green and grand*

KEN (CONT'D)

*Hot dog!  
I thought I saw it all  
But I guess I was wrong  
Since I never saw fake tits  
Oh Wow!  
Mom and dad are proud  
That I moved on out  
Of the filthy old garage  
Choo Choo! Across the USA!  
Woah now we're pulling into L.A.*

End TRAVEL SONG on a map of Los Angeles. Ken's animated train pulls into the Downtown area.

The mood changes suddenly - MUSICAL NOTES of FOREBODING DOOM ring out. PAN across the map to Beverly Hills. ZOOM IN on WILSHIRE BLVD...

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A limo parks in front of a multi-story office building. The back door opens; Anthony and Rose are the passengers.

ROSE

Come on babe. I want to go sightseeing.  
Take me to mingle with the movie stars.

ANTHONY

I will. I will. First, let me check in  
with The Agency. Drink that bottle of  
red while you wait. I like it when you  
get all boozed up and sloppy.

ROSE

Hell yeah you do!

Rose goes for a bottle of red wine. Anthony enters the office building, carrying a brief case.

INT. THE AGENCY HALLWAY - DAY

Anthony stands in front of a thick oak door, marked simply:  
'The Agency'.

An odd-shaped golden emblem decorates the adjacent wall. A peephole on the door slides open. Anthony unbuttons his shirt to reveal a tattoo: *The Agency's emblem on his chest.*

THE AGENCY'S VOICE

Whom do you serve?

ANTHONY

The Agency.

THE AGENCY'S VOICE

What is our goal?

ANTHONY

Financial gain through exploitation of the arts.

The Agency's oak door CREAKS open. Anthony enters.

INT. THE AGENCY - DAY

A harsh spotlight illuminates Anthony's face. He squints. The rest of The Agency stays shrouded in shadow.

THE AGENCY'S VOICE (OS)

What offerings have you acquired from your travels?

Anthony presents signed contracts from his briefcase.

ANTHONY

Actors, comedians, a blind acrobat, a couple of well-trained shaggy dogs. The works.

THE AGENCY'S VOICE (OS)

And? What of music?

ANTHONY

Well, I got a little sidetracked in a town named Tulsa. I met this amazing girl though. Real talented. I'll have her signed ASAP.

A flash of RED LIGHTNING brings Anthony to his knees.

THE AGENCY'S VOICE (OS)

This will not stand! You are short of your requirements!

ANTHONY

Please! Spare me! I ain't never been short before! Never again! I was beaten, shamed by a family from Tulsa! The Finksters! I'm here to beg you! Give me time to plot my revenge on them! I'll pay you back a hundredfold!

Anthony SOBS uncontrollably. After a long pause...

THE AGENCY'S VOICE (OS)

Your time is granted. But now, and until further noted, you will be shadowed by The Agency's finest entity...

Anthony looks up in fear. A dark figure (THE THOUGHT KEEPER) emerges from the shadows and stands before him. Anthony quakes in his boots.

ANTHONY

You do exist...

The figure inches closer, darkness fills the screen...

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Ken wanders the streets, lost, reading directions from a notepad. Many stereotypes roam the streets along with him: THUGS, JUNKIES, HUSTLERS, HIPSTERS, SEXY WOMEN, and HIP HOP KIDS.

Ken approaches an African American HIP HOP KID.

KEN

Hey man, can you help me please?

HIP HOP KID

Only if you listen to my demo. It's bangin'...

Before Ken has a chance to decide, the Hip Hop Kid places large headphones over Ken's ears to listen. The RAP SONG "Mothafuckin' Joke" is already in progress... **[TRACK 12]**

HIP HOP KID

(On headphones)

*When I rhyme smooth I'm always on point  
All you mothafuckas know a dime ain't a coin  
In this game of rap I'm the kid who's phenomenal  
Other MCs are tiny pubic hair follicles  
I set the trends and the biters all follow 'em  
Usin' my style like a piece of chewed bubblegum  
Mooch off my flow, you think your shit's dope  
But your busted tricks even know  
You's a mothafuckin' joke... mothafucka!*

KEN

(Removes headphones)

Good stuff. Where might I find the  
Cow-hanger Blvd.?

HIP HOP KID

Cow-hanger? That's Cahuenga, fool. You're  
on it. Wanna buy my demo? Five bucks.

KEN

Is that how you say it? Cahuenga?  
My dad wrote it down like moo-cow  
with a noose involved. Imagine that!

HIP HOP KID

Yeah, imagine that. A white man  
thinking noose. HA! I'm just playin.  
You wanna buy my demo?

KEN

I'm kind of tight on budget.

HIP HOP KID

I see how it is. Cheap and on a mission.

KEN

Do you also know a street named..

HIP HOP KID

Oh, you're gonna deny my music and  
then ask for more info? That's bold  
kid. No. I'm playin. Go ahead.



KEN

Do you know a street, west of here,  
named La see a niiiig...

(Pauses)

Not gonna say it how it's written.

HIP HOP KID

How is it written there, sheep dip?

Ken LAUGHS nervously and takes out his wallet.

KEN

Let me get one of them demos.

EXT. HOLYWOOD - DAY

Ken tosses the demo, and his notepad, into a garbage pail.  
He looks up from the pail - a sign on the front of a nearby  
building reads: SOUP OF THE MONTH HEADQUARTES...

KEN

Well smack my mouth with a spoon!  
The soup of the month headquarters!

EXT. SOUP OF THE MONTH BUILDING - DAY

Ken approaches the building to get a better look inside. He  
stands blocking the front entrance, admiring the lobby..

KEN

Nice lobby..

MARY (OS)

Excuse me...

Ken turns around to see a young and beautiful woman  
standing before him, MARY HURLEY.

MARY

Hi. Mind if I squeeze through and  
enter that 'nice lobby' you're admiring?  
I'm just about late for work.

Ken, flustered, steps away from the entrance.

KEN

Of course. I apologize.

MARY

No worries. Have a good day.

Mary enters the building. Ken admires her from behind.

KEN

Such beautiful women work here too?  
Must be heaven.

Mary turns a corner. Ken continues on his way.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Ken enters West Hollywood, passing a colorful sign.

KEN

Welcome to West Hollywood! All right!

Ken inhales a deep breath of fresh air. A large FLAMBOYANT MALE saunters by, shirtless, clad in tiny cut-off denim shorts and high combat boots.

FLAMBOYANT MALE

Afternoon sexy!

The Flamboyant Male smacks Ken's butt.

KEN

(Shocked)

Hi...

Ken observes his surroundings. It's Boy's Town, the gayest place on earth. "*Super Bad Techno*" echoes through the streets. Homosexuals dance to the beat. Ken makes his way through, politely declining propositions... **[TRACK 13]**

EXT. VILLA DE LONGPRE APARTMENTS - DAY

Ken stops in front of an apartment complex...

KEN

This is it! My new home!

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Ken approaches apartment #203 and KNOCKS. The door squeaks open.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Inside, the lighting is dim.

KEN

Hello Cody? Cody Matherson?

Rousing LAUGHTER echoes from the far bedroom. Ken looks around - minimalist décor, basically just couches and a T.V. The kitchen area is lined with numerous empty bottles of *G.W. CHERRY BOMBS*, a Zima-like alcoholic drink.

Ken picks up a bottle and looks at the label: *An illustrated George Washington holds a G.W. Cherry Bomb in one hand, and an ax in the other. A fallen, chopped down cherry tree lies behind him. George has a smirk on his face. The product title is displayed in bold red letters... G.W. CHERRY BOMB!*

More LAUGHTER erupts from the far bedroom. Ken walks toward the opened bedroom door. Just before he enters, Cody exits. They startle each other to SCREAM.

CODY

Put some sprinkles on my soft serve,  
you scared the heck out of me! Ken  
Finkster?

KEN

Yup. I apologize. I called your name.  
You were laughing out loud.

CODY

Well I'm drunk and I was watching  
Golden Girls season one, DVD.  
Hilarious. You want a drink?

KEN

Sure. What are these? Cherry bombs?

CODY

They're my favorite. Right after Zima.  
I only drink the hard stuff.

Cody opens the fridge and hands Ken a Cherry Bomb. They click bottles together and drink.

CODY

Good to have you here. Come see your room.

Cody walks into the bedroom across the way. Ken follows. He notices a strange RELIGIOUS ARTIFACT, hanging above the bedroom doorjamb, engraved with a warning: *'Beware the Thought Keeper'...*

INT. KEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ken enters. The bedroom is fully furnished. Personal items are strewn all about. Pencil sketches of dead celebrities decorate the walls. For example: *John Wayne, Marilyn Monroe, Lucille Ball, Groucho Marx*, etc.

KEVIN, a brown hamster, is caged near the bed. It stops drinking from a water bottle and stares at Ken.

KEN

Cody? What's all this stuff?

CODY

Your furniture.

KEN

But there are sketches, and CDs, books...

Ken picks up a book from the desk: "Hollywood" by Charles Bukowski. The hamster starts running on its exercise wheel...

KEN

And a hamster. A living breathing hamster...

CODY

That's Kevin.

KEN

Does someone still live here?

CODY

No way. Don't worry. Lenny's checked into the mental hospital indefinitely. He won't be back. Besides, he wanted to leave all this stuff behind for the spirits of dead celebrities. He believed ghosts, such as John Wayne and Marilyn Monroe, still wander this section of Hollywood. He was an artist. He drew them.

(Pondering it)

There is a lot of psychic energy in the room.

Cody startles Ken with a sudden: BOO! Ken LAUGHS it off.

KEN

Well I'm a little uncomfortable with the situation, but I guess I'll make do. It's just good to be here.

CODY

Welcome to LA!

Ken and Cody toast and drink.

KEN

Mind if I call my cousin and ask him over for a drink?

CODY

Not at all. See if he'll pick up some more alcohol. We're running low.

KEN

Yeah. And maybe he can bring over some soup too. I'm starving.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ken opens the front door. BEN FINKSTER is there, holding a grocery bag, charcoal and a barbecue grill.

BEN

Cousin Kenny?

KEN

Cousin Benny!

They embrace. Ben pulls away and sizes Ken up.

BEN

Man. The last time I saw you, you were yay big, biting off the heads off G.I. Joe toys.

KEN

I've grown up a little bit since then. Now I only bite the heads off He Man dolls.

KEN

What do you have here?

BEN

I brought some steaks. Didn't know if you had a grill. Nice place. Saw ya'll got a pool in the complex?

CODY

Yeah, come over and swim sometime. I'm there all afternoon. Sunbathing. Cody Matherson.

BEN

Ben Finkster.

Ben spots the line up of Cherry Bomb bottles on the kitchen counter. He looks around, hopeful.

BEN

You guys have girls over here?

CODY

Hell no.

KEN

Not yet. Just got into town.

Ben shakes his head in disapproval, approaches the counter and pushes the empty Cherry Bomb bottles onto the floor.

BEN

It's time to man up, boys. I'm grilling on the balcony. You two drink this...

Ben leaves a bottle of whiskey on the counter. He heads to the balcony with steaks and the grill. Cody picks up the whiskey bottle and squints to read its label...

CODY

Drink this? Whiskers?

CUT TO

The empty whiskey bottle is face down on the coffee table, next to dirty plates and half eaten steaks. The T.V. is on. Infomercials. Low volume.

Ken and Ben are loafing on a sofa, chewing toothpicks and sipping whiskey from glasses. Cody sits alone on a love seat across the way, shit-faced.

BEN

LA is a really strange place, man. My advice to you is to stay on guard. For an area with such a warm climate, the people can act strangely cold.

Cody MUMBLES some nonsense about polar bears.

Ben produces a joint and lights up. He passes to Ken, who takes a drag and coughs like a maniac. Ben takes the joint and holds it in front of Cody's mouth.

Cody MUMBLES something about whiskers...

BEN

Just suck.

CODY

I thought you'd never ask.

Ben puts the joint up to Cody's lips. Cody takes a sensual hit. Suddenly, Cody sits up in the love seat and points to the T.V.

CODY

Cherry bomb! Cherry bomb commercial!

Ken raises the volume with a remote...

CUT TO

*Television:*

The newest commercial for G.W. Cherry Bomb; the "Cherry Bomb Jingle" plays in the background...**[TRACK 14]**

Multiple MEN and WOMEN (shot-framed from the chest down to the stomach) put bottles of G.W. Cherry Bombs up to their bellybuttons, like mouths. They move their stomachs all about and liquid spurts everywhere.

At the commercial's end, The G.W. Cherry Bomb logo appears..

ANNOUNCER (VO)

G.W. Cherry Bomb. Trust Your Gut Feeling.

CUT BACK TO

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CODY

(Claps)

That's my favorite commercial!

BEN

It was all right. Nice gimmick.

KEN

The music was sub par.

BEN

Well then you need to buy a car.

KEN

For what?

BEN

To shop yourself around town. If you think you can do better then you need to get out there and share your thoughts with the right kind of people. The shit-bird fiesta will be your mode of transportation.

KEN

What's the heck is a shit-bird fiesta?



INT. SHIT-BIRD PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Ben and Ken stand in front of an old banged up green minivan. The hood is speckled with dots of white paint.

KEN

Is that bird poo on the hood?

BEN

Nope, that's white lead-based paint. Some drunk threw a bucket from a hotel roof five years ago. It splashed all over the hood. Everybody thinks it's bird shit. Hence the nickname: shit-bird fiesta.

KEN

Who's van is it?

BEN

Mine. I just got a new car last week, but this baby shit-bird has three months left on the registration. So, I'll give her to you for one thousand.

KEN

Dollars?

BEN

Yeah man. Dollars. I could easily sell this thing at fifteen hundred for parts. Not to mention, nine or ten people can clam bake in there.

KEN

I'll be tight on cash flow, but I'm using this shit-bird to find a paying job, right? If things go slow, Cody will agree to front the rent. We'll just get him drunk.

BEN

Now you're talking!

KEN

It's a deal! Time to go to work!

Begin MUSICAL NUMBER: "Work"... [TRACK 15]

INT. SHIT-BIRD FIESTA - DAY

Ken drives, determined in the shit-bird fiesta...

INT. TOY COMPANY RECEPTION AREA - DAY

A RECEPTIONIST sits behind a desk, typing. Ken pops out from behind a potted plant. The Receptionist recoils.

KEN

*Hey there company gal  
Have I got the song for you  
It can go on the radio  
And sell toy products good*

A SECURITY GUARD enters and grabs Ken by the collar.

KEN

*Hey there security man  
There's no need to throw me out  
Once your bosses hear my jingle  
A smile will hit their mouths*

EXT. TOY COMPANY PARKING LOT - DAY

The Security Guard deposits Ken in the parking lot.

KEN

*That's all right  
Your toys are crap  
And no one will by 'em  
Onto the next  
Waiting in my future is  
A huge success*

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ken stands in front of a RESTAURANT MAN.

KEN

*Hey there restaurant man  
Would you like to hear a song?  
It could be about pizza burgers  
And tacos ten feet long*

## RESTAURANT MAN

No!

## EXT. LEMONADE STAND - DAY

Ken stands in front of a KID at a lemonade stand.

KEN

*Hey there lemonade kid  
Would you like to advertise?  
I guarantee your business triples  
If you have me hired*

KID

No!

KEN

*That's all right!  
I'll go to the next place  
And fight the fight!  
I'll wow the boss  
And he'll buy all my jingle songs*

## INT. SQUEEGEE COMPANY OFFICE - DAY

THE BOSS sits at his desk. Ken sits across from him.

KEN

*So what do you say?  
Think you could write me a check today?  
That would be so great  
Today's date is...*

THE BOSS

*No! No! No!  
I think it's time you go  
So get out of my office  
With your silly little offers!  
I'm the boss  
And I don't need any songs  
'cause all we make are squeegees  
And the radio can't sell these  
You better leave!  
I said leave!*

EXT. SQUEEGEE COMPANY PARKING LOT - DAY

Ken kicks the shit-bird's side panel in anger. Across the parking lot, hiding behind a dumpster; Anthony watches Ken flip out. Anthony's attention is drawn away from Ken to an old black hearse, with tinted windows, idling nearby. RED EYES pierce through the hearse's tinted glass, watching..

EXT. APARTMENT POOL - DAY

Cody and Ben are in the pool enjoying an afternoon swim. Ben takes a swig from a bottle of G.W. Cherry Bomb.

BEN

I'm sorry I ever doubted you Cody. This is a delightful summer afternoon drink.

CODY

Wow. I thought you were going to act all macho and say you hated it. You're a new man. Before you know it, I'll have you converted.

BEN

What? To Judaism?

CODY

Nope. Try again.

BEN

Oh. To Gay-day-ism?

CODY

Ah, one can dream..

BEN

Are you a gambling man?

CODY

I've played the ponies.

BEN

Well, the odds against your dream coming true are fifty thousand to one. We'd have an easier time turning you on to boobies.

CODY

Never say never. I'm always open to new things with the right kind of pundit.

Ken enters the pool area carrying his guitar. He grabs a Cherry Bomb from a mini-cooler and pounds it down.

Anthony sneaks in behind Ken, undetected. He hides behind a bush and listens...

CODY

Any luck?

KEN

Garbage! What's it look like? Two weeks and nothing!

CODY

That could have been a celebratory pound down. Right? Don't forget, rent is due. Does this mean I'm fronting your half?

KEN

You agreed to.

CODY

At the time I was drinking. Now I'm thinking. Maybe you should take that shit-bird of yours and spread its wings a little wider. There are other jobs out there besides jingle man, you know.

KEN

I know.

BEN

Easy Cody.

CODY

Sorry to be the soar ankles at a work out, but I don't want live with another Lenny. I'd front his rent and he'd duck me, month to month, promising to get a job. Then he'd draw sketches of dead celebrities and talk to his hamster all night. I'm finished with the roommate shakedown.

KEN

No one wants my music. I'm a failure.

CODY

Just don't rule out a job as a food delivery driver. That's all I'm saying.

BEN

You need to network, Ken. Meet people in the same boat as you.

KEN

How do you suggest I do that? I'm all tapped for ideas.

BEN

You go to an open mic night, for example. Get out there and perform.

KEN

An open mic night. Live performance to crank up my juices. Not a bad idea.

CODY

I know where there's a good one...

INT. THE LAUNDRY ROOM OPEN MIC - NIGHT

Ken, Ben and Cody enter a laundry mat.. A microphone is set up in the corner. A FEMALE COMEDIAN spouts off bad jokes and is rattled by their entrance.

FEMALE COMEDIAN

Thanks for walking in during my set.  
Why don't you start a few more loads of wash so no one can hear the punch lines.

AUDIENCE MEMBERS, mostly women, do their laundry. They barely pay attention to the Female Comedian. A line of MUSICIANS and COMEDIANS sits off to the side, waiting their turn, practicing routines to themselves.

The comedian continues her bad jokes at the microphone.

KEN

Cody, this is a laundry mat.

CODY

And an open mic. That's why I brought  
my dirty clothes and a book of poetry.  
I may want to recite Cummings.

KEN

I thought Laundry Room was the  
name of a bar. I didn't think it  
would be a literal laundry room.

BEN

Don't worry. You'll do fine. Knock  
'em dead. Make some friends.

CODY

I promise not to start my spin cycle  
while you're on.

Cody and Ben find an open washing machine and settle in for  
the show.

Ken takes a seat at the end of the talent line. To his  
left, EDGAR, surrounded by a number of different musical  
instruments, extends his hand for a shake.

EDGAR

Hi, I'm Edgar. I'm a musician. No  
offence, but I'm saving a place for  
my band mate. We're a duo.

KEN

That's fine. No problem.

EDGAR

Where are you from?

KEN

Tulsa.

EDGAR

Wow! So is my friend. The one I'm  
saving a space for!

KEN

Really? What's the name?

EDGAR

Sigmund Ello.

Ken's eyes widen. He recognizes the name.

EDGAR

There he is now, with our new talent agent...

Sigmund enters. Anthony and Rose are by his side.

SIGMUND

Finkster...

KEN

What are you all doing here?

SIGMUND

I believe this is my space.

Ken stands up. He can't take his eyes off Rose's chest; she's had a major boob job.

KEN

Rose! You've... grown...

Rose looks away, speechless, embarrassed.

ANTHONY

(To Sigmund and Edgar)

Kick some ass boys. There ain't much in the way of competition around here.

(To Rose)

Let's get a machine, babe.

Anthony leads Rose away. Ken watches them go and sits down in shock.

SIGMUND

Hey Finkster, I don't mean to pry, but isn't that your ex-girlfriend sporting some newly deployed airbags? Man, that must hurt! Does it hurt?

KEN

More than anything I've ever felt...



SIGMUNG

Oh, poor you.

KEN

What's with the hostility?

SIGMUND

You really have no idea? After all those heckle-filled nights at the Pub?

KEN

Hey, I didn't start that English hello stuff! Some drunk chick did!

SIGMUND

But you never did anything to stop it!  
You could have thrown me a crumb and endorsed my set to the audience.

KEN

Well, the truth is, I don't think I ever heard your music.

SIGMUND

That's because you never cared to listen.  
But tonight you will hear me! Thunderous!

CUT TO

Sigmund and Edgar are at the microphone. Sigmund ROARS and rips off his glasses and shirt. Underneath his nerdy exterior is a muscular physique, clad in an all black.

The female audience members WHISTLE and CHEER...

Sigmund and Edgar perform a SEXY SONG: "*Every Woman's Dream*"... **[TRACK 16]**

SIGMUND

*I'm every woman's dream  
And you can see why just by looking  
I got a pot of love that's slowly cooking  
So let's simmer down*

To the delight of the female audience members (and Cody) Sigmund dances out among the washing machines.

SIGMUND

*I'm every woman's dream  
Ain't no surprise that men folk hate me  
All their wives and daughters want to lay me  
I'm world renown  
Sex is like a pistol  
With your fingers on the trigger  
My mind is full of wisdom  
So I'm gonna give lecture  
Your body's like a tree trunk  
Now all you need is wood chipper!  
I'm every woman's dream  
Ain't no surprise that you want to date me  
Treat me really nice like a furry puppy  
Let's go to the pound!*

Sigmund unleashes a sterling display of dance moves. Rose joins in dancing, leaving Anthony's side. Sigmund twirls her all about. Washing machines begin oozing foam. The room fills with it.

Female audience members (and Cody) join in dancing with Sigmund through the foam. After an intense synchronized dance sequence, the foam subsides.

Sigmund returns to the stage. The audience heads back to the washing machines. The SEXY SONG ends. Ken stands by in shock. The OVATION is uproarious. Sigmund and Edgar bow.

SIGMUND

The next performer has fat thighs.  
His pants don't fit correctly. Please  
welcome Ken "moo-legs" Finkster! Mooooo...

Ken stands up. His pants really don't fit right; his thighs look huge. The audience LAUGHS at him. Ken approaches the microphone, trying to cover his thighs with his guitar.

KEN

Hi. I'm Ken Finkster...

ANTHONY

Don't forget the "moo-legs"!

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Who could forget those? Mooooo...

The audience "moos" at Ken. He attempts to sing, but isn't sure what to play.

BEN

Hey! Let the man perform!

SIGMUND

No! This is the laundry room! If he's all dried up, then he's already been washed up!

EDGAR

YEAH!

The audience continues to "moo" at Ken. Sigmund and Edgar join in. Cody joins in, on stealth mode. Ben slaps him.

Ken sprints out of the laundry room, defeated. Sigmund stands victorious.

EXT. THE LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Ken, upset and disoriented, brushes past an old black hearse parked at a meter in the street.

INT. HEARSE - NIGHT

Inside the hearse, the rear coffin section is shrouded in shadow. A deep INHALATION swells from the darkness...

THE THOUGHT KEEPER

Mmmmmm... Wounded talent...

Through the hearse's windshield: Ken can be seen running away from The Laundry Room... A decrepit hand rises into view, reaching out for him.

Anthony exits The Laundry Room. The decrepit hand points to Anthony.

THE THOUGHT KEEPER

Be gone! He's mine now!

Anthony backs away in fear... Two GLOWING RED EYES pierce the coffin's shadows.

RAY (VO)  
It's time to heat things up!

EXT. THE TULSA TOWN PARK - LATE AFTERNOON (*PRESENT*)

Townsfolk place hundreds of GLOWING RED HOT PLATES under the uncooked apple pie. The hot plates are plugged into extension chords, which are hooked up to power strips, which lead to a recreation center.

LAURA  
Keep plugging 'em in!

Townsfolk plug numerous power strip chords into the recreation center's electrical outlets.

MR. GREEN  
Are you sure this is the safest way to cook the pie?

RAY  
Our fire marshal approved the plan himself. So far so good, huh?

Mr. Green takes his daughter by the hand.

MR. GREEN  
Stay close to me, all right. Don't go anywhere near those chords, okay?

KELLY  
Dad, I'm not dumb. Duh.

RAY  
Where was I?

MR. GREEN  
Post Laundromat, in a hearse.

RAY  
Ah yes. So...

EXT. THE LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT (*PAST*)

Ben and Cody look around. Ken is nowhere to be found.

BEN

Where did he go?

CODY

Lookey yonder.

A blue guitar pick is in the middle of the street.

EXT. HIGHWAY UNDERPASS - NIGHT

Ben and Cody drive by slowly in the shit-bird fiesta.

CODY

Ken! Ken! Where are you? We have  
your guitar pick and your shit-bird!

After they pass, Ken steps out from hiding. He notices a grocery store down the block...

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Ken enters, pushing a shopping cart. He grabs soup cans, bread, orange juice, and six bottles of champagne...

LILY (OS)

Are you a musician?

Ken looks over and sees LILY, an extremely sexy girl, holding a bottle of tequila in the alcohol aisle.

KEN

Yes... No... Well... Sort of...

LILY

Celebrating a success?

KEN

Truthfully, I was just planning on getting sloppy-ass drunk.

LILY

Why don't you come along and get sloppy-ass with me?

Ken is dumbfounded. Lily takes Ken's hand.

KEN

Sounds good.

LILY

I'm Lily. And you are?

KEN

Ken Finkster.

LILY

What do you say Ken Finkster? Head  
someplace a little more secluded?

EXT. SECLUDED SCENIC OVERLOOK - NIGHT

The black hearse pulls into the overlook. The city's tiny lights sparkle down below.

INT. HEARSE - NIGHT

Lilly parks the hearse and surveys the surroundings. Ken sits in the passenger seat, holding a brown bag full of groceries. His guitar is in the back.

KEN

Great place.

LILY

Yes. There is no one around for miles.

KEN

Not that my shit-bird is any better,  
but why do you drive a hearse? Is  
it for your day job or something?

LILY

No. I'm more a creature of the night.  
I prefer darkness. I drive this hearse  
because I'm technically dead.

Lily LAUGHS maniacally. Ken joins in.

KEN

Well now! You could have fooled me.

Lily's voices becomes deep and guttural...

LILY

I did...

Lily's face changes: her flesh turns gray and decrepit. Her eyes glow red. She morphs into her true form - THE THOUGHT KEEPER - and ROARS.

Ken SCREAMS and quickly smashes a bottle of champagne on The Thought Keeper's head. He grabs his guitar and escapes.

Begin CHASE SONG: "*The Thought Keeper*"... [TRACK 17]

EXT. SECLUDED SCENIC OVERLOOK - NIGHT

Ken sprints into the night, checking behind...

The Thought Keeper levitates half a foot off the ground, making chase.

KEN

What the hell are you???

THE THOUGHT KEEPER

*I am The Thought Keeper  
I am an idea vampire  
I read your mind  
Deep down inside you  
Take creative seeds  
And feed!*

The Thought Keeper pounces on Ken. It opens its mouth just above Ken's forehead and proceeds to suck thoughts out of his mind. Each thought appears as a sphere of light...

THE THOUGHT KEEPER

Mmmmm... Is that a repertoire I taste?

Suddenly, Ken head-butts The Thought Keeper. They both roll around on the ground, dazed.

Ken manages to collect his guitar and groceries, then staggers dizzy into the nearby woods.

The Thought Keeper rises and follows.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The Thought Keeper searches the area with its red eyes.  
Ken hides behind a tree, holding his breath.

THE THOUGHT KEEPER

*You cannot escape me now  
I'm famished and need to chow down  
The sweet smell of your brain  
Will soon forsake you  
Cede to your  
Destiny!*

Ken pops out of hiding and cracks The Thought Keeper over the head with his guitar. The Thought Keeper falls. Ken flees.

THE THOUGHT KEEPER

*You've got the will to survive  
I admire that in a guy*

EXT. SECLUDED ROAD - NIGHT

Ken sprints away on the double yellow lines of a secluded road. The Thought Keeper exits the woods and catches up.

THE THOUGHT KEEPER

*So here's what I suggest  
After your thoughts digest  
You come and work for me  
I'll pay a nominal fee  
Keep writing those songs so sweet  
They'll make me a tasty treat  
What do you say?  
Become my personal buffet!*

The Thought Keeper trips Ken. Ken rolls into the brush on the side of the road and looks up..

KEN

NO WAY!

Suddenly, a truck traveling at top speed hits The Thought Keeper, taking it for a ride. The Thought Keeper HOWLS like a banshee as the truck speeds further and further down the road.



Ken collects himself, and his belongings, and jogs away under the full moon...

INT. KEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ken enters, disheveled and battered. He notices the religious artifact hanging above his bedroom door: *'Beware the Thought Keeper'*.

Cody exits his bedroom, groggy with sleep, yawning.

CODY

Where have you been all night? We went looking everywhere.

Ken rips the religious artifact off the wall and holds it up for protection. Cody reacts immediately..

CODY

Oh no! I know what this is! I know exactly what you're trying to do!

Ken backs away into his bedroom.

CODY

You're ducking me! Trying to weasel out of paying rent! Just like Lenny!

Ken shuts and locks the bedroom door in Cody's face.

CODY

Just like Lenny!

INT. KEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The hamster watches Ken enter. Ken drops his guitar and groceries. He takes in the surroundings with an air of disappointment.

KEN

How the hell did my life come to this?

The celebrities, and the hamster, stare at Ken...

KEN

Yeah. You don't know either.

Ken pops a bottle of champagne and pours himself a mimosa in an old coffee cup. He spots Charles Bukowski's "Hollywood" and leafs through it.

KEN

Son of a gun... Any answers in this?

(Reads a passage)

"Fuck off! Pour some more booze!"

Ken contemplates the quote, drops the book, and proceeds to get bombed on mimosas. Eventually, he's drunk and dialing the phone...

The hamster turns away from Ken and begins running on its exercise wheel.

KEN

Rose? Honey? Hi, it's Ken! Looks like you held onto the same old Tulsa area code. Cool. It was good to see you last night. I missed you. Los Angeles is such an unfriendly place. Don't you think? Nothing like home...

(Pauses)

What? Why am I calling? To talk to my best girl of course!

(Pauses)

I know you're not my girlfriend anymore. I said you're my best girl.

(Pauses)

Is that little orphan Annie in the background? What's he saying?

(Pauses)

Oh really? My parents should look out? Well, tell him anytime he feels like a man, he should step on up! He'll get creamed! You know what? Annie can keep you and your marijuana stench! We're through! By the way, your breath smells like poop in the mornings!

Ken slams the phone down and drinks straight from a champagne bottle. The hamster runs faster in its wheel...

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The next evening: Ben and Cody stand in front of Ken's locked bedroom door. Ben tries the knob and KNOCKS.

BEN

Kenny. Open up. Let's talk. This ain't the end of the world. It was your thighs, not the music. He can't still be sleeping! It's six p.m.!

INT. KEN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Ken SNORES: passed out on the floor next to a few champagne bottles. More KNOCKS on the door jar Ken awake. He winces, massages his head, and takes a long pull from a champagne bottle. The hamster stares at him.

KEN

What are you looking at, varmint? You're ugly. You smell. And I think you're stupid! Can't even talk!

The hamster looks away, sad, as if he understood the harsh words. KNOCKING continues at the bedroom door. Ken SCREAMS, his scratchy voice sounds demonic..

KEN

GO AWAY!

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - EVENING

BEN

At least we know he's alive.

CODY

Until I get my paws on him.

BEN

Come on. I'll buy you dinner. Ken will come out by the time we get back.

CODY

Fine, but no healthy stuff. I need some fat ass comfort food.

INT. KEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ken finishes warming up a cup of clam chowder on a hotplate. He guts the middle of a thick loaf of bread and pours the clam chowder in, making a bread bowl. He eats and enjoys.

CUT TO

With the bread bowl devoured, Ken sits on his bed playing a sad version of "Tulsa Mimosa". He notices the hamster's food dish is empty.

Ken spots a bag of hamster nuts on a shelf across the room. Just as he rises to get it: the bag suddenly opens and levitates on its own.

Ken jumps back and clutches the religious artifact. The nut bag hovers over to the cage, upturns, and pours out a hefty serving into the hamster's food dish. The hamster looks up..

KEVIN THE HAMSTER

Thanks Marilyn. The asshole on the bed wasn't going to do anything about it.

Ken looks to the wall: a picture of Marilyn Monroe stares him down. The hovering nut bag jerks. Its contents spill all over Ken.

Ken, panicked and covered in hamster nuts, sprints out of the bedroom.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Just as Ben and Cody enter the apartment, Ken exits his bedroom.

BEN

See. I told you he'd come out. Looks like things got a little nutty in there.

CODY

Ken. Seriously. What the hell is up with you?

KEN

This whole city is haunted!

BEN

All right! That's it! Put the toy down  
and get your loosest pair of pants on.  
It's been all work and no play lately.  
We're going out to get drunk and laid.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Ken, Ben and Cody raise three shots off a bar.

BEN

To alcohol! May it soak up our worries  
like a wet T-shirt contest!

They drink. Ken checks the surroundings. He keeps his hand  
on the religious artifact in his pocket.

BEN

There are a lot of fine whorish ladies  
in here tonight! Who wants one? Ken?

A BUCK TOOTH FEMALE passes and makes eyes at Ken.

KEN

Count me out. I like my love true,  
not filthy like the floor of a deli.

BEN

Cody?

CODY

I'll try out some who-ers, just to  
prove to your ass I can do it.

BEN

You'll do better by keeping my ass  
out of it. Put this on.

Ben produces a fur coat from under the bar.

CODY

What's that?

BEN

It's fur.

CODY

Fur?

BEN

Fur. The only thing loose women respect in this town is money, so pretend like you have some.

CODY

Okay, but if this is chinchilla, I'm going to rash.

Cody dons the fur coat.

BEN

Now, you have to go around and talk to these women, but you have to say exactly what I tell you to. Understand?

Cody nods affirmative.

BEN

Then listen: De Doo Da Doo De Dae Da  
Da Da Da Dow.

CODY

What the heck language is that?

BEN

It's gibberish. It doesn't make any sense, but as long as you're wearing the fur, and your lips are flapping the nonsense, you'll score a partner before the night is through. Try it.

CODY

Dee Doo Doo De Doo Doo Da...

KEN

No, no. It's: De Doo Da Doo De Dae Da  
Da Da Da Dow.

BEN

Ken's got it! De Doo Da Doo De Dae Da  
Da Da Da Dow!

CODY

De Doo Da Doo De Dae Da Da Da Da Dow?

BEN

That's it!

Begin MUSICAL NUMBER: "Gibberish"... [TRACK 18]

Cody approaches different WOMEN in the bar. He sets his sights on a typical-looking GOLD DIGGER, who is dancing with a well-kempt RICH MAN.

The gold digger ditches her Rich Man and follows Cody.

CODY

*De Doo Da Doo De Dae Da Da Da Da Dow.  
De Doo Da Doo De Dae Da Da Da Da Dow.  
De Doo Da Doo De Dae Da Da Da Da Dow.  
De Doo Da Doo De Dae Da Da Da Da Dow.*

GOLD DIGGER

*He gave me a second glance  
'cause he thought that I could dance  
Maybe he could be my man  
Take me on expensive trips*

The Gold Digger grabs Cody and spins him around.

GOLD DIGGER

*Come on now  
Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo  
I'm down for the games you play  
I just have a simple query though  
I want to know  
Can you say?*

CODY

*De Doo Da Doo De Dae Da Da Da Da Dow.  
De Doo Da Doo De Dae Da Da Da Da Dow.  
De Doo Da Doo De Dae Da Da Da Da Dow.  
De Doo Da Doo De Dae Da Da Da Da Dow.*

The Gold Digger pulls Cody into a secluded booth to smooch.

## GOLD DIGGER

*There's so much that we can do  
 Ooh honey just me and you  
 How 'bout a French holiday?  
 Or Safari in the month of May?  
 Come on now  
 Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo  
 I'm down for the things you say  
 I just have a simple query though  
 Can you  
 Parlez vous français?*

## CODY

*Ze Zoo Za Zoo Ze Zae Za Za Za Za Zow.  
 Ze Zoo Za Zoo Ze Zae Za Za Za Za Zow.  
 Ze Zoo Za Zoo Ze Zae Za Za Za Za Zow.  
 Blah Blah Blah Blah Blah Blah Blah...*

The Gold Digger pulls Cody out onto the dance floor. They bust synchronized moves with NIGHT CLUB DANCERS. A circle forms. Cody steps out and wows the crowd.

While Cody is distracted, the Gold Digger picks his pocket. She leafs through his wallet. It contains twelve dollars and a pathetic looking bank statement.

## CODY

*De Doo Da Doo De Dae Da Da Da Da Dow.  
 De Doo Da Doo De Dae Da Da Da Da Dow.  
 De Doo Da Doo De Dae Da Da Da Da Dow.  
 De Doo Da Doo De Dae Da Da Da Da Dow.*

The Gold Digger slaps Cody's face in front of the dancers.

## GOLD DIGGER

*You're not who I thought you were!  
 You're just a bum masquerading in fur!  
 You don't have the cash money  
 So you cannot get with me  
 Go away  
 Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo  
 I'm not down for games you play  
 I take back my simple query, so  
 I don't care if you can say...  
 De Doo Da Doo De Dae Da Da Da Da Dow.  
 De Doo Da Doo De Dae Da Da Da Da Dow.*



CODY

(Pleading)

*De Doo Da Doo De Dae Da Da Da Da Dow.  
De Doo Da Doo De Dae Da Da Da Da Dow.*

The Gold Digger drops Cody's wallet on the floor and exits...

CODY

On the cusp of lust, she abandons me.  
I was actually excited!

Cody picks up his wallet and sees the pathetic bank statement sticking out. He reads the puny savings amount.

CODY

So that's why.

Cody approaches Ken and pokes at his chest angrily.

CODY

She left because of you.

KEN

Me?

CODY

You haven't paid for rent. She saw my bank statement. Pathetic.

KEN

I'm sorry. I'll get a delivery job tomorrow.

CODY

Sorry doesn't cut it. Tomorrow isn't today! This is upsetting Ben!

Two hippie girls approach - MARY and LISA.

MARY

Hi. I'm Mary Hurley. This is my friend Lisa.

LISA

(To Cody)

You waft good.

CODY

What?

LISA

I smelt you breeze by before.  
(Smells Cody's jacket)  
You waft good.

BEN

Vulture.

LISA

I'm not a vulture. I'm an aficionado.

BEN

All right. Give me back my coat.

CODY

Yes sir!

Cody does as ordered and returns Ben's fur.

LISA

Ah, the protective stash master.  
Keeper of the good weed.

Ben puts on the coat and checks for a large bag of weed in the pocket. It's safe.

BEN

That's right. I am.

LISA

That's right. You are. In fur. Murder.

BEN

Loosen your bra strap. It's a fake.

MARY

(To Ken)

Do you get to wear the coat next?  
After these two goof balls?

KEN

No. I never wear the coat. I wear  
the loose pants in those friendships.  
Can I ask you something?

MARY

Go right ahead.

KEN

What are you doing here? You two don't fit the profile. Are you in disguises?

MARY

You mean are we filthy ass gold diggers? No way. We're here to make fun of those clowns whores. And for nightly specials on Walker Jones Oatmeal Stout. You?

KEN

I'm here to drink away the spirits.

MARY

Amen.

The club's overhead lights flash on and off for last call.

LISA

Last call? This sucks. I say we go somewhere and blaze.

KEN

Would you ladies like to come back to our apartment for an after party?

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Back at the apartment, everyone is getting high and drunk. Chips and guacamole are laid out on the counter. Mary stares at Ken. Ken shifts, uneasy.

KEN

Do I have guacamole on my face?

MARY

You look so familiar.

Suddenly, Kevin calls out from the bedroom...

KEVIN (OS)

Kiss her Finkster! John Wayne says to kiss her!

Ken looks to his bedroom in fear. Mary sees Ken is distracted. She touches his hand. Ken turns to look upon Mary's face. It's angelic. He calms.

MARY

Are you all right?

KEN

Yeah.

MARY

(Holds up her glass)

Well then, cheers.

KEN

Cheers. To you asking.

They click glasses and drink. Ken cuts his drink short...

KEN

Wait! What? No way. Soup of the month club! Amazing! I saw you on my first day in LA! At the headquarters!

MARY

Far out! I remember! Nice lobby!

KEN

Yeah! I've been a club member since forever! What's your position?

MARY

Sales and subscriptions.

KEN

Fantastic. Meeting you is better than meeting a true blue celebrity!

MARY

You're sweet, but I'm just a hireling.

Ben, having watched Ken and Mary's interaction, looks to Lisa. She's sitting on a sofa, puffing a bong. Ben approaches and sits next to her. Cody watches him go.

BEN

So Lisa, what do you do?

LISA

This.

BEN

This! All the time! Me too!

Cody sits down next to Lisa, opposite Ben.

CODY

Me three. Minus one.

Cody points at Ben. Lisa LAUGHS. Ben scowls. Eventually they all burst into LAUGHTER and continue smoking bong.

*Later:* Cody, Lisa, and Ben are passed out on the couch, SNORING. Ken and Mary are still up, talking...

KEN

...and that's *mostly* why I came out here to LA... For jingles...

MARY

Heavy. Not many people have the courage to just pick up and move like that.

KEN

Yeah they do. It would explain the crazy gridlock. Not to mention, you're here. I'm sure your decision in coming to LA was somewhat courageous.

MARY

It wasn't. I was on tour for a while, up and down the east coast. An old hippie guy convinced me that I had to live in Venice Beach before I turned twenty-five. That was it. I made a snap decision and hauled ass to California.

KEN

On tour? Are you a musician?

MARY

I used to follow jam bands.

KEN

Jam? Like peanut butter, toast and jam?

MARY

No! Improvisational music! The Dead!  
Parking lot scenes! Shakedown Street!  
Concerts!

KEN

You forgot the eight-minute guitar  
solos. I was teasing.

MARY

Douche.

KEN

You seem really passionate about it  
though. Underneath it all, you came  
here because of music.

MARY

And the word of a mystical hippie, but  
music is usually my number one inspiration.

KEN

Mine too.

MARY

Play something you wrote for me.

KEN

For you?

MARY

I mean play something for me that you  
have written. Previously.

KEN

Oh, because I thought you just read  
my mind right there a little bit. I  
already started writing something  
about you in my head.

MARY

About me?

Cody's SNORING is audible from the couch. Ken becomes  
distracted.

MARY

What's wrong? Don't get shy on me. I want to hear it.

KEN

Not just now. My brain's all cluttered.

MARY

With what?

KEN

I owe Cody rent money and I haven't found a job yet. My career isn't going anywhere. This town is haunted. I'm stuck in a rut. Did I mention I'm broke?

MARY

I can get you a job. No sweat.

KEN

Really?

MARY

Sure. Soup of the month is always looking for phone personnel. You'd get hired. I'd vouch for you. And the best part, free soup for all employees. Ain't that a gas?

INT. SOUP OF THE MONTH CALL CENTER - DAY

Ken, in a cubicle, swallows a spoonful of split pea soup and answers a RINGING telephone.

KEN

Hi. Soup of the month club. How can I take your order?

Ken flashes a 'thumbs up' to Mary. She's on the phone in a cubicle across the way.

The boss ERIC VON LANDENBURG, at his desk in the corner, plays internet poker. He loses a hand and points to Ken.

ERIC

No hand gestures in the call center!

KEN

Sorry boss.

Mary makes a face, mocking Eric. Ken smiles. He watches Mary go back to work. Begin MONTAGE SONG: "*Down To Earth Hippie Chick*"... [TRACK 19]

KEN

*Oh I would really like to be with  
A down to earth hippie chick*

Ken's phone RINGS. He picks up.

KEN

Hello? Soup of the Month...

MARY (OS)

What are you doing this weekend?

He looks across the way. Mary speaks to him over the phone.

KEN

Hey there. Nothing planned yet.

MARY (OS)

Want to hang out?

KEN

Sure. What should we do?

MARY

*Let's see a jam show  
By Venice beach*

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A drum circle is in full swing on the beach. HIPPIES bang all sorts of percussion instruments, dancing around. Ken and Mary join them. Mary removes a joint from her pocket.

MARY

*Join in the drum circles  
Smoke a lot of weed  
We'll get so high  
Everything will be rainbows and smiles*



Rainbows and smiles fill the air.

KEN

*Oh yeah I really like to be with  
A down to earth hippie chick*

Ken notices The Thought Keeper's hearse, in the distance.  
Before he can react, Mary pulls him in another direction...

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Ken bites into a hamburger. Mary watches, disgusted.

MARY

*I'll have to protest  
You stop eating meat*

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Ken and Mary sit in a tent.

MARY

*And camp out approximately  
Every other week*

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

Ken and Mary stand in front of a map of America...

MARY

*Let's make some plans  
To drive across the country*

Ken and Mary kiss. Kevin interrupts...

KEVIN

*Hey Finkster! Give me some food!  
It's dinnertime and I'm freaking hungry!*

Mary breaks the kiss and looks to the door.

MARY

What's that Cody said?

KEN

I didn't hear anything. So, what do you want to do now?

MARY

Umm... I don't know. Oh wait, I know!  
HASH BROWNIES NOW!

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY

Mary cooks hash brownies. Ken watches and helps.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ken, Mary, Cody, Ben, and Lisa eat hash brownies.

Later on: things turn into a psychedelic freak show.  
Everyone dances in strobe light. Later still: everyone has crashed on the couches and floor.

LISA

*That was a good time  
In about a week  
I'll cook up some chocolate 'shrooms  
For all of us to eat*

EXT. ROOFTOP - SUNSET

Ken puts his arm around Mary. She cuddles up to him.

MARY

*I like the time I spend  
In your company*

KEN

*And yeah I really like being with  
A down to earth hippie chick*

They watch the sunset. End MONTAGE SONG.

LAURA (VO)

Oh yeah! Our baby is really starting to cook now!

EXT. TULSA TOWN PARK - SUNSET (*PRESENT*)

The apple pie's top crust has started to brown and crisp. Laura removes a large thermometer, checking the apple pie's temperature.

Nearby, at an ice cream truck, Mr. Green purchases two soft serve chocolate cones and hands them to Kelly.

MR. GREEN

Good for Ken. He found himself a fun-loving sweetheart.

RAY

Yup. And they worked together for a bit at The Soup of the Month offices. He answered phones, made calls, and ate soup like a sick boy with the flu...

Kelly sprints over to Laura with the two ice cream cones. She offers one to Laura.

KELLY

Here's your cone Mrs. Finkster. How much longer until the pie is done?

LAURA

Not much longer now, Kelly. We're getting very brown on the outside. And the inside is almost hotter than Satan's ass on taco day in hell. Just...

Laura replaces the thermometer into the apple pie...

INT. SOUP OF THE MONTH CLUB OFFICE - DAY (*PAST*)

Ken dips his finger into a steaming container of chicken noodle soup, checking the temperature.

KEN

...a little bit more.

Ken places the soup container into a microwave and presses start. He massages his own neck. Mary approaches from behind and massages Ken's shoulders.

KEN

Ahh. That feels good.

MARY

You hold onto tension instead of expelling it. Loosen up. Free the chi.

KEN

It's from tilting my head on the phone for eight hours at a time. Just one more check and I pay Cody back in full.

MARY

Then what?

KEN

Then it's back to the jingle job search. No more phones. No more pain in the neck.

Mary stops massaging Ken.

KEN

Hey. Keep going.

MARY

Don't worry. I'll take care of you later.

Ken turns to Mary and tickles her.

KEN

Not if I take care of you first.

Eric strides into the office.

ERIC

No tickling in the call center!

Ken and Mary cease tickling. Mary returns to her cubicle. Eric writes on a marker board: "Sales Down". He claps his hands together and gets everyone's attention.

ERIC

Hang up the phones people. I don't care if you're about to close a seven year deal. Phones down.

One by one, employees hang up their phones. The room is quiet, except for the WHIRR of the microwave.

ERIC

The microwave Finkster. Kill it.

KEN

Three seconds..... Done.

The microwave BEEPS. Ken removes his soup.

ERIC

Management says sales are down. This means you lot are not doing your jobs. This means I am going to fire every last one of you if sales continue to fall. Now get back on the phones and sell some soup! And, if I find out any of you were about to close a seven year deal, hell will follow!

Eric pounds down an energy drink, jogs to his desk and resumes a game of internet poker. Employees go back to the phones.

Ken sits down in his cubicle. He stares into his bowl of steaming soup. The phone RINGS. Ken answers.

KEN

Hi. Soup of the month club. How can I help you?

MARY (OS)

So, when are you going to sing that song you wrote for me?

KEN

Song?

MARY (OS)

Remember? You were writing a ditty for me the night we first, well... second met? When can I hear it?

Ken reads the words "Sales Down" on the marker board, looks to his steaming soup, and gets a bright idea.

KEN

Sing a song! I'll call you right back!

Ken exits the call center in a rush.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Ken grabs his guitar from the shit-bird fiesta.

INT. SOUP OF THE MONTH CLUB OFFICE - DAY

Ken returns to the call center. Mary looks up and sees Ken with his guitar. Her eyes widen, she's ready for a serenade.

Employees stop what they're doing and watch Ken. He approaches Eric's desk. Mary deflates.

KEN

Mr. Von Landenburg?

Eric loses a hand of internet poker. He smacks his own forehead and deals again...

ERIC

What do you want, cracker barrel?

KEN

I think I know how to improve sales.

ERIC

Yeah? How?

KEN

A company jingle!

Ken sings the JINGLE: "Soup!"... [TRACK 20]

KEN

*I like soup in the morning  
I like soup at night  
I like soup in the afternoon  
It makes me happy when I'm cryin*

Eric loses another hand of poker, punches his desk and interrupts Ken's song...

ERIC

Stop! Stop! What the hell is that?

KEN

It's a jingle!

ERIC

The sound a bell makes?

KEN

No, a song to advertise soup of the month club! It could go on the radio or even T.V. It'll sell a ton of subscriptions for sure!

Eric looks to his computer screen: his poker funds have been depleted to zero. He thinks for a moment, then scribbles a note on a piece of scrap paper.

ERIC

Yes sir. I'm convinced. Meet me at this address tonight, eight o'clock. My friend owns a recording studio. We'll lay down the basic track and get this jingle thing rolling. Our soup of the month higher ups will buy your song for sure.

KEN

Honestly?

ERIC

Honestly.

KEN

Wow! Thank you! Thank you so much! My first jingle job in LA!

MARY

Congratulations Ken! I'm stoked for you!

ERIC

Mary Hurley? You're fired.

MARY

What?

ERIC

Sales are down. And now that we have a songwriter on staff, we can't afford your presence at Soup of the Month.

MARY

You candy-ass bastard! This is the way you treat loyal employees? Fine! Come on Ken! Let's split.

ERIC

Finkster stays. Otherwise, I cancel his opportunity to jingle-jangle.

KEN

I'll call you tomorrow. We'll bake...

MARY

You're staying?

KEN

I have to. For the music.

MARY

You'd choose a jingle over me?

KEN

I'm sorry. I'll quit in a few days. After they record my song. We could fund our cross-country trip with its earnings. This isn't personal.

MARY

It's not? Well here I am, head over heels, thinking it actually was.

KEN

Mary...

Mary exits. Eric hands Ken the address.

ERIC

Be there tonight. Eight o'clock.



INT. STUDIO HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ken exits an elevator, carrying his guitar. He approaches suite #204 and KNOCKS on the door. A peephole opens...

KEN

Hi. Eric Von Landenburg sent me.

The door swings door opens. VLAD'S HENCHMAN, a muscular thug wearing an eye patch, CURSES in Bulgarian and grabs Ken by the throat...

INT. INTERNET GAMBLING STUDIO - NIGHT

The Henchman roughs Ken up, beating him to a pulp. VLAD, a middle-aged Bulgarian man, stands by and watches. The Henchman puts Ken into a chokehold.

VLAD

Scumbag! Pay what you owe!

KEN

Gaaaaaaaaa...

VLAD

Why do you keep logging onto our website, digging the hole deeper? You're at forty large now! And that's without the vigorish.

KEN

Gaaaaaaaaa...

Vlad searches through Ken's pockets.

Among various items: he pulls out the religious artifact. He drops it to the ground and stomps on it. Vlad sifts through Ken's wallet and finds an I.D.

VLAD

It's not him.

The Henchman tosses Ken to the floor. Vlad removes a gun from under his jacket. Ken SCREAMS...

EXT. TULSA TOWN PARK - NIGHT (*PRESENT*)

Explosion! A huge fire blazes! Flames kiss the night sky...

The apple pie is burning. Sparks shoot out from the hot plates under the pie. Power strips and extension chords melt. Townsfolk dart all about, panicked.

Kelly points away from the crowd to a lone fleeing man...

KELLY

I saw him! That man did something  
to the power chords! Go get him dad!

Mr. Green grabs Kelly and retreats to a safe distance.

KELLY

Stop! You're letting him get away!

Ray and Laura retreat as well. They hold each other, in shock, and watch the commotion.

FIREFIGHTERS attack the blaze with extinguishers. After a few moments, the flames are subdued. Dark smoke billows up into the sky...

INT. THE TULSA TOWN PUB - NIGHT

Smoke billows up from a cigarette.

Townsfolk are depressed and drinking, packed inside the pub. Dancing Tony springs up in the middle of the room.

DANCING TONY

Cheer up everybody! Let's dance!

Dancing Tony breaks out his routine, but it leads to a skirmish with some angry Townsfolk.

Ray, Laura, Mr. Green and Kelly are seated in a corner booth. A WAITRESS brings over a round of drinks.

RAY

Keep them coming, sweetheart.

Ray and Laura pound back shots and chase them with beers.

Mr. Green passes Kelly a soda and takes a beer for himself.

KELLY

Can I have a beer too? It's been a rough night.

MR. GREEN

Keep dreaming kiddo.

KELLY

I'm sorry for your loss Mr. and Mrs. Finkster. I wish someone would have chased down the fire starter.

MR. GREEN

You know what? Even when I'm protecting you, you still find a way to hate me. Can I ever do anything right?

KELLY

I don't hate you.

MR. GREEN

You sure act like it.

KELLY

I just thought you might be able to catch the criminal. That's all.

MR. GREEN

Well, I thought of your safety instead.

KELLY

Anyway, I'm sorry for the pie.

LAURA

That's all right, Kelly. There's always next year. After all, a pie is just a pie.

MR. GREEN

Now, what happened to Ken?

RAY

Well then...

INT. INTERNET GAMBLING STUDIO - NIGHT (PAST)

Vlad stands over Ken, pointing the gun. He fires. A bullet hole pierces the face of Ken's acoustic guitar.

VLAD

Your friend sold you out. Eric Von Landenburg. Where is he?

KEN

Eric Von Landenburg? I have no idea. He's not my friend. He sent me here to record my jingle. I thought this was a recording studio.

VLAD

How do you know him?

KEN

He's my call center boss.

Vlad pockets his gun and offers Ken a hand. Ken takes Vlad's hand, rising to his feet. Vlad's hand shifts into a greeting.

VLAD

My name is Vladimir Norsh Debabiski Norsh. Call me Vlad.

KEN

Ken Finkster.

Vlad motions to a nearby desk. Ken flinches.

VLAD

Have a seat.

Ken sits in front of the desk; Vlad sits behind.

VLAD

Eric, the swine, obviously lied to you. This is not a recording studio. He owes me money and has been ducking payment for weeks. Finally, today, we received a call that he would show up here at eight o'clock to negotiate. Instead, we get you.

KEN

I... I...

Vlad motions for Ken to be silent. He produces a vodka bottle with two glasses from a desk drawer and pours, offering one to Ken.

VLAD

Now, I know in my heart you are an innocent bystander in all of this, I can tell, but the fact remains, Eric is gone. He has surely skipped town by now. I was expecting to get paid.

KEN

I have very little money. Nothing near forty thousand dollars.

VLAD

Then we will drink to find another solution.

Vlad lifts his glass. Ken does the same.

VLAD

A toast to your health.

Ken and Vlad drink. Ken makes a face in disgust and COUGHS. Vlad pours two more.

VLAD

Not a vodka drinker, I see.

KEN

I drink mimosas, but I'm a fast learner.

(Raises his glass)

To you Vlad, an honest man.

Vlad nods. They drink.

VLAD

Have another.

Ken and Vlad proceed to take a number of shots, making various toasts. The drunker they get, the more ridiculous the toast. For example:

VLAD

To cheese burgers and lesbians, the  
guiltiest pleasures known to man.

KEN

To urinating in public just to get  
closer with nature.

Finally, the last toast. Vlad pauses for a serious moment.

VLAD

To being with the woman you love.

KEN

I thoroughly agree with you.  
(Drinks the shot)  
What's your lady like?

VLAD

My wife? She's an angel. My saving  
grace. Without her, I'm just a bum.

Vlad glances at an air mattress in the corner of the room.  
Ken follows Vlad's eyes.

KEN

Hey! I used to sleep on one of those!  
Back in my parent's garage, before  
I moved out here!

VLAD

What's your lady like?

KEN

Well, I'll tell you Vlad, up until  
I moved out of Tulsa, I was stuck on  
the wrong girl. Rose. She was selfish...  
No, she was supportive at times, but  
she longed for something more, and  
that something just wasn't me. She  
found another man and it pained me so.

VLAD

As well it should.

KEN

I also hate to admit this, but in a way I followed her out here. It was a blessing in disguise though, because now I found the right girl, Mary Hurley. She's truly perfection. But, I chose a chance to record a jingle over her honor. That's why I'm here, really.

VLAD

That is why I'm here as well. I'm a neglectful oaf. I ignored my wife for work. She finally grew tired of it and threw me out. Now she won't even see me. I sleep there, in the corner, like a dog... I want my wife back. My Katia!

KEN

Don't worry man. She'll take you back. Just go apologize to her.

VLAD

She won't talk to me. She won't see me. She won't even accept my postcards!

Ken consoles Vlad. He looks down at the guitar on the floor. A bright idea comes to him...

KEN

By any chance, can you carry a tune?

INT. VLAD'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Vlad, holding an elaborate bouquet of flowers, KNOCKS on his apartment door. KATIA answers. At the sight of Vlad, she tries to shut the door. Vlad holds it open, using the bouquet. Pedals fly everywhere.

VLAD

Katia please.

The door opens.

VLAD

(In Bulgarian)

May we come in and put these in water?

Vlad presents the busted bouquet to Katia. She notices Ken, wielding his guitar.

A teakettle WHISTLES inside the apartment. Katia leaves the door open and tends to the kettle. Vlad and Ken enter.

INT. VLAD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Katia stands at the stove with her back turned.

KATIA  
(In Bulgarian)  
Would your guest like tea?

Ken strums the opening chords to "I'll Work For You"... [TRACK 21]

Vlad clears his throat and sings...

VLAD  
*Katia, I'll work for you  
Night and day  
Laboring true  
Jobs I've done  
Were trades for a fool  
From now on  
You're my sole livelihood  
Without you my heart is retired  
So I beg to please be rehired  
Katia, I'll work for you...*

The serenade ends. Katia approaches Vlad and embraces him.

VLAD  
(In Bulgarian)  
I missed you so much.

KATIA  
(In Bulgarian)  
I missed you too.

Ken exits the apartment, giving them a moment alone.



EXT. VLAD'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Beyond the apartment building, there is a view of the city and a busy freeway. Ken stands at an overlook to watch cars zoom past...

The Thought Keeper's hearse appears on the freeway. Glowing RED EYES pierce the windshield. Ken is suddenly shaken, but Vlad approaches...

VLAD

I'm glad to see you haven't left.

KEN

I wanted to give you a moment alone. Congratulations. You hit all the right notes. She's a good woman.

VLAD

The tables have turned tonight. Earlier you were in my debt, now I am in yours. For you...

Vlad presents a hefty stack of cash money for Ken to take. Ken is surprised by the rather large sum.

KEN

I can't accept all that!

VLAD

Yes you can. You earned it through song. Consider this your first jingle job in LA.

KEN

That means a lot Vlad, but my jingle days are over. It's back to songs about life and love for me.

VLAD

That's all that matters anyway! Life and love and art! Whether it be jingles or genuine, I'd like you to continue on your path with my gratitude, and my true blessing. Please. For you...

Ken considers Vlad's gesture and accepts the money.

KEN

Thank you. Thank you very much.

They shake hands.

VLAD

Until we meet again, Ken Finkster.

Vlad returns to Katia. Ken returns his gaze to the freeway.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ken enters his apartment and stops dead in his tracks.  
Mary is out on the balcony, waiting.

KEN

Mary!

MARY

Finkster...

Ken approaches, Mary meets him halfway. They kiss.

KEN

I'm so glad you're here.

MARY

As am I.

KEN

I love...

Mary's face changes: she morphs into The Thought Keeper.

KEN

YOU!!!

Ken falls to the floor. The Thought Keeper pounces and  
sucks the repertoire out of Ken's brain. Spheres of light  
exit his forehead.

THE THOUGHT KEEPER

So... many... thoughts...

Ken gargles, eyes rolling back in his head. The Thought Keeper finishes feeding, makes a face in disgust and pulls a few spheres of light out from its mouth.

THE THOUGHT KEEPER

Some of your songs are much too sweet  
for my liking. Keep them. Maybe they'll  
sour with age.

The Thought Keeper returns a handful of thoughts to Ken's mind. Ken remains catatonic on the floor. The Thought Keeper hovers out through the balcony door and disappears.

Ben exits Cody's room wearing a robe, a bottle of whiskey in his hand.

BEN

Ken. What's shaking? Why are you on  
the floor?

KEN

I... I can't remember. What are you  
doing in Cody's room? Wearing a  
robe? A bottle of whiskey? Are you  
and him... spelunking?

BEN

Who knows, it's all the same in  
the dark...

STRANGE NOISES come from Cody's bedroom.

KEN

Who else is in there?

BEN

Lisa.

KEN

What're you all doing?

BEN

How do I put this? You know at  
restaurants when they stick chicken  
on the rotisseries? Lisa's the chicken.

KEN

Awh man! That's terrible.

BEN

It was her idea! Hippies and their  
free love! You know how it is.

Lisa exits Cody's bedroom and smacks Ben on the butt.

LISA

Boy am I thirsty!

Cody exits the bedroom as well.

CODY

I know this looks awkward, but rest  
assured, I'm only dabbling in hetero.

KEN

Sounds good. Listen. I have something  
to tell you guys, I'm leaving LA.

CODY

What!

BEN

Why?

KEN

This here is not the place for me.  
Mary and I had planned a trip and I'm  
going to take it. I've decided to tour  
America with the shit-bird fiesta and  
perform my songs in dive bars.

BEN

Perform in dive bars? With jingles?

KEN

Nope. I'm starting fresh. New material.

BEN

I'm coming with you then. I'll be  
your roadie.

CODY

I'm coming too. I'll be your manager.

KEN

Sure! Why not? Everybody come along!  
It'll be a shit-bird jamboree! Now,  
excuse me for a moment, I have one  
last song to record.

Ken enters his bedroom in a hurry.

BEN

What do you say Lisa? Want to go  
on tour with us.

LISA

I would, but I can't abandon Mary.

BEN

Ask her to come along.

LISA

She probably won't. She's hurt.

Cody picks up a phone and holds it out for Lisa.

CODY

It doesn't hurt to ask.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ken rummages through his things. The hamster and the  
celebrity sketches look on.

KEN

(Calls out to Ben,  
Cody and Lisa)

I'll need your help for when the  
ba-ba's kick in. You'll all see  
what I mean. The ba-ba's.

Ken finds a four-track tape recorder...

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lisa is on the phone leaving a message.

LISA

...let us know what you think as soon  
as you get this message. Bye Mary.

Lisa hangs up the phone.

LISA

We'll see what she says.

Ken exits the bedroom with the four-track in tow.

KEN

Okay. Everyone ready? Just follow  
my lead.

Ken straps on his guitar and presses record.

KEN

This one's for you, Mary Hurley.

Ken sings the LOVE SONG: "You Will Always Be"... [TRACK 22]

KEN

*With my stupidity ways  
Some awful choices I make  
They're so impossibly bad  
I'd love to take them all back  
But there is one that's the worst  
I turned my back on my girl  
Apologies from the heart  
Mary Hurley I'm sorry  
You will always be  
The most beautiful woman  
I've ever seen  
And you'll always mean  
A lot to me  
So now we're going on tour  
I'd love to have you on board  
But even if you don't go  
I just want you to know  
You will always be  
The most beautiful woman  
I've ever seen  
And you'll always mean  
A lot to me  
I wonder what you think of me...*

Mary, standing at the opened apartment door, bursts into song.

MARY

*I'll tell you what I think of you  
On the planet earth  
You're one of the most important people  
Whenever we say goodbye  
I pray it's not the final time  
'cause I could spend my whole life  
Trying to find someone your equal  
So I know I do love you  
And I know you love me too*

Ken and Mary approach each other.

MARY

*You love me too*

KEN

*I really do*

KEN & MARY

*I love you too*

EVERYONE

*YAHOO!*

Ken and Mary kiss.

Kevin the hamster, along with JOHN WAYNE, MARLIYN MONROE, LUCILLE BALL, GROUCHO MARX - and other black & white celebrities from Lenny's sketches - exit Ken's room to join in SINGING...

EVERYONE

*Ba ba ba, ba ba ba, ba ba ba  
Ba ba ba, ba ba ba, ba ba ba  
Ba ba ba  
Ba ba ba, ba ba ba, ba ba ba  
Ba ba ba, ba ba!*

The phone RINGS. Ken answers...

KEN

*Hello?*

INT. FINKSTER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ray and Laura Finkster sing into the phone.

RAY & LAURA

*Hello son! It's your folks  
We both love you and miss you!  
If you were close  
We would hug you and kiss you...*

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

KEN

*Thanks mom! Thanks dad!  
You're the best folks  
A guy could have!*

RAY (VO)

By the way Ken, I think you should know about Rose.

CUT TO

EXT. ALTAR IN A COURTYARD - DAY

Rose and Sigmund stand before a PRIEST on their wedding day.

RAY (VO)

*She got married just the other day  
here in Tulsa.*

Rose and Sigmund kiss to seal their vows. Bubbles float all around them.

RAY (VO)

*Word on the street is her new husband  
gave her five different S.T.Ds. I hope  
you're over her...*

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ken looks to Mary and smiles.



KEN

You know what dad? I am over her. With or without S.T.Ds, everybody should be happy and in love. Talk to you soon.

Ken hangs up the phone.

KEN

Let's go on tour!!!

Everyone CHEERS and exits in a hurry. Ken pauses before closing the apartment door..

KEN

Wait a minute, Kevin...

Black & white celebrities stand together by Ken's bedroom door. Kevin the hamster is sitting on John Wayne's shoulder.

JOHN WAYNE

Don't worry. We'll take care of the little feller.

KEVIN

Yeah. Forget me Finkster. I'd be no good on the road anyway. Take it easy. And remember, life is a journey where the destination is unknown. Along the way, try to bust as many nuts as you possibly can.

KEN

Okay. Thanks for the advice.

KEVIN

You're welcome. Have fun.

Ken exits. Kevin quips..

KEVIN

Now that was one goofy-ass ninny-hammer!

The celebrities all LAUGH at Kevin's remark. Ken peeks his head back inside the apartment.

KEN

Ninny-hammer? What's that?

No one is there to be seen.

KEN

Farewell, you strange surroundings..

MR. GREEN (VO)

It was very nice to meet you!

EXT. THE TULSA TOWN PUB - NIGHT (*PRESENT*)

Mr. Green, with Kelly fast asleep in his arms, does his best to shake Ray and Laura's hands.

RAY

Same here Mr. Green. A pleasure.  
And tell Kelly we said goodbye.

LAURA

Promise you two will come back next  
year for another apple pie festival?

MR. GREEN

We wouldn't miss it for the world... record!

RAY

And don't forget, cherish your daughter  
before she grows up and abandons you. You  
still have time to bond.

MR. GREEN

I won't forget. Thanks for the fun  
day and the interesting stories.

RAY

Safe trip home.

INT. MR. GREEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Mr. Green deposits Kelly into the back seat and buckles her seatbelt. He watches her sleep, then kisses her forehead.

MR. GREEN

Keep dreaming kiddo.

Mr. Green starts the car. Kelly wakes.

KELLY

We're leaving?

MR. GREEN

We are. Go back to sleep honey.

KELLY

I didn't say goodbye to the Finksters.

Kelly looks out the window as they pull away. She jumps up.

KELLY

That's him! The guy who started the fire!  
From the park!

MR. GREEN

What? Where?

Mr. Green looks into the rearview mirror...

EXT. THE TULSA TOWN PUB - NIGHT

Anthony approaches the pub with a gun in his hand.

ANTHONY

Nobody shames a Scaraglino! Nobody!

INT. THE TULSA TOWN PUB - NIGHT

Anthony enters. He spots Ray and Laura socializing by the bar. Wild-eyed, Anthony raises the gun to shoot...

Suddenly, Mr. Green tackles Anthony from behind. The gun fires a shot. It misses. The pub crowd scrambles for cover.

Mr. Green and Anthony enter a heated struggle. Kelly watches from behind a barstool, terrified. In the end, Mr. Green wins the gun and restrains Anthony.

KELLY

Woah dad! You kicked that guy's  
friggin' ass!

The pub crowd erupts with CHEERS and APPLAUSE. Mr. Green basks in his moment of glory.

EXT. THE TULSA TOWN PUB - NIGHT

Later on, outside the pub, police cars flash their red and blue lights. Two OFFICERS lead Anthony away in handcuffs.

Ray and Laura wave goodbye as Mr. Green's car pulls away...

LAURA

What a nice family. They listened to us go on and on about Ken all day. Then, like a guardian angles, they saved our lives.

RAY

The Greens understood two simple truths: young folks can learn from their welders, and welders should die of old age.

LAURA

What do you think our boy is doing right now, Ray? Sleeping?

RAY

Nope. Laura, without a doubt, our boy is singing...

INT. THE SHIT BIRD FIESTA - DAY (PRESENT)

Ken Finkster and friends are piled inside the shit-bird fiesta. They sing "Interstate Happy"... [TRACK 23]

EVERYBODY

*Everybody's happy on the interstate  
Singing songs and counting license plates  
Interstate, we're happy, blast the radio  
Where we going?  
New York, Miami, Dallas, hey Chicago!*

KEN

*Haven't been this happy since I don't know when  
Going on a road trip with some real good friends  
I'm so in love and learning lots of stuff  
Seeing sights all over America  
On the interstate  
We're moving and we're grooving right along  
On the interstate  
We're happy and we're singing lots of songs*

EVERYBODY

*Everybody's happy on the interstate  
Smoking bong and counting license plates  
Interstate, we're happy, blast the radio  
Where we going?*

KEN

*Well I'll just keep driving then, we don't know!*

KEN & MARY

*Destination unknown...*

EXT. AN AMERICAN FREEWAY - SUNSET

The shit-bird fiesta rides off into the sunset...

KEN & MARY

*Destination unknown...*

Ken Finkster and friends disappear from the horizon line.

Roll END CREDITS...

EXT. GARDEN - DAY (*FUTURE*)

During END CREDITS: four Green Machine employees stand together in a beautiful garden, forming a barbershop quartet. They harmonize a capella, performing a medley of songs from "The Jingle Man"...

For example - "Soup Reprise"... **[TRACK 24]**

FADE OUT

THE END