

Drive Time

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Drive Time

FADE IN:

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF RALEIGH NC -- SUNRISE

The moon is setting. A smudge of light to the east silhouettes downtown Raleigh. The radio play is voiced by Susan and Darren -- doing cartoon voices -- eq'd as if on a car radio.

PRODUCTION MUSIC/TENSION. WIND BLOWING.

NARRATOR (O.S.)

(voiced by Darren)

Sgt. Breakwind of the Yukon and husky, Queenie, pondered their predicament.

QUEENIE THE DOG (O.S.)

(voiced by Darren)

Ro-ro-ro-ruff.

VERNA (O.S.)

(voiced by Susan)

Yes, Queenie, we're in a pickle. We just got orders from our commanding officer, Captain Percy Sledge RCMP, to leave our cozy cabin here in the quaint backwoods town of Peepot and move to the boom town of Yellow Snow. But, we've got a much bigger problem.

QUEENIE THE DOG (O.S.)

Ro-ro-ro-ro?

VERNA (O.S.)

The problem? We just ordered a pizza. If we move now, the pizza guy won't be able to find us!

MUSICAL PUNCTUATOR. OLD-FASHIONED PHONE RING.

EXT. BLACKTOP ROAD IN A PINE FOREST -- CONTINUOUS

A cyan purple VW New Beetle glides past deer in the misty morning. The bottom of a wedding dress is sticking out the driver's door, blowing in the wind and dragging on the road.

PHONE PICK UP.

VERNA (O.S.)

Hello, Mountie substation number three! Sgt. Breakwind speakin'.

CAPTAIN PERCY SLEDGE (O.S.)

(phone eq/voiced by Darren)

Breakwind! It's me -- your commanding officer, Captain Percy Sledge, RCMP!

INT. VW -- CONTINUOUS

SUSAN WYNDHAM, a knockout blonde in a wedding dress, is behind the wheel. She's driving with one hand and trying to get her hair into shape with the other. Her hair might be out of place, her makeup a bit off, but it's easy to see she's gorgeous, excited and happy. The taffeta crinkles against the seat as she chuckles and lip-syncs Verna on the radio.

VERNA (O.S.)

Hi Cap'n! Got your orders. But, I can't move until my pizza's delivered.

CAPTAIN PERCY SLEDGE (O.S.)

Breakwind, you idiot! Get moving! Evel McEvel just got out of the Big House, up the river. He's heading to Yellow Snow with a wagon load of cheddar ...and you know what that means.

VERNA (O.S.)

Eventually he'll cut the cheese?

MUSICAL PUNCTUATOR FADES INTO A TENSION BACKGROUND.

CAPTAIN PERCY SLEDGE (O.S.)

Bingo. Get moving, Breakwind!

PHONE HANG UP. KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

EXT. ANDERSON POINT PARK -- CONTINUOUS

The dew is heavy on the grass...and so is the crowd of Break 'n' Wynd fans who are on hand to see the morning team take off in a huge, pink, pig-shaped hot air balloon. Near the balloon is the aging Ford Aerostar "92-7-FM Prize Patrol Van." It's weathered loudspeakers blare the show. The crowd listens to -- and laughs with -- the Sgt. Breakwind episode.

VERNA (O.S.)

Hello! What's that?

KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

VERNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It must be Evel McEvel! Stand back Queenie. I'm pullin' my gun!

KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

NARRATOR (O.S.)

The Sergeant yanked the massive Mountie munition from a mauve macramé holster high on her thigh as Queenie nipped at her heels.

ON THE BALLOON BASKET -- DARREN BREAKHAUS, a good-looking guy in a blue rental tux and headset mic shuffles some notes beside MARVA SNODGRASS, the balloon pilot. She's forty-ish - a little plump - with frizzy hair, faded jeans and a leather flight jacket. Is she nervous because this is her first time on the radio...or, because this is her first time to take passengers on a balloon flight? Hmm. She alternately tugs on the rigging, checks the sky and looks at her watch. Beside the basket, station engineer TIM MOLARMAN waits with an extra headset mic for Susan. He's forty with a mop of graying hair, earring, glasses, station T-shirt, jeans, faded 92-7 jacket and sandals.

QUEENIE THE DOG (O.S.)

Ro-ro-ro-ro

VERNA (O.S.)

Pizza? What's pizza got to do with this, you dumb dog?

GUN SHOTS -- MUSICAL PUNCTUATOR INTO TENSION. Marva checks her watch...concerned. The crowd laughs.

VERNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Now, let's see if Evel McEvel feels like cutting the cheese, Queenie!

DOOR OPEN. WIND SOUND UP LOUDER

PIZZA GUY (O.S.)

(voiced by Darren)
(groaning in pain)

VERNA (O.S.)

You're not Evel McEvel!

PIZZA GUY (O.S.)

No ma'am, I'm the pizza guy. I, uh, I got a pepperoni and -- uh...ugh.

BODY FALL ON WOOD.

VERNA (O.S.)

Pepperoni and a what, Bub? Hmm. This here mystery gets curiouser and curiouser!

MUSIC RISES.

NARRATOR (O.S.)

Well, Mounties! Sgt. Breakwind's got a rendezvous with Evel! Evel McEvel...a man with a knife and a load of cheddar! Her orders -- stop Evel before he begins cutting the cheese in town!

VERNA (O.S.)

But, right now, I gotta do some
forensics to figure out what else is
on this here pizza pie!

NARRATOR (O.S.)

Be with us next time Mounties for:
"Only the Good Die Young." Or: "Never
Deliver Pizza to a Woman with a Gun."
When Break 'n' Wynd present: Sgt.
Breakwind of the Yukon!

MUSIC RESOLVES. Crowd cheers. Darren's voice is amplified
by the speakers on the station van.

DARREN

Break 'n' Wynd in the morning...

Most of the crowd responds with "RASPBERRIES"...the kind of
response that makes it all worth it to Darren.

DARREN (CONT'D)

...On Country 92-7. I'm Darren
Breakhaus. And, my soon-to-be-wife -
Susan Wyndham - is late, as usual.

The crowd cackles.

INT. VW -- CONTINUOUS

Susan is intent on the road, but glances at her radio.

DARREN (O.S.)

Problem is, the pilot of the Marva-
Pig Pig Farm Flyin' Pig balloon tells
me we gotta take off soon -- if we're
gonna make it downtown on time.

SUSAN

(to self)

I'm doin' my best, Darren.

She glances at the empty passenger seat.

VERNA

Yeah, Darren. She's doin' her best.

This is fun, isn't it?

DARREN (O.S.)
 At 8 this morning, we'll be flying
 over the Raleigh Convention Center --

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HARGROVE HOME -- CONTINUOUS

92-7's GM lives in an older Colonial on a tree-lined street. The home is stately; and, in need of a little paint. A tow truck with the name "Tovar" on the door is parked in front.

INT. TOW TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

OMAR TOVAR - bearded, in greasy coveralls - stakes out the home, as he listens to Break 'n' Wynd.

DARREN (O.S.)
 (truck radio eq)
 -- Dropping coupons and tickets for
 the Raleigh Bridal Expo that starts
 today! While we wait for Susan,
 let's send it back to the studio and
 All-Nite Larry for a little music.

A SONG begins.

LARRY (O.S.)
 Uh...the Break 'n' Wynd Balloon ride
 to the Bridal Expo is sponsored, in
 part, by Doves of Love! Give your
 wedding guests the bird...from Doves
 of Love! Country 97...uh 92-7.

Omar looks at the radio Did Larry screw up the station name? The front door creaks open. ELAINE HARGROVE, a trim, dark-haired woman in a robe, slips out to get the paper. Elaine is striking -- with eyes that seem to give her the ability to look past the person and into their innermost thoughts. She won't listen to BS for long. Omar slides down. Elaine grabs the paper, looks up and waves. Omar reluctantly waves back. Elaine turns and goes back inside.

INT. THE HARGROVE KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

In the tidy kitchen, a radio plays 92-7. HERB HARGROVE, a guy in his 50s, is at the sink in an aging blazer, slathering cream cheese on every bite of a bagel. He taps his foot to the music. Elaine enters and tosses the paper on the table.

ELAINE
 Omar's out there.

Great.

HERB
 Why'd I buy a car from that guy?

Okay, there IS one person whose BS she finds almost endearing. She's looking at him right now.

ELAINE

Have you actually given him any money for it, yet.

Logic. Who needs it?

HERB

Okay, I'm a little behind.

Elaine sits down at the table and opens the paper. Yeah, a little. Herb takes a big bite of bagel.

HERB (CONT'D)

I barely slept all night. Nerves before the big game, you know?

Elaine disappears behind the paper.

ELAINE

Nerves? You're not in the balloon.

Deep breath. Guess it's time to tell her. Herb tops off his Country 92-7 mug.

HERB

Yeah, well, I've been meaning to tell you about this...

Elaine looks over the top of the paper. Oh God. What now?

HERB (CONT'D)

See, I've got a lot riding on this balloon thing today.

Quick eye contact. Herb takes a quick sip of coffee.

HERB (CONT'D)

Maybe I should say...**we've** got a lot riding on it.

Elaine lowers the paper. Tell me. And no bullshit. Herb takes another nervous sip of coffee.

EXT. CROMWELL JR'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

An estate on big acreage, set off the road down a winding driveway. This is old money talking.

CROMWELL JR. (O.S.)

Father, sorry to bother you so early.

INT. CROMWELL JR.'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

It's overstuffed with generations of heirlooms, paintings and sculptures. Is this the home of a bachelor? CROMWELL PARKHURST JR, an arrogant 35 year-old in a robe, paces through the dark mansion with his cell phone.

CROMWELL JR.

But, I know you're talking to the consultant today. I've seen our ratings. Break 'n' Wynd and that pathetic station are winning...again.

He pauses to let his father respond. This isn't fun.

CROMWELL JR. (CONT'D)

I know, I know -- without the ratings, we don't get any national business from the agencies. We've got to take that business away from them...and put the money in our pocket. That's why I think it's time to make...*the call*.

A pause. He likes what he's hearing on the other end.

EXT. ANDERSON POINT PARK -- CONTINUOUS

A breeze wafts through the park. The mooring ropes stretch. Marva rubs her jaw and looks at the sky.

MARVA

Great. Cold front coming in - and my tooth needs to come out.

DARREN

Talk to Tim! He used to be a dentist.

Marva checks out Tim. No! Darren nods. Tim looks up. Yep! He stands, reaches into his jeans and withdraws a dog-eared business card. She takes it reluctantly and looks at it.

ON THE CARD -- which reads: "Tim Molarman" Broadcast Engineer -- DDS -- Nude Art Model. Call 919-MOLARMAN.

MARVA

Nude modeling?

Darren cringes. Tim smiles.

TIM

Well, I'd be happy to do that for you. But, I thought we were talking about dentistry.

Another breeze stretches the ropes. Thank God! It gives Marva something else to look at. She tugs on the rigging.

MARVA

Gotta take off. The wind's gonna change.

Tim points toward the parking lot.

TIM

She made it.

He runs toward the lot. Darren smiles.

EXT. ANDERSON POINT PARK PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

Susan's purple VW rolls to a stop as the driver's door opens. Tim runs up with the headphone mic for Susan. The SONG fades.

DARREN (O.S.)

Country 92-7 -- and the sound of
Break 'n' Wynd in the Morning!

The crowd makes "raspberry" sounds.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey, our balloon flight today in the
Flying Pig is sponsored by Orca Party
Planners. Have a killer reception
and "wail" all night long with Orca!

Susan gets tangled in the dress and falls out of the car.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Good news - Susan made it. Bad news -
she's flat on her back in the parking
lot.

The crowd laughs, applauds and turns to gawk at Susan. Tim helps Susan to her feet. He gives her the mic. She puts it on and waves to the fans...as Tim steps on the dress.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Darren, it's your fault I'm late. I
dressed in the dark so I wouldn't wake
you up...and put the dress on backwards.
I started early -- ended late.

The crowd CHUCKLES.

ON DARREN -- who's laughing.

DARREN

Still took long enough to get here.

The crowd is slowing Susan as she tries to get to the balloon.

VERNA

That's 'cause she drives like an old lady.

SUSAN

Well, at least my breath doesn't smell like denture adhesive and cigarettes.

The crowd LAUGHS.

DARREN

Folks could we make way for Susan...

VERNA

Don't forget me! Verna!

DARREN

Right, and Verna Breakwind.

The crowd fans out to create a pathway. In the crush, someone pushes against a mooring rope. It comes loose. The balloon starts to move. Oh oh! Susan sees the big pink pig moving, slips off her high heels, picks them up and runs toward the balloon. As it bounces into the air, she throws her shoes into the basket -- one hits Darren in the forehead as she flings herself at the basket. Darren grabs her arm. She dangles from the side of the basket as the balloon rises 15-feet off the ground and floats over the screaming crowd. Marva helps Darren. Tim runs underneath.

SUSAN

Are those people lookin' up my dress?

EXT. THE HARGROVE HOME -- CONTINUOUS

We hear a cacophony of screams from the crowd, mixed with yells and grunts from Susan, Darren and Marva coming from the radio in the Tovar tow truck.

ON OMAR -- What the hell is happening?

INT. THE HARGROVE KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Elaine's pacing. Herb is sitting at the table, looking at his shoes. The radio has been turned down. It's audible. But, neither notice the screaming.

ELAINE

So, you made a bet with the Convention Center for the ad money they owe us?

HERB

It's not a bet. It's double or nothing.

ELAINE

That's a bet, Herb.

HERB

It's a sure thing. The balloon pilot is the best one I know.

He feels like he's talking to a four year old. So does she.

ELAINE

And, how many balloon pilots do you know?

Ouch. Herb can see it's time to reassure her.

HERB

Babe, the balloon will be downtown at exactly 8....droppin' tickets. And, that means Ned will write us a check for *double* the rate card!

A light goes on.

ELAINE

You're doing this because of your Dad, aren't you.

Gee, she's good.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BENTON HARGROVE'S WATERFRONT SOUTH CAROLINA HOME -- DAY

A lovely home with it's own dock just off the Intracoastal Waterway. A 38' Hatteras Convertible is tied up there. A tanned and relaxed BENTON HARGROVE, 68, has a cell phone to his ear, as he walks from the dock to his home's expansive deck.

BENTON

Surely 10-thousand wouldn't be asking too much, son. I know it wouldn't have been too much for me when I was running things.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE HARGROVE KITCHEN -- MORNING

Elaine's in Herb's face.

ELAINE

How much does he want, now?

Uh, let's not go there.

HERB

I can cover it with this deal.

ELAINE

It's a *bet*...not a *deal*. It's...

Elaine attention is drawn to the screaming on the radio. Herb notices too. What's going on out there?

EXT. ANDERSON POINT PARK -- CONTINUOUS

The balloon is being blown toward a line of pine trees at the edge of the field. Susan still dangles from the side. Her dress is caught on an "S" hook on the basket.

SUSAN

Careful! The dress is a loaner.

Tim runs under the balloon, shouting and pointing toward the tree line.

TIM

The trees! Watch out for the trees!

ON THE BALLOON BASKET -- Marva looks in the direction Tim's pointing. She sees the trees. Looks like a certain crash.

MARVA

You got her?

Darren nods. Marva lets go of Susan and leaps up to the burner cord. A blast of fire. The balloon rises as Darren pulls Susan into the basket - ripping the dress. The balloon skims the tree, Marva heaves a sigh of relief. That was close. She looks down -- Just in time to see Tim, who's looking up, bounce off a tree. THUMP. Ooh. That had to hurt.

INT. THE HARGROVE KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Elaine and Herb are staring at the radio.

HERB

Oh, Jesus. I should've bought insurance.

OFF ELAINE'S REACTION...WE --

CUT TO:

EXT. BALLOON -- CONTINUOUS

The glowing pink pig hot air balloon rises above the lush, green countryside.

DARREN (O.S.)

Well, that was easy!

SUSAN (O.S.)

Yeah, it was great dangling in midair with the breeze blowing on my butt. Call it, "Moon over Raleigh" courtesy of Break 'n' Wynd.

INT. BALLOON BASKET -- CONTINUOUS

Darren, Susan and Marva are getting themselves settled.

DARREN

Gotta thank our pilot this morning --
Marva Snodgrass! Great job Marva!

Marva nods.

INT. THE HARGROVE KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Herb's upset.

HERB

Marva? Where's Tommy Lee?

ELAINE

Don't tell me Marva's not "the best
balloon pilot you know."

Herb would rather not talk it. Time to go.

HERB

They're still alive.
I better get to the
station.

Herb goes to the sink and
pours out his coffee.

HERB (CONT'D)

We better use plan B.

Elaine smirks Why does she
do this?

HERB (CONT'D)

Please, Elaine?

SUSAN (O.S.)

(radio eq)
Country 92-7...Break 'n'
Wynd...little music as we
fly toward the Raleigh
Convention Center --

DARREN (O.S.)

Where we'll drop free
tickets to the Raleigh
Bridal Expo at exactly 8!

SUSAN (O.S.)

That's a Break 'n' Wynd
guarantee on Country 92-7!

A SONG starts. God, this is really getting old. Herb slips
over to give her a quick kiss. She only offers her cheek.

ELAINE

We can't keep doing this. You have
to talk to your Dad. Tell him things
have changed since he ran the station.

Not in this lifetime. He walks to the back door.

HERB

Plan B. Thanks!

He slips out. She sighs. This is no way to start the day.

INT. TOW TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

The SONG plays. Omar watches as the front door opens. He
sits up. Some action!

EXT. THE HARGROVE HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Elaine walks toward her street-side mailbox. She carries an envelope -- acting as if she doesn't notice the hem of her robe is jammed in the waistband of her underpants -- exposing her scantily clad rear-end to scrutiny. She opens her mailbox and bends over -- her ass pointing directly at Omar.

ON OMAR -- Who can't take his eyes off the spectacle.

EXT. BALLOON -- CONTINUOUS

The pink pig-shaped balloon soars over Wake County at a few thousand feet. A SONG plays in the background.

INT. BALLOON BASKET -- CONTINUOUS

Marva checks the rigging. Darren puts his arms around Susan.

DARREN

Is this like the dress you're going to wear for our wedding?

Uh huh.

SUSAN

Hope that's not like the tux you're planning to wear.

He looks at his tux. What? Marva taps him on the shoulder and points down. They look. It's Tim in the 92-7 van. They wave.

INT. FORD AEROSTAR VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Tim, with a big purple welt on his forehead, looks up and waves.

INT. BALLOON BASKET -- CONTINUOUS

Marva looks back to the horizon.

MARVA

Downtown's dead ahead!

Darren steals a quick kiss from Susan. Marva fires the gas burner to maintain altitude.

EXT. HERB HARGROVE'S HOME -- MORNING

Elaine, her barely-clad derriere aimed at the truck, kills time by slowly placing the envelope in the mailbox. As her butt waves in the wind, she looks over the top of the mailbox, toward the garage as Herb's preowned Cadillac backs out.

P.O.V. FROM TOW TRUCK -- MORNING

Omar is looking at Elaine's rear end, wagging to and fro, as the Cadillac slides away, unnoticed, into the backyard.

EXT. HERB HARGROVE'S BACKYARD -- MORNING

The Cadillac disappears through a neighbor's yard.

EXT. HERB HARGROVE'S HOME -- MORNING

Elaine, seeing that Herb has escaped, stands up. Thank God that's over! But, her robe is still tucked in her underpants - as a neighbor drives by slowly, toots the horn and waves.

OFF ELAINE'S REACTION, WE...

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Herb's Cadillac appears from the middle of some forsythias. The makings of a very nice flower arrangement are stuck in the grill as the car drives away.

INT. HERB'S CADILLAC -- CONTINUOUS

The song plays on Herb's car radio. He's on his cell phone.

HERB

Tommy Lee, we had a deal! Why the hell aren't you flying that balloon?

EXT. MARVA-PIG FLYING PIG FARM -- CONTINUOUS

The sun penetrates the mist at Marva-Pig. A two-story, white farm house sits near a two-lane state road. Beside the drive, hanging over the mailbox is a yellow and red sign featuring a happy pig in a biplane. It reads: "Marva-Pig Pig Farm and Crop Dusting Service. Home of the 'Flying Pig.'" Off to the right is the barn where TOMMY LEE SNODGRASS, a powerfully built 45 year-old, is pre-flighting his PT-27 Stearman biplane which is pointed at a gravel runway cut through Marva-Pig fields.

TOMMY LEE

Marva can handle it Herb. I taught her everything I know.

HERB (O.S.)

(phone eq)

I got a lot riding on this deal.

Tommy Lee pulls out the wheel chocks.

TOMMY LEE

You're in good hands with Marva. Besides, somethin's come up. I'm flyin' the biplane for WTGC today.

INT. HERB'S CADILLAC -- CONTINUOUS

You've got to be kidding!

HERB

That's the competition.

EXT. MARVA-PIG FLYING PIG FARM -- CONTINUOUS

Tommy Lee is hauling himself up onto the wing of the biplane.

TOMMY LEE

To you, Herb. To me, they're another
revenue stream.

He checks his watch.

TOMMY LEE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. It'll all work out!

He swings his legs into the cockpit of the two-seater.

TOMMY LEE (CONT'D)

Gotta go, Herb.

He slides in, flipping a switch as he plops into the seat.
The big radial engine sputters to smoky life.

CUT TO:

EXT. RALEIGH CONVENTION & CONFERENCE CENTER -- CONTINUOUS

A large crowd has gathered in front of the multistory building
in downtown Raleigh. Large speakers are booming Country
92.7. The SONG is ending as a few in the crowd point toward
the horizon, where the big pink pig balloon is just now
appearing. The crowd reacts excitedly at the sight. As the
song fades, we HEAR Susan over the speakers.

SUSAN (O.S.)

(P.A. eq)

Break 'n' Wynd on Country 92-7!
Flyin' high in the sky under a
gigantic pink pig!

DARREN (O.S.)

Courtesy of Marva-Pig Flying Pig
Farm!

Herb's Cadillac, a few flowers still clinging to the front
of the car, rolls by and turns down a nearby side street.

INT. HERB'S CADILLAC -- CONTINUOUS

Herb drives down a narrow alley, pulls up to a low concrete
block building and stops. Quick honk.

DARREN (O.S.)

(radio eq)

Just thinking, Susan.

(MORE)

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

If we got a hole in this balloon
right now, instead of calling
ourselves Break 'n' Wynd, we be "Break
'n' Necks."

SUSAN (O.S.)

That'd be just our luck. We just
ordered new business cards, too.

Herb chuckles as a small, old man in dirty coveralls walks
out, wiping his greasy hands on a red shop rag. The patch
above his breast pocket reads: "Zeke."

HERB

Ah! Good ol' "Hidin' Zeke!"

Herb turns down the radio and climbs out of the car.

EXT. ALLEY IN DOWNTOWN -- CONTINUOUS

Herb shakes hands with Zeke and hands him a 20. Zeke gets
in the car and drives off. Herb spins and walks back toward
the convention center, whistling.

P.O.V. OVER HERB'S SHOULDER LOOKING BEHIND HIM -- CONTINUOUS

The Cadillac turns right out of the alley. Moments later,
the Tovar truck passes...following the Caddy. Herb,
oblivious, walks to the main street, looking up.

EXT. BALLOON -- CONTINUOUS

Tommy Lee's biplane approaches...towing a banner. A SONG starts.

SUSAN (O.S.)

(radio eq)

Break 'n' Wynd music right now. When
we get back, it'll almost be time to
start droppin' those free coupons to
the Bridal Expo. It happens exactly
at 8! Don't miss it!

The vocal hits. Tommy Lee's Biplane flies by. He waves.
We can read the banner he's towing: "107 WTGC -- Too Good
Country."

SUSAN (CONT'D)

That's one dumb slogan.

A bump. They're tossed sideways. Something's wrong! Marva
looks over the side. Oh oh!

P.O.V. OVER MARVA'S SHOULDER LOOKING AT THE ROAD BELOW

The station van is now, suddenly, ahead of them. Downtown
is looking smaller!

MARVA

We didn't take off on time.

Susan looks at Darren.

SUSAN

What's that mean?

MARVA

The cold front beat us downtown.

DARREN

We're going backwards.

Terrific. Marva grabs a cell phone out of her jacket.

MARVA

Tommy Lee will know what to do.

EXT. CITY STREET -- CONTINUOUS

The 92-7 van makes a U-turn in front of oncoming traffic.

INT. FORD AEROSTAR VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Tim is looking skyward out of the windshield.

TIM

Herb's gonna have kittens!

EXT. RALEIGH CONVENTION & CONFERENCE CENTER -- CONTINUOUS

Herb approaches the masses in front of the Center, still whistling. Large P.A. speakers broadcast 92.7 - which is playing a SONG. There's a riser near the front doors - where a lone station banner hangs. Meanwhile, all around the area, billboards and signs proclaim: "WTGC: Too Good Country!" NED WARDLOW, the Convention Center manager, is waiting with WTGC's GM, Cromwell Parkhurst Jr on the riser. Herb waves. They wave and laugh.

HERB

What's so funny?

The two point up in the air over Herb's shoulder. He turns. The balloon is smaller. It's going the wrong direction.

ON HERB -- as the color drains from his face.

NED (O.S.)

Double or nothin'. Right Herb?

CROMWELL JR. (O.S.)

It's better than nothin' Ned. You're gonna pay DOUBLE nothin'!

Cromwell Jr laughs a little too loudly. Ned tries to ignore the idiot next to him and reaches out to shake hands with Herb.

HERB
Mornin' Ned.

He nods to Cromwell Jr as a city bus passes in the background -- its sides painted with a WTGC logo.

HERB (CONT'D)
I noticed all your signs Junior.
But, I didn't think I'd see you here.

Cromwell Jr *hates* it when Herb calls him "Junior."

CROMWELL JR.
Can't the manager of the competition
come see how the other half lives?

HERB
Sure. But first, you have to be
competition.

Ned would rather not be in the middle. Cromwell starts to respond but, at that moment, Tommy Lee in the Flying Pig biplane buzzes over the crowd, towing the WTGC banner.

CROMWELL JR.
Oops! Hope I'm not stealin' your
thunder.

The crowd "boos" the plane. Cromwell ignores the reaction.

CROMWELL JR. (CONT'D)
You know, pretty soon Herbie -- I
might be stealin' more than your
thunder.

What is he talking about? Ned, desperate to change the subject, points toward the banner.

NED
How did you get such a small airplane
to tow such a big banner?

CROMWELL JR.
It's mesh -- weighs nothing. It's
like a big spider's web. All holes

HERB
Well, I'm glad you got it big enough,
Junior -- so everybody can easily
read one of radio's dumbest slogan.

Cromwell's red. Herb loves it...Ned, too...but, secretly.

CROMWELL JR.
Our consultant did a lot of research
to create that slogan.

Yeah. Herb checks his watch and turns to Ned.

HERB
They're not late yet. You got any coffee?

Ned pats Herb on the shoulder and leads him toward a coffee
urn near the door. Cromwell Jr looks back up into the sky
and screeches like an old lady.

CROMWELL JR.
Look! Look! It's even *farther* away!

The laugh, this time, is so loud and forced those in the
crowd, nearby, wonder: Who IS that idiot?

INT. BALLOON BASKET -- CONTINUOUS

Marva's on her cell phone as downtown fades in the distance.
Susan checks her watch and looks at Darren. Time's running
out. Marva turns from the cell phone to Susan and Darren.

MARVA
Tommy Lee says if we go higher, the
wind might still be blowin' the right
direction.

She yanks the burner cord. Flame shoots inside the pig.

EXT. BALLOON -- CONTINUOUS

The balloon starts climbing. Then, the flame sputters out.

INT. BALLOON BASKET -- CONTINUOUS

Marva's banging on the gas containers with her fist.

MARVA
It's the regulator.

VERNA
Good, I hate regulations, anyway.

Darren and Marva are pretty sure Susan's losing it.

DARREN
Song's ending. You take it.

Darren points at Susan.

SUSAN
We're Break 'n' Wynd above Raleigh
for the Bridal Expo at the Convention
(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Center -- startin' today. But, we're
in a little situation right now.

DARREN
Yeah, we're goin' the wrong direction
and our burner just broke. So--

The basket bounces like a yo-yo, knocking everyone sideways.

MARVA
Down draft!

EXT. BALLOON -- CONTINUOUS

The balloon is dropping - rather quickly.

SUSAN (O.S.)
(radio eq)
Whoa. Feels like we're falling.
But, we're not really. Right Marva?

MARVA (O.S.)
We're droppin' like a rock, darlin'.

EXT. RALEIGH CONVENTION & CONFERENCE CENTER -- CONTINUOUS

The crowd is silent -- looking at the big speakers, listening
to the sound of the wind blowing past the microphones.

DARREN (O.S.)
We're falling toward I-40!

SUSAN (O.S.)
Don't be so dramatic Darren...it's
only the outbound lanes.

DARREN (O.S.)
As Bullwinkle once said --
(his best Bullwinkle)
-- don't crack jokes during the action
scenes...nobody hears 'em anyway!

A few in the crowd chuckle.

MARVA (O.S.)
Don't you two ever shut up? We gotta
do somethin'. Now!

DARREN (O.S.)
Like what?

SUSAN (O.S.)
Marva! Is Tommy Lee still on that
phone? Great. Give it to me! Tommy
Lee! Get that plane as close to the
balloon as you can! I've got an idea.

The biplane flies over the crowd -- and heads for the balloon.

CROMWELL JR.

Hey! My banner! Where's he going?

EXT. BALLOON -- CONTINUOUS

The balloon drops as the biplane approaches.

INT. BALLOON BASKET -- MOMENTS LATER

Darren pulls in one of the trailing tie-down ropes and hands the end to Susan who quickly ties a knot through the open toe of one of her high heels. Darren's puzzled.

SUSAN

It's like a grappling hook.

Right. We're doomed.

P.O.V. FROM THE BALLOON BASKET LOOKING DOWN

The cars and trucks are MUCH closer.

ON SUSAN -- who is now swinging the rope with the shoe on the end in a circle outside the basket.

EXT. BALLOON -- CONTINUOUS

The biplane passes under the falling balloon.

EXT. RALEIGH CONVENTION & CONFERENCE CENTER -- CONTINUOUS

The crowd silently looks at the speakers, as if watching a giant screen TV.

SUSAN (O.S.)

We got one chance at this!

We hear the biplane through the speakers as it approaches the balloon. There's some confused hollering then -- silence.

LARRY (O.S.)

(P.A. eq)

Guys? You there? Break 'n' Wynd?
Hello? Uh...well...this is All-Nite
Larry on Country 97 -- 92-7. Little
technical problem. We lost Break
'n' Wynd. Um...oh, gee.

A SONG starts playing. Cromwell Jr taps Ned on the shoulder.

CROMWELL JR.

Ned! Now you're *really* home "free!"

Ned looks at Herb, "I'm sorry."

CROMWELL JR. (CONT'D)
Home free. "Free!" Get it?

Ned looks at Cromwell, "Not now." Herb fears the worst.

EXT. OPEN FIELD NEXT TO I-40 -- CONTINUOUS

The semi-deflated pig balloon and it's crumpled basket are on their sides in a harvested field. The WTGC banner flops in the wind on the ground next to the balloon. Some cars have stopped. People are rushing from the highway to help.

ON THE CRUMPLED BASKET -- All is still. Then, movement! We HEAR coughs and sputters from Susan, Darren and Marva.

DARREN (O.S.)
Where'd the shoe idea come from?

INT. BALLOON BASKET -- CONTINUOUS

Marva, Susan and Darren are tangled in a pile -- unhurt.

SUSAN
I don't know. I guess it was my way to prove that, sometimes, even high heels can be "sensible shoes."

Marva pulls a hunk of dirt and grass from her hair.

MARVA
You saved us, darlin'. Anything me and Tommy Lee can do for you - I mean *anything...ever*...don't be shy.

She feels her jaw. Finds something in her mouth with her tongue; and pushes out...a molar! She looks at it and smiles.

MARVA (CONT'D)
Hey! I don't have to see the dentist!

EXT. OPEN FIELD NEXT TO I-40 -- CONTINUOUS

The biplane passes over the balloon wreckage.

EXT. RALEIGH CONVENTION & CONFERENCE CENTER -- MOMENTS LATER

The crowd is subdued. On the riser, Ned stands between Herb and Cromwell Jr. A SONG plays. Herb's lost in worry. Ned puts his hand on Herb's shoulder and leans close.

NED
Under the circumstances, Herb, we can drop this bet.

CROMWELL JR.
You're not letting him off the hook, are you?

Herb's never punched anyone when he was sober. So, this might be a first. Then, the music drops out.

LARRY (O.S.)

(P.A. eq)

Hold on everybody! I got 'em! They're okay! Break 'n' Wynd are alive! Uh, let me figure out which button to push -- and get 'em on the air!

The crowd cheers. Ned pats Herb's back. Herb hugs Ned in relief. Cromwell Jr. scoffs. We hear a loud CLUNK, feedback from the P.A. speakers and biplane motor noise. Then:

LARRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Uh, okay guys - you're on...I think.

DARREN (O.S.)

(phone/P.A. eq)

We're Break 'n' Wynd -- over Raleigh!

NED

Uh, I take back what I just said.

Cromwell checks his watch. He almost looks perturbed.

CROMWELL JR.

A minute! That's all you got, Herb.

Herb brushes a tear away and checks his watch. We can hear the biplane approaching. Ned looks at Cromwell who looks at Herb. How's that possible? He has no idea.

EXT. BIPLANE -- CONTINUOUS

Susan and Darren are in the front seat - both on cell phones - Tommy Lee pilots the plane from the rear seat.

SUSAN (O.S.)

(phone eq)

Here come the free tickets to the Bridal Expo...right above the Convention Center and right on time!

EXT. RALEIGH CONVENTION & CONFERENCE CENTER -- CONTINUOUS

The biplane flies by low and rolls over. Thousands of free tickets shower the crowd. Cheers. Herb's wrung out. Ned's actually glad to be paying double. Cromwell runs down the steps, looking up at the plane.

CROMWELL JR.

(screaming)

My banner! Where's the banner?

Herb walks slowly down the steps in the midst of the falling, fluttering tickets.

HERB

This is the luckiest day of my life.

In the street, over his shoulder, the Tovar tow truck passes by with Herb's Cadillac on the hook.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WRC-FM 92-7 OFFICES -- DAY

Country 92-7 is on the first floor of a 60's style 5-story office building -- lots of glass with steel framing. Not rundown. But, the building seems a little past it's prime. A small "Country 92-7" sign is mounted above the door. Next to the station's building, on top of a smaller building, is a billboard for WTGC.

OMINOUS MUSIC

NARRATOR (O.S.)

Sgt. Breakwind prepared to leave her quaint command cabin in the woods and move to Yellow Snow...with all her possessions strapped to her back.

VERNA (O.S.)

Actually, most of my stuff is strapped on Queenie's back.

QUEENIE THE DOG (O.S.)

Ro-ro-ro-ro-ruff

VERNA (O.S.)

Oh, quit complaining Queenie, I got my knapsack full of YOUR kibble and bits. Well, actually -- just bits. I ate the kibble last night during the ball game.

DOOR OPEN/WIND BLOWING/ADVENTUROUS MUSIC

QUEENIE THE DOG (O.S.)

Ro-ro-ro

VERNA (O.S.)

Nobody likes a complainer Queenie! Besides, most of the kibble was stale anyway.

The sound of Queenie complaining fades.

INT. WRC-FM 92-7 RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

Just off the building's well-worn lobby, behind a glass wall and double glass doors is the no frills reception area with a small desk and four simple chairs.

A window in the entry area looks into the studio where All-Nite Larry - a very tired, round-faced 30 year old in a T-shirt - is still on the air. Standing around the reception desk, excitedly talking simultaneously are Susan, Darren and Tim. They're telling Elaine, about the day's exploits. Susan's still in the dirty and tattered wedding dress. Darren's powder blue tux is showing lots of grass stains. Tim's occasionally touches the large blue welt on his forehead.

ELAINE

Well, thank God you're all alive.

Herb bursts into the station, waving a check!

HERB

Double or nothin'! Now, *that's* a business deal!

He rushes in to hand the check to his wife.

ELAINE

You wouldn't have this without them.

She points at the three in front of her. Herb knows. He hugs each one. It's a brief moment in time when they realize how lucky they are to be together...**and** alive. Herb sees the bluish bump on Tim's forehead.

HERB

You okay, Timmy?

Tim touches his forehead gingerly.

TIM

Yeah. It'll give the kids over at WCC a little something different to paint. I'm posing tonight.

They retreat a half step. No one likes thinking of Tim naked.

SUSAN

Hard for me to imagine you standing up in front of a bunch of community college Picassos -- like...that.

TIM

You guys ought to take the class.

Everyone chuckles. Tim heads toward the studio area. He points to his blue forehead.

TIM (CONT'D)

I'm gonna see if I can find some ice for this.

Herb goes to his office -- directly off the reception area.

HERB

Come on in, you two. I want to show you something.

Susan and Darren follow Herb.

SUSAN

Word to the wise, Darren. If Tim ever says he wants to "show you something" -- don't look-

Tim laughs as he exits. Herb opens his office, flicks on the light and turns back toward Elaine.

HERB

Don't forget about Dad.

She hasn't forgotten.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BENTON HARGROVE'S WATERFRONT SOUTH CAROLINA HOME -- DAY

Benton walks out the front of his huge home with golf clubs over his shoulder, toward a red BMW sports car.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WRC-FM 92-7 RECEPTION AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

Elaine looks at the check. "Yeah. Right." The phone rings. Elaine answers. Just as Susan is about to close Herb's office door, Elaine turns around, with her hand over the mouthpiece.

ELAINE

Susan! It's for you. From New York.

New York? That's odd. She walks back to take the phone.

INT. HERB'S OFFICE -- DAY

Herb's office is a creative clutter of boxes, promotional material, overflow equipment that couldn't find any other home and his own idea of "decorating" -- including a couple of plastic plants, a globe in a floor stand and a foosball table. Herb points Darren to a chair that's not completely covered with radio station detritus.

HERB

New York?

Darren pushes what's on the seat of the chair onto the floor and shrugs. He sits down.

DARREN

Got me.

Herb thinks about it for a second; then, decides to drop it. He's off into another exciting plan!

HERB

You know, this fall -- the rating book is going to be critical.

DARREN

Herb, when ISN'T it critical?

HERB

Yeah, but this year...it's REALLY critical...like, "staying in business" critical.

Herb lets that sink in as he turns to pick up something from behind his desk.

HERB (CONT'D)

You and Susan are extremely important. You've kept us on top...kept the ad agency money coming in. And, that's why, this fall, we're going to be giving away...these!

He spins around - holding a "Break 'n' Wynd" T-shirt. Darren's pleased...surprised...and at a loss for words.

HERB (CONT'D)

I ordered 30-thousand of 'em. They'll be here Monday.

The door opens. Susan and Elaine enter silently - nervously. Herb holds the T-shirt high. His wide smile is met by blank stares. Something's wrong. But what?

ELAINE

Susan just got a call.

What happened? Did someone die? Darren stands.

DARREN

Susan, what is it? Is everything all right?

SUSAN

Yeah! No problem.

HERB

Thank goodness.

SUSAN

Yeah. No! It's good! The call was from New York. They want us to interview for a job.

For both Herb and Darren, this isn't computing.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I said, "yes."

Herb lets out a gasp -- like something big fell on his foot.
Darren's thinking: Did I just hear what I think I heard?

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I couldn't say "no" to New York!

Silence. Then...Herb lowers the Break 'n' Wynd shirt.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RALEIGH-DURHAM INT'L AIRPORT -- NIGHT

A passenger jet rolls down the runway and takes off.

INT. PASSENGER JET -- NIGHT

Darren and Susan are flying coach. Darren has the window seat and seems very intent on looking out the window. They're together. But, NOT together. Should she say something? Darren knows she wants to talk. But, he's not up for it.

SUSAN

You haven't said five words since we got to the airport.

It's dark. He can't see a thing. But, he keeps looking out.

DARREN

If you were applying for jobs, you should have told me.

SUSAN

I swear, I didn't send anything.
They just called out of the blue.
But...

She touches his shoulder. He doesn't want her to do that.
He doesn't want to give in...yet. Eye contact.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

...If we can make it there. We can make it--

DARREN

--Quoting Sinatra. What's next?
Shakespeare?

SUSAN

Sure, why not? "To be, or not to be? That's the question."

Darren settles back. A smile.

DARREN

I'm not afraid "to be." I just don't see the point. I love where we are.

SUSAN

Sure. Now. What about in 10 years?

DARREN

I don't know. Comfortable? Happy?

It's Susan's turn to look away. He leans toward her.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Look, hon', it's just that I spent a lot of my life as a kid in the back seat of a car -- while my parents drove from town-to-town, job-to-job, looking for a better life.

Okay. That got her.

DARREN (CONT'D)

But, it was never better. The jobs always sucked. And, we were always leaving.

Sounds awful.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. 1977 CHEVY -- AFTERNOON

A young Darren (circa 1980) sits in the back seat, with a hand puppet, talking to himself. His parents stare straight ahead...lost in their fears about the future.

DARREN (O.S.)

We'd hit the road. They'd sit in the front seat - not talking. I'd sit in the back seat talking to a puppet.

The puppet says something funny. Young Darren laughs.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I guess that kinda' led me into radio!

SUSAN (O.S.)

Your dad's an accountant. That's not the kind of job that requires a lot of moving. Is it?

INT. 80'S STYLE PANELED OFFICE -- DAY

Darren's father, with "big hair" and an earring sits at a desk using an abacus.

DARREN (O.S.)
 Not normally. I guess you could
 call my Dad an "itinerant accountant."

SUSAN (O.S.)
 Itinerant Accountant?

DARREN (O.S.)
 Yeah, a real free spirit. Nobody
 was going to tell him how to do it.

An angry man in a three piece suit enters the room, grabs
 the abacus from Darren's father and points to the door.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 He never held onto a job very long.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- DAY

Two boys walk on the side of the street talking and laughing.

DARREN (O.S.)
 One time, I thought he was gonna
 stick. I decided to go for it --
 make friends. You know?

The kids turn up a driveway toward a home.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 This one kid, Roger, invited me for
 a sleep-over. I had a friend!

The kids see Darren's mother packing stuff into the trunk of
 the '77 Chevy.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 We went home to tell my Mom...and
 she was hauling our clothes out to
 the car...again.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PASSENGER JET -- NIGHT

Susan's thinking: So, what's he saying? Darren's thinking:
 So, what am I trying to say?

DARREN
 I'm not upset at the thought of New
 York. I'm upset about leaving Herb
 and Elaine...our friends. I *hate*
 leaving.

He looks out the window.

DARREN (CONT'D)
 You want a quote? Here's one: "True
 friends stab you in the front."

Susan laughs.

DARREN (CONT'D)
 Oscar Wilde.

He looks back from the window.

DARREN (CONT'D)
 I guess we must be true friends to
 Herb and Elaine, huh?

She puts her hand on his.

SUSAN
 So, why are you on this airplane?

No question here.

DARREN
 Because I love you.

That was the right answer. Eyes meet. A tender kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. JFK INT'L AIRPORT -- NIGHT

A passenger plane passes over and lands.

EXT. JFK INT'L AIRPORT TERMINAL 9 -- NIGHT

There's a line of people at the taxi stand. Darren and Susan wait midway. Both have small carryon bags. Darren waits stoically. Susan turns like a lighthouse beacon, craning her neck, looking in all directions. It's impossible to ignore.

DARREN
 What are you doing?

SUSAN
 I thought, maybe, I'd be able to see
 the Empire State Building. It's
 tall, right?

Darren looks around. Did anyone hear that? She laughs. Okay, he gets it. Then, a moment to reflect.

DARREN
 Hope Herb's okay.

SUSAN
 He'll be fine. We're not the first
 morning show that's moved on.

DARREN

Actually, I was thinking about that borrowed wedding dress you wore in the balloon.

Oh. Right.

SUSAN

He guaranteed to return it "like new."

DARREN

So, how's he gonna do that?

A moment to imagine what Herb's up to.

CUT TO:

INT. LAUNDROMAT -- NIGHT

In the harsh florescent light of a 24-hour laundromat, Herb sits in a plastic chair, reading a magazine. Over his shoulder in the background, we can see the white remains of the loaner wedding dress going 'round and 'round in a dryer.

CUT TO:

EXT. JFK INT'L AIRPORT TERMINAL 9 -- NIGHT

Susan and Darren are at the head of the taxi stand line. A Yellow Cab pulls up. They slide in quickly. The cab shoots away from the curb with the rear door still open.

INT. CAB -- NIGHT

Susan and Darren are still sliding into place on the seat. Darren slams the door. Quick glance at each other. Susan leans toward the opening in the plexiglas.

SUSAN

Grand Hy--

A disembodied voice interrupts.

HOMER SIMPSON (O.S.)

(speaker eq)

Doh! It's me, Homer Simpson! If you want to join me at Moe's Tavern later on...I heartily suggest that you buckle up.

They slide back in the seat to try to find the seat belts in the dark.

HOMER SIMPSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But, then, what do I know? I'm just a cartoon character! Buckle up and enjoy the ride!

Susan, still trying to find her belt leans forward.

SUSAN

Grand Hy--

The CAB DRIVER, a Pakistani with three day's growth, leans back toward the plexiglas.

CAB DRIVER

Where are you wanting to go?

SUSAN

Grand Hy--

Suddenly, the cabby leans forward and begins yelling angrily in his native tongue.

CAB DRIVER

Sunna aap suar bachcha! Mayn qarz
aap aath-so dollars teen saal guzishta!
Many mutaalba mayra ropya paysa!

Is he talking to us? Darren leans forward. He's got a better angle, since he's on the right side. Ah hah! The driver is on his cell! Darren leans back, holding a fist to his ear.

DARREN

Cell phone.

Oh! The driver folds his phone and sticks it in his pocket. Throughout, the cabby is able to make the phone disappear and reappear -- like magic. He leans toward the plexiglas.

CAB DRIVER

Please, where you are wanting to go.

SUSAN

The Grand Hyatt --

She is trying to read a slip of paper in her hand that has the address of the hotel.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

It's at, uh, Park Avenue and--

CAB DRIVER

(angrily)
No no no!

He's on the phone again.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

Sunna aap suar bachcha! Mayn qarz
aap aath-so dollars teen saal guzishta!
Many mutaalba mayra ropya paysa!

The driver folds up his phone and puts it back in his pocket. He leans back. He smiles pleasantly.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)
The Grand Hyatt! It is lovely!

ON DARREN -- who tries to get into the chitchat.

DARREN
Yeah. Well, we're staying there because we're on a job interview. And, that's where they're putting us up. It's near Grand Central, right?

CAB DRIVER (O.S.)
What? You are crazy!

What the hell?

ON THE CAB DRIVER -- who's back on the phone.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)
Sunna aap suar bachcha! Mayn qarz aap aath-so dollars teen saal guzishta! Many mutaalba mayra ropya paysa! Scum bag!

The driver folds the phone and puts it into his pocket. He glances in the mirror and sees the confused looks on Susan and Darren's faces.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)
Oh, you are not the scum bags. My brother in Lahore is owing me money...

The thought of that scum bag brings out the worst in the otherwise affable cabbie. He pounds the horn.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)
The bag of scum!

EXT. MANHATTAN BRIDGE -- NIGHT

The cab passes by as we get a nighttime view of the New York skyline.

CAB DRIVER (O.S.)
Sunna aap suar bachcha! Mayn qarz aap aath-so dollars teen saal guzishta! Many mutaalba mayra ropya paysa!

His voice fades as the cab moves away toward Manhattan.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAND HYATT HOTEL -- MORNING

Establishing shot. Friday morning activity on 42nd St.

INT. GRAND HYATT HOTEL RESTAURANT -- MORNING

Susan and Darren are in a booth. They're picking at their food. She looks out the window toward 42nd St.

SUSAN

Amazing, isn't it? Look where we are!

No reaction.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Darren, we have to take a shot at this!

He takes her left hand and plays with her engagement ring. Still not convinced. Backsliding? Takes a sip of coffee.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I couldn't sleep last night, after what you said on the plane. You know -- about your childhood?

DARREN

The fact that I played with hand puppets disturbed you that much?

He can always make her laugh. No.

SUSAN

You got me thinking about when I was a kid... about my parents. Why I'm who I am.

Darren's listening. Susan takes a deep breath.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Okay, I've told you about my parent's band.

DARREN

You mean, "Garage Band."

Fair enough.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GARAGE -- DAY

The Wyndham garage of Susan's childhood features bicycles, a lawn mower, numerous tools and gardening implements, lumber,

old tires -- everything you normally see in a garage. In the middle of the oil-stained floor, a drummer, bass player, rhythm guitarist, a guy in a mailman's uniform playing lead guitar and the lead singer -- a 30-something woman who resembles Susan -- are working out an arrangement.

SUSAN (O.S.)

But, they were good. They'd made a real name for themselves playing local bars and weddings. And, when I was a little girl, they had some chances to get out...to audition for REAL bands...and even get a contract.

DARREN (O.S.)

They blow the auditions?

A little girl (Susan) comes to the door on a tricycle. Her father (the mailman) and her mother (the lead singer) see her and wave as they play and sing and little Susie bobs her head to the music. *

SUSAN (O.S.)

No...they didn't even try.

(pause a beat)

My mom wanted to go for it. But, my Dad said he could always count on his job as a mailman. He liked things the way they were.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRAND HYATT HOTEL RESTAURANT -- MORNING

Where has Darren heard THAT before? Sip of coffee. Susan looks out the window.

SUSAN

Anyway, they never took the chance. They never found out if they could make it...never reached out to more than a few dozen people at a time. So, this morning at 2, I realized...I don't really want to move, either. But, I DO want to reach more people! We can do that here in New York. We can't back home.

Conviction.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

This is the right thing to do.

Convincing? Maybe. Can't tell. He thinks for a moment.

DARREN

For you...moving here is about reaching more people. For me, moving here... means I'll still be close to you.

He takes her hand.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Look, Susan, all I'm asking is that if they make an offer...we take time to consider everything before we give them an answer.

Can't argue with that.

SUSAN

That's only reasonable.

CUT TO:

EXT. 1700 BROADWAY -- DAY

Establishing shot of the skyscraper home of WRAT-FM...RAT Country.

INT. WRAT-FM LOBBY -- DAY

We pass through the glass doors with the "WRAT-FM" logo and enter the small lobby. A receptionist sits behind a sliding glass window. She glances our way and buzzes us through the doorway into the station itself.

INT. WRAT-FM STUDIOS AND OFFICES -- DAY

We pass by sales and programming offices in various states of clutter -- past the main studio where a jock sits, bored, at the audio console. We arrive at the end of the hall -- at double doors marked "Conference Room." There's a Post-It note on the door: "Interview in Progress."

INT. WRAT-FM CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

The windows in this corner room offer two great views of the city. The long, wooden conference table has room for a dozen chairs. At the end of the table nearest the corner windows, Susan and Darren are sitting opposite the station's GM, STEPHANIE MILLER - a tightly wrapped corporate-type in a designer suit - and G KENNY WELDON - the round-faced, balding-but-gel-haired consultant. Because he's seldom - if ever - home, G Kenny (GK) is forever in a perpetually wrinkled suit. As we enter the room, Stephanie is leaning across the table, toward Susan and Darren, using a pen to highlight points on an offer sheet -- which she's looking at upside down.

STEPHANIE

So, those are the highlights...

G KENNY

It's a good offer...for guys like
you who've never worked in a major.

While still pointing at the contract, Stephanie manages a quick, sideways glance at G Kenny -- who cuts himself off.

G KENNY (CONT'D)

Uh, you know, Simian and The Greek
went from Portland to Seattle on a
deal like this.

Darren looks up, "Simian and The Greek?" Susan's focused on the offer sheet.

STEPHANIE

Just think about it.

Susan picks up the sheet of paper. Darren peeks at it.

SUSAN

Okay...We'll take it.

Tough to tell who's more surprised - Stephanie, Darren or Susan herself. G Kenny's unfazed.

G KENNY

Good decision! You and Darwin are
gonna be happy here!

STEPHANIE

Darren.

The consultant shrugs. Whatever. Darren stares at Susan. What did you just do? Susan smiles and pats his hand.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Any problem with the conflict between
our start-date and your wedding date?

DARREN

Apparently not.

Susan knows she has gone too far. The wedding! A quick look at Darren. "I'm sorry." He can't believe this is happening.

G KENNY

You know, the radio station could
help you with that little problem.
We could turn your wedding into a
promotion -- for you and the station!

Susan's considering it. Darren's not. Stephanie isn't comfortable with all of this. But, it's part of the job.

DARREN

A promotion?

G KENNY

Sure! On the air! You two can have a kick-ass wedding! And, the station will pay for it!

STEPHANIE

...Or trade it out...

G KENNY

...Or something!

Susan's about to open her mouth. Darren leans in quickly to cut her off. He looks directly at Susan.

DARREN

We're gonna have to talk about it.

The room becomes uncomfortably quiet.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUR-RAL CONDO COMPLEX -- AFTERNOON

The 92-7 Van is parked in a space beside Darren's Mini Cooper and Susan's purple VW Beetle. Tim stumbles out the front door with an armful of clothes. He leans over the top of the Mini and drops everything through the open sunroof.

INT. SUSAN & DARREN'S CONDO -- AFTERNOON

Susan and Elaine, in jeans, pack smaller items in a duffel bag. The place looks like it's been hit by a twister.

SUSAN

It was awful nice of you to store our extra stuff in your basement.

Shrug. No big deal.

ELAINE

What did your parents say when you told them you were putting off your wedding and moving to New York City?

SUSAN

Same thing Darren said.

Her tone says all is not well. She brightens.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

But, Darren's folks think the whole thing is "cool beans."

Darren and Herb struggle into view, hauling a bedroom dresser. It's not easy. Herb's fingers are cramping up.

HERB

Down! Gotta put it down.

He drops his end and shakes the cramps out of his fingers. Darren's glad for the break. But, he's not feeling talkative.

SUSAN

Hey, Darren. Elaine just told me
WTGC is suing the Snodgrasses.

What?

DARREN

Why?

Herb's still working his fingers to restore circulation.

HERB

Junior felt like he got cheated when
Tommy Lee cut his banner loose.

That's stupid.

DARREN

He would've crashed if he hadn't.

Herb shrugs. Tim comes back into the condo.

TIM

Darren's Mini is fillin' up. You want
me to start loadin' your car, Suz?

Quick glance at Darren. Better tell them.

SUSAN

No. Stuff that Mini to the gills.

DARREN

I got more stuff in the office.

Tim salutes and heads for that room.

SUSAN

Uh, Herb...Elaine?

Both look up. Yeah?

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Darren and I talked this over --

Darren nods at Herb. Yeah, we did.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You know, we're moving to a city where lots of people don't own cars. I mean, people live their whole lives in New York...and never own one.

Elaine looks at Herb: What's this about?

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Anyway, I want you to keep my car.

What? No! Elaine looks at Herb quickly: Say "No" Herb. Herb takes a moment to think.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

We only need one car. And, Darren loves that Mini. So, it makes sense to give mine away.

Herb is imagining the thrill of driving a car, free and clear. Elaine can't hold it in.

ELAINE

No! I don't want your car because you feel guilty about leaving. If you don't want the car in New York... the only thing that makes sense is to sell it...not give it to us.

HERB

Uh. Yeah.

Susan stands up, digs in her jeans pocket and pulls out the car keys. She walks over to Herb.

HERB (CONT'D)

We can't take--

Susan sticks the keys in Herb's shirt pocket.

SUSAN

Thanks for everything.

She turns back to Elaine.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Both of you.

Tim comes back into the main room with that pile of Darren's stuff - headed for the door. Dangling from his shoulder: Darren's golf clubs. Susan's thinking, "Golf Clubs?" But, based on Darren's attitude right now, this is not the time to say something. Elaine, however doesn't feel any restraint.

ELAINE

Golf clubs?

Darren watches Tim leave.

DARREN

Muggers think twice about robbing a
guy who's swinging a seven iron.

Herb's cell phone rings. He pulls it out and answers.

HERB

Hello?

All eyes turn.

HERB (CONT'D)

Oh. Hi, Dad.

The others are clueless. Elaine's not. She sinks back to
the duffel bag. Can't that old man leave us alone?

CUT TO:

EXT. SUSAN & DARREN'S CONDO -- MORNING

The Mini is packed to the point of bursting and idling in
the driveway beside the front door. Some items are stuffed
in the passenger side where Susan has shoehorned herself.

INT. THE MINI -- MORNING

Darren looks at the condo. Change is in the wind.

SUSAN

Thanks for doing this. It's the
right thing.

Sure hope so. He fumbles past his golf clubs to grab the
shifter. She slides the seven-iron out of his way so he can
slip the Mini into gear.

EXT. SUSAN & DARREN'S CONDO -- MORNING

The Mini rolls out of the drive and into traffic -- past a
WTGC billboard.

EXT. I-40 SOUTH -- MORNING

A song plays on the radio. The Mini maneuvers through
traffic. As we pull back, we see an endless ribbon of
concrete stretching into the morning sun. The SONG fades.

DARREN (O.S.)

(radio eq)

Good mornin' Raleigh! We're Break
'n' Wynd for the new guy on the block --
All-Nite Larry in the Morning!

SUSAN (O.S.)
 We'll miss being here. But, you
 won't miss a morning of fun...if you
 stick with All-Nite Larry in the
 Morning on Country 92-7!

LARRY (O.S.)
 Yeah! Thanks guys! It's me, All-
 Nite Larry in the Morning! I'm taking
 over from the best morning show --
 ever -- Break 'n' Wynd -- who are on
 their way to New York City right now.

INT. THE MINI -- MORNING

Darren and Susan glance at each other. Smiles.

LARRY (O.S.)
 Hope they're listening, cause I got
 a caller on the phone who has
 something to say.

CLUNK. Feedback

HERB (O.S.)
 (phone/radio eq)
 Smooth, Larry.

LARRY (O.S.)
 Thanks boss!

HERB (O.S.)
 Susan, Darren. Just remember...
 Everybody here is pullin' for you
 two!

ELAINE (O.S.)
 (phone eq/off)
 And, he means "everybody!"

HERB
 Right! Good luck, guys!

What great friends!

EXT. I-40 SOUTH -- MORNING

The traffic is thinning as they drive further from Raleigh.
 The Mini accelerates past a truck, ducks to the right around
 a slower car in the passing lane. A SONG starts.

LARRY (O.S.)
 (radio eq)
 Thanks Herb. And, I want ya'll to
 know that no matter how long I do this
 show...I'll never be "breakin' wind."

We hear a small fart.

LARRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (chuckle)
 Country 97-2 - Uh, 92-7!

The vocal hits. The Mini has outrun the traffic. It's on the open road by itself.

EXT. I-40/I-95 INTERCHANGE -- DAY

We see the sign for "I-95 North - Richmond" as the Mini rounds the cloverleaf and hits the continuous band of pavement that now connects them to New York City.

MONTAGE -- I-95 -- DAY

The signal from the station weakens. The SONG garbles.

INT. THE MINI -- DAY

Susan tunes the radio to another station...playing the same song.

EXT. I-95 -- DAY

Through several scenery changes, increasing traffic and various highway signs - we know New York is looming.

EXT. APPROACHING THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE -- AFTERNOON

Traffic is moving at "inches per hour." The Mini is dwarfed between two huge SUV's. The song fades. We hear the raspy voice of a DJ known as Frog Holler.

FROG HOLLER (O.S.)
 (radio eq)
 You're in Rat Country! RAT-FM!
 Hey, Monday morning at 5, you can
 hear New York's newest, funniest
 morning team -- Break 'n' Wynd!

INT. THE MINI -- AFTERNOON

Susan and Darren look at each other. THIS is cool.

FROG HOLLER (O.S.)
 Better yet, *meet* Break 'n' Wynd face
 to face Sunday! They'll be at the New
 York City Austral-Asian Street Fair on
 Madison, between 42nd and 57th. That's
 15 blocks of fun and food...and, of
 course, a chance to win a new SUV from
 RAT-FM when we welcome Break 'n' Wynd
 to town with a RAT-FM Gang Dangle!

"Gang Dangle?" What the hell is that?

FROG HOLLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 It's your chance to meet, greet and -
 if the danglin' goes off course -
 maybe grope New York's newest morning
 team! It's 5:18 in Rat Country!

We HEAR a commercial start. Susan turns down the radio.

SUSAN
 I don't like the sound of "Gang Dangle"
 and "grope" in the same sentence.

After a day of driving, Darren's too tired to care.

DARREN
 It can't be that bad. We'll ask
 about it tomorrow at the meeting.

The guy definitely said "grope."

DARREN (CONT'D)
 I just want to hurry up and get to
 the hotel. I'm pooped.

EXT. I-95 APPROACHING THE G.W. BRIDGE -- AFTERNOON

Pull back from the Mini to reveal a long, long line of cars stopped on the highway. As we rise higher, we can see why traffic's not moving. There's a car fire in the middle of the span. Nobody's going anywhere any time soon.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AERIAL SHOT OF NEW YORK CITY -- MORNING

A quiet, but spectacular, Fall Sunday morning over Midtown Manhattan. A country version of the Steely Dan song "Bad Sneakers" plays in the background.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE -- MORNING

A small plane tows a banner for "The Country RAT FM" over a crowd that doesn't notice. The Australasian Street Fair is underway. There are all kinds of booths and displays typical for these kinds of events. As usual, most seem to have nothing to do with the Street Fair theme. There are booths for Calzones, Fried Dough, Italian Ice, Games of chance, etc. Among the Australasian organizations: Gay Australasians of New York, Australasians for Pan Pacific Peace, Meatless Australasian Mothers -- It's all sponsored by Kanga-Brew -- the down under beer with an over-the-top kick.

About the middle of the fair, somewhere around 50th St, a crowd has gathered around the COUNTRY RAT-FM SUV with a sign on the windshield that says "WIN ME!" The crowd is raucous.

Another sign: "Gang Dangle with Break 'n' Wynd! Greet the Country RAT-FM's New Morning Team and you could win!" RAT-FM DJ FROG HOLLER is emceeing the event. Frog, is a big, hairy guy in a cowboy hat.

FROG HOLLER
It's danglin' time!

Crowd CHEER.

FROG HOLLER (CONT'D)
Hey, ya'll! I'm Frog Holler...the
afternooner at The Country RAT-FM!

Moderate crowd CHEER.

Susan and Darren -- with Stephanie in rain gear and a hard hat -- push through the crowd toward the SUV. Susan and Darren are dressed in skydiving suits covered with big patches of velcro. They're wearing harnesses, lacrosse helmets and goggles.

SUSAN
I'm sorry. I'm the one who made us
late.

STEPHANIE
It's not good to be late.

DARREN
She put the pants on backwards.

They hustle forward. Now, we see it. Behind the SUV is a piece of rented construction equipment -- a 100-foot "hydraulic platform man lift." It's in the retracted position -- for the moment. They hurry to the platform as guys with "STAFF" on their jackets hook them to bungee cords. Stephanie steps between them.

FROG HOLLER
It's the 9th annual Country RAT-FM
Gang Dangle! This is one of them
days -- everybody's gotta have balls!
But, don't worry gals, 'cause the
balls I'm talkin' about are covered
with velcro and cost 5-bucks! And,
you gotta have at least one...if you
want a shot at winnin' The Country
RAT-FM SUV!

Crowd RUMBLES in anticipation.

FROG HOLLER (CONT'D)
The money's for charity. Every ball
that sticks goes into a drawing later
on...to win the Country RAT-FM SUV!
So, everybody -- get your hands on
some balls!

The crowd laughs and applauds. On the platform, the "Staff" guys wrap up the preparation as Frog Holler riffs in the background. Darren's agitated.

SUSAN

That Frog's a character.

STEPHANIE

His real name's Vic Scarpelli. He did mornings -- when RAT-FM was a rocker...as "Balls Wallman."

Uh huh. Susan points up as the small plane towing the banner passes unnoticed over the narrow corridor of the street.

SUSAN

Looks nice. But -- nobody's looking.

STEPHANIE

Our new consultant's idea.

Oh. Susan looks around.

SUSAN

So, where *is* G Kenny?

STEPHANIE

Uh, back in your home state, actually. Working with a station. He--

DARREN

--Can we go over this again, please? I'm not completely comfortable, here.

Attitude -- Darren's got it...along with second thoughts.

STEPHANIE

Sure! It's pretty simple. Gang Dangle's a RAT-FM tradition. You guys just introduce yourselves to New York. And, be sure to mention you start tomorrow morning.

Darren nods impatiently.

DARREN

Uh huh. Okay. And, then?

Susan is surprised by Darren's attitude.

SUSAN

You know what comes next, Darren...we jump off the platform.

STEPHANIE

--And, everybody throws their balls at you as you bounce and dangle.

She forces a smile.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

It'll be fun!

No, it won't. Was that look for Stephanie or Susan...or both?

FROG HOLLER

Grab them balls and give a big New York welcome to the brand new morning team on the Country RAT-FM...say hello to Break 'n' Wynd! Guys!

The crowd cheers as Stephanie steps off and stands back. "Staff" guys hand Susan and Darren microphones. Both wave.

SUSAN

I can't believe it! We're Break 'n' Wynd in New York City!

DARREN

Talk about stinkin' up the airwaves. Hello, New York!

The crowd responds.

SUSAN

Tomorrow morning at 5, we're kickin' off our show on the Country RAT-FM.

The crowd response is weaker.

DARREN

It's four hours of laughs, Country music and the adventures of the Yukon's greatest crime fighter...Sgt. Breakwind of the Yukon.

VERNA

That's me! The lovely and talented Verna Breakwind.

The crowd didn't come to hear this. They came to see two idiots jump. The platform is reaching into the stratosphere.

ON STEPHANIE -- who's been joined by Frog Holler. They're looking up at the now miniature duo.

FROG HOLLER

Just jump.

Stephanie, who might be sick at her stomach, looks away.

STEPHANIE

Oh, God...I should've bought insurance.

P.O.V. OVER FROG'S SHOULDER LOOKING UP

With the platform extended to its full height, the two look like miniatures.

ON DARREN AND SUSAN -- gulp.

DARREN

But, you didn't come to listen to us brag on our show. Did ya'?

The crowd responds with a loud "NO!" Darren looks at Susan again. This is nuts. She lowers the mic.

SUSAN

Thanks for hangin' in there with me.

Gee, that was nice. They both look down.

P.O.V. FROM THE PLATFORM LOOKING DOWN -

The people below look like swarming ants. They're starting to chant: "Jump! Jump! Jump! Jump..."

ON SUSAN AND DARREN -- This is crazy.

DARREN

The "hangin'" part I can handle. What worries me is the droppin' part.

On the street, Frog is looking up in anticipation. He's chanting with the crowd. Stephanie is looking away.

ON SUSAN AND DARREN -- she takes his hand.

SUSAN

We'll do it like everything else. Together.

Okay. They both take a deep breath.

DARREN

Talk about a "leap of faith."

She smiles. They lift their microphones.

SUSAN

Okay New York...grab your balls!

DARREN

And...hold 'em tight -- 'Cause --

SUSAN

Here comes Break 'n' Wynd!

DARREN

Here comes Break 'n' Wynd!

They take a step forward off the platform.

P.O.V. FROM THE STREET LOOKING UP

SCREAMS as they fall from the tower. The bungees pay out. Balls start flying even as the two are falling. Then, the bungees catch and the team bounces back toward the top.

ON STEPHANIE AND FROG -- he's watching. She has her eyes closed...tight.

FROG HOLLER

They're alive, Steph. You can look.

Stephanie looks up to see her new morning team bobbing at the end of their elastic tethers. Whew! A blizzard of balls fill the air. The exhilaration of surviving the incredibly stupid has overwhelmed the team. They're hooting and hollering at the ends of the tethers.

ON STATION STAFF wearing rain coats. They're picking up balls that didn't stick and throwing them back into the crowd for another try.

Susan and Darren are dangling together at the ends of their bungees as the man lift starts rolling down Madison -- to dangle them in front of the street fair crowd.

ON SUSAN AND DARREN -- who are holding hands.

DARREN

Why do you think everybody is wearing rain coats?

Susan shrugs...just as a large red paper cup of Coca Cola splashes against the side of her lacrosse helmet.

Crowd OOOOH!

SUSAN

I hate diet!

ON STATION STAFF -- who are now dripping. The balls, soft drinks and various other items fly skyward as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. T.J. MAXX IN RALEIGH -- DAY

Elaine walks on the sidewalk toward the front door. TOOT. She keeps walking. TOOT TOOT. She turns. A Cadillac Escalade EXT pulls to the curb. Magnetic signs on the side sport the WTGC-FM logo. Cromwell Parkhurst Jr. slithers out.

CROMWELL JR.

Elaine! Hi!

Not a person she's happy to see.

CROMWELL JR. (CONT'D)
 Hey, too bad about your morning team.
 What were their names? Pass 'n' Gas?

Funny. But, not funny enough to chuckle.

ELAINE
 Yeah, thanks. We'll miss 'em. But,
 we've got the morning show covered.

CROMWELL JR.
 Yeah. Larry's a real fireball.

Enough. She turns to go inside.

CROMWELL JR. (CONT'D)
 I just wanted to wish you good luck
 in the Fall rating book, Elaine.

Stops. Turns slowly. In the background, a cop car has pulled
 in behind the big SUV. It turns on it's flashing lights.
 There IS a God.

ELAINE
 Good luck to you, too, Junior.

Ow. Her, too?

CROMWELL JR.
 Save it. You're the one who needs
 the luck. Not me!

He laughs. The cop gets out of the car.

ELAINE
 Maybe. But, things change.

She points at a sign on the side of the building: "Fire
 Lane. No Parking Anytime." Cromwell Jr. looks at the sign.
 Elaine walks inside the store. Satisfaction! The cop is
 standing behind Cromwell Jr.

COP
 Sir, I'll need to see your license
 and registration.

Is he talking to me?

EXT. MANHATTAN -- MORNING

The city comes to life. Break 'n' Wynd are waking 'em up.
 Intersperse various scenes of the city waking up with similar
 scenes of Stephanie and G Kenny getting ready for work.
 Stephanie's place is a good-sized two bedroom apartment with
 city views.

G Kenny's place is smaller, darker and cluttered with radio bits and pieces like bumper stickers, banners, audio cassettes, etc. The following is all produced with a "radio eq." News guy CHARLIE HESS wraps up the news. He has a "big" voice and likes to play with it.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

It's 56 at LaGuardia, 55 at JFK and 60 in Central Park. That's your news and weather...I'm Charlie Hess and at 5:03, you're up to date on the Country RAT-FM.

A TYMPANI ROLL.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen...it's my pleasure to introduce the seventh morning team I've worked with in the last three years! Break 'n' Wynd!

A song starts. Susan and Darren "talk up" the intro.

DARREN (O.S.)

Wow! What a great intro!

SUSAN

Thanks Charlie...real morale booster.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

I'm not even counting the guy who only lasted a week.

SUSAN (O.S.)

We've got to last longer than that. It's gonna take Darren at least a month to earn enough money to pay the parking ticket he got last night.

DARREN (O.S.)

Alternate side parking. Please!

SUSAN (O.S.)

He's Darren Breakhaus...I'm Susan Wyndham...You're wakin' up to the sound of Break 'n' Wynd in New York!

We HEAR a recorded FART.

DARREN (O.S.)

On the Country RAT-FM.

The vocal hits, the song plays briefly then CROSSFADES to a different song that's fading. The scenes of New York waking up continue. SWOOSH.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Break 'n' Wynd makes you feel better in
the morning...on the Country RAT-FM!

We HEAR a small RAT SQUEAK and FART. The next song starts.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Comin' up in the next few minutes:
Why Darren and I decided that moving
to New York City was more important
than getting married to each other.

DARREN (O.S.)

I'd like to hear those reasons myself.

SUSAN (O.S.)

That's comin' up on the Country RAT
and Break 'n' Wynd.

The vocal hits the song plays briefly then cross fades to a
live Break 'n' Wynd bit.

INT. WRAT-FM ON-AIR STUDIO -- MORNING

Susan operates the board Darren is at a mic opposite her.
The studio has a window looking out on the city. It's a
newer studio. The two are having a great time on the air.

DARREN

More on the wedding that wasn't in a
few minutes. But, right now, the
Queen of the New York social scene
is with us in the studio: The lovely
and talented Verna Breakwind.

VERNA

--You're too kind.

SUSAN

He's just reading what you wrote on
the script.

VERNA

Well, of course he is. He's
contractually obligated to call me
"lovely and talented."

DARREN

Right. So, Verna, you told us earlier
your Uncle Lester planned ahead for
Halloween this year.

VERNA

Un huh. Uncle Lester, decided he'd
had enough of the stupid outfits and
rubber masks.

(MORE)

VERNA (CONT'D)

He wanted to really shake up the folks at the Halloween parade in the Village.

SUSAN

So, he went to a plastic surgeon --

VERNA

Dr. Stein. Dr. Frank Norman Stein.

DARREN

Dr. Frank **N** Stein?

VERNA

More or less.

EXT. MANHATTAN -- MORNING

The streets are busier. Morning rush has begun in midtown.

DARREN (O.S.)

Your uncle went to this guy for a Halloween makeover.

VERNA (O.S.)

No flies on you guys.

SUSAN (O.S.)

How'd it work out?

VERNA (O.S.)

I haven't been able to talk to him about it. Every time I see him these days, he's being chased by an angry mob with torches.

SWOOSH

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

You're experiencing Break 'n' Wynd and the Country RAT-FM!

Another song starts and plays then crossfades to the end of a different song. Stephanie is leaving her apartment.

SUSAN (O.S.)

It's the Country RAT-FM --we're Break 'n' Wynd. Gorgeous day in New York. High today 68. Right now, 61...at 8:07.

We hear a small fart.

DARREN (O.S.)

Seven minutes past 8...time to tell all about Break 'n' Wynd.

SUSAN (O.S.)

For real?

DARREN (O.S.)

For real. Susan and I were supposed to be getting married in the next few days back home in North Carolina.

INT. CROMWELL PARKHURST SR.'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT -- MORNING

ON A RACK-MOUNTED RADIO TUNER - in a rack with other home stereo equipment. As we listen to the show, we PULL BACK slowly to reveal that the equipment is in a huge, well-appointed penthouse apartment overlooking Central Park.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Phone rang. New York calling. How do you say "no" to New York City?

DARREN (O.S.)

More specifically, how do you say "no" to the woman you love -- when she's determined to go?

SUSAN (O.S.)

You do agree, this is the chance of a lifetime?

DARREN (O.S.)

For me...being with you is the "chance of a lifetime." That's why I'm here.

CROMWELL PARKHURST SR enters the picture with a phone to his ear. He's the 60-something father of Cromwell Jr and the CEO of Goliathan Broadcasting. As he listens, his gorgeous, uniformed housekeeper, CONSTANCE, brings him a cup of coffee.

SUSAN (O.S.)

So, we canceled our wedding at home.

DARREN (O.S.)

Your mother handled the news very well.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Yeah, her wrists are healing nicely!

DARREN (O.S.)

Right. So, the next question is the same one your mother asked as the ambulance arrived: Are we going to reschedule?

SUSAN (O.S.)

I didn't know it was in doubt?

DARREN (O.S.)

Well, let's put it this way. I've seen our schedule here at the station for the rest of the Fall. And, it looks a little too full for nuptials.

SUSAN (O.S.)

There's one way we can change that.

DARREN (O.S.)

How?

SUSAN (O.S.)

Certain people at the radio station want us to get married on the air. Sort of an "introductory promotion."

DARREN (O.S.)

Oh, come on. That's cheap and sleazy.

SUSAN (O.S.)

I know that's what you think. But, why don't we let folks get on the phone and tell us what they think?

DARREN (O.S.)

Ah! So, now you've turned our wedding plans into a phone bit.

CHUCKLES. Cromwell Sr. turns to his hi-fi rack.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Welcome to radio.

The old man turns down his radio's volume.

DARREN (O.S.)

Give us a call at RAT-FM.
The number here is--

CROMWELL SR.

You're right, son.
They'll work out great
for us.

INT. DECK OF CROMWELL JR.'S HOME IN NORTH CAROLINA -- MORNING

Cromwell Jr. is sitting outside with a cup of coffee - phone to his ear - enjoying the gorgeous NC morning.

CROMWELL JR.

I'm glad you're pleased! I knew it would work out. When it's time for the Goliathan bonus checks, don't forget it was my idea!

He clicks off his phone and turns up a his radio.

LARRY (O.S.)
 (radio eq)
 ...And a bunch more stuff coming up!

A SONG starts.

LARRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I'm All-Nite Larry in the Morning on
 Country 97-2...uh...Ninety-T--

The vocal hits before Larry can correct himself. Cromwell Jr. chuckles at the train wreck he's just heard.

CROMWELL JR.
 Got a nasty little surprise comin'
 for you folks over at Country 97 --
 uh, uh...92-7.

He laughs a little too hard as he snaps off the radio.

CUT TO:

INT. WRAT-FM CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

G Kenny sits at one end of the big conference table. He looks out the window and checks his watch. Darren's at the opposite end of the table. He's making notes for the next day's show. The door opens. Susan comes in quickly.

SUSAN
 Sorry I'm late. What'd I miss?

Darren looks up from his notes.

DARREN
 Nothing.

GK stands up. Annoyed.

G KENNY
 I wanted to say this to both of you.

He points to a seat next to Darren. Oops. She sits. GK waits a few moments. Their eyes meet. She nods, "I'm ready!"

G KENNY (CONT'D)
 Do you want something to write with?

SUSAN
 No. Darren's taking notes!

Okey dokey.

G KENNY
 Today. Your first show.
 (MORE)

G KENNY (CONT'D)

I'm glad you're leaning toward my idea of getting married on the air. But, I don't think you should leave it up to the numb-nuts on the phone.

Darren glances toward Susan. Should I tell him? She nods.

DARREN

We're not. It was just a phone bit.

SUSAN

We don't know what we're gonna do, yet.

Sore subject. G Kenny plows ahead.

G KENNY

Well, I want you two to get real serious about saying "I do" on the air. You need to do it. The station needs you to do it. It could be ratings magic.

He walks to the window and looks out.

DARREN

Getting married is a personal decision. We haven't had time to think about this.

G KENNY

What's the big deal? You already decided to get married.

DARREN

That was...before.

Oh oh. Better back off a little. Lighten up.

G KENNY

It's okay! It's okay! Take your time. We don't need a decision from you for - oh, I don't know - a week?

DARREN

Honestly, I don't see why anyone in New York City cares if we get married -- or not. No one knows who we are!

Susan touches Darren's shoulder.

SUSAN

Like Darren said...we haven't had time to talk it over.

The consultant doesn't have time for this crap.

G KENNY

Like I said. You've got about a week. Now, on to the second bit of business before I run out of here for another meeting. Those characters you two do...

DARREN

Verna Breakwind...and the rest.

G KENNY

Right. Vernon Windbreak...that guy. You need to let that stuff go.

What?

SUSAN

I thought you said you like the show --

G KENNY

Sure, sure! I love it.

So, what's the problem?

G KENNY (CONT'D)

But, see it's *not* what I like. It's what the research says I should like.

Huh?

G KENNY (CONT'D)

In the world today, you can't rely on your own instincts to know what's good. You have to ask others what they like...find the averages -- look for the median -- get out the calculator and do the numbers.

SUSAN

Numbers.

GK lights up! Now she's getting it.

G KENNY

Exactly! I do the math -- **then** I know what I should like.

Oh. Okay. Right. Is he kidding?

G KENNY (CONT'D)

I ran some numbers on your show. Guess what? Very few people are doing what you do in a morning show.

DARREN

That's good. Right?

A pause and a sigh.

G KENNY

Numbers don't lie. You're in the minority. Minorities always lose.

It's obvious Susan and Darren aren't "getting" this line of reasoning. Time to bail. GK checks his watch.

G KENNY (CONT'D)

Look, I've got to bolt across town.

He gathers his papers and stuffs them in his briefcase.

G KENNY (CONT'D)

We'll talk again. How's Friday afternoon?

Friday afternoon. Great. G Kenny, dripping papers from his briefcase flies to the conference room door and stops.

G KENNY (CONT'D)

You guys are gonna get married on-air. You just don't know it, yet.

Susan would probably say "yes," just to make this job work out. Darren shrugs.

G KENNY (CONT'D)

You don't want to let me down on this. Trust me.

He turns and brushes past Stephanie as she enters the room. Susan and Darren look at each other. What just happened?

STEPHANIE

Is our consultant all done with you?

DARREN

For now.

SUSAN

Maybe.

Uh. Okay. Let's move on. She holds up a business card.

STEPHANIE

Know you guys have to find a place to live. Here's a realtor we do business with. Give him a call.

She walks in and hands the card to Susan. Then, she looks at Darren, who seems to be waiting for a card for himself. Stephanie only has one card. Susan hands the card to Darren.

SUSAN

If there's one person who shouldn't be entrusted with important stuff, it's me. That's why I've got Darren. He's my exact opposite.

Glad to hear it She turns back to the door.

STEPHANIE

That's the secret, huh? Exact opposites.

She stops at the doorway and turns back.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Good luck finding a place. You know, instead of Manhattan, you might look in Brooklyn or Queens. It's cheaper.

Darren is collecting his notes as he stands.

DARREN

I thought of that. But, Susan wants to live in The City.

SUSAN

Manhattan.

She looks at Darren.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

And, I won't take "no" for an answer.

It's supposed to be a joke. Stephanie closes the door slowly.

STEPHANIE

Okay, then. Like I said. Good luck.

INT. HERB'S OFFICE -- DAY

Herb is leaning back in his chair, with his feet on the desk. Meanwhile Elaine and All-Nite Larry are standing at ironing boards, ironing something. What? We're not sure right now.

HERB

Look, Larry, I didn't say you suck.

Elaine looks up from her ironing board.

ELAINE

He *could* have said it...but he didn't.

Elaine picks a T-shirt off her ironing board and drops it on the floor. Herb stands and walks over to the ironing boards.

HERB

Elaine, please. Larry, all I'm sayin'
is you need to work a little harder.

ELAINE

I'm sorry, Larry. Herb's right.
Try a little harder...*to remember
the name of our radio station.*

Herb picks up a T-shirt and holds it up to the light.

LARRY

Yeah. But see, in my mind, 2 and 7
are almost like the same number.

Now we see Elaine and Larry are ironing iron-ons on the
thousands of Break 'n' Wynd T-shirts Herb bought. With the
iron-on, the shirt now reads: "All-Nite Larry in the Morning
used to listen to" -- BREAK 'N' WYND -- COUNTRY 92-7 -- "Now,
he listens to himself every morning 5 to 10 a.m." Herb nods.
Yeah, I think this is gonna work.

ELAINE

How? How are a 7 and a 2 almost the
same number?

LARRY

A 7 is a 2...without the tail...right?

Herb looks at the shirt.

HERB

He's got a point.

The phone beeps in the reception area. Elaine puts down her
iron and heads out the door to answer the phone.

ELAINE

92-7! **92-7!** Jesus!

HERB

You gotta work on it, son.

ELAINE (O.S.)

(yelling)
Herb line one! It's Susan.

Herb grabs the phone quickly.

HERB
Susan! How's New York?

CUT TO:

INT. THE MINI -- DAY

Darren drives down Broadway in the impossibly thick traffic just north of Houston St. Red light. Susan's on her cell.

SUSAN
Oh, good. Good. It's good. We're on our way to meet a real estate agent.

INT. HERB'S OFFICE -- DAY

Elaine is ironing-on again -- trying to listen in. Larry's muttering "92-7" over and over.

HERB
So, what's up?

SUSAN (O.S.)
(phone eq)
Oh, uh, I need a little favor.

HERB
You want your job back?

Larry stops abruptly. Huh?

INT. THE MINI -- DAY

Green light. The Mini heads through the huge intersection.

SUSAN
No. I left a couple months of birth control pills in the glove compartment of my car - uh - **your** car.

INT. HERB'S OFFICE -- DAY

Herb jots a note to himself.

HERB
Oh. Sure. Not a problem.

INT. THE MINI -- DAY

The Mini is passing through a neighborhood that has Darren and Susan a little concerned. This is NOT their idea of a place to live. Why did the agent have them come down here?

HERB (O.S.)
(phone eq)
So, how'd that first show go?

SUSAN

Fun! Meeting with the consultant was interesting, though. He wants us to get married on the air -- as a promotion.

HERB (O.S.)

Married on the air? For real?

INT. HERB'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

The ironing continues.

SUSAN (O.S.)

(phone eq)

Uh huh.

HERB

Kinda' personal to do as a promotion, isn't it?

SUSAN (O.S.)

That's what Darren says.

HERB

Still, gotta admit. If you did that down here...it would be B-I-G.

INT. THE MINI -- CONTINUOUS

SUSAN

Think so?

HERB (O.S.)

(phone eq)

I know it.

SUSAN

So, how's it going with you?

INT. HERB'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Herb looks at Elaine and Larry relentlessly ironing.

HERB

Oh, it's good! Larry's hot right now! You could say, "he's steamin'!"

Larry laughs. Elaine smiles, in spite of herself.

INT. THE MINI -- CONTINUOUS

Darren points at a street sign as they pass.

SUSAN

Herb, I gotta go. We're here.

HERB (O.S.)
 (phone eq)
 Okay! Luck!

Susan looks out the window. This is going to be home?

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE -- DAY

Susan and Darren get out of the Mini and walk toward a busy bodega and LOWELL AHORN, a tired, jaded Realtor. Darren extends his hand. Ahorn checks his watch. Susan looks warily at her surroundings.

SAD MUSIC

NARRATOR (O.S.)
 Sgt. Breakwind of the Yukon and her trusty husky, Queenie, sat dejectedly in their new digs in the boomtown of Yellow Snow.

QUEENIE THE DOG (O.S.)
 Ro-ro-ro-ro

VERNA (O.S.)
 Yeah, Queenie...these really ARE "digs." We're living in a hole you dug by the side of the road. I HATE Yellow Snow! What a rotten town!

Ahorn walks away, down the sidewalk. They follow.

VERNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 And, on top of it, Queenie...our commanding officer, Captain Percy Sledge, RCMP, is a complete idiot.

QUEENIE THE DOG (O.S.)
 Ro-ro-ro-ro-

VERNA
 Why? Well, only an idiot would order you and me to go undercover dressed as dance-hall girls!

QUEENIE THE DOG (O.S.)
 Ro-ro-ro-ro

VERNA (O.S.)
 Okay, I'll admit it, What's really got my goat is you got the prettiest dress! It ain't right!

Ahorn's led them to a doorway next to a beauty parlor entrance leading up a narrow stairway. He enters. They follow.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE EAST VILLAGE FIRST AVENUE NEAR 10TH -- LATER

Darren and Susan walk up the sidewalk. No sign of Ahorn.

SUSAN

Personally, I'm glad he ditched us.

DARREN

Yeah, insulting the realtor worked great. Now, we're on the streets of a huge city with no way to find our way back to our car.

SUSAN

We'll find the car. I'm worried about finding a place to live.

DARREN

Well, call me crazy -- but, it might be easier to find a place to live... *with professional help!*

SUSAN

He wasn't trying. Either we shared a bathroom with three families...or the bathtub was in the kitchen...or, the "kitchen" was a broken hot plate and an ice-bucket.

DARREN

I'm not saying I liked the places. I just saying--

SUSAN

I've seen a lot of movies set in New York...and the apartments are always very nice. Cozy.

DARREN

Maybe "cozy" is what you get -- if you have money. Maybe what we saw was reality.

SUSAN

He let us down. We can do better. I know it. And --

Wait a second! Susan's spotted something just ahead. She points at a taxi near the corner - stopped for a red light. That passenger looks an awful lot like Lowell Ahorn.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

That's him! Come on! If we catch him...we can apologize!

Yeah! She's right! The couple takes off running toward the cab, screaming. Ahorn quickly realizes he's been caught. He says something to the driver. The cab lurches to the corner, around another car, and drives off. Susan quits running. Panting. Lost. Frustrated. Darren continues up the street after the cab for a hundred feet, or so. Susan looks around herself. Hey, look! A tree! This isn't so bad! She's standing right next to the front door of a corner bar named "O'Fanigan's Pub." Darren walks back - smiling.

DARREN

Felt like a dog. What was I gonna do if I caught the car?

True. She points at the pub door.

SUSAN

Let's go in, cool down, talk it over.

Great idea. They enter the bar.

INT. O'FANIGAN'S PUB -- LATE AFTERNOON

The pub has booths on the two walls with windows that look out on the street. Tables and chairs fill the center. A large, ornately carved mahogany bar takes up the entire back wall. Along the other windowless wall, is a raised bandstand with a drum set. It's quiet. Susan slides into a booth. Darren strolls up to the bar and says something to MIMI, the cute, vivacious and athletic bartender wearing a Yankee jersey. She grabs a newspaper off the bar and hands it to Darren. He returns to sit next to Susan and open the paper. As Darren reads through the pages, looking for the "Apartments for Rent" section, Mimi arrives to serve two bottles of beer.

SUSAN

Thanks.

Mimi starts back to the bar.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Oh, excuse me!

Mimi stops. Susan holds up Ahorn's battered business card.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

We're a little lost and we can't find the spot we parked our car.

Interesting. Mimi takes the card.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

On the back. That's where we met
the real estate agent.

Mimi flips the card and looks at it.

MIMI

Let me guess. He dumped you.

Uh huh.

MIMI (CONT'D)

Couldn't find anything you liked...or
could afford, huh?

Bingo.

MIMI (CONT'D)

When expectations and income collide
...somebody's gonna get hurt.

DARREN

Wish you were a real estate agent.

Is he saying that because of her common sense...or her looks?
Can't tell. Mimi glances at Susan who's taking a sudden new
interest in Mimi. Darren sees the exchange. He takes a
quick sip of beer. Oops.

MIMI

First off, you've come about 10-blocks
in the wrong direction. Head back
down First Avenue go left at Houston --
and you'll be about a block away.

Sounds easy.

DARREN

Uh, since you "got it goin' on," you
wouldn't know where we could find a
place --

SUSAN

A *clean* place -- no extraneous holes
in the wall...with a bathroom IN the
apartment--

DARREN

--Preferably one where the kitchen
and bathroom are not the same room.

Mimi points up. She's got a surprise for them.

MIMI

My partner and I own the whole building.
We just had the apartment upstairs
open up. You want to see it?

They both try to stand while still in the booth...nearly ripping the table loose.

MIMI (CONT'D)

Take it easy. It's a nice place.
But, it has one little drawback.

Nothing is going to get Susan and Darren to back away from this opportunity. How bad can it be? Let's go! They start to get out of the booth. Mimi stops them again.

MIMI (CONT'D)

We have live bands in here almost every night.

She point to the stage. Uh huh. So?

MIMI (CONT'D)

The guy who just gave up the apartment worked nights for 6 years. He slept during the day. Perfect. He got a day job. Had to leave. The noise.

Susan and Darren either don't care -- or aren't listening. Mimi nods. Okay, follow me.

DARREN

Maybe we can do this on a month-to-month deal.

Susan punches Darren's arm as they walk off across the bar toward the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. O'FANIGAN'S PUB -- EVENING

The Mini is parked in front of the pub. A delivery truck from "Mattress In A Minute" is double parked nearby. There are lights in the window of the apartment above the pub. Two delivery men walk out and get into the truck.

INT. THE APARTMENT ABOVE THE PUB -- EVENING

There's a small - but nice - updated kitchen. Bathroom -- with a shower. A furnished living room -- and a furnished bedroom. That's where Susan, Darren are standing, looking at their new mattress. They're all alone. In their own New York apartment. Pretty cool. Even Darren's caught up in the thrill of going for it. The moment is magical. And, that's about all it is, too -- a moment -- suddenly, the bar band starts the show. The THUMPING bass rattles the windows. They listen briefly.

SUSAN

(almost yelling)
It's not so bad.

What can he say? He went in with his eyes open.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE HARGROVE BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Incredibly quiet. Outside, the crickets do whatever crickets do to make that sound. Inside -- there's no sound...nothing -- until the sheets rustle. Elaine sighs.

HERB

What's wrong.

ELAINE

You awake?

HERB

I've been listening to you toss and turn all night.

Herb turns on a lamp. Elaine is in bed with a sleeping mask strapped across her eyes. She looks a little silly.

HERB (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

ELAINE

Turn on the light so I can see you.

Herb reaches over and lifts the mask slightly. Oh! She pushes the mask up to her forehead and sits up.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

I'm worried. The kids left at just the wrong moment. Everything's riding on the Fall rating book...

She pulls off the silly mask entirely.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

...And, we're riding into it with All-Nite Larry.

She wants those words to sink in. Herb waits a moment.

HERB

In the morning.

What?

HERB (CONT'D)

It's "All-Nite Larry in the Morning."

Oh, right. Thanks. Now I feel much better.

HERB (CONT'D)

He's a good kid. And, he's getting better on the air...every day.

ELAINE

He'll never be as good as Susan and Darren.

He hates to see her this upset.

HERB

They're gone. We couldn't ask them to say "no" to that job.

She knows it. She just doesn't like it.

HERB (CONT'D)

Larry's got the fire. He can handle it. He'll grow. I know it.

Maybe Herb's right.

ELAINE

Okay. Maybe Larry can handle it. But, can you handle your Dad next time he calls for extra money?

Sore spot...that has been poked -- a lot.

HERB

Honey, you know the story. My Dad built this radio station into a huge success. Now he's retired. He never denied me anything. And, when he left, he gave me the station. When he needs something, I'm not going to be the one who says "no."

ELAINE

Radio's changed Herb. It's not like when he ran things. Tell him that. He'll understand. He's a good guy.

A pause.

HERB

He never said "no" to me.

Loyalty...it's a curse. Elaine puts her mask back on and slides back under the covers. Herb turns off the lamp.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROMWELL JR.'S HOME -- NIGHT

A Ferrari is parked in the drive outside the mansion.

ON A BEDROOM WINDOW -- on the second floor.

CROMWELL JR. (O.S.)
 (almost crying)
 It's not working. It's not working.
 It's not working. It's not working.

INT. CROMWELL JR'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The room is lit in an eerie light -- provided by a clown night-light. It's filled with a mix of childhood and adult toys like a patrol of G.I. Joes, model airplanes, slot cars and track -- along with a cool new computer -- flat-panel plasma TV, exotic fish tank, etc. Cromwell is in bed with the covers over his head. Is he talking to himself?

CROMWELL JR. (O.S.)
 It's not working. It's not working.

CROMWELL SR. (O.S.)
 (phone eq)
 Cromwell? Son?

Cromwell Jr pulls down the covers. In the dim light, we can see he's on his cell phone. His whining stops. He's angry.

CROMWELL JR.
 It's not working.

CROMWELL SR. (O.S.)
 Jesus! Get a grip on yourself.

Cromwell glares at the phone and gets out of bed. He charges across the room to his desk and turns on a light.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLIATHAN BUILDING -- NIGHT

The building in Midtown Manhattan is darkly ominous. It looks like something out of the Metropolis set from a Batman movie. We can see the name "Goliathan" in big letters across the top of the building, just under the Penthouse -- where a dim light glows.

CROMWELL JR. (O.S.)
 (phone eq)
 My radio station is still losing to
 the losers at that loser station
 that should be losing.

INT. CROMWELL PARKHURST SR.'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT -- NIGHT

We take a quick tour through the dark, richly appointed penthouse apartment with it's modern furniture and incredible views of the City.

CROMWELL SR. (O.S.)

Well put.

CROMWELL JR. (O.S.)

(phone eq)

Father, what I'm saying is--

CROMWELL SR. (O.S.)

I know what you're saying. I gave you that radio station to run. And, I intend to do everything I can to see that you're successful. No son of mine is going to be a flop. You'll succeed -- even if I have to do it for you!

INT. CROMWELL PARKHURST SR.'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Cromwell is sitting in a gigantic bed, propped on some pillows talking on his phone. Constance, his housekeeper -- in a teddy -- is on the other side of the bed -- what seems like a block away, reading "Weekly World News." Next to the bed, hanging from the back of the chair is her maid's uniform.

CROMWELL JR. (O.S.)

Look at my face! I've got worry lines! I found a gray hair today. Look at my face!

The older man takes the phone way from his ear and looks at the picture that his son has sent.

ON THE VIDEO PHONE PICTURE -- Cromwell Jr. has gone overboard in his attempt to look pathetic for this father.

A sigh. Cromwell Sr puts the phone back to his ear.

CROMWELL SR.

Yes, son, you DO look haggard. But, you have to have patience. These things don't happen overnight. For the moment, your radio station is all canned. It's all recorded. But, we're going to change that. Aren't we?

CROMWELL JR. (O.S.)

(phone eq)

I guess.

CROMWELL SR.

Don't guess. It's a fact. The wheels are turning. The sheep are being led to the slaughter.

CROMWELL JR. (O.S.)

I don't want to be a loser anymore.

The father looks away from the phone.

CROMWELL SR.

I wish.

CROMWELL JR. (O.S.)

What?

CROMWELL SR.

Patience, son. Our consultant is working things out. In the end we'll crush the competition.

INT. CROMWELL JR.'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Cromwell turns off the light and heads back to his bed.

CROMWELL JR.

No! Not "we." Me. **I** want the credit. Me.

He flops in bed like a six year old...pouting.

INT. CROMWELL PARKHURST SR.'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The old man looks at Constance. She glances up from her tab and almost smiles.

CROMWELL SR.

Of course you'll get the credit son. I've given you everything in the past. And, you'll get everything you deserve in the future.

There's a long pause as the old man looks at Constance, trying to get her "aroused" by making some "suggestive" head and eyebrow movements. She watches; but, it's impossible to tell what she's thinking.

CROMWELL SR. (CONT'D)

Okay?

CROMWELL JR. (O.S.)

(phone eq)

Okay. Oh! I had our lawyer file a lawsuit against that guy with the airplane!

The guy with the airplane?

CROMWELL SR.

Oh, uh. Good. That's good son. Good night.

He quickly flips his phone closed and looks toward Constance. He reaches toward her. She puts down the tabloid, slides under the covers, closes her eyes and claps twice.

The lights go off. A sigh.

CROMWELL SR. (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 No problem, Constance. Someone just
 gave me a big headache anyway.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE -- MORNING

Cars are pouring across into Manhattan. We fade up in the
 middle of the Break 'n' Wynd show.

SUSAN (O.S.)
 So, that's all comin' up in the next
 few minutes here on Break 'n' Wynd.

DARREN (O.S.)
 Yeah, big deal.

SUSAN (O.S.)
 What's the problem?

DARREN (O.S.)
 Problem? Nothing, except that we
 have another meeting today.

INT. WRAT-FM ON-AIR STUDIO -- MORNING

Susan runs the board, Darren's at the second mic.

DARREN
 We've been here a month now -- and
 we have a meeting every day after
 the show.

SUSAN
 This probably isn't the time to talk
 behind the management's back.

DARREN
 Make it a joke, if you want. It's not
 a joke to me. Maybe I'm losing my
 sense of humor because I can't get a
 good night's sleep at home. Then,
 when I show up here at the station...I
 get dragged into an endless yack-fest
 after the show. I just don't want to
 sit through another "meeting."

Susan punches a button on the board. A song starts.

SUSAN
 Yeah? Well, it's bad for you.
 (MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

But, imagine how difficult it is for management when they're in a closed room -- with Break 'n' Wynd...on the Country RAT-FM!

The vocal hits. Susan flips off the microphones. She's upset. So is Darren.

EXT. WRC-FM 92-7 OFFICES -- MORNING

The song continues playing through the montage. The cyan VW sits at the curb near the front door of the station. The Tovar Tow Truck cruises by, slowly.

INT. HERB'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Herb and Elaine are at Herb's desk, looking over a spreadsheet. The door opens. Tim walks in with a pair of broken head phones. There's a short discussion. Herb pulls out his wallet and hands Tim some cash. Tim looks at the money, says something else. Elaine reaches into her purse for more money.

EXT. WTGC -- DAY

WTGC's logo is painted across the top floors of a large building in downtown Raleigh. (A cheap copy of the Goliathan Building)

INT. WTGC -- DAY

Cromwell Jr sits at his desk, staring disconsolately across the office at automation machines which are providing the programming for his station. One young woman sits at the front desk, reading a book -- waiting for the phone to ring. In the corner, at a cluster of three cubicles, there's a sign: "Sales Offices." Two people, who would probably be happier as telemarketers, grimly dial their phones. Back on Cromwell -- who's playing solitaire on his computer.

EXT. O'FANIGAN'S PUB -- NIGHT

The crowd is big outside the pub. We can see a sign across the front window reading: "Live Music Tonight."

INT. THE APARTMENT ABOVE THE PUB -- NIGHT

Susan and Darren, in bed, eyes open. There's a space between them. He rolls on his side...away from her.

EXT. THE LINKS AT PINE BARREN DUNES -- MORNING

Benton Hargrove drives up to the bag-drop area with the top-down on his Z-4. As he rolls to a stop, he pops the trunk. Five guys from the pro shop run out -- trying to be the first to Benton's car to grab his clubs.

He sees them vying for the work...chuckles...and hands each one a 5-dollar bill for their trouble. Then, he hands a 10 to the guy who actually grabbed the clubs.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK ZOO -- MORNING

A small crowd watches Susan and Darren doing a live remote from a spot in front of the polar bear exhibit. They're talking to a keeper who tosses a fish over the top of the glass partition. But, the fish doesn't quite make it. It hits the top of the partition, bounces in the air and lands, balanced on top of the plexiglas wall. A huge bear sees the fish and dives in the water to grab it. A wash, of what must be pretty smelly water, rolls over the edge. It splashes -- mostly on Darren -- and knocks off the fish...which bounces off his head.

INT. WRC-FM 92-7 STUDIO -- MORNING

Larry is on the air, talking, smiling over the console when the door opens and Elaine sticks her head into the studio. She smiles. He waves and keeps talking. She holds up a sign and points at it. It reads: "Ninety-TWO-Seven."

INT. WRAT-FM CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

G Kenny lectures Darren and Susan. He's standing in front of an easel, on which he's written several words: Research, Averages, Conformity. Darren seems to be a bit more interested in what's outside. Susan kicks Darren under the table. The song ends.

G KENNY

The real key here is this.

He writes the word "Desire." On the paper.

G KENNY (CONT'D)

It's not enough to do what we ask you to do. You gotta wanna do it... be part of the team effort here. You gotta wanna look at the research, conform to the averages.

The door opens. Stephanie leans in, looking to G Kenny.

STEPHANIE

Lunch, GK? They're holding a table at Salaam Bombay. We're late.

ON SUSAN AND DARREN -- He leans over to her and mutters.

DARREN

I have a desire...to be anywhere but this room.

She looks at him: "Not now." GK holds up his iPod.

G KENNY

Email from Goliathan. Something's
come up.

SUSAN

You work for Goliathan?

Stephanie looks from Susan to GK.

STEPHANIE

Not Goliathan. It was someone in
the Goliathan building. Right?

Is she leading the witness?

G KENNY

What? Oh, uh yeah! I meant Global
Intercast. **They're** in that building.

Oh. Hmm. GK quickly gathers up his stuff.

G KENNY (CONT'D)

Think about the stuff I talked about
...averages...that's the way to go.

Darren looks out the window. Susan looks at Darren. G Kenny
heads for the door.

G KENNY (CONT'D)

And, hey, guys -- say "yes" to the
wedding -- so we can get some juice
out of it for the end of the rating
book. I want an answer this week.
And, I mean it this time.

More discomfort from Break 'n' Wynd. GK slides by Stephanie --

G KENNY (CONT'D)

I'll take a rain check. Always
working for you!

-- And is gone.

STEPHANIE

I guess that means you two are up!

Us?

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Yummy Indian food!

Darren closes his notebook.

DARREN

Uh, I think I'll pass. I'm a ribs
and chicken kind of guy.

STEPHANIE

This is the finest Indian cuisine in
New York City.

DARREN

This is the only time of day to get
any sleep in our apartment.

You don't know what you're missing. She turns to Susan.

STEPHANIE

Girls night out?

Sure, why not? Susan stands, pats Darren on the shoulder.

SUSAN

If I'm not back by 5, send a stomach
pump.

Very funny.

EXT. SALAAM BOMBAY IN MIDTOWN MANHATTAN -- DAY

A typical Manhattan eatery -- windows looking into a dark
interior -- a small sign. Nothing ostentatious.

INT. SALAAM BOMBAY IN MIDTOWN MANHATTAN -- DAY

SITAR MUSIC is playing. Susan and Stephanie are in a quiet
corner. Stephanie loves this place. Susan is trying to get
her bearings. She's never been to an Indian restaurant.

STEPHANIE

Thanks for coming, Susan. I hate to
eat alone. Do you like Indian food?

SUSAN

Uh, the only Indian food I've ever
had was at a Casino.

Stephanie has to think about this for a sec --

SUSAN (CONT'D)

But it was hard to eat the burger
and work the slot machine.

Okay, I get it. She looks at her menu.

STEPHANIE

I think the menu explains it all. Order
whatever sounds good. Station's paying.

Susan nods. Nice! A waiter approaches.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Gajendra!

SUSAN

Gezundheit.

Huh?!

GAJENDRA

Miss Miller! So good to see you! And,
I see, you have brought someone as lovely
as yourself to enjoy our hospitality!

STEPHANIE

Gajendra...this is Susan Wyndham.

Ah hah! Stephanie wasn't sneezing.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

She and her husband-to-be do the
morning show on our radio station.

GAJENDRA

A celebrity!

He turns toward the bar.

GAJENDRA (CONT'D)

Prabir...two glasses of the prasad.

The bartender immediately reaches for a large bottle.

STEPHANIE

Oh, God Gajendra. Last time I had
that I had a headache for two days.

GAJENDRA

It was not the first glass that had
that effect!

Touché. Gajendra turns to Susan.

GAJENDRA (CONT'D)

Welcome to New York. Enjoy!

He leaves. Stephanie goes back to her menu. Susan looks at
Steph - then, around the restaurant. She's glad she came.

EXT. THE LINKS AT PINE BARREN DUNES -- DAY

Benton Hargrove stands over a short putt on the 18th green
which is situated in front of a large, club house which is
oceanside. He looks grim. Nearby, his caddy waits with the
flag in his hand and the golf bag on his shoulder. A playing
partner watches intently.

DRAMATIC MUSIC UNDER/OCCASIONAL TOILET FLUSHES DOT THE DIALOG.

NARRATOR (O.S.)

Hours later, in a stall in the ladies room at the Golden Molar Saloon, Sgt. Breakwind of the Yukon and her wonder husky Queenie -- both deep undercover and dressed as dance hall girls -- compared notes.

Benton strokes the ball. It rolls toward the hole. He dances and twists almost like a ballet dancer as the ball loops around the edge of the hole...and stays out. The caddy is emotionless. The playing partner ecstatic. Benton spends a moment in absolute dejection.

VERNA (O.S.)

Queenie, I don't think it's fair that all the men asked you to dance... and *not* me.

QUEENIE THE DOG (O.S.)

Ro-ro-ro

VERNA (O.S.)

You what? You danced with a guy who's working for Evel McEvel? He told you the plan? Well, what is it?

Benton hands his putter to his caddy, reaches for his money clip and tips the man with the clubs. Then, with a smile on his face, he pats his playing partner on the shoulder and peels off several 20's. It's all just good, clean fun.

QUEENIE THE DOG (O.S.)

Ro-ro-ro-ro-ro-ro

VERNA (O.S.)

Corner the market on cheese cutting? That's dastardly. Well, here's what we're gonna do.

(whisper and fade)

INT. HERB'S OFFICE -- DAY

Elaine is looking out Herb's window at the busy street. Herb's sitting, a bit uncomfortably, on the edge of his desk chair. What's she thinking? She turns.

ELAINE

Your father wants...**what?**

Oh oh. Not the reaction he was hoping for. Herb jumps up.

HERB

It's not a big deal, really.

A hand on her shoulder. She's having none of it.

HERB (CONT'D)

He needs the money to help his club
remodel the dining room.

That didn't help. She's headed out of the office.

HERB (CONT'D)

Elaine! Please. We gotta stick
together through all this.

She stops. That's good. Right? She turns to glare at Herb.
Well, maybe it's NOT good.

ELAINE

You're right. Together. Like a team.

Hey! Maybe she's NOT upset!

ELAINE (CONT'D)

So, why didn't you talk to me before
you said "okay?"

Herb thinks: Uh. Well. Uh. God, Elaine's seen that "idiot
in the headlights" look too many times before.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

You gotta tell your dad what's going
on up here. We're in a war!

She's talking. That's good. He can work with her if she's
talking. Herb takes her hand.

HERB

Elaine, I'm sorry. Look, let's talk
about it over lunch.

Can we really accomplish anything?

HERB (CONT'D)

I'm buyin'.

He reaches back and grabs some coupons from the corner of
his desk. He fans them out in front of Elaine.

HERB (CONT'D)

You want a hot dog from X-Treme Zone --
you get five game tokens with that!
Or, get a buck off at Asia Burger on
a Pu Pu Cheeseburger Platter.

OFF ELAINE'S REACTION...WE,

CUT TO:

INT. SALAAM BOMBAY IN MIDTOWN MANHATTAN -- LATER

The plates are pushed to the side. The two women are truly relaxed. They've become closer. The bartender brings two more drinks and clears the plates.

STEPHANIE

So, that's why Darren's got the attitude with our venerated consultant.

SUSAN

Yeah, Darren's always prepared. He works hard. He writes everything... knows where he's going before he opens his mouth. It bugs him that GK keeps beating on "change." Darren says it's almost like the guy's not actually listening to the show.

Makes sense.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

He says he wants some feedback on what we're doing...not what we can do to copy somebody else.

A sip on her drink.

STEPHANIE

What about you? What do you think?

SUSAN

Me?

How to answer that? Is it a loaded question? What's in this drink...truth serum? Susan takes a deep breath.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Well, I agree with Darren. Let's let the ratings decide. If we don't make it. We don't make it. But, if we don't make it because he keeps fiddling with us...then it's his fault...but, we'll pay the price.

Stephanie can see this is a bright woman.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

But, I'm the one who wanted to come to New York. I pushed Darren into this. So, I'm the peacemaker. It's up to me to keep Darren from telling G Kenny to blow it out his shorts.

Steph has wanted to do that herself a few times.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I want to stay...and succeed. Darren wants to succeed...but, he doesn't necessarily want to stay.

Susan realizes she probably has said more than she should. But, she doesn't want to stop.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Any way you can call off the dogs...get GK to quit beating up on us every day?

STEPHANIE

Wish it was that easy.

But, you're the GM.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

It's a little complicated. I'm not the only decision-maker right now.

Susan tries to put that together. Steph has to edit herself.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

I can't say anymore. I'm sorry.

She's sincere.

SUSAN

Okay. But, one more work question.

Okay. Shoot.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

How many times do we have to say "no" to G Kenny about getting married on-air? Can you call off *that* dog?

Hmm. How does she answer that?

STEPHANIE

I'll say something to him. But, I can't guarantee anything.

Susan takes a sip.

SUSAN

In other words. He's not gonna stop.

STEPHANIE

Pretty much.

Both know the person they're with is pretty cool.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

So, tell me: How is it that you and Darren keep it together...in the midst of all this crap?

Doesn't sound like idle chatter. Susan's not sure.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

I mean, you're more of a "seat of your pants" type -- get an idea and run with it. Darren seems to be more of an organizer...

SUSAN

Yeah. We're kinda' like two puzzle pieces. Separated we're pretty useless. But, put us together and - click - we make sense.

Susan suddenly realizes she's just said something that she, herself never completely understood before. She's surprised herself. Stephanie thinks about it for a moment.

STEPHANIE

Opposites attract.

Yeah. They both look at their glasses. This is good stuff.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

You know, I started in radio as a jock. Loved it. But, after a few years, I realized the REAL money was on the management side.

SUSAN

Money's only part of the picture.

Uh huh.

STEPHANIE

Maybe I should have stayed with it.

A moment to reflect.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Maybe I would have met *my* opposite. Every man I meet these days...is exactly like me.

Steph considers options she doesn't have anymore.

SUSAN

You know, my parents taught me something when I was little -- that I still live by today.

STEPHANIE

A philosophy?

SUSAN

You could call it that. But, it's really just a song.

You live by a song?

SUSAN (CONT'D)

They've got a band.

Interesting.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

When I was a kid, on weekends, they'd pack me into a car with their stuff and we'd go to a reception hall or a bar...and they'd play.

Okay. Smoky room, small crowd. I can see it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SMOKY BAR 15 YEARS AGO -- NIGHT

A ragtag five piece country band is crowded onto a small riser at the back of the room. People are scattered around the bar. Some attentive, others talking. Susan's Dad, a 30-something guy with a beard and longish hair stands in the glow of a couple of badly aimed spotlights with his guitar. SUSAN'S MOTHER is out front, singing. The band is just completing a song. A 12 YEAR OLD VERSION OF SUSAN sits at a table in front, sipping a Coke. As the song ends, there are scattered applause from a basically inattentive crowd.

SUSAN (O.S.)

I remember one night in particular.
I was in 6th grade. It was magical.
My parents were rock stars! The
crowd was eating out of their hands!

Susan's Mother fiddles with her eye and ends up pulling off a large fake eyelash. She hopes no one has noticed, as she turns to her husband and says something off mic.

SUSAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Then, my mom -- who was, like,
completely glamorous that night --
turned to my dad and said something.

Her Dad nods and turns to the band to tell them something.
Susan's Mom turns back to the mic. She lip-syncs Susan's quote.

SUSAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Then, pointed at me and said -- "This
 next song is for my daughter. Live
 by this and you'll never go wrong."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SALAAM BOMBAY -- AFTERNOON

Stephanie's riveted. Why has she stopped?

STEPHANIE
 Well, go on! Sing the song!

SUSAN
 What? Oh. I can't sing.

Well thanks for nothin' then. Susan sees the look

SUSAN (CONT'D)
 Okay. Okay. Here's the chorus.

Half singing/half reciting.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
 You got to sing - like you don't
 need the money. Love - like you'll
 never get hurt. You got to dance -
 like nobody's watchin'. It's got to
 come from the heart, if you want it
 to work.

Wow. A moment to reflect. Steph picks up her glass.

STEPHANIE
 From the heart.

Susan picks up her glass. They "clink" a toast.

CUT TO:

EXT. O'FANIGAN'S PUB -- EVENING

The lights are on on First Ave as Susan gets out of a cab
 and hurries around to the apartment walkup.

INT. THE APARTMENT ABOVE THE PUB/LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

ON DARREN -- at his laptop, clicking away at the keyboard.

The apartment door opens. Susan's talking before she comes
 through the door.

SUSAN
 Darren! What a day I had!

She enters and stops. Now we see that Mimi, in a Jets jersey, is sitting next to the table where Darren's working. Oh.

MIMI

Hi, Susan!

Okay. What's going on?

DARREN

I wanted to bounce my stuff off somebody.

"Bounce your stuff off somebody?"

MIMI

I was on break.

Mimi points at Darren.

MIMI (CONT'D)

Funny guy.

Umm Hmm. Susan takes off her coat. Let it go for the moment. They ARE wearing clothes.

DARREN

You were with the boss lady all day?

SUSAN

Darren, I wish you'd been there.

Is it possible?

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I think we actually became friends!

DARREN

This is New York, Suz...not Raleigh. Herb and Elaine are our friends. Stephanie is our General Manager.

Don't kill my buzz.

SUSAN

We really connected.

MIMI

Oh, I don't doubt it. I've always felt that women can connect in a great way!

Susan hangs up her coat.

SUSAN

Speaking of "connecting," I've got an idea for tomorrow's show.

Oh man, she always does this last-minute thing.

DARREN

Don't say that now. I've just about got the whole show laid out!

SUSAN

Okay. But, this is pretty cool.

Susan is glowing. Darren knows when he's beaten. He closes his laptop to listen. Mimi is all smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL SHOT OF NEW YORK CITY -- EARLY MORNING

Sunrise over Manhattan. **Note: All audio in this scene should be processed as if we're listening to it on the radio.**

CHARLIE (O.S.)

That's your news and weather...I'm Charlie Hess and at 6:03, you're up to date on the Country Rat. Now, back to Break 'n' Wynd

DARREN (O.S.)

Uh huh. Well, right now you just got the "Break" part. No Wynd.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Sounds painful.

DARREN (O.S.)

Charlie, I don't understand it. I mean, she's late...a lot. But, I woke up this morning...and no Susan.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

But, you went to bed with her...right?

DARREN (O.S.)

Well, yeah --

BEEP.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's my phone. Hold on Charlie.
(click)

Break and Wynd-less.

SUSAN (O.S.)

(phone eq/breathy)
Darren! It's me!

DARREN (O.S.)

Susan! Where the hell are you?

SUSAN (O.S.)

Uh, you could say I'm runnin' a little late for work today - literally.

We tilt down and start a SLOW ZOOM on Lexington Ave. below.

DARREN (O.S.)

I can't believe you did this.

SUSAN (O.S.)

I went out for an early morning run. And I got turned around or something.

We begin to focus on a lone figure...running down the street. It's Susan, running -- with a cell phone to her ear.

SUSAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

So, I'm trying to jog to work. But, I think I'm lost.

DARREN (O.S.)

You can't get lost in New York City!

SUSAN (O.S.)

Maybe you can't.

DARREN

Why don't you catch a cab?

SUSAN (O.S.)

I got 2-bucks in my pocket.

Street level, just behind Susan. She's dodging turning cars, people asleep on the walk, vendors and their carts, etc.

DARREN (O.S.)

Why don't you stop and ask directions?

SUSAN

You never do. Why should I?

DARREN (O.S.)

Well, maybe someone on the phone can help. If you think you can help Susan get to work...give us a call.

A song starts.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Susan is lost on the streets of New York! We need your help here at the Country RAT-FM.

The VOCAL hits.

BRIEF MONTAGE - Susan runs various streets as a growing number of people wave, jog alongside.

Taxis, and other drivers pace her. Everyone points in different directions. The SONG ends.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The Country RAT-FM...Break 'n' Wynd
in your face this morning. I'm Darren
Breakhaus...my partner Susan Wyndham
is late for work...lost in New York...
running around without a clue. Maybe
our next caller can help. James!
You're on The RAT!

JAMES (O.S.)
Hey! Love the show.

SUSAN
I knew this city had taste!

JAMES (O.S.)
Hey, Susan! Question: How would
you describe yourself?

DARREN (O.S.)
Aside from "breathless?"

SUSAN
Very funny. Uh, I'm about 5-8 1-
20...make that 1-10. And I--

JAMES (O.S.)
Cut to the chase, girl. You wearin'
A RAT sweatshirt and blue pants??

Susan looks down.

SUSAN
That's me.

JAMES (O.S.)
You want a ride?

JAMES, a biker on a chopper, pulls up waving his cell phone. She stops running and shakes hands. Her run is over.

INT. WRAT-FM CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

G Kenny is pacing in front Darren who is sitting, stoically, at the big conference table.

G KENNY
Where is she? She's always late!

Darren considers whether he should even answer as Susan enters.

SUSAN
Sorry I'm late. Had to freshen up a
little. Running affects the armpits.

The consultant charges like a bull.

G KENNY

What the hell were you thinking?

Back off big guy. Susan takes a seat next to Darren.

G KENNY (CONT'D)

Have you ever heard of ANYBODY - ANYWHERE - doing a stunt like this before? Andy and Sandy? Burt and Earl? Gary and Moustafa?

SUSAN

You said we should "connect" with listeners. I thought we did today.

G KENNY

We only do things if they've been tested. Done before. We have to know they work. You can't just dream up stuff and do it!

Did he just say that? GK strolls to the window and pauses to let his "wisdom" sink in.

G KENNY (CONT'D)

Oh! Gotta tell you. If you don't do the marriage thing...bad things *will* ensue. Need an answer, kids.

Behind him, Susan silently fights to keep Darren from blowing.

EXT. HERB HARGROVE'S HOME -- MORNING

Susan's VW, with Herb and Elaine inside, pulls out of the drive.

LARRY (O.S.)

(radio eq)

All-Nite Larry in the Morning on Country...ninety...two...seven.

INT. THE VW -- CONTINUOUS

Elaine's driving. They look at the radio. He got it right!

LARRY

Now don't laugh. But, I'm writing a movie script for Halloween.

(laugh)

Who laughed? Oh! Right. That was me.

A little lame? Maybe. But the couple's still enjoying Larry.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE HERB'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

The VW drives away...past Halloween decorations on front lawns.

LARRY (O.S.)
 Anyway, I'm writing a horror movie.
 It's about a weird doctor who tries to
 cure werewolves ...with electrolysis.

Larry giggles at his own joke. The VW turns a corner.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN PROMENADE -- AFTERNOON

The leaves have turned all shades of red and gold. It's a gorgeous afternoon looking across the East River toward the tip of Manhattan. Susan and Darren lean against the railing overlooking the spectacular panorama.

SUSAN
 It'll be good to see Herb and Elaine.

DARREN
 Yeah. And, we can ask what they
 think about the wedding thing.

SUSAN
 What do you think?

DARREN
 Professionally? I *know* we should.
 That's what GK wants. It would shut
 him up.

SUSAN
 Gee, that's so romantic.

DARREN
 This has nothing to do with romance.
 It's business. And, for some damn
 reason, he isn't letting go of an on-
 air wedding. It's kind of weird.

SUSAN
 What I meant, Darren, was: Do you
 still want to get married...to me?

All the pain of the move...the dislocation and the stress
 are showing. Is he sure? He has to think.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
 Should we be including Mimi in this
 discussion?

Oh oh.

CUT TO:

EXT. LUCKY CHENG'S -- NIGHT

It's very busy on First Avenue on this Halloween Night in front of "The Drag Queen Capital of the World!"

INT. LUCKY CHENG'S -- CONTINUOUS

Drag queen waiters hurry between tables. As we move through the restaurant, we pick up little bits of dialogue from the "waitresses" that confirm these are, in fact, drag queens. Susan and Darren are at a table with Herb and Elaine. The women seem to be more at ease in these surroundings.

SUSAN

Thanks for driving up. It's so good to see you two.

ELAINE

It's such a relief to get out of town for a few days. Right, Herb?

Herb is a little distracted by the females-who-aren't.

HERB

Uh huh.

He grabs Darren's shoulder. A nod of the head.

HERB (CONT'D)

Look at that one.

Darren turns to follow the nod just as their "waitress" YVONNE, arrives at the table with their drinks. Yvonne, nee Elliot Saxberg, is a striking 6-footer with long bleached hair, black eyebrows, mostly-disguised 5 o'clock shadow and short skirt. The voice is almost female.

YVONNE

Okey dokey! Cabernet for the ladies, and beer for the boys.

Yvonne puts the wine glasses down, then places glasses in front of the guys. She begins pouring Darren's dark beer.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Ooh. I love a rich, creamy head!

Yeah. Can I have my beer? Yvonne pats Darren's head. She takes a look at Herb's Lite Beer and hands it to him.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

You really know how to party, honey.

Big laugh...from all but Herb.

HERB

What? I'm watchin' my weight.

YVONNE

I like my men to have a little meat
on the bone!

She...HE's...not serious. Right?

YVONNE (CONT'D)

I'll be back.

Yvonne walks off, in an exaggerated hip-swinging swagger.
Herb pours his beer quickly. The four raise their glasses.

HERB

To friendship.

They take a sip. Susan and Darren look at each other over
the top of their glasses. Are we a couple or not?

SUSAN

So, what's new in Raleigh?

A quick glance between Elaine and Herb. Remember, don't
tell 'em everything.

HERB

Well, top of the headlines...All-
Nite Larry in the Morning is doing
good. He's working hard.

Elaine nods. Good. That's good news. Reassuring.

HERB (CONT'D)

And, Tommy Lee and his wife Marva...

SUSAN

The balloon folks.

HERB

They're now working for us.

They're what?

HERB (CONT'D)

We kinda' had to...

Elaine looks at Susan.

ELAINE

We didn't really have to. But, it
was the right thing to do.

DARREN

What happened?

HERB

You know Junior, at WTGC? He sued 'em after your balloon flight 'cause Tommy Lee dropped their banner and flew you guys so you could drop the tickets on time.

Yeah, so?

ELAINE

They don't have money. They got scared and settled out of court. Sold their pig farm to pay things off.

That's awful.

HERB

I felt responsible. So, now they're doing traffic from the crop-duster.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. 3000 FEET ABOVE RALEIGH -- MORNING

The red Marva-Pig biplane flies by. Marva's in the front seat, looking over the side. Tommy Lee's in the rear seat.

MARVA

(over the engine noise)

I'm not sure what highway that is down there. But, it's a mess. You should avoid it. That's your traffic update on Country 92-7!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LUCKY CHENG'S -- NIGHT

HERB

We take the balloon on remotes. It's a good deal for both of us.

ELAINE

(softly)

It would be...if we could afford it.

Everyone's looks at Elaine. What? She looks around the table. Did I say that?

ELAINE (CONT'D)

So, what's the latest on you two? Wedding Date? The Show? Come on!

Who goes first?

SUSAN

Well, actually, those two things are kind of wound up all together.

DARREN

The show's going fine. But, you can't tell that to the management.

SUSAN

More like the consultant.

DARREN

A tool of management. A consultant doesn't do anything unless someone in management's behind it.

Susan puts down the wine glass. Time to defend her new friend. Herb's attention is distracted by a garishly flamboyant waitress.

SUSAN

Stephanie is not behind it!

Darren takes a sip of beer. Right.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Besides, you're the one who said to me today that the only reason to get married was to shut up the consultant.

ELAINE

How romantic.

Darren looks to Herb for support. But, he's only half in the game. The other half is gawking.

DARREN

You would have jumped into a wedding on the air from the get-go. But, now that I'm considering it...you're slamming on the brakes.

Elaine turns to Susan.

SUSAN

Guilty on both counts. I'm not the only woman in your life anymore.

DARREN

Oh, come on, Susan. Mimi's a friend.

SUSAN

Right. A "friend" who is always around. A "friend" who you seem to be spending more and more time with.

Herb almost comes back to the conversation; but, a passing waitress tousles his hair. That distracts him. Elaine's surprised Susan and Darren are having this kind of argument.

ELAINE

Stop! You sound like Herb and me.

DARREN

Mimi's a friend to us both. She's not my girlfriend. She's the one who suggested this restaurant... because, she said you'd enjoy it.

Susan wants to believe this.

DARREN (CONT'D)

In fact, her "significant other" -- as she calls him -- works here! He was the guy in the tux up front. The Maitre d'.

Susan considers what Darren's said. So does Elaine. Herb has no idea what's going on. Susan begins to respond.

ELAINE

Hold on, Susan.

What's up?

ELAINE (CONT'D)

You say, the guy at the front is Mimi's "significant other?"

DARREN

Yeah. Marcel.

Elaine smiles and takes a sip of wine...drawing things out.

ELAINE

The "guy" -- the Maitre d'? He's a woman...dressed like a man.

What?

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Mimi's gay. Marcel's real name is probably "Marcy."

No! Susan looks at Darren. They both smile weakly.

DARREN

Sure. I knew that.

SUSAN

Sure. I knew that.

Elaine leans toward her friends.

ELAINE

Problem solved. Here's what I think.
You two OUGHT to get married. You NEED
to get married. And, why not? The
company's paying for it? It's free!

All of a sudden, it makes sense. Okay. We'll do it! Elaine
emits a happy squeal and hugs Susan. Herb leans in
conspiratorially.

HERB

Okay, so...*who's* dating the gay guy
out front?

CUT TO:

EXT. 1700 BROADWAY -- MORNING

It's 8:30. Life is returning to midtown.

DARREN (O.S.)

(radio eq)

So, there you have it! Soon, we'll
be Break 'n' Wynd in a wedding chapel.

SUSAN (O.S.)

A romantic scene-setter if ever there
was one.

DARREN (O.S.)

And, management's behind us on this?

SUSAN

Absolutely. The G-M's thrilled. She's
in the studio giving us a "thumbs up."

INT. WRAT-FM ON-AIR STUDIO -- MORNING

The two are in their regular positions. Stephanie is just
inside the door, smiling -- thumbs up. Darren turns to look
over his shoulder.

DARREN

Cool beans. It's always nice when
your boss approves of your most
important and personal decisions.

SUSAN

Break 'n' Wynd on the Country RAT-
FM... we're gettin' married! Details
coming soon.

A commercial starts. Susan flips off the mics.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Darren that was rude.

Stephanie walks up to the console.

STEPHANIE
Your husband-to-be is a little uptight.

SUSAN
Are you?

DARREN
No!

It's obvious; he is.

DARREN (CONT'D)
Well, maybe...a little.

SUSAN
Well, I'm thrilled! I'm so happy to
have all the bad stuff behind us.

Stephanie steps in a little further -- to Susan.

STEPHANIE
Opposites.

Susan nods. That's us. Stephanie looks out the window --
Somewhere out there...there's an opposite.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
I'm thrilled for you two. We'll
make this the biggest promotion --

Darren winces.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
--*Wedding*...ever.

She looks at Susan and makes a "turn that down" hand signal.
Susan complies. The music nearly disappears.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
But, we have to do it fast. Things
are about to change at the station.

Changes? Steph sees the concern.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
All good. You two are a big part it.

You can't hold out on us!

SUSAN
A part of what?

DARREN
You gotta tell us what's up!

STEPHANIE

I can't. I just can't. But...after you guys get off the air, I want you to come with me to a press conference over at the Goliathan Building.

Goliathan? The commercial is ending. Stephanie blows a kiss as she walks out. Susan and Darren, with questions hanging on their lips, put on their headphones.

SUSAN

We're Break 'n' Wynd on RAT-FM...

DARREN

Where the terms "holy matrimony" and "station promotion" are interchangeable.

SUSAN

Comin' up in the next few minutes...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HERB'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Herb's at his desk -- staring a hole through his P&L sheet. He's got the speaker near his desk turned up.

LARRY (O.S.)

(radio eq)

...And coming up on Country 92-7... another chance for you to win a somewhat modified All-Nite Larry in the Morning T-Shirt. That's next --

A song starts as Herb's intercom beeps.

ELAINE (O.S.)

(intercom eq)

Herb. Cromwell Parkhurst...line one.

Strange. He picks up his phone.

HERB

Junior?

EXT. DECK OF CROMWELL JR.'S HOME IN NORTH CAROLINA -- MORNING

Cromwell Jr sips coffee outside on a gorgeous Fall morning.

CROMWELL JR.

My name is Cromwell. I'm part of a highly respected family.

HERB (O.S.)

(phone eq)

Get to the point...Junior.

He'd like to strangle the phone.

CROMWELL JR.
Just heard that Break 'n' Wynd are
getting married on-air in New York City!

INT. HERB'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

HERB
How'd you hear about that?

CROMWELL JR. (O.S.)
Oh, I have my ways...

INT. WRC-FM 92-7 RECEPTION AREA -- CONTINUOUS

The phone rings. Elaine's balancing her checkbook.

ELAINE
Country 92-7.

BENTON (O.S.)
(phone eq)
Elaine, darlin'! It's your daddy-in-
law. Is my son there?

It's him. She checks the phone. Herb's still on line one.

ELAINE
Sorry, Benton, Herb's tied up.

She take a half second to think. Then:

ELAINE (CONT'D)
But, I was wonderin' -- you have
time for a little chat...with me?

INT. HERB'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Herb is thinking about punching his phone.

CROMWELL JR. (O.S.)
(phone eq)
All I'm saying is it's too bad their
fans down here can't hear that.

Snooty, officious little bastard.

EXT. BACK DECK OF CROMWELL JR.'S HOME IN NORTH CAROLINA --
MORNING

Cromwell Jr. takes a sip of coffee. He's enjoying this.

CROMWELL JR.
I bet EVERYONE would listen to that!

This is why being a Parkhurst is so great.

CROMWELL JR. (CONT'D)
 Hey! Maybe something will happen so
 the wedding can be on the air up
 there...and down here, too!

INT. HERB'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Is he saying what I think he's saying?

CROMWELL JR. (O.S.)
 (phone eq)
 Just a thought Herb. Catch ya' later.

We HEAR a CLICK. Herb still has the phone to his ear.

EXT. 1700 BROADWAY -- DAY

Stephanie, Susan and Darren walk out the front doors.
 Stephanie checks her watch -- in a hurry. She goes to the
 curb and raises her hand. Taxis whiz by, carrying passengers.

MUSIC -- DRAMATIC DANGER

NARRATOR (O.S.)
 Well Mounties, our heroes are facing an
 uncertain future! Ex-con, Evel McEvel,
 on parole for parole violations, has
 opened a cheese shop on the backside of
 downtown Yellow Snow. If Sgt. Breakwind
 and her dog Yukon Queenie don't act fast,
 the dastardly villain could begin cutting
 the cheese at any moment! That's why
 the duo is standing in the street outside
 Evel McEvel's Cheese Shop right now.

STREET SOUNDS

QUEENIE THE DOG (O.S.)
 Ro-ro-ro-ro-ro

VERNA (O.S.)
 Yeah, Queenie, look at his sign:
 "Evel McEvel's Cheese Shop: I cut
 the cheese from 7 to 10 and after
 lunch, I do it again. Closed Sundays
 and Holidays." Come on. Let's go
 inside! I've got a plan!

Susan leaps off the curb and waves her hand. A cab SCREECHES
 to a halt in front of her. The angry driver leans out the
 window, shouting foreign obscenities.

DOOR OPEN/SHOP BELL DING/ROOM ambiance/MUSIC - TENSION

VERNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Hello? Anybody to home?

EVEL (O.S.)

(voiced by Darren)

Ahh! My first customer! And, one of the Yukon's finest! Welcome Sergeant! You're just in time. I was just about to start cutting the cheese. Wanna watch?

VERNA (O.S.)

Why you sick, sick...man.

The taxi's passenger rolls down the right side rear window and yells. Darren and Steph pull Susan back to the sidewalk.

MUSIC -- TERROR/GUNSHOTS/DOG SNARLING/MACHINE GUN/EVEL SCREAMS

NARRATOR

Sergeant Breakwind and Queenie sprung into action almost without thinking. In fact, a Mountie review panel would later say there was no thinking involved at all! As the Sergeant opened fire with every weapon concealed on her person, Queenie leaped through the hail of lead to rip out some of Evel's more accessible vital organs.

The driver and passenger slip their heads back inside the cab.

TERROR MUSIC FADES - EVEL GROANS IN PAIN

VERNA (O.S.)

(panting)

Stop Queenie.

QUEENIE STOPS

VERNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Good girl. Let's leave something for the judge to sentence! Why'd you do it McEvel?

The cab moves 20 feet and stops. The passenger gets out and hurries into the same building our threesome just left.

EVEL

(in pain)

I didn't do nothin', Breakwind. I'm a simple cheese shop owner...who's been the victim of a double entendre.

VERNA (O.S.)

Double entendre? Well, that's one thing Sgt. Breakwind won't tolerate -- double entendres. Book 'im Queenie!

MUSIC UP AND UNDER NARRATOR

NARRATOR (O.S.)

And so, another demented criminal
 mastermind is sent to the hoosegow!
 But, is this one the last? Or, do
 more irksome idiots with mal-intent
 wait just around the next glacier?
 Find out next time Mounties on --
 Sergeant Breakwind of the Yukon!

MUSIC UP AND RESOLVE

Before they can get to the cab, someone hops in. The cab
 roars off. They stare at each other. What just happened?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE MINI -- LATER

Darren drives, Stephanie is in the passenger seat nervously
 checking her watch. Susan is squished into the "back seat."

EXT. GOLIATHAN BUILDING -- LATER

The Mini passes by the dark building and pulls into an
 underground parking garage.

INT. GOLIATHAN BALLROOM -- DAY

A press conference for a few hundred people is already
 underway as Stephanie, Susan and Darren quietly enter the
 closed-door session and find seats at the back of the room.
 The speaker is none other than Cromwell Parkhurst Sr.

CROMWELL SR.

...So, this radio station acquisition
 will further strengthen Goliathan's
 position as a viable competitor.

He gestures to the rear of the room.

CROMWELL SR. (CONT'D)

I just noticed that the General
 Manager of our newest Goliathan
 acquisition WRAT-FM, Stephanie Miller
 has just arrived...somewhat late!
 Ms. Miller, please stand!

Susan and Darren look at their GM. That's you! Stephanie
 stands and smiles. The audience turns to look.

CROMWELL SR. (CONT'D)

Welcome to Goliathan. We'll make
 beautiful music together. Or, should
 I say beautiful "country" music.

The audience responds with mild laughter as Stephanie sits.

SUSAN

You knew about this all along?

STEPHANIE

I was sworn to secrecy. It'll be good for all of us. Trust me. They have big plans and deep pockets.

The audience has quieted.

CROMWELL SR.

And, there's a bonus to this purchase, too. As most of you know, Goliathan has been looking for a way to get into production of syndicated programming. Well, this will be a start in that direction. That's why those two young people are seated with Ms. Miller.

The audience turns to look again.

CROMWELL SR. (CONT'D)

Because, we plan -- very shortly -- to begin an experiment by simulcasting our Break 'n' Wynd morning show on WRAT back to their hometown...Raleigh, North Carolina...on our station -- WTGC-FM.

More applause.

ON SUSAN AND DARREN -- who are speechless. What? They look at Stephanie. Oh oh. She's surprised, too.

INT. CROMWELL PARKHURST SR.'S PENTHOUSE STUDY -- LATER

Susan and Darren are seated on an uncomfortably hard leather love seat with a low, impossible-to-lean-against back. Stephanie is stuck in a very low tub chair -- the kind it's nearly impossible to get out of. The old mogul struts around with a cigar. He blows a cloud of smoke and looks out the window.

CROMWELL SR.

I live, eat and breathe radio. That's why I live in my building. I get immediate access to all my employees ...and a great deal on rent.

He turns to look at his guests.

CROMWELL SR. (CONT'D)

You comfortable?

Obviously, they're not.

CROMWELL SR. (CONT'D)

As soon as we can clear a space for you, we'll fold you people in with the Goliathan group. There's a spot down on sub-level 2.

He stops himself. Who cares about this stuff?

CROMWELL SR. (CONT'D)

But, that's not important now. The big thing is, you're a part of the Goliathan family now.

Another puff.

CROMWELL SR. (CONT'D)

Any questions?

He's asking; but, not really not interested. The double study doors open. Constance, in her maid's uniform, enters.

CONSTANCE

Mr. Weldon is here, Crommy.

Not in front of these people! Oops! Sorry.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

(correcting herself)

Mr. Cromwell.

Ah. Much better.

CROMWELL SR.

Show him in!

The big guy goes to the doorway to greet his guest. Stephanie glances at Susan and Darren. They're putting the pieces together. Susan leans toward Darren.

SUSAN

He **has** been working for Goliathan all along.

DARREN

And Stephanie knew it.

Stephanie sees the distrust building in Susan and Darren. She wants to explain. No time. GK walks in, all smiles. He gets a Godfather-like embrace from Cromwell.

G KENNY

Congratulations guys! Isn't this great? How 'bout that? Syndication! The big-BIG time! And, you are gonna crush the competition down there in Raleigh!

He turns to Constance.

G KENNY (CONT'D)
How 'bout a drink, Honey?

The old man nods glares at GK as Constance leads the him to the bar at the back of the room. Cromwell Sr turns to his new employees.

CROMWELL SR.
My son, in Raleigh, put me on to you.

A small chuckle.

CROMWELL SR. (CONT'D)
He just couldn't seem to beat you.

A puff on the cigar.

DARREN
It was more like, we couldn't lose.

SUSAN
Yeah...that station was all automated.

GK is offended. He calls out across the room, while impatiently holding out his hand for his drink.

G KENNY
Hey, I'll have you know...that very same format worked in Boise. My station there is a solid number 5.

The old man likes the spunk in his new team.

CROMWELL SR.
Well, that'll be changing. Thanks to you.

GK is tired of waiting for his drink.

G KENNY
That's good, that's good.

He grabs the glass from Constance, spilling some as he walks back to the group. She's thinking: "What an ass."

G KENNY (CONT'D)
See, when Cromwell....

A glare. Oops.

G KENNY (CONT'D)
Uh, MISTER Parkhurst...when he told me to find a way to bail out his son --

Uh -- oops.

G KENNY (CONT'D)

Uh, when Mr. Parkhurst told me to come up with a way to win in Raleigh, I told him the best thing was to use an old trick. When you can't beat the competition -- you just find 'em a better job -- in another city.

Well, it's all making a lot more sense.

CROMWELL SR.

And, to get this to work out, all I had to do was buy WRAT.

STEPHANIE

You said you were buying us because of our solid numbers.

CROMWELL SR.

Well, that was true...at the time. But, I notice after morning drive, your numbers are slipping.

STEPHANIE

Well, sure. The consultant you forced on me messed with the music.

G KENNY

I didn't "mess" with it. I improved it.

STEPHANIE

We're playing the same 14 songs over and over!

CROMWELL SR.

There, there you two...there'll be plenty of time for recriminations at the end of the Fall rating book.

Oh, that'll be fun. Cromwell Sr turns to the morning team.

CROMWELL SR. (CONT'D)

Let's talk about Break 'n' Wynd! I know you have an affinity for the owners of the other station in Raleigh.

Where's he going with this?

CROMWELL SR. (CONT'D)

That's admirable. But, you work for me now. If you want to succeed with Goliathan, forget loyalty...think "money."

He stops to consider what he just said.

CROMWELL SR. (CONT'D)

Uh, not a lot of money to begin with,
of course, but -- eventually. Well,
who knows?

He turns back to Stephanie.

CROMWELL SR. (CONT'D)

The big wedding promotion happens when?

Stephanie feels like she's been punched in the stomach.
Another puff on the cigar. She forces herself to speak.

STEPHANIE

Uh, we hadn't quite worked that out.
I was thinking...in a month, we could--

CROMWELL SR.

Two weeks. I want them getting married --
on-air -- end of next week.

SUSAN

Our parents might not be able to get
the time off work that fast.

G KENNY

Your parents? This is a promotion
first...a wedding second. Please!

GK smiles at Cromwell Sr who's thinking: "God, what a suck-
up." The old man nods at GK.

CROMWELL SR.

A little less vitriol, Mr. Weldon.

He turns to Susan.

CROMWELL SR. (CONT'D)

But, he's right. The rating books --
both here and in Raleigh -- dictate
that you two get married when **we** say.

Darren stands up. Susan quickly follows her lead.

DARREN

Slavery ended in this country a while
back, fellas.

SUSAN

You can't make us get married.

CROMWELL SR.

On the contrary...if you'll read the
standard employee contract you signed
when you began working for Ms. Miller --

Is that guilt in Stephanie's eyes?

CROMWELL SR. (CONT'D)
-- You'll see that, unless you intend
to begin new careers outside radio,
the noncompete clause is iron clad.

DARREN
But we didn't--

Stephanie hoists herself, abruptly, out of the impossibly
low tub chair. Her knee makes a loud popping noise.

STEPHANIE
Ow.

She rubs her knee and hobbles slightly to the side. Annoyed.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
A contract's a contract.

Darren looks at Stephanie. Susan takes his hand.

DARREN
But--

CROMWELL SR.
And, the fine print makes it clear
the noncompete is transferable to
the next entity owning the station.
That's me. I'm the "entity."

DARREN
But we--

Susan squeezes Darren's hand so hard he lets out a yelp.
Cromwell Sr sees this as a sign that Susan is waving the
white flag. He takes another puff on his cigar.

CROMWELL SR.
Thank you both for coming. Constance!

The maid/girlfriend comes forward.

CROMWELL SR. (CONT'D)
Please show Break 'n' Wynd to the door.

Susan glances at Stephanie. It's been a bad day. Susan and
Darren follow Constance out of the room.

CROMWELL SR. (CONT'D)
Now, Ms. Miller. I've been rethinking
the management structure of the radio
station. I'm making some changes.

Outside, the sun goes behind a cloud. The room gets very
dark.

The only illumination -- the tip of the smelly cigar -- as the old man takes another rancid puff.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BETHESDA TERRACE CENTRAL PARK -- MORNING

It's a beautiful November morning on the Terrace overlooking the lake and boat house. A crowd -- a blend of fans and homeless -- has gathered. The Terrace has been turned into a wedding chapel...with sponsors for everything from the flowers to the red carpet to the administrative law judge who's running for reelection and performing the ceremony.

A red carpet runs up the steps from the boat dock at lake level up to the Terrace where the wedding will take place. Around the edges of the Terrace, sponsors have set up booths -- selling their products and handing out brochures, coupons, samples, etc. Among the sponsor booths: "Krafty American Singles" -- Sign up and meet 12 members of the opposite sex in the next year. "Folipoke" -- Grows hair, increases male virility...all in one pill. "New York Lottery" -- One dollar to bet when this marriage will end.

Near the fountain on the Terrace, a platform has been set up, to accommodate the judge, Darren and Susan and a five piece country band which is tuning up. Above the platform -- a giant station banner is suspended between two poles. The radio station blares out of speakers set up around the edges of the Terrace.

Cromwell Parkhurst Sr walks through the crowd -- accompanied by G Kenny and Stephanie. The consultant is doing a lot of talking. The boss isn't doing a lot of listening. Stephanie is silent. GK points up, as a small plane flies over towing a banner: 'RAT-FM "R"-ite "A"wn "T"unes "F"or "M"e.'

CROMWELL SR.

What's that?

G KENNY

New RAT-FM slogan! I came up with it the other day! Catchy, huh?

Cromwell Sr, Steph and GK watch the plane pass. No comment.

INT. THE HARGROVE KITCHEN -- MORNING

Herb leans over the sink, eating a bagel. He's reading the front page of the newspaper.

ON THE FRONT PAGE -- where we read the headline: FORMER RADIO TEAM GETTING MARRIED IN NYC. -- Subhead: EVENTS TO BE CARRIED LIVE ON FORMER RIVAL STATION -- WTGC-FM.

Herb takes a sip of coffee.

HERB
Unbelievable.

Elaine walks briskly through the kitchen to the back door.

ELAINE
Put it down, Herb. Let's go.

She opens the back door. He puts down the paper, takes one last bite of bagel and walks to the back door.

EXT. BETHESDA TERRACE CENTRAL PARK -- MORNING

A SONG is ending as the morning show blares through the speakers. Frog Holler is up on the platform -- in a tux and cowboy hat -- emcee of the event.

FROG HOLLER
(P.A. eq)
The Country RAT-FM! Hey, you all!
It's me -- Frog Holler...experiencing
the thrill of Break 'n' Wynd first
hand this morning! You havin' fun?

The crowd APPLAUDS AND CHEERS. Parkhurst waves at Frog, who notices. The old man raises his wrist and points at his watch. Message received.

FROG HOLLER (CONT'D)
Just about time to start this here
weddin'! Question is...are YOU ready?

The crowd responds.

ON THE BOATHOUSE across the lake.

FROG HOLLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Okay. Well, over there, in the
boathouse is the wedding party...our
lovely bride, Susan Wyndham...her
two attendants -- and the Groom,
Darren Breakhaus!

The crowd cheers.

INT. BOAT HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

From across the lake, we HEAR the crowd applaud and cheer as a live country band begins to play "Here Comes the Bride."

FROG HOLLER (O.S.)
(PA eq/distant)
This is gonna be beautiful. Folks,
if you're ready over there -- let's
start the processional!

Susan, in a gorgeous wedding gown is attended to by Mimi, who's wearing a bridesmaid dress. Mimi straightens Susan's neckline as Darren walks past on the deck outside. The crowd screams from across the water. Darren turns and knocks on the door, then opens it. Susan squeals and shuts her eyes.

DARREN

Mimi! Is she here?

Mimi points at Susan -- who has her eyes closed tightly.

SUSAN

Darren...what are you doing?

DARREN

Just wanted to be sure you weren't late...like usual.

He notices her eyes are sealed.

DARREN (CONT'D)

What are YOU doing?

SUSAN

I can't look at you. It's bad luck for the bride to see the groom before the wedding.

MIMI

I think it's the other way around.

SUSAN

Whatever! We can't afford to have anything go wrong today.

DARREN

Don't worry, babe. This is going to be a day we'll never forget. See you on the other side!

He closes the door. Susan takes a deep breath and opens her eyes. Mimi holds up a garter.

MIMI

You want me to slip this on your thigh for you?

Uhhhh. Outside, a deep-throated marine motor starts.

EXT. BOAT HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

The doors open. Mimi and Susan step out on the deck. The crowd cheers from across the water as two men help them into large power boat. Darren is already on a boat that's taking him to the landing at Bethesda Terrace. Frog breaks in over the band as they play their bridal march loop.

FROG HOLLER (O.S.)

(P.A. eq)

The wedding party is being squired to their doom today by the fine folks at Midtown Marine -- who ask -- If Manhattan is an island...why don't you own a boat? Midtown Marine -- helping to make today's Break 'n' Wynd wedding something special.

As it revs, the engine expels a big belch of black smoke, which engulfs the women.

EXT. OPEN FIELD NEAR RALEIGH -- MORNING

The purple VW pulls off a farm road and into an empty field.

LARRY (O.S.)

All-Nite Larry in the Morning on Country 92-7. Big day today. Our friends, Break 'n' Wynd -- Darren and Susan are getting married on the air at their new radio station up in New York City.

The car parks beside the huge pink pig balloon, fully inflated. Marva, already in the balloon basket, waves.

INT. WRC-FM 92-7 STUDIO -- CONTINUOUS

Larry is looking at the same newspaper story Herb was reading.

LARRY

Now, try to follow me on this. The Break 'n' Wynd wedding is being carried live on our competition... WTGC...Too Good Country. Dumb slogan. But, that don't make no never mind. The deal is, here at Country 92-7...we want you Break 'n' Wynd fans to hear the wedding. So, I'm asking you, right now, to switch on over to WTGC. Really. It's okay.

EXT. PARKING LOT NC STATE FAIRGROUNDS -- CONTINUOUS

Banners are set up. A crowd has gathered for freebies being handed out by WTGC personnel. Cromwell Parkhurst Jr is walking through the venue, making sure the signs and banners which proclaim "WTGC got BREAK 'N' WYND" are in everyone's face. He's also shoving buttons which read: "WTGC got Break 'n' Wynd" into the hands of people in the crowd. Speakers blast out the broadcast from New York City -- which is still carrying the country band playing "Here Comes the Bride."

EXT. BETHESDA TERRACE CENTRAL PARK -- CONTINUOUS

Darren now stands on the landing, waiting and watching as Susan and Mimi near the dock. The band continues its continuous loop version of "Here Comes the Bride."

FROG HOLLER

(PA eq)

And, a friendly reminder -- this beautiful wedding is all brought to you by DrugenEx ...makers of all new Folipoke...grows hair and increases male virility at the same time! Folipoke. Ask your doctor about the Big Red Pill.

The boat docks. Darren helps Mimi and Susan disembark.

DARREN

Got some butterflies.

SUSAN

Some?

She nods toward the stairs.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Mimi, lead the way.

FROG HOLLER

And, there's still time to buy a ticket from the New York Lottery booth. Remember, if this marriage doesn't last...you can cash in. But, you gotta buy the tickets before Break 'n' Wynd say "I do."

Mimi ascends the steps toward the platform. Before stepping onto the platform, the Judicial Law Judge shakes hands with Cromwell Sr and gets a reluctant handshake from Stephanie.

FROG HOLLER (CONT'D)

Let me introduce to you Judge Fred Landers, he's running for reelection in November. He'll be marrying Susan and Darren. Judge Fred Landers lever K-9.

A smattering of applause. Landers waves and hands a leaflet to a nearby fan. Mimi is at the top of the stairs and walking to the platform. Susan and Darren aren't far behind.

FROG HOLLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And, now -- the moment you all have been waiting for! Let me turn it over to Goliathan Broadcasting's first syndicated morning radio team, now on the air in New York City and Raleigh, North Carolina -- the lucky couple who will broadcast their own wedding...Darren and Susan...Break 'n' Wynd! Guys, take it away.

Applause and cheers.

EXT. PARKING LOT NC STATE FAIRGROUNDS -- CONTINUOUS

The crowd cheers and looks to the speakers.

DARREN (O.S.)
 (PA/radio eq)
 Wow, Susan. This is something else.

SUSAN (O.S.)
 Tell me about it! Look at all these
 people who came to see us make a
 spectacle of ourselves.

DARREN (O.S.)
 It's gonna be a spectacle, all right.

EXT. BETHESDA TERRACE CENTRAL PARK -- CONTINUOUS

The couple is walking up the stairs toward the Terrace.
 Fans have formed an aisle at the top of the stairs, leading
 to the platform. The band continues to play.

SUSAN
 (PA/radio eq)
 I believe I'm supposed to remind
 everyone right here that my gown is
 provided by New York Minute Bridal.

DARREN
 If your wedding's happening like
 yesterday...New York Minute Bridal can
 get the job done before you can say --

SUSAN	DARREN
Wham-bam. Thank you ma'am.	Wham-bam. Thank you ma'am.

The crowd laughs and cheers as the couple reaches the top of
 the stairs. They're approaching the platform and the judge.
 The tension is growing. Frog Holler, his radio senses for
 "dead-air" ever-alert, steps in to fill the void.

FROG HOLLER
 So, guys, as you step toward your
 fate at the hands of Judge Landers,
 lever K-9, what are you thinking?

They stop.

SUSAN
 Darren, you first.

They begin walking down the "aisle" again.

DARREN
 Me?
 (MORE)

DARREN (CONT'D)

Well, I know I want to get married to you. I've wanted that for a long time.

Crowd AWWWW.

DARREN (CONT'D)

I love you. I love our partnership. I love everything about us. But, I was never crazy about this idea. I always thought getting married should be a personal thing...not a radio promotion.

SUSAN

But, here you are.

DARREN

Because of you.

SUSAN

Well, I wouldn't be here without you. I love you, too Darren. And, I've been wanting to get married for a long time, too.

Crowd. AWWWW.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

But, there are some things I don't want.

They're almost to the platform. Frog, Cromwell Sr, G Kenny and Stephanie are next to the platform. Is that a tear in the old man's eye? Mimi is waiting on the platform, next to the Judge. Susan looks directly at Cromwell Sr.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I don't want to hurt our very best friends in all the world back in North Carolina.

He almost swallows his cigar. What?

DARREN

In other words we don't want to have our show syndicated on a second-rate station like WTGC.

Second rate? Stephanie looks like she'd rather be anywhere but where she's standing right now.

SUSAN

We don't want to work for a company like Goliathan that treats us like property instead of people.

Cromwell Sr looks from Susan and Darren to Stephanie. This is going to cost you people.

DARREN

And, we don't want to get married like a couple of circus clowns -- for the further enrichment of some old guy we don't even like!

Susan and Darren turn back toward the steps and begin to walk away. The crowd is shocked. Cromwell Sr is still speechless. G Kenny grabs Stephanie.

G KENNY

You gotta say something to them. They're killing us.

STEPHANIE

I know. Isn't it great?

Both men look at her. What?

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

It's terrific radio, don't you think?

You're crazy! Cromwell Sr grabs the microphone away from Frog Holler.

CROMWELL SR.

Stop that insipid music!

The band comes to a ragged halt.

CROMWELL SR. (CONT'D)

Come back here, you two! Need I remind you that you have contracts with rock-solid noncompete clauses!

The couple stops. He had to bring that up. They turn back toward the old man. Ah hah! THAT got their attention!

EXT. PARKING LOT NC STATE FAIRGROUNDS -- CONTINUOUS

The crowd on hand is listening quietly to the proceedings.

CROMWELL SR. (O.S.)

You'll get married today because I say so. You two will get married because our sponsors expect it. You'll get married because I'll sue you if you don't. Now get back here.

The crowd doesn't like this man any more than Susan and Darren. They begin to boo the old man.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Actually, we don't have contracts.

EXT. BETHESDA TERRACE CENTRAL PARK -- CONTINUOUS

Yeah, right. So, you say.

DARREN

So, there's no noncompete, either.

CROMWELL SR.

Yes there is.

He pulls folded legal papers out of his suit coat. Stephanie grabs a mic from the bandstand. Feedback.

STEPHANIE

Uh, they never signed any contracts.

See there? And, I -- WHAT?

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

I couldn't ask anyone to sign something that unfair. It just wasn't right. Legally, you've got nothing.

Cromwell Sr looks to his Judge friend who shrugs. "Don't look at me." The crowd roars it's approval.

EXT. PARKING LOT NC STATE FAIRGROUNDS -- CONTINUOUS

Cromwell Jr stares at the speakers. This can't be happening.

DARREN (O.S.)

Didn't sign a thing.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Not one thing.

The crowd applauds.

EXT. BETHESDA TERRACE CENTRAL PARK -- CONTINUOUS

Cromwell Sr.'s face is crimson.

STEPHANIE

I guess, it's your problem, now... since you demoted me - I'm no longer in charge.

He turns to Steph.

CROMWELL SR.

No, you're not. And, what I'm about to say to Wynd and Break...applies to you as well, Ms. Miller.

He turns to the happy couple.

CROMWELL SR. (CONT'D)

I have only one thing left to say to
you meaningless pieces of radio scum --

A deep breath. Everyone's waiting.

CROMWELL SR. (CONT'D)

YOU'RE FIRED!

A gasp from the crowd. Darren pulls a cell phone walkie-talkie out of his coat and hands it to Susan.

SUSAN

(loudly)

Tommy Lee...that's your cue!

Within seconds, a red biplane passes over the Terrace. It's towing a banner that reads: "You can't fire us. We quit."

INT. BIPLANE -- CONTINUOUS

Tommy Lee looks down at the crowd. He smiles and waves.

EXT. BETHESDA TERRACE CENTRAL PARK -- CONTINUOUS

The crowd laughs, cheers and applauds. The old man watches the plane pass over. As he follows it, his eyes come to rest on G Kenny. He motions him over to his side. GK approaches.

G KENNY

Yes sir? What can I do for you?

CROMWELL SR.

Get out of here. You're fired, too.

EXT. PARKING LOT NC STATE FAIRGROUNDS -- CONTINUOUS

The crowd is trying to make sense of what they're hearing. Cromwell Jr is working his way through the crowd.

CROMWELL JR.

I'm sure it's just a joke. Look at
me! Look! I got Break 'n' Wynd!

There's a distant BLAST OF GAS from the burner of a balloon. Cromwell Jr looks around. There it is again! People around him are pointing into the air. He looks up.

P.O.V. OVER CROMWELL JR.'S SHOULDER INTO THE AIR -- CONTINUOUS

The big pink pig balloon is floating over the parking lot. Marva, Herb and Elaine are in the basket, tossing out leaflets.

ON CROMWELL JR. -- who snags a leaflet as it floats by. It reads: "Starting Monday -- Break 'n' Wynd are back on Country 92-7. Listen Monday at 5!"

ON CROMWELL JR. -- who wads up the piece of paper.

INT. BALLOON BASKET -- CONTINUOUS

Marva, Herb and Elaine are truly enjoying themselves.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WRC-FM 92-7 STUDIO -- MORNING

Susan's at the board. Darren is at a second mic in the studio.

DARREN

That's it for Break 'n' Wynd on
Country 92-7.

SUSAN

We've said it all morning. But, I
want to say it one more time: It's
great being back home -- where we
belong -- with the people we love.

We pan slightly to reveal Larry at a third mic.

LARRY

I wanna thank you guys again for
makin' me a part of the show!

DARREN

Wouldn't have it any other way!

SUSAN

All-Nite Larry in the Morning...adds
some extra pungency to Break 'n' Wynd!

DARREN

We'll all be back tomorrow --

LARRY

On Country 92-7!

Susan flicks off the mics. A song plays softly. Larry stands.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Too much coffee! I gotta squirt.

He hurries to the door. Stops and turns.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Guys, thanks again!

He leaves. Susan and Darren organize their stuff.

SUSAN

Nice guy.

Darren nods but says nothing. What's he thinking?

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You okay?

Another nod. This isn't right. He doesn't look happy.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Talk to me. What are you thinking?

Darren takes a moment to organize his thoughts.

DARREN

Me? I guess I'm thinking about you...and something you said once.

SUSAN

Something I said?

DARREN

It's not where we live...but, how many people we reach that's important. Remember?

SUSAN

Sure.

DARREN

Well, this is Raleigh -- that was New York. You're not disappointed?

She puts her arm around his waist as they walk to the studio door.

SUSAN

Give it time. Who knows? Some day, Raleigh might get as big as New York.

She's making jokes. Everything's fine. They walk out of the studio as another jock walks past carrying his headphones.

INT. WRC-FM 92-7 RECEPTION AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

Elaine leans back from her desk, to look around the corner. She spots Susan and Darren.

ELAINE

Hey, you two! Got somebody in Herb's office to see you.

Susan and Darren walk out into the reception area.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

God, it's good to have you back.

Thanks. She points to Herb's door. Who? A shrug.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
Some big shot, I think.

Susan grabs the door knob and knocks.

INT. HERB'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Herb's at his desk. Sitting in the chair in front of him is...Stephanie. What the hell? She stops so quickly Darren almost knocks her down.

HERB
Come on in, guys!

Stephanie jumps up and hugs Susan and Darren. Herb gets up and joins the hug-fest as Elaine enters the office, smiling. There's excitement and happiness at being together -- especially after the experience they all shared a few days ago. After quick greetings, Herb can barely contain himself.

HERB (CONT'D)
Stephanie, you tell 'em.

Susan and Darren look at Stephanie who takes a deep breath.

STEPHANIE
First. Heard you guys today. You sounded great. Larry's a great find.

SUSAN
You didn't come all the way from New York to tell us that.

No. A pause to let the tension grow.

DARREN
What? What the hell is it?

STEPHANIE
Right after "the wedding," I had four job offers. Turns out NOBODY likes Goliathan or Cromwell Parkhurst.

Chuckles.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
Anyway, I'm now GM at another station in New York.

That's great!

SUSAN
Congratulations!

DARREN
Congratulations!

Okay okay, no hugs.

STEPHANIE

So, I'm here...

She can't stifle the huge smile.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

...To ask you if you would you like
to do morning drive--

What? Susan steps forward.

SUSAN

--Steph, this is very nice of you.
But, Darren and I have decided we
WANT to live here. Not New York.
We're stayin' here.

Darren nods. Herb and Elaine are touched.

DARREN

Yeah, we feel--

ELAINE

Would you two let her finish?

There's more?

STEPHANIE

I was wondering if you two would
like to be syndicated INTO New York?

What? Steph nods. Wow. Hugging and high-fiving break out.
Tim enters with a soldering gun and a circuit board.

TIM

Uh, excuse me. Herb! Yo!

The celebration quiets.

HERB

Uh, yeah Tim. What is it?

Tim holds up the circuit board.

TIM

Cart two is now officially D.O.A.

Herb takes a moment to think. Tim's eyes drift across those
in the room. When he gets to Stephanie, he's suddenly
mesmerized. Hey! So is she.

HERB

Well, you're gonna have to find a
way to fix it. We don't have the
cash right now.

Elaine leans in.

ELAINE

Yes we do.

Tim and Stephanie don't hear any of this.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Your father sent a check. The first of several, he said.

He sent US a check? How?

ELAINE (CONT'D)

I had a little chat with your Dad about reality. He just downsized his boat. I knew he'd understand.

Wow! Herb kisses Elaine. It's been awhile. Meanwhile, Steph and Tim are still locked in their eyeball embrace. Now *that's* a pair of exact opposites.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SMALL CLAPBOARD CHURCH IN THE COUNTRY -- DAY

It's a beautiful late fall day in North Carolina. The small white church is engulfed in the fall colors.

EXT. REAR OF THE SMALL CLAPBOARD CHURCH -- CONTINUOUS

Under a blue sky and a canopy of Fall foliage, 60 guests are gathered for the reception after Susan and Darren's Wedding.

ON THE WEDDING CAKE -- which reads: "Susan and Darren."
The little statues on top of the cake are wearing headphones.

Darren in a blue tux and Susan, in a simple, but elegant, wedding dress are holding court near the cake. Off to one side, Stephanie and Tim are standing with Larry, Mimi and Marcy/Marcel who's wearing a tux. Is Larry trying to make a move on one Mimi? Herb and Elaine approach Susan and Darren with hugs and congratulations.

HERB

I know this might not be the right time.

ELAINE

But, when did that ever stop him?

Got that right. Laughs all around. Herb pulls the set of Volkswagen keys out of his pocket. He holds them up to Susan.

HERB

You can live in New York without a car. You can't live without one here.

SUSAN

Herb, you don't--

HERB

No. I insist. It's okay...I've got my car situation worked out.

He steps slightly to the side and Omar Tovar appears - with Zeke.

HERB (CONT'D)

Omar sold my Caddy back to me.

OMAR

This time he paid cash.

ZEKE

American!

Herb looks at the two men.

HERB

I had no idea those two were partners!

Laughs all around. He holds out the keys to Susan. She takes them. It's nice to own a car again.

DARREN

You realize, of course, Herb just gave you your own car -- as a wedding present.

HERB

I was hoping you wouldn't notice.

Elaine pulls an envelope out of her purse.

ELAINE

From us.

She hands it to Susan and hugs her.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

We're so glad to have you two home!

A quick swipe at a tear. Time to get the party started! Susan holds up Darren's left hand with her left. The wedding rings are firmly in place. The guests applaud.

SUSAN

Thank you! This really is the way it should be.

She looks around the room.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Oh, and by the way.

She points to a corner of the room.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Those two over there?

The guests turn to look.

ON STEPHANIE AND TIM -- who are holding hands. Who us?

SUSAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
They're next.

Applause. Stephanie and Tim wave -- quick kiss. Mimi pauses a moment, then gives Marcy/Marcel a big kiss on the lips...to the complete consternation of Larry.

ON DARREN AND SUSAN -- who points to the back of the crowd.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
I want to thank Tommy Lee and Marva
Snodgrass --

ON TOMMY LEE AND MARVA - who smile!

SUSAN (CONT'D)
For NOT bringing either the airplane
or the balloon with them today.

The group laughs and applauds. Darren leans to the mic.

DARREN
I wanna thank my Mom and Dad for
getting here despite the tight
schedule.

Darren points toward someone in the crowd. Darren's parents step out -- looking somewhat older -- but otherwise the same as we saw them in the earlier cameo. They're happy. Applause.

DARREN (CONT'D)
It wasn't easy. Dad just got a new
job in Schenectady.

Darren's mom and dad shyly acknowledge the group.

ON SUSAN AND DARREN

The applause dies down.

SUSAN
My Dad and Mom are here, too!

Susan points to a five-piece band which is set up under a gorgeous tree. Her parents acknowledge the group's applause.

DARREN
Let's get this party started.

Hoots and hollers.

SUSAN

Since my parents are in the band, I
can't have a dance with my Dad...

Group Awww.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

But, it's okay. 'Cause, I've asked
them to play a song they taught me.
One I've never forgotten. Dad? Mom?

ON THE BAND -- who starts playing. Susan's Mom lifts the
mic to sing. Darren's parents come to his side. Mimi,
Marcel, Stephanie, Tim, Herb, Elaine, Larry, Omar...and Zeke
move in close. Credits roll as Mom sings. ("Come From the
Heart" written by Susanna Clark and Richard Leigh SBK April
Music/GSC Music/Lion-Hearted Music [ASCAP])

SUSAN'S MOM

When I was a young girl -- my daddy
told me A lesson he learned -- it
was a long time ago. If you want to
have someone to hold on to. -- You're
gonna have to learn to let go

You got to sing, like you don't need
the money -- Love, like you'll never
get hurt. You got to dance like
nobody's watchin'. It's gotta come
from the heart, if you want it to
work.

(CONT'D)

Now here is the one thing, I keep
forgettin' -- when everything is
fallin' apart. In life, as in love,
all I need to remember -- there's
such a thing as tryin' to hard.

(CONT'D)

You got to sing, like you don't need
the money -- Love, like you'll never
get hurt. You got to dance, dance,
dance like nobody's watchin'. It's
gotta come from the heart, if you
want it to work.

FADE TO BLACK