

"Life in the Air"

WGA Registration #1034268

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FADE IN:

EXT. PRESENT DAY STREET -- AFTERNOON

A 22 ft. Ryder Truck -- towing a beat-up, 1980 red Jeep CJ-5 -- winds it's way through moderate traffic in Waterloo, Iowa.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK -- AFTERNOON

DAVE ELDERS drives and taps his fingers to the beat as he steers. Even though he's still in his 30's, there's a weariness in his eyes. He's wearing the kind of clothes you'd expect to find on someone who has just poured his entire apartment into the back of a rental truck.

DAVE (V.O.)

That's me. Dave Elders. If you wonder how an idiot driving Ryder truck with all of his possessions crammed in the back can be so happy. It's easy! I'm leavin' town! Movin' up! Boston, baby!

(pause)

Then again, I always get excited right before one of my "big moves."

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT -- AFTERNOON

The big yellow truck turns into the parking lot of a bleak little strip mall. This is the home of KQST Radio. The station is located at one end of the mall, next door to "Fingers of Magic" Korean nail salon.

DAVE (V.O.)

I'm a disc jockey. Or, if you prefer -- radio personality -- or jock -- or, as some folks call me: "That jackass with the big mouth who doesn't know when to shut up."

The truck stops near the front doors of the station -- next to a late-model Cadillac. Parked right behind the Caddy is a Plymouth Neon containing MR CLARK, an impatient and unhappy-looking man with a cell phone. Dave climbs out of the truck and walks to the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. KQST LOBBY -- AFTERNOON

Inside, the glory of the 80's is everywhere. A tattered KQST poster hangs, slightly unevenly behind the front desk, a black metal job with faux walnut top.

LINDA, the receptionist, sits behind the desk tapping away at a computer keyboard. She's has a sweater thrown over her shoulder as she hunches over the keys. As Dave enters, the phone rings. She's not in love with this job. Without looking up, she grabs the phone.

LINDA
(disinterested)
Waterloo's Hit Home KQST 103.9.
Where More Music Matters More. What
do you want?

She pauses briefly, clicks the phone on hold. This is the worst part of her job. Dave walks in, unseen.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Mr. Wright...it's Mr. Clark from the
bank.

HERB (O.S.)
(yelling)
I'm not here.

LINDA
He KNOWS you're here...he's parked
behind your car in the parking lot.

Linda wishes she'd gone to hair dressers school when she had the chance.

HERB (O.S.)
Oh. Okay. Tell him I'm comin' out.

Linda picks up the phone and clicks the line.

LINDA
He says he'll be right out.

Linda puts the phone on hold. Dave isn't sure if Linda knows he's there. She doesn't look up.

LINDA (CONT'D)
I thought you were gone already.

DAVE
Just about. Thought I'd stop by to
say goodbye.

You're saying goodbye to me?! Oh. No. You mean..."goodbye" to everybody.

LINDA
I don't know why you're leavin' again.
I thought you liked it here.

What do you say to that? A LARGE BROWN DOG runs down the hallway and jumps on Dave. Oh God! I'm allergic!

A cough - some sneezes. The odd strains to lick Dave's face.

DAVE

Hey watch it, Sam. I don't know
where that tongue's been!

HERB WRIGHT, the station GM ambles down the hall. He's a man in his 50's, who looks a little older than that. Maybe it's the fact that he's a pipe smoker -- or maybe it's the years of dodging creditors. He walks past Dave and Sam and looks out the front door as the dog/man wrestling match continues.

HERB

Sonofabitch. I'm only 120 days past.

He taps his pipe on his shoe. Dave tries sliding under the dog.

HERB (CONT'D)

What are you doin' here? Want your
job back?

LINDA

He stopped by to say goodbye.

Herb quickly pokes more tobacco in his pipe.

HERB

Okay. Goodbye.

Dave sneezes and find himself staring up at Sam's dangling private parts.

DAVE

Could you call-off Sam? He's killin'
me, here.

Herb's got more important things on his mind.

HERB

You want me to say we're gonna miss
ya'? I already told you that.

What Dave really wants is for Herb to call-off Sam. His eyes are watering.

DAVE

I know, I was just --

HERB

--Stop it Sam, ya' lummo!

Sam wags his tail and retreats down the hallway. Dave sneezes. Herb looks out the front door.

DAVE

I didn't have a chance to talk to you at my party, today. I wanted to tell you personally how much I appreciate your help.

HERB

Hell, I know that.

Not exactly the response Dave was looking for.

HERB (CONT'D)

It's not like you haven't left before.

DAVE

Yeah, but this time I'm goin' to Boston. And, I'm not coming back.

Big Deal.

HERB

I went to Boston once. I was back here in one week.

DAVE

That was different...you were on vacation.

Hmm. Good point. Herb turns to look out the door, again.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Anyway, you gave me a job when I really needed it. I owe you, Herb.

There's a long pause. Is Herb getting emotional? Dave isn't sure. What about Linda? Who knows.

HERB

You know, if you want to pay me back, I got an opportunity for you right now.

Oh great. Herb turns in time to see Dave's expression.

DAVE

Now?

HERB

Don't get your undies in a bundle. I know you're goin' to "Boston!" This'll just take a few minutes.

Maybe Dave should have kept his big DJ mouth shut.

HERB (CONT'D)
Just a few minutes, I promise.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT -- LATER

In the gathering darkness, of the late afternoon the station doors open and Linda leads the way outside as Dave follows, walking backwards -- pulling a furniture dolly and balancing a large box. MR CLARK, in the Neon, looks expectantly at the doors as they open, Is it Herb? Oh. No. False alarm. Dave hauls the large box to the back of the truck and opens the doors. He and Linda struggle to hoist the box up into the back of the overstuffed truck. It's a battle they're not going to win. MR CLARK sees the trouble and gets out to help.

MR. CLARK
Need a hand?

DAVE
Oh, you don't have to--

MR. CLARK
No problem, really.

Eye contact with Linda.

MR. CLARK (CONT'D)
Please, let me!

Linda can wait to watch this. Clark quickly takes her place. Dave is happy for the help. Not happy it's Mr Clark. They grunt and bang the box into the side of the truck a couple times -- and finally get it inside.

DAVE
Thanks.

MR. CLARK
No problem.

Mr Clark jumps up inside the truck, pulls some papers out of his suit jacket and looks at the big box. Oh oh. Mr Clark slides the folded papers through a slot near a flap.

MR. CLARK (CONT'D)
Herb, we're giving you the extension.
Sign the papers when you get a chance.

The three look at the box. Busted!

HERB (O.S.)
 (muffled)
 Somebody get me a pen.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT -- EVENING

Herb and MR. CLARK are beside Herb's Cadillac, as the GM leans over the hood of his car, signing papers. Linda and Dave are next to the Ryder truck. She looks up.

LINDA
 Must be exciting to move, huh?

He's heard THAT before.

DAVE
 Maybe I've done it too much.

Linda climbs on the step to the door.

LINDA
 Show me around!

DAVE
 What?

LINDA
 Come on! I've never been in a big truck like this!

Am I ever gonna get out of here?

DAVE
 Go on. Get in.

Linda flings the door open. A cuckoo clock slides out. Dave leaps forward like a wide receiver and grabs it in midair. He leans against the truck, grasping the clock, holding it like a priceless heirloom.

LINDA
 The Cuckoo!

Another check on all the parts.

DAVE
 Yeah. The cuckoo.

ANGLE ON THE CUCKOO CLOCK'S FACE IN THE FADING EVENING LIGHT

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE ON THE SAME CUCKOO CLOCK -- IN BRAND NEW CONDITION

INT. KQST LOBBY 8 YEARS EARLIER -- MORNING

It's being carried by NANCY JAMIESON. Pretty. 25. Newsperson for the KQST morning show. The lobby's the same; but, newer, brighter and fresher. Nancy stops to show the clock to a much younger Linda. An early 90's hit playing.

DAVE (V.O.)

Nancy gave me the cuckoo eight years ago. That's her talking to Linda.

(pause)

Gee, Linda looked different back then, huh? Anyway, when Terry and I got the gig to do the morning show in Waterloo, Nancy was the newsperson.

Linda and Nancy walk down the hallway toward the studio. Linda suddenly runs back to the front desk to grab a box of Dunkin Donuts; then hurries to catch up with Nancy.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Nancy was smart, funny and hot. It didn't take long for me to figure all that out. Hell, from the get-go, I thought she was perfect. Meanwhile, Nancy thought I was...well, I was a disc jockey. But, eventually, she was able to overlook that fact...and we hooked-up.

CUT TO:

INT. KQST STUDIO -- MORNING

The studio at KQST is a jumble of new and old technology. Even though no records or reel-to-reel tapes are used anymore, there are still three turntables and two tape decks in place where they were installed when the studios were built in the 60's. The smallish studio is crammed with a dozen people. Herb, looking pretty much the same, is standing near the studio door, expressionless, holding a small brown puppy named "Sam," smoking a pipe and wondering if it's a good idea to let his employees take advantage of him like this. Everyone else is talking and laughing. Dave is at the controls. Just across the unused turntables, sitting at another mic, is Dave's partner, TERRY MEYERS. He's in his early 20's -- wearing dress slacks, a white shirt with the sleeves rolled up -- and tie, loosened at the neck.

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

It was my birthday. And, somehow, Linda and Nancy convinced Herb it wouldn't kill him if the staff took a few minutes away from work to surprise me on the air with a little party.

Terry is laughing and flirting with a couple of female staff members.

DAVE (V.O.)CONT'D)

That's Terry. Great guy, really.
Funny, talented. And, best of all
he and Nancy really got along great
with each other.

Terry stops laughing abruptly as he sees Nancy peeking in the studio window with Linda looking over her shoulder. The song is ending, Dave puts on his headphones and keys the mic as Sam yips happily.

DAVE (CONT'D)

KQST - Dave and Terry with the Morning
Thing. And, today we got a "thing"
goin' on!

TERRY

Hoo-Hah!

The two wave their hands in the air to get the group in the studio to make noise. They do.

TERRY (CONT'D)

It's Dave's birthday. Or, should I
call you "Gramps?"

DAVE

Hey, careful! Someday, you'll have a
3 in front of your age, too, pal.

TERRY

Uh, the name's "Terry" -- not "pal."
But, that's okay, When you get older --
the memory's the first thing to go.

Everyone laughs.

DAVE

Maybe so. But, I'm never gonna forget
this birthday! It's been a blast!

The group cheers. The studio door swings open as Nancy bursts in with a lighted candle stuck in a cruller. Linda is close behind carrying the cuckoo clock concealed behind her back.

NANCY

Hold it! Hold everything, Dave!

The crowded studio erupts with applause, hoots and whistles.

TERRY

It's Lovely Linda and Newsgirl Nancy
carrying a delightfully decorated,
donut with a candle in it!

NANCY
Happy Birthday, Dave!

The group clears a path for Nancy as she moves in close to Dave -- so she can talk on mic.

DAVE
Nothing says "happy birthday" like a candle in a donut.

TERRY
"Candle in a Donut"...that's an Elton John song, right?

Group chuckles. Sam yips.

NANCY
Elton John? Gee, Terry, I pegged you more as a George Michael kinda' guy.

More group chuckles.

TERRY
Ouch.

NANCY
Anyway, Dave, when we were trying to come up with a good gift idea for you, somebody pointed out how you're always late getting into the news.

DAVE
It wasn't Herb, was it?

The group hoots and hollers. Herb almost smiles.

NANCY
So, we all chipped in to get you something so special, we had to get an extra-special person to present it to you. May I present the President of the United States!

Dave reaches for a small mini keyboard next to the console and plays the first few notes of "Hail to the Chief." The group cheers. Terry does an impersonation of Bill Clinton.

TERRY
(as Clinton)
Dave, this is your President Bill--
"I Didn't Do It" "No One Saw Me Do It" "You Can't Prove I Did It"--
Clinton!

The group cheers.

DAVE
Mr. President! What an honor.

TERRY
(as Clinton)
For you, maybe.

The group laughs. Sam barks

TERRY (CONT'D)
(as Clinton)
Is that a dog? I love doggies! 'Cause
doggies got style! And, who don't
like doggie style?

DAVE
Careful Mr. President!

THE GROUP LAUGHS.TERRY
(as Clinton)
But, let's put the doggies behind
us, so to speak...

GROUP CHUCKLES
DAVE Good idea, sir.

TERRY
(as Clinton)
...Because, you see, it IS indeed a
real pleasure to be here. Well hell,
these days, any time I get to talk
about somethin' other than Little
Willie...it's a real pleasure!

The group laughs and applauds.

DAVE (V.O.)
Ah, the Clinton years! The golden
age of political comedy!

Group applause die down.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Right.

TERRY
(as Clinton)
That's why it's a real honor to
present -- not only the birthday
donut...

Nancy places the lighted donut in front Dave.

TERRY (CONT'D)
...But, also, this gift!
(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

May you never again forget when it's time for the news! Lovely Linda, show him your stuff, darlin'! And, after you do that...

The group chuckles.

TERRY (CONT'D)

...Show Dave his gift!

Linda whisks the clock from behind her back and holds it in the air. Nancy quickly starts the pendulum swinging and moves the minute hand to the top of the hour...it cuckoos twice. The crowd laughs. Nancy gives Dave a hug.

DAVE (V.O.)

The cuckoo. It became kind of a signature of our show.

CUT TO:

INT. KQST STUDIO -- LATER

The last of the group is leaving the studio. Dave has unplugged the headphone cord and stuck it in his pocket...the headphones still around his neck. Terry has placed his headphones in a briefcase. He closes the lid, then rolls down his shirt sleeves and tightens his tie.

DAVE (V.O.)

It was like -- no matter where I was...Nancy was there, too. Terry and I loved it.

TERRY

We gonna leave that there 24/7?

He points at the cuckoo clock, which is now mounted on the wall above the console.

DAVE

Why not?

A frown. The door opens slightly. Nancy pokes her head in the studio.

NANCY

Dave! It's sofa day! We go shopping at noon. Don't be late!

Terry's not expecting that.

TERRY

Noon? We were gonna work on the job search today.

Nancy's in no mood. God, Terry, lighten up.

NANCY

You guys and that job search. Why can't you just be happy here?

Terry grabs his briefcase. Some things are better left unsaid. Tension anyone?

DAVE

Okay, okay, you two!

Dave looks at Nancy.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I'll be home at noon.

He turns toward Terry.

DAVE (CONT'D)

And, you and I will still have time to work on the job search.

This is not the news either Nancy or Terry wanted to hear.

NANCY

If you two are going to move...why are the two of us buying furniture?

DAVE

Honey, I--

NANCY

--Just forget it.

She leaves. The door closes behind her. Terry walks past Dave to the door.

TERRY

Dave, if you can't commit to the team...maybe we should forget it, too.

Terry leaves. Dave stares at the doorway as the MIDDAY JOCK walks in with his headphones around his neck, he barely acknowledges Terry as a song is ending, he hits a button on the console and we hear a KQST bumper that flows into another song. The clock cuckoos ten times.

MIDDAY JOCK

Is that thing stayin' in here?

Dave looks at the guy and the clock, then walks out.

MIDDAY JOCK (CONT'D)
Okee-doke-ee.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAPPY HILLS APARTMENTS -- LATE AFTERNOON

The apartment complex is an array of townhouse-style units. Dave pulls up in his red CJ-5, parks and hops out. He points to an open parking space nearby, so that Terry, who's driving a rental truck, knows where to park. Terry starts to pull into the spot as Dave sprints to the front door of the apartment he shares with Nancy. He knocks.

NANCY (O.S.)
(muffled)
Who is it?

Okay, big guy, let's get this right.

DAVE
Furniture delivery, ma'am!

NANCY (O.S.)
Go away, asshole.

Whoops. Regroup!

DAVE
Ah ah ah! That's another 50-cents
for the swear jar for using the "A-
Hole" word!

NANCY (O.S.)
Tell you what. I'll donate another
buck to the jar...you "Fucking
Asshole."

DAVE
Oh, come on, Nance, I got you a new
sofa!

Nancy unlocks the door and opens it a crack.

NANCY
You were supposed to be home at noon,
so we could go together.

DAVE
I know, but there was some stuff we
had to do -- you know, for the show...

NANCY
--For the job search.

DAVE

Well, okay...the job search. And, it ran a little long.

The door starts to close.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Okay, okay! It went a *lot* long. And, I knew you'd be upset. That's why I decided to surprise you and pick out the sofa myself. You know -- save you the hassle of going and all.

NANCY

God, Dave...you're such a...*guy*.
(pause)
So, you got the one I wanted?

DAVE

Uh, no. They'd already sold it. But, that didn't stop Terry and me! We looked all over the store. But, we finally found it. Well, actually I did. And, it's so cool!

NANCY

Dave, let me get this straight, you didn't take *me*. You went shopping for *our* sofa with *HIM*?

She makes that sound so wrong.

DAVE

Don't blame him.

Terry is out of the truck, and preparing to open the rear doors.

NANCY

Oh, don't worry. I won't.

Nancy is suddenly stunned into silence. She's looking at the truck. Dave spins to see van doors open -- revealing a purple sofa with yellow trim.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Purple...

DAVE

--Actually, it's a "designer color."
The woman called it "mauve!"

He turns back toward Nancy.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 You won't believe this. It was on
 sale!

The door slams in his face.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Silver light filters through the front window in the living room of Terry's one bedroom apartment. The clock in the kitchen reads 2:13. We can hear soft grunts and snores. In the bedroom's half-light, Terry is peacefully cuddled with SOME GIRL he met the night before. Suddenly the loud electronic warble of the phone cuts through the near silence. Terry wakes up. The girl's eyes flash open.

SOME GIRL
 Ohmigod! If that's my husband, I'm
 not here.

TERRY
 You're married?

The phone blurts out again.

DAVE (O.S.)
 Terry, for Crissakes pick up the
 phone!

TERRY
 I'm not answering it. It might be
 Nancy.

The phone bleats again. A bright, overhead light clicks on in the living room. Dave comes to the bedroom doorway, wearing only a pair of less than spotless jockey shorts and a KQST T-shirt. The girl squeals and yanks up the covers in faux modesty. Surprise.

DAVE
 Where'd you come from?

SOME GIRL
 Flannagan's.

Huh?

TERRY
 Yeah, after you went to sleep, I
 went out.

The phone tweets again.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 Dave, the phone! It might be Nancy.

Right! He bend to grab the phone off the nightstand. As he does, we see, behind him, the new purple sofa -- wedged into what little open space Terry had in his living room.

DAVE

Nancy?

There's no response.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Is that you honey-bear?

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN SPOKANE WASHINGTON -- NIGHT

A few dim lights shine from a darkened office building in one of the middle floors. With the help of a nearby streetlight, we can see the building's name: "Spokane Towers."

DAVE (O.S.)

(phone eq.)

Come on sweetie. Talk to me.

CUT TO:

INT. WAYNE EVERHARDT'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

WAYNE EVERHARDT is a bullish man with a shockingly white mane of hair. The hair sets off his incredibly black eyebrows and dark eyes. He's sitting behind a cluttered desk in an office lit only by one desk lamp. His clock reads 12:13.

WAYNE

Did you just call me "honey-bear?"

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

It's show time!

DAVE

No, I *just* called you "sweetie."
Earlier, I called you "honey-bear."

Terry, sits up in bed.

TERRY

Who is it?

Dave walks out of the bedroom and into the living room.

CUT TO:

INT. WAYNE EVERHARDT'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Wayne looks at the phone and nearly screams into it.

WAYNE

Who is this?

DAVE (O.S.)

(phone eq.)

That's a good question. But, a better one might be -- Do you know what freakin' time it is??

WAYNE

This is Wayne Everhardt, General Manager of KDMB, FM-106.3 in Spokane, Washington.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

DAVE

Mr. Ever-hard? Is that like a "double entendre?"

Terry scrambles over the jumble of furniture toward the phone.

TERRY

Everhardt! KDMB -- Spokane! Gimme that!

He jumps over the back of new sofa and lands on a cushion in a sitting position, hand outstretched for the receiver. Dave hands him the phone.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Mr. Everhardt! This is Terry Meyer!

WAYNE (O.S.)

(phone eq.)

Were you asleep?

TERRY

Well, uh--

CUT TO:

INT. WAYNE EVERHARDT'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

WAYNE

You said in your letter, you're always up at 2 in the morning preparing for your show. That's what caught the eye of our consultant.

TERRY (O.S.)

(phone eq.)

Oh. Yeah, we--

WAYNE

--And, who's the smart ass?

TERRY (O.S.)

(phone eq.)

Oh, that's Dave...my partner.

Wayne pauses a moment to collect himself.

WAYNE

Oh. So, you guys...uh..."team-up" after hours, too...huh?

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Dave is sitting next to Terry, scratching himself.

TERRY

Huh? No! Dave's just over here to

To do what?

TERRY (CONT'D)

Work on the show!

CUT TO:

INT. WAYNE EVERHARDT'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

WAYNE

You're sure? Because, in this town, when it comes to alternative lifestyles, our research shows that one is **not** an alternative...if you know what I'm saying.

TERRY (O.S.)

(phone eq.)

I think I know what you're saying.
I hope you know what I'm saying...if
you know what I'm saying.

WAYNE

Let me put it another way, Terry:
It's important for you to be straight
with me.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

TERRY

Annie!

The girl, hair a mess, pokes her head out of the bedroom.

TERRY (CONT'D)

My girlfriend, Annie's here. You
want to talk to her?

She's hastily throwing on her clothes.

SOME GIRL

Annette. The name's *Annette*. Not
Annie! How many times did I tell you
that?

TERRY

Would you talk to Mr. Everhardt?

She climbs over the purple sofa to get to the front door.

SOME GIRL

Ever-hard? Sure! He sounds like the
exact opposite of you!

Dave has to admit. That's funny. Terry's not laughing.

Annette checks out the Dave and his purple sofa.

SOME GIRL (CONT'D)

Nice sofa.

She's gone. The door slams.

DAVE

I like her!

CUT TO:

INT. WAYNE EVERHARDT'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

WAYNE

Long-term relationship?

TERRY (O.S.)

(phone eq.)

For me? Yes sir.

They chuckle together, briefly.

WAYNE

Let's talk about your friend, Dave.
He's got a pretty big mouth on him,
doesn't he?

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Terry looks at Dave who makes a monkey face in return.

TERRY

I wouldn't say it's a bad thing.

WAYNE (O.S.)

(phone eq.)

Well, it won't fly with me...or Rob
Ryan. You know Rob?

TERRY

Sure! Ryan Radio Associates. He's
one of the biggest radio consultants
around. We've sent him a ton of air-
checks!

CUT TO:

INT. WAYNE EVERHARDT'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

WAYNE

Uh huh. Well, he doesn't take crap
from jocks. But, if you work with
him, he'll work with you.

TERRY (O.S.)

(phone eq.)

Not a problem.

WAYNE

I hope not...because, Rip Staggers,
our current morning guy who's leaving,
became a legend around here -- only
because he listened to Rob.

TERRY (O.S.)

(phone eq.)

Rip Staggers. Yeah, I read about
him in the trades. He's moving to
Reno.

WAYNE

Right. That's why I'm calling.

ANGLE ON A BIG PILE OF CASSETTE TAPES AND CD-RS ON THE FLOOR

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I just got done listening to a huge
pile of crappy air checks that Rob
sent my way. And, your tape is now
sitting on top of the pile of crap.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

TERRY

Uh, is that a good thing?

Dave mouths the word "What?"

WAYNE (O.S.)

(phone eq.)

That depends...

CUT TO:

INT. WAYNE EVERHARDT'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

WAYNE

...on if you two want to come out
here this weekend to talk about doing
Mornings in Spokane.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Terry's not used to hearing good news. Dave's completely in
the dark.

DAVE

What?

CUT TO:

EXT. KQST PARKING LOT -- SUNRISE

There's a beautiful sunrise over the strip mall. Dave's CJ, Terry's blue Ford Probe and Nancy's older model Jetta are parked outside the front door of the radio station as a Cadillac pulls up and parks. Herb gets out and heads for the door, searching his pants for his key.

DAVE (V.O.)

It's a funny thing about job interviews; they can turn even the nicest people...like Terry and me... into low-rent secret agents.

CUT TO:

INT. KQST STUDIO -- MORNING

As Nancy reads the news in the news studio, Dave and Terry are looking at a large highway map with a red line drawn on it to highlight the route from Waterloo to Spokane. On the turntables between them, Chamber of Commerce brochures proclaim: "Spokane...the Lilac City."

DAVE (V.O.)

You've got to be cunning. You've got to be wily. You've got to be surreptitious.

(pause)

"Syrup-titious." I gotta write that down...I could turn that into a bit ...about pancakes!

(pause)

Or...maybe not.

Herb opens the studio door and pokes his head in, catching Dave and Terry completely unaware. Terry quickly grabs the huge map, wads it up and stuffs it under his chair. Dave sits upright and turns toward Herb with a surprised smile.

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

You've got to have ice water running through your veins.

Herb looks at the two, definitely noticing their odd behavior. He says "Hi" and gives a quick wave. Dave and Terry, respond with weak waves and sickly smiles.

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

Your very livelihood depends on keeping everything top secret.

As the door is closing, Herb's spots to the Spokane Chamber of Commerce materials. Busted.

CUT TO:

EXT. KQST PARKING LOT -- DAY

Herb, puffing on his pipe, is walking his puppy along the sidewalk in front of the strip-mall stores. Sam stops at every post that supports the overhang protecting the sidewalk.

DAVE (V.O.)

Secrecy. That's the key. Face it.
Even if the boss knows he's not paying
you enough, you can't tell him you're
looking for a job.

Sam squats and poops. Herb looks around, takes a puff on his pipe and kicks the poop off the sidewalk with the toe of his shoe. Sam meanders on.

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

'Cause, he'll feel betrayed...and
start looking for someone to replace
you! And, if you don't get the
job...you're screwed. So, you gotta
be cagey, keep things secret...cover
your tracks.

Sam stops outside "Skyline Travel." Herb looks in the window and almost drops the pipe out of his mouth.

ANGLE ON INTERIOR OF SKYLINE TRAVEL

Inside, we see Dave and Terry sitting with an agent -- making reservations.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAPPY HILLS APARTMENTS -- DAY

Dave walks toward the apartment he shares with Nancy. He's carrying a dozen roses. Hope this works!

DAVE (V.O.)

Of course, when it came to talking
about a job interview 16-hundred
miles away, Herb was the least of my
worries.

At the front door, he pulls his key out of his pocket and is about to stick it in the lock, when it opens.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Scared me!

Nancy's been crying. She sees the flowers. Big deal.

NANCY
What's going on, Dave?

DAVE
Oh, well, uh...last, Terry--

NANCY
I don't care about you and Terry. I care about you and me. What's going on with you and me, Dave?

Dave holds out the roses.

DAVE
I'm sorry.

She doesn't take the roses. He lowers them.

NANCY
Me too. I'm sorry that I let you fool me into thinking you weren't just another stupid disc jockey with one thing on his mind.

DAVE
Sex?

NANCY
No. Radio. Your stupid show. That's really all you care about.

He holds out the roses. Oh, please! He lowers the roses.

DAVE
Nancy, I care about you more than my stupid job!

NANCY
And, that's why you went with Terry to shop for our sofa.

She turns and walks inside. Dave follows, head down, still holding the bouquet.

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY & DAVE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

The front room of the apartment is extremely sparse. The room is furnished in what might be called "College Dorm Lite." There are bookshelves made of concrete blocks and 1x6s, an old pole lamp in one corner next to a ratty arm chair -- rescued from a yard sale -- and a couple of folding chairs where, someday, a sofa might look nice.

DAVE
Nancy, you're my whole world!

NANCY

No. I'm a fraction of your "whole world." Why do I know that...and you don't?

DAVE

Okay, okay you're right. My job's important, too.

NANCY

Well, of course it is. And, Terry's part of your job. I understand that.

Dave holds out the flowers again.

NANCY (CONT'D)

But, Dave, when you're not working. When we're not at work. I have to be number one.

He takes a seat on the other folding chair next to Nancy, still clinging to the roses.

DAVE

Nancy, I was wrong.

NANCY

Yeah, you were. And, you were wrong when you spent the last two weekends, with Terry -- working on your job search. You guys belong here. Accept it.

What can he say that might get her back

DAVE

You're right.

Nancy looks back to Dave and almost smiles.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Can you forgive me?

He holds the flowers up again.

NANCY

Dave roses aren't a quick fix! Stop sticking those things in my face! They're not going to change the way I feel.

He drops bouquet again.

DAVE

Yeah, I'm sorry. I guess I just don't know what to say. Except...I'm sorry. Really sorry.

Men. God, they're stupid.

NANCY

That sofa.

DAVE

Yeah...not quite the color you had
in mind, huh?

NANCY

That's an understatement. But, I've
been thinking about it. And, we can
do something about it.

DAVE

Sell it at a yard sale?

NANCY

No, Slipcovers! It'll be fun. We
can go Shopping together this weekend!

Oh oh.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I'm sure we can find something.
It's Friday. We've got the whole
weekend to shop and make-up.

Why is he turning whiter than usual?

NANCY (CONT'D)

Is something wrong?

DAVE

Uh, well, see...I'm gonna be a little
busy this weekend...

Busy? Dave desperately raises the bouquet one last time.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPOKANE AIRPORT -- NIGHT

A passenger jet flies over and lands.

CUT TO:

INT. SPOKANE AIRPORT -- NIGHT

Wayne is standing in the lobby of the airport with a hand-
lettered sign reading "Terry and Dave." Dave and Terry
approach. They exchange greetings.

DAVE (V.O.)

My heart was in Waterloo...but, my
future was in Spokane.

It was like Terry said.

TERRY (V.O.)

Dave, it's Spokane! We can't turn our back on a chance to take a step into the big time!

CUT TO:

EXT. SPOKANE HILTON -- NIGHT

It's a slow Saturday night in front of the hotel.

DAVE

Well it seemed "big" at the "time."

CUT TO:

INT. SPOKANE HILTON BAR -- NIGHT

At a table just off the dance floor, Dave and Terry are sitting with Wayne and ROB RYAN, the consultant. Rob is a 45-year-old...trying to look like a 25-year-old. He's a smooth and fast talker. Dave's in a sport coat. The other three are wearing suits. A small band in the lounge is playing their versions of current and classic hits -- badly.

ROB

You guys are gonna be great here. This town is gonna love you! Don't get me wrong...you're gonna have to change some things. But that's why Wayne hired me...to point you in the right direction.

TERRY

Sure. We understand.

WAYNE

Rob here made Rip Staggers what he is today.

ROB

Yeah, well, I owe it all to Wayne here for givin' me the go-ahead to ride Rip a little.

DAVE

Ride him a little?

WAYNE

Yeah, Rob has a great way of puttin' it. It's like you guys are all jockeys...and, uh --

ROB

No no, Wayne...I'm the jockey...

You guys are gonna love this!

ROB (CONT'D)

You guys are thoroughbreds. As the jockey, it's my job to ride you hard, until you cross the finish line!

Dave whinnies like a horse. Rob almost smiles.

ROB (CONT'D)

--Guys, I hate to run. But, I've got a plane to catch.

He holds out his hand to Terry.

ROB (CONT'D)

Congratulations on the gig. I look forward to working with you.

DAVE

And whipping us across the finish line.

Rob stands without shaking hands with Dave.

ROB

Wayne, I'll talk to you Monday.

The two new employees sit uncomfortably with their new boss. They listen for a few moments as the bar band performs an off-key rendition of "Every Time You Go Away." Dave sings along for a line or two.

TERRY

She'll be there when you get back, Dave.

Wayne stands abruptly.

WAYNE

Guys, you got a plane to catch tomorrow morning. And, I sincerely do not want to hang around here any longer. So, I'll see you back here next weekend.

Wayne winks, stands quickly and leaves.

TERRY

Dave, we did it buddy!

DAVE

Yeah. Yeah, we did it.

Dave takes a sip of beer. Oh brother.

TERRY

Nancy. Right?

DAVE

What if she won't move out here?

TERRY

Then, I guess she isn't that crazy about you.

DAVE

It's not that simple. She's got a career, too.

Terry spots TWO WOMEN. They're looking in the duo's direction.

DAVE (CONT'D)

What if she doesn't want to give that up to come with me.

Terry smiles, nods and gives a small wave to the two women.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I mean, even if she, you know, feels like I do...that might not be enough.

Dave suddenly realizes Terry's not paying attention.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Jesus, Terry!

Oh!

TERRY

Dave, I'm sorry, man. I guess I always get a little uncomfortable hearing someone talk about "love."

DAVE

Love? I didn't say that word.

TERRY

Right, you didn't. And, I bet you haven't said it to her either. Maybe it's time.

Thanks, you're a BIG help.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Look, Dave, I'm a player...you're not. That's cool.

Dave takes a sip of beer.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 You need a full-time woman...I'm
 into part-timers.

How astute!

DAVE
 Meaning?

Terry glances away to the women at the bar again, then looks
 at Dave.

TERRY
 You just passed 3-0 on the ol'
 odometer, my man. If you love Nancy,
 tell her. I think it's great that
 you care that much. And, Dave...if
 she cares about you...she'll move
 out here.

He winks at the two women as the singer murders a high note.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 I mean...what's not to love about
 this place?

We hang in for a few more painful bars of the song as Terry
 nods and raises his glass to the two giggling women; and
 Dave takes another miserable sip from his beer.

CUT TO:

EXT. DES MOINES AIRPORT PARKING LOT -- DAY

It's a gray day. Terry and Dave stand next to the red CJ-5
 which has a flat. Their overnight bags are at their feet.

TERRY
 Don't these things usually have a
 spare tire on the back?

Dave nods.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 Well, where is it?

Dave points at the flat tire.

DAVE
 You're lookin' at it.

Nancy's Jetta turns down the aisle. Dave picks up his bag.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 That's Nancy!

He waves. Terry picks up his bag as Nancy stops beside them.
Dave hops in the front seat, Terry in the back.

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY'S CAR -- DAY

Nancy stares straight ahead.

TERRY

Thanks for coming, Nance. Bozo here
dropped his Triple A membership.

DAVE

(quietly)
Thanks for coming.

He leans over to give her a kiss on the cheek, but is jerked
sideways as she puts the car into gear and drives away.

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY'S CAR -- DAY

Nancy looks into the rearview mirror at Terry.

NANCY

So, how was it?

TERRY

Oh, let me tell ya', Nancy, there's
nothin' like being on the West Coast!

DAVE

You can say that again!

Nancy keeps her eyes on the road.

NANCY

Uh, I hate to break it to you guys;
but, the "West Coast" is where you
find things like sand, seabirds --
and, the ocean!

She jams the car into a lower gear and swerves to the right.

CUT TO:

EXT. DES MOINES STREET -- DAY

Nancy's car swerves around a slow-moving van in the left lane. The horn blares.

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY'S CAR -- DAY

She looking in the rearview mirror and says under her breath --

NANCY

Dumb bastard.

Dave is looking straight ahead.

TERRY

Hey, Nancy...take it easy.

NANCY

You guys didn't go to the "West Coast." You went to Spokane--

TERRY

--Which is in the state of Washington; which has a coastline which abuts the Pacific ocean. I rest my case.

Dave looks over his shoulder at Terry. Could you please just keep your mouth shut?

NANCY

Spokane is in *eastern* Washington.

She looks into the rearview at Terry.

NANCY (CONT'D)

The only "west coast" you were near ...was the west coast...of Idaho.

TERRY

Jealous, huh?

NANCY

Watch it Terry...or, so help me, I'll stop and leave you right here!

Terry raises both hands in mock surrender and pantomimes zipping his mouth shut. They drive in uncomfortable silence for a few moments.

DAVE

I love you.

Well, that's unexpected!

NANCY

What?

Dave looks at Terry for backup.

TERRY

Not now, Dave.

NANCY

What did you say?

DAVE

Nothing.

She looks in the rearview mirror.

NANCY

What did he say, Terry?

TERRY

I think you heard him, Nancy. He said he loves you.

Dave slumps in his seat.

TERRY (CONT'D)

In fact, the whole trip, all he talked about was you.

She looks in the rearview.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Really.

Nancy glances at Dave.

DAVE

I did. I really missed you.

NANCY

Imagine how much you'll miss me... after you move away.

DAVE

Don't say that.

NANCY

You guys took the job, didn't you?

There's a pause as Nancy swerves the car again and blows her horn.

DAVE

Yeah, but that doesn't mean we can't be together!

NANCY

Dave, I can't just leave--

DAVE

I know you have a job--

NANCY

--A career, Dave. It's called "a career."

Terry leans forward from the backseat.

TERRY

Nancy, that's exactly what Dave said to me in the bar last night. "Nancy has a career...what if she doesn't want to move?"

Nancy glances at Dave...who nods his agreement.

DAVE

I did. He's right.

NANCY

It's about respect...It's about caring. It's about making decisions together.

TERRY

Nance, there wasn't time! It all happened so fast. There just wasn't any time to talk it over.

Dave and Terry look expectantly at Nancy who pauses briefly.

NANCY

Let's not talk any more.

Well, that could have gone better.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

The Jetta pulls up in front of Terry's apartment. But, Nancy doesn't pull into a parking place. Terry climbs out of the backseat. He looks back into the car.

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY'S CAR -- DAY

TERRY

Thanks for the ride, Nancy. Dave, I'll see you tomorrow when we break the news to Herb.

He slams the door. Nancy doesn't put the car in gear.

DAVE
We goin' home?

NANCY
I am.

DAVE
Oh, come on, Nance!

NANCY
I've got a lot to think about, Dave.

She turns to stare straight ahead. Dave opens the car door and starts to get out. Then, he turns back.

DAVE
Okay...and while you're thinking -- think about this: I will never let this happen to us again. Any time a decision has to be made, we'll make it together. You and me...we'll decide -- as a team.

NANCY
You and Terry are the "team."

DAVE
Not when it comes to us. Not anymore. Please, I'm begging you. Think about moving out there with me.

Dave slowly gets out, closes the door and looks in the window. Without looking at him, she puts the car in gear.

NANCY
Goodbye, Dave.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Dave watches the Jetta drive away.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRY'S APARTMENT -- LATE AFTERNOON

It's moving day. The 22-ft Ryder truck is backed up near the doorway of Terry's apartment.

Dave comes out of the front door carrying a box of stuff, goes into the truck and a few moments later, heads back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT -- LATE AFTERNOON

The interior is pretty well cleaned out. Just a few boxes remain. In the kitchen, which is basically, a part of the living/dining room -- divided only by the breakfast bar, Terry is standing face to face with a BUXOM BABE, alternately kissing and talking quietly. Dave's seen this all day long.

DAVE

Terry, we gotta hit the road soon.

Terry whispers something to the Buxom Babe. They kiss one more time. Dave goes to retrieve another box as Terry leads the woman to the door.

BUXOM BABE

What am I gonna do without you, Terry?
We were so good together!

TERRY

I'll call as soon as things settle
down, Jackie.

BUXOM BABE

Terry, you're so funny! You called
me Jackie! You always know how to
make me laugh!

She giggles one more time, blows Terry a kiss and walks out the door.

DAVE

Who was that?

TERRY

I *thought* it was Jackie.

Dave shakes his head as he walks to the doorway.

DAVE

That's the seventh woman you've said
"goodbye" to today.

TERRY

I know. It's been really hard.

DAVE

Hard? What are you talking "hard?"
I'm the one who's loaded most of the
truck.

TERRY

Hey, it wasn't easy scheduling things so they wouldn't all bump into each other.

Very funny. Dave steps outside and scans the parking lot. Suddenly, he's bumped from behind by Terry who's toting one of the last remaining boxes.

DAVE

Hey!

TERRY

How do you expect me to load the truck -- if you're in the road!

Dave moves to the side to let Terry pass. Terry looks over the edge of the box at Dave.

TERRY (CONT'D)

She's not coming, Dave.

Terry walks off toward the truck. It's getting dark. I guess he's right. Dave trudges off toward the truck.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK CARGO AREA -- LATE AFTERNOON

Everything is stacked neatly in rows. Protruding from the base of one stack, we can see part of the purple sofa. As Dave enters, Terry is looking at the boxes.

TERRY

Great job, packing!

DAVE

Yeah, well, you seem to forget, I've had some experience at this.

TERRY

Well, I'm impressed. This stuff's gonna ride in style all the way to the Paloose.

Dave puts his box neatly on a stack of boxes.

DAVE

What the hell are you talkin' about?

TERRY

(cowboy accent)

The Paloose, boy! Yee-haw! It's the name the natives have for the barren, treeless hills around Spokane.

Dave taps a box on the side to square it with the others in its stack.

DAVE
Sounds lovely.

TERRY
Sounds like somebody isn't doing their research -- like Rob suggested.

Dave continues fiddling with the box.

DAVE
I've had something a little more important on my mind for the past week.

TERRY
Dave, nothing's more important than this new job. Don't take offense. I think the world of Nancy. And, to tell you the truth, I thought, for sure, she'd come. But, look at it this way: You're better off without her.

You didn't just say that.

DAVE
Oh, really?

TERRY
Yeah. Honestly...I think she'd only slow us down.

DAVE
Gee, you're a real sensitive guy.

TERRY
Hey, look, man. I'm goin' with you...she's not. What's that tell you?

DAVE
You want to be my girlfriend?

TERRY
No...it means she doesn't love you.

DAVE
What do you know about love?

Only one word fits here.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Asshole.

TERRY

Hey, take it easy Dave!

Dave past Terry as a cab pulls up behind the truck.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Look, right now, she's really got you hooked.

Who's in the cab?

TERRY (CONT'D)

-- But, Dave, trust me. I know females. This one's not coming.

Nancy gets out of the cab.

TERRY (CONT'D)

That can only mean she cares more about her job...than you.

Dave slides past Terry.

DAVE

I think you're a little behind on your research too, pal.

Dave jumps out of the truck and almost knocks Nancy over. They kiss. Terry turns slowly.

TERRY

Chicks. You can't move with 'em. You can't move without 'em.

Terry walks toward the couple as the cab driver gets out, opens the trunk and hauls out several suitcases and backpacks.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Nancy! What on earth made your change your mind?

As if you didn't know! They both laugh.

DAVE

Where's your car?

NANCY

Sold it. You've got the Jeep. I thought we could use the money.

DAVE

You want to go get our furniture?

NANCY

Dave...it's all concrete blocks and crap! I think we can do better, don't you?

TERRY

Don't forget, Nancy...there's a lovely new sofa making the trip with us in the truck!

This is just too good to be true! She's really here!

NANCY

I'm sure somebody in Spokane sells slipcovers.

They kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. I-94 IN NORTH DAKOTA -- SUNRISE

A red sunrise makes the Interstate glow with color as the big yellow truck, towing Terry's Red CJ-5, rumbles past a sign that reads "Bismarck 30." Terry in his blue Ford Probe trails along several car lengths behind.

DAVE (V.O.)

There's something exciting about heading out into the unknown in a big yellow truck...with everything you own in back...and up ahead...the future -- just waiting for you to put your foot in it.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK -- MORNING

Dave's at the wheel of the truck, looking a little tired and very happy. Nancy's dozing, half-sitting, half-reclining on the passenger side. Her body is twisted around the cuckoo clock, her arm laying protectively over it.

DAVE (V.O.)

The sun at your back, the truck headed west! Come on! There's nothin' like it!

Nancy wakes up, looks around the cab of the truck.

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

Your eyes burn, your neck's stiff, your stomach aches from too much coffee and beef jerky. But, you never felt better in your life.

Nancy sits upright, works the kinks out, and places the cuckoo clock next to the passenger door, so she can slide closer to Dave.

NANCY
What time is it?

Dave slips into an over-the-top adenoidal DJ voice.

DAVE
It's 5:38, 22 before 6 on a freaky
Friday morning! K-DAVE forecast
calls for a full day of leg-cramps
and the boring sameness of interstate
highway scenery!

A large cell phone tweets. Nancy grabs it from the truck's
floor mat.

NANCY
You got Old Yeller - come back!

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S PROBE -- MORNING

Terry looks unusually disheveled. He snaps into the phone.

TERRY
This is a cell phone call...not a
two way radio, Nancy.

NANCY (O.S.)
(phone eq.)
Roger that, 10-4 good buddy! Come
back Big Blue!

TERRY
Okay, uh, "foxy lady," could you
tell "Dopey Dave" "Big Blue" needs
to stretch the legs, get some
breakfast and take a big pee...but
not necessarily in that order?

No response.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Hello?

NANCY (O.S.)
(phone eq.)
When you're done you gotta say "come
back." Come back.

You gotta love her.

TERRY

Go to hell. Come back.

CUT TO:

EXT. PANCAKE HOUSE -- MORNING

The truck and the Probe are parked next to each other outside a restaurant located within earshot, and sight, of the I-94.

CUT TO:

INT. PANCAKE HOUSE -- MORNING

Not far from the front counter, where "The World's Largest Caramel" is on display, Nancy, Dave and Terry are seated in a booth, chowing down. Each has ordered a completely different kind of breakfast. Nancy is eating a bagel with lox and cream cheese and a cup of tea. Dave has the three-eggs, stack of pancakes and sausage special -- with a side of bacon...and a pot of coffee. Terry has chosen a poached egg with toast and glass of orange juice.

NANCY

What do you figure, about 14 more hours?

TERRY

How should I know? You're the "nag"-ivator.

Dave and Nancy stop eating.

TERRY (CONT'D)

She's a woman. She's gotta be the "NAG"-ivator.

Nancy and Dave groan.

DAVE

Yep, you're ready for the big time.

NANCY

24 hours ago, you weren't talking to me like that.

Hey, hey! Careful! Nancy checks herself and quickly takes a sip of coffee. Dave is about to say something but -- suddenly grimaces and begins squirming violently as he bangs the underside of the table with his knee. He springs from his seat and starts banging his left foot on the floor.

DAVE

Ow, ow, ow!

Everyone watches in disbelief as Dave scoots across the floor banging his thigh with his fist.

Dave grits his teeth and tries to stretch a leg muscle by touching his toes.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Cramp!

As Dave is bent over, with his fingertips touching the floor. His pants rip in the seat.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Nancy!

Well, this is embarrassing. Better explain.

NANCY

It's some kind of high school football injury or something. I've fixed it at home for him a few times.

Dave knocks the salt and pepper off a table.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I'm coming Dave.

She slides out of her seat, hops on Dave's back -- her head near his butt -- and swings her fist at the back of Dave's right thigh. Dave is still banging his left foot on the floor.

DAVE

Other one! Other one!

NANCY

Sorry!

She smacks the back of his left thigh with her fist several times. We HEAR a loud pop. Dave sighs with relief. He stops stamping his foot. The two are still locked in their odd position as Dave looks to the side and sees the waitress standing, open mouthed, with a pot of coffee in her hand.

DAVE

Check, please?

CUT TO:

EXT. I-90 OUTSIDE COEUR D'ALENE, IDAHO -- EARLY EVENING

The setting sun streaks the sky with color as the truck passes by a gorgeous natural lake.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK -- EVENING

Nancy is looking out the window at the scenery. Dave glances around, too.

NANCY

I think you better take back what you said this morning about "boring highway scenery."

DAVE

I'm gonna love living here.

The cell phone tweets. Nancy grabs it.

NANCY

Big Yellow, come back.

(pause)

What? Okay. Right.

She turns off the phone and turns on the radio. What' up?

NANCY (CONT'D)

Terry said KDMB's running a promo we oughta' hear.

On the radio --

VOX (O.S.)

(radio compression/eq.)

...So, what are you waiting for? Get your entries in now for the KDMB-FM 106.3 Paint Your House Contest! And, before you know it, the new KDMB-FM 106.3 morning Superstars, Terry and Dave could be painting YOUR house!

We HEAR a KDMB jingle which segues into a song. Nancy clicks off the radio.

NANCY

Paint your house contest?

DAVE

Must be some kind of deal they made with a painting company...or something.

NANCY

Sounded to me like they said you two are going to be painting somebody's house.

DAVE

No! I don't think that could be it.
Could it?

CUT TO:

EXT. I-90 OUTSIDE COEUR D'ALENE, IDAHO -- EVENING

The big yellow truck -- followed closely by Terry's blue Probe -- rumbles by a highway sign that reads: "Spokane 40."

CUT TO:

EXT. KDMB-FM -- DAY

KDMB is located in a multi-story office building near the city center, within view of the scenic Spokane Falls. It's a Sunday morning; and, the streets are quiet. Terry's Probe is parked on the street outside the office tower.

CUT TO:

INT. KDMB-FM LOBBY -- DAY

Things are peaceful in the lobby of the radio station, where, behind the reception desk we see the logos of five different stations: KDMB AM -- The Voice of Eastern Washington, KDMB-FM 106.3, KXYU The Dance Machine, KRUM-FM - Classic Rock and KHLY - Christian Love. Down the hallway, just past the glass doors that separate the public from the reality of the radio biz, we see Wayne leading Dave and Terry around on a tour of the facility. Wayne is dressed in expensive casual clothes. Terry's wearing his usual tie -- with a sport coat. Dave is in a sweatshirt and blue jeans. With them is DOUG HARMON, the program director for all five radio stations. Doug is a nervous, 40 year old who's never comfortable around Wayne. The GM opens the glass door to a nice office with big windows that offer a view of the city, Spokane Falls and Mt. Spokane.

WAYNE

This is Bob Emerson's office. He's the General Sales Manager...my right-hand man.

DAVE

I thought Doug here, would have that position.

WAYNE

No! Doug's just the program director for all our stations. He takes all his orders from Rob Ryan, right Doug?

DOUG

That's right Mr. E.

WAYNE

Hey, Doug...get me some coffee.
And, get a couple cups for our new
KDMB morning superstars!

Okay, sure. I'm not important. He starts to leave.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Oh, Doug!

Doug stops.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

On my way in to work, my wife called
and said she was listening to
whoever's on the air right now.

DOUG

Johnny B. Real.

WAYNE

Yeah, whoever. Anyway, I want you
to take care of the situation after
you get back. So, don't run off.

Doug, again, nods, turns and leaves.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Part-timers, you know.

All our possessions are outside in a truck. So, as long as
it's not us.. We understand perfectly.

TERRY

These are great offices! Wonderful
views. It's gonna be great to do a
morning show with this kind of view
of our surroundings!

DAVE

Yeah...we'll get a second-by-second
update on the weather!

Wayne closes the office door and leads the way down the
hallway.

WAYNE

Uh huh. Let me show you the studio.

He takes a turn down a corridor which leads toward the center
of the building. He stops in front of a door, starts to
push it open, then looks at the sign -- steps back and starts
walking again.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Wrong station! I always get these
stupid studio doors confused.

He stops at another door and looks at the sign. It reads:
"KDMB-FM 106.3."

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Ahh! Here we are!

Wayne pushes the door open to reveal a studio far more cramped than the one they left in Iowa. It's dimly lit with rows of overhead track-light spots -- about half of which are burned-out. No windows. In fact, the only window in the studio is the one which separates the main studio from the news studio -- which is dark because no one works in there on Sunday. Behind the board is JOHNNY B. REAL, a disheveled part-timer who's smoking and reading the Sunday paper as a tune plays softly in the background. When the door opens, he quickly wads the paper up and throws it on the floor -- and crushes out his cigarette on the plastic mat under his chair. Dave and Terry? They've were hoping for better.

DAVE

Wow.

TERRY

Gee.

Wayne motions the two into the cramped space. He leans toward Johnny.

WAYNE

I forgot your REAL name. You are?

JOHNNY

Howard Utterback, Mr. Everhardt.

WAYNE

Right! Well, uh, Howard, meet the new morning team! They start tomorrow!

Well, knowing what we know, this is uncomfortable! Johnny nods at the two and grabs his headphones and as he's twisting them on his head with one hand, his other hand flies into the air as he yells --

JOHNNY

Live mic.!

He slips into his DJ persona.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

KDMB-FM 106.3! I'm Johnny B. Real and you're listening to the hottest hits on Countdown America! More music comin' up!

He reaches up toward a small notebook containing index cards which is perched on top of the board. He quickly flips to the next index card and begins to read.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Hey, don't forget! Tomorrow morning at 4:30, it's the debut of The Terry and Dave Morning Thing. Wacky laughs, crazy stunts...a wild way to wake up!

Dave leans toward Wayne. In a whisper.

DAVE

It's "Dave and Terry."

Wayne gives a "thumbs-up" signal.

JOHNNY

And, you'll really want to be listening tomorrow when Terry and Dave tell you more about the KDMB-FM 106.3 Paint Your House Contest! If you think it's a good idea to have your house painted by radio's funniest two guys...you don't want to miss the debut of the Terry and Dave Morning Thing tomorrow morning, starting at 4:30 right here on KDMB-FM 106.3! Now, back to Countdown America...uh...already in progress.

Johnny clicks off the mic. He got back into the program a little late -- clipping part of the opening jingle. Wayne opens the studio door and motions Dave and Terry out.

WAYNE

Let's go guys.

Johnny waves as they leave. Dave and Terry wave back.

JOHNNY

Nice to meet you guys!

DAVE

Same here.

TERRY

See ya' around.

The door closes.

WAYNE

Not likely.

DAVE

Mr. Everhardt, the show is named "The Dave and Terry Morning Thing."

They walk down the dark corridor toward the light.

TERRY

Right and , uh, the promo said something about our show starting at 4:30. We thought it was 5.

WAYNE

Well, when Rip Stagers was here that's when it started. But, we decided that you guys ought to start earlier -- you know -- to get a jump on the competition.

TERRY

But, who's gonna be up at that hour?

Wayne pauses.

WAYNE

Well, obviously...YOU guys! Terry and Dave!

He laughs heartily as he walks through his open office door.

CUT TO:

INT. WAYNE EVERHARDT'S OFFICE -- DAY

The office has the best view available in the building. The pile of audition cassettes and CD-Rs are exactly where they were the night Wayne called, more than a week ago. In fact the office looks just as it did then...except for one noticeable addition -- LISA LANDRY, the KDMB newsperson is sitting in the tub chair next to Wayne's desk. She's voluptuous, sensuous, gorgeous. A fog of sexuality fills the room. Wayne strolls behind his desk.

WAYNE

Come on in, guys. There's someone I want you to meet!

Lisa moistens her lips with her tongue and smiles as she uncrosses her long legs and slides out of the tub chair to stand and shake hands. Whoa.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Say hello to Lisa Landry, your news chick.

LISA

Wayne, please!

She turns to Dave and Terry.

LISA (CONT'D)

I'm a news**person**.

She offers her hand. Terry takes it.

TERRY

Well, no one's going to mistake you for a news guy. Hi, I'm Terry.

DAVE

That would make me, Dave.

LISA

(sensuously)

Hi, Dave.

There's a bit of a pause as everyone stops to inhale the pheromones in the air. Wayne clears his throat.

WAYNE

Okay, let's get down to business. Shall we?

The guys pull up chairs, Lisa sits down in the tub chair and Wayne slides into his chair. As they talk, Terry tries to make eye contact with Lisa. But, she seems more interested in Dave who can't help glancing Lisa's way occasionally.

DAVE (V.O.)

We all have a little Nostradamus in us. Sometimes the future's right there -- staring you in the face. I tried not to look at her. But, she kept looking at me. You know? My brain kept screaming...like the First Mate on the Titanic: "Iceberg dead ahead, Captain!" Except Lisa wasn't an iceberg. And my little Captain wasn't listening.

Dave looks up to see Lisa looking at him. He looks away quickly.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH HILL NEIGHBORHOOD -- DAY

Nancy is driving Dave's Jeep slowly through a neighborhood of large, old homes.

DAVE (V.O.)

Talk about conflicted! I knew, right at that moment...while I was "working" ...Nancy was out there, somewhere, in a strange, new town --

CUT TO:

INT. JEEP -- DAY

She's holding a folded newspaper in one hand, glancing at it occasionally, as she searches for an address.

DAVE (V.O.)
 - looking for a new apartment for
 us...and that mauve sofa.
 (pause)
 Oh, come on, who am I kidding? The
 thing was as purple as a Richard
 Simmons toga.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH HILL NEIGHBORHOOD -- DAY

The Jeep pulls to the curb. Nancy climbs out the canvas
 door and walks up the walk toward a stately old Victorian.

DAVE (V.O.)
 And, you know what? Nancy got us
 into a great place. But, Terry and
 I had no idea what we had gotten
 ourselves into!

CUT TO:

INT. KDMB-FM STUDIO -- MORNING

The cuckoo clock is hanging on one of the few open spots on
 the wall. Music plays under as Dave sits behind the board
 looking at the program log. Terry's at the "guest" mic
 scribbling notes to himself. The studio phone light blinks.
 Dave punches the button.

DAVE
 KDMB-FM 106.3 -- The Dave and Terry
 Morning Thing.

CALLER 1 (O.S.)
 (speaker phone eq.)
 Yeah, where's Rip Staggers?

TERRY
 Rip's moving on to Reno.

CALLER 1 (O.S.)
 (speaker phone eq.)
 When's he coming back?

DAVE
 He's not. We're the new morning
 show.

CALLER 1 (O.S.)
 (speaker phone eq.)
 You guys suck.

Click. Gee that was nice. Welcome to Spokane!

TERRY
How many's that?

DAVE
I don't know. I lost count after,
like, 50.

The song's ending. They both, dejectedly, put on their headphones. Dave hits the mic buttons, and suddenly they come to life.

DAVE (CONT'D)
KDMB-FM 106.3 -- It's the Mornin'
Thang with Dave--

TERRY
--and Terry. Comin' up, lovely Lisa
Landry with the news you need.

Terry waves at Lisa who's just walking into the news booth and grabbing her headphones. She blows him a kiss.

DAVE
Right now, though, President Clinton
is in the studio with us. It was
nice of you to come to Spokane, today.

TERRY
(as Clinton)
Well, I wanted you fellas to get a
good start in your new home.

DAVE
Gee, that's very nice of you. It's
so selfless. Kind of unusual.

TERRY
(as Clinton)
Yeah. Well, to tell the truth, I'm
mostly here to see if Lisa wants to
join the White House intern program.

Lisa is now sitting in front of her mic in the news studio. She laughs and leans into the mic.

LISA
I'm already employed, Mr. President.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH HILL NEIGHBORHOOD -- MORNING

The sun is rising on the tree-lined street outside Dave and Nancy's new Victorian Duplex.

DAVE (O.S.)
 (radio eq.)
 Mr. President, please, hit on Lisa
 after the show. We have this all-
 important promo to read before the
 news.

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY & DAVE'S SPOKANE APARTMENT -- MORNING

Nancy is stretched out on the purple sofa amid a roomful of
 boxes, it's moving and unpacking hell. There's an empty
 sleeping bag next to the sofa. She's listening as she surveys
 the job ahead.

TERRY (O.S.)
 (radio eq. /as Clinton)
 Is this about the "Paint Your House
 Contest?"

NANCY
 (mockingly)
 Paint your house contest.

DAVE (O.S.)
 (radio eq.)
 Yes sir. Now, we've just figured
 out -- thanks to a little insight
 from Lisa--

LISA (O.S.)
 (radio eq.)
 You're too kind.

Hmm.

DAVE (O.S.)
 (radio eq.)
 --That we're gonna be painting
 someone's house here in town...thanks
 to the guy we're replacing.

TERRY (O.S.)
 (radio eq./as Clinton)
 Stag Rippers?

LISA (O.S.)
 (radio eq.)
 Rip Staggers.

TERRY (O.S.)
 (radio eq./as Clinton)
 Sure thing Darlin', let's get ripped
 and stagger around together tonight!

Nancy sits up on the sofa. Her hair's a mess. She's been sleeping in one of Dave's old sweatshirts. Even so, she's attractive...even as she stands and works out a kink as she shuffles through the maze of boxes toward the kitchen.

NANCY

(over radio patter)

God Terry, you're being a little obvious, don't you think?

DAVE (O.S.)

(radio eq.)

Sir, what did I tell you about hitting on Lisa?

TERRY (O.S.)

(radio eq./as Clinton)

I'm sorry. I'll be good. Lisa...I'll be very, very good. Wink wink.

CUT TO:

INT. KDMB-FM STUDIO -- MORNING

Lisa laughs, a hearty, sexy, experienced laugh.

DAVE

All right, all right. The basics of the story, as we've ferreted things out go like this: After Rip Stagers knew he was leaving the station, he came up with the idea of this Paint Your House Contest as a way of needling his replacements...

TERRY

...That's us...

LISA

You poor, dumb schmucks.

DAVE

Wait, can she say that on the air?

TERRY

(as Clinton)

I think so. It's okay to say anything you want on the air...as long as you don't know what it means.

LISA

I know what "schmuck" means.

TERRY

(as Clinton)

I do too! You want to talk about it after the show?

Lisa laughs.

DAVE
Mr. Clinton! Lisa, please!

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY & DAVE'S SPOKANE APARTMENT -- MORNING

Nancy stumbles out of the kitchen. She stops to survey the mess of boxes all over the room.

NANCY
Where's the F-in' coffee
maker?

DAVE (O.S.)
(radio eq.)
The fact is, we're the
ones who will be painting
a house somewhere here in
Spokane...thanks to Rip
Staggers.

TERRY (O.S.)
(radio eq. /as himself)
He's a funny man! So, get your entries
in today.

Nancy begins opening various boxes and peeking inside.

NANCY
I'm sorry...did I say "F-in'?" I
meant to say: Where's the *fucking*
coffee maker.

We HEAR the cuckoo clock through the radio. Nancy stops,
looks at the radio and smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. KDMB-FM STUDIO -- MORNING

TERRY
(as Clinton)
Oh oh...time to shut up!

DAVE
That's right, Mr. President...it's
news time...the cuckoo has spoken!

Dave hits the news theme.

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY & DAVE'S SPOKANE APARTMENT -- MORNING

Nancy triumphantly pulls the coffee maker out of a box.
But, her joy is short-lived as she turns to listen to Lisa.

LISA (O.S.)
 (radio eq.)
 It's seven a.m. I'm Lisa Landry with
 the KDMB-FM 106.3 News Alert.

Oh God. She's working and I'm not. This hurts.

LISA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 City fire hydrants will be checked
 by fire officials over--

LISA (CONT'D)
 --the next few weeks
 after a shocking
 incident last night --

NANCY
 This is torture. I gotta
 get back on the air.

Well, not today. She surveys boxes around her.

LISA (O.S.)
 (radio eq.)
 --In the city in which a building
 fire raged out of control for 20
 minutes --

LISA (CONT'D)
 -- as firemen searched
 for a working hydrant.

NANCY
 I'm sure he packed some
 coffee. But, where the
 hell is it?

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH HILL NEIGHBORHOOD SEVERAL WEEKS LATER -- AFTERNOON

Dave's CJ-5 and Terry's Probe are parked in front of Dave
 and Nancy's subdivided Victorian.

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY & DAVE'S SPOKANE APARTMENT -- AFTERNOON

The place is neat, clean and very sparsely furnished. Nancy
 and Dave are on the infamous sofa. She's quietly, and not
 too contentedly, watching TV as he pecks away on his laptop.

DAVE (V.O.)
 Those first few weeks were really
 hectic. It seemed like all I had
 time to do was go to work, come home
 and prepare for the next day's show.

Nancy stands up and walks over to the window to look out.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 It didn't take long for the fun of
 being in a new place to wear off.
 Nancy was miserable.

Nancy turns off the TV.

NANCY

I'm gonna take a walk.

A nod and a grunt. Ooh, that annoyed her. Dave's too busy to notice. She walks out.

DAVE (V.O.)

She wanted to get back into radio. Restart her career. I wanted to help her. But, I had more than I could deal with myself...like regular meetings with the Rob Ryan.

CUT TO:

INT. KDMB-FM CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

The room is filled with a huge conference table. It's an oval -- wider in the middle than at the ends -- maybe 8-feet across at the center. Rob is seated in the middle, on one side of the table. Dave in sweatshirt and Terry (in a tie as usual) are on the opposite side. Rob talks throughout, drawing charts, graphs, waving his hands, etc. While Dave stifles yawns, Terry hangs on every word...and takes notes.

DAVE (V.O.)

Don't get me wrong. Rob certainly knew his stuff. But, as far as I could see, his "stuff" was all designed to get us to do the same "stuff" 95 percent of the rest of the morning shows in America were doing. I felt like telling him to "get stuffed." But, Terry saw things differently.

Terry looks up from his notes.

TERRY

Uh, Rob, what are the demographics for the "Telephone Date with the Prez" bit?

ROB

Good question, Terry! I've got some limited call-out research on that!

Rob hauls out a graph and uses his pen to draw various lines across it, while talking animatedly.

DAVE (V.O.)

By "limited call-out research", of course, Rob meant, he'd talked to a couple employees at the station.

(MORE)

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

I'm serious. For Rob, I'm pretty sure a "focus group" consisted of the General Manager, the Sales Manager and their waitress at lunch.

Rob winds up his presentation on Terry's question. Dave looks at the two with disdain.

ROB

Dave, have you had a chance to listen to those old air checks from Rip Stagers?

DAVE

Not yet.

ROB

Do it. He did some bits you guys should be doing.

Okay, how do I say this?

DAVE

Uh, see, Rob, I think that's a problem. Isn't it bad to do the same bits the guy before us did? It'd be like we're copying him.

Rob knows Dave is a troublemaker.

ROB

Dave, listen. Terry understands this. I DO want you to do Rip's stuff. But, do it in your own way! Make it your own. Own it!

Terry scribbles more notes. This isn't easy for Dave. And, it's very annoying to Rob.

DAVE

But, if we change it too much -- like you said we did with the "Donut Across America" bit, you say "Too much." So, basically, when you say "take the bit and make it your own," what you're really saying is: "Change the name and steal the rest of it."

Did Rob really just check his watch?

ROB

Exactly! See! It's not so hard, is it Terry?

Terry's not going to make wave. He shrugs a "no." Dave looks from Rob to Terry and back. Okay, he gets it.

He's not winning this one. Time to take a deep breath and zip it.

DAVE (V.O.)

I don't think the idea of questioning anything Rob said ever crossed Terry's mind.

TERRY

Uh, Rob, one question. What was the average response to the same question about the Clinton character with the 25-49 demo vis-à-vis the sexual references?

ROB

Good question, Terry. I graphed that out for you guys...

Rob keeps talking, pulls some papers out of his briefcase and hands them to Terry.

DAVE (V.O.)

(mimicking Terry) "Vis-à-vis the sexual references..." I guess up until then, I always thought the suit and tie were there to mislead the management. But, it was starting to look like I'd just been misleading myself.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK -- DAY

It's early Fall in the forest...a cool, and beautiful day. A mountainside trail meanders beside a class IV section of river, Dave and Nancy round a bend on the far side and begin walking across a small suspension footbridge. They're relaxed and happy, casually dressed in jeans, sweat shirts and Nikes.

DAVE (V.O.)

But, at least Nancy and I could forget about that crap on weekends. It was a chance for us to see things we'd never seen -- to be alone together in ways we'd never had a chance to before.

Terry and Lisa appear around the bend, half running and laughing. Lisa has a barking, medium-sized white dog on a leash. They're both over-dressed for the locale: Lisa's wearing a tight-fitting wool sweater and pant outfit with low heels and Terry in slacks and an expensive looking sweater with leather loafers. Nancy and Dave turn to watch.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Okay, maybe I'm exaggerating a little.
 We were "alone" -- except for the
 two escapees from a Lands End catalog.

Lisa lets go of the leash and the dog runs across the bridge toward Dave and Nancy. The dog leaps into the air at Dave, who catches it...and immediately begins sneezing.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Oh, and Lisa's best friend, Elmo the Samoyed.
 (sniffle)
 Makes my eyes water, just saying the--
 (sneeze)
 --Name.

CUT TO:

EXT. NANCY AND DAVE'S SPOKANE APARTMENT -- EVENING

Terry's blue Probe pulls up and parks behind Dave's CJ. Terry and Lisa pop out the car's front doors. They're each holding bags of carry-out from a Mexican restaurant.

DAVE (V.O.)
 Don't get me wrong, those weekends together were a lot of fun.

Nancy hops out of a rear door. Then, she turns to look back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S PROBE -- NIGHT

Dave is stuck in the back seat with Elmo, who's on his lap. Dave sneezes a string of snot onto the dog's back.

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY & DAVE'S SPOKANE APARTMENT -- EVENING

The two couples are sitting around a small table, just off the kitchen. Dave rubs his eyes and sneezes occasionally. Terry and Lisa are "secretly" pinching pieces of the Mexican food and slipping it under the table, to Elmo.

DAVE
 A toast!

Everyone raises their glass or can.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 To Lisa! For letting Terry move into her apartment...and out of our hair!

TERRY
I was only here a month!

NANCY
Dave, that's not nice.

She turns to Terry.

NANCY (CONT'D)
What Dave really means is we're very
happy for you and Lisa.

Aww, that's nice. The new couple smiles.

NANCY (CONT'D)
And, we're even happier for us!

Laughs all around. They clink their glasses in a toast.

TERRY
I'm happier than you Nance, I got
Lisa into my life...and that hideous
purple sofa out of it. It's not
easy sleeping on something that loud!

What? Did he just say that? Dave checks out Terry as the
others chuckle.

DAVE (V.O.)
Hideous? He helped me pick it out!

Dave points toward the living room.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Uh, perhaps you haven't noticed, but
Nancy finally got the color changed!

Everyone looks.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE SOFA

The infamous sofa is now covered in a much more acceptable
slipcover.

LISA
Oooh! Nancy, very nice!

NANCY
Thanks! I went to a place called
"Slipcover Cottage." Wasn't cheap.

But, it was worth it. Right, Dave?

DAVE
I still kinda' miss the mauve.

Elmo suddenly bolts from under the table, runs to the sofa and jumps up.

LISA

Elmo, no! You're gonna get hair on the new sofa!

Elmo barfs-up the Mexican food all over the new slipcovers. There are horrified gasps. Nancy jumps up to wipe away the nasty substance. Elmo passes her, going the opposite direction, to beg more food. Dave stands, unsure which direction to go.

DAVE

I guess hair was the least of our worries.

LISA

Nancy, Elmo is so sorry!

She tosses her dog another bit of Mexican food.

TERRY

Well, Dave...looks like you won't be missin' the mauve much longer!

CUT TO:

INT. KDMB-FM STUDIO -- MORNING

Dave and Terry are on the air. Lisa is in her news studio.

DAVE (V.O.)

It might have been a little rocky everywhere else, but on the air, things were going great.

(pause)

At least I thought so.

DAVE (CONT'D)

...And we're just 10 minutes away from Lovely Lisa's KDMB-FM 106.3 News Alert here on the Dave and Terry Mornin' Thing. And, speaking of the news...

Dave reaches over to his midi keyboard and taps out a cheesy version of the NBC Nightly News Theme.

DAVE (CONT'D)

...Here's our own Tom Toke-kaw with a breaking news headline.

TERRY

(mimicking Tom Brokaw)

This is Tom Toke-kaw with a Dave and Terry News update.

He points at Dave who hits a button on the audio board. We HEAR a brief swell of music from The Three Tenors.

TERRY (CONT'D)

People continue to flock to concerts by The Three Tenors, Placido Domingo, Luciano Pavarotti...and, uh, that other guy.

DAVE

Jose Carreras.

TERRY

Gesundheit.

Dave and Lisa laugh.

TERRY (CONT'D)

While the singing is entertaining, some say The Three Tenors have one big problem: Audiences don't know when the show's over...because the fat lady never sings.

We hear a quick KDMB jingle into a song. Through the news studio glass, we can see Lisa is laughing -- but, she's gazing at Dave. The studio phone lights up. Dave hits the button.

DAVE

The Dave and Terry Morning Thing!

WAYNE (O.S.)

(speaker phone eq.)

What the hell are you two doing?

DAVE

Wayne? Is that you?

WAYNE (O.S.)

(speaker phone eq)

Yes, dammit! It's me.

TERRY

Morning, sir. Is there a problem?

WAYNE (O.S.)

(speaker phone eq.)

You better believe there's a problem! Do you have any idea how offended people get when you make fun of the Three Tenors?

TERRY

We didn't make fun of 'em, sir!

DAVE
Offended? Who's offended?

CUT TO:

INT. WAYNE EVERHARDT'S HOME -- MORNING

Wayne is standing in his kitchen, HIS WIFE, in her nightgown, scowling over his shoulder.

WAYNE
Who? I'll tell you who...my wife --
for one!

He looks back at her. We can see tears welling in her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. KDMB-FM STUDIO -- MORNING

Dave and Terry are exchanging glances.

WAYNE (O.S.)
(speaker phone eq.)
Rob Ryan's got some research on that
subject. Be in my office at 10!

The phone clicks off.

DAVE
(mockingly)
Research.

The studio door opens. Doug pokes his head in.

DOUG
I'm goin' out for some coffee. You
guys want any?

The two jocks reach into their pockets for their wallets.
Doug walks in with his hand out.

DAVE (V.O.)
Yep, if you didn't count the continual
meddling by Wayne -- who used the
word "research" instead of the old
management phrase: "because I say
so!"

(MORE)

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 -- Things were going pretty well
 ...until the day arrived for the
 Paint Your House Contest.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT FARMHOUSE IN THE PALOOSE COUNTRY -- DAY

Dave and Terry are on separate ladders, leaning against the second story of a farm house on the windswept, treeless hills south of the city.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE IN THE PALOOSE COUNTRY -- DAY

Dave is slopping paint on the side of the house. Terry is obviously taking more care with his application of the oddly bright green latex house paint.

DAVE (V.O.)
 You remember the Paint Your House
 Contest, don't you? I'll never forget
 it.

Dave looks over at Terry and drops his brush in the bucket.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 Can you believe they've got the future
 kings of Spokane radio doing this
 crap?

Terry doesn't look up from his precision brushwork.

TERRY
 If you don't keep painting, we're
 gonna have to come back tomorrow.

DAVE
 Yeah? And, if you don't speed up,
 we're gonna have to come back for
 the next *three* weeks. Jesus, Terry,
 you're painting like they're paying
 you for it.

TERRY
 Hey, they are paying us for it.
 This is a radio station promotion.

DAVE
 This? Come on! This isn't a
 promotion. It's bullshit! Where's
 the TV? The newspaper? And, why
 aren't we on the air right now?

TERRY

Because, if we were on the air, we wouldn't have time to paint the house!

DAVE

God, Terry...you've really become a total management shill! Don't you think it would be nice if we could, at least, get actual radio listeners to come see us?

Terry points downward.

TERRY

People *have* come to see us.

CUT TO:

P.O.V. FROM THE TOP OF THE LADDERS LOOKING DOWN -- DAY

There are THREE KIDS ranging from 5 to 9 years old and their dog, sitting on the ground looking upward.

DAVE

They live here. They don't count.

TERRY

I beg to differ! Rob says his research shows that kids influence their parents radio listening choices.

The dog gets up, walks over, sniffs and pees at the base of Dave's ladder.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE IN THE PALOOSE COUNTRY -- DAY

Dave points at the dog.

DAVE

Need I say more?

TERRY

Dogs love you!

Yeah, right. Very funny.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Look, Rob says the research shows that people like this promotion. He showed me the call-out stuff.

DAVE

When did you come over to the Dark Side?

What are you saying?

DAVE (CONT'D)

Terry, Rob's "research" shows this is a good idea because, Wayne had already okayed it. Rob can't afford to make Wayne feel like an idiot.

I can't believe you're saying this.

DAVE (CONT'D)

It's what consultants do, Terry...they agree with guys like Wayne. If they don't, guys like Wayne fire them and hire someone who agrees with them.

Okay. Believe what you want to believe.

TERRY

By the way, Rob says research shows that the cuckoo clock thing ain't makin' it.

Before Dave can respond, a car horn interrupts just in time. The guys turn to look.

CUT TO:

P.O.V. FROM THE TOP OF THE LADDERS LOOKING DOWN -- DAY

A Trans-Am is headed up the long drive toward the house. A van from KSP0-TV 13 is close behind. The car horn blasts again as the car wheels to a stop near the front of the house...not far from the base of the ladders. The TV van slides to a stop, the driver hops out and starts video-taping the scene as a guy in sunglasses leans out the window of the sports car and looks upward. It's RIP STAGGERS.

RIP

Is this the KDMB-FM 106.3 Paint Your House Contest?

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE IN THE PALOOSE COUNTRY -- DAY

TERRY

(to Dave)

See! Here come the listeners! And the TV coverage...oh, ye of little faith!

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)
 (calling down to Rip)
 Yep! This is the place!

CUT TO:

EXT. SPORTS CAR -- DAY

Rip leans out a little further.

RIP
 Then you guys must be Terry and Dave

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE IN THE PALOOSE COUNTRY -- DAY

Get it right, man.

DAVE
 Dave and Terry.

TERRY
 That's us. We're a little busy right now. But, just for coming by, we've got a KDMB T-Shirt for you. It's on the front porch. Go ahead and grab a one!

CUT TO:

EXT. SPORTS CAR -- DAY

RIP
 Oh, I don't need one of those. I got a ton of 'em.

He turns toward the cameraman.

RIP (CONT'D)
 Know why?

The cameraman zooms in on Rip.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPORTS CAR -- DAY

RIP
 'Cause I'm Rip Staggers!

Rip lets out a huge, phony laugh.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE IN THE PALOOSE COUNTRY -- DAY

RIP

And, you're paintin' this house...
'cause of me! I might be gone, but
I ain't forgotten. Take a look around
boys...you're in Rip Staggers
Territory!

Rip looks at the camera and laughs again.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPORTS CAR -- DAY

Rip leans even further out the window.

RIP

Wherever you are...whatever you're
doin'...the Ripster's been there
first.

CUT TO:

P.O.V. FROM THE TOP OF THE LADDERS LOOKING DOWN -- DAY

Rip slaps the car door and hoots with laughter, then stops.

RIP

Oh, and one more thing...come on out
darlin'!

Lisa slides up from the passenger side of car, pokes her
head and shoulders out the passenger window and waves.

RIP (CONT'D)

Rip Staggers has been THERE, too!

He laughs. She giggles. The cameraman hops back into the
van. Rip burns rubber and roars down the drive and out into
the two-lane state highway, squealing the tires with each
gear change as he roars away with the TV van in hot pursuit.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE IN THE PALOOSE COUNTRY -- DAY

Dave and Terry are more than a little confused as they squint
to watch the disappearing Firebird.

DAVE

I apologize. We are getting some TV coverage.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE IN THE PALOOSE COUNTRY -- AFTERNOON

Dave and Terry are sitting at a picnic table eating lunch outside the nasty-green monstrosity they're painting. Terry picks at his food.

DAVE

What an asshole.

TERRY

She sure is.

Okay, I know you're upset.

DAVE

I'm sure Lisa did it just as a joke.

TERRY

Well, I'm not laughing. It's gonna be on TV forgodsakes!

DAVE

I'm sure she didn't mean to hurt you. For cryin' out loud...you live with her.

TERRY

Not any more I don't. I'm movin' back in with you guys for a while.

DAVE

Terry, don't you think you're overreacting? Since when did you care about a woman's previous sexual encounters? I mean, when it comes to that kind of stuff, you're the king of "I Don't Care!"

TERRY

Yeah, I thought so too. But, Lisa's different. At least I thought she was. I hate to say it now...but, I was actually kind of...you know...

DAVE

Falling...for Lisa? Terry, I don't know if she's that kind of girl. What's next for you...*marriage*?

Terry ponders the question- then, turns to Dave.

TERRY

Uh, Dave? Since you brought up the subject.

DAVE

Of what? Loose women?

TERRY

No...marriage. There's something I need to tell you.

DAVE

Don't tell me you proposed!

TERRY

Not about me. It's about you and Nancy.

What now?

DAVE

Go on.

TERRY

Remember how, when we moved out here, it didn't look like Nance was gonna come along?

DAVE

Sure. It's was a miracle she showed.

TERRY

Well, not really.

Not really? What's that supposed to mean? Terry opened this can of worms himself. He can't stop now.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Well, okay. Here goes. The day we moved...remember how I got up early to go get some donuts and was gone forever?

DAVE

Yeah. You had to wait for them to fix the fryer.

Dave, you poor numskull.

TERRY

I went to the station to see Nancy.

What for?

TERRY (CONT'D)

I knew you'd be miserable without her. And, we couldn't afford that in the new gig...

DAVE

Uh huh.

TERRY

So, I went over to convince her to come along...for everyone's sake.

You what?

TERRY (CONT'D)

But, she didn't budge. She wasn't gonna come...until I said it.

DAVE

Said what?

This is harder than Terry thought it would be. He really regrets bringing it up.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Terry, what did you say?

TERRY

I told her, if she came along with us, you were gonna ask her to marry you.

What the hell am I listening to, here?

TERRY (CONT'D)

Dave, come on man, I thought you were about to pop the question anyway. I thought I was helping!

Let me think. I gotta think.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You okay?

DAVE

Yeah, sure. I've been engaged for three months, and didn't know it. God, what does she think of me?

Terry's about to explain Nancy's feelings. Dave stops him.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Terry -- little advice for you: You better try real hard to get it right with Lisa -- because, you sure

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)
as hell ain't stayin' with me and
Nancy tonight.

CUT TO:

EXT. NANCY & DAVE'S SPOKANE APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Terry's Probe pulls up in front of Dave's apartment. Dave gets out and walks to the front door as Terry drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY & DAVE'S SPOKANE KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Nancy is cooking -- stirring something that's sizzling in a frying pan. Nancy glances up as Dave appears, covered head to toe in splashes and dabs of green and red paint.

NANCY
I thought you were going to Paint a
House...not yourself.

Dave checks himself over. She's right, as usual.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Nice colors.

DAVE
You wouldn't say that if you saw 'em
on the house.

Nancy chuckles. Dave sits down at the breakfast bar.

DAVE (CONT'D)
You're not gonna believe
what happened today.

NANCY
You're not gonna believe
what happened today.

NANCY (CONT'D)
You first.

DAVE
You first.

NANCY
You go. I can wait.

DAVE
Okay. Well, for starters, I met the
legendary Rip Stagers today.

NANCY
At the Paint Your House Contest.
Yeah, I saw it on the Channel 13
news.

DAVE
That made it on the news?

NANCY

Lead story. I couldn't tell, for sure though...was that Lisa in the car?

DAVE

Yeah...it was. And that's what was so amazing...

Dave's voice fades quickly into the BG. We watch Dave talk and Nancy react as we hear the V.O. Meanwhile, dinner, in the skillet, begins smoking.

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

As I explained the day to Nancy, I kept asking myself: "Am I telling her too much? Does she care about all this crap? Will it all make sense to her when I get to the end?" I kept thinking, "Just say it!" But, I knew I had to set the scene first.

NANCY

That's what he said when Lisa was waving at you guys??!

Dave nods and continues his description.

DAVE (V.O.)

I mean, with a payoff like I had. This whole bit needed to be set up exactly right. Right?

NANCY

I bet Terry was crushed.

DAVE

You bet.

NANCY

What do you think's happening over at their place right about now?

CUT TO:

INT. LISA AND TERRY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

In the half light, we can see Lisa and Terry are having sex. We move in close.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON LISA'S LEFT HAND.

We see a large engagement ring on her ring finger.

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY & DAVE'S SPOKANE KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Nancy looks stunned.

NANCY

Terry said he loves Lisa?

DAVE

More or less. But, he didn't stop there!

NANCY

What? What did he say then?

DAVE (V.O.)

This was it. I wanted to say it just right.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Will you marry me?

Nancy looks stunned.

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

There, I'd said it. I gave her all the background information...all the crucial details leading up to this moment. Now, she'd understand it all completely!

NANCY

He asked you to marry him? He's gay?

A light goes on.

NANCY (CONT'D)

A little too neat. Fussy dresser. I knew it! Sure! He's gay!

DAVE

What? No! He's not gay. See, he told me you moved out here with us...because you thought I was going to ask you to marry me.

Nancy backs up slightly...into the smoke rising from the skillet. She spins around and yanks the mess off the heat.

NANCY

Great. It's ruined.

DAVE (V.O.)

At the time, I thought she was talking about dinner.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Don't worry about it. We'll go out and celebrate.

NANCY

Celebrate what?

DAVE

Our engagement!

She hoists the skillet off the range and takes it to the trash can, where she dumps the contents.

NANCY

So, you're asking me to marry you -- because Terry told you to?

More or less. She bangs the skillet against the side of the trash can.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Not the most romantic proposal, Dave.

Okay, that could have gone better.

DAVE (V.O.)

I was starting to sense that I hadn't told the story as well as I could have.

DAVE (CONT'D)

What I meant to say --

NANCY

No, no. It's okay Dave. My mother wouldn't understand...but, I still love you.

Ahh! Things aren't as bad as they seemed.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I admit my biological clock is ticking. And, I *did* come out here with the idea that we *might* get married.

All right!

NANCY (CONT'D)

But, I *know* I can't marry you...if you're that's what you want, too.

DAVE

But, I do!

NANCY

Maybe. Or, maybe you proposed because Terry told you you had to.

Hmm.

DAVE (V.O.)

I really *did* want to marry her. But, she was right. It didn't sound like it.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Fair enough. I won't bring it up again -- at least until tomorrow.

Nancy almost smiles.

DAVE (CONT'D)

So, what's your news?

She doesn't really feel like sharing right now.

NANCY

Oh. I got a job today.

CUT TO:

EXT. KBNF -- DAY

KBNF is located in an older, restored brick building in downtown Spokane. On the brass plaque on the front of the building, the listing for KBNF reads: "KBNF - Breaking News Fast -- 2nd Floor." Nancy walks in the front door.

DAVE (V.O.)

If things hadn't changed enough already, they really went into overdrive the day Nancy started at KBNF. First of all, she was working afternoons.

CUT TO:

INT. KDMB-FM STUDIO -- MORNING

Dave and Terry are in the studio, with Lisa behind the glass in her news studio. They're laughing -- doing their show. As Lisa laughs, her focus seems to be on Dave.

DAVE (V.O.)

With me doing mornings, it meant that we almost never saw each other in a vertical position.

CUT TO:

EXT. KBNF -- NIGHT

Nancy walks out of the building and down the street.

DAVE (V.O.)

She never got home before 9. Or, as us morning guys call it: "Bedtime."

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY & DAVE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Dave, fully dressed, walks through the darkened bedroom past Nancy, who's asleep in bed.

DAVE (V.O.)

I was always heading off to work a few hours after she'd come home.

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY & DAVE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Dave's in bed sleeping. Nancy walks out of the bathroom, turns off the light and climbs into bed.

DAVE (V.O.)

Or, to put it another way, she was always getting into bed, a couple hours before I had to get up.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN SPOKANE -- DAY

The center of the city is bustling with activity.

DAVE (V.O.)

Tension? You bet. And, at work, things were getting kinda' tense, too. The honeymoon was over; and, Wayne was on the warpath.

CUT TO:

INT. WAYNE EVERHARDT'S OFFICE -- DAY

Wayne's scowling at Dave and Terry who are sitting in a low sofa to the side of the desk. Rob Ryan stands behind Wayne.

WAYNE

That brings me to the next point:
The cuckoo clock!

DAVE

Oh, come on Wayne -- it's kind of a
"signature" of our show!

WAYNE

Well, your "signature" is driving my
wife nuts.

The office door opens. Doug sticks his head in.

DOUG

Uh, excuse me Mr. Everhardt, did you
want me in on this meeting.

Wayne glances at Rob who shakes his head "no."

WAYNE

Uh, no Doug. But, I'll tell you what
you COULD do...

He looks around the room.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Anybody else want some coffee?

The other three decline.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Could you run down to that little
place on Division Street...where
they roast their own beans?

Doug nods and looks around the room, then, closes the door.

ROB

Dave, the cuckoo clock's a nice touch.
But, Wayne's got a point. My research
shows that women in an important
demo are turned off by the cuckoo.

DAVE

(softly to self)
Research.

ROB

And, over the last few weeks, Terry's
mentioned his concern about that
thing, too.

What? Dave turns to Terry. A meeting without me?

TERRY

We had a little meeting one day when you were in big hurry to get home to see Nancy -- before she went to work -- or something.

WAYNE

Dave, you see where this is going? Lose the cuckoo.

Wayne stands.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Well, I've said all I have to say. If you guys want to use my office, that's fine. I'm gonna run out for a while.

He walks to the door.

ROB

Wayne. What about Doug?

Doug?

ROB (CONT'D)

You sent him out to get coffee.

WAYNE

Oh! Uh, tell him he can have it.

DAVE

Doug doesn't drink coffee. It's his nerves, or something,.

Everyone's about had it with Dave.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Just trying to be helpful.

Wayne walks out and slams the door behind him. Rob drops into Wayne's chair.

ROB

Whew! That man's got one hot ass.

Dave and Terry look at Rob. A hot what?

ROB (CONT'D)

No, uh, I mean the seat of this chair. It's still warm.

Oh. Boring.

DAVE

Rob, Terry...I'm a little upset that you two are talking about the show -- without me around. It makes me feel like a second-rate Doug.

TERRY

It only happened because you went home.

DAVE

You could'a called!

ROB

Guys, guys! Hold on. Forget the cuckoo. It's not important.

TERRY

But, you said research showed --

ROB

--Terry, you oughta know by now, research shows whatever the guy who's writing the checks wants it to show.

A shared glance between partners. Told ya'.

ROB (CONT'D)

But, forget that. Right now, I've got something a lot bigger than a cuckoo clock for you to think about.

Okay, Dave's curious. Terry seems to know what's coming.

ROB (CONT'D)

Actually, I gave Terry a heads-up on this at our little meeting.

Dave: What? Terry: Take it easy, it's good news. Rob: You two ready?

ROB (CONT'D)

Reno.

DAVE

Reno?

TERRY

Yeah!

ROB

Yeah! Reno! You don't want to stay in this burg forever, do you?

DAVE

We've only been here four months.

TERRY

Only?

DAVE

Isn't that where Rip Stagers is?

ROB

Was. That's where Rip Stagers was. He's not workin' out. And, I think you guys can get it done...in Reno!

Terry's up for it. And, since he already knew about it, he's ready to go. Dave reads that in his partner.

DAVE

I repeat...we've only been here four months.

TERRY

How long do you think we'll last here if Rob's not running interference with Wayne for us?

DAVE

You mean Wayne wants us out?

ROB

Hell, Dave, Wayne's had a hard-on for you since day one.

DAVE

Come on! He loves it when I make fun of him.

ROB

It wouldn't take much more for him to tell me to start lookin' for a new partner for Terry.

Dave's trying to let this soak in. But, it's not. Rob gets up and pats Dave on the back.

ROB (CONT'D)

Reno's great! You'll love it!

He walks out the door. Now what do we say to each other?

TERRY

Well, it *is* Reno. And, Wayne won't be there.

DAVE

But, what about Nancy?

TERRY

Yeah, bad luck about her getting that job and all.

DAVE

But, she'll come...I think. She did it once. She'll do it again. Right?

Terry gets up and looks out the window

TERRY

I've got Rob working on a job for Lisa in Reno.

DAVE

What about Nancy? Shouldn't she get a shout?

Terry turns. Oh please, Dave.

TERRY

You're not engaged to Nancy.

DAVE

You asked Lisa to marry you?

A wink.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You're nuts.

Dave gets up to leave.

TERRY

Hey, Lisa's a part of our show. Nancy's not.

Dave opens the door to leave.

DAVE

Take it up with Rob at your next secret meeting.

He's gone. Terry consider's Dave's suggestion and turns back to the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. KBNF -- NIGHT

Nancy walks out of the radio station with a couple of friends. She says goodbye and walks toward her car, fishing in her purse for her keys. A dark figure approaches from behind.

DAVE

Hey!

Nancy jumps straight in the air and SCREECHES.

DAVE (CONT'D)

It's okay, Nance! It's me!

NANCY

Jesus, Dave...shouldn't you be in bed?

DAVE

Probably. But, I thought we could go have a drink or something.

NANCY

Really? Great! There's a great bar just down the street.

They walk off hand-in-hand.

NANCY (CONT'D)

You know, I'm really starting to like it around here. There are so many great places to hang out!

CUT TO:

INT. SPOKANE BAR -- NIGHT

The place is crowded with happy people. Laughter fills the room from a hundred different conversations. But, at a booth near the window, Nancy and Dave look to be anything but happy.

DAVE

Nance! It's Reno!

NANCY

Don't you remember your promise?

Dave looks blankly at Nancy.

NANCY (CONT'D)

You said the next time a job came up, we'd talk about it first.

DAVE

Yeah, but it happened so fast...

NANCY

Right. Just like last time. And, just like last time...you're leaving and...I've got a job.

Dave hates it when she makes so much sense.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Starting to sound familiar to you?

There's ice in her eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. NANCY AND DAVE'S SPOKANE APARTMENT -- AFTERNOON

Light snow is in the air as Dave walks out the front door for the last time. He's carrying a small lamp. As he gets to the rear of a large, yellow Ryder truck, we see Dave's CJ hitched to the truck. Terry is waiting.

TERRY

That it?

Dave lays the lamp on its side, inside. He looks back at the Victorian. A shrug. Yeah, that's it. Terry pulls the door down and locks it in place.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Let's hit the road!

Lisa leans out of the Probe.

LISA

Reno, here we come!

Terry jogs to his car and climbs in. Lisa happily leans close as he starts his car and drives away -- leaving Dave to stare longingly at the apartment window. A frosty exhale mingles with the snow flakes as he walks to the truck cab and climbs in.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK -- AFTERNOON

He looks at the cuckoo clock on the passenger seat; turns the key and drops the Ryder into gear.

CUT TO:

EXT. NANCY AND DAVE'S SPOKANE APARTMENT -- AFTERNOON

Nancy watches Dave drive away.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 OUTSIDE ROSEBURG, WA -- NIGHT

It's snowing heavily as the truck and car feel their way along through the mountains.

DAVE (V.O.)

I tried to convince myself it was the snow that was making this move a lot less fun than the last one.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK -- NIGHT

Terry's driving; and occasionally looking over at the cuckoo on the empty seat.

DAVE (V.O.)

But, I knew the real reason I was miserable. It was Nancy. Or, more specifically, the lack of her.

CUT TO:EXT. RENO -- DAY

Establishing shot of Reno on a drizzly, overcast day.

DAVE (V.O.)

But, even awful trips must come to an end. And, this one did, too.

CUT TO:

EXT. RENO'S MAIN DRAG -- DAY

The big, yellow truck rumbles past, dripping dirt and a few icy chunks.

CUT TO:

EXT. KARNV-FM -- DAY

KARNV is in a building that's very similar to KDMB in Spokane.

DAVE (V.O.)

More than one person has said: "Once you get through the front door, all businesses are pretty much the same."

CUT TO:

INT. KARNV-FM -- DAY

The lobby of the radio station looks like the Spokane lobby, with all the stations operating from the facility listed out front: "KBST - The Rockin' Beast," "KKTY -- Soft Hits from the Kitty," "KQRP - Where Rap Lives" and "KARNV Magic 105."

DAVE (V.O.)

I'd like to update that old saying with the thought: "All radio stations are EXACTLY the same."

Dave and Terry walk through the glass doors into the heart of the office and studio area. Following close behind are ART NUSSBAUM, the GM and RON STEEL, the uncomfortable-looking PD for all four radio stations.

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

Maybe it was because Rob Ryan was the consultant. I don't know. But, from day one -- the place had a real sense of *deja vu* about it.

The four stop outside the office and look in. There's a view of the casinos and the mountains beyond.

ART

This is Dan Needleman's office. He's the General Sales Manager...my "go-to" guy!

DAVE

I would have thought that Ron would be in that position.

ART

No...Ron's just the Program Director for our four stations. He takes all his orders from Rob! Right Ron?

RON

Right, Mr. Nussbaum.

ART

Either of you two want coffee?

Dave and Terry: No

ART (CONT'D)

Ron, could you get me a latte decaf?

He whips a 5-dollar bill from his wallet.

RON

I've got a music meeting in ten minutes.

ART

Well, you better hurry then!

Ron takes the five from Art and leaves.

ART (CONT'D)

Now, where were we?

It's not easy for Art to smile. But, he tries.

DAVE (V.O.)
See what I mean?

CUT TO:

INT. KRNV-FM STUDIO -- MORNING

The KRNV studio is a little more spacious...but windowless. The guys are in their usual positions, Dave at the controls in a sweatshirt, Terry at the guest mic in a sport coat and tie. A song plays. Terry is on the phone.

DAVE
Terry...you wanna get off the phone
so we can talk about what we're doing
next?

One sec!

TERRY
Uh huh. Okay, listen Rob, the song's
ending...gotta run. See you at lunch.

Dave groans.

DAVE
We gotta see Rob for lunch?

TERRY
You don't. Rob wants my thoughts on
a couple things.

Dave could kill with that look.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Take it easy! It's not about the
show. Rob wants my opinion on some
other stations he consults. Plus,
I've got to talk to him about Lisa!

DAVE
Lisa?

TERRY
Yeah, I think he's gonna give Lisa
the morning news gig with us!

You bastard! The song is ending. No time to rant. They grab their headphones.

DAVE
TV Rundown bit! You start.

Terry nods as Dave opens the mics.

TERRY

Magic 105, 8:37, 23 before 9 with
the Dave and Terry Morning Thing.
I'm Terry, he's Dave --

DAVE

Giddyup!

TERRY

And before we get to the news with
our best friend, Matt Hern, It's
time for the Morning Thing TV Rundown --
where we "rundown" tonight's TV!

Dave begins playing a tune on his midi keyboard.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Music provided by Dave, his own bad
self...playing the Magnus chord organ!

DAVE

This morning I'm playing it with my
tush.

TERRY

That is one talented tush, Mr. Dave.
But, I'm sure you've heard that
before.

DAVE

Only in my dreams. But, you were
saying it.

TERRY

Moving right along...here's today's
Morning Thing TV Rundown!

DAVE

Tonight on TV...on "Walker Texas
Ranger," Chuck Norris gets hit by a
bus and ends up with a Texas Ranger
Walker.

TERRY

Ouch! On "Suddenly Susan," nothing
happens -- and Brooke Shields is
sued by Jerry Seinfeld for copyright
infringement.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRY AND LISA'S CONDO COMPLEX -- MORNING

Establishing shot of a condo complex.

DAVE (O.S.)
 (radio eq.)
 Has anything ever happened on that
 show?

TERRY (O.S.)
 (radio eq.)
 Not really.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY AND LISA'S CONDO -- MORNING

Lisa -- in her bathrobe -- is sitting at the kitchen table
 with her laptop, redoing her resume as she listens to the
 radio. Elmo is laying at her feet. She's not happy.

DAVE (O.S.)
 (thin radio eq.)
 And, finally, on "20/20," Barbara
 Walters and Hugh Downs mistakenly
 grab each other's dentures and spend
 the entire hour speaking clearly.

TERRY (O.S.)
 (thin radio eq.)
 And, that's today's Morning Thing TV
 Rundown!

DAVE (O.S.)
 (thin radio eq.)
 Coming up in the next few minutes,
 more great music and more of the
 Morning Thing on Magic 105 -- the
 sound of Reno! Right now --

We HEAR the cuckoo in the background.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 (thin radio eq.)
 -- It's news time with Matt Hern --

Oooh, she hates to hear those words.

MATT HERN (O.S.)
 (thin radio eq.)
 ...39 degrees in downtown Reno, I'm
 Matt Hern with this Magic 105 News
 Update. City Police and Nevada
 Highway Patrol Officers--

LISA
 That should be my job!

She swats the radio off the table. It hits the floor and
 breaks into several pieces - but, still works.

MATT HERN (O.S.)
 (thin radio eq.)
 Are continuing to
 investigate a hold-up
 at a convenience store..

LISA
 Oh please. Just bite me!

Elmo barks.

CUT TO:

EXT. NANCY & DAVE'S SPOKANE BEDROOM -- AFTERNOON

Nancy is getting dressed for work. The phone rings. She picks it up; and continues to dress as she talks on the phone.

NANCY

Hello?

(pause)

Oh, hi. You got my message.

DAVE (V.O.)

It's a funny thing about being separated from someone you love. You get a little nuts. At least I got a little nuts.

Nancy sits on the end of the bed to pull on her panty hose.

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

Okay...I got a *lot* nuts.

NANCY

Dave, I want to see you, too. But, I think it's crazy to drive up here for a weekend.

She fights to get the panty hose on straight.

DAVE (V.O.)

It had been about three months since we'd been together. My schedule...her schedule...and a general lack of money had conspired to keep us apart.

NANCY

Dave, it's over a thousand miles. That's like, what? 16 hours or something?

She starts to try to wrestle herself into her panty hose.

DAVE (V.O.)

I wanted to drive up for the weekend to see her. You know, to "renew acquaintances." But, she didn't think it was a good idea.

NANCY

Be logical! A weekend has 48 hours in it. You're going to spend 32 of 'em driving. And, that's not counting pit stops.

DAVE (V.O.)

I figured...if I left at noon on Friday, I could be there by 5 or 6 on Saturday morning. And, I wouldn't have to leave before 8 or 9 the next morning! Doesn't that sound logical?

NANCY

No! No, I want to see you too. But, I don't want to see you die on the highway as a result. Stay in Reno. Do not come here.

DAVE (V.O.)

I guess it felt like rejection.

The one-handed struggle with the panty hose ends when she rips a hole with her fingernail -- causing a huge runner. She didn't need this.

NANCY

I gotta go.
(pause)
Love you, too. Bye.

She puts down the phone; and, rips off the panty hose...in two pieces.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRY AND LISA'S CONDO COMPLEX -- EVENING

A thunder storm is brewing as Terry's blue Probe rolls into the parking lot. Terry gets out and heads up the walk leading to the unit he shares with Lisa.

DAVE (V.O.)

Sometimes everything comes together in just the wrong way...at just the right time.

The door to Lisa and Terry's condo opens. There, behind the screen door, outlined in a flash of lightening is Lisa, in her bathrobe, scowling. She keeps the screen door closed.

TERRY

Hi, Leese! Gee, what a day I had!

LISA

Where were you?

TERRY

Huh?

Elmo barks.

LISA

I tried to call you all day. Where
have you been?

Terry looks around, concerned the neighbors are hearing this.

TERRY

Lisa, let me in. We'll talk.

She opens the door. He goes inside.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY AND LISA'S CONDO -- EVENING

The place is a mess. Newspapers and trade magazines are scattered from the living room into the kitchen area.

TERRY

What the hell happened, here?

LISA

What? Oh, you don't like the mess?
Oh, forgive me Mr. Neat-freak! But,
I thought I was going to be your
newsperson...NOT your maid!

She kicks some books off the coffee table. Elmo barks.

TERRY

Lisa, hang on! Elmo -- quiet!

LISA

Answer me! Where have you been?

TERRY

It's not what you think!

LISA

How do you know what I think?

TERRY

You think I was with a woman...or
something?

Elmo growls and barks.

LISA

Who is she?

TERRY

Lisa! I was with Rob Ryan! He wants me to go to work for him.

LISA

Oh! So, you're not cheating on me...you're cheating on Dave!

TERRY

I'm not cheating on Dave.

LISA

Did you talk about me?

TERRY

About you?

LISA

When we moved here, you said Rob was going to get me the news job with you guys.

TERRY

Oh! Yeah. Sure...we talked about it.

LISA

You did not!

TERRY

Lisa, this was really important! Rob was talking to me about my future.

LISA

What about MY future?

TERRY

OUR future...right?

LISA

You know what I mean.

TERRY

Well, uh, we talked about you, too!

LISA

You did not. You're lying. You're a lying rat! A lying rat bastard, you know that?

TERRY

Okay, okay. Your name didn't come up today. But, next time I talk to Rob, I'll--

LISA

So, I'm supposed to sit around the house all day watching my life and career go down the drain as you climb, climb, climb that ladder of success? You lying rat bastard!

Lying rat what?

LISA (CONT'D)

--I must have been out of my mind to give everything up to come here with you. You lying rat bastard!

Okay, the second time around, it's kind of funny.

LISA (CONT'D)

You think this is funny?

Oops, no more smiling. Think fast!

TERRY

Uh, no. But, "lying rat bastard" before. It's kinda' cute. Did you make that up? I've never heard you say that before!

Lisa's thinking "What an asshole." She grabs her keys off the table, and heads for the door.

LISA

Okay...then let me leave you with something you HAVE heard before: You stupid, fucking jerk!

(pause)

Elmo! Come!

Elmo runs out the door ahead of Lisa who slams it behind her. After a moment, Lisa opens the door and looks inside.

TERRY

Lisa! Baby, I'm just trying--

Enough! She grabs the umbrella near the door.

LISA

It's starting to rain.

She slams the door again. Terry looks around the messy room.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAVE'S RENO APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Lightening illuminates the red CJ-5, parked just outside Dave's apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S RENO APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Dave sits on his sofa. The TV's on -- with a show from '95 on it -- the sound way down -- his laptop is booted-up on the coffee table. He's got the newspaper on one knee...and making notes on a legal pad. There's also a bag of "Smart Food" and two empty cans of beer on the coffee table. A framed 8X10 of Nancy is sitting on top of the TV.

DAVE (V.O.)

When you're a radio guy, there's nothing like a relaxing evening in front of the tube...desperately looking for something to make fun of the next morning. But, that night, it was even tougher. I couldn't think about anything but Nancy. I couldn't believe she didn't want me to come to Spokane to see her!

There's a knock at the door.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Hold on!

He puts down the pad and gets up. We HEAR the knock again.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I'm coming!

He opens the door. Lisa is outlined by a bolt of lightening.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Lisa!

Dave sneezes as Elmo runs inside. There's roll of thunder as Lisa walks in. She falls into his arms, sobbing.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAVE'S RENO APARTMENT -- EARLY MORNING

The storm is over. All is quiet. Puddles reflect the streetlights and dance off the water droplets that remain on the parked cars in the parking lot. Dave sneezes O.S.

DAVE (V.O.)
 We all think better...more clearly...
 in the calm after the storm.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S RENO APARTMENT BEDROOM -- EARLY MORNING

Dave is in bed, awake, holding a tissue to his nose, staring at the ceiling. Lisa is asleep next to him. Elmo's at the foot of the bed. We can HEAR water slowly dripping off the roof in a steady rhythm.

DAVE (V.O.)
 In nature, storms happen when high
 pressure meets low pressure...one
 front bumps into another. They don't
 choose to do it...it just happens...
 it's nature.

We hear the sound of approaching footsteps.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 That was Lisa and me the night before
 ...two fronts bumping against each
 other...repeatedly. We didn't choose
 to do it.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAVE'S RENO APARTMENT -- EARLY MORNING

In the bluish half-light, we can see the blue Probe parked near the red CJ. Terry walks into view.

DAVE (V.O.)
 It just happened. We both knew it
 wouldn't happen again.

Terry looks at his car and the CJ as he taps on Dave's front door.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Of course that's real easy for me to
 say...now.

Terry knocks harder. Dave opens the door, wearing only his underwear.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 Terry! What are you doin' here?

TERRY
 Lisa and I had a little argument
 last night. And, she ran off with
 my car.

He tries to peer around Dave into the apartment.

DAVE

Uh huh. But, why are you here, now?

TERRY

She didn't come back. And, since I didn't have a car, I hoofed it over here for a ride to the station.

Oh God, this could be bad.

DAVE

Sure! No problem. Just wait here!

Elmo bounds into view and jumps on Dave.

TERRY

Where is she, Dave?

Dave sneezes and looks at his soon to be former friend as Lisa walks out of the bedroom in her robe, yawning.

LISA

Who is it, Davey?

CUT TO:

EXT. RENO RYDER TRUCK RENTAL AGENCY -- DAY

Dave drives into the parking lot, past several rows of big, yellow trucks. He parks, gets out, takes a look at the trucks and then strolls inside.

DAVE (V.O.)

Terry called in to quit that day. And, as one of the brilliant radio minds I was working for pointed out... that, meant it wasn't the "Dave and Terry Morning Thing" anymore. And, that meant...it was "drive time" again.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARIZONA I-10 - DAY

A big, yellow truck rolls past an Interstate highway sign that reads - "I-10 East Tucson 78."

DAVE (V.O.)

The job in Tucson sounded like it was perfect for me.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUCSON CITY LIMITS - DAY

A bit, yellow Ryder rumbles by a sign that reads: "Leaving Tucson."

DAVE (V.O.)

But six months after I started, the owner fled to Mexico with investors money and employees pay checks.

CUT TO:

EXT. I-10 - DAY

A big, yellow Ryder blows by an Interstate highway sign reading, "I-10 El Paso - 90."

DAVE (V.O.)

El Paso was nice. But, about the time I started feeling at home there, the station was sold to a religious group.

CUT TO:

EXT. EL PASO RADIO STATION - NIGHT

The radio station is located in an industrial park. Dave's Jeep drives into the parking lot.

DAVE (V.O.)

I found out when I showed up, ready to rock 'n' roll...

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR EL PASO RADIO STATION - NIGHT

Dave puts his key in the lock and it doesn't turn. He tries it a couple times, knocks on the door, then looks inside.

DAVE (V.O.)

...And discovered they'd changed all the locks.

CUT TO:

EXT. EL PASO RYDER TRUCK RENTAL AGENCY - DAY

Dave's CJ-5 rolls into the parking lot. He gets out and walks in the front door.

DAVE (V.O.)

I tried hookin' up with Terry -- who was, by then, doing really well as a consultant with Rob. But, he wouldn't take my call.

INT. RYDER TRUCK RENTAL AGENCY -- DAY

Dave walks through the rental store past various rental equipment toward the service desk. Wait! Who's that behind the service counter? Yep. It's Rip Staggers! He's leafing through a magazine. Dave collects himself and walks up to the desk. This could be messy. Rip doesn't look up.

DAVE (V.O.)

Luckily, I had a friend from that "lengthy" six-month stint in Tucson who knew somebody who was GM at a station. I made the call...and, bingo, it was "drive time" -- again.

RIP

Can I help you?

DAVE

Yeah, I need a truck, Rip.

Rip looks up from the magazine and squints at Dave as he fishes under the counter for a fresh rental form.

RIP

How'd you know my name?

Dave points at Rip's name tag. Oh. Right. Rip pulls out the rental form.

RIP (CONT'D)

I don't know, you look familiar.

Oh please, just drop it.

RIP (CONT'D)

I know we've met.

I just want to rent a truck.

RIP (CONT'D)

Wait! You're a fan of the old Ripster!

Don't embarrass both of us, please!

RIP (CONT'D)

Yeah, come on man, don't yank my crank! You know who I am!

Yes, I do. But, you don't know who I am.

RIP (CONT'D)

Yeah! You got it! Now, let me think.

Rip pulls out his pen and points at Dave.

RIP (CONT'D)

It wasn't in the studio. I feel like we met outside...at a remote - or something.

DAVE

Kinda'. But, look, I really just want to rent this truck.

RIP

So, you DO remember! Come on, give me a hint...where'd we meet? Was it here? Or, in Reno? Or, Spokane? I was big in Spokane!

Okay, you asked for it!

DAVE

Maybe if you write down my name...it'll come back to you.

Rip gets his pen in to position.

RIP

Go ahead.

DAVE

Dave Elders...

Rip begins to write Dave's name.

RIP

Dave Elders...nope, doesn't ring a bell.

DAVE

...of the Dave and Terry Morning Thing.

Rip stops writing and looks up. Dave looks around the store, then back at Rip.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Looks like I'm in Rip Staggers territory!

Well, that wasn't very nice. Satisfying? Yes. Nice? No.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK -- AFTERNOON

The battered cuckoo clock jiggles on the passenger seat of the Ryder Truck. The drone of the engine mingles with a radio playing softly in the background.

DAVE (V.O.)

Let's see, after my second shot in Tucson, I landed in Denver, New Orleans, St. Louis and...after a nasty detour in Kansas City, I got a helping hand from good ol' Herb in Waterloo.

CUT TO:

EXT. MASS PIKE -- AFTERNOON

The Ryder rolls up the Mass Pike, past the New England scenery and an exit sign that reads "Downtown Worcester."

DAVE (V.O.)

And, during all that time, I never talked to Nancy. I don't know for sure if it was Terry or Lisa...or both...who made sure Nancy knew what happened. But, she never took my calls. So, eventually, I quit calling. In fact, I never talked to any of them again. It's been five years since I even tried.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK -- AFTERNOON

Dave gingerly pushes the cuckoo back from the edge of the seat, next to a copy of the trade paper, "Radio & Records."

DAVE (V.O.)

As for my love life - after Nancy, I decided that I'd never date anyone at work - ever again.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Dave is standing in front of a large banner reading "WNOL-FM Free Pizza Blow Out - Sponsored by Piggly Wiggly." He's wearing headphones and a WNOL T-shirt and animatedly talking into a hand-held microphone while four less-than-attractive, moderately obese women swoon.

DAVE (V.O.)

And, with my schedule, once I eliminated co-workers from the dating pool, I was left with an odd assortment of fans...better known as "weirdos."

Dave is swarmed by the women.

CUT TO:

EXT. MASS PIKE - DAY

The truck rolls by.

DAVE (V.O.)

So, I guess you could say, for seven years, I've basically lived like a monk. A very weird, sexually screwed up monk.

CUT TO:

INT. KDMB-FM STUDIO -- MORNING

Lisa is in her beloved news studio in Spokane, laughing along with two DJs in the studio. She's making serious eye-contact with one of them.

DAVE (V.O.)

Lisa moved back to Spokane and went right back to her old job...with two new guys.

Lisa makes serious eye contact with one of the radio guys.

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

Although, I heard those two eventually broke-up.

CUT TO:

EXT. MASS PIKE -- AFTERNOON

The truck rolls past a highway sign that reads: "Boston 40."

DAVE (V.O.)

Terry? He's still with Rob Ryan. No big surprise there. I hear he's living in L.A.

ANGLE ON A COPY OF "RADIO & RECORDS" WITH A PICTURE OF TERRY

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

I see his name in the trades all the time. But, I don't bother to call. It's all just a little to...awkward.

CUT TO:

INT. WAYNE EVERHARDT'S OFFICE -- DAY

Wayne is standing behind his desk angrily yelling at Terry. Doug stands to the side of the desk, looking nervously around the room.

DAVE (V.O.)

Once in a trade paper, they quoted Terry as saying tht being a consultant is about the best deal in radio 'cause even when you get fired...you still have a job!

Terry offers to shake hands with Wayne, who spins angrily and looks out the window. He turns to Doug, who looks quickly to see if Wayne's watching, then quickly shakes hands with Terry, who smiles, turns and walks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON STREETS -- AFTERNOON

The Ryder truck moves slowly through the confusing mix of one-way streets.

DAVE (V.O.)

As for Nancy...she stayed in Spokane for a while. Like I said, I tried to get in touch with her -- but, she wouldn't take my call. So, I asked Doug to touch base, once in a while. Since it didn't involve getting anyone coffee, he didn't seem to mind.

The truck lumbers onto a side street, next to a large office building. Luckily, there's a spot to park...behind another Ryder truck.

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

He told me that she even came by the station a few times to have lunch with Lisa. Gives me the chills.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK -- AFTERNOON

Dave cranks the steering wheel around to get the truck as close to the curb as possible.

DAVE (V.O.)
 Anyway, eventually, she moved on.
 And, I lost track of her. Last I
 read in the trades, she was in
 Phoenix.

Dave turns off the truck's engine. He stretches, enjoying the sudden silence and the chance to let go of the steering wheel.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 But, that's all in the past. Gone.
 Like I said, I'd just about decided
 I'd never leave Iowa...when I got a
 call from the GM, Pete Abrams. He
 said his consultant told him about
 me and he asked for my tape. Almost
 before the Fed-Ex truck left my
 apartment, Pete was back on the phone
 to offer me a job.

He picks up the battered cuckoo and opens the truck door.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON STREETS -- AFTERNOON

Dave climbs out of the 22-ft. Ryder, clock in hand, and stretches. Then, shakes his bad leg and beats on it with a closed fist.

DAVE (V.O.)
 Cramps.

He limps toward the building. As he does, he glances over his shoulder at the other Ryder truck.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I start in couple weeks. But, Pete
 asked me to drop by today for a
 meeting...you know, meet the new
 boss...Same as the old boss. And,
 while I'm here, I thought I'd drop
 by the studio and hang up my "good
 luck" talisman!

Those coming out of the office building glance at Dave as he walks in the glass revolving door with the cuckoo clock.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S BOSTON STATION LOBBY -- AFTERNOON

The layout of the office is pleasant and airy. Dave limps off the elevator to the RECEPTIONIST who looks up from her computer screen. He puts the cuckoo clock on the counter above her desk. It clangs.

DAVE

Hi. Dave Elders to see Mr. Abrams.

RECEPTIONIST

I'll tell him you're here.

She turns in her chair slightly toward the corridor leading to the offices and yells.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Pete! The new guy's here!

Dave turns to survey the reception area. There, in a chair in the waiting area, looking up in surprise from a magazine, is Nancy. They're both completely surprised.

NANCY

Dave?

DAVE

Nancy?

NANCY

What are you doing here?

DAVE

What are you doing here?

A look of pain races across Dave's face. He bends over to grab at his left thigh.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Cramp!

He bends over and stomps his foot on the floor. Then, he looks at Nancy. Please? She raises her magazine.

NANCY

Dream on.

Dave swats himself as PETE ABRAMS walks into view. He's 50ish, dressed casually, carrying a small white dog, puffing on a pipe; and, trying to make sense of the scene unfolding in front of him. We hear a loud "pop." Dave moans in relief and stops twitching. Pete is puzzled. Dave's ready to explain.

DAVE

Cramp.

PETE

Whatever.

The GM extends his hand.

PETE (CONT'D)

I'm Pete Abrams.

Dave backs away. Pete's puzzled.

DAVE

The dog.

PETE
You're afraid of Scruffy?

Nancy has gotten out of her chair and is walking forward, somewhat reluctantly.

NANCY
He's allergic.

PETE
Hey, me too. Scruffy's a Maltese!
My wife says he's hypo-allergenic!
I'm dog-sitting today.

The dog barks. Pete extends his hand again. Nancy intercepts it and shakes.

NANCY
I'm Nancy Jamieson. Glad to meet you. But, I think there's been a mistake, here.

PETE
Mistake?

Dave wants to make this as easy as possible for Nancy.

DAVE
Yeah, well, see a few years ago,
Nancy and I....well, we - we were....

PETE
Terry said you two knew each other.

DAVE
Terry Meyers?

NANCY
Terry Meyers?

PETE
Right. He's Rob Ryan's top guy.
And, when we were looking for a new
direction in the morning, Terry said
you two were good as individuals...
and, unbeatable as a team.

Dave looks at Nancy.

DAVE
So, that's your truck out there?

NANCY
No flies on you, Mr. Wizard.

PETE
Look, I can see this is a bit of a
shock for both of you.

NANCY

Well, it's a shock for me, that's for sure.

Dave's not saying nothing.

PETE

I don't care about your personal history. I just want you guys to work on the air. If you're pros, you can. And Terry says you can.

Dave looks into Nancy's eyes for the first time in more than 7 years. Nancy tries to look away. Does she, though?

PETE (CONT'D)

Look, why don't you give me a chance to show you around? We got a nice place here!

Pete looks toward the receptionist.

PETE (CONT'D)

Veronica, hold my calls...I'm going to give the new morning crew the grand tour.

Pete puts the dog on the floor.

PETE (CONT'D)

Lead the way Scruf!

The dog yips and runs down a hallway with Pete and Nancy close behind. Dave, watches Nancy walk away. Then, he follows quickly. The Receptionist, who's been watching all this shakes her head.

RECEPTIONIST

Radio people.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S BOSTON STATION BULLPEN AREA - DAY

In the center of the office area is a large open area...with cubicles. People are busily working, talking on phones, etc. As Pete talks to Nancy, Dave hurriedly catches up.

PETE

This is the sales area.

He points to a woman who's on the phone and busily scribbling notes.

PETE (CONT'D)

That's our sales manager, Barbara.

The woman looks up and nods and smiles, but keeps talking and scribbling. Dave slips up close to Nancy.

DAVE

Can we talk?

PETE

Gee, I hope so. This is a radio station...we hired you to talk.

Pete laughs. God I'm funny!

NANCY

Mr. Abrams says this is the sales area.

PETE

Pete! Call me "Pete."

DAVE

Uh huh. Nice.

PETE

But, I can see you two don't care about this stuff.

Relief! He gets it!

PETE (CONT'D)

You want to see the studio, right?

No, he doesn't get it. Uh, right now? No. But, sure! Lead the way.

PETE (CONT'D)

Follow me.

He strides into the studio. Scruffy runs after him as the door closes. Nancy's not

NANCY

Did you know about this?

DAVE

Nancy, I had no idea. I haven't talked to Terry in years. You look great.

NANCY

I gave up a nice job in Tallahassee for this. Thanks.

The studio door opens slightly and Pete sticks his head out.

PETE

You two coming?

Oh! Sure!

DAVE
Yeah!

NANCY
Coming!

Nancy pushes open the studio door. It opens on a panorama of the latest equipment - and most impressively - huge windows with a view of the outside world. It's the first time Dave's seen an outside window in a studio in his career.

DAVE
Wow!

NANCY
Gee.

Pete is standing behind SANDY EDWARDS, the jock on the air. Sandy's 40ish. He nods at Dave and Nancy. A song is playing low in the background.

PETE
Yeah, we like it in here. I used to be a jock...and, I swore - if I ever ended up in charge someplace - I'd put the studio where the jocks could relate to the listeners...to the weather...to the world around them...and, not stick 'em in a closet in the middle of the building somewhere. Say "hi," to Sandy Edwards!

Dave and Nancy nod to Sandy who holds up his hand and slips on his headphones. The song in the background is fading. Sandy clicks on his microphone.

SANDY
Q-104...Boston's best. I'm Sandy Edwards working our way through a Friday on the Back Bay.

The rest of this is under Dave and Terry's half-whispered conversation

SANDY (CONT'D)
 Hey, don't forget,
 this weekend the Q-104
 Bucket Brigade will be
 cruising Quincy Market
 - with buckets of great
 stuff to give away! T-
 shirts, movie passes,
 coffee mugs, valuable
 coupons from great
 places like Filene's,
 Blockbuster and TGI-
 Fridays. Oh yeah...and
 they'll also be handing
 out ten, crisp, new
 one-thousand dollar
 bills. The Q-104 Bucket
 Brigade...another reason
 people are saying "thank
 you" to the "New Q."

NANCY
 I don't want to go back to
 Tallahassee.

DAVE
 Well, I'm not goin' back
 to Waterloo...again. Not
 after I finally got a hypo-
 allergenic dog.

NANCY
 You went back to Waterloo?

DAVE
 Herb says "hi."

NANCY
 That damn Terry. It's his
 fault.

DAVE
 (softly to self)
 "Fault" is not the word I'd use.

Sandy hits a commercial. We hear it playing softly, under.
 He takes off his headphones.

SANDY
 Ta da!

PETE
 Good job, Sandy.

Pete looks to Dave and Nancy.

PETE (CONT'D)
 Let's go get a cup of coffee. You
 can come back later and let Sandy
 show you the ropes.

Pete opens the door and Scruffy runs out. Dave and Nancy
 follow Pete who chases after the dog.

PETE (CONT'D)
 Scruffy!

NANCY
 So, where have you been...besides
 Waterloo?

DAVE
 Oh, god, I don't know, Tucson- twice,
 El Paso, New Orleans, St. Louis,
 Kansas City. What about you?

NANCY

I was in Phoenix for a few years.
Then, they sold the station and I
wound up in Tallahassee. I was there
two years and my hair never did adjust
to the humidity.

They watch Pete chase his dog across the room and disappear
down a corridor.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I saw the cuckoo.

DAVE

Yeah, well, some guys carry a
torch...I'm still carrying a
cuckoo...for you.

That one hit home. A moment to think about it.

NANCY

You think that's bad. I'm still
carrying a purple sofa for you.

A quick laugh.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Really. It's in the truck.

God, I've missed you. Pete appears from a doorway off the
bullpen area.

PETE

Don't get lost. In here, guys!

Oh right. Our new jobs. Pete is in the station kitchen
fiddling with the coffee maker.

PETE (CONT'D)

I was gonna suggest that you two
have a cup of coffee and catch up.
But, I can't seem to get this thing
to give with the caffeine!

Scruffy runs in with his leash in his mouth.

PETE (CONT'D)

Looks like Scurf, here, needs a little
constitutional. How 'bout if we meet
back here in a couple hours? You
two have some coffee on me.

Uh. Well. Scruffy growls. Pete pulls a roll of bills from
his pocket and hands Nancy a few crisp 20s.

PETE (CONT'D)

On me. Gotta run. Welcome aboard!

Pete picks up Scruffy and walks away quickly. Alone together for the first time since Spokane. What to say? Who's going to go first?

NANCY

Too bad about the coffee maker.

Not really.

DAVE

Call me "crazy," but I'll bet there's someplace in Boston that sells coffee by the cup to people like you and me.

Sounds good. But, I don't completely trust you, you know.

NANCY

We've got an awful lot to talk about.

Yeah, but, I know we can handle it.

DAVE

We'll order an extra-large.

They walk out, past the Receptionist, together.

FADE TO BLACK