

Honky Tonkin'  
By Marc Ketchem

Music and Lyrics by  
This Fallen Fiction

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Honky Tonkin'

INT. KITCHEN, EL ADOBE RESTERAUNT - DAY

Behind an industrial dishwasher, a face comes into focus.

EDDY MILLER, mid-sixties. His features weatherworn, faded tattoos cover his forearms. His apron and t-shirt are smeared with grime.

Eddy takes a scrap of paper from his pocket and starts scribbling some lines.

JORGE, Eddy's young boss, approaches the dish line.

JORGE

Eddy!

EDDY

(writing)

One second.

JORGE

You seen the garbage?

Jorge points to an overflowing trash can.

JORGE (CONT'D)

Writing songs again? I told you a thousand times! No songs on my time! Take out the garbage!

INT. MOORE HOUSE - DAY

SHANDRA MOORE washes dishes in the kitchen of this small two bedroom house.

Shandra is a young African-American woman who is dressed a little like a boy.

Shandra has her iPod in. She nods her head to the music. She starts singing.

SHANDRA

(singing)

I wanna thank you for lettin' me be myself, again.

Shandra's singing voice is clear, delicate and beautiful.

DRE MOORE, Shandra's father, enters. He holds his work shirt, his name stitched above the pocket.

DRE  
Hey, songbird!

He waves his hand in front of her face.

She takes her iPod buds out.

DRE (CONT'D)  
I need my shirt ironed. I don't know how  
it got so wrinkled. Looks like a dog made  
a bed on it.

SHANDRA  
I want to get a job.

DRE  
You don't have time for a job. You need  
to run this house, don't you? That's your  
job.

SHANDRA  
I want a real job.

Dre shoves his shirt at her.

DRE  
I'm running late. Iron the freaking  
shirt.

EXT. - HAPPY TRAILS TRAILER PARK - DAY

Eddy drives up to his trailer.

The outside of Eddy's trailer is covered with weeds, beer  
bottles, debris.

INT. EDDY'S TRAILER - DAY

While not quite a hoarder, Eddy has stuff strewn everywhere.

He opens the front door and enters.

He digs the scribbled lyrics from his pocket and drops them  
into a medium-sized cardboard box that sits next to the  
front.

KITCHEN

Eddy enters the kitchen and opens the fridge.

He takes out a jar of Goobers (half jelly and half peanut  
butter).

EDDY  
Ahhh...Goobers.

He opens the jar and sticks his index finger in. He slops the Goobers into his mouth with his fingers.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
 (mouth full of Goobers)  
 So good, who needs bread?

INT. MOORE HOUSE - DAY

Shandra irons Dre's work shirt.

Shandra pulls the iPod from her pocket, puts the buds into her ears, and presses play.

Sly and the Family Stone's "I Wanna Thank You" washes over her.

She closes her eyes.

SHANDRA  
 (singing)  
 I want to thank you for letting me be  
 myself again. I want to thank you for  
 letting me be myself again!

A plume of smoke rises from the iron.

Dre enters the house.

DRE  
 God damnit!

Shandra's eyes pop open.

Dre snatches his shirt from the ironing board; there is an iron-shaped burn in the middle.

DRE (CONT'D)  
 I don't know why you think you can sing,  
 god damnit! Sing and burn my work shirt!  
 Sound like a cat dying!

SHANDRA  
 Mama liked it.

DRE  
 She was being nice. Of course she said  
 that. You ain't no singer, Shandra. Don't  
 forget that. Anybody tells you different  
 is lying. You're gonna pay me for this  
 shirt.

Shandra steps away from the ironing board.

SHANDRA  
 You can't just, for one second, pretend  
 to care about me! I wanna get a job!

DRE  
 That's it, girl!

SHANDRA  
 What's it? What!

Dre steps towards her, intimidating her.

DRE  
 Forgot my ultra lights, burning my shirt,  
 treating this house like an audition for  
 American Idol! You think you're grown?  
 You wanna job? Go find one! You're gonna  
 find out how hard it is for a grown  
 person. Give me your keys!

SHANDRA  
 Dad-

DRE  
 Give me the keys!

Shandra digs the keys from her front pocket. He snatches them  
 from her.

SHANDRA  
 Let me get my clothes.

DRE  
 I bought everything in here!

Dre throws the front door open.

DRE (CONT'D)  
 Get out and think about how you treat  
 your daddy for a while! You think you can  
 survive out there? See how far your  
 singing gets you out there! Couple nights  
 out there will teach you. Teach you fast.

SHANDRA  
 Just wait.

DRE  
 Out!

INT. EDDY'S TRAILER - EVENING

Eddy sits in his trailer. He holds a guitar and drinks a  
 beer. He strums the guitar.

EDDY  
 (singing)  
 Every night...Every night, I play the  
 blues. I play the blues.

Eddy takes a big drink of his beer, sets the guitar aside.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
 Get realistic, man. You're just a  
 dishwasher.

Eddy slumps back on the couch and watches a karate movie on  
 television.

There's a knock on his door.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
 Come in!

LUPITA enters. Lupita is a pretty Hispanic woman in her  
 fifties. She has salt and pepper hair, which she has tied  
 into a bun. She carries a large pot of soup.

LUPITA  
 Sopa?

EXT. THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN MOTEL - EVENING

Shandra stands on the sidewalk and looks over the scary, wing-  
 ding hotel. The Royal Hawaiian.

The sign advertising the room rate blinks in blue neon: '**29  
 Dollars a Night.**'

INT. ROYAL HAWAIIAN MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Shandra opens the door, turns on the light, and surveys her  
 safe spot.

The room contains three broken televisions (stacked into a  
 corner), three mismatched kitchen chairs, a bed.

SHANDRA  
 Motherfucker.

EXT. MOTEL SODA MACHINE - NIGHT

Shandra feeds quarters into the soda machine.

A rail-thin HOOKER, approaches Shandra.

HOOKER  
 You staying here alone?

SHANDRA  
 Yeah.

HOOKER

Got any extra furniture in your room?

SHANDRA

Three broken t.v.'s.

HOOKER

Push those against the door after you lock it.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Shandra lies fully dressed on top of the bedspread.

The three broken televisions are stacked against the door.

The hooker pleases a customer next door. The paper thin walls allow Shandra to hear everything.

HOOKER

(O.S.)

I'm gonna make you cum so hard, your belly button's gonna pop out.

The bed thuds against the wall.

Shandra closes her eyes and starts singing.

SHANDRA

(sings)

I wanna thank you for lettin' me be myself again! I wanna thank you for lettin' me be myself again!

EXT. EL ADOBE CAFE - DAY

Eddy leans against the front of the restaurant and lights a cigarette.

Shandra, scowling, walks past him.

EDDY

You know it takes more muscles to frown than it does to smile, don't you?

Shandra turns around and shoots him a hard look.

SHANDRA

What did you say?

EDDY

You should try smiling.

Shandra approaches.

SHANDRA

You gonna tell me what to do? You don't know the night I had, old man. You tell me what to do? Standing there looking like a Dirty Santa.

EDDY

Dirty Santa?

SHANDRA

You heard me.

EDDY

Calm down, now. I didn't mean nothing by it. I'm just trying to enjoy a smoke, and I...I...

SHANDRA

You shouldn't smoke. Bad for you.

EDDY

I didn't mean to insult you. I'm sorry.

SHANDRA

Why you covered in shit, Dirty Santa?

EDDY

I'm a dishwasher.

SHANDRA

Here?

EDDY

Yeah.

SHANDRA

You really sorry?

EDDY

Frown if you want to. Free country.

SHANDRA

You wanna see me smile, get me a job.

EDDY

A job?

SHANDRA

I'm a good worker. I promise. I can wash dishes real good.

EDDY

I don't really have the power to hire you.

SHANDRA  
That's what I thought.

EDDY  
What?

SHANDRA  
You're just another asshole with  
something to say and no way to help.

EDDY  
No, I'm not.

SHANDRA  
Prove it, Dirty Santa.

INT. ADOBE CAFE OFFICE - DAY

Shandra and Eddy stand in front of Jorge.

EDDY  
...and you keep talking about getting  
somebody younger in here. She's younger.

Jorge nods.

JORGE  
You train her. If she proves herself,  
I'll carve out a few shifts for her.

EDDY  
She will. She's a good worker. Right?

SHANDRA  
Right.

INT. KITCHEN, DISHWASHER - DAY

Shandra wears an apron. Eddy shows her how to use the nozzle.

EDDY  
Let the spray do the work for you.

Shandra looks down at the gobbledygook of food, grease and  
shmeg which Eddy sprays.

SHANDRA  
You don't expect anything from me, do  
you?

EDDY  
Huh?

SHANDRA  
You know. I'm...I'm not gonna do anything  
with you.

EDDY  
Haven't had an erection for fifteen  
years. Don't worry about it.

SHANDRA  
Why'd you help me?

EDDY  
'cause you needed it. Try the spray,  
little girl.

He hands her the nozzle. Shandra squeezes. A splat of food,  
grease and water hits her face.

SHANDRA  
Motherfucker.

EDDY  
Rookie mistake. That's called ricochet.  
Keep practicing. I gotta take out the  
trash.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Eddy carries a big pregnant bag of garbage.

He hoists the bag over and into the dumpster.

He leans against the wall and lights a cigarette.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

While she washes the dishes, Shandra listens to her iPod. She  
begins to sing.

SHANDRA  
(singing)  
That's when I had most of my fun,  
then...high, high, high, high! Hot fun in  
the Summertime! Hot fun in the  
Summertime!

Eddy enters the kitchen.

EDDY  
(to himself)  
What beauty is that?

SHANDRA  
(singing)  
That's when I had most of my fun  
there...High, high, high...

Eddy approaches.

Shandra, wrapped up in her work, doesn't see him.

EDDY  
Shandra! Hey!

She looks up. Her face reddens.

SHANDRA  
Sorry!

EDDY  
What was that?

SHANDRA  
I'm not...I didn't know...I won't do it  
again.

EDDY  
Huh?

SHANDRA  
I won't sing again.

EDDY  
I like good singing. See, I'm a musician.

SHANDRA  
I thought you were a dishwasher.

EDDY  
Day job. You ever sing country music?

SHANDRA  
Country music is for white people.

EDDY  
I wanna work with you.

SHANDRA  
I'm not a good singer.

EDDY  
You are a good singer. Don't let nobody  
tell you different. I know a good singer  
when I hear one. You should sing. With  
me.

SHANDRA  
I don't think so.

INT. EDDY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Eddy drives. Shandra sits in the passenger's seat.

EDDY  
So you never sang in the choir at school?

SHANDRA

No.

EDDY

You just had that voice inside and never shared it?

SHANDRA

I used to sing for my mama.

EDDY

Where is your mama?

SHANDRA

She died.

Shandra points out the window.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)

This is it.

Eddy pulls up to the curb.

EXT. THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL - NIGHT

Eddy looks over The Royal Hawaiian and shakes his head.

EDDY

I've seen this place on the news. Not for good reasons.

The hooker from the night before walks by.

She does a double take, recognizes Shandra.

HOOKER

Hey, darlin'.

SHANDRA

Hey.

HOOKER

You put that furniture in front of the door last night?

SHANDRA

Yeah.

The hooker looks Eddy over.

HOOKER

You wanna ride, cowboy?

EDDY

I don't think so. Thanks.

HOOKER

Your loss. I'm always here if you change your mind.

EDDY

That's very kind of you.

Eddy turns to Shandra.

EDDY (CONT'D)

You can't stay here.

INT. EDDY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Eddy opens the door.

Shandra surveys the wreckage of Eddy's space.

SHANDRA

Smells like old baloney, Eddy.

Eddy walks over to the couch. He pushes the old magazines, beer cans, and paperback westerns from the couch.

EDDY

You can sleep here.

Shandra plops down on the couch. Springs groan.

SHANDRA

You sure this is safe?

EDDY

It's solid. American made. You want something to eat?

Eddy crosses into the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Eddy opens the fridge.

Eddy surveys his wares: beer, some mayonnaise. A jar of Goobers (half peanut butter/half jelly).

EDDY (CONT'D)

I got Goobers.

SHANDRA

What's that?

EDDY

Half peanut butter, half jelly.

Eddy pulls the jar of Goobers out and shows it to her.

SHANDRA

You that lazy you can't even make a PB  
and J?

EDDY

Don't even need bread for Goobers. Just  
your fingers. Best thing since beer.

SHANDRA

You got bread?

EDDY

Negative.

SHANDRA

No Goobers. Thanks.

EDDY

Okay...You drink beer?

SHANDRA

Can you make me a 7 and 7?

EDDY

Pretty hard drinking for a little girl  
like you.

SHANDRA

I used to make them for my mom. Calmed  
her nerves. She'd let me take a few sips  
off the top.

EDDY

I only carry beer. Anything harder would  
wreck me.

There's a knock on the door.

EDDY (CONT'D)

Come in!

Lupita enters.

LUPITA

Sopa?

EXT. EDDY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Eddy, Lupita and Shandra sit at a card table which Eddy has  
set up. The pot of soup sits in the middle of the table with  
a ladle sticking out. There are three bowls.

EDDY

Music?

LUPITA

Si.

Lupita pulls a cassette from her front pocket.

Eddy puts the tape into an old tape player which sits on the ground and presses play.

An old Mexican ballad wafts from the radio. It's mournful, ghostly, beautiful.

LUPITA (CONT'D)

Sopa?

Lupita takes the ladle and pours some in Eddy's bowl.

LUPITA (CONT'D)

Sopa?

Lupita dunks the ladle back into the pot.

SHANDRA

I don't want no soup.

EDDY

Don't be rude. Soup. Yes. Soup.

Lupita fills Shandra's bowl.

SHANDRA

You don't speak Spanish?

EDDY

No.

SHANDRA

And she don't speak English?

EDDY

We listen to music and enjoy each other's company. Silently. She's the best neighbor I ever had.

Eddy and Lupita smile at each other.

Shandra reluctantly picks up her spoon and sips a little. She takes another sip; she likes it.

EDDY (CONT'D)

Told you it was good. Don't cha like music?

SHANDRA

Some kinds.

EDDY  
I'm gonna teach you to sing country.

SHANDRA  
I don't think so.

EDDY  
I do. We start tomorrow.

Shandra takes another sip of soup.

The music plays into the night.

INT. EDDY'S TRAILER - MORNING

Eddy and Shandra sit on the couch. Eddy has his guitar in his lap.

EDDY  
Country music is people at the end of their rope, it's that feeling when you're down to your last dollar, your last friend. It's not white music.

SHANDRA  
Name one black country singer.

EDDY  
Charlie Pride.

SHANDRA  
That's such a white name. Charley Pride.

EDDY  
Didn't know names had colors.

SHANDRA  
Name another.

EDDY  
Okay, there's...ummmm...That's not the point. It's not the color of the skin. It's the human feeling in the music that people can relate to. I wanna start with this.

Eddy hands Shandra a piece of music.

SHANDRA  
"I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry"?

EDDY  
It's a simple melody. I'll show you.

Eddy strums the guitar.

EDDY (CONT'D)

(singing)

"Hear that lonesome whippoorwill; he  
sound too blue too fly. The midnight  
train is whining low. I'm so lonesome, I  
could cry." You wanna try?

SHANDRA

I guess.

Eddy strums.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)

(singing, unsure)

Hear that lonesome whippoorwill...

EDDY

Get into it.

SHANDRA

(still unsure)

Hear that lonesome whippoorwill...

EDDY

Sounds like you're asleep.

SHANDRA

I don't even understand this stupid song.  
Whippoorwill? What the hell is a  
whippoorwill? This is stupid!

Shandra throws the book of lyrics across the trailer, stands  
up and marches out.

EXT. EDDY'S TRAILER - DAY

Shandra runs behind the trailer and focuses her rage on the  
rotting lawn chair which is sitting in the grass. She kicks  
the lawn chair, sending it across the grass.

SHANDRA

Stupid shit! Stupid!

Eddy, who has been watching her from behind the trailer,  
approaches.

EDDY

I'll be honest with you. I don't think  
I've ever actually seen a whippoorwill  
myself, but I think it's a bird.

Shandra rips up a fistful of grass.

SHANDRA

My life is shit.

EDDY

It's not.

SHANDRA

It is. I didn't graduate high school.  
Don't have any skills.

EDDY

Yes, you do. You have a beautiful voice.  
You don't need schooling for that. That's  
from above.

SHANDRA

I can't sing the type of music you play,  
Eddy. I don't understand that music.

EDDY

I know what it is to be frustrated. But  
there are better ways to get it out of  
your system than going off half-cocked  
against a lawn chair.

SHANDRA

I like to hit stuff.

EDDY

Lemme show you something here. This is  
how I used to get out my frustration. I  
used to come back here and break boards.

Eddy bends down and picks up a weathered board. He puts the  
board between two cinder blocks he finds nearby.

EDDY (CONT'D)

It was either that or drink myself to  
death.

SHANDRA

Break one.

EDDY

I haven't done it for years.

SHANDRA

You can't.

EDDY

I broke hundreds of these after my wife  
left me. Studied with a guy who trained  
Elvis. Met him in A.A.

SHANDRA

Where'd your wife go?

EDDY

She left me for my best friend.

SHANDRA

Sorry.

EDDY

Stuff your sorrys. You know that's why I  
wanna play music with you?

SHANDRA

What?

EDDY

Because you sound a lot like her.

SHANDRA

Your wife?

EDDY

Yeah.

Shandra nods.

SHANDRA

Break one of those boards.

EDDY

Okay.

He stands back and looks at the board.

SHANDRA

You ain't gonna break it looking at it.

EDDY

I'm getting focused. Okay...One, two,  
three. One, two, three. One, two-

SHANDRA

Can't.

EDDY

Don't rush me.

Lupita walks out of her trailer.

Eddy and Shandra watch Lupita take a trash bag of hair  
clippings over to the dumpster and empty it out.

SHANDRA

What's that?

EDDY

She's throwing away her hair.

SHANDRA

Where'd she grow all that hair?

EDDY

Other people's hair. She runs a little beauty parlor out of her trailer.

Lupita turns and sees Shandra and Eddy sitting in the grass. She waves at them. They wave back.

Lupita walks back into her trailer.

SHANDRA

You know she gotta crush on you, don't you?

EDDY

No.

SHANDRA

She doesn't just like sitting around listening to music and eating soup, Eddy. She must really like you as dirty as your place is.

EDDY

It's comfortable.

SHANDRA

Why don't you ask her out?

EDDY

We hang out.

SHANDRA

I'm talking about a real date.

EDDY

I don't think that's such a good idea.

SHANDRA

You afraid?

EDDY

We wouldn't be able to talk about anything.

SHANDRA

Love don't have a language.

EDDY

Thanks for the advice, Dr. Ruth. Can we just get back to practice?

SHANDRA

Who's Dr. Ruth?

EDDY

Don't worry about it.

SHANDRA  
You gonna break that board?

EDDY  
Can't do it now.

SHANDRA  
Why?

EDDY  
Mind's not focused.

SHANDRA  
I'm not gonna start breaking boards.

EDDY  
Just remember, things could always be worse.

SHANDRA  
Break one of those boards, Eddy.

EDDY  
Not now. I'm not focused. Let's practice.

INT. EDDY'S TRAILER - DAY

Eddy holds the guitar. Shandra stands in front of him.

EDDY  
Okay. Now I want you to think about your own heartbreak. Whatever that may be. Put in your mind.

SHANDRA  
Okay.

EDDY  
Got it?

SHANDRA  
Got it.

EDDY  
Now sing it.

Eddy strums the guitar.

SHANDRA  
(singing lovely, clear)  
Can you hear that lonesome whippoorwill  
He sounds to blue to cry. The midnight  
train is sounding close. I'm so lonesome  
I could die.

Eddy smiles. This is the sound he's looking for.

EXT. HITCHCOCK'S BAR - DAY

Eddy walks up to the exterior of this Hollywood bar.

He looks up at the sign. It's just a purple 'H'. It's one of those too cool for school type signs that doesn't really tell you what's there.

EDDY

What kind of sign is that?

Eddy enters the bar.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S BAR - DAY

This place is pretty much directly from 1975. Wooden everything, dust in the air, neon beer signs. There are a few patrons sitting in the joint and sipping beers.

Eddy approaches the bar and nods to the bartender.

EDDY

Hey there.

BARTENDER

Hey.

EDDY

I'm looking for Big Walter.

BARTENDER

Walter?

EDDY

Yeah. Big Walter? Doesn't he own this place.

BARTENDER

Not anymore.

EDDY

Who does?

The bartender points down the bar to the fellow who is drinking a cup of coffee and reading the newspaper.

BARTENDER

He does.

The fellow, WALTER HITCHCOCK is in his late thirties. He's chubby and has a scraggly beard. He wears the outfit of a Silver Lake hipster.

EDDY

Little Walter Hitchcock?

WALTER  
Walter Hitchcock.

Eddy approaches and sits down in the stool next to him.

EDDY  
God damn. You look just like your daddy.

WALTER  
Not the first time I've heard that.

EDDY  
No. Really. It's like I'm looking at a ghost. Just give me a second.

WALTER  
This isn't awkward.

EDDY  
Sorry, but really...you really-

WALTER  
I know.

Eddy holds his hand out and Walter takes it.

EDDY  
My name is Eddy Miller.

WALTER  
You're Eddy Miller?

EDDY  
Nice to meet you.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
Place has changed a lot since I used to play here. What's with the sign? Just an 'H'?

WALTER  
Stands for Hitchcock's.

EDDY  
I'd think your daddy would give you more business sense than that. You wanna have a sign that people can see, son.

WALTER  
My dad used to talk about you. He loved your band.

EDDY  
Where's your daddy?

WALTER  
He died two years ago.

EDDY  
I'm sorry.

WALTER  
It's okay.

EDDY  
No. Really. Your daddy was a man amongst men.

WALTER  
He was something else. I'm running the bar for the time being.

EDDY  
That's great, son. I'm back in a band. Well, a duo. And I wanna play here. This used to be my home.

WALTER  
We have an open mic night on Thursdays. It's an eclectic line up.

EDDY  
Great.

WALTER  
It's a little different than when my dad ran it.

EDDY  
We'll play it. It's a stage.

WALTER  
I just want you to be prepared. I have a more ironic take on things.

Eddy claps Walter on the shoulder.

EDDY  
It's fine. See ya Thursday, little Walter.

WALTER  
I don't go by that anymore. It's just Walter.

EDDY  
Sounds good, Walt!

Eddy exits.

INT. EDDY'S TRAILER - DAY

Shandra sits at the kitchen table eating a bowl of cereal.

She drops her spoon. It clangs on the floor.

When she picks it up, it is covered with dirt, dust and other grime.

SHANDRA  
Holy shit.

She shakes the spoon.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna clean this shit up.

MONTAGE

1. Shandra dusts the trailer, sending up plumes of grime.
2. Shandra reaches under the couch and pulls out a pair of moldy-looking socks.
3. Shandra opens the refrigerator. She places the garbage can next to it and throws out some crusty old condiments.

She pulls out the jar of Goobers.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
Goobers go bye-bye.

She throws the jar of Goobers into the trash.

4. Shandra comes across Eddy's cardboard box full of songs.

Shandra picks through the songs, trying to decipher the scrawled lyrics.

5. Shandra uses a dust cloth to wipe off Eddy's television and videotape collection.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
Dirty ol' bastard.

She picks up one of the video tapes.

ANGLE ON THE TAPE: it's labeled "**Sunshine Cowgirl at The Bitter End, 1974.**"

Shandra pops the tape into the ancient VCR and keeps working.

ANGLE ON THE TELEVISION: It's an old tape, black and white, the sound is choppy.

A much younger EDDY is standing behind his wife LORETTA. Loretta is lithe and blonde; she's radiant; her smile is broad and warm.

LORETTA

Thanks for coming out tonight...

Shandra sits down to watch. She absently sets down the dust rag on the couch next to her.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

We're gonna sing a little song by my partner here, Mr. Eddy Miller. This is "Yesterday's Ringing."

The crowd applauds.

Eddy starts to play. Eddy's guitar and Loretta's singing are spare, but perfectly matched. The song swings to life.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

(singing)

A quiet whisper, a quiet whisper from my past; it haunts me still; it haunts me still like an auger bores fast; and I try to run; I try to run but nothing ever lasts; I sit looking, I sit looking at the long gone past; and nothing's changing, nothing's changing in the scenes I see.

Shandra nods, taken with Loretta's singing, amazed to see Eddy so young, so confident.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

(sings)

Except I don't, except I don't seem to see me; old songs playing, old songs playing, but I can't find the tune; with yesterday's ringing, yesterday's ringing my knell at noon. I hate to lose it all; but I have to break the nightmare.

Eddy enters the trailer. He looks at the television as if he's dreaming.

SHANDRA

Is that your wife? She's so pretty. Her heart's breaking, Eddy, I can feel it. I understand it.

Eddy doesn't say anything.

LORETTA

(sings)

But what have I really to lose, but all  
the madness and despair. There's no  
sunlight, there's no sunlight in Los  
Angeles; there's just darkness. There's  
just darkness in the frowning faces. And  
the seas are cloudy the seas are cloudy  
with forgotten memories. No waters fall,  
no waters fall on this desert tragedy. I  
hate to lose it all, but I have to break  
the nightmare. But what have I really to  
lose, but all the madness and despair.

Eddy turns off the television.

EDDY

What happened to this place?

Eddy walks into the kitchen.

SHANDRA

I cleaned. It was way past due, Eddy.

Eddy opens the fridge.

EDDY

Where's my Goobers?

SHANDRA

Those Goobers expired a year ago.

EDDY

I can't believe you threw away my  
Goobers.

SHANDRA

Get your guitar. Let's play one of your  
songs.

Shandra walks over and grabs the box of songs.

EDDY

You looked at my songs?

SHANDRA

There's a couple I saw that I liked.

Shandra picks couple of pages out of the box.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)

'Nobody's Here' or 'Pick Up Truck  
Weekend.' I like these.

EDDY

No, no, no.

Eddy grabs the box of songs.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
I don't think those are quite ready for performance.

SHANDRA  
What are we gonna play?

EDDY  
I'm just gonna, gonna sit here.

Eddy plops down on the couch.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
I don't feel like playing right now.

SHANDRA  
I'm sorry I cleaned. I thought it'd be a nice surprise. Are you mad?

EDDY  
No. It's just, looking at that video kinda took my breath away. It's been such a long time.

SHANDRA  
I get country music. After watching her sing. I could feel her heart breaking.

EDDY  
Yeah...she was quite something.

SHANDRA  
I understand it. I wanna sing this song.

EDDY  
Huh?

Shandra pulls out one of Eddy's songs.

SHANDRA  
This one. "Midnight Blues."

Eddy shakes his head.

EDDY  
I wrote that for her.

SHANDRA  
Are you okay, Eddy?

EDDY  
I just miss her.

SHANDRA  
She left you, Eddy. She wasn't good  
enough for you.

EDDY  
Yeah.

SHANDRA  
I know. I'm sorry I watched it.

EDDY  
It's okay.

SHANDRA  
Can we still play the song?

EDDY  
Sure.

He takes the song from her.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
Let's start it up.

INT. KITCHEN, EL ADOBE RESTERAUNT - NIGHT

Eddy and Shandra are pouring over the lyrics for "Midnight  
Blues."

SHANDRA  
And this part. How should I sing this  
line?

EDDY  
Like this.

He clears his throat.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
(sings)  
"Every night I wake up with the midnight  
blues." Let me hear it.

SHANDRA  
(sings)  
"Every night I wake up with the midnight  
blues."

JORGE  
(O.S.)  
Eddy!

Jorge marches up and points to the pile of dirty dishes in  
the sink.

JORGE (CONT'D)

I'm outta forks up front! First, you spend your time writing shitty songs and now you're running a music school!

Eddy grabs the nozzle.

EDDY

I'll get you some forks.

JORGE

You're fired!

EDDY

You can't fire her.

JORGE

I'm firing both of you.

EDDY

Come on, man.

JORGE

This is the third utensil emergency we've had this month! I'm not running a music school. You wanna run a school, do it on your time! Get out. I'll call my cousin to finish your shift.

Eddy takes off his apron.

EDDY

I was thinking about moving on anyway. Did you know the typical person will change jobs seven times in their life? I read that in USA Today.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Eddy is drinking a beer while Shandra picks at an sandwich.

EDDY

Okay, now, let's not get down about this. I was waiting to surprise you with this. But it's going to work out. I got us a gig.

SHANDRA

A gig?

EDDY

Yeah. At Hitchcock's. This old bar I used to play at all the time.

SHANDRA

When's this gig?

EDDY  
It's Thursday.

SHANDRA  
This Thursday? Two days from now?

EDDY  
Yes.

SHANDRA  
When were you gonna tell me about this?

EDDY  
I wanted it to be a surprise.

SHANDRA  
I don't think we're ready.

EDDY  
We are. And this is perfect timing. We lost our day job, and now we really gotta focus on our music. It'll force us to focus. Now let me show you what we're gonna wear.

INT. EDDY'S TRAILER - DAY

Eddy wears a white vintage Nudie suit. The suit is sparkling, white and decorated with glittering roses and desert flowers.

He stands in front of Shandra.

Shandra's jaw drops.

EDDY  
Haven't worn this for thirty years.

SHANDRA  
That's a nice, um...

He holds the two garish white cowboy hats.

EDDY  
And this is the cherry on top.

He puts his hat on.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
And I got one for you.

Eddy hands the other cowboy hat to Shandra.

SHANDRA  
This hat is...it's stupid, Eddy.

EDDY  
That was my wife's hat.

SHANDRA  
I don't know about this.

EDDY  
Trust me. These are our show hats.  
They'll sparkle on stage. Put it on.

Shandra puts the hat on; it's too big for her.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
Looking good! Okay?

Shandra nods her head dubiously.

SHANDRA  
Are you sure we're ready?

EDDY  
We're ready, honey. Just look at us.

SHANDRA  
Huh?

EDDY  
Don't we look ready?

SHANDRA  
I guess.

EXT. HITCHCOCK'S BAR - NIGHT

Eddy and Shandra approach the bar. They wear their hats. Eddy carries his guitar.

Eddy looks up at the hip minimalist sign that advertises Hitchcock's club. It's a dark purple "H."

EDDY  
'H'? Just an 'H'? What kind of sign is that? Just an H? That's not even a sign. They used to have a great sign out here when Big Walter was running the place.

SHANDRA  
We shouldn't do this, Eddy. I'm not ready. I need more practice.

EDDY  
No, I don't care what kinda dumb sign they got out front. We're playing.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S BAR - NIGHT

The club is sparsely populated.

A banner above the stage reads "Thursday Night Freak Show."

On the stage is an old woman, MRS. AMERICA. She roller blades in circles to the song "Stop in the Name of Love." She is wearing a homemade sash that reads "Mrs. America."

Eddy and Shandra enter the bar.

Eddy looks around. Walter, who is standing by the bar, makes eye contact with him and waves him over.

Eddy and Shandra approach.

EDDY

Howdy.

WALTER

Hey, Eddy.

EDDY

This is Shandra.

SHANDRA

Hey.

EDDY

Shandra is the best god dang country songbird I've heard in a long time.

Walter nods.

WALTER

Looking forward to seeing your work. The sign up sheet's in the back room.

Eddy and Shandra walk to the back room.

Walter watches them walk away.

The BARTENDER leans over the bar.

BARTENDER

What's the deal with the hats?

WALTER

He used to play here when the open mic. was actually about finding talent.

INT. BACK ROOM, HITCHCOCK'S - NIGHT

The room is crowded with various acts. There are a few stand ups, a ventriloquist, a man carrying a large iguana dressed like a clown.

Walter writes their name "The Dirty Santas" in large block letters on the performer sign up sheet.

Mrs. America rolls back triumphantly.

MRS. AMERICA  
Nailed it!

She gives a high-five to the man with the iguana.

SHANDRA  
This is weird, Eddy.

Eddy leans in and speaks quietly to her.

EDDY  
You gotta trust me. Okay? Do you trust me?

SHANDRA  
Yes.

EDDY  
Say it.

SHANDRA  
I trust you.

Mrs. America rolls up between Shandra and Eddy.

MRS. AMERICA  
I love your hats.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S BAR - NIGHT

FRANK THE ANGRY SECURITY GUARD is on stage. He is a burly dude dressed as a security guard. His act consists of him yelling at various people in the audience.

The club has filled up.

FRANK  
You look just like some of the bitches that always come knocking at my door! You look just like 'em! Look at your faces! "Frank, somebody peed all over the seat in the bathroom! Frank, the tampon dispenser is out! Frank! Frank!

Frank!" Well, I'm just about fucking sick of it all! Clean up your own piss! I'm a security guard! I'm not a janitor!

Frank The Angry Security Guard has, apparently, finished his act. He drops the microphone and abruptly walks off stage and out of the bar.

The crowd hoots and claps, not with him, at him.

Walter picks up the microphone.

WALTER

Frank the Angry Security Guard! And now. Inherently exciting, a new act. Let's give it up for 'The Dirty Santas.'

Shandra and Eddy climb up on stage.

Shandra looks out at the audience, sees the potentially judgemental faces smirking back at her. A drop of sweat winds down her forehead.

Eddy strums his guitar.

Walter walks back to the bar and sits on a stool.

EDDY

Introduce us.

SHANDRA

(into microphone)

Hi.

Eddy approaches the microphone.

EDDY

(into microphone)

We're The Dirty Santas. This song is "Midnight Blues."

Shandra reaches up to wipe the sweat from her brow.

SHANDRA

(singing, very timidly)

Every night I wake up with the midnight blues. Filled with the memories of you. Empty bed and cold, cold sheets. Like shrouds draped on the dead. I could have had it all. Instead I have nothing at all. If I'd only listened to you.

Conversations start as the bar ignores them in unison.

Shandra closes her eyes.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
 (getting more confident)  
 Maybe the sun would still shine...would  
 shine down on you. In this dream I  
 crawled away alive, but wounded as can  
 be. And I feel that scratchless guilt  
 that gnaws me year after year.

Walter nods his head to the music.

BARTENDER  
 Where'd these two hook up?

SHANDRA  
 (singing)  
 I could have had it all. Instead I have  
 nothing at all. If I'd only listened to  
 you.

WALTER  
 My dad would've loved them.

BARTENDER  
 Huh?

SHANDRA  
 (singing)  
 Maybe the sun would still shine...would  
 shine down on you.

WALTER  
 My dad. He would've totally...never mind.

SHANDRA  
 (singing)  
 Maybe the sun would shine down on you.

Shandra, her eyes closed, knocks the microphone over. There's a squelch of feedback.

Shandra opens her eyes. Panicked, she bends over to pick it up and the oversized cowboy hat slips from her head and thuds onto the stage.

The audience laughs.

Eddy keeps strumming his guitar.

EDDY  
 Pick it up.

Shandra's face turns red as she looks out into the crowd and hears the laughter.

SHANDRA  
 Screw you fuckers!

Shandra runs off stage.

EDDY  
Wait, honey. Don't.

Eddy speaks into the microphone.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
We're The Dirty Santas. Goodnight.

Eddy follows Shandra offstage.

Walter jumps up on stage and picks up the microphone.

WALTER  
Okay. Put your hands together for our  
next act: Willie and his Pornographic  
Sock Puppets.

A very excited-looking gent, WILLIE, dressed in tuxedo, walks up on stage holding an arm full of sock puppets.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND HITCHCOCK'S - NIGHT

The door is marked "Emergency Exit Only." Shandra runs through it.

SHANDRA  
Fuck!

She looks around for something to take her rage out on. Her eyes alight upon a garbage can.

She gets a running start at it. She delivers a powerful kick, sending trash flying everywhere.

Eddy opens the emergency door and pokes his head out.

She spins around.

EDDY  
Whoa, hey, calm down.

She turns away from him and wipes away the tears.

Eddy walks into the alley and shuts the emergency door.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
You dropped your hat.

Eddy holds Shandra's hat in his hands.

SHANDRA  
Don't bring that hat any closer.

EDDY  
What's the matter?

SHANDRA  
I made a joke outta myself!

EDDY  
What are you talking about?

SHANDRA  
I can't sing!

EDDY  
You can.

SHANDRA  
Why in the world would I listen to you?

EDDY  
Huh?

SHANDRA  
You're a dishwasher! Only I would let a dishwasher convince me to wear a stupid hat and try to sing white music!

EDDY  
That was my wife's hat.

SHANDRA  
It's a stupid hat. You ain't nothing but a dishwasher who lives in a shitty trailer that smelled like rotten baloney and can't even make yourself a peanut butter and jelly sandwich! You're a failure!

Eddy's face falls.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
You been lying to me the whole time!

EDDY  
Calm down, Shandra. Let's go home and talk it over.

SHANDRA  
Home? Your home isn't my home, old man. I don't have a home.

Eddy takes a step towards Shandra.

EDDY  
Just take a-

SHANDRA  
I don't ever want to see you again!  
You're a loser! And you made me a loser!

Eddy nods, turns and walks out of the alleyway.

Shandra, frustrated, kicks the garbage can one more time.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
Fucker!

INT. MOORE HOUSE - NIGHT

Dre sits in his old easy chair. He watches the news, smokes a cigarette, and eats takeout Chinese from a paper bag.

Somebody knocks on the door.

DRE  
Who the hell is it?

SHANDRA  
(O.S.)  
Dad?

EXT. MOORE HOUSE - NIGHT

Shandra stands on the porch.

Dre opens the door; he holds his bag of food.

DRE  
What you want?

SHANDRA  
I'm sorry.

DRE  
Don't think I heard that.

SHANDRA  
I'm sorry.

DRE  
Well, well, well... Looks like the world  
gave somebody a nice kick in the  
britches.

SHANDRA  
Yeah.

DRE  
And the singing? You still dreaming about  
singing?

SHANDRA

No.

DRE

You know that's just a silly, stupid thing to let fill your mind.

SHANDRA

Yeah.

DRE

You ready to make this house run again?

SHANDRA

Yes.

DRE

You may enter.

Dre holds the door open and Shandra enters the house.

INT. EDDY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Eddy opens the door, enters, sets down a paper bag full of hard liquor bottles on the kitchen counter.

He pulls a whiskey bottle from the bag, opens it and takes a healthy drink directly from the bottle.

EDDY

That's the stuff, man. That's the stuff.

Whiskey bottle in hand, he flops onto the couch.

INT. EDDY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Eddy, a half full bottle of whiskey in his hand, is passed out on the couch, his head thrown back, looking like death.

There's a knocking on the door.

LUPITA

(O.S.)

Eddy?

Lupita, pot of soup in her hands, nudges the door open.

LUPITA (CONT'D)

Eddy?

Lupita sets the soup down on the counter and stands in front of Eddy.

She clucks her tongue as she takes the bottle of whiskey from his hand.

LUPITA (CONT'D)  
Estas borracho?

LUPITA (CONT'D)  
Eddy?

She slaps him across the face.

LUPITA (CONT'D)  
Eddy!

She slaps him again.

LUPITA (CONT'D)  
Despertar, borracho.

KITCHEN

Lupita searches under the sink and finds a blue plastic bucket.

She patiently fills it up with water.

LIVING ROOM

Lupita hoists the full bucket of water and swings it. She splashes the water all over Eddy's face.

EDDY  
Holy mother of pearl! What...? What the hell is going on? Lupita?

LUPITA  
Sopa?

INT. MOORE HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Shandra cleans the kitchen table with a rag.

Dre enters.

DRE  
I'm hungry.

SHANDRA  
Huh.

DRE  
Make me a sandwich.

Dre sits down at the table.

SHANDRA  
What kind?

DRE  
Peanut butter and jelly.

Shandra grabs the bread from the counter.

EXT. EDDY'S TRAILER - DAY

Eddy totters out behind his trailer.

He searches through the grass for the two cinder blocks, which he sets up.

EDDY  
I can do this...I can.

He plucks an old board from the weeds and puts it between the blocks.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
Focus, man. Just...

He picks up the bottle and takes a quick shot.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
Focus.

He brings his hand down on the board.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
Ya!!!!

The board doesn't break.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
Holy shit!

He shakes his stinging hand.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
No focus!

INT. EDDY'S TRAILER - DAY

Eddy picks up his box of songs.

EXT. EDDY'S TRAILER - DAY

Eddy has set the box in an old metal trash can.

In one hand he holds his whiskey; in the other he holds a bottle of lighter fluid.

EDDY  
Bye bye.

Eddy douses the box of songs with the fluid and lights a match.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
And so it ends.

He throws the match onto the box and it flares up.

INT. MOORE HOUSE - DAY

Dre watches television.

DRE  
Shandra!

Shandra enters from the kitchen.

SHANDRA  
Yeah?

DRE  
I'm outta smokes.

SHANDRA  
Okay.

DRE  
Two packs. Ultra Lights.

SHANDRA  
Okay, dad.

INT. CONVIENENCE STORE - DAY

Shandra enters the store and walks up to the CLERK.

SHANDRA  
Two packs of ultra lights.

The clerk rings up the cigs.

Shandra hears the soft music playing in the background. It's an instrumental version of "I'm so Lonesome I Could Cry."

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
Hey. I know this music.

CLERK  
Eight dollars, seventy-five cents.

SHANDRA  
You know this music?

CLERK  
No.

SHANDRA  
It's Hank Williams.

CLERK  
Eight dollars, seventy-five cents.

SHANDRA  
It's about a lonely whippoorwill. You know what a whippoorwill is?

CLERK  
No.

SHANDRA  
It's a bird. I think.

Shandra picks up the two packs of cigarettes. She catches her reflection in the mirror behind the register.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
Wait a second. Just wait. Do you have Goobers here?

CLERK  
What?

SHANDRA  
Half jelly, half peanut butter? You don't need bread. Eat them with your fingers. You know? Goobers.

CLERK  
Look in the back.

Shandra finds one jar of Goobers mixed in with the other random foodstuffs that the convenience store has to offer.

SHANDRA  
Holy shit.

She takes the jar of Goobers to the clerk.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
I want these.

CLERK  
Cigarettes and Goobers?

SHANDRA  
No. Just Goobers. I don't want the cigarettes anymore.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S BAR - NIGHT

It's Friday Night and a new banner hangs over the stage:  
**Friday Night Side Show!**

Walter sits at the bar drinking a club soda.

On stage, Willie is doing his dirty sock puppet act.

Willie holds up two sock puppets.

WILLIE

Oh, I want you inside me! Please! I need  
you inside me!

He balls the socks together.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Oh yeah! Oh Yeah!

The bartender, carrying a case of beer, approaches.

BARTENDER

The rats are back in the storage room.

WALTER

I just paid an exterminator.

WILLIE

(on stage)

I've been told dress socks have big  
cocks. Is that true?

BARTENDER

Something chewed through a bag of sponges  
back there.

Shandra enters the bar and her eyes alight on Walter.

WILLIE

(on stage)

I'm gonna tear you up so bad, baby,  
you'll have to mend yourself all next  
week!

Shandra, with the focused anger of a boxer before a big  
fight, approaches Walter and taps him on the shoulder.

SHANDRA

I hope you had a good chuckle, punk.

He turns, and is surprised to see her.

WALTER

Hey.

SHANDRA

You punked us.

WALTER

There hasn't been straight music in here since my father died. I like to take a more ironic approach.

SHANDRA

Huh?

WALTER

You know, it's a comment on the typical Hollywood thing. I told him that.

SHANDRA

You put the freaks up and all your little friends come laugh. That's it, isn't it?

WALTER

You could put it that way-

Shandra grabs his shirt and pulls him in close.

SHANDRA

I'm gonna kick your ass. And it isn't gonna be ironic.

WALTER

Lemme buy you a drink.

SHANDRA

I don't think so.

WALTER

Come on. You can beat my ass after your drink.

SHANDRA

Fine.

She lets go of his shirt.

WALTER

What'll you have?

SHANDRA

7 and 7.

The bartender makes the drink.

WALTER

Sit down.

Shandra sits on the stool next to his. She sets the jar of Goobers on the bar.

WALTER (CONT'D)

What's that?

SHANDRA  
Goobers. Half jelly, half peanut butter.

Walter grabs the jar and examines it.

WALTER  
Repulsive.

SHANDRA  
The old man loves them.

WILLIE  
If you liked what you saw tonight, please  
visit my website and follow Buck the Big  
Cocked Sock on Twitter! Thanks!

Willie walks off stage.

BARTENDER  
7 and 7.

He sets the drink in front of Shandra. She takes a few sips.

SHANDRA  
That's good. Calms my nerves.

Shandra sets the drink down.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
I just like a few sips off the top.

Walter nods.

WALTER  
You can actually sing.

SHANDRA  
Don't fuck with me, man.

WALTER  
You sing the kinda music my dad would've  
loved to put in here when he was alive.  
I'm not joking. You just need some help  
with your presentation.

SHANDRA  
You like it so much, why don't you help  
us?

WALTER  
What?

SHANDRA  
Give us another shot.

WALTER

I thought you didn't want to do it again.

SHANDRA

It means the world to that old man.

WALTER

It doesn't mean anything to you?

SHANDRA

He deserves better. That's the only reason I'm here. For him.

WALTER

I don't get it. How'd you guys hook up to begin with.

SHANDRA

He helped me when I needed it. Gave me a place to stay when my dad kicked me out.

WALTER

Your dad kicked you out?

SHANDRA

Yes.

WALTER

We have that in common.

SHANDRA

Your dad kicked you out? So what? You're a grown-ass man.

WALTER

He kicked me out when I was in high school.

SHANDRA

Why?

WALTER

I talked back.

SHANDRA

So did I.

WALTER

Here's to talking back.

Walter raises his beer. Shandra picks up her drink. They clink glasses.

SHANDRA

Eddy has been a better dad to me than my dad.

WALTER  
My dad loved his band.

SHANDRA  
Sunshine Cowgirl? I saw an old video.  
They were so good.

WALTER  
What happened to him?

SHANDRA  
His wife left him.

WALTER  
Took it hard, huh?

SHANDRA  
He gave up. Gave up on life.

WALTER  
And what makes you think you can help him  
get started again.

SHANDRA  
He helped me when I needed it. I  
shouldn't have run off stage. He deserves  
better. Give him another shot to play.  
For me.

WALTER  
Okay. I'll do it. For you. And for shitty  
dads everywhere.

SHANDRA  
Here's to shitty dads.

Shandra holds up her glass.

WALTER  
To shitty dads.

He clinks his glass against hers again.

EXT. EDDY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Eddy's truck is parked out front.

The lights are on.

Shandra and Walter stand on the porch.

Shandra tries the door: it's locked.

SHANDRA  
I know you're in there, Dirty Santa!

Eddy yells from inside the trailer.

EDDY  
(O.S.)  
Leave me alone!

SHANDRA  
Open the door.

EDDY  
(O.S.)  
I'm done with all of that. I'm just a  
dishwasher.

SHANDRA  
I'm sorry, Eddy.

EDDY  
(O.S.)  
Get the hell off my porch and leave me  
alone!

SHANDRA  
But-

EDDY  
(O.S.)  
Get out!

SHANDRA  
I got you some Goobers.

EDDY  
(O.S.)  
Take 'em away!

SHANDRA  
I'm sorry, Eddy! Just...come on! Let's  
play music again.

EDDY  
(O.S.)  
No!

Shandra steps back.

WALTER  
If he doesn't want to, you can't make  
him.

SHANDRA  
Just give me a second...I'm gonna sing.

WALTER  
Now?

SHANDRA  
 (singing)  
 Can you hear that lonesome whippoorwill  
 He sounds to blue to cry. The midnight  
 train is sounding close. I'm so lonesome  
 I could die.

There's a pause.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
 Come on, Eddy.

EDDY  
 (O.S.)  
 Just go away.

INT. WALTER'S CAR - NIGHT

Walter pulls up to Shandra's house.

SHANDRA  
 Thanks for the ride.

WALTER  
 You can't save people, you know.

SHANDRA  
 I'm not trying to save him.

WALTER  
 What are you trying to do?

SHANDRA  
 Thank him for saving me.

WALTER  
 You have a good voice, Shandra.

SHANDRA  
 Yeah, yeah.

WALTER  
 Really. You should do something with it.  
 You can't worry about him. Do something  
 with that voice. With or without him.

Shandra gets out of the car.

Walter notices the jar of Goobers on the passenger side  
 floorboard.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 Wait.

SHANDRA  
 What?

WALTER

You forgot your Goobers.

He holds up the jar and she grabs it.

INT. MOORE HOUSE - NIGHT

Dre sits in his chair.

Shandra, still holding her jar of Goobers, enters.

DRE

Where the hell you been?

SHANDRA

I had something to do.

Dre stands up and blocks her path, not letting her pass.

DRE

Where are my smokes?

SHANDRA

I didn't...I got this instead.

Shandra holds out the Goobers.

DRE

Half peanut butter, half jelly. This some kind of joke?

SHANDRA

No. I'll go back and get your cigs...

Shandra starts to walk to the door.

DRE

Disappearing like that. That's just the kinda shit that made your mom sick.

Shandra turns around.

SHANDRA

Don't say that.

DRE

It's true. She worried herself sick about you, girl. You know it's true.

Shandra wipes away a tear.

SHANDRA

You're the one who did it to her!

Dre approaches.

DRE  
What did you say?

SHANDRA  
If she didn't have to take care of you  
like a little kid, she could'a done  
something. You sucked the life out of  
her. And now you wanna do the same thing  
to me!

Dre slaps her. Hard. Across the face. It comes without  
warning.

Shandra falls against the wall.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
It doesn't change the truth. You know it  
doesn't. That's what you're really afraid  
of, aren't you?

DRE  
Stop running your mouth!

SHANDRA  
No! I'm gonna tell you the truth, dad.  
You made her old before she was old!

Dre hits her again. In the eye. With a closed fist.

DRE  
Stop it!

Shandra slides down the wall. Dre stands over her.

DRE (CONT'D)  
I told you...I didn't wanna...

SHANDRA  
This isn't gonna stop me, dad. Not gonna  
stop me from telling you the truth. It's  
time-

DRE  
You gonna shut it!

Dre reaches down and grabs her neck.

SHANDRA  
I can't...

Shandra starts to struggle for breath.

DRE  
Not so smart now, are you?

SHANDRA  
 (gasping)  
 Dad...

DRE  
 You won't talk like that. Not to me,  
 little bitch. Not to-

Shandra drives her knee up in desperation. She hits the bull's-eye, kneeling Dre in his balls.

DRE (CONT'D)  
 Shit!

He lets go of her neck and topples over. The pain overwhelms him, leaving him writhing on the floor.

Shandra bolts up.

DRE (CONT'D)  
 You...bitch...

Shandra, her face wet with tears, her lip bloody, stands over him.

SHANDRA  
 You can't kill me!

DRE  
 You...

SHANDRA  
 I won't let you kill me!

Dre grabs at her leg. Shandra turns and runs out of the house.

DRE  
 Don't you leave! You're mine! You can't  
 just run out on me!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Shandra, tears running down her cheeks, walks alone.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. EDDY'S TRAILER - MORNING

Eddy, sleeping on the couch, wakes with a start.

He sits up and groans.

He runs his hands through his wild hair, sweat on his brow, and walks to the front door.

He opens up.

EXT. EDDY'S TRAILER - MORNING

Shandra sleeps, curled in a ball, on Eddy's front porch. The blood on her face has dried and the black eye that Dre gave her is now obvious and discolors her face.

Eddy looks down at Shandra.

EDDY  
You awake?

SHANDRA  
Yes.

Eddy steps over her and clears his throat.

He keeps his back to her.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, Eddy.

EDDY  
Don't be sorry. I should be the one. I'm sorry they laughed at you.

SHANDRA  
I gave them a reason.

EDDY  
Look. I got something I gotta tell you.

SHANDRA  
What?

EDDY  
I killed my wife.

Shandra doesn't move.

SHANDRA  
You did what?

As Eddy speaks, he looks out into the trailer park, keeping his back to her.

EDDY  
It was right before we were gonna sign our first real record contract. I went out and got shit faced, I was so stupid and I just...drank. Too much. Fell asleep in the back of the car.

I made her drive, even though she was tired, even though we'd played three shows in three days, each three hundred miles apart. She fell asleep at the wheel and ran full bore into an oak tree. Like the angel looking after the ass, I didn't have a scratch. It was coming out of a nightmare, little girl. Her face was cold by the time I touched it. I wanted to smash myself for years after that.

Shandra sits up, her black eye visible.

SHANDRA  
You didn't kill her, Eddy.

Shandra stands up.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
You just made a mistake, Eddy. She wouldn't want you to smash yourself.

She hugs him. He keeps his head down.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
You're a good man.

EDDY  
I'm sorry. I should'a gotten us ready. I just threw you up on stage. It wasn't fair.

He looks up and sees her face for the first time.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
What the hell happened to you, little girl?

SHANDRA  
Nothing.

EDDY  
Not nothing. Get your ass inside.

INT. EDDY'S TRAILER - DAY

Eddy is cleaning up her face with a washcloth and a bowl of water.

EDDY  
Who did this to you?

SHANDRA  
I don't wanna talk about it.

EDDY

It was your daddy, wasn't it?

SHANDRA

Yes.

EDDY

Okay, well, once I'm done cleaning this up here, you're gonna tell me where I can find him.

SHANDRA

No, Eddy.

EDDY

Yes.

SHANDRA

You don't get it.

EDDY

Get what? I need to talk to him. Man to man.

SHANDRA

He doesn't talk.

EDDY

Leave it up to me.

SHANDRA

He'll hurt you.

EDDY

You think I'm scared? I got some moves of my own, don't forget.

SHANDRA

Are you talking about your judo?

EDDY

Maybe.

SHANDRA

No. You're not gonna go. Promise me. I don't want you to get hurt.

She grabs his hand.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)

Promise.

EDDY

Fine. I promise.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

Shandra is now sleeping on the couch. She has blankets pulled up around her. She looks like a little girl, tucked in and snoozing.

Eddy is sitting at the kitchen table. He holds her iPod in his hand. He turns it over absentmindedly and looks at the inscription on the back.

His eyes light up.

WHAT HE SEES: Inscribed in the iPod is Shandra's name and address.

He takes a pencil, grabs a scrap of paper and writes down the address.

Then he stands up, puts on his hat, and quietly leaves the trailer.

EXT. MOORE HOUSE - DAY

Eddy pulls up in his truck. He gets out.

He checks the address on the house against the slip of paper in his hand.

EDDY  
(quietly, to himself)  
Get focused, man. Get focused.

He adjusts his hat and marches up the front sidewalk.

FRONT DOOR

Eddy knocks on the door.

Momentarily, Dre opens up.

DRE  
What the hell you selling?

EDDY  
I'm not here to sell anything.

DRE  
What kinda stupid hat is that?

EDDY  
This is a...I'm not here to talk about my hat. I'm here to talk to you about what you did to Shandra.

Dre, suddenly interested, throws open the front door.

DRE  
You know where she is?

EDDY  
You shouldn't hit a woman, man.

DRE  
She's not a woman. She's my daughter.

EDDY  
We need to talk about it.

DRE  
Where is she?

Dre moves to within inches of Eddy's face.

EDDY  
I'm not gonna tell you where she is.

DRE  
You fucking her?

EDDY  
No.

DRE  
Dirty old man.

EDDY  
Stop.

DRE  
Tell me where she is.

Eddy takes off his hat.

EDDY  
Okay, I was hoping it wasn't gonna come to this.

DRE  
Come to what?

EDDY  
I'm gonna have to knock you out.

DRE  
What?

Eddy sets his hat down on the porch.

EDDY  
Just gotta get my mind focus-

Dre pops Eddy right across the right eye. Eddy flies off the porch, his arms limp. He lands in the front lawn.

DRE  
Get the hell off my lawn before I really  
kick your ass.

Eddy, lying on the grass, feels his smarting eye.

EDDY  
That wasn't fair.

DRE  
What?

EDDY  
I wasn't focused.

Dre picks up his hat and throws it at him.

DRE  
Take your stupid hat with you.

INT. EDDY'S TRAILER - DAY

Shandra watches television.

Eddy opens the door.

SHANDRA  
Eddy, where have you...

She sees his black eye.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
Eddy, I told you not to see him.

EDDY  
He didn't let me get focused.

SHANDRA  
You old fool.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S BAR - NIGHT

Walter sits in a booth with Eddy and Shandra.

Eddy and Shandra sit on one side of the booth together. They have matching black eyes.

They are all drinking coffee.

WALTER  
Let me guess...you guys ran into a door?

EDDY  
We ran into the same door.

WALTER  
Really?

EDDY  
Shandra said you wanted to talk with us  
about our music.

WALTER  
I wanna help you.

EDDY  
Why?

WALTER  
I can see you've got something. But first  
off, we need to talk about songs.

SHANDRA  
Eddy has tons of songs.

Eddy sips his coffee.

EDDY  
The songs are gone.

SHANDRA  
Where are they?

EDDY  
Rash choices were made.

SHANDRA  
Huh?

EDDY  
I burned 'em.

SHANDRA  
I can't believe you did that, Eddy.

Eddy shrugs.

WALTER  
I can see what you were doing up there.  
Shandra's got the goods.

EDDY  
If we're so good, why'd the punks in your  
bar laugh us off stage?

WALTER  
You're keeping it too pure.

EDDY

What?

WALTER

The presentation, the arrangement, the hats.

EDDY

I love those hats.

WALTER

I'm sure the hats were a great show piece...listen, this isn't really about the hats. The hats are just a symptom.

EDDY

What's the sickness, doctor? You know so much about music, why don't you play me a song?

WALTER

I can't play.

EDDY

You're gonna tell me what for? Those hats are classic.

SHANDRA

He wants to help us.

EDDY

"Freak Show Thursday"? Your daddy would be turning in his grave. You're not half the man your daddy was.

Walter stands up.

WALTER

Good luck to both of you.

Walter walks away.

SHANDRA

How we gonna live, Eddy? I burned all my bridges. You thought about that? What are we gonna do?

EDDY

Okay. Okay.

Eddy stands up and walks after Walter.

Walter is cleaning the bar with a rag, getting ready to close up.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
You really wanna help us?

WALTER  
Don't talk about my father anymore. You didn't know him as well as you thought you did.

EDDY  
Okay. I won't. No more about your dad.

WALTER  
I mean it.

EDDY  
I need a job. Can you give me a job here?

WALTER  
What are you skills?

EDDY  
I'm ruthless running a Hobart 2300.

WALTER  
Huh?

EDDY  
I'm a great dishwasher.

WALTER  
I might be able to carve out a few hours for you. Will you listen to my ideas about your music?

EDDY  
I suppose.

WALTER  
Come back on Monday.

EXT. EDDY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Lupita, Eddy and Shandra sit at the card table eating soup.

Old country music plays on the boombox.

SHANDRA  
I won't run off the stage this time, Eddy. But I can't wear the hat.

EDDY  
Lupita here can give you a little make-over.

SHANDRA  
A make-over?

EDDY

Soften you up a little.

SHANDRA

What are you trying to say?

EDDY

Don't take offense. It's just...you could use a woman's touch. At least cover that black eye.

SHANDRA

I don't think so.

EDDY

We can't go back into it with a lead singer who looks like she got punched by George Foreman. I'll make you a deal. Let her touch you up, and I won't ask you to wear the hat.

EXT. LUPITA'S TRAILER - DAY

Shandra knocks on Lupita's door.

Lupita opens the door.

INT. LUPITA'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Lupita has turned the living room of her little trailer into a cozy beauty parlor. In the middle of the room sits an old barber's chair. There are shelves of product along the walls and relaxing music is softly wafting.

SHANDRA

Hi.

LUPITA

Hola.

SHANDRA

Hey, you know how to do black hair, don't you?

LUPITA

Que?

SHANDRA

Black hair. You know? Black hair. Kinky hair. Black hair.

Lupita nods.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)

Alright. I trust you.

BARBER'S CHAIR - LATER

Lupita is buzzing around Shandra, clipping and fixing.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
He likes you, you know?

Lupita smiles at her.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
He likes you. You. Eddy likes you. You know. He wants to...you know...never mind.

INT. EDDY'S TRAILER - DAY

Eddy is watching an old kung-fu movie on television.

EDDY  
Yeah! Sweep his legs! You got it! Go-

Shandra opens the door.

Eddy's jaw drops.

Shandra, for the first time, looks like a girl. She's wearing make up and her hair is fixed. She glowers at him.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
Holy shi-

SHANDRA  
You say one word about this, and I'll kick your nuts into your throat, old man.

INT. DISHWASHING STATION, HITCHCOCK'S - DAY

Eddy scrubs a particularly dirty baking pan.

WALTER  
(O.S.)  
Eddy!

He turns to see Walter standing in the kitchen door.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
It's time for rehearsal.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S BAR - DAY

There are drums, a bass, a guitar, and a microphone set on stage.

Shandra stands at the microphone.

SHANDRA

(singing)

Every night I wake up with the midnight blues. Filled with the memories of you.

Walter waves her off.

WALTER

Wait, wait. You need to put some more grime in there.

SHANDRA

Grime?

WALTER

Dirt, grime, hard times. You know what hard times sound like, don't you?

SHANDRA

Yeah. Let me try again.

Eddy comes out of the kitchen wiping his hands on his jeans.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)

(grittier)

Every night I wake up with the midnight blues. Filled with the memories of you.

WALTER

That's it.

EDDY

Don't go messing about with this little girl's singing.

WALTER

I'm not, Eddy.

EDDY

No need to fix what ain't broken-

SHANDRA

It sounded better.

Eddy looks over the stage.

EDDY

What are these drums here for?

WALTER

I've got a couple of friends coming over.

The door opens, daylight streams in.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Here they are.

CLEM and BOB enter.

Clem and Bob, brothers, both in their twenties; they wear old T-shirts and have long, oily hair.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Clem and Bob.

CLEM  
Sorry we're late.

BOB  
Late night at the New Beverly.

CLEM  
Midnight showing of "Suspiria."

BOB  
Jello shots 'til dawn.

EDDY  
What are we doing again?

WALTER  
These guys are a killer rhythm section.

EDDY  
What?

WALTER  
We need to round out our sound.

SHANDRA  
I'm Shandra.

CLEM  
Clem.

BOB  
Bob.

WALTER  
This is Eddy.

STAGE - LATER

Clem sits behind the drum kit. Bob holds the bass. Eddy has his guitar. Shandra stands in front of the microphone.

Walter stands in front of the band, his hand on his chin.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Clem, Bob, come in hard and dirty.  
Shandra, make it grimy. Eddy, keep it steady. You're the heart behind all of this. Let's try.

Clem nods and quickly counts off a beat.

CLEM  
One, two, three, four!

The band swings to life with a full sound, a rock a roll sound. Shandra is surprised by the force of the sound behind her now.

WALTER  
Don't be afraid of it, Shandra! Tame it!  
Tame it! Come on!

Shandra grabs the mic.

SHANDRA  
(singing, in total control of  
the song)  
Every night I wake up with the midnight  
blues. Filled with the memories of you.

Eddy stops playing and waves his hands in the air.

EDDY  
Stop! Stop!

The rest of the band sputters to a stop.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
Stop!

WALTER  
What's the problem?

EDDY  
This doesn't sound like country to me.

WALTER  
We're rounding out our sound.

EDDY  
That sounds like a bunch of double speak,  
man. I ain't gonna go Hollywood.

Walter shakes his head.

WALTER  
I promise you, Eddy. You guys couldn't go  
Hollywood.

SHANDRA  
Just give it a chance, Eddy.

EDDY  
No, no. no. I don't need a rounder sound.  
I don't need grime.

I don't...I played hundreds of shows and I'm not gonna let some snot nose tell me how to-

WALTER

Snot nose? I'm a grown-ass man.

EDDY

And you ain't never really lived a day. Never really gone down any dark roads.

SHANDRA

Eddy, don't-

EDDY

Never really felt a real thing in your whole life and you're gonna tell me what music should be.

SHANDRA

Eddy, stop.

EDDY

No. I don't need this snot nose trying to tell me how our music should sound.

WALTER

My ideas are relevant.

EDDY

I can't believe you are your daddy's son. Can't really-

WALTER

Shut the hell up!!!

There's a silent beat. Walter gathers himself.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Everybody take five.

EDDY

Huh?

WALTER

Everybody take five. Except you, Eddy. We need to have a word. A private word.

EDDY

Sounds good to me.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S BAR, STORAGE ROOM - DAY

The storage room is dusty and filled with relics from the bar's history.

Leaning in one corner is the old Hitchcock's Bar sign that used to hang in front before Little Walter took the bar. It's an antique sign which features a cowboy hat and a cowgirl lassoing the capital 'H' in the name Hitchcock's. There's a certain artistry in the design.

Walter opens the door and Eddy marches through it like a truculent kid, his arms crossed.

Eddy's eyes light up when he sees the old sign.

EDDY

Looky here. The old sign. That's a real sign. Your daddy sure knew how to advertize-

WALTER

Enough about my daddy!

Walter's tone shuts Eddy up.

EDDY

- he knew how to...

WALTER

Big Walter was one generous bastard. Treated everybody like family - except his family. I had complete strangers accosting me at his funeral, gushing about what a saint Big Walter was. And all I could think was, "Man, I wish I'd a met this guy." Not with me, Eddy. Not with me. My dad's love trickled down. Strangers first, friends second, country music third. Actually, country music tied with whiskey for third. I landed somewhere around fifty. There wasn't a lot of love left for me after everybody else got their share, Eddy. NOT A LOT. But, see, when the saint died after a three day drunk, they told me this place was the only asset and my mom begged me not to let it die. So even in death, I'm catering to him. I left Seattle to helm this ship. So I'll run it. But I'll run it my way. And my way has no space for Big Walter's sign.

EDDY

Son, you should never do anything outta spite.

Walter looks down at the sign, a hurt little kid. Eddy sees the pain in Walter's face.

EDDY (CONT'D)

This old dog is gonna put away his fangs. It's just...when you've been around as many years as I have, it's hard to admit that there might be new ways of doing things. It's your show from now on.

Eddy extends his hand in friendship.

EDDY (CONT'D)

Alright?

Walter looks at his hand, then back at the old sign.

WALTER

Alright.

Walter shakes Eddy's hand.

WALTER (CONT'D)

But you need a name.

EDDY

We have a name.

WALTER

'The Dirty Santas' won't work. Too ironic.

EDDY

I'll think about it. Let's go rehearse.

Eddy looks down and sees a pile of animal shit.

EDDY (CONT'D)

You gotta possum problem in here?

Eddy kneels down to get a better look at the dung.

WALTER

A possum?

EDDY

That's a possum turd.

WALTER

There's an animal that gets in here at night.

EDDY

Possum.

WALTER

How do you know that?

EDDY  
I've lived in a trailer park for over  
twenty years, son. I know my vermin scat.

INT. EDDY'S TRAILER - MORNING

Shandra sits at the kitchen table eating cereal.

Eddy enters. He sits down and holds his hands in front of  
him.

EDDY  
Tee Tot.

SHANDRA  
Say what?

EDDY  
That's our new name. Tee Tot. Came to me  
in a dream.

SHANDRA  
What the hell does that even mean? Tater  
Tot?

EDDY  
No. Tee Tot was the old blues man who  
taught Hank Williams how to play the  
guitar. Tee Tot. You like it?

SHANDRA  
S'okay.

EDDY  
It's perfect. Blues, country, black and  
white. Tee Tot. I also wrote a new song  
for us. Middle of the night - just came  
to me. I needed to burn all my old songs.

Eddy retrieves his guitar.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
Let me play it for you. It's called "The  
Lament of the Down and Out."

SHANDRA  
Let me finish my cereal.

Eddy strums the guitar and starts singing the song.

EDDY  
It's hard to know; when you've never  
known; because you've been down and out;  
it's hard to know; when you've never  
known; because you've been a  
dishwasher...

ANGLE ON Shandra. She pauses, her spoon midway to her mouth.  
He stops playing.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
You like it?

SHANDRA  
I love it.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S BAR - NIGHT

ANGLE ON the kick drum's head, which now reads "Tee Tot."

Walter stands at the microphone.

The band is on stage behind him.

There are a few people in the crowd. In the audience there are some of the performers from the freak show: The Man With The Iguana, Mrs. America, and Frank The Angry Security Guard.

WALTER  
Welcome to Tee Tot's official first show!

There is scattered applause.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
We're gonna make this a regular Thursday night gig here.

MRS. AMERICA  
We miss the freak show!

WALTER  
No more freak shows. Just straight music from now on. So if you like what you hear, please tell your friends.

Walter jumps off stage.

Shandra steps up to the microphone.

SHANDRA  
This first song is called "The Lament of the Down and Out."

Eddy starts playing the song, Clem and Bob come in strong, and Shandra makes it her own.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
It's hard to know; when you've never known; because you've been down and out; it's hard to know; when you've never known; because you've been down and out;

instead of on your own; you had a chance;  
a second's glance' but you smoked it up  
all one day;

INT. EDDY'S TRAILER - DAY

Eddy and Shandra sit over the breakfast table.

SHANDRA  
What do you mean?

EDDY  
I mean I can't.

SHANDRA  
Just walk over there, knock on the door,  
and say, "Lupita, we're playing in  
Hollywood. People seem to like it. I want  
you to come." But say it in Spanish.

EDDY  
I'm nervous.

SHANDRA  
How can you be nervous?

EDDY  
It's different with her.

SHANDRA  
How?

EDDY  
She doesn't even know English. How will  
she enjoy the songs?

SHANDRA  
Man, you know what I'm listening to right  
now?

EDDY  
What?

SHANDRA  
The sound of fear. And I don't like it.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S BAR - THE NEXT WEEK

The club is more crowded, the energy greater, more excited.

SHANDRA  
(singing)  
you had the scheme; your heart's beating  
dream; instead you watched it all swirl  
away; in a daze in the haze; now you  
wonder how you're gonna find that road;

the one you left a real, real long time ago; one more chance...

EXT. HITCHCOCK'S BAR - DAY

Eddy and Walter stand in front of the minimalist "H" sign which hangs above the bar.

WALTER

It's not negotiable.

EDDY

It's just business sense. How are people supposed to know what's here?

WALTER

A good sign should only suggest what's here. It's the movement in signs, okay? Spelling it out is old school.

EDDY

Telling people exactly where they are is old school?

WALTER

Yes.

EDDY

I like to know where I am. Guess that makes me old school.

WALTER

Guess so.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S BAR - THE NEXT WEEK

The club is even more crowded now. The band plays with more confidence. Shandra and Eddy make eye contact and smile at one another.

SHANDRA

(singing)

a second's glance; please don't fuck it up all one day; you have the scheme; your heart's beating dream; don't let it swirl away; in a daze in the haze;

Shandra plays off the crowd with a new confidence. She finishes the song strong.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)

(singing)

Now you wonder how you're gonna find that road; the one you left a real, real long time ago!

The song ends.

The bar bursts into a loud cheer.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
Thank you! We're Tee Tot!

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Eddy and Shandra share a booth, the remains of breakfast on the table.

Walter enters. He holds a copy of The Los Angeles Times in his hands.

SHANDRA  
Is it good?

Walter plops down in the booth and shows them the front page of the Calender section. There's a full color photo of them on stage.

WALTER  
Check that out.

EDDY  
I look gray.

SHANDRA  
You always look gray.

Walter opens the paper and starts reading.

WALTER  
(reading)  
"Although their influences are clear, Tee Tot twists classic country just enough to bring new blood to the tropes of The Grand Ole Opry. Guitar player, formerly of the seventies' era duo Sunshine Cowgirl, Eddy Miller brings a driving style, a perfect, if unexpected, union with Shandra Moore's vocals."

Walter's phone rings.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
One second.

He picks up the phone.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Hello?

EDDY

I still don't think I'm that gray.

SHANDRA

It's okay, Eddy.

EDDY

What if Lupita sees this?

SHANDRA

Lupita doesn't care how gray you are.

WALTER

(into phone)

Of course we would. Yes. Looking forward to meeting you.

Walter hangs up.

WALTER (CONT'D)

That was Colleen McGarvey from Citizen Bear Management. They are the hottest management firm in town for indie acts.

SHANDRA

You're our manager.

WALTER

She's coming to see you next Thursday.

SHANDRA

So?

WALTER

This is a big deal, okay? Citizen Bear only works with artists they really believe in. And they make careers. They nurture artists. They are real managers.

EDDY

Well, sounds like a good deal.

WALTER

It's where you want to be. Trust me.

SHANDRA

I trust you, Walter.

EDDY

Boy, your daddy would be so proud-

WALTER

Don't say it. Okay?

EDDY

Fine.

WALTER  
Thank you.

EDDY  
But he would.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S BAR - NIGHT

Walter sits at the bar by himself.

On the jukebox plays some outlaws' country, Willie Nelson's  
"Mama, Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys."

Walter drinks a Rolling Rock and goes over some receipts.

There's a loud crash from the storage room.

WALTER  
(quietly)  
I'm getting you myself this time.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S BAR, STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Walter throws the door open.

WALTER  
Gotcha!

He turns on the light. He holds a Louisville Slugger in his hands.

He scans the room. His eyes rest on the top shelf. Up top is a large, fat possum.

The possum stares at Walter.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Possum? He was right. Get outta here,  
possum! Go!

Walter menaces the possum with the bat. It doesn't move.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Don't mess with me right now. Just  
don't...

The possum runs across the top shelf. It knocks into a large framed photo.

The photo topples over.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Shit!

It hits the floor and the frame breaks.

ANGLE ON the photo: It's a large memorial to BIG WALTER. He's a large man, with a face a little like a possum. Big Walter smiles, wears a western style shirt. Underneath the picture there is a caption: "**Big Walter Hitchcock, Rest in Peace 1946 - 2009.**"

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Don't look at me old man!

Walter shakes the bat at the possum.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Listen, you little shit. I don't wanna have to hurt you, okay? I'm not the kind of guy who flushes spiders down the drain, so let's just end this nice and-

The possum hisses. It goes quickly from a docile-looking, goofy animal to a vicious one.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Whoa. Hey now-

The possum runs up the bat.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Holy shit!

The possum sinks its teeth into Walter's thumb.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Possum!

Walter shakes his hand, but the possum clings to him by the teeth.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Get off! Get off!

He swings his hand and the possum flies off. When it hits the floor, it quickly scurries under a shelf.

Walter looks down at his bloody, mangled thumb.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Walter sits in the lobby with a makeshift bandage on his thumb.

He is surrounded by a bunch of people with the same look on their faces: how the hell did I end up here.

A NURSE calls out.

NURSE  
Walter Hitchcock!

WALTER

That's me.

Walter stands up.

NURSE

Possum bite?

WALTER

Ummm...yes.

NURSE

Possum? Really?

WALTER

Yes, really. They can be very fast.

NURSE

Sure, sure.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S BAR - EARLY MORNING

Walter, his wound properly dressed, unlocks the door and enters. He sighs, his night has been a long one.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Walter opens the door and sticks his head in.

WALTER

Where are you?

He cranes his neck and scans the room.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I know you're in here. Where are you?

His eyes land on the picture of Big Walter.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Don't look at me, old man. Don't...you saw how fast that thing moved. It was... Yeah, I know it was four years ago to the day. I know. Okay? I got that. Four years ago and I got the call that changed my whole fucking life...

The picture stares back at him, Big Walter's glittering smile seemingly communicating with Walter from beyond.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Stop staring at me! Just...what do you want from me? What do you want?

The sound of the possum scurrying brings Walter out of his trance.

He turns to look for it.

The possum is now perched on top of Big Walter's original gaudy Hitchcock's sign.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Possum.

The possum stares at Walter with black-as-night eyes.

EXT. HITCHCOCK'S - NIGHT

Walter stands on the sidewalk. He looks up as two workers make the final adjustments on the old Hitchcock's sign. Big Walter's sign.

WALTER

Okay, okay. Plug it in.

One of the workers reaches behind the sign and plugs it in. The sign comes to gaudy, appealing life. It's a little slice of downtown Vegas in Hollywood.

Walter looks up and nods.

Eddy, carrying his guitar, approaches.

EDDY

That's a sign a man can understand.

Eddy puts his arm around Walter's shoulder.

WALTER

It's a sign that an alien could see from space.

EDDY

It's a work of art.

WALTER

In it's own special way. Turns out it was a possum in the storage room.

EDDY

Yeah?

WALTER

Found it last night.

EDDY

Told you I know my scat. Why'd you change your mind, son?

WALTER

Decided to start taking only the best parts of Big Walter's memory with me from now on.

EDDY

That sign is a lot like your daddy, son. A bright, flawed, honky tonkin' bastard.

WALTER

Thanks, Eddy.

Eddy's arm still hanging over Walter's shoulder; they admire the sign like it's a piece of inscrutable piece of modern art.

EDDY

What happened to your thumb?

WALTER

Possum bit it.

EDDY

A possum?

WALTER

Yes. Ran up my bat. They can be very fast, you know?

EDDY

Well, anything that's cornered can get fast, I guess.

EXT. HITCHCOCK'S BAR - NIGHT

There's a healthy line snaking out of the bar.

Dre approaches. He holds the Los Angeles Times' write up on Tee Tot in his hand.

INT. BACK ROOM, HITCHCOCK'S - NIGHT

Clem, Bob and Shandra are preparing for the show.

CLEM

Carney's.

BOB

Pink's.

CLEM

Pink's is only the best if you're a showbiz twat who wants to be seen waiting in line.

BOB

Pink's is a better dog. That's why there's a line.

CLEM

Carney's is all beef. And served in an old train. How can you beat eating in an old train?

BOB

What do you think, Shandra?

SHANDRA

What are you talking about?

BOB

Best hot dog? Pink's? Carney's?

She shrugs.

SHANDRA

I don't eat hot dogs.

She puts on her iPod and starts to do her makeup.

CLEM

We don't have time for Pink's.

BOB

Fine. We'll go to your dumb train.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Clem and Bob exit.

Dre stops them.

DRE

Where's Shandra?

BOB

Ummm...and you are?

DRE

I am who the fuck I am.

CLEM

Nice to meet you.

BOB

She's in there.

Bob and Clem make a quick exit.

CLEM  
 (quietly)  
 Winner of the Sam Jackson look alike  
 contest.

BOB  
 (quietly)  
 More like a scary Reading Rainbow host.

CLEM  
 (quietly)  
 Lavarr Burton.

INT. BACK ROOM, HITCHCOCK'S - NIGHT

Dre opens the door and slides into the room. Shandra spins  
 around and Dre grabs her arm.

DRE  
 You can't just leave me, Shandra! You  
 can't just leave! Now calm down! Don't  
 make me hit you again.

He leans in.

DRE (CONT'D)  
 I know you. Don't forget that. I know  
 you.

He lets go and she crumbles into the chair.

DRE (CONT'D)  
 I got one question for you.

SHANDRA  
 What?

He holds up his copy of the Times.

DRE  
 What's my end on this deal?

SHANDRA  
 Huh?

DRE  
 You are my daughter. If you making money  
 doing this, I make money doing this.

SHANDRA  
 We're not making any money yet.

DRE  
 Just fooling around? Listen, I'm your  
 daddy. I want you to come home.

SHANDRA  
I'm eighteen.

DRE  
So?

SHANDRA  
So I'm legally...I don't have to listen  
to you anymore. I'm grown.

DRE  
You're never too grown for family.

SHANDRA  
I'm doing something new. I have a job.

DRE  
What job you got?

SHANDRA  
Singing.

DRE  
Thought you weren't making any money.

SHANDRA  
Not yet. But it's something.

DRE  
You really think those people out there  
wanna hear you sing?

SHANDRA  
Yes.

DRE  
It's funny to 'em. That's all. A black  
girl and a dirty old man. It's a freak  
show.

SHANDRA  
I can sing.

DRE  
You better just come back and live with  
me, baby. That's the best you ever gonna  
do.

Dre grabs her arm again and yanks her out of her seat.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Let's go.

SHANDRA  
No!

DRE

Yes. It's time. And it's not going to end like it did last time.

Shandra tries to knee him between the legs. He throws his hand down and blocks her.

DRE (CONT'D)

You ain't gonna get me in the nuts again! Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice...won't get fooled again.

Dre wraps his arm around her. He lifts her off of her feet.

DRE (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Eddy pushes the door open.

EDDY

What's going on here?

DRE

This is family business, old man.

EDDY

She's part of my family now. We're a band.

DRE

She gonna fail. You gonna break her heart.

EDDY

Her heart's already been broken, man. Put her down.

DRE

Or what?

Dre stares Eddy down, tries to intimidate him, but Eddy doesn't blink.

EDDY

This old snake still has a few tricks in him.

DRE

Do I have to knock you down again?

EDDY

Put her down or you'll be sorry.

DRE

You best get outta my way.

Eddy turns around, still blocking the doorway.

EDDY  
(quietly)  
Focus. Get focused.

DRE  
What are you doing?

EDDY  
Getting my mind focused. You didn't give  
me enough time last time we met.

Eddy spins around.

DRE  
Getting your mind foc-

Eddy's fist flies, lightening fast, and pops Dre across the  
face.

EDDY  
Ya!

Dre's head flies back and he crumples, his knees buckling.  
Knocked out. He falls back, Shandra in his arms.

She lands on top of him.

SHANDRA  
Help me, Eddy!

Eddy throws Dre's arm off and helps her up.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
You did it!

EDDY  
I told you I could. Just needed to foc...

Eddy's expression transforms from steely confidence into  
pain, utter pain.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
Holy Shit!

He shakes his hand.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
Get me a bowl of ice!

INT. HITCHCOCK'S BAR - NIGHT

COLLEEN, the manager from Citizen Bear Records, approaches  
the bartender. She's short, has pixie hair, wears expensive  
clothes.

COLLEEN  
I'm looking for Walter Hitchcock.

Walter, who is standing down the bar, perks up.

WALTER  
You must be Colleen.

Big smile, he approaches her.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Nice to meet you.

Walter and Colleen shake hands.

COLLEEN  
I like the sign out front.

WALTER  
My dad designed it.

INT. BACK ROOM, HITCHCOCK'S - NIGHT

Eddy has his hand in a bowl of ice. Shandra sits next to him.

EDDY  
Told you I could do it.

SHANDRA  
Are you okay?

EDDY  
I don't know.

He tests his hand gingerly.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
I don't think I can hold a pick.

SHANDRA  
I'm so sorry, Eddy.

EDDY  
Stuff your sorrys.

The door opens and Bob and Clem enter. They hold paper bags full of Carney's hotdogs.

BOB  
We brought dogs for everybo...

Both of them look down at Dre.

CLEM  
What happened?

SHANDRA  
Eddy cracked him!

BOB  
No way.

SHANDRA  
Yes way. You should'a seen it.

EDDY  
One of you grab his feet and one grab his  
arms.

CLEM  
What?

EDDY  
We gotta put him somewhere.

BOB  
No.

CLEM  
We can't do that.

EDDY  
My hand's busted. Drop your damn hotdogs  
and pick a side.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S BAR, STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens.

Eddy sticks his head in and surveys the room.

EDDY  
Okay. Bring him in.

He steps out of the doorway.

Clem and Bob, struggling, carry in the unconscious Dre.

CLEM  
I pray to God he doesn't wake up.

EDDY  
Just put him somewhere.

BOB  
He'll kill us.

EDDY  
Stop being sissies.

Bob sets down Dre's head.

BOB  
Okay...

Clem drops his feet. They bounce off the floor.

CLEM  
Jesus-

BOB  
What are you doing?

CLEM  
I'm sorry. (to Dre) I'm sorry.

EDDY  
He can't hear you.

EXT. STORAGE ROOM

Eddy shuts the door and locks it.

CLEM  
That won't hold him, man.

EDDY  
What do you suggest?

BOB  
You gotta bazooka?

EDDY  
Bring me a chair.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S, AT THE BAR - NIGHT

Walter and Colleen are drinking a beer.

COLLEEN  
What happened to your hand?

WALTER  
Got into a fight.

COLLEEN  
Really?

WALTER  
Yeah. With a racist trucker. He was picking on some Chinese kids.

COLLEEN  
Wow.

INT. BACKSTAGE, HITCHCOCK'S BAR - NIGHT

Shandra is wrapping Eddy's hand with duct tape. They've taped a pick into his hand.

SHANDRA

There.

She sets down the duct tape.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)

Can you play?

EDDY

Hand me my guitar.

Shandra passes him his guitar.

He strums. It's a loud, crude strum.

EDDY (CONT'D)

Sounds a little rough. Now we're really alternative, little girl. We're duct tape alternative. Sorry about your old man, little girl.

SHANDRA

Stuff your sorrys, old man.

INT. ON STAGE, HITCHCOCK'S - NIGHT

Walter jumps up on stage.

WALTER

Ladies and gentlemen, put your hands together for Tee Tot!

The crowd applauds.

The band takes the stage.

Shandra walks to the microphone.

SHANDRA

(into microphone)

I just wanna take a moment to thank the dirty-looking Santa who is to my right. When he first spoke to me, I thought he was a crazy bum, but he saved my life. Thanks, Santa.

Eddy tips his hat.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)

This is "Lament of the Down and Out."

The band launches into the song.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)

(singing)

It's hard to know; when you've never  
known; because you've been down and out;  
it's hard to know; when you've never  
known; because you've been down and out;  
instead of on the road; you had a chance;  
a second's glance' but you smoked it up  
all one day...

BAR

Colleen nods her head, taken in by the song.

Walter smiles.

STAGE

SHANDRA (CONT'D)

(sings)

...you had the scheme; your heart's  
beating dream; instead you watched it all  
swirl away; in a daze in the haze; now  
you wonder how you're gonna find that  
road; the one you left a real, real long  
time ago; one more chance...

INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

The music can be heard, muffled but strong, through the wall.

Dre is still passed out, but then his eyes open.

He turns his head and sees the possum looking at him.

DRE

Stay away from me, dirty fucking possum.

The possum turns around and crawls beneath the shelf.

DRE (CONT'D)

God damn.

He grimaces as he touches his jaw.

DRE (CONT'D)

Crazy old man. Cracked my ass.

He gets to his feet.

He walks to the door and pushes it. It doesn't budge. He pounds the door.

DRE (CONT'D)  
 Let me out, god damnit!

He throws his shoulder against the door.

EXT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

The chair that Eddy propped up to the door does its job and keeps the door closed.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

SHANDRA  
 (O.S. singing, muffled through wall)  
 A quiet whisper, a quiet whisper from my past; it haunts me still; it haunts me still like an auger bores fast; and I try to run; I try to run but nothing ever lasts; I sit looking, I sit looking at the long gone past; and nothing's changing, nothing's changing in the scenes I see.

He pants, pacing, and then directs his energy at the wall. He pounds his fist against the walls.

DRE  
 Shandra!!!!

He pounds the wall.

SHANDRA  
 (O.S. singing, muffled through wall)  
 But what have I really to lose, but all the madness and despair. There's no sunlight, there's no sunlight in Los Angeles; there's just darkness.

DRE  
 Shandra!!! Get me out!!! Shandra!

He punches the wall, full force, his hand cracks against the brick. THUD.

SHANDRA  
 (O.S. singing through wall)  
 There's just darkness in the frowning faces. And the seas are cloudy the seas are cloudy with forgotten memories. No waters fall, no waters fall on this desert tragedy. I hate to lose it all, but I have to break the nightmare. But what have I really to lose, but all the madness and despair.

Holding his hand in pain, he slides down the wall, panting.

DRE  
Motherfucker!

Dre sees something which grabs his attention.

ANGLE ON WHAT HE'S LOOKING AT:

The broken photo of Big Walter. Big Walter's rotund smile beams at him.

DRE (CONT'D)  
What the fuck you looking at?

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. BACK ROOM, HITCHCOCK'S - NIGHT

The door opens and applause follows the band in.

Clem and Bob flop on the couch.

Shandra and Eddy hug.

SHANDRA  
I did it!

EDDY  
I know you did.

SHANDRA  
You did it, too!

EDDY  
What did I do?

SHANDRA  
Played with your duct tape hand.

BOB  
I loved that sound, man.

CLEM  
Real raw.

Walter opens the door.

WALTER  
You guys gotta manager!

Shandra hugs Walter.

SHANDRA  
Thank you, Walter!

EDDY  
We gotta go celebrate.

WALTER  
Huh?

EDDY  
Let's go honky tonkin'! Have a couple drinks!

WALTER  
I know of a great little blues club.

EDDY  
Blues?

CLEM  
What about Samuel Jackson?

Shandra's smile falls.

SHANDRA  
Shoot.

EDDY  
Your daddy.

WALTER  
Huh?

EDDY  
Her daddy's locked up in the storage room.

WALTER  
He's what?

CLEM  
The old man knocked him out.

WALTER  
Should I call the cops?

EDDY  
Maybe.

SHANDRA  
No. I'm gonna talk to him.

EDDY  
You sure?

SHANDRA

Yes. If I don't do this, he'll just come back.

EDDY

You got any kinda weapon here?

WALTER

I have a baseball bat.

EDDY

I'm gonna be on the other side of the door. If I hear anything, I'm in there busting his knee with that bat. Got it?

INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Dre sits on the floor next to Big Walter's photo.

Dre hears the sound of the chair being moved and the door opens.

Shandra enters.

DRE

Shandra-

Shandra slams the door.

SHANDRA

Don't talk! You listen to me! For once in your life you listen to me! I'm gonna tell you, right now...right now that you can't try to control me anymore. Okay? I'm not gonna feel bad about it anymore. I didn't make mom sick. You didn't make her sick. She just got sick. And we ain't gonna punch each other over it anymore.

She walks around him. Dre stays seated on the floor. He watches her walk around him.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)

Do you understand me?

DRE

Can I talk now?

SHANDRA

Yes.

DRE

I'm...I heard you sing.

SHANDRA

I know. Sounds like a cat dying.

DRE  
No...no. I liked it.

He stands up.

SHANDRA  
What?

DRE  
I was sitting back here thinking of ways  
I was gonna get you. But then I saw him.

SHANDRA  
Who?

DRE  
Him.

Dre points at Big Walter's photo.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Something about that motherfucker's eyes  
got to me.

SHANDRA  
That's Walter's dad.

DRE  
That old red neck. His eyes were...it was  
like he was looking right through me. I  
started listening to you sing, and I'm  
proud of you.

SHANDRA  
Thanks.

DRE  
I miss her, you know.

SHANDRA  
I know.

DRE  
I just miss her.

Shandra falls into her father's arms. Sobs wrack her body.

SHANDRA  
I miss her too.

Dre puts his arms around her.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
But you gotta let me go.

DRE

I know.

EXT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Eddy, the baseball bat gripped tight, has his ear against the door.

He smiles.

FADE OUT:

SHANDRA

(O.S.)

Say "Would you like to go dancing with me Friday night?"

FADE IN:

INT. EDDY'S TRAILER - MORNING

Eddy and Shandra sit at the kitchen table. She is now the teacher. Eddy holds a Spanish/English dictionary.

EDDY

Sure. Let's see...Le gustaria ir a bailar la noche del viernes?

SHANDRA

No, no, no. You gotta make sure you get this right, Eddy. You don't wanna screw up and tell her that she looks like a wet camel or something. Say it right.

EDDY

Le gustaria ir a bailar la noche del viernes?

SHANDRA

Good.

EDDY

What grade do I get, teacher?

SHANDRA

C plus.

INT. EDDY'S TRAILER - DAY

Eddy stands in front of the mirror. He's wearing a dressy western style shirt and is clean-shaven.

Shandra stands behind him.

EDDY  
Still look like a Dirty Santa?

SHANDRA  
Not really.

EDDY  
I'm a Clean Santa.

SHANDRA  
I don't know if you could ever really be clean, Eddy.

EDDY  
Thanks for the vote of confidence.

SHANDRA  
I think Lupita likes you a little dirty.

Eddy reaches down and grabs his favorite cowboy hat. He places the hat proudly on his head.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
You can't wear the hat, Eddy.

EDDY  
We're doing a lot of this your way, but  
If I don't wear my hat, I don't go. End  
of story.

SHANDRA  
Okay, okay.

Eddy reaches into his pocket and pulls out a crumpled sheet of lyrics.

EDDY  
What do you think of this?

He hands the paper to Shandra.

SHANDRA  
(reading)  
Song for Lupita?

EDDY  
I wrote it last night. Should I play it  
for her?

SHANDRA  
You gotta play it for her, man.

EXT. LUPITA'S TRAILER - DAY

Eddy has his guitar slung over his shoulder and wears his hat. He starts up to the trailer. He looks nervously at the door, considers what he's doing, turns around.

SHANDRA

(O.S.)

No, you don't, old man!

Shandra is watching him from the porch of their trailer.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)

Turn that ass around.

Eddy turns around, approaches Lupita's door, knocks.

Lupita opens the door.

She's wearing her smock and has a pair of scissors in her hand.

Sitting in the old barber chair is a Hispanic WOMAN.

Eddy adjusts his hat, picks the guitar and sings the song to her.

EDDY

(sings)

Lupita, under a tree full of crows. Whose plumes were as dark as your hair. I fell in love with you there. Lupita, your soul fills me whole. Every night you come to me. A whisper from the sea. Lupita, I hear your song. Sing it long. Because with each word you say you steal my heart away. Lupita, you're a strange gift to me. A wordless wonder so plain to see that you love me, you love me, and I can be. Lupita, I hear your song. Sing it long. Because with each word you say, you steal my heart away.

Lupita claps.

EDDY (CONT'D)

I got something to ask you. Ummmm...I wanna... Um, okay. Le gustaria ir a bailar la noche del viernes?

Lupita smiles.

LUPITA

Si.

EDDY  
Okay. Great. Right on. So. Friday?

LUPITA  
Friday.

EDDY  
I'll let you get back to your work.

LUPITA  
One...

She holds up a finger.

WOMAN  
She wants you to wait.

EDDY  
I could'a figured that out.

Lupita skips over to the woman and whispers something in her ear.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
What'd she say?

WOMAN  
She likes your hat.

Eddy blushes.

EDDY  
See ya Friday.

Lupita nods.

LUPITA  
Friday.

EXT. LUPITA'S TRAILER - DAY

Eddy struts off of Lupita's porch.

Shandra runs to intercept him.

SHANDRA  
Good job, Eddy!

Shandra throws her arms around him.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)  
We got some serious studying to do.

EDDY  
Can I get a sandwich first?

SHANDRA

Eat some of your Goobers. Isn't that the beauty of them? You don't even need bread, right?

EDDY

But-

SHANDRA

You gotta have stuff to talk about Friday.

They hold hands and walk back to his trailer.

EDDY

She likes my hat.

SHANDRA

She's lying.

EDDY

This is fashionable.

SHANDRA

In 1920.

EDDY

I bought this in 1975, thank you very much.

SHANDRA

That was a million years ago.

Sly and the Family Stone's "Hot Fun In The Summertime" plays

THE END.