

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT

The spools of a TAPE begin to spin and a surf-rock GUITAR RIFF begins to play.

A MAN sits behind a large audio interface smoking a CIGARETTE.

The man pushes one of the dials up slowly.

WHINY, OFF-KEY SINGING fills the studio.

Inside the recording booth is BOB ORMOND (25), the source of the horrendous singing. He sports a bowl-cut and wears rose-colored glasses, a deep v-neck shirt, and bell-bottom jeans along with headphones.

On the other side of the glass the man frantically twists dials while smoking away at his cigarette and sweating profusely.

Bob finishes his song and flashes a thumbs-up to the man in the booth.

The man in the booth hits the button to stop recording and buries his face in his hands.

BOB ORMOND

I think that's a wrap on the EP,
Jim, that take felt pretty good.

Jim looks up and nods.

JIM

That was fantastic, Bob, you truly
have a gift.

Bob smiles and steps out from behind the MICROPHONE.

BOB

Thanks, Jim, it felt like I was in
another world then. You sure we
shouldn't do another take?

Jim darts up at the mention of another take.

JIM

No. . . No, Jim, that was perfect,
one in a million. God knows we've
all had a long day, let's get out
of here.

Bob, still smiling, nods.

BOB ORMOND

This is it, Jim, this release is
going to put me on the map.

INT. RECORD STORE - DAY

A WOMAN passes by a shelf full of RECORDS bearing Rob's
image. The title reads "A Day at the Beach with Bob Ormond."

Another TEEN walks up to the shelf and picks one of the
records up. He looks it over, shrugs, and takes it up to the
checkout to purchase.

CUT TO:

RECORD STORE - THE NEXT DAY

The Teen walks back up to the counter with the RECORD,
shaking his head. The CLERK takes the record from him and
opens his CASH REGISTER. He hands the teen MONEY back to
refund his purchase.

Another MAN walks up to the counter with the Ormond record
behind the teen.

The teen turns to face him, looks down at the record, and
shakes his head.

The man returns the record to its shelf.

CUT TO:

RECORD STORE - A WEEK LATER - NIGHT

While the store is closed, the clerk places orange stickers
on each of the Ormond Records that read "Discount." The shelf
is still full.

CUT TO:

RECORD STORE - LATER - NIGHT

The clerk approaches the shelf of now-dusty Ormond records
while carrying a CARDBOARD BOX.

He slides off the records off of the shelf and into the box.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Bob sits at the bar with BARRY GOLDMAN (24), a clean-cut man in a suit. Bob stares down into an almost-empty whiskey glass.

BARRY GOLDMAN
Cheer up, you mope, who cares if
people didn't like your album?

Bob stares into the MIRROR behind the bar.

BOB ORMOND
I care, Barry.

BARRY GOLDMAN
Come on, man, you're still rich.
Maybe people will like the next
thing that you do.

Bob looks at Barry blankly.

BOB ORMOND
Next thing? This is it for me,
Barry. Music is my calling.

BARRY GOLDMAN
Well, I'm not too sure about that.

Bob glares at Barry.

BOB ORMOND
Well, I am sure, Barry.

Barry rolls his eyes.

BARRY GOLDMAN
Come on, Bobbie! You can't sing,
you can't even play any instruments-

BOB ORMOND
I play the bongos. Don't call me
Bobbie.

BARRY GOLDMAN
You just don't have it in you.
You're not cut out for it. You need
to wake up, Robert. Stop spending
your father's oil money on this
pipe dream and do something with
your life!

BOB ECKSTEIN
Fuck you, Barry.

BARRY GOLDMAN
Listen, that came out wrong, I'm
just trying to give you some
advice. Music isn't for you.

BOB ECKSTEIN
Fuck. You. Now get out of here
before I smash my glass on your
face.

Barry stands up and looks at Bob alarmed.

BARRY GOLDMAN
Okay I'll leave. You'll go nowhere
doing this.

Bob turns away from Barry. He calls to the BARTENDER.

BOB ECKSTEIN
Bartender! Another one.

BAR STAGE - CONTINUOUS

On the stage at the bar TOMMY (20), MICK (18), ANDY (20), and
RAY (19) set up their instruments and equipment.

Ray looks out at the nearly empty bar.

ANDY
Where is everybody? We're on in
twenty minutes!

RAY
What do you expect? It's a fucking
Tuesday night.

MICK
I didn't have anything going on.

ANDY
Yeah but other people have jobs and
shit.

TOMMY
Hey, take it easy, guys. I talked
to the girls from the beach and
they said that they're coming for
sure.

RAY
Bringing friends too.

TOMMY

So let's just focus on this sound
check, all right?

CUT TO:

BAR - LATER

A disgruntled Bob SLAMS down an empty GLASS on the bar. He throws some CASH towards the bartender, stands up quickly and grabs a hold of the bar to steady himself from falling.

Bob staggers away from the bar when a GUITAR CHORD plays.

THREE WOMEN hurry past Bob, one of whom bumps into him on accident. Bob quickly turns around to see where the source of the music is.

On stage are Tommy, Mick, Andy, and Ray. Mick is behind a DRUM SET. Andy plays GUITAR and RAY plays BASS. Tommy struts up to a MICROPHONE.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

How's everybody doing tonight?

A few CHEERS come from the SMALL CROWD gathered by the stage.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Fantastic! Let's do this thing,
Mick.

Mick counts the band in with four CLICKS of his DRUMSTICKS.

The band plays ROCK'N'ROLL music.

Bob meanders towards the stage in an almost trance-like state, mesmerized by the music. He stands at the back of the crowd.

Tommy SINGS to a stunned reaction from the crowd. The crowd, including Bob, claps.

Bob looks at the three women who brushed by him earlier and each of them is dancing along to the music.

Bob's gaze shifts between the women and the band performing on stage. He strokes his chin and pulls a small NOTE PAD and PEN from his jacket pocket and begins to furiously scribble in it.

CUT TO:

BAR STAGE - LATER

The band plays the final note of their last song. Mick drops his drumsticks.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Thank you! Good night!

The crowd begins to disperse. The three women walk up to the stage and begin to talk to Tommy.

The rest of the band gathers up their instruments and equipment.

Bob hurries from behind the crowd and exits the building through the back entrance.

Tommy hands one of the women a NOTE with his phone number on it. The other two GIGGLE.

Tommy rejoins the band as they exit the bar.

EXT. ALLEYWAY BEHIND BAR - NIGHT

Mick and Ray lift the AMPS into the back of a beat-up VAN. Tommy and Andy stack the remaining BOXES of equipment next to the van. Andy smokes a CIGARETTE.

Bob peers from behind a DUMPSTER. He clutches his notebook in his hands.

Bob exhales deeply, runs a hand through his hair, and approaches the band.

BOB

Howdy, Fellas! Hell of a show tonight.

Tommy and Andy look at Bob while the other two don't acknowledge him and continue loading equipment into the van.

TOMMY

Thanks, man. Glad you, uh, enjoyed it.

BOB

It was just fantastic. Say, you boys need any help?

Bob points towards the boxes stacked by the van.

ANDY

I think we got it, man.

Bob nods and doesn't move from where he stands. Tommy and Andy look at each other skeptically.

TOMMY

Did you need something?

Bob shakes his head.

BOB

No! Well, you see, I was just really impressed by the show y'all put on tonight. You see, I have connections in the music industry, I just had an album released myself-

Andy and Tommy look at Bob, intrigued.

TOMMY

Who are you?

BOB

Does the name Bob Ormond ring a bell? You might have seen my record on the shelves.

TOMMY

No.

Andy Shakes his head.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Ray, Mick! Heard of Bob Ormond?

RAY AND MICK

(In unison)

Never heard of him.

Bob lets out an insincere LAUGH.

BOB

Rest assured I have access to some of the best producers in the biz. I'm on contract with Sunnyside Records now myself.

The band members all stop in their tracks.

ANDY

You have an in at Sunnyside Records?

Bob smiles.

BOB

I do. I think if we take my talents and combine them with yours, we could make it big.

TOMMY

So you could get us a record deal?

BOB

Without a doubt. With my expertise, I can take this band far.

ANDY

Sweet!

BOB

Yes, I do believe The five of us will make it big in no time.

Andy looks at Tommy incredulously.

TOMMY

So you want to. . . Be in our band?

Bob looks at the skeptical faces of the band members.

BOB

Well, it would be more of a production role, you see. Although I do sing and play, um, percussion.

ANDY

How do we know that you're any good?

BOB

I can see why you would be hesitant. It's a big decision. Tell you what? Meet me in my studio on Sunday and we'll have ourselves a little jam session. If it works out well for you there will be a contract to sign at the end of it.

Bob tears a PAGE from his note book with an address on it and hands it to Tommy.

TOMMY

Sounds fair to me, thank you, mister.

BOB

Good. I'll hope you take me up on my offer.

(beat)

What did you call yourselves again?

ANDY

The Seabirds.

Bob frowns.

BOB

Hmm. We'll work on that.

Bob walks away and the band stare after him. They look at each other. Tommy looks down at the sheet of paper.

ANDY

Weird guy.

TOMMY

Yeah. We have to do this though. We might never get an opportunity like this ever again.

Andy, Ray, and Mick nod in agreement.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Sunnyside records. . .

INT. SUNNYSIDE RECORD OFFICE - DAY

A MAN in a blue suit and white shirt sits behind a large desk. He has a big, white smile on his face and slicked-back blonde hair. The 39-year-old man is DARYL JONES, Sunnyside Records CEO.

Someone KNOCKS on the office door.

DARYL

Come in, Bobbie, I know it's you!

Bob enters the room.

BOB

Hello, Mr. Jones.

DARYL

We've been over this, Bobbie, call me Daryl. Have a seat.

Bob sits down in a chair across the desk from Daryl.

DARYL (CONT'D)
So what brings you in today?

BOB
I have a band for you.

DARYL
Who?

BOB
The Seabirds.

DARYL
Never heard of them.

BOB
They're good, really good.

DARYL
So you want to sign them based on
your word? I need to hear something
first.

BOB
Of course, we're going to perform
in my studio this Sunday, I'd like
you to come.

Daryl ceases smiling and leans in toward Bob.

DARYL
Listen, Bobbie, I don't know if I
should do that.
(beat)
To be frank with you, your last
record sold like shit and I don't
know if I can trust your taste in
music well enough to spend a whole
Sunday listening to some band. I
don't think the label needs another
rock band anyway.

BOB
I'm telling you, Daryl, we're not
just another rock band. We're going
to change the face of music.

DARYL
You keep saying we, are you a part
of these Seabirds?

BOB
Yes, I'm going to manage the
project myself.

DARYL

Are you going to sing?

BOB

They already have a singer. My role will be mostly managerial. They're just kids and they need some direction.

DARYL

I just don't know, Bobbie-

BOB

I'm sure my father could help persuade you.

DARYL

Alright, alright. This is the last favor I do for the Ormonds though.

(beat)

They'd better be good or it's no deal.

BOB

I think you'll be impressed.

DARYL

Not crazy about the name either.

INT. VAN - DAY

Mick drives the band's van while Tommy sits in the passenger seat. Ray and Andy sit in the back. The upholstery is worn and covered in holes.

RAY

We've been driving forever, how far is this place?

MICK

We're almost there, just a few more blocks I think.

RAY

Who does this guy think he is anyway? Sure, he's got a deal with Sunnyside Records, but I've never heard of him.

Tommy pulls a RECORD out of a BAG. It is "A Day at the Beach with Bob Ormond."

TOMMY

I found this at Zeke's Record Store, he let me have it for free.

ANDY

Did you listen to it yet?

TOMMY

Haven't got a chance to, but it doesn't look promising.

Tommy hands the record to Andy and Ray who look over the cover intently.

RAY

Oh brother, this guy's a square!

Andy laughs and shakes his head.

ANDY

Why is he wearing a suit to the beach?

RAY

How do we know we can trust this guy?

Tommy swings around to look at Andy and Ray.

TOMMY

A lot of bands never get this sort of opportunity for a big break, this could be our only shot. So I say we give they guy a chance and if he turns out to be a hack we bail, sound good?

Mick nods.

RAY

Sure thing, Tommy.

ANDY

He seems like a nut, but we'll give it a shot.

TOMMY

Okay, good. Now, Mick, are we almost-

MICK

We're here.