

JO FM

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FADE IN:

DARKNESS

TITLE ON SCREEN: AUSTIN, TX 1989

STAR (V.O.)
Just like Morrissey said: I'm
capable of looking on the bright
side. I just don't do it very
often --

EXT. AUSTIN SKYLINE - LATE NIGHT

The Austin city lights twinkle against a dark river.

STAR (V.O.)
Maybe I really don't like thinking
about endings. But here it is.
Spread out before me like some
black abyss --

EXT. CONGRESS BRIDGE - LATE NIGHT

A flurry of plastic wrappers dance across the Congress
Bridge and pirouette past TINA MEINEN (18, broken down
gothic doll).

She presses her stomach against the rail, stares down
into black water. Her face wet with mascara waterfalls.
Her gothic gown fluttering in the night breeze.

She steps up onto the railing, mustering the will to
jump.

The RADIO blares from her parked car:

STAR (V.O.)
-- just begging for someone to
fling themselves into it's fold.
To commit to a future that is too
dark and distant to see. And it's
scary to leave, to say sayonara --

INT. COLLEGE RADIO BOOTH - LATE NIGHT

We've been transported to a college radio booth, where
DEEJAY STAR BENNETT (22, put-together gothic goddess)
gives her big goodbye. Or at least she thinks she is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAR

(into mic)

For our last little song, I wanted to take a request. I got this sad little letter from a girl over in Hyde Park, says she's afraid of being left alone. But don't fret, my sad little listener. I'm not really leaving you. I'll be moving my act to KZTH, right here in Austin. So you can listen to me in the mornings, if you're morning people. It's not black noon. But you can have black coffee.

EXT. CONGRESS BRIDGE - LATE NIGHT

Tina's lurches her torso over the railing, as if confused about how she should fall.

STAR (V.O.)

So, hey, Tina. I'm afraid too. Maybe that makes us sisters.

Tina's face brightens for a moment, as she gazes incredulously at her car.

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

So, this is for you: "Every Day is Like Sunday." Little depressing, but isn't that what Midnight Morrissey's all about?

Tina climbs down from the railing, steps towards her car.

INT. COLLEGE RADIO BOOTH - LATE NIGHT

Star queues the record. Drops the needle.

STAR

(into mic)

So, feel better Tina. Sleep tight. Don't let the gloomy bugs bite. I'll see you in the morning, when everything's safe and bright.

Star flips a switch. "Everyday is Like Sunday" by Morrissey begins to swell in the background, continues over--

EXT. INTERSTATE 35 - AUSTIN SKYLINE - MORNING

A cold, wet winter in central Texas.

Traffic crawls along I-35 past downtown Austin, under a cloud of gloom and doom.

TITLE ON SCREEN: Austin, TX 1998

The gray sky reflects gray FACES behind steering wheels. They slug along in the early morning congestion, endure HONKS. The slow turn of old tires.

INT. BEAT-UP CAR - MORNING

An everyday run-of-the mill HAND turns up the volume on a RADIO.

"Everyday is Like Sunday" whimpers from the car's speakers in full chorus. A song as miserable and bleak as this winter day.

INT. BASEMENT-LIKE CALL CENTER - MORNING

Finger nails chewed down to fresh skin, ripped cuticles. TINA MEINEN's (now 28) hands, like the rest of her, are long and boney.

"Every Day is Like Sunday" blasts from earphones into her eardrums. It's the only thing to smile about around here.

Fluorescent lights make Tina's whiter shade of pale even paler.

Her cramped cubicle distorts the curve of her spine. Even her little vase of bamboo is dying.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Tina, your call.

She adjusts her earphones, pulls one out of her right ear, her eyes lost in a framed autographed photograph of a sexy woman with way too much eyeliner on. The photograph is of --

INT. KZTH BROADCAST BOOTH - MORNING

STAR BENNETT, (now 32, the aging quintessential hipster) slouches behind the controls of a giant audio board.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She wipes away the remains of too much eyeliner from the night before.

"Everyday is Like Sunday" continues in the background.

STAR
(singing along almost
inaudibly)
Everyday is cloudy and gray . . .

Star watches drizzle slide down a window. Several FANS stand outside in the drizzle, holding signs: "STAR IS MY STAR," "STAR IS THE MUSIC," "STAR IS THE MARKET."

JASON WILDE, mid 20s, a tubby slacker, sits across the booth from Star with his feet propped up on the console. Newspapers and magazines scatter the counter. He leafs through a "Billboard" magazine.

JASON
That's funny.

STAR
What?

JASON
"I Don't Want to Miss a Thing," is
number one again.

STAR
Are you trying to depress me?

JASON
If I was trying to depress you,
then I would tell you that it's on
this morning's playlist.

STAR
You're serious?

JASON
As cancer.

Star sifts through her stack of paperwork. Skims over a pink piece of paper.

STAR
Whatever happened to us *picking*
the music. I feel like a CD
changer.

JASON
A well-paid CD changer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STAR
Not that well paid.

Star balls up the playlist, tosses it in the trash.

JASON
Hey. That's our only copy.

Star slides a CD into the CD player.

STAR
You're a deejay. I'm sure you can
think of something to play.

She pulls the microphone close to her mouth.

STAR (CONT'D)
(into the microphone)
KZTH in the morning, with
Morrissey's "Everyday's Like
Sunday." He's playing at the
Sanitarium later this month. So,
we've decided that one Morrissey
song just isn't enough for such a
miserable day. This one coming
from their 1984 compilation album
"Hateful Hollow." It's "Heaven
Knows I'm Miserable Now." This is
Morrissey and the Smiths on KZTH.

Star presses play. She's way too pleased with her little
rebellion.

JASON
Two Morrissey songs in a row?
People might jump out their office
windows.

STAR
Let them.

INT. BASEMENT-LIKE CALL CENTER - MORNING

Tina bobs her head to the beat of the Morrissey tune.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Tina! Your phone's ringing.

Tina SIGHS, pulls off her earphones and puts on a
headset. She's taking the call.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TINA
(into headset with a
sultry voice)
You've reached 1-900-DREAMERS,
this is Monique . . .

INT. KZTH BROADCAST BOOTH - MORNING

MEGAN STONE (20, a sorority girl with a brain) tiptoes into the booth. Two Styrofoam cups of mystery coffee teeter in her hands as she struggles to push open the heavy door to the broadcast booth.

Megan passes the coffee to Star and Jason.

Star nods 'thanks'. Jason mouths 'thank you.'

Muffled Morrissey pours from their headphones. The song is ending.

Station Manager DEBBIE LOWES (30ish) reminiscent of a high school sports coach uncomfortably dressed in a suit, peers through the window of the door to the booth. Star and Megan notice her.

STAR
(off mic to Megan)
Tell her we're on air.

Megan nods.

INT. KZTH HALLWAY - MORNING

Debbie adjusts her nylons, while she stares down Megan.

DEBBIE
I don't give a shit if she's on
air. I want to talk to her now.

Megan hesitates.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Do it.

INT. DEBBIE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Star rakes Debbie's desk-sized Zen garden.

Debbie clears her throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEBBIE

Star, we have a problem.

Star looks up. Her eyes scan a brass name plate on a cheap plywood desk. It reads "DEBBIE LOWE, Manager KZTH." Next to it, a money tree's branches reach in vain towards a window for sunshine that's just not there.

STAR

We do?

DEBBIE

You skipped "Don't Wanna Miss a Thing" by Aerosmith.

STAR

Trust me. No one *missed* it.

DEBBIE

You've got to stick to the playlists. They're carefully compiled from --

Star finishes her sentence. She's heard it a million times before.

STAR

-- 'the best market research in the nation.' But you didn't hire me ten years ago to follow some preordained bullshit.

DEBBIE

No, I hired you for your following.

STAR

Damn straight.

DEBBIE

But you don't have one anymore. No following, no market. No national show.

STAR

Excuse me?

DEBBIE

Y'know. According to the market, your tubby friend Jason is quite popular.

STAR

That was promised to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEBBIE

And why should we give it to you?
Because you've been so grateful
and cooperative?

STAR

I'm the legend. He's the
sidekick. I belong behind that
golden mic. I wrote an article in
Rolling Stone for Christ's sake.

DEBBIE

One article, 5 years ago.

STAR

Rolling Stone.

DEBBIE

You're a deejay. Not a rock star.

STAR

What's the difference?

DEBBIE

You *sell* the music. You don't
make it. You also sell the
station and the advertisers and
Ticket Tron are our advertisers,
so now I need you to give away
some Aerosmith tickets.

A defiant stance from Star.

INT. KZTH BROADCAST BOOTH - MORNING

Star puts her headphones on, grabs the mic in front of
her, pulls it down to her mouth.

STAR

(to Jason)
30 seconds, your line?

A shit-eating grin is smacked across Jason's face. He
slips on his headphones.

JASON

Yeah, yeah, got it.

Star rolls her eyes, punches a button on the control
board, pulls her mic closer and slides up the fader.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAR

8:15, KZTH, mornings with Star and Jason. Aerosmith tickets up for grabs.

Star punches the mic away from her face.

INT. STAR'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Star stumbles through the threshold and into what you can technically call a living room. Stacks and stacks of records, tapes, CDs and even a few eight-tracks dominate the landscape. They're sprawled across the couch, stacked against the wall.

Underwear, socks, old band T-shirts cover an ancient turn table. A "Morrissey" sticker is smacked against a blown-out speaker.

INT. STAR'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Star waddles into her kitchen, YAWNS. She notices that her answering machine's square red eye blinks.

She presses the "Play" button, pixies over to the sink. Dishes jut from a bog of eternal stench. She squeezes a bacteria laden sponge, smothers everything with yellow dish soap. It's been awhile since she's done the dishes.

MACHINE VOICE (V.O.)

You have one new message.

BEEP.

KYLE (V.O.)

Where the fuck is it, Star?

Star takes one look at the weird green thing growing in her sink and MOANS.

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

I'm tired of sucking ass to your answering machine. I needed that "Moon Safari" review last week. You said it wouldn't be a problem.

She wipes her thin, lifeless hair away from her forehead. Suds twinkle against her skin.

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

You're blowing it, Star. Call me back. We need to talk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEEP.

STAR

Shit.

INT. TINA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Tina drags herself into her meticulous apartment, throws her keys into a "Joy Division" collectors ashtray.

Paintings of Pirate ships dripped in gothic rain and dank colors line the wood paneled walls.

She runs her fingers over cassette tapes, organized by date. They fill countless bookshelves. Each date-stamped tape reads "Star Bennett."

Her finger stops on a cassette date-stamped "1989." She smiles.

INT. TINA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Tina, tape in hand, steps into her super-organized adolescent bedroom. Band posters and gothic pirates are neatly framed on purple walls. A few stuffed animals are neatly placed on her purple comforter.

On her dresser, she's created a strange shrine. Not to a rock star, movie star or teen idol, but to a deejay: Star Bennett.

"KZTH" bumper stickers, publicity photographs of Star and "Midnight Morrissey" flyers surround a cluster of candles.

Tina lights them.

A small microphone and two tape recorders sit serenely side by side on a small metal desk. Meticulous.

Tina sits down, puts on headphones, inserts the tape, presses the "Record" button and speaks into the microphone.

TINA

Hello, Star. It's so great to be on your show.

Tina presses "PAUSE" on the first tape-recorder and then "Play" on the second tape recorder, then "RECORD" again on the first player.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Star's recorded voice reverberates from the second tape player. It's clear that Tina is splicing one of Star's old shows.

STAR (V.O.)

Well, it's not everyday that I
have such an honored co-host.

Tina speaks into the mic.

TINA

Oh, no. I'm the one who's
honored.

She presses "Stop" and then "Play" again.

STAR (V.O.)

You know, I was just thinking that
it would be cool to have someone
else to be miserable with in this
dark, dark booth on these late,
late nights.

Tina presses "Stop" and then "Record." Her eyes, dimly lit by the orange glow of candles, swell up, as if to hold back an avalanche of tears

TINA

(into mic)
Well, I'm always waiting here in
the dark.

She quivers a bit, presses "Stop" and then "Play."

STAR (V.O.)

You know what time it is, my sad,
sad little listeners . . .

TINA

(into mic)
It's Midnight Morrissey with your
favorite deejay Star Bennett and
the newest talent on the radio.
Possible the coolest new deejay in
the known universe: Tina Meinen.
Right here on K--Z--

INT. KZTH BROADCAST BOOTH - MORNING

Star pulls the microphone to her chapped lips and shits all over her words.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAR

(into mic)

--T--H Satan's answer to all your alternative rock prayers. In an effort to make this show even more sexist, we've decided to pimp out our very own Intern Megan.

Jason smiles lasciviously and hands Star an audio cart.

JASON

(into mic)

That's right. It's Win A Date with Intern Megan Day. If you can answer one question about the Monica Lewinsky White House Intern scandal, then you may be able to have your very own scandal with her hotness, Intern Megan.

STAR

Jason has the question, get ready to call in, 555-KZTH.

Jason chugs a liter of Dr. Pepper, wipes off his lips. Star cringes, as a stream of soda dribbles from the side of his mouth.

He BELCHES into the microphone.

JASON

(into mic)

And hey, she just might wear a blue dress, if you're lucky.

She gives him a "wrap it up" signal.

STAR

(into mic)

We'll look for the correct answer with caller number eight. It's 8:27, weather on the 30 in a few. And after the break, Yo La Tango, new music first on KZTH.

Star pulls down the faders on the mics and throws her headphones down. COMMERCIAL chatter hums. Star looks at the stack of commercials playing.

STAR (CONT'D)

Seven in this break? Bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JASON

We're just filler for the important stuff.

STAR

I see you're practicing your pitch for the national spot.

JASON

Don't need to pitch what you got.

Jason BELCHES again.

STAR

I'm just waiting for you to flit off to NYC land, so I can have Austin all to myself.

JASON

You can keep it.

Megan storms into the studio with a stack of CDs. Her face flushed with anger.

JASON (CONT'D)

Hey sexy intern. What's wrong?

MEGAN

What do you mean what's wrong? I didn't agree to go on a date with anybody.

The phone bank illuminates with hungry suitors.

STAR

Megan, the phone.

Megan trudges towards the phone bank, presses it like the button to a nuclear launch.

MEGAN

KZTH, you're caller one.

Megan punches the bank again.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

KZTH, you're caller two.

CUT TO:

Jason slides on his headphones, pulls down the mic. Star presses RECORD on the REEL to REEL tape machine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JASON
(into mic)
Hello KZTH, you're caller eight.

ROGER (V.O.)
Hey, Jason. It's Roger - Roger.
Your good friend Roger. Roger.

With a hint of agitation:

JASON
(into mic)
Oh... Roger. How ya doin', buddy?

JASON (CONT'D)
(off mic to Star)
It's our very own Rainman.

ROGER (V.O.)
Good, good - I'm gonna win, win -
Megan's gonna go on a date with
me.

Megan holds back feigned vomit.

Star mouths "I'm sorry," to Megan. This doesn't seem to help. Megan's packing her things. Jason doesn't seem to notice.

JASON
(into mic)
So, here it goes: What's the name
of the special prosecutor assigned
to investigate the Clinton-
Lewinsky scandal?

ROGER (V.O.)
Minute. Minute... Uh..That would
be Ken Starr! Yup, Ken Starr.

Roger's speech pattern is indeed reminiscent of Dustin Hoffman's role in *Rainman*.

Jason's surprised. Megan looks as if she wants to kill him.

JASON
And that's right.

ROGER (V.O.)
Did, I win? Win the date, the
date..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JASON

Yeah, Roger. You won.

Jason punches the phone bank - disconnects the call. Megan looks to Star for some support. Star doesn't offer her anything.

INT. RECORD STORE - AFTERNOON

KYLE O'Brien (early 30s, an ex-hipster pulled together) flips through a stack of old vinyl. It's the only bin of vinyl in the otherwise CD infested record store.

Kyle holds up a "Robert Palmer" album. Star frowns as she juggles her own stack of vinyl.

KYLE

Kitty Kelley once said: 'A hero is someone we can admire without apology.'

STAR

What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

KYLE

You're no hero.

Star flips through the stacks of vinyl.

STAR

I got you that turn table, keeping the aural experience authentic you know. That's gotta be worth something.

KYLE

Maybe I'll just borrow *your* albums, I'm not really a collector you know.

STAR

Look, What can I do to make this up to you? I can do this.

KYLE

What? You wanna a real job with *Rolling Stone*?

STAR

C'mon, Kyle. They loved my Peter Murphy where-is-he-now interview.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE

Listen, Star. You know tons about music and artists from--

STAR

I know. That's why it shouldn't be a problem to--

KYLE

I'm not finished. You know a lot about music from ten years ago and that would be great if you could act like a professional journalist. But, you can't. And I'm not willing to risk my reputation on someone who thinks they're still living in 1989.

STAR

I'm not living in 1989.

KYLE

I'll tell you what. If you can name the lead singer of a hit band from 1998, I'll let you interview them.

STAR

Serious?

KYLE

As cancer.

STAR

Okay, but I want to see an album cover.

KYLE

Deal.

Kyle sifts through a pile of vinyl.

STAR

I can't take working in radio anymore. This Enclave buy-out is driving me nuts. They're even changing the station name.

KYLE

To what?

STAR

I dunno. Mike or Joe something. It's pretty horrible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KYLE

Ah-ha.

He holds up a "Goo Goo Dolls" album.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Who's this?

STAR

Some crappy new, obscure band.

KYLE

They're gonna be on our next cover. They're probably gonna be as big as the Beatles one day.

STAR

I doubt that.

KYLE

You don't even know who they are.

STAR

Look at that guy's face. He's trying too hard.

Star puckers like a pouty little rocker.

KYLE

Very cute. What's his name?

Star whips out a copy of "Meat is Murder" by "The Smiths" from the stack of vinyl she's been holding.

STAR

What if I get you an interview with Morrissey? He's coming to town in a couple weeks. I could get access to him through the station. You wouldn't have to stick your neck out.

KYLE

Star--

STAR

Please, Kyle. He's on a comeback you know.

KYLE

I'll be surprised if he makes it another ten years.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

STAR

Just read it. If you don't like
it. Think it's too dated. Fine.
Just tell me you'll consider it.

Kyle smiles at Star as if she's a two year old wanting
another scoop of ice cream.

STAR (CONT'D)

You know he doesn't just give
interviews to anyone.

KYLE

He's only hot to fans like you,
from the days of The Smiths. Most
people don't even know who
Morrissey is.

STAR

That's why it's up to us to inform
them, offer them choices, not
spoon feed the masses with the
same old crap.

Star bats her eyes.

KYLE

Oh, ok, fuck it.

STAR

Yes!

KYLE

Calm down. I'll read it. I
didn't say we'd publish it.

STAR

Yet. Trust me, sweets, Its gonna
rock your world.

Star playfully strokes her hand down Kyle's chest.

INT. KZTH HALLWAY - MORNING

Star catches up to Debbie, who's nose deep in a memo.

STAR

Deb. Wait up.

Star notices a sign on a door. It reads "MARKET TEST."

STAR (CONT'D)

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEBBIE

We're testing JO FM. Part of the new Enclave family.

STAR

Oh, JO FM huh? Well, let's meet our new neighbor.

Star reaches for the knob.

DEBBIE

Whoa. Don't even think about going in there.

STAR

Why? Is JO a circus freak or something?

DEBBIE

No. Just corporate asked no one to disturb the booth while the on-air sign is on. They're still tracking albums, testing the signal, you know..

Debbie turns to go.

STAR

That's retarded. I get a million interruptions a day when I'm on-air.

Debbie walks backwards, away from Star.

DEBBIE

Anything else I can help you with?

STAR

I wanna put in a request for a couple of backstage passes to the Morrissey concert.

DEBBIE

You know we're not promoting it.

STAR

We should be. That's what radio stations do: they promote concerts.

DEBBIE

It's not a big enough concert. His last album didn't even chart.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Besides, Aerosmith is playing the same night and we need you there to represent the station.

STAR

Deb, you know I love Morrissey. He hasn't played Austin in years. Why can't you send Jason to Aerosmith?

DEBBIE

I'm sending both of you.

STAR

We can send Megan. She can intro the band with Jason.

DEBBIE

Not gonna happen.

STAR

Why not?

DEBBIE

Because Megan quit this morning.

STAR

What?

DEBBIE

You need to find a new intern.

Debbie disappears around another corner.

Star takes a hard long look at the "MARKET TEST" sign.

STAR

Come, Armageddon, come.

INT. BASEMENT-LIKE CALL CENTER - MORNING

Tina removes her earphones. COMMERCIALS sputter from them in an epileptic fit. Her phone lights up like a perverted Christmas tree.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

What am I paying you for? Answer the damn phone!

TINA

Goddamn it.

Tina answers it:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TINA (CONT'D)
(without enthusiasm)
Hey, baby. This is Monique . . .
Yeah . . . I'm Latina . . . Sure .
. . I love to rub my tan line . .

INT. KZTH BROADCAST BOOTH - MORNING

Star and Jason are back on air. Sweet sardonic poetry drips from Star's lips.

STAR
(into mic)
...and to top it all of, our
Sorority girl Intern Megan has
left the building. I don't think
she's coming back. Jason scared
her away.

Jason scratches his unkempt rubble.

JASON
(into mic)
I can't believe it. I treated her
just as well as they treat interns
over at the White House.

STAR
(into mic)
Well, that would make me quit.

INT. BASEMENT-LIKE CALL CENTER - MORNING

Tina presses her chewed raw finger beds against her earphones.

JASON (V.O.)
I guess we're on the look out for
a new intern. So, if you're a
really hot girl that doesn't mind
a little spare tire in her man,
please drop by the station.

Her eyes widen, as her phone line blinks at her with urgency. But she's not answering the phone this time.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Answer the phone! There's a guy
on two that wants a virtual rim
job.

Tina bites her lip, closes her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Monique! I said line two! Pick
it up now!

Tina's eyes snap open, her eyes transfixed on her chewed
finger nail beds.

She removes her earphones, tosses them on her cramped
desk.

TINA
(calls out)
I don't have to take this.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
What did you say, Monique?

TINA
(calls out)
My name is Tina and I quit.

Tina stands up, pushes in her chair and grabs her dying
bamboo.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Whatever, get the fuck out!

INT. KZTH BROADCAST BOOTH - MORNING

Jason practices tongue twisters from a book entitled "The
Path to Broadcast Enunciation," while Star stares out the
window.

JASON
'Six thick thistle ticks.' *Shit.*
'Six thick thistle sticks. Six
thick thistles tick.' *Damn it.*
'Six thick --

STAR
Would you shut the fuck-up.

JASON
I'm a rock god with perfect
enunciation. 'Six thick thistle
sticks. Six thick thistles stick.'
Oh, yeah.

STAR
The only thick thistle you got is
the one around your belly. It
amazes me that women even look at
you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON

I am gonna milk this as long as I
can babe. The babes love me.

Really? Deejay groupies? They're
about as smart as a Beenie-Baby.

(beat)

I need some coffee. *Someone get
me some coffee!*

JASON

Just wait. I'm sure the perfect
intern is on her way as we speak.

EXT. STATION - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Tina steps out of her beat up 1970s Cadillac and strolls
towards the station. She applies lip gloss, smooths back
her hair.

INT. RECEPTIONIST AREA - MORNING

CHRISTY (35) mans the reception area like a snide body
guard at a packed concert. She oogles Tina, who doesn't
know if she should push or pull the giant glass doors to
enter.

Tina pushes and then pulls the door open, straightens her
too-small black skirt as she approaches Christy.

TINA

Is this KZTH?

Every word that drops from Christy's mouth drizzles with
insincerity.

CHRISTY

Can I help you?

TINA

Yeah. I'm here about the
interning..in the..on the radio.

Christy's so bored.

CHRISTY

BOOTY 92 needs some help in
promotions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TINA

No, no. I'm here about the KZTH morning show. With Star Bennett. I was listening this morning. Intern Megan walked off?

Tina tries her best to contain her excitement.

CHRISTY

Right.

Christy picks up the phone, motions for Tina to sit.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

It might be a few minutes.

TINA

No problem. I'd sit all day for a chance to work with a pro like Star.

CHRISTY

Great.

INT. KZTH LOUNGE - MORNING

Star chows down on a bag of cheesy Doritos and BLABS into the phone.

STAR

Yeah . . . It's Star Bennett...
Star . . . Yes, I'm on the
radio...KZTH . . I was wondering
if you had any industry tickets
left for the Morrissey concert in
Austin . . . Uh-uh . . .

Debbie sticks her head in the lounge. Behind her Tina follows, fidgets with her skirt behind Debbie.

STAR (CONT'D)

(into phone)
Well, I am part of the station . .
. Cool . . . Where can I pick them
up?

DEBBIE

Star.

STAR

(into phone)
Awesome. I'll be there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She hangs up the phone.

DEBBIE
Who ya talkin' to?

STAR
Hey. I've got to scoot if I'm
gonna make that remote.

DEBBIE
Star. I want you to meet Tina.

Tina steps from behind Debbie and smiles at Star. Jason
takes one look at Tina's boney boyish frame and frowns.

TINA
Hi.

Tina gives a coy wave.

TINA (CONT'D)
Star Bennett, right?

STAR
(to Debbie)
I don't have time for fans right
now.

DEBBIE
Tina came here about the intern
position.

Star sizes Tina up.

TINA
(to Star)
I just wanted to thank you for
both Morrissey songs the other
day. It's been a long time since
I've heard that.

STAR
(to Debbie)
See, the classics never die.
(to Tina)
Name three desert island discs.

TINA
For real?

STAR
If you can't name them off the top
of your head, you don't get the
job.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TINA

Um. Let's see. Disintegration,
Pretty Hate Machine and Viva Hate.

STAR

Why did you pick those albums?

TINA

They were all released in 1989.

STAR

Sorry, Tina. Viva Hate was
released in '88.

TINA

Oh.

Star pushes her way past Debbie, Tina.

STAR

(to Tina)

Coming.

INT. KZTH HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Star leads Tina down the hallway, stops by a door labeled
"Storage."

TINA

I just want to thank you for this
opportunity--

STAR

Just gotta grab some things for
the remote.

Star enters a code into a security box. The door
unlocks, she pushes it open.

STAR (CONT'D)

We're almost out of T-shirts.

Every piece of cheap cheesy merchandise on God's green
Earth sits in the darkness, waiting to be won. T-shirts,
bumper stickers, rolls of plastic banners with KZTH
emblazoned on them and stacks and stacks of CDs.

TINA

Whoa.

STAR

Promotional items make the world
go around, dahlin'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Star grabs a stack of "KZTH" T-shirts shoves them to Tina.

STAR (CONT'D)

Here.

TINA

What are these for?

STAR

Prizes for the Prizewhores.

TINA

What's a Prizewhore?

EXT. PINKY'S PARTIES AND SPORTING GOODS - AFTERNOON

LYDIA (60s, in her K-Mart best) takes a disgusting bite of a greasy pizza.

STAR (O.S.)

That's a Prizewhore.

Lydia stands in the middle of a strip mall. KZTH banners wave in the wind. Several tables, with KZTH banners are lined up and littered with promo goodies and prizes.

Lydia hovers around a "KZTH" table with a few other PRIZEWHORES, scavenging "KZTH" T-shirts, bumper stickers, baseball hats and cardboard boxes of free pizza.

Some of them are filling out entry forms and putting them into a cardboard ballot box fighting the wind.

Star, Tina and Jason man a "KZTH" kiosk in the front of "Pinky's Parties and Sporting Goods."

TINA

Wow, they're all like retirees?

Lydia and a chubby bald fellow named CHUCK (50s) fill out forms, stuff them into the registry box.

STAR

Social Security well spent, right there.

Dollar bills swirl in a nearby Money Machine, hypnotizing salivating PRIZEWHORES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAR (CONT'D)

At the end of the world, the only things left will be cock-roaches and PrizeWhores. They're a necessary evil. A hazard of the job. Last remote I caught Chuck stuffing the ballot box. Look, if you pull out one of their names, act like it's stuck or something and put it back, pull another one - I swear, they win every time, it's like they put glue on those forms.

TINA

They like to win.

STAR

Huh?

TINA

I guess it feels good to win a stupid T-shirt or something. I mean, they're old, you know...when you lose most of life's big battles, it's good to win the little ones.

STAR

That's pretty good. You're like a Zen poet or something for the Prizewhores.

Tina laughs. Jason comes over with Roger.

STAR (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

TINA

What?

STAR

It's Roger.

JASON

Roger just won fifty-seven dollars in there. I think that gets him a T-shirt, don't you?

STAR

Yeah, yeah, a T-shirt, here you go Roger.

Star grabs a T-shirt out of Tina's hand and pushes it into Roger's hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROGER

Thanks Star - It's, um, really good to see you again out here. Last time I saw you, you had that rip in your jeans cause you caught yourself on the banner roller machine - yeah, you cut yourself pretty bad - you have it all better now? I have pictures from that remote, I should bring them next time.

STAR

Yeah. I'd kinda forgotten about that.

ROGER

Um, do you have any more Aerosmith tickets up for grabs? Stephen Tyler has a big mouth, his daughter is in that new space movie 'Armageddon' - I'm gonna go see it later this weekend, It's gonna be good, good.

STAR

No more tickets, Rog.

ROGER

Oh, Okay, then. I'll enter to win something else. I'd like to enter to win that.

Roger points to a BB gun laying on a table with other sporting good prizes, such as skis, boxing gloves, tents and archery equipment.

STAR

Yeah, but you can only win one prize per remote and you've already won money and a T-shirt.

ROGER

But I want to enter, it's not the same as a T-shirt, it's better, a BB gun is better.

Star blinks her eyes blankly at Roger.

JASON

Okay, Roger, you gotta go back and hang with Lydia and Chuck, we're gonna do the drawing soon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Jason takes Roger by the arm. Roger shakes him off.

ROGER

No. I want to enter. I have a right to enter..right to enter. I gotta win something..something else. I rode the bus all the way here and walked to that last stop to. And, I won that date, but she quit. So, I should get something else.

Roger has started rocking back and forth a bit frantically. Tina swoops in and saves the day.

TINA

Roger, it's OK. You don't have to take the bus back, I'll take you home and we'll get you prepped for the next remote. There will be more Prizes there, right Star?

Tina gives her best smile to Roger, bats her eyes. Jason folds his arms against his chest. He's impressed.

JASON

That would be awesome of you.

STAR

You sure?

TINA

Yeah.

Tina takes Roger's arm.

TINA (CONT'D)

Besides, Roger did say he won a date with your intern. And well, I am the new intern. So, we can go on a little date, can't we, Roger?

Roger's bloated old face turns red.

INT. STAR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Star huddles over a dinosaur of a desktop computer. She's in the middle of a heated phone conversation.

STAR

(into phone)
I'm with KZTH . . . Yes . . . I was calling to confirm one V.I.P.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAR (CONT'D)
Pass . . . Morrissey . . . Uh-huh
. . . No, I'm not the station
manager. I'm Star Bennett the
deejay . . .

A DOORBELL interrupts her.

STAR (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Can I call you back?

The DOORBELL.

STAR (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yeah, just tell him Star Bennett
called.

INT. STAR'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Star unhinges the lock on her door, cracks it open.

STAR
Hello?

Tina stands at her doorstep, tape recorder and microphone
in hand.

TINA
Hey.

STAR
Tina? How'd you know where I
live?

TINA
Can I come in?

STAR
Um, actually I'm just about to go
out.

TINA
Where?

STAR
Grab some tickets for the station.

TINA
Sounds like an intern's job.

STAR
You've done enough today, Tina.
But thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TINA

At least let me give you a ride.

I/E TINA'S CAR - NIGHT

Tina drives Star down a dark urban street. Street lights passing over their faces.

Moody music from 1989 gently weeps from the stereo.

TINA

Actually, it was kinda cute. I don't think he's ever been on any sort of date. He acts like a Vietnam Vet or something, but I think he's too young - he's kinda like a kid, it's weird, he's eccentric or something - he just knows everything about everything.

STAR

All Vietnam Vets are eccentric. You know the government used them in LSD experiments.

TINA

Where are we going again?

The song changes to "The Cure." Star turns the radio up.

STAR

There is no Midnight Morrissey without his dear cousin The Cure.

TINA

There's a feud between Robert Smith and Morrissey.

STAR

Yep.

TINA

Robert said --

STAR

He said, "If Morrissey says not to eat meat, then I'm going to eat meat, because I hate Morrissey."

TINA

I guess there can be only one mopey Goth king.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAR

Well, I hate to do this to Robert,
but Morrissey is the king in my
book.

TINA

(playfully)
Blasphemy.

STAR

Turn here.

TINA

Are you going to his concert next
week?

STAR

That's the plan.

INT. TICKET MASTER KIOSK - MALL - NIGHT

Sun-glassed Star struts up to a "Ticket Tron" kiosk
manned by a skinny rocker, KENNY, late 20s. He's got a
mouth full of tobacco and an empty soda liter a quarter-
filled with brown mucus.

Tina doesn't follow too far behind.

STAR

You Joel?

KENNY

Kenny.

He points to his name tag. It reads "Kenny."

STAR

I believe I have some passes on
hold. The name's Star Bennett.

KENNY

Can you take off your sunglasses?

STAR

Huh?

KENNY

I just find it rude when people
wear sunglasses inside the mall.

He spits into his plastic liter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAR
You're serious?

KENNY
As cancer.

Star removes her sunglasses.

STAR
Is that better?

KENNY
You're that deejay chick.

STAR
Star Bennett. Got some passes for me?

KENNY
I'm not sure. Let me look.

Kenny scans alphabetized cubbies full of concert tickets, passes.

STAR
I talked to someone named Joel earlier. It's for the Morrissey concert.

KENNY
How many tickets did you say you had?

STAR
Not tickets. V.I.P. Passes. Two of them. I always get two.

KENNY
Oh. Here we go.

Kenny unfolds a piece of notebook paper.

STAR
That's not a pass.

KENNY
(reading)
'V.I.P. Passes for KZTH delivered directly to station.'

STAR
I didn't ask for them to be sent to the station!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Tina taps Star on the shoulder.

STAR (CONT'D)

Do you have any others?

KENNY

Only two V.I.P.s per station.

TINA

Excuse me. Star.

STAR

It wasn't for the station is was
for *me!*

Star grabs his bottle o'spit and shakes it out across his kiosk.

KENNY

Dude, what the fuck? You want me
to call mall security?

TINA

Star.

STAR

Why? So, I can tell them that you
stole my tickets?

TINA

Star.

KENNY

Passes. They're passes.

TINA

(yells)
Star!

STAR

What?!

TINA

If you needed a ticket, you
should've just asked me. I've got
three V.I.P.s.

Star slides her sunglasses back on, eyes Tina up and down then puts the now empty bottle o'spit back on the kiosk table.

STAR

You heard her. We have our
stinkin' passes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Star grabs Tina by the arm, turns and leaves the Kiosk.

STAR (CONT'D)

Where the hell you get those?

TINA

(slyly)

I have my ways.

EXT. MOUNT BONNELL - NIGHT

Star and Tina PANT as they make it to the top of a long trail of stone steps leading up the steep hill. Star carries a cardboard six-pack of Lone Star, two beer bottles sit in the pack half empty. They're obviously drunk.

STAR

You're the best intern ever.

TINA

I have magical powers.

STAR

You have V.I.P. passes.

They sit on the ledge of the steps. The view is spectacular, the river cuts through rolling hills, glittered with lights.

STAR (CONT'D)

This is nice. I've lived here since college, never been up here.

TINA

I told you, you would like it.

Star takes a bag of pot out of her pocket, packs a bowl.

STAR

So, why radio?

TINA

What do you mean?

STAR

It's just that you seem a lot less lame than most radio people. Your taste is good. Deejays now are L-A-Z-Y. You won't make it.

Star lights the bowl, takes a puff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TINA

You *made* it.

STAR

Making it is sitting in front of the golden mic in NYC, the biggest market in the country - OR - My very own column in *Rolling Stone*.

TINA

I guess I always wanted to be a deejay.

Star passes it to Tina.

STAR

Why?

TINA

Because, radio never leaves anyone lonely. There's always someone there. Some human on the other side of a bunch of waves and wires who can connect with hundreds, thousands, millions as if there was no space or time between them at all. It's where science and technology merge with spirituality.

STAR

Wow.

TINA

What?

STAR

I would normally piss all over that kind of philosophical masturbation, but, that's kinda how I felt when I started. It's intimate ya know.

Tina blushes.

STAR (CONT'D)

But now I feel . . . I dunno. Out of my body.

TINA

Maybe if you have another hit, you'll crawl back in...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STAR
My shell. Yeah.

TINA
So, I have a confession to make.

STAR
You're in love with me?

Star takes another hit.

TINA
Worse. I used to listen to you in college.

STAR
An original fan, huh?

TINA
I listened to your Midnight Morrissey shows while I was studying.

STAR
You're kidding. That's so weird.

TINA
(a bit intense)
You were the only one keeping me company sometimes.

Star pauses, takes another hit then passes it to Tina.

STAR
Here, this is our company tonight.

TINA
And, after you started working at KZTH, I sorta started listening to that station.

STAR
And now, you're my intern. Or stalker.

TINA
Every great artist should have at least one.

Tina makes a playful face, takes a hit. Star can't help but GIGGLE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

STAR

Well, thanks, Tina. Maybe you can stalk me all the way out of this shithole industry.

Tina prickles at this.

TINA

You can never leave radio.

STAR

Why not?

TINA

Because then I would have no one to stalk.

Star cracks a smile. Tina relaxes.

TINA (CONT'D)

Know what we should do?

STAR

Hang the deejay?

TINA

We should start our own pirate station.

STAR

Enclave would consider that auditory terrorism.

TINA

Not terrorism. Piracy.

STAR

You are Robert Smith.

TINA

I'm serious. An independent radio station.

STAR

Better than a golden mic.

TINA

Exactly.

STAR

It would be interesting if we could get away with it. I bet we could even get financial backers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TINA

You are a star. Stars attract investors.

STAR

Maybe you're onto something.

TINA

So, you're in?

STAR

Sure kid, it's the best idea I've heard all night.

INT. KZTH BROADCAST BOOTH - MORNING

Star hangs her head over the console, while COMMERCIALS jingle in the background.

Jason's plumber's crack rises over the table, as he looks on the floor. He raises his head and bumps it on the table.

JASON

Ow!

Star holds her head up and grimaces.

STAR

What's wrong with you?

JASON

I swear there was another set of headphones.

STAR

Of course there are. You're just too dumb to see it.

JASON

Sometimes you remind me of Hillary Clinton.

STAR

Powerful with vision?

JASON

No. A real cunt.

Tina swaggers in the room with a bag full of muffins.

TINA

How much time we got?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The display on the CD player back-counts 3:23, 3:22, 3:21.

STAR

About 3:20 - That's a piss and a Java.

TINA

You want coffee?

STAR

No, just an old joke. You know, radio, puts time in a whole new perspective.

Jason grabs a muffin. Star watches him stuff his face.

STAR (CONT'D)

Almost like a prison.

Star is entranced by the CD player's count-down.

INT. DEBBIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Star sits across from Debbie, sips coffee.

DEBBIE

A whole bunch of equipment has gone missing these past few days. Have you seen anything unusual?

STAR

I'm not really here to talk about your equipment woes.

DEBBIE

I realize.

STAR

I want to know about JO FM. The merger. Will I still have my own show?

DEBBIE

That's the other thing I wanted to talk to you about.

STAR

That doesn't sound good.

DEBBIE

Star--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAR

It's fine. I can take it.

DEBBIE

You'll be a good voice print.

STAR

A recording?

DEBBIE

It's not exactly a recording. All the stations up north are doing this and since Enclave bought us, well, it's more marketable.

STAR

You're serious about this aren't you?

DEBBIE

Don't do anything rash. You're still valued here.

Star stands up heads for the door.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

You can have the rest of the day off if you want, no production work. I'll buy you a drink later.

STAR

I don't think we'd make good drinking partners.

INT. SANITARIUM NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Tina leads Star by the hand through a crowd of JOHNNY CASH WANNABEES with black cowboy hats and black boots. YOUNG GIRLS dressed like Rock-a-Billy Bettys, in their best 50s bad girl attire, stand nearby.

Then they pass by a gaggle of young Latin men dressed like greasers with perfectly sculpted Morrissey pompadours. Some of them are built like a brick house, and some of them are actually women. It's an odd gang of Morrissey worshippers that's for sure.

Depeche Mode's "Black Celebration" reverberates through a crowd of SWEATY DANCING PATRONS cramped on the small dance floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Colored-gel lights bounce off their made-up faces. Glitter. Heavy eyeliner. Black lipstick. Runny white foundation.

Every dance move tells the tale of drama, misery and the infinite sadness. Shadows of arms pulling thin air down to the ground in a slow movement. Is this Goth Tai-Chi?

TINA

Over here.

Star can't hear Tina over the deafening thumping of Depeche Mode's "Black Celebration."

STAR

Huh?

Tina grabs Star's hand. They push their way towards the bar, past a BLONDE MORTISHA and a BALD PIERCED BIKER.

BAR

TINA

This is soo cool. Goth night with Star Bennett! It's like a dream. P.I.B.s Unite!

An ASIAN BARTENDER (early 30s) wipes a spilled beer from the bar. Backlit bottles glow absinthe green.

TINA (CONT'D)

Two shots of tequila.

ASIAN BARTENDER

What kind?

TINA

Huh?

ASIAN BARTENDER

Sauza? Patron?

Star slams down a twenty.

STAR

Patron. Extra limes.

ASIAN BARTENDER

Right on.

The bartender gets to work, sets up shot glasses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TINA

You're better off in Austin,
anyway. Who needs New York? Talk
about corporate.

STAR

You given away your passes yet?

TINA

Of course not. I've got one with
your name on it.

STAR

Good, because I'm gonna need it.

TINA

It will be good to unwind.

STAR

I need the pass, I need to
interview Morrissey.

TINA

For an on-air interview? That
would be a rad way of launching
our station.

STAR

What station?

TINA

The one we talked about. Our own
independent station.

STAR

Fuck radio. It's dying. I'm going
for *Rolling Stone*.

Star licks Tina's hand like a playful kitty cat,
sprinkles salt on it and licks it.

Tina swallows what Star just said.

TINA

But our plans.

Star slams down a shot of tequila, grimaces.

TINA (CONT'D)

I thought you were committed to
this project.

Star sucks on a lime. The bartender slides a few more
shots in front of Star.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

STAR

Project? That's what happens when you get high in Austin. You make plans you never keep. It's how the Granola Mafia here gets things done.

TINA

But you said you wanted your own station.

STAR

I also want my own spaceship. And that bartender.

Star smiles at the Asian Bartender, throws back another shot.

STAR (CONT'D)

It's just nostalgia. Like this place and these people. That's all.

TINA

No it's not. We can do it. You have to. I can't do this without you.

Star points to Tina's shot.

STAR

It will never happen. Chill out and have a drink. Maybe we'll go back up to Mount Bonnell and make up some new dreams before the night is through.

Tina picks up the shot glass and slams it on the floor. Startled, Star jumps back. Every GOTH in their immediate vicinity stares at them.

TINA

Fuck. You.

STAR

Tina!

TINA

You have no balls. You're just a spineless little corporate robot, just like Debbie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

STAR

Have I done something to piss you
off?

TINA

You celebrities are all the same.
You have no sense of loyalty.

A BURLY TATTOOED BOUNCER approaches the pair.

BURLY TATTOOED BOUNCER

You gals got a problem here?

TINA

Fuck you.

BURLY TATTOOED BOUNCER

(to Tina)

I'll give you a choice. You can
walk on out of here like a good
little girl or I can toss you out
on that boney ass of yours.

STAR

I'm walking.

Star makes her way towards the exit. Tina remains
defiantly planted.

EXT. SANITARIUM - NIGHT

Star taps an old Dragon's Blood Doc Martin against the
greasy concrete.

Suddenly, a door bursts open and a SCREAMING Tina is
pushed onto the street like a real garbage pail kid.

TINA

Don't touch me.

The door slams shut in her beat red face. She bangs on
the door.

TINA (CONT'D)

Do you know who I am? I'm part of
the morning team on KZTH.

(she kicks the door)

One day I'm gonna be a famous
deejay 'round here and you'll
never throw me out again.

Star places her hand on Tina's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAR
Tina, let's go. I think we've had
one too many shots.

TINA
(to the door)
One day. You'll see.

STAR
Come on. Before they call the
police.

Tina spins around, spits in Star's face.

STAR (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ.

TINA
Don't touch me, you poser.

Star wipes the spit off her cheek, as Tina jogs away into
the night.

STAR
(calling after her)
Tina. Wait. What about the pass-

A sudden wave of nausea hits Star. She VOMITS all that
tequila onto the sidewalk.

STAR (CONT'D)
Fuck.

INT. KZTH - JOCK LOUNGE - MORNING

The room is bare of all posters. The couch has been
replaced by two black leather chairs. Star stands at her
locker, she begins to empty it.

Tina sulks in with a cup of coffee and sunglasses to hide
her hangover.

STAR
That was quite a performance last
night.

TINA
Sometimes you have to stand up for
what you believe. You wouldn't
understand.

Star SIGHS, closes her locker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAR

You're kinda giving me . . .

Star hesitates.

TINA

Just say it. The creepy, crazy...

STAR

The creepy crazy Prizewhore vibe.

TINA

I get it. You just wanted my
V.I.P. Pass-whore.

STAR

I'm not a whore, I'll buy the pass
from you.

TINA

You can't buy it. You're staying
in radio.

Tina heads for the exit.

STAR

I don't have to stay anywhere.

TINA

That's what you think.

Tina storms out of the lounge, pushes past Jason as he
enters the jock lounge.

JASON

You just keep pissing people off,
Mrs. Clinton. No wonder you're
husband keeps cheating on you with
all those chubby girls.

STAR

I can't believe they're gonna give
you a national platform.

JASON

The market loves me. I'm living
the dream baby.

INT. KERBY LANE CAFE - EVENING

Star sits across from Kyle and builds a pyramid with the
empty creamer cups. The remains of a meal sit off to one
side of the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAR

The check is taking fuckin-
forever.

KYLE

I talked to my editor yesterday.

STAR

Reject me gently. This week's
been like prison sex. And I don't
mean that stupid teen angst boy
cock-rock song.

KYLE

Enclave doesn't use lube?

STAR

It's the fucking corporate take
overs. It's not like the little
local-independent stations. It's
fuckin' Reagan's ghost and that
god-damn deregulation - There are
like three companies that will own
everything. I mean they already
do. They practically control the
playlist. Every - single - song.

KYLE

That's why you're going into the
wonderful world of rock
journalism.

STAR

Is that right?

KYLE

I talked to my editor and--

STAR

He likes the Morrissey idea.

KYLE

Loves it.

Pause.

KYLE (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

STAR

I couldn't get the passes.

KYLE

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STAR

It's a long story and I'm late.

KYLE

Where ya headed?

STAR

A remote at a video arcade.

KYLE

So, you're gonna stay at KZTH?

STAR

Well, they haven't *officially* fired me yet.

KYLE

If I make my deadline I'll swing by.

STAR

If you want.

INT. ALADDIN'S ARCADE - EVENING

Another miserable remote.

Star, alone at a KZTH table, in the middle of several tall video games is surrounded by T-shirts and promotional items. She stares at a PIMPLE-FACED BOY playing "Mortal Kombat."

PIMPLE-FACED BOY

(working the controls)

Fatality! Awesome.

PRIZEWHORES circle Star like ravenous buzzards. Lydia approaches her, chewing on a pizza like Jaba the Hut.

LYDIA

All alone tonight, Star?

STAR

Uh-huh.

Lydia picks up a "JO FM" T-shirt with her greasy fingers.

LYDIA

JO FM?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAR

We're changing our name to JO FM soon. You get a preview right there, maybe you can wear it and promote the new station, pay off all those prizes you keep winning.

LYDIA

Huh?

STAR

Nothing.

LYDIA

Same show, though, right? Couldn't live without my Star and Jason in the morning.

STAR

That's good to hear.

EXT. ALADDIN'S ARCADE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Star hoofs it through a dimly lit parking lot to her car alone.

A few feet away, Roger wanders around his van looking for something, wiping his hands on his shirt nervously.

STAR

Hey, Roger. The remote's over. You missed it.

He bends over, looks under the van.

ROGER

Shit! Dern it, dern it!

Roger GROANS, cradles his back. Star pauses for a moment.

STAR

You okay?

ROGER

Keys, keys. I can't find my keys.

Star looks at her watch, then over at Roger.

STAR

Can I help?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

Please. Yeah, Yeah, It's not good
in the dark. My eyes aren't so
good in the dark.

Star looks back at her car, bites her lip and makes a
decision.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I can't see. I can't see.

She approaches Roger.

STAR

Where was the last place you saw
them?

Without any warning, a DARK FIGURE swooshes out of
nowhere, knocks Star to the concrete.

The world goes fuzzy.

Star GROANS, her face sideways against the cool black
pavement.

Roger's shoes scoot against the concrete.

ROGER (O.S.)

I think you knocked her out.

Star's eyes agape, blink.

BLACK WITCHY BOOTS click on the pavement.

DARKNESS.

INT. ROGER'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Star's angular chin juts up towards a ceiling. Her eyes
flutter to an airy radio voice full of vigor speaking
from beyond. It drips with the slightest bit of self-
aware sarcasm.

STAR (V.O.)

For KTSB, the only, truly student
run station, I'm Star Bennett.

The timber of her own voice calls her to consciousness.

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

And I want to hang the deejay.
Even if that means hanging myself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sucks air through her mouth, like she's remembering how to breathe. COUGHS hard. Her pupils dilate, take in shadowy shapes and forms...a control board? A hanging microphone?

STAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Right here on KTSB, your college alternative. This is Midnight Morrissey.

"Panic" by the Smiths crackles over the sound of her voice.

Star wriggles in the swivel chair she's tied to, hitting her head against a soft, hanging microphone.

She lets out a low GROAN, tilts her head over her shoulder.

Her hands have been secured. Her thighs have been taped down to the chair.

STAR (CONT'D)
What the fuck? No...

Looking around, she squints at walls of shelving full of CDs, cassettes, vinyls.

A dim room, lit only by a few spots of pale track lighting, has been meticulously renovated to replicate a sound booth.

HEARTBEATS pound wildly.

Star strains to make out the writing on the cassettes around her. They all read . . .
"STAR BENNETT"

...and are date-stamped.

STAR (CONT'D)
Holy shit.

She violently struggles in her swivel chair, almost tipping herself over - the wheels on one side lift of the floor.

STAR (CONT'D)
Hello?

A SHADOWED FIGURE

of a delicate female emerges from the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A PALE BONY HAND

reaches up and turns a rheostat on the wall and the room brightens.

The hand belongs to Tina. She crosses to a pair of headphones hanging on the wall and goes to place them on Star's ears.

STAR (CONT'D)

Tina?

TINA

Hello, Star.

STAR

Okay. Joke's over. Untie me.

Tina forces the headphones on Star and rolls Star closer to a microphone.

TINA

Speak into the microphone, please. And do 'the voice.' Like you're on air. All dripping and syncopated--

STAR

What? No. Get me out of this chair. This isn't fuckin' funny.

Tina walks over to the shelf of tapes and whips one out.

TINA

You're right. This isn't funny.

Star takes in the studio again and starts noticing the KZTH stickers and inventory tags on some of the equipment.

STAR

Is that from the station?

TINA

It's part of my, I mean, our station now.

STAR

Tina, where are we?

TINA

I told you. Our station. I thought we could name it together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

STAR
We don't have a station.

TINA
Oh, yes we do.

STAR
Tina, this is kidnapping - you
could go to jail.

TINA
I told you, you can't leave radio.

STAR
If you don't untie me, I'm gonna
scream.

TINA
So, I'm bringing radio to you.

STAR
(screams)
Help! Somebody help!

TINA
Shit.

Tina lunges towards Star, muffles her mouth with her
boney hand.

TINA (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Roger! Get down here!

Star bites Tina. She YELPS.

TINA (CONT'D)
Fuck!

Tina staggers backwards, holding her bitten hand.

STAR
(screams)
Help! I'm tied up down here.

Tina scans the room for something she can use as a gag.

TINA
Stop screaming.

STAR
(screams)
Help me! Can anybody hear me?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Tina takes off her "Disintegration" T-shirt and stuffs into down Star's throat.

TINA
Shhhhh. That's better.

Star's eyes water, as Tina secures the gag.

Roger, tubby in his K-Mart ensemble, stands at the top of the stairs holding the BB gun he won at the remote. He waves at Star.

Star's SCREAMS are distorted by the T-shirt.

TINA (CONT'D)
Roger, go get the sleepy pills.

ROGER
Why are you in your bra? When do I get the prize? You promised.

TINA
Soon. But I can't get it, unless you help me.

ROGER
Okay. Okay. Gonna get the prize.

INT. ROGER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Roger's living room might as well be an inventory warehouse. Every inch of his living space is stuffed with toys, sporting equipment, boxes full of junk.

Roger steps over a "Fischer Price Kitchen."

TINA (O.S.)
Hurry up!

Prizes in unopened boxes act as barriers. It's a wonder he can even make his way to the . . .

INT. ROGER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Roger's kitchen is no better. It's a testament to every infomercial since 1989.

He opens a cabinet, slips a pill bottle into his pocket.

TINA (O.S.)
Roger!

INT. ROGER'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Roger holds Star down, while Tina forces a pill down Star's throat.

TINA

Come now.

Star reluctantly swallows.

TINA (CONT'D)

That's a girl.

Tina wipes the drool off Star's face with a napkin. Her movements are graceful, loving, almost maternal.

STAR

Tina...you don't know what you're doing . . .

Star's eyelids go heavy, but she can still see Tina, trapped between her eyelashes. A venus-fly trap. It's prey fading fast.

Tina pets her to sleep.

TINA

A spoon full of sugar.

The world dims.

TINA (CONT'D)

Good night, Star Bennett.

INT. KZTH BROADCAST BOOTH - EARLY MORNING

Jason drinks coffee while he thumbs through a "Billboard" magazine.

Debbie ducks her head into the booth.

DEBBIE

Where's Star?

Jason continues to look at his magazine.

JASON

I dunno. In a ditch, half-dead.
Kidnapped by some sadistic fan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tina bounces into the room. She's all sunshine and black eyeliner. A box of "Round Rock" donuts bounce along with her.

TINA

Good morning. I bare gifts.

JASON

Oh, my God. You're awesome.
(to the donut box)
Come to poppa.

DEBBIE

Are those donuts from Round Rock?

TINA

Yes, ma'am.

Tina offers, Debbie accepts.

DEBBIE

(donut in mouth)
Hmmm. This is good.

TINA

(to Jason)
Go ahead.

Jason takes three donuts, raises one up in the air.

JASON

Thanks, Tina. Best intern ever.

DEBBIE

You haven't heard from Star have you?

TINA

I did go drinking with her the other night. She didn't seem very happy.

DEBBIE

Did she mention anything? About being unhappy?

TINA

I really don't feel like I should say. I mean, I think she was upset that she didn't get promoted. Don't get me wrong. I worship Star, but she just doesn't appreciate how lucky she is to be a deejay.

INT. ROGER'S BASEMENT - EARLY MORNING

A slit ray of sunshine skipping through a tiny window warms Star's face, as she stares at Tina's makeshift radio booth. She looks up to the outside world. It's dead quite out there.

Carefully, as if to not make a sound, she wiggles in her chair, wheeling it towards the booth.

A wheel gets snagged on a cord.

STAR
(hushed)
Shit.

With a GRUNT, she moves the chair closer to the prize: A stereo receiver.

She uses her head to knock it to the floor. CLANK. Pieces of metal burst, scatter across the floor.

ROGER (O.S.)
Star? What's that noise? I
heard a noise.

Star scrambles to wheel herself back towards the window. She's covered in sweat.

STAR
Roger, can you untie me? I have
to go to the bathroom.

Roger shuffles down the steps, carrying a tray of diabetes. A bowl of Lucky Charms. Sunny Dee. And the BB gun strapped around his shoulder like an over-the-hill, over-sized Rambo with a tiny weapon.

ROGER
Tina told me not to untie you.
That's what she said, Roger, not
to untie...

STAR
Well, she told me to tell you to
untie me.

ROGER
No she didn't. You just think I'm
stupid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAR

No, Roger. I don't think you're stupid.

ROGER

I saw you at all those remotes. You were making fun of me, because I like to win prizes.

STAR

No. No. It wasn't like that.

ROGER

You think you're better than all of us . . . What do you call us? Prizewhores.

STAR

I'm sorry, Roger. I really am.

Roger spoons some Lucky Charms towards Star.

ROGER

Now, open wide. Open, open, open.

Star shakes her head.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Open your mouth or I'll force feed ya like they did to me.

Star drops her jaw. Roger feeds her a spoonful of lucky charms. She chews.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Have you ever been in a hospital for a long time?

Star shakes her head, swallows, looks at a pile of boxes in the corner, then back at Roger.

Roger looks at the boxes, then back at Star. He nudges another spoonful into her mouth.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I spent thirty years working for Austin Utilities, entering the bills into their system. They gave me an early retirement. Then, I was left with this empty house. I just wanted to fill it with something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STAR
Well, it's filled.

ROGER
It feels good to win. Win. Win.
Get something for free. For Free.
Life isn't free.

Roger prepares another spoonful.

STAR
No, it isn't.

INT. KZTH HALLWAY - MORNING

Tina strides down the hallway, past the "JO FM" booth. Debbie stands a few feet away, chatting with a pair of POLICE OFFICERS.

TINA
Hey, Debbie. Is everything
alright?

DEBBIE
Tina, this is Officer Denton and
Officer Charles.

TINA
Oh, my God. Is it about Star?

OFFICER DENTON, a tall masculine woman in her thirties, looks Tina right in the eye.

OFFICER DENTON
Who's Star?

DEBBIE
No, they're here about some
missing equipment. It looks like
someone has been stealing from
engineering.

OFFICER CHARLES, the shorter skinny male of the pair, adjusts a pair of nerdy spectacles.

OFFICER CHARLES
(to Tina)
And you are?

TINA
Oh, I'm Tina. Tina Meinen. I'm
an intern at KZTH. Mornings with
Star and Jason.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Officer Denton raises an eyebrow and jots something down in a notebook.

INT. DEBBIE'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Debbie sits at her desk with a cup of coffee in one hand and her phone in the other.

DEBBIE

(into phone)

Right. I know, we're working with the consultant you gave us.

Tina taps on Debbie's office door. Debbie motions for Tina to wait.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Yes, it will be good to see you as well.

(beat)

Alright. Bye, now.

Debbie hangs up the phone, scribbles something down on a note pad.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Hey, there, Tina. What's on your mind?

Tina enters, takes a seat across from Debbie.

TINA

Have you heard from Star yet?

DEBBIE

Nope.

TINA

That sucks. She was supposed to be training me.

DEBBIE

To do what?

TINA

To deejay.

DEBBIE

To deejay? Here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TINA

Yeah. She thought I could co-host the station after Jason left for New York.

DEBBIE

She did? You've only been interning here for what, a month?

Tina gestures towards Debbie's Zen garden.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Go ahead.

Tina rakes the sand with a pen, makes designs.

TINA

Well, Star thinks I would make a good deejay.

DEBBIE

Let me tell you something about Star. She's a hair's breath away from being fired.

TINA

I guess it was irresponsible of her not to show up today.

DEBBIE

It's really, really unusual for Star. And that's the only reason she's not canned.

TINA

What happens if, let's say, Star or somebody gets fired or quits or...something?

INT. ROGER'S BASEMENT - MORNING

Star stares at Tina's makeshift recording booth for a moment, then squirms in her chair. If she were standing, she would be doing the pee-pee dance.

STAR

Roger! Earth to Roger!

Star attempts to wiggle her ankles out of the tightly wound knots. GRUNTS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAR (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Goddamn it.
(yelling)
Roger! I have to go to the
bathroom.

INT. KZTH BROADCAST BOOTH - MORNING

Tina cradles her chin, as she lounges in Star's chair.

TINA
I hope she's okay.

Jason goes over the playlist.

JASON
Don't waste your hope on that
miserable bitch.

TINA
Hey! Watch it.
(regains her
composure)
Can I see the playlist?

JASON
Whatever. Pull some of these CDs
will ya?

He hands her a pink list of song titles. Tina skims the list, frowns.

JASON (CONT'D)
What's wrong, now Miss
BeatleJuice?

TINA
It's just not up to Star's
standards.

Jason pulls the mic down in front of his face.

JASON
Whatever, We're on in one minute.

TINA
Right.

JASON
We've got Morrissey tickets to
give away. He's coming this
weekend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The hair on Tina's neck stands up.

TINA
Morrissey tickets?

JASON
That's right.

TINA
I didn't think we were promoting
his concert.

JASON
I guess Debbie changed her mind.

Jason slips on his headphones, motions for Tina to follow.

JASON (CONT'D)
Well, ready or not here we go.

Tina watches the "ON-AIR" sign flicker to life.

JASON (CONT'D)
(into mic)
Good morrow, Austin. Jason and
Star in the morning at KZTH. I'd
like to welcome our Intern turned
Deejay Tina! She's filling in for
Star. That's a nice dress you got
there Tina. Where did you get it?
Goths 'r Us?

Tina opens her mouth. Nothing comes out.

JASON (CONT'D)
Wouldn't you like to say good
morning to Austin? Or are you
more of a night person?

TINA
(meekly)
Hello, Austin.

INT. ROGER'S BASEMENT - MORNING

Star, still bound, cringes, fidgets.

STAR
(mutters)
Christ.

She's holding back her bladder as much as she can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAR (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Please, Roger. I have to go to
the bathroom.

She can't hold it any longer. Urine soaks her jeans.

STAR (CONT'D)

Shit.

ROGER (O.S.)

Hold the horses. I'm coming.

FOOTSTEPS patter overhead, then the basement door swings
open. Roger waddles down the stairs, BB gun in hand.

ROGER (CONT'D)

What are you hooting and hollering
about? All that hooting and
hollering.

STAR

Roger! Where have you been?

ROGER

Sleeping. With my BB gun, see?

STAR

I have to change.

ROGER

Go ahead.

STAR

I'm serious.

ROGER

As cancer?

STAR

Stop it! I had an accident.

ROGER

After the show. Tina's on now.

Roger turns on a radio. It's the KZTH Morning Show.

JASON (V.O.)

She's fillin' in for our very own
Star Bennett, who has the um flu,
right....the flu.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TINA (V.O.)
Too bad too, because she's gonna
miss the Morrissey concert
tonight.

Star's face bleaches out at the timber of Tina's voice.

JASON (V.O.)
That's right. We've got a pair of
tickets to see Morrissey at the
Sanitarium . . .

STAR
Fuck me.

JASON (V.O.)
. . . Going out to the first
person who can answer Tina's
question right.

INT. KZTH BOOTH - MORNING

Tina's grin drips across her face like syrup.

TINA
(into mic)
What other British singer was
quoted saying, "If Morrissey says
don't eat meat, I'll eat meat,
because I hate Morrissey?"

INT. ROGER'S BASEMENT - MORNING

Star's eyes bulge, as Roger strokes his BB gun.

ROGER
Dern it. I'd like to win those
tickets. Win the tickets to
Morrissey. He's the last of the
famous international playboys.

STAR
I know the answer.

ROGER
Tell me. Tell me. Quick.

JASON (V.O.)
First person to call in the
correct answer wins the tickets.
This is Savage Garden on KZTH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAR

Untie me first.

Roger grips his BB gun.

ROGER

I can't. Tell me.

"Truly, Madly, Deeply" by Savage Garden shrieks through the sound system.

STAR

Go get the phone.

INT. KZTH BOOTH - MORNING

Jason mans the phones.

JASON

KZTH, you're caller two . . .

Debbie walks in and hands Tina a shiny "V.I.P." Badge.

TINA

What's this?

Tina slides off her earphone. Muted crap rock escapes.

DEBBIE

It's a backstage pass to the Morrissey concert. Ticket Tron sends these things over sometimes.

TINA

Backstage pass?

DEBBIE

Yeah, it's for V.I.P.s only. Star really wanted these. I should have just given them to her.

TINA

Well, if she turns up, we can still use them.

JASON

(to Tina)

Don't you already have a couple of those.

TINA

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON

Huh.

Jason turns back to the phones.

JASON (CONT'D)

KZTH, you're caller three . . .

INT. ROGER'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Roger scrambles through mountains of consumer junk, until he finds the base for his cordless phone.

ROGER

Shit.

He presses the "Find" button. From a distant corner of his home, a faint BEEP.

STAR (O.S.)

Roger!

INT. ROGER'S BASEMENT - MORNING

Star wheels the swivel chair towards the base of the stairs.

STAR

(yelling)

Bring down the phone before
someone else wins!

INT. ROGER'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Roger's on a manhunt for his phone. He continually presses the "Find" button, as the BEEPS grow louder.

ROGER

Come on. We're gonna win.

The BEEPS increase in volume as he approaches his brown couch.

STAR (V.O.)

The commercial break's almost
over!

Roger tosses boxes, clothes, collectors' items aside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

I have the answer. Woo, the answer.

Star motions for the phone.

STAR

Give it to me.

Roger muffles the receiver with his hand.

ROGER

What's the answer?

STAR

I'll tell him.

ROGER

How do I know you'll share the tickets?

JASON (V.O.)

Roger?

INT. KZTH BROADCAST BOOTH - MORNING

Tina's on her feet, looms over Jason like a snake ready to strike.

JASON

(into mic - doing his best game show host impression)

Roger? Ya still there, buddy?

INT. ROGER'S BASEMENT - MORNING

Star lurches her head towards Roger.

STAR

Give it to me.

ROGER

You promise you'll share the tickets.

STAR

I promise.

ROGER

Okay.

INT. KZTH BROADCAST BOOTH - MORNING

Tina is nearly frantic.

TINA

Just hang up. He probably got
disconnected.

JASON

(into mic)
'Ello?

INT. ROGER'S BASEMENT - MORNING

Roger places the phone to Star's ear. She immediately
starts screaming.

STAR

(into phone)
Jason! It's Star! You got to
help me!

INT. KZTH BROADCAST BOOTH - MORNING

Jason has just disconnected the call.

JASON

I guess you're right.

Tina slides back into her chair, relaxing the panic from
her face.

INT. ROGER'S BASEMENT - MORNING

Betrayed, Roger rips the phone away from Star's eyes,
accidentally elbowing her on the face with the receiver.

She YELPS.

ROGER

You lied! You lied!

Roger starts slamming equipment around, agitated. He
picks up an old turntable and smashes it behind the
console. He is frightening in this state.

STAR

Roger! Stop it. It's OK.

CONTINUED:

Roger notices Star's red cheek, he starts to sway from side to side, still agitated, but calming down.

ROGER

Oh, you okay? You okay? I didn't mean to hurt you, hurt you.

Roger begins to whimper like a little boy.

STAR

It's alright, Roger. I just want to go home. Can you let me go, so I can go home?

INT. DEBBIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Tina crosses her legs, posed for success as she gives Debbie a gooey grin.

DEBBIE

You look happy.

TINA

Did you like this morning's show?

DEBBIE

I really want to thank you for stepping up to the plate like that and filling in for Star. I'm sure that once she...

Tina, too excited to contain herself, cuts Debbie off in mid sentence.

TINA

I was really good on air today and you said that if Star didn't come back, I could maybe take her place.

DEBBIE

Whoa, Tina. I said no such thing.

TINA

But, I was on air --

DEBBIE

I'm gonna be as honest with you as possible, because I like you and I think you have a future in this industry, but not the future you may be thinking about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TINA

I don't understand. I want to be
a deejay --

DEBBIE

Someday soon, there will be no
more deejays.

Tina's dumbfounded.

TINA

Huh?

DEBBIE

It's gonna streamline everything.
Instead of a 4 to 6 hour shift.
Deejays will be recorded and
interspersed around pre-recorded
shows.

TINA

What about the songs? Who picks
the songs?

DEBBIE

(sighs)
The songs are already picked by
market groups and research. We'll
be installing a computer model
that will make all those decisions
anyway.

TINA

I don't understand. Who will talk
on air?

DEBBIE

It's all gonna be pre-recorded
voices. That's what I wanted to
talk to you about, Tina. You have
a nice voice. You do voice-
tracking for us. We can use your
voice for on-air recordings, part-
time, even for other markets.

All that confidence has deflated from Tina's brittle
body.

TINA

Part-time? Recorded? Not live?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEBBIE

It's the way of the future. You just step into a booth, lay down your voice track - it'd take about 30 minutes to an hour and you have a full days worth of programming. It's Brilliant!

INT. ROGER'S BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

Tina makes her way down the stairs. She's dressed in a gown one could only find at the mall in the cheapest store for bubble-gum-girls who wanna be bad. She parades herself in front of Star, who fights to appear unbroken.

TINA

Do you like the dress? I bought it in September, Nineteen Eighty Nine.

Tina's fingers dart to and pluck out another Star tape, labeled "9-21-1989."

TINA (CONT'D)

My birthday.

Tina hovers by the stereo, pops in the tape.

STAR (V.O.)

(filter)

Midnight Morrissey, where we only play Morrissey or the Smiths, every weeknight just before black noon. Tina over in Hyde Park requests "Every Day is Like Sunday." Little depressing, but we'll do it for ya, Tina.

And Tina presses stop.

TINA

(mouthing silently)

"Tina."

Star watches the effect that hearing her name on air has on Tina.

STAR

(tentatively)

Tina?

"Everyday Like Sunday" drizzles overhead, like auditory rain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TINA

You thought I was depressed.

STAR

Only because I was depressed...I mean, am depressed.

Tina stands behind her makeshift booth, notices the broken equipment from Roger's tantrum.

TINA

Oh, my God.

STAR

There's no point to this anymore. There's no radio station. There's no market for independents anymore anyway.

Tina leaps across the room, grabs the arms of the swivel chair.

TINA

"The market"?

Tina's voice squeals with anger.

TINA (CONT'D)

Fuck the market? I'm the market!

Tina SLAPS Star hard! Lets go of the arms almost as forcefully as she grabbed them, pushing the swivel chair backwards.

Star winces in Pain. Tina crawls over to her, cradles her face.

TINA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I'm soo sorry, Star. But, we have to do this. You have to.

TINA'S MAKESHIFT RECORDING BOOTH

Tina presses the mic to Star's lips.

TINA

Just because we can't broadcast doesn't mean I can't record you. Now, *say it*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAR

KZTH. Mornings with Star and Jas -
- Tina.

Tina stops, ices Star with a death stare.

TINA

Don't speak unless you do *the*
voice. "KZTH Austin." Say it.
Like you use to!

Star CLEARS her throat.

STAR

KZTH Austin. Mornings with Star
and Tina.

Tina gestures, "come on, more."

TINA

"Where..."

STAR

Where Austin gets its alternative
rock.

(beat)

This is pathetic.

TINA

Huh.

STAR

Sad.

TINA

Sad? You wanna see sad.

Tina wheels Star towards an old mirror. Star sees her reflection and she's a mess. Matted mousy hair. Bulging love handles. Dry skin. Chapped lips, skin reddened from the scuffle. She could be mistaken for a homeless woman in a second.

TINA (CONT'D)

That's what's sad. You used to be
so pretty back in college. Now
your just sad and fat, like Robert
Smith.

Tina turns to walk up the stairs.

STAR

Where are you going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TINA

To air your last tape.

STAR

Last tape?

But Tina's already halfway up the steps.

STAR (CONT'D)

What do you mean, "last" tape?!

The door SLAMS shut.

The lights dim and Star is left alone in the

DARKNESS

INT. ROGER'S BASEMENT - EVENING

It's just Star and Roger and all his stuff.

Roger has moved a small television down into the basement. He sits next to Star and watches an infomercial about a food processor.

A heavily made-up HOSTESS, chops carrots with the contraption.

HOSTESS (V.O.)

Simply press chop and watch the Kitchen Chop-Chopper turn any vegetable into thinly sliced --

STAR

I think I could get you one of those.

ROGER

Really? Really? Don't bullshit me. Besides, Tina's already promised me first dibs on the prizes. Dibs she said.

STAR

Tina? She's just an intern. She doesn't even know where the prize room is.

ROGER

Prize room?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAR

She didn't tell you? It's an entire room at the station filled with concert tickets, posters, T-shirts, CDs, camping equipment, water skis. You can have your pick.

ROGER

Water skis? Water skis?

STAR

Yeah.

EXT. KZTH STATION - EVENING

The sun sets over a chilly Austin sky.

Tina steps out of her 70s Cadillac and strolls towards the station in her gothic gown. She applies lip gloss, smooths back her hair.

INT. RECEPTIONIST AREA - MORNING

Christy's gathering up her things, as Tina swings inside the building.

TINA

Packin' up for the day?

Christy takes one look at Tina's ridiculous dress and holds back a grimace.

CHRISTY

What are you so dressed up for?
The Goths having an 80s reunion?

TINA

Uh, Morrissey, duh.

Tina waves her pass as she saunters past Christy.

TINA (CONT'D)

V.I.P. - make room.

I/E ROGER'S VAN - NIGHT

Roger and Star approach the station in Roger's van. His headlights pierce through the heavy winter sky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

Prize room. Prize room? You must think I'm stupid. I'm not stupid, not stupid ya know.

Star's hands are tied together with industrial tape.

STAR

You'll see.

ROGER

Dern it, dern it, dern it.

STAR

Where do you think we keep all of our promo items?

The BB gun bounces around in the back seat.

INT. KZTH HALLWAY - EVENING

Tina enters a code into the security box next to the door labeled "Storage".

The lock CLICKS.

Tina pushes the door open and grabs a stack of "KZTH" stickers, T-shirts, hats.

INT./EXT. ROGER'S VAN - STATION PARKING LOT - EVENING

Roger and Star watch Christy strut across the parking lot and get into her car.

STAR

Okay. You're going to have to untie me.

ROGER

I can't do that, do that.

STAR

If there's anyone in the station, they are going to think that you've kidnapped me.

ROGER

I would never do that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAR

I know. That's why you need to untie me. I don't want you to get in trouble.

Roger watches Christy's car pull away.

INT. KZTH BROADCAST BOOTH - EVENING

The Booth has various new pieces of equipment strewn across a nearby table, ready for installation.

Tina enters the room and goes straight to the control board. She bends down and begins to disassemble the microphone from the stereo receiver.

INT. KZTH STATION HALLWAY - NIGHT

Roger's got a firm hold on Star's arm, as they march down the hallway towards a door labeled "Storage."

The BB gun hangs from a strap, bouncing against Roger's belly.

Star types in her code. The door unlocks.

INT. PROMOTIONAL ROOM - NIGHT

Roger swings open the door. He can't believe his eyes.

ROGER

Dern it! - Holy Moly! -
Holy..Moly..

He unconsciously drops Star's arm.

STAR

Yeah. It's pretty awesome.

Roger steps over the threshold, eyes wide. Star stands still at the door, waits for the right moment.

ROGER

Wait until I tell Lydia and Chuck.
They are gonna be so jealous.
jealous. Dern it!

Roger sifts through baseball mitts, golf clubs.

STAR

I'll bet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She takes a tiny step backwards, clears the door.

ROGER
Look at these boxing gloves and
this hunting knife just like I
used in the Army --

Star slips out of the room and . . .

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

. . . slams the door shut.

ROGER (O.S.)
Hey! Star! Star?

Roger BEATS on the door.

ROGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Let me out! Let me out!

STAR
You're lucky tonight, Roger. You
just won. Everything.

INT. KZTH BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

Tina's on all fours, GRUNTS as she reaches for renegade
wire, which lays mockingly behind electrical equipment.

She extends her arm, strains all the veins in her slender
hands until -- She reaches the wire.

A THUMP startles her. She stands up.

INT. KZTH HALLWAY - NIGHT

Could be any corporate hallway any old where. Star turns
a corner and creeps down it.

TINA (O.S.)
Hello? Is anyone there?

Star freezes in mid-step.

INT. KZTH BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

Tina peers into the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TINA

Hello?

Then a faint POUNDING.

ROGER (O.S.)

(Distant)

Let me out.

Tina's back arches like an alert cat. She glides down the hallway towards to source of the sound.

CUT TO:

Star tiptoes past the "JO FM" booth. The sound of JO's generic male voice reverberates through the closed door. A sign reads "On Air. Do Not Disturb."

JO'S VOICE (V.O.)

JO'll play anything. JO likes any hit from the seventies...

Star presses her ear to the door, his voice becomes crystal clear.

MALE DEEJAY VOICE (V.O.)

...the eighties...

Hope flashes across her face. She slowly opens the door to the booth.

STAR

(a whisper)

JO?

Star can barely bring herself to look inside the room. She cocks her head toward it first and, slowly, her eyes follow.

MALE DEEJAY VOICE (V.O.)

...the nineties. And tomorrow!

Star barrels into the . . .

INT. JO FM BOOTH - NIGHT

. . . booth. No one is there. Two VU meters bounce in time to the DeeJay's voice. The booth is fully automated by what Star would regard as a Hal-like computer.

Music pours from the computerized machine. It switches between sound effects, starts a new song.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALE DEEJAY VOICE (V.O.)

JO plays whatever JO likes.

Star stands in the middle of Master Control face to face with the future of radio.

MALE DEEJAY VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And JO likes Aerosmith.

"I Don't Wanna Miss a Thing" clicks on, fills the booth with pop metallic sardonic sound. Star couldn't be more miserable.

INT. KZTH HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tina follows the POUNDING towards the "Storage" room.

TINA

Who's in there?

ROGER (O.S.)

Lemme Out. Let me out! Scared.

Roger POUNDS from inside.

TINA

Roger? How'd you get in there?

ROGER (O.S.)

Star. The Prizes, she promised.

Tina unlocks the door. It CLICKS open, revealing Roger, clad in a new "JO FM" T-shirt.

TINA

You let her out!?

INT. JO FM BOOTH - NIGHT

Star stares in awe at the computerized system.

A phone blinks red. There's a caller. Star reaches for it. It drops to the floor. CLANK.

INT. KZTH HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tina stalks down the hallway like a black cat.

Behind her, Roger follows with a stockpile of sporting goods. Ready for combat. A bow and arrow slung around his shoulder and of course, his BB gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He tiptoes down the hall like Elmer Fudd.

There's a CLANK.

TINA

(hushed)

You go that way.

Tina points down a dark corporate hallway, disappears around the corner.

INT. JO FM BOOTH - NIGHT

Star's curled up underneath the desk, the phone pressed to her cheek. Shadows shroud her form.

STAR

(quietly)

Hello? Hello? I need help.

OBNOXIOUS CALLER (V.O.)

Yeah. So do I. I'm calling about the date with an Intern.

STAR

Wrong station. Listen to me --

OBNOXIOUS CALLER (V.O.)

I got the question right. I should win.

STAR

Please, sir. I'm trapped in the JO FM booth at the station. Someone is after me. I need help.

OBNOXIOUS CALLER (V.O.)

I'm not an idiot. I'm not falling for one of your pranks.

STAR

Listen, asshole. This is not a prank. Now get off your lazy unemployed ass and call the damn police.

OBNOXIOUS CALLER (V.O.)

Screw you, lady.

CLICK. The phone goes dead.

STAR

Shit. Shit!

INT. KZTH STATION - NIGHT

Tina rounds a corner and smacks right into Kyle.

KYLE

Oh, shit. I'm sorry . . .

Kyle looks at Tina as she reorients herself.

TINA

Tina.

Kyle's dressed in a slick black suit. His hair neatly pulled back, but dramatic and up in a pompadour, just like Morrissey.

KYLE

Star's intern?

TINA

I'm a deejay now.

KYLE

(distracted)

Awesome. You wouldn't happen to know where your fellow deejay is, do you?

TINA

Who?

KYLE

Star? I've been trying to reach her all week. I finally swung some extra backstage passes to the concert tonight.

TINA

Oh, she went to Aerosmith with Jason.

KYLE

What? You sure?

Tina shows him her badge.

TINA

I'm going instead. So, no need for her to...Let me walk you out.

KYLE

Do you think I could get a ride with you? I took a taxi here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tina looks down the hall behind her.

TINA
Well--

A CLANK.

KYLE
What's that?

TINA
Oh, Engineering is doing some
work, or this place is haunted.

Kyle laughs nervously, checks his watch.

KYLE
Do you mind?

TINA
Nah. No problem.

Kyle takes her by the arm, leads her towards an exit.

INT. JO FM BOOTH - NIGHT

Star hides in the dark, with nothing but the company of
the giant deejay machine.

She's holding her breath, quiet as a mouse, enduring the
pop-radio disaster that surrounds her. The song fades
out, canned sound effects rattle from the speakers

MALE DEEJAY VOICE (V.O.)
JO will play any old song even
moody ones from the eighties that
no one but JO likes...

And, then suddenly, like a miracle, Morrissey's voice
breaks out into "There's a Light that Never Goes Out."

Star musters some courage and ducks her head into the
hallway.

INT. TINA'S CAR - NIGHT

Tina turns up the radio, Morrissey bellows from the
speakers, they approach downtown Austin from I-35.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TINA

(singing along)

...driving in your car, I never
never want to go home ,Because I
haven't got one, anymore, Take me
out, tonight...

The Capital Building can be barely made out through the fog. Kyle stares out the window and smiles.

KYLE

I love that.

TINA

What?

KYLE

This song, you know, when radio
stations seem psychic. Star used
to be like that. You should of
heard her in college. No matter
what my mood, she some how played
a song that spoke to me, As if she
picked it out just for me.

Kyle leans back in the passenger seat and sighs.

KYLE (CONT'D)

You ever get that feeling?

Tina takes the "Downtown" Exit.

TINA

Sure.

KYLE

Too bad she's blowing this *Rolling
Stone* thing.

TINA

Maybe she just belongs in radio.
Maybe she's just avoiding it,
because she knows it's not right.

KYLE

Maybe it's time to move on. She
can't live in 1989 forever.

TINA

Ya gotta live where you breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KYLE

Whatever...Maybe that's why she
didn't show up. But that's what
makes her a good --

TINA

Deejay.

INT. KZTH HALLWAY - NIGHT

Star, who does indeed resemble a crazy homeless woman,
tip toes down a dark hallway.

She peeks around a corner.

The door to the "Storage" room is open.

Suddenly, Roger puts his hand on her shoulder.

She swings around, startled as hell.

STAR

(breathless)

Roger.

ROGER

You locked me in the closet.

STAR

I know. I need your car keys.

ROGER

Why?

STAR

Because we are going to meet
Morrissey.

Roger's eyes light up, his anger removed.

EXT. SANITARIUM NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Tina, looking like the Queen of the Dead, approaches the
buzzing entrance of the Sanitarium, a slick Kyle in tow.

Lines of mopey MORRISSEY FANS file around the dingy old
building, it's the JOHNNY CASH wannabees, the Bad girl
Bettys and the Latin Morrissey look-a-likes, all over
again, melting artifacts from 1989, breathing the air of
the past.

Tina heads right for the "V.I.P." entrance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kenny, clad in a SECURITY T-shirt steps in front of Tina.

KENNY

You can't go this way.

He spits in his soda liter.

Tina triumphantly waves her badge.

He examines it closely, gives Tina a good once over.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Been here before?

TINA

I'm with KZTH.

KENNY

You're a deejay?

TINA

Yeah.

KENNY

What's your name?

Tina leans in close, out of an ear shot from Kyle.

TINA

Star Bennett.

KENNY

No, you're not.

TINA

I mean, I'm with her. This is a pass from the station. I was with her that day in the mall, and she...

Kenny looks at the line behind Tina.

KENNY

Whatever, I don't care.

He motions for her to pass.

INT./EXT. ROGER'S VAN - I-35

Roger barrels down I-35. Star points towards the "Downtown" exit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAR

Exit here.

ROGER

I dunno. I'm still a little mad
at you. You're lying to me
again...I think you are.

STAR

I'll make it up to you?

ROGER

How?

STAR

How would you like to help run the
remotes for KZTH?

ROGER

Do I get free stuff?

STAR

Roger, you do the right thing and
take me to that concert and I
guarantee that you'll get soo much
free stuff, you'll never be able
to set foot in your house again.

Roger hits the gas.

INT. V.I.P. ROOM - NIGHT

VIP GUESTS, JOURNALISTS, SKIMPY GROUPIES, and ROADIES
enjoy the luxury of a makeshift V.I.P. room.

Tina lounges on a leather couch and sips on a drink.
She's trying her best to look relaxed, but everywhere she
looks . . . There are parts of Star.

Ripped Jeans. Mousy brown hair.

Kyle nibbles on hoer-dourves. Tina fidgets with her
dress.

TINA

Do you think he's here yet? I
didn't see his tour bus outside.

Kyle pops something wrapped with bacon into his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE

I'm sure they have some
special/secret parking. You know
how those Morrissey fans get.

A WOMAN IN JEANS AND A T-SHIRT, back turned to Tina,
whips her head around. For a moment, Tina thinks she's
Star.

Tina shudders, spills her drink. Shit.

KYLE (CONT'D)

(mouthful)
Anxious?

TINA

No. Of course not. About what?

EXT. SANITARIUM NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Star, looking her worst, confronts Kenny.

KENNY

You smell like urine.

He spits in his bottle.

STAR

Just let me in.

KENNY

Urine offends me.

He spits in his bottle again.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Where's your badge?

STAR

It was stolen. C'mon. Y'know me.
You recognized me in the mall.
I'm Star.

KENNY

Yeah. I remember you and if you
wouldn't mind, you need to turn
around and leave the premises.

STAR

But, it was stolen.

KENNY

File a police report.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roger, armed with his BB gun and bow and arrow, steps up to save the day. He inserts the arrow into the bow, pulls it back, aims it right at the shocked Bouncer.

Several CONCERT GOERS scream.

KENNY (CONT'D)

What the hell?

ROGER

Let the lady in. She's a deejay.

STAR

See. I don't need a pass. I have a Prize-whore.

A burly bouncer comes out of nowhere and knocks Roger over. Kenny rushes over to help the situation.

Roger curls up into a fetal position.

ROGER

Ow, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Sorry.

Star slips through the door as Kenny helps the bouncer bring Roger to his feet.

INT. SANITARIUM NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The club's packed. FANS swarm towards the stage. New wave music POUNDS. Gelled lights fall onto pale FACES. It's reminiscent of a late 80s dark rave.

Star pushes her way through the flesh maze, towards the stage.

She spots Tina and Kyle, perched stage left, the V.I.P. section.

Red pours over her face.

STAR

(yelling over the music)

Hey! Hey!

Star shoves SURPRISED FANS out of her way, pushes forward to the edge of the

STAGE.

ROADIES conduct last minute sound checks, adjust the drum set.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the edge of the stage, bodies are packed close together, producing steam that fogs the swerving colored lights.

Star presses her belly against the edge of the stage and catapults herself upward.

CUT TO:

V.I.P. SECTION

Lights dance across Tina's Urban Decay face, as she watches the stage entrance for Morrissey.

But Kyle's spotted someone much more interesting.

KYLE

Oh, my God!

Below, Star crawls on stage.

TINA

What?

KYLE

Is that --

Star stands up, brushes herself off.

TINA

Star.

Star looks right up at Tina.

STAR

(yells)

Tina!

Without a word, Tina hauls ass out of the V.I.P. Section and descends a flight of creaky metal stairs.

CUT TO:

STAGE LEFT

Star bolts stage left, blasts past a STRUNG-OUT ROADIE, adjusting the controls on a speaker.

STRUNG-OUT ROADIE

Whoa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She's spotted by a SECURITY GUARD and Kenny not far behind.

SECURITY GUARD
Hey, you! Stop!

Star ignores him, zips towards Tina, who strides towards an "Exit."

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
(into headset)
We got another one.

STAR
Tina!

Star barrels towards her, yanks Tina back by the hair, rips the badge from her neck.

Tina YELPS.

STAR (CONT'D)
This belongs to --

Before Star can finish her sentence, the Security Guard tackles the two, pins them to the floor.

SECURITY GUARD
Don't move.

STAR
But, I'm supposed to interview
Morrissey.

She wiggles to break free.

SECURITY GUARD
Don't move.

A FAT MANAGER jogs past them onto the stage.

The CROWD hoots and hollers in response.

MANAGER
How 'ya doin' tonight?

Tina and Star are breathless, as they are tossed to their feet.

SECURITY GUARD
(to the Bouncer)
Let's get them outta here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Manager looks out at the CROWD with an apprehensive smile.

MANAGER

I am sorry to announce, but
Morrissey cannot come tonight.

BACK STAGE

Star, shoved back to the side, cannot see the crowd, but can hear its BOOS and HISSES.

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

Sorry, folks. I know this isn't
the first time he's cancelled on
Austin. But, it can't be helped -
Your money will be refunded,
just...

EXT. SANITARIUM NIGHT CLUB - LATE NIGHT

Tina and Star are kicked out on their asses onto the cold concrete by the Security Guard.

SECURITY GUARD

Get out of here, before we call
the police.

Tina stands up, wipes the slimy grime from her dress.

STAR

Shit. Shit. Shit.

Tina open her purse, throws a cassette tape onto the dirty asphalt, skipping through a puddle, then walks away.

STAR (CONT'D)

(calling after her)
Tina! Where are you going?

Star retrieves the tape, wipes it off on her shirt.

TINA

I don't know.

Tina rushes off. Star still stunned by the events, looks at the tape. The label reads "Star and Tina's Midnight Morrissey."

INT. ROGER'S VAN - BEFORE DAWN

Roger drives Star and Kyle down I-35.

KYLE

Star? You gonna be OK

Star wipes her face off with an old towel.

STAR

Yeah?

KYLE

You know, I can't recommend you to *Rolling Stone* without that interview.

STAR

I know.

(to Roger)

Just take me back to the station.

ROGER

The Station. Yup, the station. Sure you don't wanna take a shower first?

EXT. RADIO STATION - JUST BEFORE DAWN

Roger's van peels out of the parking lot, leaving Star standing on the concrete.

INT. KZTH BROADCAST BOOTH - JUST BEFORE DAWN

The KZTH booth barely resembles itself. The HAL-like computer from JO FM now sits atop Star's console.

Star plops herself down on her chair, looks around at the console, then gazes out her window.

The sun breaks over bare trees. Pinks and oranges crack deep blues and purples at the edge of the horizon.

She adjusts her matted hair, urine soaked jeans. She's a wreck.

She pulls Tina's cassette out of her pocket, bites her lip, winches a bit in pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Debbie staggers into the broadcast booth looking at a play-list. Star's a stone statue, staring at the control board.

DEBBIE

Hey Tina, today we're making the shift to...

Debbie sees Star, she stops mid-sentence.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Oh, my God, Star.

STAR

Hi, Debbie.

Debbie literally jumps into the booth.

DEBBIE

Where have you been?

Debbie notes her dishevelled appearance.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

What happened to you?

STAR

Am I fired?

DEBBIE

No. I left messages on your machine. We're gonna need you for New York after all.

STAR

Why? What happened with Jason?

DEBBIE

Apparently, he was stealing equipment. The police found an almost completed pirate radio station in his apartment Friday night, full of that stuff missing from engineering. Enclave is pressing charges.

STAR

A pirate radio station?

(to herself)

Tina?

DEBBIE

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STAR

Nothing.

Star steadies herself at the radio console.

DEBBIE

Please. Accept my apology.

Star looks up at the clock.

STAR

This is all totally fucked up and
I'm on in two seconds.

INT. TINA'S CAR - DAWN

Tina drives down Congress Avenue at the entrance to the Congress Avenue bridge. She changes the radio station dial looking for some solace.

The first station plays a COMMERCIAL:

COMMERCIAL (V.O.)

. . . the candyman can . . .

The second station plays a NEWS REPORT:

REPORTER (V.O.)

Online music piracy is on the
rise, while Enclave communication
is devouring baby radio stations
across the . . .

The third station has a SHOCK JOCK yelling!

SHOCK JOCK (V.O.)

All those stupid people voting in
favor of a housing curve, you
gotta be kid...

Tina changes the station again. Green Day's "Time of Your Life" rocks out over the radio.

Tina pulls her car onto the shoulder of the bridge. The street is eerily empty.

INT/EXT. TINA'S CAR - BRIDGE - DAY

Tina steps out of the car, leaves the door open.

The music from her car STOPS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STATIC shakes and slightly distorts. A MALE DEEJAY VOICE, accented by canned, "rockin'" SOUND EFFECTS.

MALE DEEJAY VOICE (V.O.)
Hey, I'm JO! Right here on KZTH,
don't touch that dial, You heard
right Austin - we got something
new in store for YOU!

She looks back at her car in disbelief.

MALE DEEJAY VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Yup, you asked for it. Part of
the Enclave family now! Heh!

Tina steps towards her car.

INT. TINA'S CAR - DAWN

Tina sits back down in her car, her head pressed back against the headrest, inconsolable.

MALE DEEJAY VOICE (V.O.)
Hey! If JO doesn't play it...it
probably sucks.

Angrily, she punches off the radio. And then, as if surrendering, she punches it back on.

MALE DEEJAY VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This . . .

INT. KZTH BROADCAST BOOTH - DAWN

MALE DEEJAY VOICE (V.O.)
...is JO FM.

Debbie reaches out to touch Star's shoulder. Star stares at the VU meters.

DEBBIE
The engineers just changed us over
to JO FM. The signal is coming
through engineering for now, until
this rig is patched in. The
missing equipment slowed us down
on the transition.

(pointing to the HAL-
like computer)
That's what I was coming to tell
Tina, but then you were here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Star continues to stare at the VU meters as they tick in time to the phantom voice.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

They'll be hooking up this new system later today. So, you can help us out with this transition period. You know, help the listeners adjust.

STAR

Adjust?

(pointing to the new computer)

That's gonna run the show now?

DEBBIE

It's the way of the future, Star.

Star doesn't respond, nor does she look at Debbie. She looks out at the breaking dawn.

Debbie sets down the stack of papers she's been holding.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

They haven't completely computerized the playlist yet and they left you instructions on how to feed and pause the signal from engineering. We'll still need you to do station IDs and some seques until it's all patched in.

(beat)

You are the star, Star. The voice of KZTH. I think it'd mean something to the listeners.

STAR

Thanks, Debbie.

Star picks up the piece of paper on her board, begins to read it. Debbie leaves.

STAR (CONT'D)

Fuck it. It's the way of the future.

CUT TO:

The system's player eats a CD.

Headphones on, Star pulls the microphone down to her mouth and takes a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STAR (CONT'D)

(into mic)

This is Star Bennett, KZTH Austin,
now JO FM. It's Monday and it's
almost like, the weekend never
happened, right?

Star moves to press a button for "CD PLAYER 1" but it's
as if she can't bring herself to do it.

STAR (CONT'D)

Did it?

DEAD AIR

On the large digital clock above her control panel,
seconds tick by in large neon red flashes.

DEAD AIR

Finally, Stars inserts a cassette tape into a nearby
player and fades up the "CASSETTE" button.

STAR (CONT'D)

Listen, this is BS, things have
changed, you aren't really
supposed to hear my voice, except
for the occasional station ID.
And, I think I just got offered my
own national show, which I'm
probably flushing down the toilet
right now.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAWN

Tina stands at the bridge's railing, looking down at the
murky water, crying. Star continues over Tina's car
stereo system.

STAR (V.O.)

But, I have to send this one out
to the last true fan, the last one
who gave a crap.

(beat)

I think it's time to bring
something back.

(beat)

It's Morrissey Monday, baby.

Tina looks back towards her car, then looks below.

INT. KZTH BROADCAST BOOTH - DAWN

Star presses play and magically Tina and Star's recorded voices come to life over the air.

TINA (V.O.)
That's right. Nothing but
Morrissey . . .

EXT. BRIDGE - DAWN

Tina presses her torso against the railing, her eyes transfixed on the murky urban water below.

The faint sound of her own voice interrupts her. She turns, faces her sedan.

TINA (V.O.)
. . . and his mopey rock friends.
Now for my personal favorite
"Everyday is Sunday," cold and
grey, right Star?

She can't believe it. It's her voice.

STAR (V.O.)
That's right, Tina.

"Everyday's like Sunday" echoes out of the car radio: a special message just for her.

Tina almost smiles, but this is not a happy song.

INT. KZTH BROADCAST BOOTH - MORNING

Star slowly takes off her headphones, pushes back from the desk. She sits in wait of the fall-out to come.

EXT. BRIDGE - MORNING

Tina floats around to the driver's side. She slides in, leaving the door open. And closes her eyes.

As the song continues...

INT. KZTH BROADCAST ROOM - EVENING

MORRISSEY'S VOICE haunts the KZTH booth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Star's chair is empty, her microphone hangs alone without her. Star is gone.

MORRISSEY (V.O.)
Armageddon, come Armageddon, come.

FADE OUT.