

Johnny Blaze Is Dead

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INT. ADAMS OFFICE. DAY.

The wooden boxed television plays an occasionally out of focus hand held shot off a dowdy, plump young woman in a deep kiss with a much older man. The camera crash zooms-out revealing a family cruiser with three small kids inside.

MRS SHELLY (O.S.)

(sniffles)

We'd meet at the park when we first met. Or galleries, museums. Y'know? We didn't have much money then. Parks're free.

ROGER (O.S.)

A bit like love. If you know where to look.

The man squeezes the woman's backside, gets into the cruiser and drives off. The camera follows then flashes back desperately trying to find the woman, finally catches her running for a bus in the other direction.

MRS SHELLY (O.S.)

Was I ever like that? Look at her. She thinks she's hit the jackpot.

MARTHA ADAMS sits on the edge of the desk. She produces a pack of cigarettes from her dark denim dungarees, slipping one into her mouth in one sweeping motion and offers one to the gaunt MRS SHELLY, tightly hunched in the leather seat.

MARTHA

Cigarette?

MRS SHELLY

Will this tape stand up in court?

MARTHA

I'm no lawyer Mrs Shelly, I just take the pictures. But... if you're looking for grounds for divorce, there it is in living colour.

MRS SHELLY

In front of the kids...

MARTHA

Is that what you really want?

MRS SHELLY

Thirteen years, I supported that son of a bitch. Thirteen years. I put my life on hold. I want what's owed me.

MARTHA

Like I said, I'm no lawyer.

MRS SHELLY

But we have the tapes. He can afford it.

MARTHA

What about the kids? Are you gonna put them through waht could be a long grinder.

This agency is closed. This conversation is closed.

ROGER

But you still can't give me one good reason. You've got to let it go, Ma. Dad is dead. The fucker that killed him is rotting in stir. They got him.

MARTHA

But we didn't.

ROGER

So what? You gotta move on. And it's my name on the door too.

MARTHA.

We can't afford to keep going kid. Your father left us a big, wet piece of shit and I'll be damned if I'm gonna spend the rest of my living years trying to polish it.

You're right, your name's on the door but my name's on the lease. When you can afford to pay the rent you can do what you want.

ROGER

Hey, I'm not a kid any more. You can't keep telling me what to do.

MARTHA

It's the parents' duty to protect their children, kid. I'm saying get out of this fucking, filthy business.

ROGER

And do what? You dragged me into this fucking filthy business, remember?

Martha lights up a cigarette and puffs hard on it as she walks to the window, opening it.

ROGER

Hey, I know, I'll be a mailman.  
You'll be proud of me!

MARTHA

You're ain't cut out for this business kid. And I know I can't expect forgiveness for not cutting you loose when I should've, but understand I always had your best interest at heart.

ROGER

Oh gee Ma. I'm so grateful.

MARTHA

Listen to me you little shit, you think you're so clever, so smart. You think you know how it goes down, eh? Well you don't know dick Kid. Without me or your father, may he burn in hell, protecting you kid, this world would have chewed you up and shat you out. You think you know how this world runs? Well buster, I'm giving you a chance to see it.

ROGER

And I'm saying you don't know anything about me. Never have. Not you. Not Dad. Crying shame.

A rat-tat-tat on the door and KATE WARDOUR, a handsome woman steps into the room. Every inch of her immaculate outfit looks as if it has been put on with careful consideration.

MARTHA

Can I help you?

KATE

I'm sorry, but your receptionist must have stepped out. I don't have an appointment or anything but I thought that maybe if I just dropped in. I mean the nature of my request is of really the most utmost urgency...

MARTHA

(Interrupting)  
What can I do for you?

KATE

It's my son. He's gone missing.

ROGER

And you want us to find him. We're going to have to take some details of you...

MARTHA

(Interrupting)

Have you gone to the police, Mrs....

KATE

*Miss* Wardour. Kate. Yes. I've been. But then they've been handling the case for years. Look, it'd be better if I just showed you.

Kate rummages in her handbag, pulls out a photograph and hands it to Martha. Martha looks at the photo, a little puzzled, turns it over and shrugs.

ROGER

Years, eh? So how long has your kid been missing?

Martha hands the photo to Roger who immediately looks up in amazement. He switches hard looks at his mother and Kate.

ROGER

(In amazement)

This is your son?

Martha looks puzzled.

ROGER

This is Johnny Blaze.

KATE

Yes

ROGER

Johnny Blaze is your son?

KATE

Yes

ROGER

Johnny Blaze is dead!

KATE

No!

MARTHA

Who's Johnny Blaze?

ROGER

Johnny Blaze. Born 1972 in Forest Gate, East London. Lead singer of 'popular beat combo' the Mutants, when they were good. Five albums. Six number ones. Group lasted eight years...

KATE

Seven years.

ROGER

Seven years. Thank you. Until Johnny took off in his brand new, custom made, black Ferari. After two months they found the car at the bottom of a ravine in the Cotswolds. Burnt out with his skeleton behind the wheel. Johnny Blaze is dead. About six years now.

(Beat)

I was a fan.

KATE

They found a body behind the wheel. Burnt beyond recognition, teeth smashed in. That wasn't John.

MARTHA

But the police obviously think so. And you don't want to accept that?

KATE

I can't accept it because he isn't dead. I've been in contact with John for the last couple of years.

ROGER

You're kidding, right?

KATE

He faked his death. No... not faked it... but... well... it's complicated. He wanted to get out, to be left alone. He didn't want to be... harassed. He just wanted to write and play in peace. He couldn't bare the fanatics. He couldn't do that 'alive'.

But three months ago he stopped writing. I haven't heard from him since. I'm worried, Mr. Adams. I can't go to the police.

MARTHA

Why us? You must have looked us up.  
You must know that our type of work  
is husband following

ROGER

Or wife following

KATE

Instinct, Mrs. Adams. Your agency  
prides itself on discretion. And  
your husband seems to know a lot  
about John already.

MARTHA

My husband?

ROGER

Son, actually.

KATE

I'm sorry, I just assumed...

MARTHA

I'm afraid we can't take your case,  
MS Wardour.

Roger spins round, dumbstruck.

KATE

I'll pay twenty-five thousand. Ten  
now, the other fifteen when I know  
my son is safe.

MARTHA

We're not interested, MS Wardour.

ROGER

Hold on a second. I think we might  
be interested.

KATE

(Confused)

Look, I'm sorry. Maybe now is a  
wrong time.

MARTHA

MS Wardour, it will always be the  
wrong time. We're not in the  
investigation business anymore.  
Even if we were your case would be  
way out of our league.

Roger opens his mouth but Martha flashes an icy look.

MARTHA

I hope you find your son. Goodbye.

Martha sees Kate out.

ROGER  
Are you crazy?

Martha leans with her back to the door as though a huge weight has been lifted of her shoulders.

ROGER  
That case could have solved all our problems.

MARTHA  
Really.

ROGER  
Thanks. Thanks a fucking million.

Roger grabs his coat and guitar and starts to leave.

MARTHA  
Where you going?

ROGER  
Into the big wide world. This agency is closed, remember?

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

Roger walks to his racing-green 2-seater MG like a death-row convict finally approaching the electric chair. He places his Strat carefully behind the passenger seat.

Suddenly someone emerges out of the shadows.

KATE  
Mr. Adams?

ROGER  
Shit! Woah. You startled me.

KATE  
Mr. Adams. I'm at the end of my tether. I need closure on this. I need to find Johnny. I'm begging you. No one else will help...

Tears fill her eyes.

ROGER  
Look. We'll take the case.

KATE

Are you sure. Upstairs, your mother said...

ROGER

She'll come around. She's been through a very stressful period.

KATE

(Sniffs)

Thank you.

ROGER

I have a contract in the car.

INT. FIRING RANGE - DAY

Men in headphones and protective eye-wear release rounds at stationery cardboard 'human' targets. SAM, a granite faced uniformed officer in his fifties is in lane two. Squinting, he manages only two hits: shoulder and hand.

SAM

Motherfucking contacts.

As Sam's target begins to move backwards shots are fired across the firing lane destroying the target's head. BILL, the range's marshal, presses the halt buzzer and marches over to the offending booth.

BILL

What the hell d'you think you're doing asshole?

Sam looks over and sees Roger smiling.

SAM

Sorry Bill, guess I should've explained the rules. This is Adams' kid.

BILL

I don't give a flying fuck whose kid he is. There's rules here. If you wanna be here you gotta stick to 'em. Got it punk?

ROGER

Yeah. Sorry.

BILL

Good.

(beat)

Sorry to hear about your old man, kid. He was one of the good ones.

Roger nods as Bill walks back to his booth.

SAM  
(Shaking his head)  
Just like your old man.

Roger smiles. Sam grabs his head ruffling his hair.

SAM  
Good to see you kid.

INT. POLICE OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

SAM  
So what brings you here, kid?

ROGER  
Got a case. Missing person.  
Probably dead. Well, everyone  
thinks he's dead.

SAM  
Client thinks otherwise?

ROGER  
Yep. I'm happy to go through the  
motions. She's already paid a  
deposit. Guess how much?

SAM  
Give up.

ROGER  
Ten grand.

SAM  
Cash the cheque quick.

ROGER  
Cash.

SAM  
(Whistles)  
Pheeo.

ROGER  
I was hoping you'd have a file on  
him here. Save me the dog work.

Sam looks both ways before entering the

INT. RECORDS ROOM - DAY

SAM  
I could lose my badge for this.

Sam sits at a computer terminal.

SAM  
Who's the lost boy.

ROGER  
Johnny Blaze.

Sam begins typing while Roger plays lookout by the door.

SAM  
How's your mother holding up?

ROGER  
Same as ever. Pretending that  
nothing phases her.

SAM  
How do you spell Blaze?

ROGER  
B-L-A. No wait a second. It'd  
probably be under his real name:  
Wardour. W-A-R-D-O-U-R

SAM  
Your old man didn't deserve to go  
out like that. Spends his whole  
life on the danger line just to get  
whacked by a crack head looking to  
party.

Bingo. Wow! That's a lot of police  
work you're getting for free.

ROGER  
Why haven't you been to see her,  
Sam?

SAM  
You know we have history, Roger.  
Goes back from before you were  
born. That's the trouble. The  
longer you leave anything the  
harder it gets to sort.

Sam presses the print button.

SAM  
How are you and that girl getting  
on? What's her name again? Sahara?

ROGER  
Savanah. Like a house on fire.

SAM  
Are you the house or the fire?

The last pages come out the printer.

ROGER

Sam. I owe you.

SAM

There's some shit on this sheet.  
Rap's almost as long as yours.

ROGER

Water under bridge man.

SAM

Law's got a long memory, kid.  
Sure you can handle it?

ROGER

Who, Blaze? It's a piece of piss,  
Sam. Who knows, maybe I can make a  
career of finding people.

SAM

You ain't found him yet, kid.

ROGER

Maybe I can make a career of just  
looking for people. Does it matter  
whether I find them?

As Roger reaches for the pages Sam grabs his hand

SAM

Can't let you have that kid. Police  
property. It better be there when I  
come back from the coffee machine.

ROGER

Take care, Sam.

SAM

Make your mother proud, kid.

ROGER

All I've ever wanted to do.

INT. MG - DAY

Driving to the strains of Smells Like Teen Spirit, one hand  
on the wheel, the other flicking through the Blaze file, one  
eye on the road, one on the file.

Pictures of Blaze in his trademark face paint, his band,  
paparazzi photos, his rap sheet for drug possession, assault.

Suddenly a brick comes flying through the window. He jerks  
his head instinctively as the missile missing him by inches.

Shards of glass rains on him. He swings the wheel and smashes into a pedestrian.

Everything goes black.

Sirens blaring. Roger wakes to woozy images of red and blue flashing lights, a body face down in the gutter surrounded by gawkers and 'helpers'. About a half dozen rubber necks are looking at Roger through his broken windscreen.

GAWKER 1

You okay mister?

Two paramedics burst out the ambulance. One runs towards Roger the other to the gutter guy. The paramedic stoops over Roger, smelling salts in hand as cops seem to suddenly appear out of nowhere.

ROGER

Unghh. What happened?

PARAMEDIC

Don't try to speak, sir.

CAPTAIN Winters a dapper plain clothes cop struts towards Roger, an angry look on his face.

WINTERS

Fuck that. You're gonna talk. Shout your lungs out if you got to but I want to know what the fuck's going on here. A man could be dead down there.

ROGER

Don't know what happened. Something came through my window.

Another plain clothes cop notices the missile on the seat: a brick wrapped in a white rag.

WINTERS

What's that?

The cop unwraps the rag. The brick falls on the bonnet, denting it. There's a message on the rag in red ink: Johnny Blaze is dead. Let him rest in peace.

COP 1

Who's Johnny Blaze?

WINTERS

Hey! What's that on the seat?

Cop 1 picks up the file flicking through it.

COP  
(To Johnny)  
This is a police file. What's it  
doing here?

WINTERS  
Maybe you better come down to the  
station.

ROGER  
Somebody just tried to kill me!

PARAMEDIC  
You're gonna be just fine, sir.  
Minor cuts and bruises

WINTERS  
Guess someone else wasn't so lucky.

The gutter guy is wheeled into the ambulance. A blanket  
covers his face.

COP  
We're going to need a statement.  
Down at the station.

WINTERS  
Yeah. This ain't over by a long  
shot. We're gonna get to the bottom  
of this.

The cop signals a uniform.

COP  
Read him his rights and take him  
down.

ROGER  
What about my car.

COP  
We'll get it towed.

SAVANAH'S APARTMENT

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Savanah is mopping Roger's scars with iodine. Roger is  
flinching.

SAVANAH  
Oooh. Poor baby.

ROGER

This is crazy. I'm barely 10 minutes on my first real case and I get a brick through my windscreen! I could've been killed. They should've been trying to find the shit who did it, not questioning me for three hours! Ow! That hurts.

SAVANAH

Crybaby! Mummy will kiss it better.

She leans over and kisses a scratch on his chin.

ROGER

Johnny Blaze is dead. How did they know?

SAVANAH

Hmmm?

He grabs her and they roll over on the bed. Now he's on top

ROGER

(In a Sean Connery accent)  
Ahh Pussy. I must be dreaming.

She spins over and rolls on top of him.

SAVANAH

Yeah, you are. It's getting late and I've got to look my star bating best.

She flutters her eyelashes as she runs into the bathroom.

ROGER

I need a party to take my mind of this shit.

Savanah pokes her head backwards out the bathroom door.

SAVANAH

Have you seen your face? You're not going anywhere.

ROGER

It's the U2 launch party. We've been talking about this for months.

SAVANAH

Uh uh. You're not going. Not with that face. Not with me.

ROGER

Oh come on, I've had such a bad day.

(MORE)

ROGER (cont'd)  
Tell you what, just give me my  
ticket. We can arrive separately.  
Bono doesn't even need to know  
we're together.

SAVANAH  
(grinning)  
Just one ticket I'm afraid. It's a  
Plus one. Besides, I thought you  
hated all those freeloaders and  
fakes.

ROGER  
But I love free booze and  
shmoozing.

SAVANAH  
I'll bring you back a doggy bag.

ROGER  
You're spoiling me.

SAVANAH  
Oh, yeah... your mum called  
earlier. She was actually nice.

ROGER  
Really.

Roger opens his shirt revealing a large burn scar that starts  
on his stomach and stretches round to his back. He flinches a  
bit as he touches it.

ROGER  
Savanah?

SAVANAH  
I'm listening!

ROGER  
I've been hired to find Johnny  
Blaze.

Savanah comes out the bathroom in her panties and bra  
toothbrush in hand.

SAVANAH  
Ha ha ha. Johnny Blaze is dead  
stupid. Everybody knows that.

ROGER  
Yeah, I know. Tell that to his  
mother. She's paying twenty five  
large to have me find him.

SAVANAH  
Bullshit!

Roger grabs his bum bag, opens it up and shows the cash.

SAVANAH

Fuck me!

ROGER

Only if you let me come tonight.

SAVANAH

Fuck off!

You know his old band The Mutants are organizing a reunion gig.

ROGER

Is it his band or the New Mutants?

SAVANAH

Ahh who cares, they're all shit anyway, but yeah, end of August I heard. The promotion's starting in a couple of weeks I think.

(looks at the cash)

So his mother can't accept the fact that he's dead.

(dreamily)

Twenty-five grand.

ROGER

Well, whether Johnny Blaze is dead or just missing, someone wants me off the case.

SAVANAH

Who even knew you're on it?

ROGER

Nobody.

Well, the client, Johnny's mother, of course. My mother, possibly. I guess... Sam... I guess anyone else his mother might have told.

SAVANAH

Wow, Mr P.I., you've got a real life mystery. Might even be Johnny Blaze himself. Might want to stay dead.

ROGER

Jesus.

And the fucking cops took away the file. I can't go and ask Sam again. Guess I've got to do some real work after all. Hey! What about his wife, y'know the old slapper bitch, what's her name...

SAVANAH  
Cupid Heart?

ROGER  
You must have some numbers for her  
or her manager. You know everyone  
in the business.

SAVANAH  
And I'm not fucking up any contacts  
on your behalf. Do your own  
investigating Sherlock.

ROGER  
Okay then, get me an interview with  
the New Mutants.

SAVANAH  
Piss. Off.

ROGER  
Ahh come on. Don't make me beg.

Savanah's phone rings. She answer's it, a big grin on her  
face.

SAVANAH  
Well this is a surprise, Sean. I  
thought you'd lost my number. Can I  
call you Puffy?

She picks up and goes into the other room. Roger see's her  
electronic organiser on the dresser, switches it on, dives  
back to the bed and starts to blue-tooth her contacts into  
his mobile phone.

Savanah laughs out loud in the other room.

ROGER  
So what's so funny.

SAVANAH  
I got an interview with Busta  
Rhymes and Snoop dog.

ROGER  
What am I going to do while you  
bling with the G Unit.

SAVANAH  
The G Unit's fifty cents. And Stop  
feeling sorry for yourself. Catch a  
movie or something.

You seen my black Gucci bag  
anywhere?

Roger looks around the room and spots her bag just under the dresser.

ROGER  
I think I saw it in the kitchen

As Savannah steps out the room Roger grabs the bag.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

SAVANAH  
Nah. Not Here. Where is it?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

ROGER  
(Pointing at the bag)  
Wait. There it is.

SAVANAH  
Great.

Her phone rings again.  
Hiya. Downstairs? I'm right down.

She picks up the bag, opens it, quickly glances inside and snaps it shut. She blows Roger a kiss as she leaves.

ROGER  
Have fun baby.

SAVANAH  
Don't wait up get some rest.

As soon as Savannah leaves Roger leaps to the front door. Opening it a crack he watches Savannah get to the lift. Roger smiles.

THE ZOMBIE CLUB

EXT. RED CARPET - NIGHT

Roger strides towards the entrance. He sees Savannah arguing with a bouncer. Roger steers himself round her back without her noticing him.

BOUNCER STEVE  
Doesn't matter how many times you  
say it you can't come in.

SAVANAH  
But I've got an invitation.

A close up of a club flyer in bouncer's hand.

BOUNCER STEVE  
Well go there then.

Further up the carpet Roger hands a bouncer the real invite.  
The bouncer checks the number against his list.

BOUNCER BILL  
Savanah? Strange name.

ROGER  
Parents had a sense of humour.  
Thought it'd make me tough.

As Roger walks in Savanah suddenly notices him. She legs it  
to the entrance only to be stopped by Bouncer Bill.

SAVANAH  
Let go of me you moron. He's got my  
invite.

INT. MAJESTIC CLUB - NIGHT

The plush night club has taken on a boudoir flavour for U2's  
launch party. Waitresses dressed as belly dancers. Waiters  
looking embarrassed all got up in Ali Babba costumes. A few  
corners of the club have been blocked off by pink muslin  
curtains. There's no sign of U2. The floor is populated by  
hangers on, wannabes and wannabes' friends.

Legendary music svengali JACK DIAMOND has his arm tightly  
around LOREN, a beautiful young woman. Every other second the  
light flashes on a bit of jewellery dripping of his fat neck,  
wrists and fingers. The crowd around him strain to hear him  
over the music and chatter but are able to laugh at just the  
right moment anyway.

Roger spots CUPID HEART behind a swathe of purple muslin.  
She's wearing a loin cloth and a strip of material around her  
huge tits. A waiter fans her with a giant leaf while another  
holds a tray of grapes, lettuce and champagne. A huge, bald,  
topless, shiny Kunta Kinté massages her feet. Five sycophants  
sit on cushions on the floor around her.

Roger walks towards Cupid's booth. From out of nowhere three  
bruisers stand between him and the thin curtain.

BOUNCER 1  
Not today fanboy.

ROGER  
Just wanted to say hi.

BOUNCER 1  
I'll give her your message.

Roger looks at Cupid. She's oblivious to anything outside her little area.

ROGER  
Hey, Cupid! Hi!

BOUNCER 2  
Walk away little man.

Cupid slips a glance at Roger as she sips her champagne.

ROGER  
Cupid! How about a dance?

BOUNCER 2  
Not gonna tell you again, sir.

Roger grins and walks away. Nobody's paying attention to him anyway. Wait, someone is. EVE, a slim, attractive woman, sits by herself smoking, sipping a gin and tonic, or it could be water. Her outfit, clearly expensive but not showy is topped by a pair of dark glasses.

Roger spots Loren standing by herself and approaches her. Jack's in a tight conversation with an identi-kit blonde, his right hand gripping her bum. The blonde's smiling.

ROGER  
Want to dance?

LOREN  
I don't dance with strange men.

ROGER  
Once we get started I won't be a stranger anymore.

He grabs the girl by the hand and tugs her towards him. She swings her hips and giggles as their faces almost touch. They make the most of their basic repertoire of dance steps adding spins and grinds.

LOREN  
You're really good. Do you do this professionally?

ROGER  
Just one of my many talents.

LOREN  
How do I get to see the other talents?

ROGER  
Just say the word.

She smiles toothily. He smiles and tilts her backwards. But he loses his grip. She loses her footing and falls flat on her backside. Roger laughs. Loren is mortified. She struggles to her feet, flashes him a murderous look and runs to the toilet.

Roger slinks off to the bar. He finds himself next to EVE.

EVE

Great moves.

ROGER

And I've never even had a lesson.  
Do you want to dance?

EVE

I don't think we're compatible.  
I've got a left and a right foot.

ROGER

Ouch.  
Buy you a drink?

EVE

They're all free.

ROGER

Even better. What d'you want?

EVE

I'm fine.

ROGER

(to bar tender)  
JD and coke.  
(to Eve)  
What's your name?

EVE

Who wants to know?

ROGER

Roger.

EVE

Hello Roger.

ROGER

So, are you going to tell me your name?

EVE

My father warned me not to talk to strange men.

ROGER

You had a father?

EVE

Bye Roger.

She walks away. Roger grabs his drink and runs after her.

ROGER

Look, I'm sorry. Can we just start again.

EVE

We can, but it'll still end with 'bye Roger'.

ROGER

You don't even know me.

EVE

Well, let's see. I know you're called Roger. I know you can't dance. I know you can't be in the industry. And I know you're a big fan of Cupid Heart.

ROGER

Cupid Heart? What makes you think that?

EVE

I saw you trying to get into her tent?

ROGER

Let me tell you, Cupid Heart has gotta be the biggest lump of shit since Colour Me Bad.

EVE

Worse than Vanilla Ice?

ROGER

Vanilla Ice was a misunderstood and badly represented genius compared to her.

They both look towards Cupid's little section. She's spinning round and round on her tip-toes. Fifteen buff, grinning guys sit tightly in a circle around her feet.

EVE

Why are the truly talentless always the greatest self-promoters? You would think they'd be smart enough to just keep taking the money, lay low and hope that no one ever notices they have absolutely nothing to offer.

ROGER

Maybe that's their talent. Mis-direction. A bit like a magician. Keep your eyes on my personality and you won't realise the music's shit.

EVE

Okay Roger, four questions. Answer correctly and maybe I'll let you buy me that drink.

ROGER

Shoot.

EVE

Wham or Tears For Fears?

ROGER

Oh, right, those sort of questions.

EVE

Hey, you're at an industry party.

ROGER

Okay. Okay. Wham. Nice pop ditties for screaming girls...

EVE

...and boys.

ROGER

But you need more than that to go down in the history of music.

EVE

And Tears For Fears deserve a place in the rock 'n' roll hall of fame?

ROGER

Well, look at it this way: Do you rate the Beatles because of all that 'yeah, yeah, yeah' shit, or because they wrote Yesterday and Strawberry Fields?

EVE

And Yellow Submarine.

ROGER

Even Mozart had an off day.

EVE

Okay then, Bowie or Bolam?

ROGER

Not even close. That's like Brando versus James Dean. One's a genius the other's a young pretender. But dead?

EVE

Ha ha ha. I'll give you that one. Oasis or Blur?

ROGER

Are you serious? At least ask me a question that we can argue about.

EVE

Alright, alright. Jimi Hendricks...

ROGER

or Jim Morrison?

EVE

Not that easy. Jimi Hendricks Experience or Led Zep circa 1970?

ROGER

Woah. That's a good one. The music's everything here. You gotta forget the attitude.

EVE

But without the attitude or passion there is no music.

ROGER

Right, right. But you can take it too far. Become obsessive about a single chord structure.

EVE

Or the infinite possibilities...

They stare at each other for a second or two.

EVE

So...?

ROGER

So Led Zep get it on points. They were all obsessives.

EVE

But Jimi wins it in the history books.

ROGER

Jimi does but not the whole 'Experience'

EVE

So, who's your favourite band then?

ROGER

Roxy Music no question. I can't remember how old I was when I first heard them but it was a life changing experience. I mean, where the hell did that come from?

EVE

And that's only happened a few times. I guess when the Beatles released Revolver...

ROGER

Yep. Yep. Roxy Music we just mentioned. Does Queen count?

EVE

I guess we can allow it as long as the sex Pistols get in.

ROGER

Hmmm. You thought I was going to suggest the clash? kraftwerk mist be there too.

She looks into his eyes holding his gaze for a few a few moments. Roger looks past her and sees Savannah and Bouncer Steve working their way through the crowd.

ROGER

How about we debate the lack of any originality in music over dinner..

EVE

Dinner already? What about the drink?

ROGER

That comes with dessert.

EVE

You are such a bullshit artist. Too bad Lucky for you I have a soft spot for bullshit artists.

ROGER

This way

He grabs her hand and leads her to a fire exit. Savannah spots him just as he and opens the door.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

ROGER

So here we one now. Alone in the  
dark.

EVE

Oh Roger. And you were doing so  
well.

Roger moves in very close

ROGER.

Oh, I don't know. Maybe I can do  
even better.

Eve pushes him away.