

April 18, 1999

"IF I HAD A HAMMER"

By

Josh Becker

ACT ONE:

FRONT TITLES: The front title sequence is over a STOCK FOOTAGE montage of the big news events of 1958 through early 1964 set to The Weavers' version of "If I Had a Hammer": Elvis Presley, wearing an army uniform, waves as he boards an airplane for Germany; U.S. troops are shipped to Vietnam where fighting has begun in earnest; Chuck Berry is indicted for tax evasion; Little Richard quits music to become an ordained Seventh Day Adventist minister; Martin Luther King delivers his "I have a dream" speech to a Washington, D.C. civil rights rally; students hold a sit-in at a university; John and Jackie Kennedy sit in the back-seat of the presidential Lincoln-Continental cruising down the streets of Dallas; Jack Ruby shoots Lee Harvey Oswald; LBJ is sworn in as president; the Beatles arrive in America . . .

DISSOLVE:

A title reads: "Saturday, February 8th, 1964."

EXT. "STUDENTS FOR POLITICAL ACTION" OFFICE – DAY

The "Students For Political Action" office is a small storefront located in a downtown area. Poor, inner-city people fill the streets. A 21-year old beatnik boy named MAX, with a goatee and a beret, steps up to the front door, pulls out a key, goes to insert it into the lock and the door swings open. Max finds this somewhat surprising and enters.

INT. "STUDENTS FOR POLITICAL ACTION" OFFICE – DAY

Max steps into the ratty interior of the office—old and broken office furniture, torn easy chairs with stuffing hanging out, a torn, yellowing poster on the wall announcing The Weavers reunion concert at Carnegie Hall—and he finds the air full of cigarette smoke, which he waves away from his face. Max turns on the light.

In the very back of the office is LORRAINE DEMPSEY, an attractive, intense 19-year old girl with a short, boyish haircut, wearing a plaid skirt and a sweater. She cranks a mimeograph machine which on each revolution spits out a yellow flyer stating in big bold letters, "Free the Springfield Five!! Emergency Meeting Sunday at 8:00 P.M." Lorraine sees Max and blinks, a smoldering cigarette butt dangling from her lips.

MAX

Lorraine, you're still here? That's exactly where I left you last night.

Lorraine squints through the smoke wafting up into her eyes.

LORRAINE

I'm ready, Max. Nothing can stop me now.

MAX

You need to go to sleep.

LORRAINE

(waves her hand)

Nah! I slept all the time when I was young.

(points)

I've made 500 flyers, you think that's enough?

MAX

I should think so.

LORRAINE

And you'll help me hand them out?

MAX

That's why I'm here.

LORRAINE

Good. Y'know, Max, as I've stood here all night cranking this machine, it came to me that we're standing at a crossroads.

MAX

A crossroads to what?

LORRAINE

To a new age.

MAX

That's what they were all saying about Kennedy and Camelot and all that, but look what happened.

LORRAINE

It's bigger than that.

MAX

Yeah, I think you've been up too long.

LORRAINE

Hopefully, it will be a time when stuff like this . . .

(waves flyers)

. . . won't happen anymore. I mean, if we don't do something right away these five boys will spend the rest of their young lives in jail.

MAX

Hey, you don't have to convince me. But their pre-trial hearing is Monday. If they go in there with some cracker, redneck, court-appointed attorney, they'll get life for sure.

LORRAINE

I know! This could well be their last chance. That's why it's so important and that's why I'm so nervous. This is the first important political action that I've personally organized. People just *have* to show up.

MAX

I'll be there.

LORRAINE

I mean, *real* people?

MAX

Gosh, thanks a lot.

(Lorraine smiles)

Look, it's an important cause, why wouldn't they show up?

LORRAINE

(thinks)

Um . . . to make me look bad?

MAX

Make you look bad to whom, if I may ask?

LORRAINE

Myself.

MAX

Is that what this is all about, Lorraine? Looking good?

LORRAINE

No, not at all. It's entirely about those five boys and the injustice that's being done to them. I mean, if I don't do something about it why should I expect anyone else to do anything, right?

MAX

Right.

LORRAINE

We all have to draw a line somewhere and say, "If you go beyond that line you have to deal with me, too." At least, that's what I think.

MAX

Right. Me, too. You could always just tackle people out in the street and drag 'em in kicking and screaming.

LORRAINE

I might yet.

MAX

I bet you would, too. But why do you do this, Lorraine, staying up all night, burning it at both ends?

LORRAINE

Someone's got to, right?

MAX

Do they? Why?

LORRAINE

Because if nobody cares the whole world will go to hell.

MAX

But, Lorraine, you can't save the whole world.

LORRAINE

No, but I can try. And step one is getting everyone to care about this issue, the Springfield Five.

MAX

But you can't *actually* make anyone else care about something, Lorraine. Not really.

LORRAINE

Oh, sure you can. These are old, time-worn techniques used by the wobblers before the war. But getting to a whole group at once, that's the trick. That's where songs come in.

MAX

(skeptical)

Yeah, but even songs won't make someone care if they don't.

LORRAINE

If it's the right song being sung the right way.

MAX

I don't think that's true.

LORRAINE

(off-handed)

Sure it is. Deep down I honestly think that people really want to do what's right and actually *do* care, they just need a little push in the right direction to get them going, and that's where I come in.

Lorraine reaches into her sweater pocket and pulls out a pack of cigarettes, which she finds empty and crumples.

LORRAINE

Gotta smoke?

MAX

No. You're an idealist, Lorraine.

LORRAINE

I'm more than idealist, Max, I'm an instrument of God.

Lorraine checks out the overflowing ashtray and spots a long butt. She straightens it out and lights it, then takes a sip of coffee. She winces and sticks out her tongue.

LORRAINE

Blah! How can coffee get colder than the room
it's in?

MAX

I don't know. You going to the Purple Onion tonight?

LORRAINE

Oh yeah, sure. Got to.

(she waves a pile of flyers)

I have to get every single person at the Purple Onion
tonight to come to my meeting Sunday. Those people
are what I have to work with; they're my building
materials and this meeting is my testing ground. If
I have to yell and scream, I'll do it. If I have to
whisper and sing songs, I'll do that.

MAX

And you dig it.

LORRAINE

Yeah, yeah, that, too.

(snaps her fingers)

That reminds me, have you got an extra guitar
pick?

MAX

Not here. You can always use a matchbook.

LORRAINE

They shred. That's OK, I'll swing by the music
store.

Lorraine sits down and puts on her shoes. Max checks out her legs as she does this.
Suddenly . . .

MAX

Lorraine, you drive me crazy! Why won't you
go out with me?

LORRAINE

Look, Max, you're my friend. Let's leave it at
that, OK?

MAX

(frustrated)
But I don't want to leave it at that.

LORRAINE
If there was something here, Max, we'd know about it by now, right?

MAX
I know about it.

LORRAINE
(shrugs)
It takes two to tango.

MAX
But what can I do, Lorraine?

Lorraine smiles and hands Max a thick pile of flyers.

LORRAINE
Here. Hand these out. See ya later, alligator.

Lorraine walks out of the office and Max watches her go, groaning audibly after she's left.

EXT. "STUDENTS FOR POLITICAL ACTION" OFFICE – DAY

Lorraine exits the office and strides up the street immediately attempting to hand out flyers.

LORRAINE
Demand justice now! Free the Springfield Five!

Most people take the flyers that are offered to them, although many immediately discard them, some right on the street. When Lorraine sees this she goes over and picks the flyer back up.

LORRAINE
(to herself)
Slob!

DISSOLVE:

EXT. THE BUCKLEY HOUSE – DAY

This is a small house in a neighborhood of nearly identical homes. Big leafy trees line the shady street. A red 1960 Ford Falcon sits in the driveway. The distinctive sound of the Three Stooges playing on TV can be heard from within. A car pulls up in front of the house.

INT. THE BUCKLEY HOUSE/LIVING ROOM – DAY

DAN BUCKLEY, a 14-year old wearing a Boy Scout uniform, sits watching the Three Stooges on TV and laughing. The doorbell rings. Dan dashes over and opens the door. Two other 14-year old boys in Boy Scout uniforms come bursting in and they all begin talking at once. Dan and his pals leave.

MR. BUCKLEY and MRS. BUCKLEY enter the living room. Phil's Dad is wearing a bowling shirt and holds a bowling ball up in front of his face.

MRS. BUCKLEY

Be careful with that in the house.

MR. BUCKLEY

Hon, please, I've got to get in the proper frame of mind, OK?

(chuckles)

Get it, "frame" of mind? Bowling. Frame

MRS. BUCKLEY

That's great, dear, you're another Red Skelton.

MR. BUCKLEY

(imitates Red Skelton's lisp)

Good night and God blesh.

(looks around)

Where's Phil?

MRS. BUCKLEY

(shakes her head)

Still in bed.

Mr. Buckley looks at his watch and frowns.

MR. BUCKLEY

It's after ten, what's with him?

MRS. BUCKLEY

You tell me. Ever since he graduated high school and started work, he's changed. He just doesn't

seem to give a damn about anything anymore. I don't know what to do with him.

Mr. Buckley considers this for a moment, then exits the living room.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PHIL'S ROOM – DAY

Phil's Dad steps up to a closed bedroom door, tries the doorknob and finds it locked.

MR. BUCKLEY
Phil? You up?

PHIL (O.S.)
Yeah.

MR. BUCKLEY
Aren't you supposed to be at work?

PHIL (O.S.)
I got the day off.

MR. BUCKLEY
How come?

PHIL (O.S.)
It just happens that way sometimes.

MR. BUCKLEY
Huh. Well, why don't you get out of bed.

PHIL (O.S.)
Why? What's the difference?

Mrs. Buckley steps up beside her husband.

MR. BUCKLEY
Because it's a beautiful day.

PHIL (O.S.)
It's a beautiful day here in my bed, too.

MR. BUCKLEY
I don't like this behavior, Phil.

PHIL (O.S.)

Yeah?

MR. BUCKLEY

Yeah. So get your ass out of bed!

PHIL (O.S.)

Yeah, yeah, I will.

MR. BUCKLEY

Do it soon.

PHIL (O.S.)

All right. OK.

MR. BUCKLEY

(shrugs)

Y'know, Phil, if you waste this day, you'll never get it back.

PHIL (O.S.)

Yeah? Big deal.

MRS. BUCKLEY

(to her husband)

You see?

MR. BUCKLEY

Yeah, I see.

MRS. BUCKLEY

What can we do?

MR. BUCKLEY

How the hell am I supposed to know?

(he kisses his wife)

I gotta go. See ya.

MRS. BUCKLEY

Bye.

Phil's Dad and Mom exit and we stay on Phil's closed bedroom door.

INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM – DAY

PHIL BUCKLEY, a tall, handsome, eighteen-year old boy with a crewcut, lies in bed in

his boxer shorts smoking a cigarette. Phil wears a can opener on a shoelace around his neck. The ashtray beside his bed is overflowing with smashed butts. Phil smokes languidly, the smoke drifting up from his nose. There are ashes on his chest, but he doesn't notice.

Phil reaches under the bed and comes out with a can of beer. He opens it with his can opener, guzzles, winces, grins and belches.

Phil glances over at the wall beside him. There are many photos of Elvis cut from magazines, as well as pictures of Tuesday Weld, Chuck Berry, Bobby Darin and Mickey Mantle. Phil suddenly sits up, reaches over and grabs an acoustic guitar that's leaning against the wall and begins strumming it.

Phil plays a variety of tunes and rhythms in a half-assed fashion, but nothing sounds very good. He glances over at a book on his desk, "Beginning Guitar." Phil opens the book and begins to play. He's doing OK until he attempts to make a specific chord and, sadly, his fingers don't want to stretch that way.

PHIL

Ouch!

Phil shuts the book. He walks over to his dresser, steps in front of the mirror, crosses his arms, lowers his chin and proceeds to do a poor Ed Sullivan imitation.

PHIL

Tonight we have a really big *shew*. I mean, a *really, really* big shew. Let's all give a very warm welcome to the talented, amazing, one-of-a-kind *Phil Buckley!*

(he imitates the fans cheering;
smiling humbly he picks up his
guitar and imitates Elvis)

Thank you. Thank you very much. I'd like
to play my newest song which has been
(continued)

PHIL (cont.)

number-one on the hit parade for over three
months . . .

Phil sits down on the bed, strums his guitar, but still isn't getting the sound he wants. He thinks for a second, then puts down the guitar and digs through one of his dresser drawers. He comes up with a cheap old microphone with a strange, multi-pronged plug on the end. Phil considers this situation for a moment, then produces a Boy Scout knife and deftly cuts off the plug. He then splits the wire and shaves off the insulation.

Phil takes the mike over to his record player and connects the bare wires to the back of the amplifier. Suddenly, feedback fills the room. Phil's eyes light up.

PHIL

Boss!

He moves the mike away from the amp, then blows into it and hears his amplified breath through his speakers. Phil takes the microphone and shoves it into the hole of his guitar and presto! *It's electric!* Now he really starts to rock and it's clear that Phil is not particularly talented, simply enthusiastic. He does the Chuck Berry duck-walk across his room, guitar wailing.

INT. KITCHEN – DAY

Phil's Mom is doing the dishes. She hears the strange, electronic noise and looks all around.

MRS. BUCKLEY

What on Earth?

INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM – DAY

Phil's a rock & roll maniac playing to thousands of adoring fans and everything's terrific until – *sproing!* – one of his guitar strings breaks. Phil frowns, setting down his guitar. He scrutinizes the money on his dresser – he has one dollar to his name. Nevertheless, a guitar with a broken string seems like a fairly useless item. Phil stands up, finally motivated to do something. He puts his guitar in it's battered old case and begins putting on his clothes.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. CITY STREETS – DAY

Phil walks along the street carrying his guitar case. Phil isn't paying any attention to anything going on around him. He's got a tune in his head and a vague, amused look on his face. He occasionally makes an Elvis Presley-style hip gyration accompanied by a grunt and we realize that Phil's still on The Ed Sullivan Show in his head. He adds the crowd reaction sounds, cheering and laughing.

The beatnik kid MAX from the "Students for Political Action" office offers Phil a flyer.

MAX

Free the Springfield Five! Let justice be done,

man. Meeting on Sunday at the Purple Onion.

Phil waves it away entirely uninterested.

PHIL

No thanks.

INT. MUSIC STORE – DAY

This is the all-purpose variety of music store that sells most every sort of instrument and all the accessories. Lorraine stands before a large variety of guitar picks holding her guitar and deliberates. She chooses a pick, checks its thickness, then drops it back in its bin. Finally, Lorraine makes her decision, chooses a pick, then steps over to the counter and pays the portly, middle-aged CLERK a quarter.

Lorraine strolls over to the sheet music. She flips through until she finds something she likes and pulls it out—it's Woody Guthrie's song "*This Land is Your Land*." Lorraine plays the first several chords, humming the tune. Something else catches her attention and she walks to another part of the store, stepping behind a big display case filled with woodwind instruments.

Just then Phil steps up in front of the woodwind case, then crosses to the acoustic guitar section where Lorraine just stood. He finds the guitar string he needs and it costs fifty cents, half of his accumulated wealth. Phil resigns himself to this inevitability and replaces his broken string. He sees the portly Clerk watching him and smiles at the guy. The Clerk smiles back.

Lorraine hands a yellow flyer to an OLD BLACK WOMAN, who puts on her glasses and looks at it with interest.

Now Phil attempts to tune his guitar. He does a rather half-assed job, shrugs—that's good enough—then spots the open sheet music in front of him of "*This Land is Your Land*." Phil concentrates deeply, furrowing his brow, and painfully strums and sings the first few chords of the song.

PHIL

(singing)

This land is your land

This land is my land

From California

To the New York Island

From the redwood forests

To the Gulf stream waters

This land was made for you and me—

Lorraine steps up from behind and proclaims . . .

LORRAINE

I love this song!

Phil turns around and checks Lorraine out. He smiles his coolest smile.

PHIL

Really? No kidding? Me, too.

LORRAINE

(excited)

Really? Come on, let's play it together.

Lorraine begins playing the song and Phil very hesitantly follows along, glancing frequently at the lyrics.

LORRAINE & PHIL

(singing)

As I went walking
That ribbon of highway
I saw above me
That endless skyway
I saw below me
That golden valley
This land was made for you and me
(continued)

LORRAINE & PHIL (cont.)

This land is your land
This land is my land
From California
To the New York Island
From the redwood forests
To the Gulf stream waters
This land was made for you and me

I roamed and rambled
And I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands
Of her diamond deserts
While all around me

A voice was sounding, sayin',
This land was made for you and me

The sun came shining
And I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving
And the dust clouds rolling
As the fog was lifting
A voice was chanting
This land was made for you and me

Suddenly, everybody in the store, including the old black woman and the clerk, joins in for the finale.

EVERYBODY

This land is your land
This land is my land
From California
To the New York Island
From the redwood forests
To the Gulf stream waters
This land was made for you and me
This land was made for you and me

Everybody laughs, then returns to their business. Lorraine turns to Phil.

LORRAINE

Wow! Did you see the way the music draws people in? It's fantastic.

PHIL

Yeah, it sure is. So, you like music, eh?

LORRAINE

Yes, very much. Do you?

PHIL

Oh, yeah. Uh, my name's Phil, what's yours?

LORRAINE

Lorraine.

(he puts out his hand to shake
and she hands him a yellow flyer)

There's a really important meeting tomorrow night for the Springfield Five.

Phil takes the flyer looking confused.

PHIL

Is that a new band?

LORRAINE

No! Don't you read the newspaper?

PHIL

Sure, but I must've missed it.

LORRAINE

It's been the headline for the last week.

PHIL

The neighbor's dog grabs our paper all the time and chews it up. What's going on?

LORRAINE

The Springfield Five are five colored boys that were arrested for no good reason as they were driving down south to a civil rights rally. We're trying to get them out of jail.

PHIL

Oh. OK. Tomorrow night, huh?

LORRAINE

At 8:00.

PHIL

(frowns)

But tomorrow's Sunday, y'know.

LORRAINE

Yeah? So?

PHIL

So, Ed Sullivan's on Sunday at eight.

Lorraine grimaces with disdain.

LORRAINE

Oh, that's too bad. I'm talking about *real* problems in the *real* world here.

PHIL

I know, I'm just telling you that that's not a good time for a meeting.

Lorraine looks stricken.

LORRAINE

You think? I printed 500 flyers.

PHIL

(shrugs)

It may not mean anything, y'know, maybe he hasn't got anyone good on the show this week.

Lorraine suddenly looks like she's got a headache. She reaches into her sweater pocket and finds it empty.

LORRAINE

Have you got a cigarette?

PHIL

Sure. Wanna get a cup of coffee to go with it?

Lorraine looks him up and down.

LORRAINE

(grins)

OK. Caffeine and nicotine are my favorite food groups.

PHIL

Don't forget beer, it's just like liquid bread.

Lorraine laughs and she and Phil exit.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE – DAY

Phil and Lorraine both drink mugs of coffee and smoke cigarettes.

LORRAINE

Well, I worked for a while at a crisis phone line,

but I got really tired sitting up all night listening to drug addicts moan about not scoring and pretending to be a marriage counselor. I didn't really feel like I was part of the fight.

PHIL
(Phil nods, mesmerized)
Right.

Lorraine really looks at Phil.

LORRAINE
Do you know what I mean?

PHIL
Sure.

LORRAINE
Really?

PHIL
(shrugs)
No, not really.

LORRAINE
Haven't you ever had a feeling of pure empathy?

PHIL
(thinks, then shakes
his head)
I'm not sure. What's empathy?

LORRAINE
It's like sympathy, only you don't feel bad *for*
someone, you feel bad *with* them.
(Phil digests this)
Haven't you ever felt that way?

PHIL
Oh, yeah. "Lassie" does that to me almost every
week.

LORRAINE
(shakes her head)
TV again! *Jesus!*

PHIL
You don't like TV?

LORRAINE
No, I don't. I think it makes people apathetic.

PHIL
It's just entertainment.

LORRAINE
And some entertainment has value. But mindless entertainment is useless. What are some of your interests?

PHIL
(shrugs)
Me? Oh, well, I have a wide range of interests.

LORRAINE
(nods)
Really? Like what?

Phil suddenly feels cornered.

PHIL
Well, like everything.

LORRAINE
(skeptical)
Everything, huh? Interested in paleontology?

PHIL
Do *you* know very much about paleontology?

LORRAINE
(smiles)
No.

PHIL
(grins)
I'm the foremost authority.

LORRAINE

OK. So, what's your favorite subject?

PHIL

You mean like in school?

LORRAINE

No, I mean like in life.

PHIL

Oh, *that*. Well . . . uh . . . music, I guess.

LORRAINE

You sure don't sound convinced.

PHIL

No, I am. Music. Definitely. I wanna be a musician.

LORRAINE

(surprised)

Really?

PHIL

Yeah.

LORRAINE

You know, it's *really* hard to be a musician. I take guitar lessons twice a week and that's not nearly enough.

PHIL

(skeptical)

Well . . . It all depends on what you're after, right?

LORRAINE

(confused)

What do you mean?

PHIL

Well, that's if you want to be, say, a good or great musician.

LORRAINE

(nods)

Right.

PHIL

Well, Bobby Darin doesn't really have a great voice, but he's a very successful singer. Or what about Bob Dylan? He can't sing at all.

LORRAINE

Yeah, but he's a *great* song writer.

Phil waves his hand in total deprecation.

PHIL

You can hire guys to do that.

LORRAINE

Yeah, so . . . ?

PHIL

So, you don't necessarily have to be good to be famous. Look at Dean Martin.

Lorraine consider this for a second, then dismisses the whole thing.

LORRAINE

That's silly. Of course you do. What are you talking about? If it's not their musical ability then it's their presentation. It's gotta be something.

(Phil nods, good point;

Lorraine remembers)

Oh, y'know, tonight's Hootenanny night at the Purple Onion, you have to come.

PHIL

(confused)

Hootenanny? Is that like when you square-dance and stuff?

LORRAINE

(laughs)

No. Hootenanny night means that it's open microphone for anyone that wants to get up and sing or play or read a poem or do anything.

PHIL

(nods)
Will you be there?

LORRAINE
(smiles and nods)
Yes, I will. I'm going to sing a song tonight.
You really should come, I mean, if you *actually*
want to be a musician and all.

PHIL
Right. I do. And I will.

Lorraine suddenly stands.

LORRAINE
I've gotta go. So, will I see you tonight at the
Purple Onion?

PHIL
Sure. Absolutely.

LORRAINE
(smiles)
Great. Will you sing a song?

PHIL
(shrugs)
Do I have to?

LORRAINE
No, you don't have to do anything you don't
want to do. None of these people are professionals,
it's just a hootenanny. But let's face it, Phil, if you
can't sing at a hootenanny you'll never be famous
as a musician.

PHIL
(nods)
Right.

LORRAINE
(smiles)
OK. See ya there if you're there.

PHIL
I'll be there. Nice meeting you.

LORRAINE
You, too.

Lorraine departs. The Waitress steps up and hands Phil the bill, which is 42 cents. He leaves his entire 49 cents.

PHIL
(smooth)
Keep the change, sweetheart.

The WAITRESS snorts and Phil leaves.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. "STUDENTS FOR POLITICAL ACTION" OFFICE – DAY

Lorraine stands in front of the office handing out yellow flyers and demanding Justice!

A big, green 1963 Cadillac Sedan deVille with very pointy fins pulls up in front of her and stops. The car's electric window comes down revealing a good-looking couple in their early 40s. They are Lorraine's MOM and DAD.

MOM
Get in the car, dear, before someone mugs
you.

Lorraine sighs and gets in the back seat of the car.

LORRAINE
(sarcastically)
Thank God, saved at last.

INT. CADILLAC – DAY

Lorraine's Dad guns it and the car pulls away quickly. Dad glances back at Lorraine.

DAD

Did you forget you were having lunch with us?

LORRAINE

No, I didn't. I tried to, but I couldn't.

Her Mom looks back at her.

MOM

What have you got on your hands?

Lorraine looks at her hands and sees purple stains.

LORRAINE

Ink.

MOM

(smiles)

It's just your shade.

LORRAINE

Yes, it is nice, isn't it?

DAD

So, did you get an early start on solving the world's problems today?

LORRAINE

As a matter of fact, I did. I think I'll be having a very big meeting Sunday night.

DAD

I hope you do. But honestly, Lorraine, do you really think a bunch of college kids meeting in a low-rent downtown office are going to get those five Negro boys set free?

LORRAINE

I certainly hope so. If nothing else it will raise people's awareness of the problem. A line has to be drawn somewhere.

Mom turns to Dad.

MOM

How did she turn out this way?

DAD

It's got to be your fault, I'm never home.

MOM

You can say that again.

Lorraine points at herself.

LORRAINE

I'm my own fault. And where are we going for lunch, if I may ask?

DAD

The club.

LORRAINE

(sighs)

Unmitigated decadence, *and* the food's not very good.

MOM

You were such a happy little girl, Lorraine. What happened?

LORRAINE

I developed a social conscience.

MOM

Well it certainly hasn't made you any happier, I can tell you that. Why don't you go away to Europe for a while – say a year – and make up your mind there?

LORRAINE

I live here in America, mom. The problems of America are my problems. And my mind is made up.

DAD

Your mom's not kidding, Lorraine. You want to go to Europe for a year, see the sights, go to school, don't go to school. Anything you want, just say the word.

LORRAINE

Oh, Dad, please.

DAD

You were accepted to the University of Florence, weren't you? You loved Italy when we all went there a few years ago. You ran around the house talking Italian for months.

LORRAINE

(sighs wearily)

This is such a bore.

Lorraine's Mom and Dad look at each other and shake their heads.

DAD

So, Lorraine, how many people are you expecting at this *rally* of yours?

LORRAINE

I don't know. About a hundred, I'd say.

DAD

Well, how many chairs did you rent?

LORRAINE

Fifty, but there's twenty or thirty chairs there and I figure some people can stand.

DAD

How're you getting the rented chairs there?

LORRAINE

(exasperated)

Dad, please, I'll work it out.

DAD

Look, you want to be an organizer and organizers bring in the people. If they don't bring in a decent crowd, you'll have to admit, they're not worth much as an organizer, right?

LORRAINE

(begrudgingly)

Yeah, I suppose.

DAD

OK, how about this? If less than fifty people show up to your meeting, you consider doing something else. Anything else. More than fifty and I'll shut up, for a while. What do you say? But you have to give me a fair count.

LORRAINE

All I did was agree to go to lunch, I'm not here to negotiate any deals.

DAD

Just think about it, OK? That's all I ask.

LORRAINE

Whatever you say.

Lorraine sighs deeply, lost in the vast expanse of the back seat. Her hand goes into her sweater pocket, but she still doesn't have any cigarettes.

DISSOLVE:

INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM – DAY

Phil sits on his bed noodling with his guitar. He has the newspaper on the floor and glances at it over the top of the guitar.

PHIL

Folk songs, folk songs . . . *Crap!* I don't know any folk songs.

(focuses on the newspaper)

Hey! Lyndon Baines Johnson, Lady Bird Johnson, Lynda Bird Johnson and Luci Baines Johnson? They all have the same initials. How weird!

Phil's Dad walks past the bedroom door, sees the newspaper and stops.

MR. BUCKLEY

There's the newspaper. What's it doing in here?

PHIL

I'm reading it.

MR. BUCKLEY

Great day in the morning, what next? So, what's up?

PHIL

Nothin'.

MR. BUCKLEY

Y'know, I've been meaning to speak to you.

(he comes in and sits
down on the bed)

So, Phil, what are you doing? You've been out of high school for six months.

Phil sighs.

PHIL

I'm working at the shoe store. Knockin' 'em dead, too.

MR. BUCKLEY

What does that mean?

PHIL

It means, Dad, that working at the shoe store is a bore.

MR. BUCKLEY

You don't like it? Find another job.

PHIL

Like what? Working in a gas station?

MR. BUCKLEY

Well, don't you have some goal? Some ambition?

PHIL

(guffaws)

Yeah, I wanna be president and get my brains blown out.

MR. BUCKLEY

(shocked)

That's not nice.

PHIL

It sure wasn't.

MR. BUCKLEY

What's with you?

PHIL

What?

MR. BUCKLEY

Now come on, you must care about *something*?

PHIL

(timidly)

Well . . .

MR. BUCKLEY

Yeah? Go on.

PHIL

Well, I like playing the guitar.

MR. BUCKLEY

(confused)

You took lessons for about three weeks, then dropped out. How serious can you be about that?

PHIL

(serious)

Hey! People can be serious about things in their own ways, can't they?

MR. BUCKLEY

(unconvinced)

I suppose. Look, Phil, what about college?

His Father lights a Viceroy cigarette.

PHIL

Yeah, well . . . I'll probably go to community college in the fall.

MR. BUCKLEY

I meant, a university. What about State? I went to State.

Phil points at his Dad's cigarettes.

PHIL

Could I have cigarette?

His Dad shakes a cigarette out of the pack and gives him one.

MR. BUCKLEY

You smoke too much.

PHIL

So do you. I didn't get into State.

His Dad lights Phil's cigarette with a match, then his own.

MR. BUCKLEY

If your grades are good at the community college you could get in.

PHIL

Yeah? Well . . .

Phil shrugs and puffs on his cigarette.

MR. BUCKLEY

You just don't care, do you?

PHIL

Not about that.

MR. BUCKLEY

So what do you care about?

PHIL

Hey! Come on, Dad, lay off, will ya?

MR. BUCKLEY

Fine. So what are you doing tonight?

PHIL

I have a date.

His Dad grabs the wastebasket and uses it as an ashtray.

MR. BUCKLEY

Really? Have I met her?

PHIL

Uh-uh. I just met her today at the music store. She's a cute *folkie* girl that's really committed to all kinds of things.

MR. BUCKLEY

(interested)

Really? Like what?

PHIL

(waves his hand)

Oh, you know, Negroes and equality and things like that.

MR. BUCKLEY

(impressed)

Yeah, things like that. Well, she sounds interesting.

PHIL

Yeah, she is. And cute, too.

MR. BUCKLEY

Maybe you should become a *folkie*, then you'd be committed to all kinds of things, too.

PHIL

I've been thinking about it.

The conversation grinds to an uncomfortable halt. They both sit there looking at each other. Finally, his Dad points at the guitar.

MR. BUCKLEY

Go on, *Elvis*, play something.

Phil quickly considers for a moment, then hits upon a possibility.

PHIL

Wait a minute.

MR. BUCKLEY

What?

PHIL

I think I've got it!

MR. BUCKLEY

What?

PHIL

What song to play.

Phil opens his beginning guitar book, finds what he's looking for and crudely begins to play and sing "*If I Had a Hammer*."

PHIL

(singing)

If I had a hammer
I'd hammer in the mornin'
I'd hammer in the evenin'
All over this land
I'd hammer out danger
I'd hammer out warnin'
I'd hammer out love between
My brothers and my—

Phil's Dad looks at his watch and jumps to his feet.

MR. BUCKLEY

—*Holy Christ!* Look at the time, I gotta get dressed.

His Dad abruptly exits.

PHIL

—Sisters . . .

Phil sighs, picks up his cigarette, which has gone out, and puts it in his mouth. He takes his guitar over to the mirror and begins posing again.

PHIL

The one, the only, *Phil Buckley!*

Phil strums the guitar, adds in the sound of the cheering crowd, and smokes his unlit cigarette like he's Frank Sinatra.

DISSOLVE:

INT. PHIL'S HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Phil steps into the living room all dressed up and ready to go out, his guitar case in hand. His mother, father and brother all sit watching the black and white TV, while eating TV dinners at folding TV tables (Ronald Reagan is pitching "20 Mule Team Borax," saying, "I'm standing here in a borax mine . . ."). None of the three can look away from the TV for more than a brief second.

DAN

Where ya goin'

PHIL

Out.

DAN

Where?

PHIL

None o' your beeswax, ratfink.

MR. BUCKLEY

Phil's got a date with a *folkie* girl.

This catches his Mother and brother's interest.

MRS. BUCKLEY

What's a *folkie* girl?

DAN

You know, mom, like Mary from Peter, Paul & Mary. She's hot stuff, too.

MRS. BUCKLEY

Oh, well, she *is* a lovely girl.

PHIL

Yeah, but I'm not going out with *her*.

DAN

So, where ya goin'?

PHIL
(hesitantly)
To the Purple Onion.

DAN
That's a folk club, right?

PHIL
(nods)
Yeah, what of it?

DAN
So, what's up? Are you suddenly becoming a
folkie like Bob Dylan?

PHIL
(embarrassed)
Maybe I am and maybe I'm not!

MRS. BUCKLEY
And you're performing?

PHIL
(coughs)
Yeah.

All three look at him in astonishment.

DAN
But Phil, you don't know how to play the guitar.

PHIL
Yes I do.
(everyone looks at
him in silence)
Kind of.

DAN
Well, just remember one thing, Phil.

PHIL

Yeah. What's that?

DAN

The answer is blowin' in the wind.

This gets a laugh from his family as they all simultaneously turn back to the television, suddenly mesmerized in rapt silence as a new show begins. Phil exits quietly.

EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Phil gets outside holding his guitar case. He lights up a cigarette, hikes up his windbreaker jacket and poses like James Dean. He looks back at the house and sees his family through the front window illuminated in flickering blue. Phil clamps the cigarette between his teeth and walks purposefully down the driveway.

EXT. PHIL'S BLOCK – NIGHT (Digital Effect)

Phil walks up the block, passing house after house that all look exactly the same, all of them with the same flickering, radiant blue TV light illuminating their living rooms. Phil flicks his butt, hunches his shoulders and heads off into the night.

DISSOLVE:

ACT TWO:

EXT. THE PURPLE ONION – NIGHT

Phil comes walking up to the front of the Purple Onion, and it's a whole, big-deal, folk scene. There are *folkies* all over the place. All the men are wearing sport coats and thin ties and the women are wearing skirts and dresses. There are a lot of crewcuts on the boys, girls with their hair up or wearing babushkas, and many cool hats on both the men and the women. Almost everybody smokes cigarettes.

Phil approaches warily. Who are these people? He knows no one. Except Lorraine, that is, who stands in front of the club handing out flyers.

LORRAINE

Please come to this meeting tomorrow, it's really important. See what you can do, OK?

The person takes the flyer and one step later tosses it on the ground. Lorraine looks pained, goes over and picks it up. She sees Phil standing there, smiles and waves him over.

LORRAINE

Phil.

PHIL

Lorraine.

LORRAINE

You made it.

Phil steps up.

PHIL

I said I would, didn't I.

Lorraine gives him a hug and a kiss, which Phil finds very encouraging. She gives him his 3rd flyer, but keeps holding onto his hand.

LORRAINE

Yes, you did. Will you be here tomorrow for the meeting?

PHIL

(nods)

Yeah, I think I will.

LORRAINE

You gonna sing a song tonight?

PHIL

Yep.

LORRAINE

What song?

PHIL

I'm not telling. What song are you singing?

LORRAINE

"If I Had a Hammer."

(Phil grimaces like he was kicked in the gut)

What's the matter? Don't you like it?

PHIL

(grins painfully)
No, no, it's a great Peter, Paul & Mary song.

LORRAINE
It's a Weavers song. Peter, Paul & Mary re-did it.

PHIL
(not listening)
Yeah, right, the Wheelers. They're great, too.

Just then a slouchy fellow named TERRY, with thick, black-rimmed glasses, and rather long, shaggy hair, walks up and gets a big hug and a kiss from Lorraine, which distresses Phil.

TERRY
Hey, Lorraine.

LORRAINE
Hey, Terry. You made it.

TERRY
Said I would.

LORRAINE
This is Phil.

TERRY
Nice to meet you, Phil.

He puts out his hand. Phil somewhat begrudgingly shakes Terry's hand.

PHIL
Yeah. You, too.

LORRAINE
(to Terry)
Are you singing a song?

TERRY
No.

LORRAINE
(frowning)

Really? How come?

TERRY

'Cause I don't want to.

Phil looks at Terry with sudden respect, then glances down at the guitar in his own hand – why the hell is *he* singing a song? Phil is about to bring this up to Lorraine when she turns away and yells.

LORRAINE

Make way for the pregnant lady!

A good-looking couple in their mid-twenties comes walking up, both holding guitar cases. They are ALVIN & DEBBIE and Debbie is six months pregnant. They too give Lorraine hugs and kisses. Lorraine introduces Phil and Terry.

LORRAINE

Phil, Terry; Debbie and Alvin.

Everybody shakes hands and says hello. Phil attempts to speak to Lorraine again.

PHIL

Uh, Lorraine –

Lorraine is paying attention to Alvin & Debbie.

LORRAINE

So, are you guys going to sing?

DEBBIE

Yeah, we're all signed up and everything.
All I need is a few drinks first.

LORRAINE

Me, too.

Lorraine and Debbie both laugh. Phil looks at Terry who seems casually bemused, then he turns back to Lorraine.

PHIL

Um . . .

Lorraine points at Phil.

LORRAINE

Phil's singing a song, too.

Alvin slaps Phil on the back.

ALVIN

Good, I thought maybe we were the only ones.
Man oh man, we've been practicing our heads
off.

DEBBIE

I'll bet we've rehearsed this song a thousand
times.

Phil looks like he's about to say something when Lorraine takes hold of his arm and leads him inside.

LORRAINE

Let's get you signed up so you don't miss your
big chance to sing. Phil's gonna be a famous singer
some day, like Bobby Darin and Al Martino.

TERRY

Boy oh boy are you in the wrong place.

Lorraine hustles Phil inside and the others happily follow along.

PHIL

She means, Dean Martin.

TERRY

I got news for you, Dean Martin wouldn't be caught
dead in this joint.

INT. THE PURPLE ONION – NIGHT

Lorraine, Phil and the others enter the Purple Onion, a small dark club that's pretty much full. Lorraine points down toward the stage.

LORRAINE

I've got the front table staked out with my guitar.
We'll be right there.

Terry, Alvin and Debbie head to the table.

Lorraine takes Phil over to the M.C., a 40-year old guy with a graying beard, who stands behind a crude lighting board. The M.C. looks at Phil and winces.

M.C.
Who's he?

LORRAINE
A friend.

M.C.
You sure have a lot of friends.

LORRAINE
As a matter of fact I do, what's it to you?

M.C.
Nothing. Not a thing.

LORRAINE
(nods at Phil)
He wants to sing.

M.C.
Then sing out, my friend, sing out. What's your name?

PHIL
Phil Buckley.

M.C.
OK, Phil there you go.

The M.C. writes "Phil" at the bottom of the Hootenanny list, a blackboard with ten acts listed above him. Phil gulps, thinking what have I done? The M.C. tells Phil:

M.C.
Keep in mind, though, friend, that with ten acts ahead of you there's a pretty good chance you won't get to go on at all.

PHIL
(mumbles to himself)
God willing.

LORRAINE

(encouraging)

Oh, now. You said you want to be a musician,
right?

PHIL

Right.

LORRAINE

Here you go.

(to the M.C.)

Are we set for tomorrow?

The M.C. steps up to Lorraine and whispers in her ear.

M.C.

Sure. Uh, Lorraine . . . ?

LORRAINE

Yeah?

M.C.

(shakes his head)

Later.

Lorraine and Phil walk across the club.

LORRAINE

(excited)

I'm so glad Terry made it, I really think you two will
hit it off. He's really smart. I met him at a sit-in,
and I met Alvin & Debbie at an SDS meeting. They
are very committed to the cause.

PHIL

What cause?

LORRAINE

The cause of freedom and equality.

PHIL

(nods)

Oh. Right. That.

(casually)

By the way, what are some of your favorite folk songs?

LORRAINE

(thinks)

Well, I really like Bob Dylan's "Talking Word War 3 Blues."

PHIL

(shakes his head; sighs)

I don't know that one.

The guitar is starting to feel like 500 pound weight to Phil.

LORRAINE

Bring your guitar tomorrow night to the meeting and we can have our own little hootenanny afterward. I'll teach it to you.

That sounds like a fine idea to Phil, who nods and grins.

PHIL

Boss.

As they cross the room, Lorraine waves and says hi to just about everybody and they all wave and say hi back to her. Phil's impressed.

They arrive at the table down near the stage where Terry, Alvin & Debbie are sitting drinking a pitcher of beer and are all smoking cigarettes. Lorraine sits beside Terry. Phil quickly sits on her other side.

Lorraine leans across the table to speak and whispers with Debbie. Debbie points at Phil.

DEBBIE

Wow! He looks like Troy Donahue. Where'd you find him?

LORRAINE

At the music store. I think he's got potential, too.
He just needs some guidance.

DEBBIE

From you, perhaps?

LORRAINE

(considers; looks at Phil)
. . . Perhaps.

Phil and Terry look at each other past Lorraine's shapely rump.

TERRY

(to Phil)
What song are you singing?

PHIL

I'm still thinking about it. What are some your
favorite folk songs?

TERRY

I don't like folk songs.

PHIL

(confused)
Then what are you doing here?

Terry glances at Lorraine's derriere, then up to Phil. Phil grins and shrugs, indicating that he too is there for the same reason.

TERRY

You a student?

PHIL

Uh, no. I'm gonna start at SCC in the fall.

TERRY

(grins)
Harvard of the highway. It's like high school with
ashtrays. I went for a year. Workin'?

PHIL

At a shoe store. You?

TERRY

I work on the college newspaper.

PHIL

(nods; impressed)

Your parents rich?

TERRY

No, not really.

(whispers and points)

But Lorraine's sure are.

PHIL

(interested)

Really? But she seems so . . .

TERRY

. . . Down to Earth?

PHIL

Yeah. Right.

TERRY

It's the rejection of the money. Very common.

PHIL

(fascinated)

It is?

TERRY

Sure, take a look around you. What do you see?

PHIL

(looks around)

People. *Folkies*.

TERRY

Middle-class to upper-middle-class white people, with just a few token Negroes thrown in for color, whose own self-hatred causes them to have to pretend to help other people less fortunate than themselves to ease their guilt.

PHIL
(looks around)
Huh.

Across the table, Alvin & Debbie are having a discussion.

DEBBIE
So, when will you start looking for a new job?
You said after the New Year, well it's February.

ALVIN
But, Deb, I like my job.

DEBBIE
You like your job? Come on.

ALVIN
All right, I don't hate my job. I've had plenty of
jobs I've hated, too. And then I don't like waking
up in the morning.

DEBBIE
But Alvin, dear, you don't make enough money.
We're going to need more money soon. We might
even have to buy a house.

ALVIN
(holds up his hands)
Whoa! Slow down, will you. I'm not ready for
any of this.

Debbie points at her protruding belly.

DEBBIE
Too late.

LORRAINE
Hey! Come on you guys, you're out in public,
remember.

DEBBIE
There are times when his complacency makes me
want to kill him.

LORRAINE

But you've decided to have his child instead.

Terry and Phil continue to talk.

PHIL

So, you're up at State?

TERRY

(nods)

Yep.

PHIL

So, what are you taking up?

TERRY

Time and space.

PHIL

(grins)

I'm doin' that right here, why go to State?

TERRY

Less parental supervision. More parties. More chicks.

PHIL

But don't they make you take tests occasionally?

TERRY

Occasionally, but school's easy if you know how to do it.

PHIL

So what are really studying?

TERRY

Computers.

PHIL

Computers, huh? You really *are* into weird stuff.

TERRY

Computers aren't so weird. Someday there'll be

hundreds of them, everywhere.

PHIL
(shrugs)
Sure, if you say so.

Lorraine sits back down between Phil and Terry.

LORRAINE
You boys getting acquainted?

Both grunt in the affirmative.

The bearded M.C. steps up onto the small stage and speaks into the microphone.

M.C.
I'd like to welcome everybody to the Purple Onion's weekly Hootenanny night. This is the night when we get a preview of the upcoming folk stars of the future. I'd also like to announce a very important meeting to be held here tomorrow night to help arrange a defense fund for the Springfield Five.
(Lorraine looks around and smiles)
If you really care about the cause of freedom you'll make sure to be here. OK. Now let's have some fun. Our first act of the evening is the husband and wife duo, Alvin & Debbie. Let's give them a warm Purple Onion welcome.

The audience applauds as Alvin & Debbie step up on stage.

ALVIN
Thank you very much. But don't get Debbie too excited, she might have the baby right here.

Debbie elbows him the ribs and the audience chuckles. They launch into a highly energetic rendition of "*Rock Island Line*"

ALVIN & DEBBIE
(singing)
Well the Rock Island Line

Is a mighty good road
 Oh the Rock Island Line
 It is the road to ride
 The Rock Island Line
 Is a mighty good road
 But if ya want to ride
 Ya gotta ride it like ya find it
 Get your ticket at the station
 For the Rock Island Line

Well I may be right
 And I may be wrong
 I know you're gonna miss me
 When I'm gone

Underneath the table, Phil edges his foot over until it's beside Lorraine's foot. Phil moves his foot the next inch so that his foot is now touching Lorraine's foot. He glances over and she gives no sign of anything other than being mesmerized by the singing.

ALVIN & DEBBIE

Well the Rock Island Line
 Is a mighty good road
 Oh the Rock Island Line
 It is the road to ride
 The Rock Island Line
 Is a mighty good road
 But if ya want to ride
 Ya gotta ride it like ya find it
 Get your ticket at the station
 For the Rock Island Line

Little Emmalina
 Sittin' in the shade
 Countin' all the money
 That we ain't made

Terry moves his foot until it's touching Lorraine's other foot. We see Lorraine note the situation, then throw a glance at both boys. They both smile innocently.

ALVIN & DEBBIE

Well the Rock Island Line
 Is a mighty good road
 Oh the Rock Island Line

It is the road to ride
The Rock Island Line
Is a mighty good road
But if ya want to ride
Ya gotta ride it like ya find it
Get your ticket at the station
For the Rock Island Line

The audience has enjoyed this very much and claps loudly and stomps their feet. Grinning, Alvin & Debbie return to their seats. Lorraine puts her arms around both of them.

LORRAINE

You see, those endless hours of practicing pay off.

ALVIN

(grinning)

They sure do.

Phil looks like he's in pain. Debbie grabs the pitcher of beer.

DEBBIE

I need a drink. Who needs refills?

Everyone holds up their mug.

Terry turns to Phil looking somewhat impressed.

TERRY

That was pretty good.

PHIL

Yeah.

TERRY

So, uh, you a big folk music fan?

PHIL

(shakes his head)

No, not really. Folk music's OK.

TERRY

What kind of music do you like?

Phil looks around to see if anyone is listening.

PHIL
(lowers his voice)
I like rock & roll.

TERRY
Me, too. Like what?

PHIL
I like Elvis.

TERRY
(nods)
Yeah. He's boss. And Chuck Berry.

PHIL
Yeah.

Lorraine returns to her seat between Phil and Terry.

LORRAINE
What are you boys talking about.

TERRY
Rock & roll music.

LORRAINE
(waves it away)
That's for children.
(points at the stage)
Now *that* was music! Bebop-a-lula? Tutti fruitti,
oh Rudy? Come on, boys, grow up.

Phil and Terry both feel chastised. Lorraine sees someone she knows and moves off.

LORRAINE
Excuse me a sec, I've got work to do.

Lorraine picks up a pile of her flyers and heads off.

Lorraine cruises around the club handing out flyers. Yellow flyers are set down on the table and quickly used as coasters, folded and put into pockets, phone numbers are written on them, corners torn off, one gets folded up and put under the short leg of a table.

A yellow flyer comes down revealing four middle-aged people, three men in suits and ties and a woman in a dressy dress, all looking at the flyers and guzzling a pitcher of beer. They are: PETE, LEE, FRED and the woman is RONNIE. Collectively they are the FOUR FEATHERS. They all drink heartily and wave around the flyers.

RONNIE

It looks good. How's it going?

LORRAINE

Good. We ought to have a lot of people. But I still need you guys to be there.

RONNIE

Need? Oh, come on, Lorraine, you can handle this. I'm sure you've got everything completely under control.

LORRAINE

Well, yeah, I do, but still . . .

RONNIE

Well, don't depend on me being there. You've got to finally handle things on your own.

LORRAINE

I know.

RONNIE

I remember the first meeting I organized. It was a garment-workers strike just after the war. Somewhere in Upstate New York.

PETE

Gloversville.

LEE

That's right, Gloversville. Lordy, they almost tore the house down.

RONNIE

Those were the days.

The Four Feathers all toast and drink.

LORRAINE

Good luck, tonight, you guys.

RONNIE

Thanks, you, too. And I just know your meeting will be great.

LEE

Sure.

PETE

Absolutely.

Lorraine walks away.

LORRAINE

(to herself)

Shit! She's not gonna be there. I was depending on her.

The M.C. steps up beside Lorraine and takes her arm.

M.C.

Lorraine, you've got to help me.

LORRAINE

Sure, Marty, how?

(he tries to speak, but all that comes out are inaudible noises)

What is it?

M.C.

You just have to sleep with me, Lorraine. You have to.

LORRAINE

I do, huh?

M.C.

I love you Lorraine.

LORRAINE

Oh, for God's sake. That's ridiculous.

M.C.

(stung)
Oh, it is, huh? You want to use the club tomorrow,
right?

LORRAINE
(indignant)
You already said I could use the club tomorrow.

M.C.
Right. I did. And I mean it, too. And I don't
expect anything in return, either.

LORRAINE
Don't you?

M.C.
(smiles)
Well . . .

LORRAINE
I thought you honestly cared about the Springfield
Five.

M.C.
(distracted)
Who? Oh, them. Yeah, I do. But Lorraine, please
think of the good you could do, for me. Please.

Lorraine turns and walks away, her expression saying, "When hell freezes over."

Lorraine returns to her table and sits back down.

At which point MOUSTAPHA HAKIM arrives. He is a black man in his 30s wearing a dark suit and tie, a round leather, African hat, sunglasses and carrying a particularly beat-up guitar.

MOUSTAPHA
Greetings, folk fans.

Terry looks relieved.

TERRY
You got here.

MOUSTAPHA

You didn't think I would?

TERRY

No, no, I did.

MOUSTAPHA

And who are all of these nice-looking white people?

TERRY

You know Lorraine.

Moustapha shakes Lorraine's hand.

MOUSTAPHA

(smiles)

Lorraine. Always a pleasure.

TERRY

That's Alvin & Debbie.

MOUSTAPHA

Alvin, Debbie.

They both shake his hand and both look uncomfortable doing it.

TERRY

And this is Phil.

Moustapha shakes Phil's hand, then grabs a chair and seats himself beside him.

MOUSTAPHA

Be prepared, the blues're coming.

Terry leans over to Moustapha and nods toward the back.

TERRY

Can we . . .

MOUSTAPHA

Cool down, my friend. Everything in good time.

Moustapha turns to Phil.

MOUSTAPHA

(nods)

You like the blues?

PHIL

Sure.

MOUSTAPHA

Like what?

PHIL

Well . . . Like Chuck Berry.

MOUSTAPHA

Chuck Berry. That's your idea of blues?

PHIL

Well, rhythm and blues. How about Muddy Rivers?

MOUSTAPHA

That's Muddy *Waters*.

PHIL

Right, but I hear he's formed a group with Johnny Rivers.

Moustapha turns to Terry.

MOUSTAPHA

Come on, let's go.

Terry grins devilishly as he and Moustapha head off together.

Lorraine turns back to Phil.

LORRAINE

Having a good time?

PHIL

Oh yeah.

LORRAINE

What do you think of Terry?

PHIL

He's interesting.

The M.C. steps up to the small blackboard and erases Alvin & Debbie's name at the top of the list. The next name is "Bobby Lee."

M.C.

Ladies and gentlemen, the Purple Onion welcomes back the angry, intense, and always energetic, Bobby Lee Baker!

The audience applauds excitedly as BOBBY LEE BAKER, a brooding man in his 30s, dressed in black with a beret and a jazz patch. He steps up on the stage with a cigarette smoldering between his lips irritating his eyes. He slowly tunes a 12-string guitar, entirely ignoring the audience. He flicks his cigarette butt without looking and we see that it lands in an inattentive WOMAN's drink.

BOBBY

We're living in a world of oppression. White people hold down the black people. Rich people hold down the poor people. Sometimes it makes me so mad I can barely talk. Bile builds up in my throat and I can't even spit. Those are the times when you'd kinda like to see the whole shebang go up in one big ball of fire, know what I mean?

The audience looks back at him wide-eyed and silent. Bobby coughs, then suddenly launches into an intense rendition of "*In My Time of Dyin*" with some terrific guitar picking, as well as the use of a bottleneck.

BOBBY LEE

(singing)

In my time of dyin'
Don't want nobody to mourn
All I want for you to do
Is to take my body home

Well, well, well
So I can die easy
Well, well, well
So I can die easy
Jesus gonna make up

My dyin' bed

The Woman drinks her drink and her eyes widen as she swallows the cigarette butt.

BOBBY

Well meet me, Jesus, meet me
Meet me in the middle of the air
If these wings should fail me, Lord
Won't you meet me with another pair

Well, well, well
So I can die easy
Well, well, well
So I can die easy
Jesus gonna make up
My dyin' bed

Lord in my time of dyin'
Don't want nobody to cry
All I want you to do
Is to take me when I die

Well, well, well
So I can die easy
Well, well, well
So I can die easy
Jesus gonna make up
My dyin' bed

There is a big round of applause. To everyone's astonishment, Bobby Lee Baker stands up and without a look back walks right out of the club.

BOBBY LEE

(to himself)

Aw shit!

Terry and Moustapha returned at some point during the song. Terry turns to Phil.

TERRY

(impressed)

Man, that was good.

Phil looks like he has a headache.

PHIL

Yeah.
 (changing subjects)
 So, Lorraine said she met you at some kind of meeting, right?

TERRY
 Yeah. SDS.

PHIL
 What's that?

TERRY
 Students for a Democratic Society.

PHIL
 And you like try to get laws changed and stuff?

TERRY
 (shrugs)
 They do. I go 'cause there's usually cute chicks there.
 (that seems like a good reason to Phil)
 And cute *folkie* chicks that are always screaming about freedom and equality sometimes put out, know what I mean?

PHIL
 (he knows)
 So, then you don't really care about freedom and equality and civil rights?

TERRY
 Yeah, sure I do, but not as much as getting laid.

Terry wags his eyebrows. Phil grins.

We see Lorraine's stack of yellow flyers in her hand as she crosses the club and steps up to a table where three very cool-looking, beat-types sit, seemingly engrossed in smoking cigarettes and don't notice Lorraine . They are: DEAN, MARYLOU & BILL.

LORRAINE
 (smiles)
 Look, it's the three dead beats.

Dean, Bill and MaryLou all look around—where?

BILL

Whoa . . . it's Lorraine.

MARYLOU

Hey, Lorraine.

DEAN

(grunts)

Urgh.

LORRAINE

Wow, you folks sure look mellow.

MARYLOU

Yeah, we are.

BILL

Mellowville.

DEAN

Hooo!

Lorraine furrows her brow and leans forward to MaryLou.

LORRAINE

What's wrong with you guys?

MARYLOU

Wrong? Nothin's wrong.

BILL

It's all right. Everything's right.

LORRAINE

But you guys are acting weird.

MaryLou pantomimes sticking a needle in her arm and winks at Lorraine. Lorraine looks horrified.

LORRAINE

You took heroin?

MARYLOU, BILL & DEAN
(together, grinning)
Yeah.

LORRAINE
Really?

MARYLOU, BILL & DEAN
(together)
Yeah.

LORRAINE
But doesn't it hurt? Y'know, the needle?

MARYLOU
(nods)
A little. Then you throw up.

LORRAINE
(wide-eyed)
Oh my God, that's disgusting.

MARYLOU
(reassuring)
No, it's not. It's fine. Really.

BILL
Yeah, it's fine.

LORRAINE
(nods)
Right, throwing up is just fine.

Bill points at the yellow flyers.

BILL
Hey, what's with that?

LORRAINE
It's a meeting I'm having here tomorrow.

MARYLOU
Cool. Very cool.

BILL

Knock 'em dead, Lorraine. Save everybody.

LORRAINE

(sighs)

Yeah, I will. See ya around.

Lorraine turns and leaves, shaking her head in disbelief. She puts her hand in her sweater pocket and still doesn't have any cigarettes. Just then Phil steps up.

LORRAINE

(smiles)

Gotta smoke.

PHIL

As a matter of fact I do.

Phil shakes two out of the pack, puts both of them in his mouth and lights them at the same time—ala Paul Henreid—then hands one to Lorraine.

LORRAINE

(smiles)

Very classy.

PHIL

That's me. I'm the classiest guy you ever knew.

LORRAINE

(waves her smoke)

So? What'dya think?

PHIL

I'll join up if I get you in the deal.

LORRAINE

If only things were that simple.

A female voice calls out . . .

FEMALE VOICE

(O.S.)

Lorraine! Over here!

Lorraine sees a table with two couples in black and white evening clothes. Even from

this distance we can tell they are smashed. Lorraine winces in pain.

LORRAINE

Oh, dear God, what're *they* doing here?

(to Phil)

I went to high school with these people.

Lorraine and Phil step up to the table. The voice belongs to MINDY, an attractive 19-year old girl in a black strapless evening gown and white gloves. The boys are wearing tuxes. Mindy and Lorraine hug and kiss.

LORRAINE

Mindy, what on Earth are you doing here?

MINDY

You told us about this hootenanny thing on Saturday nights and we decided to come and see for ourselves. Are you singing tonight, Lorraine?

LORRAINE

Yes, I am.

(points at Phil)

So's he. This is my friend, Phil.

Mindy shakes Phil's hand. She looks him up and down and obviously approves.

MINDY

Phil. This is Brian, Cheryl and Tim. I'm Mindy, Lorraine's former best-friend.

Phil waves and shakes hands. BRIAN says to Phil . . .

BRIAN

Are you a musician?

Phil glances at Lorraine.

PHIL

Uh, no. I mean, no. This is a hootenanny, anybody can get up and sing.

BRIAN

Right. Of course. Boy am I a square.

Lorraine hands out flyers.

LORRAINE

So now that you've started going new places,
you should come to this meeting here tomorrow
night, for the Springfield Five.

MINDY

I read about them. Terrible. Tomorrow night?
Sorry, can't make it.

LORRAINE

It's really important, y'know. Couldn't you try?

MINDY

Sorry, it's out of the question. So, when do we
get to hear some music?

LORRAINE

Soon.

TIM raises his hand.

TIM

No mixed drinks?

LORRAINE

Uh, no. Just beer.

Tim and Brian turn to one another, both imitating Jim Backus.

TIM

I need an Old-Fashioned the old-fashioned way.

BRIAN

The way dear old dad used to make 'em.

Brian and Tim laugh. Lorraine turns to Tim.

LORRAINE

How about you, Tim? What are you doing
tomorrow night?

TIM

(thinks)

Sunday night? "Lassie," then "Ed Sullivan," then "Gunsmoke," why?

BRIAN
Ring-a-ding-ding!

LORRAINE
Never mind. See ya.

MINDY
Bye, Lorraine. Nice meeting you, Phil.

PHIL
Yeah, you, too.

Lorraine and Phil walk away. Lorraine looks back, then at Phil and shakes her head sadly.

PHIL
What?

LORRAINE
The TV generation.

PHIL
Are you from another generation?

LORRAINE
Apparently.
(waves her hand)
This one. Where some things still matter. Ring-a-ding-ding? "Lassie" and "Gunsmoke." *Good God!* You people and your mindless amusements.

PHIL
Hey, I didn't invent this stuff. Blame Edison.

Lorraine stops and turns to face Phil.

LORRAINE
But it's not reality, Phil. We live in reality, where there's suffering and injustice and war.

PHIL

I think you forgot locust and cattle disease.

Lorraine gets angry.

LORRAINE

It's not funny!

PHIL

(shakes his head)

Damn, you are one serious girl. What do you want to be when you grow up? Abraham Lincoln?

LORRAINE

(smiles)

Or a modern female version of him.

Phil takes Lorraine's ink-stained hand.

PHIL

I have a great idea that will help all of society.

LORRAINE

What's that?

PHIL

Let's drink some more beer. Did I mention that beer is like liquid bread?

LORRAINE

Yes, you did.

They sit down at the table.

PHIL

Well it is, you know. And dark beer is like pumpernickel bread.

(pours beer)

Sadly, this stuff is like Wonder Bread.

LORRAINE

But it's OK 'cause then you don't really get drunk.

PHIL

Yeah, but I like getting drunk.

They toast and drink.

The M.C. steps back up to the small blackboard and erases Bobby Lee's name. Phil watches the M.C. erase the name, then looks down to his own first name at the bottom of the list. There's still seven people above him, but nevertheless Phil is getting nervous. He glances at his guitar, then scratches his chin. The next name listed is "Moustapha."

The M.C. steps up to the microphone.

M.C.

I'd now like to introduce a personal friend of mine . . .
 (he winks at Moustapha
 who shakes his head)
 . . . *Moustapha Hakim!*

Moustapha stands holding his beat-up guitar and steps in front of the microphone.

MOUSTAPHA

Greetings, ladies and gentlemen. I'd like to sing a song by the great Huddie Ledbetter, better known as "Leadbelly." This man spent most of his life in prison. But even when he wasn't in prison, he wasn't
 (continued)

MOUSTAPHA (cont.)

free. In America Negroes are still slaves, sitting in the back of the bus, living in the ghetto, dying in poverty. The Springfield Five are just one more example of the American hypocrisy.

The audience feels ashamed. Lorraine looks around and grins. Moustapha then sings "*Bourgeois Blues*."

MOUSTAPHA

(singing)

Me and my wife
 Went out on the town
 Everywhere we went
 The people turned us down

Lord it's a bourgeois town
 It's a bourgeois town
 I got the bourgeois blues
 I'm gonna spread the news all around

Home of the brave
 Land of the free
 I don't want to be mistreated
 By no bourgeoisie

Lord it's a bourgeois town
 It's a bourgeois town
 I got the bourgeois blues
 I'm gonna spread the news all around

Me and my wife
 We were starting upstairs
 I heard a white man say
 I don't want no niggers up there

Lord it's a bourgeois town
 It's a bourgeois town
 I got the bourgeois blues
 I'm gonna spread the news all around
 (continued)

MOUSTAPHA (cont.)

The white folks in Washington
 They know how
 They call a colored man a nigger
 Just to see him bow

Lord it's a bourgeois town
 It's a bourgeois town
 I got the bourgeois blues
 I'm gonna spread the news all around

Tell all the colored folks
 Listen to me
 Don't try to buy no home
 In Washington D.C.

Oh Lord it's a bourgeois town
 It's a bourgeois town
 I got the bourgeois blues
 I'm gonna spread the news all around

There is a big round of guilty applause.

M.C.
Moustapha Hakim, ladies and gentlemen.

Moustapha sits back down at the table beside Phil looking satisfied.

MOUSTAPHA
The blues have come.

TERRY
And they were gone, man, solid gone.

MOUSTAPHA
Thank you.

They slap five.

The M.C. gets back up on stage and erases Moustapha's name. Phil notes this with a wince. Next on the list is "4 Feathers."

M.C.
And now I'd like to introduce some Purple Onion
hootenanny regulars, ladies and gentlemen will you
please welcome the incredible harmonies of The Four
Feathers!

The Four Feathers take the stage. They are all reasonably looped and get a big round of applause.

PETE
The U.S. and the Soviet Union continue to conduct
atomic bomb tests, irradiating our land, water and
skies.

LEE
We say, "Ban the Bomb!"

RONNIE
There's only one world and we all have to live
in it together. It's time to wake up, people!

The Four Feathers then proceed to do a beautifully harmonized rendition of "*Darling Corey*."

FOUR FEATHERS

(singing)

Wake up, wake up, darlin' Corey
 What makes you sleep so sound?
 The revenue officer is comin'
 Gonna tear your still-house down

The first time I seen darlin' Corey
 She was standing by the sea
 She had a .45 strapped around her bosom
 She had a banjo on her knee

Go away, go away, darlin' Corey
 Quit hangin' around my bed
 That liquor has ruined my body
 Pretty women gone to my head
 (continued)

FOUR FEATHERS (cont.)

Oh yes, oh yes, my darlin'
 I'll do the best I can
 I'll never give my pleasure
 To another gamblin' man

Dig a hole, dig a hole in the meadow
 Dig a hole in the cold, cold ground
 Dig a hole, dig a hole in the meadow
 Gonna lay my Corey down.

The Four Feathers pause for a big round of applause, then launch directly into "*When the Saints Go Marching In*" which brings on a bigger round of applause.

FOUR FEATHERS

(singing)

We are traveling in the footsteps
 Of those that have come before
 And we'll all be reunited
 On a new and sunlit shore

Oh when the saints go marching in
 Oh when the saints go marching in
 Oh Lord I want to be in that number

When the saints go marching in

And when the sun refused to shine
 And when the sun refused to shine
 Oh Lord I want to be in that number
 And when the sun refused to shine

Phil looks like he's having a heart attack. Lorraine puts her hand on his shoulder reassuringly.

FOUR FEATHERS

Oh when the trum-pet sounds the call
 Oh when the trumpet sounds the call
 Oh Lord I want to be in that number
 Oh when the trumpet sounds the call
 (continued)

FOUR FEATHERS (cont.)

Some say this world of trouble
 Is the only one we need
 But I'm waiting for the mornin'
 When the new world is revealed

Oh when the new world is revealed
 Oh when the new world is revealed
 Oh Lord I want to be in that number
 Oh when the new world is revealed

Oh when the saints go marching in
 Oh when the saints go marching in
 Oh Lord I want to be in that number
 When the saints go marching in

The Four Feathers bring down the house. The audience claps and stomps their feet. Lorraine, Terry and the whole table join them loudly. Phil honestly looks ill. He is in a total panic. His hands are sweating and he looks nauseous.

PHIL

(to no one in particular)
 I think I gotta go.

Phil starts to stand and Lorraine reaches out and takes his arm.

LORRAINE

What do you mean?

PHIL

I can't do this.

LORRAINE

Sure you can. You'll be fine.

PHIL

(seriously)

No, no, you don't understand.

LORRAINE

(smiles reassuringly)

Of course I do. Everyone feels this way their first time.

PHIL

Yeah, but these people are *really* good.

LORRAINE

Right. And their not professionals.

PHIL

Yeah, but they really seem to . . . *care*.

LORRAINE

Well, don't you?

PHIL

(good question)

Um . . .

Lorraine spots someone she knows and quickly exits.

LORRAINE

'Scuse me.

Phil is in a deep quandary. He glances over at the door—he could just leave and no one would be the wiser. Meanwhile, Terry is watching him.

TERRY

What's wrong?

PHIL
(sighs deeply)
Lorraine is doing the song that I was gonna do.
I was all ready, too, y'know. I practiced the song
like a hundred times. But now I'm screwed.

Terry takes pity on Phil.

TERRY
Come with me. Everything'll be just fine.

PHIL
What?

TERRY
Just come on.

Terry leads Phil out the back door.

EXT. THE PURPLE ONION/ALLEY – NIGHT

Terry and Phil come out into the under-lit alley behind the Purple Onion. Terry pulls out a big, fat, crooked cigarette. Phil can't believe it. He looks all around to make sure they're alone.

PHIL
(shocked)
That's marijuana, isn't it?

Terry nods, lighting up.

TERRY
Say it louder, maybe a cop'll hear you.

PHIL
(frightened)
But, it's illegal.

TERRY
Yep.

PHIL
Doesn't it lead to hard drugs like morphine and
heroin?

TERRY
 (grins fiendishly)
Whoa! Slow down, tiger. One step at a time.

Terry hands Phil the burning joint. Phil hesitantly takes it, gives the issue one more brief moment of consideration, shrugs, then takes a hit.

INT. THE PURPLE ONION – NIGHT

Lorraine sits back down in her seat, looking somewhat embarrassed and straightens her hair. She notices that Phil and Terry's chairs are empty. She glances around as though people are looking at her and pulls her sweater closed. The M.C. steps up to the microphone, grinning, his hair askew.

M.C.
 Ladies and gentlemen, I'm proud to welcome back a Purple Onion regular, a dedicated fighter for equality and justice, and the organizer of the Springfield Five defense fund meeting here tomorrow at eight. Let's give a warm hand to Lorraine Dempsey!

Lorraine throws a last look at the empty seats on either side of her where Phil and Terry used to be, shakes her head, smiles and heads up on stage holding her guitar.

LORRAINE
 Sometimes it's not easy to do what's right. We're always tempted to go the other way. To take the wrong path. And sometimes we don't even know which path we're on. Justice, freedom and equality are not just words. They're goals that we have to work for. That's why I strongly urge you to be here tomorrow night at eight P.M. for a very important meeting. We *can* make a difference . . .

EXT. THE PURPLE ONION/ALLEY – NIGHT

Phil and Terry are just finishing the joint. Their eyes are bloodshot and at half-mast. They're stoned.

PHIL
 (grinning)

Man, if I had a hammer I'd hurt myself.

They both laugh like total idiots.

TERRY

So, what'dya think?

PHIL

About what?

(Terry waves his hand,

Phil grins)

Oh, yeah. Boss. Is it always like this?

TERRY

Like what?

PHIL

This?

TERRY

Yeah.

PHIL

Wow. How much is this stuff?

TERRY

Pretty cheap.

PHIL

And you got it from . . . um . . .

(he can't remember)

That Negro man.

TERRY

Moustapha. Right.

PHIL

Does he grow it.

TERRY

No, man. He gets it from someone else who gets it from someone else who brings it from Panama or Mexico or wherever.

PHIL

Wow! Too much! I feel like I'm in Panama or Mexico or wherever now.

TERRY

Yeah. I know what you mean. Wherever's where it's at.

PHIL

And that's where we are. Where it's at.

TERRY

Yeah.

They start laughing idiotically again.

INT. THE PURPLE ONION – NIGHT

Lorraine proceeds to sing "*If I Had a Hammer*" in a pretty and forceful way.

LORRAINE

(singing)

If I had a hammer
I'd hammer in the mornin'
I'd hammer in the evenin'
All over this land
I'd hammer out danger
I'd hammer out warnin'
I'd hammer out love between
My brothers and my sisters
All over this land

If I had a bell
I'd ring it in the mornin'
I'd ring it in the evenin'
All over this land
I'd ring out danger
I'd ring out warnin'
I'd ring out love between
My brothers and my sisters
All over this land

If I had a song –

EXT. THE PURPLE ONION/ALLEY – NIGHT

Terry is holding forth to a stoned and completely rapt Phil.

TERRY

Elvis and Chuck Berry and Little Richard and Jerry Lee Lewis all had their careers taken from them, man. Where'd they all go? What happened to rock & roll? They were stopped, drafted, arrested, persecuted. Their careers were stopped. Why? It's because there's a conspiracy to stop rock & roll, and I'm telling you it's the same guys that killed Kennedy.

Phil has no idea what Terry's talking about.

PHIL

Killed Kennedy? Lee Harvey Oswald killed Kennedy.

TERRY

(lights up)

Ah ha! That's what they'd like you to believe.

PHIL

Then Jack Ruby killed Oswald.

TERRY

Pretty convenient, huh? Get rid of the patsy.

PHIL

But I saw it on TV.

TERRY

Yeah? I see "Howdy Doody" on TV but that don't make it true.

Phil looks all around, freaking out.

INT. THE PURPLE ONION – NIGHT

Lorraine finishes the song with a flurry.

LORRAINE

Well, I have a hammer

And I have a bell
 And I have a song to sing
 All over this land

It's the hammer of justice
 It's the bell of free-e-dom
 It's a song about love between
 My brother and my sisters
 All over this land

Lorraine receives a big round of applause. She glances at the two empty seats and furrows her brow. The audience hollers for "More!"

LORRAINE

All right. Now we're all gonna sing a song together, because we all have to stick together if we're gonna make things better. And we can all start by being here tomorrow night at eight to help put together the defense fund for the Springfield Five. OK? Now, instead of singing "the" union, let's all sing "*our*" union, OK? And if you don't know the verses, just join in for the chorus.

Lorraine begins to play the melody to "*The Battle Hymn of the Republic*" which becomes "*Solidarity Forever*." The audience hesitantly joins in at first, but gets stronger with each chorus.

LORRAINE

(singing)

Solidarity forever
 Solidarity forever
 Solidarity forever
 For *our* union makes us strong.

When our union's inspiration
 Through the worker's blood shall run
 There can be no power greater
 Anywhere beneath the sun
 Yet what force on Earth is weaker
 Than the feeble strength of one
 But *our* union makes us strong

Solidarity forever
 Solidarity forever

Solidarity forever
For *our* union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies
Built the cities where they trade
Dug the mines and built the workshops
Endless miles of railroad laid

Now we stand outcast and starving
'Mid the wonders we have made
But *our* union makes us strong
(continued)

LORRAINE (cont.)

Solidarity forever
Solidarity forever
Solidarity forever
For *our* union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions
That they never toiled to earn
But without our brain and muscle
Not a single wheel will turn

We can break their haughty power
Gain our freedom when we learn
That *our* union makes us strong.

Solidarity forever
Solidarity forever
Solidarity forever
For *our* union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed the power
Greater than their hoarded gold
Greater than the might of atoms
Magnified a thousand fold
We can bring to birth a new world
From the ashes of the old
For *our* union makes us strong.

(Lorraine call out)

Now, come on! Everybody!
(everybody joins in)

Solidarity forever
Solidarity forever
Solidarity forever

For *our* union makes us strong.

There is the biggest round of applause of the evening. Everybody laughs and cheers. Lorraine returns to her table to the smiles of her friends, then seats herself between the two empty seats and frowns. Debbie is drunk and gives Lorraine a fresh beer and another cigarette, which Lorraine gratefully takes. Alvin keeps one hand on his wife's belly while drinking and smoking with the other.

DEBBIE

(drunk)

Good job, Lorraine. Solidarity forever!

ALVIN

(drunk)

That was great, Lorraine, just great.

(points at Debbie's belly)

This kid is gonna grow up in a better world than what we got. What we got was shit. Old and worn-out and busted.

Lorraine looks all around.

LORRAINE

Have you seen Terry or Phil?

Alvin and Debbie look around.

DEBBIE

No.

Lorraine stands.

LORRAINE

I'll be back in a sec.

Lorraine leaves. Debbie drunkenly turns back to Alvin.

DEBBIE

And that's why you've got to get a better job.

ALVIN

Oh, Jesus Christ! I don't give a shit about a better job, can't you get that through your thick skull?

DEBBIE

I get it, but I'm not buyin' it.

Phil and Terry return and they're toasted and giggling. Terry gives Moustapha the thumbs-up.

TERRY

I'll go get some more beer.

PHIL

Good thinking.

Phil sits down beside Moustapha.

PHIL

So, uh . . . Moustachio—

MOUSTAPHA

—Moustapha.

PHIL

Exactly. So, what's it like being a Negro?

MOUSTAPHA

(laughs)

Boy, you are stoned.

PHIL

(looks around)

Yeah? I guess so. Everything has sort of an echo.

MOUSTAPHA

"What's it like being a Negro?" *Shit!* What's it like being a silly little stoned white boy?

PHIL

(grins foolishly)

Not bad. Pretty good, actually.

MOUSTAPHA

But that wears off. Bein' black don't. Everywhere you go, all the time, you still a Negro, and you're generally outnumbered, unless you're in the ghetto. All the white folk are friendly here tonight, but that don't mean they won't be back out lynchin' niggers

again tomorrow.

PHIL
(this is heavy)
Wow!

MOUSTAPHA
(sarcastic)
Wow! Golly gee-whiz!
(points at Phil)
I was down in Birmingham last year for Dr. King's big march, the one where he got arrested. You hear about that?

PHIL
Uh . . . maybe.

MOUSTAPHA
(shakes his head sadly)
Shit! You don't know anything, do you? Your head's as empty as a bucket, that's why you hear an echo. What're you doin' here, anyway? You ain't no *folkie*. You ain't committed to no causes.

Phil points at Lorraine who is talking to a guy at another table.

PHIL
She invited me.

MOUSTAPHA
(laughs)
Yeah, the great recruiter, Sweet Lorraine.
(gets serious)
Y'know, man, we all stand for somethin', even if we don't know what it is. You can either stand for something on purpose or by mistake, but either way you still do. Think about it.

Phil does think about it. When he looks up Moustapha has left and he's the only one left sitting at the table. He immediately gets paranoid, thinking that everyone must be looking at him. He can't figure out what to do with his hands. Phil starts biting his nails. He stops himself and lights a cigarette from a pack on the table.

Lorraine sits down beside Phil.

LORRAINE
You missed my songs.

PHIL
You sang more than one?

LORRAINE
Two. They went over very well.

PHIL
Well that's cool.

She looks Phil in the eyes and shakes her head in disapproval.

LORRAINE
(whispers)
You and Terry smoked pot?

PHIL
(stutters)
Um . . . That is . . . We, uh . . .

LORRAINE
(shocked)
That's so irresponsible.

PHIL
What'dya mean?

LORRAINE
Phil, you're about to go on.

Phil waves his hand, smiling.

PHIL
No, no, no. There's still gotta be six or seven
people ahead of me. He said they probably
wouldn't get to me anyway.

Phil points at the blackboard and there are still quite a few people ahead of him, except the M.C. suddenly picks up the eraser and erases all the names above Phil's name. Now Phil is next. Phil's mouth drops open in panic.

M.C.

Due to several last minute cancellations, may I
introduce one more good friend of Lorraine's,
Phil *Butler!*

Phil gets a squeeze on the arm from Lorraine and a thumbs-up from Terry, Moustapha, Alvin and Debbie.

Phil makes his way onstage, which is a very long walk. He sits down on the stool, strums his guitar, coughs, squints up at the bright lights glaring in his eyes.

PHIL

That's Buckley, not Butler.

The audience could really give a shit less. And sadly, Phil hasn't got the slightest clue what to play. This is the worst moment of his entire life. Phil suddenly has super-sonic hearing and sight – he can hear people breathing, puffing on cigarettes, moving their chairs, all looking at him expectantly.

Phil moves closer to the lower, guitar microphone and gets feedback. Phil suddenly shoves the microphone into the hole in the guitar and proceeds to do the Elvis-style version of "*If I Had a Hammer.*"

PHIL

If I had a h-h-h-hammer
I'd h-h-h-hammer in the mornin'
I'd h-h-h-hammer in the evenin'
All over this crazy old land, oh yeah!

There is a big solid moment when the audience has absolutely no idea what they are watching. They look befuddled. Phil doesn't care. In for a penny in for a pound. He goes for it . . .

PHIL

I'd-a hammer out danger
I'd-a hammer out warnin'
I'd-a hammer out-a love between
My brothers and my sisters
All over this land

Phil does the Chuck Berry duckwalk. The audience is sufficiently drunk so that they begin to clap along, hooting and hollering. Phil grabs two beer bottles and clanks them together.

PHIL

If I had a bell
I'd ring-a-ding-ding it in the mornin'
I'd ring-a-ding-ding it in the evenin'
All over this land

I'd ring-a-ding-ding out danger
I'd ring-a-ding-ding out warnin'
I'd ring-a-ding-ding out love between
My brothers and my sisters
All over this land

If I had a song
You can just bet I'd sing it in the mornin'
And I'd sing it in the evenin'
All over this nutty old land
I'd sing out danger
I'd sing out warnin'
I'd sing out love between
My brothers and my sisters
All over this land

(gives a big pelvis shake)

Ha!

There is a huge round of applause for Phil. He takes a bow, happily surprised at the turn of events. The M.C. comes on.

M.C.

That's Phil Buckley, not Butler. Sorry about that, buddy. Very funny routine. You ought to be on Ed Sullivan. Anyway, thanks for coming to the Purple Onion's weekly Hootenany. And don't forget about the defense fund meeting for the Springfield Five tomorrow. And thanks for coming. Last call.

Many people stand up to leave.

Lorraine looks at Phil in astonishment as he gulps down a beer. Terry is grinning and slaps Phil on the back.

TERRY
This guy is a wild man.

LORRAINE
I can't decide whether that was inspired or
just pure nonsense.

PHIL
Does it matter?

LORRAINE
I don't know.

They all stand to leave. As everyone files out we can see numerous yellow flyers strewn hither, thither and yon. Lorraine sighs, picking some of them back up as she exits.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. THE PURPLE ONION – NIGHT

In front of the club Phil and Terry are watching Lorraine say goodbye to everyone and give out yellow flyers.

LORRAINE
Remember the meeting is here tomorrow at
eight.

Many people say that they'll be there. Finally, the only people left are Lorraine, Phil and Terry.
Lorraine confronts Phil and Terry.

LORRAINE
I can't believe you missed my songs.

PHIL
(abashed)
Sorry.

Lorraine steps up to Phil's side and takes his arm.

LORRAINE
Goodnight Terry.

PHIL

Yeah, goodnight Terry. Nice meeting you.

Terry sees what's what.

TERRY

Yeah, you too. 'Night, Lorraine.

Terry leaves. Lorraine and Phil look at each other. The neon lights on the front of the building go out, plunging Lorraine and Phil into darkness.

LORRAINE

You hurt my feelings.

PHIL

Sorry. Did you like my song?

LORRAINE

Honestly, no.

PHIL

(hurt)

You didn't?

LORRAINE

You faked it.

PHIL

But they liked it.

LORRAINE

(confused)

Hmmm . . .

Phil takes advantage of this moment and kisses Lorraine. They stand looking at each other.

LORRAINE

I'm not really sure I like you.

PHIL

(grins)

Me neither.

He kisses her again. Just then the M.C. steps out of the door. Phil and Lorraine's lips separate. The M.C. sees them lurking there.

M.C.
Is that you, Lorraine?

LORRAINE
Yeah, it is.

M.C.
Still recruiting for the cause?

LORRAINE
Up yours!

M.C.
Goodnight

He leaves. Lorraine and Phil kiss again, longer. Lorraine steps away from him.

LORRAINE
See you tomorrow?

PHIL
Absolutely.

Lorraine walks away and Phil watches her go. Finally, Phil walks off in the other direction.

FADE OUT:

ACT THREE:

A title reads: "Sunday, February 9, 1964"

FADE IN:

EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE – DAY

The morning sun shines over the top of Phil's house. Phil's father pushes a lawnmower out of the garage, pulls the rope and starts the noisy engine.

INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM – DAY

Phil lies in bed asleep. The sound of the lawnmower engine slowly wakes him up. Phil glances at the clock and sees that it's after 10:00 A.M. He's never slept this long in his life. He looks down at the pillow and sees a three-inch circle of drool.

PHIL
(to himself)
I feel like I got hit on the head with a hammer.

Phil glances over at his dresser where three folded-up yellow flyers repose. Phil scratches his head and a wistful smile crosses his face as he recalls last night.

PHIL
(to himself)
Sweet Lorraine.
(smiles)
I knocked 'em dead. They loved me.

INT. PHIL'S HOUSE/HALLWAY OUTSIDE BATHROOM – DAY

We can see the closed door of the bathroom and hear the water running in the shower. We can also hear Phil singing in the shower.

PHIL
(O.S./singing)
If I had a h-h-hammer
I'd hammer a lot
Then I'd h-h-hammer some more
Then I'd hammer on the door
I'd h-h-hammer all the nails
Stickin' out of the log
Then I'd h-h-hammer all the ants
And I'd hammer all the dogs

Phil's mother and his brother meet in the hallway, stop and listen to Phil for a moment.

DAN
What's with him?

MRS. BUCKLEY
(shrugs)
I guess he had a good time last night.

DAN
Holy Toledo, I sure hope he doesn't turn into

a folkie.

MRS. BUCKLEY

(sighs)

It might be good for him. He's seemed awfully aimless lately. And those folk people do seem to care about things.

DAN

(skeptical)

Yeah, I guess. But Ma . . .

MRS. BUCKLEY

Yes?

DAN

(confused)

Do people just change like that?

MRS. BUCKLEY

(shrugs)

Sometimes, I suppose.

His mother walks away. Dan considers her words for a second, then he too walks away. Phil keeps right on singing in the shower.

PHIL

(O.S./singing)

I'd h-h-hammer all the bugs
Then I'd h-h-hammer all the bats
Then I'd h-h-hammer all the cats
Then I'd h-h-hammer all the gnats . . .

INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM – DAY

Phil stands in front of his mirror with wet hair, his guitar in hand, posing. He does his poor Ed Sullivan imitation.

PHIL

We have a really big shew. For all of you folk fans that like Bob Dylan and Peter, Paul & Mary, I now give you the new voice of the nation, *Phil Buckley!*

The crowds cheer wildly. Phil acts humble as he raises his guitar.

PHIL
Thank you, thank you.

EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE – DAY

Phil's father is raking up the cut grass on the front lawn. Phil comes outside.

PHIL
Here, let me help.

MR. BUCKLEY
Excuse me?

PHIL
Let me help.

MR. BUCKLEY
(amazed)
Huh. I'm not sure I've ever heard you say anything like that before.

PHIL
(seriously)
Look, dad, if we're all gonna get by in this world then I guess we'd better pitch in and help each other, right?

MR. BUCKLEY
Right.

He hands Phil the rake. Phil shrugs, takes it and begins to rake. His father grabs the piles of cut grass and puts them in a trash can.

MR. BUCKLEY
So, how was your date last night?

PHIL
Good. Real good.

MR. BUCKLEY
And you got up and sang?

PHIL
Yep. And they liked me, too.

MR. BUCKLEY

Well, I'll be damned. I'm really glad to hear it, Phil. So you're going to become a musician now?

PHIL

Dad, I *am* a musician.

MR. BUCKLEY

(shrugs)

OK. All right. You sure got your money's worth out of those two weeks of guitar lessons.

PHIL

(defensive)

It was *three* weeks, OK? And I'd've kept it up, but my fingers hurt really bad, all right?

His father throws his hands up in capitulation.

MR. BUCKLEY

All right, all right.

DISSOLVE:

INT. PHIL'S HOUSE/KITCHEN – DAY

Phil's mother makes lunch while Phil lectures her.

PHIL

Is it right for a woman to make less money doing the same job as a man?

MRS. BUCKLEY

Of course not.

PHIL

That's right. And is it right for Negroes to have to sit at the back of the bus?

MRS. BUCKLEY

Well, no.

PHIL

That's right, no. It's time to stand up and let our voices be heard.

His mother scoops gobs of mayonnaise into the tuna fish and nods in agreement.

MRS. BUCKLEY
So you sang a song last night?

PHIL
Yeah.

MRS. BUCKLEY
How'd it go?

PHIL
(casually)
Great. They loved me.

MRS. BUCKLEY
(surprised)
Really? That's very nice.

Phil walks away.

PHIL
Oh yeah, they're a good crowd.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE/BACKYARD – DAY

Phil and Dan play catch with mitts and a hardball in the backyard.

PHIL
So then the same guys that stopped rock & roll killed Kennedy.

DAN
(fascinated)
Really? How?

PHIL
It's very complicated and you probably won't

understand, but it's what's called a "conspiracy," which means that a bunch of people were involved.

DAN

Yeah? How many?

PHIL

I don't know, but a bunch. So then, after they stopped rock & roll by sending Elvis away to the army, they decided they had to kill Kennedy to keep him quiet.

DAN

Really? That's creepy. What else did they do?

PHIL

They set Lee Harvey Oswald up as a patsy, then had Jack Ruby shoot him to shut him up.

Dan is horrified.

DAN

Do mom and dad know this?

PHIL

(shrugs helplessly)

Probably not. They accept anything they're told. Just like robots.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. THE PURPLE ONION – DAY

Max, the beatnik, loiters around in front of the Purple Onion smoking a cigarette. Lorraine comes driving up in her parents' enormous green Cadillac, every square inch of space jammed with wooden folding chairs. The trunk bulges open and is tied down with twine.

MAX

(shakes his head)

Wow! What a Jew canoe.

LORRAINE

That's not nice.

MAX

Lorraine, time to get a sense of humor. I was kidding.

LORRAINE

Disparaging remarks about religion aren't funny.

MAX

What's wrong with you?

LORRAINE

Where were you last night?

MAX

I hung out with some buddies, why?

LORRAINE

You said you were coming to the Purple Onion?

MAX

I didn't make it.

LORRAINE

Then why'd you say you were coming?

MAX

Lorraine, I don't owe you anything. I'm here unloading chairs out of a sense of commitment, not out of guilt.

LORRAINE

I just don't like it when people say things and don't do them, that's all.

MAX

Yeah. Well get used to it.

Max and Lorraine silently unload the wooden chairs and lean them against the wall. Both of them throw hurt, reprovng glances at one another.

DISSOLVE:

INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Phil is getting dressed and rehearsing in front of the mirror.

PHIL

(to himself)

And I say, the Springfield Five must be freed or none of us is safe. If five Springfield youths can be put in jail for absolutely no good reason, then I say, who's next?

(turns and yells)

Mom!

MRS. BUCKLEY

(O.S.)

Yes.

PHIL

Have I got any clean socks?

MRS. BUCKLEY

(O.S.)

In the laundry room.

PHIL

Thanks.

(continues)

So I say, free the Springfield Five, that's what I say. And damnit, I mean what I say.

Phil exits his bedroom.

INT. PHIL'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Phil steps into the living room once again dressed up and ready to go out, guitar case in hand. He finds his family in the exact same positions he left them last night, seated at TV tables watching TV. Dan looks at Phil and shakes his head sadly.

DAN

You're not going back to the Purple Onion again, are you?

PHIL

What if I am?

DAN

(total disdain)

Nothin'. Only Ed Sullivan is about to go on now and *The Beatles* are gonna be on show tonight, that's all.

Phil is stricken.

PHIL
The Beatles. *Uh!* I have to see them!

DAN
So sit down.

PHIL
But I told this girl I'd go to her stupid meeting. She gave me three flyers.

He pulls out the three yellow flyers. Dan points at him and laughs.

DAN
(grins fiendishly)
Ha ha!

Phil is paralyzed.

MR. BUCKLEY
Now Phil, you told this girl you'd attend the meeting.

MRS. BUCKLEY
That's right, Phil. And what about the rights of the Negroes and women?

Dan looks right at Phil and speaks flatly.

DAN
The Beatles, Phil. "She Loves You, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah," "I Wanna Hold Your Hand," "Twist & Shout."

PHIL
(immobilized)
Uh . . .

INT. THE PURPLE ONION – NIGHT

Lorraine comes rushing into the Purple Onion in a fluster, her arms loaded with grocery bags, as well as her guitar. The M.C. is waiting for her impatiently.

M.C.

For God's sake, Lorraine, I'm gonna miss Ed Sullivan.

LORRAINE

Oh, for goodness' sake, Ed Sullivan is just an old gossip columnist.

M.C.

(befuddled)

There are times, Lorraine, when I don't understand you at all.

He gives her the key to the club, then rushes out. Lorraine takes off her coat and begins to hurriedly set things up for the meeting. The 50 folding chairs still need unfolding. She tacks a hand-made poster up on the wall that reads, "Free The Springfield Five!"

INT. PHIL'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Phil still stands there looking at his family and his family sits there looking back at him. The opening title music for "The Ed Sullivan Show" begins and Phil's guitar case hits the floor. Phil seats himself on the couch beside his mother, who is knitting. Blue light flickers on their faces as we hear The Ed Sullivan Show begin.

ED SULLIVAN

(O.S.)

Tonight we have a really big shew, with Topo Gigo, the Italian mouse, the St. Petersburg ballet, and for you youngsters out there—
(young girls scream shrilly)
—from Liverpool, England, *The Beatles!*

The screaming grows louder still. Phil and his family sit mesmerized, their mouths open, lit in flickering blue.

EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE & BLOCK – NIGHT

Every single house on the block is emitting blue illumination and is tuned to Ed Sullivan.

ED SULLIVAN

(O.S.)

But first stay tuned to a word from our sponsor,
Chesterfield cigarettes.

INT. THE PURPLE ONION – NIGHT

Lorraine is just finishing setting up. She has all 50 folding chairs unfolded and arranged in rows, piles of flyers lined up on a table, several jugs of cider and paper cups. She gives everything a final inspection, straightening this, turning that. She sighs, looking around expectantly, glancing down at her watch.

INT. PHIL'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Phil and his family stare at the TV. A piece of classical music ends.

ED SULLIVAN

(O.S.)

Let's give a nice warm hand to the St. Petersburg
ballet.

(polite applause is heard)

I would now like to read a telegram that I received
today from Colonel Tom Parker and Elvis Presley.
"Congratulations to The Beatles on their American
debut."

The girls go crazy screaming again.

EXT. CITYSCAPE – NIGHT (Digital Effect)

We see the entire city and coming out of every single window of every house and building is the blue light of Ed Sullivan.

ED SULLIVAN

(O.S.)

And now, ladies and gentlemen, from Liverpool,
England . . . *The Beatles!*

The crowd goes completely insane. Paul's first bass note is heard—

INT. THE PURPLE ONION – NIGHT

—Lorraine sits looking down at the yellow flyer announcing the meeting. She crumples it up and throws it away. We then see that she is sitting among 49 empty folding chairs. Nobody showed up for her meeting. Lorraine looks very frustrated and lights a cigarette. Finally, she stands up knocking over her chair. She goes over to the table,

takes all the flyers and throws them in the trash, then five pounds of potato salad, too.

EXT. CITYSCAPE – NIGHT (Digital Effect)

Once again we see the entire city with flickering blue light coming out of every window.

ED SULLIVAN

(O.S.)

The Beatles will be on the show again next Sunday
night live from the Paradise Hotel in Miami Beach,
Florida.

A title appears on the screen: “Of the 180 million people in America in 1964, 73 million people watched The Beatles on Ed Sullivan that Sunday night, still making it proportionally the largest audience for any show, ever.”

INT. PURPLE ONION – NIGHT

Lorraine picks up her guitar and exits. A second later all the lights go off.

EXT. THE PURPLE ONION – NIGHT

Lorraine steps out of the Purple Onion and locks the door. Just then Phil comes running up, guitar case in hand. He sees Lorraine and smiles.

PHIL

Hi. Am I late?

LORRAINE

(laughs)

Are you late?

PHIL

Am I?

LORRAINE

(flatly)

You missed it. It's over.

PHIL

(casually)

Whoops. Sorry about that. Did it go all right?

LORRAINE
Look around. You see anyone else?

PHIL
(looks around)
Uh . . . no. Break up early?

LORRAINE
(flatly)
Yeah, it broke up early.

PHIL
So, you wanna get a cup of coffee?

Lorraine laughs sardonically.

LORRAINE
You don't give a shit at all, do you?

PHIL
About what?

LORRAINE
About *anything*.

PHIL
(offended)
Hey! I care about a lotta stuff.

LORRAINE
Like what?

PHIL
Well, like music.

LORRAINE
Ha! You can't even play the Goddamn guitar.
I mean, for Christ sake, how are you ever going
to be a musician?

PHIL
I told ya, it's possible.

LORRAINE

So is getting hit by a meteor. Y'know, *you're* what the world is coming to, Phil, and I don't like it! Apathy and inability. It's a really bad combination.

PHIL

What's gotten into you? I thought we had a really good time last night.

LORRAINE

(pointing)

You didn't show up to my Goddamn meeting!

PHIL

I said I was sorry.

LORRAINE

So what? Does saying your sorry push the erase button or something? I just threw out five pounds of potato salad. Ya know what?

PHIL

(uncertain)

What?

LORRAINE

Drop dead!

Lorraine turns and walks away.

PHIL

Where are you going?

LORRAINE

Italy.

(she waves)

Arivederci!

Lorraine stomps away, disappearing into the night. Phil stands there looking dazed.

PHIL

(to himself)

Huh.

Just then Terry comes running up from the other direction, also carrying a guitar case.

TERRY
Did I miss the meeting?

PHIL
We both did.

TERRY
Did you see The Beatles on Ed Sullivan?

PHIL
Oh yeah, they were boss!

TERRY
I'm never cuttin' my hair again.

PHIL
Boy oh boy, those girls were really screaming,
huh?

TERRY
Man, they were crying. I've never seen anything
like it.

PHIL
Me neither.

TERRY
I like John.

PHIL
Really. I like George. He sure can play that
guitar.

They both looked geeked up.

PHIL
You just missed Lorraine. She threw a hairy
fit at me for missing the meeting.

Terry waves his hand disdainfully.

TERRY

The Springfield Five. I mean, who gives a crap?
Not me.

PHIL

(chuckles)

Not me, either.

TERRY

Wanna come over my place? We could smoke
some more reefer, y'know, maybe jam a little bit?
What'dya say?

PHIL

Really? Cool.

TERRY

Cool's out, man. No one's saying it anymore.

PHIL

Really? No kidding? What're they saying instead.

TERRY

Tuff. T-U-F-F. It's really tuff, y'know.

PHIL

(nods)

OK. Cool. I mean, Tuff.

They both exit. We stay on the dark and empty exterior of the Purple Onion. We hear last night's cheering crowd and Ronnie, the female member of the Four Feathers, speaking.

RONNIE (O.S.)

Thank you. Thank you very much. Y'know, it
just so happens we do have one more song.

DISSOLVE:

INT. THE PURPLE ONION – NIGHT (Flashback)

It's the night before at the Purple Onion and the Four Feathers are on stage. They sing the song "*Goodnight Irene*" and the entire audience happily joins in, including Phil.

FOUR FEATHERS

(singing)

Irene Goodnight
 Irene Goodnight
 Goodnight Irene
 Goodnight Irene
 I'll see you in my dreams

Last Saturday night I got married
 Me and my wife settled down
 Now me and my wife are parted
 I'm gonna take another stroll downtown

Irene Goodnight
 Irene Goodnight
 Goodnight Irene
 Goodnight Irene
 I'll see you in my dreams

Sometimes I live in the country
 Sometimes I live in the town
 Sometimes I take a great notion
 To jump in the river and drown

Irene Goodnight
 Irene Goodnight
 Goodnight Irene
 Goodnight Irene
 I'll see you in my dreams
 (continued)

FOUR FEATHERS (cont.)

You caused me to weep
 You caused me to moan
 You caused to leave my home
 But the very last words that I heard her say
 Were just sing me one more song

Irene Goodnight
 Irene Goodnight
 Goodnight Irene
 Goodnight Irene
 I'll see you in my dreams

Stop your ramblin'
Stop your gamblin'
Stop stayin' out late at night
Go home to your wife and your family
Stay there by your fireside bright

EXT. THE PURPLE ONION – NIGHT

It's the whole, big-deal folk scene going on in front of the club, *folkies* all over the place.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. THE PURPLE ONION – NIGHT

The building is abandoned, the lights are out and no one is around. One of Lorraine's yellow flyers blows past.

FOUR FEATHERS (O.S.)

(singing)

Irene Goodnight
Irene Goodnight
Goodnight Irene
Goodnight Irene
I'll see you in my dreams
Goodnight Irene
Goodnight Irene
I'll see you in my dreams . . .

FADE OUT.