

TOM CAT'N NASHVILLE

by

Curt Butler

Original Story

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WGWw Reg. 1631386

Curt Butler
Skepparslovs V.9
29165 Kristianstad
Sweden
Tel: (310) 776-6271
ballyzaca@msn.com

FADE IN:

INT. GARAGE - NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE - DAY

Inside the semi-darkened high ceiling garage a door opens in a wall, as morning sunlight beams through outlining the wily figure of TOM O'REILLY (45), a ruggedly handsome man with an athletic build; and, perpetual grin partially hidden by his neatly trimmed beard.

He hits a big red button as the vertical door begins to lift flooding the garage with sunlight exposing traffic outside.

Tosses a half-empty latte cup toward a nearby trash barrel.

Missing -

TOM
Awh, Sh__!

An Asian man in a white apron appears from an open hallway.

Sign above reads KITCHEN.

DING DONG CHONG (40-45, unknown), the HEAD CHEF at TOM-CAT CATERING, a mobile catering business owned by Tom O'Reilly.

TOM
Good morn' CHONG, give me the good news first.

CHONG
Oh, good news Mis'ta Reilly, trucks all loaded, iced down. Ready to go!

TOM
Good Chong, now gimme the bad news.

CHONG
Bad news, like readin' daily blues, right Mis'ta Reilly.

The sound of an airwaves HISS is heard over the garage sound system, b.g.

RADIO: *"Nothing gets a morning started better than Coffee, Country, and Cody." "This is Bill Cody at WSM Nashville, 650 AM on your dial."*

TOM
That's right Chong, now quit you're stalling and give me the bad news.

RADIO: *Listen up Nashville here's the legend himself singing "Orange Blossom Special."*

CHONG

Rodney, he call tell me say, "*Stick
job where sun no shine!*"

TOM

He did, huh?

The shadowy figure of a woman enters the garage, CATLIN RICH (40), formally CATLIN O'REILLY, an attractive redhead with a fancy for wearing tight-fitted western togs on her slim sexy body that moves like a cheetah with an attitude.

TOM

Morn' Cat!

CATLIN

Morn' Tommy!

Steps over splattered latte cup.

CATLIN (CONT'D)

That's three times this week!

TOM

What's three times?

CATLIN

That you missed the trash barrel.

RADIO: *"Hey, look a-yonder comin' down that railroad track; it's the orange blossom special bringing my baby back."*

TOM

Gonna' give em' up... a waste of \$5
bucks just to start my day...

... habits, they're tough to break,
kinda' like marriage.

CATLIN

You got yourself to blame for that,
Tommy! Like you're latte's... you
kept missing the point of marriage.

TOM

Scary, if I'd known that 50% of all
the marriages end in divorce, would
never have...

CATLIN
(interrupts)
... what's even scarier, the other
50% lasts forever.

Gotcha!

TOM
(nods, smiles)
Hate to tell ya' Cat, but you're up
cuz Rodney quit.

CATLIN
No, no way Jose, it's not my turn
to cover... it's yours! Remember?

TOM
(winces)
Aghhhh, your right... the bet!

Behind Tom and Cat, the shadow of a man enters the garage.

TOM
Sorry, but we're not open yet?

P.J. Proby (55), wearing cowboy boots and hat over a head of
silver hair. The skip in his step and the twinkle in his eye
remain, while a hint at excess and time has taken its toll.

MAN
Door's wide open? ... Lookin' for
either, Tom or Cat... or, maybe
it's Tomcat?

TOM
You found us, how can we help you?

MAN
My name's P.J. Proby, call me P.J.!
Heard that you may be lookin' for a
driver?

CATLIN
What's the P.J. stand for, Proby?

P.J.
PICASSO... JASPER!

CATLIN
Really? You're folks had a sense of
humor, huh?

P.J.

Yeah right, they're still laughing!

What's in a name?

Ya' looking for a driver for you're
ROACH COACH, or not?

TOM

Who told ya' we needed a driver?

P.J.

Some drunk at the Wildhorse Saloon,
sopping up next weeks paycheck.

TOM

Sounds like him!

Yes, we are P.J., what kind of work
you been doing? What 'cha good at?

P.J.

Well, let's see. I'm the author of
12 novels, all are unpublished; an
anti-clown and a chimpanzee rights
activist; a professional nude ice
dancer; ex-CIA assassin; financier
of worthless memorabilia; and above
all I'm a pathological liar, which
could be a lie?

TOM

Sure you didn't leave something out
like trapeze flier, or bullfighter?

Ya' got chutzpah, P.J.

CATLIN

Recall a country singer by the name
of P.J. Proby, must be twenty years
ago now... before my time...

... he disappeared!

Would that be you?

P.J.

That was disillusioned innocents!

That kid's dead, we don't wanna' go
there.

CATLIN
Fair enuf'...

Well, if you want the job P.J., its
yours... can you start right now?

P.J.
You betcha!

CATLIN
You'll be riding shotgun with Tommy
today for \$50 bucks. Ya' learn, ya'
earn, that's the way it works.

P.J.
Gotcha! Okay, let's seal this deal
with a high-five! Come'on...

The three do a silly high-five!

Tom shakes his head, as Cat laughs and heads for the office.

CATLIN
Come'on with me P.J., got a couple
forms to fill out.

Other drivers are beginning to trickle into garage for work.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. TOM-CAT GARAGE - DRIVER'S LOUNGE - MORNING

The driver's are gathered for the morning breakfast prepared
by Chong from Tom-Cat's kitchen; and, a daily sales meeting.

TOM
Listen-up here team... say good
morning to P.J., our new driver.

DRIVERS
(in unison)
Morn' P.J.!

P.J.
Thanks! Always enjoy the reception
one gets at these AA meetings.

TOM
 (looks around room)
 Who's missing? ... looks like...

SKYE HIGH RICH (19), an cute blond with pouty lips, straight hair, who squints to see without her glasses.

Slips in behind her father grabs a seat between DANNY OKORIE (30) and BRUCE LEE WONG (30) illegal immigrants from Nigeria and China, who both moonlight as stand-up comics.

Tom glances at his wristwatch, and then at Skye.

SKYE
 Is it spring forward or spring back?

TOM
 Chong has added items to the menu today... go ahead Ding Dong.

CHONG
 Today special is Mexican plate, and ga'ca'mo'kee and chips extra \$2.25.

TOM
 That's GUACAMOLE to you guys! Now, here's Cat.

Catlin enters the lounge with a clipboard to assign routes.

CATLIN
 Alright, here we go... Danny Zone4;
 Billy Joe Zone2; Skye Zone3; Bruce
 Lee Zone5; Tom & PJ Zone1.

Breakfast over driver's get ready to roll except Billy Joe.

BILLY JOE-BOB
 Got a question Miss Cat... I Wanna'
 switch zones?

Billy Joe-Bob (35) a redneck loser from Hicksville, a hollar where moonshine is the staple of the economy. His Pappy was a moonshiner, and Billy grew-up working in his still.

CATLIN
 Billy Joe, you know we discourage switching, what's you're reason?

BILLY JOE-BOB
 Awh-huh, would like Zone4, if Danny will swap with me?

CATLIN

Why Zone4?

BILLY JOE-BOB

Cuz, the Star Trek convention is at the Opryland Hotel, want'a get me a Jedi lightsabre.

DANNY

I'll switch with ya' Billy Joe-Bob.

We get it now Billy, every redneck Jedi needs a lightsabre, so he can pick his teeth...

BRUCE LEE

... and his nose!

Everybody snickers and laughs.

DANNY

Yeah, and if you really want "the force" to be with you, get yourself one of those Jedi camouflage robes.

I'd give ya' mine, but its lost... hung it in the closet, now I can't find it!

Sill laughing as they gather-up things ready to begin work.

CATLIN

Switch approved... its time to hit the streets... not the other cars, let's keep the fenders on em' guys.

Tom, if you'd hang-on a moment.

TOM

P.J., give me a minute alone with Cat... thanks!

P.J. follows the rest of the crew out into the garage.

TOM (CONT'D)

What's up Cat?

CATLIN

The new catering truck's ready, and will be delivered this afternoon.

TOM

Great! Now all we need is another driver. Be a doll Cat, and handle the paperwork for me.

(beat)

Let's celebrate, have a nice dinner out and a bottle of wine, or two.

CATLIN

Come'on Tommy, don't start this now we're divorced and you want'a start romancing me again.

TOM

Never stopped.

CATLIN

That's sweet Tommy, but that's just gonna' complicate things further.

TOM

Well, you can blame it on the wine!

CATLIN

(kisses his cheek)

Promised Skye, to accompany her to a rehearsal. She's penned three new songs and set to cut a demo disk.

TOM

Can't blame this ol' horn-dog for trying.

Aghhhh... I'm going down in flames, and that leaves me two options.

CATLIN

Un-huh, and...

TOM

Stay at home and work on my pick-up lines; or, try em' out on somebody lookin' for company.

CATLIN

Why don't you drop by the studio at 8:00, a nice gesture of support for Skye.

TOM

Best I stay out of her dreams, she still blames me for our break-up.

CATLIN
You may be right, she may need more
time, but she'll come around.

Tom leaves the lounge enters the garage, drivers are getting
into their vehicles.

TOM
(loud voice)
One more thing... we're looking for
another driver. If, ya' know anyone
lookin' for a job, tell em' to come
and see me.

Okay, let's roll.

The catering trucks file out of the garage, as each one hits
the street, the driver's play the horns... *da-da-da-tada!*

HORNS PLAY: Willie Nelson's, *"On The Road again."*

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. TOM-CAT GARAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

The driver's and their catering trucks have finished in the
field and are now returning to the garage.

Tom gets out of his vehicle, he spots Cat shaking hands with
the delivery agent.

- A NEW CATERING WAGON, b.g.

TOM
Nice wagon... how'd that go?

CATLIN
Signed, sealed, and delivered. You
got a driver?

TOM
Not yet.

CATLIN
You got another problem.

TOM
What's that?

TOM

Harry "The Torch" was by, wants the
vig paid on you're gambling debt.

TOM

I don't owe Harry nothin'! My debts
are with Louie "The Lip"!

CATLIN

There's a message there somewhere,
ya' think?

TOM

What did you tell him?

CATLIN

Bought you some time, but he wants
to see some green next week.

TOM

Thanks Cat!

CATLIN

After the divorce your train really
jumped the tracks...

... drinking, gambling, and running
around town, no wonder Skye's lost
respect for you.

A tall attractive blond just entered the Tom-Cat Garage; she
waves at Danny who hand-signs her back. HOLLY ROCKET (26), a
pole-dancer, sometimes stripper and blues singer with a body
that won't quit on her 5-11" sexy frame.

SEXY WOMAN

Hi, am looking for Tommy O'Reilly?

TOM

You found him.

SEXY WOMAN

Hi Tommy, my name is Holly Rocket.
Hear you're looking for a driver?

Catlin notices her play using body language to sexually keep
Tom's attention, immediately turning Cat off.

TOM

Holly Rocket, eh? Wow, you got my
attention Rocket. Where you from?

HOLLY
Austin, Texas.

CATLIN
(sly smile)
You can always tell a Texan, but
you can't tell em' much.

Extending her hand across Tom's body blocking her closeness.

CATLIN
(shakes hands)
Hello Holly, my name is Catlin. I'm
the manager and the CAT in Tom-Cat.

HOLLY
Glad to meet you.

CATLIN
Why don't we step into the office,
you can fill out an application.

Holly follows Catlin into the office. Tom eye's her strut as
she walks away, comparing it with Catlin's.

Tom looks across the garage motioning Danny to join him.

TOM
Where do you know her from?

DANNY
Met her at the Golden Pole Saloon
last night... she's a hottie man!

TOM
Got that right... hope Cat doesn't
scratch her eyes out.

You still doing stand-up comedy?

DANNY
Yeah man, that's my thing man.

TOM,
Ready, go ahead, lay a joke on me.

DANNY
Why isn't gambling allowed in
Africa?

TOM
Don't know, why?

DANNY
Because of all the cheetahs.

Tom laughs...

Bruce Lee saunters up to Tom and Danny to find out what's so funny.

TOM
Got any funny Chinese jokes, Bruce?

BRUCE LEE
What do you call a one-eyed Chinese man? (beat) See One Ting!

TOM
You can do better than that. Danny just laid funny African joke on me.

BRUCE LEE
Oh, you want African joke, okay!

Chinamen goes on safari to Africa, and comes across a pride of lions.

Oh look'ie there, said one of the lions... "Chinese Take-Out."

BRUCE LEE
What do you call a retarded Chinese baby? (beat) Sum Ting Wong!

TOM
Come'on, give me you're best shot.

Catlin comes out of the office approaching Tom and the guys.

CATLIN
Tom, we need to talk a minute?

TOM
Hey guys excuse me, don't go away.

Tom steps aside with Cat for a private conversation, while Danny and Bruce Lee continue shuck'in and jive'in.

TOM
What's up Cat?

CATLIN
You don't want to hire this Rocket, she's trouble waiting to happen.

TOM

Why not?

CATLIN

Tommy, she's a pro.

She's a pole-dancer, a stripper, or whatever... she'll be working at a boy's club before the week is out.

TOM

Who knows, maybe she's wants to try something else, change her image.

CATLIN

Yeah right!

TOM

Put her on, we need a driver... and someone to raise the spirits of the guys... and the customers.

CATLIN

That includes your spirits too, eh?

TOM

Why not? ... you jealous? ... she's gotcha by a few years, Cat.

CATLIN

Tommy, you're impossible!

TOM

Hey, you keep shooting me down, so what's a red-blooded American male, like me to do?

CATLIN

Alright, can't say you haven't been warned.

Catlin heads back to the office and Tom rejoins the guys.

TOM

Bruce you were on a roll, come'on bring it.

BRUCE LEE

A Chinese couple named Wong had a child. Asking the nurse to see the baby, they discover their baby is white. They proclaim...

But that's a white baby, and we are Chinese and two Wong's don't make a white.

Tom Laughs...

Holly walks out of the office headed for the exit door where the guys are standing. Smiles and waves...

HOLLY

Thanks Tommy, be seeing you guys in the morning.

As she struts by bringing everyone to attention. Tom leaves the guys to catch-up with her outside...

TOM

Hold up a minute, Rocket... you're moving at escape velocity!

Holly stops, as Tom catches up...

TOM

Well, here I am Rocket, what's your other two wishes?

HOLLY

Cute pick-up line! Don't tell me... you're bout' hit on me Tommy?

TOM

Hey, that's a great idea. Glad you thought of that.

Seriously, why don't we get to know each other better... over diner?

HOLLY

Sounds like you're asking me out on a date?

TOM

Well, don't know if what I do would be considered dating? But you won't get stuck with the check. Promise!

Holly makes a couple sensual moves with her body, which Tom interprets as inviting gestures, but cuts her some slack.

TOM (CONT'D)

Without twisting your arm, Rocket, if you're hungry... meet me at the Stock-Yard Restaurant 'bout 8:00, if you show you're answer was Yes!

HOLLY
We'll see... bye!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. TOM-CAT GARAGE - DRIVERS LOUNGE - NEXT DAY - MORNING
Breakfast is finished, as Tom and Catlin enter with Holly.

TOM
Good mornin' team. Want you all to
say hello to Holly Rocket.

DRIVERS
(in unison)
Morn' Holly!

HOLLY
Hi!

TOM
Holly will be joining us, now that
we've taken delivery of our sixth
vehicle.

With their zone assignments given everyone exits the lounge.
Holly follows Tom to the new catering wagon as they're about
to get aboard Catlin appears.

CATLIN
You got office duty today, Tommy.

TOM
No, not today!

CATLIN
Yes, today! You were out with P.J.
yesterday... that makes me up.

Tosses the keys to Catlin.

TOM
(whimsical grin)
Okay Cat, you're up. You two ladies
have a nice day now, ya' hear.

The wagons hit the street their horns playing Willie Nelson,
"On The Road Again."

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. CATERING WAGON - A BUSY STREET - DAY

Catlin is at the wheel with Holly next to her in the cab.

CATLIN

We're going to hit the auto dealers
on Nolensville Pike, to begin with.

HOLLY

What do you want me to do?

CATLIN

Just observe, get familiar with how
the business is conducted.

Chat with the folks 'bout anything.

HOLLY

Sounds easy enough.

CATLIN

Being honest with you, Holly... Tom
hired you against my wishes.

HOLLY

Oh!

CATLIN

Nothing personal. Being that you're
young and attractive, it appears to
me the action in the clubs would be
more to you're liking?

HOLLY

As the cliché goes... "been there,
done that!"

CATLIN

Bet you have.

This job only requires you show-up
on time, take care of the vehicle,
be respectful to the customers and
helpful with the menu.

And make sure... you're not on it!

HOLLY

Wow! Nice left hook, where did that
come from?

CATLIN

It wasn't thrown under the Marquess of Queensberry Rules.

While on the subject of "don't" the only person who calls Tommy, Tommy, is me!

HOLLY

That's a step too far Cat, unless, he tells me different. You guys are divorced, right?

CATLIN

Right!

HOLLY

I'm trying to see things from your point of view, but...

CATLIN

(interrupts)

Tommy is Skye's father, and he's on the verge of losing her.

HOLLY

You sound pretty uptight. So, if he hits on me, then you're demanding I turn him down... is that 'bout it?

CATLIN

Not demanding... asking.

HOLLY

Think you might be over reacting?

CATLIN

Well, I know Tommy, you're the type of skirt he's always chasing after.

(sly smile)

Protecting Skye's relationship with her father, pretty much sums up my point of view.

HOLLY

As I was saying...

... in my trying to see things from your point of view, but I can't get my head that far up my ASS! Sorry!

Catlin drives into a large auto dealership, hits the musical horns button.

HORN PLAYS: Dukes of Hazzard General Lee, *"Way down south in the land of cotton."*

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. TOM-CAT GARAGE - OFFICE - DAY

Tom sits at his desk looking over unpaid invoices, as Chong enters.

CHONG
Mis'ta Reilly, you hungry?

TOM
I don't know? I drank too much wine last night, and feeling a bit sleep depraved this morning.

What do you suggest? ... No Mexican plate! Awh, something light?

CHONG
I mak'ee you a nice Caesar Salad.

TOM
That sounds 'bout as right as rain.

How long?

CHONG
Fifteen minute, okay?

TOM
Okay! You'll join me for lunch in the lounge?

CHONG
Okey Dokey Artichoke!

Tom smiles grabbing the phone...

TOM
Tine enuf' to touch base with the team.

Chong departs the office.

Tom's dialing...

TOM

Skye! How's everything going? And where are you?

SKYE

Dropping off my demo disc with the Grand Old Opry Group.

TOM

Cat said you nailed it last night, your songs were unique and fresh.

SKYE

Am pretty edgy 'bout it, right now.

TOM

Well, my bet is you're gonna' knock their socks off.

SKYE

That's comforting, Tommy, but whose gonna' book your bet?

TOM

Right! Given up latte's... I'm done gambling too!

(shoots himself with his
finger gun)

Are you gonna' finish your route?

SKYE

Naw, thought I'd leave your "Roach Coach" at the Grand Old Opry House.

TOM

Now, don't be a smart-off, luv ya!

Dialing...

TOM (CONT'D)

Billy Joe, where ya' at hillbilly?

BILLY

Ya' saying it like Billy-Joe's my first name. My first name's Billy, the last name's Joe-Bob.

TOM

What was your daddy's name, BILLY?

BILLY

Bobby Joe-Bob!

TOM
Okay, so what's you're mama's name?

BILLY
Don't know? ... we call her Maw!

TOM
Okay, gotta' go Billy. Sounds like
you're gene pool's in order...

Hangs-up...

TOM (CONT'D)
... it matches all your neighbors.

Dialing...

TOM (CONT'D)
Danny, how ya' doing? Nice to speak
to somebody besides an echo.

DANNY
Sounds like you been talking to the
hillbilly?

TOM
Only he and Master Yoda, know for
sure?

DANNY
He's definitely a few fries short
of a Happy Meal.

TOM
You on schedule, need anything?

DANNY
Everything is cool, man!

TOM
Okay, bye!

Hangs-up...

TOM (CONT'D)
... hillbillies!

Dialing...

TOM (CONT'D)
Bruce Lee, how ya' doing out there,
my kung fu friend?

BRUCE LEE

Just scared off a couple guys, who threatened to help themselves to a free lunch, and send you the bill.

TOM

Do you know who they were?

BRUCE LEE

No! Never seen em' before, but they knew you.

TOM

What did you tell them?

BRUCE LEE

Told em' don't mess with me, I know karate, kung fu, tae kwon do, judo, and jujitsu, and 25 other dangerous words.

TOM

And what did they do?

BRUCE LEE

Helped themselves to a couple club sandwiches and beers, and then they hightailed it outta' here.

Damn sure, lucky for them!

TOM

You're the man Bruce Lee... cya!

Hangs up...

TOM (CONT'D)

... hillbillies and loan sharks!

Dialing...

TOM (CONT'D)

You getting the hang of it P.J.?

P.J.

Piece of cake...

Interrupted by a fat woman...

FAT WOMAN

Are you suggesting the chocolate cake? ... is it eatable?

P.J.
 ... Yes Ma'am, a large fresh slice
 of chocolate cake... its delicious!
 (picky eater? NOT!)

FAT WOMAN
 Was it made with real chocolate?

P.J.
 That's right, Ma'am, real chocolate
 made from real cocoa beans.

A secret recipe, Ma'am!

TOM
 P.J., where are you parked?

P.J.
 Diagonally in a parallel universe.

TOM
 Sounds like your in control of the
 situation, cya' here later.

Hangs-up...

TOM (CONT'D)
 Now for Cat and Holly...

Dialing...

TOM (CONT'D)
 Cat, how are you Holly gettin' on?

CATLIN
 We're drawing lines in the sand.

TOM
 What does that mean?

CATLIN
 We're establishing respect for one
 another.

TOM
 Respect is something one earns. Be
 cool.

CATLIN
 Always! As for you Tommy, you can't
 afford any more mistakes.

Catlin hangs-up on him.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. TOM-CAT GARAGE - DRIVER'S LOUNGE - DAY

Tom enters the drivers lounge just as Chong is setting lunch on the table.

TOM

Your Caesar salad looks pretty good
Chong. What are you having?

CHONG

Noodles and springs rolls. You want
try spring rolls?

TOM

The first, and the last time I had
springs rolls, we were at a Chinese
Restaurant, everybody's smiling and
saying... "Want more spring rolls?"

CHONG

Maybe they smile because they only
one's know what's in spring rolls.

SAM SPIVACK (55), enters the lounge. A short man with a bald head with a band of gray hair encircling the backside of his head ear-to-ear. Wearing a smartly tailored dark suit with a red silk tie and kerchief, carrying an alligator briefcase.

SAM

Ah, there you are Mr. O'Reilly.

TOM

Sam!

SAM

Apologize for my unannounced visit,
was in the area... we need to talk.

Tom motions him to be seated, turning to Chong...

TOM

Chong would you please excuse us.

CHONG

No problem Mis'ta Reilly.

Chong picks-up his plate and exits, as Sam seats himself.

Tom looks at his Caesar salad and pushes it away.

TOM

This must be important Sam to bring you down here.

SAM

Well, the bank contacted me, saying you were delinquent three payments.

As you're aware, my guarantees were required to deliver five vehicles.

TOM

Cat's back and she's handling these issues, working hard at getting the books in order.

SAM

That's a good start, but you're up to you're ass in alligators, and I don't need another briefcase.

TOM

Yeah, I know... Cat's searching for the plug to drain the swamp.

SAM

Is Cat around?

TOM

She's out in the field training one of two new drivers.

SAM

Tom-Cat Catering has got to come-up with couple payments quickly... or, it will become the Repo-Depot.

TOM

We'll get it handled somehow, how much time can you give me?

SAM

No later than the end of next week.

TOM

Okay Sam, appreciate the slack will let Cat know. Thanks!

They shake hands and Sam departs.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. CATERING WAGON CAB - DRIVING IN TRAFFIC - DAY

Catlin and Holly are on the move headed for the next series of stops along the river.

CATLIN

We've completed our stops on Auto Row, we'll swing back later this afternoon.

HOLLY

Where are you headed for now?

CATLIN

We'll hit the construction sites down on the Cumberland River.

Not to get too personal, Holly, but what brings you to Nashville?

HOLLY

I was in a relationship that wasn't going anywhere, decided to end it.

It was either L.A. or Nashville, so I tossed coin... hello Nashville.

CATLIN

What about family and children?

HOLLY

No, thankfully, wasn't locked in by family, my parents are gone, and my brother is serving in Afghanistan.

You know, Austin is like Nashville is to COUNTRY MUSIC, in that, it's the southern capital of the BLUES.

I'm a blues singer, and have dreams of making it in the music business.

CATLIN

Really?

HOLLY

The genre's are merging and the end product may become COUNTRY BLUES?

CATLIN
Heard you had to live the blues, to
sing the blues?

HOLLY
If you're bag is manic depression?

CATLIN
No thanks, don't have time to feel
sorry for myself.

HOLLY
Suppose in a way it can be therapy?

My father was a blues guitarist, he
played with many of the Texas blues
artists like Stevie Ray Vaughan and
Doyle Bramhall, and others.

The blues comes natural, but wasn't
happening for me in Austin.

CATLIN
I can feel your devotion to you're
music. Maybe the break your looking
for will happen here in Nashville?

HOLLY
Hope so, got a couple producers who
say their interested, then again it
may be the color of my panties?

CATLIN
Yeah, know how that goes...

Well, here we are... this is hungry
man's turf.

Catlin turns into a construction site on the river, hits the
horn button, as the musical horns begin playing...

HORNS: *"La Cucaracha, La Cucaracha, ya no puede caminar"...*

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. OWEN BRADLEY PARK - MUSIC ROW - NASHVILLE - DAY

Descending through budding SPRING tree leaves into the park, and hovering over a large statue cast of bronze in the form of a grand piano, a bronze FIGURE sits upon the piano bench.

The statue rests on a circular brick pedestal encircled by a low semicircular brick wall, below are embedded the names of country legends: PATSY CLINE, BRENDA LEE, LORETTA LYNN, and CONWAY TWITTY, and others along with their hit songs.

Now focusing upon the bronze metal bust of OWEN BRADLEY, the man whose credited with creating the NASHVILLE SOUND of the 50's and 60's.

From over his shoulder P.J. Proby is entering the sanctuary of the park.

- TOM-CAT'S CATERING WAGON IS PARKED AT THE CURB, b.g.

Walking up to the statue and placing his hand on Owen's cold bronze shoulder.

P.J.

Hi Owen... how ya' doing?

Well, looks like they finally broke down casting ya' as a bronze pigeon perch.

Becoming a legend is heavy, it must weigh a ton. But, you were heavier than this here statue, my friend.

If, not for you the Nashville Sound would still be a'honky tonk'in with fiddles and steel guitars.

You changed country music and made it grow-up, so it would be listened to and enjoyed around the world.

Taking out a cigarette, lighting it with his ZIPPO lighter.

ZIPPO READS: "Give the damn things up! Your friend, Owen."

P.J.

I'd offer you one, but looks to me like ya' giving em' up for good!

P.J.'s mind is drifting back over past events, when he hears a faint whisper...

WHISPERER

P.J. come over here and sit next to me.

Recognizing the voice...

P.J.

Owen! (beat) ... is that you, Owen?

OWEN

Yes, it's me P.J. ... come sit with me here... I want you to learn this song.

P.J. takes a seat on the bench next to Owen's bronze figure.

P.J.'s POV -

The statue slowly begins morphing from the cold bronze metal figure into the live "in-the-flesh" person of Owen Bradley.

Owen is softly playing a song on the piano.

P.J. listens intently trying to place the melody watching as the ivory keys move under Owen's nimble fingers.

P.J.

What's the name of that song?

Reaching up with his hand turning over the sheet of music.

P.J. reads the title and say's...

P.J.

... "Without A Song"!

OWEN

Music by Vincent Youmans, lyrics by Billy Rose and Ed Eliscu, published in 1929.

P.J. is mesmerized being in the presence of his friend again doing what they both loved most... making music.

OWEN

P.J. you should of hung around, you would have been next to follow John Denver to the top of the charts.

You were without question, the most natural song writer and tunesmith I ever knew.

P.J.
 You didn't do too bad for yourself,
 ya' build quite a musical empire...
 (eyes welling-up)
 ... and you made a lot of people's
 dreams come true.

OWEN
 (glances at P.J.)
 Not everyone's dreams.

P.J.
 That wasn't your fault, for a lack
 of trying... that weight is on me!

A RINGING is heard, as P.J. stands turning away from Owen to
 answer his cell phone...

P.J.
 Hello!

TOM (V.O.)
 We're waiting on you, P.J. Where
 are you at?

P.J.
 Music Row.

TOM (V.O.)
 Oh! What are you doing down there?

P.J.
 Been visiting with an old friend.

TOM (V.O.)
 Are you on your way back?

P.J.
 Yeah, be there in a few minutes,
 just saying goodbye.

Hangs-up.
 Time to go...

P.J. starts to turn back, but hesitates not wanting to look
 at his friend, it's too painful.

P.J.
 Thanks for being there for me when
 I needed someone to talk with.

 You were my best friend, my mentor,
 and a father figure to me.

Owen is playing the last few measures of "Without A Song".

OWEN
Take care of yourself, P.J.

P.J.
You too, Owen.

As P.J. walks away...

OWEN
P.J.!

P.J. stops...

OWEN
Was good to hear your voice again.

P.J. turns back toward Owen, who's morphed back into a cold bronze statue.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. TOM-CAT GARAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

All the catering trucks have returned from their day in the field. Yet to arrive P.J. Proby and Billy Joe-Bob.

Catlin approaches Tom handing him a stack of envelopes.

CATLIN
Tommy, here is the payroll checks;
are all the wagons at roust?

TOM
Still waiting for P.J. and Billy.

P.J. wagon is just entering the garage.

TOM
Here's P.J. now...

P.J. drives into the garage parking nearby, as the drivers gather round Tom.

CATLIN
Hey gang listen-up, congratulations
are due Skye when you see her!

A major producer is signing her to
a recording contract.

TOM

That's great news! Where is she at?

CATLIN

She's with her agent right now.

She has to write six new songs in
two months before cutting a disc.

The drivers casually discuss the event, happy to hear of her
big break, as Billy's vehicle enters the garage.

DANNY

Here's hillbilly Billy now.

CATLIN

More like Billy dilly-dally, ya'
mean... 'bout time!

Billy Joe-Bob's the last driver. Tom hits the red button, as
the door starts ratcheting shut the garage begins to darken.

From the back of the garage GRUNTS and the SCUFFLING of feet
are heard. Peering into the darkness lights are flashing and
slashing at the air.

TOM

What the hell...

BRUCE LEE

That's your redneck Billy Joe-Bob.

TOM

What's he doing?

DANNY

Believe he's having a lightsabre
fight over who rules the universe!

The flashing and slashing continues, mimicking a Japanese
Kabuki puppet show being played-out in the shadows.

FADE OUT:

THE END