

CASSIDY AND FELL

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INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL AUDITORIUM. 1959.

A kindergarten class is fidgeting on stage before a Christmas concert crowd of proud parents. Five year old DEVIN CASSIDY stands second from the right on the top of two rows, dressed for the holiday in a festive plaid vest, slicked hair, and gapped toothed smile. He is holding a pair of jingle bells. As the seated teacher nods her head from the piano across the stage, Devin joyfully shakes his bells wholly devoid of rhythm and bellows *Jingle Bells* completely off key, causing the other children to giggle uncontrollably, while causing the teacher at the piano to wince in pain. The cute LITTLE GIRL to Devin's left rolls her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME SCHOOL AUDITORIUM. 1964.

An elementary school orchestra sits with instruments ready. The CONDUCTOR raises his baton and signals the children to begin. Ten year old Devin sits in the last chair of the violin section, with bow at the strings of his bargain basement Stradivarius. As the first strains of *Clair de Lune* drift from the orchestra, we fix on Devin, eyes closed now, an ungodly screeching escaping from his instrument of terror. The conductor winces. The YOUNG LADY in the chair next to Devin rolls her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN GARAGE. DAY. 1969

An aspiring rock group comprised of fifteen year old boys labor over the chords to *Honky Tonk Women*. There is a shaggy haired RHYTHM GUITAR PLAYER, a handsome young LEAD GUITAR PLAYER at the front of the group, a stoic BASS PLAYER, face hidden by drooping hair, and Devin pounding at his drum kit in the background. We see a gaggle of adoring fans standing just outside the garage door. This gaggle includes the requisite junior high aged girls, moving with the music. The band reaches a mini drum solo bridge and Devin manages to botch his small chance at local fame. The other band members wince. A CUTE MIDDLE SCHOOL GIRL rolls her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME SUBURBAN GARAGE. LATER THAT DAY.

We see the same lead guitar, rhythm guitar and bass once again playing *Honky Tonk Women*. The same fans are watching through the garage. The crucial drum bridge approaches and is then nailed by the drummer as the shot reveals a DIFFERENT BOY at the drum kit. The song continues as titles roll.

INT. RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM. 1992. MORNING.

Devin Cassidy sits at the control board. The clock on the wall to his right reads "5:27." He takes off his headphones and speaks to the camera.

CASSIDY

So, I'll be appearing at a high school career day and a kid will ask me how I got into radio. I will tell him that I can't sing, play an instrument or throw a spiral, but I have this sick need to perform in spite of my lack of talent or marketable skills. Then he'll ask me how I do what I do and I'll tell him all I have to do five days a week is keep the teeming masses listening from 5:30 'til 10:00 for fifteen minute intervals with Foghat and dick jokes so sales people can sell beer and Honda commercials.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA. CAREER DAY.

A lone, possibly clueless looking YOUNG MAN is the only visitor at Cassidy's table.

YOUNG MAN

What's Foghat?

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM. STILL MORNING.

CASSIDY

I'll explain that fifteen minutes of listening is a sufficient period of time for a radio salesperson to make their commissions and buy Jagermeister shots at the Hawk And Dove for a generic twenty three year old recent college graduate who is only working at American Eagle until she can get her first teaching job, and it must be so cool to work in radio, do you, like, know all the disc jockeys who work at ninety eight CRK? My dad loves classic rock. Can you ask Devin Cassidy to give him, like, a shout out tomorrow morning...oh, I'm like so drunk. That's what I do. So, get a degree in computer science. How's that for advice? And this deeply distresses me. Not the fact that a dirtball radio advertising salesman is plying a liberal arts major with liquor. Even heinous lying bastards should be able to pursue consensual carnal pleasures periodically to keep them from someday being discovered in a gray wig and their mother's housedress while the mummified remains of mom rock away in a hidden room upstairs. What concerns me is that the aforementioned liberal arts major doesn't ask if Devin Cassidy can play a song for her dad. She just wants a shout out. 3 Second attention span. Can't listen to the music without the video. Can't sit through the whole video. What time does *Real World* come on?

(MORE)

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

So you're asking me, 'Was radio ever really about the music?' Sorry, for those of us not blessed with a complete lack of self awareness...for those among us not burdened with the curse of introspection...At its best, radio transcended music, and at it's best, radio was always about more than music.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT. CIRCA 1974.

An EARLY TWENTIES CASSIDY stands at the control board. He is long haired and bearded with headphones slung around his neck. Led Zeppelin's *When The Levee Breaks* is playing from speakers that hang above period radio control room equipment, turntables, cart machines, reel to reel player and a large period mic.

YOUNG GIRL ON SPEAKER PHONE

Can you play something for me tonight, Dev? I would do anything to hear *Statesboro Blues*.

CASSIDY

Depends...How old are you?

YOUNG GIRL ON SPEAKER PHONE

Old enough.

CASSIDY

All right, then...How about *Go Away Little Girl*?

(beat)

Okay, We'll put Steve Lawrence on the back burner.

Cassidy pushes a button on the phone to simultaneously hang up on the first caller and answer a waiting call.

HI, WBXT FM.

GIRL #2 ON PHONE

Hi Devin

CASSIDY

Hey Valerie

GIRL #2 ON PHONE
I need to hear the Dead. Can you
play some Dead?

CASSIDY
It is in the realm of possibility

GIRL #2 ON PHONE
I will make it worth your while.

CASSIDY
(with mock solemnity)
It has just crossed the threshold
from possibility to probability. A
question, first.

GIRL #2 ON PHONE
Go ahead

CASSIDY
Why did you take all the leftovers
with you to work? I didn't have
anything for dinner tonight.

GIRL #2 ON PHONE
I guess I have to bring both
sustenance and myself to the
station to make it worth your
while, then.

INT RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM. LATER THAT NIGHT.

Cassidy is still behind the console, but now in the company
of a an attractive young woman in her twenties. It is
VALERIE, his girlfriend. She is holding a large jug of cheap
white wine and simply watching Cassidy as the headphone
wearing host speaks into the mic.

CASSIDY
That's *Abbey Road*, Side two,
finishing up with *The End*. Before
that, *The Grateful Dead* and *He's
Gone*.

Valerie mouths 'Thank You' as Cassidy is finished speaking.
He takes his headphones off.

VALERIE
Will this still be cool in twenty
years? Playing albums, getting
high, me coming over. The both of
us going home together after your
shift?

(MORE)

VALERIE (CONT'D)

The only thing is, I'll still be teaching high school English in twenty years. Can you see yourself still doing this? I'm trying to see you, but I'm not sure I can.

CASSIDY

I don't know what I see. You'll have to ask me in twenty years.

VALERIE

Dev, I'm scared. Is this where you'll still be when we're in our forties? Maybe you'll still need a girlfriend in her twenties.

CASSIDY

I don't think so. She doesn't like rock. She's more in to top 40.

VALERIE

I'm serious.
(The couple laugh, maybe a bit uneasily)

MONTAGE.

Cassidy and Valerie driving home silently. Valerie working at her desk in the apartment while Cassidy smokes a joint and listens to an album. The couple in bed, Valerie sleeping while Cassidy reads Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas. Cassidy working on the radio with Valerie missing from the picture. Cassidy alone in bed, reading Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM. MORNING. 1992.

Cassidy sits behind the control board. TREVOR, the young intern, is already in the studio gathering papers, shuffling with copy, writing out the weather report. Trevor does not look up from his duties. Newswoman DANA PRESTON is stationed behind a glass partition in an adjoining studio. She is formally stiff in looks and demeanor. The clock now reads "5:30" as MAX FELL walks in the door, obviously not fully recovered from the previous evening's festivities. Max is an old hippie. Flannel shirt, jeans, longer hair, three days growth of beard.

FELL

Many semi-apologies. Am I late?

CASSIDY

Not a fair question. It's completely relative to your present situation. Trevor, let Dana know she has twenty seconds.

Trevor dutifully steps up to intercom on the console and presses a button.

TREVOR

Excuse me Dana, thirteen seconds.

FELL

Ask me about last night

CASSIDY

No

FELL

Stop begging. You're humiliating yourself. All right, you wore me down. I'll tell you.

Dana's news report is heard over the studio monitors.

DANA (O.C.)

Good morning, It's 5:30 and 59 degrees at 98 CRK. I'm Dana Preston with Express News Now.

Cassidy turns down the monitor volume so Dana's report is now a background drone.

FELL

All I had to do was tell her I'm your partner and the deal was closed. Our baby will bear your name. Devin can go either way. As a matter of fact, Cassidy can go either way. Let's play *When the Levee Breaks*.

CASSIDY

It's almost eight minutes long.

FELL

We'll skip the next news. I am sure Dana won't mind.

They each don their headphones and adjust their microphones as Dana finishes her news report.

DANA (O.C.)
 Presently, it's 59 degrees at 5:33.
 I'm Dana Preston with Express News
 Now on 98 CRK.

Cassidy works the console, and both he and Fell lean in from their respective sides as he switches on their microphones. Trevor stands to the side in his ongoing effort to remain invisible.

CASSIDY
 ...it's Cassidy and Fell, and this is America's longest running temporary morning radio program.

FELL
 Good morning. Where am I? Who are you? Why am I talking into a phallic metallic object? Will this rash go away? Does Dana Preston have the same rash and am I under any moral or ethical obligation to call her?

CASSIDY
 The studio, your partner of more years than I care to remember, beats me, I don't know, I don't know, and yes...Boston, *Smokin'* on 98 CRK, classic rock that really rocks.

Cassidy turns off the mics and both men remove the headphones from their ears. The Boston song plays in the background over the monitors.

FELL
 Classic rock that really sucks.
 Best Dead song.

CASSIDY
 Live or studio?

FELL
 Live

CASSIDY
He's Gone, Europe '72.

FELL
Death Don't Have No Mercy, Live Dead.

Dana walks in from her news room. Her demeanor is now beyond icy.

DANA

(pointedly to Fell)
I'd appreciate it if your comments concerning rashes didn't include me. I'd like to retain some credibility as a newsperson.

FELL

(channeling Groucho Marx)
Apparently, it's cleared up

Dana pivots and returns to the sanctity of her newsroom. Trevor sponges in the proceedings as Dana brushes past him, reminding the intern that he does not exist.

FELL (CONT'D)

I think that went well.

CASSIDY

(to Trevor)
Lesson 348...This is not brain surgery. There is no mystique to this shit and don't let anyone convince you otherwise. Radio is talking. It's conversation. You've been radio-ing since you learned to speak, just without a microphone in front of you. Can I get an "Amen?"

FELL

Amen...Oh, Sorry. You weren't talking to me.

Trevor looks down and smiles. As Trevor is digesting his lesson, TONYA, the station's promotion director walks in with some papers for Cassidy and Fell.

TONYA

Hi boys. Hi Trevor. How are you?
Are they being nice to you?

TREVOR

(does not look up)
Yes. They're great to me.

TONYA

Well, you let me know if they get out of line. I'm among the more than a few here who can kick both their asses.

Trevor smiles without looking up

CASSIDY AND FELL
Thank you, Tonya.

They look at the papers, Tonya delivered.

CASSIDY AND FELL (CONT'D)
Oooh...Another big radio give-a-way!
(The morning team
continues their off air
banter)

Tonya walks over to Trevor.

TONYA
How's the internship going? Are you
keeping up with school?

TREVOR
It's really good. My first class is
at 3:00 Monday, Wednesday, and
Friday and 2 on Tuesday and
Thursday, so I can grab a nap after
the show. I'm learning more here
than in the last three years at
school.

TONYA
They're the best. No one can touch
them in this city. I hope the
dining hall food is better than it
was when I left two years ago.

TREVOR
It's okay.

TONYA
It sucks.

TREVOR
It sucks. I know.

TONYA
I'll take you to Jasper's tonight.
You know, get you off campus.

TREVOR
Like a date?

TONYA
Like a date.

Tonya leaves the room, leaving Trevor with a bewildered, but happy expression.

FADE TO:

INT. CLUTTERED STUDIO APARTMENT. EVENING. 1972

A YOUNGER FELL sits talking on the phone. Period posters line the walls. Stereo equipment is mounted on cinder block shelves and the shelves are filled with albums. A bong sits next to him with smoke escaping the bowl and mouthpiece.

FELL

Oh man, this could be great. You
and I can do this. No one is trying
this in the morning.

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM. THE SAME EVENING. THE CLOCK
ON THE WALL READS 11:50.

Cassidy is talking on the phone, with Fell on the other end.
The Allman Brothers' *You Don't Love Me* is playing over the
monitors.

CASSIDY

There's no fucking way you can wake
up in time to get here by 5:30 in
the morning.

FELL

(over phone)

I don't recall the subject of the
time of my waking has emerged
through this point in the
conversation . I can sleep after
the show.

CASSIDY

I'll commit to a maybe. We can talk
some more and maybe pitch it.

FELL

(over phone)

A morning show on a rock station
with funny shit and talking and
interviews and screwing around. I
hope you realize this can be
fucking huge.

CASSIDY

It's almost 12:00. Try to make it in on time tonight.

FELL

Impossible my friend. That would leave me a mere two hours and ten minutes to navigate almost three miles of rough terrain. Best traveling song?

CASSIDY

Grateful Dead. Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad.

FELL

Ferry Cross the Mersey, Gerry and the Pacemakers. I bid you adieu, which, in French, means adieu.

CUT TO:

INT RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM. MORNING. 1992.

Cassidy and Fell sitting across from one another. The clock reads "7:14." The last strains of Tom Petty's *American Girl* are fading. The partners are headphoned and poised at their mics.

CASSIDY

Seven fourteen at Classic Rock 98 CRK

FELL

98 CRK weather. Sunshine today, the high 92.

CASSIDY

You can't say that.

FELL

Oh right...Big Dog Country is 92. Let's say the high is 98 today.

CASSIDY

That, my still A, high, B, drunk, or C, all of the above friend, would be lying...but still more palatable than giving the frequency for...

CASSIDY AND FELL

Big Dog Radio.

FELL

We'll be getting a memo for this
break before noon today.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR DRIVING ON CITY STREET. MORNING.

The driver of the car is smiling as he listens to Cassidy and
Fell over his car radio.

(The team is on a
roll....athletic rhythm)

FELL

In that case, it's 76 degrees now.

CASSIDY

And we have a major problem

FELL

It seems Atilla the Sales Manager

CASSIDY

You must be referring to our Air Ho
in Command...

FELL

Of course we're talking about
our...

CASSIDY AND FELL

98 CRK Classic rock that really
rocks sales manager, who has given
us certificates for 52 dozen Stan's
Donuts so we can give away a dozen
donuts a week for the next year.

The driver reaches over and turns up the volume.

EXT. FRONT OF STAN'S DONUT SHOP. MORNING.

Trevor, the intern, is standing in front of the shop, holding
a large, cumbersome 1990's cell phone to his ear. A line of
early morning customers is waiting inside, each anticipating
his or her coffee and donut fix.

INT. RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM. MORNING.

CASSIDY

And that very same sales force
thinks we should use up an entire
break every day at this time to
give away donuts.

FELL

Riveting radio.

CASSIDY

So, we've sent Dangerboy, who you
might also know as Trevor the
Virgin Intern, to Stan's to fulfill
this quest.

FELL

Dangerboy, are you physically and
mentally prepared?

TREVOR

(on phone)
Yes I am, guys.

INT. STAN'S.

Trevor steps up to the counter as a the woman in front of him
finishes paying for her coffee. He's greeted by a young,
bored looking COUNTER WOMAN.

INT. RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM.

Cassidy and Fell are laughing on air as Trevor speaks on his
phone over the air...

INT. STAN'S. TREVOR'S P.O.V.

The woman behind the counter does not adjust her countenance.

COUNTERWOMAN

52 Dozen?

TREVOR

Yes. And, may I have a wide
variety, please?

CUT TO:

INT. STAN'S.

Trevor is standing across from the OWNER of Stan's, apparent from the badge that reads *Stan* on the gentleman's uniform shirt. The line behind Trevor is becoming restless, while others in the store are observing the scene with amusement. Trevor is holding his cell phone up, in speaker mode.

STAN

You're out of your mind. We can't give you 52 dozen donuts.

TREVOR

But I have coupons.

Cassidy and Fell are laughing hysterically.

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO STATION HALLWAY.

Cassidy and Fell are walking out of the control room after their show, headphones around their necks and carrying various papers. JAMIE CHESS is getting ready to enter the studio to do her mid day show. She is a contrast to the morning duo, dressed casually but neatly while the two man-boys are in their usual not dressed for success uniforms. She is pretty. Not glamorous. Cassidy smiles as he walks past her while Fell holds open the studio door.

JAMIE

I listened to Trevor's brush with fame at Stan's.

CASSIDY

...And you were impressed with the pathos, the humanity, the sexual tension, if you will, of the entire segment.

FELL

Thereby cementing your schoolgirl like admiration of the 98 CRK morning team.

JAMIE

Something like that...minus the impressed and schoolgirl like admiration parts.

FELL
 (to Cassidy)
 Number one Girl giving it up for
 her guy song.

CASSIDY
Stand By Your Man

FELL
 Blues Brothers or Tammy Wynette?

CASSIDY
 Tammy

FELL
 Little Peggy March. *I will Follow
 Him.*

JAMIE
Kiss Me Deadly. Lita Ford.

CASSIDY AND FELL
 (Stung)
 Ooooooh.

JAMIE
 Scoletti wants to see you guys.

Fell falls to his knees, letting his headphones fly as he
 grabs Jamie around the ankles

FELL
 (dramatic fake sobbing)
 Don't let him beat us, Jamie. Run
 and tell the world of the sweat
 shop conditions and oppressive
 managerial torment that stifles our
 emotional growth, creative
 development, and physical well
 being.

Jamie is laughing while she playfully kicks Fell in an effort
 to free herself.

CASSIDY
 Is your boyfriend in there with
 him?

Jamie is looking straight at Cassidy as she finally
 extricates herself from Fell's ankle grasp, leaving him face
 down on the carpet in front of her, not moving.

JAMIE
 (still laughing)
 As far as I remember, I do not
 presently have a boyfriend.

Fell is still face down on the carpet, but raises his hand.
 Jamie calls on him, like a teacher would call on a student.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Yes, Max.

FELL
 Are you sleeping with any
 boyfriends who you do not presently
 have?

Jamie doesn't miss a beat and shows no embarrassment at the
 point blank question, answering the still face down Fell.

JAMIE
 (flirting)
 Who says we sleep?

Fell looks up inquisitively as Jamie walks inside the studio.

INT. RON SCOLLETTI'S OFFICE

This is the general manager's office. A lot of wood. Radio
 industry award plaques on the wall. Very clean and orderly
 with an executive desk holding pens, papers, folders, etc.,
 All at right angles. RON SCOLETTI sits behind the desk with
 his sales manager, RANDY CRAWFORD, standing next to him.
 Cassidy sits in one of the chairs on the other side of the
 desk while Fell sprawls into his chair. The General manager
 and sales manager wear suits, as befits their positions.
 Crawford will habitually look at Scoletti before speaking.
 Cassidy is in mid conversation, speaking to no one in
 particular.

CASSIDY
 ...So don't give us worthless shit
 to give away if it isn't bundled
 with other worthless shit.

FELL
 (fairly seriously)
 We're playing seven songs an hour,
 two three minute newscasts, four
 spot breaks. Someone besides us can
 tell you how much time that leaves
 us to be us.

(MORE)

FELL (CONT'D)

I tell you one thing, though,
Stan's is gonna sell a shitload
more donuts because of what we did
today than they would have if we
took caller number ten and gave
them a fucking dozen.

Scoletti tries to maintain a semblance of control.

SCOLETTI

First, a client's product is not
shit. Secondly, research would
support us when I say that your
listeners like winning prizes like
donuts.

CRAWFORD

And we have a long relationship
with Stan's Donuts.

CASSIDY

Trade for sales meetings?

FELL

Why don't you trade for something
worthwhile than...I don't
know...Creme filled metaphor?

CASSIDY

We now take a break from the
conversation to pause a moment and
consider whether or not the general
manager and his loyal sales poodle
know what a metaphor is.

FELL

That would be communicating with
flags, right?

CASSIDY

You're not helping.

SCOLETTI

(Either not getting the
reference or ignoring the
repartee)

The bottom line here is that no
person, no air personality, no
morning team can put themselves
above what's good for the station.

CASSIDY

According to the last quarterly,
the morning team *is* what's good for
the station.

Cassidy and Fell, possessing one mind, rise from their seats
and walk towards the door.

SCOLETTI

We're not done yet.

Cassidy and Fell are out of the room as the door closes on
Scoletti's last word. The two managers stare at the closed
door.

SCOLETTI (CONT'D)

(to no one in particular)
Fuck them.

CRAWFORD

I have to go calm Stan down. I'll
give him ten make-up spots. On
Jamie's show.

EXT. RADIO STATION PARKING LOT. DAY.

Cassidy and Fell approach their cars from the rear. Cassidy's
mid-80's Volvo and Fell's beat up Ford F-150 Pickup truck sit
side by side. We see that Cassidy's vehicle is parked in
front of a sign that reads *Ron Scoletti* and Fell's car is
parked in front of a sign that reads *Clearcloud Radio*
Employee Of The Month. They talk as they reach their cars.

FELL

So, who's the Employee of the
Month?

CASSIDY

I think the memo mentioned a Dana
Preston

FELL

I'll have to congratulate her when
I see her

CASSIDY

Don't know if that's a good idea

Fell raises his hand to his chin in a mock pose of a pained
attempt at deduction.

FELL

And why does he attempt to keep me from taking my already white hot, sexually charged relationship with Dana to the next level, namely, an actual relationship with her? Could it be the projection of his own frustration from imagining Jamie Chess showering her affections on an individual such as Randy Crawford and his BMW 750i, which is currently sneering at our Mr. Cassidy's practical, but used Volvo from a mere two spaces over?

(Getting louder)

I ask you, must this man who I have granted the honor of bailing me out of jail on three occasions for minor public intoxication, okay, two minor public intoxications and one combined minor intoxication and public lewdness charge...Must this man drag me down with him to the psychological primordial ooze because he lusts after the type of woman who used to be the girl who would have never spoken to him in school? Must he suck the joy out of a potentially fulfilling, if not one sided, life with my soul mate Dana Preston? Why isn't that a good idea?

CASSIDY

Dana hates you.

FELL

Touche

CASSIDY

And you're in her parking space.

FELL

Good point. Ultimate guy's car...

CASSIDY

'82 maroon Jeep Wagoneer, faux wood side panels.

FELL

'67 dark blue Chevy Mailibu Deluxe, vinyl top. What time do we start tomorrow?

CASSIDY

Uhhh...5:30.

FELL

See you sixish. Luv ya lot's. Bye.

Fell gets into his truck and leaves the lot as Cassidy gets into his driver's seat.

INT. CASSIDY'S CAR. DAY.

Cassidy speaks to us as he drives, simultaneously fiddling with the car radio presets., Searching for a station to suit his mood.

CASSIDY

So, the girl who would have never spoken to me in school. She's a type. She's had many names over the centuries. Cyrano's Roxanne. Dante's Beatrice. Rick Springfield's...uh...Jesse's Girl.

The station changing stops as Cassidy settles on a frequency. We hear an oldies disc jockey speaking over the car radio, talking up over the intro of *These Eyes*, by the Guess Who.

OLDIES DJ

Oldies one-oh-two-point-three, where memories live with the great white north's greatest import, not counting James Naismith, the inventor of basketball. Here's the Guess Who.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TYPICAL JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL LUNCH ROOM. DAY 1968

These Eyes continues to play in the background. The lunch room is teeming with students. Young Devin Cassidy sits at a table with a few male friends. It is obvious that he and his cohorts are not the glitterati of the school, as the geek factor is semi-high. Across from his group, several of the elite boys and girls are talking and laughing, uncursed by any self consciousness typical of that age group. The focal point of this group is a pretty blonde girl, SUSAN CONROY.

CASSIDY (V.O.)

Susan Conroy was, to the best of my recollection, the first official girl who didn't speak to me in school. At the tender age of 14, I had become a fatalist, having grasped the heady concept that the least painful course of navigation was to accept the fact that it is natural and safe to ascertain and seek your own level of social strata. Personally, my specific level involved the comfort of invisibility...Rarely raising my hand in class, but owing to my lack of a juvenile record, sailing through American history, French One, and earth science with less than a modicum of exertion. Girls ignored me, but on the positive side, no one took my lunch money. Susan Conroy and all the other Susan Conroys had already mastered the art of effortless conversation, puberty without zits, and were at ease in any social situation. Susan and her race of gods and goddesses never visited my earthly domain, and my companion junior high mortals and I never disturbed the balance of this fragile ecosystem by flying too close to the sun, or attempting to trespass on Mount Olympus. I now realize that the deciding difference between the invisibles and the junior high kids who lived among the clouds was simply a trick of nature. These junior high boys had early onset body hair and shoulders and chests, and the girls had...chests.

Slow motion as Susan Conroy and two of her girl friends laugh at something one of the boys at her table says, complete with perfect smiles. Young Devin is taking all this in from his table, and due to the fact that he is mesmerized, he drools, eliciting laughter from all those around him, including Susan, who turns to see what the commotion is about.

CASSIDY (V.O.) (CONT.)
 And why would she want anything to do with the invisibles when ninth grade men and and eighth grade men who should have been ninth grade men were showering her with attention?

These Eyes fades as we

CUT TO:

INT. CASSIDY'S CAR. DAY.

Cassidy hits the radio button as the Guess Who song fades. The station he finds is playing Foreigner's *Long Long Way From Home*.

INT. RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM. DAY. THE NEXT MORNING.

Cassidy and Fell are at their positions. Dana is behind her glass barrier and Trevor is scuttling around the studio. Jamie is leaning in front of a third microphone on the large counter that holds the equipment. The clock reads 9:48. The boys are wrapping up their shift and Jamie is getting ready to begin hers. It is a traditional radio hand off. Headphones are donned and mic switches are toggled.

CASSIDY
 98 CRK. It's Cassidy and Fell. We'd love to stay through Jamie's show, but Max hasn't had a beer since breakfast at four this morning.

FELL
 Has it been that long?

JAMIE
 Dev, why don't you tie a Heinekin to a stick and lead him out of here.

FELL
 (excited)
 That is what is referred to in my contract as the incentive clause.

CASSIDY
 First, we have to tell everyone that tomorrow is Thursday and we save the best stuff for Thursday.

FELL

Does that mean?...

CASSIDY

Yes it does. Tomorrow at 7:20
it's...

CASSIDY AND FELL

Fake the big O.

CASSIDY

For a big prize. Well, that leaves
us nothing more to say, but...

FELL

Goodbye forever until tomorrow.

The microphones are toggled off and headphones are removed from heads while Santana's *Jingo* plays over the studio speakers. As Cassidy and Fell are walking out of the studio, Jamie turns to them.

JAMIE

Hey, Friday night at the Hawk and
Dove. Karaoke. You two come.

FELL

I hope this won't be an alcohol
centered activity.

JAMIE

Max, I'm afraid it will be.

FELL

I can only promise I will give this
event consideration. What do you
think, Dev?

CASSIDY

As long as moderation is practiced,
I might slum for a moment on my way
back from bible study.

JAMIE

Good. Max, maybe you'd have your
life together if you had outside
interests like Dev. How about a
hobby?

FELL

I have a hobby thank you very much,
Miss Butinsky.

(MORE)

FELL (CONT'D)

As a matter of fact, I'm going out to the parking lot to practice my hobby right now. Got a lighter I can borrow?

JAMIE

By the way, Dev, what's your favorite biblical quote?

CASSIDY

No one whose testicles are crushed or whose male organ is cut off shall enter the assembly of the Lord. Deuteronomy 23:1.

Jamie laughs. As fell exits the studio, Cassidy lingers.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

So, Just a quick question. Why are you here?

JAMIE

(surprised)
What?

CASSIDY

You're smart. You don't come across like a lifer...Like Max and I do.

JAMIE

I guess that's a compliment. I like what I do, but radio doesn't define me. I'm going back to school, finishing an MBA, opening up a music store, selling a billion CD's, retiring before I'm forty, and never waking up early enough to listen to you and Max, who will both undoubtedly still be here, if for nothing else, to be a pain in the ass to sales and Scoletti.

CASSIDY

Speaking of sales, I know you and Crawford spend time with each other, and I don't want anything awkward...

The studio door opens and Crawford walks in.

CRAWFORD

Hey Jamie. Hi Dev.

Cassidy heads toward the door.

CASSIDY

On my way out.

The door closes behind him.

JAMIE

Later, Dev. Randy Crawford. What are you doing in the ninth circle of hell?

CRAWFORD

I'm only scared when those two maniacs are on the air. Whenever I come in here, they turn on their mics and put me on the air.

JAMIE

They're very territorial.

CRAWFORD

They don't hate me, do they?

JAMIE

They probably don't think about you enough to hate you. Now Scoletti. Scoletti, they hate.

Crawford chuckles.

CRAWFORD

On the good news front, I talked to Stan at Stan's Donuts. His place has been a mob scene since this morning. He wants Cassidy and Fell to do live spots for him. Hey, I haven't been too pushy, have I?

(Jamie knows where this is going.)

JAMIE

What do you mean?

CRAWFORD

Look, it's pretty obvious that there's something with you and Cassidy. I respect that. We're friends, right?

JAMIE

You're a good guy, Randy Crawford.

CRAWFORD

For a radio sales manager

JAMIE
For a radio sales manager.

CUT TO:

EXT. RADIO STATION PARKING LOT. DAY.

I Fought The Law, the Clash version is the only sound. We see Fell from behind attaching a bumper sticker to the bumper of Scoletti's car. The car is parked across two spaces. When Fell turns, we see a joint in his mouth, and a bumper sticker that reads, "Honk if you love Jesus."

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTING CAGES. DAY.

The Clash song continues as the sound track. Cassidy is swinging away at his frustration.

CUT TO:

INT RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM.

Jamie speaking into the microphone. The Clash remains the only sound.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM. THE NEXT MORNING.

Cassidy and Fell are in their places. Dana is standing in a corner with her arms folded, half amused, half disgusted. Springsteen's *Thunder Road* fades as the duo talks.

CASSIDY
98 CRK, Classic rock that really rocks. It's 7:43 with Cassidy and Fell, America's longest running temporary morning radio team. Dana is in the studio with us right now.

FELL
Or as she likes to refer to it, the ninth circle of hell.

Dana actually smiles.

FELL (CONT'D)

And I'm guessing she's in here just so she can tell her grandchildren that she was present when Cassidy and Fell reached a new high in cerebral broadcasting entertainment with this brilliant radio concept.

CASSIDY

A concept so revolutionary that we can tell you with confidence, no other radio station in this city we like to call home is doing this or will be doing this any time soon.

FELL

Because it's time to introduce our next contestant on...

CASSIDY AND FELL

Fake The Big O!

CASSIDY

Hi Stephanie.

STEPHANIE (ON PHONE. NERVOUSLY)

Hi.

FELL

Stephanie, are you ready to fake the big o?

STEPHANIE

I think so.

CASSIDY

Are you now or have you ever employed mechanical motivation to prepare for this contest?

STEPHANIE

No and yes.

FELL

If she was now, it wouldn't be faking the big O, would it?

CASSIDY

Right you are. Go ahead, Stephanie.

STEPHANIE (NERVOUS AND HALF HEARTEDLY)

Oooh. Oooh.

CASSIDY AND FELL

That sucked

STEPHANIE

I know. I'm sorry. I am such a big fan of your show. I feel like I've disappointed you.

CASSIDY

No need to apologize, dear. Just do us a favor if you're ever with either of us. Do a better job faking it.

FELL

Or with Dana.

Dana looks to the heavens and leaves the studio, with a smile. The boys laugh along with Stephanie over the phone. Cassidy takes the next call.

CASSIDY

Hi 98 CRK.

MANDY (ON PHONE)

(sexy)

Hi Dev. Hi Max. This is Mandy. I'm calling from the car so I don't know if I can do this justice.

CASSIDY

Mandy, you're halfway there with that voice. Go ahead. It's time for you to Fake the Big O.

CUT TO:

EXT. MORNING RUSH HOUR TRAFFIC. CITY STREET.

Mandy is an extremely attractive twenty something stopped at a traffic light holding her vintage Motorola cell phone (1992) She's driving a Porsche 911 with the top down and is getting into character to take part in the radio contest.

CUT TO:

INT RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM.

Cassidy and Fell wide mouthed in astonishment as we hear a series of guttural screams and moans.

They are then sent into hysterics and fall over their equipment. Trevor never leaves his state of silent shock.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANDY IN HER CAR.

Mandy continues while other drivers slowly pass her in disbelief.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE. DAY.

Work has stopped dead while a construction worker turns up the volume on the community boom box.

CUT TO:

INT RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM.

Cassidy and Fell try to regain their composure while Mandy continues her performance.

CASSIDY

I do believe we have a winner.

The performance continues over the air.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

I said...I think we have a winner.

A satisfied sigh over the radio brings the contest to a conclusion.

CUT TO:

INT. HAWK AND DOVE BAR. NIGHT.

A small stage, a bar, twelve or thirteen tables. A good, but not oppressive crowd is present. On the stage with a karaoke machine, a PATRON sings "My Way" badly. The karaoke host stands next to him. The communal level of intoxication suggests that we're fairly far into the evening. Fell is at the bar with a mixed drink in front of him, chatting up a WOMAN. Crawford, Jamie, Dana, Tonya, Trevor and others from the station who we haven't been introduced to are at one big table, surrounding several pitchers and mixed drink glasses. In this environment, even Dana seems relaxed and socially approachable.

Crawford's arm is protectively draped over the back of Jamie's chair. His eyes follow as her head turns as Cassidy walks in and heads directly over to Fell.

FELL (THROUGH THE DIN)
Go away. I just told my new best friend that I was Devin Cassidy.
(Cassidy and the woman laugh)

Cassidy heads over to the group and finds an empty chair across from Jamie and Crawford.

CASSIDY
Shit. I wanted to sing "My Way."

JAMIE
Sorry, Dev, You don't want to follow this act.

As the patron finishes to polite applause, the HOST reaches in to a box and pulls out a slip of paper.

HOST
Dana, Jamie, and Tonya. (The three women laugh and whoop)

As the host follows the whoops to the table, he recognizes the celebrities.

HOST (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen, Jamie Chess and Dana from the Cassidy and Fell morning show on ninety eight CRK.

Dana's temperament is markedly less formal in this environment. She's just one of the gang. Tonya, the young production director at the station, just smiles. Trevor is tracking the three women, but is obviously focused on Tonya. Jamie is unquestionably the Diana Ross to their Supremes as the three walk up to the stage to enthusiastic applause.

JAMIE
Hi everyone. Our promotion director, Tonya Marks.

Applause as the host looks at the slip of paper again as he hands Jamie a microphone and gives Dana and Tonya a microphone to share. He then roots through his CD's and loads one. (The three women perform a competent, fun version of "Stop In The Name Of Love." (They finish to applause)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Thanks. Thank you.

HOST

Jamie Chess, Dana, and Tonya from
98 CRK ladies and gentlemen.

HOST (CONT'D)

Can we get Devin Cassidy up here?

Heads turn towards the celebrity table as they realize Cassidy is part of the group. Cassidy gets up and makes his way to the stage amid the applause. He takes the microphone from Jamie as the women leave the stage.

CASSIDY

Unless Max Fell has already passed out at the bar, I'd like to invite him up here to share in the humiliation.

CUT TO:

BAR.

Fell gets up from his seat as he speaks to his latest best friend.

FELL

Don't move. Don't leave. Feel free, though, to continue drinking. I'll be back.

He joins his partner on the stage. Cassidy and Fell confer with the host, and once again the host looks through his CD collection. He loads his selection. Cassidy and Fell perform an inspiring version of the David Ruffin hit, *What Becomes of the Broken Hearted*, flawlessly trading off lines. They finish to a thunderous ovation.

FADE TO:

INT. BAR. MUCH LATER THAT EVENING.

Fell and his friend are drunkenly laughing and falling over each other at the bar.

The remaining station members, Cassidy, Tonya, Trevor, Jamie, and Crawford, are talking at their table. Jamie sits next to Crawford. There is obvious chemistry between Trevor the intern and Tonya. Cassidy sits comfortably by himself. Bar employees are stacking chairs and a few other patrons are milling around.

CASSIDY (TO NO ONE IN PARTICULAR)

Excuse me.

He rises from his seat, Jamie rising also.

JAMIE

I believe I'm headed in the same direction. Care to share a urinal?

Crawford is good natured, sadly smiling to himself.

CASSIDY

Sorry. Bashful kidneys...but I'll take you as far as the bidet.

JAMIE

Deal.

They walk together past Fell and his friend. Fell lifts his head and blearily looks towards Cassidy.

FELL

Most lovable film alcoholic.

CASSIDY

Dudley Moore in Arthur.

FELL

Lee Marvin. Cat Ballou.

Cassidy and Jamie reach their respective bathroom doors.

JAMIE

Wait for me, Dev.

CASSIDY

As long as it takes.

He enters the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR BATHROOM.

Cassidy stands at the urinal, facing forward towards camera and speaks to us. I'm drunk. I'm drunk and I'm peeing and I'm trying to time my drunk peeing so Jamie and I exit our respective bathrooms at the same time.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR. THE GROUP TABLE.

Crawford is sitting across from Dana, while Dana sporadically glances in Fell's direction over at the bar. Trevor tries to find a topic of conversation that is approachable with Tonya.

TREVOR

Devin and Max have been so cool to me. They treat me like I'm a person.

TONYA

They like you, Trevor. They think you're doing a great job. I think you're doing a great job.

TREVOR

Were you an intern?

TONYA

No, I was a receptionist.

TREVOR

Oh.

TONYA

Is that okay? Not everyone who goes to college starts their first job doing what they majored in.

TREVOR

Oh, no...That's not why I said 'Oh.' It's that everyone is so cool and so good at their jobs at the station. I just don't know where I fit in. I just want to be part of everything. I just want to find my place. You guys are all like a big family.

TONYA

Devin and Max told me before I became the promotions director, when I asked if they thought I could do it...Max said that education doesn't always mean school. I learned from them. You'll keep learning from them. They're like my fath...big brothers. Let them be your big brothers, too.

TREVOR

So, you're like my sister?

TONYA

I hope the hell not.

Trevor is surprised. Tonya smiles at him.

INT. BAR OUTSIDE OF MEN'S AND WOMEN'S ROOMS

Cassidy and Jamie exit adjacent bathrooms at the same time, more or less.

JAMIE

Would it have been creepy if I was standing out here waiting for you?

CASSIDY

Only if you were still buttoning your jeans.

JAMIE

So, Dev...Are you drunk enough to be honest?

CASSIDY

I'm drunk enough to be honest, and sober enough to lie by omission. Please don't ask me anything I have to replay in my head later on.

Fell and his paramour for the evening appear in the bathroom hallway, each acting as balance for the other.

FELL

(to no one in particular)
Most awkward memory?

CASSIDY

I was the kid who threw up in class. Fourth grade

FELL

Baby sitter walked in on me
pleasuring myself. Eighth grade.
Thank you and good night.

Fell and companion walk arm and arm into the men's room.

JAMIE

Why did he have a baby sitter in
eighth grade?

CASSIDY

I think we can rule out that he
skipped several grades. Can we get
back to my honesty?

JAMIE

There's something happening here
with us. We've known each other for
years now. Tell me why this thing
isn't happening faster.

CASSIDY

I don't know. The timing is off.
I'm afraid of failure. I don't want
you to see me. I like to be
invisible. Sort of.

JAMIE

Why is the timing off?

CASSIDY

Okay. You. Crawford. I don't get
it.

JAMIE

It's complicated. We're friends.
That's it. There's nothing to get.

CASSIDY

Complicated. I can see that
becoming a term that describes
relationships, someday.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR

Cassidy and Jamie walk into the now semi-empty bar. No
station members are left; only the bar clean up crew.

INT. RON SCOLLETTI'S OFFICE. THE FOLLOWING MONDAY.

Cassidy and Fell sit across from the general manager, who attempts to render himself strategically superior by virtue of sitting behind a desk.

CASSIDY

So that's it? What brought you to this decision?

SCOLETTI

We just feel that you aren't connecting. We're going in a different direction. We're making a change.

FELL

Saddest use of consecutive cliches?

CASSIDY

Ron Scoletti. June fourth, 1992. The day he fired the morning team that leads in men 18-54, men 25-54, and adults 18 to dead.

FELL

This might be the first one we agree on.

SCOLETTI

The non-compete is in effect until September thirtieth. We're paying you each the lump sum of the remainder of your contract in lieu of keeping you on as technically employed. Any questions?

FELL

Am I out of the running for Employee of the month?

CASSIDY

Who's replacing us?

SCOLETTI

We're just playing music until Friday. Your replacement is on the air next Monday. This isn't personal. Look, things change. The industry is changing. I wish you both the best in whatever is in your future. I know I don't have to watch you guys pack up your things. You'll leave like professionals.

(MORE)

SCOLETTI (CONT'D)

You know the contract terms, right?
No talking to other stations in a
fifty mile radius until the
noncompete is over.

FELL

Fuck you very much. It's been a
pressure.

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO STATION HALLWAY, OUTSIDE SCOLETTI'S OFFICE.

Dana is waiting to go into Scoletti's office, apparently unaware of what is going on. She becomes visibly shaken when she sees Cassidy and Fell emerge.

CASSIDY

Don't worry. If you were getting
fired with us, he would have called
you in at the same time.

Dana tears up.

FELL

Hey, think of it as your chance to
finally work with professionals.

DANA

Shut up, Max

Dana walks purposefully to Fell and kisses him passionately on the lips.

FELL

(in shock and barely
recovered from the kiss)
Thank you?

Dana simply knocks on Scoletti's door and walks in, closing the door behind her.

CUT TO:

INT RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM.

Jamie is standing at the console, headphones on, oblivious to the drama that surrounds her, outside the confines of her musical cocoon, as Cassidy and Fell enter.

JAMIE

Max, I'm flattered. Aren't you usually home and on your second beer by now?

FELL

Dana just kissed me

CASSIDY

Focus, Max. You're burying the lede.

FELL

Oh yeah. We got shitcanned.

JAMIE

Wait. What? What happened? No!

CASSIDY

Music tomorrow morning. New show on Monday. Didn't Crawford say anything to you?

JAMIE

Dev, I swear. He didn't say anything. Look, We can talk about Crawford and me later, and there is no Crawford and me to talk about, so let's get that out of the way. Is Friday night a blackout? Don't you remember our conversation outside the bathrooms?

CASSIDY

I think your song ended.

JAMIE

Shit.

Jamie turns up her studio monitor and quickly hits a button on the console. The Firm's *Radioactive* plays.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

This is stupid. You guys own the market. Why would they do this? What did Jack say?

FELL

Did I mention that Dana just kissed me? On the mouth. Might have been a little tongue. We'll get back to you after we watch the replay.

CASSIDY

Jack wasn't in the office. You'd think the program director would be in the general manager's office when the morning team got fired. Who knows. Noncompete until the end of our contracts. I'm not worried. We're getting a paid vacation. Have you seen Trevor?

JACK BEARD, the station program director, walks into the studio with Trevor, as if on cue.

JACK

Guys, I'm sorry. Scoletti called me last night and told me. I wasn't allowed to talk to you. I feel like an asshole.

CASSIDY

You're cool, Jack. Doesn't change anything. Welcome to radio, Trevor.

TREVOR

Dev. Max. They want me to run the board starting tomorrow. I don't want to be here without you guys. I don't want to stay here.

CASSIDY

Trevor, you belong to Jamie now. Jamie, promise me you'll take care of him. Feed him. Rub his tummy just like we used to.

FELL

I have to leave before I cry. Or puke.

JAMIE

This sucks.

JACK

Look, guys...What can I do? How can I help?

CASSIDY

Who's replacing us?

JACK

I'm not allowed to say, but they're bringing in a syndicated show from St. Louis. They're saving money, that's all.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

I think this whole thing will cost them like thirty thousand a year.

FELL

But can they give away a year's worth of Stan's donuts in one break?

CASSIDY

Okay, Max, let's pack up and go. Jack, don't beat yourself up over this.

JAMIE

Dev, I'll call you after my shift.

Cassidy walks over to Jamie and kisses her...for more than several beats. He then walks out the studio door with Fell.

CUT TO:

INT. HAWK AND DOVE. DAYTIME

Cassidy and Fell are sitting at the bar, each with a beer. The place is empty, and the light streaming through the window gives it that daytime drinking vibe.

FELL

Look, Thunder-106 is doing a more music morning show and we're kicking their ass. Maybe we can go there.

CASSIDY

I'm sure they'll wait to see how Biff and Barf or whatever their names are from St. Louis do, before they make a move.

FELL

On to important matters. Jamie? You? Future?

CASSIDY

I kind of liked the reference to 'There is no Crawford and me.' Might be a problem, though, since there's no 'me' at CRK anymore.

FADE TO:

INT. WINDOW REPLACEMENT COMPANY OFFICE. DAY

It has been over two months since the firing. Max Fell sits across from the COMPANY MANAGER. He's wearing jeans, a t-shirt and a blue blazer, set off by a pair of Converse Chuck Taylor black high tops.

MANAGER

Hey, I love you guys. Haven't listened to CRK since you left. Those guys they got suck. Sometimes I listen to Jamie, though. Why would you want to work here?

FELL

Noncompete ends in a couple of weeks. And I've noticed that many houses and apartments have windows, so I think this might be a popular product.

MANAGER

Fair enough.

FELL

How'm I doing?

MANAGER

(laughs)

Look, I know you'll quit as soon as you get another radio job.

FELL

I'll quit as soon as I find just about anything else that doesn't involve a drug test, but I can sell insulated, tempered, double hung windows for you in the meantime.

MANAGER

Hey, why the hell not.

CUT TO:

INT. STEAK HOUSE. NIGHT.

Cassidy and Jamie sit at a table for two. They're in mid meal and mid conversation.

JAMIE

Just give it a chance. I told them you'd talk to them.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

No one's hiring during fall ratings. You might enjoy this.

CASSIDY

Max is selling replacement windows. What could possibly go wrong there? I don't know about this. I don't think I'm built for banking.

JAMIE

Oh, shit...You two have to get back on the air.

CASSIDY

So, I'm sure Crawford is happy that I'm gone.

JAMIE

Look, one, Crawford and I were never anything. I told you that. He might have wanted it to be something, but I didn't let it happen. I just didn't want to make work a drama. He and I hung out a little, but it didn't go anywhere. We're really...really just friends. Two, he's not as bad as you think. He's just a-

CASSIDY

Radio salesman.

JAMIE

Radio salesman. Let's talk about you. I worry about you, Dev. What are you going to do? Call Jim at the bank. He's a fan. It's marketing. You can do marketing.

CASSIDY

I don't even know what marketing is. Radio is all I've ever done. Let's go on a real date.

JAMIE

When I was little and listened to my cream colored transistor radio at night through earphones, I remember feeling like the guy who got off his shift at ten just disappeared from existence as soon as the next guy started. I don't want you to not exist because you're not on the radio.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Let's get you in a job. Your noncompetitor is almost over. If we go on a real date, I'm not paying.

CASSIDY

You're not paying tonight.

JAMIE

Bullshit. I'm taking you out tonight, if for nothing else, so I can totally emasculate you. If this does turn into a real relationship, I can tell everyone that I'm carrying your balls in my handbag.

FADE TO:

BANK OFFICE INT. DAY. THE NEXT MORNING.

Cassidy is seated across from JIM, the manager who is definitely younger than he is. Jim is dressed in banker grey, in stark contrast to Cassidy, who has on the requisite blue blazer, khakis, and (Alden?) boots.

JIM

I looked at your resume. I didn't know you went to college. Do you have to go to college to be on radio? Did you major in radio?

CASSIDY

No, I majored in English.

JIM

English?

CASSIDY

I figured that I was fairly fluent in the language, so how hard could it be?

Jim is laughing. A good sign.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

I just didn't know I'd have to read books.

JIM

Seriously, I know that you know that marketing is pretty instinctive for someone like you.

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

And, we're a small bank and it would be cool to have your name associated with us, although I'm a little anxious about the sexual stuff, the material you and Fell did.

CASSIDY

Look, Jim, I'd be there with whatever baggage comes with me. You have to decide if you want me. I think I can do this.

JIM

Big question. What happens if you get a chance to go back to radio?

CASSIDY

I honestly can't tell you. Right now, I don't see it happening. Syndication is going to take over and teams like Cassidy and Fell are becoming dinosaurs. Why should a station pay us when they can bring in a syndicated show for a third as much? See, I'm already talking numbers and percentages. I fit in here.

JIM

Let me talk to the regional manager. What are you doing tonight?

CASSIDY

Bailing Fell out at about one a.m. Other than that, no plans.

JIM

My wife and I are having some people over. People from the bank branches, but Jamie's coming to. You know she went to school with my wife, right? They were anti-sorority sisters.

Cassidy hesitates.

JIM (CONT'D)

Come on.

CASSIDY

Sure.

INT. NICE LIVING ROOM. ROCK MUSIC IN THE BACKGROUND.

People generally in their late twenties to early thirties, a little younger than Cassidy, dressed in ironed jeans and pressed shirts. Needless to say, Cassidy's jeans aren't ironed. He keeps Jamie in his sight for security, but is making an effort to mingle. He approaches a group made up of three women and a couple of preppy guys, already in conversation, drinks in hand. He listens.

GUY #1

I'm telling you, *When a Man Loves A Woman* is the best song of the year. This could bring soul music back.

The others nod knowingly

CASSIDY

Great song. Why song of the year?

GUY #1

(condescendingly)

Uhh, because it came out this year

A smattering of semi-suppressed laughter that the obvious alpha of the group put down the new guy.

CASSIDY

It's a new song?

WOMAN #1

Michael Bolton

CASSIDY

Michael Bolton, *When a Man Loves A Woman*? You never heard of Percy Sledge?

Puzzlement clouds the group

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

So what do you guys do?

GUY #1

We work at the bank. We're in products and services. We know you. Jim says you're joining us. Big grown up step from radio.

More semi-suppressed laughter

CASSIDY

Not that big a step if the governing mindset is that Michael Bolton is bringing soul music back.

The group is uneasy now

GUY #1

Sorry we're talking about current popular music instead of the Grateful Dead and Jefferson Airplane. Maybe it would be a good idea to know what people who actually have enough money to open bank accounts are listening to if you want to do marketing for us.

CASSIDY

Top three grossing tours of the year so far...U2, Grateful Dead, Guns and Roses. Don't remember the Michael Bolton White Guys With Bad Hair Tour up there in the top twenty.

GUY #1

(Trying to regain his position in the group)

So our friend knows rock music. Did you major in rock music in college? Everybody here can make small talk about music and radio. Can you talk with us about finance? Banking? Literature? Let's hear what the disc jockey has to say about something besides radio.

CASSIDY

Finance? My guess is that Clinton will win the election because when we're in a recession, the rules change. Clinton will carry the Reagan states, since Bush's No New Taxes pledge didn't turn out and Republicans will stay away from the polls. Banking? You tell me. I see a storm brewing. You're robbing people like a whore with a passed out john in the room. Banking is a victim of the Fed. There's no innovation in your industry right now, and the conventional wisdom is simply to react instead of initiate. Literature?

(MORE)

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

If your taste in literature is anything like your taste in music, You peaked with Jacqueline Suzanne. My own taste runs more in line with the literary thread that I'd have to say has its roots in Mark Twain and Stephen Leacock. I'm sure you've heard of Leacock. *Literary Lapses? Acadian Adventures With The Idle Rich?* No? Too bad. There must be a break for you in the thread that runs from Twain through Leacock and on to Odets. But, I'm sure you'll agree that proletarian literature is the natural progression of the use of dialect powered narrative mastered by Twain. And, I'm sure you have already drawn your own conclusions regarding the lineage that this typically American approach spawned the development of The Lost Generation. You and your friends are probably thinking right now about the obvious connection between Hemingway, pulp fiction, Kerouac, Tom Wolfe, and Hunter Thompson. We're talking about what is probably the most defining period in literary development since Canterbury Tales turned dirty stories into respectable reading. Stop me if you have anything to add.

Cassidy is getting louder. A crowd is bordering the small group he's browbeating. This group includes Jim, his possible future boss, and Jamie. The look on Jamie's face is not one of amusement, but rather a look of "I've been here before." Jim is looking at Jamie, wondering what he's gotten himself into.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

Nothing to contribute? Maybe you can grab a People Magazine on the way out and find something worthy of conversation. (BEAT) You pretentious fuck.

The crowd breaks up in muted awkwardness on the forceful final syllable. Cassidy is left standing by himself, semi-proudly smiling at Jamie as she approaches and speaks softly to him.

JAMIE

Dev, why don't you go to hell for a while. I don't need this drama right now.

She walks to another room that apparently hasn't suffered buzz-kill from Cassidy's lecture. Cassidy is alone in a strange room and talks to the camera.

CASSIDY

Worst movie line. I would say, "Love means never having to say you're sorry. Love Story" Max Fell would counter with, "Pain don't hurt. Roadhouse." Max would be right. So, back to that Girls Who Would Never Speak To Me In School thing. Jamie, and for good reason. The philosophical question here is if you're being a dick to a dick, are you still technically a dick? By the reaction of the crowd (BEAT) and Jamie, I'd have to say that the answer is definitely yes. I'm going home. Apparently, I will not be starting a new career and adventure at the bank.

EXT. BATTING CAGES. MORNING. THREE WEEKS LATER.

Cassidy is once again taking his frustrations out on the ball, staring straight ahead and swinging for the fences on every pitch that heads his way from the Iron Mike pitching machine. We hear a familiar voice.

FELL (O.C.)

Best sports movie quote.

Cassidy answers while remaining focused on the oncoming pitch, not missing a beat, and hits the ball mid-quote.

CASSIDY

I believe in the sweet spot, soft core pornography, opening your presents Christmas morning rather than Christmas eve and I believe in long, slow, deep, soft, wet kisses that last three days. Bull Durham.

Fell is now visible, his face resting behind the safety fence.

FELL

I was going to say All I wanna do is go the distance. Rocky. (beat) but you win. In other news, you know how other little boys dreamed of someday being major league baseball players or playing lead guitar in a rock band, because no one ever dreams about playing bass in a rock band.

CASSIDY

Go on

FELL

Little Max Fell used to fall asleep fantasizing about someday selling double pane replacement windows.

CASSIDY

How did that work out for him?

FELL

He couldn't hack it in the big league.

CASSIDY

Let's get out of here.

FELL

What movie is that from?

CUT TO:

INT. DINER. DAY

Cassidy and Fell sit opposite each other in a booth, breakfast in front of them.

CASSIDY

...and you woke up before noon to tell me this?

FELL

Dana has transformed me. I wake up when she wakes up to go to the station. Shit, I drive her some mornings. I'm down to drinking on weekends. Shit. I've lost all self respect. But back to the offer. You wanna do this?

CASSIDY

I don't know if I want to do radio again.

FELL

So, how's substitute teaching going?

CASSIDY

I'm molding young minds

FELL

Your making forty bucks a day, baby sitting. This is your chance at immortality.

CASSIDY

If someone remembers a dick joke we did after we die, is that immortality? Will they let us do our show, Emphasis on 'our'?

FELL

Cassidy and Fell in the Morning, and the most music all day on Thunder-106.

CASSIDY

Sounds positively life altering.

FELL

Call Jamie

CASSIDY

I don't think she wants to talk to me.

FELL

She shouldn't have to raise our son, Trevor, alone.

CASSIDY

How is Trevor?

FELL

Well, now he can put "producer" on his resume, since he's running the board for Don and Dick. Also, our little Trevor and Tonya are an item. I don't know when that scamp finds the time to go to class. Wait. Did you really mean, "How's Jamie?" When you asked, "How is Trevor?"

Cassidy is silent

INT RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM. CRK. DAY. ONE MONTH LATER.

Jamie is sitting at the control board while Trevor and Tonya lean in.

TONYA

Call Dev.

JAMIE

I don't think he wants to talk to me. It's been almost two months since I saw him. Uncomfortable scene at a party he shouldn't have been at, which was my fault. (BEAT) But it was funny. Actually, he was great.

TREVOR

Numbers come in today. Crawford says it's the third monthly since Dick and Don started, so it's all theirs. The ratings, I mean.

TONYA

And I'm taking you out Friday night to celebrate. I'm so proud of you. School, this internship and producer promotion, helping me set up remote broadcasts.

TREVOR

I like helping.

Trevor looks down while Tonya puts her arm around his waist.

JAMIE

I'm half hoping we tank. I'm still getting calls about Dev and Max every day, and they're not good calls. They really hate our morning show.

Dana walks into the studio from the news booth.

DANA

This is the first monthly for Dev and Max at Thunder.

INT RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM. THUNDER 106. DAY

Cassidy and Fell are in similar surroundings to their old studio, but with *Thunder 106* logos and paraphernalia. They are finishing up their show.

CASSIDY

As far as we know, we're still employed, so we're back tomorrow, Gil is up next. Fell and I are off to breakfast.

FELL

I don't know about that.

CASSIDY

Why?

FELL

Did you ever really stop to think about eating eggs?

CASSIDY

Can't say I've thought a lot about it. I just eat eggs.

FELL

So, consider this. The first guy who decided he was going to eat an egg says to himself, "Woaa, a white thing just dropped out of that chicken's ass. I've seen other stuff drop out of various asses, but this is different. I bet that's tasty. Maybe I'll scramble it.

CASSIDY

Okay, Fell and I are off to breakfast. Maybe a bowl of oatmeal.

FELL

And then there's clams.

CASSIDY

That's enough

FELL

Snails

CASSIDY

I apolgize. Nothing much left for us to say, except.

FELL

Goodbye forever until tomorrow.

The duo's mics are switched off and their headphones come off their heads. A new jock, presumably GIL, steps into the studio, laughing.

GIL

I've been here six years and you two are the first morning show at this station that I actually listen to.

FELL

(laughing)

That's very sad. Thank you.

CASSIDY

Max would tell you that he listens to you, too, but his truck just has A-M.

GIL

That's very sad. Thank you.

INT RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM. CRK. DAY.

Jamie is sitting at the controls while a commercial is heard ending over the studio monitor. The commercial is followed by a station jingle and the jingle is followed by *Paradise By The Dashboard Light* by Meatloaf. She notices the red light flashing on the request line and she hits the button.

JAMIE

98 CRK. Hi.

CASSIDY

(on phone)

Can you play *Dazed and Confused*?

JAMIE

How about *Go Your Own Way*? You're an asshole.

CASSIDY

Do my ruggedly good looks and sharp wit get me any points? Or can I rely on you forgetting what happened at the massacre that is now simply referred to as *The Party*?

Jamie laughs. Cassidy is back in her good graces

JAMIE

Blood was shed and lives were lost.
Egos were shattered. Yuppies lost
bowel control. How's Thunder?

CASSIDY

Different. Nice people. I'll let
you know how everything is going
when the numbers come in. Can I see
you?

INT. RON SCOLLETTI'S OFFICE

Scoletti and Randy Crawford sit opposite each other with
copies of the ratings report. Scoletti behind his big desk
and Crawford in his chair facing the desk. Both are grim.

SCOLETTI

This is more than a down spike.
It's a trend now.

CRAWFORD

We sold a lot of Dick and Don
packages for the quarter. Maybe we
just had to blow Cassidy and Fell's
audience out and we'll rebuild.

SCOLETTI

Tell me what you think of them.
Really.

CRAWFORD

They suck. Canned bits. Canned
laughter. Meanwhile, Cassidy and
Fell are laughing at us in real
time. They're up at Thunder to
number two men 25-54 already. We're
down to 4th. Mid-days at Thunder is
up 2 points. Jamie is still hanging
on, but with a shitty morning show
lead in, I don't know.

SCOLETTI

You're only saying this because you
know I have high blood pressure,
and you want me to die.

CRAWFORD

I'm not killing you. Cassidy and
Fell are.

INT. THUNDER 106 CONTROL ROOM. DAY

Cassidy and Fell, Gil, assorted other radio station on air, sales, and management personnel are celebrating with vodka, orange juice, requisite plastic cups, etc. Gil is at the control board, indicating that this is occurring during his mid day shift. The room is raucous, with Cassidy a singular figure, leaning against the wall with drink in hand, pleasantly taking in the scene. *Sympathy for the Devil* is playing over the monitors.

FELL

(over crowd noise)

Listen everyone...While day-drinking may seem like harmless fun to the uninitiated, I want you to know that this is a skill I've honed with many years of practice. I am here for both counseling and consulting services.

GIL

I'm on in 12 seconds.

INT. THUNDER 106. OUTSIDE CONTROL ROOM. DAY

Cassidy and Fell are standing alone while the party continues inside.

CASSIDY

It's a monthly. We have to sustain this.

FELL

It's our listeners. They came with us. It didn't matter who they brought in at CRK. We're the devil they know. They don't have to love us. They're used to us. The only worry is if Dana cuts me off. Luckily, she hates it there.

CASSIDY

Best Revenge scene.

FELL

Hello, My Name is Inigo Montoya. You Killed My Father. Prepare To Die. Princess Bride.

CASSIDY

Over? Did you say "over"? Nothing is over until we decide it is!

(MORE)

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

Was it over when the Germans bombed
Pearl Harbor? Hell no! Animal
House.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE.

Scenes with the soundtrack of *Time Has Come Today* by the
Chambers Brothers, with clips of Cassidy and Fell carrying on
at Thunder 106, Jamie on air at CRK, Scoletti and Crawford in
Scoletti's office, Cassidy and Jamie relaxing in her
apartment, Dana taking a joint out of Fell's mouth, Dana
taking a beer out of Fell's Hand, Cassidy at the batting
cages, Cassidy and Jamie at a quiet restaurant, Dana taking a
wine glass from Fell's hand, Cassidy and Fell on stage
introducing a band in front of a large crowd. Cassidy and
Jamie walking down a snowy city street, which morphs to a
rainy city street, which will...

FADE TO:

EXT. SUMMER ON THE SAME STREET. DAY.

Cassidy and Jamie and Fell and Dana emerge from lunch at a
restaurant.

JAMIE

We have to go back.

FELL

Why? It's two-thirty.

DANA

Scoletti called a staff meeting.
Everyone. We're not supposed to
tell anyone else about it.
Especially...
(dramatically)
Boyfriends.

CASSIDY

The spring book has been out for
two weeks now. What's there to say?

JAMIE

Who knows with this company. Maybe
they'll do a syndicated show for
mid days and you'll finally get
your wish when I have to move into
your roach infested hovel...or is
that my wish?

FELL

Dana got my wish when I moved in
and became her concubine.

DANA

Shut up. Shut up. Shut up.

JAMIE

You guys are on a three year
contract. What would you do if we
came up with a big offer to come
back?

CASSIDY

Don't you think you see me too much
now? Do you want to work with me
again? How long would it be before
Dana really killed Max instead of
just threatening?

DANA

I'd give it a week.

FELL

Hello. I'm right here. I can hear
you.

CASSIDY

Maybe they're just getting rid of
Don and Dick, and replacing them
with another syndicated show.

The couples exchange goodbyes.

INT. RON SCOLETTI'S OFFICE. DAY

The staff is sitting in available chairs and standing in the
available space. Crawford is among the staff, rather than
next to Scoletti. Trevor and Tonya are next to each other,
both unaccustomed to staff meetings, and fearful of what
might transpire.

SCOLETTI

Okay. This will be a quick meeting.
Let me start by saying no one here
is losing his or her job.

Relief in the room.

SCOLETTI (CONT'D)

Tomorrow will be the official announcement that Clearcloud Communications has purchased Maverick Radio. Beginning September twenty eighth, Thunder 106 and Talk 10-50 will be part of our team.

JAMIE (O.C.)

That's two rock stations. Who's changing format?

The staff in Scolletti's office is agitated and voices rise. It is obvious that Crawford was not privy to this information as his face shows real surprise.

SCOLETTI

I'm not talking about plans one way or another now, and I know it's useless to tell you not to tell anyone outside of this room. The only important thing here is what I said earlier. No one in this room is losing his or her job. And that includes Don and Dick. Don and Dick is the future of radio.

TREVOR (O.C.)

Then why are they getting their asses kicked by Cassidy and Fell?

TREVOR, STILL STANDING NEXT TO TONYA.

The young intern turned board operator can't believe he spoke in public, much less aimed a pointed jab at the general manager.

TONYA

(whispers)

I can't believe you just said that. That gets me so hot, I think I'm going to jump your bones right here.

Trevor fights a smile.

CUT TO:

SCOLLETTI.

Obviously containing his rage. He rubs his left shoulder.

SCOLETTI

I am the general manager of this radio station. I am the leader of this team. You can choose to be on our team. That includes supporting Don and Dick.

JAMIE

I'm not thinking that Don and Dick have exactly been supporting us.

SCOLETTI

What?

JAMIE

Their numbers suck. There's no local connection. Devin and Max are number one 25 to 54 men at the number six station in the market. If we had a little support from Don and Dick, maybe they'd get a little support from us. Don't you care about the lead-in numbers to my show? Oh...and Ron...one more thing.

SCOLETTI

What?

JAMIE

Stop scaring the intern.

The crowd in the office, including Crawford, laughs as Scoletti steams.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Jaimie's on the phone. We hear Cassidy on the other end.

CASSIDY (ON PHONE)

He didn't say anything else?

JAMIE

That's it. The announcement is tomorrow.

CASSIDY

They could keep one station classic rock and the other modern rock or album rock.

JAMIE

No, that would be too smart. Then you'd own men eighteen to dead.

CASSIDY

Touche. But it would be cool to have ratings so high that we would be the only station playing beer and rubber commercials. Speaking of which, can I come over?

JAMIE

You're such a sweet talker. Don't you need to sleep?

CASSIDY

No, Technically I just need to be in bed. It's science. Look it up.

JAMIE

I can't argue with science. You can come over, but just for sex. No sleeping. I'm a role model for thousands of listeners, and despite the number of my listeners shrinking as a result of poor personnel, not personal choices, and I will only use their initials in order not to embarrass them, Don and Dick, I have to maintain certain standards.

CASSIDY

I feel so used and cheap.

JAMIE

It's agreed, then. See you in a while.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT. THE NEXT MORNING.

Jamie wakes up to an empty space next to her in bed, except for a pop tart on a plate, with a note that reads, "You owe me breakfast."

INT THUNDER 106 CONTROL ROOM. DAY

Cassidy and Fell at their microphones. Pearl Jam's *Jeremy* fades as they put on the headphones.

CASSIDY

Thunder 106, it's the Cassidy and Fell Radio Program, the city's longest running temporary morning team, playing some music, recycling stolen material from California radio stations, and hoping no one's traveled there recently and heard the same jokes, because we make more money than we deserve.

FELL

And we need to let you know that the ratings came out yesterday, and we are now officially the number one rated station for incarcerated males between eighteen and eighteen and a half.

CASSIDY

It's seven-thirty nine and seventy three thunder-ous degrees.

FELL

I see what you did there. And remember, if Dick and another Dick over on CRK tell you the weather, it's in Yugoslavia or wherever they broadcast from.

CASSIDY

Has the Clearcloud dynasty reached that far? Let's pivot and go to the phones. Remember, when we call you, you can sue us for putting you on the air. When your lapse of judgement allows you to call us, we can lie and say you have an incurable STD. Hi, Thunder one oh six.

MAN'S VOICE (ON PHONE)

Hey Cassidy and Fell. It's Taylor from Springfield and you saved my ass.

CASSIDY AND FELL

Hi Taylor. You're welcome.

CASSIDY

What happened?

TAYLOR

So, you know how Max was saying yesterday that the traffic lights on Lincoln are synchronized so that if you go thirty when the light turns green, you'll hit green lights all the way down to Route one-oh-four?

FELL

Yeah

TAYLOR

And then Cassidy said that it follows logically, if you go sixty down Lincoln, you'd hit every green light to Route one-oh-four.

CASSIDY

...And

TAYLOR

I got pulled over on Lincoln doing fifty six in a thirty.

CASSIDY AND FELL

Laughter

Oh noooooooooooooo.

TAYLOR

But when I tell the cop what you guys said, he starts laughing, says he listens. As a matter of fact he remembered when you guys talked about that, and he lets me off.

FELL

Another public service from the Cassidy and Fell Radio Program.

CASSIDY

The other rock station is probably playing Journey now, so you might as well sit through these commercials until we come back.

FELL

They've got to be better than Journey.

Int. Program director's office.
PETE GIRARD, the Thunder 106 program director and afternoon personality, sits with Cassidy and Fell.

PETE

Clearcloud takes over on Thursday, the twenty eighth. Wednesday is our last day. They're running music until the following Thursday, one oh-six is going country and CRK is staying rock.

CASSIDY

So much for good ratings.

FELL

Ratings don't matter if CRK is the only rock station in the market.

PETE

You guys are on the first year of three year contracts. They have to pay you off or keep you.

CASSIDY

Best Cowboy?

FELL

Shane. Real Badass.

CASSIDY

Troy Aikman

INT JAMIE'S APARTMENT. THAT NIGHT.

Cassidy is cooking while Jamie talks to him from the living room.

JAMIE (O.C.)

Any ideas? You two are the only morning team to win at two stations in the same market and get shit-canned at both.

CASSIDY

Can I put that on my resume?

JAMIE (O.C.)

Don't push me. You're unemployed and making more than me. Now be a good dinner bitch and bring me my food.

CASSIDY

Yes Ma'am

INT. RON SCOLLETTI'S OFFICE. THE NEXT DAY.

Scolletti is behind his desk with Randy Crawford sitting across from him.

CRAWFORD

It doesn't make sense. I can't sell this shit.

SCOLETTI

How can you not sell a rock station morning show that just inherited an entire demographic? Where are they going to go? Cassidy and Fell are history. There is no station in this market for them to go to that competes with CRK. Let them go to MIX or EZ and play Michael Jackson. Don and Dick cost next to nothing, we don't have to put up with Cassidy and Fell's bullshit, and with the extra revenue from our guaranteed numbers, we can throw up some billboards and maybe do some TV.

CRAWFORD

Or we can get major free promotion when we hire Cassidy and Fell back and guarantee that we win.

SCOLETTI

They cost too much, and they don't respect (beat) authority. Hiring them back makes us look like we lost. I'm already talking to legal to see if we can stop paying them and keep the non-compete. Assholes.

CRAWFORD

But they were our assholes.

INT. SUPERMARKET. DAY.

Cassidy and Fell are walking together down aisles while shopping. Cassidy pushes the cart, while Fell grabs inappropriate or unneeded items from the shelves and throws them in the cart.

Cassidy is an amused and patient parent returning the items to the shelves. They stop in the pasta aisle.

FELL

Dev, I'm scared.

We see, for the first time, a different side of Max Fell. His tone tells you that this is not a set up for a punch line. Cassidy looks at him.

FELL (CONT'D)

I'm scared and I'm lost.

CASSIDY

We've been out of work before. I thought you'd love getting this contract payday. We have a couple of years to make a move this time. What do you think about a talk station? There's no law that says we have to stay here. We can conquer another city.

FELL

It's different now. Until Dana, the only relationship in my life that's lasted more than two weeks is you. And radio. I defined myself by you and my job, and my job for the last twenty years is Cassidy and Fell. Fell doesn't exist. Only Cassidy and Fell. It's like if I'm not on the air, I'm starting to disappear.

CASSIDY

This is beginning to sound uncomfortably familiar.

FELL

And I'm afraid Dana won't be able to see me soon. Shit, if we're not on the air together, will you be able to see me after a while? I don't know how to do anything else but radio. I don't even know how to do radio without someone else in the room. And you talk about leaving like it's no big deal. What about Jamie? Are you really going to leave Jamie?

CASSIDY

Since when did you become Mr. Rational?

(MORE)

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

Max, you'll always be the brother I never wanted. We'll get through this. Maybe sitting out for a while will be the best thing that ever happened to us. We can host a midnight horror movie show on TV. Meanwhile, we don't have to worry about money.

FELL

At least you have a degree.

CASSIDY

In English. All that means is that I'm not qualified for anything except teaching English.

A TWENTY SOMETHING guy walks up to the pair while they stand in the aisle.

TWENTY SOMETHING

Are you two Cassidy and Fell?

CASSIDY

Yes we are.

TWENTY SOMETHING

I listen to you all the time, except now I'm unemployed and don't get up early. I love Fake The Big O

FELL

Thanks, Man.

TWENTY SOMETHING

So, uh, you two always shop together?

CASSIDY

Yup

TWENTY SOMETHING

So, are you two...

FELL

Jewish?

EXT. SUMMER. AFTERNOON

Cassidy and Jamie walking on a busy city street.

JAMIE

Why didn't I know that you have a masters in English?

CASSIDY

Because it has nothing to do with what I do for a living. I could have gone with the 'You never asked' cliché.

JAMIE

Let me remind you that it's only been a few weeks, but you don't do anything for a living. The point is, don't you think that this is something you might have shared with me? You didn't think I'd be intimidated by your intellect, did you?

CASSIDY

I just don't like being asked why I'm a disc jockey when I have a masters in English.

JAMIE

Why are you a disc jockey when you have a masters in English?

CASSIDY

I don't like being asked that.

JAMIE

Why were you a disc jockey when you have a masters in English?

CASSIDY

My father was a cab driver who had a part time job working in a mail order book warehouse. Once a month, he took my brother and me to the warehouse where we could pick as many books as we could carry from the table that had the ripped dust covers that they couldn't send out. I think he paid fifty cents for each of us. My dad worked a lot of hours and I didn't get to spend a lot of time with him, so this was special. I got a masters in English because I never learned that there had to be a relationship between what you were passionate about and how you made your living.

(MORE)

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

My dad was passionate about books and was a cabbie and a warehouse worker. I'm passionate about literature and like to tell dick jokes on the radio.

JAMIE

I think I'm in love with you.

CASSIDY

You sure you don't want to think more on that?

JAMIE

Maybe I'm passionate about someone and I don't care how he makes his living.

CASSIDY

There is still a Cassidy and Fell for two more days, so radio is still how I make my living. Scoletti can't pull us off the air until Wednesday, because the sale won't be official. I hear he's not happy about it.

JAMIE

Are you guys going to say anything to screw with CRK?

CASSIDY

No. You're still there...with Dana and Trevor, and everyone....but we will say tomorrow morning that Wednesday is our last show.

JAMIE

Ummm, by the way, I mentioned a minute ago that I love you.

CASSIDY

Right.

JAMIE

Is there anything you want to say to me?

CASSIDY

Best romantic movie line...

JAMIE

Here's Looking at you, Kid.
Casablanca.

CASSIDY

What I really want to do with my life – what I want to do for a living – is I want to be with your daughter. I'm good at it. John Cusack in *Say Anything*. Oh, the original question?...I love you, and I think this is the first time I've said that to someone who I already slept with.

JAMIE

I'll take that as a compliment.

CUT TO:

INT. RON SCOLETTI'S OFFICE. THE NEXT DAY.

Scoletti is in his usual seat of power behind his desk. Jamie, Dana, Trevor, Tonya, Jack Beard, and Randy Crawford in various positions of sitting and leaning, fill out the space.

SCOLETTI

Okay, Thursday's the big day. Thunder flips to country, CRK owns the rock format again, and I know I don't speak for everyone in the room, but it doesn't matter how we end up on top of the ratings again, all that matters is that we are on top of the ratings.

Silence fills the room, along with the unchanged expressions of the unexcited captive audience.

SCOLETTI (CONT'D)

...And Everyone here gets to keep their job.

JACK

You win, Ron. Congratulations.

SCOLETTI

Hey, Everyone said Don and Dick was a bad move for us, but now I look like a genius. We're not paying for a high priced morning team, and we're still gonna own men 25-54. I know Jamie has to get back to the studio in a few minutes, so we'll make this as quick as possible.

JAMIE

Let me guess. You get a bonus for this move.

SCOLETTI

Winces noticeably. Maybe even looks slightly clammy.

That's neither here nor there. If I win, we all win. Randy, do you have the new sales piece ready?

CRAWFORD

Yup. Don and Dick in the morning, great rock all day.

SCOLETTI

Jamie, hon...Cut a promo that we can run Thursday morning welcoming all the former Thunder listeners to CRK. Trevor, I want it in the third stop-set in the seven o'clock hour.

INT RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM. CRK. DAY.

Jamie is sitting at the console. The Eagles' *Victim Of Love* is in the background over the studio monitor. The phone hotline is flashing and she picks it up.

JAMIE

Hey, it's Jamie

CASSIDY (ON PHONE)

They really should have changed the hotline number when they got rid of us.

JAMIE

Laughing

Do you miss me terribly, or is this just a way to cut your way in line to get a request played?

CASSIDY

Yes.

JAMIE

Fine. I was just ordered to cut a promo welcoming all our new listeners from Thunder for Thursday morning.

CASSIDY

Good. I need to talk to Martin.

JAMIE

Why do you need to talk to the engineer?

CASSIDY

I'll give you a choice. You can have an open and trusting relationship with me, or you can have plausible deniability.

JAMIE

Let me see if Martin is in his office.

CUT TO:

INT. THUNDER 106 CONTROL ROOM. WEDNESDAY MORNING.

Cassidy and Fell are in the middle of their last show.

CASSIDY

And true to our word, we will not say anything disparaging about Don and Dick or the management at CRK.

FELL

I can only add that we hope the management at CRK will keep their jobs as long as they like, especially if we ever get another job in this market and have the chance to compete with them. Shall we go to the phone, Devin, old sport?

CASSIDY

Let's do, Max, old Felon.

FELL

Toosh.

CASSIDY

Good morning, Cassidy and Fell's last day on Thunder one oh six. Remember, we might be once again out of a job tomorrow, but we can still be fined by the FCC for what you say, so no bad words.

KEVIN (ON PHONE)

Hey guys. This is Kevin. I just want to say thanks for all the years. You two make me want to have a friend like you two are with each other. I don't know if that makes sense.

CASSIDY

You're doing fine, Kevin.

KEVIN

I don't know. Not all of us have a lot of friends or have a bunch of people to hang out with, but I forget that in the morning when you guys are on. It's like you let me into your group. I don't even know if I can remember the funniest stuff you two have done on the radio, but I do know how you make me feel. You guys talk to thousands of people on the radio, but it's like you're speaking and listening to me.

CASSIDY

Kevin, it's the same as you make us feel.

FELL

Thanks for giving us someone to talk to for all this time. Did I mention that Dana on CRK kissed me some time ago and still let's me cook her dinner and have sleep overs at her apartment?

Kevin is laughing over the phone.

CASSIDY

Max, Focus.

FELL

Sorry.

CASSIDY

Kevin, we don't want you to be alone. Look, Dana's our friend and she's on CRK. You can hear her do news tomorrow. Jamie's on right after the morning show who's name shall not be uttered.

(MORE)

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

Call her on the request line there
to say hello.

KEVIN

Love you guys.

CASSIDY AND FELL

Love you back.

FELL

Best buddy movie line.

CASSIDY

Listen, I don't mean to be a sore
loser but when it's done...if I'm
dead. Kill him. *Butch Cassidy and
the Sundance Kid*.

FELL

Ned, what's a young man of your
background still doing playing
professional hockey?

I hate my father.

Is that right?

That's what I said, isn't it?
Slapshot.

CASSIDY

Do you think we need to remind the
teeming masses that it's only
radio. No one dies if we screw up.

FELL

Can you imagine if we were brain
surgeons?

CASSIDY

Maybe there are two brain surgeons
who are talking to each other at
this very moment, prepping for
potential life changing surgery,
and one says to the other, "Sure, a
slip of the scalpel will end this
patient's life, but Cassidy and
Fell, those two serve a cruel
mistress. One slip of the tongue
and thousands suffer. They are the
true heroes.

FELL

Cassidy, all I can say is that your lips spew poetry. I will be reduced to a puddle of tears if we go to commercials and the first ad is for erectile disfunction.

CASSIDY

Let's press a button and find out.

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM. THAT NIGHT

Jamie and Cassidy are lying next to each other. Jamie staring at Cassidy, and Cassidy staring at the ceiling. Contentment from Jamie, but a slight edginess on the other side of the bed.

JAMIE

Feel like talking?

CASSIDY

(after several beats)

So, after tomorrow, I won't be able to get a radio job anywhere. Word travels fast. I think I'm okay with that, but Max is going to be lost.

JAMIE

Max is going to be lost?

CASSIDY

Max is going to be loster?

INT. DANA'S BEDROOM. THAT NIGHT

The same scene as the previous, but with Fell staring at Dana, and Dana staring at the ceiling.

FELL

After tomorrow, who do you think will be loster, me or Devin?

DANA

Loster?

INT RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM. MORNING.

Trevor is at the controls, while DON AND DICK are heard over the monitors. Dana is across from Trevor, behind the glass in her news room. The clock reads 6:29.

DICK (OVER MONITOR)

It's coming up on the bottom of the hour, and time for our empire of thirty three stations to break for news.

DON

Coming up, we'll play the hi-lo game, go over what's on the tube tonight, and recap your lucky lottery numbers from last night.

TREVOR

(to himself)

God, if you are truly there, give me a sign. Transport me to Tonya's bedroom. (beat) I am now officially agnostic.

Trevor points to Dana

DANA

Presently, it's 62 degrees at 6:30. I'm Dana Preston with Express News Now on 98 CRK.

Trevor turns the monitors down, so Dana is faintly in the background. The hotline flashes.

TREVOR

Hi, this is Trevor

FELL (ON PHONE)

Trevor, it's Max

TREVOR

Max. How are you? What's going on?

FELL

You realize that, as Devin's and my adopted son, you are obligated to obey whatever we tell you to do until you either lose your virginity or turn thirty, whichever comes first.

TREVOR

I did, I mean, I do.

FELL

Good. Await further instructions. And remember, you've always been like an intern to me.

TREVOR

I promised myself I wouldn't cry.
Uh, If I follow your instructions,
will my career that hasn't started
yet be over?

FELL

If you follow my instructions, you
will go down in radio lore as,
hmmmm...a guy who was there when
Cassidy and Fell double handedly
undid eighty years of broadcast
progress.

TREVOR

I'll take that.

INT 98 CRK RADIO STATION PRODUCTION ROOM. MORNING.

A pair of legs is sticking out from under the console. They belong to MARTIN, the chief engineer of the station. There are tools spread out around him, wire, various electronic devices and instruments, etc. Cassidy and Fell stand next to the legs, periodically bending down to pick up a tool and hand it under the console, when instructed. Fell is wearing a balaclava pulled over his face.

MARTIN

Actually, this is a very simple operation. I've patched the production room into the number nine pot in the control room with a one way switch that can only be accessed through the ghost connection spliced into the audition switch on the originating signal, enabling the number nine potentiometer to act as a zombie conduit which can only be defeated by alleviating the originator signal.

CASSIDY

English, please, Martin.

MARTIN

Once you flip the toggle switch I just put in, the only way to get you off the air is to break into the production room and physically remove you.

FELL

Comforting thought. The dead bolt
on the door is a nice touch.

CASSIDY

We are forever in your debt.

MARTIN

Still under the console.

My pleasure. Scoletti can't touch
me. He had me come over to his
house to install his sound system,
and he neglected to hide the
receipts. I'm not sure he wants
corporate to know he spent over ten
thousand in trade for personal
shit. Max, why is your face
covered? It's just Devin and me
here.

INT. SCOLETTI'S LIVING ROOM. MORNING.

Scoletti is sitting in a recliner, talking on the telephone
with a cup of coffee in hand.

SCOLETTI

Yes. I recorded the promo. I
thought it would have more impact
if the GM's voice was welcoming the
new listeners. To tell you the
truth, the air staff is still
connected to Cassidy and Fell, and
I don't think we'd be getting a lot
of sincerity if someone else
recorded it. They're gone. They did
their last show yesterday and
there's no place left in the market
for them to go to. Crawford is
ready with his sales piece, and now
we have a story to tell. (beat)
Thanks, I'm just happy to be part
of the team. Bye.

Scoletti finishes the call, and grabs his left shoulder.

INT. CRAWFORD'S CAR. MORNING.

Crawford is driving to work. Don and Dick are on the radio. He stops in front of Jamie's apartment, and she slides in next to him.

CRAWFORD
Seems like old times

JAMIE
Yes it does. Except for the part where you tell me we have plenty of time before my shift starts and we could go to my place and pass some time and I tell you no thank you.

CRAWFORD
I'm still madly in like with you...in spite of you once again insisting on grounding me in reality.

JAMIE
And I'm still your friend, in spite of a slight creep factor, so we have that going for us.

CRAWFORD
To the station, then?

JAMIE
To the station. And thanks for picking me up. I don't think I'll be in any condition to drive later.

INT RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM. MORNING.

Trevor is at the control board. Dick and Don are on the monitor. The clock says 7:06.

DICK
It's six after the hour with Dick and Don.

DON
And we're asking you to tell us your favorite variety of donut.

DICK
And you might just win a coupon for a free dozen of those little calorie laden diet busters

DON

Hey Dick, do the calories count if you just eat the holes?

DICK

(cheesy laughter)

I'll have to look that up and get back to ya.

TREVOR

(to himself)

Cyanide. I need cyanide.

DICK

Our producer just let us know that Mike from Akron just called and his favorite donut is jelly.

DON

Let me mark one down for jelly.

TREVOR

My brother is pre-med at Northwestern. I'm a broadcast major. I'll live in his basement until I get my life together.

INT. RADIO STATION PRODUCTION ROOM.

Cassidy, and Fell are standing now, cleaning up the scattered tools and other implements of destruction. Martin remains hidden. The clock says 7:18

INT. RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM.

Trevor has company now. Jamie and Crawford are with him, as are Tonya and Dana. No one speaks. They just look up at the monitors and listen to the radio.

DON

I never asked you, Dick. What's your favorite donut?

DICK

Well, Don, I'll let you know when we come back after these commercials. It's twenty after the hour.

Trevor turns down the slide that controls the volume for the syndicated show, and presses the button under a cartridge in a rack in front of him. Scoletti's voice comes out of the speakers.

SCOLETTI

Good morning, 98 CRK listeners, but just as importantly, good morning to all our new listeners from Thunder one oh six. This is 98 CRK General Manager Ron Scoletti, and I want to thank all of you for rocking with 98 CRK, the home of Don and Dick in the morning and great rock all day long. I just want to let you know that 98 CRK is now bigger and better, and the only station in the city for rock and roll. As a matter of fact...

The studio hotline flashes and Trevor picks it up. He listens for some time, and then silently passes the phone to Crawford.

INT 98 CRK RADIO STATION PRODUCTION ROOM.

Martin, Cassidy and Fell are still there.

CASSIDY

Martin, you've done yeoman's work. Why don't you disappear?

MARTIN

And miss Scoletti? Wouldn't dream of it.

INT. RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM.

The original crowd is still in the room, with more employees coming by to join the anticipated festivities.

CRAWFORD

Ron Scoletti is dead. Heart attack. This morning

VARIOUS

(Confused chatter)

TREVOR

I'll go next door and tell them.

Trevor looks at Tonya as everyone reacts to the shock

TREVOR (CONT'D)
I'll just leave Don and Dick on the
air. (beat) Okay.

Trevor leaves the room.

INT 98 CRK RADIO STATION PRODUCTION ROOM.

Trevor barges through the door just as Cassidy turns the mic
on. Fell looks at Trevor, puts his finger to his lips, and
says...

FELL
Shhhhh. We're on the air.

TREVOR
Scoletti's dead.

CASSIDY
I know. This should be the nail in
the coffin.

TREVOR
No, He's dead. He had a heart
attack in his living room.

CASSIDY AND FELL
Shit.

Martin the engineer speaks from under the control console

MARTIN
Scoletti's dead?

CASSIDY, FELL, AND TREVOR
Heart attack

MARTIN
Wow.

TREVOR
What do we do?

CASSIDY
Let's talk to whoever is in the
control room.

INT. RADIO STATION CONTROL ROOM.

The usual suspects are all present, and still in stunned silence as Cassidy, Fell, and Trevor walk through the door.

CASSIDY

Maybe this is not optimum timing for taking over a radio station.

FELL

Glad he's doing the thinking for both of us.

JAMIE

Okay. What's next

CRAWFORD

Look, without an organizational chart in front of me, I can't be positive, but I'm probably in charge. Nothing changes for today, but I need to talk to corporate. Can you all give me some slack for a day or two? Trevor, can you put me on the mic when these two idiots go to a song?

Trevor takes a position at the control board, and Crawford steps up to the microphone.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

This is 98 CRK Sales Manager Randy Crawford. On behalf of the staff at 98 CRK, I apologize for this program interruption. Due to a serious staff issue, 98 CRK will be cutting the Dick and Don show short this morning, and will play music the rest of the day. Thank you for your patience. We will resume our regular programming tomorrow morning.

FELL

Isn't it Don and Dick?

INT. HAWK AND DOVE. A WEEK LATER

The whole station, including Cassidy and Fell, is present, following Scoletti's funeral. They are a family, crowding into seats at tables pushed together.

Alcohol has apparently taken effect, so we can assume the group has been here for a while.

TREVOR
Best song about death.

CASSIDY AND FELL
Woaaaaaaa

TREVOR
Too soon?

FELL
I couldn't be more proud.

DANA
Billy Don't Be A Hero. Paper Lace.

JAMIE
I couldn't be more proud.

CASSIDY
I just threw up in my mouth.

FELL
I love this woman.

INT. RON SCOLLETTI'S OFFICE

Crawford is behind his new desk. He is talking to a RADIO SALESPERSON.

SALESPERSON
We lost King Auto Sales, Melrose Beer Distributors, and The Cavern. Jamie was supposed to host there Saturday night. They called her, not me. All three record stores cancelled. No word on national spots yet.

CRAWFORD
We won't lose any nationals. They don't give a shit who's on in the morning. You know as well as I do that this isn't going to blow over in a month. Meanwhile, no other rock stations in the market now, so where are beer and live music venues going to go? Once our numbers are back up, revenues will kick in.

(MORE)

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

And the bonus is, corporate made the decision to can Cassidy and Fell, so they can't expect us to do any better. I just wish...

Crawford's phone buzzes, and he grabs the receiver.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Yes. I know Phil Samson is Clearcloud Vice President of Programming. You don't have to give me his title. Oh, okay bring him back to my office.

Crawford looks at his employee, but says nothing.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Why the hell would Phil Samson be here? Corporate never comes to this market. Do you know how long he's been in town? Was he here this morning? Why don't you stay. He probably wants to talk to both of us.

The salesperson rises from her chair. She smiles as she walks out the door.

EXT. BATTING CAGES. DAY.

Cassidy is digging in to the batter's box, getting a rhythm going against the pitching machine.

FELL

(oc) It's been a hell of a ride, hasn't it...

Cassidy stops swinging while the iron mike pitching machine continues to throw baseballs past him.

CASSIDY

And I can't think of anyone that I would have rather been on this ride with.

FELL

I promised myself I wouldn't cry. Now I'm all verklempt. So, where do we go from here?

CASSIDY

Hard to say. Maybe we finally ran out of road. Unfortunately, my fellow traveler and spiritual brother, corporate radio has realized that if every station sucks, the playing field is even. Why should they pay us to be our charming selves when they can all just play music?

FELL

No more faking the big O?

CASSIDY

No more faking the big O.

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING. THREE MONTHS LATER.

Cassidy is standing over Jamie, who is still in bed.

JAMIE

Wake me and I will end you.

CASSIDY

I'm lucky you're still sleeping.

He bends down to give her a peck on the cheek.

INT. RANDY CRAWFORD'S BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING.

Crawford is lying in bed in his darkened room when his radio alarm goes on. The song is Aerosmith's *Back In The Saddle*. Crawford hums to himself.

INT. COLLEGE LECTURE HALL.

A combination of students are filing into the hall and casually lounging in their seats. Cassidy enters from an unseen door. He steps up to the lectern at the head of the hall. The students gradually, and in various levels of paying attention, get ready for him to speak.

CASSIDY

Page three thirty seven, The Town
And The City. Before we start,
anything from you literary
Philistines in the cheap seats?

Fell's voice rings out from somewhere in the hall.

FELL

Best portrayal of a Beat Generation
Character in media.

CASSIDY

If you say Maynard G. Krebs, I
swear I'll fail you.

FADE TO BLACK.