

REVOLVER

Written By Kate Trefry

Story by Kate Trefry and Ben Bolea

Based on true events

UTA
Lee Stobby Entertainment

OVER BLACK:

TICKING. And the sound of GUITARS being TUNED.

INT. WEST HIGH SCHOOL MUSIC ROOM - DAY

A 7 inch RECORD is slid out of a red and white SLEEVE and onto a battered RECORD PLAYER.

A SWITCH is flipped. The record spins. NEEDLE drops. Static, then SHE LOVES YOU by The Beatles begins to play.

RECORD PLAYER

*You think you lost your love/Well I
saw her yesterday...*

A hand turns up the volume.

RECORD PLAYER (CONT'D)

*It's you she's thinking of/And she
told me what to say...*

A WOMAN'S FIGURE moves around the class room, visible only in glimpses as she organizes RECORDS, SHEET MUSIC, INSTRUMENTS. She passes in front of a CHALKBOARD. Written on it: "Music is the silence between notes" -Mozart

RECORD PLAYER (CONT'D)

*She said she loves you/And you know
that can't be bad....*

The figure pauses at a PIANO and PLAYS ALONG. Her face is hidden by hair falling from her black ribbon tied bun.

RECORD PLAYER (CONT'D)

She loves you, yeah, yeah, yeah...

On the wall above her, a clock TICKS, the second hand sweeping forward.

RECORD PLAYER (CONT'D)

Y-Yeah y-yeah y-yeah y-yeah

The RECORD SKIPS. The piano playing pauses. Suddenly, the entire room QUIVERS violently. GUITARS CLATTER to the floor. CRACKS bloom on the walls.

The ticking gets LOUDER.

The record JUMPS, the needle SCRATCHING, distorting the song.

RECORD PLAYER (CONT'D)

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah...

Something hulking moves in the edge of the window. The woman turns to look outside.

A small ELEPHANT walks slowly past.

Her feet leave BLOODY stamps in the dirty snow. A MASS lays motionless on the ground nearby. The TICKING is deafening.

The room LURCHES again--

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A teenage girl JERKS awake beneath flannel BLANKETS pulled up over her head. This is JANE (17). Static BUZZES from the 1960's CLOCK RADIO pressed against her face. She looks at the time: 6:45. She pulls the blankets down.

Her room is a mess of BEATLEMANIA and black and white PHOTOS.

She sits up, rubs her eyes. She fiddles with the dial of the radio, singing quietly, like she's memorizing something.

JANE

Eight stars of gold on a field of
blue/Alaska's flag, may it mean to
you...

A DJ's voice suddenly breaks through static.

RADIO

*...it's another strange Monday in
Anchorage on this June 27 in our
year of the lord 1966.*

Jane sorts through a pile of WATCHES in a BOWL. She picks one and straps it to her wrist, still murmuring.

JANE

The gold of the early sourdough's
dreams/The precious gold of the
hills and streams...

RADIO

*We ended last night with a final
request from our mystery caller,
going out, as always, to Marilyn.*

Jane digs through her UNDERWEAR DRAWER. She pulls out a pair of PANTIES and holds them up: GEORGE is written on the waistband in pink.

RADIO (CONT'D)

*So how bout we start today with a
different beat from the same group.*

Jane shoves the underwear back in, past a thick ENVELOPE with a UC BERKELY EMBLEM and pulls out another PAIR, also with GEORGE written, but in purple.

RADIO (CONT'D)

*This is Max Best saying good
morning, pretty babies, and
remember: wherever you are,
whatever you're doing...*

Jane pulls the underwear on.

RADIO (CONT'D)

...this is only the beginning.

I SAW HER STANDING THERE by The Beatles plays. Jane sings along as she puts on a knee length SKIRT and BUTTON UP with MEL'S ARCTIC FURRIER on the pocket.

JANE

*Well she was just seventeen/You
know what I mean...*

VOICE (O.S.)

TURN THAT SHIT OFF NOW.

Jane sighs and CLICKS the radio off.

She looks at herself in the MIRROR for a moment, smoothing her hair, humming under her breath.

JANE

*The brilliant stars in the northern
sky: the Bear, the Dipper, and
shining...*

She falters. She glances at piece of PAPER taped to the wall.

JANE (CONT'D)

High.

She smiles at the mirror broadly, falsely.

INT. ELI'S ROOM - DAY

Jane enters what looks like a mad scientist's lab: BATTERIES, PERIODIC TABLES, JARS of unrecognizable powders and slimes.

One wall is badly burned. She passes an empty BED and goes straight to the closet and opens the door. A pile of BLANKETS is on the floor.

JANE
Daylight in the swamp, kid.

The pile GROANS.

JANE (CONT'D)
Can't hide from the day.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CALIFORNIA DREAMING on the radio. Jane hums along as she serves eggs with the ease of an experienced waitress. FRANK (43, looks like he hasn't slept in 2 years) doesn't look up from his NEWSPAPER, but ELI (15), stares at his plate.

ELI
When are you going to start making
bacon again?

JANE
(from the kitchen)
When it doesn't require the taking
of sentient life.

Frank snorts, turns the page of his paper.

FRANK
You ready for your brunch?

JANE
Yeah.

FRANK
Got your song memorized, know what
you're gonna say?

JANE
Yep.

Jane starts packing lunches. She clears her throat.

JANE (CONT'D)
So, um, Patty leaves next weekend
for flight attendant school.

FRANK
Huh.

JANE

So a bunch of us were going to the park for a Midnight Sun Party...

FRANK

Doesn't sound like something that squares with a ten o'clock curfew.

ELI

You know, Jim was riding his bike through the park last weekend? Saw a bunch of weirdoes camped out.

Jane shoots him an incredulous look. He points at his plate and mouths "BACON." Frank shakes his head, not looking up.

FRANK

Goddamned draft dodgers creeping to Canada, while that pansy Johnson...

He COUGHS aggressively.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Noise is giving me indigestion. Sounds like the end of the world.

He switches the radio station to the NEWS.

RADIO

...American forces are still holding the city of Hue...

FRANK

You can take Patty to lunch like a regular person. Have a little mercy on your reputation.

A car HONKS in the driveway. Frank stands and looks at Jane for the first time. He points at her skirt.

FRANK (CONT'D)

That a joke?

She sets her jaw, glaring. He glares back. She holds out his lunch bag.

JANE

I'll change.

He grabs the bag and leaves, slamming the door. Eli looks up.

ELI

What an asshole.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Jane drops a needle on a RECORD. I SAW HER STANDING THERE picks up right where it left off, and plays very, very loud.

RECORD PLAYER

*And the way she looked was way
beyond compare...*

Jane slips on a WAY SHORTER SKIRT, pea coat, and go-go boots. She undoes her hair, draws cat-eyeliner across her lids and lights a cigarette, fully transformed.

EXT. TRUCK - DAY

Jane tries to start the truck, Eli sits shotgun, staring out the window glumly.

JANE

C'mon girl. C'mon, goddamnit...

Eli shakes his head.

ELI

Sometimes I really just can't believe this is my life.

JANE

Well, if you didn't want to spend the summer doing community service, you shouldn't have blown up the gym lockers

ELI

If they didn't want me to blow up the gym lockers, they should've locked up the sodium before trying to force me to play badminton.

The truck CHOKES, SPUTTERS. Eli looks hopeful.

ELI (CONT'D)

Looks like you just can't take me today...

The truck ROARS to life, Elvis BLASTS. Eli sighs. Jane SLAMS on the gas and a RATTLE comes from behind. She looks back: a BIKE slides around the truck bed.

JANE

Goddamnit, Eli, you don't take that thing out of there, I'm chucking it in the inlet.

She glances at her watch and speeds up as she takes a corner.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The music continues as the truck passes through the earthquake scarred town: collapsed houses, construction, whole forests dead, bogged in brackish water.

EXT. TRUCK - DAY

PATTY (18, big hair, pure sex) bounces down the driveway, nearly bursting out of her red hot pants and tiny BUN DRIVE-IN T-shirt. She slides into the truck.

PATTY

Well if it isn't the Future Miss Fur Rony, tardy as usual. You ready for the Big Brunch?

JANE

Can it.

Jane hands her a piece of toast. Patty throws it out the window.

JANE (CONT'D)

What the hell, Patts?

PATTY

What the hell yourself? I almost ate that. You know I'm reducing. Gotta make weight for Delta.

JANE

It's really sick they make you do that.

PATTY

Tell me about it. I'm not supposed to drink beer, either.

ELI

Hi Patty.

PATTY

Hey firebug. How's the National Defense racket?

ELI

Working on a self-guiding missile.

PATTY

I bet you are.

She puts red lipstick on expertly as Jane pulls up to

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

BARBARA (18, a thick redhead, tougher than she looks) jogs to the truck in a cannery uniform.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Barbara slides onto Patty's lap, grabs a piece of toast and starts eating.

BARBARA

Good morning your highness. You get fitted for your fur bikini yet?

JANE

You know, they can't make me wear that thing. First amendment makes it illegal. It's against everything I believe in.

PATTY

Oh Jesus, loosen up. No one's asking you to lie, steal, fuck, fight, eat meat or have fun. An hour with a little beaver on your beaver won't kill you.

JANE

Be more disgusting.

PATTY

I think it's righteous. Hell, I'll wear it. Bring it to the park, I'll wear that thing tonight.

Jane says nothing.

PATTY (CONT'D)

Oh no. You're shitting me.

JANE

I just have to be back by curfew.

Patty snorts.

PATTY
Curfew. What a load of fascist
bullshit. Hey Eli, have you ever
had a curfew?

ELI
Uh, no.

PATTY
Exactly. You're fifteen, convicted
arsonist, possible sociopath, never
had a curfew. You know why?

He shakes his head.

PATTY (CONT'D)
Because *the man* isn't afraid of
you. He's afraid of us. Of our
power. The power of these.

She reaches around and grabs Barbara's boobs.

PATTY (CONT'D)
And he's *really* fucking scared of
this--

She starts to reach for Barbara's lap. Jane SMACKS her hand.

JANE
Thanks for the gross lesson, Pat!

PATTY
It's true, Janie, and you know it.
It's like he thinks can control you
as long as he keeps you a virgin.

Jane screeches to a stop at a random stretch of road.

JANE
Out, Eli.

ELI
This is like half a mile away--

JANE
Out!

He sighs and gets out. Jane keeps driving.

JANE (CONT'D)
My dad has nothing to do with my
virginity.

PATTY
God I hope not.

JANE
You know what I mean.

PATTY
Sure. You're just saving yourself
for George Harrison, which is way
more healthy and normal.

BARBARA
I think it's romantic.

JANE
I'm not saving myself for anyone. I
just think that over the course of
our lives, we could sleep with
dozens of guys, or in your case,
hundreds--

Patty flips her off.

JANE (CONT'D)
--and the only one you're
guaranteed to remember is the
first.

PATTY
See, that's your problem. He's got
you totally brainwashed with all
that "your cherry is a fancy gift
for a special man" horseshit. Like
your body is just on loan from a
mythical future husband, and your
job is to keep it clean for him.

Beat.

BARBARA
What the hell are you talking
about?

JANE
Seriously Patty, ever since your
sister got back from college you've
been like fucking professor
suffragette.

PATTY
My point is, we got the Pill now.
Balling doesn't have to bond you to
someone forever anymore. And thank
God. I mean, hell my first was-

BARBARA

Marty Berkins.

PATTY

Marty goddamn Berkins! Fourth of July. Disaster. He got scared by a firework and went off like a pop gun after twenty seconds. And that's just how it is. It doesn't have to be the guy you marry. Right, Barb?

BARBARA

Well, I mean, I'm pretty sure I'm going to marry Ted--

PATTY

Ugh, shut up.

JANE

Look, it's not about the Pill, I just don't want be thirty or fifty or something and think back to moment I lost it and be stuck with Marty Berkins' sweaty face grunting over me. No offense.

Jane stops outside THE GREAT ALASKAN SALMON CANNERY.

PATTY

Offense fucking taken, Jane. Jesus. But if you spend your sex life waiting for a Beatle to swoop in, you're going to die a virgin. And there's already too much tragedy in the world for that.

BARBARA

I'm not saying she's right, Janie, but you'll never meet anyone if you stay locked in with your dad.

Barbara jumps out.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

So see you tonight!

Jane continues driving.

JANE

I can't believe she's marrying Ted.

PATTY

I want you to think about coming to Delta with me.

Jane laughs.

JANE

You just don't want to be the only one on a diet.

PATTY

I'm serious, Jane. Think about it: fly all over the world, meet new people, see new things. I mean, if you're not going to Berkley--

JANE

I can't just run away, Patty.

PATTY

You're almost 18! It's called growing up! Look, I know you worry about them, but what else are you gonna do? Stay? Go to state school, marry fuckin Muffy D the furrier, have kids, die?

EXT. THE BUN DRIVE-IN - DAY

The truck pulls up to a red and white building. The first story is painted with dancing hamburgers. The second story has *KFQD* stenciled above a window where a DJ booth is visible.

PATTY

You gotta get out of here, Jane. This place is killing you. And the freakiest part is you don't even realize it.

Jane stares out the windshield. A shred of black trash bag flutters down the sidewalk like a ribbon. She looks suddenly at her watch.

JANE

I gotta go. I can't--

PATTY

Be late. Yeah. I know.

Patty slams the door. Jane leans out the window.

JANE
Hey and quit teasing Eli!

Patty doesn't look back.

PATTY
Who says I'm teasing?

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

Jane jogs past construction, debris. Everything around her is healing, blooming. She sings under her breath.

JANE
The Bear, the Dipper, and
shining...

EXT. MELS ARCTIC FUR FACTORY - DAY

A brick building. On top is a huge STATUE of Atlas holding up a GLOBE painted streaky brown (supposed to look like "a world of fur." Actually looks like a ball of shit.) Jane enters through a back door.

INT. MELS ARCTIC FUR FACTORY (BACKROOM) - DAY

Bleakly lit, crammed with PELTS, SEWING MACHINES and tortuous looking tanning TOOLS. Jane CLOCKS IN and hurries into

INT. MELS ARCTIC FUR FACTORY (SHOWROOM) - DAY

A faux log cabin packed with FURS, SOUVENIRS, and startled looking TAXIDERMIED ANIMALS. SINATRA on the radio.

MUFFY D (20, thick neck, bad hair), wearing a fur trimmed VEST and HEADBAND, rings up a BONE HANDLED KNIFE for a chunky TOURIST WOMAN.

MUFFY D
Gorgeous taste, ma'am. This here is an authentic *uusik*, hand carved by genuine Eskimos. Very special bone, from the *male walrus only*, if you catch my meaning...

TOURIST WOMAN
(giggling hysterically)
Oh my!

Jane rolls her eyes as the woman exits. Muffy turns to her.

MUFFY D

Yessir, those walrus dicks just about sell themselves. Speaking of which, when you gonna let me take you out for a burger, Jane?

JANE

Never.

MUFFY D

Your loss, honey. You know why they call me Muffy D, right?

Jane ignores him. He leans in.

MUFFY D (CONT'D)

It's short...

(Whispering)

For Muff Diver.

JANE

Guess it's true what they say, you really are what you eat.

MUFFY D

You think you're so cool because Mel nommed you Miss Fur Rondy? News flash, Jane, the only reason he hasn't fired you is 'cuz he feels sorry for you.

She stares at him for a moment.

JANE

You know why people really call you Muffy D? Because that dumb fucking haircut makes it look like you've got earmuffs on.

MEL (O.S.)

Jane, can I see you in my office?

She walks out. Muffy D immediately turns to a mirror and starts smoothing down the hair around his ears.

INT. MEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Jane sits across a desk from MEL (43), who wears an elaborate, slightly gruesome FOX HEAD HAT.

Behind him, an antler CLOCK hangs above a row of framed cheesecake POSTERS. Jane tries not to stare at the clock. Mel studies her a beat, then sighs.

MEL

What do you see when you look up there, Jane?

He points to one of posters: a winking, rosy cheeked girl in a fur bikini and a banner reading MISS FUR RONDY 1955.

JANE

Um...Your wife?

MEL

Because most people look at Miss Fur Rondy, they see the fur bikini, the free carton of Lucky Strikes, the glamor of the Miners and Trappers ball and think that's what its about, but it's not.

He leans back in his chair.

MEL (CONT'D)

In the early days, dozens died every winter from exposure and disease. So in 1933, Fur Rendezvous was started to boost morale and celebrate life. And Miss Fur Rondy part of that tradition.

JANE

Right.

MEL

She's a symbol of all the good things about our town. Pluck and gumption and overcoming the odds! It's a lot of responsibility. But the most important part is a *fun attitude*. Making people smile. Being an inspiration. And that goes double since this is our first Rondy after the quake. Now, it's no secret Debra has...feelings about me picking you for this.

Misinterpreting her look of dismay, he continues.

MEL (CONT'D)

And I know it's been hard couple years for your family. Just awful. But I nominated you for a reason: I think this will be a good thing. For everyone. So.

He pushes his chair back and stands.

MEL (CONT'D)

You've worked real hard to prepare, so use today's brunch to show everyone you're ready. Especially Debra. And when you look at that poster, you know what I want you to see?

JANE

Gumption?

MEL

Yourself. Just be yourself.

Mel opens a drawer, takes out an OTTER SCARF (head attached) and tosses it to her.

MEL (CONT'D)

Take Lucky Sam.

JANE

Oh...Thanks.

Jane attempts a smile. Mel winks heartily at her.

MEL

You look good in fur, Queen Jane.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Jane lights a cigarette and starts the truck.

RADIO

...We're ten hours into another work week; but I don't want to talk about it, and I know you don't want to hear about it, so let's just leave it at this...

Music Cue: MONDAY, MONDAY by the Mamas and Papas.

Jane turns it up.

INT. DJ BOOTH - DAY

A pair of two-tone blue VANS HIGH TOPS with red laces tap to the beat next to an "ON AIR" sign.

MAX BEST (23) slips off his headphones. His outfit is meticulously cool: military jacket, those sneakers, a T SHIRT reading THE WHITE SPOT CAFE above an elephant silhouette. He lights a cigarette and pushes his chair back.

The booth bears scars of the earthquake: shoddily patched cracks, makeshift reinforcements. Full ashtrays, empty coffee cups, unpaid BILLS. This is not a thriving radio station.

But Max SINGS as he scoots along shelves of 45s, scribbling a PLAYLIST. Suddenly OTTO (40), the mustachioed station manager busts in.

OTTO

Nice shoes.

MAX

Thanks. Got 'em special from California. They call them "Vans"--

OTTO

They make you look like a cheerleader.

He tosses a slim packet of PAPER onto Max's lap.

OTTO (CONT'D)

We need to talk.

A RED PHONE by the turntable rings. Max holds a finger up and picks up the phone.

MAX

KFQD Anchorage, the only way to rock in the great white north.

Max looks pointedly at Otto.

MAX (CONT'D)

Sorry honey, we don't play Dylan. I know. Blame it on the man, baby.

Max hangs up. He turns back to Otto.

MAX (CONT'D)

Did you see that? What just happened?

OTTO

Don't.

Max turns away and pulls a 45 off the shelf: WILD THING (THE TROGGS). Otto picks up the playlist and reads, shaking his head.

OTTO (CONT'D)

See, this is what I'm talking about: The McCoys, The Who, The Blue Chips...what are you, high?

MAX

Not yet. Why, are you holding?

Otto takes The Troggs and hands him I'M A BELIEVER (THE MONKEES).

MAX (CONT'D)

Look, I'm not trying to spin Blowin in the Wind. I'm not talking about political Dylan, I'm talking about *electric* Dylan, Highway 61, Blonde on Blonde. The kids want-

OTTO

I don't care what the kids *think* they want. Elmendorf Airforce Base employs twenty percent of this godforsaken town, we're at war, and he's a fucking pinko. Basies hate Dylan. You know what Basies love?

Max tosses THE MONKEES in the trash.

MAX

I'm not playing the Green Beret Song.

OTTO

KWHL plays Green Beret.

Max pulls out MY GENERATION (THE WHO).

MAX

Otto, it's a fucking shitty song and I don't play shitty songs.

OTTO

Yeah, cool morals, cool guy. Meanwhile, KWHL's shitty song selection is eating us alive, one sponsor at a time.

MAX

We have sponsors!

He gestures at a wall of weirdo local business SIGNS.

MAX (CONT'D)

Betty's Records, Great Alaskan Bush Company (your personal favorite), The White Spot...

Otto nods at the packet on Max's lap.

OTTO

Not any more, champ.

Max finally looks down at the papers: TERMINATION OF SPONSORSHIP. He struggles to keep his cool.

MAX

Jesus. Guy wins *one* elephant in a paper products sweepstakes and thinks he's big time.

OTTO

Yeah well, I'm headed there now to beg for mercy and kiss Skip's fat ex-marine ass, but don't hold your breath.

Max takes off his WHITE SPOT shirt and turns it inside out.

MAX

Well, fuck 'em. We still got Bush Company, and that's what's really important.

OTTO

Great. You've got cute nipples. Maybe they can give you a job when KWHL buys us in about ten minutes.

MAX

Don't worry so much, Otto. The kids are alright.

OTTO

Right. The kids. What is it they're saying these days?

MAX

Take it easy?

Otto shakes his head.

OTTO

Whatever.

Otto shuffles back out. Max lays his head down on the papers. The request line RINGS. He picks it up.

MAX

KFQD Anchorage, the only way to rock in the great white north-

Beat. Max lifts his head, eyes huge.

MAX (CONT'D)

WHAT?

INT. 4TH AVENUE THEATER RESTAURANT - DAY

I GOT YOU BABE by Sonny and Cher plays quietly in the oddly opulent, art deco room. The walls are painted with gilded Alaska-themed MURALS: the big dipper, Denali, and of course, FUR RONDY GIRLS. On the marquee is "HELP!"

Jane sits at a table across from DEBRA (30, i.e. Miss Fur Rondy 1955, razor-edged sweetness), a guy in GLASSES and a HUGELY BEARDED MAN wearing a pin reading "MR. FUR FACE 1961". The men look bored. Jane fidgets with her otter scarf's sad, empty little eye sockets.

DEBRA

Well?

JANE

Sorry, what was the question?

Debra sighs, reads from her notes.

DEBRA

Miss Fur Rondy is a beacon of wholesome fun for our community. What is your idea of wholesome fun?

JANE

Oh...right.

Jane sweats. The murals near her are earthquake damaged, rendering them creepily warped. Jane looks away. Out the large windows she can see traffic, people running. The tinny SONG drones on: "*Cause you got me, and baby, I got you...*"

Debra studies Jane pointedly, frowns, and looks at her notes

DEBRA

If you're elected, what will be the ultimate goal of your reign?

JANE

I, um...I...

I GOT YOU BABE finally ends. A slippery DJ voice comes on:

RADIO

Okay guys and gals, it's Dick Moby at KWHL with your news bulletin: Looks like there's some serious traffic backing up Fourth Avenue...

DEBRA

How about an easy one: Where do you see yourself in five years?

A Fur Rondy Girl painting seems to WINK hideously at Jane.

JANE

I...

BANG! Everyone turns to see wide-eyed PATTY outside, pressed against the window. She BANGS on the glass with her fists.

PATTY

JANE! JANE! I NEED YOU!

Jane is frozen for a moment in speechless horror.

JANE

Uh. I'm so sorry. I'll be right back.

EXT. 4TH AVENUE THEATER - DAY

Jane stands in an ALLEY with a sweaty and breathless Patty.

JANE

What the fuck--

PATTY

THEY'RE HERE. THEY'RE HERE.

JANE

What?

PATTY

ONE OF THE DELTA GIRLS CALLED FROM THE AIRPORT. THEY JUST LANDED.

JANE

Who?

PATTY

THE BEATLES, JANE! THE FUCKING BEATLES ARE HERE.

Jane goes pale.

PATTY (CONT'D)

They were flying from Berlin to Tokyo and some typhoon grounded them. RIGHT HERE! At the fucking Westward Hotel!

JANE
No.

PATTY
YES.

Jane starts hyperventilating. She leans over. Patty puts a hand on her shoulder and looks her square in the eye.

PATTY (CONT'D)
Jane. Listen to me. I'm taking you to that hotel and you're going to fuck George Harrison until he begs for mercy.

JANE
What?

PATTY
Don't you get it? The Beatles are on their way to Japan and a *typhoon* forces them to land here, right fucking here? It's fate, Jane! It's destiny, it's an *act of fucking God*.

JANE
This is insane.

PATTY
That's the point! I mean, if random horrible things can happen, why not random wonderful things too?

This hits Jane hard. She starts hyperventilating again.

JANE
Oh my god. Oh my god.

Slowly Jane starts LAUGHING. Patty SCREAMS. They jump up and down, dissolving into laughter.

PATTY
I know, I know. Stand up, baby, we gotta go. Where's the truck?

Patty starts pulling her hand.

JANE
Wait!

Jane looks at her watch.

JANE (CONT'D)

Eli gets out at 5:15. We have to be back by then.

PATTY

Fine, then let's get there already!

JANE

Hang on, man! I have this asshole Rony brunch, I can't just leave--

Patty struggles not to show her impatience.

PATTY

Jane. Don't be stupid. Put a cigarette out on your hand. Throw up on someone. Say you're on your period. Just hurry, we gotta get the fuck out of here.

JANE

Right. Right. Okay, I'll be right back.

INT. 4TH AVENUE THEATER - DAY

Jane sits back down at the table. Debra is clearly pissed.

DEBRA

Everything all right, dear?

JANE

Yes. I mean, no. Actually, I have to go.

DEBRA

Excuse me?

Her eyes bug. Jane tries to suppress a shit-eating grin.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

Something funny, young lady? You think this is a joke?

Jane gathers her coat and bag.

JANE

Actually, yeah.

The men look up, mildly interested.

JANE (CONT'D)

I mean, we're all adults, this is the inner circle, we can talk about how insane this is, right? "The ultimate goal of my reign"? What am I supposed to say? World peace? Come on. How about getting rid of that foul fur bikini no self-respecting Alaskan woman would ever wear? We can make Mr. Fur Face wear it instead.

Mr. Fur face chuckles.

MR. FUR FACE

That's actually hilarious.

JANE

And in five years, I don't know. Hopefully I'll be the hell out of here, but probably not. This town has a way of hanging onto freaks and weirdos, so I reckon I'm doomed.

Beat.

JANE (CONT'D)

Also, I'm on my period.

She stands and unwinds the otter scarf from her neck.

JANE (CONT'D)

So in conclusion, ah, I believe honesty and giving your all and I need to go home now. Because of the blood.

She drops the scarf and goes. The table is silent for a beat.

MR. FUR FACE

I like her.

GLASSES

Great legs.

MR. FUR FACE

Sounds like a majority vote to me.

Debra looks incredulous.

DEBRA

You're kidding, right?

Shrugs all around. Debra gathers her things, muttering.

DEBRA (CONT'D)
Unbelievable.

EXT. 4TH AVENUE THEATER - DAY

Jane runs into parking lot and stops in her tracks. The truck's hood is popped and SMOKE pours from the ENGINE. Patty stands nearby, frantically fanning with her APRON.

PATTY
I think something exploded!

Jane peers through the smoke and pulls out half a broken PING PONG BALL.

PATTY (CONT'D)
What *is* that?

JANE
Fucking Eli.

She leans her head on the door, wracking her brain.

PATTY
If we can get back to the Bun, I
can get us a ride. But he's leaving
any second now...

Patty SLAMS the hood shut. A metal RATTLE issues from the truck bed. Jane slowly lifts her head...In the back of the truck is ELI'S BICYCLE.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jane pedals madly down the street on Eli's BIKE. Patty stands on PEGS behind her.

INT. ANCHORAGE WESTWARD HOTEL - DAY

Inside a BREAK ROOM. VLAD (38), a small, potbellied man, chain smokes as he paces in front of a crowd of STAFF. He speaks in Russian accented English.

VLAD
Okay so. Elevator is still broken.
Is get fix tomorrow. Today is
Eskimo meeting, keep close eyes on
liquor. And...

He takes a deep breath.

VLAD (CONT'D)
We have Beatles here.

The staff erupts into CHATTER. Vlad raises a hand for silence.

VLAD (CONT'D)
Listen to me. These guys do something to the women. They are no longer girls next door. They are...kamikaze. They will use anything: distraction, seduction, blackmail, bribe. But we will be ready, right? Because we will be running Maskirovka. The Straw Cat Maneuver.

The staff looks blank. Vlad points his cigarette at DENNIS (24), a shaggy haired BELLHOP.

VLAD (CONT'D)
Dennis, you will be The Straw Cat. Leo is The Rotten Tooth. The suite will be the Elbow Room. Secondary maneuver is The Charlie Chaplain. Ronald, James, Marty, and Bart will be Charlies. You come with me after meeting.

Vlad hands out WALKIE TALKIES. Dennis and company glance nervously at each other, completely lost.

VLAD (CONT'D)
We begin in one hour. Until then, we protect with closed lips.

Vlad lights a new cigarettes with his burning one.

VLAD (CONT'D)
They will starve on our words.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

-The entire hotel staff stands in line for the PHONE.

-Girls all over town answering the phone and screaming and/or fainting.

-Jane and Patty ride through town past increasing traffic jams, police setting up barricades, etc.

EXT. THE BUN DRIVE-IN - DAY

The parking lot is packed with parked CARS. CAR HOPS in uniforms identical to Patty's hustle to and fro with trays of food.

Jane swerves into the lot. Patty and Jane jump off the bike, letting it crash into a bush. Patty marches to the center of the sea of cars, steps onto a random bumper and YELLS.

PATTY
HAS ANYONE SEEN MAX?

INT. DJ BOOTH - DAY

Max talks rapidly to an extremely young, pimply DISHWASHER as he packs a box of portable recording equipment.

MAX
It's like, I know, right? It's the fucking Beatles. They'll do whatever they want. They only want to give one interview? Fine. Here, put these on.

He claps HEADPHONES on the bewildered dishwasher.

MAX (CONT'D)
And I don't care if they scheduled with KWHL, I'm gonna get it, goddamnit. I'm gonna get that exclusive shit and then we'll be writing our own checks, friend. I might even hire you full time, as an assistant or something. Anyway, This button lets you talk on air. DON'T press it. DON'T TALK ON AIR.

He loads a 45 onto the turn table.

MAX (CONT'D)
Play whatever you want from this stack. This is the request line. If it rings, DON'T ANSWER IT, it could be Otto. He's getting fucked up with Skip, he shouldn't be back today, but just I'll lock you in just in case.

Max presses a button, the disc starts spinning.

MAX (CONT'D)

Break a leg. See you in eleven hours.

DISHWASHER

Eleven?

Max puts a finger to his lips and points to a red ON AIR sign that has just lit up. He mouths "*You're doing great!*" Then gives a thumbs up, grabs his recording equipment and leaves, locking the door behind him.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Max turns and is face to face with Jane and Patty, standing aggressively close.

MAX

Jesus, Patty!

PATTY

Hey Maxy. Going somewhere?

MAX

Depends on who's asking.

He continues past them, hauling his gear towards the staircase. The girls follow.

PATTY

Just lil ol me. Oh, and Jane. Jane, Max Best. The DJ.

He glances back, sizing her up, playing aloof (badly).

MAX

Charmed.

JANE

You sound taller on the radio.

MAX

Airwaves add a few inches.

JANE

And here I thought it was just the fancy shoes.

MAX

They're Vans. Special from California--

PATTY

Sure, listen, our car's busted, can we roll downtown with you?

MAX

Sorry girls. I'm on a mission. No excess baggage.

He jogs down the stairs and pushes a door into

INT. THE BUN DRIVE-IN KITCHEN - DAY

Flames, bubbling grease, flying hamburgers, deafening ROCK MUSIC. They speed walk through, dodging cooks, shouts of "Hey, Max!" and loud WOLF WHISTLES

PATTY

C'mon Max, it's for a good cause. Jane is going to lose her virginity to George Harrison tonight.

Jane hits her. Patty LAUGHS.

JANE

She's joking.

MAX

Didn't he just marry Pattie Boyd?

PATTY

Don't be so square, Max. Besides, Jane's way foxier than Patty Boyd.

Max pushes through another door and steps outside.

EXT. THE BUN DRIVE-IN - DAY

Max pushes sunglasses on and heads to his gleaming BLACK CADILLAC.

PATTY

Look, we'll make you a deal: I'm taking John and Paul, but you can have Ringo.

He POPS his trunk and starts loading equipment in.

MAX

That's very generous of you ladies. Sadly, I'm a Stones girl myself. But maybe I'll see you out there.

He slams his trunk. The seduction is failing. Patty looks panicky. Jane steps in front of him.

JANE

Wait. Just think about this for a second. We can help each other. I mean, what gives you a better chance of getting in, you all alone, or you with your two lovely assistants--a Delta stewardess AND Miss Fur Rondy 1966?

MAX

I already got a guy getting me in.

JANE

Oh, great. Then you just need to get the room number and talk your way past security, media, groupies-- all before the typhoon clears up and they leave.

PATTY

Ugh, so many steps.

JANE

Might be nice to have someone around who knows the hotel layout by heart, maybe someone who's dad did the earthquake retrofit.

PATTY

Yeah. And I've dated like, half the kitchen staff.

MAX

"Dated"?

JANE

"Half"?

PATTY

Whatever, I can help.

JANE

Think about it. You look cool, we seem official, everybody gets what they want. It's perfect.

Max considers them. They have a point. He sighs.

MAX

No deflowering until after the interview.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Frank stands on the third floor a half-built building: no windows or walls, just floors and scaffolding. He marks up a blue print with a grease pencil.

FRANK

I want double isolation bracing on all remaining beams, load bearing or not. That means here, here, all of these...Bill, did you get the first floor reinforcements done?

No answer. He glances up. His CONSTRUCTION CREW stares out the open wall of the building behind him. He turns around.

Across the street and three stories down, 40 scantily clad TEENAGE GIRLS loiter outside THE ANCHORAGE WESTWARD HOTEL. A few are painting a BEATLES 4EVER BANNER.

Frank turns back to the group, SMACKS his clipboard.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hey! Dickheads! Double iso bracing, got it? Focus the fuck up. Earthquakes don't kill people. Buildings do.

Eye rolls. They hear this a lot. They shuffle off.

Frank turns back to his blueprints, then looks out again at the girls and frowns. Worried.

INT. MELS ARCTIC FUR FACTORY SHOWROOM

Muffy D and stands with a couple of Basies, sharing a flask.

BASIE 1

What should we do tonight?

BASIE 2

We could get drunk and try to capture the one eyed goose.

MUFFY D

Fuck that. Let's crash the Midnight Sun Party in the park.

Debra storms through. Muffy shoves the flask under a stuffed BEAVER wearing a miniature FUR COAT.

MUFFY D (CONT'D)

Hey Mrs. Melvin--

Debra GRABS Muffy's ill-concealed FLASK, drains it, slaps on the counter, and keeps walking.

The Basies stare after her.

BASIE 1

Holy shit.

Muffy shakes his head.

MUFFY D

There she goes, boys. The truly perfect woman.

She strides into the BACK ROOM and SLAMS the door.

INT. MELS ARCTIC FUR FACTORY BACKROOM - DAY

Debra follows a stretched PHONE CHORD around the corner and into an open VAULT.

MEL is deep between the racks between of carefully preserved premium furs, talking on the phone as he counts BILLS out of a metal LOCK BOX.

MEL

...That's right, The Beatles, the rock group. At the Westward.

Debra freezes, listening.

MEL (CONT'D)

Their manager called, some Jewish fellow, Einstein or something, wants furs, but we're gonna bring the whole shebang: put Jane in the bikini, get the group in knee length fox--maybe bear--front page photo. Yeah. "How the Beatles Stay Warm in Alaska." How's that for a headline?

A smirk builds on Debra's lips, rage sharpening into a plan.

MEL (CONT'D)

I know. Jane's bonkers for them, she's gonna go crazy when she finds out. Great tie in. It's perfect.

She backs out.

INT. MAX'S CAR - DAY

Max drives wildly. Jane sits shotgun, Patty in the back. He offers them cigarettes. Jane takes one. Max glances at her.

MAX

So. she's a superfan, looking to give it all up on the altar of rock music. Every parents worst nightmare come true--Look out! The British are coming! And it's all Jane's fault!

Jane rolls her eyes.

MAX (CONT'D)

Well? what's the deal. Why George?

JANE

(shrugging)
I love him.

MAX

That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard.

JANE

Don't be jealous.

MAX

You don't know anything about him.

JANE

I know everything I need to know.

MAX

Like what, his dog's name, favorite color, and whatever other crap is in the intimate interviews of Seventeen Magazine?

JANE

I know he's different. He's lonely.

MAX

George Harrison is lonely.

She just stares out the window.

MAX (CONT'D)

And how do you know this?

JANE

Haven't you ever felt alone at a party, in a room full of your friends, and the more people there are, and the better you're supposed know them, the lonelier you feel? Imagine that, but the party is the biggest one in history. The room is a stadium, the people are thousands, and every single one thinks they know you. And it's every single day. How do you think that would feel?

MAX

I think it would be a rush.

JANE

Maybe for some people.

MAX

You've thought about this way too much--

Patty suddenly leans forward and jerks the wheel.

PATTY

Turn here!

MAX

What are you doing!

PATTY

We gotta pick up Barbie. Don't worry though, she's real cute. Just be nice to her. She's got kind of a temper.

JANE

Shit, I forgot Barbara! Her floor manager's a monster, we'll never get her out.

PATTY

Already took care of it.

They pull up to

EXT. GREAT ALAKSAN SALMON CANNERY - DAY

Barbara stands in a filthy APRON, GLOVES, and HAIR NET, her face red and tear stained. She wipes her nose with a fish egg coated glove.

MAX
Jesus, what's wrong with her?

PATTY
I called her boss and said her
boyfriend got hit by a car.

Patty rolls down the window.

PATTY (CONT'D)
Hop in, Red!

Barbara looks up, confused.

BARBARA
(choking)
Patty...Ted's dead!

PATTY
Who cares? THE BEATLES ARE HERE.

BARBARA
What?

PATTY
WE'RE TAKING YOU TO SEE THE
BEATLES.

Beat.

BARBARA
Let me get my purse.

INT. MAX'S CAR - DAY

Barbara sits in the back beside Patty, trying to compose herself.

BARBARA
You could have just said his legs
were broken or something.

PATTY
He never would have let you out if
it was just the legs.

BARBARA
I have to shower, my hair--

PATTY
We don't have time. Just spray some
perfume.

Barbara smooths her hair, one hand still gloved and covered in fish. Jane fiddles with the radio. She pauses.

RADIO

...it's KWAL the WHALE, comin live, and folks, do we have a scoop for you: yes that's right, the rumors are true, THE FAB FOUR are HERE in Anchorage...

The girls SCREAM in unison.

RADIO (CONT'D)

Our whale about town Dick Moby will be bringing you an EXCLUSIVE interview with THE BEATLES at the WESTWARD HOTEL, so stay tuned to KWAL, the BIGGEST, the BADDEST, the-

Max clicks to a different station.

MAX

Goddamned Dick Moby, bandwagon, top forty phony, gutless, ball-less, tasteless, Red Rubber Ball playing motherfucker.

JANE

So that's the big rush? Gotta get the scoop before old Dick?

Max shakes his head.

MAX

I was the first one to play the Beatles up here, man. Just like I was the first one to play the Stones, and the Beach Boys and every other good act since 1963, while they were still crying Elvis was too nasty for the radio. And now this sponsor poaching pervert--

JANE

Ugh, you sound like a high school girl. Who cares who has more fans? You're still stuck in this frozen anus of a town. You're just king of the turds.

He looks at her sideways.

MAX

That's very depressing.

JANE
Tell me about it.

Max makes a sharp turn onto a residential road. Patty leans forward.

PATTY
What are you doing? I thought we were going to the hotel?

MAX
Gotta make pit stop. If we're gonna get past the handlers, we need a competitive edge, and Alaskan dope is worth its weight in gold.

The car winds through increasingly destroyed terrain. Patty and Barbara glance at each other.

PATTY
No way, man. We don't have time for this shit--

MAX
(sharp)
Then get out.

The car falls silent. Max sighs.

MAX (CONT'D)
Just trust me, all right? This is important.

EXT. EARTHQUAKE PARK - DAY

The Cadillac pulls up to a former neighborhood transformed into jumble of destruction: wrecked houses, dead trees, broken asphalt. Someone has painted on a jagged piece of concrete: WELCOME TO EARTHQUAKE PARK.

MAX
You girls can stay in the car if you want.

They glance at Jane.

JANE
I'll go.

EXT. EARTHQUAKE PARK - DAY

Max leads the clutch of pretty girls into the woods like a pied piper. They walk quietly, looking around.

BARBARA

Can you believe it's been two years?

Patty intertwines her fingers in Jane's and glances at her, but Jane's face betrays nothing. The trees finally open into

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

Ragged makeshift tents make a semicircle around two dozen lounging HIPPIES. The girls looks stunned.

PATTY

This is some far out shit.

MAX

You guys never been out here?

They shakes their heads. He shrugs.

MAX (CONT'D)

There's all kinds of things going on if you know how to look for em.

On cue, a BEARDED GUY laying in a hammock with a couple GIRLS sits up and waves.

BEARDED GUY

Hey, it's The Voice!

Max heads to the hammock, leaving the girls to fend for themselves.

EXT. TEEPEE - DAY

Jane wanders over to a TEEPEE where a guy in a floppy STRAW HAT holds court with a group of HIPPIES:

HAT GUY

...San Diego's just as bad. Oakland, too. Things didn't really start getting better until we hit the Yukon.

A girl with a see-through top (NIPPLES), nods sagely as she draws in the dirt with a BABY SPOON.

NIPPLES

Cali's over.

JANE

Wait, sorry. You *left* California to come *here*?

HAT GUY

Had to. It's been tainted. Turned.

JANE

Tainted?

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

Max haggles over a BAG of WEED with The Bearded Guy.

MAX

...Come on man, don't bust my balls, last time it was five bucks-

BEARDED GUY

Supply and demand, brother.

MAX

I thought you were supposed to be communists.

BEARDED GUY

(shrugging)

You can pay later if you leave collateral.

MAX

Like what?

Bearded Guy's glance drifts to Jane.

BEARDED GUY

Who's the supernova?

Max follows his gaze.

MAX

What? Oh, Jane. I don't know. Some girl.

The Bearded Guy laughs.

BEARDED GUY

That's not a girl, brother. That's an atom bomb in girl's clothing.

EXT. TEEPEE - DAY

Jane looks increasingly bewildered by Hat Guy's ranting.

HAT GUY

...But *this* spot is very truth.
Good vibrations. Treasure
everywhere. Like Marigold's spoon.

NIPPLES holds up the baby spoon.

NIPPLES

It was in a bush. And Sunny found a
doorknob yesterday. It's our own
secret garden. No one else's ever
here.

JANE

That's because the land is still
settling. It's pretty dangerous,
actually.

HAT GUY

See, that's what I'm saying! That's
what's so far out about this place.
It's like the earth actually shook
down the status quo, blew up the
infrastructure. We need more of
that. Revolution, upheaval. Change.

JANE

Yeah well. A lot of people died.

He shrugs.

HAT GUY

That's the future for you, man.
Makes ghosts out of us all.

Jane looks at her watch and walks off, brooding.

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

A barefoot Max sighs heavily as Bearded Guy laces up his blue
Van high top sneakers. Jane approaches.

JANE

Hey, you done? We gotta get out of
here before Patty goes native.

She nods to where Patty is dancing with two guys at once,
brandishing a wand of burning sage and a jug of wine.

Nearby, Barbara sits with a woman crocheting a blanket, animatedly explaining how to gut a fish.

The Bearded Guy hands Max a battered pair of EMBROIDERED SLIPPERS.

MAX

Yeah, we're done.

As they start to walk off, the Bearded Guy grabs Jane's hand.

BEARDED GUY

Hey. Why don't you hang? Let the missionaries go on their mission. Do something strange for a change.

Jane laughs uncomfortably.

JANE

I'm good.

BEARDED GUY

You don't have to be.

He leans closer.

BEARDED GUY (CONT'D)

I know it hurts. I see the shadow on you, lost sun. It's a white elephant, unwanted gift, always in the room, never forgets.

He stares into her eyes. Jane is frozen, rattled.

BEARDED GUY (CONT'D)

I can show you another life.

NIPPLES (O.S.)

(Screaming)

Pigs!

Everyone turns. A handful of COPS come through the trees. Hippies SCATTER with shouts of "We don't recognize your authority!" Jane and her crew RUN for the woods.

Behind her, Jane hears YELPS as her friends stumble on the uneven ground and are caught.

COP (O.S.)

Okay, kids, hands up. Party's over.

But she keeps running. Suddenly, out of the corner of her eye, she sees a MAILBOX standing surreally among the trees. Distracted, she TRIPS and falls.

COP (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You! Don't move!

She stays down, defeated. BOOTS step into her line of vision. She looks up. The cop squints down at her.

COP (CONT'D)
 Jane?

He takes off his SUNGLASSES.

JANE
 Oh. Hey Mr. Ayers.

He offers her a hand and she stands up.

COP
 What are you doing? You're not...with those people?

JANE
 No, I'm with these people.

Patty, Barbara and Max still stand with their backs turned and hands up. He shakes his head, but looks relieved.

COP
 Your dad would have a fuckin heart attack if he knew you were out here.

He looks around. All the other cops are chasing hippies through the woods.

COP (CONT'D)
 Just go.

JANE
 Seriously?

COP
 Yeah.
 (To the rest of them)
 Go. Get out of here.

JANE
 Thanks.

They start off, confused. The cop touches Jane's arm. He looks profoundly sad.

COP
 Hey. Take care of yourself, Jane.

She turns away and takes off into the woods. Max looks at her curiously as they run towards the car.

MAX
What was that?

JANE
Just lucky, I guess.

INT. CAR - DAY

Max speeds away from the park.

PATTY
I can't believe that was all for
some weed.

MAX
Believe it, baby. This is our
ticket in. I have it on good
authority Epstein loves exotic pot.

BARBARA
Who?

JANE
Brian Epstein. Their manager.

MAX
No. Not just the manager, he found
them and took them all the way,
even after being rejected by
everyone: Columbia, Phillips,
Decca. Shit, EMI only signed 'cause
Epstein fucking blackmailed them.
Because he *believed*. Because he had
vision. He didn't just follow the
herd and sign a bunch of performing
seals like everyone else--

Patty suddenly lurches forward and points out the windshield at a figure on the side of the road.

PATTY
A hitcher!

Everyone ignores her.

MAX
I mean, The Beatles are great,
don't get me wrong.
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

But without Epstein, they'd still be playing lunch gigs at the Cavern Club, and poor Jane would be stuck picking between Simon and Garfunkle-

PATTY

Come on, let's pick him up!

JANE

Shut up, Patty...

Jane squints as they get closer to the hitcher. Something about that hair, the posture...

JANE (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

BARBARA

Oh shit...

JANE

Pull over.

MAX

What?

JANE

PULL OVER!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Jane rolls the window down. ELI bends into view: one side of his face is dusty, flecked with burned hair. Patty leans over from the backseat.

PATTY

Hey firebug. Need a lift?

INT. MAX'S CAR - DAY

Jane stares straight ahead. Eli babbles from the back seat.

ELI

...pack the kitty litter in black powder, seal your fuse in the ping pong ball, and boom. Homemade cherry bomb. But my ratio was off. It was supposed to just set off the smoke alarm...

PATTY

Hey, now you don't have to worry
about picking him up!

Jane shakes her head.

JANE

We have to take him home.

MAX

Honey, I'm not taking him anywhere.
We're on a schedule. I don't think
you're appreciating what's at stake
here for me.

JANE

I don't think you're appreciating
the troubled child in the back seat
who's now my responsibility.

MAX

What child? He's a man. Look at
him.

They glance back. Eli sits on a drunk Patty's lap, chatting
while Barbara picks singed hairs out of his eyebrow.

ELI

...see, most people underestimate
the value of shock and awe. The
situation with Charlie, for
example. Time to blow that place to
smithereens. Destruction as
solution.

MAX

Huh.

Beat.

MAX (CONT'D)

He'll be fine.

JANE

Yeah? How?

MAX

Look, this isn't actually my
problem. If you're so worried about
it, I'll drop you both at the next
stoplight.

A traffic light looms ahead. Jane looks at her watch. She
takes a deep breath.

JANE

Eli. We're going to the Westward to see the Beatles. You're going to be absolutely silent and stay by Barbara. AND you're going to fix the truck engine--

BARBARA

Watch out!

Max SWERVES to miss a parked car abandoned haphazardly in the middle of the road. Ahead are a dozen more. Max weaves carefully around them.

JANE

You hear that?

MAX

What?

JANE

Listen.

A muffled ROAR. Jane rolls her window down. It gets LOUDER.

ELI

What is that?

Just then, they crest the hill to the hotel...

MAX

Holyyyy shit...

The parking lot is sea of WOMEN OF ALL AGES, talking, singing, dancing and crying. Cars with their doors open blast MUSIC. It's a massive, all-female tailgating party.

ELI

What's wrong with them?

MAX

They're in love.

Max parks among the other ABANDONED VEHICLES.

EXT. ANCHORAGE WESTWARD HOTEL - DAY

The five fight towards the hotel, passing strange sights:

-Teenage girls in trees trying to toss their bras at the upper level windows.

-An older woman clutching John Lennon's book of poetry IN HIS OWN WRITE, reciting:

OLDER WOMAN

"I'm looking up and at the sky,
To find a wondrous voice.
Puzzly puzzle, wonder why,
I hear but have no choice."

-Pre-teens painting signs, each other's faces, clothing. One just sits on the ground, crying hysterically.

-An angry FATHER yells, shaking his fist at the building.

FATHER

They just want you to wave at them!
Just wave at them, damn you!

Eli bumps into A sour-faced SPINSTER carrying a banner reading: **NO ONE IS MORE POPULAR THAN JESUS.**

ELI

Sorry.

SPINSTER

You'll burn in hell for worshipping
the devil's music!

Jane shoves the woman away.

JANE

Back off, doomsday.

SPINSTER

DON'T TOUCH ME WITH YOUR FILTHY
HARLOT'S HANDS!

They finally hit a solid wall of frustrated females straining against barricades. Jane jumps in vain.

JANE

Where's your guy?

MAX

I don't know! I can't goddamned see
anything!

Max gets down on one knee and taps his shoulders.

MAX (CONT'D)

Get on. I'll get you above the
crowd. Look for a guy in a blue
service uniform.

JANE
Your "guy" is a janitor?

MAX
Just look!

Jane gets on his shoulders. Max stands unsteadily. Patty clocks this and puts her hands on Eli's shoulders and LEAPFROGS onto his back without warning.

ELI
Ah! What the hell?

Patty clambers on, squeezing his head in her bare thighs.

PATTY
Shut up and embrace your fantasy.

Now above the crowd, the girls spot the HOTEL DOORS. Thick necked BOUNCERS with high and tights stand, arms folded.

PATTY (CONT'D)
Jane! Look at those bouncers. Is that Don Shumpert? AND JAMES COOK?

Jane squints.

JANE
They're seriously using the Basie hockey team for security?

PATTY
Well, this'll be easy. James! Hey! James!

James looks up, spots the girls and WAVES.

PATTY (CONT'D)
Hey! Legs! Go forward!

Barbara shoves WOMEN out of the way as Max and Eli struggle toward the front.

The crowd suddenly shifts around them. DICK MOBY (32, thin hair, baby faced) stands in a circle of FANS broadcasting on a portable set up.

MAX
Oh Christ.

DICK

...Don't touch that dial because we'll be back, broadcasting live and remote at fifty *thousand* watts, on KWHL, with me, Dick Moby.

Dick clicks his MIC off. Max tries to turn away but is too late. Dick swoops in, flanked by his two BASIE SIDEKICKS (20's, big arms, blank looks, high and tights)

DICK (CONT'D)

Hey, there he is! Best in name only.

MAX

Dick, in every sense of the word.

DICK

Ha! Oh gosh, look at you down there! You all right, pal? I can have one of the boys help you out. I can only imagine the *pressure*.

Max strains to appear casual.

MAX

You kidding? I'm a beast of burden. I can carry this weight a long time.

He SMOOCHES Jane's leg. She SMACKS his face. He forces a laugh.

DICK

Hey, that's great. You know, Coca Cola should be by soon, maybe you can get a free pop. They wanted to tag along for the interview. Gotta love a new sponsor, right? That reminds me, heard about The White Spot. Tough break.

He CLAPS Max on the back, throwing his balance a little.

DICK (CONT'D)

Anyway, you here as a fan? Because you know they're only giving one interview...

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Frank eats lunch alone, still going over blueprints. Nearby, BILL (40, the foreman) and the rest of the crew stare at the girls while they eat.

WORKER

What the hell is this, anyway?

BILL

Who cares?

He waves to a cluster of girls.

BILL (CONT'D)

Maybe the scaffolding collapsed and we all went to heaven.

(yelling to the girls)

HEY HONEY! I WANNA HOLD YOUR HAND!

EXT. ANCHORAGE WESTWARD HOTEL - DAY

James talks up to Patty, flirting.

JAMES

Yeah, Vlad's all right, he's just a little wound up. But he's like, really organized...

Distracted, Jane turns towards Bill's yelling. She looks up and immediately ducks her head.

JANE

Oh fuck fuck fuck.

PATTY

What?

JANE

I think that's my dad's crew.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Bill squints. His eyes widen and he suddenly drops his hand.

BILL

Oh fuck.

WORKER 1

What?

BILL
I think that's Frank's kid.

EXT. ANCHORAGE WESTWARD HOTEL - DAY

Jane kicks Max, screaming over the din of the crowd.

JANE
Max! Put me down! Max!

Below her, Max and Dick are in each other's faces, rage barely veiled.

DICK
...You're not unpopular because
you're a rebel. You're unpopular
'cause your show is a drag.

The basies LAUGH loudly.

MAX
That what you tell yourself while
you play the Pledge of Allegiance
on loop and work on that hellacious
combover?

DICK
I'm a damn patriot--

MAX
You're a fucking stooge!

Dick SHOVES Max who stumbles backward. Jane TOPPLES from his
shoulders, but is caught by Barbara. Her face darkens.

BARBARA
What the fuck, man!

BASIE SIDEKICK
Stay out of it, tubs--

Barbara takes one step and PUNCHES the Basie in the face.
James lunges forward and GRABS Barbara, who jerks forward.

BARBARA
Come on, pussy, let's go!

The whole crowd turns it's focus onto Barbara and the BASIES.
From Eli's shoulders, Patty points toward the empty doorway.

PATTY
Jane! Run!

Max GRABS Jane's hand and sprints toward the door.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

FRANK (O.S.)
All right breaks over, put your
dicks away...

The crew scatters guiltily, avoiding eye contact. Puzzled, Frank glances out at the crowd. His face falls.

FRANK (CONT'D)
What the...

EXT. ANCHORAGE WESTWARD HOTEL - DAY

Jane opens the door, looks back quickly--and makes *direct eye contact with her dad*.

JANE
Fuck.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Frank sets his tool box down and starts for the door.

FRANK
Everybody go home. We're done for
today.

EXT. ANCHORAGE WESTWARD HOTEL - DAY

James frantically talks into his walkie as he tries to restrain Barbara.

JAMES
Come in, uh, Napoleon two, I got
a...uh, a double bogie...over?

Crackling silence.

WALKIE
What the fuck does that mean, over.

JAMES
Two assholes just got inside. Guy
and a girl. Over.

WALKIE
Copy that.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Jane and Max RUN into the lobby of 1960's lodge-chic hotel and stutter to a halt...

It's more of a zoo as the parking lot, packed with flustered merchants comparing gifts like competing Magi:

-THE BLUE CHIPS, a local band, holds a STACK OF RECORDS.

-A man bedecked in GOLD NUGGET jewelry grips a small SAFE.

-A woman nervously grooms a stack of woven MUSK OX SCARVES.

-A guy holding an ORNATE RIFLE argues with Vlad:

VLAD

You cannot bring gun to Beatles.

GUN GUY

Then why does Mertaugh get to give them his shitty ulus? This is a hand carved stock! It's gorgeous!

The noise is deafening. Jane grabs Max's hand.

JANE

Follow me!

INT. HOTEL HALLWAYS - DAY

Max and Jane sprint through winding corridors. Jane rounds a corner and suddenly dodges through a SIDE DOOR. Max follows.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - DAY

A smoky ballroom packed with Alaska Natives. A hanging banner reads: FIRST ANNUAL ALASKA NATIVE FEDERATION MEETING.

A slide show is up showing a MAP of Alaska divided up, but no one pays attention; they're all yelling. One man BANGS on a tumbler with a knife, trying to call order.

Jane and Max sit at the back. Jane drops her head into her hands.

JANE

This is so, so bad.

MAX

What are you talking about? That was so fucking righteous. That left hook--BAM! And we're in!

JANE

It doesn't matter. My dad saw us.

MAX

So?

JANE

He's going kill both of us and bury our bodies in monopile concrete foundation.

Max laughs. Jane doesn't. She winds her watch anxiously.

JANE (CONT'D)

I should just go out and surrender.

VOICE (O.S.)

Who are you?

The room suddenly goes silent. Jane looks up. On stage, a Native man in a turtleneck and horned glasses stares at her.

NATIVE MAN

What do you want?

He shifts his gaze around the room, but Jane is hooked.

NATIVE MAN (CONT'D)

The land asks all who tread on it the same questions. Russians, Americans, the world. Fur. Gold. Oil. It's been hunted, torn apart, cracked open. But before all the change, before the pain and struggle and division, before anyone wanted anything from it, this land had a *purpose*. This land had a soul. Today we reclaim it. Today we answer. Who are you? What do you want?

The audience is silent for a beat. A drunk man stands unsteadily.

DRUNK

I want to talk about the elephant that asshole diner guy is keeping in the horse barn on Spenard.

The room devolves back into loud arguing.

MAX

Jane.

She turns back to him.

MAX (CONT'D)

If it's really gonna be that bad,
we might as well make it count,
right?

He searches her eyes.

JANE

1310.

MAX

What?

JANE

That's the only suite in the hotel,
1310. That's where they'll be.

MAX

Hell yeah. Let's lose some
virginities and save rock and roll.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANCHORAGE WESTWARD HOTEL - DAY

A COOK tosses garbage bags into an ALLEY behind the hotel,
then turns and goes back in. Just before the door shuts
behind him, a sneakered FOOT jams it open. Patty looks
around, then signals Eli over. They slip inside.

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - DAY

Patty and Eli walk into the kitchen in ill-fitting uniforms.
Patty whispers as she struggles to button her top.

PATTY

Start with room service tickets.
Look for a big order, anything with
cheese, Paul loves cheese. Or
chocolate, that's what Ringo always
gets. Cheese and chocolate. If you
find anything, yell FIRE and run.

ELI

What?

Patty suddenly freezes and holds up a finger.

PATTY

Sh! Did you hear that?

She hones in on a sketchy looking blonde waiter. This is MARTY BERKINS (26).

MARTY

What do you mean "chips..."

Patty creeps up behind and TWISTS his nipple. He SHRIEKS and drops the phone. Patty catches it and hangs up. He spins.

MARTY (CONT'D)

What the fuck--

PATTY

Hey Marty. Long time no see.

His face falls.

MARTY

Fuck off, Patty.

PATTY

Gosh, it's so funny, I was just talking about you. Fourth of July coming up and all, and here you are with your new job. They know how good you are with fresh meat?

MARTY

I'm calling security.

PATTY

Yep, pretty ritzy place. Hell, I bet they even have *crabs*. Whattaya think, Eli?

ELI

If they didn't before, I bet they do now.

MARTY

Okay, alright, shut up!

He looks around frantically.

MARTY (CONT'D)

What do you want?

PATTY

Tell us what room they're in.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Eli and Patty nervously weave through the ever growing crowd with a ROOM SERVICE CART. Finally they make it to an open ELEVATOR.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

They shove the cart in and hit a button--

MEL (O.S.)
Wait! Hold that!

Patty looks up and frantically POUNDS the DOOR CLOSE button. The doors CREAK shut revealing an OUT OF ORDER sign.

Mel and Debra stop in front of the elevator, struggling with a LOCK BOX and ROLLING RACK of furs.

DEBRA
Goddamnit, Mel, now what?

MEL
Well, Deb, if the elevator's out, I guess we have to take the stairs.

DEBRA
Obviously it's not out, is it Mel?
It's just some kind of ruse to keep us corralled here!

INT. HOTEL BALCONY - DAY

Jane and Max scurry along the second floor balcony towards a stairwell.

DEBRA (O.S.)
Excuse me. Excuse me!

Jane freezes. She looks over the railing to the LOBBY below where DEBRA clutches her lock box and taps Vlad incessantly.

DEBRA (CONT'D)
Sir! Do you speak English?

Jane stares, flabbergasted.

MAX
What?

JANE
That's my boss and his dickhead
wife!

MAX
Not a great reason to stop running.
Come on.

He pulls her toward a door marked STAIRS as Vlad and Debra
continue to spar.

VLAD
Missus! You to have to wait with
the rest in the lobby lounge!

DEBRA
Excuse me! I will not have to wait
in the lobby lounge! And I want to
know why the elevators say out of
order when I just watched staff use
them!

VLAD
You did not see...

INT. HOTEL STAIRCASE - DAY

Jane and Max pant as they make their way up a seemingly
endless staircase. Max sweats as he hauls his recording gear.

MAX
Thank God I wore my trusty
slippers. How many floors are in
this thing?

JANE
Thirteen. Plus the basement.

MAX
Anything for the listeners.

Jane rolls her eyes.

JANE
No one buys your agenda, man.

MAX
What does that mean?

JANE

It means you're trying so hard to look like you're in it for the station, but you clearly just want to meet Epstein so you can hone your act.

Max wipes sweat from his face to conceal his discomfort.

MAX

No. That's not accurate. Anyway, what about you? I mean, I get wanting to sleep with a rock star, it's just George I can't wrap my head around. You don't think his whole mystery man thing is an act?

JANE

No.

MAX

You want to know what I think?

JANE

No.

MAX

I think you like him because he's quiet. It's easier to imagine he's what you want him to be.

JANE

So what? Is that worse than liking Paul because he's pretty? Or John because he's got a good voice? And anyway, isn't that what everyone does all the time? Isn't that what we're all doing with each other right now? I'm hoping you'll be one way, you're wanting me to be some other, until one of us breaks down and changes, or at least acts like she does? Aren't we all just bouncing our expectations off each other all the time, hoping we run into someone it sticks to?

Max is taken aback.

MAX

Sure, maybe, but this is different. because it's the music you really want.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

And it's okay to want to fuck a song, hell, it's okay to fuck a guy for his song, just as long as you know what you're doing.

JANE

You don't think I know what I'm doing.

MAX

I know for a fact you don't know what you're doing, because you don't get how many girls George Harrison has been with.

JANE

Oh, right, because I'm just a dainty girl who dreams of going steady and having kids the old fashioned way, by stork.

MAX

Thousands, honey. Thousands.

JANE

I don't care.

MAX

I think you do.

JANE

And why is that? What the hell qualifies you to be an expert on what seventeen year old girls want? Because they play your show at sleep overs?

She shakes her head.

JANE (CONT'D)

See, that's the thing. Same problem with you as with every other guy. Somehow you think talking is the same as listening.

MAX

Alright, fine. I'm listening. What do 17 year old girls want?

Jane shrugs.

JANE

Someone who knows what they're doing. Which definitely rules you out.

She glances at Max.

JANE (CONT'D)

What are you smiling about?

MAX

Nothing. You play my show at sleep overs?

She rolls her eyes.

JANE

Idiot.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Patty and Eli sit in the dim elevator among the wreckage of room service food, passing an open bottle of WINE.

PATTY

Okay, one more time. You be John Lennon, okay?

ELI

Okay. "'Ello, luv. I'm a real nowhere man."

PATTY

Oh, John!

She does an elaborate little giggle, hair toss, eyelash fluttering maneuver.

ELI

Yeah, that's pretty good.

PATTY

I know. Too bad you're the only one that'll see it.

She takes a swig.

PATTY (CONT'D)

You really think we should drop a bomb on Vietnam?

ELI
 (shaking his head)
 I was just pushing Jane's buttons.

PATTY
 You think she's going to be okay?

ELI
 I don't know.

She passes the bottle to him.

PATTY
 What's with all the explosions,
 then?

ELI
 (shrugging)
 I just like chemistry. I like
 seeing things change. People always
 talk about God making us special,
 different from everything else, but
 explosions show you that we're
 really all the same. You, me, this
 wine, The Beatles. Carbon,
 hydrogen, oxygen. All the same. So
 if you think about it, no one is
 ever coming or going. We're just
 shape shifting. Changing.

PATTY
 So really, you are John Lennon.

ELI
 Basically.

Patty smiles.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Max and Jane hide by an ICE MACHINE ROOM watching a couple
 extremely confused SECURITY GUARDS head towards the stairs,
 arguing over the sound of Vlad's voice on their walkies.

WALKIE
*Repeat, code five in the lobby! All
 dogs go to heaven!*

SECURITY GAURD 1
 I'm telling you, code five is
 either an escaped convict or the
 septic is broken again.

SECURITY GAURD 2

Bet you a buck you're wrong...

They disappear into the stairwell. Jane and Max slowly creep out and approach the door. Jane takes a deep breath.

MAX

You ready?

She nods. He tries the door knob. Incredibly, it's unlocked. He pushes the door open and steps into...

INT. SUITE 1310 - DAY

A huge, extravagant penthouse suite...

Completely EMPTY.

The door suddenly SLAMS shut behind them. They whip around to see DENNIS the bellhop standing in front of the door, gripping his walkie like a gun.

MAX

You gotta be fucking kidding me.

DENNIS

(into his walkie)

This is Straw Cat, come in Rotten Tooth, over.

WALKIE

Go for Rotten Tooth, over.

MAX

Wait wait, hang on a second, man. You call us in, what's in it for you, huh? Let's make a deal. What do you want to let us walk? Fortune? Fame? Free drugs?

Max holds out the joints. Dennis reaches for them. Jane GRABS his hand.

JANE

Wait. What room are they really in?

DENNIS

That'll be extra.

JANE

How much?

He taps his chin with the walkie thoughtfully.

DENNIS
Fifty.

MAX
Dollars?

Dennis shrugs.

DENNIS
How bad do you want to meet the
Beatles?

JANE
I got fifteen.

Jane turns to Max.

JANE (CONT'D)
You have any money?

He shakes his head. Dennis raises his walkie.

DENNIS
This is Straw Cat--

JANE
Wait! Wait. I can get the money.
Just let me borrow your jacket.

DENNIS
Yeah, right.

JANE
Swear to god. Give me ten minutes.
You can keep his recording shit as
insurance.

MAX
No, you can't-

JANE
You can keep him and his recording
shit as insurance.

Dennis reluctantly shrugs his coat off.

DENNIS
You're not back in ten and I'm
calling it in.

She runs out of the room.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Jane sprints down flight after flight of stairs, passing SIGNS for floors 9, 8, 7...

INT. LOBBY LOUNGE - DAY

The Alaska Native conference has ended, adding to the melee 100 bewildered Natives, wondering what all these white idiots are freaking out about. Vlad vainly tries to herd them out.

VLAD

Sirs, please make to the exit...

Behind him, Mel lectures the woman with the musk ox scarves.

MEL

Look, I'm not saying there's anything wrong with it, but at the end of the day, ox ain't fox...

Nearby, Debra sucks on a cigarette and chatters. The LOCK BOX and RACK OF FURS sit behind her, unattended.

Jane creeps up.

DEBRA

...it's a lot of power. And just when you start to figure it out, BANG! It's gone. I know. I used to be young. You know, pretty. But I had class. Manners. I worked hard. I was careful. We didn't have *birth control*. These girls now do whatever the hell they want. And why? Hm? Why is she so *lucky*?

Behind her, Jane's face goes steely. She silently snatches the LOCK BOX and slips away.

Debra flicks her cigarette ash and fluffs her hair.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

But you know what I mean. You have that whole respect your elders law.

The NATIVE WOMAN Debra is babbling at shrugs blankly and finishes her beer.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

Could've just nominated Cindy over at Once in a Blue Moose, but no, Mel had to make a statement...

VLAD (O.S.)
Please, all Eskimos go home now!

The Native woman turns suddenly.

NATIVE WOMAN
Fuck you, Ruski!

NATIVE MAN (O.S.)
Yeah, you go home, asshole!

Vlad's walkie talkie BEEPS:

WALKIE
*This is Charlie One, I need back
up. I got an old man out here...*

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Jane SPRINTS back up the stairs, past floors 7, 8, 9...

EXT. ANCHORAGE WESTWARD HOTEL

Frank glowers over James, who shouts into his walkie.

JAMES
...Repeat, back up, immediately!

FRANK
You better call for back up, kid...

Vlad jogs up, wheezing. Frank straightens, flips his wallet open to his EARTHQUAKE INSPECTION BADGE.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Earthquake inspection.

VLAD
*Today? Impossible. I must choose
reschedule option.*

FRANK
Earthquakes don't reschedule and
neither do we. If you want to
postpone, you can evacuate and
close up until you're ready for
inspection.

Vlad sighs.

INT. SUITE 1310 - DAY

Dennis and Max wait in awkward silence. Dennis turns the RADIO on. A weird, pubescent voice fills the room:

RADIO
*Welcome back to KFQD with me, your
host, Dish Master Burt!*

Max stares at the radio in horror.

MAX
No no no no no...

RADIO
*Hey. You know what I've always
wondered? Why do girls order
burgers and just eat the fries?
Call in and tell me your thoughts.
Anyway. Here's The Stones.*

PAINT IT BLACK by The Rolling Stones plays. Max drops his head in despair.

MAX
Son of a bitch.

Jane BURSTS into the room.

JANE
Got it!

DENNIS
No shit?

She tosses the LOCK BOX on the bed and starts spinning the code in. Max looks on worriedly. He leans in.

MAX
(quietly)
Where did you get that?

JANE
Somebody owed me.

Jane takes a deep breath and opens the lock box...They jerk back instinctively.

MAX
What the hell is that?

Jane pulls out a tiny, skimpy LEATHER AND FUR BIKINI. Dennis's eyes light up.

JANE
Aw, fuck. Hang on, I can still find
the cash--

DENNIS
Put it on.

They turn and look at him.

JANE
What?

DENNIS
I've loved Miss Fur Rondy since I
was nine years old. Put it on and
I'll tell you where they are. Free.

MAX
No fucking way. Come on Jane...

Jane hesitates a split second.

JANE
Okay.

MAX
(incredulous)
What? No, Jane this guy is some
kind of spaz, let's just go-

JANE
Don't tell me what to do.

Jane turns to Dennis.

JANE (CONT'D)
I need to change.

He nods to the bathroom. Max watches in disbelief as she goes
in. He turns back to Dennis.

MAX
You're sick.

Dennis rolls his eyes.

DENNIS
Oh please. You want this more than
I do.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Frank follows Vlad, scanning the crowd for Jane.

VLAD

I cannot give you coffee, okay,
because the break room is holding
prison for wild girls...

He gestures at the window of the break room: Barbara sits glumly inside with a score of other girls. Her eyes widen when she sees Frank. He keeps a poker face.

VLAD (CONT'D)

...but surely we are code
compliant. I have heard the foreman
of the retrofit was an...anal. Is
this the right word, anal?

Frank frowns.

FRANK

I don't think so.

VLAD

Oh, no, you're right. It's assho-

Frank spots the elevator door.

FRANK

That elevator really out of order?

VLAD

Ah, elevator man comes tomorrow...

FRANK

Are you insane? You don't have a
working elevator? That's a huge
violation, codes 1002, 202 and 713.
Not to mention you're way over
capacity. What do you think would
happen if there was an emergency?

VLAD

What can I do? I cannot fix.

Frank sighs, torn.

FRANK

You have a screwdriver?

INT. SUITE 1310 - DAY

Jane steps out of the bathroom in a hotel robe. Dennis's walkie beeps.

WALKIE

Straw Cat, what's going on in there-

He turns the walkie off. On the radio, PAINT IT BLACK begins its hysterical crescendo: "*Black as night, black as coal...*"

JANE

Tell me.

DENNIS

Take it off first.

Max covers his eyes.

MAX

This is so fucked.

Jane takes the robe off and throws it on the bed. Max can't help but peer through his fingers:

Jane is framed by floor to ceiling WINDOWS, backlit by the late setting sun on the mountains. She towers over the pathetic Dennis, who stares, slack jawed.

JANE

Talk.

DENNIS

Sing the song.

JANE

No fucking way.

DENNIS

Sing it and I'll escort both of you into their room myself.

JANE

I don't even know the words.

DENNIS

Bull. Shit.

Dennis turns the radio off and waits expectantly. Jane looks at Max. He looks away. She sighs.

JANE

(singing)

Eight stars of gold on a field of blue...

DENNIS

With the hand motions.

Jane sweeps her hands like an interpretive dancer.

JANE

*Alaska's flag, may it mean to you.
The blue of the sea, the evening
sky, the mountain lakes, and the
flow'rs nearby.*

Max lets his hands fall, watching in mesmerized horror.

JANE (CONT'D)

*The gold of the early sourdough's
dreams, the precious gold of the
hills and streams. The brilliant
stars in the northern sky: the
Bear, the Dipper, and shining...*

DENNIS

High.

Jane glares. Outside, the mountains go neon as setting sunlight suddenly pours into the room. She takes a deep breath.

JANE

*The great North Star with its
steady light, over land and sea a
beacon bright. Alaska's flag, to
Alaskans dear, the simple flag of a
last frontier.*

Dennis rubs his eye--is he crying? He stands, CLAPPING slowly. Jane clenches her jaw.

DENNIS

Wow. Wow. Wow. They're on ten.
Whole floor.

BANG BANG BANG! Someone POUNDS on the suite door.

VOICE (O.S.)

DENNIS?!

DENNIS

(screaming)
Don't come in!

The door SWINGS OPEN. Leo, aka "Rotten Tooth," stands stunned.

LEO

Holy shit, Dennis!

DENNIS

Ah, fuck you Leo. It was worth it.

Leo charges toward Jane.

Max hesitates a split second, then THROWS his RECORDING EQUIPMENT. It catches Leo in the gut and bounces to the floor and BREAKS apart.

Jane grabs the BELLHOP COAT and WALKIE, hurtles over Leo and takes off running down the hall.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Thank you!

MAX

Jane! Wait!

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Vlad smokes and stares out the window at the crowd as Frank tinkers with the CIRCUIT BOX by the elevator.

VLAD

The youth I worry for. Especially the women. Look at them, begging. Like bitches in heat. Why are they here? Where are their parents?

Frank's jaw clenches.

FRANK

Can't exactly lock them in kennels.

VLAD

Ha! Clearly you have not been to Russia.

Vlad's walkie squawks.

WALKIE

Breach in the Elbow Room! The Straw Cat has been compromised! Floor 13!

Vlad rubs his temple.

VLAD

Suka, blyad. Dog under hand, wolf under fur. Okay. Wait here.

Vlad wearily shuffles off. Frank SLAMS the circuit box shut. The elevator DINGS! The doors open...

Eli and Patty, half-clothed and sweatily intertwined, squint in the light.

FRANK

So. The gang's all here.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Jane trips rigidly down the steps, barefoot, buttoning the BELLBOY JACKET over the bikini. Max runs to catch up.

MAX

Jane! JANE! Just stop a second!
Where are you even going?

JANE

(not stopping)
Tenth floor.

MAX

Look, maybe we should get you some pants or something. This is all getting very...out of control.

Jane laughs bitterly.

JANE

Might as well make it count, right?

She PUSHES the stairwell DOOR marked 10 and steps into

INT. 10TH FLOOR - NIGHT

The atmosphere is completely different then anywhere else in the hotel. It's quiet, deserted except for a beleaguered ROADIE in an arm chair who keeps jerking out of sleep and...

Mel and Debra.

DEBRA

...was just here! Someone took it!

MEL

Probably that cow with the musk ox.

The door SLAMS behind Jane. They look over. Jane laughs incredulously, almost crazily.

JANE

Hey Mel!

MEL

Jane? What are you doing here...

Debra suddenly reaches out and RIPS the bellboy jacket open, revealing the fur bikini. Mel GASPS, connecting dots in his mind. He crosses his arms.

MEL (CONT'D)

Wow. This is very disappointing.

JANE

Tell me about it.

MEL

I thought you were way better than this, Jane.

JANE

Looks like you were way wrong.

MEL

Obviously you're fired.

JANE

You know, this might blow your mind, Mel, but I don't really fucking care.

MEL

After all we've done for you--

JANE

I never asked for it! I never wanted any of it! I never wanted to be a mascot for wholesome fun. And I goddamn hated working in your animal holocaust.

MEL

Animal holo--How dare you--*Fur is timeless*--

JANE

No it isn't, Mel! It's tacky and disgusting!

MEL

You're tacky and disgusting! This is a *disgrace* to the Fur Rondy Tradition--

JANE

Fuck Rondy.

Max steps between them.

MAX

Hey, woah, let's all chill.

MEL

Who the hell are you?

MAX

Max Best. DJ at KFQD? Whatever, never mind. Listen, we're at the threshold of a real opportunity here, if we can just put our problems aside...

MEL

I'm calling the police.

DEBRA

Oh, shut up Mel. Don't be ridiculous.

Everyone turns to Debra in surprise.

MEL

Debra, she *stole* from us!

DEBRA

You were going to give it to her anyway, what difference does it make?

She turns to Jane, softer than we've seen her.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

What're you doing, Jane? You really want to be in there, getting passed around a bunch of strange men?

She puts a hand on Jane's arm.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

I know it's hard, honey.

Jane jerks her arm away.

JANE

No you don't.

The hotel room door OPENS. Everyone freezes.

BRIAN EPSTEIN (31), resplendent and fatigued in a navy suit, steps out and glances at Mel and Debra with their furs. He calls back into the room.

EPSTEIN

Which of you lot wanted furs?

Sounds of arguing VOICES inside the room.

EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

Right. It was George. Come in.

Debra gives Jane a long, sad look, then turns and pushes her rack of furs into the Beatles room.

MAX

Wait...I, you...Mr. Epstein...

Epstein glances back, vaguely registering Jane clutching her bellhop coat closed.

EPSTEIN

Oh splendid. Take this, would you?
Had a bit of a spill. Thanks.

He pushes a LAUNDRY CART out and SLAMS the door.

Jane and Max stand in stunned silence for a moment. Their stolen walkie CRACKLES. A Russian accented voice:

WALKIE

*...All available security to floor
ten. Targets are a male in slippers
and a female in fur bikini...*

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Vlad speaks into his walkie as he heaves down the stairs.

VLAD

Literally a bathing suit of fur.
This is not a code.

He steps out of the stairwell and onto

INT. 10TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Empty but for the passed out roadie and a BELLBOY pushing a LAUNDRY CART full of sheets toward the elevators.

Vlad squints suspiciously.

VLAD

Hey! You! Show me your shoes!

Max, in the bellboy coat, picks up speed. He gets to the elevator just as it DINGS. The doors open. Inside is Frank, Eli, and Patty. Max freezes.

MAX

Uh...I can take the next one...

FRANK

It's fine, there's room.

Max glances back. Another two SECURITY GUARDS BURST into the hallway. Max takes a deep breath and pushes the cart in.

VLAD

Wait-!

The doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Insanely awkward silence. KICKS by Paul Revere and The Raiders plays quietly.

Frank stares straight ahead, seething. Eli and Patty gape at Max, the cart, and Max again. Frank suddenly turns to him.

FRANK

You're young. Maybe you can explain something for me. What is it about the Beatles, huh?

UNDER THE LAUNDRY CART SHEETS, Jane goes still at the sound of her father's VOICE. Beads of SWEAT form on her forehead.

MAX

Um.

FRANK

I mean the *reaction*. The actual sheer physical combustion that makes all these smart, wonderful, sensitive young women act like...

PATTY

Men?

Frank shoots a glare at Patty.

FRANK

Quiet, you. I don't know who I'm more disgusted by. For Christ's sake, he's fifteen, Patricia.

Under the sheets, Jane's eyes go wide. What the fuck?

Eli, Patty and Max stand in silent horror, unable to stop Frank from talking.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Covered in monkey bites like a
couple of goddamned animals.

He smacks Eli's neck.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Neither of you breath a word of
this to Jane, understand?

Patty glances nervously at the laundry cart.

PATTY
But Jane is so sweet and level-
headed--a saint, really--I'm sure
she'd understand we're SO SORRY-

Beneath the sheets, Jane bites her lip and tries to breathe deeply.

FRANK
No. Clearly she's...going through
something. Or, Jesus, I don't know.
Maybe it's all the same, maybe it's
a problem with your generation.

The elevator DINGS.

FRANK (CONT'D)
No goddamned self-respect.

The doors open into the lobby.

EXT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Frank drags Patty and Eli through the lobby toward the BREAK ROOM. Max pushes the cart rapidly toward the LAUNDRY ROOM. Patty looks back desperately.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Max pushes the cart into the room and locks the door. The room is hot and damp and flanked with rows of WASHERS, DRIERS and huge piles of WHITE LAUNDRY.

MAX

There's probably a uniform or something down here you can wear...

No response.

MAX (CONT'D)

Jane?

He lifts the edge of a sheet and peers in. Jane's tear streaked face turns away.

He picks up the entire pile of sheets with Jane inside and lays it on a stack of comforters.

He crawls under the sheet and lays down beside her.

JANE

This room used to be on the second floor. Did you know that?

He shakes his head.

JANE (CONT'D)

During the earthquake it sank ten feet, straight down. No one was hurt. My dad says it's a miracle of engineering. Someone else's miracle. We were at the park, a bunch of us. I was making out with James Cook in the back of his station wagon. A phone pole fell on it, so we had to walk home. When we got to our street, all the moms were standing outside on the porches, screaming for their kids. And one by one, everyone ran to them and were bundled up and taken inside. But when we got to our house, the porch was empty. The door was locked. Eli started crying. And I just stood there, waiting for the door to open and our mom to take us inside.

MAX

Marilyn.

Jane turns slowly toward him.

MAX (CONT'D)

Last request of the night, every night for two years. Same song, same dedication.

He shrugs.

MAX (CONT'D)

I'm a DJ. I know voices. Knew it the second you spoke.

JANE

She's my mom. Was. She was the music teacher at West High. Bad foundation. No miracle.

Jane stares at her watch, rubbing its glass face.

JANE (CONT'D)

She used to say that in a song, the pauses are more important than the notes. The space is what makes it music. That's where I live. On the porch, in the longest pause. And it's so quiet I can't barely hear anything at all.

They lay in silence for a beat. Somewhere, a staticky radio hums NORWEGIAN WOOD, muffled by the dense tangle of sheets.

MAX

You know, the only reason I became a DJ was so I could change my name.

She glances at him.

MAX (CONT'D)

My real name isn't Max Best. It's Albie Migliore.

She snorts an involuntary laugh.

MAX (CONT'D)

I know. Not short for Albert, even. Just Albie. My mom thought she was so fucking cute. Anyway, got the KFQD gig, hated it, was thinking about quitting, then the earthquake hit while I was on the air. We were dark for ten minutes and the second the power came back on the request line rang. Some guy stuck in a phone booth next to JC Penny, asking me to let his family know he was okay. So I did, and as soon as I hung up the phone rang again, rang solid for 30 hours, and I remember thinking, this is how God must feel, listening to prayers.

He looks at her. She kisses him suddenly. He tries to pull away, but she's intense, and he's no match for that damn fur bikini. They make out frantically.

She peels off his shirt and grabs his belt.

MAX (CONT'D)

Wait--

JANE

No.

She pulls his belt off.

MAX

What about--

JANE

Fuck em.

MAX

Are you sure-

She shoves her hand down his jeans.

JANE

Please. Just shut up and do it.

He does.

The hum of the washers and beat of the driers drift into the sound of NORWEGIAN WOOD.

INT. BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

NORWEGIAN WOOD plays on the radio in a shabby room with battered couches, stale snacks, a flickering TV. A miserable crowd of sniffing GIRLS stand in line to use the phone. Intermittently, furious PARENTS enter and drag a girl out.

Vlad talks quietly into his walkie talkie as a BLONDE GIRL sobs on the phone.

BLONDE GIRL

I'm sorry, mom...

Next in line, Patty and Barbara stand together.

PATTY

This is a fucking nightmare.

Eli approaches them, scanning the room and whispering.

ELI

Guys, I got an idea. I still have some black powder and sugar, if I set off the fire alarm—

Barbara turns irritably.

BARBARA

Shut up, Eli.

PATTY

Don't be an asshole to him. At least he's trying to make it up to her.

BARBARA

No, see, I don't have to make anything up, Patty, because I didn't do anything.

PATTY

Yeah, you never do anything. Because you're never there for her.

BARBARA

Oh, is that what you call humping her kid brother? "Being there"?

The snuffling Blonde Girl hangs up.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Frank stalks through the hallways opening and slamming doors.

PATTY (V.O.)

You know, if you pulled your head out of Teddy's ass for ten seconds you'd notice she's really messed up, Barbara.

Frank rounds a corner. At the far end of the hall is a door marked LAUNDRY.

BARBARA (V.O.)

I noticed, Patty, I just don't think fucking strangers is always the best solution.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

RADIO (O.S.)

*And now, a word from our sponsors!
Have a burger and visit with
Annabelle the elephant at the world
famous White Spot Cafe...*

Jane and Max lay wrapped in sheets next to each other, but distinctly apart. Jane looks far away. Max looks uncertain.

MAX

Hey. You okay?

She glances at him.

JANE

Why wouldn't I be?

MAX

I don't know.

He sees her withdrawing and clears his throat uncomfortably.

MAX (CONT'D)

All right. Well. We should probably
get out of here.

JANE

And go where?

MAX

I mean, I still gotta try to get
something for the station. I don't
know what you...want...

JANE

Wow. You don't waste time, do you?

She stands, pulling the sheets with her and revealing Max's wiry body in BRIEFS. He scrambles, grabbing the closest CHEF PANTS and pulling them on.

MAX

Wait-what just happened? A second
ago everything was fine.

Jane pulls on his WHITE SPOT T shirt.

JANE

No. It wasn't.

INT. BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

The line of girls look increasingly pissed as Barbara and Patty fight in front of the phone. Vlad looks nervous.

ELI

Guys--

PATTY AND BARBARA

Shut up.

PATTY

You're transparent, Barbie. You've always been jealous of me, because you're boring. You're so square you're practically a cube.

BARBARA

Being a slut doesn't make you interesting, Patty.

Patty SLAPS Barbara!

VLAD

Woah! Woah!

Vlad tries to break it up, but the crowd is dissolving into chaos. Suddenly Eli's pubescent voice breaks through--

ELI

GUYS! LOOK!

He points out the small window. Everyone turns curiously...

The entire room SCREAMS collectively and STAMPEDES toward the door, bursting past Vlad and running into the hallway.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Frank freezes just outside the laundry room, listening. Hearing the SCREAMS, he turns and jogs back the other way.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Max bristles as he pulls on what looks like a woman's BLOUSE

Jane silently tosses the FUR BIKINI in a GARBAGE CHUTE and watches it disappear into the dark.

A faint THUNDERING seems to echo above them.

MAX (O.S.)
You hear that?

Jane SLAMS the chute door shut and turns around.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Jane and Max step cautiously into the thrashed room. It's DESERTED except for Vlad halfheartedly picking up empty BEER BOTTLES and COFFEE CUPS, cigarette hanging from his lips.

He doesn't even look up as Jane and Max walk past, speeding up.

EXT. ANCHORAGE WESTWARD HOTEL - NIGHT

Jane and Max jog out into the shapeless chaos of the dispersing crowd. Everywhere cars are starting and driving away, headlights casting disorienting shadows, music blasting from their radios.

They nearly trip over a GIRL collapsed on the asphalt, crying hysterically.

JANE
What's going on? Are you okay?

Max stops a passing woman. It's the MUSK OX LADY.

MAX
Hey what happened? What's wrong with her?

MUSK OX LADY
Paul blew her a kiss.

MAX
What?

MUSK OX LADY
Paul. The Beatle. You didn't see them? They came out that side door, in those suits and sunglasses. They waved...Look! There they go!

She points down the hill at LIMO in the distance, a wild CARAVAN behind it. She turns back.

MUSK OX LADY (CONT'D)
You must've just missed them.

She shakes her head in amazement as she wanders into the thinning crowd. Jane and Max stand shellshocked for a moment.

MAX

FUCK!

Jane looks dazed as a group pushes past her, laughing. She speaks quietly, almost to herself.

JANE

It wasn't supposed to be like this.

MAX

Like what?

JANE

I don't know. Pointless. Like everything else.

Jane and Max lock eyes, staring at each other for a beat.

MAX

Well, fuck. I'm sorry, then.

JANE

Yeah. Me too.

Jane turns and walks off into the thinning crowd.

She gets a few paces. A CAR in front of her pulls away...

FRANK stands, arms folded, staring at her.

Jane stares back for a moment, as if considering her options, then sighs in resignation, the fight gone out of her.

She looks back to where Max was standing, but he's already gone.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Frank drives in silence. Jane stares out the window blankly, watching the city streak by.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JOHNNY CASH on the radio. Frank and Jane enter. Jane goes immediately to her room.

Frank sits at the kitchen table, lights a cigarette, and stares at the empty chair across from him for a long beat.

JANE (O.S.)
I got into Berkley.

She drops the thick ENVELOPE on the table in front of him and sits down across from him.

FRANK
That what you want?

JANE
I don't know. I hadn't even thought about it until today. But I want to be able to find out.

Frank rubs his forehead.

FRANK
Look, you want to go to California, go. But you're not going to find her out there.

JANE
I know that.

FRANK
Do you?

Jane says nothing.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You can't escape your blues, Jane. The world isn't big enough.

JANE
That's a terrible thing to say to someone.

FRANK
I'm sorry.

He lights another cigarette and offers it to her.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Your mom loved this song.

She accepts the cigarette suspiciously.

JANE
I know.

Frank sighs.

FRANK
So. What else.

JANE
I got fired.

FRANK
Ah. About time. Those two have
always been freaky.

JANE
You're not upset?

FRANK
Are you?

JANE
No.

FRANK
Then neither am I.

Beat.

JANE
It doesn't matter, anyway. None of
it matters.

She shakes her head, rubs her watch nervously.

JANE (CONT'D)
It used to, you know? It used to be
like breathing. So automatic you
figure life must have it built in.
A point. But then it went away, and
now I can't remember how I ever did
it. I can't make anything matter
anymore. Like I forgot how to
breathe.

Frank nods slowly.

FRANK
Yeah.

They smoke in silence for a moment.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

JANE
Stop being sorry. Don't be sorry
for me.

She looks out the window.

JANE (CONT'D)

I was supposed to be there. You know that? I was supposed to pick her up, But I was off fucking around. So I was late. And now I'm here, and I don't belong. It's like, there was this terrible mix up. A mistake. Because she was important. People needed her. And I know I'm not who I'm supposed to be. And I'm so sorry. I'm just so sorry.

Her eyes well up.

FRANK

It wasn't a mistake.

She looks back to him. He stares at his cigarette.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I did the inspections. Few months before, walked the foundation, signed a dotted line saying it was a-okay. I think about that every time you leave the house.

He squints, takes a drag.

FRANK (CONT'D)

For a long time I thought it was more important for you to be safe than happy. And maybe it was, for a while. But it isn't any more. That's not my job any more.

He sighs deeply and stamps out his cigarette

FRANK (CONT'D)

Never lost a job before. I really hate it.

JANE

You get used to it.

He smiles a little sadly.

FRANK

This thing that happened will always have happened. So there will always be something missing.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

And I don't know why it did, but it can't be all bad, because when I look at us, at you and Eli, I still feel lucky. You're special, Jane. You're a fucking warrior. And you are going to have a huge life. Because we are not mistakes. We belong. Wherever you are, Jane, you belong.

He grabs her hand and squeezes it. She smiles. He coughs and brushes the damp from his eyes.

Suddenly a PING rings out from the window. Frank opens the side door and flicks on the porch light.

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Barbara stands frozen in the light with a handful of pebbles.

BARBARA

Hi Mr. Murphy.

FRANK

Hello Barbara.

BARBARA

Uh. Can Jane come out to the Midnight Sun Party?

He looks at Jane.

FRANK

You want to go a party?

Jane looks incredulous. She lifts her WRIST WATCH.

JANE

You have any idea what time it is?

FRANK

No. But in my day Midnight Sun Parties didn't even get started before 2:00 am. So, I'll tell you the same thing someone much cooler once told me:

He smiles.

FRANK (CONT'D)

"Stop looking at your goddamnaed watch and try fucking living a little, Frank."

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane and Barbara walk down the driveway. Frank yells:

FRANK
Be home by...the weekend.

JANE
Copy that.

FRANK
And if you see Eli, tell him he's
grounded!

She waves. He lingers in the doorway, then reluctantly closes the door. Barbara grabs Jane's hand and immediately starts running.

BARBARA
Come on, we gotta hurry!

JANE
What the hell is going on?

BARBARA
Patty talked to the Delta girls.
The typhoon's passed. Beatles leave
in 30 minutes. No one knows, not
even them.

Jane stops under a street light.

JANE
What? No it's too late, they
already left--

Barbara shakes her head.

BARBARA
That wasn't them. That was just the
crazy Russian's decoy. It's not too
late, Jane.

Understanding dawns on Jane. She smiles, almost involuntarily. Barbara grins and pulls her along.

JANE
So where are we going?

BARBARA
To the airport! Ted's working, he's
getting you on the plane.

They round the corner where A CAR idles. Patty sits in the drivers seat.

JANE

No way. I'm not going with her.

BARBARA

You're not in charge, dummy.

Barbara opens the passenger door and easily forces Jane in.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Say hi to Teddy for me!

She slams the door.

EXT. ANCHORAGE WESTWARD HOTEL - NIGHT

Max sits dejectedly on the back of a shitty old VW BUS, looking insane in chef pants, hippy slippers and bellboy jacket. He fishes a JOINT out of his cigarette pack and lights it.

EPSTEIN(O.S.)

It's your lucky day.

Max looks up. Brian Epstein stands in front of him. Max gapes at him. He nods at the joint.

EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

I can help you take care of that before the rest of the lads show up. Merciless bogarts, that lot.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Patty drives, Jane stares out the window.

PATTY

Jane--

JANE

Don't talk to me.

Beat.

PATTY

We're all just beings, Jane, sexual beings, and anyway it was just a hand job-

JANE

Holy shit, shut up! Shut up! Stop trying to justify everything with feminist bullshit! Sometimes an asshole is just an asshole, Patty, and you're a fucking asshole.

Patty goes silent. She starts to cry a little.

PATTY

I know. I'm sorry. Sometimes I think maybe I'm sick or something, you know?

Jane softens.

JANE

You're not sick, Patty. You're just really, really horny.

Patty laughs tearfully.

JANE (CONT'D)

I slept with Max.

Patty wipes a tear away.

PATTY

What.

JANE

Actually his real name is Albie.

PATTY

What?

JANE

In the laundry room.

Patty peers at her closer.

PATTY

Oh my god, you actually did. In all the sheets?

JANE

Uh-huh.

PATTY

Damn, Jane. That's kind of hot. Was it crazy?

JANE

Yeah, it was pretty crazy.

Patty smiles, shakes her head.

PATTY

Yeah. It's a crazy thing.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

The car stops near the tarmac in view of the CONTROL TOWER. Patty JUMPS out and grabs a PACKAGE from the BUSHES.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

PATTY

Here, put this on.

Patty hands Jane a DELTA UNIFORM. Jane starts changing.

PATTY (CONT'D)

So while I was being shamed by your dad all night, I started thinking. It's pathological, right, his rescue conquest? But it's also kind of fucking boss in a medieval way. Like, most people go their whole lives without ever being loved like that. By anyone.

JANE

You gonna try to blow my dad next?

PATTY

No! Not *next*. But eventually, yeah. Definitely.

Jane laughs as she pins on a name tag reading SALLY. From the CONTROL TOWER a small light FLASHES three times.

PATTY (CONT'D)

Okay then. That's Ted. This is it.

JANE

How do I look?

PATTY

Hang on.

With a teenage girl's rapid, delicate precision, she runs her fingers through Jane's tangled hair, wipes mascara from under her eyes...then stops, shaking her head.

PATTY (CONT'D)

Honestly, you're pulling it off.

Jane starts to open the door.

PATTY (CONT'D)
Love you Jane.

JANE
Love you Patts.

The jet sits in a pool of light. Jane steps out of the car.

EXT. ANCHORAGE WESTWARD HOTEL - DAY

Epstein passes the joint to Max.

EPSTEIN
Nice shoes.

Max glances down at his moccasins.

MAX
Thanks. They're...yeah. Thanks.

Max hits the joint and passes it back.

MAX (CONT'D)
How's it going, anyway?

EPSTEIN
Let's just say I'm determined to go
through the horror of this world.
(Chuckles)
There's a quote for your listeners.
You're one of the DJ's, right?

Max looks at him askance.

EPSTEIN (CONT'D)
(shrugging)
It's my job to be omnipotent.

He smiles but his face is drawn, shadows of a thousand
sleepless, pill fueled nights under his eyes.

EPSTEIN (CONT'D)
See, people think as a manager I'm
telling them what to do. But my job
is to *protect* them from people
telling them what to do.

Epstein rubs his eyes.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Jane steps slowly through the door of the jet and stands still, taking it all in. Graceland. Mecca. Beatle Heaven: Velvet JACKETS, a dozen GUITARS, cartons of Peter Stuyvesent CIGARETTES, exotic SOUVENIRS...

She steps forward, reaches out, and touches a JACKET.

EPSTEIN (V.O.)

Because everybody wants a piece,
right? Everyone's got their own
version of what they *mean*.

She unwraps and eats one of Ringo's German KINDER chocolates.

EPSTEIN (V.O.)

The Beatles are this, The Beatles
are that. They're hearthrobs,
they're The Antichrist, they're
hippies, punks.

She pours a scotch, strums the strings of a guitar. Flips through a stack of records (mostly Dylan).

EPSTEIN (V.O.)

They're ours or mine, they belong
to the label or England or the
youth or the girls. Everyone's
entitled, everyone thinks they're
owed.

She opens a NOTEBOOK to a page of DOODLES: A gun, a fish, a woman, a list of seemingly random words: *ABRACADABRA*, *FAT MAN*, *BOBBY*...and at the bottom, in bold letters, circled:

REVOLVER.

Jane sets the book down and walks to back of the plane.

EPSTEIN (V.O.)

And it's all bollocks.

Jane unzips a SUITCASE with GH on the tag. A stack of folded shirts and underwear inside. She takes a shirt and smells it.

EPSTEIN (V.O.)

Because no one owns you unless you
sell yourself. That's what you've
got to remember. Self-
determination. Manifest destiny.

Beneath the shirt is stack of POLAROIDs. She picks them up. All hotel rooms and halls, with only bits of people visible: the back of a head, a red eye, an open, sleeping mouth...

EPSTEIN (V.O.)

That's American, isn't it? That's music, and art, that's freedom: the right to say fuck it.

...and finally, George, alone, in the mirror in a hotel bathroom. The gaze of truly lonely eye.

EPSTEIN (V.O.)

The right to say I don't bloody know.

Jane looks out the window at the reconstructed CONTROL TOWER.

EPSTEIN (V.O.)

It doesn't matter what choice you make as long as you make it. That's all that matters. And that's my job. To make sure they're not for sale. Ah, speak of the devil! Here we are. Hello, boys.

Jane looks at her watch.

EXT. ANCHORAGE WESTWARD HOTEL - NIGHT

The Beatles Bus COUGHS to life, alerting the lingering cadre of clever fans. They rush towards it. The bus SCREECHES forward, then LURCHES to a stop. The door opens.

Max hops out. Someone in the crowd shouts:

VOICE (O.S.)

Holy shit, that's Max Best!

The crowd SCREAMS with approval. Max waves. In the sea of faces, Dick Moby's stands out, stunned. They lock eyes for a moment. Max shrugs. The bus HONKS. He jumps down.

Max watches from the parking lot as the bus hurdles into the night, a tail of CARS following close behind.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Off screen, the sound of the airplane door OPENING, FOOTSTEPS filing in, accented CHATTERING.

Bodies crisscross frame, no one in focus. A RECORD is put on.

We follow a head wearing a FUR HAT to the back of the plane. He takes the hat off and tosses it in an open SUITCASE.

It lands beside a neatly folded a pair underwear.

JANE is written on the waistband.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jane walks down empty streets, through dark neighborhoods. Shadows cast by the STREETLIGHTS underline every crack and wound in the roads and buildings. She slows as she passes

EXT. THE WHITE SPOT - NIGHT

The only 24 hour diner in town. Through the window, SKIP (50, ex-marine gone to seed) is visible, cleaning around Otto, passed out at the counter amid a sea of empty BEER BOTTLES.

Jane rounds the corner and stops.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Jane stands at a WOODEN FENCE, looking utterly random in her Delta uniform, staring at the field beyond the fence. A BARN and a few sleepless HORSES stand silhouetted in the twilight.

Jane leans her forehead on the fence and squeezes her eyes shut. The only sound is the TICKING of her wristwatch.

Suddenly, Jane's head bobs, nudged. Her hair musses forward onto her face with a HUFFING sound. She opens her eyes.

Annabelle the Elephant stands on the other side of the fence, inches away. Jane steps back. Annabelle seems unperturbed.

The two stand face to face for a moment.

Jane steps closer. She reaches her hand out. Annabelle reaches back with her trunk. Jane gently lays her hand on the wrinkled hide, like old friends shaking hands, and looks up uncertainly.

Annabelle's big dark eye looks back, blinking slowly, eyelashes sweeping.

Jane starts to cry. Then laugh, then both simultaneously, for the horror, the wonder, the luck and fate of it all.

After a moment, one of the horses whinnies jealously from the BARN. Slowly, Annabelle turns and Jane watches her trudge to the barn and disappear inside. The field is empty again.

In the distance, smoke from a BONFIRE snakes into the sky. The faint sounds of laughter and talking can be heard.

Jane wipes her face and takes a deep breath.

EXT. EARTHQUAKE PARK - NIGHT

Hippies are partying, but the mood is tense and paranoid.

A dozen yards away, down by the mudflats, a BONFIRE burns. The Basies can be heard drunkenly singing The Ballad of the Green Beret:

BASIES

*Fighting soldiers from the sky
Fearless men who jump and die
Men who mean just what they say
The brave men of the Green Beret!*

Hippies BOO loudly. Jane navigates through the crowd, ducking past BEER CANS and PAINTED FACES. The entire town seems to be present. Familiar faces drift in and out of focus:

-The BLUE CHIPS BAND, standing on stumps, plugging into GENERATORS.

-MARTY BERKINS, JAMES COOK, and two OTHERS dressed as DECOY BEATLES entertain a cadre of enthralled girls.

-DENNIS the BELLHOP, holding a WESTWARD HOTEL PILLOWCASE in one hand and arguing with a couple of teenage girls.

DENNIS

Fifteen for the pillowcase is a steal! Their faces were on this!

He clocks Jane and YELLS desperately.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Oh! Miss Fur Rondy! Miss Fur Rondy!

Jane keeps walking, heading toward the BONFIRE.

EXT. MUDFLATS - NIGHT

Closer to the bonfire:

-MUFFY D and his BASIE BROS, all blind drunk, stumbling after the poor, HONKING one-eyed GOOSE.

-DICK MOBY, drinking heavily and pouting while his BASIE SIDEKICKS make out with their girlfriends.

Jane scans the crowd, looking for someone...Suddenly, a wasted Patty intercepts her like a runaway train.

PATTY

Omigod Jane! How are you here? I thought you were going to Japan for sure! Did you and George get into a fight?

JANE

No, Patty.

PATTY

You didn't do it, did you?

Jane shakes her head. Patty looks bummed.

PATTY (CONT'D)

That's okay I guess. Two in one day would have been kind of much.

JANE

That means a lot, coming from you. Hey, you seen Max--

Suddenly a BOTTLE ROCKET launches into the sky with a SCREAM and EXPLODES. Everyone CHEERS. Jane narrows her eyes. Patty holds her hands up.

PATTY

I didn't bring him. Swear to God.

EXT. BONFIRE - NIGHT

Jane approaches the bonfire and is met by a wall of GIRLS waving SPARKLERS. She fights to the center where ELI holds BEER and a PUNK he's lighting sparklers with.

JANE

Jesus, kid, haven't you had enough?

He turns, his eyes shining in the firelight.

ELI

I can't stop thinking about her

JANE
Who, Patty?

He shakes his head.

JANE (CONT'D)
Yeah. Me either.

He suddenly holds a HOMEMADE ROMAN CANDLE out to her.

JANE (CONT'D)
Nah. That's your thing.

ELI
Come on. Just once. You'll like it,
I bet. Its like being able to see
your feelings.

She hesitates, then takes the rocket. Eli grins and touches the PUNK to the FUSE. It SPARKS hysterically, hissing.

ELI (CONT'D)
Point it up! Point it at the sky!

She points it up.

The fuse hits the rocket. A wonky flame SPRAYS out as it soars, SHRIEKING into the sky, shooting past the drifting ash of the bonfire.

It hits a zenith and EXPLODES with a huge raw POP, more like a bomb than a firework.

The crowd CHEERS. Eli karate kicks, WHOOPING.

ELI (CONT'D)
YES! MAGNESIUM FUCKING OXIDE!

Jane stares up in awe, watching the fading embers fall. Eli looks at her and laughs.

ELI (CONT'D)
Pretty good, right?

She nods. A cute younger GIRL taps Eli on the shoulder.

GIRL
Hey. You have any more like that?

BARBARA (O.S.)
JANE!

Jane turns. Barbara stands by a KEG, waving beside TED (24), who indeed looks square as a fucking rubix cube in his GLASSES and ALASKA AIRLINES UNIFORM. Jane walks over to them.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

There she is! Former Miss Fur Rondy
1966! Look! Ted's alive!

Barbara hangs off him, goofy, giggling. A different person.

JANE

Hey Ted, thanks for everything.

Ted shrugs, blushing. Barbara beams.

BARBARA

Isn't he a hero?

JANE

You guys seen Max around?

BARBARA

I think he's in Kiddy Land. The
hippies set up a whole thing over
there. Just follow the lights.

Barbara nods at a trail of candles leading into the woods. Jane follows it into a clearing...

EXT. KIDDY LAND - NIGHT

An abandoned PLAYGROUND destroyed by the earthquake: a surreal jungle of twisted MONKEY BARS and ruined CAROUSELS, all lit by CANDLES.

A stoned HIPPIE noodles on a LAP GUITAR. Everywhere are TEEPEES, piles of PILLOWS and HAMMOCKS, all occupied with couples. Jane slows, scanning the tangles of limbs...

Jutting out from the darkness of an open teepee are Max's two-toned Vans SNEAKERS (special from California), tangled up with set of naked LEGS. Jane stands, frozen

Giggling and whispering issue from the tent. She turns away.

BEARDED GUY (O.S.)

Hey! Star child!

She turns back. The Bearded Guy leans out of the teepee, struggling to keep the nubile girl from entwining him.

BEARDED GUY (CONT'D)

I knew you'd be back. Join us.

He peers at her.

BEARDED GUY (CONT'D)
Did you get laid?

Jane blushes.

JANE
What? No, I...wait, so is Max here?

BEARDED GUY
Aha. The Voice. Good choice.

He points to a small TRAIN TRACK leading deeper into the woods. She starts to follow them, then stops and turns back.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Jane follows the mangled train track uphill through the broken forest. Behind are the sounds of the hippies highjacking The Ballad of the Green Berets and turning it into BOB DYLAN'S RAINY DAY WOMEN 12&35.

HIPPIES
*They'll stone you when you're set
down in your grave...*

She passes by the lone MAILBOX.

Finally she reaches a jagged peak. A tangle of decrepit little TRAIN CARS are crowded together. Max sits on one, smoking a cigarette and looking out over the mudflats.

HIPPIES (CONT'D)
*But I would not feel so all alone/
Everybody must get stoned!*

Max's SNEAKERS land in his lap. He looks up at her. His eyes light up.

MAX
You're a stewardess now! Weird!

Jane slides into a train car beside him. The singing factions below compete cacophonously.

JANE
So you get fired or what?

MAX
Nah. Can't fire the guy that interviewed the Beatles.

He holds up a tape cassette. Jane grabs it.

JANE

No way.

MAX

Yep. Ringo had it. Some kind of space age recorder.

She turns the tape over in her hands.

JANE

What are they like?

MAX

Well, for starters, George has just the tiniest dick.

Jane rolls her eyes. Max shrugs.

MAX (CONT'D)

I don't know. Funny thing seeing rock stars without their fans around. Reminds you that a radio playing to empty room is just noise, you know? It's you, the right person finding the right song, your heartbeat speeding up, that's when it becomes music.

He scratches at the rust on the train car.

MAX (CONT'D)

That's why I love my job. I get to be in the middle, turning everybody on.

He nods at the sky.

MAX (CONT'D)

And them, up there, they're just lucky to be part of it.

He looks at her.

MAX (CONT'D)

They're lucky to be part of you, Jane. And I feel bad for them, I really do, because they don't even know it.

Jane smiles. Down in the crowd, a third group starts singing IN MY LIFE by the BEATLES.

CROWD

*There are places I remember/
All my life though some have
changed/ Some forever not for
better...*

MAX

You're right, anyway. I don't stand for anything. I'm totally full of shit. But I do love music. And I think your mom was wrong. It's not the spaces that matter most. It the collapse. The connect. Me, you, them. But anyway. I don't know why I'm talking. Because you're right about that, too, I don't--

Jane kisses him.

JANE

Listen.

MAX

Yeah.

The singing below has coalesced into a single voice. The Blue Chips Band pick up the beat and begin to play along.

JANE

I just wanted to tell you, I'm not sorry.

He smiles.

MAX

Me either.

He leans over and kisses her. Someone in the park SCREAMS out a surprisingly adequate rendition of the piano solo.

CROWD

*Some are dead and some are living/
In my life I've loved them all.*

Jane and Max separate and look out at the hippies and basies now mingled together, singing in unison. The Decoy Beatles lead aggressively, fully committed.

MAX

Look at these idiots. One good sing-a-long and everyone forgets how much they hate each other.

CROWD

In my life I love you more!

Sloppy fireworks POP off in the sky, one after another.

Far above, the tiny blinking LIGHT of an airplane sails unnoticed, up, up, and away.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - LATER

Jane enters, shuts the door silently. She tiptoes past Frank, snoring on the couch in front of the TV. The Twilight Zone plays. She gently removes a cold cup of COFFEE from his hands. Outside, the sky is already beginning to lighten.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jane leans back on her bed and turns her clock radio on.

RADIO

...It's that time again, time for the last song. This one's for someone special, and I don't want to embarrass her, so let's just call her the future. When you get to tomorrow, wait for me there. Until then...

She finally unstraps her wristwatch and lets it fall.

RADIO (CONT'D)

This is Max Best signing off: good night, and remember, wherever you are, whatever you're doing...

Jane smiles and closes her eyes.

RADIO (CONT'D)

This is only the beginning.

Music Cue: QUEEN JANE APPROXIMATELY by Bob Dylan

RADIO (CONT'D)

When your mother sends back all your invitations/And your father to your sister he explains...

We pull closer, right up to her face, her eyelashes, her smile.

RADIO (CONT'D)

*That you're tired of yourself and
all of your creations...*

CUT TO:

BLACK.

RADIO

Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?