

SAFETY IN NUMBERS

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INT. OLD OPERA HOUSE (BRIGHTSIDE, IL.) - MORNING

Red velvet curtains fill the screen. Overture music swells.

VOICES (OS)

Hold it, hold it. Okay, let'em go.

The curtains fall to the floor. Clouds of dust puff up and dislodge a sleeping pigeon.

Strings swell. We are inside a decrepit 19th century Opera House. The song "OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING" begins.

Two builders ROLL UP the curtains. The pigeon flies up and out a hole in the roof. Strings crescendo.

The bird glides over a frozen lake and continues through a small, Midwestern town that has seen better days.

Finally, it swoops down a residential street and poops on a car. It is definitely not a beautiful morning.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET (BRIGHTSIDE, IL.) - MORNING

We move past rows of identical box houses. Brown muddy spots poke through snow-spattered lawns. Piles of dirty snow line the gutters. Hassled residents stand by cars and scrape ice off of windshields.

Part of the street is eaten up by a large empty lot. A sign outside reads "Brightside Manors". A sticker on top reads "Building Suspended". One house stands sentinel next door.

ON DOOR. The gray paint is cracked and peeling, revealing a layer of bright pink paint underneath.

INT. GREY BUKOWSKI'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - MORNING

As the song fades, EYES OPEN. We reveal GREYSON BUKOWSKI (27), in bed, tangled up in sheets. With a resigned air, he blinks and stares up at a crack in the ceiling.

MARY MERTZ (OS)

And that concludes our Movie Musical Marathon. This is your host, Mary Mertz, join us every weeknight at 2 am for a night filled with song.

Grey rolls his eyes, yawns and smacks his lips.

MALE DISC JOCKEY (OS)

Good morning Brightside, and all points beyond. It's March thirty-first but no sign of spring so-

CLICK. Grey switches off the radio. He gets out of bed.

GREY
(bright but sarcastic)
-wrap up tight Brightsiders.

Grey scrolls through a list of songs on an old laptop. Chooses one. "Under Pressure" by Queen. The notorious baseline thumps on as Grey shuffles forward.

He winces and lifts his foot. A splinter is lodged in his toe. Mouth flat, he closes his eyes and counts to himself.

GREY (cont'd)
One, two, three, four, five.

And his face is impassive once more.

INT. GREY'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - MORNING

Grey lays in the shower, half-asleep. An alarm beeps. He ignores it and pulls a washcloth over his eyes.

INT/EXT. GREY'S HOUSE - MORNING (MONTAGE)

Grey attempts to coordinate his routine to save time, but nothing goes to plan.

A) INT. BEDROOM - He slides into a shirt on a hanger, speed-dressing style. But he ends up a tangled mess, with the hanger sticking out from his neck. Disgruntled, he grabs at the hanger, and notices that his sleeves are too short.

He yanks the shirt off, and selects another from a stack of brand-new shirts. Its sleeves are also too short. He grunts and grabs another. Yup, same deal. His watch beeps.

B) INT. LIVING ROOM - Grey stomps past a stack of empty pizza boxes and a line of empty beer bottles. He whips a tie over his head. It gets stuck on his ear.

C) INT. KITCHEN - Toast pops up. Grey grabs it while opening a drawer. But he burns his fingers and the drawer sticks on a fork. He yanks at the drawer. Forks go flying.

He turns on the sink faucet as he begins to feed his fish. But the fish-food comes out in a big clump and the water spits out in an irregular stream, red and rusty.

D) EXT. FRONT DOOR - Grey slams the door as he puts on his coat. But the door sticks and his arm catches in the lining. Frustrated, he slams his shoulder against the door. It finally closes just as...RRRRIP, his coat lining tears. Grey growls in frustration, and claws at the air like an angry bear. Then quickly composes himself.

MONTAGE / MUSIC ENDS

EXT. GREY'S HOUSE - MORNING

AVI (8) - a cute, Hasidic boy - whizzes past on his bike. He chucks a plastic wrapped newspaper onto the lawn. It lands in a muddy puddle. As he speeds off, Grey shouts after him.

GREY
Hey! How about you land that paper
on my porch next time!
(to himself)
And wear your helmet.

Grumbling, Grey fishes the soggy paper out of the puddle and throws it onto the porch. His watch beeps furiously.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET (BRIGHTSIDE, IL.)

Grey spies several WILL BRYANT FOR CITY MANAGER yard signs. He yanks them up and throws them in a dumpster.

EXT. BRIGHTSIDE MAIN STREET - MORNING

Grey rushes past boarded up storefronts and an incomplete strip mall. All victims of the recession. A sign reads "Brightside Shopping Center". "Bright" has a line spray-painted through with the word "dark" scrawled above.

FRED MCCOY (50s), a scraggly homeless man, waves a bottle around and sings, drunk and wobbly. A cardboard "Will Work for Food" sign hangs around his neck.

FRED (SINGS)
To dream the impossible dream.
To fight the im...pla...FOE!

Grey watches, deadpan. Fred's eyes pivot towards him.

FRED
Mister B!

GREY
Morning Fred.

Grey snatches the booze out of Fred's hand. Points at him.

GREY (cont'd)
Fred, no drinking in the street.

FRED
Shelter's shut.

GREY
Oh, right, yes. Sorry, budget cuts.

Fred shrugs, rubs his hands. Grey hands him a water bottle.

GREY (cont'd)
Well, at least stay hydrated.

As he leaves, Grey goes to throw Fred's booze away. But on second thought, he pockets it.

INT. BUS - MORNING

The driver is RAY CASTELANO (56), a typical gruff Italian-American. He puts the bus into gear.

RAY
Eh, Bukowski. Nice morning, huh?

GREY
Yeah, sure, real nice.

Grey slips a token into the fare machine. The token rattles through and lands with a PING in the change bowl. Grey sighs and carefully rolls the token back in. Again, it rattles through and lands in the bowl.

RAY
Try another one.

Grey sighs and fishes in his pocket for another token.

He tries several. Nothing. BANG, Ray hits the machine. BING, it spits out a ticket. Grey shakes his head in disbelief.

RAY (cont'd)
Old machines. Budget cuts, eh?
Zippadee fuckin' doo-dah.

Grey makes his way to a seat. Everyone on the bus stares blankly ahead, lost in their own worlds.

Grey scribbles "REPLACE BUS TOKEN MACHINES", and "SHELTER FUNDING!" in a notebook. He makes three aggressive exclamation points, sighs heavily and stares out the window.

INT. GILA'S PSYCHIC & COFFEE EMPORIUM - MORNING

A harried Grey steps up to the counter. GILA GLEBA (60), a Ukrainian refugee and gypsy psychic, peers deep into a teacup. She holds up her hand ominously.

GILA
Big change. Door open. Door close.

She looks up and narrows her eyes at Grey. He suppresses a smile. Looks at his watch.

GREY

Right... So, can I get a coffee with that harbinger? And make it quick, I'm running late.

Gila slides a steaming paper cup towards Grey.

GILA

Black pour over. No sugar. You? Late? Impossible.

GREY

What can I say, the world is conspiring against me.

GILA

See! Is change.

He hands her a five dollar bill. Gila points up to a hand-drawn sign. It says "Free Reading with coffee, TODAY ONLY!" Grey's watch beeps.

GREY

Sorry Gila. Late, remember?

GILA

Please, humor old woman.

Gila quickly lays out three cards. The "Star", the "Knight of Swords", and the "Six of Swords".

Grey sighs and glances at his watch. Drums his fingers on the counter. Gila peers at the cards.

GILA (cont'd)

Hm, a girl. Light into Dark. You.

She points at the knight card, looks at Grey knowingly.

GILA (cont'd)

Good at job. Good at numbers. But heart - how you say? Not so good.

GREY

Yeah, sure. And I'm going on a great journey to another world, right? Yet here I am, same world, same me.

Grey smiles and moves towards the door, Gila frowns.

GILA

So, tea, cards, all say same. Oh, your papa, he say hello.

GREY

(bemused)

Sure Gila, sure.

EXT. BRIGHTSIDE BALL PARK/DUGOUT - AFTERNOON

NATE SILVERSTEIN (46), Grey's campaign manager, and a small-town politico with big-city ideas, is on his blue-tooth.

NATE

What do you mean just? The PTA President is extremely import-yes, well, obviously not as important as the President of the United States.

Grey enters the dugout, Nate holds up a finger.

NATE (cont'd)

What? No, absolutely not. Two hours. Uh-huh, yeah, I'm hanging up.

CLICK. Nate flashes Grey a disapproving look that quickly morphs to concern. He speaks in quick bullet bursts.

NATE (cont'd)

You're late. You're never late. What's wrong? Are you sick?

Nate holds a hand to Grey's forehead, then sniffs and wrinkles his nose in disgust.

NATE (cont'd)

What? They were out of bagels so you had vodka for breakfast?

GREY

I ran into Fred and I thought it might, you know, relax me.

Nate shakes a bunch of breath-mints into Grey's hand as he whip's Grey's coat off. This reveals his shrunken sleeves.

NATE

Ei yei yei. What is this?

GREY

Shirts're all like this. Some idiot at the factory programmed in the wrong dimensions. Honestly, nothing ever works like it's supposed to. Nobody pays attention to the small stuff anymore. One day, some clown is going to hit the wrong button and boom, all of humanity - completely incinerated.

NATE

Um, uh-huh, yeah...KENNEDY!

KENNEDY CHASE (24), Nate's young, chirpy, enthusiastic, female intern, scrambles into the dugout.

KENNEDY

Yes chief.

NATE

As City Manager I've been...no, too passive. As City Manager I...get things done. Perfect.

She scribbles notes as Nate rolls up Grey's sleeves and adjusts his tie. He steps back, takes in Grey.

NATE (cont'd)

Hm, better. Now we see hard worker with a hint of "depression-era populism". Now smile.

Grey smiles. But it's more of a grimace. Nate sighs.

NATE (cont'd)

Eh, serious is better. Don't worry, it's a puff piece. Just stick to the points, and don't talk numbers.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - MORNING

Grey stands opposite KITTY STAR (20s), the bubbly TV anchor for Brightside's local-access morning show. They are mid-interview. Little leaguers warm-up in the background. Nate and Kennedy watch from the dugout.

GREY

Well, if you look at the numbers, you'll see that I've increased permit application forms by three percent, which increases our income by one percent, so...

On Nate, clearly disappointed in his charge. Back to Kitty.

KITTY STAR

Right...well, let's talk testicles! Councilman Bryant has turned our local Turkey Testicle Festival into quite the whole-food hipster haunt.

GREY

Well, sure, but consider the strain a festival of this size puts on the town. We've had to increase trash collection by forty percent...

On Nate, he face-palms. Back on Kitty.

KITTY STAR

Wow, well, that's super...Now, there's someone I want you to meet.

ERIC SVENSON (10), a cute, tousle-haired little leaguer appears, looking bashful and a little starstruck.

KITTY STAR (cont'd)
This is Eric. Six homers and it's only July!

Grey crouches down until he's eye level with the kid.

GREY
So, your hitting is relying on a "Batting Average on Balls in Play" that is well above league average. You've been getting lucky. Now, if we consider the team's numbers-

Grey takes a notebook out of his pocket and flips it open just as Nate appears.

NATE
Kitty! Great to see you again. Sorry to cut this short, but we've got a very full afternoon.

Nate grabs Grey and pulls him to the edge of the field.

GREY
Hey, that was a teaching moment!

NATE
Just...go and cheer on the kids. And please, don't spend the whole game inputting players' stats.

EXT. BRIGHTSIDE BALL PARK/BLEACHERS - AFTERNOON

Grey, in the bleachers, inputting players' stats. CUT AWAY to the coach performing base actions with his hands. A kid steals a base. The crowd cheers. BACK TO GREY as STEWART SANCHEZ (29), friendly, big-boned, plops down next to him.

STEW
Dude, you're missing the game.

Stew bites into a hot dog.

GREY
Uh huh. How's the dog?

STEW
Tofu. S'okay. Sponsors.

Stew points to his T-shirt. It reads "WILDLY FRESH: PROUD SPONSORS OF BRIGHTSIDE LITTLE LEAGUE". Grey continues tapping on his keyboard.

GREY

Yes, I know Stewart, I set it up.
City Manager, remember?

STEW

Oh yeah, right. Cool bro.

GREY

So how's the knitting going?

STEW

What? Oh, yeah, nah. I'm all about
sculpture now. More manly. And I'm
doing Iron Man.

GREY

I see.

The crowd cheers. Grey continues typing, oblivious.

EXT. BRIGHTSIDE CITY COUNCIL BUILDING - DAY

Grey rounds the corner and spots LUCY LOCKWOOD (27) mid-performance. She's a frizzy-haired colorful mess. If light could flare on her tooth and make a "ping" sound, it would.

Lucy sings and tip-taps along the edge of the curb. A box that reads "Please Support the Brightside Players Annual Musical" stands to one side. A jazzy show-tune blares.

Grey frowns, shakes his head, and strides over.

Lost in her performance, Lucy doesn't notice him. He clears his throat. Nothing. He taps her on the shoulder.

She jumps, startled. And spins around mid-move to elbow Grey smack in the chest.

GREY

Rg! Hah, my heart, haaa...

Grey crumples to the floor, totally winded.

LUCY

Oh, hi. It's Grey isn't it?

Grey stumbles to his feet and turns off the music.

GREY

Correct. And you are?

Lucy looks hurt.

LUCY

Seriously?

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. COUNCIL BUILDING / ASSEMBLY ROOM - DAY

Lucy, at a podium. She addresses the room. Council members (including Grey) sit around a large table.

LUCY
...so, I, Lucy Lockwood, pledge to
win back our musical crown from New
Newton and return the Opera House to
its former glory!

Over on Grey. He is drawing a hang-man's noose on a napkin. Lucy's voice goes 'wa, wa, wa' in the background.

EXT. BRIGHTSIDE CITY COUNCIL BUILDING - DAY

Grey looks pensive. Lucy stabs a finger in his chest.

LUCY
Listen mister, I know all about you
and your campaign of misery. I have
many eyes in this town. Many. Eyes.

GREY
What? I don't even...what?

Lucy holds up one of Grey's campaign signs. There's a red 'X' over his face.

LUCY
Down with Grey! Down with Grey!

Grey points to a large blue sign. It reads "QUIET ZONE".

Lucy follows his gaze, then zips her lip and does a skilled yet ridiculous mime routine. She points to the campaign sign and frowns. Then tears it in half and smiles. Then she makes a surprised face and walks down imaginary stairs.

GREY
Careful, the curb is-

Lucy stumbles and falls off the edge of the curb.

GREY (cont'd)
-right there.

Grey helps her up as she mimes a tear and rubs her arm.

GREY (cont'd)
Oh my god, please, just go inside,
get yourself a public performance
permit, then move it along.

INT. CITY MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Grey sits at his desk and ties knots in a piece of rope. A pile of previously knotted rope sits to one side. Nate bursts in, his feathers clearly ruffled.

NATE

Canceled! You've canceled the musical?! What's next, Christmas?

Grey looks up from his rope-tying.

GREY

I didn't cancel it. The council did.

NATE

You had the deciding vote! Dammit, Grey, this was supposed to be your ace in the hole, your hail Mary, your...big finish.

Nate throws himself dramatically into a chair and puts his feet up on Grey's desk. Grey pushes them off.

GREY

When did the musical become the cornerstone of my campaign?

Nate leans forward, notices the rope Grey is knotting.

NATE

You need to get out more.

GREY

I used to sail. It helps me think.

NATE

Listen, the name Bukowski is to Brightside like Daley is to Chicago. Everybody loved your father and he loved musicals.

GREY

So? I'm not my father. Besides, why on earth did the district make City Manager an elected position? It's about being practical, not popular. That's why I was hired!

NATE

I know, I know. But, it is what it is. So we adapt.

(beat)

Listen, the problem is people find you a little cold. So we need to show them that you have a heart.

GREY

Clearly I have a heart, otherwise I
would be dead.

Nate sighs and looks upward. Silence. Nate watches Grey
knot. Pull, loop over, pull.

NATE

You know, I'm not here because of
your father. I'm here because of
you. Despite the kvetching, you've
balanced the budget for the first
time since the war and deep, deep
down, you care about this town.

GREY

Careful, you're rhyming.

NATE

What have you got against musicals
anyway? They're completely harmless.

Nate throws up his hands. Grey looks up from his knot.

GREY

Let's see: one-singing, two-
dancing, and three-incessant,
melodramatic emoting. Honestly, do
you really want me to flip-flop on
such an important issue?

NATE

It's a musical Grey, not the
holocaust.

Grey silently gets up and unfurls a hand-painted poster of
an orthodox RABBI, complete with curls and a black hat. The
figure stands in the middle of a cyclone. A RAINBOW arches
over him with a green JEWISH TEMPLE at one end.

GREY

Do you still want me to reverse my
position?

Nate looks at the poster and reads the title.

NATE

"The Rabbi of Yod". Ah, I get it.
Like "The Wiz", but Jewish.

Grey narrows his eyes and looks at the poster, surprised
that Nate could get this from it.

NATE (cont'd)

(reads the tag line)

Dradles and Bagels and Lox, oh my.

(MORE)

NATE (cont'd)
(off Grey's look)
What? Come on, it's good. Funny.

Grey frowns and folds his arms.

GREY
Look, ten percent of the population
is Jewish and five percent of that
is Orthodox. The whole thing is
ridiculous and a waste of money.

Nate throws up his hands.

NATE
Okay, okay, fine, fine. So, the
Mayor's Ball. Are you bringing a
date? Because this bachelor thing
is...eesh.

Grey sighs, eyes Nate.

GREY
Love is an amalgamation of chemical
reactions and socially constructed
roles wrapped-

NATE
-in the paper of idealism, yadda,
yadda, yadda. I know the spiel. A
date. That's all I ask.

GREY
I'll think about it.

Nate exits. Grey takes out a calculator and punches in
numbers. KNOCK, KNOCK. Grey scoots towards to the door on
his chair and opens it on; SHERIFF MCLUSKY (55) - round
face, round belly, sharp badge.

SHERIFF MCCLUSKY
Hey, Bukowski! You've cut my night-
staff budget in half!

McClusky shoves a red folder towards Grey.

GREY
I know, I know. Look, the budget's
really tight this year. But, I'll
take another look. Promise.

INT. BRIGHTSIDE CITY COUNCIL BUILDING/BATHROOM - DAY

Grey stands quietly at a urinal. KEVIN KARLSON (28) - sharp
face, round glasses, sharp eyes - enters and spots Grey. He
does a double take.

KEVIN

Grey? Greyson Bukowski?

Grey glances over his shoulder awkwardly.

GREY

Um, I'm kind of in the middle of-

KEVIN

-It's me, Kevin! Kevin Karlson.

Kevin smiles and performs a strange gangland style handshake by making numbers with his fingers. Grey eyes him, zips up.

KEVIN (cont'd)

The Prime Numbers Club?

Grey heads for the sink. Washes his hands. Kevin follows.

GREY

Uh-huh.

KEVIN

I lived next door?

Grey dries his hands, thinking. Realization dawns.

GREY

Of course, right, yes, Kevin
Karlson. You moved to-

KEVIN

-Michigan. The land of trees.
Although, Wisconsin also has trees,
and Illinois... Anyway, here I am.
Back in Brightsidy.

GREY

Right, well that's...terrific.

Grey heads out. Kevin follows. Grey looks back at him. *Wow, this guy's crazy pants.*

GREY (cont'd)

Well, I've got a meeting so...

KEVIN

I know. With me!

INT. CITY MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Kevin places a small metal box on the desk. Inside is a mass of mother boards, wires, popsicle sticks and a battery...all stuck together with duct-tape. It resembles a Geiger counter. Well, a Geiger counter built by a demented child. A thin antenna pokes up from the top.

GREY

Wow, you made a thing...out of...
stuff. What is it?

Kevin looks down at his creation. He's immeasurably proud.

KEVIN

A neutrino detector, obviously. I
mean, it's only a prototype.
That's why I need more funding.

GREY

Look, Kevin. The thing is, we have a
small science grant, but...

Grey looks down, runs his finger down a list of numbers.

GREY (cont'd)

Yeah, we cut that grant.

Kevin looks disappointed.

KEVIN

But...I've been collecting data...

Kevin ruffles through his bag, searching for something.

KEVIN (cont'd)

I got stuck for a while on black
hole singularities because you would
expect to find them at the center of
the galaxy, not in a small town...

He hands Grey a mess of wrinkled paper. There's also a
napkin with writing on it. A muffin wrapper is stuck to the
top. Grey peels the wrapper away and brushes off crumbs.

GREY

What uh...what's this?

KEVIN

It's my PhD thesis. I think I'm
pretty close to a valid theorem.
Think about it. We could really put
Brightside on the map. Prove the
multi-verse theory, alternate
realities, everything-

GREY

-wait, what do you mean 'we'?
Besides, it's, I don't know, kind of
'magic beany' don't you think?

Kevin's face drops, then quickly brightens.

KEVIN

Well, you know what they say, magic is science that hasn't been proven.

GREY

Uh-huh. Well, sorry I couldn't help.

Kevin suddenly looks very serious. He slides the thesis towards Grey. Taps his finger on the front ominously.

KEVIN

Keep it. My number's on the napkin.

GREY

O-kay. Thanks. I'm sure it'll come in handy. When I have a...um-

Grey slips the mass of paper inside the Sheriff's folder.

KEVIN

-physics emergency! Who you gonna call? Physics busters!

Kevin chuckles. Grey widens his eyes and gives a look that says 'yup, this guy is definitely crazy pants'.

INT. CITY MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY (LATER)

Grey, asleep at his desk. An alarm beeps. He jerks awake and glances at his watch. It's five p.m. The napkin with Kevin's number on it is stuck to his cheek. He peels it away. Looks at it. Then scrunches it up and throws it away.

He shoves the Sheriff's budget folder in his bag and leaves.

EXT. GILA'S PSYCHIC AND COFFEE EMPORIUM - NIGHT (DUSK)

Grey approaches Gila's. The sky is just beginning to darken. The neon sign buzzes and blinks on and off.

Gila is out front, folding up the specials board. A sign on the door reads "CLOSED FOR PRIVATE FUNCTION".

GREY

Your sign blinks.

GILA

Ah, is sign.

GREY

Yes, a sign that it's broken. Hey, can I put this in your window?

Grey holds up a SHEET OF PAPER. It reads "For Sale", with a photo of a sailboat underneath. The name "Grey Gull" is painted on the side of the boat. Gila looks at it.

GILA

Your papa's boat? He will not like.

GREY

Yeah, well, he's dead, Gila. And it's a money pit so... Can I put it up or not?

GILA

Sure, but is shame.

Grey points at the sign on the door.

GREY

What's the event?

GILA

I offer shop for fund-raising. But turn out, not so good.

Gila shrugs, then heads inside. Grey spots a poster for the musical on the window. He tapes his sign up over it. There's a "Day of the Dead" poster for an exhibit at the historical society above. Grey looks from the dancing skeletons on this poster to a ragtag trio of dancing kids inside the cafe.

AVI is center, flanked by two twin girls, HEIDI (8) and HEATHER (8). They perform an inventive number for a handful of patrons. Lucy mouths the words and marks out their moves.

Grey watches this through the window and rolls his eyes.

INT. GILA'S COFFEE AND PSYCHIC EMPORIUM - DUSK

The kids finish their routine all smiles and jazz hands. The patrons clap and make their way to the exit. Stew watches over an anemic fund-raising jar. An ELDERLY COUPLE shove a couple of dollars in it.

Lucy claps enthusiastically as the kids huddle around her.

LUCY

That was amazing! Good job guys!

AVI

Where is everyone?

Lucy glances sadly around the nearly empty cafe. The twins struggle with their coats. Lucy quickly papers over her disappointment and helps them.

LUCY

Where's your foster mom?

HEIDI & HEATHER

Working.

Lucy looks them up and down, and notices that their tap shoes are worn and falling apart.

LUCY

What happened to your shoes?

The twins shrug. Lucy frowns and eyes the fund-raising jar. She fishes the money out and shoves it in Heidi's pocket.

INT. GILA'S COFFEE AND PSYCHIC EMPORIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy sits opposite Stew and fiddles with the now empty jar. She spots Grey at the door and instantly frowns.

LUCY

Great. Greyson Bukowski. That's all I need. Can you believe he changed the marching band route because the garbage men complained? I mean, seriously, in what world is garbage more important than music?

Stew looks over at Grey and shrugs, then shoves a cookie in his mouth and loads his pockets with more.

STEW

The dude's just doing his job.

LUCY

Yeah, well, he could do it with more charm. As far as I'm concerned, Grey is the place where rainbows go to die.

Lucy grabs the jar and heads to the back of the cafe. ON GREY as he chats to Gila at the counter.

GREY

How did it go?

GILA

Not good. Is sad. Such nice girl.

Gila grabs a bottle and a couple of shot-glasses from behind the counter. She fills the glasses.

GILA (cont'd)

Ukrainian medicine. Good for stomach, and heart. Here. Is perfect for cheer-up. Take to girl.

GREY

Uh, yeah, no thanks.

Gila slides the glasses towards Grey.

GILA
Play nice. Is bad day for her.

GREY
How about I agree to play fair?

Gila's lips tighten. Grey smells the contents of a glass.

GREY (cont'd)
Whew! Uh, you need a license for-

GILA
-ch ch ch! You, go. Go!

INT. GILA'S PSYCHIC AND COFFEE EMPORIUM/BACKROOM - DUSK

Grey looks at his watch, then adjusts the hands of an old fashioned cuckoo clock on the wall. He looks out the door. Lucy sits on the curb looking puppy dog sad.

EXT. GILA'S PSYCHIC AND COFFEE EMPORIUM/PARKING LOT - DUSK

Grey sits next to her and balances the shots on his knee.

LUCY
Oh, it's you. The storm cloud here
to rain on my parade...
(bright, to herself)
Excellent musical reference Lucy.

Lucy smiles, Grey looks blank.

LUCY (cont'd)
-Streisand? "Funny Face"?
(SINGS)
*Don't tell me not to live, just sit
and putter. Life's candy and the
sun's a ball of butter.*
(SPEAKS)
Wait, if the sun's butter, then is
space the bread?

GREY
Uh...

LUCY
And what about the space in between
the bread?
(suddenly sad)
I think we're all alone.

GREY
Uh-huh. Here, courtesy of Gila.

Grey hands Lucy a shot. She sniffs it, winces, downs it.

GREY (cont'd)
So...the council asked me to-

LUCY
(excited)
-they loved it, didn't they! Go on,
tell me, how much? How much how much
how much how...much.

GREY
Well, they-

LUCY
(dejected)
-hated it. Too edgy. Too Jewish.
(sighs)
The orphans'll be so disappointed.

GREY
Um, I don't think they're called
that anymore.

LUCY
Plus Avi was really looking forward
to playing the Rabbi.

GREY
The Rabbi?

LUCY
Of Yod? The main part in the whole -
did you even read my proposal?

GREY
Um...

Lucy puts her head in her hands. Grey eyes her, then downs
his shot. Grimaces.

GREY (cont'd)
So, the budget this year is...

She muffles a loud sob.

GREY (cont'd)
Is...still being decided.

Lucy brightens. Wipes her nose. Grey seems relieved.

LUCY
Really? So, I still have a chance?

GREY
Uh, sure. Yes. You. Do.

Grey looks shifty, uncomfortable with the lie.

ON DOOR. Gila pokes her head out and plops a couple of bulging trash bags on the step.

GILA
You two. Trash. Sciatica, back kill today. Oh, and dumpster, very full, so push down! Stupid garbage men. Always on strike.

BANG. The door closes. Lucy heads over to the stoop and grabs a bag. Then plants her feet and...

LUCY (SINGS)
To dream the impossible dream!
To fight the unbeatable foe.

Grey frowns and grabs the other bag. Shakes his head.

LUCY
To try,
when your arms are too weary.

Lucy spins and throws the bag into the dumpster.

LUCY (cont'd)
To reach the unreachable star!

Lucy grabs Grey's hands and spins him around. He digs his heels in, they stumble forward through a bright, shimmery patch of air. Neither of them seem to notice.

The swollen full moon drifts out from a patch of clouds, and the foreground shifts slightly. Sharpens, brightens. A trick of the light perhaps.

Grey throws his bag into the dumpster. It's empty.

GREY
Huh, didn't Gila say it was full?

LUCY
(looks in)
Yeah. Weird.

They head back to the shop, silent. Awkward in each others company. The coffee shop is dark and totally locked up. Perplexed, Grey bangs on the door. No answer.

GREY
I guess she's gone. Well, see you.

Grey nods at Lucy, then turns away. Lucy watches him for a beat, then heads in the opposite direction.

INT. GREY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - MORNING

Grey's EYES OPEN as the last bars of Mozart's "Requiem" fade. A morose female voice comes on.

MARY MERTZ (OS)
 Welcome to our "Morbid Music
 Marathon". This is your host; Mary
 Mertz, join us every weeknight at
 two a.m. for a night filled with
 sadness and despair.

Grey stares at the ceiling. The crack is gone. He narrows his eyes, perplexed.

MALE ANNOUNCER
 Good morning, Brightside, and all
 points beyond. It's April first and
 spring has definitely sprung! So get
 out and enjoy the sun Brightsiders!

GREY
 (bright and sarcastic)
 Hah, April Fools Brightsiders.

Grey swings his feet out of bed as "ZIPPADEE DOO DAH" kicks in. He switches the radio off. The muffled song continues outside. Grey slams the window shut. Silence.

Grey goes to complete his morning routine, but his stuff is missing. Mystified, he throws on his dirty clothes instead.

INT. GREY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Grey looks around his empty living room.

INT. GREY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - MORNING

Grey opens the fridge. It is full of cardboard food. He rubs his temple and reaches for an apple, it's fake. He then sees a plastic fish bobbing in its bowl. He closes his eyes.

INT./EXT. GREY'S HOUSE/FRONT DOOR - MORNING

Grey stands in his open doorway mouth agape. A huge musical number unfolds outside. The tone is ironic yet nostalgic. A love letter to old movie musicals with a contemporary twist.

Avi whizzes past on his bike. His helmet has sparkles.

AVI (SINGS)
*Zippadee doo dah, zippadee A.
 My oh my what a wonderful day.*

He throws out newspapers, in time. Various residents exit their houses and catch the papers, in canon.

RESIDENTS

*There's plenty of sunshine,
heading our way.
Zippadee doo dah, zippadee-*

Grey slams the door.

INT. GREY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - MORNING

Grey, fully dressed, back in bed. He pulls the covers up to his chin and squeezes his eyes shut.

GREY

Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five

He opens one eye, then the other. A muffled voice sings.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

*Mr. Bluebird on my shoulder.
It's the truth. It's actual-*

Grey looks towards the voice and sees a MAILMAN (50s) outside his window. The Mailman opens the window.

MAILMAN

-Everything is satisfactual.

Moaning, Grey pulls the covers over his head.

GREY

S'just a nightmare, not real, just a
nightmare, not real...

INT. GREY'S HOUSE/FRONT DOOR - MORNING

Grey peeks through the peep-hole in his door. The number is still in full swing. He leans against the door. Breathes.

EXT. GREY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Grey slowly emerges from the house. His car is missing. A yard sign that reads SHOW HOME, CALL xxxx FOR VIEWINGS is outside. The mailman deposits mail in rhythm as he sings.

MAILMAN

Zippadee doo dah, zippadee A.

The residents walk jauntily down their front walks and throw their arms to the sky.

RESIDENTS

Wonderful feeling, wonderful day!

A DOG gives a tuneful howl, perfectly in sync.

Grey walks past the shiny new "Brightside Manors." No more empty lot. He spots several WILL BRYANT FOR CITY MANAGER signs. He yanks them up and chucks them away.

The residents get in their cars and slam the doors one by one as he passes. Unnerved, Grey hurries down the street.

RESIDENTS (cont'd)
Zippadee doo dah, zippadee A!
My oh my what a wonderful day!

Cars zoom past Grey. A CHUBBY BEARDED GUY leans out of his window and sings in a deep baritone.

CHUBBY BEARDED GUY
There's plenty of sunshine,
heading your way.
Zippadee doo dah.

The man looks at him, expectant. Grey looks shifty.

EXT. MAIN STREET (MUSICAL BRIGHTSIDE) - MORNING

INSTRUMENTAL. Grey walks past vibrant storefronts and a new strip mall with an unsullied sign. The feel is 50s Americana. Boom time. No recession here. TWO FEMALE SHOPPERS (40s) appear and lift Grey out of frame.

EXT. STRIP MALL/PARKING (MUSICAL BRIGHTSIDE) - MORNING

Two TEENS jump on shopping carts and spin around. More shoppers appear with carts. A miserable Grey stands in the center as carts swirl around him in kaleidoscopic circles.

EXT. MAIN STREET (MUSICAL BRIGHTSIDE) - MORNING

Grey stumbles out of the mall and runs into THREE HOMELESS MEN (60s). One gives Grey a gummy smile. A "We Dance for Dollars" hangs around his neck. The men perform a spectacular bit of clod-hopping. Fred is noticeably absent.

GREY
 Where's Fred?

GUMMY SMILE
 Eh?

GREY
 Never mind.

Grey hands Gummy five dollars. Gummy smiles broadly.

INT. BUS (MUSICAL BRIGHTSIDE) - MORNING

The bus door swings open on a totally freaked out Grey.

RAY (SINGS)

Mr Bluebird's on your shoulder.

Grey looks at his shoulder as a real blue bird lands on it and whistles the melody. He shoos it away as he boards.

PING. This time his token goes in the machine no problem.

RAY

It's the truth, it's actual.

He turns towards Grey, expectant. Grey freezes.

RAY (cont'd)

It's the truth, it's actual.

He looks at Grey. Grey mumbles the line.

GREY

Everything is satisfactual.

Everyone on the bus answers back, loud and proud.

PASSENGERS

*Everything is satisfactual!
Zippadee doo dah, zippadee A!*

Grey slides into a seat. Outside, he sees a group of SCHOOL CHILDREN crossing the road. They stop and sing.

CHILDREN

Wonderful feeling! Wonderful day!

Grey covers his ears and sinks down in his seat.

EXT. MAIN STREET (MUSICAL BRIGHTSIDE) - MORNING

FINAL INSTRUMENTAL BREAK. A crazed muttering Grey, eyes down, ears covered, hurries down the street and runs smack into...Lucy. They speak in unison.

LUCY

Hey! What are you doing in my dream?

GREY

Hey! What are you doing in my nightmare?

As strings swell, Lucy turns away and joins the townsfolk for the last of the number. Big finish, arms to the sky.

LUCY & TOWNSFOLK

Wonderful feeling! Wonderful day!

She turns back to Grey.

LUCY

Oh my god, isn't this awesome!

GREY

Um, no, this is...what is this?

He looks around. The townsfolk slowly lower their arms and go back to shopping, chatting, whatever.

LUCY
We're in a musical!

Lucy spins around, beside herself with excitement.

GREY
What? No, we're not in a...we're clearly having an extremely lucid nightmare or-

LUCY
-Both of us?

GREY
Yes.

LUCY
Are having the same dream?

GREY
Nightmare. Yes.

Lucy promptly punches Grey in the chest. He staggers.

GREY (cont'd)
Ow! Jesus, wha... Why do you keep hitting me?

Winded, he sits down on the curb and rubs his chest.

LUCY
See? Not dreaming.

Lucy sits next to him. He narrows his eyes at her.

LUCY (cont'd)
Maybe we've been abducted by aliens from a musical planet?

GREY
No, we've not been abducted, we...

Lucy crosses her arms expectantly, raises an eyebrow.

GREY (cont'd)
We... Christ, I don't know.

LUCY
Welp, coffee?

INT. UNICORN COFFEE SHOP (MUSICAL BRIGHTSIDE) - DAY

Lucy and Grey sit opposite each other. Lucy slurps her hot chocolate as Grey fiddles with a complex coffee siphon.

LUCY (CONT.)

Um, are you building a bomb?

GREY

This...

He operates the siphon.

GREY (CONT.)

-brings out the flavor of the bean even better than a pour-over. I'm impressed they've got them here. I've been pushing Gila to get them in for months.

LUCY

Well, if anyone sees you with one of those, you'll lose your election for sure. I'm just saying is all.

Lucy licks whipped cream off her lips.

LUCY (cont'd)

So. This place is different, huh?

GREY

That's an understatement.

LUCY

Yeah, it's weird, everything's sort of the same, but...

GREY

Maybe we're dead, and it turns out that hell is a musical.

Grey blows on his coffee, takes a small sip.

LUCY

Aw! Dead? Really?

(her face falls)

But I've barely lived.

GREY

Uh, that was a joke. We're clearly not dead.

LUCY

Oh, good.

Lucy gulps her chocolate down, gives a satisfied "ah".

GREY

So, homeless Fred wasn't in his usual place and no Gila. What about you? Have you seen anyone you know?

LUCY
I think I saw Susan from the
Historical Society.

Grey frowns, looks around. Everybody looks pretty normal.

GREY
So, why "Zippadee doo dah?"

LUCY
What do you mean?

GREY
Why that particular song?

LUCY
'cause it's happy? And, the morning?
But we could probably sing anything
and people would join in. Watch.

Lucy stands up. Grey shrinks down in his seat, hisses.

GREY
What are you doing? Rg! Stop it!

LUCY
Why? Remember, when in Rome...

LUCY (SINGS)
*Do as the Romans do.
Trust me Grey,
this much I know is true:
If you're a fish in the sea,
you swim.
If you're a tree in the wind,
you bend!*

Lucy makes a fish motion and then acts a like a tree. The
CAFE PATRONS whip their heads towards Lucy and sing.

CAFE PATRONS
*When in Rome,
do as the Romans do.
Trust us Grey,
this much we know is true.*

It's a bright, jangly tune. Everyone dances, some seated,
some standing. Lucy raises her eyebrows, then throws herself
into the melee. Grey hunches over in his chair.

A couple of MALE HIPSTERS (20s) do a jerky beatnik dance,
then roll across Grey's table. Deadpan, he lifts his coffee
to avoid them. Takes a sip. Then carefully puts his cup down
as they jump away and land in lounging positions on a sofa.

HIPSTER #1
A needle in a haystack shines.

HIPSTER #2
A road in the mountain winds.

The hipsters look at Grey. He remains still. Lucy spins on the table, then leans in. They speak in hushed voices.

LUCY
 What are you doing? Join in.

GREY
 Why?

She kicks her legs, jumps, puts her hands on the table.

LUCY
 Because, people will think you're crazy if you don't.

GREY
 So? I'm not a lemming. I don't have to do everything everybody else does. When people walk, I'm allowed to sit. When people-

Lucy dances around the table, shakes her hands.

LUCY
 -look, if a person started singing and dancing when everybody else was just, you know, walking around. Wouldn't that be a little strange?

The cafe is swinging now. Grey frowns and continues drinking his coffee. Suddenly, the number stops. All eyes on Grey as THE BARISTA (20s) marches over.

BARISTA
 Sir, I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to ask you to sing.

GREY
 Um, what?

The barista points to a large SIGN on the wall. "NO SONG, NO SHIMMY, NO SERVICE!"

Lucy shoots him an "I told you so" look.

GREY (cont'd)
 Yeah, yeah, okay, I'm leaving.

Grey scoops up his things. The number resumes.

CAFE PATRONS
*When in Rome,
 do as the Romans do.
 Never break,*
 (MORE)

CAFE PATRONS (cont'd)
a town's social rules.
A bird in the sky flies.
A shoe-string on a shoe ties.

The two hipsters spin Lucy into a complex arm hold then lift her onto their shoulders. As they turn, she looks around for Grey, but he is long gone.

EXT. UNICORN CAFE/PARKING LOT - DAY

Grey stands next to a dumpster, deep in thought. Lucy appears, out of breath.

LUCY
There you are!

He barely acknowledges her.

GREY
Okay, so, we're in a town called Brightside, and it looks just like Brightside. But it's...I don't know, brighter? And everybody does, you know... The question is, why?

LUCY
Hm. Well, numbers are usually about feelings. I mean, sometimes they move the plot forward, but yeah, mostly they're about feelings.

GREY
You realize that's the opposite of what numbers are supposed to do.

LUCY
Musical numbers, not mathy stuff.

GREY
So in order to blend in, we have to express a bunch of silly emotions in the most ridiculous way possible?

LUCY
Emotions aren't silly. But, yeah.

Grey raises an eyebrow. Folds his arms.

LUCY (cont'd)
Come on, everybody has emotions. Even you, grumpy pants. See? Grumpy, that's a feeling. So at least try to follow the rules. Otherwise, you might as well be naked!

Grey grunts, walks around the dumpster. Feels the air.

LUCY (cont'd)
Uh, what are you doing?

GREY
I remember something from last night. The light changed or...I don't know, I think we passed through something.

Grey grabs Lucy and pulls her forward. Nothing happens.

GREY (cont'd)
We're obviously missing something.

LUCY
Magic shoes?
(off his look)
Well, we were holding hands.
Remember? I was trying to spin you?

Lucy takes his hands and spins him. He acquiesces, but reluctantly. Then stops, and quickly drops her hands.

GREY
Wait, the time. I adjusted Gila's clock at six p.m., then we talked for a minute or so, you started singing and... How long did it take you to sing those lyrics?

Lucy stares upward, thinking.

LUCY
Um...thirteen seconds.

GREY
Oh come on, you just plucked that out of thin air.

LUCY
(shrugs)
I have an intuitive sense of time.

GREY
What time is it now?

LUCY
Six minutes past twelve.

Grey looks at his watch, it reads 12:06.

GREY
Huh. So what time did we-

LUCY
six fourteen.

Grey narrows his eyes, suspicious.

LUCY (cont'd)
Like I said, I'm good with time.

GREY
Well, the only way we can test your um...ability, is to come back here at around six.

LUCY
But that's hours from now. What are we supposed to do all day?

GREY
We aren't doing anything.

LUCY
But...we're a team.

GREY
No, we're not.

Lucy's face falls. Her eyes widen.

GREY (cont'd)
Jesus. Okay. Fine. I guess we can watch a little league game or something. But no singing.

Lucy's mood immediately brightens.

LUCY
Yay! Wait, what about "Take me out to the Ballgame"? Can we sing that?

GREY
No.

EXT. BALLPARK/BLEACHERS - AFTERNOON

A LINE OF COACHES perform choreographed base signals. We reveal Grey, a picture of misery, hunched over his laptop as "TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALLGAME" unfolds around him. The organ blares over the chirpy, swingy tune.

SIX PITCHERS circle the mound and do identical wind-ups.

CROWD
*Take me out to the ballgame.
Take me out to the crowd.*

LUCY
*Buy me peanuts and cracker jack.
I don't care if I never get back.*

CROWD

*And it's root root root
for the home team,
if they don't win it's a shame!*

The crowd rainbow their arms, the players break out of their warm-up and join in. Grey sings, disgruntled.

GREY, LUCY & ALL

*And it's one, two, three strikes
you're out at the old ball game!*

The number ends. Grey taps away on his keyboard.

LUCY

Whatcha doin'?

GREY

Inputting the players' stats.

LUCY

Why?

GREY

So I can predict their performance.

LUCY

Why don't you just watch the game?

Grey gives her a world weary look, continues tapping. Lucy snaps the laptop closed, right on Grey's fingers.

GREY

Ow! Why do you keep injuring me?

Grey rubs his fingers, Lucy slides his laptop in her bag.

GREY (cont'd)

Hey!

LUCY

Just watch!

Lucy points towards the diamond. Grey grumbles and folds his arms. Suddenly, the slow, quiet game takes a turn, with a scrappy steal and a bunt. Grey jumps up and whoops (in spite of himself). Lucy smiles. Grey spots her out of the corner of his eye and quickly composes himself.

EXT. UNICORN CAFE/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Grey and Lucy stand in front of the dumpster.

GREY

Time?

LUCY
Six thirteen.

GREY
Five, four, three, two, one.

They look at each other, and take a step forward. Then another. And another. Nothing.

GREY (cont'd)
I don't get it. Are you sure about the time?

LUCY
Positive. And even if I'm off by a couple of seconds, look.

Lucy marches up and down and all around the dumpsters.

LUCY (CONT.)
See? Wait...I, light, stars, hope, moon. That's it! The moon was full. Magic stuff always needs a moon.

GREY
Um, we're not werewolves. And there's no such thing as magic.

Grey continues searching the area. Lucy heads for the dumpster. She leans way over the edge. Peers inside.

GREY (cont'd)
Careful!

He grabs her legs to steady her, but it's too late. She flails her arms wildly, grabs Grey. They tumble into the dumpster. Grey's bag upends, scattering its contents everywhere. Lucy surveys the situation.

LUCY
Oops. Sorry.

Grey grimaces. Lucy helps him scoop up his stuff, including the Sheriff's folder and Kevin's thesis. Curious, Lucy peers closely at it and reads the title.

LUCY (cont'd)
"Life, the Multiverse and Everything" by Kevin Karlson. Cool.

GREY
What? Wait, here, give me that.

Grey takes the thesis. He flicks through, lost in thought.

Lucy stands and tries to climb out of the dumpster. Grey gives her a boost.

GREY (cont'd)
Magic beans...

Lucy jumps out of the dumpster, lands with a thud.

LUCY
Okay, you've lost me.

She dusts herself off, helps Grey clamber out.

GREY
So, I think we might have, possibly, potentially, theoretically, traveled to an... alternate reality.

LUCY
Ha ha ha! Right. Yeah.

GREY
I'm serious. Look, I know it sounds crazy. But, Occam's Razor...

LUCY
Whose razor? What does shaving have to do with mus- Ah hah! Sweeny Todd!

GREY
What are you talking about?

LUCY
The musical about the demon barber? What are you talking about?

GREY
The simplest explanation is usually the correct one.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - NIGHT - TRACKING

Grey heads up the alley towards main street. Lucy follows.

LUCY
So, your theory is that we've been transported-

GREY
-through a wormhole.

LUCY
-to a musical alternate reality?

GREY
Yes.

LUCY
And that's the simplest explanation?

GREY

Um, yes?

EXT. MUSICAL BRIGHTSIDE MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Lucy and Grey stand in the middle of the street. Grey looks around, thinking.

LUCY

So. If we're in an alternate reality, are there, like, musical twin versions of us?

GREY

That would be...complicated. The truth is, we probably don't exist here. I mean, two versions of the same person would surely create a paradox in the time space-

LUCY

-Welp, there's one way to find out.

Lucy spies a YOUNG COUPLE (18) walking their dog.

LUCY (cont'd)

Come on.

Lucy, totally nonchalant, saunters over to the couple.

GREY

(whispers)

What are you doing? Stop! You'll blow our cover.

LUCY

(whispers back)

Why are we whispering? And what cover? We're not spies, or detectives. This is a musical Grey, not a police procedural.

GREY

(still whispering)

Find out who the city manager is.

Lucy, over her shoulder.

LUCY

(whispers)

Nobody cares who the city manager is.

Grey watches Lucy chat to the couple. We can't hear what's being said. They all laugh. Lucy waves them off, then skips back to Grey.

LUCY (cont'd)
Okay, so, I guess I don't exist
here. Sad huh? Oh, and the city
manager is Will-

GREY
(angry low voice)
-Bryant. Dammit.

LUCY
Yeah. Sorry 'bout that.

GREY
Well, that certainly explains why my
house...wasn't my house.

LUCY
And why I woke up in a room full of
boxes and a rowing machine. I
thought that was strange. But then
the whole musical thing kind of
distracted me.

GREY
Rgh! Great. Just great. The budget
is up for approval on Monday, plus
there's the shelter vote, and the
debate...

He heads off, shaking his head. Lucy follows. He turns back.

GREY (cont'd)
What are you doing? Shoo!

EXT. MUSICAL BRIGHTSIDE RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Grey walks down the quiet street, Lucy a few paces behind.
No passersby and no musical number.

GREY
Are you seriously going to follow me
all night?

LUCY
Where am I supposed to stay?

GREY
I don't know, a hotel?

LUCY
But I don't have any money.

Lucy throws up her arms, exasperated. Grey trudges on.

GREY
Come on, you must have some money?

LUCY

Well, yeah, like fifty bucks.

Lucy takes out her wallet, rifles through it.

LUCY (cont'd)

Forty-two dollars and twenty cents actually.

GREY

That's it?

LUCY

Uh-huh.

(off his look)

Hey, I'm the one that paid for your crazy bomb coffee. How much money do you have?

GREY

Six-hundred and thirty-two dollars and fifty-two cents.

LUCY

I guess we can get by on that.

GREY

Uh, there is no we in this equation.

LUCY

(gasps)

So you're gonna just let me starve...like an abandoned puppy.

GREY

Yes... No. Okay, fine, you can stay with me. Temporarily! But you have to sleep on the couch.

Grey stops and points his finger at Lucy. She dances and sings a riff on "I Hope I Get It" from "A Chorus Line".

LUCY (SINGS)

*God I hope I get it,
I really hope I get it,
I really need that bed!*

GREY

Oh my god, please, please, stop.

A cop appears. He looks like Sheriff McClusky from earlier. But slimmer and more polished.

SHERIFF MCCLUSKY

'Scuse me ma'am, sir.

Lucy and Grey freeze.

GREY
Evening Sheriff.

The Sheriff tips his hat, friendly but stern.

SHERIFF MCCLUSKY
Where you folks from?

LUCY
California.

GREY
Ohio.

GREY (cont'd)
Um, Calihio... It's...west.

The sheriff narrows his eyes, suspicious.

SHERIFF MCCLUSKY
I see. Welp, I don't know how they
do things out in...Calihio. But this
here's a ballad zone, and that there
was no ballad.

He points to a sign. It reads "BALLAD ZONE". It is identical
to the "QUIET ZONE" sign from earlier.

Grey looks at Lucy - seriously? Lucy gets it.

LUCY
Oh, right, the chorus line thing...
Yeah, sorry 'bout that. I was just
messing around. It won't happen
again. Promise.

She crosses her heart as McClusky scribbles out a ticket.

GREY
A ticket? Seriously? Come on, we're
new here and not entirely clear on
the rules.

Officer McClusky looks up and gives a put upon sigh.

SHERIFF MCCLUSKY
Welp, come on then.

Lucy widens her eyes at Grey as they follow him.

EXT. EXPOSITIONAL SONG ZONE - MOMENTS LATER

McClusky stands under a sign that reads "EXPOSITIONAL SONG
ZONE". He clears his throat. Grey looks at Lucy.

McClusky wiggles his shoulders, then opens his arms.

MCCLUSKY (SINGS)
In 1872, we didn't know what to do.
Too many different songs,
(MORE)

MCCLUSKY (SINGS) (cont'd)
it was a cacaphonic sing along.
Our poor town was at a loss,
it was musical chaos.

He walks jauntily down the street. Takes off his hat. Throws it to one side. Does a catch step.

MCCLUSKY
Dance collisions,
and five song pile-ups;
we had to do something,
the question was what?

He spins and swings around a lamp post.

MCCLUSKY (cont'd)
Then the mayor had a thought,
what if we zoned the entire lot?
A different song on every street,
a special zone for every beat.
Our citizen's safety was assured,
and law and order was restored.

He goes down on one knee and sings the final word. Then gets up, looks for his hat, plops it back on his head.

MCCLUSKY (cont'd)
 Look, I'm real sorry to do this
 seein' as you're new 'round here.
 But, the law's the law.

He tears off the ticket. Hands it to Grey. Then ambles off, whistling the tune he just sang.

GREY
 Fifty dollars! Jesus. No wonder
 everything looks so new.

LUCY
 See? I told you. When in Rome...

INT. SHOW HOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lucy stands in the kitchen and stares at the fish bowl.

LUCY
 Uh, your fish is plastic.

GREY
 Yup. So is the fruit.

Grey hands Lucy a plastic apple.

LUCY
 Weird.

She opens the fridge. Takes out an empty carton of milk.

LUCY (cont'd)
Why is the...? What is this?

GREY
(shrugs)
It's a show home.

LUCY
(excited)
Really? Like for putting on shows?

GREY
Uh, no. It's a sample house. Right,
house rules: Number one: no singing.

LUCY
Ah, come on!

She tries to spin Grey around. He digs in his heels.

GREY
And no dancing, no giggling...

INT. SHOW HOME/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Lucy watches a sleeping Grey. He's having a bad dream.

GREY
(mumbling)
No, st- bleugh, no dancing, st...

Grey swats at something in the air. Lucy puts her face close to his. He opens his eyes to find hers staring back.

GREY (cont'd)
Arg! What th-who are-what?

Lucy pushes her face even closer.

LUCY
Ha, you have one big eye.

Grey swats her away. Lucy pulls back and hops onto the sofa. She looks bright and springy, like "Tigger" on a very good day. Grey frowns and yawns, like "Eeyore" on a very bad day.

LUCY (cont'd)
So, what are we gonna do today?

GREY
I am going to find Kevin.

LUCY
Who?

GREY
Kevin Karlson? The physics guy?

Lucy looks blank.

GREY (cont'd)
The one that wrote the stuff about
alternate realities? In my bag?

LUCY
Oh, yeah. Life the multi-verse and
everything. Okay.

GREY
Okay?

LUCY
Sure. Why not? We're a team
remember? Like Bonnie and Clyde.

GREY
Bonnie and Clyde went on a killing
spree. Are you planning a killing
spree?

LUCY
No. But I plan to kill it on stage.
(laughs, awkward beat)
So, where should we start? Ooh, I
know, how about the Opera House?

GREY
Why would Kevin be at the Opera
House?

LUCY
I don't know, maybe he lives there?

GREY
What? That doesn't...nobody lives at
the... Wait, he gave me his number.

Grey grabs his bag and ruffles through it but...

GREY (cont'd)
Dammit.

LUCY
What?

GREY
I threw it away.

LUCY
Oh... The Opera House it is then!

GREY
 (sighs heavily)
 Fine, but if we find him, we grab
 him and get out. No song. No dance.
 Agreed?

LUCY
 Agreed.

She spits on her hand and offers it to Grey. He eyes it,
 makes a face.

GREY
 A verbal agreement will suffice.

EXT. SHOW HOME - MORNING

Grey follows Lucy down the front walk and onto the street.
 They weave through the dreamy, majestic number that takes
 place around them, totally nonchalant.

Residents mow their lawns in matching swirling patterns.

RESIDENTS (SING)
*Our lawns are bright green,
 the sky is deep blue.
 There's something for everyone here,
 even you.*

The mowing residents whip their heads towards them.

LUCY
 (whispers)
 Do you think they've noticed that
 we're staying in the show home?

GREY
 (whispers)
 I don't know, probably.

Avi, the paperboy, floats past.

AVI
*I'm a paperboy with a dream.
 Now it's coming true.
 There's something for everyone here,
 even you.*

Lucy steps forward, throws her arms wide.

LUCY
La, la, la, la, la, la doo.

GREY
 (whispers)
 What are you doing?

LUCY
 (whispers)
 What? I don't know this song.

The mailman pushes the mailbox flag down.

MAILMAN (SINGS)
*I was born to deliver mail,
 it's what I love to do.
 Everyone here is happy,
 and you can be too.*

KENNEDY appears, wearing a milkmaid outfit.

KENNEDY
*The milk is fresh and creamy.
 The world is bright and dreamy.*

Kennedy spins with her milk. Grey and Lucy part to avoid running into her.

MAILMAN
*There's only one place to be,
 with our Brightside family.*

The mailman puts his arm around Kennedy. They dance together. Grey ducks under their arms, steps to Lucy.

GREY
 I've got a bad feeling about this.

LUCY
 It'll be fine. Just hum and smile.

Lucy smiles and pulls Grey into the center of the dancing throng. Grey grimaces and shuffle around.

The chorus of residents surround the shifty pair. Grey drags Lucy away and runs smack into...Sheriff McClusky, mid-ticket tear. He points to a "MORNING SONG ZONE" sign.

EXT. MUSICAL BRIGHTSIDE TRASH-CAN ALLEY - DAY

Grey frowns and examines their latest ticket, then shoves it in his pocket, muttering.

GREY
 "Happy Morning Song Zone".
 Unbelievable. At this rate, we'll be
 broke by the end of the week.

Grey peeks out to see if the coast is clear. It isn't. A parade of people march past singing.

Lucy fishes through a dumpster and pulls out various items: a glass bottle, a cheese grater, a tupperware container.

GREY (cont'd)
Fantastic. More dumpsters.

LUCY
I know, right? It's so punk rock.

GREY
At least this is a song free zone.

LUCY
Hey, look!

Lucy leans over the edge of the dumpster, nearly falls in.
Grey grabs her legs.

GREY
Ack! Careful!

She spies an old red banjo, grabs it, brushes food off.

GREY (cont'd)
Don't touch it, you'll get MRSA.

LUCY
I'm not going to get MRSA.

GREY
Well, don't come crying to me when
you do. Anyway, what is all this?

Grey points to the pile of stuff accumulating by Lucy.

LUCY
Listen.

Lucy builds a rhythm using all of the objects. She blows on the bottle, scrapes the grater, pops the lid off the tupperware, then starts tapping. It's pretty impressive.

She bangs her heel on the trash can, spins, grabs a couple of trash can lids and bangs them together.

GREY
Sh! You'll attract attention!

Grey peeks out and sees a bunch of school children heading their way.

GREY (CONT.)
Crap! Kids. Quick, get back, get back! They've got "Happy Learning Song" written all over them.

LUCY
Wow, you really hate musicals don't you?

GREY
I hate a lot of things.

LUCY
Like what?

GREY
Just, things.

Lucy sits on the edge of the dumpster with the banjo.

LUCY
Do you play?

GREY
Nope.

LUCY
Didn't your dad?

GREY
Yeah. He had a red mandolin. I've
still got it somewhere.

She strums, slowly at first. Grey narrows his eyes.

LUCY (SINGS)
*When a girl meets boy,
life can be a joy...*

Lucy sings an ironic pastiche of "HOW ABOUT YOU".

GREY
What are you doing? Song free zone!
Song free zone!

Lucy ignores him, carries on. Grey crosses his arms.

LUCY
*But the note they end on,
will depend on,
the little things that annoy.
I hate Detroit in June,
how about you?*

Grey narrows his eyes at her.

LUCY (cont'd)
*I hate a waning moon,
how about you?*

GREY
Waning? Why?

LUCY
*I hate the wind in my hair,
when a storm comes through.
(MORE)*

LUCY (cont'd)
*I hate paper-clips and Sherbert
 dips, planned out trips
 and lemon pips, how about you?*

Lucy jumps off the dumpster and dances. Grey shakes his head. The song becomes brassier and more upbeat.

LUCY (cont'd)
*I hate tin cans.
 They make me ill.*

GREY
 See? MRSA.

LUCY
*And I hate to lose a bet.
 That's not a thrill.
 People talking in the movie show,
 when all the lights are low,
 that's nothing new.
 But I hate it, how about you?*

Lucy finishes her routine with a flourish, then leans back against a wall and continues playing, sparse and slow now.

LUCY (cont'd)
 Go on. Now you.

GREY
 What? You want me? Uh uh, no way.

LUCY
 Come on. This should be super easy
 for you.

GREY
 Ug, this is precisely what I hate
 about musicals, indiscriminate
 singing and dancing for absolutely
 no reason.

LUCY
 Look buster, you'd better sing or
 I'll... I'll...

Grey gives her a sidelong glance.

GREY
 You'll what?

LUCY
 I'll find all those children and...

GREY
 Okay, okay, Jesus.
 (mumble sings)
I hate crowded streets,
 (MORE)

GREY

No, not really. I mean, hate is a pretty strong word. For me, it's more like everything's...I don't know, unsatisfactory.

The young dog-walking couple appear. They perform a silent interpretive dance. Grey eyes them, confused.

Lucy points to a "QUIET ZONE" sign. The couple continue their silent routine as Grey and Lucy pass.

LUCY

So, what music do you like?

GREY

What? Are we fifteen now?

LUCY

Yeah, yeah, I get it. You hate music, and puppies, and rainbows...

Grey softens slightly. Sighs.

GREY

Okay, fine, um, David Bowie, before-

LUCY

- "Let's Dance", obviously.

GREY

- "Let's Dance", obviously.

Grey throws Lucy a look, maybe she's not so bad...

LUCY

So, I have a theory. "Under Pressure" right? Arguably Queen's best song because of-

GREY

-Bowie.

LUCY

-Bowie.

Lucy throws Grey a look, maybe he's not so bad...

LUCY (cont'd)

Anyway, basically, that song marked the end of good music.

GREY

Absolutely, I couldn't agree more.

LUCY

Including musicals.

GREY

Really?

LUCY

Totally. And, it's also about the end of the whole hippie thing and, welp, basically-

GREY

-the end of everything good.

LUCY (SINGS)

Why can't we give love one more chance? Why can't we give love, give love...?

GREY (SINGS)

Why can't we give love one more chance? Why can't we give love, give love...?

LUCY

Hah! See? Scratch a cynic...

They continue walking in silence.

LUCY (cont'd)

So, I don't get it. Aren't politicians supposed to be all, like, charming and friendly?

GREY

I'm a city manager, not a politician. I don't care about the big song and dance, I just want things to work. Politics should be about robust systems, balanced budgets and fairness. Not nice hair.

LUCY

But, you have nice hair.

(off his look)

Er, robust systems, got it.

GREY

Running a town isn't easy, you know. There are lots of moving parts and money doesn't grow on trees.

LUCY

Um, actually, I think you'll find it does. It's just energy. Attract the energy and the money will follow. Besides, a town should be about people, not money.

GREY

Right. So I guess we should just, uh, ignore your funding application?

LUCY

Well...

EXT. OPERA HOUSE (MUSICAL BRIGHTSIDE) - DAY

Grey and Lucy are in front of the Opera House. It is not derelict and looks rather spiffy. Lucy's eyes light up.

LUCY
Wowsers, it looks like new!

She runs towards the front door and notices a flier on a notice board. She yanks it down. Reads it.

LUCY (cont'd)
Hah! See? I am so vindicated.

Lucy shoves the flier towards Grey. Points to the bottom.

GREY
(reading flyer)
For further information contact
Kevin Karlson, Musical Director.

Lucy peers closely at the flier. Gasps.

LUCY
Look! They need acts! For a show!
To save the orphans!

GREY
There are orphans here?

LUCY
(ominously)
Musicals always have orphans.

Lucy grabs Grey's elbow.

LUCY (cont'd)
Come on, let's go in.

GREY
Wait, we made an deal, remember?

LUCY
But...they need acts...for a show.

GREY
Repeating it doesn't make it a good
idea. Besides, we're already in a
musical! Jesus, it's like musical
Russian dolls.

LUCY
What?

GREY
A musical within a musical? Like the
dolls, one inside the...forget it.

LUCY

It's a variety show actually. So,
yeah, not a musical.

GREY

What's the difference?

LUCY

Do you really want to know?

GREY

No. Anyway, how on earth is putting
on a show going to help us?

LUCY

Um, hello? Micky and Judy?

(beat)

Seriously? Wow, you really don't
know anything about musicals, do
you? Look, when there's a problem,
the only way to fix it is to put on
a show. Everybody knows that.

GREY

Uh-huh. Anyway, the Kevin in this
reality clearly can't help us.
Considering he's organizing a show,
not a symposium on string theory.

LUCY

Welp, when life gives you lemons...

GREY

Okay so, first, that doesn't make
any sense, second, life doesn't just
hand over lemons. You have to go out
and buy them. Which is why most
lemonade stands fail.

LUCY

Why do you have to be like that?

GREY

Like what?

LUCY

So...so...uh-oh.

Grey follows her gaze to...Sheriff McClusky. Lucy flicks her
eyes up to another song zoning sign. This one reads:
"DETERMINATION SONGS ZONE". Lucy plants her feet and...

GREY

God dammit.

LUCY (SINGS)
*Don't tell me not to live,
 just sit and putter.
 Life's candy and the sun's
 a ball of butter.
 Don't bring around a cloud
 to rain on my parade!*

Music swells, bright and brassy. Grey crosses his arms.

LUCY
 Grey! Sing!

He looks around for a hiding spot. No luck. Resigned, he sings a half-spoken dirge.

GREY
*Your last three shows
 were profitless,
 and failed to generate
 attendance.
 I'm not raining on your parade,
 I'm simply suggesting an umbrella.*

LUCY
 What? That doesn't even rhyme.

GREY
 So. It's...beat poetry.

Sheriff McClusky is nearing. He looks suspicious.

GREY (cont'd)
 Right, that's it.

YANK! Lucy yelps as Grey pulls her into-

INT. OPERA HOUSE/AUDIENCE (MUSICAL BRIGHTSIDE) - DAY

Grey and Lucy hide behind a row of seats. Lucy peeks above the seat, then drops back, giggling. They speak in hushed voices. The song "FIT AS A FIDDLE" plays in the background.

GREY
 Well? Do you see him?

LUCY
 Why are we hiding? Don't get me wrong, I love sneaking but-

GREY
 -We're surveying the situation.

Grey crawls forward, peers out. He sees two very familiar faces. STEW, dressed flamboyantly in a scarf and bright sweatpants, and NATE. They perform a vaudeville routine.

GREY (cont'd)
Huh, my campaign manager is here.

LUCY
Nate?

GREY
How do you know who my campaign manager is?

LUCY
It's a small town...and I keep tabs.

Lucy looks out. Stew and Nate continue their athletic routine to a sparkly, jazzy tune. Lucy nods to the beat.

LUCY (cont'd)
I love this song.
(beat)
Wait, I think I see him.

Grey joins Lucy and watches as Nate and Stew part to reveal; KEVIN. He's a bearded, hipster version of the previous Kevin, wearing thick black glasses and an ironic T-shirt.

GREY
Yep, that's him.

LUCY
Okay, so, you create a diversion,
and then I'll grab him.

GREY
You can't just grab him. He'll think we're kidnapping him.

LUCY
But we are kidnapping him.

GREY
What! We never agreed to kidnap.

LUCY
Hey, you're the one who said to "grab him and get out".

GREY
It was a figure of speech! Rgh,
just, okay, look, why don't you go
and talk to him, since you clearly
share similar...interests.

By this point, Lucy is beside herself. It's clear she desperately wants to join in the number.

LUCY
Okay, but first, one number.

Grey crosses his arms. Lucy looks at him, at the stage, at him. She bites her lip, her foot twitches. She jumps up and dances down the aisle as Grey quietly slips out the door

All heads turn and smile as she leaps on stage and joins in. Ah, the magic of musicals.

LUCY (SINGS)

*Fit as a fiddle
and ready for love,
I can jump over
the moon up above.*

The boys throw their arms forward, Lucy jumps over them.

INT. SHOW HOME/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Grey unfurls a large map.

INTERCUT BETWEEN OUR GANG AT THE OPERA HOUSE AND GREY

Stew and Nate come together and dance.

STEW & NATE

Fit as fiddle and ready for love.

We see their faces as they dance, and hear tap sounds. PULL BACK to reveal them not so much tapping, but flapping as Kevin plays the spoons.

Grey stabs pins into the map in time with the spoons.

Lucy joins Nate and Stew, this time with the banjo.

LUCY

*I haven't a worry,
I haven't a care.*

A rumpled looking Grey scribbles on a white board. Clearly worried, and clearly having a care.

Our trio dance magically together like they've been doing it all their lives. Kevin bangs joyously on the piano.

KEVIN

*I feel like a feather
that's floating on air.*

Grey drops heavily onto the sofa.

KEVIN, NATE & LUCY

*Fit as a fiddle and ready
for love!*

The number ends. The four of them laugh.

INT. SHOW HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy enters chatting a mile a minute.

LUCY

What happened? Why did you leave? I
thought you wanted Kevin's help-

WHIP PAN to Grey, in the middle of the room, hair askew,
with a piece of knotted string in one hand. He stares at:

A WALL OF PAPER. It is covered in scribbles, paper, string,
and maps with push-pins stuck in. The pages of Kevin's
thesis are scattered on the floor.

LUCY (cont'd)

Um, Grey? What's all this?

She says this like she is trying to calm a rabid dog.

GREY

I've been thinking, what if there's
one wormhole into this reality.

Grey stabs a push-pin into the map.

GREY (cont'd)

And a second wormhole out of it.

LUCY

Like two one-way doors?

GREY

Precisely.

LUCY

Right. Well, let's ask Kevin where-

GREY

-No.

LUCY

What? Why not?

GREY

Because I...we...

LUCY

Um, is he like your ex-boyfriend or
something?

GREY

What? No. He's...I... Look, I just
don't want to talk to him, okay?

LUCY

Okay! Fine. So, where's this other door, wormhole, thingie?

GREY

I don't know.

LUCY

Oh... Welp, just keep doing all this beautiful mind stuff and I'm sure you'll figure it out.

Lucy throws herself onto the sofa.

GREY

Sure, no problem, easy peasy. You know, even if we find this wormhole, door, whatever. We have no idea how to open it. And I seriously doubt we can just invent a song and believe.

Lucy holds up her hands.

LUCY

Okay, okay, I get it. Science is hard. So just meet Kevin and talk to him before you rule him out. Because um, you need help. Like, seriously.

Grey runs a hand through his rumpled hair. He looks pale and drawn. Lucy holds out her hand. Grey looks wary.

LUCY (cont'd)

Come on. I guarantee a completely song free journey.

INT. BRIGHTSIDE LANES BOWLING ALLEY/ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Grey and Lucy stand in the entrance. A number is in full swing all around them. Grey glowers at Lucy.

LUCY

Hey, I said the journey would be song free.

(off his look)

Don't worry, it'll be over soon.

Various bowlers jump and spin in the air, balls in hand. CRASH, pins fall over. It's a cheerful, 'Muppety' song.

LUCY (cont'd)

Look, see? They're building up to the final chorus.

The bowlers get into position for the big finish.

BOWLERS (SING)

*Come one, come all, come big come
small, come every person short or
tall. Throw on some shoes and grab a
drink, bowling is easier than you
think. The Brightside Lanes are
glorious, and everyone here is
victorious. So why don't you come
and bowl with us?
Here at Brightside Lanes!*

The number finishes. Everybody returns to normal.

INT. BRIGHTSIDE LANES/BOWLING LANE - NIGHT

Grey and Kevin sit awkwardly as Stew performs a flamboyant wind-up. Nate fussily weighs several bowling balls, trying to decide which to use. Lucy does warm-up squats.

KEVIN

So, you're Lucy's assistant huh?

GREY

Um, sort of. Not really, no.

KEVIN

Oh.

(awkward beat)

So what brings you to Brightside?

GREY

We are...visiting towns that put on
variety shows.

KEVIN

But all towns do that.

GREY

Right, yes, and eventually we will
visit all the towns.

KEVIN

In the world?

GREY

Yes.

KEVIN

Right.

Silence. Kevin looks confused.

GREY

So, Lucy says you play the piano?

KEVIN

Yeah. I was at Northwestern.
Physics. But I missed music. So I
came back here and set up the band.

GREY

Band?

KEVIN

Yup. We're called *The Fresh Lemons*.
The Opera House is my day job.

GREY

Wow, that's...risky. Since bands
rarely generate income. Somewhere
around two percent I think.

KEVIN

Well, we're not in it for the money.

Kevin seems prickly. Grey realizes he's stuck his foot in it
and attempts to dial it back.

GREY

So, what kind of band?

KEVIN

Uh, well, we mainly do Bluegrass
covers of David Bowie songs.

GREY

David Bowie? You've heard of him?

KEVIN

Uh, yes, where do you think we are,
the moon?

GREY

Ha, yeah... So, sort of like *Luther
Wright and the Wrongs* when they did
Pink Floyd's "The Wall"?

KEVIN

Pink Floyd? Um, you mean *The
Anderson Council*? They also did "The
Bright Side of the Sun". Fantastic
album.

Lucy bounces up, bowling ball in hand.

LUCY

You mean "The Dark Side of the-

Grey elbows Lucy. She turns to Grey, mouths;

LUCY (cont'd)

Just tell him.

To Grey's relief, Stew appears and throws his leg on a chair. He stretches, Grey eyes his fancy legwarmers.

GREY
Nice...leg things.

STEW
Thanks man, I knitted them myself.

NATE
Stewart! That's my chair.

Nate pushes Stew's leg off the chair. Sits down. Lucy widens her eyes at Grey, splays her hands. He clears his throat.

GREY
(to Kevin)
So, um, is there somewhere a little more private? So...talk?

KEVIN
Do you have a confession?

GREY
Um, no. I just need to give you some important...information.

KEVIN
Oh, okay.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET (MUSICAL BRIGHTSIDE) - NIGHT

Kevin stands opposite Grey, expectant.

KEVIN
Why aren't you singing?

GREY
(exasperated)
That's what I've been trying to tell you.

Kevin points at the "EXPOSITIONAL SONG ZONE" sign.

KEVIN
Sing, don't tell.

GREY
Okay look, I know I'm supposed to, but I just...can't.

Kevin narrows his eyes.

KEVIN

What do you mean you can't?
Everybody knows how to create a song
on the fly. We've been doing it
practically since birth.

GREY

Yeah, well, I haven't.

Kevin narrows his eyes.

KEVIN

Why? Are you an alien?

GREY

Why is that always everybody's first
guess? No, I'm not an alien.

KEVIN

Well if you're not going to sing,
we'd better get out of here.

Kevin pulls Grey away. In the background, a shadowy figure
moves out from behind a tree. It's Sheriff McClusky. He
writes something in his notebook.

INT. BRIGHTSIDE LANES/BOWLING LANE - NIGHT

A bowling ball slams into pins. Lucy throws up her arms and
does a victory dance.

LUCY

Steeeeeeerike. I am awesome, I am so
awesome. Drinks on me!

Lucy takes out her wallet, opens it. It's empty.

LUCY (CONT.)

Uh oh. Um.

NATE

Yeah, yeah, I'm always the poor
schmuck who picks up the check.

INT. BRIGHTSIDE LANES/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kevin and Grey are packed inside a stall. Kevin holds "Life,
the Multiverse and Everything" in his hand.

KEVIN

So, let me get this straight. You
and Lucy are from an alternate
reality?

GREY

Correct.

KEVIN

And in your reality, I, well, the other Kevin, finished his PhD?

GREY

Yes. And that's his thesis.

Grey points at the document. Kevin flips through it.

KEVIN

Wow, just, wow. It was a crazy theory, with no math to back it up. That's why I dropped it.

GREY

Tell me about it. Plus, where we're from, people sing and dance on stage and occasionally in the movies, but...not in real life.

KEVIN

Really? But that's preposterous!

GREY

Yeah.

INT. BRIGHTSIDE LANES/BAR - NIGHT

It's closing time and the place is nearly empty. A chipper BARTENDER (20s) wipes the counter, washes up glasses, etc. A wrinkly old JANITOR (70s) mops in the background.

Lucy, Nate and Stew sit in front of a row of empty glasses, peanut shells and half-eaten food. They each bang down a shot. Lucy grimaces and spins on her stool, clearly tipsy.

LUCY

Urgh, Grey? Are you kidding? What like, like him like him? Mr Grumpy pants? Uh, yeah, no way. I mean, he can't dance, or sing or do anything even remotely joyful. Plus I always imagined myself with, I don't know, more of a Gene Kelly type. You know, with really white teeth.

Nates downs another shot, tries to focus.

NATE

Even a bear can be taught to dance.

STEW

Man, this is so totally classic.

Nate waggles a finger at Lucy.

NATE

A pessimist, confronted with two bad choices, chooses both.

STEW

(off Lucy's look)
He talks in parables when he's drunk. Like, the lady doth protest too much.

LUCY

Oh, I get it. Keep your friends close and your enemies closer.

Lucy puts a finger to her nose and winks.

STEW

Uh...what?

Nate downs a shot. Wipes his mouth.

NATE

All is not butter that comes from a cow.

Lucy does the same, clearly liking this game.

LUCY

A spotted pig looks black at night.

BANG. Nate downs another.

NATE

The hat is fine, but the head is too small.

BANG. BANG. Lucy gulps down two in a row.

LUCY

Whew. A stitch in time-

STEW

-Okay you two, home time.

Stew helps Nate off his stool. He looks at Lucy.

STEW (cont'd)

Walk you home?

LUCY

Nah, I'll wait for Grey.

Stew gives her a knowing look, then guides Nate off.

NATE

A cat loves fish but won't risk its claws!

EXT. CITY PARK (MUSICAL BRIGHTSIDE) - NIGHT

Grey and Lucy walk through the park. It is quiet and empty.

LUCY
So, you and Kevin were gone a long
time...

GREY
So?

LUCY
So, what did he say? Does he think
we're crazy? Is he gonna help us?

GREY
Not much, no, and yes.

LUCY
See? Next time, you should ask him
to dinner.

GREY
Um, that would be...gay.

LUCY
I mean as friends. Like a man-date.

GREY
Like the British in Palestine?

LUCY
No, like a man, slash, date.

GREY
Yeah, men don't do that.

Lucy stabs Grey in the chest with her finger, sways.

LUCY
You need friends.

GREY
You're drunk.

LUCY
Hey, watch how fast I can grapevine.

Lucy grapevines wildly across the park and sings a couple of
lines from David Bowie's "Life on Mars".

LUCY (SINGS)
*Sailors fighting in the dance hall,
oh my! Look at those gay men go.*

She does a spectacular leap...straight into a tree.

GREY

Watch out for that...tree.

She tumbles to the ground. Grey helps her up.

GREY (cont'd)

By the way, it's look at those cave
men go.

LUCY

But that doesn't make any sense.
It's a show. Since when do cave men
put on shows?

EXT. CITY PARK/BENCH - MOMENTS LATER

Grey helps Lucy onto a bench. She rubs her head.

GREY

You literally need to look before
you leap.

LUCY

Yeah, well, I probably wouldn't leap
then, would I?

TWO HOBOS (60s) are asleep on another bench. They roll over
and sing a bluesy, country song in harmony.

HOBO #1 (SINGS)

*It's a lonely trail,
when you're traveling all alone.
It's a lonely trail,
when you're just a rolling stone.*

HOBO #2

*With a lonely star to guide you.
Like a ship without a moor
to call your own.*

BOTH

*It's a lonely trail,
when you haven't got a friend.
And the road before you,
never seems to end.
It's a lonely trail,
when you're traveling all alone.*

The song continues softly in the background.

LUCY

Huh, I've never heard that song
before. It's beautiful.

GREY
Strangely, I have. In a western,
cowboy-type musical thing.

LUCY
Wait, you've seen a musical?

GREY
Sure, as a kid. My dad liked them.

A moment of comfortable silence passes between them. The
hobos harmonize "oohs" and "ahs" in the background.

GREY (cont'd)
So, why musicals?

He does jazz hands.

LUCY
I dunno. I guess, when my mom left-

GREY
-Oh, sorry.

Lucy shrugs, nonchalant.

LUCY
It's fine. Some people aren't meant
to have kids. She tried, but you
know, once they're out, you can't
shove 'em back in, or exchange them
for something else. So, she left. I
kinda got lost in the shuffle.

GREY
I know what you mean.

LUCY
Anyway, she loved musicals,
especially the dancing. So after she
left, I watched as many as I could
get my hands on. But I fast-
forwarded straight to the numbers.
Because, I don't know, I guess I
felt safe in them.

GREY
Safe in the numbers.

LUCY
What?

GREY
There's safety in numbers? It's a
figure of speech. I use it to get
people to focus on the numbers, the
data, the statistics.

LUCY

Uh, I don't think that's what it means. It means that it's safer to be with people rather than alone.

INT. SHOW HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grey guides a drunk Lucy into the room.

LUCY

So, mister, what's the story?

She stabs a finger at his chest.

GREY

What story?

LUCY

Fllph flph flph.

GREY

What?

LUCY

My thongue ith thoo thired thoo thpeak.

Lucy throws herself on the bed.

LUCY (cont'd)

Juth need to reth my eyth.

Grey sits on the bed next to her.

LUCY (cont'd)

Everybody hath a thtory...

Her eyes flutter, then close. Her mouth falls open, a small snore rattles in her throat. Grey eyes her, then pulls the covers up under her chin and lays back.

GREY

Okay. A story. Once there was a boy named...Red and he had a friend called... Kelvin. Red and Kelvin played catch, they disassembled radios and soldered the pieces back together to make transformers. They planned to sail around the world and travel into space. Then, one day, Kelvin was beamed away by...crafty Swedish...aliens and Red's dad, um, Chuck was...eaten by a huge monster dragon, robot type thing...and-

Grey looks over at a sleeping Lucy. He tucks his arms under his head and stares up at the ceiling. A small crack is just beginning to show.

INT. SHOW HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grey and Kevin stand in front of the wall of paper. Lucy lounges on the sofa, reading. Kevin points to the map.

KEVIN

The problem is: even if your hypothesis is correct, and there is a second wormhole, it could be anywhere.

GREY

I know. I know. Believe me, I've tried to narrow it down, but-

Lucy's head pops up over the sofa. She has Sheriff McClusky's budget folder in her hand.

LUCY

-Um, guys?

Grey and Kevin ignore her and continue talking. Kevin scribbles a series of numbers on the whiteboard.

KEVIN

What about a prime number sequence-

GREY

-Tried it.

LUCY

Guys!

KEVIN

Fibonacci?

Kevin draws a large spiral on the map.

KEVIN (CONT.)

If we use the parking lot as our point of origin then-

LUCY

-GUYS GUYS GUYS - GUYS!!!!

Kevin and Grey turn towards Lucy.

KEVIN

What!?

GREY

What!?

Lucy holds up the sheriff's red folder.

LUCY
Did you look at the Sheriff's
budget?

GREY
Um, no, considering we're kind of
busy with this whole...parallel
universe thing.

Lucy narrows her eyes.

LUCY
Well, maybe you should have, because
there's a missing person's report in
it. For homeless Fred.

Lucy hands Grey a wrinkled mess of paper. Fred's picture is
paper-clipped to the top.

GREY
So? Why is there a missing person's
report in the Sheriff's budget?

LUCY
How should I know? Anyway, Fred
disappeared from the parking lot at
the coffee shop.

EXT. GILA'S EMPORIUM/BACK DOOR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A tipsy Fred exits the coffee shop, singing. The door bangs
closed behind him.

Fred holds a bulging trash bag in one hand, and a pastry in
the other. He takes a few wobbly steps forward and...
disappears. The bag drops to the ground.

INT. SHOW HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Lucy plants her hands on her hips and looks at Grey.

LUCY
Sound familiar?

The boys eye Lucy. They're listening. Grey flicks through
the report.

GREY
Huh, according to this-

INT. BRIGHTSIDE OPERA HOUSE (STAGE) - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A disoriented FRED, crumpled up on the floor of the Opera
House, sings drunkenly.

Two cops enter and help him to his feet.

FRED
Dancing. All the people...another
world. The same...but not the...

MALE COP
Sure Fred, everybody's dancing.

FEMALE COP
Don't worry, you're home now. Let's
get you cleaned up.

INT. SHOW HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Grey shoves a push-pin into the map.

GREY
And it looks like he reappeared at
the Opera House a few days later.

KEVIN
So that could be the location of the
second wormhole?

Lucy leans back against the wall and crosses her legs,
clearly enjoying her detective work.

LUCY
Exactly. Plus, consider the time-

INT. GILA'S EMPORIUM/BACK ROOM - DUSK (FLASHBACK)

Gila closes the back door, then looks up at her cuckoo
clock. Fred's voice sings in the background. The clock
chimes, a cuckoo pokes out.

INT. GILA'S EMPORIUM/COUNTER - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

ON GILA behind counter. Gila's mouth moves, but Lucy's voice
comes out.

LUCY (VO)
Yes. The trash. He took. six
o'clock. I remember, I hear singing
and look at clock.

WHIP PAN to A COP (20s) as he bites into a doughnut. Nods.

INT. BRIGHTSIDE OPERA HOUSE (STAGE) - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

As the police cart a wobbly Fred off, he looks down.

FRED
Hey. My watch broke.

ON WATCH. It reads six a.m. The male cop shakes his head.

MALE COP

That's not the only thing that's broke Freddie.

INT. SHOW HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Kevin erases the whiteboard, writes "TIME" on it.

KEVIN

Wait, so he disappeared at six p.m.
and then he reappeared at six a.m.?

Yes. GREY

Exactly. LUCY

KEVIN

What about you? What time did-

LUCY

-Six fourteen.

KEVIN

Are you sure?

GREY

Apparently Lucy has an uncannily accurate sense of time.

LUCY

And what about the full moon?

KEVIN

What? Why? You're not werewolves.

GREY

That's what I said.

LUCY

But magic stuff always needs a moon.

KEVIN

Well, you know what they say, magic is science that hasn't been proven.

Lucy shoots Grey a triumphant look.

KEVIN (cont'd)

So let's not rule anything out until we've analyzed the data.

Kevin takes out his phone, brings up a lunar calender.

KEVIN (cont'd)

So, if there was a full moon on the night you traveled here. And Fred disappeared on...

Grey flips through the statement. Stabs a finger.

GREY
April tenth.

Kevin runs a finger down the phone's screen.

KEVIN
The tenth was...a full moon. Huh, it could be a pattern. Let's see, if he reappeared at 6 a.m. on-

GREY
-April twenty-fifth.

KEVIN
That was also...oh, that was a new moon not a full moon.

Lucy plops down on the sofa and picks up Kevin's thesis.

GREY
So if we traveled through the parking lot wormhole at dusk.

LUCY
See? Magic hour.

GREY
And Fred traveled through the Opera House wormhole at sunrise.

KEVIN
That would be when the moon is at its apex. Obviously this is all dependent on the day, latitude, longitude, time of year. Not to mention time jumps due to the time space continu- wait...

Excited, Kevin heads to the whiteboard.

KEVIN (cont'd)
As part of my original research, I developed a device that-

Kevin scribbles out an equation.

GREY
-A device?

KEVIN
Yes. A device. Look, see? If you change the parameters for 'Y' and put in a more realistic probability here, that accounts for the singularity issue.

Kevin quickly writes a number, erases a bit, rewrites.

KEVIN (CONT.)
And if we plug in the numbers for
planetary movement...God, I can't
believe I didn't see it. This could
definitely work. Come on.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Sheriff McClusky watches the show home through a pair of
binoculars as Lucy, Grey and Kevin exit. He waits a beat,
then exits the car and walks towards the house.

EXT. UNICORN CAFE/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Kevin enters a series of numbers into a metal box. A thin
antenna pokes up from the top. He twirls a nob. The device
crackles. Grey and Lucy appear at Kevin's shoulder.

GREY
Hey, the other Kevin had a box just
like that. But, this one's nicer.

KEVIN
(to himself)
Good, it's working.

GREY
In what way is it...working?

The box beeps as Kevin scurries around the parking lot.

KEVIN
Well, it's sort of like a...
neutrino detector.

GREY
A neutrino...wait, aren't those
things like, gigantic?

KEVIN
Normally. But this one measures
their shadow, or ghost particles.
Basically, the debris that's left
behind after a collision. It's
like...smelling someone's perfume
after they've left the room.

As Kevin approaches the dumpster, the beeps increase in
speed and volume until they merge into one long tone. Kevin
stops, looks down.

KEVIN (CONT.)
This is it. This is the point where
you exited the wormhole.
(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT.) (cont'd)
See? The frequency changed. 1.9
electron volts.

Kevin holds up the box. A needle zips back and forth across
a SMALL WHITE WINDOW.

INT. MUSICAL BRIGHTSIDE OPERA HOUSE/STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

ON DEVICE, pull back to reveal Kevin, on stage. Lucy sits in
the audience reading Kevin's thesis. A bemused Grey watches
Kevin as he paces back and forth with the device.

KEVIN
It's been a while since this
wormhole was activated, so the
signal won't be as strong.

Like before, the beeps extend into a single tone, but
quieter. Kevin stops, center stage.

KEVIN (cont'd)
Here. This has to be it. Of course,
there's no guarantee that it will
lead to your reality, or any reality
for that matter. Anyway, let's open
ourselves a wormhole!

Kevin grins. Grey looks concerned.

INT. GILA'S PSYCHIC & COFFEE EMPORIUM - NIGHT

EYES OPEN. We reveal Grey with his head on a table. Muzak
bubbles in the background. Gila puts a steaming cup of
coffee in front of him.

GILA
Tired?

Grey looks around, disorientated. Is he dreaming? Or is he
finally awake?

GREY
Gila? Where did you come from?

GILA
What you mean where? From counter.
You work too hard.

GREY
How long have I been here?

GILA
Few hours. You make this.

Gila slides a piece of paper towards him. It is covered in
graphs, tables and numbers. She reads from it.

GILA (CONT.)

Pro-ba-billa-tee may-tricks, sta-
tis-tee-cow model-inc. Eesh, make
head hurt.

GREY

I just had the strangest dream.

GILA

Greyson, always looking around
corners, always thinking of future.

GREY

Says the fortune teller.

GILA

Ah, no, no, no. Cards not show
future, cards show here.

Gila puts her hand on Grey's chest, over his heart.

GILA (CONT.)

Remember, song is key.

GREY

What?

Uh, oh, maybe this is a dream.

GILA (SINGS)

*There may be trouble ahead.
But while there's moonlight and
music and love and romance.*

The CAFE PATRONS turn towards Grey and sing. It's "FACE THE
MUSIC AND DANCE", but a surreal electro-pop version.

PATRONS

Let's face the music and dance!

Lucy appears. She spins Grey's chair around.

LUCY

*Before old Freddie has fled.
Before they ask us
to pay for the show,
and we still have a chance.*

Lucy pulls Grey out of his chair and dances him around, like
a puppet. He resists.

Gila opens the door. Grey and Lucy exit. Gila turns the open
sign to closed, and presses her nose to the glass.

GILA

Let's face music and dance.

EXT. MUSICAL BRIGHTSIDE RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Lucy skips down the sidewalk. Grey trails behind.

LUCY

*Soon we'll be without the moon
humming a different tune.*

Lucy stops at the edge of the street. She stares upward. Grey joins her, and follows her gaze. The moon is full and has a visible face. Electronic beeps, a drum rumbles.

LUCY (cont'd)

Look, the moon has a face.

GREY

That's...disconcerting.

LUCY

Could be worse, the world could be ending.

GREY

Isn't it?

Lucy points towards the sky. The moon sings, like a torch song balladier.

MOON

*There may be teardrops to shed,
so while there's moonlight and music
and love and romance.
Let's face the music and dance.*

A tear slides down the moon's cheek and falls to the ground. It transforms into a JEWEL. Lucy picks it up.

LUCY

Come on, it's not so bad.

GREY

Really? The fact that the laws of reality have been completely dismantled is a little alarming.

A LINE OF TREES sprout legs and dance to crazy syncopated horns, like tripped out chorus girls. Grey looks pale.

The trees spin and jump. Rather ferocious for dancing trees.

LUCY

Just pretend it's an acid trip.

GREY

Right, sure an acid trip, wouldn't that be fun? Or, we could be dead.

LUCY

Oh don't be so dramatic. We're not dead. You know, if you stopped worrying so much, you might actually enjoy this.

GREY

What? Acid? Or death?

LUCY

Life.

Lucy takes Grey's hand and pulls him forward. They rise upwards, above the singing moon. Grey widens his eyes.

LUCY & MOON

*So while there's moonlight
and music and love and romance.
Let's face the music and dance.*

Suddenly they are surrounded by stars that morph into tiny ballet dancers, each with matching silver skirts puffed out like meringues. The star dancers swirl around Lucy and Grey as they continue floating upwards even higher.

Night turns to day. Grey looks down and sees that they are flying over a rainbow.

GREY

Wow, we are literally flying over a rainbow.

LUCY (SINGS)

Birds fly over a rainbow-

GREY

-for Christ's sake, stop singing.

LUCY

Why? Rainbows are beautiful and I want to express that.

GREY

They're just layers of refracted light.

LUCY

So?

GREY

So, I don't get why they're so romantic.

LUCY

You don't get why anything's romantic.

GREY

True.

LUCY

Haven't you ever been in love?

GREY

Well, there was Lacy Markowicz. We met at the roller skating rink in sixth grade. We held hands and kissed, once. But by the end of the week, the magic had gone.

LUCY

I thought you didn't believe in magic.

GREY

It's a figure of speech.

INT. OPERA HOUSE/GREENROOM (MUSICAL BRIGHTSIDE) - NIGHT

GREY'S FACE, eyes open. He sits up, shouting.

GREY

Rainbows!

Pull back to reveal Grey on a battered sofa, with Lucy and Kevin standing over him. They hold greasy paper bags from a fast food joint.

GREY (cont'd)

The song. The song is the key!

Grey strides purposefully towards a chalkboard with stage directions written on it. He erases the board.

Lucy and Kevin watch him from the sofa, bemused, and dig into their food.

LUCY

(mouth full)

Whasong, key to what?

GREY

We missed three vital pieces of information.

He scrawls a huge number ONE on the board.

EXT. BRIGHTSIDE SHOPPING CENTER - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

Fred is outside the incomplete strip mall, with a "Will Work for Food" sign around his neck. He sways slightly.

GREY (V0)

Number one: Fred was singing the morning we traveled here.

Drunk and wobbly, Fred sings at the top of his voice.

FRED

To dream the impossible dream. To fight the im...lpla...FOE!

INT. OPERA HOUSE/GREEN ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Grey scrawls a large number two on the board. Circles it.

GREY

Two. Fred was also singing when he took out the trash. I'm guessing it was the same song.

EXT. GILA'S EMPORIUM/PARKING LOT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

GILA plops two bags of trash on the step. The door bangs closed. Lucy appears and grabs a bag.

GREY (V0)

Which was, incidentally, the same song Lucy sang when we came here.

Lucy plants her feet and bursts into song.

LUCY

To dream the impossible dream! To fight the unbeatable foe.

INT. GREENROOM (MUSICAL BRIGHTSIDE) - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Grey writes a large number three, underlines it.

GREY

And three.

INT. DERELICT OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A disoriented FRED, crumpled up on the floor of the Opera House, drunkenly sings. FREEZE FRAME on Fred's wild face.

GREY (V0)

Fred was singing when the police found him too.

INT. OPERA HOUSE/GREEN ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Kevin joins Grey at the chalkboard. Lucy follows.

LUCY

Hey, maybe neutrinos are influenced by sound? Like the vibrating strings in string theory. If so, different tonal harmonies would...

Grey and Kevin turn towards Lucy. She shrugs and holds up Kevin's thesis.

LUCY (cont'd)

What? I read fast. Anyway, whatever, I guess we can just call it magic for now, huh?

Grey and Kevin, mouths agape

KEVIN

Uh...okay...So, if Lucy and Fred sang "Impossible Dream", to open the wormhole at the cafe, then what did Fred sing to get home?

Grey examines the report.

GREY

Well, it says here he was-

INT. DERELICT OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Film resumes on FRED'S FACE, drunkenly singing.

FRED

-singing, singing, something about rainbows, da da, doo doo, da, da, doo da doh.

INT. OPERA HOUSE/GREEN ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Kevin sits at a piano and leafs through a score book.

KEVIN

We only have one song about rainbows in our show. It's possible Fred overheard us singing it.

He plays a couple of bars, sings.

KEVIN (cont'd)

*Where's that rainbow
you hear about?
Where's that lining
they cheer about?
Where's that love nest
where love is king ever after?*

LUCY
Of course! Rodgers and Hart.

Kevin finishes with a flourish.

KEVIN
What do you think?

GREY
It's worth a try.

Lucy claps her hands, excited.

GREY (cont'd)
When's the next new moon?

KEVIN
Two days.

Lucy's face abruptly falls. Kevin puts a hand on her shoulder.

KEVIN (cont'd)
What? What's wrong?

LUCY
But...that's so soon.

KEVIN
You can always come back.

INT. OPERA HOUSE/STAGE - THE FOLLOWING DAY

The stage is decorated for a party. Streamers and balloons hang from the ceiling. Various prop chairs are arranged around a table center stage. Kevin places a cake on the table, frosted with bright red theater curtains.

Stew hands Lucy a present, wrapped roughly in newspaper.

STEW
Something to remember us by.

Lucy tears it open to reveal a pair of striped, hand-knitted legwarmers and matching arm-warmers.

LUCY
Wow, they're beautiful.

Lucy pulls them on, admires herself. Hugs Stew.

LUCY (cont'd)
Thanks! What do you think?

She does a twirl for Nate.

NATE
Perfect. Thirties starlet meets
caterpillar emerging from
chrysalis. Love it.

EXT. OPERA HOUSE - DAY

Sheriff McClusky ducks behind a pillar and watches Grey enter the Opera House. He narrows his eyes.

INT. OPERA HOUSE/WINGS - MOMENTS LATER

Grey enters from the stage door. Lucy spots him and runs over. She twirls and points to her new leg and arm-warmers.

LUCY
Nice, huh? Stew made them.

Then gestures grandly towards the stage.

LUCY (cont'd)
Ta da! It's our going away show!

Nate unfurls a "Bon Voyage" banner. Lucy grabs Grey and manhandles him towards a light box on the wall.

LUCY (cont'd)
Now, wait for my signal.

She scurries back to the stage and directs the banner hanging. Grey watches, with a hint of a smile...

Suddenly, the background shifts and the party scene is replaced by the empty, derelict opera house. Grey furrows his brow. A beat. Then the party scene is back.

Deep in thought, Grey grabs a piece of rope hanging from the wall and ties it into a complex knot.

The sound of chains moving. Grey looks around. He notices a sign next to the rope he's tying, and now pulling. It reads PULL TO LOWER.

He tries to recoil the rope but the chains keep sliding. Lucy looks up, then at Grey, then behind her. BOOM! A large flat that was suspended above the stage crashes to the floor; tearing the banner in the process and toppling the table. The cake slowly slides to the floor.

Lucy tries to leap out of the way, but she trips in the process, and lands with a yelp and a THUD.

A house is painted on the flat. We see Lucy's stripy, legwarmer-clad legs poking out from behind. She moans.

LUCY (cont'd)
I didn't give a signal.

INT. OPERA HOUSE/GREEN ROOM - DAY

Lucy sits on the sofa, cradling her arm.

GREY
Does it hurt?

He presses on her wrist. She winces.

LUCY
Ow! Yes, it hurts.

Grey unwraps a bandage.

GREY
How many times do I have to tell you
to look before you-

LUCY
-I did look! And then you dropped a
house on me!

GREY
Yeah, sorry about that.

Grey gently wraps her wrist in the bandage.

LUCY
Great, this is just what I need.

GREY
Honestly, it's just a sprain. At
least you didn't "break a leg".

He makes finger quotes. Lucy glares at him.

GREY (cont'd)
So, about your show...

LUCY
Yes...

GREY
Have you ever considered whether,
all of this is, I don't know...a
sign?

Lucy narrows her eyes.

LUCY
You don't believe in signs.

GREY

Look, "The Rabbi of Yod", it's just an idea, right? So you could come up with a new idea. Maybe something that appeals to a wider demographic. Maybe even make a profit!

Lucy slowly looks up.

LUCY

But it's art. Money shouldn't matter, it should be about making people feel something.

GREY

Look, I've seen the estimate for the Opera House repairs, and it's not small.

Lucy sighs, sees his point. Grey finishes wrapping.

INT. MUSICAL BRIGHTSIDE OPERA HOUSE/STAGE - DAY

Kevin, Stew and Nate have repaired the party decorations. The "Bon Voyage" banner is taped back together and the pieces of broken scenery have been artfully arranged around the table. Broken balloons hang from the ceiling. The entire affair is lit in a floral pattern.

Grey and Lucy enter from one of the wings, mid-conversation. Stew lights a candle on the smashed-up cake. Kevin and Nate sit at the table either side.

LUCY

...well, I guess I could create a show about the town? You know, like with the Turkey Testicle stuff, and sock puppets. And everyone could be in it. The marching band, the orphans, everyone. And we could call it: "Brightside: The Musical".

Lucy spreads her hands dramatically as she says this.

STEW

What's a musical?

Grey and Lucy look at each other, lost for words.

LUCY

Um, well, it's a story with singing and dancing.

STEW

Oh, yeah. So, a play.

LUCY
Is a play a story with singing and dancing?

NATE
What else could it be?

Lucy looks at Grey, he shrugs.

KEVIN
Hey, I thought your show was can-
Grey kicks Kevin under the table.

KEVIN (cont'd)
-dy, was about candy.
Kevin shrugs apologetically at Grey. Lucy looks at Grey.

LUCY
Did you listen to a single word of my presentation?
Stew steps in between them. Pats Grey on the back.

STEW
So, dude, nice to sort of...meet you. Have fun back in Calihio.
Nate shakes Grey's hand.

NATE
Don't forget, sometimes you have to throw your hat over the wall first, before you grab it.

GREY
Right. Um, thanks.

Kevin moves to the piano, Grey follows.

GREY (cont'd)
We've got a problem.

KEVIN
Sorry, I thought you told her.

GREY
Not that.

In the background, Lucy blows out the candle on the cake. She hugs Nate and Stew, and turns towards Kevin and Grey.

LUCY
Okay! We're ready.

Kevin plays an upbeat version of "We'll Meet Again". Everyone joins in, except Grey, who looks concerned.

ALL
*We'll meet again,
don't know where,
don't know when.
But I know
we'll meet again
some sunny day.*

FADE OUT:

INT. OPERA HOUSE/STAGE - NIGHT

Kevin paces around the stage, device in hand.

KEVIN
Are you sure that's what you saw?

GREY
Yes. I was here, then I was there,
then I was here again.

KEVIN
Well, according to this-

The device crackles and beeps.

KEVIN (cont'd)
-the wormhole is definitely becoming
unstable. Look, the readings are all
over the place.

Grey looks at THE DEVICE, the needle swings wildly.

GREY
So?

KEVIN
So...the thing is, a wormhole, here,
on earth. It's, I don't know, an
anomaly to say the least.

GREY
Uh-huh, got it...so?

KEVIN
So we'd better get you home before-

Kevin looks grave.

GREY
What? Before what?

KEVIN
Before it closes. Permanently.

They exchange a look. Kevin snaps the box's antenna down.

KEVIN (cont'd)
 Anyway, if I were you, I would come
 clean with Lucy about her show.

GREY
 Yeah, I know.

Kevin sings a song to the melody of "IF I ONLY HAD A BRAIN"
 but with different words.

KEVIN (SINGS)
*You might claim to feel nothin',
 that your heart is full of stuffin'
 but I know what's true.*

Grey sighs and gives Kevin a sidelong glance.

INT. OPERA HOUSE/WINGS - AFTERNOON

Lucy enters carrying a tray of coffees. She picks her way
 through scenery, props and other backstage stuff.

She sees Kevin singing, and ducks behind a costume rack.

INT. OPERA HOUSE/STAGE - AFTERNOON

KEVIN
*When the chalk meets the cheese and
 you go wobbly at the knees that's
 when like turns to love.*

Kevin spins and performs a couple of goofy dance steps.

GREY
 Okay, yep, very funny.

KEVIN
*You might say that she's annoying,
 but your heart is really going,
 like a drum-boom-boom.*

He thumps his heart and falls back, catching himself.

KEVIN (cont'd)
*Even though you're cucumber cool and
 she's an emotional swimming pool,
 who says like can't turn into love?*

GREY
 Okay, okay. Look, of course I like
 her, as a...sort of, odd...friend.
 You know, like a cute, but very
 annoying puppy. Fine in small doses.

ON LUCY. Her face falls.

INT. SHOW HOME/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lucy stomps around the room, aggressively tidying up.

GREY
Uh, is something wrong?

LUCY
Nope.

She rips the map down. Crumples it up.

GREY
Really, because you seem kind of-

LUCY
-I'm fine. Just, help me, okay.

She continues cleaning. Grey's eyes her, then joins in.

EXT. SHOW HOME - A BIT LATER

Grey and Lucy exit, holding two full trash bags and run straight into-Sheriff McClusky. They freeze.

SHERIFF MCCLUSKY
There ain't a town, city or state
called Calihio. It don't exist. And
neither do you.

He holds up their driving licenses.

GREY
Hey, how did you...

Grey and Lucy look at each other. Uh-oh.

INT. POLICE STATION/CELL - NIGHT

Lucy stands in front of Grey, hands on hips.

LUCY
What!? Like, permanently?

GREY
Yes, I believe so.

LUCY
So I won't be able to come back
here, like, ever?

GREY
That's what permanently means.

Lucy furrows her brow, glares at Grey.

LUCY

And when were you planning on telling me this?

GREY

I don't know, later, after.

LUCY

AFTER?!

GREY

Look, believe it or not, I'd rather you didn't stay in this reality forever.

LUCY

Yeah, well, why do you care? I'm just an annoying puppy, right?

Grey looks sheepish.

GREY

I...look, obviously I care. We're friends aren't we? And you're the one who said I needed friends.

LUCY

Ug, whatever. The point is, we have one very slim chance to get home, and you get us locked up.

GREY

I didn't get us locked up.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey you two. Can it.

Lucy and Grey turn towards the voice. OFFICER MULLINS (20s) lounges in a chair with his feet on the desk.

OFFICER MULLINS

I'm tryin' to sleep here.

Lucy approaches the cell door, rattles the bars.

LUCY

Where's our lawyer? And our due process?

OFFICER MULLINS

Sheriff says you're in here for the night, so as far as I'm concerned, you're in here for the night.

Grey stands, holds up his hands, appeasing.

GREY

Look, I know it's tough. You're on your own, and it's the night shift, but we are entitled to a phone call.

INT. POLICE STATION/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Grey and Lucy huddle around a phone. Officer Mullins stands a few meters away.

GREY

Trespassing and a bunch of other ridiculous stuff. He's clearly been watching us the whole time.

Lucy crosses her arms, winces at her sore wrist.

LUCY

I said to blend in, I said not to draw attention, I said when in-

GREY

-so did you post bail?

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

KEVIN, on his phone, exiting the station. He stops just outside the main doors.

KEVIN

Yes, but they're still not going to let you out until eight a.m.

INT. POLICE STATION/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Grey switches the receiver to his other ear. Lucy pushes her face close. They speak in whispers.

LUCY

What's he saying?

Grey cups his hand over the phone.

GREY

We're stuck here until eight a.m..

LUCY

But that's too late. The wormhole-

GREY

-yeah, yeah, yeah, we know.

LUCY

Oh for gods sake, here.

Lucy flaps her hand at the phone. Grabs it.

LUCY (cont'd)
So, I think I have a plan.

INT. POLICE STATION/CELL - NIGHT

The sound of SNORING (OS). Lucy and Grey stand in the corner, whispering.

LUCY
Are you sure the station is pretty empty now?

GREY
Of course I'm not sure. It's a supposition based on Sheriff McClusky's budget figures. Which is why this is a terrible plan.

LUCY
Oh for pete's sake, just stop it with all the negativity, Jesus.

GREY
I'm not being negative, I'm being rational and realistic and cautious. Because I'd rather not end up in a musical prison for the rest of my life.

LUCY
We're not going to end up in prison.

GREY
Rgh! Of all the realities in the universe, why on earth did you drag me to this one?

LUCY
What? Me? Drag you? How is this my fault? You're the one who hates musicals. The universe is probably trying to teach you a lesson.

GREY
Right, sure, "the universe".

Grey makes finger quotes. Lucy rolls her eyes.

LUCY
Look, for once in your life, just close your eyes and jump!

Lucy leaps towards the bars. Grabs them, and shakes.

LUCY (cont'd)
 'Scuse me! Mister cop, sir. Hello! I
 really need to go to the bathroom.
 Like really bad.

Lucy crosses her legs dramatically. Officer Mullins yawns, smacks his lips, and ambles over. He opens the door, then snaps a pair of handcuffs on Lucy's wrists.

LUCY (cont'd)
 Really? Come on, I'm just going for
 a pee, not on a killing spree. Ha,
 see, a rhyme. Would a killer rhyme?
 Besides, I'm hurt.

Lucy holds up her injured wrist, still wrapped in gauze. Mullins frowns, considers this. Takes off the cuffs.

OFFICER MULLINS
 Okay, but no funny business.

He waggles his finger at her, then guides her out of the room. She looks over her shoulder at Grey and winks. He shakes his head and sighs heavily.

INT. POLICE STATION/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Officer Mullins, bleary-eyed and sleepy, waits for Lucy outside the bathroom. She appears and eyes HIS WATCH, it reads 4 a.m. He escorts her down the hall.

LUCY
 So, it must be tough, you know,
 being on the night shift.

Mullins looks at her sidelong. Is this funny business?

Then he shrugs and lifts his arm to look at his watch. Lucy grabs it before he can.

LUCY (SINGS)
*I can tell you're feeling sleepy,
 but don't worry, don't get weepy.
 The night has really flown, it's
 morning now and time for home!*

Lucy pulls him into the sleepy station office.

INT. POLICE STATION/OFFICE - NIGHT

A FEMALE COP (30s) sits at a phone, head in hands. An OLD CRUSTY DEPUTY (60s) snores in a corner. Lucy spreads her arms and sings a bright, jazzy version of "GOOD MORNING".

LUCY
Good morning, good morning!
 (MORE)

LUCY (cont'd)

*We stayed up
the whole night through.
Good morning, good morning,
to you, and you, and you!*

Lucy uses choreography to manipulate Mullins into lifting her up to the large STATION CLOCK. She walks her feet along the wall. As she does so, she kicks the CLOCK HANDS forward so they read 7:50 a.m.

LUCY (cont'd)

*Good morning, good morning.
It's great to stay up late,
Good morning, good morning,
to you!*

She spins Mullins around and shoves him into his coat, still on the peg. Then she jumps on a wheelie chair and rolls towards the main window. On the way, she passes a radio, which she flips on. Brassy music fills the room.

LUCY (cont'd)

When the band begins to play,

She peeks out the blinds and sees Kevin. He's standing next to a large flood light. Lucy gives him a thumbs up.

LUCY (cont'd)

And the sun is shining bright.

Lucy pulls open the blinds to reveal morning "sunshine".

LUCY (cont'd)

*Now the milkman's on his way,
it's too late to say goodnight.*

Lucy opens the main door as another flood light bangs on. A mysterious hand enters the frame with a bottle of milk. She turns towards the female cop, hands her the milk.

FEMALE COP

*-So good morning, good morning
to you.*

INSTRUMENTAL: The whole station is infected by Lucy's joyous number. Officer Mullins and Lucy slide down the hall. As they slide, Lucy grabs a couple of spoons from a coffee cup as Mullins grabs a hat.

Mullins pops the hat on his head as Lucy smacks the spoons on her thigh. CRUSTY joins in, using a plastic spoon on his teeth. MULLINS and the FEMALE COP perform a quirky tap piece to the clickety-clack of the spoons.

Lucy chucks the spoons away. Arm in arm, she and Officer Mullins skip down the hall towards the cells.

INT. POLICE STATION/CELL - MORNING (IT'S REALLY NIGHT)

Lucy and Mullins enter, Lucy shoots Grey a knowing look.

LUCY

Sunbeams will soon smile through.

Grey snaps his head towards the cell window, gives a thumbs up. Light streams in.

LUCY (cont'd)

Good morning, my friend to you.

Lucy winks at Grey. He morphs the song into a quirky mash-up with David Bowie's "OH YOU PRETTY THINGS".

GREY

*Wake up, you sleepy head.
Put on some clothes,
shake up your bed.*

Grey throws his jacket up; as it floats down, he shoves his arms in the sleeves. Then he thumps the cot mattress and straightens out the blanket.

LUCY

*Here we are together,
a couple of stander uppers.
Our day is done, breakfast time
starts with our supper.*

Lucy grabs Mullins, ballroom style and dances him around. As she does so, she slips his watch off and hands it to Grey.

GREY

*Put another log on the fire
for me.*

Behind them, Grey quickly resets THE WATCH to 7:59 a.m.

LUCY

*I've made some breakfast
and coffee.*

Lucy hands Officer Mullins a cup of coffee and shoves a bagel in his mouth.

LUCY

*Here we are together.
The best of friends must
party.
So let us sing our party
song,
from the bottom of our
hearties.*

GREY

*Here we are together.
The best of friends must
party.
So let us sing our party
song,
from the bottom of our
hearties.*

Lucy grabs Grey's hands through the cell bars. He sneaks THE WATCH back to her.

GREY (cont'd)
*Look out my window and what do I
 see? A crack in the bars and a-*

Grey looks up at the CELL WINDOW. Ack! KEVIN'S FOOT is clearly visible. Uh oh!

GREY (cont'd)
-foot reaching out to me?

Grey jumps on the bed and up towards the window. As he does so, he pushes Kevin's foot away. Meanwhile, Lucy spins Mullins toward her and shakes his hand vigorously.

LUCY
Good morning, what a lovely day.

And sneakily slides the watch back on his wrist.

LUCY (cont'd)
*I said good morning.
 See the sun is shining.*

She sweeps an arm to the cell window. Mullins shields his eyes from the "morning light".

GREY
*I said good morning,
 hear the birdies sing.*

Grey cups his hand to his ear.

EXT. POLICE STATION/CELL WINDOW - NIGHT

Kevin sits next to a flood light and presses PLAY on a boombox. Morning birdsong fills the air.

INT. POLICE STATION/CELL - MORNING (BUT IT'S REALLY NIGHT)

LUCY & GREY
*It's great to stay up late,
 so good morning,
 good morning to you!*

MUSIC ENDS. Lucy laughs and thumps Mullins on the back. He smiles and glances at HIS WATCH. It reads 8:00 a.m.

OFFICER MULLINS
 Well would you look at that. Welp,
 guess it's time to let you folks go.

He opens the cell. Lucy throws Grey a triumphant look.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING (BUT IT'S REALLY NIGHT)

Officer Mullins hands Grey and Lucy their things.

As they walk backwards towards the main door, smiling and waving, they sing in harmony, a capella. The two songs layered over each other.

GREY
*All the strangers came
today, but it looks as
though they may not stay.*

LUCY
*It's great to stay up late.
Good morning, good morning,
to you.*

Grey looks at Lucy, impressed that their plan is working.

GREY
Oh you pretty thing.

LUCY
As night turns into day.

Their backs reach the main doors.

GREY
*Don't you know you're
driving me insane?*

LUCY
*I say it's great to stay out
late.*

Grey's eyes widen. Lucy nods. They push open the doors.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Lucy and Grey run hell for leather towards Kevin and his waiting car.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Grey and Lucy jump into the car. Lucy slams the door.

LUCY
Go, go, go!

The car speeds off. Lucy breaths a sigh of relief and throws an arm over Kevin's shoulder. He grins.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

The car squeals around a corner.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The flood lights outside flicker, and go out. Mullins bursts through the doors and looks around. He sees the lights. Thinks, realizes, swears and kicks the ground.

EXT. OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

The car screeches to a stop.

INT. OPERA HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Our trio burst through the doors and run down the aisle.

KEVIN
So this is it?

GREY
Yep, our grand departure down ye
olde rabbit hole.

Kevin jumps up on stage.

KEVIN
Well, nice to meet you...again.

He holds a hand out to Grey, pulls him up.

GREY
You too.

And into a bear hug, Grey freezes, then softens and pats
Kevin on the back.

A LIGHTING BOX. Lucy flicks a switch. ON GREY as a spotlight
bangs on. He squints in the brightness.

Lucy joins Grey and Kevin on stage.

LUCY
(off Grey's look)
It's for dramatic effect.

She wraps Grey in a warm hug.

GREY
Um, what...what's this?

LUCY
I'm not going.

GREY
What!

KEVIN
What!

Kevin looks at HIS WATCH. It reads 5:50 a.m.

KEVIN (cont'd)
Lucy, we don't really have time...

GREY
What do you mean you're not going?
Are you crazy?

LUCY
Possibly. Probably.

GREY
But, the show and the...going on?

LUCY

It'll be fine. I'll be fine. Go.

Grey glances towards Kevin, then back at Lucy.

KEVIN

Uh, guys, we gotta hurry.

Grey nods decisively as Kevin runs to the piano. He plays, super speedy. Lucy pushes Grey into the spotlight.

GREY

*Troubles really are
bubbles they say.
And I'm bubbling over today.
Spring brings roses
to people you see.
But it brings hay fever to me.*

Nothing happens.

KEVIN

Are you sure you're doing everything
the same as before?

GREY

I guess, but obviously Lucy was-

LUCY

-Singing, and we were holding hands!

Lucy grabs Grey's hands. We notice a moment of frisson between them. They spin. Kevin resumes playing.

LUCY

*Where's that rainbow
we hear about?
Where's that lining
they cheer about?*

GREY

*Where's that rainbow
we hear about?
Where's that lining
they cheer about?*

They stumble forward. But still, nothing.

GREY (cont'd)

What are we doing wrong?

Thinking, Kevin paces and rubs his chin. He points at Lucy.

KEVIN

What were you thinking?

LUCY

What? Just now?

KEVIN

No, at the parking lot.

LUCY

I don't know, all sorts of stuff.

The sound of SIRENS (OS).

GREY

Uh, we're under a bit of time pressure here.

LUCY

Okay, okay. Uh...let's see, I was thinking about Grey, then space, and I was trying to remember what those parking thingies are called. Stars-

Grey face-palms.

KEVIN

Yes, yes, go on.

LUCY

Then I wished I lived in a world where every day was a musical and-

Kevin snaps his fingers.

KEVIN

-Wait, stop. That's it. The song is the key, but the thought is what turns it. Yes. You see, everything is in a state of quantum potential until a person literally thinks it into existence. So when you grabbed Grey's hands you-

LUCY

-pulled him along with me.

GREY

I knew you dragged me here!

KEVIN

So, think about home.

Lucy takes a deep breath, grabs Grey's hands.

LUCY & GREY

*Where's that blue room
they sing about?
Where's that sunshine
they fling about?*

They spin around and it starts to work, the light darkens, the background doubles and a small circle of light appears.

KEVIN

It's working! Keep singing.

LUCY & GREY
*I know morning will come
but pardon my laughter.*

The light pulses anemically, then flickers and goes out.

KEVIN
I don't understand. Are you sure you
were thinking about home?

GREY
Definitely.

KEVIN
Both of you?

LUCY
Um...

GREY
Lucy!

LUCY
What?! This is my home now.

KEVIN
Listen, Lucy, the wormhole is just
too unstable. And it will only work
if both of you think of home...

The sound of BANGING at the front door.

POLICE (OS)
Police, open up!

Grey opens his mouth, then closes it.

GREY
Rainbows? Really? Can I sing about
something else?

More BANGING (OS). Lucy looks towards the main doors.

LUCY
Uh, Grey! What are you doing? Sing!

GREY
Look, what if the actual song
doesn't matter? What if the tonal-

KEVIN
-Key is the key! Why not? If so, we
just need something in...C major!

Kevin runs his fingers along the piano keys. It's "CHANGES"
by David Bowie. Grey instantly recognizes it.

KEVIN (cont'd)
Ch, ch, ch, changes.

GREY
*Turn and face the strange.
 Ch-ch-ch-ch changes.*

Grey glances back at Kevin and gives him a little salute. Lucy looks longingly around the stage, then at Kevin. A moment passes between them. Kevin gives her an encouraging nod. She nods back. Decision made, she takes Grey's hand.

And maybe it's because he's finally going home, or because of Lucy, or because his heart has grown three sizes; whatever the reason, Grey finally sings, with feeling.

GREY (cont'd)
*I still don't know
 what I was waiting for,
 and my time was running wild.
 A million dead-in streets,
 and every time I thought
 I'd got it made,
 it seems the taste
 was not so sweet.
 So I turned myself to face me.
 But I've never caught a glimpse,
 of how the others must see
 the faker.
 I'm too fast to take that test.*

Grey and Lucy look at each other.

GREY & LUCY
*Ch-Ch-Ch-changes,
 turn and face the strange.
 Ch-ch-ch-changes.*

GREY & LUCY (cont'd)
*Just gonna have to be a different
 man. Time may change me...*

The police finally burst through the doors as Grey and Lucy close their eyes and step forward...

INT. DERELICT OPERA HOUSE (BRIGHTSIDE, IL.) - NIGHT

And land with a thump on the floor of a now derelict Opera House. A pigeon flies up and out a broken window. Grey looks at his WATCH. It reads 6:14 a.m. The face is cracked.

LUCY
 It worked! I knew it.
 (MORE)

LUCY (cont'd)
(ominous voice)
One song to enter, one song to
return, one song to ensure a lesson
is learned.

Lucy stands and briskly brushes herself off. She's putting
on a brave face, but there's sadness behind her eyes.

GREY
Wait, before you go there's...

LUCY
What? Come on Grey, what!

GREY
I, well, the council...voted to shut
down your...musical.

Lucy gasps.

LUCY
What? The "Rabbi of Yod", is...
canceled? Did you try and stop them?

Grey shakes his head.

GREY
I had the deciding vote.

LUCY
So, you lied?

GREY
Not entirely. You made an assumption
and I ran with it.

Grey moves towards Lucy, she backs away.

GREY (cont'd)
Look, I was going to tell you...

LUCY
The whole time. You knew? And you
forced me to leave even though I...

GREY
Hey, wait a minute, I didn't force
you to leave, that was...science.

LUCY
I'm not a kid you know, I could have
handled it.

GREY

Really? Because as far as I can tell, you're like twenty-seven going on twelve. And I'm pretty certain you would have cried...a lot.

LUCY

Yeah? Well, you're like twenty-seven going on...a hundred! And it's normal for people to feel upset when they're disappointed.

GREY

Sure, but you feel things a teensy bit more than most people.

LUCY

Yeah, well, it's better than not feeling anything at all!

Lucy storms out. Grey hangs his head and kicks at a brick. He stubs his toe. Swearing, he hops off.

EXT. CITY PARK (BRIGHTSIDE, IL.) - NIGHT

Grey walks through the park alone, singing quietly to himself. It is cold. Icicles hang from trees and there are patches of muddy snow on the ground.

GREY

*It's a lonely trail
when you've lost a friend
and the road before you
never seems to end.
But I wouldn't mind
life's trouble
if I could only travel double.
It's a lonely trail
when you're traveling alone.*

A couple of HOBOS (60s) asleep on a bench wake up.

HOB0 #1

Shut the hell up!

HOB0 #2

Yeah, we're tryin' to sleep here!

INT. GREY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - MORNING

EYES OPEN and stare up at a crack in the ceiling. It is twice as long as before. We see Grey, in bed, tangled up in sheets. It's clearly been a rough night. He sighs.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
Good morning Brightside, and all
points beyond. It's April first, but
there's still no sign of spring.

Grey sits bolt upright and grabs the radio.

GREY
April first?

It shows the date in big white numbers. Grey quickly surveys
his room. He's definitely home.

INT. GILA'S PSYCHIC & COFFEE EMPORIUM - MORNING

RIBBONS of STEAMING MILK. We reveal GILA mid-pour. She
finishes and slides the cup towards Grey.

GILA
Here. Is milk. Good for mood. When
little boy, after papa eaten by
dragon. I give you hot milk, but you
want coffee. Just like papa.

Gila smiles at the memory. Grey takes the hot milk.

GREY
Thanks. So, you believe me?

GILA
Of course I believe. Cards never
lie. They say big journey, remember?
Ah, your papa, so proud.

GREY
(whispers, gruff)
For god's sake Gila. I'm not a kid
anymore. I know my dad's dead, stop
pretending you can speak to him.

GILA
No pretend. Is fact. Real. We speak
often. He keep eye on you.

Grey sighs heavily.

GREY
Yeah, sure, okay.

Gila comes out from behind the counter and sits down.

GILA
Come, sit.

He sits. Gila looks at him. A moment of comfortable silence
passes between them.

GILA (CONT.)

What about girl? This Lucy?

GREY

What about her? She's just a girl I got stuck with for a few weeks, actually, a day because of the whole relative time thing...

(shrugs)

Anyway, she's chalk and I'm cheese and the cheese stands alone.

GILA

Does he?

Grey shifts in his seat. An uncomfortable silence passes between them.

GREY

Look, Gila, I know you're just trying to look out for me. But my life, me, it's fine. Nothing needs to change.

GILA

Is too late.

Gila hands Grey THE DEATH TAROT CARD.

GREY

Great. Death. Super.

GILA

Not literal. Stuff happen, big, small, make change. Death is big change.

GREY

Look, I don't have a problem with change. That's how you make predictions. You measure small incremental changes over time.

Grey sips his hot milk. Gila watches him intently.

GILA

I was there.

EXT. KEVIN KARLSON'S HOUSE/FRONT PORCH (1998) - FLASHBACK

Grey (10), at the door, in a STAR TREK uniform with a black suit jacket thrown over the top. He bangs both fists on the door and shouts.

YOUNG GREY

Kevin? Kevin! KEVIN!!!

No answer. Grey slumps down on the front step.

INT. GILA'S PSYCHIC & COFFEE EMPORIUM - PRESENT DAY

Grey looks at Gila, questioning.

GILA
Sad little boy, on step. Friend
gone, father gone. So, this boy,
make certain, never surprised.

Gila takes the DEATH CARD and slides it into Grey's pocket.

GILA (cont'd)
Not all surprises bad, Greyson.

EXT. GILA'S EMPORIUM - DUSK

A MESS OF WIRES. A HAND twists some together. Grey is on a ladder in front of Gila's neon sign. He screws a metal plate. Flicks a switch. The sign blinks on and stays on. He wipes his forehead and takes off his jacket.

The DEATH CARD flutters to the ground. He climbs down and picks it up. Stares at it. As he puts it back in his pocket, he sees the "DAY OF THE DEAD" poster from earlier. A trio of grinning skeletons, singing and dancing. He notices his BOAT SALE sign next to it. He tears it down, looks at it. A beat. He looks up. The stars are just beginning to shine.

GREY
Hey pops, I don't know if you're up
there, or in the lake, or...I don't
know. Anyway, Gila says she talks to
you so, here goes. I uh, never
really got the chance to talk to you
about girls, and you know, what
happens after they stop putting gum
in your hair. So, well, there's a
girl. And I might have screwed it up
and...Jesus, what am I doing?

Grey sighs. He notices the poster for the town musical that was under his boat sign. He looks at the poster, thoughtful.

INT. GREY'S HOUSE (CHOREOGRAPHED MONTAGE)

A) INT. BEDROOM - Grey swings his feet out of bed, determined. A bluegrass version of "ZIPPADEE DOO DAH" kicks in. He moves through his morning routine with choreographed ease. This time, everything works.

B) INT. BATHROOM - Bright eyed and bushy tailed, he stands and washes in the shower, whistling as he goes.

C) INT. BEDROOM - He snaps through his speed dressing. He seems almost...joyful. He performs a flourish as he spins into the arms of a new shirt with perfectly long sleeves.

D) INT. LIVING ROOM - He walks into the living room, spins and slides the knot of his tie up. Still whistling.

E) INT. KITCHEN - He sprinkles fish food, opens the fridge, the door, turns on the faucet. All in time to the music.

F) INT. BEDROOM - ON CEILING. Grey trowels plaster onto the ceiling over the crack, in rhythm.

G) EXT. GREY'S HOUSE - ON DOOR. Grey sings and slides a wood shaver against the edge, also in rhythm. Then he opens and closes his front door, pleased.

Avi whizzes past, wearing his helmet. He chucks out a newspaper, Grey catches it.

I) EXT. GREY'S YARD - Grey plants BUKOWSKI FOR CITY MANAGER signs in his yard. He shoves the last sign into the lawn.

MONTAGE / MUSIC ENDS.

INT. DERELICT OPERA HOUSE/STAGE (BRIGHTSIDE) - AFTERNOON

Lucy, COUNCILMAN BRYANT (40s) and several COUNCIL MEMBERS stand on stage. They wear hard hats. Councilman Bryant flicks through a stack of papers.

COUNCILMAN BRYANT

This looks good Lucy. Very thorough.

LUCY

So I've adjusted the budget for the Opera House repairs and as long as I sell out opening night, we'll be able to repair the roof.

INT. DERELICT OPERA HOUSE/WINGS - AFTERNOON

Grey enters from the stage door. He carries a shopping bag. He spots Lucy and Bryant, and ducks behind a costume rack.

INT. DERELICT OPERA HOUSE/STAGE - AFTERNOON

Lucy hands Bryant her budget. He leafs through.

LUCY

Plus, I've reduced the over-all budget for the show by ten percent.

COUNCILMAN BRYANT

I see. Well, this is great, Lucy, really.

(MORE)

COUNCILMAN BRYANT (cont'd)
But, unfortunately the budget's been
approved and the money's already
reallocated.

Lucy looks disappointed. Bryant and the council file out.

INT. DERELICT OPERA HOUSE/STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy clips on a tool belt. Grey enters from the wings.

GREY

Hey...

Lucy ignores him.

GREY (cont'd)
So...you did a budget!

Lucy gives Grey a withering look, and snaps a pair of
headphones over her ears.

GREY (cont'd)
(loudly)
So the uh, mayor's ball is coming
up, and I was wondering...if you...

Lucy ignores him and hammers the floor.

GREY (cont'd)
Right. So, I was thinking of trying
something other than white. What do
you think? Yellow? Pink?

He shakes a bunch of shirts out of the bag and fans them out
on the floor, like a rainbow. As he does so, he notices a
hole in the stage. He points at the hole.

GREY (cont'd)
If you want, I could fix that.

Lucy glares at him - BANG BANG BANG - she hammers all over
the shirts.

INT. CITY MANAGER'S OFFICE (BRIGHTSIDE, IL.) - DAY

KEVIN, mouth open.

KEVIN
You mean it's not-

GREY
-magic beans. Nope. Sorry about that
by the way.

KEVIN
And you're all in one piece? No
molecular disintegration?

Grey pats himself down.

GREY
Nope. Fit as a fiddle and
(SINGS)
Ready for love.

ON KEVIN, confused.

GREY (CONT.)
Gene Kelly? "Singing in the Rain"?

KEVIN
So, everybody sang? And danced?

GREY
Yep. Everybody.

KEVIN
Wow. When I imagined alternate realities, that didn't even cross my mind.

GREY
No surprise there.

KEVIN
By the way, the other day, I-

GREY
-Huh, I still can't get over this whole relative time thing.

KEVIN
Yeah, it must be strange. Anyway, listen, I'm...sorry, you know, that I wasn't there. For the funeral, for all of it. It's just, we had to leave really fast, because my dad was...you know the Swedish Mafia.

GREY
Yeah. Hardcore. Look, don't worry about it, you were a kid, I was a kid. It was a long time ago.

KEVIN
I know. I just...I...wish we'd stayed in touch.

GREY
Yeah, me too.

Silence. Grey picks up a piece of rope, starts tying.

KEVIN
Bowline on a bight?

Grey nods, chucks Kevin a piece of rope. Kevin ties it.

GREY
Do you still play piano?

KEVIN
Yeah, I do. Why?

GREY
I need your help.

EXT. MAIN STREET (BRIGHTSIDE, IL.) - DAY

Grey, ON PHONE.

GREY
That's great Susan. So we can count
on you? And you'll get her there?
Super, see you Friday.

EXT. WILDLY FRESH PARKING LOT (BRIGHTSIDE, IL.) - DAY

Stew, in a WILDLY FRESH apron, pushes a long line of
shopping carts across the parking lot. Grey follows.

STEW
I don't know, I mean, dude,
dancing's like way harder than yoga.

GREY
But it's the same skill set right?

STEW
I guess.

GREY
So you'll do it?

STEW
I'll think about it.

INT. CITY MANAGER'S OFFICE (BRIGHTSIDE, IL.) - DAY

Grey puts his feet up on his desk and leans back.

GREY
Well?

NATE
Why the sudden change of heart?

GREY
It's not that sudden actually...So,
what do you think? Two birds, one
stone.

NATE

It's perfect. And speaking of heart changes. What about the Mayor's ball? Have you got a date?

GREY

I'm working on it.

EXT. GILA'S PSYCHIC & COFFEE EMPORIUM/PARKING LOT - DUSK

Lucy, decked out in her arm and legwarmers, stands in front of a dumpster. She puts down her suitcase, tightens the strap of her banjo, and gazes up at the FULL MOON.

LUCY (SINGS)

*To right the unrightable wrong,
to love pure and chase from afar,
to try, when your arms are too
weary. To reach the unreachable.*

Nothing. She steps forward. But no light, no wormhole, no Musical Brightside. She sighs heavily. Then, softly, to herself, she sings the final refrain of "Under Pressure".

LUCY

*'Cause love's such an old-fashioned
word and love dares you to change...
This is our last dance
This is ourselves
Under pressure.*

Her shoulders sag.

GILA (OS)

Door closes, door opens.

Lucy turns to find Gila, Ukrainian booze in hand.

LUCY

You know...?

GILA

Of course. I'm fortune teller.

Gila smiles and hands Lucy a shot-glass. Slops booze in.

LUCY

Uh, uh, no way, last time I drank
that stuff I ended up in...

She sighs and looks towards the dumpsters.

LUCY (cont'd)

I just, I miss it. And everything
here is, I don't know. A mess.

She looks hang-dog sad. Gila pats her on the back.

GILA

All things end. Even good. So when nice moment, or nice person come, you grab, tight. But, in end, you must also let go.

INT. GREY'S HOUSE/GARAGE - DAY

Grey holds a box labeled CHARLIE'S STUFF - DO NOT THROW.

He rummages through various photos. A YOUNG GREY and CHARLIE (his father) on the deck of THE GREY GULL, A YOUNG GREY and KEVIN in identical STAR TREK costumes. CHARLIE, center stage, all smiles and jazz hands. Grey smiles.

Finally, he pulls out a beautiful red mandolin.

INT. GREY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

ON WALL in living room as Grey hangs the MANDOLIN.

INT. DERELICT OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

SPOTLIGHT on Grey. Center stage.

GREY

Well, first of all, I want to thank the Mayor, the council, Susan and, most importantly, Lucy Lockwood. She may not always get everything right, but she never stops trying. And this is her show.

LUCY'S SURPRISED FACE, in the audience.

GREY (cont'd)

Lucy once told me that a town isn't about budgets and schedules and permits. It's about people. And the truth is, we wouldn't be here without the bake sales, the car washes, the book fairs and, most importantly, all of you; the citizens of Brightside.

Grey looks up at a large jagged hole in the roof. We see the MOON, bright and full. The audience follow his gaze.

GREY (CONT.)

As you can see, there's still a lot of work to do.

(laughter)

So, in the harsh light of day, I know things can look bleak.

(MORE)

GREY (CONT.) (cont'd)
 But if we only see the problems,
 then we'll never see the potential.

LUCY'S FACE, warming up. NATE, in the wings, going three - two - one with his FINGERS.

GREY
 So, put your hands together and look
 on the brightside!

Applause. The lights fade.

RED VELVET CURTAINS fill the screen. Overture music swells. The curtains open on BRIGHTSIDE : THE MUSICAL, in lights.

It's both ridiculous and sweet. An ode to the town and its history.

Kevin sits at the piano and plays the opening melody. Grey stands center stage, spotlit, holding the red mandolin. He sings and plays and he's surprisingly good.

GREY (cont'd)
*I thought I was fine,
 independent and free.
 Alone on my ownsome,
 sailing the seas.
 But a man cannot stand alone.
 Or hide in a corner,
 like a dog with a bone.*

The number builds. Townsfolk enter, hand in hand.

GREY (cont'd)
*So come one, come all,
 come take my hand.*

The marching band enters, trumpets trumpeting.

ALL
*Oh my god, we were wrong,
 we've been home all along.
 We're a town, not a burb.
 Standing tall, standing firm.*

Kennedy pops up from a trap-door with a sock monkey.

KENNEDY
We've got sock monkeys.

Avi and Nate appear, in full Hasidic regalia, and dance together, side by side.

NATE & AVI
And some Jews.

SOCK PUPPET

*We look on the bright side,
So we're never blue.*

Gila, Fred, our orphan twins and Ray all have their bit.

HEIDI & HEATHER

Although we're small.

BUSDRIVER RAY

We're perfectly formed.

SHERIFF MCCLUSKY

Because we're strong.

HOMELESS FRED

And Brightside born.

GILA

Like turkey balls and nuclear falls-

Stew drops down on one knee and sings in a high voice.

STEW

-and our brand new strip mall.

Stew performs a surprisingly good dance solo. Heidi and Heather enter dressed like "day of the dead" skeletons and do a jerky, quirky tap number.

LUCY'S face as she watches the twins. She wipes a tear.

More and more citizens pile on stage. The audience joins.

ALL

*Oh my god, we were wrong,
together we can be strong.
We're a true town, not a burb,
standing tall now, standing firm.*

ON LUCY, awestruck. The crowd parts to reveal Grey, spotlit.

GREY

*I thought I was fine
on my own,
because the cheese
always stands alone.
Now I'm here,
but I'm just a man,
asking the chalk
to take his hand.*

Grey extends his hand to Lucy. She eyes it, unsure. He reaches further. She hesitates. Finally, she grabs it and allows Grey to pull her on stage.

LUCY
You said you didn't play.

GREY
I lied.

LUCY
I'm sensing a pattern...

GREY
Last one. Promise.

He smiles, crosses his heart.

The piano changes key, and plays the melody for "This Land is Your Land". Grey does the same, on his mandolin.

ALL
*This town is your town,
this town is my town.
From ye old opera house,
to the psychic emporium.
From the lake's clean waters,
to the school auditorium.
Brightside was made for you and me.
Brightside was made for everybody.*

LUCY
Are you ready for the big finish?

GREY
Ready as I'll every be.

LUCY
No looking, right?

GREY
Yup, no looking.

They both leap, perfectly in time. Curtain falls. Applause.

EXT. LAKE WONOKOBE/THE GREY GULL - SUNSET

Lucy and Grey hang out on deck. The water laps gently against the hull.

LUCY
Congratulations city manager.

GREY
Congratulations musical director.

Grey smiles and strums the red mandolin.

EXT. LAKE WONOKOBE/THE GREY GULL (1991) - FLASHBACK

GREY (6) and CHARLIE (30s), on deck. Charlie hands Grey a large present. Grey tears it open to reveal a bright red mandolin. Charlie helps Grey put his fingers on the strings.

EXT. LAKE WONOKOBE/THE GREY GULL - SUNSET (PRESENT DAY)

Grey's eyes well up. He blinks and wipes them.

LUCY

What's up?

GREY

Nothing, I'm just, sad I guess.

LUCY

-Hey, you just made feelings!

Grey smiles a broad, genuine smile. Then furrows his brow.

GREY

What time did we push off? Did you fill in the log book and double check the safety vests? And the-

Lucy covers Grey's mouth with her hand. He shuts up and takes her hand in his. Their fingers INTERTWINE.

LUCY (SINGS)

*Why are there so many,
songs about rainbows?
And what's on the other side?*

Grey picks up the melody on the mandolin. Music swells.

GREY

*Rainbows are visions,
but only illusions.
Rainbows have nothing to hide.*

GREY & LUCY

*What's so amazing
that keeps us stargazing?
And what do we think we might see?
Someday we'll find it,
the rainbow connection,
the lovers, the dreamers and we!
All of us under its spell,
we know that it's probably magic.*

They sing until the sun is a soft glowing sphere on the horizon, and the new moon is just beginning to rise.

FADE OUT: