

# DJ

Written by

Jefery Levy & Jon Reiss

FOX 2000

TITLE SEQUENCE: OVER BLACK

that famous 8 note riff: the Stones' *Satisfaction*.

FADE IN:

1972; LA FORUM; Stones' benefit concert for Nicaragua.

CAMERA SWOOPS DOWN TO A TEENAGE COUPLE dancing amongst the sea of fans on the floor.

IN THE FORUM PARKING LOT, we find A CAR -- four feet pressed against the rear side window.

AMONGST A THROG OF PROTESTORS, THE COUPLE holds one another tightly -- he is dressed in MILITARY UNIFORM -- in the BG, an American warship.

VIETNAM WAR PROTESTOR on TV -- pull back to find HER, watching with TWO SISTERS -- SHE is VERY PREGNANT.

HER MOTHER enters from the front door with a TELEGRAM, tears streaming down her face. SHE races into her mother's arms.

SHE gives birth to DEX, surrounded by mother and sisters.

DEX: his first SCREAM mixes into THE TRACK which now becomes:

A DISCO *SATISFACTION*.

IN A SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM, DEX, now 7 years old and dressed in a white suit, dances and "lip syncs" *Disco Satisfaction*.

The audience: Dex's mom, his two aunts, his grand mother and a couple of girls from the neighborhood. Dex flashes a killer smile. They all melt.

DEX in a basement, playing with boxes marked DAD'S RECORDS--

Dex, now 10, runs around A RADIO SHACK, grabbing all sorts of electronic stuff, as HIS MOM tries to put it back.

As CAMERA moves into television images of disco records burning at Shea Stadium (subtitle: "Disco Is Dead"), MUSIC MORPHS TO:

THE SEX PISTOLS' *SATISFACTION* -- Punked out DEX makes out with a girl in his garage - pull wide to see a garage band set up, friends waiting to practice.

IN DEX'S TEENAGE BEDROOM, MUSIC POSTERS cover the walls-- DEX experiments with various electronic devices. The SOUNDS Dex make meld into the MUSIC we are hearing.

The Sex Pistols' *Satisfaction* becomes NEW WAVE as we go to:

A HIGH SCHOOL PROM where 14 year Dex (sporting a "Flock Of Seagulls" hairdo) is the synth player in a new wave BAND.

As the high school kids go nuts for Dex's band WE SEE DEX REGISTER THE AUDIENCE RESPONSE TO HIS MUSIC. A crowd of the cutest girls tries to get his attention.

The *NEW WAVE SATISFACTION* becomes the *DEVO SATISFACTION*: DEVO performs on Saturday Night Live, and the CAMERA pulls back to reveal--

DEX making love with a (black) girl in an ND bedroom--

The *DEVO Satisfaction* becomes an early *HOUSE Satisfaction*: A PACKED CHICAGO WAREHOUSE in the early days of HOUSE MUSIC--

Dex and his African-American girlfriend; Dex, the only white guy in the place, has lost himself in the music.

As the *HOUSE Satisfaction* MUTATES again we go to:

DEX'S BEDROOM, where DEX has rigged 2 turntables and a mixer.

A MONTAGE OF DEX'S VARIOUS EARLY DJ GIGS: Weddings; birthdays, anniversaries, Bar-Mitzvahs.

These gigs all have one thing in common: There is always a group of girls gathered near Dex. He exudes superstar charisma and he's got THAT SMILE.

As the MIX gets increasingly more complex, we are in:

A SMALL DOWNTOWN NY CLUB; DEX DJs to a light crowd. At another club Dex passes out flyers for his gigs.

Now, THE MIX GETS EVEN MORE WILD and we flash forward to: DANCETERIA, early 90s NY; DEX rocks the house.

DEX makes and presses his first WHITE ALBUM (a record made expressly for DJs)--

AT THE PRESSING PLANT we meet TAYO, a beautiful Eurasian girl and Dex's girlfriend.

WE FOLLOW DEX'S RECORD (an outrageous remix of *Satisfaction*) as Dex peddles it to dance record stores with Tayo.

--various radio and club DJs across America play it--

--we follow it to England where a promoter listens and picks up the phone--

--Dex is on the other end, totally thrilled, nodding yes --  
He high fives Tayo.

DEX arrives at Heathrow and is suddenly at--

A mega FESTIVAL, where, at 6 AM behind a giant rising sun--

DEX ROCKS 50,000 PEOPLE, and we are blasted into:

SUPERSTAR DJ MEDIA MONTAGE: MTV, mag covers, newspapers,  
press photos, news footage, etc. show us Dex's RISE TO THE  
TOP.

ON A SOHO STREET DEX is awestruck by a wall of posters with  
his face on them; he bumps into HEATHER, a hot young blonde  
who is selling ultra-cool modern furniture at a street fair.  
There is an instant rapport between them.

In a huge NY nightclub among the throbbing thousands, cute  
girls try to pass Dex notes. Among them, Dex spots JAY, a  
young Latino, TRAINSPOTTING Dex's gig.

DEX, working in his small studio. Jay is there - Dex giving  
him pointers, mentoring him.

HEATHER and DEX at a club, dancing, getting very romantic.

WHIRLWIND GLOBAL DJ MONTAGE Dex playing to superclubs and  
festivals in London, Hong Kong, Sao Paulo, Bahrain, Bali.

INTERCUT WITH: Dex works with various music stars: Madonna,  
U2, Ricky Martin, J.Lo etc. in various studios. Dex displays  
a smooth and easy charm with everyone he meets.

INTERCUT WITH: Dex running to catch planes, stewardesses  
flirting -- He's exhausted - but loving it.

Dex and Tayo and Jay open a record store. Ribbon cutting,  
etc.

A GIANT PARTY at DEX'S new record store as Dex spins 'em.

Dex and HEATHER make love to the MUSIC as we end up in:

INT. TWILO - NIGHT

THE MUSIC CONTINUES as we find ourselves inside a GIANT  
RETROFITTED BANK BUILDING.

This is the hottest dance club in NY, and DEX has the coveted  
Saturday midnight spot.

THE PACKED DANCE FLOOR IS ROCKING OUT -- we see Dex's ability to "work" his audience into a dance frenzy. But he's still got those boyish good looks, charisma and most of all that smile.

Hot girls and boys of all races do intricate dance moves - break, pop lock etc.

As Dex's set ends:

DEX  
(into headset)  
Thank you and good night!

Dex makes his way off the DJ stage at the center of the dance floor, mobbed by dozens of GIRLS.

EXT. TWILO - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Dex leaves the club carrying a large DJ record case. A throng of CLUB KIDS is held at bay by a savvy DOORMAN.

As Dex passes through--

CLUB KID 1  
Dex check it out!

CLUB KID 1 and his TWO SIDEKICKS launch into a human rhythm section thing, ala old school *Supersonics*.

DEX  
(blown away)  
You guys rule.

Dex points out the kids to the Doorman.

DEX (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Yo, Luca -- these three, on my list.

As Luca motions the three kids past Dex, and in--

CLUB KIDS  
(various ad libs)  
Dex! You the man! Bow down!

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM/CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dex rushes to catch a train just as the doors slam shut. Once inside he is blasted with music - a SUBWAY MUSICIAN.

He's the street person version of Dex - a one man band: drum machine - cheap casio synthesizer - trumpet - microphone - electric guitar. And he's AMAZINGLY GOOD.

As the train approaches a station, Dex gets up, pulls out his florescent orange wallet, hands a hundred dollar bill to the astonished musician.

DEX  
Most excellent.

MUSICIAN  
(tipping his hat, proper  
British accent)  
Appreciate the support, kind sir.

With a nod - Dex is out the door.

EXT. BROOKLYN INDUSTRIAL STREET - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Dex exits the subway into an industrial district fronting large warehouses.

We can HEAR the faint muffled rumblings of a 4/4 beat coming from one of the buildings.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Dex approaches and knocks at a nondescript door behind a pile of aluminum siding.

The door opens and music floods out of the building as MICKEY, an Alan Ginsberg-esque hipster waves Dex in.

DEX  
Hey Mickey - shalom.

MICKEY  
Jayz slammin' em tonight.

DEX  
Yeah, yeah . . . Jay's good - -  
He's not just good - -

As Dex searches for the words we see that although as we have seen he has no difficulty expressing himself with music he often has problems expressing himself with words.

DEX (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
-- He's fantastic. I told you,  
right?

Mickey nods. Dex is off - down the stairwell, strobing lights and lasers cut through the darkness.

INT. AFTER HOURS CLUB - NIGHT

Dex enters a large stripped out storage area which as a club couldn't be more different than Dex's lux set up at Twilo.

The crowd of about 200 is definitely younger and more cutting edge. No wannabe's in Hilfiger here - just the hardcore - cool t-shirts and HUGE pants.

Dex moves to Jay, stationed behind a folding table sporting two old Technics 1200s and a big box of records.

Dex stands back a moment and watches Jay work the crowd: The dance floor loves Jay's progressive deep sexy house music.

But Jay's demeanor doesn't change with the crowd - his reserved style couldn't be more different than Dex's flamboyance. Jay lets the music do all the talking.

Jay suddenly realizes Dex is standing next to him and they embrace in a tight hug.

DEX

Don't be afraid to let 'em love  
you.

Jay smiles and nods - appreciative of the advice that Dex has always provided.

JAY

I know. I know. Workin' on it.

Jay gestures to the open turntables next to him. Dex laughs and whips out his records. Dex lays down a track and deftly mixes it with what Jay is playing. Jay smiles and nods - getting into the track Dex laid down.

**They fall into an impromptu "2x4"** (which is when two DJs work cooperatively in order to create a new completely unique sound).

As Dex and Jay mix together we see the bond and affection that runs deep between them. They are as brothers.

The crowd loves it and goes nuts.

EXT. WAREHOUSE/AFTER HOURS CLUB - MORNING

A truck wipes frame revealing small groups of CLUB KIDS hanging around the entrance to the club; smoking cigarettes.

ANGLE ON THE DOOR as Dex and Jay exit into the morning light with their record boxes, laughing at some shared joke.

EXT. UNMARKED RECORDS - DAY

An East Village storefront, sans signage. MUSIC blasts from inside. Dex and Jay approach, carrying their records.

Through the window they see HEATHER a beautiful, smart cutting edge furniture designer; TAYO, Eurasian ex-dj and now Dex's nurturing yet in-your-face business partner; and Tayo's girlfriend MEL a sassy young Latin DJ yenta.

DEX  
I forgot to call Heather.

JAY  
Don't worry. It's cool.

INT. UNMARKED RECORDS - EARLY MORNING

A combo record store, coffee lounge and cyber cafe; old tables, couches, a listening area, a reading area, etc.

Dex and Jay grab some take-out coffees off the counter as they pass into the lounge area.

Dex flashes THAT SMILE to Heather. Whenever Dex is turning on the charm - which is often - he unconsciously flashes the most charismatic smile you've ever seen.

DEX  
I'm sorry.

HEATHER  
'so kay. Jay told me.

DEX  
(gives Jay a why didn't  
you tell me look)  
Saved my ass again.

HEATHER  
(grabbing him playfully)  
And what a cute ass it is.



Dex plops in Heather's lap - they kiss.

DEX  
Missed you, baby.

He tries to grab Heather's croissant, but she swats his hand.

HEATHER  
Hmmm. Me too.

Mel drops the needle on a NEW GROOVE and approaches.

MEL  
(to Dex)  
Girls's gonna dump that sweet ass  
of yours you don't treat her right.  
Someone gonna come sweep her up and  
you gonna be a sad lonely DJ boy  
and I for one won't be cryin' 'bout  
it.

DEX  
Thanks, Mel. You're sweet.  
(off her sarcastic look)  
How'd your, uh, gig go?

MEL  
Don't change the subject, freaky.  
It'll be one long I told you so and  
I'm gonna be sure's to rub it in  
your pretty face.

DEX  
Be nice, Mel, or -- or I'm not  
putting you on my new label.

MEL  
Label schmaybel! The day you get  
your own label is the day I get a  
penis.

Tayo clinks her glass.

TAYO  
(trying to change the  
subject)  
Mel and I have an announcement to  
make.  
(to Mel)  
C'mon honey, shut up and help me do  
this. Okay, here goes...

MEL AND TAYO  
 (in unison)  
 We're pregnant.

HEATHER  
 (squealing with excitement  
 - hugging Tayo)  
 You didn't tell me?!? How many  
 months?!

TAYO  
 Three.

Dex gets up and gives Tayo a big hug.

JAY  
 I wanna meet *this* dad.

TAYO  
 Well, . . .  
 (looking at Dex)  
 Check it out.

Everyone cracks up, all knowing Dex is the last person Mel  
 would ask for sperm.

HEATHER  
 (smiling - unfazed)  
 Come on, Dex would make a great  
 father.

MEL  
 Yeah -- label his sperm under  
 "inconsiderate asshole."

TAYO  
 'scuse me.

Tayo suddenly looks green and runs to the bathroom.

DEX  
 (to Mel)  
 Must be something you said.

EXT. EAST VILLAGE/NOLITA STREETS - DAY

Dex and Heather walk hand in hand.

HEATHER  
 Dex...

DEX

Uh-huh...

HEATHER

When you dated Tayo...d'you guys  
ever talk about kids?

DEX

Yeah...we *talked* about 'em.

HEATHER

D'you ever talk about *having* them?

Dex stops and looks at her.

DEX

Baby, I didn't love Tayo. When I,  
y'know, when I have a *kid*, I want  
it to be with someone I *love*.

(looking into her eyes,  
totally sincere)

Y'know, someone like you.

Heather melts into his arms, and into a deep kiss. How could  
you not love this guy.

INT. HEATHER'S SHOWROOM/SHOP/LOFT - DAY

A combination work/living space -- prototypes of new  
furniture designs everywhere amongst functional things like:

THE BED where Dex and Heather make deep, tender, soulful  
love. They come gently together. After long beat:

HEATHER

I'm leaving in five hours.

(caressing his face)

Gonna miss you, baby.

DEX

Me too...

(slowly:)

You'll be with that guy a lot,  
right?

HEATHER

What *guy*?

DEX

What *guy*. *That* guy. The *English*  
guy. The guy that's all over you.

HEATHER  
His name is Nigel.

DEX  
Yeah . . . right. Nigel. What kind  
of name is that anyway?

HEATHER  
Ooooh . . . jealous. Do I ask you  
what you do when we're not  
together?

DEX  
Um . . . no.

HEATHER  
Then shut up and kiss me.

She rolls over onto him; they kiss, begin to make love.

INT. HEATHER'S SHOWROOM/SHOP/LOFT

Dex and Heather asleep in one another's arms. OS BUZZER.

Heather opens her eyes.

HEATHER  
Uh-oh.

She leaps out of bed and begins to get dressed as Dex stirs.

DEX  
What...what's goin'on?

HEATHER  
Come in!  
(to Dex)  
Jay's here.

DEX  
Jay? Jay's here. Okay.  
(then)  
Why is Jay here?

HEATHER  
Taking me to the airport.

DEX  
Oh. Cool.

Jay appears.

JAY

Hey, D.

DEX

Jay, what's up?

Heather comes over to Dex.

HEATHER

Bye, baby.

She kisses him.

DEX

Love you.

Heather smiles at Dex, then splits.

Jay follows her out, still uncomfortable.

Dex thinks about this for a beat, then closes his eyes and passes out.

DEX (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Just, I don't get, what are your,  
why don't you wanna do this?

INT. KNICKS GAME - FLOOR SEATS - NIGHT

Dex and RECORD EXEC 1 sit on the floor as the Knicks battle the Lakers in overtime:

EXEC 1

Dex, the songs--

INT. CORPORATE CONFERENCE ROOM

Dex paces in front of RECORD EXEC 2, seated behind a large table, giant picture window of Manhattan behind him.

EXEC 2

--are way, way too long.

INT. BACKSTAGE - BRITNEY SPEARS - NIGHT

Dex and RECORD EXEC 3 stand in the wings as BRITNEY does an ENCORE on stage.

EXEC 3

--no lyrics, long songs. No radio -

INTERCUT ALL THREE OF THE ABOVE:

EXEC 1

-- no radio. No promotion.

DEX (TO ALL)

--the songs promote themselves!  
Every night at every major dance  
club in every major city all over  
the world, these songs promote  
themselves!

As BRITNEY comes off stage passing Dex, a sweaty mess:

BRITNEY

Dex, you bad boy, when am I gonna  
get my remix?

Dex flashes THAT SMILE. He turns on the charm.

DEX

You look fantastic. Who's your  
trainer? We gotta to work out  
together.

She kisses him on the cheek and whispers in his ear.

BRITNEY

Say when and I'll be there.

And she's off.

DEX

(back to topic)

Look, this isn't about lyrics and  
radio play, it's about you guys  
trusting me to create and run a  
cutting edge label that will make  
money -- *tons* of money.

EXEC 1

How much *money* does your store  
make?

DEX

C'mon, it's a *record* store. The  
point is not to make money, the  
point--

EXEC 3

--what *is* the point, Dex?

At the Knicks/Lakers Kobe and Shaq come over and high five Dex.

SHAQ  
Are you doing my album or what?

KOBE  
He's doing MY album!

SHAQ  
(as he and Kobe walk away)  
Album? What punk ass album?

Exec 1 looks after Shaq and Kobe, cut to Exec 2 staring out the window.

DEX  
Listen, every major DJ in *the world*  
will sign with my label. Fuck  
songs, fuck lyrics, fuck radio.  
(then, almost begging)  
Just trust me, okay? It's not *that*  
*much money*.

EXEC 3  
Sorry, Dex.

EXEC 2  
Trust has nothing to do with it.

EXEC 1  
(with dismissive pat on  
the back)  
We'll see how the Kobe record goes.

EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER - DAY

Dex emerges onto 5th avenue, A HOMELESS MAN approaches.

HOMELESS MAN  
Hey man, you're rich, gimme some  
money, I just need some--

Dex spins on him.

DEX  
GET OUTTA MY FACE!

The frightened guy puts up his hands and begins to back away.

HOMELESS MAN  
Okay...okay...

Dex turns, stops, suddenly overcome by guilt.

DEX

Hey!

Dex catches up with the spooked homeless man.

HOMELESS MAN

Don't hurt me, please, don't--

Dex's hands all his money over, a wad.

DEX

Take this, please, forgive me, I'm  
sorry, I didn't mean to...

The frightened man slowly reaches out and takes the money.

HOMELESS MAN

God bless you, man.

Dex watches the homeless man amble away.

EXT. HAMPTONS - NIGHT

LASERS and FIREWORKS illuminate A GIANT BEACH PARTY: an eclectic mix of elegant but casually attired RICH AND FAMOUS.

Dex DJs a much more chill out/down tempo vibe. As usual he has the DANCE FLOOR in the palm of his hand.

Across the floor he's surprised to see the stunningly gorgeous LULU, black, mid twenties, a crazy wild child in an outfit that would make J.LO blush.

LULU looks up at him - big smile - wink. Dex smiles back as he spots a WAITER--

DEX

Can I get a few more bottles of  
water - please?

WAITER

Right away. Wine, Martini, beer?

DEX

No, no - just water, thanks.

CHRISTINA GATESMAN, smooth and sophisticated, still gorgeous with ex-model looks, and a penchant for younger men. She approaches Dex; they have never met.



CHRISTINA

Very nice. Quite different from what I saw at Pool.

DEX

(turns on the charm)

I thought you had to be *under* twelve to get in there.

CHRISTINA

I was the one in the Tigger suit.

DEX

I'm partial to Eeyore.

CHRISTINA

You don't seem very sad.

DEX

Sad sack routine's a ruse - just how Eeyore gets everyone to do stuff for him. Build him houses, always putting on his tail.

CHRISTINA

Oh - and what things do you get people to do for you?

DEX

Depends on who it is.

CHRISTINA

Me for instance.

They stare into one another's eyes. Breaking the moment is RICHARD, Christina's husband, a handsome, younger than his 50 years, eccentric but charismatic billionaire.

RICHARD

Hi, I'm Richard.

CHRISTINA

Dex was just revealing some of his trade secrets.

RICHARD

(holding out his hand)

Dex? Keep your secrets guarded around Christina. Nothing's sacred.

DEX

(now he gets it)

Richard, Christina.

(MORE)

DEX(cont'd)

This is *your* thing. Nice place.  
 (to Richard)  
 You're the reason I took this gig.  
 (to Christina)  
 No offense.

CHRISTINA

None taken.

RICHARD

Oh, I thought it was my wife who  
 convinced you. She's...*persuasive*.

CHRISTINA

Dex is perfect for that *music thing*  
 you were talking to Harris about.

RICHARD

Oh, the *music thing*.  
 (to Dex)  
 I guess that makes sense 'cause you  
 like to play records.

DEX

(blurting it out)  
 I'm trying to start a label and I  
 need money to do it.

RICHARD

(sarcarstic)  
 Ah, *it's all about the Benjamins*.

CHRISTINA

Richard, be nice.

Richard, on to the next thing, scans the room for pretty  
 girls.

RICHARD

(absently)  
 Do I have to?

DEX

Hey Richard.

Richard looks back at Dex.

DEX (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You know your wife is really  
 beautiful.

RICHARD  
 (before Christina can  
 thank Dex)  
 That's what she tells me.

Richard is off - charming another guest. We see a small crack in Christina's armor at this slight.

CHRISTINA  
 (recovering)  
 The asshole hates you.  
 (off Dex's look)  
 Just kidding, kiddo.  
 (again off his look)  
 Don't worry . . . *I'll work on him.*

DEX  
 Lucky him.

Although Dex isn't trying, Christina is smitten.

CHRISTINA  
 Don't leave without saying good  
 night.

She saunters off as THE RECORD BEGINS TO SKIP. Dex rushes up the steps to quickly change tracks.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT - LATER

On a break - Dex stands at the ocean's edge, in the moonlight, RECORDING THE OCEAN with mini-disc RECORDER.

LULU (O.S.)  
 Of all the crack dens in all the  
 ghettos in all the cities in the  
 world . . . Hey dude, WHASSUP?!  
 (off Dex's blank look)  
 It's *Casablanca*, you idiot.

DEX  
 Just bringin' music to the masses.

LULU  
 (smiles)  
 Been a while. You still got the  
 touch, baby.

DEX  
 Do I?

A spark of tempestuous past shines in their eyes.

They are interrupted by an out of breath, somewhat besotted sixty year old BANKER holding a 12" white label.

BANKER

I don't mean to interrupt but my daughter'll kill me if you don't sign this for her.

He holds out a white album and a Mont Blanc pen.

DEX

Sure...

(looking over its blank label)

Hope it's mine.

BANKER

(wiping his brow)

I wouldn't know. I have no idea what you do - I thought I'd hate it - the music I mean. But...*you can kind of groove to it.*

As he leaves Lulu and Dex crack up.

DEX

(touching her shoulder)

Wanna hook up later?

LULU

Gotta get back to the city.

DEX

I'll give you a ride.

LULU

(caressing his cheek)

That's sweet, but me gots plans.

DEX

What does "plans" look like? He here?

LULU

(smiles)

Don't worry, baby, he's not as hot as you.

(off his look)

No one is.

Lulu starts taking off her clothes.

DEX  
What are you doing?

LULU RUNS STRAIGHT INTO THE OCEAN, screaming like a banshee.

LULU  
(calling back to him)  
Come on!

Dex shakes his head, smiles, takes off his shirt and runs after her.

In the background we see the gigantic Frank Gehryesque Gatesman house shaped like a large ship.

DEX  
(calling out)  
Hello? How do I . . .

INT. GATESMAN FOYER - NIGHT - LATER

DEX  
. . . get out of this place.

Dex, hair wet, record case in hand, is lost in the cavernous interior crammed with modern art: Hirst, Gober, Koons etc.

CHRISTINA (O.S.)  
You went swimming without me.

Dex turns around to see Christina in a sheer Pucci peignoir.

DEX  
I . . . um, the water was warm.

CHRISTINA  
I bet it was.

DEX  
Cool dress. Pucci, right?

CHRISTINA  
Right. But it's not a *dress*.

DEX  
Whatever it is, you look fantastic.

CHRISTINA  
(moving closer)  
I never got my good night kiss.

DEX  
(uncomfortable)  
Um, uh, where's Richard?

They are now face to face.

CHRISTINA  
Went to the city - important  
meeting.

Christina kisses him.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
You talk too much.

She kisses him again. Dex's case drops to the ground with a thunk.

She pushes him back into a room. The door slams in our face.

In the foreground is Dex's box of records - left lonely in the hallway. The door bangs as their unseen bodies slam into it on the other side.

INT. CHRISTINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Christina and Dex, asleep in a tangle of sheets. We HEAR an OS cell phone BEEPING - playing "Low Rider".

Dex's eyes snap open. Oh no! That's his cell phone.

Naked, Dex gets out of bed and tip toes out of the room as fast as he can.

INT. CHRISTINA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As Dex comes tip toeing through, frantically searching for his cell phone, which REPEATEDLY BEEPS LOW RIDER.

Finally, he finds his PANTS in a pile of clothes, goes through the pockets, digs out the cell phone and answers it.

DEX  
(whispering)  
Hello...

INT. LONDON CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

HEATHER, in her new SHOWROOM, moves amongst the furniture as she speaks on a portable phone.

That English guy, NIGEL, late twenties good looking with an easy rapport, waits for her to get off the phone.

INTERCUT DEX AND HEATHER Dex is freaking out, trying not to wake Christina. Heather is totally excited about her new deal.

HEATHER

Dex..? What's wrong?

DEX

(whispering)

Wrong? Nothing's wrong.

HEATHER

Then why are you talking like that.

DEX

Like what?

HEATHER

(she whispers like Dex)

*Like this.*

DEX

Oh, yeah. I don't wanna wake Jay.

HEATHER

You're at Jay's?

DEX

No, Jay's here. We were up late working -- on a mix -- and Jay -- he just crashed -- poor guy -- been working really hard -- so I don't wanna wake him.

HEATHER

Well, give him my love.

(then)

Dex, I am so excited! Ask me why.

DEX

Heather, why are you so excited?

HEATHER

I think this deal is gonna happen,  
IT'S GONNA HAPPEN, DEX!

Dex JUMPS as Heather SCREAMS into the phone.

DEX

SHHH!--I Mean, that is so amazing,  
I am totally jazzed for you, baby.

Just then Christina puts her arms around Dex and starts nibbling his ear. Dex tries not to laugh - tries to push Christina away - but that only intensifies her.

HEATHER

Dex, when's your Paris thing?

DEX

Next week.

HEATHER

Great! Let's spend the weekend in Ibiza...

CHRISTINA

(just loud enough for  
Heather to hear)

--Girlfriend?

DEX

--Ibiza?--

HEATHER

--You're with someone aren't you?

DEX

(trying to figure a lie)

Um . . . ahh--

HEATHER

(playful)

--Fuck you. I'll see you in Ibiza -  
Have Tayo book you a gig.

Christina falls into Dex's lap and pulls him toward her.

CHRISTINA

Ibiza, romantic.

EXT. FLEA MARKET - DAY

Jay and Dex go through bins of used records. Jay pulls out an H.R. PUFFNSTUFF record; they look at it. Jay starts to put it back, Dex stops him.

DEX

No, I want that.

JAY

You always goin' for the phreaky  
shit.



DEX

I like that phreaky shit.  
 (pulling record out)  
 Looks like someone took pretty nice  
 care of this vinyl.

JAY

You call that "pretty nice?" Man,  
 you got a lot to learn 'bout takin'  
 care a'vinyl, know what I'm sayin'?

Dex plays along with this shared running gag.

DEX

No, what are you sayin'?

JAY

I'm sayin' if this was my vinyl,  
 there would not be a scratch on the  
 mutherfucker.

DEX

Hey, vinyl lasts forever, man.  
 Takes all the shit you can throw  
 down, and stays as great as it was  
 when you first met it. In fact,  
 lots 'a times, scratch it up a  
 little, gets even better. I like an  
 old record with a few good  
 scratches on it.

JAY

Obviously, you do.  
 (off Dex's look)  
 All I'm sayin' man is that if it  
 was mine, I would treasure and  
 honor this baby as a thing of  
 immeasurable beauty -- *ella es un*  
*cuero* -- and treat her everyday as  
*I* would wanna be treated if *I*  
*myself* was not *me*, but was her.  
 Know what I'm sayin'?

DEX

Hell no.

They look at each other and crack up.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Dex makes his way through a typical NY rock n' roll club to  
 Richard, seated at a corner booth way in back.

DEX  
Hey Richard.

RICHARD  
I hope this won't be a waste of  
your time.

DEX  
Waste away.

Loud guitar chords pull Dex's attention to the stage where LULU and a flannel shirt BAND she is fronting launch into a grungy SONG.

BACK TO SCENE and on DEX as he reacts, surprised at seeing Lulu on stage.

On RICHARD watching Dex react -- he interprets Dex's reaction as "wow, this chick is amazing."

LULU *is* hot -- she totally rocks; the band, however, sucks.

RICHARD  
Can you do something with her?

Dex looks at Richard.

DEX  
What?

RICHARD  
Let me re-phrase that: I want you to produce her album. Show me you can turn her into...a...a *valuable commodity*...and I'll give you money. Whatever you need.

DEX  
Excellent!

INT. CLUB - THEIR TABLE - LATER

The stage is now dark. Canned music plays. LULU sashays through the club and up to Dex and Richard's table.

Lulu kisses Richard on the lips (subtle reaction from Dex), sits down in his lap and looks at Dex.

LULU  
Hey dude.

Richard looks at them looking at each other.

RICHARD  
Know each other?

DEX  
Kind of sort of.

LULU  
Dex mixed a Chloe show I did, what,  
a year ago? In Paris. He was  
totally hot.

DEX  
D'you know I was coming here  
tonight?

LULU  
Dude, Richie tells me everything.  
(off Dex's look)  
So, gonna make me a star or what?

Before Dex can answer, his CELL BEEPS.

DEX (INTO CELL)  
Talk.

CHRISTINA  
(over phone)  
*Listen.* I want...no, I *need* to see  
you tonight.

Dex sees Richard looking at him on the phone with his wife.

DEX (INTO CELL)  
Uh . . . ok.

LULU  
Dex, you're being rude.

DEX (INTO CELL)  
Can I call you back?

CHRISTINA  
(over phone)  
Five fifty five fifth avenue.  
Don't call. Just *come*.

She hangs up. Dex pockets his cell phone.

RICHARD  
Bootie call?

Dex smiles weakly.

INT. DEX'S STUDIO

Dex plops down into an Aeron chair in front of a huge 64 track computer controlled mixing console, surrounded by lots of cool looking equipment, turntables, samplers, keyboards.

Dex takes out his mini-disc recorder, plugs it in, flips a few switches and knobs and we HEAR the OCEAN he recorded.

Dex hits a couple of buttons, grabs a keyboard and then "plays" the ocean on the keyboard - he has sampled it and made it the voice of the "piano."

He then grabs a Roland drum machine - hits a few buttons - and suddenly we hear the ocean being used as snare hits and cymbals.

Dex twists some dials until he finds a BEAT that he likes. THIS BEAT CONTINUES TO PLAY THROUGHOUT THE SCENE.

Dex hits another button on the mini disc and suddenly we hear the BANKER from Christina's party.

BANKER (O.S.)  
I wouldn't know. I have no idea  
what you do - I thought I'd hate it  
- the music I mean. But...*you can  
kind of groove to it.*

Dex uses his computer, cutting out the bits he wants.

BANKER (O.S) (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
--You can kind of groove to it--

CLOSE ON: Computer screen: Sound waves of the Bankers voice  
- getting cut and pasted.

BANKER (O.S.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
(looping in the  
background)  
--you can groove you can groove to  
it..

Dex spins to another computer and types away.

Suddenly we HEAR a hit BRITNEY SPEARS single blasting through the speakers. With another flick of the switch, the mix board lights come alive in time with the music - he's got all the individual tracks laid out in front of him.

CLOSE ON: Dex's fingers as they punch tracks - quickly dropping away in successive order: the background vocals, the guitar, the bass, the drums, etc. All we are left with is lyric.

BRITTANY (O.S.)  
 (playback)  
 (insert lyrics here)

Dex has the Banker's voice on another track and brings it up as the new chorus.

BANKER (O.S.)  
 YOU CAN GROOVE TO IT!

Dex pulls over another drum machine and adds a housey 4/4 kick drum.

He brings in some other specialty sounds from some of the other equipment he has in the studio.

But something is not quite right. Suddenly he gets an idea.

In the background Jay slips into the room, unnoticed by the totally focused Dex.

Dex grabs his record bag and pulls out the H.R. Puffinstuff album. He throws it on the turntable - jacks it up.

At first the H.R. Puffinstuff record clashes sharply with the track that Dex has put together, but as Dex punches keys - twists knobs - he isolates a section that he samples and layers seamlessly into the mix.

The track rocks. Dex leans back to soak in his artistry.

JAY  
 (extremely impressed)  
 I guess that old loco shit can  
 still be *muy delicioso*.

DEX  
 (startled but happy that  
 Jay is there - smiles)  
 I keep telling you that.

They laugh. CLOSE ON: Computer screen - where we read the words "BURN TO CD? - YES/NO" The arrow clicks down on yes.

EXT/INT. IBIZA - DAY NIGHT MONTAGE

WE HEAR DEX'S NEW MIX AS CAMERA SWOOPS down on the tiny island of Ibiza and warps into a fast paced montage of the wild Ibiza scene: sexy girls/sexy boys club madness.

MIDNIGHT We find Dex spinning at a "super club" for the rich and fabulous, mirrored walls, black velvet abounds. Couture clad hotties try to pass him notes in the booth. Dex looks at his watch, 3AM, he packs and is out of there.

IBIZA STREETS FAST MOTION as Dex speeds to his next gig.

2nd CLUB 4AM A younger, Euro working class crowd. Baggy pants and glo sticks prevail here. Dex continues to manipulate THE MIX - as he monitors the kids reactions to his tweaks and scratches. He looks at his watch: 7AM.

IBIZA STREETS MORNING. Dex is in a sunglassed daze as the town and streets fly past.

3rd CLUB 9AM Downing espresso and Red Bull, Dex is still going strong - so is the club (packed with thousands). Mist sprays over the dancefloor causing the lasers to fragment and fracture - creating a magical effect.

The crowd whoops and hollers, hands ecstatically reaching for the sky -- when the BANKER is heard:

BANKER  
(on new track)  
YOU CAN GROOVE TO IT!

Dex has got an anthem on his hands. He smiles over from the DJ booth at HEATHER -- she smiles back at him.

EXT. IBIZA OCEAN FRONT SUITE - DAY

Palatial french doors open onto the crystal blue sea. Dex is sleeping as Heather lies next to him stroking his hair. Dex opens his eyes.

DEX  
Missed you, baby.

He kisses her, lightly. A SONG streams in from the living room: Aretha's "Never Loved A Man."

ARETHA (SINGING)

*You're no good/heartbreaker/you're  
a liar and you're a cheat/I don't  
know why I let you do these things  
to me/*

DEX

Old school.

HEATHER

The *only* school.

Dex and Heather kiss again, look into one another's eyes.

ARETHA (SINGING)

*my friends keep telling me/that you  
ain't no good/but oh they don't  
know/that I'd leave you if I could/*

HEATHER

Aretha, baby, I can definitely  
*relate.*

DEX

I knew you were gonna say that.

HEATHER & ARETHA

I guess I'm on top/and I'm stuck  
like glue/cause I ain't never/ no  
no/loved a man the way that I/I  
love you

As they come together in a deep kiss--

MONTAGE:

Dex and Heather walk and stumble down the beach, bathed in moonlight, kissing, laughing, making out, getting drenched.

ARETHA

Some time ago I thought/that you  
had run out of fools/but I was so  
wrong/you got one that you'll never  
lose/

Slow dancing in a romantic, sparsely populated restaurant.

ARETHA (SINGING) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

kiss me once again/don't you never  
never say that we're through/  
'cause I ain't never loved/no/never  
no no/loved a man/the way that I/I  
love you...

In bed together, Heather, wrapped in sheet, lip syncs to Aretha's song, "performing" for Dex:

HEATHER/ARETHA

I can't sleep at night/and I can't  
eat a bite/I guess I'll never be  
free/since you got/your hooks/in  
me/

She pushes him down onto the bed with her foot, drops the sheet, and jumps on him.

ARETHA

oh oh oh/yeah/I ain't never loved a  
man/ain't never loved a man that  
hurt me so bad...

Heather and Dex make love in a beautiful infinity pool, lit by a full moon.

INT. HEATHER AND DEX'S IBIZA BEDROOM - MORNING

They lay in bed, half asleep, bathed in soft morning light.

HEATHER

Dex...

DEX

Uh-huh...

HEATHER

Dex, I think...well maybe, I, I  
might be moving...to London.

DEX

What? Really?

HEATHER

Yeah...really. Looks like the  
distribution deal is totally gonna  
happen.

DEX

Wow. That's great.  
Congratulations.

HEATHER

Thanks.

(beat)

(MORE)



HEATHER(cont'd)

I was wondering...you know...how  
you'd feel about moving...to  
London.

DEX

I, um . . . I don't . . . um . . .

HEATHER

(hoping he'd be more  
enthusiastic)

It's okay, don't answer now. You  
just always talked about how it'd  
be so much easier if you were in  
Europe. So, I thought...

DEX

Oh, um . . . I was just talking.

HEATHER

Oh, okay...  
(trying to be cheery)  
Well, think about it.

DEX

I definitely will.

They lay there in silence.

INT. AIR FRANCE -NIGHT

Dex wears headphones, mixing with his laptop. He stops.  
Picks up the in-flight phone, swipes credit card, dials.

DEX

(into phone)

Heather, at the, y'know, saying  
goodbye was really weird. It was  
not good. I'm sad now. Call me  
when you get to London. I love you.

Dex goes back to mixing on his laptop.

INT. PARIS FASHION SHOW - DAY

The DEX LAPTOP MIX is now THE HOT MUSIC we hear.

We are in a huge, DILAPIDATED WAREHOUSE. The ceiling is  
caving in, open to the sky.

RAIN is falling on THE AUDIENCE, who, seated on either side  
of a LONG CATWALK, are all holding CLEAR UMBRELLAS. In the  
front row is Richard.

MODELS sashay down the catwalk, carrying UMBRELLAS and WEARING OUTRAGEOUS BATHING SUITS.

THE DJ BOOTH is a GIANT PLEXIGLAS CUBE SUSPENDED ABOVE THE CATWALK. Inside Dex spins and mixes.

ON THE CATWALK, LULU does the walk -- there is an audible GASP from the crowd, she is soooooo hot. Richard is transfixed, mesmerized by her.

INT. THE AFTER SHOW PARTY - "BACKSTAGE" - DAY

Lots of SEMI-NAKED MODELS smoking cigarettes and drinking champagne.

LULU approaches RICHARD and DEX. She and Richard have champagne, Dex has a coke.

LULU

Hey dudes.

Richard proposes--

RICHARD

A toast--

(they raise glasses)

To you two, and the mega-hit thing you're gonna make for *me*.

They clink glasses -- Lulu downs it in one gulp.

LULU

(to Richard)

Boo-boo, get me one more, pleeeeeeese?

Richard takes her glass.

RICHARD

(to Dex)

Watch her.

DEX

Do I have to?

Richard moves off into the thonged throng.

DEX (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(to Lulu)

*Boo-boo?*--

Lulu grabs Dex and pulls him into a wildly passionate kiss.

DEX (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 (breaking)  
 Hey, whassup? You crazy, girl!

LULU  
 Uh-huh, me crazy girl.

She grabs him and kisses him again.

INT. TAYO'S LOFT - DAY

Tayo and Mel hold court over their baby shower. Dex, Jay, Heather are joined by an odd mix of about 30 ARTISTS, DJS, EAST VILLAGE DENIZENS, gay, lesbian, mixed race - along with a few conservatively dressed RELATIVES.

They laugh and coo over the motley assortment of clothes and gifts: pint sized raver gear - baggy pants, baseball caps, and a plethora of pacifiers.

Tayo pulls out a strange piece of electronic gear.

TAYO  
 (as she opens it up)  
 A Suzuki Q Chord!

DEX  
 It's like a cross between a  
 Theremin and a synth.  
 (rubbing a small piece of  
 metal on the Q Chord)  
 You just stroke this and . . .

Beautiful music comes out. A couple of young CHILDREN pull on his shirt.

YOUNG GIRL  
 Come on Dex, you promised.

TAYO  
 (gives Dex kiss and hug)  
 I love it! And I love you.

YOUNG BOY  
 (grabs Dex's hand)  
 C'mon! You said a second and its  
 been lots of seconds!

Dex turns to both kids - grabs the boy, throws him over his shoulder and runs. The boy laughs.

YOUNG GIRL  
My turn. My turn. My turn.

Dex does a lion roar at the little girl and proceeds to chase her - still with the boy on his shoulder.

All the other kids at the shower have now started chasing Dex around the loft.

ANGLE ON: Heather, who sits on one of the couches close to Tayo. She watches Dex with the children and smiles.

Dex now has the little girl - riding horsey on his back - while the other children pile on top of him, pulling him to the ground.

Heather is still watching Dex, but she's not smiling anymore. She gets up and goes to the makeshift bar.

Both Tayo and Jay see this. Jay follows Heather. Tayo watches this.

Dex is now leading the kids in "slo-motion" tag. He tries to catch another BOY, but at exaggerated half speed.

DEX  
(very drawn out)  
It's sloooooooooowwwwwwwwwww  
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo  
onnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn.

The kids love it, mimicking him.

Meanwhile, Jay makes a joke and manages to get Heather to crack a smile.

Dex now has all the kids banging on some drums - pots, pans anything - and they're having a grand old time singing "Let it Be".

EXT. TAYO'S LOFT/NOLITA STREETS - DAY CONTINUOUS

Dex and Heather walk through the streets of Nolita.

DEX  
The kids are really growing up.

HEATHER  
(smiling)  
Lucie's so cute - boy does she have lungs.

Heather becomes quiet and a bit sad.

DEX  
Hey, what's up?

HEATHER  
Nothing.

DEX  
(full charm mode)  
Come on - when it's nothing it's  
*something*.

HEATHER  
(smiling despite herself)  
I was wondering if you'd thought  
anymore about London.  
(beat)  
I don't wanna pressure you, Dex.  
We've always kept it open.

DEX  
Y'know, lots of couples commute.

Not the answer she was looking for.

HEATHER  
I'm looking for some sort of sign -  
some indication that there might be  
an us a year from now - two years  
from now - ten years from now.

DEX  
Of course there will be. I love  
you, you know I do.

HEATHER  
You love me, but you don't want to  
*be* with me.

DEX  
I didn't say that.  
(beat)  
It's just so hard right now - stuff  
at the store - this deal with  
Richard.

HEATHER

There's always gonna be something.  
I'd understand if you had a job  
that kept you here - Wall Street or  
- a cop - whatever, but you're in  
the air half the time anyway - what  
does it matter where you live?

DEX

I have the store.

HEATHER

Jay and Tayo run the store.  
(off his look)  
Whatever, you can have a store in  
London. I don't have a choice. I  
may never get another opportunity  
like this.

DEX

I'm trying, Heather. I am.

HEATHER

Are you really?

They arrive at her door. He opens it she walks in. He  
starts to head in, but she stops him.

HEATHER (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I've got stuff to do for the move.

DEX

Oh, okay. Later?

HEATHER

Can't, busy.

DEX

Oh, okay.

HEATHER

Alright. Bye.

She closes the door. Dex stands looking at the door.

DEX

Bye.

INT. JFK TERMINAL - DAY

Dex runs through the terminal, racing to get to his plane.

He arrives at the gate - just as they are closing the door.  
It is a JAL flight to Tokyo.

DEX  
Wait, wait.

The ATTENDANTS stop, take Dex's ticket and let him in.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY LATER

The Japanese FLIGHT ATTENDANTS bow as Dex gets on the plane.  
One holds out his hand for Dex's record case.

DEX  
No, it's OK. I'll put it above.

ATTENDENT  
I'm sorry they're all full, it's a  
full flight.

Dex looks around in a panic - plane is packed.

DEX  
I'll put it under my feet.

ATTENDENT  
I'm sorry, it's too big - please  
take your seat, we have to take  
off.

Dex stands there - torn.

ATTENDENT (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Would you like to take another  
flight?

DEX  
No, no. I'll never get there. Fuck  
it. Here.  
(handing his case over)  
Take care of these. They are  
really, really valuable.

ATTENDENT  
(all smiles)  
Of course.

INT. RECORD STORE - NIGHT

Heather enters as Jay is closing up the store.

HEATHER

Hey Jay, Tayo still here?

JAY

Nope, she left early, wasn't feeling good.

HEATHER

Oh, we were supposed to have dinner.

JAY

I'll have dinner.

HEATHER

(she smiles at him)

OK.

INT. CAFFE DEL OPERA - NIGHT

A family style Italian restaurant filled with a motley group of unpretentious NY LOCALS who take turns singing arias from famous Italian operas. A working class, barrel chested man is belting out Puccini's "O Mio Babbino Caro".

Jay and Heather sit at a little table in the corner - with a nearly empty bottle of wine. Both are a little tipsy. Jay's got a meat lovers special: big steak, sausages, meatballs. Heather has a salad.

HEATHER

I guess Dex didn't recruit you into his vegetarian brigade.

JAY

(laughs)

He tried. I tried. Failed big time. Felt like a moonie. I swear, D's gotta be the only meat-free alcohol-free drug-free smoke-free DJ in the known world. His four main food groups: water, fruit, veggies and coffee.

HEATHER

Yeah...annoying, isn't it?

JAY

Too bad he's not sex-free.

(off her look)

Just kidding. Sorry.



A waiter comes up with a bottle of wine and a big smile.

WAITER

On the house.

HEATHER

(of Jay's look)

I come here a lot.

(beat)

Has Dex said anything to you about London?

JAY

If you're trying to get information outta me, I don't know anything about anything.

HEATHER

You're right, Jay. The last thing I want to do is put you in the middle.

JAY

But if you ask me about what *I* think about London I'd be there in a heartbeat.

Heather smiles. The man singing the Puccini aria comes up to Heather and takes her hand. Heather smiles, stands up and effortlessly starts singing the soprano part of the duet.

Jay is astonished and enthralled by Heather's singing talent.

Heather takes over as the duet becomes a female solo and she belts it out. She is PASSIONATE and AMAZING but also plays it LIGHT and FUN to all of the customers and they melt as Jay does. This is a side of Heather we have never seen before.

CLOSE ON JAY as all the repressed, pent up feelings he has had for Heather play across his face; we see that he is totally, completely SMITTEN as are we.

INT. TOKYO BAGGAGE CLAIM -DAY

Dex stares at the empty carrousel all the passengers are gone. Behind him are two pretty young Japanese scenesters, REIKO and ISHI.

DEX

FUCK!

REIKO  
They still might locate them.

Dex gives her a look.

ISHI  
Just trying to cheer you up.

DEX  
I got six hours to replace 'em.  
Let's jam.

MONTAGE TO A DRIVING DEX TRACK

A CAB races through the Tokyo streets - Reiko and Ishi scream directions at the driver.

DEX  
(on his cell)  
Tayo, E-mail me these tracks--

IN A WHACKED OUT RECORD STORE: Anime everywhere. Dex grabs tracks out of the bins. In quick cuts goes through a huge stack of records - selects five.

DEX (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Ask him if he has more like this!

Reiko drops another pile, slips her arm around him. Dex gives her a sideways look.

DEX (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Next.

TOKYO STREETS: Another mad fast motion ride through Ginza.

2nd RECORD STORE: Totally different - ultramodern - Dex again races through records. Checkout. Ka-ching. Dex on cell.

TAYO (O.S.)  
(on phone)  
I totally forgot you have like a  
crazed fan out there -- owns tons  
of your stuff.

TOKYO STREETS: Car comes to a screech in front of a dingy high rise building - crammed up against many more dingy high rises.

IN A SUBURBAN APARTMENT COMPLEX: The door opens upon a chubby, pimply, japanese MANGA BOY, only 14 years old dressed in a cross between geek and raver clothes.

He guides them past his SISTER yelling at him, an old man watching the Iron Chef on TV and into his room which is like a complete museum crammed into a 10'x6' space. ONE WALL IS A SHRINE TO DEX: Blow up poster, bagged hair, bits of clothing, records.

DEX

Oh my god.  
 (to boy over music)  
 Can I borrow these for tonight?

The boy surveys Dex's custom made, one of a kind, Nike/Addidas sports gear. The girls laugh at the boy's response.

REIKO

He wants to make a trade.

DEX

*Anything.*

IN THE HOTEL LOBBY Dex, Reiko and Ishi LAUGH as Dex runs almost NAKED to the front desk COVERING THE ESSENTIALS WITH THE TRADED WHITE LABELS - shocked PATRONS gawk.

IN HIS HOTEL SUITE Dex downloads tracks on his laptop.

He turns around to see the girls in their birthday suits - they jump on him. AS THE COMIC/MANIC MUSIC CONTINUES:

DEX MAKES LOVE TO BOTH GIRLS IN FAST MOTION in an homage to Clockwork Orange (NOTE: This is shot so that we do NOT see explicit sex - just the comic suggestion of it).

Suddenly A DOORBELL. Dex's head pops up from under the sheets.

DEX (CONT'D) (cont'd)

More records?

As Dex exits the room Reiko takes a journal out of her purse; we see an extensive list of the world's top DJs, half are crossed off. She takes a pen and crosses off Dex's name.

Dex, wrapped in bed sheet, answers the front door.

DEX (CONT'D) (cont'd)

It's about time you . . .

But Dex is caught mid sentence when it is not a delivery person but CHRISTINA.

CHRISTINA

Surprise!

She pushes past Dex into the room.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Expecting someone else?

Dex is freaking out and rushes to close the bedroom door which does not go unnoticed by Christina.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Or perhaps they already arrived.

DEX

No, I was, um, just taking a little nap - you know, um, jet lag - pretty bad over here.

CHRISTINA

I wouldn't know - I had a full nights sleep on *Richard's jet*.

Suddenly the door opens and Reiko and Ishi walk through, giggling and waving goodbye.

DEX

(to Christina)

They were just bringing by some records.

COMPUTER

(saved by the bell)

Files done.

DEX

I better burn those CDs.

CHRISTINA

I didn't fly ten thousand miles to watch you play with your computer.

She pushes him into the bedroom.

INT. JAPANESE RAVE - NIGHT

One of the wildest events we have yet seen, a veritable wonderland. The first room they enter is a forest - with trees, grassy sod floor and mist jets creating a chill out vibe. A DJ spins from a tree house. Wildly attired Japanese CLUBBERS variously dance or recline on hilly knolls.

Dex enters with Christina and the japanese PROMOTER. Dex carries a large crate filled with records, cassettes, CDs etc.

Christina spots REVELLERS climbing a ladder onto a platform where we see them grab a rope and swing into another room.

CHRISTINA

Later, baby.

PROMOTER

Why don't you use a DAT? Everyone else has one at least for backup - and if you're tired . . .

DEX

I hate that DAT shit. You can't have the same set every night - goes against everything we do.

PAINT ROOM The Tarzan like rope swingers go splat into a cushioned wall covered in paint. Everyone here is covered in paint, etc.

DEX (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You have to respond to the audience. I feed off them, they feed off me - can't do that with no DAT.

They see Christina go flying into the paint wall with a gleeful scream.

MAIN ROOM: A high tech paradise packed with thousands of throbbing dancers. Enormous blimp-like 3D screens float around the room project a cornucopia of dazzling computer graphics.

Sexy go-go dancers strut on a variety of multi colored platforms. Dex notices that these are not merely go-go dancers - but are wired with special gloves and headset sensors and these work interactively with the computer graphics displays. The dancers are sometimes melded into the computer graphics projected above them.

ANGLE ON DJ BOOTH: Dex has all his records, CDs, whatnot set up in little piles.

He looks at the DAT machine. Picks up a DAT TAPE AND PONDERES IT. What the hell, maybe it will be an incredible set worth releasing.

HE PLOPS THE TAPE IN AND HITS RECORD. He signals the other DJ who nods back at him, and Dex fades in one of his signature tracks - perfectly beat matched.

The crowd goes nuts.

INT/EXT RECORD STORE/STREET - DAY

From inside the store Jay and Tayo watch as Dex gets out of a limo. They catch a glimpse of Christina inside.

CHRISTINA

Call me.

Dex smiles, shuts the door and enters the store.

JAY

New chauffeur?

Dex just gives Jay a look.

TAYO

How'd it go?

(not waiting for a reply)

We gotta deal with the South Beach thing. Is your deal happening? Are we gonna open the new store or what?

DEX

I'm working on it.

JAY

She don't look like no *it*.

Dex turns to face off with Jay when, suddenly, Tayo sways.

TAYO

Oh...

She loses her balance, has to prop herself up on the counter.

Dex drops his records and rushes to her.

DEX

What's wrong?

TAYO

I dunno...I feel really...dizzy.

JAY

Let's take her to your room.

INT. DEX'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dex and Jay help Tayo into Dex's bed. Dex's room is totally utilitarian - floor to ceiling record racks - jammed.

TAYO  
Never thought I'd end up in this bed again.

DEX  
Very funny.

They settle her into the bed.

TAYO  
Man, this sucks.

JAY  
Try and sleep, okay?

DEX  
I'm worried about you.

TAYO  
It's called pregnancy.  
(soft smile)  
Thanks, guys.

She closes her eyes, drifting off. Jay and Dex exchange a look; Jay exits. Dex picks up the phone, dials.

INT. HEATHER'S SHOP - DAY

Heather is going over some designs with Nigel. The phone rings, Nigel picks it up.

NIGEL  
Yes? How ya goin', Dex?

Heather shakes her head and MOUTHS THE WORDS: "I'm not here." Nigel nods to her, smiles.

NIGEL (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
She's not here, mate.

BACK TO: Dex on the phone.

DEX  
Will you tell her to call me, please? It's important. Thanks.

He hangs up the phone.

NIGEL  
Want to talk about it.

She shakes her head no.

NIGEL (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
We still on for dinner?

HEATHER  
Yes.

INT. FAO SCHWARTZ - DAY

The place is packed with afternoon shoppers. The familiar "Welcome to our World" song chimes brightly in the background. With a bunch of toys under her arms, Heather browses through the stuffed animal section.

JAY (O.S)  
Check these out.

Heather turns to Jay who is holding a bunch of toys.

HEATHER  
Star Wars and Jurassic Park? Isn't that a little premature?

JAY  
Yeah, well when he's ready, he'll have em.

HEATHER  
(pointing to a robot in Jay's hand)  
What's that?

JAY  
(mischievous grin)  
You never seen this before?

ANGLE ON: An exhibit of toy battling robots. Heather and Jay are at the controls. Heather is totally into it and she's beating Jay.

HEATHER  
(smiling)  
That's fifteen zero and you're the zero.



JAY

Damn, girl - you're too harsh on my male ego.

HEATHER

(laughing)

I didn't know you were so fragile.

JAY

I can't wait to have a kid and do all this shit with him.

HEATHER

You sure it's going to be a boy?

JAY

Girl's are cool, too.

HEATHER

I hope so. I sure see enough of them running after you.

JAY

Yeah, but I'm not really into all that. I'm lookin' for someone special.

HEATHER

Yeah, right.

JAY

No, this is real. Girl, if I had her, you'd know it. I'd be showing her off every chance I got.

(laying it on)

Although it might be hard to see her since she'd be on that tall ass pedestal I put her on.

Heather laughs again. Jay's beginning to get to her.

JAY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

But, I got my eye on someone.

HEATHER

Oh, mystery girl. Hottie, I'm sure.

JAY

Gorgeous. And sensitive, smart, talented, successful, independent - all the essentials. *Ella is un cuero*, know what I'm sayin'?

(MORE)

JAY(cont'd)

(beat)

Only problem is - she don't know I exist.

HEATHER

That *is* a problem. You should tell her how you feel.

JAY

Think so?

HEATHER

I *know* so.

JAY

You sure?

HEATHER

Of course I'm sure.

JAY

Sure you're sure?

HEATHER

(laughs)

Yes, sure I'm sure.

Jay looks at her, then leans over and kisses her on the mouth. He pulls away - they look at each other - stunned.

JAY

(a little freaked out by what he just did)

Shouldn't've done that. Sorry. I gotta go.

Jay takes off through the store.

INT. HEATHER'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Heather is working on a design. She hears a key in the lock, looks up. Dex is letting himself in.

HEATHER

Hi.

DEX

How can you do that?

She looks at him: do what?

DEX (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Say hi after you've been snubbing  
me for...for a long time.

(beat)  
How's Nigel?

HEATHER  
What does that mean? You, of all  
people, have no right to be  
jealous.

DEX  
I'm not jealous.

HEATHER  
I think you are.

DEX  
I am not. You're here all day with  
the guy - not calling me back.

HEATHER  
See you are.  
(beat)  
Actually, it gives me hope. Sort  
of. Dex, how old are you?

DEX  
I hate when you ask me questions  
you know the answer to. It means  
bad things are happening.

HEATHER  
Okay, you know what? I thought I  
knew. But lately...lately you  
seem, really, really young.

DEX  
That's bad, I'm guessing.

HEATHER  
Well, for me, yes. I think we each  
want different things.

DEX  
Like what?

HEATHER  
Like what. Like I want a *man*, Dex,  
not a *boy*. And you want...I have  
no idea what you want. Wish I did  
but I don't. Do you?

Dex has no idea what he wants

DEX

No. I guess not. Generally, yes,  
but, specifically, no. I'd have to  
say, I'm not sure. Did I answer  
your question?  
(off her look)  
Sorry.

Heather gets up and takes Dex by the hand, begins to walk him  
back to the door.

HEATHER

Dex, I have an idea: why don't you  
leave right now, and call me, or e-  
mail me, or fax me, or any of the  
above, when you figure out,  
specifically, exactly, what you  
want from me. But, until then...

Heather has now positioned Dex just outside the front door.

HEATHER (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Stay out of my fucking life.

She slams the door.

EXT. STREET/HEATHER'S LOFT NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Dex stares at the the door, slammed in his face.

INT. DEX'S STUDIO - DAY

Lulu belts out pumped up, powerful lyrics into an old school  
microphone.

She's singing in the small recording stage of Dex's studio  
while Dex is in the control booth laying down the track.

They look at each other, a moment passes between them; Dex  
looks away as he goes back to the board.

CLOSE ON: Dex's hands as he adjusts the mixing board. We  
pull wide as we time cut to:

INT. DEX'S STUDIO - DAY LATER

Lulu sits on the mixing board listening to her track. Dex continues to adjust various knobs making Lulu sound incredible.

LULU  
Oh my god - is that me?

Dex nods.

DEX  
All you babe.

LULU  
You're not going to fuck it up with  
all that electronica.

DEX  
Trust me.

LULU  
(climbing on top of him)  
Hmmm. I did that once, remember?

DEX  
Seared into my cerebral cortex.

Lulu kisses him, then proceeds to bite his ear, neck, unbutton his shirt. Dex hesitates - unsure of the wisdom of this move.

DEX (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Maybe best not to mix biz and  
pleasure.

Lulu doesn't let him finish - cutting him off with a deep passionate kiss.

LULU  
I want you inside me. Now.

The chair they are on flips over dumping them on the floor of the studio. They both laugh as they rip each others clothes off.

INT. MR. CHOW - NIGHT

Closing time. Richard, Christina, Dex, Lulu and six empty bottles of champagne linger over coffee.

CHRISTINA  
 Okay. Cause of death most worth  
 worrying about: Anthrax.

This GAME is played FAST.

RICHARD  
 Smallpox.

DEX  
 Uh...global warming.

LULU  
 What is...plane crash?

CHRISTINA  
 C'mon, Richie, go go go!

RICHARD  
 Alright...

CHRISTINA  
 (to Lulu)  
 You don't have to say "what is."

RICHARD  
 I got it -- things that are the new  
 something else. Like...cooking is  
 the new rock and roll.

DEX  
 Easy one. Tribal progressive is  
 the new two step.

LULU  
 As in...Harry Potter is the new  
 Luke Skywalker?

CHRISTINA  
 And stripes are the new checks.  
 (to Dex)  
 You're up, honey.

Christina catches Richard looking at Lulu in a way she has  
 never seen before.

DEX  
 Ready. Fads: "taking it back to  
 the old school."

CHRISTINA  
 Beards.

Richard glares at Christina.

LULU  
Um . . . "chillin' out."

CHRISTINA  
(to Richard - returning  
his glare)  
Bzzzzzzz. Time's up. Game over.  
(getting up)  
To the green room.

RICHARD  
I want a rematch.

The ladies exit. After a beat, Richard turns to Dex.

RICHARD (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
I love that girl.

DEX  
That's a good thing. You're  
married to her.

RICHARD  
Not Christina - Lulu. I'm going to  
marry her.

Dex looks confused.

DEX  
Marry...but...uh...I thought--

INT. MR. CHOW LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

Christina adjusts her makeup. Lulu does the same.

CHRISTINA  
How old are you, anyway?

LULU  
Mid to late twenties.

CHRISTINA  
Are those real?

LULU  
I'll tell you if you tell me what  
was going on between you and  
Richard.  
(off Christina's look)  
C'mon, tell me.

Christina uses this moment to test Lulu - and does so through the rest of the scene.

CHRISTINA

Fine. He's seeing someone.

LULU

But...I thought, you two...

CHRISTINA

--No I mean really, *really* seeing *seeing* someone.

LULU

(getting it)

Oh...

INT. MR. CHOW

RICHARD

I need your help.

DEX

Me?

RICHARD

Yes, you.

DEX

What...why? How? I mean--

RICHARD

--I want you to talk to Lulu. I don't usually need "help" in this area, or any area, for that matter, but Lulu is, how would you put it, the girl's a *freak*. I can't control her. That's why I need you to talk to her, tell her how much I love her.

(off Dex's look)

She makes me feel...things. She makes me young. How's that for a cliché.

DEX

It's a joke, right? You *are* young. I thought.



RICHARD

You know what I mean, Dex. *You*, especially...okay, she makes me feel younger.

DEX

That's good. It's good to feel younger.

RICHARD

Even if I do look like a geezer.  
(then)  
So, will you talk to her?

INT. LADIES ROOM

CHRISTINA

Will you talk to him?

LULU

Okay...but what do I, what do you want me to say?

CHRISTINA

Just...find out, if you can...see if-- I only care if love is involved.

Lulu looks at Christina.

LULU

Don't worry, Christina. I'm sure... no, I'm *positive* love is *not* involved. I know how he feels about you.

(beat)

I mean, honey, you are totally hot. I hope I look like that when I'm your age.

(off C.'s look)

Oh. Sorry.

CHRISTINA

How old do you think I am?

LULU

Not *that* old.

CHRISTINA

God, I look like shit.

INT. MR. CHOW

DEX

No you don't. You do not look like  
a, um, geezer, Richard.

RICHARD

Dex, will you help me out here or  
what?

DEX

Um...it's kinda...I mean, I dunno--

RICHARD

--Dex. Lulu respects you. She'll  
listen to you...

(achingly sincere)

For me?

DEX

Okay, Dick, okay I'll talk to her.  
I just don't want to get into any  
Cyrano shit or something.

RICHARD

Thank you, Dex.

DEX

But I'm not doing it 'cause I'm  
tryin' to get money outta you for  
my company. Well, I am, kinda,  
doing it because of that, but  
mainly I'm doing it 'cause  
actually, I really like you,  
Richard. You're a good guy.

RICHARD

No I'm not.

Just then, the ladies arrive.

RICHARD (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Everything okay?

CHRISTINA

(big smile)

Just great.

INT. NOLITA BABY CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Heather and Tayo are shopping.

ON HEATHER as she goes through the racks. She hears a BABBLING BABY, looks over at:

HEATHER'S POV - MOM, DAD and BABY shopping together. The baby smiles at Heather.

CUTE BABY

Gobot.

HEATHER

(smiling back at the baby)

Gobot.

With her back to Heather, Tayo goes through clothes and holds up a mini-peacoat.

TAYO

So cute...

(to Heather)

H., you gotta check this out.

Heather turns - she's obviously upset.

TAYO (CONT'D) (cont'd)

D'you talk to him?

HEATHER

Yeah, *I* talked, *he* listened. Sort of.

TAYO

He does do that.

HEATHER

I am so over this. I love Dex, but you know what? I don't love him that much. I've got to get on with my life.

TAYO

I love you guys together and I hate to say this but I agree with you.

HEATHER

You do?

Tayo nods.

HEATHER (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Of course you do - any sane person  
would.

(beat)  
I haven't told you the craziest  
thing.

TAYO  
What?

HEATHER  
Jay is...Jay *thinks* he's in love  
with me.

TAYO  
Oh. My. God.

INT. RECORD STORE - DAY

Dex minds the register as Tayo talks to him.

TAYO  
I'm just concerned that if one of  
these pie in the sky plans doesn't  
work out we'll lose that Miami  
location it took us so long find.

DEX  
You worry too much.

TAYO  
And you don't worry enough.

DEX  
That's why we get along so well.  
Look things will -- If the deal  
with Richard doesn't work out -  
and we lose the place - we'll find  
another.

Jay walks in and goes to the bins. Tayo scowls at him.

DEX (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Hello to you to.

Jay changes the music that was playing.

DEX (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
I was listening to that.

JAY  
You're scaring the customers away  
with that last year's crap.

Tayo marches up to Jay, grabs him by the shirt and drags him  
out of the store:

EXT. RECORD STORE - DAY CONTINUOUS

Tayo pulls Jay out onto the sidewalk and gets right in his  
face.

TAYO  
Stay away from her.

JAY  
Who? What?

TAYO  
You know what I'm talkin' about,  
baby boy. Stay the hell away from  
her or I will kick your ass back to  
Puerto Rico via Queens. End of  
conversation.

JAY  
Tayo, listen . . .

TAYO  
End of conversation.

INT. RECORD STORE

Dex has been watching this exchange through the store window.

Tayo walks back into the store, shooting Dex a dirty look as  
she pushes past him.

TAYO  
What the fuck're you lookin' at?

She exits into the back room, SLAMMING the door. Jay comes  
in, and creeps up to Dex.

DEX  
What was that all about?

JAY  
I got no idea.

DEX  
Hormones. Major hormonal activity.

JAY  
Never thought I'd say this, but,  
man, I feel for Mel.

EXT. STREETS/BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Hip hop blares as Jay plays 2 on 2 with a few FRIENDS. Jay drives to the basket for a reverse slam.

When he comes down, he sees Heather walking across the court toward him. Jay smiles, thinking this is a good thing. He gives his friends a look and a yank of the head. They slap hands and walk off, looking back as Heather comes up.

HEATHER  
Didn't mean to call your game.

JAY  
(taking a shot)  
S'okay. We were done anyway. Como  
esta, bonita?

HEATHER  
I'm good.

She shoots the ball, swish. Jay looks at her, impressed.

JAY  
Hey look, I'm sorry about the other  
day.

HEATHER  
No apologies necessary.

JAY  
Good, cause I ain't feelin' *that*  
sorry.

HEATHER  
You don't feel bad about Dex?

JAY  
I do and I don't. You guys aren't  
together anymore, if you ever were  
together, which I don't think you  
ever were.

HEATHER  
Dex and I are together, in a way.

JAY

Que loco! What way is that?

HEATHER

It's hard to explain.

JAY

I bet it is. All I know is you're movin' to London and he's stayin' here. That don't sound too together to me.

(off her look)

I just wanna to spend some time together. Gimme a chance, Heather.

HEATHER

Jay, you're a really great guy and I really do like you. This is just bad timing. I *am* moving to London.

JAY

I'll move, too. Give me the word and I'm there.

HEATHER

Jay, it's *more* than just London. You barely know me.

JAY

I know all I need to know.

(the hard sell)

Look, I love D. like a brother, but you and him, it's not happenin', know what I'm sayin'? You never really been together as a couple, I mean, and now, you be movin' to Europe and Dex is stayin' here, and that's just gonna make whatever it is you got goin' on worse, 'cause I know you know Dex hangs with lots and lots of other hotties and I know you know that's true--

HEATHER

(interrupting)

--Look Jay, it doesn't matter. Nothing matters except this: *I don't love you, I love Dex.*

Jay looks like he is about to explode -- this is the last thing he wanted to hear. He suddenly grabs the ball and walks away, leaving Heather feeling really bad.

INT. DEX'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Dex and Richard listen to the track he created using Lulu's vocals. It's good - but not quite the Dex we know - it seems more radio friendly in a way - but not completely.

RICHARD

I don't know - seems like something's missing.

DEX

I think it's pretty solid. Lulu sounds great.

RICHARD

Maybe some guitars - more rock.

Dex's face falls a bit.

RICHARD (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Yeah, I think that's it. Can you put some in? Guitars?

Dex turns to the console and punches in his computer.

DEX

Lemme see what I can do.

EXT. TWILO - NIGHT

Follow line of kids up to poster that reads: ONE NIGHT ONLY: 2x4 DEX vs. JAY.

INT. TWILO - NIGHT

The place is packed with the usual eclectic mix of NY CLUBGOERS.

Dex is setting up as Jay arrives.

DEX

Hey man.

JAY

Hey.

DEX

What's up? Haven't seen you around the store much.



JAY  
Been busy with stuff.

DEX  
Cool, just miss you that's all.

JAY  
Ready to get it on?

DEX  
Ready and waiting.

Jay slams down a track and the crowd goes nuts.

Dex listens for a moment - goes to his records pulls out a couple. Lines up his spot and mixes in one of his classic tracks.

Just as Dex is going to do one of his classic mixes on his 2nd turntable, Jay anticipates this and starts scratching - loudly - over Dex's blend now which cannot be heard.

Dex gives Jay a quizzical look - but Jay is not looking at him - focused on his scratching - which the crowd is going nuts for.

Dex grabs another record - and starts scratching as well - in a kind of call & response fashion and the crowd loves it. But then Jay expertly brings in a totally different track - at a different beat - throwing Dex off. The crowd cheers Jay's ability and Jay plays it up to them.

Ben, the promoter, watches the crowd's reaction and Jay's new chops.

Dex is getting increasingly frustrated. He tries another track - which Jay again deftly overrides - in fact Jay has the exact same track and completely takes it over from Dex.

They continue the vinyl battle over the following:

DEX (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
(shouting over the noise  
at Jay)  
If you wanna finish the set  
yourself - go ahead.

JAY  
I got to do something with all  
those lame ass golden oldies you're  
playin'.

DEX

Whatever - I don't really care.

JAY

That's your problem - you don't care about shit.

DEX

I thought we were supposed to be doing a friendly little 2 by 4.

JAY

Friendly - that's right - well maybe you should take care of your friends.

DEX

What are you talking about?

JAY

You don't even know what you have and you throw it away.

DEX

Hello?

INT. TWILO - NIGHT LATER

Dex packs up as kids crowd around Jay who's already on his way out.

Dex snaps his case shut as a few kids come over for autographs. He signs them as he sees Ben go up the Jay and enthusiastically shake his hand. Jay lights up at what Ben is saying; accepts what Ben is offering with a big hug.

INT. RECORD STORE - DAY

MUSIC plays. A few customers browse. Dex does some stock work as Tayo and Mel work on their birthing positions.

TAYO

No, no you really got to hold me so I can squat.

MEL

I'm trying - you ain't 'xactly light girl.

Tayo scowls. The phone RINGS. Dex answers it. Hang-up.

DEX  
That's the fourth hang-up.

MEL  
Y'should call the cops or the FBI  
or the CIA or some such  
organization.

Phone RINGS again.

TAYO  
Let me.

Tayo answers.

TAYO (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Records. D'you just call four  
times and hang-up?  
(to Dex)  
It's Jay.

DEX  
I need to talk to him.

TAYO  
Dex wants to talk to you.  
(then)  
Yeah...uh huh...hold on.

She hands the phone to Dex.

DEX  
What is goin' on with you man?

Click. Dex looks at Tayo.

DEX (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
He hung up on me.

MEL  
Boy's got seer-eee-yus issues with  
authority.  
(to Dex)  
That would be you, Freaky.

Dex hangs up the phone and approaches Tayo.

DEX  
What's up with him?

MEL  
Boy's kah-ray-zee s'what he is.

TAYO  
 (to Dex)  
 I think you better talk to Jay and  
 work this whole thing out amongst  
 yourselves.

DEX  
 Work what thing out?

TAYO  
 Just ask him about Heather and  
 that's all I'm gonna say.

DEX  
 Heather and Jay?

Tayo just nods.

DEX (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 You're kidding?

TAYO  
 Wish I was.

DEX  
 Where is Jay playing tonight?

TAYO  
 NASA.

INT NASA - DAY

Dex enters this cavernous warehouse as it's being set up for the night's craziness. He spots Jay checking out the DJ booth. Wild video projections spurt on and off behind him, which play throughout the scene.

DEX  
 (approaching him)  
 We have to talk.

Jay doesn't turn around.

JAY  
 We got nothin' to talk about.

Dex spins Jay around.

DEX  
 What's goin' on 'tween you and  
 Heather?

JAY

Ask her.

DEX

I'm asking you.

JAY

Listen man, you so wrapped up in your own shit you don't notice how you fuck up the people around you.

DEX

Yeah, how have I fucked you up? By taking you under my wing, by giving you every break you've ever had, brought you into my store as a full partner.

JAY

Your store? Last I checked both Tayo and I work our ass off to keep that place going- too good for the high and mighty Dex who can't be fucking bothered. Anything you did wouldn't have meant shit if I didn't have the talent.

DEX

Talent to stab me in the fucking back.

JAY

Why don't you start taking responsibility for your shit man. This record deal has got all your priorities fucked up. You're turning into one of those dinosaurs - too scared to try new things - blanding out your shit - trying to get that almighty deal. It's not about the deal man - it's about the music. If the music ain't there the deal don't mean shit. You're a shadow of the Dex I knew and loved. You were like a god to me - and now you're like spinning Ibiza Massive Hits 2000.

Dex knows there's a lot of truth to everything Jay is saying.

DEX

I thought we were talking about Heather.

JAY  
Yeah, right, Heather. She believed  
in you, too.

DEX  
Fuck you.

On that, Dex is out of there.

EXT. STREETS - EVENING CONTINUOUS

Dex storms up the street punches numbers on his cell phone.

DEX  
(into phone)  
Heather, pick up. Heather - you  
there? It's me - pick up.

Click/Cut - more numbers.

DEX (CONT'D)  
Hey Debbie, is Heather there?  
Tried that. You know where she is?  
(beat)  
Alright.

Click/Cut. Another call. PAGER BEEP. Dex punches in his  
number.

EXT. HEATHER'S STUDIO -EVENING CONTINUOUS

Dex stands in front of closed and dark showroom/studio. He  
bangs on the door. He tries the buzzer - no answer.

DEX  
Heather! Open up. Heather.

Looking around he picks up a couple of rocks and throws them  
against the upper windows. Goes across the street trying to  
get a look in the 2nd floor.

DEX (CONT'D)  
HEATHER!!

But it's no use - the whole building is dark. He drops to  
the curb by her door - going to wait her out.

EXT. HEATHER'S SHOP - EVENING LATER

It's night and Dex is asleep - still waiting. He wakes up, pulls his jacket against him. He checks the building - still dark.

He sees a flyer flapping on a nearby pole. Rips it off, pulls out a marker and writes her a note - jamming it into the door.

INT DEX'S LOFT - NIGHT

Dex enters his barren domicile. He heads to his answering machine: 194 NEW MESSAGES. He rolls his eyes in desperation - but hits the backward button and HEARS a myriad of different "Hello's" "Heys" "Was ups" some Christina, some Tayo but none of them Heather.

Suddenly the intercom squawks and Dex runs for it.

DEX  
(excited)  
Heather?

CHRISTINA (O.S.)  
(on intercom)  
Sorry to disappoint hon, buzz me  
in.

He jams the buzzer and paces the room. Christina comes in viciously puffing a cigarette.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
I've been calling you all day. You  
won't fucking believe this! Richard  
is divorcing me.

Dex continues to pace - half avoiding Christina's eyes since he knew this might be coming.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
Divorcing *ME!* Pretty fucking  
crazy. After all I've done for that  
loser greasy haired computer geek.  
I made him.

(not waiting for response)  
He's going to marry that slut bitch  
whore Lulu. Thinks it's love? He  
loves fucking her.

(beat)

(MORE)

CHRISTINA(cont'd)

Who cares about love anymore  
anyway.

(screams in frustration)

It's all so Salley Jesse Raphael.  
Ucckk.

The phone rings, Dex picks it up.

DEX

Talk.

INT. TAYO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tayo and Mel are cuddled up watching a movie.

TAYO

Why do I need to get calls from Ben  
at midnight screaming at me because  
you forgot another gig?

INTERCUT TAYO AND DEX.

DEX

Oh fuck. Tonight's not a great  
night - can you get me out of it?

TAYO

No, Dex. Ben already wants me to  
book Jay in your slot since he's  
half the price and not flaking out  
like you've been. I hate being put  
in the middle like this.

DEX

(into phone)

Alright - fuck it - alright. I'll  
be there.

He grabs his stuff.

DEX (CONT'D)

(to Christina)

I've gotta go. We'll talk.

He leaves Christina fuming.

INT. TWILO - NIGHT

Music and lights blare. Dex is in a daze. Not all the  
CLUBBERS are happy to see him.



CLUB KID  
 (the same kid who Dex got  
 into Twilo on page 4)  
 Damn, I thought Jay'd be hear  
 tonight.

Which is one of the last things Dex hears. As we enter his mental state the sound of the club fades and we witness the craziness of the club sans sound.

ANGLE ON: The DJ booth as Dex slides into place. Dex is almost robotic as he sets up.

As he puts a record on he spots the DAT he recorded in Tokyo in his stylus case. It's labeled in Dex's scrawl "IN CASE OF EMERGENCY".

DEX TAKES THE DAT OUT - CHECKS TO SEE IF ANYONE IS LOOKING AND SLAPS IT INTO THE DECK ON THE CONSOLE.

His fingers bring up the first track on the DAT. We see the crowd jump with excitement (it was a good set).

Quick Cuts through the rest of the set as we see Dex going through the motions of changing records - but not playing any of them - only relying on the DAT.

Dex doesn't notice that he doesn't have the rhythm of the crowd and while some stick around on the floor - they'll dance to anything - many have left and it's the sparsest floor we've seen yet.

ANGLE ON: The back of the dance floor - where Jay stands watching Dex. He shakes his head in disappointment and turns to leave.

Ben, the promoter, intercepts Jay however and excitedly talks him up. We cut into their conversation.

BEN  
 All I'm saying is that the slot's yours if you want it. When he's here he's not even here, just phoning it in.

JAY  
 I'll think about it.

BEN  
 Great - great - all I ask. Can I get a pass to your Winter Music gig? Nobody's got any. Can't touch you.

JAY  
 (smiles)  
 Course homes - anything for you.

ANGLE ON: DJ booth. Dex sees the next DJ, TREVOR, young, black with a 'fro waiting to come on. Dex nods at him. Holds up a finger - finally lays a stylus on vinyl and surreptitiously pulls out his DAT. But Trevor sees him do this and is shocked.

LULU (O.S.)  
 That sucked Dude.

Lulu is next to him.

DEX  
 (not having heard)  
 What?

LULU  
 (shouting)  
 I said YOU SUCKED.

DEX  
 Oh, thanks.

Lulu looks at him funny.

LULU  
 Let's go to my place.

DEX  
 I don't know . . .

LULU  
 Please, I'll be good - I just need to talk to you about all this Richard shit going down.

DEX  
 Alright

Dex's record case slams shut.

INT. LULU'S APARTMENT

Lulu's apartment is decorated in rich velvets and tasteful antiques. She starts kissing him.

DEX  
 Thought you wanted to talk about Richard.

LULU

I did?

Lulu unhooks her dress and it falls to the ground revealing all. Dex looks at her - she is amazing.

She whips off his shirt and bites him on the chest and starts to unbuckle his pants.

Dex is completely confused - almost participating - but something holds him back. Lulu starts the zipper. He grabs her hands.

DEX

I can't do this.

LULU

You don't have to do anything.

DEX

No, I mean I really can't do this anymore.

Lulu rubs up close to him, licks and bites his ear, while her hand slides into his pants.

LULU

I don't know if your friend agrees.  
You should listen to him.

Dex pulls away.

DEX

Yeah, well he thinks with his penis.

LULU

He *is* a penis.

DEX

Exactly.

LULU

(not buying his speil,  
still sexy - and still  
all over him)  
OK then once more for old times  
sake.

DEX

No, no really. Not one . . .

She doesn't let him finish - kissing him passionately on the lips before Dex can react. Just then we HEAR:

RICHARD (O.S.)  
(informational - hasn't  
seen them yet)  
Lulu?

Dex and Lulu turn to look - and through the bedroom door they see Richard standing there coat in hand - just having entered.

Richard now sees them - Lulu naked with her arms around the half naked Dex. Dex looks away.

Without a word, Richard turns and leaves. The door shuts behind him.

DEX  
Oh, right - Richard wants me to  
tell you he loves you.

Pulling a silk robe on, Lulu goes for a pack of cigarettes.

LULU  
Great - just great.  
(glaring at Dex)  
That was fucking brilliant.

DEX  
So this is my fault?

LULU  
Well you're here aren't you?

DEX  
(laughs)  
Getting raped.

LULU  
Fuck you - you can't rape a whore.

DEX  
I'm the whore? I suppose you screw  
Richard because of the deep  
passionate love you have for him.

LULU  
At least I'm going to him directly -  
not his lame ass wife. You fucked  
my shit up Dex and for what?  
(mimics him sarcastically  
whining)  
(MORE)

LULU(cont'd)

"I can't do this anymore".

(beat)

Get over yourself.

DEX

I fucked your shit up? You fuck  
your shit up fine without me.  
Bouncing from bed to bed isn't  
going to make your career happen.

Dex's phone rings. He looks at the caller ID.

LULU

Yours neither, the way you spun  
tonight. We're the same Dex. Admit  
it.

DEX

Quiet.

(answering)

Heather? Where are you?

LULU

Don't tell me to shut up you  
asshole. Get out of here.

DEX

(plugging his ear walking  
away trying to listen)

Be right there.

LULU

(really pissed now)

Get your shit out of here now.

DEX

(still on phone)

It's nothing. No stay. I'll be  
right there.

Dex is out the door. On the slam:

INT. HEATHER'S LOFT - NIGHT

Heather is packing. Everything in boxes or about to be. Dex  
enters.

HEATHER

Hey, what's up? Never left me a  
note before. You OK?

DEX  
Not exactly. What's going on with  
you and Jay?

HEATHER  
Nothing.

DEX  
Oh, that's not what Jay thinks.  
What's going on?

HEATHER  
It doesn't matter.

DEX  
Yes it does.

HEATHER  
Look around you Dex. I'm leaving.  
I don't owe you anything, you don't  
owe me anything.

DEX  
I can't believe you fucked my best  
friend.

HEATHER  
What right do you have to tell me  
who I can and cannot fuck? You  
fuck anything that walks, speaks  
any language, for any reason.

Dex has no response.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
And I've known all about it. It's  
not like you try to hide it or  
anything. But I went along with it  
- it was part of the deal. But  
it's not for me. Not anymore.  
(beat)  
I think I'm pregnant.

DEX  
What?

HEATHER  
You heard me.

Dex paces around - doesn't know what to say.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
Forget I said anything.

DEX  
It's Jay's isn't it?

HEATHER  
WHAT!? What did you say?

DEX  
It's Jay's. He's in love with you.

Tears stream down Heathers face.

HEATHER  
Get out. Now.

DEX  
So I'm right - it is his.

Shaking - she forces herself to go to the door and hold it open for him.

HEATHER  
Leave now.

Dex comes over to her - softening - he's beginning to realize how badly he's blown it.

DEX  
(soft)  
Heather.

HEATHER  
(barely controlling her  
rage)  
I never want to see you again.

DEX  
Heather, I'm . . .

HEATHER  
Sorry? Save it. Get out, I've got  
work to do.

Dex looks at her - he can't hold her gaze.

DEX  
Alright. Bye then.

Dex leaves - the door slams behind him.

EXT STREET NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Dex exits the building and slumps to the ground - all of the nights events are crashing in on him.

DEX

Fuck.

THE DEX LONELY DESTROYED BOY-MAN MONTAGE

NOTE: During the following, CAMERA gradually shows us DEX's visual displacement/disconnection as the world begins to move at different speeds from DEX (slower and faster) and in different planes of focus.

Walking through the deserted empty streets of Soho -

He sees a POSTER PASTER finishing a newly placed wall of posters advertising a new issue of Spin magazine. He does a double take - he's the cover - but the caption in big letters reads: WHEN GOOD DJS GO BAD.

DEX rides the subway, utterly alone, lights passing over his face. The poster is ubiquitous.

IN TIMES SQUARE, DEX moves through the out-of-sync horde; suddenly he stops as he sees, HEATHER! -- back to us. Dex pushes his way through the mob, gets to her, turns her around and -- it's not Heather! -- her bridge-and-tunnel boyfriend punches Dex in the nose.

DEX wanders through GRAND CENTRAL STATION, holding a compress to his nose as he moves amongst all the lonely people -- where do they all come from?

Alone in HIS EMPTY ROOM, on the phone.

DEX

Heather, it's me. I, um, I've been thinking about you, the baby, us, everything, and I just want to, well, I wanna tell you that--

IN HEATHER'S EMPTY STUDIO, HEATHER listens to the message from Dex.

DEX (V.O.) (CONT'D)

--that I will definitely be there, I want to be there. For you. Call me.



The message is over. Heather pushes a BUTTON.

VOICEMAIL VOICE  
Message deleted.

Dex stands at an outer edge of the TWILO dance floor (the club that Dex rocked at opening of film) where now, JAY rocks the huge crowd.

DEX stands outside Heather's studio in the rain -- FLASH CUTS Of better times with Heather -- fun, dancing, laughter, making love, etc. (more posters in the background)

DEX sits alone on a bench in Battery Park in the light rain, staring at a lone bird on the water.

Suddenly, Dex' PAGER goes off:

INSERT PAGER: 911.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

HEATHER gets in a LIMO which pulls away just as a CAB pulls up and DEX gets out.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Dex comes in the door, sees Tayo in bed, asleep. Dex quietly approaches, sits on the edge of the bed.

Tayo's eyes drift open -- she looks up at him.

TAYO  
I lost him, Dex. I lost the baby.

DEX  
S'okay...c'mere.

Dex takes Tayo in his arms. As Dex holds Tayo tightly--

CLOSE ON DEX as a subtle realization takes hold.

DEX (CONT'D)  
Love you, girl.

She looks at him.

TAYO  
I know.

Dex wipes her tears away with his finger.

DEX  
 You'll get pregnant again, you'll  
 have a baby, I promise.

Tayo smiles.

TAYO  
 Heather was here.

DEX  
 When?

TAYO  
 I dunno, a little while ago.

Dex tries not to react.

TAYO (CONT'D)  
 Dex, you can still do the right  
 thing.

DEX  
 That's just it, T. I don't know  
 what the right thing is. Never  
 did.

She takes his face in her hands.

TAYO  
 Yes you do. I know you do.  
 (off his look)  
 She loves you. You love her.  
 (then)  
 Get her back, D.

Dex gently takes her hands in his.

DEX  
 You should go to sleep.

He gently lowers her back down onto the bed. Dex watches as she closes her eyes, a soft smile crossing her lips. He looks at her for a beat, then exits.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

As Dex comes out of the room, Mel is there.

DEX  
 Mel, I am really...you know...I'm  
 so sad about this.

MEL  
I seriously doubt that.

Dex just looks at her: "How can you be so harsh?" Dex moves past Mel, toward the elevator.

MEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Dex!

Mel catches him at the elevator. He turns to her.

DEX  
Man, why do you so totally hate me?

MEL  
Listen...I don't hate you. I just think you're an inconsiderate bastard.

(off his hurt look)  
But I know you care about Tayo, and that makes me like you, not withstanding the aforementioned inconsideration, etcetera.

DEX  
Yeah, whatever, thanks, I guess.

Dex gets into the elevator, pushes the button.

MEL  
Listen, man...your girl was just here. She's on her way to London.

DEX  
Yeah, I know.

MEL  
Now, baby boy. She's goin' to the airport right now.

Dex looks at her as the elevator door closes.

EXT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

Dex exits and gets back into a cab.

INT. CAB - MORNING

The cold morning air whips Dex's hair. He looks sad.

EXT. RECORD STORE - MORNING

The cab pulls up. Dex pays, gets out. Dex moves toward the storefront as behind him, the cab takes off.

On DEX as he makes a decision -- he spins and calls after the cab--

DEX

Hey!

The cab stops a few hundred feet away. Dex runs up to it.

DEX (CONT'D)

Can you take me to JFK?

INT. GATE - DAY

Dex runs up ticket in hand -- the gate is closed. Outside, the airplane taxis away from the gate.

Dex frantically looks around, sees the gate counter, rushes up to it.

DEX

I have to get on that plane!

COUNTER PERSON 2

I'm sorry, sir, the flight has departed.

DEX

Please! Call the plane back,  
PLEASE!

COUNTER PERSON 2

Sir, if you don't calm down right now, I will have to call security.

Dex takes a breath.

DEX

Okay...what time is the next flight?

INT. AIRPLANE- FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

Everyone is asleep except Dex, who sits there, wide awake. A CUTE STEWARDESS approaches him.

CUTE STEWARDESS  
 (adjusting his blanket)  
 Can I get you anything?

Dex nods -- "no."

INT. LONDON CAB - DAY

Dex sits in front with the cabbie.

DEX  
 I think...this is it.

EXT. HEATHER'S LONDON HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Dex gets out of the cab and rushes into the building.

CABBIE  
 (calling out)  
 I hope you get back together.

INT. HEATHER'S LONDON HEADQUARTERS LOBBY - DAY

Dex enters the sparse and elegant space, very Wallpaper Mag.

Julie, a Julie Christyesque receptionist looks up from behind an English Vogue.

JULIE  
 (flirty smile)  
 Cheers.

DEX  
 Uh, yeah, cheers. I'm here to see  
 Heather. Heather Murano.

JULIE  
 Excellent.

Dex paces she whispers something into her headset. She gets up.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
 Follow me.

INT. HEATHER'S LONDON HEADQUARTERS - MAIN - DAY

A central bullpen area, decorated with Heather's tasteful furniture, is surrounded by glass walled offices.

Heather looks up, obviously not happy, as Dex follows Julie into her office.

HEATHER  
Thanks, Julie.

Julie leaves.

DEX  
(that hot smile)  
Hi.

HEATHER  
Don't give me that.

DEX  
Don't give you what?

HEATHER  
You know what. The smile. That's what.

DEX  
I came all the way from New York.

HEATHER  
That's not my problem. If you came here because of the pregnancy, go home. It was a mistake.

DEX  
What do you mean?

HEATHER  
I'm not *pregnant*. I thought I was, I'm not...Sorry.

DEX  
I'm not here here because you're pregnant.

HEATHER  
They why are you here?

DEX  
Well...I'm here...I'm here...I have no idea why I'm here.  
(off her exasperated look)  
I'm here...I'm here to say...I just wanted to tell you...I'm sorry. I am so totally sorry, Heather. That's why I'm here. I just wanted to tell you that.

(MORE)

DEX(cont'd)

Oh yeah, and also, I'm ready to move to London and everything. And also, you know, I love you.

Heather stares at Dex, conflicted.

HEATHER

Why are you doing this to me?

DEX

Well, to tell you--

HEATHER

--go home, Dex. Go. Home. It's over.

Dex moves to her.

DEX

I know you don't mean that. C'mere, baby--

HEATHER

(pushing him away)

No, Dex, no way. I want you to leave right now. Right now.

NIGEL (O.S.)

Everything okay in here?

Nigel is standing behind Dex.

DEX

(ignoring Nigel)

Heather...

HEATHER

Please, Dex. Go home.

Dex begins to move toward Heather.

NIGEL

She doesn't want to be with you. She's made that clear.

As Nigel grabs Dex's shoulder, Dex spins toward Nigel and throws a punch, which Nigel deftly blocks, knocking Dex down with a right hook.

HEATHER

STOP IT!

(very upset now)

Dex, just go. Please please please...go.

Dex looks at her for a moment, then turns and leaves brushing past Nigel on his way out.

NIGEL  
I'm sorry about that.

Nigel leaves the room, Heather is alone.

INT. AIRPLANE - FIRST CLASS

Once again, everyone is asleep except for Dex, who is wide awake. The same cute stewardess approaches.

CUTE STEWARDESS  
(sensually adjusting his  
blanky)  
Quick trip. Can I get you anything?

DEX  
Uh...yes.

ANGLE ON: THE BATHROOM DOOR: We HEAR SOMETHING going on.

CUTE STEWARDESS (O.S)  
(trying to be quiet)  
YES!

CLOSE ON: Dex, later, sitting in his seat feeling shitty about himself.

INT. TWILO - NIGHT

Dex spins. A much smaller crowd. Some people dance - but not with the intensity we've seen before.

It's clear Dex's just going through the motions. No spark, no fire.

INT. DEX'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Dex hits a button, listens to some tracks. Types a few more buttons - hears another track.

He grows increasingly frustrated - unable to find anything that he likes. Types some more buttons - nothing. He jacks up all the levels to an ear shattering atonal cacophony.

DEX  
Fuck, FUCK, FUUCCKKK.



He picks up one of his turntables and throws it against a wall shattering it. Dex goes nuts - smashing other pieces of his equipment - records, disks etc.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Dex sits in the back - scrunched up, cap pulled down across his eyes - shutting out the world.

The cab pulls to a stop. The CABBIE - a grizzled old Hindi man wearing a purple turban turns to Dex.

CABBIE  
That's \$35.10.

Roused from his twilight state Dex goes for his wallet.

DEX  
(confused)  
\$35.10 - it was only 10 blocks.

CABBIE  
(with a twinkling smile)  
A bit longer than 10 blocks.  
\$35.10 please.

Dex is in no mood for a fight and hands the cabbie two twenties.

DEX  
Here - keep it.

CABBIE  
Have a good time.

Dex slams the door behind him.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Dex surveys the desolate streets around him. It's 4 am and no one's in sight.

DEX  
(calling after the cab)  
Hey, where am I?  
(seeing the Manhattan  
skyline in the distance -  
he's far from home)  
Fuck.

We HEAR a throbbing bass beat in the distance. Dex grabs his record case and heads toward the sound.

As Dex walks along - the music gets louder. He rounds a corner to see a small sign atop a plain door at the end of the street - "The Magic Root". He heads toward it.

EXT. MAGIC ROOT - NIGHT

Dex approaches the door. Classic bootie house blasts inside. Dex smiles and tries the door. It's locked - he pounds on the door.

No answer. He pounds again. A peephole opens. A face peers out.

FACE

Go away.

The peephole slams shut again. Dex pounds again. The peephole opens.

FACE (CONT'D)

Go away.

Before he can slam the peephole closed - Dex holds up his records.

FACE (CONT'D)

We got a DJ.

DEX

Worth a shot. Could you let me in?

FACE

What's the magic word.

DEX

Please?

FACE

Wrong.

DEX

Wait, wait. Let me think.

FACE

I don't got all day.

DEX

I don't know the password - and I'm going to freeze out here trying to guess it. Could you just let me in.

FACE

Alright.

Face open's the door and Dex hurries inside.

DEX

So what's the password anyway?

FACE

(with a smile)

Depends on the person.

INT. MAGIC ROOT - NIGHT

Dex heads down a narrow staircase into a medium sized dimly lit room where perhaps a hundred PEOPLE are going crazy over the old school funk. Everyone but DEX is black, including the DJ in the back of the room.

Everyone smiles at him as he passes, but he hangs back - ever the trainspotter.

As he lets the sound wash over him, hanging against the wall, a young woman comes up to him and pulls him into the throbbing mass.

WOMAN

(pulling him onto the floor)

To get down or not to get down.  
*That is the question.*

Dex gets into the middle and starts to dance - something he hasn't actually done in a long time. He's awkward at first - but slowly let's himself go until he's totally lost himself. We flash to images of when Dex used to lose himself dancing as a child and teenager.

CLOSE ON DEX AS WE SEE THE PASSION OF MUSIC REIGNITE IN HIM.

INT. DEX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dex is surrounded by records all over the floor - all his record racks have been raided.

Fast cut montage of various records pulled from sleeves, needle drops, Dex listening - as we simultaneously listen to a cutup of old influences - from rock to blues to gospel to old school hip hop, to funk to Kraftwerk to jazz to salsa.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Dex exits a subway at 14th Street station and proceeds up the stairs. The huge station with its myriad of tracks is nearly empty.

But in the distance we can HEAR the familiar innovative sounds of the one man band Dex met earlier.

Dex runs across towards the sound. A train drowns it out as Dex approaches a platform.

Dex arrives just as the train departs. But then in the stillness the distinctive music returns. Dex runs down the corridor following it - to the other side of the station.

He reaches a junction where 4 different corridors meet. He hears the music but can't tell where its coming from. Down one he sees some movement and goes for it.

He arrives just in time to see the doors about to close. He takes a chance and hops on.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Dex walks through the car - and into the next. No one except a few exhausted late shifters.

On into the next, and the next and the next. Still no one except a couple of hipsters.

Finally he reaches the last compartment - it's totally empty. The train stops at the next station - the doors woosh open and right in front of Dex is the man he's looking for - as if he's been here all night.

It's SAM TELL, THE ONE MAN BAND FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE FILM. Dex walks up to him and drops a 20 in the man's hat sitting on the ground.

SAM

Bless you young man.

DEX

Weren't you just down on 14th street?

SAM  
 Nope, been here for the last hour  
 or so.

Dex doesn't know what to make of it, but shrugs it off.

DEX  
 (puzzled)  
 Want a gig?

SAM  
 What's the pay?

DEX  
 (laughs)  
 I'll make it worth your while.

SAM  
 I get 300 bucks a day on the  
 tracks.

DEX  
 (surprised)  
 Not bad. I'll double it.

SAM  
 What're we waitin' for?

THE MONTAGE CONTINUES

AT DEX'S STUDIO Dex and Sam work deep into the night.

SPINNING AT ONE OF HIS OWN GIGS - trying out some new things -  
 seems to be clicking.

At A SWEATY UNDERGROUND GAY DISCO & the boys are into Dex.

Sam and Dex JAM SOME MORE IN DEX'S STUDIO

Dex walks down the street and stumbles across a BIZARRE  
 ROBOTIC ART PERFORMANCE in the parking lot in the meat  
 packing district.

At JAY'S NOW REGULAR NIGHT at Dex's regular club. But instead  
 of watching Jay, Dex is watching the crowd.

WORKING IN HIS STUDIO - Dex mixes the awesome track that we  
 have been listening to during the whole montage. The track  
 combines all of the elements he's just rediscovered - but  
 recombined them in a totally fresh and explosive mix. Tears  
 of joy stream down his face.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT

Dex is walking as A LIMO pulls up and the window cracks:

CHRISTINA (V.O.)  
Hey little boy...want some candy?

Dex turns, the window rolls down revealing Christina.

EXT./INT. CHRISTINA'S YACHT - NIGHT

CAMERA starts close on the hull: "THE QUEEN CHRISTINA" -- booms up to find Dex and Christina.

They sit on deck chairs, drink champagne, the lights of the Manhattan skyline stretched out before them.

CHRISTINA  
So...we hear you're playing the  
winter music festival. Comeback?

DEX  
More like *come-forward*.  
(off her look)  
I'm changing. Trying.

CHRISTINA  
Aren't we all.

They stare out at the magnificent Statue Of Liberty.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
Ah...freedom.  
(then)  
How did things get so screwed up?

DEX  
Christina...I'm sorry about  
Richard, and Lulu, and...and  
everything.

CHRISTINA  
Hey, you did me a favor. Haven't  
you heard? Richard came back. Not  
quite crawling, but close enough.

DEX  
He loves you. He told me. He  
really loves you.

CHRISTINA

Richard said *that*? To you? That's great. I am so humiliated.

(off his look)

It's okay, I'm glad you told me. I can't complain. What am I saying? Things are great. *Really great*. And guess what?

DEX

What?

CHRISTINA

Richard and I are seeing a marriage counselor. I must be losing my mind. *A marriage counselor*. Can you believe *that*?

DEX

Yes, I can. I can believe that.

CHRISTINA

Well, I can't.

(then)

Oh, Dex...I feel so...*old*.

DEX

Well, you don't *look* old.

CHRISTINA

You are so cute. Cute, cute, cute.

DEX

Really, I'm happy for you, Christina. I'm happy for both of you.

CHRISTINA

Yeah, thanks...yeah, Richard and I are doing really well, really really really well.

(then)

Dex...

DEX

Yes...

CHRISTINA

If Richard and I are doing so goddam well, why do I feel so fucking shitty?

Christina begins to cry. Dex looks at her, he actually feels sorry for her, moves to her, embraces her.

DEX

C'mon, baby, everything's gonna be alright. You're just...*growing*. We're all...*growing*. Growing up, I guess.

She looks at him, tears and makeup streaming down her cheeks.

CHRISTINA

Don't you get it, you beautiful idiot? I don't *want* to grow up. Growing up means getting *old*. I *never* want to grow up. Never, never, never...

Dex just holds her.

INT. PORTOBELLO ROAD CAFE - LONDON - DAY

Heather is having tea with Tayo and Mel.

HEATHER

It is so totally amazing to see you guys. I can't believe you're here.

TAYO

I needed, we needed to get away for awhile.

MEL

We're gonna hit Venice, swing over to Paris, check out those Crazy Horse girls, then cruise a romantic weekend in Ibiza.

TAYO

Where, hopefully, I'll get pregnant again.

Mel and Tayo laugh at her joke. Heather looks pensive.

TAYO (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

HEATHER

Nothing.

MEL

C'mon girl, spill it.



HEATHER

Dex and I were on Ibiza a few months ago. It was...nice. We had a great time.

(then)

How is he?

Tayo and Mel look at one another.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

What?

TAYO

Well...I wasn't gonna tell you this, but...

(then)

He's married.

Heather turns white.

TAYO (CONT'D)

What I thought. You still love him.

Heather looks at her.

HEATHER

He's not married.

TAYO

No way. He still loves you.

Heather looks at them.

MEL

Never thought I'd hear myself say these words but: Dex is okay. He's real, now. You blew his mind, honey. Just what the bitch needed.

(then)

Actually, I feel sorry for him -- boys' crazy for you, all depressed and shit.

HEATHER

Should I kill myself now or later?

EXT. SOUTH BEACH/LOEW'S HOTEL - DAY

We swoop along the empty, pristine South Beach to find a cab arriving at the Loew's once grand hotel.

The cab discharges Dex carrying his records and suitcase in front of a big banner proclaiming the site to be nerve center of the Winter Music Conference.

INT. LOEW'S HOTEL - DAY

The place is a swarm of bodies. Anyone who is anyone in the electronic music world is here (and many more who aren't). DJs, publicists, label execs - even a few fans.

Flyers abound everywhere. Posters and banners for an incredible multitude and variety of gigs including a few small ones for Dex's. Music blares from all over.

One of the biggest campaigns is for Jay's new record and his upcoming gig which is being promoted as a centerpiece of the festival.

KID (O.S.)  
 (picking up a flyer)  
 Oh man, look at this - Dex's  
 playing. Can you believe it?

Dex smiles and turns to face his supposed fan. But both of the club kids clearly don't know who he is.

KID 2  
 (laughs)  
 He's awful now, playing DATs!

DEX  
 I hear he's totally different, you  
 should check it out.

KID  
 Are you kidding - he's OVER.

EXT. LOEW'S POOL/BEACH - DAY CONTINUOUS

Still more ATTENDEES, but all in their bathing suits - pale night clubbing skin burning in the sun. Some people dance at an impromptu stage.

Many DJs hangout on lounge chairs being interviewed by an army of international press. Dex smiles as he spots Jay surrounded by the largest crowd of journalists.

A commotion on the BEACH catches Dex's attention - it's a near RIOT.

Dex approaches the commotion, pushes his way through to find

LULU, surrounded by a PHOTO CREW, wearing a bathing suit best described as two pieces of dental floss tied together in a knot covering you-know-what.

She strikes various nutty poses for the photogs when she sees Dex.

LULU  
(happy to see him)  
Dude!

EXT. DELANO POOL - NIGHT

Dex and Lulu lounge in the shallow pool, umbrella drinks in hand.

LULU  
You know me. I am so way over the  
past. Onward and upward, that's my  
motto, babe. Especially, the  
upward...

She gets a little too close to him--

DEX  
Lulu...  
(off her look)  
Y'wanna make this happen? Strictly  
business.

They exchange a look.

EXT. MIAMI TOWER - NIGHT

It's Jay's big gig as evidenced by the posters plastered all over the club entrance and it's a mob scene.

Dex approaches as a bouncer shouts at the huge CROWD -

BOUNCER  
The line forms on the left.

EXEC  
What about the guest list?

BOUNCER  
You all on the guest list right?  
Line forms on the left.

The crowd stays a one semicircular mass pressing in on the velvet ropes holding them at bay.

Dex moves over to the left to start a line. The bouncer sees him, calls out.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

You see that - ol' Dex knows how to follow the rules - Yo Dex get your ass in here.

The crowd swivels around and murmurs as Dex walks to the bouncer. Everyone now rushes over to the left - all pushing and shoving to be the first there.

Dex gives the bouncer a hug.

DEX

Thanks man.

BOUNCER

Anytime - your boy's doing good.

DEX

I can see. Late.

BOUNCER

You take care.

EXT. TOWER ROOFTOP - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

We spin overhead to a frenzied mob scene jammed onto this improvised club. Jay is DJing and has the crowd in the palm of his hand.

We swoop down to Dex as he emerges from a glass elevator to take it all in.

He smiles as he watches Jay - more animated than we've ever seen him - work the crowd.

It's as if he's watching his former self as Jay now appears to have adopted some of Dex's style and made it his own.

The crowd whoops and cheers and Jay drops in a not new anthem.

Jay looks up from the booth and sees him. Dex holds his gaze, nods and holds his hand to his heart, which Jay returns with a smile before returning to the tables in front of him.

EXT. TOWER ROOFTOP - STAGE - NIGHT LATER

Jay gives the crowd a wave, they go nuts.

JAY  
 (into mic)  
 Thank you.

The crowd goes crazier. Jay turns and Dex is right there - grabs him in a big hug.

DEX  
 I am so proud for you man. You rule.

JAY  
 Thanks homes - means a lot.

DEX  
 Really?

JAY  
 Fuck no.

They laugh.

INT. JAY'S MIAMI HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Beer bottles everywhere. Dex and Jay are drunk, jamming. Dex has an acoustic GUITAR and Jay has 2 WOODEN SPOONS and an ARRAY OF POTS AND PANS.

They are smashing out a classic "BO DIDDLEY RIFF."

DEX  
 (singing)  
 Hey, Jay Lo-peez!

Ba, be-ba be-ba, ba ba.

JAY  
 (singing)  
 Hey, Dex John-son!

Ba, be-ba be-ba, ba ba.

The PHONE RINGS. Jay picks it up, listens.

JAY (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Okay.

Hangs up.

JAY (CONT'D)  
 They want us to be, like, *quiet*.  
 They want us to *turn it down*...

They laugh hysterically and begin to PLAY again, this time even LOUDER.

JAY (CONT'D)  
 singing)  
 Hey, be quiet!

Ba, be-ba be-ba, ba ba.

DEX & JAY  
 (singing)  
 Hey, be quiet!

Ba, be-ba, be-ba, ba ba.

The PHONE RINGS again. Jay picks it up again.

JAY  
 (into phone)  
 Okay. I sincerially apologize,  
 sir. Yes, I am very, very sorry.

Hangs up.

DEX  
 Tellin' you, J., man, when in  
 doubt, go with the Bo Diddley  
 thing.  
 (beat)  
 I missed you brother.

JAY  
 (angry, guilty AND drunk)  
 Oh, now you go said it! But how do  
 I know that? I mean, y'know what  
 I'm sayin? You know, you a liar,  
 you a cheat, you screw over a'body  
 a'loves you, you say you sorry, but  
 how do I know that? Y'know what  
 I'm sayin? Once a liar, always a  
 liar, my mama told me.

Dex hits him. Jay is stunned. Jay hits Dex. Dex is  
 stunned.

They grab one another and wrestle around the room, yelling  
 and screaming, smashing various pieces of furniture.

Dex ends up on top of Jay, holding him down.

DEX  
The fuck is wrong with you, man?

JAY  
The fuck is wrong with me?

DEX  
Yeah, the fuck is wrong with you?

JAY  
I'll tell you! I'll tell you the  
fuck is wrong with me!

DEX  
Well, spit it out, hermano!

JAY  
She loves you, man, *you*. Not me,  
*you*. She always loved you.

The PHONE begins to RING and there is KNOCKING at the door. Having gotten it all out, Jay takes stock of what he has done.

JAY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, Dex.

DEX  
Nosotros estamos hermanos.

JAY  
Por toda la vida.

They embrace. The RINGING and KNOCKING continue.

DEX  
I think we're in trouble.

INT. MIAMI CLUB - NIGHT

A small crowd - about 30 kids - mill inside a cavernous club. The requisite lasers flash and throb. The music pounds to no avail. It's a tough early slot and not much is expected - even at Winter Music.

On one side of the stage is an extremely YOUNG DJ - perhaps 14 years old - is finishing his set, doing the best he can.

Dex hooks up 2 additional turntables and some other electronic devices/samplers around the young DJ who looks at him with awe.

YOUNG DJ  
 Wait till I tell my parents. I'm  
 leading into Dex. Amazing.

Dex just smiles and continues setting up.

DEX  
 Using input 3?

YOUNG DJ  
 No, no. Anything you want me to  
 finish with?

DEX  
 Whatever you want is cool.

YOUNG DJ  
 All right - you ready?

DEX  
 Whenever you are.

Dex surveys the crowd thinks, opens his case and pulls out a white label. He puts it on one of the turntables. The young DJ moves to the side as Dex - scans the audience - and drops in a track.

A new exciting upbeat bootie banging track different from anything we have heard from Dex before. It immediately grabs everyone's attention in the club.

DEX (CONT'D)  
 (into microphone)  
 I want to thank you all for coming  
 tonight. I've got some new shit to  
 share and I hope you like it.

A few kids in the audience get out onto the floor and start dancing.

A few start punching furiously on their cell phones and wireless PDAs.

INT. OTHER CLUB - NIGHT

A huge gig - the place is packed. A Blackberry around a wild ORANGE HAIRE KID starts flashing like crazy. Still dancing, he looks at it - and is surprised at what he reads. He types:

CLOSE ON HIS REPLY: "NO WAY - DEX???? SELLOUT DEX???"

CLOSE ON THE RESPONSE: "YES - GET YOUR ASS HERE NOW!"



The orange haired kid starts grabbing his friends and they're out the door. Others watch them and grab their cells/palms/schedules and try to figure out what they're missing.

INT. DEX'S CLUB - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Already Dex's audience has tripled and every move Dex makes them shout.

Now projected behind Dex are two synchronized high def video displays with a trippy futuristic landscape. Occasionally woven into these images are shots Sam as one man band around Miami and then abducted by animated aliens.

The crowd laughs and dances more frenetically.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Christina approaches with Richard - the street still seems quiet.

RICHARD

I told you the place is dead - no one is going to be here tonight.

CHRISTINA

Humor me - give it ten minutes and you can leave.

Richard grimly flashes his badge at the doorman as a group of excited kids rush past them and into:

INT. CLUB - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Richard immediately notices that it's Dex up on the stage.

RICHARD

I can't believe you brought me to see him.

CHRISTINA

(kissing him)  
Look around you Richard.

He takes in the now throbbing mass of dancers. Dex has clearly found himself. A constant stream of people push past Christina and Richard - rushing out onto the dance floor.

Richard sees a growing conglomeration of mid level label exec/a&r SCOUTS all hanging on the fringes, frantically working their com gear.

Screams from the crowd distract him and Richard turns to the stage to see:

Sam - now coming out on stage - in full one man band mode - but inside of some strange robotic contraption - as if his alien captors had returned him to earth. A small video camera in the contraption projects Doggie Cam images of him on the screens behind - mixed as if he were floating in the alien landscape as if the music were in fact really transporting them to a different dimension.

Sam plays - but his music is mixed and controlled completely by Dex.

Christina is amazed at the sight but also notices top record execs now populating the club. She nudges Richard and points out Tommy Mottolla pushing his way past the doorman and Clive Davis ordering at the bar.

RICHARD

You orchestrated this.

CHRISTINA

No - I swear - I only said I'd bring you along.

MONTAGE OF CELL PHONES GOING OFF ALL OVER MIAMI

At a PRIVATE PARTY at the Delano.

In a LIMOUSINE as it drives down the street.

In DJ BOOTHS as they spin and the dance floors below.

All along Collins Avenue where people trawl the clubs.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

The previously empty street is now a near mob scene - the overwhelmed doorman struggles to maintain control.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Totally packed. Dex is in complete control of the throbbing mass - they undulate with his every move.

The lights and video projections become more dramatic. Dex starts puts down a new track: one of his collaborations with Lulu. Her voice is incredible.

But we now HEAR another layer of her voice and everyone looks to the back of the stage where a woman stands in silhouette.

Suddenly she is spot lit as the music kicks into higher gear and it is LULU in FULL DIVA MODE prancing around the stage belting out the track singing with and against her recorded voice in a electronic duet. The crowd loves it.

Dex continues to mix the recorded Lulu - robotocizing the voice. On the video screens a futuristic version of Lulu appears to sing the words Dex spins in perfect sync with his scratching.

The crowd goes nuts.

From behind the video screens come six gorgeous BACK UP SINGERS with 2 FOOT LONG MULTI COLORED GLO STICKS AND SMALL CU/CME CAMERAS TAPED ALL OVER THERE BODIES.

The back up singers dive into the audience. The kids rip the glo sticks and cameras off of their bodies. The audience becomes a sea of waving glo sticks. The video monitors now project images of the crazed audience from the little cameras.

We have never seen an audience whipped into this kind of frenzy.

Richard and all the other execs are yelling into their cell phones.

INT. CLUB BACKSTAGE - NIGHT LATER

A mob scene. Lots of fans, record execs and groupies and super models vie for Dex' attention.

Richard and Christina (holding hands!) push their way through the crowd.

As they approach, Christina kisses Dex on the cheek and whispers into his ear.

CHRISTINA

Make him pay. A *lot*. He can afford it.

RICHARD  
 (winks)  
 She has no idea.

Dex shakes Richards hand.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 I...We have a gift for you.

EXT. SOUTH BEACH OUTRAGEOUSLY COOL DECO BUILDING - NIGHT

The Bentley Limo pulls up in front of the magnificently redone structure, which glows like a jewel in the night.

Dex, Christina and Richard get out and look up at the building.

RICHARD  
 This was *ours*, now it's *yours*.

CHRISTINA  
 The Dex world headquarters.

DEX  
 (stunned)  
 It's amazing.  
 (looks at them)  
 Got one in London?

They look at him -- "huh?"

INT. HEATHER'S LONDON HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Heather, Nigel and a pretty mid 40's female marketing exec, CHRIS are going through a stack of sketches for Heather's new line.

NIGEL  
 These are brilliant - just brilliant.

CHRIS  
 The palate is gorgeous. This stuff is going to move.

HEATHER  
 (distracted - looking over to the window)  
 Do you hear that?

NIGEL

No, what?

HEATHER

Listen.

NIGEL

I don't hear anything.

CHRIS

(heading toward the open  
window)

Yeah, I think I do hear something.

Heather follows.

HEATHER

It sounds familiar, I just can't  
place it.

We now look at them from outside through the window and suddenly pull wide and high over the:

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON.

We swing away from Heather and Chris and up over the streets of London. As we do this the MUSIC that Heather heard gets louder.

The music is an up-tempo, remixed version of the same Aretha song we heard in Ibiza: "Never Loved A Man." It has the feel of an instant classic "anthem".

ARETHA (OS)

I guess I'm on top/and I'm stuck

We look down on the streets and see KIDS running toward the sound. Cars swerve to avoid them.

ARETHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm stuck.

We cross over buildings - people are on the roofs looking. The music is much louder.

ARETHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

. . . I'm stuck like glue . . .

Over a new street - even more KIDS run toward the music. We swoop down low to follow them.

ARETHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 . . . cause I ain't never . . .

Brakes SQUEAL as two cars just narrowly miss hitting each other.

ARETHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 . . . I ain't never. . .

As we tilt up from the near collision we see hundreds of KIDS thronging around A LARGE TRUCK PULLING A FLATBED WITH GIANT STACKS OF SPEAKERS COMING TOWARD US. The music is now VERY LOUD - CLUB LEVEL LOUD.

ARETHA (CONT'D)  
 I ain't never. . .

Kids hang off the giant cab. PEDESTRIANS gawk and stare, many plugging their ears - but many others bopping to the beat.

ARETHA (CONT'D)  
 . . . no no . . . no no . . .

We have now come over the cab and there is DEX SITTING AMIDST TWO TURNTABLES - LIVE MIXING THIS TRACK.

ARETHA (CONT'D)  
 . . . loved a woman the way that  
 I/I love you . .

The flatbed is jammed with kids. Some dancing, some sitting in the bass bins, grooving. More kids climb on board. Dex is having the time of his life. He picks up a walkie talkie.

DEX  
 We better get movin Hoss.

INT. TRUCK CAB - DAY CONTINUOUS

Driving the truck is Sam. He talks into his walkie.

SAM  
 Doing the best I can jefe - getting  
 a little clogged thanks to you.

ARETHA  
 I can't sleep at night . . .

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - DAY CONTINUOUS

High overhead - it is a madhouse - we see PEOPLE streaming in from all the side streets toward pied piper Dex.

ARETHA

. . . and I can't eat a bite . . .

INT/EXT HEATHER'S LONDON HEADQUARTERS - DAY CONTINUOUS

The music is loud here now too. Heather and Chris have now been joined by the rest of the STAFF - all crowded behind trying to see where the music is coming from. All except Nigel.

CHRIS

There - look over there.

On the streets they see more kids running and now with the loud music also HEAR siren's approach from every direction.

ARETHA

. . . since you got . . .  
. . . your hooks . . . in me.

Their POV: The flatbed rounds the corner. It's packed with kids - with more trailing behind like a modern pied piper.

ARETHA (CONT'D)

. . . Oh oh oh/yeah/yeah . . .

Heather clasps her hand to her mouth shocked.

CHRIS

Oh my god.

ARETHA

'cause I ain't never loved . . .

EXT. STREET - DAY CONTINUOUS

The flatbed now approaches Heather's building.

ARETHA

. . . no . . . no . . . no . . .  
never no no . . . loved a woman

Dex looks hoping to spot Heather. He jumps up and down waving.

The truck pulls to a stop in front of the building - all the kids jump off and start a dance floor in the street in front of the flatbed.

ARETHA (CONT'D)

. . . the way that I/I love you .

. . .

It's total pandemonium. Whatever traffic was moving before has now ground to a halt. The irate honking blends with the now very close sirens.

INT/EXT. HEATHER'S LONDON HEADQUARTERS/STREET - DAY

Heather watches, conflicting emotions play across her face All of her co-workers - except Nigel are clapping.

ARETHA

You're the best thing/ that I ever  
had/

Dex has now spotted her. He turns on a mic.

DEX

(over sound system mixed  
with music)

I love you Heather.

ARETHA

kiss me once again/don't you never

Dex goes back to scratching. In the background we can see numerous police cars discharging BOBBIES.

ARETHA (CONT'D)

never . . . never . . . never . . .  
never say that we're through.

DEX LOOKS UP AT HEATHER - AN INTENSE MOMENT PASSES BETWEEN THEM.

ARETHA (CONT'D)

I never loved a woman the way that  
I love you.

Heather breaks free from her friends and runs toward the door.

Dex's fist goes up in the air. He drops in a new track - a recently minted Dex anthem - and the crowd goes wild.



Back in the office - as Heather reaches the door, Heather and Nigel exchange a look.

She's out of there. Everyone else in the office applauds. Nigel goes to his office and shuts the door.

EXT. STREET/FLATBED - DAY CONTINUOUS

Kids run everywhere chased by bobbies desperately trying to control the chaos, without much luck.

Another large group of police has surrounded the flatbed.

Heather has reached the street and starts dodging the bedlam to make her way to the flatbed.

HEATHER

Dex!

ANGLE ON: The flatbed. The bobbies furiously shout and mime with throat slashing gestures to Dex to cut the sound.

Dex gestures back that he can't hear, further enraging the bobbies.

One tries pulling wires out - hoping to cut off the sound to no avail.

Dex is scanning the crowd for Heather - who he can't see.

The bobbies get on the flatbed - but Dex evades them - leading them on a chase around the platform - in near Keystone cops fashion. Dex won't leave until he sees Heather.

One of the bobbies starts smashing the turntables - but the sound amazingly continues on. Kids cheering.

ANGLE ON: Sam in the cab - holding a portable CD player - spinning merrily away.

Finally Heather has reached the flatbed.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Dex!

Dex jumps down to embrace her. The camera swirls around them as they kiss deeply, tears glistening in Heather's eyes.

DEX

I never meant to hurt you.

Heather puts her finger to his lips.

But just then one of the bobbies grabs Dex.

HEATHER  
Leave him alone.

BOBBIE  
This doesn't concern you miss.

DEX  
Yes it does officer - she's my  
fiance.

BOBBIE  
Isn't that lovely.  
(to Heather)  
You can visit him in prison.

DEX  
At least I think she's my fiance.

Dex looks at Heather.

DEX (CONT'D)  
Will you marry me?

HEATHER  
Ab-so-fuckin-lutely!

BOBBIE  
Now isn't that romantic.  
(pulling Dex)  
Come along then.

Heather runs up and embraces/kisses Dex one last time before the Bobbie pulls him away and shoves him into a waiting wagon.

Heather waves good bye. A flyer flutters to the ground in front of her.

She picks it up and starts crying again.

ANGLE ON: A 3D flyer - announcing the grand opening of  
DEXTRACKS LONDON HEADQUARTERS.

CG DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DEXTRACKS LONDON HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The flyer come to life. We undercrank - fly into the building at warp speed.

INT. DEX LONDON HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Another baby shower - but this time for a VERY PREGNANT HEATHER. Everyone is there - Dex, Jay, Richard, Christina, Sam, Mel and Tayo - who is pregnant again herself.

We warp in toward and into Heather's stomach to witness their baby in the oven. We HEAR faint muffled SCREAMS and UNDERCRANKED WARP OUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Heather is screaming in labor. Dex is right there with the OB and nurse.

HEATHER

You asshole. Why did you do this to me!?! YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE!

(beat - now sweat)

I didn't mean that honey.

DEX

(caressing her face)

I know.

Heather screams again - this time mixed with the cries of a baby taking its first breath - and boy what lungs.

It's a Girl!