

ZACH & AL WHILE IN WALL

52 - 10

FPF 60

ZACH  
I

Energy

APRIL (CONT'D)

There was a senior exec meeting -  
and Phil and Andy weren't really  
into it. They said it needed work.

HEATHER

Well - of course it needs work.  
It's a demo of an unsigned band.  
That's what my job is for.

APRIL

Well - it's just that everyone wants  
to give you more time - between En  
Fuego and now Jam - to grow into the  
new title.

HEATHER

You mean to prove myself.

APRIL

You are the youngest A&R exec we've -

HEATHER

En Fuego sold eight million copies.  
That isn't proving myself?

April steels herself. When she wants to be cold, she can.

APRIL

The sentiment amongst the group is  
however successful En Fuego was the  
first go around - it was three dancers  
assembled for you, and you played  
traffic cop. It's a little soon to  
make what could be a novelty act  
your legacy.

(April gives her a  
sympathetic smile)

But the good news is - it got you  
the promotion.

April goes back to the party. Leaving Heather, reeling.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL -- NIGHT

A black tie affair, letting out. People heading to the  
VALETS. And out comes --

start

ZACH. In a tuxedo. Which actually looks good on him. Save  
for the flip flops he wears, in lieu of tuxedo shoes. A  
Gotham Records name tag on his lapel. As he's coming out,  
who should turn around but AL ZINGERMAN.

ZACH

Hey. Al. How are you?

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WALL TOWAU

AL ZINGERMAN  
What are you doing here?

ZACH  
Uh - I'm here on business. For the  
banquet. It was a good speech I -

AL ZINGERMAN  
(ripping off zach's  
name tag)  
Who told you you could wear that.

ZACH  
Well, they gave it to me.

AL ZINGERMAN  
For when you worked for the label.  
Before you completely disrespected  
me, our business, our artists. Before  
you lost it.

Although Zach is weary, if Al wants to fight, he'll fight.

ZACH  
Found it. I found it. You lost it.

AL ZINGERMAN  
Hits and Billboard are all over your  
incident. You screwed yourself.  
You know that?

Zach didn't know that. Spinning...

ZACH  
Good. I work for myself now. I'm  
starting my own label. First day  
didn't go great, but live and learn.  
Right?

AL ZINGERMAN  
You're starting a label?

ZACH  
Yup. I don't suppose I'm gonna be  
able to call on you for advice from  
time to time.

AL ZINGERMAN  
(scoffing)  
Do you have any idea what it takes  
to run a record label? To find bands.  
Make albums. Create any kind of  
awareness...And forget making money.  
It'll take you forever to build a  
catalogue worth a piss in publishing. —>  
(MORE)

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AL ZINGERMAN (CONT'D)

You couldn't get a band who's sold  
two hundred thousand units on the  
radio. How you gonna do it with a  
band who doesn't even have an album?  
(getting heated)

You're marginal, at best. For someone  
like you - to have one band, mean  
anything? One in a billion.

ZACH

(trying to hang in)  
I'll take those odds.

AL ZINGERMAN

You'll fail.

And then all of a sudden, everything changes for Zach.

ZACH

You know what? Thank you.

(Al doesn't get it)

No - don't you see? This is the  
classic moment where the short sighted  
"corporate pig" - your words - tells  
the young hopeful that his dreams  
are all wrong. That his entire life  
is a mistake... That he'll never make  
it. It's a scenario as old as...  
Galileo. Well, consider Wall to  
Wall Records my Copernican theory.  
And you are not a fixed planet, sir.

AL ZINGERMAN

What the hell are you talking about?

ZACH

You wish you knew.

(feeling it now)

But you can't. Understand. Because  
selling music to you is just a job.

A bicycle bell RINGS off screen. Zach and Al look over to  
see a Valet riding up on a Schwinn. Ringing the bell.

ZACH (CONT'D)

Car's in the shop.

Zach heads for his bicycle. Giving the valet his ticket.  
The people waiting for their cars are staring.

AL ZINGERMAN

You better go back inside and steal  
some food. You're gonna be hungry.

Zach reaches into his pocket. Pulls out a chicken wing  
wrapped in a napkin.

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ZACH  
One step ahead of you. But you oughta  
get used to that.

He gives a proud smile to the people staring at him. And looking out ahead of him, he jumps on the bike. And takes off.

JAMES' "SOMETIMES" comes up.

Stop

INT. BOOMERANG RECORDS -- NIGHT

Heather stands with Richard, Jane, Moses and Fisher. An EXECUTIVE comes up to Heather. Giving her a hug. She smiles at him. Trying to keep it together.

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY STREET -- NIGHT

Zach pedals like a madman. Los Angeles was not built for bike riding. He swerves around a car, avoiding a collision.

INT. BOOMERANG RECORDS -- NIGHT

Elevator doors open - RON, silver haired, impeccably dressed comes out. GIRLFRIEND half his age on his arm. Immediately a group of EXECS surround him. Shaking hands.

APRIL from across the room catches Heather's eye. Nodding towards Ron. Heather sees, excuses herself from her group. But instead of going to Ron, she heads down the hall. Alone.

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY STREET -- NIGHT

TIGHT ON:

Zach's bike pedals. As one of his flip flops gets caught on the pedal, breaking off. Forced to pedal barefoot on the left side. He bears down harder over the handlebars.

INT. HEATHER'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Heather sits on her couch. Alone. Crying.

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Zach pulls up in front of a large high rise. Has a hard time breaking, sort of falls off. Kicks off his other flip flop. Drenched in sweat. Runs inside.

INT. BOOMERANG RECORDS -- MOMENTS LATER

The elevator doors open. Zach comes in. Limping. He pushes past RON -- who is still mobbed by his group of sycophants. Zach couldn't care less. He sees his friends and Richard. Comes up to them. They are, of course, shocked to see him. Especially tuxedo clad, barefoot, and out of breath.

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