

LOVEBAND

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Indistinctive, fairly messy. A mildly sexy calendar on the wall.

An old Clavinova keyboard covered in magazines.

OMAR scans girls' profiles on a dating site. He's a late 30s guy whose T-shirt regrettably reads, "Aaalright, if you insist, go ahead and kiss me." FREEZE FRAME.

He selects check boxes for "Online", "With photo" and "No kids". Picks three girls. Fires off messages:

"OMAR: Hi baby!"

"OMAR: Hi baby!"

"OMAR: Hi baby!"

Turns the TV on.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
(dead serious)
... Apples, pears, apricots, plums,
peaches, oranges, tangerines,
bananas, kiwis...

?!...

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
... Grapes, strawberries, avocados,
granadillas, coconuts, pineapples
bilimbis, chirimoyas, wabibisis...

OMAR
What the hell...

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
Bo Meloni, the fruit magnate, died
last week. After a stroke, Ms.
Meloni was urgently rushed to the
nearest morgue. Dead on arrival.
The funeral's --

Turns it off. Checks the small mail pile on his table. As usual, only ad circulars- What's this?

AN OFFICIAL ENVELOPE

from a law firm. Omar tears it open.

INSERT - LETTER

"... letter of authority on behalf of my client Bo Meloni... Apples, plums, kiwis... Bo Meloni, your great aunt, has left you \$600,000... Please respond by stating... "

BACK TO SCENE

Omar grabs the remote control and turns the TV back on.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
... Lions, elephants, gorillas,
pink-fairy armadillos, naked mole
rats: Zomba-zoo will open its
doors --

Omar frowns and turns the TV off again. Ponders the letter.

Writes an IM on his laptop:

"OMAR: Bo Meloni was my aunt!"

INT. PRIMARY SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Teacher LUKE answers the text, hiding his cell phone from his STUDENTS. Same age as Omar, casually dressed with a sweetness in his eyes.

"LUKE: Fuck off."

"OMAR: No really!"

INT. SQUALID ROOM - DAY

A computer on a desk. We see the text conversation between Omar and Luke on its

MONITOR

And on it goes:

"LUKE: The fruit magnate?"

MAN (O.S.)
(in Russian; subtitled)
Exactly.

"OMAR: The late fruit magnate :)"

"LUKE: Stupid joke, right?"

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(in Russian; subtitled)
Wrong. And may I ask --

"OMAR: \$600,000!"

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Spasibo bolshoi.

A Skorpion Vz.61 submachine gun leans against his desk.

INT. PRIMARY SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

A Student notices the teacher's improper behavior: Luke pockets the phone and stands up.

LUKE
So, who remembers what we did
yesterday? What are these called?

Luke holds up a glass jar with grass in it for his Students.

STUDENTS
CATERPILLARS!

LUKE
Very good! And what will they --

STUDENTS
BUTTERFLIES!

The Students' enthusiasm touches Luke. FREEZE FRAME.

SUPER:

"LUKE, THE TEACHER: ON GUITAR"

INT. COWBOY BAR - NIGHT

The waitress carries a cake across to CELEBRATING GIRLS.

Luke and Omar sit at a table with a bottle of Dom Perignon. Omar positions a NIKON CAMERA on the table, ZOOMS IN on the girls and presses the self-timer button.

CELEBRATING GIRLS
(singing)
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DANIEELAAAAA...

The SELF-TIMER INDICATOR blinks. CLICK.

CELEBRATING GIRLS (CONT'D)
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOUIUUU!

Omar ponders the sexy curves in the picture.

LUKE

Has it ever crossed your mind that
a girl could be more than the sum
of her parts?

OMAR

No.

LUKE

You only see the one aspect of man-
woman relationship based on --

OMAR

Sex?

LUKE

Germans call another one "having
butterflies in the stomach."

OMAR

One of those parasitosis that --

LUKE

Being in love.

Omar shrugs.

LUKE (CONT'D)

A third one is understanding and
complicity. The three together are
the jackpot.

OMAR

Good luck.

The reply makes Luke think.

LUKE

So, any idea how you're going to
use the money?

Omar just points at the Champagne. FREEZE FRAME.

SUPER:

"OMAR, THE HEIR: ON KEYBOARD AND VOCALS"

A young couple enters. The guy stops at the counter. The girl sits at a table near Luke and Omar.

OMAR

(to girl)

Hi! What's your name?

The guy who stopped at the counter turns his head. He looks like Mike Tyson, just taller.

Omar drunkenly stretches out his arm and CLICK, takes a selfie of himself with the girl. Studying the picture, he detects a menacing third face. Turns around.

A locomotive-jab heads for Omar's nose.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - 11000 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - DAY

In front of a huge edifice a sign reads "FEDERAL BUILDING"

INT. FBI CYBER CRIME DIVISION - OFFICE - DAY

On a board hangs a map of North America with a thick, red hand-drawn circle that encompasses California.

At his desk, AGENT BRETT STONE picks up from the printer tray the picture of a

CAUCASIAN MAN

whose nose and left cheek bear a nasty scar.

He pins it on the map.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR JULIAN PATTERSON enters with two coffees.

BRETT STONE
Thanks, Julian.

JULIAN PATTERSON
Fill me in, Brett.

BRETT STONE
He's the boss. Cyril Dusek. Born in Perm. Big fan of early 20th century tango.

The peculiar combination intrigues coffee-sipping Julian.

BRETT STONE (CONT'D)
Left choana blocked by a piece of shrapnel.

JULIAN PATTERSON
Choana?

BRETT STONE
Choanae are the two channels in the back of the nose.
(MORE)

BRETT STONE (CONT'D)
Not just a hacker. Extortions,
three definite homicides, more like
a dozen. Counter-espionage. Swaps
sides for a million dollars. Then,
nothing.

JULIAN PATTERSON
Until...

BRETT STONE
Until he goes freelance, so to
speak. He digs out users of both
online banking and dating sites.
And if needed, he sends...

CLICK. The PRINTER GRABS a second sheet of paper.

BRETT STONE (CONT'D)
Her into action.

Brett grabs off the printer and hands Julian a picture of a
BEAUTIFUL BLONDE WOMAN
smoking a slim cigarette.

BRETT STONE (CONT'D)
The made-to-measure soulmate.

Julian pins it next to Cyril's picture. Studies the woman.

BRETT STONE (CONT'D)
Katya Sokolova. If Cyril can't grab
the money online, she turns up:
First on the dating site of the
victim, then in the flesh, if you
get me.

Julian nods with respect. It's unclear how much is for
Cyril's strategy and how much is for the great coffee.

He considers the big red circle on the map on Brett's board.

JULIAN PATTERSON
Hard to dig up?

BRETT STONE
Onion routing. Cyril moves through
a network of changing proxies.
Ain't easy to locate the computer
he works from.

JULIAN PATTERSON
How do you know about the tango?

BRETT STONE
I've heard it.

JULIAN PATTERSON
You've heard it?!

BRETT STONE
Cyril was recorded by a virtual
bug, and before it was destroyed,
we were sent the file. We just need
some time, boss.

JULIAN PATTERSON
Don't fucking call me boss! You
know it really annoys me, Brett!

INT. OMAR'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A bruised-nose Omar sits at a coffee table drinking water
with Luke.

LUKE
Maybe we should date each other.

What an amorphous gag.

Luke gives Omar's nose a robust, jokey squeeze.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Does it hurt?

OMAR
OW!!!

Omar jerks back and hits a chair. A pile of magazines falls
on the floor. Luke darts away, just in case.

A 45 RPM VINYL RECORD rolls the length of the floor, around a
table leg, continues toward Luke, hits his foot, FALLS flat.

Luke picks it up. A long-haired

18-YEAR-OLD OMAR

smiles at him: "The Svandals."

LUKE
But... That's you! The Svandals?!
Can I hear it?

OMAR
(unconcerned)
If you want.

Luke puts it on an old RECORD PLAYER. Start. A magnetic slow ROCK fills the room.

Slowly but inexorably, Luke becomes aware of the call. Like John Belushi, he sees the light.

LUKE
YEEESSSS...! We must start a band.

OMAR
(not meaning it)
Sure.

Luke is surprised by Omar's lack of enthusiasm.

LUKE
Ever met a girl who doesn't like musicians?!

INT. COWBOY BAR - NIGHT

At the counter, Omar chats with a GIRL COVERED IN PIERCINGS. Her T-shirt depicts a huge gruesome skull.

GIRL COVERED IN PIERCINGS
I prefer heavy metal, to be honest.

OMAR
D'you like going to movies?

GIRL COVERED IN PIERCINGS
It depends, to be honest.

OMAR
And to be dishonest? Sorry. What about romantic comedies?

Obviously not.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Cool T-shirt. So what's your cup of tea?

Cup of what?!

OMAR (CONT'D)
I mean, what movies do you like?

GIRL COVERED IN PIERCINGS
Cartoons and horror.

OMAR
Interesting.

A boy covered in PIERCINGS enters and gives the girl an intense, deep and CLINKING kiss.

INT. OMAR'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

From a box at the bottom of a closet, Omar retrieves one of several copies of the 45 rpm record by The Svandals.

He pensively considers it.

FLASHBACK - INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - NIGHT

Streamers and balloons. On stage, long-haired 18-YEAR-OLD OMAR, YOUNG VINCENT (on bass) and YOUNG ERIC (on drums) play the magnetic rock. "The Svandals" black taped on the drum face.

Singer and band leader Omar plays his brand new Clavinova.

Students, visibly affected, sit on the floor. Some couples kiss.

A magical evening of the 80s.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. LUKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Modestly yet somehow elegantly furnished. 3-ring binders, educational material.

On a shelf some romantic postcards, stuffed animals and decorative candles. A book: "FIND YOUR PERFECT MATCH."

An acoustic guitar.

Luke corrects essays at his table.

LUKE
Here, Good Girl.

GOOD GIRL jumps on his lap and starts PURRING.

Luke grades an essay: D -. Sighs. Makes it a D +.

We hear the strange RING of Luke's CELL PHONE: "PICK UP THE PHONE, YOU IDIOT. PICK UP THE PHONE, YOU -- He answers.

INT. OMAR'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Omar lies on his bed, phone in hand.

OMAR
About that idea of yours...

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

LUKE
Awesome, Omar!

The kitten jumps.

OMAR
But I'll write new stuff.

LUKE
Terrif --

OMAR
And you'll write the lyrics.

LUKE
Perf --

OMAR
And only if Vincent and Eric join
in too. Bye.

LUKE
Hang on. Hello?

Luke picks up Omar's 45 rpm.

INSERT - RECORD

"The Svandals are: Omar Morris (on keyboards), Vincent Jones (on bass), Eric Richards (on drums)."

EXT. VINCENT'S GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

The dilapidated building emerges from an overgrown garden.

INT. VINCENT'S GRANDMA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room could do with a good cleaning.

On a dilapidated couch, dilapidated VINCENT sips a beer and scratches the head of a big mongrel named PAVAROTTI.

He pours beer into the bowl of the DOG who -- LAP LAP LAP -- needs no instructions.

Vincent picks up a

POLAROID PICTURE

of a lovely, curly-haired 18-year-old girl. "For Vincy, x Maria" is hand written on the back.

Vincent sighs. FREEZE FRAME

SUPER:

"VINCENT, THE HEARTSICK: ON BASS"

GRANDMA (O.S.)
(shouting)
VIIINCENT!

Vincent predicts his Grandma's next words.

VINCENT
"... Can't find my glasses."

Sure enough.

GRANDMA (O.S.)
CAN'T FIND MY GLAAAASSES!

KITCHEN

Floral-patterned cups of tea, fragrant homemade cookies.

GRANDMA is a white-haired, sweet and lively, almost deaf lady with poor eyesight. She sits at a table surrounded by non-matching chairs.

As always, her glasses are under a pile of newspapers.

VINCENT
Here you go, Grandma.

GRANDMA
PARDON?

LIVING ROOM

The dog's bowl is empty. The salivating mongrel looks up at Vincent.

VINCENT
 (with affection)
 You lazy lardball! Enough for
 today, Pavarotti.

Vincent writes a text on his phone:

"VINCENT: How are you?"

And sends it to his contact "MARIA."

There are many texts to her:

"VINCENT: How about a coffee?"

"VINCENT: Miss you."

"VINCENT: Can't forget you."

None from her.

GRANDMA (O.S.)
 VIIIINCENT!

VINCENT
 (to dog)
 "... Where's my Puzzle Weekly?"

GRANDMA (O.S.)
 WHERE'S MY PUZZLE WEEKLY?!

KITCHEN

As usual, the puzzle magazine lies among the newspapers.

GRANDMA
 PARDON?

VINCENT
 I didn't say anything, Grandma.

GRANDMA
 YOU'VE GOT TO SPEAK UP, VINCENT.
 YOU KNOW HOW DEAF I AM.

VINCENT
 I know, Grandma.

GRANDMA
 PARDON?

On a newspaper, a

HEARING AID AD

catches Vincent's eye: "Free trial! Free delivery!"

LIVING ROOM

Hound and owner doze on the busted couch.

GRANDMA (O.S.)
VIIINCENT!

He predicts with closed eyes.

VINCENT
"... Where's the ball point --

GRANDMA (O.S.)
TELEPHOOONE!

Vincent opens his eyes.

INT. COWBOY BAR - NIGHT

Luke, Omar and Vincent sit at their usual table.

A friendly BARTENDER with rattlesnake tattoos arrives.

LUKE
Three beers.

OMAR
(to Vincent)
... And how did that trade idea
with Australia come off?

VINCENT
Not good.

OMAR
You should have seen Vincent on
stage!

LUKE
I can imagine!

The studied compliments are lost on Vincent. Omar rubs his
eyes: something is bothering him.

VINCENT
It was years ago...

LUKE

Playing's like riding a bicycle.
You don't forget how! I learned it
when I was five. Then --

VINCENT

It was great to see you again,
Omar. And nice to meet you, Luke.

Vincent holds out a trembling arm.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

But let's leave well alone.

LUKE

Hold on.

Luke employs secret weapon number one:

He starts the MAGNETIC SLOW NUMBER by "The Svandals" on
Omar's LAPTOP.

Omar employs secret weapon number two:

OMAR

And Maria? Remember when she started
dancing in front of the stage?

And how Vincent remembers...

FLASHBACK - INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - NIGHT

Same evening as for previous flashback.

The slow rock ends. Students applaud.

An enthusiastic, pretty, curly-haired 18-YEAR-OLD MARIA sits
on the floor in the front row.

The Svandals attack a more rhythmic piece.

Maria stands up and dances in front of the stage, smiling and
waving at long-haired 18-year-old Vincent on bass.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. COWBOY BAR - NIGHT

Vincent guzzles his beer. After a thoughtful silence:

VINCENT

God only knows where the bass is.

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