

MR. TORRID

Good day, sir.

Agent goes to the door. Lucinda follows him.

MRS. TORRID

Henry isn't made for the army. He's different. Going to the grocery store is like crossing the desert for that boy. I'm sure if we had money, whatever he's got would have some fancy name and medication. But we don't. So we just let him be.

MR. TORRID

Lucinda!

AGENT

If your son is medically, or mentally unfit...

MR. TORRID

He's not a simpleton.

AGENT

If for any reason I could help him be released from this...

MR. TORRID

He's gone.

Agent takes out his WALLET.

AGENT

Here's my card.

Lucinda takes the card, looks at it.

EXT. BUS STATION, L.A. STREET - DAY, CONTINUOUS

Henry sits at the bus station. He holds his SWOLLEN ANKLE, stretches his neck down the street. Desperate for the bus to arrive. Two OLD LADIES (Latino) discuss Henry in Spanish.

OLD LADY

(to Henry)  
Here it comes.

INT. TORRID HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Torrid is at the window, watching the Agent's BUICK drive away.

She runs to the stairs.

MR. TORRID  
Don't scare him.

MRS. TORRID  
(as she runs, frantic)  
I won't.

INT./EXT CITY BUS, L.A. STREET - DAY, CONTINUOUS

HENRY stands on a jam-packed bus. He looks right and left like a man on the lam.

INT. ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Torrid enters the empty attic.

MRS. TORRID  
Henry? Henry?

She looks about... goes to the desk, picks up a page of SHEET MUSIC.

CLOSE ON

The NOTE above the song: *"Love you all - but it's best for me to go - far away (signed) Henry.*

INT./EXT. AGENT'S CAR / L.A. STREET - MINUTES LATER

The AGENT drives slowly, looking at the street numbers. A Thomas Guide MAP rests on his lap. A lively POP SONG plays on the radio.

Pulls the car over in front of a MODEST HOME.

RADIO (voice)  
Now, for a newsbreak. Reports from Hanoi...

AGENT  
(angry, to himself)  
They cut it short. That's a great  
song!

THE AGENT turns the dial. An R & B HIT comes on.

He looks to the front of the house, and a curtain falls  
back into place at the window. A MOTHER had been watching  
him.

AGENT  
Fuck.

From his jacket pocket comes a FLASK. Attached to the flask  
is a NOTE.

The NOTE in his hands (in a woman's handwriting): *This  
worries me...*

AGENT (cont'd)  
Fuck.

CUT TO

Henry on the Bus. Bus comes to a stop.

A TRANSIT COP gets on the Bus, and a few PASSENGERS quickly  
exit via the rear door. Henry follows them out.

CUT TO

HENRY on a wealthy commercial street as the BUS heads off.  
Looks down the street. He's got nowhere to go. A dog BARKS  
at him.

DOG-WALKER  
Excuse me.

A WOMAN walking two large, well-bred DOGS needs to get by.

Startled, Henry backs up and into the front door of a COFFEE SHOP as the door OPENS.

IN THE COFFEE SHOP

HENRY backs through the front door as an exiting customer sidles past him and onto the street.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY, LATER

A WAITRESS (50s, white) walks to a corner booth with a pot of coffee...

And there's Henry, hat drawn over his eyes, saxophone case on the opposite seat. He scribbles on a piece of paper. His wounded leg is stretched under the booth. He's a mess.

WAITRESS  
(very impatient)  
Have you decided on something?

He grabs a menu, glances it over.

HENRY  
Just some more coffee, please.

He picks up the empty, mug, and his hand SHAKES from caffeine excess.

WAITRESS  
Look, if you think you can get by here drinking coffee all day, you got another thing coming.

HENRY  
Sorry.

WAITRESS  
You gonna' eat something?

Henry shakes his head, no.

WAITRESS (cont'd)  
I'll get you your check.

Waitress walks away, Henry gathers his things.

WAITRESS (cont'd)  
(to a young WAITRESS serving a white  
family of four)  
This isn't the Y.M.C.A.

Henry's POV: The family stares at him. The young waitress,  
MATILDE (Brazilian, tan, 24) turns to face him as well. She  
is BEAUTIFUL.

Old waitress puts the tab on his table. Henry reads it.

HENRY  
(to old waitress)  
A dollar six?

OLD WAITRESS  
That's right.

HENRY  
But I only had coffee. Coffee's a quarter.

OLD WAITRESS  
A quarter per cup. You had three refills.

HENRY  
(After shuffling through his pockets)  
I don't know if I have it.

OLD WAITRESS  
(as she walks away)  
Well you better find it.

He looks through all his pockets, doesn't notice MATILDE  
as she nears his booth.

MATILDE  
(foreign accent, though speaks well)  
How much did she charge?  
(she picks up the tab)  
A dollar-six. What did you have?

HENRY  
Just coffee.

MATILDE  
(shaking her head)

That woman.

Matilde's POV: The old waitress, big butt in the air, bends down for a piece of pie in the counter case.

MATILDE

Just put down a quarter. Quick.

Henry puts a quarter down, grabs his case, staggers to the door, and out.

Matilde's POV: Seen through the windows, Henry staggers past the restaurant, in a hurry. Painful to watch him walk.

ON THE STREET

Henry flees.

MATILDE (voice)

You don't have to run!

Henry stops, turns. Matilde is leaning out the door of the coffee shop.

MATILDE (cont'd)

You paid the right price. You're fine.

HENRY

Alright. But... I'm not homeless, you know.

MATILDE

Okay.

HENRY

I'm just... havin' a bad day, that's all.

MATILDE

I'm sorry. Is there a friend you could call?  
For some help, if you need it?

OLD WAITRESS

(voice, from inside)

Matilde!

She waves goodbye.

HENRY

(as she shuts the door)  
 Thanks!  
 (to himself)  
 Matilde.  
 (begins to limp down the street)  
 Eddie!

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

EDDIE is at the piano in his living room. His place feels like an ARTIST'S HOUSE. Eddie's son, TONY (4), draws with crayons on a piece of paper on the floor.

Eddie looks out the window.

EDDIE  
 What the... Torrid?

CUT TO

Henry limping up the porch steps. Eddie opens the door.

EDDIE  
 Henry! You all right?

HENRY  
 I'm on the lam, Eddie.

EDDIE  
 Damn. What are you doing... Oh, no...  
 I've got three...  
 (TONY runs between Eddie's legs)  
 I've got four kids here, man. And my  
 mother-in-law. And my wife...

EDDIE watches a COP CAR pass.

EDDIE (cont'd)  
 Come on... come with me.

CUT TO

Eddie and Henry in the side-yard of the house.

EDDIE  
 Look, you're a great kid, but I can't

put you up here. There's no room.  
No money! If it was just *me* here, you  
could stay forever, but...

ROSALINDA

(voice, in Spanish, from an upstairs window)  
Eddie, what are you doing outside my  
house?

Eddie looks up to a second floor window.

EDDIE

(to Henry)  
My Mother-in-law.  
(to Rosalinda, in gringo Spanish)  
Nothing, Rosalinda, my love! Don't you  
worry!

We hear her GROAN suspiciously.

Henry, case in hand, limps to the front yard.

EDDIE

Hey. Where you going?

HENRY

I shouldn't have come. Sorry.

EDDIE

What's up with your ankle, man?

HENRY

I fell out of a fucking tree.

EDDIE

Well... come inside, and let me have a  
look at it.

INT. EDDIE'S KITCHEN - MORNING, LATER

EDDIE and HENRY sit at the table. Henry is finishing a  
SANDWICH. Eddie SMOKES. Crawling on the floor under the  
table is TONY. Henry, one pant leg up, holds an ICE-BAG to  
his wounded ankle.

EDDIE



I wish I could have seen you run across that freeway, man.

TONY  
(putting his hand on the ice-bag)  
Let me do it.

HENRY  
(removing his hand)  
Okay.

HENRY  
It was crazy. Usually, someone tells me what to do, I do it. I don't like conflict, you know? But I really want to make this record.

EDDIE  
So that's why you ran?

HENRY  
Yeah.

EDDIE  
What about getting your ass napalmed by the Viet-Cong? Did that factor in to your decision, maybe?

HENRY  
No, sir. It was all for the music.

EDDIE  
Yeah. I bet.

Henry takes the last bite of his sandwich.

HENRY  
(gets up)  
Thanks for the sandwich.

EDDIE  
Hey. Before you head out, maybe we could play some.

HENRY  
Alright.

Eddie takes Henry's plate to the sink, then goes to the piano in the living room.

Henry gets up.

HENRY  
Thanks, Tony.

Tony, ice-bag in hand, follows Henry into the living room.

Eddie plays some chords at the piano.

Henry opens up the case, takes out some sheet MUSIC.

HENRY  
(hands him a couple pages)  
This is the one from the other day.

Eddie puts it on the music stand. Examines it.

EDDIE  
(reading the title)  
*Alone not Lonely.*  
(he chuckles)  
Alright.

Eddie starts to play the tune.

As they play, TONY keeps the ICE-BAG on Henry's ankle.

EXT. BURGER JOINT - DAY, CONTINUOUS

The Agent's BUICK pulls into the parking lot.

IN THE BUICK

AGENT tosses his THOMAS BROS. GUIDE onto the passenger seat, takes out a file.

CLOSE ON

a yearbook PHOTO of a YOUNG MAN.

INT. BURGER JOINT - MOMENTS LATER

Agent walks up to the counter, where a BOW-TIED MANAGER (African-American, 21) awaits.

MANAGER  
Welcome to Hurricane's.

The agent glances at the menu, but his real attention is on the kitchen. He's scanning all the short order COOKS.

MANAGER  
Do you need another minute?

AGENT  
I have a question. Can I have the french fries, but without any salt?

MANAGER  
No salt?

AGENT  
I have a condition.

MANAGER  
(walks to the fry chef)  
Yo, Anthony, you do some fries without any salt?

CLOSE ON

ANTHONY'S FACE. It's clear it's the kid from the photo Agent looked at in the car.

ANTHONY  
No salt?

MANAGER  
Yeah.

ANTHONY  
Alright.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - MID-DAY

EDDIE and HENRY are playing a different song, but are now joined by CHUCK and LEO (the drummer and the bassist we saw at the gig earlier.)

ROSALINDA (60's Mexican), the spirited grandma we heard earlier, comes out of the kitchen, a CIGARETTE in her mouth, and two plates of lunch on each arm.

INT./EXT. AGENT'S BUICK/PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

AGENT is in his car, his CHEESEBURGER MEAL on his lap. Pop is on the radio. The windows are up. He doesn't eat.

AGENT'S POV: Out the passenger side window, a COP leans on the back of his SQUAD CAR, then JUMPS UP.

ANTHONY, the fry chef, RUNS out the back of the restaurant, a COP in pursuit. The policeman waiting outside squares up, makes a move, and TACKLES the fry chef.

Agent TURNS OFF his stereo. Then, a tap on his window. It's his BOSS (white, 40's, jarhead haircut). Agent rolls down the window.

BOSS

You must be the dumbest smart kid I know.  
He's been working there for three weeks.

AGENT

He had a pseudonym.  
(Boss scoffs.)  
You still owe me a beer.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - THAT AFTERNOON

The Quartet are still at it, onto another tune. Only Lawrence, tenor saxophonist, is missing from the group that played at the gig earlier. MAMA sits in the living room, SMOKING and KNITTING. She taps her feet to the music.

Then, Eddie's KIDS come in the front door, home from school. Following them is the beautiful MONA (30s, Mexican). She wears a waitress UNIFORM, and carries bags of GROCERIES. The scene before her does not surprise her.

TONY

Mommy!

Little Tony runs to her and hugs her, hangs on her leg as she walks to Eddie, at the piano. She gives Eddie a very warm KISS, and heads to the kitchen.

CUT TO

Dinner-time at Eddie's house. Seated at the TABLE is the BAND and the FAMILY. Eddie is on the kitchen floor, drawing with TONY. Henry is HAPPY. Eddie's was a good place to run to.

HENRY

(to Leo)

Shame Lawrence couldn't make it.

LEO

(looking at his watch)

Yeah, well it's still early in the day,  
for Lawrence.

MONA, still in her waitress UNIFORM, comes from the kitchen with FORKS and a DESSERT.

MONA

(in Spanish)

Mamá, is it all right if I don't heat  
it up?

ROSALINDA

(in Spanish)

I guess.

Mona pauses. Turns back to the kitchen.

MONA

(as she puts the pastry in the oven)  
Eddie, we should leave in ten minutes.

EDDIE

Leave for what?

MONA

Jim's concert.

EDDIE

Oh...yeah. I don't know, Mona, I'm kind of  
tired.

CLOSE ON

Chuck whispering in Henry's ear.

CHUCK  
(to Henry)  
"Jim's Band"... Jim is Mona's ex.

MONA  
(comes back to the table)  
You're tired?

EDDIE  
I am. And we have guests!

LEO  
Chuck and I are heading out, actually.

MONA  
(to Henry)  
Do you want to come to a show tonight?

EDDIE  
A rock concert.

HENRY  
Oh, I don't know...

EDDIE  
He's very shy, Mona.

MONA  
That's a shame. I think you'd have a great time. Lots of interesting people, lots of nice girls, probably.  
(then, to Eddie)  
Me, I really want to go, because, since I've been at work all day, I feel like I've earned the right to wear a dress that doesn't have a nametag on it.

EDDIE  
You know, Hank, maybe we *should* go.

HENRY  
Alright.

MONA

Good! I'll go get ready.  
(The Oven Bell "dings.")  
Mamá?

Mamá shrugs, gets up from the table, and heads to the oven.

INT. DIVE BAR - THAT NIGHT

A BARMAID brings two BEERS to the AGENT and BOSS, seated at a table. DOCUMENTS are spread out on the table.

BOSS

(to the barmaid)  
Cheers, darlin'.

AGENT

Thanks.

BOSS

Spoke to Chicago today. This preacher had his boys writing long, weepy letters about how they can't go to war because *they love Jesus*. A few got a pass.

(starts shuffling through documents)  
And not three days later, the cops found one of these god fearing boys with a six-inch blade *stuck* in some other nigger's belly!

(starts looking through photos)  
And that's what you got to keep in mind, kid. If a man is willing to shirk his duty so that another must take his place, and possibly *die* in his stead, then that *coward*, to me, has no conscience whatsoever.

(discovers HENRY'S PHOTO)  
Here's a mug shot if I ever saw one.  
Torrid, Henry Torrid.

AGENT

He's a musician.

BOSS

Is he now...  
(looks through his file)

Daddy won a Navy Cross in the Pacific.  
Lost his arm in combat.

AGENT  
He was a musician, too. A pretty well-known  
one, I guess.

BOSS  
Why wasn't he in the Navy Band?

AGENT  
He had a narcotics arrest on his record.

BOSS  
Heroin, probably. Lot of 'em on that shit,  
back then.

(puts down the file)  
But you know what, and I bet that man  
would tell his own son this... better to lose  
an arm serving your country than to waste  
your life shootin' dope into it. Can't  
shoot up with one arm unless you stick it  
in your ass!

INT. TORRID HOUSE - EVENING, CONTINUOUS

At the piano bench, Lucy sits on her father's lap. He is  
giving her a PIANO LESSON.

LUCY  
What if he's in Canada already?

MR. TORRID  
It's only been a day, Lucy. Canada's far  
away.

LUCY  
Or what if he's in Mexico? In San Diego?

MRS. TORRID comes into the living room, holding a MAGAZINE.

MR. TORRID  
San Diego isn't in Mexico, darlin'. But  
it's close.

LUCY



Oh.

MR. TORRID  
I do know he's safe. I can promise you  
that.

MRS. TORRID  
Bed-time.

LUCY  
It's too early.

MRS. TORRID  
*Bedtime.*

Mr. Torrid lifts Lucy off his lap, places her on the  
ground. She mopes up the stairs.

MRS. TORRID (cont'd)  
I'm going upstairs.

MR. TORRID  
It *is* early.

MRS. TORRID  
I'm tired.

MR. TORRID  
I'll be up soon.

MRS. TORRID produces some SHEET MUSIC that was folded in  
the magazine.

MRS. TORRID  
(handing him the papers)  
No, you won't.

MR. TORRID  
(reads the title, chuckles)  
"Tune for the right-hand man".  
Why didn't you show me this before?

MRS. TORRID  
(sad)  
Because I don't want to hear it.  
(she moves to the stairs, then pauses)  
Play it soft.

She goes up the stairs. He puts the sheet music up.

INT./EXT. EDDIE'S FORD/MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

EDDIE'S FORD wheezes down Main Street, taking the long way to the party. The street is DESOLATE, full of abandoned THEATRES.

EDDIE drives, MONA in the front seat, HENRY rides in back.

EDDIE

(points out the open window)

See that hovel over there? Charlie Parker played that club, not twenty years ago! Now look at it. And you know Bird's song, "Moose the Mooche"? Well Mr. Mooche himself sold his wares on that corner! L.A. has abandoned itself. In Europe, man, they preserve everything. Even the ugly stuff. It's a matter of principle.

He sees Henry isn't paying attention. He's distant.

EDDIE (cont'd)

But your daddy' let you hear all this a million times, huh?

HENRY

Those were my bedtime stories.

MONA

They put *me* to sleep, too.

INT. TORRID HOUSE, FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Torrid plays the FIRST FEW BARS of *Tune for the Right-Hand Man*. He plays the notes slowly, savoring them. A tune of joy and sorrow. He is DEEPLY MOVED.

IN EDDIE'S FORD

A close look at Henry. "Tune for the Right-Hand Man" continues as we take stock of his HOMESICK face.

MONA (voice)  
Pull up at the valet.

EDDIE (voice)  
You're kidding. It's gonna' cost...

MONA (voice)  
It's free. Jim gave me a pass.

CUT TO

Eddie's Ford pulling up in front of the sparkling venue.  
Huge lines outside the box office. This is a hot ticket.

BACK IN THE CAR

EDDIE  
Hey - Hank!

MONA  
We're here.

INT. MUSIC VENUE - LATER THAT NIGHT

A psychedelic rock show: jumpsuits, colors, hair,  
flamboyance.

A song ends to RAUCOUS APPLAUSE.

CLOSE ON

HENRY and EDDIE in the audience. Eddie's not clapping.

Eddie's POV: MONA just to the side of the stage, backstage  
pass draped around her neck, having a blast with some  
others.

FRONT-MAN  
(over guitar reverb, keyboards)  
Brothers and sisters... brothers and sisters!  
There comes a time... There must come a  
time for each of us to decide... are we  
gonna' be part of the problem? Or part  
of the SOLUTION?

VOICE FROM THE CROWD

Testify!

BACK TO

EDDIE and HENRY.

EDDIE  
(over the noise)  
Come have a cigarette with me!

HENRY  
I don't smoke!

EDDIE  
Come with me anyway!

HENRY  
You can smoke right here!

EDDIE  
Please come with me!

CUT TO

The LOBBY BAR, Henry and Eddie. Concert Noise pervades.  
Two voluptuous WOMEN wearing CONCERT T-SHIRTS walk past.

EDDIE  
(checking the girls out)  
Rock stars, man.

HENRY  
(eyes on the girls)  
Huh?

EDDIE  
(after a gulp from a stiff drink)  
So my Mona says you can stay for a while.

HENRY  
Yeah?

EDDIE  
I talked it over with her. It wasn't  
easy, but, you know... I made it clear.

HENRY

Thanks, man.

A HUGE OVATION from the hall.

EDDIE

Of course, there are circumstances. Now, I know you can't get a job at a burger joint or nothing, and I'm not asking you to split the mortgage with us, but...

HENRY

I understand, Eddie.

EDDIE

Good. But when the record gets done, and people start listening, you can stay in my pool-house, long as you want, for free.

HENRY

Sounds good.

EDDIE

But don't be counting on that. Don't jinx it.

Two more HOT WOMEN walk by them and into the concert hall.

EDDIE

You want to go back inside, don't you?

HENRY

I've never been to a show like this.

EDDIE

(handing him his cocktail napkin)  
Make some ear-plugs.

INT. BREAKFAST TABLE, EDDIE'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

The family has finished breakfast. HENRY sits at the table, reading the newspaper. TONY is at the other end of the table, drawing with crayons.

MAMA takes up the plates and glasses from the table.

MAMA

(to Henry, in Spanish)  
Finished?

HENRY  
(gets up)  
I'll take it.

She takes the plate anyway, goes to the sink as EDDIE enters, wearing dark SUNGLASSES.

Mamá SINGS as she washes the dishes.

EDDIE  
(hung over)  
Morning.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Good morning. Do you have Frankie Gutierrez's number?

EDDIE  
No.

HENRY  
I'm supposed to play a set with him tonight.

EDDIE  
You gotta be careful, man.

HENRY  
Oh, I ain't gonna play. Thought it might be a bad idea to show up at the same time and the same place I've played at every Tuesday the last six months.

EDDIE  
(laughing)  
Yeah. Maybe.

Eddie winces. Laughing makes his head throb. He goes to the coffee pot in the kitchen.

ROSALINDA  
(at the dishes, back turned to him, in Spanish)  
Morning Eddie.

EDDIE  
Morning, Rosalinda.

ROSALINDA  
(Spanish)  
What was that song you were playing,  
late last night?

EDDIE  
(in Spanish)  
Was I? Uh... It was just an old blues.

ROSALINDA  
(in Spanish)  
I see. Now... will I be feeding your entire  
band again today, or just the saxophone?

Before he can answer, Rosalinda starts SINGING. Eddie  
stares at her back, then goes to the kitchen table.

EDDIE  
(to Henry)  
No music today. I've gotta get the hell  
out of here.

HENRY  
Where you going?

EDDIE  
Anywhere. When I put my suit on and walk  
out the door, Rosa thinks I'm making  
money.

HENRY  
Is this her house?

EDDIE  
What do you mean?

HENRY  
Your mother in law. Does she own the  
house?

EDDIE  
Technically.

HENRY

Look, I'll be helping out with the money,  
man. I promise.

EDDIE

I know you will. I know. Just be careful,  
man.

Eddie takes off his sunglasses, hands them to Henry.

CUT TO

HENRY coming out of Eddie's house, SUNGLASSES on. Steps  
onto the street.

EXT. JEFFERSON HIGH SCHOOL - DAY, CONTINUOUS

THE AGENT walks through the entrance of a large High  
School.

CUT TO

THE AGENT being escorted down the hall by a SECRETARY  
(20s, African-American).

CUT TO

The AGENT waiting outside a JAZZ BAND REHEARSAL. The band  
is comprised of thirty TEENAGERS (mainly African-American).

Through the window he sees THE SECRETARY interrupt the  
Bandleader, DR. POWELL (60's, African-American).

INT. DR. POWELL'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Agent waits in Dr. Powell's office. SIGNED PHOTOS and  
AWARDS cover the walls.

DR. POWELL

Please sit down, young man.

Agent sits down. Dr. Powell sits in his leather chair.

DR. POWELL (cont'd)

Henry Torrid. I remember the name,



and little else. What year did he graduate?

THE AGENT

1967.

DR. POWELL

About a hundred boys studied with me since then.

THE AGENT

I understand. But since Henry graduated he hasn't gone to college, hasn't gotten a job, and hasn't filed a tax return. Outside of his family home, This school is his last connection.

DR. POWELL

That's odd.

THE AGENT

His parents tell me he's a musician. You think he'd be playing anywhere in particular?

DR. POWELL

I haven't seen him. It's a big city. Is there anything else?

THE AGENT

Well...I have to ask... is that a photograph of you and Henry, on the wall over there?

DR. POWELL

(looking at the wall)

Which one?

THE AGENT

The black and white, below the two that are in color.

CLOSE ON

the PHOTOGRAPH: indeed, it's DR. POWELL and HENRY. In the photo, Henry holds a large TROPHY.

DR. POWELL

Now, young man, I have heard that we all  
look the same to your people, but, -

THE AGENT  
(standing, embarrassed)  
I'm sorry. Of course that isn't him.  
Sorry. I'll be off now. Thank you.

Dr. Powell watches him leave.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY, CONTINUOUS

Henry nears the entrance of an upscale grocery store.

Outside, a MOTHER plays with her happy CHILD (4) on a coin-  
op airplane ride.

CHILD  
(hands in the air)  
Faster. Faster!

MOTHER  
Two hands, Sammy!

CLOSE ON

Mother's big, leather, unattended PURSE in her shopping  
CART. Henry eyes the purse as walks past.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY - LATER

Agent is at a little desk behind the shelves, leafing  
through a mess of old student NEWSPAPERS.

AGENT  
Ah!

On the page he has found, we see the SAME PHOTO OF HENRY  
discussed in Dr. Powell's office.

LIBRARIAN  
Do you work here?

AGENT  
No, I don't.

LIBRARIAN

Then you have to make a written request.  
You can't just be reading the  
papers in here.

AGENT

Actually, I work... I'm researching a recent  
graduate... called Henry Torrid.

LIBRARIAN

(suspicious)

You from the police or something?

AGENT

No. To tell you the truth, I'm a  
writer for Down-Beat magazine.

LIBRARIAN

(interested)

Oh yeah?

AGENT

Hank's made quite a name for himself  
these days.

CUT TO

Henry on a wealthy street, walking past a bustling, upscale  
LUNCH SPOT. A CROWD at the valet stand makes it hard for  
him to pass.

HENRY

(to the valets, antsy customers)

Excuse me... Pardon...

RICH MAN

(to Henry)

Excuse me.

(as he hands his keys to Henry)

I'm sorry, but I'm just not going to wait  
another minute. It's the tan Mercedes,  
behind the...

(looks down the street)

tan Mercedes.

Man hurries to his car, tries to coax his lady out of the tan Mercedes.

MAN  
(tapping the window)  
Miranda... Won't you unlock the door,  
my darling? Please? Miranda...

She opens the door fast, and he jumps back to avoid getting knocked off his feet.

CLOSE ON

The car keys in Henry's hand.

VALET  
(to Henry)  
Hey! Who the fuck are you?

BACK TO THE LIBRARY

LIBRARIAN  
I know Henry Torrid. My friend Maria, her older brother plays with him. I met him at her place. He's real shy.

AGENT  
It's tough to get an interview.  
Have you ever seen him play?

LIBRARIAN  
No. I don't like jazz, much.

AGENT  
You wouldn't go with your friend to see her older brother play?

STUDENT  
(shakes her head)  
Frankie's an asshole.

AGENT  
You talking about Frankie Sanchez?

STUDENT  
Gutierrez.

AGENT

Oh, yeah. Frankie Gutierrez.

CUT TO

HENRY walking on a wide boulevard. He turns into the alley between two luxury apartment buildings.

Henry's POV - A fence that rises close to a second floor veranda.

CUT TO

Same alley, in the middle of the NIGHT.

Henry, now DRESSED IN HIS SUIT, CLIMBS the fence we saw him sizing up during the day, then hops to the gate of the first floor veranda.

BACK TO

Earlier that day... Henry casing the building as he walks.

Henry's POV - in a third floor apartment, the kitchen WINDOW is OPEN. The window is close enough to crawl into from the veranda.

CUT TO

That night... with athletic ease, Henry climbs from the Second up to the THIRD FLOOR VERANDA.

BACK TO

Earlier that day... Henry leaving the alley. As he turns onto the main street, he looks back to the building.

Henry's POV - can't take his eyes from the open kitchen window.

CUT TO

That night... On the veranda, he puts his ear to the veranda window, listening for a sound. silent. he tries to open the SLIDING DOOR - it's locked.

He STRETCHES his arm out to the HALF-OPEN KITCHEN WINDOW.

A CAR SPEEDS through the alley below. He FREEZES IN PLACE. He is EXPOSED by the passing HEADLIGHTS, but the car never slows.

Henry stands, gathers himself. STRETCHES his arm out again to the window, OPENS IT WIDE.

He lifts his right leg over the rail and EXTENDS it through the window into the APARTMENT.

Takes a hand off the rail, reaches back, and GRIPS the side of the kitchen window. Crawls backwards into the apartment.

INT. JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

The AGENT is at a jazz show. A quartet plays. A TRUMPETER solos. FRANK GUTIERREZ (20's) at the piano. This is the group Henry is standing up.

A song ends, and Agent, DRINK in hand, APPLAUDS heartily.

FRANK

Thank you. Thanks. We appreciate your patience tonight. For those of you who are new to us, we're not usually a quartet.

CUT TO

Henry in the living room of the very large apartment. Beautiful VIEWS of Los Angeles from the windows.

HENRY walks to the GLASS SLIDING DOOR holding a medium-sized HENRI MATISSE LITHOGRAPH.

He gets to the window. The painting is much too big to climb down with.

He tries to button it up in his JACKET. No chance it will fit. Doesn't fit in the PANTS, either. He's ANXIOUS.

INT. TORRID HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

MRS. TORRID wakes up.