

Looks about suspiciously. CONCERNED. A mother's sixth sense in full effect.

MRS. TORRID  
(whispering)  
Joe. Joe.

CUT TO

Henry fitting the MATISSE back onto the wall. The GLINT of JEWELRY catches his eye.

He goes to the COFFEE TABLE. Picks up a pair of EARRINGS. Looks at them closely - they SPARKLE even in the dark.

He catches his REFLECTION in the glass-windowed ARMOIRE across the room. Puts the earrings in his pocket.

CUT TO

MRS. TORRID sitting up in bed, worried. MR. TORRID on his side.

MRS. TORRID  
(tapping him)  
Are you awake?

MR. TORRID  
No.

MRS. TORRID  
Do you feel it? You can feel it, too.

MR. TORRID  
Go back to sleep, Lucinda.

CUT TO

Henry at the ARMOIRE, quietly FILLING HIS POCKETS with fine SILVERWARE.

As he works...

Henry's POV - A scan of the PHOTOS behind the windows of the armoire. It's clear that this is the home of an ELDERLY

COUPLE (white)... couple more photos... then... *who the hell is that?*

He opens the cabinet window, takes out a PHOTO of the beautiful MATILDE (Brazilian, 20's). He looks closely at her photo... those EARRINGS!

Henry fishes in his pockets...takes out an EARRING... it's the same as in the photo.

FROM A BEDROOM - SOUND of a WOMAN SINGING.

Quickly, he puts the earring back in his pocket, the photo back in the armoire. Shuts the glass case, and rushes to the kitchen.

MATILDE, the girl from the photo (and the kind waitress from the café) enters the living room in her NIGHTGOWN, singing softly on her way.

OUTSIDE

Henry HANGS from the kitchen windowsill. Reaching out, he SWINGS to the railing on the veranda. GRABS it.

INSIDE

Matilde enters in the kitchen, SINGING. She opens the fridge, unaware of Henry.

OUTSIDE

Henry HANGS from the veranda. he is partly EXPOSED by the LIGHT from the kitchen above.

He DANGLES his feet, trying for sure footing on the veranda railing of the apartment below.

STRETCHED TALL, he gets both feet firmly on the railing...loosens his grip above... and SLIPS!

INSIDE

Matilde pours a glass of milk... hears a NOISE... goes to the open kitchen window.

OUTSIDE

Henry is BENT over the railing of the second floor veranda,  
Pulls himself over and onto the deck just as Matilde leans  
out the kitchen window...

MATILDE  
Hello? ... Hello?

Matilde's POV - No sign of Henry.

Henry's POV - through a sliver of space, he can see her...

QUICK FLASHBACK

of Matilde leaning out the window of the café...

MATILDE  
(to Henry)  
You don't have to run!

BACK TO PRESENT

Matilde SHIVERS for the cold breeze, and shuts the kitchen  
window while...

Henry catches his breath on the veranda, SCARED SHITLESS  
and IN LOVE.

EXT. JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

The AGENT walks out of the club with FRANK GUTIERREZ  
(Latino, early 20's).

FRANKIE  
you don't want to ask me about no  
mutha-fuckin Henry Torrid. Shit.  
The man could have at least  
called, you know? Don't write nothing  
about that bullshit you saw tonight,  
all right?

AGENT  
(good jazz critic act)  
It wasn't an entire miss, Frank. It was  
a little loose through the first hour, sure,  
but in the second set you were a fine

quartet.

FRANKIE  
Yeah. Do you have any smokes?

He lights him a CIGARETTE.

FRANKIE (cont'd)  
Dude could have sent word.

AGENT  
Indeed.

FRANKIE  
I just hope he pulls this shit on  
Eddie, too. Cause me, I'm mad, but I'm  
not gonna' do nothing drastic. But Eddie...  
Eddie's unstable.

AGENT  
I didn't know he was playing with Eddie.

FRANKIE  
Just started. Eddie's tryin' to steal  
him from me.

AGENT  
Is that right?

FRANKIE  
Yeah.

AGENT  
Do you need a ride home, Frank?

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Henry at the stop, alone on a quiet boulevard. He takes one  
of Matilde's earrings from his jacket, lets it SPARKLE in  
the palm of his hand.

HENRY  
(to himself)  
Well... I'm goin' back...

INT. MATILDE'S CAFÉ - NEXT MORNING

WAITRESS

(to Henry)

Oh, no. Outta here. I remember you.

HENRY

But I paid the right price. She told me..

Matilde's POV - Waitress points to a sign above the counter.

WAITRESS

We reserve the right to refuse service to..  
vagrants and vagabonds like you!

HENRY

(looking for Matilde)

But..

WAITRESS

(shooing him out the door)

Now, git! Out, out, out!

Matilde stands in the corner of the restaurant, doing nothing to intervene.

CUT TO

Henry walking briskly down the street, HUMILIATED.

HENRY

(to himself)

Last time... that's the last time..

MATILDE (voice)

Young man!

Henry stops, turns. They are fifteen yards apart. She walks a few steps past the café door.

MATILDE

That woman is a bitch.

HENRY

I don't care about her.

She walks closer to him. This makes him nervous.

MATILDE

You had an instrument case the other day.  
What was it?

HENRY

A saxophone.

MATILDE

Oh.

HENRY

Do you like jazz?

MATILDE

Um... Sure. Yes.

A CITY BUS passes, and they follow it with their eyes.

MATILDE

Is that your bus?

HENRY

Yeah... But I'm not in any hurry, or nothin'.

MATILDE

Okay... I better get back inside...

HENRY

Oh... alright...

He starts to turn when...

MATILDE

I get off soon, but then I walk straight  
to class...

HENRY

I can wait!

EXT. U.C.L.A. CAMPUS - LATER

Henry is walking Matilde to class. She has changed out of  
her uniform. He carries her BOOKS.

MATILDE

My lecture is in that building.

HENRY

One more song?

MATILDE

Why do you need me to tell you the words?  
It's better left a mystery, I think.

She stops in front of the building.

GOOD LOOKING DUDE

(as he walks into the building)

Hey, Matilde.

MATILDE

Hello.

(to Henry)

I'm his T.A.

(looking at her watch)

We have two minutes to class.

HENRY

Alright. This one is from *Getz/Gilberto*.

MATILDE

Not "Girl from Ipanema". When I tell someone  
I'm from Brazil, the first thing they do is  
sing that song at me.

HENRY

No, not that one. This one goes like...

He SINGS a few bars, in PORTUGUESE, of a SAMBA. She laughs  
at his bad accent.

HENRY

Do you know it?

MATILDE

I can't tell. Just make the song with  
your lips.

HENRY

With my lips?

MATILDE

Yes. I don't know the word in English,  
but...

She hums a little bit.

HENRY

Oh, humming.

MATILDE

Humming. That's right.

He HUMS the tune. She knows the song, and SINGS the lyrics  
well.

HENRY

You have a beautiful voice.

MATILDE

It's just a little samba.

HENRY

Can I take you samba dancing?

MATILDE

(imitating his accent)  
*Samba dancing?*

HENRY

Do you dance?

MATILDE

Yes. But not with you.

HENRY

Why not?

MATILDE

Many reasons. One, you move with such  
a limp.

HENRY

Oh, this ankle? That's temporary.

MATILDE

Also, you are too much... up here...  
(strokes her fingers along his neck)  
You are too much in the head, I can tell.



At the *samba*, you must be...  
(puts both hands firmly on his hips)  
Here.

HENRY  
I can learn.

MATILDE  
(takes her hands off his hips)  
Perhaps.

HENRY  
This weekend?

MATILDE  
Maybe. Do you know where I live?  
Remember where...

HENRY  
Why would I know where you live?

MATILDE  
Sorry, my English is so bad. I want  
to tell you where I am staying so you  
might know where to meet me.

INT. AGENT'S OFFICE - DAY, CONTINUOUS

The AGENT has a small DESK in a large, CHAOTIC, office-space. He studies a MESS OF DOCUMENTS among frantic people.

OLDER AGENT  
(to SAM, a younger Agent)  
Get the numbers! Just get the numbers!  
Fuck, Sam! You fucked me! You fucked me,  
Sam!

SAM  
I'm sorry.

OLDER AGENT  
Was that a smirk? Do you enjoy fucking me?

SAM  
Not at all, sir.

They walk off, and Agent's BOSS approaches (same guy from the bar), tosses a folded DOCUMENT on a pile of others.

BOSS  
Beers later?

AGENT  
Yes.

BOSS walks away. Agent reads..

The document in his hands - the keyword of the notice is "DECEASED."

He rushes through some files, finds a PHOTO of a young man.

CLOSE ON

Agent's EYES: reflected in them is the image of a curtain falling into place at a window.

AGENT  
(softly, to himself)  
Met his mother.

EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Henry approaches Eddie's house on foot. Eddie's Ford has a Stand-up bass CASE strapped to the top, like a Christmas tree. Sitting on the front porch are LAWRENCE and CHUCK (from Eddie's band), wearing cheap TUXEDOS.

LAWRENCE  
You're late.

HENRY  
Late?

Eddie comes out. His Tux is way too small for him.

EDDIE  
You're late!

HENRY  
Late for what?

EDDIE

Well, you completely missed rehearsal,  
and we should have left for the gig five  
minutes ago.

HENRY

What rehearsal? What gig?

EDDIE

If you didn't stay out so damn late,  
and leave so damn early, I would have told  
you all about it.

(Henry's on the porch, now.)

Just get your horn.

Eddie goes back into the house, as Leo, also tuxedo-clad,  
comes out. He tosses a TUXEDO at Henry, who catches it in  
his chest.

LEO

Should fit.

CUT TO

Henry entering the house, carrying the Tuxedo. Eddie  
gathers sheet music at the piano.

HENRY

Do I have time to change?

EDDIE

Twenty seconds.

(Henry turns to the bathroom.)

Eighteen, seventeen...

HENRY

Shit.

Henry stops, takes off his shirt quick as he can.

EDDIE

(pages in his hands, as Henry changes)  
I found something in your blues. I can't  
decide if it's false, or if it's interesting.

HENRY

(grabbing for the music as he

pulls up the tuxedo pants)  
Where?

EDDIE  
(pulling the pages back)  
No. Don't explain it to me yet.  
(looks over the pages for a bit)  
They liked your songs today, Hank.  
Enough to lay a pair down this weekend,  
maybe.

HENRY  
Oh yeah?

EDDIE  
Well... there's always Lawrence... but...  
(Someone HONKS outside.)  
Shit. Let's go.  
(as they walk out)  
Do you know the Christmas Standards?  
You know, Let it Snow, Oh Tenenbaum...

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION, CHRISTMAS GALA - LATER

We take it all in... the BOOZY BAND, the throng of wealthy  
WHITE PEOPLE, the army of WAITERS (mostly African-  
American).

Eddie wears a SANTA CLAUS CAP and plays on a WHITE GRAND  
PIANO. As a WAITER passes, he grabs a glass of CHAMPAGNE  
from the server's TRAY.

Lawrence solos on a jazzy CHRISTMAS CAROL. He plays with  
SARCASM.

Some FESTIVE GENTLEMEN listen close by, and when the song  
ends, they APPLAUD generously.

GENTLEMAN  
Superb, superb!

Eddie smiles, downs the champagne, then...

EDDIE  
(half-drunk)  
Here, here! That's Lawrence Williams on

the tenor saxophone. And though we shan't stray far from Santa's Sleigh for long, right now we'd like to play an original tune, written by our young alto man, Jonathan Doheny...

HENRY plays a strong solo PRELUDE, impressing the audience. Lawrence looks like a man SHOWN UP.

LATER IN THE GIG

The LAST SONG is ending. The FESTIVE GENTLEMEN and their WIVES have been SINGING ALONG.

WIFE

Wonderful! Just wonderful!

CUT TO

Henry meeting the partygoers.

FESTIVE GENTLEMAN

You are a unique talent, young man.

WIFE

Absolutely. Absolutely!

HENRY

Thank you. But if you'll excuse me...

Henry makes his way to the kitchen, passing through a crowd of WEALTH and BEAUTY.

IN THE KITCHEN

HENRY removes his tuxedo JACKET. Now, he wears the SAME ATTIRE as all of the WAITERS: suit pants, white shirt, tuxedo bow-tie.

He is ANONYMOUS in the crowd waiting to pick up a tray of CHAMPAGNE FLUTES. He's nervous.

AT THE PARTY

HENRY walks by the band, carrying a tray of CHAMPAGNE. Each takes a GLASS from Henry's tray, but they pretend not to know him. Lawrence takes two glasses.

HENRY  
 (whispering)  
 I don't know about this anymore, Eddie.

EDDIE  
 What are talking about?

HENRY  
 I just don't know.

EDDIE  
 Hey. When I told you about the plan in  
 the car, what did you say?

HENRY  
 I said I would do it.

EDDIE  
 (raps him on the back)  
 Well alright then!

Eddie's push nearly makes him spill the whole tray, but he  
 recovers, and makes his way through the party.

He walks past the FESTIVE GENTLEMEN who, a few minutes  
 before, were lauding him with praise. As each takes a glass  
 from the tray, NONE RECOGNIZE HIM.

Tray nearly empty, Henry heads to the CURVING STAIRCASE.

None are watching. He climbs the stairs.

CUT TO

Henry entering the MASTER BEDROOM.

HENRY  
 (tray in hand)  
 Sir? Madam? I have your champagne  
 cocktails.

No answer. Coast is clear. He puts the TRAY on a TABLE,  
 then goes back to the door. LOCKS IT.

On the king-size BED is a stack of FUR COATS. All the  
 lovely ladies have had their coats taken up here.

## OUTSIDE THE MANSION

EDDIE, LEO, LAWRENCE, and CHUCK line up one by one down steep, ice-plant covered hill. It's very dark. Henry comes out on the veranda.

EDDIE  
(stage whispers)  
Hey!

HENRY  
I can't see you.

EDDIE  
Good! How many are there?

HENRY  
Maybe fifteen.

EDDIE  
Great! The car's down the hill, so throw em' down, and get the hell out of there.

LEO  
We've got your horn.

Henry quickly goes back and forth from the deck to the bed, tossing coats down by the handful.

Eddie catches the coats, then passes them down the line.

EDDIE  
(passes a coat to Leo)  
I learned this from the Army.

LEO  
You were in the Army?

EDDIE  
Fuck no! I saw it on TV.

## IN THE BEDROOM

The mountain of coats has diminished. Henry takes the third to last out to the deck, tosses it down.

EDDIE  
(now wears one of the coats)  
Beautiful! Just beautiful!

HENRY  
There's a couple more.

EDDIE  
Toss 'em down, and take them yourself.  
We'll be loading the car.

IN THE BEDROOM

Henry picks up the final coats, REVEALING a petite, passed out WOMAN.

HENRY  
Fuck.

The lovely lady, in a skirt, shivers for the cold, then curls up under the covers. She's DRUNK.

Henry heads to the window. A KNOCK at the door.

MAN (voice)  
Miranda? Are you there, my darling?

The woman WAKES UP. Sees Henry.

MAN (voice)  
Miranda? Please unlock the door!

MIRANDA  
(slurring)  
Boy... tell that man... to shut the...

DOWNSTAIRS

And out the window of a QUIET WING of the first floor of the house, we see Henry land in the yard nicely.

OUTSIDE

Henry, pleased with himself, takes his first few steps down the ice-plant covered hill... then SLIPS!



Rolls down the hill... rolls down the hill... rolls down the hill...

EXT. QUIET STREET - NIGHT, MOMENTS LATER

EDDIE and the BAND wait by the IDLING FORD. Eddie and Lawrence wear FUR COATS.

HENRY ROLLS TO THEIR FEET, in front of the car.

EDDIE  
You made it! Let's roll.

INT. EDDIE'S FORD - MINUTES LATER

THE BAND cramped in the car, stacked to the roof with instruments and fur coats. Chuck's BASS DRUM rests on Henry's lap. They pass a BOTTLE of Champagne back and forth via the little spaces between them.

EDDIE  
I should take this coat off. We look like pimps!

He removes the coat as he drives.

CHUCK  
Leave yours on, Lawrence. That shit works for you.

LEO  
It wouldn't be right to pawn that one.

EDDIE  
Yeah... we'll just take it out of your fifth.

LAWRENCE  
Fifth?

EDDIE  
Yeah.

LAWRENCE  
He gets a same share all of a sudden?

EDDIE

He did all the work!

CHUCK

It's only fair.

LAWRENCE

Yes. As fair as him getting *two songs* on a record for a band he first *sat in* with three weeks ago.

EDDIE

We wanted all originals. We only had six. Now we've got eight.

LAWRENCE

I'd rather play "Over the Rainbow" than his purple little...

LEONARDOO (the bassist)

You shouldn't have this talk in front of the kid.

LAWRENCE

No, we can't upset the prodigy. He's like the little Chinese girl one sees on Johnny Carson, sitting on phone books to reach the piano keys...

HENRY

That's so much bullshit, Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

Is it?

HENRY

Just because I don't stick my whole life in my arm, you think I don't know. But I bet if I shot up with you this afternoon...

LAWRENCE

You see? This is what a child does. He affirms himself in the assault of another man's sickness.

CHUCK

Man, I'm too drunk to be hearing all  
this right now.

LAWRENCE  
(to EDDIE)  
Turn right here.

EDDIE  
Right.

Eddie yanks the wheel, and Leo's stand-up BASS comes  
sliding off the roof, CRASHING onto the street.

LEONARDOO  
(to the bass)  
Lola!

CUT TO

Eddie, Chuck and Leo inspecting the fallen BASS outside.

LEO  
Oh, man...

EDDIE  
I'm sorry, Leo.

HENRY  
(stuck in the car)  
I'd help you guys, but I can't move!

Henry's POV: Lawrence rapping on his window.

Henry rolls it down.

LAWRENCE  
(to Henry)  
Life will not be a breeze for you,  
Torrid. It's going to burn. I know it.

Lawrence walks away, case in hand.

INT. MUSIC VENUE - THAT NIGHT

The AGENT, in street clothes, wends his way through a  
standing room only CROWD (mainly white) at a CONCERT. He  
holds a large glass of WHISKEY in his hand.

Stops in the middle of the crowd, puts his arm around his GIRLFRIEND, who is ENTHRALLED by the performance of the SINGER/SONGWRITER, who plays the guitar and sings a soft ballad to a silent audience.

SINGER/SONGWRITER  
*Take... O take those lips away...  
that so sweetly were forsworn...*

Agent downs the entire glass of whiskey.

GIRLFRIEND  
(whispers)  
You're shit-faced!

AGENT  
(way too loud)  
What are you talking about?

GIRLFRIEND  
Be quiet!

Singer/Songwriter's POV: AGENT and his GIRLFRIEND having a heated argument, disturbing the concertgoers around them.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE, KID'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Slivers of sun through the windows. HENRY, awake, is tucked into a SLEEPING BAG on the floor. Eddie's SONS sleep soundly in BUNK BEDS.

EDDIE comes in.

EDDIE  
(whispering)  
Hey, man. The photographer called. He says the clouds are right, that now's the time.  
(then, in a French accent)  
We cannot dally..  
(then, back to normal)  
He's French.

EXT. BEACH - HOUR LATER

THE BAND stands WAIST-DEEP in the placid OCEAN. They are in COAT AND TIE. Henry wears dark SUNGLASSES.

MARCEL photographs them. He stands on the shore, in a SPEEDO and open DRESS SHIRT.

MARCEL

*Henri... Please some more... placidity.*

As the band speaks to each other, their eyes remain on the photographer.

CHUCK (the drummer)

Relax, kid.

HENRY

(shivering)

I can't feel my legs.

LAWRENCE passes him a FLASK. Henry takes a SWIG.

EDDIE

So we're calling the album... What are we calling it, Lawrence?

LAWRENCE

You know what we're calling it.

EDDIE

It sounds better when you say it.

LAWRENCE

*Gentle Temper Found.*

CHUCK

Is there a dry-cleaner near the pawn-shop?

EDDIE

Don't worry. Mamá will take care of us. We're in the studio from twelve o'clock on, so if we rehearse from 9, -

PHOTOGRAPHER

Eddie, please, less chat.

EDDIE  
Sorry, Marcel.

MARCEL  
Stop talking.

EDDIE  
Right. I'm not talking now...

Photographer's POV : the band in their suits, waist-deep in the ocean, the rising sun behind them. This will be a beautiful photograph for the ALBUM COVER.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - HOUR LATER

THE BAND, in their BOXER SHORTS, sit around the KITCHEN TABLE. They SMOKE, BREAKFAST, and DEBATE over SHEET MUSIC.

They appear to be MAPPING an EPIC JOURNEY.

Outside, we see MAMA hanging their WET PANTS and JACKETS on the CLOTHESLINE. She SMOKEs as she works.

EXT. TORRID RESIDENCE - DAY, CONTINUOUS

LUCY runs into the house with the MAIL. Envelopes in one hand, POSTCARD in the other.

CLOSE ON

The postcard image: An orange tabby cat in a garden, and the text, *Miss You*.

CUT TO:

MRS. TORRID reading the postcard in living room. The rest of the FAMILY looks on.

MRS. TORRID  
(reading)  
He's in Canada! He's safe! He's happy!  
He met a girl.

She starts to cry (happy tears). Mr. Torrid takes the postcard.

CLOSE ON

The postcard in his hands.

MR. TORRID

The postmark over the stamp says this was mailed from Venice Beach.

MRS. TORRID

Let me see.  
(angry now)  
That boy..

MR. TORRID

(laughing)  
He don't fly far from the nest.

LUCY

What's a postmark?

Mr. Torrid hands her the postcard, pointing to the postmark.

MRS. TORRID

If he didn't play that horn like he does, I'd swear he was autistic. How's he gonna' keep from trouble if he doesn't even know how the mail works?

MR. TORRID

Calm down. He's safe. If he's in Venice, he's with Eddie.

MRS. TORRID

That white piano player? With the long hair?

MR. TORRID

Yeah. He's...

MRS. TORRID

Go find my boy, Joe.

EXT. BEL AIR, RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

EDDIE'S FORD moves ERRATICALLY down a luxurious residential street.

INT./EXT. EDDIE'S FORD/BEL-AIR STREET - CONTINUOUS

Eddie drives THE BAND. On top of a PAPER BAG on his lap are some hallucinogenic MUSHROOMS.

EDDIE

So the guy says if we only eat about...  
(holding up a piece)  
this much each, we'd still have our shit  
together.

LAWRENCE

8-5-8.

Eddie turns into a GORGEOUS DRIVEWAY leading to a CLASSY ESTATE.

EDDIE

Sinatra built this place.

JOSEPH (40s, African-American), SUITCASE at his feet, waits for them by the front door.

JOSEPH

You're lucky my driver's late.

EDDIE

When we got to your driveway, I swear we  
were on time.

JOSEPH

Yeah, yeah. Park over there.

CUT TO

Joseph leading them to the backyard of the estate. The men carry their instruments.

EDDIE

Your place makes me nervous, man.



Eddie runs up ahead.

JOSEPH

(to Henry, as they walk)

When your Daddy would play, I'd stand as close as I could to his piano, to see if I could narrow him down. That was a painful education. I'm still humbled when I hear *Billy Berg's*.

HENRY

You've got *Live at Billy Berg's*?

JOSEPH

I got a couple in the house. One of my interns found one in the basement of Blue Note Records... Never been played. But my other one's still holdin' up. How's your Daddy's copy?

HENRY

Good, I guess. He don't play it much.

They walk past the SWIMMING POOL. In the pool is a large DOG. Eddie, at the edge of the pool, pets the dog.

JOSEPH

Don't fuck with my dog, Eddie.

They head to the 2000 sq. foot POOL-HOUSE/RECORDING STUDIO.

JOSEPH

Before we head in, I should tell you all about your engineer. Eddie's met her.

EDDIE

Damn right I have.

JOSEPH

In name, she is still an intern, but that's only for accounting purposes. She has a better ear than I do. The only hiccup is she don't know much English. So listen close.

(he opens the door.)

Y'all go ahead. The whole weekend is yours.

The Band enters. Joseph goes to the pool.

JOSEPH  
(to the swimming dog)  
Hey, Buster. Keep an eye on the place,  
you hear?

IN THE RECORDING STUDIO

This place has all the bells and whistles. Great music is made here. THE BAND is at the ready. Each sits with their instrument.

Band's POV - On the other side of the glass, Eddie is having a lively debate with the INTERN (20's, gorgeous). Their voices are barely heard through the glass.

CHUCK  
Can you make sense of it?

LEO  
I think they've made their peace.

Eddie comes into the studio, joins the band.

EDDIE  
I don't have any idea what she's saying,  
but I love the sound of her voice.

CHUCK  
Is this going to work out, man?

EDDIE  
With these microphones? Not to  
worry.

Eddie gives the intern the THUMBS UP.

LEO  
Before we begin... I wanted to say that  
I treasure all of you. And I celebrate  
this day.

LAWRENCE  
Leo, wash those god damn 'shrooms out  
your mouth. And Henry... relax.

HENRY  
 (tense)  
 I'm *am* relaxed.

Eddie starts to play, and the Band shuts up. Soon, they join in. And away they go...

Eddie is a great leader - confident, joyous, adaptable. The band responds to him well. They work together, a real QUINTET. And we've never seen Lawrence this content.

INTERN, at work on the DIALS, looks even prettier with HEADPHONES on.

OUTSIDE THE STUDIO

Buster, out of the pool, shakes himself dry. He pricks his ears towards the POOLHOUSE/RECORDING STUDIO. We hear nothing of the music being played inside, but Buster can hear, and his tail wags.

IN THE STUDIO, LATER

The Band plays another SONG. HENRY solos. It is beautiful. The rest LISTEN CLOSELY to him. A rapt audience.

OUTSIDE THE STUDIO, LATER

Buster sleeps on a comfy deck-chair. His ears prick. He WAKES UP.

EDDIE runs out of the studio, taking off his SHIRT and PANTS. He jumps into the pool.

UNDERWATER

Eddie swims about, smiling.

EDDIE  
 (muffled underwater voice)  
 Yyyeeaaahhhh!

ABOVE THE WATER

The rest of the band and Intern have come outside.

EDDIE

(treading water)

So... I think that's good for today...  
Tomorrow we will do side two... I think...  
this is a good record... I think we're  
making a fine record.

BUSTER jumps into the pool, swims to Eddie.

HENRY

(to Eddie, case in hand)

Eddie, I have to go. My horn's in the  
studio.

EDDIE

(avoiding the dog-paddling Buster)

Oh, yeah! Hank's got a date! Don't stay  
out too late... Ah! My father! What  
the fuck am I saying...

CUT TO

Henry walking by the side of Joseph's house. He passes a  
BED OF TULIPS.

The garden has tulips to spare, and no one's around, so he  
picks a neat assortment, and lays them neatly on the grass.

Out of his jacket comes a paper bag, and from the bag comes  
SILVERWARE. It's the loot he stole from Matilde's a  
apartment.

As he loads the silverware into his inside coat pockets...

Henry's POV - A small, open window into Joseph's house.

HENRY

(whispers to himself)

Billy Berg's.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Henry walks into the lobby of Matilde's building, bouquet  
of TULIPS in hand.

DOORMAN

Delivery?

HENRY

No... I'm a guest of the Grimm's.

DOORMAN

(incredulous)

Is that right.

HENRY

Last name, Torrid.

Doorman looks at a list, and he raises his eyebrows.

INT. APARTMENT ELEVATOR - MINUTE LATER

HENRY rides up the lift with a uniformed ELEVATOR OPERATOR.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The apartment door opens. JAZZ plays on the stereo.

MRS. GRIMM (60s, white) greets him. She wears a BALL GOWN.

MRS. GRIMM

Oh! You must be Mr. Torrid. Come in,  
come in.

HENRY

Thank you.

MRS. GRIMM

(taking the flowers)

Tulips! So lovely. I'll put them  
in some water for Matilde.

MR. GRIMM (70s, white) stands up from the couch to greet  
him. He wears a TUXEDO.

For the Grimm's, it is a welcome novelty to have a black  
man in their house.

MR. GRIMM

Henry! Bob Grimm. Pleasure to meet you.

MRS. GRIMM

Really, it is. We can't wait to tell our friends that our host daughter is dating a great young jazz man!

HENRY

Oh, I don't know...

MRS. GRIMM

Matilde said she would be right out.

MR. GRIMM

And we're rushing to a function.

MRS. GRIMM

It's Christmas Party Season again.

MR. GRIMM

Can I make you a drink, before we go?

HENRY

Oh no, I'll be fine.

MRS. GRIMM

But do make yourself at home.

MR. GRIMM

Really. Our house is yours. Perhaps when Matilde is out, she'll prepare you one of those Brazilian concoctions.

MRS. GRIMM

A *caipirinha*.

MR. GRIMM

You must try one.

MRS. GRIMM

We better go...

MR. GRIMM

(shakes his hand)

A pleasure, Henry. Look forward to seeing you soon.

MRS. GRIMM