

"LIKE JIMI"

by Leon Segers Jr.

Ph.# 856-213-6371

Cell# 407-375-8308

<writerseger@rocketmail.com>

FADE IN:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS NEIGHBORHOOD, L.A., C.A. - DAY

Driving down a long palm tree lined, richly paved driveway surrounded by an immaculate landscape, is a black custom made Ferrari car, heading toward a very palatial looking two story cream color mansion. The car soon comes to a halt on the C-shaped driveway right in front of the mammoth fancy entryway into this palace type digs.

As the black tinted window vehicle sits there, soon the driver's door opens. Out moves a forty-something, expensively dressed light skin black female who looks like she just came from a hair and beauty salon. Wearing the redish of red pumps, she makes her way to the house where she points a remote at the fancy door which opens. She enters and closes the door behind her. not to far from the C-shape driveway, a man in a lawn service uniform rides a large riding mower along the grass at the edge of the driveway before he drives O.S. continuing to mow the multi acre lawn.

INT. CREAM MANSION - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

The first floor of this luxury manor, indeed appears to be a palace. From a wide perspective, the part carpeted, part fancy tiled surroundings display all the trappings of one of Beverly Hills finest.

Off in the distance is a luxurious winding staircase that leads up to a loft type setting on the second floor. The open area displayed on the first floor has some very designer looking furniture, etc. Some pricy framed pictures and artifacts are splayed at different spots on the walls of the room and up the staircase.

The woman that got out the car suddenly moves through the large living room quarters, minus the jacket part of her dress outfit and red pumps. She moves toward what appears to be the dining quarters. She sips on what appears to be a cup of tea or coffee as she moves O.S.

INT. SECOND FLOOR, CREAM MANSION - DAY

A wide hallway with French designer pieces of furniture, etc., are seen sporadically lining the somewhat C-shaped hall. Now the bumping sound of loud hip hop beats are heard coming from a closed door amongst a few other doors nearby. With the music pumping loud, a muffled voice that sounds to be rapping over the music backdrop, is faintly heard.

Based on the standards of good rapping, whoever's busting these rhythms is tone deaf and totally out of sorts of any ability as a rapper. But the person perseveres in spite of all the bad notes and nonsensical struggle with his lyrical style.

INT. DREXX'S BEDROOM - DAY

With mike in hand, near what appears to be an expensive karaoke machine, a slender, twenty year old light skin black male who's sobbingly dressed in sweat pants/t-shirt, is rapping to the beat. Wearing dorky glasses, a messed up hairstyle, and barefooted, DREXAL JAMES, a.k.a Drex, busts an embarrassing move. The look on his face is of enjoyment over what he's doing, yet unsure to the fullest.

As the music plays on, he hesitates from time to time straining to remember the words. Each time he does, he looks like somebody lost in the woods trying to find their way out. Once he does get it together, he stumbles on with his awful repertoire. He stressfully shakes his head, indicating he knows he messed up.

Suddenly someone knocks on his bedroom door. With mike in hand and the music still playing, he moves through his large sloppy room for the door. On the left side of his door about five feet up is an intercom panel with several buttons. He presses one to listen, and one to speak.

DREXX

(at intercom)

Yeah...

DREXX'S MOM (O.S.)

Alright Drex...Your time is up...You can stop now.

DREXX

(grinning)

What...Come on ma. Um gitting better.
I wrote some new rhythms today.

DREXX'S MOM (O.S.)

...Can you open the door?...
Please...

He takes his finger off the listen button of the intercom. He has a look on his face like he doesn't want to open the door. He hesitates briefly, then opens it slowly.

The stylish lady who got out the fancy Ferrari stares at him with a look of disdain. In no time after the door opens, she reacts to the odor of his room when it hits her nose.

DREXX'S MOM (CONT'D)

...I--

She shows some finesse as she composes herself in spite of the funk that exits his room.

Drex looks at her showing no signs of embarrassment.

DREXX'S MOM (CONT'D)

Remember our talk yesterday?

Drex looks unassumingly annoyed.

DREXX

Yeah...

DREXX'S MOM

...We need to have another one
today...O.K...

DREXX

Alright ma.

She briefly rolls her eyes scanning his room, then moves away O.S., puffing a bit as she moves.

EXT. DREXX'S BEDROOM - DAY

Drex closes his door slowly.

INT. CREAM MANSION - DINING AREA, FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

A slight clanging of dinnerware is heard as a large dinner table, fit for ten, comes into view in the large color coordinated fancy dining room.

Seated at the large table in the softly lit room, is Drexz about midway on one side of the table. He's semi dressed decent with a collared shirt buttoned up to the next to last button at his neckline. His hair isn't perfect, but better.

At the head of the table sits Drexz's mom, casually in comfortable black pants and a blouse, looking chic. At the opposite end of the long table sits Drexz's dad, who's wearing black suit slacks and a white collared shirt; also with a button open at the neck. He's a light skin black male with a very corporate demeanor about himself.

The three of them eat their meals with an aura of silence in the room. As they continue to eat, their Butler appears with a tray with three tall stemmed dessert glasses filled with something that looks like some kind of fancy pudding with strawberries. Starting with the dad, he places the glasses on the table to the right of each of them, then moves away O.S.

Drexz grabs one of his spoon utensils to scoop some of the pudding. Still chewing his food, he sticks the spoon in his mouth.

Both his mom and dad look at him with a look that says he should know better.

DREXX'S DAD

(to Drexz)

...I spoke to the Dean of Admission today...He said they'll let you back in school under two conditions.

Drexz continues to sample the pudding. He has chocolate and vanilla residue at the corner of his mouth.

His mom looks at him while enjoying her food.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)
 ...You remember school right? That
 \$50,000 a year building up north.

Drex takes a drink from his glass of beverage.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)
 ...So Drex--
 (to mom)
 You know after twenty years, I still
 don't like that name...why did we
 name him that again?

DREXX'S MOM
 Remember, we agreed to name him after
 my uncle.

DREXX'S DAD
 ...Oh yeah...The baseball
 player...What's his name...Drexal
 Pete Johnson. What was he? Pitcher
 with the homestead Pirates.

DREXX'S MOM
 Yes. He pitched a hundred no hitters
 in one season.

DREXX'S DAD
 Yeah, yeah...Well, this kid couldn't
 pitch a tent in the back yard.

Drex holds his head down as he eats his food again.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)
 (to Drex)
 So what's it gonna be? Back to
 school, or the National Guard?

Drex kind of noisily drops his fork to his plate.

DREXX'S MOM
 We agreed that he'd go back to school
 re--

DREXX'S DAD

No, you agreed. I said a year or two in the military would make a man out of him.

Mom looks away chewing her food and drinking from her glass.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)

So what did you decide son?...School or the trenches?

DREXX'S MOM

(to dad)

Honey listen--

Dad puts his hand up to shush her...

DREXX

(low)

I'll go back to school...

(lower)

But I wanna be s rapper...

DREXX'S DAD

(to mom)

What did he say?

Mom doesn't answer. She just takes another drink.

Dad looks at Drex while chewing his food. Extendingly displaying the palm of his hand as if too say, "go head, you got he floor."

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)

...Say again. Only with feeling this time.

Drex picks at his food with his fork. He doesn't look at his dad.

DREXX

I still wanna be a rapper.

Dad grins to himself.

DREXX'S DAD

And I still wanna be an Astronaut.
But you know, life is funny.

(to mom)

You see that. I told you if he turned
twenty in this house, he'd need a
reality check.

Dad drinks from his glass while getting up from the table.
He moves over by Drex, placing his hands on his shoulders
and whispering to him.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)

Call that Dean tomorrow and get back
in school; or uma call your local
recruiter myself...No what um
saying...G

He then moves away O.S.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)

Remember what I told you. A black
man in America with no clout; gets
assed out.

Drex looks at his mom as if he wants some sympathy.

She grabs her dessert glass and spoon as she too rises
from the table to move away O.S.

Now Drex sits back in his chair, slouching with a look
of defeat on his face. He smirks a bit as he stares at
the table.

INT. DREXX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT -- LATER

Wearing sweat shorts and a T-shirt, Drex lays on his bed
watching what appears to be B.E.T or M.T.V. rap videos on
his T.V. that's encompassed by his entertainment center.

There's a knock at his door.

Drex displays quiet disgust before getting up to answer it. He moves to his intercom system to push the talk button.

DREXX

...Yeah...

He pushes another button to listen.

DREXX'S DAD (O.S.)

Open this door boy!

Drex smirks to himself; releases the button, then slowly opens the door.

His dad stands there with a straight-laced look on his face.

Drex looks at him with subtle anticipation...

Dad squints his nose some...

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)

Step back please...

DREXX

What?

DREXX'S DAD

Back.

Dad raises his left hand waiving Drex to back away. In that hand he has what looks like a can of room refresher.

Drex backs away while looking at what his dad has in his hand.

Dad sprays about a five to ten second squirt to the left. Then does the same toward the right.

Drex gets a smirking, "what the hell" look on his face.

Dad then moves right pass him, heading for Drex's entertainment wall of equipment where the T.V. is still on amongst stereo equipment, speakers, etc.

He draws a line in the air as he sprays that can again. His right hand is low as he holds about four or five C.D.'s

Drexz quietly stares at him.

Dad sits the spray can up high on the entertainment center, then fumbles about the equipment. He finds one of Drexz's C.D. playing apparatuses. Without too much difficulty, he pops in one of his C.D.'s.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)

Can you turn that down some.

Drexz reaches on his sloppy unmade bed to grab the T.V. remote. He points it at the T.V. to turn down the volume, then throws it back on the bed where it landed on some dingy stained draws of his.

DREXX

What's up dad?

Dad ignores him as he continues to cue up the C.D. player. Shortly music and the voice of Rapper "Tupac" comes through the speakers, loud and clear.

Drexz looks bewildered over what his dad is up to.

DREXX (CONT'D)

Where'd you get that from? Did you buy that...You like Tu--

Dad shushes him some as the music plays. He even grooves to it a little.

Drexz continues to stare at him. He looks at the other C.D.'s in his hand.

Dad squirts another shot from the spray can.

DREXX (CONT'D)

What are you doing? I--

Dad puts his hand up in a halting fashion...

The two of them just listen to Tupac's music.

DREXX'S DAD

Can you rap like that?

Drexx looks at him strangely...

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)
Go head. Give it a shot.

Somewhat embarrassed, Drexx answers him.

DREXX
No. I can't do Tupac.

DREXX'S DAD
Oh. O.K...

He presses the proper button to stop and remove the Tupac C.D. Afterward he pops in another one of his C.D.'s.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)
Well how bout--

He cues the next C.D. to start playing.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)
How about this one?...

Music, then "Biggie Smalls" voice comes through the sound system.

DREXX
That's; that's Biggie...I didn't know you liked--

DREXX'S DAD
Let me hear you rap like that. You know this song right?

DREXX
Yeah but--

DREXX'S DAD
Biggie was good. But Tupac had that fire in the belly!...Here, let me cue it up again...

DREXX
No...No...

DREXX'S DAD
Just do one line, alright.

DREXX
Alright. I get--

DREXX'S DAD
O.K. hold up. I got another one
that's easy.

Drex moves to sit on his sloppy bed, putting his back to the headboard. He puts his feet up and just watches his dad.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)
Check this out...

With another C.D. already in, he cues it to play. Music and a very rapid style rapping by "Big Daddy Kane" comes through the speakers loud.

Drex doesn't respond. He just stares.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)
Ah yeah...

He uses one hand gesture to indicate the speedyness of Kane's rap style. He verbalizes a couple of didady, didadies with the music.

On the bed, Drex has his arms folded and his legs crossed as he continues to stare at his dad.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)
Come on Drex. Now I know you like
Kane, right. Come on, get down!...
No...O.K...One more...I know you
like Run, cause I heard that blasting
out your room the other day...Come
on D, git wit it!...Check it out!

Again dad removes and puts in another C.D. to play.

The music beat to "Down wit the King" by "Run D.M.C." comes in crisp and funky. Dad briefly raps the main lyrical phrase of the songs title, quietly.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)
"Down wit the king."

He only mumbles some of the other lines in the song.

Again Drexz just looks at him, puzzled...

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)
Are you gonna give me something?
You're the rapper, damn!

He reaches to turn the music off. He turns to give Drexz a silent stare. Drexz stays quiet...

Dad separates and holds up his last C.D.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)
...How bout Luda!
(beat)
Luda!...You can't do Luda either!

Drexz turns his head to the left, looking none to happy.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)
So who can you do? Who do you like?

DREXX
(looking away)
I have my own style.

DREXX'S DAD
No Drexz. They have their own style.
You got wants...When you can rap
like Tupac; I'll back your career
myself...Fair enough?

DREXX
Why are you doing this dad. What;
are you trying to embarrass me or
something.

DREXX'S DAD

...No I just wanted to show you I know who some of the big boys of rap are...I know you got talent with something. You just haven't found it yet.

DREXX

All my friends like it.

DREXX'S DAD

...Yeah...

He goes about removing the Run D.M.C. C.D.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)

Remember what I told you when you were a kid. Whenever you come to a dead-end in life; make sure you leave yourself room to back up.

(beat)

How bout this. Whyd't you grab that degree, then you'll have plenty to rap about...And there won't be any pressure; you know what I'm saying?

He evens out the five C.D.'s kind of showing them to Drex, then places them on top of Drex's C.D. player. He then reaches to grab the can of room deodorizer, but has second thoughts just before clutching the can. He waves it off as if to say "you keep it; you need it." He moves to leave the room O.S. The door is heard opening and closing.

With his dad gone, Drex grabs his remote and turns the the T.V. volume back up. As the sound cues up, the music for "The Anthem" by "Naughty by Nature" pipes in. Drex watches the O.S. T.V. intently.

EXT. LOWER CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD STREET, L.A. C.A. - DAY

A shiny cherry red nostalgic looking 68 mustang comes to a halt at the curb in front of one of many houses seen on both sides of the street.

Sloppily dressed in black sweat pants and top, yet still looking like he comes from money; Drex gets out the classic solid red car.

As he steps out the car, it rolls forward a little due to the street having a slight incline. Panicked some, Drexz clumsily jumps back into the driver's seat and stomps the break. He reaches to pull the emergency break. With the door wide open, he pants relievedly.

EXT. AVERAGE WHITE HOUSE #119 - DAY

INT. AVERAGE WHITE HOUSE #119 - DAY

There's a knock at the door, followed by a couple of door bell rings.

A twentysomething black male named BILLY, with tied back long black dreds, shirtless, sweaty, black elastic waist shorts and white tennis shoes, answers the door. He looks through the peephole before opening it. In his hand are a pair of drum sticks. He jerks away from the peephole.

BILLY
(quietly)
Oh shit...

The door bell rings again. After hesitating briefly, he opens the door.

A smiling Drexz acknowledges him before he can say anything.

DREXX
Hey!

BILLY
Drexz. What's happening? Whyd't
you call?

DREXX
Come on man. You said Tuesday, around
2:00.

In the B.G. the sound of live bass guitar is suddenly heard at a medium volume, playing and thumping a funky riff.

DREXX (CONT'D)
Can I come in? Damn man, looks like
I got here just in time.

BILLY
 (bugged)
 ...Come on...

Billy shuts the door. He watches Drexz move toward where the music is coming from.

Drexz disappears into another part of the house.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sitting on the bed with one leg up, and the other foot on the floor, Musician friend TIMESLOT looks down at the bass guitar he's playing. Shortly he looks up and eyes Drexz, who's moving to him. He slows up with his playing, then stops.

DREXX
 ...T...

TIMESLOT
 What...Hey...

Billy shows up at his bedroom door.

Timeslot looks beyond Drexz at Billy, who makes hand gestures in reference to Drexz. He mouths some silent words.

Drexz moves to and has a seat in a nearby chair.

The bedroom is filled with music equipment, guitar amplifier, and a drumset. A few music star posters are around on the walls.

Drexz looks comfy and very much at home.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)
 ...So Dre. How bout that \$50?

DREXX
 Oh sure man...

He reaches into his sweat pants pocket. After feeling about for a few seconds, he pulls out a wad of money. He unravels, looks through it, then finds a fifty dollar bill. After handing it to Timeslot, he stuffs the bills back into his pocket.

DREXX (CONT'D)

Here man.

Timeslot looks Billy's way, out the corner of his eye, kind of sneakily.

DREXX (CONT'D)

(to Timeslot)

So; you got--

Billy moves close to Drexz interjecting before Drexz can finish what he's saying.

BILLY

Yo Drexz. You ain't goin break me off. I told you I'd pay you back. I still need them skins...You know.

DREXX

Oh yeah. How much do you need?

BILLY

Let's do a \$100. That'll cover both bass drums too.

Drexz reaches into his pocket, feels through the bills without taking anything out. He finally comes out with a \$100.

DREXX

(to Billy)

Are you sure that's enough?

He looks over at the drumset...

DREXX (CONT'D)

Them skins are fading...And what about your cymbals? Like you said. If you wanna sound the best, you gotta have the best.

BILLY

(enthused)

Oh yeah, that's true. Can't make hits with faded gear.

They all kind of laugh about that. But as Billy only pretends to be chuckling with Drex, his eyes avert toward Timeslot, who's making eye and head gestures to him that obviously signal, "hit him up."

BILLY (CONT'D)

You know you're right. I guess I ain't been taking care of my shit right. But you know, money's tight for a struggling Musician.

DREXX

Hey, I know that's right...Come on, you guys are too good to not have the best. Here, check it out...

Drex reaches in his money pocket again. He pulls out his money wad to count and peel off some more notes.

BILLY

Come on D. you ain't gotta do that, we friends.

DREXX

Hey, you guys got my back. You know I got yours.

He finally peels off about \$300.00 from his money wad, then puts the rest back in his pocket.

BILLY

Are you sure. Cause we can still run your demo with what we got.

Again Billy averts his eyes toward Timeslot, who while Drex isn't looking at him, quickly moves his head from side to side, letting him know, "take the money."

DREXX

Here. I want everything to be right, just like you guys.

Drex hands him the money.

DREXX (CONT'D)

...So; how's my song coming? You dub it yet?

TIMESLOT

Hey them tracks is premo. We'll be ready to press that disc in no time.

BILLY

Yeah. We got some gold for you. You'll love it. Your rap is all that.

DREXX

Can I hear it?

BILLY/TIMESLOT

Oh no, no!

TIMESLOT

Come on man, you know how we do. We don't let nobody hear our music til it's done.

DREXX

Alright. But I gotta show my old man something, cause he's tripping again about me going back to school.

TIMESLOT

Don't even sweat that. When he hears what we laid down for you, he's gonna know you goin be a star.

Drexx just nods...

A grinning Billy moves over to sit on the drum stool behind his large drumset. He lays his sticks down on the snare, then makes some adjustments with different parts of his set.

Timeslot watches him move, grinning all the same.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

(to Drexx)

What you say your dad does again?

DREXX

He's a commodities broker.

TIMESLOT

Oh...Whatch your moms do?

DREXX

...She's an Investment Banker.

TIMESLOT

So whatch your pops want you to do?

DREXX

He wanted me to be an Estate Lawyer. He said there's some big bucks in Cali for that...But I couldn't pass the bar. So he wants me to get into real estate.

TIMESLOT

Hey. Least he cares about you, and got the loot to back it.

DREXX

Yeah but my professors are punks. I just ain't feeling it.

TIMESLOT

Oh...

From his drumset, Billy looks Timeslot's way.

BILLY

(to Timeslot)

Yo.

TIMESLOT

(to DrexX)

You gotta do what you gotta do, right?...I ain't saying it ain't gonna happen; but whatch you goin do if the rapping don't work out.

DREXX

(grinning)

What...It'll work right? You guys
said I got the right sound and all.

TIMESLOT

...That's true man...Yeah you got
it.

Billy has moved from behind his drumset. He's over by
his closet getting dressed in street clothes right over
his shorts.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

(to Drex)

Listen. We on point with your ski-
low. But you kind of caught us while
we about to jet.

DREXX

Where you going?

Timeslot looks over at Billy who's about ready to leave.

TIMESLOT

Oh...We gotta check out some stuff
for recording.

DREXX

Can I go with you?

TIMESLOT

I don't know man. We going uptown
...Might be kind of shaky for you.
You know what um saying.

BILLY

Yeah you know. Your dad might get
all stroked out if he knew you were
in that part of town...We'll be back
in an hour or so...Just chill...Listen
to some music; make something to
eat. Check out my girlie videos.
My peeps won't be home til tonight.

Timeslot lays his bass down on the bed, then gets up to leave with Billy. Drex stands up too.

DREXX

...Lemme go with you...I been uptown plenty of times...Where you going, exactly?

TIMESLOT

...The music barn...We'll be back in an hour.

DREXX

Can I go?...

Still preparing to leave, Billy and Timeslot resist answering him.

TIMESLOT

We'll be back man!

DREXX

(sad to Billy)
Can I use your bathroom?

BILLY

Yeah man; you know where it's at.

Drex moves to leave the bedroom.

Smiling at him in a patronizing way, Billy and Timeslot watch in anticipation as Drex leaves the room.

The second he's out the room, Billy throws his thumb to the side letting Timeslot know, "lets get out of here."

In no time, they head for the door totally in escape mode.

INT. BILLY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Quickly, but as quiet as can be, Billy and Timeslot move for the front door.

Timeslot departs first. Billy follows suit, pulling the door shut quietly so not to make a sound.

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Timeslot moves around Billy's working class beater of a car, to the passenger door. Billy moves to the driver's door.

BILLY

I bailed on chicks easier than that dude.

TIMESLOT

Word...

They both open the doors cautiously and quietly.

INT. BILLY'S CAR - DAY

Billy starts the car, which makes some bad muffler sounds. He shifts the gear into reverse and starts to back the car up. Timeslot looks up toward the house, staring...

TIMESLOT

Yo...

With foot on the brake, Billy looks at Timeslot, then turns to look at his house.

BILLY

Damn...

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Drexx is on the stoop in front of the door adjusting his clothes, looking right at the car. He waves his hand, then quickly grabs his pants before they fall. With his pants situated, he gestures with his hands to Billy and Timeslot, "what's up."

After looking at him with much annoyance, Timeslot sticks his head out the window.

TIMESLOT

(to Drex)

...Alright man. Come on...

He pulls his head back into the car.

BILLY

What are you doing man?

TIMESLOT

Dude looks like he's gonna break down if we don't take him.

Billy continues to look irritated.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

You know that dude reminds me of somebody.

He sticks his head out the window again.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

...Lock the door...

EXT. PARKING LOT - MUSIC BARN - DAY -- LATER

Billy's car approaches and rolls up into the busy music barn parking lot. He waits on a car coming out a stall so he can take it.

INT. MUSIC BARN - DAY

The three guys move in the entrance of the store. Billy and Timeslot lead the way.

BILLY

(to Drex)

...Listen...we got some things to check out.

(pointing)

See that room over there. They got some badass D.J. and rapper's stuff. Whyd't go check it out, and we'll catch up with you...Just look around...You might see something we need for your song, r-ite.

Drexz bends his neck to see the room he's talking about.

BILLY (CONT'D)

It's right over there. See that room that's all black?

DREXX

Un hun.

BILLY

We'll meet you there.

DREXX

O.K. but--

He watches as suddenly Billy and Timeslot duck away, looking at each other relievedly. Drexz stands there dumbfounded.

INT. MUSIC BARN'S DRUM STORE ENTRANCE - DAY

Billy and Timeslot are about to enter the drum store. Two guys ahead of them are about to open the door. The faint sound of drums get louder when the door is opened.

INT. DRUM STORE - DAY

With the sound of some intricate live drumming in the B.G., Billy looks about a glass display of drumset apparatus. He scans the many items under glass, as Timeslot moseys around looking at drumming items.

As the drumming comes to an end, suddenly the sound of live keyboards permeate the large room because someone O.S. opened the sound proof drum store door allowing outside sounds to be heard. It goes away as the O.S. door is obviously closed again.

Billy talks to the drum store clerk, who's in back of the long glass drum parts display counter.

A bored looking Timeslot appears to the right of Billy. Suddenly he looks back and sees Drexz showing up, looking bored too.

DREXX

You guys about ready?

Billy doesn't turn around, but the look of irritation is on his face. With the conversation interrupted, the clerk looks Drex's way briefly, then resumes the "drum talk" with Billy.

TIMESLOT

...Whyd't you go check out the piano concert.

DREXX

I'm bored...

TIMESLOT

(gritting teeth)
Well we ain't ready yet.

DREXX

Well when?

TIMESLOT

We're busy! Go find something to do...

The clerk looks at Timeslot and Drex right quick. Billy bobs his head some, irritated. The clerk resumes his talk with Billy.

Looking perturbed, Drex does an about face and moves away from them.

Timeslot stares in the direction of the O.S. Drex with a pissed off look on his face...

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

(low to self)
...Fucking pest...

Shortly the vibrant sound of that keyboard is heard again, since the O.S. drum store door was obviously opened.

The clerk bags some drum items for Billy, who grabs the bag, then he and Timeslot move to leave the drum store.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

I gotta see about strings and a strap
for my bass. Uma check out that amp
I was talking bout too...You think
he's still in the store. Cause he
was bugging when he left.

BILLY

That fool ain't going no where.
He's like gum on your shoe, with a
hundred dollar bill stuck to it.
You know what um saying.

They both snicker about that.

TIMESLOT

So when you goin tell him there ain't
no demo?

BILLY

I ain't goin tell him. You tell
him...He might start crying if I
tell him.

Again they grin and snicker some.

Once they get to the door and open it, the loud dynamic
sound of somebody getting down with some blaring electric
guitar plays the Jimi Hendrix song "Spanish Castle Magic"
accurately recreating Jimi's style, sound, etc.

As the guys move away from the drum store, Timeslot
comments on the guitar playing.

TIMESLOT

Check it out. That cat sounds just
like Hendrix.

As the guitar playing continues, they look toward where
the sound is coming from.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

Damn; I still can't do Hendrix.
That shit's just too hard. Ump;
listen to that...Sounds like that
fool's done his homework!

(beat)

Let's go check it out.

BILLY

(grinning)

Yeah well, keep a lookout for Drex
to pop up.

To the left of the guys is a crowd of people gathered, watching whoever is playing the guitar. Over the heads of the crowd in the distance up high, are several guitars hung on display on a wall.

Some of the bunched up crowd of mostly males are in awe of what they're watching. Because there's so many people gathered close, it makes it real difficult to see the person that's playing.

Around the sides of the spectators are stacks of guitar amplifiers on display.

Through the dense crowd, a slight bit of movement by the guitarist can be seen.

Oohs and ahs are heard during different little guitar tricks reminiscent of Hendrix's playing style.

Moving toward the crowd, Billy and Timeslot strain to see through the packed bunch of people. Finding a little gap where they can get through, they make their way toward the guitar virtuoso.

First Timeslot, then Billy get a stunned look on their faces. They look at each other in disbelief.

Standing there in pretty much a circle of people, is Drex. He stands in front of a single stack Marshall amp, strapped with a blond color, maple neck "Fender Stratocaster" guitar with a long black cord running to, and plugged into the amp that's pushing out the sounds.

Spookily, he not only plays and sounds like Jimi; incredibly he even looks somewhat like Jimi, only with a bad haircut, and glasses. He makes facial expressions and body movements like Jimi used to, as he wails out the notes to the song with a guitar pick. Last but not least, he's even playing a "left handed strat."

Billy and Timeslot remain stunned as "ad lib" comments are coming from people in the crowd...

Finally Drexz ends the song kind of abruptly by pushing down on the tremola bar on the guitar. He then shyly throws his hand up as if to say, "Oh well."

One, then several in the crowd start clapping while Billy and Timeslot remain too stunned to clap. They just stare at their pesky friend. The crowd starts to disperse. Someone O.S. in the crowd calls out to Drexz.

CROWD MEMBER (O.S.)

Play Foxy Lady!

Drexz grins shyly as he fans his hand out, then hands the still plugged in guitar to a guy nearby who looks eager to check it out.

GUY

(to Drexz)

That was some good playing man.

Drexz just smiles.

As the crowd continues to disperse; Billy and Timeslot look at Drexz with, "I don't get it" on their faces.

A crowd member approaches Drexz.

CROWD MEMBER

Back from the grave homie...You can play.

He then moves away O.S.

Finally Timeslot speaks up.

TIMESLOT
 (to Drex)

What the fuck man!

On that note, Drex finally notices his buddies standing there.

DREXX
 Oh...You ready to go?...

BILLY
 ...Hold up...What up with this?...
 You never told us you play guitar.

DREXX
 (shyly)
 ...I don't...

TIMESLOT
 What's that.

DREXX
 ...I don't play guitar. I heard
 that song on the radio. I thought it
 was cool.

Timeslot looks at Billy briefly, then imitates what Drex just said.

TIMESLOT
 ...Oh; he thought it was cool...O.K.
 man...How long you been playing, and
 whyd't you tell us.
 (to Billy)
 You didn't know about this did you?

BILLY
 Hell no!

DREXX
 What. I liked the way the guitar
 sounded. I just played from memory.

TIMESLOT

Git the fuck outta here! You can't just listen to Hendrix, then play it from memory. Especially if you don't play guitar!

Drexx shrugs his shoulders...

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

You mean you listened to Hendrix on the radio and learned it?

DREXX

Oh; Is that his name.

Timeslot looks at him in awe...

TIMESLOT

There ain't a guitar player in this store that can copy Hendrix like that...I been trying for years...How the hell you goin stand there and tell me you can do it from memory, and don't play guitar...Who taught you that?

DREXX

Nobody!

TIMESLOT

Come on man. You can't ra--

He stops short of telling Drexx he can't rap.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

...I mean, how can you play a guitar just like tha--

DREXX

You saying I can't rap?

TIMESLOT

No, no man; you're cool with that. Um just shocked with this bulletin.

BILLY
 (grinning)
 ...Let's git up outta here...

The three of them start to move away.

TIMESLOT
 Lemme git them strings.

INT. BILLY'S CAR - DAY -- LATER

Billy's driving; Timeslot's in the passenger seat. Drex is in the back seat. All three are silent, until Timeslot grins as he comments out loud to Billy about Drex.

TIMESLOT
 (to Billy)
 Now I know who he reminds me of...
 I'll kiss your ass if that mothafucka
 don't look like a young Hendrix.

He looks back at the quiet Drex.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)
 Look at him in the mirror and tell
 me um wrong.

Billy adjusts his rear view mirror some to see Drex. He briefly eyes Drex in the mirror, then the road in front of him, Drex again; then the road. He readjusts his mirror.

BILLY
 I don't know man. Maybe a little.

TIMESLOT
 Are you kidding me!

He looks back at Drex again...

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)
 (to Drex)
 ...Take your glasses off.

DREXX

What?...

TIMESLOT

Come on. Take em off.

DREXX

How come?

TIMESLOT

Just do it.

Drexx removes his glasses.

Timeslot grins while looking at him...

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

(to Drexx)

Turn to the side.

Suddenly Drexx's cell phone in his pocket goes off.

DREXX

...Hello...Yeah...I know...

While Drexx is on the phone, Timeslot speaks to Billy.

DREXX (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I called...

TIMESLOT

(to Billy)

You believe in that reincarnation
shit?

BILLY

I don't know.

DREXX (O.S.)

I gotta make an appointment to see
him...Alright...Alright...

Drexx ends his phone call. He puts his glasses back on and pats down his messy hair that doesn't stay down. He looks at his friends up front.

TIMESLOT

What if that's what he is.

BILLY

Why, cause somebody taught him that song.

DREXX

Nobody taught me that, I--

Drex looks frustrated being cut off.

TIMESLOT

I mean look at him...I betcha when we get back to the crib, he looks just like the picture on the C.D. cover...I can't wait to see if he can sing like him too.

BILLY

Why you tripping. Maybe it's just a coincidence.

TIMESLOT

A what?...Alright...

Timeslot finally chills...

Drex looks at him, then just sort of stares straight ahead...

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

(to Billy)

...Let's get some food...

Billy up-nods him.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY -- LATER

Billy is in the midst of putting new skins on his drums. He uses a stick to tap on the skin as he uses a drum wrench to adjust the tuning of the drum. He taps and wrenches to get just the right pitch and tone.

Timeslot sits on Billy's bed with an old fashion L.P. in his hands. He stares at the picture of Hendrix on the front cover who's accompanied by his two band members Noel Redding and Mitch Mitchell. After staring briefly, he looks up at Drexz who's seated not to far from him. He does a double take of the album and of Drexz while Billy keeps tapping, etc., in the B.G.

DREXX

(to Timeslot)

So when do you think my song will be ready.

Timeslot ignores him while staring at the album. A strong look of contemplation is on his face.

DREXX (CONT'D)

...Yo T...My song...

Timeslot snaps to.

DREXX (CONT'D)

I can't wait to hear what you got.

Timeslot stares directly at his face without saying anything.

DREXX (CONT'D)

What is it?

Timeslot reaches to hand him the album.

TIMESLOT

Here, look at this...

Drexz grabs the album.

Timeslot continues to stare at his face...

DREXX

This is the guy...This is Hendrix.

TIMESLOT

Yeah...

DrexX stares at the cover.

DREXX

I guess he does look a little like me.

TIMESLOT

He looks a lot like you.

DREXX

Who them white dudes with him?

TIMESLOT

That's his bass player and drummer.

DrexX continues to stare at the cover.

Timeslot watches him looking.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

Take your glasses off again.

DrexX immediately but frustratingly takes them off. He looks directly at Timeslot. Suddenly Billy kicks it into gear with a loud drum rolling solo, merging into a steady funky beat, using his hi-hat cymbal, etc.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

(to DrexX)

Here, gimme...

With his hand, he beckons for DrexX to hand him the album. He looks at the cover, and looks at DrexX with his glasses off. He kind of nods like he's convinced.

Billy keeps the beat going, then stops suddenly.

DrexX puts his glasses back on. He pats his messy hair down.

Timeslot gets off the bed with L.P. in hand. He moves to the turntable.

Billy does a quiet, tight drum roll on his snare drum.

Timeslot carefully places the tone arm needle on the L.P. track titled, "Voodoo Child."

Billy stops his drumming.

Timeslot remains by the turntable as the intro to the song gears up.

At this point a large portion of Voodoo child is played in the B.G., while the fellows just listen...

Timeslot moves back to flop down on the bed.

Billy stays seated behind his drumset holding his sticks.

Drexx looks toward the turntable in an almost spooky hypnotic state...

With his back to the headboard, and both feet up; on the sly Timeslot stares at Drexx...

Hendrix's song continues to play in the B.G.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY -- MOMENTS LATER

The music has stopped. Drexx is seated on the edge of Billy's bed where L.P.'s, C.D.'s, pictures and other Hendrix propaganda are sprawled out on the bed. He's looking at a picture of Jimi playing guitar on stage.

Timeslot is on the bed at the head of it with his legs crossed. He's looking at some Hendrix stuff too.

Drexx puts the picture down on the bed. He looks at the other Hendrix stuff without picking anything up.

DREXX

(exhales)

...I gotta split man...

TIMESLOT

What. No, stick around for awhile.
I wanna show you how I play Hendrix.

DREXX

I gotta make a stop, and my old man wants to talk to me at home. He's going out of town tomorrow, so he's gotta see me today.

TIMESLOT

Well whyd't you come by tomorrow. We'll let you listen to some of your song.

DREXX

Really!

TIMESLOT

Come by around 12:00.

Drexx gets up to leave.

DREXX

Alright...

Timeslot extends his arm to Drexx for a brotherly handshake. He grabs and shakes his hand, doing the brotherly ritual like Drexx was his best friend in the world.

TIMESLOT

You can play guitar tomorrow, alright.

DREXX

Ah; sure man.

He moves to leave the room.

INT. MANSION - DREXX AND HIS PARENTS LIVING ROOM AREA - NIGHT

Drexx lounges on an expensive looking large plush red sofa. He looks toward his dad who's seated in a just as expensive looking black sofa chair with his legs crossed.

DREXX'S DAD

So what did they say?

DREXX

Like I said. They want me to come up next week for a meeting.

DREXX'S DAD

What's that about?

DREXX

They wanna talk about what I gotta do to get back in.

DREXX'S DAD

You know, getting suspended from college is almost as bad as getting impeached from public office.

(beat)

You can't be messing around with those people. They look for any excuse to kick you out of school and keep the tuition money.

(beat)

That little stunt you pulled is gonna cost me \$10,000 extra.

DREXX

I'm sorry dad. It was just a misunderstanding--

DREXX'S DAD

A misunderstanding happens once... Twice is a sabotage... And a third time is a conspiracy... You're gonna be 21 this year. Most kids are ready to graduate, here you are creating your own spring break.

(beat)

I know you think I'm so rich that you can kick back; but me and your mother worked hard for this.

While making that statement, he makes a quick eye and head gesture in reference to the room/house.

Drex doesn't comment.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)

You gotta do better son... Black is a deficit in America, not an asset. You gotta make important moves, and stick with them if you want to eat filet mignon every night.

DREXX

I know. I'm sorry. It won't happen again.

Dad looks at him like he doesn't believe him.

DREXX (CONT'D)

...Have you ever heard of Jimi Hendrix?

DREXX'S DAD

...Yeah ah--

Dad stares at him squinting like a quick thought just went through his mind.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)

...He's a famous guitar player that died a long time ago...

DREXX

I just found out about him today. My friend thinks I look like him.

DREXX'S DAD

What friend?

DREXX

You remember Timeslot, and Billy--

DREXX'S DAD

The two wannabes that hustle you for money.

DREXX

They ain't hustling me. They're trying to help me with my music.

DREXX'S DAD

Music...Yeah well I did a file on those two. And you know what I came up with...

Drex just looks at him...

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)

Nothing...And if you got nothing in your file; that's exactly what you'll offer in life.

DREXX

Why do you always do a file on my friends? That's why--

DREXX'S DAD

Hold up mister infrequent boarder. You need to watch your tone.

(beat)

How's your friend Tony and his beamer doing?

DREXX

...It was used. Not a new one.

DREXX'S DAD

It was newer than that tonka toy you ride around in.

Drex turns his head away kind of irritated.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)

You know that Timeslot used to be in a gang. And that Billy, dates fifteen year olds.

Drex puffs out some and drops his head down...

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)

I mean...I know you're twenty; but haven't I been telling you all your life. A friend is somebody in need. Associates-

DAD/DREXX

Are people that need you.

DREXX'S DAD

What; you think that's funny?... Wise up boy. Time is money.

(beat)

So what's the fascination with Hendrix...Wasn't he a little before your time.

DREXX

Well I never heard of him; but Time--
I mean Richard, kept saying I look
like him.

DREXX'S DAD

He said you look like Hendrix?

DREXX

Yeah...

DREXX'S DAD

You know I used to be into Rock &
Roll when I was young. I even played
a little guitar.

DREXX

You ever play any Hendrix?

DREXX'S DAD

(grinning)

No, I never tried that. Played a
little Blues though.

DREXX

...I played guitar today.

DREXX'S DAD

What do you mean, you played guitar
today?

DREXX

At a music store...

DREXX'S DAD

So what, you're interested in guitar
now too?

DREXX

No; but I played a Hendrix song.

DREXX'S DAD

Oh yeah...

DREXX

Everybody in the store was watching
me play.

Dad looks at him a nonchalantly...

DREXX'S DAD
Since when do you play guitar?

DREXX
I don't. But I heard this song on
the radio and played it at the store.

DREXX'S DAD
Yeah well that's nice...What time
are you supposed to be at the school?

DREXX
9:00.

DREXX'S DAD
Yeah well, you better get some sleep
so you won't miss your appointment.

Dad rises from his chair. Drex just watches him rise.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)
...You know Hendrix used to shoot
heroin between his toes...And whatever
he couldn't smoke; he snorted.
(beat)
He had a temper, and beat up some of
his women too.

He moves away, giving Drex a very discouraging look...

Drex sits there looking straight out...

DREXX'S DAD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Go to bed boy.

Drex continues staring out...

INT. MANSION - DREXX AND HIS PARENTS LIVING ROOM AREA - NIGHT --
LATER

Drex is asleep on the big red sofa in the still lit
room. He has his feet down to the floor.

A hand reaches to shake his shoulder.

DREXX'S DAD (O.S.)
 Wake up...Wake up...I went to your
 room looking for you...You need to
 sleep upstairs.

Groggily, Drexz wakes up. He sits up on the sofa,
 somewhat disoriented.

DREXX'S DAD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Here you go...

Dad's pajama sleeved arm extends in front of Drexz
 holding a folk guitar by the neck. Drexz stares at
 it.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)
 Let me see you play it.

DREXX
 What?

DREXX'S DAD
 Play something. Let me hear the
 Hendrix song...It's tuned and
 everything.

Drexz looks at his dad kind of puzzled.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)
 Come on, play it.

Continuing to stare at the guitar, Drexz slowly grabs
 it.

DREXX
 Can we do this tomorrow?

Dad moves to have a seat on the black sofa chair to
 watch Drexz.

DREXX'S DAD
 I'm leaving town tomorrow; just do
 the song you know.

Drex looks at the guitar, then slowly positions it to play it. He yawns from being sleepy.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)

Are you gonna play that thing or what? There's a pick on the head.

Drex looks over the guitar like he's unfamiliar with what part's the head. After scanning it some, he sees the black pick taped to the head.

Dad cracks a smile.

Drex grabs the pick, then holds the neck with his right hand. He strums the strings with his left hand. The strings make a strange, out of whack sound. He strums it again like he doesn't really notice it doesn't sound right.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)

(perking up)

Whoa, wait a minute...

He rises from his chair and moves to Drex.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)

...I forgot you're a lefty. You can't play it like that...Gimme...

Looking totally uninterested, Drex hands him the guitar.

Dad grabs it and moves away O.S.

Looking a bit perturbed, Drex lays back down and closes his eyes.

INT. MANSION - DREXX AND HIS PARENTS LIVING ROOM AREA - NIGHT --
MOMENTS LATER

Drex lays on the sofa with his eyes closed.

DREXX'S DAD (O.S.)

Alright; here you go.

Drex's eyes snap open.

Dad hands the sleepy Drexz the same guitar. He wide-eyed stares at it.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)

I fixed it.

Drexz grabs it. Dad moves to sit back down on the black chair.

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)

...See what you can do with that.

Sitting up, he unenthusiastically positions the guitar on his lap. He grabs the pick that's stuck between the strings and neck. He hesitates...

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)

Play some Hendrix.

Drexz looks at him, then shows both palms as if to say, "what do you expect me to do with this."

DREXX

...I--

DREXX'S DAD

What's wrong now?

Drexz situates his right fingers on the neck. He positions the pick, ready to play. Suddenly just like at the Music Barn, he chunks out the strange chord intro to Hendrix's "Spanish Castle Magic" kicking the song into gear, note for note, chord for chord, just like Hendrix. Though he's doing it solo; he does every bit of the song correctly; hitting all the right breaks in the song, like as if he were accompanied by bass and drums.

The doubtful grin goes off dad's face as he squints some...

Drexz continues playing the song. He makes facial expressions reminiscent of Hendrix. This time, barely audible, he sporadically sings some of the lyrics of the song. He moves his hand on the neck like he's been doing it for years. He seems to be caught up in some kind of eerie trance.

Dad stares at him mesmerized. He turns his head some as he looks.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Billy, Timeslot, and Drex are seated at the table eating.

DREXX

Well...I go back to school Monday.

TIMESLOT

Really...

Timeslot takes a bite of food. He looks over at Billy, who looks down at his plate while munching his food.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

What you say you're going to school for?

DREXX

Real Estate.

Timeslot doesn't look his way...

TIMESLOT

(eating)

Is that what you what you wanna do?

DREXX

(eating)

Nah man. Uma git my rap together and surprise him. He don't think I got skills. But uma show him.

TIMESLOT

(contemplating)

...What about playing guitar?

DREXX

No. Uma rap...I played guitar for my dad last night.

TIMESLOT

Oh yeah. You show him that song?

DREXX

Yeah.

TIMESLOT

So what did he think?

DREXX

I don't know. He just stared at me.

TIMESLOT

What; you got a guitar at home?

DREXX

He let me use his.

Billy looks Drex's way.

TIMESLOT

See that. I figured you'd like playing.

BILLY

(to Drex)

Is that how you learned to play?...
On your dad's guitar?

DREXX

No. I didn't know he had one.

Billy noddingly looks away.

TIMESLOT

But you like playing, don't you?

DREXX

I don't know. It's kind of fun.

TIMESLOT

...You wanna another burger?

DREXX

Yeah. That drive up state made me hungry.

TIMESLOT

Lemme git you some more soda.

He rises and reaches to grab Drex's empty glass.

BILLY
 (to Timeslot)
 Lemme get some more soda too.

Timeslot grabs Billy's glass, then moves away.

TIMESLOT
 So your dad plays guitar huh?

DREXX
 Said he played when he was young.

INT. BILLY'S KITCHEN AREA - DAY

TIMESLOT
 What do you want on your burger?

DREXX (O.S.)
 Cheese, onions, and catsup.

Timeslot prepares his burger.

INT. BILLY'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Timeslot moves to Drex with burger on a plate, and a glass of soda. He sits it in front of Drex.

TIMESLOT
 I hope that's the way you like it.

He moves back into the kitchen, then re-emerges with a glass of soda for Billy. He moves to sit it by him.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)
 Well, we were talking...How'd you like to play guitar with us?

DREXX
 (eating)
 I thought I was gonna rap for you guys.

TIMESLOT

You will. But how'd you like to play guitar too?

DREXX

But I don't really play guitar.

TIMESLOT

Sure you do...You're a natural at it...Your dad thinks you can play right?...What about all those people at the barn.

DREXX

I don't know what my dad thinks.

TIMESLOT

Well check this out...I got an idea for a band we can put together with just the three of us, just like Hendrix's band.

(beat)

I even got a name for us.

Both Billy and Drexz look at him while eating...

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

...Check it out..."Band of Scrubs" or "BOS."

(to both)

What do you think?

Billy kind of snickers to himself while eating. Drexz just looks at him blankly.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

Hendrix's group was "Band of Gypsies"...We'll be band of scrubs. It's catchy, you know what um saying.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY -- LATER

Timeslot's seated on Billy's bed with his electric guitar on his lap. With the guitar plugged into an amp for sound, he amateurishly picks out the intro notes to "Purple Haze" a Hendrix song.

The look on his face says it all as he struggles with the song. Drexz stands near by watching him. Billy's at his music entertainment array looking through C.D.'s, adjusting his equipment, etc.

Timeslot attempts to sing the lyrics to the song, just as bad as his guitar playing. He plays on uninhibited, bad notes and all. Drexz just smiles at him.

Timeslot plays a short while longer, then stops.

TIMESLOT

That was always one of my favorites.

Unannounced, he amateurishly picks out notes that sound like the start to "Hey Joe."

This time Drexz makes a face, hearing some of the sour notes he's hitting. He tries to maintain a smile still.

Timeslot plays the song, but abruptly stops--

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

Wait. Hold up...Lemme try that again.

He starts the song again, no better this time then last. He actually plays it worst, right up to the part where he stopped last time.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

Damn. I could never get pass that part...Shit...But that's not bad huh.

DREXX

Hey, you know.

TIMESLOT

I can play some other ones; but not as good...What do you think? You like that kind of music right? I figured with some hip hop melody, you know what um saying. We'll git some old school nostalgia going.

DREXX

Oh...

Timeslot looks at him like he's trying to figure out what Drex is thinking.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Drex is seated on Billy's bed relaxing with headphones on. Near by is a portable CD player that his headphones are plugged into. The sounds of Hendrix is heard slightly through the phones. As he listens to the music, he looks through some stuff, all Hendrix.

As time moves on, a series of different Hendrix songs are heard while Drex "still on the bed" listens through the headphones and scans the Hendrix propaganda articles, etc.

Moving ahead again, Drex has his back to the headboard of Billy's bed. Still wearing the headphones with the sound of Hendrix coming through, Drex is somewhat slumped over, asleep.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY -- LATER

The sleeping Drex starts to wake up with a more mellow song heard through the headphones he's still wearing.

Slowly waking, he wipes drool from the side of his mouth. Somewhat disoriented, he looks around the room until his eyes fixate to his right. He removes the phones.

Seated in a chair, not too far from him is Timeslot holding a different electric guitar by the neck, resting the bottom of the body on the floor.

TIMESLOT

I didn't wanna wake you...This is my old guitar. I ain't played this in a long time. You can use it until we get you hooked up with some decent shit. I got the strings all set up for you.

He rises slightly to hand it to Drex.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

It ain't the best, but it'll do for now.

Before Drexz grabs it, he asks a question...

DREXX

Can I hear my song?

TIMESLOT

Huh. Oh yeah. Billy's got the tape put away. Soon as he comes back, we'll check it out.

He extends the guitar, indicating for Drexz to grab it; which he does.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

You finish that CD?

Drexz sits the guitar faced up on his lap.

DREXX

Yeah...

TIMESLOT

Did you like it?

Drexz kind of nods and hunches his shoulders.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

You think you remember any of it?

Timeslot gets up quickly to move to his amp where his other guitar is leaned against it. With the cord plugged into it, he anxiously pulls it out, then transfer the long cord to give to Drexz.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

Plug it in.

He quickly moves back to the amp to grab his guitar and turn the amp on. He adjusts the buttons and dials.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

Hit a string.

Drexx does so.

The sound is a bit low. Timeslot turns the amp volume up some.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

Go head.

Drexx plucks the strings again. It's louder with a more vibrant sound. He sits straight, propping the guitar into position to play. He grabs a pick stuck under the edge of the pick guard and body.

He snuffles a little, then cuts loose with the intro to "Little Miss Strange" by Hendrix. Like a tape recorder, he makes that second rate guitar reproduce the song to a T.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

Hey!

Even though there's nothing but him on guitar, he fills in everything just right.

Timeslot bends down to the amp to turn the volume up a notch.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Drexx is in the middle of playing the part of the song "Gypsy Eyes" where Jimi's voice and guitar harmonize note for note. He's even doing the echo effects after that.

Timeslot sits on the edge of his amp staring at the distant Drexx in awe. He moves to sit at the foot of the bed to look close at Drexx's nimble fingers at work.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Drexx is heavily in the midst of the song "Fire." His fingers move on the guitar neck amazingly accurate. He sings the lyrics along with his guitar playing, like a real prodigy.

Suddenly Billy appears in the room with two plastic bags. He sits them on his dresser top.

Timeslot looks his way as Drexz keeps playing and singing uninterrupted.

Looking at each other, Timeslot gives Billy a stern eye and head gesture which seems to say, "look at how this dude plays."

Billy looks at him like he knows Timeslot's signaling something profound to him, but he's not that interested. He pulls a six pack of beer from one of the bags. He pulls one can loose, kind of up nodding to Timeslot, then tosses the can to him. The can comes at him kind of high.

After retrieving it, he continues to look at Drexz playing. He soon pops the can tab and takes a drink.

BILLY

Drexz!

Drexz has his eyes closed as he plays.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Drexz!

Drexz stops playing.

Timeslot looks Billy's way like, "Why'd you stop him."

BILLY (CONT'D)

You want a beer?

Drexz puts his hands up ready to catch a beer which comes his way.

Timeslot moves to the nearby chair to sit, holding his beer can.

With guitar still in place, Drexz pops the can tab and takes a swig.

Billy pulls chips and popcorn from the other bag.

Timeslot rises and reaches to extend a hand to Drexz, to shake his hand. He then sits back on the chair and takes a swig of beer.

TIMESLOT

...How do you do it...How can you play like that. Man you got the singing down too. Are you sure you never heard of Hendrix before?

DREXX

Yeah...

TIMESLOT

You're like the ghost of Jimi or some shit...Hold up.

He puts his beer down, then jumps up to move to the entertainment center. He looks through Billy's collection of L.P.'s until he finds a Led Zeppelin album. He puts the LP on the turntable and cranks it up. "Whole lotta love" by Led Zeppelin blares through the speakers.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

(to Drex)

See if you can play this.

Drex puts his beer down. He's ready to attempt to play the song. Listening to the music; he hesitatingly doesn't play. As the music keeps going, he doesn't do anything. He looks toward Timeslot, then at Billy, like he's lost.

Timeslot removes the needle from the record.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

Maybe you can only do Hendrix...Hey, that's O.K., cause I got a plan...

DREXX

So can I hear my song. I wanna let my dad hear it before Monday.

TIMESLOT

(to Billy)

Yo B...you got the tape?

He looks at Billy like, "Lets keep this lie going."

Billy's at the dresser eating and drinking beer.

BILLY

Damn! Um sorry dude. I sent the tape up to studio "H" so they can edit it...Sorry man...

He throws his hands up.

Drexx just stares at him briefly. Timeslot looks Billy's way as if to say, "Good one."

DREXX

So when's it gonna be ready?

BILLY

...I don't know man. They say some time next week.

DREXX

Did you guys make my tape or what?!

TIMESLOT

It's got some rough spots in it. They pros uptown. Let em iron the kinks out, then they'll git it back to us.

BILLY

Tupac used studio H...You know what um saying...Tupac; you know.

Drexx puts his head down frustratingly.

DREXX

Well I need something, or um outta here Monday...If I don't go to school, he's gonna enlist my ass.

TIMESLOT

How old are you again?

DREXX

Twenty...

TIMESLOT

Why don't you just tell him, it's your life, and you got plans.

DREXX

You ever try telling rich people anything!

TIMESLOT

Yeah, you got a point. But that's your pops. And rich people always give in to their kids. Their ego won't let anybody see um slipping. Especially their kids...Tell him you got some juice...Show him all the songs you learned. Then tell him your mind's made up. I guarantee he'll see things your way.

DREXX

What if he goes behind my back and--

TIMESLOT

What; enlist you. You're over 18 my man. He can't work that angle...Trust me...

Drex just looks at the smiling Timeslot. He looks over at a grinning Billy too.

INT. MANSION - DREXX AND HIS PARENTS LIVING ROOM AREA - NIGHT

Drex is seated on the big red sofa. His dad's seated in the fancy black sofa chair. They silently stare at each other...

DREXX'S DAD

...You got money?

Drex continues to stare...

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)

...You got a job?...

Drex stares...

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)
 ...So how do you figure you can make
any rules...

DREXX
 That's what I wanna do...If I have
 to live in the street, I will.

Dad stares at him sternly...

DREXX'S DAD
 ...If this don't work out...Change
 your last name, along with your
 address...Deal?...

DREXX
 Yeah.

DREXX'S DAD
 What's that?!

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)
 ...Yes sir...

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - PORCH/STOOP - DAY

MOS. HENDRIX B.G. MUSIC

Billy and Timeslot lounge on the porch/stoop, grinning and smoking. They look toward the street as Drex's red mustang pulls to the curb at Billy's house.

Drex gets out of his car saying something to them with a smile on his face. He moves to the porch, where all three of them engage in conversation. Billy and Timeslot stand to give Drex a brotherly handshake. They move inside the house after that.

MOS. HENDRIX B.G. MUSIC CONT'D

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Billy's on drums pounding out a beat. Timeslot's standing with his bass guitar strapped to him, playing it. Drex stands nearby strapped with that same guitar, playing it.

MOS. MONTAGE: HENDRIX B.G. MUSIC

The new group "BAND OF SCRUBS" go through different aspects of becoming a music ensemble. Over a course of about two weeks, the three guys do a variety of things music-wise in Billy's bedroom: from them eating in the his dining room, to riding in his car, to checking out amps, guitars, and guitar effects like wah wah pedals, a univibe box/pedal, distortion devices, etc. at the Music Barn, then back to Billy's bedroom where Timeslot shows Drexz how to use the wah wah pedal and other effects lined up on the floor.

END MOS. MONTAGE HENDRIX B.G. MUSIC

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Billy kicks off the drumbeat to "Little Miss Strange" by Hendrix. Drexz on guitar, and Timeslot on bass come in on cue. Drexz sings the lyrics, sounding more like Hendrix than ever. They play the song, with Drexz showing what he's learned to do with the wah wah pedal and the other guitar effects.

INT. DREXX AND HIS PARENTS MANSION - SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR AT ELEVATOR - DAY

The elevator bell dings. Once the door opens; two uniformed guys come out. One's wheeling a large encased guitar amplifier and head with the name Marshall clearly displayed. The other guy's carrying a black rectangular guitar case with Fender in chrome raised letters on it.

The elevator door closes behind them as they move down the corridor until they arrive at Drexz's door. The one holding the guitar case knocks on the door. Drexz's voice soon comes through the intercom box.

DREXX (O.S.)

Yeah...

The guy looks at, then presses the right button on the intercom to talk and listen.

UNIFORMED GUY
We got a delivery for Drexx.

DREXX
A what?!

UNIFORMED GUY
Delivery for, Drexx.

The sound of Drexx's door unlocking is heard.

A sweatshirt and shorts wearing Drexx stands there looking at them and the stuff.

UNIFORMED GUY (CONT'D)
...One Marshall amplifier, and one
Fender guitar.

DREXX
This is mind?

UNIFORMED GUY
Yes sir...Where do you want it?

Drexx looks at them and the equipment, stunned...

INT. DREXX AND HIS PARENTS MANSION - FIRST FLOOR, FOYER AREA -
DAY.

Drexx's dad looks up at the second floor landing area.
Dressed in sweater and slacks, he drinks his cup of coffee.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Billy rolls Drexx's encased Marshall amp into his bedroom to
a clear spot. Timeslot stands near by, while Drexx opens
the Fender guitar case on the bed.

Timeslot stares in awe at the blond body, maple neck Fender
Stratocaster guitar resting in red velvet, cushiony interior
of the case.

Billy appears by them to look at the guitar.

TIMESLOT
(to Drexx)
...We be jamming...

BILLY
(to Drex)
When'd you buy that?

DREXX
...My dad bought it.

Billy sort of nods and moves away.

TIMESLOT
Lemme see...

Drex lifts the guitar out the case to give to Timeslot.

Timeslot examines the guitar and strums the strings. He then hands it to Drex.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)
So I guess he decided you can play,
huh?

Drex hunches his shoulders.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Drex's hand is seen doing a ring finger rattle on the neck of his new guitar briefly. Afterwards he adlibs some very Hendrix-type riffs. He O.S. throws in some tremolo bar bends on some notes. The guitar really captures the Hendrix sound to the fullest. The way Drex's fingers, move on the neck is so reminiscent of Jimi's playing style. He soon comes to a halt with his brief solo.

With a smile on his face, Drex has a look of satisfaction over what he just did. He looks down scanning the guitar, then looks up smiling again.

Standing at two different areas of the room, Billy and Timeslot are looking Drex's way with looks of appreciation.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY -- LATER

Drex is on guitar, Timeslot's on bass, and Billy on drums jam an "original" song together...No lyrics.

As they continue to play the funky/rock jam, a scan of the room reveals a black male, mid-thirties named Charles, with his pretty black lady friend sitting in chairs watching the trio play. They appear very interested in what they're hearing and watching.

INT. BILLY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY -- LATER

Charles and his lady friend are seated on the sofa couch. Drex is seated in a chair not too far away. Timeslot is seated nearby.

CHARLES

(to Drex)

So you just started playing guitar a month ago?

DREXX

Yeah.

CHARLES

(grinning)

I'd like to recommend your Teacher for my son.

DREXX

I didn't have a Teacher.

CHARLES

That's what Time was telling me; but I didn't believe him...He said you heard a song on the radio, and just started playing. That's pretty amazing.

Billy appears in front of Charles and lady friend with two soda cans. They pop the tops and drink as Billy moves away O.S.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Your friends seem pretty confident that you can handle playing on stage.

DREXX

...I guess so...But I'm better known for my rapping.

CHARLES

Rap...

DREXX

Yeah...I'm hoping for a career as a
Rapper...Didn't they tell you?

Charles glances over at Timeslot with the now seated Billy
by him.

CHARLES

Oh yeah; rapping...Sure...Anyway,
I've been managing these guys for a
while now...I trust their judgment;
so...

Charles rises to go shake hands with Drex. .

CHARLES (CONT'D)

...Welcome aboard...

He sits back down.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

(to all)

Alright...I can book two weeks at
the Straddle...But you'll have to
audition. I booked a lot of bands
there; so it shouldn't be a problem.

Billy and Timeslot look Charles way...

CHARLES (CONT'D)

(to Drex. .)

These guys have been playing club
dates for me for awhile with another
Guitarist; but he had some issues
that couldn't be handled...Anyway,
you seem like a good replacement.

Drex. . just stares at him.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

...You're a really good player. But we gotta work on your look and stage presence...The money's not great at Straddle, but the exposure is hype. A lot of deals came out of there.

(beat)

...So fellas; I need one cover, and one original for the audition...If you guys can get it together in a week; we're in business.

He finishes the rest of his soda. As he and his lady friend rise to leave; she takes her soda with her.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

It was good to meet you Drexx.

(to Timeslot, Billy)

One week fellas...

Timeslot and Billy silently acknowledge him as they move away to leave. Drexx remains seated.

EXT. CHARLES BLACK B.M.W. - DAY

Charles is in the driver's seat; his lady's in the passenger. Timeslot's at the driver's door chatting with Charles.

CHARLES

You think he can be ready in a week?

TIMESLOT

He's a natural with that guitar...He can sing too. I think he's Hendrix reborn.

CHARLES

What are you gonna do about his image?

TIMESLOT

Don't worry; we'll fix it.

Charles reaches his hand out to shake hands with Timeslot, then starts the car and drives away.

CHARLES

...Later..

Timeslot watches him drive away.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY -- LATER

DrexX places his guitar in the case that's laying on the bed. Timeslot undoes the guitar strap from his bass.

DREXX

Why didn't you tell him about my rapping?

Timeslot goes about shutting down his equipment as DrexX secures his guitar and shuts down his amp.

TIMESLOT

It never came up...Besides; he don't work with rappers. He only books bands and singers...He likes the way you play; but he, ah...Your stage presence, you know...

DrexX just looks at him...

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

I been telling everybody, I think you're the rebirth of Hendrix. So we goin work that angle...I know these two old G's that are a friend of a friend, of a friend that worked on tour with the Hendrix crew... They're gonna help with your image and shit...We gotta Ken and Barbie your ass up. You know what um saying.

DREXX

What are you talking about?

DrexX stands his now closed guitar case on it's side, on the bed.

TIMESLOT

We gotta doll you up...Yeah, it's
all good...

Drexx picks his case up ready to leave the room, with
Timeslot right behind him.

MONTAGE/MOS. HENDRIX MUSIC B.G.

Several quick scenes of the two old black G's work on
improving Drexx's image and stage presence to be more
like Hendrix. Within some of those scenes, Timeslot
is in the mix working on Drexx with them.

They go over a variety of things, from how Drexx performs
on stage, holds and plays the guitar; stage mannerisms;
facial expressions; guitar tricks, like behind the back,
neck, between the legs, with his teeth, etc.

They teach him how to drop to a squat, and his knees
while playing; microphone techniques, etc.

INT. EYE DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Drexx is in the Doctor's chair being fitted with
contact lenses.

INT. HAIR AND BEAUTY SALON - DAY

Drexx is having his hair and skin done up...

MONTAGE/MOS. END:

INT. BILLY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Drexx and the two old G's are seated talking...

OLD G #1

(to Drexx)

What's your favorite color?

DREXX

I wear a lot of black...

OLD G #1
What other colors do you like?

DREXX
...I like purple...

MONTAGE/MOS. HENDRIX MUSIC B.G.

INT. DREXX AND HIS PARENTS MANSION - FIRST FLOOR - DAY.

With his improved image, hair and no glasses, Drexz moves up the curbed staircase carrying his guitar case.

His dad smiles while saying something to him as he ascends the stairs.

Up on the second floor landing overlook, his mom looks down at Drexz and her husband.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Wearing tight white T-shirt and stylish jeans, strapped with his plugged in guitar, Drexz kind of humps the bottom edge of his guitar body against his abdomen area as he turns to the right, just as Hendrix used to do it on stage.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Drexz sings into the mic, holding it with two hands while his strapped guitar dangles around his shoulder.

MONTAGE/MOS. HENDRIX MUSIC CONT.

INT. CLUB STRADDLE - DAY

On the distant club stage, casually dressed Drexz, Timeslot, and Billy are on their perspective instruments auditioning for a few people seated at two tables back a ways from the stage. Band of Scrubs play their hearts out on stage with all their equipment around them.

INT. BILLY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Timeslot shakes hands with the two old G's.

MONTAGE/MOS. END

EXT. CLUB STRADDLE - NIGHT

The club's lit up neon sign is shown high up on the building. There's a gathering of people heading inside.

INT. CLUB STRADDLE DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Timeslot and Billy are dressed hip hop cool. Billy taps out beats on top of a wooden stool, while Timeslot turns the tuning keys on the head of his bass.

A ready for the stage, new and improved DrexX stands looking at himself in the dressing mirror. He's decked out to the nines in mostly black, and purple ensemble. He's wearing a few pieces of silver jewelry, a purple scarf around his upper left arm, and his hair's done up reminiscent of young Hendrix.

TIMESLOT (O.S.)

(to DrexX)

You ready for this?

DREXX

(looking into mirror)

...Yeah man...

TIMESLOT

...R-ite...

INT. CLUB STRADDLE STAGE - NIGHT

With the stage lights reflecting his playing; Billy starts off on drums with the intro to "I don't live today" by Hendrix. Only he can be seen on the dark stage. Lights then spotlight DrexX and Timeslot when their playing parts kick in. DrexX is at the mic about to sing the lyrics to the song, and handle the guitar parts exactly right.

After that song, the mixed age and sex audience clap and show their appreciation as the band go into a funky version of "little Miss Lover."

The mostly seated audience respond by clapping/cheering the song.

After that song's done, the crowd claps as Timeslot plays the role of spokesman.

TIMESLOT

What's hapnin people? In case you missed it; we're called Band of Scrubs...

People clap some more...

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

You like that, huh...

Some clapping and whistling come from the crowd.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

Hey thanks a lot. Glad you like it.

He turns to his left some...

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

Back there on drums is my man Billy, kicking it for real!

The crowd clap and cheer...

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

Over there on guitar and vocals is; and don't ask how we found him...But I want yawl to meet the ghost of Jimi Hendrix...Meet Drex...You know what um saying...

Whistles and louder clapping is heard...

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

Spooky ain't it...

The crowd's clapping and cheering die down.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

And my name is Timeslot...People always try to fit me in; get it...
(beat)

Alright...We call this one "Funky Drex..."

Timeslot slaps and thumps out a funky bass line accompanied by an in sync Billy on drums. With some wah wah and univibe effects; Drexz does some weird mixture of chord/lead guitar.

The audience starts to grow bigger.

INT. CLUB STRADDLE - NIGHT -- LATER

The club is mostly empty. Billy, and Timeslot mingle with some audience members at two nearby tables...Mostly white; about half men, half women. Drexz is seated at another table chatting with two twenty something white females.

FEMALE #1...CHRISTIE

Is that your real name?...Drexz...

DREXZ

Yeah. I was named after my great uncle. He was a famous baseball player, back in the day.

FEMALE #2

You really play good.

DREXZ

Thanks.

FEMALE #1...CHRISTIE

You must really like Hendrix a lot.

DREXZ

I never heard of him until a month ago. I heard his song on the radio.

FEMALE #1...CHRISTIE

You guys playing here tomorrow?

DREXZ

Yeah, it's a two week show.

FEMALE #2

(to Christie)

Doesn't he look like Hendrix?

FEMALE #1...CHRISTIE

...He does...

FEMALE #2

(to Drex)

People must tell you that, right?

DREXX

Yeah, that's what I've been hearing.

FEMALE #1...CHRISTIE

So how long have you been playing?

DREXX

Ah, just a month.

FEMALE #2

Wait. You've only been playing a month, and you just heard of Hendrix a month ago?...How can you do that?

Drex just smiles.

Christie smiles at him. Female #2 shouts over to the tables where Billy and Timeslot are talking with their group of people.

FEMALE #2 (CONT'D)

(to Billy/Timeslot's table)

Hey you guys! You know he's only been playing guitar a month!

People at the two tables, as well as Billy and Timeslot look her way.

GUY AT TABLE #1

(to Timeslot)

He's only been playing guitar a month?

TIMESLOT

Yeah.

GUY AT TABLE #1

You're kidding. He's damn good for a month...What about you two?

TIMESLOT

Nah, we been playing for years.

The other people at the table just listen.

GUY AT TABLE #1

Well hey; you're all good. It took me more than a month to learn to drive a car.

Over at Billy's table, he's asked a question.

GUY AT TABLE #2

So is that all you guys do is Hendrix material?

BILLY

Well, for now anyway. We like kicking it old school.

He glances over at Drex's table.

GUY AT TABLE #2

You know, he really looks like him.

Billy just smiles and up nods. He picks up and takes a sip of his drink on the table.

BILLY

All you people coming to see us tomorrow night?

GUY AT TABLE #2

I'll be here...I think everybody else will too.

INT. CLUB STRADDLE STAGE - NEXT NIGHT

Dressed in hip hop fashion, Timeslot and Billy are in the middle of playing a funky, steady rhythm on cue with each other.

O.S., a loud vibrant, slightly distorted one finger guitar rattle is heard in key, and on time with Timeslot and Billy.

As Timeslot and Billy play hard; suddenly up pops O.S. Drex in the middle of the stage in front of Billy still rattling that note. He pops the back end of his guitar into his abdomen, then gets down with some flashy lead playing that's so very Hendrix.

Out in the packed audience, off to the side of the stage at a table, sit the two old G's. About midway in the audience, not too far from the stage, sit Drex's parents at a table with drinks on it. They appreciatively watch their son git down with his phenomenal playing.

Seated at other tables are the hangers-on from last night.

Once Drex stops guitar soloing; he goes into a steady rhythm playing and singing that's mixed with a few matching guitar notes in sync with his singing notes.

Drex's parents, as well as several people, and the two old G's, clap for what Drex just did while his band mates kept the rhythm going.

The band keeps kicking it with their original song...

INT. CLUB STRADDLE, CLUB OWNER'S OFFICE - DAY

MOS./STRADDLE CLUB B.G. MUSIC:

Billy, Timeslot, and Drex take turns signing a contract while standing over the Owner's desk. The owner watches and shakes hands with each of them after they sign. Their manager Charles stands nearby as a witness with a big smile on his face.

EXT. CLUB STRADDLE - NIGHT

A flashy marquee poster of the three Band of Scrubs members is displayed outside the club. People are packed at the entrance of the club waiting to get in.

MOS./B.G. MUSIC: CONTS.

FADE OUT:

MOS./B.G. MUSIC: ENDS

FADE IN:

INT. BILLY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Billy and Timeslot are in conversation, telling Drexz some bad news. A unhappy look is on his face as he silently stares out...

TIMESLOT

I'm sorry man. We didn't know how to tell you it wasn't happening.

BILLY

...We're sorry G...

DREXX

So why'd you have to lie to me about the C.D.?

TIMESLOT

We didn't wanna hurt your feelings by telling you rap wasn't your thing.

DREXX

So no C.D., no studio; nothing?...

BILLY/TIMESLOT

Sorry man.

TIMESLOT

Look at it this way. You got a gift with that guitar...That's for real. We can't front on that, know what um saying...If Hendrix was meant to be reborn; he's been reborn in you...Believe that shit!

DREXX

So you guys really think I can play?

TIMESLOT

Come on man. That's how we got that contract. You the hook D.

Timeslot, then Billy rise to go give Drexz a brotherly handshake. Drexz smiles confidently.

BILLY
Word is bond...

Timeslot and Billy move back to their seats.

TIMESLOT
Come on G. You gitting paid. You
goin be a star after all.

Drex has a look of happy and disappointed at the same time.

EXT. CLUB STRADDLE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

INT. DREXX'S RED MUSTANG - NIGHT

Drex and Christie kiss passionately in the back seat. Drex is dressed in new stage gear. They caressingly fondle each other while kissing. Shortly they both lower themselves O.S.

INT. CLUB STRADDLE STAGE - NIGHT

Band of Scrubs are in the midst of playing "Manic Depression" by Hendrix, loud and hard; with Drex singing the lead just like Jimi.

In the audience at a table near the stage, Christie and her female friends watch the show.

At a table, far back from the stage, sits a white male who looks at the band with vested interest. He has an elbow on the table while subconsciously caressing his chin.

INT. CLUB STRADDLE STAGE - NIGHT

At a part in the song where there's some energetic drumming, the crowd comes to life with clapping, cheering, and whistling.

INT. CLUB STRADDLE - NIGHT

At the table with the enthused white Guy; he scans the club's audience's reaction to the band.

The song starts to fade out...

INT. CLUB STRADDLE - NIGHT -- LATER

At a table alone, Drex and Christie sit across from each other, drinking their drinks and smiling.

Music is in the B.G. in the moderately crowded club.

Approaching Drex and Christie's table is the enthusiastic white guy.

WHITE GUY...DAVE

(to Drex)

I'm sorry. I don't mean to interrupt...Drex is it?

Drex and Christie look his way...

DREX

Yeah...

DAVE

(to Christie)

Hi...

She just smiles at him...

DAVE (CONT'D)

(to Drex)

Ah, my name is Dave. If you don't mind me saying. Your guitar playing is fantastic.

(beat)

Listen...You think I could talk to you after your gig, about your stage show?

DREX

My show...

DAVE

Yeah.

DREX

Who are you with?

DAVE

...Ah, here's my card.

He hands Drexz his business card between two fingers that's already in his hand.

Drexz reads the card out loud.

DREXX

W.I.I. World International
Impressions...Dave Bennet...
You're a talent scout?

DAVE

Yeah.

He reaches to shake hands with Drexz. Afterwards, Drexz attempts to hand him back his card.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You can keep that...Our company has offices in fifty countries world wide. One of our branches is right here in L.A.

DREXX

How can I help you?

DAVE

If I could just get about ten minutes of your time later, I'd like to talk to you about a business proposition.

DREXX

A proposition? Did you talk to the rest of the band, or our manager?

DAVE

Ah, no I haven't...Well; I'm gonna head back to my seat now so I can enjoy the show. I'll see you in a little while.

(to Christie)

It was nice meeting you...

CHRISTIE
 ...Christie...

She just smiles at him. As he moves away...

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
 What do you suppose he wants?

DREXX
 I don't know. Maybe he can get us
 more gigs.

CHRISTIE
 Does that happen a lot?

DREXX
 No; first time...

Drexx looks off in the distance at an O.S. clock.

DREXX (CONT'D)
 It's ten of...

The two of them extend across the table to kiss.

CHRISTIE
 I'll be waiting...Have fun...

Drexx rises to leave. He smiles at her as he moves by her,
 caressing her hair. She turns to watch him moving away.

INT. CLUB STRADDLE STAGE - NIGHT -- LATER

A colorful spotlight shines on Drexx's guitar as he chunks
 out the starting notes to "Jam back at the house" from the
 Woodstock album. After about thirty or forty seconds of
 Band of Scrubs doing their thing...

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. CLUB STRADDLE - NIGHT -- LATER

Billy and Timeslot are at a group of tables talking to a
 few leftover audience members. Timeslot looks away from
 Billy and the fans.

Off in the distance away from everybody, DrexX sits at a table with Dave.

Timeslot continues to look their way.

INT. CLUB STRADDLE, DREXX/DAVE'S TABLE - NIGHT

DAVE

We've compiled a list of about a thousand individuals, and a hundred group ensembles throughout the world.

DREXX

...A look-a-like company.

DAVE

Not just a look-a-like company. Some of our celeb-readies have actually replaced stars on tour, T.V. appearances and shows. Some have stood in on location at movie and T.V. sets for stars that were sick, in car accidents, arrested, you name it...We're a very reputable company...We fulfill a vital service for a special need.

DREXX

But Hendrix is dead.

DAVE

Well, you'd join our troupe of touring look-a-like sixties through the millennium bands that travel all over the world making top dollar... You aren't married are you?

DREXX

No.

DAVE

That's good...

DAVE (CONT'D)

You know, there's a guy in New York, and one in Boston that looks like Jimi Hendrix almost the way you do, but they aren't musicians...There was a guy in Bangladesh, but he doesn't speak English, and he's never heard of Hendrix.

DREXX

Is this for the whole band?

DAVE

...I'm sorry but; we would only be hiring you. We have a couple of top notch musicians that would be your backup band...But you'd be paid the most because you'd be the marquee draw.

Drex looks over right quick at Timeslot/Billy and fans. He sort of takes a double-take because Timeslot's looking his way. He shyly puts his attention back on Dave.

DREXX

They're good players. They taught me a lot. I--

DAVE

I can appreciate that, but...To be honest. Your talent supersedes theirs on stage. I've seen a lot of look-a-likes; but you're the whole package. You'll have people convinced you're the reincarnation of Jimi. With the way you play; I'm sure you can see how that would be an honor...So what do you say?

DREXX

Do I have to answer right now?

DAVE

I'd prefer if you did, cause I'm on a plane tomorrow night.

DREXX

Can I call you tomorrow morning?

DAVE

I don't know. My schedule is pretty hectic...

DREXX

How bout if I call around 9:00.

DAVE

Alright Mr. Drex...9:00 a.m. sharp...I'll have to assume you passed if I don't hear from you. You know Hendrix and Elvis are in biggest demand.

He rises to leave, shaking hands with Drex.

DREXX

Who used to do it?

DAVE

You'd be the first...My name and hotel phone number is on the back of the card...You're a star in the making Mr. Drex. Keep up the good work.

He moves away O.S.

Timeslot turns from the table conversation to look Drex and the departing Dave's way.

INT. DREXX AND HIS PARENTS MANSION - STAIRCASE - NIGHT -- LATER

With the house dark and quiet; Drex and Christie move up the curbed staircase. She looks at the place admiringly.

CHRISTIE

This is really nice Drex...

Drex looks back and shushes her as they continue up. He reaches his left hand back. She grabs it with her right.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - NEXT DAY

Standing, kind of pacing about is Timeslot.

TIMESLOT

Some con artist makes an offer, and
you took the bait!

Drex is seated in the chair.

Billy is standing on the other side of his bed watching
Drex and Timeslot rant and rave.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

Did you tell him you got a contract?

DREXX

(irritated)

No...

TIMESLOT

What the fuck were you thinking!...
Is this because of the C.D.?

DREXX

No. I ain't mad about that...I don't
wanna be a rapper anymore.

TIMESLOT

We got a good thing going. We might
even have a record deal on the
rise...What happens if they find
somebody better?

DREXX

What do you mean?

TIMESLOT

You said they talked to some other
look-a-likes didn't you?

DREXX

That was in the past...I've seen the
contract. It looks good.

BILLY

So is the one with Charles.

Timeslot and Drex look his way.

DREXX

Well I told him yes this morning.

TIMESLOT

Man fuck you! That's what happens with you fucking rich people. You ain't got no honor...And you don't look all that much like Hendrix anyway.

DREXX

So you guys were just using me.

TIMESLOT

No; you were using us. We made you into a legend. You wanted to be a rapper. We showed you the light.

(beat)

R-ite man. You tell Charles and the club what time it is.

(to Billy)

Um out B.

(to Drex)

You a traitor, money! When they shit you through a tube. Don't sweat the technique, cause we ain't feeling you!...I'll holla at ya Billy...We gotta make moves...You know what um saying.

He gives Drex a dirty look on his way out the room.

BILLY

When do you start with them?

DREXX

Next week...I tried to git you guys on. The dude said no.

BILLY

I thought you wanted to be a star.
Them look-a-likes don't make a lot
of cash. What's your pops gonna say
about this?

DREXX

...Good-bye...

BILLY

I guess that's where you get your
cold bloodedness from.

Drexx rises from his seat.

DREXX

I'm sorry. I just gotta do this...
It was just time for me to grow up.
I think this is my calling Billy.

EXT. CURBSIDE AT BILLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Timeslot gets to the end of the driveway in the street where he takes a left turn and moves pass the driver's side of Drexx's red mustang. Moving by close, he briefly looks about as his left hand is seen gliding along the side body surface. Along with the familiar sound; a long prominent scratch is being carved into the red shiny finish. When he gets to the tail end of the car, his hand jerks away abruptly, indicating how much force he was using to carve. He moves to somewhat of a beater car parked behind Drexx's. He gets in and drives away, around Drexx's car. Driving slow, he takes a good look at his handy work.

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - PORCH/STOOP - DAY

Drexx steps out the door; hesitates, then takes a deep breath before moving to his car. As he arrives to put the key in the door; from the other side of the car, the look on his face says it all as he looks at the scratch damage. He silently enunciates an obvious, "What the fuck."

INT. CLUB STRADDLE, OWNER'S OFFICE - DAY

The club owner sits behind his big desk extending his arm while holding the contract Band of Scrubs signed. Sitting on the corner of the desk next to the extended contract, is Charles, looking at O.S. Drex.

CLUB OWNER

That is your signature, right?

DREXX

Yeah.

CLUB OWNER

Well; you need to honor it.

DREXX

I can't play here anymore.

CLUB OWNER

Sure you can...You strap on that pretty guitar; step on stage; and go for yours.

Staying quiet, Charles kind of chuckles to himself.

DREXX

I need to opt out that contract.

The club owner slams the contract down on his desk.

CLUB OWNER

Did you hear him, with the two dollar word...I'm sorry; but I can't help you there.

DREXX

According to entertainment contract laws; I have up to five days to cancel on a binding contract, regardless of signature.

The smirk dissipates off Charles's face.

CLUB OWNER

So what are you like, musician/lawyer.

Drexz just stares at him and Charles. A long silent stare at Drexz takes place by the owner as he sits back in his chair rotating the contract on his desk with his fingers.

CLUB OWNER (CONT'D)

...Alright kid. You want out. You got it.

Charles turns to look at the owner, disgruntled by his decision. The owner puts his right hand up for Charles as if to say, "Let it go."

CLUB OWNER (CONT'D)

You realize you'll never be able to play here again.

More brief silent staring from the three of them...

CLUB OWNER (CONT'D)

You're free to go.

Drexz moves away O.S. The office door is heard opening and closing.

CHARLES

Why'd you let him go?

CLUB OWNER

Don't worry. He'll be back.

INT. WORLD INTERNATIONAL IMPRESSIONS - L.A. BRANCH, STUDIO A -
DAY -- LATER

In a completely white studio setting, a white male who looks very much like Jimi Hendrix's original drummer "Mitch Mitchel" is in the midst of kicking the beat to "Foxy Lady" by Hendrix. To his left, a white male playing the bass guitar, looks strikingly like Noel Redding.

Right at the chorus of the song, Drexz gets down with his guitar part.

All three are garbed in the same throw back attire the Hendrix Experience wore. Drex is wearing tight black pants with shiny gold buttons down the side of each leg; black shoes with English mod heels. A ruffled colorful shirt, slightly open. He has around his neck a gold chained, gold medallion necklace. He has that famous black rimmed hat Jimi wore with a band of protruding studs and one feather tucked in it. He's wearing lots of rings, one arm, one leg colorful scarf. Last, he's wearing that multi medallion belt Jimi wore. He's playing his blond strat while singing at the mike.

In front of where he's standing, as well as the bass player, are monitor speakers on the floor. Also in front of Drex are his array of special effects.

Their performance is being film recorded by two cameramen. Several other official looking people are near by watching the band. A woman holding a clipboard chart stands next to a man seated who's obviously the Director of the shoot. Also near him is his male Assistant Director with a headset mic on.

MONTAGE/FOXY LADY MUSIC: CONT.D

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

On five different brief occasions Billy and Timeslot try out replacement Guitarist for Drex. Three of them are right-handed with cheap looking guitars. They look very little, if at all like Hendrix. On the fourth audition, a guy is playing bass while Timeslot plays lead guitar.

The last guy plays left-handed guitar, slightly reminiscent of Drex. Timeslot is nearby looking away and upward with a real frustrated look on his face. Billy's seated behind his drum set holding his drumsticks between his legs on top of his drum stool. He has his head resting on top of his hands, looking as frustrated as Timeslot.

The Guitarist is oblivious of Timeslot and Billy's attitude as he plays hard, unaffected by the vibes in the room.

MONTAGE/FOXY LADY MUSIC: CONT.D

EXT. BERKELEY ARENA, BERKELEY CA. - NIGHT

The arena sign is shown quickly..."New Millennium Jimi Hendrix."

INT. BERKELEY ARENA - NIGHT

On the distant stage, Drex and the band get down in front of a packed arena crowd.

EXT. LAS VEGAS NIGHT-LIFE - NIGHT

Quickly some lit up casinos are shown.

INT. LAS VEGAS NIGHTCLUB, STAGE SETTING - NIGHT

Drex and the band play a song on stage in the large club, in front of a medium crowd.

INT. CLUB STRADDLE, CLUB OWNER'S OFFICE - DAY

The club owner is seated behind his desk, while a frustrated looking Timeslot shoots complaints at him. Charles is over at the open blind covered window with an arm leaned against the wall, tensely looking down at the street. The club owner seems composed in spite of Timeslot's rant.

MONTAGE/FOXY LADY MUSIC: CONT.D

EXT. UNKNOWN ARENA, N.Y.C - NIGHT

The marquee sign outside the arena is quickly shown..."New Millennium Hendrix."

INT. UNKNOWN ARENA, N.Y.C - NIGHT

Behind a completely white drum set, Drex's drummer is beating his heart out. He's garbed in an all black outfit. The bassist is also garbed in black while playing a white maple neck fender bass.

Dressed in a white ruffled shirt and necklaces, tight white sixties bell-bottomed pants, a blue colorful scarf around an arm, and a leg; lots of jewelry, and a white headband; Drex is getting down, emulating many of Jimi's physical attributes in front of his array of floor gadgets, and a monitor. Behind the drummer, off to the right and to the left are large Marshall amps.

MONTAGE/FOXY LADY MUSIC: CONT.D

EXT. MIAMI ARENA - NIGHT

The arena sign is quickly shown.

INT. MIAMI ARENA STAGE - NIGHT

Standing in the middle of the stage in front of the drummer near the edge, dressed in all red tight and ruffled garb, with a red headband, jewelry and a gold multi medallion belt; Drex is playing his guitar behind his neck. He grooves to his playing by moving his head about. The drummer is wearing a tight t-shirt and black pants. The bassist is wearing an Indian fringe jacket, jeans, moccasins, and a floppy sixties hippie hat.

MONTAGE/FOXY LADY MUSIC: CONT.D

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Strapped with an old left-handed sunburst fender strat; is a white male who fits the part to replace Drex. Basically he looks like a white version of Hendrix. Timeslot and Billy are all smiles as they satisfyingly, brotherly handshake the guy. Right after that, the guy cuts loose with a super fast fingers and pick riffs on the guitar. Timeslot and Billy look at his fingers flying with amazement.

MONTAGE/FOXY LADY MUSIC: CONT.D

EXT. LONDON'S PICADILLY SQUARE SCENERY - NIGHT

INT. ROYALE ALBERT CONCERT HALL STAGE - NIGHT

Drex is at the mic singing a song while busy playing his guitar. He's wearing tight jeans, blue flannel "drooping sleeves" shirt, a rainbow scarf belt, and lots of jewelry. The other two members can barely be seen since there's only a colorful spotlight on Drex.

There's a near capacity crowd in the audience.

MONTAGE/FOXY LADY MUSIC: CONT.D

EXT. BERLIN GERMANY'S CONCERT ARENA - NIGHT

EXT. ZURICH SWITZERLAND NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

EXT. TOKYO JAPAN CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

MONTAGE/FOXY LADY MUSIC: END

EXT. DREX AND HIS PARENTS MANSION - DAY.

Pulling up on the curbed driveway in front of the main door to the house, right in back of Drex's mom's black Ferarri, is a white luxury Mercedes Benz with black tinted windows. After the car is turned off; the driver's door is opened. Out moves Drex wearing a casual, yet classy white slacks, white button down shirt, a black low hanging onyx necklace, and English mod boots. He's wearing a few items of platinum jewelry.

He shuts the door, then moves around to the passenger side to open the door. Out comes Christie looking stylish with an expensive white dress, black heels; carrying a black hand purse. He closes her door, then the two of them move to the house. Drex slides on some expensive looking black sunglasses as they move.

INT. DREX AND HIS PARENTS MANSION, DINING AREA - EVENING

Drex's mom and dad are seated at both ends of the large table, eating. On one side of the table about midway, sit Drex and Christie eating. Silence is in the air...

DREXX'S DAD
So Christie; where are you from?

Christie swallows her food before answering...

CHRISTIE
...Rodondo Beach.

DREXX'S DAD
(slightly condescending)
Oh; ocean girl.

Drex's mom looks on while eating...

DREXX'S DAD (CONT'D)
What do you do for a living?

CHRISTIE
Mostly cashiering. But I'm in my
last year of college.

DREXX'S DAD
Really. You're going for a degree?

CHRISTIE
Yeah, I'm getting my Bachelor's in
sociology.

Drex stares a little hard at his dad. His mom looks at his reaction to dad's questions.

DREXX'S DAD
...You want to be a therapist?

She sort of smiles at him, then eats her food.

DREXX
So dad; what's Hong Kong like? Is
it really bigger than New York?

Looking a bit indifferent, dad averts his attention to Drex.

DREXX'S DAD

...No New York's got over nine million people. Hong Kong's got about seven million...How long is the tour for?

DREXX

About a week.

DREXX'S MOM

Are you planning on going too, Christie?

CHRISTIE

I would love to go; but I don't have a passport.

DREXX'S MOM

Oh...

CHRISTIE

Your home is beautiful Mrs. James.

Mom just smiles, while dad eats and looks Christie's way.

DREXX'S DAD

(to Drex)

So when did you sell the mustang?...

INT. CLUB STRADDLE STAGE - NIGHT

Billy on drums, Timeslot on bass, and the new white guy replacement for Drex, "PETE" is on guitar at his mic singing a song that sounds like a Hendrix song. Dressed low budget; he's wearing a Malcolm X t-shirt and jeans.

INT. CLUB STRADDLE MAIN ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Drex and Christie are standing with a huddle of people. Both are dressed in casual black. People are getting autographs from Drex.

On stage, Pete displays his dexterity and showmanship. The audience shows it's appreciation.

INT. CLUB STRADDLE MAIN ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

With Christie by him, Drexz signs autographs. He glances toward the stage.

INT. CLUB STRADDLE - NIGHT -- LATER

Seated at a table in the dimly lit club, Pete stares with no real expression. Also at the table are Billy and Timeslot.

At a table near by, Drexz looks at Pete.

TIMESLOT

So Christie. Where've we met before?

CHRISTIE

Right here in the club.

TIMESLOT

I thought you looked familiar...You and your friend with them long braids.

CHRISTIE

Yeah...

TIMESLOT

So what you been up to Drexz?

DREXX

Busy...Planes, trains; touring nonstop.

TIMESLOT

I hear you been jumping the globe from New York to Switzerland.

DREXX

Yeah the tour's been ripe.

TIMESLOT

Anyway...

(to Pete)

Pete; Drexz...Drexz, Pete.

Drexx and Pete reach to shake hands.

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

You know he plays guitar left-handed just like you. I mean, he can blow; but he sure was hard to find...Check it! His dad jammed at a club up north with Hendrix.

PETE

Yeah, they met backstage in 67 in Berkeley. My dad plays bass.

Drexx just nods.

TIMESLOT

(to Drexx)

So how long you been back?

DREXX

We flew in yesterday.

BILLY

(to Drexx)

What's your next tour?

DREXX

Hong Kong, Thailand, then Chicago.

TIMESLOT

I hear they're calling you the new Millennium Hendrix.

Drexx just smiles...

TIMESLOT (CONT'D)

So, you goin sit in, or what's up?

Again Drexx just smiles...

Pete looks his way blankly...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Yo Billy!

Billy looks toward where the voice came from, then gets up to move away.

Timeslot kind of acknowledges Billy getting up to leave.

TIMESLOT

You don't mind him sitting in on a
song do you Pete?

Pete just makes a head gesture...

INT. DREXX'S BATHROOM - HIS OWN PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

Drex's reflection in the mirror shows him putting his last
contact lens in. He blinks and rotates his eyes to adjust
them.

DREXX

(to O.S. Christie)

We'll have a long break after this
one; I promise...

Christie appears close, kissing him about the neck as he
continues to look in the mirror.

CHRISTIE

...Really...

DREXX

For at least a month.

She rubs her finger on his cheek as she kisses him some more.
With her cheek pressed against his, she looks in the mirror
at the both of them...

CHRISTIE

I love you Drex.

Drex smiles widely...

EXT. HONG KONG NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

With the echoed sounds of Drex's guitar and the rest
of his band heard coming from inside, scores of Chinese
people are entering the doors.

INT. BILLY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

In sweats and tank-top, no socks; Timeslot sits on the sofa reading an article from an entertainment magazine.

INT. BILLY'S KITCHEN AREA - DAY

Billy drinks from a glass.

INT. BILLY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY -- LATER

Timeslot's still seated reading, when finally he looks up...

TIMESLOT
 (to O.S. Charles)
 This says Wednesday night.

Charles is seated in a sofa chair.

CHARLES
 Warner's front lot.

TIMESLOT
 But Pete's white. Aren't they gonna
 want somebody black; or maybe Spanish?

CHARLES
 It says right there, race has no
 bearing.

TIMESLOT
 How'd you find out about this?

CHARLES
 I know the Director.

TIMESLOT
 ..."The Bio of Jimi"...I wonder if
 Drex knows about this?

CHARLES
 Who gives a shit! The point is, can
 Pete act as good as he plays.

TIMESLOT

How they gonna use a white guy for that part?...And what about me and Billy?

CHARLES

You be surprised what Makeup Artist can do.

TIMESLOT

You know Drex is perfect for that role.

CHARLES

Yeah well; the hell with him...I need all three of you at Warner's back lot, 6:00 p.m. Wednesday night. I made arrangements for badges.

(beat)

He's still in China, right?

TIMESLOT

Who, Drex?

CHARLES

Yeah.

TIMESLOT

But he's flying home tomorrow.

CHARLES

Hun huh. Everybody's dream is to be in the movies...So be there, alright.

TIMESLOT

What are we supposed to bring?

Charles gets up from his seat.

CHARLES

Just take a bath, cope a shave; and be on time.

TIMESLOT

What about our gear?

CHARLES

You don't need it.

INT. LAX - DAY

Walking with a few entourage; Drexz moves through the crowded airport. Dressed in jeans, a purple shirt, hair very stylish, and a gold medallion necklace on his exposed chest; he's being interviewed by someone as he moves. The Interviewer uses a mobile mic to record his questions, and Drexz's answers.

MALE INTERVIEWER

(to Drexz)

Is it true, you're being called the New Millennium Hendrix?...

DREXX

I don't know. I think I heard something like that.

MALE INTERVIEWER

People are saying you're his reincarnation.

DREXX

...I just like to play...

MALE INTERVIEWER

So, you think you'll be casted for the film "The Bio of Jimi Hendrix?"

DREXX

The bio of Jimi--

MALE INTERVIEWER

Yeah; auditions are being held tomorrow night. What do you think your chances are?...

Drexz keeps moving with a look on his face like he didn't know anything about it. Him and the interviewer move O.S.

INT. WORLD INTERNATIONAL IMPRESSIONS OFFICE, L.A. BRANCH - DAY

Dave is propped against the front of a large white desk with many important looking things on it. The B.G. of the room is an almost entirely white setting.

DAVE

It's in the bag. We've done six films in the last five years where are discoveries got the role.

Dressed in black with knee high black baggy shorts, and a long baggy t-shirt, black shiny hip hop unlaced boots and a glistening onyx rope necklace; DrexX leans against a wall looking Dave's way.

DREXX

...What do I have to do?

DAVE

Don't worry. The brass at Warner's have already seen some of your concert footage. And we've got a file list on every other potential tryout. You're a shoe-in.

DREXX

Who's gonna play him as a kid?

DAVE

That's still being worked out. But the main role is yours...Trust me...I told you we'd make you a star.

INT. WARNER'S STUDIO BACK LOT - DAY

In a large waiting room; scores of males that look from the slightest to a lot like Hendrix and his original band members are about the room standing, sitting, mingling, playing electric guitars without amps, etc. Most are dressed in Hendrix type garb with badges visible, awaiting the audition for the role. Some are quietly singing parts of Hendrix songs. One of the auditions is a female. Sitting amongst the crowd are Timeslot, Billy, and Pete.

MONTAGE:

INT. WARNER'S STUDIO, STUDIO #B - EVENING

Several snippets of audition tryouts take place for the Hendrix and his band roles. Lots of guitar, bass, drumming, and singing occur. Some auditions dialoguing is shown.

After several different levels of talent have auditioned; finally Pete is shown with his guitar, singing into a mic. He does a strong performance on the studio #B stage with Timeslot and Billy in the B.G.

A panel of people behind a long table look real enthused with him as he really shines in every aspect like Jimi Hendrix.

Finally Pete and the band end the song. Pete shows off a bit by ending it by pushing his guitar's tremolo bar hard against the guitar body.

One by one, the panel clap and stand showing their appreciation for Pete and the band.

Pete kind of nods as he and the band look toward the panel and each other like they nailed the audition.

MONTAGE END:

INT. WARNER'S STUDIO BACK LOT, PRIVATE WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Dressed in the Hendrix Monterey Pop outfit, Drex, and Christie are seated on a plush sofa in the decorative waiting room. Both have their legs crossed while holding hands. They look real cozy with each other.

Suddenly the door to the room opens. In moves a very business-only Dave, looking troubled. He moves to and has a seat in a sofa chair across the room from the seated couple, who look at him in silence.

DAVE

...O.K...We got a slight problem.
It seems the audition panel really
liked some kid named Pete who
auditioned earlier.

(beat)

They sent word upstairs that they
want him to test some more in the
expanded setting...I think you know
him. He showed up with those guys
from your old band.

DREXX

I thought you said it was mind.

DAVE

It is, it is...

Drex looks like he doesn't believe him, as he and
Christie look on.

DAVE (CONT'D)

This role was meant for you. I think
they just need to see you live and
in person to get back on track.

DREXX

So what are you saying?

DAVE

I gotta take you up to Studio
#A...They're gonna match you both
on dialog, singing, and playing
...All the studio brass will be there.

(grinning)

Word is, some of the panel aren't to
sure with him being white. That'll
go heavy in your favor.

Drex doesn't look too happy.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I know, I know. The guys at the top
still want you; so show em what you're
made of, O.K.

Christie and Drexz lovingly fold their fingers together while holding hands. They look Dave's way, smiling.

INT. WARNER'S STUDIO BACK LOT DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Dressed like Hendrix at Berkeley during "Johnny B. Goode" song; Pete is seated having a makeup Artist brush darker skin tone on his face. His hair is being styled too.

INT. WARNER'S STUDIO BACK LOT, STUDIO #A - NIGHT -- LATER

Lots of activity is going on as studio hands ready the set, etc. There's a stage and an empty room setting.

Amongst the crowd, Timeslot and Billy are seen mingling with people. Timeslot looks over at Drexz who's mingling with official looking types.

Pete, who's still dressed like Hendrix, is seen mingling with some of the audition panel members. He looks toward the other side of the studio at Drexz.

With Christie by him, Drexz is still wearing the Monterey Pop outfit. In a savvy way, he looks across the studio at Pete, Timeslot, and Billy.

Timeslot and Pete react to seeing the distant Drexz looking their way.

INT. WARNER'S STUDIO BACK LOT, STUDIO #A SOUND STAGE - NIGHT

With a stage setting and lighting like the one of Hendrix plays Berkeley during "Johnny B. Goode" Pete is in the midst of the rock & roll medley. Like Hendrix, he's doing splits, etc. He sings the lyrics to the song pretty accurately. Timeslot and Billy are on bass and drums.

INT. WARNER'S STUDIO BACK LOT, STUDIO #A SOUND STAGE - NIGHT

On a brightly lit, night time stage setting just like the one Jimi did at Monterey Pop; Drexz cuts loose on the intro chords to "Like a rolling stone." As he goes into the main part of the song, his backup musicians come in on cue with their parts. Just as Jimi sounded like Bob Dylan on this song; so does Drexz.

INT. WARNER'S STUDIO BACK LOT, STUDIO #A SOUND STAGE - NIGHT

Pete and his band are getting down on another part to "Johnny B. Goode." Again Pete does a good job looking, sounding, and playing like Jimi.

INT. WARNER'S STUDIO BACK LOT, STUDIO #A SOUND STAGE - NIGHT

Drex and his band continue on with "Like a rolling stone." At this time, Drex is playing his blond strat behind his back, while at the same time singing the song into a mic. He makes facial expressions, tongue gestures, etc., dead-on like Jimi.

Off stage, three cameramen film them.

Seated in a group of seats not too far away, audition panel members and other official looking people observe Drex and band.

Far off to the left part of the stage behind a curtain, Pete, Timeslot, and Billy watch Drex and band with a look of envy.

INT. WARNER'S STUDIO BACK LOT, STUDIO #A SOUND STAGE - NIGHT

Pete is flying with the lead solo part to "Johnny B. Goode" while Timeslot and Billy get down.

INT. WARNER'S STUDIO BACK LOT, STUDIO #A SOUND STAGE, ROOM SETTING - NIGHT

A plain empty dinner table chair sits in the middle of the room. Suddenly Pete, who's in a different outfit, like what Jimi might have worn, sits down. He begins to "ad lib" dialog in his best Hendrix sounding voice. Once he's done, he remains seated...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

(miked)

Alright; that's good.

On that cue; Pete gets up and moves O.S.

INT. WARNER'S STUDIO BACK LOT, STUDIO #A SOUND STAGE - NIGHT

With his left forearm covering his eyes; Drexz does a one finger rattle on a guitar string, followed by some amazing fret fingering lead without using his left hand to pick the notes. He then rubs his right arm down the guitar neck from the head to where, "without missing a beat" he starts picking notes with the pick.

INT. WARNER'S STUDIO BACK LOT, STUDIO #A SOUND STAGE, ROOM SETTING - NIGHT

Once again the empty dinner table chair sits in the middle of the room. Suddenly in more casual Hendrix type attire; Drexz has a seat. He puts a cigarette in his mouth and fires it up, then starts to "ad lib" dialog like Hendrix. He blows smoke out, then looks straight ahead.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

(miked)

...That was good...

As Drexz sits there; more of the room is scanned. There's a cameraman and other crew people all about the room. By a wall off camera sight, Christie smiles as she watches O.S. Drexz.

FADE OUT:

At this point, the music to the Hendrix song "Rainy day, dream away" starts up on a black B.G.

FADE IN:

The title "THE BIO OF JIMI HENDRIX" soon appears over a B.G. film viewing of a commercial plane coming in for a landing at a London airport. Shortly three or four actor names appear on screen one at a time, until "and starring, Drexal James" appears.

FADE OUT:

"THE END"