

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

EXT. 11TH STREET, PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT

Alex wobbles down the street, to the corner of a side street and takes a look down.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Alex cautiously wanders down the side street, a filthy old mattress leans against a wall and, next to it, a car missing a front wheel sits on the sidewalk.

Alex stops in front of a door that says "Zanzibar Blue."

The door opens and STEPHANIE, late 20's, African-American, elegant and exotic in all white, steps out.

STEPHANIE

Hi, are you here for jazz?

ALEX

Um, I think so?

STEPHANIE

How about you come inside and let us convince you?

ALEX

Uh, okay.

STEPHANIE

Just go inside and say "one for jazz."

ALEX

And...

STEPHANIE

I'll check on you in a bit. Go on, it's okay.

INT. ZANZIBAR BLUE - NIGHT

Alex sits alone, ever so slightly out of place amongst the diverse but decidedly chic, CROWD - equal parts refined and flamboyant as a jazz BAND plays their hearts out onstage.

J. MICHAEL HARRISON, 50's, African-American, dressed well, sits alone and nods along in satisfaction.

LEE MO, 20's, African-American, a studious hipster girl, sits, eyes wide, smile wider.

Off to the side of the stage, MICHELLE BECKHAM, 30's, African-American, exudes an elegant toughness in a sparkly gown as she leans against a wall, nods slowly, eyes shut except for a periodic glance over at the SAXOPHONE PLAYER, who meets her gaze and subtly shakes his head. Michelle breathes deeply and heads out.

SID SIMMONS, 50's, African American, refined and studious, lets the music wash over him.

MR. TONY, 40's, an improbable mix of mobster chic and urbane fop, takes in the performance with a bubbly YOUNG BLONDE who tries her best even though it seems clear that she would have been more comfortable at a Mariah Carey concert.

Alex takes in the scene, clearly experiencing a mix of intimidation and titillation. A half smile creeps across his face.

ABBY WALKER, 20s, WASPY and refined, nods deeply to the music next to GRANT KINCAID, 30s, severe and studious, seems like he is into the music but trying too hard.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALEX' CAR - NIGHT

The music from the club continues as Alex drives through the city, deep in thought.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALEX' CAR - NIGHT

The music from the club continues as Alex drives through Philadelphia's storied Main Line, deep in thought.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE STRATTON HOME - NIGHT

The music from the club continues as Alex shuffles into the house, sympathy cards sit open on the mantle, on the piano, on side tables.

Alex stands by a framed photo of his younger brother, BRANDON, and nods deeply.

He taps some keys on the piano but nothing resembles music.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE STRATTON HOME/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

The music from the club continues as Alex pads gently down the hall. A door opens and his mother, almost spectral in her white nightgown and robe, leaves her bedroom and turns to him.

Alex' mouth moves to form the word "mom" but fails as his eyes meet her vacant gaze. She turns and walk/glides into a room across the hall. Alex takes in the stillness for a moment.

INT. THE STRATTON HOME/ALEX' ROOM - NIGHT

The music from the club continues as Alex stares into space from his bed; the room is a monument to his slowly fading past: baseball trophies and pennants mix uncomfortably with framed prints of old masters and posters for 80s and 90s bands.

Alex breathes deeply, blinks back tears and goes to sleep.

The music continues as the scene...

FADES TO BLACK

INT. ZANZIBAR BLUE - DAY

Alex sits in a booth across from ROGER BENNETT, now late 20's, in an impeccable suit, eyes shifting back and forth between Alex and his resume, takes out a Montblanc pen and makes some marks on it.

ROGER
Impressive.

ALEX
Yes? Thank you.

ROGER
You're what, 23, 24?

ALEX
Mmm-hmm.

ROGER
That's a lot of experience behind the bar for a guy your age.

ALEX
It was a great job for a guy working his way through college.

ROGER
You worked your way through
college?

ALEX
Well, I mean...

ROGER
I'm looking at your address here.
Guessing you were not exactly
working to pay your tuition.

ALEX
Accurate.

ROGER
So?

ALEX
Hmm. So... I like bars, I like
music.

ROGER
You like parties.

ALEX
I started DJ-ing in high school,
even worked in a few clubs down
here before I graduated, then more
when I went to GW.

ROGER
Again, impressive. You will notice
that we do not have a DJ here.

ALEX
I would not imagine.

ROGER
And working here is not a party.

ALEX
Of course.

ROGER
It's work.

ALEX
I'm used to being one of the first
ones in and one of the last to
leave.

ROGER
Let me get my brother.

Roger heads off.

Alex takes in the room, so different in the daytime, empty, pristine, oddly silent.

Roger returns with BERNARD BENNETT Jr., now early 30's, also in a fine suit and both sit. Bernard picks up Alex' resume.

BERNARD

My brother wants to give you a job.

ALEX

I appreciate that.

BERNARD

Convince me.

ROGER

Come on, he's alright, we're short.

BERNARD

We run a serious place here, it's not a frat house, we don't serve jello shots

ALEX

I wouldn't have come in here for a job if you did.

BERNARD

Is that right?

Alex nods.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

You start Friday.

INT. ZANZIBAR BLUE - NIGHT

Singer APRIL STRODE, 24, African American, stylish, confident, cool, fronts the band Arpeggio WARREN OREE on upright bass, UMAR RAHEEM on saxophone, GREG "JU-JU" JONES on drums, FRANK BUTREY on guitar and JEFF KNOETTNER on piano and plays for an adoring CROWD, Lee sits with J. Michael.

DAVE, 50's, African-American, refined, graceful and deliberate tends bar with the moves of someone who has been doing this job for decades.

He dismissively watches as Alex expertly works behind the bar, straightens things up and pauses to take in the scene, look around for anyone who might need a drink but realizes that everyone's focus is on the music during a performance, not on getting drunk.

The piece ends and POLISHED WAITRESSES, including Marni, emerge to take drink orders from the crowd then hand them to Alex.

As one order comes in, he is ready to hand another order to one of the waitresses, who deliver them before the next tune begins.

MIN, 21, Asian-American, dressed to kill, perches by the hostess stand, glances at her reservation book, then up to Alex and smiles at him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ZANZIBAR BLUE/BAR - NIGHT

Alex does as much pre-closing behind the bar as he can without calling too much attention to himself.

The crowd is smaller but the band is just as intense, really riding a wave, in the zone and they know it; everyone knows it.