

21 CONTINUED:

21

GORDO

Hey, Bobby -- when're you gonna
show it to a record company?

Bobby folds up the tattered music note paper in his pocket.

BOBBY

~~Takes time to write the music.~~
I'm workin' on it.

HOPPY

We been polishin' the melody now
for three months. Ain't it time
to go on to step two?

Bobby stops walking, his temper flaring suddenly.

BOBBY

Look -- did I get you guys this
far?

(everyone mumbles, nods)

Okay! So don't rush me! I'm
workin' on it.

(pulls out music paper)

Unless one of you guys thinks he
can do it better.

No one wants to accept the music sheet he offers around.

PHONES

You're the main man.

HOPPY

Sure, Bobby. It takes time.

Gordo hits Bobby a lusty shot on the shoulder and they
all walk away, leaving him alone. Bobby looks at the
music sheet, self-doubt written all over his face.

22 EXT. VENICE PARKING LOT - DAY

22

The Excalibur pulls in; Terry pays the fee and screeches
to a parking spot, parking the car. She gets out, slam-
ming the door, walking in her socks; skates over her
shoulder. She's wearing her lowest cut outfit and her
sexiest make-up. Even her walk has a sexual determination.

(CONTINUED)