

# The Boys are Back

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FADE IN:

INT. TV - DAY

A TV plays a generic car commercial. Suddenly- The TV becomes a blur of people, vehicles, and animals, as it flips from station to station.

The channel surfing slows and finally stops; settling on its selection-

The VH1 logo appears followed by:

- Vh1's Behind the Music: The Boy Bands of Pop -

An unrecognizable pop song begins to play as JIM FORBES the narrator of "Behind the Music" speaks...

JIM FORBES (V.O.)

The MTV music awards are less than two months away and this year will be one of the most memorable indeed, as the ever so popular award show will be holding a special tribute to none other than the Boy Bands of Pop.

A montage of famous boy bands appear: The New Kids on the Block, Backstreet Boys, N'sync, 98 degrees, Westlife, flash and then fade away.

JIM FORBES (CONT'D)

So here at VH1 we thought it only appropriate to take a long look back and pay homage to the group that started the boy band craze so many years ago. The first Boys of Pop... the Kids on the Block.

Four unknown boys appear; they are huddled, posed, and dressed in overly colorful early 80's apparel. The four boys are a generic version of the New Kids.

JIM FORBES (CONT'D)

No, this is not a mistake. And the word "New" wasn't forgotten, because before there were The New Kids, there was just The Kids on the Block with the smash hit "Knocking at My Heart".

The unknown pop song's volume cranks up.

POP LYRICS (V.O.)

I fell in love with the girl next door.  
(MORE)

POP LYRICS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When she came over, she came knocking at my door... and it wasn't long before she was knocking, knocking, knocking at my heart.

Photos and video of the four unknowns continue to flash, entailing everything from their time in the studio, on stage, and in their personal lives.

JIM FORBES (V.O.)

That's right. Before the New Kids hit the airwaves in 1984, the original Kids were sweeping the nation with their golden voices, boyish charms, and sizzling dance moves.

The image cuts to DONNIE WAHLBERG from the New Kids on the Block, he sits in the VH1 studio.

DONNIE WAHLBERG

Sure I heard stories, but I figured they were a myth: like Big Foot or the Lochness Monster. I didn't know they actually existed.

The pictures of the young boys resumes.

JIM FORBES (V.O.)

Growing up in the slums of New York, these four choir boys had only a dream. Then on one fate-filled night, after winning a local talent contest, the boys found themselves living that dream when talent scout Sal Saltello discovered them. And in what seemed like fate, these boys became an overnight success.

JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE from N'SYNC appears.

JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE

Are you guys being serious right now? This has got to be a joke. Am I being PUNK'D again? Where's Ashton?

Old video footage of the Kids continues. They're mobbed by young love-crazed girls as they exit their tour bus.

JIM FORBES (V.O.)

They revolutionized the music world and started the Boy band craze so today we'll take an intimate look inside their humble beginnings, their rise to fame and finally their sad fall from the top.

A series of famous entertainers sit in the VH1 studios.

NICK LACHEY

No. I swear. I've never heard of them.

NICK CARTER

You seriously called me here for this  
shit?

SIMON COWELL

Why in bloody hell would I have heard of  
this... this... excuse me, what was their  
band's name again?

An album cover appears. The boys are in mid-air with  
their arms and legs extended. It's totally corny and  
80's.

JIM FORBES (V.O.)

So our journey begins as we look at the  
faded legacy of the kids that started it  
all. Davey...

An individual picture of DAVEY (13), small, shy, and  
simply irresistible dissolves in.

JIM FORBES (CONT'D)

Johnny...

The picture dissolves to JOHNNY (14) short, stocky,  
awkward yet handsome.

JIM FORBES (CONT'D)

Benny...

It dissolves to BENNY (15), good looking, brown curly  
hair, tall and slender.

JIM FORBES (CONT'D)

And last but not least... Mikey.

MIKEY (17) is the heart-throb with mop top hair and  
dark sensitive eyes. The TV zooms on his heart throb  
face until -CLICK-

All goes black.

INT. BURGER JOINT - DAY

SUPER: Queens, New York

MIKEY (40's) is holding a TV remote. He's athletically  
built and good looking, but he's a shell of his former  
self.

He stands behind a cash register in a restaurant similar to that of any major burger chain. He wears a flamboyant, glittery blue shirt. A "Grand Opening" banner sits in the background.

EARL (40's) an ill-tempered pipsqueak of a man storms up behind Mikey.

EARL

Mikey, if you don't have the rest of your uniform on when I open those doors I swear I'll shove my first dollar up your sissy girl ass.

MIKEY

But it's degrading.

EARL

Don't forget. You came begging me for a job. You're just lucky I owed your old lady.

MIKEY

Come on Earl.

EARL

PUT IT ON!

Earl walks over to the restaurant's main door where a crowd of people impatiently wait for the doors to open.

EARL (CONT'D)

It's show time!

Earl opens the door. The eager crowd spills in.

INT. BURGER JOINT REGISTER - MOMENTS LATER

Mikey stands behind the register but this time he wears a blonde wig with a small tiara upon his head. Earl stands behind Mikey like an evil little shadow.

Mikey swallows, slightly shakes his head and musters up the words-

MIKEY

Welcome to Super Burger Queen. May I please take your order?

A FAT MAN stands in front of Mikey. He chuckles as he stares up at a florescent pink menu board.

FAT MAN

(Still chuckling)

Yeah, I'll take a double bacon queer  
burger, large fairy fries, a large sissy  
soda, and an Adam's apple pie.

Earl nudges Mikey.

MIKEY

(To Earl)

Do I have to?

EARL

(Snarling)

Yes.

MIKEY

(Humiliated)

Would you like to super Fag that?

Earl smiles wide as the Fat Man chuckles harder.

INT. BURGER JOINT - LATER

In the restaurant lobby Mikey mops up a puddle of spilled  
soda. Earl walks up with a large pink bag in hand.

EARL

Mikey, put the mop down and take off that  
ridiculous wig. You've been promoted.

Mikey lights up and happily rips off the degrading wig.

MIKEY

I knew you'd come to your senses.

Earl reaches into the bag and pulls out a pink glittery  
fairy costume. He pushes it into Mikey's gut.

EARL

Put this on. They're having a birthday  
party on the patio so we have to sing the  
Homo-Ho-down song and you're the new Super  
fairy burger queen.

Mikey throws down the costume in disgust.

MIKEY

That's it. I've had enough! You put it  
on because I quit.

EARL

You can't quit. You need this job.

MIKEY

I need a job but not this job. I've officially hit a new low working for you.

(Looking around)

I mean, look at this place. You're degrading gay people. I mean, come on! How the hell did you get this place approved!?

EARL

Don't be a sensitive liberal fag. This place isn't degrading. It's a fun-gimmicky theme restaurant.

MIKEY

Theme restaurant? You call mocking gay people fun? You're a bigot.

Mikey pushes past Earl's small frame.

EARL

I'm a bigot? Whatever you say you Homo lover man! Fag! Queer! I'm no bigot. I'm a visionary.

He stops at the exit and turns in response.

MIKEY

You're a sad man. This place is appalling. You'll be out of business in a month.

With a dismissive wave he finally storms out.

EARL

Ha! Sure! That's what they said when I opened my Re-tar-d Bucks.

INT. RE-TAR-D BUCKS - CONTINUOUS

A mimic of every Starbucks coffee shop. The place is completely run by MENTALLY-CHALLENGED EMPLOYEES.

A EMPLOYEE hands a customer their order.

MENTALLY-CHALLENGED EMPLOYEE

Here is your double espresso caramel macchi-retard-o.

INT. SAL'S MALT SHOP - LATER

In a vintage diner/malt shop, 60's style. The place is alive with teens and kids. The sounds of the oldies play in the background.

Mikey sulks at the counter as SAL SALTELLO (60's), wrinkled but handsome in his white paper hat and apron wipes down the counter top.

SAL

(Thick New York accent)

What's with the long face?

Mikey doesn't look up, he plays with his malts straw.

MIKEY

Sal, do you ever think that you were meant to be something more?

SAL

What are you talking about? You're Mikey Nickatello, the lead singer of the Kids on the Block. What's better than that?

Mikey sighs and pushes his malt away.

MIKEY

That's exactly what I'm talking about. I was 17. It was like comic books, pubic hair, Boy Band, and then... nothing.

A couple of kids run up to Sal with their hands out. Sal quickly fills their tiny hands with candy.

SAL

It's not that bad.

MIKEY

Not that bad? I had a number one smash hit and no one remembers any of it. I mean you can't even moogle- oogle- google, us. Trust me I've tried. But every time I enter Kids on the Block, I either get the New Kids on The Block or child porn.

Sal proceeds to make balloon animals for waiting kids.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

The new pukers on the block are reuniting and we get forgotten. It's not fair. I mean they even took our name. Don't people get that in order to have new kids, you have to have old ones first?

SAL

There was a Vh1 special on you guys.

MIKEY

Yeah, I saw it. Twice. That entire show mocked us and only proves my point.

SAL

Then do something about it?

MIKEY

(scoffing)

Like what? Reunite our band?

SAL

Why not? Out of all the kids I managed, you four were by far the most gifted.

MIKEY

We were the only kids you managed.

Sal proceeds to dry some malt glasses. Mikey pouts.

SAL

That's neither here nor there. All I'm trying to say is that the first time I ever saw you guys, I knew you had "it".

(Lost in thought)

It was late July and you guys were up in your room. I remember it like it was yesterday. You were all wearing nothing but tighty-whities, with your young, tight, copper-skinned bodies, glistening with sweat from the summer heat. And you were singing your little hearts out.

Mikey's brow furrows in confusion.

MIKEY

I thought the first time you saw us was at the talent show?

SAL

Yeah... yeah the talent show. But that's neither here nor there. All I'm saying is you guys had more talent than anyone I'd ever seen. You boys were special.

Mikey pulls out a few bucks and settles his bill.

MIKEY

Thanks for the pep talk Sal but that ship sailed a long time ago. I haven't seen those guys in almost thirty years. I wouldn't even know where to start looking.

SAL

I do. I've kept tabs on all my boys. I even ran into Benny last year at a Scout Master's convention.

Sal grabs a pen and a pad; writes on it and hands it to Mikey. He looks down at the writing.

ON NOTE: BENNY, 4343 Ocean Beach drive, Daytona, Florida

SAL (CONT'D)

Life is funny. You can stop living it but it doesn't stop moving. Now, if you think you might want the rest of their addresses, call me.

Sal rips off his apron and throws it behind the counter.

SAL (CONT'D)

I hate to cut this short Mikey-boy, but I've got a hot date tonight.

Mikey eyes the paper, sighs, and holds it out for Sal.

MIKEY

Thanks Sal but I think I'll pass. It's an interesting idea but I haven't thought about those guys in years. You know what they say, out of sight out of mind.

Sal shouts over to his COOK in the kitchen.

SAL

Don! I'm leaving. You lock up.

DON, Sal's cook, waves. Sal pushes Mikey's hand away.

SAL (CONT'D)

Keep it and think about it. Who knows how you'll feel tomorrow. You can either sit back and continue to be forgotten or go out there and remind the world of who you are. What do you got to lose?

Sal exits. Mikey stays, his eyes are locked on the address.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - EARLY EVENING

A piece of shit Convertible Bug puttters down the road. Mikey shamefully drives the rust bucket as it spews a cloud of toxic smog.

His Bug rounds a corner, running a stop sign in the process. The car back-fires then dies, just shy of his parking space.

MIKEY

What else can go wrong?

Without warning THUNDER BOOMS, followed an instant later by a downpour of rain. Defeated, Mikey bangs his head into the steering wheel.

MIKEY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

It's clean but the decor is unique to say the least. The apartment is one giant shrine to the Kids On the Block; it has everything from lunch boxes to posters.

The sound of jingling keys are heard at the door. The door opens. A wet and angry Mikey stumbles in.

GRACE (O.S.)

Sweet pea, is that you?

Mikey proceeds to undress.

MIKEY

Yeah, it's me.

From the kitchen exits, GRACE (80's), lovely, she's your typical sweet grandmother type. She sees Mikey.

GRACE

Sweetheart, you're soaked.

MIKEY

It was the perfect end to my day.

Grace plants a grandmotherly kiss on his cheek as she helps him peel off the rest of his wet clothes.

GRACE

Well my little grumpy, grump...

(Pinching his cheeks)

Cheer up. I cooked your favorite meal and prepared a special desert.

Grace gathers up his wet clothes leaving Mikey in just his tighty-whities.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Now go dry off and wash up for dinner.

She pats his bottom and sends him off.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Come on Mr. Frowny face put a little pep in that step. Dinner is done and the table isn't going to set itself.

INT. MIKEY'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - LATER

Mikey and Grace sit at a modest table filled with a turkey dinner and all the trimmings. Grace eats while Mikey miserably plays with his food.

GRACE

Okay, what's going on?

Mikey is snapped from his daze.

MIKEY

Huh?

GRACE

You haven't touched your food.

MIKEY

Sorry, it's just one of those days.

Grace gets up, circles around Mikey and rubs his shoulders.

GRACE

This again? It's been thirty years. Don't you think you should finally move on? Besides you have a good life here.

MIKEY

Good? I'm a poor, washed up, forgotten, jobless loser.

His words strike a chord. She stops massaging.

GRACE

What do you mean? Jobless?

He looks back. Busted.

MIKEY

Um... I kind of quit.

GRACE

You what?

MIKEY

I know what you're going to say but-

GRACE

No buts, mister. You march right back to Earl and beg for that job back.

MIKEY

I can't work there. It's degrading.

GRACE

Well, you have to do something. My social security can't pay for everything. What do you plan on doing now?

MIKEY

I was thinking... maybe... I might try to reunite the group.

Grace laughs and walks off, Mikey follows her into-

INT. BED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MIKEY

(Upset)

The New Kids and the Mexican pig fat corn soup guys are doing it.

GRACE

People remember them! And who says if you boys can even sing anymore?

Mikey give Grace a "what are you talking about" look. He does a little dance move, and taps his chest.

MIKEY

(Singing)

That girl was knocking, knocking, knocking at my heart... My heart!

She walks up to Mikey, wraps her arms around him and-

Gives him a SHOCKINGLY long and wet open-mouth kiss.

GRACE

Okay. You still have it. But dreams unfortunately don't pay the bills.

He pulls away from her embrace.

MIKEY

You always do that. You're always so quick to shoot me down. It's moments like this that make me question our relationship.

GRACE

Then get out. Get to stepping.

His eyes scream hurt.

MIKEY

So, that's it? It's that easy for you?

GRACE

There's nothing left but the crying. I told you I don't get attached. It's not my fault if you got whipped on this sweet old clam.

Grace pulls out a duffel bag from underneath the bed.

MIKEY

My Grandma warned me that you were a player. I guess she was right.

He takes the bag and starts packing.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Now don't think that I'm going to be some booty-call when you get lonely. Because when the Bull Rider is gone, he's gone for good. Adios, baby!

GRACE

Whatever, two pump chump. You earned that name because like any bull rider you only hope to last eight seconds.

She hip pumps twice then spasms mimicking an orgasm.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I got more enjoyment out of menopause than I ever did out of you.

Mikey stops packing and throws his stuff down.

MIKEY

You know what Grace? You've just fueled me up. So clear the runway because this jet is taking off. And when I make it back on top, there is no crawling back. What do you have to say about that?

EXT. MIKEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mikey tumbles out of the apartment complex, rolling onto the rain-filled street. Grace stands at the doorway tossing his stuff onto the street.

GRACE

I hope you enjoyed your supper because you're not getting dessert.

She lifts up her dress to reveal two old liver-spotted wrinkled legs and between them some dark red panties.

GRACE (CONT'D)

They're eatable!

Mikey silently reaches out as if wanting to touch them.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Oh, I almost forgot your prize piece.

She reaches down and holds up a beautiful shadow box.

MIKEY

You wouldn't.

Grace smiles devilishly. She flings the box into the air.

Mikey jumps up and dashes for the box. He dives for it. It looks like it's about to hit when-

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Noooooooooo!

He makes a catch Jerry Rice would be proud of, saving it from destruction. He pulls the box close.

The shadow box fills the screen. It holds an old picture of the group and a platinum record. Underneath the record a placard reads "1981 #1 single, Knocking at My Heart".

INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

The same shadow box is in a sleazy junk-filled pawn shop. The PAWN SHOP OWNER, an old middle eastern guy, stands at the counter examining the box. He reluctantly hands Mikey a wad of cash.

PAWN SHOP OWNER

You'll only have 90 days to buy it back with an additional 30% on top. If time runs out, I'll sell it first chance I get. Priceless or not.

MIKEY

I'll be back for it. I swear.

PAWN SHOP OWNER

Whatever. Just go before I change my mind.

Mikey pockets the cash, exhales and walks out.

EXT. FLORIDA - DAY

SUPER: DAYTONA, FLORIDA

The sunshine state, full of beautiful palm trees, beaches, and the endless ocean.

Mikey rides in a taxi taking in all of its glory.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

The taxi pulls up to a secluded beach where a modest bungalow sits all alone. Mikey exits, pays and then proceeds down the sandy trail that leads to the bungalow.

EXT. BENNY'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Mikey knocks at the door.

BENNY (O.S.)

Go away!

He knocks again. The door swings open revealing BENNY BORELLI (40's) wearing only a robe and tighty-whities. He's all flab and hair.

BENNY (CONT'D)

I said go away!

The two lock eyes, they share a moment of recognition.

MIKEY

Benny Borelli?

BENNY

Who's asking?

MIKEY

It's me Mikey. Mikey Nickatello.

Benny steps out and does a 360 around Mikey.

BENNY

Oh my God, Mikey! What's it been? Eight... nine years?

MIKEY

Thirty.

BENNY

I guess that explains the wrinkles.

Mikey sheepishly checks his aging face.

BENNY (CONT'D)

Wow, great. Well it was good to see you  
but I really should go.

Benny starts for the door.

MIKEY

That's it? I haven't seen you in three  
decades. I fly all the way from New York  
and you're leaving me out here?

BENNY

Yeah. You kind of caught me in the middle  
of something. Just give me your number  
and when I free up, I'll give you a call.

Four beautiful FLIGHT ATTENDANTS' exit the bungalow.  
They hurry to get their disheveled uniforms back on.

BENNY (CONT'D)

Ladies... where you going?

Each woman kisses Benny bye. Mikey stands in silent  
jealousy.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #1

Sorry Benny. We've been here all weekend.  
If we don't get back to the airport we'll  
lose our jobs. Famous or not, you can't  
afford to support all four of us.

The four gorgeous women saunter off.

MIKEY

Man, they were smoking hot. I can't believe  
they remember us.

BENNY

They don't.

MIKEY

But they knew you were famous.

BENNY

They think I'm the secret sixth member  
from the Jackson five.

(singing)

A-B-C. It's easy as 1-2-3. Doe, ray, me.  
It's you and me girl.

(Pointing to his throat)

It's the voice. The ladies love it.

MIKEY

You know that the Jackson five were all brothers, right... and black?

BENNY

(Surprised)

Really... all of them? Damn I'm good.

Benny walks back into his house

BENNY (CONT'D)

Well, since you're here, come on in.

INT. BENNY'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

The Bungalow lays underneath a layer of filth. The place is a total disaster. Beer cans, dirty clothes and pizza boxes fill the room.

Benny walks over to dingy lazy boy. He brushes off dozens of beer cans and chip crumbs before he plops down.

BENNY

Welcome to my humble abode. Like it?

MIKEY

It must've cost you a pretty penny.

BENNY

It still does. I struggle a little but luckily I'm living off the residuals of a few pornos I did in Austria. I reenacted several Schwarzenegger type roles.

(Impersonating Arnold)

I'll CUM on your BACK.

Benny grabs a beer from the floor, cracks it open and takes a drink. He offers a sip to Mikey. He refuses.

BENNY (CONT'D)

(Shrugging)

Your loss.

Benny chugs the rest of it.

MIKEY

(Looking around)

So, Sal says you're a Scout Master?

BENNY

Oh, that? No, I do that to pick up chicks. Did you know that over half of marriages end in divorce?

(MORE)

BENNY (CONT'D)

That equals tons of single mommies looking for replacement Daddies. Little Jimmy gets to earn a merit badge in wood and so does mom.

MIKEY

That's horrible.

BENNY

Yeah, divorce is ugly.

(A beat)

So, what brings you to town?

MIKEY

I want to reunite the group.

Benny spews beer everywhere. Mikey throws him a dirty shirt to clean up.

BENNY

Sorry. I gave up on singing years ago.

MIKEY

Once a singer always a singer, and what about our legacy?

BENNY

I hear what you're saying but I had a great solo career after we failed. So I still have my legacy.

Mikey pulls out a CD jewel case, and throws it on Benny's lap. The cover is of Benny in his early twenties.

The title is "Drunk and Hor-hor-horny".

MIKEY

I followed your illustrious career. Your album sold two hundred copies. Total. You're the industries biggest flop.

Benny stands up, tosses the CD to the floor and goes to the fridge which is full of beer.

BENNY

At least I did something after the split. Infamous or not, it's better to be remembered for my failures than forgotten in my success.

Benny grabs a couple of beers and returns to his chair.

MIKEY

You actually believe that?

BENNY

No, not at all, but it sounded good.

Benny places one of the beers into his underwear and melts away as the coolness soothes his undercarriage.

BENNY (CONT'D)

So what's your plan? It's not like we can pick up where we left off.

MIKEY

I guess I just wanted to get us all together first and see what happens.

Benny yawns and closes his eyes.

BENNY

You're losing me here.

MIKEY

Come on. Look at you. It's not like you couldn't use the money.

BENNY

What's your point?

MIKEY

Lets take a chance here. Who know? And if you do this... I'll pay your way.

One eye pops open.

BENNY

A free ride with a chance to return to our former glory. I'm intrigued, but I'm still not sold.

MIKEY

I'll also supply all the beer you want.

Benny stands up, removes the beer from his undies, opens it and hands it to Mikey.

BENNY

Free alcohol is my weakness. You got a deal but it won't be cheap.

MIKEY

That's fine because if all goes well money won't be a problem.

Benny holds up the beer for a toast.

BENNY

Well, here's to reuniting.

The two knock cans and drink their beers. Mikey's face changes from a smile to confusion.

MIKEY

What kind of beer is this? It's... salty.

BENNY

Oh that? No. That's not the beer you're tasting. That's my nut sweat.

Mikey spits the beer out. Benny takes the beer away.

BENNY (CONT'D)

Hey! Don't waste it, jerk.

He chugs the can down and wipes at his mouth.

BENNY (CONT'D)

So, what's next?

MIKEY

Johnny.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

SUPER: AMARILLO, TEXAS

On a quiet moonlit night an armadillo slowly creeps across a desolate road. Suddenly the road vibrates as a rumbling roar fills the night air.

SPOOKED, the armadillo scurries across the road. It makes it across just as an army of HARLEY BIKES zip by.

INT. BIKER BAR - LATER

ROCK MUSIC fills the rustic bar as dozens of its BIKER PATRONS engage in their everyday activity. It's the cliché biker bar equipped with the mandatory slum decor. The place is lost in a fog of cigarette smoke.

An old, heavysset, tattooed BIKER WOMAN serves Mikey a couple of beers. He takes the beers and heads to the back of the bar where Benny sits near a tattered jukebox.

BENNY

Are you sure this is the place?

MIKEY

This is the address Sal gave me.

BENNY

What's he doing in a place like this?

Mikey looks around sickened by the state of the bar.

MIKEY

Yeah, I've been in some sleazy bars before but this place is bad.

BENNY

You're telling me? I prostituted in a whore house in Thailand that had more class than this place.

MIKEY

Did you just say that you use to be a whore in Thailand?

BENNY

I was Boom-Boom Benny back then. But I really don't count most of it based on the fact that I drank a lot and was on tons of drugs. If you can't remember it... it didn't happen.

Benny slams down a couple of shots and chugs his beer.

BENNY (CONT'D)

But it changed my life for the better. I've been sober ever since.

MIKEY

If we do make a comeback, for P.R reasons, lets not mention the whole prostitute and porn star thing, okay?

BENNY

Okay, holy roller! Would his Lordship like me to hide the sweatshop I own too? Man, you church people disgust me. Thou shall not judge, what the fuck ever.

WHAM! The front door flies open. A BALD BIKER rushes in to the bar. He's out of breath.

BALD BIKER

The Jets are here!

The entire bar suddenly becomes noticeably uncomfortable.

BENNY

Who are the Jets?

An UGLY BIKER turns to the two.

UGLY BIKER

They're only the meanest biker gang since the Hell's Angels. Be afraid.

MIKEY

That name sounds familiar.

Out of nowhere several quarters bounce on the table in front of Benny and Mikey.

WOMAN BARTENDER

Quickly unplug the box. Plug it back in, and then punch in L-43.

Mikey feeling the urgency darts towards the jukebox. He unplugs it; stopping the music and plugs it back in.

WOMAN BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Do it now! Now!

Mikey drops the quarters in and quickly slams in L-43. AC/DC'S "T.N.T" starts up just as the door slams open.

START SLOW MOTION:

In enters Riff A.K.A JOHNNY MACRO (40'S), overweight and flabby. Intimidation factor is zero as he sports his long jet-black hair, handle bar mustache and matching leather chaps and vest.

But following behind Johnny is his big, tough and scary biker gang. Shadowing Johnny is DIESEL (30's) a 6ft 6in machine, his enforcer and second in command.

Johnny looks like a man on a mission to do some damage as he moves throughout the bar.

AT THE BAR: Johnny steals a shot of whiskey from a BIKER. He swallows the shot and then drops the empty glass back into the bikers lap. His gang harasses the Biker.

POKER TABLE: Johnny pulls a poker hand from a SKINNY MAN. He shows the cards to the rest of the table and then throws it into the Skinny Man's face. Diesel shoves the man off his chair.

DOMINO GAME: Johnny takes a domino piece off the table, shoves it down his pants, rubs it on his balls, throws

it down and then proceeds to knock the rest of the game pieces off the table.

RANDOM TABLE: Johnny grabs popcorn from a DUDE, chews it up and spits it back into his face. Diesel picks up the Dude and throws him to the floor.

SAME TABLE: Johnny snatches a beer from UGLY BIKER to wash down the popcorn; he swigs it back and-

END SLOW MOTION:

In total disgust SPEWS the beer everywhere. He spits and chokes as he looks at the beer bottle.

JOHNNY

What the hell is this? Piss?

UGLY BIKER

(Scared)

Yes, I wanted to warn you. The toilets are broken again, I'm sorry.

Johnny throws a child-like fit and scrapes at his tongue.

JOHNNY

Ewe, ewe, ewe! Quickly someone give me something to drink.

(Dry heaving)

Oh God, I think I'm going to be sick.

Ugly biker quickly reaches for a beer and hands it to him. Johnny drinks it down only to spit it out again.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

It's piss again. You idiot!

Johnny is in a full temper tantrum now as he whines, stomps in place and flails about. It's overly dramatic.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Why! For the love of God. Why?

UGLY BIKER

I'm so sorry Riff. I'm so sorry.

Johnny stops. He's deadly serious now as he turns to the Ugly biker and throws an uppercut.

The hit doesn't budge Ugly. Johnny is unaware as he has already turned in pain, cupping his hurt throwing hand.

Ugly Biker looks to Diesel and gives the "what now?" look. Diesel gives the man the thumbs down signal.

The Ugly Biker nods, looks over his shoulder and then flings himself onto a table. He breaks it in the process. Johnny turns to see the broken table and comatose biker.

JOHNNY

Who else wants a piece of Riff?

Everyone's heads drop. A chuckle slips from Mikey.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(Turns to Mikey)

I'm sorry, did you say something there Sir-laughs-a-lot? I couldn't hear you from way over here.

Johnny moves into Mikey's face. Mikey is at a loss.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Um-a, um-a, spit it out stuttering Steve, Chuckling Chuck. Do you think it's funny that I drank another man's urine? Well, for your info I've also ate a man's kidney while he was still alive. And since urine is secreted through the kidney I guess you can say I've eaten a man's piss, too. That makes this whole scenario not only scary but educational. Know that!

MIKEY

If it makes you feel any better I drank nut sweat yesterday.

BENNY

He did. And I just had unprotected sex with four flight attendants. Not to mention I was an Asian whore for many many years.

A look of annoyance, disgust and disbelief fill Johnny.

JOHNNY

No... No. Strangely enough, that doesn't make me feel any better! You two make me sick. Diesel, please drag these two out and beat 'em down Jet's style.

Something clicks in Mikey. He struggles in thought.

MIKEY

Diesel... Riff... The Jets.

Diesel grabs the two up. Johnny turns away.

MIKEY (CONT'D)  
West-Side Story!

BENNY  
The musical?

Mikey struggles to look back at Johnny.

MIKEY  
(Singing)  
I fell in love with the girl next door.  
She came knocking, knocking, knocking at  
my door.

Hearing the song Johnny swiftly spins back around.

JOHNNY  
Diesel, wait! Let them go.

Diesel releases the two. Johnny eyes them for a moment and then casually waves them over. The guys follow as he leads them to a booth at the back of the bar. Johnny nervously looks around and then sits.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Who are you guys?

MIKEY  
I think you know... Johnny Marco.

BENNY  
(Catching on)  
Johnny! Is that really you?

Diesel's eyes widen as he listens in.

JOHNNY  
I think you're mistaken, the name's Riff.  
I'm the leader of the Jets.

MIKEY  
Yeah, Riff is the leader of the Jets in  
The West-Side Story and so is Diesel. You  
probably named your entire gang after  
that cast. I bet if I ask, you probably  
have a Baby-John and a Snow-boy in your  
little gang, too. It was your favorite  
movie.

JOHNNY  
Shhh! Okay, you got me. What do you want?

BENNY  
He wants to reunite the band.

Johnny lets out a bellowing laugh.

BENNY (CONT'D)

Yeah, I laughed too.

MIKEY

What's so funny about that?

JOHNNY

First off I let that dream go. Number two, Johnny Marco no longer exists, and F, I don't do music anymore.

MIKEY

And that's why your gang is a live action musical and you have a theme song for your grand entrance?

Johnny inches within ear shot of Mikey.

JOHNNY

Okay, so I still love music but reunite the band? No way. I'm not going through that failure again.

MIKEY

Why not? Benny is willing to try.

BENNY

I'm only doing it for money, free beer. And the chance to get road hoes.

MIKEY

Thanks Benny.

JOHNNY

When we split it nearly ruined me but look at me now. I've reinvented myself. I won't jeopardize this life to chase some stupid dream.

He stands to leave.

MIKEY

I'll blow your cover if I have too.

JOHNNY

You wouldn't dare.

MIKEY

Try me.

Johnny shrugs like a defiant child.

JOHNNY

They won't believe you.

MIKEY

Are you sure? I wonder how a tough as nails biker gang would feel about having a former boy band member as their leader.

JETS (O.S.)

We'd love it.

The three turn around to see the entire Jets gang.

JOHNNY

I don't understand.

DIESEL

Look Riff, we've known who you were since the beginning. We're big fans actually.

JOHNNY

How did you figure it out?

DIESEL

We had our suspicions from the beginning but then you started a Karaoke night here at the bar. And then you started singing us to sleep at night. There were signs.

JOHNNY

And you guys are okay with it?

DIESEL

Like I said, we're fans. Show him boys.

The entire Jets gang quickly turn, unbuckles and drop their pants. Every last member has a picture of young Johnny with #1 tattooed on their ass.

MIKEY

Wow, I wasn't expecting that.

BENNY

I know. I have the same tattoo but of Sam Beckett from Quantum Leap.

DIESEL

We couldn't help but overhear your conversation. We want you to rejoin the band. And don't worry about your place here, you'll always be a Jet.

JOHNNY

Are you sure?

DIESEL

We've never been more certain.

Johnny smiles and takes a deep breath.

JOHNNY

Well, I guess I'm all out of excuses.

The Jets jump and cheer.

BENNY

That's three down, one to go.

Mikey pulls out his dwindling wad of cash.

MIKEY

I hope you guys don't mind riding coach?

JOHNNY

Coach?! Put your money away because we'll be going first class.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - MORNING

Over looking miles of desert and a long stretch of highway. Motorcycles fill the roadway.

Johnny leads the Jets as they ride hard. Mikey holds tight around his waist. Benny is wrapped around Diesel. Diesel gives Benny a big gay smile, and rubs his leg.

BENNY

Don't get any ideas. I don't do oral and a hand job is pretty damn expensive.

EXT. HARRISON MANSION - DAY

SUPER: SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA: HARRISON ESTATE

The estate is beautiful. It's like a miniature White House with a picturesque lawn.

Large election signs fill the yard. They read "Re-elect Harrison for Senator". The photo on the sign features a handsome man in his early 40's, a pretty blonde of the same age, and two young kids; an Asian girl and boy.

INT. HARRISON MANSION CONFERENCE ROOM- CONTINUOUS

The mansion reeks of money. Half a dozen people are involved in a meeting.

BREWSTER (30's) a well-dressed, sophisticated black man stands in front of a display board.

BREWSTER

...And as you can see, we're clearly losing our grip on the younger voters.

JANET HARRISON, the woman from the election sign slams her hand down. Everyone jumps. She stands and paces.

JANET

How the hell am I losing young voters!  
I'm running against the Crypt-keeper for  
God's sake. What is he, a hundred?

Everyone in the room scrambles to find the answer in their notes, everyone except for DAVEY SOPRANO (Late 30'S) pleasantly cute and laid back.

Davey is unaffected by Janet. He mindlessly plays swords with two pens. Janet smacks his hands to stop.

ELECTION AID

Found it! He's forty-eight.

JANET

See! That geriatric fuck already has one foot in the grave. And what, I'm forty-three but with the tits and the ass of a twenty year old. What do I have to do to get these kids to vote for me?

DAVEY

Why don't you show off your youthful tits and ass?

She smacks him in the head.

JANET

You're an idiot.

BREWSTER

No, wait Janet. Davey's right.

Brewster pulls out yet another graph.

BREWSTER (CONT'D)

Look. Your approval ratings have slipped ever since we switched to pants suits. Maybe if we showed more cleavage and focused on your "ass-sets" we could get those young minded votes.

Davey smiles in satisfaction and is rewarded with another hand across the head.

JANET

I'm a Senator for God's sake. I'm not going to pimp my body out like some hooker just to win a few votes.

BREWSTER

Those few votes make up over a quarter of the entire election.

JANET

Well then what are you waiting for boys? Someone bust out the titty-tassels!

Janet jiggles her breasts. The entire room erupts into laughter. Except Davey.

Suddenly- the door bell rings. Everyone looks around not wanting to move. Janet clears her throat at Davey. He looks up giving her the "who me?" look.

JANET (CONT'D)

Yes you. Everyone else in here has something called a job and we're trying to do it. So, why don't you make yourself useful, scurry off and answer the door? Thanks, sweetie.

Davey silently stands up and heads out of the room.

JANET (CONT'D)

It's so cute how he tries to hang around us like he's one of the adults.

Everyone laughs.

INT. HARRISON MANSION, FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Davey opens the door to reveal the guys.

DAVEY

If you're looking for the pool, you'll have to go around to the east wing.

JOHNNY

We're not here for the pool.

DAVEY

Are you the gardeners?

BENNY

Do we look Mexican?

DAVEY

Wow. Someone likes to racially stereotype.

JOHNNY

Actually we're here to talk to you about something.

Davey examines them, focusing more on Johnny's attire.

DAVEY

Oh... This one of those court ordered deals, isn't it? You know, where you guys have to tell all your neighbors that you're sex offenders and that you're moving in. It's cool, I got it. Consider me informed.

Davey goes to shut the door. Mikey's foot stops it.

MIKEY

Wait, look, we're not sex offenders.

Benny let's out an uncomfortable cough.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Oh come on Benny, seriously!

BENNY

What? I was Googling our band at an internet cafe, and instead of us, child porn popped up. Some lady saw, freaked out and called the cops.

MIKEY

The porno and the prostitution is one thing, but sex offender!?

BENNY

I haven't been convicted. I'm hoping for a little star treatment. Hell, they let M.J. get away with like forty kids before he died. So what's a little public child porn?

Realization washes over Davey.

DAVEY

Mikey, Johnny, Benny, is that you?

JOHNNY

That's what we've been trying to say. No more B.S. We're here to reunite the group and we're not leaving without you.

Davey nervously looks side to side and behind him.

DAVEY

Let's talk inside.

INT. HARRISON MANSION, GAME ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The four file into the large game room. Davey quietly closes the door behind him.

MIKEY

I know this seems out of the blue and it's completely crazy, but-

DAVEY

I'm in.

Johnny and Benny are furious.

JOHNNY

Hey! Don't rush your decision without at least hearing us out! Man, I just want to punch you in your silly little throat! I am SO mad right now! You'll regret this.

MIKEY

Guys?

BENNY

Johnny's right! Regret is a mother fucker, just look at me. I sold this beautiful body day in and day out for years, for what? A little money and some kick ass drugs. But looking back now, I wish, I WISH, I would've charged way more than I did! That's regret. Now live with that.

MIKEY

Whoa, guys! He said he's in.

JOHNNY

Then what are we waiting for? Group hug!

The guys hug.

MIKEY

We weren't sure you'd want in after we saw the house and the wife-

DAVEY

Fuck my wife. My life sucks balls.

The guys look at the plush pad.

JOHNNY

Your life looks good to me.

BENNY

Hell-a good.

DAVEY

Really? Let's look at the highlights. I've been with the same woman since I was thirteen, and for that reason alone I should be placed on suicide watch.

Davey moves to a window and looks at the election signs.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Now, add in the fact that I'm the designated homemaker slash political poster husband to a cold manipulative bitch. Fuck, I even took her last name. Who in the hell takes their wife's last name?

He pulls away from the window and looks back at the guys. Disbelief lingers in his eyes.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Now I'm seconds away from pulling the trigger but frankly I don't have the balls to do it. No, she took my furry little nuts along with my pride years ago and had them framed above the fireplace. And to top it all off, after twenty plus years of marriage, the whore is having an affair with her political advisor.

MIKEY

She's cheating on you?

DAVEY

I could be wrong, but the "once u go black u never go back" tattoo she got on her ass is pretty convincing.

Davey turns and drops his head. Johnny places a reassuring hand on Davey's shoulder.

JOHNNY

I'm hurting right now. I need you to know that. *Deep* inside, I'm in agony. I'm in deep, *brewing* pain. What I'm trying to say is... That I've got to shit so bad that my asshole is imploding.

Johnny lets out a small squealing fart. Davey points to a nearby door. Johnny smiles and scurries off.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Thank you!

MIKEY

If we're going to do this, then we gotta go now. Do you want to say bye to your kids while we wait for Johnny?

DAVEY

What kids?

BENNY

You know? The slant-eyes from the signs. Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon.

Davey shakes his head. Benny gives the "what did I say" look.

DAVEY

Lucy and Lee are only here for photo shoots and special events, the rest of the time those poor kids are off in boarding school. Janet only adopted them for political pull. Like I said she's a heartless bitch.

JANET (O.S.)

Who's a heartless bitch?

Janet and Brewster stand at the door.

DAVEY

(Sotto)

Speak of the devil.

(He smiles)

Hey, honey. I didn't see you there.

Janet glares at Mikey and Benny as she enters.

JANET

Davey, sweetie, what are you doing in here with these strange looking men?

DAVEY

These guys...um...

Janet gravitates towards Benny, seemingly drawn to him. She immediately begins touching his face, playing with it like it's a ball of dough until...

JANET

(Gasping)

Oh my God!

She recognizes him.

BENNY

Hello Yoko Ono.

She lets go of his face and steps back in horror.

JANET

Fuck you, Benny!

BENNY

Sorry, I don't do donkey shows.

(Thinking)

Okay once, but it was more like a show pony and I did the fucking.

JANET

Davey, I don't know why Tweedle-dee and Tweedle-dum-shit are in my house but I want them out right now!

Davey hesitates.

JANET (CONT'D)

Davey, have you gone deaf?

DAVEY

Janet, I'm rejoining the group.

She gets in his face.

JANET

Out! Now! Before I really get mad and you don't want to see that, do you?

DAVEY

No.

JANET

That's what I thought.

DAVEY

No, I mean NO. I've listened to you my entire life and I'm not doing it anymore. I'm rejoining the band.

Janet grabs a handful of Davey's nuts.

JANET

Wow, did you get these off my mantle?

Janet releases her grip.

JANET (CONT'D)

Although I do respect your new-found manhood, I'm only going to say this once. Don't fuck with me.

DAVEY

(Scared)

Who's fucking? I'm not fucking you. I don't fuck. I'm not fucking anyone. Absolutely no fucking. This is for me and me alone. It's the only thing I ever had that made me feel whole.

JANET

Regardless. This little idea of yours is gonna make you look bad. Which ultimately makes me look bad. this could ruin my re-election and I can't have that.

Johnny enters the room.

JOHNNY

Sorry, false alarm. It was just gas.

Johnny notices Janet.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Hey, it's Yoko!

Janet throws her hands up in frustration.

JANET

The Beatles you will never be, so please stop with the correlation. It's this delusional thinking that made me make Davey quit the band in the first place.

MIKEY

I knew it. After all these years you finally admit it was your idea.

JANET

Of course it was. You guys were a gimmick and I had my political aspirations to think about.

MIKEY

We had something special and you ruined it. But not this time. We're back together and we're going to set things right. Come on guys let's go.

The four head for the door.

JANET

Ha! You fools think you can actually start over? If that's the case then walk out. Walk out pussies! Walk-the-hell-out. I dare you!

The four exit.

JANET (CONT'D)

Yeah, keep walking. You won't make it through the front door before you see you're making a mistake. So keep going you pathetic has-beens.

INT. HARRISON MANSION, GAME ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Janet screams from a window as they drive off.

JANET

Yeah, drive off losers I dare you! Get on those bikes and get out!

BREWSTER

They can't hear you.

JANET

(Agitated)

I know! I can't believe they just left. I don't think I have to tell you how bad this could end for us.

BREWSTER

You don't honestly think they're going to succeed do you?

JANET

Not a chance in hell but I've never been one to leave things to chance.

BREWSTER

What's your plan?

JANET

Ruin, crush and destroy them. We do whatever it takes to stop this reunion.

Brewster moves behind Janet and kisses on her neck.

BREWSTER

I love when you get politically evil.

Janet turns, grabs him by the hips and slams his crotch into hers. Brewster lets out a small growl.

JANET

And I love when you take your big black club and pound me like a wet baby seal.

The two kiss passionately.

EXT. CASA DEL LOS POBRES MOTEL - EVENING

SUPER: LOS ANGELES, CA.

A single-story, run down, roach motel. It's the hood at its finest. Gang members walk the streets, local thugs throw dice in an alley way, kids tag a nearby wall, and a car is jacked in plain sight.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's a dingy, cramped room with a 70's decor. The four are huddled together like a barber shop quartet singing their hearts out -- but they're not in harmony.

MIKEY

Okay stop.

They stop singing.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

(Apprehensive)

That was... um... better.

JOHNNY

Better? I couldn't tell if we sounded like two cats fucking or dying babies.

BENNY

Speak for yourself. I sounded like an angel and I would sound better if you'd stop shitting on my falsetto.

Johnny lunges at Benny, but Mikey and Davey are quicker, and stop him from doing anything.

JOHNNY

You don't know me anymore. I'm crazy now. I'll pull hair and scratch at your eyes!

They finally force Johnny to the bed.

DAVEY

Settle down. We've been at this for a few days now and we're all getting tired. But let's keep it together.

Benny walks over to a mini fridge and pulls out a few beers, popping one and chugging it.

BENNY

For how long?

(MORE)

BENNY (CONT'D)

We can't just sit in this room all day, I'll go crazy. I'm already getting low on booze and that cabin fever shit is setting in. I need some ass soon. If you don't use it, you lose it and I REFUSE to lose my dick. I'm very attached to it.

MIKEY

Does anyone have any better ideas?

JOHNNY

Hell yes, I've got ideas like John Travolta in that movie when he gets a brain tumor and mental powers. You know the one, where he could do all sorts of impossible things except of course being able to fix Forest Whitaker's lazy eye.

MIKEY

A good idea would really help about now.

JOHNNY

Okay. Take the homosexual's rainbow flag for example. First, I'd get rid of all those fruity colors. Next, I'd make it plain white. And then in big black letters write smack dab in the middle "Gay". That way there's no more confusion.

(Points to his brain)

Think about it, there's a lot of straight color blind guys out there.

MIKEY

I meant ideas for the group.

JOHNNY

Oh! I've got nothing for that.

Suddenly - a KNOCK at the door. Surprise washes over the guys except for Davey.

DAVEY

Guys, I have a surprise. I knew that this wasn't going to be an easy road so I figured we needed some help.

Davey opens the door and reveals-

SAL

I heard that some superstar boy band might be looking for representation.

The guys erupt in a joyful reunion.

MIKEY

What are you doing here?

SAL

Davey boy gave me a ring a few days ago and said you guys might need me.

DAVEY

(Hugging Sal)

Thanks for coming, it means a lot.

SAL

You think I'd miss my boys reunion? And guess what? I have a surprise of my own.

Sal turns to the open door and waves someone over. Enter ISABELLA (Early 30's) a bombshell brunette -- sexy and professional.

SAL (CONT'D)

I know that it's been awhile but I'm sure you all remember my beautiful niece, Isabella.

ISABELLA

Hi.

Davey looks lost in love as he silently mouths her name. Sal squeezes his niece with pride.

SAL

She's an entertainment manager just like her uncle. And it turns out she's a pretty big deal out here. I thought it would be best if she took the lead and I take a back seat and play cheerleader.

All the guys say "sure" or "yeah", except for Benny.

BENNY

Sure, I'd swallow this sexy little pill, but looks alone can't satisfy my needs... my needs as a manager, that is. What makes you qualified to represent us?

ISABELLA

Before I started my own company I worked for both Interscope and EMI Records. I managed several headliners. Three of those four went triple platinum, twice. I've also managed three sold out world tours. So, I'm more than qualified to satisfy your needs as a manager.

Isabella circles Benny.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

As far as your personal needs, I think a jar of Vaseline could satisfy you. So, if I were to touch you... I think you'd last about as long as your little solo career did. What did your album sell again, one hundred copies?

DAVEY

Ouch.

ISABELLA

And F.Y.I, I'm only doing this as a favor to my uncle. No offense.

BENNY

(Defensively)

F.Y.I, I sold two hundred copies.

Sal claps his hands, disrupting the stand off.

SAL

Now that we got the resume out the way, let's get this reunion rolling.

MIKEY

Great! What's the plan?

ISABELLA

It's simple. We hit it fast and hard. I've already booked a few gigs and our first set is tonight.

DAVEY

Tonight? We need more time.

ISABELLA

Normally I'd agree but we are under some pretty heavy time restraints. We can only take what we're given.

Isabella starts for the door.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

I'll see you tonight at nine.

INT. RATTLIN' ROOSTER BAR - NIGHT

It's a hole in the wall, with several rickety tables and a small decrepit stage. Four mic stands sit on stage. A dirty, stained curtain hangs in the background.

Two dozen BAR PATRONS sit around. Brewster, hides in the shadows disguised in a dark trench coat and hat.

INT. RATTLIN' ROOSTER BAR, BACK STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The four nervously warm up. Isabella finishes talking to a shady BAR OWNER. She moves over to the four.

ISABELLA

Okay boys we're up.

MIKEY

This place is a dive.

ISABELLA

Like I said, we take what we're given.

SAL

Just focus on the fact that you guys are performing together again and go out there and knock 'em dead.

INT. RATTLIN' ROOSTER BAR - CONTINUOUS

The Bar Owner walks up to the stage. He taps on one of the mics, then blows on it, getting feedback both times.

BAR OWNER

I know that most of you were expecting Karaoke night, but tonight we have something special. To start the evening I'm proud to introduce to you... The two time Oscar winning band... The New Kids on the Block!

A single individual gives a slow clap. Followed by silence, a few smokers cough and restless movement.

The four walk out from the curtain, each taking a mic.

MIKEY

(Nervously)

It's just Kids on the Block. There's no New in our name. They're a different group. And we had a number one hit, not two Oscars. An Oscar is a movie award.

A large drunk ROWDY MAN shouts from the bar.

ROWDY MAN

Who gives a shit, asshole! Just sing your queer music so I can Karaoke.

This draws laughter from the bar. Brewster laughs too.

JOHNNY

Shut your damn mouth!

The guys hold Johnny back.

DAVEY

Let's just do this. Like Sal said, "don't focus on anything but us."

JOHNNY

Fine.

BENNY

Maybe I should start with a quick solo to soften them up.

MIKEY

No solos, we're a group remember?

Benny concedes. Mikey steps back to the mic.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Tonight we're going to perform a series of songs for your listening pleasure. The first song is a smooth sex song that little Davey wrote for us just before our split.

Davey raises his hand. No one cares.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

(Chuckling)

I guess he's not so little anymore.

No one laughs. Mikey clears his throat.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Now this song never had a chance to hit it big but it's still a personal favorite of mine. It's called Honey.

The Rowdy Man throws an empty can at the stage.

ROWDY MAN

Hurry up and sing you sissies! I don't have all night.

Mikey gestures to Sal. Sal starts the sound system as an unfamiliar smooth pop tune kicks in. The beat plays as the guys break into a choreographed dance.

Mikey nervously steps up, grabs his mic, and FREEZES. His mouth is wide open but no words come out.

The music continues. The guys continue dancing while Mikey stands frozen, gazing into the crowd. The Rowdy Man loves it and so does Brewster.

ROWDY MAN (CONT'D)

Holy shit, he's got stage fright!

JOHNNY

Shut the hell up! I swear I'll jump off this stage and I'm one question mark you don't want answered.

Davey moves up to Mikey.

DAVEY

(Whispering)

We got this, okay?

(In Mikey's mic)

Oh, Honey. Oh, sweet Honey.

DAVEY & MIKEY

I love you, Oh honey.

Davey steps back into his dance as Mikey sings.

MIKEY

Honey, honey, I never thought, that I would meet - a girl so neat, and as sweet as you.

THE KIDS ON THE BLOCK

So sweet- Oh honey-honey.

DAVEY

I've tasted Sugar - I've tasted Pie. And I've tasted Chocolate, me-oh-my.

THE KIDS ON THE BLOCK

But I've never tasted someone as sweet as you, oh honey- I love you.

The guys look okay, they're staying in step, and they don't sound half bad. The crowd watches with no real response. The four are really getting in tune now.

Isabella and Sal watch from the side and seem moderately pleased. As the song continues some of the crowd slowly starts to bob their heads and tap their feet.

Brewster stiffens as he notices the crowd's reaction.

JOHNNY

Oh, honey-honey I want to lick your,  
sweetness- I need to touch your, sweet  
lips- I need your, um...

Johnny goes blank. Mikey mouths "It's okay" and gestures  
to push past the error.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(Mouthing)

Sorry.

Benny shakes his head and takes the mistake as an  
opportunity to shine.

Benny grabs his mic, jumps off the stage, and sings his  
way over to a pretty woman seated at a nearby table.

BENNY

(Over singing)

I want your honey - come on, baby. Take  
your sticky sweetness and rub it on me. I  
want you honey, baby.

Benny grinds all over the woman. The rest of the group  
becomes distracted and their once fluid motion is thrown  
off. They're completely out of step with one another.

Davey mis-steps and trips Mikey. Mikey falls to the  
floor. Johnny bumps Davey and then Davey bumps back  
into Johnny. They look like the Three Stooges. While  
Benny rips open his shirt and pours water on himself.

Brewster sees a golden opportunity to pour salt in the  
wound -- he turns to the Rowdy Man from earlier.

BREWSTER

What a joke. Are we going to let these  
guys turn our joint into some gay bar?  
Who's up next, Clay Akon?

ROWDY MAN

Hell no! Get these freaks out of here!  
Get off the stage you homos!

JOHNNY

I told you to shut the hell up!

ROWDY MAN

Make me, fag!

Rowdy Man throws a bottle, shattering at Johnny's feet.

JOHNNY

I warned you, now it's on!

(Screaming)

Bar brawl!

Johnny leaps and flings himself at Rowdy Man. Rowdy Man amazingly catches Johnny's big frame and tosses him onto a table, breaking it in the process.

The crowd erupts and a bar brawl ensues. Everyone starts fighting everyone. Mikey and Davey are pulled from the stage and thrown into the mix.

Johnny quickly gets up and in an unorthodox windmill action barrels toward Rowdy Man. His charge falls short as a straight-right knocks him to the floor.

Mikey and Davey aren't fairing as well either as they take a beating of their own by other bar patrons.

Benny, on the other hand, is doing just fine as he makes out with the woman he was singing to under a table.

Brewster smiles at his handy work, lowers his hat and exits the bar.

INT. ISABELLA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER

Immaculate, state of the art, and finely decorated.

Sal makes ice packs in the kitchen while the guys lick their wounds in front of a large Plasma Tv. Isabella enters with a first aid kit.

ISABELLA

Are you sure no one needs to go to the hospital? You guys look bad.

The guys all moan "no". Sal hands out the ice packs.

SAL

You did take a Chris Brown beat down.

Mikey places the ice pack on his crotch, Davey puts his over his swollen eye, and Johnny places one on his head.

Isabella moves over to Benny. She takes out some antiseptic and dabs at his neck, which is covered in HICKEYS. Benny feigns pain with each tiny touch.

ISABELLA

I'm sorry. It looks painful. I've never seen anyone bruised this badly.

The guys watch in jealous disgust.

BENNY

(In fake pain)

Yeah, it hurts so badly. She really went to town on me, didn't she?

DAVEY

She? You told us two guys took turns hitting you in the neck with pool sticks!

BENNY

Oh, did I say she? See I can't even think straight. It must be the massive amount of swelling in my neck cutting off blood to my brain.

Benny puts his head into Isabella's lap. She gently pats his head and consoles him as he pretends to cry.

JOHNNY

It's still strange that I didn't see you once the entire fight.

Benny sits up, clearly offended.

BENNY

Sorry I didn't check in with you, master, while I was playing human piñata with the bash brothers. If I hadn't been focused like an Asian monk, I probably would've died. A lesser man wouldn't have survived.

Mikey has had enough.

MIKEY

Look, pain or no pain, you really made us look bad out there tonight.

BENNY

Me? I saved us when we choked like 2004 NBA Dream Team, thanks to the human punching bag forgetting his words.

Johnny throws his ice pack at Benny.

JOHNNY

At least I didn't go all Gwen Stefani on the group like you did. You selfish prick.

MIKEY

Yeah, the rest of us were up there trying to work out our kinks. You were just itching to go solo.

Isabella steps in before it gets out of control.

ISABELLA

Enough! We can't afford to fight about this all night. Okay so the night didn't go as planned. But look at the silver lining. You guys didn't sound half bad.

The guys settle back into their seats momentarily appeased by her praise.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

If this is going to work, really-really work, you guys have to put all your issues aside and work as a group. Got it?

Johnny excitedly points at the TV.

JOHNNY

Hey look, Yoko is on TV.

Their attention is drawn to the big screen.

DAVEY

She's doing a commercial? She always said that they're too expensive and a sign of desperation.

JANET (O.S.)

Hi, I'm Janet Harrison.

ON JANET'S TV COMMERCIAL:

Janet walks down a path in front of a large hospital. Patients, nurses and doctors pass behind her. She wears a sexy cleavage revealing blouse and a tight skirt that sculpts her firm body and tight ass.

JANET (CONT'D)

I'm here to talk to you about a serious issue that affects many Americans. Brain disorders. Each year millions of people are diagnosed or born with many different brain issues. Leaving many people, friends and family to suffer. Why hello, Jake.

A young mentally challenged man - JAKE - walks up. She awkwardly embraces him. Jake tries to cop a feel and hump her leg. She disgustedly pushes him away.

JANET (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Ewe, get him off of me.

Jake is quickly escorted off, Janet recomposes herself.

JANET (CONT'D)

I take a personal stance on any medical issues that affect the brain because it hits me so close to home.

She puts on a sad face, looks away and then a match cut to her looking back up. Fake tears streaming down her face.

JANET (CONT'D)

Recently someone near and dear to my heart has been diagnosed with a rare brain disorder. My husband, David.

Janet reaches off screen and pulls back a framed photo. The picture is of Davey. He is wearing head gear and appears mentally challenged. The photo is obviously altered.

JANET (CONT'D)

It's sad to know that David's rare form of dementia primatosus could have been prevented if only doctors had the proper help to slow, stop or even eradicate such a brain disorder.

She drops the photo, it SHATTERS as it hits the ground.

JANET (CONT'D)

And that's why I'm dedicated in helping those doctors by supporting stem cell research. If re-elected I will push for strong changes in not only the world of health...

Janet reaches down and picks up a trashed paper cup.

JANET (CONT'D)

But in the health of the world. Your world is my world, and my world is yours. Let's make things right and find the cure for all mental disease and clean up together.

Janet crumbles the paper cup, turns around and throws a backwards hook shot. The balled up cup is about to go in when-

The commercial pauses. The picture zooms in on the trash can and the cup, but the only thing in true focus is Janet's tight ass.

JANET (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm Janet Harrison and I approved this message.

The commercial stays paused.

INT. HARRISON MANSION - NIGHT

On the same commercial. Janet and Brewster standing in front of the paused TV.

BREWSTER

So... what do you think?

JANET

I love it, but will the public?

BREWSTER

What's not to love? You look hot in your outfit, you look compassionate towards the retard, and then you pull the viewers heart strings with the picture of Davey.

Brewster clicks off the T.V.

BREWSTER (CONT'D)

Now when Davey starts doing his song and dance they're gonna think its just poor little mental Davey. Can you imagine all the sympathy votes we'll get?

JANET

So what else can we do?

BREWSTER

Nothing. I've got it handled. Trust me. Even if they try again I'll crush their dreams over and over.

Janet grabs Brewster's package.

JANET

Thinking about those idiots getting their asses kicked in that bar is such a turn on. I'm getting all hot just imagining the humiliation they're going to suffer if they're stupid enough to keep trying.

BETWEEN GROPING, GRINDING AND KISSING-

BREWSTER

They're going to be so broken when I get done with them.

JANET

Keep talking dirty, big Daddy.

BREWSTER

I'm going to humiliate, mortify, and abase those fools.

Janet aggressively rips open her top, then Brewster's.

JANET

Preach to me lover!

BREWSTER

They all will dread the day they crossed Senator Janet Harrison, our future president.

Janet screams in ecstasy.

JANET

Oh God! It's time for this white girl to ride her black stallion.

Janet leaps onto Brewster pushing them both over a couch.

JANET (CONT'D)

Oh yes, Janet loves her pony!

Brewster starts to make horse noises.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, AUDITORIUM - DAY

Performing in front of hundreds of young kids are our guys. Sal and Isabella watch from stage right.

Behind the two, Brewster sneaks up and replaces a pitcher of water on a nearby table. He quickly disappears as the four come running off the stage.

The young kids cheer but the guys are out of breath.

BENNY

Not bad guys. This is going way better than the last three shows.

JOHNNY

Yeah, two songs down and not one mistake.

They grab for the water Brewster left, pouring glasses and guzzling it down.

DAVEY

Let's just keep this flow going.

MIKEY

Ya know Sal when Isabella suggested we do kid songs for elementary kids I was skeptical but it's actually working.

JOHNNY

Yeah, it kind of relaxes you. It's a good transition.

SAL

You boys are slaying those kids.

ISABELLA

Start small and work up. Now, get out there and finish your set.

They chug more water and head back out. The kids cheer.

MIKEY

Thank you... thank you.

(inadvertently burps)

Next we're going to sing Puff the Magic Dragon.

Then Johnny burps as he moves to the edge of the stage. Some of the kids giggle, others go "ewww".

JOHNNY

Go ahead kids, move closer to the stage.

The kids move up, pressing against the stage. We hear the guy's stomachs bubble a little. Benny burps.

DAVEY

Are you ready?

The kids are excited now. The music starts. Mikey burps.

MIKEY

(Singing)

Puff the Magic Dragon, lived by the sea,  
and frolicked in the autumn mist-

THE KIDS ON THE BLOCK

In a land called Honah lee

The kids are happy but the guys look a little uncomfortable... And their stomachs are GROWLING louder.

MIKEY

Oh, Puff... The magic-

He lets out a foul, ghastly BURP. The kids are noticing.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Dragon... he... um...

Suddenly... BLAHHH! Puke flies every where - cheering kids start screaming as vomit splatters onto them.

One SCREAMING GIRL takes a splash right in her mouth, and a heartbeat later spews herself - right on a LITTLE BOY next to her.

He erupts with his own stomached innards, splashing several of his friends. This starts a chain reaction that no one in the auditorium can escape, including the teachers and parents.

SCREAMING GIRL

(Crying)

It's burning my eyes!

JOHNNY

(In between hurls)

I'm sorry we had Thai food!

ON BREWSTER: He smiles devilishly at his handy work but as the aroma gets him, he dry heaves and quickly exits.

BEGIN FAILURE MONTAGE:

- FAIR GROUNDS -- the four perform on stage. Brewster can be seen unplugging some sound equipment. The four are booed for the technical difficulties. Stuff is thrown at the stage. Johnny angrily throws stuff back, coercing the crowd, then takes an angry stage dive into them.

- RETIREMENT HOME -- Mikey performs CPR on an old woman. Johnny readies a defibrillator. Benny actually tries to lift her skirt to sneak a peek but a phone-talking Davey slaps his hand away. Brewster, dressed as an old man takes his foot off the woman's oxygen tube and walks out.

- CHURCH -- The four walk out and are met by a hostile crowd. The crowd hisses and boos. The guys cowers for safety except for Johnny who runs and catapults off an empty pew and into the hostile crowd. Johnny proceeds to get pummeled by old church ladies. Johnny's face is smashed on the floor next to dozens of bright red fliers.

The flyer has a picture of Benny dressed as the Terminator. He holds his junk with one hand and a dildo shaped shotgun in the other. The flyer reads-

"TERMINATE-HER-HOLE"

Brewster hides in the back with a handful of fliers.

- BAR -- The four perform but they look lifeless and far from enthusiastic.

Mikey bumps into Johnny. One thing leads to another and the two end up in a wrestling match. Davey simply walks off stage while Benny proceeds to simultaneously down a bottle of whiskey and piss on stage.

Brewster laughs and walks out.

END MONTAGE:

INT. ISABELLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The four enter the apartment, arguing the entire time.

MIKEY

That's it, I'm done.

Everyone looks over to Mikey.

JOHNNY

You dragged us back just to quit?

MIKEY

Look. I made a mistake, I'm sorry.

ISABELLA

Okay, so we've hit a few bumps. Let's not get carried away.

MIKEY

(Scoffing)

A few bumps? We threw up on elementary kids. We nearly killed a woman. And we were practically crucified for Benny's sins. How much more can we take?

Benny stumbles to the couch and falls asleep.

BENNY

(Sleep talking)

I love road hoes. Hol-la.

MIKEY

Hell. Our baritone hasn't been sober since we've started all this.

DAVEY

You're right. I've had enough too.

MIKEY

I bet you have. You left the band once. The second time should be easier. You're the reason we were erased from the history books in the first place. If you never would've quit we'd still be a household name today.

DAVEY

Whatever.

Davey walks out on the balcony.

SAL

Boys, lets not fight. You guys love each other. You're the Kids on the Block.

MIKEY

Face it Sal, we're all grown up. We're not those kids anymore.

Mikey walks out. Johnny lets out a barbaric yell.

JOHNNY

I'm out of here too.

He walks over to a door, walks in and slams the door. A beat. Johnny emerges from the door.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(Disappointed)

It's a closet.

He exits the closet. He headed for another room.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I'll be shitting if anyone wants me.

EXT. ISABELLA'S APARTMENT, BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Davey leans over a balcony railing, Isabella walks up.

ISABELLA

You okay?

He continues gazing at the beautiful city.

DAVEY

He's right you know. I'm the reason we broke up. I'm the reason no one remembers us. I was a stupid kid who let someone control me. I thought I was in love.

Isabella places a comforting hand on him.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

When the guys showed up, I thought I'd get to redeem myself, and fix a mistake I never forgave myself for.

ISABELLA

Things don't always work as planned. That's life but you don't give up.

DAVEY

I guess I thought I was special enough that things would just fall back into place.

ISABELLA

But you are special.

DAVEY

Tell that to the world. This isn't just about a stupid group. This is about us proving that dreams are still possible. This is everything to us. If we fail again we'll all just go back to being broken forgotten men. We're risking all the hope that we have left. If we lose that, we lose everything.

Isabella continues to stare off.

ISABELLA

Did I ever tell you that I had the biggest crush on you?

This peaks his interest.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

You were so cute and shy and were such a good guy even back then. Too good for Janet that's for sure. God I hated her because she had you.

He glances over at her.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

I know I was only seven and you were thirteen and, of course, you didn't see me that way. Heck, I was Sal's tag along niece. But I use to pretend that we were dating. Funny, huh? I even told my best friend Sally that you kissed me.

Davey turns and tries to speak but Isabella quickly silences him with a finger to his lips.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

You guys were performing in Tucson. I was homesick and I was crying in the hall. The concert was about to start so no one paid any mind to me except for this young sweet kid. He asked me what was wrong.

She moves closer.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

I told him and you know what he did?

Davey shakes his head.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

He gave me the friendship bracelet from off his wrist, a sweet peck on my check and told me that everything was going to be okay. He said that his bracelet was magic and it would make me happy when ever I felt sad. I knew it was childish even at that age but you know what? I haven't been homesick since.

Isabella reaches into her pocket and pulls out an old, dirty, lime green speckled friendship bracelet.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

I feel silly for keeping it all these years but it works for me.

She places it into his hand. Davey squeezes it.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

You were larger than life yet you took the time to do a good thing for a sad little girl. It was sweet.

Isabella inches even closer.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Do you want to know a secret?

Davey nods.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

My crush on you hasn't gone away.

Isabella kisses Davey -- and he kisses back.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

(Pulls back)

Now, it's my turn to let you know that it's going to be okay.

DAVEY

What about the guys... Mikey?

ISABELLA

Don't worry about him. He just needs to clear his head and blow off some steam. You'll see but until then.

Isabella tenderly grabs Davey's hand and leads him away.

INT. BAR - LATER

The place is crowded. Mikey sits at the bar, a dozen empty shot glasses sit in his wake. He's wasted. A BIG BARTENDER pours him another shot.

MIKEY

(Shouting and slurring)

Did I tell any of you that I once was in a boy band?

The entire bar grumbles.

BIG BARTENDER

Yes. It was you, a porn star, a biker, and a Senator. We got it.

MIKEY

No. Davey isn't the Senator... his thirteen year old wife is the Senator.

BIG BARTENDER

Senator of what? Crazy town?

The bartender gives everyone the international sign that Mikey is drunk and crazy. Everyone laughs.

MIKEY

Go ahead and laugh because the one who laughs first, actually laughs last. Especially if you record the first laugh and then play it back. Ha, I got you bad!

The bartender pulls away the shot he just poured.

BIG BARTENDER

I think you've had enough.

MIKEY

No, wait!

Mikey reaches for the shot, when he notices the TV. The TV is on MTV, the sound is off but a picture of the New Kids on the Block appears on the screen.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Turn it up! Turn it up, please.

The bartender reluctantly complies.

INT. MTV NEWS - CONTINUOUS

An MTV analyst sits behind a broadcast desk.

MTV ANALYST

With the MTV awards paying homage to the boys of pop, it seems that boy band mania is setting in. Album sales and internet downloads have gone up in recent weeks along with sold out concerts for recently reunited bands. It appears the tribute has breathed some life back into these handsome hunks.

The picture switches to a packed music store where dozens of men and women buy CDs. The store is in a tizzy. The shot switches back to the analyst.

MTV ANALYST (CONT'D)

And, as if the shocking surge in popularity wasn't strange enough, sightings of the once thought mythical band the Kids on the Block have increased at a dramatic rate.

Mikey points, jumps up and down and lets out a high pitch squeal like a star-struck girl.

MIKEY

That's me, I mean that's us. They're talking about my band.

MTV ANALYST

Once thought to be nothing more than an old folklore, it seems people all around the Hollywood hills are swearing that they've seen the group.

The picture switches again to a fat DUMB LADY.

DUMB LADY

Yeah, I saw them at a bar. They sucked. They even played at my nephew's school and threw up in his face. It was them. They specifically said, and I quote:

(reading a note card)

We are just the Kids on the Block not the New Kids. There's no 'New' in our name. We're a different group.

The picture switches to a familiar face, the Rowdy Man.

ROWDY MAN

Yeah, I saw them. I even fought the fattest one. I beat the s-beep-t out of him. They sang like crap.

It switches again, this time to an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

It was them alright, I remember going to one of their concerts as a little girl. They're not as good-looking anymore but they sang okay.

Back on the MTV analyst as a younger picture of the group is superimposed just above the analyst.

MTV ANALYST

Now the question remains -- is this really the legendary forgotten group? Or is this like all those Big-foot and Elvis sightings Or is this a hoax sparked by a recent VH1 Behind the Music story and the impending music awards? Only time will tell. But for now the Kids on the Block might be somewhere out there. And if they are, come out come out wherever you are.

INT. ISABELLA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Mikey barges into the apartment.

MIKEY

We're alive! We are alive!

Johnny and Benny wake up from the couch, and everyone else walks out into the living room.

SAL

What in the hell is going on?

Mikey goes around hugging everyone.

MIKEY

MTV said we're like Big-foot and act like Elvis. But we're alive!

DAVEY

Are you drunk?

MIKEY

Yes.

BENNY

Hell yeah, join the club.

MIKEY

Look. People think we're alive, and not like mythical kids, but now, as grown men. They're starting to remember.

All he's getting are disbelieving stares.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Don't you get it? This can really work. If people believe we're out there, then there's a chance they'll let us on the award show to prove it.

JOHNNY

Then what are we waiting for? Let's go down to the news station now.

SAL

Not so fast boys, if you've already forgotten, project reunion has gone over as well as a catholic priest at a day care, and you know why?

Everyone shakes their heads.

SAL (CONT'D)

Because you guys aren't the Kids on the Block anymore. The kids I knew were special. I don't know who you posers are. You've lost the magic that made you great in the first place. If you go to the media, sure they'll put you on as a joke. That's it. You'll be a big joke for everyone to laugh at.

DAVEY

Then help us get that magic back.

Sal sadly shakes his head.

SAL

I wish I could but it's not up to me. You boys got to want it.

JOHNNY

Show us the way. I want it.

BENNY

I want it, too. And not just for the women, the booze, the drugs, the fame, and the

(MORE)

BENNY (CONT'D)

money... Okay, that's primarily why I want it, but I want to be a part of the Kids on the Block, too. Okay, eighty percent for the selfish reasons, twenty for the good intentions, no, seventy-five selfish, and twenty-five good. That's the best I can do.

Mikey places a hand on Sal's shoulder.

MIKEY

A wise man once told me that life is funny. You can stop living it but it doesn't ever stop moving. I want to live it and never stop again.

Sal smiles as his eyes water.

SAL

I always told you boys that you were special. We have to get that back and I know just the way to do it. We have to recapture that moment when I saw you crazy kids for the first time, that time in Mikey's room. And we won't quit until we do!

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The four stand in a crowded elevator. They are not wearing anything but their underwear. The elevator plays music and a clock indicates that it's 11:15 AM.

Time lapses, the clock now shows 11:45 AM. Nothing is happening. The guys look restless and super embarrassed.

12:15 PM. The elevator opens, people get off and on. People stare and look just as uncomfortable as the guys.

As the elevator moves the four are starting to bob their heads and tap their feet to the music. Johnny whistles a bit, while Benny mouths the words to the song.

Mikey hums a bit, Davey dances a little more, Johnny mouths along with Benny.

1:00 PM. The four are singing along to the song as one. The new elevator riders can't help but smile at the four.

1:30 PM. A different song plays and the four jam out. They're having a good time, singing their hearts out all in harmony just like Sal was talking about.

DING - the elevator door OPENS and a group Of SECURITY GUARDS are waiting. The elevator riders cheer and clap. The guys bow and get high-fives as the Security Guards pull them from the elevator.

The crowd BOO the Security Guards as they exit.

EXT. CITY SKYSCRAPER - LATER

The four are shoved out the high-rise building still only dressed in their underwear. They look proud and bulletproof.

Sal and Isabella stand outside waiting.

SAL

Well, someone has their swagger back. It took a few hours and five different elevators but you did it!

The guys nod and smile at each other in agreement.

ISABELLA

Well I guess there's nothing left to say but... The boys are back!

The Kids turn to one another and jump in the air as they attempt a four way aerial high-five. They miss but when they land they embrace in a sweaty hug.

The entire moment is awkward and clumsy. The guys quickly look embarrassed from the moment..

DAVEY

That didn't work out like I thought.

JOHNNY

Yeah it was kind of... you know.

MIKEY

Yeah.

DAVEY

I'd rather not talk about it anymore.

BENNY

I'm pretty sure all our packages touched.

MIKEY

We should probably shower.

It's a clamor of "yeah, yeah", "I should go, too", and "I've got things to do". They go their separate ways.

INT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY

The guys sit in individual salon chairs. They are wrapped in salon aprons, their hair in foil, and their faces covered in moisturizing masks.

ISABELLA

Now that my Uncle has you guys singing like a group, it's time you start looking like one. Times have changed, and over the years IMAGE has become more important than ever.

Isabella walks the beauty shop like a drill sergeant inspecting her men.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

To stand a fighting chance we're going to need an extreme makeover. And even then... may God help us.

Each guy has three stylists working on them doing manicures, pedicures, shaving, and waxing. It's as serious as surgery.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

We live in a shallow world and the ugly truth is that in the music biz, if you're ugly, you'd better be charming, and if you're fat, then you better be sweet. But either way, the worse off you are, the better you'll need to sing, and frankly you guys just aren't that good.

Isabella walks by Mikey and Davey, pleased with the work. With Benny, she prys a beer from his grasp.

On Johnny: She pulls away a cucumber slice from his mouth. She waves her finger "NO" and places two more cucumber over his eyes. As she leaves he quickly gobbles them up.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

I will map your makeover like I was performing surgery on a man who has just been hideously deformed and disfigured in a car accident... And who was grossly fat, sloppy, and wasn't good-looking to begin with.

THE KIDS ON THE BLOCK

We get it!

ISABELLA

We can't afford to miss a thing!

Isabella walks from chair to chair, directing each group of stylists, approving suggested colors, hair styles, the whole works. She's not just giving them a makeover... She's practically rebuilding them. She directs every movement like a conductor to an orchestra.

INT. RITZY CLOTHING STORE - CONTINUOUS

Isabella sits on a plush couch in the middle of the dressing room, approving and disapproving clothing ideas from half a dozen tailors.

ISABELLA (V.O.)

A lot of people can sing in this world  
and there are millions of beautiful people  
in it. But it takes a perfect mix of talent  
and style to make someone successful.

Davey exits a dressing room wearing a sharp designer shirt and slacks, he gets an approving wink, thumbs up, and a smile.

Mikey exits wearing an orange sequin shirt and ultra-tight white dungarees. He gets a thumbs down, he deflates.

Isabella walks over to Johnny who browses through leather pants. She slaps his hand away and waves her finger "NO".

In the background a hot female tailor casually knocks away at Benny's hands. She tries to measure his waist while he persistently pushes the tailor's head towards his junk.

INT. BEAUTY SALON - CONTINUOUS

The masks and foil have been removed.

ISABELLA

I've based your makeovers on four  
previously successful boy band members.  
I've carefully selected them to best fit  
you and your roll in the group. These  
four will represent our best chance at  
success.

Isabella walks over to Davey's chair. She pulls out a recent picture of Justin Timberlake and holds it up to Davey.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Every crew needs a pretty boy, the smooth dancer.

The hair stylist shaves Davey's hair down to a thin buzz.

She moves to Mikey, his hair is short, spiky, and wild. She holds up a photo of a shirtless Nick Lachey.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Then there's the heartthrob. The muscle with a sexy body.

Mikey stands as a makeup artist air brushes his body, amplifying his muscles and giving him a fake six-pack.

She moves up to Johnny and pulls out a picture of A.J. McLean from the Back Street Boys.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Of course everyone needs a bad boy.

The stylist sculpts Johnny's handlebar mustache, his soul patch, and applies thick fake eyebrows.

Isabella moves over to Benny's chair. He is passed out and his chair is surrounded by empty beer cans. She pulls out a picture of Joey Fatone from N'sync.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

And last but not least... The soulful teddy bear. The romantic.

Isabella can only shake her head as the stylist trims, shades and darkens a thin beard on Benny.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

It's a stretch, but we have no choice because it's game time boys.

EXT. BEAUTY SALON - LATER

IN SLOW MOTION:

Fresh, glowing, and pouring with renewed confidence, our boys strut down the sidewalk side by side.

They look identical to their counter parts except that they're not as thin, good-looking, cool, or as young; but it's good enough to draw the attention of many passing women. The four are picture perfect.

CLICK! The image freeze-frames.

INT. HARRISON MANSION - DAY

We're on the same frozen picture as it drops onto a large desk. Sitting at the desk is Janet. She's watching the news. She glances up at Brewster.

JANET

What's this?

She grabs the photo and looks it over.

JANET (CONT'D)

I didn't know you were into photography. What's your subject? Hot men at beauty salons?

BREWSTER

No, boy band makeovers.

The ugly realization washes over her face and she drops the photo in disgust. She looks to Brewster for answers.

BREWSTER (CONT'D)

Yeah, it's them alright.

JANET

I thought you said they were finished.

BREWSTER

I was positive that they were. I was just as shocked as you when I saw this.

Brewster picks the photo back up.

BREWSTER (CONT'D)

But you have to hand it to them. They're resilient.

JANET

I don't get it. I mean it doesn't even look like them.

Janet angrily reaches for a cigarette to calm her agitation. Brewster pulls out a lighter and lights it.

BREWSTER

Even worse, our funding ran short and I couldn't afford to pay our spy. So after this photo was taken we kind of lost track of them.

JANET

What? Fuck! What do we do now?

BREWSTER

Now, I figured you wouldn't accept that, so I stole... I mean borrowed some money from the state's funds and re-hired him. He'll find them but we'll be in the dark for a few days.

JANET

But you're on it, right?

BREWSTER

I'm all over it but not knowing what they're up to is going to make damage control a little tougher.

Brewster moves over to Janet and gives her a back rub.

JANET

I thought that we already covered that with the dementia story.

Janet blows a puff of smoke in Brewster's face.

BREWSTER

That story would've worked when he looked like regular old idiot Davey, but you saw the picture. Does he look mentally-challenged to you?

JANET

Shit, shit, shit! The election is a month away and those idiots are going to drag my Senate seat and my future Presidential hopes down with them.

Janet rubs out the cigarette out and paces.

JANET (CONT'D)

I don't care who you have to pay, bribe or blackmail. Find my husband and end him for good. If he goes public, I'm done and if I go down you're coming with me.

Brewster inches behind Janet again. He kisses her neck.

BREWSTER

I know you're upset baby, but we'll find them and when we do...

Janet pushes him away.

JANET

Oh shut the hell up. Your ebony isn't  
touching my ivory because my jungle fever  
is cured until my Senate seat is secured.

INT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

In a whirlwind of activity as-

BEGIN "SUCCESS" MONTAGE:

INTERCUT: The group performing and MTV news

CONCERT --

The four sing, dance and perform everywhere possible.  
Fair grounds, schools, bars, local theaters and even on  
the street. The four seem unstoppable.

MTV NEWS --

MTV FEMALE ANALYST

And the myth grows as new sightings of  
the once-forgotten group The Kids on the  
Block keep flooding in. People claim to  
have seen, met and touched them. But  
stranger than that more and more people  
are claiming they actually remember them.

CONCERT --

Women cheer and scream. The audience loves them. The  
guys look great with their new looks and new-found  
confidence. They appear completely professional and  
even have their very own roadies... the Jets.

MTV NEWS --

A superimposed picture appears at the upper right of  
the analyst. The photo is a blurred image of the guys.

MTV FEMALE ANALYST (CONT'D)

More popular than an Elvis sighting and  
more elusive than UFOs, no one seems to  
be able to track these guys down. Are  
they legit or just riding the hype train  
all the way to success?

CONCERT --

The guys sign autographs and play to the crowds. The  
Jets can barely hold back the fans.

MTV NEWS --

MTV FEMALE ANALYST (CONT'D)

Forgotten for decades, it's only taken a few weeks for our mysterious four to become household names again. And to their magical re-emergence, the Kids on the Block seem to show up unannounced, out of thin air, perform and then disappear again without a trace. Real or alive, these guys do know how to stir things up.

A series of Show-ending shots as-

END MONTAGE:

INT. MALL - DAY

The crowd goes crazy as the four bow and wave. They shout their "thank yous" and then run off stage.

INT. MALL - MOMENTS LATER

The mall is packed. The female HOST walks onto the stage. She holds a mic in one hand and an envelope in the other.

HOST

How about another round of applause for all our contestants?

The crowd cheers and applauds.

HOST (CONT'D)

This year we had a wonderful and interesting mix of young talent come to the stage. We thank everyone that came out and performed but as you know there can only be one winner.

The Host opens the envelope. The crowd goes silent.

HOST (CONT'D)

It wasn't easy but our judges have come to a unanimous decision. So with out any further delays, the winner of the Seventh Annual Mall Talent Search is...

SHE READS-

HOST

THE KIDS ON THE BLOCK!

The crowd erupts.

At the the bottom of the stage our guys go wild, hugging and jumping up and down.

Their competitors aren't so happy. The handful of kids ranging from four to twelve cry and pout in their loss.

A MAGICIAN (10) Hits his mother with his magic wand as she tries to console him.

A young COUNTRY SINGER (11) throws his guitar and hat.

A cute-as-a-button BALLERINA (5) cries her eyes out.

An all-girl DANCE GROUP (12) console one another.

HOST (CONT'D)

Come on up guys and collect your trophy  
and your prize money.

The guys head for the stage and taunt the losers as they pass.

Mikey gives "magic hands" to the magician, mocking him and pretty much every other typical magician.

MIKEY

Poof! I guess I just made your dreams  
disappear. Ta-Da.

Benny shoves the little cowboy and gives the little ballerina mocking "cry baby" eyes.

Davey delicately makes his way to the stage sympathetically apologizing to the group of losers.

Johnny passes a BATON TWIRLER (6). She holds two twirling batons. He gets up in her face.

JOHNNY

You talked all that smack about having  
this shit in the bag. The fire was a  
nice touch, but not good enough today.  
What's up now? Burn, baby.

GYMNAST GIRL

Whatever, loser. I'll catch your bitch  
ass next year.

She kicks Johnny in the shins and runs off. Johnny tries to chase after her but the guys grab him.

Once onstage the four wave and put their hands up in victory. They are handed a trophy and a giant check for five hundred dollars. They hold them up in pride.

The crowd loves them and they relish every moment.

EXT. HARRISON MANSION - DAY

Janet stands on a podium. She's surrounded by supporters with election signs and the media.

JANET

So if re-elected to the Senate, I promise that I will do everything I did in my first term, plus more. Just remember what I always say: Your world is my world and my world is yours. Let's clean it up together.

The supporters clap and the media does what the media does. Brewster steps to the mic.

BREWSTER

Senator Harrison will only answer a few brief questions.

The media's hands fly up. Brewster points to a reporter.

REPORTER #1

Yes, we've noticed that Mr. Harrison hasn't been around lately, is that due to his recent illness?

Janet uncomfortably clears her throat.

JANET

Yes, my poor husband is currently being seen by the finest doctors in hopes of delaying any further decline in his mental status. I'm afraid you won't be seeing him the rest of my campaign as we'd like to keep this personal matter private.

REPORTER #1

Why make it private now? You already put it in a commercial.

Janet looks to Brewster.

BREWSTER

Senator Harrison didn't want to keep the public in the dark, but instead shed some light on this terrible disease in the hopes that it might someday yield a cure. Still we'd like to at least keep the details of her husband's ordeal as private as possible.

Another reporter steps forward.

REPORTER #2

Is there any truth to the rumor that Mr. Harrison is, in fact, singing in a boy band and that's why he's been removed from the campaign?

JANET

No, there is no truth to that rumor.

REPORTER #2

Recent photos show an uncanny similarity between the two. You can't deny the resemblance.

JANET

I've seen those same fuzzy photos. If you'd buy that, I have some pictures of Taylor Lautner's and Robert Pattinson's love child.

The crowd laughs.

JANET (CONT'D)

Besides that guy's name is Davey Soprano, not Harrison. He's cute but he's not my David.

BREWSTER

Next question please.

REPORTER #1

I saw them live last week. He does look a lot like your husband.

BREWSTER

Let's keep the questions relevant to the issues.

A third reporter jumps in on the fun.

TABLOID REPORTER

If it was him, would you let him perform at your re-election banquet?

The crowd laughs again.

REPORTER #1

It might help her campaign. She is slipping in the polls.

The media continue to laugh and joke.

REPORTER #2

Does it bother you that your husband is more popular than you?

JANET

He's not my husband.

Janet is losing her cool. Brewster notices.

BREWSTER

Thank you everyone for coming out. We really do have a busy schedule and must be on our way.

Brewster grabs Janet and leads her away from the podium.

TABLOID REPORTER

If you get a chance can you get me a good photo? It's a real hot commodity.

Janet and Brewster walk away from the shouting media and towards a black sedan.

JANET

Damn it. The jokes are starting. I knew this was going to happen.

BREWSTER

All they have right now is speculation and a few blurry pictures.

Brewster open the door, Janet gets in.

JANET

They're already swaying away from my campaign issues and focusing on Davey. You need to fix this.

BREWSTER

I'm working on it.

JANET

How?

BREWSTER

My source tells me that they'll be performing at a high school dance tonight. It'll be their last performance.

JANET

It better be because if the media can verify Davey is my David, not only do we look like liars but we'll be a walking

(MORE)

JANET (CONT'D)  
punch line. I'll be the next Sarah Palin.  
Next stop, SNL.

BREWSTER  
I won't let that happen.

Janet reaches for the door...

JANET  
Yeah you won't, especially if you want to  
slam this clam again.

And slams it shut. The sedan speeds off. Brewster  
stands alone. His phone rings. He answers.

BREWSTER  
Go ahead with Operation Shutdown. First  
sign of trouble have your cop friends  
ready to break it up. And remember --  
keep the Harrison name protected.

CLICK.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - NIGHT

The guys stand around in a festively decorated gym. The  
place is full of balloons, streamers and banners.

The banners read: Jefferson High - Freshmen Dance.

Benny stands near the refreshment table. He pours a  
large bottle of liquor into the punch bowl.

DAVEY (O.S.)  
What are you doing?

Benny turns to Davey and flashes the bottle of booze.

BENNY  
I'm spiking the punch. I want these kids  
loose before we get on stage.

DAVEY  
You can't serve alcohol to minors!

BENNY  
Settle down Robocop, I'm just trying to  
help this party happen. Besides, you act  
like it's against the law.

Davey is befuddled by Benny.

DAVEY

It is!

Disbelieving, Benny turns to Johnny.

BENNY

Hey Johnny, Davey thinks it's illegal to serve alcohol to minors.

JOHNNY

It is.

BENNY

(Stunned)

Oh. Well at least Ecstasy is still legal or we'd be in some deep shit.

Davey gives Benny the look. Benny realizes.

BENNY (CONT'D)

Damn. I'll... um, be right back.

Benny slowly backs up and then sprints out of the gym. Isabella supervises the Jets as they set up the equipment. She looks to Davey.

ISABELLA

Where's he going?

DAVEY

Pre-gig jitters.

Mikey walks over to her.

MIKEY

So tell me why we're still doing this show. The music awards are this weekend. Shouldn't we be going public, doing the media, getting invited.

Isabella continues to direct the stage set up.

ISABELLA

In due time.

MIKEY

You're cutting it kind of close, don't you think? And isn't a high school dance a little beneath us now?

ISABELLA

Look, when I book twenty shows I commit to twenty shows. I've done three world

(MORE)

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

tours and I've never missed or canceled a show, and I don't intend on starting now.

Mikey shrugs and walks away.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Mikey?

He looks back.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

I know you're anxious, but just trust me. I won't let you down. Besides, think of this as your farewell performance to the small venues.

He nods and smiles. Johnny starts jumping around.

JOHNNY

Let's rock this bitch!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - LATER

The gym is packed with awkward, pimple-faced, mid-pubescent teens. Some dance while the majority stand around and socialize. An R&B slow jam plays in the background.

Davey and Isabella enjoy a dance. Sal also boogies down while the other guys stand around a refreshment table.

Benny sips a cup of his spiked punch. A FEMALE CHAPERON walks by, Benny winks and nods.

BENNY

'Sup?

Three scrawny boys make a beeline over to the guys.

SCRAWNY BOY #1

Who are you guys suppose to be?

JOHNNY

We're the boy band performing tonight.

SCRAWNY BOY #1

More like a gay man band?

The boys laugh and high five.

SCRAWNY BOY #2

Yeah, you guys look like N'sync, if they went fucking retarded.

SCRAWNY BOY #3

No, they look like they ate N'sync.

Johnny and Benny join in on the laughter.

JOHNNY

We ate all right, but it wasn't N'sync.

BENNY

No, we ate your mothers' beef tacos.  
Yeah, it's true. Your moms are pretty  
big sluts.

JOHNNY

They're so easy they walk around with  
mattresses on their backs.

BENNY

Do you want to see what we looked like  
when we poked them last night?

Johnny and Benny pump and hump the air. They make moaning  
noises and sexual faces. The three boys are speechless.  
Benny proceeds to lick an imaginary woman.

BENNY (CONT'D)

Your mom was like a vagina candy cane.

The three boys have had enough. They walk away. Johnny  
slaps one across the head as he leaves.

JOHNNY

That's right, get going. And next time  
respect your elders.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - LATER

The entire crew stands at the refreshment table.

ISABELLA

We're on in five so let's get on stage.

A 5ft 10 inch short-haired BUTCH GIRL (14) in a green  
dress walks up to the guys. She looks like a woman with  
a mission. The same three boys from earlier hide behind  
her.

BUTCH GIRL

Which one of them did it?

The scrawniest one points at Johnny.

BUTCH GIRL (CONT'D)

(To Johnny)

So you're the one who thought it was cool  
to put your hands on my man?

JOHNNY

Your man?

Johnny appears confused. Then the light bulb clicks on.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Oh... you're a girl. I'm sorry it was  
hard to tell.

BUTCH GIRL

Screw you!

She shoves Johnny. The force knocks him back a few feet.

SCRAWNY BOY #1

FIGHT!

The guys step back as a crowd gathers around.

JOHNNY

What's your problem?

BUTCH GIRL

I don't have a problem. You do, unless  
you're afraid to fight me.

JOHNNY

Look, steroid Barbie. I'm one dance partner  
you don't wanna tango with. Besides I  
don't fight girls. Then again your gender  
has yet to be determined.

POW! Johnny takes a startling punch to the face.

BUTCH GIRL

Well then you shouldn't have messed with  
my man but you did.

JOHNNY

And you shouldn't look like a man, but  
you do.

CRACK! She suddenly plants an unexpected kick square in  
Johnny's face. The entire dance is now watching.

Isabella and the guys plead with Johnny to walk away.  
But he doesn't.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

It's fine guys, I'm not going to hurt her. She just doesn't realize what she's-

BING! BANG! KAPOW! Johnny takes three more swift jabs and his nose starts trickling blood. He wipes the blood and is insanely amused at the sight of it. He licks it.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Oh, it's on now!

Johnny throws a series of wild punches, every one missing the limber girl. Johnny stops for a moment breathing heavily.

She strikes again, popping him in the face with another pair of jabs as the crowd frenzies up, spurring on Johnny.

He proceeds to punch and kick but misses every time.

BUTCH GIRL

You should know I'm a tenth degree black belt in karate and a master in judo.

The girl shows off her skills with a series of martial art moves. Johnny composes himself.

JOHNNY

Yeah? Well I'm a black belt in kick your face in and a master of punch your lights out.

He mocks her with moves of his own. He lets out a yell and charges her.

She quickly and impressively somersaults backwards into a tumbling back flip avoiding Johnny's charge.

She turns, runs up the wall Matrix-style, flips, and lands behind him.

Johnny turns just in time to receive a flamingo kick to the face. She lands, kicks him in the nuts and then leg sweeps him to the floor.

In a last ditch effort Johnny throws a vicious uppercut into the girls crotch. His fist gets stuck. She smiles.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

What are you?

Johnny frees his fist and gets back to his feet when...  
WHAM! He's knocked back down by a powerful, rib crushing  
spin kick to the chest.

The crowd erupts with an "oh!"

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
(No air in his lungs)

Ouch.

Johnny slumps against the wall and drops to the floor.  
He's done.

The girl does the Bruce Lee nose swipe then walks away.

BUTCH GIRL  
(To her man)  
Let's go babe. Now!

The scrawny boy follows. The guys run over to Johnny.

BENNY  
Dude that was awesome! You okay?

Johnny nods. He tries to stand.

MIKEY  
Let it go Johnny.

DAVEY  
Yeah it's not worth it.

He struggles to his feet. He sways but he isn't quitting.

JOHNNY  
I ain't heard no bell ring.

Johnny bull rushes the unsuspecting girl like an NFL  
linebacker. The two smash through the refreshment table.

Juice and appetizers explode into the air. They tumble  
and roll past the table but they both pop to their feet.

The girl is stunned. Johnny notices and immediately  
takes advantage. He head butts her and then suplexes  
her onto another table.

The crowd gasps as the girl gets to her feet.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
She's not human

He grabs for a chair and SMASHES it across her back.  
She falls. He walks away.

The crowd GASPS again as the girl struggles to her feet. Johnny can't believe his eyes but he knows what he must do.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Finish her.

Johnny gets a running start, jumps, and does a flying dragon kick. The girl is knocked unconscious. Johnny can hardly stand.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(Out of breath)

I won. I finally won a fight.

He raises his hands in victory. He addresses the crowd.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

He was a tough young lad, I'll give him that.

The crowd BOOs Johnny.

SCRAWNY BOY #2

She was a girl. You just beat up a fourteen year old girl.

JOHNNY

Yes the story may vary, but the legend will still grow. People will talk about the day I beat the Jolly Green Giant at his own game.

Isabella is in disbelief.

ISABELLA

This night couldn't get any worse.

Suddenly the gym doors slam open. Four cops enter.

COP #1

L.A.P.D.! Everyone freeze!

Benny instantly freaks.

BENNY

Those little bastards ratted me out.

He quickly reaches for his pocket and pulls out a clear baggy filled with tiny white pills. He wants to get rid of it but there's no place to stash it. He's out of time.

BENNY (CONT'D)

Shit.

Benny quickly pours the baggy full of pills into his mouth and starts chewing. The cops make their way over to the guys.

SAL

Is there a problem, officers?

COP #1

We're taking these four in for disturbing the peace, civil disorder and assault.

The officers handcuff the guys. Benny looks to the cop. His mouth is covered with white powder. He keeps chewing.

BENNY

I'm eating Mentos. I'm enjoying them a lot. They're the fresh maker.

COP #1

(Not caring)

Good for you buddy.

BENNY

I really love Mentos. That's why I have so many in my mouth at once. There's nothing wrong with that.

COP #1

(Confused and annoyed)

Okay, I got it. You love Mentos.

The Ecstasy is starting to hit Benny.

BENNY

A lot.

COP #1

Okay... a lot.

The cop looks at his men and gives them the "this guy is crazy" look.

ISABELLA

This is probably one giant misunderstanding.

COP #1

It always is but you're going to have to work it out with the judge.

Benny rubs his face against the cop.

BENNY

Wow your uniform feels so amazing. What's  
it made of? Vagina?

The cop pulls away.

COP #1

Get these guys out of here.

The cops shuffle the guys toward the exit. Isabella  
just shakes her head.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

We see the four as they are pushed through booking.  
They each get finger printed and then get their mug  
shots.

DAVEY: FLASH - Davey holds his hand up to avoid the  
picture.

JOHNNY: FLASH -Johnny gives the typical gangster lean  
and a peace sign.

MIKEY: FLASH - Mikey takes a sexy male model pose -FLASH -  
then another pose -FLASH - and another.

BENNY: FLASH - Benny goes full out pornographic, pinching  
his nipples - FLASH - he tries to hump a female officer -  
FLASH - he licks a male officer's face as they're trying  
to contain him - FLASH-

INT. POLICE STATION, JAIL CELL - LATER

A typical cell full of lowly CRIMINALS. The four are  
shoved in. The door slams closed behind them.

Mikey, like a caged animal, grabs onto the bars.

MIKEY

When do we get our phone call?

No one answers.

Davey and Johnny settle onto a bench along side some  
other men. Benny strips down to his underwear.

BENNY

It's so hot in here. I'm so thirsty.

Benny moves toward the toilet and splashes the water on  
to his body. He takes handfuls of it and drinks it.

He moves around the cell and begins to rub his body against other cell members. Everyone else beside his three buddies are freaking out.

JOHNNY

It's okay. He's harmless.

Davey sighs and begins to pace.

DAVEY

What's our next step?

MIKEY

Next step... I'll tell you our next step. We sit here and rot while the music awards come and go. Or worse. The story breaks about our arrest and we crash faster than Jason Priestly's career.

JOHNNY

No!

Benny grinds against and licks at the cell bars.

DAVEY

We have to think positive. Maybe Isabella will get us out of here soon and we'll still make the awards.

MIKEY

Look at us. We just got arrested. Johnny just beat up a little girl, I'm losing my mind. You're living in imaginary land. And Benny's lit up like Hugh Hefner's birthday cake.

Benny straddles his crotch over an unconscious bum.

JOHNNY

Benny! Stop tea bagging the homeless guy.

Benny only giggles.

MIKEY

We're so finished.

INT. POLICE STATION, JAIL CELL - LATER

The guys lay about the cell floor. They are the only ones left in the holding area. An OFFICER walks in. Mikey jumps up.

MIKEY

Finally. Look, me and my friends have been here for over three hours and we haven't receive our phone calls yet.

The Officer looks at a clip board.

OFFICER

What's the last name?

MIKEY

Nickatello.

OFFICER

Okay, your name is right here. And you're actually- wait a second. Where do I know that name from? Nickatello?

The officer thinks.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Holy crap! You're Mikey Nickatello

He looks at the rest of the guys.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

And that's Benny, Johnny, and Davey. You're the Kids On the Block.

The guys get up.

MIKEY

We sure are. You a fan?

OFFICER

Am I a fan?

He looks side to side to see if anyone else is around. The coast is clear. His gayness is free to escape.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Is my favorite color a rainbow? Of course I'm a fan. I am a huge fan. Sorry I didn't recognize you. The photos of you guys haven't exactly been in focus.

Benny moves forward.

BENNY

(seductively)

If you're such a big fan, then why don't you let us out of here. We'll get you front row seats to our first concert.

OFFICER

I wish it worked like that.

Benny takes off his shirt, showing of his sweaty flab. The officer gets all hot and bothered.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

I do have some friends, but I don't know if those are strings I want to pull. But-

Benny quickly drops his pants.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Maybe if I get my own little concert, I might be inclined to make a phone call or two. But it's gotta be worth it. Hell if the shows good enough... I think the entire report could go missing.

Benny nudges Mikey and looks at the rest of the guys. They understand. They all start to strip.

JOHNNY

Let's rock this bitch!

The rock out music begins.

INT. POLICE STATION, JAIL CELL - MOMENTS LATER

The guys are going wild in the cell. They dance and sing and put on the show of their lives.

The officer is also having the time of his life as the guys dance sexually. Johnny and Benny are on all fours as Davey and Mikey ride them like horses.

It's an all out dance party. As now the officer strips down and enters the cell.

OFFICER

Consider yourself free men!

INT. POLICE STATION, LOBBY - LATER

A side door opens. The guys exit into the busy main lobby. They are sloppily dressed and still sweaty. The officer slaps their asses as they pass by.

OFFICER

Call me!

The door closes.

ISABELLA (O.S.)

Davey!

The guys turn and see Isabella running up, Sal is not far behind. She leaps into Davey's arms. They kiss.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

How did you guys get out so fast.

JOHNNY

You don't want to know. Trust me.

DAVEY

Yeah, and you don't have to worry about the charges. We took care of that. Didn't we guys?

The guys exchange awkward glances.

ISABELLA

What do you mean?

MIKEY

You know. The assault. The disturbing the peace. The charges are dropped.

ISABELLA

Yeah. I know. That's why I'm here. I got those charges dropped a half hour ago. Apparently that little girl is on a U.S youth sports team and any legal issues would force a drug test. And lets be honest. That little girl wanted nothing to do with that.

DAVEY

So what you're saying is... what we did back there... um... didn't... matter? You mean I violated myself for-

Mikey quickly covers Davey's mouth.

MIKEY

Thank you. That's what Davey is trying to say. That's great news.

He eyes the guys to be silent.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

We're just glad to be free. No matter what it took. And we did it as a team.

THE KIDS ON THE BLOCK

Right.

SAL

If you think that's great news then my beautiful niece has an even bigger surprise. This girl is amazing.

Isabella blushes.

ISABELLA

After I got the charges dropped, I made a few calls to my people. And as promised I got you guys invited to the music awards.

The guys can't believe it. They jump, shout and hug.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

And if you think that's amazing, then you gotta see this.

She makes her way to the main doors. The guys follow.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Hold onto your hats boys because you're about to take the ride of your life.

She swings open the doors revealing-

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

A mob of people wait outside the station. It's a circus.

Screaming fans, pictures flash, TV crews film, media and reporters shout out questions.

The guys are in awe as they exit. This is what they've been waiting for.

Flash after flash, they try to take it all in and answer questions. The flashes keep going and going.

EXT. MTV MOVIE AWARDS, RED CARPET - EVENING

The cameras flash but this time on the red carpet at the Music Awards. Dozens of famous artists and entertainers walk the carpet.

Our guys are sharply dressed. We follow them as they move down the carpet. They pose for pictures, wave to fans, sign autographs and give interviews.

ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT stops them for an interview.

ET REPORTER

How does it feel to be here after all these years?

The four huddle around the mic. They're having a good time.

MIKEY

It's great to be back. We've been waiting for this for some time now.

ET REPORTER

Are you guys nervous about tonight? Any pre-performance jitters?

DAVEY

Of course, but we've done this time and time again. We'll just have to go out there and keep doing it.

ET REPORTER

Is there anything you'd like to say to your fans before you go.

JOHNNY

We love you all. Thanks for the support. And F.Y.I. I won that fight.

Benny jumps in front.

BENNY

And ladies, I'm still single.

WOMANS VOICE (O.S.)

MIKEY! I'm coming! MIKEY!

ET REPORTER

And there seems to be one of your crazed lady fans now.

Everyone turns to see a crazy old woman jump over the velvet rope and rush towards the group. It's Grace.

GRACE

Mikey, it's me, your bucking bull. I miss you. Take me back, lover.

Mikey's face lights up in embarrassment. She only makes it a few more feet before she's brutally tackled by SECURITY.

Relief washes over Mikey's face as she is dragged away.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(Kicking and screaming)

Wait! I'm Mikey's girlfriend.

SECURITY

Sure lady, aren't you all.

GRACE

Mikey! Mikeyyy!

Back over to the guys.

ET REPORTER

Appealing to the young and old, you guys seem to be the hottest thing on the streets. Good luck tonight.

The guys say thank you and play up to the camera.

INT. MTV MUSIC AWARDS, BACK STAGE - LATER

The guys wait backstage. Isabella makes last minute adjustments to the guys' appearances. Sal paces nervously. Davey chuckles.

DAVEY

Sal, you look more nervous than I do.

SAL

I am. It's like old times again but it feels like I'm the one who's going out there tonight.

DAVEY

Just relax. It's going to be okay.

Other celebrities and entertainers walk by and wish the group luck. The guys respond humbly.

A MTV PRODUCER walks up.

MTV PRODUCER

How are you guys feeling?

DAVEY

Feelin' good.

JOHNNY

A little nervous.

MIKEY

I'm ready.

BENNY

Horny like a cat in heat.

MTV PRODUCER

Well, if you don't mind I have a couple of guys who'd like to meet you.

The New Kids on The Block walk up.

DONNIE WAHLBERG

Hey. We just wanted to wish you guys luck out there and also let you know that we appreciate you paving the way for bands like us. If it wasn't for you guys, we wouldn't be who we are today.

MIKEY

We really appreciate it. That means a lot to us. Thank you.

The rest of the New Kids say "no problem" and do a little meet and greet.

DONNIE WAHLBERG

We better go. We have to announce the last award but good luck tonight.

The New Kids wave and walk away.

DAVEY

Wow, they were nice guys.

Everyone agrees. A STAGE DIRECTOR rushes around backstage.

STAGE DIRECTOR

(Shouting to everyone)

We're back from commercial in thirty second. Get back to your spots and let's end this show on a good note.

The Stage Director turns to the guys.

STAGE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

You guys are on after the last winner is announced. You'll close the show.

The Producer glances at his watch.

MTV PRODUCER

Ten more minutes and you're on. I better go. Good luck and knock 'em dead.

Nick walks away and the backstage clears just as-

Janet and Brewster walk up. Mikey spots her.

MIKEY

How did you get back here?

JANET

I'm a U.S. Senator.

Brewster stares down the rest of the guys.

DAVEY

How did you know where we'd be?

JANET

First off, it's all over the news. Plus you have a spy in your midst.

BREWSTER

How do you think I was able to find you and sabotage your little come back.

Brewster looks over to Sal.

ISABELLA

Uncle Sal.

Sal remains calm.

SAL

Sorry guys. I had to. How else do you think we were going to fund this little come back. It wasn't cheap. Besides I had faith we'd make it.

BREWSTER

You mean you used all the money I was paying you to give to them?

SAL

Yeah, pretty genius, huh?

BENNY

Just tell us what you want, Yoko?

She shoots Benny an icy glance.

JANET

I came here to ask David to forgive me and to come back home.

MIKEY

And why would he want to do that?

JANET

Because he's my husband and I'm his wife.  
(MORE)

JANET (CONT'D)

I understand why he had to do what he did and I forgive him for walking out. These weeks apart have really opened my eyes to a lot of things

DAVEY

Why now? Why do you want to work it out after all this time?

Janet turns back to Davey with compassion in her eyes.

JANET

Look, I finally understand why you felt you had to do all this. I truly do. And I support you. Just like you've supported me all these years.

DAVEY

Aren't you afraid you'll lose your seat by having a boy band husband.

She moves up to Davey and reaches for his hand.

JANET

I know that I haven't been the best wife over the years but if you come home now, I promise to make things right. And besides you're a super star now. Having a music star for a husband is going to win over all the young hip voters.

Davey grabs her other hand. Isabella looks hurt and confused.

DAVEY

You're absolutely right.

Janet smiles from ear to ear.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

You haven't been a good wife and maybe I haven't been the best husband, either. And I know I'm risking a lot here... probably too much. But I do want to make things right and I know exactly where to start.

JANET

Where sweetheart?

She smiles. Davey reaches inside a bag and pulls out some paperwork.

DAVEY

By signing these divorce papers.

Janet's eyes explode and her face flashes to red. Isabella grins from ear to ear.

JANET

I order you to come home or else!

Davey stands strong as the rest of the guys gather around. Isabella and Davey clasp hands.

DAVEY

No... Yoko.

Janet lunges for Davey but Brewster grabs her just in time. She claws at air trying to get to Davey.

JANET

Let me go. Let me rip his eyes out. No divorced politician has ever become president. You'll ruin everything.

A disheveled, stoned stage hand notices the skirmish and pulls out a camera phone.

BREWSTER

Don't. He's not worth it. You need to keep it together.

Janet calms down a little.

BREWSTER (CONT'D)

Let him divorce you. I can spin this. I've fixed worse.

Janet composes herself and fixes her clothes.

BREWSTER (CONT'D)

Let's just go before there is no turning back. Come on.

Brewster turns to leave pulling Janet with him.

JANET

You're right. I can't jeopardize my career.

Janet looks back. She sees a nearby refreshment table and spots a big turkey leg.

JANET (CONT'D)

I mean, I've tried to reason with him but he wouldn't listen. Now, I just have to do what's best for me.

Janet's brows wickedly raise. She springs for the leg, grips it, spins, and strikes Davey in the throat. Davey drops in pain clutching his throat.

STAGEHAND (O.S.)

Oh, shit!

Everyone turns to see the stoned stagehand filming.

STAGEHAND (CONT'D)

That was like some crazy Tonya Harding shit. Turkey leg beat down.

STAGEHAND'S POV THROUGH THE VIDEO CAMERA:

Brewster reaches out for the camera.

BREWSTER

Hey, give me that! Stop recording now!

Brewster's hand slams into the camera phone.

BACK TO SCENE:

The stagehand pulls the camera away and takes off running.

JANET

Get him! We need that video.

Brewster runs after the stagehand and Janet sends another kick right into Davey's nuts.

Mikey rushes over to Davey and quickly gets a kick to the face followed by a kick to the nuts. He falls in pain.

Johnny runs up and throws an uppercut followed by a wild flurry of punches. She dodges them all.

JOHNNY

Holy shit, can everyone fight!?

He throws one last punch, Janet sidesteps it and ends his attack with a knee to the nuts. He drops in pain.

Benny rushes her from behind. She ducks and he flies up and over and lands on the refreshment table. Janet stands over the spread-eagled Benny. She drops her foot on his nuts. He squeals in pain.

She looks down at the four, they all hold their nuts.

JANET

I told you not to fuck with me. I didn't make it in politics because I'm a pretty face. No, I made it because my clit rivals even the biggest set of balls. I'm one bad bitch!

A hand taps Janet on the shoulder, she turns and...

POW! A right hook floors her. Isabella stands over an unconscious Janet.

ISABELLA

I've been waiting decades to do that.

Everyone but Davey stand and gather around Isabella.

MIKEY

Now that's what I call a number one hit.

They look at Mikey. They disapprove the lame line.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

What? I choked. I'm sorry! Maybe I should have made a clit comment? Clit clack, bitch went down.

Mikey looks to Sal.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Where were you during all this.

SAL

I was watching. I'm too old to fight.

Isabella walks over to check on Davey.

ISABELLA

Are you okay? Davey rubs at his throat.

DAVEY

(Raspy whisper)

I think I... I think I'm losing my voice.

ISABELLA

Don't talk. You'll only make it worse.

Sal leans over and checks Davey's throat.

SAL

I think we should take him to the hospital.

BENNY

But we're on any minute. We need Davey.

Isabella pulls out her phone.

ISABELLA

It's fine, I'll just explain the whole thing to MTV and we'll re-schedule.

MIKEY

But this is our moment. They're paying tribute to the boy bands of pop tonight.

Johnny takes her phone and closes it.

JOHNNY

Wait! I have an idea.

(To Davey)

Do you think you can dance?

Davey nods. Everyone looks to Johnny.

INT. MTV MUSIC AWARDS, MAIN STAGE - LATER

At a podium, standing center stage are the New Kids. The crowd is clapping. Donnie Wahlberg quiets the crowd.

DONNIE WAHLBERG

Thank you.

The crowd settles.

DONNIE WAHLBERG (CONT'D)

Tonight has been a special night. Not only for all the winners but for me, our group the New Kids, and everyone that has had the privilege to be called a Boy Band.

The crowd roars but quickly settles.

DONNIE WAHLBERG (CONT'D)

But every story has a beginning. In this case it was four special guys who started a craze that left its mark in music history forever.

The crowd's excitement grows.

DONNIE WAHLBERG (CONT'D)

It is an honor and a privilege to welcome back those individuals who paved the way for every Boy Band out there. I proudly introduce to you... The Kids on the Block!

The crowd explodes into a wild frenzy. Every man and woman rises to their feet.

Smoke and mist fills the stage floor.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Thirty years in the making, this climactic reunion is one that will go down in music history. The Boys are here and the Boys are ready. Do you hear me? The Boys are back!

Blasts of small fireworks burst across the stage. A laser show of colorful lights shoots everywhere. The curtain raises to reveal the Kids. The background soundtrack to "Knocking at my Heart" starts.

MIKEY

(singing)

When I was young - there was a girl. I remember her - because she rocked my world.

THE KIDS ON THE BLOCK

Oh yeah, oh-oh

The guys dance, not missing a step. It's perfect.

MIKEY

I'll never forget - the day she arrived. The smile on her face and the look in her eyes. She was the girl - next door.

THE KIDS ON THE BLOCK

I fell in love with the girl next door. She came over knocking at my door. And it wasn't long before she was- knocking, knocking, knocking at my heart.

The guys continue to sing and dance in perfect harmony.

The song is drawing to the end. It looks like it's going to be a flawless set heading into the final chorus when-

The sound track skips, resumes and then skips again.

The guys keep singing but it's clear that the sound of their voices aren't matching their mouths.

Gasps and low murmurs ring through the crowd.

CROWD MEMBER (O.S.)

They're lip-synching!

We pan to the audience where we see BRITNEY SPEARS and ASHLEE SIMPSON sitting together. They look at each other.

BRITNEY &amp; ASHLEE

Busted!

The crowd quickly turns ugly. They boo and hiss.

The guys run off stage. A teary-eyed Mikey stands for a moment longer then walks off the stage.

BEGIN NEWS MONTAGE:

ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT --

ET REPORTER #2

Today in the music world the recently reunited Kids on the Block are on the chopping block after last nights disaster showing-

MTV NEWS --

MTV ANALYST

Milli Vanilli can sleep well now as their infamous lip-syncing moment has finally been topped. It's hard to believe but the five second reunion of the Kids On The Block came to a crashing halt last night-

CNN NEWS --

CNN REPORTER

Thirty years of waiting, only to be become a legendary goof. The Kids are taking a spanking in hollywood tonight as-

ACCESS HOLLYWOOD --

BILLY BUSH

From tales of turkey legs to political scandal, The Kids on the Block swear that their come back blunder was forced after an injury occurred-

BET NEW --

BET REPORTER

Check this out. Some white boys really fu-beep-t up last night. But there could be a twist brewing as a video has been hitting the web and could be lowering the noise on the boys-

The news shifts from failure to scandal.

ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT --

ET REPORTER #2

Famous then forgotten, fallen and now forgiven, the Kid's crazy story may have some truth to it.

MTV NEWS --

A video of Janet and Brewster being arrested plays.

MTV ANALYST

We've had Water Gate and White Water but the Turkey Leg scandal tops them both. Senator Harrison was arrested today as recent released video footage showed her assault with a deadly poultry. The political advisor was also taken in on suspicion of embezzlement. I guess she can kiss this election good-bye.

CNN NEWS --

The video of Davey taking the turkey leg to the throat is played on a loop.

CNN REPORTER

The Boys might not be back but they are in the clear, as the recently surfaced video shown here clearly vindicates the group of any wrong doing.

ACCESS HOLLYWOOD --

NANCY O'DELL

On behalf of all of us here at Access Hollywood, we'd like to say "Welcome Back, Boys!"

INT. T.V. - SOME TIME LATER

A TV plays a generic car commercial. Suddenly- The TV becomes a blur of people, vehicles, and animals, as it flips from station to station.

The channel surfing slows and finally stops; settling on its selection-

The VH1 logo appears followed by:

- Vh1's Behind the Music: THE KIDS ON THE BLOCK -

JIM FORBES the narrator of "Behind the Music" speaks...

JIM FORBES (V.O.)

Once thought of as nothing more than a little-known myth...

A slide show of Kids on the Block pictures cycle through.

JIM FORBES (CONT'D)

The four men we know as The Kids on the Block fought and clawed their way back into the limelight only to stumble again. But like any great story there's always a great ending.

We see pictures of the guys as they are now.

JIM FORBES (CONT'D)

After failures and scandal our boys finally found the redemption and happy ending they were looking for.

- Johnny on Broadway dancing and singing on the set of The West-Side Story.

JIM FORBES (CONT'D)

Johnny Marco left the music biz for show biz earning the lead in The West-Side Story as well as many other Broadway hits such as Cats.

- Several clips show Johnny dancing around the set dressed as a big fat cat.

JIM FORBES (CONT'D)

He later went on to write, produce, direct and star in a Hollywood movie adaptation of West-Side Story. His version was about two motorcycle gangs the Jets and the Hell's Angels. His version had him falling in love with the other gang's bartender. A hot chick was cast as the bartender.

- Johnny and his biker gang taking a break from filming a bar scene. Johnny makes out with the hot bartender.

JIM FORBES (CONT'D)

Davey, A.K.A David Soprano, used his fame to gain political pull. With the help of his new wife who also doubles as his political advisor, went on to be Mayor, Governor, Senator and eventually...

- Davey gives a speech to thousands, Isabella stands next to him. Posters read "Vote for David Soprano".

- Davey, Isabella and their three kids playing on the White House lawn.

JIM FORBES (CONT'D)

Our forty-seventh President.

- Benny sings in a recording studio.

JIM FORBES (CONT'D)

Benny Borelli went on to start yet another solo career. His rap CD... "Drug, Thugs, and Bone-ing in Harmony" went on to sell over one thousand copies, crushing his previous personal record.

- A CD COVER shows a half-naked Benny sitting on a fake giant turkey leg bone as he holds a smoking gun in one hand and a joint in the other.

JIM FORBES (CONT'D)

After years and years of rehab Benny eventually sobered up and went on to write a #1 New York best-selling book called, "I once was an Asian Whore in Asia". He even made Oprah's book-of-the-month club.

- Benny sits with Oprah discussing his book, telling his story. He suddenly jumps up and tries to dry hump her as security pulls him off.

JIM FORBES (CONT'D)

Benny never actually stopped drinking.

- Mikey works in a sound studio recording a young BOY BAND. Behind him we can see his shadow box.

JIM FORBES (CONT'D)

As for Mikey Nickatello. He went on to become one of the industry's biggest music producers. He went on to discover and produce over twenty of the biggest singing stars ever. He was eventually inducted into the Music Hall of Fame.

- Mikey turns around to see Grace. The two kiss.

JIM FORBES (CONT'D)

Mikey and Grace eventually made up.

The footage rolls on of the group's recent journey.

JIM FORBES (CONT'D)

It was a journey unlike any other.

(MORE)

JIM FORBES (CONT'D)

It was an amazing story of hope and dreams. This was the intimate look inside the first Boy Band of Pop. And behind the musical rise, the fall, the rise, the fall, and finally the rise of the Kids that started it all. Davey...

An individual picture of Davey appears.

JIM FORBES (CONT'D)

Johnny...

The picture dissolves to Johnny.

JIM FORBES (CONT'D)

Benny...

Dissolves to Benny.

JIM FORBES (CONT'D)

And Mikey.

A happy and smiling Mikey appears. The TV zooms on his heart throb face until...

CLICK!

INT. SAL'S MALT SHOP - NIGHT

Sal stands in front of a TV, remote in hand. He sets the remote down. Takes off his apron and-

SAL

You got to love those boys.

As he walks out, he hits the lights and we-

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END