

JOHNNY TROMBONE AND THE ONE LEGGED JOY BOY

"Pilot"

written by

Tony Moschetto

"Pilot"

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. GLENS FALLS, NY. - QUEEN BEE DINER - KITCHEN - DAY

JOHNNY(32), a dispassionate hash slinger, pushes a lump of home fries to one side of the grill while cracking an egg onto the other. He's a lifer and could do this in his sleep.

VIVIAN(33), 1980's Madonna type, (think Borderline video) stands with one hand on her hip as the other dumps a plate of food into the garbage.

JOHNNY

That's twice now. What's he a food critic?

VIVIAN

Because you didn't do anything different. Your eggs, they're runny.

JOHNNY

Over easy's supposed to be runny. That's how my pop taught me and his pop and his pop and so on.

VIVIAN

Come on Johnny, this guy's not the typical riff raff. We're looking for repeat customers, remember.

JOY BOY (O.S.)

Less repeat customers, less complaints, right Johnny.

Vivian and Johnny turn and see, Marcus, aka. JOY BOY(28), your ordinary, charismatic, lovable, bad-boy dishwasher, just arriving via the back door off of the kitchen.

VIVIAN

Look who decided to show up. Late again, I see.

JOHNNY

Where's your leg?

Joy Boy's, in fact, one legged. He leans against the dishwasher, the dirty dishes piled high.

VIVIAN
You left it at some floozy's house
again, didn't ya?

JOY BOY
She's not a floozy, she's a single
mother and she's coming by to drop
it off. I had to dash, see, her
kids were getting up and I haven't
met 'em yet.

Vivian softens, it's hard to stay mad at the Joy Boy.

Johnny finishes his redo. Vivian reaches for the plate but
Johnny denies her.

JOHNNY
If this doesn't satisfy the jerk
I'm giving him the bum's rush.

Vivian and Johnny march out while Joy Boy hops behind them,
to the...

COUNTER

where Johnny slides the dish to a suave man(60), you know he
smells good, who drums on the counter, quite skillfully too.
This is...

JOHNNY
Holy shit. You're Brown Pants
Johnson! You was the drummer for my
idol, Long Arms Louie, the greatest
trombone player that ever lived.

BROWN PANTS JOHNSON
Wow, we got a fan here. Most of
them are dead.

Joy Boy's dumbfounded until Brown Pants Johnson stands
revealing a pristine pair of brown pants then shakes Johnny's
hand.

JOY BOY
Oh, okay. Makes sense now.

JOHNNY
Hey, hey, check out my arms.

Johnny holds out his arms for Brown Pants and pantomimes
playing the trombone, fast and deliberate.

VIVIAN
Calm your tits, Johnny, you're
going to drench his eggs in your
excitement sweat.

BROWN PANTS JOHNSON
 Hmm... not bad, kid. Not bad.

JOHNNY
 They called me Johnny Trombone in
 high school.

BROWN PANTS JOHNSON
 I'd settle for Johnny fry cook
 right now. Your eggs stink.

JOHNNY
 Back in 2001, at the Holiday Inn,
 Long Arms Louie pointed to me and
 the other kids in the audience that
 made the all state jazz band.
 Remember?

BROWN PANTS JOHNSON
 How'd that turn out for you?

Johnny's speechless, fully aware he's a short order cook.

BROWN PANTS JOHNSON
 Don't feel bad. A lot cats give up
 on the dream. It's a tough road,
 Johnny Trombone.

JOHNNY
 Who's said I ever gave up? I didn't
 even get started.

BROWN PANTS JOHNSON
 Not even trying? Now that's worse.

VIVIAN
 He hasn't played in fifteen years.

JOHNNY
 Vivian, what are you doing? I could
 play and it'd be like no time has
 passed.

VIVIAN
 But you're not. You don't even own
 a trombone.

JOY BOY
 (to Brown Pants)
 At least they're not talking about
 runny eggs. This is a new one.

Johnny and Vivian are in an epic stare down. Brown Pants
 pushes the plate away and throws a few bucks on the counter.
 He exits.

BROWN PANTS JOHNSON (O.S.)
Just passing through, thought I'd
get a bite...

JOHNNY
It was fish n' chips night, why I
never started.

VIVIAN
I don't get it.

JOHNNY
My father wouldn't let me go to the
all state jazz band performance
because of stupid fish n' chips
night.

VIVIAN
Felicity was conceived on that
night.

JOHNNY
My father's the one that crushed my
dreams not you. I didn't mean --

VIVIAN
I know, I know. I'm glad you feel
that way. Just promise me you'll
let it go, with your dad, and stop
thinking about it. Promise?

Johnny nods. Vivian gives him a peck on the cheek then walks
back into the kitchen.

JOY BOY
You're still thinking about it,
aren't you?

JOHNNY
Oh yeah. Still thinking about it.

Johnny stares off.

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. QUEEN BEE DINER - COUNTER - DAY

Vivian looks out at a nearly empty diner except for an elderly couple. Her eyes widen when she sees...

PHYLLIS(40), (she's worked in the big city and talks about it ad nauseam), barge in singing the MARY TYLER MOORE theme.

PHYLLIS

You're going to make it after all.
Vivian! Darling! Just the person I want to see.

VIVIAN

Phyllis. Hi. What brings you to this side of town or what you refer to as an eyesore.

PHYLLIS

Have I said that? Well, I mean, after you've spent most of your career in New York City every other place is an eyesore.

(beat)

We've missed you at the meetings.

VIVIAN

That's because you've never invited me to any.

PHYLLIS

Vivian, dear, that's about to change. We want you to host our next Women Business Owners Association's monthly luncheon.

VIVIAN

Why now? Why my place?

PHYLLIS

I've always felt your place was charming, like Gramercy Tavern meets skid row, in a good way. Besides, our regular location is riddled with asbestos.

VIVIAN

Oh. When is it?

PHYLLIS

On Friday.

VIVIAN

Friday?! That's two days from now.

PHYLLIS

Is that a problem? In the city, I lived for these moments, the rush of the pressure --

VIVIAN

No, no it's not a problem whatsoever.

PHYLLIS

Good. Do you have royal blue table cloths? You'll have to get some.

Phyllis takes out her smart phone and punches buttons.

PHYLLIS

There. I just sent you an email with a list of items you'll need and the menu we require.

As Phyllis darts out of the diner, Johnny and the Joy Boy trudge in from the kitchen. Joy Boy's got his prosthetic leg back.

JOHNNY

What did she want?

VIVIAN

She wants us to host the next Women Business Owners luncheon this Friday.

(before Johnny can resist)

And we're doing it. I'm going to print out a list of things you need to get.

Vivian dances out of the room.

JOY BOY

Phyllis Marmont. That's not even her real name.

JOHNNY

How do you know?

Joy Boy smirks and taps his wooden prosthetic leg.

JOHNNY

Do you keep notches in that thing?

INT. VAN - DAY

Hot jazz music with smoldering trombone riffs and snazzy drumming blast through the small van radio. Johnny turns down the music.

JOY BOY

Why'd you turn that down? Man,
that Long Arms could wail. Like God
on trombone.

(beat)

You okay, Johnny?

JOHNNY

Seeing Brown Pants brought me back,
you know. I wish I could've seen it
through. See where I'd be.

(unloads)

Now, Vivian has me going to get
brioche bread, organic bacon and
radicchio --

JOY BOY

Ridiculous.

JOHNNY

Vivian doesn't understand, I think
she's holding me back and doesn't
even know it.

JOY BOY

Where we going? This isn't the
usual way to the supply club.

Johnny's steers the van down a street with a Bail Bonds, a
bowling alley and a Dollar Store.

He pulls it to a stop in front of The Off Track Betty shop. A
cluster of men smoking cigarettes in front.

JOHNNY

We're making a little pit stop.

JOY BOY

What, to hang out with a bunch of
degenerates?

JOHNNY

They're not degenerates, they're
dreamers. You can see the fire in
their eyes.

JOY BOY

That's the glow from their
cigarettes.

JOHNNY

If Vivian can live her dream, so
can I. We're going in there.

Johnny points to the music store next to the OTB. Joy Boy
smiles.

INT. MECCA MUSIC STORE - DAY

Johnny and Joy Boy stand across from ARNIE(17), the lone employee, leaning on a glass counter, staring back at them, he's in charge.

JOY BOY
My friend here would like to see
your finest slide trombone.

ARNIE
People still play trombone?

JOHNNY
The kid's a comedian.

ARNIE
I'm not a kid. My parents let me
vape without their permission.

JOHNNY
Where's the brass? All I see are
guitars, keyboards and DJ
equipment.

ARNIE
Why don't you just buy a
synthesizer? They produce the same
sound as a slide trombone.

JOHNNY
A synthesizer?! It's about making
love with the instrument. A
synthesizer is so mechanical.

JOY BOY
Would you have sex with a robot?

ARNIE
Okay, okay, I got one.

Arnie disappears out back and returns with a dusty trombone case. He opens it to reveal a tarnished piece of brass.

JOHNNY
Wait, this is a student model?

JOY BOY
Maybe you shouldn't make love to
it, Johnny.

Johnny attaches the slide to the bell and spins the slide lock into place. Johnny holds it like a long lost love.

He puts his lips on the mouthpiece and blows. The sound is awful and airy.

Joy Boy looks as if he's about to lose all hope.

Johnny tries it again. This time the sound is full and melodious, like a pro. He plays a jazzy rendition of what sounds like "Take me out to the Ballgame". Joy Boy has his leg off and uses it like a band conductor.

Johnny finishes. He's out of breath like he's just sprinted the hundred yard dash.

JOHNNY

My butt cheeks are sore. I clench them, you know, when I blow. I feel like I'm back in high school.

(to Arnie)

So much for your synthesizer.

Arnie could give a shit. He plays the same rendition on a synthesizer behind the counter.

JOY BOY

You got to get that trombone.

JOHNNY

If show up with this they'll laugh me out of the jazz business. I'm Johnny trombone, not Johnny kazoo.

JOY BOY

Right. You don't bring a kazoo to a jazz fight.

ARNIE

It's the only one we have. If you wanted something better we can order it for you. You don't even have to buy it, you can also rent the instrument.

JOHNNY

Now we're talking. I can afford fifteen bucks a week. Half of my allowance.

ARNIE

I'd need a credit card.

Johnny's glee disappears.

JOY BOY

Put it on the company credit card.

JOHNNY

You know I can't do that. Vivian. I still got to get the stuff for the luncheon. Dumb ass horseradish aioli.

Johnny sulks out sans trombone.

EXT. MECCA MUSIC STORE - DAY

Johnny lights a cigarette and looking similar to the degenerates that stand in front of the OTB.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Johnny and Vivian sit at the dinner table. Across from them, FELICITY(15), modernly fashioned and unenthusiastic.

VIVIAN

So, how's the business club? I'm thinking about doing a dinner service? Maybe you can help me plan something. What do you think?

Felicity shrugs. Her focus is on her cellphone she hides in her lap. It buzzes with a text message.

VIVIAN

I just had a brain storm. What a great learning moment and how serendipitous. You must attend the Women Business Owners luncheon on Friday. You must!

FELICITY

Yay, serendipity. What about school?

VIVIAN

You'll just miss lunch period. I'll send your school a note tomorrow.

JOHNNY

Say, Felicity, talking about school, what's the music program like these days?

FELICITY

Music program? They cut that a couple of years ago, I'm guessing because band was lame.

VIVIAN

Johnny, since when do you care about the band? Are you --

Felicity's cell phone buzzes again but she ignores it.

JOHNNY

Oh, one visit from Phyllis and you're easily influenced? Dinner service?

VIVIAN

Oh, like you should talk, I'm just being proactive, understand? It's called business.

JOHNNY

I'm just saying, you'd be behooved to proceed with caution. They've been rats to you in the past.

VIVIAN

I can take care of myself, and so what if it ain't perfect how I get in with the Women Business Owner's Association? I'm trying to teach Felicity something.

FELICITY

I don't know, business club is good 'n stuff but I'm thinking I need a break from it. There's --

VIVIAN

What?! Johnny, did you hear what she just said?

JOHNNY

Yeah, I did. Band is not lame. What did they do with the instruments?

VIVIAN

This is not the time to be thinking of you. Our daughter wants to abandoned me and quit the business club.

JOHNNY

I don't think she said quit, I heard break and I think it's a great idea. What are you interested in? Music?

Vivian looks betrayed. She's emotional. Johnny and Felicity trade looks, they know what's coming.

VIVIAN

Well, I guess I'll have no one to pass the diner onto. It's been women owned in my family only forever. Now, nobody to take it over when I'm gone. Maybe I'll pass it on to Joy Boy or some stranger. Would you like that you two?!

Felicity's cell buzzes again, a text reads: "YOU IN? NEED TO KNOW ASAP!"

JOHNNY
Come on, Vivian, it's okay. We're on board. We'll do anything. I promise I won't think about the trombone thing anymore. Tell her Felicity.

FELICITY
I'm totally on board. The business club it is.

Felicity answers the text with a: "HELLZ YES!"

INT. QUEEN BEE DINER - KITCHEN - DAY

Johnny pours pancake batter on the grill. Joy Boy finishes washing a dish.

JOY BOY
(loud)
So what are you going to do about getting a trombonski?

JOHNNY
Will you pipe down, Vivian's right out there.

Johnny points to the opening between kitchen and dining area. Vivian's back is to them at the moment. Joy Boy saddles up next to Johnny.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
She's about to flip her lid. The pressure of the luncheon is getting to her. I can tell. I think she knows I played a trombone too. When I kissed her last night she said my lips felt stronger.

JOY BOY
Why do you have to be such a mope?

JOHNNY
Easy fella, I'm still the boss's husband.
(beat)
Besides, I got a plan. I read this book where it said if you write it down the thing you desire will manifest itself.

Johnny takes an order slip and places it on the rack above his head. It reads: "ACQUIRE TROMBONE WITHOUT VIVIAN KNOWING"

JOY BOY

Don't pin all your hopes on some
hooley. That'll take forever. I got
a guy.

(leans in)

I told him about your dilemma.

JOHNNY

Why'd you go and do that? What'ya
getting me into?

JOY BOY

He's got a payment plan you'll
like, designed for us paupers.
He'll see us tonight. Are you in?

Something burns on the grill. Johnny looks out the small
ordering window and makes eye contact with...

VIVIAN

who's clearly frustrated; making change for a customer then
running over to seat two new customers. Not to mention, the
place is a mess.

Phyllis from the WBOA enters.

PHYLLIS

Do you have burgundy table cloths?
You may want to get one.

VIVIAN

But I just spent --

PHYLLIS

For the mayor, dear.

VIVIAN

The mayor? Mayor Holloway is coming
to my diner?

PHYLLIS

Do you know what this means?

Vivian shakes her head.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

We'll need the entire space. You've
got to close for the luncheon.

VIVIAN

What about our regulars?

PHYLLIS

They'll get their runny eggs
elsewhere.

(MORE)

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

Besides, do you want this while the mayor's here?

This refers to the current clientele: a creepy man sits at the counter poking the yoke of his egg with a piece of bacon, simulating sex. A man in trucker garb belches.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

She's going to talk about her new anti honky-tonk initiative. She vows, to crush like a bug, the vast sleaze and underbelly this town holds. You got to show your best and want to be part of this. Make sure that husband of yours cooks his ass off too.

VIVIAN

I'll make sure of it. I'm in.

PHYLLIS

Have we talked about expanding your brand yet? We must. We were talking of this eons ago, you know, when I worked, well, you know where.

A gum chomping waitress places a plate of pancakes in front of the creepy customer, who promptly spansks them. Vivian sighs.

She watches

JOHNNY

nod to Joy Boy, who pumps his fist with excitement. Then, she and Johnny make eye contact. Johnny looks like he just got caught with his hands in the cookie jar. Vivian's suspicious.

INT. CRAZY IVAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Easily it could be the house of a hoarder but there's sound organization to his clutter. The man in the center of it all is Joy Boy's guy, CRAZY IVAN(55). A man's man.

JOHNNY

So. Can you get it? A Vincent Bach, Stradivarius Model 36?

CRAZY IVAN

I can get anything you god dang want.

JOHNNY

Joy Boy tells me you have a payment plan of sorts.

CRAZY IVAN
Ever hear of Cumshaw?

JOY BOY
It's a naval term.

JOHNNY
You was never in the navy.

JOY BOY
I worked at an Old Navy, that's how
me and Ivan met.

CRAZY IVAN
I still get my dungarees there.

JOHNNY
Explain Cumshaw, handsome.

CRAZY IVAN
It's the art of trading something
that doesn't belong to you, to
someone, for something that doesn't
belong to them.

JOHNNY
Sounds like theft. I don't steal.

JOY BOY
Look at it like scratch; I scratch
your back if you scratch mine.

JOHNNY
What if my back don't itch?

CRAZY IVAN
You're not stealing a trombone,
just doing some favors to get said
trombone.

JOHNNY
No thanks, bub. Let's go Joy Boy.

CRAZY IVAN
What did you think when you came
here? Oh, just another guy running
a pawn shop out of his basement.

JOHNNY
I was told you could get anything.

CRAZY IVAN
Let me put it to you this way, bub,
there's a certain faction that's
looking to run people of my ilk out
of town. This isn't just a pawn
shop, it's part of a movement.

JOHNNY

Which is?

CRAZY IVAN

To keep Glens Falls like it's
always been, honky-tonk.

JOY BOY

Welcome to the underbelly of
sleaziness.

CRAZY IVAN

You see what's happening in town?
It's no longer a roadhouse, it's a
roadside eatery. Your place could
be next.

JOHNNY

So, what you're saying is, by
getting this trombone I'd be
helping preserve what this town has
always been, honky-tonk?

CRAZY IVAN

Yes! Now he gets it!

JOHNNY

What would I have to do?

CRAZY IVAN

Liberate a few long metal poles
from a certain warehouse by
tomorrow night, that's all.

Johnny thinks for a moment then...

JOY BOY

He'll do it!

CRAZY IVAN

You're going to be putting the
screws to some influential people.
Hope you don't have a problem with
that.

JOY BOY

He does not!

Johnny reacts: what's he getting into?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. CAR - DAY

Felicity's preoccupied with her smart phone enough to not notice Vivian fidgeting in her seat while driving.

VIVIAN

So much to do. I've got the worries. The uneasiness of distress is giving me the sweats.

FELICITY

God ma, it's just a lunch.

VIVIAN

Just a lunch? This is not some willy-nilly, fly by night lunch gathering. This is a business luncheon. An organized lunch.

(beat)

Why couldn't you have just stayed after school?

FELICITY

I told you they called an emergency meeting of the business club.

VIVIAN

Emergency meeting, huh? You expect me to believe that? Look how you're dressed. So grim. You should dress bright to delight.

Felicity wears dark leggings, a black hoodie and baseball cap. Stark in contrast to Vivian's floral print dress.

FELICITY

It's business causal.

(lies)

Look ma, I'm under a lot of stress too. We have a big project and we're not sure what we're going to do.

VIVIAN

I'm sorry I'm so high strung. I just want everything to go smoothly. Your father's been acting a little peculiar, you know. Like he's paranoid or something.

FELICITY

Is everything alright with you and dad?

VIVIAN
Of course. Why? Did he say
something? Oh, why am I so bad at
reading between the lines?!

FELICITY
Everything is fine. I was just
asking.

VIVIAN
Oh my goodness! I just had another
brainstorm. What if the entire
business club came to the luncheon?
That could be your next project,
helping out the mayor!

FELICITY
(sotto)
Oh boy.
(then)
Ah, yeah, I suppose I could ask.

Vivian's emotional. Sincerely touched.

VIVIAN
It'd be like we're working
together.

FELICITY
But don't be surprised if it's only
me, okay.

Vivian, still emotional, stops the car, they've arrived at
the school.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
Don't worry, I'll get a ride home.
We'll probably be running late,
so...

As Felicity exits the car, Vivian grabs a sweater from the
backseat.

VIVIAN
Do you want a sweater for later in
case you get cold?

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Johnny looks out the windshield, a look of unfamiliarity
registers on his face. Joy Boy relaxes.

JOY BOY

If they call a sweater a sweater
because you sweat in it, then
shouldn't they call underwear piss
catchers?

JOHNNY

Is this the right address? I mean,
what is this place? It looks like
they gentrified pretentiousness.

He's looking out at a MILL COMPLEX where old mill buildings
have been converted into a combination of condos, shops and
restaurants.

JOY BOY

They have a steak house, Johnny. A
real live steak house.

JOHNNY

Should I park?

A KNOCK on the WINDOW. Outside Johnny's window, a SECURITY
GUARD(65), smiles and waves at them. Joy Boy waves back.

Johnny rolls down the window.

SECURITY GUARD

You're stopped in the middle of the
street. You lost? I read people's
faces, observe body language and by
your looks, I'd say you're lost.

There's slight hesitation between Johnny and Joy Boy, looking
at one another, waiting the other one to speak first.

JOY BOY

We're on our way to the Sports
Hamper.

JOHNNY

Yeah, that's right, the Sports
Hamper. We're aiming to snag a
couple'a snazzy bowling shirts.

An awkward beat of silence as Johnny waits for the security
guard's acknowledgment. It ain't happening.

Instead, Johnny shows the security guard the address
scribbled on a piece of paper.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Our boob friend seems to have given
us a bum address.

SECURITY GUARD

Yep, he did. This is to a storage building just up the road, eight tenths of a mile to be exact. In fact, just out of my sight there is a left turn that leads down an unmarked driveway that looks like a street. Everyone misses it. Ain't no Sports Hamper there, son. The Sports Hamper is off of Spicer Ave. You just follow out of here --

JOHNNY

It's okay I know how to get to Spicer.

The security guard frowns at Johnny's rebuff. He stands as if waiting for Johnny to rattle off the directions, just to see if he really knows. The RINGING of Johnny's CELLPHONE ends the awkwardness. Security guard still waits.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I probably should answer this.

The security guard nods and saunters off. Johnny misses the call.

INT. QUEEN BEE DINER - NIGHT

Vivian holds her cellphone to her ear. No answer. She jams the phone in her pocket, looks around. The diner is an absolute mess. Tables everywhere.

She gets back to scrubbing the floor, old school, on her hands and knees, mumbling as she does. She catches her reflection in the side of a metal napkin holder.

VIVIAN

I'm not honky-tonk. Am I?

She accidentally knocks over a tray of glass ketchup bottles.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Joy Boy uses his leg to prop the door open so Johnny can carry out the metal poles easily.

JOY BOY

Guess it don't matter what's inside to these folks if they don't even bother keeping the place locked.

JOHNNY

Still, let's hurry, that security guard --

JOY BOY

Quit your worrying. Fuddy-duds like him take no notice. Nah, he's just happy to be out of the house because his wife's been nagging him senseless.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

My wife's dead.

Johnny drops the metal poles. Joy Boy puts his hands up.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

I saw you two and thought okay, just two studs out on the prowl then I remembered, they don't sell bowling shirts at the Sports Hamper anymore on account there ain't no bowling alley.

Security guard has his smart phone in hand.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

As soon as I get my reading glasses on I'm dialing the cops. You're lucky we don't carry walkie-talkies anymore 'cause all I'd had to do was push a button.

JOHNNY

Wait. Please don't. It's not how it looks.

SECURITY GUARD

You looking to sweet talk me out of thinking you're not stealing?

Johnny's CELLPHONE RINGS. Security guard nods, the okay to take the call.

JOHNNY

(on the phone)

Viv... I didn't answer because... spray some Febreze... then take a shower... hello, hello?

The call ends. The security guard folds his arms, this should be good.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

This ain't sweet talk. Are you familiar with the term, Cumshaw?

JOY BOY

It's doin' favors.

SECURITY GUARD

I know what it is. That's what this is?

(laughs)

Haven't heard that word since the navy.

The guard thinks for a moment then puts his smart phone away.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

My step kids don't like me much. They boarded up my dead ex-wife's house. Used to be my house. Now, I'm not allowed in.

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Felicity, TREVOR(17), straight edge(wears a varsity football jacket ironically), SPIT(17), techo nerd and BLUE(16), considers herself an old soul, situate themselves.

Felicity wears headphones. A recorder is strung over her shoulder and she holds a directional microphone. Spit points a video camera into a dark corner. Then Blue walks near the corner as if she's feeling for something.

Felicity takes off her head phones and shakes her head. Blue, holds her hands up and shakes her head as well. Trevor snickers.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Johnny looks at his phone. Vivian again. He doesn't answer.

JOHNNY

How's a bust of President Truman a sentimental part of this guy's history?

JOY BOY

Don't forget he has our driver's licenses as insurance or we're toast.

JOHNNY

It ain't nothing compared to what Vivian's going to do if I don't get back to the diner soon.

Joy Boy tries the door, it's unlocked! They step inside and walk towards the staircase.

INT. HOUSE - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

JOY BOY
Doesn't anybody lock their doors
anymore?

JOHNNY
It's trust. Fitting too. Perhaps
during Truman's days, whenever
those was, it was the way. Things
are looking up.

JOY BOY
Nice house. Wonder if it has a
breakfast nook.

JOHNNY
I like a good nook.

As soon as the two disappear around a corner

ANGLE ON

Felicity and friends trudging up from the basement.

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS ROOM

Johnny and Joy Boy stand, mouths agape. The entire room
contains wall to wall white marble busts.

JOY BOY
Looks like we got ourselves a bust
bonanza.

JOHNNY
Vivian's going blow her stack. I
may as well stay here tonight.
(incredulous)
I mean, what kind of person
collects busts? And, what the hell
does Truman look like?

As the two ponder, something clicks for Joy Boy.

JOY BOY
Oh, I know! He's got one feature
that separates him from the other
presidents. He wore specs.

JOHNNY
He was a four eyes? When did you
develop a brain?

JOY BOY

More like memory. I gotta a laminated placemat of every president up until the first Bush. Best thing I ever lifted from the pancake house.

JOHNNY

Huh, just look for the four eyed bust.

INT. HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - LIVING ROOM

TREVOR

I thought we're were going to bust some ghosts.

He punches his palm for affect. He's all in, ironically.

BLUE

I've yet to sense anything or experience a cold spot.

SPIT

Maybe we've got something on the recorder.

FELICITY

The needle hasn't moved once.

SPIT

We'll listen later. That's expensive equipment. That mic is so sensitive it'll pick up a caterpillar walking.

BLUE

Maybe we'll have better luck upstairs where the old lady hung herself. I'll be able to feel her presence.

TREVOR

That's what I've been saying from the get-go, guys.

FELICITY

Shh... I hear something.

UPSTAIRS ROOM

Joy Boy does a jig. He's found what they're looking for.

JOHNNY

Joy Boy, watch it!

A bust teeters, about to tip.

DOWNSTAIRS - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A THUD from upstairs, they look at each other with excitement. Another THUD, then pure terror.

The kids freak as they bolt out of the house. Felicity tosses the recording equipment and it smashes to the floor.

UPSTAIRS ROOM

Two broken busts rest at their feet. Johnny cradles the Truman bust. They dash and leave the house undetected.

INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Johnny looks out and sees a cop car with its blue lights and four kids up against it. Johnny notices Felicity but she doesn't see him. A few beats and his phone rings.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vivian paces around Felicity and Johnny like a lion stalks its prey.

VIVIAN
 (to Felicity)
 What were you thinking?! Ghost
 hunting?! It ain't even a career!
 (to Johnny)
 And you and Joy Boy out traipsing
 about! For what? To bring home that
 monstrosity! You really thought
 that would class up the diner?

Vivian points to the Truman bust on the table.

JOHNNY
 If only I was out gallivanting, I
 would've brought home the Venus de
 Milo.

Vivian folds her arms and glares at him.

FELICITY
 Seriously, ma, we heard an actual
 ghost.

JOHNNY
 I believe her. Probably one of
 those ghosts that have a vendetta
 against teens. I've seen enough
 horror flicks to know the type.

VIVIAN
 The neighbors said they saw some
 suspicious characters lurking about
 that's why they called the cops.

JOHNNY
 Did they say what they looked like?

VIVIAN
 It was your daughter and her sloppy
 friends, ya dope.
 (to Felicity)
 Go to bed, we'll talk about this
 tomorrow.

Felicity sulks off to her room. Johnny gets up too.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
 Where you going?

JOHNNY

Going to take care of what you referred to as a monstrosity. It's President Truman by the way, the only president to wear glasses while in office.

VIVIAN

When? Now?

JOHNNY

There's a dump right down the street.

VIVIAN

Just leave it. I'm thinking of canceling the luncheon.

Vivian throws herself onto the couch.

VIVIAN

We're ruined, Johnny! The diner is trash. We're trash. We're honky tonk!

JOHNNY

Don't talk like that in front of Truman.

VIVIAN

I tried to rearrange the tables. It ended up looking like the Cross Bronx Expressway on a Friday.

JOHNNY

Why get all screwy over this? We can handle it. I'll rearrange your rearrangement. We'll get it done tonight. Trust me.

VIVIAN

Promise? We go all night if we have to?

Johnny nods.

VIVIAN

You know what? Bring Truman too. He's starting to grow on me.

Johnny swallows hard.

INT. QUEEN BEE DINER - NEXT DAY

A sign in the window reads: "Closed for Private Event". The place looks spectacular, classy even.

The Truman bust is displayed prominently on the table where the MAYOR(53), eats and talks with Phyllis and other CONSTITUENTS.

Felicity lends a hand bussing tables and refilling coffee cups. Johnny comes out from the kitchen and stands next to Vivian.

VIVIAN

We pulled it off, by the skin of our teeth. Could of used Joy Boy's help. Another no show, what do you know. Good thing for Felicity though. When I see Joy Boy I'm going to give him one.

Johnny sees Joy Boy trying to get his attention through the small kitchen window.

JOHNNY

I think I smell something burning.

KITCHEN

Johnny enters and sees Joy Boy.

JOHNNY

You better hit the bricks, pal, Vivian's on the warpath.

JOY BOY

I had no choice, Johnny. The man dragged me out of bed.

The security guard, out of uniform, steps out from behind a rack of corned beef cans.

JOY BOY

He's got huge hands, Johnny. He's ready to call the cops too.

SECURITY GUARD

I can put you both at the scene of the crime. Unless I see Truman now, you'll never get your metal poles, hence no trombone.

JOY BOY

I told him everything, Johnny.

JOHNNY

Did ya? Does he know I lost the heart for it anyway.

JOY BOY

You're bluffing. Besides, you can't back out of a Cumshaw.

SECURITY GUARD

Maybe he's not cut out to be a jazz trombonist.

JOHNNY

I'd rather be a good father.
Something I wasn't privy to growing up.

JOY BOY

Why the sappiness?

JOHNNY

I got enough sap to cover a mile of flapjacks, Joy Boy. I'd give up a million trombones to rid myself of the guilt I feel.

JOY BOY

'Cause of Felicity having to take the rap.

FELICITY (O.S.)

What?

The men turn and Felicity stands, looking for an answer.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

What does he mean, dad?

JOHNNY

I'm sorry, honey, it was me and Joy Boy who was the ghosts. We were the ones that got you pinched.

FELICITY

You two are were in the house?!
Because of you, I'm no longer welcome in the ghost busters group. I ruined their recording equipment and ma is making me wash dishes for a month to pay it off.

JOY BOY

Hot dog, a month off!

JOHNNY

Wait. I'm on your side, honey.
Honest to Betsy.

FELICITY

Are you? She even mentioned home schooling. I don't want to be one of those kids! I won't!

(beat)

Does ma even know?

Johnny shakes his head.

VIVIAN (O.S.)
Know what?

Vivian stands, hands on both hips, she means business.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Felicity, the mayor's about to
speak. Coffee cups need refilling,
plates bussed, go.
(to Joy Boy)
I'll get your excuse later. Help
Felicity.

As she exits, Felicity looks at Johnny as she basks in her
new found leverage. Joy Boy follows.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Who's the creep?

SECURITY GUARD
I just want what I came for, missy.

VIVIAN
What's he saying?

SECURITY GUARD
I'm talking about --

JOHNNY
A sandwich, he's talking about the
BLT. Words already out. He's here
to pick up a sandwich. Right?

SECURITY GUARD
Are you kidding me? I'm here --

Johnny covers the security guard's mouth before he can say
anymore. APPLAUSE from the dining room.

VIVIAN
I don't know what's going on but
I'll find out. I'm sensing a shift.

JOHNNY
A shift? What shift?

Vivian hustles out.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Do you know what that means? We
might want to leave soon.

SECURITY GUARD
I'm not going anywhere without my
bust. We had a deal.

MEANWHILE:

ON THE MAYOR

diminutive yet commands attention, concludes her passionate
speech

MAYOR
And lastly, we will not become a
mecca of things we don't consider
are in line with out fair city of
Glens Falls. Thank you!

Applause from the luncheon attendees.

ANGLE ON

Vivian receiving handshakes and appreciation from fellow
attendees. Phyllis prances up to her.

PHYLLIS
You did it, sweetheart! The mayor
was impressed and quite frankly, so
was I, despite the heavy aroma of
ketchup. How'd you know she's a
long distant relative of Bess
Truman? Oh, and ...

Phyllis' words fade, become inaudible as Vivian eyes Johnny
plucking the bust off the table then prancing over and
handing it to the security guard.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)
... you know, make a few changes,
we'd love to hold our monthly
meetings here! There may be a seat
for you on the mayor's ordinance
committee too. Aren't I the best!?

Vivian forces a smile, Johnny's actions still fresh on her
mind.

INT. CRAZY IVAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Johnny enters, rubbing dirt off his hands.

JOHNNY
I left the metal poles outside
where you wanted them.

CRAZY IVAN
Better late than never.

JOHNNY

They're still going to use them,
right? For?

CRAZY IVAN

Of course, and not for you to know.
Unfortunately, I got no trombone.
The one you want could take awhile,
understand?

JOHNNY

If becoming a jazz trombonist was
easy, everybody'd be doing it. Keep
trying, okay.

Johnny lights a cigarette.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

In the meantime, you familiar with
recording equipment? The good kind.
The kind that comes with a
microphone that can pick up ghosts.

FADE OUT.

TAG

INT. QUEEN BEE DINER - DAY

A SONG PLAYS on a RADIO that sits on the counter. Johnny and Joy Boy clean. The SONG ENDS.

ANNOUNCER

(on the radio)

In the news, a rare bust of
President Truman recently sold for
a whopping thirty thousand dollars
at auction yesterday. And locally,
a new aerobic studio will be
offering pole dancing lessons...

Johnny and Joy Boy look at each other.

END OF SHOW