

NO STRINGS ATTACHED

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FADE IN

INT. A CONCERT AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The stage is lighted, but empty except for a large movable screen--the sort you'd find as an acoustic reflector for an orchestra--stretching from one wing to center stage. Only a grand piano is partly visible.

And before we notice anything else, we hear a solo violin playing classical music with the piano accompanying it. The violin playing is professional enough, but this is no virtuoso we're hearing. As the violin continues, we

REVERSE ON AUDITORIUM SEATS

and the only people seated in the hall are a dozen men and women-- mostly men, dressed in casual jacket and tie-- clustered near the center about ten rows back. This is the Orchestra String Audition Committee. Each of them has a lap-held clipboard with a sheaf of standard, Xeroxed forms on it.

CLOSE PAN FROM CLIPBOARD TO CLIPBOARD

In a space marked Candidate each form has written in: #53 -- and there are ratings labelled Intonation, Accuracy, Interpretation, Feeling, etc. This particular violinist is getting ratings between 4's and 6's.

We stop on one particular clipboard.

REVERSE ON THE MUSIC DIRECTOR, INCLUDING COMMITTEE

seated dead center tenth row. This is the distinguished ERIC SMITH-KENSINGTON, wearing a turtleneck and jacket. He catches the eyes of the other committee members.

SMITH-KENSINGTON
(quietly, to others)
Have we heard enough of this one?

They all nod.

SMITH-KENSINGTON (CONT'D)
(loudly, to stage)
Thank you very much--
(glances down)
--Number fifty-three. Number fifty-four, please.

STAGE AGAIN

Violin and piano come to an abrupt halt, violin strings being strummed halfheartedly. Hard shoes walk off across the hardwood stage, then another set walk on. But we can't see the new performer at all.

(CONTINUED)

THE COMMITTEE

as they yawn, stretch, light cigarettes, and flip to the next form.

SMITH-KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

(loudly to stage)

The Sibelius, please.

We hear a few seconds of tuning up, a few beats of silence, then the dramatic introduction of a violin playing the Sibelius Concerto.

Immediately we can tell--by the sudden alertness of the Committee, if nothing else--that we're hearing a violinist of virtuoso caliber. Now we're really hearing first-rate playing, something wonderfully special. After a few seconds of this, we see pens go into motion.

CLOSE PAN FROM CLIPBOARD TO CLIPBOARD AGAIN

only this time we're seeing 8's and 9's. Again we stop on the center clipboard with 9's in most categories and a big 10 next to Feeling.

REVERSE ON SMITH-KENSINGTON

nodding appreciatively to the CONCERTMASTER, seated next to him.

Abruptly, the violin stops playing--the piano stopping a second later--and the silence is jarring. The Music Director calls out:

SMITH-KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

Why did you stop? I didn't ask you to stop.

STAGE

VIOLINIST (O.S.)

(assertive)

I like to know who I'm playin' for.

ACCOMPANIST (O.S.)

Hey, you're not allowed to--

THE AUDITION SCREEN

as it rolls out of the way, to reveal the bewildered ACCOMPANIST and

IGOR DAVIDSON

a strikingly attractive Russian-looking young man in his twenties, dark hair and penetrating eyes.

(CONTINUED)

An open-collar white shirt with rolled up sleeves display powerful arms. With one hand he's holding his violin and bow while his other hand is shoving the audition screen out of his way.

THE COMMITTEE

as the shock of their procedures being flouted registers on them.

DAVIDSON

--the screen pushed most of the way off--returns to center stage.

DAVIDSON

Now, maybe, we can communicate.

He readies his violin and bow to start playing again.

AUDITORIUM, VARIOUS VIEWS

as from the eleventh row the Principal Second Violinist--SYLVANIA--leans forward to the Music Director.

SYLVANIA

You'll have to disqualify him.

Other committee members mumble agreement.

DAVIDSON

Disqualify me? For what?

SMITH-KENSINGTON

(resignedly)

The audition screen is designed to ensure that the Committee doesn't discriminate on the basis of race or sex or age. We will, I'm afraid, have to disqualify you. I'm sorry.

DAVIDSON

What, you don't trust yourself to play fair?

SMITH-KENSINGTON

Not at all a question of trust. The symphony must do this for its own legal protection. Otherwise one of the candidates might bankrupt us with a discrimination lawsuit.

DAVIDSON

DAVIDSON

(getting angry)

Okay, I get it. Perfect. Sure.

(CONTINUED)

He starts walking off stage, then whips around again.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

You want something to disqualify?

He raises the violin again, and starts playing unaccompanied. This time, he rips full-force into perhaps the most technically difficult violin piece ever written, the Paganini Twenty-fourth Caprice ... and he is cooking. This isn't about trying out for a job anymore. He's defying a system that cares more about rules than about ability.

THE COMMITTEE

as Sylvania leans forward to the Music Director again and Smith-Kensington gestures her away to let him listen.

DAVIDSON

DAVIDSON plays until he reaches the end of a particularly treacherous passage ...stops ... and smiles sharply at the Committee.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Disqualify that.

He starts to walk off.

SMITH-KENSINGTON

SMITH-KENSINGTON

Wait a moment, please.

DAVIDSON

as he stops, takes a deep breath, and waits.

THE COMMITTEE

SMITH-KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

(softly, to Committee)

I think we can safely use ratings made before secrecy was broken.

Yes?

(hearing no argument)

Very well.

(to DAVIDSON)

You're still in the running. Please be sure the Orchestra Manager knows where to reach you.

DAVIDSON

DAVIDSON

Thanks.

(1/2 beat)

Thanks a lot.

(CONTINUED)

Smith-Kensington waves acknowledgement. DAVIDSON raises his violin in parting, then walks off.

BACKSTAGE SYMPHONY HALL

as DAVIDSON--just finished putting his violin in its case-- is met by the Symphony's Orchestra Manager, EVANGELINE WINSTON, who is holding a clipboard.

WINSTON

You're at the Hyatt, Mr. Davidson?

DAVIDSON

(nods)

Room 2116. Uh, who would I ask whether a phone call came for me?

WINSTON

(smiles)

Me. You play another audition today?

DAVIDSON

(smiles back)

Uh-uh. I'm in town with my brother.

Winston hands DAVIDSON a note.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Thanks.

DAVIDSON looks at the note, then heads out.

CUT TO

EXT. SYMPHONY HALL - NIGHT

as DAVIDSON, with violin case, walks out into warm evening air. He pauses a moment, alone, in front of a bill showing the orchestra's fall season, and finally allows his cool to dissolve. He looks at the poster for a moment, longingly, then speaks softly, as if he's talking to a lover ... or praying.

DAVIDSON

C'mon, c'mon, I'm the one you want.

Then he realizes he's being corny, and laughs it off with some shtick.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

We can make some beautiful music together. See ya, sweetheart.

He heads out into the night.

CUT TO

EXT. DR. KATO'S NUCLEAR CHILI - NIGHT

A high-tech hangout. Lots of neon, chrome, and a big color photo of DR. KATO, a muscular Japanese man in a lab coat, holding up a beaker of dangerous-looking chili. The place is jumping--and the loud rock music inside can be heard from half a block away.

DAVIDSON is waiting outside, looking uncomfortable, when a rental car pulls up to valet parking and a bearded man in his thirties, Igor's brother ALEX DAVIDSON, gets out, tossing car keys to the valet.

ALEX

(to valet)

Crash this for me, willya? They're charging me twelve bucks a day for the insurance.

(to Igor)

You get it?

DAVIDSON

I'll know tomorrow. Alex, you know how I feel about this volume level. Why do you always do this to me?

ALEX

'Cause I want your opinion--this is a band I'm thinking about representing.

DAVIDSON

They should turn down their amplifiers--that's my opinion.

Alex grabs Igor's arm and drags him inside.

INT. DR. KATO'S - NIGHT

as Alex and Igor approach the desk. The interior shows real style, super high tech. There are radiation warning signs everywhere--a purple trefoil with the words: Warning: Nuclear Chili Zone. All the waiters and waitresses wear white radiation suits.

VIEWS INCLUDING LIVE BAND

a very tight rock band called DEARSMOKE is putting out some really basic hard rock. The female vocalist--CAMBRIDGE, early twenties, terrific looking with a knock-out figure and a great rock voice--is singing this one. But the first thing DAVIDSON notices is the club's huge P.A. speakers--anathema to a classical musician.

(CONTINUED)

CAMBRIDGE

(singing rock ballad)

You ask me why I'm leavin' That's
you alright, you never listen. You
think you're the only one Who needs
to be told how good you are Well,
genius, that's what I been missin'.

DR. KATO AND THE BROTHERS

There are already several couples in line behind Igor and Alex. Dr.

Kato, wearing a white lab coat, steps up to the desk and looks over to Alex.

ALEX

Got a table for two away from those speakers?

DR. KATO

Sure. If you don't mind waiting a half hour. Or there's a table just being cleared up front.

Alex looks over to his brother. DAVIDSON doesn't look thrilled but shrugs.

ALEX

We'll take the one up front.

They head forward. As they pass the bar DAVIDSON grabs a cocktail napkin and starts ripping makeshift ear plugs. A waitress cuts in front holding a tray with chili and a blue-and-red warning flasher.

DAVIDSON has the earplugs in well before they get to their table.

ANGLE INCLUDING BAND AND THE BROTHERS

as Cambridge is belting out, hard and sad. She checks Igor and Alex out, and doesn't miss that DAVIDSON's carrying a violin.

CAMBRIDGE

(singing next verse)

You ask me if you'll make it And I
go, it's there for the makin'. But
I got dreams of my own I need to
hear I can make it too Just dreamin',
you're real good at takin'.

A busboy finishes clearing. DAVIDSON tucks his violin under the table before sitting. Dr. Kato hands them menus and signals the busboy to bring water.

(CONTINUED)

DR. KATO
Enjoy your dinner.

A radiation-suited WAITER--looking like a tight end playing for Chernobyl State--shows up. He leans in close so he can be heard above the music.

ON DAVIDSON TABLE

WAITER
(almost shouting)
What'll it be?

DAVIDSON
(shouting)
Number eight with fries, diet cola.

ALEX
(also shouting)
Cheeseburger, rare. Side of chili.
Coffee to drink.

WAITER
How hot you want the chili?
Containment, Weapon's Grade, or
Meltdown?

ALEX
Meltdown.

WAITER
I need to see some picture I.D.

ALEX
For what? Coffee?

WAITER
We're not allowed to serve chili
above Weapon's Grade to anyone under
twenty-one.

ALEX AND WAITER

Alex gives the waiter a look. The waiter doesn't crack a smile. He just waits. Not knowing if this is for real or an advertising ploy, Alex laughs, gets out his wallet, and shows the I.D. The Waiter nods and leaves.

ANGLE INCLUDING CAMBRIDGE AND DAVIDSON

Meanwhile, DAVIDSON has been noticing Cambridge. He checks her out. Thoroughly. Whether or not the music's his type, she definitely is.

Cambridge senses his look, and they both play, I know you're looking but I'm not going to let you know that I know.

(CONTINUED)

But it doesn't quite work ... their eyes meet ... and Cambridge decides to sing the final reprise direct to DAVIDSON:

CAMBRIDGE

Whenever you're low I'm there for you
I'm always around to care for you
But what you never seem to see
Is nothin' in life comes free
And you're never there for me.

DAVIDSON

Contact.

ANGLE ON STAGE AGAIN

The band finishes the song and gets enthusiastic applause, from both the audience and the two brothers. DAVIDSON isn't knocking himself out applauding, but he manages to let Cambridge know that he liked her. She makes sure he knows who she is with a standard band intro.

CAMBRIDGE

Thank you. That's my brother Lenox on keyboards, Sly and Art on guitar and vocals, Denny on bass guitar, Elvis on drums, I'm Cambridge, our band is Dearsmove.

As the band makes in-between-numbers noises, Cambridge gets inspired.

CAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

Okay. It's open mike time here at Dr. Kato's--

ON DR. KATO

seating a couple, as his reaction lets us know this is news to him--

UP FRONT AGAIN

CAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

--your big chance to come up here and do some chops with the band.

THE BAND

LENOX on keyboards and SLY on lead guitar are looking back and forth at each other, shrugging. This is news to them, too. They're wondering what Cambridge is getting them into.

ON CLUB

Several hands shoot up at the tables.

(CONTINUED)

UP FRONT AGAIN

Cambridge catches DAVIDSON's eye and gives him a look.

ALEX

(to Igor)

If you're interested, here's your chance.

INCLUDING CAMBRIDGE AND DAVIDSON'S TABLE

as DAVIDSON figures, what the hell, and goes for it. He puts up his hand too, then immediately starts getting out his violin.

CAMBRIDGE

Looks like we got us a victim. And this is a first. We don't see a whole lot of fiddle players here at open mike.

DAVIDSON

(to Alex)

I'll just bet.

Cambridge overhears. Now it's her turn to wonder what she's letting herself in for.

CAMBRIDGE

(cool)

C'mon, guys, gimme some hand action to get this dude up here.

ON STAGE

As the audience applauds, DAVIDSON joins Cambridge on stage. He knows he's in for some needling, but is cool about it.

CAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

Well you're not one of the homeboys, are you? What's your name?

DAVIDSON

Davidson. Igor Davidson.

CAMBRIDGE

Igor?

ANGLE ON TABLES

Cambridge gets the laugh she was expecting, then chides the audience.

CAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

Like the Russian composer, Igor Stravinsky, right?

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON DAVIDSON

DAVIDSON
 (doing Lugosi)
 Igor, like Dr. Frankenstein's
 assistant.

VIEWS INCLUDING CLUB AND STAGE

as the audience laughs and Elvis gives DAVIDSON a rim shot.
 DAVIDSON does a quick hunchback impression and gets another
 laugh.

CAMBRIDGE
 I'll bet you're fun at weddings.

DAVIDSON
 (quickly)
 And funerals.

Another laugh and rim shot. Cambridge knows she's got a
 professional.

CAMBRIDGE
 Okay, Quasimodo, whadd'ya wanna play?

DAVIDSON
 You guys know the Bach Toccata and
 Fugue?

DAVIDSON plays the opening notes of the famous horror-movie
 theme.

CAMBRIDGE
 (waits out laugh)
 Sorry, we just did that in the last
 set.

DAVIDSON
 Something by Handel? Or Vivaldi?

CAMBRIDGE
 Know the tunes ... don't know the
 words.

DAVIDSON
 Hmmm ... Then how 'bout The Devil
 Went Down to Georgia?

There's enthusiastic hooting and applause from the tables.
 Cambridge looks impressed. She looks over to the other band
 members, who nod.

CAMBRIDGE
 You got it. Sly, lemme take the
 guitar on this one.

(CONTINUED)

Cambridge grabs a spare guitar, moving over to a stand-up mike.

DAVIDSON AND BAND

which launch into the famous Charlie Daniels talking ballad. After the intro of country fiddle playing, DAVIDSON starts the vocal:

DAVIDSON
 (talking it)
 The Devil went down to Georgia He
 was lookin' for a soul to steal

REACTIONS ON TABLES

The audience is getting into it.

DAVIDSON AND BAND

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)
 ... the Devil jumped up on a hickory
 stump And said, "Boy let me tell you
 what. I guess you didn't know it
 but I'm a fiddle player, too

DAVIDSON changes the lyrics around a bit--

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)
 The boy said, "My name's Igor You
 can call me Mr. Davidsin-- --And
 I'll take your bet You're gonna regret
 Cause I'm the best that's ever been."

ANGLE ON CAMBRIDGE

as she leads the band in the backup chorus, altering the lyrics to match DAVIDSON's improv.

DAVIDSON

as he sticks his violin under his chin and gives the Charlie Daniels Band a run for its money in hot country fiddle playing. The guy's as good with country as he is with Paganini.

CAMBRIDGE

watching him, impressed as hell, and more interested than ever.

ON TABLES

and they're really into it now. This song sells 'em every time if the fiddle player is good enough ... and DAVIDSON is good enough.

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDSON

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

.... Then a band a' demons joined in
And it sounded somethin' like this--

ON CAMBRIDGE AND DAVIDSON

as Cambridge does the Devil's work on guitar, soon joined by DAVIDSON on fiddle -- and DAVIDSON and Cambridge are almost dueling. The energy flowing between them, as each realizes how good the other is, almost causes as many sparks as a Tesla coil.

WHOLE BAND AGAIN

Near the end of the section, DAVIDSON shouts out to the band--

DAVIDSON

Skip the chorus and stick with me--

Cambridge and the others nod.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

When the Devil finished Igor said,
"Well you're pretty good, Old Son
But sit down in that chair right
there And let me show you how it's
done!"

ANGLE ON DAVIDSON AND VIOLIN

And he launches directly into a red hot fiddle riff ... only he goes way beyond the licks of a country fiddle player and works into a musical potpourrie--bringing in classical, mixing it with Cajun and bluegrass--signaling the band to follow him whatever he does as he zips into style after style ...

THE AUDIENCE

as DAVIDSON is knocking their socks off. They start clapping in rhythm with the music--

ALEX

in the audience, really enjoying this.

DAVIDSON AND BAND

as he stretches it out, until he finally signals the band he's going into the home stretch ...

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Take the chorus!

(CONTINUED)

CAMBRIDGE AND BAND

as they sing the final square-dance type chorus--

DAVIDSON

as he sticks the violin under his chin again, lays down a few bars more of pyrotechnics ... and they finish together as if they'd rehearsed it a million times.

AT TABLES

and the audience is on its feet, hooting and hollering. DAVIDSON has wowed 'em.

ALEX

as he flashes his brother an okay sign.

DAVIDSON AND CAMBRIDGE

while the audience--and the band--applauds, their eyes lock. *This* was their first sex together.

CUT TO

EXT. DR. KATO'S - NIGHT

while Igor and Cambridge are talking in the b.g., Alex is talking to Sly. The valet pulls Alex's rental car up.

ALEX

(to Sly)

--So you'll burn me a new demo when it's done and I'll see what I can do.

SLY

Great.

Alex and Sly shake hands, then Alex slips money to the valet.

ALEX

(shouts to Igor)

You wanna lift to the hotel on my way to the airport?

DAVIDSON

I'll walk, thanks. Have a safe flight home.

ALEX

You too. Call me as soon as you hear from the orchestra.

(CONTINUED)

As DAVIDSON waves, Alex drives off.

CUT TO

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

as DAVIDSON and Cambridge are walking together later. They're already chatting like old friends. DAVIDSON is in the middle of a story that Cambridge finds hysterically funny.

DAVIDSON

Okay ... try and picture this. I'm four, and my grandfather -- this eighty-year-old Russian virtuoso -- is trying to give me my first violin lesson. Only thing is, I hardly speak English and he says--

(imitating, heavy
Russian accent)

I American now, I speak only American.

Cambridge laughs, really into the story.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

I'm standin' there like a dummy, cryin' cause I can't understand him. And he's getting pissed off at me 'cause I don't understand English.

CAMBRIDGE

(still laughing)

So he taught you in Russian?

DAVIDSON

The hell he did. First year of lessons, my mother is in there translating Grandpa's English into Russian.

Both of them really crack up at this.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

(trying to get serious)

And it's a good thing. That old man could play. He was from the old school ... St. Petersburg ... where half the greats came from ... Zimbalist, Elman, Heifetz. Grandpa was right up there. Performed the Beethoven concerto at seven ... composed his own first concerto at ten. I was a retard compared to him.

(CONTINUED)

CAMBRIDGE

Right ... I bet you didn't compose
your concerto until the ripe age of
twelve.

EXT. DAVIDSON'S HOTEL - NIGHT

as DAVIDSON and Cambridge pause on the street in front.
DAVIDSON notices where they are.

DAVIDSON

Nah. I really screwed the pooch on
that one. Didn't have it done till
nineteen.

(beat)

Want to come up to my room and I'll
play it for you?

Cambridge gives him an expression that means, "Right, sure
you will."

CUT TO

TIGHT ON A VIOLIN

as we see hands playing it and hear a very traditional, very
beautiful violin concerto, sounding as if it was composed
about the time of Brahms or Tchaikovsky.

INT. DAVIDSON'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

as we see Cambridge sitting cross-legged on the bed, wearing
only DAVIDSON's shirt.

BACK VIEW ON DAVIDSON, INCLUDING CAMBRIDGE

as we see him standing playing his concerto for her ...
wearing only men's bikini underpants.

DAVIDSON accelerates to top speed as he goes into what is
obviously the last few bars of the last movement ... and
ends with a final flourish. Cambridge applauds and DAVIDSON
acknowledges it with a full bow, mooning the camera.

ANGLE ON BOTH -- DAVIDSON'S UPPER TORSO ONLY

CAMBRIDGE

(enthusiastically)

DAVIDSON, that was fantastic. Have
you recorded it?

DAVIDSON

(laughs)

I couldn't even get a passing grade
on it in composition class at
Juilliard.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

You compose a violin concerto today,
it has to sound like an alley cat
fighting it out with a garbage truck
... and the truck losing.

FAVORING CAMBRIDGE

Cambridge laughs merrily.

DAVIDSON

Okay, this is the composition that
got me an A.

BOTH AGAIN

He lifts the violin under his chin again and begins playing.
It sounds exactly like an alley cat fighting it out with a
garbage truck ... and the truck losing.

Cambridge makes a face. This is really awful.

DAVIDSON stops playing and smiles. He puts his violin and
bow into the case. Then he throws himself on top of her.
She squeals as she slides under him. They begin making
passionate love for the second time that night. DAVIDSON
reaches over and turns out the light.

IN BLACK OUT

CAMBRIDGE

Kiss my Vivaldi.

CUT TO

INT. DAVIDSON'S ROOM - MORNING

DAVIDSON and Cambridge are asleep in each others arms, as
the phone rings.

After a few rings, DAVIDSON untangles himself enough to slip
a hand onto the phone and bring the receiver to his ear.

DAVIDSON

Yeah? ... Speaking ...
(really awake now)
Yeah, sure I can ... my flight isn't
till four. ... Okay, Mrs. Winston
... eleven-thirty. Great. And
listen, thanks a lot!

He hangs up the phone and looks over, seeing Cambridge still
dead asleep. For a few seconds he considers waking her,
then decides against it.

He untangles himself from the sleeping girl, gets out of bed--
still nude--and pads into the bathroom, closing the door.

(CONTINUED)

From behind the door we hear at full volume:

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

Yah-hooo!

CLOSE ON CAMBRIDGE

as this wakes her up with a jolt anyway.

CUT TO

EXT. SYMPHONY HALL - DAY

as DAVIDSON returns, fiddle case in hand, but this time with Cambridge holding his other hand. Near the stage door, he puts down his violin and kisses her long and hard. They break for air.

CAMBRIDGE

When you coming back?

DAVIDSON

Let me know when you're off from the band ... and that's when I'll apartment hunt.

One more passionate kiss, then Cambridge walks away, turning once to wave.

DAVIDSON waits till she's around a corner. Then, triumphantly, he salutes the Symphony Poster he soliloquized to before, picks up his violin, and heads in.

INT. SYMPHONY OFFICES - DAY

as DAVIDSON is sitting facing Winston's desk.

WINSTON

Now ... your orchestra contract. This is for one full season, fifty-two weeks starting this fall, at the yearly base salary--

Winston slides the orchestra contracts to DAVIDSON, who flips to the last page and begins signing.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

--plus recordings and incidentals ... travel per diem, medical, dental, pension, full dress allowance, instrument insurance--

DAVIDSON

The Symphony pays the insurance on my violin?

Winston nods.

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Fantastic. The premiums have been bankrupting me.

WINSTON

What do you have in that case--a Strad?

DAVIDSON

(shakes head)

One of the earliest del Jesu's, 1716.

WINSTON

(impressed)

Same thing in my book. How does a kid your age get hold of a two-million-dollar Guarnerius?

DAVIDSON

It was left to me by my grandfather. Mischa Rudlensky.

WINSTON

Rudlensky!

DAVIDSON nods. Winston looks even more impressed.

CLOSE ON ORCHESTRA CONTRACT

as DAVIDSON signs it, then slides it over to Winston.

BACK TO SCENE

Winston signs the contract for the orchestra.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

At the end of the first year, you go before the String Audition Committee again. If they're satisfied, you get tenure ... and probably moved forward, since we'll likely be having a few more players retiring by then.

(beat)

The way you play fiddle, you'll make concertmaster someday.

Winston slides one signed copy across the desk to DAVIDSON.

DAVIDSON lifts his violin case onto his lap and opens the case, slides his copy of the contract into a pocket inside the case, then zips the case shut.

Winston stands up ... and DAVIDSON stands also.

(CONTINUED)

WINSTON (CONT'D)

You report for first rehearsal nine a.m., September fourth. That gives you all summer to make sure you know the fall season's programs.

DAVIDSON

I sure will, Mrs. Winston.

Winston extends her hand and DAVIDSON shakes it.

WINSTON

Welcome to the Symphony.

CUT TO

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

as DAVIDSON arrives by hotel shuttle bus for his flight home. He's carrying only one small duffle over his shoulder and his violin case.

INT. TERMINAL SECURITY CHECK POINT - DAY

as DAVIDSON checks through security, sending his duffle through X-ray.

But he hands his violin case directly to the SECURITY SCREENER.

DAVIDSON

Hand inspection for this, please.

DAVIDSON walks through the metal detector without incident then joins the screener on the other side.

SCREENER

Please open the case for me, sir.

DAVIDSON unzips the violin case, and the Screener sees that there is, in fact, a violin inside. He starts to reach for it but DAVIDSON reaches it first and takes it out for him.

DAVIDSON

(nervously)

Please let me. That's an irreplaceable instrument ... a priceless antique.

SCREENER

I must examine it, sir, priceless antique or not.

DAVIDSON

Look, I'll hold it for you so you can see inside clearly. Okay?

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDSON turns it up so the Screener can look into it.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

See?

SCREENER

(hesitating)

Well ... I still need to hold it.
Just for a second. To feel how heavy
it is.

DAVIDSON sighs, then shows the Screener how to hold it properly from the neck and end pin.

DAVIDSON

Okay ... hold it here and here ...
that way you won't damage the varnish.

The Screener feels the violin for only a few seconds, then carefully hands it back to DAVIDSON, nodding.

CUT TO

INT. "TRANS NATIONAL AIRLINES" PASSENGER GATE - DAY

as DAVIDSON checks in. The counter is labelled TNA Flight 451 to Newark. Passengers are already boarding.

DAVIDSON hands his ticket to the AIRLINE GATE AGENT, a smartly uniformed woman. Then the Agent notices the violin case and points.

AGENT

I'm afraid you'll have to check
through that case, sir.

DAVIDSON

I hand carried it on your flight
here.

AGENT

Well they shouldn't have allowed it.
It doesn't meet FAA standards for
carry-on.

DAVIDSON is starting to be overwhelmed by all these regulations.

DAVIDSON

Look, I'm a professional, flying on
business. This is a priceless violin
... and I'm not about to have it
crushed between two pieces of
Samsonite.

A blue-suited male PASSENGER in line right behind DAVIDSON is watching the argument carefully.

(CONTINUED)

The Agent pauses for a long moment, then hands DAVIDSON his boarding pass.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Thanks.

DAVIDSON grabs his violin and immediately boards, disappearing into the Jetway.

The Male Passenger in line behind DAVIDSON hands his ticket to the Gate Agent.

GATE AGENT'S POV ON TICKET ENVELOPE

as the Gate Agent sees the badge of a FEDERAL Air Marshal.

GATE AGENT AND AIR MARSHAL

AIR MARSHAL

Got a seat somewhere near that one?

The Gate Agent nods.

INT. TRANS NATIONAL JET CABIN - DAY

as DAVIDSON straps into a coach-class aisle seat, next to an exit.

His violin case fits most of the way under the seat in front of him, but sticks out a little between his feet.

The Air Marshal takes a seat a few rows behind DAVIDSON.

DAVIDSON grabs a magazine out of the seat pocket and begins reading. A few seconds pass, then a female FLIGHT ATTENDANT comes by and sees the violin case extending between DAVIDSON's feet.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(to DAVIDSON)

Sir, you'll have to check through that case. It doesn't fit under your seat.

DAVIDSON

(sighs)

I've already been through this with your agent at the check-in counter. She said I could carry it on. Okay?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

No, sir, that's beyond the Gate Agent's authority. F.A.A. regulations require--

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDSON

(exasperated)

Look, it's just a violin. Nothing dangerous. It's too valuable to check through or put in overhead. Can't you just let this slide?

ANGLE INCLUDING AIR MARSHAL

The FLIGHT ATTENDANT nods to the Air Marshal. He stands and moves into the aisle next to DAVIDSON.

AIR MARSHAL

(to DAVIDSON)

Sir, I'm taking you off this flight.

DAVIDSON

(not moving)

Look, I told the Gate Agent before she checked through my bag--

AIR MARSHAL

I don't care what you told the Gate Agent. You're getting off this plane. Now.

DAVIDSON is outraged, but doesn't argue.

DAVIDSON

You want me off this airline? You got it.

DAVIDSON gets out to the aisle and lifts his violin case with his right hand.

THE AIR MARSHAL

as he reaches to grab the case out of DAVIDSON's right hand.

AIR MARSHAL

I'll take that case.

DAVIDSON AND AIR MARSHAL

DAVIDSON brushes the Air Marshal's hand away with his left hand.

DAVIDSON

Like hell you will.

THE AIR MARSHAL

Like lightning, as he grabs DAVIDSON's left elbow with both of his hands.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON DAVIDSON'S LEFT ELBOW

as the Air Marshal twists and DAVIDSON's elbow cracks sickeningly.

THE Air Marshal AND DAVIDSON

as the Air Marshal wrests the violin case out of DAVIDSON's right hand.

DAVIDSON

in a moment frozen in time, as the pain registers on his face ... and a second later as we see his agony of knowing what has just happened.

He tries to move his left fingers ... and realizes that his ring finger and pinkie won't move.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

(low panic)

I can't move my fingers.

FOLLOWING DAVIDSON AND Air Marshal

AIR MARSHAL

Come along.

DAVIDSON just stands there, dumbfounded for a second, then the Air Marshal begins pushing him forward.

DAVIDSON is too overwhelmed to resist and lets himself be pushed forward. As they move forward:

DAVIDSON

Don't you realize what you've done?

I can't move my fingers!

CUT TO

INT. ORTHOPEDIC OFFICE - DAY

as DAVIDSON is sitting opposite the desk of DR. SEYMOUR POLLOCK.

DAVIDSON's left elbow is wrapped, but not in a cast.

DR. POLLOCK

--and when he twisted your elbow, the ulnar groove narrowed, pinching into the nerve which controls your fourth and fifth digits--your ring finger and pinkie.

DAVIDSON takes this in gravely.

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDSON

So my bones are okay--it's the nerve itself that's been hurt.

DR. POLLOCK

That's right.

DAVIDSON

Well, how long before the nerve heals?

DR. POLLOCK

(delicately)

That's something, I'm afraid, that even state-of-the-art orthopedics can't answer very well. It's possible ... now that pressure on the ulnar nerve has been relieved ... that feeling and movement could return in a few days or weeks.

DAVIDSON understands the unspoken implication.

DAVIDSON

You're telling me it's possible that it won't return for months or years. Or ever. That I might not be able to play violin by the fall ... or ever.

DR. POLLOCK

(gently)

I'd rather not speculate about that, this early on. Particularly because of your teenage injury to the arm, it's very difficult to predict what will happen.

DAVIDSON

But it's possible I might not play again.

Dr. Pollock nods gravely.

DR. POLLOCK

In a case like this, it's always a good idea to get a second opinion ... and even a third and fourth. I recommend you consult a neurosurgeon and neural physiologist as well as an orthopedic surgeon.

This is really getting to DAVIDSON.

DR. POLLOCK (CONT'D)

Since you're living in New York City, there are fine teams at Columbia

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. POLLOCK (CONT'D)
 Presbyterian. Or you might prefer
 Peter Bent Brigham in Boston ... or
 Temple University in Philadelphia.

DAVIDSON nods, emotionally drained.

CUT TO

EXT. VIEW - A JET AIRLINER LANDING - NIGHT

at Newark Airport, showing any airline logo but Trans
 National.

CUT TO

EXT. HIGH RISE APARTMENTS, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

as a taxi pulls up in front and a doorman opens the door for
 DAVIDSON.

DAVIDSON
 Thanks, Michel.

DAVIDSON pays the taxi, gets out, then heads toward the
 entrance.

INT. DAVIDSON'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

as DAVIDSON enters and turns on the light to a typical
 musician's single--a convertible couch, walls lined with
 CD's, DVD's, and books, an elaborate entertainment system,
 coffee table cluttered with music and a music stand also
 with music on it. The apartment is stifling from being closed
 up with the air conditioning off.

DAVIDSON puts down his violin case, slides his flight bag
 off and drops it in his foyer, takes some letters out from
 between his teeth and drops them on a table--all using only
 his right hand.

He is finally home, but completely drained, performing
 everything out of habit. First thing, he opens the sliding
 door to his terrace and lets some air--and city noise--in.

KITCHENETTE

as DAVIDSON searches through his freezer for something edible,
 finds it, and shoves it into his microwave oven. He gets
 out a bottle of beer and opens it, one-handed, on the
 refrigerator handle.

DAVIDSON

as he returns to the living area and notices the message
 light on his answering machine blinking.

(CONTINUED)

Still standing, he sets down the bottle, rewinds, and picks up the bottle again, swigging while it plays back.

DAVIDSON'S AGENT

(Hollywood-ish voice)

Hi, kiddo. No go on the commercial. DiPasquali says they changed their mind and are using synthesizer. Sorry ...

(pause)

SARA

(Sexy voice)

Davidson? This is Sara. Listen, we've moved the rehearsal to Wednesday at three. Paul had to change his dentist's appointment. Oh ... Can you bring the second violin part for the Brahms Quartet? Carl Fischer's not going to have it in until next week. Bye!

(pause)

RECORDED OPERATOR

If you'd like to make a call, please hang up and dial again.

DAVIDSON

The messages continue, as DAVIDSON begins experiencing his grief fully for the first time.

DAVIDSON'S MOTHER

This is your mother calling. I guess you're not back yet ... or are are you out celebrating? ... I was shopping when you called. ... Your father gave me the wonderful news about the audition, and we're both thrilled to death ...

DAVIDSON walks out to his terrace with his beer.

EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT

as DAVIDSON walks out, the message continuing indistinct in the B.G.

The terrace is about ten stories above a park of landscaped concrete with an occasional caged tree. Nobody below. DAVIDSON looks down, considering that it would be easy as hell just to end it all now.

DAVIDSON'S MOTHER

... Of course I'd like to make a small dinner party to celebrate.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDSON'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Is next Saturday all right? Do you want to bring a date, or should I invite Anne Bronster ... you know, Elaine and Nat's daughter?

The message continues in the background ...

DAVIDSON

as it's all become too much for him. But he doesn't jump off.

Instead, using a windup that would work in the major leagues, he throws his beer bottle off the terrace.

THE BOTTLE

as it sails out then drops the ten stories, smashing to smithereens on the empty concrete below.

DAVIDSON

as he takes a deep breath, then heads inside again, in time to hear the ready jingle from his microwave oven.

INSIDE AGAIN

as DAVIDSON heads back to the phone, shuts off the machine, then immediately picks up the cordless handset and autodialers.

A few seconds pass while DAVIDSON heads into the kitchen, cradles the phone in the crook of his neck, and gets his food.

DAVIDSON

Hi, Nance? ... Yeah, I know it's late--I just got back ... So she told you already ... Thanks. Listen, is my brother still up? ... Thanks ...

Busying himself while he's waiting, then:

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

... Hi, buddy ... Yeah, Nance told me Mom called ... Thanks, but never mind that now, I need your help. ... Uh-huh, professionally. ... No, I plan to make trouble.

DISSOLVE
TO

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

as DAVIDSON is jogging through the Park with ALEX.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON DAVIDSON

as we see that his left elbow is no longer bandaged.

TRACKING THEM AS THEY JOG

DAVIDSON

I want that gestapo agent to rot in prison. I want his kids to starve. If he has a dog, I want his dog to starve. And I'm gonna own that damn airline.

ALEX

Look, Iggie, you're not going to get anywhere against the Transportation Security Administration ... and the airline is ready to settle right now for more money than you'll ever need. They were humiliated by your appearance on O'Reilly.

DAVIDSON

But I've got a strong case against the airline?

ALEX

Maybe. If the jury likes you. If they don't pay off a passenger to say you started it.

DAVIDSON

They do, I'll kill the lying bastard.

ALEX

Get serious, huh? In junior high you couldn't pith a frog without puking your guts out.

DAVIDSON

So I'll puke afterwards.

DAVIDSON slows down a little, Alex pacing him.

ALEX

Take their offer, Iggie. David got you a wonderful settlement. You don't wanna spend the rest of your life in courtrooms and lawyers' offices.

DAVIDSON

Why not? I don't have a life anymore. That adrenaline junkie took it away from me.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Well you ain't gettin' your life back in a courtroom, believe me. All you'll end up with is the same check the airline's offering you right now. Take their offer.

NEAR THE BASEBALL DIAMOND

as they jog past an informal baseball game. DAVIDSON puts on a burst of speed... then slows down to a walk, Alex slowing also.

DAVIDSON thinks about it, slowly, then comes to a decision and nods.

DAVIDSON

(slightly breathless)

Okay. I'll settle. Okay.

ALEX

Good boy.

They walk on in silence for a few seconds, then:

ALEX (CONT'D)

Does the Symphony know yet?

DAVIDSON

Called their orchestra manager, Evangeline Winston. Their policy is, if I can start working any time before the contract expires, I still have the job.

He holds up his left hand and flexes, his two fingers still dead.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Taking off therapeutic and practice time, I've got a year for these to start working again. If they're gonna. Mean time, I've been learning what I can do with my two good fingers.

ALEX

(surprised)

You can still play?

DAVIDSON

Not a whole lot. A little slow Bach is about it. Been practicing just so my bow arm doesn't dry up, too.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

What are you going to do if--
 (checks himself)
 --now?

They walk a little further, noticing the Park's activity
 ... roller skaters, bicycles, stunt dancers.

DAVIDSON

You know, Alex, when we were kids, I
 was always jealous of you. You were
 always skateboarding, rollerblading,
 playin' football--

ALEX

--while you were stuck inside
 practicing ... yeah, I know the tune
 by now.

DAVIDSON

(cracks a smile)
 I couldn't even toss a baseball around
 with you 'n Dad ...ball'd hit a finger
 the wrong way, couldn't practice for
 a week.

ALEX

... Or that time fishing on Lake
 George. You caught a hook under a
 fingernail.

DAVIDSON

(nods)
 Couldn't play right for two weeks.
 (beat)
 My entire life's been inside -- even
 when I was touring. 'Cause I was
 spending days practicing and nights
 performing ... or 'cause I couldn't
 risk hurting my hands.

DAVIDSON

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

I think I'm gonna take some time
 seeing what outside looks like.

ON BOTH AGAIN

as Alex nods, and the two brothers resume jogging.

CUT TO

INT. DAVIDSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

as DAVIDSON takes an old 78 RPM record out.

(CONTINUED)

INSERT THE ALBUM COVER - PHOTOGRAPH OF MISCHA RUDLENSKY

a black & white photograph of a distinguished dark-haired and very Russian-looking man playing violin, and the title Mischa Rudlensky: Unaccompanied Bach.

BACK TO SCENE

DAVIDSON places the record on a vintage turntable, and listens. A few seconds of scratching, then some definitely not high fidelity--but definitely high quality violin--playing the Bach.

DAVIDSON listens for a while, emotionally very overcome by the experience. It obviously evokes deep memories for him of what his life used to be about ... and can't be right now.

Finally, DAVIDSON gets up and lifts the tone arm off.

DAVIDSON

as he goes to a closet, and gets out his violin case. He sets the case on a table, takes out his violin and bow, then tunes for a few seconds.

Then he begins to play the Bach piece his grandfather was playing.

CLOSE ON HIS HANDS

as we see that the left-hand third and fourth fingers--the ones that were injured--are motionless, and it is the pointer and middle finger that are doing all the work alone.

BACK TO SCENE

The Bach sounds pretty good ... DAVIDSON is doing all right. His expression shows satisfaction that he can still play a little.

He stops playing the Bach ... pauses a moment ... then begins the Paganini 24th Caprice we heard him playing at the audition.

DAVIDSON'S LEFT HAND

A few seconds into it, as his left fingers reach fast notes they just can't handle ... and the piece comes to an abrupt halt.

BACK TO SCENE

He pauses, takes a breath, and strums the violin strings once. Then he places the violin and bow back into their case.

(CONTINUED)

ON DAVIDSON

as he heads right toward the telephone, punching in a number from memory, then taking the cordless receiver out to his terrace.

EXT. DAVIDSON'S TERRACE - NIGHT

as DAVIDSON gets an answer.

DAVIDSON
 Cambridge? Hi, it's Davidson. ...
 No change ... Surviving, I guess ...
 I decided to settle, so I don't have
 to come back for more depositions.
 But look ... how much time between
 gigs does Dearsmove leave you?

DISSOLVE
 TO

EXT. OPEN MOUNTAIN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A quiet, sunlit day, far from civilization. It could be in a little used section of Alaskan parkland ... or in the mountains of Mexico or Central America, for all we know.

We're facing a hill. Suddenly,

BREAKING OVER HILL - TWO ALL TERRAIN VEHICLES

rushing toward us with a roar, DAVIDSON on one, Cambridge on the other.

REVERSE POV

The ATV's continue roaring away, disappearing into the distance.

CUT TO

EXT. CAMPSITE - DUSK

Not the sort that a thousand campers have used before, but a virgin site ... a natural clearing with woods on all sides.

A handmade campfire with steaks cooking over it is being tended by Cambridge, a tent set up in the clearing. The ATV's are parked nearby.

And it's just a bit too overcast and windy.

DAVIDSON and Cambridge are chatting while the steaks are cooking.

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDSON

--So here I am in eighth grade, the new geek in town. Not bad enough I'm stuck with the name Igor ... but I lug a violin back and forth to lessons.

CAMBRIDGE

So you became the class cut-up.

DAVIDSON

(nods)

But all the way through school, there's always some asshole on my back ... always when Alex wasn't around to help out.

CAMBRIDGE

Definitely not too great.

DAVIDSON

Junior year high school I was in a fight, wrecked up my left hand for a year. Missed all the big competitions. I nearly snuffed it, I was so depressed.

Cambridge listens gravely.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Anyways ... no backers, limited scholarship ... that's how come I learned country fiddle ... starting up a band at Juilliard to play gigs for expenses.

CAMBRIDGE

(laughs)

A real shit-kicking band at Juilliard?

DAVIDSON nods, smiling.

CAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

(still laughing)

What'd you call it?

DAVIDSON

(shakes head)

It's too lame.

CAMBRIDGE

C'mon, I won't tell.

DAVIDSON

(embarrassed)

A Boy Named Igor.

(CONTINUED)

Cambridge makes gagging sounds.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Thanks for not rubbing it in.

CAMBRIDGE

But it's not as lame as the name I came up with for a sixties nostalgia band I was in. Geriatric and the Pacemakers.

DAVIDSON

(laughing)

That your first group?

CAMBRIDGE

My third. My brother Lenox and me got our first band goin' when he was fourteen and I was twelve. We use to listen to Creedence Clearwater albums and get the licks off 'em. Lenox started me on guitar, then piano--

DAVIDSON

When he's fourteen, your brother was giving you piano lessons?

CAMBRIDGE

When he was eleven and I was nine. He used to come home from lessons, show me what he'd picked up. Then while our folks are listenin' to me practice, he's all over town with his friends.

DAVIDSON LAUGHS, JUST AS IN

THE SKY

thunder and lightning crackle.

CAMPSITE

as the heavens open up and they're hit by a downpour. The fire is sizzling out already.

CAMBRIDGE

(shouting)

Forget the steaks--make for the tent!

DAVIDSON

Christ, that's cold!

They both run for the tent--

INT. TENT

as they make it inside, Cambridge immediately lighting a Coleman lantern.

The two of them are completely drenched to the bone--whooping from cold and wetness--but laughing, still in good spirits. They sit down on their double sleeping bag, peeling wet clothes off down to their underwear.

Cambridge shivers.

CAMBRIDGE

(laughing)

Next time you see him, you have my permission to kill him on sight.

DAVIDSON rubs Cambridge's shoulders briskly to warm her up.

DAVIDSON

Kill who?

CAMBRIDGE

The weatherman who reported clear skies tonight.

DAVIDSON

(innocently)

Weather report? I was supposed to listen to a weather report?

Cambridge laughs again, then throws a wet sock into DAVIDSON's face.

He peels it off then grabs Cambridge and starts tickling her. She resists and he wrestles her down, kissing her.

Suddenly, a gust of wind comes up.

THE TENT

as the wind lifts it, pulling up stakes and letting the rain in, drenching them even more.

They both shout with the shock, jump up, and run outside in their underwear.

EXT. CAMPSITE

as they both grab onto the tent, and Cambridge begins pounding the stakes into the ground again.

CAMBRIDGE

(shouting over wind)

I thought you said you knew how to set up a tent!

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDSON
 (over wind)
 I do! I read the instruction book
 twice!

CAMBRIDGE
 You read the instruction book?

DAVIDSON nods. Cambridge stands there, being soaked, not believing the situation. Then the sheer ridiculousness of it gets to her.

CAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)
 (laughing)
 You dork!

AT MOUTH OF TENT

AS THEY HEAD IN AGAIN:

DAVIDSON
 So this is the great outdoors I've
 been missing.

INT. TENT

as they climb into their sleeping bag, break into sustained laughter, then begin making love again.

CUT TO

INT. CAMPING LODGE - DAY

as a completely ratty looking DAVIDSON and Cambridge walk in, the ATV's visible parked just outside.

RENTAL COUNTER

as DAVIDSON and Cambridge walk up to it. An old-as-the-hills Native American is behind the counter. DAVIDSON and Cambridge throw the ATV keys down on the counter.

DAVIDSON
 We've decided we're interested in a
 different sort of vacation.

Cambridge nods intensely.

CUT TO

EXT. JETLINER IN FLIGHT - DAY

flying through clear blues skies.

CUT TO

EXT. OCEAN - LONG ON A CABIN CRUISER - DAY

the cruiser at anchor in deep waters on a beautiful, sunny day ... the only sounds coming from the ocean itself.

STERN OF THE CRUISER

Two fishing rods are mounted side-by-side off the stern of the boat, two empty deck-mounted fishing seats behind them.

We hear two intense sets of animal-like vocalizations, getting faster and faster ...

Suddenly, one of the lines has caught something ... line begins unreeling rapidly then the pole is yanked off its mount and splashes into the water, a big one breaking water in front of it.

FORWARD ON CRUISER - DAVIDSON AND CAMBRIDGE

on the forward deck making love, their rhythm now slowing down.

CAMBRIDGE

There goes your deposit.

DAVIDSON looks as if he's already aware of it.

CUT TO

EXT. MARINA - ON CRUISER - DAY

Late afternoon, as DAVIDSON takes the cruiser in.

An employee of the boat rental agency throws Cambridge a line, and she ties up to the dock.

EXT. MARINA PARKING LOT - DAY

as DAVIDSON and Cambridge get into a snazzy rented convertible, its top down. DAVIDSON takes the wheel, opens the top, and pulls out into wide, resort-town boulevards.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY

as the car drives past resort apartments and shopping.

CAMBRIDGE

--So after we shower up, why don't we head out, get a bite, and find some dancing?

DAVIDSON

Actually, I had in mind something a little different. Order room service up and spend the night in.

(CONTINUED)

Cambridge kisses his cheek, then leans back. A few seconds later she leans forward again and turns on the XM radio.

She flips channels for a few seconds, then settles on a rock station.

AFTER A FEW SECONDS:

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

If you don't mind, honey, I can do without that.

He turns off the radio.

CAMBRIDGE

(smiles)

Okay ... I'll find your kind of music.

She reaches for the radio with her left hand ...

ANGLE ON HER HAND

as DAVIDSON grabs her hand with his right ... and doesn't let go.

ON BOTH AGAIN

He's still holding her hand tightly. She's hurt ... then more worried than hurt.

CAMBRIDGE

CAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

(calmly)

DAVIDSON, you're hurting my fret hand.

DAVIDSON

He lets go, realizing that he grabbed harder than he meant to.

DAVIDSON

Sorry. I ... just want peace and quiet.

ON BOTH

as Cambridge rubs her hand--which isn't damaged--and quickly figures this out.

CAMBRIDGE

That's why you want to stay in tonight.

DAVIDSON

What're you--

(CONTINUED)

CAMBRIDGE

Don't give me that shit, DAVIDSON.

DAVIDSON

as he realizes she knows what he's thinking.

ON BOTH

CAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

Camping in the middle of nowhere?
Deep sea fishing? Not even a day
on the beach ... somebody might be
playing a radio.

(beat)

You can't avoid it all your life.
It's everywhere. Elevators. Movies.
TV commercials. You gonna run away
to a desert island next?

DAVIDSON

as he doesn't answer for a long moment, then:

DAVIDSON

(slowly)

I needed to know what the world sounds
like ... without music.

CAMBRIDGE

as she looks at him, with new understanding ... but now even
more worried.

CUT TO

EXT. RESORT HOTEL - DAY

as DAVIDSON and Cambridge pull up in the convertible and are
met by the parking valet.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

as they enter. DAVIDSON drops down flat on the bed, while
Cambridge notices that the phone is flashing.

CAMBRIDGE

Message for one of us.

DAVIDSON

Maybe it's my orthopedist, calling
to notify me I can move my fingers.

DAVIDSON

as he smiles, lifts his left hand, and flexes it stiffly ...
the ring finger and pinkie still don't work.

(CONTINUED)

BOTH AGAIN

CAMBRIDGE

(not cruelly)

If you think your hand is lame,
Quasimodo, try your jokes.

She lifts up the phone and punches for the hotel operator.

CAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Messages for 416? ... Thanks, I'll
hold.

There's a long pause.

DAVIDSON

as he picks up a travel guide and flips through it.

ON CAMBRIDGE

CAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

Okay, thanks.

She hangs up.

BOTH AGAIN

DAVIDSON can't tell what it is from her expression.

DAVIDSON

(sarcastic)

Your doctor. We're going to have a
baby.

CAMBRIDGE

(flatly)

It's from my brother. Your brother
signed Dearsnoke to a major label.
We leave for London next week to
start recording.

DAVIDSON sits up, and smiles.

DAVIDSON

Honey, that's fantastic. But why'd
you say it like you were reading an
obituary?

CAMBRIDGE

(uncertain)

Because, isn't it ... for us? If
you can't take listening to the radio,
how could you stand me ... if it's
ever me on the radio?

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDSON

as it hits him that his self-destructive pity might destroy more than he bargained for.

He pulls himself together, then gets up.

ON BOTH

as DAVIDSON walks over to Cambridge and puts his arms around her.

They hug tightly, both of them near tears.

DAVIDSON

(softly)

Look, sweetheart, I'll make it through this in one piece. I promise. Your not living your life isn't gonna help me live mine. I'm not sayin' it won't be hard on me at times ... but it's my job to handle it. Not yours. Okay?

Cambridge nods.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

And I goddam well don't want you feelin' guilty about your highs because I might be jealous.

(beat)

You wanted to spend tonight dancing? That's what we'll do. Spend the night out celebrating.

Cambridge smiles, kisses DAVIDSON firmly ... then pushes him onto the bed, falling on top of him.

CAMBRIDGE

If it comes to celebrating ... I think I like your original idea better.

As they begin making love one more time, we

CUT TO

INT. THEIR HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

DAVIDSON is asleep. Dressed only in a night shirt, Cambridge gets out of bed, carefully not waking him, and pads over to the desk, turning on a small desk lamp.

Quietly, she searches in the top drawer, finds a piece of hotel stationery and a pen, and begins writing.

(CONTINUED)

INSERT PAPER

as we see what Cambridge is writing:

I'll make it through this in one piece.

Your not living your life

Ain't gonna help me live mine.

I'm not sayin' it won't be hard on me at times.

But it's my job to handle it, not yours.

CAMBRIDGE

as she finishes writing, folds up the paper, gets up, and drops it into her purse.

Then she turns off the desk lamp and crawls back into bed.

CUT TO

EXT. RESORT BEACH - DAY

Another beautiful one. DAVIDSON and Cambridge are side by side on a blanket, soaking up rays. Neither one is moving a muscle. A radio a few blankets over is playing rock, Mick Jagger singing.

MICK JAGGER

You can't al-ways get what you wa-
ant ...

CAMBRIDGE

Davidson.

He still doesn't move a muscle.

DAVIDSON

Yeah.

MICK JAGGER

You can't al-ways get what you wa-
ant ...

She doesn't move either. The song continues. DAVIDSON doesn't seem to notice.

CAMBRIDGE

Come to London with me.

MICK JAGGER

But if you try some-times... you
might find ...you c'n get what you
need.

(CONTINUED)

A long pause. Neither one of them moves.

DAVIDSON

Okay.

Jagger singing the main verses continuing over, we

CUT TO

EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

as A JETLINER comes in for landing in London.

CUT TO

INT. AIRPORT CUSTOMS

as Cambridge and DAVIDSON pass through the Nothing-to-Declare tables without stopping.

As they begin walking out together, the Jagger song fades and we

CUT TO

EXT. LONDON -- MORNING

as Cambridge and DAVIDSON are walking together in Central London--the area between Charing Cross and Piccadilly Circus.

Cambridge has her pocket book slung over her shoulder and is carrying a guitar case; DAVIDSON, for once, is the empty-handed one.

CAMBRIDGE

--So we'll be rehearsing ... probably until six or so.

DAVIDSON

You free for lunch?

CAMBRIDGE

Wouldn't count on it. Better make it dinner.

(beat)

Got plans for the day?

DAVIDSON shakes his head.

CAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

Then can you do me a big favor?

DAVIDSON AND CAMBRIDGE

DAVIDSON

What?

(CONTINUED)

CAMBRIDGE

The band is short one song for the album. Write it for us.

DAVIDSON

(laughs)

What gave you the idea I'm a songwriter?

CAMBRIDGE

If you can write a violin concerto, a song should be easy.

DAVIDSON gets a little suspicious.

DAVIDSON

What's this ... my brother's idea of occupational therapy? The musical equivalent of basket-weaving?

CAMBRIDGE

(comes back hard)

Don't flatter yourself, Davidson. This CD's important to us, and if you write us a song that sucks, we ain't usin' it.

DAVIDSON looks relieved.

DAVIDSON

Well ... Guess I might come up with a half-decent melody. But you have to write lyrics -- I wouldn't know where to start.

Cambridge pulls out of her pocket book the piece of paper she wrote in the hotel room.

CAMBRIDGE

Start here.

She hands it to DAVIDSON. He looks at it ... not recognizing it at first.

DAVIDSON

What's this?

CAMBRIDGE

It'll come to you.

It dawns on him slowly.

DAVIDSON

This is what I said to you, the night--

(CONTINUED)

CAMBRIDGE

I got it down on paper while you
were asleep.

DAVIDSON

But it looks like song lyrics.

CAMBRIDGE

(laughs)

That's why I wrote it down, you
jackass! Just fix it so it scans
and you got half a song already.

EXT. RECORDING STUDIOS

as Cambridge pauses in front of a door leading to a flight
of stairs, and kisses DAVIDSON.

CAMBRIDGE

See you back here at six.

She opens the door and starts running up the stairs.

INT. STAIRCASE

as DAVIDSON calls after her.

DAVIDSON

Hey! What instrument am I supposed
to work out the harmony on? My
fiddle's back in the States!

CAMBRIDGE

at top of stairs, calling down.

CAMBRIDGE

Get yourself one of those toy
electronic keyboards! A three-year-
old can play 'em with one hand tied!

Cambridge disappears through another door.

DAVIDSON

as he considers this, then heads out to the streets again.

CUT TO

EXT. "FARRER'S ELECTRONIC MUSIC" STORE - DAY

as DAVIDSON looks into a display window showing a variety of
both amateur and professional electronic keyboards and
synthesizers of all types, brands, and sizes ... Yamahas,
Rolands, custom jobs ... the works. He goes in.

INT. STORE - PROFESSIONAL DEPARTMENT

The sights and sounds of musicians at work, trying out instruments.

DAVIDSON

as he passes displays of new MIDI software, books on arranging, a big diagram on one wall showing wave-form characteristics.

Then he sees something that really catches his eye.

A DISPLAY CASE

which is filled with MIDI violins.

DAVIDSON

as if a magnet is drawing him in to look at the violins.

He's staring openly when one of the store's young partners, BRIAN FARRER, notices DAVIDSON's interest and walks up to him. Brian speaks with a bit of a Scottish accent.

DAVIDSON AND BRIAN

BRIAN

Let me guess. Your instrument's violin.

DAVIDSON holds up his left hand, flexing it to show that only two fingers still work.

DAVIDSON

Used to be. Can't do much anymore.
Guess I'm in the wrong section of the store now.

Brian doesn't react with the automatic sympathy we might expect, but acts like he's a doctor and DAVIDSON's his patient.

BRIAN

How much movement you still got?

DAVIDSON looks surprised, then answers.

DAVIDSON

Left first and second fingers are still good ... which isn't very.

BRIAN

You can still bow?

DAVIDSON

Right's as good as ever.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

I think I can fix you up with something.

Brian goes to a display case. He picks out an obviously electronic violin -- there are electronic pick-up lines instead of real strings -- and a bow. Then Brian motions DAVIDSON to follow him.

DAVIDSON hesitates, worried and skeptical.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Come along, then.

Brian leads DAVIDSON into the back.

BACK OF STORE

which looks like a cross between a nuclear physics laboratory and Mission Control, Houston.

Still walking, Brian extends a free right hand to DAVIDSON.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Brian Farrer.

DAVIDSON

Igor Davidson.

They shake. Brian leads DAVIDSON over to a computer terminal, pulls out a cord, and plugs the violin in.

BRIAN AND DAVIDSON

as Brian hands DAVIDSON the violin and bow, then takes a seat behind a computer terminal.

Brian brings up a pre-set program on the computer.

BRIAN

Right, then. Let's see what you can do. Just treat the pick-up lines like real strings.

DAVIDSON begins playing the Bach Air--the music coming out from the tiny computer speaker with a rich, natural violin tone--while Brian looks at information coming up on his terminal.

After maybe ten seconds, Brian stands up and looks directly at DAVIDSON's left hand and what it's doing. He hits a key on his terminal and motions DAVIDSON to stop playing.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

That should do, for a start. Your first finger's doing most of the work. Right?

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDSON nods.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Right. Now try something you can't play anymore.

DAVIDSON goes into a later section of the Paganini 24th Caprice ... but very slowly. He's able to handle it until he gets to a chord he has to play ... and can't with only two fingers.

Brian watches his computer terminal.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Don't have the speed and can't cluster the notes at all ... that about it?

DAVIDSON

That's about it.

He starts to put the violin down. Brian shakes his head.

BRIAN

Not finished yet. Now let's try the bow arm, eh? The violin you're on has got three separate pick-up zones for the bow. Each one's a separate channel. See the marks?

DAVIDSON'S POV - CLOSE ON THE VIOLIN

as he sees that on the bow side of where the bridge would be there are lines painted across, as if they're guitar frets.

BACK TO SCENE

as DAVIDSON tries playing again, drawing the bow across in each zone.

He's in three separate keys, depending where he bows.

DAVIDSON

(still playing)

It's like I've got three differently tuned violins.

BRIAN

Or as if you're on three different instruments.

(hits key)

Try the different zones again.

DAVIDSON continues playing. In the first zone it sounds like violin ... then he bows in the second zone and it sounds like saxophone ... and it sounds as if he's playing a flute when he bows across the third.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

It just as easily could have been
oboe, tuba, and trumpet. Whatever
you want.

DAVIDSON stops playing, realizing this isn't getting him
anywhere.

DAVIDSON

I can't get what I want ... which is
to play classical violin in a
symphony. Not with two fingers.
Not on an electronic instrument.

BRIAN

(almost to himself)

Playing in a symphony with two fingers
... in real time. Now that'd be a
job and a half, wouldn't it?

Brian turns back to his terminal and begins programming.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Left hand. We'll double your normal
seven positions to compensate for
loss of speed ... giving us fourteen
left-hand zones. Net forty percent
of max normal finger-seconds, optimax
closer to thirty, weighting roughly
sixty-six point six percent on one.

DAVIDSON

as he puts down the violin and bow, and begins paying very
close attention.

ON BOTH

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Let's see ... we'll work in an expert
system circuit to handle real-time
note- clustering. Right hand, four
strings, three zones, normal input
mechanism rated at one hundred
percent, for a max rating of three-
hundred percent.

DAVIDSON

Are you telling me you can do it?

BRIAN

(not looking up)

You Yanks are used to technological
miracles by now, aren't you?

Brian looks carefully at his terminal, then spins around on
his chair.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You'll have to learn new fingerings,
of course. And, I've got some new
sampling chips in that sound like a
Stradivarius to the fifth decimal.

DAVIDSON is practically in tears.

DAVIDSON

It'd have to be my Guarnerius.

BRIAN

Then bring it in and we'll sample
it. But I've gotta tell you right
off. It'll cost plenty.

DAVIDSON laughs.

DAVIDSON

I can afford it.

BRIAN

Thank God for rich Americans.

CUT TO

EXT. VIOLIN SHOP - DAY

the most famous and distinguished violin dealership in London.

INT. VIOLIN SHOP

as DAVIDSON enters. On display is a selection of violins,
bows, mutes, and other musical paraphernalia. DAVIDSON
approaches a very upper class Englishman in his fifties,
typically overdressed by American standards.

CLERK

Good day. How may I help you, sir?

DAVIDSON

I currently own a del Jesu, and need
a less-expensive second violin that
can be used for outdoor concerts.

CLERK

Very good. Do you have anything in
particular in mind?

DAVIDSON

Yes. I'd like an exact duplicate of
my violin--at least as far as
measurements and appearance.

(CONTINUED)

CLERK

If you could show me your violin,
perhaps we have one that might fit
your needs.

DAVIDSON

(shakes head)

It's back in the States.

The Clerk takes a large book and opens it for DAVIDSON.

CLERK

Then let's see if it's in our catalog.
If it's a Guarnerius, the chances
are excellent we sold it at one time
or another.

DAVIDSON flips through a book showing photographs and history
of various classic violins, and finds his own. He points.

DAVIDSON

This one.

The Clerk looks at the catalog.

CLERK

One moment, please.

The Clerk disappears into a back room for a moment, then
returns with two violin cases, and sets them down on a
counter. He opens the first case and takes out a violin.

CLERK (CONT'D)

This is a Villaume, made in France,
from 1872. If you'd care to try it?

The Clerk hands DAVIDSON the violin and a bow. DAVIDSON
adjusts the bow, tunes the violin, then plays the Bach Air.
After a few seconds, he hands the violin back and shakes his
head.

DAVIDSON

This is much too fine a violin for
my purposes. How much are you selling
it for?

CLERK

Forty-two thousand pounds, sir.

DAVIDSON

That's what I thought.

The Clerk gets the other violin.

CLERK

This might be more suitable. A Klotz,
German made, from 1889.

(CONTINUED)

He hands DAVIDSON the second violin. DAVIDSON takes it, plays a little of the same Bach, and nods.

DAVIDSON

That's more like it. How much is this one?

CLERK

Nine thousand, six hundred pounds, sir.

DAVIDSON looks at the violin.

DAVIDSON

The tail piece, bridge, and chinrest would need to be replaced to match my violin more closely.

CLERK

We could do that in one week.

DAVIDSON

Fine. I'll take it.

DAVIDSON takes a Platinum Card (product placement!!!) and plunks it onto the counter.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Oh ... one more thing. I need to have it fitted with some electronics. Can you give it to me disassembled then have it glued back together for me?

THE CLERK

as he reacts as if DAVIDSON had asked him to deliver it to a whorehouse. He gives DAVIDSON a very disdainful look.

CLERK

If you insist, sir.

CUT TO

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

as DAVIDSON is making a call on his cell phone.

DAVIDSON

Mrs. Winston? This is Igor Davidson ... Fine, thanks ... as a matter of fact that's what I'm calling about -- I'll be able to start the orchestra season after all ... Well, all I can say is it's a miracle ...

CUT TO

EXT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

where DAVIDSON left Cambridge off earlier. He heads in and up the stairs.

INT. CORRIDORS

as DAVIDSON looks at doors. Music can be heard from several sources, but none of it very loud. He doesn't know which studio Dears smoke is in. DAVIDSON sees one door marked "Rehearsal Studio A" and goes in without knocking.

INT. STUDIO A FOYER

Wrong studio--DAVIDSON can see and hear through the glass.

WOMAN RAPPER IN STUDIO

WOMAN RAPPER

(belting out)

If you have mice, you won't have
roaches Mice ... eat ... roaches.
If you have dogs you won't have
burglars Dogs ... eat ... burglars.
If you have television you won't
have books. Television ... eats ...
books.

DAVIDSON

as he heads out to look for Dears smoke.

INT. STUDIO B FOYER

DAVIDSON sees Dears smoke performing in the studio through a glass window. His brother, Alex, is in there, watching them. There's a connecting door with a sign that reads, "Please Close Outer Door Before Opening This One."

THROUGH WINDOW

CAMBRIDGE is doing lead vocals on a song. Then she sees DAVIDSON through the window and waves him inside.

DAVIDSON makes sure the outer door is closed then goes into the studio.

INT. STUDIO

as DAVIDSON enters. We hear Cambridge singing:

CAMBRIDGE

I like things way they used to be
You wanna play it fast and loose The
old time's good enough for me But
you kept askin'--What's the use?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

(next verse)

We ended goin' separate ways Not
like you gave me a real choice Left
me back in the good old days Was
that your words, or just your voice?

(chorus)

You said you wanted no strings
attached And now you want another
rematch Now it's my turn to say I
guess that it's okay But ... no
strings attached.

Cambridge smiles at DAVIDSON, Alex waves to him.

ALEX

Hey, Igor. Cami says you're doin' a
song for the band. When do I get a
look at it?

DAVIDSON laughs.

DAVIDSON

(to Cambridge)

Not taking any chances, huh?

Cambridge shrugs, innocently.

DAVIDSON takes a few sheets of music out of a pocket and--
making sure he'll get an objective view--hands them not to
Cambridge or Alex, but to Sly.

CAMBRIDGE

What ... already?

It's his turn to shrug.

DAVIDSON

(to Cambridge)

I had a couple spare hours in a music
store.

(beat)

Sly ... I --uh -- took the liberty
of writing in a violin part ... if
it works for you.

SLY

Okay ... I'll let ya know.

CAMBRIDGE AND ALEX

as the possible meaning registers on them.

CUT TO

INT. EAST INDIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

as DAVIDSON, Alex, and Cambridge are having dinner.

ALEX

--And how long you think you can get away with it?

DAVIDSON

About fifteen seconds after somebody who knows gets a good look at my left hand fingering ... which might be a while since I'll be sitting last stand, second violins ... and Winston says I won't have a stand mate.

ALEX

Then you do know you'll be caught. I don't get it ... unless you're gonna use this to get publicity for a solo career--

DAVIDSON

(shakes head)

All that'd do is turn me into a sideshow attraction ... Igor and his Frankenstein Violin ... no thanks. But I figure if I can play in the symphony three or four weeks before they catch me out, I have better than track odds on convincing them to let me stay.

Cambridge thinks of a gentle way to bring up a touchy subject, then decides to try it head on.

CAMBRIDGE

Look ... why knock yourself out like this? With your talent -- and what you say this magic fiddle can do -- you could write your own ticket in pop music. Matter of fact, you could be in Dearsnoke, starting now. Right, Alex?

Alex nods. DAVIDSON has obviously been expecting this offer for a long time.

DAVIDSON

Cambridge ... your side of the street is a lot of fun for me. I like the violent energy in the music ... the hard metallic rhythms of a pneumatic hammer going full blast.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

I like the waves of energy you get back from the audience. Classical is a museum compared to that.

(a beat)

It *is* a museum. It's two-century-old music played on instruments that haven't changed much in two hundred years ... often played on the actual museum pieces.

Cambridge takes note of what DAVIDSON's just admitted ...

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

... You even have to dress up in clothes that've been out of style for a hundred years. But I was raised in that museum. I know it like my tongue knows the roof of my mouth ... And more than that, there are pieces in that museum that you can't find anywhere outside museums anymore. Rock is Star Wars ... classical is pistols at dawn. Rock is simple and hard-driving ... classical is mysterious and logical. Rock hits between the legs ... classical in the mind and heart.

CLOSE ON DAVIDSON

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

They're not from the same century ... the same world. Your time -- your world -- is a place I can visit ... but I can't survive living in it all the time.

CAMBRIDGE

as she tries to show him what he's just said.

CAMBRIDGE

Davidson ... what happens if your people don't want a device from my century ... invading the museum?

THE THREE OF THEM

as the question registers on DAVIDSON and hangs in the air.

CUT TO

INT. FARRER'S RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT LAB - DAY

as DAVIDSON and Brian Farrer are working together. DAVIDSON's using the same electronic violin we first saw him try, and

(CONTINUED)

Brian's at the same computer console. A music stand is set up in front of DAVIDSON.

BRIAN
Scales once again, please.

DAVIDSON begins playing--reading the music in front of him--but what we hear is not musical scales but a repeating sequence of notes in a completely arbitrary pattern. Farrer is programming at the console while DAVIDSON plays.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
That should do it.

DAVIDSON continues to play. Brian hits a key and the pattern of the notes become sequential--in the correct order of a major scale--but some of the notes are completely missing, for example--going from A to C while missing B.

On DAVIDSON'S left hand as we see him fingering.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
You're overshooting again. Remember, Davidson--your positions are precisely half what you're used to.

DAVIDSON
(tense)
Sorry.

DAVIDSON continues playing, and we're now hearing a normal violin playing a correct, major scale.

BRIAN
Very good. Now the major triads.
Fingering exactly the same ... but
bowing second zone.

CLOSE ON VIOLIN

showing DAVIDSON fingering single notes ... but we're not hearing the proper scales of chords but sequences of three out-of-sequence notes.

BRIAN (O.S.)
Second zone.

BACK TO SCENE

DAVIDSON
(losing it)
Sorry, sorry, sorry!

DAVIDSON stops playing and lets his frustration out on poor Brian.

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Goddam it! What the hell do you want from me? It took me twenty years to learn to play violin right the first time and now you expect me to learn it all over in a few months!

Brian takes this outburst calmly.

BRIAN

You're doing just fine.

DAVIDSON

No, I'm not. It's like I'm five years old again. I can't do anything anymore! Jesus Christ, I was crazy to believe your damn promises!

DAVIDSON puts the violin and bow down, and starts for the door.

BRIAN

(calling after)

If you walk out that door ... you're a dead man.

DAVIDSON whirls around.

DAVIDSON

(hard laugh)

You gonna put out a contract on me?

BRIAN

You'll be putting out a contract on yourself. You'll kill yourself with drugs or alcohol -- or in a car. You'll find a way, trust me.

DAVIDSON pauses for the longest moment of his life, then goes back and picks up the violin and bow again.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Bowing second zone.

DAVIDSON begins playing, with his bow stroking an inch away from where it was before ... and we're now hearing a perfect scale of ascending chords.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Very good. Now. Did you practice the Bach?

Davison laughs, breaking the tension.

DAVIDSON

Yes, Grandpa.

(CONTINUED)

Brian looks at him questioningly then shrugs--DAVIDSON isn't going to explain the joke.

ON DAVIDSON

as he flips pages on his music stand then begins playing the Bach Air on the G String ... but only adequately. As he's playing, we

DISSOLVE
TO

CLOSE ON DAVIDSON PLAYING

as he's playing the Bach Air more smoothly ...

DISSOLVE
TO

CLOSE ON DAVIDSON PLAYING

SLOW MOVEMENT BEETHOVEN VIOLIN CONCERTO as he's playing a section requiring more sophisticated technique ...

DISSOLVE
TO

CLOSE ON DAVIDSON PLAYING

FIRST MOVEMENT TCHAIKOVSKY CONCERTO as he's zipping through the Auer cadenza ... And

DISSOLVE
TO

BRIAN WATCHING DAVIDSON PLAYING

PAGANINI TWENTY-FOURTH CAPRICE which we heard him play in his orchestra audition ... and he's playing it as well on the electronic violin as we heard him play before his injury.

DAVIDSON reaches the extremely difficult conclusion and finishes with a flourish. Brian applauds.

BRIAN

Bravo!

DAVIDSON takes a modest bow, grinning from ear to ear.

CUT TO

INT. RECORDING STUDIO ENGINEER BOOTH - DAY

CAMBRIDGE and ALEX on the Enginner's side, DAVIDSON on the other side of the glass. The ENGINEER being given final directions by Alex. The ENGINEER'S SECRETARY is writing in her log book.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

--and we'll mix that down later.

ENGINEER

(to secretary)

Where are we again?

SECRETARY

Ain't Gonna Help Me, violin track,
take one.

The Engineer punches a sequence of numbers into his board.

ENGINEER

Playback. Rolling.

ON DAVIDSON

wearing headphones and playing the same electronic violin,
plays a few notes then looks at Cambridge.

CAMBRIDGE AND DAVIDSON

as they smile at each other through the glass.

ENGINEER'S BOOTH - POV ON BAND

On Alex, looking happy.

CUT TO

EXT STUDIO - LATER

DAVIDSON, CAMBRIDGE, THE BAND.

CAMBRIDGE

So you like how we're doin' your
song?

DAVIDSON

Great, just great. But it's not
really my song. It was your idea.
I think your name should be on it.

CAMBRIDGE

(delighted)

That's real sweet of you, honey, but
it wouldn't feel right sharing credit
just for writing down what you said.

DAVIDSON

No, really, Cambridge. The song was
your idea. I think your name should
be on it ... not mine.

Cambridge suddenly understands and she turns to ice.

(CONTINUED)

CAMBRIDGE

(aside to Sly)

Right. I get it. We're not good enough for a classical musician from Juilliard.

DAVIDSON backs off immediately.

DAVIDSON

Hey, that's not what I meant! I just thought it'd be more honest if--

CAMBRIDGE

--if you didn't have your name on a rock song, 'cause it might embarrass the hell out of you.

DAVIDSON

Okay, okay! We'll keep my name on it. Jesus, try and be fair!

Cambridge glares at him, not buying it.

CUT TO

INT. FARRER'S RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT LAB - NIGHT

working late, as DAVIDSON has his Guarnerius under his chin, bow in hand, and Brian, seated at the computer as usual, has a set of carefully-padded pick-ups affixed to the violin, leading to the terminal. DAVIDSON is playing the Bach Air on his violin.

CLOSE ON BRIAN'S COMPUTER MONITOR AND KEYBOARD

as an analysis of the sound the Guarnerius is producing is being displayed on Monitor in real time. Brian hits a key and an instant of the analysis freezes on the top half of the monitor

BRIAN AND DAVIDSON

as he turns around and signals DAVIDSON to stop.

BRIAN

That should do it, I think.

DAVIDSON smiles weakly.

DAVIDSON

Christ, I'm so used to the new fingerings, I barely know what to do with a real fiddle anymore.

BRIAN

Good.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

After what you've put me through, I don't want you to revert. Now try it on her clone.

DAVIDSON

as he places his Guarnerius onto a padded table.

PAN OVER TO

ANOTHER VIOLIN NEXT TO IT

which looks to be an identical twin of the Guarnerius ... only this one doesn't have the padded pick-ups. It doesn't need them because a cord is running out from under chin rest, also into Brian's computer. The chin rest is open, showing electronic controls and displays inside.

DAVIDSON

as he picks up the electronic violin ... and begins playing the same Bach ... and it obviously sounds good to him, because he's smiling like the cat that swallowed the canary.

CLOSE ON BRIAN'S COMPUTER MONITOR AND KEYBOARD

as a moving sound analysis of the electronic violin appears on Monitor underneath the Guarnerius analysis. Brian hits a key, freezing on the new sounds.

BRIAN

as he turns around and again signals DAVIDSON to stop. Then he types in several commands and watches.

CLOSE ON THE MONITOR

The two freeze-frames of wave-forms move together ... and match perfectly.

BACK TO SCENE

BRIAN (CONT'D)

As promised ... a del Jesu Guarnerius to the fifth decimal.

DAVIDSON

We did it?

BRIAN

We did it.

Then he remembers a similar moment in My Fair Lady and sings badly:

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Tonight old boy we did it. We did it. We did it. I never thought we'd do it, but indeed we did.

ON BOTH

as they grin at each other, sharing a moment of special triumph.

DAVIDSON

as he begins playing the My Fair Lady song Brian was singing and, after a few phrases, DAVIDSON quickly slides into Handel's Music for the Royal Fireworks--the fourth movement, "The Rejoicing," used to celebrate coronations.

At first we hear only DAVIDSON playing alone ... then the full orchestra mixes in and we hear the piece in its full symphonic splendor, continuing over

EXT. JET AIRLINER TAKING OFF - DAY

as--Handel continuing--it rises majestically into the air--

INT. FIRST CLASS LOUNGE - DAY

Handel continuing over, as DAVIDSON, Cambridge, the other band members, and Alex head back to the States--

CUT TO

EXT. SYMPHONY HALL - MORNING

the Handel Music for the Royal Fireworks continuing, as we see DAVIDSON--violin case in hand--salute the poster once again as he goes in, other musicians preceding and following him--

ON STAGE - FULL ORCHESTRA

as we see that this is a live rehearsal of the Handel Music for the Royal Fireworks--

ON ERIC SMITH-KENSINGTON

dressed in turtleneck and slacks--conducting the Handel--

THE CONCERTMASTER

Aaron Silverberg, first stand of the violins, leading the section--

(CONTINUED)

PANNING THROUGH VIOLINS

as we pass row after row of violinists playing the Handel, until finally we're to the last stand of the second violins, and sitting without a stand mate is

DAVIDSON

playing his violin indistinguishably from the rest of the orchestra, and looking damn happy about it.

ON SMITH-KENSINGTON AND ORCHESTRA

as the conductor gestures the orchestra to stop playing. They stop.

SMITH-KENSINGTON

(to Concertmaster)

I'd like to change that so we start the phrase with an up-bow here--

(he sings phrase he means)

--then go back to the down-bow here.

(sings again)

Smith-Kensington sings so well that the orchestra gives him an ovation, the strings knocking bows on music stands.

SMITH-KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

(laughing)

If you think I'm cancelling the afternoon rehearsal, forget it.

The orchestra laughs.

The concertmaster then addresses the section.

SILVERBERG

From letter D.

Silverberg stands up and demonstrates the change that the conductor has called for, then sits to mark his part. Smith-Kensington allows a few seconds for the violins to mark parts.

ON DAVIDSON

as he changes the bowings on his part.

SMITH-KENSINGTON AND ORCHESTRA

as the conductor raises his hands again.

SMITH-KENSINGTON

Starting at Letter D.

The conductor gives the down beat, and the orchestra begins again.

(CONTINUED)

ON DAVIDSON

playing with them.

CUT TO

INT. BACKSTAGE SYMPHONY HALL - DAY

as DAVIDSON is putting his violin in its case, when he's approached by another violinist about his age, FREDDIE SCHWARTZ.

SCHWARTZ

Not gonna find it easy meeting your
new classmates if you insist on
sitting all alone in the back.

DAVIDSON

(laughs)

Maybe ... but it's the only way I
know to make sure you don't get called
on.

(extends hand)

Igor Davidson.

SCHWARTZ

(shaking it)

Freddie Schwartz. Listen, Igor--

DAVIDSON

Friends call me Davidson--

SCHWARTZ

Friends? Don't rush things.

(beat)

As I was saying, *Igor*, a lot of us
head over to a chili joint called
Dr. Kato's between rehearsals. Wanna
join us?

DAVIDSON

(secretly amused)

Sure ... if you don't mind the loud
rock and roll.

INT. DR. KATO'S - DAY

as DAVIDSON, SCHWARTZ, and a couple of other violinists their
age -- RUSSELL and SYLVANIA -- are consuming chili. (We've
seen both of them way back on the String Audition Committee--
SYLVANIA is the woman who was first and loudest calling for
DAVIDSON's disqualification.) Loud rock music is playing on
the juke box.

DAVIDSON is careful to favor his right hand and keep his
left out of sight as much as possible.

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDSON

--and I free-lanced in New York after Juilliard 'cause that's where my contacts were. It was tough, but touring with the ballet for two seasons helped a lot.

SCHWARTZ

I guess I was luckier. Never had to free-lance. Made it into the symphony right out of Curtis ... and I plan on staying in it until I retire.

RUSSELL

I don't even see how a violinist can survive free-lancing anymore.

SYLVANIA

It's gonna get worse and worse until the union puts contractors who use synthesizers on the Unfair list.

DAVIDSON realizes prejudice against synthesizers could blow up on him.

DAVIDSON

There are unions members makin' money playin' synth keyboards too, ya know.

Dr. Kato goes to the juke box, and puts in money for another song.

SYLVANIA

That's exactly what we have to work on ... getting the union to declare synthesizers a mechanical device -- like that juke box -- instead of a musical instrument.

The next song comes on the juke box... and it's Dearsnoke's recording of DAVIDSON's song, "Ain't Gonna Help Me." DAVIDSON tries not to let the others see him react.

SYLVANIA (CONT'D)

Hey, Doc--when you gonna get rid of that junk box of yours and bring in a string quartet for lunch?

DR. KATO

You kiddin', Sylvania -- in this place? The violins would be drowned out by the "music" coming from the customers.

Sylvania snickers.

(CONTINUED)

DR. KATO (CONT'D)
 Besides, you want to deprive Davidson
 here of his royalties?

DAVIDSON knows it's coming now.

SYLVANIA
 (to Kato)
 He wrote this song?

DR. KATO
 You bet. And it was on *my* stage
 that he first played with the band.

DAVIDSON AND OTHER VIOLINISTS

as DAVIDSON tries to disappear under the table.

INT. CAMBRIDGE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Morning. Instead of a bed there's a futon on the floor,
 wooden crates serve as a bed table, and there are rock music
 posters covering almost every square inch of wall and ceiling.
 Cambridge and DAVIDSON are just awake, but still in bed in
 each other's arms, yawning.

DAVIDSON
 Checkin' out a house today.

CAMBRIDGE
 (yawning)
 Great. Be ready in a half hour.

DAVIDSON
 You don't have to come if you don't
 want to.

CAMBRIDGE
 I want to.

DAVIDSON
 (putting on reluctance)
 Okay.

CUT TO

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

as DAVIDSON opens the passenger-side door for Cambridge,
 then gets behind the wheel, of a brand-new BMW.

INT. BMW - OUT OF GARAGE

as DAVIDSON pulls the car out, and shoves in a burned CD-R
 of a solo violin playing unaccompanied Bach.

INT. BMW - ON CITY STREETS

the recorded Bach continuing.

CAMBRIDGE

That violinist is terrific. You, by any chance?

DAVIDSON

This guy's good ... but I play it better.

CAMBRIDGE

Musicians and their egos. Okay, who's the competition?

DAVIDSON

Me ... before my injury. I play it better now.

Cambridge laughs, caught by the second oldest gag in the book.

EXT. REALTOR OFFICE - DAY

as DAVIDSON gets behind the wheel of the BMW again, jingling house keys in his hand.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - THE BMW - DAY

on a beautiful fall day, foliage in full majesty, as the BMW pulls into the driveway of a Frank Lloyd Wright-ish and obviously expensive home set way back off the road.

IN FRONT OF HOUSE

as DAVIDSON pulls the BMW up and cuts the engine.

INT. HOUSE - HUGE ROOM WITH HIGH CEILING

completely furnished, as DAVIDSON is showing Cambridge around.

DAVIDSON

--And I figure this room is perfect for quartets, soon as I get one going again.

CAMBRIDGE

Quartets? You could put the Mormon Tabernacle Choir in this room. I know your settlement was big...

As they head toward a connecting door into

(CONTINUED)

THE KITCHEN

CAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

--but you sure you can afford to
rent a place like this?

DAVIDSON AND CAMBRIDGE

DAVIDSON leans against a kitchen counter.

DAVIDSON

Probably not.

(beat)

So guess it's a good thing I bought
it.

Cambridge laughs, caught by the oldest gag in the book. She
throws her arms around DAVIDSON, kissing him.

CUT TO

EXT. SYMPHONY HALL - NIGHT

as we see a dressed-to-the-nines symphony audience going in
for the season's opening night.

INT. SYMPHONY HALL

showing the audience as lights go down.

CAMBRIDGE AND ALEX

as they take seats in the audience.

ON STAGE - FULL ORCHESTRA

the orchestra in full dress--women in black gowns, men in
black full dress with tails--adjusting stands, running through
musical phrases.

ON DAVIDSON

as he pulls his stand back a little to put his hands out of
sight of the other violinists.

FAVORING THE CONCERTMASTER, INCLUDING ORCHESTRA

as Aaron Silverberg stands. Symphony Hall falls immediately
silent, and the Concertmaster nods to the FIRST OBOIST for
an A.

The Oboe plays an extended A. The Concertmaster tunes his
violin, then nods to the strings to tune ... and a few seconds
later the entire orchestra tunes.

(CONTINUED)

THE STAGE

as the Concertmaster sits down again and the orchestra falls silent.

A few seconds of expectation, broken only by audience coughing, pass then

ERIC SMITH-KENSINGTON

also in full dress with tails, walks on stage to audience applause, shakes hands with the Concertmaster, bows to the audience, turns to the orchestra ... and raises his hands to begin.

INCLUDING AUDIENCE AND STAGE

The applause stops.

The conductor's downbeat, and the orchestra begins the symphony season with the Handel Music for the Royal Fireworks.

ON ERIC SMITH-KENSINGTON

conducting the Handel, and looking very royal indeed.

PANNING THROUGH VIOLINS

as we again pass row after row of violinists playing the Handel -- including FREDDIE SCHWARTZ, RUSSELL, and SYLVANIA -- until again we're to the last stand of the second violins, and

DAVIDSON

is playing.

CUT TO

INT. BACK STAGE SYMPHONY HALL - NIGHT

at the end of the concert, as DAVIDSON is changing out of his full dress into street clothes.

His electronic Guarnerius clone is sitting in his open violin case on a table a few feet away from him.

Freddie Schwartz walks by, already changed, and sees DAVIDSON's open violin case. He looks at the violin, almost in awe.

DAVIDSON is starting to get very nervous ... he knows what's coming.

Schwartz continues looking at the violin.

(CONTINUED)

SCHWARTZ

Mind if I see what your del Jesu
feels like?

FAVORING DAVIDSON

in a moment that seems in slow motion for him. This is the
sort of request that it's almost impossible for one violinist
to deny another professional politely. Then DAVIDSON figures
a way out.

DAVIDSON

Some other time, Freddie ... I've
got Cambridge and Alex waiting for
me.

(faking new thought)

Tell you what. You're coming to my
house-warming on the 20th, aren't
you? Drag me aside you can try it
out then.

SCHWARTZ

Okay, thanks.

(beat)

You inviting the entire orchestra,
or what?

DAVIDSON

Just the strings. Don't want a bunch
of low-lives, do we?

Schwartz laughs.

CUT TO

INT. RECORD STORE - DAY

the equivalent of Tower or Sam Goody--as Cambridge and
DAVIDSON are looking through the new releases for the
Dearsmove CD ... but can't find it.

The store MANAGER comes over.

MANAGER

Whatcha lookin' for?

CAMBRIDGE

Dearsmove. First CD by a city band.
I guess you don't have it in yet.

MANAGER

(shakes head)

Had in a couple dozen copies but it
sold out. I'll have it back in
Saturday if you want me to hold one
for you.

(CONTINUED)

ON CAMBRIDGE

thrilled by the news.

CAMBRIDGE

It sold out?

MANAGER

MANAGER

(matter of factly)

One of the songs is gettin' a lot of play on VH1. Billboard has the CD hitting the charts at forty-one with a bullet.

CAMBRIDGE

as she looks as if she's just been told she's won the lottery.

CAMBRIDGE

Forty-one with a bullet? Are you sure?

ALL AGAIN

MANAGER

Just got email an hour ago. Head office always notifies local managers whenever a local band hits the charts.

DAVIDSON

Forty-one with a bullet is very good?

MANAGER

Better than very good for a new regional band. Just short of amazing.

CAMBRIDGE

as it's her turn to jump in the air with an earsplitting:

CAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

Ya-hooo!

ALL THREE AGAIN

as Cambridge throws her arms around DAVIDSON and kisses him ... then figures what the hell and kisses the store manager, too.

MANAGER

(to DAVIDSON)

She always this civic minded?

DAVIDSON nods.

(CONTINUED)

Cambridge's cell phone rings.

CAMBRIDGE

Sly? ...

(beat)

Yeah, I just found out!

(to DAVIDSON)

Alex told him already.

(to phone)

Yeah, we'll be right over!

INT. SLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

as the entire band, Alex, and DAVIDSON are drinking champagne, eating junk food, and celebrating. The Dears smoke CD jewel case is propped up.

FAVORING ALEX

ALEX

First thing we've got to do now is have the company throw you a party-- give the industry people a chance to meet you.

(heads toward phone)

I better check hotels for facilities right away.

CAMBRIDGE AND DAVIDSON

As Cambridge has an obvious--but perhaps not too fortuitous--idea.

CAMBRIDGE

Listen, Davidson 'n me are throwin' a house-warming party next week. What say we turn it into a celebration for the band, too?

(to Davidson)

That all right with you, honey?

DAVIDSON

(slowly)

I don't know if that's such a good idea. Half the orchestra's invited already.

CAMBRIDGE

(sarcastic)

And they might not like slumming, right?

DAVIDSON

That's not what I meant! I just thought it might get confusing.

Cambridge gets up, furious, and heads for the door.

(CONTINUED)

CAMBRIDGE
You're so full of shit!

Cambridge slams out of the apartment. Davidson chases after her.

INT. HALL - DAY

as Cambridge starts walking fast toward the elevator ... Davidson trying to keep up to her. Cambridge speeds up ... realizes he'll reach her before the elevator arrives, and starts down the stairs.

INT. STAIRCASE

as Davidson chases Cambridge down, taking two steps at a time, and finally grabs her.

DAVIDSON AND CAMBRIDGE

CAMBRIDGE
Let go of me, you bastard!

Davidson doesn't let go, and Cambridge keeps trying to pull away.

DAVIDSON
Willya give me a second to explain?

CAMBRIDGE
(still struggling)
Explain what? You been tryin' to keep us in two separate worlds ever since you found out you can still play classical!

DAVIDSON
You think I want to?

CAMBRIDGE
Then you're admitting it!

DAVIDSON
Listen to me, goddammit! Bad enough the orchestra manager found out her new violinist moonlights in a rock band! You know what happens the second they figure out I'm playin' a fake violin?

CAMBRIDGE
So what else is new? You said all you needed was a month before they could find out! It's almost two months now!

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDSON

It's not that goddam predictable!

CAMBRIDGE

Well neither is how long I can stand
bein' shoved to one side of your
life!

This sinks in.

DAVIDSON

Okay.

(beat)

Okay.

As Cambridge and Davidson hug each other, we

CUT TO

EXT. DAVIDSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

as a car pulls up and parks. Loud rock music can be heard
playing inside.

INSIDE THE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

the party is in full-swing, people dancing to the music,
shmoozing, eating, drinking ... the usual. The crowd is a
mixture of all sorts and -- perhaps -- it's not immediately
obvious who are from the world of rock music and who are the
classical types.

Among the people dancing, we see Cambridge and Davidson.

The party is being catered by Dr. Kato's, and radiation-suited
waiters and waitresses are walking around with trays of hors
d'oeuvres and drinks.

CUT TO

KITCHEN - ON RUSSELL

the other violinist Davidson had lunch with. Russell is
dressed like--and without doubt is and always has been--a
nerd. He goes up to a radiation-suited WAITER putting hors
d'oeuvres on a tray.

RUSSELL

Excuse me, but could you please tell
me where the bathroom is?

WAITER

Sorry, don't know. Try upstairs.

The waiter heads off with a loaded tray.

(CONTINUED)

FOLLOWING RUSSELL

as he climbs a staircase and comes to

A LONG HALLWAY

where he starts searching for a bathroom. Russell sees a closed door and opens it.

RUSSELL'S POV - LOOKING INTO BEDROOM

as we see a couple of record-industry types doing lines of coke. They look up at Russell and glare.

Russell closes the door. He continues down the hall and comes to a second door. He opens it.

RUSSELL'S POV - A SECOND BEDROOM

as he sees a MAN lying back on the bed, pants at his feet, and a young, scantily clad girl kneeling between his legs.

The man being serviced looks over to Russell.

MAN ON BED

She'll be through with me in a minute,
sport ... ya mind waiting outside?

Russell closes the second door and continues down the hall.

AT END OF HALL - ANOTHER CLOSED DOOR

as Russell--having no idea what he'll find next, and perhaps interested to find out--decides to try his luck again. He opens the door to find

RUSSELL'S POV - THE BATHROOM

as a very skinny woman is alone in there on her knees, her head over the toilet bowl.

Russell closes the door again.

CUT TO

DOWNSTAIRS AGAIN - LIVING ROOM

as a song ends. Davidson and Cambridge leave the dance floor. As soon as Cambridge is off the floor, Alex comes up to her.

ALEX

Cambridge? There's a stringer here
from Rolling Stone who's dying for a
few minutes with you.

Cambridge goes off with Alex. As soon as she's gone, Davidson is approached by Freddie Schwartz.

(CONTINUED)

SCHWARTZ

Davidson ... you busy now? You said
I could try out that del Jesu of
yours.

DAVIDSON

I didn't forget, Freddie. Come on
... it'll be quiet in the garage
extension.

As they head out back, they pass Sylvania.

SCHWARTZ

Davidson's gonna let me try out his
del Jesu.

SYLVANIA

You have a *Guarnerius*?

DAVIDSON

It was my grandfather's.
(sighs)
You can try it, too, Sylvania.

ON DAVIDSON, FREDDIE SCHWARTZ, AND SYLVANIA

AS THEY ENTER

THE KITCHEN

and walk outside through a back door.

EXT. BACK OF HOUSE - NIGHT

as--on their way to the extension--they pass Russell ...
who's relieving himself into the bushes.

SYLVANIA

(without stopping)
You're pissing on your shoe, Russell.

They keep walking. Russell looks down.

RUSSELL

Damn.

He quickly zips up.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

(calling after)
Hey, wait up!

INT. FURNISHED DEN

as DAVIDSON, SCHWARTZ, SYLVANIA, and RUSSELL enter.

(CONTINUED)

Davidson flips on the light, goes to a locked closet, unlocking it, and takes out his Guarnerius case, laying the case on a desk. He takes out the violin--making sure his back is to the others--and tunes the violin.

Carefully, he extends the Guarnerius to Freddie Schwartz.

SCHWARTZ

You first.

Davidson has anticipated this.

DAVIDSON

(shakes head)

I have a paper cut on my first finger.

(beat)

Enjoy yourself.

Schwartz shrugs and takes the violin.

He begins playing Saint-Saens' Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso -- a piece with some Gypsy soul in it ... and he's terrific.

AS THE OTHERS LISTEN, WE

DISSOLVE
TO

SYLVANIA PLAYING THE VIOLIN

a fast section of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto ... and she's also first rate.

DISSOLVE
TO

RUSSELL PLAYING THE VIOLIN

some Fritz Kreisler, perhaps Tambourine Chinois ... and he's also a very good violinist.

As Russell is playing, the door opens ... and

CAMBRIDGE

ducks her head in.

CAMBRIDGE

Davidson ... so here's where you've been hiding.

INCLUDING THE VIOLINISTS

Russell stops playing.

(CONTINUED)

CAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

The band's goin' on in five minutes.
Wanna play with us on your song?

Davidson hesitates, but there's no graceful out.

DAVIDSON

Sure thing.

Cambridge ducks out.

RUSSELL

(reluctantly)

Guess you'll be needing this back.

Russell hands the Guarnerius to Davidson.

SCHWARTZ

Tell me, bubeleh. How can you waste
a violin like this on music like
that?

DAVIDSON

as he starts putting the Guarnerius back in its case.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

I don't waste it, Freddie.

CUT TO

INT. HOUSE - ON DEARSMOKE

as they're performing, CAMBRIDGE on lead vocals, in the room
Cambridge said was big enough for the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

As the band comes to a big finish, the crowd of guests throws
an enthusiastic blast of applause and shouting toward them.

CAMBRIDGE

She waits out the applause, then:

CAMBRIDGE

All right. And now the one you've
been waitin' for, number nine on the
charts this week ...

ON GUESTS

Enthusiastic hoots and more applause.

ON BAND

CAMBRIDGE

Davidson, get your fiddle on up here.

(CONTINUED)

ON DAVIDSON

as--amid a roar of hoots and applause--he climbs up on stage with his electronic violin.

SYLVANIA AND RUSSELL

as they're standing near the front, watching as Davidson passes close ... and can't miss the fact that the violin Davidson's carrying looks exactly like the Guarnerius.

RUSSELL

Didn't we see him put his Guarnerius away?

Sylvania shrugs, but she's already suspicious, too.

ON DEARSMOKE AND DAVIDSON

as before--after a medium tempo intro led by Cambridge on heavy metal guitar, Cambridge begins singing:

CAMBRIDGE

I'll make it through this in one
piece I gotta take this on alone I
have to go the extra mile Not sayin'
won't be hell But it'll take me home.

DAVIDSON AND CAMBRIDGE

as they do their first duet of guitar and violin--

SYLVANIA AND RUSSELL'S POV - CLOSE ON DAVIDSON'S LEFT HAND

as they watch Davidson closely, and see that he's not playing like any violinist they've ever seen.

CAMBRIDGE AND BAND

CAMBRIDGE AND BAND

So honey you can wait for me But
don't wait by the phone 'Cause your
not livin' your life, pal Ain't gonna
help me live my own.

CAMBRIDGE AND DAVIDSON

they smile at each other going into their second duet--

SYLVANIA AND RUSSELL

as they exchange completely bewildered looks.

ON FREDDIE SCHWARTZ

as he pushes his way through the crowd until he reaches Russell and Sylvania.

(CONTINUED)

ON THE THREE VIOLINISTS

watching Davidson, astonished.

SYLVANIA
(to others)
Watch his left hand.

ON BAND AGAIN

CAMBRIDGE
I can't live your life for you An'
you can't live mine for me You gotta
take your highs It stings me but
it's my Responsibility.

VIOLINISTS POV ON DAVIDSON AND BAND

The third guitar/violin duet.

SCHWARTZ
(to the others)
What the hell are his fingers doing?

Sylvania and Russell shrug, looking as if they're seeing a
U.F.O.

CAMBRIDGE AND BAND
So honey you can wait for me But
don't wait by the phone 'Cause your
not livin' your life, pal Ain't gonna
help me live my own.

CAMBRIDGE AND DAVIDSON

smiling at each other, playing duet--

ON DAVIDSON

as he suddenly looks down--

DAVIDSON'S POV

as he sees the expression on the violinists faces as they
watch.

CAMBRIDGE AND BAND

CAMBRIDGE AND BAND (CONT'D)
So sweetheart you can wait for me
But don't wait by the phone Yeah,
your not takin' your own bows Ain't
gonna help me win my own.

Instrumental lead out, and the band finishes together.

(CONTINUED)

THE CROWD

as they explode into applause.

CAMBRIDGE AND DAVIDSON

as she kisses him full out, then pushes him forward to take a bow on his own.

DAVIDSON

as he takes his bow, trying to be cool outside ... but not quite convincing himself as he wonders how much his orchestra colleagues can figure out.

CUT TO

INT. SYMPHONY HALL - ON STAGE - DAY

during a rehearsal of "Montagues and Capulets" from Prokofiev's Romeo and Juliet. A particularly dramatic and portentous piece of music.

ON DAVIDSON

as he's sitting in his usual seat, closest to the wings, playing.

WATCHING FROM WINGS - SYLVANIA AND RUSSELL

as they're double-checking and see that Davidson is playing violin in the same impossible way he was doing with the rock band.

CLOSE ON SYLVANIA AND RUSSELL

as they nod to each other.

CUT TO

INT. SYMPHONY HALL - BACK STAGE - DAY

after rehearsal, as Davidson is checking his notice box. He flips through a stapled sheaf of papers, then finds an envelope. He opens it, reads it ... and knows that his cover's been blown. He leans against a wall and sighs.

CUT TO

SYMPHONY OFFICES - DAVIDSON

as he knocks on the door to the orchestra manager's office. Winston answers from behind door.

WINSTON (O.S.)

Come in!

INT. WINSTON'S OFFICE

as Davidson enters.

DAVIDSON

Mrs. Winston? I got a note in my box you wanted to see me.

WINSTON

Right. Have a seat, Mr. Davidson.

Davidson takes the chair opposite the desk.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Mr. Davidson, I'll be blunt about this. You made your argument, won your bet ... whatever it is--I don't care. But a symphony orchestra is no place for stunts. You want to play violin in this orchestra, you play a real violin. Not some electronic gadget. Understand me?

DAVIDSON

Is there some rule sayin' what sort of violin I gotta play?

WINSTON

No. It can be an Amati, Guadanini, Lamy, Fagnola, Gagliano, Bergonzi... or three dozen other makers ... anything that plays up to symphonic standards.

DAVIDSON

My violin plays up to symphonic standards.

WINSTON

A del Jesu? It certainly does. A great asset to the orchestra.

DAVIDSON

I wasn't talkin' about my Guarnerius, ma'am. I mean my new violin, which just happens to be electronic. It's a Farrer.

WINSTON

When I said anything, I wasn't talking about electronic toys. Your contract calls for you to play violin. You want to play this electronic -- er -- thing of yours anywhere else, that's up to you. But in this orchestra you play a violin.

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDSON

Who's to say mine isn't?

WINSTON

What is this to you, anyway? Your Guarnerius is one of the finest instruments ever made. Why would you ever want to play anything else?

DAVIDSON

I don't.

WINSTON

Then, damn it, why are we having this discussion?

Davidson knows the whole story will have to come out now.

DAVIDSON

'Cause I can't play my Guarnerius any more. Matter of fact, I can't play any ordinary violin any more. I had to get a special violin made I can play.

WINSTON finally understands.

WINSTON

(slowly)

You lied to me about your hand being better.

DAVIDSON

No, ma'am. I never mentioned my hand. I told you that because of a miracle, I could start the season on time. The miracle was finding a special violin that my two good fingers can use.

WINSTON

Oh, shit.

(beat)

All right, kiddo. I see now. Your doctors told you that your hand won't be better by the time your probationary contract expired ... and you didn't want to lose the position.

(beat)

Consider yourself on the disabled list as of now. The symphony will continue paying you full salary until such time as--

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDSON

Mrs. Winston, that's real nice of you, but it's not a matter of money. And the best doctors around don't give me much hope my hand will ever be better.

WINSTON

Mr. Davidson ... I --uh -- sympathize with your tragedy, but I can't change a dreadful -- but simple -- fact of reality. No one can play violin in a symphony unless he can play *violin*.

DAVIDSON

Ma'am, I don't find any rules sayin' what's a "violin" in my orchestra contract ... or in any union regs. My contract says I'm playin' second violin ... but it doesn't say a word about *acoustic* violin.

WINSTON

Perhaps not ... It doesn't make me happy to say this, but your orchestra contract also says that while you're on probation, the orchestra may judge you unfit at its own discretion without specifying a reason.

Davidson decides to go in for his best shot.

DAVIDSON

Then let the orchestra decide, ma'am-- the String Audition Committee.

Winston considers it.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Let me go behind the screen again. If any one can pick out that I'm not playin' a regular violin, I'll walk away leavin' the orchestra free and clear ... no trouble ... no strings attached.

WINSTON

as she takes a few seconds to decide ... then picks up her phone.

CUT TO

EXT. WINSTON'S OFFICE

Eavesdropping at Winston's door ... are SYLVANIA and RUSSELL. Sylvania motions Russell away.

(CONTINUED)

SYLVANIA

C'mon ... we've got to make some
phone calls ourselves.

RUSSELL nods, but he's not happy.

CUT TO

EXT. SYMPHONY HALL STAGE DOOR - DAY

as Davidson emerges after his meeting with Winston, violin
case in hand.

ON STREET

A TV News truck is parked at the curb, a CAMERAMAN and TV
Reporter DEARBORN SCRUBB, standing next to it. Davidson
begins walking down the street.

ON SCRUBB AND CAMERAMAN

SCRUBB

(to Cameraman)

There he is!

The Cameraman hefts the camera to his shoulder and starts
the tape rolling. Davidson is walking briskly.

SCRUBB (CONT'D)

(chasing after)

Mr. Davidson ... Dearborn Scrubb ...

Channel 4 News at Six ...

Davidson looks over but talks while he continues walking.

DAVIDSON

Hi, how's it goin'?

SCRUBB

(chasing after)

Mr. Davidson ... is it true you've
been playing a synthesized electronic
violin as a member of the Symphony
Orchestra for the past month ... and
nobody noticed?

DAVIDSON

(still walking)

Somebody noticed all right... but
guess it took a while.

SCRUBB

But nobody's ever played an artificial
violin in a symphony orchestra before,
have they?

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDSON
Can't say I know another case.

CUT TO

CLOSE ON A TV SET - DAVIDSON AND SCRUBB

as the interview is being broadcast. Scrubb is still chasing Davidson.

SCRUBB
It's also true, isn't it, that you're
the composer of --and play violin
for -- a song high on the rock music
charts right now, aren't you?

WIDER - TV SET BEING WATCHED BY SYLVANIA AND RUSSELL

DAVIDSON
That's right.

SCRUBB
Well isn't it unusual for an orchestra
violinist also to be a rock musician?

Davidson has reached his BMW and is unlocking it.

DAVIDSON
Doesn't happen much ... but it
happens.

SCRUBB
Is that why the Symphony is trying
to fire you?

CUT TO

ANOTHER TV SET BEING WATCHED BY EVANGELINE WINSTON
and she looks concerned.

DAVIDSON
Who's givin' you this stuff? The
Symphony is being completely decent
about this ... they're gonna let me
audition again.

SCRUBB
Well ... how do you feel about the
orchestra making you audition a second
time?

On TV, Davidson gets into his car.

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDSON

I'd feel a lot better if I could be
at home right now, practicing for
it.

ON TV, Davidson slams the car door and starts his engine.

ON EVANGELINE WINSTON

as her telephone rings and she answers.

WINSTON

Hello? ... Yes, Mr. Tavistock ...
Yes, I saw it, too ... Yes, sir ...
I know that very well, Mr. Tavistock
...

CUT TO

INT. SYMPHONY HALL - ON ALMOST EMPTY STAGE - DAY

In an almost exact repeat of the opening sequence. The stage
is lighted but empty except for the screen. This time,
however, there's no piano on stage.

REVERSE ON AUDITORIUM SEATS

And the Orchestra String Audition Committee is again seated
about ten rows back. In addition to the conductor, ERIC
SMITH-KENSINGTON, we again see the concertmaster, AARON
SILVERBERG.

SYLVANIA and RUSSELL are once more among the other string
players on the committee.

SMITH-KENSINGTON

(calling out)
Number one, please.

CONCEALED BEHIND SCREEN - FREDDIE SCHWARTZ

as he walks out ... raises his violin ... and begins playing
Bach.

OFF STAGE - WATCHING FROM THE WINGS

Davidson is standing, nervously, along with several other
violinists from the orchestra.

ON THE COMMITTEE

SMITH-KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

Thank you. Number two, please.

(CONTINUED)

BEHIND SCREEN

as an ORCHESTRA VIOLINIST walks on stage and begins playing the same Bach.

ON THE COMMITTEE AGAIN

as they listen for a short while.

SMITH-KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

Very good. Number three next.

BEHIND SCREEN

as Davidson walks out, but he doesn't raise his violin ... he takes out a CD-R.

INSERT CD-R

and it reads: IGOR DAVIDSON DEMO - JUILLIARD SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

BACK TO SCENE

Davidson inserts the CD-R into a high end BOOM BOX ... and PLAYS the recording of himself playing -- before his injury -- sthat he was playing for Cambridge in his BMW.

ON COMMITTEE AGAIN

SMITH-KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

Thank you, number three. Number four.

BEHIND SCREEN

as Davidson hits the pause on the recording quickly ... waits about the same interval as between the other violinists ... then raises his electronic violin and begins playing the same Bach.

ON SYLVANIA AND RUSSELL - AS DAVIDSON PLAYS

as they look at each other and nod.

ON SMITH-KENSINGTON AND AARON SILVERBERG

as they exchange looks also. They'll continue with this, but they know.

BEHIND SCREEN

on Davidson, playing his heart out and sounding far better than we've ever heard him before... until he hears:

SMITH-KENSINGTON (O.S.)

Very good, number four. Number five please.

(CONTINUED)

ANOTHER VIOLINIST walks behind the screen and begins playing the Bach.

DISSOLVE
TO

THE COMMITTEE AND EVANGELINE WINSTON

as the Committee Members are tallying up their votes ... and we see the Number "4" on almost all the ballots.

SMITH-KENSINGTON
It's clear, I think, we have a
consensus.
(to Winston)
Number four, Evvie.

WINSTON

as she nods ... and she doesn't look happy about it.

ALL AGAIN

SMITH-KENSINGTON
(to Committee)
Very well. The rest of you may go
now ... not you, Aaron.

The Concertmaster remains seated. Winston also stays. They wait until the Committee is out of hearing range.

ON SYLVANIA AND RUSSELL

as they walk out, shaking each other's hand.

AGAIN ON SMITH-KENSINGTON, SILVERBERG, AND WINSTON

SMITH-KENSINGTON (CONT'D)
It's a remarkable achievement,
actually. Difference is almost too
subtle to notice.
(to concertmaster)
Aaron, how did you know?

SILVERBERG
To tell you the truth, it just sounded
too easy. Almost superhuman. No
ordinary violinist can sound that
good ... at least not since Heifetz.

SMITH-KENSINGTON
Is it really a detriment to the
orchestra to have a violinist who
can sound like Jascha Heifetz? No
matter how he does it?

(CONTINUED)

SILVERBERG

I have no real objection to him
sitting behind me.

WINSTON

Well I hate to be the bringer of bad
news ... but this orchestra's board
of directors does.

ANGLE FAVORING WINSTON

as she takes a seat and looks at the other two intently.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea how the
inevitable publicity on this this
could blow up in our faces? The
precedent regarding synthesized
instruments we'd be setting for every
other orchestra in the country? The
long-term effect on this orchestra's
fund-raising ability?

Smith-Kensington pays close attention.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

If the boy stayed because we feel
sorry for him ... this orchestra
could very well end up the laughing
stock of the entire classical music
industry. Two more American cities
just lost their orchestra seasons.
Do either of you really wish to risk
that?

SMITH-KENSINGTON AND SILVERBERG

as they realize that the matter has been settled.

CUT TO

BACK STAGE - DAVIDSON PACING

as Evangeline Winston approaches him. Winston doesn't need
to say anything. Davidson just nods.

CUT TO

INT. DAVIDSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

as he enters, finding the house empty.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

as Davidson finds a note on the refrigerator from Cambridge:
"Band meeting with Alex tonite. Back late. Chili in freezer."

(CONTINUED)

Love, C."

DISSOLVE
TO

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

as Davidson is playing violin ... his outlet for all pain and stress. Something slow and sad ... an old Rachmaninoff song.

Emotionally exhausted, he puts his violin down in its case and flops onto his couch. He closes his eyes for a moment ... then hears some rustling and opens them again.

STANDING IN FRONT OF DAVIDSON - MISCHA RUDLENSKY

as an old man in his eighties, the way Davidson remembers him--tall, thin, with elegantly swept back white hair.

Davidson does not react the way a man does when seeing a ghost in a haunted house ... he just takes it for granted that it's his grandfather. He sits up on the couch.

DAVIDSON

Grandpa?

RUDLENSKY

(thick Russian accent)

You expect someone else, maybe?

DAVIDSON

But ... you're dead. How ... how did you get here?

RUDLENSKY

I tell you, not very easily. I have to take bus ... filthy, seats cut open, terrible people who smell bad.

(waving finger)

Not like it use to be.

Rudlensky walks over to Davidson's violin case and looks at his grandson's electronic violin.

RUDLENSKY (CONT'D)

This is violin all fuss is about?

Davidson nods.

RUDLENSKY (CONT'D)

You permit me try it?

DAVIDSON

Sure, Grandpa, sure.

(CONTINUED)

RUDLENSKY

as he picks up Davidson's violin and bow ... and starts playing ... but the notes are all wrong.

Rudlensky stops playing.

RUDLENSKY

Notes are crazy ... how you play
this, sonny?

Davidson laughs, gets up, and takes the violin from his grandfather for a second. He opens up the chin rest, hits a control, and hands it back to his grandfather.

DAVIDSON

I had to have it specially fixed
because of my hand. It'll play
normally now ... try it again.

DAVIDSON'S POV - RUDLENSKY

as he lifts the violin under his chin again, and begins playing the lyrical second movement of the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto.

Rudlensky plays it beautifully, with a satisfied expression on his face. After a few seconds he smiles.

RUDLENSKY

Is first class violin. Sound just
like my Guarnerius.
(thoughtful)
I must tell Giuseppe del Jesu when I
see him.

BOTH AGAIN

Davidson laughs.

DAVIDSON

It's electronic, Grandpa. It's not
a real violin.

Rudlensky hands the violin back to Davidson.

RUDLENSKY

It walk like duck, it quack like
duck ... it *duck*. This real violin.

DAVIDSON

That's not the way the symphony saw
it. They threw me out because of
it.

Rudlensky nods.

(CONTINUED)

RUDLENSKY

It not first time happen. Sit down,
Igor ... I tell you story.

Davidson puts his violin back in its case and sits on his
couch.

Rudlensky remains standing.

RUDLENSKY (CONT'D)

Back when I your age, I play in
orchestra in St. Petersburg ... this
Russia, not place with old people in
Florida.

DAVIDSON

I know.

RUDLENSKY

You know. Back in those days, violin
strings made out of cat gut ...
intestines of sheeps. Not made from
pussy cat, way people think.

Davidson nods.

RUDLENSKY

as he paces back and forth while he talks.

RUDLENSKY (CONT'D)

Anyway ... cat gut strings not strong.
Break all time. Hard to keep in
tune. Violin shop get in shipment
of new strings from Paris ... instead
of cat gut, E-string made of steel,
other strings cat gut wound with
metal.

DAVIDSON listening.

RUDLENSKY (CONT'D)

I buy them, put them on violin ...
they sound good, they play good.
Stay in tune, don't break so much.
Hurt my fingers for little while,
but soon I have calluses, it don't
hurt no more.

DAVIDSON

Uh-huh.

RUDLENSKY

To make long story short. Conductor
of orchestra find I not using cat
gut strings.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RUDLENSKY (CONT'D)

He tell me I get rid of metal strings.
I don't want to ... tell him they
play better than cat gut ... stay in
tune ... better for orchestra. He
say he know what best for orchestra--
not me--and throw me out of orchestra.
You know what I do then?

DAVIDSON

You left Russia and came to America.

RUDLENSKY

I leave Russia and-- I tell you
this story already? ... Could have
save myself long bus trip.

Davidson smiles.

RUDLENSKY (CONT'D)

Da ... I come to America ... and
lucky thing, because soon all Europe
fighting First World War. Soon, in
America, I big hit as soloist.
Playing violin with metal strings.
I never thrown out of orchestra, I
never become soloist ... get drafted,
maybe get killed in war.

Rudlensky takes an old fashioned pocket watch out of his
pocket.

RUDLENSKY (CONT'D)

I got go now. I late. Twenty years
late.

DAVIDSON

Grandpa ... before you go. You've
heard me play?

RUDLENSKY

You kidding? I go every time you
play, starting with Beethoven Concerto
when you nine.

DAVIDSON

I thought you missed it ... 'cause
you'd died the year before.

RUDLENSKY

Being dead better deal than senior
citizen discount. Senior citizen
got pay half price ... I get in
everything free. Igor, you one
terrific musician, I tell you. Good
violinist ... good composer.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RUDLENSKY (CONT'D)

Make me very proud. Your hand, it
 don't matter if music come from your
 soul. Music made by mind and heart,
 not hand. Hand just tool.

ON DAVIDSON

as he rubs his eyes for a second, exhausted.

DAVIDSON'S POV

When he removes his hand, Mischa Rudlensky is standing there
 not as an old man ... but as a vibrant, dark-haired young
 man about Davidson's age, looking like he did on the old 78
 record box ... but in full color.

REVERSE ON DAVIDSON

as he looks with awe ...

DAVIDSON'S POV AGAIN

and nobody is in the room at all.

ON DAVIDSON

as he doesn't have time to wonder about this because an idea
 has suddenly hit him.

DAVIDSON

(to himself)

Not a world war, Grandpa ... a musical
 war.

He furiously searches the room for a piece of paper and a
 pen ... and starts scribbling furiously.

While he's writing, we see the lights of -- and hear the
 engine of -- a car pulling into the driveway.

Davidson keeps on writing, oblivious.

ON FRONT DOOR

as Cambridge comes in.

DAVIDSON AND CAMBRIDGE

as she looks at his face ... and he smiles at her.

CAMBRIDGE

(excited)

They're letting you stay?

Davidson grins from ear to ear.

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDSON
 (almost laughing)
 Nah, they threw my ass the hell out.

Cambridge tries to figure this out. Davidson goes up to her, kissing her excitedly.

CUT TO

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

as Cambridge is having a bowl of chili, and Davidson's having a cup of coffee, telling her about his new idea.

DAVIDSON
 (really animated)
 It's like rock music is fightin' a war against classical music ... and neither side really knows whether they can trust me or not.

Cambridge is paying close attention.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)
 As far as rock music goes, classical is dead from the waist down, and as far as classical goes, rock is dead from the neck up.

CAMBRIDGE
 Okay.

DAVIDSON
 So it hits me ... that's why nobody's been able to compose anything puttin' rock and classical together that really makes it. Rock and classical are complete opposites. You try turnin' them into the same thing, you know what you get?

CAMBRIDGE
 Elevator music ... right? You get elevator music.

DAVIDSON
 Right. It comes out too simple to be classical music ... and too soft to be rock. And I start thinkin' that I already have it half written, 'cause I can use my violin concerto ... which nobody wants 'cause it sounds like it was written a hundred years ago. And what I gotta do is, I write in a rock band tryin' to *beat the musical shit out of the violin.*

(CONTINUED)

CAMBRIDGE

Okay, you compose it. Dearsmoke plays the rock part ... But how are you gonna get the classical music world to take you seriously?

DAVIDSON

as he smiles.

DISSOLVE
TO

EXT. ERIC SMITH-KENSINGTON'S HOUSE - DAY

a large, spacious estate ... a wealthy man's home.

DAVIDSON

as he climbs out of his BMW, carrying his violin, and rings the bell.

AT FRONT DOOR

as Davidson rings. He waits a few minutes, then the door opens and a maid answers.

MAID

Yes?

DAVIDSON

My name is Davidson ... I'm a violinist. Could you please ask the Maestro if he can spare a few minutes with me?

MAID

Does Mr. Smith-Kensington know you?

DAVIDSON

Yes, he does.

MAID

Won't you come in, please?

INSIDE LIVING ROOM

as Davidson enters. The place is furnished with the elegance of selection ... there is sparse furniture, but what furnishings are there are impeccable. There is also a full-size grand piano.

MAID

Please wait here. What did you say your name was again?

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDSON

It's--

(beat)

Tell the Maestro that it's Mischa
Rudlensky's grandson.

The maid nods, then heads out toward the back.

IN LIVING ROOM

as Davidson looks around the living room. Then:

SMITH-KENSINGTON

Mr. Davidson, yes?

Davidson turns around to see Smith-Kensington, dressed in a
casual sweater and slacks.

DISSOLVE
TO

LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Davidson and the conductor--drinks nearby--as the conductor
is sitting at the piano looking through music, and Davidson
sets his violin case on the arms of a chair, and takes out
his violin and bow.

SMITH-KENSINGTON

(sardonically)

I don't suppose you need to plug
that thing in?

Davidson shakes his head, smiling.

DAVIDSON

Runs on maximum-life rechargable
cells.

SMITH-KENSINGTON

Hell of a thing if they run out during
a performance.

DAVIDSON

(shrugs)

Faster to change than a broken string.

SMITH-KENSINGTON

Perhaps.

(beat)

Shall we give this a try?

ON DAVIDSON

as he raises his violin and begins playing the composition
with a lyrical, solo opening statement on his violin.

(CONTINUED)

INCLUDING THE PIANO

as, about sixteen bars into it, Smith-Kensington enters with the piano, playing the orchestral accompaniment.

So far, it's much like Davidson's beautiful nineteenth-century-style violin concerto, which we heard earlier.

AS THEY CONTINUE PLAYING, WE

DISSOLVE
TO

DAVIDSON AND SMITH-KENSINGTON

as they are approaching the end of Davidson's composition, racing to a smash finish.

They both nod at each other, as the music ends with a flourish.

SMITH-KENSINGTON

as he flips back a few pages.

BOTH AGAIN

As Davidson is anxiously awaiting the conductor's verdict.

Smith-Kensington motions Davidson over and points to the score.

SMITH-KENSINGTON

I think we need to build up the
woodwind line here a bit, doubling
the oboe with bassoon. Let me show
you.

Smith-Kensington plays the music the way Davidson has written it.

DAVIDSON

as he almost can't pay attention to the music, because he realizes that Smith-Kensington is already talking as if it's an accomplished fact that they'll be performing it together.

BOTH AGAIN

SMITH-KENSINGTON

Now here's how I'd change it.

Smith-Kensington plays the music again, demonstrating his point.

(CONTINUED)

SMITH-KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

See the difference? You must bear in mind -- all the way through -- that the tendency of the amplified instruments to drown out the orchestra will have to be compensated for on the orchestral side.

DAVIDSON

Well, I did consider marking in amplification for the orchestra. But it'd destroy the tonal purity of the acoustical instruments.

SMITH-KENSINGTON

Then *destroy* it. This is supposed to be a war. Let tonal purity be the first battle casualty.

(beat)

When did you say your rock-and-roll group is available for this?

Davidson smiles, putting his violin and bow down.

DAVIDSON

Until June, the band'll be touring as an opener for Springsteen.

SMITH-KENSINGTON

as he gets up from the piano, and motions Davidson to follow him.

SMITH-KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

If this means war, let's see if we can get some reinforcements.

INT. SMITH-KENSINGTON'S STUDY

as the conductor is on the phone, Davidson standing by.

SMITH-KENSINGTON

(to phone)

Well then the programs haven't actually been printed, have they? ... You can bloody well tell them to look at my contract ... they'll find that I do have the right. ...

Smith-Kensington smiles at Davidson, covering the mouthpiece.

SMITH-KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

(to Davidson)

That always does it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SMITH-KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

(to phone again)

Let the critics howl -- that's their job ... Yes, for SummerFest, first half of the program for the weekend of July 18th. ...

Smith-Kensington points to the music, waving Davidson to bring it over to him. When he has it in hand:

SMITH-KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

It's titled Concerto for Violin, Rock Band, and Orchestra by Igor Davidson ... Yes, the same one ... No, he hasn't ... but you can put in the program notes that he's Mischa Rudlensky's grandson ... that should keep the board quiet.

(beat)

The rock-and-roll ensemble? At the moment they're touring with Springstine ...

DAVIDSON

as he smiles.

SLOW
DISSOLVE
TO

EXT. ORCHESTRAL STAGE - NIGHT

It could be the Hollywood Bowl, Tanglewood, or Saratoga. It's the Symphony's SummerFest ... it's outside ... and the crowd is huge.

ON AUDIENCE

people are finishing up picnic suppers, drinking wine and beer ... having a good time.

ON LIGHTED STAGE

as the orchestra is just starting to seat itself. In addition to seats for the orchestra, there are preparations going on for much more than just an ordinary concert--special effects are being made ready.

CUT TO

BACKSTAGE IN GREENROOM

as we see DAVIDSON, SLY, ART, LENOX, ELVIS, and DENNY ... all in full dress and tails --CAMBRIDGE in a full length black dress. ALEX is also there but wearing only a normal suit and tie.

(CONTINUED)

We don't need any dialogue to know they they've all got butterflies for this one.

There's a knock at the door. Alex answers it.

STAGE HAND

Five minutes, ladies and gentlemen.

ALEX

Thank you.

OUTSIDE GREENROOM - FREDDIE SCHWARTZ

as Davidson sees him walking by in full dress, but without his violin.

DAVIDSON

Hey, Freddie ... wait up!

Davidson grabs his violin and heads after Freddie.

BACKSTAGE - ON DAVIDSON AND FREDDIE SCHWARTZ

as Davidson catches up to him.

SCHWARTZ

(smiles)

So, bubeleh ... how's life in the fast lane?

DAVIDSON

Fast ... we go on in a couple minutes.

SCHWARTZ

And what's so important that it can't wait until after your premiere?

Davidson extends his violin to Freddie.

DAVIDSON

I thought you might like to play a Guarnerius tonight.

Freddie looks shocked.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Matter of fact, Freddie ... I've been thinking who might be able to give this honey a foster home ... that is, until medical science figures out nerve regeneration.

SCHWARTZ

(still in shock)

You are honest-to-God offering to put your del Jesu on loan to me?

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDSON

(nods)

I can't play it the way it needs,
Freddie. And fine violins need to
be played or they go bad.

SCHWARTZ

(choked up)

I--

DAVIDSON

Go on ... take it. We'll sign papers
later.

Freddie is just short of in tears.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

(beat)

Go on.

FREDDIE SCHWARTZ AND DAVIDSON

as the violin passes from Davidson's hand to Freddie's.
Davidson pats Freddie on the shoulder, then starts back toward
the greenroom.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Take good care of her for me, will
ya?

Freddie can only nod.

CUT TO

EXT. STAGE

The orchestra is now fully seated.

Eric Smith-Kensington walks on stage, followed close order
by Davidson, carrying his violin.

The conductor, then Davidson, shakes hands with the
concertmaster, then join Smith-Kensington in bowing.

The concertmaster, Aaron Silverberg, stands, signals to the
Oboe for an A. Davidson tunes his violin.

Then the concertmaster tunes, followed by the violins, the
rest of the strings ... the rest of the orchestra. The
concertmaster sits.

Davidson remains standing.

STAGE WINGS - ALEX

Watching everything closely, and looking nervous.

(CONTINUED)

SMITH-KENSINGTON

as he looks to Davidson.

DAVIDSON

as he nods.

ON FULL STAGE

as everyone is ready. The conductor turns to Davidson and nods.

DAVIDSON

as--completely alone--he begins a solo violin introduction, without any accompaniment. It is lyrical, completely romantic in character.

A song of unfettered joy ... joy in being able to soar completely free of gravity.

ON DAVIDSON AND ORCHESTRA

After some seconds, Smith-Kensington gives a down beat to the orchestra ... which joins in with a full, lush accompaniment.

The violin and orchestra continue, sending this melody that Davidson has introduced on violin through the orchestra ... into a beautiful duet between violin and oboe.

Suddenly, as the duet continues,

CLOSE ON LENOX

somewhere--we don't know where yet--from a synthesizer keyboard hanging from shoulder straps--the sound of martial bagpipes appears as if from a distance, and gets louder and louder, countering the melodic material of the violin/oboe duet.

ON DEARSMOKE - INVADING STAGE

Softly, at first--as if they are marching closer--Elvis on drums, then Denny on bass guitar, and finally Cambridge, Sly, and Art on electric guitar get closer and closer and closer until--finally--they are there, musically invading the orchestra with a heavy metal, hard rock melody of their own.

Like an invading army the members of the band spread out into the orchestra like an attack squad.

(CONTINUED)

ON THE ORCHESTRA

as--in a vain attempt to defend the violin and oboe from
this onslaught--

THE STRINGS AND THE WOODWINDS

join in, adding the full weight of their instruments on the
side of the violin and oboe.

But it is no contest. The louder and more intense the strings
and woodwinds become ... the louder

THE ROCK ENSEMBLE

becomes.

SUDDENLY:

OFF STAGE - MISCHA RUDLENSKY

materializes out of empty air. He sees the rock band invading
the orchestra and knows it needs help ... and dead or not,
he's just the violinist to do it.

Rudlensky grabs an extra violin and starts toward the stage.

ALEX'S POV

as he sees a violin float in the air past him onto the stage.

RUDLENSKY

as he takes an empty seat next to Russell in the second
violins and begins playing.

ON DAVIDSON

as--just for a second while he's not playing--he thinks he
sees his grandfather in the orchestra.

THE ORCHESTRA

In a second attempt at defense,

THE VIOLINS

throw their melody to the

BRASS

--trumpets and trombones--who fire it back at

DEARSMOKE

but even these sallies are easily countered by the rock band
... as it swipes them out of the way with ease.

(CONTINUED)

In a final, desperate attempt,

THE ORCHESTRA

calls on its big guns--

THE KETTLE DRUMS AND TIMPANI

to fight off the rock band.

SMOKE AND LASERS

starts shooting onto the stage, and laser blasts pierce the smoke. The enemy has conquered. Territory has been taken. The orchestra has been defeated.

THE ORCHESTRA AND BAND

And the first movement of the concerto ends with the rock band celebrating its victory and

DAVIDSON

the solo violin, sadly giving surrender.

ON SMITH-KENSINGTON

as he lowers his hands.

ON THE AUDIENCE

who don't know--or don't care--about the custom of not applauding between movements ... and they're screaming their heads off and applauding.

SMITH-KENSINGTON, DAVIDSON, AND DEARSMOKE

as--according to custom--they give a very brief acknowledgement to the audience, then immediately turn back to work.

ALEX

in the wings, watching the audience, forgetting for the moment the mystery of the violin, and kvelling.

SMITH-KENSINGTON

as he raises his hands again, to begin the second movement.

ON DAVIDSON

as the solo violin introduces the opening statement of the second movement.

It is slow and sorrowful, a song of subjugation, bondage, and occupation.

(CONTINUED)

ON DAVIDSON AND THE CONCERTMASTER

as the two violins commiserate in a back-and-forth solo. as
the entire orchestra picks up the melody, first

THE STRINGS

as they toss it back and forth between

VIOLINS, VIOLAS, AND CELLOS

and the melody becomes grander and more sorrowful.

MISCHA RUDLENSKY

as he turns the page on the music.

RUSSELL

as he sees the music turn, without any stand mate he can
see.

THE REST OF THE ORCHESTRA

as it joins in with the strings. Then:

ELVIS

with a martial drumbeat, enters, followed by

SLY, ART, LENOX, DENNY, AND CAMBRIDGE

the conquerers, as they walk among their conquered slaves,
tossing out melodic orders which are quickly picked up by

VARIOUS ORCHESTRA MEMBERS

and obeyed quickly ... or punished.

CAMBRIDGE

as she tosses a melody--from heavy metal guitar--at

DAVIDSON

who picks up the melody ... and turns it into a lively little
melody, with a colorful bow-hand pizzicato. The plucking of
violin strings is tossed back to

CAMBRIDGE

who picks it up from Davidson, and throws it back, loaded
with energy again.

(CONTINUED)

CAMBRIDGE AND DAVIDSON

in a guitar/violin duet, as she attempts to give orders ... and he attempts to win her over with seduction ... and the result is that the violin begins winning. The melody started on the violin is now carried by

CAMBRIDGE

as she drops back two hundred years into a classical guitar rendition of the melody. The melody is picked up by

DENNY

on bass guitar, and carried over to the

DOUBLE BASSES

in the orchestra.

DENNY AND DOUBLE BASSES

as they now join in a duet. Then,

THE TIMPANI AND ORCHESTRA PERCUSSION

seize their opportunity and

A PERCUSSION DUET

is tossed back and forth between Elvis and the Orchestra percussion.

But this sort of thing can't be allowed to go on for long.

SLY

acting as general of the occupying forces, starts pulling his own people back into line, first

ELVIS

who returns to the fold, taking

THE ORCHESTRA PERCUSSION

with him, as defectors from the symphony. Then

DENNY

returns to rock music, taking

THE DOUBLE BASSES

who defect over to the rock side as well.

(CONTINUED)

SLY

gives melodic orders to the

BRASS

-- trumpets and trombones -- who also defect to the rock band. But

CAMBRIDGE

is reluctant to leave the world of classical guitar for rock ... and a violin/guitar duet establishes that a firm inroad has been made into the conquerers by

DAVIDSON

on violin.

CAMBRIDGE AND DAVIDSON

in a final, almost secretive duet, before

CAMBRIDGE

picks up the rock theme again, and

DEARSMOKE

plays as a whole again, joined by their

ORCHESTRAL DEFECTORS

--the brass, percussion, and double basses.

ON SMITH-KENSINGTON

as he conducts a musical bridge into the concerto's third movement, without break.

A secret defense project has been developed by

DAVIDSON ON VIOLIN

introducing a new martial melody as

THE ORCHESTRA

all of them, on a single musical command, put on ear protectors--the sort used on shooting ranges.

SUDDENLY:

IMMENSE AMPLIFIERS

rise up out of the stage and

(CONTINUED)

BOOM MICROPHONES

rise, aimed at the different orchestra sections..

THE FIRST VIOLINS

go along with it, but

SYLVANIA AND THE SECOND VIOLINS

at first resist the melodic material offered by the now amplified

DAVIDSON

and

FIRST AND SECOND VIOLINS

send the theme back and forth, arguing bitterly. The argument is overcome, however, when

THE ROCK BAND

enters again.

SLY ON GUITAR

as he issues melodic orders to

DAVIDSON AND THE VIOLINS

and the violins, led by Davidson, resist the melody.

SLY ON GUITAR

as he repeats the orders, louder, and

DAVIDSON AND THE VIOLINS

as they resist again.

SLY ON GUITAR

as he calls out the enforcers--

DEARSMOKE, BRASS, AND PERCUSSION

to lay down the law to the resistant

VIOLINS

and the violins, now amplified, send back a blast to the shocked

(CONTINUED)

BAND AND DEFECTORS

who melodically reel, at the resistance power.

DAVIDSON

as the violins lead a melodic counter-attack.

CAMBRIDGE

as she defects to Davidson's side and

DAVIDSON ON VIOLIN AND CAMBRIDGE ON GUITAR

join together, almost as one instrument, in issuing battle orders to

THE ORCHESTRA

Slowly but surely, the defectors are won back, first

THE DOUBLE BASSES

as they pick up the violin melody, then

THE BRASS

as they return to the symphonic mode, then

THE TIMPANI

as they defect once again, back to the orchestra.

SLY ON GUITAR

as he issues melodic orders ... but the troops aren't listening.

CAMBRIDGE

as she defies

SLY ON GUITAR

and refuses to follow his orders anymore. Finally,

LENOX, ART, AND ELVIS

as they run for their musical lives, abandoning Sly to fight the orchestra alone.

DENNY

as he takes off his bass guitar, picks up a bassoon, and joins the bassoon section of the orchestra.

(CONTINUED)

SLY AND FREDDIE SCHWARTZ

As Freddie leaves his chair, captures Sly, and handcuffs him.

DAVIDSON ON VIOLIN AND CAMBRIDGE ON ELECTRIC GUITAR

and--in a magnificent triumph--the violin and guitar toss melodies back and forth, then to

THE ORCHESTRA

and--in a moment of luminescent glory

VIOLIN, ELECTRIC GUITAR, AND ORCHESTRA

play together, in a march of hope and glory.

MISCHA RUDLENSKY

playing violin as part of the victory

ON DAVIDSON

and he can see his grandfather, clearly, in the orchestra.

ON ALEX

as he can see his grandfather, also.

DAVIDSON AND HIS BROTHER

as we can see them looking at each other, and at their grandfather.

MISCHA RUDLENSKY

as, the battle won, he puts down the violin on the seat and disappears.

ON ERIC SMITH-KENSINGTON

as he lowers his arms ...

ON THE AUDIENCE

as it rises to its feet as one, exploding into screams of ovation.

ON STAGE

as the conductor, leads

DAVIDSON AND DEARSMOKE

then

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDSON AND CAMBRIDGE

to take their bows, then

DAVIDSON ALONE

to take his.

CLOSE ON DAVIDSON

as he bows, and we see his sudden intense surprise at seeing

DAVIDSON'S POV - MISCHA RUDLENSKY

standing next to him, bowing.

ON DAVIDSON AGAIN

as he looks again.

DAVIDSON'S POV AGAIN

and where Rudlensky was is now empty space.

ERIC SMITH-KENSINGTON AND ORCHESTRA

including Freddie Schwartz, as they take their bows.

The sound of wild screaming and applause fades.

END TITLES MUSIC BEGINS

END CREDITS ROLL AND WE

FADE OUT.