

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A MAZDA PROTEGE is parked next to a mini-van in front of a NONDESCRIPT BUILDING in an otherwise deserted parking lot. An AM radio is dialed in until Hank Williams begins to play quietly.

DEL (O.S.)
C'mon, Miles. We have to listen to
this?

MILES (O.S.)
I need to be inside by the time the
song ends.

DEL (O.S.)
Sucks being you.

INT. HONDA CIVIC - CONTINUOUS

Two 18-year-old alt-rockers wrap up their conversation. MILES sits in the passenger seat. He wears a LOUSE TRAP T-SHIRT. DEL sits literally and metaphorically in the driver's seat.

MILES
Could be worse.

DEL
(glancing at the building)
Don't see how. All right. Enough
stalling. How's the new mix?

Miles fishes a CASSETTE out of his pocket and hands it to Del. The label identifies it as LOUSE TRAP DEMO.

MILES (O.S.)
I tweaked the snare, gave it a
little more wa-KAH. Brought up the
bass like we talked about.

DEL (O.S.)
The vocals?

MILES
Buried 'em...*more*.
(remembering, excited)
Those guys from Accelerate were
hanging around the studio when I
was mixing it down...

DEL
No. No. No. No. Not *Accelerate*.
(in pidgin sign language)
X L R 8. They're wankers.

MILES

Stupid name. True. But they play all the time. They want us to open for 'em at the VFW next Friday.

DEL

Even if we would open for *them* -- *highly unlikely* -- we still don't have a singer.

MILES

Just listen to it.
(indicating station)
I gotta get in there before Cole has a conniption. See you in the morning.

DEL

Bright and early.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Miles exits the car, moves toward the door to the station as Del starts the car. Before Miles enters the station, he remembers something, takes a step toward Del's driver side window, stretches his T-shirt out toward his friend.

MILES

Macy says the T-shirts really elevate the project.

DEL

(unimpressed)
Well, hell. Let's buy us a tour bus then.

Miles sighs, then hurries into the station.

INT. CONTROL BOOTH, K.I.I.I. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

The Hank Williams song is beginning to fade as Miles enters. DeeJay COLE CLAY ELLUM (30) looks up. He's both angered and relieved by the sight of Miles entering.

COLE CLAY

You're late.

Miles glances at his watch.

MILES

I'm two minutes early.

COLE CLAY

Late in my book.
 (tossing him a cassette)
 You ready for this?

MILES

That's tonight?

COLE CLAY

Yeah, it's tonight. Right now.
 You're all cued up there.

Miles shrugs, moves over to the CASSETTE DECK, inserts the tape. As the Hank Williams' song ends, Cole brings up the faders on a SOUNDBOARD, then speaks into a MICROPHONE.

COLE CLAY (CONT'D)

(dreamily)

Ah, tell us about it, brother. Now there's a man who knew a thing or two about loneliness. I believe I know how he feels. This is Cole Clay Ellum...all by his lonesome.

Cole Clay nods to Miles who issues an I-can't-believe-we're-doing-this stare before hitting play on the CASSETTE DECK. Suddenly, COLE'S PRE-RECORDED VOICE fills the sound booth.

COLE CLAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's midnight, and you're listening to K.I. Yippie I.I. 560 on your AM dial serving up country classics to Doggett and greater Lampasas County.

Freddy Fender's "Before the Next Teardrop Falls" begins to play. Clay turns down the studio volume before speaking.

COLE CLAY (CONT'D)

(losing all dreaminess)

All righty, Sid Vicious, you know what to do?

MILES

Run a P.S.A. after "Hello, Walls."
 Flip the tape. Press play.

As the conversation progresses, Cole splashes on cologne and takes a starched shirt that looks like a reconfigured French Flag off a hanger. Garth Brooks might reject this particular shirt for its gaudiness.

COLE CLAY

What else?

MILES

Don't fall asleep.

COLE CLAY

Whoever said you was dimmer'n a
trucker's wife.

MILES

You did. Last week.

COLE CLAY

But who's keeping score?

MILES

(ironic)

Jesus.

COLE CLAY

Lordy, you are one frosty flake.

Cole Clay plops down in a chair and holds up a booted foot.

COLE CLAY (CONT'D)

C'mere, and help me with these.

(off Miles' hesitation)

It ain't that confusing.

MILES

What's up tonight, anyway. Is
Thursday Ladies Night at the Easy
Shitkicker?

COLE CLAY

Yuck it up, sonny boy. Half hour
from now one of us'll be knee deep
in the poontang; one of us'll be
winning the Shania Twain poster-
holding contest.

Miles exhales dismissively. Cole stands and moves to a
mirror. He knows he's gotten under his young intern's skin.
Smelling blood, he goes for the kill.

COLE CLAY (CONT'D)

So where's that sweet thing used to
come by in the mornings to pick you
up for school? Mandy? Marcia?

MILES

Macy.

COLE CLAY

Macy! That's right. Tell me...she nasty? She looked nasty to me. Y'know how sometimes you can just tell? Punk rock girl like that. She *must* hate her daddy the way she dresses. Girls that hate their daddy...well, you know...

Cole demonstrates DOGGY-STYLE LOVEMAKING, throwing in some spanking for good measure. Eventually he takes note of an emasculated Miles' horrified expression. He takes the seat next to Miles.

COLE CLAY (CONT'D)

She cut you loose, didn't she?

MILES

We broke up.

COLE CLAY

(laughs knowingly)
Yeah, well, I seen that comin', just the way you treated her when she'd drop by.

MILES

I treated her fine.

COLE CLAY

Shit, boy. You treated her like she was the goddamn Queen of Sheeba.
(mimicking a henpecked Miles)
"Sorry to make you wait, baby. Wanna hear the song I wrote for you? Can I shine up your bunghole?"

MILES

It's called manners.

COLE CLAY

That so? Where I'm from, it's called pussywhipped. Girl won't fuck what she don't respect. You want her back?
(Miles' silence indicates he does)
Try being a man around her. See how that works.

Miles can't tolerate being seated next to Cole any longer. He stands, moves across the room, paces.

MILES

Look, I've got my own...
 (searching for word)
 ...*method*. It's working fine.

COLE CLAY

How you figure?

Miles considers, then makes a decision. He's not going to let Cole win this battle. Miles withdraws his wallet, pulls a THIN STRIP OF PAPER out of one of the sleeves, hands it over. As he does so, we notice a PHOTO OF AN ATTRACTIVE ALTERNATE-CHICK we assume to be Macy. Cole holds up the strip in front of his face, squints.

COLE CLAY (CONT'D)

What the hell?

MILES

Read.

COLE CLAY

(rolls eyes, reads)
 "In battle for hearts, destiny
 vanquishes circumstance."
 (addressing Miles)
 What in the hell does that even
 mean?

MILES

Just what it says. People who are
 meant to be together will end up
 together.

COLE CLAY

You're getting back together
 because a cookie from a Chinese
 restaurant says so.

MILES

(frustrated)
 That wasn't my fortune. That was
 Macy's. That was in *her* cookie, and
 she gave it to *me*. Now you get it?

COLE CLAY

No.

MILES

Why would she give it to me if she
 didn't...

COLE CLAY

You want some free advice?

Cole hands the strip of paper back to Miles and begins using a SHARPIE to scribble on a POST IT.

MILES

No.

COLE CLAY

At every turn, just ask yourself these four little words, "What would Johnny do?"

Cole stands and nods at a LIFE-SIZE CUT OUT of the MAN IN BLACK. He moves back towards his microphone. An old, signed ACOUSTIC GUITAR hangs from the wall next to Johnny.

MILES

Check.

(as if he's committing
this advice to memory)

"What would a born-again, ex-con junkie do."

COLE CLAY

Watch it, boy.

Cole Clay hands Miles the POST IT.

COLE CLAY (CONT'D)

There's my pager number in case of emergency. That's emergency with a capital *emerge*. Catch my drift?

MILES

I think so.

COLE CLAY

Just flip the tapes when it's time.

MILES

I'm not sure this is a good idea.

COLE CLAY

So? You're an intern. Do you know what that means in radio-world? It means I'm king shit now; you do what you're told, and you'll be king shit...*in turn*. Copacetic?

MILES
 (what a stupid word)
Copacetic.

Cole moves toward the door.

COLE CLAY
 Now I want them CDs back in the
 cases and alphamatized by the time
 I get back. Which'll be...
 (glancing at watch)
 Well, it'll be before Buck gets
 here for the morning show.

Miles looks down, sees the stack of CDs is huge.

MILES
 Come on, Cole. I've got a ton of
 homework.

Cole rubs his forefinger and thumb together.

COLE CLAY
 World's smallest fiddle playing "I
 don't give a fuck." Sid, in the
 immortal words of Patsy Cline,
 "Stay the hell up."

Cole passes through the door. As he walks out into the hallway, he smiles through the window, points his finger at Miles and gives him a double tooth suck. Miles stares at the GIGANTIC STACK OF CDS in front of him. The music is at it's twangy-est. We suspect that this is Miles' idea of hell.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONTROL BOOTH, K.I.I.I. RADIO STATION - 2 HOURS LATER

As George Jones' sings "He Stopped Loving Her Today," CAMERA FINDS MILES having worked his way to the bottom of the stack of CDs. The song ends and Cole's voice fills the booth.

COLE CLAY (V.O.)
 Aw, here it is cowboys and
 cowgirls, nearly closing time, and
 you know what that means. Time to
 lower them standards. Remember:
 ugly people turn out to be the best
 lovers. Hell, they gotta be.

Miles looks up at the speakers, smirks. As Willy and Julio sing "To All The Girls I've Loved Before," the RED LIGHT above the door begins blinking.

Miles looks down at the FIVE-LINE PHONE. One of the buttons has lit up. Miles reaches for the phone, presses the appropriate button.

MILES

K-Yip.

MACY (O.S.)

Hey good lookin'. Watcha got cookin'?

MILES

Macy!

INT. PARKED CAR - NIGHT - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

MACY, 18, speaks into her CELL PHONE from the PASSENGER SEAT OF A CAR.

MACY

How's my country speak?

MILES

Bodacious.

(then, coyly)

So what's up?

MACY

You finish your trig homework?

MILES

(glancing at his book)

Nearly.

MACY

I've been cramming for civics all night, and I'm toast. Any chance I can copy your trig. I could swing by and get it in the morning.

MILES

Actually, me and Del, we're heading out for Austin at dawn. We're gonna stand in line for Radiohead tickets.

(an idea! hopeful)

You could come...

(off Macy's hemming)

Or I could get you one.

MACY

What if you left the trig outside?
Is there a good place?

Miles takes a beat to switch gears, consider her question.

MILES

Uh... Yeah. I guess. I could leave it in the mailbox.

MACY

You are the coolest. See you after school, then? In the parking lot?

MILES

Yeah. All right. Hey did you hear what happened at the Dairy...

MACY

Bye.

Macy hangs up.

MILES

...Queen. Okay. Bye.

Off Miles' what-just-happened expression.

INT. CONTROL BOOTH, K.I.I.I. RADIO STATION - LATER

Miles looks down at his TRIG BOOK, completes a problem. Writes the answer on a second sheet of paper...for Macy.

DISSOLVE TO:

Miles can barely keep his eyes open as he continues working on the trig.

DISSOLVE TO:

Miles is asleep, his head slumped into the crook of his arm, a small puddle of saliva growing under his mouth.

COLE CLAY (V.O.)

Wake up!

Miles head pops up. He attempts to shake the cobwebs out.

COLE CLAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Time to milk them cows. You done hit the snooze too many times already. Get yer lazy bones outta the sack. Here, lemme help.

Dolly Parton's "Jolene" begins to play. Miles is just beginning to get his bearings again when Cole's pre-recorded SHOW begins to SLOW DOWN. Miles turns and stares at the tape deck with an expression of terror.

The tape comes to a complete stop and the PLAY SWITCH on the tape deck POPS UP. MILES looks up at the lighted ON AIR sign. The station is broadcasting DEAD AIR.

Miles flies up from his seat and hits the EJECT BUTTON on the tape deck. He attempts to pull the tape from the deck, but the cassette is a mess of unspooled, twisted, coiled tape.

Verging on hyperventilating, Miles looks all around the booth trying to figure out what he should do. A CARROUSEL of SONG CARTS captures his attention. Without looking at which tape he's grabbing, he takes one down, slams it into a player, and brings the fader volume up on the deck.

MUSIC CUE: Amazing Rhythm Aces' "Third Rate Romance."

Miles is finally able to breathe now that he has filled the dead air. Miles picks up the POST IT WITH COLE'S PAGER NUMBER on it and quickly dials the phone. He punches in the radio station number and hangs up.

Miles picks up the cassette and begins the Sisyphean task of winding it back up. The tape gets stuck. Miles inserts a PENCIL into the hole and tries to achieve more leverage but only succeeds in making the TAPE SNAP IN HALF.

Miles sighs. As he does, he looks up and sees the RED LIGHT FLASHING. He looks down, sees that one of the phone lines has lit up. Miles snatches the phone out of its cradle.

MILES

Get back here, now. The tape broke.

FEMALE VOICE

(confused)

Am I the fifth caller?

MILES

(confused, frantic)

What? Are you the what?

FEMALE VOICE

The fifth caller. For the money song?

Miles' head snaps up.

SNAP ZOOM to a sign taped to the control board. In big red magic marker letters it reads, "MONEY SONG - Third Rate Romance. \$560 to 5th Caller. Play only during drive time."

MILES

Uh...No...not really.

A dazed Miles sees the other four buttons light up. Miles hangs up, then, very tentatively, punches the next button on the phone.

MILES (CONT'D)

Hello? ...K-I-I-I.

(beat)

Uh, yeah. I'm real sorry. You're the second caller. Yeah. Okay. Bye.

CUT TO:

MILES (CONT'D)

(increasingly
uncomfortable)

...third caller...sorry.

CUT TO:

MILES (CONT'D)

(petrified)

...fourth caller...

Miles hangs up, takes a deep breath, looks down. As he watches, the LINES he's answered LIGHT BACK UP.

Miles panics. He picks up then hangs up each line in rapid succession. For a moment all the lines remain unlit, then slowly, ALL FIVE ILLUMINATE AGAIN.

Miles has an epiphany. He begins a frantic search of all the CARTS on a CARROUSEL. When he finds the one he needs, his face registers hope. Miles jams the cart in an available player.

SOUND FX: Cash registers KACHINGING. Slot machines VOMITING COINS. SIRENS. The DING-DING-DINGING of a stock market bell. And the odd non-sequitor BLAST OF A TUG BOAT WHISTLE. Then the pre-recorded voice of Cole Clay.

COLE CLAY (V.O.)

There's another five hundred and sixty dollar winner. It pays to stay tuned right here to K.I. Yippee I.I.

Miles turns his attention to the phone. One by one the LIGHTED BUTTONS DIM. He's off the hook.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Waylon Jennings' "Are You Sure Hank Done It This Way?" plays as Miles references Cole's pager number and dials it again.

Miles referencing an ADVERTISING CHART, pulling the appropriate CARTS off the CARROUSEL, cues one up.

Miles sorts through the VINYL ALBUMS, selecting cuts.

Miles again pages Cole.

Miles, gaining some confidence in the mechanics of what he's doing, fades a song from an LP, slides in an advertising cart, listens in headphones, waits... waits... cues a CD.

Miles pulls a bottle of coke out of the machine in the hallway, sprints back in just in time to change songs.

In an effort to stay awake, Miles begins a KNEE-SLAPPING, HOE-DOWN DANCE worthy of West Virginian coal miner. As he's dancing, Miles takes note of the guitar hanging from the wall. He stops dancing, moves toward it, reaches out for it. Before he actually touches the guitar, he sees the "look, don't touch" handmade sign below it. Miles pauses. Considers. Then reaches back up and pulls it down.

Miles sits in Cole's chair and tunes the guitar. He begins strumming. Miles periodically jots down lyrics in a notebook.

Miles takes an ALBUM out of its sleeve and cues it up. As Miles brings up the fader on the song, he takes us OUT OF THE MONTAGE. A sly look crosses Mile's face.

INT. DEL HIATT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

A phone rings in Del's bedroom. A HAND reaches out from under a comforter and grabs the phone before the fourth ring.

DEL

Whoever this is, I hate you.

MILES

Turn on K-Yip.

DEL

Miles? Jesus.

(turning on bedside lamp)

It's... It's.... What time is it?

MILES
Five forty-eight. Turn on K-Yip.

DEL
Why would I wanna turn on...

MILES
Just do it.

Del sighs, reaches for his CLOCK RADIO, gets the station dialed in. As Del sits up and CAMERA PULLS back, we notice BASS GUITARS and AMPS next to his bed.

DEL
Twang. Twang. Twang. Glad you woke me up for this.

CLOSE ON MILES' HAND as he reaches down and begins scratching the Merle Haggard LP on the turntable.

MERLE HAGGARD
*I'm proud to be an O-O-O-Okie from
Mus-Mus-Mus-Muskogie...*

Del is immeasurably entertained. *This* is worth waking up for.

DEL
Dude! Oh my god. What's up down there? Cole off taking a dump?

MILES
He split. I'm all by my lonesome.

DEL
Say something.

MILES
It's pretty cool.

DEL
On air, you hayseed.

MILES
Oh. Yeah. I better not.

Del proceeds to bawk like a chicken.

MILES (CONT'D)
Are you making chicken noises?

DEL
I was clearing my throat.

Miles turns, gazes up at the FORBODING HANGING MICROPHONE. He steels himself, then tentatively leans into the mic.

MILES

(mousy)

You're listening to pure country
560 AM, serving Doggett and greater
Lampasas County.

Miles reaches for a NEW SONG CART to slide in. TIGHT ON THE CART'S LABEL - Johnny Cash, Understand Your Man.

MILES (CONT'D)

(into phone, seeking
approval)

So?

DEL

That was horrible. Your dream is to
work in radio some day, right?

MILES

The dream is rock stardom. The
backup plan is radio.

DEL

Well, I'm just saying.
(as if this is
consolation)
Maybe you can sell ads.

The SECOND LINE on the phone LIGHTS UP.

MILES

Hold on.

Miles cuts off his friend, punches the other line.

MILES (CONT'D)

K-Yip.

ANGRY WOMAN'S VOICE

Gimme Cole Clay.

MILES

I'm sorry. He's...uh...indisposed.

ANGRY WOMAN'S VOICE

Look, you lying sack of shit, this
is his wife, and I'm coming up
there right now.

(MORE)

ANGRY WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

If that wooden-dicked playboy ain't there, I'm setting fire to the whole goddamn station.

Cole's wife slams the phone down. Miles remains motionless for a moment, attempts to process this new info. Deciding there's little he can do, he punches the first phone line button and resumes his conversation with Del.

MILES

You listen to the new mix?

DEL

It's better. It's still not there, yet, though.

MILES

Okay, so I'm not Bono. I get it. But I don't suck. We've got T-shirts, bumper stickers. Don't you think it's time we played a show?

DEL

Dude. It's not just me. Macy doesn't think we're ready, either.

MILES

(what the fuck?)
Macy? She's never even heard us.

DEL

(scrambling)
I guess she must've played you playing the tape.

MILES

No. No, I didn't play it for her. I haven't played it for anyone.

A long, ugly, awkward beat of silence.

DEL

Okay. Whatever. I mean, come on, you guys are broken up.
(beat)
Miles?

ANGLE ON MILES - he's unable to process this news. He shoots a look at his TRIG BOOK. Miles sets the phone down on the cradle. He stands.

The Johnny Cash song begins to creep into his consciousness.

JOHNNY CASH

*You would say the same old thing
you've been saying all along/ Lay
there in your bed and keep your
mouth shut 'til I'm gone/*

Johnny seems to be speaking directly to Miles. Miles moves toward the life-size Johnny poster. Miles stares so intently at the poster, we understand the question he's asking himself: *what would Johnny do?*

JOHNNY CASH (CONT'D)

*Don't give me that old familiar
crying, pissin' and moanin'/
Understand your man/ I'm tired of
your badmouthin'...*

The RED LIGHT flashes. Miles hesitates for a beat before he decides to pick up.

MILES

K-Yip.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

Cole Clay, wearing a leopard-skin thong, wife-beater and a Stetson, talks to Miles in the foreground while a BIG HAIREED GAL gets dressed in the background.

COLE CLAY

Jesus Christ, boy, you paged four times. What happened? Coke machine eat your quarters?

MILES

(flatly)

The tape broke three hours ago.

(then...)

Oh, another thing. Turns out you have a wife, and she's coming down here to set fire to the station.

COLE CLAY

Well fuck all. Tell you what, Cracker Jack, you could screw up a steel ball.

(takes a breath, rubs neck, formulates a plan)

All righty, here's what you do.

First...

(realizing)

Hello? Hello?

Off Cole Clay as panic begins to set in.

Cue the FUZZY GUITARED PUNK ROCK FURY of Louse Trap. Pounding snare. Bass playing eighth-notes on the root. Lead guitar feedback cutting through the mix.

INT. CONTROL BOOTH, K.I.I.I. RADIO STATION - DAWN

CLOSE on Miles' mouth, leaning into the microphone.

MILES (V.O.)
 (all diffidence gone, in
 wide-open deejay
 throttle)
 Listen up, cowboys and cowgirls,
 this is Miles...Miles O'Barbwire
 ...signing off for the first and
 last time here at K.I. Yippee I.I.

EXT. RADIO STATION - DAWN

Miles steps out into the dawn, allows his eyes to adjust. He turns back toward the door and uses a KEY to lock it. He takes the key and launches it across the highway.

MILES (V.O.)
 This tune is by a local band called
 Louse Trap. They'll be playing the
 VFW Hall this Friday night with a
 brand new bass player, so catch 'em
 while you can.

CLOSE ON A MAILBOX with a CLOTHESPIN attached for outgoing mail. MILES' HAND enters frame and squeezes the clothespin, but he doesn't slide the math homework in the slot. Instead, he leaves the SLIP OF PAPER containing Macy's fortune.

MILES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 This song goes out...
 (pausing, considering)
 This song goes out to all the girls
 I've loved before.

CUE MILES' VOCALS in the song...

LOUSE TRAP
*Fortune cookie gives me some
 insight to the mysteries of my
 life/ To the unavoidable
 highlights/ As I crack it open/
 Free for all the clientele/ Sharing
 every detail/ Fortune cookie...*

Miles turns.

REVEAL a CLASSIC 1966 CHERRY RED MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE where there was no car the night before. Miles nods. That's more like it. He gets in the car, starts it.

INT. MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE - MOVING - DAWN

As his own song blasts out of his car speakers, Miles tears off down the highway, bobbing his head to the music.

MILES P.O.V. - A MINIVAN comes toward him in the highway. As the vehicle gets closer Miles can make out the driver. It's COLE, a look of horror and defeat etched on his face.

COLE'S P.O.V. - Miles' grinning, double-tooth suck, finger-gun salute is the last thing Cole sees before the Mustang is past him.

As Miles drives into the sunrise, the car lifts off the ground and begins to FLY LIKE CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG. Miles looks down at the ground and waves to the world below him.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
(sharply)
Miles! ...Miles! Wake up!

INT. CONTROL BOOTH, ROCK AND ROLL RADIO STATION - DAY

Tight on Miles' face. His eyes open slowly. He is in the exact position he fell asleep earlier. He has a beard -- or at least several days' facial growth. He is, perhaps, EIGHT YEARS OLDER.

Journey plays in the control booth. Rock and roll paraphernalia covers the walls. A life-size David Lee Roth has replaced Johnny Cash. A "95.7 Classic Rock" MICROPHONE SHIELD lets us know the identity of Miles' new station.

MILES' P.O.V. - A YOUNG INTERN in a HANK III T-SHIRT waves a telephone in Miles' face. Behind the intern is a giant, MODERN ART PAINTING OF A HAPPY MAN DRIVING A SPORTS CAR.

INTERN
It's your wife.

MILES
Tell her I'm...
(not enough energy to make
up a lie)
...somewhere.

INTERN

She knows you're here.

Miles reluctantly takes the phone to the intern who resumes organizing and replacing CDs in the b.g.

MILES

Yeah?

(henpecked, subservient)

Sweetie, I'm exhaus...

(never mind)

Okay. Diapers. Yeah.

(beat)

On my way home. What else?

(dead to the world)

Okay. Okay. Yeah. Me, too. Bye.

Miles hangs up the phone, looks over to his intern.

MILES (CONT'D)

Yo. Tex. I need you to run by
Ralph's, get me some diapers, some
Bisquick and the latest issue of In
Style.

The intern looks up from his record sorting, gives Miles a barely disguised look of contempt, shakes his head and makes his way toward a SLIDING GLASS DOOR. Beyond the door we can see palm trees and blue skies...Southern California.

MILES (CONT'D)

Hey, hey, hey, there good buddy.
This is radio. And in radio
world...

The intern stops in the doorway, looks back at Miles.

INTERN

I know. You're king shit now.

The intern exits. Miles reaches for the microphone, sadly, and musters the energy to speak into it.

MILES

(sounding like every
obnoxious rock deejay in
America)

You're listening to ninety-five
point seven Southern California's
classic rock where the good times
just keep comin'.

As Jefferson Starship sings "We Built This City," Miles leans back in his chair, and, as he closes his eyes, we...

FADE TO BLACK.