

DISTURBING THE PEACE

FADE IN:

CLOSE-UP: A cow stares INTO CAMERA, chewing her cud. She chews. And chews.

ROB (O.S.)

I've been watching you. And you know it. You're the most fascinating woman in this room. You know that too. I love your mouth. And what a great tail. I'm helpless at your hooves.

CLOSE-UP: A bull.

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

My man! She's yours? Hey, I'm outta here. Whatta set of milk jugs, huh? Oh -- it's your cud. Hey, some fun getting it back, eh?

CLOSE-UP: A cow.

ROB (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, break my heart, Sugarlumps. What, you think you're the only one with problems? Don't gimme that Angelina pout. Goddam it, pull yourself together!

CONTESSA (O.S.)

I guess you don't have to worry till they talk back.

INT. EXHIBITION HALL - DAY

Filled with bulky animals in stalls and wealthy people not in stalls.

ROB MICHEALS turns to the CONTESSA, a bejewelled young Euro-trash.

Rob (thirties/forties) is exceedingly well turned-out.

His beard, moustache, and shoulder-length hair are dashing but would seem out of place if not accompanied by the arrogance of the far-too-rich-and-bored.

ROB

Contessa. I didn't know you were a beef fancier.

CONTESSA

I didn't know you had a collection of hundred-thousand-dollar heifers.

ROB

I try to stay liquid. Care to see my bull semen?

CONTESSA

Tell me, Mr. Micheals, do you share my feelings about cattle auctions?

ROB

I find here some of the most fascinating personalities in the world, but then they get bought and you have to talk to the people. Where's your husband?

CONTESSA

Trying to purchase bull semen.

They give each other A Look. BUZZ. A uniformed man (MIGUEL) approaches, opens a briefcase, and hands Rob a cell phone.

ROB

(into phone)

Yes, Françoise. ... They let it ring?

... All right, I'll pick him up.

(returns phone to Contessa)

will you be in Zermatt next week?

She smiles.

ROB (CONT'D)

You ... are the most fascinating woman in this room.

EXT. MANSION

A long limo enters the circular driveway of a Tudor mansion. Miguel opens a door for Rob, who walks to the entrance.

He rings a bell but expects no answer. He knocks -- nothing. He sighs, goes to a window, hoists it and climbs in.

INT. MANSION

Rob hops down into an ornate but empty foyer, then walks into an endless hall. It's chandeliered, mirrored and carpeted, but there are no personal touches: it's as if no one really lives here.

Rob approaches a door.

CLOSE-UP: Dirty underwear. TILT UP: Perched atop it is an old take-out Chinese container. TILT UP: Grotesque debris stretches to the horizon.

INT. BEDROOM

In the distance, a door opens; Rob enters and surveys the room with revulsion.

ROB

Willy!

He takes a tentative step -- and sinks in to his knees.

Sickened but resigned, he wades through piles of dirty clothes, old food, music magazines, cardboard boxes, LP's, CD's, audio cassettes, video cassettes, cables, and bras-sieres.

ROB (CONT'D)

Willy! It's the Two Thousands -- you gotta get up now!

A SPLASH; Rob turns to the bathroom then wades in that direction.

INT. BATHROOM

Rob enters and sees WILLY lying naked in a water-filled bathtub. Willy's also in his thirties/forties with long curly hair, beard and mousatache. The Compleat Degenerate, no super-ego dares tread in the forbidding jungle of his mind.

WILLY

(eyes still closed)

Shit, is it humid.

(eyes open)

Hey, I got laid!

ROB

Here's a kinky idea -- why not try having sex like an air-breather?

WILLY

It's been done, man. Anyway, if I could find my bed I'd use it. Hey, where'd she go? Oh that's right, she had a math test.

ROB

If you hurry, we can be an hour late for a meeting.

Willy gets out of the tub and, without drying himself, pulls on his clothes.

WILLY

I should've figured, man. Why else would Rob Micheals leave his fellow imperialist running-dog lackey ruling-class vermin.

ROB
They may be vermin but at least they
don't carry vermin.

WILLY
Is it raining?

ROB
No.

WILLY
(pats clothes)
Good. They'll dry.

INT. BEDROOM

Rob and Willy emerge from the bathroom and wade towards the door.

ROB
You've really done wonders with the
place.

WILLY
Bemused chortle, man.

ROB
Look, if you won't hire servants, why
not have a woman come once a week.

WILLY
Cause it's selfish. The girl last
night had eight.

Rob is distracted by the sounds of a drum kit being crushed beneath his feet.

EXT. MANSION

In the car, Miguel hears a DOOR OPEN then RHYTHMIC SQUISHING. He sees Rob and Willy (the squisher) walking down the steps and hurries to open the door.

ROB
Take my advice and hire a Frog. The
French are the only race who retain a
commitment to prompt and efficient
service.

WILLY
That's not true, man. Burger World
gets you fries in five minutes.

Rob enters the limo.

ROB
Thanks, Miguel.

MIGUEL

Oui, monsieur.

Willy reacts as he enters.

EXT. FREEWAY

The limo drives.

INT. DTP OFFICE

Despite being the headquarters for a world-famous rock band, it's a standard-issue corporate office: eight or ten people at desks, typing, filing. It's quiet, serious.

The door bursts open and Willy rushes in.

WILLY

Iss still heah! Lawdy clawdy, Massa Marsupial, iss still heah!

Rob follows him in. CLOSE-UP: VICTOR's head jerks up.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Da mose boodiful tax shelter ah evah done evah seed!

(drops to knees)

Ah gotta gib lip to dis ole black linoleum!

(kisses floor)

ROB

(to office)

Please -- no photos.

Willy notices a woman at a desk.

WILLY

Wow, great breasts! How do you do that, man? Mine are so tiny.

Willy moves on; Rob smiles at her solicitously.

ROB

Sorry, the lobotomy never took.

Willy passes a man.

WILLY

Woh, nice suit! I have a roof made out of that.

ROB

(shakes man's hand)

Congratulations -- you are the lucky recipient of Willy Stone's one millionth cheap insult.

As they move through the room, a secretary near a glass door presses a button.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE

On a desk, a discreetly placed sign flashes urgently. It reads: "IT'S THEM!"

A hand takes a pitcher, pours water in a glass, removes two pills from a drawer, pops them, and washes them down.

Victor (twenties/thirties) is lean and hungry; he sees Rob and Willy as near-fools whose only function appears to be impeding his ambitions.

His impressive office contains a stage area with lights, microphones, amplifiers and a drum kit. There's also a poster of a rock band with Willy on drums and Rob, on guitar, doing a spectacular leap.

Victor realizes the commotion in the outer office has stopped; he listens apprehensively.

The door flies open.

WILLY

Vicky! Honey! Darling!

Rob follows as Willy rushes to Victor and embraces him.

WILLY (CONT'D)

You don't know what it means to hold you like this. But, do you know what it means to hold you like this?

(grabs at angle; Victor pushes him away)

Really, man, we gotta do this less often.

Rob flops into a chair, legs over the arms.

ROB

victor, I left a prize-winning heifer and a prime piece of low-grade European royalty for this. Can we begin?

VICTOR

First I gotta thank you for boosting morale in the office.

WILLY

Y'know when you get sarcastic, your eyes scrunch up in the cutest way.

VICTOR

Let's get down to business.

WILLY

Get down!

ROB

Get funky!

Rob and Willy jump up to slap high-fives, low-fives, backwards, between-the-legs-fives, then lock together in a mock standing hump. Victor responds with a forced smile.

VICTOR

Okay, I'll try to keep it short.

WILLY

Just think about your girlfriend.

Victor winces as Willy goes to the stage. Then Victor notices that Rob's disappeared -- he peers over his desk and sees Rob lying on the floor with his legs draped over the seat of the chair.

VICTOR

Back bothering you?

ROB

No, it's just a lot easier to look up your dress.

Willy launches into a furious DRUM SOLO.

VICTOR

Why don't you play in the studio that's sitting empty at 500 an hour?

ROB

We have a session tomorrow.

VICTOR

Have you written any songs?

ROB

As we explained to you, Victor, we're going to let our songwriting flow from the natural interplay between musicians.

VICTOR

Guess not.

WILLY

(stops)

What's the sweat, man? We're still grotesquely wealthy, aren't we?

VICTOR

Disturbing The Peace is a shark -- it's gotta move forward or die. And this is the time to move.

(MORE)

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Every old band with someone breathing has dragged itself out for an album or tour.

ROB

Touring's bullshit. You can't play real music live.

VICTOR

Then let me start merchandizing. You're the last act in America without a commercial tie-in.

ROB

Our songs mean something. We won't let them be used to mean something else.

WILLY

We're sensitive fucking artists, man.

VICTOR

You don't want to corrupt the purity of "Tongue Me! Baby"?

WILLY

No one's ever gotten that lyric. It's about a guy in a deli.

VICTOR

When you begged me to become President of this corporation, you were broke because you tried to run it yourselves. I saved your ass and you gave me a share, but you can't record, you don't tour and you won't merchandize. You wanta sit in your mansions and watch it all disappear! fine, but I'm not going down with you.

ROB

Victor, may I say something? Shut your hole, you pinbrained excuse for slug excrement. You're not dealing with a couple moron musicians -- I was negotiating my own contracts when you were sucking tit for milk. Don't you ever forget whose company this is. We're in charge and you're our accountant.

WILLY

(arm around Victor)

What we're trying to say, man, is we love you.

VICTOR

(seething)

Either you deliver product within the next month or I quit. And you can make next year's mortgage payments playing second bill at pathetic oldies revivals while everything you've done becomes part of the distant and irrelevant past.

Willy holds Victor's bright red tie in one hand.

WILLY

I now declare this bridge open.

He takes a scissors from the desk and cuts the tie.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - A LITTLE LATER

Rob and Willy walk pensively.

ROB

He's right about one thing -- we're moldy. We need a jolt, we gotta let the world into our music.

WILLY

You sayin we're outta touch? We can't relate to regular people anymore?

ROB

No, no ...

WIDEN to show Rob's limo trailing behind them.

ROB (CONT'D)

I just think our writing's stale.

WILLY

You write 'em, man, all I do is play on 'em.

ROB

Bullshit. You got the best beat in the business and that's what makes it work.

WILLY

I'm Ringo, man. Just go ahead and say it.

ROB

Whatya want, tongue? We're a team. But that last album was crap.

(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)
 We've been doing the same riff for
 twenty years.

A beat, then ...

ROB/WILLY
 Boom!-da-da-Boom!-da-da-duh ... duh
 ... BOOM!

WILLY
 Good riff.

ROB
 Great riff.

They're now across from an austere government building, at a cross-walk where the traffic-light's about to turn green.

ROB (CONT'D)
 C'mon, we can make it.

They exchange a glance then take off furiously. Rob stops halfway; Willy reaches the other side alone. Rob smiles.

WILLY
 You are so immature, man.

ROB
 Am not.

WILLY
 Are so!

There's a NOISE: a white Lincoln races down the street. Rob stares, transfixed.

WILLY (CONT'D)
 Rob!

Rob jumps out of the way; Willy runs to him.

WILLY (CONT'D)
 You okay?

ROB
 Yeah.

WILLY
 Don't die on me, man. It's too
 Sixties.

He puts his arm around Rob. As they walk away, Rob puts his arm around Willy.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Rob and Willy sit on steps above a large parking lot. The limo waits below.

WILLY

When was it that we stopped being
musicians and became businessmen?

ROB

When we got successful.

MAN (O.S.)

Excuse me.

A middle-aged MAN with a briefcase stands above them.

WILLY

Why? Didja fart?

The man reacts as Rob and Willy move aside to let him pass.

ROB (TO WILLY)

That rapier wit of yours. Undimmed
by age.

Below them, the man walks past their limo; ZOOM IN to the
white Lincoln in the distance. Moving towards him.

Picking up speed.

The man sees it and backs up. He turns to Rob and Willy, who
see the Lincoln. It goes even faster and someone leans out
the window -- aiming a gun.

The man runs up the steps as Rob and Willy start to flee.

They all collide just as the car SCREECHES below them and the
gunman FIRES.