

Thurston cracks up laughing, he finds his joke funny, though it missed it's mark with Kodi and Delilah.

Through laughter, Thurston seizes the moment to slap Kodi on the shoulder, harder then necessary, clearly Thurston is looking for trouble, Kodi doesn't bite, forces a smile.

KODI

We're getting off on the wrong foot.

THURSTON ABERNATHY

Like two left shoes, we are. Let's say we remedy that with a drink? How you like your wine?

Tension eases.

KODI

Good.

Thurston cracks a wicked smile after winning the dick measuring contest, for now. Presses an intercom button.

**Start**

THURSTON ABERNATHY

Say, uh, Rodrick, would you fetch some wine from the cellar, something old, prewar.

RODRICK (O.C.)

Right away, sir.

KODI

Prewar? Talk about vintage.

THURSTON ABERNATHY

I spare no expense when it comes to friends.

(winks)

Now, how bout that delightful band. Just Jonez with a Z. I gotta say, I haven't heard voices that incredible since before the war. I own a Thriller Album if you could believe that?

DELILAH

Well don't say that too loudly in front of MJ. He loves and I mean LOVES Michael Jackson. It's his inspiration. In fact, one of the selections they would perform should we reach a deal *is* none other than Billy Jean.

THURSTON ABERNATHY

No shit? See, I was blessed with an eye for talent. Lets say we put ink to paper and call it a day.

DELILAH

Wouldn't you like to read over the contract? They don't work for peanuts and they don't perform for... well you know, people not of a certain--

THURSTON ABERNATHY

Hush your sugar lips right there. First, there ain't a number you can count up to that I can't cover, so there's that. Second, That theater down in the middle of town was built with only the finer people in mind. The only people in the building that doesn't belong there, for lack of a better word, *is* the help.

Delilah and Kodi look at each other.

DELILAH

Good to know.

KODI

Good to know.

Delilah hands Thurston the contract. True to his word he doesn't read it, just signs.

THURSTON ABERNATHY

We are officially in the Just Jonez business. Thirty days from now I'm expecting the best damn show anyone has ever seen.

DELILAH

Prepare to be wowed, Mr. Abernathy.

THURSTON ABERNATHY

None of that Abernathy crap. Call me Thurston. That's what my friends call me.

DELILAH

Thurston it is. Now where'd your guy have to go for that drink? Prichard?

Everyone shares a laugh.

Kodi gets up.

THURSTON ABERNATHY  
 Going somewhere? Drinks will only  
 be a moment.

KODI  
 Actually, I don't drink and we've  
 been here a bit longer than  
 expected. Just wanna go make sure  
 the driver hasn't left us yet.  
 (puts on his hat)  
 Mr. Abernathy.

Kodi heads for the door...

THURSTON ABERNATHY  
 Wait a minute.

Kodi halts, looks back.

THURSTON ABERNATHY (CONT'D)  
 I said, friends call me Thurston.

KODI  
 That's right, you did. Good evening  
 Mr. Abernathy.

Kodi leaves.

Thurston looks at Delilah, she shoulder shrugs **End**

## CHAPTER 5: EXCITING NEWS!

INT. OLD SHACK - EVENING

We pan circle the room, we see a brick oven at the back, a small wooden table just before it, to the far right we see a rickety twin-sized bed, and in the center of the home we find RACHEAL, 30, exotic beauty, could be from anywhere, long dark black hair, singing as she bathes SYDNEY, 7, precious as a peach, in a tin tub.

Suds sit atop Sydney's head as she plays with toys in the water. Racheal smiles, despite the meager living space she seems authentically happy.

SYDNEY  
 Momma?

RACHEAL  
 Yeah, Sydney?