

ALL I WANT

by

R.B.Taylor

EXT. BELL'S BEACH, AUSTRALIA - DAY

A swell rises and forms a perfect tube. Six foot and rising. Eight foot and still rising. Ten feet! - one of the finest, but most intimidating waves anywhere in this world.

The grand, dramatic Mozart String Quartet in D minor - the mighty K-4 - underscores this giant of a wave.

A surfer barrels toward us at maybe 60 kph.

He's MITCH AUDLEY, 22. Zinc cream is striped across his cheeks like war paint.

A second surfer, SPINNER, 22 sits on his board and whoops and hollers encouragement.

Mitch shoots through the tube and shimmies up the face of the monster. His fin catches the lip of the wave and he flies.

Spinner watches board and Mitch separate. The legrope snaps and Mitch cartwheels through the air.

MITCH
Aaaaagghhh!!

Spinner winces as the board smacks into the water.

Mitch slams into the water.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Mitch plummets. His body goes limp.

EXT. BELL'S BEACH - DAY

Whitewash. But no Mitch. Spinner looks worried.

SPINNER
Mitch...?

Mitch finally bursts, Poseidon-like, from the depths.

MITCH
How good was that?!

INT. PIPELINE BAR - NIGHT

The bar is packed with surfer guys and surfer chicks.

On stage - GRUM, the singer and guitarist of a four piece band grabs the microphone.

SINGER

I'd like to welcome back a couple
of old buddies. When they left they
weren't much more than grommets.
They're a bit rusty on the waves,
'cause the swells ain't so big in
old London town, but they sure play
kick ass rock 'n' roll.

Mitch (guitar) and Spinner (guitar) acknowledge the audience.

They launch into a punkish, kick ass version of an old 60s
surfie instrumental - "Walk Don't Run"-style.

The surfie guys and surfie chicks whoop and holler.

INT. AUDLEY LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mitch, Spinner, Mitch's DAD (David), MUM, and GRANDMA wear
colored paper hats and sit around a Christmas tree.

Mitch unwraps a present. It's a violin bow.

MITCH

Grandpa's bow. Thanks, grandma.

GRANDMA

He would have wanted you to have
it..

Mitch balances the old bow on the tip of his finger.

MITCH

Wow. Perfect.

DAD

Let's hope you achieve something
with it.

MUM

(quickly)
I'm sure Mitch'll do us all proud.

DAD

Last term, Mitch. Last chance.

SPINNER

I gotta go.

Spinner sees an argument brewing. He rises and heads for the
door.

MITCH

Where are you going?

SPINNER

My folks are expecting me. You all have a merry and a... peaceful Christmas.

Mitch forces a cheerful smile - thanks a million, mate.

INT. AUDLEY DINING ROOM - DAY

Mitch, Mum and Grandma sit at the dining table. Mitch tops up Grandma's wine.

GRANDMA

So, have you seen her, Mitch?

MITCH

Who?

GRANDMA

The Queen.

MITCH

Only on postage stamps. And the back of coins.

Dad hits the play button on his CD player.

MITCH

Mozart.

Sure enough, a Mozart string quartet - the mighty K-4 plays.

Mitch rolls his eyes wearily. Mum shoots him a warning glance.

DAD

Do you remember this, Mitch?

MITCH

How could I forget, dad. I heard it every day for ten years.

MUM

(quickly)

Can you carve the turkey, please dear?

DAD

It's a new recording. Finest interpretation I've ever heard. The St Petersburg Quartet. Listen to that First Violin. She's your age, Mitch.

MITCH

Imagine what she'd be like with grandpa's bow.

MUM

Will you carve the turkey, please
David?

Mitch's Mum hands Dad the carving knife and fork.

Dad puts the CD cover on the table before Mitch. Mitch sees a
stunning blonde, KATJE, on the cover.

MITCH

She's a talent, all right.

Grandma takes a hefty swig of her red wine.

GRANDMA

Have you been to the Royal Albert
Hall?

MITCH

The Royal Albert Hall. The Wigmore.
The Royal Festival.

DAD

He's busked them all.

MUM

He did win a scholarship, David.

MITCH

Not just any scholarship, dad. The
London Academy.

GRANDMA

The only scholarship you ever won
was to teacher's college, David.

DAD

What are you going to do with this
Academy education, Mitch? If you're
going to busk and play in a rock
band, isn't it all pissing in the
wind?

MUM

The turkey, David.

MITCH

OK, have you heard of Charles
Southwood? The top manager in
Europe? He's got players in the
Royal Philharmonic, the New York
Philly. Berlin. Vienna.

Grandma takes another swig of wine.

GRANDMA

I used to go out with a tympani player from the Royal Philharmonic when I was but a slip of a girl.

MITCH

I've got an audition with him as soon as I get back.

GRANDMA

He let me bang his drum.

MUM

Mitch, that's marvellous. Why didn't you tell us?

DAD

What's your audition piece?

MITCH

Well, it won't be Mozart.

DAD

You've got an audition and you haven't even prepared your audition piece.

MUM

I'm sure Mitch is capable of sorting out an audition piece.

David plunges the knife into the turkey.

GRANDMA

Can we play something else. Some Tom Jones would be nice.

Over - a Tom Jones tune. "It's not Unusual", or "Delilah"-style.

EXT. LONDON UNDERGROUND STATION, CONCOURSE - DAY

Mitch, violin, and Spinner, guitar, busk the Tom Jones tune. The passing LADIES are taken by their blond hair, Australian Christmas tans and their surfie fashion.

A Blind BEGGAR sits on the floor and looks enviously over his dark glasses as the coins and notes pile up in Mitch's violin case.

A pair of TRANSPORT POLICE march along the concourse. They clock Mitch and Spinner.

SHERRY and BRANDY, a pair of stunning blondes, approach. Mitch serenades them with his soulful musician shtick.

Sherry and Brandy stop and grin at each other. They reach for their purses.

MITCH
No, ladies. Please. It's a pleasure.

BRANDY
Do you guys play private parties?

MITCH
Weddings, parties, anything.

SPINNER
For a consideration.

SHERRY
Cash? Or kind?

Spinner clocks two TRANSPORT COPS heading their way.

SPINNER
Mitch.

MITCH
We're professional musicians.

SHERRY
So where's your next gig? Wembley Stadium?

The Transport Cops get closer.

SPINNER
Mitch.

Mitch clocks the Transport Cops, closing in.

TRANSPORT COP 1
Hey, you!

MITCH
Bloody hell.

Mitch and Spinner grab their instrument cases.

MITCH
The Hero of Waterloo. Friday night.
Why don't you come?

Mitch and Spinner leg it, the Transport Cops in hot pursuit.

MITCH
Ten o'clock!

Notes and coins fly from Mitch's case as they run. The Blind Beggar gratefully sweeps up the largesse.

INT. UNDERGROUND STATION, BARRIER - DAY

Mitch and Spinner vault the ticket barriers and clatter down a flight of steps.

The Transport Cops vault the ticket barrier and chase hard.

INT. UNDERGROUND STATION, PLATFORM - DAY

Mitch and Spinner charge toward a waiting train. The doors close. Mitch glances over his shoulder and sees the Transport Cops, flying down the steps. They're trapped.

The doors spring open again. Spinner and Mitch leap in.

The Transport Cops charge toward the train. The doors remain open. The Transport Cops grin - gotcha!

Mitch leaps from the train. The Transport Cops are confused. Mitch feints left and right. Then he holds his arms up in surrender and blocks Transport Cops' attempts to get at Spinner.

The train door closes and the train pulls out.

INT. TRANSPORT POLICE OFFICE - DAY

Mitch sits at a desk in the spartan room.

Transport Police SUPERINTENDENT stands behind his desk. He sips tea and munches on a biscuit.

SUPERINTENDENT

This isn't the first time you've been in here. You've got priors.

MITCH

Just trying to bring bread to the table. Put coins in the gas meter.

SUPERINTENDENT

(to Transport Cop 1)
What was he playing?

TRANSPORT COP 1

Some old fart.

MITCH

It was Tom Jones.

SUPERINTENDENT

Tom Jones???

MITCH

You wouldn't laugh if my grandmother was here.

TRANSPORT COP 1

I think we should lock him up, guv.
For crimes against music.

MITCH

Look, I'm sorry. I plead guilty.
I'll pay whatever fine you want.
Just let me out of here. I've got
an audition.

SUPERINTENDENT

Oh yes? An audition for what? The
Royal Philharmonic?

MITCH

As a matter of fact. Yes.

SUPERINTENDENT

And where's this audition taking
place, Paganini? The Royal Academy?

MITCH

The London Academy.

SUPERINTENDENT

And what's your audition piece?

Mitch takes sheet music from his violin case and hands it to
the Superintendent.

SUPERINTENDENT

An inspiring piece of music. I
prefer the second movement myself.
Thrilling!

MITCH

The allegro. That's what I'm
playing.

The Superintendent is impressed, despite himself.

EXT. THE ACADEMY, ENTRANCE GATES - DAY

The polished brass plaque on the greystone gatepost reads
London Academy of Music.

Mitch barrels through the gates.

INT. THE ACADEMY, AUDITORIUM - DAY

Music students troop in with their instrument cases, and pack
into seats in the crowded auditorium.

INT. THE ACADEMY, LADIES ROOM - DAY

LUCY Harding, 21, coolly studies her reflection in the mirror. Her hair, her minimal make-up - perfect.

Someone throws up - loudly - in a cubicle.

Lucy brushes imaginary lint from her blouse.

Another violent, gagging retch. Lucy grimaces and suppresses a retch herself.

LUCY
Do you mind?

The toilet flushes. The cubicle door opens and HEATHER WEEKES, 21, mixed Caribbean-English parentage, emerges, dragging her old cello case. Her hair is everywhere and she wears a shapeless pullover and jeans.

HEATHER
Sorry.

Lucy's expression softens half a tone.

LUCY
Are you all right?

Heather smiles weakly, then her hand flies to her mouth and she races back into the cubicle. Another violent retch.

INT. THE ACADEMY, AUDITORIUM - DAY

Professor RUTH HALLER, 45, the elegant and still beautiful Dean of the Academy addresses the students from the stage.

RUTH
The Academy is one of the oldest
and most respected institutions in
the world of fine music.

KEITH BURROWES, 21, spies a spare seat in the middle of a packed row. He carries his viola case and a boom box.

RUTH
Last year, our students won more
places in the great orchestras of
the world than any other College in
the country.

A spontaneous burst of applause.

RUTH
The Academy is supported in a very
real sense by the four pillars of
musical education.

Keith makes for the spare seat and a STUDENT deliberately pokes his foot out. Keith trips and his viola case cracks a SECOND STUDENT in the jaw.

SECOND STUDENT

Owww!

RUTH

Rigour.

KEITH

Sorry.

RUTH

Discipline.

Keith regains his balance but whacks a THIRD STUDENT across the chops with his boom box.

KEITH

Sorry. Sorry.

RUTH

Technique. And a love of Fine music.

Ruth glares at Keith. Keith smiles a weak apology and falls into a chair, which collapses under him.

INT. THE ACADEMY, FOYER/HALLWAY - DAY

Mitch sprints across the foyer and up the marble stairs.

He sprints along a hallway. A young TUBA PLAYER gives him a blast on his tuba.

INT. THE ACADEMY, AUDITORIUM - DAY

Ruth continues her address.

RUTH

It is my pleasure to introduce Doctor Charles Southwood.

SOUTHWOOD, 50s, cultured, Saville Row suit and bow-tie, rises from his front row seat, and takes a bow.

RUTH

Doctor Southwood is Britain's leading agent and manager. He has placed musicians with the world's finest orchestras. His musicians have won countless competitions and recording contracts.

An excited murmur ripples through the audience. Lucy smiles a confident smile. Heather sighs wistfully.

RUTH

Doctor Southwood is here today to cast an appraising ear over our final year string players. He is always looking for fresh blood, new talent, and hopefully he'll find it here today.

The audience bursts into applause.

Southwood acknowledges the applause. He takes Ruth's hand and kisses it - as a lover or husband would.

INT. THE ACADEMY, CORRIDOR - DAY

Mitch tears around a corner and cannons into ALEX SWANN, 55, dressed in cords and tweeds that have seen better days. Alex, Mitch, violin and sheet music go flying.

MITCH

Damn! Sorry. You all right?

Alex nods. He helps Mitch gather the sheet music.

ALEX

Stravinsky? You're playing Stravinsky for an audition? You don't play safe, do you.

Alex hands the last sheet of music to Mitch.

MITCH

Thanks.

Alex watches Mitch sprint toward the auditorium doors.

INT. THE ACADEMY, AUDITORIUM - DAY

Lucy stands on stage, her violin and bow poised. She hits the first note.

The door flies open with a bang and Mitch enters. All eyes turn toward him.

MITCH

Hi.

Lucy glares at him - if looks could kill.

RUTH

Mr Audley. If only you timed your rubatos as immaculately as your entrances.

A FEW MINUTES LATER:

Lucy approaches the finale of her piece. She plays confidently, coolly.

Alex watches Lucy from his seat in the back corner. He sees Ruth and Southwood, sitting side by side. He sees Southwood give her hand a discreet affectionate squeeze and scowls.

Ruth glances in Alex's direction and Alex discreetly ducks his head.

Southwood follows Lucy's piece on sheet music before him.

Lucy finishes her piece. Alex and the audience applaud.

A FEW MINUTES LATER:

Keith shuffles onto the stage with his viola and the beat box.

KEITH

This is an original composition. By me. Of course.

He hits the play button and plays his viola. It's somewhere between John Cage and John Cale, with industrial noise accompaniment from the beat box.

Southwood glares at Keith.

Ruth fidgets in her seat. She looks around restlessly and spots Alex, who concentrates on the music. Alex sees her frowning at him and ducks his head.

INT. THE ACADEMY, STAGE WINGS - DAY

Keith enters the wings from the stage, carrying his viola and beat box.

Mitch stands with his violin, waiting his turn to go on stage. Heather stands ahead of him with her cello.

MITCH

Hey, man, that was really good. Weird. Out there. But good.

KEITH

Thanks, Mitch. Do You think it was a bit freaky for the Philly?

MITCH

You know the Philly - buncha old farts.

KEITH

I was just trying to give them some vision and imagination.

MITCH

Vision and imagination. You're the man, Keith.

A STAGE MANAGER beckons Heather toward the stage. She swallows hard and grabs her cello, but drops her bow. As she tries to pick up her bow, Keith picks it up. And she drops her cello - which Mitch catches.

They hand Heather her bow and cello.

MITCH

Slay 'em.

KEITH

Nail 'em to the floor.

Heather summons her courage and walks on stage.

Lucy storms into the back stage area. She thrusts her bow like a rapier under Mitch's nose, pinning him to the wall.

LUCY

What the fuck are you doing trying to ruin my audition?

MITCH

And here was I, thinking you were bullet proof.

LUCY

Do you know how long I prepared for this?

MITCH

Months? Hey, what's your problem? You were brilliant. You're a machine.

LUCY

Machine?

MITCH

Just wind you up and wheel you on stage.

Lucy glares. Her bow bends under the pressure she applies to Mitch's nose.

LUCY

This is a five thousand dollar hand carved Brazilian hardwood and solid gold bow and I swear I'll shove it right where it fits.

MITCH
That is an enticing proposition,
Lucy. But don't do yourself an
injury.

She releases the bow. Thwang! Mitch clutches his nose.

MITCH
Oww! Shit!

Lucy calmly packs her bow in her case, smiles coldly at Mitch and exits.

INT. THE ACADEMY, AUDITORIUM - DAY

Heather plays on her old cello. She stares fixedly at the sheet music before her.

Alex listens approvingly to her sweet, full tone. So do Southwood and Ruth.

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

Mitch and Keith watch Heather.

KEITH
Wow. She's good.

Mitch nods in agreement.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Heather's eye glances off the sheet music and onto the rows of watching faces. She falters and fluffs a note. She fiercely refocuses on the sheet music before her.

Her eyes wander again. A hundred faces stare at her.

Alex watches from the back row as she falters.

She tries one more time to focus, but she's sweating now. She hits a dud note, then another. And freezes.

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

A distraught Heather marches through backstage.

KEITH
Hey! I really love -

Heather scurries through the exit door.

KEITH
- the way you play.

INT. THE ACADEMY, AUDITORIUM - DAY

Mitch plays his violin on stage - loud! He's like Iggy Pop or Jimi Hendricks, gyrating and grunting.

Southwood looks at Mitch like he's stepped on a dog turd.

Mitch turns the sheet music and stops. He riffles through the pages but the page is not there. Mitch wings it. He plays louder with astonishing speed.

Alex watches Mitch - fascinated.

Ruth closes her eyes, embarrassed by Mitch's pyrotechnics.

Mitch attacks his violin - louder! And breaks a string.

MITCH

Shit!

Mitch plays on - with three strings.

INT. ACADEMY CORRIDOR - DAY

Mitch strides toward the exit. Ruth appears.

RUTH

What do you call that display, Mister Audley? Three and a half years I've taught you preparation, technique, discipline. And what do we get? Pyrotechnics. Egotism?

MITCH

That's how I play, Professor.

Charles Southwood approaches.

SOUTHWOOD

I think you should stick to rock 'n' roll, young man.

MITCH

Is that your professional opinion, huh?

INT. THE ACADEMY, REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

Lucy re-plays a section of her audition piece. Perfect! She looks up and sees Alex standing before her.

ALEX

Miss Harding, I saw you at the Wigmore Hall in, '92 was it?

LUCY

'93.

ALEX

You were eight?

LUCY

Nine.

ALEX

The Rimsky-Korsakoff. Luminous.
Transcendental. I want you to call
me.

He presses his card on her.

LUCY

Mr Swann, I -

ALEX

Doctor Swann. Doctor Alex Swann.
R.A. Royal Academy. You are great,
but you can be truly great. All I
want is half an hour of your time.
You call me.

INT. ACADEMY, FOYER - DAY

Alex hustles after Mitch, catches him.

ALEX

That was very brave, young man.
Maybe a little reckless. But that's
OK I like reckless. What if I were
to tell you, I think you're a world
class musician?

MITCH

Either you're crazy, or everyone
else is.

Alex presses a card on Mitch.

ALEX

All I ask is half an hour. Half an
hour and we'll convince the world.
Call me. Call me on that number.

Mitch shrugs and exits.

Alex sees Keith across the foyer. He also sees Heather and
heads for her.

Ruth blocks his path.

RUTH

Are you hustling my students, Alex?

ALEX
Hi, Ruth. My god it's been a long
time. Too long.

RUTH
You're like one of those ambulance
chasing lawyers.

ALEX
I'm listening to fine music, Ruth.
You've got some good kids.

Ruth gestures to a Security Guard.

RUTH
Stay away from my students, Alex.
See Mr Swann off the grounds,
please, guard.

Security Guard takes Alex's arm. Alex shakes him off.

ALEX
It's all right. I'm gone.

INT. ALEX'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Heather, Keith and Lucy sit cheek-to-jowl in Alex's tiny
studio.

Alex stands before them and Mitch stands in the doorway,
carrying his violin case.

ALEX
I want you to form a string
quartet.

Lucy and Mitch look daggers at each other.

LUCY
With him?

MITCH
With her?

LUCY
With them? No offence.

Keith and Heather shrug - no offence taken.

MITCH
Chamber music is so, so -

KEITH
Catatonic.

MITCH

Worse. It's dead, deader than Beethoven.

LUCY

You've obviously made a mistake, Dr Swann. If you'll excuse me.

She rises to go.

ALEX

Lucy, Mitch, all of you. You've come all the way over here. All I ask is thirty minutes. Thirty minutes.

Mitch and Lucy eyeball each other.

LUCY

I've never played with you. I could do with a laugh. This could be kinda fun.

A FEW MINUTES LATER:

Lucy meticulously rosins every millimetre of her bow. Mitch tunes a string.

LUCY

Flat.

Mitch adjusts the string.

LUCY

Sharp.

Mitch rummages in his untidy case then looks at Lucy.

MITCH

You got a g-string?

Lucy glares, but removes a string from her neat and well stocked case.

LUCY

Do you want me to put it on for you?

MITCH

As long as I can watch.

A MINUTE LATER:

The four take their playing positions. Mitch does not take the second violin's chair. He stands.

LUCY

Are you going to sit down?

MITCH

I'll stand.

LUCY

You just have to do it different,
don't you?

MITCH

You want to sit on your ass, fine.
I'll stand.

Alex signals the four play. Heather fluffs a note.

HEATHER

Sorry.

Lucy sighs pointedly.

ALEX

OK. It's OK. Heather you're amongst
friends. Relax. From the eighth
measure.

They play. Then Lucy frowns. She shoots a glance at Mitch.

Mitch plays too fast and the four lose their rhythm. Lucy
stops and the music grinds to a halt.

LUCY

That's it. One minute he's sharp,
then he's flat. First he's fast,
then he's slow.

MITCH

OK, I never played Tchaikovsky at
the Wigmore when I was three years
old -

LUCY

Nine. I was nine. And it was Rimsky-
Korsakoff.

MITCH

- but I gave up playing with
metronomes when I was six years
old! And do you know what? I'd
rather play with a metronome. A
metronome plays with more feeling.

Lucy jumps to her feet.

LUCY

At least a metronome knows how to
keep time.

ALEX

Lucy, please. Just bear with me.

Lucy sits reluctantly. She looks at her watch. She smiles "sweetly" at Mitch.

LUCY

OK, I'm going to enjoy watching you screw up. Twenty four minutes.

ALEX

We'll go back to basics. String quartets are like a rock band. Heather, you are the beat. Like the drummer.

Heather plays. She fluffs a note.

ALEX

That's fine. Keep going. Keep going. Keith, you are the bass guitar. You and Heather are the rhythm section.

Keith joins in.

ALEX

Good. Good. Mitch, you're the rhythm guitar.

Mitch joins in.

ALEX

Good. Lucy, you're the lead guitar.

Lucy joins in.

ALEX

Beautiful. Beautiful.

And it is. They're good. They hold it together for four measures. They hold it together for eight measures.

Keith glances sideways at Heather, who can't resist a small smile. They hold it together for twelve measures.

Alex is wound like a clockspring but he allows himself a small smile. They hold it together for sixteen measures.

Lucy and Mitch refuse to look at each other, but they hold it for twenty measures.

Then Mitch, improvises. He gyrates in the tiny studio and almost hits Lucy with his bow. Lucy evades the bow, but Mitch whacks her with the upswing.

LUCY

For god's sake, he thinks he's Mick Jagger.

MITCH
It's called passion, Snowflake.

LUCY
Are you saying I play cold?

MITCH
You are frigid.

LUCY
It's called technique. Not
something you'd know a lot about,
seaweed. I'm sorry. Time's up.

Lucy packs her violin and rises.

EXT. LONDON STREET (OUTSIDE ALEX'S) - NIGHT

Lucy strides away. Mitch catches up.

MITCH
You may have a hotshot technique,
sweetheart. But how come you're
always playing alone?

LUCY
People play with you?

MITCH
Why don't you come and see? You
never know, you might even loosen
up.

LUCY
I'd rather listen to roadworks.

She strides off, leaving Mitch standing in the street.

INT. THE HERO OF WATERLOO PUB - NIGHT

Mitch and Spinner sing and play electric guitars on stage.
TERRY plays bass and RONNIE plays the drums.

The pub is packed to the rafters. The band rocks up a storm
and the crowd sings along.

Sherry and Brandy sing and dance front of stage and give
Mitch and Spinner the glad eye. And Mitch and Spinner give it
right back.

EXT. MITCH'S HOUSE - DAY

Alex rings the front door bell of a squalid terrace.

The door opens and Spinner bursts out. He wears the helmet and leathers of a motor cycle courier.

ALEX
I'm looking for Mitch.

Spinner points inside.

Alex watches Spinner leap onto his motor cycle.

Alex enters the house. He picks up the mail on the floor and shuts the front door behind him.

INT. MITCH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Alex enters. He looks around the room and sees the piles of dirty clothes, musical instruments, empty Jack Daniels bottle and a bong. He sees a shapeless form under the duvet. A half-asleep Mitch pokes his head out.

MITCH
Hi.

ALEX
Hi

Sherry pokes her head out.

SHERRY
Hi.

ALEX
Hi.

MITCH
Alex, this is Brandy.

SHERRY
Sherry.

MITCH
Sherry.

SHERRY
Hi.

ALEX
Hi.

Sherry climbs out of bed, stark naked. She heads for the door.

SHERRY
I gotta take a pee.

Alex watches Sherry exit.

MITCH

Doc, I've got my band. I've got no time for an SQ.

ALEX

You've got mail.

Mitch sees the letter on his bed and opens it. He quickly scans it, balls it and throws it in an overflowing bin.

MITCH

It's no big deal.

ALEX

OK it's no big deal. So tell me - why did you audition?

Mitch holds Alex's challenging gaze.

INT. HARDING HALLWAY (CHEYNE WALK) - DAY

Lucy picks up a bunch of letters from a silver salver on a mahogany tall boy. She riffles through them and tears one open.

Lucy's dad, JOHN, strides down the stairs. His suit is Saville Row and his shirt and tie are Jermyn St, but his looks and accent are pure Ivy League.

JOHN

Morning, darling.

Lucy hurriedly pockets her letter.

LUCY

Hi, daddy.

John kisses her affectionately on the cheek.

JOHN

I'm chairing a board meeting in an hour. So I have to fly. I've booked the company box for "Rigoletto" next Saturday and you're my date. Triple A clients - Japanese - and I want to impress them.

LUCY

You want me to impress them.

JOHN

You're the hottest young fiddle player in town. They love it. You know they do. By the by, have you heard from that agent? Southwood?

The door bell rings. Lucy shrugs non-committally.

John opens the door. His chauffeur, WATKINS, stands there.

JOHN
Morning, Watkins.

WATKINS
Morning, sir.

JOHN
I'll get my secretary to chase him
up.

John kisses her again on the cheek and heads for the door.

LUCY
It's all right, daddy. He'll get
back to us.

INT. HARDING SITTING ROOM - DAY

Classic, conservative and very, very expensive interior
decorating.

Lucy stares at a photo of her 9 year old self at the Wigmore
which sits on the mantel.

She looks at a photo of her mother with her violin beside it.
The doorbell rings.

A FEW MINUTES LATER:

Alex stares at a photo of Lucy and her dashing handsome
boyfriend WILL on the mantel. Will holds an oboe.

ALEX
Nice looking boy. Is he good?

LUCY
He's worked very hard.

Alex looks at the photos and memorabilia of Lucy the child
prodigy. He sees a poster of "Sheherezade".

ALEX
You failed the audition.

LUCY
I'll work harder.

ALEX
How many hours a day are you going
to work. Eight? Ten?

LUCY
Whatever it takes.

Alex looks at the photo of Lucy at the Wigmore.

ALEX
The Wigmore was a long time ago,
Lucy.

INT. ALEX'S STUDIO - DAY

The four play an arrangement of, say, the Elgar cello concerto.

ALEX
Hold it. Hold it!

They stop playing. Alex moves to Heather and adjusts her posture.

ALEX
Just straighten your back.
Shoulders just so. Elbow up.
Relaxed?

HEATHER
Yeah.

ALEX
Good. Now, open your legs.

HEATHER
Excuse me.

ALEX
Open your legs.

All eyes turn to Heather. She unclenches her knees an inch.

ALEX
Wider.

Heather opens her legs a few inches wider.

Alex eases the cello between her legs. Further. As far as it will go.

Keith's jaw drops.

ALEX
Feel free to fuck it.

Heather blushes and Keith's jaw drops further.

Alex gives the signal and the four play. Alex listens for a few measures.

ALEX
Keep playing.

He collects the sheet music.

ALEX

This is black ink on paper. A bunch of notes. I don't want to hear a bunch of notes. I don't want to hear Elgar - I want to hear you play Elgar!

They play - a little tentatively, a few fumbles.

INT. ALEX'S KITCHEN - DAY

Alex takes a can of Coke from the fridge and hands it to Mitch.

ALEX

Fine technique, that Lucy. Cast iron. But she's got the finesse too. She doesn't intimidate you, does she?

MITCH

Intimidate? Me? No way.

INT. ALEX'S STUDIO - DAY

Heather plays a passage and Keith smiles. He responds with a lick of his own.

Mitch - standing and gyrating - and Lucy - sitting but squirming - duel on their violins, trading blows, note for note.

MITCH

(whispers to Lucy)
I'm comin' to git ya!

LUCY

Catch me if you can.

Lucy ups the tempo. Her bow and fingers fly. Mitch is caught by surprise and hesitates.

ALEX

(sotto voce)
Go, Mitch. Go.

Alex holds his breath. Then Mitch takes off. Chasing Lucy, challenging her. Now Lucy is taken by surprise. She hesitates momentarily, then responds and the two feed off each other and soar.

Keith and Heather are caught by surprise. Then they respond.

Alex allows himself a satisfied smile.

The music rises in volume and intensity as the four attack their instruments. The music builds to its climax.

INT. ALEX'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Alex and the four sit at the dining room table, drinking red wine and eating take-away pizza.

ALEX

I have to say a beautiful woman
with a violin at her throat - that
is a sight to behold.

Lucy smiles and bows her head graciously.

ALEX

But there is nothing sexier on
god's green earth than a beautiful
woman with a cello between her
legs.

Heather blushes and groans in embarrassment.

MITCH/KEITH

Whooo!

Keith picks the pepperoni from a slice of pizza.

HEATHER

Too spicy?

KEITH

I have this thing about dead
animals. This pepperoni? There's
dead cow, dead pig, maybe some dead
horse.

Heather almost chokes on her pizza.

MITCH

Dead vegetables OK, Keith?

KEITH

Vegetables do not have the higher
consciousness of even the lowliest
animal foodstuff, Mitch. Pure in
body equals pure in soul equals
pure in expression.

MITCH

Whatever works for you, man.

ALEX

Something works. When I heard you
all play for Southwood, I could
hear you playing together, and it
was exactly how I heard it today.

The four consider Alex's words.

ALEX

Someone once told me - he was a second violinist in an SQ - he said "individually we weren't great musicians, but when we played together something happened. We were transformed. The whole was greater than the sum of the parts.

Lucy sees a sepia photo of a young 1940s string quartet - two handsome young men, two beautiful young women - on the mantel.

ALEX

"When we played together we felt god's breath on our cheeks."

Alex takes a CD from the sideboard and holds it up. It's the same CD Mitch's dad played in Australia.

HEATHER

St Petersburg Quartet.

MITCH

(mutters)
Mozart.

LUCY

They say they're the greatest SQ ever.

ALEX

They're playing in this year's Biennale in Vienna.

HEATHER

The Biennale?

LUCY

It's one of the top SQ competitions.

ALEX

The top competition.

KEITH

Like the world championship.

Mitch gazes at the beautiful Katje on the cover.

LUCY

They've won the last two in a row, Alex. They're unbeatable.

Alex takes brochures from the side table and passes them round. The four read them.

LUCY

You want us to go to Vienna? No, Alex, my father, I mean - it's my career. This is not what I want.

MITCH

I can't do this, Alex. I've got other things, man.

ALEX

The qualifiers are in a month. We rehearse. We record a CD for the audition. And we send it off. What have you got to lose?

KEITH

Your really want us to go to Vienna?

ALEX

Do you want to go to Vienna?

LUCY

(looks at her watch)
I gotta go!

INT. CRUSH BAR, ROYAL OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

John stands with a pair of Japanese businessmen, TANAKA and MORO. It's a black tie affair and they sip champagne.

JOHN

I don't know where she could be. You can set your clock by her usually. Aahh, here she is.

Lucy rushes toward them, looking very glam in a backless, strapless little number.

JOHN

Darling, this is Mr Tanaka and Mr Moro. My daughter, Lucy.

LUCY

How do you do.

Tanaka and Moro bow.

JOHN

Lucy studies at the London Academy. Violin.

TANAKA

You will join an orchestra?

JOHN

An orchestra first and then a soloist. That's the career path.

TANAKA

When I was a student in Osaka I saw your mother play, Lucy. Goosebumps! Hairs on the back of my neck! It was wonderful.

LUCY

She was wonderful.

JOHN

My wife, was the world's finest interpreter of Rimsky-Korsakoff.

TANAKA

And you are following in your mother's footsteps, Lucy.

Lucy opens her mouth to answer.

JOHN

She is.

TANAKA

You will cast your own shadow, Lucy.

Lucy smiles blandly. The performance bell rings.

INT. HEATHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Heather sits on the edge of her bed, her cello between her legs. She hitches her skirt way up her thighs and eases the cello back against her groin. She looks at herself in the mirror. She undoes the top button of her blouse. She likes what she sees and smiles.

She wraps her bare legs around the cello. She doesn't fuck it. Not exactly, but...

TYLER, 24, a hip Anglo-Jamaican enters.

TYLER

What you doin', then?

Heather squeals and leaps to her feet. She smooths down her skirt.

HEATHER

Playing my cello.

TYLER

That's all right then. For a minute I thought you were fucking it.

Tyler chuckles throatily and exits.

HEATHER
Tyler? Tyler!

She rises and follows him.

INT. HEATHER'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tyler sits at his mixing desk. Dance music pumps out.

Heather enters from the bedroom.

HEATHER
Tyler, can you turn that down?!

Tyler turns the music down.

TYLER
What's that, love?

HEATHER
You know that audition I went for?
That agent.

Tyler nods warily - clearly he doesn't remember.

HEATHER
For the orchestra?

TYLER
Yeah?

HEATHER
I blew it.

TYLER
Never mind, love. You don't want to
play in an orchestra. Play a load
of crap, don't they.

Tyler amps up the volume and resumes mixing.

HEATHER
Tyler!! Will you turn that shi -
that music down!

Tyler turns down the volume.

TYLER
What, love?

HEATHER
I've joined an SQ.

TYLER
What the fuck's an SQ?

HEATHER
A string quartet.

TYLER
What'd you join one of them for?

HEATHER
I want to play music, Tyler.

TYLER
Right. Like the ones who play at posh weddings? Good money in that I reckon. And you start teaching next year. We'll be rolling in it, love.

HEATHER
I want to go to Vienna, Tyler.

Tyler turns back to his mixing desk and amps up the volume.

Heather retreats to the bedroom.

INT. BURROWS' KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Keith's dad, VINCE, a furniture removalist stands by the refrigerator, a lager in one hand, a letter in the other.

VINCE
"No future... I see no future as a professional musician for this student." Why am I always the last to know these things?

Keith and Keith's mum, NORA sit at the table. Keith's sister, BLONDIE, 10, is at the table reading something.

NORA
It's just one opinion, Vince.

VINCE
He's a professional agent!

Keith's brothers, OZZIE 12, and ANGUS, 8 race into the room and around the table, kicking a football.

VINCE
Get the hell outta here. Bloody kids. We're havin' a serious discussion here.

The kids race out of the room.

VINCE
Four years, son, and what have you got to show for it? This?

Vince holds up a CD, which he puts in a CD player. He hits "play". It's the industrial noise and wailing viola of Keith's Original Composition.

Angus and Ozzie re-enter and listen to Keith's music.

VINCE

Oh man, I thought Frank Zappa was weird.

KEITH

I knew you wouldn't like it.

OZZIE

I think it's ace, Keith.

ANGUS

Yeah.

Vince glares at the two.

VINCE

I didn't say I didn't like it. I just said it was weird, that's all. Look, how much do we owe on this student loan?

NORA

Twenty four thousand pounds.

KEITH

I'll pay it back.

VINCE

And how are you going to do that? You won't get a gig in an orchestra. You don't want to teach. And the masterwork here, I can't see it making the high rotation list on Radio One.

NORA

Go easy, Vince. You of all people should know what it's like.

VINCE

It's a family discussion. Responsible parenting. When College is over, you're going to have to get a job.

KEITH

I've joined an SQ.

VINCE

What the fuck's an SQ?

BLONDIE
A string quartet.

Ozzie and Angus join Blondie and read over her shoulder. It's the brochure Alex gave Keith.

KEITH
We're going to Vienna.

VINCE
Vienna?

KEITH
For the Biennale.

VINCE
What the fuck's a Biennale?

BLONDIE
The world's most prestigious
competition for young string
quartets.

Vince glares at her - how does she know this?

ANGUS
It's like the world championship.

VINCE
Hold on. A couple of weeks ago some
agent says you can't play, now
you're waltzing off to Germany -

BLONDIE
Austria.

VINCE
- Fuck!! Austria! And become World
Champion.

KEITH
Yeah.

VINCE
That's a rapid improvement, son.

KEITH
Latent potential.

Keith pours a glass of lager from Vince's can.

VINCE
Since when have you been drinking
lager? Who do you think you are,
Nigel bleedin' Kennedy?

Keith smiles confidently. He raises his glass and chinks it against Vince's can on the table. A little forcefully perhaps, because the can spills everywhere.

Vince rolls his eyes.

VINCE

How much is this bloke charging you to tap your latent potential?

KEITH

Nothing.

NORA

That's wonderful, love.

VINCE

Nothing? Is he queer?

NORA

Vince!

KEITH

No.

VINCE

This is called responsible parenting, Nora. Son, have you signed a contract?

KEITH

Gentleman's agreement.

VINCE

Good, don't sign a contract.

NORA

(to Keith)

Don't take any notice, love. He signed one contract in his life and it gave away all the publishing rights. Which didn't really matter as they only made one single.

BLONDIE

First Prize is twenty thousand euros.

Vince is impressed, despite himself.

BLONDIE

A recording contract and a European and US tour.

VINCE

Well, why haven't you signed a contract?!

INT. ALEX'S STUDIO - DAY

The four are in their playing positions. Alex places more sheet music on the stands.

ALEX

When you play a piece of music, you tell us a story. Romeo and Juliet. The greatest love story ever told. Love and loss. A story of love that survived even unto death. I want you to tell me that story.

The four play Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet".

Heather plays with a sad beauty. Keith plays like a man sick with love.

Mitch plays with savage intensity. Lucy plays with similar violence.

INT. ALEX'S KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is galley style - and tiny. Lucy and Mitch stand and take up most of the room. Lucy drinks a cup of tea, Mitch a Coke.

MITCH

You still going out with that bassoon player?

LUCY

Oboe.

MITCH

Oboe. All in the lips and tongue I guess.

LUCY

Epiglottis.

MITCH

Does he give good epiglottis?

LUCY

The best.

INT. ALEX'S STUDIO - DAY

The four play "Romeo and Juliet". Alex conducts.

ALEX

It's the greatest love story ever told. Play it like you feel it.

It sweeps and soars and reaches a mighty crescendo.

Silence. Nobody moves a muscle, or says a word.

INT. ALEX'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An old 78 record rotates scratchily on a gramophone. It's a string quartet - heartachingly painful and beautiful.

Alex picks up his glass of brandy and downs it. He pours himself another one and looks at a 1940s photo of a String Quartet in their early twenties on the mantel.

A photo lays beside it, face down. Alex turns it over - it's a photo of the 25 year old Ruth.

INT. JOHN'S HOME OFFICE/LIBRARY (CHEYNE WALK)- NIGHT

John sits at his massive desk, with a bluetooth in his ear. His Jermyn St shirt remains immaculately pressed. The Windsor knot in his tie is perfect.

A violin plays loudly, wildly (O.C.).

JOHN

I think we should buy up big,
Charlie. What did they open on in
New York? Sorry, what was that?

INT. LUCY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy attacks her violin with savage intensity. She's standing, not sitting. It's the Stravinsky piece Mitch played at his

audition.

John enters and stares at Lucy. The music climaxes and Lucy breaks a string.

JOHN

What the hell is that?

LUCY

Stravinsky.

JOHN

You're sweating like a fiddler in
an Irish pub band.

LUCY

I'm improvising, daddy.

John takes the violin from her and stares at the broken string.

JOHN

You can't improvise with technique,
Lucy. You know what your mother
always said - respect the music.
And respect your instrument.

They both stare at the snapped string on her violin.

INT. PUB, GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Mitch bustles into the green room. Spinner and Terry have their guitars strapped on and Ron has his sticks in his hand.

SPINNER

Where the fuck have you been?

MITCH

College stuff, man, you know.

Ronnie and Terry and Sherry and Brandy watch the argument.

SPINNER

No I don't know. College stuff?
What sort of College stuff?

MITCH

Let me remind you. It is the London
Academy, Spin.

BEN E. LOMAX enters. He looks every inch the hot record producer which he is.

SPINNER

You hate the place. How many times
have you said you wanted to quit?

MITCH

Listen, this band is not my entire
existence. There is life in the
universe beyond two guitars, a bass
and drums.

SPINNER

What?

Spinner sees Lomax and glares at him.

SPINNER

Can I help you?

LOMAX

The name's Lomax. Paradigm Records.

All eyes fix on Lomax.

SPINNER

Ben E. Lomax??

LOMAX
Is this a bad time?

ALL
No!!!

INT. MITCH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Spinner balances precariously, his arms stretched outwards, Christ-like on the mantle shelf.

Mitch, Ron, Terry, Sherry, Brandy and others huddle flock-like beneath him.

SPINNER
Follow me, brothers and sisters,
yea, even unto the valley of death.
For I am the redeemer. I am the
future. I am the future of Rock 'n'
roll.

He swan dives forward.

All part. And Spinner crashes into - a bean bag. He rolls over, laughing.

SPINNER
Shotgun!!

Ron pours shot glass of tequila. They all slam the glasses on the table or the floor and down the tequila.

Mitch helps Spinner to his feet.

SPINNER
Paradigm Records. Ben E. Lomax.
Mitch, are you seriously trying to
tell me there is life beyond this
universe? There is no intelligent
life beyond these four walls.
Unless they buy our records!

All cheer. Sherry puts on a record. It's the punk surfie instrumental Mitch and Spinner played back in Australia.

Spinner, Ron and Terry leap onto three kitchen chairs and surf the chairs - hot dogs, hang fives, hang tens, 360s.

The phone rings. Mitch answers it.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AUDLEY LIVING ROOM, AUSTRALIA - DAY

MITCH
Hello.

MUM

Hello, love.

MITCH

Hi, mum? How's Oz?

MUM

Fine. How's London?

MITCH

Great. Listen, we're going to cut a demo. With one of the world's top producers. We're talking recording contracts here, mum.

MUM

That's wonderful. You've put so much time into that band. Is Spinner all right?

Sherry enters and offers Mitch a giant spliff.

SPINNER (O.C.)

Shotgun!

More cheers.

MITCH

He's fine. How's dad?

Mum looks over her shoulder and we see David teaching a 10 year old STUDENT the violin.

MUM

Good. He's got a new student. She's got the gift, he reckons. You know your dad, he gets excited.

MITCH

Working her hard, I bet.

MUM

She works herself hard. Mitch, how did your audition go?

MITCH

Not so good.

MUM

Oh.

Mum glances at David. He catches her glance. Clearly he knows who she's talking to and he catches her disappointed look. He returns to his pupil.

MITCH

Listen, I've joined an SQ.

Pause.

MUM

Mitch, that's the last thing I'd expect you to join.

MITCH

Me too.

MUM

Will I tell your father?

Mitch takes a swig of his beer.

INT. MITCH'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Lucy storms in.

Mitch groans and surfaces from under the duvet.

MITCH

Hi.

LUCY

We are supposed to be rehearsing. Like two hours ago.

MITCH

Oh, shit.

Lucy hauls the duvet off the bed, revealing a naked Mitch and Sherry. Sherry rises.

SHERRY

I gotta take a pee.

LUCY

I knew something like this was going to happen. This is no surprise. Don't worry about me.

She sees a pair of boxer shorts on the floor. She picks them up at arms' length and throws them at Mitch.

LUCY

But Keith and Heather have been sitting in that studio all morning. Waiting to play. Wanting to play. With you.

INT. MITCH'S KITCHEN - MORNING

A kettle boils. Lucy searches through the dirty glasses, the filthy dishes and heavily used bong for a clean mug.

Mitch, in his boxers, washes a mug and finds the coffee.

A naked Spinner enters. Lucy groans.

SPINNER

Anyone seen my leathers? I gotta go to work.

(sees Lucy)

Hi. I don't remember you. Menage a trois. Way to go.

LUCY

There was no menage, my friend and definitely no trois.

Lucy looks at Mitch who shrugs and grins. Spinner exits.

LUCY

Dedication. Reliability -

Then naked Sherry and Brandy waltz through.

BRANDY

Hi.

LUCY

Hi. Consideration -

Then a naked Terry.

TERRY

Hi.

LUCY

Hi. Respect for your fellow musicians.

MITCH

Bass player.

Then a naked Ronnie.

RONNIE

Hi.

LUCY

- These are just dirty words to you.

MITCH

Drummer.

EXT. MITCH'S SQUAT - MORNING

Lucy climbs onto a motor scooter. It's a Malaguti Firefox or something similar - only 50cc - but black as midnight and oh so sexy. Lucy wears a black leather jacket and a full frontal black helmet.

MITCH
We're going on that?

Lucy fires it up and it sounds like a jarful of angry wasps. Mitch clutches his aching head and groans. He puts on his helmet and sits pillion.

Lucy guns the accelerator. The front wheel lifts and the scooter screams off. Mitch clutches at the pillion handles.

EXT. LONDON STREETS, VARIOUS - MORNING

Spinner sits on his motor bike at a red light. It turns green and the scooter shrieks past him.

Lucy deliberately and violently weaves the scooter in and out of traffic. Mitch clutches at his heaving stomach.

Lucy slams on the brakes at a traffic snarl. Mitch's head rocks fiercely. She guns the bike up on a footpath, then bangs down over the kerb and accelerates hard.

Lucy leans hard, fast and low into a corner. Then jerks up straight. Mitch's hand goes to his visored mouth.

EXT. ALEX'S FLAT - DAY

The scooter pulls up. Mitch staggers off. He rips the visor off his head and dry retches. He sways and falls flat on his ass. He lifts the visor of his helmet.

LUCY
Feel better?

MITCH
Have you got a licence for that thing?

INT. ALEX'S STUDIO - DAY

The four are in playing positions, sheet music before them.

ALEX
The UK qualifiers for the Biennale are in four weeks. Only one quartet will qualify.

The four absorb this and nod.

ALEX
When you play a piece of music you tell a story. You take us on a journey. Tell us a story, Lucy.

Lucy looks at the sheet music. She smiles briefly, then hesitates, embarrassed at revealing herself.

LUCY

When I was a little girl my mother read me this story. Sheherezade. It's about a Persian Shah who executes his unfaithful wife. He's so angry he takes a new wife and beheads her on their wedding night. And then he takes another wife and beheads her on their wedding night.

CUT TO:

The four play Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherezade". Lucy continues her story (V.O).

LUCY (V.O)

This continues until Scheherezade volunteers to marry the Shah, knowing she will die. On her wedding bed she tells the Shah a tale. He's so entranced by her tale that he agrees to spare her life one more night - if she tells him another tale.

Alex conducts the music.

LUCY (V.O.)

She tells him a thousand and one tales, over a thousand and one nights and she saves a thousand and one lives. I guess this is a story about sacrifice and love.

The four play. Mitch hits a bum note. They keep playing and Mitch hits another one.

ALEX

Keep playing.

They keep playing, then Mitch burps loudly. Lucy stops, then the others stop.

LUCY

You have no respect for the music, no respect for other musicians.

MITCH

I am sick of you telling me what I don't have. This is a story about love and sacrifice and courage and dying a thousand deaths and the way you play it, she's shelling fucking peas!

LUCY
You bastard.

She packs her violin in her case and snaps it shut. She storms out.

ALEX
Sheherezade was her mother's most famous piece.

MITCH
Oh shit.

INT. ALEX'S BUILDING, STAIRS - DAY

Lucy clatters down the stairs. Mitch races after her.

MITCH
Lucy, wait.

He grabs her arm, but she shakes him off. He jockeys in front of her, blocking her exit.

MITCH
I didn't know. I'm sorry.

Lucy swings her violin case mightily. Mitch ducks at the last nano-second, but topples and rolls head over heels down the staircase. He lands on the floor below.

Alex, Keith and Heather race to the landing above and look down.

LUCY
Oh god.

She clatters down the stairs and kneels beside Mitch. He opens his eyes.

MITCH
It will never happen again. I promise.

He looks at the others.

MITCH
Sheet, what would she do if I'd farted.

INT. ALEX'S KITCHEN - DAY

Alex and Mitch stand in the kitchen, drinking coffee.

ALEX
The best quartets are there for each other.
(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

There are no safety nets in chamber music, Mitch. You only have each other. You have to anticipate each other's every move - before they make it. You have to trust each other with your musical lives. You four don't even know each other, let alone trust each other. I want you four to get away, hang out, get to know each other.

Mitch nods.

INT. LUCY'S ROOM - DAY

Lucy checks herself in the mirror. She checks her designer sports bag.

She peers out the window and sees a rusty, battered old VW Kombi pull up.

LUCY

Oh, no.

Mitch emerges from the Kombi in boardshorts, shades and singlet, shoulder tattoo clearly visible.

LUCY

Oh, no.

Lucy races out of her room.

INT. HARDING HALLWAY - DAY

The doorbell rings and Lucy answers it immediately.

MITCH

Hi.

Mitch takes half a step inside and checks out the palatial interior.

MITCH

Very tasty.

LUCY

I think you mean tasteful.

John moves down the stairs, dressed immaculately for golf. Lucy pushes Mitch outside.

JOHN

Who was that?

LUCY

Daddy, I'm going to Birmingham. To see Will. I'll be back tomorrow.

JOHN

Do you need a ride to the station?

Door bell rings. Lucy opens the door. John checks out Mitch in his surfie gear. Lucy shoves her sports bag at Mitch.

LUCY

No. I booked a mini-cab.

Lucy kisses John on the cheek.

LUCY

See you tomorrow.

JOHN

Say hi to Will for me.

Mitch salutes John chauffeur-style.

INT. KOMBI - DAY

They drive along a main road. Mitch is at the wheel. Lucy is in the front. Keith and Heather sit in the back.

Surfboards, sports bags, and musical instruments are in the rear.

Mitch's band plays on the stereo. Lucy takes a CD from her bag. She takes Mitch's CD off.

MITCH

Hey, that's my band!

LUCY

I've met your band. Last thing I want to do is hear them play.

They pull up at a red light. A black BMW convertible pulls up beside the, a huge BLACK GUY at the wheel. Bass-heavy hip-hop thumps from his CD player.

Lucy hits the play button and amps up the volume. Vivaldi's "Four Seasons" blares at max.

The huge Black Guy looks over his shades at Mitch. Mitch grins.

EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

Mitch's car chugs along, heading west, Vivaldi blaring.

Roadside sign reads: Cornwall.

EXT. NEWQUAY CAR PARK - DAY

Mitch's car pulls up. The four alight and gaze at beautiful Newquay bay and its rolling surf.

MITCH

I come down here whenever I can.
Peace and quiet. You really find
yourself.

Lucy checks out the SURFIE CHICKS in their skimpy bikinis and nods knowingly.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Mitch and Keith, both in boardshorts, wax the surfboards.

Lucy and Heather walk past a row of SURFERS and their appraising looks. Lucy wears a one piece Speedos outfit. Heather wears frumpish board shorts and tee shirt.

Keith gazes at the approaching Heather.

KEITH

Wow. Isn't she something?

CUT TO:

Lucy, Keith and Heather watch Mitch smear zinc cream on his cheeks. They head for the water with their boards.

MITCH

Hold on.

He gently applies zinc cream to Lucy's nose and cheeks. He draws the operation out, making it intimate.

Clearly, Lucy has never been touched like this and her face remains inscrutable. She moves toward the water.

MITCH

Hold on.

Mitch caresses zinc cream on her lip. Lucy remains inscrutable. He finishes.

MITCH

Surf's up.

EXT. SURF - DAY

Keith, Heather and Lucy lie on surfboards in the calm shallows. Mitch demonstrates the art of surfing, using Lucy as a model. He grips Lucy around the waist with one hand, the other hand rests on her upper thigh.

MITCH

Just before the wave peaks, shift
your weight on your hands, legs
forward. Get your balance, then up
on your feet.

Mitch lifts her to her feet. But his hand remains on her
upper thigh. Lucy removes it.

A wave rolls in and Lucy scrambles to her feet, but falls off
the board.

MONTAGE:

Over, we hear Vivaldi's "Four Seasons".

A big swell swamps Heather.

A wave peaks and Keith topples off his surfboard.

Lucy catches a wave. She scrambles to her feet and just as
quickly falls off.

MITCH

Technique. Discipline. Preparation.
You know all about these, Lucy.

A frustrated Lucy snatches at her board and climbs on - only
for a wave to dump her.

Keith catches a wave. He gets up to his feet and rides it for
a second. Then topples off.

Heather catches a wave and rockets along on her belly.

Lucy catches a wave and leaps to his feet. The board flies
from under her. Mitch, Keith and Heather duck as it rockets
overhead.

MITCH

She's a danger to coastal shipping,
that one.

Mitch sits on his board and laughs.

MITCH

OK, OK, watch me. Think SQ. Balance
and harmony. One with the music,
one with the wave.

A MINUTE LATER:

Mitch surfs in a fast breaking wave. He has all the tricks -
radical re-entries, cutbacks, 360s.

Lucy, Heather and Keith sit on their boards and watch from
the shallows.

HEATHER

Wow!

Lucy purses her lips and refuses to be impressed.

They see Mitch heading for rocks on the point. Closer. Closer.

HEATHER

My god, he's going to hit them!

Inches from the rocks, Mitch pulls out. He disappears in the white wash.

Heather and Keith watch the whitewash - worried. Lucy tries to hide her concern.

Mitch surfaces and grins triumphantly.

LUCY

You are sooo full of it.

MONTAGE:

Keith catches a wave and gets to his feet. He rides the wave for several seconds until it breaks. He grins and Mitch salutes him with a clenched fist.

Heather catches a wave and leaps to her feet. It's fast and she's out of control but somehow she stays on her feet. Surfers duck and dive for cover as the out of control Heather cuts a swathe through them.

A big swell forms. Lucy sees it and paddles determinedly toward it.

MITCH

No, Lucy. I don't think so.

She gets to her feet and the wave breaks. The board spears through the air. Lucy cartwheels through the air.

Surfers paddle away as the board nosedives into the water. Followed by Lucy.

Mitch, Keith and Heather paddle up.

Lucy surfaces and coughs water. Her face is a thick mask of sand and zinc.

The others look at her and laugh.

LUCY

You think it's -
 (spits sand)
 - funny?!

MITCH
Lucky you can play violin.

They laugh. Finally, Lucy laughs.

INT. THE VAN - EVENING

The four sit on the mattress in the back of the van. Mitch strums an acoustic version of the song the band played at Waterloo.

The air is smoky. Keith hands a spliff to Lucy. She hesitates then takes.

LUCY
Where are we going to stay tonight?

MITCH
Here.

LUCY
You're kidding.

MITCH
Nearest Hilton's two hours away,
princess.

Lucy pokes her tongue out and takes another toke.

A fist hammers on the door. Lucy almost chokes.

LUCY
What do I do with this?

MITCH
Swallow it.

LUCY
What?!

The door opens. It's Spinner, Sherry and Brandy.

MITCH
Spinner?

SHERRY
Hey, lover.

MITCH
Er, this is -

SHERRY
(to Lucy)
Just because he screws you doesn't
mean he knows your name.

MITCH
- Sherry, this is -

SPINNER
(grins at Lucy)
I remember you.

LUCY
Don't say it. Don't even think it.

MITCH
What are you doing here? You said
you were working.

SPINNER
(to Mitch)
What are you doing here? You said
you had College stuff.

MITCH
This is College stuff.

KEITH
We're in an SQ.

SPINNER
What the fuck's an SQ?

HEATHER
A string quartet.

SPINNER
You're playing in another band? And
you never told me? This is Spinner
here, Mitch. You can't play in two
ban, man.

EXT. NEWQUAY CAR PARK - DAY

Mitch and Spinner stand by the van.

MITCH
Look, it's my last term, man. It's
just college shit. It's cool, OK?

SPINNER
Yeah. I don't know. It's this
recording session. We're so close.
I can feel it. I can smell it. I'm
getting edgy.

MITCH
I'll see you at home, bro.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Keith and Heather lay face to face. Heather sleeps, a sweet smile on her lips. Keith can't take his eyes off her - he's got it bad.

Mitch and Lucy lie head to toe with Keith and Heather. Mitch lays facing Lucy, who lies on her back. They're under thin sheets.

Lucy wiggles out of her jeans. Mitch holds back the panting.

LUCY
(whispers)
Kind of hot in here.

Still under the sheet - Lucy eases herself out of her top. Mitch gags.

Lucy's hips and breasts are contoured by the this sheet. Mitch is almost chewing holes in his sheet.

Lucy looks him in the eye.

LUCY
You can't play in two bands.

She turns her back on Mitch.

Mitch opens his eyes and stares at Lucy. Lucy opens her eyes.

Keith stares at Heather. She opens her eyes and looks at Keith. The sexual tension is palpable.

Mitch edges toward Lucy. Keith squirms and his naked foot emerges from a blanket - right between Mitch and Lucy.

They smile resignedly.

INT. LUCY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The front door opens and Lucy enters with her sports bag. She sees John sitting in an armchair with a scotch in his hand.

LUCY
Hi.

JOHN
Hi, sweetheart. We have a visitor.

WILL rises from a second armchair.

WILL
You didn't make it to Birmingham.

Will moves to her and kisses her on the cheek. Will and John look expectantly toward her.

LUCY
I've been in Cornwall.

WILL
Doing what?

LUCY
Surfing.

John and Will look at her blankly.

INT. HEATHER'S FLAT - NIGHT

Heather enters the flat and puts down her bags. Silence. She moves to the bedroom door and opens it.

Tyler springs from the bed. Heather sees a GIRL in her bed.

TYLER
Heather? Love!? It's not what you think.

HEATHER
What am I supposed to think?

TYLER
She's nothing. Just a bit of fun.

GIRL
Fuck you!

Heather returns to the living room. She makes it to the front door, when Tyler grabs her arm. Heather shakes it off.

HEATHER
I go away for one night and you bring a girl back to my bed. How often does this happen?

TYLER
Not often. And what about you and your precious SQ. Make sweet music, did you? Swap around, did you?

Heather slaps him.

HEATHER
I've never even looked at another man. Don't blame me.

She heads for the front door.

TYLER
Where you going?

HEATHER
Vienna.

TYLER

You can't play. Not in public anyway. Remember that concert in the first grade? You threw up everywhere.

Heather heads for the door and Tyler grabs her.

TYLER

You're going nowhere. You're gonna be a school teacher. That's all you'll ever be. I'm telling you for your own good.

Tyler grabs her and twists her arm.

HEATHER

Tyler, you're hurting me. Let go. Stop it.

She knees him in the balls. Tyler goes down in a groaning heap. Heather is torn - she didn't mean to hurt him. Tyler lunges at her and she backs toward the front door.

The Girl joins Heather at the front door.

HEATHER

After you.

The Girl and Heather leave.

INT. LUCY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy, John and Will dine at the table in a strained silence. Soothing Bach plays on the stereo.

LUCY

I failed the audition.

JOHN

Failed? We do not admit to failure, sweetheart.

WILL

What did Southwood say?

LUCY

Sound technique in need of a little polish. Hard work should ensure a desk in an orchestra. Perhaps the thirds to start with.

JOHN

Hard work. There's your answer. The Company has a psychitarist. Any of our brokers who don't meet target -

LUCY

I am not one of your pork belly brokers, daddy... I've joined an SQ.

WILL

An SQ? Are you insane.
(explains to John)
Second rate musicians playing second rate music.

LUCY

That is rubbish, Will.

WILL

There's no audience for chamber music. There's no money. No career.

JOHN

Lucy, sweetheart, you've worked so hard. This is your final term. Keep your eye on the ball. No more string quartets.

Lucy forces a placating smile and nods.

EXT. LONDON ACADEMY, GROUNDS - NIGHT

Keith and Heather sit on a park bench.

HEATHER

We've been together since I was thirteen. I've never had another boyfriend.

She takes a slug on a bottle of tequila. She breathes in sharply, like she's drunk firewater. She hands the bottle to Keith. He takes a swig and breathes in sharply.

KEITH

Breaking up is so emotionally draining. It's devastating. "For ever as love crowns you, so shall he crucify you. Even as he is for your growth, so is he for your pruning."

HEATHER

That's beautiful. Did you write it?

KEITH

Kahlil Gibran.

HEATHER

He says I'm going nowhere. All I'm good for is school teaching.

KEITH
Hey, you and me - we're going to
Vienna.

He risks a reassuring tap on her shoulder. Heather squeezes his hand.

KEITH
Have you got somewhere to stay?

HEATHER
My auntie's place. But I really
don't want to face her right now.

INT. KEITH'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

The front door opens. Keith and Heather roll in, a little tipsy. Keith trips on a football.

HEATHER
Are you all right?

KEITH
Shh. Shh.

They tiptoe down the hallway.

INT. KEITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Candle light illuminates Heather and Keith, sitting on the floor. Keith's original composition plays. Heather takes a slug of tequila from the bottle and passes it to Keith.

KEITH
I really wanted to re-invent the
tone poem form. It's really about
man's alienation from his urban
environment. My viola represents
everyman.

HEATHER
A cry of pain in an urban
wasteland.

KEITH
Exactly... I just want to say that
playing with you is just
incredible. I feel so connected.
It's spiritual. And emotional. And
yeah, physical too.

A snore and Heather topples forward, asleep, her head in Keith's lap. This is new territory for Keith. His mind ticks over. Then he gently moves her head and rises.

He pulls back the quilt on his bed. He lifts her and tenderly places her on the bed. He covers her with his quilt.

INT. BURROWS HALLWAY - MORNING

Vince walks by Keith's closed door in pyjama pants. He hears a loud, female groan. He pauses, and hears Keith groan too. He slowly opens the door.

Vince stares at the still-flickering stub of the candle, the tequila bottle, the strewn clothes and shoes.

Nora appears at his side and they both stare at the sleeping, hung-over Keith and Heather, side by side in the bed.

VINCE

This is not something I expected to see in my lifetime.

Angus appears. Then Blondie and Ossie appear and they grin and giggle

BLONDIE

Keith's got a girl! Keith's got a girl!!

Vince shoos them all out of the room and shuts the door.

VINCE

Get outta here. Go and get your breakfast!

Vince quietly closes Keith's door. The kids head for the kitchen.

Vince opens the door again. Yep, Keith and Heather are still there. Vince closes the door and smiles proudly.

INT. THE ACADEMY, REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

The final year string students unpack their instruments.

Ruth chalks notations on the board at the front of the room.

Heather plays a tricky little passage from the Elgar. Keith joins in. Then Lucy. Then Mitch.

Ruth hears the music and freezes.

The four complete the passage. They grin - they've got it right. Ruth swings around.

RUTH

Who played that?

Silence.

RUTH
Who played that quartet?

The four raise their bows. Ruth nods grimly.

INT. ALEX'S HALLWAY - DAY

Alex opens the door. Ruth stands there.

RUTH
I told you not to hustle my
students, Alex.

ALEX
Come in, Ruth.

INT. ALEX'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Alex gestures to an armchair.

RUTH
How many careers have you ruined,
Alex?

ALEX
They can win this, Ruth.

RUTH
It's all about Vienna. Haven't you
learned your lesson yet, Alex? What
about my career? What about our
marriage?

INT. THE ACADEMY, RUTH'S OFFICE - DAY

Lucy sits before Ruth at her desk.

RUTH
Lucy, you have the talent to win a
First Desk with a major orchestra.
You have the dedication and rigour
to maybe become an Orchestra
Leader. It has come to my attention
that you're working with Alex
Swann.

LUCY
Yes.

RUTH
Were you aware that he taught here
at the Academy? That he was
dismissed for unprofessional
conduct?

LUCY

No.

RUTH

He wants you to go to Vienna?

LUCY

Yes.

RUTH

"Tell us a story. I don't want to hear Elgar. I want to hear you play Elgar."

LUCY

Yes.

RUTH

You didn't think you were the first, Lucy?

Lucy remains silent.

RUTH

Next time you see Alex, ask him about Greg Campion and Sarah Rusedski.

INT. ALEX'S STUDIO - DAY

MILTON, 8, Anglo-Caribbean, plays a piece - awfully. Alex conducts him encouragingly.

ALEX

Good. Very good.

INT. ALEX'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Alex and Milton join ALICE, Milton's mum.

ALEX

We're making good progress here.

INT. ALEX'S LANDING - DAY

The front door to Alex's flat flies open. Alice hustles Milton out.

ALICE

Progress?! You've had my boy two years and he still can't play!

ALEX

Patience. He needs encouragement.

ALEX

Encouragement? He needs someone who can teach.

Alice hustles Milton past Mitch, Lucy, Heather and Keith.

Alex looks at the four - embarrassed.

INT. ALEX'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Keith and Heather sit on the settee. Mitch and Lucy remain standing.

Alex sits in an armchair.

LUCY

Who were Greg Campion and Sarah Rusedski?

ALEX

Greg Campion was the finest cellist I ever taught. He went places no one had ever been before. One day he never came back. Last I heard he was selling computer software in Watford. Sarah. Brilliant First Violin. Mozart, the K-4. It destroyed her. She had a breakdown and never played again. She's still in care.

LUCY

And Dean Haller?

ALEX

Brilliant violinist. One of my students at the Academy. I convinced her to join an SQ. The marriage didn't last and we didn't make it to Vienna.

MITCH

How long have you been trying to get to Vienna?

ALEX

Thirty years.

MITCH

Have you ever got there?

ALEX

No.

The four look at each other. Keith and Heather rise and they turn and leave.

ALEX

Hold on. I want you to hear something.

Alex goes to the antique phonograph and turns it on. He plays the 78rpm record. The haunting, heartachingly beautiful String Quartet plays.

Heather looks at the sepia photo of the 1940s string quartet on the mantel.

ALEX

The Brandenburg Quartet. Marthe, Hilde, Jacob. And my father, Erich. He wrote this piece. It was recorded in Vienna in 1939.

LUCY

The Biennale?

ALEX

Yes.

LUCY

Did they win?

Alex shakes his head.

HEATHER

What happened?

Alex points to the individual players in the photo.

ALEX

Auschwitz. Auschwitz. Bremen.

The needle scratches noisily across the record.

ALEX

That is all that remains of The Brandenburg Quartet. No other recordings, not even the sheet music. My father escaped to New York. He never performed again. He said the gods gave them one chance and it was snatched away.

The old 78 backtracks scratchily. The four gaze at the photo of the four musicians: radiantly happy, youthfully hopeful.

ALEX

This is not about me, this is about you. What do you really want? Do you want to teach or play in a rock band? Or do you want to go to Vienna? You'd better make up your minds. Because we've only got three weeks till the qualifiers.

INT. VINCE'S LOCK-UP - DAY

Black. A door swings on its rusty hinges and Vince enters. He ushers Alex and the four inside. They carry their cased instruments.

Vince switches on the light revealing a drum-kit, guitars, amps &c all set up.

VINCE

A bunch of us get together for old times' sake. Play down the local. Free pints and a few laughs. Of course we only do covers. But that's all you do, then innit? Beethoven and that. I can clear more space if you need it.

Ossie, Blondie and Angus bring in chairs.

ALEX

There's plenty of room. Thank you.

Vince whips a sheet off an old 16 track recorder and CD burner.

VINCE

There she is.

ALEX

That'll do nicely. Thank you, Vince.

Lucy, Heather and Keith unpack their instruments.

Mitch checks out Vince's guitars.

MITCH

Wow. A Gretsch. And a Strat. '64?

VINCE

'63. I picked it up when I was roadying for Elvis. Costello, that is.

MITCH

There's only one Elvis.
(strums the Strat)
Who else did you work with?

VINCE

Deep Purple. Ozzie. The last days of Zep. I didn't really want to roady, but Keith was born and we needed the money.

NORA

Vince was a great guitar player.

MITCH

Who'd you play with?

VINCE

You wouldn't have heard of any of
'em. Twelve years. One single.
Didn't do any good.

(sings)

"Rock'n'roll I gave you/the best
years of my life."

Mitch strums a few chords. Vince recognises the '70s classic. Mitch gestures - join in. Vince straps on the Gretsch. Mitch sings the first verse. Vince takes the second.

Ossie jumps behind the drums. Mitch gestures to Keith - join in. Keith shakes his head, but Mitch is insistent.

Keith takes up the bass guitar and they're all into the '70s classic.

Heather and Lucy join in on cello and violin. Blondie and Angus dance.

EXT. BURROW'S BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

A balmy summer's night in South London.

Vince and Nora sit in a swing seat. Vince has his arm around her.

They hear a romantic string quartet playing in the lock-up.

VINCE

He can play. The boy can play...
It's hereditary, musical talent.
Scientific fact.

Vince and Nora kiss.

INT. VINCE'S LOCK-UP - NIGHT

The four sit in playing positions, sheet music on the stands before them. Alex stands before them.

ALEX

This is chamber music. The hardest
music in the world. There are only
four of you. You cannot run. You
cannot hide. This is the Janacek.
String Quartet. It is the most
sensual, the most erotic, the
sexiest piece of music ever
written. Lucy, you're first violin.

Lucy gestures and the four play the Janacek.

ALEX

Heartbeat, heather. Keith, you are the lifeblood. Tell us a story.

The music falters and peters out.

ALEX

Mitch, watch that diminuendo on the sixteenths. Bow upstroke, and again. Then downstroke. Diminuendo!

Mitch practises the tricky passage. And again.

ALEX

This is not a guitar you're playing, Mitch.

Mitch practises. He's got it.

ALEX

Forty-eighth measure.

They play for twenty seconds.

ALEX

Erotic, Lucy. Sensual. This is about sex!

Lucy plays sexy.

ALEX

Sexier!

Lucy plays sexier.

ALEX

More.

Alex nods and they play. Until Mitch fluffs a note.

EXT. VINCE'S LOCK-UP - NIGHT

Alex and Mitch confer.

ALEX

Guitars are bad news for fiddle players, Mitch. They mess with your bowing. They screw your fingering.

MITCH

I'll be OK, Alex.

ALEX

Mitch, we have three days to submit a recording to the qualifying committee. If they accept us we play the qualifiers next month.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

Loo, you're doing well on the Janacek but it's only going to get harder. Schubert. Mozart.

MITCH

(mutters)

Mozart.

(reassuring)

It's cool, Alex.

INT. VINCE'S LOCK-UP - NIGHT

The four play the Janacek.

Vince sits at the Porta-Studio, meticulously adjusting the pots.

ALEX

Tell us a story and take us somewhere we've never been before.

They play.

LATER:

VINCE

Take three.

They play.

LATER:

Vince adjusts the pots.

ALEX

You don't understand. There are no second chances in a competition. You get one shot.

VINCE

Take nine.

A MOMENT LATER:

VINCE

Take ten.

They play.

DISSOLVE TO:

Take away food and drink bottles litter the lock up.

Alex, Vince and the four sit and stand around the Porta-Studio listening to the Janacek.

The music crescendoes. The four look at Alex hopefully.

VINCE

And cut?

Alex nods.

VINCE

Have you got a name? You gotta have
a name.

ALEX

The Brandenburg Quartet.

INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucy inserts the burnt CD in the player. Their Janacek plays.
Lucy takes off her top, her bra.

INT. MITCH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mitch listens to the Janacek and takes off his jumper, then
tee shirt.

INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucy removes her jeans and knickers and stands naked.

INT. MITCH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mitch removes his jeans and undies.

INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucy lays under the sheet. She caresses her breasts. One hand
moves lower and she feels herself.

INT. MITCH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mitch lays under the sheets, feeling himself.

INT. VINCE'S VAN - NIGHT

The van pulls up before a high-rise council block. Keith is
at the wheel and Heather is beside him. The Janacek plays on
the sound system.

HEATHER

That is so good.

Heather closes her eyes, feels the eroticism of the Janacek.

HEATHER

Can you believe that is you and me?

KEITH

Some things were meant to be.

Keith leans forward to kiss her.

The door wrenches open and Tyler hauls Keith out of the car.

TYLER

What the fuck are you doing?

HEATHER

Tyler! No!

KEITH

Just listening to music, man!

TYLER

Bullshit.

HEATHER

Tyler, he's a friend of mine from College.

TYLER

One of your SQ, huh? A violinist?

KEITH

Viola.

Tyler grabs Keith's hand in his huge paw and squeezes. Keith grimaces. Tyler slams Keith's arm into the car. Keith cries in pain.

HEATHER

Leave him alone, Tyler. No!

Heather drops her cello on the seat, jumps out of the car and runs toward them. She beats on Tyler's torso with her fists.

Tyler lets go of Keith and grabs Heather's arms.

TYLER

You think you can hit me?

Keith grabs the cased cello from the van.

KEITH

Let go of her.

TYLER

What?

He turns toward Keith. Keith swings the cello mightily. It slams into Tyler's face and he collapses, blood streaming from his face.

HEATHER

Keith! Tyler!

She kneels beside Tyler, cradling his head.

TYLER

I'm sorry, baby. Don't leave. We got such a good thing going. You can't throw away everything on some competition. The future's us, babe.

HEATHER

Keith, go home.

Keith nods. He climbs reluctantly into the van.

INT. MITCH/SPINNER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The guitars and drums remain set up as always.

Mitch sits on a chair, sheet music before him. He re-plays the Janacek passage and blows it. Plays again. Blows it.

MITCH

Damn.

He plays again. Better, but blows it.

The front door opens and closes. Mitch hears biker boots on bare floorboards.

Mitch rises. Spinner enters in his courier gear and carrying grocery bags.

SPINNER

Oh, man, what a day. Fourteen hours on a damn bike and lucky to make forty quid.

MITCH

Give me that.

He takes the groceries and Spinner collapses in an armchair and wearily removes his boots.

Mitch puts the groceries in the fridge and grabs a beer. He lobs it to Spinner who catches it and opens it.

SPINNER

I got some chicken for dinner, a few veg.

MITCH

Spinner, I gotta tell you -

SPINNER

You don't want chicken? You want something else, you're gonna have to go get it.

MITCH

Chicken's fine... Spin, I need some time out.

SPINNER

Time out? Time out from what?

MITCH

Us, the band.

Spinner rises and moves toward Mitch.

SPINNER

We're recording a demo next week. With the hottest producer in town.

MITCH

Spin, it's something I have to do.

SPINNER

Have to do? Breathing is something you have to do. Taking a crap is something you have to do.

Spinner pushes Mitch against the wall.

SPINNER

Mitch, this is the Spinner. We were banging triangles together in kindergarten. I was there when you got your first guitar. Remember? How many years have we been working for this? It's this SQ shit, right?

Mitch nods. Spinner punches Mitch in the face. Mitch's knees buckle and his lip bleeds.

SPINNER

You can't just up and leave. Not after fifteen fucking years. Is it the music? You want to try a different direction?

MITCH

No, Spin.

SPINNER

You can't play that shit. You never could play it. Your father said you couldn't play it.

MITCH
I can't help it, Spin. I gotta.

SPINNER
It'll kill you, Mitch. Why are you
doing this?

MITCH
I don't know!!!

SPINNER
You leave us, Mitch. And you're
never coming back.

INT. LONDON ACADEMY, CORRIDOR - DAY

Ruth strides along the corridor. She hears music - perhaps Schubert, coming from the rehearsal room.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

The four play. Keith glances at Heather. He mouths - "You OK?" She smiles reassuringly at him.

Ruth enters and sees the four playing.

INT. RUTH'S OFFICE - DAY

Ruth sits behind her desk. John sits before her.

RUTH
I believe Lucy has a bright future.
Her involvement with Alex Swann is
unfortunate. I fear for her career.
Indeed, I fear for her well-being.
I have arranged another audition
for her with Doctor Southwood.

EXT. VINCE'S LOCK-UP - NIGHT

John and Will approach the lock-up. They hear a string quartet. Will opens the door.

INT. VINCE'S LOCK-UP - NIGHT

Will and John enter and gaze at the rock instruments, the junk, and the dismantled cars.

In the middle of all this rubbish, Alex conducts the four.

Lucy sees John and Will. She stops playing.

The others stop and all eyes turn to Will and John.

LUCY
Hello, daddy. Will.

JOHN
Four years at the London Academy.
To play with -
(eye falls on Mitch)
- a cab driver.

ALEX
Hello, Mr Harding. You are
obviously Will. I'm Doctor -

JOHN
I know who you are. Lucy, pack your
things away. We're going now.

LUCY
Daddy, I am playing with friends of
mine.

JOHN
I will support you in every way
possible, Lucy. Your mother had her
phases. Artistic temperament. I
understand. When we get home I am
ringing that psychiatrist -

LUCY
I do not need a psychiatrist!

The arguments rage in the b/g. Mitch smiles cheesily at Will.

MITCH
You're the bassoon player.

WILL
Oboe.

MITCH
You've got the lips all right. Lip
suckin' lips.

WILL
Pardon me?

MITCH
You must have something going for
you. You two don't fuck, do you?

ON:

Lucy and John.

LUCY
Daddy, this is my music, my career.

JOHN

And I will not see you ruin it.

HEATHER

Why don't you listen to us play?

JOHN

I do not listen to second rate musicians playing second rate music.

HEATHER

This is not second rate music. Lucy is a brilliant violinist and we are not second rate musicians. We are going to Vienna.

Mitch and Will scuffle across the floor in mutual headlocks and arm wrestles.

Vince, Keith and Alex separate them.

John grabs Lucy by the arm.

JOHN

You may have fooled my daughter with your pie-in-the-sky schemes, Doctor Swann, but you haven't fooled me. Lucy, your mother believed in you and your music. Thank god she wasn't around to see you play in a lock up.

Will grabs Lucy's violin and case and he and John take Lucy by either arm and march her out.

INT. SOUTHWOOD/RUTH'S SITTING ROOM - DAY

Southwood and John sit on a leather settee and listen to Lucy play.

INT. LONDON UNDERGROUND STATION - DAY

Mitch plays the heartachingly beautiful main melody from the 1939 Brandenburg quartet.

INT. HEADMISTRESS'S OFFICE - DAY

Heather sits across the desk from the HEADMISTRESS.

HEADMISTRESS

Four years at the London Academy.

HEATHER

I finish this week... I've always
wanted to teach.

INT. KEITH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Keith listens to a copy of the Brandenburg's 1939 quartet.
The recording ends scratchily.

INT. LONDON ACADEMY, CORRIDOR - DAY

Lucy strides along the corridor. Mitch falls in beside her.

MITCH

You can't pull the plug, Lucy. It's
two weeks till the qualifiers.

LUCY

I'm sorry.

MITCH

You talk about respecting your
fellow musicians and dedication and
sacrifice. I lost my band, Lucy. I
lost the best friend I ever had.

LUCY

I've got a job, Mitch! Birmingham
Symphony Orchestra.

MITCH

With the oboe player.

LUCY

With the oboe player... I will not
jeopardise my career on a million
to one chance of winning some
competition.

Lucy strides off.

INT. LONDON ACADEMY, AUDITORIUM - DAY

The entire final year string section is on stage, chattering,
rosining bows or tuning up.

Ruth stands at the conductor's podium, baton in her hand,
and studies her sheet music.

Mitch and Lucy exchange glances. Keith and Heather exchange
glances.

Mitch plays the opening of the Janacek. Lucy stiffens. He
plays it again and Keith and Heather join in.

Ruth hammers the podium with her baton.

Lucy listens, her bow poised.

INT. JOHN'S LIBRARY/STUDY - NIGHT

John is on his bluetooth.

JOHN
Sell. Sell the lot.

Lucy enters.

JOHN
Excuse me, Piers... Lucy, I -

LUCY
I'm not going to Birmingham.

JOHN
I'll call you back, Piers... Lucy,
I know you're starting at the
bottom, but work hard and you'll
work your way up to the Firsts, and
then you'll be a soloist.

LUCY
I'm not good enough.

JOHN
What?

LUCY
I.Am.Not.Good.Enough.

JOHN
How dare you say that.

LUCY
That night at the Wigmore? Mum knew
I wasn't good enough. I'm sorry I'm
not perfect. I tried to fill her
shoes for you, daddy. But I can't
any more. And I won't.

INT. ALEX'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Alex and the four sit and gaze at a small package which sits
on the coffee table.

Alex opens the package and removes a CD.

KEITH
They sent it back.

Their hearts collectively sink. Alex shakes a letter from the package.

ALEX

The Committee of the Vienna
Biennale... great pleasure...
inviting you to the qualifying
competition.

KEITH

We're in!

Keith and Heather hug.

Mitch and Lucy's eyes catch - the die is cast and they know it.

ALEX

The qualifying round will be held
at the Royal Academy of Music
Concert Hall on August tenth.

HEATHER

Ten days.

INT. VINCE'S LOCK-UP - DAY

The four are in their playing positions. Alex places sheet music on the stands before them.

ALEX

You are required to perform two
pieces. One of your own choice -

HEATHER

The Janacek.

ALEX

I agree. The Janacek.

ALEX

It's a tough one. Schubert. Death
and the Maiden.

TIME CUT TO:

Lucy gives the signal and the four play the Schubert.

ALEX

Diminuendo, Mitch. A little more
vibrato, Lucy. Allegro. Allegro.
That's it. Beautiful.

Mitch screws up a passage. The music halts.

ALEX

It's a difficult passage. Short on the down bow, Mitch. Long on the up. You must tremolo that A. From measure twenty.

Lucy gives the signal and they play. And Mitch screws up the same passage.

ALEX

Are you all right, Mitch?

Mitch nods. The four play.

Mitch hits a bum note and the music halts.

MITCH

Sorry.

ALEX

It's OK. It's a very tough passage. Mitch, the D sixteenths. Bow on the upswing.

They play again. And Mitch screws up again.

MITCH

Sorry. Upswing.

ALEX

No, Mitch. That was your fingering. It's rubato. Then sustain and diminuendo. That sustain is very weak.

MITCH

OK.

They play again. Mitch hits another bum note.

Alex signals - play on. Then Mitch hits another bad note and another. The music grinds to a halt. But Mitch plays on.

The others watch in horror as he plays the piece solo. Harder, faster, discordant. And always screwing up at the same note.

LUCY

Alex, do something. You're the teacher. Help him.

Alex looks at Mitch helplessly. Finally, Mitch snaps a string. And another. Horse-hair frays on his bow. The last string snaps and the last horse-hair frays.

Silence.

MITCH
I'm sorry. I just can't play it.

EXT. VINCE'S LOCK-UP - NIGHT

Mitch hurries from the shed and down the driveway. Lucy emerges from the shed.

LUCY
Mitch?

MITCH
Go to Birmingham, Lucy. Your dad was right.

LUCY
Why are you doing this, Mitch?

MITCH
You should know what it's like not being good enough!

LUCY
Who said you were never good enough?

Mitch shakes his head and disappears into the night.

INT. HERO OF WATERLOO - NIGHT

Mitch watches Spinner, Terry, Ron and a new GUITARIST play. He sees the adoring girls, the envious faces on the boys in the audience, the dancing and the fun.

EXT. NEWQUAY CAR PARK - DAY

Mitch sits on a grassy knoll and watches the waves break.

EXT. SURF - DUSK

Mitch sits on his board. He sees a wave slowly swell. It's big. Very big and barrelling fast.

Mitch pauses and in his mind's ear he hears the K-4 - LOUD. The huge wave bears down on him. He catches the wave.

Two of God's mightiest creations - Mozart and this wave lift Mitch.

Mitch is in the tube of the wave, the K-4 blaring. It is literally the ride of his life.

Ahead the rocks.

But Mitch is oblivious, all he can hear is the K-4. The rocks loom ahead. Closer. Closer. Mitch crashes into them.

Mitch cartwheels through the air and down into the water. The water foams and eddies.

The foam recedes. No Mitch.

Mitch finally emerges from the depths, face bloodied.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Mitch emerges from the shallow, half a broken surfboard under each arm. He drops the broken board at the water's edge. And keeps on walking.

INT. ALEX'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Alex answers the front door. Mitch stands outside.

MITCH
I want to play.

EXT. RUTH & SOUTHWOOD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alex stands on the front door step. He hammers on the door. Southwood opens the door.

SOUTHWOOD
Alex. What are you doing here?
You've been drinking.

ALEX
Just a little.

Alex barges in.

SOUTHWOOD
How dare you!

INT. RUTH & SOUTHWOOD'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Alex and Ruth enter. Ruth sits in an armchair.

RUTH
Hello, Alex.

ALEX
I need your help, Ruthie.

Alex holds up a CD.

ALEX
You've got to listen to them.

RUTH
I've already heard them.

INT. COLLEGE REHEARSAL STUDIO - DAY

Mitch sits with his violin. Sheet music is on the stand.

MITCH
These are scales.

RUTH
Indeed they are. C.

Mitch reluctantly plays the scale.

RUTH
Again.

Mitch plays the scale again.

RUTH
Again.

Mitch plays the scale again.

Ruth adjusts his (right) bowing hand, then adjusts his left wrist.

RUTH
Again.

Mitch plays the scale.

RUTH
D.

Mitch plays the D scale.

RUTH
Again.

DISSOLVE TO:

Ruth switches on a metronome. It ticks slowly.

RUTH
You have every reason to feel
humiliated, Mr Audley. Rest
assured, it is necessary.

She gestures and Mitch plays the short etude.

RUTH
Again.

Mitch plays the etude again.

Ruth cranks up the metronome a notch. Mitch plays faster.

Ruth cranks it up another notch and Mitch plays faster.

Ruth cranks it up another notch and Mitch plays faster. Then he falters and stops.

RUTH

Again.

He gets further into the piece then falters again.

RUTH

Do not cock your wrist. This is not
"cock rock", Mr Audley.

Mitch loosens his wrist. Ruth nods and Mitch plays.

Ruth cranks up the metronome and Mitch plays faster. Faster.
Faster.

Mitch winces and stops. His fingers are bleeding.

Ruth cranks the metronome up to the max.

Mitch plays. His fingers fly over his blood-smearred
fingerboard.

THE NEXT DAY:

Mitch sits at his music stand. Ruth prowls the music room.

RUTH

Short, long, short.

Mitch bows short, long, short. Ruth adjusts his grip on the
bow.

RUTH

Again.

Mitch plays.

RUTH

Long, short, long.

Mitch bows long, short, long.

THE NEXT DAY:

Mitch sits at the music stand. Ruth stands before him.

RUTH

Rubato.

Mitch plays a short passage. Ruth adjusts his left wrist.

RUTH

Again.

Mitch repeats.

RUTH

Again.

Mitch repeats.

RUTH

Vibrato.

Mitch plays another passage with vibrato. Ruth adjusts the angle of his wrist. He plays it again. And again.

RUTH

Tremolo.

Mitch plays another passage with tremolo.

RUTH

Octave elide.

Mitch plays another passage with an octave elision. And again.

Mitch sits before his music stand. Ruth switches on the metronome.

Lucy enters the rehearsal room.

MITCH

Come to enjoy the show?

LUCY

I know what it's like to practise alone.

RUTH

That's very kind of you, Lucy.

Mitch forces an apologetic grin. Lucy hauls up a second chair and stand. She looks at the sheet music.

LUCY

Hey, this is third grade.

RUTH

Indeed.

They play.

Ruth cranks up the metronome and they play faster.

A fourth grade etude. Faster. A fifth grade. Faster.

They play a Brahms piece. Then a Mozart.

A WEEK LATER

Ruth puts sheet music on the two stands.

RUTH
Our old friend Mr Bach.

Mitch and Lucy play the Bach.

THE NEXT DAY:

The four play an elegant piece with all the technique trimmings - say, "Lark descending".

Alex and Ruth watch. Alex grins. He takes Ruth's hand and squeezes it.

INT. ROYAL ACADEMY, MEN'S DRESSING ROOMS - NIGHT

About thirty young, male MUSICIANS change into tuxedos, or smart stage-wear. All look like talented musicians - sensitive and intelligent, Royal Academy of Music-style.

Some tune their instruments. One or two play scales or perform bowing techniques; another meditates; a couple puff anxiously on cigarettes.

Mitch, in his surfie gear, and Keith, ever the geek, enter with old sports bags and their instruments.

Two Sloane-types, HENRY and HUGO nudge each other. They sing a Beach Boys-style tune.

Mocking laughter all round. Mitch grins good-naturedly. He pushes aside bags and cases and clears some bench space. Mitch and Keith put their old sports bags on the bench.

Mitch wears the gibes for a minute. He sees an old but beautifully maintained violin and picks it up. He strums the violin along to the music like a cock-rock guitar hero.

Henry holds his hand up for silence.

HENRY
That's a seventeenth century
Cremonese school violin.

MITCH
Get away!! Seventeenth century?
Can't you afford a new one?

HENRY
It's worth eighty thousand pounds.

Mitch gulps and drops the violin. He grabs it, juggles it and athletically flips it up. An ashen-faced Henry catches the violin and clutches it to his chest.

INT. ROYAL ACADEMY, FEMALE DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Several FEMALE MUSICIANS apply make-up in the mirror. Others tune their instruments or perform musical exercises. One musician meditates, another pops a tranquiliser.

We hear retching and throwing up behind the closed cubicle door. Heather looks at herself in the mirror. Gone is the shapeless sweater. Her outfit is Oxfam - but complementary and complimentary.

Heather taps on the door.

HEATHER
Are you all right?

The toilet flushes and a pale Lucy emerges. She nods weakly.

INT. ROYAL ACADEMY, CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

The four are on stage and in their playing positions. Mitch and Keith's tuxedos are more bohemian than Boss.

Heather looks at the sea of faces, and freezes.

KEITH
Don't worry about them. You and me.
Pulse and heartbeat.

They raise their bows. Lucy gives the signal and they play the Janacek.

Alex watches nervously from the stalls. The four play on - growing in confidence.

The JUDGES listen to the music and follow it on the folios of sheet music before them.

Ruth and Southwood watch the four play from the front row.

Alex feels every note they play.

The four play - confidently, brilliantly.

EXT. ROYAL ACADEMY - NIGHT

Alex anxiously paces the street, slapping a rolled program against his palm. Ruth joins him. Alex looks at her enquiringly.

RUTH
They're good, Alex.

A buzz goes round the people gathered outside and in the foyer, and Alex sees them rush for the entrance doors.

INT. ROYAL ACADEMY, STAGE - NIGHT

The STAGE ANNOUNCER stands at the microphone.

STAGE ANNOUNCER
We have a split decision, ladies
and gentlemen.

Charles Southwood looks daggers from the Judges' Seats.

STAGE ANNOUNCER
But the judges have decided that
the winner of the UK qualifier for
the Vienna Biennale is Ensemble 25 -
The Brandenburg Quartet.

The audience bursts into applause. Alex slumps back in his seat and lets the applause wash over him.

Mitch, Lucy, Keith and Heather stride on stage as one - hands linked. They bow, then raise their linked hands in triumph.

INT. MITCH'S BEDROOM - DAY

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AUDLEY LIVING ROOM, AUSTRALIA - NIGHT

MITCH is on the phone.

His Mum picks up.

MITCH
Hi, mum.

MUM
Hello, Mitch. How are you?

In b/g we see David and his star young pupil practising.

MITCH
We won the qualifiers, mum. We're
going to the Biennale.

MUM
Mitch, that's wonderful. I must
tell your dad.

EXT. MITCH AND SPINNER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A packed suitcase and violin case sit on the floor.

Spinner enters, helmeted and in his courier leathers. He sees Mitch, standing by the suitcase.

MITCH
Hey, bro. What's the word?.

SPINNER
Hey, Mitch.

MITCH
How'd the dem go?

Spinner lifts the dark visor

SPINNER
We didn't get the contract.

MITCH
I'm sorry.

Spinner takes in Mitch's neater haircut and clothes.

SPINNER
Goin' somewhere?

MITCH
Vienna.

Spinner removes his helmet.

SPINNER
No shit, huh? Vienna.

Mitch smiles a farewell smile. He turns and walks away.~

INT. LUTIER'S SHOP - DAY

Racks of violins, violas and other string instruments line the walls of the 200 year old lutier shop.

The LUTIER, 75, stands behind his counter in his leather work smock and examines an old violin. He plucks a string and listens to the sustain.

LUTIER
Seventeenth century. Cremonese.
Ruggieri. Is this your father's?

Alex stands before him.

ALEX
Yes.

LUTIER
Vienna?

ALEX
Vienna.

INT. VIENNA AIRPORT - DAY

Alex stands at an Official Vienna Information Booth. A uniformed Biennale OFFICIAL mans the booth.

ALEX

This is not the hotel we were booked into.

OFFICIAL

I am sorry, sir. We are doing our best.

ALEX

It's an hour from the Opera House. Does it have rehearsal rooms?

OFFICIAL

The Luxor is a perfectly adequate hotel.

Stressed TOURISTS in the queue behind Alex, clamor for attention.

ALEX

Have you bumped anyone else to the Luxor?

The Official smiles blandly.

INT. VIENNA AIRPORT, AIRLINES COUNTER - DAY

Mitch and Keith stand before the counter. An AIRLINES CLERK stands behind the counter.

KEITH

My viola? Where's my viola?

AIRLINES CLERK

We're doing our best to locate your luggage, sir.

MITCH

It's not luggage. It's a viola.

INT. VIENNA AIRPORT, CONCOURSE - DAY

Lucy and Heather perch on their luggage in the middle of the concourse. Alex joins them.

ALEX

The hotel is overbooked.

Keith and Mitch join them.

KEITH

They've lost my box, can you believe it?

ALEX

OK, OK. We'll go to the hotel and sort it out from there. They'll find your viola, Keith. God I wish I could remember some German.

There is a sudden hubbub of excitement and a surge of people. Photographers' bulbs flash. They all look around curiously.

PHOTOGRAPHER

(racing past)

The Russians are here!

An entourage comprising the Russian MANAGER, the Russian COACHES, a PSYCHOLOGIST, PHYSIOTHERAPIST, HAIRDRESSER, DIETITIAN and a pair of muscle-bound BODYGUARDS surround KATJE IRINOVA, her brother MIKHAIL IRINOV, and the Russian CELLIST and VIOLIST.

Katje is gorgeous. She smiles radiantly for the cameras.

Mitch nudges Lucy.

MITCH

Look who's their agent.

Southwood sweeps through the concourse with the Russians.

A trolley containing Louis Vuitton luggage and maybe thirty cased instruments bears down on Alex and the four.

The Official (from the booth) and Airport Security clear a path through the crowds. The muscle-bound Bodyguards plow through anyone left in the way.

Lucy and Heather gather their luggage and hop out of the way of this juggernaut.

Alex and Keith move aside, but not fast enough.

BODYGUARD

Make way!

Mikhail Irinov shoulders Keith, who stumbles and falls.

MITCH

That's our viola player, man.

He shoves Mikhail's shoulder.

BODYGUARD 1 throws a punch, which Mitch ducks. Mitch thumps the Bodyguard with a copybook left hook. The Bodyguard careens into the luggage trolley and the instruments scatter.

Katje looks coolly over her shoulder and sees BODYGUARD 2 thump Mitch. The Russian Manager and Coach hustle Katje away.

The Bodyguards pin Mitch down and land some vicious punches.

Airport Security jump into the fray and finally separate the combatants.

Mitch sits up, his nose bloodied and holding his wrist.

LUCY

Mitch! Are you all right?

Lucy, Heather, Keith and Alex rush to Mitch's side. Mitch flexes his wrist painfully.

Mitch sees Mikhail sneer over his shoulder at him, as his entourage hustle him away.

The posse of NEWSHOUNDS surround the Russians.

REPORTER 1

People are calling the St Petersburg Quartet the world's first baroque super group? What do you say to that?

KATJE

I think they are right.

REPORTER

The experts are calling the Competition a one horse race? Do you agree?

KATJE

I wouldn't bet on anyone else.

She smiles radiantly for the cameras again.

EXT. VIENNA AIRPORT - DAY

Snow falls in flurries. Alex and the four wait for a cab. A cab approaches them but is cut off by a convoy of STRETCH LIMOS.

The Russians sweep by. Obsequious Biennale OFFICIALS open the limo doors.

Katje walks past and her eye falls on the blond and tanned Mitch. Their eyes lock for a beat, and a curious, sexy, smile plays on Katje's lips.

Mitch is taken by her beauty - who wouldn't? - and smiles.

Lucy sees the exchange, and frowns.

Katje climbs elegantly into the limo, which whisks away.

An unshaven CABBIE throws away his cigarette butt and opens the boot of his old cab. He grabs Lucy and Heather's instruments and heaves them in the trunk.

LUCY

Hey, that's my violin.

Alex protests in stilted German. The Cabbie mutters a curse, picks up the instruments and threatens to hurl them on the pavement. Alex wearily placates him.

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT - DAY

The four sit in their playing positions. Keith examines his viola.

ALEX

No damage?

Keith tightens a tuning peg. He shakes his head.

ALEX

Are you OK, Mitch?

Mitch unwinds the bandage and flexes his injured wrist. He nods.

ALEX

The first round is like the opening round in a championship fight. The players test each other out. Probe for weaknesses. We don't need a knock out punch. We want to survive and get through to the second round. The unfinished Schubert.

The four raise their bows.

INT. STAATSOPER (VIENNA OPERA HOUSE) - NIGHT

The four are on stage, playing the Schubert. Their clothes are still more charity shop than Chanel.

The Opera House is packed - men in tuxedos, women in furs and ballgowns.

Alex rolls and rides the musical "punches".

Mitch and Lucy negotiate a difficult passage and exchange smiles, their confidence rising.

The five JUDGES, sitting in the front stalls, listen intently to the music and follow it on the sheet music before them.

Ruth and Charles Southwood watch intently.

Heather fluffs a note and looks panic struck. The judges frown. Alex's heart leaps into his mouth.

Keith smiles reassuringly, encouragingly at Heather and guides her musically back on track. Lucy and Mitch quickly offer encouraging smiles. Heather grits her teeth and they're on song again.

Alex breathes a huge sigh of relief.

INT. TREBLE CLEF CAFÉ - NIGHT

Alex and the four stand at the bar and raise champagne flutes in a toast.

Alex raises his flute in a toast to Ruth, who sits with Southwood at a table.

Mikhail, Katje and the Russian entourage approach the bar.

MIKHAIL

Bravo, brave Brandenburgs! You played with such feeling. Emotion. The Schubert - I was transported to a lush green field. I heard a gurgling brook. Fluffy clouds drifted across a clear blue sky.

Sniggers all round from the Russians.

MITCH

And here was I thinking it was about pain and desolation. Maybe it loses something in the Russian translation.

MIKHAIL

(to Heather)

Was that an E flat I heard you play in the adagio? Funny, I could have sworn Schubert wrote a D.

Heather colours. Keith leaps at Mikhail. Mitch restrains him.

MITCH

We've got 'em spooked, man. Let's leave it for the opera house, OK?

Mikhail grins sneeringly. Keith backs off. He takes Heather's hand and squeezes it.

HEATHER

It won't happen again.

Katje presents Mitch with an empty flute glass. He pours champagne for her.

KATJE

You slipped under our radar, Mr Audley. What you lack in technique you make up with energy.

MITCH

Personally, I rate my technique very highly.

KATJE

Maybe we should play together. Nothing serious - just a little fun on the side.

Alex sips his schnapps. He looks at the photographs and drawings of famous composers and musicians which cover the walls. Menuhin, Kriesler, du Pre.

And the 1939 Brandenburg Quartet.

A FEW MINUTES LATER:

Alex stands and gazes at the photo. It's identical to the one in his apartment.

The owner of the café, DIETER HARTMAN, 30s, approaches Alex.

DIETER

Doctor Swann? I am Dieter Hartman, you wished to see me.

ALEX

This photo, where did you get it?

DIETER

It's been in my family for years.

Alex points to the First Violinist in the photo.

ALEX

Hartman. Berthe Hartman!

DIETER

My father's aunt.

ALEX

My father was Erich Swann.

DIETER

I believe they were very good. Your father is still alive?

ALEX

No. Do you have anything else?
Press reports, manuscripts,
recordings?

DIETER

No. I do not believe so.

INT. LUCY & HEATHER'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy is on her mobile phone.

LUCY

Daddy, we got through the first
round.

INT. HARDING LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

John is on the phone.

JOHN

How many more rounds?

INT. LUCY AND HEATHER'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy smiles.

Heather is on the hotel phone.

INT. HEATHER AND TYLER'S FLAT - NIGHT

The phone rings. Tyler and a GIRL are humping away like the
clappers. Tyler pauses and picks up.

TYLER

'Lo.

The Girl tickles Tyler and he giggles.

TYLER

(hisses)

Stop that.

(into phone)

Hello?

INT. LUCY AND HEATHER'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Heather hangs up.

INT. MITCH & KEITH'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AUDLEY LIVING ROOM, AUSTRALIA - DAY

Mitch is on the phone.

GRANDMA

Hello.

MITCH

Grandma? What are you doing there?

Grandma takes a swig of wine. Maybe there's some Tom Jones on the CD player.

GRANDMA

Hello?

MITCH

Grandma, turn the music down.

GRANDMA

Is that you, Mitch? Your parents are out. Where are you?

She pours the last of the bottle into her glass.

MITCH

Vienna. Tell mum and dad my string quartet just got through the first round.

GRANDMA

I didn't know Spinner liked chamber music.

Her elbow hits the empty bottle. It clatters across the table.

Mitch grimaces - he knows that sound.

MITCH

Different quartet, Grandma.

GRANDMA

I can hardly hear you. I'll turn the music down.

She rises and staggers to the CD and knocks over a CD tree of disks.

MITCH

Not dad's CDs. Grandma?!

Grandma lifts the fallen CD tree and CDs cascade across the floor. She picks up the phone.

GRANDMA

I'm going to have to go, Mitch.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mitch opens the door to the bathroom. He sees Keith with his pyjama pants around his ankles.

MITCH
Keith, is that dental floss around
your dick?

Keith hurriedly hauls up his pyjama pants.

A FEW MINUTES LATER:

Mitch and Keith lie in their twin beds. The lights are out.

KEITH
(sleepily, eyes closed)
It prevents ejaculation, Mitch. The
loss of sperm weakens the warrior
spirit, saps the competitive urges.
Warriors and monks have been doing
it for centuries. It's a Zen thing.

MITCH
Zen, huh? Are they the same guys
who drink their own urine?

Silence.

MITCH
Keith?

Keith snores gently.

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT - DAY

The four sit in the air playing positions. Alex reads from the official programme.

ALEX
Second round. We play to our
strengths. Let them all know we're
here and we mean business.

INT. VIENNA OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

The four are on stage playing the Janacek. Pure sex. Mitch and Lucy play like they're fighting something.

Keith and Heather can't resist glances at each other.

Even the audience can feel it. LOVERS clutch their PARTNERS' hands, or thighs.

CUT TO:

OFFSTAGE:

Katje watches Mitch play.

CUT TO:

GIRLS in the audience gaze dewy-eyed at Mitch and Keith and BOYS gaze adoringly at Lucy and Heather.

The Russian entourage exchange surprised glances.

Alex sees Southwood caress Ruth's shoulders and neck.

The four finish the Janacek, stand and salute the wildly applauding audience.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Heather and Keith march along the corridor, grinning broadly. They reach Heather's door and she opens it.

She yanks Keith inside.

INT. HEATHER'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Clothes fly across the room and land on the floor. We hear embraces and Keith and Heather's groans of excitement. The squeaks of bed springs. Heather straddles Keith.

HEATHER

What is this, Keith? Dental floss?

INT. SOFITEL HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Mitch, Lucy, Keith and Heather sit around one side of a polished wood table.

Southwood and the Russian coach Voronov sit opposite.

Ruth stands apart and gazes out the window.

A Room Service WAITER serves coffee and pastries.

SOUTHWOOD

The Russians are unbeatable. You cannot win.

VORONOV

But they are separating after the competition. Katje wishes to go solo.

SOUTHWOOD

With Mr Voronov as your coach, and my self as your agent, I promise you, in two years you will be Number One. Recording contracts. World tours.

MITCH

Alex got us here.

SOUTHWOOD

You got yourselves here. You owe Alex nothing. You owe it to yourselves.

MITCH

Alex is our coach and manager.

VORONOV

Swann has no experience of competition. He has never even been to Vienna.

SOUTHWOOD

He is a loose cannon. He will make crazy decisions under pressure. You will never win in Vienna under Alex Swann.

Ruth looks over, but says nothing. Southwood hands out documents.

SOUTHWOOD

This is a contract. You may want to have a lawyer look at it. Then all you have to do is sign it.

The four look at the contract.

EXT. VIENNA STREET - DAY

Alex and the four watch Vienna's most famous BUSKER - who plays "The Four Seasons" impeccably on piano accordion.

INT. FIAKER (HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGE) - DAY

Alex and the four sit in the carriage as it drives through a Viennese park.

ALEX

The Russians are going for the knock out punch. They'll burn everyone off with pure technique.
(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

They'll play the K-4 and no one else will be game to.

EXT. RIESENRAD - DAY

The five sit in a gondola on the famous ferris wheel (from "The Third Man").

ALEX

We are going to play the K-4.

MITCH

I don't think this is a good idea.

ALEX

We are telling the judges, we are telling the Russians, we are not afraid of you. Everyone else is afraid. We will earn enough points to get us into the final.

KEITH

This could get ugly.

ALEX

And Mitch, I want you to play First Violin.

The four look at each other - Voronov's words ringing in their ears.

LUCY

This is insane, Alex.

KEITH

They will maim us.

MITCH

Alex, I first started playing the K-4 when I was ten years old. Every day for ten years I had that piece of music rammed down my throat and I could never play it.

ALEX

And that's why you're going to play it. Emotion. Story. Taking us places no one's ever been before.

The wheel stops and the gondola swings. Mitch clutches the handrail.

MITCH

And what if I never come back?

INT. LUCY AND HEATHER'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy enters from the bathroom, wearing a bathrobe and a towel around her washed hair.

Heather sits in front of the mirror, putting on make-up. She's also in a robe and head towel. A dishy little outfit waits for her on her bed.

LUCY

Going out?

HEATHER

We heard about this restaurant. Old Vienna. It's on the river. You know, a maitre d and waiters about a hundred years old. And they've got an orchestra!

LUCY

Romantic.

HEATHER

Why don't you come with us? Moonlight. The blue Danube. Richard Strauss. The Emperor Waltz. How romantic is that?

LUCY

No, you two go.

HEATHER

What's Mitch doing?

LUCY

I don't know.

HEATHER

Go on. You know you want to.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Lucy strolls through the lobby - dressed for a hot date.

Lucy sees Mitch at the bar. He drains a beer and looks worried.

Katje, all class, enters the bar and approaches Mitch. Mitch is surprised and politely rises to his feet.

Lucy sees them converse and laugh. Katje points to the exit. Mitch shrugs and nods. They head for the exit.

The Concierge opens the door of a cab for them.

INT. TREBLE CLEF - NIGHT

Alex sits at the bar drinking a glass of wine. Ruth joins him.

RUTH

You just couldn't stop yourself, could you, Alex? "Take me somewhere I've never been before." You push, push, push, till you pushed me over the edge. And now you're doing it to Mitch.

ALEX

We are going to win.

Alex signals to Dieter for a drink for Ruth.

RUTH

You don't know, do you?

ALEX

Know what?

RUTH

I'm so sorry, Alex.

ALEX

What?

RUTH

Charles has offered them a contract.

Alex looks stunned.

INT. LUCY AND HEATHER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Keith and Heather waltz around the room. Keith leads smoothly.

HEATHER

Hey, you're pretty good.

Keith swings her flamboyantly around the room. The door opens and Lucy bursts in.

LUCY

Can you believe it? Mitch has gone off with Katje.

KEITH

Wow. That Mitch. Sleeping with the enemy. Way to go.

LUCY

It is not the way to go, Keith.
Everything we've put into this and
he's gonna blow it on... on that
Russian fiddle player.

KEITH

Hey, it's just a little r and r. A
one night stand.

HEATHER

(hisses)
Keith.

KEITH

Or maybe it's pillow talk. You
know, while they're, you know -

LUCY

No, I don't know. While they're
what? Fucking?

KEITH

Well, yeah.

HEATHER

Keith!

KEITH

He's probably pumping her --

LUCY

I don't want to know about this.

KEITH

-- for information.

LUCY

I don't want to even think about
it.

KEITH

Information!

HEATHER

Shut up, Keith!

KEITH

What's the problem here?
(penny drops)
Oh shit. You? And Mitch? I thought
you two hated each other. You know,
fire and water, Lennon and
Macartney.

HEATHER
 Shut up, Keith!
 (to Lucy re Mitch)
 Why don't you just tell him?

INT. HOTEL BAR - MORNING

Alex and Ruth sit at the bar. Alex is unshaved, unkempt.

RUTH
 Alex, you saw something in those
 four that no one else saw and you
 were right. You should be proud.

Mitch enters. He wears the same clothes as last night and he's just about blue with cold.

Alex and Ruth clock him as he approaches.

ALEX
 Are you all right, Mitch?

MITCH
 I never signed that contract, Alex.

RUTH
 (to Waiter)
 Coffee!

MITCH
 I've been walking around for hours.
 It's one beautiful city.

Lucy storms in. Heather and Keith trail in her wake.

LUCY
 We are supposed to trust you with
 our musical lives and meanwhile
 you're fucking the competition.

KEITH
 A reconnaissance mission, right,
 Mitch?

MITCH
 Katje says they've won this
 competition already. Southwood's
 organised a world tour. A recording
 contract.

LUCY
 And what did you do? Roll over and
 tickle her fancy?

MITCH
 I told her we're playing the K-4.
 That tickled her. She laughed.
 (MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)

I've been playing that music in my head for hours. Over and over again. And it's us playing it. And it sounds so good. I hear every note you play, Keith. Every note, Heather. I really want to play -- I really want *us* to play this.

(to Lucy)

And I can't play it without you.

INT. VIENNA OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

STAGE ANNOUNCER stands at the microphone.

STAGE ANNOUNCER

The Mozart String Quartet in D minor, Koeschel 421. The K-4.

The audience applauds.

The four sit in their playing positions. Even Mitch is seated for this one.

Mitch glances at the audience and sees his mum and dad.

Pause. Lucy, Heather and Keith glance uneasily at Mitch. The audience grow restless.

Mitch's dad smiles encouragingly.

Mitch lifts his bow. They play.

Lucy, Heather and Keith play with assurance.

Mitch's face is a sheen of sweat as he bare-knuckle brawls with the technically demanding music. Lucy follows him, supports him.

Ruth, Southwood, Voronov all watch this battle from various seats in the Opera House.

Alex gnaws his lip as he sees Mitch struggle, then somehow get through a difficult passage.

The music builds.

ALEX

(sotto voce)

Go for it, Mitch. Now!!

Mitch grits his teeth and attacks the music. Sweat flies from his brow.

Lucy, Heather and Keith are sucked in by Mitch's turbo-charged playing and find another gear. And soar!

Jaws in the audience drop in astonishment.

Mitch's mum clutches at his dad's arm, but Mitch's dad is too caught up in the music.

The music crescendos and finishes.

The audience bursts into applause. Voronov and his entourage applaud politely - they're rattled.

Mitch's dad closes his eyes in a thankful prayer to the music gods then he and Mitch's mum rise to their feet.

Lucy, Heather and Keith stand and smile triumphantly. Mitch climbs from his seat like an old man - drained.

INT. BURROWS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vince and Nora and the three kids listen to the rapturous applause on the radio broadcast of the concert.

Vince punches the air.

VINCE

Yes!

Vince sweeps Blondie into his arms.

VINCE

I don't believe it. He can play. He can really play!

Nora hands him an envelope. He opens it and withdraws a brand new credit card.

NORA

The others are maxed.

VINCE

This is appalling financial management.

NORA

And irresponsible parenting.

They hug.

INT. OPERA HOUSE, DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Keith and Heather hug deliriously.

Mitch sits slumped in a chair, pale, bow tie loosened. Lucy sits beside him, also drained.

LUCY

Wild ride.

Mitch grins weakly and nods. Mitch and Lucy see Keith and Heather kiss.

MITCH
Wow. That Janacek.

LUCY
That Mozart.

She raises her bow. Mitch raises his bow and they touch.

INT. OPERA HOUSE STAGE - NIGHT

The opera house is empty, save for Mitch and his dad who stand on the stage. Mitch carries his cased violin.

DAD
It was always so hard, Mitch. I knew you were good enough. I knew you had the talent. And I couldn't bring it out of you. Those that can - do. Those that can't - teach. And I couldn't even get that right.

MITCH
I'm sorry, dad.

DAD
There's nothing to be sorry about, believe me.

Dad gazes around the empty opera house.

DAD
Mozart. Hayden. Beethoven. Liszt. They all played here. I used to dream about this place.

Mitch hands his Dad his violin and grandad's bow.

Dad looks at the violin and bow. He faces the auditorium and plays.

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT - DAY

Alex places sheet music before the four who sit in their playing positions. Mitch reads the music.

MITCH
You want us to play this?

INT. VIENNA STATE OPERA, STAGE - DAY

A giant electronic display board is on the stage. It shows the eight finalists and the pieces they will play.

The seven managers and coaches of the finalists - including Voronov and Southwood - sit at tables before the scoreboard.

VORONOV

The Mozart String Quartet Number 17
in B flat.

Press photographers mill before the stage.

The information flashes electronically on the display board.

Alex hurries in and takes his empty seat. The Stage Announcer sits at the head of the table with competition officials.

STAGE ANNOUNCER

Mr Swann?

ALEX

String Quartet Number 1 in E minor
by Erich Swann.

Confusion all round. The other coaches and managers mutter their astonishment.

STAGE ANNOUNCER

Could you repeat that, please?

ALEX

String Quartet Number 1 in E minor
by Erich Swann.

The information is displayed on the electronic board.

SOUTHWOOD

The judges have never heard this
music, Alex. You've just committed
professional suicide.

INT. VIENNA STATE OPERA, FOYER - NIGHT

There is a buzz in the air as dignitaries, elegantly robed women and formally attired men gather for the final.

INT. HEATHER AND LUCY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Heather and Lucy hold up Versace-style outfits.

LUCY

(reads a card)

Take us places we've never been.
Alex.

INT. MITCH AND KEITH'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Mitch admires himself in his Armani suit in the mirror.

Keith also wears an Armani suit, but sits on the edge of his bed..

KEITH

Oh, man. I don't know how to tell you this?

MITCH

What?

KEITH

Heather and I. We've been sleeping together. Oh, god. Last night I ejaculated, man. Like, nine times.

MITCH

Nine times!?

KEITH

That's when I lost count.

Mitch pats Keith admiringly on the shoulder.

MITCH

Nine times? That's a lot of warrior spirit. I'm sure you'll get it back.

INT. VIENNA HILTON ROOM - NIGHT

Ossie and Angus - in rented tuxes - and Blondie - in a formal frock sit on the edge of the bed.

BLONDIE

Can we go now?

Nora - also in her formal best - pours two glasses of schnapps. There are about a dozen empty bottles of spirits, liqueurs, wine and beer on the hotel fridge.

VINCE

We're drinking the mini-bar dry.

Vince lifts the TV. He mentally measures the window.

NORA

No Vince!

VINCE

If we win, this TV goes out that window.

INT. VIENNA OPERA HOUSE, DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Street clothes, kit bags, water bottles, litter the floor. This could be the dressing room at Madison Square Garden, except for the musical instruments and the String Quartet we hear from the stage.

Mitch and Lucy, Heather and Keith are in their new outfits and look fabulous.

Lucy quietly rosins her bow. Keith soaks his hands in a bowl of steaming water. Heather sits on a bench, her bare legs wrapped around the Stradivarius cello. Mitch sits at the other end of the bench - stock still, centered.

They look up as the door opens and Alex enters in his tuxedo.

ALEX

You're a champion team. And a team of champions. Go somewhere no one's ever been before. And take us with you.

Alex smiles encouragingly and exits.

The music from the stage climaxes. And finishes. To thunderous applause.

INT. VIENNA STATE OPERA - NIGHT

The four Russians are on their feet, bowing.

The audience rises to their feet in a standing ovation.

Southwood, Voronov and the Russian Entourage shake hands and slap each others' backs.

Ruth claps and shakes her head in awe.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

The four silently rise. They form a huddle, arms around each others' shoulders. The applause dies. Then picks up again.

The four pick up their instruments and bows and touch them above their heads. They form a single file.

The door opens and the Stage Manager beckons them.

Mitch leads Lucy, Heather and Keith through the door.

INT. VIENNA OPERA HOUSE, OFFSTAGE - NIGHT

The passageway is dim. Ahead is the beckoning light from the stage. The four wait in single file.

The Russians appear at the end of the passageway. They bow to the audience and soak up their thunderous applause.

The four move forward. The two quartets approach each other. Closer. Closer.

The Russians eyeball the four - Mikhail sneeringly, Katje arrogantly.

The four ignore them - eyes of the tiger! - and march toward the beckoning light.

INT. VIENNA OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

Mitch leads the others on stage.

The Russian Manager and entourage, ultra-confident and arrogant, head for the exit. Other audience members think the Brandenburgs haven't a chance and follow them.

The four see them leave and are jolted out of their zones.

Alex leaps from his seat and holds back some departing audience members.

ALEX

Stop! Stop! Show some respect.

STAGE ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen... Please return to your seats.

The Russian entourage ignore him and exit. Others reluctantly take their seats.

STAGE ANNOUNCER

The final ensemble. Playing the -
(double checks)
- String Quartet in E minor by
Erich Swann. The Brandenburg
Quartet.

Keith and Heather take their seats. Mitch stands on one side, beside Heather. Lucy ignores her chair and also stands - on the other side, beside Keith.

They look out at the sea of faces. Lucy spots John.

Keith spots his family. Mitch spots his parents.

Their bows poise in the playing positions. Lucy nods and they play.

Alex watches from the stalls. The Judges watch attentively.

Ruth watches Heather play confidently. John proudly watches Lucy play.

Vince, Nora and the kids watch Keith play - transfixed.

Mitch's mum and dad watch Mitch play passionately.

INT. VIENNA OPERA HOUSE, FOYER BAR - NIGHT

The Russian entourage smoke cigars and drink champagne and congratulate each other. They notice a silence and see other people listening to, and watching the four on the closed circuit TV.

The Russians suddenly look very, very worried.

INT. VIENNA OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

The four play on.

Alex watches and listens and in his mind's eye and ear he sees and hears -

INT. VIENNA OPERA HOUSE - 1939 - NIGHT

The original Brandenburg quartet play on the stage, which is festooned with swastika flags.

The SS Officers look grimly, contemptuously at the quartet.

The Nazi COMMANDING OFFICER looks warningly at the JUDGES.

Erich Swann smiles radiantly - oblivious to the Stormtroopers - as he plays his Quartet with Hilde, Marthe and Jacob.

INT. VIENNA OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

Alex watches the four. He's proud - fit to burst.

The music builds to its climax, crescendos and concludes.

The audience holds its collective breath. Then they leap to their feet, applauding wildly.

The four stand. They link hands and raise their arms in triumph.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Mitch's Mum and Dad stand in a corner of the room, holding hands and smiling.

John approaches, shakes Mitch's Dad's hand and kisses Mum's cheek. He moves toward Lucy.

JOHN

I always knew you were good enough.

They hug.

Vince has one arm around Nora's waist and one hand around a beer. He has a grin as wide as a piano keyboard.

They all look at -

- The Four, tightly huddled in the middle of the room.

Vince grins at John. John extends his hand, but Vince embraces John and lands a slobbering kiss on his cheek.

The four erupt with a whoop and a holler. They each have a bottle of champagne. The four shake their bottles and spray Alex and Ruth and John, Mum and Dad who stand beside them.

ON:

Nora and Heather embrace tightly.

ON:

BIENNALE OFFICIAL, TOUR PROMOTER and the coolest-looking RECORD PRODUCER enter. They approach Mitch.

BIENNALE OFFICIAL

Mr Audley, this is Mr Harris, our European tour promoter. And Mr Norris of Orpheus Records.

MITCH

That's the man you should be talking to.

Mitch points to Alex.

Ruth approaches Alex and they hug.

ON:

Vince and Nora see Blondie, Ozzie and Angus in playing positions with the violins and viola in the far corner.

NORA

Oh no. Not more College fees.

VINCE

Think of the recording contracts and the US tours.

Nora sees Mr Harris, the Tour Promoter approach Alex.

NORA
 Isn't that Chalky Harris, who used
 to book the band into the pubs?

VINCE
 Hoy, kids! I want you to meet an
 old mate of your dad's.

ON:

Mitch, his Mum and Dad hug in a huddle.

ON:

Vince, Nora and the kids stand before Chalky Harris. Chalky
 looks at Blondie, Angus and Ozzie with violins and viola.

CHALKY
 Can they play?

VINCE
 It's in the blood, Chalky.

CHALKY
 There's only three of them.

VINCE
 We're looking for a -

BLONDIE
 Cellist.

VINCE
 - cellist right now.

ON:

Mitch and Lucy stand beside each other, apart from the crowd.

Katje marches past the door in fur coat and hat and carrying
 her violin. She pauses and catches Mitch's eye. She salutes
 him with her bow. She sees Lucy and salutes her. She departs.

Lucy and Mitch edge closer.

LUCY
 I want to -

MITCH
 I want to -

LUCY & MITCH
 - play you something.

They double take.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The Janacek plays on a CD player.

Mitch and Lucy make love - Mitch on top. The passion rises and Lucy flips him over and climbs on top.

MAJOR CREDITS ROLL

FADE UP

EXT. VIENNA HILTON - NIGHT

A starry, starry night.

A TV set hurtles through the night sky and smashes on the forecourt below.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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