

Final Draft 7 Demo

TOWER OF SAND

by
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Draft 1
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EXT. STONE FIVE STUDIOS - DAY

Note: The camera never cuts.

LEE NELSON (26) speeds into the parking lot in his old Toyota. He screeches onto the sidewalk and runs to the front doors, car still running. Allie jumps out of the passenger seat.

A dozen SUITS and RECORD EXECS (30s-40s) chat on their way out of the building. Lee runs up to the Execs.

LEE

Whoa, whoa you guys aren't leaving yet, are you?

A younger guy in a suit CHRIS MILES (27) steps forward and talks quietly to Lee.

CHRIS

You've already made a fool of me today. Just drive away and forget you ever had a record deal.

LEE

Look I'm sorry, Chris. I haven't slept or showered since Tuesday. But I have this:

Lee holds up a couple wrinkled pages of sheet music. Chris grabs it, and turns back to the Execs with a fake smile.

CHRIS

Gentlemen, do you have 4 more minutes?

The execs check their watches and reluctantly head back towards the building. As they walk, Chris rapidly introduces Lee to the execs.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(to Allie)

Hi Allie, stay out of the way.

(to an exec)

Mr. Finnegan, this is Lee Nelson.

LEE

(shaking hands)

Pleasure to meet you.

CHRIS

Mr. Andrews, this is Lee Nelson, man of the hour.

LEE

Hi.

The whole group makes their way into

INT. STONE FIVE STUDIOS - DAY CONTINUOUS

The lobby of the building is even nicer than the outside.

CHRIS

Mrs. Englehart, this is Lee Nelson.
(to receptionist)

Thanks Nikki.

LEE

Thanks for coming.

CHRIS

Tim, this is my good friend Lee.

LEE

Sorry to make you wait an extra hour.

Chris grabs Lee and pulls him ahead of the group to speak one-on-one.

CHRIS

Two hours, Lee. These guys find
better singers than you on YouTube.

The group enters the door for

INT. STUDIO 2 - DAY CONTINUOUS

a bohemian-themed state-of-the-art recording studio.

LEE

Thanks, Chris. Look, I'm sorry but
I had nothing. I put fourteen songs
on my album last year.

CHRIS

(to recording engineer)
Hey Nick, thanks for waiting.

LEE

Fourteen, six months ago.

CHRIS

You haven't written one song in the
last six months?

LEE

I used all my good stuff.

CHRIS

(holding up sheet music)
Just sit down at that piano and
save my job.

Lee grabs the music and takes a seat at the piano.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(to execs)
Okay folks, many apologies for the
delay. Without making any of the
many, many necessary disclaimers,
Lee Nelson.

Lee looks over to JORDAN (23) on the drums and MARK (24) on
the bass.

LEE

Hey guys.

SOUND ENGINEER

(over intercom)

Whenever you're ready, Lee.

The execs clear their throats. They lost interest an hour
ago. Lee puts headphones on and starts to play.

He plays the rompy rock ballad "Tower of Sand" (by Chris
Merritt). He's really getting into it. Lee gets into it and
smiles at Allie as he plays. Jordan comes in on the drums,
and Mark joins on the bass. It's a great song. He stops after
the second chorus.

Lee stares at the execs. Chris is about to explode with
anxiety. The execs stand silently until NEIL (45) speaks up.

NEIL

You give me a dozen more of those
and we'll renew your contract.

Chris processes the statement and realizes it's good news. He
cheers and the other join in polite clapping. The Recording
Engineer comes in over the intercom.

SOUND ENGINEER

Lee, your car's getting towed.

Lee runs out of the studio.

CUT TO BLACK.