

HOBBY'S WORLD

"Getting to Nan's"

Written by

Meliá Grasska

+1-310-756-5492  
meliagrasska@gmail.com  
Meliagrasska.com

INT. NIGHT CLUB. BACKSTAGE. NIGHT.

In the distance, there's the subtle sounds of a crowd, cheering, chanting. Velvet curtains, tufted sofas and shag rugs that have all definitely seen better days absorb the pre-show tension.

On the walls tattered, autographed posters hide the chipping paint. Sitting against a violet beanbag is RIC - a candy apple red, 6 string electric guitar. His name's carved out with stars, on his sparkling, creamsicle pick guard.

RIC

(to camera)

I guess you could say that. We're rockstars and we're just excited to head home and show everyone that we are. Sure, Nan's 90th birthday may not exactly seem like the venue of the century, but for our home town, it kinda is -

Facing this guitar straight on is PIXIE, a Pixelvision 2000 video camera. For an amateur filmmaker there's really nothing amateur about her, well, except for her interviewees.

PIXIE

Cut! Cut! Ric, listen, you look like rockstar, you play like a rockstar, and I'm willing to bet that you even party like a rockstar...

RIC

Thanks Pix.

Behind Pixie, whispering in the corner are two fans. One is a quill pen, QUINN, and the other a mop-style PAINT BRUSH. They giggle at Ric who flashes his strings at them.

PIXIE

Listen to me. We all, yes, even those two in the corner, know that you are a rockstar. So tonight, I need you to tell me something different. I need you to tell me why it matters so much to you all, that you make it back for Nan.

From behind Pixie, TOM TOM, a drum set trying way too hard with far too many cymbals, interjects.

TOM TOM

Pixie! Pix! I'm ready for my close  
up!

He shines his cymbal her way, blinding her.

PIXIE

Ya, ok, umm, I'm really just trying  
to capture everyone in their  
natural roles, I'll get to you in a  
minute Tom Tom.

Tom Tom hits her with a drum roll...

TOM TOM

Oh, I can roll, but I can also  
rock.

He breaks out into a full blown solo.

PIXIE

Great, great we got that, right  
Boom?

Beside her, her sound BOOM, nods.

BOOM

Loud and clear.

PIXIE

Right, so back to you Ric -

She looks back to the beanbag, but Ric is gone. He's now in  
the corner, running one of his strings through the quill  
pen's feather.

PIXIE (CONT'D)

RIC!

He shuffles back over to his bean bag.

RIC

Yehup, yehup sorry Pix. You know,  
she's an artist. A writer.

PIXIE

That's really great for you, but  
you know, you're an artist, and  
we're kind of in the middle of  
telling your story, and if you  
don't tell it to me, I won't get  
this video done and I'll have to go  
back to working weddings.

(MORE)

PIXIE (CONT'D)

Do you know what that does to a camera's esteem?

RIC

Pix! She could be in my story. She could be a crucial part.

Before Pixie can wrangle him in, his manager, TY, a silky Windsor knotted tie, who's always in a bunch but never wrinkled, rushes in.

TY

Places people! You're on in 5. There's a packed house out there. I want you to shine. Has anyone seen Hobby?

RIC

Sorry, Pix, looks like we'll have to do this later.

PIXIE

But, my deadline! The record company -

RIC

Will be even more mad if I'm late to my own concert.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB. NIGHT.

The band files on stage. Pixie watches from the crowd. Tom Tom, takes his seat on the riser, Ric asserts himself on stage left, he nods to Quinn, now fan-girling in the front row. A violin bass, PAUL, walks on stage, bashfully.

Then the lights dim, the spotlight focuses in and out comes an acoustic guitar, this is HOBBY. There's a paisley printed scarf draped round her neck, and daisies weaved around the base of her strings.

HOBBY

Thank you all so much for coming out tonight. As you know, this is a special night for us. Not only are we blessed to have Pixie, our very own director filming this show, but it's also our last time playin' before we head home for my Nan's 90th birthday.

(MORE)

HOBBY (CONT'D)

It'll be our first time being home  
in over a year and let me just tell  
you, we can't wait to get this show  
on the road! So, without further  
ado, we are Hobby's World - take it  
away boys!

TOM TOM

One, two, a one, two, three, four.

HOBBY

(Singing)

Everyday I wonder, and everyday I  
find, it gets harder and harder to  
keep a good string in line. Cause a  
player's gotta play, don't matter  
if it's night or day.

Tom Tom ab libs a solo, and Ric marches up to his riser and  
knocks a cymbal, nudging him, not so subtly to get back to  
the music.

HOBBY (CONT'D)

(singing)

Ya a players gotta play, in every  
other way. It don't matter what you  
say, cause a players got to play-ay-  
ay.

The crowd's wild! There's a group of ballpoint pens in the  
audience dancing. As they wiggle, the floor beneath them is  
colored in their different inks.

Besides them, two hammers head-bang to the music.

A clique of CELL PHONES snap photos, their flashes sparking  
throughout the vibey atmosphere.

HOBBY (CONT'D)

(singing)

With a strum or a with drum, they  
don't sit there on their bum, cause  
a player's got to, playyyyy -

Pixie and Boom circle around the crowded theatre looking for  
a better angle.

PIXIE

Let's try from backstage.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB. SIDE OF STAGE. CONTINUOUS.

They creep around and catch Ty on a phone call.

TY

(into his earpiece)

Don't worry. Of course they'll be there tomorrow. Look the only thing they've got on the books is Hobby's stupid Nan's birthday. They'll be at this opening. No, I give you my word.

Pixie looks back to Boom.

PIXIE

(whispering)

Did you get that?

Boom nods.

PIXIE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

There may be more to this than we thought.

HOBBY (O.S.)

Thank you! And good night.

Before they can make sense of it, the band comes rushing off stage. Pixie tries to corner Hobby.

PIXIE

Hobby, there's somethin' I need to tell you -

HOBBY

Yes, the interview. Yes! Let me just get changed ok?

She walks by and Pixie turns around to see Paul, sneaking by her.

PIXIE

Paul! Paul! Do you have a -

He freezes, not moving.

PIXIE (CONT'D)

You know I can still see you right?

He creeps off slowly, stealthily.

BOOM  
 Something's not right with him.

EXT. CLUB. NIGHT.

The band stands by as their tour bus, GUS pulls up.

GUS  
 (mock singing)  
 Ooo, a player's got to playyy,  
 every night and everyday... Except  
 for tonight, when they just need a  
 ride, so hold on tight! Cause it's  
 GUS the BUS!

Giggles spew from the tired instruments.

GUS (CONT'D)  
 Well, what are you waiting for, get  
 on then! I loaded myself up with a  
 full tank of that go-go juice, and  
 I am ready to go, go, all night!  
 That's right, no sleep 'til  
 Brooklyn.

PAUL  
 But we're not going to Brooklyn.

GUS  
 It's called an expression kid, now  
 get in.

Paul climbs on.

GUS (CONT'D)  
 The old you would've gotten that  
 one.

A large, bearded fork lift, beeps it's way to Gus's trunk.

GUS (CONT'D)  
 Oh here, let me get that for ya.

Gus jiggles open his back doors as their gear's fork-lifted  
 in. Two SNOWBOARDS then rush up to Hobby.

SNOWBOARD 1  
 Hobby, Hobby! Can we like, can we  
 get your autograph?

HOBBY  
 Oh sure now! Gosh, y'all are out  
 aways from the snow, ain't ya?

Hobby draws a big heart with an H in the middle.

SNOWBOARD 2

Ya, but we like had to see you  
play, we like live to shred to your  
sounds.

SNOWBOARD 1

We just like, love it. We just like  
have to know, who's your  
inspiration?

HOBBY

Honestly, my Nan. She don't look  
like much any more, but she was the  
fist one to teach me that a players  
just got a play. It's the only way  
to be fulfilled. So you both better  
promise that you're gonna keep  
riding that free ride life and do  
my Nan proud. Promise.

The snowboards squeal!

HOBBY (CONT'D)

That's what I like to hear.

GUS

Hop on now girl! Next stop is Nan's  
par-tay!

HOBBY

Oh goodie! Bye bye boards!

Hobby twirls on the bus.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS. NIGHT.

Pixie shuffles on to get her spot right behind Hobby.

PIXIE

Hobby, I have to tell you -

Suddenly Pixie sees Ty in earshot.

PIXIE (CONT'D)

That I just got to know, what's  
like to head back home after  
becoming an international  
sensation.



Pixie leans in, eagerly.

HOBBY

Feels relaxin. You know, when I left home two years ago, singin' was just a hobby for me, that's how I got my name, my heart was just made for my hobby. And now, it's, it's a callin', and it's taken me all round this big world. But boy, I could really go for the sweet sounds toads hollerin' outside my window right about now. You know? The sounds of home callin'. That's what I keep wantin' to hearin'.

Tom Tom slides up beside Hobby, interrupting the moment.

TOM TOM

You know, it was three summers ago that I first started imitatin' the bull frog.

He let's out a bang on a gourd.

TOM TOM (CONT'D)

Pretty close there, ain't it?

Pixie blinks her recording light off, then on again as Ric stumbles on board with Quinn.

RIC

Hey everybody, this is Quinn, she's gonna be my date to Nan's party.

PIXIE

What? But she's -

RIC

Part of the story Pix!

Before Pixie can ask another question, Ty commands attention.

TY

Listen up, listen up. On our way to Nan's we're going to stop and do a few guest appearances -

PAUL

You sure we got time for that? We really can't be late or my momma will just start on and on about how I shoulda joined the symphony like my sister.

HOBBY

(to Pixie)

Oh, Lin's so talented. She's first chair you know.

PAUL

Oh, you wanna brag about Lin? Ok Hobby, how are you going to like it if your cousin Carlos gets to sing Nan happy birthday with his crew of mariachis, without you?

Hobby gets angry for the first time.

HOBBY

We can't be late Ty. I can't let Carlos sing without me there! I'll never live that down. You know I coulda been like Carlos. I coulda gotten myself a residency at Tacos Locos, I was on the Late Show after all!

TY

No one's sayin' that we're gonna be late and certainly, no one is sayin' that those two are comparable. Of course Tacos Locos would be lucky to have you Hobs. We're just sayin' that we're gonna keep up appearances, on the way.

PAUL

You best be right about that. I can't have Lin upstaging me again. And the first step to not bein' upstaged, is showin' up.

CUT TO:

EXT. RECORD STORE. DAY.

Gus pulls up to a crowded record store. In the midsts of the rather ordinary things waiting outside, there's also a pile of super FANS, literal fans, screaming at the site of the band. Their blades whir eagerly.

Hobby steps off, with a different paisley scarf wrapped around her. Tom Tom's off next, throwing drum sticks as he walks. Paul bashfully trickles out after him and finally, Ric makes his appearance. One of the fans faints at the site of him. Pixie and Boom roll as Ty tramples over the collapsed fan.

TY

Thank you all for coming out, the band will be signing autographs on any copy of their latest single!

RIC

Or whatever! Don't be shy ladies!

With that, two fans rush Ric but just as he begins basking in the attention - Quinn walks by with her feather brills blowing in their wind...

FAN 1

Stop making her look good!

Fan 2 clicks off their blades.

FAN 2

Sorry, you know I gyrate when I get excited!

The head of the record store, LP, a vinyl record in a cowboy hat steps up to Hobby.

LP

Thank you so much for sneaking us in, I know y'all are on a tight schedule...

HOBBY

Oh please, it's no trouble. Anything for our fans.

LP

We won't forget this.

TOM TOM

You better not. Name's Tom Tom, I've got a single track comin' out later this year, and I'd love to sit down with you LP, whenever you-

LP'll do anything to change the conversation.

LP

Oh, Paul, my daughter'll just skip if I don't ask: is it true that you were replaced by a replica earlier this year?

PAUL

It's hard to say for sure. I still feel all original.

LP leans in for a closer look.

As the instruments sign a few autographs. Pixie videos a few members of the crowd.

TRASH CAN

(to camera)

I first found out about Hobby's World, when a CD of theirs ended up in one of my bins, and I was sure it ended up there by accident, but, well, you know what they say: one thing's trash is another's treasure.

CUT TO:

EXT. RECORD STORE. DAY. CONTINUOUS.

A GAVEL is being interviewed.

GAVEL

(to camera)

The first time I heard Hobby's World I was still just a tie, hoping for my shot on the bench. And Hobby's World made me want to be a better person. They made me want justice for all.

CUT TO:

EXT. RECORD STORE. DAY. CONTINUOUS.

FAN 3

(to camera)

I just, I just AHHHH! I LOVE HOBBY'S WORLD!

He's interrupted by Ty who hollers at the band and crew.

TY

Let's go, let's go! Back on the bus now!

He rounds up the instruments.

PIXIE

Sorry, we'll have to stop here. But I think we got everything we need.

FAN 3

You sure? I could talk about  
Hobby's World all day. Like  
literally, all day.

PIXIE

You heard the tie, we gotta get  
goin'. Thank you though.

Pixie and Boom walk towards the bus.

BOOM

I heard him too. Maybe he is  
looking out for them...

PIXIE

Maybe. We just gotta keep rolling.

BOOM

The record company's not gonna like  
it if you out one of theirs -

PIXIE

This story needs to be told.

BOOM

I'm not goin back to filming  
parties.

PIXIE

We owe it to them to expose the  
truth! Now, keep recording.

HOBBY

(to Ty)

Are we headin' to Nan's yet? I just  
got so much tension buildin' up in  
my strings. I can't have Carlos  
bein' the family favorite, again.

TY

Relax, Hobby. Have I ever steered  
you wrong?

CUT TO:

EXT. WILLIE'S GREASE AND GO. LATER.

The instruments stand beside a SPATULA and a WHISK. Hobby and  
Ric cut a ribbon.

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO BOOTH. LATER.

Hobby sits at one end, a MICROPHONE sits across from her.

HOBBY

I'll tell ya Mic, we're just as  
thrilled as you are to be here at  
99.5 KLIM.

MICROPHONE

Well you know what we say at KLIM,  
MOOO!

BOING! Zip! Moo! Laugh track. - Queue the classic radio  
fixins.

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO STATION. OUTSIDE RADIO BOOTH.

Ty leans over to Pixie.

TY

See that, always a professional.  
And that's what I love about that  
girl. Even with her Nan's party  
inchin' up, she's got her eye on  
the real prize.

PIXIE

The real prize... being able to be  
there for her family?

TY

Being there for her fans. She ain't  
really worried about Carlos, why  
would she be? That girl's a star,  
and she'll realize that she's  
better off without that deadbeat  
family of hers.

Pixie looks back to Boom.

PIXIE

(mouthing)  
Did you get that?

Boom nods.

BOOM

I'm not goin' back to parties  
Pixie.

TY  
Who's getting what now?

PIXIE  
Nothin!

CUT TO:

INT. BUS. OPEN ROAD. DAY.

Gus cruises along an empty highway, past a sign that says SWAMP 500 TIRE-LENGTHS AHEAD.

TY  
See, what'd I tell ya? What'd I tell my superstar? We're still makin' it to Nan's party with plenty of time to -

THUNK. THUNK. THUNK.

GUS  
Hold on y'all! I think I blew one!

Gus shakes as he hobbles his way to the shoulder.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN ROAD. DAY.

The instruments all stand around and stare at Gus's flat.

GUS  
How bad is it? Don't sugar coat nothin', I can take it!

PAUL  
Well, you've got a spare? Right Gus?

GUS  
Well shoot, would ya believe it if I told ya I was on my last one? But don't worry, I've limped farther than this before, we'll make it Nan's. That's the Gus guarantee.

Gus starts hobbling, limping his way down the road.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Ooo, ouch, oo, ouch, ow!

He hasn't even made it an inch when Hobby finally yells out -

HOBBY

Oh Gus! Stop! You'll hurt yourself.  
I'm sure Ty will just call someone,  
ain't that right Ty? You can fix  
this, right? You can fix anythin'.

TY

Already on top of it and the new  
ride should be pulling up in three,  
two -

An Italian motorcycle skids to a stop, this is GIANNA.

GIANNA

Ciao Ty.

TY

Gianna, darling, right on time, as  
usual.

Ty hops on.

RIC

Now, I know I'm not the best at  
math, but there's only room for one  
of us on that thing.

TY

Right, about that, something's come  
up, with a client, and well, I've  
just gotta go, but don't worry the  
tow truck will be here in two  
hours.

HOBBY

Two hours!? But we gotta be at  
Nan's in one!

TY

That's road life for you  
sweetheart, nobody could've  
predicted getting a flat tire out  
here. I'm sure Nan will understand.

GIANNA

But Ty, surely there is something  
more that we can do for them.

TY

Drive, before we all miss our prior  
engagements. Hobby, you're welcome  
to come along.



HOBBY

You'll drop me off?

TY

Yes, at the airport, so we can fly to New York to meet with the record - are you filming this? Don't film this, I'm the one who hired you, and I hired you for one reason: content. Put that away or you'll be back filming sweet sixteens!

Pixie considers stopping, until Hobby stands up -

HOBBY

No Ty! Enough of this! She's doin' her job, it's you that's lettin' us down. Now, I'm supposed to be home. We got a cousin and sister back there just waiting for us to not show up so they can make themselves look good. Now I know you know how important this is -

TY

Darling, Hobby, superstar. We're going to have to discuss this later. I'm late, and frankly, I'm bored. Let's hit it Gianna.

Ty gives her a little kick and Gianna wheelies off, almost knocking Ty on to the pavement. He skids away. Hobby hopelessly yells out after him -

HOBBY

Don't even think about comin' back here!

TY

I know you don't mean that!

And with that, he's gone. Hobby slumps over.

PAUL

Oh my mom is goin to pluck my strings when we show up late to Nan's party. And Lin, you can just forget about it. She wins. Again. Like always.

HOBBY

Her? You're worried about Lin.  
Think of how smug Carlos will be  
singing Happy Birthday with his  
crew of mariachis, when I'm nowhere  
to be found.

PIXIE

Your families are always going to  
love you! We just - we just...

BOOM

Look, I'm not goin' back to sweet  
sixteens. It's an awful age.  
Nothin' sweet about it. I'm sorry  
Pix, I'm done. I'm cuttin' my  
losses.

PIXIE

This was supposed to be our big  
break! We have to see this through!

The group's devastated. Hobby begins to strum a few sad  
chords, when Quinn speaks up.

QUINN

Did y'all see a sign for a swamp  
ahead? I coulda sworn -

RIC

Look, Quinn, babe, I don't know if  
you get this, but we're totally all  
down in the dumps, completely  
stranded in the middle of nowhere,  
and all we can do is wait -

QUINN

Oh I get it. Y'all just wanna sit  
around and do nothin. But, that's  
just not how I roll.

Quinn fluffs her feather straight into the brush on the side  
of the road.

Pixie and Boom look at each other.

PIXIE

Where is she goin?

BOOM

Wanna find out? I just don't see  
why we should be stoppin' now.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARSH LANDS. JUST AFTER.

Pixie and Boom chase Quinn through the deep brush.

PIXIE

Quinn! Quinn! Mind telling us what  
you're lookin' for out here?

As Quinn steps deeper into the woods, her bristles begin to  
grease over and slick back.

QUINN

For my kind, of course.

PIXIE

What do you mean by that?

QUINN

Didn't Ric tell you I grew up on a  
swamp? What, you think all  
feather's just start off as quills,  
nah-uh. Took a while to make me a  
city slicker, a while and a few  
good blow outs. Humidity and hair  
do not mix, I wouldn't expect you  
to understand.

Quinn keeps whacking her way through the brush until -

QUINN (CONT'D)

Ahh, now looky there.

Pixie inches closer, on the side of the bank are two fishing  
poles, with a fan boat.

QUINN (CONT'D)

I think I found our ride.

Quinn treks closer.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Yoohoo! Gentleman!

The fishing poles reel up with the site of her. The first,  
BAIT, looks at the second, LURE.

LURE

Hey Bait, you seein' what I'm  
seein'?

BAIT

That depends. You seein' a purty  
feather walkin towards us?

LURE

Yehup.

CUT TO:

INT. FAN BOAT. SWAMP.

All the instruments stare at Quinn who chats with the fishing poles. She is in her element and they are in disbelief.

BAIT

And that's when I says to Lure,  
looks like we got ourselves a live  
one! Ain't that right Fanny?

Their fan boat, FANNY, chirps in.

FANNY

Sure as silver!

QUINN

(giggling)  
Y'all are too much!

In the back of the boat, Pixie takes it all in.

RIC

So Pix, what'd I tell ya? I told ya  
didn't I? I said she could be a  
part of my story.

PIXIE

You did say that.

RIC

And here she is. My hero, rescuin'  
us.

Boom leans over to Pixie.

BOOM

I'm glad we're seeing this through.  
And, who knows, maybe sweet  
sixteens aren't as bad as I  
remember.

PIXIE

Maybe they're worse than I think  
they are.

BOOM

Maybe we switch to nifty nineties.  
Cause that, there, looks like fun.

The fan boat pulls up to a house on the edge of the swamp.  
This is NAN's. Her backyard is alive with music and dancing.

HOBBY

Oh my word! We made it!

The fan boat docks.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAN'S 90TH BIRTHDAY.

As the instruments trickle into the party, Hobby's cousin, CARLOS, and his group of mariachis, toot away in disappointment.

CARLOS

Ay dios mios, no, no, no you made  
it... how, perfecto.

HOBBY

Come on now, what's that supposed  
to mean? You should be happy to see  
your favorite cousin now.

CARLOS

If my favorite cousin ever let me  
sing, then maybe. But all you do is  
make me look bad. You used to love  
Tacos Locos and now, what, you  
think it's the same as Burger Boss?  
It is no Burger Boss.

HOBBY

Well I never said it was. But would  
it kill you to be proud of me for  
once? The whole town already knows  
you got Tacos Locos, you gotta just  
rub it in every chance ya get? You  
think I like being out on the road  
missin' everythin' with the family?

CARLOS

Why do you need your country cousin  
to be proud of you? The world is  
proud of you. All I have is Tacos  
Locos and singing for Nan. You've  
won. I just, I've just got tacos.

This hits Hobby.

HOBBY

What can I say? Everybody loves  
tacos.

On the other side of the party, Paul approaches his sister, a  
world class violin, LIN.

PAUL

So I heard you're still first  
chair.

LIN

I heard everyone thinks you were  
replaced with a replica. I'd break  
a string if everyone thought I was  
brand new.

PAUL

I'd break a string if I was first  
chair.

LIN

You know, I can save you some  
tickets, if you ever wanted to come  
to a show.

PAUL

I'd come to a show.

LIN

They're right, the real Paul would  
never say that.

PAUL

You sure about that?

Tom Tom, jolts into the conversation.

TOM TOM

So, Lin. How's goin? You ever feel  
like takin' a break from the  
orchestra freaks -

Lin walks away.

TOM TOM (CONT'D)

I'm just sayin', you know where to  
find me!

Just then, a FRENCH HORN, a TRUMPET and a SAXOPHONE walk up  
to him.

FRENCH HORN

So, you must be Tom Tom we hear  
that you know how to have good  
time.

TOM TOM

I'm good at keepin' time if that's  
what you're askin'.

He let's out a bud-dun-ch, and they all giggle at him - he's  
found his accompaniment.

Finally NAN, an old banjo plucks her way out of the house.  
Hobby runs up to her.

HOBBY

Nan! Hi! Be careful now -

NAN

Oh shush, I ain't that old yet. I  
still got some strings worth  
pluckin, and dagnabbit Ima pluck em  
if I want to!

HOBBY

Well, me and the gang here traveled  
all this way so we could sing you  
Happy Birthday.

RIC

You know, we've kinda become a big  
deal...

NAN

Oh with all that "player's gotta  
play" nonsense? Everyone knows  
y'all don't mean one word of it.

HOBBY

Nan! How could you say that?

NAN

Because if that's how you really  
felt, you wouldn't be tryin' to  
upstage me on my own dang-flabbit  
birthday.

HOBBY

I would never!

NAN

Would so. You don't even want your  
poor cousin Carlos to play.

(MORE)

NAN (CONT'D)  
Shoot and you call yourself an  
instrument of the people.

Nan walks off.

RIC  
That was harsh.

HOBBY  
She's right. I gotta go find  
Carlos.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD. CONTINUOUS.

Ty and Gianna are stranded on the side of the road. She's popped a tire and is slowly dragging herself down the pavement as Ty walks away from her.

GIANNA  
Hey! Where are you going? Help me!  
Aiuto!

TY  
Sorry sweetheart, you've failed me  
once, now you'll just slow me down.

He walks off and -

BEEP. BEEP.

Suddenly Gus zooms up beside Gianna. His tires are all fixed.

GUS  
Hey good lookin? You need a lift.

GIANNA  
Actually, yes.

GUS  
Well hobble on over here and let  
ol' Gus take care of you!

She gets in. Gus zooms off down the road. He slows down when he sees Ty.

TY  
Gus! Boy! I sure am glad to see  
you! How bout a lift for your old  
buddy Ty?

Gianna yells from out the door.



GIANNA  
Sorry Ty, you'll just slow us down.

They zoom off.

GUS  
Shoot girl, that was savage!

GIANNA  
Rawr!

GUS  
Oh, ok now, she can roar!

CUT TO:

EXT. NAN'S 90TH BIRTHDAY.

Hobby runs up to Carlos. He's speaking with Lin.

HOBBY  
Carlos! Lin! Look, we, Paul will  
you get over here!

Paul freezes.

HOBBY (CONT'D)  
We can see you.

Paul slowly waddles over to them until he's just beside them.

HOBBY (CONT'D)  
Look Paul and I want to say that  
we're sorry. We're not here trying  
to compete with y'all. We're family  
and the truth, the truth is that  
we're just a bit jealous that the  
two of you get to be home all the  
time.

PAUL  
We're what now?

HOBBY  
A bit jealous.

LIN  
Of us?

HOBBY  
Of y'all.

CARLOS

But, but, you are Hobby of Hobby's World... and you are Paul. Or perhaps you are a fake a Pal. You know I heard he was replaced with a replica -

HOBBY

No one was replaced. But listen, I got a plan for Nan's birthday song.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHORELINE OUTSIDE OF NAN'S PARTY. CONTINUOUS.

Gus and Gianna sit on the shore with Bait, Lure and Fanny.

GUS

So tell me Fanny, what's it like bein' able to drive on water?

FANNY

Stick around and maybe you'll find out.

GIANNA

Back off boat, he's mine.

GUS

Relax ladies, there's plenty of Gus for everyone.

Fanny blows a plume of wind at Gianna and she falls over into the mud.

GUS (CONT'D)

Fanny! My word. I have never seen anyone blow wind like that.

Gianna, revs her tires and shoots a rooster tale of dirt back at Fanny.

GUS (CONT'D)

I think I'll just, what was that? Coming Hobs!

Gus putts off...

GIANNA

Now look what you've done, swamp creature.

FANNY

Mud bug.

They both laugh.

GIANNA

That was a good one.

FANNY

Truce?

GIANNA

Truce.

They both flinch, but then Fanny helps Gianna up.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAN'S 90TH BIRTHDAY. CONTINUOUS.

Hobby waddles up to the front of the crowd.

HOBBY

Oh hey there y'all.

She shakes her hollow body.

HOBBY (CONT'D)

This thing on?

There's a few chuckles as the party goers start to look at her. Pixie works her way into position.

HOBBY (CONT'D)

As you know we're so honored to be here celebratin' Nan on her 90th birthday. But, to be honest, we haven't been true to ourselves. Because a wise old banjo -

NAN

Who you callin' old?

HOBBY

Once told us that a player's gotta play. And we know that the best way for us to all share our love for Nan is to do just that. It's to play. So, what we'd like to do now, is invite y'all to come together for one good, old fashioned, dang tootin' jamboree!

(MORE)

HOBBY (CONT'D)

Whether you're a pen or a fishin'  
pole, an instrument or a cellphone,  
if you feel like joinin' us, we  
can't think of any better way to  
celebrate than to all jam one out  
for Nan.

Nan looks at her, suspicious.

HOBBY (CONT'D)

Care to start us off, legend? Maybe  
with an E.

NAN

You know my E hasn't worked since  
the 60s. I'll give you sumfin' doe.

Nan starts pluckin'.

NAN (CONT'D)

(singin')

Oh, my banjo can still flow, every  
way a whistle blows, down on the  
bayou!

Lure and Bait REEEL in the with a rippin' hum.

HOBBY

(singing)

Nan's still got it, yes she does,  
but she don't like to make a fuss  
down on the bayou!

Gus, Fanny and a now mud-covered Gianna BEEP BEEP along.

CARLOS

(singing)

We've come from far and we've come  
from near, most important is that  
we're all here, down on the bayou!

The brass sections TOOTs.

HOBBY

Ohhhh, come on! All together now.

The pens start clicking along. The cell phones let out little  
text tunes in rhythm. All of the guests start chipping in  
until it turns into a full-fledged jamboree.

ALL  
 (singing)  
 All together what do you know, all  
 together where ever we go, we'll  
 always have a piece of this, a  
 piece of our own bayou bliss, from  
 down on, the bayouuuu!

SAXAPHONE  
 (in deep baritone)  
 Down on the bayou!

Everyone giggles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AFTER NAN'S 90TH BIRTHDAY PARTY. LATER.

Hobby helps Nan straighten up the yard. Pixie and Boom follow along, closely.

HOBBY  
 So tell me straight Nan. Did you  
 have a nice party?

NAN  
 Nice? Shoot it was better than  
 nice. It was dang fun.

Nan gives Hobby a little shove.

NAN (CONT'D)  
 (singing)  
 Down on the bayouuuuu!

Pixie leans over to Boom.

PIXIE  
 We did it.

BOOM  
 I'm glad we did.

PIXIE  
 I don't see how the record company  
 will let us keep our jobs after  
 this.

BOOM  
 Then nifty nineties it'll be. They  
 ain't so bad.

Suddenly Hobby, Ric, Tom Tom and Paul all slide over -

HOBBY

Well that sounds like fun and all,  
but what if I told you that y'all  
didn't need the record company?

TOM TOM

We're lookin' for someone to  
capture our good side.

PAUL

Our *real* side.

RIC

And we think we could learn a thing  
or two from you.

HOBBY

How'd y'all like to come on the  
road with us? Big tour comin' up.

BOOM

Is it always like this?

HOBBY

Mostly.

Pixie and Boom look at each other.

PIXIE

For real? You'd really have us?

RIC

For real, real.

BOOM

I don't know, y'all got me thinkin'  
parties are pretty fun after all.

HOBBY

Oh, of course, umm... In that  
case...

BOOM

KIDDING!

PIXIE

We'd love to roll with Hobby's  
World!

HOBBY

Great! Next stop's Tacos Locos,  
show Enrique down there what he's  
missing.

Hobby walks off.

PIXIE

You're not serious right? Hobby?  
What happened to all that "down on  
the bayou" stuff? Hobby!

FADE TO BLACK.