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Music And Lyrics

By Marc Lawrence

I never thought
That I could be so satisfied
Every time that I look in your angel eyes
A shock inside me
That words just can't describe
And there's no explaining
Something in the way you move
I can't deny
Every word from your lips is a lullaby
A twist of fate makes life worthwhile
You are gold and silver
I said I wasn't gonna lose my head
-But then pop goes my heart
-Pop goes my heart
I wasn't gonna fall in love again
-But then pop goes my heart
-Pop goes my heart
And I just can't let you go
I can't lose this feeling
These precious moments
We have so few
Let's go far away
Where there's nothing to do but play
You've shown to me
That my destiny's with you
And there's no explaining
I said I wasn't gonna lose my head
-But then pop goes my heart
-Pop goes my heart
I wasn't gonna fall in love again
-But then pop goes my heart
-Pop goes my heart
And I just can't let you go
I can't lose this feeling
A twist of fate makes life worthwhile
You are gold and silver
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-Pop goes my heart
I wasn't gonna fall in love again
-But then pop goes my heart
-Pop goes my heart
And I just
Can't let you go

PoP was one of the biggest bands
of the '80s...
...but today they're known
as Colin Thompson's old group.
Colin, or as he's been dubbed
by the queen, 'Sir Colin '...
...has gone on to sell millions of records,
star in blockbuster films...
...and create his own cologne,
'A Whiff of Colin. '

But here's a question:
Can you remember the name
of the other guy in PoP?
Whatever happened to Alex Fletcher?
Tonight we find out
on Battle of the '80s Has-Beens.
We think it's gonna be bigger
than American Idol.
So, what do you think, Alex?
Well, I love it.
It's brilliant on so many levels,
I don't even know where to start.
Good for you.
Because some of the people
we've approached...
...have had a little problem
with the term 'has-been.'
Have they? Have they?
You see, I don't share that.
I am a happy has-been. Really.
It's a very clear statement:
'I live in the past.
Everything good I ever did
was long ago.
Don't expect anything
new or exciting from me now.'
Really takes the pressure off.
Especially on a first date.
Good for you.
So we've already taped several shows...
...and we're going to start
airing them this week.
And some of the performers
include REO Speedwagon...

-Speedwagon.
-...Flock of Seagulls...
The Flock? Okay.
-...Debbie Gibson, Tiffany...
-Debbie.
-History there.
-...and Frankie Goes to Hollywood.
So ''Relax.''
Nice one.
Good. Okay. Worthy adversaries, all.
And how many songs
would I actually get to perform?
I'd like to do two, you know?
A ballad and then maybe
a more up-tempo number...
...where I get to shake it a bit.
I can't promise any of the acts
that they'll be singing.
Sorry? Confused.
What would we be doing, then?
Boxing.
That's why the show is called
Nattle of the '80s Has-Neens.
Only the winner gets to sing.
Right, right, right. Got you.
-Afternoon, Mr. Fletcher.
-Hello, Willy.
Have a good day.
Yes, well, enjoyed it so far.
-All right. There he is.
-Oh, my manager.
All right, listen,
I had no idea they meant boxing.
Nobody said a word to me, I swear.
No, it's not a problem.
I can definitely take Flock of Seagulls.
We did a tour with them in '89 and we beat
them severely. They cried like little girls.
All right, listen. It's my fault
and I hate myself for it, but I'm not upset.
And do you know why?
You've been at my liquor.
Because of her.
Cora Corman.

Biggest star in the world.
Bigger than Britney and Christina
put together.
And guess who she loves.
Her country?
You. She's a huge PoP fan
and she wants to meet you, Alex.
Hang on, hang on.
Khan, I've missed you.
Alex, I have Sophie here for you.
That sounds like fun. Who is she?
She's here to do your plants.
But Jane does my plants.
She can be in and out in five minutes,
and this is really the best time for her.
It seems she cannot be stopped.
Send her up.
So start again. Cora Corman....
Why do you have a plant lady?
Why do you even have plants?
Because from time to time...
...ladies accompany me
back to the apartment...
...and one once mentioned
that plants make women comfortable.
Is that true?
Plants make women comfortable?
Well, maybe if I had plants
I'd still be married.
Yes, I think that was the problem.
Not Susan's affair
and raging nymphomania...
...but your lack of vegetation.
Hang on.
-Hi, I'm Sophie Fisher.
-I'm Alex Fletcher.
-You didn't get the message from Jane?
-No. I haven't listened to my--
She was supposed to let you know
I'd be doing plants.
Very nice. Lovely. Well, come on in.
Thank you.
I hope you have your own watering can.
Jane told me that everyone had their own.

But this last guy, Mr. Werther, about 80,
he didn't have his own watering can...
...so he starts yelling at me
and screaming at me in German:
I'm fluent enough
to know what he's saying.
You haven't been cursed at
till you've been cursed at in German.
I know what you mean.
I dated a frulein once.
Plant stuff is in the kitchen under the sink.
And I have my own can.
Oh, well, vielen Dank.
Hi, I'm Chris Riley, Alex's manager.
Oh, Sophie Fisher. Nice to meet you.
So kitchen?
-Yeah.
-Great.
So Cora Corman, huh?
How great is that? Do you believe it?
All right, wait, wait, wait.
Is it even a good idea? Pros and cons.

Pros:

great publicity, terrific money.

Cons?

No matter what you do,
in 40 years we'll both be dead.
Okay. Huge star, great publicity,
terrific money versus eventual death.
I think we have to think about it.

Okay, good, because Cora
is shooting a video tonight.

-She wants to meet both of us right after.

-Tonight?

-Tonight?

-Yes, tonight.

You all right?

Do you have a Band-Aid
and antibiotic cream?

No, no. And sadly,
I think I've lent out my iron lung.

Okay.

Well, then I'm gonna go because,

you know, this could get infected.
And it's not clotting yet, but, I mean,
I'm a little hypochondriacal.
You just-- You can never be too careful.
Anyway, I'll come back and finish.
So come again. I mean, you live here.
I'll come again.
I'm gonna go get this looked at.
You should really have a first-aid kit.
Thank you. Have a good night. I'll see you.
Weird.

-Don't give her a key.

-No.

So you said something about tonight.

Tonight we meet Cora.

I've got to have my Nuddha's delight

Om shanti, shanti

I've got to have my Nuddha's delight

Om shanti, shanti

I want a revelation

And sweet salvation

And the eternal fire

Show me the eternal fire

Like sitting meditation

You give me elevation

Can you take me higher?

She seems like a very spiritual kid.

Yeah. It's nice to see

a young woman exploring religion.

I'm not satisfied if I don't get

My Nuddha's delight

And cut.

Terrific.

-Hey, I'm Ray, Cora's manager.

-Chris Riley.

-Nice to meet you.

-Alex Fletcher.

-Great to meet you.

-Hi, Ray...?

Just Ray. Cora's this way, come on.

Follow me.

C, this is Alex Fletcher

and his manager, Chris Riley.

-We loved the video. It was unbelievable.

-Yeah.

You know, I wish I brought my daughter.

She worships you.

I'm divorced. But that's another story.

Mr. Fletcher, it's a pleasure.

Your song 'Dance With Me Tonight' got me through my parents' divorce when I was 7.

Really? Wow.

Yeah, because I recorded that when I was 9, so.... Yeah.

I want my fans to know the same spiritual uplift that your music gave me.

That would be lovely. I have a few tunes it would be nice to update.

Oh, I don't live in the past, Mr. Fletcher.

It was so long ago.

I want you to write a new song.

-Okay.

-You see...

...I recently broke up with my boyfriend.

We had been together

for almost two months.

It was a terrible experience.

But then I read a book by Guru Mathashavi called A Way Back Into Love.

And that will be the title of our new song.

And in two weeks when I open my tour at Madison Square Garden...

...we'll perform it together.

Okay. Here's the snag--

We also wanna put the song on her new CD...

...which is pretty much finished, so we need it by Friday.

-This Friday?

-Yeah, but don't feel any pressure.

We've got seven other retro artists working on 'Way Back Into Love' ...

...so if you blow it, we're covered.

Mr. Fletcher,

don't look at this as a competition.

If it's meant to be, it will be.

It's destiny.

Yes.
Or not.
Okay.
I can't possibly write a song by Friday.
What could she be thinking of?
All right. Look, look,
can I be honest with you?
You're my manager.
I would have to fire you.
We need this.
Let's not be desperate.
We have the state fairs, Knott's Berry Farm.
They've canceled.
Knott's Berry canceled?
Look. We're still on
for the Indiana State Fair, okay?
But Texas and Arkansas dropped us.
-The Apple Picking?
-The Apple Picking Festival is a go...
...but Great Adventure only wants
three nights instead of 10. All right?
My God. I had no idea.
Why didn't you tell me these things? Why--?
I'm telling-- I'm telling you now.
Alex, it's been 15 years since PoP.
There's new old acts
coming up all the time.
Tears for Fears is going on tour.
There's talk of a Spice Girl reunion.
-That's not my audience.
-Ricky Martin.
I'm dead. I'm dead. I'm dead.
I'm finished. I'm finished.
-No, you're not dead.
-I'm gonna wind up doing bar mitzvahs.
No, you're not. Thirteen-year-old kids
have no idea who you are.
Well, that's good to know.
What about you? You might actually
have to take on another client.
Look, don't worry about me. What we gotta
concentrate on is refreshing your image.
Then we'll get Knott's Berry
and Great Adventure. Who knows?

-We might even get Disneyland.
-Don't tease me. I'm very vulnerable.
Tell you something, Alex.
You do a song for Cora...
...and there is a spot for you
in the Magic Kingdom, baby.
Writing a song. I thought I was done
with that whole nightmare.
Just one song.
That's all we need. One song.
But it's so...
...time-consuming, you know?
And I haven't written for 10 years.
And I need a lyricist. And it's never worked
with anyone except Colin.
Look, I know it's not easy
to get somebody good this fast...
...but there is this guy.
Supposedly he's very hip, very edgy.
He just worked with Avril.
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.
I'm just a bit blocked here.
If you don't like the lyrics,
be straight with me.
No, no, no, no.
The lyrics are very, very powerful.
Maybe you want something
more commercial? More Pop-y?
Just hold that thinly veiled insult
for one second.
-Hello.
-Hey.
-Khan said I could just come up?
-They were able to save the whole hand.
I know. I made too big a deal out of it.
It's just that I hate infections.
But then again, who likes them?
-Maybe the people who make penicillin.
-There's two sides to every story.
True. Except for the Nazis. I can't really see
the other side of that argument.
Excuse me?
I'm sorry. I didn't even see you there.
Hi. I'm Sophie Fisher.

Yeah, Sophie, this is Greg Antonsky.
He's a noted lyricist.
Really? Well, I don't wanna get in your way.
And I can see that I already have.
So I'm off to the kitchen. Don't tell me.
She's kind of hot.
Good. Yeah. I'm glad you enjoyed her.
She's coming back in here, right?
I would imagine so. Unless she goes
directly back to the mother ship.

How about:

Give it up, I'm a bad hot witch
I look real good, but I'm a nasty bitch
I can scream and claw
And curdle your blood
Nuts you'll die on your way back into love
No. Start on a minor third. Try that.

Right. So:

Give it up, I'm a bad hot witch
I look real good, but I'm a nasty--
Come on. You're missing the point.
From the first line.
'Give it up, I'm a bad hot witch' is okay.
But then it should be--
Nuts with some magic, I just might switch
Sorry. What did you say?
I don't remember.
I think it was,
'But with some magic, I just might switch.'
-That is actually quite intriguing.
-That's not my lyric.
No, I know, but it's a lovely phrase.
Look, if you can't handle anything
except moon and June...
...why don't we just let
plant girl finish the lyrics?
Plant girl.
Give it up, I'm a bad hot witch
Nuts with some magic, I just might switch
-Finish it.
-I'm just here to cater to the plants.
And you are doing a fine job,

if I may say so.
Although that one is plastic.
This is a waste of time.
Let's fly my broom to the stars above
And we'll charm our way back into love
What's the next line,
'Feelings, nothing more than feelings'?'
You people disgust me.
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have gotten involved.
I have no filtering system.
No. That's fine, that's fine.
He had to get back to his job
at Hallmark anyway.
Listen, have you ever done any writing?
I mean, everybody's done some writing,
you know? Well, not everybody.
Illiteracy is a growing epidemic
in this country.
I write slogans for Weight-Not...
...this weight reduction company
that my sister runs.
Did you ever hear of the band PoP?
Yeah, of course, everybody has.
My sister Rhonda loved them.
They had that ridiculous hair
and those ridiculous outfits and--
Oh, my God, you're one of them.
That hair was very much in style then.
-I'm very sorry.
-Yeah, that's fine.
But I would love to talk to you
about maybe writing some lyrics.
But I don't write lyrics.
Well, we could just kick some ideas around,
reput the ficus.
I don't think so.
I appreciate the offer, though.
I have to go babysit for my sister now.
I mean, her kids.
She's 38 now, so.... Thank you.
Okay, listen.
Do you know who Cora Corman is?
Oh, yeah. My niece loves her.
Okay, well, I'm writing a song for her,

so if you change your mind...
...and the idea of working with me is
of any interest at all, please just call, okay?
Or if you just fancy a good laugh,
I am performing at the Hilton tonight.
Well, thank you.
I mean, but I can't, you know. I'm sorry.
'I just can't,' she says mysteriously.
But I just can't.
-I'm sorry. Thank you for the offer.
-Yes.
Oh, my God.
Go to the next level, weirdo.
You have to go to the next level.
It's your parents. Go get into bed.
Get into bed. This is not a drill.
-But we haven't even brushed our teeth.
-Get in there. Get in there. Get into bed.
-Hey.
-Hi.
-How was the movie?
-I enjoyed it.
-He fell asleep.
-I enjoy sleeping.
-How was dinner?
-Really nice place.
It's really hard to enjoy dinner
when you run a weight-loss center.
-If I get fat, there goes my fiscal year.
-Honey, you're not fat.
You're not about to open a branch in Boca.
But thank you, sweetie.
-How'd everything go here?
-Oh, yeah. Good. Great.
The kids ate and went to sleep.
Yeah, it-- They're really bad children.
Okay, okay. Everybody goes to bed.
I'm sending your father in there.
Whoa, we're so scared.
And then I'm coming in.
I'll just go check
to make sure they're still breathing.
Hey, wanna do some stress eating?
Just a piece of diet cheesecake.

This thing happened to me today--
I don't know. I'm just gonna go home.
You seem so jumpy tonight.
You know, I feel a little guilty
about something.
How unusual for you.
Okay, listen. I have to tell you.
I met that guy from that band
you used to like. Alex Fletcher from PoP?
Oh, my God.
Anyway, I do Jane's plant service.
I'm taking over for her while she's gone.
And anyway, she does his apartment,
so I was there.
Actually, it was the second time.
And he invited me
to come see him perform tonight.
Gary, I'm going out!
Oh, my God. I love him. I love him.
I love him. I love him.
-That really wasn't the end of the story.
-Come on. Help me dress.
Should I wear the red one?
I saw you across the dance floor
Out of the corner of my eye
I felt a connection
I don't know how, I don't know why
I shouldn't have stayed
When I saw you there
With another man
But as we slipped away
I thought I heard you say:
'This wasn't part of the plan '
Just a meaningless kiss
It wasn't supposed to end up like this
Just a meaningless kiss
Just a meaningless kiss
We knew it was wrong
But we couldn't resist
Just a meaningless kiss
'Till I fell in love with you
Girls, tell me the truth.
Are these pants too tight?
Oh, my God, I gotta get up there.

And here we are two years later
Too late to turn back now
We've gotta finish
What we shouldn't have started
We gotta walk away somehow
Nuh it's easier said than done
When two hearts beat as one
And three hearts are one too many
That's why we shouldn't have ever begun
Just a meaningless kiss
We knew it was wrong
Nuh we couldn't resist
Just a meaningless kiss
'Till I fell in love with you
We can't go on like this forever
When we're not meant to be together
So leave me here on my own
From now on I guess
I've gotta dance alone
It wasn't supposed to end up like this

-Alex!

-Alex!

-Hello, girls.

-Alex, I'm Barbara.

In Boston, in 1989,

I came back to your hotel....

If you wanna see Alex again,

check his website for the tour schedule.

And the Knott's Berry Farm show

is temporarily postponed, okay?

Great show, huh? They love you.

They're hot for you.

Of course, they're also hot because

so many are going through menopause.

Wait a minute.

Barbara from Boston. From Boston.

I do remember that Barbara. I do.

I'm going back for one second.

No. That's how we wind up

getting chased by angry husbands.

-Not necessarily. She--

-Hi.

Well, hi.

Hello. Hello, hello. Very good news. Yes.

Chris, you remember Sophie?
Planted in my memory.
I just wanted to apologize
for being so cryptic earlier.
-This is my sister, Rhonda.
-Hi.
I'm sorry. I've--
You were so great tonight.
We've met, haven't we? Right?
We were practically a duet there.
I know. Anyway,
could I get a quick autograph?
You may, Rhonda.
-Could I get a picture too?
-Only if you're single.
I've been married 16 years,
but nothing's written in stone.
Could you scotch? Thanks.
Also, I really wanted to thank you
for your offer.
-What offer?
-While Greg, the rhyming psychopath--
Thanks again for him.
--was in my apartment, Sophie spouted
some really interesting lyrics.
I thought she was doing plants.
I'm holding a pose here.
-I appreciate it--
-I need a song by Friday...
...and it is amazingly difficult
to find a sane lyricist.
Why don't you just
write the lyrics yourself?
-That's really not a strength of his.
-That's absolutely right.
I once rhymed 'you and me'
with 'autopsy.'
Well, that's not necessarily bad.
You could do something with that.
You know?
Figuring out you and me
is like doing a love autopsy
-You see, you see. That's quite good.
-That's not bad.

-Go on. More. How does it go?
-I have no idea.
Someone could have sculpted us
in this time.
You know what? Let me take it.
They could operate all day long
And never figure out what went wrong
My God, you are--
You are Cole Porter in panties.
Of course, having said that,
Cole Porter probably did wear panties.
Anyway, thank you for inviting us.
Okay, I'm just gonna take a real quick one.
Let me take it. Let me take it, Sophie.
-Thank you so much. That was great.
-Hang on.
Nice to meet you guys. Bye-bye.
So this is where Sophie works, eh?
Yeah. She is gonna be right out.
Excellent. Excellent.
Thank you very much.
So how much do you weigh?
I fluctuate. Yeah.
Okay, look, I am terribly sorry
to barge in like this...
...but I have decided
I cannot take no for an answer.
-I told you that--
-You're not a writer.
Except when you are writing poems
and short stories...
...in the New School literary magazine.
I Googled you. And you were good.
Look, I'm flattered.
I mean, you're one of six people
in the world who's actually read those...
...but that doesn't mean
I can write a song.
You already did.
Five minutes, that's all I ask.
Please, step in. You'll enjoy this.
This is a treat.
Mr. Fletcher. Nice to see you.
-Very nice to see you, Mia, how are you?

-Wonderful.

I just want to get--

Can I try the new Mason & Hamlin?

-Sure, absolutely. Be my guest.

-Thank you very much. Thanks. Please.

This is-- It's just a little something
that you might possibly recognize.

Figuring out you and me

Is like doing a love autopsy

They could operate all day long

And never figure out what went wrong

Love autopsy

Love autopsy

What went wrong?

God. That melody is so beautiful.

But I've never written a song.

A song. I know, I know.

And if I'm wrong, I'm wrong.

I just don't think I am.

I think you may be a born lyricist.

We don't have very long,

but what I'd like to do, in an ideal world...

...is continue the 'Autopsy' song.

But I think it's gonna be very hard
to get back from there...

...into 'Way Back Into Love,'

which is the title that Cora demands.

What we could do is continue

with Greg 'the Angel of Death's' version.

That's plagiarism.

Yes. Yes, yes. Good. Excellent.

I would never in a million years

use someone else's work.

I'm very glad you agree.

So, what we need,

we need something brand-new.

-So let's see. A song for Cora.

-Yes.

-Has to be called 'A Way Back Into Love.'

-Correct.

And it has to be something

Cora would sing about.

Good.

And it has to be something

you would sing about.

Good, yeah.

-What would you sing about?

-Whatever gets me the job, really.

Oh, that's inspiring.

Okay. Two people

searching for love, for salvation.

Good, good, I love that.

Love lost, love found.

Love lost again.

Yes, this is starting to sound

a little bit like luggage, but good.

Thanks. That's really helpful.

It doesn't have to be perfect.

Just spit it out.

-They're just lyrics.

-''Just lyrics''?

Lyrics are important.

They're just not as important as melody.

I really don't think you get it.

Oh, you look angry. Click your pen.

A melody is like seeing someone

for the first time.

The physical attraction. Sex.

I so get that.

But then, as you get to know the person,

that's the lyrics.

Their story. Who they are underneath.

It's the combination of the two

that makes it magic.

Let's go for a walk.

-A walk? What, now?

-Yeah.

Out on the streets you see things

and, you know, hear things and eat things.

It all sort of unlocks your mind.

This is good. This is good.

When you hit a wall,

you gotta change the subject.

So why did PoP break up?

I mean, Rhonda told me

that you guys were friends growing up?

We were, yes,

and then Colin met a new manager...

...who convinced him
he was the star of the band.
Shortly after, he left, taking the last
three songs we'd written together...
...and putting them on his solo album
which went on to sell eight million records.
But how did you deal with that?
Oh, with drugs, alcohol...
...and ultimately, my own solo album.
Cool.

This copy has been in the racks
for six years.

-Come on.

-No, no. I check every week.

You see, I made a little mark,
there on the back. See?

It sold only 50,000 copies,
most of those to my mother.

Rolling Stone called it
'a crass, contrived effort...'

...not even good enough
for a dentist chair.'

Well, I'm sure there were other reviews.

There were, there were.

But none as good as that one.

And they were right, by the way. Yeah.

To cut a long story short,

I gave up trying to write...

...lost an incredible amount of money
and then my apartment.

Chris stuck by me, booked me
an '80s reunion night on Long Island.

And suddenly, they liked me again.

It was weird.

It was like I'd never been away.

The audience was a tad older, as was I...

...but we were very, very profoundly happy
to see each other again.

And it went on from there.

Cruises. Reunions. Knott's Berry Farm,
which I'm sure you're familiar with.

Busch Gardens,

that's one of my big fixtures of the year.

What else can I tell you?

I really appreciate
you opening up to me like this.
I know what it's like
to live with a shadow overhead.
What?
Shadow.
I've been living with a shadow overhead
Now, that's a nice melody, isn't it?
-It's good.
-Thank you. Thank you.
Mind you, what do you know?
You don't even like melody.
I never said that.
You prefer the lyrics.
I don't trust you.
Your turn, what's next?
I think that we should get
some breakfast.
Please, come on, we're finally
on a roll here. Listen again.
I've been living with a shadow overhead
There'll be no more rhymes until I'm fed
Please, seriously, seriously.
I've been living with a shadow overhead
I could be inspired
With just a piece of bread
-I have the perfect place.
-Wait a minute.
It's just on the next corner.
-Keep moving and keep writing.
-All right.
I've been looking
For someone to shed some light
-That's good. That's good.
-Yeah?
Shadows and light. You're deep.
Okay, we need two more lines
of Cora verse. What's next?
Soph?
Sophie?
What are you doing?
Nothing.
I thought I saw someone,
but it wasn't him. So it's fine.

-Oh, there he is.

-What?

A very nice picture, though.

That's funny.

Interestingly enough, I mean--

Well, it is a bookstore.

-So, you know, that does happen.

-What?

Gosh, where were we? Okay.

Shadow overhead

Okay, can I just say, with all due respect,
that you are clearly--

What is the word?

--insane at this moment.

And because, according to Chris,
we have less than 36 hours...

...before Cora goes to do Leno,
at which point my career is over...

...it would be infinitely better for me
if you were sane. So how can I help?

Do you know this book?

Sally Michaels? Yes, yes.

Big bestseller. Yes.

-Have you read it?

-No, of course not.

Last book I read was The Alex Fletcher Story
by the editors of Teen Dream Magazine.

Why?

I'm Sally Michaels.

I saw that they were giving these courses
on writing at the New School...

...so I signed up.

And my teacher was Sloan Cates.

Brilliant, handsome.

The truth is, I was in love with him.

And we began spending
every minute together.

Which is why I was sort of surprised
when his fiancée showed up.

Yeah, he never mentioned that
he was engaged to a history professor...

...who was on a year-long sabbatical
in Spain.

And when she popped in

for an unexpected visit...
...it sort of turned into a reenactment
of the Inquisition.
And that-- And that was that?
That was the end of that?
Yeah. We never saw each other again.
I dropped the class and a year later,
his new novel showed up.
The Sally What's-it novel.
'The tale of a student
with exalted literary aspirations...
...who lures a brilliant writer into an affair
so she can take advantage of his connections.
But when he tries to break it off,
she devotes herself to ruining his life.'
Well, I mean, that obviously wasn't you.
Well, she's a lit major from Long Island,
You know, talks to herself
and asks too many questions.
Her parents founded
a weight reduction company...
...that now her sister runs.
Well, anyway, I....
Since then, every time I pick up a pen...
...I'm haunted by those words
that he wrote, you know?
'She was a brilliant mimic.' You know.
'She could ape Dorothy Parker
or Emily Dickinson...
...but stripped of someone else's
literary clothes...
...she was a vacant,
empty imitation of a writer.'
First of all, you can't listen to some jerk.
He's not a jerk.
He's a National Book Award winner.
Well, then, get the best revenge,
write a hit song.
Honestly, I don't think a pop song
is gonna impress Sloan Cates.
Oh, no, of course not.
Pop is just for morons. Forgot that.
-I didn't mean anything by it.
-Brain-dead, or taken too many drugs.

You know what I'd say
to you and Sloan Cates?
You can take all the novels
in the world...
...and not one of them
will make you feel as good as fast as:
That is real poetry. Those are real poets.
Smokey Robinson, Stevie Wonder,
Bob Dylan, the Beatles.
Okay. What if one of your heroes
came up to you and said--
You know, Smokey, what if he said:
'Alex Fletcher,
you are a horrible songwriter'?'
How would you react?
I know Smokey a little bit. He's too nice
a gentleman ever to say such a thing.
Dylan might. Dylan would, actually.
In fact, Dylan did.
Okay, Dylan walks up to you and he says,
'You are a horrible songwriter.'
-How do you react?
-I would be horribly depressed.
Yes. I would. I would.
But then, after, you know,
months of brooding...
...I would find a lyricist...
...and write a song
about how horribly depressed I was.
And it would be a big hit, everyone
would love me, and I'd make lots of money.
Suddenly I'd be less depressed
than if I just sat around...
...being a little bit self-indulgent,
letting my misery eat away at me...
...until I'd become an emotional wreck
and creatively completely moribund.
Yes, moribund.
-Okay, let's go. Come on.
-All right.
I've been living with a shadow overhead
I've been sleeping
With a clown above my bed
-'Clown' is not right. What is that word?

-It's 'cloud.'
-Write more clearly. How can I--?
-Why would you have a clown in your bed?
-It would not be the first time.
-Yeah, I'm not surprised.
-Write in capital letters.
-Why don't you write it?
I'm sorry, Khan.
We're gonna come back in one second.
You dictate, I'll write.
And I will write like a human...
...and not like a small Pekingese dog.
What are you doing, you madwoman?
You're destroying my apartment.
I can't write from across the room.
Well, you're not writing here.
Get back to your corner.
I can't have you here.
-I'll be blocked. I'll be completely stuck.
-So go out the other side.
I've never been the other side.
Push, push. Push, push.
Good. Better.
You're still a fraction close.
Just-- Just back off, just one....
Just-- Just--
There, fine, good.
Okay.
And I don't think those chords are right.
It has to sound different than the verse.
What kind of different
did you have in mind?
I don't know.
Something sadder, you know?
And I still don't like my line
about 'places in my mind.'
-It's fine.
-Fine isn't good.
We only have time for fine.
I tell you what.
We'll change 'places in my mind' ...
...if I can keep the chord sequence
into the bridge.
This isn't a negotiation.

It's either right or wrong,
inspired or insipid.
It's 4 in the morning. We're not writing the
last movement of the ''Jupiter Symphony.''
It's a song for someone who's last hit
was ''Welcome to Bootytown.''
Please, get back to work.
I still don't like it.
And it's ''Entering Bootytown.''
And another thing,
the whole top section....
I mean, it's so close.
We're just not there yet.
We just-- We have to focus
and stay, you know...
...completely understanding
of what we're trying to say.
Okay, you may now
start killing the next one.
All I wanna do
Is find a way back into love
I can't make it through
Without a way back into love
You know, I'm tone-deaf.
Hey, what do you think of this?
Just keep writing.
Cora is leaving in an hour.
Listen, I was thinking that ''corners''
was such a better word than ''spaces.''
For ''in the mind.''' ''The corners
of my mind,''' rather than ''the spaces.''
It just seems to have a better boundary
to it, you know?
Should I speak to you
about this later? Okay.
It sounds so good. I can't believe it.
And now...
...vocals.
No, you see, you have to sing
into the microphone. It won't follow you.
-But I can't.
-It's a duet for a man and a woman.
We are as close as we've got.
Your headphones and a level. You look nice.

You should wear them all the time.

How is that?

-Yes?

-Okay!

It's okay.

And...

...'Way Back Into Love.' Take one.

Oh, God. I'm getting really nervous.

You'll be fine.

Just use your normal nice voice...

...that I've heard so much of
in the last three days.

It's like my throat's closing up.

It's like anaphylactic.

It's fine. It's just a three-minute song.

I've been living with a shadow overhead

I've been sleeping with a....

Just a little bit louder.

This song is intended for humans.

'Way Back Into Love.' Take two.

I've been living with a shadow overhead

I've been sleeping

With a cloud above my bed

I've been lonely for so long

Trapped in the past

I just can't seem to move on

I've been hiding all my hopes

And dreams away

Just in case I ever need 'em

Again someday

I've been setting aside time

To clear a little space

In the corners of my mind

All I wanna do

Is find a way back into love

I can't make it through

Without a way back into love

Hey, hey! Taxi! She's gonna have a baby!

Hey, what if that were true?

Another one.

-Oh, my God. It's Cora.

-Okay, stay calm.

-C, you remember Alex Fletcher.

-How are you, C?

-Hi, Alex.
-Sophie Fisher, my lyricist.
Hi. Aspiring lyricist, actually.
So Ray tells me you have a song.
We do. A little ditty. It's just a rough....
Yeah, go ahead, take it. Help yourself.
Oh, we're gonna do it now?
Great, great. No time like the present.
Very rough. Just put together
in my little studio. Both of us singing.
She's gonna hear my voice,
it's gonna ruin it.
It's gonna be fine.
Anyone see Nettle of the '80s Has-Neens
the other night?
That Debbie Gibson,
she can take a punch.
I didn't see it.
This is the song I've been looking for.
I can't wait to work on it.
Congratulations, guys. We gotta book.
Thank you so much.
Looking forward to working with you guys.
Congratulations.
-D Money!
-Let's go home.
This way, folks.
It's unbelievable. We got the job.
I thank you. Thank you.
I thank you, I thank you....
Yes? Chris, she loved it.
Unbelievable!
Definitely. Where are you?
Okay, got it. Got it.
We're going to dinner. Come on.
To Sophie Fisher, the woman who paved
my way back to Knott's Berry Farm.
Gloria, I love your dress.
Oh, thank you.
It's nice to clean up after a day of work.
Where do you work?
I'm a therapist at Columbia-Presbyterian.
I'm working on a study
examining the relationship--

Oh, my God.

That's a strike against us, right?

I mean....

What is it? What?

-Sloan.

-Sloan?

Mr. Cates, good evening.

How are you? Nice to see you.

I'd say about two minutes.

-Hi, how you doing?

-Here it comes.

Here's the thing....

Is she all right?

Yeah, she always does this.

It's her way of working up an appetite.

Hang on.

Hello? Sophie?

He's at the bar.

I know. I know. I know.

I saw him. I saw him.

He's not that great, you know.

I saw the beginnings of a bald patch.

-Why, come and have a look.

-Oh, he has a great head of hair.

Oh, God.

I think I'll just stay in here
until he leaves.

Maybe you could send in a salad
and an iced tea?

Right. I'll get the waiter.

Would you like the dessert cart as well?

Look, this is ridiculous.

I've been dreaming
about confronting him too.

I had a speech prepared for over a year.

Would you like to hear it?

Very, very much.

Hello there. Good evening.

Sloan, even though Sally Michaels
only lives on paper...

...I live in the world.

And I can never forgive you
for using me as raw material...

...to create a fictional monster.

Sally Michaels
is my own personal ghost...
...a shadow hanging over each phone call
and cup of iced tea.
And one cold day, when age
has robbed your mind of its fertile phrases...
...and your hand of its dexterity, all
the success won't be able to shield you...
...from the pain you've caused
and the shame you deserve.
Or something like that.
But now I know
I could never actually say it to him.
No. You have to say that. You have
to say that. You have to say it now.
Now is the perfect time.
You're on top of the world.
You wrote a song
for the biggest act in the universe.
-But I can't.
-Yeah, you can.
People wait to see an ex-lover
when things are going well.
It never happens.
You can make relationship history here.
But I can't. I mean, look at me.
I haven't showered in days.
I'm covered in songwriting grime.
The helicopter flew bugs in my teeth.
Yes, yes, yes. You are a little mangy.
Wait. Wait. Stay.
Sorry, Gloria.
Can I ask you a great favor?
Could you accompany me
to the ladies' room?
He's a good guy. Go ahead.
-Thank you. Thanks.
-Sure. Be right back.
-That's fantastic.
-You look great.
Eleven years of therapy and I finally
help someone. Good luck, honey.
Thank you so much.
Yes, thank you. Thank you, doctor.

It doesn't really fit.

-No, on the contrary. It fits you perfectly.

-Really?

I'm not saying you should go
to confession like that...

...but for what you're about to do,
it's perfect.

Okay. Are you ready?

I think I'm developing
a sudden coronary blockage.

Those pass very quickly, okay?

Shortness of breath. Blurred vision.

-You're fine.

-Scurvy?

You're beautiful. No, it's fine.

'I don't write bestsellers
because I despise humanity.'

And I said, 'No, John, you don't write
bestsellers because the feeling is mutual.'

Should I have stopped? Should

I have stopped right there? Was it over?

Hi. Sophie. My God, Sophie.

How are you?

I'm fine, yeah.

Good, it's great to see you.

-Alex Fletcher. Hi, how are you?

-Hey, Alex. Sloan Cates. How are you?

Well, it's been an eternity.

You look incredible.

Then you were always

mysteriously seductive, weren't you?

She is writing a song for Cora Corman.

What? No. Wait. You're a songwriter?

I-- I wrote....

Brilliant lyrics. Fantastic lyrics.

A lot of people

are talking about them, actually.

I had a pen, a paper and wrote....

Sloan, the thing is, even though

Sally Michaels only lives on paper...

...Sophie lives in the real world.

She can never forgive you--

-Mr. Cates, your table's ready.

-Great, thanks, Stefan.

Listen, I'll be right there, guys. I'm sorry.

They're throwing

this little dinner thing for me.

It's crazy how lavish people get
no matter how cheap they are...

...when Hollywood comes calling.

-Hollywood.

I've sold out. They're making a film
out of Sally Michaels.

-Really?

-Yeah.

It's been crazy. I wrote the script.

We're seeing actresses.

It's been-- You know.

But listen, it's great seeing you.

Let's get together, okay?

Take care of yourself.

Take care, Allen.

Well...

...must feel good to get that over with.

I just wanna go home.

Okay. Okay. Okay.

Hang on. Just hang on one second.

One second.

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry to bother you.

It would mean the world if you'd
just let her say what she came to say.

I know what she came here to say, okay?

Some sad little story
about how I ruined her life...

...while the truth is...

...that she seduced me

so that I'd help get her published, okay?

Come on. You were engaged
and you never even told her.

I'd say we're done talking.

Bye-bye.

Let's go. Let's go. Let's go.

Wait.

Do me a favor.

Why don't you just shove off?

I appreciate your request,
but why don't you just shove off?

-Take it easy, my friend.

-I don't believe I will take it easy.
All right. All right!
Don't hurt his hair.
He's working Adventureland this weekend.
I'm giving up. My face is in the butter.
Thank you.
-Are you okay?
-Yeah, yeah, I'm fine.
It's just my PoP hip. It comes from years
of doing our patented dance move.
My God, I've suffered for my art.
No, the thing that really hurts
is my upper gum.
I think I may have impaled myself
on a dinner roll.
Good thing they didn't have breadsticks.
I could've lost an eye.
Well, you should get some ice on that.
Only if it's attached to some whiskey.
Oh, God. I can't believe
you convinced me to do that.
Now I'm more of a joke to him than ever.
And to top it off...
...I'll have my own personal nightmare
playing on 3000 screens.
And you know what the worst part is?
You stole some poor woman's dress?
The worst part is that
he still has some kind of power over me.
I still care what he thinks.
I'm sorry, but how?
How can that possibly be?
The guy is a jerk.
Well, that's easy for you to say, but--
No. He is a jerk. He is a jerk.
It's not a question. He is a jerk.
No, he is, he's a jerk. He's a jerk.
Okay, here's what I think.
I think that the truth is that you are terrified
of losing Sally Michaels...
...because you'd have nothing to hide behind
and you'd have to stand on your own feet.
Wow. I didn't see that coming.
No. Well...

...I have amazing insight.
I would use it on myself,
only I don't have any problems.
And I will tell you my other insight.
I think you are way too talented
and gifted...
...and unusual to let anyone
keep you from standing.
That's wonderfully sensitive, Alex.
Especially from a man
who wears such tight pants.
It forces all the blood to my heart.
Listen.
You were amazing tonight.
As were you.
The few syllables you got out
were absolutely devastating.
Does this feel any better?
It would if it was on the right side.
And that...
...felt much better.
-Hello? Hello?
-Hey, buddy.
How's my hit songwriter?
Hang on. Just-- Just hang on.
You don't sound right.
Maybe it's the connect-- Hello?
I have a strange situation here.
Oh, you've got a strange situation?
I'm at Beth's soccer game with my ex-wife
who's here with my ex-gardener.
They came on a riding mower.
I slept with Sophie.
You slept with Sophie?
Remember your blood pressure.
You're a tall man. You need all you can get.
Are you out of your mind?
Alex, this is terrible.
Unless, of course, you're happy about it,
and then I couldn't be more pleased for you.
-Should we do pros and cons?
-Not necessary.
-I think she's up. I gotta go.
-We got a show today.

Two o'clock. I'm gonna pick you up
in a little while.

I want you to wear the white shirt
with the fan-friendly pants.

Too much. Too much.

Hanging up on you. Hanging up.

Good morning.

-Hi.

-That was Chris just checking in.

So I'm gonna help clean up a little bit...

...seeing as we don't

have any work today.

Right. Fine. Thank you. Very nice of you.

I would obviously invite you to stay,

it's just that I have a show today.

-Oh, really?

-Oh, yes. A big one.

I'm headlining

at Adventureland Amusement Park:

Long Island's family fun center.

Biggest outdoor amusement center

east of Rye Playland.

-You have my permission to be impressed.

-Sounds great.

-Okay.

-Yeah.

-So.

-So.

I mean, you....

You could come.

I said I wasn't gonna lose my head

-Nut then pop goes my heart

-Pop goes my heart

I wasn't gonna fall in love again

-Nut then pop goes my heart

-Pop goes my heart

And I just can't let you go

I can't lose this feeling

Okay. Let's hear everyone clapping.

Hey, come on. These guys over here on line

at the Little Dipper, let's hear you clapping.

Don't-- Don't if you don't want to.

A twist of fate makes life worthwhile

You are gold and silver

I said I wasn't gonna lose my head
-Nut then pop goes my heart
-Pop goes my heart
And I just can't let you go
Thank you very much.
Thank you, Adventureland. Thank you.
Thank you.
That was great. That was great.
-Yeah?
-Yeah.
Good show.
All right, you gotta do the encore.
-Do I really have to?
-It's in the contract.
Wanna do ''Meaningless Kiss''
or ''Dance With Me Tonight''?
This is embarrassing. They don't want it.
No, it's not.
These songs, they're fantastic.
I mean, I've never heard
most of them before...
...but they're full of wonderful
melodic surprises and they're catchy...
...and they're making people happy
and they're just good.
So you should be incredibly proud
to sing them.
You're not just saying that
because you've been on the wave ride?
They're good, really good.
Okay, then.
''Dance With Me Tonight,'' please.
It's not often one man
gets to say that to another with such joy.
Thank you.
Okay. PoP face.
Thank you.
It's been so long
Since I've known right from wrong
Got no job
Sometimes I just sit down and sob
Wondering if anything will go right
Or will you dance with me tonight
When the sun departs

I feel a hole down in my heart
Put on some shoes
Come down here and listen to the blues
Wondering if anything will go right
Or will you dance with me tonight
I'm looking at you
You're looking at me
We're the only two off the dance floor
Do you see what I see?
Two broken lives
Working in harmony
Might make for a decent time
So get up and dance with me
It was a great show.
You should be very pleased.
How much money did we make?
I don't talk business in front of a non-client.
You know that.
Actually, I'm thinking
about signing with you.
Well, well, thank you, Sophie.
That's-- That's terrific.
In that case, I don't think it's right
to talk about one client's business affairs...
...in front of another client.
I'm discreet that way.
You don't know how much money
we made, do you?
I have a ballpark figure.
Is it enough for a nice dinner?
Dinner. I'm supposed to go
to Rhonda's for dinner. I'm late.
Oh, God, help.
You know, she wouldn't yell at me
if you came.
Oh, very well.
I can't go.
I'm losing my mind.
You've got me frazzled.
-Oh, there you go. You're gonna love these.
-Thank you. That's plenty. Honestly.
Trust me, you're gonna want
even more than that. Say when.
When, when, when. Thank you.

Thank you. That's plenty. Thank you.

-One more. Trust me.

-No.

Listen, now, I don't wanna be presumptuous...

...but I'm about to open a new Weight-Not in Boca...

...and I was wondering if maybe you'd like to perform.

Sounds wonderful. I performed at a fat farm once. They loved me. I threw out treats from the stage. They went crazy.

It was like a dietetic Altamont.

That's funny.

-Honey, no cell phones at the table.

-Could be Jessie about the meeting.

If we break the rules, what'll the kids think?

Don't. Sorry, Alex. Very rude.

Weirdo, is there a way we could go to the Cora show?

-That would be so cool.

-We could work that out.

I believe we can.

I believe we've become close friends.

Don't bug him with stuff like that.

Sorry, sorry, sorry. Apologies.

I know the rules. Turn it off.

Oh, no, honey. You go right ahead.

You're a guest.

You sure? You want me to call Jessie back while I'm...?

I'll be very quick.

Chris, yes? Say that again.

Cora's people what?

What? Is it about the song?

Really?

-What does he say?

-It's Sophie.

Really?

Okay. Okay, got it.

Cora is back in town tomorrow...

...and wants to meet us at her studio to work on the song.

And she wants to know
if we like wheatgrass.
-Sounds ominous.
-Are you worried?
-Well, I don't-- You know, yeah.
-If you're not worried, I'm not worried.
You've got your worried eyes.
You look like a little worried doggy.
Sophie, bring those dishes in here, hon.
Okay, honey. You lead, I'll follow.
-There you go. There you go.
-What?
Nothing. Just looking.
What? What? What, what, what?
-Well, look. As your older sister--
-Seven years older.
Now, that's just uncalled for.
Why do you do that?
It just-- It hurts, you know?
Look. I like Alex, you know.
I mean, he's Alex Fletcher. So hot.
And he ate my mashed potatoes.
Yes. It was a magical evening.
But look, hon, you don't fall a lot.
And I've seen the way you look at him,
so if you are falling for him...
...just please, please make sure
he's passionate about you.
Well, you know, I mean, I'm not falling.
We're just working together, you know?
And besides, the one time we slept
together, it's been totally professional.
-You did not.
-I did.
You slept with Alex Fletcher?
Oh, my God.
Don't worry about it, all right?
Besides, you know,
how do you know who's passionate?
You know, I think you--
I think you just see it in their eyes.
And you feel it in their touch.
In Gary's case, it was when he said
to his mother, 'I'm marrying her anyway.'

God, I hate her.

I don't know. I think it's just
when they do something extraordinary.

Soph, just be careful, okay?

Okay.

And bigger. And bigger. And bigger.

With claps, and:

Ready to spin. And:

Well, that was fun.

It was, it was, it was.

Except for those potatoes.

What I imagine eating insulation
would taste like.

So Cora tomorrow?

Yes, tomorrow, I 0:00,

her studio, I 9th Street.

-Should I meet you there?

-That would be fine.

Although I was gonna take a cab.

And seeing as I live

further uptown than you...

...I could, theoretically, pick you up.

You could if I was on the street
at, say, like, 9:40.

I would probably see you, depending
how brightly you were dressed.

I'd wear orange so you couldn't miss me.

You could get some road work done
while you wait.

Well, goodbye and thank you.

Thank you very much for this. I enjoyed it.

-And thank you for your support today.

-Thank you. Today was great.

-It was.

-Okay. Bye.

Goodbye.

-Goodbye.

-Goodbye.

I want you to hear the new intro
to 'Way Back Into Love.'

So imagine this:

Instead of just starting the song

with the piano...
...we get this heavy Indian thing going,
very rhythmic.
Derek, give me a beat:
steamy and sticky.
Way back into love
She's been living
With a shadow overhead
She's been sleeping
With a cloud above her bed
Go Cora, go Cora
Cora Corman and Alex Fletcher
Got a new song that's gonna getcha
Way back into love
Way back into love
Way back into love
You know, I think that I will get
some wheatgrass after all.
-You don't like it?
-No. No, no, no, it's not that.
She had her eye on that wheatgrass
since we came in.
What you're doing,
that thing there, is great.
It's steamy and it's sticky, you know.
Which is-- One is normally enough,
but the combo's just amazing.
C, time for the press shoot.
I really like what we came up with.
Oh, and add another verse.
It doesn't feel like the song ends yet.
Another verse? Right.
That would be an honor, C.
I'm having a little pre-recording session
party at my place.
I want you both to come.
Great.
I think though, that--
That there-- But wait--
Cheers. Thanks a lot, Ray.
Thanks, Derek. Nice one.
Don't speak. Don't say anything.
You didn't actually like that orgasm
set to the Gandhi soundtrack, did you?

Well, I thought it was,
you know, horrible.
I mean, it simultaneously destroyed
two musical cultures in under a minute.
We have to tell her.
No, no. I don't think we do.
Honestly, if she wants to dance,
let her dance.
I don't understand. Wait. I'm sorry.
I don't understand.
Your heroes, the Beatles, Smokey,
they would never let this happen.
That's a completely different thing.
They were geniuses.
They wrote dinner. I write dessert.
No. You're better than dessert.
That's why I'm gonna tell her
what I think at the party.
-You are not gonna do that.
-Yes, I am.
-No, you are not.
-Yes, I am.
In that case, you are no longer invited.
What? She invited me.
She invited us, as a team.
Now that we disagree,
we no longer present a united front...
...and are thus un-teamed
for the purposes of the invitation.
So are you going?
-I might. I don't wanna be rude.
-I don't wanna be rude either.
You don't think that telling the hostess...
...that she's destroyed
two musical cultures is rude?
I'm enrolling you in charm school.
I have to say what I think.
I can't work this way.
You can't work this way?
You've been a songwriter for six days.
God created the universe in six days.
And he never had a hit. Okay, he did.
He had ''He's Got the Whole World in....''
I'm going to the party.

You are not going to the party.
You, young lady, are grounded.
You're grounded. Come back here.
-Please. I'm a little bit desperate. Please.
-I'll see you there.
You won't. You won't because
you're not invited. They won't let you in.
-Hey, Ray.
-Alex, my man.
-How are you?
-I'm good, man. How you doing?
So is Sophie here?
You know what?
I haven't seen her. Yeah.
-Chris?
-Who?
-You know, my manager.
-I'm sorry. Have fun.
-Yeah.
-Hey, Michelle. Good to see you, babe.
Hey, how's it going?
Hey, Ray, what's up, man?
How's it going?
Hey.
-Where's Sophie?
-Hang on.
Hang on. God, she's here. Please
don't let her through. Don't let her through.
We cannot let her talk to Cora.
She's gonna ruin everything.
-Who?
-Sophie. She hates the song.
-She hates the song you wrote?
-Yes. She hates it.
But she wrote the song.
Why does she hate it?
We had a little disagreement.
Hi there, Soph, how are you?
-Hey, Sophie.
-Good evening.
So you brought something,
did you, Sophie?
Yes. My mother told me,
'Never go to a party empty-handed' ...

...so I went to the Zen Eatery and got
a selection of cookies. No, thank you.
Nirvana Nougat.
Hey. It's my favorite writers.
Hi, C. How are you?
We brought you some cookies,
from all of us.
Thank you. Derek.
Cora, I really wanted to talk to you--
About the fact that
we're gonna have to leave early...
...to finish this song
which has become important to us...
...in both an artistic and spiritual sense.
You can't leave yet. Come see the house.
I wanna show you the roof. It's upstairs.
Do you know--? Well....
Cora, I definitely see how much
you've thought about the song and--
Great roof. In a very interesting place
as well, right at the top--
-Sophie was about to say something.
-Was she? I don't think she was. No.
She looks like she's about
to say something, then just...clams up.
What I wanted to say is that I appreciate
that you're bringing thought to the music...
...but I really and honestly feel
that we're pandering.
Which means trying to make others like you,
which I think is a really nice thing.
I do a lot of it.
'Just going out pandering, be back soon.'
The song is about the struggle, you know,
to show your true feelings.
And your very confident sexual display...
...is, you know, a total contradiction
of the fear and insecurity.
No, I don't think so.
And my fans really love it when I dance.
-You're a wonderful dancer.
-That's a fair point.
-My last CD only went to number two.
-But in this case, if you trust us--

And Shakira is breathing down my neck.
So I wanna dance.
You shall dance.
But thank you for your honesty, Sophie.
Cherish your passion.
-Well, thank you.
-Cora, Timberlake's here. Wants to say hi.
Nice to see you, C. Talk to you later.
And I'm looking forward
to the new last verse.
-Cora, wait.
-It's over.
It was a very nice try,
but you have hit the karmic wall.
With no help from you.
You just stood there. Talk about pandering.
I did not pander. I just told her
what she wanted to hear.
-I'm gonna go tell her the truth.
-You just did.
Are you gonna use flash cards this time?
You're stubborn.
And you're not stubborn enough
to stand up for what's good.
I mean, I just don't wanna see you
do what you did on your solo album.
Yes, yes, yes.
I bought it. The last copy.
All right, well, I insist
on paying you back immediately.
You were trying so hard to get a hit
that it wasn't you.
The songs were soulless.
I agree. But ours has soul, so....
But not if we ruin it. And you know that.
Why are you so scared to care?
Because it won't matter.
Because behind
all her Buddhism-in-a-thong philosophy...
...what she cares about
is seats filled and units sold.
Nothing's gonna make her your pal...
...any more than years with Colin
made him mine.

Because in the end, it's all just business.

-What is?

-All of it. Everything.

That's why they call it
the music business.

It's a good thing.

I wish everything in life was that clear.

I want something from you,
you want something from me.

No false promises or expectations.

Well.

Congratulations on your feel-good song.

Can I get you a drink?

There's plenty of time.

We have the night, part of the morning...

...teeniest little bit of the afternoon.

I can't read it.

What does that--? What does that say?

'Sorry, I can't do this.'

Sorry, I can't do this

Not sure about the scansion.

What--? What, are you leaving?

Yeah. I'm sorry.

Maybe I'll think of something later.

There is no later.

She needs the song tomorrow.

If we don't give it to her,
she's gonna go to someone else.

I will have lost the job.

I'm sorry.

-Okay, look.

-No, I want to help. I do.

I wanna help you finish, but I can't.

I can't write when I feel like this.

I'm not inspired.

I don't care. I don't care if you're inspired.

Inspiration's for amateurs.

I just want four lines. Please.

I just want four lines.

-I can't.

-Oh, but you can and you won't.

-Are you saying I wanted this to happen?

-I'm saying that's what you do.

You push and push

and move the furniture around...
...and talk all the time...
...and screw everything up
just like he said.
Who's he? What are you talking about?
What are you saying?
I read the book because I wanted
to come to you and say:
'You're not at all like Sally Michaels.'
But actually, he's got you spot on.
-What are you saying?
-I'm saying Sloan Cates was right.
Oh, my God. Please take that back.
The poor, innocent, helpless
'I can't write,' she says to herself'' girl...
...has co-authored
three-quarters of a hit...
...and is holding it ransom
because she can't get what she wants.
You think life is this fairy tale.
When it turns out that everything
doesn't end happily, you can't deal with it.
Mama says I can't, Daddy says I can
Now my body just wants to slam
Slam
-C, Alex Fletcher is here.
-Hey, Alex.
C, could I--? Could I have a quick word?
Thanks a lot.
-Derek, how are you? Good to see you.
-Alex Fletcher.
Yo, so how's my girl Sophie, man?
Yeah, no, she's keeping it pretty real.
Yeah, what a girl.
C, hi. Listen, it's about
the new last verse.
It's not completely formed
in the classical sense yet.
It's more a kind of string of words
that you can connect in almost any way.
-I think it's quite innovative.
-I got the lyrics.
Sophie faxed them over this morning.
They are so beautiful.

It's what I always wanted to say
to my boyfriend.
It's the perfect end to the song.
There are moments
When I don't know if it's real
Or if anybody feels the way I feel
I need inspiration
Not just another negotiation
All I wanna do
Is find a way back into....
-Is everything okay?
-Yeah, yeah. Sorry, sorry.
I just-- I just completely,
I don't know, spaced out.
That's okay. Let's take it from the top
with the new intro.
Yep. Great.
Yeah, Cora Corman and Alex Fletcher
Way back into love
Hi.
Hello.
I bought these for your children because
one should never show up empty-handed.
They're aliens.
Clearly, I have no children. Here.
-Here, let me get that for you.
-Thank you.
I am gonna go to the office.
-I am too. Have fun with those.
-Bye.
Put them there, thanks.
You coming to the concert tomorrow?
Can't disappoint Lucy.
Yes, yes, very important.
Chris is bringing his daughter as well,
so should be fun.
I just wanted to say
I thought your last verse was fantastic.
Thank you, Alex.
And I'm very sorry about what I said.
Well, you know, life isn't a fairy tale
and I have to grow up...
...and I'm gonna do that in Florida.
Well, that's just ridiculous.

No one grows up in Florida.
Unless they're an orange.
Well, I'm managing
the new Weight-Not branch in Boca Raton.
You should be writing,
not fighting cellulite.
Well, I can do both.
We need a new marketing campaign.
Swimsuit season is coming up.
Thing is...
...I can't...
...compose without you.
Thanks, but I don't think
it's a good idea.
All right. You're obviously very busy.
Good luck.
You too.
Cora!
-Gracie, aren't you excited?
-Let's go.
You know what? You guys, just go.
I think I'm gonna skip it.
-No, come on. You can't skip it.
-You know what, kids?
I'm gonna talk to your aunt, okay?
Gary, take them in.
-Should I meet you--?
-Do it. How hard is it?
-Go, walk, sit.
-Find your seats.
Honey, I need a second. Thank you.
Love you. You're a good man.
Now, listen to me.
Those kids have told all of their friends
that their aunt wrote Cora's new hit song.
And they wanna share this with you.
You gotta go in.
Yeah. No, I know. I know. I just....
I don't know how I'm gonna go in there
and look at him.
I know. It's just one night, though,
and I really think you need this.
And then he'll go his way
and you'll go yours. Okay?

Do you have her autograph?
-Isn't this exciting?
-Yeah.
This is so cool.
-Yeah, weirdo. This is so cool.
-It's great.
We're in the Cora fan club.
Can we? Please, Mom?
-Okay.
-Cora!
Cora!
Cora!
Cora!
-Look, there she is!
-Is that Cora?
I'm starting to believe, boy
That this was meant to be, boy
'Cause I believe in karma
Noy, do you believe in karma?
Each time you put your lips to mine
It's like a taste of Nuddha's delight
-Hey, Gary.
-Come on. I'm just watching.
Tell me all your fantasies tonight
And I will make them happen 'cause
I'm not satisfied if I don't get
My Nuddha's delight
Om shanti, shanti
This Tuesday on The CW,
it's Battle of the '80s Has-Beens...
...featuring Tiffany battling
reigning champion Debbie Gibson...
...followed by a bout
between Adam Ant and Nilly Idol.
Tuesday night on The CW.
Five minutes, Mr. Fletcher.
Entering Nootytown
So shake my booty now
'Cause your booty
Is the way into his heart
New York, I love you!
Shanti, shanti.
What's that mean?
And now I'd like you to hear

something very special.

-Oh, Soph.

-Something very different.

It's a new song.

This is it, weirdo, your song.

-I don't think I can listen to this.

-A song no one has heard before...

...written by Mr. Alex Fletcher.

Wait.

What? Alex Fletcher and my sister.

How quickly they forget.

Let's just go and come back

when the song's over. You and me.

-Actually, I'm gonna go.

-No. What?

-Yeah, no. I'm fine. Just....

-Are you sure?

Yeah, I'm fine. I just wanna be alone.

Just take care of the kids.

It's never been easy for me

To find words to go along with a melody

Nut this time there's actually

Something on my mind

So please forgive

These few brief awkward lines

Since I met you

My whole life has changed

It's not just my furniture

You've rearranged

I was living in the past

Nut somehow you've brought me back

And I haven't felt like this

Since before Frankie said, ''Relax''

And though I know

Nased on my track record

I might not seem like the safest bet

All I'm asking you

Is don't write me off just yet

For years I've been telling myself

The same old story

That I'm happy to live off

My so-called former glories

Nut you've given me a reason

To take another chance

Now I need you despite the fact
That you've killed all my plants
And though I know
I've already blown more chances
Than anyone should ever get
All I'm asking you
Is don't write me off just yet
Don't write me off just yet
Alex!

-Nobody backstage.

-I have to get up there. I know Cora.

-I don't care what you want.

-I know Cora. I wrote this song.

She's okay.

-There's nobody backstage.

-I said she's okay, right?

-Well, you vouch for her, then.

-Thank you.

What's wrong with you?

As soon as Cora's done ''Slam,''

we'll need you on-stage.

Okay, got it. Got it.

Thanks very much. Cheers.

Slam

Mama says I can't, Daddy says I can

Nut now my body just wants to slam

Slam

Come to a concert, don't bring anything?

Alex, that song.

Yeah, I know. I'm sorry.

It's the best I could do. You could fix it.

No. That song was dinner.

Mama says I can't, Daddy says I can

Thank you!

I want you to hear my new single.

Thank you!

''Way Back Into Love,'' music and lyrics

by Sophie Fisher and Alex Fletcher.

What happened to steamy and sticky?

I explained to Cora that it violated

the very core of the lyric...

...and corrupted the purity of the song.

When that didn't work, I told her

it would help me win you back.

And that did it.

Turns out that although she thought
the Dalai Lama was, incredibly, a llama...
...she is, in fact, quite the romantic.

-Go. Go. Go.

-Okay, Mr. Fletcher.

Thank you.

Trapped in the past

I just can't seem to move on
I've been hiding all my hopes
And dreams away

Just in case I ever need 'em
Again someday

I've been setting aside time
To clear a little space

In the corners of my mind

All I wanna do

Is find a way back into love
I can't make it through

Without a way back into love
I've been watching

Nut the stars refuse to shine
I've been searching

Nut I just don't see the signs
I know that it's out there

There's gotta be something
For my soul somewhere

I've been looking for someone
To shed some light

Not somebody just to get me
Through the night

I could use some direction

And I'm open to your suggestions

All I wanna do

Is find a way back into love
I can't make it through

Without a way back into love

And if I open my heart to you

I'm hoping you'll show me what to do

And if you help me to start again

You know that I'll be there

For you in the end