

BRING IT ON
Little Isidore's little brother writes a hit single!

INT. – BRILL BUILDING – DAY

A cheap plastic banner “Welcome to the Corporate Offices of Little Isidore – Where hits are made!” on the wall over a crappy sofa. A tipped music stand, an old metal office desk and mismatched chairs and an upright piano littered with take-out coffee cups complete the picture.

LITTLE ISIDORE sits on the sofa. He takes a yellow legal pad and a handful of fine tips from his carry-on. JOHNNY removes a portable tape recorder from inside the upright, rights a chair, sets it on it and plugs it in. A knock on the door.

Johnny goes to the door, opens it. LITTLE LEOPOLD swaggers in. He raises his hand.

LEOPOLD

My brother! Give me some skin!

JOHNNY

Give me a break.

(HE motions him to sit. Leopold rights a chair, spins it and sits on it backwards. Beat)

LITTLE ISIDORE

Didn't you bring anything to write with?

LEOPOLD

My brains!

(Little Isidore hands him a sheet of paper and a fine point. Leopold uncaps it)

JOHNNY

Let's begin. Songwriting 101.

Leopold eagerly writes, the fine point stabs through the paper. He swears, looks up.

JOHNNY

Watcha got?

(Leopold holds up the paper “Songritin 101” written across the top.)

Johnny and Little Isidore exchange glances. Leopold takes a deep intake of breath, clutches his head like he's squeezing a melon for ripeness and squeezes his eyes shut.

LEOPOLD

Come on baby! *Bring it on! Give it up!*

Johnny's and Isidore's eyebrows shoot up. Johnny nods. Little Isidore hastily scribbles. . .

LEOPOLD

Before it's gone!