

THE HARLEM ANGELS

by
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FADE IN:

OPEN with the sound of HARD-CORE, HIP-HOP MUSIC with lyrics that are barely allowable on prime-time television. If this is film then anything goes.

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT. NEW YORK CITY....PAN
UPTOWN....HARLEM

....LATE AFTERNOON....AFTER SCHOOL.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

OFFICE of HIP-HOP MUSIC ENTREPRENEUR and HUSTLER, Edwin M.L.K. Simon a/k/a EDDIE EX. The office is overdone in a post SUPER FLY motif with EDDIE dressed in a cross between street fashion and nouveau riche. He pushes the INTERCOM and shouts for SHEILA to bring him the latest CHARTS. Sheila comes in and was obviously hired for her "BOOT-TAY" and not her office skills.

SUDDENLY, THE SOUND OF A CHURCH CHOIR DRIFTS THROUGH THE WINDOW, incongruously mixing with the RAP MUSIC in Eddie's office. Eddie CROSSES to the window and listens momentarily.

EDDIE
(to himself)
You gotta be kidding me.
(shouts out the window)
Turn that noise down!

He SLAMS the window shut.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A CHOIR rehearsal is taking place. The choir is made up of young inner city boys and girls. They are being lead in rehearsal by MISS ROBINSON a tall, attractive, stylish, though modestly attired, young woman in her late 20's to early 30's.

The choir finishes a rousing spiritual and rehearsal is ended. THREE YOUNG GIRLS separate themselves from the crowd and walk over to Miss Robinson. The three teen-age girls, ANGELINA, ANGELIKA and ANGELALA anxiously and proudly present their homework and test papers to Miss Robinson for her inspection. She beams approvingly. The girls are excited.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELIKA

When can we start? Please, oh please.

ANGELALA

We've gotten straight A's for a whole year, now.

ANGELINA

Pleeeeeeezze, Miss Robinson!!!!?

ROBINSON

All right. But you have to keep up your schoolwork.

ANGELS

(unison)

We promise!

ROBINSON

Okay, okay, let's get started.

They move to the PIANO to rehearse.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHURCH- MONTHS LATER

Miss Robinson and the three girls are in a MODEST RECORDING STUDIO. They are finishing the vocals on an original, upbeat, but still hip song with a great beat. It definitely has the sound of the street yet the song's message is positive. Sort of a younger version of EN VOGUE'S "Free Your Mind" and "Never Gonna Get It." Despite the modest recording equipment the demo recording has come off great.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Eddie is just leaving at the end of the day. As this is a smallish, older, uptown building, as he rides down the ELEVATOR the MUFFLED SOUNDS of a PLAYBACK of the just completed recording come wafting, ever so briefly, into Eddie's Elevator as he passes the floor of the studio. As the sound FADES his ears perk up and he desperately punches the buttons of the elevator to try to make it stop. The doors open two floors below. He can hear only the beat, some of the music and voices, but none of the lyrics. He races up the INTERIOR STAIRWELL and bursts through the FIRE DOOR to the floor where the music is coming from. He follows his ears to the source of the music.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He comes to the door of the small studio and lets himself in. He surprises Miss Robinson and the girls with his presence since they haven't heard him enter.

EDDIE
I smell money.

ROBINSON
Excuse me? Who are you?

EDDIE
(presenting his card)
Eddie Ex, President of EX Records,
at your service.

He looks hard at Miss Robinson for the first time and you know he has lust in his heart (and other places) for this very proper woman.

ROBINSON
EX Records? What's that?

ANGELINA
(squealing)
EX Records? Miss Robinson, he's
got some of the hottest hard-core
rappers on his label.

ANGELALA
All the kids listen to it.

ANGELIKA
Although I'm sure they don't
really mean to curse.

ROBINSON
Curse? Hard-core? Yes, I know
you. You're selling hate and false
dreams to our kids.

EDDIE
(trying to put a positive
spin)
Oh, no, no, no, no, no Miss....
Miss....?

ROBINSON
Robinson....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDDIE

Miss Robinson. I'm only reflecting the thoughts and fears that our "Artistes" are trying to verbalize for our young people.

ROBINSON

(unconvinced and unimpressed)

That sounds self-serving to me.

EDDIE

Oh, no, no, no, no. I'm all for free speech and artistic expression. Would you care to discuss philosophies over dinner?

ROBINSON

(not near ready to be convinced)

The girls and I have our tutoring session to attend to. There's homework and PSAT work.

(starts to leave - brushing him off)

EDDIE

Hold on, "Sister." Let me listen to the music once more.
(Ingratiatingly)
Pleeeeeeease.

ANGELS

Yes, please. We want to hear it again, too.

EDDIE

See?

ROBINSON

(reluctantly)

Once more. Then we hit the books.

The engineer begins playback. They all groove to the music. The ANGELS start to work on their choreography. Eddie likes the music but hears the lyrics clearly for the first time. Eddie gesticulates frantically signalling the engineer to CUT by making "finger 'cross the throat" gesture.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EDDIE

Miss Robinson, I work on my gut and
instinct -- and these girls
what are they called?

ANGELINA

I'm Angelina.

ANGELIKA

I'm Angelika.

ANGELALA

I'm Angelala....all our names start
with "Angel"....

ANGELIKA

....and we're from Harlem....

ANGELALA

....so we're the
(trying to think of a
name)

ROBINSON

....HARLEM ANGELS.

EDDIE

The Harlem Angels. I like that. I
like that a lot. Anyway, I've made
my success on acting on
my gut.

Miss Robinson slightly repulsed by this metaphor.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

With a little work these girls have
got it. I want to sign these girls
up. Right here,
right now.

ROBINSON

(warily)

I think we need some outside
advice.

EDDIE

(mock incredulous)

Advice? Advice? You want advice?
I'm an expert on advice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANGELINA

(aside to other Angels)
With the accent on the "vice" part.

ROBINSON

You mean you want to sign up my girls for EX Records? The home of all that..... that.....

EDDIE

(self importantly)
....honest artistic expression of the oppression and rage of our people.

ROBINSON

(unconvinced)
...."Expression." Why should we do that?

EDDIE

Please. If you'll have dinner with me I can explain....make you understand.

ANGELS

Just talk to him. What harm could it do? This could be our lucky break!

ROBINSON

Only because the girls asked me to. They do so much I ask....it's only fair. OK. Call me tomorrow.

Eddie brightens.

EDDIE

(Thinking with his crotch)
At home?

ROBINSON

(writing her number
on piece of scrap -
hands it to Eddie)
At the church -- across the street.

Eddie winces but accepts.

FADE OUT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

FADE IN. It is a fancy restaurant and Eddie is pulling out all the stops, more to impress Miss Robinson than for business. Eddie looks slightly out of place wearing his fashion statement in an otherwise upscale dining establishment.

MOVING IN we pick up on the middle of their conversation.

EDDIE

Tell me about the girls.

ROBINSON

Well....Angelala. When I first found her she was having all sorts of trouble with school. She tried and tried but just had a hard time. I took her for some tests and talked to her family. At least the family I could find. Seems she had lead-poisoning from when she was a baby, eating paint chips that fell to the floor. With proper diet and extra work we've been able to overcome a lot.

EDDIE

I'll say. I could never tell she had a.....a..... aaaa.....

ROBINSON

...a learning problem. Sometimes the other two make good natured fun, telling her she could have come from L.A. because she's sometimes a little slow on the uptake. Hence her nickname, La-La. It's to her credit she handles it.

EDDIE

And the others?

ROBINSON

Angelika....she just likes everyone, and everyone just seems to like her. We call her Lika 'cause she's just so full of love for everyone. Sometimes, though, she's too trusting. She went off with some stranger to help find a lost dog when she was only 7, 8 years old. Kidnapped, abused,
(emotional)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

ROBINSON(CONT'D)

left for dead. Thank God she doesn't remember any of it. You'd think that would have changed her -- but after she recovered she said she couldn't let every person she didn't know take the blame for what one person did to her. She's more cautious but she plain just likes people and, I guess, she's blessed with a loving and forgiving heart. I could never be that forgiving.

(Starts to anger)

I'd do some serious damage to someone who did that to me or see them in jail.

EDDIE

I didn't realize there was so much to these girls.

ROBINSON

That's just the beginning. Angelina.... You may have noticed she's a little more, how do I say it?....worldly than the other two. She's been through it all. Her parents were both druggies, her mother is a hooker who's hardly ever around and it's better for 'Lena when she isn't because she ends up being the mother.

EDDIE

Her father?

ROBINSON

Her father, if he was her father, died of AIDS three years ago. When I met Angelina she was headed for a life of teen-age prostitution. She'd never turned a trick in her life, some pimp got hold of her, put her on my corner in the pouring rain and told her to stay there till she made 100 bucks. Luckily it was raining, raining hard, and she came into the church, heard the music, hung around and we started talking. Her life's been turned around ever since.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

EDDIE

Am I sitting with a saint or what?

ROBINSON

Naw. Not me. These girls have become family to one another. Their inseparable. But as for me? Far from it. I've seen too much, I've known too much. But never you mind about me. That's why what you've been selling bothers me.

EDDIE

(trying to salvage)

You see, you can't trust "The Man" with something as precious as our own home-grown African princesses. They'll only exploit you. You need a "Brother" who can understand and guide them properly. First thing we do is change that image. Who's gonna go for that? We've got to show our pain.

ROBINSON

What about all the good we do have. All that we have accomplished..... All that many of our people have been able to do...excuse me, but do you know who is the President of the United States? And not just him but what about our history...Frederick Douglass, Thurgood Marshall, Reginald Lewis, Colin Powell, Dick Parsons.....

EDDIE (CUTTING HER OFF)

That don't mean squat. The man is still "The Man" 'cause he's only half black and doesn't have an ounce of slave blood in him. He doesn't share my history. His Daddy's from Kenya. And most of these kids never heard of them others. All that stuff never sold a single record.

ROBINSON

And who's fault is that? Ours. That's who. Don't blame others. If all we do is see blame then that's all we're ever gonna find.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

ROBINSON(CONT'D)

And if that's where you come from
then that's where you're going to
stay. And who are you to say who's
black enough or what black is?
Most all of us have cream in our
coffee somewhere down the line. As
Dr. King said, it's not the color
of our skin but the content of our
character. Did he have enough
"slave blood" for you? You
couldn't carry his water bottle.

EDDIE

Now, wait a minute....

ROBINSON

No. I'm not waiting....we're not
waiting. We're too busy getting
ready for the future -- and the
future is our young people --
and their future is now!

EDDIE

But, Miss Robinson....

ROBINSON

Get out of our way, dinosaur,
because it's your kind of thinking
that will make you extinct.

She leaves abruptly, leaving Eddie speechless. It is evident
he has never let himself be so overtaken by the intelligence,
drive, force and determination of a woman who knows her own
mind.

DISSOLVE TO:

NEXT DAY after school. The Harlem Angels have come to Miss
Robinson's church office for tutoring and practice. She has
to break the news to them about EX Records.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)

Young ladies. We need to talk
about my meeting and I'm afraid....

The PHONE RINGS. It is Eddie. INTERCUT or SPLIT SCREEN.

EDDIE

Miss Robinson....don't hang up.
(He's got more than
records
on his mind.)
I've been thinking about what

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

you said. You've got a lot of
soul...

(sotto)

For a woman.

ROBINSON

(Somewhat tempered by his
apparent change.)

What's on your mind?

CUT TO Eddie. FX. We see him thinking and a cartoon style
thought bubble appears over his head. In the bubble is a 3
week old kitten. Thought bubble bursts.

EDDIE

I want to show you that my heart is
in the right place. I still want
to sign your girls.

ROBINSON

To exploit them?

EDDIE

You got me all wrong. Well, maybe
not all wrong. But a lot. You put
me to thinking....

Thought bubble with kitten reappears over his head.
....and my eyes have been opened.

End thought bubble.

ROBINSON

The Lord said there is redemption
for all of us.

EDDIE

That's just what I'm tryin' to say.
Listen, I'm not gonna front with
you. Most record contracts are
bogus points for this, expenses
charged against the artist for
that....jive and B.S. Because of
where you're comin' from I'm gonna
do something Eddie Ex never does --
Something you won't get from "The
Man." I'm going to give you the
most decent contract I've ever
given a new act -- bar none. I've
got it here. You can take it to
any lawyer you like and check it
out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

EDDIE(CONT'D)

I'll be lucky if I make any money
on this at all, even if your girls
are a hit.

All the while he's "spieling" we can tell by his body language, rocking back and forth in his big chair with his feet on his desk, playing with his high-tech office toys, rolling his eyes, mock clutching of his chest, sticking his finger down his throat in a mock gagging manner. We know there is a hook to what he's been telling her but we don't know what it is....yet. His flunky, PETE, walks in and is motioned to sit down and be quiet.

ROBINSON

What accounts for the sudden
change?

EDDIE

No one's ever talked to me the way
you did. And if you'll forgive a
cliche you are beautiful when
you're angry. The Lord works in
mysterious ways.

ROBINSON

And this proves it. OK. Send it
over. I'm not promising anything
but I will have it looked at and
I'll call you. Now if you will
excuse me.

END SPLIT SCREEN

INT. MISS ROBINSON'S HOUSE - SAME

SHE HANGS UP THE PHONE

ROBINSON

I've got something to tell our
ANGELS.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE'S OFFICE SAME

He hangs up and does a dance around the office. He gives himself high fives, low fives, behind the back fives, all sorts of fives.

EDDIE

I may sign 'em but I won't spend
more than I have to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I'll tell her lawyer that I'm trading off any advances and guarantees in return for such a good points deal. In the meantime I'll be having plenty of time with little ole Missy Hot-Stuff-good-looking-too-holy-for-her-own-good-yummy-yum-finger-lickin'-gonna-do-some-of-my-own-preachin'-teacher-teachin' -- ALL RIGHT, EDDIE!!

He runs over to his office-sized backboard and basket and slam dunks a C.D. into it. He SLAMS it.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

SCORE!!!!

He runs around his office - arms raised - fist clenched and pumping in victory.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RECORDING STUDIO- TWO MONTHS LATER

THE HARLEM ANGELS, MISS ROBINSON and EDDIE are gathered around the studio's owner/engineer. Eddie is writing a check to pay for the session.

EDDIE

(with a grand gesture)

Five thousand dollars. Not too bad.

OWNER

These past two months have been an absolute pleasure. I've never met such sweet, intelligent hard-working young women. They owe this all to you Miss Robinson.

ROBINSON

These girls deserve everything good that comes their way. They've done nothing but study and rehearse for two months.

ANGELIKA

Well, what about you Miss Robinson. You were there every minute of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELINA

We could never have come this far
without you.

ANGELALA

And you gave me extra help on my
schoolwork. I never would have
passed Trig without you.

The 3 girls smother Miss Robinson in hugs and kisses. Eddie
is looking rather impatient.

ROBINSON

Girls? Aren't we forgetting the
man with the deep pockets?

The girls immediately run over and cover Eddie with hugs and
kisses on his cheek. For a moment he seems truly touched.

EDDIE

(To Miss Robinson)

Seems like I'm missing a kiss from
the Guardian Angel.

Miss Robinson, reluctantly, but good-naturedly slides over to
Eddie and gives Eddie a soft kiss on the cheek. When he goes
for more she slips away. Eddie definitely wants more but
knows he has to behave himself, especially in front of the
girls.

ROBINSON

Five thousand dollars. Wow.

EDDIE

Oh, don't worry about that. That's
part of the deal, right? And
besides I'll just write it off.
I know how to handle the IRS.
First, hypnotize then cross-
collateralize. Now, remember I
told you "artistic integrity?" I
haven't butted in at all. Never
been to rehearsal, never heard
anything but that first song. Now
I'm going up to my office and gives
this a good listen-to. This is
gonna be great. I'll call
you later. Bye, my Angels.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Angelala, Angelina and Angelika are passing along their knowledge and we see them tutoring their peers and younger students. They are passing along their knowledge as Miss Robinson has done for them.

INT. CHURCH-LATER

ROBINSON

All right students and new tutors.
Time's up for today.

The different circles and groups of students and tutors begin to break up as kids gather up their backpacks, books, etc. and head for the door. The Angels stay behind to put the finishing touches on cleanup with Miss Robinson.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)

You know, what you girls are doing now is most precious and gives me tremendous satisfaction.

ANGELALA

Oh, we don't mind helping you clean up.

ANGELINA

That's not what she means "La-La".

Angelina starts to poke friendly fun at Angelala by making "Valley Talk."

ANGELIKA

(gives a friendly poke
to Angelina)

Now, Lena. Cut that out and leave La-La (corrects herself) Angelala alone.

ANGELINA

(In "Valley" Accent)

I mean, like, shaw -- who ever heard of a Black Valley Girl, anyway. Oh, it is so fly and slammin' but, like, you know, get out of my face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELIKA

(To Angelala, ignoring
Lena in a friendly way)

I believe what Miss Robinson is
telling us is that since she has
passed knowledge, learning and
discipline to us, it's up to us to
pass it on to others so that they
can do the same.

ANGELINA

You're such a goody-two-shoes.

ANGELIKA

Maybe. But you're here too.
Aren't you, Strange-a-lina, getting
us in Danger-lina. You're not as
hard as you make yourself out to
be.

Angelina shrugs good naturedly.

MISS ROBINSON

All I can say is that you've made
me proud. You managed to keep up
your grades, rehearse, stay out of
trouble, record and help others
learn what you've learned about
bettering yourselves. Damn, I love
you.

ANGELS

(together)

We love you too.

It is a tear-jerky-mushy scene as they all hug -- but not
maudlin. They end up falling on the floor -- laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE'S OFFICE -DAY

Eddie is listening to the tape.

EDDIE

(To flunky promo man,
Pete)

Damn. How'm I ever gonna be able
to promote this. The music's hype
but the message ain't there. It's
too....
too.....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLUNKY

Nice?

EDDIE

Yeah. Too damn nice. This isn't my audience. I knew I shoulda stayed in the studio with 'em. How the hell am I gonna sell them and get some of this money back. I gotta think. Well, no matter. It's only 5 grand, which I'm gonna write off, and I'm forever in the good graces of "Our Miss Robinson." She'll have to spend hours with me working on our promotion plan. In the meantime, I'll be working my own promotion plan with Miss Robinson. Hoooooweeeeee!!!

The PHONE RINGS.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

(Cupping the phone)

Speak of the devil, er-um Angel. It's her.

(To Miss Robinson)

I was just speaking of you. Yes, yes. Just finished listening. It's incredible. I haven't got words to describe my feelings.

He makes a dog-panting pantomime.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Plan, plan? Sure I've got a plan.

We'll discuss that over dinner -- at my place this time. I promise I'll behave. Don't I deserve as much of a chance to improve myself as your girls have?

SPLIT SCREEN

ROBINSON

Listen. I can't. I have to drive the girls up to Connecticut. They're performing for a youth group in New Haven. The new stuff.

EDDIE

Hold on a second. You don't have to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROBINSON

They need an adult to drive and supervise. Who's gonna work their CD tracks to sing to?

EDDIE

(seeing an opportunity to get her alone for the evening)

I've got a great idea. I'll send Pete. He knows how to handle a "track gig". He's my driver so you know he's good and if he can protect me he can certainly protect your girls from a church group. What're they gonna do? Hold them hostage for a blessing or something? Please, I insist. It's part of the beginning of my promo.

ROBINSON

Are you sure you don't mind sparing Pete? Let me check it with the girls. You're right. We should start planning strategy.

EDDIE

That's right. I'll teach you a little about the business. Call me right back. Bye. (Hangs up) And I will definitely give you the business my fine, foxy, seraphim.

(To Pete)

Pete, you gonna do me a solid tonight.

Reaches into desk drawer, pulls out a clear bag with some white powder and hands it to Pete

EDDIE (CONT'D)

A favor for a favor. Just don't do this blow till you get back. I don't want you messing up my chances with my dream girl.

LATER THAT NIGHT. We see the girls riding in the back of a car with Pete driving. While driving, Pete lays out a line on the back of his hand making sure the girls can't see what he's doing. Snorts it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANGELALA
Don't you think we're going a
little too fast?

INTERIOR/CAR.

There is SCREAMING, the car SWERVES, there is a CRASH.

BLACK

FADE IN:

SAME TIME. At Eddie's APARTMENT. Miss Robinson is holding
off advances from Eddie.

ROBINSON
I'm here about strategy.

EDDIE
That's exactly why you're here.

ROBINSON
(Indignant. Getting her
coat)
The hard-sell doesn't work on me.

She leaves.

INT. MISS ROBINSON'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

CLOSE-UP on Miss Robinson's ANSWERING MACHINE. No one is
there to answer.

MACHINE
(red light blinking)
This is Sgt. Harris of the
Connecticut State Highway Patrol.
This is an emergency. Please call
this number right away. I repeat,
this is an emergency. Area code
203...

END ACT I

ACT II

FAD IN. INT. Miss Robinson's OFFICE - LATE DAY

Miss Robinson, dressed in black, enters, emotionally exhausted. She drops her keys on her desk and flops into her chair. Moments later,

PRINCIPAL CLAIRE CLIFFORD, an early 40's African-American female, officious type, enters.

PRINCIPAL CLAIRE CLIFFORD
That was a beautiful service.
Everyone was moved by your words.

ROBINSON
Words. Feelings. Nothing can
fill the void....can't ease the
pain. They hadn't even become women
yet. They didn't have a chance to
live their lives. They had so much
potential. They were....

She breaks down. Principal Clifford comes over to comfort.

PRINCIPAL CLAIRE CLIFFORD
I'm known for not always saying
what I mean but this time I'm
telling you straight. You did
right by those girls and that lasts
forever. You saved them for all
eternity. They will always be
with you. Always. You hear me?
Always.

She taps her head and her heart.

PRINCIPAL CLAIRE CLIFFORD (CONT.)
(CONT'D)
Here....and here.

ROBINSON
Thanks Principal Clifford. Your
support means a lot to me. I think
I'll just sit here for a while. I
need some time for myself.

PRINCIPAL CLAIRE CLIFFORD
OK. Take a few days off if you
need to.

I'll clover your casses....cover your classes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBINSON
 (brightens a bit)
 Things are getting back to normal
 already.

They share a laugh. Principal Clifford exits. Miss Robinson reaches to a shelf and pulls out THE HARLEM ANGELS' CD, still in its jewel case. As she opens the jewel case the CD falls to the floor, rolls around and settles. Miss Robinson chases it but not before it's fallen wrong-side down.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)
 Ooooh, please don't be scratched,
 please don't be scratched.

She picks it up, blows on it, takes her scarf and starts to polish the shiny side.

Sfx/Echo/Faint Whisper

WHISPER VOICE OF ANGELIKA
 Play me.

Miss Robinson looks up.

ROBINSON
 What th...?

She shakes it off and starts polishing, again.

WHISPER VOICE OF 3 GIRLS
 Pla-a-a-a-a-y m-e-e-e-e-e.

Miss Robinson stumbles backward into her chair.

ROBINSON
 I must be tired. I'm hearing
 things. I know what it is. I
 haven't eaten all day.
 I need some food.

She puts the CD into her WALKMAN, puts the WALKMAN into her purse and goes out into the night.

EXT. NIGHT. Miss Robinson is walking down the sidewalk and is headed toward a neighborhood KOREAN BODEGA. She pulls out her WALKMAN, puts on her EARPHONES and hits PLAY. We hear the faintest sound of THE HARLEM ANGELS' music come from her headphones. As she walks she is unaware of what is happening behind her. Slowly, THREE APPARITIONS begin to MATERIALIZE (but not fully) one-by-one, behind her, shadowing her steps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The THREE HARLEM ANGELS giggle with each other as they follow.

INT. KOREAN BODEGA. NIGHT. MRS. PARK is behind the counter. Miss Robinson enters, picks up a BASKET, and starts to select some items from the SALAD BAR. She is playfully shadowed by the UNSEEN, GHOSTLY APPARITIONS of Angelala, Angelika and Angelina who are getting used to their new selves.

As Miss Robinson looks in one direction, Angelina playfully puts a package of COOKIES in the basket. We see some of that played out as the COOKIES MOVE BY THEMSELVES as well as the TRANSPARENT/APPARITION version of Angelina's arm doing it.

Miss Robinson goes to the counter to pay for her selections and sees the cookies for the first time.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)

Huh, how did these get in there.
They were Angelina's favorite.

She puts them on the counter with her other items, pays and leaves the store.

INT. ROBINSON APT. NEXT MORNING.

Miss Robinson is on the phone. Split screen and back & forth.

PRINCIPAL CLAIRE CLIFFORD

Good morning, Miss Robinson. How are you this fine morning? Feeling better, I hope?

ROBINSON

Good morning, Principal Clifford. Yes, a bit. Some food, some rest. I've got work to do, some loving memories, and the sun is out. Maybe it's a good sign.

CLIFFORD

I'm glad you said that. I have some good news for you. They want to see you down at 110 Livingston Street.

ROBINSON

You mean....?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLIFFORD

That's right. The Board of Education wants to talk with you about expanding our program.

ROBINSON

They finally responded to our proposals?

A BEEP interrupts the call from Miss Robinson's end.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)

Principal Clifford, would you mind holding for one second? I have another call coming in.

She clicks over.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)

Hello. Miss Robinson speaking.

EDDIE

(in pajamas)

Good morning, Miss Robinson. I called to offer my sincere condolences.

ROBINSON

Thank you. The flowers were lovely but I wish you could have come to the service.

EDDIE

I would have but I was called out of town on business.

ROBINSON

Of course. You are a very busy man. May I put you on hold of a moment?

She clicks over.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Principal Clifford. When is our appointment?

CLIFFORD

Next week, right after your last class.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ROBINSON

That's great. Thank you. I'll see you at school later today.

CLIFFORD

Bye.

ROBINSON

Bye.

She clicks over.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)

Thank you for waiting. I'm sorry...why did you call again?

EDDIE

I was wondering if you could stop by my office after school today before you go home. Say, around 4 p.m.? I have to wrap up some necessary business with you. I have to tell you.....

ROBINSON

Oh. Of course. You want to discuss putting out the record. I've got to run, I'm late, bye.

Miss Robinson leaves her apartment, walks a block or two and heads down the subway. A few moments later we see her emerge, walk a bit and get to her school.

When she gets there, her class has placed a framed picture of "The Harlem Angels" on her desk with a basket of fruit and flowers. There is a DESK in a corner with a home-made, mini-shrine for their classmates. Miss Robinson takes the photo from her desk and places it on the mini-shrine. The classroom applauds. Tears.

LATER. Class has let out, Miss Robinson gathers her things and walks across the street to Eddie's building. She goes up the elevator and gets off on his floor.

INT. EDDIE'S OFFICE, LATE AFTERNOON.

Miss Robinson approaches the reception desk.

ROBINSON

I have an appointment with Mr. Ex?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHEILA

Please have a seat.

Sheila types an IM to Eddie in his office. "She's here."

Her screen types back at her. "Send her in."

SHEILA (CONT'D)

He'll see you now, baby.

ROBINSON

Thank you.

INT. EDDIE'S OFFICE, LATE AFTERNOON.

Miss Robinson enters....Eddie is wheeling and dealing on the phone, motions her to sit. He finally ends his conversation.

EDDIE

I'm glad to see you looking so fine...I mean considering the situation.

ROBINSON

Yes. But life goes on and so must I. I'm really glad we were able to finish all those recordings....more than enough for a CD. I'm so glad I have them, at least, this way.

(Excitedly)

So, tell me your plans for putting out their music.

EDDIE

You see....that's the thing. How can I put this.

ROBINSON

(Her mood changing)

Keep it real and don't BS me.

EDDIE

You see...

(trying not to be too cold)

....these girls were good but they needed more...grooming. The music just isn't there for me. The lyrics...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBINSON

What. Too uplifting? Too inspiring? Look at our new President. Anything is possible.

EDDIE

Look. You asked me to keep it real so I'm gonna lay it out. I've got a small business here. I mean, not that small but I ain't no Google if you know what I'm sayin'. This new President (hallelujah) is gonna tax my butt off. So, I can't be takin' no chances.

(off Miss Robinson's look of disappointment)

See, I liked these girls....and, I like you too, no secret, right? But, they ain't no Tupac. They ain't no Biggie. They just ain't gonna sell nuthin' and I can't afford to take a chance like I could before. Know what I'm sayin'?

ROBINSON

But, you promised me. You promised my girls. What about their recordings. What about our contract?

EDDIE

Lookie, here.

Eddie turns to his FILE CABINET and reaches in. He turns back around with a CD and some PAPERS in hand.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

See this here? This is their Pro-Tools master. This is our contract.

He hands Miss Robinson the CD. In a grand gesture he tears up the contract and gives her the torn pages.

ROBINSON

But.....

EDDIE

The money I put in already? I'll just eat that.

(changing the subject)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDDIE(CONT'D)

Speaking of eating, you like to go
out to dinner now?

ROBINSON

With you? That's one joke that
will help me smile through this.
Well, thanks, but no thanks.

She storms out in tears clutching the paper shreds and
precious CD.

LATER THAT NIGHT.

INT. NIGHT. ROBINSON APT.

Miss Robinson is sitting at her computer. She is building a
MYSPACE MUSIC PAGE for THE HARLEM ANGELS
(www.myspace.com/theharlemangels). She has already uploaded
a few of the girls' photos with the words STILL UNDER
CONSTRUCTION at the top.

ROBINSON

(to herself)

Now, to upload a few songs from the
CD.

She removes the CD (the one she dropped, earlier) from the
JEWEL CASE, gives it a quick polish with a cloth and puts it
into the computer's CD TRAY.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)

C'mon, c'mon. Load already.

SPFX: The Angels Apparitions begin to partially materialize
on the other side of the room.

ANGELINA

(In a silly, deep voice)

You rang?

Angelika and Angelala playfully slap her on the arms.

ANGELIKA

Will you cut that out. She can't
hear you.

ANGELINA

Yeah, I know. But I always wanted
to say that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELIKA
Hey, what's she doing?

ANGELINA
Looks like she's creating a MySpace
music page for us.

ANGELIKA
Aw, she's thinking of us.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

TWO WEEKS LATER.

Miss Robinson is at her computer. She's looking at the
Webpage she created. The Harlem Angels have 350 FRIENDS.

There is an email from DONNIETHEDJ@DONNIETHEDJ.COM

ROBINSON
Donnie, from WBL5? Really?

INSERT EMAIL: Miss Robinson reads aloud to herself.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)
Dear Webmaster. I like the tunes
and I love the story although I'm
sorry about what happened to them.
I'd like to talk to you about them
on the air if that's OK with you.
Sounds like a real human interest
story. Please call me at 212-555-
WBL5 at extension 25 if you are
interested.

If I'm interested. If I'm
interested?

She reaches across her desk for the phone and dials.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)
Extension 25 please, Donnie.

There is a pause.

DONNIE
Donnie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROBINSON

Hello, Donnie? My name is Miss Robinson. You sent me an email....about The Harlem Angels.

DONNIE

Yes, YES. I remember. Wow, what a tragic, yet beautiful story. Would you be interested in an on-air interview....maybe play a song or two from the Website?

ROBINSON

You name the time, I'll be there.

DONNIE

I've got a time-slot open tomorrow on my show, afternoon drive-time. A primo spot. Does that work for you?

ROBINSON

I'll be there with bells on.

DONNIE

If you know where we're located in mid-town, just come by around 5 p.m. I'll have your name with security and they'll let you right up. Make sure you bring a CD with some of those songs. Excuse me...what's your name again?

ROBINSON

Robinson. Miss Robinson. I was their teacher and they were my best students. I'm so grateful for this.

DONNIE

It will be my pleasure, Miss Robinson. See you tomorrow. Bye.

ROBINSON

Bye.

The phone practically falls from her hand to her lap in shock and joy.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. LATE AFTERNOON, OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL

Miss Robinson has finished class and is heading toward the subway. We briefly follow her journey downtown on the subway.

CUT TO:

INT. LATE AFTERNOON, LOBBY OF A MIDTOWN OFFICE HI-RISE.

Miss Robinson approaches the CONCIERGE DESK.

ROBINSON

I believe you have a pass for me.
My name is Miss Robinson and I'm
here for Donnie at WBLS.

CONCIERGE

(going through papers on
his desk)

Ah, yes. Here you are. Here is
your PASS. Just take this and take
the elevator to the 38th floor.

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO STATION. "DRIVE TIME."

Miss Robinson is ushered into the sound booth by an assistant. The assistant bring Miss Robinson to a seat on the opposite side of the CONSOLE of Donnie and places a MICROPHONE in front of her. Donnie is speaking on-air but reaches over to shake her hand and motions for her to sit down. Donnie finishes his on-air DJ patter and some R&B MUSIC PLAY in the BG.

DONNIE

You must be Miss Robinson. I'm so
glad you were able to make it here
while I'm on air.

ROBINSON

You're not going to put me on the
radio now, are you? I thought we'd
have time to talk.

DONNIE

It's all good, Miss Robinson. I
like to be spontaneous. If we
prepare first then I'm not keepin'
it real. So, just relax.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONNIE (CONT'D)

We'll talk like we are sitting in your own living room or across the kitchen table. I just want you to be able to tell your story.

ROBINSON

But I've never done anything like this before.

DONNIE

Like I said, that's all good. We'll take it easy. If at any time you feel uncomfortable just wave to me and we'll cut it short and I'll go right to commercial. OK?

ROBINSON

I suppose so. (brightening) OK!

DONNIE

Did you bring a CD?

ROBINSON

(digging through her purse) Yes. Here.

She hands the jewel case to Donnie who takes it like a short stop takes a relay from the second baseman and tosses it to first...er...his producer who takes it and disappears behind a glass window. As he's tossing around the precious CD, Miss Robinson is nearly apoplectic.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)

That's my only copy.

DONNIE

Oh, sorry. Didn't mean any disrespect. Hey, I played college ball, never dropped a pass.

Miss Robinson laughs with him.

DONNIE (PRESSING THE INTERCOM)
(CONT'D)

Yo, Greg, do me a favor and make a couple of copies of that disc for Miss Robinson (he pauses for a moment as he looks toward her). If it's OK with you, I mean.

Miss Robinson nods her approval.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Yeah, Greg. Make a couple of copies and throw some labels on 'em. (To Miss Robinson) is there a song list in there?

ROBINSON

Yes, I have it here.

She hands him a piece of paper. Donnie grabs it.

DONNIE

Yo, Greg. Come back out here, xerox this and keep a copy for yourself for the label.

Greg pops back out, grabs the paper and disappears again.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

So, Miss Robinson. Any suggestion which cut I should play first?

ROBINSON

You're going to put them on the air? Now? Today? Wow!

DONNIE

Well, not if you object, I won't.

ROBINSON

Oh, no. I mean, no objection. None whatsoever. I'm justelated.

DONNIE

Lemme just ask you a quick question here. Anything with lyrics that won't make it past the FCC? I've only heard a couple of cuts from the MySpace page.

ROBINSON

Oh, no. It's all....cool.

DONNIE

No matter. We've got a 7 second delay, anyway.

They both laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DONNIE (CONT'D)

That's it. That's what I wanted to see. Now you're relaxed. OK? I think we can start right after we come out of commercial. OK?

ROBINSON

OK.

Donnie leans over, re-adjusts Miss Robinson's microphone, gives her a reassuring pat on the shoulder and resumes his position. He holds a shushing finger to his mouth...the ON THE AIR light goes on.

DONNIE

This is Donnie the DJ saying that this is Donnie the DJ and we are back with our special, drive-time interview moment with a very special lady with a very special story. Everyone, I want you to meet Miss Robinson

ROBINSON (SHE LEANS TOWARD THE MIC)

Hello.

DONNIE

Miss Robinson, would you be so kind as to tell us what you do?

ROBINSON

I'm a teacher at a non-denominational school in Harlem. We work with a lot of students that come from broken homes or who have been abused. We try to heal them with love, attention and getting them a proper education so they can rise above their past and have a positive future.

DONNIE

To move this along a bit, didn't you have three students who were very special to you?

ROBINSON

Yes, I do....I mean, I did. They are not with us anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DONNIE

When you mean, not with us, you don't mean they transferred, do you. It's more unfortunate than that, isn't it.

ROBINSON

Yes. Excuse me, I don't mean to get teary and I'll do my best not to. These young ladies were, and remain, my inspiration.

DONNIE

Tell us about them....please. Let's try to talk about them in the present tense. What are their names?

ROBINSON

Angelika, Angelala and Angelina.

DONNIE

Three angels, huh?

ROBINSON

Yes. That's how we came up with the name for their singing group, "The Harlem Angels."

DONNIE

That's really tight. So, tell me...and the audience....just what is the story behind these three, special, young ladies. Because, as I understand it from the MySpace Webpage you set up, www.myspace.com/theharlemangels, they were making great progress before they were taken from you.....from us.

ROBINSON

From the world. They had great gifts and so much they could have accomplished. But, let me try to answer your questions.

DONNIE

By the way listeners, if you are not in your car, go to your computer and check it out. www.theharlemangels.com.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DONNIE (CONT'D)

That has a hotlink that will take you to their Myspace page, too. I'm sorry, Miss Robinson. You were saying?

Greg pops back in with the song list and hands a copy to Donnie and the original back to Miss Robinson. He pops back out.

ROBINSON

Well first there was Angelala. She grew up in dilapidated housing and her parents were hardly there.

We FADE OUT into the scene that she describes. It begins to play out on screen.

ROBINSON (CONT'D, NOW V.O.) (CONT'D)

The paint in the apartment was peeling all over the place and she apparently ate a lot of paint chips that fell. As I understand it, they fell either from the ceiling in to her crib or she was crawling on the floor and peeled them from the wall. What happened is that she developed lead poisoning and that affected her cognition.

CUT TO:

BACK TO DONNIE IN THE STUDIO.

DONNIE

For some of our listeners out there, that means she had trouble learning because it messed with her brain chemistry. Is that right Miss Robinson?

ROBINSON

Well, I'm no scientist but she was a slow learner, but with extra attention to both a corrective diet with healthy foods to try to flush out some of those toxins...well, it took several years but her problem became far less noticeable. She knew she was a bit slower to get "it," whatever "it" happened to be at the time, but she had a good sense of humor about it and she would always eventually catch-up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONNIE

On that upbeat note we are going to break for an important drive-time word from one of our important sponsors.

The ON THE AIR light goes off.

OVERHEAD SPEAKER (V.O.)

And, we're clear.

DONNIE

Are you sure you haven't done this before. You are a natural. Can I get you anything? (into the intercom) Greg. GREG! Get out here right now.

Greg pops out.

GREG

(jokingly) Yes, massa?

DONNIE

Greg, get Miss Robinson anything she wants. Juice, water, fruit, candy, cookies, food? Anything, name it.

ROBINSON

Oh, I'm fine. Maybe just a little orange juice, please, if that wouldn't be too much trouble?

DONNIE

Trouble? I'd send Greg down to Florida just to pick you a fresh orange. Greg, please bring back some fresh squeezed from our kitchen. Not that bottled stuff. Squeeze 'em yourself, if you have to. OK?

GREG

No problem. Miss Robinson, I'll be back in a flash.

SPEAKER (V.O.)

Back from commercial in five seconds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Greg runs through the studio dropping off a glass of fresh-squeezed for Miss Robinson on the way back to the control booth.

DONNIE

We're talking with Miss Robinson, the creator, teacher, guru and passionate protector of "The Harlem Angels." We'll play a cut from their CD, not available in any stores, right here, in a minute or two. Miss Robinson, you told us about Angelala. What about the other two "angels?"

ROBINSON

Well, there is...was Angelika. "L-I-K-A." We pronounced it Lie-ka rather than Leeka because she just liked everybody...which is what got her in trouble.

DONNIE

How's that?

CUT TO:

The scene Miss Robinson begins to describe plays out on-screen.

EXT. AFTERNOON. THE STREET.

ROBINSON

As I said, she was a sweet, trusting girl, no more than eight or nine. Some guy pulls up in a van holding up a picture of a "lost puppy" and some candy. She tried to back away but.....

CUT TO:

DONNIE IN THE STUDIO

DONNIE

So, she was.....

ROBINSON

It took years of therapy. It was her natural likability and her natural liking other people that got her through this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBINSON(CONT'D)

It took her a little time but she learned to trust again. Just not so blindly.

DONNIE

Let's take a break from talking and play the first cut on their CD. Say, Miss Robinson, does this CD have a name?

ROBINSON

A name? No, I never really thought about it. Just "The Harlem Angels" I guess.

DONNIE

OK. Let's play a cut from "JUST THE HARLEM ANGELS." Yo, Greg, play cut one. It's called (TBD)

Music begins to pour from the Speaker. The ON THE AIR light goes off. Miss Robinson and Donnie start to groove to the track. At the same time Miss Robinson takes a step back from this and begins to hold back her emotions. She reaches for the orange juice to cover.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

This sounds better than on my computer.

ROBINSON

I need to go to the ladies' room. I'll be right back.

INT. LADIES ROOM.

Miss Robinson is dabbing the tears from her eyes and is gathering herself to go back in. She composes herself.

INT. STUDIO.

Miss Robinson re-enters just as the song ends.

DONNIE

That was slammin'. And those tracks are raw, aren't they, Miss Robinson.

ROBINSON

That's right. We didn't have the time or money to do too much. Just kinda get our basic ideas down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBINSON(CONT'D)

We would have liked to have done a little more but we just didn't have that much time or money to do it but we did get a lot down. I think we did OK.

DONNIE

Did you say OK? I'd say far better than just OK. I get some tracks some producers with time and money ask me to play and they just don't have this kind of groove or positive lyric. I think you did great.

ROBINSON

Thank you. That means a lot to hear it from you.

DONNIE

Apparently it means a lot to some of our listeners. (points to his computer screen in front of him) Greg is telling me that his phone is going nuts...I'm not the only one who likes this. Would you like to hear what the public has to say?

Before she can respond he punches a button on his phone. Go ahead caller, you are on the air.

CALLER ONE (URBAN MALE V.O.)

Yo, Donnie, that's good stuff. I'm glad you are finally playing somethin' fresh instead of the stale stuff from the same stale people.

DONNIE

I'm glad that you like The Harlem Angels but don't be hatin' my playas that have gotten us the sponsors, dig? (laughs) Next caller, you're on the air.

CALLER TWO (YOUNG URBAN FEMALE V.O.)

Simone from 148th & Lex.

DONNIE

Hello, Simone. You sound young. How old are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SIMONE (V.O.)

I'm fourteen and I wanna say I love the music and I love the stories 'bout Angelala and Angelika. What about the third one?

ROBINSON

Angelina?

SIMONE (V.O.)

Yeah, that's the one. Tell me her story.

ROBINSON

Well, Simone. First, let me say, thank you for liking their music. It means a lot to me to know that they are reaching someone like you. I hope you are doing well in school, too.

SIMONE (V.O.)

I'm trying. But tell me 'bout Angelina.

Miss Robinson gets a nostalgic smile on her face.

ROBINSON

Oh, Angelina. Angelina, Strange-alina, Danger-lina. She was something else....a handful. Spirited, defiant, willing to take chances.....she was learning to channel this energy. (good naturedly) She was a devil of an angel, let me tell you.

DONNIE

How did you meet her?

ROBINSON

Well, as with many of my students, a difficult story...a difficult past to overcome. She was put out on the street by a pimp.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT. UPTOWN. A BUSY STREET.

A YOUNG GIRL, about fourteen years old with way too much make-up and inappropriately revealing clothing is shoved out of a PIMPMOBILE. The PIMP leans out the window and shouts out to the girl.

PIMP

I'll be back in 5 hours and don't
you think you be gettin' back in
this car unless you got some bills
for me.

The pimp DRIVES OFF. The girl makes a half-hearted attempt to get the attention of passing cars. It begins to rain, then rain harder. She has no shelter and she's getting cold and wet. She runs and finds a doorway and slumps down to the concrete stoop with tears and rain running her mascara down her cheek. The door opens. It is Miss Robinson. She pulls the girl into the warmth and light.

CUT TO:

BACK TO THE STUDIO.

DONNIE

Wow. That's a heart-breaking
story. Simone. Don't you ever let
anybody do that to you.

SIMONE (V.O.)

No way.

ROBINSON

For any girls out there who think
they are in trouble, please come
see me.

DONNIE

Yes. To get in touch with Miss
Robinson please contact this
station, and we will put you in
touch with her.

ROBINSON

Yes. We offer education and
counseling and, where necessary, we
work with foster parents.

DONNIE

So, that's great that you helped
these young girls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONNIE (CONT'D)

How did you make this demo? What happened to the girls? Folks, if you haven't been to "The Harlem Angels" website then have a seat. If you are driving you might want to pull over for a minute. Miss Robinson, please go ahead.

ROBINSON

OK. I haven't really talked about this much....it's difficult...for me.

DONNIE

Take as much time as you need.

Donnie places a box of tissues within her reach.

ROBINSON

Well, we have this choir at school. We use it as a motivational tool. If your grades improve you get to join the choir. The three girls kind of formed their own unique bond within the group.

CUT TO:

The scene plays out.

FLASHBACK. INT. SCHOOL. DAY.

The choir finishes a rousing spiritual and rehearsal is ended. THREE YOUNG GIRLS separate themselves from the crowd and walk over to Miss Robinson. The three teen-age girls, ANGELINA, ANGELIKA and ANGELALA anxiously and proudly present their homework and test papers to Miss Robinson for her inspection. She beams approvingly. The girls are excited.

ANGELIKA

When can we start? Please, oh please.

ANGELALA

We've gotten straight A's for a whole year, now.

ANGELINA

Pleeeeeeezze, Miss Robinson!!!!?

ROBINSON

All right. But you have to keep up your schoolwork.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELS
(unison)
We promise!

ROBINSON
Okay, okay, let's get started.

They move to the PIANO to rehearse.

END FLASHBACK.

DONNIE
So, you made a full CD?

ROBINSON
No. We could never afford to do that on our own. There's this small studio right across the street from us. We had enough money to lay down some basic tracks and some vocals....just something to have in hand.

DONNIE
Did the school pay for that?

ROBINSON
No, the school has no budget for something like that.

DONNIE
So, is it safe to assume you did?

ROBINSON
Yes. But, like I said, it was only a few hours of recording time.

DONNIE
So, how did you get all these tracks done?

ROBINSON
Well...

FLASHBACK.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Eddie is just leaving at the end of the day. As this is a smallish, older, uptown building, as he rides down the ELEVATOR the MUFFLED SOUNDS of a PLAYBACK of the just completed recording come wafting, ever so briefly, into Eddie's Elevator as he passes the floor of the studio. As the sound FADES his ears perk up and he desperately punches the buttons of the elevator to try to make it stop. The doors open two floors below. He can hear only the beat, some of the music and voices, but none of the lyrics. He races up the INTERIOR STAIRWELL and bursts through the FIRE DOOR to the floor where the music is coming from. He follows his ears to the source of the music. He comes to the door of the small studio and lets himself in. He surprises Miss Robinson and the girls with his presence since they haven't heard him enter.

EDDIE

I smell money.

ROBINSON

Excuse me? Who are you?

EDDIE

(presenting his card)

Eddie Ex, President of EX Records,
at your service.

END FLASHBACK.

ROBINSON

So, he kind of just swept all of us off our feet and we went along for the ride.

DONNIE

Yes. I happen to know Eddie. He comes by the station often. He can be very persuasive. But, he doesn't seem like the person who would be into your message. So, then what happened?

ROBINSON

When we were finished with the recording he didn't really like it.

DONNIE

Like I said, but....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBINSON

Well, my girls had a track gig in another church in Connecticut. There was a terrible accident. They never made it there....never made it home (begins to breakdown) and then when they were gone Eddie didn't want anything to do with the record or anything and he just tore up our contract and now nothing's ever gonna bring my girls back and (she begins to sob uncontrollably)

DONNIE

And we are going to play another cut from "JUST THE HARLEM ANGELS."

He motions to the booth to cut Miss Robinson's mic and to play the next cut. The ON THE AIR light goes off and the music from the next cut plays in the BG. Donnie runs around the console to Miss Robinson.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Hey, hey, hey, there. Take it easy. You gonna be all right?

ROBINSON

I'm sorry. Can we kind of wrap this up? This is harder than I thought.

DONNIE

OK. No problem.

Greg comes out of the booth.

GREG

'Scuze me, Miss Robinson. I've got these copies for you...labels and everything. Our present for you. By the way, you were freakin' great! The phones won't quit with requests for hearing more of your tracks.

He turns to leave. He does a 180.

GREG (CONT'D)

Yo, Donnie. There's a call for you on your personal line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DONNIE

Donnie speaking. You are on my personal line so this better be personal. (laughs) (beat) Lester, how are you my man? (pause) Yes. She's still here. (pause) Yes, I'll tell her. You are one very cool dude, Lester.

Donnie hangs up. Miss Robinson is gathering her things, getting ready to go.

ROBINSON

Donnie. I can't thank you enough for the time you have given me...and the girls. I'll get out of your hair now. You're a very busy man and your audience wants to hear some songs they know.

DONNIE

Do you know who I was speaking to on the phone just now?

ROBINSON

Well, pardon me if I overheard you say Lester, but other than that, no.

DONNIE

That was Lester Daniels.

Off Miss Robinson's blank expression.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

The Lester Daniels?

She's still blank.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

As in President of The PolySlam Records Group.

ROBINSON

That's nice. You probably talk to important people all the time....I mean, not that you're not important.

DONNIE

I don't think you are feeling me here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Lester wants to meet with you about your JUST THE HARLEM ANGELS. I think he's thinking "deal" here. Otherwise I don't think he'd be calling me asking to meet with you.

He hastily writes something down and hands her the paper.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Whatever time you get off after school is fine with him. Just show up. Here's the address.

ROBINSON

I don't know what to say.

DONNIE

Just say you'll be there. Listen, Lester is a good man from a good family. He's got good values. You can trust him. If he starts talking real business let me know. I have some people who can help you with a real record deal if that's what it comes down to and I don't think he'd call to see you if he didn't have something hot in mind. OK?

ROBINSON

Don't you worry. I'll be there.

The apparitions of the three HARLEM ANGELS (with mini-wings) appear in the corner of the studio, jumping for joy (and floating a little higher with each jump) while hi-fiving each other. In her enthusiasm, Angelina double hi-fives and chest bumps Angelala a little too hard and, in her semi-weightless state, Angelala is comically sent hurtling across the room. Angelika and Angelina cover their mouths in an "oops" gesture and laugh as Angelala rebounds and ricochets much like a high-speed computer "pong" ball until the girls grab her in mid-flight. The three of them laugh themselves into a group hug and look over to Miss Robinson with love.

FADE OUT.

END EPISODE