

***“EITHER/OR” TELLS THE TALE OF A DISILLUSIONED DJ WHO  
DISCOVERS SOME OLD JOURNALS THAT BEGIN TO REPRODUCE  
THEIR STORIES IN HIS OWN LIFE.***

INT. GABE'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Gabe shoves the plain pages in a DESK DRAWER as he continues to read the gold-edged ones.

YOUNG VOICE (VO)

*What is a poet? An unhappy person  
who conceals profound anguish in  
his heart but whose lips are so  
formed that as sighs and cries  
pass over them they sound like  
beautiful music...*

Gabe throws a record on the gramophone and revels in its slow crackle on the perfect player for a moment before he continues reading.

An ancient blues-y jazz beat crackles out of the speaker, but when the lyrics start, it is the YOUNG VOICE singing again.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

As Gabe trolls through records, the sound of his jazz record continues on inside his headphones.

YOUNG VOICE (CONT)

*(singing)*  
*...And people crowd around the poet  
and say to him, "Sing again soon"  
- in other words, may new  
sufferings torture your soul, and  
may your lips continue to be  
formed as before, because the  
music is charming.*

JOANNA

Hey, are you listening? Play me a song!

Gabe keeps his head down, making notes in a journal, avoiding response.

JOANNA

Oh brother dearest?

Finally he looks up.

GABE

Oh. It's you.

JOANNA

Who did you think it was?

Joanna steps into the DJ booth and takes up her usual position.

GABE

Just trying to avoid another awful request. I mean, how many times do you have to hear Blue Monday before you can NEVER hear it again in your life?

JOANNA

But you're here to please the masses. Do your job, dammit!

GABE

My job: slave to bad taste. The more people love me, the more I hate myself.

JOANNA

Chin up there, brother. Most slaves would kill to be paid.

GABE

Very funny.

A carefully dressed stylish man called SLICK in pointy shoes and a sharp jacket over jeans approaches Gabe.

SLICK

Hey, is this Skywear?

GABE

Nope.

SLICK

Oh.  
Do you have any Skywear?

GABE

Nope.

SLICK

Would you play some if I brought it to you?

GABE

Unlikely.

SLICK

Oh.

He saunters away casually. Joanna giggles.

JOANNA

People just want to dance, you know? Make them dance!

GABE

That's true. The irony is, they can't dance. Nobody here actually knows how to dance, they just... gyrate.

JOANNA

Sure. Same difference.

Alison enters the club on the arm of an OLDER MAN, who buys her a drink at the bar. He looks around the place, and bows out quickly.

She wastes no time starting a conversation with another man at the bar.

GABE

(nodding at Alison)  
Poor girl.

JOANNA

Why?

GABE

She's here. Every night. I can't think of a worse fate.

JOANNA

But you're here every night. By choice, even!

GABE

Choice? I'm burdened by a love of music.

JOANNA

It would be nice if that burden of love stretched to something else.

Gabe rolls his eyes.

Gabe stares ahead at the dance floor, where Alison starts to shake her hips. The admirers are practically salivating.

Gabe spends a minute cueing in his headphones as he changes records. He starts to mix down the song into the next one - BLUE MONDAY.

Joanna jumps to her feet.

JOANNA

No. Way! You're the best slave

JOANNA (CONT)

ever!

Joanna runs out to the crowded dance floor, joining the inseparably moving limbs of the other dancers, just as Alison leads a HANDSOME MAN away with her.

Gabe watches for a moment, smiling. He lifts a gold-edged paper and reads it for a moment.

GABE

"The unhappiest one is absent from himself" - And that's what makes life tolerable...