

(In the video, a reporter is standing outside the main entrance to Berklee College of Music.)

Reporter

The year was 1988. On this very strip of sidewalk, John Hargrave placed his feet for the first time, a small-town bass player whose heart was full of hopes and dreams. The year is now 1992. On this same strip of sidewalk John Hargrave was brutally stabbed to death this week. With a large knife. I mean, REALLY large, like the kind the Frugal Gourmet's always using to cut up vegetables. And *sharp*. So razor-sharp in fact that it cut Hargrave open like a soggy tomato. But we're not here tonight to remember the knife, and the way Hargrave's assailant thrust it deep into his bowels, and how there was blood spilling all over, and the manner in which people were slipping on his intestines which lay uncoiled all over the sidewalk, and how later no one cleaned them up and there were maggots crawling all over the ... for such graphic descriptions should probably be left for cheap daytime talk shows like Oprah. No, tonight we'll be exploring the *sensitive* side of this extraordinary human being, who was sliced open from groin to chest so that his stomach was hanging out swaying in the breeze, attached by nothing more than a vein, and whose heart you could still see beating until that truck ran it over...

(Voice fades out and music fades in. Titles.)

JOHN HARGRAVE:

Warrior
Poet
Legend
Lover
Fighter
Officer
Gentleman
Scholar
Philosopher
Plumber
Locksmith
C.P.A.
Pool Cleaner
Lazy Ass
Berklee Student.

(We cut to reporter standing inside Berklee cafeteria.)

Reporter

It was this cafeteria at this table where John Hargrave had his first taste of Berklee's runny omelettes and orange hash browns. It was this pile of chewed-up breakfast that he then spit back on his plate. Why he chose to save it, we'll never know. Anyway, it was this cafeteria where he was to soon have his final show at Berklee, entitled "Full Frontal Nudity." The show was to be a musical comedy with at least one instance of full frontal nudity. We'll be showing that scene tonight, with additional clips from his final show.

(We cut to John standing outside exterior of restroom. Caption: SCENE FROM "FULL FRONTAL NUDITY.")

John

There's one terrifying experience that all Berklee students must undergo. No, it's not that first recital or dealing with the weenies in the Counseling Center. What I'm talking about is *using a Berklee bathroom stall*. Tonight, we'll be presenting for your benefit YOUR SURVIVAL GUIDE TO BERKLEE STALLS.

(Cut to John inside stall.)

John

Okay, your first potty pointer is that toilet paper is your friend. Line the toilet paper liberally, and fill in these cracks as well. (He puts toilet paper in the cracks between the stall walls.) Because ladies, gentlemen, members of the press...I will do or say just about anything, but I will not let another grown man see me drop a bun. And since it obviously would have cost another dollar to buy enough metal to make these two pieces join so I could have some privacy to meet the baker, we need to resort to these tactics.

John

Toilet tip number two: *bring your marker*. You'll need it for the works of graffiti art you're gonna produce during your stay. Let's look at some of the current Berklee potty poetry.

(Here we cut to actual graffiti that has been spotted on Berklee restroom walls recently.)

John

Here's a nice wholesome thought. "I SODOMIZED THE EASTER BUNNY." Proving once and again that Berklee is a great place to bring the family.

And then someone writes in, "IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEONE DID." Let's guess who was the dumb kid who never found the Easter eggs, shall we?

Here's something positive to say about jazz. "GIMME A J! GIMME AN A! GIMME A Z! GIMME A Z! WHAT'S IT SPELL? SHIT!" But it's *good* shit, and that's the important thing. Okay.

"THERE WAS ONCE A MAN NAMED LEE BERK/ WHO REALLY DID NOT WANT TO WORK/SO HE FOUNDED A COLLEGE/OF MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE/AND NOW WE'RE SUPPORTING THE JERK." Touching. Some of these nuggets of wisdom will move you, no pun intended. Award them a blue ribbon.

(We cut to a closeup of pinning a blue ribbon on the stall wall. Back to John.)

John

Your last word of wee-wee wisdom: never, ever talk to yourself in a stall, especially when there's a guy in there with you holding a camera. This would be hazardous to your sexuality. Watch.

(Point of view shot where we open the door to stall, to show a bunch of guys standing outside, staring. In unison, they all say "FAG!" He closes door, and writes "714" on the wall. Then we cut to reporter standing outside room 714.)

REPORTER

We're here at John Hargrave's first dorm room at Berklee. Like all the dorm rooms at this school, it holds little more than a filthy, cramped closet. Here is the closet, which holds more than a filthy cramped drawer. And here is a drawer, which holds little more than all the combined bras of Bananarama. Here are the bras of Bananarama.

(Each of these shots is done in succession, and we end on a pile of bras. Then we cut to Reporter next to the current occupant of 714.)

REPORTER

Now, you live in room 714.

WHOEVER LIVES IN 714 NOWADAYS

Yeah.

REPORTER

You sleep in that bed?

WHOEVER

Yeah.

REPORTER

Are you aware that John Hargrave masturbated in that bed twelve times a day?

WHOEVER

No wonder I've never slept so soundly.

(Now we cut to reporter standing inside a campus laundry room.)

REPORTER

This, coupled with Hargrave's incontinence...

(Suddenly we have a long scrolling block of text with voiceover.)

VOICEOVER

FOR THE BENEFIT OF OUR INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS:

INCONTINENCE. (in kan ta nants) n. Inability to control evacuation. Here we are making a little joke about how John couldn't control his pee-pee when he went beddy-bye.

HO CHI MINH KAWASAKI SUZUKI HYUNDAI. MING VASE, ZEN BUDDHISM, MAI GAI GOO PAN. PORK LO MEIN PEE-PEE SPRING ROLL POO-POO MAO TSE TSUNG IN A SPICY SAUCE WITH FRIED RICE.

ESPANOLA NICARAGUA VENEZUEL FIDEL CASTRO. EL BURRO, FIESTA, HABLA ES SIESTA. BURRIRO PEE-PEE CHIMICHANGA POO-POO ENCHILADA, A PINATA WITH SOME NICE GREEN CHILES AND A MOUND OF GUACAMOLE.

(Several blank lines go by, and then:)

FARHVERGNUGEN.

(Cut back to reporter, who has been patiently waiting for all this to pass.)

REPORTER

As I was saying, this, coupled with Hargrave's incontinence, eventually forced the Berklee linen service to shut down for good, leaving John to wash his own sheets.

(Here we cut to a condensed version of John's dryer scene from 1988, where he gets inside an industrial-strength clothes dryer and spins around for a few cycles.)

REPORTER (VOICEOVER)

In the summer of 1988, Hargrave went home and began writing comedy with his friend and fellow arsonist, Jay Cornelius.

JAY

John and I had a lot of great times together. (Pause) Well, we had a few good times. (Another pause) I'm sure there were a few. (One more pause) Hang on, let me get my calendar.

(We cut to the 1988 segment "Apostrophe Bandits," where John and Jay accost local businesses who misuse apostrophes on their signage.)

REPORTER (VOICEOVER)

It was with Cornelius that Hargrave made the chilling hometown documentary, "Apostrophe Bandits."

(After "Apostrophe Bandits," we cut back to Jay.)

JAY

You may laugh at stuff like this, but you don't understand. To John, it was real. I mean, there ARE too many people abusing the apostrophe! John was a humanitarian. He wanted to cure the ills of society! (Long pause, like in real documentaries) People need to learn proper grammatical usage! (Another long pause)

REPORTER (OFF-CAMERA)

And you believe this?

JAY

Oh, of course not. But I was heavily sedated.

(Rocking montage of greatest moments from Jay and John's videos, hopefully ending with grenade launchers and screaming. Video ends and we go back to live show, where Jeff is now on stage.)

JEFF

I'd like to say a few words to honor John who was not only my friend, but my acquaintance. I loved John, I loved him more than...well, more than I love that chair over there (points to chair). I remember once I was sitting at home tugging at a really painful hangnail, when suddenly there was a knock on my door. Well, who should it be but John...and he had come all the way to my house just to give me a manicure! It was lovely...he buffed up my nails real good, pushed back my cuticles, the works.

Just before he left - and I'll never forget this - he took out a pair of needle-nosed pliers and ripped out my freshly polished nails, one by one. That's just the kind of guy he was! He wasn't afraid of "tough love." In memory of him, we're going to perform this drum and guitar duet I wrote.

(Jeff gets on drums, but just before playing he slaps his head)

Oh man...I just remembered, I have a pound of low sodium cheese that passed its expiration date today. I'm sorry.

(Jeff runs out. By this point it will be obvious that we have no intention of actually playing music at this "concert." Pre-recorded video starts up again)

REPORTER

For the next few years after his first sojourns into comedy, Hargrave attended Berklee on and off. Eventually he decided on a major: the Professional Music, or "Smorgasbord" major. This program entails the student defining his or her life goals such as "I want to be a fireman," and then choosing appropriate courses. Hargrave decided he wanted to make and star in low-budget documentaries about people being killed, so he chose several performance and several film scoring classes. His first film scoring project was the wildly successful "Debbie Does Doggie."

(Here we cut to a totally harmless scene from a porno movie. Someone says, "So take off your clothes," or something like that. Then we cut in with some cheesy 70's-style funk. Actually, we probably won't even have to cut in with it. A black bar with the words "MIDSHOW CHECKLIST" suddenly appear over where the naughtiness might possibly be. Freeze-frame.)

ANNOUNCER (VOICEOVER)

And now it's time for...our midshow checklist! We've sunk to new levels of disgusting and inappropriate humor with this show...Let's see what we've made fun of so far! Please yell "CHECK!" after each one you can remember!

(Graphics with a little checkbox getting checked with each one, except the last)

BATHROOM HUMOR!
STABBINGS!
LEE BERK!
INTESTINES SPILLING ON THE GROUND!
INCONTINENCE!
PEOPLE WHO CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHERE TO PUT THEY'RE APOSTROPHES!
GARY BURTON (actually, we haven't made fun of him yet)
HUNDREDS OF INSANE MIDGETS!

(Then we cut to a shot of hundreds of insane midgets)

JOHN (VOICEOVER)

The one thing that I wanted to use for my first Berklee show, "Xany Xavier's Berklee Buyout," was hundreds of insane midgets, but we just couldn't work it into the budget.

REPORTER (VOICEOVER)

Last year, Hargrave staged "Xany Xavier's Berklee Buyout." Physicians around the world praised the show for its beneficial use as a gentle laxative. In his last interview before the grisly slaying, Hargrave commented on this show.

JOHN

I was so proud of "Buyout" ...basically, it said everything I wanted it to say.

REPORTER

Which was?

JOHN

Well, that Berklee has become nothing more than an extension of the new entertainment industry. And long ago traded in the concept of music as art for the concept of music as money. You know? I want to say, forget about your fame and fortune and start finding a way to help the world with your art. It's time to change focus from what I can *get* out of this to what I can *give* to this. (Getting more and more vehement and over-

enunciated, like a Southern Baptist preacher) I mean, show me something *different!* Show me something *unique!* (Hargrave stands to reveal he is wearing robes in a pulpit. Now there are distant crowd cheers, getting louder) Now is the time, my brothers! Rise up against the powers that oppress you! Cast off the fetters of your imprisonment! Rejoice in the freedom that God has given you!

(We cut to a crowd of cheering people, possibly from an old B/W Martin Luther King rally. Then we cut to Jade, who is in a supermarket parking lot, putting groceries in the car.)

JADE

Oh hooray. You're a big-time reporter. I don't care, I don't want to talk about it.

REPORTER (OFF-CAMERA)

Come on. You were his girlfriend. The public needs to know what you thought about him!

JADE

How can you guys be so exploiting and insensitive?

REPORTER (OFF-CAMERA)

Am not.

JADE

(Getting in the car and talking through open window) Fine. You want me to tell everything about our relationship?

REPORTER

Yes, please!

JADE

Okay. (She grabs reporter's hand really hard, talking into microphone. Of course, at this point, we've cutaway to a fake hand.) We were close. So close in fact that twice we had to be surgically removed. There was some bone grafting going on, it was ugly. (She is turning on the engine and driving away, still holding the hand.) But *he* wasn't ugly. He was beautiful. Sometimes I caught him being so beautiful that I'd have to say, "Stop it." One day he was looking so beautiful that I had to hit him in his face with a baseball bat. That did the trick. (We're now hearing screams and various bumps and thuds.) See, I loved him! I not only loved him, I *larfed* him. I *loofed* him. I *laid* him...down to sleep one night and the thought occurred to me that love wasn't big enough word to describe my feelings for him. I needed a longer word...like "hatred." There, you happy now? You've laid bare the core of my soul! (She hurls hand out the window and we hear a fading yell) Hey, and get your cameraman off my hood!

(The car screeches to a halt, and camera flies off. Then car revving noise is heard, and abrupt thud. Cut to black. Fade in to reporter with famed Berklee professor April Arabian.)

REPORTER

Now April, you're involved with 92% of jazz shows that go on here at Berklee.

APRIL ARABIAN (if we can get her)

Yes, that's right.

REPORTER

And John Hargrave auditioned in how many of these shows?

Um...3,241. APRIL ARABIAN

And he never played in one? REPORTER

No. APRIL ARABIAN

Could you tell us why not? REPORTER

Well, he couldn't play jazz to save his life. APRIL ARABIAN

(We cut back to the main entrance of Berklee.)

REPORTER
Because of this fact, Hargrave eventually settled for the less challenging musical style of rock and roll. To make up for his inability to improvise jazz solos, Hargrave settled on *mocking* jazz instead.

JAZZ BITES COMMERCIAL

(We cut to the "JAZZ BITES" commercial: This is done in the whimsical, MTV-style, fast-cut footage of the day. We have a bunch of rapid shots of people eating this fabulous new snack cracker, smiling and acting gay, like in an actual commercial. The jingle goes like this.)

JINGLE PEOPLE
They're NEW! They're DELICIOUS! They're JAZZ BITES!
They're NEW! They're DELICIOUS! They're JAZZ BITES!
Have you ever been hungry and wanted to eat
And sing an old two-five and snap off the beat
Have you ever heard Coltrane play killer bebop?
And felt that you needed to bite his head off?
They're NEW! They're DELICIOUS! They're JAZZ BITES!
They're NEW! They're DELICIOUS! They're JAZZ BITES!

ANNOUNCER (VOICEOVER MUSIC BED)
Jazz Bites. The fabulous new snack cracker from Nabscuit! Cheesy wafers o' fun shaped like your favorite jazz players! Just one and you'll agree – they're jazz-o-rific!

Jazz-O-Rific! SNACKER #1

Jazz-Licious! SNACKER #2

Jazz-A-Dilly-Licious-Yum-Yum-Ram-A-Slurp-A-Scrumptious! SNACKER #3

JINGLE PEOPLE

Doo-WAH!

SNACKER #1

Hey, I got Miles Davis!

SNACKER #2

I got Dizzy Gillespie!

SNACKER #3

I got Gary Burton!

SNACKER #1 and #2

You can have him.

JINGLE PEOPLE

They're NEW! They're DELICIOUS! They're JAZZ BITES!
They're NEW! They're DELICIOUS! They're JAZZ BITES!

ANNOUNCER (VOICEOVER MUSIC BED)

Now you can *play* a jazz head while *eating* a jazz head. Jazz Bites! And try the new jazz lollipops, JAZZ SUCKS, or the new bubble gum, JAZZ BLOWS! From NABISCUIT.

JINGLE PEOPLE

JAZZ BITES!

(We cut back to reporter in front of main Berklee entrance.)

REPORTER

We've heard confessions from Hargrave's closest confidantes – his friends, his taxidermist, the tapeworm that filled his bowels for a short time in the mid-80's. Only one question remains: *who killed him and why?* That's two questions, but they still remain. Granted, two is a 100% increase over the one question I predicted just moments ago, but none of this matters. *Did any of these people kill Hargrave?*

(We cut to stills of the following people, with Reporter voiceover.)

Was it Hargrave's girlfriend? After all, she iced one of our cameramen.

Was it April Arabian? Anyone who does that many shows at Berklee's gotta be hiding something.

Was it the band? Are they upset that John hogged the whole show here?

Was it Myron Fitzwater? Does anyone know who this is?

(Cut back to the reporter.)

REPORTER

So only two questions remain: *who killed him, and why, and what was their motive?* That's three. (He

suddenly breaks into a more working-class voice.) I'm afraid I'm not very good at my job. I actually used to make a living stabbing people in the stomach. It's actually very profitable work. A lot of tax write-offs, excellent benefits, and you sure log up the Frequent Flyer miles. One day, this guy comes up to me and asks me if I want to do a documentary. I tell him I have no journalistic experience. He says it's okay, that's not really a requirement for being in the media biz. Look at the Boston Herald, he says! You think any of them finished high school?

(Now he slips back into his reporter personage.) But none of this is relevant to Hargrave's story. For three questions remain: *who killed him, why, and what were the motives, and when is this documentary going to end?* (Shakes head) The answer is very simple. Hargrave's killer was...THE REPORTER!

(There are gasps off-camera. Camera pivots chaotically around to show a cue card with these last two lines. Pivots back, to show reporter who is taken aback by the whole affair. A lengthy silence, during which no one is quite sure what to do.)

REPORTER

Shit.

(Reporter flees. Camera is quite obviously dropped on the ground while several crew members head off in hot pursuit. Music. The following scrolls by, with VO.)

THE PRODUCERS WOULD LIKE TO DISAVOW ANY PRIOR KNOWLEDGE OF THIS REPORTER'S PART IN THE MRUDER OF JOHN HARGRAVE. THE PRODUCERS WOULD ACTUALLY LIKE TO TAKE A LARGE SUM OF MONEY, FLY TO BELIZE, AND PERMANENTLY CHANGE THEIR IDENTITY. BUT SUCH THINGS ARE NOT TOO FEASIBLE, CONSIDERING WE'RE GONNA GET OUR ASSES SUED SO BADLY THAT WHEN WE SIT DOWN IN A LEATHER CHAIR, OUR BUTT BONES WILL PUNCTURE THE UPHOLSTERY.

THANK YOU.

YOU CAN APPLAUD NOW.

(With this, the video ends and we go back to the live show. Doug is standing on stage.)

Doug

I'd like to end the show tonight by telling a story about John's heart, and how it was like a big love dispenser. A year ago, my grandmother was terribly ill and bedridden. One day I was sitting beside her, holding her age withered hand, when suddenly there was a knock at the door. Well, who should it be but John! For the next three months he did nothing but sit by my grandmother's side and spoon split-pea-flavored baby food between her parched, haggard lips. (Thoughtful pause) Of course, he wouldn't *stop* feeding her, even when she was screaming for him to please stop...well, eventually he fed her so much that she burst and there was grandmother split-pea all over the halls and that was a real mess. But I'll never forget him. He was magic.

I'd like to finish up tonight by playing a solo piece I wrote just for John and my grandmother...may they both rest in pieces...uh, PEACE. (He puts on his guitar ... but just before he starts to play, he starts sniffing. He sniffs for a few moments, not being able to tell where the smell is coming from.) Uh...I'm sorry, but I smell ham cooking! And it smells scrumptious. Sorry.

(Doug abruptly leaves. Audience will be forced to sit in uncomfortable silence for at least thirty seconds. Just when the quietness is unbearable, John screams out.)

JOHN

I'M NOT QUITE DEAD YET!

(John comes in from the side door, wheeling an IV beside him. He has a big ol' bandage strapped 'round his waist. He takes an excruciatingly long time to reach the front.)

JOHN

Okay, this is my final show, "Full Frontal Nudity," and we've got some great...(looking around)...uh, where is everybody? Anyone know? (Hopefully general yelling chaos here) Oh boys?

(Chariots of Fire theme music starts up and everyone comes running in in slow motion, like we were supposed to do last show. Hugs and crying.)

JOHN

Seriously, thank you all for coming tonight...(general thanks here)...we'd like to close with a song by The Bones of Fish.

(Band closes with amazingly killer ten-minute version of "Everyday Sunshine" by Fishbone. During the groovin end bit of this tune, Al starts frantically jumping around, and pulls out the IV from John's arm. Here we have an additional tube leading down John's other arm which is connected to a sac of blood underneath John's shirt. The net effect is that blood appears to be draining profusely on the floor. We finish, say goodnight, and leave. Video starts up a final time.)

(In the final video, the band is out in the lobby, dressed up in their performance clothes, as if we are watching a "live feed." John is speaking with a heavy British accent.)

JOHN

Blimey! I thought they'd see right through my American accent. It was pretty bad at places.

MIKE

(Accent of choice) Yeah. Me too.

AL

(Accent of choice) You guys wanna have a manly celebration? Drink some molten steel, choke down some gruel?

ALL

Yeah!

JOHN

No, I think I'll just stay here.

DOUG

(Accent of choice) Come on, John! Let's go give each other concussions, rub our teeth on cement!

JOHN

No, I'm not really that secure in my sexuality. Sorry.

ALL EXCEPT JOHN

Ahh, alright. Let's go. Come on. That wuss. (Etc.)

(The band leaves and John retires to the bathroom. Camera follows him. He goes inside a stall and starts changing. Turning around and is startled to see camera.)

JOHN

Oh, hi Jay.

JAY

Good show, John.

JOHN

Thanks. But I'm feeling a little guilty. I mean the original name of the show was "Full Frontal Nudity," and yet there was none. How can I live like this? All those frustrated Berklee students, all that wasted Kleenex...I really thought somehow we'd be able to find someone who'd take off their clothes in public...but it's our society, y'know? This is why I wanna move to Sweden. There, you have a problem keeping people clothes on.

(As John goes through this, the whole time he is taking off his shirt, then his pants. Just as everyone is expecting to vomit by seeing John's naked body, the camera pans down to show that he has another pair of pants on. He takes these off, still talking. Then another pair of pants, then another. Finally, a voice interrupts.)

LEE BERK (OFF-CAMERA)

Excuse me, John.

(Here we cut to an extremely cheesy shot of a fake doorway with Lee Berk's head peeking in, and maybe a little hand waving. This should look almost as realistic as Terry Gilliam's Monty Python animation.)

JOHN

Oh. Hello, Mr. Berk.

LEE BERK (VIA LITTLE CUTOUT MOUTH MOVING UP AND DOWN)

I couldn't help but hearing you're in a bit of a bind. As you know, I try to visit with each of your students weekly and see how you're growing, musically as well as spiritually.

JOHN

Yes.

LEE BERK

Well, you've been so kind to me ... I thought I'd lend a helping hand here.

JOHN

Really, it's not necessary...ah!

(Cheesy strip music starts up, and John's eyes bug out as he witnesses the next shot, which is of a blouse flying through the open doorway, then a skirt, then underwear. Interspersed with increasingly horrified shots of John.)

JOHN

No, Mr. Berk...ugh!

(We cut back to doorway. There is a fully nude female body with Lee Berk's head pasted on top. Perhaps the leg is kicking. We should be ashamed of ourselves. We cut to the interior of a confession booth.)

JOHN

Father, I have sinned greatly this past week. I was so desperate for a laugh that I pasted my school president's body on a nude female.

PRIEST

You are forgiven, my son. Say twelve Hail Marys.

JOHN

Thank you, father. (Tries to make sign of the cross, but gets it all wrong.)

PRIEST

Oh ... which school was it, by the way?

JOHN

Berklee College of Music.

PRIEST

Make it *three* Hail Marys, then.

(Caption: ONE WEEK LATER. We cut to John sitting in his room. He has a book in front of him where he is trying desperately to resist the urge to put a cut-out head of Lee Berk on a photograph of a dog. Closeups of his eyes and sweating forehead. Finally he can stand it no longer. He gives in, and we cut to "Chariots of Fire" theme music with a series of Lee Berk's head pasted on various photos: monkeys, ballerinas, African tribal pygmys, the Simpsons, etc.)

(Closing credits.)