

**MIDDLE-OF-THE-NIGHT CALLS TO MUSICIANS:  
LIONEL RICHIE**

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INT. LIONEL RICHIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Singer LIONEL RICHIE (68) sleeps in his decadent, custom-made bed: its frame is designed to look like a baby grand piano; an enormous, curved mattress rests in its belly.

Lionel's land-line telephone, which is *also* designed to look like a baby grand piano, sits on a nearby nightstand that looks like — *you guessed it* — a baby grand piano.

The phone RINGS. Its ringtone: "Three Times A Lady" by the Commodores. Groggy, Lionel reaches over and picks it up.

LIONEL RICHIE

Hello?

A long beat of silence. Lionel hesitates as he faintly hears hushed GIGGLING on the other end of the line. Then--

LIONEL RICHIE (CONT'D)

I said hello? Is it me you're  
looking for?

On the other end of the line, a group of PRANK CALLERS breaks out into LAUGHTER.

PRANK CALLER (O.S.)

(to friends)

*I don't believe it! He actually  
says it when he answers the phone!*

LIONEL RICHIE

(angrily)

You better not do this all night  
long!

PRANK CALLER (O.S.)

*All night?*

LIONEL RICHIE

All night!

PRANK CALLER (O.S.)

*All night?*

LIONEL RICHIE

All! Night! Long!

Again, more LAUGHTER.

PRANK CALLER (O.S.)

*Thanks for the laughs, Lionel, but  
we've gotta go! Someone is dancing  
on our ceiling!*

LIONEL RICHIE  
(genuinely excited)  
Oh! What a feeling!

More LAUGHTER as the prank callers hang up with a CLICK.

LIONEL RICHIE (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Punks!

Annoyed and riled up, Lionel SLAMS down the phone. He settles back into bed and EXHALES, trying to calm himself down.

LIONEL RICHIE (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Stay calm, Lionel. Deep breaths...  
bring it down a notch. Tomorrow is  
a new day, so just take it easy.  
(closes eyes)  
Like Sunday morning.

THE END