

JEFF (CONT'D): Who are they?

DEWEY: My band.

JEFF: Kids? Is this some kind of gimmick?

DEWEY: No, it's not a gimmick. I know they're kids but they're awesome. Just listen.

JEFF: I'm sorry. I don't have time. I have to go. Better luck next year.

*DEWEY is stumped by this, so is the band. They are almost unpacked and ready to go... but then SUMMER steps in.*

SUMMER: There won't be a next year.

JEFF: What?

SUMMER: There won't be a next year for us, any of us, will there, Mr Schneebly?

*She looks sternly at DEWEY and whispers.*

DEWEY: She's right, Jeff, I can call you Jeff, right? Of course I understand you need to have rules, and if it wasn't for the fact that the Battle of the Bands has been keeping these kids alive, I -

JEFF: What do you mean?

DEWEY: You see, the kids have a condition -

JEFF: What condition?

DEWEY: Er...

SUMMER: A rare blood disorder. Stikkitu Demanus.

JEFF: That's terrible.

DEWEY: You know the Yoda Hospice for Children Out of Luck?

JEFF: I don't think I do.

DEWEY: It's a good place, Jeff, and the people there are good people. But they can't work miracles, Jeff. I only wish they could.

*SUMMER gestures at the KIDS who are now drooping over their instruments. They look as if they only have minutes left.*

DEWEY (CONT'D): Still, what the hell. The dream of this contest has given them a few extra, stolen weeks, which can't be bad. Thank you for that, at least, Jeff. Thank you. All right. Let's go get all of your wheelchairs.

*He starts to walk off stage, then he stops and turns.*

DEWEY (CONT'D): Unless you'd just listen to them? So they haven't made the journey for nothing?

JEFF: I don't know...

SUMMER: Hit it, kids!

*Instantly, they are back on form and the music begins.*

*In The End Of Time (The Audition)*