

# **Steve Jobs and the Music Store**

**One man's journey to defeat  
that which is not defeatable**

Written by Steve Streza

Actors: Steve Jobs

Phil Schiller

Executives 1, 2, and 3

Executives 4-6 (extras)

Hitmen 1, 2, 3, and 4

Male voice

*10 AM in the morning, in an executive office. Steve Jobs is sitting at a desk, talking on a phone, playing with an iPod. He is a middle-aged man, with a receding hairline and thin, grey hair, dressed in a black turtleneck and blue jeans.*

Steve Jobs (on phone): OK, Bertrand. Sounds good. Talk to you later.

*Steve hangs up the phone, as Phil Schiller walks in. He is dressed in a blue, button-down long-sleeved shirt and blue jeans. He is a bit stocky, and looks like he fell hard out of the late 1980s with his light brown mullet. Steve gets up and starts getting his stuff together as if he is going to leave.*

Steve: I'm going to be leaving in a few minutes. I've got my meeting with Sony, BMG, and Universal in a few hours.

Phil: You really think you can convince them?

Steve: I'm not sure of anything anymore. But I'm pretty sure I can get them to go along with this.

*Both leave the office, exit stage left. Enter stage right 6 business executives, dressed in Armani and acting like they own the universe. They are very snooty, and they sit at a very expensive looking desk, facing stage left. The desk should be elevated about 5 feet. They are laughing and smoking cigars. They should be cast in a red light. Executive 1 should be furthest on the right, executive 2 should be to his left, and so on.*

Executive 1: So then this band comes up and starts asking for a record deal. They think they can just waltz in here and play all of their own music. I can't believe that there are still some groups who think this industry is about music!

*Executives laugh.*

Executive 2: So, what's on the agenda today? I want to get out of here, play some golf.

Executive 3: Well, we have this guy from Apple who wants to cut some kind of deal.

Executive 1: Apple? Don't they make those little hard-drive music player things?

Executive 2: Oh great, this is just what we need. What does *he* know about the music industry?

*The sound of large, wooden, castle-like doors is made, and a white spotlight is cast on Steve, who walks into the middle of the room, looking up at the executives.*

Executive 2: OK. Who are you and what do you want? We're very busy.

Steve: We're opening a music store. We will be making the songs available for 99 cents each for individual downloads. Users will be able to transfer these songs to their iPods. They will be able to listen to them over the network. They will...

*As Steve is talking, the executives start yelling in anger, drowning him out.*

Executive 2: Scandal!

Executive 3: Outrage!

Executive 2: Never!

Executive 3: Impossible!

Executive 1: SILENCE!

*Executive 1 raises his hands and shouts, and the other executives abruptly stop yelling.*

Executive 1: You think you can just walk in here and make these...these...demands? When you have nothing? And you want everything? How foolish.

*All of the executives except Executive 1 laugh.*

Executive 1: Well, we're obviously done here.

Steve: No.

Executive 1: You will not have your music "store".

Steve: We will. You will agree to our plan.

Executive 1: Get out! Now!

*The executives get up, start yelling, and start throwing various CDs at Steve, who walks toward the door. He yells as he is about to leave, and the executives inexplicably silence.*

Steve: You have not heard the last from me! I will return more powerful than you can imagine! And when I do, oh when I do, you shall rue the day that you turned down such a delicious offer from Steve Jobs!

*Steve exits stage left, slamming the door behind him.*

Executive 1: Foolish mortal. His snide little games will not work on us.

Executive 2: As if downloading songs could actually be a business model. Next you're going to tell me that we should use Napster to make money.

*Executives laugh.*

Executive 3: All right, I was about to beat you suckers at golf.

Executive 2: Wait. What are we going to do about him?

Executive 1: He is dangerous. We must eliminate him.

Executive 3: Fine. I'll make some calls on the way. Let's go play some damn golf.

Executive 1: Finally! But if I win, you have to sign that crappy band.

Executive 3: Who, Nickelback? They'll tank anyway.

*Executives laugh, exit stage right. Steve enters the Apple parking lot stage left, listening to an iPod. Suddenly, four really large men approach Steve, surrounding him.*

Steve: What is this?

Hitman 1: The game's over, Jobs. Your days of thinking you can run the world are through. Get him!

*The four hitmen jump on Steve, who kung-fu kicks his way out of them. He then proceeds to totally kick ass, and three of the four are unconscious, except for Hitman 1, who is on his hands and knees, coughing up blood. Steve approaches him from behind, wraps the iPod headphone cable around Hitman 1's neck, and gets really close to him.*

Steve: Who sent you?

*Hitman 1 is clawing at his neck, trying to get some room to breathe. Steve just pulls tighter.*

Steve: WHO SENT YOU?!

Hitman 1 (out of breath): It...was...Rosen!

Steve: WHO?!

Hitman 1: Hilary Rosen! The...RIAA CEO! She...got a call...from some...Universal executives!

Steve: It was them?!

Hitman 1: Please...don't kill me!

*Steve hits him over the head with the iPod, knocking him unconscious.*

Steve: Shut up!

*Steve stands up, takes a deep breath, then exits stage right. Enter stage left Phil Schiller, who is just walking around in his office.*

Phil: Steve was supposed to be back by now. What's going on at that damn meeting?

*Steve enters stage left, walking very fast, right past Phil, still exhausted.*

Phil: There you are! What happened?

Steve: Just as I expected. They turned down the offer.

Phil: But before you said -

Steve: I know what I said! I'll just have to push a little harder, that's all...

*Steve grabs a large bag from under his desk, and starts to take it out of the office.*

Phil: Steve, no! There's still time! We can negotiate with them! It will all work out, but you don't need to go through with this!

Steve: Yes I do. They will go along with this, whether they want to or not.

*Steve walks out of the room with the bag, and Phil moves towards the door with a horrified look on his face.*

Phil: Oh, you fools. You stupid, stupid fools.

*Phil exits stage left. Executives enter stage right, walking through a parking lot.*

Executive 3: Oh, come on. You can't be serious about me signing Nickelback.

Executive 1: Oh yeah, sign 'em up. You lost the bet.

Executive 3: Ugh, fine.

*Executive 1 laughs, checking his pockets.*

Executive 1: Oh, shoot, I forgot that roll of hundreds in the car. Go ahead, I'll be up in a few.

Executive 2: All right.

*All executives but Executive 1 exit stage left. Executive 1 starts walking stage right, when suddenly Steve jumps out from stage right, wearing a black-sheet-wrapped katana on his back, and kicks him in the chest. He stumbles back, and they begin to kung-fu fight. After a minute of this, Executive 1 gets pinned against a wall, and Steve whips out the katana, and puts it at Executive 1's throat.*

Steve: I warned you not to cross me.

Executive 1: Wha...what do you want?

Steve: You know what I want.

Executive 1: Your music store? Is it worth that much?

Steve: I will have it. You will license the music to me, and I will sell it.

Executive 1: I...I have to talk it over with the other execut-OWW!

*Steve moves the katana and slices Executive 1's right eyebrow clean off. Executive 1 grabs his face, where he pulls off a fake eyebrow.*

Steve: I will have my music store! I will not accept no for an answer! Go and tell your friends that if they do not wish unpleasantness upon them, they will comply!

*Executive 1 stammers to find something to say, failing, and stumbles off stage left. Steve quietly puts his katana away, and takes out his cell phone.*

Steve: Yeah, it's Steve. Yeah, I don't think we'll need to go this route, but get the big gun ready. As soon as it's ready, bring him to the Universal building. OK, great.

*Steve hangs up the cell phone, and exits stage left. Enter executives 2 through 6, stage right.*

Executive 2: He should've been back by now.

Executive 3: Maybe he lost it.

Executive 2: How do you lose a roll of hundred dollar bil-

*Executive 1 stumbles in, paranoid, looking over his shoulder, exhausted.*

Executive 1: Jobs...still alive...must...give him...the store...

Executive 2: Woah! What happened to you?

Executive 3: What do you mean, give him the store?

Executive 1: We...have to!

Executive 3: Are you crazy? That would do nothing but-

*Executive 1 grabs Executive 3 by the shirt, pins him up against a wall, and gets right in his face.*

Executive 1: See my eyebrow? See the one that isn't there? Jobs is crazy! He'll kill us all if we don't give him this store!

Executive 2: Bullshit! He won't do any such thing!

Executive 1: He's coming now! He's insane! We need to give it to him or WE ARE ALL DEAD!

*Executive 2 picks up a phone, presses a few buttons.*

Executive 2: That's it, I've had enough of this. (into phone) Yeah, security? We have someone we need detained. Yeah, the board room. Thanks.

*Executive 2 hangs up the phone.*

Executive 1: No! You're making a huge mistake!

Executive 2: We will deal with Jobs. Make no mistake about it.

*Enter stage right security guards who grab Executive 1 and drag him off stage, while he screams. As the guards exit, enter stage left Steve, who is wearing his katana, sheathed.*

Executive 2: Ah, Mr. Jobs. We didn't expect to see you so, ah, soon.

Steve: This is your final chance. I'm taking the store.

Executive 3: No, you aren't! You will not have anything!

Steve: Give me the store, or you will regret it.

Executive 2: For the last time, no.

Steve: Fine. I'll be back in a moment.

*Steve exits stage left, slamming the door behind him. The executives look at each other, confused.*

Male voice: No! Please! I didn't think Justified would be such a big album! Please!!  
NOOOOOO!

*A sound of a swinging katana. Enter Steve stage left, carrying a human head at face level, wearing the sheathed katana, with blood drops all over his face.*

Executive 3: ...it's Justin! Justin Timberlake!

Steve: Well, part of him, anyways.

Executive 3: You...monster...

Steve: Don't scream or I'll cut you.

Executive 3: He had the voice of an angel. And he's dead now, because of one stupid store.

Steve: It's not a real good idea to be talking about iTunes like that, while I'm around.

Executive 3: When he came to me, he was tormented. Tormented by lack of sales. I tried to promote his album. Tearfully, he swore to me that he felt the touch of God when his album reached platinum. He didn't just take girls' hearts, he took their money. All of these stores now mean nothing. Nobody cares about them. And now Justin's dead and you're here to...get a license out of me. Will that give you satisfaction? All of this terrible music?

Steve: The music, no. No satisfaction. All of the iPod sales resulting from the music? It'll be a gas. So do we have a deal?

Executive 2: We have no choice.

*Fade to black.*

Narrator: April, 2003. Steve Jobs announces the iTunes Music Store.

*Lights come on, focused on Steve, who is center stage, facing the audience, with a big shot of iTunes on the background.*

Steve: And we've entered into very nice agreements with all of the major music labels, who were very happy to enter into a deal with us to sell their music on iTunes. It did take a little push to get there, but now nobody could be happier.

*Fade to black, exeunt*