



written by

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OVER BLACK:

"All of a sudden, someone threw me in front of this rock and roll band. And I decided then and there that was it. **I never wanted to do anything else.**"

---Janis Joplin

FADE IN:

INT. SEDAN - DAY

A folder marked "Severance" is on the passenger seat. A guitar case rests on the backseat.

Through the windshield we see a music store.

RACHEL ALLEN (25) stares at it for a moment. She's a thin brunette... a talented singer/songwriter is hidden underneath business casual worn with disdain.

RACHEL
It feels personal.

On her dash is an older cell phone. It's open to a FaceTime video chat with BLAKE (25). He's tall, dark and handsome.

BLAKE (FACETIME)
Now you've finally got the time to
audition for--

RACHEL
It worked out so well the first
time around, right?

Through the window we see LINDSAY JACKSON (30) walk inside the store. Lindsay wears an oversized hooded sweatshirt. Underneath it is an old t-shirt of an obscure band's tour. A rock star is buried deep inside the music geek.

BLAKE (FACETIME)
It'll be different this time.

RACHEL
So what... I'll become a meme on
TikTok this time around?

BLAKE (FACETIME)
You're too talented to just sing to
me on the phone.

EXT. MUSIC SHOP - DAY

A motorcycle roars in the distance.

Rachel gets out of the car.

RACHEL
I kind of like that.

BLAKE (FACETIME)
I played your song to a girl I went
out with last night.

Rachel barely hides her disappointment.

RACHEL
Did she like it?

BLAKE (FACETIME)
She thought it was amazing.

RACHEL
That's good, right?

BLAKE (FACETIME)
I've got to go. Call me if you need
anything, OK?

Blake hangs up.

Rachel looks around and then to the shop.

INT. MUSIC SHOP - DAY

Retail clerk/wannabe social media influencer and part-time bassist MERCEDES DREW (25, classic American blonde) is behind the counter.

She takes her phone out and posts a selfie to Instagram. Comments and likes pour in immediately.

Her eyes look around the store.

Lindsay sorts through a record box in the back.

Rachel walks in and looks around. Her eyes spot a rack of guitar strings... and then on Mercedes.

Their eyes connect.

Mercedes frowns.

Rachel walks over to the guitar strings.

Drummer AMBER "AJ" GOLDBERG (26) walks in and straight to the front counter. She's short and powerfully built. Her hair is cropped tight, a semi-permanent sneer on her face.

MERCEDES

What happened this time?

Lindsay places the album back in the rack.

AJ walks over to Mercedes.

AJ

They wanted me to play some trash about--

(bimbo voice)

--Boys, sex and money.

MERCEDES

You could be a professional.

AJ

No.

Rachel takes two boxes of strings off the shelf.

MERCEDES

You know what they say about the nature of insanity, right?

Lindsay takes several more records out.

AJ

This was hardly the same thing as the last one.

MERCEDES

That required bail money.

AJ

At least I'm trying.

MERCEDES

Every time I audition they're more interested in my ass than how well I can play.

Rachel walks over to the record stack. She spots one and takes it out. Her eyes look it over.

AJ

I'm going to work off some energy in the rehearsal room.

Rachel walks up to the counter. She places a pair of records and a pack of guitar strings on the counter.

MERCEDES
Is that all?

Mercedes rings her up.

Lindsay walks up with several records in her hands.

Rachel gives Mercedes some cash and grabs the boxes. She walks out of the store.

Mercedes looks up and sees Lindsay.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)
Hello, is that all?

Lindsay hands Mercedes her records and some cash. She looks down and sees an album.

EXT. MUSIC SHOP - DAY

AJ hops onto a bad-ass motorcycle and starts it. She guns it, leaving in a trail of smoke.

Rachel walks out, right into the smoke.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Rachel gets inside. Her hand places the records onto the passenger seat. She goes to start the engine and stops. Her eyes turn to her severance folder. She opens it up. Her eyes focus on a check.

RACHEL
(mock older man's voice)
Every titan of industry has sat in
your chair right now, Miss Allen.

A tear rolls down her face. She smacks the steering wheel as hard as she can.

LINDSAY (O.S.)
You forgot your record!

She looks over and sees Lindsay sprinting up to her.

Rachel rolls down the window.

Lindsay spots the tears and reaches into her purse. She hands Rachel a napkin.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
Are you OK?

Rachel wipes her tears away.

RACHEL
Bad day.

Rachel looks at Lindsay.

LINDSAY
I'm Lindsay.

RACHEL
Rachel.

Lindsay hands one of her records to Rachel. It has a female singer on it.

LINDSAY
I think you need this more than I
do right now.

RACHEL
I can't.

Lindsay reaches up and grabs Rachel's forgotten record. It's from an awful looking 70s funk band.

LINDSAY
It's a better record than "Funk you
in the nether regions," trust me.

Rachel looks at the record. It intrigues her.

RACHEL
I don't know what to say.

LINDSAY
Jesus said to give to those in
need, right?

Thunder cracks.

Lindsay puts the hood up on her sweatshirt.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
It's just a little rain.

Rachel opens the passenger side door.

RACHEL
I could use the company.

Rachel clears the front seat off.

Lindsay gets inside.

Rachel starts the car and drives.

Lindsay spots the guitar.

LINDSAY
You play?

RACHEL
A little bit.

Silence.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Would you mind if I turn on the
radio?

LINDSAY
Go for it.

Rachel turns on the radio to a rock station.

Lindsay smiles.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
I love this song.

Rachel listens to it for a moment.

RACHEL
This is pretty good.

LINDSAY
This is the best part.

They listen for a moment.

Both women smile.

EXT. TOWN HOUSE - DAY

Rachel's car pulls in.

INT. RACHEL'S CAR - DAY

Lindsay opens the door.

LINDSAY
Thanks for the ride.

RACHEL
Thanks for the record.

Lindsay goes to exit but stops. She turns to Rachel.

LINDSAY
Do you want to jam sometime?

Rachel looks at her guitar and then at Lindsay.

RACHEL
How about now?

Lindsay smiles.

INT. LINDSAY'S BACK PORCH - NIGHT

A pair of guitar cases are on the ground.

A handful of empty beers are next to them.

Rachel and Lindsay sit in older chairs playing "My love isn't optional" (think "Hey Jealousy" by the Gin Blossoms) in perfect harmony.

Rachel plays an older acoustic guitar.

Lindsay plays a Les Paul guitar with pearl accents.

A tablet is between them. A songwriting program is open to the music and lyrics.

Lindsay stops.

Rachel follows suit.

LINDSAY
(looks around, inspired)
We should start a band.

RACHEL
I don't know you.

LINDSAY
Ninety percent of being in a band
is knowing how someone else plays.

RACHEL
What's the other ten percent?

LINDSAY
Doing what you love for a little
bit of money.

Rachel looks into the distance.

RACHEL
Where do we start?

LINDSAY
KISS began with an ad in Rolling
Stone that said "Drummer willing to
do anything to make it."

RACHEL
I'm not wearing clown make up.

LINDSAY
This is fate!

Rachel looks around.

RACHEL
I'm not good with crowds.

LINDSAY
It's easier when there's more than
one of you on stage.

Rachel looks at Lindsay.

Lindsay has a big, goofy smile on her face.

RACHEL
I'm in.

INT. LINDSAY'S KITCHEN - LATER

Rachel and Lindsay walk in.

The table is set up for dinner for two.

Lindsay's fiancé XAVIER SMITH (30) cooks dinner. He's tall
and built like a Greek God.

XAVIER
I thought you were downstairs.

LINDSAY
This is my new friend Rachel. I met
her at the music store.

Rachel waves.

XAVIER
Pleasure.

RACHEL
I'll talk to you later.

Rachel leaves.

Lindsay looks at the table.

LINDSAY
We were playing and--

Xavier watches Rachel leave.

XAVIER
Jorge has a spot for you at the
call center. You just have to call
him.

They turn to each other.

LINDSAY
That means it's over.

XAVIER
It kind of is.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - NIGHT

A degree in music from Julliard is on a wall. Next to it is a large photo of drummer Sheila E. Bass drum panels from ten bands are piled up in a corner.

AJ scrolls through ads for bands on her phone. An ad from Lindsay comes up.

INT. CRAPPY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Older furniture stands out against walls in need of painting. An older guitar case is in the corner.

Mercedes stands in front of a full length mirror in nothing but short shorts and a flimsy bra. She looks at herself in the mirror. Her phone is in her hand.

MERCEDES
It's rent.

She smiles and takes a picture. Her phone buzzes with a text from AJ: "they look serious." A copy of Lindsay's ad is attached. Her eyes focus on it for a long moment: "Looking for rhythm section to make kick ass rock band."

INT. LINDSAY'S GARAGE - DAY (MONTAGE)

Older boxes that have class types, years and room numbers on them are shoved against the walls.

A drum set is in the center of the room. Next to it is a tablet computer opened up to a songwriting program.

Rachel and Lindsay play "You never looked back" (think "Zero" by The Smashing Pumpkins) in perfect harmony.

A half dozen BASS PLAYERS come and play with them over several hours. None of them can keep up.

EXT. STREET - DAY

"You never looked back" plays in the distance. The bass is out of tune and missing notes.

Mercedes gets out of a rusted out sedan. She looks around and takes a deep breath.

INT. LINDSAY'S GARAGE - DAY

Rachel, Lindsay and a SUCKY BASSIST (male, 30s) stop playing.

LINDSAY
We'll let you know.

He grabs his bass and leaves.

Lindsay turns to Rachel with hopeful eyes.

RACHEL
No.

LINDSAY
He was better than the rest.

RACHEL
I want someone who feels the notes,
not just plays them.

Rachel adjusts one of the strings on her guitar.

LINDSAY
That might be asking too much.

RACHEL
I'm going to get some water.

LINDSAY

There should be a case in the
breakfast nook.

Rachel walks inside.

Mercedes walks up carrying her guitar case. She takes an
older bass guitar out. The body has an elaborate black snake
carefully etched into it, complete with fake rubies for eyes.

"John Drew, Dragon Style" is carved into the bridge.

Lindsay looks over at Mercedes. Her eyes wander to the bass,
examining it closely.

MERCEDES

Hi, I'm Mercedes.

LINDSAY

I'm Lindsay and I think I'm in love
with your bass.

MERCEDES

It's the only thing I have left
from my father.

LINDSAY

My condolences.

Rachel walks out with a pair of water bottles. Her eyes focus
on Mercedes. She scowls at her.

MERCEDES

He was a magician who turned cheap
whiskey into domestic violence.

Mercedes sees Rachel. A frown comes across her face.

RACHEL

We're looking for musicians, not
good time girls.

Mercedes plays on the bass for a moment.

MERCEDES

Are you going to run off the stage
again?

Rachel points to the tablet.

RACHEL

Let's get this over with it so I
can find a real bassist.

Mercedes glimpses at it for a moment and nods.

Rachel plays "You never looked back."

Mercedes studies Rachel's hands. She joins in after a moment and doesn't miss a beat.

Lindsay stops and watches them play in perfect harmony for a moment.

Mercedes and Rachel turn to each other. Their faces turn from anger to curiosity. They stop and look at each other. *I have to play with her.*

Rachel puts her guitar down and walks inside.

LINDSAY
She's... temperamental.

Lindsay rushes inside.

Mercedes puts her bass down and looks at the tablet. She swipes on it, looking at various songs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rachel sits on a couch, stunned.

Lindsay walks in and sits down next to her.

RACHEL
No. No. No. Fuck no.

LINDSAY
She felt the music.
(beat)
You asked for someone who could do
that and look what the Good Lord
provided.

A motorcycle roars in the distance.

RACHEL
She ruined high school for me.

LINDSAY
Jesus says to forgive.

RACHEL
He can, I can't.

LINDSAY
Trust me, this is a sign.

Silence.

RACHEL
Why her?

LINDSAY
Why not?

RACHEL
She--

LINDSAY
This isn't high school.

Rachel looks at her for a long moment and nods.

INT. LINDSAY'S GARAGE - DAY

Rachel and Lindsay walk back in.

Mercedes and Rachel stare at each other.

Lindsay extends her hand to Mercedes.

LINDSAY
Do you want the gig?

Mercedes nods and they shake hands.

AJ walks in and sits down behind the drum kit. She looks at the tablet for a moment and then sighs.

AJ
(to Mercedes)
Who's the fucking monkey that wrote this?

MERCEDES
(to Lindsay)
It's part of the charm.

AJ
(takes out drum sticks)
If this was a little more aggressive it could be fun.
(plays opening to song)
Up the tempo a half step and--
(plays it faster, harder)
--you go from Lilith Fair to Lollapalooza real quick.
(looks around)
Are you assholes going to pick your shit up or what?

Lindsay smiles. *She's going to fit right in.*

RACHEL

(to AJ)

On you.

AJ

(hits sticks together)

1,2,3,4!

The women play for a while and then stop. They look around with the same feeling. *This is who I was meant to play with.*

RACHEL

(to AJ)

Do you want the gig?

AJ looks at the tablet again. She shakes her head.

AJ

As long as we fix the songs.

RACHEL

What's wrong with *my* songs?

AJ

They're sloppy and amateurish.

LINDSAY

What she means is that since we all will be working on them, to make them as good as they can be, that we'll all have credit.

Rachel looks away, unhappy.

MERCEDES

What's the plan?

LINDSAY

Get good, cut a demo and try to get a record deal.

RACHEL

I don't see a studio anywhere.

AJ

I've got a four track.

LINDSAY

All we need is a name.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Super: Six weeks later

Lindsay walks in with her guitar case.

Xavier sits at a table. A cup of coffee is in front of him as he types on a cell phone.

LINDSAY
it's still hiring season.

XAVIER
I grew up with Jorge.

He places his phone face down on the table.

LINDSAY
Music is my calling.

XAVIER
It doesn't love you like you love
it, apparently.

LINDSAY
What do you want me to do?

XAVIER
(points to the guitar
case)
Not that.

LINDSAY
This is all I've got.

XAVIER
I'm going to Nick's to watch the
game. Have a good show.

Xavier leaves.

EXT. CAFE PORCH - DAY

A contract and check are on the table.

Mercedes sits at a table, a bottle of water in front of her.
Across from her is a BRAND REPRESENTATIVE (45) in a suit.

MERCEDES
Your shipping people sent me the
wrong guitar.

BRAND REPRESENTATIVE
We can Photoshop it out.

Mercedes signs the contract and takes the check.

MERCEDES
I want to play it and--

BRAND REPRESENTATIVE
Your brand isn't musicianship.

MERCEDES
It doesn't get the most views but
I'm not just sex with a bass,
either.

BRAND REPRESENTATIVE
There are two types of social media
influencers. Those who can and
those who look good.

MERCEDES
I'm both!

BRAND REPRESENTATIVE
The numbers on your social blade
dip when it's a video and not a
photo.

MERCEDES
My brand--

BRAND REPRESENTATIVE
If you want to play, we'll have to
renegotiate your deal.

Mercedes takes a deep breath.

MERCEDES
It's OK, I guess.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

AJ frantically searches through a cardboard box.

EXT. GOLDBERG HOME - DAY

A mansion overlooking the Atlantic Ocean.

AJ's mother IRENE GOLDBERG (mid 6s) sits on the back porch,
her cell phone in her hand. She calls AJ.

AJ (V.O.)
Hi mom.

INTERCUT BETWEEN AJ AND IRENE

AJ puts her on speaker.

IRENE GOLDBERG
I'm shocked you answered.

AJ
Marcy and Jackie know I'd rather
text than talk.

IRENE GOLDBERG
You don't text them back.

AJ pulls out a pair of older drumsticks and smiles.

AJ
There's only so much I can stomach
about whatever it is their crotch
goblins are doing that day.

IRENE GOLDBERG
Your nephews--

AJ
I'm sorry if I referred to the crib
midgets as crotch goblins. Happy?

Irene grits her teeth for a moment.

IRENE GOLDBERG
I saw you're in a new band.

AJ
Jenny and the label wanted a new
direction. I disagreed.

IRENE GOLDBERG
You were recording an album.

AJ
And they wanted me to play music
for third rate strippers on safari!

IRENE GOLDBERG
This is the last time your father
and I want to hear about something
like this.

AJ
Sheila E was in a lot of bands.
It's rock and roll!

IRENE GOLDBERG
Did she pay her own legal bills? Or
is that not--
(mocking AJ's voice)
--rock and roll.

AJ
That prick deserved it.

Irene takes a deep breath.

IRENE GOLDBERG
Your father has a spot in the mail
room if this doesn't work out, OK?

AJ
I understand.

Irene hangs up.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

On a desk is a dusty picture of RACHEL'S PARENTS (50s).

Her mother is wearing a beautiful Protestant Cross.

A jewelry stand is next to the photo. Her mother's cross, and
another similar to it, hang off of it.

Next to is a photo of Blake and Rachel. She's playing the
guitar and he's watching.

A notebook and pen are in front of Rachel as she sits on the
bed. She strums the guitar and writes something in the
notebook. Her eyes stare at it.

Blake FaceTimes her.

She looks at her phone.

An impossibly large smile comes over her face.

BLAKE (FACETIME)
Hey bestie!

Rachel looks away.

RACHEL
Hey you.

BLAKE (FACETIME)
Don't you have a gig today?

Rachel looks at her watch. Her eyes open wide. She sits up and looks into a mirror.

RACHEL
It's for one of Mercedes' internet friends.

BLAKE (FACETIME)
You're going to be great.

RACHEL
You say it, and I think it, but I see the crowd and I freak out.

Rachel dashes over to her dresser. Her hands open up a drawer and take out several t-shirts. She shows one to him.

BLAKE (FACETIME)
No.

She shows him another.

RACHEL
I like that one.

He shakes his head no.

BLAKE (FACETIME)
Idol is doing tryouts down the block from me.

She holds up another shirt

RACHEL
That's a great one!

He gives her a thumbs down.

BLAKE (FACETIME)
You can crash on my couch.

RACHEL
That's about popularity, not talent, and--

BLAKE (FACETIME)
You could go to Hollywood!

She holds up another shirt.

He nods yes.

Rachel looks at the clock and then at the shirt.

RACHEL
Are you sure?

BLAKE (FACETIME)
You look great in that.

RACHEL
I love you.

BLAKE (FACETIME)
Love you too.

He hangs up.

She looks at the laptop longingly.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Mansions are all over.

The band's instruments are set up against the wall. The bass drum has "Serious Frequently" crudely written on it.

About two dozen PARTY GOERS are at a barbecue. Many of them are FAMOUS INFLUENCERS and E-CELEBRITIES.

HEATHER WRIGLEY (early 30s) and her boyfriend, CODY JACKASS (late 20s), are in the crowd. Both are popular and annoying social media influencer types.

CODY JACKASS
Do we need all this?

HEATHER WRIGLEY
What's your plan for life after all
of this ends?
(points around)
This is the start of mine.

INT. BIG HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Rachel looks in the mirror. Sweat pours off of her.

KNOCK KNOCK!

RACHEL
It's open.

Lindsay, AJ and Mercedes walk in and look at Rachel.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I look at that crowd and all I hear
is Bushmaster.

MERCEDES
(looks away)
We were sixteen, OK?

AJ
What?

RACHEL
My first boyfriend said I had too
much pubic hair.

LINDSAY
That's a thing?

AJ
(to Mercedes)
Where's your Xanax?

MERCEDES
I don't have any on me.

RACHEL
I'm not playing doped up.

Lindsay puts her arm around Rachel assuredly.

LINDSAY
You're not nervous right now. You
are the lead singer and rhythm
guitarist for Serious Frequently.
In ten minutes, we will go out
there and melt their faces off
because we are the best unsigned
band in all of America.

AJ and Mercedes give Rachel an awkward thumbs up.

RACHEL
I'll go out there as long as you
don't do that again.

Mercedes takes her phone out. Everyone comes together for a
selfie.

MERCEDES
Our grand kids will never believe
we were this cool.

SNAP!

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

The band exits the house and slowly walk up to their instruments.

The crowd gives them a light applause.

Lindsay glares at Mercedes.

MERCEDES

What?

LINDSAY

You left out that Heather is
Heather freaking Wrigley.

MERCEDES

She's just Heather.

LINDSAY

I watch her channel. She has a
million subs on YouTube.

MERCEDES

Don't be weirder than normal.

The crowd points their phones at them.

Rachel looks at the crowd and then her guitar. She takes a
deep breath and approaches the microphone.

RACHEL

(quietly)

Hi, we're Serious Frequently.

AJ

(hits drumsticks together)

1,2,3,4!

The band plays "Two in the morning" (think "Nearly lost you"
by the Screaming Trees). They sound like a cross of The
Donnas and Soul Asylum.

Rachel sings and plays without confidence.

The band looks at one another, unsure of what to do.

The crowd isn't into it.

Mercedes walks over to Rachel.

Rachel's eyes turn to Mercedes' hands on the bass. They look
up and the two women's eyes connect. Smiles slowly come out.

Rachel's playing begins to match her band mates.

The crowd responds and dance along.

Heather joins in.

Burgeoning pop music star SASHA PINKUS (20s, think Lana Del Ray) watches them from the rear of the crowd. She's tall, thin and elegantly beautiful.

A handful of crowd members look at her in awe.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

A handful of party goers mill around.

The band sits at a table. An envelope marked "band money" is on it.

RACHEL
Where's Xavier?

LINDSAY
He's not a live music person.

AJ looks inside the envelope. She shakes her head.

AJ
We're rich.

LINDSAY
It's paid gig. That's rare for a band like us.

MERCEDES
Plenty of places around here follow me on Instagram.

RACHEL
Maybe you can trade them some likes for a gig.

Heather and Cody walk up to them.

HEATHER WRIGLEY
(to Mercedes)
Sasha undersold you guys.
(hands her phone to Cody)
Would you mind?

They take a group picture.

Heather and Cody walk away.

LINDSAY
One retweet from her and--

RACHEL
We're just another band.

LINDSAY
We could be Hootie and the Blowfish
for all we know.

AJ
Do you know a band that played
sometime this century?

LINDSAY
They were in our shoes once.

AJ
And then they sold thirty-five
million copies of their debut
album, which sucked.

LINDSAY
Maybe this is his plan for us.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Mercedes carries her guitar case to her car.

SASHA (O.S.)
You guys aren't bad.

Mercedes turns and sees Sasha next to a new SUV.

MERCEDES
It still seems like yesterday it
was me, you, and Heather on lunch
shift.

SASHA
Time flies, right?

MERCEDES
Do you need an opening act?

SASHA
That's one of those decisions my
management makes. Sorry.

MERCEDES
It's OK.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachel sits on her bed, playing "Two in the morning" on her guitar. It's slower and more deliberate.

Blake watches her on Facetime.

BLAKE (FACETIME)
They really changed a lot.

Rachel stops.

RACHEL
AJ wanted a couple changes to the tempo and then Lindsay said it sounded like a Meat Puppets song so she wanted some things changed. And then Mercedes makes her adjustments to it. I barely recognized it when we finished recording.

BLAKE (FACETIME)
She seems nice.

RACHEL
Appearances can be deceiving.

BLAKE (FACETIME)
So why do you play with her?

RACHEL
During those moments after AJ hits the sticks and we thank the crowd, she and I just gel.

BLAKE (FACETIME)
I still can't believe you play on that piece of shit guitar.

RACHEL
I got it the night I met you.

BLAKE (FACETIME)
I'd rather forget it.

RACHEL
And forget me?

BLAKE (FACETIME)
I'd prefer to forget Denise.

RACHEL
I haven't spoken to her in a very long time.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - NIGHT

Mercedes sits in a corner, playing bass. She's in jeans and a t-shirt, minimal makeup and her hair tied back. Her guitar case is far from her, the check still in it.

A tablet is in front of her. Music and lyrics for a song called "My eyes are up here" is on it.

AJ sits back behind her drum set, watching her. After a moment she smiles and takes her phone out.

SNAP!

Mercedes smiles and continues to play.

MERCEDES

Don't post that.

AJ

It's more real than anything else
you post on there.

Mercedes stops.

AJ (CONT'D)

If you want respect then being the
Bass Babe ain't it.

MERCEDES

Why do you think I'm here?

AJ

I assumed it was because you like
fighting with Rachel.

MERCEDES

Is it that hard to be taken
seriously as a musician?

AJ

Usually serious musicians do not
wear fuck me pumps.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lindsay sits at the kitchen table. Bills are in front of her, all marked "Past Due."

Her phone buzzes with an email from Austin Outdoor Fest.
"Congratulations" is in the subject line.

An impossibly large smile comes across her face. Her fingers open the email up. They've been invited to the Austin Outdoor Musical Festival Battle of the Bands in six weeks and need to have an answer ASAP.

Her body darts up and she dances around. It's awkward, uncoordinated and somehow charming.

Xavier walks in and takes a beer out of the refrigerator. He sees Lindsay and smiles.

She sees him and springs over, hugging him tightly.

LINDSAY

WE GOT IN!

(shows him her phone)

It's twenty minutes playing on the
Austin Outdoor Musical Festival
Battle of the Bands.

He groans.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

All of the best bands in the
country come there.

XAVIER

And you think you'll get signed off
of it.

LINDSAY

I've got a tour lined up.

XAVIER

Did you call Jorge back?

LINDSAY

District one twelve liked me. They
haven't called but I can feel it.

XAVIER

You've said that before and it
didn't work out.

Several tears come down Lindsay's face.

LINDSAY

Can't you have a little faith?

XAVIER

I think I'm tapped out on that
right about now.

Xavier leaves.

INT. LINDSAY'S GARAGE - DAY

A whiteboard with a map of the United States is taped to it. Red X's are marked in a line from Chicago to Austin.

Mercedes, AJ and Rachel stand around, waiting.

Lindsay emerges from inside with folders and hands them out.

The women open the folders up and look inside.

RACHEL

No Sleep 'til Austin?

LINDSAY

If you're going to steal, steal
from the very best.

AJ

Are you going to tell us again how
"Fight for your right to party" was
really mocking the genre... again?

LINDSAY

It's a great rock story.

AJ

It's bullshit and you know it. They
were just aping everyone else and
when they became too cool for
school they did the "we were being
ironic" bit.

RACHEL

(looking at map)

This is ambitious.

LINDSAY

We've got a dozen bars and venues
willing to pay us to play there.

Mercedes takes out a Planet Fitness membership.

MERCEDES

Are we supposed to be on a fitness
program? I don't want to get bulky.

AJ

BUT you could get so strong that
you rip phone books in half. I bet
Instagram would eat that shit up.

AJ mocks ripping phone books in half.

LINDSAY

Forty bucks a month for unlimited
showers nationwide is a good deal.

MERCEDES

So where are we sleeping?

LINDSAY

I'll find a van we can afford and
we'll live out of that on the road.

AJ

People who live out of their
vehicles tend to be homeless.

LINDSAY

Or real deal musicians.

AJ smiles.

AJ

I'm in.

Rachel and Mercedes look at each other.

RACHEL

This is nuts. The four of us
driving through Trump country in
God knows what--

LINDSAY

Do you want to try to be the next
American Idol instead?

Rachel looks around.

RACHEL

I'm in.

All eyes turn to Mercedes.

MERCEDES

(to Lindsay)

If I say yes you won't give any
more speeches, right?

EXT. LINDSAY'S HOME - NIGHT

An older Volkswagen Bus pulls into the driveway.

Xavier walks outside.

Lindsay gets out of the van and sees him.

LINDSAY
We've got a tour.

XAVIER
How much?

LINDSAY
I took out a loan from my 403b but
it'll be fine.

XAVIER
Are you sure they'll keep you
around if this actually works?

LINDSAY
I'm not George Best.

XAVIER
I'm going to have a drink.

Xavier walks away.

EXT. LINDSAY'S HOME - DAY

The back door to the van is open. The drum kit is
disassembled and inside.

Rachel and Lindsay have a pair of suitcases and their guitars
on the ground.

AJ pulls up on her motorcycle and parks it inside the garage.

AJ
It's supposed to rain next week and
I'd rather not.

Lindsay nods.

Mercedes parks her sedan nearby. She pops the trunk open.
Three large suitcases are in there. She drags them all up to
the van and looks inside.

RACHEL
Take only what you need.

MERCEDES
I have a routine.

Lindsay whistles. Everyone turns to her.

LINDSAY
Carbondale is six hours away.

Mercedes phone buzzes. She takes it out and looks at it. Her head shakes in disbelief.

AJ looks inside the van and shakes her head.

AJ
Did you at least get rid of the new
coffin smell?

INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER (DRIVING)

Lindsay is behind the wheel.

Rachel is in the passenger seat.

AJ and Mercedes are in the backseat.

AJ
So this is where I'm going to die.
Great.

LINDSAY
We're going to be fine. Bands die
in planes, not VW buses.

AJ
There's always a first time for
everything, right?

Rachel turns on the radio. Nothing.

LINDSAY
The guy I bought it from said it
was temperamental.

RACHEL
Great.

LINDSAY
It just means we can entertain each
other on the road. Every rock band
has stories of life on the road and
crazy pranks.

No one is happy.

AJ
Please tell me you're not some
glorified Make-a-Wish kid and no
one's told me.

MERCEDES
Jesus!

AJ

I know why--

(points to Rachel and
Lindsay)

--they're here--

(points to Lindsay)

--but please tell me I didn't give
up the last three months of my life
so she could play pretend with us.

LINDSAY

There's nothing wrong with wanting
to have a rock star moment just
once in your life.

AJ

We could trash a motel room.

MERCEDES

That could be fun.

LINDSAY

A real rock star moment.

(deep breath)

My older sister used to babysit me
and we watched MTV. I was like five
but I remember Gavin Rossdale and
Bush during Spring Break. It was a
total storm and MTV wouldn't let
them play. He said--

(bad British accent)

--If the fans are getting rained on
we will too--

(normal voice)

--and then goes out and plays
Glycerine. Just him, in the rain,
playing his heart out.

(beat)

He risked his own life just to play
a song. That's crazy but poetic....
a rock star moment!

(looks ahead for a long
moment)

I want that moment.

The radio turns on.

"We're an American Band" by the Grand Funk Railroad plays
loudly.

All four women smile and nod.

EXT. CARBONDALE BAR - NIGHT

The marquee reads "Serious Frequently. 9 pm. \$5"

INT. CARBONDALE BAR - NIGHT

A small crowd stares at the band on stage.

A BACHELORETTE PARTY (all early 20s) pushes their way to the front in a sloppy drunk manner.

Rachel stands by a mic stand. She adjusts her guitar strings. Her eyes dart around the bar.

RACHEL
This place is tiny.

On the far side of the stage Lindsay warms up.

LINDSAY
Places like this--

AJ twirls her drumsticks.

AJ
That's a nice euphemism for shit
hole, Lindsay.

LINDSAY
We're playing music for money. It
doesn't get any better than this,
dude.

AJ
(to Rachel)
Are you going to be OK?

RACHEL
I think I have a handle on it.

Mercedes takes her phone out. She motions to the band.

MERCEDES
Our grand kids will never believe
we were this cool.

They take a group selfie.

Mercedes puts the phone down and picks up her bass.

Rachel looks around. Her hands tremble. She approaches the microphone and takes a deep breath.

RACHEL
(awkwardly)
Hi, we're Serious Frequently.

BACHELORETTE
I bet you are!

Her friends laugh.

PARTY MEMBER
You're hilarious, Julia!

Lindsay motions for them to ignore it. AJ is angry.

BACHELORETTE
Play some Skynyrd!

The party laughs.

AJ
(hits drumsticks together)
1,2,4,3!

BACHELORETTE
Someone didn't pass counting!

AJ stops dead in her tracks.

The party laughs some more.

Lindsay sprints over to AJ.

AJ's hands grip the sticks tightly.

LINDSAY
Don't let them get to you.

AJ
One more stupid line from that twat
and I'm going to fuck start her
head with my fist.

BACHELORETTE
Your mom!

AJ grip tightens up.

A BOUNCER comes up to the Bachelorette party. He motions for them to calm down.

AJ
(hits drumsticks together)
1,2,3,4!

The band play "Me plus you never equals us" (think "Someone to Shove" by Soul Asylum).

BACHELORETTE
Missed a note.

AJ hits a cymbal hard enough that it falls down.

The band stops and turns to AJ.

AJ
(under her breath)
Be a professional.

BACHELORETTE
I bet I could play better.

AJ grabs the cymbal and puts it back in place.

PARTY MEMBER
You totally could.

The Bachelorette and her friends start booing.

BACHELORETTE
You suck, drummer girl!

AJ drops her sticks. Her eyes focus on the Bachelorette.

Mercedes, Lindsay and Rachel turn to see AJ dive off-stage and tackle the Bachelorette to the ground.

AJ unloads on her with punches until the Bouncer tackles her to the ground. He picks her up and carries her away.

The Bachelorette looks at AJ, blood pouring out of her nose.

AJ flips her off with both hands.

The Bouncer and several SECURITY GUARDS sprint over.

EXT. CARBONDALE BAR - LATER

AJ is handcuffed in the backseat of a POLICE CAR.

The Bachelorette is in another.

Several LOCAL POLICE OFFICERS surround the area.

Mercedes flirts with a YOUNG POLICE OFFICER by the back door. He's clearly enamored with her.

Lindsay and Rachel are near the van.

LINDSAY
We didn't get paid.

RACHEL
Are we going to be OK?

LINDSAY
Your guess is as good as mine.

Mercedes walks over to Rachel and Lindsay. A huge smile is on her face.

RACHEL
Good to see you're worrying about
your dating life while we're here.

The Police Officers take AJ out and uncuff her.

AJ walks towards the band, shaking her hands out.

MERCEDES
His name is Alex, FYI, and he's
getting ghosted as soon as we're
out of city limits.

AJ
Remind me not to join a BDSM club
that has cops in it.

LINDSAY
You owe Mercedes.

AJ
Thank you for using your pretty
girl magic on him.

MERCEDES
Blonde hair and C cups have gotten
me out of more problems than I can
count.

LINDSAY
This can't happen again.

AJ
Yes Miss Jackson.

LINDSAY
We can replace you with an app if
it does.

Lindsay slowly looks from AJ to Mercedes and then Rachel.
They nod in agreement. *She's in charge.*

INT. VAN - DAY (DRIVING)

Rachel drives.

AJ is in the passenger seat.

Lindsay and Mercedes are in the backseat. Both stare at tablets in their hands.

Mercedes has her song up.

Lindsay looks at the band's social media feed.

LINDSAY
You have a minute to handle the
Twitter feed?

MERCEDES
I'm working on something.

The engine SPUTTERS and then dies.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The van pulls over to the side of the road.

Rachel and Lindsay exit the van and walk to the front.

AJ pops the hood.

Rachel and Lindsay exit and stare at the engine for a while.
Steam comes off the radiator.

AJ and Mercedes exit and walk towards them.

MERCEDES
What's wrong with it?

LINDSAY
We can't afford a tow truck.

They look around at each other for a moment.

AJ
So we're just going to stand around
like jerk offs? Great.

LINDSAY
Do any of you know how to fix an
engine?

AJ
I've never changed my own oil.

RACHEL
The radiator is overheating.

LINDSAY
Can you fix it?

RACHEL
It needs to be replaced.

LINDSAY
That sounds expensive.

RACHEL
If we watch it closely, and get
some fluid, we'll be fine.

MERCEDES
(typing on phone)
There's an auto parts store a
couple miles out--
(points down highway)
--that way.

Lindsay walks over and looks at Mercedes's phone.

LINDSAY
I'll go get it.

RACHEL
I'll go with you.

LINDSAY
(to Mercedes)
Can you get the email list done
while we're away?

RACHEL
Why is it always me?

LINDSAY
Because you're good at it.

MERCEDES
I hate doing it.

LINDSAY
You can walk with Rachel and get
the radiator fluid.

Mercedes sighs.

Lindsay and Rachel walk away.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY (AN HOUR LATER)

Rachel and Lindsay walks towards an Auto Parts Store right off the highway. Trash is on the ground.

Traffic speeds past them.

LINDSAY

Xavier was listening to his Spotify and heard "Shame of Life." He said it was The Butthole Surfers playing a Kid Rock song but it wasn't.

Rachel looks into the distance.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

He wanted to sample one of their songs and wanted to write a song for them in exchange. When the biggest act in the world wants to do something for you, you do it.

RACHEL

That's good to know.

Silence.

LINDSAY

Saint Joe's is doing a thing where they ask people to reach out to old members. They gave me your name and--

Rachel perks up.

RACHEL

I don't want to talk about it.

Silence.

LINDSAY

They've got a great video.

RACHEL

Revered Press said God has a plan when my folks died and after that... I couldn't.

LINDSAY

What about since then?

RACHEL

I'd rather you talk about the Butthole Surfers some more.

LINDSAY

Think of everything that had to happen for us to be here.

RACHEL

It's more dumb luck that you, me, the psycho drummer the whore found each other.

LINDSAY

I'll concede that AJ is a little eccentric but can you not call Mercedes a whore?

RACHEL

The proper term is--

LINDSAY

You can't hold onto whatever this is forever, too.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY (TWO HOURS LATER)

Mercedes and AJ turn and see Rachel and Lindsay walking towards them.

Lindsay has two bottles of Radiator Fluid.

RACHEL

Hopefully this will work.

LINDSAY

Have a little faith.

RACHEL

God and engines don't mix.

Rachel unscrews the Radiator cap and pours the bottle into the Radiator fluid.

Mercedes gets in the van and behind the wheel.

Rachel gives her a thumbs up.

Mercedes turns the engine over. It roars to life.

EXT. SAINT LOUIS BAR - NIGHT

The marquee has "Live Music" in mismatched colors.

The van pulls up and parks in a mostly empty lot.

AJ, Mercedes and Lindsay exit.

Rachel looks at the marquee and shakes her head.

RACHEL
You can play without me.

AJ, Mercedes and Lindsay look at one another.

Mercedes and Lindsay hold up a finger.

AJ curses under her breath.

AJ
When did I become the official
Rachel whisperer?

LINDSAY
You have a way with words when it
comes to her.

AJ flips Lindsay off.

Lindsay and Mercedes grab some of the band's gear and walk
into the club.

AJ takes a deep breath and walks over to Rachel.

AJ
What's wrong this time?

RACHEL
I'm nervous.

AJ
This place isn't that bad.

RACHEL
We had to take three alternate
exits off the highway to get to
this place.

AJ
I played a college cafeteria for
twenty bucks once.

RACHEL
Is there a moral to this?

AJ
Life sucks but at least we're
getting paid to do cool shit.

RACHEL
Well... it's not working.

AJ
This is the gig.

RACHEL
It's a shitty gig.

AJ
Every band starts out playing at
places like this.

RACHEL
Still.

AJ
People are going to pay real money
to come see us tonight. All day we
get to be nobodies but out there?
Out there we get to be somebody,
even if it's only for an hour.

RACHEL
Lindsay's rubbing off on you.

AJ
Is it working?

Rachel takes a deep breath and nods.

AJ (CONT'D)
Then grab your shit and let's get
this over with.

Rachel exits the van.

INT. SAINT LOUIS BAR - NIGHT

No one is there but a BARTENDER and a WAITRESS.

The band is on stage.

Rachel walks up to the microphone. She looks at it for a
moment, her nerves on edge.

RACHEL
Hi, we're Serious Frequently.

The Waitress claps.

Rachel turns to the band.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
This is ridiculous.

AJ
This is practice, at best.

LINDSAY
We signed a contract to play an hour and we will play every second we are obligated to.

MERCEDES
This isn't a real gig.

Lindsay motions for Mercedes to take her phone out.

MERCEDES, AJ AND RACHEL
(from memory)
Our grand kids will never think we were this cool.

Mercedes takes her phone out. The group gets together and takes a group selfie.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Let's start with "I'm waiting for you," OK?

Mercedes, AJ and Lindsay nod yes.

Rachel walks back to the microphone.

AJ
(hits drumsticks together)
1,2,3,4!

The band plays "I'm waiting for you" (think "Slide" by the Goo Goo Dolls).

INT. SAINT LOUIS BAR - GREEN ROOM - LATER

Lindsay calls Xavier. Straight to voicemail.

A BAR MANAGER walks up to her holding an envelope.

BAR MANAGER
(hands her envelope)
We're all square.

LINDSAY
(looks into envelope)
This is half.

He shows her a PDF of their contract on his phone.

BAR MANAGER
You didn't hit the per diem.

Lindsay looks at the contract for a moment.

LINDSAY
That can't be--
(deep breath, through
gritted teeth)
It's been a pleasure doing business
with you.

EXT. SAINT LOUIS BAR - REAR EXIT - NIGHT

AJ taps the steering wheel impatiently.

Rachel writes a song on a tablet.

Mercedes is in the back seat, relaxing.

Lindsay angrily walks out of the bar and into the van. She slams the door behind her.

INT. VAN - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Lindsay looks out the window, seething.

MERCEDES
Is everything OK?

LINDSAY
We'll be fine.

EXT. RURAL PARKING LOT - DAY

A roller rink and a small mom & pop grocery store dominate a strip mall that's seen better days.

Cars are parked all over.

The van is parked towards the far end of the lot.

INT. VAN - DAY

The band has small salads and bottles of water.

Lindsay calls Xavier. Straight to voicemail.

AJ
I didn't sign up to be a starving
artist to literally starve, you
know.

Mob soldier EDWARD (mid 30s) walks up to them. He's a large,
mean-looking and in an oversized jacket.

EDWARD
Excuse me, if I'm not mistaken
you're Serious Frequently.

AJ
Only occasionally.

EDWARD
My boss would like you to play for
him tonight.

LINDSAY
What's his schedule look like?

EDWARD
He's free tonight.

LINDSAY
This is a travel day and--

Edward opens his jacket up, revealing a pistol.

EDWARD
I ain't asking.

A black pickup truck pulls up with several more ARMED GOONS
inside.

Edward motions for them to get inside.

INT. BACKSTAGE, RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Rachel, Mercedes, AJ and Lindsay stand, waiting.

Edward is nearby with several Armed Goons.

MERCEDES
So do they kill us before, after or
during the show?

LINDSAY
If they were they'd have done it in
the parking lot.

One of the Armed Goons turns to them.

MERCEDES

How do you know?

LINDSAY

In every mob movie I've ever seen,
they don't say--

(gangster voice)

--hey random stranger, come with us
so we can shoot you somewhere else.

(normal voice)

They always just whack you right
then and there.

The Armed Goon looks at Lindsay oddly.

AJ

(to Rachel)

We're going to die here and she
wants to talk about the semantics
of mob hits with an armed killer.

RACHEL

Is it weird that I am completely
relaxed right now?

AJ

Yes.

RACHEL

OK good... just checking.

Rachel looks around, relaxed.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

A small crowd watches the stage. A banner underneath it says
"Happy birthday, Karen!"

The band's instruments are on stage.

GIANCARLO ROSSI (mid 50s) and KAREN ROSSI (mid 50s) watch
from the back, surrounded by armed SECURITY GUARDS. He's a
local Mob Boss and she's his beautiful wife. Both are dressed
in formal wear.

MAFIA TYPES and their WIVES are all over, also in formal
wear. A handful of armed Security Guards are spread
throughout the room.

The band walks out onto stage to a handful of claps.

Karen cheers loudly from the back.

Rachel approaches the microphone.

RACHEL
Hi, we're Serious Frequently.

KAREN
(loudly)
Play "You're all I want!"

Rachel looks at the band and then into the crowd.

Giancarlo looks at her ominously.

Rachel gulps.

AJ
(hits drumsticks together)
1,2,3,4!

The band plays "You're all I want" (think "Violet" by Hole).

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

The band plays every song in their arsenal.

Karen knows every lyric and sings along loudly.

The crowd gets into it, mobbing the dance floor.

Giancarlo looks around, smiling.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - LATER

The dance floor is packed

A DJ plays dance music.

GIANCARLO'S TABLE

Giancarlo and Karen have empties in front of them.

Edward escorts the band up to him.

KAREN
You girls were amazing!

GIANCARLO
Thank you for agreeing to play this
at the last minute.

AJ
I always love being forced to play
at gunpoint.

GIANCARLO
(to Edward)
We will discuss this.

Giancarlo stands up and walks over to the band.

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)
I'd like to offer you my deepest
apologies. My wife is your biggest
fan and I wanted to surprise her.

The band is surprised.

KAREN
You girls are amazing!

Giancarlo whistles.

A WAITER walks over with a handful of shots. He passes them
out to everyone.

GIANCARLO
To Karen.

They all take the shots.

MERCEDES
What are we waiting for?

Mercedes walks up to the bar.

Two of Giancarlo's security guards go with her.

Karen walks up to AJ.

KAREN
Can you show me how you do that
double bass?

AJ looks around in sheer terror.

LINDSAY
It'll be fun.

Karen grabs AJ by the arm and they walk up to AJ's drum set.

AJ sits behind it and walks her through it.

A Waiter walks by with a plate full of drinks.

Rachel grabs two off of it and hands one to Lindsay.

The Waiter can't maintain balance and spills the plate of drinks onto the floor.

EXT. RECEPTION HALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The band walks out, piss drunk, and looks around. They spot their van and walk towards it.

RACHEL

There's something with history or something about this.

LINDSAY

Fats Waller was kidnapped by Al Capone and forced to play at his birthday party.

RACHEL

They didn't kill him, did he?

LINDSAY

They partied together for a couple of days afterwards.

They get into the van.

Lindsay rolls down the window. The envelope is in her hand.

Everyone passes out.

EXT. RECEPTION HALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT (LATER)

Mercedes snores loudly.

A HOMELESS MAN (mid 50s) walks up to the van. He looks inside, grabs the envelope, and runs away.

INT. VAN - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Rachel's behind the wheel.

Lindsay is in the passenger seat, staring at her phone. Her hands pull up Xavier on speed dial. She calls him. Straight to voicemail. She looks pulls up Facebook and types in Xavier Smith. Two results come up. One is friends with her. She clicks on the second. It's private with no information available.

EXT. IOWA BAR - REAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The van parks near a backdoor. The band exits.

AJ opens the back door.

Mercedes looks at her phone.

AJ
Is it critical?

MERCEDES
Unless you'd prefer to walk to
Arkansas and then Texas.

Rachel's phone rings.

RACHEL
(to the band)
Sorry, have to take this.
(into phone)
Hey Blake. I can talk.

Rachel walks away.

Lindsay nods.

Mercedes walks away.

LINDSAY
Are they a thing?

AJ
They're just friends.

LINDSAY
I saw you graduated from Julliard.
What was it like?

AJ
It's not that interesting.

LINDSAY
Isn't playing in a rock band the
thing people in your spot say is a
sign you've failed as a musician?

AJ
That was the plan and then... then
I met her.

Lindsay looks around.

AJ (CONT'D)

My grandpa lived next to Lenny Kravitz's dad. They played at his birthday party and we were invited. Sheila E was Lenny's drummer and I knew I wanted to be just like her.

LINDSAY

I was expecting something else after "and then I met her."

AJ

I'm not gay.

LINDSAY

Good! I mean crud... you know what I mean, right?

AJ

It's just a damn haircut.

LINDSAY

My cousin has the same one. She's been out for a while.

AJ

Did your family excommunicate her or something?

LINDSAY

Heavens no. Jesus says that you can hate the sin but love the sinner.

AJ

That's surprising.

LINDSAY

Anything else is just bigotry.

AJ

(grabs guitar case)
No time like the present.

EXT. SMALL TOWN PARK - DAY

Children play in the distance.

AJ and Rachel are seated on swing sets.

Lindsay is behind Rachel.

Mercedes' phone is mounted on a tripod. She's behind it, adjusting the picture. A remote is in her hand.

MERCEDES
Just remember your lines.

AJ
(looking around
uncomfortably)
I don't want to do this.

MERCEDES
We have to do this.

AJ
I'm a drummer.

LINDSAY
This is something we all have to
do, not just Mercedes.

Mercedes walks over and gets behind AJ.

MERCEDES
It's \$400.

AJ
Will something like this really be
that memorable?

LINDSAY
Being memorable is subjective.

The other women groan. Again?

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
I was watching an old VH1 "Behind
the Music" and someone mentioned
one of the most memorable bands of
all time: the GeniTorturers.

RACHEL
Do we really need to know why they
were memorable?

LINDSAY
They pierced their genitals while
they played on stage.

Looks of disgust are all over.

RACHEL
Was their music any good?

LINDSAY
If it was, they wouldn't have
pierced their genitals.

Mercedes pushes AJ.

AJ
Someone switch with me!

Lindsay pushes Rachel.

Rachel laughs loudly.

Mercedes clicks record.

MERCEDES
Action!

Silence.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)
Lindsay!

Lindsay laughs.

LINDSAY
Hey Fayetteville!

RACHEL
We're Serious Frequently, and we're
going to be--

AJ
(looks around, panicked)
Please let me down!

RACHEL
--At the Park Central Bar and Grill
on Saturday night.

LINDSAY
Totally come and watch us!

MERCEDES
Like, subscribe and follow us on
every social media platform
available to you!

AJ
This sucks!

INT. VAN - DAY (DRIVING)

Rachel is behind the wheel.

AJ relaxes in the passenger seat, twirling her drumsticks in
her hands.

Lindsay stares at a tablet. Mercedes is next to her.

MERCEDES

I know it needs work but--

THUMP!

Rachel pulls the van over.

EXT. ARKANSAS HIGHWAY - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Rachel gets out and walks around the van. She spots a flat tire. She walks to the rear and opens the trunk. Her eyes land on a spare tire. It's mostly bald at this point.

Lindsay gets out and walks over. Her eyes spot the flat. She spots Rachel walking over with the spare.

MERCEDES

We should get a new one.

LINDSAY

We don't have the time.

RACHEL

We shouldn't drive that long on a spare, either.

LINDSAY

I'll figure it out once we're done with this gig, OK?

INT. ARKANSAS BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Older and falling apart.

CUSTOMER bowl and marginally pay attention.

The band plays "Why can't you see me like you see her" (think "Into your arms" by The Lemonheads.)

A string on Rachel's guitar breaks. She keeps playing, faking a smile. Another one snaps.

Lindsay's amp stops working. She stomps on over to it. Her hands fiddle with the knobs as her fingers tap on the guitar.

The amp screeches loudly.

The strap on Mercedes' bass snaps. The bass hits the ground with a thud.

AJ laughs and accidentally drops her sticks.
The building's power dies.

EXT. ARKANSAS BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Lindsay is behind the wheel.
Rachel is in the passenger seat.
Mercedes is in the back seat.
AJ closes the back door of the van.

AJ
That's everything.

AJ gets inside and slams the door behind her.
Rachel's guitar case is behind a tire.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Lindsay puts the van into reverse and backs up.
Mercedes looks at her phone and smiles.

MERCEDES
The TeeSpring just closed.

CRUNCH!

Lindsay slams the brakes.

LINDSAY
Maybe it was just a box.

Lindsay puts the car in drive and presses the gas.

CRUNCH!

Lindsay slams the brakes again.

EXT. ARKANSAS BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Rachel's guitar case is CRUNCHED under the wheel.
Lindsay gets out of the car and walks around it.

LINDSAY
Everything looks alright.
(sees case)
Nuts.

Rachel exits the van and walks over. She sees her guitar case. Her jaw drops.

Mercedes and AJ exit the van and walk over. They see the guitar and then look at Lindsay.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry.

RACHEL
Why wasn't it in the van?

AJ
Mercedes grabbed it.

RACHEL
Of course she did.

MERCEDES
You should've double-checked.

LINDSAY
We can fix this.

MERCEDES
It's just a guitar.

RACHEL
What if it was your bass?

Rachel and Mercedes exchange angry looks.

LINDSAY
(firmly)
We've got to get on the road.

Lindsay picks up the pieces of the guitar and the case. She throws them in a nearby dumpster.

Lindsay, AJ and Mercedes get into the van.

Rachel walks up to the dumpster and looks at the remains of her guitar for a long moment.

HONK!

RACHEL
I'm coming.

INT. VAN - LATER (DRIVING)

Lindsay looks at the road.

Mercedes yawns.

Rachel looks out the window, beyond pissed.

MERCEDES

Can we stay somewhere tonight?

LINDSAY

We can't afford it.

RACHEL

(under her breath)

A hotel is more important than my guitar, apparently.

MERCEDES

We've got a podcast to do tomorrow and a good night sleep would be so amazing right now.

AJ

That's not an awful idea.

Mercedes falls asleep. No one notices.

LINDSAY

We'll get some Starbucks and it'll be OK, right?

RACHEL

It's never Starbucks.

LINDSAY

Coffee is coffee, right?

RACHEL

Starbucks is so much better.

LINDSAY

Remember 'NSync and the Backstreet Boys when we were kids? At the turn of the century they were one of the biggest bands in the world.

AJ

(British accent)

Are we going Steampunk in England today, governor?

LINDSAY

They were so desperate for fame
that they signed a bad deal without
reading it. Why?

AJ

Because he was that charming?

LINDSAY

Because they were broke and a
little desperate.

Mercedes snores.

AJ

I don't think she cares.

Lindsay pulls into a parking lot and parks.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Lindsay and Rachel are sound asleep.

Mercedes snores loudly.

AJ wakes up and looks over. She taps Mercedes. The snoring
stops. She closes her eyes.

Mercedes snores again.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The side door to the van is open.

Four mugs of cheap coffee are on the floor.

Lindsay has a guitar in her hands.

The band huddles around Mercedes's phone. It rings.

MERCEDES

Game time!

INT. VAN - DAY

The caller ID on the phone reads "Indie podcast."

MERCEDES

Can you guys hear us?

PODCASTER #1 (O.S.)
Loud and clear!

RACHEL
Excellent.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Shelves of records dominate a small bedroom.

PODCASTER #1 (43) and PODCASTER #2 (46) are in front of the laptop on a cheap table with a laptop on it. An audio program records the conversation.

PODCASTER #1
This'll be pretty easy. We'll do the intro and then lob you some easy questions.

INTERCUT BETWEEN VAN AND APARTMENT

The first Podcaster presses a button.

A generic indie rock song plays.

PODCASTER #1
Today on "Indie Rock Now" we've got Serious Frequently from Chicago.

PODCASTER #2
This episode is sponsored today by Rouge Bath Products. Shave your privates in Rouge Fashion and save ten percent off at checkout with the code "Indie Rock ten."

PODCASTER #1
Joining us right are Rachel, AJ, Mercedes and Lindsay of Serious Frequently. They are currently on their "No Sleep 'til Austin" tour. Thanks for joining us today.

Rachel smiles and moves towards the phone.

RACHEL
Thanks for having us.

PODCASTER #1
For those listeners who haven't heard you, how would you describe your sound?

LINDSAY

We wanted to be that bridge between Doll Skin and Thunder Mother, a harder alt-rock but not quite a Cycle Sluts from Hell, either.

AJ, Rachel and Mercedes all mouth "Who?"

PODCASTER #2

This is such a cliché question but what inspires your music?

RACHEL

My songs come from my life and I'm glad I've got three women here who can help make them into amazing music.

The sound disconnects from the laptop.

Mercedes looks at her phone. The signal is down.

PODCASTER #1

Hello?

AJ glares at Rachel.

AJ

I thought you were over that.

RACHEL

I wrote every single word on the guitar she destroyed.

The first Podcaster jiggles a cord on his laptop. The static ends and the signal starts again.

AJ

I wasn't behind the wheel.

LINDSAY

You said we had everything.

MERCEDES

I wasn't the last one in.

The second Podcaster goes to say something.

The first motions for him not to.

RACHEL

I'm the lead singer, not you.

AJ

Your songs need work.

RACHEL

They're my heart and soul.

AJ

Well, then your heart and soul
needs work.

LINDSAY

I restructured your lyrics into a
proper verse, chorus, verse format.

AJ

And I took your scribbles and
turned it into proper music.

MERCEDES

I did... stuff... too.

RACHEL

The album will say music and lyrics
by Rachel Allen.

LINDSAY

We aren't CCR and you aren't
Fogerty. This is a democracy.

RACHEL

This isn't a democracy, it's a
dictatorship and--

AJ

Emphasis on the word "dick."

LINDSAY

If it wasn't for me we would be
back in Chicago, playing backyards
for \$50.

RACHEL

CCR?

LINDSAY

You act like you're Fogerty and
we're the other guys and--

AJ

You have the music tastes of a 45-
year-old music geek.

RACHEL

And none of you have the talent to actually write a song. You just shit all over the gold I give you.

MERCEDES

One dash of angst, a pinch of loneliness and a huge pile of desperation turns into "A boy touched my shoulder once."

LINDSAY

Music and lyrics by Rachel Allen, just Rachel Allen.

AJ thinks for a moment.

AJ

I don't want to be the backup for a Taylor Swift clone.

Rachel leans forward.

RACHEL

(mock Mercedes voice)

I show my cleavage off because I can't play an instrument. Like, follow and subscribe!

MERCEDES

(mock Rachel singing voice)

A boy looked at me once and then looked away. I'm so sad.

Lindsay strums the guitar mockingly.

RACHEL

I remember the Facebook group whose membership requirement was sleeping with you. It had how many members?

LINDSAY

Don't slut shame her.

MERCEDES

My internet presence has gotten us here.

Rachel points to her chest.

RACHEL

Both of those, right?

AJ takes her phone out and pulls up Mercedes's Instagram feed. She clicks on a photo of a scantily clad Mercedes.

AJ
(reads from phone)
Smile, you deserve it. Hashtag road
life. Hashtag bad ass bitch.
Hashtag selfie.
(looks at Mercedes)
I can almost see your Areola.

MERCEDES
And we average a million views a
post because of me.

LINDSAY
And how many gigs have we gotten
because of those million views?

MERCEDES
I can't control that.

RACHEL
At least she's trying.

MERCEDES
Says the woman who has a nervous
breakdown there are more than five
people in the crowd at any given
time.

PODCASTER #1
Oh, hey... we're back.

INT. VAN - DAY

The band looks at each other. Oh shit.

PODCASTER #1 (V.O.)
So what inspires your music?

They look around in silence.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The van is parked in front of a fuel pump.

Rachel turns the engine over. Nothing. She pops the hood,
exits the van and walks over to the engine.

EXT. VAN - DAY

Rachel looks at the engine and then to the ground. Her eyes spot a puddle of radiator fluid.

AJ walks over and looks around.

AJ
I'll find a mechanic.

INT. GAS STATION OFFICE - LATER

The women sit around an old, worn table littered with older magazines.

Mercedes stares at her phone.

MERCEDES
Final tally is \$900.35.

A YOUNG MECHANIC (20) walks in. An estimate is in his greasy hands.

YOUNG MECHANIC
There's good news and bad news in this situation. It's a lot of things but we can fix them.

He hands Lindsay the estimate.

She looks at it.

LINDSAY
What can you do that can get us out on the road today?

YOUNG MECHANIC
The radiator.

LINDSAY
Then do that and we'll worry about the rest later.

He leaves.

RACHEL
What about the birthday money?

Lindsay reaches into her purse. Nothing. She dumps everything onto the floor.

MERCEDES
Where's our kidnapping money?

LINDSAY

Oh nuts.

AJ

Way to set the example, chief.

LINDSAY

We're going to be fine.

The Mechanic walks back in.

YOUNG MECHANIC

My boss is heading into the city,
if you need anything.

MERCEDES

I could use some new things to
upload to the Insta.

Rachel, Lindsay and AJ motion no.

Mercedes and the Young Mechanic leaves.

RACHEL

Is it always about that fucking
phone with her?

LINDSAY

Can you go five seconds without
saying something?

RACHEL

Just because we play together
doesn't mean I have to pretend to
enjoy it.

AJ leaves.

LINDSAY

I ran over your guitar. You should
be taking it out on me.

RACHEL

She put it there!

LINDSAY

Maybe she'll surprise you and do
something amazing.

Rachel shakes her head.

INT. MUSIC SHOP - DAY

Guitars are hung up all over. In the middle of them is a well-crafted one with a Michelle Branch tour pass dangling off of it.

A MUSIC STORE CLERK lounges behind the counter.

A small stage is set up in a corner. A banner reads "Sasha Pinkus Auditions." Two stools with music stands in front of them are underneath it. A bass guitar is plugged in and leaning against a wall.

Mercedes walks in and straight to the counter.

MERCEDES

I'm looking for a guitar.

The Clerk points around.

SASHA (O.S.)

This is a genuine surprise.

Mercedes turns around and sees Sasha. They hug.

MERCEDES

What are you doing here?

SASHA

My bassist bailed and the label thought this would be good for some publicity.

MERCEDES

We decided to go on tour.

SASHA

Good for you guys.
(points to stage)
I've got twenty minutes left.

MERCEDES

Like old times.

SASHA

(points to Michelle
Branch's guitar)
Can I borrow that?

MUSIC STORE CLERK

You break it, you buy it.

SASHA

I can afford it.

The clerk hands her the guitar.

The two walk onto the stage.

MERCEDES
(grabs the bass, looks at
the music stand)
Since when do you play someone
else's music?

SASHA
Welcome to the machine.

MERCEDES
It's not... awful.

SASHA
On you.

The two play "Goodbye to him" (think "Someday we'll know" by
the New Radicals).

Sasha looks at Mercedes and smiles.

Mercedes listens to Sasha play. The sound of the guitar
intrigues her.

They stop after a moment.

Mercedes puts the bass down.

MERCEDES
We're hitting the road soon.

SASHA
I've got a care service here. My
treat.

MERCEDES
Thank you.

They walk back to the counter. Sasha hands the guitar back to
the clerk.

SASHA
I need to make a call.

Sasha walks away.

Mercedes looks at the guitar's price tag. She takes out her
wallet and looks at her check from earlier.

EXT. MUSIC SHOP - DAY

Mercedes leaves, carrying the guitar case.

SASHA (O.S.)

Hey!

Mercedes turns around and sees Sasha.

SASHA (CONT'D)

You want the gig?

MERCEDES

Excuse me?

SASHA

I've got a session guy with me
right now but you're better.

MERCEDES

What about my band?

SASHA

What are they paying you?

Mercedes looks at the guitar case and then at Sasha.

MERCEDES

Can I get some time?

SASHA

Let me know.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The van roars to life and pulls out of the bay. It parks near
one of the gas pumps.

The Young Mechanic exits.

AJ, Rachel and Lindsay walk up to it.

YOUNG MECHANIC

(hands keys to Lindsay)

Your brakes need work.

AJ grabs the keys.

AJ

It'll be fine.

YOUNG MECHANIC

Just drive safely.

No one sees Mercedes exit a sedan with the guitar case. She goes to the back and puts it inside. Her hands quietly close the door quietly.

AJ gets in and turns the engine on. It roars to life. Their song "Two in the morning" blasts out of the radio at full blast.

Mercedes hears it and races up to her band mates.

AJ sprints out of the car and towards them.

They all listen for a moment, taking it in. They jump around in celebration.

EXT. SMALL OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The van is parked near the entrance.

A small pickup truck is parked in the distance.

The band exits the van.

LINDSAY

We need to find that envelope.

AJ

Where's the last place you remember having it?

LINDSAY

I had it on me when I went to sleep. It's in here, I swear.

Blake exits the office building in a polo and khakis. He spots Rachel and his eyes open wide.

BLAKE

Holy shit.

Rachel turns and sees him.

RACHEL

OH MY GOD!

(runs up to Blake and hugs
him)

What are you doing here?

BLAKE

The local office needed a server upgrade.

RACHEL
Where are my manners?

BLAKE
(to AJ and Lindsay)
That's AJ, Lindsay--
(to Mercedes, lingers)
--and Mercedes.
(to Rachel)
I was your first follower.

Blake and Mercedes lock eyes for a moment. There's an instant, palpable sexual attraction.

LINDSAY
You're the famous Blake.

Blake grabs Rachel's hand and squeezes it.

BLAKE
Famous, huh?

LINDSAY
And yet we don't know how you two
know each other.

RACHEL
I hate the way he tells it.

BLAKE
I was about to grab lunch.

RACHEL
I'm fine.

MERCEDES
I'm starving.

BLAKE
Once upon a time Rachel said you
two grew up together.

MERCEDES
I've got some stories.

Mercedes looks at Rachel. Rachel nods.

RACHEL
I'm tired.

BLAKE
Let's do dinner tomorrow.

RACHEL

OK.

Rachel's eyes follow Blake and Mercedes walk towards Blake's truck.

AJ

My parents are nearby.

Rachel watches Blake and Mercedes get in the truck.

LINDSAY

I'll drive.

Lindsay coughs.

Rachel turns to her.

RACHEL

Yeah... that sounds great.

INT. VEGAN RESTAURANT - DAY (AN HOUR LATER)

Mostly empty.

Blake and Mercedes sit at a table.

She's eating a large salad.

He's drinking a beer.

MERCEDES

What do you do, Blake?

BLAKE

I'm a Network Administrator.

MERCEDES

I don't know what that means.

BLAKE

I'm a professional dork.

MERCEDES

I don't see it.

(beat)

So you met Rachel in college.

BLAKE

I talked her into buying her guitar
so I could hit on one of her
roommates.

MERCEDES

Did you two ever date?

BLAKE

She's like my sister.

He reaches over and they touch hands. She smiles.

MERCEDES

You've got a better story than mine, I think.

BLAKE

I'd rather talk about you.

MERCEDES

What do you want to know?

BLAKE

Anything and everything.

EXT. AJ'S HOME - NIGHT

A McMansion surrounded by other McMansions.

A luxury car is parked in the driveway.

The van pulls up.

Lindsay, Rachel and AJ get out.

AJ sees the car and mouths a profanity to herself.

Lindsay and Rachel stare at the house in awe.

RACHEL

Seriously?

AJ

My parents are wealthy.
(turns to them)
I'm not.

LINDSAY

It means you get to build your life on your own.

AJ

(looks at front door)
Game time.

INT. AJ'S HOME - LANDING - NIGHT

Framed photos of AJ and her family over the years litter the walls.

KNOCK KNOCK!

Irene opens the door.

AJ, Lindsay and Rachel are on the other side.

Irene's face lights up.

IRENE GOLDBERG
You should've called!

AJ
Hi Mom.

Irene hugs her daughter. She looks at Rachel and Lindsay. Her eyes look around.

IRENE GOLDBERG
I thought there were 4 of you.

The three walk inside.

AJ
Where's dad?

IRENE GOLDBERG
The office called.

LINDSAY
This is a beautiful house, Miss Goldberg.

IRENE GOLDBERG
Call me Irene, Lindsay.
(turns to Rachel)
I had to use the Google to learn about my daughter's new band. I'm going to post a link about manners on her Facebook.

AJ
(to Lindsay and Rachel)
Lindsay, Rachel... meet Irene Goldberg, my mother.

Lindsay spots a picture on the wall of AJ with long, flowing hair. Her eyes open wide.

Irene sees the same picture and smiles.

IRENE GOLDBERG
My beautiful Amber showed up to
Christmas last year without that
beautiful hair.

Rachel and Lindsay turn to AJ and chuckle.

AJ
(to Rachel and Lindsay,
angrily)
No one calls me that.

IRENE GOLDBERG
(to Lindsay and Rachel)
Would you girls like to see--

AJ
No they wouldn't.

Rachel and Lindsay smile.

RACHEL
No no, *Amber*... let your mother
indulge us while she's still here.

AJ looks at Rachel with murderous intent.

LINDSAY
I'd love to see pictures of *Amber*
over the years. She's so private
about her past.

AJ turns to Lindsay and glares at her.

IRENE GOLDBERG
I've got a couple albums in the
kitchen you have to see.

EXT. VEGAN RESTAURANT - LATER

Blake and Mercedes walk towards Blake's truck. He leans over
and kisses her. They go from light to passionate real quick.

INT. AJ'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Lindsay and AJ sit drink coffee.

Rachel walks into the kitchen and looks around. She clutches
a tablet with a song halfway written on it.

RACHEL
Mercedes still sleeping?

LINDSAY

I didn't hear her get back.

Mercedes walks in. She's dressed in the same clothes and freshly showered. There's a glow to her.

MERCEDES

Blake's hotel was amazing.

AJ

Congratulations.

MERCEDES

The bed was so comfortable.

Rachel's face turns from curious to anger. She drops the tablet onto the ground. No one notices.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

We didn't sleep much but--

Rachel slugs her.

Mercedes hits the ground like a bag of bricks.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

(rubbing her jaw)

What the shit?

Rachel looks at her, pure rage in her eyes.

Mercedes sees it.

Lindsay and AJ step in between them.

RACHEL

My guitar and then him.

MERCEDES

It's not like I fell down and whoops, there's his penis.

RACHEL

I don't want to hear about my best friend and you.

AJ

I wouldn't mind.

Lindsay glares at her. AJ shrugs.

RACHEL

First Todd and now Blake.

MERCEDES
I've had enough of this.

RACHEL
You ruined my guitar like you
ruined "There she goes."

Mercedes spots the tablet. She picks it up and looks at it
for a long moment. Her eyes open wide.

MERCEDES
This is about him, isn't it.
(looks at other songs on
the tablet)
Every song is about Blake.
(puts tablet on the
kitchen table)
"Why can't you look at me the way
you look at her." I'm her.

RACHEL
You're not his type.

MERCEDES
I was his type three times last
night and twice today.

LINDSAY
That sounds exhausting.

RACHEL
Fuck you, I quit.

Rachel walks out of the house.

Lindsay places her hand on Mercedes's shoulder.

LINDSAY
(to AJ)
Get her back.

AJ
(points to Mercedes)
She's my friend, not--

Lindsay glares at AJ.

LINDSAY
Now.

AJ nods and leaves.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
Sit.

EXT. STREET - DAY (LATER)

Rachel walks toward a highway in the distance.

HONK!

The van pulls up in front of Rachel. AJ gets out.

AJ
You're not going to walk home.

RACHEL
I'll call an Uber.

AJ walks over to Rachel.

AJ
No you're not.

RACHEL
What part of "Fuck you, I quit"
don't you understand?

AJ
The "I quit" part, mostly. The fuck
you part was obvious.

RACHEL
Are you going to get me to stay
with smart ass comments?

AJ
Do you want a speech?

RACHEL
I just want to go home.

AJ
You can cry like a child or be an
adult about this.

RACHEL
What does an adult do?

AJ
Take all that pain and make
something beautiful out of it.

A tear comes down Rachel's face.

RACHEL
I don't want to write that song.

AJ reaches into her purse and takes out a napkin. She hands it to Rachel.

AJ
What you want and what you get are
two very different things.

Rachel wipes her tears away.

RACHEL
I don't know what to do.

AJ
You and me both.

Rachel takes a long, deep, contemplative breath.

RACHEL
Can we fire her?

AJ
Can you play bass?

INT. AJ'S HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Mercedes and Lindsay sit at the kitchen table, mugs of coffee in front of them.

MERCEDES
I almost forgot what she looked
like with long hair.

LINDSAY
Don't change the subject.

MERCEDES
She'll get over it, right?

LINDSAY
Seriously?

MERCEDES
If he really wanted her--

LINDSAY
That doesn't change the way she
feels about him.

MERCEDES
It didn't mean anything.

LINDSAY
That doesn't help.

Mercedes takes a long drink from her coffee cup. Her phone buzzes with an email from Sasha.

SASHA (EMAIL)
Hey stranger... the label needs to
know if you want the gig.

Mercedes glances at it for a moment.

EXT. COUNTRY BAR - LATER

The van pulls up behind the bar.

Mercedes and AJ get out and walk inside.

Rachel and Lindsay walk to the back of the van.

LINDSAY
We're not ready.

RACHEL
We can't cancel.

LINDSAY
We'll figure it out.

Rachel opens the back. She sees the Branch Guitar case. Her jaw drops.

RACHEL
You don't have to.

Lindsay spots the guitar case. She opens it up.

Both of their eyes open wide.

INT. COUNTRY BAR - NIGHT

A wall of chicken wire separates the stage from an angry audience booing loudly.

Blake is in the back, observing.

The band plays "You're all I want" (think Here & Now" by Letters to Cleo).

Bottles pelt the chicken wire.

The band stops playing.

RACHEL

Whose idea was it to take a gig at
a country bar?

LINDSAY

They paid upfront!

Rachel plays the chords to another song.

The crowd responds with more boos.

Food and bottles of beer pelt the chicken wire.

Rachel starts playing a country song.

The crowd quiets down for a moment.

The band relaxes.

COUNTRY BAR PATRON

(shouting)

That's not real country!

Food and drink pelts the wire.

INT. COUNTRY BAR - GREEN ROOM - LATER

The band relaxes on a set of couches.

LINDSAY

(to Rachel)

You didn't freak out tonight. I'm
so proud of you.

RACHEL

I can only relax when someone is
trying to hurt me, I swear.

AJ

(to Lindsay)

Can I get a gun?

Everyone glares at AJ.

AJ (CONT'D)

It's for science.

KNOCK KNOCK!

The manager of the bar, DWIGHT MASTERSON (mid 50s), walks
into the room. He's a mountain of a man.

DWIGHT MASTERSON
You ladies were amazing.

RACHEL
They hated us.

DWIGHT MASTERSON
They bought so much food and liquor
that my kids can go to any college
they want to.

AJ
I didn't realize clown college was
that expensive.

Dwight hands Lindsay an envelope full of cash.

DWIGHT MASTERSON
Next time you guys are here I want
at least three nights.

Dwight leaves.

Lindsay's phone buzzes. She looks at it. After a moment her
eyes open wide. Tears erupt as she scrolls. Her hands grip
the phone tightly.

LINDSAY
I need a moment.

The band looks at Lindsay. They leave.

Lindsay takes her phone out and FaceTimes Xavier.

XAVIER (FACETIME)
Hey baby.

LINDSAY
Who's Chanel?

XAVIER (FACETIME)
I don't know--

LINDSAY
She sent me everything.

Xavier looks around in shame.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
I don't want to see you ever again.

She hangs up and cries uncontrollably.

EXT. COUNTRY BAR - NIGHT (LATER)

The van is nearly full.

Rachel grabs her guitar case. Another pair of hands is on the other side. She looks up and sees Blake. He helps her place it inside.

BLAKE

There's this great diner nearby, if you're hungry.

RACHEL

We've got to get to Waco.

BLAKE

That's really close.

RACHEL

Traffic will be a nightmare if we don't leave now.

BLAKE

At midnight?

Lindsay walks out and right into the van.

INT. VAN - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Lindsay gets into the passenger seat. She takes off her engagement ring and places into a cup holder. Tears stream down her face as she buckles up.

EXT. COUNTRY BAR - NIGHT

Rachel gets into the van and starts the engine.

AJ walks out, whistling. She looks around.

AJ

So we're just going to stand around here like a bunch of Minnesota pig farmers on a jungle gym?

HONK!

RACHEL

No sleep until Austin.

AJ and Mercedes get into the van.

EXT. CLOSED BAR - DAY

The van pulls into an empty parking lot.

A BAR EMPLOYEE knocks on the door. He sees a piece of paper taped to the door and takes it off. The Employee reads it and crumples it up, throwing it away in anger. He walks away.

Lindsay gets out of the van and walks up to the bar. She grabs the sheet of paper and unfolds it. Pure fucking rage comes over her face as she reads it.

AJ and Mercedes exit the van and walk up to her.

MERCEDES

Is everything OK?

AJ

It's probably a bit of history she doesn't know.

Rachel gets out of the van.

LINDSAY

I need to make a call.

Lindsay takes her phone out. There are a half dozen missed calls from Xavier. She pulls up a phone number marked "Waco," calls it and walks away.

Rachel and Mercedes glare at one another.

RACHEL

I need some fresh air.

AJ and Mercedes get back into the van.

INT. VAN - DAY (MOMENTS LATER_

AJ and Mercedes watch Lindsay scream into her phone.

AJ

I didn't think she got angry.

MERCEDES

I have an idea.

AJ

You're going to shake your ass for tips at a strip club?

MERCEDES

Let's do an Instagram post
together... for the fans!

AJ

I'll shake my ass for tips.

MERCEDES

This will be fun.

AJ

No.

MERCEDES

It's something to do.

The two huddle close as Mercedes broadcasts on Instagram
live. A thousand people watch.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

Hey everybody... AJ and I are doing
an impromptu, on the road, ask me
anything!

(reading)

Big Old Cities thirty-eight wants
to know why we don't have a music
video on our YouTube channel.

AJ

Does he want to pay us to make one?
Or is that a Lindsay job?

EXT. CLOSED BAR - DAY

Rachel walks away and takes her phone. She sees a half dozen
missed calls and texts from Blake. Her fingers pull him up on
speed dial. They go to press dial but stops. She sees Lindsay
yelling.

LINDSAY

(shouting)

Listen you twinkle toed little son
of a bitch. I will find where you
live and then I'm going to--

(looks at phone)

Hello?

RACHEL

Bible school teach you that?

Lindsay turns to Rachel.

LINDSAY

He told me to get in line because
the bar just declared bankruptcy
last night.

RACHEL

How are we?

LINDSAY

We have enough to fix the tire or
make it to Austin. After that I
don't know what to do.

INT. VAN - DAY (LATER)

Mercedes and AJ smile at the camera.

MERCEDES

Thanks for the fun, guys!

Mercedes ends the broadcast.

Rachel and Lindsay get into the van.

RACHEL

It's good to see you're using this
time productively.

AJ

I could get used to people kissing
my ass like that.

RACHEL

(under her breath)

At least you're not showing it, I
guess.

Mercedes looks at her phone oddly.

LINDSAY

(to AJ)

I hate to say this but... is your
mom still here?

AJ

They're in Europe.

LINDSAY

I can just.... ask... Xavier.

Lindsay looks down and takes a deep breath.

Mercedes types on her phone urgently.

MERCEDES
Or we could play a gig.

Everyone turns to her.

AJ
Is there a magical gig fairy you're
using or something?

MERCEDES
A college student at Southern
Methodist University wants us to
play his frat party tonight for
five hundred bucks.

LINDSAY
We're doing it.

AJ
Aren't we too old for a frat party?

LINDSAY
Probably.

MERCEDES
Shouldn't we vote on it?

LINDSAY
Our bank account says yes.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Two FRAT BOYS sit in lawn chairs, empty beer cans littered
all around them.

Heather's brother CHAD (20) paces in front of them. He's
short and thin with an anime t-shirt on.

FRAT BOY #1
Who's this band?

CHAD WRIGLEY
I found them online. They're
fucking great.

The van pulls up and Chad smiles.

Mercedes and AJ hop out of the van and look around.

AJ
This place reeks of Drakkar Noir
and date rape.

Lindsay and Rachel get out of the van.

Chad walks up to Mercedes.

Mercedes does a double take.

MERCEDES
Little Chad?

CHAD WRIGLEY
I'm not quite so little now.

Mercedes runs up and gives him a hug.

Rachel and Lindsay get out of the van and open the back door.

CHAD WRIGLEY (CONT'D)
I just thought you were playing it cool and knew I was "Big Chad."

MERCEDES
I didn't put 2 and 2 together.

CHAD WRIGLEY
Heather said you were better live than on Spotify.

RACHEL
Where are we playing?

CHAD WRIGLEY
The basement.

AJ
This place looks like it'll give you Hepatitis C.

CHAD WRIGLEY
It's better on the inside.

AJ doubts it.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

The Frat Boys are passed out in their chairs.

"I don't like the way you see me" (think "Singing in my Sleep" by Semisonic) screams out of the basement.

COLLEGE KIDS are all over, dancing and drinking.

A NEIGHBOR walking a SMALL DOG walks by. He takes his phone out and pulls up the police department on his speed dial.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The band plays in a corner.

College Kids are all over, partying hard.

Chad weaves expertly in and out of the crowd with a video camera, recording everything.

Rachel wanders near the edge of a crowd.

A DRUNK GIRL reaches over and grabs her ass.

Rachel stops playing and turns around.

RACHEL
What the hell?

The Drunk Girl points to a DRUNK GUY.

Rachel drops the Drunk Guy a right hook.

The Drunk Girl slaps her.

Rachel slugs the Drunk Girl.

Three of the Drunk Girl's FRIENDS charge at Rachel.

A wild brawl breaks out.

AJ drops her drumsticks and smiles.

AJ
Finally.

AJ charges at the Drunk Girl and tackles her.

Mercedes takes her phone out and points it at them.

MERCEDES
Say fight goals!

AJ chokes the Drunk Girl.

AJ
(points and laughs)
Fight--

The Drunk Girl grabs AJ by the throat.

AJ (CONT'D)
(gasping for air)
--goals.

The Drunk Guy stands up and glares at Rachel.

Lindsay drops her guitar and sprints towards them.

LINDSAY
ROCK STAR MOMENT!

Lindsay throws a wildly unathletic punch and misses, falling down on the ground.

Police sirens wail in the background.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

MISCREANTS are all over the drunk tank.

Mercedes and Rachel sit far from each other.

RACHEL
(mimicking Lindsay's
voice)
ROCK STAR MOMENT!

They both chuckle.

MERCEDES
This is the first time we've gotten
along this whole time.

RACHEL
Usually because you're too busy
trading pics for likes.

MERCEDES
Is that all you have? I'd
appreciate some variety.

RACHEL
I'm not the one obsessed with my
social media presence.

MERCEDES
And I wish they would look at me
the way they look at you.

RACHEL
One of my mother's last memories is
me running off that stage because
the spotlight was only for Julia.

MERCEDES
You stole Todd.

RACHEL

He told me that the two of you were just friends.

MERCEDES

Julia told me you said a lot of nasty things about me.

RACHEL

And I heard what you said about me.

MERCEDES

Dammit.

RACHEL

Is this all over a guy?

They look at each other and nod.

MERCEDES

He sent me a friend request on Facebook last year. And a dick pic. I should've sent it to his wife.

(rubs jaw)

Did you hit me with brass knuckles or something? My jaw still hurts.

RACHEL

Hopefully your kids don't come out very... exceptional.

(looks around)

We need to stop letting AJ talk. Like as a rule.

Mercedes hands Rachel a tissue.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I never thanked you for the guitar. It's amazing.

MERCEDES

We wouldn't sound right without it.

RACHEL

I don't know what to say.

MERCEDES

I need to know something.

RACHEL

What?

MERCEDES

Why did you offer me the gig?

RACHEL
I didn't. Lindsay did.

MERCEDES
You didn't object.

RACHEL
You felt the notes.

MERCEDES
I had to play with you.

Silence.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)
We can't be like this anymore.

RACHEL
Can we start over?

MERCEDES
I'd like that.

A POLICE OFFICER walks up to the cell bars.

POLICE OFFICER
Allen and Drew!

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

AJ and Lindsay stand in front of the van.

Lindsay's foot taps uncontrollably.

AJ
I'm curious which one of them has a
prison bitch by now.

LINDSAY
Not now.

AJ
The easy money is on Rachel, with
that right hook, but Mercedes might
be all "gay for the stay, bitch."

LINDSAY
NOT. NOW.

Silence.

AJ
You think it'll work?

LINDSAY

As long as the van doesn't die we should be fine.

AJ

We're not a band anymore.

LINDSAY

Excuse me?

AJ

Rock star moment!

AJ laughs uncontrollably.

Lindsay turns away in shame.

LINDSAY

You know how many times I've ever been able to be cool in my life?

AJ

That wasn't one of them.

Mercedes and Rachel walk out of the station.

Chad and Heather Wrigley exit the van.

Heather has legal forms and pens in her hands.

HEATHER WRIGLEY

I need you to sign these.

(hands them the forms and pens)

It's a boilerplate non-disclosure agreement that covers everything in exchange for my lawyer handling all of the legal stuff for you.

RACHEL

Thanks.

HEATHER WRIGLEY

Chad's liable for this and I'm trying to limit his exposure.

Rachel and Mercedes sign and hand them back.

MERCEDES

Thanks.

Heather and Mercedes look at each other.

HEATHER WRIGLEY
Old favor for an old friend.

Lindsay's phone rings.

LINDSAY
This is Lindsay Jackson.

TALENT COORDINATOR (V.O.)
Lindsay, this is Sandra from the
Austin Outdoor Fest.

LINDSAY
Oh hey Sandra. What's up?

TALENT COORDINATOR (V.O.)
We're starting the sound check and
you guys aren't here yet

LINDSAY
Traffic is nuts.

TALENT COORDINATOR (V.O.)
Just avoid exit 30.

Lindsay hangs up.

Everyone sprints into the van.

EXT. AUSTIN, TEXAS - NIGHT

The van flies past the Austin City Limits sign.

INT. VAN - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Downtown Austin flies by.

Lindsay is behind the wheel.

RACHEL
This is crazy!

They go through a stop light. Cars honk at them.

AJ, Rachel and Mercedes grip their seat tightly.

Lindsay makes a hard turn left.

EXT. CITY OF AUSTIN, TEXAS - NIGHT

The van goes up on two wheels as it makes a left turn, blowing through a stop sign.

Everyone but Lindsay inside screams.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE CITY AND VAN

AJ

I don't want to die in here.

LINDSAY

No band has died in a VW Bus!

RACHEL

I don't want to be the first.

AJ

Metallica's has a tour bus accident and someone died.

LINDSAY

It was just the bassist!

MERCEDES

Hey!

The van makes a hard right turn, skidding.

AJ

Cop!

LINDSAY

BREAKING THE LAW!

Lindsay head-bangs while pressing the accelerator.

Everyone is frightened beyond capacity.

AJ turns on the radio. Judas Priest's "Breaking the Law" comes on.

Lindsay turns it up, full throttle.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

ROCK--

AJ

Not know!

The Van sputters for a moment.

A POLICE OFFICER sprints to the cruiser and gets in. He turns the engine on and pulls out of his spot.

The Van makes another hard turn, the engine dying.

The Police Cruiser drives in their direction for a moment until a big rig truck drives in front of it.

Lindsay turns the key. The engine won't start.

LINDSAY
(looks to the sky)
I've never asked for anything but
just once, you know?

The van ROARS to life and she punches it.

The Police Officer honks the horn.

The Truck drives past.

The van is long gone.

INT. VAN - NIGHT (DRIVING)

The van hits a pothole.

The music changes to a random Ska track.

EXT. OUTDOOR STADIUM - NIGHT

A ROCK BAND plays to over four thousand MUSIC FANS.

A handful of RECORD EXECUTIVES and INDUSTRY TYPES watch the stage intently.

A series of trailers marked "talent" are in the rear of a massive parking lot.

PARKING LOT

The van flies through the parking lot and skids into a parking spot.

Lindsay jumps out and looks around. She spots a TALENT COORDINATOR standing in front of the "talent" trailers. Lindsay sprints up to her.

TALENT COORDINATOR
Can I help you?

LINDSAY
We're Serious Frequently.

TALENT COORDINATOR
So?

LINDSAY
The band!

The Talent Coordinator looks down for a long moment.

TALENT COORDINATOR
Give me a moment.

They walk away.

Rachel, AJ and Mercedes sprint up to Lindsay.

AJ
Did we miss it?

LINDSAY
I don't know. I'd pray but--

RACHEL
I'm not sure God is going to help
us this time.

The Talent Coordinator walks back up to them.

TALENT COORDINATOR
We were about ten minutes from
cancelling you.

Lindsay breathes a sigh of relief.

LINDSAY
I listened to the GPS and it said
exit thirty was the fastest way to
get here.

TALENT COORDINATOR
It's OK.
(points to another door,
hands Lindsay four
backstage passes)
Put those on and follow the signs
to your green room.

A light drizzle of rain comes down.

INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

The sound of a rock band is heard in the distance.

LINDSAY
He made us earn this.

The crowd roars.

AJ grips her drumsticks tight.

Mercedes' hands twitch.

Lindsay's eyes dart all over.

Rachel takes short, panicked breaths.

KNOCK KNOCK!

A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT walks in.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
You're on in five.

The Production Assistant leaves.

RACHEL
Are we sure about this?

AJ
Exact wrong time, Rachel.

MERCEDES
They're going to hate us.

RACHEL
Or worse.

AJ
We had food thrown at us. It
doesn't get worse than that.

RACHEL
I don't think I can do this.

MERCEDES
I think she's right.

RACHEL
Look at that crowd!

AJ
So?

MERCEDES
We've just played bars.

AJ
I swear on all that's Holy--
Lindsay whistles loudly. They all turn to her.

LINDSAY
Do you love the music... or do you
love the crowd?
They look at each other and nod.
KNOCK KNOCK!

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - NIGHT

Rain pours down onto the crowd.
The women confidently walk towards the stage.

LINDSAY
We've got twenty minutes for three
songs. Any ideas?

RACHEL
Let's wing it.

A STAGE MANAGER steps in front of them.

STAGE MANAGER
You won't be playing tonight.

A handful of SECURITY GUARDS stand behind him.

AJ
Why the hell not?
AJ's hand turns into a fist.

STAGE MANAGER
In this rain?
Rachel looks at the crowd.

AJ
It's just a little water.

STAGE MANAGER
And a ton of electricity.

The security guards stare at the women.

Rachel moves out of sight.

LINDSAY
It's dangerous.

AJ
Says Dale Earnhardt.

LINDSAY
That was different.

AJ
How?

Mercedes steps between them.

MERCEDES
This is potentially a life or death
situation.

AJ
I didn't all the way down here to
just quit.

STAGE MANAGER
You can play tomorrow night.

MERCEDES
(to Stage Manager)
This is a one night festival.

STAGE MANAGER
This isn't up for discussion.

Thunder rattles everything.

The crowd cheers.

AJ turns and sees:

EXT. OUTDOOR STADIUM - NIGHT

Rachel walks onto stage.

A handful of television cameras focused on her.

Rachel grabs her guitar and walks up to the microphone. She
sees the exit. Her eyes linger on it for a moment and then
turn to the microphone.

RACHEL
Holy shit.

The crowd laughs. Cell phone lights come on en masse, lighting up the stage.

Rachel plays "I wish I could forget you existed" (think "Plowed" by Sponge) but misses notes.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Sorry... I'm not used to--

A guitar plays the notes correctly.

Rachel turns to see Lindsay strapped in.

LINDSAY
Gavin Rossdale and Bush.

RACHEL
This is crazy!

LINDSAY
And a little poetic.

Rachel smiles.

A bass plays.

Rachel turns to see Mercedes strapping on her bass.

MERCEDES
If I don't gain a million followers
for this, I'm going to be pissed.

Rachel chuckles.

A cymbal crashes.

Rachel turns to see AJ behind the drums.

AJ
Are you Jacksonville corn hole
enthusiasts going to play some
fucking songs or what?

Rachel closes her eyes. Her breathing slows down. The fear disappears and a calmness comes over her. She opens her eyes and looks into the audience like a god-damn rock star demanding their attention. She looks to her band with a sneer.

RACHEL
Our grand kids will know we were
this cool.

Rachel turns back to the crowd. Her hand grabs the microphone with confidence.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
We're Serious Frequently and for
the next 20 minutes, your asses
belong to us!

LINDSAY
Rock. Star. Moment.

AJ
(hits drumsticks together)
1,2,3,4!

The band plays "I wish I could forget you existed."

The crowd dances and watches the band excitedly.

Rachel mouths "On me" to the band. They nod. She stops playing. The band follows her.

Dead silence.

Lightning crashes.

The Stage Manager walks on stage.

Lindsay flips him off with both hands.

LINDSAY
(loudly, defiantly)
If the fans are getting rained on,
we will too!

The crowd explodes.

CROWD MEMBER
I love your ass, drummer girl!

Everyone frightfully turns to AJ. Oh shit.

AJ
(loudly)
Thanks.

Sighs of relief ring out.

The band resumes playing, in sync perfectly.

The crowd loses its fucking mind.

INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT (THIRTY MINUTES LATER)

The band sits around, relaxing.

KNOCK KNOCK!

The Production Assistant walks in.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
We should know the results in a
couple of hours.

AJ's stomach rumbles.

AJ
You got anything to eat?

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
We've got a van taking talent to
down town.

AJ
Any place you'd recommend?

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Tungsten Sushi is very nice.

INT. SUSHI JOINT - NIGHT

HIPSTERS are everywhere.

The band is in the back in a corner booth.

Drinks are in front of them.

Mercedes, Rachel and Lindsay have single plates of Sushi in
front of them.

Mercedes and Rachel look at the chopsticks awkwardly, unsure
of how to use them.

Lindsay tries to grab a piece off her plate and drops it.

Several plates of sushi are in front of AJ. She expertly
takes pieces of sushi off all of them, eating them quickly.

Mercedes takes a picture of AJ with her phone.

AJ flips her off.

MERCEDES
Where did you learn to use those
things like that?

Mercedes uploads the photo to Instagram.

AJ
We did sushi Fridays.

AJ picks up a piece and flips it up into her mouth.

RACHEL
Don't show off.

LINDSAY
We should get some forks.

AJ
How do none of you know how to use chopsticks? It's so easy.

MERCEDES
My mom couldn't afford Subway.

LINDSAY
Taco Tuesdays.

RACHEL
Pizza.

Silence.

AJ
All-you-can-eat sushi is the best and worst of America.

LINDSAY
How so?

A Hipster walks up to their table.

AJ
When you look at all the different types of sushi on the menu, you see that so many of them wouldn't be possible without the sort of melting pot of American food styles. It's amazing to see how many types of sushi that exist now because now sushi chefs have access to so many more different food types than they did over in Japan.

RACHEL
And the worst?

AJ

You can't just eat two or three rolls. You have to eat so much your colon will be able to pass Elvis through it when you're done.

HIPSTER

Eww.

They turn to him.

AJ

It's normal Elvis. Fat Elvis would require an intestinal bug or that stuff they give people before colonoscopies.

Everyone is disgusted.

AJ chuckles and eats another piece of sushi.

HIPSTER

You're Serious Frequently.

AJ

Only occasionally.

He looks at AJ oddly.

LINDSAY

That's us.

HIPSTER

You guys were amazing. Can I get a picture?

MERCEDES

Only if you tag us in it.

HIPSTER

Absolutely.

They take a picture with him.

LINDSAY

We're on Spotify.

He walks away.

The front door of the sushi joint opens up.

The band turns and looks at it with bated breath.

A DRUNK and his GIRLFRIEND stumble in.

The women resume eating.

The Talent Coordinator walks in and looks around. They spot the band and walk over to them.

RACHEL
The crowd loved us. I'll settle for
that right now.

The Talent Coordinator gets to their table.

TALENT COORDINATOR
(hands Lindsay an
envelope)
We thought you'd want to know.

The Talent Coordinator leaves.

Lindsay opens the envelope and takes out a letter.

MERCEDES
(reading)
Congratulations, insert band name
here, on your third place finish
tonight.

EXT. OUTDOOR STADIUM - LATER

The parking lot is mainly empty.

The band walks to their van.

A black Lexus pulls up near them.

Heather Wrigley exits and walks up to them.

HEATHER WRIGLEY
You are difficult to find.

LINDSAY
How can we help you?

HEATHER WRIGLEY
I want to talk to you about your
future.

AJ
Are you selling life insurance or
something?

Mercedes coughs. AJ turns to her and shrugs.

MERCEDES

(to Heather)

AJ has a charming sense of humor.
It grows on you.

Heather reaches into the car and takes out a handful of contracts. She hands them out to the band.

HEATHER WRIGLEY

I want to sign you to my record
label.

Lindsay, AJ and Mercedes look at the contracts.

Rachel looks at the first page intently and then turns it,
reading the contract closely.

HEATHER WRIGLEY (CONT'D)

I just signed a deal with Warner
for my label to be an imprint.
You'll have a small label's
intimacy but the power of a major.

Lindsay smiles.

LINDSAY

That's legit.

HEATHER WRIGLEY

You'll get an advance, too, so you
can focus on the album.

AJ smiles.

AJ

Real, deal professionalism.

HEATHER WRIGLEY

We have a half dozen influencers on
board to push this as hard as
possible as soon as it's ready.

Mercedes smiles.

HEATHER WRIGLEY (CONT'D)

So do we have a deal?

RACHEL

(looks up)

Lou fucking Pearlman.

AJ and Mercedes looks at Rachel oddly.

Lindsay smiles in recognition.

Rachel hands the contract back to Heather.

LINDSAY
(to Rachel)
I'm shocked you remembered.

RACHEL
(to Lindsay)
It felt significant when you said
it. And go to page ten.

Lindsay opens the contract and looks at it. Her eyes open wide. She looks up and hands the contract back.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Twenty percent of everything we
make including our social media. We
don't own our masters, either.

MERCEDES
Seriously?

HEATHER WRIGLEY
That's just boilerplate stuff.

LINDSAY
Or you get to control our entire
back catalog for twenty years if we
wind up becoming substantial.

RACHEL
We aren't giving up ownership of
our songs, Miss Wrigley.

HEATHER WRIGLEY
You're arguing about nickels and
dimes when dollars are on the
table, waiting for you!

LINDSAY
This is indentured servitude.

HEATHER WRIGLEY
This is just a small portion of the
money you'll be making.

RACHEL
It doesn't look small.

LINDSAY
This is so bad we'll be in court
years from now to make this right.

HEATHER WRIGLEY
Years from now you'll have so much
money this won't matter.

LINDSAY
So you'll redo the deal if our
first album is a hit, right?

Mercedes mutters a profanity under her breath.

MERCEDES
This is the break you talked about
bands waiting for. What if we don't
get another?

LINDSAY
A bad deal is worse than no deal,
Mercedes.

They hand their contracts back to Heather.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
Thanks for considering us.

AJ, Lindsay and Rachel turn around.

HEATHER WRIGLEY
(to Mercedes)
Can I get a minute?

Mercedes and Heather walk away from the band.

MERCEDES
Your brother never paid us.

HEATHER WRIGLEY
Did you check the glove box?

MERCEDES
We had to get here, hell or high
water, for the show.

HEATHER WRIGLEY
Can you talk to them?

MERCEDES
They're my band.

HEATHER WRIGLEY
And they're going to hold you back
from being a star.

MERCEDES
I'm just the bassist.

HEATHER WRIGLEY
They're hitching a ride on your talent.

MERCEDES
Rachel's the one everyone--

HEATHER WRIGLEY
What's your Social Blade say?

MERCEDES
I'm not the lead singer type.

HEATHER WRIGLEY
You could be Lita Ford, just oozing sex with a guitar.

Mercedes looks away in disappointment.

MERCEDES
I'm with my band, Heather.

HEATHER WRIGLEY
Think about it, please.

Mercedes looks at the band. They look at her with warm smiles. She nods.

MERCEDES
It was good seeing you.

Mercedes walks to the van.

Heather barely hides her disappointment.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Lindsay is behind the wheel.

Rachel in the passenger seat.

AJ watches as Mercedes gets into the van.

MERCEDES
She just wanted to catch up on old times, that's all.

Blake texts Rachel.

BLAKE (TEXT)
I saw the live stream. You guys crushed it!

Rachel looks at the text. She types "I wish you would" and then deletes it.

Mercedes pulls up her phone. She sees a handful of emails from Sasha. Her fingers type quickly: "I'm staying with my band. Thanks for the offer." She puts the phone down and picks up her tablet. Her hands pull up her song. It's mostly finished.

EXT. HOUSTON BAR - BACK EXIT - DAY

Rachel grabs her guitar case out of the van.

BLAKE (O.S.)
You were amazing!

Rachel sees Blake walking up to her. She places the guitar on the ground.

He goes to hug her and she motions no.

They look at each for a long moment.

RACHEL
It had to be her.

Mercedes opens the door and spots them. She closes the door quietly, keeping it open a sliver.

Blake looks at Rachel. It hits him as tears run down her face. He mutters a profanity under his breath.

BLAKE
I never noticed.

RACHEL
I thought that some day you'd see me like that.

BLAKE
I don't know what I'd do without you in my life.

RACHEL
I can't be your fiend anymore.

BLAKE
I don't know what to say.

RACHEL
Take care of yourself.

Blake walks away.

Mercedes walks out. She and Rachel look at each other for a long moment.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I had to let him down gently.

Mercedes nods knowingly.

Lindsay walks outside and sees Rachel.

LINDSAY
Are you OK?

RACHEL
I'll be fine.

AJ walks outside and looks around.

AJ
Are we going to play or do you all
want to stand around like a bunch
of slack jawed yokels?

EXT. HIGHWAY — DAY

The van drives along the highway.

An exit to a truck stop is near them.

The spare tire on the van blows out.

The van pulls over and into the truck stop.

EXT. TRUCK STOP — DAY (LATER)

Lots of trucks are parked all over.

TRUCKERS, LOT LIZARDS and PEOPLE just passing through mill
around a handful of stores and a truck repair shop.

The women get out and look at the flat.

LINDSAY
I'll see if I can find someone who
can fix this.

Lindsay walks over to a truck repair shop.

AJ
I'll try my folks.

AJ takes her phone out and walks away. She calls her mother.

Mercedes and Rachel look at each other.

RACHEL

What do you want to do?

MERCEDES

You want to change the tire?

RACHEL

Not really.

Rachel and Mercedes their guitar cases out of the van. They take their guitars out and sit down.

Rachel places her guitar case in front of her.

Mercedes grabs her tablet and pulls up her song. She hands it to Rachel.

Rachel takes her guitar out as both sit down. She places the case in front of them, open.

MERCEDES

It's a work in progress.

RACHEL

It's actually pretty good.

MERCEDES

What do you want to change?

RACHEL

The chorus, mainly.

MERCEDES

OK.

A TRUCKER (late 40s) walks over and places some money in the case. The women look up at him.

TRUCKER

Play something good.

Mercedes plays "My eyes are up here" (think "More than Words" by Extreme). Rachel joins in. They look at each other as they play. Smiles develop as their faces share the same look: I have to play with her.

A crowd develops in front of them. More cash is thrown into the case.

Lindsay and AJ walk over to the van. They watch Mercedes and Rachel play for a moment.

AJ
I got voicemail.

LINDSAY
We've got enough to fill up and
change the tire in the glove box.

AJ
Spit it out.

LINDSAY
MTV Unplugged was a big thing for a
lot of bands.

AJ
Did they ever have one called
"Plugged" where folk singers had to
play with electric guitars?

LINDSAY
Do you really think someone wanted
to hear John Denver play
"Freebird?"

AJ looks around and sees an old bucket. She grabs it and
walks over to the two. Her eyes spot the music. Her hands
play the song on the bucket.

Lindsay reaches into the van and pulls out her guitar. She
walks over and joins in.

The crowd grows. More money gets thrown in.

FADE OUT.