

INT. BLUE VAN - DAY

(LINDSEY, SAM)

LINDSEY NELSON (25) IS A DIRTY BLOND BROWN EYED WOMAN. SHE IS DRIVING THE VAN FOCUSING ON THE ROAD AHEAD OF HER.

SAM PARKER (25) IS A PHYSICALLY HANDICAPPED YOUNG MAN WHO CAN'T WALK OR TALK BUT HE HAS BRILLIANT MIND. HE SITS IN HIS MOTORIZED WHEELCHAIR BESIDES LINDSEY.

HE IS ON HIS IPAD WHICH IS ALSO HIS VOICE.

THEY SIT IN SILENCE FOR A MOMENT UNTIL LINDSEY TAKES A SIP OF HER FOUNTAIN DRINK THEN LOOKS AT SAM.

LINDSEY

Do you need a drink?

SAM LOOKS AT HER AND NODS. LINDSEY SETS HER DRINK BACK IN THE CUP HOLDER. SHE GIVES SAM A DRINK BY PICKING HIS DRINK UP AND BRINGING THE STRAW TO HIS LIPS.

SAM SIPS ON HIS DRINK FOR A SECOND THEN STOPS. LINDSEY PUTS HIS DRINK BACK IN THE RIGHT CUP HOLDER.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
(cheerfully)

So, are you ready for this?

SAM SEEMS A LITTLE NERVOUS THEN RESPONDS WITH HIS IPAD.

SAM
(On his Ipad)

I guess.

LINDSEY

You guess? Are you nervous or something?

SAM GIVES LINDSEY A OBVIOUS STARE.

SAM

(Ipad)

This is the first time that we are going out on our own. Of course, I am nervous Linds.

LINDSEY

How long have we been best friends?

SAM

(Ipad)

Fifteen years.

LINDSEY

(excited)

Exactly! So I can pretty much read you like a book and I know everything about you.

SAM

(Ipad)

Yeah, but this is different though. You don't have any help with me.

LINDSEY SCOFFS PLAYFULLY.

LINDSEY

I have taken care of you on my own before. This isn't my first time, you know.

SAM

(Ipad)

I just don't want to hurt you.

LINDSEY

You won't. Lifting you beats going to
the gym any day and having guys
staring at you.

SAM SMILES DEVIIOUSLY.

SAM

(Ipad)

I forgot you are lazy like that.

LINDSEY

Hey, I have been to the gym sometimes.

SAM STARES AT HER BLANKLY.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Even if I used you to impress a guy
and failed miserably.

SAM TYPES ON HIS IPAD.

SAM

(Ipad)

And What did he say?

SAM SMIRKS AS LINDSEY ROLLS HER EYES AT HIM.

LINDSEY

(slightly annoyed)

...He thought that I had a nice son.

SAM GIGGLES.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

What. I can't help that you look so
young.

SAM

(Ipad)

I would say...Mom!

SAM STICKS OUT HIS TONGUE AS LINDSEY PUSHES ON HIS SHOULDER.

LINDSEY
(playfully)

Stop it...Anyway this is our dream and
we agreed to do it together.

SAM SMILES WARMLY AT HER.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

You would write the songs and I would
sing them. We got talent Sam.

SAM LOOKS AT HIS IPAD AND TYPES THEN LOOKS BACK AT HIS
FRIEND.

SAM
(Ipad)

Then show them what two best friends
can do.

SAM HOLDS OUT HIS LEFT HAND FOR LINDSEY TO TAKE. LINDSEY
SMILES AND TAKE HIS HAND.

LINDSEY

Lets!!!

THE CAMERA ZOOMS OUT CLOSELY AS THE TWO ARE CLOSING IN ON THE
BUSY CITY OF LOS ANGELES.

INT. BEST FRIEND'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

(LINDSEY, SAM)

THE TWO FRIENDS LIVE IN A TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT IN BEVERLY
HILLS.

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS TO REVEAL LINDSEY STEPPING IN THEIR
NEWLY PREPARED APARTMENT WITH SAM FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND HER.

LINDSEY

Well, here we are.

SAM LOOKS AROUND AT HIS SURROUNDINGS AS LINDSEY RELAXES ON
THE COUCH. SAM PULLS UP BESIDE HER.

SAM

(Ipad)

I can't believe that your dad paid for our rent for a year.

LINDSEY

It just means that he believes in us.

SAM

(Ipad)

It also means that we got a year to get famous before we go flat broke and homeless.

LINDSEY

Which we will do in a heartbeat with my voice and your awesome song writing. You were taught how to harness that talent by my dad.

SAM

(Ipad)

Which I am grateful for.
(a pause)

Why didn't you have him write your songs instead?

LINDSEY RESTS HER HAND ON HER FACE.

LINDSEY

Because he is retired Sam. He wrote his last hit when I was ten.

SAM

(Ipad)

I would retire too if I created that song. Do you still listen to it?

LINDSEY SHOOTS HIM A FUNNY LOOK.

LINDSEY

Fifteen years!?! And you still don't
know that I listen to it everyday?
What kind of best friend are you?

LINDSEY SMIRKS AS SAM GROANS AT HER AND TYPES HIS RESPONSE.

SAM

(Ipad)

Obviously a very good and patient one
to put up with you.
(Sam puts his right arm in
the air)

What in the hell was I thinking!?!

LINDSEY NARROWS HER EYES AT HIM.

LINDSEY

(Sarcastically)

Ha ha, very funny.
(Normal voice)

You jerk.

SAM SIMPLY SMILES SMUGLY AT HER.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Anyway, Are you hungry?

SAM

(Ipad)

A little. Are you?

LINDSEY

Same. Should we just order a pizza and
just relax tonight.

SAM

(Ipad)

Sure.

INT. BEST FRIEND'S APARTMENT - LATER

(LINDSEY, SAM)

SAM AND LINDSEY ARE AT A DARK BROWN DINING TABLE EATING THEIR PIZZAS. LINDSEY SITS BY SAM'S SO SHE COULD HELP FEED HIM. THEY ARE LISTENING TO MUSIC WHILE THEY EAT; SPECIFICALLY "LIVING ON A PRAYER".

LINDSEY QUIETLY SINGS TO IT WHILE GIVING SAM A BITE. SAM SWAYS TO THE BEAT. THE SONG SOON FINISHES AS LINDSEY GRINS.

LINDSEY

Ah, a classic. Nobody beats good old
Bon Jovi.

SAM AGREES BY NODDING.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Then we came along and take the world
by storm.

SAM TYPES.

SAM

(Ipad)

Isn't it ironic?

LINDSEY

(confused)

Hmm?

TYPING AS LINDSEY WAITS FOR HIM.

SAM

(Ipad)

We are basically Tommy and Gina.

LINDSEY

What do you mean by that?

A BEAT.

SAM

(Ipad)

Well, We are not lovers but we are
living on a prayer in hopes that we
will make it big in the music world.

LINDSEY THINKS ON THIS FOR A MOMENT.

LINDSEY

Huh. I guess we are. Never thought of
it that way before.

SAM HAS A CONTENT LOOK ON HIS FACE AS LINDSEY THINKS ABOUT
SOMETHING ELSE.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Hey, remember that time?

SAM KNOWS WHAT TIME SHE IS REFERRING TO AND HE JUST SMILES
AND ANSWERS.

SAM

(Ipad)

I do.

LINDSEY

(chuckles slightly)

That was pretty awkward, wasn't it?

SAM CHUCKLES.

SAM

(Ipad)

Very.

LINDSEY

I guess that we knew pretty much
everything about each other, it
couldn't work out.

SAM

(Ipad)

And it didn't help it was our first
time kissing and I practically ate
your face off.

LINDSEY

Well, it didn't help matters more when
I tried to gag you with my tongue.

SAM SCRUNCHES HIS FACE AS IF TRYING TO FORGET THAT MEMORY.
SAM TYPES UP A RESPONSE.

SAM

(Ipad)

Yeah, we were stupid and young.
Weren't we?

LINDSEY

(giggling)

We were. Besides, I rather have you as
my best friend.

SAM

(Ipad)

Same here.

THEY SMILE GENUINELY AT EACH OTHER.

SAM (CONT'D)

(Ipad)

So what is our game plan?

LINDSEY

I thought about dropping our demo tape
off to major record labels tomorrow.
Does that sound good to you?

SAM

(Ipad)

Would it actually work? Do they even accept unsolicited material?

LINDSEY

I don't know but what choice do we have? Unless you have any better ideas.

SAM

(Ipad)

I was thinking we could go to a bar and having you sing karaoke and hope we would get noticed.

LINDSEY

Honestly I think we will have better chances going through the labels and I don't think no one that important will be in bars with karaoke.

SAM THINKS ON THIS FOR A WHILE AS LINDSEY TAKES A BITE OF HER PIZZA.

SAM

(Ipad)

I guess you are right.

LINDSEY

(Playfully)

Since when I ever been wrong?

INT. SUNDANCE RECORD LABEL - DAY

(LINDSEY, SAM)

LOOKS LIKE LINDSEY WAS WRONG AFTER ALL AS THE RECEPTIONIST IS GIVING LINDSEY HER ANSWER.

THE RECEPTIONIST
(monotone)

Sorry but we only accept material from
established writers.

LINDSEY

But we are just as good as them,
please give us the chance. I bet that
I could sing better than half of the
people that come in.

LINDSEY LOOKS AT SAM FOR SUPPORT WHO IS BY HER SIDE. SAM
SIMPLY SHRUGS AS THE RECEPTIONIST STILL LOOKS UNIMPRESSED.

THE RECEPTIONIST
(amused)

You sound just like the people that
came before you. What makes you so
special?

LINDSEY
(thinking)

Umm...Because we--

THE RECEPTIONIST

Exactly. Sorry guys but I can't help
you.

LINDSEY

But!

SAM DECIDES TO INTERVENE.

SAM
(Ipad)

Come on, Linds. They obviously don't
know talent when they see it.

THE RECEPTIONIST SENDS THEM A APOLOGETIC LOOK AS THEY TURN AROUND AND WALK OUT OF THE LABEL.

EXT. SUNDANCE RECORD LABEL - CONTINUOUS

(LINDSEY, SAM)

THE TWO FRIENDS ARE ON THE BUSY STREETS OF LOS ANGELES. SAM DECIDES TO BRIGHT UP THE MOOD.

SAM
(Ipad and smirking)

That's three.

LINDSEY

Hm. Three what?

SAM
(Ipad)

Oh, I been counting how many times you been wrong.

LINDSEY
(annoyed)

You think you could do better?

SAM
(Ipad)

Probably.

LINDSEY THEN SMILES.

LINDSEY

Aright, Let's see if you can do better then.

SHE DROPS THE DEMO IN SAM'S LAP AND LEAVING HIM A LITTLE AFRAID.

SAM
(Ipad)

Ok sure...
(His face grows unsure)

No problem.

LINDSEY

Good. Now on to the next label.

SHE LEAVES SAM WITH A LESS CONFIDENT EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE.

INT. RAZZLE DAZZLE RECORD LABEL - DAY

(LINDSEY, SAM)

SAM AND LINDSEY MAKES THEIR WAY TO THE RECEPTION DESK BUT LINDSEY TAKES A SEAT IN THE LOBBY.

SAM LOOKS BACK AT HER BUT SHE JUST GESTURES FOR HIM TO CONTINUE. SAM LOOKS BACK AT THE DESK AND SLOWLY APPROACHES IT.

THERE IS A YOUNG BRUNETTE, MISTY (24) TYPING AWAY ON HER COMPUTER. SAM CLOSES THE GAP AND STARES NERVOUSLY AT HER. SHE NOTICES HIM AND SMILES.

MISTY

(cheery)

Why hello there. Welcome to Razzle

Dazzle Records, How can I help you

cutie?

SAM INSTANTLY BLUSHES AND LOOKS DOWN AT HIS IPAD AND TYPES.

SAM

(Ipad)

Hi, My name is Sam Parker.

MISTY

Hi Sam, my name is Misty Peterson.

SAM TYPES.

SAM

(Ipad)

Wow, you are nice compared to the

other labels we been to.

MISTY

Well thanks, I try to be. The world
needs laughter and kindness in a once
in a while.

SAM'S CONFIDENCE GROWS AS HE WRITES.

SAM

(Ipad)

Could you share some of that kindness.

MISTY

Perhaps. What do you need?

SAM TYPES.

SAM

(Ipad)

Well, me and my friend are songwriters
and we are new to the city. We got a
demo for you to pass to your higher
ups.

MISTY FROWNS A LITTLE.

MISTY

Oh Honey...Sorry but we don't accept
anything from newcomers.

SAM BECOMES DISAPPOINTED.

SAM

(Ipad)

Oh, I see. Well, thanks anyway.

SAM STARTS TO WHEEL AWAY AS MISTY SEES HIS DISAPPOINTMENT
THEN STOPS HIM.

MISTY

Hold on.

SAM TURNS AROUND TO FACE HER.

MISTY (CONT'D)

While I can't give new demos to my
bosses, I pass along demos from people
I really trust.

SAM IS COMPLETELY OBVIOUS TO WHAT MISTY IS TRYING TO SAY.

SAM

(Ipad)

What does that mean?

MISTY SMILES.

MISTY

What do you say if we meet sometime
and get to know each other. It sounds
like you need some help getting around
in this business.

SAM SMILES THEN RESPONDS.

SAM

(Ipad)

We certainly do

MISTY WRITES DOWN HER NUMBER ON A PIECE OF PAPER.

MISTY

(writing her number)

You know, This is the very first time
I am giving my number out to a
complete stranger.

SAM

(Ipad)

What makes me so special?

MISTY

Because everyone has to start from
somewhere and I like meeting new
people.

MISTY FINISHES WRITING DOWN HER NUMBER AND HANDS IT TO SAM.

MISTY (CONT'D)

Now I better let you go back to your
girlfriend.

SAM LOOKS AT LINDSEY COMPLETELY FORGETTING SHE IS WITH HIM.
LINDSEY IS MINDING HER OWN BUSINESS ON HER PHONE. SAM LOOKS
BACK AT MISTY AND TYPES.

SAM

(Ipad)

Actually, we are not dating. We have
been best friends for fifteen years.

MISTY

Oh. Nice.

SAM TYPES.

SAM

We did kiss once though as teenagers.

MISTY

(curious)

What was that like?

SAM WINCES AND RESPONDS.

SAM

(Ipad)

Well, it was like having Gene
Simmion's tongue in your mouth trying
to gag you.

MISTY SNICKERS WHICH CATCHES LINDSEY ATTENTION. LINDSEY LOOKS AT THEM UNKNOWING WHAT IS GOING ON AS SAM WAVES SHEEPISHLY AT HER. LINDSEY WAVES BACK CONFUSED AS MISTY'S GIGGLING DIES DOWN.

SAM (CONT'D)

(Ipad)

Please don't tell her I said that.

MISTY

Your secret is safe with me.

SAM

(Ipad)

I better go before she gets suspicious. I will text you later and figure out a time.

MISTY

Ok. Good luck with the hunt.

SAM

(Ipad)

Thanks.

SAM GOES TOWARD LINDSEY AND STOPS IN FRONT OF HER. A BEAT PASSES AND LINDSEY DECIDES TO SPEAK UP.

LINDSEY

(puzzled)

So.

SAM

(Ipad)

I will tell you on the way, Gene.

EXT. LUNCH CAFE - DAY

(LINDSEY, SAM)

THE TWO DECIDED TO TAKE A BREAK FOR LUNCH, THEY SIT AT A TABLE OUTSIDE AND EAT THEIR SALADS. LINDSEY SEEMS A LITTLE DISCOURAGED AND SAM NOTICES AND TRIES TO CALM HER DOWN.

SAM

(Ipad)

Don't tell me that you are giving up already. This is only the first day.

LINDSEY

I know. I just figured this would be easy since we got talent.

SAM

(Ipad)

These things take time and hard work Linds. Some singers and writers didn't get their first break on day one.

SAM SMIRKS AND MAKES AN ATTEMPT TO CHEER LINDSEY UP.

SAM (CONT'D)

(Ipad)

And besides, they will grovel at our feet soon enough. When they see what we can do.

LINDSEY

(smiling a little)

I suppose so.

LINDSEY TAKES A DRINK AND GIVES SAM A BITE. SAM LOOKS LIKE THAT HE HAS AN IDEA.

SAM

(Ipad)

Wasn't your uncle in the music business at one point?

LINDSEY

Yeah. Why?

SAM

(Ipad)

Doesn't he have any connections that we can use?

LINDSEY

I doubt it, he retired years ago.

SAM

(Ipad)

Oh, I see.

LINDSEY

Besides, we also agreed to make it on our own without any help from our families. I want to make our own legacy.

SAM

(Ipad)

I was just thinking about our options.

LINDSEY

I know. I appreciate you coming up with options. Lord knows we need all of the help we can get.

LINDSEY TAKES A BITE OF HER SALAD.

SAM

(Ipad)

Why did your uncle retire again?

LINDSEY

To take care of my aunt and Nick when he was a baby. His family was more important to them than fame.

SAM

(Ipad)

And they live in Mallibu?

LINDSEY

Yep. They move there recently.

LINDSEY SIGHS AS SHE LOOKS TOWARDS THE SKY. SAM SEES THIS AND TYPES.

SAM

(Ipad)

You miss your dad, don't you?

LINDSEY

(sad)

This is the first time I ever been away from him. I just hope he is doing okay.

SAM SMILES AND COMFORTS LINDSEY.

SAM

(Ipad)

I am sure that he is okay. He raised you on his own since you are a baby, didn't he?

LINDSEY

(Smiling)

Ever since mom died having me, He has step up and he has been a great dad. So I guess he deserves a break, huh?

SAM NODS AS HE HITS BUTTONS ON HIS IPAD.

SAM

(Ipad)

Then what the heck are we doing?

LINDSEY LOOKS AT HIM STRANGELY.

SAM (CONT'D)

We are supposed to be making our families proud. We are not accomplishing nothing by sitting here eating.

LINDSEY GRINS BIG AND GRABS HER PURSE.

LINDSEY
(digging around for money)

All right. Where to boss?

SAM POINTS TO HIS RIGHT SIDE AND TAKES OFF. THIS LEAVES LINDSEY AMUSED AT HIS ANTICS.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - SUNSET

(LINDSEY, SAM)

SAM AND LINDSEY ARE WALKING SIDE BY SIDE IN THE STREETS OF LOS ANGELES, WITH LINDSEY LOOKING DOWN AND LITTLE DEFEATED AND SAM WATCHING AHEAD OF HIM.

LINDSEY

That's three more labels that turned us down. I thought that plan would of worked.

SAM TAKES HIS HAND OFF OF HIS CONTROLLER TO RESPOND. LINDSEY LOOKS AT HIM AND STOPS.

SAM
(Ipad)

How is me pretending to have cancer worked?

LINDSEY

I thought they would feel sorry for you and let us in.

SAM ROLLS HIS EYES.

SAM

(Ipad)

Luckily, they didn't believe us.

LINDSEY

I wouldn't believe us either
especially with your make belief
coughing.

SAM

(Ipad)

The coughing was pretty convincing if
you ask me.

LINDSEY

Oh really?

SAM NODS.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

(Sarcastically)

Then lets hear your great coughing
skills.

SAM HESITATES THEN LETS OUT THE MOST PUNY COUGH.

SAM

(Ipad)

See?

LINDSEY

(Unimpressed)

Wow, you have completely blown me
away. You deserve an Oscar for that
stunning performance.

SAM REALIZES HE SUCKS AT COUGHING AND LIGHTLY ELBOWS HER
STOMACH THEN TYPES.

SAM

(Ipad)

Shut up.

LINDSEY CHUCKLES.

LINDSEY

Let's hit two more labels then go
home.

LINDSEY WALKS OFF AND SAM SLOWLY FOLLOWS BUT STOPS. HE
NOTICES A BAR SIGN ON HIS RIGHT. HE NOTICES A DIFFERENT SIGN
ON THE BAR'S WINDOW AND SMILES LIKE HE HAS A PLAN. LINDSEY
STOPS AND LOOKS AT HIM.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

(to Sam)

Coming?

HE LOOKS AT HER GRINNING.

SAM

(Ipad)

I think that I need a drink first.

INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

(LINDSEY, SAM)

LINDSEY AND SAM ARE HAVING A DRINK IN A BAR WITH SAM AT THE
END OF THE TABLE. THE TWO FRIENDS ARE HAVING LIGHT AND SWEET
DRINKS.

SAM LOOKS AT HIS WATCH AS HE IS WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO
START. LINDSEY WATCHES HIM WITH INTEREST AND GIVES HIM A
DRINK.

LINDSEY

(Curiously)

Any other reason that you wanted to
come here?

SAM

(Ipad)

Can't we relax and have a drink? We
been running around all day.

LINDSEY CONTINUES TO EYE SAM AS SHE IS TAKING A DRINK. THIS
ANNOYS SAM A LITTLE.

SAM (CONT'D)

(Ipad)

What?

LINDSEY

I know that you are up to something.

SAM

(Ipad)

And how do you know that?

SAM SMIRKS.

LINDSEY

(deadpan)

Fifteen years.

SAM

(Ipad)

True.

SAM NOTICES THE BARTENDER GOING UP ON THE STAGE WHERE VARIOUS
MACHINES ARE SET UP AND TURNS THEM ON. SAM LOOKS AND SMILES
AT LINDSEY.

SAM (CONT'D)

(Ipad)

You are right. You know me far too
well.

THE BARTENDER

Ladies and gentlemen, it's time for
karaoke night. Who wants to go first?

LINDSEY LOOKS LIKE SHE SEES A GHOST FOR A MOMENT THEN SHE GLARES AT SAM.

SAM

(Ipad)

Sweetheart, I am not done yet.

SAM RAISES HIS HAND TO CATCH THE BARTENDER'S ATTENTION. LINDSEY TRIES TO PUT SAM'S HAND DOWN BUT IT'S TOO LATE.

THE BARTENDER

Oh, It looks like we got a volunteer.

SAM THEN POINTS TO LINDSEY.

THE BARTENDER (CONT'D)

She wants to sing?

SAM NODS FURIOUSLY.

THE BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Okay then. Come up here miss.

LINDSEY SHOOTS A ONE LAST LOOK AT SAM WHO IS SMILING AS SHE IS GETTING UP AND MAKES HER WAY TO THE STAGE NERVOUSLY. SHE GETS UP TO THE STAGE AND STANDS IN FRONT OF THE MIC.

THE BARTENDER PLAYS A SONG THAT IS SO FAMILIAR TO LINDSEY THAT WHEN SHE HEARS THE MELODY; SHE IS INSTANTLY CALM AND AT EASE. SHE CLOSES HER EYES AND STARTS TO SING.

LINDSEY

(singing)

*On the day you were born, the lord
sent me a wonderful gift. A precious
baby daughter, I bowed my head and
thanked the lord. Your mother died
shortly after but your tiny eyes
pierced my heart. Then I knew that I
couldn't give you up, So sweetheart,
here's a lullaby for you.*

SHE GIVES A WARM SMILE TO THE CROWD AS SHE SINGS THE CHORUS.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

(singing)

Oh sweet angel, you mean the world to me. I promise you that you will have a great life and remember you are daddy's special angel. Oh sweet angel, you mean the world to me. I promise you that you will have a great life and remember you are daddy's special angel.

AS THE PIANO SOLO PLAYS, SAM WATCHES LINDSEY WITH CONTENT. SOMEONE COMES AND TOUCHES SAM'S SHOULDER. HE TURNS TO SEE WHO TOUCHED HIM. IT IS MISTY WHO IS SMILING AT HIM AND HE RETURNS HER SMILE.

MISTY

Hey there.

SAM TYPES.

SAM

(Ipad)

Hey, What are you doing here?

MISTY

I came here to relax and have a drink.

SAM

(Ipad)

Cool, cool.

MISTY LOOKS AT LINDSEY.

MISTY

Your friend sings beautifully.

SAM

(Ipad)

She usually does when she is singing
this song.

MISTY

Oh, I take it that she really must
like this song?

SAM

(Ipad)

Well, Her dad wrote this song when he
was rasing her as a single parent.

MISTY

(Surprised)

Oh really?

SAM

(Ipad)

It means that much that to her and she
sings it with passion every time she
hears it.

MISTY

What happened to her mother.

SAM'S FACE GROWS SAD.

SAM

(Ipad)

She died during child birth.

MISTY

I am sorry to hear that.

MISTY GOES BACK WATCHING LINDSEY AS THE SOLO ENDS.

LINDSEY

(Singing)

*You will always have a shoulder to cry
on. I will be your pillar of strength.
I will always be there for you. My
love is strong.*

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

(Singing)

*Oh sweet angel, you mean the world to
me. I promise you that you will have a
great life and remember you are
daddy's special angel.*

LINDSEY OPENS HER EYES TO DELIVER THE FINAL CHORUS WITH EMOTION.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

(Singing)

*Oh sweet angel, you mean the world to
me. I promise you that you will have a
great life and remember you are
daddy's special angel.*

THE SONGS END AND EVERYONE CLAPS FOR HER EXCEPT FOR SAM WHO IS BEAMING AT HER. LINDSEY MAKES HER WAY BACK TO SAM.

SAM

(Ipad)

You were great Lindz.

LINDSEY

Well next time you do this, you are
going up with me buddy.

LINDSEY LOOKS AT MISTY.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Hey, Aren't you the receptionist from
Razzle Dazzle?

MISTY
(cheerfully)

I am.

LINDSEY

What are you doing here?

MISTY

I came here to relax. Taking calls all
day can be quite boring. You have a
beautiful voice by the way.

LINDSEY

Thanks.

SAM LOOKS AROUND AS IF LOOKING FOR SOMEONE. LINDSEY CATCHES
THIS.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
(to Sam)

Sam? What's wrong?

SAM
(Ipad)

Looking for producers to notice you.

LINDSEY

Why would producers come to a Karaoke
bar?

SAM LOOKS AT HER LIKE SHE IS STUPID.

SAM
(Ipad)

To sing karaoke duh.

LINDSEY

That's not what I meant, smartass. I mean why would producers come to a lowly karaoke bar.

SAM

Can't hurt to try.

MISTY CHUCKLES AT THE EXCHANGE.

MISTY

Actually, we are looking for demo singers if you are interested.

LINDSEY

That is not our plan though.

SAM

(Ipad)

Yeah...

THERE IS AN AWKWARD PAUSE AND THEN MISTY THINKS UP OF SOMETHING.

MISTY

One of the higher ups that I work for is on vacation for a month. I am sure when he gets back.

(A beat)

I could put a very good word in for you and arrange a meeting to have him listen to some of your guy's work.

SAM AND LINDSEY'S FACES ARE IN AWE.

LINDSEY
(stunned)

Really!?

MISTY

Yeah!

SAM TYPES.

SAM
(Ipad)

I thought you said you are not allowed
to pass material from strangers.

MISTY

Well, let's get to know each other
right now.

MISTY SITS IN A BOOTH.

MISTY (CONT'D)
(Smiling)

Well. What do you two say?

SAM AND LINDSEY SHARE A SMILE AND JOINS MISTY.

MISTY (CONT'D)

So. Where are you two from?

LINDSEY

Well.

THE CAMERA ZOOMS OUT AS LINDSEY TALKS WHILE SAM IS ENJOYING
THE CONVERSATION.

SAM
(Voice Over)

*That is how our journey in the music
industry got started and it really
tested me and lindsey's friendship.*

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

I can't believe we are still best friends to this very and important day. What day am I talking about? Well, let's not get ahead of ourselves, shall we? This story is only the beginning.

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT.