



BAND FREAKS

by

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5th Draft
April 9th, 2021
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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN MIDWESTERN HOME - MORNING

AUTUMN. The Midwest. Colorful fall foliage is on display.

SUPER: The Detroit Suburbs, 1987.

A small suburban neighborhood home.

A teenage boy's FILTHY bedroom.

Progressive Rock (Prog-Rock) band posters litter his walls; Rush, Genesis, Pink Floyd, YES and a band called...

HOC TUEY (the phonetic pronunciation of expectorating and spitting). They are three young, serious, bare-chested, MALE band members with arms crossed. Long hair, blue eye shadow, wearing Asian-influenced silk robes.

They look GLORIOUS.

CHARLIE SHAE (16), a sandy-haired, slightly husky kid, sits on his bed in his Superman Underoos underwear and beat up over-sized t-shirt that reads LUDWIG DRUMS.

He puts on HUGE '80s-style headphones, drops the needle on a spinning record, turns the volume knob to 11, and gets ready to ROCK.

The band - Prog Rock Gods, RUSH.

The music - BLARES.

Eyes closed, totally engrossed, drum sticks in hand - then a twirl - Charlie begins to crazily air drum to the music...

Hands and sticks are an absolute blur.

Suddenly, DECLAN SHAE (mid-50s), Charlie's father, dressed in a long black silk Asian robe, tighty-whiteys and HUGE curly black Rock 'n Roll hair, crashes through the door.

He seems to be morning drunk. Again.

DECLAN
(slurred British accent - yelling)
Charlie-boy!

Charlie jumps - slams his headphones off.

CHARLIE
Jesus Dad - what?

DECLAN
Have you looked at the time, mate?

Charlie looks at the digital clock: 8:06 AM

CHARLIE
Shit. I'm late!

Charlie ditches the headphones, dashes through the room - grabs jeans, jean jacket and powder blue JOURNEY iron-on T-shirt.

Declan stumbles, falls on Charlie's bed, gets comfy - immediately starts snoring.

Somehow, Charlie avoids various shredded drumsticks and musical equipment scattered around the house and impressively dresses while running.

Finally, he grabs drum sticks and his Trapper Keeper folder - shoves it under his arm, and is off SPRINTING out the back door...

Progressive Rock music continues and kicks into high gear...

OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

TITLE CARD: BAND FREAKS

EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARDS - MORNING

Charlie runs through backyards and jumps over multiple backyard fences through his tree-lined neighborhood.

He falls a few times.

SOD IN MOUTH, spits it out, gets back up - keeps running.

SONG FADES OUT as he runs into the school main doors...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - MORNING - FIRST BELL

SUPER: Berkley High School. Berkley, Michigan.

Panting and out of breath, Charlie runs LATE into class and finds one empty seat, luckily next to CHRIS KAY (17), A blonde, popular preppy kid wearing a high-collared IZOD polo shirt and khaki's. Bright white Bass boat shoes are included.

Chris immediately sizes Charlie up and smirks.

Fresh meat.

He leans in and whispers to him.

CHRIS
(quietly)
Journey's a chick band, fat ass.

Students snicker.

Humiliated, Charlie uses his arms to cover his chubby boy boobs. Looks ahead - ignores Chris.

Chris notices the multitude of band logos expertly and meticulously hand drawn ALL OVER Charlie's Trapper Keeper.

Chris leans in again.

CHRIS
(quietly again)
Are you one of those Prog Rock homos -
dip shit?

Angry, Charlie turns to him and snaps.

CHARLIE
I'm not the one with feathered blonde-
tipped dyed hair - dip shit.

The class collectively gasps.

CHRIS
Ohhh - nice comeback, dweeb. Where are
you from, some shit hole city like
Flint or something?

CHARLIE
(proudly)
Detroit, actually.

CHRIS
Oh God - worse!

CHARLIE
Don't flatter yourself - this city has
nothing on Detroit, douchebag.

Desks, chairs squeal - they're standing in a stare-off. Chris towers over Charlie.

Suddenly, Chris sends Charlie's Trapper Keeper folder flying across the room to the feet of teacher, MR. BLAIR (late-50s), a semi-hip, '80s square glasses-wearing, mustachioed current affairs teacher.

Mr. Blair grabs the Trapper Keeper from the ground.

MR. BLAIR

OK, OK, you two, knock it off and take a seat.

Chris and Charlie back off and sit down.

MR. BLAIR (CONT'D)

You must be Charlie Shae. Welcome to Berkley High. I see you've met Mr. wonderful, Chris Kay.

(to Chris)

Try to be nice to the new kid once in awhile, will ya Chris?

Mr. Blair studies the band logos and expert doodles of drum sets on the folder.

MR. BLAIR (CONT'D)

Mr. Shae, are you a musician by any chance?

CHARLIE

Yeah, I ummm, play drums. Was in concert, symphonic, orchestra, pep and jazz bands at my old school. Oh - and marching band.

Students snicker.

CHRIS

(coughing under his breath, hand over mouth)

Hrrmmmmph band geek.

The classroom erupts in laughter. Charlie gives Chris a dirty look, side-eyed.

MR. BLAIR

(yelling at the class)

Quiet down, you animals!

(calmer at Charlie)

Well, I happen to be the interim band teacher. Maybe I'll see you later in sixth hour?

He nods, while Mr. Blair hands the folder back to Charlie.

Across the room, TED KING (16), a short, pudgy, but lovably cute band geek wearing a THE TUBES iron-on band t-shirt, sees the interaction.

He also sizes Charlie up - only he thinks his Journey t-shirt is AWESOME.

He smirks and nods with approval at Charlie.

TED
(mouthing quietly to himself)
Journey. Yesssssssss.

MR. BLAIR
Okay folks, open your books to page
thirty-two, where we'll start learning
about the theory of (sarcastic air
quotes) "Trickle Down Economics."

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

The bell rings. Charlie bolts from the room, head down.

Ted tries to follow Charlie, but he is lugging his HUGE acoustic bass case clumsily behind him - it has to be over six feet tall or more.

Struggling, he continuously hits students with the case trying to keep up. They look back at him - ANNOYED.

The final bell rings and kids duck into classrooms.

From behind his bass case, Ted watches Charlie disappear down the hallway.

Quickly, he walks into the doorway of his next class and WHACKS the top of the bass case on the doorway.

A huge BANG.

Two preppie girls walk past, covering their ears. He embarrassingly smiles, shrugs.

TED
Has a mind of its own.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - NOON

Charlie walks alone through the school lunch line - Walkman

headphones around his neck.

Mr. Blair is now behind the lunch counter wearing a hair net, large safety goggles and food prep gloves. Looks more like he's teaching science than serving lunch.

He serves food to kids in line.

MR. BLAIR

Hey there Charlie, what can I get you?

CHARLIE

(surprised)

Oh, hey - Mr. Blair. How about a corn dog and some fries?

Mr. Blair prepares Charlie's food tray and slides it to him.

MR. BLAIR

(whispers)

Gave you a couple of extra fries there for your first day at the new school. You're welcome.

Charlie grabs some fries - stuffs them in his mouth.

MR. BLAIR (CONT'D)

See you in sixth hour for band, right?

CHARLIE

(mouth full)

Mmmm Hmmm.

He gets a smile and thumbs up from Blair.

Walking through the cafeteria, preppy kids smirk and snort at his ultra-tight and bulgy Journey T-shirt

Finally, he finds a space alone at a long table.

Ted sits at the other end watching Charlie eat. His huge bass case rests next to him, obstructing his view, but he peeks around it.

Charlie notices, and every time he looks over at Ted, he looks away.

Weird.

Slightly freaked out, Charlie puts on his Walkman headphones and pushes play on the cassette player.

CLICK.

Loud muffled music is blaring from the under his headphones - it's rhythmic and heavy.

Charlie bites his corn dog and is suddenly swept away by the music. He lightly taps on the cafeteria table to the music, and is soon enthusiastically POUNDING on the table to the music, eyes closed.

Ted notices - watches wide-eyed and smiles over the bass case at Charlie.

TED
(whispering)
A drummer. Yesssssssssssss.

Lunchroom students take notice - snicker at Charlie and his wild antics.

A girl across the cafeteria is entranced...

TRACY MOONEY (16), a freckled-faced girl with long brown hair, dressed like a Hippie, is smiling at him. She is sitting with her friend, RITA (16).

TRACY
Do you know that boy?

RITA
The kid beating the living shit out of the lunch table? Ummm, no. Absolutely not.

Tracy watches Charlie - chuckles as she watches.

TRACY
He's a-dorable...

RITA
(rolls eyes)
He's a-dork.

Charlie's table is now ROCKING with every rhythmic fist hit.

Ted is almost knocked off the end of the lunch table from the wild movement.

Charlie is so engulfed in the music, that the entire lunch room has STOPPED what they're doing to watch.

MR. BLAIR, now the lunch room monitor, sees Charlie's solo table performance and the attention it is getting.

He intervenes.

MR. BLAIR
(lifting one headphone)
Hey! -

Charlie is immediately ejected from his musical dream world.

CHARLIE
Jesus - Mr. Blair. You scared the shit
out of me. I--

Total silence.

Charlie looks around to see the ENTIRE lunchroom staring at him.

THEN - the lunchroom erupts in laughter. Charlie looks mortified and runs out.

MR. BLAIR
(shouting after him)
Charlie - wait!

Ted slides down to Charlie's lunch tray, reaches over and grabs, then eats, Charlie's half-eaten corn dog.

YUM.

TED
(whispering to himself)
Corn dog. Yesssssssssss.

Tracy watches Charlie run out - looks concerned.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Charlie is in the bathroom stall on the toilet.

He ducks and checks under the stall doors to see if he's alone. He is.

Another CLICK.

His Walkman is again on FULL BLAST.

From outside the stall, loud muffled music blasts from his headphones. He again rocks out to the music - tapping on the

side of the stall, toilet paper dispenser - everywhere he can.

The stall shakes.

Meanwhile, CHRIS KAY walks in with several popular kids and hears the loud music coming from the stall. He peeks through the stall slots - Charlie is sitting on the toilet - pants around ankles - rocking out.

Chris smirks.

CHRIS
(quietly to the other boys)
Watch this.

He steps back and violently KICKS the door stall door wide open, exposing Charlie on the toilet.

Charlie is MOTIONLESS AND PETRIFIED.

CHRIS
What are you doing in there - jacking
off?

CHARLIE
What the hell!

Charlie covers his crotch with the Walkman.

Hysterical laughing.

They point at the sight of Charlie on the toilet - pants at feet, headphones on, Walkman covering his junk.

MR. BLAIR walks in with a rolling bucket and mop and quickly assesses the situation.

MR. BLAIR
Get out of here, you animals!

Chris and his posse quickly leave. Charlie kicks the door shut - again demoralized.

Silence.

Mr. Blair begins quietly mopping the floor.

MR. BLAIR
You OK in there?

CHARLIE
(from behind the stall door)
Yeah, I'm good.

MR. BLAIR
Can't catch a break today, eh?

No response.

MR. BLAIR (CONT'D)
Don't let those guys get to you.

CHARLIE
I'm used to that kind of stuff I
guess.

MR. BLAIR
I get it. I've been there. I'd say
they were harmless, but, you know...

More awkward silence.

Mr. Blair continues mopping. Charlie flushes the toilet and
exits the stall to wash his hands.

Charlie fixes his messy hair in the mirror, making it even
messier - over his reddened, welling eyes.

He goes to leave. Blair leans on his mop.

MR. BLAIR
Hey, the fall dance is this Friday and
I'm the DJ. They call me (air quotes)
"DJ Danger." You should come by -
maybe meet some kids.

CHARLIE
(tentative)
Yeah, I don't know...

MR. BLAIR
Come on - I'll even play some of those
bands on your Trapper Keeper.

CHARLIE
Eh - I'm not really into dances and
that kind of stuff.

MR. BLAIR
Who is? Hey, for kicks I'll play a
Prog song and we can watch the girls

make a beeline for the exit. What do you say?

Charlie chuckles.

CHARLIE

OK - maybe I'll swing by...

Charlie finishes washing his hands and quietly leaves.

Mr. Blair pauses mopping and watches Charlie exit. He shakes his head.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - BAND AND ORCHESTRA ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Charlie stands behind two large tympani drums.

Mr. Blair enthusiastically directs the orchestra band from behind the music stand. They attempt "Also Sprach Zarathustra," the famous theme song from the movie "2001: A Space Odyssey."

Horns are off key. There is horrific screeching from clarinets. The flutes sound like they're dying.

TED is in the corner with string section, deftly playing his huge stand up acoustic double bass.

The music moves into the crescendo and Mr. Blair points to Charlie for the big tympani moment in the song:

BOOM BOOM - BOOM BOOM - BOOM BOOM - BOOOOOOM!

He executes it flawlessly and dramatically.

Charlie looks up - the band class has stopped playing and are silent, staring at him - *different* than the lunch room.

Instead, they are AMAZED at his performance.

MR. BLAIR

(To Charlie)

Have you played that piece before?

CHARLIE

Nope. Never. I mean, I've heard it before and have seen 2001 of course. But no - never played it.

MR. BLAIR

I'm impressed Charlie. I'm glad you're

here.

(pointing to the band)
But for the rest of you, I'm not glad
you're here. That was absolutely
terrible. Horrific even. Let's go
again.

Students groan.

In the corner of the room, Ted smiles once again at the
interaction with Charlie.

TED
(whispering to himself)
Space Odyssey. Yesssssssss.

Mr. Blair taps his conductor wand on the music stand and
counts the band back in at the top of the song. More awful
instrument sounds.

The drummers in the back row mess around during the piece.

SUDDENLY, Mr. Blair winds up and CHUCKS a chalk eraser at
their heads. They duck just before they are pegged in the
head.

They crack up as it whizzes by. Close call...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATER THAT DAY

The last bell of the day rings and Charlie walks out of the
band room alone, head down.

Drinking at the water fountain, he looks up at the flyer
taped above it. It reads:

The Fall Dance with "DJ Danger" Mr. Blair this Friday, 4pm-
6pm.

In the corner of the hallway, Ted, looking behind his massive
bass case, observes Charlie's interest in the dance.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Declan is lounging on the couch in another black silk robe -
this time with embroidered Asian tigers. He pulls a bottle of
sherry out from under the couch cushion he's sitting on -
takes a quick slug.

Declan watches the ABC After School Special, "Just Topsy
Honey," about an alcoholic parent. The scene where the

daughter confronts her suburban mom about her tumbler of wine is playing.

Charlie walks in the front door deflated from school with a paper bag full of groceries.

Quickly, Declan HIDES the sherry bottle back under the cushion...

TV AUDIO (O.S.)

"Gee, Mom. You said this was apple juice. Smells a lot like wine to me..."

DECLAN

Ah - there you are Charlie! How was first day at the new school?

A slight beat as he thinks.

CHARLIE

Let's see. If I were to describe my day in a word, that word would be - SHITTY. Really, really shitty.

Charlie plops onto the couch - puts the bag of groceries on the coffee table.

DECLAN

Oh dear, what happened?

CHARLIE

From the top?

DECLAN

Please.

CHARLIE

Well, you were morning drunk, I was late, I get called fat and a homo by the school douchebag - and then, I come home to you day drinking again, watching an ABC After School Special - *about parental day drinking...*

Declan feels for the stashed sherry bottle under the cushion - tries to look innocent.

Charlie gives him an annoyed knowing look, then grabs a box of brown sugar and cinnamon pop-tarts out of the grocery bag - tears it open, stuffs one in his mouth - then throws the box

to Declan. He catches it...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 (mouth full)
 ...So yeah - that was my day. Like I
 said - shitty.

Silence.

Declan desperately holds back laughter while also eating a
 pop-tart.

CHARLIE
 What's so funny?

DECLAN
 I'm sorry old boy - but the "After
 School Special" part cracked me up...

CHARLIE
 (angry)
 C'mon Dad! This is serious stuff.
 Another new city - school? We can't
 outrun every landlord you've screwed
 over...

Declan gets serious.

DECLAN
 Charlie, I promise, after this last
 royalty check comes through, I will
 get a job and things will get better--

CHARLIE
 There aren't any more royalty checks
 coming. You haven't gotten one in like
 months.
 (pause)
 I dunno, maybe it's time to finally
 get your shit together?

DECLAN
 Look, I'm doing the best I can. This
 isn't the '70s anymore. Things aren't
 what they used to be. Hell, I'm not
 what I used to be...

CHARLIE
 Yeah - no shit.

DECLAN
 (angrily)
 Charlie!

CHARLIE
 Seriously, how hard can it be to find
 a job?

DECLAN
 Oh sure, I'll just put on a coat and
 tie, walk right out the front door,
 find a bloke and say, "'Ello mate -
 'ow 'bout a job, Gov?" And he'll say,
 "What kind of experience do you have?"
 and I'll say, "Twenty years of Rock
 and Roll - what you got for me?" And
 he'll say, "Fook off."

A beat.

CHARLIE
 That was a little over the top, don't
 you think?

DECLAN
 It's true--

CHARLIE
 (frustrated)
 In three years I'll be out of school,
 then I'm leaving this shit state - so
 you need to figure this out!

DECLAN
 Have at it - I can take care of
 myself!

Charlie rolls his eyes, while Declan crosses his arms and
 stuffs another pop-tart in his pie hole. An angry silence as
 they stare at each other.

Then, Declan suddenly breaks the standoff - smiles.

DECLAN
 Maybe this will cheer you up.

Declan pulls a record album out from behind the couch and
 hands it to Charlie. It is the album "Jazz" by the band
 Queen.

Charlie's anger seems to melt away. He pulls the album to his

chest...

CHARLIE

Queen. Thank you, Pops. Where did you find it?

DECLAN

Sam's Jams down in Ferndale. I knew you'd like it. Special edition you know, Charlie-boy.

Charlie puts the record on a large credenza-sized stereo and drops the needle. The song "Bicycle Races" BLARES. Declan and Charlie both sing along enthusiastically - together.

DECLAN AND CHARLIE

(with Freddie Mercury singing)

Bicycle! Bicycle!...

Laughs.

DECLAN AND CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(Freddie Mercury singing)

I want to ride my bicycle, bicycle,
bicycle I want to ride my bike, I want
to ride my bicycle, I want to ride it
where I like!

DECLAN

(shouting above the music)

Check out the insert - it has the race poster, you know.

The race poster is naked women on '70s 10-speed bicycles.

Charlie pulls out poster insert like a Playboy centerfold, twisting above him for different angles.

Soon, Declan leans back and falls asleep. More snoring. Pop Tart crumbs lay over his bare, hairy chest and silk robe.

Charlie sees this, and covers him with a blanket. He shakes his head at his Dad's impromptu afternoon nap.

He gets up and starts tidying up around Declan - empty sherry bottles hidden under couch cushions, empty pop-tart boxes, dirty drinking glasses - brings them to the kitchen...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - EVENING

The school dance is in full swing.

MR. BLAIR is at the DJ booth - headphones on, mixing records, dancing like an out of touch Dad. Hands over head - GROOVING.

MR. BLAIR

(in DJ microphone)

Alright, alright - some Bananarama
there for ya. Now, get ready to shake
your booty to Lisa Lisa and the Cult
Jam - "Head to Toe" - Heyyyyyyyyyy!

CHARLIE walks tentatively into the gym and stands in the corner alone, now a wallflower.

Mr. Blair sees him and waves. Charlie waves embarrassingly back.

TRACY, the girl from the cafeteria and her friend RITA sway slightly to the music. Tracy nudges Rita when Charlie walks in. Tracy smiles.

CHRIS KAY dances like a douchebag on the dance floor with DANA (17), his pretty, preppy blonde girlfriend, dressed in IZOD from head to toe. Side ponytail - pink scrunchy included.

TED, wearing a King Crimson iron on T-shirt, is standing in the back of the gym, watching Charlie. No bass case, he now hides behind a corner gym pillar and peeks around it.

Mr. Blair plays "Working for the Weekend" by the band Loverboy. Charlie and Ted both pump their fists excitedly in UNISON when it starts...

Seeing this, Ted finally gets the nerve to stand next to Charlie. He shouts over the loud music.

TED

Finally - not a crappy pop song, huh?

CHARLIE

Yes, finally. I love this awful song.
Loverboy - they're terribly awesome!

They laugh.

LOVERBOY

(Singing)

"Everybody's working for the weekend.
Everybody wants a little romance
Everybody's goin' off the deep end
Everybody needs a second chance..."

Ted puts out his hand.

TED

Hey, I'm Ted. We're in first and sixth hour together.

CHARLIE

Hey - yeah. I noticed you stalking me all week. I'm Charlie.

TED

You did? Even with that huge bass case in the way?

CHARLIE

Are you serious right now?

They shake hands.

TED

Sorry about that. I just figured anyone standing up to Chris Kay and wearing a Journey T-shirt would, you know, eventually be a friend of mine.

CHARLIE

What's up with that dude, huh?

TED

Total dick. I'm glad someone finally stood up to him.

CHARLIE

Yeah, well, those kinds of turds are at every school. Trust me.

TED

Sure - but you really gave it back to him. I couldn't do that - no way.

CHARLIE

C'mon, sure you could. Don't let rich a-holes like that put your bands down. You don't fuck with Journey, man. That shit is sacred.

Chuckles. Both look at classmates dancing.

CHARLIE

You play bass in orchestra, right?

TED

Yep. I'm also in jazz band. I'm not great, but I'm getting there.

(pause)

By the way, nice work on 2001 Space Odyssey.

Pretends like he's playing big tympani.

CHARLIE

That piece by Strauss? Really not that hard. Not sure why Blair made such a big deal about it.

TED

Probably because we usually suck.

Charlie laughs. They continue to listen to Loverboy.

TED

Ya know, I'm pretty sure I could probably play this song on my bass guitar.

CHARLIE

I think I could probably play it on my drums.

TED

(excited)

Yeah? Dude, we should totally jam!

CHARLIE

(excited)

Sure - let's do it! I have a drum kit at home and a few amps. Come over sometime.

TED

Cool!

Loverboy ends and Mr. Blair keeps his promise to Charlie and plays a Prog-Rock song. He gives Charlie and Ted a thumbs up. They awkwardly smile and return the gesture.

As soon as the song starts, the Preppy girls look like they smell something AWFUL and quickly leave the dance floor. The Preppy boys follow.

Chris and Dana walk by Charlie and Ted.

CHRIS
(to Charlie)
I blame you, nerd.

CHARLIE
I prefer "geek" - thanks.

Dana walks past, SMILES at Ted.

Some of the nerdy wallflowers start moving to the song. Arms are in the air - air drumming to the intricate drum parts...

EXT. CHARLIE'S HOME - FRONT OF HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

It's 9am. Morning birds are singing.

Ted, wearing a Jethro Tull iron-on T-shirt, stands at Charlie's front door with a beat up electric bass guitar without a case.

He rings the doorbell.

Charlie answers the door, tiredly rubbing his eyes.

TED
You ready to jam?

CHARLIE
(puzzled)
What time is it?

TED
(looks at Casio digital watch)
Just after nine.

CHARLIE
Wow. (a beat) How did you know where I live?

He lets Ted in.

TED
I followed you home from school a few times last week.
(pause)
It's not too early to jam, is it?

CHARLIE
Nah - we rock all times of the day in this house.

TED

We?

INT. CHARLIE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Charlie leads Ted through the house to the basement stairs. Shredded drumsticks and musical equipment lie around the house.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

My Dad's a musician...

Ted looks unimpressed and steps carefully not to break anything. Charlie tries to tidy up as they walk.

TED

Does he play out still, like in bars and stuff?

CHARLIE

Not really. Not anymore.

TED

Why not?

CHARLIE

He's really, really busy these days - working - and stuff...

They get to the basement steps.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Head down to the basement - be right there.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOME - DECLAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Charlie barges through the door to Declan's room. He's spread-eagle, lounging in an open silk robe - tiger-striped underwear exposed, reading rock magazines.

DECLAN

Bloody hell! What Charlie?

CHARLIE

Jesus, Dad! Cover yourself, for Chrissakes!

Declan quickly covers himself with his satin sheets. Charlie covers his eyes and turns his back to him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

A kid from school stopped by. Cool if we jam?

DECLAN

(happy)

Yes, yes of course!

CHARLIE

Great, thanks.

Charlie goes to leave, but sticks his head back in.

CHARLIE

Huge favor - can you kinda just hang out upstairs?

A beat. Declan looks hurt.

DECLAN

Sure I can Charlie.

CHARLIE

Great. (another beat) And maybe lay off the sauce this morning, too?

Declan nods and Charlie runs to the basement.

Pondering for a moment, Declan yells.

DECLAN

No bloody Duran Duran!

Declan flops his big head of Rock and Roll hair back in the pillow - then takes a swig of sherry.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOME - BASEMENT - MORNING

The basement is a cinder block build. Musical equipment crowds the small space, including a drum set and amplifiers.

Ted studies the posters on the walls - all types of genres, but mostly Prog-Rock bands. There are more posters of the band HOC TUEY.

TED

I guess you like Prog Rock a lot, huh?

CHARLIE

How could you tell?

They smile. Ted continues to inspect the band posters.

TED

Hoc Tuey, eh? That's a deep-cut band. I haven't heard much from them since like '78,'79 or something. They disappeared - drinking problems or something, right?

CHARLIE

(defensive)

Yeah well, they were really good. Huge in Britain and Japan. Great drummer. I dig 'em.

TED

Totally. What else are you into?

CHARLIE

Let's see - all rock music really; Psychedelic, classic - specifically '70s. Acid, some metal, a little punk - no country of course, except some true western - like Hank Williams, et cetera...

TED

Totally agree on Hank Williams. Saying that, I still must deny both Country AND Western as valid genres.

CHARLIE

Damn. You're hardcore...

(pause)

Let's see - also, no rap and absolutely no bad '80s synth pop. No way. If I get older and one day say I liked any of that shit, you have permission to kill me.

TED

OK - me too. Put a bullet in my head. Deal?

CHARLIE

Deal.

They shake hands in agreement.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(quieter)

Although, can we agree that maybe some of that British YAZ synth shit is kinda cool?

TED

Of course. But one can only listen to it alone at night under the blankets with the required Walkman headphones.

CHARLIE

Right, right. No one needs to know.

They nod quietly in agreement.

Charlie inspects his cymbals.

CHARLIE

The Beatles or Stones?

TED

Is this a trick question?

CHARLIE

Just answer it.

TED

The Beatles, of course. They've propelled pop music farther than any band in history. The Stones are just rehashed white British R & B.

CHARLIE

Good answer. Hair metal?

TED

Seriously?

CHARLIE

Nice. Last question - what do you think about Kiss?

TED

Fuck Kiss.

CHARLIE

Excellent. You passed.

Ted turns an amp on and plugs in his bass.

WILD FEEDBACK.

Charlie then sits behind the drum kit, picks up the sticks and TWIRLS them with two fingers, expertly.

TED

So - what do you want to jam?

Charlie spontaneously starts playing the famous drum fill and following chorus rhythm of "In the Air Tonight" by Phil Collins.

Ted immediately falls in line and plays the fat bass line in the chorus.

They both start singing along at the top of their lungs.

CHARLIE AND TED

(shouting and singing)

I can feel it coming in the air
tonight, oh Lord. Well I've been
waiting for this moment, for all my
life. Oh Lord, Oh Lord!

They play a few more measures and stop, cracking up.

TED

Man, we fell into that pretty quick,
huh?

CHARLIE

Yeah we did. What else ya got?

TED

Check out this original I've been
working on.

Ted starts playing an original riff. It's kind of funky, Prog-Rock-ish, and once again, Charlie starts right in along with it.

They continue to jam and finally go into a big, energetic ending.

Once it ends, they BUST out laughing...

CHARLIE

Dude, we have to form a band - a Prog
Rock band - like the guys on my walls.

TED
I'm totally in. What do we call ourselves?

CHARLIE
(without hesitation)
Aftermath. I've been waiting to use that name for all my life - Oh Lord.

They laugh.

TED
Hmmm. I mean, it's an OK band name. Almost a joke though.

CHARLIE
Joke?

TED
Yeah, like I can hear kids at school saying, "What's After Math?" and some other stupid kid saying "Science" or "English" - some shit like that.

Charlie shakes his head.

CHARLIE
No man. It's more like, after we fucking rock their faces off, there will be nothing left in the aftermath. Get it?

TED
Ahhhhh, OK. I get it - but still not great. There's one I've had on standby for a really long time.

CHARLIE
Hit me.

TED
Stay with me on this one. How about - Dog Shirt.

CHARLIE
Dog *Shit*?

TED
No man, Dog Shirt.

CHARLIE

Wait - are you saying "shirt"?

TED

Exactly - shirt. Dogs in shirts are hilarious, right? You've seen the cover of Rick Springfield's "Working Class Dog" album? Like that.

CHARLIE

I really have never thought about it, to be honest.

TED

Imagine what our band T-shirts could look like. A dog, in a shirt - on a shirt!

A beat. Charlie blinks.

CHARLIE

Not to be a dick, but that's the worst band name I have ever heard - seriously.

TED

That hurts, man. That really hurts. But lucky for you, that's all I got.

CHARLIE

So, we're officially Aftermath?

TED

Unofficially Aftermath.

Charlie does a four count off with his sticks and they go again into the original riff again.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOME - DECLAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

In his bedroom, Declan smiles with tears in his eyes at the music coming from the basement.

He picks up a picture of a women, his late wife, MARIE SHAE (mid-50s). She is a pretty, dark-haired young women, dressed in all black and a turtleneck - looking '60s Mod.

DECLAN

You'd love this, Dearie.

He leans back, wipes tears away, and the picture drops from

his hands onto the bedroom floor.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCHOOL HALLWAY - FOLLOWING MONDAY

Charlie and Ted walk down the hall. Ted, wearing an ALF iron on T-shirt, is again clumsily hauling his over-sized acoustic bass case behind him through the hall.

He is overwhelmed by it and HITS students by accident.

STUDENT 1

Watch it, Doofus!

STUDENT 2

Knock it off, ya Dweeb!

Chris and Ted ignore them, talk excitedly.

TED

Dude, we need explosives.

CHARLIE

Explosives? Are you nuts? We need some songs first.

TED

Songs will come, but explosives are important to the band's aesthetic.

CHARLIE

Aesthetic? Dude, we don't even have a guitarist yet.

TED

That reminds me. We can only be a three piece. A power trio. Great prog rock bands only have three members.

CHARLIE

Wait. I want a keyboardist, too.

They stop briefly so Ted can explain.

TED

No, man. I will play bass AND synth.
Like Geddy Lee.

He stretches out his arms like he's playing bass and a keyboard at the same time.

He looks ridiculous.

CHARLIE

You are no Geddy Lee - no offense.

TED

No doy. Nobody is fucking Geddy Lee.
And, news flash, you're no Neil Peart.
But we can only have three members.
Period.

They start walking again.

CHARLIE

But YES has like twelve members or
something like that.

TED

YES doesn't count. Members rotate in
and out all the time. Too many egos,
emotions. Totally different thing.

CHARLIE

I don't know about that.

TED

Look - Genesis, Rush, Triumph, Cream,
Emerson, Lake and Palmer - Peter, Paul
and Mary... they all stayed together--

CHARLIE

Peter, Paul and Mary? Are you crazy?

TED

It's a fact.

Charlie shakes his head.

They stop in front of the water fountain to drink.

TED (CONT'D)

As I was saying, we need explosives. I
have this friend named Tinker. Total
Dungeons and Dragons nerd. But, he
builds awesome explosives.

CHARLIE

His name is Tinker? What kind of name
is that?

TED

It's a nickname, man. I think his real
name is Francis or some shit like

that. He's a kick ass pyro, and does some cool light show stuff, too. Lasers, smoke machines, you name it. Builds them by hand...

A student stops at the water fountain and tacks a flier above it. Charlie and Ted take notice.

Charlie stands and reads the flier aloud:

CHARLIE

Homegrown, Rock n' Roll, Smoke Your Feet, 6th annual Battle of the Bands contest. Tryouts are Monday, September 21st, 5pm in the gym. Show date is Friday, October 9th, 7pm in the gym. 1st prize: \$100 cash, a performance on local cable channel 42 and bragging rights.

Charlie and Ted stare at each - GOBSMACKED.

Suddenly, a hand reaches between them and grabs the flier off the wall. It is CHRIS KAY'S. He is standing behind them with Dana.

CHRIS

Please don't tell me you band geeks plan on entering the Battle of the Bands this year.

CHARLIE

As a matter of fact, we are.

Ted looks mortified at Charlie's announcement.

CHRIS

(to Ted)

Are you going to tell the new guy?

CHARLIE

(looks at Ted)

Tell me what?

TED

(to Charlie)

Well, his ummm, his band - they win every year.

CHARLIE

Jesus, you're in a band?

CHRIS

You know it, spaz. We win every year.
You want to know why?

CHARLIE

Honestly, not really.

CHRIS

It's because we play the stuff people
want to hear. Popular songs that makes
the bitches dance. Not the lame nerd-
rock crap that you dorks like.

Then, leans into Charlie.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(singing Journey to Charlie)

Don't stop, believe n' - hold on to
your dreams...

Chris crumples up the flier and throws it at Charlie's head.
It bounces off his forehead.

CHARLIE

What's your damage, man?

TED

Yeah - what's your damage man?

Suddenly, Chris grabs Ted's huge acoustic bass case and
easily rolls it WAY down the hall like a bowling ball. It
BOWLS down a bunch of nerdy kids walking in the hallway. A
bowling ball WHIPPED down a lane and pins flying can be heard
somewhere...

Chris laughs and walks away, hand in hand with Dana. She
looks back at them and smiles - maybe a wink at Ted?

CHRIS

(yelling in the hall to them)

Don't waste your time, losers. Just
beating you twerps will be enough.
I'll even give you the hundred bucks
first place cash when we win!

Charlie and Ted watch Chris and Dana disappear down the hall.

CHARLIE

Great. Just what the world needs -
another good looking dude who sings
and who also happens to have a hot

girlfriend. Life is fucking unfair,
man.

Ted runs down the hall and retrieves his bass case, again
HITTING students in the hall with it...

TED

Hey - why did you tell him we're
entering the Battle of the Bands? We
should have probably talked about that
first, don't ya think?

CHARLIE

Dude - we have to try out. You do
realize this is bigger than a hundred
bucks and being played on a local
cable channel that no one watches,
right?

TED

I don't know, man. Chris's band wins
every year. They play all that Pop
shit that everyone likes...Wang Chung,
Duran Duran, Cutting Crew--

CHARLIE

Gross. And?

TED

Annnnd - you honestly think Prog could
beat Pop? At this school?

CHARLIE

I admit, it's a long shot - but it's
worth fighting for.

TED

It's a long shot, alright. Chris makes
the ladies swoon. Especially Ms.
Dawes, the speech teacher. People say
they are porkin'--

Charlie GRABS Ted by the shoulders. Serious.

CHARLIE

Look, Ted. I'm tired of being the
punchline of everybody's jokes. Tired
of being judged just because I love
certain music, or love certain bands.
Tired of becoming - I dunno -
invisible - for just being me.

A beat. Some eyes well up...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

This is our chance in becoming *less* invisible - show everybody what we're capable of. Don't you want that?

TED

Of course I do. More than anything. But even if we do enter, how could we possibly be ready in a week? We don't even have any explosives for Chrissakes.

CHARLIE

Forget the explosives Ted!

Charlie slaps him across the face, grabs his shoulders again.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

We need a guitarist first! And once we have one, we're going to win this - for you, for me, and for all the other geeks that douchebag has messed with over the last four years at this shit school. One band to RULE THEM ALL!

TED

(menacingly)

My precious...

CHARLIE

Oh, and you're going to steal his girlfriend - talk about bragging rights.

TED

His girlfriend? Dana? Have you seen me? Have you seen her?

Ted looks down at his filthy ALF T-shirt, chubby stomach and JC Penny tough skin purple denim pants.

TED (CONT'D)

(tentative)

What about your Dad? Do you think he could help us get ready?

CHARLIE

(flustered)

Nope, no. I told you. He's really,

really busy - at work.

A beat. Ted thinks. Finally....

TED

OK, OK. I'm in.

Charlie defiantly slings his backpack across his shoulders.

CHARLIE

Of course you are. What else you got to do?

Ted grabs his over-sized acoustic bass case and continues to HIT kids with it accidentally as they walk through the hall.

TRACY, at her locker, witnesses the entire scene between Charlie, Ted and Chris.

She closes her locker - looks determined. She grabs her flute case and quickly leaves the school.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOME - BASEMENT - DAY

Charlie and Ted make fliers to find a guitarist. Ted is wearing a Supertramp concert T-shirt. They hand draw the fliers with magic markers.

Charlie reads the flier:

CHARLIE

Kick ass guitarist needed for Battle of the Bands. Influences - Hendrix, Lifeson, Zappa, Page, Clapton, Summers, *your Mom*. Must be able to practice after school. Must have own equipment. No hair metal, shredders or pointy guitars (unless you're Eddie Van Halen or Yngwie). Call Charlie at 545.3169

Then he adds to it with marker: "p.s. no preps and/or douchebags."

He looks at the flier - smiles - perfect.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY - MUSIC MONTAGE

PROG ROCK MUSIC PLAYS.

- They distribute the fliers across town. They wrap them with

duct tape on metal light poles, and staple them with a staple gun on telephone poles.

- They pass fliers out in the halls to students walking by.
- Charlie gives one to MR. BLAIR while is he raising the flag in front of the school. Blair looks at it - smiles.
- Ted accidentally gives one to CHRIS. Ted runs away once he realizes it.
- Charlie and Ted sit on the basement couch, judging guitarists trying out for the band.
- Multiple guitarists tryout and perform in front of them.
- Charlie and Ted's expressions range from HORROR, DISGUST, to SHAME at the terrible musicians trying out.
- Finally, Charlie CHUCKS an eraser in frustration at the head of a small, red-headed freckled boy playing guitar.

INT. CHRIS'S HOME - BASEMENT - MUSIC MONTAGE CONTINUES

- Chris is in his pristine finished basement where his band REAGAN is rehearsing a song. His girlfriend, DANA, sits in a big fluffy expensive couch and watches them.
- While Chris is singing, he grabs a can of Aqua Net hairspray and forms his hair like the lead singer of Flock of Seagulls in a standing mirror next to him.
- The other band members look like IZOD models and pose like they are on MTV.
- They look pathetic posing with puckered lips and gyrating to the music...

INT. CHARLIE'S HOME - BASEMENT - MUSIC MONTAGE CONTINUES

- We finally meet TINKER (15). He is very short with long, greasy hair, goggles atop his head, wearing a too-long rain coat, striped shirt, denim shorts and Birkenstock sandals. He sets up dramatic homemade tin-can lighting around the basement.
- While Charlie and Ted are jamming, Tinker plugs lights into an electrical outlet.
- A FLASH and smoke floats up from the socket, tripping the circuit and WHOOOOSH - the basement goes dark.

TED AND CHARLIE
 (together in the dark)
 Tinker!

MUSIC FADES OUT.

END MONTAGE.

INT. TED'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

Ted, looking disappointed and wearing a Styx iron on t-shirt, walks through the front door from guitar tryouts.

His Dad, HERB (early 50s), balding, wearing formal office-wear, sits in a Lay-Z-Boy, back to him, smoking a cigarette with a newspaper fully open...

TED
 Hey Dad.

Herb doesn't look up from his newspaper - clearly unengaged...

HERB
 Mmmm hmmm.

He flips the paper to the next page...

Ted's Mom, GLORIA, (late-40s) is off-screen.

GLORIA (O.S.)
 Is that you, honey?

TED
 (tiredly exhales)
 Hi Mom - yeah.

Gloria enters and is wearing acid-washed mom jeans, flowered sweater and '80s style glasses.

GLORIA
 Rough day?

TED
 Can't find a guitarist. So lame.
 Everybody sucks. I hated them all.

GLORIA
 Theodore! You don't hate anybody - you *dislike*.

TED
Oh shit, right. I (air quotes)
"dislike."

GLORIA
The language, Theodore!

Gloria smacks Ted lightly upside the head with a magazine from a stack of mail.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Maybe this will cheer you up. Your magazine came.

Ted grabs it from her.

TED
Yes!

He looks at it - CREEM magazine. Ted Nugent is on the cover.

TED
Oh God. Nugent. What an asshole.

GLORIA
Theodore! Again with the language!

Ted kisses his Mom on the cheek and runs upstairs to his room, magazine in hand. On the way up -

TED
'Night Dad.

HERB
(not looking up)
Ummmm hmmmmmm.

A beat as Ted stands there - like he's waiting for another response from Herb - but it doesn't come.

Gloria see this - shakes her head...

INT. TED'S HOME - BEDROOM - EVENING

Ted reads the magazine while lying on his bed.

He reads an article on the now defunct '70s prog-rock band, HOC TUEY - the band on Charlie's basement walls.

He studies the magazine article.

Ted looks troubled. He stares at the pictures...

The drummer looks familiar. Maybe somehow a little like CHARLIE. He looks confused.

How is that possible?

INT. CHARLIE'S HOME - BASEMENT - NEXT DAY

Charlie and Ted sit DEFEATED on the basement couch watching a VCR tape of the guitarist try outs. Ted wears a Genesis iron on T-shirt.

They fast forward to different performances.

TED

Apparently, there are no good guitarists in this shit town anymore.

CHARLIE

Were there ever any good guitarists in this shit town?

A guitarist on video is trying out. He has a mullet and plays a guitar almost up to his neck. He wears a Jefferson Starship T-shirt and sings "We Built This City."

ON TV SCREEN

GITARIST

(playing and singing)

We built this city. We built this city on rock and roll!

Charlie CHUCKS an eraser at the TV and it slams the power button off.

CHARLIE

I mean, I am a nerd, but that dweeb is a NERD.

He throws his notebook to the side.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What are we gonna do? The Battle of the Bands try out is next week and we don't even have a guitarist. Who do we have left on the list?

Ted picks up the notebook, looks through the scribbled notes.

TED

Well, there's Dan, but he has that pointy B.C. Rich metal guitar. Also, there's that Jeff guy from first hour, but I hear he's into rap now - which we all know is a fad. What about...

Ted trails off.

TRACY, the girl from school who has been watching Charlie, is at the bottom of the basement steps holding a guitar case. She is wearing a tight Led Zeppelin tour shirt, ripped bell bottom blue jeans and beat up pink Converse All-Stars.

Silence.

Ted and Charlie stare at her.

TRACY

Hey sorry - the door was unlocked so I helped myself in. I hope that's cool.

Awkward pause. Ted and Charlie mouths are agape.

MORE Silence. Finally...

TRACY (CONT'D)

Soooo yeah - I saw your flier down at the Music Stand that you're looking for a guitarist. Are you still looking? 'Cause I'd like to try out.

TED

(flustered)

Yeah, sure. Come on in.

Ted and Charlie stare at Tracy as they get behind their instruments. Tracy plugs in her beat up Fender Stratocaster into an amplifier.

CHARLIE

So - How did you know where I live?

TRACY

Well, honestly, I followed you home the other day.

CHARLIE

You're not the first. So, ummm - what do you want to try?

TRACY

Let's see. I know some Clapton. Want to try that?

CHARLIE

Wow, Clapton. For sure. Fire away.

Tracy plays the riff from "Sunshine of your Love" by Cream.

TED

(shouting at Charlie)

Yes! Cream - a power trio! I told you!

They start jamming and fall right into it.

Ted starts singing the song. HE IS GOOD. The guitar solo comes in and Tracy kills it. They are AMAZED. They end and are excited.

CHARLIE

Wow, you're really, really good!
What's your name?

TRACY

Tracy. I've seen you guys around. I play flute in band.

CHARLIE

Which one?

TRACY

Which one what? What kind of flute?
Piccolo. Why?

CHARLIE

No - which band are you in? Orchestra,
concert, pep, marching, jazz - which
one?

TRACY

Oh. I'm only in one - concert band.

TED

Yes! You're the girl that always wears
'70s clothes - bell bottoms and stuff.
Kinda like, um, now...

TRACY

What can I say? My Mom and Dad were
hippies.

A beat as Ted studies her guitar.

TED

How come I've never see you with your guitar around school?

TRACY

It's kinda my little secret.

CHARLIE

Why? You're whip-ass.

TRACY

My Hippie parents? Now they're uptight Boomers. Apparently, their daughter playing flute goes over a lot better at the Country Club than rock guitar--

CHARLIE

What if you're in Jethro Tull?

Ted pretends to wildly play electric flute...

TRACY

I love Tull!

TED

You're really cool. You're really pretty, too. You're hired...

Charlie looks at Ted angrily.

CHARLIE

Whoa, whoa. Hold on. Let's try a few more things here before we make any snap decisions - no offense Tracy.

TRACY

None taken - I guess.

TED

Yeah, yeah, good point. Let's try something else. What else do you know?

TRACY

I mean, I know a lot of classic rock riffs.

Tracy rattles off several riffs on her guitar. Both Charlie and Ted join in and jam a bit on each one. They nod in approval as they go through them.

CHARLIE

Really nice. Any other kinds of music you like to play?

TRACY

I really like Funk. Want to try something?

TED

Whoa - slow down there, Champ.

TRACY

What?

TED

Funk, as you know, is a tricky beast. I mean, '70s Stevie Wonder Funk is great - he's a genius, you know? "Superstition" and all that shit. Even Le Chic is OK, but they morphed into disco, and that is definitely not OK.

TRACY

What's wrong with a little disco now and then?

TED

Disco did, and does, suck - categorically. There is no debate about that. But, Funk doesn't always suck. So it's a delicate dance. Play a funk rhythm and I'll show you how easy it turns into Disco.

CHARLIE

(urgently)

Wait, wait - we need to be careful down here. I'm serious, you guys. My Dad's upstairs. We don't need him freaking out and coming down here.

Charlie points up.

TED

And?

CHARLIE

I'm just warning you. If my Dad hears us veering into Disco, he's going to shit a brick.

TRACY

Your Dad cares about what kind of music you play?

CHARLIE

Hell yeah he does. He has, how shall I say? - a very specific taste in music.

TRACY

Cool. I wish my Dad gave a crap about my music.

She looks at her guitar...

TED

Tell me about it. I'm not even sure my Dad knows I play an instrument.

CHARLIE

Consider yourselves lucky - trust me.

TED

Alright Tracy, hit it.

Tracy goes into a Funk guitar lick. Charlie and Ted join in. It resembles "Le Freak" by Chic. Ted changes up the bass pattern, and Charlie follows him with a drum pattern on the high-hat cymbal.

It now sounds like a DISCO song.

Without warning, it starts veering into DURAN DURAN territory with 16th notes on a high-hat and some bass slaps. A song like "Girls on Film" can be heard through it.

Charlie looks terrified at the pop music happening in the basement. He stares at the basement ceiling above him where DECLAN's room is.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOME - DECLAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Declan is upstairs reading old rock magazines in bed.

He's drunk.

He hears the Duran Duran-sounding song from the basement and becomes quickly agitated.

He gets out of bed, paces the floor - back and forth, back and forth. Finally, he EXPLODES.

DECLAN
 (to himself)
 Duran Duran? Not in my fucking
 basement!

Declan drunkenly stumbles through the house knocking over lamps while in his tighty-whitey underwear and black tiger-embroidered silk robe.

He BARELY makes it down the steps to the basement without falling.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOME - BASEMENT - DAY - CONTINUING

Charlie stops playing drums and the song comes to a crashing halt.

They all look a little rattled.

CHARLIE
 What just happened? Did we veer into
 Disco?

TED
 That was terrifying.

TRACY
 That was AWESOME!

DECLAN finally appears in the basement - red-faced, huffing and puffing, visibly upset and WASTED.

DECLAN
 (yelling)
 What in the bloody hell is going on
 down here!

CHARLIE
 See? I told you. A brick.

Declan is staring at Charlie and Ted. His back is to Tracy.

CHARLIE
 (embarrassed)
 Hey guys. Ummm, this is my Dad.

DECLAN
 (slurring)
 Listen, you wankers! No fucking Duran
 Duran in my bloody basement! If you
 plan on playing that kind of shite

down here, find another place to practice, 'cause it won't be in my sacred home--

CHARLIE

Hold up Dad - we were just messing around--

DECLAN

(slurring)

You're damn right you were, with MY equipment. Heresy! Heresy I tell you!

He turns, notices Tracy and stops yelling. Slightly embarrassed, he pretends to tip an imaginary hat to her.

DECLAN

Oh, dear. Pardon me, m'lady.

As he leans to tip his invisible hat, he keeps going and passes out cold on the basement floor.

Ted studies his face.

HE RECOGNIZES HIM. TED'S EUREKA MOMENT:

TED

Holy shit, Charlie! Your Dad is Declan Shae, the drummer for HOC TUEY!

INT. CHARLIE'S HOME - BASEMENT STAIRCASE - EVENING

Charlie and Ted struggle to pull passed out Declan up the basement stairs by his shoulders. Tracy has his feet.

TED

(to Charlie)

...I mean, you said he was a musician, but don't you think you could have mentioned that he's DECLAN Shae? I thought we were friends, man.

CHARLIE

It's really not a big deal. That was a long time ago.

TED

A long time ago? The Beatles were a long time ago too, but they're still the fucking Beatles.

CHARLIE

Hoc Tuey were definitely not the Beatles.

TED

No duh, but they were huge in the '70s.

CHARLIE

Like I said, it's not a big deal.

TED

You keep saying that. I just read an article in CREEM about them!

TRACY

Wait - what am I missing here?

TED

Oh, just that our friend Charlie here forgot to tell us that his Dad is a famous kick-ass drummer!

CHARLIE

He's not famous anymore. Look at him - he's been drunk ever since my Mom died.

A beat. Ted and Tracy look at each other - loss for words.

Then...

TRACY

I'm so sorry.

TED

I didn't know, man.

CHARLIE

It's OK. Been a few years now. He just can't seem to get his head on straight...

The mood changes - they are quiet as they continue to pull Declan further up the stairs...

Then - they turn the corner and WHACK Declan's head on the wall.

Declan snores.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Charlie enters a classroom door with a sign that says "Dungeons & Dragons Club every day at noon." Mr. Blair and several geeky-looking kids are wrapping up the daily D&D session.

Mr. Blair puts his dice away in a small velvet bag, and closes his Dungeon Masters guide book.

He wears a silver plastic helmet and holds a plastic sword that looks like they're from the middle ages.

Mr. Blair educates TINKER.

MR. BLAIR

You can complain all you want, but the twelve-sided die don't lie. You died fair and square in the Battle of Dorium. Sorry, Tinker...

Tinker continues to study a D&D map.

CHARLIE

Hey, Tinker - sup?

TINKER

Blarg.

CHARLIE

Mr. Blair. Sorry to bug you. Do you have a second?

MR. BLAIR

Of course Charlie. What's up?

CHARLIE

The battle of the bands. I have this new band and we want to try out. Is there still time to sign up?

MR. BLAIR

Yes, of course! What is the name of the band?

Mr. Blair pulls out a clipboard with band names on it.

CHARLIE

Umm - Aftermath.

Blair smiles playfully.

MR. BLAIR
Hey - what's after Math - English?
Chemistry? Gym?

CHARLIE
Funny.

MR. BLAIR
Sorry, sorry - little joke there. OK,
you're on the list.

CHARLIE
Rad - thanks.

Charlie turns to leave.

MR. BLAIR
Hey Charlie - how's things going?
Still having issues with Chris Kay?

CHARLIE
Here and there. I can deal.

MR. BLAIR
I have no doubt. You're a scrappy kid.
(pause)
You know his band entered Battle of
the Bands again this year, right?

CHARLIE
Yep. He made that very clear to me
earlier this week.

MR. BLAIR
I bet he did.

Mr. Blair locks the D&D guides and die bag into a cabinet.

MR. BLAIR
You know, It'd be a shame if some new
kid and his band showed up and blew
him out of the water. He'd be crushed.

Charlie smiles, and turns to leave again.

MR. BLAIR (CONT'D)
Charlie - hey. I probably shouldn't
tell you this, but keep an eye on him
at tryouts. He can be - well, a
douchebag.

CHARLIE
I've noticed that.

MR. BLAIR
(shakes his head)
The kid hasn't been the same since
middle school. Kept getting whipped
during D&D leagues - drove him nuts--

CHARLIE
Whoa - Uber Prep played Dungeons &
Dragons?

MR. BLAIR
He tried. Kept losing all his
characters to the "more advanced"
players.

Tinker slyly smiles...

CHARLIE
(chuckles)
By "more advanced" you mean D&D nerds.

MR. BLAIR
(laughing)
Exactly.

CHARLIE
Interesting.
(a beat as he leaves)
I appreciate the heads up. See you at
tryouts.

MR. BLAIR
See ya...

Mr. Blair turns back to Tinker.

MR. BLAIR
Like I said Tinker, I am a fair and
just Dungeon Master. Your constitution
took a big hit earlier in the Battle
of Ka. Face it - you died fair and
square - get over it.

TINKER
Blarg...

INT. CHARLIE'S HOME - BASEMENT - EVENING

Declan is behind the drum set, practicing. He has a HUGE bandage on his forehead.

While playing, he misses certain drums - obviously struggling...

Charlie comes down stairs with a backpack on, home from school.

CHARLIE

Not bad.

DECLAN

Thanks Charlie-boy. I'm a bit rusty, as you know.

CHARLIE

Orrrrrrrr - you're really hung over?

DECLAN

Hung over? No, no. Only had a few last night. But I do have a hell of a headache from this bump on me head. Any clue where I got it?

CHARLIE

Nope. No idea.

DECLAN

Hmmmm.

Charlie changes the subject quickly.

CHARLIE

I didn't tell you, but we entered the school's Battle of the Band contest.

DECLAN

That's fantastic, Charlie! When are the tryouts?

CHARLIE

Well, that's the thing. Friday.

DECLAN

Friday? *This* Friday?! You better get the band over here as soon as possible - like tonight! We've got a lot of work to do...

CHARLIE

Well, yeah Dad - that's the thing. I--

(pause)

I think we're OK - without - you...

A pause.

DECLAN

Oh, I see. You don't want my help.

CHARLIE

Well, it's just - you know--

DECLAN

No, I don't actually. Please explain.

CHARLIE

Things are different. Music has changed, and let's be honest - you can't--

DECLAN

Can't what, Charlie? I can't (air quotes) "rock" anymore?

CHARLIE

Depends on how much you've had to drink.

DECLAN

(hurt)

Ah, I see. Got it.

A beat.

DECLAN

Question for you Charlie - if I may; Do you think this is easy?

CHARLIE

What's easy - playing drums? Being in a band? Well, I mean, you heard us the other day. Pretty good, right?

DECLAN

Not bad for a bunch of wankers - no.

CHARLIE

Wankers? I don't speak British - is that bad?

DECLAN

Yes.

A pause as Declan stares at him.

THEN, Declan gets back behind the kit.

TRIPLETS across the drum set.

TRIPLET, TRIPLET, TRIPLET...

Faster and faster. Hands cross over - a blur of action.

Charlie's eyes widen - looks very surprised.

Big crashes of cymbals at the end.

Declan stands up, then - hands the sticks to Charlie.

DECLAN

Now you do it.

Charlie gets behind the kit. Stares for a moment at the drum set. Declan crosses his arms. Waits.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

(impatient)

Come now--

Charlie begins to play. He starts off clumsily. Faster now - it sounds worse. Obviously frustrated being watched, he finishes while cymbals ring out.

They stare at each other in silence.

Finally, Declan shakes his head - he's not impressed.

DECLAN

That's what I thought. You're not ready.

Declan walks upstairs - says nothing. Then - Charlie CHUCKS his drumsticks across the basement.

CHARLIE

Errrrrrgggg!

INT. CHARLIE'S HOME - STAIRWELL - EVENING (CONTINUOUS)

Walking up from the basement, Declan quietly gasps in pain as he kneads his hands...

Both hands are almost claw-like - wrenched in a grotesque fashion from the intense drumming.

He gathers himself and continues up the stairs, winces in pain...

EXT. CHARLIE'S HOME - DRIVEWAY OF HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Declan sits in his rusted out green 1972 Monte Carlo car in his driveway.

Many drinks have been consumed.

He is listening to loud music by his old band, Hoc Tuey.

He holds the picture of MARIE in his hands.

Singing, air drumming, rocking back and forth to the music, smiling and laughing.

He inserts another 8-track into the car dashboard. The song "Sweet Marie" by Bob Dylan now plays. He pounds on the dash and sings to his late wife...

DECLAN

...Sometimes it gets so hard, you see,
I'm just sitting here beating on my
trumpet, with all these promises you
left for me, but where are you
tonight, sweet Marie?

He chuckles just a bit, then a tear.

Marie's picture is in hand with arm outstretched out the car window. He drops the picture onto the gravel driveway below, and nods off to sleep...

EXT. CHARLIE'S HOME - DRIVEWAY OF HOUSE - NEXT DAY

Charlie, Ted and Tracy pack the '72 Monte Carlo with musical equipment. Charlie stuffs a big bass drum in the back seat. It barely fits through the back door of the car.

TED

Jesus, how are we going to get all
this shit in?

CHARLIE

It'll fit.

Tracy is wrenching on the trunk, sitting on it - trying to

stuff things in.

CHARLIE

My mom used to be so good at packing this stupid car with my drums. I never knew how she could possibly fit it all - but it did. She used to say it was 'magic.' Shit, maybe it was...

A piece of metal falls off one of the packed drums onto the driveway. It lays next to the picture of MARIE. Charlie sees this, looks concerned, and QUICKLY stuffs it into his pocket.

Ted sees Charlie pocket something...

TED

Hey - what's up?

CHARLIE

Nothing - just broke off a drum lug when I stuffed this stupid bass drum into the car.

TED

Take it easy, we're going to need those jokers for the Rock onslaught.

Ted looks at his watch.

TED (CONT'D)

Shit - we gotta go. We're gonna be late!

Charlie looks worriedly back at the house.

They continue to pack a few more items and dash off before Charlie can confront Declan.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

Band members personifying various genres are warming up on the gym stage, while staff members are off to the side of the stage as judges.

Mr. Blair makes his way to the stage and takes the microphone.

SCREEEECH. Feedback.

MR. BLAIR

OK bands - can I get your attention?

We're going to kick off try outs for the sixth annual Battle of the Bands. Can I get a woot woot?

No woots. But there is light applause from the bands.

MR. BLAIR (CONT'D)

Now let me go over some rules for the program. Number one, make sure you help each other get gear off the stage so the next band can get on as fast as possible. Two, try and be as supportive as you can for the other bands - we're all in this together, right? And finally - have fun! Now let's get going, you animals!

The bands perform for Mr. Blair, judging staff, and other bands.

Band #1 - A pop band is playing a top 40 Golf Rock hit like Huey Lewis and the News.

Band #2 - A pop-punk band that sounds like the Clash turns their amps up way too high.

Band #3 - A rap band like RUN DMC is murdering a three MC-style song.

In another corner, CHRIS'S band REAGAN crowds together and whispers about the other bands. "Psst Psst."

Chris looks at Charlie across the gym and grimaces.

Charlie is wearing drummer's gloves, white wife beater, Union Jack shorts and a headband. He looks like Rick Allen, the drummer for Def Leppard *before* he lost an arm.

This is SERIOUS SHIT.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCHOOL GYM - BEHIND CURTAIN - DAY

CHRIS looks around, then leaves the gym floor and slips behind the curtain stage where the band equipment is.

While other bands try out, he SECRETLY LOOSENS the screws on Charlie's drum stool seat. He disappears back behind the curtain.

NO ONE sees him.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

AFTERMATH is ready to perform.

Charlie, Ted and Tracy move their equipment onto the stage.
Mr. Blair takes to the microphone.

MR. BLAIR

OK, everyone. Here's Charlie Shae, Ted
King and Tracy Mooney, collectively
known as Aftermath, performing Spirit
of Radio, by Rush!

No claps.

Someone yells "Geeks!"

CHRIS

(whispering to Dana)
Watch this.

MUSIC: "Spirit of Radio" by Rush begins, performed by
Aftermath.

CLOSE UP OF TRACY'S GUITAR AT THE OPENING RIFF OF THE SONG.

Mr. Blair and the judges watch Aftermath perform - he taps
his foot and smiles.

The other "cooler" bands look uninterested and unimpressed.

Aftermath performs well, but...

Some sloppiness here and there - Charlie misses a few fills,
Tracy skips part of a solo and Ted's voice cracks.

The big ending of the song, Charlie stands up, crashing his
cymbals over-enthusiastically.

THEN - He sits back down and the drum stool BREAKS from the
impact and LOOSENEED SCREWS - and he is sent CRASHING BACKWARD
into the curtain, taking it down with him onto the gym floor.

The band crashes to a halt and looks confused at Charlie on
the floor, wrapped in a curtain.

Charlie rolls around the floor a bit, rolling up in the
curtain like a big, red, crushed-velvet burrito.

Finally, Tracy reaches out her hand and helps Charlie out and
up off the floor.

The audience is quiet at the sight of Charlie limping off the floor.

Mr. Blair sadly shakes his head.

MR. BLAIR

Aftermath, everybody. Give 'em a hand.

CRICKETS.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - BEHIND CURTAIN - DAY

Chris and REAGAN walk toward the stage to perform, while Aftermath walks off.

Chris leans in to whisper to a bruised Charlie.

CHRIS

You really nailed the ending, gay-wad.

CHARLIE

I swear, you say one more thing to me
and I'm going to tell everyone how
much you suck at D&D.

Chris is slightly surprised, but then a light chuckle...

CHRIS

You think anyone's actually gonna
believe that, McTurd Burglar?

Chris leans in even closer...

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You're going to end up just like your
loser Dad - drunk and almost homeless.

CHARLIE

(taken aback)
What did you just say?

CHRIS

You heard me. Word at the school is
your dad used to be a famous drummer.
Used. Now he's a drunk piece of shit--

CHARLIE

That's it!

Charlie jumps on Chris's back and they spin around. Chris screams like a small child, pleading for help. Mr. Blair

attempts to break it up, but can't pull Charlie off.

Charlie pulls the side "wings" of Chris's Flock of Seagull haircut, as Chris continues to scream bloody murder.

Finally, Ted and Tracy pull Charlie off Chris.

TED

(to Charlie)

What the hell's wrong with you?

Charlie sulks off and Tracy runs after him.

Chris is back with his band, fixes his hair and walks to the stage to perform.

Chris shouts to Charlie.

CHRIS

You're lucky your loser band pulled
you off me before I went all Karate
Kid on you!

MR. BLAIR

Knock it off, Kay! One more word and
you'll be disqualified.

Tracy, with Charlie, yells at Chris.

TRACY

Pick on someone your own size, jerk!

CHRIS

Oh, how cute. The little hippie
girlfriend stands by her man.

TED

(finally with courage)

Knock off the Tammy Wynette
references, Chris!

Chris looks totally confused.

TED (CONT'D)

I mean, it was a great reference and
pretty clever, but still--

CHRIS

Who's Tammy Wynette you little freak?

TED

Oh god.

MR. BLAIR

Chris - not another word!

FRONT OF STAGE

Mr. Blair, disheveled from the fight and clearly annoyed with Chris, takes to the microphone.

MR. BLAIR

Last but not least, here's Chris Kay
and his band (mumbles) Reagan.

Chris's hair is now a more funny, twisted version of the
Flock of Seagull's haircut due to the fight.

The rest of the band are dressed in New Wave neon outfits and
perform a cheesy '80s Pop style song. Lips pucker.

The judges watch. The teacher, MS. DAWES (late-30s), well
manicured, wearing a tight blouse and skirt, stares
romantically at Chris.

Chris winks at her. She smiles. Mr. Blair sees this and looks
annoyed.

OFF TO SIDE OF THE STAGE:

TRACY

What happened out there?

CHARLIE

The drum stool broke. I guess they
just don't make 'em like they used to
- ya know?

TRACY

I'm not talking about you on the
floor, dummy. I'm talking about you
and Chris. What the heck was that all
about?

CHARLIE

He's an asshole - what do you think?

TRACY

Of course he is! But you've been
tweaked since we left your house.
What's going on?

CHARLIE

Nothing.

TRACY

Nothing?

A beat. Charlie thinks.

CHARLIE

Look, if I tell you something, can you keep it quiet?

TRACY

Yeah, of course.

CHARLIE

That asshole started talking shit about my Dad, and last night, I found this on the driveway when we were packing up. I think he spent the night in the car, drinking.

He pulls out the old picture of his mom and hands it to her - it's well worn and slightly crumpled.

TRACY

Is this your Mom? She's so cute.

CHARLIE

Thanks. She was a good one.

TRACY

So, what's the plan?

CHARLIE

Go home. Confront him. Try and get him help - again.

TRACY

Do you think he'll take it?

CHARLIE

I don't really know. You've seen him in action.

(pause)

God, he used to be so great. One of the best. My hero - ya know? But now...

He shakes his head and trails off...

They watch CHRIS and REAGAN perform. He's in a rock star pose - kneeling on the ground, singing to MS. DAWES.

TRACY

Gag me.

FRONT OF STAGE

The tryouts are over. In the corner, the judges debate the performances. Bands nervously pace around waiting for the announcement of the results.

Mr. Blair goes back to the stage.

MR. BLAIR

OK, you animals - we have the results.
The four bands performing in this
year's Battle of the Bands are....

He does a drum roll with his mouth, looks at his clipboard.

"BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR."

MR. BLAIR (CONT'D)

Reagan! (whispers off mic) Surprise.
Susan and her Band-Shees! Sylvester
Eats Tweety! And finally - Aftermath!

Claps. CHRIS groans.

MR. BLAIR (CONT'D)

Great job everyone! We'll see you in a
few weeks at the show. For those of
you that didn't get in, there's always
next year, so keeeeeeeeeppppppp
practicing!

A THUMBS UP from Blair.

Some polite clapping. Some band members look disappointed.
Charlie, Ted and Tracy run and hug.

CHARLIE

Holy shit! We did it! My Dad is going
to freak!

TED

Yes - Geek redemption shall be ours!

Chris walks by them celebrating.

CHRIS

You're lucky Mr. Blair has a boner for you guys, otherwise, no way would you have gotten in.

TRACY

Oh, bite it, Chris.

Chris and Dana walk out, hand in hand.

Dana looks back at Ted and smiles. Bites her lip - just a little...

Ted turns to look around to see if she is looking at someone else behind him.

No one is there.

EXT. CHARLIE'S DRIVEWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Charlie, Ted and Tracy unpack the equipment from the car.

CHARLIE

Did you see the look on Chris's face when Blair called our name?

TRACY

Oh my god, yes! Total surprise.

TED

...And hate. I'm pretty sure there was some hate on his face there, too.

CHARLIE

Whatever. He's scared. Some band dorks are going to whip his ass this year, playing - gulp - Prog Rock that nobody can dance to. I mean seriously, I'm giddy...

They carry equipment down the steps.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

OK, so practice every night until the show, cool?

TRACY

Yeah, I mean, I have to check with my Dad and let you know. But I'm pretty sure--

Tracy, at the bottom of the stairs, sees Declan passed out on the basement floor - shards of a broken bottle of Sherry cut him deeply.

TRACY
Charlie - your Dad!

Charlie races past her rushes to Declan's side.

CHARLIE
Goddammit Declan!

TRACY
Oh my God, he must have fallen down
the stairs!

Declan is bloody and bruised - he does not respond. Charlie checks for a pulse and breath.

CHARLIE
Shit - help me get him into the car!

TED
Let's call an ambulance--

CHARLIE
--I'm not sure he'll make it - help
me!

Charlie, Tracy and Ted quickly pull Declan up the stairs and into the car.

Charlie screeches out of the driveway, leaving Tracy and Ted behind.

Tracy cries.

Ted puts his arm around her and they watch Charlie race down the street out of the neighborhood.

EXT - CAR - NIGHT

Charlie is at the wheel, speeding. Declan is in the back seat, now groaning.

CHARLIE
Hold on, Pops. Almost there...

Charlie stares out the window, wipes tears from his eyes with his sleeve.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK: INT. CHARLIE'S DETROIT HOME - LIVING ROOM

SLOW MOTION:

MUSIC: "El Dorado" by ELO plays.

It's winter. Snow is falling beautifully in the living room window. Declan, a young Charlie and his mom, MARIE, sit around the big credenza record player. Record album jackets and records are lying everywhere.

They listen to music. Charlie is enthusiastically air drumming. Declan plays air guitar. Marie watches them and laughs. They are smiling and happy.

They are a family.

FADE TO:

FLASHBACK: EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD - DAY

Marie and Declan help young Charlie unload drums from the car. They help him set them up during a backyard birthday party with some of Charlie's classmates. They are his first roadies.

They stand stand back and watch him play with his middle school rock band. They look proud with tears in their eyes.

FADE TO:

FLASHBACK: EXT. INSIDE THEIR CAR - NIGHT

Declan, Marie and young Charlie drive home from the party.

DECLAN

You sounded really good tonight,
Charlie-boy.

CHARLIE

Thanks.

MARIE

You remind me of your Dad. Natural
talent...

Charlie and Declan smile.

MARIE (CONT'D)

You're really good. I'm serious. You know, if you love playing, follow your dreams, honey. Your Dad and I will support you every step of the way. Promise.

Charlie looks happy looking out the window of the car.

FLASHBACK: INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A young Charlie lies in bed, sleeping. Suddenly, he's startled, opens his eyes and sees...

The silhouette outline of Declan carrying a wilted Marie in his arms - into the hallway in front of his bedroom doorway.

He overhears Declan.

DECLAN

You just got overheated, Dearie. Let's get you to bed...

She looks totally incapacitated as he struggles to carry her - then they disappear into another bedroom.

Young Charlie pulls his blanket over his head...

FLASHBACK: INT. CHARLIE'S DETROIT HOME - NIGHT

Young Charlie is at the dining room with Marie in a wheelchair as he administers a vial of medicine into her leg with a syringe.

He does this methodically - rubs her leg with an alcohol pad, checks the correct dosage from the vial to the barrel - then injects Marie into her emaciated leg as she winces in pain.

Then, Declan STUMBLES in the back door, obviously drunk - passes them both without looking at them - then goes into his bedroom - seems embarrassed.

Charlie and Marie look worriedly at each other.

FLASHBACK: INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

An older Charlie holds his Mother's hand as she lays in a hospital bed.

Machines beep.

She's unconscious and intubated - tubes going down her throat. Charlie looks at her emaciated body, shakes his head as his eyes well up.

Declan sits on the other side of the bed - big curly head of hair in his hands. Sobbing.

FLASHBACK: EXT. CEMETERY - DUSK

SLOW MOTION:

An older Charlie, Declan and a few others watch as they lower Marie's casket into the ground.

Charlie is almost stoic with a tear. Declan cries.

As the Pastor shovels dirt on the casket, Charlie throws the album "El Dorado" by ELO, into the grave.

ELO SINGING (V.O.)
 "...Then I will stay, I'll not be
 back, El Dorado. I will be free of the
 world, El Dorado..."

Declan and Charlie leave the grave site. Declan has his hands on Charlie's shoulders, as they walk away together.

Charlie looks back at the gravesite...

END FLASHBACK

END MUSIC CUE

SLOW FADE OUT TO BLACK:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Declan is unconscious in a hospital bed. Charlie walks in the room, alone. He looks around at the room - SIGHS....

CHARLIE
 (under breath)
 God, I hate this hospital...

Machines beep as he stands besides Declan.

He quietly talks to him...

CHARLIE
 Hey Pops... That stupid Battle of the
 Bands tryout thing was today. You

would have hated it. Bad bands, bad songs. Awful...

Charlie looks down at Declan now.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Although, there was this one band that did a Clash song. I know you like the Clash. But Punk is a slippery slope - I know, I know.

(pause)

...And - I'm not proud of it, but I did that stupid big ending thing with the cymbals that you hate, and when I sat back down hard on the drum stool - it broke and I fell on my ass.

(a chuckle. pause.)

You would have been so pissed.

Some sniffles. Then,

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I, ummm, found that picture of Mom on the driveway that you dropped - brought it for you.

Charlie pulls the crumpled picture from his pocket, lays it on Declan's chest, tries to flatten it out.

Then, Charlie lays across Declan's chest.

Machines continue to beep...

INT. CHARLIE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING - DAYS LATER

THE HOUSE IS A MESS.

Loud music is playing on the stereo. Charlie sits alone and stares ahead - unblinking - listening...

Records and pictures - polaroid, black and white, cut-outs of CHARLIE, DECLAN, MARIE, HOC TUEY - litter the living room floor.

He finally notices the mess around him...

THEN, he starts neatly organizing - one picture after another - over and over again, around the house. Making neat stacks.

The phone rings. He ignores it...

INT. TED'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ted calls Charlie on an '80s football shaped dial phone, but gets his answering machine and hangs up.

His mother Gloria, from the kitchen, sees this - she goes to him.

GLORIA

No answer, huh?

TED

Nope.

GLORIA

Give him some time, honey.

She goes to kiss his head.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

It's going to be OK. Here.

She hands him the new edition of Creem magazine. He doesn't take it, and starts up the stairs to his room.

She looks worriedly after him.

Once again, Herb sits in his Lay-Z-Boy, smoking, with newspaper fully open in his face.

GLORIA

(frustrated to Herb)

Herb - talk to the boy!

DAD

Mmmmm. Hmmmm.

He's not listening, turns the newspaper pages as though a robot...

Gloria angrily purses her lips, returns to the kitchen and begins washing the dishes - angrily glancing at Herb in the living room.

Dishes are clanking now - louder...

At the top of the stairs, Ted stops, shakes his head, tears up... goes to his room - plops head first in his bed and pillow. Softly cries...

Herb peers back up where Ted was standing on the stairway. He

slowly closes the paper, folds it neatly - stares ahead - gets up...

Gloria peeks out of then kitchen - sees Herb walking up the stairs.

INT. TED'S HOME - BEDROOM - EVENING

There is some creaking on the steps, and soon Ted's bedroom door very slowly opens - it's Herb.

He goes quietly to Ted's side, sits down on the bed, lays his hand gently on his back. Ted is a bit startled - looks over at him, then face back in pillow...

A beat.

HERB
(softly)
You OK, boy?

Another beat.

TED
(muffled in pillow)
Not really.

Another beat as Herb looks a little lost - not sure what to say.

HERB
I - I'm a man of few words, Theodore - as you know. (beat) But that doesn't mean - that doesn't mean I don't care - about you and your Mother. You two are my world. My everything.

Gloria can be seen, a bit back from the doorway - watching with tears...

HERB (CONT'D)
I know this is pretty hard for you - worrying about your friend and his Dad - your band...

Ted looks up from his pillow at him - eyes red and welling.

HERB (CONT'D)
Just know - I - I'm here for you.

Ted jumps up - hugs him hard. Herb is surprised, but then

embraces him tightly. He smiles.

Gloria tears up and leaves.

INT. TRACY'S HOME - EVENING (CONTINUOUS)

Tracy practices her guitar on her bed. Her Dad, silver-haired DENNIS (mid-50s), quickly opens the door.

DENNIS

Hey - time to play some flute. Put the guitar down and get to it.

TRACY

Give me a few more minutes, OK?

DENNIS

Nope, you're done.

TRACY

Ugh - Dad!

DENNIS

Don't make me lock that guitar up again, Tracy. You know I'll do it.

Tracy steams as Dennis goes to leave. THEN - she finally explodes.

TRACY

Fuck the flute, Dad!

Angrily, Dennis walks back in the room. Piercing eyes.

DENNIS

What did you just say?

TRACY

I said - fuck that pussy-ass, mother fucking flute! If you knew anything about me, you'd know how much I DESPISE it!

Dennis then angrily GRABS the guitar in Tracy's hands. They struggle over it - then THE NECK BREAKS OFF. It's destroyed - in two pieces, strings everywhere. They look at each other surprised, in silence.

Then, Dennis then grabs the guitar remains and storms off - slams the door.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Ugh - I HATE you!

Tears as she cries...

Then, she grabs her phone and dials. It rings and eventually a machine picks it up.

DECLAN (V.O.)

(phone machine greeting)

"'Ello, you've reached the Shae's. I'm afraid Charlie and I are too busy rocking, or the music is too loud. Leave a message, won't you?"

Machine beeps. She hangs up, then makes another call.

TRACY

It's me. Can you meet me at Charlie's?

(a beat as she listens)

OK, see you there...

She hangs up, grabs a backpack, then SNEAKS out of her second-story bedroom window.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING (CONTINUOUS)

Music still blaring, Charlie opens a big paper bag. He pulls out picture and collage frames and begins framing some of the organized pictures around the home.

Once done, he then sets them down lovingly on the stereo and around the house. One after another he does this, slightly smiles looking at them.

The record stops playing and Charlie goes to flip it over.

THEN - a knock on the front door.

Charlie opens it - TED AND TRACY stand in the doorway.

Tracy rushes in and HUGS Charlie. Ted, wearing an Emerson, Lake and Palmer t-shirt, then does the same.

Silent, they stand awkwardly, looking around the still-messy living room, hands in pockets.

Finally -

TED

You OK?

CHARLIE

Not really. It's kinda fucked up.

TED

Yeah, I bet. I'm sorry.

TRACY

Is he going to be OK?

CHARLIE

Not sure. This has been happening off and on since his rock n' roll days, but he was clean for a long time. Then my Mom got sick and died, and shit hit the fan.

TED

How did she... (pause) how did she die, Charlie?

CHARLIE

She had a disease - M.S. Really did a number on her. Growing up, she ran the show around here. But before we knew it, she was bedridden. It was brutal.

Ted looks at a picture of Declan, Marie and a young Charlie on the side table. He picks it up - studies it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

We were really happy there. Mom, Dad and son at a rock concert, right?

Ted shows the picture to Tracy.

TRACY

Aw, so cute.

CHARLIE

Seven years later, I was taking care of both of them. Wiping asses, cleaning up barf, nursing hangovers - and eventually, nursing homes. Then she died. And that was that. So I thought...

Ted shakes his head. Tracy sheds a tear.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

But I guess - I've never really stopped taking care of him.

(a beat)
So who's taking care of me?

Charlie looks at them, helpless - then CRIES - goes to Tracy - she embraces him. Ted puts his hand on Charlie's shoulder - comforts him.

TRACY
We are, Charlie...

Ted nods.

TED
Aftermath, man.

Charlie regroups, wipes tears from his eyes - looks over and picks up a picture frame off the table - studies it.

He smiles. The mood brightens a bit...

CHARLIE
Check out this picture of my Dad in Rolling Stone.

TED
(looking at the picture)
Damn. He was bad ass. Look at that sweet silk robe.

CHARLIE
Yeah, I'm familiar with it. He has a few of them.

Tracy leans in to look at the picture - smiles.

Charlie picks up another picture showing Declan wearing a fancy cape and playing drums like Ginger Baker from Cream.

TED
That is so choice!

Then, Charlie runs to grab a drum set floor tom metal leg from the corner.

CHARLIE
Check this out. Close your eyes and hold out your hands.

Ted closes his eyes and holds out both hands. Charlie lays the floor tom leg in his hands, like a royal scepter.

CHARLIE

OK, open them.

(ted opens eyes)

This used to be Keith Moon's.

TED

Moon the Loon? From The Who? No
fucking way.

Charlie is moving faster around the house, looking for more equipment. He finds, and pulls out, a beautiful guitar case to show them. He slowly opens the case.

CHARLIE

Ah, the crème de la crème. Stand back
- might blind you.

Ted and Tracy stand back.

Charlie opens the guitar case, and a beautiful golden light shines from it, like the glow in the briefcase from Pulp Fiction. They gaze at the beautiful RARE VINTAGE guitar within.

TRACY

Whoa. It's beautiful. Is that what I
think it is?

CHARLIE

Yep. Vintage. Played once.

He smiles PROUDLY. Ted and Tracy study the beautiful instrument.

Then, the phone again rings, goes to the machine. It beeps...

VOICE (V.O.)

This message is for Charles Shae.
Please call Beaumont Hospital, ask for
Martha. I have news about Declan--

Charlie runs to pick it...

CHARLIE

--This is Charlie - hello?

(a beat)

He's awake? I'm leaving right now!

Charlie runs, grabs his jacket - runs out the door.

Ted and Tracy look at each other, then get to work - begin to

continue to frame pictures and set them neatly around the house...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie visits Declan, who is awake and eating in bed.

CHARLIE

Look who's up. You look good.

DECLAN

Sure, but I feel like hell. Give me a hug there, Charlie-boy.

Charlie leans over and hugs his dad.

CHARLIE

I brought you something. Had to smuggle it in...

He throws Declan a box of brown sugar and cinnamon Pop-Tarts from behind his back.

DECLAN

Oh, you know me well. Thank you.

Awkward pause.

CHARLIE

So, what's the story? When can you come home?

DECLAN

It looks like tomorrow. Still working with some counselors to get my head on straight.

CHARLIE

Finally. Do you think they could help me too?

Slight smiles. Declan turns serious...

DECLAN

I'm scared, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Of what?

DECLAN

Life, I suppose.

(pause.)
 All those years of playing - it's
 always been all about the music, your
 Mom and you. And now - things have
 changed. And as you know, change is
 not my forte.

CHARLIE
 Yeah - I've noticed.

There are SAD chuckles.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 I've been so mad at you for so long -
 over booze - jobs - money, or lack
 thereof. Mad at you about *Mom*... it's
 exhausting.

DECLAN
 I know, and I'm sorry. I've been
 stuck. Just didn't know how to start
 over. I still don't.

CHARLIE
 Who does? But - maybe now with some
 help, we can finally figure it out -
 together.

DECLAN
 That'd be brilliant.

Charlie leans over and gives Declan a huge hug.

DECLAN
 Charlie-boy, you didn't tell me - did
 you make it into the Battle of the
 Bands?

CHARLIE
 Yeah, we did. But - I'm not sure I
 want to do it now. With everything
 that's going on--

DECLAN
 Why? Because of me? Charlie-boy, you
 have to do this. I'm on the mend, and
 this battle of the bands - it's
 everything you've ever wanted.

CHARLIE
 I don't know...

DECLAN

Charlie (pause)... Some of us play music for fun. Some of us play music for attention. But some of us *have* to play. And that's you and me, old boy. It's part of our DNA - who we are. It gets us right in the head. You know what I mean?

CHARLIE

I know exactly what you mean.

DECLAN

Then it's settled?

CHARLIE

On one condition. (thinks) No, two conditions.

DECLAN

Do tell.

CHARLIE

First, you work hard to stay clean.

Declan nods, crosses his heart.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Second - you help us win.

A pause.

DECLAN

Are you sure you want that? I can be - *pushy*...

CHARLIE

Tell me about it.

Smiles.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - THAT EVENING

Charlie enters the front door and holds a bag of groceries in one arm, with Declan holding his other arm, cane in hand.

Chaos as they try and enter together - doors hitting them, Charlie trying to get Declan to the living room couch.

Finally, Declan plops down in front of the TV and grabs the TV remote - turns it on. Charlie goes to the kitchen with the

bag of groceries, starts unpacking them...

CHARLIE (O.S.)
 (yelling from kitchen)
 I bet you're glad to be home!

Declan relaxes, sits back on the couch - exhales...

DECLAN
 The best, mate. I desperately missed
 this shite hole.

Charlie laughs.

Declan looks around the room - notices all of the family and HOC TUEY memorabilia neatly organized and proudly displayed. He looks touched...

DECLAN
 Oh, Charlie. How wonderful.

CHARLIE
 You like? The band came over - made
 some magic happen. "Shrine of Declan"
 we call it.

DECLAN (O.S.)
 (smiling as he looks around)
 It's lovely.

THEN, Declan makes sure Charlie doesn't notice, and FEELS UNDER THE COUCH CUSHION FOR HIS SHERRY BOTTLE.

It's NOT there. THEN -

CHARLIE (O.S.)
 You're not going to find what you're
 looking for...

Declan stops what he's doing - busted.

CHARLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I found all your hiding places. Even
 the stuff in the basement drop ceiling
 - all of it.

Declan looks mortified - says nothing. A microwave *ding* can be heard.

Charlie comes into the room holding two TV dinners, gives one to Declan and sits down next to him.

CHARLIE

We've got a deal, remember?

(pause)

I don't expect miracles - but you gotta TRY. If you fuck up, we get you more help, and you accept it. Got it?

Declan nods - looks embarrassed. Charlie looks at his watch.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Your first A.A. meeting starts in forty-five, so better dig into that Hungry Man so we can get going. That Salisbury Steak ain't gonna eat itself.

Charlie digs into his TV dinner. Then, Declan does the same as they watch TV together...

INT. CHARLIE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAYS LATER

Charlie answers the door. Ted, bass in hand and wearing an Emerson, Lake & Palmer T-shirt, walks in.

TED

Hey man. How's Declan?

CHARLIE

Hey. Things are OK.

Ted looks around the house. It is cleaner than it has been since he started visiting.

Another polite knock on the door and Tracy enters - she walks in with her BROKEN GUITAR - held together with glue and electrical tape. Ted notices...

TED

Jesus - fucking Frankenstein's guitar!
Does it even play?

TRACY

Yeah - it'll be fine. I hope.

A piece of the guitar falls off onto the floor - she sheepishly picks it up.

TRACY (CONT'D)

How's Declan?

CHARLIE

Ended up busting up his leg a little -
not broken, thank God. A few tough
lumps on his head, too - a concussion.
But he's going to be OK.

TRACY

I'm glad.
(a beat)
I missed you, er, us - playing.

CHARLIE

Me too.
(a beat)
Oh hey - I made you this. Had some
time on my hands...

Charlie grabs a mix tape cassette from his back pocket and
gives it to her.

CHARLIE

Just some songs I like that I think
you'd dig.

TRACY

Aw, thanks, Chuck.

Tracy studies the label with hand written band names and
doodles. Ted glances confused at Charlie.

Is there ROMANCE here?

TRACY

Let's see - Asia, Zappa and Mothers of
Invention, U.K., Jethro Tull,
Smithereens - that's kinda a weird
one.

CHARLIE

Can't be all Prog, ya know? Gotta -
mix it up.

TRACY

What else is on here?
(studies the tape)
Cynical Girl by Marshall Crenshaw - I
love that song...

CHARLIE

A Berkley Boy - gotta support the
local guy.

TRACY

I love it. Can't wait to listen.

Tracy gives him a kiss on the cheek. Charlie blushes. Another awkward pause.

CHARLIE

Let's get downstairs - lots of work to do. Got a surprise for you, too.

Ted rubs his hands together in suspense.

TED

Ohhhh - I love surprises!

They walk down stairs...

INT. CHARLIE'S HOME - BASEMENT - DAY

As they turn the corner, a white light seems to glow and shimmer in the low light of the basement. THEN -

There stands DECLAN - now dressed in white (not black), still bruised face and cane - waiting for them.

CHARLIE

Look who it is everybody - back from the dead - it's Declan the White!

They all chuckle at the Lord of the Rings reference.

DECLAN

Very funny.

Tracy and Ted run to him and give him a careful hug.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

I understand you've made it into the Battle of the Bands.

(looking at Charlie)

Do you want to win this contest, Frodo Baggins?

Charlie nods his head yes.

DECLAN

What about you Merry and Samwise Gamgee?

Tracy and Ted shake their heads yes.

DECLAN
Yes? OK, then we need to get serious.

TRACY
You'll help us?

DECLAN
Of course, my dear.

Smiles all around.

DECLAN
First thing's first. This is for you,
m'lady.

Declan hands her a guitar case - his beautiful vintage guitar
from days before. Tracy looks at it - then back to Declan.

TRACY
No - Mr. Shae, I can't--

DECLAN
My dear girl, you can, and you will. I
insist.

Tracy tentatively takes the guitar case from Declan. Charlie
smiles, almost lovingly.

TED
(whispering to himself)
Yesssssssss.....

DECLAN
Now, let's get down to business. What
song have you picked to perform?

CHARLIE
Well, we really haven't picked one
yet. We'll probably just play the tune
from the tryouts.

DECLAN
Oh Christ. You can't do that. That's
so predictable.

CHARLIE
Then we need to pick another song.

DECLAN
Indeed. You're going to need something
big - bold - Rock.

TRACY

Now you're talkin' Mister Shae.

TED

Yeah Charlie. Like your Dad says -
Rock.

DECLAN

Bloody well right. So let's get to
work, shall we?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S HOME - BASEMENT - MONTAGE

MUSIC: A song like the "The Final Countdown" by Europe.

- Declan watches Charlie play drums. He stops him and gets behind the kit to show him how to play a drum pattern.
- Declan adds a few more drums to Charlie's drum set. His drum set MULTIPLIES over the montage. More drums, more drums, MORE DRUMS!
- Declan shows Ted a bass guitar pattern on his fret board. Ted nods and understands.
- Declan adds a synthesizer right next to Ted so he can play bass and synth parts. Ted looks overwhelmed BUT excited.
- TINKER is wiring up lights in the basement. They are flashing everywhere.
- Declan is in front of a whiteboard. It says "Possible Songs for Battle of the Bands." He is going over the list with the band - pointing at the titles with his cane.
 1. Don't Fear the Reaper - Blue Oyster Cult
 2. Money - Pink Floyd
 3. YES - Roundabout
 4. Journey - Don't Stop Believin' - The band throws erasers at Declan when he points to Journey.
 5. HOC TUEY - Rock Odyssey Part Four (Instrumental) - The band looks a little uncomfortable and shake their heads "No." Declan shrugs his shoulders.
 6. Empire Cock - Planetary Phase One (fake prog-rock band for

the movie) - They all nod happily in approval.

- Declan is in full Rock 'n Roll garb - big boots, sparkling clothes - showing the band BIG, SWEEPING stage moves with his arms. They follow suit as he teaches them. He corrects them and some of their moves.

- Declan puts on Rock and Roll make-up in the mirror. Rouge, eye shadow and lipstick. Charlie and Ted next to him, also in FULL makeup. Tracy is helping them put it on.

- Tinker wires up another light to a string of other lights. It starts a small fire. We see Declan put the fire out with a fire extinguisher.

- TINKER tinkers with his hand-held remote control device.

MONTAGE ENDS

INT. CHRIS'S HOME - BASEMENT - SAME DAY

Chris, DANA and his band rehearse a new wave sounding song for the Battle of the Bands concert. Chris continues to check himself out in the mirror as he performs.

Dana watches enthusiastically, then sneezes, blows her red nose - looks like she has a nasty cold.

The song ends.

CHRIS

(to the guitarist)

Hey dumb ass, you missed the change going back into the verse.

(to girl back up singer)

And did you mean to be that off key? Was it an artistic choice or do you want to be in Joy Division or something?

(to the drummer)

Do you even know how to count?

(to the guitarist, very annoyed)

No, just - no.

Bass player, Brad (17) speaks up.

BRAD

Hey, take it easy, man. We have a few more days. We're gonna win... like we do every year.

CHRIS

Take it easy, Brad? How about you concentrate on playing your four shitty strings and I'll worry about winning.

DANA

You sounded great, Babe.

CHRIS

Correct. I sounded great. The rest of these turds were blowing clams.

DANA

What are you worried about? I heard all the other bands suck. Except Aftermath. I hear they're sounding pretty good. They're doing Empire Cock. That's what I heard anyways...

CHRIS

The Cock? Like they could even pull that off.

BRAD

Actually, I bet they can. They're really good musicians.

CHRIS

Oh shut up. What do you know - Bass player?

DANA

I heard a bootleg cassette from that grody kid Tinker. Sounded really rad...

CHRIS

(child-like)

If you guys love them so much, why don't you marry them?

BRAD

Jesus, Chris. Why do you hate those guys so much? We're BOTH in bands.

CHRIS

Because WE rule, and they're dorks, nerds, weirdos, geeks, dweebs--

BRAD
We get it. Annnnd?

CHRIS
And what? Do I need a reason to
dislike total FREAKS?

BRAD
Kinda?

CHRIS
Hey, you want to listen to that prog
rock crap - go for it. I don't care
about complicated songs that have no
ending, singing about Hobbits and
dragons, or guitarists jerking off
over the song for twenty minutes.

He imitates jacking off.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
It's weird. Pointless. So don't bring
that shit in here or you're fired -
you got that Brad?

DANA
Aw - take it easy, babe.

CHRIS
C'mere, give me some sugar...

He smiles and goes to put his tongue down Dana's throat -
THEN she STOPS him.

DANA
I've got this nasty cold - don't want
you sick for the battle.

She blows her nose. HONK.

Chris has a EUREKA moment:

CHRIS
That little dweeb Ted - the bass
player and singer. I've seen him check
you out. Maybe you can give him a
little action - make out with him.
Swap some spit. Tonsil hockey. Tongue
wrestle--

DANA
 (aghast)
 Are you serious?

CHRIS
 You know I am. Let him get up in your
 mix a little bit, and then you get him
 sicker than a dog before the show.

DANA
 (backs off)
 You're a sick fuck Chris, you know
 that?

CHRIS
 (smiles)
 No, HE'S gonna be the sick fuck.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCHOOL HALLWAY - THE NEXT DAY

Ted, at his locker, digs around for his backpack. He wears an original TRON t-shirt and rainbow Mork from Ork suspenders. He closes the locker when DANA suddenly appears.

Ted looks concerned...

TED
 Hey look, if Chris is looking for
 lunch money, I don't have any...

DANA
 No - I'm here to talk. To you. Hi.

She plays with his suspenders.

TED
 (awkwardly)
 Hi?

DANA
 Yeah, hi again. I'm Dana.

TED
 I know who you are. Everyone knows who
 you are. I'm Theodore, er, Ted.

They shake hands.

DANA
 So, how are things going with the
 band?

TED
Ummm, good.

DANA
I heard. Doing Empire Cock for the
Battle?

TED
Yeah, doing the Cock. I mean, the band
- Empire Cock. *That* Cock.

DANA
Cool. I like *The* Cock.

Ted swallows hard. Dana stares intensely at Ted.

TED
I, umm - I'll see you at the show.

Ted starts to walk away.

DANA
Hey wait!

She grabs him by the t-shirt and starts making out with him.
He's on his tip-toes. Her tongue goes down his throat.

Finally, she pushes him away - Ted staggers back like he's
drunk.

DANA
I'm looking forward to seeing you play
on Friday. Can't wait for *The* Cock.

She flicks his rainbow suspenders hard on his nipples...

DANA (CONT'D)
See you around.

She walks away down the hall.

TED
Ouch. (holds his nips). I think I'm in
love.

DANA walks away with a crooked smile as she wipes the
lipstick off the side of her mouth with her pinkie.

THEN -

DANA
 (loudly)
 Goddamn that nerd can French!

INT. CHARLIE'S HOME - BASEMENT - EVENING

Aftermath are in the basement getting their equipment ready for the Battle of the Bands. They listen to music on a Boombox.

Charlie polishes his cymbals. His drum set is now HUMONGOUS and it encircles him.

Ted wears an Electric Light Orchestra t-shirt and polishes his bass guitar. He clears his throat and feels his neck glands.

Is he getting SICK?

Tracy changes her guitar strings.

Tinker is in the corner. He's built a circular drum stage for Charlie's drums. It has lights on the side rotating platform. He pushes a button on his remote control and the stage starts twirling around FASTER and FASTER - like a Lazy Susan. It starts smoking and goes off its axis. It's broken.

TINKER
 Blarg.

A new song plays on the boom box. They all start moving and vibing to it.

TRACY
 What song is this?

CHARLIE
 It's my Dad's old band, Hoc Tuey. This is "Rock Odyssey Part Four" - an instrumental. Off of "The Fidelity Dilemma."

TRACY
 I like it.

Tracy starts playing to it - learning it. Ted joins in. Charlie plays, too.

Declan hears the music from his room, and goes downstairs, cane in hand. He bobs his head in approval as the band roughly goes through it.

They end and laugh.

DECLAN

Ah, the old "Rock Odyssey" - yes indeed. I remember the day we came up with that number.

(pause.)

We were in Stuart's old barn - our keyboardist, you see. He started riffing and another twelve hours later - we had it down.

TED

Twelve hours?

DECLAN

Yes - and that was fast. It was a top-twenty hit on BBC One. An instrumental with a mammoth drum solo - on the charts.

TED

Incredible.

DECLAN

That wouldn't happen these days, I'm afraid.

TRACY

Your playing was so sick Mr. Shae.

DECLAN

Sick? Thank you, my dear. We played it all direct to tape in the studio, and if we didn't like that take, we'd have to go back and do it all over again. And again. Until we we had it right and proper.

CHARLIE

Sounds like torture.

DECLAN

Oh it was, but it was a blast. And then, we'd have to play it live every night to a stadium full of people that knew every single moment. Every single note. Now that's pressure...

Charlie, Ted and Tracy listen intently.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

If you really want to knock some socks off, learn a song like that next time and watch some heads explode!

TRACY

It's a great song.

Tracy plays the riff again and the band joins in. Declan smiles as they play through it. He stops them here and there, and corrects some of the parts.

DECLAN

(to Tracy)

In the intro, make sure you play it nice and clean. Once the chorus kicks in, hit the distortion pedal and RIP it.

Tracy nods her head.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

(to Ted)

For the verse, play the open E on the bass, and reach over your left hand on the synth. Play the 3rd to that, and then some octaves.

TED

Sure, sure. That's a G, right?

DECLAN

Correct. And Charlie, make sure you hit those triplets at the ending.

CHARLIE

Like this?

Charlie performs the triplets - it's good but not quite there.

DECLAN

Very, very close Charlie. The trick, old boy, is to start with your left hand. Get that down and you'll blow some minds.

CHARLIE

How long did it take you to get them down?

DECLAN

Eh - five years. Give or take a ten.

They laugh.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S HOME - BASEMENT - LATER

The band wraps up and starts packing equipment. Declan helps Charlie with the enormous drum set break down. Tinker works on lasers in the corner.

He hits a switch on his hand-held device and the laser goes haywire and starts CUTTING THROUGH the cinder block wall. He turns it off before it goes all the way through.

CHARLIE

What do you think?

DECLAN

Sounds wonderful. You're going to be -
sick.

TED

Speaking of sick, I'm not feeling so hot, so I'm gonna jet. Probably just nerves. See you band freaks tomorrow for the big show.

CHARLIE

Smell ya tomorrow.

Declan sees Ted struggle with his equipment and helps him with it, as they go up the stairs.

Charlie, Tracy and Tinker are still in the basement. Tinker tries and successfully blows up a smoke bomb.

He DISAPPEARS in a cloud of smoke. GONE.

Charlie and Tracy seem to be alone now. Tracy is closer to Charlie, helping him pack up the drums.

CHARLIE

So, umm - curious on what you thought about the mix tape?

TRACY

Loved it! I really liked the Bozzio stuff - never heard anyone play drums

like that.

CHARLIE

Bozzio rules. Did you know he joined Zappa's band at like 24? Incredible. Zappa charted all those parts out and made him sight read it for his tryout.

TRACY

Wow - I didn't know that.

CHARLIE

Yep.

They get closer and closer, both geeking out on the music trivia.

CHARLIE

Zappa was a genius. Autodidact.

TRACY

Mmmmmmmmm. Autodidact. Sounds interesting. What's that?

CHARLIE

A person who... is self... taught...

They are turned on and Charlie goes in for a kiss, but Tracy stops him at the last minute.

TRACY

Wait, wait. Maybe this isn't such a great idea.

CHARLIE

What?

A beat.

TRACY

I really, really like you, Charlie. But - I like music more. You know what I mean?

CHARLIE

Ouch. Not really.

TRACY

What I'm trying to say is - I love being in this band with you--

CHARLIE

Me too. It's great isn't it?

She nods in agreement.

TRACY

And I love it when we play music together. You understand me, and I understand you. We're speaking the same language, without even talking.

CHARLIE

Yes - exactly.

TRACY

I can barely communicate with my parents. I don't have this connection anywhere, with anyone.

Charlie looks confused.

CHARLIE

And?

TRACY

If something like kissing you screws this up - it could be the end of the band, and I don't want that.

Another beat.

CHARLIE

Wow, yeah. I totally get that. This is about the only thing I do really well in life. Relationships - not so much.

TRACY

Me too. So let's not screw this up. Cool?

CHARLIE

Cool.

They hug.

INT. CHRIS'S HOME - BASEMENT - EVENING

The band is finishing up practicing. They sound very good - professional. Still very Pop.

CHRIS
Well, isn't that a surprise. Someone
turned the suck knob down.

BRAD
I'd say we're down to at least a '2'.

CHRIS
Don't get ahead of yourself, Brad.
We're still at '3' - at least. We need
to be a '1' to win this thing.

The band packs up to leave and begin to walk up the stairs.

CHRIS
Remember to maybe spend like five
minutes tonight practicing your parts,
boneheads. I swear if you make me look
stupid at the show, I'm going to be
sooooo pissed.

BRAD
(quietly to himself)
Make you look stupid? I think you have
that covered all by yourself.

Chris hears it.

CHRIS
Bass player says what?

Brad doesn't say a word back.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
That's what I thought - Brad.

The band walks out. Chris checks up the stairs to make sure
they are gone.

He yells.

CHRIS
Hey - dummies!

He listens. No answer.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Make sure you close the door on the
way out - OK?

Still no answer. The coast is clear.

Chris goes to the record player, pulls out an album from the case. "EMPIRE COCK." He drops the needle on the record.

He grabs a guitar and goes to the microphone. The album BLASTS complicated Prog-Rock music.

Chris tries to play along to it. He kind of knows it, but it is FAR beyond his ability. He gives up on the guitar.

The singing starts - high vocal range and PIERCING. He tries to sing it - but his voice breaks.

He screams...

CHRIS

Why can't I do this
SHIIIIIIIIITTTTTTTTTT?!

In frustration and rage, he takes off the guitar and smashes it onto the ground. Pieces fly everywhere.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Fucking band FREAAAANKKKKKKSSSSSS!

He runs up the stairs - like a fully regressed dorky middle schooler, flailing his arms and hands everywhere...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - EVENING

It's the night of the Battle of the Bands. Before the doors open, bands set up equipment everywhere. Bands personifying certain genres are getting set up backstage:

- A punk band in jeans and leather jackets that look like The Clash.

- An all-girl goth band dressed in all black, like Siouxsie and the Banshees.

- Chris is dressed like Rick Astley; Blue blazer with gold buttons over a white-striped polo shirt, khakis and brown loafers.

- Charlie and Tracy are dressed like they always are - blue jeans, rock t-shirts and Converse All-Stars.

They are in the gym with the rest of the bands, but there is NO SIGN of Ted. They seem worried and look around the gym for him.

CHARLIE
Still no sign of him?

TRACY
No! Where is that nerd?!

Busy activity of bands and equipment is covering the entire gym floor. Mr. Blair addresses the bands.

MR. BLAIR
Bands! Bands! Eyes over here! Doors are opening in fifteen minutes. Please get your equipment over to the side of the stage and check the list for final show times. Good luck and have fun! Remember - a hundred bucks, a cable performance and bragging rights are on the line!

Charlie looks everywhere...

CHARLIE
Jesus, where is he? I'm going to kill that kid!

Sensing fear, in the corner, Chris SMILES.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - FRONT OF STAGE

The Battle of the Bands begins.

Suddenly, the gym goes dark. Lights flicker on the stage and students pack the bleachers. The curtain opens. We see Mr. Blair - the MC.

MR. BLAIR
Hello students, Moms and Dads and faculty, to the Sixth Annual Battle of the Bands!

There is wild applause. The students are unruly.

A very small group of five or so freaks and band geeks with Aftermath signs hoot and holler.

MR. BLAIR (CONT'D)
Students - settle down please!

Students continue to WILDLY still cheering.

MR. BLAIR (CONT'D)
 Quiet you animals!

The gym settles down a bit.

MR. BLAIR (CONT'D)
 Lots of great acts here tonight! The kids have worked hard to get here, so please give them your utmost attention and respect. Without further ado, welcome to the stage - "Susan and her Band-Shees" - playing their rendition of "Peekaboo," by Siouxsie and the Banshees!

An all-girl goth band dressed head to toe in black, black lipstick and thick, black drawn-on eyebrows take the stage and begin to perform.

A corner of Goth students, ALSO dressed in black from head to toe with black spiked hair, sway SMILELESS to the music.

The Preppy kids stare, mouths open...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - BACKSTAGE

Band members walk everywhere, nervous to perform.

Charlie and Tracy fidget, still looking for Ted through the backstage curtains.

He is still missing.

TRACY
 Did you call his house?

CHARLIE
 Like five frickin' times! His mom said she hasn't seen him since this morning. She said he was feeling sick all night.

TRACY
 Oh god. Not now.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - FRONT OF STAGE

Susan and her Band-shees leave the stage. There is wild applause.

MR. BLAIR

What about those band-shees, huh? Next up; You know him, you love him, here's Chris Kay and his band, Reagan, performing Rick Astley's new hit, "Never Gonna Give You Up"
 (off mic, finger in mouth)
 ...Barf.

REAGAN hits the stage and starts performing. The gym is going crazy. The small group of band nerds boo.

We see MS. DAWES in the audience, dressed provocatively, staring at Chris singing.

She mouths to him "I want you." Mr. Blair sees this and grimaces at the interaction.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - BACKSTAGE

Backstage while Reagan is performing, Charlie and Tracy continue to search for Ted.

FINALLY, he appears backstage - he looks like SHIT...

CHARLIE

Dude - where the F have you been, man?
 We're up next!

Ted wears a Rush t-shirt. He looks terrible - pale and sickly.

TED

(hoarse)
 I'm sick as a dog. I was up all night, can't swallow and can hardly talk. Took a nap and woke up late. I'm sorry, but there's no way I can sing. No way.

Charlie grabs him, SLAPS him in the face - back and forth, back and forth.

CHARLIE

(angry)
 Snap out of it, man! Get your shit together! This is our only chance!

TED

SQUEAK

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 Geek redemption - remember? One band
 to rule them all? Bragging rights? You
 want to lose to that?

Charlie points to Chris performing Rick Astley on stage.
 Chris looks like an IDIOT, but the crowd is going NUTS.

TRACY
 We are so fucked.

DECLAN emerges backstage.

He is cleaned up: White jeans, white button down to his
 navel, black rock and roll hair, big black glasses, his cane.

Declan sees the scene and breaks Charlie and Ted apart.

DECLAN
 Charlie! What the hell are you doing?

CHARLIE
 This turd can't sing. His voice is
 gone...

TED
 (squeaking)
 I'm sorry, Mr. Shae. I'm sick. Charlie
 - you're going to have to sing...

CHARLIE
 Sing? Drummers don't sing!

TED
 (more squeaking)
 Phil Collins sings--

CHARLIE
 --I'm not fucking Phil Collins! Do I
 look like fucking Phil Collins?
 (a beat. thinks.)
 Tracy, what about you? Can you sing?

TRACY
 Are you kidding? I can barely whistle.

She tries to whistle - whhhhhhhhh - just air...

DECLAN
 Oh dear. Interesting quandary we have
 here. Reminds me of '76 - Montreal--

Long pause.

CHARLIE

--Annnnd? What happened in Montreal?

DECLAN

Oh, nothing really...just that Hoc Tuey was up next to follow Sun Ra, 19th June, 1976. It was the Jazz Fest, you know. Sun Ra and his band had decided to do this incredible twenty minute instrumental jam, and--

CHARLIE

Dad, hurry up with the story. We're going on in like two minutes!

DECLAN

Very sorry, Charlie. Where was I? Oh yes. The point is, we followed suit and opened with "Rock Odyssey Part Four" - an instrumental also, as you know. No singing, blistering guitar with drum solo in the middle, by yours truly, of course. It was a genius move on our part - (air quotes) playing to the audience - as they say - and we killed it.

EUREKA MOMENT:

CHARLIE

Holy shit - that's it! We're going to do "Rock Odyssey."

DECLAN

Yes, of course!

TRACY

No. No way. Are you kidding? We only jammed it the other day - once! I barely know it.

CHARLIE

It's our only chance to blow some minds and win. Unless you want to lose to numb nuts over there.

He points to Chris still on stage singing.

Ms. Dawes is now biting her lip, seductively staring at

Chris. She's lightly touching herself inappropriately - her chest, nether regions, then a finger in mouth.

Mr. Blair again sees this and pulls her aside to talk with her.

AFTERMATH puts their plan together...

CHARLIE

Dad, you go in the pit orchestra, down below the stage. You conduct us from there, OK? Lead us in and point to us for our sections.

DECLAN

Yes, of course. Brilliant idea!

CHARLIE

Everybody clear? Tinker - can you make sure you fire it up?

Tinker salutes.

TED

(squeaks)
Got it. I'm in.

TRACY

(worriedly)
I'll try.

DECLAN

Do or do not - there is no try. Make me proud, my dear.

Declan runs to the pit orchestra.

The band HUDDLES quickly together...

CHARLIE

This is it, guys...
(to TED)
No more hiding from the world behind big-ass instrument cases...
(to TRACY)
No more pretending to be someone you're not for Daddy and his tight-ass friends...
(a beat)
Time to take off our invisibility cloaks and become the Rock Gods we

were born to be. Are you fucking Band Freaks with me?

TED

SQUEAK!

TRACY

Damn right!

They put their hands together in the center of the huddle...

CHARLIE

1,2,3...

ALL

AFTERMATH!

Tracy, Ted and Charlie duck into a dressing room with a bag of clothes and makeup cases...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - FRONT OF STAGE

REAGAN ends the song and walk off. The gym is CRAZY with clapping and hollering.

MR. BLAIR

(unenthusiastic)

Wasn't that - interesting? Chris Kay and Reagan, everyone. Give them a hand.

Ms. Dawes, now back in the audience, swoons at the front of the stage.

The preppy kids go wild. The small group of band nerds continue to boo.

MR. BLAIR (CONT'D)

Alright, some rock and roll for you here from the band called Aftermath. They'll be performing Planetary Phase One, by....ummmm - Empire Co--

He is interrupted by Tinker on stage who whispers in his ear.

MR. BLAIR (CONT'D)

Apparently we have a last minute song change. They'll now be performing "Rock Odyssey Part Four," by the Prog Rock band, Hoc Tuey!

The small group of band geeks in the audience clap with approval - their Aftermath signs are raised.

We see some preppy kids yell "Band Nerds!"

MR. BLAIR (CONT'D)
Here they are - Aftermath!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - SIDE STAGE

Tinker smiles menacingly and hits a big RED button on his remote control device.

The gym goes completely dark.

Woooooooooshhhhhh....

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - FRONT OF STAGE

A single low synth note rings out in the darkness and shakes the gym.

A wide lime-green laser light moves from the top of the stage down over the crowd.

SUDDENLY, three spotlights shine on the three band members.

We see Charlie, Tracy and Ted, dressed in glorious white satin Asian-influenced robes and make-up.

EYESHADOW and LIPSTICK is included.

They look GLORIOUS.

Charlie's now humongous drum set completely surrounds him, and it's on a circular drum riser.

DECLAN is in the pit orchestra, just below the stage with his CANE as a conductors wand.

He points to Charlie, and Charlie does a four count-in on his sticks.

CHARLIE
One, two, three, four!

Tracy starts with the opening guitar riff, and soon the band KICKS into high gear with a ROARING instrumental.

The crowd is quiet - amazed and impressed at the spectacle.

SIDE STAGE:

CHRIS is visibly upset at the upstaging from Aftermath and the crowd response.

DANA is staring at Ted on stage - she looks intrigued and twirls her gum around her finger.

MR. BLAIR is yelling and clapping and rooting the band on.

FRONT OF STAGE:

Declan points with the CANE and moves frantically with the band, like a mad conductor - arms and black curly hair FLAILING about everywhere.

The band is at the second chorus. Declan points to Charlie for the big drum solo. He is panting and out of breath and takes a seat. Exhausted.

The other members spotlights go dark. Tracy and Ted move side stage. Tinker is manically pushing buttons on his remote control device, smiling.

THE DRUM SOLO STARTS -

All eyes in the audience are on Charlie and his drum solo. His arms are flailing and hitting drums EVERYWHERE!

Spotlights are blinking MADLY on Charlie and his drum set with every push of Tinker's device.

Declan is watching Charlie from the pit. He has tears in his eyes and is air drumming with him. Charlie is performing brilliantly - focused and determined.

SUDDENLY, Charlie stands up behind the drum set. We see Tracy, Ted and Declan gasp - Tracy covers her eyes.

Tinker is pushing more buttons, and turns the dial on the remote.

While CHARLIE stands up, the circular drum stage ROTATES a full 180 under him, and he does NOT turn with it - like Neil Peart from Rush.

It stops turning, and he expertly sits back down on the drum stool - now playing the drums that were behind him!

He doesn't fall backward as in tryouts.

Then - TRIPLET, TRIPLET, TRIPLET. OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Charlie NAILS it!

Ted, Tracy, Tinker and Declan raise their fists in exuberance.

The band geeks in the audience cheer and whistle.

Chris looks absolutely defeated.

PIT ORCHESTRA:

Declan is crying with happiness at Charlie and the drum solo. THEN - stands back up with the conductor's wand.

DECLAN
(shouting)
Whoo hoo - gooooo Charlie-boy!

FRONT OF STAGE:

Charlie finishes the drum solo, and FIRE shoots out of the sides of the circular drum stage. Lasers fly everywhere across the crowd.

The entire crowd goes BERSERK.

Tinker looks up from his hand held remote. He is smiling jumping UP AND DOWN... He pushes more buttons, then...

SUDDENLY, Tracy and Ted are back on stage in spotlights.

Declan gives them one final point with the cane to begin the last part of the song.

They kick back into the song and SMILE to each other.

AUDIENCE REVEAL:

- GLORIA, Ted's Mom is in the audience cheering Ted on, wipes a TEAR from her eye.

- THEN - Ted's Dad, HERB, steps up next to her, WEARING AN AFTERMATH T-SHIRT - smiling while he watches. He grabs Gloria around the waist.

- DENNIS, Tracy's Dad, stands with arms crossed in the doorway of the gym. Tentative as he watches, but then shakes

his head - STORMS OUT - ANGRY.

- TRACY looks up from the stage, sees her Dad do this, and then LIFTS THE SHINING VINTAGE GUITAR - does a lick in spite of him - gives him the DEVIL HORNS hand gesture... goes back to ROCKING!

SIDE STAGE:

- DANA whistles and claps, watches Ted closely, plays with her hair.

- CHRIS is off to the side making out with MS. DAWES. They GROPE each other.

FRONT OF STAGE:

The band begins the big finale. They end the song with long notes and arm windmills.

Charlie is crashing cymbals and going CRAZY.

The big gong cymbal behind Charlie is set ON FIRE and he grabs a huge mallet and hits it over and over.

They hit the last note together in a big coordinated...

"BOOOOOOOOMMMMMMM!"

"BOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

"BOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

Lasers, lights and smoke is everywhere - over the stage, over the audience - absolutely EVERYWHERE!

SIDE STAGE:

TINKER hits the final button for the stage to go dark, and PASSES out, exhausted from his performance.

FRONT OF STAGE:

THE ENTIRE CROWD GOES NUTS!

The sportos, the motorheads, geeks, sluts, bloods, wastoids, dweebies, dickheads* - they ALL cheer and yell enthusiastically. (*credit and thx to J. Hughes)

THEN - Charlie, Ted, Tracy and soon Tinker appear and stand in front of the entire gym, lock arms and take a collective

bow.

Charlie points to the pit orchestra space to DECLAN. He waves from the pit with his cane and crazy black curly hair...

Then a chant starts - Mr. Blair, Dana, parents chant too.

CROWD

Aftermath! Aftermath! Aftermath!

Charlie looks slowly around the gym, enjoys the CONQUEST, TAKING IT ALL IN - HUGE SMILE....

Chris looks defeated, until Ms. Dawes walks by, smiles, pulls him right into the janitor's closet.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - BACK STAGE

Absolutely THRILLED with their performance, Aftermath runs backstage and Declan excitedly intercepts them - a huge group hug.

Out of nowhere, Tracy pulls Charlie aside and give him a long passionate KISS.

CHARLIE

I thought kissing was a bad id--

TRACY

Shut up, dummy.

ANOTHER KISS from Tracy - smiles, another hug...

More excitement and backstage congratulations, Declan and Charlie break off from the group.

DECLAN

Bloody hell, Charlie-boy - you did it!

CHARLIE

We did it, Dad!

DECLAN

You know, I think it's time we start talking about getting you on tour. I hear from the boys in Hoc Tuey that they're doing a reunion gig next summer. What do you think?

CHARLIE

(shocked)

Wait - are you saying that I'm--

DECLAN

Ready. Absolutely, one-hundred percent, ready.

CHARLIE

(still shocked)

Whoa. Are you sure?

DECLAN

I can't perform like that anymore, old boy. My hands are no good. And it's time I pass the baton onto you. Your Mom was right, you know - you are *really* good. She'd be so damn proud.

A hug between them...

CHARLIE

But what about you? Are you ready for that? I won't be around...

DECLAN

As ready as I'll ever be. Besides - it's time for you to spread your wings, m'boy...

Then - Mr. Blair excitedly makes his way backstage to congratulate Charlie and the band.

MR. BLAIR

Charlie, what a performance! I had no idea how good you were. Chris Kay can suck it!

CHARLIE

Whoa - Thanks!

Declan and Mr. Blair meet for the first time...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Mr. Blair, I'd like you to meet my Dad, Declan Shae. Dad, this is Mr. Blair, my social studies teacher, interim band teacher, lunch aid, janitor and--

EUREKA MOMENT:

Mr. Blair RECOGNIZES Declan.

MR. BLAIR
Declan Shae? The Declan Shae? Drummer
for Hoc Tuey? Are you serious right
now?

Mr. Blair shakes Declan's hand vigorously.

DECLAN
Nice to meet you, mate.

Mr. Blair doesn't let go of his hand...

MR. BLAIR
Charlie - your dad is Declan Shae! I'm
a huge, huge fan. Hoc Tuey in the
houssssssssseeeeeee!

They walk and talk down the backstage hallway.

MR. BLAIR (CONT'D)
(to Declan)
I've always wanted to know, on the
album "Raiders of the Night", that
last drum passage, are you doing
triplets with a double-tap bass
pattern, or are you....

Declan listens to him closely... smiles...

SLOW DISSOLVE:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

SUPER: Two weeks later.

Charlie, Tracy, Ted and Tinker walk down a busy school
hallway.

Charlie and Tracy hold hands, clearly now a couple. Tracy has
ditched her flute case for the pristine guitar in case.

Ted is cleaned up and wears a button down oxford shirt, BUT
NOW - he carries his smaller electric bass guitar case - NO
MORE huge acoustic case hitting people.

Dana walks by and blows TED a kiss. He grabs it from the air
and smacks it on his lips. She smiles...

Students everywhere high-five them. MANY are wearing

Aftermath t-shirts.

TED

Look at all these Aftermath T-shirts!

They all look around.

TED (CONT'D)

I still think it's bullshit that Susan and her Band-shees won Battle of the Bands. I mean, an all-girl goth band?

CHARLIE

Let's face it - they were really, really good. And it's 1987 - music and tastes are changing...

TINKER chimes in for the FIRST TIME EVER:

TINKER

(very sophisticated)

Very, very true Charles. In fact, one might argue that the Goth scene is another sub-genre - not unlike Prog Rock - that also demands more from its listeners than the typical Pop music of today. The sheer fact Susan and her Band-shees won really is a testament to the changing times and maturation of the student body, not to mention the failings of corporate rock and pop radio. No?

They look utterly confused/shocked at Tinker's profound statement.

CHARLIE

Sure, if you say so. As long as this dipshit didn't win, I'm good.

Chris approaches them wearing a Duran Duran T-shirt - SMIRKS as he gets closer. Just as he is about to lean into Charlie to say something - A BOOMING VOICE YELLS - it reverberates through the hall...

BOOMING VOICE (O.S.)

Hey - GEEK!

The busy hallway GASPS - becomes silent.

IN SLOW MOTION, STARTLED, EYES WIDE - Charlie, Ted, Tracy,

Tinker - TURN to see who's calling one of them out.

A BIG JOCK (17), a stoutly, but handsome football Jock in a varsity jacket, stands with other football players in the hallway. He yells again.

BIG JOCK (CONT'D)
I'm talkin' to you, Chris Kay.

Chris - suddenly confused and petrified - points at himself. He swallows hard.

CHRIS
Who - me?

BIG JOCK
Yes, you! Duh. Nice Duran Duran t-shirt, ya dork!

The football jocks laugh and point at him, then the entire hallway of students erupt - they all join in!

Chris looks down at his shirt, then - bursts out CRYING - runs awkwardly away down the hall, again like a regressed middle schooler.

Ms. Dawes, poking her head out of her classroom at the commotion, sees Chris flailing past her door. She looks mortified - scrunched nose - turned off. Ewww.

THEN - she turns and locks eyes with Big Jock. She bites her lip seductively. Big Jock smiles. Heyyyyyy.

Charlie, Ted, Tracy and Tinker, seemingly relieved that they're no longer the geeks being called out, shake their heads, smile at each other... no longer bottom of the food chain.

They resume down the hall, and Mr. Blair walks towards them. He stops and opens his button down shirt, and shows them his Aftermath T-shirt underneath - winks at them.

CHARLIE
(to Mr. Blair)
Hell yes!

MR. BLAIR
(leans in)
Have I mentioned how great you guys were?

CHARLIE
A few times I think...

MR. BLAIR
Well, you were, and are.

Mr. Blair smiles and walk into a classroom ahead of them.

TRACY
(to Charlie)
Seriously, what would have happened if
we would've won?

CHARLIE
Oh, we won, Tracy. We won.

They smile and continue to walk down the hall and into the
band room.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - BAND AND ORCHESTRA ROOM - DAY

Mr. Blair stands at the front of the class.

MR. BLAIR
OK students. As you know, I have been
doing a lot of different roles around
here, but I'm happy to say we've
finally found a permanent replacement.
Please welcome Mr. Shae as your new
band teacher.

DECLAN walks in, dressed in jeans, black shirt and a sport
coat. He still has his funky hair and black thick-rimmed
glasses.

Charlie smiles.

Ted stands, smiling with his electric bass.

Tracy has her guitar - now upgraded to orchestra band.

DECLAN
'Ello students, 'Ow are ya? Let's
start with Sprach Zarathustra, The
theme from 2001: A Space Odyssey.

Declan raises the conductor wand and gets ready for the first
downbeat of the song....

TED, CHARLIE, TRACY
(whispering together)
Yessssssssssss.....

SMASH CUT:

END CREDITS BEGIN

MUSIC CUE: Magic Power by Triumph starts.

Trapper Keepers and wooden school desktops with hand drawn band logos litter the side of the screen during credits.

POST-CREDIT SCENE #1 - INT. - SCHOOL LOCKERS - DAY

SUPER: Two months later.

Charlie is at his locker with Tracy, puts his backpack away, when Ted and Dana walk up hand in hand.

Ted's hair is very long now and wears a flannel shirt, ripped jeans, army boots and white t-shirt that reads: SUB POP.

DANA now has a nose ring, wears frayed jeans shorts and an L7 band concert t-shirt.

CHARLIE
SUB POP - what's that?

TED
Eh, small indie label out of Seattle.
They have some great bands.

CHARLIE
Never heard of it. Any good ones?

TED
One band called Soundgarden and
another called Nirvana. They're cool
and really, really heavy. Kinda, I
dunno - *grungy*.

SMASH CUT:

FINAL CREDITS

FADE OUT:

END