

1

INT. HIGH DIVE BAR - NIGHT

1

SPRING 2002 - *Opening Credits Play:*

A POP-PUNK COUPLE (20s) enter through a squeaky door, pass a mohawked BOUNCER, and walk down a dingy hallway, following a beat growing louder, leading into a small bar. The floor has a modest yet energetic crowd watching a pop-punk band work the stage like rock n' roll church. This is GOLDEN PAWN.

Lead singer and guitarist, MARK (Mid-20s, introverted with an X-Factor), backed up by guitarist TOMMY (20s, rock star hair, leather, and attitude to match), bassist JACK (20s, a sunny stoner), and drummer FENIX (20s, a hyper horn-dog).

Tommy shows off to a group of ogling girls near the front.

Mark turns his back to the crowd and loses himself in the music as he plays to his amp, then goes back to the mic. Mark closes his eyes and sings his heart out:

MARK

*...Hope's hangin' on the wire right
now. But keep holdin' on and things
will come around...*

He's in heaven, and heaven is a loud, fast-paced, rock out.

SMASH CUT:

2

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

2

A jarring, deafening silence. MARK sits alone on his bed in his dimly lit childhood room staring straight ahead. Posters of his favorite bands and other music memorabilia plaster the walls. A "Music Is Life" sign hangs above his bed.

Mark sighs and takes off his shoes while humming a random melody. He's on to something-- he grabs his acoustic guitar and quietly strums to his humming. He can't figure out his Hum-Song, and frustrated, puts down the guitar.

Mark rips off a paper bracelet from the gig he just played and puts it in a jar with other identical looking bracelets. There's a picture of his father holding a guitar with baby-Mark on his lap. Mark finishes undressing and climbs in bed.

3

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

3

MARK breezes past CLAIRE (17, a trendy free spirit) who sits at the table with earbuds in and toys at her food.

Mark's mom, ANNE (50s) in business attire, reads from a giant computer box on the table. Mark swipes up a pop-tart.

ANNE

Can you help me with this? Avril Lavigne has been useless.

MARK

Good to see where my rent money is going.

ANNE

Actually it's from the office, they thought it'd be nice to have us work from home more often. Your rent money goes towards pop-tarts. Although I am over-do for a shopping spree at Zales. It's the first by the way.

Mark takes a bite of the pop-tart.

MARK

I'm out.

ANNE

No come on, I really need your help with this thing.

CLAIRE

How was the concert last night?

MARK

The usual.

CLAIRE

Did you play at The High Dive again? Was it packed?

ANNE

Claire, you didn't eat your eggs.

Not acknowledging her, Claire dumps her full plate of eggs in the trash.

CLAIRE

You think you can get me in to a show soon?

MARK

Got a fake ID yet?

ANNE

Excuse me.

MARK

It's a joke.

ANNE

Don't be a bad influence on your sister.

MARK

What's the bad influence, the fake or my band?

ANNE

She doesn't need any distractions from school.

Claire grumbles. Anne doubles down as she cleans up a bit.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I know what goes on at those shows.

MARK

Music?

ANNE

Dylan still does music and he works at Microsoft--

MARK

He teaches piano to 1st graders.

ANNE

He's doing what he loves and has a stable job with benefits.

MARK

And this is why I just wanted a pop-tart.

ANNE

Will you be home for dinner?

MARK

Rehearsal.

He grabs a duffle bag, a guitar case, then looks at Claire.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'll get you to a show.

Claire smiles as Mark walks out. Anne looks at the iMac box.

ANNE

Well, fuck.

4

INT. GOLDEN PAWN JAM SPACE - NIGHT

4

A tiny, grungy, carpeted room serves as Golden Pawn's rehearsal space. Tommy's girlfriend, CHAR (20s, big hair, big attitude) and Jack's girlfriend, STEPH (20s, a sweet hippy) are sitting on a sofa. MARK, TOMMY, FENIX, and JACK jam.

FENIX

1, 2, 3, 4!

All the musicians blast in unison as Mark sings.

MARK

*"Wake up when eyes wide, only see
what we want to. It's not my
problem, that's your first excuse."*

Mark messes up.

MARK (CONT'D)

Fuck!

The Band keeps playing.

MARK (CONT'D)

Stop, stop, stop!

The Band slowly stops.

MARK (CONT'D)

I fucked up, take it from the top.

TOMMY

Dude we're never gonna get through
this song.

MARK

I have to get that fucking change
down.

JACK

Relax it's all good, you'll get it.

MARK

I know, so, count in.

TOMMY

Bro.

Mark exhales.

FENIX

I gotta go.

Fenix hops up from the drums and checks a voicemail on his flip-phone. Tommy and Jack put down their guitars and go sit with their girlfriends.

JACK

Wha'dya think of that last one?

STEPH

Wouldda been nice to hear the whole thing.

Jack silently agrees. Char mothers her annoyed boyfriend.

CHAR

Come here babe. (*kisses TOMMY*)
You're beautiful and talented.

Fenix closes his phone.

FENIX

Holy fuck, check your fucking voicemails, fuckheads!

TOMMY

What is it?

FENIX

Phil just got us a gig at the Viper Room on Thursday!

Mark and Tommy check their phones.

MARK

Whoah, Badflower must have dropped out.

TOMMY

Phil comin' through! You think we'll have our name on the marquee?

FENIX

Fuck the marquee--Viper Room pussy!

Tommy shoots a look at Fenix.

FENIX (CONT'D)

For me!

STEPH

And for Mark.

Mark continues to pack up without responding.

CHAR

Stacy said you never called her back, Mark.

MARK

I got busy.

FENIX

Stacy doesn't have 6 strings, so he's not interested.

The gang laughs, Mark doesn't.

TOMMY

Hey in 6th grade Mark had all the girls going after him.

FENIX

Then puberty hit.

MARK

Fenix shut up.

FENIX

It's all good we can pick some up honnies on Thursday!

JACK

How does that sound pumpkin, Golden Pawn at the Viper Room?

STEPH

Sounds like all my T-shirt making hours are paying off.

CHAR

Can we wear our matching leather pants, babe? With the tassels?

FENIX

Let's celebrate at SilverHorse!

The group agrees and packs up.

TOMMY

Yo, you coming?

MARK

I'm gonna hang back.

TOMMY

Come on man. It's the Viper Room!

MARK

I know. That's why I gotta get that transition down.

TOMMY

Fine. We'll jam on it tomorrow.

The group leaves. Mark gets back to his guitar.

5 INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - MORNING 5

The alarm on Mark's phone goes off. Groggy MARK checks it from under the covers. *SNOOZED 6 TIMES*. He grunts. He's late.

6 EXT. SUBURBAN HOME FRONT YARD - DAY 6

MARK weed-whacks a large front yard. He's got his headphones in, listening to music on an iPod. There's a few other LANDSCAPERS as well. One is waving at Mark.

LANDSCAPER

Mark! Yo Mark!

He finally gets Mark's attention. Mark takes out an earbud.

LANDSCAPER (CONT'D)

That's lunch.

7 EXT. SUBURBAN HOME FRONT YARD - SHORTLY AFTER 7

MARK, poptart in mouth, sits on a ledge strumming his guitar.

BOSS

Mark.

MARK

Hey Manuel, sorry about this morning.

BOSS

That's twice in two weeks.

MARK

I know, I was up late rehearsing, we've got a big gig coming up, so I-

BOSS

--Does it look like I care about your boyband?

It doesn't.

BOSS (CONT'D)
 Let's not have it happen again.
 Can't have Pedro keep picking up
 your slack. He's tired too.

Mark looks over at PEDRO who is dozing off, struggling to eat
 a sandwich.

The Boss leaves. Mark approaches Pedro.

MARK
 Hey Pedro, sorry about today.

Pedro jolts awake, coughing up bread.

MARK (CONT'D)
 Since you've been helping me so
 much, I wanted to give you
 something, as like, a thank you.

Pedro is intrigued.

MARK (CONT'D)
 Yeah, my band is playing at the
 Viper Room tomorrow night. And I
 can get you a tick--

Pedro is already walking away.

Mark nods sarcastically.

8

EXT. VIPER ROOM - NIGHT

8

A small line waits to get into the club. SMOKERS hang out by
 the entrance. There's thumping *music* coming from inside.

INT. VIPER ROOM SIDE STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Mark peeks out the curtains and looks at a packed club.

MARK
 Holy shit, there's a lot of people
 out there.

FENIX
 Yeah did you see the blonde gaggle
 off to the side?

MARK
 Hey Tommy, wanna just do like, Back
 When I Knew and like, Traffic.

TOMMY

The fuck you talking about?

MARK

I don't know. I just...

TOMMY

We'll play our normal set.

Mark nods. He feels short of breath.

They rush out on stage.

INT. VIPER ROOM STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The bright lights blind Mark, all the other band members are raising their hands up, welcoming the crowd. Fenix counts off.

FENIX

1, 2, 3, 4!

The band plays, happily and energetic. Mark still has his back turned to the audience.

Tommy is looking out to the audience, and sees Mark with his back turned, His vocals are coming up. Tommy goes over while the band is still playing the intro to the song.

TOMMY

You good?!

Mark has his eyes shut tight, doesn't look good.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Just sing this first verse! Ready?!

Mark looks at him, still playing. Tommy tries to give a reassuring look. Mark nods.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

1, 2, 3, Go!

The two quickly turn around and get to their mics. Mark belts.

MARK

"Six hours and I'm still looking
for a way to go a one who knows..."

Tommy smiles. The rest of the band are in the pocket.

The packed club is electric as GOLDEN PAWN rocks on stage. The catchy upbeat riff has the crowd head-bobbing along. The band's manager, PHIL (40, a sweaty, eager, mess) looks on from the wings, cheesing. Their last song rings out.

10

INT. GREEN ROOM, VIPER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

10

The energetic BAND sloppily rushes in, smiling, and laughing. CHAR and STEPH are waiting. MARK looks like he's very relieved.

TOMMY

You good? What was that?

MARK

Yeah, I'm fine. Sorry bro.

FENIX

Holy Fuck!

JACK

Yeah, I was just, I was totally flowing. My fingers were like, doing their own thing.

STEPH

You were amazing babe!

JACK

Well you know how amazing my fingers are.

STEPH

I think I might need a reminder.

They grossly PDA. PHIL comes in to debrief.

PHIL

What a show!

MARK

You thought so?

PHIL

Are you kidding? It was like *NSYNC fucked The Fall Out Boys!

JACK

That's... good.

Phil pauses and stares at the band, with a gleaming smile.

PHIL
Look at you all, you have no idea
what's about to happen, do you?

The Band stands perplexed.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Boys, you just played the most
important show of your life. Ya
realize who was watching?

MARK
Who?

PHIL
Your super manager got one of the
best Band Scouts in the nation to
come to the show. And... she wants
to chat. You're welcome!

BAND
No way!

PHIL
Yes way. She should be here any
minute.

BAND
This is sweet!

PHIL
Well don't fan-boy. You'll look
like amateurs.

TOMMY
We won't.

PHIL
Just don't say... anything. Don't
say one fucking word, do you
understand me?

KNOCK KNOCK. Phil and the Band whip their heads to the door
and see AUDREY (35, hip, beautiful, relaxed positive energy).

AUDREY
Am I interrupting?

BAND
Hi!

PHIL
Audrey! Come in! I'm so glad you're
here!

AUDREY

Hey guys.

PHIL

Did you enjoy the show? They were great, weren't they? Really solid group, don't you think?

Audrey laughs-off his enthusiasm.

AUDREY

Yes, they were fantastic.

PHIL

Ya hear that boys?! Told ya.

AUDREY

I want them to meet Chuck.

Phil freezes.

PHIL

Chuck? As in... Bailie?

Audrey smirks.

AUDREY

Uh-hunh...

PHIL

As in... From Initrak Records?

AUDREY

Uh-hunh...

PHIL

Oh... I--

AUDREY

He'll be back here in a minute.

PHIL

He's here?!

Audrey nods. There's a voice at the door.

CHUCK

How'd I know this is where I'd find you?

CHUCK (50s, old money, suave) stands at the door way.

PHIL

Please come in!

Phil eagerly goes to shake his hand.

PHIL (CONT'D)

My name is Phil Cole and I'm the manager and I know who you are!

Chuck is yanked by the overzealous shake.

CHUCK

All right.

PHIL

Wow, Chuck Bailie. What a pleasure! It's spectacular you're here, Chuck! Can I get you water or beer or booze or Jager, I think we might have gin--

CHUCK

--No thanks, I don't drink, and Mr. Bailie will do.

PHIL

Right! Mr. Bailie! My mistake, I feel like I'm out of the office.

CHUCK

Well, actually I was thinking of stepping *in* to the office.
(off Phil's confusion)
Business, Phil. Let's talk.

PHIL

Oh! Spectacular.

Chuck averts his attention to the star-struck band.

CHUCK

You boys did well tonight.

BAND

Thank you, Mr. Bailie!

PHIL

We'll be right back. Audrey, you need anything? Mark! Grab Audrey some drinks!

Phil and Chuck leave. Mark grabs a water and a beer, then shuffles over to Audrey. He studies the drinks.

MARK

Let's see, beer or water?

Audrey smiles and takes the water.

AUDREY
Great show tonight.

MARK
Thank you.

AUDREY
This set was a little different
from last week's show, right?

MARK
At the High Dive, you saw that?

AUDREY
That's why I'm here, I was
impressed.

MARK
Well fuck, I'm glad I didn't know
that an Initrak Scout was watching.

AUDREY
We're always watching.

Mark tips his beer to Audrey.

MARK
Thanks for bringing Mr. Bailie to
meet Phil.

AUDREY
I've got a soft spot for pop-punk.

Fenix walks over to Mark and Audrey with a beer.

FENIX
Cheers! You are the man!

AUDREY
Well, that's, thank you. I was just
telling... Mark? That I saw you
guys last week too.

JACK
Sweet, so you're like our fan?

AUDREY
Sure. But, it's also kinda my job.

JACK
Oh.

AUDREY
(being polite)
So if you've got any other bands or
groups you like, let me know. Any
genre.

Mark sees his chance to get "IN" with the label.

MARK
We can do that for sure, we're
around great music all the time.

AUDREY
Glad we can help each other out.
Here's my card. I'll write my cell
on the back.

Audrey writes her number on the card and hands it to Mark.

Phil and Chuck walk back into the Green Room.

CHUCK
You boys are lucky to have this man
as your manager.

PHIL
Oh no, please. I mean, well, yeah.

TOMMY
He's been with us since the start!

CHUCK
I'm going to get straight to it. I
think your band could have a home
at Initrak. And to make it
official, I agreed to put you on
the Trial Track, which I do with--

MARK
--What's that?

PHIL
Mark shut it!

CHUCK
No, it's all right. Good sign to
ask questions. It's a trial period
where you'll be playing gigs, doing
interviews, things of that nature
for a couple months. And if you do
well, you'll get to perform at the
Music Mania Showcase.

PHIL

That's the Showcase that all the #1 bands play at.

CHUCK

Not *all* the #1 bands, but yes, most. The major labels parade their most famous artists, along with one of their new favorites.

PHIL

And that's where they sign you!

CHUCK

No promises. Just go over it with the boys, and we'll talk Monday.

PHIL

Can do, Mr. B.

CHUCK

Bailie. Now if ya don't mind, I'm gonna take this little lady back to our house for some much needed R&R.

PHIL

Ok, say bye to Mr. *Bailie* boys!

BAND

Bye Mr. Bailie!

CHUCK

Ready sweets?

AUDREY

Yup. Nice to meet you all.

BAND

You too!

Chuck grabs Audrey's hand as they walk out the door.

FENIX

Yo, I think they're banging.

Phil smacks Fenix in the head.

PHIL

That's his wife, dumbass!

TOMMY

We just got a Trial Deal with Initrak Records!

MARK

We're actually getting a chance to
show the right people our music.

BAND

(chanting)
Phil! Phil! Phil!

PHIL

Well thank you boys, I deserve it.
You're in the big time now, you'll
see how it really is, so get ready
to meet Mr. Rock and Roll himself.
He's one crazy son of a bitch!

They are ecstatic. Mark and Tommy give daps.

11 INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

11

CLAIRE and MARK sit on the floor each holding one of Mark's
guitars. Anne's new work iMac is on a desk in the corner.

MARK

Upstroke.

Claire strums.

MARK (CONT'D)

Downstroke.
(she strums again)
Then play the bottom string.
(she does)
You got it.

CLAIRE

Yay, it'll only take me 5 more
years to learn an actual song.

MARK

Depends on how much time you put
in.

CLAIRE

What if I practice every day for
like a whole week straight?

MARK

A whole week? Then you'll probably
be able to do this.

Mark plucks the E string. She exhales, deflated.

MARK (CONT'D)
Not the chord you had in mind?

CLAIRE
No... It's just... (BEAT) This guy
in my math class plays the drums
and I kinda want to jam with him.

Mark closes his eyes.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Shut up, Mark.

MARK
Do not learn guitar for a boy,
learn it cuz you love music.

CLAIRE
I love music!

MARK
You love No Doubt and that's it.

CLAIRE
Not true!

MARK
Oh really? Who's Satchmo?

CLAIRE
Louis Armstrong.

MARK
Name a Ramone.

CLAIRE
Joey.

MARK
What was Blink's first hit?

CLAIRE
Umm... first...?
(she doesn't know)
Ugh, dammit.

MARK
Well shit, you got it.

Suddenly the "You've Got Mail" voice *sounds* from the
computer. Mark shoots up and looks at the screen.

CLAIRE
So do I pass the--

MARK

--Band email.

ANNE comes home from doing errands and sees the two together.

ANNE

What are you two doing out here?

CLAIRE

Mark's teaching me guitar.

MARK

--Can you two please shh?

CLAIRE

(to ANNE) Band email.

The two know the drill and wait. But then Anne butts in.

ANNE

Mark, I have exciting news for you.

MARK

Really? I actually have exciting news too.

ANNE

I got you a job!

MARK

A job?

ANNE

Customer Service at FaxCopy. It pays well, it's got great corporate structure, and most importantly, they have health benefits.

MARK

Ok, well, my good news is that I got a Trial Track deal with Initrak Records.

ANNE

That's great! So you're getting paid?

MARK

Um, not now, but the trail period is just for a little while. We'll probably get signed at this Showcase thing, then get paid.

ANNE

Oh. Hm. So the FaxCopy job, at the very least as a back-up plan.

MARK

You don't think we're gonna get signed?

ANNE

I didn't say that, I'm saying you have to be realistic. You know that getting lots of money from music is like winning--

MARK

--The lottery. Yes.

ANNE

Be smart. Do you want to end up like your father?

MARK

Jesus Mom. First of all, he never even got the right chance to--

ANNE

--I'm not telling you to quit music. You can still do your shows at night. But you need to have something substantial under you. Do this job. For me.

Mark sees his Anne is being sincere. He reluctantly agrees.

12

INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

12

A RADIO DJ (F/M, 30-40) interviews GOLDEN PAWN as PHIL watches. The DJ is talking to a shy Mark.

RADIO DJ

It's just been you four since the beginning?

Mark nods. RADIO DJ points to talk into the mic.

MARK

That's right.

RADIO DJ

Wow, that's something. So who's the biggest diva of the bunch?

MARK

Uhh.. Mmm... I plead the 5th.

DJ plays a series of 'I plead the 5th-related' soundbites. Including Bill Clinton's "I did not have sexual relations..."

RADIO DJ

Hey now! Sounds like a PC Frontman!
You're the lead, right?

MARK

No, no. We're all equal.

RADIO DJ

Well that's refreshing. So I gotta ask, how in the hell did you get in with the man himself, Mr. Chuck Bailie?

TOMMY

Our manager Phil hooked it up.

RADIO DJ

You guys better kiss his ass, cuz Chuck Bailie is a legend. Made so many band's careers.

TOMMY

I'm stoked!

RADIO DJ

Hey look at that, we've got a caller. Go ahead caller, you're on with DJ-Bubble-Neck and Golden Pawn.

CALLER (O.S.)

Hey Bubble-Neck, yeah quick question, who are these nobodies?

Band exchanges looks.

CALLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I wanna hear Sugar Ray not some garage band dilweeds trying to sound cool.

FENIX

Hey, you fuck!

DJ Bubble-Neck lunges for the Dump Button.

RADIO DJ

Whoah! Watch the F-bombs!

TOMMY
 --We'll kick your fucking ass, you
 pussy!

Radio DJ scrambles for the button again.

RADIO DJ
 WHOAH! GUYS! GUYS!

Mark is wide eyed and slaps Fenix in the chest.

FENIX
 What?

RADIO DJ
 Live radio. Live radio.

FENIX
 Oh shit, that's right.

Mark slaps him again.

13 EXT. RADIO STATION - CONTINUOUS

13

PHIL and GOLDEN PAWN walk toward their crappy band van.

PHIL
 That was the most important
 interview of your lives, and ya
 nailed it!

Phil's pager buzzes.

PHIL (CONT'D)
 Got to take this. We'll be in
 touch. Team!

Phil fist pumps and heads to his PT Cruiser.

JACK
 I'm gonna roll one. You guys in?

FENIX
 Sure.

TOMMY
 Yup.

MARK
 God that sucked.

TOMMY

What do you mean?? We just were on the radio!

JACK

Yeah do you know how many people just heard us?!

FENIX

Like, 100, it was a college station.

JACK

No chance! That show is a huge broadcast!

TOMMY

Either way, it's a step in the right direction, I'm sure we're all gonna get calls about it.

Jack passes the joint around.

MARK

I think I'm gonna call Audrey about The Evilbeans. She might like them.

FENIX

Who's Audrey?

Mark pulls out her business card from his pocket.

MARK

That band scout from the Viper Room.

TOMMY

Are you talking about Mr. Bailie's wife? Fucking burn that card.

MARK

What? Why?

TOMMY

Don't play dumb. Your boner kicked in and you finally want some pussy.

MARK

Dude. It's not like that. She's a scout and Evilbeans is really good. This is our "in" with the label.

Tommy takes a hit, hands the J back, and gets in Mark's face.

TOMMY

Do not fuck this up for us man.

MARK

Do you know how many bands are on the label? Like 1,000. I'm just trying to make us stand out.

TOMMY

You're gonna stand out in the wrong fucking way.

JACK

Yeah bro, this doesn't sound good.

FENIX

Ya sure you're not tryna bang?

MARK

Come with me if you want!

TOMMY

Give me the card.

He doesn't.

FENIX/JACK

Mark. Come on. Do it.

Mark reluctantly holds up the card. Tommy takes it and rips it up. Fenix takes the pieces and rips them up even more. Marks shakes it off.

MARK

I was trying to help us out.

JACK

It's all good, bro.

TOMMY

We'll find another way to get noticed. Like being a great band.

FENIX

Not gonna lie, it'd be great to see Mark get turned down by Miss Initrak.

Jack offers Mark the J.

MARK

You guys are fucking annoying.

Mark takes a hit. The guys laugh, Fenix wraps his arm around Mark, and they pile in the van.

14 INT. INITRAK RECORDS - CHUCK'S OFFICE - DAY 14

The top-floor office is as corporate as can be; saturated with power and status. CHUCK'S on the phone.

CHUCK
I'm sorry, sweets.

PHONE CONVERSATION -- INTERCUT:

15 INT. AUDREY'S HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 15

The office is decorated with musical influences and photos of Audrey in variety of musical settings.

AUDREY
It's ok.

CHUCK
I'm gonna make it up to you.

AUDREY
You always do.

CHUCK
I'll whisk you away for an even better date.

AUDREY
Chuck. Stop. It's fine. I have some work and errands I need to do anyway.

CHUCK
Oh, great! So you were busy already. See, now it's like you canceling on me.

AUDREY
See you when you get home.

CHUCK
Bye sweets.

Audrey hangs up, she's alone in her office. Again.

16 INT. INITRAK RECORDS - CHUCK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 16

CHUCK hangs up the phone with Audrey. He switches the line back, it's PHIL.

CHUCK
You still there?

PHIL
Yes sir, we still good?

CHUCK
Consider it done. What about on your end?

PHIL
You deliver for the band, I deliver for you.

CHUCK
Great. See you in an hour.

17 INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - EVENING 17

Mark plays the guitar on his bed, working on his Hum-Song. After a few tries, he gives up. On his back, he looks up at his idols pinned on the walls; Red Hot Chili Peppers, Sublime, Offspring. There's a high school picture of Mark with a guitar "Most Likely To Be A RockStar."

His cell phone RINGS.

MARK
Hello?

18 INT. AUDREY'S CAR - EVENING 18

AUDREY is driving and talking on her car phone.

AUDREY
Hey, sorry I missed your call earlier.

PHONE CONVERSATION -- INTERCUT:

MARK
Oh no problem, is this a good time?

AUDREY
So what's this show you mentioned?

MARK

Oh a group I know is playing at The Roxy around 8, thought I'd pass along the info.

AUDREY

8? Ok, I think I might be able to make that. Thanks for the tip.

MARK

No prob.

AUDREY

These aren't some asshole high school kids that you owe a favor, is it?

MARK

No, no they're legit. More of a techno vibe.

AUDREY

Oh, not punk?

MARK

I'm not gonna show you the competition.

AUDREY

Very smart, Mark. You going?

MARK

Uh, I was thinking about it.

AUDREY

Great, maybe I'll see ya there.

Audrey ends the call and turns up her radio.

19

INT. TECHNO BAR - NIGHT

19

AUDREY sips a water on the side of the crowded bar, her Blackberry in hand, she looks up and catches MARK.

AUDREY

Mark!

Mark sees Audrey's hand go up.

MARK

Hey!

AUDREY
Good size crowd.

MARK
Yeah, they've been around for a while. I know the bassist.

AUDREY
You'll have to introduce me, if I like their sound.

MARK
Let's hope they're in the pocket tonight.

Mark takes a sip of his drink.

AUDREY
Whatcha drinking?

MARK
Vodka Water.

AUDREY
Vodka Water?

MARK
Yeah, the drink is actually called, Dirty LA Water.

AUDREY
So you take normal dirty LA water and mix it with vodka... wouldn't that be *dirtier* LA Water?

MARK
Hmm... Yeah, it would. They gotta fix that.

The overhead lights flash and dim.

Audrey and Mark weave through the standing room only crowd to a spot near the middle. The stage lights turn on and the EVILBEANS LADY (F, 20s) is at the microphone.

EVILBEANS LADY
How's everyone doing tonight?!

The crowd erupts and immediately surges forward. Audrey and Mark get smushed together, their arms pinned at their sides. Stunned, Mark and Audrey give each other an awkward look.

MARK
I didn't realize they were this popular.

AUDREY
Yeah, I just lost my water.

Techno BLASTS as they stand uncomfortably.

MARK
I have an idea.

20 INT. TECHNO BAR - MINUTES LATER 20

MARK and AUDREY watch from the bar in the back. It's less crowded, but a drugged out, fist-bumping FAN suddenly blocks them. After a few moments of the obstructed view:

MARK
Very passionate fans!

21 INT. CAFÉ - NIGHT 21

A PIANO PLAYER (M/F 50s) keys softly in a mostly empty café as AUDREY and MARK sit at a table.

AUDREY
I saw Eiffel 65 at a bar in Rome before anyone heard of them. And I thought they sucked.

MARK
The "I'm Blue" guys??

AUDREY
Worldwide number one single for ten weeks.

MARK
Ouch.

AUDREY
But! I smell one hit wonder. I mean, where they are now?

MARK
I think one of them was just blocking our view at the show.

Audrey laughs.

MARK (CONT'D)
Were you always into music?

AUDREY
Big time.

MARK
You ever play?

AUDREY
Used to. I had a single that wound up on the charts a while ago.

MARK
What?! No way, congrats!

AUDREY
Well it was a track they used in a Pauly Shore movie, so that's why it was so popular.

MARK
That's incredible! Which one?

AUDREY
Meh, you can look it up.

MARK
I'll find it, I know all the dark-web underground music sites.

AUDREY
Like Music-Nerd dot com?

MARK
Um, I don't think that's a--

Audrey chuckles.

MARK (CONT'D)
Oh wow.

AUDREY
No, I love it. You care about music. In fact, that's one of the reasons I suggested you to Chuck.

Mark is curious.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
You've got genuine passion. And I really respect that.

It's the first time Mark's heard that.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

You'd be surprised how many people aren't in it for the actual music.

MARK

(scoffs)

Without the actual music, there'd be nothing.

AUDREY

I know. And when Chuck signed me 100 years ago, that's all I cared about; doing gigs and recording music, creating songs, I just wanted to play. (BEAT) But to be successful, you have to know the business side. Trust me.

MARK

Well, I'm glad we have your husband for that. He does business, I play guitar.

Audrey sees his naivety. Her phone buzzes.

AUDREY

Speak of the devil. I gotta get going.

Audrey stands.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Good pick with Evilbeans. I think I'll look into them more.

MARK

Do I get a cut if they get signed?

AUDREY

See, you do have a business side.

Audrey smiles and exits. Mark smiles too.

22

INT. OFFICE - DAY

22

GOLDEN PAWN and PHIL are rearranging things in an office.

PHIL

Chuck asked to come visit me at my office, so now I have an office. I make things happen, it's what I do.

Phil holds up an abstract painting, asking sincerely:

PHIL (CONT'D)
 Now, does this look like I work
 here?

The Band and Phil finish dressing "Phil's" new office.

Jack adds a framed photo of a race horse on the wall, next to
 two other photos of horses.

PHIL (CONT'D)
 Ok, now-- Jack. I think we're a
 little heavy on the horses.

JACK
 What's up?

CHUCK
 --The Golden Boys!

PHIL
 Mr. Bailie!

CHUCK comes into the office, startling the bunch.

PHIL (CONT'D)
 You're early!

CHUCK
 Good news travels fast.

PHIL
 We got in to the Showcase?!

CHUCK
 No. But... Hollywood Bowl.
 Thursday. Blink-182. Matchbox
 Twenty. Other bands with numbers in
 their name.

MARK
 We're opening for them?!

CHUCK
 No. Backstage Passes. Initrak
 Sponsored Meet and Greet.

PHIL
 Well that's spectacular.

CHUCK
 And I'm not done; I got you an
 article about your upcoming shows.

Chuck throws a magazine down on the coffee table.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 Mark, can I ask you something real quick? Let's step out.

MARK
 Sure, Mr. Bailie.

The Band is concerned, but clamors over the magazine. When Chuck and Mark are out of earshot:

CHUCK
 Dinner. Tonight.

MARK
 Dinner? Tonight?

CHUCK
 You a parrot? Yes. It's something I like to do with my bands.

MARK
 So I should bring the guys?

CHUCK
 I'm not running a soup kitchen, Mark. Just you.

MARK
 Okay, yes, I can be there.

CHUCK
 Great.

MARK
 What's the address--

Chuck heads back in. Mark is confused.

CHUCK
 What do you all think?

TOMMY
 It's fucking great, Mr. Bailie.

CHUCK
 Well, Phil and I are off.
 (re: horse photos on the wall)
 You a horseman, Phil?

PHIL
 Yes. Of course. Seabiscuit, the jockeys, all that shit. Anyway!
 (MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)
 Mr. Bailie and I have business to
 attend to. We'll talk deets later!
 And, don't forget to lock up MY
 office!

Phil winks while Chuck's back is turned.

TOMMY
 You got it, Mr. Manager!

Chuck and Phil exit.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 So what was all that about?

MARK
 What?

TOMMY
 Don't be stupid.

JACK
 Yeah dude, what did he say?

MARK
 Oh, nothing, he was just talking to
 me about, my, clothes.

TOMMY
 Your clothes?

MARK
 Yeah, he, didn't think they were,
 rock star enough.

TOMMY
 Hm. Well. He's right about that.

23 INT. AUDREY AND CHUCK'S MANSION - EVENING

23

MARK, AUDREY, and CHUCK sit at a long dinner table.

MARK
 This is tasty.

CHUCK
 She does good doesn't she?

Audrey smiles.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 So it seems you've been playing a
 long time?

MARK

It's pretty much my life.

CHUCK

Done your 10,000 hours?

MARK

More like 20.

CHUCK

No time for an actual job, huh?

MARK

I've got one of those, but that's why I'm so grateful you're giving us this shot. If we're signed, I'll be able to be a musician full time.

CHUCK

I'm sure that will bring some much needed stress relief, if you do.

MARK

For me and everyone around me.

CHUCK

You have a girlfriend? Or boyfriend...?

MARK

I meant my family, it'll make my mom happy for me to be on my own.

CHUCK

When my mother was alive, I bought her fur coats. She always wanted fur coats. (to Audrey) And this one, I took care of her too.

AUDREY

Not with fur coats.

CHUCK

No, no. Just with a job, cars, connections.

Audrey raises an eyebrow. Mark feels the tension.

MARK

I've just got my eye on recording more.

CHUCK

Good. Actually, that's why you're here tonight.

Mark is listening.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I make it a point to get to know the band lead, so I know I can count on you when things ramp up or if shit goes sideways.

MARK

Yes, of course you can. But we've been together for a while, so I think we all contribute.

CHUCK

And that's great. (to Audrey)
Refill?

Audrey doesn't like being his servant.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Sweets.

Chuck shakes his glass at her. Audrey takes a deep breath and takes Chuck's glass to the kitchen.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I'm sure you all do. But you, Mark you have to know who you are.

Mark leans in. Chuck is getting passionate.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

You're not some side bassist, or some back drummer. You're the goddamn front-man.

The serious tone hits Mark.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

The top spot, kid. The guy everybody's looking at. The leader of a team. You're what the audience feeds in to. They will buy your tickets, your t-shirts, mosh-pit for you, because they believe. Cuz you make them believe. That's the front-man. So can I count on you?

Mark nods. Audrey comes back with Chuck's glass and a pan of pasta.

AUDREY
Some more lasagna?

Chuck pays no attention to her, but Mark wants more lasagna.

CHUCK
Good, we'll talk about recording more songs, I'll give you the list of approved ones. Oh, and you've got a few more photoshoots on the schedule.

Mark slowly nods. Audrey gives a look.

24

INT. OLD BAND VAN - NIGHT

24

GOLDEN PAWN is blasting music, amped from their performance that night. CHAR and STEPH are excited too. Mark is in the very back seat. Tommy drives.

FENIX
Fucking siiiiiick!

TOMMY
Yeah that was bigger than the last one!

MARK
Do you guys think we'll play at the High Dive again soon?

TOMMY
Why do you want to play there, it doesn't even hold half as many people as where we just played.

MARK
I know, I just, like it.

JACK
I hope we don't play there any time soon!

TOMMY
Yeah Mark, the point is to play BIGGER shows.

Mark nods to himself.

FENIX
Fuck! What are we going to do this weekend? We don't have another gig til next week.

JACK
We could spark up at Brent's house?

MARK
There's that new exhibit going on
at the Pop Museum.

TOMMY
I'm down to head to Brent's.

Mark shrugs off his band's snub. He thinks.

25 INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

25

MARK is getting ready to go out. CLAIRE barges in.

CLAIRE
Where ya going? Looks fancy.

MARK
Not fancy. Pop Museum.

CLAIRE
Can I come?!

MARK
Uh, it's just the band. Guy stuff.

CLAIRE
Oh, ok.

MARK
But, I might have a show that
you'll be able to go to.

Claire has a mini-celebration. ANNE calls from down the hallway.

ANNE
Mark!

MARK
Yeah?

ANNE
I've got something for you!

Mark rolls his eyes, and playfully does a funny mocking-gesture to Claire. Anne enters his bedroom.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Where you going looking so sharp?

MARK

Out.

ANNE

This is a perfect fit then.

She presents a very loud, colorful tie.

ANNE (CONT'D)

It's for your new job. But you can wear it now if you'd like.

MARK

Oh, thanks, but, it's not a tie kind of place.

ANNE

Just put it on.

Mark reluctantly takes it, puts it on, Anne helps.

ANNE (CONT'D)

It's not for a while, but I figured a tie on your first day of work shows valor.

MARK

This tie has valor written all over it.

She puts finishing touches on the tie.

MARK (CONT'D)

Thanks Mom, gotta go.

26

INT. POP MUSIC MUSEUM - NIGHT

26

MARK sans tie and AUDREY walk through the aisles scanning the displays. There are only a few other visitors at the museum.

AUDREY

See, now this is iconic.

Audrey and Mark are standing in front of a Michael Jackson display case, looking at one of the gloves he's worn.

MARK

Definition of iconic. But is it more iconic than that Elvis jacket?

AUDREY

Elvis technically has more sales...

MARK

Hmm...

AUDREY

It's impossible to choose because there isn't just one overall music "icon." And plus, who you think is the ultimate superstar is up to you.

MARK

Who's yours?

AUDREY

So many. Stevie Nicks, Iggy Pop, Bad Brains, Madonna...

Audrey has a fun reminder.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Ya know there was a time when we went to every one of her concerts within the entire state.

MARK

Impressive. (BEAT) I can't picture Mr. B. going to a Madonna concert.

AUDREY

It does seem crazy to think about that now.

Audrey has a moment and stares at the display.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Believe it or not, your show was the first one we saw together in years.

MARK

You guys don't do concerts together anymore?

AUDREY

We don't really do much together anymore.

MARK

Sorry to hear that.

AUDREY

Whadda ya gonna do?

BEAT.

MARK

I don't want to over step my bounds, but...

AUDREY

What?

MARK

Nevermind, forget it.

AUDREY

No, come on.

MARK

Well, I don't want to offend you, and I've never been married, not even close, but, do you, really want to be with him?

Audrey is caught off guard.

AUDREY

Woah.

MARK

Yeah sorry, nevermind.

AUDREY

I know he can seem a little harsh, but there are good moments. He gives me surprises sometimes... He takes us out to dinner... It could be worse.

MARK

Moments?

AUDREY

It's complicated. Look, I don't want to get you involved in this.

MARK

No, it's my bad, we don't have to talk about it, I totally get it.

Audrey gives an appreciative smile.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'm glad we can be friends.

AUDREY

Me too.

BEAT.

MARK
So Miss Pop Star, Indie Rock or
Disco Fever?

Mark points to the two different aisles. Audrey blank face.

They come to a large TV screen playing a video of fireworks.
The overhead speakers play, "Where Is My Mind?" by the
Pixies.

MARK (CONT'D)
This reminds me of the end of Fight
Club.

He holds out his hand. Audrey laughs and takes it.

Audrey is entranced. She smiles and nods along with the beat.
The joke is over, yet they continue holding hands looking
straight ahead at the video. Suddenly, Audrey breaks the hand
holding and makes a Gun shape with her fingers and shoves
them in Mark's mouth!

AUDREY
What now Tyler Durden?!

Mark yanks her fingers out of his mouth, laughing.

MARK
What are you doing?!

AUDREY
Fight Club.

MARK
I know, weirdo! Ok, let's move on
from this one.

The two chuckle.

MARK (CONT'D)
Hey, wanna see if they have a
display case for you?!

AUDREY
No room for one hit wonders.

MARK
One? I bet you're still playing.

AUDREY
Nah, I haven't played in a while.

MARK

Dust off your skills because I need to hear it.

AUDREY

You're not going to.

MARK

What?! You won't let me listen? You've heard me!

AUDREY

Not gonna happen, Mark.

MARK

Well then you just lost a fan! How do you like that?

AUDREY

Oh no! Please! I can't lose another fan!

MARK

Your number one fan in fact.

AUDREY

Oh really, that's you? You're the number one fan?

MARK

You're looking at him.

AUDREY

I've always wanted to meet you! Hello! Wow, you're completely the opposite of what I thought you'd be; an adult and male.

Mark laughs then notices Green Day memorabilia.

MARK

Green Day! Now we're talking.

AUDREY

Nimrod.

MARK

Dookie.

AUDREY

Touché.

They get carried away on the Pop Punk display and thoroughly enjoy themselves in the mostly vacant museum.

27

EXT. POP MUSIC MUSEUM PARKING LOT - NIGHT

27

MARK and AUDREY walk through the empty parking lot. Their cars are the only ones left.

AUDREY
I had fun tonight.

MARK
I haven't done that in a long time.

AUDREY
The museum?

MARK
Just, a fun non-band related hangout.

They share a smile. The two get to their cars, Audrey's fancy BMW, and Mark's shitty Kia.

AUDREY
Well, next week is big for Golden Pawn.

MARK
Yeah... Are you going to be around for any of that?

AUDREY
Ahh... I'm not sure. I've got some other bands--

MARK
--It's ok. Don't worry about it.

AUDREY
But let me know how it goes.

Mark goes for a hug, Audrey embraces him back. Their faces graze for a moment as the hug ends. It could easily turn to a kiss. But both know it's not the right thing to do.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
Ok, I should go.

MARK
Yeah, me too.

AUDREY
Have a good night.

Audrey opens her car door.

MARK

Oh, I'm definitely going to fact-check your Michael Jackson numbers.

Audrey likes his spunkyness.

AUDREY

Wanna bet on it?

MARK

You're that certain?

AUDREY

Do You. Want to. Bet?

MARK

Ok, I believe you. I just haven't hung out with anyone that knows music like I do.

Audrey shakes her head.

AUDREY

Beat It, Mark.

As cool as Michael himself, she slides in her whip. Leaving Mark beaming.

28

INT. AUDREY AND CHUCK'S MANSION - DAY

28

AUDREY plays piano. She keys softly, re-learning her once masterful ability. She plays a few chords and enjoys herself. CHUCK yells from another room.

CHUCK

What is that?!

AUDREY

What is what?

CHUCK

That noise?!

AUDREY

What do you mean, noise?

CHUCK

Nevermind!

Audrey goes back to playing. Chuck runs in the living room.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

That!

AUDREY
I'm playing the piano Chuck.

CHUCK
Yeah, can you not?

AUDREY
Are you serious?

CHUCK
I'm sending emails.

Audrey stares at Chuck.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
You haven't played that in years!
Are you playing Carnegie Hall soon?
Exactly. So please, sweets.

Chuck leaves. Audrey sits alone, thinking.

MONTAGE (Sc. 29-34):

29 INT. MUSIC STORE - DAY 29

GOLDEN PAWN are all in high spirits checking out new instruments. CHAR, STEPH, and PHIL are with them.

30 INT. CLOTHING SHOP - DAY 30

The BAND picks out clothes for their upcoming shows. Mark still wears his typical outfit and not into the experience. Tommy is sporting an outrageous Ed Hardy shirt.

31 INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY 31

The BAND is at a photoshoot. Mark is unenthusiastic. Phil is shouting instructions as the photographer snaps pics.

PHIL
Money! Fame! Girls! Fancy Hotels!
Fancy caviar! Fancy... cats!

CHAR and STEPH whisper about Tommy's tight pants.

STEPH
Is that really his dick?

CHAR
No, that's a sock.

TOMMY

--How do I look baby?

Char gives a thumbs up. Tommy smiles confidently. The girls chuckle.

32 EXT. STREET - DAY

32

The BAND surrounds a brand new van. They are playing with the doors and the gauges, goofing around, like excited teenagers.

TOMMY

I'm gonna drive this to Vegas on Friday.

PHIL

The fuck you are. It's a rental.

TOMMY

Ah, come on, Phil.

FENIX

Rental? What about our new clothes?

MARK

And my new guitar?

PHIL

On loan, ya big dumb idiots! Does "Trial Track" not mean anything to you? Just keep rocking the shows divas. Pay day is coming.

33 EXT. CAFÉ - NIGHT

33

AUDREY and MARK exit the coffee shop laughing.

A ROSE VENDER (F, 85, Hispanic) approaches. She is aggressively crowding Mark, jawing at him.

ROSE VENDOR

For your girlfriend?

She sticks a flower in Mark's face. Audrey tries to save him.

AUDREY

Oh, no I'm not his...but thank you.

ROSE VENDOR

For your wife?

MARK
No, not my wife either.

ROSE VENDOR
For... sister?

The two laugh and leave her to mumble quickly to herself.

ROSE VENDOR (CONT'D)
Los gringos son tan raros, la
hermana amor no lo entiendo.

34 INT. ROCK VENUE - NIGHT 34

GOLDEN PAWN is on stage in a modest club. They're sweaty and having the time of their lives. The three guitarists jump in unison.

Mark is in the pocket, fully engulfed in his performance. AUDREY stares from the audience, captivated.

-END MONTAGE-

35 INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT 35

A bustling room full of black-tie attendees are there for the 'Music Gala for Children' fundraiser. CHUCK and PHIL mingle through the crowd. AUDREY trails behind them with a drink. Phil is dressed in an obnoxious tuxedo.

CHUCK
Jesus, Phil. Call me next time.

PHIL
I know, it's a little tight.

CHUCK
Lose the--

Chuck grabs Phil's ridiculous cummerbund and throws it on the ground.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
And the corsage. What are you,
fucking prom king?

Phil throws away his corsage. The GALA OWNER (F, 60) sashays her way to Chuck.

GALA OWNER
Mr. Bailie!

CHUCK
Mrs. Peterson!

They both hug as only rich people do.

GALA OWNER
So glad you could make it.

CHUCK
Wouldn't miss it. It's always a
blast with my good friends.

GALA OWNER
And good food!

They laugh.

AUDREY
(to herself)
And raising money for kids?

CHUCK
Bev, you know Audrey.

GALA OWNER
Yes. (BEAT) Well, good to see you,
Chuck. Audrey.

Gala Owner nods and leaves. Chuck snaps at Audrey.

CHUCK
Watch the attitude.

AUDREY
I'm going to get another drink.

Audrey heads for the bar. An important MUSIC EXECUTIVE (M,
50s) joins Chuck and Phil.

MUSIC EXEC
Chuck Bailie!

CHUCK
Hello Craig!

MUSIC EXEC
You opening up your wallet tonight?

CHUCK
Don't I always?

Chuck and Music Exec fake laugh.

MUSIC EXEC

I hear you have another potential
big hit for this year's Showcase...

CHUCK

In fact--

PHIL

--Hi! I'm the Golden Pawn manager,
Phil Cole!

MUSIC EXEC

Things going well for your band?

PHIL

Yes! We're at the Hollywood Bowl
tomorrow.

MUSIC EXEC

That's great. What's the tour
called?

PHIL

Oh, um... Mmm... Meet and Greet...

Music Exec is confused.

PHIL (CONT'D)

We're invited to the meet and
greet.

MUSIC EXEC

Well best of luck, Phil. Either
way, it looks like you're in great
company.

PHIL

Oh yes, Mr. Bailie has been like an
eagle to me and the band.

Music Exec and Chuck are silent.

PHIL (CONT'D)

--Angel! I mean, an eagle. Angel.

MUSIC EXEC

Hey, if your boys make it to the
Showcase, how about I add Golden...

PHIL

(spitting out ice cubes he
was chewing)

Pawn!

MUSIC EXEC

Right, how about I add 'em to the SoCal Circuit in the fall?

PHIL

Oh wow, that'd be--

CHUCK

--We can talk, Craig.

MUSIC EXEC

Sounds good, Mr. Bailie.

Music Exec leaves.

PHIL

This. Is. Nuts!

CHUCK

You ain't seen nothing yet. Just keep doing your job.

Chuck gives a look that only Phil understands.

PHIL

Say no more.

36 INT. GALA BAR - CONTINUOUS

36

Audrey gets the attention of the BARTENDER.

GALA BARTENDER

Another vodka water, ma'am?

Audrey nods and sips the last of her current vodka water. She's got her phone in hand, clicking through to find Mark's name, thinking.

37 INT. BANQUET HALL - CONTINUOUS

37

CHUCK and PHIL are still mingling.

MUSIC WIFE

We should do a couple's retreat!

CHUCK

Audrey and I would love that.

MUSIC WIFE

Well, nice to meet you, Phil. Chuck, we'll be in touch.

MUSIC WIFE and MUSIC HUSBAND leave.

Audrey returns with her drink.

AUDREY
Why are you talking to the
Wassermans?

CHUCK
Because they're very connected
people, Audrey.

AUDREY
But you know how they treat their
musicians, *Chucky*.

CHUCK
Watch it.

Audrey rolls her eyes.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Looks like someone had too much to
drink.

AUDREY
For once it's not you.

Chuck bites his tongue.

CHUCK
Are you upset?

AUDREY
I just thought you were going to be
more focused on the musicians, not
these corporate androids.

CHUCK
I have been! Why the hell do you
think Phil is here?

AUDREY
I don't know why Phil is here.

Phil shrugs.

CHUCK
I would never have invited some kid
to my house for lasagna if I wasn't
focused on the musicians.

AUDREY
Just stop being fake to fake
people.

CHUCK
Why don't you get another drink?

AUDREY
Why don't I leave?

CHUCK
You do that. I'll stay and work to
pay for that house you live in.

Audrey, fed up, heads back to the bar.

38 INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 38

MARK works on the Hum-Song in a very good mood. He now has some solid chords and a few lyrics. He writes a couple words down in a notebook, then checks his phone. There are 0 NEW MESSAGES. He debates texting Audrey, but puts the phone down instead.

39 INT. GALA BAR - CONTINUOUS 39

AUDREY checks her phone, no text from Mark. She drunkenly takes the last sip of her drink and notices Chuck and Phil go into a bathroom together.

40 INT. BANQUET HALL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 40

Two sets of feet stand in the same stall.

CHUCK
Ugh, that bitch is all over me.

PHIL
Yeah, why is she so hard on you?
You're like a great husband.

A long *snort* sound.

PHIL (CONT'D)
See I always hold up my end.

CHUCK
That you do Phil.

Phil smiles.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 You're the only one I can trust. Is
 it wrong of me that I'm human and
 need a fucking release sometimes?!

PHIL
 No!

CHUCK
 I'm glad you get it.

PHIL
 Of course I do. I've got your back
 and you have mine. You really have
 taken care of the band.

CHUCK
 You keep your boys on track, and
 this time next year, you'll be
 making so much money you won't
 remember who Golden Pawn even is.

Chuck does one more bump.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 Team!

PHIL
 Team!

In good spirits, they exit the stall. There stands AUDREY.
 They freeze.

CHUCK
 Audrey--

Audrey storms out, tears in her eyes.

41 INT. HOLLYWOOD BOWL BACK STAGE - NIGHT

41

The BAND, STEPH, CHAR, and PHIL are standing together.

PHIL
 Smell that?

FENIX
 Yeah, what the hell is that?

PHIL
 Rock N Roll.

The Band doesn't like it, but Jack curiously sniffs more.

An INITRAK REP (F, 20s) comes over with a clipboard.

INITRAK REP
Golden...

PHIL
Pawn!

INITRAK REP
Right. Welcome to the Bowl. Let's
go.

They quickly follow the fast walking Rep through the
backstage corridors as she lectures.

INITRAK REP (CONT'D)
There's a few openers before the
headliners tonight. This room here
has TVs so you can watch the
performances while you wait.

MARK
Um, can we watch it in person?

INITRAK REP
Did you want to meet the bands or
not?

Mark nods, they file in to the room.

INITRAK REP (CONT'D)
A P.A. will come get you when it's
time to do the meet and greet.

PHIL
(winks)
Thank you, sugar.

Phil's flirting fails. The Initrak Rep goes to leave but:

INITRAK REP
Oh, and this is for you.

PHIL
You wrote me a letter?

Initrak Rep scoffs as she exits. Phil opens the envelope and
reads. The band is curious.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Holy spectacular fuck. We got in to
the Showcase!

The whole room freaks out.

TOMMY
 (to himself)
 Oh my God, I did it.

MARK
 A real fucking concert.

PHIL
 Time to thank me boys. Right now!

BAND
 Thank you, Phil!

CHAR
 Does this mean you'll start paying
 for dinner babe?!

TOMMY
 Phil?

PHIL
 No.

TOMMY
 After the Showcase babe, I promise.

JACK
 We gonna be big time, pumpkin!

Steph and Jack kiss. The Band continues celebrating.

MARK
 I'm gonna hit the head.

42 INT. HOLLYWOOD BOWL BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

42

Mark is chipper, walking through the backstage halls to the bathroom, passing guitar amps, mixing boards, and gear. He's suddenly pulled aside behind some equipment.

MARK
 Whoah!

Behind all the gear is AUDREY.

MARK (CONT'D)
 Audrey! What are you doing here?!

AUDREY
 I came to see the show! I know the
 Sum 41 guys.

MARK

Oh, cool. We're doing a meet and greet.

AUDREY

Nice. But, I also came here to congratulate you.

MARK

The Showcase?

AUDREY

Yea, I just heard.

MARK

I can't believe it!

AUDREY

I can.

MARK

Really?

Their energy pushes them together and they kiss.

MARK (CONT'D)

Shit, I'm sorry.

Audrey looks at him and smiles, and goes in for another kiss. She then looks at Mark for a moment and sighs.

AUDREY

I'm leaving Chuck.

MARK

What?!

AUDREY

Yeah. It's over.

MARK

I... whoah... are you ok?

AUDREY

I'm fucking awesome.

A giant ROAR of the crowd supplements the energy of another kiss.

MARK

You just made the best night of my life 100 times better.

Audrey is smitten.

AUDREY
You should go back. Go celebrate
with your band.

MARK
I want to see you.

AUDREY
Ok, yeah, after the meet and greet.

MARK
Fuck the meet and greet.

Audrey smiles.

AUDREY
Fine, how about we just watch the
bands play?

MARK
On the TV?

AUDREY
No.

Just then, PHIL walks into the pair.

PHIL
Shit! Audrey!

AUDREY
Phil!

PHIL
What are you--

AUDREY
--I'm here for Sum 41.

PHIL
Oh. Great. And, Mr. Bailie is he--

AUDREY
--No. He's not here.

Awkward.

MARK
Ok, enjoy the show Audrey, I'm
going, to the restroom.

AUDREY
Yes, thank you, Mark. You too.

He leaves but realizes he still needs to pee and does a 180.

MARK
Bathroom is this way.

Awkwardness as Mark passes. Phil is just as weird.

PHIL
Well, tell your husband... hello.

Audrey nods. Phil scoots away. She has a sigh of relief.

43 INT. HOLLYWOOD BOWL BACKSTAGE - LATER 43

MARK makes his way to AUDREY who is waiting by some stairs.

She takes his hand and they start running through the dimly lit backstage halls together. The crowd ROARS in the background as a band starts a new song.

44 INT. HOLLYWOOD BOWL A/V ROOM - CONTINUOUS 44

AUDREY leads MARK to a breathtaking view of the stage as a band plays below them.

MARK
Wow.

AUDREY
I used to come up here by myself
after shows.

They take in the scene. The two kiss. The kissing turns more passionate. They take each other's clothes off and can't do it fast enough. They lay down and wrap up in each other. The A/V Room turns sweaty.

45 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOWL - BACKSTAGE LOADING DOCK - LATER 45

MARK exits the venue to find the BAND waiting for him by the van.

TOMMY
The fuck were you?

MARK
Sorry guys, I got lost.

FENIX
Jack straight up SHAT himself in
front of Rob Thomas!!

Jack pulls down his shirt, revealing a signature on his peck. They excitedly load into the Van jawing at each other.

46 INT. NEW BAND VAN - SHORTLY AFTER 46

The BAND reels over their evening. Mark sits in back, stares out the window, coming down from the best night of his life.

47 INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 47

MARK lies on the couch, fiddling with the Hum-Song. CLAIRE walks in from school.

MARK

Claire.

CLAIRE

Hey, what are you doing out here?

MARK

How's the guitar coming?

CLAIRE

Um, well I learned the A and A-Minor chords.

MARK

Nice.

Claire smiles. Mark keeps his employer/employee demeanor.

MARK (CONT'D)

You graduate early June?

CLAIRE

Yeah...

MARK

Well. June 15th, you, backstage, at a Rock Show.

CLAIRE

Shut up! Really?

MARK

Gwen Stefani might even be there.

CLAIRE

OMG! Can I bring Zack?

Mark rolls his eyes.

MARK

Yes, you can bring your bandmate.

Claire hugs her brother. Mark goes back to playing.

CLAIRE

Can I show you my A to A-Minor?

Mark smiles and gives up the guitar. Claire excitedly grabs it and starts to play.

48

INT. AUDREY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

48

MARK helps AUDREY unpack some of her belongings. Mark scans a travel guide from a stack of her books. Music videos play on the TV in the background.

AUDREY

Did you see there's a turtle tour on Ko Tao island? We can rent 4 wheelers on Volcano Beach. (*sings*) Summa-summa-summa-time...

MARK

How about we go tomorrow instead? You're basically already packed.

Mark lifts up the next book and sees a picture of Audrey and Chuck. He holds it up awkwardly to Audrey, trying not to make a big thing out of it.

MARK (CONT'D)

Have you talked to him recently?

Audrey embarrassed, takes the photo and puts it away.

AUDREY

Not really.

Audrey drifts.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

I can't believe I actually moved out. It doesn't even seem real.

MARK

You... are still wearing your ring.

AUDREY

Just for appearances for now. Since it's still fresh, ya know?

Mark nods. Audrey is lost in thought.

MARK

You okay?

Audrey takes a moment...

AUDREY

More than okay.

They kiss, which quickly gets more serious.

Mark's phone buzzes.

MARK

Don't worry, I'm not getting that.

AUDREY

You can if you want.

Mark looks at her intently. They continue. Mark's phone buzzes again.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Ugh, get it.

MARK

It's just a text, hold on.

He maneuvers to the side of the bed, but still on top of her.

MARK (CONT'D)

Fuck! It's Mr. Bailie!

Audrey shoots up from under him and goes on the other side of the bed like they've just been caught!

AUDREY

What does he want??

MARK

He wants to meet with me.
Privately. Today.

AUDREY

Well, you have to go. If you don't
it's suspicious. And you're still
working with him, so it makes sense
to go.

MARK

I guess, you're... Ah fuck.

Audrey is silent.

MARK (CONT'D)
 You ever hear of him bringing
 anyone from a non-signed band to
 his office?

Still silent. Mark hangs his head.

49 INT. INITRAK RECORDS - CHUCK'S OFFICE - DAY

49

MARK knocks on the open door and enters CHUCK's office.

CHUCK
 Hey sport. Thanks for coming on
 such short notice.

MARK
 No problem.

CHUCK
 Please, sit.

Mark cautiously sits across from Chuck.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 So. Would you like to know why I
 brought you here?

Mark doesn't move.

Chuck sighs. Takes a BEAT. Then another.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 It's a pretty crazy time, Marky.

He laughs to himself.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 I know what's going on.

MARK
 Oh. Um, what's going on--

CHUCK
 --With the Showcase coming up, the
 next couple weeks will be very
 important. So I wanted you and your
 band to set yourselves up for
 success.

MARK
 Yeah... thanks, Mr. Bailie.

CHUCK

Just making sure you guys have a good shot at getting signed. And that you make me look good.

MARK

Oh. Awesome.

Chuck gets up and paces.

CHUCK

That's who I am. I look out for the little guy. It's what I do.

MARK

Cool.

Mark releases his tension slightly.

CHUCK

Ah, to be in your shoes again. Young and dumb. I could have benefited from some advice before I fell into the lifestyle.

MARK

The lifestyle?

CHUCK

Yeah. Nose candy. Antics. Girls...

Mark notices a photo of Audrey on the desk. He's sweating.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

They really can fuck ya. Most of the time ya don't even see it coming. Don't let pussy stop you from getting what you want.

Mark nods.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Keep your wits about you. Ok? The band's success is on your shoulders. Remember?

MARK

Yes. Right.

CHUCK

Chicks don't understand what us guys go through in this business.

Chuck comes closer, standing right over Mark.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I don't want to hear about a girl
messing things up for you and your
band.

MARK

You won't.

Chuck gives Mark a long, hard look. A moment passes between
them.

Then another.

Then another.

CHUCK

Great. So. Next week, you've got
that show in San Francisco. Some
nice, clean fun.

MARK

Looking forward to that.

CHUCK

Your band is going places, Mark and
I'll take you there. (BEAT) Just
don't fuck it up.

Mark sits in his sweat and nods. Chuck stares a beat too long
again. Then turns around, heading back towards his desk.

50

INT. NEW JAM SPACE - NIGHT

50

The BAND packs up after rehearsal.

FENIX

So just because Bono bought a First
Class plane ticket for his guitar,
now you want to?

JACK

Actually he bought his hat a
ticket.

As they leave, Tommy whispers to Jack and Fenix. They have a
brief, whispering conversation.

TOMMY

(to Mark)

Hey man, we're going out tonight.
Wanna come have some drinks?

The band anticipates Mark's response.

MARK
 Uh, nah, I'm gonna smash this song
 out and--

The Band explodes with laughter.

TOMMY
 Pay up!

FENIX
 Dammit Mark!

MARK
 What?!

FENIX
 Nothing. See ya.

The Band leaves Mark alone, his eyes follow them out.

51 INT. NEW JAM SPACE - LATER THAT NIGHT

51

AUDREY and MARK hang out together on a couch.

MARK
 We can come chill here whenever.

AUDREY
 It kinda looks like my old jam
 space. I loved that place.

MARK
 You should have seen our old one.
 No bueno.

AUDREY
 I know what you mean. God I feel
 like a teenager.

MARK
 Yeah I bet 1970 was a great year.

AUDREY
 I'm not that old!

MARK
 I know, I'm kidding! You're the
 perfect age.

AUDREY
 And what age is that?

MARK
 However old you are.

She smiles and starts rubbing his shoulders.

AUDREY
 You're gonna rock this showcase. In fact, I think any label is going to want you.

MARK
 You're bias.

AUDREY
 I'm serious, Mark. Just keep doing what you're doing.

Mark smiles.

MARK
 Ya know... I might do better if I had some motivation...

AUDREY
 Motivation, huh? Like this?

Audrey gives a sensual kiss.

MARK
 That's... that's... Yeah.

They start undressing. They're all over each other.

At the front door of the building, TOMMY walks in, forgetting his jacket. He grabs his coat in the hallway, but hears something peculiar. He quietly walks up to the ajar door and spies Mark and Audrey having sex.

Furious, he leaves quietly.

52 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - MORNING

52

GOLDEN PAWN is in a heated discussion.

TOMMY
 I still don't think you're getting how fucked up this is.

MARK
 I get it, Tommy--

TOMMY

--No, you don't. What the fuck are you doing? You realize you're jeopardizing all of us for a chick?!

MARK

No one will find out--

TOMMY

--Oh, because you're so careful and sneaky?

Mark doesn't answer.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You know that Chuck will have us all murdered just because we know you.

MARK

Their marriage is pretty much over. Has been for a while.

TOMMY

Do I look like Dr. Phil? I don't give a fuck about how their marriage is! Are they wearing rings? YES!

JACK

And even if they do get divorced, bro, we're still on his label.

MARK

Audrey thinks we'll be able to have our pick with lab--

TOMMY

--We're not going to have a pick of anything if the whole industry knows that you're fucking a music exec's wife!

Suddenly the Band shoots a glance over at the RECORDING STUDIO ENGINEER (50s) in the sound booth. The Band is silent.

The Engineer hits the mic button from inside the booth.

RECORDING STUDIO ENGINEER

I don't know nothin'.

The Band lowers their voices.

JACK
 She's not leaving her husband,
 dude.

Mark processes this new thought. BEAT.

FENIX
 Yeah, you're probably just a boy
 toy on the side. Older chicks get
 off on that shit.

MARK
 Thanks for all the comforting
 advice guys, but I've got it
 handled.

TOMMY
 Here's how you're going to handle
 it: never see her again.

MARK
 Who are you, my mom?

TOMMY
 Or, you're out of the band.

MARK
 (scoffs)
 Yea right.

Silence from the Band.

MARK (CONT'D)
 Are you fucking serious?

Silence from the Band.

MARK (CONT'D)
 Fuck this.

Mark grabs his guitar and storms out.

53

INT. AUDREY AND CHUCK'S MANSION - DAY

53

AUDREY has a cardboard box, grabbing a few extra items she
 left at the house. Chuck comes in the front door. Both
 surprised to see each other.

AUDREY
 You said you wouldn't be home.

CHUCK
 I know, I just, I had to see you--

AUDREY
--Please don't make this harder.

CHUCK
I just wanted to talk. How are you?

AUDREY
I'm fine. And now I'm going to
leave.

CHUCK
I wanted to give you this.

Chuck hands her an original signed Madonna vinyl album.

AUDREY
Chuck.

Audrey is obviously taken aback and loves it.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
Thank you, but you shouldn't do
this. You can't expect everything
to be ok, just because--

CHUCK
--I've been to 3 AA meetings, and
an NA meeting.

Audrey is silent.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Really.

Chuck gives her a '1st Week of AA' token. She's pleasantly surprised.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
I also have been paying attention
to the bands more.

AUDREY
So, doing your job?

Chuck takes the hit, but presses on.

CHUCK
I realized that you are beyond
amazing at yours. You have found so
much talent. Golden Pawn?

Audrey is immediately uncomfortable.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Yeah, I'm making sure I keep them
close. Under my wing.

Audrey gets fidgety.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
That was your find. Wasn't it?

AUDREY
I mean, I think we both--

CHUCK
--No, it was you.

Audrey nods. They stare at each other.

AUDREY
I really should go.

CHUCK
Audrey, this house isn't the same
without you. I don't hear your
piano anymore.

Audrey scoffs.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
I miss it.

She pauses.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
And I miss doing things for you.

AUDREY
What?

CHUCK
You know... your car, this house
you live in, your bills, I like
doing things for you. But it's like
you don't care about my gestures.

AUDREY
This is what I've been talking
about. I have money too, Chuck! I
can pay myself! But you won't let
that happen, because it's just one
more way that you can control me.

CHUCK
Audrey, come on.

AUDREY

Material bullshit is not what I need and it's not what's important to me.

CHUCK

Well you've got me, and I know that's important to you. So what is it, sweets?

Audrey shakes her head.

AUDREY

We've been drifting apart for years.

CHUCK

We're just busy, and have different schedules, but I was always there for you!

AUDREY

No, you weren't. You were doing drugs and I'm sure you were screwing around on me, too.

CHUCK

Don't you dare. That hasn't happened in--

Audrey, stung, looks away. He puts his hands on her face.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Sweets, this is the last time we have a conversation like this.

AUDREY

Am I a fool if I keep believing you?

CHUCK

No. Because I'm going to prove you right.

Chuck goes to hug Audrey. She hugs back. Audrey's phone buzzes.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

See, I'm not even going to ask who that is.

AUDREY

I have to go.

Chuck tries a charming smile. Audrey walks away.

CHUCK
I love you, sweets!

Audrey exits. Chuck watches her go with longing eyes.

54 INT. AUDREY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 54

Audrey sits in her parked car, crying, thinking out loud.

AUDREY
...I'm fucking 35 years old what am
I doing?...

She flips her mirror visor and sees streaks of eye makeup.
She does her best to clean her the tears. Then calls Mark.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
Hey.

55 INT. CAFÉ - NIGHT 55

AUDREY and MARK are sitting at a table in the empty Café.

MARK
They just are all on a different
level than me. All we do is fight.

AUDREY
I'm sure you've had arguments
before, how did you solve them?

MARK
We've never been like this.

Audrey thinks. BEAT.

MARK (CONT'D)
All my life I've dreamed of making
it in a band.

Mark takes Audrey's hands and looks at her with loving eyes.

AUDREY
Yeah, and throwing your dreams away
is never something you should do.

MARK
Dreams change, people change,
circumstances change.
(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

What might have been my dream isn't giving me the same satisfaction as the thought of being with you is.

AUDREY

Mark, no. I'm sorry.

MARK

I'm not saying right this minute.

AUDREY

I can't let this happen.

MARK

What, why?

AUDREY

That's actually why I needed to talk to you.

BEAT.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

I may have jumped to conclusions too quickly.

Mark stares, confused.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Chuck and I. We're going to try to make it work.

MARK

Are you serious?

AUDREY

He's really going to put everything he has into us, and I believe him this time.

MARK

Oh.

BEAT. Audrey lets him think.

MARK (CONT'D)

Well. Fuck... That's... I can't believe it.

AUDREY

I'm sorry.

They sit in silence.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
It's just better this way, Mark.

No response.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
I'm causing problems in your band,
and it's making me feel terrible
that you would give up the
incredible thing you have going. I
don't want to ever make you have to
choose.

MARK
You're not! I want to do this!

AUDREY
It's just better that we let it go.
Ok?

BEAT.

Mark shakes his head as he gets up and leaves the Café.

FADE OUT.

56 INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

56

MARK comes in the front door wearing his Larry's Landscaping uniform. CLAIRE is on the couch practicing guitar.

CLAIRE
Hey!

Mark continues upstairs.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Hey!

MARK
What?

CLAIRE
I wanted to show you that I got the
D power chord.

MARK
(unenthusiastically)
Dope.

CLAIRE
And was hoping you could show me
another one.

MARK

No.

Claire is taken aback.

CLAIRE

What?

Mark doesn't answer and continues up to his room. Leaving Claire hurt and confused. ANNE watches from the kitchen.

57

INT. TOUR BUS - DAY

57

MARK, TOMMY, FENIX, and JACK are sitting in the back of the parked tour bus on a couch together.

TOMMY

Are you lying?

MARK

No dipshit.

TOMMY

Just making sure. (BEAT) You made the right choice.

JACK

Yeah, you really did, bro.

Mark nods.

JACK (CONT'D)

Fuck this girly drama.

FENIX

We've got our boy back!

Jack and Fenix grab on an unamused Mark. Fenix lights up a J as PHIL comes to the back of the bus.

PHIL

Hey, put that crap out! Rental!

He grabs Jack's joint and puts it out.

JACK

Oh come on bro!

MARK

(under his breath)
Everything's a fucking rental.

PHIL
Should be an easy gig. Let's do the short list and put Wanderer in the 3rd slot. What's up with you?

Mark looks up.

MARK
(lethargic)
We can't put Wanderer 3rd because it ends with a--

PHIL
--Just make it work, Mark.

Phil looks at his clipboard.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Anyway, that should be it.

Phil notices the dull mood of the band.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Hey! What the hell is going on here?! You're in a really nice tour bus, headed to a packed show, and you look like I booked you in Branson or some shit!

TOMMY
We're good, Phil.

PHIL
Well ya better be. Mr. Bailie is coming with us.

MARK
What?

The bus door opens and in steps a very buzzed CHUCK and 3 STRIPPER GIRLS (20s).

CHUCK
Morning!

PHIL
There he is!

The Band joins Phil and Chuck at the front, Mark stays back.
The bus moves as Chuck plops a bottle of booze on the table.

CHUCK
 We gonna be in business a
 looonnnggg time boys!

Chuck laughs and rubs his gums.

PHIL
 Uhh... Mr. B? Everything ok?

CHUCK
 More than ok. Everything is back on
 track in my life. It's perfect.

PHIL
 (whispers)
 You sure you wanna do this in front
 of the ban--

CHUCK
 --Phil shut the fuck up. This is
 life on the road.

Phil, unsure, goes along with it.

PHIL
 Oh, what the hell.

Phil takes an enormous swig from the bottle and has a shit-
 eating grin. The boys eye him suspiciously.

PHIL (CONT'D)
 The fuck you looking at?

Phil smacks Tommy in the head, playful, but too aggressive.

CHUCK
 What's Markey-Mark doin back there?

PHIL
 Mark! Get up here!

Mark reluctantly goes to the front.

CHUCK
 I think what Markey and the bunch
 need is a little pick-me-up.

Chuck lays out a few lines on a table along with dollar bills

The Band are apprehensive but shrug at each other and all
 snort the coke lines except Mark.

PHIL
 My turn!

CHUCK
Now just hold on a minute. Marky
hasn't gone yet.

Mark is frozen.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Your band is waitin on you. Where's
the team? Ya know that Showcase
line-up isn't written in stone...

PHIL
No, they're a team!

CHUCK
Shut the FUCK up, Phil.

Chuck is intensely staring Mark right in the eyes.

MARK
It's expensive and I don't want to
take from your stash.

CHUCK
It's called a write-off. So you can
thank Initrak for your lap dances
and scarface bam-bam. But more
importantly, this is about being a
team. You gonna say "fuck you" to
me and your band?

Mark takes a deep breath and slowly leans down to snort the
line. Just then, the bus goes over a bump and Mark exhales,
blowing the coke everywhere.

PHIL
Dammit Mark!

BAND
Yo, what the fuck, bro?

Phil shoves Mark heads to the back of the bus and lays down
on the couch and puts a sweatshirt over his head.

CHUCK
Fuck that punk. This is the team.

Chuck swigs some booze and passes it to the Band.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Ping-Pong, pour some sugar on me.

Mark's POV looking through his sweatshirt toward the front. He sees Chuck groping Ping-Pong's body, then doing coke with a \$100 bill and the other strippers giving the Band lap dances. Chuck gives a stare back at Mark. Mark pulls the sweatshirt back over his eyes.

58 INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 58

MARK is laying on his bed. He grabs his guitar and starts strumming. He plays his Hum-Song. The slow, soft, chords of the song continue into:

59 INT. AUDREY AND CHUCK'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS 59

AUDREY is at her piano. She plays the same chords as Mark's Hum-Song.

The dissolving transitions show Audrey on her piano and Mark with his guitar, playing the same chords unbeknownst to them. Audrey sings softly:

AUDREY

"Who said it wouldn't take long, I wonder; have they ever been this far gone?"

After the transitions between Mark and Audrey:

Audrey plays the last chord of the Hum-Song and sighs. She closes the piano-top and walks to the kitchen to get water.

As she's filling her glass, she notices Chuck's briefcase. She slyly peers in it. There are file folders of different band names. She spies "Golden Pawn" and takes it out. She reads the contents, concerned.

60 INT. CAFÉ - NIGHT 60

AUDREY is discussing the folder with MARK at a café table.

MARK

There's no way.

AUDREY

All I'm saying is for you to take a second look at the contracts.

MARK

Phil has all our copies.

AUDREY

Ok, well get them back, because you need to look at them.

MARK

Why are you telling me this?

AUDREY

Because I care.

MARK

Why should I believe you?

AUDREY

That I care? Or that you're getting screwed over?

MARK

Both?

BEAT.

AUDREY

You don't have to believe me. But why would I go out of my way to tell you this if it wasn't true?

MARK

So you're just going to let this slide with him then?

AUDREY

(sighs)

No. No I'm not.

MARK

You really think he's gonna change?

AUDREY

I can see he's trying.

Mark scoffs.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

What?

Mark laboriously bites his tongue and shifts uncomfortably.

MARK

(genuine)

Nothing. I hope you're happy.

Audrey softly smiles.

MARK (CONT'D)
Fuck, this is so fucked.

AUDREY
Talk it over with your band.

61 INT. NEW JAM SPACE - NIGHT

61

The BAND is in a yelling match.

MARK
Tommy! Just listen!

TOMMY
I don't believe one thing that
bitch says.

MARK
Hey shut the fuck up man!

TOMMY
You know, this isn't worth it. All
you've been is a fucking stick in
the mud lately.

MARK
Oh boo-hoo. I'm tired of being the
only one keeping the band together.
I'm the fucking lead. So we're
gonna do what I say--

TOMMY
--You're the what?

MARK
Phil and Chuck are fucking us over!

TOMMY
You're the what?

FENIX
Wait, why would Phil ever do that?!

MARK
Money, asshole!

JACK
He makes money off us, Mark. So he
wants the best for us.

MARK

It's the crazy cut he gets! He's been lying about the back end, and the merch, and the licensing--

JACK

--Mark, come on, this sounds a little far-fetched.

MARK

You don't have to believe me, it's in the shit we signed!

TOMMY

I'll ask Phil right now for the contracts, he'll have no problem showing us. That part I'm not worried about, it's that you're choosing that cunt over us again--

SMACK! Mark swings at Tommy then tackles him to the ground. Each throw a few punches. Tommy gets a good one in. Fenix and Jack break it up.

MARK

I'm outta here.

TOMMY

Good! We're with Initrak and about to play at the Showcase, dumbass! I don't need you!

MARK

Tell Phil I said, fuck you.

Mark stomps on his guitar breaking it in two and storms out.

BLACK.

FADE IN:

62 INT. FAXCOPY OFFICE - DAY

62

MARK wears his Tie of Valor. A few other EMPLOYEES sit at desks, listening to the OFFICE MANAGER give his spiel.

OFFICE MANAGER

WIG reports are due every Friday by end of day. Make sure you attach a cover letter. We will not accept any WIGs without cover letters.

Mark is lost in thought as the Manager continues.

OFFICE MANAGER (CONT'D)
 Also, when we send out a Memo, we
 want a response in order of...

Manager talks on, Mark starts humming the Hum-Song. He taps
 out a beat with his pen.

EMPLOYEE
 Shh!

This snaps Mark back to reality. His desk-mate is trying to
 concentrate on the babble. FML.

63 INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

63

MARK unwinds. ANNE enters.

ANNE
 How was it?

Mark doesn't answer. She gets it.

ANNE (CONT'D)
 Did Claire tell you I'm letting her
 go to your showcase thing?

Still nothing.

ANNE (CONT'D)
 Okay.

She goes to leave. Mark rudely mumbles under his breath.

She jolts around.

ANNE (CONT'D)
 Hey!! Like you have it so bad that
 you need to be such a little shit!

This grabs his attention.

ANNE (CONT'D)
 I know you don't like the job. But
 Jesus Mark, you don't like anything
 lately.

She's getting more worked up.

ANNE (CONT'D)

It's already hard enough with a daughter that won't talk to me, but here I am supporting your dream, even though your dad put me through hell, and you don't give a shit about that either.

She cuts right through to him.

ANNE (CONT'D)

You're not going to live here much longer, so before you go, I don't want it to feel like you're not here. (BEAT) If you're gonna go after a passion, then do it. Don't kind of do it. Don't sort of do it. Go all in. Like your Dad.

Mark is stunned.

He goes to hug her. Though resistant for a moment, she hugs back, tight. Tears stream.

64 EXT. SHOWCASE VENUE - NIGHT 64

A stuffy crowd files in to the venue below the marquee that reads *MUSIC MANIA SHOWCASE - TONIGHT!*

Across the street:

65 INT. RESTAURANT BAR - NIGHT 65

MARK sits alone at the bar. He can almost taste what he's missing. He orders another drink from the BARTENDER.

MARK

'Nother Vodka-Water.

Bartender nods, but Mark changes his order.

MARK (CONT'D)

Actually, 2 vodka shots.

The bartender goes to make his shots. Mark organizes his 2 empty vodka-waters. He looks over and a few seats down: It's TOM DELONGE. For a moment, Mark forgets how sad he is.

MARK (CONT'D)

I really liked the latest album.

Tom ignores for a moment, but then nods and tips his drink.

MARK (CONT'D)
You here for the Showcase?

TOM DELONGE
Yup, meeting with some people afterwards. You too?

MARK
Actually my band is playing tonight.

TOM DELONGE
Aren't you late?

MARK
Yeah... um... I kinda quit like a week ago. (BEAT) A girl.

Tom chuckles.

TOM DELONGE
That's the most cliché shit I've ever heard.

This doesn't comfort Mark. Then a song comes on overhead. Mark laughs. He's drunk.

MARK
You think things happen for a reason?

TOM DELONGE
Huh? No.

MARK
Oh. Well the woman that all this shit happened with... this is her song.

TOM DELONGE
Nice. She sounds good.

Mark's smile turns to a frown.

MARK
Yup, and she fucking left me for some asshole douchebag.

TOM DELONGE
That's tough.

MARK
Fucking, Chuck Bailie. What an arrogant piece of shit.

TOM DELONGE
Yeah, he is.

MARK
You know him?!

TOM DELONGE
Had an offer from him before. He
seemed slimy.

MARK
Bro, you have no idea. He's fucking-
over our band and he's cheating on
Audrey and like... fuck.

TOM DELONGE
She know about all that?

MARK
Not everything.

TOM DELONGE
Then tell her.

Mark's drunk-self hadn't thought of that.

TOM DELONGE (CONT'D)
You still care about her?

Mark nods.

TOM DELONGE (CONT'D)
Then do the right thing. Tell her
what's up.

Mark thinks.

TOM DELONGE (CONT'D)
Go say something.

MARK
Now?

TOM DELONGE
Hell yeah.

MARK
I mean, she probably is at the
Showcase...

TOM DELONGE
Go, dude.

Mark grabs some courage.

MARK

Fuck it.

Mark plops out of the seat, slightly stumbling, and starts heading out the door then turns around.

MARK (CONT'D)

Thank you Tom DeLonge!

As Mark is exiting:

BARTENDER

Hey! You didn't pay!

He comes back in.

MARK

Ah fuck, I'm sorry.

TOM DELONGE

Don't worry about it, I got you.

Mark excitedly points at Tom.

TOM DELONGE (CONT'D)

Go get that fucking douche.

Mark is elated, gives a fist pump, then runs out.

TOM DELONGE (CONT'D)

Twenty bucks says he gets arrested.

66 INT. SHOWCASE VENUE - NIGHT

66

An MC is on stage welcoming the giant crowd of Music Industry moguls from the top Labels in the business.

MC

Music lovers far and wide. Or far and skinny, if they live in LA.

The crowd laughs.

MC (CONT'D)

The best of the best have gathered here tonight...

67 EXT. SHOWCASE VENUE BACKSTAGE DOOR - CONTINUOUS

67

CLAIRE and her boyfriend, ZACK (18) are talking with a bouncer.

BOUNCER
You're not on the list.

CLAIRE
What?

BOUNCER
I don't see your name anywhere.

CLAIRE
Ok, well look for Golden Pawn,
Claire plus 1.

Bouncer looks.

BOUNCER
Nope.

CLAIRE
Mark is the lead singer of Golden
Pawn, that's my brother, Mark. I'm
on the list. Please go check?

Bouncer rolls his eyes and steps inside. Claire gets out her
cellphone and calls Mark. No answer. She's trying to keep her
cool in front of Zack. She's frustrated but still hopeful.

68 INT. SHOWCASE VENUE SIDE OF STAGE - CONTINUOUS

68

CHUCK stands on the side of the stage watching the MC.

MC
And before Stevie Wonder, we'll
have the "Most Promising
Newcomers"! We've got Free Sample
from Cap-1 (claps) We Tried from
RNO Records (claps) and Golden Pawn
(larger claps) from Initrak.

Chuck talks with another MUSIC EXEC (M, 40).

CHUCK
Oh you'll love my boys.

SHOWCASE MUSIC EXEC
Did you lose a guy? I swear it was
a 4 piece.

CHUCK
Yeah, cut some dead weight.

SHOWCASE MUSIC EXEC
 Interesting. You still going to
 sign them?

CHUCK
 The wife likes 'em. So ya know...

SHOWCASE MUSIC EXEC
 I did the same thing for Alison.
 She loved Crazy Town.

69 INT. SHOWCASE VENUE BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

69

There are several bands backstage, getting ready to play. The BOUNCER is maneuvering and asking around for GOLDEN PAWN. He is finally pointed in the right direction. TOMMY and JACK are discussing quietly making sure PHIL doesn't hear, while FENIX macks on a GROUPIE. The Bouncer taps on Tommy.

BOUNCER
 You Golden Pawn?

TOMMY
 Yeah that's me.

BOUNCER
 You Mark?

TOMMY
 Fuck no.

BOUNCER
 Mark here?

TOMMY
 Nope, he's not coming.

Bouncer nods and heads back to his post.

70 EXT. SHOWCASE VENUE BACKSTAGE DOOR - CONTINUOUS

70

BOUNCER comes back outside to ZACK and CLAIRE.

BOUNCER
 Yo, Mark's not here, and he's not
 gonna be here.

CLAIRE
 What?! No, that doesn't make sense.
 Did you talk to the right people?

BOUNCER
I talked to the band. Golden...
whatever.

CLAIRE
Pawn. But--

BOUNCER
--Please step aside.

Claire is confused and hurt. She and Zack step aside. She's embarrassed, but tries to hide it.

CLAIRE
There must have been a major mix
up, I'm sorry. When Mark calls me
back, I'm sure we can still get in.

ZACK
It's ok.

CLAIRE
Wanna go get food or something?

ZACK
Sure, how about that place across
the street?

Claire fakes a smile. They head to the nearby restaurant.

71 INT. SHOWCASE VENUE - CONTINUOUS

71

A SHOWCASE BAND is leaving the stage, as the MC continues.

MC
Ok, another "Most Promising" band
is up next, and I know you're all
looking forward to seeing this new
addition. But they've got an old
edition with them.

MC and crowd laugh.

MC (CONT'D)
Mr. Chuck Bailie and Golden Pawn.
Chuck come on out here!

The crowd gives a standing ovation to CHUCK, including STEPH and CHAR who loudly cheer. Chuck waves. The BAND gets to their places, and Chuck grabs the mic at center stage. PHIL watches from the wings.

CHUCK

Well look at all those familiar
faces. I'd say you're family, but I
don't know who likes their family
this much!

The crowd chuckles, Phil wheezes with laughter.

72 EXT. SHOWCASE VENUE BACKSTAGE DOOR - CONTINUOUS 72

MARK is on a mission, drunkenly heading to the BOUNCER.

MARK

I need to get in there.

BOUNCER

You on the list?

MARK

Golden Pawn. I'm in the band.

Bouncer starts to look at list, then recognizes the name.

BOUNCER

Yo, are you... Matt? Marcus? Marti--

MARK

--Mark.

BOUNCER

Right. The band said you weren't
coming.

MARK

(confident AF)

Well they're wrong.

Bouncer shrugs and lets him in.

73 INT. SHOWCASE VENUE BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS 73

MARK drunkenly maneuvers through the different bands and
hears Chuck over the loud-speaker.

74 INT. SHOWCASE VENUE - CONTINUOUS 74

CHUCK is still at the mic. MARK is coming up to the wings.

CHUCK

But in all seriousness, this band
right here is so talented.
Actually, my wife, Audrey...

Chuck points to the crowd. AUDREY gives a small wave.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

She found these guys at a dive bar.
Yup! And now I've taken 'em under
my wing and they're ready to fly.
So I want you to really enjoy their
fun music before you get sick of
your teenagers playing them on
repeat. Without further ado--

Just then, Mark storms the stage.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

--Whoa, will ya look at that? One
of the other members decided to
show up.

The Band is mortified. Mark is too drunk to care.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Why don't you take the mic? Sing
your heart out, Marky!

Mark seethes, but doesn't say anything. He grabs the mic as
Chuck steps back and lets Mark take center stage.

MARK

Hello. Everybody. I... I'm sorry.

The crowd is pretty much silent; confused.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Chuck is skeptical. Band is nervous. Audience is intrigued.

MARK (CONT'D)

Mr. Chuck Bailie is a liar.

Chuck goes to walk up to Mark, but Mark points his finger at
him aggressively.

MARK (CONT'D)

Hey! Stop right there!

Chuck stops. Mark turns back to the audience.

MARK (CONT'D)

All the artists out there that are with Initrak...Check your contracts. Cuz this guy and our spectaaaacullar manager are screwing us over. Back end, merch, licencing, all of it! Read the fine print! And if you can't understand legal bullshit, then get a legal bullshit lawyer--

CHUCK

--Ok, Marky, that's enough.

MARK

No!

Mark points aggressively again.

MARK (CONT'D)

You also are spending company money on drugs!

Crowd murmurs.

MARK (CONT'D)

Yes, Initrak money on *his* drugs.

Security shows up in the wings of the stage, ready to take Mark out. Chuck casually waves and tells them:

CHUCK

It's his funeral.

Mark is on a roll.

MARK

And he promises that he's all about the music, but he's not. You have to record his songs, you have to be on his schedule, they take away your creativity. But the worst part... The worst part is--

Chuck turns his back to audience, leans into Mark and speaks softly:

CHUCK

No one who knows me will believe you, Marky. Which is everyone.

MARK

I only need one person to believe me.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

(BEAT) I'm sorry, Audrey, I should have told you. He hasn't changed. The tour bus last week, there were strippers and drugs and--

Mark turns and aggressively locks eyes with Chuck.

MARK (CONT'D)

--You're ruining the most amazing person in the world. How caring and talented and how beautiful she is.

The Band and the crowd can't believe it.

MARK (CONT'D)

I love her. More than you ever will. Chuck. Chucky, Chuck, Chucky--

Chuck b-lines for Mark and tackles him. They roll. Security takes Mark from Chuck and pulls him off stage. Mark is yelling and making a fool of himself. Phil shakes his head. Tommy scoffs. Fenix and Jack are shocked.

Audrey is in complete shock. Industry people are appalled.

75 EXT. SHOWCASE VENUE BACKSTAGE DOOR - CONTINUOUS 75

MARK is being taken out of the venue by SECURITY. He is rowdy and still fighting with the guards. His antics gather attention from onlookers.

76 INT. RESTAURANT BAR - CONTINUOUS 76

CLAIRE and ZACK sit by the window, eating fries. Claire sees the commotion across the street.

CLAIRE

Mark?

She gets up in a hurry and Zack follows running out of the restaurant.

77 EXT. SHOWCASE VENUE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS 77

SECURITY throws MARK into the lot. There's a cut on his face. CLAIRE runs up to him.

CLAIRE

What's going on?!

Mark is breathing heavy.

MARK

The band... Chuck... I...

CLAIRE

You're not making any sense. Sit down.

Mark sits down with Claire and ZACK. Zack gives him his water. Mark calms down. Claire gets on the phone.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'm ready to get picked up mom.
(BEAT) Yes, now. It ended early.

Out of the back of the venue, Chuck storms out, followed by some backstage onlookers.

Before Mark can turn around, Chuck lunges at him, bringing him to the ground. A larger crowd assembles, including the BAND.

CHUCK

How fucking DARE YOU.

Audrey joins the crowd. She grabs Chuck.

AUDREY

Chuck stop! God dammit Chuck you're hurting--

WHACK! With an effortless backhand, Chuck smacks Audrey to the ground.

MARK

You piece of shit!

Mark charges Chuck, before he's stopped by Phil.

PHIL

Mark, have you lost your fucking mind?!

TOMMY (O.S.)

Hey, Phil!

Phil turns to meet Tommy's guitar right to the fucking nose! Phil drops. The Band scatters.

Chuck approaches Mark.

CHUCK

You're dead kid. Party's over.
(to the crowd)
(MORE)

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Party's over, people. Head back
inside.

Audrey is able to stand, holding her face.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Sweets I don't know what got into
me.

AUDREY
(calm disappointment)
I know, Chuck.

CHUCK
Let's go insi--

Audrey punches the FUCK out of Chuck, who almost falls to the
ground. Security approaches him. Chuck is avoiding them.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Back off! Get away from me.

Chuck stomps into the street away from the crowd--

--SCREECH!

ANNE slams the brakes on her Subaru almost hitting Chuck.

CLAIRE
Mom!

ANNE
Claire! Mark!

Mark doesn't notice her, he turns to Audrey.

MARK
Audrey, are you--

AUDREY
--I'm fine.

They look at each other.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
Thank you, Mark.

MARK
I'm so--

Audrey hugs him.

She smiles earnestly. Some concerned acquaintances check on
her, shoving Mark out of her circle and whisking her away.

ANNE
Mark! Get in.

BEAT. He climbs in and the family drives away together.

78 INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

78

A hungover MARK sits and watches video clips on the iMac. CLAIRES is with him. ANNE comes in with water and a hot cloth.

Mark and Claire watch clips on 'eBaum's World' of Mark's fight and antics titled "Mr Chuck Bailie vs Random: Showcase Showdown". A clip shows Mark driving off in Mom's Subaru.

VIDEO CLIP
Who's a good little Mama's Boy? Or
should I say, Mama's Bad Boy?

Mark groans and clicks off the clip. He's humiliated.

CLAIRE
That dick Chuck deserved it. Sounds
like a jerk.

The house phone RINGS. Anne answers from the other room.

ANNE (O.S.)
Hello?... Sorry who? LM
Entertainment, um, we don't have
cable, so I believe you have the
wrong number.

Mark jolts up off the chair and sprints out of the room!

79 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

79

ANNE
Look, I've asked to not be called
numerous--

Mark snatches the phone out of her hand.

MARK
Hello?

VOICE (O.S.)
Mark?

MARK
Yes, this is Mark.

VOICE (O.S)
 Hey, this is Pablo from LM
 Entertainment, I deal with new
 artists and we're interested in
 seeing if we can work together.

MARK
 Are you sure you're talking to the
 right Mark?

VOICE (O.S.)
 If this is the street-fighter Mark
 that also has the catchiest pop
 punk sound I've heard in a while...

Mark stands in disbelief.

Claire watches Mark from a distance. She can't hear the rest
 of the convo, but by Mark's reactions, it's great news.

80 INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - DAY 80

MARK sits on his bed with his guitar. The room has scattered
 memorabilia from Golden Pawn. He plays the Hum-Song.

The Hum-Song ballad continues, as he gets a text. He smiles,
 elated. He lies down and closes his eyes.

The Hum-Song continues...

81 INT. BLACK VOID: 81

Close Ups on Mark's strumming of a guitar, his feet tap. We
 then see all of Mark, playing an acoustic guitar.

Close Ups on another set of feet along side Mark's. Piano
 notes are heard. Hands on keys. It's Audrey, playing piano.

They sing the chorus together.

As the song continues, we pull out to reveal where we are...

82 INT. CAFÉ - NIGHT 82

Mark and Audrey play for a packed house.

ANNE, CLAIRE, and ZACK are in the audience, looking on.

After the final passionate chorus from the pair, the song concludes. The audience claps.

BLACK. END.

The Hum-Song picks up again with the fast Pop-Punk version.

ROLL CREDITS as the song continues.

83

POSSIBLE - "WHERE ARE THEY NOW" TITLE CARDS -

83

Mark & Audrey - Enjoy being local musicians. Anne frequents their shows. Mark self-distributed his last album.

Claire - Starts a band with her boyfriend. They're almost good.

Tommy - Has a new solo band called "TOMMY, TOMMY, TOMMY".

Fenix and Jack - Jack works a steady job at a record store. Fenix cruises babes at that record store.

Chuck - Shunned from the Music Industry, he gets help in rehab, before spending time in prison.

Phil - Quit the music biz to manage a Chrysler dealership and still can only breathe out of his mouth.

*