

THE ROCK MUSICAL  
(DRAFT 1)

Written by

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1 INT. GABRIEL'S MOTHER'S HOUSE / GABRIEL'S BEDROOM - DAY 1

Gabriel is in his early 20's, but his bedroom is still a messy, teenager's bedroom with posters of Bob Dylan and other folk singers on the wall and an acoustic guitar in the corner.

Gabriel has his trousers and T-shirt on, but no socks. His hair is awry and he is frantically fastening his shirt.

MOTHER  
(voice from downstairs,  
shouting up)  
It's your own fault Gabriel! You're  
going to miss your breakfast now!  
Why didn't you get out of bed when  
I said?

Gabriel rolls his eyes and frantically pulls on his office shoes.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
The council won't keep you on, you  
know, if you're late again. Mavis  
said the Accounts department are  
very particular!

Gabriel grabs his jacket and bag and rushes downstairs. He slows down near his mother (standing at the foot of the stairs) who grabs him and kisses his forehead and shoves a box of sandwiches at him.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Now I've made the tuna with mayo.  
like you like, but don't forget to  
bring the box home this time.

GABRIEL  
No mum. Thanks Mum. See you tonight  
Mum.

He quickly pecks her on the cheek and rushed out of the door.

2

INT. BROTHEL / KITCHEN - DAY

2

There are two girls sitting at one of the kitchen tables. One has a spaghetti-strap, very scant baby-doll nightie on and the other has a short, silky dressing gown which keeps slipping down her shoulder. She is naked beneath. Both of their makeups are a mess with smeared lipstick and panda-eyed mascara.

One is drinking a mug of tea and staring at the floor. The other eating corn flakes, desultorily. Both in moody silence.

Another girl, Mai, who is a petite brunette, is brewing herself some tea at the side-surface and waiting for the toaster.

ANGELA

(Speaking to Mai)

You do realise, there's no milk ...  
Deirdre's eating her bloody  
cornflakes dry and you'll be  
waiting forever for that bloody  
toaster.

MAI

(resignedly)

I know ... I've just gotta eat  
something, 'though. I'm starving.

ANGELA

That Petey take it out of you then,  
dahhhling? He asks for you, you  
know, 'cos you're easy.

MAI

(disgusted)

Please ....

The door bursts open and Ann stands there. She is wearing pyjama bottoms and bra.

ANN

(Pointing vindictively at  
Louise)

OK cow! You slept with Mike! You  
did ... I know you did 'cos he was  
missing before you went in with  
Liam.

The cornflakes girl, Louise, finally looks up from her bowl.

LOUISE

Oh! For crying out loud, Ann! He's  
just another bleeding customer.  
What makes you think he's yours?

ANN

Well we're getting serious, if you want to know, and I'll smash your ruddy ...

MAI

Ann, please, we're just having breakfast. I'm sure Louise didn't meant it. She probably didn't realise ...

LOUISE

(Grinning provokingly at Ann)

Oh but I did! Best stud this side of ...

Ann flies across the kitchen, grabs Louise's large bowl of cornflakes and throws it in her face. Louise roars, gets up and grabs Ann's nose and rushes her across the kitchen slamming her against the far wall. Ann tries to beat her off with frantic, but ineffectual flapping hand movements, but is finally ejected by Louise grabbing her by the hair and dragging her out through the kitchen door.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

(Roaring)

You don't own no one, girl! Don't tell me what to do!

Mai heaves a sigh, rolls her eyes at Angela and turns around to look at her toast ... which is burnt black. She groans.

3

INT. COUNCIL OFFICES - DAY

3

Gabriel tears into the hallway and frantically straightens his tie as he now slows to walking down the rows of desks, towards his own desk. As he sits down, an older man materializes near his chair, making him jump, as he turns on his PC and starts shuffling through forms on his desk.

GABRIEL

'Lo, Mr. Jones.

Jones points at his watch and says:

JONES

And what time do you call this,  
young man?

GABRIEL

Nine o'clock, Mr. Jones.

JONES

Oh, you do, do you? Well, I call it  
three minutes past nine. And I also  
call it the second time this month,  
that it has been so!

GABRIEL

Sorry, Mr. Jones

JONES

This is your last warning, Gabriel!  
Next time it's human resources and  
I won't be caring what time you  
come!

There is a loud, but smothered guffaw from the clerk at the next desk. Mr. Jones turns, glares at the guffawer and strides away.

GABRIEL

You idiot, Tom! You'll only make  
him madder!

TOM

(Rolling his eyes) Oh, but the  
'Timing of your Coming' is soooooo  
important.

GABRIEL

Piss off, dude, and let me get on  
with these stinking forms, or old  
Jonesie will be back again.

TOM

Yes, yes, but ARE you coming,  
tonight, to that pub with the that  
new chick who sings?

GABRIEL

I'm skint, Tom! I've just bought  
those new chord books, and....

Tom makes macho air guitar strumming gestures and says:

TOM

Ahh, drop the drippy Sheeran and  
Dylan!..... I'll buy you a couple  
of pints! You never know what might  
happen.

Tom waggles his eyebrows and says in a sexy voice:

TOM (CONT'D)

.....she might be the one!!

Gabriel sighs.

GABRIEL

OK, then. We'll grab a pizza and  
then bus out there, after work..

Tom makes football/fascist fist.

TOM

Yo, Man!

Freezing voice shouts from down the office.

JONES

Mr Jeffries!

Tom slinks back onto his desk chair and rifles through his  
big pile of papers.

4

I/E. PUB - EVENING (SONG 1)

4

Gabriel is seated at a table. His jacket and tie are off and his sleeves are rolled up. He is facing the front where there is a keyboard, speakers, guitar, etc. set up for a singer. Tom comes towards him carrying a couple of beers and seats himself next to Gabriel facing the 'stage'. A girl walks on and starts fiddling with a microphone and turning her keyboard on.

TOM

She's on first, see, she's a beaut!  
And just listen to this voi .....

ANGELA

The girl taps the microphone and blows twice looking rather embarrassed and not too happy to be there.

MAI

Hello people. I'm Mai and Dan who  
runs this place says I can try a  
few of my songs out on you as I  
write them.

She shrugs.

MAI (CONT'D)

Don't know what you think of them,  
but hope you like the couple I'm  
singing for you this evening. The  
first one is called "first song"

She sings the song while standing, playing at the keyboard. Gabriel stares, riveted by her. Tom attempts several time to talk to Gabriel, but Gabriel swats him away in irritation, he wants only to listen.

5 INT. GABRIEL'S MOTHER'S HOUSE / SITTING ROOM - DAY 5

Gabriel is in his weekend clothes (jeans, T-shirt, etc. with bare feet). He is standing, eating a piece of toast and absentmindedly plinking on the upper register of the piano. His mother comes into the sitting room wiping her hands on a tea-towel.

MOTHER

You in here then? Why can't you eat your breakfast at the table like everybody else?

GABRIEL

There is nobody else. You had yours earlier mum.

MOTHER

You know what I mean. It's not civilised, wandering around making crumbs everywhere ..... It's a shame, 'though, that you didn't do your practice after your Auntie Edie gave you her old piano, and I sent you for them lessons.

GABRIEL

Hmmm ....

MOTHER

... Was that concert any good then?

GABRIEL

(musingly)

Yeah, really good mum. .... 'scuse me I'll just ...

Gabriel wanders off upstairs.



6 INT. GABRIEL'S MOTHER'S HOUSE / GABRIEL'S BEDROOM - DAY 6

Gabriel walks into his bedroom musingly, slows to a halt, and has an idea. He exclaims quietly to himself.

GABRIEL

She can be in my band! I'll ask  
her.

He picks up his acoustic guitar and plays a chord loudly (the guitar is out of tune).

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Yes ....

He looks excited and starts tuning the guitar. Then suddenly he looks a bit apprehensive.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Uhhhh ... Now I just need a band!

7

INT. MUSIC SHOP - DAY

7

Gabriel and Tom come in the door. They are both wearing their smart work suits. Gabriel turns back to Tom.

GABRIEL

It doesn't matter that you don't have that many chords. You've been picking away at that guitar since you were fourteen. You might as well do something with it.

TOM

(whining)

Yeah but I only got it to impress the girls.

GABRIEL

How could they be impressed when you've only ever played it in your bedroom? 'Side, yours is electric, I'm going to have to get a pickup for my acoustic.

They go over to the sheet music and start rifling through it.

TOM

Look! There's some Zep here! .... Hey, we could ask Fuzzy Bear.! He plays the drums. .... You remember they played a set at our year thirteen dance ... With that stupid band ... He left them, 'though, or did they kick him out? ... He was a bit over-keen ...

Gabriel wanders over to the guitars and their equipment.

GABRIEL

Go on then, you ask him then and I'll find a lead guitarist.

Tom takes down a guitar from a stand and starts to mime, frenziedly playing it.

TOM

Yo man! This rock band is go!

8

EXT. AUCKLAND CBD SHOPPING AREA - DAY

8

Gabriel is wandering along, on his way home after work, with his hands in his pockets, wearing his work clothes. He hears a busker ahead of him. Wanders up to him and stands listening. This guitarist is really very good. Gabriel is impressed and finds himself nodding his head and tapping his foot in time. At the end of the song, he approaches the busker (Mike).

GABRIEL

You right mate?

The busker does starey eyes and nods meaningfully at his collecting guitar case.

MIKE

You liked it then?

Gabriel chucks a couple of dollars in the case.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

GABRIEL

Yeah, you're cool man. D'you play in a group then? What are you called?

MIKE

I'm Mike. No, I'm not in a group. Why?

GABRIEL

I'm getting one together. D'you wanna come along?

MIKE

Yeah OK. ....  
You just doing covers?

GABRIEL

Nah. We'll start with these, but I'm asking this girl who writes stuff.

MIKE

Yeah. I'm definitely interested, then. .... Look, I've got cards there. My number's on them. Text me when and where, huh?

He steps forward and shakes Gabriel's hand.

9 INT. GABRIEL'S MOTHER'S HOUSE / GARAGE - DAY (SONG 2) 9

Gabriel, Tom and Fuzzy Bear are busy setting up. The door opens and in comes Mike with another young man.

MIKE

Hi people.

Mike nodding his head at them.

MIKE (CONT'D)

This is my mate I said I'd bring  
along ... John. He's a decent bass.  
Aren't you John lad?

John shrugs embarrassedly.

JOHN

Well, I growl about in the bottom  
there, you know. .... I can do a  
bit of slap and stuff.

GABRIEL

Yeah well, maybe we could even do a  
bit of funk then eh?

Tom rolls his eyes.

TOM

Yeah Gabe I can really see you  
doing 'yow funk thing'!

Mike and John set their instruments up.

GABRIEL

Look, I've got this piece here I  
wrote a while ago. I've just  
written a melody,

He hands out some scribbled sheets to the guitarists.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

and some chords. I'll leave you to  
sort the bass out John. Fuzzy, it's  
4:4 time. Just do a basic strumming  
John and Mike, if you want to do  
the odd riff, or copy my voice, or  
whatever, I'll leave it to you.  
Look people, if you're OK for  
rehearsing for a whole day ...

Mike gets a tuner out, hits it and tunes his guitar to it.  
Tom and Gabriel copy his guitar tuning.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
... we could do a set in the morning, and then put my voice over in the afternoon. We could see how that goes. Obviously, we'll do covers until we get a writer. I'm gonna ask this girl soon.

Gabriel is sitting on a high stool. He looks around at them.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
Can you keep your volume down, you lot, or my mother will go ape at the noise. Right Tom, give us a couple of bars of intro.

Gabriel taps the microphone and blows into it.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
... two, three, four.

The band starts playing and Gabriel sings. The drummer is too loud and keeps making complex rhythms and getting carried away.

Gabriel puts his hand in the air and they stop.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
Fuzzy, can you just keep it a bit quieter and plainer for a while until we get the hang of this huh?  
... two, three, four

They start again, but Fuzzy starts going faster and faster. Gabriel puts his hand in the air and they stop.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
Er ... Fuzzy ... can you keep at the same speed, please? Er ... try not start going faster.

FUZZY  
Righty Ho! Sorry ... didn't realise.

GABRIEL  
OK .... Two, three, four.

They start again. We hear about half of the song. It is rather a dull, but loud and repetitive piece.

10

INT. PUB - EVENING

10

Mai in black, rather Gothic clothing, plays and sings the final few bars of a piece of music. A few people in the bar clap politely. She steps away from the spotlight and start unplugging her keyboard and speakers.

Gabriel and Tom, with jackets and ties off, and white shirt sleeves rolled up, go up to her.

GABRIEL

Hi. It's Mai isn't it? ... I'm Gabriel and this is my mate, Tom.

TOM

'Lo beautiful.

Mai doesn't smile, but just nods.

GABRIEL

We've just formed a band and could really do with a writer / keyboardist. Have you written a few songs?

Mai shrugs.

MAI

Yeah, a few ... a dozen, or so.

GABRIEL

Would you have a go with us then? If our sound is good enough for your songs, we could make an EP, or something, huh?

Mai shrugs, again.

MAI

Yeah, go on then.

GABRIEL

Great.

He takes and shakes her hand enthusiastically, while Mai looks at him a bit dubiously.

TOM

Yeah!

Tom does his usual frenetic air guitaring.

11 INT. GABRIEL'S MOTHER'S HOUSE/GABRIEL'S BEDROOM - DAY 11

Gabriel is standing in front of the mirror opposite the door, but off to one side where he cannot see the door, in the reflection. He is lost in his imagination and furiously playing air guitar.

The door is half open. It pushes fully open and Gabriel's mother and Mai stand there staring.

MOTHER

Er, Gabriel!?

Gabriel leaps into the air with shock and starts to stammer hello's

Here's this young woman who's going  
to be in your band.....but I  
think the sitting room is the  
proper place to receive lady  
guests....so I'll just take her  
down..... for when you're ready  
like....hummm?

GABRIEL

Yeh, oh, hello, yeh....Ok, yeh,  
hum!

The door closes and Gabriel makes a mortified face in the mirror.

12 INT. GABRIEL'S MOTHER'S HOUSE / SITTING ROOM - DAY (SONG 3)<sup>12</sup>

Mai is sitting on the arm chair and Gabriel comes in, shamefacedly. He is carrying his guitar. Mai is trying not to smile.

GABRIEL

Hello Mai. Thanks for coming. Did you bring that piece you wrote?

MAI

Yes, it's here. Well, the melody and just the chords.....You sing it. I hate singing in public. I only do it so I can play my stuff, you know.

GABRIEL

Well, just sing it for starters cos I'm no good at sight reading, so I'll play the chords and maybe join in, later.....Look...use the piano.

Gabriel drags a stand chair over to sit next to Mai, on the piano stool. They play and sing and Gabriel starts to smile, as he enjoys the tune and starts to feel comfortable with Mai. Mai is her usual serious, aloof self.