

SELF TITLED'S UNTITLED

~~PILOT~~

"WE DON'T WANNA PAY FOR IT"

Written by

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DEMO V1

ANGELIC CHIOR (O.S.)
YL-YL...

A loud electric guitar shreds a scale.

MORNING SHOW DJ (O.S.)
Sup sup? Menace the Dennis coming
at you live from the clouds above.
Caller number 104- congratulations!
You just won a copy of Backroom's
new album, *Foyer*. What's your name?

DAWN THE CLERK (O.S.)
...hi. Is this the station? I was
wondering if you could help me find
out the name of an album for my
son.

INT. POP-A-TOP CONVENIENCE STORE (HOUSTON LOC.) - NOON

We open on a television showing black and white security
footage of a convenience store. The screen is split in four-
a different camera angle in each corner with the date in the
bottom reading "9/24/94".

**The following is a choose your own adventure: all events
happen simultaneously in their respected screens.**

CAMERA A "12:25:24 PM" (TOP LEFT)

We look down on DAWN THE CLERK (30's) speaking into a
payphone stretched across from the customers side of the
counter.

MENACE THE DENNIS (O.S.)
Caller 104, what's your name?

DAWN THE CLERK
(Through radio)
My name? Why do you want my name?

DING-DON, DING-DO, DING-DONG!

Our three lovable scamps enter.

JEFF (24) leads the tribe. He walks with his eyes glued to
his Converse thanks to his horse blinder bangs.

Following suit is **TOD** (24). One would assume springs were
glued to his heels the way his single dread bounces amongst
his other wise short hair.

PABST (23) comes in last. The Boyhemian unknowingly recreates a perfect "one small step for man" moon landing as he tries to balance himself throughout the store.

MENACE THE DENNIS (O.S.)

Easy, 104. This is just the radio, not an AA meeting. Any chance your son is a fan of Backroom or is that also a secret?

DAWN THE CLERK

I- no, I can't say he is. He's turning 16 and I want to get him the CD he asked for but can't remember the name. I don't want to ask him and spoil the surprise.

MENACE THE DENNIS

16 and he doesn't listen to the poets that brought us great lyrics such as "Full throttle, Baby- Chug my bottle"? Well I'll tell you what, 104- I help you figure out the name of your son's album and you take this Backroom CD as a birthday present from your son's old pal, Menace. Sound good?

DAWN THE CLERK

Sounds good!

MENACE THE DENNIS

Gravy, baby. Now, do you know a song off it? Can you whistle a little melody for me and all the early birds out there?

DAWN THE CLERK

Oh god...whistling. I don't know the last time I've whistled. But I know one of the songs...I think it goe-

PABST (O.S.)

HURRRRRRRRRRRRLLLLLLLLLL!

Dawn quickly turns towards the scream.

CAMERA B "12:25:24 PM" (TOP RIGHT)

Tod walks with confidence towards the glass coolers. He casually opens the door and turns his head to check on the clerk...coast is clear.

Like a pro, he reaches for the bottles of beer in the back of the cardboard cartons- that way the bottles up front cover up the sins of the slacker.

After sticking as many as he can in his cargos, he slides over to the cans and grabs a knife from his pocket. With the precision of a skilled surgeon, he pulls a box of cans slightly off the shelf giving him enough room to carve a hole in the bottom for the cans to fall out into his pockets.

By box 2 he's totally locked in. He pulls the box towards him, jabs the bottom and out comes...wine? Shit. That's not beer dumb ass, that's boxed wine. He goes to push the box back before being caught but it doesn't matter because-

PABST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
HURRRRRRRRRRRRLLLLLLLLLL!

CAMERA C "12:25:24 PM" (BOTTOM LEFT)

Even in black and white, you can tell Pabsts eyes are glowing red. He has only one task in mind: go to the magazines. He can do this. He's almost there. Nothing is going to sto- oh shit, a slushy machine?

He knowingly nods his head to no one but himself and that machine. There's nothing in the world he wants more now than that sweet, sugary ice...but the cups are behind the clerk.

He cups his hand beneath the nozzle of the machine and lets the sweet nectar flow. He brings his palms towards his lips and lets his dry mouth absorb every last drop. It's not enough- he sticks his head under the nozzle and lets the slushy flow.

...how is he still drinking? He hasn't even came back for a breath of air. Dude...HE'S STILL DRINKING! This is just silly now. How much lon- wait...he's finished.

Pabst slowly moves his hand towards his left temple as slushy foams out the corners of his mouth. He sucks in as much air as possible and lets out a loud-

PABST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
HURRRRRRRRRRRRLLLLLLLLLL!

CAMERA D "12:25:24 PM" (BOTTOM RIGHT)

Jeff enters like George W in an classroom after being told our country is under attack- a complete nervous wreck playing it cool. He holds onto a floating aluminum balloon while spotting and making direct eye contact with the camera.

He walks directly under the camera and positions the balloon in a way that HE thinks covers the entire frame- but in reality it hardly covers half. His anxiety begins to ease until he realizes, "Shit! another camera!"

He tries to signal to Tod there's a second camera right over him but the Beer Baron never notices. He then tries to signal Pabst to signal Tod but what the hell? He's not at the magazines. Oh god...he's at the Slushy Machine and HOLY CRAP THERE'S ANOTHER CAMERA ON HIM!

PABST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
HURRRRRRRRRRRRLLLLLLLLLL!

We're now back to a coherent timeline taking place at the same time across the four screens:

DAWN THE CLERK
(To Pabst)
GOOD LORD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING????

JEFF
I'm sorry! I forgot to pay!

Dawn looks at Jeff for the very first time.

DAWN THE CLERK
...pay for what?

TOD
BAIL, DUDE!

Tod tries to run but slips on spilt wine.

Jeff does as he's told. Color enters our world as a flash of green in the form of Jeff runs in front the b&w monitor.

MENACE THE DENNIS (O.S.)
Whoa- caller 104 are you alright?

DAWN THE CLERK
OUT! GET OUT NOW!

TOD
Lady- I'm trying!

Tod runs off with a limp sending a red blur across the screen.

Pabst's blue shirt partially blocks the screen.

PABST
Do you have one of those towels
that's, like, made of paper?

DAWN THE CLERK
No! Just leave!

PABST
Is a cup out of the question?

DAWN THE CLERK
TAKE WHATEVER YOU WANT AND LEAVE.

Pabst nods with gratitude and plops the slush into a cup.

MENACE THE DENNIS (O.S.)
Oh my god...caller 104, are you
being robbed?

EXT. FRONT OF A BUILDING - NOON

Tod and Jeff catch their breath as Pabst casually walks up drinking his slushy. Our boys unknowingly create their own version of The Ramones *Rocket to Russia* pose. **SELF-TITLE'S UNTITLED** slowly fades in above the boys completing our episode's album cover.

TOD
What was that?! Snow White and his
two stoned dorks, slushy and wussy?

Snow White discretely wipes red wine off his hand.

PABST
Worth it. You never know when
you're passing up Cherry for the
last time.

TOD
Pabst, your eyes are so red that I
SWEAR TO GOD you could guide
Santa's sleigh tonight!

PABST
You'd have to be one cold guy to
deny those kids Christmas.

Tod smacks the cup out of Pabst's hand and turns to Jeff.

TOD
And you- I told you to say the line
if you were caught!

JEFF
Come on, dude. WE were caught.

Tod cracks open a beer from his cargos.

TOD
Really? Because it doesn't taste
like *I* was caught.

Jeff places the balloon to his mouth and inhales helium.

JEFF
(High Pitched)
We didn't have to do that. Zippo
has an entire envelope of cash for
food.

Tod snatches the balloon from Jeff and inhales.

TOD
(High Pitched)
You know damn well that geezer
ain't gonna let us spend a penny on
booze or nudie mags.

JEFF
(Medium Pitched)
See! I didn't even want a nudie mag!
I wanted a Fangoria!

TOD
(Medium Pitched)
Yeah? Well Pabst wanted a
Highlights but you don't see him
catching up with Goofus and
Gallant.

Pabst tugs at Tod's shirt and nudges for the balloon.

JEFF
I don't know, dude. I feel bad.

TOD
For what?! It's a Pop-a-Top!
There's like hundreds of them.
Guarantee you that clerk steals
from there to! If I worked there,
no way you would catch me giving
them back my paycheck! Screw
corporations! Right, Pabst?

PABST
(High Pitched)
I represent the lollypop guild.

TOD
Damn right, buddy.

JEFF

Come on, we should get moving...

TOD

Nah, we have another hour or so before the sun goes down and we have to find Zippy. I don't want gramps driving in the dark.

JEFF

That's not what I'm talking about!

A wide shot reveals that our boys are resting in front of the store directly to the left of Pop-A-Top.

EXT. STRIP MALL - NOON

Our ripoff of **MIKE BRADY** (37), finishes reading the last line on his newspaper before discarding it on top a trashcan.

He inserts two quarters into a pay phone and patiently waits. Is this square the guy our boys keep talking about?

MIKE BRADY

Hiya, hun! Greetings from Houston!
Me and the boys just got here. Had
to call ya before I got my coffee
fix!

Some **BUM** (55) must of blown past our set pa's because he just totally blew the shot.

MIKE BRADY (CONT'D)

Everyone's doing just fine. The
littler one did have some trouble
at the store.

The Bum comes in focus as he walks towards the waded newspaper.

MIKE BRADY (CONT'D)

Made a mess everywhere. We just
have to accept he's always going to
be one quarter short of a dollar...

The Bum gently straightens out the paper and begins to read.

MIKE BRADY (CONT'D)

Haha yeah, we have to love him!
Sure as heck can't return hi-
...hang on, hun.

Mr. Sunshine cups the receiver and turns towards the human tumbleweed.

MIKE BRADY (CONT'D)
Excuse me, sir.

The Bum looks up from the paper.

MIKE BRADY (CONT'D)
That's my paper.

BUM
Huh?

MIKE BRADY
The item that you are currently
holding in your hands is MY paper
that YOU stole.

BUM
Oh- sorry. I thought it was trash.

MIKE BRADY
Did you pay for it?

BUM
...the trash?

MIKE BRADY
If you didn't pay for it, it isn't
yours and you need to put it back.

BUM
I have no problem giving you it ba-

MIKE BRADY
You need to put it back in the
trash NOW.

BUM
(Defiant)
...brother, ain't no way I'm
throwing this paper away.

MIKE BRADY
(Glowing Red)
You can't throw it away because I
already did!
(To the phone)
Honey I have to go.

He slams the phone into its holder and begins to walk towards the defiant bum.

MIKE BRADY (CONT'D)
 Why do you want it? Can you even
 read? Do you just like looking at
 pictures?

The bum remains zen as the man gets in his face.

MIKE BRADY (CONT'D)
 (Whisper)
 Or do you need it because you can't
 even afford to wipe your own ass?

TOD (O.S.)
 Aye!!!

Our three boys coming storming in behind the bum.

TOD (CONT'D)
 The hell you think you're doing?

Tod grabs the Mike Brady ripoff and skullfucks him with his
 eyes.

TOD (CONT'D)
 Is this guy giving you crap, Zippy?

BUM/THE REAL ZIPPY
 Sure is.

TOD
 GET BENT, GEEZER!

Tod delivers a head-butt strong enough to send Mike Brady to
 the ground. The four stare at the sad p.o.s...he looks like a
 melted cone in his pink shirt and light brown slacks.

PABST
 Anyone else feel a low blood sugar
 coming on?

INT. ~~DAIRY-QUEEN~~ SARAH BETHS (HOUSTON) - AFTERNOON

The four share two kid meals amongst each other.

JEFF
 You're not lying? They really
 didn't review us in the Chronicle?

TOD
 You screwing with us?

ZIPPY
 I wouldn't lie.

TOD

But you would screw me like a jock
on prom night- wouldn't you??

PABST

Did the Bayshore Sun review it?

JEFF

That's the local paper, dude.

PABST

And?

JEFF

(Snarky)

The high school paper gave us such
a well worded write up that the Sun
didn't want to compete.

PABST

Really?! That's a good sign. The
culture critic for the 'Daily Bone'
is usually a tough sell.

ZIPPY

You guys shouldn't worry. Linda had
an album come out last week. Let
that band wagon pass and I'm sure
your CD is next in the stack.

TOD

Tape. They only give the critics a
copy on tape. I know because they
wouldn't even give me a CD.

JEFF

That's not the point- why wouldn't
they review the album BEFORE its
release day so people can read
about it and buy it already.

Jeff sinks his head in his palms.

TOD

You think *that's* the point? The
real point is I spent 10 months
recording an album and those greedy
swine won't even give me a compact
copy of it on a disk! That's a
whole month longer than it takes to
grow a baby and let me tell you-
those ladies get to keep it!
Where's my baby, boys?

(MORE)

TOD (CONT'D)

Why did you let those bastards take away our child, Pabst?

PABST

I shouldn't have had that glass of wine before the CPS came to visit.

ZIPPY

I'm with Jeff. But Linda is Linda. The timing isn't ideal, but I'm telling you, you don't want the type of reviews she's getting.

JEFF

It sucks?

ZIPPY.

Nope. Critically acclaimed.

TOD

SHE'S A MALL BRAT!!! They have to give it good reviews so you can walk next door to 2nd Bass Records and buy a copy after you see her perform in the food court!

JEFF

Why wouldn't we want critically acclaimed reviews!?

ZIPPY

Because you don't want to be a Linda. Do you know who reads album reviews? Parents wanting to know that their kid's favorite artist is safe. Real fans never read the reviews. When was the last time you guys even held a paper?

Tod and Jeff shrug.

PABST

October 1st, 1989.

The three look at Pabst in confusion as he places a french fry on each side of his ice-cream cone to make a snowman.

PABST (CONT'D)

It was bumming me out. Just couldn't stand to see Lucy snatch that football away from Chuck anymore.

ZIPPY

There you go. If Pabst could turn on Peanuts, the same can happen to you.

JEFF

There's no one to even turn on us. How many people were hanging around Evolution when you were setting up?

ZIPPY

Honestly- about 50.

TOD

(Excited)

50?! Already??

JEFF

They're probably just there to buy records.

Zippy goes to look at his watch, realizes he doesn't have one, and looks at the clock on the wall.

ZIPPY

Only one way to find out. You guys ready?

JEFF

Ready to go hide under a rock and die.

PABST

Ready to unite the world.

TOD

Ready to take a piss.

Tod chugs the rest of his coke as he gets up with the others.

INT. POP-A-TOP (HOUSTON LOCATION) - AFTERNOON

Dawn continues to mop up the boy's mess as her uptight boss BOSSMAN (40) storms in and takes in the damage.

BOSSMAN

DAWN! This is much worse than you said!!!

DAWN THE CLERK

(Startled)

Yes, sir. I should have everything cleaned up in 15 minutes.

BOSSMAN

15?? On top of the 30 it's been
since you called means the
register's been unmanned for 45
minutes with no sales.

DAWN THE CLERK

I called into corporate a month ago
and suggested we hire an additional
so thi-

BOSSMAN

Wait...you called corporate??

DAWN THE CLERK

...yes. You told me one of my
duties is to deal with corporate so
you don't have to.

BOSSMAN

Dang it, Dawn! You and phone calls!

DAWN THE CLERK

(Genuinely confused)

I'm sorry?

Bossman is thrown off- almost like he was caught.

BOSSMAN

...it's okay. Just hurry up and
finish.

DAWN THE CLERK

Are you good taking the counter?

BOSSMAN

Guess I'll have to be!

Bossman dramatically walks to the counter as Dawn clocks a
surveillance tape in his hand.

DAWN THE CLERK

Copy...I'll turn the sign back on
and unlock the front.

EXT. BACK OF EVOLUTION RECORD SHOP (HOUSTON) - AFTERNOON

The side door of a shitty 1980's Dodge Beaver RV swings open
to let out Tod with a guitar strapped to his back.

TOD

You guys didn't know about boxed
wine either, right?

Pabst exits the RV with two drumsticks in his pocket.

PABST

If it doesn't have a blue ribbon,
I'm not drinking it.

TOD

Come on, Zippy. You're telling me
you've never seen any of your buds
out on the streets drinking boxed
wine?

Zippy walks over from the driver seat.

ZIPPY

Seen all kinda things. Never seen
wine boxed.

TOD

You think because it's more
expensive than bottled?

A skyline of chemical plants reflect across Jeffs face. He
remains in the passenger seat looking out the window.

ZIPPY

(To Jeff)

Just 5 quick songs, a possible
interview, the signing and you're
out.

TOD

Oh, come on! What has you or any
other bassist ever have to worry
about?

Jeff exits the RV.

JEFF

I'm good. Just thinking.

TOD

Man, you better not still be hung
up over your piss poor heist
skills.

ZIPPY

What's that?

TOD

(Speaking to an old man)

I said: MAN, YOU BETTER NOT OF HUNG
UP ON YOUR PRECIOUS POOR MOTHER
WHOSE HOME STILL.

JEFF

Crap- I have to call her before we go on. Is there a phone in the back?

ZIPPY

Yeah.

TOD

What about our rider? Did they get some Bronto Bites?

ZIPPY

...Tod, if you want some Bronto Bites you can go back in the van and scrape it out the rainbow puke stain in the carpet.

TOD

Gross! That's Pabsts puke! There's a reason it says 3 boxes on the rider- TOD DOSEN'T SHARE.

PABST

That could be anyones puke! All four of us equally enjoy the vitamins and minerals that is Bronto Bites! They make Pabst strong! They make Pabst hit kit hard! Pabst misses kit- is Nils still with Pabsts kit?

ZIPPY

Yeah but I don't know for how much longer. He was mentioning needing to be at some place called Andy's.

TOD

Andy's???

PABST

I wonder if they're having a sale tonight!

JEFF

...are you guys talking about Andy's Discount Tattoo's?

Zippy opens the stores back door and leads the boys in.

TOD

No, Andy's Blenders. Think before you talk.

PABST

Yeah- why would an appliance store have a President's Day sale going on right now like it's some tattoo shop?

Jeff stays back- he continues to stare at the chemical plant skyline in the horizon.

JEFF

Damn it, Pabst...it's September.

Jeff enters the store.

INT. EVOLUTION RECORD SHOP GREEN ROOM (HOUSTON)- AFTERNOON

NILS (27), a disciple of Hunter S Thompson, sits on a dingy couch reading a ~~Rolling Stone~~ Yard Bird. One look alone and you can tell this guy sells really good weed. Unless you're a freshman or younger, then it's probably dirt weed.

NILS

Hey- who's this Linda and why do I already hate her?

TOD

Where'd you get this filth?

NILS

Noneya.

Tod leaps on the couch and snatches the magazine from Nils.

TOD

Mineya! You used MY money that I gave you for pot to buy that, so it's mine too.

NILS

Yeah- like I can really trade your handwritten IOU for a Yard Bird.

TOD

Maybe if you had two you could- you still holding?

Nils pulls out a baggie and shows it to the room before tossing it on the table.

PABST

Nils! Why aren't you watching my kit?

NILS
Because everyone else is.

JEFF
Huh?

Nils motions for Jeff to look out the door.

NILS
(Digging in pockets)
Sorry, man. No more papers. I gave
the last of 'em to Pabst.

TOD
That's okay.

Pabst tosses Tod a can of soda and grabs an apple.

Jeff sticks his head out and quickly pulls it back in.

JEFF
Jesus...

PABST
What? Is my kit okay??

Pabst gets up to stick his head out the door with Jeff.

PABST (CONT'D)
Buddha...

JEFF
Zippo, I thought you said 50
people?

ZIPPY
It could've been 35?

Tod gets up to see for himself.

TOD
Well what the hell, man. You do a
show at a record store to sell
records for the stupid record label
and this is what we get.

Tod sticks his head between Jeff and Pabst.

TOD (CONT'D)
Oh hell yeah...

From the boys POV we see a sales floor infested with teenage
pitrats. Not an inch of wiggle room between them.

The three quickly fall back into the green room.

JEFF
That has to be 200.

TOD
We almost never get triple digits.

PABST
Triple digits? We're gonna go all
the way with the crowd?

Tod sits next to Nils and pours his soda out into a plant.

TOD
So the drums are fine. Why aren't
you out working merch?

Tod pulls out his pocket knife and stabs his can into a pipe.

NILS
(Signaling to a box)
Damaged goods.

Zippy walks to the corner of the room and pulls out a large
black t-shirt for everyone to see.

PABST
(Mouthful of Apple)
Looks great!

On the shirt we see a small 'Selftitle' logo between two
giant fried eggs resembling breasts.

ZIPPY
(Looking at the back)
I don't get it- is a tour date
wrong or-
(Realizing)
Son of a snitch. It's backwards!

JEFF
Huh?

Zippy flips over the shirt and holds it against himself.

ZIPPY
The dates that go on the back are
on the front!!! Billy's crew has 50
boxes of these in their truck ready
for the first show!

Tod removes his mouth from his can-pipe.

TOD
I thought that was in? Isn't there
those two kid rappers who do the
backwards clothes thing?

Tod hands a lighter to Pabst.

JEFF
...how much do we get per shirt?

ZIPPY
\$3.

JEFF
Forget it then. The label gets at
least \$8 if they're making us sell
them for \$15. We can screw up all
we want as long as it's their loss.

Pabst exhales a large cloud of smoke from his apple pipe.

PABST
Whoa, that's a whole dollar!

TOD
(To Nils RE: Yardbird)
Did the shop give us this? I want
to finish it on the road.

NILS
I got it from the shop. You can
keep it.

JEFF
Wait...did you get it or were you
given it?

NILS
...whatareya? A cop? I grabbed it
from the rack to read while I
waited back here.

JEFF
Leave it behind.

TOD
Oh not this...Zippy, Jeff walked
out Pop-a-Top with the wrong change
earlier and thinks he just robbed
Fort Knox. Can you tell him he's
fine and we're fine keeping this
mag?

Jeff shoots a "fuck you, liar" to Tod.

ZIPPY

(Shrugs)

If the crowd's really as big as you say, we're about to make Evolution a boat load tonight. I doubt they'll mind one missing magazine.

Jeff is...confused? How can the adult be wrong?

TOD

Now chill out, man.

Tod offers his can. Jeff politely shakes his head and pulls out a flask.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

NILS

Aw, damn. That's probably the owner coming over again to tell me I can't smoke in here.

PABST

Haha, uh-oh!

JEFF

(Fanning his arms)

Aw, dude...does anyone have air-freshener?

TOD

(Lighting the can)

Nope.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

JEFF

STOP! You're going to get us kicked out, man!

TOD

We're headlining talent! I'd like to see them try!

JEFF

(Desperate)

Zippo!

Zippy snags the can from Tod.

ZIPPY

Inhale one more time, and you'll be exhaling from your ass.

(MORE)

ZIPPY (CONT'D)

(To Pabst)

Get rid of the evidence, Pabst.

PABST

Sir, yes, Sir!

Pabst stuffs his grin with apple-pipe.

ZIPPY

Come in!

Enter **John K Royce** (37), the cleanest slob in the world wearing sweat pants, white dress shirt and dark blue flannel.

JOHNK

Hiya! John K Royce - but better known professionally as Johnk. I hope I'm not a disturbance...

ZIPPY

Not at all! We really appreciate you having us. I hope **we're** not a disturbance.

Zippy extends his hand for a shake- Johnk extends his past Zippy's and presents a microphone.

JOHNK

Sergeant First Class Reginald Zimmerdude.

ZIPPY

...how do you know my government name?

JEFF

(To Nils)

This is the owner?

NILS

Nah. Never seen him before.

TOD

Why'd you let us let him in then?

NILS

Hey- I came over as your friendly neighborhood dealer and somehow got suckered in to being drum tech, merch guy and now security?

ZIPPY

(To Johnk)

If you want an autograph you'll have to wait till the signing after the show.

TOD

And buy a CD first!

PABST

Don't listen to them. I remember Mark David Chapman. I'll sign whatever you want, pal!

JOHNK

No autograph, just an interview!

ZIPPY

Oh! You're THAT Johnk...nice to finally meet you. Boys, this is the station manager over at ...?

JOHNK

94.5, Bean-U College Radio!

JEFF

Oh wow, so you you're the guy responsible for our radio debut a few years back!

JOHNK

(Ear to ear grin)

Indeed.

TOD

Oh...I remember now. There was a 2 to 3 vote on wether we should mail a tape and sell out.

Tod goes face to face with Johnk, he's greeted with a mic.

TOD (CONT'D)

I'm the 1 to 3 vote.

JOHNK

You're also the *one* of a kind proud owner of a signed Ketchup bottle from author J.R.R Tolkien! When did you first read Lord of the Rings and does your love for the series make its way in your music?

TOD
...how the hell do you know about
my Ketchup bottle?

Johnk lowers his mic and puts on a face of genuine passion.

JOHNK
Because I believe in Selftitle.

Johnk raises the mic and switches back to his standard cheerful face.

JOHNK (CONT'D)
I was wondering if I could
interview you guys one on one
before the show and then together
before the signing.

ZIPPY
Yeah- that's fine. Wanna use the
RV? My casa is su casa.

TOD
Not so fast...I'll only do an
interview if you can score me a few
missing things...

INT. SELFTITLE'S RV - AFTERNOON

Tod punches a straw through a box of wine, as if it was a Capri Sun.

TOD
And I was like, "Listen lady,
you're a teacher. Not a cop. Ain't
no law saying I can't sit here
sniffing this sharpie...and even if
there was, you can't enforce it."

Tod takes a long slurp of wine.

JOHNK
When you were in school, did you
have any ambitions other than
music?

CUT TO:

JEFF
Yeah. I wanted to be a Dentist like
my Grandpa.
(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

But then my anatomy teacher told me dentists have the highest suicide rate...so that kinda made me rethink it all.

CUT TO:

TOD

I wouldn't even say music is an ambition for me. To be ambitious in the position I'm in is to be fake. It should just all be natural. I hate ambitious people, man.

CUT TO:

PABST

You know those psychics on TV? I think I have that but for animals. So I was thinking if the whole band thing didn't work out, I could become a Dr. Doolittle.

CUT TO:

JOHNK (O.S.)

Do you have any hero's?

JEFF

Yeah, my Mom. I really need to call her after this.

CUT TO:

PABST

Sure Batman fights the crime, but Alfred...

(Tears up)

Alfred picks up the pieces.

CUT TO:

TOD

AND THEN, WITH A COMPLETE STRAIGHT FACE, HE'S LIKE,

(Nixon Impression)

"I am not a crook!"

CUT TO:

JOHNK (O.S.)

Do you have any enemies?

PABST

Let's just say me and Bruce Willis live in different states for a reason.

CUT TO:

JEFF

...myself. But it's weird. I love myself. The healthy amount. But I annoy the hell out of myself so I know I annoy others. But when I'm not annoying myself...I feel like I'm not being myself. So then I feel fake, which is worse. I don't know. That's why I love going out to play- even with all the nerves. I look out and can at least know I don't annoy the people in front of me.

CUT TO:

TOD

"Not a crook"?!?!? Screw you buddy!
Don't lie to me!

(Calms down)

But yeah, it was a surprise last April when they wouldn't let me in his funeral. Didn't think my letters would get me on a "do not enter" list.

CUT TO:

JOHNK

You mentioned your anatomy teacher earlier. Wasn't she also your cheer coach?

JEFF

(Huge smile)

She was. Old Lady Wallace. I was the school's mascot and had to take cheer as an elective. I loved it. It allowed me to have fun and be funny without saying anything or having anyone know it was me. That's really cool you know that.

CUT TO:

JOHNK

Unlike most others- your first introduction to live music wasn't at a concert. Care to tell us where it was?

TOD

...it was a...wrestling show. My dad loved Love Buzz when he was a teen and got me into them. They were on tour with no Houston dates. When it was announced they would be appearing at this Wrestling Pay-Per-View at the Summit. I begged my dad to take me. How do you know that?

CUT TO:

JOHNK

Not many would know this about you, but you were the co-chair of the local chapter of the Gentleman Believers.

PABST

Disregarding life on the basis of intelligence just shows that the human race isn't ready to meet it's neighbors. And for the record, I would be President if I didn't leave that foil in the microwave.

CUT TO:

JOHNK

When you're out on stage and look out into a crowd...what goes through your mind?

CUT TO:

Jeff's eyes. We see what he sees: the POV of a little boy sitting on his bed playing bass to a supportive mother.

CUT TO:

Tod's eyes. A little buzzed-cut boy snaps into a Slim Jim while staring at a pack of rabid Rottweilers through a chained fence. He steps closer in curiosity and puts his face directly in front of the leader of the pack.

CUT TO:

Pabst's eyes. A little boy dances rhythmically along side his little sister. A dad grabs his arm and pulls him away. He now sits behind a drum set- his father hands him two sticks and teaches him how to release the rhythm through beats instead.

PABST.

I don't know. Not much.

EXT. SELF-TITLE'S RV/ BACK OF EVOLUTION - SUNSET

Pabst jumps down from the top step of the RV. He bends down and pulls a roach from the top of his right sock. He lights it and takes a deep drag.

PABST

Good ol' sock stash.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Pabst, you're going to burn your hand.

Pabst looks from side to side in confusion.

PABST

God?

He nervously pitches the roach out in the distance.

PABST (CONT'D)

Oh man, Mom was right.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I'm not God, but you're basically mine. I'm Morgan.

Pabst does a full 180 degree turn. He is now facing MORGAN, a tall auburn haired Lauren Lapkus type wearing glasses. She is holding a vinyl in her hand. Her energy is nervous and commanding at the same time.

PABST

Morgan? Morgan! Haven't seen you around since...

MORGAN

You actually don't know me. I know you though.

PABST

You do? From Where?

MORGAN

Um, hello!!!

Morgan proudly shows her vinyl to Pabst, it's a copy of Selftitle's "Sunny Side Up".

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I was first in line this morning. I convinced my mom to drop me off at 8am.

PABST

Oh, yeah! I remember 8am. Cool mom. Well, thanks for checking us out, I should probably get back with the guys.

Pabst turns towards the green room as Tod exits out for a smoke. Tod notices the album in Morgan's hands.

MORGAN

Okay! Well I'll see you in there soon! I'll also see you again in St. Louis Tuesday!

Pabst politely nods and goes inside. Tod sees his prayer and goes for it.

TOD

What's up. Tod. Wanna light this clove for me?

Morgan could care less, she's still in a daze from meeting Pabst. She scampers off. Tod's in disbelief. He slowly puts the cigarette back behind his ear.

INT. GREENROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tod storms in.

TOD

She wants me.

PABST

Huh?

TOD

She totally wants me, dude. Sorry she had to use you like that to warm up to me.

PABST

Oh, no way! Right on, dude!

Pabst starts to walk off- Tod doesn't like this.

TOD

So you don't care if I go back to
talk to her? You're not calling
dibs?

PABST

...callings dibs? She's not a slice
of pizza.

He won't take the bait. Tod needs someone else to annoy; he
plops himself on the couch next to Jeff who has the phone in
his hand.

TOD

Let me use that.

JEFF

No way, I had it first.

TOD

My call is business related. Is
yours?

JEFF

You lie! You haven't been to one
single band meeting!

The phone rings.

TOD

Who are you callin' then?

JEFF

Noneya!

Jeff shoves Tod off the couch.

TOD

You know what they say about
assault? It makes an ASS out of
both U and ME.

JOANIE (O.S.)

Hello?

Jeff signals for Tod to screw off. He does, but only because
he's bored.

JEFF

Hey.

CUT TO:

INT. JOANIE'S KITCHEN/GREEN ROOM - INTERCUT

JOANIE

Hey, Sweetie! What's going on?

JOANIE, a 36 year single mother of an empty nest, stretches the phone from the wall to the sink as she wipes her hands.

JEFF

Not much...what's going on with you?

JOANIE

(Slightly confused)

Oh...not much. Just doing some arts and crafts. Painting some things to keep busy.

Jeff checks his swatch- she definitely wasn't planning on catching the show.

JEFF

Oh, that's cool. Whatcha painting?

Joanie lifts up a bust of JFK's head painted with Marilyn Monroe style makeup.

JOANIE

You know...just random things.

TOD (O.S.)

HEY! WHAT IS SPERM-I-CIDE AND WHY DID WE JUST GET A WHOLE BOX OF IT ADDRESSED TO JEFF?

JOANIE

(Giant smile)

Hi, Tod.

Tod jumps on Jeffs lap and steals the phone from him.

TOD

Hi, miss Joanie!

(Whispers to Tod)

Hurry up you mommas boy!

Jeff pushes Tod off.

JEFF

Well, hey- we're about to go on soon and then we hit the road to join the Billy Biaza tour. I don't know whens the next time I'll see you...

Joanie looks at a calendar on her fridge.

JOANIE

I'm so excited for you! It looks like you're coming back south next month- are you still going to put me on a guest list or will you have to give my spot up to your future celebrity friends like Arnold?

JEFF

(Loosening up)

No. I told you you only have to worry about Joan Rivers.

JOANIE

Oh god- I don't care if she's 40 years older. I'll kill her with my bare hands if she lets that attitude infect my sweet boy.

Jeff finally gets the comfort he was looking for. Tod signals him to hurry up.

JEFF

Alright, well we're going on soon. I'll call you tomorrow from a gas station?

JOANIE (O.S.)

Sounds good! I'll talk to you then- knock em dead tonight, hun!

JEFF

Love you too, Mom. Talk to you soo-

Tod clicks the receiver before Jeff can hang up. He passes the phone before getting up.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Jerk.

TOD

(Stupid Jeff voice)

jErK.

Tod dials off memory.

INT. SELF TITLES'S APARTMENT/ GREEN ROOM - INTERCUT

A hand beneath a pile of blankets searches for a ringing phone.

DURKIN

Hello?

TOD

HEY! How did you answer so quick?!
My bed is the only bed next to a
phone!

DURKIN (24) pulls off the blankets from her shaved head.

DURKIN

BED?!? I'm on your pile of sheets
in the corner of the room! Why are
you waking me up before Late Night
comes on?

TOD

You screwed the shirts up! The
front is on the back and the back
is on the front!

DURKIN

I didn't make them dillweed! I just
designed the front and sent it to
your people WHO BY THE WAY STILL
HAVEN'T PAID ME!

TOD

Yeah, but you did get paid to watch
the joint. How's my little guy
doing?

Durkin looks at a fishbowl sitting on the floor corner
opposite of her.

DURKIN

...if you ever call me this early
again I swear Poncho is going into
the gulf.

TOD

GET A JOB LIKE THE REST OF US AND
MAYBE 6PM WOULDN'T BE SO EARLY,
DURKIN!

CLICK.

TOD (CONT'D)

(To Jeff)

Girls can be so immature, dude.

INT. POP-A-TOP (HOUSTON LOCATION) - NIGHT

Bossman discreetly hides a Muscle and Fitness magazine as Dawn approaches him at the counter.

DAWN THE CLERK

Inventory is done- besides the one box of wine and few cans of Browns Non-Alcoholic, they didn't take anything.

BOSSMAN

What about cleaning?

DAWN THE CLERK

Yes. From this morning and this evening. If only they'd invent a lysol for lot lizards.

BOSSMAN

(Sighs)

Dawn, look- I've been thinking on it.

Bossman gets off his stool and turns around to grab something- Dawn already knows what it's going to be.

BOSSMAN (CONT'D)

If the story you told me earlier was true, I wouldn't have a problem.

Bossman shows Dawn the VHS surveillance Tape.

DAWN THE CLERK

I've only told you the truth.

BOSSMAN

Well. Yes. But you didn't tell me all of it. You never said you were preoccupied on a personal call when it happened.

DAWN THE CLERK

(Deadpan)

...am I fired.

BOSSMAN

Uh- yeah. Sorry, Dawn. But you left me with no other option.

DAWN THE CLERK

Then why didn't you do it earlier.

BOSSMAN

...because you never told me about the phone.

DAWN THE CLERK

But you knew. The first thing you did when you got here was watch that tape. You just wanted me to stick around long enough to clean up everything and do inventory.

BOSSMAN

(Lying through his teeth)
That's preposterous.

DAWN THE CLERK

I'm not an idiot, and neither are you. You know no matter when, I get paid a full shift if you fire me after clocking in. So why not use me while you have me?

BOSSMAN

Dawn, I run a business...

DAWN THE CLERK

So what, since there's only a few hours left and all the big boy work is done, you're going to let me leave?

BOSSMAN

Don't make it like this,
Dawn...people are going to ask my recommendation of you.

Bossman steps out from the counter and makes his way to the back office.

BOSSMAN (CONT'D)

I'll give you a moment to gather your things.

(Remembering)

Wait-

Bossman reaches behind the counter, locks the register and takes the key before scattering off.

Dawn takes a moment to process everything- she can't decide if she's more pissed about what just happened or because she was right. Now her eyes are on the donation tin for the needy. What if- WAIT NO. She's better than that.

She goes behind the counter to grab her jacket. Of course, that asshole Bossman put his on top of hers. Wait...what's the thick square bulge in his front pocket? Dawn inspects- it's a brown wallet with green poking out over the sides.

...is she better than this? Is this beneath her? She looks around to make sure Bossman can't see - but discovers the whole store can't see. The VHS tape is on-top a turned off security monitor.

EXT. BACK OF EVOLUTION RECORD SHOP (HOUSTON) - DARK

Jeff sits alone on a milk crate. He stares at the skyline of refinery pipes across the street. The door next to him opens, Tod pops out his head.

TOD

Hey, why did you take your
deodorant back from my bag?

Jeff takes a swig from his flask.

JEFF

You ever feel guilt for no reason?
Like you unknowingly screwed
someone over or that you're about
to unintentionally screw someone
over? Or disappoint them? Be it one
person or crowd of 200?

TOD

Jesus...

Tod pops a squat next to him.

JEFF

You're not nervous?

TOD

No, dude. This crowd is the crowd
we always wanted.

JEFF

Not about tonight- about the tour.
Leaving here.

TOD

Oh...well no, dude. This tour is
the tour we always wanted. I still
remember when you stole your
cousins copy of Tin Stash. That's
all we listened to that summer.

(MORE)

TOD (CONT'D)

Now, we're opening for him, man-
we're on tour with Billy Biaza!

JEFF

It wasn't my cousins. My mom let me
borrow it. I just wanted to be cool
to you.

TOD

You ARE cool, man. You're cool as
hell. You don't have to prove it
to no one.

Jeff smiles.

TOD (CONT'D)

God, you're a sad drunk. What is it
you're really bothered about? Your
picky eating? There's going to be
Sarah Beths all across that highway
and and you know we only stop at
restaurants with kids menus.

JEFF

I know, I'm good. Thanks, man.

The two enjoy the silence.

Pabst opens the door and interrupts the silence.

PABST

Hey, Tod- don't listen to Z. I
bought my own deodorant. I only
opened your bag-

JEFF

Come sit and look at this with us.

PABST

The plants?

JEFF

Yeah- growing up, did you guys
think you'd work there?

TOD

Yeah.

PABST

Yep.

JEFF

Is it wrong not wanting to work
there?

TOD

Hell no. My dad's still wasting away there. I'm not saying the plant's the reason he's such a dickwad...but it probably doesn't help.

PABST

Imagine dying there. You're cleaning a smoke stack and CRACK! Your tether breaks and you're a tomato frying on that concrete.

JEFF

All my uncles work there. They're good dudes. They make it seem like it's a good job. Honest work. I don't know, man. It's not their fault but there's something screwed about it over there. Like the uniforms. The hours. The not really knowing or caring what you're making but knowing it's what you're going to be waking up and making for the rest of your life.

(Beat)

What the hell do they make there man!?

TOD

Cancer patients, dude. That's what they're making.

Zippy pokes his head out the door.

ZIPPY

Two things: 1.) You guys should get ready and 2.) There doesn't need to be a communal stick of deodorant amongst you three. I will buy you each one of your own at the first truck stop we hit.

TOD

Come on boys, time to get dressed.

INT. GREENROOM - NIGHT

Our boys perform their ritual of "getting dressed" for the first time on screen:

Tod takes off his socks and shoes.

Jeff carefully parts his hair and puts on a red, white & blue headband.

Pabst takes off his pants.

INT. EVOLUTION RECORD SHOP (HOUSTON) - NIGHT

The crowd has the aura of a lit stick of dynamite an inch away from combustion.

CROWD
BRING-EM-OUT! BRING-EM-OUT!

Nils stands in the back with Zippy.

NILS
Man. They're toast.

ZIPPY
Huh?

NILS
Who the hell is "Bringemout"? Damn this crowd chanting for them instead of Selftitle.

ZIPPY
Do you listen in cursive? Bring-
THEM-Out.

The **RECORD STORE CLERK** comes out on stage.

RECORD STORE CLERK
ALL RIGHT HOUSTON!!!

The crowd somehow manages to get even louder

INT. BEHIND STAGE - COUNTIOUS

The boys huddle up.

TOD
Ready to tear it up?

INT. EVOLUTION RECORD SHOP (HOUSTON) - CONTINUOUS

RECORD STORE CLERK
YOU WANT THE BEST?

INT. BEHIND STAGE - CONTINUOUS

PABST
Seat real warm. I can already taste
that leather.

INT. EVOLUTION RECORD SHOP (HOUSTON) - CONTINUOUS

RECORD STORE CLERK
YOU GOT THE BEST!

INT. BEHIND STAGE - CONTINUOUS

JEFF
(Verge of panic attack)
I can't do this.

TOD
WHAT???

INT. EVOLUTION RECORD SHOP (HOUSTON) - CONTINUOUS

RECORD STORE CLERK
BUT THEN YOU SAID THEY SOLD OUT!
YOU DIDN'T WANT THE BEST ANYMORE!

INT. BEHIND STAGE - CONTINUOUS

JEFF
I'm about to black out.

TOD
From fear or alcohol?

JEFF
Fear.

Tod slaps the shit out of Jeff.

INT. EVOLUTION RECORD SHOP (HOUSTON) - CONTINUOUS

RECORD STORE CLERK
SO HERE WE ARE NOW! WE GET WHAT WE
DESERVE!

INT. BEHIND STAGE - CONTINUOUS

PABST
(To Tod)
Dude! Don't do that!
(To Jeff)
Did you eat today?

JEFF
Yeah- a bowl of Bronto Bites this morning.

TOD
Look, open with *Pigs Get Blue* like we planned and I'll take us home.

PABST
What does that mean?

TOD
Don't worry about it. You good Jeff?

Jeff Nods.

INT. EVOLUTION RECORD SHOP (HOUSTON) - CONTINUOUS

RECORD STORE CLERK
YOU WANTED THE WORST? YOU GOT THE WORST! THE HOTTEST BAND IN HOUSTON...**SELFTITLE!**

INT. BEHIND STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The three lock their heads together in a huddle.

TOD
On three- 1, 2, 3-

SELFTITLE
FUCK ELVIS!

We follow the boys as they storm out into battle.

INT. EVOLUTION RECORD SHOP (HOUSTON) - CONTINUOUS

The crowd goes COMPLETELY APE SHIT as the boys take stage.

Tod steps up to the mic-

TOD
1-800-COLLECT-THESE-NUTS!

The crowd roars as Tod raises both middle fingers in the air.

Pabst sits behind his kit and eagerly kicks the bass drum.

Jeff plugs in his bass and takes a deep breath.

Tod lets out a devilish smile as he strums the opening notes of *Pigs Get Blue*.

Pabst locks in and lets out a tribal beat.

Jeff looks down the neck of his bass as his fingers walk out a groove.

All that's left is vocals. We wait in anticipation for Tod to step back up to the mic and wail but instead...

JEFF
*A dog's howl is it's cry!
Why does grandpa have to die?
Tarnished windows blocks God's view
Pigs get sick and throw up blue
I know you*

The crowd is eating this up. They know every single note.

JEFF (CONT'D)
*The heavyweight needs to medicate
Out the ring and through the soul
Dark Knight out on patrol
My sticky fingers leave no trace
Teenage love has no grace*

Hell yeah. The boys are on fire and know it.

JEFF (CONT'D)
*Stretch Armstrong tore and ripped
Sins of father begins it trip
Digital clocks near the future
Never trust a priest with good
humor
I know you*

Jeff moves out the way just in time to avoid a crowd surfer.

ZIPPY
They're rushing.

Zippy turns towards Nils who watches with sunglasses.

ZIPPY (CONT'D)
...are you asleep right now?

Beat.

Back to the boys: Pabst slows the song down for it's bridge.

JEFF
*Third Eye Small
Grow It Large
All I Want
Lose It All*

Pabst scans the crowd and lasers in on Morgan who is wearing the look of obsession like jewelry.

JEFF (CONT'D)
*The heavyweight needs to medicate
Out the ring and through the soul
Dark Knight out on patrol
My sticky fingers leave no trace
Teenage love has no grace*

Jeff takes a breath of relief as he gets ready to finish.

JEFF (CONT'D)
*I KNOW YOU
I KNOW YOU
I KNOW YOUUUUUUUUUUU!*

The boys hit and hold their last note - they all take a second to soak it in.

Jeff can't believe this crowd. He turns to Pabst...ditto says his face. He then turns to Tod who scans the crowd with an evil smirk.

PABST
(to Jeff)
This rules, man.

JEFF
(Smiling)
What's he doing?

Tod strums and holds another final note as he slowly takes off his guitar and raises it in the air. The smile on Jeff's face drops to a look of concern.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Wait...dude, I change my mind. We can finish the set.

Tod shakes his head "no" and SMASHES his guitar into his amp.
The crowd explodes.

JEFF (CONT'D)

GEEZ!

PABST

He better not hurt himself...

The neck of Tod's guitar barely hangs to it's body as it's
slammed into the drums.

Zippy watches annoyed.

NILS

(Waking up)

Whatimiss?

Pabst wisely removes himself from behind the kit as Tod
continues to chop away at it.

PABST

(To Jeff)

Remind me to talk to Nils after
this. Someone totally touched my
drums earlier and screwed them up.

Jeff puts his bass in it's stand and stretches his headband.

Tod finally snaps the remaining twig that is his guitar. The
crowd is still eating this up. Jeff and Pabst clap their
hands on the side of the stage like proper gentlemen.

Tod takes a second to close his eyes, look up towards the sky
and breath...then he's back. He's not done yet. Jeff and
Pabst look slightly frighten as the guitarist approaches.

JEFF

What are you doing?

Tod grabs the bass from the stand and makes his way back
center stage.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Dude, no. That's my bass. My first
bass!

Crowds too loud. Tod doesn't hear.

JEFF (CONT'D)

DUDE! THAT'S MY BASS! GIVE IT BACK!

Tod still doesn't hear. Or maybe he did. Oh well, he's going to give the people what they want. He starts to destroy the bass.

ZIPPY

Oh no...

Jeff watches with horror as the crowd climaxes.

INT. GREENROOM - SHORTLY AFTER

Jeff storms in, Pabst tries to keep up.

JEFF

Keep him away from me!

PABST

It's going to be fine dude! The label already has gear in St. Louis waiting for us for the tour!

JEFF

It doesn't matter if there's new gear- THAT WAS MY FIRST BASS.

PABST

I get it! But you know he doesn't!

The door opens, Pabst restrains Jeff as he lunges towards it. It's just Nils- False alarm.

NILS

Hey, I gotta split but I'm not leaving until someone gives me my lighter back.

JEFF

(Ignoring Nils)

I'm tired of listening to him and his ideas. They ALWAYS blow up.

TOD (O.S.)

Then why don't you grow a pair and be the leader of this band for once.

The three didn't notice Tod enter behind them.

JEFF

THERE SHOULDN'T HAVE TO BE A LEADER. We should all be equal but it's hard to when you're always the loudest!

TOD

YOU'RE THE LEAD SINGER OF THE BAND!
YOU HAVE THE MICROPHONE! You should
be loud and not the mopey little
pussy you are!

JEFF

Dude...shut up!

TOD

You puss'd out RIGHT before we went
on stage! That's why we're here now
and not on stage still playing like
we should be! WHAT THE HELL, MAN.
Why are you here yelling at me when
YOU'RE the one who screwed up!

JEFF

That was my very first bass!

TOD

That was my very first record
release show!

Beat. Tension is high. Jeff takes out his flask for a sip.

Everyone. Breathes.

JEFF

Do you realize how cliché this is?
We only started hanging out because
we both hated the type of bands
that acted like this.

TOD

...come on. Don't be an even bigger
puss.

JEFF

...excuse me?

TOD

Don't be a puss- BE. A. LEADER.
Don't change the subject, be the
bigger man and admit you were wrong
for freaking out!

JEFF

Admit you were wrong for stealing
my bass and the beer!

Tod is confused- beer?

PABST
Guys, come on. We still gotta do
the signing...

TOD
Okay, you want me to admit
something?

Jeff braces himself.

PABST
Tod...

TOD
I admit that in 10th grade it was
me that pissed in your-

Jeff punches Tod square in the nose. The entire room is
stunned, including Jeff.

PABST
Whoa...guys.

Tod flicks out a switch blade.

PABST (CONT'D)
WHOA! WHAT THE HELL, TOD?

Before Tod can even think what to do, an arm grabs him around
the neck.

ZIPPY (O.S.)
I'll let go when you promise to
never steal from me again.

TOD
(Gasping)
I promise.

Zippy lets go. Tod falls to his knees.

TOD (CONT'D)
I didn't steal your knife. You left
it in your jacke-

ZIPPY
GET IN THE VAN. NOW.

Tod slowly gets up and does as he's told. Zippy eye's follow
him out the door.

NILS
Seriously, guys...I gotta bail. Who
has my lighter?

Pabst walks over and reaches into Nils front pocket- he pulls out a lighter and hands it to him.

NILS (CONT'D)

Oh, thanks, Pabst. Come by before you guys head out?

PABST

Yeah, Nils. For sure.

INT. EVOLUTION RECORD SHOP (HOUSTON) - NIGHT

Pabst's signature is scribbled across an album cover featuring a Polaroid of a fried egg, stained with what we can only assume to be semen. This is Selftitles debut album, **Sunny Side Up**.

PABST

What do you think Zippy told him?

JEFF

Probably something about how pulling a knife on your friend isn't cool.

PABST

Oh, come on. That's just him flirting with danger. Everyone's pulled a knife out on someone before, but no one's ever actually been stabbed by one. Isn't that right-
(reading what he wrote)
Elisa?

A wide shot reveals a line of fans waiting to meet Selftitle and get their signature. ELISA stands in front of Pabst.

ELISA

Um...I don't know. I think my uncle was stabbed in prison.

Pabst sits beside Jeff while Tod signs alone at the end of the table. Jeff turns to check on the guitarist- he signs for a fan while sporting bloody toilet paper shoved in his nose.

TOD

(To fan)

Yeah, I know. Craziest thing. I don't know how I got in the way of that champagne cork backstage.

JEFF

We're going to wake up tomorrow in the RV and it's going to be like nothing happened. We can't keep doing this- him acting like that isn't normal. None of this is normal.

PABST

Dude, if you wanted normal you should've worked at Bennigans.

The cashier in the back catches Jeff's attention- he watches as fans hand over money in exchange for an album.

A new fan approaches Pabst, Elisa moves down the line to Jeff. He watches Pabst sign for a fan.

PABST (CONT'D)

"To my ass" there, I think it'll gift nicely,

Jeff stares at Elisa blankley.

ELISA

Uh...you don't have to sign if you don't want to. It's just an honor meeting you.

Jeff watches again as fans hand over money.

JEFF

No. I'm so sorry. You have my full attention, Elisa.

She smiles.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Can I ask...why us?

ELISA

What do you mean?

JEFF

I don't know...just, why us?

She thinks.

ELISA

Because I believe in Selftitle.

Jeff JUST heard this from someone else. He tries to think from who but he gets distracted by some 16 year old punk named **KENYON** slipping a copy of Sunny Side Up in his jacket.

JEFF

Hey, Tod.

Tod looks at Jeff- he's surprised he's acknowledging him.

TOD

What?

JEFF

I realize you're right about earlier, and that I should be the bigger man and admit it.

TOD

...oh yeah?

Jeff checks on Kenyon, he's already making his way towards the exit.

JEFF

Yeah. About Pop-a-Top. There are hundreds of them. Screw corporations.

TOD

...dude, YES. You get it!

JEFF

Know what else there's hundreds of? These things!

Jeff holds up an album.

JEFF (CONT'D)

And you know what else is a corporation? The label! See their little logo in the back corner here?

Tod knows something is up.

JEFF (CONT'D)

If we worked for them, which we technically kinda do, that means we are the corporation.

Tod finds the teen Jeff is looking at.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Screw big corporations. Right, Tod?

TOD

Not on my watch...

Tod leaps over the table and darts towards Kenyon.

TOD (CONT'D)
HEY! STOP YOU LITTLE SHIT!

The crowd easily parts way for Kenyon to make his escape. Tod stops and stares at everyone in disbelief.

TOD (CONT'D)
What's wrong with you? Someone stop
that little thief!

Tod darts out the store.

TOD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
POLICE- SHOP LIFTER! HELP!

EXT. STREETS OF HOUSTON - CONTINUOUS

A Selftitled instrumental in the key of Janes Addiction BLARES out of your speakers as Tod runs in search of Kenyon.

He spots him 100 yards away - the teen is screwed unless he thinks fast. Looking around, it seems as if the Church across the street is his safest bet. Tod reads his mind-

TOD
Don't even think about it - joints
closed. God only saves on Sundays.

Kenyon begs to differ. He runs to the front entrance and opens the door with ease.

INT. GENERIC TEXAS BAPTIST CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Tod enters. It's the type of church where the main service area is a double court gym with a stage on wheels pushed to the side.

Youth basketball practice is going on. There's about 25 kids super pissed that Kenyon just ran trough their practice.

Tod's no dummy- he knows Kenyon is too far ahead to grab and beat the shit out of. So he improvises. He grabs a basketball and CHUNKS it as hard as he can at Kenyon.

We watch as the ball completely misses, hit a wall, ricochet straight into a giant wooden cross that knocks over into the stage busting the rinky-dink baptism tub spreading water everywhere.

Kenyon uses the chaos to his advantage and runs out the back exit. Tod follows suit. Screw all the people telling him to stop.

EXT. CHURCH SKATE RAMPS - CONTINUOUS

Tod is visibly confused at the presence of skaters and ramps in the church's fenced-in side yard. He turns towards a giant banner that reads "S.O.C.- SKATERS OF CHRIST".

Tod's confusion is sidetracked as he spots Kenyon at the end of the yard rushing towards another door into the church. He looks down- the good lord must be pro Tod because a skateboard lays at his feet.

With complete confidence, Tod jumps on, kicks off and immediately falls forward off screen completely.

Beat.

After processing what we can only assume is mass pain, Tod casually pops up back in the shot and completely no sells as he limps towards where Kenyon went.

INT. CHURCH CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tod is speechless as he enters a room filled with grown adults holding hands in a circle chanting-

CIRCLE

God, grant me the serenity to
accept the things I cannot change;
Courage to change the things I can
and wisdom to know the difference.

TOD

...what the hell kind of church is
this? Basketball gym...skate
park...red rover room...

Tod clocks Kenyon over at the side of room. Kenyon sprints and runs between the legs of an adult into the middle of the circle.

CIRCLE

Living one day at a time; Enjoying
one moment at a time. Accepting
hardships as the pathway to peace.

Tod is having no luck entering the circle. It's not that the circle doesn't see the two running around them playing a weird version of duck,duck,goose - they're just in the middle of their prayer trying to hurry up and finish it so they can question what's going on.

CIRCLE (CONT'D)

Taking, as He did, this sinful world as it is, not as I would have it; Trusting that He will make things right If I surrender to His Will; So that I may be reasonably happy in this life and supremely happy with Him forever and ever in the next. Amen.

Tod finally looks around to see where the hell he's at- he see's this giant poster with these Twelve Rules written across it. He glares at #2-

"Come to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity"

CIRCLE (CONT'D)

KEEP COMING BACK- IT WORKS IF YOU WORK IT!

EXT. GENERIC TEXAS BAPTIST CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

You know, for a gym church, this place doesn't look too shabby outside.

TOD (O.S.)

KID OR NOT, A THIEF IS A THI...hey what ar-YOU CAN'T PICK ME UP LIKE- STOP IT! At least let me get the CD ba-

Ala Jazzy Jeff on Fresh Prince of Bel Air, a group of men toss Tod out of the churches front door.

EXT. BACK OF EVOLUTION RECORD SHOP (HOUSTON) - LATER

Jeff leans on the wall as he reads a comic while Pabst sits on a milk crate eating a bag of chips.

PABST

Dude- not having to pack up drums rules. How many times do you think I can get Tod to do that before we stop getting new ones?

Tod pitifully walks up to the gang. He slumps on the wall next to Jeff in defeat.

JEFF
(Not looking up)
You good?

TOD
I'm good. You good?

JEFF
I'm good.

Beat.

TOD
Hey, how does a baptism work? Like does a priest have to dunk you in the holy water or can it just...like, touch your ankles and it's too late?

JOHNK (O.S.)
AH! There you are!

Johnk turns a corner and approaches the boys.

JOHNK (CONT'D)
I'm here for the group interview we discussed.

PABST
Aw- no more black magic from you today, man!

TOD
No, come on. I'm down. Whatcha got?

Johnk turns to Jeff.

JOHNK
What do you say?

Jeff stares down at his shoes not sure what to say. Tod notices - he signals for the boys to step away for a quick word.

TOD
Look...I hereby declare this moment forward "The Birth of No". We need to learn how to say it and they need to learn to hear it.

Tod turns to Jeff.

TOD (CONT'D)
I need to learn to hear it.

Confidence begins to bubble in Jeff. He approaches Johnk.

JEFF
You get to ask us one question and
then we get to ask you one.

JOHNK
DEAL!

Johnk extends his hand to Jeff to shake. He then switches hands and aims his microphone towards the band.

JOHNK (CONT'D)
Sunny Side Up...the debut album of
Selftitle. Would you gentlemen care
to sign it for me...

Jeff lets out a smile.

JEFF
Absolutely.

JOHNK
...while explaining the cover. In
particular, what the substance on
the Polaroid is?

The boys faces are all filled with juvenile glee.

TOD
I don't know. Pabst, do you know?

PABST
Hahahahahaha-
(Serious)
No. Jeff, do you?

Bright head-lights shine on Jeff, he shields his eyes to see what it is.

JEFF
...Mom?

Tod discreetly turns.

PABST
Hey, that is your mom!

Jeff approaches as Joanie rolls down her window.

JOANIE
Hi Sweetie!
(Past Jeff)
Hi, Tod! Hi, Pabst! Hi, strange
middle aged man hanging with my
son!

Tod and Pabst wave, Johnk tips his hat.

JOANIE (CONT'D)
Get in for a sec! I got something
for ya!

JEFF
...sure.

Tod watches as Jeff gets in.

INT. JOANIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

JEFF
You know, I'm glad you missed out
on this one.

JOANIE
...yeah. I heard. I'm sorry about
your bass.

JEFF
How do you know?

JOANIE
(Smiling)
A little birdie told me.

Beat.

JOANIE (CONT'D)
Remember the Christmas Santa got
you that bass?

JEFF
Mom...you got m-

JOANIE
(Interrupting)
SANTA SAVED UP ALL YEAR TO BUILD
YOU THAT BASS. That's why I was so
pissed when you already wanted
another one 3 months later.
Remember?

JEFF

Yeah. But in my defense, name a musician that plays just one instrument.

JOANIE

Willie Nelson and Trigger.

JEFF (CONT'D)

BESIDES WILLIE AND TRIGGER.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

Sweetie, I know you- and I want to remind you that that bass only has as much value that you give it. Once you got that second bass, you hardly played the first one. Then next thing I know you're back to only playing the first one.

JEFF

Yeah, I just like the way it felt....but he shouldn't have done that! It was my bass.

JOANIE

Jeff...it was your \$50 used bass Santa got from a pawn shop. Tod shouldn't have done that but he wasn't thinking and didn't know better. Now he does. That's why he called.

JEFF

He did?? For what!?

JOANIE

For this.

Joanie reaches in the back seat and grabs a bass.

JEFF

...my second bass

Jeff looks out the window- he watches Tod as he jokes with Pabst and Johnk.

JOANIE

Flip it.

On the back of the bass is a hand painted mural centered around a hippyified Texas Flag tagged with a "LOVE MOM".

JEFF

Aw- Mom...this is the best.

JOANIE

I put it on the back so no one but you has to see it. I don't want to embarrass my baby boy.

(Beat)

I also want to always be there to support him but not embarrass him. You know that right? I hated when grandma came to my recitals. I didn't want to stand out in a small crowd tonight. That's why I can't wait to see you at the Summit-blending in with all the other beautiful 20 year olds.

The two smile.

JEFF

I'd never be embarrassed by my Momma.

They hug.

ZIPPY (O.S.)

WHEELS UP IN 5!

JOANIE

Alright- go. Get out of here before I get sad.

Jeff leans over and kisses his moms cheek.

EXT. BACK OF EVOLUTION RECORD SHOP (HOUSTON) - NIGHT

Jeff makes his way to Johnk.

JEFF

Alright, I got my one question.

JOHNK

I'm ready!

JEFF

Since you know everything- what do they make over there?

Jeff points at the refinery across the road.

JOHNK

Oh...well that's easy- cereal! Bronto Bites!

The boys have the same look as a kid finding out school's canceled.

TOD

Get out...that chemical plant makes the very same cereal that both I and Benny the Brontosaurus eats?

JOHNK

Well...that's not a chemical plant. The refinery on the left is a chemical plant. The refinery on the right is a chemical plant. But that factory in between is where they make none other than Bronto Bites.

PABST

I relate to those commercials so much...Benny The Brontosaurus eats fruit and makes himself taste so good that he can't help but eat himself. Not a day that goes by where I don't wish I could eat myself.

Zippy sticks his head out the drivers side of the RV.

ZIPPY

Alright, we're ahead schedule and should keep it that way. Let's go.

The boys wave bye to Johnk as they make their way to the RV.

JEFF

(To Tod)

Hey. Sorry I can't help being a pussy.

TOD

Sorry I can't help being a dick.

(Beat)

You ever get pissed at yourself because of it?

JEFF

Like not being able to control it?

TOD

Yeah. Pisses me off. Makes me want to be an even bigger dick.

PABST

(Overhearing)

TOD.

(MORE)

PABST (CONT'D)
WE ALREADY HAD THIS CONVERSATION.
It's MINE, Jeff's, Nils, Nils' Dog
"Patton" and THEN yours.

JEFF
Nils! I didn't get to tell him good
bye!

PABST
Oh yeah! I forgot! Z, how ahead are
we? I told Nils we would see him
before we left.

Tod stops in his tracks.

TOD
Oh dude, we should totally go to
Andy's Discount.

JEFF
Why...you finally down to get one?

TOD
I've been down! Pabst was the one
too scared last time!

PABST
We were at a house party! No way I
was going to let that dude poke me
in his kitchen! I'll get one at
Andy's!

ZIPPY
No. Come on guys- we have a lotta
road between here and St. Louis.

TOD
Awe, come one Zippy! We got time
for four quick ones.

ZIPPY
Four?

PABST
What would we get?

JEFF
I don't know...how about something
that's "home"?

Tod turns and looks at the factory behind him.

TOD
How about a tribute to our local
town hero?

ZIPPY
Wait, back to four. Why four?
There's three of you.

TOD
Because, you're getting one too,
geezer.

ZIPPY
Oh yeah? Wanna watch and see?

INT. ANDY'S DISCOUNT TATTOO - NIGHT

ANDY the tattooist carefully tattoos Zippy.

NILS (O.S.)
Be gentle- that's ancient parchment
you're writing on.

CUT TO:

Jeff, Tod, Pabst and Zippy stand in front of a mirror
examining their front right elbow joints- they all have
identical tattoos of Benny the Brontosaurus recreating
Ouroboros by eating his own tail.

ZIPPY
How did I survive 'Nam but not the
peer pressure of you three idiots.

JEFF
My mom is going to kill me.

TOD
I can't wait till my dad sees- he's
going to be so pissed.

Pabst gets ready to say something smart ass but notices a
reflection of someone looking into the shop from outside- is
that Morgan? He quickly turns- she's gone.

INT. TRAILER HOME - NIGHT

Dawn slowly steps into the doorway.

DAWN THE CLERK

Hey, kiddo. We need to talk about your birthday...I want you to know that I love you. I love being able to tell you that I love you. I love you so much and would do anything in the world for you...I want you to know that.

Dawn takes a moment to collect herself.

DAWN THE CLERK (CONT'D)

I love you so much that I would never put myself in a position that jeopardizes my ability to do so. Things are going to be tough for awhile- I got tired of working at Pop-A-Top and have to find a new job. I'm going to get you a gift this year...but I don't think it's going to be the CD you wanted.

Kenyon lifts himself up in his bed.

KENYON

Mom, it's okay. Don't worry about it.

EXT. ANDY'S DISCOUNT TATTOO - NIGHT

We watch as the RV pulls out the lot and slowly zoom out to the road that lies ahead.

TOD (O.S.)

...one more mile, it will be the furthest away from home I've ever been.

JEFF (O.S.)

Into a world without rules and controls, without borders or boundaries. A world where anything is possible.

PABST (O.S.)

Like, out there is the true world, and in here is the dream.

ZIPPY (O.S.)

...what the hell are you guys talking about?

JEFF (O.S.)
We don't even know, man.