

DOWNPOUR

by

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Pilot Episode

"LITTLE ORANGE"

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INT. KGB - NIGHT

A shitty, dive in West Palm Beach, Florida. KGB is decked out in hipsterized, communist regalia.

YOUNG MEN DEAD by THE BLACK ANGELS blasts from the speakers as the venue fills up. *

The incoming stoners, punks and underage kids with black X's on their hands creep towards an empty stage.

In the back of the venue, by the bar is CLEMENTINE (21, mixed race, a natural in the scene, she knows everything that's happening before it happens). Her braided hair up, she's got a tattoo of the outline of the state of Florida on the back of her neck. Underneath it are the roman numerals V. VI. I. (West Palm Beach's area code).

She sips a rum and coke from a plastic cup as she texts.

CLEMENTINE (TEXT)

Are you guys still in the van?

She stares at her phone--

CLEMENTINE (TEXT)

???

The large, ex-biker BARTENDER slaps the bar. He YELLS at Clementine over the droning guitars--

BARTENDER

Fifteen minutes.

She nods, but the bartender's already moved on. One more frustrated glance at the phone before she drains her drink and walks away from the bar.

INT. 2004 DODGE CARAVAN - NIGHT

A dim, smoky van with a row of the back seats removed. A group of figures sit on the van's floor surrounded by crushed beer cans and empty cigarette packs.

JACOB (22, a bit of a gutter punk, the fact that he's more attitude than actual talent doesn't lessen his ambitions) writes a list of song names on a ripped piece of paper using a thick sharpie. He spells out "Shoe shine", "Goober Nation", "Bury me, Miami" and "Little Orange".

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On the ground next to him, his phone lights up but he doesn't notice. He finishes the set list and picks up two identical scraps.

He hands one list to the person next to him, ANDREW (23, scrawny and pale, he's Jacob's closest friend and occasional handler).

Jacob hands the other scrap to TREV (21, undiagnosed ADHD, a loose cannon and one hell of a guitarist) while Trev sucks in the vapor from a fully inflated volcano vape bag.

Trev exhales the THC vapor while he examines the list. Jacob lights a joint which he shares with Andrew.

TREV

The fuck is this? What about the songs we rehearsed on Saturday? You said you wanted to start playing some of my stuff too.

Jacob caps his pen and folds his list into his pocket--

JACOB

Yeah, we will. When it's good enough and we're all comfortable with it.

Trev sips from a tallboy of piss beer while he shakes his head.

TREV

Forget that. Everybody knows this stuff.

JACOB

Don't start--

Genuinely disappointed, he stares at Jacob.

TREV

You always pull this empty promise shit, Jake.

JACOB

How is wanting to play what we're good at an empty promise? We'll play your shit when we can *play your shit!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANDREW

Trev, if we're going to do this, let's do it right, yeah? Let's give it a few more weeks of rehearsal.

TREV

Oh come on, Andrew. You know damn well we can play my music and even if we can't, who cares? What? You think some big music exec's hanging out in this dumpster sippin' two for one tallboys?

Trev looks to Andrew, he speaks as if Jacob's not even there.

TREV (CONT'D)

Seriously, let's just do it. What's he going to do if we just start playing the songs?

ANDREW

I'm not playing it until I'm comfortable with it.

TREV

I don't know why I even try. Just once I was kind of hoping you wouldn't be Jake's little bitch.

JACOB

Fuck you, Trevor. If you don't want to play these songs then get out. Nobody's making you stay here. Nobody's forcing you to try and sabotage what we've worked so damn hard on--

A loud BANG, BANG comes from the rear door of the van.

Jacob smothers out the joint on the floor of the van. He opens the door to find --

CLEMENTINE

Are we not using cellphones as a form of communication anymore?

Jacob looks at his. Whoops.

JACOB

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLEMENTINE

You're on in fifteen.

She glances at her phone--

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Actually, closer to ten.

TREV

Clementine, could you be a dear and tell your little boyfriend here that we should play some new fucking music?

CLEMENTINE

He's not my boyfriend (beat) and I'm not telling him a damn thing.

Jacob smiles, he turns to Trev in an attempt to bury the hatchet--

JACOB

Look, I swear to God that we will play your songs as soon as they're ready.

Jacob crawls out of the van followed by his band mates.

He stretches and lights a cigarette. Jacob uses the Camel Light to point at Trev. His entire forearm is covered with a tattoo of a palm tree.

JACOB

Just don't try and pull any shit.

Stumbling from the booze, Trev playfully swats at the cigarette. Jacob shakes his head only half amused.

JACOB (CONT'D)

You're such a child.

CUT TO:

INT. KGB - SOMETIME LATER

The trio from the van (collectively known as FLAGPOLE) play on an elevated stage. More empty beer cans at their feet, the band's gestures are reckless and belligerent. The rowdy crowd is considerably larger now.

Clementine sits behind a merch table trading cash for cassette tapes, vinyl and screen printed T-shirts.

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CONTINUED:

Their song "Bury me, Miami" comes to a close. APPLAUSE as Jacob grabs the mic.

JACOB

Thank you. Thank you all for coming out tonight. We are Flagpole and this last song's called Little Orange.

Jacob nods to Andrew, then counts himself in.

JACOB

3...2...1...

Trev plays a lead in on the guitar. Judging from Jacob's face, it's clearly not Little Orange.

Jacob and Andrew stare at Trev. Trev nods at the guys, waiting for them to pick up the tune.

Jacob covers the mic with his hand. Defiantly, Trev looks back down at his guitar.

JACOB

The fuck are you doing? We had a deal.

Trev ignores him and continues to loop the lead in.

Jacob puts his guitar down, walks over to Trev and pushes him.

JACOB

I said, what the fuck are you doing?

A bratty smile on his face, Trev keeps playing. Andrew comes over to break up them up as Jacob pushes Trev harder.

After a third push, Trev lets go of his guitar and swings at Jacob.

TREV

Trying to play something these people haven't heard a thousand times!

Jacob dodges the jab. Ready for a fight, Trev swings his guitar onto his back, feedback SCREECHES through the speakers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ON CLEMENTINE: Over the confrontation, Clementine rolls her eyes and texts on her phone.

Jacob takes two steps towards Trev, wraps his arms around him and tries to tackle him to the ground. Trev pushes back, his fist collides with Jacob's lower jaw.

Kind of into it, the crowd watches on. Some of the audience members even CHEER.

Jacob retaliates with a punch but the momentum is too much. He loses his footing and falls toward Trev.

Trev takes a step back, while trying to swing Jacob off of him. They both lose their balance and fall off of the stage and into the crowd!

The audience forms a circle around them.

Jacob's head rises amongst the sea of bodies. His eyes are aflame as his face is covered in blood and sweat.

Just as he's about to be taken to the ground again by Trev, we FREEZE on the twisting faces of the musicians fighting in the middle of the crowd.

MAIN TITLE: DOWNPOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. PALM BEACH - DAWN

The sun rises over a choppy low tide. The beach is deserted save for Jacob.

His bare feet buried in the sand, a purple shiner on his left eye, his split lip leaks blood as he drags from a joint.

His bloodshot eyes zone out on the horizon, it's clear he's been up all night. He takes a sip from a petite Styrofoam, Cuban coffee cup.

A figure approaches from the shore behind him. As she gets closer, we see Clementine. She's holding two of the Cuban coffee cups.

CLEMENTINE

You look like shit.

JACOB

I feel worse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEMENTINE

You three fight more than all of
the girls I know combined.

Jacob chugs his cup, while motioning for Clementine to
give him the one she brought him. She hands it over.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

It's cold. I've been driving for
the past hour trying to find you.
I can't believe this isn't the
first place I looked.

She sits down next to him and studies his face.

CLEMENTINE

Have you slept at all? (Beat)
You're welcome by the way.

JACOB

Thanks and no.

CLEMENTINE

Of course not. What happened to
your phone?

Jacob digs through the sand and pulls out his phone.

JACOB

Threw it in the ocean then stuck
it in the sand to dry it off.

Clementine smiles. Jacob passes the joint.

CLEMENTINE

I don't think sand is an
appropriate substitute for rice.

Mid-exhale--

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

So, this is it? Pouting at the
beach for the rest of the day?

JACOB

I'm still going to The Bauers'
house show tonight.

CLEMENTINE

You're not trying to play are you?

Clementine grabs Jacob's hand and examines his purple
knuckles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEMENTINE

Can you play?

JACOB

Haven't decided yet.

Clementine sits for a minute, while she puffs. The waves slide in and out.

CLEMENTINE

Can we get food?

JACOB

I'm not hungry.

Clementine checks her phone.

CLEMENTINE

Andrew's already got a table.

INT. BERT'S AT THE BEACH - DAY

A restored, retro 1950's diner overlooking the beach, Andrew sits in a maroon booth adding cream to his coffee.

Jacob and Clementine walk towards the table. Jacob nods at a waitress holding a coffee pot. This is KATIE (21, heart of gold, motherly, a Rosie The Riveter tattoo on her inner bicep).

Clementine heads over to the booth not even glancing in her direction. Katie watches her but Jacob hangs around.

JACOB

What's up, Katie?

Katie sets the pot down on the marbled counter top. She puts a hand on his chin inspecting the damage.

KATIE

Wow, Trev got you good.

JACOB

I thought you weren't coming last night?

KATIE

Slow night. Got off early. Kind of glad I made it, you two give quite the show.

Jacob smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON CLEMENTINE AND ANDREW: They watch Jacob and Katie. Clementine notes their flirty body language.

CLEMENTINE

You think they've fucked?

ANDREW

That's not fair.

CLEMENTINE

What?

ANDREW

That kind of question. It's loaded. If I answer it at *all*. You'll either use it against me or Jacob.

Clementine smiles, toying with Andrew, she takes a sip of his coffee.

CLEMENTINE

That's a yes.

Andrew rolls his eyes.

ANDREW

No, it's a no comment. I'm not going to tell my best friend's on-again, off-again whatever the hell you two may be this week, if he's slept with some girl you've got a bone to pick with.

Jacob walks over to the booth.

CLEMENTINE

You're a terrible actor. It's a yes.

Jacob scoots into the booth next to Clementine.

JACOB

What's a yes?

ANDREW

Nothing.

CLEMENTINE

I asked Andrew if you've ever slept with Katie.

His spirits lighter after the interaction, Jacob's almost flattered--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACOB

Oh yeah, what did he say?

CLEMENTINE

It's more in what he *didn't* say.

ANDREW

Oh, come on!

Katie comes over to the booth, she places a coffee and a bag of ice on the table.

KATIE

You're gonna swell big time if you don't ice that eye.

Jacob puts the ice on his face.

JACOB

Clementine wants to know if we've had sex.

Katie smiles, then looks at Clementine territorially.

KATIE

I thought Clementine knew everything?

CLEMENTINE

Did you?

Ignoring the question--

KATIE

I mean why else would people hang out with you?

Jacob laughs, Clementine shoots daggers at him.

KATIE

Don't worry Clem, if we're keeping score, you're light years ahead of me.

Katie winks at Clementine as she walks away. Jacob and Andrew laugh.

ANDREW

Damn.

CLEMENTINE

I don't appreciate you laughing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACOB

I don't appreciate you keeping tabs on me.

Clementine shrugs.

CLEMENTINE

I get it. (Beat) I still don't like the bitch but I get it.

Jacob shakes his head. Clementine looks to Andrew.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Did Jacob tell you he's still going to the Bauers' house show tonight?

Andrew shrugs. Clementine absentmindedly scrolls through her phone.

ANDREW

I figured we would. Free country.

CLEMENTINE

Trev will be there.

JACOB

So?

CLEMENTINE

You two are fighting?

Andrew looks at the menu.

JACOB

I don't care?

CLEMENTINE

Tough guy.

Her eyes still on the phone--

CLEMENTINE

Holy shit.

ANDREW

JACOB

What?

What?

CLEMENTINE

SoFlo was at the show last night.

JACOB

Fuck you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANDREW

The music blog?

Clementine slides her phone to Jacob. Andrew looks at it upside down.

Jacob reads aloud--

JACOB

Tropical Storm: Local rock trio,
Flagpole has melt down and breaks
up on stage

Andrew leans back, looking at the ceiling in disappointment.

CLEMENTINE

That's an unfortunate night for
your first write up.

Clementine sips Andrew's coffee.

ANDREW

Goddamnit. This sucks.

Jacob's still reading.

JACOB

They said my energy was "violently
electric."

Clementine rolls her eyes.

CLEMENTINE

A perfect example of why no one
should read that stupid blog
anyway.

Jacob gives her a death stare.

CLEMENTINE

What? It's true. It's a shitty
blog with pretentious articles.
Who wrote the piece?

Jacob scrolls through the phone.

JACOB

Max Thomas?

CLEMENTINE

Fuck you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Clementine snatches the phone from Jacob

JACOB

What?

CLEMENTINE

I made out with Max Thomas in 8th grade.

ANDREW

You made out with everyone in 8th grade.

CLEMENTINE

Yeah but he was a sophomore in high school. It was different.

ANDREW

A high school kid making out with an 8th grader?

Andrew fakes a shiver.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

That's disgusting.

Jacob ignores Andrew.

JACOB

Do you think you could see if he'll come to the Bauers' party tonight for a follow up piece?

ANDREW

We don't have a guitarist? Also, where the hell is Katie and why hasn't she taken our order?

JACOB

Get Neil to do it. We'll rehearse with him this afternoon.

ANDREW

I'm not bringing my fifteen year old brother to The Bauers' farm or whatever the hell they call it.

CLEMENTINE

He'll probably get more action than you.

JACOB

Are you gonna message him or what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CLEMENTINE

What's it worth to you?

Jacob rolls his eyes.

JACOB

Nevermind.

CLEMENTINE

Say you love me.

A spot more tender than the puffy half of Jacob's face--

JACOB

Just forget it. I'm not playing games.

Clementine smiles.

CLEMENTINE

Come on! If you can't express your love for me as a sign of your gratitude then what's the point?

Andrew shifts in his seat.

ANDREW

You know what? I think that was record time for shit getting weird between you two. Congratulations.

In a baby voice--

CLEMENTINE

Little Jakey's too afraid to express himself.

Jacob stands.

JACOB

Forget it.

Clementine's on her phone again.

CLEMENTINE

Sit down, I already messaged him. He's coming but *seriously* you do have to do me a favor. (Beat) I mean it.

Jacob sits. He puts on his serious face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

JACOB

What?

CLEMENTINE

Please just stop being such a little bitch, Jake.

Clementine checks her nails.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Now if you'll excuse me, I've got a busy day filled with selling drugs and chilling.

She stands, preparing to leave.

ANDREW

See ya.

Jacob nods.

CLEMENTINE

You're welcome by the way.

JACOB

Thanks.

Andrew looks around the restaurant.

ANDREW

Why do we even come here? What is she doing? Katie? (Louder) Katie. KATIE!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BAUERS' HOUSE -LIVING ROOM - DAY

A sprawling spanish-inspired, clay tiled mansion on a large plot of Florida farmland.

Two identical twins, SCOTT and CHRIS (25, perpetually stoned oddballs, two of the same person so much so that even their own mother has trouble telling them apart) walk down the stairs in oversized, thrifted, early 90's baseball tees and boxer shorts.

Hanging off a stupid expensive, overstuffed couch is a shirtless Trev.

SCOTT

Pssst.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Trev.

Scott shakes Trev lightly on the shoulder.

SCOTT

It's past noon, bud.

Chris heads into the kitchen, we hear him opening the fridge.

SCOTT

Trev. Trevor. Trevorrrr.

Scott looks to Chris who's returned with a bottle of Kombucha.

CHRIS

He's left us no choice.

SCOTT

We did all we could. Really.

Chris shakes the bottle of Kombucha and opens it over Trev's head.

The contents spray all over the couch, all over Trev and all over the Bauer twins.

Chris closes his eyes at the spray, Scott opens his mouth in the hopes of a taste.

Trev swats at the fermented, over-priced, fungus tea. His face is not nearly as battered as Jacobs.

TREV

Are you kidding me!?

SCOTT

Morning, star shine.

CHRIS

(RE: The Kombucha)

It's got millions of bugs in it.

SCOTT

"Live cultures."

CHRIS

Really good for you and all that.
We thought you'd like some.

Chris and Scott turn around and head out to the --

EXT. BAUER HOUSE - SCREENED IN PATIO - DAY

A massive screened patio with huge wicker couches which look out to an overly ornate, lagoon styled swimming pool.

Chris and Scott take a seat on a couch. Chris breaks up weed into a grinder while Scott cleans a cashed bowl.

Trev sits down.

TREV

Where's your coffee?

SCOTT

We don't have any coffee, Trevor.

CHRIS

(Fucking with him)

We have...Kombucha.

TREV

Where can I get some coffee?

CHRIS

Remind me, does coffee have millions of bugs?

SCOTT

Oh you mean bugs that are great for your digestive tract and make you feel far less groggy than coffee? (Beat) No, I don't believe it does.

Chris packs the bowl and hands it to Trevor.

SCOTT

Nasty lil' brawl you got yourself into last night.

Trev takes a hit, exhales, passes it and lights a Camel Light.

TREV

Fucking Jacob, man. He thinks he's in charge of everything, always has to have a plan.

Scott holds the bowl up to his lips.

SCOTT

Some would call him...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hits the weed.

CHRIS

Ambitious.

Scott nods his head and points at Chris.

TREV

Yeah, well maybe we'd finally get out of this shitty scene if he'd be willing to collaborate and take a risk.

The twins shrug, almost simultaneously.

TREV

When are people coming?

Just then they hear someone in the kitchen. Trev looks alarmed but the Bauers' don't seem to mind.

CHRIS

Sounds like someone's already here.

DJ (24, skinny as a rail, eyes constantly wired, he's bad fucking news and he wears it as a badge of honor) holding a leather briefcase opens the sliding glass door.

DJ

Gentlemen.

SCOTT

Ah, yes, sir DJ. Enter.

DJ

I wasn't sure when the show was starting so I figured I'd head over early.

DJ plops down next to Trev on a love seat and quickly dials a code into the locks on his briefcase.

He pops it open and begins to unload bottles of pills and baggies of powders.

DJ

Figured I'd bring a little bit of product with me.

SCOTT

Just a smidge, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DJ catches Trev staring at the bags. DJ winks at him --

DJ
Don't worry, I've got plenty of
other party favors too.

CUT TO:

INT. CLEMENTINE'S BATHROOM - DAY

Wrapped in a towel and sitting on the counter, Clementine makes her face up in the mirror when her phone BUZZES.

S (TEXT)
Sry, I'm out. Should be able to
help tmw.

She taps her screen.

CLEMENTINE (TEXT)
Not even like 2 u can spot me for?

S (TEXT)
Need 2 refill. Dry til tmw. Try
DJ.

Fuck.

CLEMENTINE (TEXT MESSAGE)
K. Hit me up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SOMETIME LATER

A massive modern, pastel living room. The epitome of
"Palm Beach Chic."

Clementine walks down the stairs towards HUSHED GIGGLING
coming from the living room.

We see Clementine's Mom, CHERYL (early-50's, trophy ex-
wife, professional socialite) trying to sit straight up
on the couch, playfully pushing a silver fox off of her.

Two glasses of chilled white sit next to an open pill
bottle.

The pair straightens up when they hear Clementine's heels
CLACKING on the stairs.

Cheryl's too friendly, patronizing even--

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CONTINUED:

CHERYL

Honey, you're so quiet, I had no idea you were here. (Beat) This is Russ by the way.

Russ raises a hand in a casual wave.

RUSS

How ya doin'?

Ignoring "Russ"--

CLEMENTINE

Don't worry, I was just leaving.

Her speech loose and starting to slur--

CHERYL

Aw, come on. It feels like I haven't seen you in weeks. Come have an evening drink with your mom.

She pats the couch. Down for anything, Russ smiles.

CLEMENTINE

One, it's 2:30 in the afternoon, so an evening drink will have to wait about three hours and two, I think you and Russ was it, will have a hell of a lot more fun without little old me harshing your vibe, Mom.

Before Cheryl has the chance to respond, Clementine's out the door.

EXT. LAKE WORTH PUBLIC STORAGE - DAY

A massive self storage complex. Jacob sits hanging out the back of his van smoking a joint.

Andrew's shitty baby blue Crown Vic pulls in next to him.

Before the car even has time to park, NEIL (16, white surfer kid haircut, probably decked out in Aeropostale when you run into him at Wetzel's Pretzels) swings the door open wide. It DINGS the side of Jacob's van.

Still in the car --

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CONTINUED:

ANDREW

Jesus Christ!

Neil's face is horrified as he approaches Jacob.

NEIL

Aw, man. I am so sorry!
I'll...I'll pay for it or
something.

Jacob tosses the roach and shakes his head.

JACOB

It's a piece of shit, Neil. No
worries.

Neil extends his hand and attempts an awkward interlocking handshake which Jacob is in no way prepared for.

NEIL

Thanks for letting me join the
band. When Andrew called, I walked
straight out of Old Navy and told
my manager to go fuck herself!

Neil smiles as he gives his finger to the sky. Jacob laughs at his goofy ass.

Andrew pops the trunk.

ANDREW

Neil, get your shit.

Distracted and far too excited, Neil nods furiously.

NEIL

Right on. Right on. Sorry again
for the van, I'm gonna be cool
tonight I swear.

OVERLAP:

NEIL (O.S.)

Shit, I'm sorry guys.

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE - SOMETIME LATER

A cramped storage space with splotches of sound padding on the wall. An oscillating tower fan blows on the trio as they drip with sweat.

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CONTINUED:

ANDREW

This isn't gonna work. Just apologize, He'll be cool with it.

Jacob, obviously frustrated wipes his brow.

JACOB

We don't need Trevor.

He almost loses his cool. Takes a deep breath and turns to Neil.

JACOB (CONT'D)

You just *can't* do that shit tonight. Focus. Like this.

He plays a progression on the guitar. Neil mimics it. Jacob nods and adds to it, Neil does his best to keep up.

While Neil focuses on his guitar, Jacob flashes Andrew a concerned look, Andrew shrugs -- "I told you so."

EXT. BONKER'S FUN PARK - DAY

The sweltering Florida sun bakes the asphalt of a parking lot packed with minivans.

The top of her red BMW 4-series up, Clementine sits in her car texting.

CLEMENTINE (TEXT)

Do you want me to uninvite him?

JACOB (TEXT)

Idk. Neil just sucks so fucking much. Whatever, I'll handle it. Thx.

TAP. TAP. Clementine jumps as she looks over and sees a rotund, TOMAS (36, works the go-kart track... enough said) outside her car.

She unlocks the doors and Tomas wedges himself into the car.

TOMAS

Sup.

CLEMENTINE

Hey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMAS

It's a grand.

CLEMENTINE

What happened to eight hundred?

Tomas shrugs.

TOMAS

It's blueberry from Canada and
it's a thousand.

CLEMENTINE

How am I going to make anything if
it's a thousand?

TOMAS

You want it or not?

CLEMENTINE

Nine hundred?

More fixated on the go-karts than the conversation--

TOMAS

One. Thousand. Dollars.

Clementine sighs, pulls out a wad of cash from her
wallet, counts out ten bills and hands it to Tomas.

Tomas takes it and gives her a small golden token.

CLEMENTINE

Do you know where I can get some
Roxies?

Tomas shakes his head in disbelief as he opens the door.
He gets out and leans back in.

TOMAS

You're too fucking pretty to be a
junkie, Clem.

He SLAMS the door.

Clementine watches as he goes back to his go-karts. Once
he's out of sight she exits the car --

EXT. BONKER'S PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Palming the token, she walks past batting cages and
towards the arcade--

INT. BONKER'S FUN PARK - CONTINUOUS

A dark fortress lit by the brightly colored video games, she walks past kids, teenagers and families all enjoying themselves to a door labeled "Employees Only"

She enters the code: 561. The lock clicks open and she heads into --

INT. BONKERS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Clementine snakes through a fluorescent green hallway, turning corner after corner until she KNOCKS on a door.

A BUZZ as the lock releases. Clementine enters--

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sitting behind a cheap folding table RYAN (30's, short, Florida white trash, neck tattoos that compliment his slit eyebrows) pauses his PS4 game.

His smile reveals a shitty, silver grill.

RYAN

What up, Clem?

CLEMENTINE

Hey, Ryan.

She offers the coin.

CLEMENTINE

What's with the increase?

Ryan shrugs.

RYAN

Gas prices surgin', cops seized a bunch of shit coming in from the Bahamas, you know how it is.

CLEMENTINE

It's bullshit is what it is.

RYAN

Tell that to the boss man.

Ryan reaches into a box and takes out a stuffed monkey with dreadlocks and a rasta colored hat.

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CONTINUED:

CLEMENTINE

Thanks. Hey, you don't know where I can get some Roxies, do you?

RYAN

You know better than that, Clem. I don't know where you can get anything.

Obviously upset, he shoves the monkey at her.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Get out of here with that shit.

Clementine takes the monkey and walks to the door.

CLEMENTINE

Chill. I was just asking.

Ryan's picks up his controller and unpauses the game.

RYAN

That shit'll kill you, you know?

Clementine stares at him.

CLEMENTINE

Oh really? I had no idea. Good looking out.

She gives him the finger as she exits.

CUT TO:

THE BAUERS' HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - SOMETIME LATER

A long pebbled driveway leads from the road back to a massive compound that is The Bauers' house.

DIEGO (20, Dominican, bare skull, a crisp white tee tucked into cuffed jeans held up by suspenders, Diego's a Skinhead Against Racial Prejudice or SHARP and judging from the three X's tattooed on his swollen bicep, he's straightedge as well) pulls a folding table out from the garage.

He enters a code on a keypad next to the garage door and it closes while he places a lock box on the table and sits on a shitty plastic chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A SOUND CHECK can be heard coming from a dilapidated old barn behind the house as Scott and Chris emerge from the backyard.

CHRIS

Diegggoo.

SCOTT

El Fuego Diego.

They hand him a green money bag and Diego begins to count the cash into the lock box.

DIEGO

What's up guys, good to see you.

Chris and Scott get mock formal and shake his hand.

SCOTT

Always a pleasure, my man.

Chris leans in.

CHRIS

Keep an eye on the cash, we've got some shifty characters around here.

Diego is less quiet with more of an "I don't give a flying fuck" kind of attitude.

DIEGO

DJ? I figured he'd be stupid enough to show up. Always starting something, I don't get why you guys let him hang around.

SCOTT

You may be right. He is bad news.

CHRIS

But he's *our* bad news and when it's all said and done, we feel responsible for the boy.

A group of TOWNIE GIRLS (they look underage except for the onslaught of ink covering their skin) walk up the driveway carrying six packs of craft beer, ashing their cigarettes all over the stonework.

Diego turns to the girls--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DIEGO

Fifteen each.

The girls hand him the money and he stamps their hands accordingly with a rubber stamp that leaves a little green Alien head on their hands.

DIEGO

You're early but you're welcome to jump in the pool or hang out by the lake. No smoking in or around the barn at all. Upstairs is off limits.

The twins aren't nearly as charming around females. They nod awkwardly at the girls.

SCOTT

Ladies.

CHRIS

Hi there.

The girls GIGGLE as they pass The Bauers.

EXT./INT. 2004 DODGE CARAVAN - DAY

The van barrels down a two lane highway in the boonies. It turns down a street and then onto a dirt road. The Bauers' house in the distance is the only thing around.

Neil stares out the window at the massive compound ahead.

NEIL

These guys must be loaded.

JACOB

Their dad invented some kind of anti-stroke device and then had a heart attack while fucking the baby-sitter.

ANDREW

Their mom's been on vacation ever since.

Neil looks concerned.

NEIL

This was recent?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

Their mom's been on vacation for ten years. Kind of explains why they're so (beat) odd.

JACOB

I wouldn't bring it up if I were you. They're pretty sensitive about the whole thing.

Andrew finds the whole situation hard to believe.

NEIL

You guys are screwing with me.

ANDREW

Fine. Bring it up, watch what happens.

Jacob drives past a line of cars parked on either side of the driveway.

JACOB

Why is everyone always here so early? You'd think they'd be much less punctual, much more punk about start times.

Finally he finds a patch of grass to park on.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BAUERS' NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Due to a lack of sidewalk, The trio walk in the middle of the road. Sweating from the sun, Andrew drinks a La Croix.

Carrying most of the equipment, Neil trails behind them.

Jacob speaks in a hushed tone --

JACOB

We can't play with him.

Andrew looks to make sure Neil is out of ear shot.

ANDREW

Finally. Have you texted Trev?

JACOB

What? Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

Cause he's the only one who can save us and you're just being stubborn?

JACOB

I'm not apologizing to him. We've got to figure something else out.

ANDREW

We could *not* play?

JACOB

And show that blogger that we're afraid of him? Absolutely not.

They walk into--

EXT. THE BAUER'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

The driveway's much more populated than before.

Groups of hipsters, punks, scene kids, skaters and skins of all ages stand around conversing in huddles. They laugh, smoke cigarettes and chug beer without even going into the party.

A line's now formed in front of Diego. Sitting next to him scrolling on her phone is Clementine.

As Jacob and Andrew approach, his demeanor completely changes, he goes from intimidating to friendly, the nicest guy on the fucking block.

JACOB

Whatsup, buddy?

Diego nods, they exchange handshakes

DIEGO

What's up? You don't look as bad as I thought.

Jacob shakes it off.

JACOB

Yeah, it looked a lot worse than it was.

DIEGO

I guess so cause it looked pretty bad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Andrew tries to help.

ANDREW

You should see the other guy.

Diego laughs lightheartedly--

DIEGO

He's in the kitchen, dumbass, and he looks a hell of a lot better than your boy.

Clementine doesn't even look up from her phone.

CLEMENTINE

You guys are cute. Hey Neil.

Neil almost drops the amp.

NEIL

Hey, Clementine!

Baffled by Clementine--

ANDREW

How are you everywhere all of the time? You're like Satan. Always looming, waiting to take advantage.

Jacob laughs, they both glare at him.

JACOB

What? It's a good point.

Diego checks Clementine out--

DIEGO

Sitting like a devil on my shoulder.

CLEMENTINE

Oh, please. Don't try to flirt. Isn't one of those X's on your arm supposed to remind you not to fuck?

ANDREW

You can fuck if you're straight edge.

CLEMENTINE

What? No you can't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Andrew motions to Diego.

ANDREW

Diego fucks.

CLEMENTINE

No he doesn't. Diego, are you allowed to fuck?

DIEGO

I'm allowed to do whatever I want. I *choose* to follow a straight edge lifestyle--

They're all waiting to find out if Diego fucks--

CLEMENTINE

So?

DIEGO

You're welcome to find out.

Clementine rolls her eyes at him. Jacob and Andrew laugh.

CLEMENTINE

You disgust me.

Jacob gets closer to Clementine and taps her on the shoulder. Diego goes back to the line--

JACOB

Is he here yet?

CLEMENTINE

What? No. I don't know why anyone's here. The sun's still fucking out.

JACOB

But he's coming?

Frustrated, Clementine looks up from her phone.

CLEMENTINE

Oh my God. I said he was coming, right?

Jacob nods.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

So then why do you keep asking me if he's coming or not? Yes he's coming. No he's not here yet.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Yes, I'll text you when he's here,
deal?

JACOB

Sorry I just don't know what we're
going to do without Trevor.

CLEMENTINE

This isn't a problem Jake. It's an
obstacle you've created for
yourself. Just get over yourself
and apologize for being such a
dictator and it's done. Boom. No
more worrying.

JACOB

Jesus.

CLEMENTINE

Sorry for being honest but maybe
you need someone who's not going
to sugar coat it for you.

JACOB

You're right, it's on me. I'll
figure it out.

CLEMENTINE

See. You love me.

Jacob smirks, he grabs her hand holding it tenderly.

JACOB

Thanks.

She almost blushes.

CLEMENTINE

It's not a big deal.

Trying to look cool, Neil lights a wood-tip Black and
Mild, Andrew's horrified. He smacks him upside the head.

ANDREW

You're not allowed to smoke weed,
Neil.

He grabs the blunt out of Neil's mouth.

NEIL

There's no weed in it, it's a
cigar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANDREW

You're smoking a Black and Mild by
itself? That's even worse. The
fuck is wrong with you?

Jacob, Diego and Clementine all laugh.

EXT. BAUER HOUSE - BACKYARD - SOMETIME LATER

A sprawling lawn of itchy crab grass behind the now
packed patio.

Towards the back of the yard is a sizeable lake, some
kids fuck around on a sunken boat rotting on the shore.

INDIE MUSIC blasts through the speakers set up around the
yard as a band sets up in the open barn.

Andrew, Scott and Chris all shotgun Shiner Bock. Neil
watches.

JACOB

Anyone know where Trevor is?

Jacob offers a cigarette to the brothers.

SCOTT

Ah, the boy wonder wants to
apologize does he?

CHRIS

Finally come to your senses?

JACOB

I dunno. I feel like we should at
least talk some shit out.
Whatever, I'm sure I'll find him
eventually.

Looking up at the sky, he sees clouds in the distance.

NEIL

Looks like a storm's coming in.

Chris nods while dragging.

CHRIS

Think we could all use a bath,
don't you?

CUT TO:

EXT. BAUER HOUSE - BARN - SOMETIME LATER

In the barn, an all female noise-pop punk band (think Sleigh Bells or early Yeah Yeah Yeah's) SCREAMS from their decrepit dominion. A large cluster of party dwellers watch and vibe to the music, some dance, others look tough as they nod their heads.

Jacob and Andrew make their way through the crowd, pushing past pierced bodies and homemade outfits.

Once at the front of the crowd, Jacob coolly nods along to the music.

Andrew makes eye contact with the bouncing, neon bob cut, lead singer, MARY LEE (21).

Mesmerized, he watches her perform.

INT. BAUER HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A cavernous, mirrored bedroom with all types of neon and laser lights dancing on the walls and ceilings.

DJ puts his thumb over a bottle of Codeine. He turns the bottle upside down and then right side up. He rubs his syrup covered thumb all over a blunt. Dries the outer leaf then lights it.

He COUGHS as he shifts through a now disheveled briefcase. After a second hit, he passes the L to Trev whose picking on a bass.

TREV

You ever get bored?

DJ

Of blunts?

They've all but forgotten about the rager below and now it's like they're the only two people in the world.

TREV

Of this whole scene. Weren't we supposed to have real jobs and be getting married and shit by now?

Dj counts Roxicets into dime bags.

DJ

No way. We know better than to buy into a lie.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DJ (CONT'D)

That's what makes our generation different. Everyone worked hard for the American dream only to find out that it was total bullshit but us? We're too smart for any of that. Honestly, I think it's all because of the internet. Distribution of information now made infinite.

Trev rolls his head back, staring at the ceiling obviously fucked out of his mind.

He lets go of the bass and studies his hands.

TREV

Yeah. I'd like a family, I guess.

DJ

You can totally have one if that's what you want. You just don't *have* to. You can choose to not or you can do it on your own terms. Like me. I want to get my event promotion business locked and loaded before I settle down, you know?

He begins to thumb through his wad of cash, counting hundreds.

DJ (CONT'D)

And you've got the music thing. You can't give up on the dream. That's what happened to our parents and look where it got them. All divorced and miserable. Either you hustle hard enough to be the greatest or you die trying but you sure as hell don't give up.

Trev shrugs, obviously trying to work some shit out in his head.

DJ tosses Trev a small packet of powder folded in wax paper just as the door opens.

TREV

Thanks.

DJ tenses up but relaxes when he sees it's Clementine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Trev nods at Clem as she closes the door.

CLEMENTINE

This is where the real party is,
huh?

Trev's eyes light up.

TREV

Oh yeah.

Clem crouches down to be on Trev's level.

CLEMENTINE

How you feeling, Trev?

Trev gives a stoney smile.

TREV

I feel great!

She inspects the one scrape on his face. He realizes what she meant.

TREV

Oh, that. It's whatever.

CLEMENTINE

Jacob's downstairs. Not sure if
you guys want to see each other or
what but he's down there if you
want to talk.

Trev brushes it off.

CLEMENTINE

I'm sure you'll bump into each
other.

Clementine turns to DJ. She brushes a loose strand of hair behind her ear as she stands. She's formal, business like and she makes it clear, she doesn't want to be here.

CLEMENTINE

You didn't answer my text.

DJ grabs one of the bags of painkillers.

DJ

I was busy preparing your drugs,
princess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She brashly offers him a quarter ounce of bud. DJ trades her for the baggie of Roxies.

CLEMENTINE (SOTTO)

I knew this was a mistake.

DJ opens the bag, inspects the bud and sniffs.

DJ

Relax. I'm not going to tell anyone. Your secret is safe with me. (Beat) and Trev.

He looks at her and sizes her up. Trev smiles.

TREV

We have our own secrets, don't we Clem?

Clementine ignores him.

CLEMENTINE

Thanks, DJ. I'd appreciate it if you'd keep this between us, yeah?

DJ

The fuck did I just say?

Clementine nods. She heads toward the door but stops at Trev, brushes the hair from his face and kisses him on the forehead. It's a blend of romantic and motherly that should leave everyone but the two of them questioning it.

CLEMENTINE

I'll see you down there?

TREV

You shouldn't take those. They'll rot you from the inside out.

Her face twisted, he's clearly hit a weak spot. Her eyes begin to well.

CLEMENTINE

That means a lot coming from someone who has a gram of heroin on their chest.

Clementine storms out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Having forgotten all about it, Trev looks at the packet, then stands up and walks to another door leading into the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INTERCUT OVER HIGH ENERGY, LOUD POP-PUNK (think early CLOUD NOTHINGS or SURFER BLOOD):

ON THE PATIO: Andrew eyes Mary Lee from the couch. A beer in hand, he walks over to her, lights a joint and offers her a toke. Not a single word exchanged between the two.

IN THE BACKYARD: A fight breaks out amongst a group of punk kids. Diego breaks it up, throwing a few punches in the process.

IN THE BATHROOM: Trev giddily sucks heroin from a spoon into a syringe.

BY THE LAKE: Much to the amusement of a group of girls, a shirtless Neil chases a three foot alligator around the banks of the lake until the reptile finally plunges into the water.

IN THE GARAGE: The dissected monkey next to her, Clementine finishes weighing and bagging a quarter pound of green buds into eighths. The crushed up pills next to her, she blows a line.

IN THE POOL: Jacob keeps his cocktail above water as he swims through an orgy of bodies. He spills his drink when Katie jumps onto his back.

IN THE KITCHEN: A completely oblivious DJ wearing an apron smokes a cigarette while he fries a couple of eggs.

IN THE BATHROOM: Trev has his foot awkwardly propped up on the side of the tub. The tail of his belt between his teeth, he pulls the leather tight around his calf while simultaneously separating his toes. He injects the narcotic into his foot.

IN A DARKENED BEDROOM: A hand fumbles on the button of a pair of denim cutoffs. Andrews's mouth smashes against Mary Lee's as they fall onto a bed, their bodies rhythmically grinding against one another

IN THE BARN: Scott and Chris, half-sarcastically, bang their heads to a hardcore band as a mosh pit begins to brew.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ON THE DRIVEWAY: Clementine conspicuously trades baggies for cash.

END MONTAGE.

INT. DARK BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Post-coitus, Andrew lays next Mary Lee on top of the bed. He offers a handshake.

ANDREW

I'm Andrew by the way.

Mary Lee lets out a giggle.

MARY LEE

Mary Lee.

Andrew adjusts his head, relieved that the formalities are over with.

ANDREW

That's a good name. What's your band called?

MARY LEE

Clitfairy.

Mary Lee begins to nibble at his neck.

ANDREW

That's a better name.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Still in her bikini, Katie leads a pool-soaked Jacob by the hand towards the same bedroom DJ and Trev were in just a few minutes before.

Jacob looks over his shoulder making sure no one's watching as he slips inside--

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Katie kisses Jacob and pushes him onto the bed. She stands above him for just a moment then turns toward the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATIE

Give me a second to freshen up?

Jacob falls back onto the bed, his hands behind his head.

JACOB

Take your time.

A soon as she enters the bathroom, she SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - SOMETIME LATER

Jacob sits on the counter, he nods to Andrew.

Andrew turns on the shower and the water soaks Trev.

Andrew looks to Jacob, unsure when suddenly Trev GASPS back to consciousness. Andrew stops the water.

JACOB

There he is.

Trev looks around.

TREV

I'm sorry.

Jacob breathes a SIGH of relief.

JACOB

Well that was easier than I anticipated.

Trev's eyes begin to close but Andrew gives him a slap or two on the face.

ANDREW

None of that, stay with us.

Andrew steps out of the tub.

Trev's eyes try to focus on the bathroom around him before he slowly gets on his knees and crawls toward the drain.

The guys look away as he VOMITS.

ANDREW

That's got to help.

EXT. BAUER HOUSE - BACKYARD

Clementine counts a wad of money as the sun sets. In the background, Neil does a keg stand while a group of punks cheer him on.

MAX

That's a lot of cash.

Clementine practically jumps when she hears him. MAX (late 20's, tall, skinny, trying so hard to be cool he sticks out like a sore thumb) stands in front of her.

Clementine puts the cash away.

CLEMENTINE

Just meant to stop by the bank before the party. Hey.

She offers Max a hug, he holds on a beat too long.

MAX

Hey. So crazy hearing from you after all these years. Been thinking about you all day.

CLEMENTINE

Definitely. Thanks again for agreeing to give the guys another chance, last night was definitely a fluke.

Clearly uninterested in "the guys" Max checks her out.

MAX

You look great.

She nods.

CLEMENTINE

Cool.

MAX

Cool.

Max looks around.

MAX (CONT'D)

Always heard about the "Bauers' pad" but never could get an invite.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEMENTINE

Oh yeah? They're pretty exclusive,
I can show you around if you want.

MAX

Please, lead the way.

Max stares at her ass as he follows.

EXT. BAUER HOUSE - BARN

DJ stands outside the barn smoking a cigarette when Scott
and Chris walk out.

SCOTT

Uh-uh. Nope. You know better than
that.

Chris mimics speaking from a loud speaker.

CHRIS

Sir with the cigarette, please
back away from the barn.

DJ can barely stand. He spins into the yard like a human
helicopter. Neil catches him but is having trouble
standing up himself.

NEIL

Hey DJ! It's Neil, Andrew's
brother. Been a while!

DJ hangs practically limp in Neil's arms. He stares at
Neil while digging through his pants.

DJ

Open your mouth, Neil.

DJ takes out a crumple of tin foil, he places a tab on
Neil's tongue.

DJ

Welcome to the party, little man.

INT. BAUER HOUSE - BATHROOM

Still sitting in the tub, Trev uses a towel to dry his
hair. He's awake and arguably more coherent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACOB

So am I supposed to just forgive you for being a dick because you're doing heroin now?

ANDREW

He almost died, Jake, take it easy.

They ignore Andrew.

TREV

The same amount I'm supposed to forgive you for being a dick and me doing heroin now.

JACOB

What?

ANDREW

Can we focus on the heroin thing a little more?

Trev limply moves his shoulders.

TREV

It's my first time.

Silence.

TREV

Fifth, sixth time max. But it's not a full time thing, just wanted to space out for a bit. Meet my maker, see the great beyond, you know. (Beat) I won't do it anymore but you guys should totally try it it's incredible.

Jacob rolls his eyes.

ANDREW

You almost died, Trevor. What if Katie hadn't found you? We need to get you help. We'll check you in somewhere or something.

TREV

I get it. I get it. No more heroin. Jesus Christ, Mom. I'll cut it out.

But Jacob's got other things on the mind--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACOB

No more heroin? Everyone agree?
Andrew? No more heroin?

Andrew nods.

JACOB

Cool. Trev, no more heroin, yeah?

Trev does his best to give a thumbs up.

TREV

Heroin.

Trev smiles.

JACOB

Good. Cause we've got a big
problem. SoFlo was at our show
last night and gave us a shitty
write up.

TREV

That rules.

JACOB

What? No. No it was bad, it really
sucked. Clementine was able to get
the guy who wrote it to show up
again and watch us play. This
could be big fucking time Trev,
but we need you.

ANDREW

We tried with Neil but well, he's
Neil.

He yells weakly--

TREV

Neiiiiiiiiiiii! Love that kid.

JACOB

We need you to play with us
tonight.

TREV

I dunno. You were a dick last
night.

JACOB

You were the dick!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANDREW

Jake.

Andrew gives him a look.

JACOB

Fine. Whatever. I'm sorry for being a dick and attacking you when you tried to hijack the show.

Trev smiles.

TREV

Say we'll play my songs.

Jacob swallows his pride.

JACOB

We'll play your songs.

Trev's smile grows wider. He starts to GIGGLE, he speaks between his laughter.

TREV

Thank you. (Beat) I can't play. Look at me. I can't even stand. How bout tomorrow?

JACOB

What? No.

Jacob starts to look worried. His phone lights up

CLEMENTINE (TEXT)

Where are you? Max is here. SOS.

A second message appears--

CLEMENTINE (TEXT)

S.O.S.

He looks back at the guys.

JACOB

Shit. He's here. We're fucked.

Jacob stands to go.

JACOB

Andrew, come on, we're on in like half an hour.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANDREW

On with what?

JACOB

I dunno but Clem's freaking out.

ANDREW

Fine. Trev, you stay here.

Trev cackles.

TREV

I'm gonna take a bath.

Andrew's about to close the door.

ANDREW

No baths, you'll drown.

Mimicking him--

TREV

No baths, you'll drown.

Just as he closes the door.

ANDREW

Seriously, no baths!

EXT. BAUER HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Max's arm wrapped around Clementine, she's clearly uncomfortable. She gives Jacob a look to illustrate this.

CLEMENTINE

There they are.

She wiggles free of Max.

CLEMENTINE

These are the guys I was telling you about.

JACOB

Hey.

Jacob offers his hand, Max looks unimpressed.

MAX

Yeah, I saw you guys last night. Your face looks awful by the way. Much worse than I thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACOB

Thanks, man. It's not a big deal.

Neil bursts into the circle. He's fidgeting, itching in his clothes but he can't stop dancing.

NEIL

Hey guys. Guess what? I chased an alligator.

ANDREW

You what?

Neil stares deeply into Max's eyes.

NEIL (CONT'D)

I'm feel by the way.

MAX

I'm uh, Max.

NEIL

Yeah, you're the guy we've been practicing for.

ANDREW

Shut up Neil!

Neil doesn't--

NEIL

I'm not allowed to play anymore cause I'm 15 and your face is dancing but it's more of a vibration than a dance you know? Maybe it's your aura. My mom's into that stuff.

Neil spots DJ standing next to the barn. His attention rapidly shifts.

NEIL (CONT'D)

DJ, you motherfucker give me one of those cigarettes!

Dumbfounded, the group watches as he goes.

ANDREW

Sorry about that but uh, thanks for coming and giving us another chance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAX

Well, I wouldn't call it "another chance" per se. First impressions and all but yeah I'll try to catch your set for sure, as long as we're not busy.

He looks at Clementine.

CLEMENTINE

Oh, I've got nothing planned.

MAX

Hey, do you guys know where I could score some pot?

Clementine shakes her head at the guys--

JACOB

Absolutely not.

ANDREW

No idea.

JACOB

Anyway, we better go set up. Thanks again.

Jacob offers his hand, Max smiles.

MAX

We're doing this again? Alright.

Embarrassed, Jacob shakes. He and Andrew head towards the garage.

Both smoking cigarettes, DJ and Neil play fight in the background next to the barn.

When they're alone--

MAX

This place sucks, how about we get out of here?

Clementine smiles, trying to play along, just a little bit longer.

CLEMENTINE

And go where?

Max gets closer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAX

Anywhere? Fuck, I don't care, my car? Your place? This place is lame, let's go party, like we used to.

CLEMENTINE

I thought we were going to watch the guys?

MAX

Those fools? Whatever. I'm not going to write them up again, look at them, they're losers. Everyone here's a fucking weirdo.

As if on cue, Trev stumbles by them.

CLEMENTINE

Trev, honey, come here. You okay?

Like a zombie --

TREV

I gotta save the guys.

MAX

And here's the third stooge.

CLEMENTINE

Trevor, how about you sit down and I'll get you some water?

BY THE GARAGE:

Andrew and Jacob carry their equipment away from the garage.

JACOB

We blew it. We're fucked. I thought there'd be some "hail Mary" moment. Some act of God, you know? Maybe an impromptu hurricane.

ANDREW

It does kind of feel like it's gonna rain.

Andrew puts out his hand, waiting for rain drops that he knows aren't falling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JACOB

Now we're just going to look like a couple of assholes and blow the one, well, second chance we have to make a name for ourselves!

Andrew asses his lack of options.

ANDREW

You know what? Fuck that guy. Why do we need to impress him anyway? Let's just forget it.

Jacob shakes his head.

JACOB

You're right. We're better than him. I'm not going to let pretentious dicks like him decide our future for us. We're doing this, no lead guitar, just you and me and we're going to fucking kill it.

Andrew nods.

ANDREW

I'm in.

He sniffs the air.

ANDREW

Are they starting the fire pit already?

DIEGO (O.S.)

EVERYONE REMAIN CALM AND GET TO SAFETY.

A torrent of partygoers flee the barn as black smoke emerges.

Diego Stands on a keg, directing the crowd.

DIEGO

PARTY'S OVER. GET TO YOUR CARS. DO NOT TRY TO BE A HERO!

Neil and DJ come running to Andrew and Jacob. Neil's terrified, DJ's almost dead from laughing so hard.

Neil catches his breath as he points to DJ

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

NEIL

He...He...He... Did it.

DJ falls to the ground laughing.

NEIL (CONT'D)

We were just messing around and he
dropped his cigarette and poof!

Flames lick up the walls of the barn as Scott and Chris,
both in swim trunks, run up to the boys.

SCOTT

Holy shit!

Amongst the panic --

CLEMENTINE (O.S.)

GET THE FUCK OFF OF ME.

Jacob and Andrew rush over to Clem.

MAX

Oh come on, then why the fuck else
would you invite me here? You dumb
slut.

Trev, weakly tries to wrestle Max but Max shakes him off.

JACOB

Hey.

MAX

Oh great, here he comes. Hey can
you go 24 fucking hours without
getting into a fight?

Max looks up as Jake storms toward him and before Max
knows it, Jake punches him in the face.

Max staggers backwards and Andrew tackles him from the
side.

The now roaring flames illuminate the scuffle. Andrew on
top of Max, pummeling his face.

ANDREW

Fuck you. You creep. Typing your
shitty puns while hiding behind
your stupid, outrageously priced
laptop. Judging each and every one
of us while you're too fucking
scared to look in the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Trev tries to pull Andrew off.

TREV

You're good, bro.

Jacob steps in to help Trev remove Andrew.

ANDREW

I don't give a shit, I'll kill
this motherfucker.

Max's rolled into a ball, covering his face, he's up as soon as Andrew's off of him.

He looks at all of them, takes in the chaos.

Diego runs past them carrying a hose. In the background, he tries to fight the flames.

MAX

This is crazy! This is nuts. The
twins, the fifteen year old, the
junkie, you're all fucking nuts!

Max looks to Jacob, he points at him as Jacob holds a crying Clementine.

MAX

I'm going to ruin you, you piece
of shit. I'm going to destroy you.

Trev dismisses him-

TREV

I don't know who the fuck you are
but you need to get the fuck out
of here, man.

Max leaves. Jacob looks to Clementine who stands there devastated. Between the tears--

CLEMENTINE

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have
brought him here. Everything I
fucking touch.

JACOB

It's okay, you're fine, you're
fine. I'm here, it's not a big
deal. I've got this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

CLEMENTINE

You can't even handle yourself,
how the hell can you handle me?

Clementine cries into him. Jacob doesn't know how to answer her.

JACOB

We've got each other then, yeah?

Clementine cries harder.

A crowd's formed watching the barn.

Scott and Chris stand there, smoking cigarettes.

SCOTT

DJ man, what did we tell you?

DJ

Uh, my bad? I'm sorry. Totally on me. (Beat) Makes for a pretty good story though, don't it?

CHRIS

You're just lucky we have insurance.

Scott whispers--

SCOTT

Do we really?

CHRIS

I don't even know how I'd find that out.

Addressing DJ--

SCOTT

Yeah, insurance should cover the whole thing. Don't you worry about it.

SCREAMS and APPLAUSE as thunder CLAPS and rain begins to POUND the earth.

Neil runs up behind the twins as if he's been searching for them all night.

NEIL

Hey is it true your mom's been on vacation for ten years?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

Scott and Chris look at him confused as we --

SMASH TO BLACK.