

HAIR BAND '88

Written by

Lance E. Wallick

Lancewallick@gmail.com  
805-804-7811

FADE IN:

EXT. HARBOUR - MORNING

The orange glow from a sun yet risen reflects off of the glassy calm water of Channel Islands Harbour. A lazy harbour SEAL sleeps on the end of a lone dock.

A flock of SEAGULLS fly over in "V" formation.

One portion of the harbour is filled with EXOTIC YACHTS and SAILBOATS of all sizes. The other side, COMMERCIAL FISHING VESSELS.

TWO FISHERMEN make their way up the gangplank to a shrimp boat. Tired, neither notice the pretty GIRL jogging along the sidewalk bordering the harbour.

A faceless MAN and his DOG board a SAILBOAT

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
I must admit, life's pretty good  
too me.

A CRAB scurries down the rocks to the water. A MAN'S HAND unties the rope from the dock.

EXT. HARBOUR EXIT - CONTINUOUS

An extremely large, expensive yacht exits the harbour and heads to open sea. Engine's ACCELERATE. The boat cuts through the ocean water with ease.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Oh, nothing like that. (Referring  
to the yacht).

Not far behind the mega yacht, a Catalina C 42 sailboat sets out. Nowhere near the horsepower of the bigger boat, the sailboat makes its way as the motor QUIETLY HUMS.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Fifty's just around the corner.  
Been doing a lot of reflecting  
lately.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Slowly headed away from land, the sailboat floats effortlessly.

EXT. BOAT HELM - CONTINUOUS

LANCE BECKER, late forties, captains the boat. Handsome with short cropped, salt and pepper hair, a chiseled jaw line, and crows feet that tell many a tale. His gaze shows contentedness with a smudge of disappointment. His eyes match the color of the sea. Deep windows indeed.

EXT. CALIFORNIA COAST LINE - CONTINUOUS

The majestic California Coast line illuminates as the sun peaks from the East. Lance's eyes mirror the sun's reflection.

LANCE (V.O.)

I guess you could say I've been lucky. I've had an adventurous life. I was always able to walk to the beat of my own drummer. Never had much interest in living a conventional life.

A playful POD OF DOLPHINS swim along side the boat. Tail wagging, the dog barks at the curious mammals.

LANCE (V.O.)

I've been alone the last few years. Well, besides my best buddy in the world here.

The cute fluffy little white dog adoringly watches his master.

LANCE (V.O.)

That's Tripod. I adopted him nearly twelve years ago. He's a little three legged guy, hence Tripod. Not sure if he was born that way or had an accident? Either way, its never seemed to bother him.

The boat sends a small ripple across the mirror like surface. A SEAGULL lands on the top of the mast.

LANCE (V.O.)

After my second failed marriage, I decided to take a little time off. Regroup... (Eyes squint as he scans the horizon... Reflect.

## INT. INSIDE BOAT CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Several old POLAROID PICTURES hang from a cabinet below deck. A GLAM ROCK BAND blowing kisses to the camera. A past GIRLFRIEND with 80's rocker hair. A group of CHILDHOOD FRIENDS that resemble a younger version of the glam band. And a picture of a much younger more vigor TRIPOD.

A LAPTOP lies on an otherwise empty desk. An ACOUSTIC GUITAR is propped up in one corner. A collection of 80's rock band cassettes are stacked next to a vintage stereo.

LANCE (V.O.)

Sure, there's some regrets.  
Actually, quite a few. If only I  
knew then, what I know now. Right?  
But... by far, the good has out  
weighed the bad.

## EXT. PACIFIC COAST LINE - CONTINUOUS

Directly overhead, a crystal blue sky. Off to the Northeast, over land, a handful of pillowy cumulous clouds shade the mountains.

LANCE (V.O.)

I now live in Ventura, California.  
I'm a writer.

## EXT. VENTURA, CALIFORNIA - CONTINUOUS

Main Street is hopping. Hipsters, hippies, artists, and homeless people fill the sidewalks.

At the beach, inside C Street as well as the Point are already filled the dawn patrol surfers.

The early morning sun beautifully graces the Santa Buenaventura Mission on Figueroa Street.

LANCE (V.O.)

A novelist. I've done some  
journalism as well. Currently, I'm  
working on a screenplay.

## EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Shadows from one hundred year old trees shade a historical, Victorian style home. TRIPOD is written across a ceramic dog WATER BOWL in a cozy backyard.

LANCE (V.O.)  
I've been fortunate enough to make  
a living off of my creative  
endeavours.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Natural light seeps in the many windows of the cozy old home. Wooden floors, full bookshelves, and a collection of VINTAGE TYPEWRITERS decorate the living room. A framed PLATINUM RECORD ALBUM hangs from one wall.

LANCE (V.O.)  
Never was one for the nine to five.

A large bedroom is converted into a recording studio. Soundproof egg carton foam covers the walls. A large collection of GUITARS and BASSES line one wall. A full DRUM SET lies in one corner. Several PICTURES and old FLYERS of GLAM ROCK BANDS cover every inch of space on the walls.

In another room, a DOG BED lies next to a king sized BED.

EXT. BOAT DECK - CONTINUOUS

Lance is manning the wheel, while simultaneously scratching Tripods head.

LANCE (V.O.)  
It's funny how we change through  
life.

The boat's passing PT. Mugu. Roughly two hundred yards off shore. Tripod looks up, tail wagging.

LANCE (V.O.)  
Simple things... Dogs.

EXT. OCEAN - SUNSET

A majestic sunset graces the horizon over the water.

LANCE (V.O.)  
Sunsets.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A THICK WHITE MUG filled with STEAMING COFFEE stands out against the dark teak wood desk that it sets on.

LANCE (V.O.)  
Mmmmmm, coffee.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

James Michener's novel HAWAII is the lone book on a night stand.

                          LANCE (V.O.)  
A good book.

INT. FINE DINING RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The HAND of a MAN and a WOMAN toast with two GLASSES of RED WINE.

                          LANCE (V.O.)  
A glass of wine.

EXT. BOAT HELM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

                          LANCE (V.O.)  
I suppose the sooner we realize  
that moderation is the key to a  
good, long life, the better off we  
are.

Scotch taped to the dash, an old POAROID of FOUR EARLY TWENTY'S GLAM ROCKERS shows everything but moderation. Excess on maximum drive.

                          LANCE (V.O.)  
But of course... I didn't always  
see things this way.

Lance puts on a pair of shades. A shit eating grin grows across his face.

80'S ROCK MUSIC STARTS TO CRANK!

SUPER: "PHOENIX, ARIZONA 1988"

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Heat vapors rise from the street surface. A LOWRIDER with TWO CHOLOS drives by. Gang GRAFFITI covers buildings.

LANCE (V.O.)  
The year was 1988. The place was  
Phoenix, Arizona. Make that "WEST"  
Phoenix, Arizona.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL CAMPUS - DAY

Up to no good, leaning up against a brick wall are FOUR TEENAGE GLAM ROCKER GUYS. Eyeliner, Aqua Net, and funky clothes.

LANCE (V.O.)  
There were four high school seniors  
that shared the same dream.

EXT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The same four teenagers are glued to the television as an episode of Headbangers Ball plays on MTV.

LANCE (V.O.)  
To make it.

On the TV, a ROCK STAR pulls up to a mansion in a Rolls Royce.

LANCE (V.O.)  
To make it big!

Another scene on the TV shows FOUR ROCK STARS receiving a music award at a LARGE CEREMONY. PRETTY GIRLS in the audience applaud.

LANCE (V.O.)  
Fame, riches beyond belief, the  
most beautiful women on the planet,  
and a rock-n-roll party that would  
never end. We were the Little  
Dreamers.

INT. FIRE PLACE MANTLE - DAY

A portrait of the same four Teenage Rockers. Close up on the Rocker holding a GUITAR. Pretty boy.

LANCE (V.O.)

There was CRAIG(17).  
He had movie star looks to go along  
with his James Dean like coolness.

He was our guitar player. The guy  
was a musical genius. He could  
write songs with deep hooks like no-  
one I've ever seen. The girls loved  
him, but he was a romantic and his  
heart belonged to one girl and one  
girl only. He was by far the most  
focused in the band. He buried  
himself in playing, writing, and  
studying music, day and night.  
Craig loved the idea of the fame  
and fortune, but the music itself  
was the most important to him.

In the same picture, focus on the guy holding DRUM STICKS.  
His smile looks as insane as it does fun. Handsome with long,  
thick, brown hair.

LANCE (V.O.)

GABE(17)... Ah Gabey.  
Gabe was strikingly good looking.  
His dad was Mexican American, and  
his mom was Sweedish blonde. He was  
shorter than the rest of us, but  
made up for it in character.

He was our drummer and probably the  
funniest person I have ever known.  
He lived for the minute... always.  
Gabe didn't care as much about the  
fame and money as much as he did  
the idea of a group of four best  
friends partying and playing music  
together for the rest of our lives.

In the same picture, focus on the guy holding the BASS. He  
looks more like a linebacker than a rocker.

LANCE (V.O.)

JESSE(17) was our bass player.  
Jesse was a man's man. He was tall,  
rugged and handsome. He came from a  
blue collar past and it showed.  
He was a giant teddy bear. Six-foot-  
four, soft spoken and reserved...  
Until he had a couple of drinks.  
Jesse was the work horse in the  
band.

(MORE)



LANCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

His strong work ethic showed in his music as well as his personal life. He's the kind of person that would do good at whatever he set his mind to.

LANCE (V.O.)

Then there was me. The singer. I had a decent set of pipes. And a damn ego bigger than king's.

Focus on the SINGER. A tall, skinny rocker guy dressed super funky.

LANCE (V.O.)

I lived, ate, and breathed the rock-n-roll lifestyle. I wanted every aspect of it no matter what the cost. From an early age on, Sex, Drugs, Rock-n-Roll, was my mantra. This is our story.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

ROCK POSTERS cover every inch of wall and ceiling.

LANCE (V.O.)

I've gotta say, the 80's glam rock scene was a blast.

INT. COLISEUM - NIGHT

A swarm of 80's dressed concert goers fill a large concert venue.

LANCE (V.O.)

Sure, looking back now, the big hair, the make-up,

A group of long haired guys wearing eyeliner surrounded by beautiful girls stand out in the crowd

LANCE (V.O.)

The clothes, it looks like we we're from another planet. But man was it fun. You had to be there to truly understand. It was all about having a good time.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

Standing in front of a 70's era house, a YOUNGER LANCE (9) sporting a Van Halen T-shirt plays air guitar.

LANCE (V.O.)

As a kid growing up in the 70's, we had a great era of musical influence. Led Zeppelin, Black Sabbath, The Who, the list goes on. My first concert, I was only eight years old. It was at Veterans Memorial Coliseum in Phoenix. I seen KISS, and my life changed forever. I knew right then and there that I didn't want to be a fireman, a doctor, or the quarterback for the Dallas Cowboys when I grew up. I wanted to be a rock star!

INT. LANCE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Blacked out windows. Walls and ceiling covered in rock posters. An ACOUSTIC GUITAR in one corner, an ELETRIC in another. A small desk with a TYPEWRITER and neatly STACKED PAPERS in another. An old school FISCHER home stereo plays LOW VOLUME ROCK MUSIC. Neatly stacked RECORD ALBUMS and CASSETTE tapes fill shelves.

Lying face down on a king sized water bed, there appears to be TWO GIRLS sleeping side by side. The shorter one has long brown wavy hair, and the taller one has long, straight, almost waist length dirty blonde hair.

PHONE RINGS. Both ignore it. RINGING CONTINUES. An ALARM CLOCK shows 2:34 PM.

The taller one, LANCE(18), stirs to life and reaches for the phone. The beautiful brunette, HELEN (17) turns face up, eyes still closed.

Still face down, in a low, groggy voice, Lance answers the phone.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - LANCE'S BEDROOM/ MALL PAY PHONE

LANCE

Yeah.

GABE(18) is calling from a busy shopping mall pay phone. Sporting sunglasses even though he's indoors. A cigarette dangles from his mouth.

GABE  
Dude, you still sleeping?

Lance reaches for a cigarette pack and lighter on the headboard.

LANCE  
Nah, nah, we're up man. What's up?

Gabe laughs, shakes his head.

GABE  
Yeah you were fucker. Is Helen there?

Lance pulls a cigarette from the pack, lights it.

LANCE  
Yeah, she's right here. I'll drop her off and come pick you up. Where you at?

Gabe lowers his shades, taking notice of TWO GIRLS walking by. Both with big hair, dressed in 80's rocker gear, flirtatiously smile.

GABE  
Westridge.

LANCE  
What the hell are you doing there?  
You stealing shit again?

Gabe laughs.

GABE  
Who else is going to supply our wardrobe?

Lance laughs.

LANCE  
Just don't get caught bitch. We've got practice every night this week.

GABE  
Come on, I never get caught.

LANCE  
 Except at Metro Center, Valley West  
 Mall, and that bike store you tried  
 to steal that bike from when we  
 were kids.

GABE  
 That bike would've been mine if  
 that fucking chain didn't come off!

Lance laughs.

LANCE  
 I know, that damn chain.

Lance turns over, looks over at Helen, caresses her naked  
 body.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
 I'll be there in about an hour.  
 (BEAT) Alright, later.

Lance hangs up. Helen sighs.

HELEN  
 Going to pick up your boyfriend?

Lance jerks his hand back.

LANCE  
 Come on, fuck! Don't be like that.

She smiles.

HELEN  
 I'm just kidding. You guys  
 practicing at the country house  
 tonight?

Lance takes a long drag off of his cigarette. Exhales.

LANCE  
 Yeah.

HELEN  
 There better not be a bunch of  
 girls out there.

Lance flashes a con artist's grin.

LANCE  
 Babe, you know we have an image to  
 uphold. It's all innocent.  
 (MORE)

LANCE (CONT'D)

Just business. Playing the roll.  
You're the only one for me.

Convinced, Helen smiles.

HELEN

I love you.

LANCE

I love you too baby.

They start kissing. She slowly climbs on top of him.

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Driving an older model, low profile Toyota pickup, ROCK MUSIC BLASTING, Lance searches for a parking space..

He spots GABE(18) sitting on a bench talking to THREE CUTE GIRLS(18). All smiles, he parks and waits patiently.

Gabe spots Lance, that great mischievous smile he's known for appears.

INT. TRUCK CAB - DAY

Gabe tosses TWO FULL SHOPPING BAGS inside, hops in, both smile, bro shake.

LANCE

Dude! How much shit did you get?  
How'd you get the Miller's Outpost bags?

GABE

Remember that chick from pre algebra? Aubrey? The one from England?

LANCE

Yeah, yeah, the red headed chick, right? You tore it up didn't you?

GABE

No, I just let her suck my dick.

LANCE

Oh, that was nice of you, to LET her suck your dick.

Both crack up.

GABE

Shut up, you know what I mean.

LANCE

Yeah, what about her?

GABE

Dude, she fucking hooked us up!  
She works at Miller's. The other  
two chicks that work there were at  
lunch. She hands me two fucking  
bags, says, "grab what you want!"

Lance's eyes pop out.

LANCE

Maybe you should let her suck your  
dick more often.

Laughter erupts.

EXT. LANCE'S TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Leaving a trail of dust, the truck speeds down a country  
road, surrounded by agriculture fields for as far as one can  
see. MUSIC BLASTS.

INT. LANCE'S TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Gabe turns the volume down.

GABE

Hey, those three chicks I was  
talking to are coming by around  
nine tonight. Said they'd bring  
some friends.

LANCE

Fuck... Helen's going to be pissed.

Gabe shrugs, then smiles.

GABE

Why? They're my chicks.

LANCE

I know, but you know I mean.

Straight faced, Gabe looks out the window for beat. Then  
looks back at Lance.

GABE

What are you going to do when we move to LA? Do you ever think about it? I mean REALLY think about it?

LANCE

I don't know man. I really do, I really love her. But nothing's going to stop me from pursuing my dream.

GABE

I know you do. I love her too. But we've been dreaming about this shit since we were kids. Dude, there's going to be hundreds, maybe thousands of hot chicks if we make it.

Lance looks at Gabe and grins.

LANCE

Not if... When!

Gabe smiles back. Lance turns the stereo back up, max volume.

Lance looks out the window. His smile fades.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

A large, cozy two-story house sets nestled amongst several old oak trees.

LANCE (V.O.)

The old country house was just that... An old country house.

An old WOODEN SWING hangs on the front porch. A TIRE SWING hangs massive Elm tree. A RUSTY TRACTOR sets alone in a field of overgrown grass.

LANCE (V.O.)

It was located about fifteen miles west of Phoenix.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Between agriculture field lies a lonely dirt road, not a soul in site.

Muddy water flows through an irrigation ditch. A GOFER SNAKE slithers amongst dirt clods, down a vacant crop isle.

LANCE (V.O.)

Back in the 80's, pretty much everything west of Phoenix was agriculture, dairy farms, orchards, and cotton fields until you reached the desert.

MONTAGE

- onion fields
- cotton fields
- a dairy farm
- the endless desert

END MONTAGE

EXT. STORE FRONTS - DAY

Small town stores from the past line quiet sidewalks. An independent HARDWARE STORE, A BAKERY, and a LAUNDRY MAT.

LANCE (V.O.)

There were small towns sparsely scattered. Tolleson, Cashion, Avondale, Litchfield, and Sun City. It certainly wasn't the big city.

EXT. CITY OF PHOENIX - DAY

PHOENIX SKYLINE. Blistering SUN.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

A lone shingle blows off of the weathered roof.

LANCE (V.O.)

The house belonged to one of Craig's cousins. He inherited the farm after his mother passed away back in the late 70's. After her passing, he was sent to live with his dad in Scottsdale. Less than one hundred miles away, yet worlds apart.



EXT. DOWNTOWN SCOTTSDALE - DAY

Expensive shops line the street. Wealthy, trophy WIVES dine at an outdoor cafe. A MALE YUPPIE on a cell phone passes by in a Hummer.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 He took a liking to the city life.  
 The only time he ever really came  
 back was to store stuff in the  
 barn.

EXT. BIG RED BARN - MORNING

An old, creaky barn posts up in an empty field.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 He would let the occasional family  
 member or friend stay in the house  
 for free as long as they kept the  
 place up.

A MAN mows the yard.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 At one point, Craig's older brother  
 lived there. He was in a band too.  
 They used to throw the craziest  
 parties we had ever seen as kids.

Country fields as far as one can see.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Enthused, CRAIG'S COUSIN watches the band rock out.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 His cousin was a big fan of rock  
 music, and he liked the fact that  
 we used to practice there... As  
 long as we didn't forget him after  
 we became huge rock Gods.

Smiling, he bobs his head to the beat.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

An EARLY TEEN version of the FOUR BAND MEMBERS play music.  
 The SONG sounds terrible. Off timing, slightly out of tune.

LANCE (V.O.)  
We loved that old house. It was  
where we first jammed together.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Every couch occupied. The guys make out with their TEENAGE  
GIRLFRIENDS.

LANCE (V.O.)  
It was used for more than just band  
practice though.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

- Several different GIRLS walking in and out of the front  
door.

- The yard full of cars. A huge party in the house.

- All the guys passed out. Lance is in a chair with his head  
hanging down in front of his chest. Jesse is passed out face  
down and naked on a couch. Craig is passed out in the bath  
tub with vomit everywhere. Gabe is passed out on the front  
porch surrounded by beer bottles.

END MONTAGE

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A YOUNG CRAIG (7) awkwardly strums an over sized acoustic  
guitar as his BIG BROTHER (13) points out where to place his  
fingers.

LANCE (V.O.)  
It's where Craig's brother taught  
him his first guitar chord.

Craig nails it. Both smile.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

CANDLES illuminate the room. Craig(15) looks deep into  
MICHELLE'S(15) eyes. He gently caresses her face.

LANCE (V.O.)

He lost his virginity there, with the one and only love of his life, Michelle. They spent a lot of time there.

SERIES OF SCENES - CRAIG AND MICHELLE

- Having sex in a bed.
- Having sex on a couch.
- Having sex on the kitchen counter.

LANCE (V.O.)

I mean they spent A LOT of time there!

- Having sex on the porch swing.
- Having sex up against the barn.
- Having sex on the old broke down tractor.

END SCENE

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - MORNING

The sun peaks over the front porch. Nearly one-hundred BEER CANS and Bottles are strewn about.

LANCE (V.O.)

It's the first place Jesse ever had a beer.

SERIES OF SCENES - JESSE DRINKING

- Jesse chugs an entire beer then crushes the can.
- Jesse throwing up.
- Jesse chugs another beer as PEOPLE cheer him on.
- Jesse is passed out drunk on the porch, wearing only butt hugger underwear.

LANCE (V.O.)

It's the first place Jesse ever got into a fight from drinking too much beer.

- Jesse punches a GUY.
- Jesse fights a different GUY.
- Lance, Gabe, and Craig try to hold Jesse back from trying to fight yet another GUY.

END SCENE

EXT. DIRT ROAD TO COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

A RED MUSCLE CAR leaves a huge plume of dust as it erratically speeds along. Swerving all over the place, eventually loses control, goes off the road and rolls into a dirt field.

The guys race to the overturned car. Terrified of what they might find.

COUGHING, Jesse climbs out of the passenger side window. Covered in dust.

Confusion on the guy's faces.

Jesse slowly picks himself up, looks around in a daze, leans back down and reaches into the car window and grabs a can of beer. Pops it open and takes a big swig. Then he looks at the guys. Smiles. LAUGHTER.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

FIFTY PEOPLE crammed into the room. Clearly intoxicated, Jesse walks over and takes a microphone off of its stand. He can hardly stand up.

LANCE (V.O.)

It's the first place Jesse ever made a public speech to show his love and admiration for all of us.

JESSE

(Slurring) I just want to tell everyone here. EVERYONE! That I love these guys. Honest to God.. I fucking love these guys.

Emotional, he begins to cry.

JESSE (CONT'D)

I mean it. I really love you guys. Come here. Lets all hold each other.

A guy in the party laughs. Jesse suddenly turns red and lunges for the him.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
 You mother fucker! Don't you laugh  
 at my love!

Lance, Gabe, and Craig struggle to hold Jesse back.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

Empty eyed, Gabe sits alone on the porch.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 Gabe lived here half of the time.  
 He came from a broken home.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The screen of a BLACK AND WHITE TV illuminates the room of a shabby apartment. YELLING. A young GABE (7) is no match for his mom's BOYFRIEND (25). Determined, gabe does his best to defend his MOM (25) from the punches being thrown at her.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bundled up and cozy, Gabe sleeps peacefully on the old couch.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 He found some of the only peace  
 that he ever knew in that old  
 house.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

Gabe gazes through the front window. Smiles.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 He also liked the fact that he  
 could bring girls there any time he  
 wanted.

SERIES OF SCENES - GABE BRINGING IN AND ESCORTING OUT SEVERAL GIRLS.

- Gabe opens the front door for a pretty BRUNETTE.
- Gabe opens the front door for a pretty BLONDE.
- Gabe opens the front door for a pretty RED HEAD.

- Gabe opens the front door for a pretty ASIAN GIRL.
- Gabe opens the front door for a pretty BLACK GIRL.

LANCE (V.O.)  
Of course not everything went  
smooth for Gabe at the old country  
house.

SERIES OF SCENES - GIRLS STORMING OUT THE FRONT DOOR.

- A BRUNETTE slamming the front door.
- A BLONDE slamming the front door.
- A RED HEAD slamming the front door.
- An ASIAN GIRL slamming the front door.
- A BLACK GIRL slamming the front door.

END SCENE

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE PORCH - EVENING

With a pen and notepad in hand, Lance sits in an old rocking chair, watching an evening monsoon roll in. THUNDER and LIGHTENING off in the distance. He inhales the scent of Creosote deeply. Smiles.

LANCE (V.O.)  
I have as many great memories as  
anyone else did there.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Little Dreamers are jamming. They're all laughing and carrying on. GROUPIES watch.

Michelle smiles at Craig. He smiles back.

Lance sings directly to an adoring Helen.

Jesse flicks his tongue at an interested groupie.

Gabe's all smiles from the drummer's stool, as he watches his best friends rock out.

LANCE (V.O.)  
It was the best of times. Four best  
friends doing what we loved. Sex,  
drugs, rock-n-roll.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A small mirror with lines of cocaine lay on the bathroom sink.

LANCE (V.O.)  
At first, the drugs were just a weekend thing. Totally under control.

Gabe and Lance enter the bathroom. Gabe does a line, then passes the straw to Lance. Jesse barges in.

LANCE (V.O.)  
It was primarily Gabe and I that liked drugs. Craig wouldn't touch them. Ever. On occasion, Jesse would indulge, but alcohol was his drug of choice.

Jesse does a line, then yells and punches a hole in the drywall. Gabe and Lance laugh and shake their heads.

LANCE (V.O.)  
We had no idea on what we were getting into.

Gabe smiles.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

A FULL stadium CHEERS. The football score sign reads: "CONGRATULATIONS CLASS OF 1988."

LANCE (V.O.)  
Graduation night would be our last night before moving to LA.

Lance walks across the stage and receives his diploma.

LANCE (V.O.)  
Craig and I were the only two that graduated. Jesse went to work full time as soon as he got his drivers license.

Jesse sits next to LANCE'S PARENTS. Teary eyed, Jesse nods in approval as Lance holds up his diploma.

LANCE (V.O.)  
Gabe never had much interest in school.

(MORE)

LANCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He knew we were destined to be rock stars. Figured high school was a waste of time.

Hiding in the shadows of the bleachers, Gabe stands alone. Straight faced. Sad.

LANCE (V.O.)

Helen was a year younger than me. She wouldn't graduate until after I was gone.

Helen sits next to Lance's parents. Teary eyed, she applauds.

LANCE (V.O.)

It was an emotional time. It was every bit as scary as it was exciting.

Craig and Lance pose for a picture in their cap and gowns.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

A huge graduation party is in full effect.

LANCE (V.O.)

I guess you could say, in a way, it was the end of innocence. Well, I mean considering how much innocence we had left.

The guys pose for a picture.

LANCE (V.O.)

All of our lives were about to change... dramatically.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

Late. Now quiet. Just the band, their girls, and a few hangers on were left. Empty beer bottles everywhere.

INT. BEDROOM - SUNRISE

Rays of sunlight penetrate through the blinds. The bed, nightstand, lamp, and a student desk with a lone typewriter are the only furniture in the room. Helen sits at the edge of the small twin bed. Lance stirs awake.



LANCE  
 What are you doing babe? Why you  
 dressed? Come back to bed.

Silent, she looks away. Lance sits up.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
 Babe? What is it? What's wrong.

Helen turns to him. Tears streaming down her face. He  
 embraces her.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
 Babe. It's OK. What's going on?

He backs away, wipes the tears from her cheeks. His eyes well  
 up.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE PORCH - SUNRISE

Lance walks Helen to her car. They hug tight. He doesn't want  
 to let go. Both are crying. She looks him in the face.

HELEN  
 I'll always love you.

She gets into her car, starts the engine, and rolls down the  
 window.

LANCE  
 I'll be back for you one day. I  
 promise.

She forces a smile, then drives off.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE LIVING ROOM - SAME

Gabe and Jesse watch the goodbyes through the front window.  
 Both saddened. A tear runs down Gabe's cheek.

JESSE  
 Damn. Things just got real.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE FRONT YARD - SAME

With tears streaming, Lance watches the love of his life  
 drive away.

LANCE  
 I love you baby. I will be back for  
 you. I promise...

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE KITCHEN - MORNING

PSSSHHHTTTT! Jesse greets the morning popping a beer open. Gabe dines on Top Ramen. The mood is somber. A DOOR SHUTS down the hall. Michelle and Craig pass by the kitchen doorway. Both silent. Gabe looks at Jesse. Jesse raises his eyebrows. Gabe sighs.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE KITCHEN - LATER

Red eyed from shedding tears, Craig enters the kitchen. Gabe and Jesse feel the pain.

JESSE

You OK?

Craig bites his lip and nods yeah.

CRAIG

How's Lance?

JESSE

Not sure. He went right into the room after she left.

Gabe exhales loudly.

GABE

Damn, this is harder than I thought.

Jesse looks down and nods.

GABE (CONT'D)

This sucks man. I didn't want our dream to start like this.

JESSE

I hope he's going to be alright. He's fucking heartbroken.

Jesse downs his beer.

GABE

Three years. It ain't gonna be easy.

Lance enters the kitchen. All eyes on him.

LANCE

Three of the best years of my life.

Craig agrees.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
 You good? (To Craig with a head up  
 nod)

Craig forces a yes nod.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
 You guys good?

Gabe smiles. Jesse looks Lance straight in the eye.

JESSE  
 You ever heard of the Little  
 Dreamers?

Lance looks at all the guys. A grin grows.

LANCE  
 Yeah... They're the greatest.

EVERYONE  
 The greatest rock-n-roll band in  
 the land!

A ROUND OF CHEERS! Group hug. Jesse picks Lance up and swings  
 him around.

LANCE  
 We got a rock-n-roll dream to chase  
 boys.

EXT. SURFACE STREET - DAY

FREEWAY SIGN that reads: "I - 10 WEST LOS ANGELES." Lance's  
 truck leads the convoy with the large U- HAUL TRUCK close  
 behind.

INT. LANCE'S TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The freeway entrance light turns green. Lance looks over to  
 Gabe. Both smile. The U- Haul HONKS from behind. Lance sticks  
 his head out of the window and looks back. Jesse is hanging  
 out of the driver's side window, yelling.

JESSE  
 HIDE YOUR WIVES, DAUGHTERS, AND  
 SHEEP, THE LITTLE DREAMERS ARE  
 COMING MOTHER FUCKERS!

GABE  
 YEEEEEEEE HAAAAAAWWWWW!

LANCE  
 WEEEEEEEEWWWWWWWWW!

Lance peels out and turns down the on ramp. Jesse nearly rolls the U-HAUL rounding the corner going way too fast.

EXT. I - 10 FREEWAY WEST - DAY

MUSIC BLASTING. Lance's truck speeds along through the desert, Jesse's in hot pursuit.

EXT. I - 10 FREEWAY WEST - CALIFORNIA BORDER - AFTERNOON

The "WELCOME TO CALIFORNIA" sign greets the boys as the convoy passes over the Colorado River.

INT. LANCE'S TRUCK - MOVING - SAME

Lance and Gabe enthusiastically shake hands.

LANCE  
 Dude, we're doing it!

GABE  
 Dude, this is fucking awesome! I fucking love you man!

LANCE  
 WWWHHHHHHHEEEEEEEWWWWWWW!

GABE  
 Have you ever heard of the Little Dreamers?

LANCE  
 Yeah, they're the greatest!

BOTH  
 THE GREATEST ROCK-N-ROLL BAND IN  
 THE LAND!

Jesse HONKS from behind. He raises a fist out of the driver's side window. Craig raises one from the passenger's side.  
 MUSIC BLASTS!

INT. LANCE'S TRUCK - MOVING - EVENING

LA TRAFFIC begins. The convoy has come to a halt in a sea of cars. Silence. Lance yawns. Gabe grins.

LANCE  
 What? No, you're not driving.  
 Forget about it.

GABE  
 Dude, I don't want to drive.

Gabe's grin re-appears.

LANCE  
 Then what?

GABE  
 Want a bumpy?

Lance does a double take. Smiles.

LANCE  
 What? You brought some shit?

Silence, just smiles.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
 Break out bitch! I could've used  
 one three hours back.

Gabe quickly cuts a line on a cassette case. Does a bump, then hands the straw over, and holds the case up under Lance's nose. Lance horks it up.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
 YEOW! It's fucking speed! God damn  
 that shit burns! You could've  
 warned me, man. Why'd you get Krys?

GABE  
 I figured we'd unload in record  
 time.

Both laugh hysterically.

EXT. VENICE BEACH, CA - NIGHT

The convoy winds down a narrow street in a seedy portion of Venice. GRAFFITI, a LOWRIDER, and LOUD PUNK MUSIC welcome them.

EXT. VENICE HOUSE - NIGHT

The convoy stops in front of their new living quarters. Slightly run down, but has great potential. A larch front porch sets just off the sidewalk.

INT. LANCE'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Lance and Gabe both scan the new pad.

LANCE  
I guess this is it?

GABE  
I've rest my head worse places.

INT. VENICE HOUSE - NIGHT

The guys enter. Jesse carrying his bass case, Craig his guitar case, Lance his typewriter, Gabe a beer.

White walls with cracks in the drywall. Well worn wooden floors. Jesse's nose twitches from the musty coastal smell of the old house.

LANCE  
Welcome home, boys.

JESSE  
Eh, it ain't bad.

A LARGE ROACH scurries across the floor. All eyes on Jesse.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
It ain't THAT bad.

They make their way through the house.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A small bedroom with a window that nearly touches the brick wall on the side of the house.

LANCE  
Look at this. A room with a view.

JESSE  
Don't bitch, it's all we could afford.

INT. BEDROOM 2 - CONTINUOUS

A slightly larger room with a door that leads to the tiny backyard.

GABE  
Dibs!

JESSE

Fuck you! I put up most of the money.

GABE

Ah man, really?

LANCE

We're going to have to share rooms anyway. Look, there's two tall guys, a medium guy, and a short guy.

JESSE

A dwarf.

GABE

Fuck you gargantuan!

Jesse and Gabe playfully slap box.

LANCE

The way I see it, one big guy and one little guy per room. That means I'm not bunking with Jesse. So chose.

GABE

I'm not sleeping in the same room as this fucking fart machine.

Jesse points at Gabe, lifts his leg, and farts.

LANCE

Come on man! Tight quarters.

GABE

You, me, this room. (To Lance)

Eyes on Craig. He shrugs.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Old tile. Mold. Stained toilet. All look at each other in dismay.

LANCE

Well, this should be fun.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jesse cracks a beer. Craig follows.

LANCE

So... unload the U-Haul?

Pause... Gestures would suggest no.

GABE

Dude, we're in L.A.

Jesse chugs his beer in one gulp. BURPS.

JESSE

I'm with Gabey.

Eyes on Craig. He nods. Smiles.

LANCE

Fuck it boys, lets see the town!

MUSIC BLASTS

EXT. LANCE'S TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

The SUNSET BLVD. STREET SIGN pops into view. The boys are speeding down West Sunset. Lance, Gabe, and Craig are crammed in the front. Jesse's in back.

LANCE

Welcome to LA!

GABE

Fuck yeah dudes! We're here! This is really fucking happening!

Lance focuses on the rearview mirror.

LANCE

Shit! Tell him to sit down! He's going to get us pulled over before we even get there.

EXT. LANCE'S TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Now, clearly intoxicated, Jesse is standing in the bed of the truck yelling. Both arms raised, two fisted, nearly losing balance. The celebration has begun!

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

SUPER: "SUNSET STRIP"



Lance's truck slowly cruises through the sea of ROCKERS that flood the sidewalks. WE SEE The RAINBOW, The WHISKEY, GAZARI'S, and The ROXY. Full sidewalks of Aqua Net hair, spandex, and eyeliner, on both the male and female occupants.

INT. LANCE'S TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

GABE

Dude, pussy everywhere! Holy fuck!

LANCE

Welcome to the promise land.  
Myyyyyyyyy oooohhhhhh my.

Straight faced, Craig ignores the scenery. Sighs. Missing Michelle is written all over his face.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - STOP LIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The truck stops for a red light. A group of gorgeous GIRLS take notice of the boys. A seductive BLONDE GIRL leans down to peek into the truck, ass nearly exposed in her extremely short skirt.

GIRL 1

You boys in a band?

GABE

Yes ma'am, we certainly are.

A spandex clad BRUNETTE GIRL lowers her night time sunglasses.

GIRL 2

What do you call yourselves?

LANCE

We're the Little dreamers.

GABE

The greatest band in the land.

A sexy short haired, PUNK GIRL chimes in.

GIRL 3

Haven't heard of you?

The other girls burst into flirtatious laughter. The stop light turns green.

GABE

You will!

The truck peels out. Jesse stands and unzips his pants, revealing himself to the girls as the truck pulls away.

ALL GIRLS  
WHEEEEEWWWWW!

Jesse begins to urinate over the side of the truck.

GIRL 1  
Grrroooooossss! Oh my God!

GIRL 2  
PIG!

GIRL 3  
NICE COCK!

The cab erupts in laughter! MUSIC BLASTS.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

The boys are making their way down a fairly crowded sidewalk. BIG HAIR everywhere. MUSIC from the clubs fill the air. Lance pulls Jesse and Gabe as they stop to talk with every girl. Not really excited with the circus, Craig tags along.

LANCE  
She said she'd meet us at the  
Whiskey. She's got our new I.D.  
cards.

CRAIG  
How are we going to ever find her?  
It's a damn zoo here.

Just then, their FRIEND appears. She's being physically escorted out of the Whiskey-a-Go-Go. NADINE (21) Gothic, intoxicated, and feisty, comes out swinging.

NADINE  
FUCK YOU PUSSY! I'LL KICK YOUR  
GIRLY BOY ASS!

Following her is a scrawny MALE ROCKER. She's dragging him by the hair. TWO BOUNCERS are trying to pull them pair apart. Finally they break. The guy runs back into the club in fear.

GUY  
Crazy bitch!

NADINE  
Come on you pussy!

BOUNCER

Let it go Nadine. One more time and the manager says we gotta eighty-six you.

NADINE

Yeah, I'll kick his ass too. Bunch of pussies.

Nadine straightens her clothes and shakes her hair out. She spots her boys as she starts down the sidewalk.

LANCE

What's up!

GABE

Just like home.

Smiles grow. She runs for the boys and dives into their welcoming arms. The whole band embraces her.

LANCE (V.O.)

Nadine was what we called a house mom. She loved the boys in the bands.

INT. NADINE'S ARIZONA HOUSE - PAST - NIGHT

A GLAM BAND JAMS to a FULL HOUSE PARTY.

EXT. NADINE'S ARIZONA HOUSE - PAST - SUNRISE

The blistering Arizona sun peeks over CAMELBACK MOUNTAIN. A drunk parking job leaves a car inches from a SAGUARO CACTUS in the front yard. CARS fill the driveway.

INT. NADINE'S ARIZONA HOUSE - PAST - SUNRISE

Small traces of light pierce the blanket covered windows. A FULL ASH TRAY shares real estate with THREE LIQUOR BOTTLES on a NIGHT STAND. Nadine's passed out under the covers in her bed. TWO NUDE ROCKER GUYS are crashed as well.

LANCE (V.O.)

She wasn't necessarily a groupie. She just loved everything about rock-n-roll.

INT. NADINE'S ARIZONA HOUSE - PAST - NIGHT

BAND MEMBERS passed out on the couch, floor, and kitchen table. A variety of LIQUOR BOTTLES everywhere.

LANCE (V.O.)  
She was always willing to help out  
a fellow starving artist.

INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - PAST - NIGHT

A Group of LOUD, obnoxious, intoxicated, ROCKER GUYS wreak havoc on a lone WAITRESS (20's). One GUY's face down, passed out in his waffles. Another chugs from a vodka bottle that he snuck in. Nadine laughs at the chaos.

LANCE (V.O.)  
Although some may have taken  
advantage of advantage of her.

LATER - Nadine picks up the tab for the whole group. Like a protective mother, she watches her litter stagger out the door. Smiles.

INT. NADINE'S ARIZONA HOUSE - PAST - NIGHT

Nadine enters her living room and flips on the light switch.

ALL  
SURPRISE!

A LARGE CROWD of rocker guys and gals fill the house. BIRTHDAY PRESENTS in hand. Nadine's surprised. Her excitement soon turns to tears. A HOMEMADE SIGN HANGS that reads: "HAPPY BIRTHDAY and BON VOYAGE!" A BIRTHDAY CAKE WITH LIT CANDLES is presented to her.

LANCE (V.O.)  
All adored her.

EXT. NADINE'S ARIZONA HOUSE - PAST - MORNING

Several ROCKERS hug Nadine goodbye. She hops into a completely stuffed HONDA CIVIC. Tears of happiness with equal sadness flow from everyone.

LANCE (V.O.)  
She made her pilgrimage a couple  
years before we left. She said she  
wanted everything dialed in for her  
boys when they arrived.

INT. BANK - PAST - DAY

Tugging on her black sleeve, Nadine tries to cover a tattoo on her wrist as she assists customers. However, her dark lipstick and thick eyeliner don't leave much to the imagination. An older female customer stares in amazement.

LANCE (V.O.)  
She was an angel.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - PAST - NIGHT

Drunk and disorderly, Nadine heaves an empty Jack Daniels bottle at past lover. A SCRAWNY ROCKER GUY.

NADINE  
You fucking pencil dick little  
pussy! I'll kick your fucking ass!

LANCE (V.O.)  
Maybe more like a Hell's Angel? And  
believe me, she did kick a lot of  
guy's asses.

INT. NADINE'S HOLLYWOOD HOUSE - FUTURE - NIGHT

Nadine holds Gabe's hair back as he hugs the toilet and vomits. She hugs him and wipes his forehead with a cool washcloth.

EXT. LA COUNTY JAIL - FUTURE - DAY

Like a scolded child, a hungover Jesse sulks his way down the steps of the court house to a stern faced Nadine. After a brief pause, she hugs him.

EXT. VENICE HOUSE FRONT PORCH - FUTURE - NIGHT

Nadine hugs and assures a lonesome Craig that everything's going to be okay as the two look at a picture of Michelle.

INT. VENICE HOUSE - FUTURE - NIGHT

Reading over some new lyrics, Nadine gives Lance a big smile and a thumbs up. He's proud.

LANCE (V.O.)  
I don't know what we would of ever  
done without her.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - CURRENT - NIGHT

SLOW MOTION. Nadine and the Little Dreamers drunkenly stumble off down the sidewalk of Sunset Blvd.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. VENICE HOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

Morning rays filter through the tattered mini-blinds. A BRA hangs from a lamp. An EMPTY WHISKEY BOTTLE lays in the PAPER TABLE of a TYPEWRITER.

A skimpy dressed, attractive BRUNETTE GIRL(20's) accidentally kicks an empty BEER CAN as she tries to quietly exit Lance's bedroom.

Blood shot eyes, he stirs awake. COUGHS.

LANCE

Ohhhhhh man.... Welcome to  
Hollywood, huh?

INT. VENICE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

One closed eye, hair everywhere, Lance makes his way down the hallway. Serious and focused as usual, Craig sits on the couch while practicing scales on an acoustic guitar.

LANCE

Where's Gabe?

Raising his eyebrows, Craig gestures to the back porch.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Jesse?

A grin grows across Craig's face.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Oh shit. What?

CRAIG

Go look in the back of your truck.

EXT. VENICE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lance squints through his sunglasses at the bright early morning sun. He spots the late night parking job, his truck, half on the sidewalk, half in the yard.

THREE LITTLE HISPANIC KIDS laugh and point into the bed of the truck. A LARGE MALE BAREFOOT hangs over one side.

LANCE

How'd we get home last night??

He smiles at the little kids. One points to the occupants in the back of the truck, eager for Lance to see.

EXT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

SNORING. Laying in the bed of the truck, completely nude, Jesse and a slightly over weight GROUPIE. BEER and LIQUOR BOTTLES strewn about. Jesse's limp penis is still sporting a condom.

LITTLE KID

Is that your friend?

LANCE

Nope... I've never seen him in my life.

The kids run off laughing. Just as Lance reaches in to shake Jesse's leg to wake him. Craig interrupts from the porch.

CRAIG

Nah, nah, nah, nah! Lets let him sleep it off. (Winks)

Lance fights to hold back laughter.

LANCE

Oh, now that's mean. But I love it.

Lance tip toes away from the passed out couple.

INT. VENICE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lance heads down the hallway to his bedroom.

LANCE (O.S.)

Yeah, I'm checking on him.

EXT. VENICE HOUSE - REAR PORCH - CONTINUOUS

TWO FULL NOTEBOOKS, a SMALL SQUARE MIRROR WITH A RAZOR BLADE and STRAW, and FIVE CRUSHED BEER CANS set next to Gabe as he frantically sketches on a note pad. He's spun.

LANCE  
Hey man, you alright?

Twitchy and slightly paranoid, Gabe looks back. He speaks a hundred miles an hour.

GABE  
Yeah, yeah, I'm cool man. Just jotting down some ideas for the band.

LANCE  
You sleep at all?

Face gaunt with dark circles under his eyes, Gabe looks up. Smiles.

GABE  
Sleep's for pussies.

LANCE (V.O.)  
I guess I should've seen the signs.

EXT. REHEARSAL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

MUSIC BLASTS from the run down Long Beach warehouse district. DRIZZLING, WET ASPHALT. A cloud canopy hovers above the LA skyline.

Other bands rehearse in separate spaces.

LANCE (V.O.)  
We got lucky as far as a rehearsal space goes. Nadine was friends with this rich old guy, Stan.

OLDER MAN (50-60'S), kind of creepy, in business attire, gaudy gold watch, watches the band practice.

LANCE (V.O.)  
We agreed to get him into all our shows in exchange for use of the warehouse space. The guys would tease me, saying he wanted to jump my bones. But he let a lot of the LA bands practice for free for the same favor. I just took him for a guy that was trying to hold on to his youth... Forever.



## INT. REHEARSAL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Not much bigger than a furniture storage space, a home made stage, supported by two-by-fours fills nearly a quarter of the room. The amps and drum set take up the majority of the stage.

The tight quarters don't phase the Little Dreamers. The rock the stage like it's a sold out Madison Square Garden concert.

Stan and Nadine are the only audience. Stan can't take his eyes off of Lance.

LANCE (V.O.)

Not saying that he wouldn't of liked to get to know me better, if you know what I mean? But Stan was a cool guy and he really helped us out. Hell, he's the one that got us our fake I.D.s.

## INT. REHEARSAL WAREHOUSE - LATER

The boys have finished for the night. Stan plops down two cases of beer on the small stage.

STAN

Drink up!

The boys devour the free booze.

LANCE (V.O.)

We spent a lot of time in that little warehouse. We practiced at least four hours a night, five days a week.

## EXT. VENICE HOUSE FRONT PORCH - DAY

Sitting on a ratty old couch, guitar in hand, Craig follows along as Lance shows him the new material that he's written in a notebook. Both like the sound of it.

LANCE (V.O.)

When we weren't practicing at the warehouse, we were always writing new material.

INT. VENICE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Using the couch as a drum set, Gabe taps out a beat as Jesse makes up a new groove on his acoustic bass. EUREKA! They dig their new tune.

INT. VENICE HOUSE - NIGHT

Cramped in the tight bathroom, fighting over the mirror, Lance applies eyeliner, Gabe dowses his hair with Aqua Net, while Jesse stuffs a long sock down his spandex. Craig watches the masquerade from the hall.

LANCE (V.O.)

When we weren't practicing or writing new material... we were marketing.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

Passing out fliers, the boys make their way through a sea of people that line the strip.

MONTAGE

- A LITTLE DREAMER'S FLYER stapled to a telephone pole.
- A LITTLE DREAMER'S FLYER taped to a nightclub window.
- A LITTLE DREAMER'S FLYER covered in footprints, in a heap of other BAND FLYERS discarded on the Sunset Blvd. Sidewalk.

EXT. WHISKEY A-GO-GO - NIGHT

Coaxing a group of HOT GROUPIES, Gabe lures them to follow him. The girls agree.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Beer in one hand, stack of fliers in the other, Jesse places the fliers under every car's wiper blade on the street.

INT. VENICE HOUSE - NIGHT

Half naked GIRLS everywhere, BOOZE flow like a river, MUSIC BLASTING. The boys are the center of attention. Complete debauchery.

LANCE (V.O.)

And when we weren't practicing,  
writing new material, or  
marketing... we were reaping the  
rewards of our hard work. (Laughs)  
We partied harder than ever. It was  
what rock-n-roll was all about. We  
lived it and we loved it.

EXT. BOAT - CURRENT - DAY

The sail raises and catches a light breeze.

The name "LITTLE DREAMER" appears on the rear of the boat. It  
picks up speed.

EXT. BOAT HELM - CURRENT - CONTINUOUS

Lance holds an old Polaroid picture of his band in one hand.  
He cheerfully studies it. Tripod snoozes at his feet.

LANCE (V.O.)

Ah, the early days... Of course  
things weren't always fun and  
games.

INT. REHEARSAL WAREHOUSE - PAST - NIGHT

Little Dreamers are jamming. Several GIRLS are watching and  
swooning over the boys. Stan and Nadine listening in  
pleasure. The music stops. The guys look to each other for  
approval.

CRAIG

Nope, do it again. You're still  
missing my que on the chorus.

LANCE

Fuck! Dude, come on! That's like  
twenty fucking times.

Stubborn and starting to become frustrated, Craig shakes his  
head.

JESSE

He's right, it's off.

LANCE

Dude, come on. It's taco Tuesday,  
lets go eat.

GABE

And drink!

LANCE

It's already nine-thirty.

JESSE

It's a fucking weekday! We're working! You need to take this shit more serious. We ain't made it yet.

Lance places his mic back on the stand. Starts to walk off. TWO welcoming GIRLS await.

LANCE

Dude, fuck that. It sounds fine.

Jesse turns red. Craig shakes his head in disgust. Gabe lies his drum sticks on the snare. Jesse turns to him.

JESSE

Where the fuck do you think you're going? We're the rhythm section. Don't you think it'd be wise to tighten this up?

GABE

Dude, it's fucking tight. Chill! I need a drink.

Jesse KICKS Gabe's bass drum. Gabe becomes irate.

GABE (CONT'D)

What the fuck man!

LANCE

What the fuck's your problem man?

JESSE

YOU! YOU GUYS! You think we're already famous because a couple chicks follow you around. You think we're Van Halen. And we're not! We gotta a lot of work to do, and you two just want to fuck off and party and chase pussy.

Gabe observes his broken bass drum.

GABE

Dude, you broke my head.

JESSE

I bought you that fucking head. I bought you half that fucking drum set!

Silence... Lance looks at the awaiting girls, shrugs.

LANCE

Fuck it. Alright.

Accepting defeat, Lance turns around, walks back , grabs the mic. Gabe gets back onto the drummers stool.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Two, three, four.

The music continues.

LANCE (V.O.)

At first, it was hard for anyone to stay mad ay anyone else for too long.

INT. VENICE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LIQUOR BOTTLES and HALF NAKED GROUPIES everywhere. Drunk and stripped down to only a skimpy pair of leopard skin bikini underwear, whiskey bottle in hand, Jesse weeps as he pours his heart out to the band.

JESSE

I love you guys. I'm sorry. I love you.

In the corner of the room Craig hangs the land line up.

Sitting on the couch between the two girls from earlier, Lance takes a gulp of vodka.

LANCE

Dude, don't worry about it. You were right man. The music comes first.

A GIRL walks behind Jesse and spanks his butt. His sadness quickly turns into enthusiasm and he chases her into a bedroom.

Craig plops down on the couch next to Lance and his new acquaintances. Lance passes him the bottle.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Everything cool back home?

A smile grows on Craig's face. He takes a swig. Nods yes.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Cool.

INT. VENICE HOUSE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sharing long lines of cocaine, drawn out on the sink counter top, Gabe and his FEMALE companion let out howls as the drugs burn their nostrils. They kiss. She drops to her knees, Gabe's head leans back, closes his eyes and smiles.

EXT. REHEARSAL WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

CARS randomly parked. ROCKERS everywhere. MUSIC BLASTING. PEOPLE making their way to the band's warehouse.

EXT. REHEARSAL WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A LONG LINE wraps around the building. A LARGE TATOORED BOUNCER takes the entrance fees at the door.

LANCE (V.O.)

We got really lucky with our fan base. Craig's older brother paved the way for us a few years earlier. His name carried a heavy reputation in the Hollywood music scene.

INT. REHEARSAL WAREHOUSE - LATER

Little Dreamers are rocking. Beautiful GROUPIES surround the stage. It's a packed house.

LANCE (V.O.)

When word got out that his little brother's band had arrived, people had to see if we compared. We did. They were happy. We were happy.

A GIRL throws a pair of PANTIES on the stage. Lance picks them up, twirls them around his finger. Jesse grabs them and stuffs them into his mouth.

LANCE (V.O.)

It was like we already had a built in fan base. It took other bands years to draw the kind of crowds that we drew in our first few shows.

PANTIES and BRAS begin to cover the stage.

INT. REHEARSAL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Another night, another party. Packed to the gills, the warehouse is rocking. The Little Dreamers are rocking.

LANCE (V.O.)  
By the time we played our fifth show at the warehouse, some important people started to take notice.

To the side of the stage, Stan talks with an older distinguished GENTLEMAN(50's) half business, half mobster, with TWO much younger GIRL's(20's) by his side.

LANCE (V.O.)  
Club owners heard that we were bringing in crowds. And this was in a shitty warehouse district in Long Beach. Imagine what we could do on the strip.

LATER - Stan talks with a classy BUSINESS WOMAN(40's) Channel attire, obvious cougar. She smiles flirtatiously with the band.

INT. REHEARSAL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Another packed party. ROCKERS everywhere. Another GLAM BAND watches the Little Dreamers from the crowd. Their petty jealousy shows.

LANCE (V.O.)  
Of course not everyone was a fan. Some of the other LA bands had been on the strip for ten years and they weren't even close to drawing in the crowds like we did.

INT. REHEARSAL WAREHOUSE - LATER

NEAR EMPTY. The last of the CROWD clears out. Stan introduces a famous rock group to the Little Dreamers. The boys are ecstatic!

LANCE (V.O.)  
Stan really helped us out in those early days. Man, he introduced us to all the big players in town.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Well lit. Large empty stage. Stan gladly introduces the boys to an ATTRACTIVE OLDER FEMALE club owner. Licking her lips, she undresses them with her eyes.

LANCE (V.O.)  
To all the club owners.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - DAY

Posh bedroom. Huge bed. Lance, Jesse, and Gabe are having sex with the same female club owner.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT

A mansion with a view of LA resides on a hillside. A peep through the large windows reveals a large party inside.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT

A long rectangular shape mirrored table is loaded with COCAINE and a variety of PILLS. Naked GIRLS cling to each band member. Lance and Gabe snort obscene sized lines of coke.

LANCE (V.O.)  
And all the drug dealers.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The HOLLYWOOD SIGN, CAPITAL RECORDS BUILDING, DT LA SKYLINE, SUNSET BLVD. Lights, people, and action.

LANCE (V.O.)  
We had come a long way from home.

EXT. VENICE BEACH BOARDWALK - DAY

The Little Dreamers make their way through the weekend CROWDS at the beach. TWO GIRLS stop them to talk and flirt.

LANCE (V.O.)  
I mean, it was like...

FOUR YOUNG STONER KIDS stop the band to chat.



LANCE (V.O.)  
Like we were meant to be there all  
along.

EXT. VENICE HOUSE BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

Smoke rolls from the BBQ grill. PRETTY GIRLS dance to the outdoor stereo. BEER and BURGERS for all at the small party.

In one corner, Jesse talks to TWO GIRLS. In another corner, Craig strums an acoustic guitar. Lance handles the eats on the grill. Gabe chugs a bottle of vodka.

LANCE (V.O.)  
Everything just flowed. It all  
happened so fast. A lot of it's a  
blur to be honest. Man... Those  
early days were the best.

INT. BOAT CABIN - PRESENT - DAY

A LARGE BOWL of SALAD, a sliced AVOCADO, and a CUP of TEA await on the cabin's table. Before Lance digs in, he hands Tripod a welcomed dog treat.

LANCE (V.O.)  
Of course there were some things  
that I missed about home.

Lance tilts his head as he gazes at an old POLAROID of HIM and HELEN. A reminiscent smile grows. Next to the Polaroid is another old picture of CRAIG and MICHELLE.

LANCE (V.O.)  
Things we all missed.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - PAST - NIGHT

Tires chirp as a 747 touches down on the runway.

LANCE (V.O.)  
I remember the first Christmas  
after we moved to LA.

INT. PHOENIX SKY HARBOR AIRPORT - NIGHT

CHRISTMAS MUSIC PLAYS. Christmas lights and Holiday decor decorate the airport terminals. Michelle holds a home made sign that reads: "MERRY CHRISTMAS - WELCOME HOME LITTLE DREAMERS"

Lance and Craig are the last from the plane. Lance spots Michelle first, then Craig sees her. Smiles grow and tears flow.

Michelle bites her bottom lip. Craig pauses, then both embrace.

Michelle and Lance's eyes lock from a distance. Both smile. As she closes her eyes, Lance's smile fades.

LANCE (V.O.)

It felt so good to be home. We all missed our families dearly.

INT. TRUCK CAB - MOVING - NIGHT

CHRISTMAS MUSIC plays quietly over the truck stereo. Jesse drives alone. Dashboard lights expose a haunting look of loneliness on his face.

EXT. TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

A lone truck on a lone desert highway speeds through the night.

EXT. VENICE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

A single strand of Christmas lights dangle from the porch awning.

EXT. ARIZONA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

A cab pulls up to a cozy suburban home. Full driveway. A cozy family Holiday celebration can be seen inside the large front window. Neatly hung Christmas lights cover the front of the home. A plastic Santa waves from the front yard. Lance exits the cab.

CAB DRIVER (O.S.)

Yeah, Merry Christmas to you too.  
Hey, good luck with your music,  
huh!

LANCE

Thanks man.

INT. MICHELLE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

A tiny, well lit Christmas tree resides in a corner. Wrapped presents everywhere. On the floor, Craig and Michelle cuddle under a blanket. Michelle's red Santa hat is the only article of clothing worn.

INT. VENICE HOUSE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

A whiskey bottle and a cassette case with lines of cocaine rest on a night stand. Lying on the bed, teary-eyed, Gabe stares at the ceiling.

LANCE (V.O.)  
Gabe was the only one that never  
went back. He had no desire to  
cling to anything from his past.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

LA SKYLINE. HOLLYWOOD SIGN. EMPTY BEACHES.

LANCE (V.O.)  
The trips home, were always quick.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - DAY

CAR HORNS BLARE. HEAVY TRAFFIC. It's the rat race in full effect.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

HEAVY PEOPLE TRAFFIC. Party goers dressed in winter apparel wait in long lines to enter the clubs.

LANCE (V.O.)  
I've always felt that Christmas is  
a time that should be spent with  
family.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Packed with PEOPLE. PARTY HATS. WHISTLES.

A sign over the stage reads: "HAPPY NEW YEAR! WINE, DINE, & SIXTY-NINE IN 89!"

The boys make their way through the thick crowd.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 However, New Years Eve is a  
 different story.

MUSIC BLASTS.

INT. REHEARSAL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The Little Dreamers are hard at work writing a song. Craig's showing Jesse a chord chart. Lance is explaining to Gabe where he should put in a fill.

                  LANCE (V.O.)  
 It was the last year of the decade.  
 Glam was still going strong.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

Packed sidewalks. BIG HAIREED ROCKERS everywhere. The street's alive and hopping! FOUR MUSICIANS carry there musical equipment into a full club. FOUR DIFFERENT MUSICIANS carry there musical equipment out of the same club. Both bands greet each other in passing.

                  LANCE (V.O.)  
 The scene was at its peak. Every  
 night bands were booked to full  
 occupancy on the strip and in the  
 Valley.

EXT. VENICE BEACH BOARDWALK - DAY

The boys make their way through a crowded boardwalk, handing out fliers to anyone that will take one.

                  LANCE (V.O.)  
 We worked our asses off day and  
 night.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

The boys make their way through a crowded sidewalk handing out fliers to anyone that will take one.

INT. REHEARSAL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The Little dreamers are jamming. The warehouse is nearly empty. Stan and a BUSINESS MAN watch intently.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 We even cut down on the partying  
 during work hours.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

SLOW MOTION: The boys walk with their arms around each other.  
 Drunk, laughing, and carrying on. They owned it.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 We still had fun. But we were there  
 for a reason. To make the big time.  
 There were a gazzilion other bands  
 that wanted the same thing. We knew  
 the only way to beat 'em to it, was  
 to out work 'em.... And that's  
 exactly what we did.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

SUPER: "DECEMBER 1989"

Christmas decor and lights cover the buildings on Sunset. TWO  
 ROCKER GIRLS in SANTA HATS stroll the strip.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A thick line of PEOPLE wait to get into a PACKED CLUB. The  
 marquee reads: "LITTLE DREAMERS LIVE TONIGHT"

LANCE (V.O.)  
 By the end of '89, we had one of  
 the largest followings of any band  
 in LA.

INT. NIGHTCLUB BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

A makeshift "SEASON'S GREETINGS" SIGN hangs from the rear  
 wall of a stuffy backstage area. Hot and sweaty, the Little  
 dreamers just finished their set to a CHEERING FULL HOUSE.  
 Stan and a BUSINESS MAN(40's) are waiting for them in the  
 backstage dressing room.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 Our hard work paid off.

STAN  
 Boys, I have someone I'd like you  
 to meet.

Distraught with adrenaline still flowing, the boys are bouncing off the walls.

LANCE  
You fucking hear that!

GABE  
That's are best show yet.

LANCE  
Did you see that blonde chick in  
the front row, left side?

JESSE  
Fuck you! She's mine!

Slightly embarrassed, Stan ups the volume of his voice.

STAN  
Uh, boys... BOYS! I BELIEVE! UH  
HUM! I believe it would be in your  
best interest to pay attention.

Lance puts both hands up for a high five to Stan.

LANCE  
Fuck! Stan, did you see the crowd  
tonight! Dude, you the man! Stan  
the man!

Stan passively high fives.

STAN  
Lance, guys... I have someone that  
I would like for you to meet.  
Boys... This is Adam Horowitz.  
Adam, the Little Dreamers.

There's a moment of uncertainty from the boys.

ADAM  
Gentlemen, that was an incredible  
show this evening. I must say, you  
were delightfully entertaining and  
the crowd loved you.

LANCE  
Ah, thanks dude.

ADAM  
Gentlemen, I'm with Angel Fart  
Records, and I like what I seen  
tonight.

Confused, the boys look at each other.

LANCE  
Like a producer?

GABE  
Angel Fart Records?

Adam smiles.

ADAM  
Gentlemen, I'm joking. I'm with  
High frequency Records... And yes,  
a producer.

Jaws drop, then smiles grow.

LANCE  
You mean... thee High Frequency  
Records?

JESSE  
No shit?

Adam chuckles and nudges Stan.

ADAM  
Yes, no shit, thee High Frequency  
Records. We'd like to make records  
with the Little Dreamers... That  
is... if you'd be interested in  
making records with us?

Shock...

LANCE  
Oh my God, are you serious? I mean  
really? This is really happening?

JESSE  
You're not fucking with us, right?

ADAM  
No gentlemen, I am not fucking with  
you.

Lance becomes teary eyed. Gabe swallows a lump.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
So... what do you say?

Lance extends his hand to Adam.

LANCE

Uh, yes sir. Yes sir, Mr. Horowitz. I...

GABE

We!

LANCE

We... we would love to make records with you, sir. Absolutely. Yes sir, Mr. Horowitz.

ADAM

Call me Adam.

Smiles grow. Energy fills the room.

LANCE

Adam... you got it dude.

ADAM

Well... I believe this is just cause for celebration.

A moment of silence... Jesse hugs Adam and picks him up and swings him side to side.

JESSE

FUCK YEAH WE'RE CELEBRATING!

The party begins! Lance hugs Stan and kisses him on the cheek.

LANCE

I fucking love you Stan! Dude, without you, none of this would've ever happened.

An infatuated grin sparks on Stan's face.

STAN

Oh, nonsense. With your talent, it was inevitable. Somebody would've picked you guys up. I just got lucky. I know talent when I see it.

GABE

Stan, you really are the man. Thank you so much dude.



A COCKTAIL WAITRESS brings in a round of shots. Jesse grabs the Tequila bottle from the tray and chugs. TEN GROUPIES enter backstage and join the party. MUSIC BLASTS.

BLACK SCREEN

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - DAY

A zero scape pool overlooks Los Angeles. TWO NAKED GIRLS playing in the pool splash water on each other. Cocktail in hand, Lance admires the view.

LANCE (V.O.)  
Our lives changes over night.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

A red Ferrari speeds recklessly down the coast.

INT. FERRARI - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

All smiles, Gabe chugs a bottle of vodka. A GIRLS head raises from his lap. She wipes her mouth. MUSIC BLASTS.

LANCE (V.O.)  
All our hard work came to fruition.

INT. MOTORCYCLE SHOP - DAY

Motocross motorcycles on one side of the isle, crotch rockets on the other. Jesse walks with a SALESMAN. He points to a dirt bike, then a street bike. All smiles, the salesman waves for assistance from another employee before extending his hand to Jesse.

LANCE (V.O.)  
We had all the toys.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - DAY

Lance drives a white Porsche 911 down Sunset.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Jesse pops a wheelie on a crotch rocket motorcycle on an empty street.



EXT. HIGH RISE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

One of many corporate high rises amongst the L.A. Skyline stands out. Mirrored windows reflect the sun.

INT. HIGH RISE OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Seated at a large round table, the boys sit across from several EXECUTIVES. Seated in the middle of the suits, Adam stands, smiles, and speaks.

LANCE (V.O.)  
The record label gave us a signing  
bonus for a...

The boys can't believe their ears. Applause breaks out. Reality sets in... they've hit the big time!

LANCE (V.O.)  
We'll just say an astronomical  
amount of money.

EXT. HIGH RISE OFFICE BUILDING SIDEWALK - DAY

The boys load into a white stretch limousine. GIRLS await. Lance pauses before entering and turns back to Adam.

LANCE  
Come on man, you're coming with,  
right?

Hands in pockets, Adam smiles.

ADAM  
Nah, nah, you guys go ahead. Go  
have some fun... You deserve it.

Lance extends his hand. They shake.

LANCE  
Thank you Adam. From the bottom of  
my heart, thank you.

Lance hops into the limo. The window rolls down. Lance pops his head out.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
Dinner Friday night! Don't forget.

ADAM  
I'll be there.

The limo drives off. Adam watches.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
We're going to make a fortune  
together, Little Dreamers.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

TWO SOUND ENGINEERS and Adam sit behind a huge mixing board. On the other side of the glass, Lance sings into a microphone.

LANCE (V.O.)  
We were in the studio by February.

Craig, Jesse, and Gabe lay down tracks in a separate room.

LANCE (V.O.)  
The recording studio was par  
excellence. Everything, top of the  
line.

WE SEE MONITORS, SPEAKER CABINETS, MIXING BOARDS, REEL TO REELS, SOUND BOARDS.

LANCE (V.O.)  
It felt like we were a million  
miles away from the old rehearsal  
warehouse in Long Beach.

EXT. REHEARSAL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Quiet. Marine layered night sky. Lights of LA in the distance. Lonely.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

Wind blows overgrown grass. Cobwebs cover window seals. Paint chips flake from the wood siding. A lone shingle pries from the roof. Lonely.

LANCE (V.O.)  
And even further from home.

EXT. BOAT DECK - CURRENT TIME - DAY

The crows feet around Lance's eyes sink deep as he squints. A serious look washes over his face. Tripod snoozes at his feet.

LANCE (V.O.)  
The album release date was set for  
mid August.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - PAST - NIGHT

Yawns. Temper's flare. The Little Dreamers record late into  
the night.

LANCE (V.O.)  
Our manager had us booked for a  
U.S. Tour starting the first of  
September. We would be opening for  
one of the biggest rock-n-roll  
bands of all time. It was really  
happening.

Jesse and Gabe get into an argument over a song. Gabe throws  
his drum sticks and walks out. Jesse chugs Jack Daniels.

LANCE (V.O.)  
However, success comes with a  
price.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

On the other side of an open doorway, a smiling GIRL in a  
neglige sits waiting on a large circular bed. The window  
behind the bed overlooks the lights of LA. Craig enters the  
doorway, then closes the door behind him.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. JESSE'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

EXOTIC ART hangs from the walls. The lights of a sleek STEREO  
pulse to a beat. Jesse sits alone in a leather recliner,  
nursing a half empty bottle of booze. His face is frozen. No  
emotion.

LANCE (V.O.)  
It affected all of us differently.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

A RAT scurries across the wet asphalt of a seedy back street  
alley. Trash bags overflow from dumpsters and old metal trash  
cans. Gabe meets with his DRUG DEALER and exchanges cash for  
dope. Gabe's haggard and gaunt.

EXT. RECORD STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

A pretty FEMALE REPORTER interviews Lance. A lone CAMERA GUY records on a cheap video camera. People walk by, not acknowledging him.

REPORTER

The upcoming tour has to be so exciting for you. How does it feel to be opening for such a legendary act? I mean these guys were your heroes growing up, right?

Cocky and brash, hiding behind sunglasses, Lance shrugs.

LANCE

Yeah, I mean, like it's cool and all, but give us a year and they'll be opening for us.

LANCE (V.O.)

Yeah, you get the picture?

INT. LAX - DAY

Waiting in a busy terminal, Craig spots Michelle as she exits the jet bridge. She's excited. He forces a guilty smile.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Gabe twitches nervously as he scans the sidewalks for his dealer.

GABE

Yeah, yeah, pull over right here.

Gabe rolls the window down and hands over a handful of cash.

GABE (CONT'D)

Dude, where the fuck you been? I been everywhere looking for you.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Early morning light cracks through the open drapes.

THREE NAKED GIRLS are passed out around Jesse. Sighing with boredom, he sips from a whiskey bottle.

INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

Sitting across from a local DJ, Lance happily fields questions. He's very much in love with himself, overly articulate, sunglasses on indoors, exaggerated gestures, and a well practiced smile.

LANCE (V.O.)

The funny thing was, we had the record deal, we had the money, and what looked to be a bright future... However, beyond the scene in LA, we weren't really that famous yet. I guess you could say we jumped the gun.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A PIANO PLAYER plays classics in one corner. An indoor waterfall flows in another. A trendy, yuppie spot. FULL CAPACITY.

The little Dreamers, Michelle, Adam, Stan, Nadine and her DATE for the night are seated around a well stocked table. WINE BOTTLES, an abundance of TRENDY EATS, and WINE GLASSES cover nearly every inch of the table.

ADAM

Everything's a go gentlemen. The official release party will be next Friday night at the Troubadour, the radio stations are reporting that both singles have done great, and gentlemen... gentlemen, I believe this album may very well be... one of the greatest albums in rock-n-roll history.

Smiles grow.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'm talking Dark Side of the Moon... Sticky Fingers... Are You Experienced. I'm talking about an epic record gentlemen.

Adam raises a toast.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Here, here, cheers... to the Little Dreamers.

Applause. Glasses clank.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Gentlemen... High Frequency Records is known for spawning some of today's biggest musical acts. I want you to know, that I will do everything in my power... to see to it... that you are the next big thing. I must say... I am honored to work with such a talented group of such fine young musicians. Once again, raise your glass.

Everyone raises their glass.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Cheers!

EVERYONE

Cheers!

CLANK! CLANK! CLANK!

JESSE

Hey Adam, speaking of spawning, are you sure you're not Gabe's dad? You guys kinda look alike.

LAUGHTER. Strung out and weathered, Gabe forces a smirk but doesn't reply. Conversation ensues. Concern washes over Lance's face as he carefully watches Gabe. Gabe's eyes nervously dart around.

Seated next Lance is Michelle, he leans in.

LANCE

(Quietly) Hey, uh... how is Helen?

MICHELLE

She's fine. She's taking classes at ASU.

Lance nods. a cocky smirk grows.

LANCE

So, has she been with any other guys yet?

Perturbed, Michelle rolls her eyes.

MICHELLE

Have you been with any other girls yet?

Lance is humbled.



LANCE

I'm sorry. It was a dumb question.  
I just uh... I think about her, you  
know? A lot.

Michelle's face softens.

MICHELLE

I know you do.

INT. VENTURA HOUSE - PRESENT - DAY

A PLATINUM RECORD ALBUM hangs on an otherwise empty wall.

LANCE (V.O.)

Our album release went great.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - PAST - NIGHT

A bustling party rages inside the mansion. Little Dreamers  
tracks BLAST from the large SOUND SYSTEM. The boys hold their  
cocktail glasses up and CLANK them together in several rounds  
of cheers.

LANCE (V.O.)

Radio stations across the country  
played our songs around the clock.

INT. ARIZONA - LOWRIDER - MOVING - DAY

TWO CHOLOS cruise through their neighborhood. A Little  
Dreamers SONG STARTS TO PLAY ON THE RADIO. They look at each  
other with excitement.

CHOLO 1

Equella chingada! That's our boys!  
That's fuckin' Lance and Gabe!  
Benji rock stars holmes!  
OOOOOOOWWWWEEEEEE!

The other cholo cranks up the volume.

CHOLO 2

Fuck yeah! Turn that shit up!  
That's mi fucking homeboys!

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

In a ran down front yard filled with broken down cars, TWO REDNECKS work under the hood of an old primer jalopy. A Little Dreamers song PLAYS ON THE CAR'S RADIO.

REDNECK 1

Hey, turn that up. Will ya? That's them Little Dreamers. They're pretty fucking good man.

REDNECK 2

That them guys that look like chicks? Look like a bunch of fags.

REDNECK 1

Betcha they get more pussy than you! (Laughs)

REDNECK 2

Yeah, right.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

TWO TEENAGE GIRLS share a bed and do homework while listening to the radio. A Little Dreamers song PLAYS. The girls look at each other and scream in excitement.

GIRL 1

OH MY GOD! The little Dreamers!

GIRL 2

Oh my God, they are like so cute!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A MIDDLE AGED man (Lance's Dad) sits in a recliner, reading a newspaper. MUSIC TURNS UP, it's the Little Dreamers on the radio from another room. A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN (Lance's Mom) bursts into the room. All smiles.

WOMAN

Do you hear that! Can you hear that!

The man lowers the paper. Pauses. Smiles.

MAN

Well all be damned.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

An intoxicated MIDDLE AGED WOMAN (Gabe's Mom) sits at a half full bar. A Little Dreamers song plays over the radio. She perks up from her stupor.

WOMAN

Hey, turn that up. (To the bartender) Turn that up!

The BARTENDER cranks the volume. The woman laughs

WOMAN (CONT'D)

That's my kid! That's my kid's band.

No-one cares.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

A professor-type MIDDLE AGED MAN commutes through traffic. Tapping his hand on the steering wheel.

DJ (O.S.)

This is the latest from the Little Dreamers.

The driver does a double take at the car stereo. Smiles and turns it up.

MAN

Well, what do you know?... He really did it. (Laughs) I guess my most prized student won't have to worry about falling back on journalism after all. Good for you Lance. Good for you.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

TWO LARGE TOUR BUSES set next to one another. The LITTLE DREAMS show on their front marquees. Lance and Gabe load onto one bus, while Craig and Jesse load onto another.

LANCE (V.O.)

And the tour started right on schedule.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

The two tour busses make their way through a lonely stretch of highway. No other cars in sight.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 In the beginning, it was great.  
 Seeing all the country from the  
 interstates.

INT. TOUR BUS - MORNING

Lance snaps a picture of the moving landscape through the bus window. Takes notes on a yellow legal pad.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 We spent a lot of time driving. I  
 mean a lot!

LATER - Lance snaps a picture out of a rain drenched bus window. Gabe quietly sneaks into the bus toilet and pulls a CHROME SYRINGE from a satchel.

INT. TOUR BUS - AFTERNOON

Jesse SNORES LOUDLY. Mouth open, beer still in hand. Half disgusted, Craig watches, then turns to look out the window. Sighs.

INT. BACKSTAGE COLISEUM - NIGHT

A ROARING CROWD can be heard from inside the dressing room. The boys stack hands and smile.

LANCE  
 Hear that?

CRAIG  
 This is it.

GABE  
 Dudes, we did it.

JESSE  
 We ain't done it yet. I'm fucking  
 pushing cotton right about now.

Lance looks Jesse in the eyes. Smiles in a calm demeanor.

LANCE

You're going to be fine bro. Just think of it as the old country house. With a slightly bigger crowd.

JESSE

Yeah, twenty-thousand fucking people bigger!

GABE

Is it really twenty-thousand?

LANCE

Yep. And they're hear to rock. So... lets rock this mother fucker!

JESSE

I got a question?

Smiles grow.

LANCE

Yeah, what's that?

JESSE

You ever heard of the Little Dreamers?

LANCE

Yeah, they're the greatest.

EVERYONE

THE GREATEST ROCK-N-ROLL BAND IN THE LAND!

The dressing room door opens, the TOUR MANAGER peeks his head in. Smiles.

TOUR MANAGER

Show time!

The boys grab their instruments and rush out of the dressing room.

INT. COLISEUM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The lights go out. The CROWD ROARS! Fans spark their LIGHTERS and ILLUMINATE the FULL COLISEUM. DRUM ROLL! POWER CHORD! LANCE SCREAMS into the microphone! STAGE LIGHTS come on! The Little Dreamers start to jam.... MUSIC FADES.

LANCE

That first show... that first BIG show, was without a doubt, the highlight of my entire life.

Lance closes his eyes, leans way back and belts out lyrics.

Jesse rocks his bass back and fourth and blows kisses to the crowd.

LANCE (CONT'D)

It was for all of us.

Gabe pounds his drums. Smiling ear to ear.

In awe, Craig looks into the ocean of fans. Smiles.

MUSIC CRANKS AGAIN.

EXT. COLISEUM - NIGHT

Different coliseum. FULL PARKING LOT. Hoards of FANS make their way to the entrance.

LANCE (V.O.)

The first couple months were amazing.

INT. BACKSTAGE COLISEUM - NIGHT

A different venue. Swarms of GROUPIES circle the boys. Booze flow.

LANCE (V.O.)

It was like the scene in LA... On steroids.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

BOOZE BOTTLES and LONG LINES OF COCAINE cover an entire table. Half naked GIRLS running around. Gabe and Lance high five each other. Jesse leaves with TWO GIRLS under each arm. Craig's nowhere to be seen.

LANCE (V.O.)

Our egos were off the charts.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SUNRISE

Passed out drunk, Lance sleeps between TWO NAKED GIRLS. EMPTY BOOZE BOTTLES everywhere. A ROADIE POUNDS on the door, then swings it open.

ROADIE

LANCE! Come on brother, we gotta jam. Everyone's waitin' on you.

Lance pries a bloodshot eye open. One of the groupies rolls over and moans. Her arm accidentally covers Lance's face. He softly moves it away. Sighs.

LANCE (V.O.)

But after a few months on the road, living like this day after day, started to wear.

INT. TOUR BUS - DAY

Exhausted, Craig takes a long drag off a cigarette. In his other hand, he holds a wrinkled picture of him and Michelle. He exhales the smoke from the side of his mouth, away from the picture.

INT. RESTAURANT TOILET - MORNING

Gabe sits on a run down toilet and ties off his left arm with a red bandanna. He taps the syringe and blankly stares at the liquid he's about to inject.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Gabe? Gabe, you in there? We gotta hit the road. We're behind on schedule. We gotta jam.

Agitated.

GABE

YEAH! FUCK ALRIGHT!, Can't I even take a shit in peace?

The ROADIE can clearly see that Gabe's pants aren't pulled down from under the toilet stall wall.

MALE VOICE

Ain't it kinda hard to shit with your pants pulled up?

Now angry, gabe hits the side of the stall.

GABE  
GIVE ME A FUCKING MINUTE, ALRIGHT!

The roadie shakes his head and walks out.

LANCE (V.O.)  
It started to wear on all of us.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - MORNING

Both tour busses are parked in a podunk town, seedy motel. A LARGE ROADIE carries a drunk, passed out Jesse from a room. The roadie is cradling Jesse like a giant half naked baby. Jesse's sporting polka dot bikini underwear. His eyeliner is smeared and his face is covered in lip stick kisses.

LARGE ROADIE  
Can you give me hand, he ain't  
exactly light.

Another ROADIE holding the hotel room door open assists with the human luggage.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A five star room in shambles. FURNITURE turned upside down. A TV in a shower. GIRLS everywhere. The boys, extremely intoxicated. BOOZE BOTTLES everywhere.

LANCE (V.O.)  
We drank so much at night.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Same room. Naked girls passed out on the bed. Lance and Gabe do big lines of cocaine on a well powdered mirror.

LANCE (V.O.)  
We had to do a bump just to get  
going the next day.

The large roadie opens the hotel door. No words, just a nod.

LANCE  
Yeah, we're coming.

EXT. FREEWAY - SUNRISE

Snow falls on the cold, gray East Coast city as both tour busses plow along on the near empty road.



EXT. LONELY HIGHWAY - SUNRISE

Wheat fields line both sides of the heartland highway. The caravan moves on to yet another destination.

INT. OUTDOOR COLISEUM - NIGHT

The Little Dreamers perform for another SOLD OUT CROWD.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The blur of another party. GIRLS, BOOZE, DRUGS. Lance sits alone on a bed. Fatigued, enthusiasm has waned. He takes a swig of tequila and closes his eyes.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - MORNING

Hunkered over the toilet, Jesse vomits last night's over-indulgence into the water. He raises his head, closes his eyes, and exhales.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A stream of light seeps through the drawn drapes. Lance is fast asleep in one bed, Gabe in another. Unpacked suitcases stand in front of a dresser. No booze bottles in sight.

LANCE (V.O.)

When we did get the occasional day  
off. We tried to recover the best  
that we could.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Another raging party. GIRLS, DRUGS, and BOOZE. The boys look revived. Smiles abound.

LANCE (V.O.)

So we could do it all over again.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The two busses make their way through red rock country. A COW SKULL rests next to a CACTUS along one side of the road. Sun vapors stream from the crusty dirt surface.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY

A cute WAITRESS places Jesse and Lance's meals in front of them. Confused, she hesitates to place the third plate at an empty seat.

LANCE

It's OK, he's on the pay phone.  
He'll be right back.

Smiling flirtatiously, she sits the plate down. Lance smiles back. Yawning, Jesse's not impressed.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Hey man, I think I'm worried about  
Gabe.

JESSE

You think you are, or you are?

LANCE

Come on man, you know what I'm  
talking about.

JESSE

He's a big boy. He chooses to put  
that shit in his arm. It's not my  
problem.

Disgusted, Jesse looks away.

LANCE

How the fuck can you say that? I  
mean, come on, it's fucking Gabe,  
man.

JESSE

Yeah, you know what, I got my own  
damn problems. I don't have time  
for other people's shit anymore.

Lance shakes his head.

LANCE

Dude, what the hell happened to  
you?

JESSE

Too me? How about...

Craig returns and takes his seat.

CRAIG

How about what? What'd I miss.

Jesse tosses his napkin and looks away. Lance glares at him.

LANCE

Nothing man. You didn't miss anything. (Turning to Craig) How's everything back home? How's your girly?

Hesitant.

CRAIG

Uh, she's good. Everything's good.

LANCE

Your mom's cool? She feeling better?

CRAIG

Yeah, she's doing better.

LANCE

Cool.

Craig nervously arranges his silverware.

LANCE (CONT'D)

So, what else? Why you acting weird?

Craig plays it off. Shakes his head.

CRAIG

Nah, nothing.

Placing a spoonful of mashed potatoes into his mouth, Lance mumbles.

LANCE

She say anything about Helen?

Craig sets his fork down, looks away and puts his tongue into his cheek.

LANCE (CONT'D)

What? Does she have a new boyfriend? (Cocky)

Jesse looks up, anger's gone. Craig looks to him for help.

LANCE (CONT'D)

What? What is it? (Looks to Jesse)  
What the fuck did you look at him for? What? You guys know something I don't? Come on, what's up?

Craig exhales.

CRAIG  
She's got a boyfriend.

LANCE  
Really? Like serious?

Craig sighs.

CRAIG  
Yeah.

LANCE  
Like how serious?

CRAIG  
She's uh... She's uh, getting  
married.

LANCE  
Really? To who? How long has she  
been with this fucking guy?

JESSE  
Seven months.

LANCE  
What? What the fuck are you talking  
about? Seven months? And you just  
now found out about it? How the  
fuck do you know?

CRAIG  
Look man...

LANCE  
(To Craig) Look man, what? You  
fucking knew about this all along?  
(To Jesse) You knew about this too?

CRAIG  
Look, Adam told us not to tell you,  
he was afraid you'd...

Now fuming, throwing his spoon, Lance interrupts again.

LANCE  
Afraid of what!

JESSE  
That you'd fucking blow up like  
you're doing right now.

LANCE  
Fucking Adam. Mother fucker. What  
the fuck does he know?

Silence...

LANCE (CONT'D)  
She's really getting married?

CRAIG  
I'm sorry man.

Lance sits back. Clasps his hands behind his head.

LANCE  
Wow... Married.

JESSE  
I'm sorry. I didn't want to see you  
get hurt. But, to be fair, you guys  
did call it quits.

LANCE  
Yeah, I know...(Looking away) We  
did.

CRAIG  
There's something else.

Jesse looks away in sadness. Teary eyed, Lance gives Craig  
his full attention.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
She's pregnant.

Pain sets in on Lance's face. He leaves the table.

JESSE  
That's not going to be an easy one  
to swallow.

CRAIG  
Fuck.

JESSE  
Hey, we were just talking. Gabe  
might be in over his head with the  
heroin.

CRAIG  
Yeah, you think?

JESSE

No, seriously, he's fucking up left and right.

CRAIG

What can we do? The tours almost finished. Adam will shit if we try and put him in rehab.

JESSE

We gotta do something.

CRAIG

Where is Gabe?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The door abruptly swings open. Sunlight blasts into the pitch dark room. Lance bursts in and tosses his key onto the dresser. Steps into the bathroom, turns the light on, starts too PEE. The open door to the bathroom is now the only light.

LANCE (O.S.)

So, did you know about this shit too?

Silence...

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

This shit about Helen? That's pretty fucked up! Best fucking friends and no-one says a word.

Silence...

LANCE (CONT'D)

Did you fucking know?

Silence...

LANCE (CONT'D)

Gabe, I asked you a fucking question! DID YOU KNOW?

PEE stops. TOILET FLUSHES. Lance enters the room. Flips on the light. Facing away from Lance, Gabe appears to be asleep in his bed.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Come on man, not you? Did you fucking know? I thought we never kept anything from each other?

No response.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
GABE! Wake the fuck up man! Did you  
fucking know? GABE!

No response. Lance softens.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
Gabe?

Lance reaches across the bed and shakes him.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
Gabe? Hey man, wake up.

Confusion.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
Gabe? Gabey, come on man, stop  
fucking around. Get up.

Lance shakes him again. Gabe's head flops to the other side. His lips are blue, vomit drips from his mouth. Lance raises Gabe's left arm. A SYRINGE dangles from the bend in his arm.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
Gabe... GABE! WAKE THE FUCK UP MAN!  
STOP FUCKING AROUND! (Tears fill  
Lance's eyes) Gabe... Please wake  
up. Come on man.

Silence... Lance picks Gabe up and hugs him. He begins to cry hard.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
Please, no. No, no, no. Not you  
man. I can't lose you. Not now.  
Please... Please, no.

LANCE (V.O.)  
That first show we played, was the  
best day of my life... Less than a  
year later, this day... Was the  
worst.

BLACK SCREEN

EXT. CITY OF PHOENIX - DAY

Heat vapors rise from the asphalt. A SAGUARO CACTUS stands alone. An ELDERLY MAN wipes the sweat from his forehead.

EXT. CEMETARY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Somberness abound. A LARGE FUNERAL. A PRIEST gives the sermon.

Tears stream from under Lance's sunglasses. Jesse's eyes are red and swollen, he has his arm around Gabe's Mom. Craig's face is lifeless, his eyes empty. Michelle weeps and rests her head on his shoulder.

Stan closes his eyes tight as he puts his arm around a sobbing Nadine. With disappointment, Adam sighs deeply.

EXT. CEMETARY - LATER

Most of the funeral attendees have cleared out. Gabe's Mom hugs Lance before she leaves. Now out of tears, Lance stands alone next to the casket.

HELEN (O.S.)

I'm so sorry. I know what he meant to you.

Surprised. Lance turns around.

HELEN (CONT'D)

You two were like brothers.

Silence...

HELEN (CONT'D)

Are you going to be OK?

Pause... Lance nods... Pause... Helen breaks down crying and hugs him tightly.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Oh Lance, I'm so sorry. Things weren't supposed to happen this way.

Lance doesn't hug back.

LANCE

But they did.

Helen backs away. Lance spots her waiting FIANCE, clean cut, preppy, stability written all over him. He waits next to their car. Sadly, Helen departs.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Hey...(She turns back)... I'm sorry. You OK?



She looks towards her fiance, then back at Lance. Shrugs.

HELEN

Yeah... No... I don't know?

LANCE

It's too bad we can't turn back the hands of time.

They gaze into one another's eyes.

HELEN

Yeah... on a lot of things.

Holding back tears, she smiles, then walks away. Lance never breaks his stare.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - CURRENT - DAY

With full sails, the wind briskly moves the boat across the water.

INT. BOAT CABIN - CONTINUOUS - DAY

An old POLAROID OF A SMILING GABE is held in place by a seashell magnet on a tiny dorm style refrigerator.

LANCE (V.O.)

Gabe's death was a game changer. Looking back, I can't say it was a surprise. Hell, it could of been any of us.

EXT. STADIUM - PAST - NIGHT

Another concert. FULL PARKING LOT. FANS make their way to the entrance. MUSIC streams from inside the venue.

LANCE

It was coming up on a year. We only had a few stops left on the tour.

INT. CRAIG'S HOUSE - DAY

With a look of loss, Craig stares through the Arcadia door to the open desert.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 We had more time off between shows.  
 I think Adam felt guilty and  
 rearranged a few things for us.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

Behind a large desk, hands clasped in front of his face, Adam looks off into deep thought.

EXT. MOTOCROSS TRACK - DAY

Jesse guns the throttle on his YZ 250, jumping a set of double jumps.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 The days between concerts were well  
 needed.

EXT. VENICE HOUSE - DAY

Hair up in a hat, incognito, Lance strolls the sidewalk of the old Venice house. He stops in front and reminisces.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 It gave us time to breathe.

EXT. VENICE BEACH, CA - DAY

Propped up in a beach chair, toes in the sand, the same incognito Lance writes in a LEATHER BOUND JOURNAL.

INT. COLISEUM - NIGHT

Another full concert venue. THOUSANDS OF FANS. MUSIC BLASTS. A NEW DRUMMER sits behind the drum kit.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 Adam found a replacement for Gabe  
 within two days... I get it, it was  
 his job.

Jesse and Lance lock eyes, jesse furrows his brow. The disappointment on Lance's face shows his agreement.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 The guy was good. He was even a  
 nice guy.

INT. BACKSTAGE COLISEUM - NIGHT

Still sweating from the performance, the boys sit in silence in the dressing room. Booze in hand except for the drummer. He passively waves and smiles as he exits.

LANCE (V.O.)  
It just wasn't the same.

EXT. BOAT DECK - CURRENT - DAY

Lance removes his sunglasses and gazes at the horizon.

LANCE (V.O.)  
Right after the tour, the record  
execs were hounding for another  
album.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - PAST - DAY

Adam stands facing a group of SUITS sitting at a round table. Cold with only dollar signs in their eyes.

ADAM  
Gentlemen, he wasn't JUST their  
drummer. All of them grew up  
together. For Christ's sake, their  
practically family to each other.

Clasping his hands behind his head, HARVEY(60) typical  
heartless music exec, leans back into his chair.

HARVEY  
Die young, leave a pretty corpse.  
Isn't that the rock-n-roll mantra?  
Adam, these kids are a hot  
commodity right now. You know how  
the game works... here today, gone  
tomorrow.

Adam shakes his head. Disgusted.

ADAM  
So... just business as usual, huh?

Harvey raises his eyebrows. Smirks. Adam looks away.

LANCE (V.O.)  
Adam was a suit, through and  
through. But he seemed to be one of  
the only ones with half a  
conscientious.

EXT. PACIFIC COASTLINE - CURRENT - DAY

The QUEEN MARY can be seen in LONG BEACH HARBOUR. SEVERAL CARGO SHIPS fill the ports just North.

LANCE (V.O.)

We were set to go into the studio by November. Then another tour was to start in January... The body wasn't even cold yet... That's the music industry for you.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - SUNRISE

An early morning greets an almost empty strip.

LANCE (V.O.)

Life went on.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIGN - DAY

The giant welcome sign to the city of dreams stands alone.

EXT. VENICE BEACH, CA - SUNSET

Cold. The summer crowds are gone, the boardwalk is near empty.

LANCE (V.O.)

Adam somehow talked the execs into bumping our recording session up to the first of January, and starting the new tour in the summer.

INT. LANCE'S HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - DAY

A lonely framed 8x10 PICTURE of the Little Dreamers rests on the mantle above the fireplace.

LANCE (V.O.)

The first couple months, we hardly spoke to one another.

A sober, healthier looking Lance types away at a desk with a view of LA.

INT. CRAIG'S HOUSE - DAY

Hair slicked back into a tight pony tail, reading glasses, Craig flips a page of sheet music. Holding a classical acoustic guitar as opposed to an electric Flying "V." CLASSICAL MUSIC plays.

INT. JESSE'S RANCH HOUSE GARAGE - NIGHT

Walls covered with ROCK POSTERS and Playboy CENTERFOLDS. TWO DIRT BIKES in one corner. A REFRIGERATOR covered with motocross stickers. Jesse tinkers with a new DIRT BIKE as it rests on stands.

EXT. LANCE'S GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

A cab parks in front of the house. Lance exits.

CAB DRIVER (O.S.)

Happy Thanksgiving to you too. Hey, it was an honor, thanks for the autograph, my kid's gonna shit.

Hair in a pony tail, dressed in conservative attire, Lance pauses and looks through the large front window. FULL with FAMILY MEMBERS. Smiles.

LANCE(V.O.)

I went home for Thanksgiving AND Christmas that year. Seeing my family was therapeutic.

INT. LANCE'S GRANDMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

FAMILY MEMBERS CONVERSING. Silverware CLANKING. Lance plops down on a love seat in the cozy living room.

LANCE

Man, I'm stuffed.

Sitting on the couch across from him, TONY(30), long hair, earthy, flannel wearing.

TONY

I hear that.

SHELLEY(30), dressed in a long hippy style dress, beads, and Birkenstocks, takes a seat next to Tony.

SHELLEY

You want to go grab a beer later.

LANCE

Sure.

INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Lance leans forward from the backseat. Tony drives, Shelley sits shotgun. GRUNGE MUSIC plays in the background.

LANCE (V.O.)

It was cool. My sister and brother-in-law came down from Washington. I hadn't seen them for a few years. We always had a good time when we were together.

LANCE

Since when did you guys start listening to punk?

TONY

Punk?

LANCE

Yeah, punk. Oh, that's on the radio?

TONY

No, it's a tape.

SHELLEY

That's Nirvana.

Tony turns it up a little.

TONY

Yeah, these guys are from Washington... Seattle.

LANCE

What's their name?

TONY

Nirvana.

Lance takes in the sound.

LANCE (V.O.)

I kept hearing more and more about this scene up in Seattle.

## SERIES OF SHOTS - SEATTLE BANDS

- A PICTURE OF PEARL JAM (flannels, torn jeans, straight hair)
- A PICTURE OF ALICE IN CHAINS (same apparel)
- A PICTURE OF SOUNDGARDEN - (same apparel)

LANCE (V.O.)

Now even my sister and brother-in-law were hip to it. I had heard some of these bands on the LA stations. I liked their sound, but I figured they were too heavy to ever go anywhere. It wasn't commercial.

- A PICTURE OF NIRVANA

LANCE (V.O.)

And when I seen what they looked like... I thought no-way. They look like a bunch of greasy stoners. A rehash of the seventies. Eh, just an underground scene at best.

## INT. BOAT CABIN - PRESENT - DAY

A wooden stand with neatly stacked CASSETTES. Next to POISON, MOTELEY CRUE, DOKKEN, RATT, WASP, and HANOI ROCKS... There is NIRVANA, PEARL JAM, ALICE-IN-CHAINS, SOUND GARDEN, and MOTHER LOVE BONE.

## INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - PAST - DAY

Lance, Craig, and Jesse sit across a large sterile table from ADAM.

LANCE (V.O.)

I was wrong.

Adam purses his lips and exhales through his nose.

ADAM

I'm sorry guys. It's the nature of the business.

LANCE

Just like that?

Jesse is fuming.

JESSE  
You're fucking serious?

Adam clasps his hands. Nods.

ADAM  
I'm afraid so.

CRAIG  
So what do we do now?

ADAM  
I don't know? Change your name,  
leave the hairspray and eyeliner  
alone, maybe move to Seattle. I  
mean what do you want me to say?

Silence... Distraught confusion.

LANCE (V.O.)  
And that was it. Our contact, the  
new album, the tour... High  
Frequency Records dropped us and  
all the other hair bands from their  
label... It was the end of an era.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

The boys exit the High Frequency Records building. TRAFFIC in  
the street. A loud CAR ALARM blares.

Before parting ways they stop and look at each other.

JESSE  
So... what now?

CRAIG  
I'm going home.

JESSE  
Home, home?

CRAIG  
Yeah, Arizona... Where I belong.

LANCE  
You always did love the damn  
desert.

Craig cracks a grin. Lance looks to Jesse.



JESSE

Fuck, I don't know? I mean are we really done? I mean us?

LANCE

Us?.... Not in a million fucking years... The Little Dreamers? Yeah, I'm afraid so.

Silence.

CRAIG

The Little Dreamers ended the day we lost Gabe.

LANCE

It would've never be the same without him.

JESSE

What about you?

LANCE

Me?... (Smiles)... I'm going to write a book.

A round of hugs and holding back tears before they parted ways.

LANCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That was the last time the remaining members of the Little Dreamers were together in Hollywood. Fortunately, we had all made enough money to live quite comfortably for the rest of our lives. Suprisingly, High Frequency Records cut us a pretty decent severance package. At least that's what Adam called it.

INT. CRAIG'S HOUSE - DAY

Michelle opens the front door to find a smiling Craig. Suitcase in one hand, a guitar case in the other. She wraps her arms around him.

LANCE (V.O.)

Craig took a flight out of LA an hour after that meeting.

EXT. CRAIG'S HOUSE - (TEN YEARS LATER) - DAY

Typical Americana family backyard. TWO LITTLE KIDS play on a swing set. An older, short haired Craig flips burgers on a BBQ grill.

MICHELLE

Paige! Do NOT push your brother off the swing set again.

Dressed in mommy attire, she looks to Craig, smiles and shakes her head. He chuckles.

LANCE (V.O.)

Him and Michelle went on to have a beautiful family.

EXT. MUSIC STORE - DAY

Located in a busy strip mall, a marquee hangs above the ma and pa music store, it reads: "C and M Music"

INT. MUSIC STORE - DAY

ELECTRIC GUITARS and BASSES are displayed on one whole wall.

ACOUSTIC GUITARS on another. Michelle happily helps a CUSTOMER at the cash register.

LANCE (V.O.)

They ended up opening up a music store.

INT. MUSIC STORE - CONTINUOUS

In a small rehearsal room, seated across from each other, Craig plays a scale on his guitar and explains it to the guitar STUDENT.

LANCE (V.O.)

It was definitely more his pace.

INT. MUSIC STORE - PRESENT - DAY

In an updated setting, an adult version of PAIGE helps a customer.

INT. MUSIC STORE - CONTINUOUS

In the same small rehearsal room, now a long haired CRAIG JUNIOR(20) teaches a student how to play a scale on his guitar. Uncanny resemblance to his dad.

LANCE (V.O.)

The store's still open to this day.  
For the most part, their kids run  
it now.

EXT. DIRT FLAT TRACK - NIGHT

A leading SPRINT CAR rounds the last corner of the track to a waving checkered flag.

EXT. DIRT FLAT TRACK - LATER

Dressed in a fire proof racing suit, standing outside of his sprint car, parked in front of a podium, an older, short haired Jesse gladly accepts the LARGE GOLDEN TROPHY. He grabs the beautiful TROPHY GIRL, dips her, and lays a huge smacker on her.

He then chugs a bottle of champagne.

LANCE (V.O.)

A year later, Jesse moved back to Arizona as well. He still loved the fast life. Literally. He ended up racing motorcycles, go-karts, and eventually, sprint cars. He did pretty damned good too. Ended up being the state champ three years in a row.

EXT. GARAGE - PRESENT - DAY

Hanging above a local garage, a sign reads: "L.D.'s Garage and Body Shop".

LANCE (V.O.)

For fun, he opened a garage. He always did love anything that had to do with loud metal objects.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

GLAM ROCK MUSIC BLASTING. Dressed in mechanics attire, covered in grease, Jesse rolls out from under a spotless muscle car.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 I was told, there was a time a customer asked him what the L.D. stood for in L.D.'s Garage. Jesse replied... "Long Dick's". Although I believe it might of stood for something else.

A poster of the Little Dreamers in their prime hangs from a wall behind the car.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Dingy and dark. Crowded with GRUNGE ROCKERS. FLANNELS, DOC MARTENS, and BEANIES. GRUNGE MUSIC BLASTS.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 Me?

A new Lance stands alone leaning against a CROWDED bar. Long straight hair, no make-up, leather biker jacket, and a beanie. He melts right in.

LANCE  
 I moved to Seattle. It was a beautiful city.

EXT. SEATTLE SKYLINE - DAY

Rainy. Cold. Heavy clouds loom just above the Space Needle.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

GRUNGE MUSIC BLASTS. Dark and seedy. Lance sings in his new GRUNGE BAND. He sports a new long bob haircut, thermals under cut-off denim shorts, Doc Martens, flannel and a long, rasta-like beanie.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 I played in a couple bands. Had a good time. All great people and I dug the style of music.

EXT. PUGET SOUND - DAY

Gloomy. Cold. A snow topped Mt. Rainier lies off in the distance.

LANCE (V.O.)  
But it just wasn't the same.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A Little Dreamers FLYER
- A CHILDHOOD PICTURE OF LANCE AND GABE

LANCE (V.O.)  
It wasn't the same four guys that  
grew up together. Four best friends  
that shared the same dream.

- A PICTURE OF THE LITTLE DREAMERS ON THE PORCH OF THE OLD COUNTRY HOUSE IN AZ
- A PICTURE OF THE BOYS WALKING DOWN SUNSET STRIP
- THE HOLLYWOOD SIGN

LANCE (V.O.)  
It wasn't LA.

- A PICTURE OF A SUNNY WARM VENICE BEACH
- A PICTURE OF NADINE AND STAN DRINKING

LANCE (V.O.)  
It wasn't the Little Dreamers.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

Sunny and warm. A clean cut short haired Lance stands at the entrance to the LA Times building.

LANCE (V.O.)  
While I was in Washington, I took  
some courses in Journalism. I  
became a writer. A music  
journalist for a few years.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

A line of PEOPLE wait to get signed copies. An older more conservative Lance autographs the books.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 And I did end up writing that novel  
 that I had always wanted to do.

A PRETTY LADY hands Lance her copy to be signed. Flirting on both ends. The book cover is a PICTURE of the LITTLE DREAMERS. The TITLE reads: "A DREAM COME TRUE"

LANCE (V.O.)  
 It did pretty well. Became a best  
 seller. I went on to write many  
 more.

EXT. VENTURA PIER - DAY

A quiet, sleepy beach town. Mountains meet the sea.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 Eventually I decided to get out of  
 LA for good. I moved North... to  
 Ventura.

Little traffic on the 101 as it winds through the town.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 It was the change in pace that I  
 was looking for. I've been there  
 ever since.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - CURRENT - DAY

HEAVY TRAFFIC. CAR HORNS. CAR STEREOS. An EXECUTIVE in a BMW barks into his cell phone.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 LA changed. The strip will always  
 be there. But it'll never be the  
 same.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

A tiny log cabin lies nestled in the tall pines. A stream of smoke stems from the chimney.

LANCE (V.O.)  
 As for Nadine? Last I heard, she  
 was doing well. Clean and sober.  
 She moved to Northern Arizona, to a  
 small town named Heber. Stan?

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Rolling green hills. Well kept. A large tombstone with a Star of David on the top. Below reads: "STANLEY BERSTEIN - A FRIEND TO ALL - R.I.P. 1931 - 1995."

LANCE (V.O.)

Poor Stan. Not long after the scene died out, he overdosed on cocaine one night. His body wasn't discovered for two weeks. A neighbor complained about a smell.

- A PICTURE OF STAN WITH THE LITTLE DREAMERS

EXT. BOAT DECK - CURRENT TIME - AFTERNOON

Turning into MISSION BAY HARBOUR in San Diego, the sail comes down and the motor takes over.

LANCE (V.O.)

The hair band days of the eighties are long gone. They were some of the best days of my life. Every time I think back, I can't help but smile.

INT. BOAT CABIN - CONTINUOUS

A picture collage hangs above the table.

- A picture of a younger version of the Little Dreamers
- A picture of the old country house
- A picture of Gabe

EXT. MISSION BAY DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

Lance guides the boat to a slip. Tripod stands at the front of the boat, tail wagging.

LANCE (V.O.)

It was kind of crazy the way things ended up. But, I gotta say, I'm content. Overall, Life's been good...(A big smile grows across his face) As for Helen? She married that guy. They had a little girl.  
(MORE)

LANCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

After ten years of marriage, she found out he was having an affair and divorced him. Through the years, we stayed in touch.

EXT. MISSION BAY DOCK - CONTINUOUS

With that same smile as always, a beautiful OLDER HELEN stands alone waiting on the dock.

LANCE (V.O.)

And I kept my promise.

GLAM ROCK MUSIC BLASTS

EXT. BOAT DECK - FUTURE - DAY

Lance mans the wheel. His hand sports a new WEDDING BAND. Helen sits behind him. All smiles. Holding a glass of white wine, her finger sports a LARGE DIAMOND WEDDING RING. The two adoringly stare into one another's eyes. Tripod sits at Lance's feet.

FADE OUT.

In Loving Memory of Tripod Wallick



(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)