

ROADSIDE STARS

EPISODE 101:

PILOT

SHOOTING SCRIPT

VERSION 2

(edited 4-12-15)

written by

GENE LOVELAND and PABLO DIABLO

story by

Gene Loveland and Sean Ryan

10921 BLOOMFIELD ST. APT. 10
TOLUCA LAKE, CA 91602
818.292.2644
PARMEND@GMAIL.COM

REVISION PAGES

DRAFTS

- TABLE READ (MADE 3-19-16)
- BLUE (MADE 3-21-16)
- GREEN (MADE 4-7-16)

- SHOOTING SCRIPT (MADE 4-12-15)
 - Version 1 (ALL SCENES)
 - Version 2 (SCENES 10 & 11 OMITTED)

EPISODE 101:

ANOTHER MISSED CALL

FADE IN:

1

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

1

SAM LAMBERT, 14, sits in a small chair, bewildered, burdened, in denial, next to a bed decorated with every bouquet, collage, and teddy bear known to man.

She clutches her mother's hand. JULIE LAMBERT, 40's, skin stretched across weary bones. Highways of tubes sustain Julie's breathing. Any lingering remnants of Julie's life hang by the BEEPING RHYTHM of an E.C.G. MONITOR.

GRANDMA LAMBERT, 60's, small but sturdy and strong, sets her hands over Sam's shoulder.

GRANDMA LAMBERT

We're doing the right thing.

SAM

Are we?

DOCTOR, 35, enters along with a Nurse and Respiratory Therapist. Their face, casted to both Grandma and Sam, retain an empathetic façade. Almost pitying.

DOCTOR

Miss Lambert, unfortunately, we can't move forward.

GRANDMA LAMBERT

What? Why?

DOCTOR

Julie's power of attorney left a Mister Jack Lamber...

GRANDMA LAMBERT

Oh for Pete's sake... Jack? He forfeited that right back when he walked out.

SAM

Grandma...

GRANDMA LAMBERT

It's true.

DOCTOR

I understand. But we can't proceed until we've heard from him.

GRANDMA LAMBERT

I didn't raise him to be a disappointment. He did that all by himself. It was all that rock and roll.

(beat)

Did you try calling him?

The Doctor exits. OFF a defiant Grandma as we...

2

INT. ALIBI BAR - OFFICE - NIGHT

2

Jackets, shirts, pants, and guitars lie tossed about an otherwise cramped space. JACK'S FLIP PHONE, conveniently poking out of the leather jacket, LIGHTS UP. No ringtone, just an ANGRY BUZZING.

The phone's owner? JACK LAMBERT, 40's, pins down a WEATHERED REDHEAD, GINNY, against a cluttered and tiny desk. UNADULTERATED MOANING. As if they're putting on a show, but our focus is on the

CELL PHONE'S DRONING CROONS. NEGLECTED. Lost amidst the grind and the climax of the moment.

3

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

3

The Doctor looks morose with a HOSPITAL PHONE to his ear before hanging up. No good news today, folks.

DOCTOR

Voicemail. We need....

Grandma Lambert shakes her head. She not surprised, but her nerves and tears are both on the verge. She's had enough.

GRANDMA LAMBERT

...Hasn't my daughter-in-law suffered enough? He's been gone before she even had cancer.

Doctor exchanges glances with the Nurse, then looks to Sam, whose gaze still searches for the remnants of her mother through her eyes.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry. Her will states that she remain on life-support until her husband can fulfill her final wishes.

Sam keeps her hand in Julie's weak grasp, who also seems to keep whatever strength she has left in her. Until her grip

loosens. Julie's body gives out. E.C.G. BUZZES its final BEEEEEP! The GREEN LINE overlaps once weak peaks and valleys into a flat GREEN line which...

MATCH CUT TO:

4

INT. ALIBI BAR - OFFICE - NIGHT

4

...A WHITE LINE of COCAINE on bare cleavage, sniffed into oblivion by our eager Jack. A magical disappearing act. Jack shudders.

GINNY

Shit, after that, you could have a residency here!

JACK

So I would be living here?

GINNY

No, silly. It's a regular gig here at Alibi. Tuesday nights work okay?

JACK

Not exactly what I had in mind, but I'm all for fair trade.

BUZZ! The VIBRATION now heard amidst the silence. He jerks his head to the sound.

JACK (CONT'D)

Is that you?

GINNY

My phone's out in the bar. Charging. It's all you, babe.

The awkward moment before the clothes come back on. Jack searches through them.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Expecting a call from the president?

But Jack can't reply. His thoughts miles away from her.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Don't mind me then.

Which he does. Amidst his high, his face changes from post-coital elation to an ashen state of shock.

5 **INTERCUT - INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

5

Sam's head finds solace in Grandma's bosom. The tears fall along with SILENT SOBS.

After a BEAT of hearing the E.C.G.'s long BEEP, the Doctor looks to the Nurse, who hands him a PEN and CLIPBOARD.

DOCTOR

Time of death: Seven-thirty p.m.

Just business as usual for Doctor, Nurse, and Respiratory Therapist. Both Doc and Therapist exit, while the Nurse jots down the last of her notes, turns off the Monitor, and leaves Sam and Grandma alone.

Sam wallows in the DEAFENING SILENCE with her Grandma. Both miles away, almost afraid to cry for fear of not being able to stop.

Before exiting, the Doctor walks to Grandma, who continues to hold Sam.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

A grief counselor will walk you through the necessary paperwork.

He exits, leaving the two to their mourning. Sam's eyes wander to a PHOTOGRAPH next to the nightstand. It's of JULIE and SAM, at the STATE FAIR, BLUE RIBBONS in their hand. Better times.

MATCH CUT TO:

6 **INT. LAMBERT HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

6

The SAME PHOTOGRAPH, now on an OPEN REFRIGERATOR, now joined with other adventures, PAINTING CLASSES, MANI-PEDIS.

The door closes, Grandma Lambert holds a JELLO MOLD and takes it into the Living Room.

7 INT. LAMBERT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME MOMENT 7

Mourners pollute the room. Passing weary smiles, condolences, even idling conversations to Grandma Lambert, who carries a weighted smile and Jello Mold to a table, decked with other FINGER FOODS.

Meanwhile, Sam is rooted to the couch. The world, her problems, lost within a cell phone and headphones. Anything to keep the tears and memories at bay.

Mourners pass by and extend a sympathetic hand, as if Sam were one of the deceased. Sam returns their condolences with a cold brush of the shoulder and raising the volume to her music. The STATIC SOUND of MUSIC and IGNORANCE stifle through their Idle Talks.

MATCH CUT TO:

8 INT. LAMBERT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER 8

The same room, abandoned. No Mourners in sight, just Sam, who hasn't moved an inch.

Grandma Lambert is busy cleaning up the mess, placing leftovers in Tupperware and dumping neglected glasses of wine and tea.

A lingering MOURNER puts a CIGARETTE into her mouth. Right before she can light it up...Grandma Lambert hands her a FULL GARBAGE BAG. The Mourner looks confused.

GRANDMA LAMBERT

Can you take out the trash, dear?
You can enjoy your cigarette there.

The Smoking Mourner exits. We'll meet up with her later.

Grandma Lambert looks over to Sam, still rooted on the couch. She pulls one of the headphones from her granddaughter's ear.

As if awakening from a trance, Sam retaliates with a IRRITATED HUFF, pissed.

GRANDMA LAMBERT (CONT'D)

(soothing)

Why don't you go outside, dear?

Sam keeps whatever frustration at bay, then travels across the room to see the Mourner's pack of cigarettes. A new vice born?

9

EXT. LAMBERT HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

9

Outside, Sam stands, fidgeting with a stubborn lighter. FLICK, FLICK! No luck. The CIGARETTE in her mouth looks limp, out of place.

FLICK! A flame emerges. She readies the cigarette, but she's doing it wrong. Without an inhale, she sets the tip on fire.

She blows it out, then begins to suck in with haste. Embers glow, a shallow breath, followed by frenzied COUGHS.

JACK (O.S.)

Aren't you a little young to be smoking?

Sam turns her head and sees JACK, leaning against the corner of the house, smoking a cigarette like the guy from those old Malbaro ads.

Almost in spite, Sam takes in another drag and COUGHS HARDER.

JACK (CONT'D)

At least, try not to inhale the first couple of times.

SAM

Oh now you want to extend some great wisdom?

He tries to move closer to Sam. She flicks her cigarette - again, weak- in his direction, but it lands at her feet.

He stands next to her. Sam moves away, naturally repulsed by his presence. He smirks, before pulling out a flask from the inside of his jacket.

Jack takes a long drink from his flask. Sam tries to reach for it, but he moves it out of reach.

Sam sulks, before taking the cigarette from his fingers.

JACK

Your mom was an incredible woman.

SAM

Should've said so at her eulogy. Oh wait, you weren't there. Guess a wife and baby kinda killed your rep with the ladies, didn't it?

JACK
(to himself)
Better late than never; I mean,
fuck,
(beat)
I'm here now, right?

SAM
That's not good enough,
(merciless)
Dad.

JACK
God, you sound just like her.

Sam glares at Jack. The tears now welling behind pained eyes, before turning away. Another drag followed by a light cough.

Jack moves towards her, reaching to touch her shoulder, stops himself for a minute, only to settle for a hover.

Sam shakes her head, until she draws herself close to his touch. Hand and shoulder make contact. She recoils.

JACK (CONT'D)
I made a promise to your mom...

Before he can finish, the BACK DOOR OPENS.

GRANDMA LAMBERT (O.S.)
You alright, hon?

Grandma Lambert sees Sam, sobbing, then her prodigal son, Jack, with a flask in his hand and a hand on Sam's shoulder.

They both look to Grandma, who's eyes bear daggers for Jack.

GRANDMA LAMBERT (CONT'D)
You just don't seem to quit do you?

SAM
I'm fine, Grandma.

Grandma's eyes go right to the cigarette in her hand.

GRANDMA LAMBERT
Since when do you smoke?

Sam drops the cigarette to the ground, snuffs it under her foot, before going inside.

SAM
I just quit.

GRANDMA LAMBERT

Good. Get in and wash that stink
off you.

Before Sam goes back inside, she looks back to Jack for a BEAT. Something's there. Gratitude? Reluctance? Distrust?

Both Sam and her sentiments disappear behind the door.

GRANDMA LAMBERT (CONT'D)

Found another generation to
corrupt?

JACK

Just came to pay my respects.

GRANDMA LAMBERT

Don't think you're moving in to
just take advantage.

JACK

That's not my intention.

GRANDMA LAMBERT

Your intention and ten cents won't
by a cup of coffee.

Grandma Lambert stands between Jack and the doorway. Arms rest on her hips. Zero fucks given.

JACK

Julie asked me to look after Sam.

GRANDMA LAMBERT

She's too young to be in your
entourage.

JACK

Look, mom, I get where you're
coming from.

GRANDMA LAMBERT

Do you really? Your hookers charge
extra for parenting advice?

JACK

It ain't like that.

GRANDMA LAMBERT

Where you going to live? Your job?

Jack is frustrated but still confident this gig will spell out his entire career.

JACK

...I got a gig at a bar.

GRANDMA LAMBERT

Seems you've got everything under control. I'll go pack her things and send her on her way.

Grandma laughs and turns to go back in. Jack follows her.

JACK

Listen, I'm not going to pretend I've got it all planned out. But Sam needs me right now.

GRANDMA LAMBERT

Does she? What about before Julie died?

Jack's gaze falls to the ground. Grandma is amused.

GRANDMA LAMBERT (CONT'D)

You want to know what I see when I look at you? The same drugged-out sex-crazed punk that got Julie pregnant, then left.

JACK

I've changed.

GRANDMA LAMBERT

Aww...Tell me how you got your head out of the clouds?

Before Grandma goes back inside she looks to Jack for a BEAT then goes towards the house.

JACK

What do you want me to say? To tell you I gave up on my dream?

(beat)

You'd love that, wouldn't you?

GRANDMA LAMBERT

Don't give up Jack. Get back out there and finish what you started for once in your life. Just don't take Sam down with you.

Jack falls silent. One last chance. From his jacket, he pulls out a FOLDED DOCUMENT.

JACK

It was Julie's last wish.

Jack tosses the papers to her. She looks at them, chuckles. A tantrum. Isn't he cute?

GRANDMA LAMBERT
(biting)
Another missed call.

JACK
Sam comes with me.

GRANDMA LAMBERT
Over my dead body.

Grandma tosses the papers. They aren't stapled. So they fly like leaves, carried away by the wind. She leaves, slamming the door behind her.

He picks them up. One corner has a BURN MARK.

JULIE (PRELAP)
Just don't put my ashes in one of those coffee tins.

Jack takes another drag before he can exhale, he snuffs the cigarette into the ground and leaves.

10	OMITTED	10
11	OMITTED	11
12	INT. LAMBERT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER	12

Grandma saunters in the living room. She pinches the bridge of her nose. She literally can't even right now.

GRANDMA LAMBERT
Julie, can you be a dear and bring mama's whiskey to bed? I'm gonna watch my programs.

SAM
Grandma. It's Sam.

GRANDMA LAMBERT
Sorry, honey. You know me and my...

SAM
Alzheimer's.

Grandma's shakes her head, clenching her fists open and shut.

GRANDMA LAMBERT
I don't have Alzheimer's, it's OLD
TIMERS! Now be a dear and bring me
my damn drink!

With that, she calmly saunters down the hall. And SHUTS the
DOOR.

13 INT. LAMBERT HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

13

Grandma sits in bed. Her feet resting on top of a body
pillow. She appears dazed, miles away, as she watches TV.

Sam enters, albeit trepidly, into the room. In her hands,
whiskey on the rocks. The ICE CLINKS against the glass,
almost breaking through Sam's hesitation.

Grandma takes no notice. Her gaze is transfixed on the show.

GRANDMA LAMBERT
I don't know what you see in my
son, Julie.

SAM
Here's your nightcap, Grandma.

Grandma jerks her head towards Sam. The same dark gaze as
before.

GRANDMA LAMBERT
What's this Grandma, shit? You want
me to feel old, Julie?

SAM
It's Sam! My name is Sam. Julie's
dead!

She slaps the whiskey right out of Sam's hand, which brings
Sam to GASP.

The GLASS BREAKS. As if also breaking the spell, Grandma eyes
avert from the dark rage to instant regret. She wants to say
I'm sorry, but the words aren't coming out.

SAM (CONT'D)
Maybe Jack can help us.

GRANDMA LAMBERT
Jack won't do a damn thing.

SAM
(pleading)
Can he try, at least?

Grandma and Sam exchange glances, as if searching for the cure in each other. Hopelessly scared and worried. Grandma fixes Sam's hair.

GRANDMA LAMBERT

I just don't know what I'm going to do with you.

SAM

I miss Mom.

Sam breaks into tears for the first time. They won't stop. Grandma brings her close, even bringing her to bed. Sam burrows her face into Grandma's bosom. Crying relentlessly.

Grandma turns off the bedside lamp, leaving the glow of the television to bounce off of the two lost souls into the night.

14 INT. ALIBI BAR - NIGHT

14

Jack stands on stage, strumming a guitar and singing into the mic. A shot of WHISKEY awaits him on a stool. The Bar crowd sits, carrying idle conversation.

JACK

*Skeletons in your closet/
Scratching the door/ It's hell to
keep a secret/ a secret.*

A Woman wearing an IRON MAIDEN T-SHIRT holds up her phone. Using an app, records Jack's open-mic.

15 INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

15

Sam is bent over the computer. She's on Youtube, watching Jack's performance, live. She's in a cute dress, ready for a night on the town. Sam's PHONE VIBRATES.

JACK (V.O.)

What you don't know won't hurt.

A TEXT MESSAGE. From ANDREW: OUTSIDE. She bookmarks the site, under a FOLDER - "Jack Lambert." Then closes the window.

She opens it and pokes her head out into the hallway. The DRONING COMBO of the TELEVISION and GRANDMA'S SNORES assure her that the coast is clear. She puts the phone in her purse, turns off the light, and closes the door.

16 INT. ALIBI BAR - NIGHT

16

He still sings when his eyes wander to the Iron Maiden. She turns off her phone and puts it into her purse. Full attention back to Jack.

JACK

*Your secret grows harder to hide/
Whiskey numbs the guilt.*

She winks and raises her GLASS of WHISKEY, before kicking it back. Pro status.

JACK (CONT'D)

*You try to take it all in stride/
But you never will, no you never
really.*

Meanwhile, at the bar, our Ginny watches, longing.

17 INT. ICE HOUSE - NIGHT

17

Sam is dancing. Alone? Yes, for now. She's having a moment. Trying to find solace in the music, but it's not helping.

JACK (V.O.)

*White lies go down easy/ Truth
burns/ A polite untruth keeps the
peace.*

On her left hand is a LARGE X. She's underage, but can't Drink.

But leave it to some GUY, ANDREW, 23, picture Dylan Marshall from Modern Family, no X-MARK his hand though. Instead, two shot glasses. They kick them back and continue dancing.

END OF EPISODE 101.