

RODEO ROCK RECORD SHOP

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - LATE MORNING

A helicopter shot of the 101 FREEWAY in LOS ANGELES on a mostly clear blue sky day.

A whirl of traffic on the freeway disintegrates into a few cars exiting the SILVER LAKE BLVD off ramp of the freeway onto a city street.

We continue down the street past some local shops and restaurants. As we turn a corner, we come upon a park with teens playing basketball on a half court. Some people who are walking their dogs catch a few glimpses of some not-so-great athletic action.

As we pass the park, we approach another street with a row of houses on both sides. A dirty, beat up, lone car is proceeding very slowly down the street. The car has an Uber sticker on the back window.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT SEAT OF CAR - CONTINUOUS

Two men are in the car, both late 20s/early 30s. In the driver's seat sits CASH RIVERS, in the passenger seat is HUDDIE WALKER. Huddie is frantically changing from one radio station to the next on the FM radio.

Cash's iPhone is clipped to his dashboard where we see the Uber Eats app is open and showing an address. As he is driving, Cash is desperately searching for the customer's house.

HUDDIE

Seriously Cash, why do radio stations only play the same five songs?

CASH

Will you stop screwing around with that, Huddie? I'm trying to concentrate. I can't find this guy's address.

HUDDIE

His food's probably cold by now anyway. Cancel the order and let me have it. I'm starving.

CASH  
Absolutely not. Now help me look  
for the house number.

HUDDIE  
*(still fooling around with  
the radio)*  
Dude, you need to get XM radio.  
This FM is bullshit.

CASH  
I can't afford it.  
*(spotting the address)*  
Finally!

Cash double parks the car and steps out of the vehicle. He opens the back driver's side car door and grabs a bag containing the customer's order and runs up to the house to hand deliver it.

Huddle remains in the vehicle, continuing to flip through various radio stations. With each passing tune, he comments under his breath about how awful each song is. A moment later Cash returns to the vehicle.

HUDDIE  
Did he tip you?

CASH  
I don't know yet. I have to wait  
and see.

HUDDIE  
He's not gonna. You took forever to  
get him his food.

CASH  
That doesn't mean anything.

HUDDIE  
I wouldn't tip you. You suck as a  
delivery driver.

CASH  
Why do you choose to come along  
with me when I'm Ubering? You know  
I'm not supposed to have anyone  
else with me, right? I could get in  
trouble.

HUDDIE  
I have nothing else to do.

Cash starts up the car and drives away.

HUDDIE (CONT'D)

What's your all-time favorite song about food?

CASH

*(thinking about it for a moment)*

Cheeseburger in Paradise.

HUDDIE

Jimmy Buffett?

CASH

Yeah. Something wrong with that?

HUDDIE

No. I'm just surprised. That's my answer too.

CASH

Why does that surprise you?

HUDDIE

We don't usually agree that easily on music topics.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - LATER

Cash and Huddie are strolling down the sidewalk having an intense discussion. Cash is wearing a Nirvana T-shirt.

CASH

I'm telling you Huddie, *The Commitments* is the best fictional band movie ever made.

HUDDIE

How can you say that? Every song they perform in the film is a cover. There's nothing original.

CASH

That's because it's a movie about a fictional band.

HUDDIE

It shouldn't be that way. The film's writers should take the time to compose original music for their screenplay.

CASH

It's a spec script, not a Rockumentary.

They stop walking for a moment.

HUDDIE

Look Cash, I'm not saying they need to go all *VH-1 Behind the Music*. I just think movies centering about a fake band should not be playing songs from real bands. It cheapens the experience for the audience.

CASH

What about *The Blues Brothers*? Or *School of Rock*.

HUDDIE

What about them? *The Blues Brothers* wasn't a fake band. Belushi and Aykroyd toured the country as those characters and performing those songs. And they never marketed themselves as being a fictitious band. And as far as *School of Rock* goes, yes, they were not a real band, but at the end of the movie when they finally got to perform in front of an audience, they performed an original song. Not some bullshit cover.

They start walking again.

HUDDIE (CONT'D)

You going to actually talk to her today?

CASH

Maybe. I haven't decided yet.

HUDDIE

Your relationship with this girl is like a bad romance.

CASH

Lady Gaga, really?

HUDDIE

What? I like Lady Gaga. She's hot.

They come to a sharp stop at the front entrance of RODEO ROCK RECORD SHOP.

They stand there for a moment staring at the door entrance. The storefront sign has three capital letter "R"'s in white paint that are very faded and partially chipped off. The windows are littered with various album covers, music posters, and flyers of local bands promoting their upcoming shows.

HUDDIE (CONT'D)

So, should I stay or should I go?

CASH

The Clash. And in the words of The Four Seasons - "*Stay*". I need a wing man.

HUDDIE

Actually *Stay* was originally recorded by Maurice Williams and the Zodiacs. The Four Seasons just covered the song.

CASH

(*sarcastic*)

They must not be a real band then.

HUDDIE

Frankie Valli and the boys they did a lot of cover songs. But they had their own hits too. And I'm not saying bands can't do covers. Some cover songs are better than the original.

CASH

Janis Joplin's *Me and Bobby McGee*.

HUDDIE

Exactly.

CASH

Best cover song better than the original?

HUDDIE

That's easy. *All Along the Watchtower* by Hendrix.

CASH

Nice.

HUDDIE

You?

CASH

*Mr. Tambourine Man* by The Byrds.

HUDDIE

Wow, very surprising choice. And apparently no love at all for Bob Dylan originals.

CASH

I think every Bob Dylan song sounds better being sung by someone else.

HUDDIE

I wholeheartedly buy into that theory. Minus the song *Subterranean Homesick Blues*. That song is only good with Dylan singing it.

(beat)

So are we going in or not? I feel like an idiot just standing here.

CASH

Yes, we're going in. Just don't embarrass me.

HUDDIE

You really like this girl?

CASH

Yes.

HUDDIE

Then I make no promises.

Huddie opens the shop door, and both men enter.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT SALES COUNTER OF RODEO ROCK RECORD SHOP

The store is overstocked with records. Within the various horizontal rows of records, more stacks of records are piled vertically on top in high-rising columns that look like they could collapse at any given moment.

The walls of the interior shop are covered with albums for sale. Most are in decent shape. Also littering the walls are posters of legendary bands that have been faded over the years by the sun and by time. There is also a small stage along the back wall.

Behind the counter is MELODY JACOBS, late 20's. She is wearing an AC/DC tank-top with ripped blue jeans.

With her is TONY, late 50's, the owner of Rodeo Rock Record Shop. Behind them, on the wall behind the counter, are the high-end records that the shop has for sale. These are pristine, shrinkwrapped, and expensive. Also on the wall behind the counter is a poster of a band called THE VANES. On the poster we see a picture of a younger Melody holding a bass guitar along with two other women, one with an electric guitar and one behind a three piece drum set.

Behind the counter is a black curtain, which covers a small storage/stock room located behind it.

Tony and Melody observe Cash and Huddie entering the store, who then begin browsing through the shop's record collections. Tony appears annoyed that the two men are in his shop.

TONY

Look Melody, those two asshats are here again.

MELODY

I don't know why you don't like them. They seem to know a lot about music.

TONY

Lots of folks know about music. Look at Roger Waters, Liam Gallagher, Morrissey. They all know a shit ton about music. Doesn't make any of them any less an asshat.

MELODY

So what is it about them then?

TONY

They never buy anything.  
*(speaking loudly to Cash  
 and Huddie)*  
 Hey, fellas. You going to actually purchase something today?

HUDDIE

Nobody buys records anymore, Tony. Everything's on Spotify or iTunes. How you doing Melody? Sporting the AC/DC today huh?

MELODY

I'm fine Huddie. And yes, I am. I compare working here like being on a highway to hell.

TONY

You want to quit, go ahead.

MELODY

You wouldn't let me if I tried. I'm the only one knows how to work the cash register.

TONY

I know how to work it. Just gets stuck sometimes.

Huddie looks over at Cash who is purposely ignoring everything going on. Huddie shakes his head in frustration.

HUDDIE

*(whispering)*

Dude, say something to Melody. Strike up a conversation.

CASH

*(whispering)*

What am I gonna say? I think you're cute and I like your records. Will you go out with me?

HUDDIE

*(whispering)*

No, don't say that. Definitely don't say that. Saying you like her records kind of sounds like a you're referring to her breasts.

MELODY

So what's the topic of conversation you two are discussing today?

HUDDIE

*(thinking quickly)*

Best song ever about crushing on someone.

MELODY

Crushing?

HUDDIE

Yeah, you know. Like when someone has a crush on a person. What's your favorite crush song?

Cash shoots a reproachful look to Huddie.

MELODY

I'm not sure. *Brown-Eyed Girl* by  
Van Morrison?

HUDDIE

(*disappointed*)

Wow, that's so basic. How about you  
Cash? If you were crushing on  
someone, what song would that make  
you think of?

CASH

(*pondering it for a  
moment*)

*El Scorcho* by Weezer.

HUDDIE

Wasn't that from their poorly  
reviewed *Pinkerton* album?

CASH

Yes, and that album was way  
underrated. It's actually really  
good.

HUDDIE

Oh, I concur. But tell that to  
Rolling Stone.

CASH

Fuck Rolling Stone. In that song  
Rivers Cuomo falls for a half-  
Japanese girl who's never heard of  
Green Day but writes about Madame  
Butterfly in her diary. The entire  
song he tries to convince the girl  
that he's perfect for her, despite  
the fact that he can't even look  
her in the eye without trembling.  
That's crushing hard.

MELODY

(*impressed*)

You've given that a lot of thought.  
How about you, Huddie?

HUDDIE

Best crush song?

MELODY

Yeah.

HUDDIE

*Number One Crush* by Garbage.

CASH

That song goes way beyond crushing  
on someone.

HUDDIE

*(smiling, proud of  
himself)*

Yeah, I know.

The curtain behind the counter opens and MARVIN, late mid-40s, African-American, enters.

MARVIN

You're all wrong. The best song  
about crushing on someone is *I  
Wanna Be Your Lover* by Prince.

HUDDIE

Oh, hey, Marvin Gaye. Didn't know  
you were here today too. Tony  
keeping you locked in the back  
room? That's racist Tony.

MARVIN

Shut up, Huddie. Unlike you, I  
actually work for a living. Not  
everyone can be a trust fund baby.

HUDDIE

My parents are rich. Sue me.

CASH

Hi, Marvin Gaye.

MARVIN

Will you two stop calling me Marvin  
Gaye? My name's Marvin. Just plain  
ol' Marvin.

MELODY

But your full name *is* Marvin Gaye.

MARVIN

But I prefer to only go by Marvin.

HUDDIE

Like Madonna and Cher?

MARVIN

More like Rihanna or Usher.  
Besides, I don't want people  
confusing me with the singer.

HUDDIE

The guy who was shot to death by his father? Yeah, I wouldn't worry too much about that.

Marvin exits back behind the curtain in an angry huff. Cash start rummaging through the records. Huddie grabs a stack of records and hold them up.

HUDDIE (CONT'D)

Speaking of music, what is it with you, Tony? Everything in this store is from before the Reagan administration. Can't you at least sell CDs. I'm sure some high school kids at least still buy those.

MELODY

Not anymore. Best Buy stopped carrying them.

TONY

I don't want high school kids in here. They steal stuff.

MELODY

Afraid they might take one of your precious Jethro Tull albums?

Cash immediately looks up, excited.

CASH

I like Jethro Tull.

Both Melody and Huddie give Cash a disappointed look.

HUDDIE

*(under his breath to Cash)*

Dude, you're losing points here. Nobody likes Jethro Tull. Quick, say something else.

CASH

*(struggling to think of something)*

My favorite band's Nirvana.

MELODY

I sort of figured that out. You wear a different Nirvana shirt every day you come in here.

Another customer in the back of the store who has been eavesdropping on their conversation chimes in. He is wearing a Night Ranger T-shirt.

SHOP CUSTOMER

I also like Nirvana.

HUDDIE

Who the fuck cares who you like? No one is talking to you, Night Ranger. Go back to browsing your White Lion and Steelheart records.

TONY

Can you please be respectful to the other customers in the store?

HUDDIE

I can't respect bad glam rock.

MELODY

There's good glam rock?

HUDDIE

Hell yeah. KISS, Sweet, New York Dolls. Should I go on?

CASH

*(getting frustrated at  
Huddie's dominating  
conversation)*

No. But we should go. Come on.

HUDDIE

Go? We just got here.

*(whispering to Cash)*

Dude, you've barely said two words to Melody.

CASH

*(whispering, upset)*

I haven't had a chance.

*(normal voice)*

We'll see you tomorrow, Tony. Bye, Melody.

Cash storms out the door.

TONY

Yeah, look forward to having you back so you can *not* buy something.

HUDDIE

That hurts, Tony.

TONY

So does this month's commission.

HUDDIE

Touché. See ya later, Mel.

Huddie races out of the store to catch up with Cash.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Cash is walking very quickly. He is angry and looking down at the ground. Huddie is almost in a full sprint behind him trying to catch up.

HUDDIE (CONT'D)

Cash, wait up. What's the hurry?  
Why'd you wanna leave so quick?

Cash stops walking and freezes in place. He looks up at the sky, frustrated. He turns around to confront Huddie.

CASH

Because I'm pissed off.

HUDDIE

What are you so angry about? So you admitted you liked Jethro Tull. No big deal. Everyone's allowed a musical guilty pleasure. Mine is Taylor Swift. The girl's got a voice and obviously some issues. That's a sexy combination.

CASH

It's not because of Jethro Tull.  
It's because of you!

HUDDIE

Me? What'd I do?

CASH

Every time we go in there you're always monopolizing the conversation.

HUDDIE

I'm sorry man. I just like to discuss music.

CASH

So do I. But that's not the point. We went there today specifically for me to ask out Melody. I've been trying to muster up the courage for weeks and today was supposed to be the day. But instead, you're name dropping bands faster than Bob Guccione Jr. and I end up looking like some uneducated hick who likes bands with flute players and wears the same shirt everyday.

HUDDIE

Bob Guccione Jr.? Really?

CASH

Shut up.

HUDDIE

Come on man, don't be mad at me. You know you could have chimed in at any time. Instead you buried your head in a bin of records purposely trying to avoid talking to her.

Cash says nothing. He just paces the sidewalk fuming.

HUDDIE (CONT'D)

Dude, you're my best friend. You know I wouldn't try to screw you over.

CASH

I know. I'm sorry. I just - it's frustrating. She's so beautiful and knows so much about music. You know I've always wanted to date a girl who knows about music.

HUDDIE

I know. It's because you were never able to do anything music related yourself.

CASH

What? No, it's not.

HUDDIE

Oh, come on man. You took guitar lessons for three weeks and quit because it was too difficult.

(MORE)

HUDDIE (CONT'D)

Then you tried starting a music blog online, and absolutely no one ever read it.

CASH

You didn't read it?

HUDDIE

Fuck no. And don't even get me started on how many times you've tried to start a deejay company. Dude, you want to be in the music industry in some capacity so bad but you've got no skills to do it. And now you've reduced yourself to trying to date a girl who works in a used record shop because it's as close as you'll ever come to being a part of it.

CASH

Fuck you, Huddie.

HUDDIE

Don't get mad at me. You know I'm right. But as your best friend, I've got your back. So if you really want to ask Melody out, I'm gonna be your wing man.

CASH

I'll do it tomorrow.

HUDDIE

Okay. But you better ask her out soon or she's going to start thinking you're gay.

Huddie pauses for a moment, realizing something.

HUDDIE (CONT'D)

Oh man, and you're always going in there with me so she probably thinks I'm your boyfriend.

They begin walking away down the sidewalk.

HUDDIE (CONT'D)

I mean I've got no problem with gay people. I love Freddie Mercury. And I know every Elton John song by heart. And Heart, I like them too.

(MORE)

HUDDIE (CONT'D)  
          Though I believe them being  
          lesbians was just a myth...

CUT TO:

EXT. DENNY'S DINER - LATER THAT EVENING

The glowing neon sign of the diner is lighting up the otherwise dark Los Angeles evening sky.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT COUNTER OF THE DINER

This diner has seen better days. It's very old and it shows. At the counter we see three elderly men drinking coffee and watching The Dodgers on a very small television screen which hangs behind the counter.

                  OLD MAN #1  
          Those bastards couldn't hit the  
          ball with a redwood tree.

                  OLD MAN #2  
          I've had three strokes and I could  
          still throw better than that.

                  OLD MAN #3  
          I miss Koufax. I'm telling you all  
          these players now are all on the  
          weed. Smoking the cannabis every  
          one of 'em.

The old men continue to curse at the television as we pan to...

INT. A BOOTH AT THE DINER

We see Cash sitting opposite of ANGELA, an Asian girl in her late 20's. There are a couple of empty plates of food in front of them and both are drinking coffee.

                  CASH  
          ...and now Huddie thinks she's  
          under the impression that he might  
          be gay.

ANGELA

I've known Huddie longer than I've known you, and as a woman and as a lesbian, there is no way I'd ever mistake Huddie as a gay man. Or sometimes even as a man. He's really more of a ...

*(pauses to think of the  
right word but can't)*

... thing.

CASH

I really embarrassed myself today.

ANGELA

Why? Cuz of a Nirvana T-shirt? Who gives a shit. I have an old Ted Nugent shirt that I still wear. It's just a shirt. It doesn't define who you are.

CASH

So you're saying clothes don't make the man.

ANGELA

Shit no. The man makes the man. And you're a good man, Cash. You're decent. You respect women. You're intellectual.

CASH

I told her I like Jethro Tull.

ANGELA

Okay, so you're not the smartest intellectual, but you're still easy to talk to.

CASH

Thanks a lot.

ANGELA

Look, why don't you go in there one day by yourself. Don't bring Huddie with you. Then you can talk to her without any interference from him. Besides, if I had to choose someone based on their general knowledge of music, I'd pick you over Huddie every single time.

CASH

You'd be wrong.

ANGELA

I'm a singer/songwriter. I know.

CASH

I don't know what to say to her.

ANGELA

Just say whatever comes to your mind. Hell man, talk about anything music related. It's what you know. Except Jethro Tull. Never mention Jethro Tull in her, or anyone else's presence, ever again.

Angela pauses, taking a drink of coffee.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

*(disappointed)*

Jethro Tull, really?

CASH

*(annoyed)*

Yes. Let it go.

ANGELA

At least it wasn't Uriah Heep.

Cash shakes his head as he looks down into his coffee. He is still quite upset.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Come on, man, seriously you have to stop worrying about it.

CASH

Easy for you to say. You can go into that record shop no problem. Me, I feel like I'm being judged.

ANGELA

Dude, I'm a lesbian and I'm Asian. I can't go anywhere without being judged.

CASH

I really don't think I can keep going back there every day if I don't say something to her soon.

ANGELA

You know I'm playing a set there Friday night. You'll be there supporting me and you know she'll most likely be working.

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Why don't you wait and try to talk to her then?

CASH

You think?

ANGELA

Absolutely. Besides, every week you and I sit in this crappy old diner and you say the same things over and over about Melody. You're like one of those broken records Rodeo Rock sells. I'm your friend, Cash, but even I have limits.

CASH

You're right. I'll try to talk to her Friday night.

ANGELA

I know I'm right. Now pay the bill and let's get the hell out of here.

CASH

Why do I always have to pay?

ANGELA

Cuz I have to sit here and listen to your sorry ass whine every time. Plus you have a job, I don't.

CASH

I deliver food for Uber Eats.

ANGELA

It's still a job. A pathetic job, but a job nonetheless.

CASH

You have a job. You're a singer/songwriter.

ANGELA

*(sarcastically)*

Yeah, and that's paying the bills. And you're paying this one. Now come on, let's get going.

Cash grabs the check as the two of them get up from their booth.

CUT TO:

## INT. MELODY'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY

The front door opens to a neat little two-bedroom loft apartment. Melody enters, carrying a stack of records under her arms. The record on top that is visible is a Jethro Tull album. Her roommate, VERONICA, mid 20s, is lying on the couch with the television remote control in her hand, flipping channels. She is every bit a professional business woman, the complete opposite of Melody.

VERONICA

Please don't tell me you're bringing more stupid records into my apartment.

MELODY

I live here too, Veronica.

VERONICA

Yeah, but you don't pay rent.

MELODY

I pay rent. I'm just a couple months behind. Besides you said you would cover me until I could pay you back.

VERONICA

That was before I knew it was going to be an ongoing thing.

MELODY

I'll get your money. The shop just isn't doing too good right now so Tony can't pay me every week.

VERONICA

Whatever. Just don't play those while I'm around. I don't wanna have to listen to them.

MELODY

Fine. I won't.

Melody retreats into her bedroom and closes the door behind her.

CUT TO:

## INT. RODEO ROCK RECORD SHOP - FRIDAY MORNING

Tony is speaking to a man in a business suit. Tony is visually upset but doing his best to maintain his composure.

TONY

Please, Mr. Earlson, have a heart.  
I've been here for twenty-six  
years.

MR. EARLSON

I have a heart. What I don't have  
is patience.

Melody enters the store and sees the two men having their discussion. She pretends not to listen but secretly does as she puts her purse away in a small locker behind the counter.

MR. EARLSON (CONT'D)

You've got until the end of the  
month. After that the locks are  
changing and anything left behind  
becomes my client's property.

TONY

I've spent my life compiling these  
records.

MR. EARLSON

And now you can spend your  
retirement listening to them. Good  
day.

Mr. Earlson turns around and sees Melody. He nods to greet her and then exits. Melody steps up to the counter, concerned for Tony, who is now emotional.

MELODY

Who was that?

TONY

The lawyer of the guy who owns  
every storefront on this city  
block.

MELODY

Is he kicking us out?

TONY

Yes. We no longer fit in with the  
motif of what they want the  
development to look like.  
Apparently a used record shop isn't  
classy enough for the clientele they  
want to cater to.

MELODY

That's bullshit. What are they  
gonna do with the space?

TONY

Turn it into a Christian bookstore or an overpriced bagel shop. Hell if I know.

MELODY

Don't we have a lease?

TONY

Our lease expired years ago. We've just continued paying our rent and no one's ever bothered us until now.

MELODY

I don't understand. The record shop has been here longer than any other store or restaurant on this block. Why do they suddenly care now?

TONY

A new owner took over. And this guy doesn't mess around. He's young and hungry. Wants to turn a profit any way he can on the properties he owns.

MELODY

So we're out the door.

TONY

Pretty much.

MELODY

Are you going to announce it at the concert tonight?

TONY

No, I don't want to dampen the mood. We'll let folks find out gradually. We've got until the end of the month.

He pulls a stack of records out from under the counter.

TONY (CONT'D)

Do you mind alphabetizing these for me? A fellow traded them in earlier this morning and I haven't had a chance to go through them yet.

MELODY

Sure.

She takes the records and begins to sort them.

MELODY (CONT'D)

We should bring in a big name act to perform on the store's last night. A big going out of business bash.

TONY

Like who?

MELODY

I don't know.

Tony turns around and points to the poster of The Vanes behind the counter.

TONY

How about The Vanes?

MELODY

No way Tony. You know better.

TONY

I'm just saying they'd bring in a big crowd. They've got a huge following now.

MELODY

I can't face that scene. Not yet.

TONY

It's been almost six years since you quit the band. Since your parents died.

MELODY

I don't need reminding of that.

TONY

I'm just saying, you loved playing music.

MELODY

And I still do. I just can't play in front of people.

TONY

You're not responsible for your parents deaths.

MELODY

My pride played a role in it.

TONY

Wanting your parents to see you perform is not a prideful thing.

MELODY

Look Tony, I'd love to play. Believe me, it would mean the world to me. I'm just not ready yet. And as far as The Vanes performing at Rodeo Rock - please don't do that to me.

Tony nods, still contemplating the idea.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE RODEO ROCK- LATER THAT EVENING

A short line of people are waiting to get inside the record shop for tonight's concert.

We pass down the sidewalk seeing the small crowd standing in line. When we come up on Rodeo Rock Record Shop, Melody is standing by the front door collecting a cover charge from everyone before they are allowed to enter. On the door behind her is a sign that reads "**ANGELA PERFORMING TONIGHT. 9:00 PM. COVER \$5**".

JUMP CUT TO:

Down a ways of the sidewalk that leads to Rodeo Rock Record Shop where Cash and Huddie are slowly approaching. Cash is wearing a Kurt Cobain T-shirt.

CASH

So you think *The Wonders* from *That Thing You Do* was a better band than *Marvin Berry and The Starlighters* from *Back to the Future*?

HUDDIE

Absolutely. Even though they were a one-hit wonder, they sang original songs. How many times must I make this point clear to you?

CASH

But Marvin Berry was cousins with Chuck Berry.

HUDDIE

And Tito Jackson was brothers with Michael. So what?

(MORE)

HUDDIE (CONT'D)

Ancestry doesn't influence talent.  
Tito sucks and so did Marvin Berry.

CASH

But would Chuck Berry have been as popular if his cousin hadn't called him to listen to Marty McFly cover Johnny B. Goode?

HUDDIE

You know that's just made up right? It didn't really happen. Michael J. Fox had nothing to do with the creation of that song.

CASH

(defensively)

Yeah, I know.

They walk a few more steps, keeping to their own thoughts.

HUDDIE

I'm glad you decided to come tonight.

CASH

If I didn't Angela would hunt me down and kill me.

HUDDIE

To quote Daryl Hall and John Oates - she's a man-eater. Except she's a lesbian, so I guess not really.

CASH

I'm a little nervous about seeing Melody.

HUDDIE

Then I've got some bad news for you. Look who's on crowd control.

Cash looks down the sidewalk and sees Melody working the door. She is wearing a *Rolling Stones* T-shirt. He immediately turns around and starts walking back the way he came. Huddie grabs him and spins him back around again toward the shop.

HUDDIE (CONT'D)

Come on man, don't *Ace of Base* me. Don't turn around.

CASH

That's a horrible reference.

HUDDIE

They had more number one hits than  
*ABBA*.

CASH

If we're talking Swedish bands, I  
prefer *Roxette* over both.

Melody notices Cash and Huddie standing on the sidewalk and  
calls out to them.

MELODY

Huddie! Cash! Come up here.

HUDDIE

She spotted us. The moment of  
truth.

CASH

Just go.

Cash pushes Huddie in the back to move him forward and they  
start making their way through the concert line. Melody  
signals for the next person in line to wait a moment.

MELODY

Angela is inside. She said she was  
going to comp the two of you.

HUDDIE

Yeah. Our friend Sheila and my  
brother Bert are coming too.

MELODY

They're already inside. Go on in.

HUDDIE

Sweet, thanks Melody.

Huddie walks in without waiting for Cash. As he opens the  
door we see Marvin walking by. Huddie calls out to him just  
as the door closes.

HUDDIE (CONT'D)

Hey, Marvin Gaye. What's up?

Cash stands next to Melody outside. She looks down at his  
Kurt Cobain shirt.

MELODY

Another Nirvana shirt. You really  
are a super fan.

CASH  
Technically this is a Kurt Cobain  
shirt.

Melody looks at Cash as to imply "Really?"

CASH (CONT'D)  
Okay, you're right. Sorry.

MELODY  
No need to apologize. I say come as  
you are.

CASH  
Nice.

Marvin walks out the front door.

MARVIN  
Hey, Melody, Tony needs help. He  
can't get the cash register open.  
I'll cover things out here for you.

MELODY  
Okay. Thanks, Marvin.

CASH  
Hi, Marvin Gaye.  
*(singing the Marvin Gaye  
song and dancing  
awkwardly to it)*  
What's going on? What's going on?

MARVIN  
I truly, truly hate you.

Melody and Cash open the door and go inside.

CUT TO:

INT. RODEO ROCK RECORD SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Melody walks over to the counter. Cash spots Huddie in the crowd and makes his way over to him. Standing next to Huddie are SHEILA, late 20s, and BERT, early 40s, who is Huddie's brother. Like Huddie and Cash, Sheila and Bert are always wearing band/music shirts too. Bert is currently wearing a Merle Haggard T-shirt. He looks as out of place as one can be in this environment.

CASH  
Hey Sheila. What's up, Bert?

Sheila hugs Cash. Bert gives him a fist bump.

SHEILA

How you doing Cash? Did you ask out Melody yet?

CASH

Jesus Christ.

HUDDIE

Sheila, it possible you're even prettier than last time I saw you.

SHEILA

You know this is why I love you.

CASH

You and fifteen other girls he uses that line on.

SHEILA

He knows it won't get him anywhere. I'm with Angela.

HUDDIE

Where is she? Figured she'd be out here greeting folks. She likes to do that before her shows.

BERT

She was out here earlier but had to go tune her guitar. She's in the back. You can probably go say hi if you want to.

HUDDIE

Nah, we'll wait til after the show.

SHEILA

So Cash, you never answered my question. Did you ask out Melody yet?

CASH

No, not yet. I plan to do it tonight.

BERT

*(blurting out awkwardly)*  
I bet you'd like to tune her.

Cash, Huddie and Sheila give Bert a look.

SHEILA

What does that even mean?

BERT

I don't know. Just thought it was funny cuz we were talking about Angela tuning her guitar.

SHEILA

You're an idiot.

HUDDIE

And what's with the Merle Haggard T-shirt? Since when are you a fan of his?

BERT

I like that one song he sings, *Mama Tried*.

CASH

You are aware that Merle Haggard has other songs too, right?

BERT

Yeah.

HUDDIE

Have you ever heard any of them?

Bert pauses and stays quiet for just a moment before answering.

BERT

No.

CASH

Then why are you wearing his shirt?

BERT

Cuz I'm a fan.

HUDDIE

You can't be a fan of his but only know one song.

BERT

Why not?

CASH

Because knowing only one song of his doesn't make you a fan. He's had tons of hits. You're just a fan of that one particular song.

BERT

So?

HUDDIE

So you shouldn't be wearing a Merle Haggard shirt, you should be wearing a *Mama Tried* shirt.

SHEILA

I think with Bert it's more of a Mama tried, but Mama failed.

HUDDIE

As his brother, I confirm that statement.

The shop lights suddenly dim and behind them we see Angela walk on stage with her guitar.

CASH

*(nodding toward the stage  
with his head)*

Angela's on stage and she's about to start. Let's discuss your wardrobe later.

Angela places her guitar around her shoulder using the guitar strap. She steps up to the microphone which is already set up on stage and addresses the small crowd.

ANGELA

Hi folks, thanks for coming out here tonight to support live music. Hope you enjoy my set.

Angela begins playing an original song.

### **MONTAGE**

- Angela performs her song for the onlooking crowd.
- Cash periodically looks behind him to sneak a glance at Melody. He is waiting to make his move and talk to her.
- Melody is enjoying the concert. She dances and shares laughs with the people around her.
- Huddie is talking to lots of different girls at the concert. At one point he also is seen talking to Tony and Marvin who are standing behind the sales counter.
- Cash spots Melody standing alone. This is his chance. He starts to make his way over to her.

As he is only a few feet away from her, she is suddenly engulfed by several of her friends and again becomes unapproachable one on one. Realizing he isn't going to get the opportunity to speak with her alone tonight, Cash continues walking past her and out the door. Huddie sees him exit.

- Huddie takes out his cell phone and we see him text Cash. We see his text message which reads "Where you going?"

- Angela continues to sing her song, looking out over the crowd.

- Cash walks away, all alone down the sidewalk, lit only by the moon and the street lights above. He pulls his cell phone out of his pocket and sees the message from Huddie. Cash texts back a reply which we don't see.

- Back at the concert, Melody is alone again on the concert floor. She is looking around, almost like she is trying to find someone in the crowd.

- Huddie feels his cellphone vibrate in his pants pocket. He pulls out his phone and looks at a text message from Cash. We now see the reply from Cash. It reads "To quote Simon and Garfunkel - *Homeward Bound.*"

- Angela finishes her song as the audience erupts into applause.

#### **END MONTAGE**

FADE TO:

INT. RODEO ROCK RECORD SHOP - AFTER THE CONCERT

Angela is putting her guitar away in its case. Circled around her are Huddie, Sheila and Melody. Tony and Marvin are behind the sales counter separating the door money into two piles.

MELODY

You were great tonight, Angela.

ANGELA

Thanks, Melody. I always appreciate the store giving me the opportunity to perform.

Sheila cozies up to Angela and holds her hand.

SHEILA

Maybe I could get a personal encore a little later?

Sheila and Angela share a kiss. Huddie stares at them, open-mouthed.

HUDDIE  
My God I love lesbians.

Angela and Sheila both give Huddie the middle finger.

HUDDIE (CONT'D)  
Can I ask you two something?

ANGELA  
Is it going to be stupid?

HUDDIE  
No.

ANGELA  
What?

HUDDIE  
There are two songs called *I Kissed a Girl*, one by Jill Sobule back in the mid-nineties, and one by Katy Perry more recently. Which do you think better portrays the lesbian community?

ANGELA  
Neither. It's *I Don't Need a Man* by the Pussycat Dolls.

HUDDIE  
Not one of the options.

MELODY  
Come on ladies, let's go see how much money everyone made tonight.

Melody walks Angela and Sheila to the front counter away from Huddie, who is still waiting for an answer to his question.

HUDDIE  
It's a good question. Think about it.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SALES COUNTER - SAME TIME

At the counter, Tony appears disappointed by the sales total.

ANGELA  
How'd we do tonight, Tony?

TONY  
Not as good as we hoped.

MARVIN  
Hey, anything is better than nothing.

ANGELA  
What'd we make?

TONY  
Four hundred eighty dollars.

Tony hands Angela her share of the money.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Here's your cut.

ANGELA  
Thanks again for having me, Tony.

HUDDIE  
You sell any records tonight?

TONY  
Let's see. Minus all the ones you bought? Oh wait, you didn't buy anything.

HUDDIE  
Come on Tony, that's not fair.

TONY  
And then if I subtract what your friend Cash purchased - oh wait, he didn't buy anything either.

ANGELA  
Where is Cash anyway?

Huddie looks at Angela, then glances at Melody, then back at Angela. He chooses his words carefully.

HUDDIE  
He had to leave early because of a complication.

SHEILA  
What complication?

HUDDIE  
*(obviously lying)*  
 Um, he had to take Bert home.

ANGELA  
 No he didn't. Bert drove himself  
 here. He said goodbye to me right  
 after the show ended.

Melody turns away for a moment to help Tony who is struggling with the cash register. Huddie stretches his neck in the direction of where Melody is standing, trying to get Angela and Sheila to realize it was because of Melody that Cash left. They suddenly understands what Huddie is eluding too.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
*(annoyed)*  
 Oh. That's the reason he split.

Melody looks up at Angela.

MELODY  
 Why was it?

HUDDIE  
*(jumping in quickly)*  
 He wasn't feeling well.

MELODY  
 Oh that's too bad. What was wrong  
 with him?

ANGELA  
*(embellishing the lie)*  
 He had really bad diarrhea.

MELODY  
*(surprised, and a bit  
 grossed out)*  
 Oh.

ANGELA  
 Yeah, it's pretty bad. Cash is  
 really full of shit.

Huddie just shakes his head uncomfortably, unable to defend his friend without revealing the truth.

MELODY  
 Hopefully he made it home okay.

TONY  
 I'm glad he didn't shit on my  
 floor.

ANGELA

Nope, he just shits on his friends.  
Sheila, let's go home.

SHEILA

Encore?

ANGELA

Maybe even two or three. Thanks  
again for the spot, Tony. Bye,  
Melody. Bye Marvin Gaye.

MARVIN

Aw shit, you too now?

Angela and Sheila exit.

HUDDIE

I should probably get going too.

TONY

Feel free to purchase something on  
the way out.

Huddie nods and forces a smile as he walks out the door.

MELODY

We didn't make enough money tonight  
to save the store, did we?

TONY

I'm sorry you two, but you'll both  
have to start looking for new jobs.  
We're going to have to be out of  
here by month's end.

MARVIN

Shit. No one wants to hire a forty  
year old black man.

TONY

I did.

MARVIN

That's cuz you're a good person,  
Tony.

TONY

There are other good people out  
there too. If it helps, I'll give  
you the greatest recommendation any  
employees ever had.

MELODY

We don't need recommendations. We need jobs.

Tony points to Melody's Rolling Stones shirt to reference it.

TONY

You can't always get what you want.

CUT TO:

EXT. A RANDOM SUBURBAN STREET - EARLY AFTERNOON

We see Cash's car, moving very slowly down the street.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CASH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Cash is leaning forward over the steering wheel peering through a very dirty car window. He is talking to himself, calling out the numbers of the addresses of the houses he is passing. On his dashboard is his cellphone, which has the Uber Eats display up showing with the address 530 Washington Street.

CASH

526. 528. 532. Where the hell is  
530?

Suddenly he sees the numbers 530 that were being blocked by a shrub. He slams on the brakes and backs up his car to the curb near the house he was searching for. He quickly parks his car, grabs a brown McDonald's paper bag with food in it that is sitting on the passenger seat, and jumps out of his vehicle. He rushes up the driveway.

On the lawn we see a larger size man sitting in a lawn chair. He is wearing shorts and a baseball cap, but no shirt and no shoes or socks. He is just sitting in the chair, staring blankly ahead.

CASH (CONT'D)

Hi there, I have your food order.

The lawn chair man keeps his still, not moving neck, only his eyes, and looks at Cash.

LAWN CHAIR MAN

I didn't order any food.

CASH  
Does anyone else live here?

LAWN CHAIR MAN  
I don't live here myself.

Cash nods at the man and walks up to the front door of the house. Before he reaches it, a middle-aged man wearing boxer shorts and a tank-top opens the front door to greet him.

TANK-TOP MAN  
Where the hell you been, boy? I've been waiting over twenty minutes. I could've gone there and back myself twice by now.

CASH  
Sorry sir. I had trouble finding your address.

TANK-TOP MAN  
I've been living here for five years. It's ain't that hard to find.

Tank-top Man sees Lawn Chair Man sitting on the grass. He calls out to him.

TANK-TOP MAN (CONT'D)  
Leroy, you ever have a hard time finding my place?

LAWN CHAIR MAN  
Nope.

TANK-TOP MAN  
Leroy there doesn't have any problem finding my place. Why you got a problem finding my place?

CASH  
Sorry sir. It won't happen again.

TANK-TOP MAN  
You bet your ass it won't. Give me my food.

Cash hands the man the bag of food. The man takes it, staring down Cash while doing so.

TANK-TOP MAN (CONT'D)  
I ain't giving you a tip.

Cash sighs and turns to leave. The man opens up the bag of food and starts eating some french fries. A moment later Tank-Top Man calls out to Cash.

TANK-TOP MAN (CONT'D)  
 Hey! My fries are cold. You need to bring this back and get me fresh ones.

Cash has now made it to his car. He opens the door and replies to the man.

CASH  
 Sorry sir. It doesn't work that way. You'll need to place another order.

The man starts chasing after Cash. Cash ducks inside of his car. Tank-Top Man screams at the car as it begins to pull away.

TANK-TOP MAN  
 Get your ass back here and get me some hot fries!

Tank-Top Man throws his fries at Cash's car, hitting the back window, just as Cash makes his getaway.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CASH'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Cash is visibly shaking. As he begins to settle down, his phone beeps as he gets a new Uber Eats order. On the screen we see it is for an order of McDonald's large fries. He quickly declines the order.

CUT TO:

EXT. RODEO ROCK SIDEWALK - THE NEXT DAY - EARLY AFTERNOON

Cash is alone as he keeps taking a few steps toward the record shop, then stopping and walking back. He is talking to himself trying to muster up the courage to go in alone. He is wearing yet another Nirvana T-shirt.

CASH  
*(to himself)*  
 Why hello there Melody, nice to see you. No, more formal.  
*(pauses, then starts again, very formal)*  
 (MORE)

CASH (CONT'D)

Excuse me Melody, what time do you get off of work? Too formal. Okay, more casual.

*(pauses then starts again)*

Hi ya Mel, how's it hanging?

Melody enters from around the corner directly in front of Cash. She sees him murmuring to himself, and walks over to him.

CASH (CONT'D)

Melody! Hi! Nice day for a hanging.

MELODY

What?

CASH

I mean do you wanna get me off at work?

MELODY

*(taken back)*

Excuse me?

Cash stops himself. He takes a deep breath trying to gain his composure.

CASH

Sorry. Hi.

MELODY

*(a little uneasy)*

Hello. Are you alright?

CASH

Yes. I am. Sorry again. I was just standing here...

MELODY

I see that. Looks like you're feeling much better today.

CASH

What do you mean?

MELODY

Your problem from last night. The reason you left early.

CASH

What problem?

MELODY

It's okay. Huddie told Angela so  
I'm sure she's not mad.

CASH

*(getting anxious)*

What exactly did he tell her? And  
you too apparently.

MELODY

That you had diarrhea.

CASH

*(angry and embarrassed)*

What?

MELODY

It's okay.

CASH

*(raising his voice)*

I did not have...

*(pausing to lower to his  
voice)*

I did not have diarrhea. I left  
because...

He stops himself, realizing he cannot tell her the truth  
behind why he left.

MELODY

Because?

CASH

*(defeated)*

I had diarrhea.

MELODY

Well I'm glad you're feeling  
better. But why are you hanging out  
here on the sidewalk talking to  
yourself?

CASH

I do that sometimes. Helps me  
think.

MELODY

It's alright. I do it too. Though  
not on a public sidewalk. But  
usually it's a tune I can't get out  
of my head so I continually sing it  
out loud until it goes away.

CASH  
*(excited they have  
 something in common)*  
 I do that same thing!

MELODY  
 Nice. Though I do it more often  
 than I should. But it's not my  
 fault. Believe it or not, I  
 continuously have a song playing in  
 my head at all times. Ever since I  
 was a child. My mind is like a  
 never-ending jukebox.

CASH  
 That's crazy, mine too. I swear.

Melody cuts him off and starts to sing a lyric from "I Swear"  
 by All-4-One.

MELODY  
*(singing)*  
 By the moon and the stars in the  
 sky.

CASH  
 Is that song going through your  
 head right now? All-4-One?

MELODY  
 It is now. How about you? What song  
 is playing in the background of  
 your mind?

CASH  
*(embarrassed)*  
 I'd rather not say.

MELODY  
*(worried)*  
 It's not Jethro Tull is it?

CASH  
*(defensive)*  
 No.

MELODY  
 Let me guess.

She points to his shirt.

MELODY (CONT'D)  
 A Nirvana song?

CASH  
(*still embarrassed*)  
Yeah.

MELODY  
Which one?

CASH  
I'd really rather not say.

MELODY  
(*thinking for a moment*)  
It's not *Rape Me*, is it?

Cash doesn't answer, but shrugs his shoulders apologetically to indicate that it is.

MELODY (CONT'D)  
(*slightly uncomfortable*)  
Oh.  
(*coming to terms that Cash  
is harmless*)  
You're a bit obsessed with Nirvana.

CASH  
I know. Sorry. So um, what you  
doing right now?

MELODY  
I'm talking to you.

CASH  
I mean besides that.

MELODY  
On my way into work. I was supposed  
to have the afternoon off but Tony  
called me asking if I could come in  
early. He has a dentist  
appointment.

CASH  
Last time I went to the dentist,  
right as he started drilling on me,  
the song *Do You Really Want to Hurt  
Me* by Culture Club came on over the  
office's sound system. Now every  
time I hear that song my teeth  
start to hurt.

MELODY

I have a song like that. I get sick to my stomach whenever I hear it playing. It's *Black Hole Sun* by Soundgarden.

CASH

Why that song?

MELODY

One night back when I was in college I drank way too much. The next morning I was hung over and sicker than a dog. The whole day I was throwing up. Anyway, that jukebox in my head kept playing that particular song over and over. So now like a Pavlovian dog every time I hear it I have to quickly change it or I feel the urge to vomit. Just last week while I was showering it came on the radio and I couldn't get out quick enough to change the channel. I started to dry heaving uncontrollably.

A woman walks by and overhears Melody talking about dry heaving. She gives Melody a grossed-out look and continues on her way.

CASH

*(laughing)*

That's awful.

MELODY

*(also laughing)*

Not as awful as me telling someone I barely know that story.

CASH

It's alright. I guess it just means we'll have to become better acquainted.

She reaches over and touches his arm. He looks down at her hand touching him.

MELODY

I'd like that. But now I really need to get going. Tony's probably wondering where I am.

CASH  
Oh yeah, right. Of course. Sorry to  
keep you.

Melody begins to walk away. She stops and turns around to say  
one last thing to Cash.

MELODY  
Hey Cash --

CASH  
Yes?

MELODY  
Thanks for the chat. It was nice. I  
see you almost every day but we  
rarely speak. Let's make this the  
norm instead from now on.

CASH  
Sounds great.

Melody turns around and enters the store. A moment later Cash  
turns around to leave. He has a huge smile on his face. He  
starts to dance, albeit awkwardly, on the sidewalk.

CASH (CONT'D)  
*(singing)*  
There she goes. There she goes  
again.

He looks up to the sky and talks aloud.

CASH (CONT'D)  
And yes Huddie, it's the Sixpence  
None the Richer version. I like it  
better than the original.

We watch Cash continue to dance and walk away until he  
disappears around the corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASH'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY - EARLY EVENING

We see a shot of the outside of the apartment complex. It's a  
small unit of apartments, and while it looks old, it still  
maintains a sense of being kept up. On the main entrance is a  
sign that reads APARTMENTS FOR RENT.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see Cash peering into his fridge. The fridge is mostly empty except for two six packs of beer and a half empty pack of bologna. He pulls out a beer, opens it, and then closes the fridge door. On the kitchen table are empty pizza boxes and several empty beer bottles.

CASH

Okay, I've got one for you, best song about a geographical location.

We follow Cash into the living room where Angela, Sheila and Bert are all seated. The walls are decorated with posters of various band's cover albums including "**The Clash - London Calling**", "**The Velvet Underground - Andy Warhol**" and "**The Beatles - Abbey Road**".

SHEILA

That's easy, *Viva Las Vegas* by Elvis.

ANGELA

I'd say *Detroit Rock City* by Kiss. What about you Cash?

Cash takes a seat on the floor.

CASH

*Saginaw Michigan* by Lefty Frizzell. Also a great song about revenge. The guy gets told by the father of the girl he loves that he ain't worthy enough to marry his daughter. So the guy travels to Alaska to concoct a fake plan about discovering gold, and then sells the fake claim to the father. The old man moves to Alaska and the guy marries his daughter while he's away.

BERT

I like the song *Kokomo*, by The Beach Boys.

CASH

Ah, The Beach Boys. And by far their cheesiest song. They would have been the greatest band ever if not for the Fab Four though.

ANGELA

Hold on a minute. Greatest band ever? The Beach Boys? No fucking way.

CASH

I'm just saying if The Beatles never existed The Beach Boys would have been the beat all band.

ANGELA

Again, no fucking way. Even *if* The Beatles never existed, so many other bands would be on the number one list way before them. The Rolling Stones, Led Zeppelin, The Doors.

SHEILA

Even punk bands would rank higher. Like The Ramones, Sex Pistols, or The Clash.

BERT

Or some country bands. Like The Oak Ridge Boys.

Angela

Bert, no one gives a shit about your Hee Haw music.

CASH

That's not entirely true. I like it. The old stuff I mean. Not today's pop country crap. Back in the day country music was a beast. Kitty Wells, Hank Williams, George Jones.

SHEILA

Patsy Cline, Ernest Tubb, Johnny Cash.

CASH

My namesake.

BERT

You were named after Johnny Cash?

CASH

Yeah. Both my parents were huge fans.

SHEILA

Then shouldn't your name be Sue?

CASH

It almost was.

ANGELA

It doesn't change a thing. The Beach Boys were good but not Beatles good, and no one should listen to country.

CASH

Your problem, Angela, is that you choose to only listen to specific types of music, like Neko Case or Rilo Kiley. You're limiting yourself.

ANGELA

Choosing not to listen to crap music is not limiting. It's time-saving.

BERT

You guys really don't like The Oak Ridge Boys?

No one is paying attention to Bert.

CASH

The roots of rock n' roll are seeded from old school country.

ANGELA

I'd argue it's seeded from the blues.

CASH

Exactly. The blues and country music - together.

BERT

They sang *Elvira*.

SHEILA

Isn't that where we get bluegrass from?

CASH

Damn straight. Even the flip side of Elvis's first Sun records single was a revved up version of Bill Monroe's *Blue Moon of Kentucky*.

ANGELA  
Who the fuck is Bill Monroe?

CASH  
The father of bluegrass music.

Bert starts to sing the song *Elvira*, but is still ignored by everyone.

BERT  
*(singing)*  
Giddy Up, Oom Poppa Oom Poppa Mow  
Mow.

Cash, Angela and Sheila all stop and turn in unison to look at Bert. They then immediately go back to their conversation.

ANGELA  
That just proved my point.

CASH  
What point?

ANGELA  
That not knowing all of this is a time-saver. And you've obviously got too much free time on your hands to know all of this shit.

SHEILA  
I think it's pretty neat. I mean seriously Cash, you're a walking encyclopedia of musical knowledge.

CASH  
Thanks Sheila.

BERT  
Do you think they wrote that song about the actress Elvira who dresses in all black? The mistress of the night?

ANGELA  
Dude, what the hell are you blabbering on about?

BERT  
That song by The Oak Ridge Boys - Elvira.

CASH

Bert, I know you're my roommate's brother, but I think I have to ask you to leave.

The apartment door opens and Huddie enters.

ANGELA

Oh, hey Huddie. What's up?

HUDDIE

Hi Ang. Cash, Sheila. Bert.

BERT

I was just leaving.

HUDDIE

Alright. See ya later.

Bert exits the apartment.

HUDDIE (CONT'D)

Was it something I said?

CASH

No, he's on his way to a private engagement with The Oak Ridge Boys.

HUDDIE

Sweet.

*(singing)*

Oom Poppa Oom Poppa Mow Mow.

*(back to normal speech)*

Anyway, you're never gonna believe what I just found out.

ANGELA

Wait, before you say anything, what's your favorite Beach Boys song?

HUDDIE

Sloop John B.

ANGELA

And your favorite Beatles song?

HUDDIE

Revolution.

CASH

Which version?

HUDDIE  
Revolution 1.

CASH  
Okay, but which version of that  
song?

HUDDIE  
The remake with the distorted  
guitar riff intro.

ANGELA  
So if you had to choose between the  
two which you liked more, which  
would it be?

HUDDIE  
I thought I just did.

ANGELA  
I mean choose between Revolution by  
The Beatles and Sloop John B by The  
Beach Boys.

HUDDIE  
Sloop John B.

ANGELA  
(*annoyed*)  
Okay, fine. But which band is  
better.

HUDDIE  
The Beatles. No question.

ANGELA  
Thank you. That's what I was  
waiting to hear. You may proceed.

CASH  
That has nothing to do with my  
point. Huddie, if The Beatles never  
existed, who do you think would  
have been the greatest band of all  
time?

HUDDIE  
I don't know. The Eagles? Queen.  
Britney Spears if she had a band.  
Who cares? It's hypothetical.

ANGELA  
Britney Spears?

HUDDIE

*(defensive)*

If she had a band. Which she doesn't.

CASH

Just forget it.

HUDDIE

Already forgotten.

ANGELA

Huddie, do you secretly like bubble gum pop?

HUDDIE

*(obviously lying)*

No.

CASH

By the way, thanks for telling Melody I had diarrhea the other day.

HUDDIE

Actually that was Angela. I just went along with it.

CASH

Then thanks to the both of you. You know I ran into her yesterday and she asked me about it.

ANGELA

*(laughing)*

Oh man, that's classic. What'd you say?

CASH

I went along with it. I had to.

SHEILA

But you talked to her yesterday? That's good.

CASH

Yeah, it was awkward at first but things are cool now.

HUDDIE

Actually things are not cool. You haven't let me tell you my news yet.

SHEILA  
Did someone die?

CASH  
Are Hootie and the Blowfish getting  
back together?

HUDDIE  
I like Hootie.

ANGELA  
You are a closet pop fan!

HUDDIE  
No I'm not.

ANGELA  
You've mentioned both Britney and  
Hootie in the past few minutes.  
You're probably a heartbeat away  
from referencing One Direction.

HUDDIE  
Look guys, Rodeo Rock is closing.

CASH  
What?

ANGELA  
Why?

HUDDIE  
Long story short, they're being  
kicked out. The shop's closing end  
of the month. I was just there.  
Tony told me all about it.

ANGELA  
Shit. That sucks.

Cash is suddenly lost in his own thoughts, not paying  
attention to the others conversation.

HUDDIE  
I know. But there's a small part of  
this story you will like Angela.

ANGELA  
What?

HUDDIE  
Tony is having a closing night  
concert. He wants you to perform.

ANGELA  
Me? But I just did a set there.

HUDDIE  
Yeah, well, he wants you to do another. Opening for a big named band.

SHEILA  
What band?

HUDDIE  
He doesn't know yet. So what do you say Angela? You in?

ANGELA  
Hell yeah.

Huddie notices Cash is not paying attention.

HUDDIE  
What's wrong with you?

CASH  
(snapping to)  
My only interaction with Melody is at Rodeo Rock. If it goes, so does she from my life.

HUDDIE  
True. And another failed attempt to have any involvement with the music industry, as pathetic as that is.

CASH  
I need to go there.

HUDDIE  
Now?

CASH  
To quote *Van Halen* - right now.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE OF RODEO ROCK - LATER THAT EVENING

Tony is locking up the front door of the shop as Melody stands next to him. He is struggling with the lock and key trying to get it to close correctly. He is cursing under his breath.

We see Cash turn the corner and run down the sidewalk toward them. It looks like he's been running for awhile. He's breathing heaving and is a tad sweaty. He calls out to them.

CASH  
Melody, hold up.

TONY  
What is that moron doing?

MELODY  
I've no idea.

TONY  
You can waste your time talking to that idiot. I'm going home. I'll see you tomorrow.

MELODY  
Okay, Tony. Have a safe drive.

Tony begins walking away as Cash makes his way to where Melody is standing.

CASH  
*(calling out to Tony)*  
Bye Tony!

Not turning around, Tony halfheartedly waves and keeps walking away.

CASH (CONT'D)  
I don't think he likes me.

MELODY  
Don't take it personal. He's had a hard day's night.

CASH  
Has he been working like a dog?

MELODY  
*(laughs)*  
More like catnapping. So what's up Teen Spirit? You alright?

CASH  
Yeah, sorry. I ran all the way here.

MELODY  
Why didn't you drive?

CASH  
My car is in the shop.

MELODY  
What's wrong with it?

CASH  
Somebody shoved french fries into  
my carburetor and clogged it all  
up.

MELODY  
French fries?

CASH  
It's a long story.

MELODY  
So what's up? Why'd you rush all  
the way over here?

CASH  
I heard about the store closing.  
It's awful. What are you going to  
do?

MELODY  
I don't know. Today when I stopped  
at Starbucks I actually considered  
picking up an application. Dear  
God, help me.

CASH  
At least you'd still get to work  
where hipsters hang out.

MELODY  
(*a bit defensive*)  
It's Starbucks. Everyone hangs out  
there. Not just hipsters.

CASH  
Sorry, I didn't mean that like it  
sounded. Would you want to grab a  
Starbucks with me right now? My  
treat. I can help you brainstorm  
some ideas.

MELODY  
I can't have caffeine this late,  
I'll be up all night.

Cash starts to sing *Up All Night* by Slaughter.

CASH  
(*singing*)  
Up all night, sleep all day.

He stops.

CASH (CONT'D)  
(*embarrassed*)  
Slaughter.

MELODY  
Yeah, I'm familiar with the song.  
And the band. Tell you what, if  
that invitation of yours extends to  
a late night dinner instead, I'm  
in. I actually could use some help  
figuring out what to do.

CASH  
(*excited*)  
Yes, absolutely. There's a Denny's  
right down the street that's open  
late. I go there a lot. It's really  
good.

MELODY  
Great. It's a nice night so let's  
walk.

CASH  
(*singing*)  
Pretty woman walking down the  
street.

MELODY  
Do people ever find that annoying.

CASH  
(*embarrassed*)  
All the time.

Melody smiles at his honesty. The two of them begin to stroll  
down the sidewalk and around the corner.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNY'S - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Cash and Melody are seated across from each other. They're  
looking over the menus. In the background we see the same  
three older gentlemen, watching baseball again.

MELODY

*(looking around)*

This is definitely not how I  
imagined this Denny's to be.

CASH

Don't worry. The food here is good.  
Trust me.

MELODY

If you say so.

Melody looks over at the waitress who is working very hard carrying trays of food, trying to ring up customers waiting to pay their bills, and clean the counter. Melody lets out a sigh.

MELODY (CONT'D)

I could never be a waitress.

CASH

So what are you going to do for  
work?

MELODY

I don't know. How about you? What  
do you do for a living?

CASH

I'd rather not say. It's  
embarrassing.

MELODY

More so than not working at all? I  
doubt it. Come on, what do you do?

CASH

I drive for Uber Eats.

MELODY

Where they deliver food to your  
door?

CASH

Yeah.

MELODY

An Uber driver huh?

CASH

No. Just Uber Eats. Not Uber. I  
can't stand the thought of  
strangers in my car.

MELODY

Oh come on! All your friends were former strangers. As you would say, to quote The Doors - people are strange, when you're a stranger.

CASH

Actually I would have gone with Frank Sinatra.

MELODY

Strangers in the Night?

CASH

*(singing)*

Exchanging glances. Wondering in the night, what were the chances?

MELODY

*(jumping in)*

We'd be sharing love ---

They both pause and share a moment looking at each other. The silence is awkward, but a nice awkward.

CASH

So you had mentioned Starbucks earlier. You really thinking of applying there?

MELODY

Maybe. I don't know. I'd prefer to stay in retail instead of customer service. But beggars can't be choosers.

The waitress comes by to take their order. Her hair is messy and her uniform is covered in old food stains. It's very obvious that she is annoyed.

WAITRESS

Have you two decided?

CASH

I think so. Are you ready to order?

MELODY

Yes. I'll take two eggs over medium and some wheat toast, buttered.

CASH

I'll have the bacon cheeseburger with fries. Hold the pickles.

WAITRESS

No pickles. Got it. Be up in a bit.

Waitress exits.

CASH

Breakfast at night, huh? I like it.

MELODY

Always.

*(sarcastically)*

The waitress seems pleasant.

CASH

She's right out of that Chumbawamba song - *Compliments of Your Waitress*.

MELODY

Isn't that the group that does *Tubthumping?*

*(singing)*

I get knocked down, but I get up again.

CASH

Yeah, that's them. *Compliments of Your Waitress* was more of a flip side.

MELODY

I've always preferred the term flip side.

CASH

Me too.

MELODY

What's the song about?

CASH

A waitress has a bunch of horrible customers, but gets revenge on all of them by doing something to their food before bringing it over to their table.

MELODY

*(sarcastic)*

Mmmm. I'm getting hungrier by the minute.

CASH

Now that I said it out loud, I feel  
our waitress would do something  
like that.

MELODY

Her?  
*(sarcastically)*  
Nah.

CASH

Let's talk about something else.

MELODY

Okay.

CASH

How about your name?

MELODY

My name?

CASH

Yeah. I never told you this but I  
love that fact that your name is  
Melody and you work in a record  
shop.

MELODY

Not for much longer.

CASH

You know what I mean.

MELODY

You find my name ironic?

CASH

Like an Alanis Morissette song. The  
only thing that'd make your name  
cooler is if you also played in a  
band.

Melody nods her head, uncomfortable.

CASH (CONT'D)

Hold up. Are you in a band?

MELODY

Was. A long time ago. It doesn't  
matter now.

CASH  
(*super excited*)  
Are you kidding me? That's awesome!  
What band?

Melody pauses, not really wanting to answer or have this conversation.

MELODY  
(*reluctantly*)  
The Vanes.

CASH  
*The Vanes?*

MELODY  
(*uneasy*)  
Yes. Them.

CASH  
Wow. What happened?

MELODY  
I quit.

CASH  
How come?

MELODY  
Why do I suddenly feel like I'm on  
60 Minutes?

CASH  
I'm just curious, that's all. You  
know they're pretty huge.

MELODY  
Yes, I know.

CASH  
Why'd you'd quit?

MELODY  
You want the truth?

CASH  
I think I'd prefer the truth.

MELODY  
My ego got in the way.

CASH  
Your ego?

Melody sighs.

MELODY

Yeah. Peggy, the lead singer, is also a great guitar player. Katrina, the drummer, can rock a snare like no one's business. I played the bass. The three of us were only together for about a year playing crappy dive bars and awful coffee shops when our luck started to change. We were finally starting to get some really good stage time at some popular venues. It seemed we were on our way.

CASH

Okay. So far so good.

MELODY

But then reality kicked in - hard. We peaked, and couldn't get booked anywhere else other than the places we were now performing at. After only doing shows at these same spots, the bookers started getting bored of us. They wanted fresh acts. Someone they hadn't seen over and over already. So they stopped booking us. Next thing you know, we were back to playing coffee houses and dive bars.

CASH

But obviously that didn't last. They play all over Los Angeles now.

MELODY

Now, yes. But not back when I was with them.

CASH

So you're their Pete Best.

MELODY

I guess so.

CASH

I feel like you're not telling me everything.

MELODY

I'm telling you enough.

CASH

Did you ever try to go back?

MELODY

No. They've been getting along just fine with only guitar and drums.

CASH

Every band needs a bass player. Just my opinion. Except for The Black Keys.

*(pause)*

Or Sleater-Kinney.

*(pause)*

Or The Doors.

*(pause)*

Or Blondie.

*(slowly realizing there  
are a lot of bands  
without bass players)*

Actually the Yeah Yeah Yeahs don't have a bass player either.

MELODY

Case in point.

The waitress walks by carrying a large amount of plates, some with leftover food on them.

WAITRESS

Your order should be up in a minute or two.

MELODY

*(to the waitress)*

Thanks.

*(speaking to Cash)*

Can I ask you a question now?

CASH

Sure, shoot.

MELODY

You and Huddie obviously both know a lot about music. And you've both been coming into Rodeo Rock every day for weeks. But in all that time not once did you ever buy a single record. Why?

CASH

I don't have a record player.

MELODY  
Does Huddie?

CASH  
No clue.

MELODY  
So why go there then?

CASH  
I love music.

MELODY  
That's it? That's the only reason?

CASH  
No. I mean the first time I ever went there I was just curious. It was an old record store so it's kind of cool, and I wanted to check it out. The next day I brought Huddie with me. That second day I was there with him, I saw you working there.

MELODY  
And?

CASH  
I wanted to see you again.

MELODY  
I'm the reason you keep coming back?

CASH  
I've been wanting to ask you out for awhile.

MELODY  
We're out together now. It didn't seem that difficult.

CASH  
In retrospect, I guess not.

The waitress comes by with their food. She sets Melody's food in front of her first, and Cash second.

WAITRESS  
Here you are, compliments of your waitress.

As the waitress walks away, Cash and Melody share a concerned look with one another, both mouthing the word "Chumbawamba".

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE OF DENNY'S - LATER THAT NIGHT

Cash and Melody are walking down the sidewalk. It is quite late now and only the street lights illuminate their path.

MELODY

So do you really not own a record player?

CASH

Nope. How about you?

MELODY

I have three.

CASH

Wow.

MELODY

Yep. Give me a 45 RPM any day of the week.

CASH

I appreciate records for what they are - mementos from generations of great music that will never be topped. But why have them now? It's not like albums have exclusive music on them. They're fossils like eight tracks and cassette tapes. Everything is instant nowadays. There's Pandora, there's Spotify, there's --

MELODY

Pandora is stupid. I want to be able to choose the songs I listen to, not be told by some random computer what it believes I'd like. Pandora plays songs it thinks sounds similar to the artists I like, but it's so off. The one time I tried Pandora, I was listening to the Guns N' Roses station. Then suddenly Lynyrd Skynyrd's *Sweet Home Alabama* came on.

CASH

Okay I admit, that's disgraceful.  
But let's be honest, no one buys  
records anymore except hipsters and  
beatniks.

MELODY

And me. And until you listen to a  
classic song on a hi-fi, you won't  
understand what you're missing.

CASH

A song is a song. It doesn't matter  
what device is playing it.

MELODY

*(defensive)*

You're so wrong.

They walk silently for a bit, a weird tension arising. Soon  
they reach the parking lot where Melody's car is parked.

MELODY (CONT'D)

This is my car right here.

CASH

I'm sorry about what I said about  
only hipsters buying records.  
You're not a hipster.

MELODY

Even if I was, would it matter?

CASH

No, I guess not.

MELODY

Sorry, I don't mean to be so  
abrupt. I lost my parents when I  
was in my late teens. That's when I  
first met Tony. He took me in and  
sort of looked after me. He gave me  
a job at Rodeo Rock and helped me  
to land on my feet.

CASH

I'm sorry about your parents.

MELODY

Thanks. You see, listening to  
records helped me cope with my  
parents death.

(MORE)

MELODY (CONT'D)

The records were something tangible  
I could hold onto, because my  
parents no longer were.

Melody begins to tear up. Cash offers her a hug which she accepts.

MELODY (CONT'D)

*(wiping away a tear)*

It's pretty late. I should get  
going. I've got a long day of  
filling out job applications  
tomorrow.

CASH

Alright. Be safe, okay?

MELODY

I will. And thank you for tonight.  
I had a great time.

She unlocks her car door.

MELODY (CONT'D)

Do you need a ride home?

CASH

No, I'll grab an Uber. I get a  
pretty sweet discount.

Melody nods and gets into her car, closes the door and starts up her vehicle. A moment later her car pulls away. Cash stands alone in the now empty lot, lost in his thoughts.

CUT TO:

**MONTAGE - THE NEXT MORNING**

- Cash drives his car into the same parking lot he was standing in late last night. He parks and a moment later gets out of his car.

- Melody stands outside of a busy Starbucks. She shakes her head not wanting to go in, but eventually does.

- Cash is walking down the sidewalk that leads to Rodeo Rock Record Shop. He is all smiles.

- Melody is talking with a barista. The barista reaches under the counter and grabs an application which she gives to Melody.

- Cash walks into Rodeo Rock Record Shop. Tony is working behind the counter and when he sees Cash enter, rolls his eyes. Cash walks up to the counter and points to something on the wall behind Tony. Tony turns around and we see a collection of various popular record albums.

- Melody is sitting at a table outside of Starbucks filling out the application. She has a cup of coffee on the table next to her. A couple walk by and the man bumps into the table, spilling Melody's coffee all over her application. Melody shakes her head and rubs her face in frustration.

- Cash exits the record shop. He is carrying a large collection of records under his arm that he has purchased.

- Melody is standing over a trash can. She is holding her coffee-soaked Starbucks application. She takes a look at the long line of people standing in line to place an order with the barista from earlier. Everyone looks annoyed having to wait. Melody looks exhausted and miserable. A moment later, she throws away her application and walks away.

- Cash is sitting in his car in the parking lot sorting through the albums he just purchased. He is very excited.

- Melody is sitting in front of her laptop computer outside of a different coffee shop. On the computer screen is the application to sign up to drive for Uber. Melody is shaking her head, not wanting to click on the link.

- We see Tony standing at the counter of Rodeo Rock. Behind him are a bunch of empty record racks.

**END OF MONTAGE**

FADE IN:

EXT. A BEAUTIFUL SUNNY DAY, THE FOLLOWING MORNING

We see a shot of the morning sky which slowly tilts down to an aerial view of the city block where Rodeo Rock Record Shop is located.

CUT TO:

INT. RODEO ROCK RECORD SHOP

Tony has begun to collect storage boxes for the store's closing. The boxes are spread all over the shop creating a sort of maze to reach the front counter. Marvin is also there helping to pack.

Melody enters the store, her head buried in her iPhone. She looks like she hasn't slept. Her hair is a mess and she is wearing sweat pants and a ragged tank top. She blindly walks into a stack of empty storage boxes and knocks them over.

TONY

Hey, watch where you're going.

MELODY

What the hell, Tony? What's with all these boxes?

TONY

Whoa, easy there. What's got you so riled up?

MELODY

Sorry, bad night. I couldn't sleep.

TONY

I guess so. You look like shit.

MELODY

Thanks.

She gently kicks a storage box out of her path as she makes her way to the counter.

MARVIN

Don't do that. I just stacked those.

MELODY

Sorry Marvin. And why are we packing up already? We've still got a week before closing. And the concert.

TONY

One week's not a long time.

MELODY

According to Barenaked Ladies a lot can happen in one week.

MARVIN

The last time I saw a bare naked lady other than my wife was 1985.

TONY

You two sound like those two stupid guys who come in here all the time quoting song lyrics.

MELODY  
Cash and Huddie?

TONY  
Yeah.

MELODY  
I went out with Cash a couple of  
night's ago.

MARVIN  
You that desperate?

TONY  
He was actually here yesterday  
looking for you.

MELODY  
*(excitement in her voice)*  
He was?

TONY  
Yeah.

MARVIN  
And you won't believe what he did.

MELODY  
What?

TONY  
He bought records. A shit ton of  
them. Good ones too. He cleaned me  
out of all the high grade ones I  
keep behind the counter.

Melody looks at the empty racks. She lets out a huge smile.

CUT TO:

INT. VINTAGE THRIFT STORE - SAME TIME

Inside of the store, Cash and Huddie are browsing the  
shelves.

Cash appears to be on a mission. He is looking through  
everything quickly, trying to find a certain item. Huddie has  
no interest in being in the store. He continuously picks up  
one item, carries it for a bit, then puts it down in a  
different spot and picks up a new item. Other customers in  
the store notice him doing this and are constantly giving him  
evil glares.

HUDDIE  
Tell me again what you're trying to accomplish here.

CASH  
I want to buy a record player.

HUDDIE  
Why?

CASH  
To listen to the records I bought.

HUDDIE  
When?

CASH  
Yesterday.

HUDDIE  
Where?

CASH  
At Rodeo Rock. Stop asking questions and help me.

HUDDIE  
Is that why you borrowed money from me? To buy records?

CASH  
Yes. And now I need a record player.

HUDDIE  
This is the third thrift store we've been to. Why don't you just order one on Amazon or something?

CASH  
Because I want to make sure it's authentic.

HUDDIE  
I don't think you're going to find one anywhere. People don't donate old record players. They throw them away.

An elderly woman who volunteers at the shop overhears them talking. She interjects into their conversation trying to assist.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Excuse me young man, did you say  
you were looking for a record  
player?

CASH

*(excited)*

Yes, I am. Do you have one?

ELDERLY WOMAN

I do happen to have a record player  
that just came into the shop  
yesterday. I just haven't had time  
to price it and put it out. I can  
get it out of the back if you'd  
like to see it.

CASH

That'd be great. Thank you so much.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Hold on. I'll be right back.

She walks to the counter and disappears behind a curtain.  
Cash and Huddie wait there until she returns. Huddie is still  
playing with items.

CASH

Will you stop touching everything?

HUDDIE

I can't help it. I'm bored to death  
like a Blink-182 song.

The elderly woman reappears through the curtain carrying an  
old record player. She is struggling with it. Cash runs up to  
assist her, taking it from her.

CASH

Here, let me help.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Thank you. I don't know for sure  
that it works, but the person who  
donated it said that it did.

CASH

I'm sure it's fine. How much do you  
want for it?

ELDERLY WOMAN

I don't really know how much a  
record player goes for. Just make  
me an offer.

HUDDIE  
How about 50 Cent, like the rapper?

ELDERLY WOMAN  
(*confused*)  
What?

CASH  
He meant how about fifty bucks?

ELDERLY WOMAN  
Sold. Thank you so much.

Cash takes out his wallet and pays the elderly woman. He carries the record player in his arms as he and Huddie exit the store.

HUDDIE  
Technically I own that since you're using my money.

CASH  
Do you want it?

HUDDIE  
No.

They reach Cash's car in the thrift store parking lot.

CASH  
Can you hold this for me while I get my keys.

HUDDIE  
Sure.

Cash hand the record player to Huddie. A moment later Huddie sets it down on the hood of Cash's car.

CASH  
Will you stop that? You're going to ruin the paint.

HUDDIE  
Dude, your car's a piece of shit. It's like the Cadillac Johnny Cash sings about in *One Piece at a Time*.

CASH  
I use this car for my job.

HUDDIE

And that's a crying shame. If I saw you drive up in this thing with my food, I'd make you take it back.

CASH

Will you just please lift it up.

HUDDIE

Okay, calm down.

He picks up the record player and holds it.

HUDDIE (CONT'D)

I still can't believe you just paid fifty dollars for this old junk player. What are you hoping to accomplish?

Cash unlocks his car door and then takes the record player from Huddie.

CASH

I want to experience listening to music on it.

HUDDIE

Should I get you a hash pipe and some Crocs while you're at it?

CASH

It's just something I need to do.

Cash carefully puts the record player in the back seat.

HUDDIE

To impress Melody?

CASH

Yes, okay?

HUDDIE

Dude, if you want really want to impress Melody, then do something for her instead of for yourself.

CASH

Like what?

They get into the car and close the doors.

HUDDIE

Get her band The Vanes to play the shop's closing.

CASH

How does that help her? I told you, she's not in the band anymore. And I told you that in confidence. You can't let her know I told you.

HUDDIE

I won't. But you also told me she regretted quitting the band and wishes she was still playing with them. Well, if you get The Vanes to play Rodeo Rock, maybe, just maybe, you could also convince them to let Melody join in. A sort of reunion show.

CASH

I don't know, it sounds like there's bad blood between them.

HUDDIE

Name a band that hasn't had bad blood between them. All the best music groups fight. Guns N' Roses, The Replacements, Motley Crue, Oasis, The Spice Girls.

CASH

Did you just include The Spice Girls in a list of best music groups?

HUDDIE

Don't judge me.

CASH

Little too late for that.

HUDDIE

I'm just saying think about it.

CASH

Just get in and let's go.

Cash puts the key in the ignition and starts up the car. A moment later we see the car pull away.

CUT TO:

**MONTAGE**

INT. CASH'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY

Cash is sitting on the floor setting up the record player in his apartment. All around him are the records he purchased from Tony.

CUT TO:

INT. MELODY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Melody is entering her apartment. When she closes the door, there is a note on the inside of door from her roommate Veronica that reads: *OUT SHOPPING - AND GET YOUR RECORDS OUT OF THE LIVING ROOM - V.*

Melody walks to her bedroom and sits down on her bed next to where her laptop currently is. She opens it up and begins to type something.

**INTERCUT SCENES BETWEEN CASH AND MELODY'S APARTMENTS**

Cash is holding one of the records he purchased. He pulls the record out of the cardboard sleeve and places it on the record player. He places the needle on the record and it starts to play.

Melody's computer screen is open to WWW.SPOTIFY.COM. She is downloading music.

Cash is lying on his back on the floor. He is thoroughly enjoying listening to the records that are being played.

Melody is now creating a Spotify playlist on her computer. We see her adding songs by *Nirvana*.

**END INTERCUT AND MONTAGE**

CUT TO:

EXT. RODEO ROCK RECORD SHOP - THE NEXT DAY - LATE MORNING

We see a shot of the front door of the store.

TONY (O.S.)

I can't believe I'm actually saying this, but I think it's a great idea.

CASH (O.S.)  
Thanks, Tony. I wasn't sure if  
you'd go for it or not.

CUT TO:

INT. - RODEO ROCK RECORD SHOP

Tony is seated on a stool behind the counter. Standing next to him is Marvin. Cash is standing on the opposite side of the counter holding another pile of records he just purchased. There are still boxes everywhere.

TONY  
Why wouldn't I? They're a great  
band and if you think you can get  
them to agree to play closing night  
of the shop, I'm in.

MARVIN  
I don't know, Tony. I think you  
should bring Melody in on this.

Melody walks into the shop. Cash doesn't see her as his back is to the door.

CASH  
I think we should keep it a secret  
from Melody, at least for now.

Melody walks up behind Cash.

MELODY  
Keep what a secret from me?

Cash turns around, surprised to see Melody standing behind him. Tony reaches out and puts a hand on Cash's shoulder.

TONY  
That your boy Cash here has been  
buying up my record collection.

Tony winks at Cash.

CASH  
Right. After our talk the other  
night I went out and bought a  
record player.

MELODY  
And?

CASH  
You were right. It does sound  
better.

TONY  
What sounds better?

MELODY  
Music played on a record compared  
to an iPhone.

TONY  
One man's trash is another man's  
treasure.

CASH  
Or one man's Garth Brooks is  
another man's Chris Gaines.

MARVIN  
One man's Tupac is another man's  
Biggie Smalls.

MELODY  
Okay, now that we've covered the  
alternative, country and urban  
charts, I need to go put my purse  
away.

Melody walks behind the curtain into the back room. She calls  
out from the back.

MELODY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Oh Cash, I forgot to tell you. I  
created a Spotify account. And I  
like it. So I guess we're even.

Cash leans over the counter and speaks in a low whisper to  
Tony and Marvin.

CASH  
Thanks for not telling her guys. I  
think waiting to surprise her that  
night will be better.

CUT TO:

EXT. RODEO ROCK RECORD SHOP - FRIDAY AFTERNOON

We see Sheila and Bert putting streamers up over the shop  
windows and also over the front door of the shop.

Huddie stands on the sidewalk, closer to the street, handing out flyers. Most people are ignoring him and walking right past him, not taking a flyer from him. He is getting increasingly frustrated.

HUDDIE  
*(calling out to people  
 walking by)*  
 Concert tonight at Rodeo Rock! It's  
 the store closing! Last night!

He turns to address Sheila and Bert.

HUDDIE (CONT'D)  
 Tell me again why we all  
 volunteered to help set up for  
 tonight?

SHEILA  
 As a gesture of thanks to Tony and  
 the shop.

BERT  
 Where is Cash? How come he's not  
 helping out?

SHEILA  
 He is. He had to go pick something  
 up for tonight.

BERT  
 What?

SHEILA  
 I don't know. He didn't say.

Huddie tries to hand a flyer to a passerby. They ignore him.

HUDDIE  
 None of these assholes are taking a  
 flyer.

SHEILA  
 You need to give it to them. Don't  
 wait for them to take one.

A man talking on his cellphone is about to walk past Huddie. Huddie jumps in front of him, slaps the cellphone out of his hand, and yells at him as he shoves a flyer in his face.

HUDDIE  
 Take this!

MAN

What the hell are you doing? I was talking to someone.

HUDDIE

And now you're talking to me!  
*(in an angry voice)*  
Take this flyer!

The man takes the flyer with a trembling hand, bends down to pick up his phone, then takes off running down the sidewalk. Huddie turns to address Sheila, proud of himself.

HUDDIE (CONT'D)

You were right. Giving the flyers to them is much more effective than waiting for them to take one.

SHEILA

Not quite what I had in mind, but whatever works best. It's all for the store, right?

HUDDIE

Hells ya.

Huddie turns around and continues to shout at passerbys, scaring them into taking the flyers. Sheila leans into Bert so Huddie won't hear her.

SHEILA

*(to Bert)*  
If he keeps that up no one come tonight.

BERT

So go relieve him.

SHEILA

No way. I hate passing out flyers.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - SAME TIME

We see a shot of several buildings in an industrial park. A moment later Cash's car drives into the industrial park and takes a spot in an open space. Cash exits the vehicle and walks up to the front door of one of the buildings. He opens a door.

CUT TO:

INT. REAMP RECORDING STUDIOS - FRONT DESK

Cash walks inside and we see a shot of a small waiting room with four chairs. There is a very small desk with a receptionist behind it on the phone. She holds up her index finger to Cash, needing him to give her a moment.

RECEPTIONIST

*(into phone)*

Yes, I'll make sure I tell them.  
Next Saturday night, nine p.m. Got it. Can you hold on for me for just a moment? Thank you.

She turns to address Cash.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

CASH

Hi there, my name's Cash. I'm supposed to be meeting with The Vanes. Are they here?

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, yes. Peggy and Katrina are right inside. They're expecting you. Go on in.

CASH

Thanks.

We follow Cash through a short narrow hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. REAMP RECORDING STUDIOS - RECORDING STUDIO

Cash walks into a very large recording studio decorated with what appears to be gold or platinum albums on the walls, large leather reclining chairs and couches, and a gigantic mixing board. Beyond that is a large clear window where we see another room that has microphones, amps, keyboards, guitars and drums set up. There is a man seated in a chair working the mixing board. Standing behind him are THE VANES - PEGGY and KATRINA. They notice Cash as he walks in.

CASH

Um, hi. I'm Cash. I spoke to you on the phone earlier today.

PEGGY

Oh yes, the one who's friends with Melody. Come on in. I'm Peggy. This is Katrina.

KATRINA

Hello.

PEGGY

*(addressing the man on the mixing board)*

Can you give us a minute?

The man who was working the mixing board exits.

CASH

Thanks for meeting with me.

KATRINA

No problem. When you told us you wanted to have us play Rodeo Rock Record Shop, we were super excited. We started out there you know. Used to play it all the time.

PEGGY

And then when you said they were closing their doors tonight, we cleared our schedule so we could help out.

CASH

That's awesome. I really appreciate it.

PEGGY

It'll be nice to see Melody again too.

CASH

Uh, yeah - about that. She doesn't know I invited you.

KATRINA

Why not?

CASH

It's sort of a surprise.

KATRINA

She'll definitely be surprised. Are you sure about this?

CASH  
Fairly certain.

PEGGY  
How do you know?

CASH  
Long story short, she told me how much she regretted leaving The Vanes. You were like sisters to her. But her pride got in the way.

PEGGY  
That's what she told you?

CASH  
Yes, why?

PEGGY  
Because that's not why she left. She left because her parents died.

KATRINA  
Her folks weren't keen on their daughter being part of an all girl rock band. In fact they had never seen us perform. Finally one day Melody convinced them to come to a show. That night on the way to the concert, they got hit by a drunk driver. Neither survived.

PEGGY  
Melody blamed herself for talking her parents into coming to see her. She quit the band that night.

CASH  
So, there's no bad blood between you all?

KATRINA  
Are you kidding? Melody is like a sister to us too. We've missed her so much.

CASH  
Then I think you're going to like what I have to say next.

CUT TO:

INT. RODEO ROCK RECORD SHOP - AN HOUR LATER

Huddie is carrying a giant box that is filled with records. He brings it to a pile of other sealed boxes which are off in the corner of the store. He sets it down and takes a deep breath, exhausted from all the work he's doing.

HUDDIE

That's the last of the boxes you wanted to keep, Tony. The other albums are all up front for the clearance sale tonight.

Tony comes out front behind the curtain by the counter. He's carrying a small box of 45s-singles records. He sets it down on the counter, lost in his thoughts of what the box holds. Huddie walks up to the counter to see what has gotten Tony's attention.

HUDDIE (CONT'D)

What are those?

TONY

These singles were the first set of records I ever got. I couldn't have been more than eight or nine years old. My dad picked them up at a garage sale and gave them to me. He thought I'd enjoy listening to them. I did. I practically wore them out as you can see.

Huddie begins to rummage through the records. He pulls three of them out and begins reading the labels.

HUDDIE

Glen Campbell's *By the Time I Get to Phoenix*, The Animal's *House of the Rising Sun*, Roy Orbison's *Only the Lonely*. These are some great songs.

TONY

I know. The records in this box are what started me on the path to loving music. I became obsessed with it. I started buying up every record I could afford. I'd ask neighbors if I could mow their lawn or walk their dog, just to make a little extra dough. And the second I did, I spent it on a new vinyl.

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

By the time I was eighteen I had a collection bigger than anyone I knew.

HUDDIE

It's pretty cool that you've held onto these all these years.

TONY

These records molded me into the man I am today. They created Rodeo Rock Record Shop. It was my love of these few 45 singles that turned into a lifetime of stuff I've now got packed up in those boxes up front.

Huddie puts the records he is holding back inside the box. Tony closes the box and walks it out to where the bigger boxes of records are stacked. The front door opens and Melody enters.

MELODY

You two look like you've been busy in here.

HUDDIE

We finished packing up the records. Everything is cleared out for tonight's final concert.

MELODY

Speaking of the concert, Tony, you still haven't told me who the surprise secret band is. I'm starting to think you don't have one.

TONY

Cash is taking care of it.

MELODY

*(surprised)*

Cash?

The front door opens and Cash enters.

CASH

Did someone say my name?

MELODY

Yes, I did. Who is this secret band playing tonight? And why are you in charge of hiring them?

CASH

I guess there's no harm in telling you now since you're going to find out eventually. It's The Vanes.

MELODY

*(shocked)*

What? Tony, is this true?

TONY

*(uneasily)*

Yes, Cash talked me into it.

MELODY

Why would you hire them to play the store after what I told you?

CASH

Because you told me you regretted what happened and missed playing.

MELODY

Yeah, I did. In confidence.

CASH

Melody, there's no reason to be upset. Peggy and Katrina told me they have no hard feelings. They also told me the real reason you quit the band.

MELODY

The real reason?

CASH

*(treading carefully)*

Because of your parents death.

MELODY

Oh my fucking god.

*(turning to address Tony)*

And you went along with this?

*(turning to address*

*Huddie)*

And you too, Huddie?

HUDDIE

Oops.

TONY

Cash assured me you'd be okay with it.

MELODY

Well I'm not. And I'm leaving.

CASH

What are you talking about? It's all set up for you to perform with Peggy and Katrina tonight.

MELODY

You had no right to go to them on my behalf. My reasons for quitting the band, whatever they may be, are my reasons. And when, and if, I ever decide to go back, that'll be my choice as well.

As Melody begins storming out of the store, Marvin enters.

MARVIN

Hey, Melody. Where you going?

MELODY

Home. It was nice working with you Marvin. Hopefully we'll see each other again sometime.

MARVIN

What do you mean?

MELODY

I'm quitting - now.

Melody dashes out the door. Marvin stands there befuddled.

MARVIN

What'd you jackasses do?

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF MELODY'S APARTMENT DOOR - TEN MINUTES LATER

We see a quick shot of the apartment door before Melody appears. Once again a note is taped to the door. This time Melody takes the note and immediately crumples it up without even reading it. She stops in front of the door and fumbles through her purse looking for her apartment key. Though she is not currently crying, it is obvious that she just was.

Her mascara is streaked, she looks disheveled and she is carrying a tissue. Taking the key out of her purse, she unlocks the door and walks into her apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. MELODY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Melody closes the door and drops her purse to the floor. She leans against the door.

A moment later she lifts up her head only to bang the back of it onto the door behind her in frustration. She realizes that was stupid because it hurt. She rubs her head and walks into the kitchen.

She sits down at her kitchen table and places her head in her hands. She lets out a huge sigh and again begins to cry. She reaches over to her laptop and opens it. The Spotify website is showing on her screen.

She wipes away her tears and in a melting motion, she slowly begins to lay her head and upper body on the table while remaining seated in the chair facing her computer. She reaches up with her hand and pushes the SPACE BAR on her laptop.

Nirvana's *Come As You Are* begins to play. The opening instrumental music starts.

MELODY  
(*in disbelief*)  
You've got to be fucking kidding  
me.

The lyrics of the song begin. Melody shakes her head no. She starts to sit up, only to lean back in her chair, again in a melting sort of motion. She closes her laptop computer, and then closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. RODEO ROCK RECORD SHOP - LATER THAT NIGHT

Most of the wooden racks that held the records have been removed, clearing a lot of space for the concertgoers. The stage has a drum set on it, along with a couple of speakers, amps and two guitars. There are also two microphones set up in mic stands near the front of the stage. People have slowly begun to assemble into the shop as word has spread about The Vanes doing a secret show here this evening.

As people are mingling around the spacious floor, we see Tony standing by the counter collecting the cover charge from the people. He looks very sad.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK JUST OUTSIDE RODEO ROCK RECORD SHOP - SAME TIME

Cash is pacing back and forth in front of the shop. He is obviously upset. Down the sidewalk we see Angela and Sheila approaching. They notice Cash wandering around outside.

ANGELA

Cash, why are you out here instead of inside helping Tony?

CASH

I'm looking for Melody but I'm pretty sure she's not coming.

SHEILA

We heard about what happened. She didn't take the news of her old band playing the record shop too good, huh? Nothing you can do about it now though.

CASH

I have to make this up to her. She needs to be here. Not just for the band but for Tony. He's really taking it hard.

ANGELA

Sheila, why don't you go inside and see what you can do for Tony. I want to talk to Cash alone for a moment.

SHEILA

Okay. See you inside.

Sheila gives Angela a kiss and goes inside the shop. Angela takes Cash's arm and walks him over to the curb.

ANGELA

Sit here with me a moment.

CASH

Angela, I really don't need a pep talk right now. I gotta figure something out.

ANGELA

That's what I'm doing, helping you figure this out. Now sit down.

The two of them sit on the curb of the sidewalk.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

How long have we known each other?

CASH

(*annoyed*)

I don't know.

ANGELA

Since I was a senior in high school. I was seventeen when we first met. I know that because I remember telling you that as soon as I turned eighteen I was going to pack up and move to New York City - make music my life.

CASH

I met you the night you were playing a set in that old coffee shop on Fourth Street. The one that's no longer there.

ANGELA

That's right. You bought me a coffee and we sat down and talked about music until they kicked us out because they had to close.

CASH

I remember.

ANGELA

That night you told me not to move to New York. I'd end up spending a ton of money and the odds of making it there were no better than the odds of making it here. You said it's not how a person sings or what a person sings, but it's *why* a person sings. You can't do it for the money or the fame. You've got to do it for the love of the music. The money and fame is just a bonus for those luckier than others.

CASH

I don't remember saying that. But I do think it's true.

ANGELA

It *is* true.

CASH

So how does this help me?

ANGELA

It's to let you know that you can't control what Melody decides to do. If she wants to perform with her old band tonight, it's her choice to make.

CASH

I already know that. She made it very clear.

ANGELA

Exactly. You fucked up and you overstepped.

CASH

You're not making me feel any better.

ANGELA

What I'm trying to say is, you need to show Melody the *why* behind what you did. Why did you want her to perform tonight. Was it for her benefit, or yours?

CASH

Hers.

ANGELA

Completely?

CASH

I guess I did have some selfish motivations behind it too.

ANGELA

So tell her what those motives were. Stop trying to say you were doing this all for her.

CASH

If I go to her now, I'll miss your set.

ANGELA

It wouldn't be the first time, would it?

CASH

Guess not.

Cash and Angela stand up from the curb. She gives him a hug.

ANGELA

Go. Now.

Cash nods and takes off down the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

INT. RODEO ROCK RECORD SHOP - LATER THAT NIGHT

The shop has a fairly large-sized crowd of people in it. Angela stands on stage, holding her guitar and singing a song. As she finishes, the crowd erupts in a cheer. She addresses the crowd.

ANGELA

Thanks, everyone. I appreciate you all so much for being here tonight to give Rodeo Rock the proper send off.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. THE FRONT COUNTER

Tony looks depressed as he watches the concert. People are taking notice.

CUT TO:

INT. MELODY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Melody is in her bedroom, playing her bass guitar, unplugged. There is a knock on the front door.

CUT TO:

MELODY'S APARTMENT

Veronica is watching television on the couch. She hears the knock on the front door. She gets up off the couch to answer it.

VERONICA

Hold on, I'm coming.

Veronica opens the door. We see Cash standing there.

VERONICA (CONT'D)  
Can I help you?

CASH  
Is Melody here?

VERONICA  
What do you want with her? Does she  
owe you money too?

CASH  
What, no? I just want to talk to  
her.

Melody comes out of her bedroom.

MELODY  
It's okay, Veronica. I got it. Hi,  
Cash.

CASH  
Hey, Melody.

Veronica opens the door and lets Cash in. She looks him up  
and down suspiciously one last time before exiting to her  
room.

CASH (CONT'D)  
*(sarcastically)*  
Your roommate seems nice.

MELODY  
She's a bitch. What are you doing  
here?

CASH  
Better question is, what are you  
doing here?

MELODY  
I'm here because you went behind my  
back and hired my old band without  
asking my permission first.

CASH  
Okay, I guess I already knew that.  
Look, I'm really sorry about what I  
did. We just had such a great time  
together the other night - and I  
wanted to do something nice for  
you, because I really like you lot.

(MORE)

CASH (CONT'D)

After you told me about why you quit the band I thought hiring them for the show might be a way to get you to like me back. You sounded sincere in the fact that you really wanted to perform with them again.

MELODY

I was sincere. And I do want to perform with them again. But I have to be the one to decide when. I'm not ready yet.

CASH

It's been a long time.

MELODY

That's not the point. The point is, every time I pick up my guitar and start to play, I can't help but think of my parents. They died because I wanted them to come see me perform. If I wouldn't have begged them so much they would still be alive today.

CASH

Their death wasn't your fault. It was the fault of the asshole who got behind the wheel and drove drunk.

MELODY

It just hurts, Cash. The one thing I love to do now reminds me of the one thing I hate to remember.

CASH

Then maybe it's time you associated playing music with a better memory. Like tonight, for example.

MELODY

Better memory? The record shop I love is closing. It's just replacing one loss with another.

CASH

I'm not talking about the shop. I'm talking about your friends - Tony, Marvin, Peggy, Katrina - everybody. Your family that you *do* still have. Look Melody, I think you're absolutely amazing.

(MORE)

CASH (CONT'D)

You're talented, witty, beyond beautiful.

*(playfully)*

And your name is Melody and you work in a record shop.

MELODY

Worked. Past tense.

CASH

Doesn't matter.

There's a moment of silence as Cash lets Melody gather her thoughts.

CASH (CONT'D)

I'm really, really sorry. I just wanted you to want me.

MELODY

You know you had a perfect opportunity there to sing the Cheap Trick song.

CASH

I know. I didn't want to be annoying.

MELODY

I'm sorry I lied to you about why I quit the band.

CASH

You didn't really lie, you just didn't tell me the whole story. I shouldn't have pushed so hard. It was none of my business.

MELODY

You're right. It wasn't. And it wasn't your place to go behind my back and talk Tony into hiring The Vanes for tonight.

CASH

Truthfully it was Huddie's idea. Tony and I just went along with it.

MELODY

That still puts you at fault.

CASH

Is there anyway I can make it up to you?

Melody turns around and looks at her bass guitar. She nods to herself, coming up with an idea.

MELODY

I think there might be something  
you can do.

CUT TO:

INT. RODEO ROCK RECORD SHOP - LATER THAT NIGHT

We see Angela on stage finishing her last song of the night.

ANGELA

That does it for my set. But stick  
around because The Vanes are up  
next!

The crowd cheers. Angela waves to quiet them down.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

But before they come out here, I'd  
like to bring to the stage the man  
who's kept this store going all  
these years. A man whose passion  
for music and records has led to so  
many others having that same  
passion as well. Ladies and  
gentlemen, give a warm round of  
applause to the main man of the  
night - Tony!

The crowd erupts in cheers and applause. A saddened Tony steps out from behind the counter and makes his way to the stage. As he does, he waves to some folks and shakes hands with a few others. When he reaches the stage, Angela gives him a hug.

TONY

*(whispering)*

Thank you, Angela.

He steps up to the microphone and addresses the crowd.

TONY (CONT'D)

Thank you, everyone, from the  
bottom of my heart. Tonight is very  
bittersweet for me. It's difficult  
to say goodbye to this record shop  
that's been a part of my life for  
so many years. There's a lot of  
memories attached to it.

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

And even more so, memories of the friends I've made here over the years.

Just then Melody and Cash walk through the front door. Tony spots them and looks directly at them as he finishes his speech.

TONY (CONT'D)

Friends that I think of as family. Thank you all for being here.

Tony steps off the stage as the crowd cheers him. He walks into the crowd and up to Cash and Melody.

TONY (CONT'D)

*(to Melody)*

It means the world to me that you came back here tonight. I don't think I could have ever forgiven myself if you hadn't.

MELODY

I had to come. Who else would get the cash register to work?

TONY

I'm sorry I went behind your back. I should have cleared it with you first.

MELODY

Don't apologize. Rodeo Rock is your shop, not mine. I'm just your employee and I had no right to --

TONY

Melody, you're much more than an employee to me. You're family. I love you like a daughter.

MELODY

I know. You're like a father to me too.

TONY

So does your being here also mean you're going to get on stage with your old band tonight?

MELODY

I don't know. I need to talk to Katrina and Peggy. It's been a long time coming.

TONY

They're in the back room. Go talk to them now.

MELODY

Thanks, Tony. Come on, Cash.

CASH

You want me to go with you?

MELODY

Absolutely. You're the one who initiated this so you're going to see this through.

Melody gives Tony a kiss on the cheek. Melody and Cash walk through the crowd and up to the counter, and through the black curtain.

CUT TO:

INT. - BACKSTAGE BEHIND THE COUNTER'S CURTAIN

Peggy is seated on a folding chair tuning her guitar. Katrina is also seated and flipping through a music magazine. Melody and Cash enter. Peggy and Katrina both stop what they are doing and look at them. There is a moment of weird tension until Melody speaks.

MELODY

Hi. Can we come in?

PEGGY

You work here, so I think it's alright.

MELODY

Good point.

Melody stands there for a moment, unsure of what to say.

CASH

Maybe I should leave you three alone.

MELODY

Oh no you don't. You're staying right here.

KATRINA

Are you okay, Melody? Do you two need something from us?

MELODY

I'm just trying to figure out what to say.

KATRINA

Just come out and say it. You know us. We're your friends.

Melody takes a deep breath.

MELODY

I want to apologize to both of you. I know it's a little late, but I wanted you both to know that I truly am sorry for the way I left things between us. I had no right to walk out on the band.

PEGGY

You had things you had to deal with. We understood.

MELODY

Yeah, I guess. But I still could have been a better friend.

KATRINA

We could have been too. When your parents died we should have just put the band on hold for awhile.

Angela walks in past the curtain.

ANGELA

The crowd is getting antsy. You three coming or aren't you?

Peggy and Katrina give Melody a look.

PEGGY

What do you say? Wanna rejoin the band?

KATRINA

Do you still know the songs?

Melody smiles.

MELODY

Hell yeah I do.

CASH  
*(clenching his fist in  
excitement)*  
Awesome!

CUT TO:

INT. THE STAGE OF RODEO ROCK RECORD SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Cash walks out on stage. He stands before an anxious crowd. He takes hold of the microphone.

CASH  
Ladies and gentlemen of Rodeo Rock,  
thank you for your patience. Now it  
is my absolute pleasure to welcome  
to the stage, reunited with their  
original lineup - The Vanes!

Peggy and Katrina come out. Katrina gets behind the drum set and Peggy steps up to the microphone. A moment later Melody steps out on stage with her bass guitar strapped around her shoulder. She steps up to the second microphone on the stage, next to Peggy. As Cash passes by Melody, she grabs hold of his arm and pulls him into her. She lays a kiss directly on his lips.

CASH (CONT'D)  
Um, wow. Thanks.

MELODY  
Thank you. Now get off my stage.

CASH  
Rock it, girl!

Cash steps off stage. Peggy speaks into her microphone.

PEGGY  
Hey everybody, great to be here.  
It's been awhile since the three of  
us have played together, so bear  
with us if we're a little rusty.  
But all of us started this journey  
together on this very stage a long  
time ago. So it's fitting we get to  
say goodbye to it together tonight.

Katrina clicks her drumsticks together in a four count and the band begins. We see them perform as the crowd bops up and down to the music.

CUT TO:

INT. RODEO ROCK RECORD SHOP - AFTER THE CONCERT

The crowd of people have now dispersed. Tony, Melody, Peggy, Katrina and Cash are still hanging around. Tony is carrying a box of records. The front door opens and Huddie steps inside.

HUDDIE

Hey Peggy, that's the last of the equipment. Everything is packed up and in the van.

CASH

I can't believe you talked Huddie into becoming your roadie.

PEGGY

He wanted to do it.

CASH

For free?

PEGGY

He said he didn't need the money.

CASH

Stupid trust fund baby.

MELODY

Besides, we couldn't afford to pay both him and you.

TONY

You're really going to hire Cash as your manager?

KATRINA

Yep. After all, he's the one responsible for getting the three of us back together after all these years.

MELODY

Anyone who can do that must be good. And besides, we need someone to help keep Huddie out of trouble.

CASH

I've always wanted to do something in the music industry. Just never had any musical talent. Just musical knowhow.

TONY

Well I don't know how you pulled this night off. But you did. And I thank you for it.

Tony pats Cash on the back.

TONY (CONT'D)

You're not as much of an asshat as I originally thought.

CASH

*(halfheartedly)*

Thanks, Tony.

TONY

Alright everyone, we need to get out of here. Technically once it passed midnight I was no longer the legal tenant.

MELODY

You three go on ahead. I'll see that the store gets locked up. I need to speak to Cash alone for a moment.

TONY

Okay, just be sure to turn off the lights.

*(beat)*

Actually, you know what? I'm not paying the bill anymore. Leave 'em on.

Tony and Peggy exit, leaving Melody and Cash standing alone in the large empty room.

CASH

You sounded amazing tonight. You haven't missed a beat.

MELODY

Katrina's the drummer. She keeps the beat. I'm the bass player.

CASH

Every band needs a bass player.

MELODY

Except for The Doors, The Black Keys or Blondie?

CASH

Exactly.

MELODY

Thanks again for tonight.

CASH

Thank you. Watching you perform up on that stage somehow made you even hotter. Your parents would have been proud of you.

MELODY

Don't tell me I'm hot and then mention my parents. It's kind of creepy.

CASH

Sorry.

MELODY

But yeah, I think they would have liked it.

They share a nice moment of silence.

CASH

What song is going through your head right now?

Melody lets out a sly grin.

MELODY

*(playfully)*

*Kiss the Girl. By Sebastian from The Little Mermaid.*

CASH

May I?

MELODY

Absolutely.

Cash leans in and kisses Melody on the lips. A moment later he breaks away to speak.

CASH

Just so you know though, the person who actually sang that song was Samuel Wright.

Melody nods sarcastically and pulls Cash into her, kissing him again on the lips. Once more, Cash breaks away to speak.

CASH (CONT'D)

It was also covered by many different artists on several different compilation albums.

She pulls him into her again, kissing him to shut him up. A moment later, Cash once more has something to say. He pulls away to speak.

CASH (CONT'D)

Because if you're going to quote a song, it should be from the actual artist or band, not from a fictional character in a movie.

MELODY

What if the movie is about a band - like *The Commitments*? Which by the way, in my opinion, is the best band movie ever made. Even though they're not a real band, and they only performed cover songs in the film.

Cash lets out a huge smile. He leans in and kisses Melody again.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK from the couple and through the door of Rodeo Rock Record Shop.

The shot continues down the sidewalk and around the corner of the building. On the ground is a somewhat crumpled up old concert flyer. As the camera zooms in, we see it is the flyer promoting The Vanes first performance at Rodeo Rock Record Shop that Tony had in the shop behind the counter.

FADE TO BLACK.