

"DRUG TRAIN"
by Joseph Formichella

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

It's a quiet night. All the houses along the street are dark, save one, which is lit with strings of blinking lights. Six cars are parked in front of the bright house.

A CAR pulls up and parks near the others. EDDIE, 25 and dressed for a night on the town, emerges and rushes to the passenger side, checking his watch. He opens the door.

Obscured in shadows, ALLISON, 22, calmly checks her lipstick in the rear view mirror.

EDDIE

Come on! I don't think they've started, yet.

ALLISON

Is that good or bad?

She slowly exits the car. Illuminated in the street lights, she is stunning in a tight, red satin dress. Eddie gives her an appreciative head-to-toe perusal.

EDDIE

If you didn't look so hot, I'd smack ya.

Allison bats her eyelashes, demure, striking an almost innocent pose.

EDDIE

Uh, maybe we do have a little time.

Eddie furtively glances up and down the deserted street, then at Allison.

EDDIE

Wanna hop in back?

ALLISON

We don't want to miss the band.

She grabs his arm, and hustles him toward the lit house.

EDDIE

Maybe I oughta smack you, anyway..

ALLISON

Promises, promises.

CUT TO:

INT. PARTY HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Two dozen bored GUESTS mill about, drinking beer and making small talk. At the far end of the room, TWAIN, 22, attired in torn jeans and a baggy t-shirt, stands at a microphone.

Behind him, SHOE, 23, and MICHELLE, 24, similarly attired in grunge-wear, fiddle with connections. Shoe plugs a cable into an amp and turns it on.

TWAIN

Check, one-two. Check, one-two.

Twain turns to help Shoe and Michelle make ready the other equipment as EDDIE and ALLISON, each with a bottle of beer, enter.

Allison addresses Twain, who concentrates on an amp.

ALLISON

What time's the show start?

TWAIN

When we're ready.

ALLISON

When might that be?

Twain stops his work and glares at her.

TWAIN

When we're ready.

ALLISON

Well, make it snappy. Some of us have a life to get back to.

She turns away, totally dismissing him. Twain resumes his tinkering with a scowl as Allison and Eddie move to the back door.

ALLISON

Asshole.

EDDIE
That's telling him.

CUT TO:

EXT.BACK YARD - NIGHT

In the pool, HEATHER, CAROL, BOB and TED play catch with a large ball. EDDIE and ALLISON sit at a table nearby. The ball bounces by them, landing in the grass.

BOB
You get it this time, Heather.

HEATHER
Why always me?

TED
Because you always knock it out.

Heather slogs to the steps.

EDDIE
Wanna take a dip?

ALLISON
I didn't bring my suit.

A nude Heather emerges from the. She retrieves the ball as Eddie gets an eyefull, then hops back into the water.

Eddie cocks an eyebrow at Allison and nods at the pool.

ALLISON
Pass.

EDDIE
Suit yourself.

An O.S. GUITAR CHORD rings out, followed by an O.S. DRUM ROLL. They rise and hastily exit.

CUT TO:

IN THE LIVING ROOM:

The room lights are down, with just a few spots aimed at the improvised stage. The band is in place with TWAIN at the drums and SHOE on a Fender bass.

MICHELLE STANDS to one side of the stage with a guitar, a cigarette hanging from her lips. A lone mike stands center stage -- empty.

Twain TAPS his drumsticks.

TWAIN

One, two, fuck, you.

The drum and bass strike up an edgy intro as EDDIE and ALLISON enter. Members of the crowd, still scattered around the room, turn to the stage, curious. A few heads nod in time.

After four bars, Michelle joins in with her guitar. More heads keep time with her. Eddie grins and glances at Allison, who shrugs, unimpressed.

Four more bars. CHUY, 25 and guitar in hand, leaps from the shadows offstage. He wears a shiny suit, sunglasses, and carries himself like a rock star. He grabs the mike.

CHUY

Hey, chicks and dudes. We're
RUNNING WITH SCISSORS, and you're
not dancing - yet.

He launches into a raucous tune, and sounds fairly good.

The crowd moves closer to the stage. One couple starts to dance. As the song continues, more people join in.

Chuy rips into a guitar solo at the refrain, and even Allison grudgingly moves to the beat.

Soon, the whole party bops.

CUT TO:

IN THE BACK YARD:

His jacket slung over his shoulder and his silk shirt stained with sweat, CHUY stands with EDDIE and ALLISON, aloof. He alternately swigs a beer and puffs a cigarette.

EDDIE

Great set, man.

Chuy shrugs.

EDDIE

I mean it. You guys are tighter every time.

ALLISON

I gotta admit, Chuy. You don't suck.

Chuy takes a thoughtful drag and shakes his head.

ALLISON

At least, not all that much.

CHUY

I'm too ragged. We need a better vocalist.

EDDIE

You're never satisfied.

CHUY

Maybe a chick.

Allison seethes.

ALLISON

Chick?

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCK SOLID RECORDS - DAY

CINDY, 19, attractive and determined, consults a classified ad. She looks at the ROCK SOLID RECORDS sign, and marches to the door.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCK SOLID RECORDS - DAY

CHUY, stands behind a stack of genuine vinyl LPs. He carefully removes one and squints at it like a jeweler.

A bell tied to the door RINGS as CINDY enters.

CHUY

Beautiful.

CINDY

Excuse me.

Annoyed, Chuy glances at the intruder. His expression snaps to instant charm.