

GINNY HAS A GRUNGE BAND

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FADE IN:

EXT. STUDENT APARTMENT COMPLEX – MAY AFTERNOON

SONG OVERLAY: "Social Love I" by the Gits.

A celebratory mood, post-graduation, as students move out of the complex.

The moving is slowed by the fact many hold boxes and phones simultaneously, or pause to take group pics and selfies.

HEATHER WILSON GODSEY (40's), Ginny's mother, tries to hold an empty spot next to Ginny's small car in the parking lot. Next to her are boxes and furniture.

An SUV tries to pull into the spot, but Heather waves it off while continuing to speak on her cell phone.

The SUV HONKS, and there are ANSWERING HONKS AND WHOOPS across the rest of the busy lot.

PICK OUT GINNY

SONG BEGINS TO FADE.

GINNY WILSON (age 22) arrives carrying an uncovered box of kitchen and pantry items.

She has short dark hair and is somewhat ungainly. But her voice is deep, raspy, and very distinctive, like the late Mia Zapata's.

GINNY

I don't know why everyone is acting like this is a party. Most have no idea what they're going to do with their lives.

HEATHER

What? Sorry dear, Bill is having trouble getting through on the street.

GINNY
It doesn't matter.

Ginny looks over the parking lot at the other students.

HER POV

A scene of controlled chaos.

MUSIC PLAYING from different sources in the parking lot.
Pop music, tame.

GINNY (VO)
I can't say I'm going to miss
this place.

WIDER ANGLE

BILL GODSEY (late 50's) arrives in a new pickup truck,
looking upset. Ginny hasn't grown up with him as a
stepdad, and they maintain an awkward distance.

The driver window zips down and Bill leans out, still
holding his phone from his conversation with Heather.

BILL
It's *crazy* trying to pull around
in here. They should have a cop
directing traffic.

HEATHER
We're sorry!

BILL
Not *your* fault.

Some ambiguity to this remark – is he excusing *both* of the
females, or just his wife?

Bill gets out of the truck and begins to stack boxes in the
bed as though he can't wait to get this over with.

Ginny tries to hand him a bookcase, but he shakes his head
and sets it back down next to the truck.

BILL
Not yet...let me handle this.

GINNY
Yessir.

RURAL HIGHWAY ROUTE - BEGIN TITLE SEQUENCE

SONG OVERLAY: "Absynthe" by the Gits.

The truck leading the way, looking enormous in comparison to Ginny's old subcompact.

CUT TO: INT. GINNY'S CAR

MUSIC IS CONTINUOUS.

She does not look happy - more like a kid out of control of the situation who's just tagging along.

GINNY'S EYES

A blank stare.

BACK TO RURAL HIGHWAY ROUTE - END TITLE SEQUENCE

MUSIC IS CONTINUOUS.

The long drive continues, the rural landscape becoming progressively more monotonous.

INT. WILSON HOUSE, DINING ROOM - LATER

A lame graduation party in progress. Ginny, Heather, and a reluctant Bill seated around the dining room table.

They are still finishing dinner, although a cake reading "Congratulations!" is already on the table. At Ginny's place is an unopened gift envelope with her name.

BILL
So...what was your major, again?

GINNY
Mass Communications.

HEATHER
(confused)
I thought it was English.

GINNY
It's an English degree,
essentially.

HEATHER
But you started out in
Creative Writing, didn't you?
(to Bill) Ginny used to win
medals for her poems in school!

Bill snorts, doesn't reply.

HEATHER
(to Ginny)
What made you change majors?

GINNY
I sort of got tired of poetry.
There were a lot of other
students in those seminars,
and our Millennial complacency
started to sound the same.
(really more to Bill) Besides,
Mom, it's not a very practical
degree.

BILL
What kind of job can you get
with a...Communication degree?

GINNY
(awkwardly)
It's good for community relations
and public service...also broadcast
journalism.

No reaction from Bill.

GINNY

I interned at the campus radio station, mostly writing copy. But sometimes I got to read announcements on the air.

HEATHER

I wish I could have heard you!

GINNY

I thought I sent you a link to the podcast – but it doesn't matter. I was on for maybe, fifteen seconds.

HEATHER

It's a start! (a beat) Who's ready for cake?

GINNY

Why not?

BILL

I'll pass. You two have a lot of *catching up* to do.

Before Heather can protest, he gets up from the table and heads out to the living room. She looks disappointed.

HEATHER

(calling after him)
Party pooper!

She pauses a moment, then cuts two thick slices of cake and hands one to Ginny.

GINNY

Wow...that's a major wedge.

HEATHER

Open your envelope!

GINNY

Alright.

Ginny opens the envelope and looks surprised. In it, in lieu of a check, is a wad of hundred-dollar bills.

GINNY

Jeezus, Mom. Did you kidnap someone?

Heather giggles.

Ginny counts out twenty of the bills, but Heather can't wait until she finishes to announce the total.

HEATHER

It's two thousand dollars!
I've been saving.

Ginny looks grateful, but she is troubled by something.

GINNY

Thanks. I really appreciate it.
Uh...but can I ask you something?

HEATHER

(suddenly apprehensive)
OK.

GINNY

Am I, you know, *good* with all those student loans?

HEATHER

Oh, honey, no...those came to *twenty* thousand.

GINNY

But...I thought we had a plan? We were going to pay off the loans out of Dad's Social Security. I know I had more than \$20,000 in survivor benefits. You promised you'd save it for me.

HEATHER

I..I've had my expenses too.

GINNY
But it was my money!

HEATHER
(head down)
I'm sorry.

A long silence. As if on cue, Bill returns.

BILL
Well, maybe just a thin slice.

Heather automatically cuts a piece of cake for him but doesn't speak.

BILL
Everything OK?

Sees the money on the table and whistles.

BILL
Wow, deal me in.

Leaves with the cake.

Ginny picks up the money and stuffs it in the envelope.

GINNY
Was the cash Bill's idea?

Heather starts to sob softly, but not so loudly as to be heard from the next room. She shakes her head.

HEATHER
Mine. I...thought it would
seem more like a...surprise.

GINNY
I notice he has a new truck.

HEATHER
Yes.

GINNY
(growing alarmed)
Mom, the *house*...it's still in
your name?

Heather's face changes, and she takes a defensive tone.

HEATHER

Of course it is. Please don't...
even go there.

GINNY

Sorry. But it was always you
and me. Suddenly, I feel like
a guest.

HEATHER

(firmly)

We don't want you to feel that
way. This will always be your
home, too.

GINNY

Uh...thanks for that. I guess
I'll be excusing myself.

Heather gets up too and replies brightly, incongruously.

HEATHER

Congratulations again, sweetie!

They hug awkwardly.

HEATHER

You'll probably want to unpack
now. I know you're going to be
so much more comfortable with a
full-sized bed in your room!

Ginny leaves without a word. Bill enters soon afterwards,
as though he has been waiting just outside.

BILL

(muttering to himself)

Ungrateful little bitch.

INT. GINNY'S OLD ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

SONG OVERLAY: "Precious Blood" by the Gits.

The room has been stripped and converted into a guestroom, with only a few traces to show that it was once Ginny's – a school portrait, a kid-sized dresser and bookcase.

Most of Ginny's moving boxes are on the floor.

Ginny's face is blank as she listens to music on earphones. She opens a box and removes some clothing from it.

Takes the clothes to the dresser, opens a drawer, but finds it already full of linens.

Sets the clothes on top of the dresser for now.

Ginny moves on to another box, of books and notebooks, removing a college lit text. She experimentally places it on a bookcase shelf, but it is not going to fit.

She returns the book to the box. Then pauses and sits on an adjacent, unopened box and gazes around the room.

CUT TO: HER POV

MUSIC IS CONTINUOUS.

SWEEP OVER THE ROOM, which is clearly going to be too small to accommodate most of Ginny's things. Like a hotel room, it's dominated by a large bed and nightstand.

FAVORING GINNY

MUSIC IS CONTINUOUS.

She remains seated on the box as she takes an old notebook out of the book box and flips through it.

INSERT: NOTEBOOK

SONG BEGINS TO FADE.

From the layout of scrawled words on the page, we can tell at a glance these are Ginny's poems.

BACK TO GINNY

She does not look particularly pleased with this past work as she flips through it.

INT. LIVING ROOM

A modestly sized room with somewhat tacky furnishings, but an expensive new entertainment center.

Bill sits on a new leather recliner fiddling with the TV remote, Heather across from him on an old couch.

BILL

(frustrated)

I still can't figure out how to program channels on the remote.

HEATHER

Would you like me to call the company again?

BILL

Just give me a minute.

HEATHER

No one's rushing you. (helpfully)
You know...Ginny's always been very handy with gadgets like that.

BILL

(sarcastically)

Of course...she's a *Communications* major.

A pause before Bill puts the remote aside in frustration.

BILL

I hope she's not one of those kids who expect to live at home till they're thirty.

GINNY'S ROOM

Some time has elapsed – Ginny has relocated to the bed. She still wears earphones and holds the notebook, but now she's writing in it with a pen.

INSERT: THE NOTEBOOK

A few scraps of lyrics are legible out of those below:
i.e., "Difficult," "I've been told my entire life."

BACK TO GINNY

As Ginny scrawls faster, a PUNK ANTHEM SUNG IN HER VOICE slowly builds on the soundtrack.

During the scene, we INTERCUT between the bedroom and a practice session several weeks later, with Ginny as lead singer of her band THE GLUTENS.

The Glutens consist of MARTEN (age 40) on lead guitar, KOOS (30's) on bass, and VIV (mid 20's) on drums.

"Difficult"

While we're in a common place,
We occupy two separate spaces,
You're texting as you talk to me,
I reply automatically.

I've been told my entire life
Girls are sugar, girls are spice,
Now I find myself getting angry
For no reason.

I've grown up with smart devices,
But they can't solve a real-life
Crisis, and I no longer care,
This is treason.

Is it me who's being difficult?
You who's being difficult?

Difficult, difficult.

I've been told my entire life
It's essential to be nice,
Now I find myself growing colder
By the *minute*.

I've measured out my life with
Phones, but I demand more time
Alone, call me antisocial,
Just not *with it*.

Is it me who's being difficult?
You who's being difficult?

Difficult, difficult.
Difficult, difficult.

Everything seems difficult to me.
It's enough to make me want to
screeeam.

BREAKFAST TABLE — NEXT MORNING

Heather dressed for her office job, Bill being served at
the table. A mood approaching an armistice prevails.

Ginny enters, and Heather is excited to see her.

HEATHER

Good morning! I wasn't
expecting you to be up so soon.

GINNY

Hey. Good morning, Bill.

BILL

Mornin'.

GINNY

I thought I should, you know,
get started with the job search.

Heather waves Ginny to a seat as Bill gets up.

GINNY

(to Bill)

You don't have to leave.

BILL

(false cheer)

I'll let you two gals talk.

HEATHER

He always eats in front of the
TV. (beat) You know, I dropped
by Cluckytown the other day.

GINNY

Don't tell me you actually ate
there.

HEATHER

It was a new manager, but she
of course knew about you.

GINNY

I don't think I like where
this is heading.

HEATHER

Your assistant manager job is
waiting for you if you want it.

GINNY

Mom! That place was a hellhole!
Only a lousy summer job.

HEATHER

(shrugs)

Well...it's summer.

GINNY

Don't you want me to look for a
real job?

HEATHER

Of course I do. I'm just saying, why not have something to fall back on while you're looking?

GINNY

That place sucks your soul. I can't work odd hours and show up for interviews with circles under my eyes, stinking of grease.

HEATHER

I think you're exaggerating. Wouldn't an employer be impressed that you're in a position of responsibility? But no pressure. We thought you might like to pick up a few shifts to earn extra money.

GINNY

"We" - I assume you're not using the royal we?

HEATHER

(ignoring the question)
Like I said, no pressure.

GINNY

This just gets worse and worse.

EXT. CLUCKYTOWN

A rundown neighborhood. A fried chicken place with glass walls and a retro diner look. Cartoon logo above of a chicken dancing the Funky Chicken.

ENTERING THE PLACE

The retro theme continues inside, with colorful booths and speakers playing an endless loop of 60's-70's funk and R&B.

IN A BOOTH NEAR THE FRONT

Ginny speaks with KARA, the store GM, who's only a couple of years older than her.

Kara is eager to recruit Ginny and very upbeat, but her laugh has a hint of desperation.

Signs of a slightly different Ginny in this scene. Away from the family home, she's freer to express herself and displays hints of the rocker she will become.

GINNY

So you told my mom you were holding my job for me, huh? Thanks a *bunch*.

KARA

(laughing)

I lied – it's really *my* job that's opening up. I've decided to go back to school to earn my MBA.

GINNY

I was really only looking to pick up a few shifts while I search for a full-time job.

KARA

I don't want to sound discouraging – but I sort of do. (beat) Believe me, there's *nothing* out there now. What was your major?

GINNY

Mass Communications, with a Creative Writing Minor.

KARA

Mine was Public Relations. With a Minor in Media Marketing, and forty-five thousand in student loan debt!

Kara starts to laugh again but then checks herself.

KARA

I don't know why I'm laughing. There's really nothing funny about pulling down \$35,000 a year as a GM. That'd amount to \$17 an hour if you worked 40 hours. But to be honest with you, I can't remember the last time I put in under 50.

GINNY

I suppose Cluckytown must throw you some benefits?

KARA

The health plan is essentially Obamacare – just enough to keep workers productive.

GINNY

Sorry.

KARA

(worried)

Sorry for me or for you?

GINNY

I haven't signed anything yet.

KARA

Did I mention, there's also all the chicken you can eat?

GINNY

I'm vegetarian.

KARA

Me too.

They both laugh at this.

KARA

Well, Ginny Wilson, I can't make you any promises, but I'll talk to the district manager.

(MORE)

KARA (CONT'D)

This is his "ghetto" franchise store, so I think it's safe to say that with your experience and degree, you'll be the new GM trainee.

The LUNCH CROWD begins to gather.

KARA

In fact, you can clock in right now if you want to...I'm shorthanded in the drive-thru.

GINNY

Can I at least think about it?

KARA

Come on, take one for the team. It'll be *your* team soon.

DRIVE-THRU - A LITTLE LATER

Ginny calls out to a customer.

GINNY

Good afternoon, welcome to Cluckytown. May I interest you in a Klucky Klub special today?

CUT TO: COUNTER

MAISY (60's) is stationed at the register. She has worked with Ginny in previous summers.

Ginny steps behind her to pick up a take-out bag.

MAISY

No one calls out orders like you, Ginny! When you're workin' the drive-thru, it's like listenin' to a live radio show.

GINNY

Don't remind me of my failed
dreams.

BOOTH - LATE AFTERNOON

The rush has died down, and Kara and Ginny take a moment to
fill out a stack of paperwork.

KARA

Congratulations! I spoke
with the district manager,
and you're in. You get \$15 an
hour as a trainee, though at
the end of the 6-week period,
Cluckytown is under no
obligation to offer you a
permanent position.

GINNY

(reflecting)

\$15 an hour is alright for a
trainee, I guess. I was
making \$13.95 last summer as
general assistant. Are you
sure all this paperwork is
really necessary for a dollar
raise?

KARA

(nods)

It's win-win. You're under no
obligation to stay after six
weeks, either, if something
better comes along. Or you
can ask to be knocked back
down to general assistant.
They'd probably even let you
keep the dollar.

GINNY

(signing the paper)

Alright then.

KARA
(greatly relieved)
Thanks. Here's your keys.
You're closing tonight.
Tomorrow night, too.

GINNY
But dude...

KARA
(laughing)
Welcome aboard!

WILSON LIVING ROOM - AROUND 1:00 A.M.

Bill is still up, watching an adult channel on TV with the sound off. He quickly changes the channel when he hears Ginny at the front door.

BILL
Who's there?

Ginny enters, looking dead tired.

GINNY
It's me. Ginny.

BILL
I was waiting up for you.
Your Mom has work tomorrow, so
I sent her to bed.

GINNY
You didn't have to wait up,
sir. But thanks.

BILL
I hear congratulations are in
order. That's something - to
have a job interview and start
work the same day. As GM
trainee!

GINNY
It's only Cluckytown.

BILL
I like their chicken.

GINNY
I'll bring you a bucket. (beat)
If you don't mind, I've got to
take a shower...I'm covered in
grease.

GINNY'S BEDROOM — NEXT MORNING

Ginny is awakened by her PHONE RINGING on the nightstand.
Very groggily, she reaches for it and answers.

GINNY
Mom?

CUT TO: OFFICE RECEPTION DESK, HEATHER

HEATHER
I've been dying to talk to you
but knew you needed to sleep in!
I hope I didn't wake you, it's
almost eleven! How'd you sleep
on the new bed?

BACK TO: GINNY

GINNY
I slept fine.

Stiffly, she sits up and swings her legs to the floor.

GINNY
Did you say *eleven*? I've got
to be in to work by one.

CUT TO: HEATHER

HEATHER
I just knew something good
was going to happen yesterday.
(MORE)

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I could feel it! And you know Bill was absolutely glowing, too. He's retired from trucking now, but if there's one thing that man appreciates, it's hard work. Oh — he told me to remind you about his bucket of chicken!

BACK TO: GINNY

GINNY

Sure, mom. (beat) Got to go.

INT. CLUCKYTOWN — TOWARD CLOSING TIME

MARTEN and KOOS are sitting in a booth with their guitars in gig bags. They speak a blend of Dutch and English.

MARTEN is a middle-aged man with a sophisticated taste in clothing. While speaking to Koos, he removes his scarf, placing it on the seat beside him.

KOOS is more the Keith Richards type, wilder and not nearly as well versed in English as Marten, who therefore does most of the talking.

Ginny approaches them, tired, but professional.

GINNY

Can I get you anything else?

MARTEN

No, we are fine. Are you getting ready to close?

GINNY

You're good for awhile yet. If you don't mind my asking, where are you guys from?

MARTEN

We are from Holland. My name is Marten. This is Koos.

KOOS
Good evening.

GINNY
Good evening to you, too.

KOOS
I not seen you around before.

GINNY
I just started. Do you guys
come here often?

MARTEN
After practice.

GINNY
You're in a band?

MARTEN
(looks at Koos)
Not...at the moment.

GINNY
What kind of music do you play?

KOOS
Very hard rock. Grunge. Do
you know this music?

GINNY
Sure. It was popular in, like,
the 90's.

MARTEN
The 90's were a *great time* for
American music. (shakes his head)
Today music is, I think, much
duller.

GINNY
I can't disagree with that.
(beat) Anyway, take your time.
It's nice to have some company.

Ginny continues on her rounds, wiping tables and putting things in order.

A LITTLE LATER

Marten and Koos have left and the store is closed.

Remembering her promise to Bill, Ginny puts together a bucket of leftover chicken.

She shuts off the lights in the prep station.

She's about to turn off the sound system when Janis Joplin comes up in the rotation ("Piece of My Heart").

Instead, Ginny turns up the volume and sings in the semi-darkness, at one point using the drive-thru mike.

As she warms up to her performance and is transported into another world, we are reminded, temporarily, of what a raw but powerful talent she is.

The SONG FINISHES. Ginny switches off the mike.

A brief silence. Then a KNOCK on the drive-thru window.

Ginny looks up, startled, to see Marten and Koos outside. Koos waves.

She automatically shakes her head as if to say, "We're closed," but Marten points inside, and then to his neck. He holds hands together prayerfully and mouths, "Please."

Ginny flips the intercom back on.

GINNY

Wait here.

FOLLOWING GINNY — CONTINUOUS

She goes to the booth and finds the scarf under the table. Then returns to the drive-thru window and holds it up.

Marten nods. Koos overreacts, doing a little happy dance.

Ginny opens the window and hands out the scarf.

MARTEN

Thank you!

KOOS

We hear you down the street!

GINNY

Oh...sorry. I was bored and got carried away.

MARTEN

You are a *great* singer! You must use this gift!

GINNY

I'm no Janis Joplin.

MARTEN

No, your voice is different... maybe more like Mia Zapata's.

GINNY

Whose?

MARTEN

We will bring you a CD! To thank you very much for the scarf.

Koos bows, and Ginny laughs. Then they take their leave quickly, knowing they've kept her waiting.

GINNY

Good night you guys.

EXT. WILSON HOUSE, PORCH — THAT NIGHT

This time we follow Ginny as she walks up the steps and very quietly unlocks the door. She holds the key in one hand, Bill's bucket of chicken in the other.

FRONT HALLWAY

She enters the house, locking the door behind her.

FOLLOWING GINNY

There's no sound from the living room, but Bill's face is visible in the reflected light from the TV. He's asleep in his chair.

Ginny passes the TV and notices it's tuned to an adult channel.

GINNY

Holy shit.

She drops the bucket quickly on the coffee table and hurries away.

GINNY'S BEDROOM — MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Ginny hasn't bothered to shower and sleeps in her clothes, too tired or too upset by what she's seen on the TV.

She tosses fitfully, becoming conscious of a THUDDING and MUFFLED CRY from her mother's room.

GINNY'S FACE

She's fully awake now and looks disturbed.

No further sounds.

EXT. CITY PARK, NEAR POND — NEXT DAY

Ginny on a bench, notebook beside her. She's not writing, just staring at the ducks.

She reaches into her purse for her phone and makes a call.

GINNY

Mom? I thought I'd call you
for a change. We keep...
missing each other. (pause)
No, I'm not at the house.
I needed to get out, you know,
catch some sun.

LONGER VIEW

It's not a sunny day - dark clouds.

GINNY

I really wanted to know how you
were.

CUT TO: RECEPTION DESK, HEATHER'S OFFICE

HEATHER

Me? Silly girl.

TIGHTER ON HEATHER

Signs of some bruising on her face, although she has done
her best to cover this with foundation.

HEATHER

I'm fine. Just fine.

BACK TO: GINNY

GINNY

(uncertainly)

OK...If you're sure. Bye.

Putting her phone away, Ginny picks up the notebook. Flips
through it to find a blank page.

She doesn't seem particularly inspired, doodling and
scribbling before she begins to write.

INSERT: THE NOTEBOOK

Amid doodles of flames, a few scraps of lyrics are legible:
"Match Girl" and "start a fire."

BACK TO GINNY

As Ginny scrawls faster, the start of a GRUNGE ANTHEM SUNG
IN HER VOICE is heard, slowly and a cappella, as if she's
composing it along the way.

It's time to start a fire
When your face is turning blue
It's time to start a riot
If you feel you've been used.

It's time to set the table
When your family has to eat
It's time to set a watchman
If there's evil on the street.

I am just a Match Girl
And you make me burn with shame
But if you rub against me,
I become a burning flame..

WIDE VIEW OF PARK

It has begun to drizzle lightly.

Ginny's PHONE RINGS, and she answers.

CLOSER ON GINNY

She looks weary, like the last thing she needs is another
work shift.

GINNY
Wassup Kara.

CUT TO: INT. CLUCKYTOWN, FRONT COUNTER — KARA

She is examining a taped mailing envelope (thick enough for several CDs.)

KARA

I see you met Marten and Koos!
They're a couple of nuts,
aren't they? Anyway, you must
have made an impression. They
dropped off something for you,
and it doesn't *feel like* a bomb.
(beat) I know you're already
sick of this place and want to
steer clear of it today, so I'll
leave the package by the safe.

BACK TO GINNY

She's happy for something to do that will keep her out of
the house, away from Bill.

GINNY

I might swing by. I've got some
shopping to do.

EXT. CLUCKYTOWN AREA, GINNY'S CAR

Ginny heads in the direction of Cluckytown, and we're
reminded once again this is a slum area.

The car passes Cluckytown and continues on. In a few more
blocks, the area grows more upscale-bohemian.

Restaurants, a couple of bars large enough to host a band,
stores (music, vintage clothing, and flowers), and perhaps
a small art gallery or theater.

Ginny's car pulls into the lot of a vintage clothing store.

INT. VINTAGE CLOTHING STORE

TWO WORKERS up front, one ringing up CUSTOMERS, one
appraising clothing brought in by ANOTHER CUSTOMER.

Assisting customers in the Dressing Room and re-hanging clothes is SELAH (age 23). She's an empathetic individual, half-Jamaican, attractive, and elegantly dressed.

Ginny meanders through the store and ends up near a rack of women's formal wear. She examines blouses and suit jackets but is out of her depth.

Selah approaches. Between the two young women, there should be some immediate but indefinable chemistry.

SELAH
Are you looking for anything
in particular?

GINNY
(nods)
The kind of thing to wear to
a job interview.

SELAH
(interested)
Business jackets, then.

She rapidly flips through the rank and pulls out a jacket, holds it up to Ginny. Shakes her head and puts it back.

SELAH
Not your size.

Flips again, finds a second jacket, holds it up. Frowns, but doesn't put this one back. Finds a third jacket and holds this one up to Ginny, too. Another "maybe."

GINNY
It might be me, not the jacket.
I don't have the corporate look.

SELAH
You're fine. (hands jackets to
her) How far up the corporate
ladder do we need to climb?
Trousers or skirt?

GINNY
Just the trouser level.

SELAH
(smiling)
You...have a very distinctive
voice.

GINNY
Too bad I can't phone interview?

SELAH
(suppressing a laugh)
I didn't mean it that way!

GINNY
With a nice jacket, at least
I'll be able to Skype. As long
as I don't have to stand up.

This time, Selah does laugh.

SELAH
Let's find you some pants.

GINNY
You have a nice laugh.

SELAH
(bashfully)
Thanks.

INT. CLUCKYTOWN, BACKROOM - LATER

Alone, Ginny opens her envelope, which contains a note:
"Nice meeting you - thanks again! - Marten and Koos."

Inside are several grunge-era CD's, including the two Gits
albums (*Frenching the Bully* and *Enter: The Conquering
Chicken*), and the 7 Year Bitch tribute album *Viva Zapata!*.

Other CD's look like homemade compilations.

Ginny is touched.

EXT. WILSON HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

SONG OVERLAY: "Kings and Queens."

Bill's truck in the driveway as Ginny parks in the street.

CUT TO: INT. CAR

MUSIC IS CONTINUOUS.

Ginny's recently purchased suit jackets on the front seat next to her along with the package.

She sees Bill's truck and briefly hesitates.

But - as if energized by the lyrics in the song - she grabs her things and gets out.

FOLLOWING GINNY - CONTINUOUS

SONG BEGINS TO FADE as she walks to the front door.

INSIDE THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bill in his chair in front of the TV, per usual.

Ginny enters, starts to walk past him.

GINNY

Hey Bill. Anything good on
TV?

He grabs her arm.

BILL

You mockin' me?

GINNY

(icily)
Bill. Let go.

He immediately complies, trying to pass the gesture off as playfulness.

BILL
(hopefully)
You bring home anything?

GINNY
Didn't work today.

She heads for her room.

BILL
We're going out, anyway.

GINNY
Sounds good.

CLOSER ON BILL

He remains slouched, as though medicated or just waking up. At the SOUND OF GINNY'S DOOR SHUTTING, however, his facial expression becomes one of quiet fury.

GINNY'S BEDROOM – THAT NIGHT

Ginny sits on the bed with her earphones, CD's scattered around her, listening and taking notes as though she's cramming for an exam.

She doesn't hear Heather's knock at first, not until it becomes louder, and then she gets up to unlock the door.

Heather is wearing a nice dress for her date night with Bill, deep in denial.

HEATHER
(puzzled)
We're locking doors now?

GINNY
(removing the earphones)
Huh?

HEATHER
I suppose you didn't want to be disturbed.

GINNY
I'm sort of trying to get myself
...caught up.

HEATHER
Oh.

She twirls once in her dress.

HEATHER
What do you think?

GINNY
You look nice, Mom.

HEATHER
(coquettishly)
It's our date night.

GINNY
I hope he treats you right.

HEATHER
(ignoring this)
Maybe I'll bring you back some
dessert.

GINNY
That'd be cool, but you don't
have to. Give yourself a
break and have a good time.

BILL (gruffly, OS)
Heather!

HEATHER
See you tomorrow!

She shuts the door behind her.

Ginny frowns and replaces her earphones. We hear the SONG
she's listening to on HALF-MUTE: "Slaughter of Bruce."

She lies back on the bed, closing her eyes.

SOUND BRIDGE to next scene.

MONTAGE OF GINNY AT WORK — NEXT DAY

SOUND BRIDGE from previous scene.

A. Ginny training in a NEW COOK.

B. Restocking supplies.

C. Removing Maisie's cash drawer and high-fiving her at the end of her shift.

DRIVE-THRU — NIGHT-TIME

GINNY

What's that, ma'am?

A pause as Ginny listens to the customer's reply.

GINNY

No, I'm pretty sure those
dinner rolls aren't gluten-free.
Sorry. Do you still want them?

Brief pause before the customer replies in the affirmative and Ginny hands out a small bag.

GINNY

Thanks. Have a nice night.

FOLLOWING GINNY — CONTINUOUS

Ginny leaves the drive-thru for the dining area, where Marten and Koos are the only customers. They have their guitars with them per usual and are chuckling.

GINNY

What're you guys laughing about?

MARTEN

Americans will go out of their
way to avoid just one thing,
fat or cholesterol or gluten,
and call this a diet.

GINNY

Some people have reactions to gluten. My college roommate, for example. Though come to think of it, she'd binge during finals on raw cookie dough.

MARTEN

It's actually the sugars in undercooked breads and pastries that's the problem. They end up fermenting in the stomach, and this causes pain. Gluten is a protein.

KOOS

That would be good band name! The Glutens. Hah! Americans would be so afraid!

Marten and Ginny laugh, too.

MARTEN

(more serious)

Have you thought about our offer? Will you sing with us? Please sing with us!

GINNY

I'll think about it. Out of curiosity, what happened to your last front man?

KOOS

She go back to Amsterdam. We lose our drummer, too.

MARTEN

Mostly, we play in the studio, or just cover songs. In Holland, I used to play in a tribute band called Pearl Sham. Koos was the bass player for Neppenwolf.

GINNY

Neppenwolf?

MARTEN

It is a funnier name in Dutch.
You know, like Steppenwolf.

GINNY

And now your idea is to form a
a Gits tribute band?

KOOS

(wound up now)
The Glutens!

He sings, to the tune of "(Don't Fear) the Reaper."

KOOS

"Come on baby / Don't fear the
Glutens."

Compulsively, Marten joins in.

MARTEN AND KOOS

"Baby take my hand, don't fear
the Glutens / We'll be able to
fly, don't fear the Glutens /
Baby I'm your man..."

They place an arm around each other.

KOOS

"Na, na, na, na, na."

GINNY

(amused)
Kara warned me about you two.

A HONK from the drive-thru.

GINNY

Excuse me a minute.

A LITTLE LATER

Ginny now cleaning up in the vicinity of Marten and Koos.
She looks reflective as she comes toward them.

GINNY

OK. But there's just one thing.

MARTEN

What's that?

GINNY

I...write my own songs, too.

KOOS

(looks at Marten)

A composer!

MARTEN

This is not a problem! Being A tribute band is a good way to get started. People will come to listen to songs they know, then they will start to like new things.

GINNY

Well...and you will have to be flexible about practices while I'm working at this place.

MARTEN

Of course. We have jobs, too.

GINNY

Do you live nearby?

KOOS

(pointing)

Two blocks. That way.

Marten takes out his phone, hands it over to her.

MARTEN

Here is my number.

Ginny takes out her phone to enter his number in.

GINNY

Alright then.

INT. WILSON LIVING ROOM - AROUND MIDNIGHT

Lit only by a HALLWAY NIGHTLIGHT.

Ginny creeps in as silently as possible to avoid waking Bill, who appears to be sleeping in his chair, TV off.

He doesn't stir as she passes, but as soon as she is out of the room, he gives a little snort and wakes.

CLOSER ON BILL

Eyes red-rimmed, cruel look on his face.

EXT. BATHROOM DOOR

Sound of GINNY TAKING SHOWER inside.

Bill approaches the door, back to us, and pauses.

He tentatively and quietly tests the doorknob to see if it will turn. Then finding it unlocked, he casually opens it and walks in.

GINNY

I'm in here!

BILL

I have to go.

GINNY

Get out! Now!

BILL

Don't tell me what to do in this house.

GINNY

(terrified)

Mom!

BILL

Oh, now, she won't hear you, drugged out on all her sleeping pills.

Evilly, he yanks the shower curtain aside.

Shocked, Ginny tries to cover her body with her hands, but freezes in fear.

GINNY
Please. Go away.

BILL
That's it...stay still. Let's see
what you got for me tonight.

He gropes Ginny's shoulder, her breast.

She suddenly recoils and punches him.

GINNY
Asshole!

BILL
We'll see about that.

He tries to block her from leaving the shower, but she sidesteps him. He slips and falls forward, forearm and head landing hard near the drain.

TIGHTER FOCUS ON BILL

BILL
Stupid lesbo!

We see Ginny's foot coming down hard on his head.

He's too dazed to rise.

FOLLOWING GINNY - CONTINUOUS

She's wrapped a towel around herself and scoops up her work clothes from the floor where she's left them.

She makes a quick detour to her room to grab car keys and phone but doesn't pause, running back through the house and out the front door in her towel.

EXT. STREET, GINNY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The street deserted at this hour.

Still in the towel, Ginny runs from the house, throws her work uniform into the car, and drives off.

CITY PARK WITH POND - A LITTLE LATER

Ginny's car alone in the parking lot.

CUT TO: INT. GINNY'S CAR

She pulls on her work uniform on with difficulty, sobbing. But she's angry at the same time.

GINNY

That bastard deserves to *die*.

Her clothes on, she lays her head against the headrest.

A few moments pass, and then a CAR GOES BY, causing Ginny to sit up suddenly.

A SIREN FARTHER OFF, waxing and waning in the night. Ginny realizes she can't remain at the city park all night and prepares to drive away.

ALTERNATE ANGLE ON THE PARK

SONG OVERLAY: "Spear and Magic Helmet."

Ginny's car pulls out of the parking lot.

CITY STREET

MUSIC IS CONTINUOUS.

The car heads down the sparsely trafficked street towards Cluckytown - Ginny's only safe haven.

INT. CLUCKYTOWN - LATER

SONG BEGINS TO FADE.

Ginny is huddled behind the counter in the semi-darkness, trying to catch a little sleep.

INT. WILSON HOUSE, KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

Heather sits alone at the table with a cup of tea. Her phone is next to the cup.

It rings and she answers it, trying to remain chipper, but sensing that the rift with her daughter is serious.

HEATHER

Oh Ginny, thank goodness! You should have told me you were working today. (long pause) Yes, Bill said you had a little misunderstanding last night. He said he fell asleep and didn't hear you come in. He's so sorry he walked in on you in the bathroom.

CUT TO: GINNY, PARKING LOT OF VINTAGE CLOTHING STORE

It's still early a.m. - Ginny waits for the place to open.

GINNY

Mom! It was more than just a *misunderstanding*.

BACK TO HEATHER

HEATHER

I took off from work today to look after him because he had a nasty bump on his head.

CUT TO: GINNY

GINNY

He tried to *molest* me while I
was in the shower, Mom.

BACK TO HEATHER

HEATHER

He said...Bill said...you might have
gotten the wrong idea. What I
don't understand is how the
bathroom door came to be
unlocked in the first place!

CUT TO: GINNY

GINNY

I was *tired*, Mom. (pause)
Please understand, I can't go
back there. And I'm worried
about *you*.

BACK TO HEATHER

HEATHER

(in full denial)
Bill and I will be fine.

INT. VINTAGE CLOTHING STORE

It has just opened and Ginny is the first customer of the
day. She walks in, still wearing her Cluckytown uniform,
and heads toward the back quickly.

Selah is purging items to move to the sales rack, placing
them in a cart. She's surprised and pleased to see Ginny.

SELAH

It's you! Cluckytown, huh?
Was that the job you wanted?

GINNY

No, it's the cross I must bear.

SELAH
(laughing)
So what are you looking for
today?

CUT TO: GINNY'S FACE

A look of distress.

GINNY
Absolutely everything.

GINNY AND SELAH

Selah gives Ginny a reassuring embrace.

SELAH
Well let's start with a hug then.

GINNY
(on verge of tears)
Th...thanks.

SELAH
And today I'm going to give
you a *major* discount.

They start to make the rounds, Selah pushing the cart.

SELAH
Did you really mean everything?

GINNY
Yes.

SELAH
Let's get busy with it then.

She begins to put things in the cart for Ginny.

GINNY
(wistfully)
Maybe you can help me to find
a new identity.

SELAH

What do you do when you're not
slingin' chicken?

GINNY

Nothing. (then remembering)
Well, I just joined a band.

Selah pauses, impressed.

SELAH

You've been holding out on me!
I should have known, with your
voice. Let me guess - you're
a singer?

GINNY

Will be.

SELAH

What's your name? So I can
claim you as a friend?

GINNY

Ginny Wilson.

SELAH

That's a *real* singer's name.
(a beat). I'm Selah.

GINNY

Nice to meet you, Selah.

SELAH

Nice to meet you, Ginny Wilson.
So...what kind of music?

GINNY

Grunge.

SELAH

(wrinkling her nose)
Not my favorite genre, from a
fashion standpoint. But it'll
be easy to fix you up at this
place - flannels, loose tops,
leggings, skinny jeans...

Ginny pulls an oversized checked jacket off a nearby rack and tries it on. It completely hides the Cluckytown uniform, transforming her.

GINNY

What do you think of this one?

SELAH

(joking tone) I'd bang you.
Actually, that's a men's.
But it totally doesn't matter.

INT. LAUNDROMAT — TWO HOURS LATER

An almost unrecognizable Ginny. She wears a beanie, loose cardigan, tanktop, ripped jeans, and tennis shoes.

Pulls her phone out as she waits.

GINNY

Hello, Marten? There's something I wanted to ask you about before practice today.
(a pause) What are you guys doing right now?

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE MARTEN AND KOOS' RENTAL HOUSE

Ginny's car pulls up slowly, as the addresses in this rundown neighborhood aren't clearly marked.

She gets out, heads to the front door and knocks.

Koos answers the door.

KOOS

Ja?

Not recognizing Ginny immediately, he does a double-take.

KOOS

Holy shit! I didn't know it was you! So sorry! Please come in.

Ginny enters.

GINNY

Thanks.

KOOS

Marten! Come and see Ginny!

MARTEN (OS)

Ik kom er aan!

Marten emerges from a backroom dressed for work in a natty suit, his hair neatly slicked back.

GINNY

Marten?

MARTEN

Ginny?

KOOS

(laughing)

Should I introduce you?

MARTEN

I am called in to work today.

GINNY

Where is work?

MARTEN

Today, the Radisson Hotel. I install keyless entry systems for businesses.

GINNY

I want to ask you guys something, but it can totally wait.

MARTEN

No, no, the music comes first. Always.

GINNY

It's just that, I was thinking it would be good to be closer to you guys for practices. I thought you might know a place.

KOOS

We have plenty room here! Our two housemates are in Holland.

GINNY

I wouldn't want to impose.

MARTEN

Koos is right. You will save us from putting an ad in the paper!

GINNY

We could see how it goes, I suppose. I'm definitely looking for a place to split the rent. I don't have many things...

KOOS

It's furnished!

GINNY

(relieved)

Really?

KOOS

Really, of course.

MARTEN

Koos, why don't you show Ginny the two rooms. She can choose which one she wants. (to Ginny) One third of the rent is only \$250, I think. Very cheap.

GINNY

I...don't know how to thank you.

She bows her head, perhaps about to cry, losing her beanie, which Marten retrieves and gently replaces on her head.

MARTEN

It is good for a band to be together. A band is like a family. But unfortunately I must go.

He shakes Ginny's hand and exits.

Koos is overjoyed and regresses further, as though his parents have just brought him home a new baby sister.

KOOS
Ginny, follow me!

He bounds up the stairs, and she scrambles to catch up.

PAN AFTER THEM – CONTINUOUS

A long hallway at the top, two bedrooms at either end.

Pausing before one bedroom door, Koos opens it. It is quite tastefully furnished and impeccably clean.

KOOS
(disapprovingly)
This is Marten's room. He's a neat freak.

He shuts this door quickly, then leads Ginny through the open door across the hall.

This room is more of a man-cave that hasn't been picked up in a long time, full of rock paraphernalia and posters.

KOOS
(proudly)
This is my room!

GINNY
Rock and roll!

KOOS
(howls like a wolf)
A-rooo!

He bounds down to the far end of the hall to another room.

KOOS
This was Braam's room. He was our drummer. Crazy guy!

This room looks like a lesser version of Koos'. It has been straightened up for potential roommates, but there are posters on the wall and signs of wear and tear.

KOOS
(solicitous)
You like this one?

GINNY
It's...not as sweet as yours.

KOOS
A-rooo!

He opens the last bedroom door.

KOOS
Maybe you like Arian's better.
She was a singer, like you.

This room is small, but very well kept, with a writing desk in a corner by a window and modern art on the walls.

GINNY
It's perfect. Arian must miss it.

KOOS
(shaking his head)
She and Braam are married now.
(hopeful pause) You will need help today moving your things?

GINNY
My things...are in storage.
There's a box of clothes in the car, but it's no big deal.
I'm meeting someone for lunch, so I'll bring it up later.

KOOS
(a bit downcast)
Oh. But at least I will see you for practice.

Ginny gives him a serious, face-to-face look.

GINNY

Koos.

KOOS

Ja.

GINNY

Koos, you are my brother.

Koos is overwhelmed at this, even a bit weepy.

GINNY

And I need a strong brother to
always, always protect me.

He nods solemnly, growing serious for a change.

Ginny seals the vow with a firm handshake.

INT. VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT – LUNCH HOUR

Very bohemian chic, across from the vintage clothing store.

The place is fairly well packed with a mix of yuppies and neo-hipsters. Ginny and Selah have taken a corner booth where they can carry on a private conversation.

SELAH

You didn't have to take me to
lunch. But I *do* love this
place.

GINNY

With the discount you gave me,
I should take you to lunch
every day.

SELAH

I wouldn't mind.

GINNY

(blushing a little)
So you're...Jamaican?

SELAH

Half, on my mom's side. My
last name is Voss.

GINNY

All the cool people are half-
Jamaican. Zadie Smith. Malcolm
Gladwell. Lianne La Havas.

SELAH

Who?

GINNY

She's a singer.

SELAH

Of course she is. But you
forgot Bob Marley.

GINNY

I didn't want to insult your
intelligence.

SELAH

You wouldn't. (nonchalant) I
flunked out of nursing college.

GINNY

Don't sell yourself short, yo.

SELAH

I won't if you won't, yo.

GINNY

I wanted to tell you...I'm going
to be moving into this area.
I found a house with these two
Dutch guys, Marten and Koos.

SELAH

(smiling)

I know them. They come into the
shop sometimes.

GINNY

They *do* get around.

A significant pause here – a serious turn.

SELAH

There's something I'd like to ask you, if it's OK.

GINNY

Sure.

SELAH

I bet you can guess.

GINNY

(nervous pause)

What if I don't know the answer, myself?

SELAH

(gently)

That's OK. (beat) Or maybe, it's time to find out?

GINNY

(under her spell)

Maybe.

Selah leans over the table and gives Ginny a kiss.

SELAH

Something to think about.

Another significant pause as Ginny reflects.

GINNY

Done.

SELAH

Really? You're done thinking about it already?

GINNY

Yes.

SELAH

What's your decision?

GINNY

I'm not really sure *who* I am. But *what* I am...is yours.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE, BASEMENT

The basement has been soundproofed and made into a studio equipped with a small soundstage, drum kit, and microphone.

Marten has shed his suit and looks more his usual self; Ginny wears only a tank top and jeans; Koos is dressed as earlier in the day, but wears a headband.

MARTEN

(to Ginny)

Without a drummer, you are going to need to follow Koos.

GINNY

OK.

MARTEN

Why don't we try "Whirlwind"?

GINNY

I...need my cheat-sheet.

She removes a small spiral notebook from her jeans and rapidly flips through it.

MARTEN

Ready?

Ginny nods, nervously.

KOOS

Let's go a little craaazy!

MARTEN

OK then. Ginny, watch me for a signal. Koos - go!

Koos begins to play the opening bass line to "Whirlwind."

At the right moment, Marten points to Ginny.

She gets off to a herky-jerky start and falters.

MARTEN

Wait, wait Koos! (brief pause)
Why don't we start again?

Ginny nods.

GINNY

Sorry.

MARTEN

No problem, no problem. Koos?

Koos starts up the bass line again, but this time Marten expects Ginny to come in on her own. Another false start.

MARTEN

Sorry, that was my fault. I forgot to cue you! Third time's a charm. Once again, Koos!

This time Ginny starts out smoothly. There is great raw power in her voice, but because she has to glance down at her notes, her line delivery remains stiff.

Marten and Koos impress with their musicianship. Marten is about as perfectionist as the rough style permits, Koos so energetic that the lack of a drummer isn't always evident.

The song finishes and there's a moment of silence.

MARTEN

Very good, Ginny.

GINNY

Really?

MARTEN

Your line delivery is a little stiff...you must learn the words. (a beat) But soon you will be great, I think.

KOOS

A-rooo!

MARTEN

Do you think you can do any
songs without the cheat sheet?
Perhaps I should have asked
this first.

GINNY

Uh...maybe "Bob."

MARTEN

Good. Let's do "Bob." Koos?

Koos begins "Bob (Cousin O)." This take, Ginny needs no prompting to come in on time, and she remains free of her notes throughout.

The performance builds as the band comes together and Ginny grows in confidence. By the end, they are absolutely tearing it up.

The song finishes, and the three look at each other in wonderment. The excitement of creation is palpable in the air, and any commentary is unnecessary.

Only after several moments does Koos let out a loud yell.

KOOS

Rrrrock and roll!

GINNY

Wow. *Wow!*

Even Marten's dignified mien as band leader has melted.

MARTEN

How about we do that one again?
Ginny? (she nods) Koos? (nods).
Well then, what are we waiting
for?! *Rock and roll!*

Ginny gives a little growl as Koos begins the song again.

FADE OUT ON THIS TAKE.

BASEMENT — TWO HOURS LATER

FADE IN ON A FINAL TAKE of "Bob," this one to end the practice session.

MARTEN
How do you feel, Ginny?

GINNY
(hoarse)
Good.

Marten begins typing something on a tablet as Koos pats Ginny's back.

KOOS
Little sister is tired.

GINNY
And thirsty.

KOOS
Time for Cluckytown!

MARTEN
(looking up)
She *works* there, remember, Koos.
We should find another place to go.

KOOS
But no other place is open!

GINNY
It's alright. I'm the new guy here. I should probably check in with Kara anyway.

Koos begins singing excitedly.

KOOS
(tune of "Funkytown")
"Won't you take me to...Cluckytown /
Won't you take me to...Cluckytown."

GINNY
(to Marten)
Are you sure you need me as lead
singer when you've got Koos?

Preoccupied, Marten shakes his head as he finishes typing.

MARTEN
I sent two files to your email.
The third take may have been
the best, but I think the first
one, we'll always remember.

UPSTAIRS, GINNY'S NEW ROOM – A LITTLE LATER

Apart from the clothes she's hung in the closet, there's
little sign of occupancy, but Ginny appears to feel
completely at home.

She uses her phone to send a text, then immediately
afterward makes a follow-up call.

GINNY
Hey. (beat) It went great, I
think. I forwarded you a couple
of files.

Another pause.

GINNY
Right now? Well, the lads are
taking me out for a post-practice
celebration at this fine dining
establishment. (pause) Yes, that's
the one. Anyway, see you tomorrow.
(softer) Bye.

A knock at her door.

KOOS (OS)
Ginny? Are you ready?

GINNY
(to herself)
I love these Euros. They're so
polite.

She runs to the door and opens it.

GINNY

Ready.

FOLLOWING THEM — CONTINUOUS

Down the hallway, Marten waits patiently in his room.

GINNY

Sorry, Marten. I had to call...
a friend.

KOOS

(wisely)
I think our Ginny has a crush.

IN THE STREET

Koos strikes up another song — a part of the ritual.

KOOS

(tune of "Lucky Town")
"I'm goin' down to Cluckytown /
Down to Cluckytown / I'm
gonna lose those blues I
found / Down in Cluckytown /
Baby down in Cluckytown."

GINNY

That's kind of catchy, Koos.

They fall in step, arm-in-arm, Ginny in the middle, Koos
and Marten slinging guitars over their outside shoulders.

ALL THREE

"I'm goin' down to Cluckytown /
Down to Cluckytown / I'm
gonna lose those blues I
found / Down in Cluckytown /
Baby down in Cluckytown."

They don't have far to go — the BRIGHT LIGHTS of Cluckytown
are just ahead.

INT. CLUCKYTOWN

Kara is soloing at this hour, and she happily greets Marten and Koos as they walk in.

KARA
Late practice tonight, huh guys?
And who'd you bring with you?
(becoming genuinely shocked)
Ginny Wilson?

KOOS
(proudly)
She's my sister.

KARA
(to Ginny)
What're you doing here tonight?

GINNY
I'm in the band.

KARA
Which band?

KOOS
The Glutens, baby.

KARA
No...really?

MARTEN
Ginny is our new lead singer.

KARA
Huh.

GINNY
Don't worry, I'm not quitting.

KARA
(relieved)
Oh! Thank God for that. Hey,
slide over for a minute, Marten.
I've been on my feet all day.

She joins them at the table.

ON THE WAY HOME — LATER

GINNY

I think I figured something out.

MARTEN

Oh?

GINNY

I've been wondering why you guys brought your instruments with you after practice.

KOOS

(sheepishly)

You never know when you're going to get a gig...

GINNY

No — it's to hold onto the feeling for as long as possible. Music is your passion.

MARTEN

It is important that everyone should create, in some way. It connects us with the Spirit. It makes us who we are.

KOOS

You are a musician, too.

GINNY

I won't be carrying a microphone around anytime soon. I have a *long* way to go to catch up with you guys.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE, GINNY'S ROOM — NIGHT

She is startled out of a bad dream and wakes up, as though fearing someone is in the room with her. Realizing where she is, she relaxes.

GINNY

That fucking bastard Bill.

She glances around the cozy room, perhaps remembering the whirlwind day she's had. Then rests back on her pillow.

Now, however, she's unable to sleep. She gets out of bed and goes to the desk in the corner. On it is her notebook, which she opens. She starts writing down words and lyrics.

FLASH FORWARD TO PRACTICE SESSION — WEEKS LATER

The Glutens are rehearsing Ginny's finished song. The first two verses are full of drums, dissonance and cymbals; the refrain breaks into a catchier tempo.

"Nightmare That Turns Into a Dream"

The Boogeyman came to rest in my bed.
I was finding it hard to get him
From my head, and just to be over it,

Over it! I turned and I tossed and
Was feeling quite lost, with nobody
I'd care to call. *No one at all!*

I used to be sooo not chic. I used
to be a first-class geek. Used to
feel different, but we are the same,

A shared passion connects our names.
You inspire me to do all I can, and
Now I have a grunge band, grunge band.

I used to be sooo not chic. I used
to be a first-class geek. Used to
feel different, but we are the same,

The same hot blood runs in our veins.
You inspire me to take a stand, and
Now I have a grunge band, grunge band.

Ginny has a grunge band, a grunge band.

EXT. RESTAURANT PATIO, SELAH'S FACE — NEXT AFTERNOON

Her look of kindness and empathy, backlit on a sunny day.

She sits with her back angled toward the vintage clothing store across the street so she won't have to look at it during her lunch break.

PULLING BACK a bit, Ginny comes into frame across from her. Their meal is almost finished, but they're in no hurry.

Some foot traffic passing on the street. We are reminded that the neighborhood is slowly becoming revitalized, as though the hipsters are coming out of long hibernation.

CLOSER ON THEIR CONVERSATION

SELAH

You're not the only one who was a geek in high school.

GINNY

You? Hard to believe.

SELAH

I used to get picked on sometimes because of my name. Selah, sail out to sea. Selah Voss, Selah V. *C'est la vie?*
Oui, c'est la vie.

GINNY

At least the bullies at your school were bilingual.

Selah giggles, then turns serious.

SELAH

Of course, when I *came out*, it got pretty brutal.

GINNY

It's not easy, is it?

SELAH

No.

GINNY

Well, you were more courageous than me. I kept to myself, wrote poems, and just waited out high school.

SELAH

I'd like to see some of those Ginny poems.

GINNY

No, you wouldn't. I read some the other day looking for raw material, and it was all blather, essentially - more confused than conflicted.

SELAH

Well, you were only a kid.

A pause before Selah changes the topic.

SELAH

I listened to the files, and I disagree with Marten. I liked the first take the best, just for the sheer joy of it. I could hear you letting yourself go.

GINNY

(happy)

I liked that one, too.

SELAH

When Ginny Wilson lets it rip, look out world! But...one note of criticism. You guys really need a drummer.

GINNY

Know anyone?

SELAH

(hesitant)

I do – an excellent one. But I don't know if she'd be right for you. My cousin Viv.

GINNY

What's the problem?

SELAH

Viv...has some issues. She's been through a lot.

GINNY

That's sort of what the music is about.

SELAH

True, I guess. (sighs) It's one of those things that could turn out to be the best idea ever, or not.

GINNY

Wouldn't hurt to give her a try, would it?

SELAH

Viv's tough, a survivor. She survived sexual assault in the military, a tour of duty in Afghanistan, and a bomb blast that left her visually impaired.

GINNY

Sorry.

SELAH

(sadly)

I helped her get around...while she let me. She can make out shapes and colors, but it's like trying to focus on the sky from underwater.

They are done with their meal now, into conversational overtime as they stand up to leave.

GINNY
Bring her by tomorrow.

SELAH
Alright. See you tonight?

GINNY
(shyly)
Yes.

She starts to leave while Selah remains standing.

SELAH
Hey, not so fast. C'mere.

Ginny comes closer.

SELAH
Technically, you know, this
is our second date.

She kisses Ginny on the lips.

SELAH
(lowering her voice)
And tonight will be the third.

EXT. STREET, APPROACHING CLUCKYTOWN

Ginny in her work uniform, looking happily distracted.

Not noticing Bill's truck until she's almost to the
entrance.

She freezes in fear. She is *not* going in there.

Turns and walks away until she's out of close range.

Pulls out her phone and calls Kara.

GINNY
(low tone)
Hey. It's me. Who's in there?

CUT TO: INT. CLUCKYTOWN, FRONT REGISTER

Kara on her cell phone as she backs up Maisy.

At the end of the counter, we see Heather silently waiting.

KARA

Your mom. She's anxious to see
you.

BACK TO GINNY

GINNY

Anyone *with* her? (brief pause)
Alright, on my way.

FOLLOWING GINNY — CONTINUOUS

She enters the store and spots Heather immediately.

GINNY

Hey Mom.

Heather turns, her face an emotionless mask. And yet,
something stirs within her.

HEATHER

Ginny.

GINNY

I see you drove Bill's truck.

HEATHER

(woodenly)

He took my car in for a tune-
up. I...thought you might need
some of your things.

GINNY

That was nice of you. I hope
you won't get in any trouble.

A flicker of fear in Heather's eyes.

HEATHER

I'm sure Bill won't mind. It's just a few boxes.

GINNY

There's a loading dock in back where we can drop them off.

She gives her mother a quick hug and gently guides her to the door.

GINNY

Come on, Mom.

HEATHER

OK.

EXT. STORE, FRONT ENTRANCE — CONTINUOUS

They head for the truck. A couple of Ginny's moving boxes are in back, but not much else. Perhaps Heather couldn't afford to linger and risk angering Bill.

GINNY

I'll let you pull around.

Heather starts up the truck as Ginny walks around back.

BACK OF STORE

Ginny waits at a small concrete ramp by the back door.

Heather brings the truck around the corner quickly, so it jerks to a stop when she sees Ginny.

Then she makes the mistake of trying to turn and back the truck up to the ramp and misjudges the distance. She hits the ramp, putting a dent in the bumper.

GINNY

Oh...Mom! You didn't have to back the truck in.

HEATHER
(fear setting in)
I...wanted to help.

GINNY
Let me grab those boxes.

Ginny unloads the boxes in no time. Heather does not step out of the truck, her hands frozen at "10 and 2."

GINNY
Done.

HEATHER
(not looking at Ginny)
Is it...bad?

GINNY
(lying)
Not really. Tell Bill you had to make a run to Kroger and when you came out, found that someone had dinged you in the parking lot.

HEATHER
(unconvincingly)
I'm sure he'll understand.

GINNY
Well, you'd better take off now. Thanks. It was great to see you.

HEATHER
(distracted)
Yes...I wanted to see you.

She drives off without a further goodbye.

CLOSER ON GINNY

A look of concern, but also of futility — there's nothing she can do.

She pulls out a ring of keys to unlock the storage door.

INT. SELA'S LOFT, THAT NIGHT

A modest place Sela has transformed with New Age touches: flowers, ferns, sculptures, candles, and an incense burner.

A trained masseuse, she's giving Ginny a backrub on the couch as SOFT MUSIC plays in the background.

SELAH

I can tell you had a shitty day.
Knots and knots.

GINNY

When I saw my Mom's face, it
was like she'd been replaced by
an android.

SELAH

Shhh, shhh. Would an android
have come all that way for you?

GINNY

If it were programmed to.

SELAH

Tell me something else Ginny did
today.

GINNY

I looked up your name.

Selah pauses for a split second. Looks pleased. Then continues rubbing.

SELAH

Go on.

GINNY

You told me you used to get teased
about it, but it's a beautiful name:

Selah - a sign of peace,
Selah - a note of praise,
Selah - a pause in a prayer,
Selah - a cool breath of air,
Selah - a word for "amen."

Selah stops rubbing and turns Ginny over.

SELAH

Sounds like you wrote me a poem.

GINNY

It's a start.

Selah kisses her.

SELAH

Well, let's finish it *together*.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE, BASEMENT – NEXT DAY

Marten, Koos, and Ginny set up as Selah arrives with VIV.

Viv carries a drummer's gear bag and is accompanied by her guide dog LYCAN, a Saarloos wolfhound.

Viv's hair is short and natural but covered in a wrap to pull it up and out of her way for drumming. She also wears dark glasses to protect her eyes and reduce glare.

She is a fit, fiercely independent woman whose general mien and manner of speaking is military.

SELAH

Hello everyone. This is my cousin Viv.

VIV

Hello.

GINNY

Nice to meet you, Viv. I'm Ginny. Marten and Koos...say hello, guys.

MARTEN

Pleased to meet you.

KOOS

Hallo!

Marten seems standoffish – he wasn't prepared for a blind drummer, and as band leader, has his doubts.

Koos, however, swings to the opposite extreme when he sees Viv's dog. He immediately goes over to Lycan.

KOOS

But...this is Dutch dog!
Saarlooswolfhond. What are
you doing over here, boy?

Bends down to pet Lycan.

VIV

Lycan's a bitch.

KOOS

(still making friends)
Sorry, girl!

VIV

She doesn't always get along
with men, but she's gentle.
Only one-quarter wolf.

MARTEN

Well...shall we get started?

Selah takes Viv's elbow and guides her over to the drumkit.

Marten observes that Viv is shorter than their last drummer and offers to raise the stool.

MARTEN

The stool adjusts.

VIV

(shakes him off)
I've got it.

She adjusts the stool herself, locates the drumsticks, and then puts them aside and pulls a pair from her gear bag.

She takes a quick feel around the tops of the drums, then sits up straight. She's ready when they are.

MARTEN

Perhaps you would like some
time to warm up?

Viv taps the tops of the drums once as if to confirm where
they are, but then shakes her head.

MARTEN

OK then, why don't you play us
something?

VIV

What would you like?

MARTEN

(a bit officiously)
Make something up.

Viv freezes for a second, as if not expecting this sort of
challenge. But she responds to Marten's tone of command
and begins to play.

She falls into her own rhythm, builds on it, plays for
perhaps half a minute, then stops abruptly. It is a brief,
slick display, but not a virtuoso performance.

MARTEN

You didn't need to stop.

VIV

I wasn't certain how long you
wanted me to play.

MARTEN

(shrugs)
As long as you felt like it.
You are the drummer.

VIV

But you are the leader.

MARTEN

We don't work like that here..
I think maybe you are too used
to being a team player. Let's
try something together. (beat)
Ginny, Koos?

GINNY
Ready when you are.

KOOS
Ja.

MARTEN
(to Viv)
Do you know "Second Skin"?

VIV
Yes, sir.

MARTEN
Please start us off, then...
On three. One, two, go!

Viv starts them off expertly, and they all join in.

CIRCLING THE GROUP as they play, we catch excited reactions from Ginny and Koos, concentration and silent communication between Marten and Viv. The chemistry is undeniable.

We also PICK OUT SELAH, who is stroking Lycan reassuringly and gazing on in wonderment.

The song ends, a moment of silence. Everyone awaits Marten's verdict.

MARTEN
OK. Not bad.

GINNY
(a little exasperated)
Not bad? That woman sounded like a frickin' machine gun!

KOOS
(breathless)
Ja!

MARTEN
"It All Dies Anyways."

GINNY
What?!

MARTEN

Next song, please. "It All
Dies Anyways." On three.
One, two, go!

He starts this song off himself. Viv is right on time, but Ginny and Koos are caught unprepared and briefly scramble to catch up.

Soon, however, they are all on the same page, and once more enjoying themselves immensely.

BEGIN TO FADE.

MUSIC BRIDGES TO NEXT SCENE.

INT. CLUCKYTOWN — A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER

MUSIC IS CONTINUOUS.

A merry group enters, led by Marten and Ginny.

Kara, at the front counter, looks up.

KARA

Hey guys.

Selah enters, then Viv, and then Koos leading Lycan.

Kara looks like she is on verge of saying "No Pets," but then notices Viv's glasses.

KARA

What an entourage!

MARTEN

(proudly)

Our family is growing.

GINNY

Kara, say hi to Viv, our new drummer. She has a guide dog that can help you get rid of some chicken meat.

VIV

No bones.

KARA

Hi, Viv.

VIV

Hi.

GINNY

And this is Selah.

SELAH

I'm Ginny's groupie.

KARA

I'm starting to feel left out,
to be honest. Every time you
guys come in, it's a party.

KOOS

Join us!

KARA

I'm not musical, at all.

GINNY

What we really need is an
agent. Hey...you have a degree
in marketing, don't you?

KARA

(taken aback)

Well yes, *and* in media. I never
thought I'd actually *use* it.

HONK from the drive-thru.

KARA

Duty calls.

GINNY

(rising)

I'll get it. You keep on
talking to Marten.

KARA

What was the name of this
band again?

KOOS

The Glutens.

MARTEN

We are a Gits tribute band.

KARA

Glutens...Gits. (fretting) Maybe
I'd better write this down.
And you're 90's rock, right?
Hmmm, there are a lot of
Nostalgia Nights out there.
You're getting me thinking...

EXT. STREET NEAR VINTAGE STORE

Ginny and Sela spend a day off together in this artsy area.
They walk down the sidewalk, in no particular hurry.

Ginny's phone rings.

She takes the phone out of her pocket to decide whether
she'll answer or not.

GINNY

It's my mom.

Selah nods, "go ahead."

GINNY

(answering)

Hey Mom, what's up? (a beat)
You're *where*? The *hospital*?

A pause as Ginny listens.

GINNY

(aside, to Selah)

She says she fell at work.
Two days ago!

A longer pause as Ginny gets more of the story.

GINNY

Hey listen, Mom, I'm off today
and want to come visit you.
I'll be there as soon as I can.
Bye.

Selah puts an arm around Ginny reassuringly.

SELAH

I'll come too. If that Bill
guy shows, I'll kick his ass.

GINNY

Thanks.

Selah steers Ginny across the street toward a flower shop;
Ginny is happy to let her take charge.

SELAH

First, the flower shop. We
don't want to go empty-handed.

GINNY

Good idea.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR, EN ROUTE TO HEATHER'S ROOM

Selah holds a bouquet. Ginny is clearly anxious as she
scans the numbers of the patient rooms.

She finds Heather's door. Knocks, opens it a crack.

GINNY

Mom?

HEATHER (OS)

Ginny!

ENTERING THE ROOM — CONTINUOUS

Heather has the bed cranked up watching TV. She looks much
more relaxed than we have seen her previously. For her,
this has been a two-day vacation from an abuser.

GINNY

Mom! (hugging her) Hey, you are looking good! The hospital must be treating you right!

HEATHER

(giggling)
It's like a hotel!

She clicks off the TV.

GINNY

Mom, this is Selah.

HEATHER

Nice to meet you.

SELAH

(handing her the flowers)
These are for you. A little aromatherapy.

HEATHER

That's nice. Thanks. Do you work at the Cluckytown, too?

SELAH

No ma'am, I work in a clothing store. But I studied to be a nurse. How are you feeling?

HEATHER

Good, thanks. I probably could have checked out sooner, but they wanted to keep me under observation.

SELAH

(quietly)
I heard you had a bad fall.

HEATHER

More of a black-out, really.

SELAH

I'm so sorry. Did they run an EEG?

HEATHER

(nods)

There were some...abnormalities.
But they say I'll be fine.

GINNY

Need a ride today?

HEATHER

Actually...yes.

GINNY

It's OK, Mom. Selah is the most
understanding person I know.

A long pause before Heather decides to tell Ginny all.

HEATHER

Bill's gone.

GINNY

Gone for good?

HEATHER

He wasn't allowed to visit after
they brought me here from work.
The doctors found some contusions,
some signs of...abuse.

GINNY

I'm so sorry.

Ginny lays her head next to her mother's. Heather strokes
her hair reassuringly.

HEATHER

Bill showed up and demanded
to see me. He wouldn't stop
yelling until they told him
they'd called the police..
Of course, all this happened
behind the scenes. I found out
later that by the time they
arrived at the house, Bill had
loaded up his truck and gone.

SELAH

Have you had a chance to talk to someone about all this, Heather? Not the police, I mean...but a counselor?

HEATHER

Yes, thank you.

SELAH

That's a good thing.

HEATHER

(smiling)

Ginny's lucky to have found a friend like you.

GINNY

Actually, Mom...Selah is more than just a friend. I want to be honest with you, too. I'm out, Mom.

A not-so-dramatic pause.

HEATHER

Oh, thank God. Now I don't have to worry about you winding up with a damn man.

EXT. HOSPITAL, PATIENT PICK-UP ZONE - LATER

Selah pushes Heather outside in a wheelchair.

They wait for Ginny to arrive.

Ginny pulls her car around and gets out. But Heather opens the car door and hops in before Ginny can assist.

INT. WILSON HOME, LIVING ROOM - LATER

The three are gathered in front of the TV eating Chinese takeout, a romance movie playing in the background.

Ginny and Selah on the couch, Heather in Bill's chair.

A mushy moment on screen.

Selah and Heather look weepy; Ginny looks appalled.

GINNY

You *have to* stop watching these chick flicks, Mom. They're like propaganda films.

SELAH

What's the matter, Ginny? Do you have a problem with true love?

HEATHER

(giggling)

You two are invited over for a movie night *any time*. You're like Siskel and Ebert.

GINNY'S OLD BEDROOM — LATER

Heather attempts to apologize to Ginny while her daughter packs up a few things.

HEATHER

I knew he was no good, Ginny. I just wouldn't let myself believe it...and I ended up alienating you. I'm so sorry.

GINNY

I'm just happy you survived. The hardest thing for me was not being able to help you.

HEATHER

You were a victim, too. My own daughter. And I let it happen.

GINNY

(getting uncomfortable)

This isn't going to get us anywhere tonight, Mom. It'll

(MORE)

GINNY (CONT'D)
take time for both of us to
get over it. But I don't blame
you for what happened. And I
want you to know I'm doing OK.

HEATHER
(managing a smile)
Yes. You certainly are.

INT. CLUCKYTOWN, BUSY PERIOD — NEXT DAY

A nightmare shift for Ginny. Understaffed, long lines.
Maisy is not on duty. JEAN (40's) squints as she slowly
punches buttons on the register.

CUSTOMERS wait on the orders backing up behind her, and
Ginny runs over from the drive-thru to help.

She distributes bags and buckets to customers and calls out
to the cook in the prep area.

GINNY
What's up with those fries,
Wyatt?

A HONK from the drive-thru.

GINNY
Coming!

She goes back to the window.

ANGRY VOICE of a customer.

CUSTOMER (OS)
I ordered an 8-piece and I
count only seven!

GINNY
I'm so sorry — just a minute.

She scrambles in back, throws several pieces of chicken in
a bag, and then hands it through the window.

WYATT (age 16) approaches Ginny.

WYATT

Ginny...

GINNY

We're getting slammed, Wyatt.

WYATT

...I dropped my phone in the deep fryer.

GINNY

(exasperated)

Dump it out and start over.

LATER THAT NIGHT - AFTER CLOSE

The interior of the place looks like a battle zone - tables unwiped, napkins and trash on the floor.

Ginny stands at the edge of the room surveying it, as if not knowing where to begin.

But she starts in.

A HALF HOUR LATER

The floor has been cleaned, a mop bucket off to one side. Ginny is wiping tables as her phone rings. She sits down in a booth to answer.

GINNY

I can't believe I let you talk me into working today. Maisy had a church function, so I had to call in Jean. Then Oscar left me alone with *Wyatt*... Anyway, wussup? (beat) Really?

CUT TO: INT. STARBUCKS, KARA - CONTINUOUS

She's wearing a business suit, looking pleased with herself. In front of her is her open laptop and phone.

KARA

Some guy was booking a 50th birthday party at Club Drudge, and the owner recommended you guys. He loved the demo I dropped off.

BACK TO GINNY

She's weary but excited.

GINNY

Good work, Kara! You're the best.

A KNOCK on the glass outside.

Koos waves. He has Lycan with him on a leash.

Ginny gets up.

GINNY

Lycan and Koos are here to walk me home...hey, does *he* know yet?

CUT TO: GINNY UNLOCKING THE DOOR

Koos enters with Lycan, who affectionately greets her.

GINNY

Someone is ready for her chicken dinner!

KOOS

(proudly)

She track the smell all the way here. She is a chicken dog!

GINNY

(to startle him)

Koos! *We have a gig!*

KOOS

Wat? (tilts head back, hollers)
A-rooo!

RENTAL HOUSE, BASEMENT STUDIO — HALF HOUR LATER

Ginny and Koos, with Lycan leading the way, enter the studio, where Marten and Viv are practicing.

GINNY
You guys still at it?

MARTEN
We have a gig!

GINNY
So I've heard. (beat) Viv, I
hope you'll be staying over.
It's the middle of the night.

Viv peers over the top of her dark glasses.

VIV
So you say.

GINNY
(grinning)
Good one, Viv.

MARTEN
I've been trying to convince her
to move in.

GINNY
It does make a lot of sense.

VIV
We'll see.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD — TWO WEEKS LATER

Ginny and Selah are out posting flyers. These read:

THE GLUTENS

CLUB DRUDGE
Tonight at 8

Selah starts to tape one up at a bus stop.

SELAH

You scout around for the next
spot.

Ginny isn't expecting this, but begins to scrutinize the
street ahead.

Then turns and catches Selah writing something on the flyer
with a marker.

GINNY

Hey.

Selah looks up guiltily as Ginny approaches.

Ginny sees what Selah has written:

THE GLUTENS
featuring Ginny Wilson

CLUB DRUDGE
Tonight at 8

GINNY

I ought to spank you.

SELAH

Please - just one flyer?

Ginny shakes her head.

GINNY

We're a *group*. And musically
speaking, I'm the weakest link.

SELAH

You're not.

GINNY

Take it down.

Guiltily, Selah removes the sign. Ginny replaces it with a
clean one, and then the two continue on.

GINNY
(softly)

Hey.

Selah looks up, Ginny takes her hand.

GINNY
It was a nice gesture, though.

Happily, the two continue on their way hand-in-hand.

They're greeted by a couple of others in this neighborhood, where they've now established themselves as a couple.

PASSERBY 1
It's Selah and Ginny!

PASSERBY 2
Looking good, you guys.

It's enough to remind us how far Ginny has come – new environment, new clothes, new identity, and of course, a new-found confidence in herself.

INT. CLUB DRUDGE – JUST AFTER 8:00

The venue is intimate, with a maximum capacity of only a couple hundred. Tonight's turnout is more like 75, at least fifty of whom are in the Guest of Honor's party.

Decorations for a 50th birthday celebration. Balloons, streamers, and a large sign, "Happy 50th Birthday, Bruce!"

It's not difficult to pick out individuals in the CROWD. Heather is present, as is Kara, networking with a man who is probably the OWNER.

Onstage, the band's name has been custom-painted on a drum. Ginny wears a ;Viva Zapata! tanktop and loose cutoff jeans. Marten, Koos and Viv are also grunged out.

They get the nod from Kara to start playing.

GINNY
(nervously)
Hey, everybody. We're the
Glutens. We're glad to see
so many of you here. (to Viv)
Kill it, Viv!

Viv starts the band off on "Second Skin." The song progresses and Ginny gets over her jitters.

As the band gets into full swing, another dozen PATRONS gradually drift in from the bar area.

The song finishes to ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE.

The band immediately kicks into "Daily Bread."

FADE OUT.

MIDDLE OF THE SHOW

FADE IN on the crowd - now close-packed and giving Ginny its full attention.

GINNY
Uh...this next one is dedicated
to my mom. Or anyone else out
there who's had to deal lately
with a real *slimeball*.

Some tittering, shouts of recognition from the crowd.

The band begins "Seaweed," the last song in its first set.

CUTAWAY TO HEATHER

MUSIC IS CONTINUOUS.

She's looking on proudly.

BACK TO STAGE

MUSIC IS CONTINUOUS.

PAN FROM GINNY to Marten, to Koos, to Viv, highlighting their individual performances.

Then back to Ginny.

PROLONGED APPLAUSE as the band finishes song and set.

GINNY

Thanks so much. Fifteen-minute
break! Everyone go wish Bruce
a happy birthday!

CUTAWAY TO BRUCE, the Guest of Honor, and his birthday contingent. He seems to have no shortage of WELL-WISHERS.

OFFSTAGE, BACK ROOM

Bottled waters are waiting. Ginny grabs one, hands another to Viv.

Marten looks at Koos and Koos looks at Marten.

As if on cue, Kara enters with an ice bucket of assorted import beer.

KARA

Looking for something more
rock-and-roll, boys? We have
Amstel, Heinekin, Grolsch, and
some others I can't pronounce...

KOOS

A-rooo!

Koos kisses Kara. She looks startled but not displeased. Then he grabs a couple of beers and hands one to Marten. Kara opens them.

GINNY

Nice job of turning out the
crowd tonight, Kara.

KARA

(pleased)

You guys are doing great.
Just *great*.

Koos and Marten have already quaffed their beers and gotten two more. Koos taps Kara on the shoulder for the opener.

KARA
(opening the bottles)
Already?

Selah sticks her head in the room.

SELAH
Is this band-only? Or can I
get a backstage pass?

Without waiting for an answer, she comes in and gives Ginny a kiss.

SELAH
You were great out there.
(to the group) All of you!

She notices Viv trying to shake some stiffness out of her arms, and sits her down for a shoulder rub.

MARTEN
(serious tone)
Yes, not bad. I think we can
get a little tighter, however.
Listen up please, everyone...

STAGE - TEN MINUTES LATER

The crowd is noticeably more raucous.

GINNY
(to the crowd)
Everybody back? (crowd noises)
Kill it, Koos!

Koos starts off "Bob (Cousin 0)."

FADE OUT.

STAGE – TOWARD MIDDLE OF SET

A softer interlude. LIGHTS DOWN, SPOTLIGHT on Ginny and Marten in center stage, Marten with acoustic guitar.

GINNY

This song is one of ours.

She sings "Match Grrrl."

"Match Grrrl"

It's time to start a fire
When your face is turning blue
It's time to start a riot
If you feel you've been used.

It's time to set the table
When your family has to eat
It's time to set a watchman
If there's evil on the street.

I am just a Match Girl
And you make me burn with shame
But if you rub against me,
I become a burning flame.

It's time to pull up stakes
When you're forced to make a move
It's time to pull the trigger
If you see someone abused.

I am just a Match Girl
And you make me burn with shame
But if you rub against me,
I become a burning flame.

I am just a Match Girl
And you make me burn with shame
But if you ever hurt me,
I will bury you in flames.

The song casts its spell over the crowd.

FADE TO ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE.

STAGE – TOWARD END OF SET

Some birthday party guests sing along as “Drinking Song” comes to an end. Crowd noises, shout-outs to the band.

VOICE (OS)

Encore!

SELAH’S VOICE (OS)

I love you, Ginny!

GINNY

Love you too, Selah V.! (beat)
We *really* appreciate the chance
to come play for you tonight.
Thanks so much to the management
of the Drudge...(applause) to the
birthday boy...(louder applause)
to our manager, Kara...(polite
applause) and to all of you!...
(raucous applause).

It takes a while for the crowd to settle back down.

GINNY

(serious tone) you know, I was
born the year Mia Zapata died.
But she’s become one of my heroes,
and whenever I hear this song,
I feel a bond with her. Lately,
my life’s been...a *whirlwind*.

MARTEN

One, two, go!

The band kicks into “Whirlwind” for its encore.

BEGIN END CREDITS – CONTINUOUS

The performance of “Whirlwind” ensues.

CUTAWAY FROM CREDIT SEQUENCE

FLASHFORWARD to the aftermath of the concert. NOISE OF THE CROWD still mulling in the background.

BRUCE, the inebriated 50-year-old birthday boy, hands Kara a sealed envelope.

BRUCE
For the band, something extra.

Ginny and Viv emerge from the back; Bruce addresses them.

BRUCE
You guys were phenomenal. You really...brought me back.

GINNY
We're so glad you had a nice party, Bruce. Anytime!

BRUCE
I wanted to ask you one thing... that song, "Match Girl"? I don't think I've heard it before.

GINNY
It's one of ours.

BRUCE
(to both Ginny and Kara)
Do you have a CD?

KARA
Not yet.

GINNY
(smiling)
We're just getting started.

END CREDITS RESUME

SONG OVERLAY: "A Change is Gonna Come."

FADE TO BLACK

END