

"A ROCK AND ROLL ODYSSEY"

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FADE IN:

SUPERIMPOSE: SEATTLE, 1985

EXT. SEATTLE'S PIKE STREET MARKET - DAY

SHANE DIXON, 27, leans against the window of the original Starbucks, a worn leather guitar case is slung over his shoulder.

Pike Street Market is bustling with MERCHANTS, SHOPPERS, TOURISTS, STREET MUSICIANS, LOCAL ARTISTS and PANHANDLERS.

Shane studies his reflection in the Starbucks window.

BEGIN FLASHBACK (OPTIONAL)

- 1) Shane onstage, playing a packed arena.
- 2) Shane soaking in a hot tub with a David Lee Roth look-a-like and three young groupies.
- 3) Shane at a BBQ, beer in hand, shares a joint with a Willie Nelson look-a-like.
- 4) Shane on a crowded tour bus, jamming with a Stevie Ray Vaughn Look-a-like.

END FLASHBACK

A CARGO VAN pulls up, we hear a Flock of Seagulls blasting on the sound system.

RIFF RAFFERTY, 30, is at the wheel, PAIGE CAMPBELL rides shotgun.

Paige rolls the window down.

RIFF
Hey Shane, get in.

Paige moves over and sits on a drum throne between the bucket seats. Shane stows his bass guitar in the back and climbs in.

Riff extends his hand to Shane.

RIFF (cont'd)
I'm Riff, this is Paige.

SHANE
Shane Dixon.

INT. VAN - DAY - LATER

They cruise along River Road, forested on one side, a river on the other.

PAIGE
(excitedly points)
Look!

A DEER grazes by the side of the road.

Riff rounds a sharp curve.

CLOSE ON SHANE'S LEG - Brushes Paige's leg, she moves her leg away.

The pass a SIGN: ENTERING CLEARINGTON

Ahead is "Rooster's Roadhouse," a rectangular building nestled among tall cedar trees .

Riff turns into the large gravel parking lot and backs up to the rear door.

REMO, the band's drummer, is sharing a joint with the COOK, a plump African American woman nicknamed "POKE CHOP." Remo has a "Mullet" haircut and a wears a red Michael Jackson Thriller jacket.

Shane exits the van. Remo greets him with a hug.

REMO
Bro.

SHANE
Hey.

Riff scans the area.

RIFF
Where's THE KID?

REMO
He's late again.

RIFF
Let's get the gear unloaded.

INT. ROOSTER'S ROADHOUSE - DAY - TRACKING

Riff enters the back door of Rooster's Roadhouse and walks past the bandstand, crosses the dance floor and wades through tables and booths. He passes the bar where a handful of CUSTOMERS are smoking, drinking and watching sports on TV.

He stops at the pay phone, fishes in his pocket, drops a coin and rapidly punches buttons.

SUPERIMPOSE: CHRISTIAN (THE KID)

EXT. POSH RESTAURANT - MALIBU, CALIFORNIA - DAY

CHRISTIAN COLE exits with a blond CALIFORNIA GIRL on his arm.

A VALET hands her the keys to a Red Ferrari.

CALIFORNIA GIRL
You drive.

Christian peels out onto Pacific Coast Highway.

INT. RED FERRARI - DAY

CALIFORNIA GIRL
I love you Christian.

Christian smiles and speeds on.

CALIFORNIA GIRL (cont'd)
Turn in here.

A security gate opens, Christian enters the palatial grounds of an ocean front mansion and parks the Ferrari.

CHRISTIAN
This is your house?

CALIFORNIA GIRL
One of them, mother's in Aspen.
We also have a condo overlooking
Central Park and a beach bungalow
in Hawaii.

CHRISTIAN
What does your dad do?

GIRL
Daddy is a record producer.
(excitedly)
His recording studio is just
sitting empty, maybe you could
use it.

She takes Christian's hand.

GIRL (cont'd)
Come with me.

INT. OCEAN FRONT MANSION - DAY - TRACKING

She eagerly leads him through the mansion's plush interior.
Christian takes in the panoramic ocean view.

CALIFORNIA GIRL
let's go for a swim.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

She peels off her top, runs and dives into the water.
Christian follows.

They splash around playfully. The girl's NIPPLES become
hard. Christian notices.

CALIFORNIA GIRL
(Laughs)
Oh my god! It's the cold water!
Come on, I'll race you to the hot
tub.

Christian follows.

EXT. DECK - HOT TUB - DAY

Christian sits on the edge, she looks up to him with
starstruck eyes.

CALIFORNIA GIRL
I love you Christian.

She lays her head in his lap, Christian looks down and smiles.

MUFFLED BEEP... BEEP... BEEP.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S DOUBLE WIDE - BEDROOM - DAY

Christian opens his eyes, a look of confusion on his face.

He swiftly rolls over, gropes through the pile of clothes next to the bed and retrieves a pager.

CLOSE ON PAGER SCREEN: RIFF. WHERE ARE YOU?

CHRISTIAN

Shit!!!

A GROUPIE is sleeping next to him. He puts his hand on her shoulder and shakes her gently.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

NIKKI, wake up, we gotta go.

Nikki ignores Christian's statement and snuggles closer. We see movement under the covers as she slides her hand down and strokes Christian.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

Nikki, get dressed, we're leaving.

Christian exits scene, Nikki sits up, frustrated.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Christian, his long hair wet from a shower, throws on a Rolling Stones t-shirt and heads out the door.

CHRISTIAN

Come on.

EXT. CHRISTIAN'S DOUBLE WIDE - DAY

CHRISTIAN

Where's my car?

NIKKI

We left it at the the bar.

CHRISTIAN

Oh yeah, hey, give me a ride.

INT. ROOSTER'S ROADHOUSE - DAY

Paige, Shane and Remo are setting up music equipment on the bandstand.

Paige struggles to lift a heavy synthesizer case.

SHANE

Do you need help?

PAIGE

No thank you.

Paige places it on the stage.

SHANE

Whoa, super girl, where did you get the muscles?

PAIGE

University of Washington rowing crew.

SHANE

You crewed for U-Dub, impressive.

PAIGE

Not really.

SHANE

What was your major?

PAIGE

Music, I actually have a degree.

SHANE

What are you doing in this dive?

PAIGE

I thought I'd start at the top, then work my way down to Carnegie Hall. Why are you here? You had a song on the radio.

SHANE

I'm reconnecting with my roots.

PAIGE

For fifty dollars a night?

SHANE
fifty dollars and I get to share the
stage with a sexy college chick.

Riff returns from his telephone call.

RIFF
Page, you and Shane start hanging
lights.

Riff flips the master SWITCH to the band's sound system.
Several red and green lights illuminate a stack of
amplifiers.

SHANE
(to Paige)
I never moved equipment in my band.
We had a crew that handled it all.

PAIGE
Maybe this is god's way of helping
you re-connect with your roots.

Shane squats down and using both arms, picks up a massive
case and places it on the stage, then turns to Paige and
poses like Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Paige is looking away, ignoring Shane.

Shane frowns, he's used to women fawning over him.

EXT. ROOSTER'S ROADHOUSE - DAY - LATER

Nikki parks her pink Jeep Wrangler with zebra striped
upholstery by the rear entrance.

Christian jumps out.

NIKKI
I love you Christian.

CHRISTIAN
I'll call you.

Christian hurries inside.

INT. ROOSTER'S ROADHOUSE - BANDSTAND - DAY

The Band Members are on stage tuning up.

CHRISTIAN
Hey guys, sorry I'm late.

The Band members stop and watch.

RIFF
I told you...if you miss another
set-up, I'm docking your pay.

CHRISTIAN
My alarm clock didn't go off

Riff turns to the band members.

RIFF
Christian's paying our bar tabs
tonight.

Christian opens his mouth as if to protest, he looks to
Paige.

PAIGE
Way to go Christian.

Shane, not wanting to get involved, ignores the drama and
turns his attention to tuning his bass guitar.

Christian spots Shane.

CHRISTIAN
Is that Shane Dixon?

RIFF
He's filling in tonight.

CHRISTIAN
We're playing with "Shane Dixon?"

Yeah, maybe he could teach you to be
more professional.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)
Fuck off Riff.

Riff steps towards Christian.

RIFF
Hey asshole, when you're not here
to do your job, every one of us
has to work longer to cover you.

REMO
Yeah, it is getting old Christian.

CHRISTIAN
I need my money Riff.

RIFF
Then show up on time and do your
fucking job.

CHRISTIAN
The Fleshtones called me, they're
looking for a singer.

PAIGE
The Fleshtones, I heard they're a gay
band.

CHRISTIAN
So?

REMO
So, maybe you should join their band,
gay guys like assholes.

CHRISTIAN frowns, then steps up on the stage and angrily
plugs in his microphone.

EXT. RIVER ROAD - DAY

A black Chevrolet Suburban speeds along River Road.

CLOSE ON LICENSE PLATE: A. M. F.

INT. CHEVROLET SUBURBAN - DAY

HARD ROCK MUSIC plays on the stereo.

HANK MAYNARD, 26, former high school jock, now a hard
drinking, Wife beating asshole, takes one last drag off of
his cigarette and flicks the butt out the window.

CLOSE ON CIGARETTE BUTT - lands on the pavement next to a
SMOKEY THE BEAR SIGN: "Only you can prevent forest fires."

ROMMEL, A male Doberman Pinscher, rides in the back.

Hank turns into a restaurant parking lot.

INT. FLAPJACK'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Muzak plays softly in the background as Hank hurries inside and sits down across from his soon to be ex-wife MELINDA.

HANK
Happy birthday baby.

MELINDA
You shaved your beard.

HANK
You like it?

MELINDA
You look nice.

He places a wrapped present on the table.

Melinda ignores the present and slides a legal envelope across the table to Hank.

HANK
What's this?

MELINDA
I need you to sign these papers.

HANK
Come on honey, let's not do this,
why don't you just come home?

MELINDA
No.

HANK
Why not?

Melinda does not answer.

HANK (cont'd)
I love you.

MELINDA
No, you love my cooking, my
cleaning...
(Melinda leans
forward)
and my sucking your cock when
you're too drunk to get it up.

HANK

(beams)

Well, you are the best!

MELINDA

(blushes)

I love you Hank. I always will.
You were my first. But...you
drink too much, you spend our
money, And-

Melinda shakes her head.

MELINDA (cont'd)

If you truly loved me, you would want
me to find happiness.

(Beat)

We need to move on, please, just
sign.

HANK

Where am I supposed to move onto
without you?

MELINDA

(Sincerely)

Hank, you are a strong man with many
good qualities, you'll find someone
else.

HANK

I don't want "someone else," I want
you, home where you belong.

MELINDA

Sign it.

HANK

No!

MELINDA

Sign it!

Hank leans back and clasps his hands behind his head.

HANK

(A little loud)

I ain't signin' a fuckin'
thing.

RESTAURANT PATRONS turn and glare at Hank.

Melinda looks at Hank blankly for a beat, then rises and walks out, leaving his gift and the envelope behind.

A MAN in the opposite booth watches.

HANK (cont'd)
Mind your business.

Hank picks up Melinda's gift and the envelope, then exits.

EXT. FLAPJACKS PARKING LOT - DAY

The DRIVER of a VOLVO parked next to him accidentally open his door into Hank's shiny black Suburban.

HANK
Hey!

DRIVER
Oh, sorry.

The Driver slides inside the Volvo and locks his door.

Hank inspects his paint and notices a slight scuff. He kicks the Volvo's fender, leaving a boot print.

HANK
Fucking Yuppie, go back to Seattle.

The Driver swiftly starts the engine and speeds away.

INT. CHEVROLET SUBURBAN - DAY

Hank Maynard reaches behind his seat and fetches a can of beer. He pops it open and chugs it, then squeezes the can and tosses it in the back, hitting Rommel in the eye. The startled dog lets out a YELP.

HANK
Well, stay out of the fuckin' way.

EXT. RUN DOWN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Hank parks in front of an unkempt house. The curtains are closed, a junk car and various objects lie rotting in the overgrown grass. He knocks on the door.

A DRUG DEALER peers out through a crack in the curtains. Locks click, the door opens.

INT. DRUG HOUSE - NIGHT

The Drug Dealer lets Hank inside, closes the door then takes one last peek through the curtains.

Hank sits down at a kitchen table cluttered with dirty dishes, empty beer cans, an ashtray full of cigarette butts, etc.

DEALER

Didn't recognize you Hank, you shaved your beard.

HANK

Yeah, I need a gram.

DEALER

You owe me from the last time.

HANK

Do I? Well carry me until next Friday?

DEALER

No can do Hank, I'm running a business here.

(beat)

You got anything for collateral? Jewelry, tools, Home electronic stuff?

Hank reaches into his coat pocket and produces a shiny .38 caliber revolver. He places it on the table.

The Drug Dealer picks up the gun, examines it closely, then lays it back down on the table.

DEALER (cont'd)

Wait here.

The Drug Dealer leaves then returns a moment later and tosses a small zip lock bag filled with white substance on the table.

DEALER (cont'd)

That's one hundred now, and one hundred from the last time. This squares us.

HANK

That's a Smith & Wesson model sixty. I paid four hundred dollars for it!

DEALER
it's worth two hundred to me.
Take it or leave it.

Hank contemplates.

The Drug Dealer dangles the envelope. Shiny crystal flakes sparkle in the light, teasing Hank.

DEALER (cont'd)
Genuine Colombian pink.

HANK
(Ponders)
Okay, let's do it.

Hank pulls a buck knife out of a leather sheath on his belt and chops up a chunk of cocaine right on the table, then dips the tip of the blade in, brings it to his nostril and snorts it. Then once more for the other side.

Hank leans back and wipes his nostrils.

HANK (cont'd)
Whooooa.

DEALER
I know, that is some powerful
shit!.

Hank closes the ziplock and places it in his shirt pocket.

Both men sit in silence for a moment.

Hank reaches over and grabs the revolver.

HANK
You know, I think I'll just
keep this until Friday.

DEALER
Whoa... Hank, we have a deal.

HANK
You'll get your money. I just need
my gun.

The Drug Dealer begins to speak but stops himself as Hank plays with the pistol's action, cocking the hammer and spinning the cylinder.

Hank turns and gives the Drug Dealer a serious look.

HANK (cont'd)
I said I'll pay you on Friday.

The Drug Dealer nods sheepishly.

Hank puts the gun back in his coat pocket, gets up and leaves.

The Dealer immediately locks the door behind him, peeks through the curtains and watches as Hank opens the door of his Suburban to let Rommel out to poop on the Drug Dealers driveway.

DEALER
Fucking asshole.

EXT. ROOSTER'S ROADHOUSE PARKING LOT - DAY

Shane and Remo are tossing a football.

REMO
Where you been Bro? One day you're the "next big thing" then poof! you vanish like Jimmy Hoffa. We went to the Palomino Room, They said your show was canceled.

SHANE
I had scheduling conflicts.

REMO
Scheduling conflicts? Bullshit!

Shane stops, gives Remo a "WTF" look.

REMO (cont'd)
I heard some things.

Shane deflects.

SHANE
It's a long story.

REMO
We're bro's, I've got time.

SHANE
Maybe later, right now, I need to get my head in the game.

Shane throws a hard, straight pass to Remo.

REMO

Ow! Oh, you think you're Joe Montana

Remo retaliates with all he's got. Shane runs and easily catches the football, then keeps running into Rooster's Roadhouse, leaving Remo standing alone in the gravel parking lot.

INT. ROOSTER'S ROADHOUSE - BAND TABLE - DAY

The band is watching MTV on television. "WE ARE THE WORLD" video is on.

GIA, the waitress, appears.

GIA

Hi boys.

THE BAND

Hi Gia.

GIA

What can I get you?

RIFF

Coffee.

PAIGE

Just water for me.

REMO

I'll have a Bud, Christian's buying.

GIA

Christian, you need anything?

Christian looks up at Gia with a playful look on his face.

CHRISTIAN

I could use a blow job.

Gia slugs Christian's arm.

GIA

You are bad.

Christian looks at Gia with a twinkle in his eye.

Remo looks over at Christian in awe, then over at Gia.

Gia has the same twinkle in her eye. She smiles at Christian, then leaves to fill their order.

REMO
(mouthing)

Wow!

PAIGE
Christian, Stay away from Gia, she's VINNIE'S daughter.

CHRISTIAN
Don't boss me Paige. Gia is fair game, especially after Vinnie fucked me out of my pay last time.

RIFF
Vinnie didn't fuck you, you were late and missed the first set.

REMO
(Agrees)
Well...Vinnie is a prick.

CHRISTIAN
Why do we even play this shitty dive.

RIFF
(explains slowly, as if to a child)
Christian, we need the money to pay for the gas that fuels the band truck that hauls the big expensive speakers that you sing through.

EXT. ROOSTER'S ROADHOUSE - DAY

A silver Lincoln Continental pulls into the parking lot and eases to a space by the front door with a SIGN: "Parking for Italians Only."

VINNIE RUSSO, 50, steps out, white haired, perfectly groomed and casually dressed in a polo shirt and slacks.

INT. ROOSTER'S ROADHOUSE - DAY

Vinnie enters, he notices the floor mat is crooked and straightens it with the toe of his polished loafer then walks to the bar.

ROXANNE BANNER, 40, is standing behind the bar, smoking a cigarette and reading PLAYGIRL MAGAZINE with young RICHARD GERE on the cover. She looks up.

ROXY

Hi Vinnie.

VINNIE

Roxy.

Vinnie glances over at Riff and the band at their table.

VINNIE (cont'd)

We're gonna have a good house
tonight. This band draws a crowd.

- END PART ONE -

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