

"SEX, GUNS AND ROCK N ROLL"

A tribute to the 1980's music scene.

Written by

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SEX, GUNS AND ROCK N' ROLL

FADE IN:

SUPERIMPOSE: SEATTLE, 1985

INT. CHEVROLET MONTE CARLO - DAY

EARL ROLLINS, pimp, drug dealer and brilliant entrepreneur drives. His cousin, MARCUS BROOKS, fresh out of the penitentiary, with bulging prison muscles, rides shotgun.

Earl passes a SMOKE MART and slows.

A MAN loiters by the pay phone.

MARCUS
Dat Homeboy?

EARL
Yeah, that's DEVON.

MARCUS
Roll up heah.

Earl parks on the street.

Marcus puts his hood up and steps out. He holds a paper bag containing an empty malt liquor bottle.

EARL
Get the money.

Marcus gives a nod.

EXT. MINI MART - DAY

Marcus watches Devon from behind a tree.

When the parking lot empties, Marcus walks with a drunken stagger towards the Smoke Mart door.

Devon notices Marcus approaching.

DEVON
Who dis fool?

As he passes Devon, Marcus lands a powerful sucker punch on the side of Devon's head with the malt liquor bottle.

Devon goes down.

Marcus swiftly rifles through the unconscious man's pockets, boxer shorts and socks, then strolls back to Earl's Monte Carlo.

INT. MONTE CARLO - DAY

MARCUS

Ha! I played that dumbass Mutha fucka. Nigga must be smokin' his shit tho, all he got was two bags, some chump change and dis sick ass blade.

Marcus displays a knife. He pushes a button, a sharp blade shoots out.

He presses the button a second time, the knife retracts back into the handle.

Marcus pockets the knife and loads a pipe with Devon's crack cocaine, takes a hit, then passes the pipe to Earl.

Earl and Marcus sit back.

MARCUS (cont'd)

Now we fine dat white boy and get cho cheddar.

EXT. SEATTLE'S PIKE STREET MARKET - DAY

SHANE DIXON, 27, leans against the window of the original Starbucks. A cup of coffee in one hand, a bass guitar in a worn leather case slung over his shoulder. Shane, once an up and coming rock star, has fallen on hard times and has accepted a gig at a notorious "Biker Roadhouse" on the outskirts of town.

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

Shane studies his reflection in the Starbucks window.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

- 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, 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.

BACK TO SCENE

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

The Bandleader, RIFF RAFFERTY, 25, is at the wheel. Riff wears a worn black T-shirt and faded blue Jeans, his long hair is pushed back and held in place with Rayban Sunglasses. Riff looks cool for 1985.

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, I appreciate the call.

INT. VAN / NORTH OF SEATTLE - LATER

They ride along listening to 1980's music, Riff exits the freeway.

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

PAIGE
(excitedly points)
Look!

CLOSE ON A DEER - grazes by the side of the road.

Riff rounds a sharp curve.

CLOSE ON SHANE'S LEG - Brushes Paige's leg.

CLOSE ON PAIGE'S LEG - She moves her leg away.

SIGN: ENTERING CLEARINGTON

Ahead is the BIKER BAR, a rectangular building nestled among tall cedar trees .

MARQUEE: ROOSTER'S ROADHOUSE, LIVE MUS SAT NITE.

Riff turns into the 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."

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

REMO

Hey.

SHANE

Hey, good to see you.

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: BILLY

EXT. POSH RESTAURANT / MALIBU, CALIFORNIA - DAY

BILLY COLLINS exits with a blond CALIFORNIA GIRL on his arm.

A VALET hands her the keys to a Red Ferrari.

CALIFORNIA GIRL

You drive.

Billy peels out onto Pacific Coast Highway.

INT. RED FERRARI - DAY

CALIFORNIA GIRL

I love you Billy.

Billy smiles and speeds on.

CALIFORNIA GIRL (cont'd)

Turn in here.

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

BILLY

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.

BILLY

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 Billy's hand.

GIRL (cont'd)

Come with me.

INT. OCEAN FRONT MANSION - DAY - TRACKING

She eagerly leads him through the mansion's plush interior.

Billy 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.

Billy follows.

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

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

Billy follows.

EXT. DECK / HOT TUB - DAY

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

CALIFORNIA GIRL
I love you Billy.

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

MUFFLED BEEP... BEEP... BEEP.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Billy 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: WHERE ARE YOU?

BILLY
Shit!!!

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

BILLY (cont'd)
NIKKI, wake up, we gotta go.

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

BILLY (cont'd)
Dammit Nikki, not now, get dressed,
we're leaving.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - LATER

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

BILLY
Come on.

EXT. BILLY'S DOUBLE WIDE - DAY

BILLY
Where's my car?

NIKKI
We left it at the the bar.

BILLY
Oh yeah, hey, give me a ride to work.

- END PART ONE -

