

"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

EXT. 7-11 STORE - NIGHT

A BLOODY PISTOL lays on rain soaked pavement.

A MAN sits beside it.

BLUE AND RED STROBE LIGHTS FLASH, POLICE OFFICERS, guns drawn, cautiously approach.

SUPERIMPOSE: EARLIER THAT NIGHT.

EXT. WATERFRONT BAR - NIGHT

A NEON SWASHBUCKLING PIRATE, cutlass in hand, swings from a halyard below A FLASHING NEON MARQUEE: SINBAD'S BAR AND GRILL, LIVE MUSIC.

We enter past a large BOUNCER into a smokey crowd of RUGGED SAILORS, LONGSHOREMEN, FISHERMEN and their DATES. The sounds of people shouting, laughing, clinking glasses fill the air. CUSTOMERS throw darts, play foosball and pool. LOVERS kiss in a booth. A LONGSHOREMAN brazenly chops cocaine on a booth table. Money changes hands as busy BARTENDERS swiftly serve up cocktails.

A BAND is playing on a stage at the far end.

The dance floor is packed with HAPPY DANCERS. They seem to be moving as one; heads bobbing up and down, hips grinding, laughing and spinning.

Colorful STAGE LIGHTS FLASH as the music builds to a powerful crescendo of cymbal crashes, power cords, bass guitar and synthesizer riffs.

DANNY HUTCHISON, the band's "Pretty Boy" singer, leaps in the air and lands in perfect unison with the songs final power chord.

DANNY HUTCHISON  
Thank you, goodnight!

DANCERS stay on the floor, looking to the stage.

## DANCERS

One more song! One more song!

A DRUNKEN FISHERMAN steps uninvited onto the bandstand. He turns to the crowd, raises his drink on the air and shouts.

## FISHERMAN

One more song! Come on, One more song! Whoohoo!

BAR PATRONS join in, STOMPING their feet, BANGING their drink glasses on the tables and SHOUTING in unison.

## CUSTOMERS

One more song! One more song!

The Fisherman pulls a one hundred dollar bill from his shirt pocket, then dangles it in the air for the crowd to see.

## FISHERMAN

One more song! Come on!

Danny reaches out with Bruce Lee swiftness and snatches the bill from the Fisherman's hand. The startled Fisherman turns to Danny.

## DANNY

Thanks you sir.

## FISHERMAN

(Turns to crowd)

One more song. Yeah! WhoooHoo!

Danny places his hand on the fisherman's back and gives a shove. The Fisherman stumbles off the stage.

The crowd LAUGHS.

The Fisherman shoots Danny an angry look.

## DANNY

Okay, we'll play one more song, I'm dedicating it to...

(points at fisherman)

...our friend here.

(sings)

What shall we do with the drunken sailor, what shall we do with the drunken sailor, what shall we do with the drunken sailor, earlie in the morning?

The crowd joins in.

CROWD  
 (sings)  
 High ho and up she rises.

The drunken Fisherman raises his glass high and toasts other patrons, turning what started as a joke into a fun closing anthem.

The house lights come on.

DANNY  
 Thank you goodnight.

INT. SINBAD'S / BAR - NIGHT

RIFF RAFFERTY stands at the bar counting cash. He pulls a five dollar bill off the top and hands it to the BAR MANAGER.

RIFF  
 That's for your bartenders.  
 See you next month.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

BAND MEMBERS have loaded the equipment into the band's van and are waiting for their night's pay.

Riff exits Sinbad's back door and hands each member a pack of folded bills.

RIFF  
 Good job tonight. Tomorrow we meet at Rooster's Roadhouse, six o'clock, everybody clear on that?

THE BAND  
 (unison)  
 Yeah.

RIFF  
 Danny, don't be late, we need everyone to help load-in and set-up.

DANNY  
 I'll be there.

RIFF  
 You'd better be, or I'm docking your pay again.

Danny locks eyes with Riff.

DANNY  
I said I'd be there.

RIFF  
Okay then.

The band hugs, high fives, then scatters.

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

The BASS PLAYER sings to himself as he drives along the waterfront.

THE BASS PLAYER  
What shall we do with the  
drunken sailor?

Rain drops fall on the Porsche's windshield. The Bass Player turns on the wipers.

THE BASS PLAYER (cont'd)  
Throw him in bed with the Captain's  
daughter.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pack of cigarettes, fishes around inside but comes up empty. He crushes the pack and throws it to the floor.

Ahead is a 7-11 store. He turns into the parking lot, past a SIGN that reads: REGULAR \$1.09 GAL. There is a LIMOUSINE with loud COLLEGE BOYS and GIRLS standing around. A HOMELESS LOOKING MAN loiters by the pay phone, a scantily clad HOOKER flirts with a cowboy in a pickup truck.

INT. 7-11 STORE - NIGHT

The CASHIER, a gray haired black man is sitting, drinking a cup of coffee and reading a newspaper.

CLOSE ON NEWSPAPER HEADLINE - TWO MORE BODIES FOUND IN GREEN RIVER.

The Cashier looks over his glasses and watches the Bass Player walk to the cold section, pick up a six pack of beer and place it on the counter.

CASHIER  
You know I can't sell alcohol after  
two o'clock.

The Bass Player looks at a clock on the wall that reads 2:02 AM.

THE BASS PLAYER  
It's two minutes after, Come on man,  
let me pay for it and I'll go.

The Cashier takes the six pack and places it on a shelf behind the counter.

CASHIER  
I could lose my liquor license.

The Bass Player's jaw drops, he stands at the counter, uncertain.

CASHIER (cont'd)  
Is there something else I can get  
for you young man?

THE BASS PLAYER  
(defeated)  
Yeah, Gimme a box of Marlboros.

CASHIER  
That'll be a dollar ninety nine.

THE BASS PLAYER  
A dollar ninety nine for a pack of  
cigarettes?

CASHIER  
I just work here son, I don't set the  
prices.

The Bass Player flops down two dollars.

THE BASS PLAYER  
Keep the change.

EXT. 7-11 STORE - NIGHT

The Bass Player storms out. The limousine with the college kids is leaving. The pickup truck and hooker are gone.

The homeless Man by the pay phone eyes the Bass Player.

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

The Bass Player flips open the pack and takes out a cigarette.

The Homeless Man approaches.

MAN  
Excuse me sir, may I bum a smoke?

The Bass Player reluctantly takes out a cigarette and hands it to the Man.

MAN (cont'd)  
Could I trouble you for a light?

THE BASS PLAYER  
Look buddy, I have to go. They have matches in the store.

MAN  
Give me your wallet.

THE BASS PLAYER  
What?

The Man opens his coat. His left hand grips the butt of a PISTOL tucked inside his belt.

The Bass Player is a big guy, he's not used to being intimidated.

MAN  
Give me your wallet! Now!

THE BASS PLAYER  
Fuck off!

The Bass Player reaches for and turns the ignition key. The Porsche's engine roars into life.

MAN  
Don't do it.

The Bass Player puts the gearshift in reverse.

The Man swiftly pulls the pistol and whacks the Bass Player hard in the ear.

The Bass Player touches his ear, then inspects his finger tips. There is blood.

THE BASS PLAYER  
What the fuck?

MAN  
You think I'm playing? Give me your goddamn wallet.

## THE BASS PLAYER

Fuck you!

In one fluid movement, the Bass Player swiftly grabs the gun's barrel with his right hand, closes the power window on the Man's arm and stabs the accelerator pedal.

The Porsche shoots backwards.

## MAN

Hey! Hey!

The Man runs alongside trying to free his wrist. His face is pressed against the outside of the driver's door window, just inches from the Bass Player's.

KA-POW!

The gun goes off, shooting a bullet through the Bass Player's right hand.

The Bass Player stomps on the brakes, the assailant slips on the wet pavement and falls, landing halfway under the car.

The Bass Player shifts into gear and peels out.

CLOSE ON A SPINNING TIRE - runs over the Man's knee, shredding it against the pavement.

The Man fires another shot.

KAPOW!

The Porsche's rear window explodes.

The sleek Porsche skids to a stop.

It sits there idling like a wounded beast.

The Man clutches his mangled knee and tries to stand on one leg but falls back down on the pavement.

The Porsche's BACK-UP LIGHTS come on. It's ENGINE ROARS, it's TIRES SPIN.

It races backwards towards the fallen Man.

The Man raises his pistol but before he can shoot, the Porsche's rear bumper strikes him in his face and knocks him backwards. The rear tire runs up over his groin.



The Porsche's door opens, the Bass Player falls to the pavement and is again face to face with the semiconscious Man.

MAN (cont'd)

(moans)

Ooooh, Ooooh.

The Bass Player sees the gun and wrenches it from the Man's hand, then staggers to the 7-11 but the door is locked.

INT. 7-11 STORE - NIGHT

The cashier is under the counter excitedly speaking to a 911 operator on the telephone.

CASHIER

They shooting out there. You better get somebody down here now!

The Bass Player pounds on the door with the bloody pistol.

THE BASS PLAYER

Help! help me!

The wide-eyed cashier pops his head up from behind the counter and meets the Bass Players gaze. He sees the pistol and ducks back down.

Police SIRENS wail in the distance.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Bass Player kicks the door in frustration.

THE BASS PLAYER

You prick! I'm never shopping here again.

He steps over the Man and inspects the interior of his Porsche. It is littered with SHATTERED GLASS, BLOOD SPATTER and CIGARETTES.

The Bass Player pops a cigarette in his mouth but is unable to ignite his bloody Bic lighter.

He inspects his right hand. A large chunk of flesh and bone is missing. Blood seeps from the open wound.

He pulls a bandanna from his pocket and tightly wraps it around his hand.

The Bass Player stands over the injured Man who looks up and shakes his head from side to side.

MAN  
Please, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

The Bass Player notices the Man's left hand is uninjured.

THE BASS PLAYER  
Is that your gun hand?

The Bass Player stomps hard on the Man's hand. We hear the sound of BONE CRUNCHING.

MAN  
Oooooohhhh.

the Bass Player walks to he curb and sits down. He lays the bloody pistol on the pavement by his side.

The police sirens are closer now, RED AND BLUE STROBE LIGHTS FLASH.

- END PART ONE -

