

HOUSE BAND

Written by

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FADE IN.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

BOB, 17, tall and skinny with bright blue eyes struggles as he wrestles a sofa out through the door.

Removing this makes the front room completely empty.

CUT TO:

Bob sets up a drum kit with two guitar stands on either side of it.

A microphone stand, with the microphone hooked up into a small speaker makes up the rest of the 'stage.'

CUT TO:

LACY, 20, tall, beautiful and glamorous with her big dark sunglasses and expensive makeup and hair enters the front room.

LACY
And I can practise in here?

Bob comes in behind her, nodding eagerly.

BOB
My parents are going to be gone all week.

She turns around to face him, smiling.

LACY
You're sweet.

He shrugs.

BOB
It's all for you.

He steps close to her, only for Lacy to spin around and move behind the microphone stand.

She grabs onto the microphone.

LACY
You know how important this is to me right?

BOB
Yeah.

She hits a clenched fist against her chest, dramatic.

LACY
I feel it in here Bob, fame.

BOB
Well you're prettier than most pop
singers that are famous right now,
so I think.

She cuts him off.

LACY
I have a voice, it's a gift. The
world will love my music I know it,
but first I need to find my band.
I'm the singer song writer but I
can't play any instruments and I
don't know anyone who can. My
lyrics need music, I need to hold
auditions to find who's going to be
in my band and that's why I need
your house.

BOB
Well this space is yours for the
rest of the week to use however you
see fit, day or night.

Her smile comes back.

LACY
I knew from the first time I met
you, you were a sweet kid.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

At the kitchen table Bob sits with TANNER, 16, short and fat
with a shaved head.

Tanner leans over the top of the table, excited.

TANNER
Dude you're only helping her to try
and sleep with her.

BOB
So?

Tanner sits back in his chair, laughing.

TANNER
So that's not going to happen if
she thinks you're a sweet kid.

Bob sulks, annoyed.

BOB
No, it will happen.

TANNER
Well were those her words right?

BOB
Yeah.

Tanner shakes his head disapprovingly.

TANNER
That's bad dude.

BOB
Well this way I get to spend all week with her.

TANNER
And you really want that?

BOB
I want a girlfriend.

TANNER
Don't take this the wrong way but I don't think Lacy is the girlfriend type.

Bob puffs out his cheeks.

BOB
I'm just tired of being single, I've been in love with her for like five years now. I have to make my move sooner or later.

TANNER
And renting out your house is you making a move?

Bob shrugs.

BOB
She said yes, so it's working.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Boy checks the microphone, it's plugged in and ready.

He then checks the two guitars and the drum kit.

Lacy watches him.

LACY
Everything OK?

He nods, happy.

BOB
Yeah everything is ready.

LACY
Good, the first people should be
turning up any minute. I'm the
judge, the only judge. You're free
to stay but I don't want you saying
anything to any of them OK?

BOB
OK.

CUT TO:

Lacy sits on a fold out plastic chair with Bob standing
behind her.

The first DRUMMER, 30, with big tattoo covered arms gets
himself ready.

He starts to play, he's average.

Lacy instantly starts to grimace.

LACY
Next.

CUT TO:

A second DRUMMER, 25, long hair and even more tattoos than
the first goes crazy, he's fast and wild.

She has to scream over the top of the noise.

LACY (CONT'D)
Next!

CUT TO:

A young pretty GIRL, 18, comes into the front room with her
drum sticks ready in her hand.

The moment Lacy sees her she leaps up out of her chair,
pointing.

LACY (CONT'D)
No, no, no. Next, I'm sorry no. I'm
the only girl in this band. Next,
next, next.

The young drummer girl is stunned.

Lacy turns to Bob, irritated.

LACY (CONT'D)
Well the drummers are a bust, shall
we just move onto the guitar
players?

Bob shrugs.

CUT TO:

The first GUITAR PLAYER, 55, grey hair and dressed in a
leather jacket plays, he's pretty good.

Lacy groans, frustrated.

LACY (CONT'D)
Next!

CUT TO:

The second GUITAR PLAYER, 22, tall and skinny, he's better
than the first.

Lacy shakes her head.

LACY (CONT'D)
Next!

CUT TO:

Now two GUITAR PLAYER, both short, fat and bald are up on the
stage and are playing together and they're not bad at all.

Lacy stamps her feet on the ground as though she's throwing a
tantrum.

LACY (CONT'D)
No, get out. Awful, next!

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Lacy sits up at the table with her head in her hands.

Bob stands beside her, he places down a cup of coffee in
front of her.

She lifts her head up to look at him.

LACY
I just needed to find at least one
good guitar player for this
Saturday, and there I was thinking
I could find myself a whole band.

BOB
Why what's happening this Saturday?

LACY

I got my dad to book me some studio time. It was a lot of money. So now I'm desperate.

BOB

How desperate?

LACY

Why?

BOB

What if I could find you a guitar player, one who was good enough?

She rolls her eyes, annoyed.

LACY

If you could do that for me I would let you sleep with me.

His mouth hangs open in awe.

BOB

Awesome.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Bob and Tanner are on the floor and looking at the band equipment in front of them.

TANNER

You still need to find her this amazing guitar player first.

BOB

But aren't you listening, she's going to let me sleep with her.

TANNER

But only if you can find her this amazing musician.

Bob smiles, exited.

BOB

I told you this was going to work.

Tanner laughs at him.

TANNER

So the audition plan is done?

BOB

Well that was never my idea to begin with.

TANNER
But that's over?

BOB
Yeah.

TANNER
So how are you going to find this person?

BOB
A street performer.

TANNER
What?

BOB
Those people who play at train stations, on street corners and in parks for change.

TANNER
That's not going to work.

BOB
Says you but all I'm hearing is if it does she's going to sleep with me.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Bob crosses over the grass, the park is filled with joggers, dog walkers and people out enjoying the sunshine.

Bob hurries over to a circle of young hippies, a drum circle.

He watches them but then shakes his head.

BOB
Nope.

CUT TO:

Bob walks along the footpath, a young KID, 13, is playing an over turned bucket like a drum, and he's getting a pretty good sound out of out.

CUT TO:

A group of teenagers boys and girls are gathered together underneath the shade of tall tree.

Two teenage BOYS face off with the rest of the teenagers circling around them.

They take it in turns to beat box at each other, battling.

Bob watches on for a moment.

He smiles, enjoying it.

But then shakes his head, laughing.

BOB (CONT'D)
No way, she'd kill me.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Bob exits out through the gates of the park looking defeated. With his hands on his hips he lets out a long slow breath.

But then hearing the slow strum of a guitar his head snaps over to the left.

Sitting squat on the ground KEVIN, 40, homeless is busy tuning his guitar.

Bob moves over to him.

BOB
Let me hear you play.

KEVIN
Why?

Bob reaches into his pocket and takes out some change.

He gives it to Kevin, repeating.

BOB
Here, let me hear you play something.

Kevin takes the money and starts to play, he's amazing.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Bob and Kevin walk along an empty street side by side, they both glance over at each other.

BOB
I want you to play in a band.

KEVIN
Who's band?

BOB
This girl I know, this could be really good for you.

KEVIN
What's in it for me right now?

Bobs face lights up.

BOB
I'll show you.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - DAY

Bob opens the door and shows Kevin inside.

There's a bed, a set of drawers with an old television set on top of them.

BOB
This can be your room until the end
of the week.

Kevin nods, smiling.

KEVIN
Yeah, this will be great.

Bob smiles back at him.

BOB
Can I get you something to drink?

Kevin shakes his head, emphatically.

KEVIN
No thank you I really shouldn't. I
go crazy when I do. It's what got
me living on the streets in the
first place.

BOB
I meant like a glass water or you
know some coffee?

Kevin holds a hand to the back of his neck, embarrassed

KEVIN
Oh right sure I'd like some coffee.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Lacy sits on her fold out chair with Bob standing behind her.

Kevin waits in front of them his guitar at the ready.

Lacy gestures for Bob to get closer and she whispers into his ear.

LACY
He smells.

BOB
He's good.

LACY
He looks homeless.

BOB
Just give him a chance.

Lacy brushes Bob away, she turns her focus onto Kevin.

LACY
Go a head.

He's unsure.

KEVIN
You want me to play?

LACY
That's correct, impress me.

Kevin starts to play he's even better than before a real pro.

Lacy leaps up out of her chair clapping her hands together, excited.

LACY (CONT'D)
That's it.

She points at him.

LACY (CONT'D)
You, you're my musician.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Loud dance music fills the front room that's now packed with fashionably dressed good looking twentysomethings.

Bob and Tanner stand awkwardly in a corner.

TANNER
Who are these people?

BOB
Friends of Lacy's.

TANNER
And where is Lacy?

Bob looks around the room.

BOB
I don't know.

TANNER
Isn't she supposed to be sleeping
with you?

BOB
It's what she promised.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

More of the cool kids are crammed into the kitchen, drinking
and dancing.

Lacy is in here too.

She's making out with a good looking GUY, 20, who has his
hand up her top.

Kevin passes them, he grabs some left over food out of the
fridge.

Lacy stops kissing, she sees Kevin.

She's drunk.

LACY
Hey you have to have a drink!

KEVIN
No I'm OK.

LACY
Hey, I'm going to make you famous
so you have to drink with me.

KEVIN
I don't want to be famous.

She scowls.

LACY
Why not?

KEVIN
It's stupid.

She snaps.

LACY
You're wrong, famous is all anyone
should ever want to be.

KEVIN
Not me.

She groans, angry.

LACY
Look, you drink with me.

She pours him out a shot.

LACY (CONT'D)
Or you don't get the gig and if you
don't get the gig you don't get
paid, understand?

He picks up the shot and stares down into it long and hard.

He drinks.

She smiles.

He holds the empty shot glass out to her.

KEVIN
Another, fill it up to the top.

She does.

He drinks another.

CUT TO:

Kevin is on the floor in the kitchen, he chokes down the whole bottle of vodka before he's then sick on the floor and all over himself.

The partying kids all around him flee, the girls screaming.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Lacy bursts into the front room she finds and grabs hold of Bob.

LACY
You have to do something!

He stares at her blankly.

She shakes him, screaming.

LACY (CONT'D)
Now!!!

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bob and Tanner enter the now empty kitchen, Kevin is laying on his back.

Bob hurries over to him.

BOB
What the hell happened?

Kevin rolls over onto his side and again is sick.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bob and Tanner with an arm each drag Kevin into the bathroom.
Bob points at him, ordering.

BOB
Stay here, don't move.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bob and Lacy stand at the table.
She points a finger in his face, furious.

LACY
I wanted to film him playing his
god damn guitar tonight on my phone
and up load it onto my Youtube
page. You go and tell that bum that
he's got thirty minutes to sort his
shit out or the deal is off and I
will find a replacement. He can go
crawl back out into streets and
drop dead for all I care.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bob sits down on the floor with Kevin.

BOB
You're not going to be sick anymore
are you?

Kevin shakes his head.

KEVIN
I'm sorry kid.

BOB
What happened?

KEVIN
I just can't say no to it, I'm a
drunk.

CUT TO:

Kevin stands up at the sink, he washes his face with the cold
water.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I was married, I've got two kids who are now all grown up. I always had paying gigs, I was never a bad guy but slowly the drinking took over and I let it ruin me.

BOB

You still have a real talent.

Kevin smiles.

KEVIN

You really think so?

BOB

You're incredible.

KEVIN

I can still play the guitar drunk, tell that girl I'll perform for her, if that's what you want kid she can film me too.

BOB

Yeah?

KEVIN

But I'm not doing it for her, I'll only do it for you. I trust you.

Bob's expression changes, a steely determination.

BOB

Wait here.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bob enters the kitchen, Lacy is waiting for him with her arms out stretched.

LACY

Well?

Bob grabs a hold of her wrist and drags her towards the back door.

He opens it and points her outside.

BOB

Get out.

She dumbfounded.

LACY

What?

BOB
I want you out of my house.

She scowls.

LACY
How dare you talk to me like this.

BOB
You know I used to think you were
the most beautiful girl in the
world, but now when I look at you
all I see is how ugly you are on
the inside. All you do is walk over
people.

LACY
What are you doing?

BOB
There's nothing nice about you.

She smirks.

LACY
You know I was only using you, I
would never even touch you let
alone sleep with you. You're just
some dumb ugly kid.

BOB
Get out before I throw you out.

She steps outside and he slams his back door closed in her
face.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

The party guests are still all here, but the club music is
off and Kevin is on 'stage' with his guitar in his hand.

He's playing it with all his heart and he's wonderful.

Bob stands with Tanner at the back and he watches on with his
cell phone in his hand recording.

He's smiling, proud.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Bob sits at the table with Kevin.

Kevin is sober now and is enjoying a large mug of coffee.

Bob shows him the recording of him playing on his phone.

Kevin laughs.

KEVIN
I'm pretty good.

Bob nods.

BOB
Got seventy thousand views on
Youtube.

Kevin is taken aback.

KEVIN
What, this video has?

Bob nods.

BOB
I put it up last night, about
twelve hours ago.

Kevin shakes his head, laughing.

He has some more coffee.

KEVIN
I'm sticking with you kid, you're
the best thing that has happened to
me for as far back as I can
remember.

Bob smiles warmly.

Both then go back to watching the video on the cell phone.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END