

SCRIPT TITLE

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INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

MUSIC IS BLARING FROM A DJ spinning tunes. The place is really a dive with velvet drapes, a long crowded bar and a large area in front of the stage which is raised a few feet off the floor. The place is packed with

The CLUB OWNER walks onto the stage and into the spotlight.

CLUB OWNER

Good evening every one and welcome to the Whiskey. Tonight we have a real treat for you. This band set the place on fire last night and we've asked them to come back and warm up the stage. I mean, these guys are going to go places and quickly. Pleased put your hands together and help me welcome to the stage Modern Persona!

The place goes wild as the members of the band take their places on the stage.

ON THE DRUMMER, CHAD, 30, as he begins an infectious beat. Right behind him is JOHNNY, the keyboard player, and ROB, the bass player. They begin playing the intro to their opening number.

ANGLE ON THE DRUMMER & BASS as they exchange looks like "what the fuck?!"

After a few awkward moments and one repeated riffs too many JANIE, 25, walks up the steps in her own world. She's not quite sure of herself as she walks on stage. Almost as if by accident, she walks to the front of the stage and into the spotlight. She turns her back to the audience and looks at the ground like she does in rehearsals.

CHAD tries to make eye contact with her.

CLOSE ON JANIE

Her face in shadow, her eyes flutter closed and she begins swaying to the BEAT of Chad's drums. Her body begins to loosen and relax.

ON THE BAND MEMBERS - they exchange looks.

Chad is holding the rhythm and staring at Janie as if expecting her to sprout another head at any moment.

JANIE's swaying becomes more pronounced as her hips begin to move seductively.

Her eyes open. She locks them with Chad just long enough to blow him a kiss.

She closes her eyes and spins around to face the audience. Her eyes open. They're wild and gleaming under the stage lights.

JANIE/ROSIE

You know, no matter how high I fly,
my band mates are always by my side
to guide me back to Earth. Every
body thinks all of you guys came
here to listen to some of our Muuuu-
zak! Didn't chya! But I know what
you really came here for.

She locks contact with a young couple close to the stage. She begins flirting with the guy and girl alike.

JANIE/ROSIE (CONT'D)

Ain't that the shit! Hell...we're
not going to warm up the stage.

She looks over to the Club Owner standing to the side of the room. His big smile starting to go South for the winter.

JANIE/ROSIE (CONT'D)

We're going to burn it right the
fuck down to the ground!

The band's free-styling now... wondering when she's going to start singing one of their songs.

JANIE/ROSIE (CONT'D)

'Cause I know what you came here
for.

(she chuckles)

And it ain't to hear my purdy
voice. Alright! Here's my cunt!

ROSIE thrusts her hips out in front and the CROWD goes wild. Rosie begins undulating from side to side as she seductively unzips her fly.

JANIE/ROSIE (CONT'D)

Now nobody's going to leave here
tonight until we all get our ROCKS
OFF! FUCK!

RAY, the band's manager, beefy well dressed black guy, moves quickly towards the stage. He yells up to the band.

RAY

Rob! Johnny! Stop her! Get her off
the stage.

The stage starts to collapse. Rob - the bass, and Johnny - the keyboardist, jump off. The front of the stage where Janie is undressing, collapses. The drummer keeps playing. The place is in chaos!

INT. GREEN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Robs putting a band aid on his elbow. Johnny and talking to each other in the corner. The three of them are angry at Janie's antics on stage. Chad has his head down keeping a low profile.

ROB

You know how to screw things up
Janie.

JANIE/ROSIE

Oh, and I screwed things up because
the stage decides to collapse

ROB

What were you doing out there.

JOHNNY

Yeah man... I was waiting for some
sort of sign you were going to do
something that resembled one of our
fuck'n rehearsals.

ROB

Are you doing drugs we don't know
'bout.

(rushes to smell her
breath)

And I don't smell any alcohol. So
what's going on?

JANIE/ROSIE

It was a natural lead in to our
first song. If you guys were paying
attention instead of watching my
ass...

It becomes a free-for-all argument. Everybody starts yelling except for Chad. Rob and Johnny both close in on Janie as she backs out of the room and into the hallway.

A few steps away Ray listens to the club owner bitch. Ray apologizes to him then storms over to Janie.

RAY

(angry)

Janie. You're done! All of us are lucky they didn't call the cops on us tonight.

Rob, Johnny, and Chad gather at the door way. Janie/Rosi stands in front of Ray taking it like the rock star bitch she's pretending to be.

JANIE/ROSIE

Whaddya mean I'm done. Who's going to keep this band alive on stage if not me?!

Ray regains his composure and looks her squarely in the eye.

RAY

In a short amount of time baby cakes, the band... these guys right here...have become adept at keeping you alive on stage.

ROB

We all see you struggle and none of us know how to help you.

RAY

You're a liability we can't afford.

Janie/Rosie starts to talk but Ray holds up his hand to stop her.

RAY (CONT'D)

Come on boys. Let's go talk about what we're going to do while she collects her things.

Janie/Rosie looks over to the band as if pleading for some kind of support. She looks at Chad specifically. Chad just hangs his head.

Ray walks away and the band follows closely behind him.

ROSIE Spins around and flips them the finger and storms off.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB

Rosie steps out of the building and pulls her cell phone out of her pocket.

CLOSE - CELL PHONE SCREEN

There's a text message from JANIE. It reads: I'm always here for you when ever you need me.

ANGLE ON ROSIE

As she smiles. She continues walking through the back alley. WE FOLLOW her as WE SEE her posture slowly change. Her walk becomes different. She has become Janie again.