

WE'RE A BAND NOW

by  
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First 5 Pages

EXT. I-74 HIGHWAY NORTH - FAMILY CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Between Cincinnati and Indianapolis. Long stretches of nothing.

A HATCHBACK zooms along. We can see the back is stuffed with luggage. Three people ride inside.

INSIDE THE CAR

These three people are BRYAN (40's), driving.

His wife JULIA (also 40's), riding shotgun.

Their son OSCAR (19), backseat.

They are a family. And they are fighting.

BRYAN

I'm driving. I get to pick!

JULIA

You always pick!

BRYAN

I always drive!

JULIA

This wouldn't have happened if you'd remembered the adaptor.

BRYAN

Don't throw that in my face. I didn't do it on purpose.

OSCAR

Let's just keep it quiet.

BRYAN

I'm picking!

JULIA

You always get to pick!

HARD CUT TO:

INSIDE THE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The three family members all wear iPod headphones. They are silent and stewing, still angry.

Bryan reaches for the radio. Julia slaps his hand away.

EXT. HIGHWAY REST STOP - LATER

Bryan pulls into a tight spot, next to a van.

Oscar hops out and heads for the rest room.

Three skinny, grungy young men head for the van. Bryan squeezes past them.

The young men open their van: it's full of band equipment.

Bryan's eyes light up.

BRYAN

You guys a band?

The young men give Bryan a "duh" look.

BRYAN

You on your way to a show?

YOUNG MAN

On tour. About to wrap up, actually. Then, if we're lucky, we'll start another tour.

BRYAN

I hear that, man.

YOUNG MAN

You play?

BRYAN

You bet. Been playing our whole drive so far.

Bryan pulls out an acoustic guitar -- low-end, not a name brand in the slightest. The kind you buy at a flea market.

The young man nods, almost politely.

BRYAN

This is just my travel axe. To keep me loose. You know how it is, man.

YOUNG MAN

I guess.

BRYAN

I have another one, too.

CONTINUED:

Bryan digs in the back of the hatchback, pulls out luggage and various school supplies.

BRYAN

My kid's stuff. Can't go to college without bringing the whole dorm.

Pulls out another guitar case. Then he looks around, checking.

YOUNG MAN

Afraid your Old Lady'll bust you?

BRYAN

No, she's cool. She's not around, is she?

Bryan opens the guitar case.

Inside is one bad-ass looking ELECTRIC GUITAR. A left-handed Fender. A hammer of the gods.

YOUNG MAN

Whoa.

BRYAN

Yeah.

Bryan reaches for it.

JULIA

Bryan?

Bryan slams the guitar case down.

JULIA

Are you showing off that... thing... we're not supposed to be showing off?

Bryan's caught. He looks at the Young Man.

BRYAN

That's just my Old Lady.

JULIA

Excuse me? Oscar, hustle up!

Oscar returns to the car.

YOUNG MAN

How much you selling the guitar for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRYAN

More than a reasonable person  
should play.

JULIA

Bryan. Hush.

YOUNG MAN

Collector's item?

JULIA

We can't say.

BRYAN

Yes.

YOUNG MAN

Belong to someone famous?

JULIA

Not really.

BRYAN

Yep.

JULIA

Bryan!

YOUNG MAN

Who?

Bryan's about to burst. He looks at Julia's glare, then swallows the enthusiasm.

BRYAN

I shouldn't say.

Julia's relieved.

JULIA

I'll drive.

OSCAR

I wanna drive. We can make up some  
lost time.

The family gets in the car: Oscar in the driver's seat, Julia shotgun, Bryan in the back still in the back.

Bryan looks to the young man, who is still transfixed by the guitar he just saw.

Bryan mouths something to the young man. Looks like he's saying "HAND RICH." It doesn't work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Oscar cautiously backs out of the spot. Holds there a moment.

Bryan mimes setting a guitar on fire and mouthing the words again. Still doesn't work.

Bryan looks to Julia, pleading.

She melts a little. Bryan rolls down the window.

BRYAN

Jimi Hendrix!

The Young Men all heard that, and they are impressed. Bryan feels cool.

Another car BUMPS into their hatchback! Bryan squeals a little, cool no more.

END SAMPLE.