

BEAT THE BAND

Written by

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**INT. CAFETERIA - DAY**

A high school lunchroom brimming with energy as students eat and talk amongst themselves. Colorful flyers and banners line the walls.

Unnoticed by the crowd, three girls drag their instrument and equipment cases onto a raised platform by the cafeteria's massive windows. They rush to set up their gear.

PARKER (16, boyish, relentlessly ambitious) takes out her old Fender GUITAR and plugs it into an amp. Adjusts the knobs.

PARKER

You ready for the start of the rest  
of our lives?

NATALIE (16, gifted, loyal to a fault) unpacks her BASS GUITAR and a MIC STAND.

NATALIE

That's a little optimistic.

PARKER

Come on, Natalie, I'm serious.  
After this gig, we'll be one step  
closer to stardom.

NATALIE

Can you call it a gig if we were  
explicitly told *not* to play?

PARKER

Irrelevant. Sienna, how's it  
coming?

SIENNA (16, dramatic, lives in her own world) frantically unloads her DRUM KIT from several bags.

SIENNA

Uh, I'm getting there.

PARKER

Pick up the pace, man, we gotta get  
at least one song in before  
Richardson comes for our asses.

SIENNA

I'm trying!

The cymbals CRASH on the floor and roll in opposite directions. Some students turn to look at them.

Sienna mutters to herself as she reaches for the cymbals.

Parker puts the MICROPHONE on the stand and clears her throat.

PARKER  
HELLOOO ORANGE COAST HIGH!

The room quiets as everyone turns their attention to the girls. Some kids groan.

HECKLER 1  
Get off the stage!

HECKLER 2  
Play Freebird!

PARKER  
Shut the fuck up. We are Eye of Goliath, and we've got an awesome set for you all tonight! On bass and vocals, we have Natalie Almira!

Natalie plays a crazy bass line.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
Over on drums, Sienna Reid!

Drum kit now set up, Sienna crushes her solo, doing a little too much with the stick twirling.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
And last but not least, soon to be the *greatest* guitarist in the history of rock n' roll, give it up foor--

RICHARDSON (O.S.)  
PARKER!

PRINCIPAL RICHARDSON (40's, grouchy, disheveled) stands at the cafeteria doors. He may as well have steam shooting out of his ears. Next to him are two SECURITY GUARDS.

Parker gestures to him and winks.

PARKER  
Thank you for the introduction!

She turns to her friends.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
Just play, just play--

Sienna BANGS her sticks together.

SIENNA  
TWO, THREE, FOUR!

The girls ERUPT into an original rock song, something like "Want You Bad" by The Offspring. Their sound is emo-pop-punk-rock, Green Day meets Paramore.

Natalie slides over to the mic as she sings with a clear, bright tone. Sienna goes nuts on the drums and Parker jumps around like she's playing for thousands of adoring fans.

They're not half bad, and the students start feeling the music. They crowd around the band, and Richardson struggles to push through.

A security guard reaches the stage and Parker rushes out of his grasp, still strumming. They almost dance as she avoids him, eliciting cheers from the crowd.

The other guard and Richardson make it to the front.

SIENNA (CONT'D)  
That's our cue!

Natalie and Sienna drop their instruments and make a run for it. Parker rips out the cord, swings the guitar over her back, and follows.

A non-diegetic instrumental version of the song continues as Richardson and the guards chase the girls.

Parker glides through the crowd, having the time of her life. A security guard dashes in front of her and she turns in another direction. Climbs over tables to avoid getting caught.

The other girls dodge *just* out of Richardson and the other guard's grasp.

Security grabs Parker's guitar strap, YANKS her back. He lifts it off but she turns and PULLS the guitar toward her. A tense tug of war --

The guitar FLIES out of their hands and SHATTERS on the ground. The crowd CHEERS.

Parker looks down at it, stunned.

PARKER  
What the fuck?!

**INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY**

Parker, Natalie, and Sienna sit with their heads hung low. Richardson paces behind his desk, exasperated.

RICHARDSON

You three never cease to amaze me.  
I mean, in what world would pulling  
a stunt like that be acceptable?

PARKER

(under her breath)  
In a better one.

RICHARDSON

You're really giving me attitude  
right now?

PARKER

What do you expect?! You're  
suppressing my freedom of speech,  
beating down my artistic soul--

RICHARDSON

I have *tried* to support you girls,  
but you ruin every chance you get.  
You skip classes, you put the  
safety of other students at risk,  
you incite riots--

NATALIE

That was *one* time--

RICHARDSON

Do you know how many parent  
complaints I had to deal with when  
you first announced your band?

PARKER

I still don't get what was wrong  
with our original name.

RICHARDSON

Really? You can't figure out why  
"PNS" wasn't appropriate?

SIENNA

It's just an acronym for our names!

She gestures at the three of them. Richardson shoots Parker a look. She throws up her hands in defeat.

PARKER

And I thought it was funny! Sue me.

RICHARDSON

With all the damages you've caused  
to school property, I might!

Richardson sits down, puts his head in his hands.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

Look, it's almost the end of the  
year, and I'm sure none of us want  
to go through the suspension  
process right now. Natalie, you're  
better than this. Parker, as  
always, I'm extremely disappointed.  
And Sienna, I- I don't know what to  
do with you.

He leans forward.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

You're not 80's rockstars, you're a  
garage band. Start acting like it.

He waves his hands at them.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

Your equipment's confiscated until  
the end of the day, and- detention.  
Obviously. Get out of here.

The bell RINGS.

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY**

The girls walk past decorated lockers and classroom doors.

NATALIE

All things considered, I think we  
got off pretty easy.

PARKER

Why does he have such a huge stick  
up his ass?

SIENNA

I mean, you *did* smash a guitar in  
the middle of the room.

PARKER

Not on purpose! Oh god, my guitar!  
That thing cost so much money, it's  
gonna take forever to replace it.

NATALIE

Well, you've got time, cause we're not playing here again any time soon.

Parker notices something on the wall and slows to a stop. The other girls turn to her.

PARKER

No...

She snatches a flyer off the wall and holds it up.

PARKER (CONT'D)

...but we are playing here!

INSERT: CHORDSTRUCK FLYER, which reads:

"CHORDSTRUCK MUSIC FESTIVAL

BATTLE OF THE BANDS"

A flaming skeleton shreds on guitar. Some dates and featured bands are listed.

BACK TO HALLWAY

Sienna grabs the flyer.

SIENNA

Holy shit, they're bringing Chordstruck to Huntington Beach?!

NATALIE

Oh my god.

PARKER

Dude, this is our chance! You know how many agents and producers are gonna be at this thing?

She points to the "BATTLE OF THE BANDS" text.

PARKER (CONT'D)

If we win, that's a one-way ticket to success! No more garage shows, no more shitty demos!

SIENNA

Tons of chicks!

PARKER

Exactly.

NATALIE

That's *if* we win. And *if* we can even get in--

She squints at the flyer.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

The whole competition is invite only.

PARKER

What?!

Parker grabs the poster.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Fucking rigged!

SIENNA

They're always screwing over the little guy.

NATALIE

We're not even ready to play for a crowd that big, or against bands that good.

PARKER

It'll prepare us for bigger crowds, better bands!

NATALIE

We don't *have* to be famous, Parker. Can't we just have fun jamming together?

PARKER

But--

NATALIE

Forget about it. No invite, no entry. Let's just focus on getting you a new six-string.

A dorky HALL MONITOR with a bright yellow vest and a stupid haircut stomps around the corner and points at them.

HALL MONITOR

You three should be in class right now!

Parker rolls her eyes. Sienna turns to her friends, puts her hands on their shoulders.



SIENNA  
 You guys are gonna make it out of  
 here alive. It's been an honor  
 working with you.

NATALIE  
 Sienna...

Sienna SPRINTS at the hall monitor. He squeals and runs  
 around the corner. Parker and Natalie share a look.

**EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY**

Parker sits on the bench as her P.E. class plays baseball.

COACH (O.S.)  
 You're up!

The BOY next to her stands and high fives BLAKE (17, masc,  
 coolest girl in the world) as she jogs over to the bench.  
 Parker gazes at her longingly before looking away. She's  
 smitten.

Blake sits next to her. Smirks.

BLAKE  
 Hey, Eye of Goliath.

Parker's face reddens.

PARKER  
 Hey, haha, were you, uh, you saw us  
 today?

BLAKE  
 Yeah, that was awesome, Parker. You  
 guys rocked.

PARKER  
 Ha, thanks.

BLAKE  
 Sucks about your axe, though.

PARKER  
 Ugh, don't remind me. There's no  
 way I can afford another one.

BLAKE  
 ...You know, I can probably get you  
 a huge discount. My uncle's in the  
 music industry, and he's got all  
 the guitar stores in his pocket.

A bat CRACKS.

PARKER  
You're serious?

Students cheer as the boy runs across the field.

BLAKE  
Yeah, for sure. There's one, like,  
ten miles away from here, I can  
take you after school.

PARKER  
I- yeah, that would be awesome!  
Thanks, Blake.

BLAKE  
No problem.

She nudges Parker's shoulder.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
You're up.

Parker nods and runs to the field.

At bat, she swings and the bat FLIES out of her hands. COACH  
blows a whistle.

**EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY**

Natalie and Sienna play chopsticks as students file out of  
the school.

SIENNA  
You're cheating.

NATALIE  
Literally how.

Parker runs up to them.

PARKER  
Guys! Do either of you have fifty  
bucks?

NATALIE  
What?

PARKER  
I swear on my life, I'll pay you  
back.

(MORE)

PARKER (CONT'D)  
I'm going down to get a guitar  
right now for super cheap, but I'm  
short fifty.

Sienna rummages through her backpack and Natalie does the  
same, a little less enthusiastically.

Sienna pulls out a bill.

SIENNA  
Damn, I only have a hundred.

PARKER  
...That works.

She grabs the bill.

NATALIE  
How did you already secure  
something?

A car horn BEEPS twice. Parker looks over to the sound, then  
back to her friends

PARKER  
I'll explain later, don't wait up.

She turns and runs off.

SIENNA  
We're supposed to go to *your* house!

PARKER  
Just head over, my dad will let you  
in!

Natalie and Sienna share a look.

**INT. PARKER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

TODD (50's, hard-ass, doesn't think he was meant to be a girl  
dad) sits on the couch. He wears his EMT uniform. Arms  
crossed, unamused.

Natalie and Sienna stare at him expectantly.

SIENNA  
Do you wanna watch Poltergeist with  
us?

TODD  
...Okay.

**INT. MUSIC STORE - DAY**

A shop for instruments, equipment, and records. Parker and Blake stand in front of the huge wall of electric guitars. Parker picks up different guitars and strums, tunes them, checks out the specs. She's a kid in a candy store.

PARKER

Ugh, the amp distortion would sound crazy on this.

Blake watches her, charmed.

BLAKE

So, you're gonna be the best guitarist in rock history?

PARKER

Yeah, that's the plan. It's what I was born to do.

BLAKE

Huh.

PARKER

(playful)

What, you don't think I'm good enough?

BLAKE

No, no, it's just a tough lineup to beat. Hendrix, Van Halen, Clapton--

PARKER

And me. I'll be begged for interviews, go on world tours, get into the Rock Hall- everyone will recognize me as a virtuoso. I think it's a reasonable goal.

BLAKE

Yeah, easy.

Blake gestures to a bulletin board with another Chordstruck advertisement.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Well, hey, playing at Chordstruck would definitely get you noticed.

PARKER

Ugh, I wish! That Battle of the Bands would be life-changing. But it's invite only.

BLAKE  
...I could get you in.

PARKER  
Shut up.

BLAKE  
I *could*.

PARKER  
How?!

BLAKE  
My uncle, duh. He's a big shot executive, I'm sure I can get him to pull a few strings.

Blake thinks.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
On one condition. You let me be your vocalist.

PARKER  
What?

BLAKE  
Just until the festival's over, I'm not trying to take over the band. But I've always wanted to play at a show like this.

PARKER  
I- I haven't even heard you sing.

Blake looks over to a tiny stage in the back, then at Parker. Raises her eyebrows.

With her new guitar in hand, Parker plays an iconic rock song, something like Don't Stop Believin' by Journey. She adds a little flare, shows off her skills.

Blake joins in with a beautiful, raspy voice.

The strut around the stage like total dorks, drawing some side eyes but not caring at all. Their joy is infectious.

On the last strum --

#### **INT. PARKER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

An aggressively 2000's teen room. Weird-colored walls, tons of movie and band posters, a basketball hoop on the door.

Parker sits in her desk chair and faces Natalie and Sienna on the bed. She pleads with her hands. Sienna hangs upside down.

PARKER

I am *begging* you, Natalie.

NATALIE

This is insane!

SIENNA

It's awesome!

PARKER

We're getting a once in a lifetime opportunity here. I mean, we could actually get scouted!

NATALIE

You want to sell your soul to a record label?

PARKER

God, no, I'm not crazy. But if we win, we could get a producer, a booking agent- just think about the publicity!

NATALIE

Parker, this festival is *intense*. It's not like the little shows we've been doing. There are a ton of creeps, terrible crowd control, and at least four people get charged for assault and battery there every year!

Sienna flips over on her stomach, leans in.

SIENNA

(whispers)

Plus, there'll be people selling... *cocaine*.

PARKER

We can handle all that! Come on, when are we gonna get a chance like this again?

Natalie crosses her arms.

NATALIE

It's also...*I'm* our vocalist.

PARKER  
I know, I know, this would be a  
temporary lineup. Just to get us  
off the ground.

NATALIE  
...I don't know.

Parker sighs.

PARKER  
Nat, you swore you'd give me a full  
three years of band commitment  
before you went and focused on your  
college stuff.

NATALIE  
...I do remember saying that.

PARKER  
And I've still got time left on the  
clock. Blake is our foot in the  
door, a means to an end. This is  
still about us. We're meant to be  
rockstars, I can *feel* it. Don't you  
wanna do this together?

The bedroom door opens. Todd enters, crosses his arms.

SIENNA  
Hi Todd!

TODD  
Guys, it's midnight. You don't live  
here. Get outta my house.

Natalie and Sienna stand and grab their things.

SIENNA  
Yeah, for sure.

NATALIE  
Sorry.

Parker hands Natalie her bag.

PARKER  
Just think about it.

NATALIE  
Bye, Parker.

She exits. Sienna reaches for a handshake from Todd, who  
doesn't give in. She slides her hand over her hair to play it  
off and leaves.

Todd sighs. Looks around awkwardly.

TODD  
So...what'd you learn in school  
today?

PARKER  
Nothing.

TODD  
Cool.

He nods. Lingers in the doorway.

PARKER  
*Dad.*

TODD  
Okay, okay.

He leaves.

**EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY**

Parker and Natalie walk up to the front of the school.  
Richardson waits outside the doors, glares daggers at them.

Sienna stands next to him, grabber tool in hand. She crosses  
her arms and shakes her head as if disappointed in them.  
Richardson notices Sienna, scolds her, and she runs off  
inside.

The girls stop, confused, then look to each other.

PARKER  
Ohhh, detention.

NATALIE  
Ohhh, detention.

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY**

Parker, Natalie, and Sienna use grabber tools to pick up an  
absurd amount of trash scattered throughout the hallway.

NATALIE  
How did this even happen...

Blake walks by with two FRIENDS. She sees the girls.

BLAKE  
Hell yeah, keepin' the planet  
clean.

Parker's head jolts up and she laughs awkwardly. They wave at  
each other.



PARKER  
Yeah, that's...that's us.

Her gaze lingers as Blake turns the corner. Sienna looks from Blake to Parker. It clicks. Sienna gasps.

SIENNA  
Oh you want her!

PARKER  
What?! No- no I don't.

SIENNA  
(sing-songy)  
Yes you do! You have a crush on  
Blaaake~

PARKER  
Fuck off!

She SMACKS Sienna with the grabber tool.

SIENNA  
OW!

Natalie wears a shit-eating grin.

NATALIE  
So *that's* why you want her to join  
the band.

PARKER  
No, I- that's- this situation is  
unrelated.

NATALIE  
*Right.*

PARKER  
I'm serious! I'm doing this for  
Chordstruck.

NATALIE  
And you trying to get into her  
pants has *no* effect on this  
decision?

Parker throws her hands up in defeat.

PARKER  
I mean, it'd be nice if that  
happened too!

Natalie laughs.

SIENNA  
 ...What if we do a test run with  
 Blake?

Parker and Natalie turn to her.

NATALIE  
 What do you mean?

SIENNA  
 We could invite her to a practice  
 session. If she fits our sound, and  
 if Parker can keep it together...it  
 can't hurt.

Parker looks to Natalie. Big, pleading eyes.

NATALIE  
 ...I guess we could try.

PARKER  
 Really?!

Natalie nods. Parker lights up and puts her arms around both  
 of them.

<p>NATALIE          I'm not making any promises.          And this would still <i>just</i> be          for the festival.</p>	<p>PARKER (CONT'D)          Thank you, thank you, thank          you, thank you, thank you,          thank you!</p>
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PARKER (CONT'D)  
 You won't regret it.

NATALIE  
 I better not.

She lightly hits her with the grabber tool.

**EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY**

Parker's at bat, completely in the zone. The ball rushes at  
 her--

CRACK! She hits the ball and runs to first base, where Blake  
 stands.

PARKER  
 You're in.

BLAKE  
 For real?

A BOY tosses the ball to Blake and she catches it.

PARKER  
Yeah, uh, probably. Practice is  
after school on Friday. My place.

BLAKE  
I'll be there.

They smile. Blake taps her with the ball. Parker's team  
groans.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
So close.

Parker looks down. Her foot is a few inches away from the  
base.

PARKER  
Shit.

She takes a walk of shame back to the bench. A SNOTTY GIRL  
pushes past her, up to bat.

SNOTTY GIRL  
You couldn't even make it to first  
base?!

Parker flips her off.

#### **INT. PARKER'S GARAGE - DAY**

The four girls set up their instruments. Blake adjusts the  
height of the microphone, Parker tunes her guitar.

PARKER  
So, Natalie, what's our set look  
like?

NATALIE  
Huh?

PARKER  
Battle of the Bands has three  
rounds, and you only get one song  
per stage. Should we open with  
*Message to the End*? Or maybe save  
that for the finale.

NATALIE

We can't guarantee that we'll make it to the finale, so we should start with something strong to hook them.

She plays a quick riff.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

*If we decide to enter.*

SIENNA

What about *Destroying Nero*?

NATALIE

Good idea. Let's work on that one.

Natalie and Sienna prep their instruments. Parker turns to Blake.

PARKER

Did you get a chance to listen to the tracks I sent?

BLAKE

Yeah, I think I got them down.

PARKER

Cool.

She looks down, readies her guitar.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Okay...two, three, four--

Sienna opens with a rapid drum solo. The bass comes in, then the guitar, and finally --

Blake BELTS OUT. Her voice is textured, charming, perfect for the song -- an original like *Drink* by Destroy Boys.

The timing's a little off, but they sound great. Parker and Sienna are into it, and even Natalie can't help but smile - the air is electric.

A few seconds into the chorus, Blake hesitates and turns to the others. They stop playing one by one.

BLAKE

I can't hit those notes.

NATALIE

Can you use your mix?

BLAKE

Nah, it'll won't sound as good.

PARKER

Well, let's play in a lower key then, cause that was fucking *awesome*.

SIENNA

Yeah...hardcore.

PARKER

I mean, have we ever sounded like that before?!

NATALIE

It was...good, but if she can't go above an A4, we're gonna need to transpose all of our music.

PARKER

Then let's do that. We'll have a chance to write new stuff, and make the old songs sound better. You could add some crazy bass lines.

NATALIE

...I *have* been wanting to rework some of our older stuff.

Parker looks from Natalie to Blake.

PARKER

So...what are you thinking?

NATALIE

She's literally right there.

BLAKE

Don't worry, I can take it.

Natalie sighs, thinks.

NATALIE

I don't know. We have, what, a few weeks to prepare for the festival? We'd have to skip classes, we need to plan our set, and somehow raise enough money to get us through all five days.

PARKER

...We can do it.

NATALIE

Parker--

PARKER

We can totally do it. Sienna?

SIENNA

On it!

Sienna runs to a rolling whiteboard by the wall. It has "I will not play the Buddy Holly riff" written over and over. She flips it to the blank side and writes "CHORDSTRUCK ACTION PLAN" at the top.

PARKER

We have a less than eighteen days before the festival. We need to plan our performances and raise a shit ton of money. Sienna, how much?

Sienna writes down a ridiculously complex (and incorrect) math equation.

SIENNA

(to self)

Well, we make about forty bucks a gig, they're letting us in for free, but we need to pay for gas, food, parking, a camping spot, other discretionary expenses...

She turns to the others.

SIENNA (CONT'D)

I have no idea.

PARKER

Natalie?

NATALIE

Around a thousand dollars.

Everyone winces. Sienna erases the equation and draws a thermometer fundraising chart.

PARKER

We can probably do that. We've raised money for equipment before, this is the ultimate test of our scrappiness.

NATALIE

...Alright. Let's do it.

**FUNDRAISING MONTAGE**

A. The girls do a street performance in a park. A magician's hat sits in front of them with a few bills inside. A sign next to them reads: "Raising money for Chordstruck!"

B. Parker and Natalie sit in the garage and brainstorm.

PARKER

It could be like, *da da da da da-da da-da.*

NATALIE

Isn't that *Sweet Child O' Mine?*

Parker thinks.

PARKER

Oh, fuck.

She crosses something off her paper.

C. In the park, an OLD LADY drops a bill into the hat. Parker smiles at her.

D. Sienna raises the thermometer chart temperature.

E. In the garage --

NATALIE

What about this?

She plays a really boring chord progression.

PARKER

That sucks.

NATALIE

I know.

She crumples up a paper and tosses it.

F. In the park, two DICKHEADS walk by and snicker. One approaches the hat and reaches into his pocket...flips them the bird.

G. Sienna draws a middle finger next to the chart.

H. In the garage, Parker plays her guitar as Natalie mumbles lyrics. They're onto something...

I. They approach the school, instruments in hand. Richardson spots them.

RICHARDSON

No, no, no, I would literally pay you to stay off campus.

The girls exchange glances. He sighs.

Richardson hands them a wad of cash.

J. Sienna raises the thermometer chart.

K. In the garage, Parker plays a really satisfying chord resolution.

PARKER

Ooooooh!

NATALIE

Ooooooh!

They both write it down.

L. Back at the park, with a large crowd around them. Several TOWNSPEOPLE drop cash in the hat.

M. Natalie looks at the thermometer chart, a little over half. She thinks, sighs. Takes out her wallet and throws down a few twenty dollar bills.

N. Thermometer goes up, up, up...

O. In the bedroom, the girls listen to a demo of the new song. They nod their heads. It's good.

P. Alone in her room, Sienna SMASHES a piggy bank with a hammer. Somehow, several bundles of hundred dollar bills were inside. She grabs one.

Q. The thermometer reaches the top! The girls high-five.

**INT./EXT. PARKER'S GARAGE - NIGHT**

The band laughs as they load their equipment into the back of Sienna's beat up SUV.

PARKER

I can't believe we did it!

NATALIE

Seriously. We couldn't have possibly made that much. Sienna, how did we-

SIENNA

Don't worry about it.



Natalie furrows her brows. Parker puts her arms around both of them.

PARKER

Yeah, who cares, we're in! We're going!

They laugh and Sienna ducks away to load an amp. Parker turns to Natalie, lowers her voice.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Hey, so, are you good with this? Actually?

Natalie looks over to Blake, who helps Sienna lift the amp into the trunk.

NATALIE

...Yeah. I like playing with her, and we might never get another chance to be in this festival. We have to take it.

PARKER

Don't worry, we'll get way more chances when this performance makes us famous.

Natalie nudges her arm.

NATALIE

Yeah, okay. If you think this is right for us...I trust you.

She goes to load the last piece of equipment.

PARKER

Okay, guys, we're leaving tomorrow at seven from Sienna's house. Be there.

SIENNA

You got it, boss.

They all wave goodbye as Parker heads in the garage and closes the door.

#### **INT. PARKER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Parker enters and finds Todd staring right at her. Arms crossed, Chordstruck flyer in hand. She freezes.

TODD  
You're playing at a festival in  
Huntington?!

PARKER  
...Whaaat?

He shoots her a look.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
...Okay, yes, I- I should've told  
you, but I thought you'd say no.

TODD  
You were right. There's no way in  
hell you're going to this thing.

He throws down the flyer.

PARKER  
Dad--

TODD  
No, I don't wanna hear it! You were  
gonna lie to me about where you  
were for five days? Alone at a  
festival with burnouts and junkies  
and molesters?

PARKER  
It's not that bad--

TODD  
It is *absolutely* that bad. You're  
grounded, and you're staying here.

PARKER  
You don't understand how important  
this festival is!

TODD  
I don't care!

Parker falters. Turns away.

PARKER  
Fine, I won't go.

She runs up the stairs and SLAMS her door.

Todd pinches the bridge of his nose.

**INT. PARKER'S HALLWAY/BEDROOM - DAY**

Todd walks to Parker's bedroom door. Stalls. Knocks.

TODD

Parker?

No answer. He waits, knocks again.

TODD (CONT'D)

We need to talk, I'm coming in.

He slowly opens the door. Morning sunlight pours into the room. Todd looks to the bed --

Parker is nowhere to be found. Her sheets and blankets are tied together to form a rope, leading out the bedroom window.

TODD (CONT'D)

...Are you fucking kidding me.

**--END OF SAMPLE--**