

BANDS ON THE RUN

by
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Based on 'Bands On The Run'
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FADE IN:

1 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

1

We start on a busy city street downtown. Traffic bustles, as do the hordes of pedestrians up and down the streets. We hold outside a tall building, labelled by a huge sign outside as "WANING BROS. RECORDS."

As we hold, a black LIMOUSINE drives into shot and screeches to a halt. The rear passenger door facing us swings open, and MARTYN is thrown out to land in a heap on the pavement. The door slams shut and the car speeds off.

Martyn is 23, slim, with spiky brown hair, and a little unkempt looking from his hit with the pavement, dressed in the kind of clothes someone without a big wardrobe wears to try and look smart. In his hand he clutches an open and empty CD case, with "DEMO" labelled in marker on the front.

After a beat, another screech of tires is heard O.C, and a CD rolls slowly past him to land at his feet. With a resigned sigh, Martyn picks it up, places it back in the box, and turns to look up at the tall building in front of him.

We follow Martyn as he crosses the busy road and bounds up the steps leading to the outside of the building. The SECURITY GUARD eyes him warily as he enters, before talking into his radio.

GUARD

Attention all floor staff, looks like we have another musician in here.

Martyn is oblivious to this and continues inside.

2 INT. WANING BROS. RECORDS - RECEPTION - NEXT

2

He walks up to the front reception desk and stands there patiently, as the RECEPTIONIST chews gum and listens to a phone call with a bored look on her face. Martyn coughs. She looks up, looks him up and down, and lowers the receiver from her mouth.

RECEPTIONIST

All demo material, tenth floor.

MARTYN

How did -

RECEPTIONIST

Elevators are that way.
(points)
Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

MARTYN

Who do -

RECEPTIONIST

Ask for a Mr. Barrington.

The receptionist returns to her call. Martyn heads for the elevators.

3 INT. WANING BROS. RECORDS - ELEVATOR - NEXT

3

We ride with him to the tenth floor. Martyn frowns as he tries to recognise the tinny muzak playing at him.

4 INT. WANING BROS. RECORDS - 10TH FLOOR - NEXT

4

As he leaves the elevator, we hold on a small security camera positioned in the lift, its red light blinking like a tiny evil eye.

5 INT. WANING BROS. RECORDS - SECURITY OFFICE - NEXT

5

We cut to the security office, where a guard before a wall of TV screens is watching Martyn leave the elevator.

GUARD #2

Copy that, we have him on floor 10.
All units, stay alert.

6 INT. WANING BROS. RECORDS - CORRIDOR - NEXT

6

Cut back to Martyn, walking down a short corridor and turning into a large open plan office area. Cubeville, 2001 style. Lots of different pieces of music float around from numerous radios, TV sets, internet connections and the like. The office workers are in clumps, each group listening to something being played to them.

Martyn stops one, an attractive OFFICE GIRL, as she walks past.

MARTYN

'Scuse me. Where is -

OFFICE GIRL

(looks him up and down)
Mr. Barrington's office is that way.
(points)

MARTYN

Why do -

(CONTINUED)

OFFICE GIRL

It's your clothes. Trust me, we get thousands of wannabe rock stars in here every week, and you match the description.

MARTYN

Thanks, I guess.

OFFICE GIRL

Don't mention it.

Martyn heads for the office.

At the door, he is about to knock when the door flies open and another MUSICIAN, dressed surprisingly similar to Martyn, storms out of the office. He turns in the door frame to yell back into the room.

MUSICIAN

You corporate fat cat capitalist pigs wouldn't know a new and original sound if it stole your damn wallet!

A CD labelled "DEMO" with black marker pen flies out of the room, striking the Musician squarely in his forehead. He hits the deck like a sack of potatoes.

As Martyn watches, shocked, two OFFICE WORKERS pop up from their cubicles, sigh, and walk over to drag the unfortunate musician O.S.

VOICE (O.S.)

Well?

Martyn jumps as a gruff voice calls him from inside the office. He peers round into the room.

BARRINGTON sits behind his desk. Despite his position of power, Barrington is not dressed like a typical executive. He has long, wavy black hair, a lip ring and a jet black suit on with a tasteful red tie. Barrington is tall and well built. He blows a puff of cigar smoke out and motions for Martyn to enter.

BARRINGTON

Come on, kid, don't waste everyone's time. I promise I won't stun you like I had to with that one.

MARTYN

How did -

BARRINGTON

It's your clothes. Now take a seat
before I call security.

Martyn races into the office and hops into a seat opposite Barrington. The door behind him swings slowly closed all by itself. As it slams, Martyn jumps again.

BARRINGTON (cont'd)

You look nervous, kid. Don't be.
Now tell me your story.

MARTYN

(deep breath)
Well, I could -

BARRINGTON

Leave out the boring stuff.

MARTYN

'Boring stuff'?

BARRINGTON

You know, your name, the band's
name, your "sound," how you met,
that crap. Do you want a record
deal?

MARTYN

Yes.

BARRINGTON

Do you have a demo?

MARTYN

(holds it out)
Yes.

BARRINGTON

Then let's cut to the chase.

Barrington takes the CD and opens the disk tray on his stereo, which sits beside him on top of the desk. He presses play.

We close up on the machinery of the stereo working - the laser glides into places, the CD begins spinning, and we follow an electrical pulse through to the speakers and back out into the office.

Two seconds of music are heard before Barrington pauses the CD.

BARRINGTON (cont'd)

Is this crap?

MARTYN

No way. Top stuff, I assure you.

The CD continues. We hear two more seconds before Barrington stops it. Martyn looks a little confused.

MARTYN (cont'd)

Aren't you going to listen to it?

BARRINGTON

I'm a busy man, son. If I spent my time listening to every single demo that gets handed to me, I'd die before I was halfway through that lot over there.

Barrington points O.S. We follow his finger to a HUGE pile of CDs that fills one wall almost to the ceiling. It looks extremely precarious, stacked in random piles and heaped on top of one another. One slides out and hits the floor as we watch - a plain CD case labelled "DEMO" in black marker.

BARRINGTON (cont'd)

Fact is, I have a trained ear that can detect crap at a thousand paces. Your stuff sounds okay.

Martyn breathes out, looks a little more relaxed.

BARRINGTON (cont'd)

But that's just step one. You have a long way to go to make it here yet.

MARTYN

Name your price.

BARRINGTON

That's what I'm supposed to say! Are your band ready to play tonight?

MARTYN

If you book them, they will come.

BARRINGTON

Can you make it back here with them by...

(consults watch)

... eight tonight?

MARTYN

Not a problem.

BARRINGTON

I'm holding an A&R thing tonight for a new idea I had. You interested?

MARTYN

So far. Tell me more!

Barrington stands and begins to pace back and forth in front of the windows in the back wall of his office, waving his hands as he talks, explaining his great vision.

BARRINGTON

Four bands, each hungry for a record deal, each hand picked by me from the A&R showcase tonight. We set them up with transport and send them off round the country, going from city to city, playing at venues we arrange for them, each competing against the other to earn as much cash as possible from ticket sales and merchandise. At the end of the tour, the band with the most cash gets the contract.

MARTYN

Sounds perfect!

BARRINGTON

I know. Plus, it gets my business a crapload of free publicity and also hands me a band proven to succeed in the outside world and guaranteed public support. It's every record label's dream. Bands like that are one in a million, so I figured I'd find myself one of them.

MARTYN

I'm in. So is my band.

BARRINGTON

Name?

MARTYN

I'm Martyn, my band is called Wavelength.

BARRINGTON

Welcome aboard.

Barrington leans across the desk and offers Martyn his hand. He shakes it, standing himself.

BARRINGTON (cont'd)
 Just don't play like crap tonight
 and you're sorted. I like you,
 Martyn, you've got good manners.
 That's a rare thing in this
 business.

Martyn smiles, so does Barrington. He turns and leaves as
 another OFFICE WORKER runs into the room past him.

OFFICE WORKER
 More problems with Cosmic Space
 Vibe Babies, Sir! It seems that
 Chet, the singer, has apparently
 lost his mojo again and he's
 refusing to play.

BARRINGTON
 (mutters)
 Bloody hippies...
 (shouts)
 Martyn! See you tonight!
 (to Office Worker)
 Close the door after him, man! Were
 you raised in a barn?

Martyn steps outside the office as the worker swings the door
 shut.

8 INT. WANING BROS. RECORDS - CORRIDOR - NEXT

8

And as the door closes...

BARRINGTON (O.S.)
 But don't slam it!

The door slams. There is a cry of terror and then the sound
 of hundreds of CD cases labelled "DEMO" in black marker
 sliding from the wall and burying the unfortunate worker.

Martyn shakes his head and walks away with a smile. As he
 reaches the end of the open plan area, Barrington forces the
 door open and sticks his head out into the office.

BARRINGTON (cont'd)
 Does anyone have a shovel?

9 INT. WANING BROS. RECORDS - RECEPTION - NEXT

9

Martyn steps out of the elevator and back onto the ground
 floor, where he is immediately grabbed by a bunch of security
 guards. He struggles as they drag him across the lobby
 towards the front doors.

(CONTINUED)

MARTYN

What's going on? I didn't do anything!

GUARD #3

We had reports of a fatality on the tenth floor.

MARTYN

What?!?

GUARD #4

Some poor office guy got flattened by a pile of demo CDs.

MARTYN

But why me?

GUARD #3

What's that in your hand, sir?

Martyn looks down. He is holding his demo CD. It is cracked from when it was thrown from the car earlier. He looks up at the guards again, whose steely eyes mean trouble.

MARTYN

Now wait just a minute...

GUARD #4

Are you familiar with Paul McCartney, sir?

MARTYN

I never - huh? Yes, why?

GUARD #3

Remember the band he made after leaving the Beatles?

MARTYN

Yes, Wings. Why?

GUARD #4

You may be in need of some.

We cut to a worm's eye view of the outside of the building as Martyn is thrown into the air by the guards. He sails past the camera with a shout, his arms flailing, until he lands O.S. with a thump.

After a beat, his CD flies past after him. There is a thunk as it hits him.

11 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRS - DAY 11

Martyn heads back home to the Wavelength HQ, which is an average flat in an average neighbourhood. He greets various people as he heads up the stairs to the fourth floor.

Sounds of various instruments being tuned up and cranking out warm up riffs can be heard up the stairs. Martyn gets to the top and heads for the door to room 401, unlocking it and stepping inside.

12 INT. WAVELENGTH HQ - NEXT 12

The other members of the band are all here: SARAH (25, good-looking), who is performing vocal warm up exercises by the apartments window; STEVEN (24, wiry), sat cross legged on the floor next to a guitar amp and a stack of effects units, fiddling around with a large circuit board; JOHN (23, tall and gothed up), who is loading things into his keyboard stand while absent mindedly flicking through channels on the TV; NEIL (21, little boy lost), who is restringing his bass guitar; and JIM (23, mischevious), whose drum kit sits in several pieces around him as he plays furiously on the Playstation in the other corner of the room.

The apartment is sparsely furnished but it is all these guys need - guitars, keyboards, amps and drum kits take up most of the space.

As Martyn enters they all stop their fiddling and turn to look expectantly at him.

SARAH

Well?

STEVEN

Any luck today?

MARTYN

I got us something.

NEIL

Yes! What?

MARTYN

I have no idea.

JIM

This isn't going to be another wind up, is it?

JOHN

Yeah, like that radio station launch party.

(CONTINUED)

NEIL

The pirate station?

JOHN

The one that got raided by the police while we were playing.

STEVEN

Yeah, Sarah got confiscated.

SARAH

I was not resisting arrest!

STEVEN

No, but your outfit was very arresting.

JOHN

Yeah, the schoolgirl thing did the trick alright.

MARTYN

(coughs to gain their attention)

Hem-hem.

SARAH

Sorry, you were saying?

MARTYN

I went to see Barrington at Waning BROS.. Records today.

JOHN

Why them?

MARTYN

Lucky hunch.

JIM

So you weren't thrown out of a car in front of the nearest record company this time?

MARTYN

(beat)

No. Anyway, they're holding some kind of A&R thing this evening, and they invited us along.

NEIL

What time?

MARTYN

Their building, at 8.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

That only gives us...
 (consults watch)
 ... two and a half hours.

MARTYN

We've got ready in less.

SARAH

Yeah, the Philadelphia Experiment
 comes to mind.

JIM

I'm not the one who wanted the full
 pyrotechnics show!

JOHN

You weren't the one who got
 electrocuted when the sprinkler
 system shorted out my keyboards,
 either...

MARTYN

ANYWAY!!

They all turn to look. Martyn holds up the (now pretty
 battered) demo CD.

MARTYN (cont'd)

Mr. Barrington listened to the
 demo, liked it, made us a
 proposition. He's planning this new
 tour or something...

DISSOLVE TO:

ACCELERATED TIME LAPSE:

As night falls, the building and those around it gradually
 light up for the night, and a stream of people head inside -
 the other bands and their entourages.

The accelerated time shot stops as we watch the Wavelength
 tour bus, a plain black minivan with the band's logo on the
 side, pull up at the entrance to the underground parking lot
 at the side of the building.

A security barrier and GUARD stop the bus at the entrance,
 and Martyn winds the window down to address the guard.

MARTYN

Hi, we're-

(CONTINUED)

GUARD #5

All bands head for the far side of the lot.

MARTYN

How did-

GUARD #5

It's the van. In you go.

The barrier lifts and the bus drives inside.

Martyn parks the bus next to a line of similar minivans, and the band slide the side doors open and climb out.

A large elevator can be seen about ten metres away, and the lift doors are just closing on another band, five guys looking like rockers. The skin on their drum kit can be read, and it says "Southern Voodoo."

Moments later, an old, beaten up bus coughs and splutters its way in and parks up next to the Wavelength bus. Martyn and Steven walk round to see who the other band is, but the van's panels are blank.

The engine BACKFIRES a few times then comes to a stop, and the van's doors are thrown open. SMOKE pours out from the inside, and the members of UNDERDOG step out, coughing and trying to waft away the fumes:

ALEX (stocky, spiky hair), SIMON (tall, bombed-out), IAN (short and thin), ROB (skinny hippy) and MATT (average-looking).

ALEX

How old is this damn thing?

IAN

Older than your last girlfriend, that's for sure.

ROB

Smells alright to me.

ALEX

This coming from a man who washes in the morning by dousing himself in baby powder...

ROB

Never had any complaints so far. Not that anyone comes near enough.

SIMON
(emerging from the smoke)
What? What? Are we at war?

ALEX
Calm down, dude. It's okay. We're here, not back in 'Nam.

SIMON
Right. Yes. Good. Okay then.

MARTYN
Er, hi there.

ALEX
Hey.
(comes over, shakes hands)
I'm Alex. This is my band,
Underdog.

MARTYN
I'm Martyn, this is Steve. We're
Wavelength.

ALEX
So, what's the story here? I mean,
we've heard about this cross-
country tour thing, but we're still
a bit in the dark.

STEVEN
(off Rob)
So I see.

IAN
We need to make it onto the tour.
Things aren't looking too rosy for
us right now.

ALEX
Yeah, this is a one way trip for
us.

As if to compliment him, the Underdog bus groans once and then collapses down as its wheels fall off. The bus seems to sag visibly, its spirit leaving once and for all.

ALEX (cont'd)
Literally.

MARTYN
Here. We'll help you guys load up
and then we'll all head upstairs.

IAN
Thanks a lot.

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

The unloaders come over and help Underdog get their stuff out, before the two bands and their equipment are helped into the lift and sent up to the stage floor.

15 INT. WANING BROS. RECORDS - STAGE FLOOR - NEXT

15

The doors open and we are greeted with a large room and a stage at one end roughly six feet off the ground. There is a dazzling array of lights bathing the stage in several different colours as the technicians play around and test things out, and there is a buzz of voices and activity as the six other bands sort themselves out.

Two EXECUTIVES, trying to dress smart and official, yet still "trendy," walk over. The first, BLACKSHAW, wearing a Pearl Jam "Ten" cap, shakes the hands of Alex and Martyn enthusiastically. The other, PETE, looks on with a roll of his eyes at his colleague and greets the other band members.

BLACKSHAW

Hello! Hello! Welcome aboard, boys.
Good to see you. Oh, and hello, er,
girl.

SARAH

Thanks.

PETE

What my colleague here is trying to say is, put your stuff over there and then go mingle with the other bands. We'll sort you out a soundcheck slot in a second.

MARTYN

Cheers.

ALEX

So how does this work?

BLACKSHAW

You each play three songs. The four bands we like best, after a vote by the members of the board, will go on the tour.

STEVEN

What's the tour called?

PETE

Provisionally, "Bands On The Run."

(CONTINUED)

IAN

(sideways look at Rob and
Simon)

How appropriate.

PETE

We'll tell you more about the tour
if you actually get on it.

MARTYN

Then let's get set up.

The two bands lug their equipment over towards the stage, glancing around at the crowd of people in front of it as they pass. The other six bands are formed into separate groups, and then there are twenty or so executives and office staff milling around and chatting to the bands.

From the equipment cases and drum skins, we see SOUTHERN VOODOO again, then four goth chicks who are HAIKU, next to four long-haired metalheads called SPITBOX, followed by five glam rock types called DABROWSKI, then three punks who are HAIL TO THE KING, and finally two girls and two boys who all look like very out-of-place trendies, called REVOLUTION BABY.

Underdog and Wavelength dump their stuff down and begin taking guitars out of cases, setting up keyboard stands, etc.

Scanning around, Martyn catches the eye of one of the girls from Haiku, who smiles as her bandmates talk around her. Martyn grins back and waves. She waves back. She is short and pretty, with long, curly blonde hair. Dressed like her bandmates in a mix of blacks and reds, she looks good.

Martyn keeps his eye on her for a beat, but then he is tapped on the shoulder by Steven, and the two of them help Jim unload his drum kit. Martyn glances back, but the girl and her band are now busy talking to one of the executives.

Blackshaw and MADELINE, a glamorous female executive, step onto the stage. Blackshaw taps one of the three microphones set up, causing a feedback WHINE which makes everyone wince in pain.

BLACKSHAW

Uh, ah, sorry. Well! Here we all
are then. All eight of you, ready
to find out which four will be on
Waning Bros. records' inaugural
Bands On The Run!

Blackshaw waits for the applause. After a long beat, the suits get the message and start clapping, followed by the bands. Blackshaw sighs with relief.

MADLINE

We'll be on our way soon. The two bands left to sound check are...

(consults clipboard)

... Wavelength and Underdog. If those two groups would like to make their way over to the stage, the rest of you are free to watch or head for the refreshments over there.

She points, and we follow her aim to a long row of tables against one wall. Lots of plates of food, beer and drink are set up there.

Without a second's hesitation, every member of the other bands heads for the free food and beer, leaving only the executives in front of the stage. They look at one another for a second, then head for the food too.

JOHN

Good job. I hate people watching us check.

ALEX

I hear ya. You never play well straight away. You gotta warm up first.

ROB

I got the best way to warm up!

(swigs from a bottle of

JD)

Now let's go before I can't focus anymore!

MADLINE

Wavelength, you ready?

STEVEN

Yup.

Wavelength plug in, tune up and let rip, playing one of their songs.

We cut over to the refreshments stand, where the other bands, armed with their free stuff, are leaning against the tables and watching the band play. Everyone looks impressed apart from Dabrowksi and Southern Voodoo.

Wavelength finish and Underdog step up, playing their main song. Again, Dabrowksi and Southern Voodoo look bored. They want to show the execs how good they are and show up the other bands.

(CONTINUED)

Wavelength and Underdog both get a round of applause when they finish. Blackshaw calls all the bands back over.

BLACKSHAW

Right, we're all set. First on are Southern Voodoo, next are Dabrowski, then Haiku, Spitbox, Revolution Baby, Hail To The King, Underdog and Wavelength. So let's get started!

MADELINE

Southern Voodoo, please make your way to the stage.

The other bands manage a round of sporting applause as Voodoo take their guitars up and start playing. We watch one song of each band, dissolving from one to the next and playing about a minute of each:

MONTAGE:

A) Voodoo play a bouncy, RATM style number that goes down well.

B) Dabrowski play a painfully waily heavy indie song that almost gets booted.

C) Haiku hit out with a rocky goth song, punctuated by excellent guitar solos.

D) Spitbox thrash out a fast speed metal tune which isn't bad, but a bit too extreme for what the executives want.

E) Revolution Baby, looking very uncomfortable, turn out a radio friendly Transvision Vamp-esque number, which is met with very weak applause afterwards.

F) Hail To The King get through three songs in five minutes flat, 100% pure punk.

When all the bands have finished, they take up positions before the stage again as Blackshaw and Madeline take to the stage again.

MADELINE (cont'd)

Thanks to everyone. The panel will make their decisions shortly. In the meantime, well, you know where the free stuff is.

The crowd of musicians head back to the free food as the suits huddle and talk to each other, with Madeline and Blackshaw making marks on their clipboards as they talk.

After the marks have been made, Madeline takes the stage one last time.

MADELINE (cont'd)

Okay, here are the votes. Southern Voodoo, 20 votes. You're on the tour. Dabrowski, 0 votes. Sorry, guys. Haiku, 15 votes. You're on the tour too.

Haiku whoop with delight and are congratulated by the other bands, except Dabrowski, who sulk and start loading up with the rest of the free food and drink to compensate themselves.

MADELINE (cont'd)

Spitbox, 8 votes. Revolution Baby, 3 votes. Hail To The King, votes. Underdog, 15 votes. You're on the tour. And last up, Wavelength, votes. You're the fourth band.

Cheers. Applause. Spitbox, Revolution Baby and Hail To The King are gracious in defeat. Southern Voodoo look smug and pleased, like this was just a formality. Alex and Martyn congratulate each other.

ALEX

Nice work, man.

MARTYN

You too. Now comes the hard part.

ALEX

Aah, it'll be a cinch.

MADELINE

If the four winning bands could follow my associates upstairs to the meeting room, my staff will help you pack up your gear. My condolences to the four losers. Better luck next time.

The bands pack up their stuff. Martyn manoeuvres himself so he can bump into the girl from Haiku he was smiling at earlier - ALICIA. She is hefting up the bass drum from her kit into its bag when Martyn nudges her. She almost drops it, but he helps her grab it.

MARTYN

Whoops! Almost lost you there.

ALICIA

Thanks. I'm Alicia.

MARTYN

Martyn.
 (they shake hands, more
 smiles)
 Good job up there.

ALICIA

You too! That's an interesting
 sound you guys have.

MARTYN

"Interesting" is one word for it.
 "Hard to explain" are a few more.
 We're a bit too different to fit in
 most places.

ALICIA

Try being in an all girl goth band.

EMILY

Tell me about it! We get two lots
 of hassle - one for being girls,
 and two for wearing black and
 listening to Siouxsie and the
 Banshees.

ALICIA

Allow me to introduce my girls.
 That's Emily.

EMILY

Hi.

ALICIA

Professional man-hater and band
 founder. That there is Kate.

KATE (short, redhead) waves with a quick, shy glance up.
 EMILY, however, is hot and knows it. Dressed to kill in a PVC
 miniskirt and bust-flattering black and white top, her
 shoulder-length black hair floats from side to side as she
 whips her head round, keeping an eye on everything.

ALICIA (cont'd)

She's the quiet one. And that there
 is Jesse, our career girl.

JESSE is tall and another redhead, in a short black leather
 coat and a long skirt underneath.

JESSE

Don't be fooled. Having a real job
 just pays the bills of being a rock
 star.

MARTYN

Well, my crew is Steven, Neil, Jim, John and Sarah. Looks like we'll all get chance to get more acquainted on the tour.

ALICIA

I hope so.

MARTYN

Right, I've got to dash. Catch you girls later!

ALICIA

See you soon.

JESSE

(off Martyn as he walks away)

Cute.

ALICIA

Not bad at all.

EMILY

If you turn traitor to the band, you're walking home, sister.

ALICIA

Don't tempt me!

Back with Underdog, Alex and Ian wander over to meet the Southern Voodoo boys: LAWRENCE (male model), JEFFRIES (sports gear), MIKE (indie bling), BILL (tall, well built) and RICH (the ugly one).

ALEX

Hey there. I'm Alex, this is Ian.

LAWRENCE

Lawrence. This is Jeffries, Bill, Mike and Rich.

IAN

Good show up there.

JEFFRIES

We know! We knew we could make it. You three were the only real competition.

ALEX

I dunno, Spitbox weren't bad.

BILL

Yeah, but we're better.

(CONTINUED)

IAN
 (with a "these guys are
 pricks" look)
 Well, we'd best finish packing up.

ALEX
 Yup, see you boys later.

IAN
 (once out of earshot)
 They seem confident.

ALEX
 Yeah, a little too confident.

IAN
 Remind me to beat them.

Back with Southern Voodoo, packed up and enjoying a post-gig
 smoke.

LAWRENCE
 Bunch of pussies. This'll be a
 cakewalk.

BILL
 I dunno, the other bands are pretty
 good.

JEFFRIES
 We'll be fine, I think.

MIKE
 We have plenty of back up plans,
 remember?

BILL
 Suits me.

A long, rectangular table with three chairs at its head and a
 map of the States on the wall behind it. Framed photos of the
 company's big name artists and their platinum records adorn
 the walls.

The four bands file in and take their seats, admiring the
 rock and roll heritage on display. Martyn and Alicia end up
 opposite one another, grinning like schoolkids as they chat
 to their bandmates.

The doors open again as Barrington walks in, followed by
 BLAKE and KENNY, the other two Chief Executives. The bands
 quieten down as the three suits take their seats. Blake is
 tall and thin, while Kenny is short and dumpy.

BARRINGTON

Hello everyone. This is Mr. Blake and Mr. Kenny, chief execs here at Waning Bros. Records. I'd like to be the first to congratulate you on making it onto the Bands On The Run 2001 tour. Well done.

The bands exchange satisfied looks with one another. Blake and Kenny bring up manilla folders and start passing them down the table to each of the bands.

BARRINGTON (cont'd)

While my colleagues here pass around some handy information for you all, I'll explain the details of the tour a little bit better.

Barrington stands and paces around the room, behind the chairs, smoking a cigar as he talks.

BARRINGTON (cont'd)

Each band will receive a brand spanking new tour bus, with a trailer to carry your equipment and plenty of room for the band members inside. Fuel will be paid for through credit cards we will issue you. Each member will receive \$20 a day spending money, but if you wish to use money from your ticket and merch sales, you may. In each city along the route, you have each been assigned a venue to play, and you will have two days in each city to promote your show and sell merchandise, supplies of which we have already begun to arrange with your management. Or your mother, in Underdog's case.

ALEX

Hey, what can I say, she's our biggest fan.

IAN

Some would say only.

BARRINGTON

We will add up the totals for each city along the way, with bonus opportunities for cash also arranged should you choose to accept them, and the band who has the most money at the tour's close will be the winner, and will sign a record contract with me on your return. Any questions?

MARTYN

Where will we stay?

BARRINGTON

Hotel reservations are already booked. Bed, breakfast and dinner. During the day, you take care of yourself.

LAWRENCE

What do you get out of this?

BARRINGTON

A proven band and crap loads of free publicity.

EMILY

What kinds of places will we be playing?

BARRINGTON

Mostly rock clubs. Decent places to go. No-one gets stiffed with the town's crappiest venue.

STEVEN

What about promotion? How can we go about that?

BARRINGTON

You'll get fliers and posters at each stop, but radio appearances, public gigs, that sort of thing is positively encouraged. Is that everything?

Nods and murmurs of assent. Everyone seems satisfied.

BARRINGTON (cont'd)

Good. We'll meet back here at tomorrow to give you your trucks and your first lot of cash. Accommodation for the night is arranged at the B&B over the road.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARRINGTON (cont'd)

Try not to be late. Bands on the run, dismissed!

The bands get up and shuffle out of the room, chatting to one another and shaking hands with Barrington and the other two suits on their way out.

When they have all left, the three suits sit down again and relax.

BARRINGTON (cont'd)

Well? Are we onto a good thing here?

BLAKE

They all look great. I think we're onto a winner whoever gets it.

KENNY

I think it'll be either Southern Voodoo or Wavelength.

BARRINGTON

Why?

KENNY

Voodoo are the most professional, but Wavelength are unusual enough to be very appealing. I think we'll see a good match.

BLAKE

What about the other two?

KENNY

Haiku are four chicks. 'Nuff said. Name me an all-girl band that ever got anywhere.

BARRINGTON

The Bangles. The Spice Girls. Toto Coleo. Bananarama.

KENNY

A rock band.

BLAKE

Kitte? Drain? The Donnas? L7?

KENNY

'Nuff said.

BARRINGTON

Kenny, you talk a lot of crap. Why not Underdog?

16 CONTINUED: (4)

16

KENNY

A van full of pissheads. Only the Stones and Aerosmith ever got big acting like that.

BARRINGTON

We'll have to find out, then, won't we?

17 INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

17

Dissolve to a nightclub, and a big party. The four winning bands have been joined by Hail To The King and Spitbox, and they are all tearing the place up. Rock music blasts out of the places speakers as band members dance, drink and try to get their hands on any ladies (or guys, in Jesse's case).

Martyn is trying to speak to Alicia but they can't hear each other over the noise. He gives up, and motions for the two of them to head outside. Steven and Jim watch them go, then Jim laughs as Steven shakes his head and hands over some money - clearly the bets are already on.

18 EXT. NIGHTCLUB/ALLEYWAY - NEXT

18

Outside, Martyn and Alicia sit on beer crates outside the club's rear entrance. It is halfway down an alley, and we can see the street at the far end of it. Alicia smokes, both are drinking bottled beers.

MARTYN

So what do we think?

ALICIA

About the club? Noisy.

MARTYN

This tour. The whole thing seems a little...

ALICIA

Too good to be true? Yeah, I know.

MARTYN

I keep thinking at any minute I'm going to hear an alarm go off, and when I wake up I'll be back at my flat and none of this will have happened.

ALICIA

(making a noise like an alarm clock)
Baaa! Baaa! Baaa!

(CONTINUED)

MARTYN

(grins)
Knock it off!

ALICIA

(smiles)
Sorry. You're a nice guy, Martyn.

MARTYN

Yeah, I hear that a lot. Usually right before: "And I still want us to be friends, but..."

ALICIA

You're too hard on yourself.

MARTYN

Sometimes you have to be your own critic. Keeps your feet on the ground.

ALICIA

I think we have just reason to celebrate tonight.

MARTYN

Yeah, I guess so. I'm just trying not to get carried away by all this.

ALICIA

Not yet, anyway...

They smile at each other. The air of flirting gets a lot more intense all of a sudden. There's an obvious, mutual attraction between these two. Alicia stubs out her cigarette and eyes Martyn up, looking like she wants to kiss him, when:

BEEP BEEP BEEP! Her beeper goes off, killing the moment. They both laugh at the irony of it all. Martyn stands, helps Alicia to her feet.

ALICIA (cont'd)

You know, you're the first guy who hasn't either said he "finds the whole goth thing really sexy and weird," or "always goes for the freaky ones."

MARTYN

I'm honoured. I think.

ALICIA

I have a feeling this tour may turn out pretty good after all.

(checks her beeper)

(MORE)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

ALICIA (cont'd)
 It's my mom. I gotta call home.
 I'll see you in the morning. Say
 bye to the others for me!

She swigs the last of her beer, throws her bottle O.S. with a SMASH, then jogs down the alley back out onto the street. Martyn goes to head back inside, but stops in the doorway to watch her go.

As she gets to the end of the alley, she turns, sees him, smiles, and blows him a kiss. Martyn catches it and goes inside.

19 INT. NIGHTCLUB - NEXT

19

Inside the club, the music has slowed down a little. Most of the musicians are now very thoroughly wasted, slow dancing with whoever is in reach or propping up the bar.

Martyn rejoins his band members, sat at a table against one wall except for Sarah and Steven, the group's couple, who dance over on the dancefloor. Martyn sits back down and is passed a beer by Jim.

JIM
 There you go, my friend.

MARTYN
 Thanks.

JOHN
 How was the alleyway?

MARTYN
 Guys, I think I'm in love.

JOHN
 You'll have to do pretty good to
 beat Bonnie & Clyde over there.
 (points to Sarah and
 Steven)
 Our resident lovebirds have been on
 the happy pills all night so far.

MARTYN
 I think I might join them.

NEIL
 Threesome! Alright!

Neil is slapped good naturedly by the others. Slow fade to:

20 INT. B&B - BEDROOM - MORNING 20

Wavelength are tucked up in their beds at the B&B, dozing quietly. Martyn and Jim are already up, sitting out on the room's balcony watching the sunrise, sipping from huge coffee mugs.

21 EXT. B&B - NEXT 21

We cut to see them from outside the balcony, then pan across the other rooms. All the bands are on the same floor. Underdog are next door, then Voodoo, then Haiku. Underdog are all asleep, still blasted from last night's partying. Voodoo are all up, getting ready for the meeting back at the record company. In Haiku's room, Alicia and Kate sit out on the balcony, sipping coffee like Martyn and Jim. INTERCUT between the two balconies as the conversation flows.

MARTYN

I'm telling you, Jim, that girl is beautiful.

JIM

I know, I saw her too! She is pretty fit.

ALICIA

He's pretty cute, isn't he?

KATE

Very. Nice eyes.

MARTYN

This gorgeous hair that looks all shiny and lovely..

JIM

(sniggers)

You've got it bad. Been a while since we last, er...

(mimes having a wank)

... has it, sir?

ALICIA

I had an interesting dream last night.

KATE

Who was in it?

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

He was. And me.
 (off Kate's raised
 eyebrow)
 There was nudity.

The girls laugh and carry on drinking their coffee, before Emily calls them and they go back inside. Back to Jim and Martyn.

MARTYN

Seems weird that I'll be trying to beat her.

JIM

Dude, you hardly know her!

MARTYN

I mean in the contest.

JIM

Yeah, I know. It's like we've just made friends with these people and now we have to go out and try to outperform them all!

MARTYN

Won't be hard to beat Southern Voodoo.

JIM

Guess not.

They go back inside. Lawrence, in the room next door, pokes his head round the balcony as they go.

LAWRENCE

We'll see.

The parking lot of the Waning BROS.. building. The bands are assembled in various states of alertness, with Underdog looking the worse for wear, clad in sunglasses and displaying messy bedhead hairdos. Haiku are neatly turned out, as are Southern Voodoo. Wavelength look relaxed, joking with members of Underdog as they wait for the record company staff to arrive.

They are standing next to four minivans and their trailers, each displaying the logo of the band they serve - black for Haiku, blue for Wavelength, red for Voodoo and grey for Underdog. Madeline, Blackshaw, Pete and Barrington walk over to the groups.

BARRINGTON

Morning rock stars! Good to see you all dragged your inebriated carcasses out of bed this morning. My tour manager Madeline will fill you in.

MADELINE

Each band member will get \$20 for today, with another \$20 each day after that, given out by WB staff who will follow the tour. Each band will also receive a phone and gas card. The directions are simple: drive to the city in question, promote, play, sell, move on. The first city will be San Francisco.

Murmurs of assent from the assembled rockers - a good city to start in.

MADELINE (cont'd)

Each band will find a folder in their tour bus with details of your venue, contact and a little local information to get you started. After that, it's up to you.

BLACKSHAW

We will contact you with information about the bonus opportunities as and when. After each show, we will assemble you all at a designated after-show venue to read out the totals and declare the positions. A starter supply of merchandise and fliers has been left in your vans.

BARRINGTON

All that remains is for me to say good luck, bands, now go out there and make yourselves famous. And don't be crap!

With a barrage of whoops and cheers, the bands file into their vans. Haiku's is decorated like The Crow's bedroom - lots of black, cobweb designs, velvet curtains. Underdog's has an American flag draped against the back inside wall, and is lined with car number plates. Voodoo's truck has an array of CDs on its inside, glittering in the morning light, while Wavelength's has circuit boards stuck to its inside and a large painting of a Borg cube on the rear wall. Each band looks happy with their new mobile home, starting their engines and driving out the parking lot. Each races off down the freeway towards San Francisco.

23 INT. TOUR VANS - NEXT 23

We look inside each van through three internal cameras - one looking diagonally into each front seat, then one in the side wall of the rear passenger compartment.

In Wavelength's van, Martyn pulls a tape out of his bag, slaps it in the stereo and cranks it up. Jim drives. "Ain't My Bitch" by Metallica kicks in, causing the band to headbang comically, Wayne's World style.

With Underdog, the boys are sharing beers and toasting each other to the tune of U2's "Mysterious Ways," except for Matthew, who drives.

Haiku are rocking to "Subhuman" by Garbage, drumming on the walls of the van, while Voodoo all sing along to "Bombtrack" by RATM. Each band looks fired up and ready for the challenge.

24 EXT. WANING BROS. RECORDS/STREET - NEXT 24

We watch the vans scream past us with their stereos blazing.

25 EXT. STREET/VANS - NEXT 25

Within seconds, each van is stuck in a hefty traffic jam. Wavelength and Haiku can see each other's vans, despite being separated by about five lanes of traffic, and they whoop and make devil signs to each other, scaring the bejaysus out of the cars around them.

STEVEN

So, not so much Bands on the Run as
Bands Crawling Slowly Through Rush
Hour Traffic.

MARTYN

Stop complaining. We'll be in San
Fran soon.

SARAH

I left my heart in San Francisco.

MARTYN

I think I left my wallet.

WITH HAIKU:

The girls are passing round drinks as Alicia drives. Emily reads from the info pack each band has been given.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Right. Our venue is the Rumble Strip, we're on at 10pm Thursday night, which is in one day's time. We've got all day today to promote this gig.

JESSE

Let's stick to the plan, then.

EMILY

Right. Pubs, clubs, record stores, anywhere where there's people and music.

WITH UNDERDOG:

Simon and Ian are playing an impromptu rock 'n' roll song, accompanied by the others. Their van is stationary in traffic, like the others. Alex reads the band's info pack.

SIMON

We're sitting in traffic...
(der ner ner ner)
Stuck in a jam.

IAN

And boy, do I need a woman...
(der ner ner ner)
That don't smell like ham!

ALEX

Right, once we get into town, we need a plan to promote.

ROB

Like what?

SIMON

Beer!

ALEX

Not a bad idea. We need to hit all the rock bars and get them to put some flyers up, maybe even play a few gigs to showcase our stuff.

IAN.

That may put people off...

SIMON

I was actually just saying... beer.

(CONTINUED)

WITH WAVELENGTH:

John reads the information pack for San Francisco to Martyn and the others.

JOHN

Our club is called the "Shine Box,"
and we're on stage at 10pm tomorrow
night.

MARTYN

Okay, let's get some food down us
first. I spy with my little eye
something beginning with "services"
so let's park up.

Their van slows, indicates off the freeway and swings into
the service station.

The trucks of Haiku and Voodoo are here also. The girls of
Haiku are sat in and around their van, the side slide doors
open, eating burgers and sipping Cokes. Voodoo are nowhere to
be seen. Wavelength go over to say hello.

MARTYN

Mornin' all! Where you playing?

JESSE

Some dive called the "Rumble
Strip."

SARAH

Where are the Voodoo guys?

JESSE

Not sure. They disappeared off into
the stores over there saying
something about "supplies."

ALICIA

Probably means they're up to
something.

MARTYN

Wouldn't surprise me. Okay, plan.
Sarah, Steve, get the food. The
money we were given this morning
should be plenty. Neil, John, watch
the van. Jim, you're with me. Let's
see what those boys are up to
already.

JIM

Lead on.

The members split up and wander off. We follow Jim and Martyn into the store.

27 INT. SERVICE STATION - STORE - NEXT

27

Sure enough, there are Voodoo, stocking up on a variety of suspicious looking items - cans of oil, shovels, hosepipes, firecrackers - any practical joker could tell you they're planning a major league dirty tricks campaign, and using their funds to buy it.

Jim and Martyn sneak round the shelves, following them to watch. Lawrence, Bill and Jeffries each head for the door carrying two plastic bags full of stuff each.

They leave their till receipt behind, so quick as a flash Jim swoops in to get it.

Leaving the shop, the Voodoo boys head back for their van and drive off without a word to anyone. Wavelength meet up again at their van.

SARAH

(passing round fast food)

Well?

MARTYN

They are definitely up to something.

JIM

Keep your eyes open.

MARTYN

The band who makes the most cash on this first stop gets a bonus, so we don't want to let them upstage us all!

NEIL

So let's get moving.

They head for their van and climb in just as Underdog arrive, smoke pouring out their back windows. Alex gives Martyn the thumbs up as Wavelength drive away.

28 EXT. FREEWAY/VANS - NEXT

28

Back out on the freeway, Martyn glances in his rear view mirror, and we see the Haiku van gaining on them.

(CONTINUED)

MARTYN

What the...

STEVE

What is it?

MARTYN

It's Haiku!

WITH HAIKU:

The girls have all their leftover food wrappers plus a handful each of cheap burgers. They position themselves near the windows.

ALICIA

Target sighted dead ahead, Captain Emily!

EMILY

Torpedoes ready?

KATE

Check!

JESSE

Check!

EMILY

Open the bomb doors!

Alicia winds down the window. We are now pulling up alongside Wavelength's van - it looks like a little fast food incident is looming!

EMILY (cont'd)

Take aim and fire at will, ladies!

WITH WAVELENGTH:

Martyn winds his window down and looks across as Haiku's van pulls level - big mistake! Half a burger SPLATS into his face, followed by a dozen more as the girls barrage the van with bits of food and wrappers.

Laughing, Martyn motions for Sarah to open the slide door and start throwing things back.

We watch the two vans side by side, an assortment of objects being thrown back and forth, before fading the scene slowly to night.

(CONTINUED)

The freeway is lit up, as are the vans, and the artillery assault has stopped. Both vans are smeared with ketchup stains and chunks of dead burger.

Cut back to a static overhead shot as the vans drive beneath us, panning up to watch them head into San Francisco.

The bright lights of the city shine back off the vans as they drive down the main street, coming to a halt at a set of traffic lights. Wavelength are heading to the right, Haiku to the left. Martyn rolls the window down.

MARTYN

You girls heading off?

ALICIA

Yeah, our place is over this way.
We're going to check it out. Call
me later, we'll get drinks.

MARTYN

You got it. Bye!

He rolls the window up, and the two vans drive away in opposite directions, as soon as Haiku's vans pulls away, the other members of Wavelength burst into a chorus of "She Loves You." Martyn laughs.

With Underdog as they screech to a halt outside their venue, a decent looking place called the "Anti-Detox." Right next door is a huge bar crammed with people.

The van doors open, and Underdog hop out one at a time. They take one look at the club, then as one walk straight into the bar.

The van, empty and unlocked, and also without its hand brake on, starts to gently roll forward.

Seconds later, Alex comes running back out to jump in the van, slam on the hand brake and lock it up before squeezing back inside.

We rejoin Wavelength as they back their van into a parking space in an underground lot to the side of their venue for Thursday. Climbing out the van, they head inside.

32 INT. SHINE BOX - NEXT

32

The club is a good place, full of noisy but not rowdy rock fans. A variety of recent metal hits blasts out of the club's speaker system. Martyn, Neil and John all grin and nod in time to the music.

MARTYN

(shouting over music)

Let's go find the manager! He can help us set up later.

JOHN

Good idea! Ask at the bar.

They wander over to the bar. We can't hear what they say but the barman points them to a back room. Martyn thanks him and the band file in through a one way door.

33 INT. SHINE BOX - BACK ROOM - NEXT

33

Inside the room, BOB, the place's owner, welcomes them. Bob is a barrel chested, long-bearded old school rocker, with long grey hair and a tatty old leather bikers jacket. He shakes hands and offers the band a seat on a squashy sofa against one wall.

BOB

Nice to see you all made it here. Barry and I have been arranging this first gig for months now, so it's all set up and ready for you.

MARTYN

So what do we do?

BOB

In actual fact, not a lot. All you guys need to do is show up here at ten and play.

STEVEN

Promotion time!

NEIL

Booze!

MARTYN

Good call, for a change. Steven, John, you're the two technical guys, go make a run round the stage, see if it's all in check. The rest of you, you're with me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

MARTYN (cont'd)
 Let's grab some fliers from the van
 and spread the word.

Wavelength split and leave the bar.

34 EXT. SHINE BOX - NEXT

34

Martyn and Neil head over to where the van is parked and grab a handful of fliers each, passing some onto Sarah and Jim. The four then head off in those pairs, chatting to people up and down the street, handing out fliers to likely looking rockers, goths, spookies and emos.

We walk past them, over the road and round the corner to the chosen venue for Underdog. The Underdog boys are heading inside as Alex parks the van round the back.

ROB
 So we just say hello. Then?

SIMON
 Then we grab the fliers and start handing them round.

ROB
 Where should we promote?

IAN
 (checks watch)
 Well, it's coming up to 6 now, so
 the best places to hit would be...

SMASH CUT TO:

35 INT. BAR - LATER

35

About three hours later. It's packed and noisy. The whole of Underdog is sat round a table against one wall, with about fifty empty beer glasses and bottles littering their table top.

IAN
 Bars!!

Underdog drink as one and cheer.

ALEX
 Wait, wait, uhh...

MATTHEW
 We had to do something...

SIMON
 (drinks)
 Yup.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX
Something important...

IAN
Can't remember...

Ian knocks over a beer glass, and pulls some of the fliers out of his pocket to try to mop it up. The other band members stare at him and the fliers for a few seconds.

Then, for a second, the entire soundtrack goes quiet, except for the SFX of a penny dropping and rolling to a halt. Soundtrack back up full as Alex screams:

ALEX
The gig!!

As one, Underdog leap up, grab fliers and start throwing them into the crowds of the club, desperately trying to make up for lost time.

The girls are a bit more organised, walking down the main street as a foursome, using fluttered eyelashes and big smiles to get fliers into the hands of as many people as they can.

Turning a corner, Jesse and Emily stop dead and stare, their mouths wide open. Kate and Alicia are laughing about something, and do not notice for a second, until they look up to see:

GIRL'S P.O.V.

The entire street is covered with wall-to-wall Southern Voodoo posters, fliers, photos and advertisements. Stuck over other posters and advertising hoardings, their logo is very prominent. Fliers flutter in the early evening breeze up and down the street. Everyone walking seems to be holding a Voodoo flier.

JESSE
You have got to be kidding me!

ALICIA
Are these guys human?

KATE
You all saw 'V,' right?

The three girls exchange a worried look before Emily comes to her senses and rallies them.

EMILY

So are we going to let this beat us, then?

ALICIA

Hell no!

EMILY

Then I declare Operation Waste Disposal open.

The girls attack, tearing down Voodoo posters and replacing them with their own.

DISSOLVE TO:

The same street, now much more Haiku friendly. The girls dust off their hands - a job well done. Until Jesse, looking along the next street, calls them to turn round. The girls slowly turn, almost knowing what they'll see:

GIRL'S P.O.V.

Yes, the next street is also filled with Voodoo posters. Their tour van can be seen at the bottom of the street, parked on one side of the road.

A small crowd is gathered round it, and the camera leaves the girls to walk down towards the commotion.

WITH VOODOO:

The band is playing an acoustic set for the benefit of the thirty or so people watching, the song finishing just as the camera arrives. The band are applauded.

LAWRENCE

Thank you, thank you! And don't forget that Southern Voodoo posters and merch are available right here, right now to show your support.

Jeffries slides out two boxes full of Voodoo demo CDs from inside the van, and there is an immediate clamour of people exchanging money for the CDs, which are sold out in a matter of moments.

LAWRENCE (cont'd)

Thank you! And make a note of our venue, the SouthSide Bar, and the time, 10pm. I hope we'll see plenty of you lovely people there.

(CONTINUED)

To more cheers, the band get back into the van and drive off round the corner, no doubt to set up again a little further along.

The van drives O.S. and we walk back up to Haiku, whose faces burn red with barely concealed anger.

ALICIA

Of course, you realise, this means war...

The Underdog boys, now looking very much the worse for wear, stagger out of a new bar and head down the street. Ian has an armful of fliers which are mostly fluttering away in the breeze, though everyone is too drunk to notice. Simon is singing happily:

SIMON

The ladies are loving me tonight,
oh yes, the ladies are loving me,
loving me...

ALEX

Si, shut up or we won't get let
into any more places to promote!

SIMON

They want it, yes, they want it,
ooh yeah, they want it...

They pass outside a trendy and very full bar where two large, surly bouncers, complete with black overcoats and sunglasses, stare them down as they walk past. Simon is undeterred:

SIMON (cont'd)

(pointing)

Yeah, you know it, baby! Shout it
if you know it!

ROB

Er, Si, dude, that's the next place
on the list.

SIMON

Ah. Shit.

IAN

(big cheesy grin - quite
clearly 100% smashed)

Hello!

(over enthusiastic)

Can we come in to hand out some
fliers please?

The two bouncers exchange a look, a brief smile, then look back at Ian and shake their heads slowly. Ian, still smiling, answers with the same enthusiasm as before.

IAN (cont'd)

Okay!

He walks off, leaving a cloud of fliers on the floor behind him as he walks.

The bouncers exchange another look as Underdog walk O.S. before each kneeling, picking up a flier, checking no-one is looking then pocketing it.

Back with Underdog, Simon is starting to sing again with Rob backing him up when Alex suddenly stops and shouts out to them all:

ALEX

Hang on a minute!!

SIMON

(thrown off beat)

What? Eh?

ALEX

Where the hell is Matt?

The band exchange looks for two seconds, until:

SMASH CUT TO:

The first bar we saw the group on, where there is a long line of people dancing on top of the bar, legs kicking out and arms waving. Matt is in the thick of it, having a wail of a time. "If You're Getting Down" by 5ive blasts out at us.

CUT TO:

Underdog on the street. They look up and down the road, back the way they came, calling Matt's name out.

CUT TO:

40 INT. BAR - NEXT 40

Matthew in the bar, having tequila poured down his throat from a large jug as a crowd chants "Go! Go! Go!" to the tune of "Tequila" by Terrorvision.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 41

Underdog again. Ian is still wandering around, calling for Matt until Alex stops him with a hand on his shoulder.

ALEX

Never mind. He's a big lad, he'll find his way home.

SIMON

Where are we staying?

ALEX

I have no idea. I hope he does.

The boys walk O.S. except for Ian, who turns and calls to Matt a few more times before giving up and turning back round.

He sees that the others have moved on and starts after them, before looking down at the pile of fliers in his hands. With a sigh he throws them O.S. and jogs to catch up.

We pan across from Ian's last position to see the fliers have all landed in a bin by the side of the street. Which has a Voodoo poster on it.

42 EXT. THE BISTRO - NIGHT 42

We go from an establishing opening shot of the café's exterior, where we can hear Voodoo playing yet another acoustic number, to inside:

43 INT. THE BISTRO - NEXT 43

A cosy little downtown café where the low lights and general bluesy, chilled out atmosphere are helping Voodoo win over a ton more potential concertgoers.

(CONTINUED)

LAWRENCE

Thank you, thank you. And don't forget, we're all playing at the SouthSide bar tomorrow night at 10, so if you love rock, come along, and if you don't, go see Wavelength play with their crappy keyboards, Haiku wear too much makeup and Underdog get wasted and sleep.

The crowd laughs, loving the fact that Voodoo are so boldly dissing their rivals.

SMASH CUT TO:

44 INT. SHINE BOX - NIGHT 44

CAPTION: The Shine Box, 8:45pm.

We see Jim poking his head round a curtain at the rear of the stage, looking out over the rest of the crowd, before disappearing again.

45 INT. SHINE BOX - BACKSTAGE - NEXT 45

On the other side of the curtain, we see that it hides a small staircase leading up into the band's dressing room, where Wavelength are sat around in the small room on marshmallow-like plump sofas. Their equipment is propped up against the walls, a window gives a view of the street outside and a small stereo plays "Prison Sex" by Tool.

MARTYN

Well?

JIM

Starting to fill up. Looks like our ceaseless promotion paid off after all.

STEVEN

Good! I was beginning to think those darn flyers were never going to get shifted.

MARTYN

Well, we still have to play a good set and sell stuff yet. How's the selling going?

JIM

Sarah, John and Neil are flogging t-shirts and CDs out there now. Seem to be doing fine.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

MARTYN

Great. Then we chill out.

Looking out the room, over towards the bar, a makeshift Wavelength merchandise stand has been set up, with the three band members behind it doing good business selling stock to eager punters.

CUT TO:

46 INT. THE ANTI-DETOX BAR - NIGHT

46

CAPTION: The Anti-Detox, 9:00pm

As expected, the boys from the band are all sat round the bar, signing CDs, selling things but mainly drinking and getting to know the people in the club. The barwoman, STEPH, is talking to them. Matt is still missing.

STEPH

So you lost your drummer?

ALEX

Something like that. He was with us one minute, and the next...

He clicks his fingers. Off that, we

SMASH CUT TO:

47 INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

47

A magician's stage show in a packed theatre somewhere else in the city. A large disappearing box is centre stage, and funky music plays as the Criss Angel lookalike onstage lowers one of his glamorous assistants into it.

He struts around in front of it as it turns three times, then with a mystical wave of his arms the magician pulls the chamber doors open.

Inside is Matt, looking more than a little lost and confused. The music still plays as the magician looks at Matt, not really knowing what is going on.

MATT

Hello? Could someone help me? I'm trying to find my-

The magician turns to the crowd and gives them a fake laugh, like this is all part of the show. With a frantic wave to his assistants, they close the doors round Matt's plea for help, spin the chamber again, and open it to show that it is now empty inside.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

A round of applause. The magician bows, then spins and opens the chamber again to show his glamorous assistant, who steps out of the box to more applause.

CUT BACK TO:

48 INT. ANTI-DETOX - NIGHT

48

Underdog, a wide angle shot facing all four remaining band members. Alex, Simon and Rob cover their eyes, mouths and ears, See No Evil style.

Ian looks at them, swigs from his beer, then slowly slides off his bar stool to the floor, his eyes glazed and drunk.

ALEX

Still, we have a gig to play. Si,
can you drum?

SIMON

Like a lover's heart on Valentine's
day.

ALEX

What?

SIMON

Er, yes.

ALEX

Okay then, we play on. And when
Matt finally shows up, we kick his
ass then you're back on guitar.

SIMON

Agreed.

ALEX

Now, somebody pick up Ian and let's
go backstage to warm up.

The Underdog boys pick their comatose guitarist up and head to the back room of the Anti-Detox to get ready. They pass the stage, which is plastered with posters advertising the band. A decent sized crowd is gathering.

49 INT. THE RUMBLE STRIP - NIGHT

49

CAPTION: The Rumble Strip, 9:15pm

The Rumble Strip is buzzing with life, full of goths who obviously have taken this place as their hangout. This means Haiku fit in like peas in a pod.

(CONTINUED)

The girls are mingling with the crowd, handing out CDs, t-shirts and making a good impression on the place. Haiku posters adorn every wall and the flyers are also all over the place. The girls reconvene at the bar to discuss strategy.

EMILY

Right. We've sold...

(counts)

... two hundred bucks worth of stuff already, so we're on to a good night here.

ALICIA

Are we fixed on the setlist?

JESSE

Yup, should be a good one. Goths don't mosh so much as sway more aggressively, so we leave out some of the heavy numbers to keep them sweet.

Kate looks up and away, grinning at a memory as we:

CUT TO:

The interior of a dimly lit, hazy with dry ice filled goth club, with flashing disco lights and a dancefloor full of goths, all swaying from side to side in the goth dance style, with some mediocre goth tune blasting out in the background.

One goth bumps into another, but there is no reaction other than a faint disgruntled moan from the goth who was bumped.

CUT TO:

Back on the girls. Kate giggles.

EMILY

Anyway, off backstage to get the stuff set up. Jesse, get some drinks.

JESSE

Aye, captain.

The girls troop off, Jesse follows after grabbing four beers.

52 INT. VOODOO'S VAN - NIGHT 52

The Voodoo boys are sitting around inside their van, which is full of lots more instrument boxes than the other vans. They crack open bottles of beer and toast each other.

MIKE

Think they have any idea what's waiting for them?

JEFFRIES

Nah.

BILL

Should be a good night all round.
Cheers!

They toast each other then drain their beer bottles. We focus on one of the instrument boxes, and then:

CUT TO:

53 INT. RUMBLE STRIP - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT 53

The inside of the Haiku girls's changing room, and an identical case. Kate walks up to it, pops the catches and lifts it open. We look up at her from the inside of the case and see her expression turn to one of shock.

SMASH CUT TO:

54 INT. VOODOO'S VAN - NIGHT 54

The Voodoo boys laugh.

SMASH CUT TO:

55 INT. RUMBLE STRIP - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT 55

Kate lifts out a purple inflatable guitar from the case and stares at it, her mouth open in shock.

The other girls enter the room, chatting and laughing, stopping one by one as they see Kate and the toy guitar. As one they race for their other cases, but find that all the guitars have been replaced, and the drumkit boxes are full of cardboard cases.

As Alicia tries hitting them to see what kind of noise they make, Emily goes redder and redder as her anger and temperature rise.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Those motherfu-

JESSE

What are we going to do?

ALICIA

I can't use these.

EMILY

Well, obviously! We need a plan,
fast! We're on stage in half an
hour!

ALICIA

(thinks, then;)

Got it.

She takes out her cell phone and dials, and we:

CUT TO:

Martyn is walking round the streets near Wavelength's venue
with Jim and Neil, relaxing himself before the first gig,
when his phone rings. He answers it.

MARTYN

Hello?

ALICIA

(filtered; through phone)

Marty! We are in it deep, we need
help.

MARTYN

What's happened?

ALICIA

Dirty tricks are afoot. Basically,
someone's switched our gear and we
have a gig to play with blow up
guitars.

MARTYN

Hmm! I wonder who could be behind
this one...

ALICIA

Three guesses and the first two
don't count. Anyway, we need help.
When are you guys on tonight?

(CONTINUED)

MARTYN

Eleven. We got pushed back an hour because of the karaoke night.

(beat)

Don't ask.

ALICIA

Can we borrow some stuff? Our venue's just round the corner from yours so it won't make you late.

MARTYN

I'll see what we can do. Leave it with me, Lis, I'll see you in a bit.

ALICIA

My hero!

Martyn hangs up and strokes his chin for a second in thought. Jim and Neil look at each other, wondering what's going on.

JIM

Well?

NEIL

What's up?

MARTYN

The Haiku girls have had someone play a pretty dirty trick on them, and now they have a gig to play and no stuff. Can you two help me get our spare guitars round to their venue?

NEIL

No sweat.

The three walk O.S. The camera stays in the street and picks up the Underdog tour bus driving past, with Rob hanging half out of the passengers window singing "Freefalling" by Neil Young at the top of his voice.

Inside the bus, only Alex and Rob are inside. Alex is scanning the streets for any signs of their missing drummer while Rob, merrily blasted, lolls around and sings along to the radio.

ALEX

Can you keep it down a bit? We're going to get pulled over for disturbing the peace in a minute!

ROB

This is how I relax before a gig,
so there.

ALEX

Whatever.

(scans the streets, then
sighs in defeat)

Look, it's getting late, and
there's no sign of him. We'll have
to head back to the gig.

ROB

Matt'll be fine! He's a born
survivor. Got the instincts of a
finely tuned jungle cat thing.

CUT TO:

The camera is close up on what looks like a dense bit of
jungle foliage, but as it pushes forward we see that it is
just in the lobby of a posh hotel and we were looking at a
large fake plastic tree.

We sweep forward through the lobby, as tourists, hotel guests
and porters walk by either side of the camera, before turning
a corner and looking over to a large, ornate fountain which
is the centrepiece of the lobby.

Lying half in, half out of the fountain is Matt, his body
being gently massaged by the spray of water coming from the
fountain. No-one says anything to him, but a young girl
stands watching him. Matt is asleep and snoring, until he
wakes with a start, falls into the fountain's basin and
thrashes around in the water for a few seconds till he tries
standing up.

He looks down and see the girl looking at him. She smiles and
runs off with a giggle. Matt looks all around. Hotel guests
and porters are glaring sternly at him.

With a sheepish look, Matt climbs out the fountain and walks
out the hotel, dripping on the expensive carpets and leaving
a trail of wet, squelchy footprints as he walks.

CUT TO:

The inside of the van again.

(CONTINUED)

ROB

Yep, his spine's like a coiled
spring, ready to pounce at any
moment.

ALEX

Shame his mind's like a cloud on a
windy day, then.

Alex parks the van up and the two get out. We Steadicam
follow them inside, and as Alex throws open the back doors
and walks inside, the camera pushes into the darkness:

DISSOLVE TO:

60 EXT. STREETS/RUMBLE STRIP - NIGHT

60

Black. But as we pull back, we see we are looking at the side
of Wavelength's van as it speeds down the road to Haiku's
venue. Martyn drives, Jim is in the passenger seat with the
window wound right down.

We switch to the parking lot of the Rumble Strip, where Haiku
are anxiously waiting for the boys to arrive.

Back in the van, Martyn can see the girls up ahead.

MARTYN

There they are!

JIM

Here comes the cavalry!

Jim fetches out an old, cheap trumpet, leans out the window
and starts to play "Charge Of The Light Brigade."

We see Emily and Jesse exchange bemused looks as Alicia and
Kate giggle.

EMILY

Are we sure about this?

Martyn then slams on the brakes and the van screeches to a
halt. Jim is thrown forward in his seat and the trumpet flies
from his mouth, cutting the tune abruptly short.

We follow the trumpet as it bounces and rolls to a stop at
Alicia's feet.

ALICIA

Looks like they're here.

The girls head for the van as Neil slides the side door open.
Martyn and Jim clamber into the back to help pass out the
equipment.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

So what'd you get us, boys?

NEIL

One spare bass.

JIM

Two spare guitars.

MARTYN

And a snare and two cymbals nicked
from the house drum kit.

ALICIA

Great. They have an old kit here
too so that should be plenty.

JESSE

Thanks a million, boys!

ALICIA

Yes, thank you!

Alicia throws her arms round Martyn, who blushes a deep
crimson as Jim and Neil grin at each other.

NEIL

Hey, our pleasure. We'd like to
think you'll help us out if we ever
get stuck!

EMILY

Let's hope nothing like this
happens again!

MARTYN

Any ideas who it was?

The girls all exchange a look through narrowed eyes.

EMILY

Oh yes.

CUT TO:

The inside of the SouthSide bar as Voodoo take to the stage
to a big cheer. The band wave to the crowd and set themselves
up, pausing to share a group high five and mwa-ha-ha.

CUT TO:

62 INT. ANTI-DETOX - NIGHT

62

CAPTION: The Anti-Detox, Showtime.

The inside of Underdog's club, looking out onto the stage. The crowd are being warmed up by the night's MC.

MC

And now for our main attraction this evening, as part of Waning BROS.. Records' "Bands On The Run" tour, the Anti-Detox is proud to present... Underdog!

The crowd cheer as Underdog walk on stage. Simon goes to pick up a guitar until Alex slaps him on the back of the head. Simon then goes to sit behind the drums, playing a few little paradiddies to warm up. Alex goes to the mic stand.

ALEX

Good evening!

(the crowd cheer)

Now sadly, tonight we are playing without our regular drummer Matt, who is currently AWOL somewhere in this great city of yours...

CUT TO:

63 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

63

Matt is running down a street being chased by a huge pack of assorted varieties of stray dogs, a similar shot to the opening of "Trainspotting." Iggy Pop's "Lust For Life" plays.

A car pulls out in front of him and he leaps the bonnet. Freeze frame as he is in mid-air.

CAPTION: Mattspotting

CUT BACK TO:

64 INT. ANTI-DETOX - NIGHT

64

Underdog at the club.

ALEX

... so if anyone finds him, could we have him back, please? Okay, anyway, this is our title track, and it's called "Underdog!"

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

The band kick into their song.

CUT TO:

65 INT. RUMBLE STRIP - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

65

The Rumble Strip, backstage as the girls frantically tune up the guitars and set the straps to their liking.

KATE

Ready.

JESSE

All set.

ALICIA

Good to go.

EMILY

Let's get 'em. Takes more than cases full of toy guitars to stop the mighty...

ALICIA

... the unstoppable...

JESSE

... the invincible...

KATE

... the beautiful...

ALL

Haiku!!

The girls high five and walk out onto the stage.

66 INT. RUMBLE STRIP - CONTINUOUS

66

We Steadicam out the dressing room behind them and onto the back of the stage as the girls take their positions, and we look out over the packed cheering crowd as Alicia settles in behind her drums and starts the drum intro to the first song.

As the band start to play the camera walks off the stage and down into the crowd, then through it and over to the doors of the venue, and then outside into the street.

67 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

67

Over the road and a few doors down is Southern Voodoo's venue, the SouthSide Bar.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

A long line of punters are waiting outside, and we sweep past them and the bouncer into the place itself:

68 INT. SOUTHSIDE - CONTINUOUS

68

Which is also packed. The noise of everyone talking is deafening, and the stage is set with the band's instruments.

CUT TO:

69 INT. SOUTHSIDE - BACKSTAGE - NEXT

69

Backstage with Voodoo, who are standing by an open security door leading out into the parking lot. Bill is throwing the last of the boxes of stolen equipment into the back of a rubbish dumpster, which drives away as he steps back inside.

Matt pokes his head out the dumpster and sees Bill walking away, but his shout of "Hey! Help me! I need to find my band!" is not heard as Bill shuts the door.

LAWRENCE

All done?

BILL

Yep, that's the last of them.

RICH

Don't you guys feel just a little bit bad about this?

The other band members exchange a look, then burst out laughing and walk back over to the steps leading up to the stage. Jeffries pats Rich on the shoulder.

JEFFRIES

You'll learn. People have done this to us in the past. It's like karma. We're not playing for the sake of it, we want to win, and sometimes to win, you have to break a few eggs.

Jeffries joins the others. Rich looks guilty but with a resigned nod of his head he pushes the door closed and follows his bandmates.

70 INT. SOUTHSIDE - CONTINUOUS

70

We Steadicam up the stairs behind up and onto the back of the stage, and as he arrives the house lights dim and the crowd cheers as Voodoo take their places on stage, picking up guitars, etc.

(CONTINUED)

The camera walks off stage and then pushes back through the crowd to watch them as Lawrence steps up to the mic.

LAWRENCE

Thank you! We are Southern Voodoo and we'd like to thank you all for coming along to our first show on the first ever "Bands On The Run" tour!

The crowd cheer. Lawrence waits for them to quieten a little.

LAWRENCE (cont'd)

And for not going to see the other shitty bands...

Laughter. Lawrence turns and checks that his band is ready to go. They all give nods and thumbs up to show they're ready.

LAWRENCE (cont'd)

Okay, this is our first song, it's called...

SMASH CUT TO: ECU of Jim's mouth as he speaks:

JIM

What a bunch of absolute cocksucking arse!

PULL BACK to see we are sat in Wavelength's dressing room. They're all set to hit the stage and are dressed up a little - Sarah has tied her hair up Geisha style while Jon is wearing his Cyberdog outfit. Jim is currently talking to the rest of the band and waving his arms round while he speaks. Martyn is out of the room.

JIM

They've been slagging every other band off up and down the town, handing out false info about our shows and taking down all our flyers and posters.

STEVEN

Well that's just because they're shite and trying to cover their tracks!

SARAH

How is their show doing?

JIM

Sold out as far as I know. They've poached people from other venues as well.

JOHN

Dirty tricks are sadly all part of the game at the moment.

JIM

I'm not letting them stand for it. Marty and I saw them pick up a load of supplies right after we set off. We haven't heard the last of them I don't think.

MARTYN

(heads back in from outside)

Think nothing, gig on. We play.

SARAH

Right.

The band head out the door at the back.

As with the other bands we Steadicam with them out onto the stage. They take their positions as the crowd cheers. The announcer's voice is heard over the speakers:

BOB

And now, ladies and gentlemen, put your glasses down and your hands up for... Wavelength!!

A big cheer as Martyn waves to the crowd. He points to John who starts the keyboard riff to the first tune and starts to bop to it. Next he points at Jim who plays the percussion over it, then at Neil who kicks in with the bassline, then at Steven who plays some ear-bleeding feedback notes through his wah pedal, and finally at Sarah as she sings the melody notes that Martyn sings over when he finally plays the first chord as Jim's beat hits the crescendo, and with a furious drum roll they're away.

DISSOLVE TO:

The room is empty, the floor peppered with empty beer bottles and plastic cups, and the stage is empty. A cleaner slowly pushes his broom along the floor to gather the mess up as we pan over to the bar.

(CONTINUED)

Wavelength sit on stools along it, looking exhausted but happy as they share a post-gig drink with club owner Bob.

BOB (cont'd)

You guys did good, I reckon. Best crowd I've seen in here for a few weeks.

MARTYN

That was the plan!

BOB

The cash has been passed along to the Waning BROS.. people for the post gig meeting.

JOHN

Yeah, speaking of that we'd best be off.

BOB

No problem. Your stuff will be safe here till you get back.

MARTYN

Thanks a lot, Bob. I hope every guy we meet is like you!

BOB

Don't be mistaken - I am an asshole but you kids made me a shitload of money so right now I'm everybody's friend!

They laugh. The band finish up their drinks, shake hands with Bob and make their way outside.

A van from Waning BROS.. is waiting outside, which the band pile into. It drives off.

We pick the van up again as it drives down one of the city centre streets.

Looking inside, Wavelength are sharing the van with Underdog and Haiku and all three bands are laughing and joking. Martyn and Alicia are snuggled up and talking while Jim and Steven are drinking heartily with Underdog. Sarah talks to Jesse and Emily.

MARTYN

So how'd you girls do in the end then?

ALICIA

Fine. No worries. It took a few songs to get used to it not being our own equipment, but after that we were fine.

MARTYN

Where are Voodoo anyway?

ALICIA

They're already there. They went straight there after they finished while we were all still catching our breath.

MARTYN

I'm beginning to think those guys aren't human.

ALICIA

You saw "The Invaders," right?

The van comes to a stop, overbalancing the Underdog boys who all collapse into a heap at the back of the van. As they laugh and try to get up, it's pretty obvious that by now they're all pretty well steamed. The doors slide open and the bands file out.

They are in the parking lot of a quieter bar just outside town. Madeline is waiting for them with a smile.

MADELINE

Good evening, everyone! Make your way upstairs, Mr. Barrington and Mr. Blackshaw are waiting for you all to read out the totals.

SIMON

Totals? Totals? By jove, I'll give them a total to think about!

He tries to air guitar to something playing in his head but falls flat on his ass at the first power chord.

ALEX

Any news on our drummer?

MADELINE

No luck so far, I'm afraid. We've got people out looking for him but until he can get in contact with us, we're not sure where he is.

CUT TO:

76 EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

76

Matt is standing outside a bus, looking around trying to figure out where he is. He appears to be somewhere fairly busy. We are looking up at him from about a foot off the floor, and as we watch the bus pulls away behind him to reveal the outside of an airport terminal.

A plane flies overhead as we see a sign on the wall of the building that says "Welcome To Hamburg."

CUT TO:

77 INT. UPSTAIRS BAR - NIGHT

77

An upstairs room in the quiet bar the bands are gathered at. Underdog, Wavelength and Haiku sit a little apart from Voodoo, the rift between them and the other bands showing already.

Barrington, Madeline and Blackshaw all stand together armed with clipboards as the bands carry on drinking, spread out across three squashy sofas against a set of windows overlooking the street.

BARRINGTON

Good evening, kids! I'm only here for the first of these to keep an eye on you, after that my associates here will oversee the rest of the tour. Are we a man down?

ROB

Yeah, our drummer, Matt is MIA at the moment.

BARRINGTON

I'll sort it. Anyway, I'll pass you over to Maddy.

MADELINE

After the first show, your ticket totals are as follows: Underdog, you got 54 people through the door at \$6 a ticket for \$324.

(CONTINUED)

BLACKSAHW

Haiku sold 60 tickets at \$6 for a total of \$360.

MADELINE

Next, Wavelength, you sold 65 tickets at 6\$ a piece for \$390.

BLACKSHAW

Finally, Southern Voodoo. You sold 80 tickets at \$5 each for a total of \$400.

MADELINE

Next up are the merchandise sales totals. Haiku and Underdog have both sold \$250 worth.

BLACKSHAW

Wavelength, you've sold \$300 and Voodoo have sold \$400.

MADELINE

So after the first round, your totals are as follows: Underdog, you have \$574, and Haiku have \$610.

BLACKSHAW

Wavelength have \$690 but Voodoo are in the lead with \$800.

BARRINGTON

Right! You're free for the rest of the night. It is now...

(checks watch)

... just coming up to twelve midnight. I recommend you all go out and let off some steam then meet us back here at ten a.m. sharp to be given the next city!

MADELINE

Bands on the run, dismissed.

The bands pull themselves up off the sofas and head outside.

Voodoo gather together and head off separate from the rest of the bands, who mill in one big group just outside the doors to the bar.

MARTYN

Anyone got any good ideas?

IAN

Beer!

JESSE

I'm with them. Let's go find some place quiet and chill out.

SIMON

(jerks a thumb toward
Voodoo)

They not coming?

STEVEN

Stuff 'em.

IAN

Amen to that, brother.

The bands head off down the road towards the bright lights of the city centre, and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

The inside of a huge club, still bouncing with people. The camera pans around it, looking for our band members, who are spread across three different tables, which they have dragged together to sit as one big group.

EMILY

So I think it was a success.

MARTYN

It seems that way. There seems to be plenty of interest in the tour by now, so all we have to do is not mess up!

ALEX

Who cares right now? This is officially downtime until we wake up tomorrow.

The three bands all clink their glasses and bottles together, with some difficulty, and we pull back from them as they start to chat again.

We pull back until a cage dancer comes into shot on the left of the screen, and Matt is seen, slumped unconscious on the floor of the cage, the legs of the dancer moving expertly around him.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. OUTSIDE CLUB - LATER

80

Outside the club, many hours later. With the exception of Martyn, Alicia, Kate, Sarah and Steven, everyone has a guy/girl on their arm as they stagger outside. Simon has two girls and has the biggest smile of them all. Martyn and Alicia hang back behind the group to talk as they head back to their hotels.

MARTYN

You alright?

ALICIA

I'm fine. An eeny weensy bit drunk, but look, I can still walk in a straight line.

She holds her arms out for balance and walks forward a few steps, teetering from side to side the whole way.

MARTYN

Well, almost.

ALICIA

I'm in complete control of my faculties, I'll have you know!

MARTYN

I thought so too, until you referred to them as "faculties" just then.

Alicia giggles and grabs a hold of Martyn's arm as they walk along.

MARTYN (cont'd)

(off the others)

I wonder what that lot'll get up to?

Alicia throws Martyn a "you know very well" look.

CUT TO:

81 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NEXT

81

Alex, Ian and Simon head into their rooms with their girls, Jim, John and Neil with theirs, and Jesse and Emily disappear into their hotel rooms with blokes in tow, each door slamming shut. Sarah and Steven go into Wavelength's room together. Kate, Martyn and Alicia climb up the stairs after them.

MARTYN

This is goodnight, sweet ladies.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

If those two keep us up, we'll bug
you to keep us company!

MARTYN

It would be an honour.

Martyn bows as Alicia and Kate exchange a smile and dive
inside. Martyn turns and falls over, out of shot. He jumps
back up again and fumbles with the key to his room, closing
the door just as he turns the light on.

EVERYONE (O.S.)

Turn the lights out!

JIM (O.S.)

There's people shagging in here!

MARTYN

My eyes!

CUT TO:

82 EXT. HOTEL - MORNING

82

The next morning, establish shot of the hotel.

DISSOLVE TO:

83 EXT. HOTEL - PARKING LOT - NEXT

83

The parking lot, two hours later. The four bands are stood in
front of their respective vans, as Barrington, Madeline and
Blackshaw stand before them armed with their clipboards. A
few jokes are exchanged as almost everyone wears sunglasses
against the morning sunshine.

BARRINGTON

Good morning, bands! Hope you all
got a good night's rest. Well,
Voodoo sneaked off to play another
gig after we split up for the
night, and have earned another...

(checks clipboard)

... \$112 for their troubles.

As one, the other three band's heads snap round with an
emphasised 'snap' noise to glare at the smug looking Voodoo
boys.

(CONTINUED)

MADLINE

The next city will be... Chicago!
There are the info packs in your
vans as before, with maps of the
area, details of the clubs you'll
be playing and some other useful
info.

BLACKSHAW

So all that remains is for me to
say-

BARRINGTON

(interrupts)

Bands on the run, dismissed! I'll
see you again at the last city.

The bands get back into their vans and head out the parking
area. We stay with Barrington and his two execs.

BARRINGTON (cont'd)

Did you see the look they gave
Voodoo when we told them about that
secret gig?

MADLINE

They've got the right idea. They're
using every second of their time to
make cash.

BLACKSHAW

All the same, I think some rivalry
might be sparking up here.

BARRINGTON

Perfect. Are the cameras still
working?

MADLINE

Like a charm.

BARRINGTON

Great! I'm starved, let's go get
breakfast before I have to head
back.

CUT TO:

The inside of Haiku's van as Kate opens the info pack and
passes the contents to Emily. Jesse drives as Alicia strums
an acoustic guitar in the back seat.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Our venue is called "The Pit" apparently. Let's hope that it's better than the name suggests!

ALICIA

Isn't it ironic?

KATE

Don'tcha think?

EMILY

(beat)

Anyway. We'll be given a bonus opportunity the morning after we get there. Until then, it's the usual. Chris and the rest of our gorgeous management team have stocked us back up with CDs, flyers and posters to flog.

JESSE

We'll be fine, I reckon.

CUT TO:

Underdog's van, where the boys are headbanging madly to Andrew W.K.'s "She Is Beautiful".

CUT TO:

Wavelength's van. Martyn is sat in the back seat, reading the info pack.

MARTYN

We're playing this place called "Brennan's" in the town centre. A big local alternative rock club, apparently.

JIM

Sounds like our kind of place!

MARTYN

Hope so. We need to make some serious cash here to try and catch up those darn Voodoo boys!

CUT TO:

Underdog's van, where they're still headbanging.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

Voodoo's van, where the five guys are driving along with self satisfied smiles all around. Lawrence is finishing off reading the info pack to the others.

LAWRENCE

And finally, our venue is called
"Superior's."

BILL

They're going to think we set that
up, you know.

JEFFRIES

Long as we still beat the others.
That's what we're all in this for
at the end of the day.

LAWRENCE

I think we're in with a good shot
here.

CUT TO:

Underdog, still headbanging until the van screeches alarmingly to one side, causing driver Ian to suddenly stop moshing and scramble the wheel back straight again.

We hear the honks of several car horns as the contents of the van are thrown around. Once level again, the song ends as the band members pick themselves back up.

SIMON

So where are we playing?

ALEX

(reads)

Place called "Rebel Planet"
apparently.

IAN

Cool.

DISSOLVE TO:

External shot of the vans cruising along at night, passing signs for the city limits of Chicago and heading into the city.

86

EXT. TRAVEL INN - PARKING LOT - NEXT

86

We are with Underdog's van as they pull up outside a Travel Inn where the three other vans are already there. Wavelength and Haiku sit in and around their vans as Underdog pull up.

ALEX

Sorry we're late, we had to make a stop for provisions...

As if on cue, the back door to their van slides open and Simon and Rob fall out, already completely wasted. Ian just rolls around laughing at them from inside the van.

ALEX (cont'd)

... but it seems that common sense is quite hard to buy these days.

MARTYN

We were just catching a moment before heading out to scope out the town. We've been given our bonus task for this stop too.

JOHN

We have to find the producer of this daytime TV show in one of the bars round here, and if we do we get chance to have a guest appearance on the show!

JESSE

Thing is, we have to look for a blonde thirty-ish year old, and introduce ourselves with the line "Do you believe in love at first sight?" If we have the right person, we get the slot.

STEVEN

And if not, we get a slap.

IAN

Sounds good either way to me.

ALEX

Shut your hole, gimp boy!

EMILY

You guys coming?

ALEX

Yup.

(he turns to the van)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX (cont'd)
Guys? Who's capable of coherent
thought?

IAN
Me!

SIMON
I'll give it a shot.

ROB
I'm very, very drunk, but alright.

ALEX
(turns back)
Let's go!

The three bands head out into the big city night.

NEIL
Where did Voodoo get to?

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRST STRIKE BAR - NIGHT

External shot of a bar called "First Strike." Inside are
Voodoo, just getting ready to play a short set in this cosy
bar atmosphere. A merchandise stand is prominent at the side
of the stage.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Back on the streets with the others.

JESSE
Probably playing somewhere.

EMILY
Hey, this is our place. Shall we go
in?

The bands are stood outside "The Pit" which looks every part
the goth hangout they had hoped - an imposing building with
dark, bassy music rumbling out from inside. Kate and Alicia
share a grin before they disappear inside.

ALEX
I have a plan and it's as hot as my
pants.

MARTYN
What?

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Let's split up. Some of us go here, some to your venue and the rest to ours. That way we can scope out all three places at once.

JIM

Okay. I think me and Mart should take this one.

ALEX

Simon and I will go to your venue with John and Neil. The rest go take a look at this "Rebel Planet" place, okay?

JIM

We have a plan! See you later.

The bands disperse. We follow Jim and Martyn down into the Pit.

It's a goth club and so is full of a motley assortment of trads, rockers and spookies. Alicia and Kate are already right at home, talking to the bar staff and handing out flyers like their lives depend on it. Jim and Martyn go take a look at the stage for tomorrow night.

JIM

So when are you going to say something to her?

MARTYN

About what?

JIM

About how you're so blatantly mad about her?

MARTYN

I hardly know the girl, Jim! I can't just go asking her out while we're in the middle of all this, either.

JIM

Won't hurt to spend a little time with her, though.

MARTYN

No, guess not. How's this stage look to you?

JIM
 (glances quickly at stage)
 Fine. So what will you do?

MARTYN
 You don't give up, huh?

Alicia comes bouncing over.

ALICIA
 This place is great! They've been advertising the gig for a few weeks already so we're being promised a full house tomorrow night.

MARTYN
 My technical assistant here and I have examined the stage, and it all seems to be in order.

JIM
 Yup.

MARTYN
 So, we can either stay here for a bit or go find the others.

ALICIA
 Let's get one drink here then head back out. Give us chance to meet the regulars!

JIM
 Yup. Hmm... hang on.

Jim walks over to a group of goth ladies in one corner noticing that one is blonde and therefore may be the producer they are after, and gains their attention by clearing his throat.

JIM (cont'd)
 Pardon me, but do any of you believe in love at first sight?

BLONDE VAMPIRE CHICK
 No, but I believe in love at first bite!

She HISSES at Jim to reveal a pair of beautifully crafted vampire fangs! Jim is captivated for a second, which is all the girls need to grab him and drag him to the floor, all three of them pouncing upon him.

89 CONTINUED: (2)

89

We pull back to see Alicia and Martyn exchange a look, before Martyn shakes his head and they walk away, leaving Jim struggling in the background.

CUT TO:

90 INT. BRENNAN'S - NIGHT

90

Simon, Alex, John and Neil are walking into "Brennan's" which seems to be your classic rock club. A good sized venue with plenty of punters. The band members mill around, handing out some flyers and chatting to the punters.

JOHN

You heard anything about your missing drummer yet?

ALEX

Matt? No, he's still AWOL somewhere. We're hoping he'll catch us up before the tour is over at least.

CUT TO:

91 INT. CHICAGO AIRPORT - LUGGAGE CLAIM AREA - NIGHT

91

We watch the rotunda displaying people's luggage for a few moments until Matt, still unconscious, slowly passes by, covered from head to foot in airline baggage stickers.

CUT TO:

92 INT. BRENNAN'S - NIGHT

92

Back at Brennan's.

NEIL

This place is great! We'll have no problem doing a good night here. No sign of that producer though.

CUT TO:

93 INT. REBEL PLANET - NIGHT

93

Ian, Rob, Sarah and Steven inside the "Rebel Planet," a hive of nu-metallers, old school rockers and a variety of other rock sub-classes.

IAN

Mama, I'm coming home!

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

I'm gonna see if the bar staff are okay about us flyering here.

SARAH

(points to a poster for the BOTR tour)

I think they will!

ROB

This place seems fine too. I think we're gonna have better luck in this town.

CUT TO:

94 INT. FIRST STRIKE - NIGHT

94

Back with Voodoo at their sneaky gig as they are selling CDs, t-shirts and tickets to a huge crowd of admirers, having finished their set. Lawrence holds up a wad of cash to the rest of the band with a grin.

CUT TO:

95 INT. REBEL PLANET - NIGHT

95

Rob back at the Rebel Planet.

ROB

Much better luck.

DISSOLVE TO:

96 INT. THE PIT - LATER

96

Back at The Pit, now much later in the evening. Jim and Kate have left to meet the others, leaving Martyn and Alicia with a bar and plenty of time to get better acquainted.

MARTYN

So then, I had to say: "No, you don't understand, I had to do it outside the church!"

ALICIA

Oh my god, you're the Antichrist!

MARTYN

It's probably very, very illegal to do what I did.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

Anyway! Enough talk of poop.

MARTYN

Heh, you called it "poop."

ALICIA

What's wrong with that?

MARTYN

Nothing! It's refreshingly... girly. There are too many women out there today who try so hard to be all hard and manly.

ALICIA

You mean, like Emily.

MARTYN

That thought had crossed my mind.

ALICIA

Emily's fine, she just doesn't trust men because she's had a lot of shit off them trying to get our band off the ground!

MARTYN

You seem to be managing okay at the moment!

ALICIA

We have good friends.

She smiles at him. Martyn blushes a little and grins back. We pull back out of the club and leave those two to it.

CUT TO:

The three bands have all met up at Wavelength's venue and are currently dancing and drinking as best they can.

Jim is sitting at the bar, a large bandage on the side of his neck. He looks pretty pale.

Steven, Ian, Rob and Simon are wandering round trying to find this elusive producer. Ian approaches a fat blonde rocker girl.

IAN

'Scuse me, do you believe in love at first sight?

(CONTINUED)

FAT ROCKER

I do now, honey!

She grabs Ian and starts (wo)manhandling him. He struggles as Simon and Rob leave him to try elsewhere. Rob spots an old school blonde rocker woman, clad in leather jacket and scruffy denim.

ROB

Do you believe in love at first sight?

ROCKER WOMAN

Bwahahahaha!!

ROB

Fair enough...

Simon sees a likely looking blonde woman, sitting quietly at a table by herself.

SIMON

Let me try. Pardon me, but do you believe in love at first sight?

The woman doesn't answer, but with a furious look just SLUGS Simon in the jaw as hard as she can.

As we keep him in shot next to Rob and Ian, his eyes roll up and he falls slowly to the floor, out cold.

ANGRY WOMAN

I... AM... NOT... IN...
THE... MOOD!!

ROB

Whatever you say! Let's get the feck out of here, man...

They quickly drag the KO'd Simon away.

Pull back to see Emily and Jesse who have watched the whole exchange. Ian can still be seen in the background trying to beat away the fat girl from earlier. They exchange a look at the antics of the Underdog boys.

EMILY

Let's use our famous woman's intuition to win this before those boys get us all thrown out of here.

JESSE

Aye, cap'n. Scanning now.

Jesse starts to make a "boop boop" noise as she pans her hand around the club, the booping getting gradually faster before it settles on a blonde woman sat with two of her friends at a table on the far side of the club. Jesse puts her arm down with a satisfied nod.

JESSE (cont'd)

That one.

EMILY

You sure?

JESSE

Look at her.

The woman is wearing a black denim jacket with a Metallica patch sewn unevenly on the back but on closer inspection is actually dressed pretty normally underneath.

JESSE (cont'd)

If I was a daytime TV producer trying to go undercover in a rock club, I'd dress like that.

EMILY

Let's find out!

They walk over. Emily waves hello to interrupt the girl's chat, then speaks.

EMILY (cont'd)

Do you believe in love at first sight?

BLONDE WOMAN

I do now, and you just won a place on the Debbie Eliot show!

JESSE

Woohoo! Alright!

DISSOLVE TO:

The three girls are minus Alicia, and are sitting around playing through a few songs. Halfway through one number, Emily calls a stop.

EMILY

This is no good. We don't have a beat! Where the hell is Alicia anyway?

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

JESSE

Last I heard, she was still at our venue with Martyn.

EMILY

I see!

CUT TO:

99 INT. WAVELENGTH'S HOTEL ROOM - NEXT

99

Everyone is asleep except for Jim and Neil who are chatting as they flick through the TV channels.

JIM

Where the heck has Marty got to anyway? And why do I have a sudden craving for extra rare steak?

CUT TO:

100 EXT. PARKING LOT - NEXT

100

Wavelength's van stands before us. A light is on inside.

101 INT. WAVELENGTH'S VAN - NEXT

101

We look into the van and see Martyn and Alicia, the contents of her bag spread out on the floor in front of them.

ALICIA

Damn it, damn it, damn it!

MARTYN

Well it's gotta be here somewhere.

ALICIA

They won't let me into the hotel if I don't have that key!

MARTYN

Can't we call the girls somehow?

ALICIA

(throws her bag down)
Aah, forget it. It's too late by now, they'll be asleep and when my girls sleep, they really sleep.

MARTYN

Well, we have blankets in here, and the van is nice and warm.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

MARTYN (cont'd)
We're parked right outside, let's
crash here for the night.

ALICIA
Oo, slumber party!

MARTYN
Well, sort of...

DISSOLVE TO:

102 EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

102

The van again, now it is morning. Jim and John bang on the slide door. There is a series of clicks as the lock is opened and then Martyn slides the door open. Jim is wearing a big pair of sunglasses, a wide brimmed hat and has every inch of skin covered from the sunlight.

MARTYN
Morning...

JIM
(big grin)
Morning!

MARTYN
Lis lost her keys to get back in so
we crashed in the van.

JOHN
Okay...

MARTYN
She slept on the back seat, I slept
in the driver's seat.

JIM
We believe you.

MARTYN
(points)
There she is!

They look, and sure enough Alicia is curled up in a blanket at the back of the van, sound asleep. Martyn grins at her, and as he turns back to the other two wearing the same grin, they both point and tease him with the classic "Aaah!" manoeuvre.

MARTYN (cont'd)
Shaddap. What's today's plan?

(CONTINUED)

JIM

Well, O fearless leader, we plan to do a bit of cross-city promotion today, record stores, bars, that kind of thing.

NEIL

Alicia needs to join her band to go play that TV show.

MARTYN

Right, yeah, okay. See you in a second.

He closes the door again, leaving Jim and Neil to walk away, singing "Jailbait" by Motorhead as they do.

Inside the van, Martyn gently rocks the sleeping Alicia until her eyes flicker open. She sees Martyn and smiles, yawning and stretching out like a cat. Martyn's eyes widen as he is treated to a flash of Alicia's belly as her shirt lifts when she stretches.

MARTYN

I, uh, you, er, well, I...

ALICIA

Sorry, did I oversleep?

MARTYN

Your girls need you for that TV appearance now.

ALICIA

Oh yeah... thanks. I'd better get going. Thanks for looking after me, Marty.

MARTYN

Well, I wasn't just going to leave you, was I?

Alicia hugs him and leaves the van. Seconds later, the rest of Wavelength leaps into the van, dressed in summer clothes and shades, armed with beer and food.

JIM

Come on, dullard, we've got work to do!

103 CONTINUED:

103

MARTYN

Right, yeah...

CUT TO:

104 INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

104

The opening credits of the Debbie Eliot TV show, a standard female fronted mid-day chat programme. The show's logo appears on screen as the camera pans across a studio full of cheering people, settling on a stage with three chairs and the show's host, Debbie Eliot herself, every inch the picture of daytime TV perfection - the hair, the teeth in that winning smile, and the outfit.

DEBBIE

Hello, and welcome to the show. We have a special musical treat for you later on, when the touring band Haiku are going to play us one of their songs as part of the now-infamous "Bands On The Run." But first up, couples who have to ask that most difficult of questions - can a trained monkey really be a substitute for a husband? We meet three women who made that choice, next.

CUT TO:

105 EXT. SHOPPING MALL THOROUGHFARE - DAY

105

Underdog, whose promotion tactics for the day are getting started. With a small set up of half a drum kit and three acoustic guitars, they start to play an unplugged set. As we pull back we see that they are playing outside a row of shops, basking in glorious sunshine and attracting a small crowd straight away.

ALEX

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, we're Underdog and our plan is to whore ourselves to you for a quick buck. Boys?

The band start a number, the crowd seems to like it.

CUT TO:

106 INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

106

Haiku in the studio, watching from the stage as today's show comes to a close, the debate in the studio hopping up.

On the stage we see that three women are now sat in the chairs from before, and each has been joined by an angry looking ex-husband or lover, each woman also with a monkey. Each monkey is dressed - suits, tracksuits - and jumping up and down and howling as the women shout at their exes.

DEBBIE

Okay, okay, a little calm here please! I'm sure we can find a solution here for everyone!

The three couples continue to argue. The show is getting more out of control, the guests fighting with each other as show security tries to pull them apart, meanwhile the monkeys are running amok, hanging off guests and leaping about in the crowd.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

Aah, screw it, let's have some music. May I introduce Haiku. I've been Debbie Elliot and thank you for watching!

She throws her cue cards and mic away as the camera pans back over to Haiku.

The girls are staring in confusion at the mayhem on stage, except for Alicia who is roaring with laughter from behind her drums.

She calms down a little and taps out four betas with her sticks to start the girls off, and they launch into a song as the battle between guests, security and monkeys gets more intense.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. SHOPPING MALL THOROUGHFARE - DAY

107

Underdog, now playing to a larger crowd. They finish their song to a round of applause and a sudden flurry of eager punters wanting to buy stuff. The boys sell t-shirts and CDs as fast as they can until the crowd disperses and they are left to enjoy the spoils.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

Keeping the shot fixed on them, we hear the roar of a speeding motorcycle off to the left, then a blur of motion races across the shot, and when we see the band again a six-pack of beer has been placed at the feet of every band member.

The motorbike roar fades off to the right. Underdog look at each other for a second, wondering what just happened, then Ian shrugs and opens a can of beer.

CAPTION: Black screen, white lettering - TWENTY SECONDS LATER

ON SCENE:

The boys are hammered and falling about laughing as usual.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

108

The outside of a restaurant in the middle of the town. It is now the evening.

CAPTION: Later that day...

CUT TO:

109 INT. RESTAURANT - NEXT

109

Inside the restaurant, Haiku are sat round a dinner table, enjoying a three-course gourmet meal. The girls clink their wine glasses together to toast a successful days work.

EMILY

Well, at least they got the stains out.

ALICIA

I may need some new drum skins all the same.

JESSE

Yeah, and somehow I can't ever look at that mic again knowing where that monkey had it...

The girls shudder at the memory. Someone clears his throat O.S. to get their attention. The girls turn to see a well dressed young man who appears to have left a table of other lads a few feet away.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG MAN

Er, excuse me, ladies, but am I right in thinking that you're that Haiku band who are playing at the Pit tomorrow night?

EMILY

That's us.

JESSE

Yup, bang to rights.

YOUNG MAN

Well, ah, my friends and I were wondering if we could ask a favour of you.

EMILY

Go on...

YOUNG MAN

It's our good buddy Mike's bachelor party today, and we were trying to find something to do for him to mark the occasion. We saw you when you came in, and I got to thinking... would you play him a little song?

JESSE

Hmm! Sounds good, what's in it for us?

YOUNG MAN

We'll buy CDs and merchandise and come see you play tomorrow night. There's a lot of us.

ALICIA

I'm game, how about you girls?

Kate nods and the other girls follow.

EMILY

We're in. How shall we do this?

YOUNG MAN

Well, the party is still going on round the corner at a bar called McGee's, all you'd have to do is pop round and play.

ALICIA

It'd have to be all acoustic if that's okay, our stuff's locked up a way away from here.

YOUNG MAN
 (looking relieved that
 they're up for it)
 No problem, bring whatever you
 want, anything would be great!

JESSE
 Alright, youngster, we'll be round
 when we've finished eating.

YOUNG MAN
 Great, great. Thank you!

He goes and sits back down with his friends, who buzz with excitement at having booked the girls. Emily has a big grin on her face.

EMILY
 Good things always find us in the
 end, girls!

JESSE
 Usually by accident.

CUT TO:

110 INT. SWING DOOR - NIGHT

110

Wavelength are playing a showcase gig at the Swing Door club, winning the crowd over and trying to shift a few more tickets.

Martyn and Sarah's vocals double act seems to be working as the two head into the crowd to finish the set from the floor to a big cheer and applause. They climb back on stage.

MARTYN
 Thank you, we're playing at
 Brennan's tomorrow night so it'd be
 great to see you all there!

JOHN
 And buy stuff!

Martyn laughs and the band start to pack up their gear. As the crowd clamour around the merchandise stall and try to chat to members of the band, Martyn looks up as he hears his name called from the other side of the room.

(CONTINUED)

REVERSE ANGLE:

The Haiku girls have just walked in, and the camera slants to a catwalk style angle as the four girls strut in, dressed to kill and looking about as hot as a cappuccino mixed with lava, mischievous grins on their faces. "Wild Thing" by the Troggs kicks in.

ON MARTYN:

The camera, on the same slant angle, zooms up on Martyn as his jaw drops as he realises just how good Alicia looks.

REVERSE ANGLE:

A spotlight falls on Alicia as she walks up to Martyn. She stops a few feet in front of him, hands on her hips.

ALICIA

So what does a girl have to do to
get a drink round here?

CUT TO:

Haiku and Wavelength sat round the bar a few minutes later. The girls are recounting the bachelor party story.

EMILY

So when we finally got there, it
was full, and I mean full of cute,
young, single guys.

MARTYN

(worried glance at Alicia)
Oh?

EMILY

But we were all good girls. Well,
almost.

JESSE

What? He was asking for it!

EMILY

Anyway, we get our guitars and
treat the guy to a little song...

DISSOLVE TO:

111 INT. BAR - NIGHT

111

The bar of the bachelor party, packed full of about fifty-odd young guys, and Haiku perched on bar stools, three with guitars and Alicia with a little double-bongo set. They start to play "Happy Birthday," joined by all the guys.

EMILY (V.O.)

But then things got a little ugly
all of a sudden...

We hear the doors to the bar SLAM open. Every man in there goes quiet in a second, except for the girls who carry on singing for a few bars before they notice and stop, followed by Alicia who is still bopping away on her bongos before she too, grinds to a halt.

REVERSE ANGLE:

An angry looking woman stands at the entrance to the bar, shaking slightly with growing fury. Three of her friends appear in the doorway too, out of breath as though they've been running to catch up to her.

GIRL #1

We're sorry, we tried to stop her!

GIRL #2

But she thought you may be, well...

GIRL #3

Up to no good.

ANGRY WOMAN

And who are these three?

MAN #1

Uh, they're the entertainment.

ANGRY WOMAN

(raises eyebrows)

Really...

As one, all the guys in the room dart out of the way as the angry woman stomps over to the bachelor whose party this is and the girls, looking a little worried.

EMILY

Uh, hello, we're the band.

ANGRY WOMAN

I see...

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

JIM (V.O.)
Then what?

CUT TO:

112 INT. SWING DOOR - NIGHT

112

The two bands sat at the bar as before. There is a pause while the Haiku girls exchange a knowing glance, then Emily opens her mouth to continue.

CUT TO:

113 INT. BAR - NIGHT

113

The bachelor party again, but the angry woman is chasing her fiancée round the bar, slapping him and screaming several layers of abuse at him for being a no good, dirty, rotten whatchemacallit.

The camera leaves those two in the background and pans to see Haiku talking to the young man who invited them in the first place.

YOUNG MAN
I'm really sorry about all this,
she just gets a little...

EMILY
Paranoid?

JESSE
Violent?

ALICIA
Crazy?

YOUNG MAN
Jealous. So, the guys and I each
put \$10 together for you to say
sorry.

EMILY
That's real sweet, thanks!

YOUNG MAN
We'll all still come to see you
tomorrow night too.

JESSE
See you there!

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

JIM (V.O.)
So that means...

CUT TO:

114 INT. SWING DOOR - NIGHT

114

The two bands back at the bar.

EMILY
Yup, ten times fifty equals...

ALICIA
(holds up a wad of notes)
We got five hundred dollars!

The girls sing in harmony.

GIRLS
We got five hundred dollars, we got
five hundred dollars...

MARTYN
Well done! That's not bad for one
night's work.

SARAH
Anyway, home time I think.

JOHN
Yeah, gig tomorrow night, we'd best
get to sleep.

MARTYN
Good call. See you girls tomorrow?

ALICIA
Yeah, we'll see you at the hotel
for breakfast.

NEIL
Hey, I just thought... where are
Voodoo?

EMILY
Hopefully not making too much cash.

CUT TO:

115 INT. CLUB - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT 115

Voodoo at another venue, up to their armpits in cash and cheering as they chug beer bottles and count their winnings.

DISSOLVE TO:

116 INT. HOTEL - DINING ROOM - MORNING 116

Wavelength enjoying a breakfast buffet at their hotel. Underdog are at a table in the background laughing and joking, while Voodoo keep to themselves in one corner.

Haiku walk in and join Wavelength at the buffet, then both bands go and sit with Underdog.

MARTYN

Any plans for today?

IAN

Well...

CAPTION: Black screen, white letters - THAT NIGHT.

CUT TO:

The same table, same three bands, but it is now the evening and they have obviously just finished their evening meals.

IAN (cont'd)

... not really, no.

MARTYN

Ah well. Let's go play our gigs then!

Voodoo have already left as the three bands file out of the dining hall.

CUT TO:

117 INT. BRENNAN'S - NIGHT 117

The band are set up on stage. Martyn grabs the mic as the crowd cheer their approval.

MARTYN

Thank you, we are-

CUT TO:

118 INT. REBEL PLANET - NIGHT 118

Underdog, on stage and ready to go, Alex talking to the crowd as Martyn was.

ALEX
Underdog, and we'd like to-

CUT TO:

119 INT. THE PIT - NIGHT 119

Haiku, on stage like the other two, Emily speaking.

EMILY
Thank you all for coming, and we-

CUT TO:

120 INT. SUPERIORS - NIGHT 120

Voodoo, ready to play. Lawrence is speaking.

LAWRENCE
Hope you all have a good show.

MONTAGE:

In a series of rapid cuts, we follow:

A) Voodoo's drummer Bill hits his sticks together for the first beat in a four click intro.

B) We CUT TO Alicia who hits the second, then CUT TO Simon who hits the third;

C) And then CUT TO Jim who hits the last and then a cymbal crash as Wavelength launch into their song.

As we watch Wavelength play, a graphic appears on the bottom of the screen. It shows a pair of coloured bars, one green and one red, the green is marked "Tickets" and the red is marked "Merch." Wavelength play as their bars fill up to show they have made \$378 on tickets and \$266 on merch, making their new total \$1384.

DISSOLVE TO:

Underdog playing, whose graphic shows they have made \$360 on tickets and \$250 on merch. They now have \$1184.

DISSOLVE TO:

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

Haiku playing, and their graphics show the girls have made \$349 on tickets and \$675 on merch, plus \$250 for winning the bonus challenge. Their total is \$1884.

DISSOLVE TO:

Voodoo, finishing off their set to a round of applause. Their totals appear at the bottom of the screen. They have made \$395 on tickets and a further \$390 in merch. Their new total is \$1585.

CUT TO:

121 INT. BAR - NIGHT

121

Later that evening, after the gigs, and the bands are assembled to have Madeline and Blackshaw read out the totals.

MADELINE

So after two rounds, our leaders
are now Haiku, with \$1884.

The girls cheer and are applauded by the other bands.

MADELINE (cont'd)

That's all for tonight, bands on
the run, dismissed.

The bands chatter amongst each other as they get up and file out. Ian and Alex are talking.

IAN

Any idea where we're playing next
then?

ALEX

I think I heard someone say it
was...

CUT TO:

122 EXT. FREEWAY - MORNING

122

Underdog's van as it drives along a busy freeway, passing a huge road sign that says "Welcome To Pittsburgh."

123 INT. UNDERDOG'S VAN - NEXT

123

Inside the van, we see the Underdog boys chilling out as only they know how - each with a beer as they chat with each other. Alex, driving, doesn't drink as he is reading out the info pack for this stop.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Okay then. We can win the chance to play a song to open the local football team's game tomorrow later on, so that's worth going for.

SIMON

Sounds like fun!

ALEX

Yep, so let's get to the hotel quick and get set up for the next few days.

IAN

Not at this rate, matey.

Ian points out the windscreen to the traffic ahead.

CUT TO:

124 EXT. STREETS - NEXT

124

Overhead shot of Underdog's van. Pull back as the van slows to a halt to show us that there is a bottlenecked traffic jam just in front of them.

Two cars have become stuck at a set of traffic lights, trying to cut each other up and refusing to give way to each other. We can see the two drivers gesticulating angrily at each other, surrounded by other cars that have become stuck. Car horns beep all around.

CUT TO:

125 INT. WAVELENGTH'S VAN - NEXT

125

Wavelength as their van comes into the city through a clearer road. Martyn is trying to navigate as Steven drives.

STEVEN

I don't believe we're lost already, we just got here!

MARTYN

Look, the street we need just doesn't seem to be here, that's all.

JIM

Let me have a look, you great big dullard.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

It must be along this bit...

Steven leans across to point to a road on the map and stab at a certain point with his finger.

STEVEN (cont'd)

There!

He settles back into his seat. Seconds later a car horn is heard and Steven looks over to the left. He swears, and then the van is rocked by a massive impact.

EXTERNAL SHOT:

A bus has jumped a red light to try and save some time and run straight into the side of Wavelength's van, which slews off line and runs up onto the pavement.

INSIDE THE VAN we see the band pick themselves up after the impact and leave the van to inspect the damage.

MARTYN

(hands on head)

Oh, great!

Outside, we can see the damage better - the slide door is dented and marked with grey paint from the bus, which has pulled over to the side of the road out of the way.

The driver's side window is broken and Sarah dabs at a few small cuts on Steven's left arm from the glass. Steam hisses up from the tires, and black rubber marks stretch across the road from the scene of the accident.

JIM

This could be costly...

MARTYN

Fucking brilliant, we've been here seconds and boom!

JOHN

Well, we're all okay, and the van's not that bad.

NEIL

Yeah, it should still run no problem.

MARTYN
 (kicks the van)
 Bollocks!

We pull back from the crash scene a little and pick up Voodoo's van as it drives past. Jeffries and Bill lean out the windows to take a look at the smash.

LAWRENCE
 How'd it look?

BILL
 They're all okay, but the van's a bit beaten up.

JEFFRIES
 That'll come out of their winnings for this city, I think.

LAWRENCE
 Well, that's something I guess!

BILL
 Are we going to go for that bonus challenge then?

LAWRENCE
 Absolutely, I say we head over to the hotel and see what we need to do.

JEFFRIES
 Good job we missed all that traffic too.

BILL
 Yeah, it'd be a pain to get stuck in that lot.

CUT TO:

127 EXT. STREETS - NEXT 127

Underdog, still stuck in the same jam. The two angry drivers are half out of their cars now, sounding their car horns at each other as they rant.

128 INT. UNDERDOG'S VAN - NEXT 128

Inside the Underdog van, Ian is getting more impatient.

IAN
 Parp them!

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

What?

IAN

Parp them, go on! They need a parping!

ALEX

I'm not giving anybody a bloody parping, you little eejit, get back in your box.

IAN

I'll do it then.

Ian reaches across and sounds the horn a few times. Alex swats him back out of the way.

ALEX

And how is that going to help?

IAN

It might!

Another horn beeps nearby. Ian laughs and Alex sighs. Then they realise that the horn beeping nearby is actually playing a tune, beeping in a little rhythm.

Alex and Ian exchange looks, then nod their heads for a few seconds as they try to match the rhythm, then they join in, beeping along.

Soon other cars have joined in, and in a matter of moments the cars all around the two angry drivers are playing a tune at them, people drumming on their cars to add a beat. The drivers slowly realise what is going on, and both begin to laugh.

Soon, they get back into their cars, manoeuvre round each other and head off. Alex looks across at Ian who is grinning smugly in his seat.

ALEX

Okay, so maybe sometimes that works...

The girls are driving along, with Jesse reading the info pack out to the others.

JESSE

So our club this time is called
"Pussycats" and is apparently the
top goth and alternative place in
the area!

EMILY

Sweet. We may even meet a few
friends there!

ALICIA

I think we need some happy music.

EMILY

Happy music?

ALICIA

Yeah, something to keep us in good
spirits.

KATE

(reaches forward with a
tape)

Here.

EMILY

What's this?

KATE

(grins)

Happy music.

Emily puts the tape in. After a few seconds, "Better The Devil You Know" by Kylie kicks in, and when the girls realise what it is they all burst out laughing.

CUT TO:

Wavelength, stranded by their van as Steven and John change one tyre. The bus is gone now, and Sarah chain smokes as she sits inside the van, the slide door having been forced back and fixed up with gaffa tape to hold it in place for the moment. Martyn sits down next to her. She is shaking a little, and she snuggles up to Martyn as he throws a reassuring arm round her.

MARTYN

You okay?

SARAH

Ask me again when I've finished
this pack of cigarettes.

(CONTINUED)

MARTYN

(grins)

We're all okay. Steven's arm is fine, just a few cuts. The only things dented are our pride and the side of the van.

Sarah smiles and stays leaned against Martyn as Haiku's van pulls up on the other side of the road, the Kylie tune from before still playing. The girls leap out of the van and come running over.

ALICIA

God! Are you guys all okay?

MARTYN

We're fine, we got hit by a bus.

JIM

The police left a minute ago, and the Waning BROS.. people are going to sort it out, apparently.

STEVEN

We may have to pay for the damage to the truck though, we're on our way to a garage when the tyre's fixed.

JOHN

Almost!

MARTYN

You girls head on, we'll catch up with you later.

EMILY

You're sure you're alright.

MARTYN

Yeah. Thanks, girls, we appreciate it.

Haiku head back for their van and drive away.

The Underdog boys pull up outside the hotel for this stop and get out of their van. Voodoo are already parked up, and Rob stays by their van as his band mates walk past before he calls out to them.

ROB

Hey, wait up a second.

ALEX

What?

ROB

I have a great idea.

IAN

(looks from Rob to the van
and back)

I think I do too!

ROB

We can't let Voodoo sneak out and
play more secret gigs in this town
too, can we?

ALEX

It'd be nice to slow 'em down.

ROB

So let's do a little industrial
sabotage then!

Underdog exchange glances, then break out in grins and descend on Voodoo's truck. Rob and Ian let down three of the tires while Simon and Alex lift the bonnet and steal a few sparkplugs from the engine.

ALEX

I'll move our van now so it doesn't
look too suspicious.

SIMON

(playing with sparkplug)
Righto, we'll meet you in our room.

IAN

I think this calls for a group evil
cackle...

Underdog throw their heads back and laugh, Dr. Evil style, as one.

As they laugh, Haiku pull up and park a few spaces away. The girls walk over into frame as Underdog continue to laugh.

EMILY

Dare I ask?

The laughter stops abruptly.

IAN

We're innocent.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (2)

131

ROB

Not guilty of letting their tires
down.

SIMON

And we most certainly did not steal
several important engine
components.

JESSE

Nice trick!

ALICIA

Yeah, I'm only sorry we didn't
think of it first!

The band head inside.

CUT TO:

132 INT. HAIKU'S HOTEL ROOM - NEXT

132

Haiku in their room as the girls throw their bags and other
luggage onto the beds. Alicia and Kate flop down onto their
beds as Jesse picks up the phone.

JESSE

Room service? We've had a long day,
and we'd like to order an insane
amount of food and alcohol to make
ourselves feel better.

Jesse puts the phone down and turns to the other girls.

JESSE (cont'd)

It'll be here -

CAPTION: Black screen, white lettering - "In A Flash."

SMASH CUT TO:

The girls, sprawled all over the room. The suitcases and bags
are open and their contents are spread liberally all over the
place. A tower of empty beer cans bottles and spirit bottles
litters the floor. The girls are singing drunkenly to "I
Should Be So Lucky" by Kylie.

133 INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - NEXT

133

Downstairs with Underdog, the boys are chilling out in the
hotel lounge, drinking and smoking as they chat and laugh to
each other.

(CONTINUED)

We close up on Ian as there is a timid cough to his left (O.S.) to get his attention. He turns.

IAN'S P.O.V. - We see two men, one dressed as a KLINGON in full battle armour and one dressed as a Star Wars STORMTROOPER.

ON IAN as he yelps in surprise and falls backwards off his chair.

KLINGON

Oh, god, sorry, we didn't mean to startle you.

The stormtrooper tries to speak but all we hear is muffled mumbling from inside his helmet. The klingon slaps him to remind him that no-one can hear so the stormtrooper takes off the helmet to reveal an atypical geek underneath - glasses, messy hair, acne.

STORMTROOPER

Yeah, we were going to ask, are you one of the groups who are doing that 'Bands On The Run' show?

ALEX

We most certainly are.

SIMON

Show?

KLINGON

We're on our way to MeCon 2002 and wondered if you guys would like to come along?

STORMTROOPER

There's a couple of other live bands there, but we'd love a high profile band such as you guys to play.

KLINGON

So what do you say?

ALEX

Guys?

ROB

Let's do it! These people will have money and they will buy many, many things.

SIMON

Will we need to dress up?

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: (2)

133

KLINGON

Should you want to get into the spirit of things, we'll lay on any outfits you could need.

IAN

Outfits, eh?

Ian looks skyward and the camera looks up to follow his gaze.

DISSOLVE INTO:

134 INT. STAGE - NIGHT

134

Underdog on stage in front of a crowd of assorted Star Trek junkies, Star Wars outfits and all manner of outfits and monster costumes. Underdog themselves are dressed in a variety of rubber gimp outfits.

135 INT. HOTEL - LOUNGE - DAY

135

SMASH CUT back to Ian sitting on the sofa in the hotel as Rob slaps him up the back of the head, disturbing his thoughts.

ROB

Not those sorts of outfits.

ALEX

Right then, you pair let us know where we need to head for and what time to get there, and we'll do the rest.

KLINGON

Will do.

He scribbles down the necessary details on a sheet of paper and passes it to Alex. The klingon and stormtrooper then wave their goodbyes and head off.

ROB

Wasn't he a little short to be a stormtrooper?

Alex rolls his eyes and glances across the lounge, where he spots Voodoo over by the main doors.

WITH VOODOO as they are seen talking to the hotel's manager. A smile and a handshake show the group cementing some kind of deal but we can't hear them speaking to find out what.

136 INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NEXT

136

We join Martyn and Jim as they knock on the door of Haiku's hotel room.

ALICIA

Just a minute! Ow, shit, who left their guitar there?

Jim and Martyn exchange a glance. Jim starts giggling while Martyn shakes his head and prepares his smiley face for when the door is opened.

Alicia opens the door with a big smile. She's wearing a cutoff midriff-baring t-shirt and jeans cut into shorts, with her long blonde hair tied into long ponytails. Jim stops giggling and gawks as Martyn blushes and tries to talk.

MARTYN

We, er, well, I mean, I, sort of, well, uh, if you, ah, well, if not just you, of course, because, like, er...

ALICIA

We'd all love to go explore the city with you guys.

Martyn stops talking and looks confused. Alicia turns to Jim.

ALICIA (cont'd)

I speak Gibber. Give us ten minutes to get ready then we'll meet you down in the lobby, okay?

She closes the door. Jim prods the dumbstruck Martyn.

JIM

I tell you, that's girl's got a chest like two small boys fighting under a duvet.

The two head off.

137 INT. HOTEL - FOYER - NEXT

137

Down in the lobby, Wavelength join a by now pretty boozed up Underdog in the seating area. The two bands are ready to go exploring, and are soon joined by Haiku who come trooping down the stairs like a posse of vampires on day release.

However, as the three bands start to head outside, they hear an announcement.

(CONTINUED)

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

(filtered)

And now, ladies and gentlemen, for your entertainment in the bar area we now present the band Southern Voodoo, promoting their show later tonight.

There is a ripple of applause off to the left of the screen, and the three bands heads turn to look.

We pan left with them to see the entrance to the bar area, which is pretty full up.

138 INT. HOTEL - BAR - NEXT

138

Inside the bar area, looking from the centre of the room back over to the entrance as the three bands walk in.

They scowl as, surprise, surprise, Voodoo take to the stage armed with acoustic guitars.

LAWRENCE

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen, we are Southern Voodoo and we'd like to invite you all to come see us again at the Trip Joint this evening.

More applause, and Voodoo start with one of their slower, more mainstream-y numbers.

ALICIA

Bastards!

STEVEN

Do they never sleep?

ROB

Maybe they're pod people.

Underdog exchange worried looks.

EMILY

(determined)

I think it's time someone put those pods in their place.

IAN

(also determined)

Yeah, back on the pea plant with all their little green brothers.

Alex throws a confused look at Ian, then gives up with a shake of his head.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

MARTYN

Sod 'em, let's go do some flyering
round the town.

The bands file out.

CUT TO:

139 EXT. STREETS - DAY

139

The three bands in a montage of wandering in and out of various bars round the city, putting up posters and flyers as they go.

WITH UNDERDOG as they walk down one street, a little way ahead of the other two bands. Ian and Simon are giving out flyers to every pretty girl that walks past.

ALEX

I'm getting a bit worried about
Matt now. I hope he's okay.

SIMON

I'm sure he'll catch us up. He
knows how to contact the record
company people, so sooner or later
he'll turn up.

ALEX

Mm...

Our view of the boys is blocked as a truck drives past with a large billboard either side of it. The side facing us has a large photo of Matt, a worried look on his face, next to huge black lettering saying "Have you seen this man?"

WITH WAVELENGTH AND HAIKU, chatting until Martyn and Emily's pagers go off. They both head for the nearest payphone.

MARTYN

After you, it'll just be the bonus
thingy, letting us know how we go
about winning it.

EMILY

Thanks.

(she checks her pockets)

Crap, does anyone have a quarter?

Everyone searches their pockets but they all come up blank.

JIM

No way, we can't all not have any
change.

(CONTINUED)

NEIL

I'll handle this. Stand back.

Neil walks up to the phone booth, and after checking the street for anyone watching he reaches into his bag and pulls out a dictaphone and a hex wrench.

With a trained hand he deftly unscrews and opens the front of the phone to reveal the internal speakers. Listening to his dictaphone for a second, he winds the tape inside on until he gets to the right place. Then he holds the dictaphone next to the speaker.

NEIL (cont'd)

What number's on the pager?

EMILY

Uh, 555-1024.

NEIL

Right.

Neil dials the number in. After a few moments he gets a recorded message telling him to insert coins. In response he plays the dictaphone, which blasts a shrill note down the speaker.

Everyone else, who had crowded round to watch, jumps back and cover their ears in pain. There is a satisfied beep from the machine and it starts ringing. Neil quickly screws the cover back on and passes the handset to Emily.

NEIL (cont'd)

(with a grin)

It's for you.

EMILY

You little star!

She gives him a peck on the cheek. Neil blushes and grins as he packs his kit away.

MARTYN

You, my young Jedi apprentice, are one of the coolest people on the planet right now.

NEIL

Yoda has taught me well.

EMILY

(into phone)

Hello? Yes, it's Emily from Haiku. How do we win the bonus op? Uh huh... right... okay, thanks a lot.

(CONTINUED)

She hangs up and turns to the others.

EMILY (cont'd)

Piece of cake. All we need to do is drink a bottle of the Pittsburgh Steeler's official beer and we win the prize.

SIMON

Which is?

EMILY

We get to play a song to the crowd at Sunday's match.

STEVEN

Could work out nice, there's bound to be a big crowd for that.

ALICIA

Boy, it's a good job we're not competing against each other or anything, isn't it?

MARTYN

I prefer to think of it as "sharing the information."

We pan up a little to get a slight bird's eye view of the three bands as Ian speaks.

IAN

This looks like a job for-

SMASH CUT TO:

Later that evening, looking down on the bands from the same angle, but now they are all in evening clothes and in the middle of a packed club, bopping to Drowning Pool's "Bodies" which plays.

IAN

Booze!

Emily and Jim both fight their way through the crowds at the bar to end up stood next to each other, trying to get the bar staff's attention.

EMILY

Hello.

JIM

Hi.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

So this is the part where friendships are cast aside for whoever can be first to grab a bottle of the beer, right?

JIM

Actually, I was going to wait till you got yours then challenge you to a chugging contest.

EMILY

(grins)
You're on.

CU on two bottles of beer as they are slammed down onto the counter one after the other. Jim and Emily take them up and face off.

The club's music fades out and is replaced by the Imperial March music from Star Wars. We INTERCUT between Jim and Emily, throwing in random close ups of various parts of their faces - eyes, noses, mouths.

JIM

You ready?

EMILY

Bring it on, limey.

JIM

Hit it.

The music switches to "Wish" by NIN as the two start to chug. A crowd has gathered round them, and the boys cheer Jim as the girls chant for Emily.

Both are going for it, stray lines of beer running down their necks as they near the end of their bottles. Both finish at the same moment.

In SLOW MOTION they turn to the bar, their bottles raised in the air to slam down onto the counter, but they only get halfway before a third hand slams an empty bottle down onto the counter.

Emily and Jim both turn, with shocked looks, to see that Bill has drained his bottle and beaten them both. The Imperial March music starts up again.

BARMAN

We have a winner!

(CONTINUED)

The crowd cheer as Bill shakes hands and waves to the crowd. Emily and Jim both slap their heads Homer Simpson style and walk away, muttering to themselves. We watch them rejoin the others.

JESSE

Well?

EMILY

Denied.

JIM

Lost we did.

EMILY

Beaten and defeated.

JIM

By Bill, the flid.

JESSE

Never mind, there's still plenty of places we can try yet.

MARTYN

Yeah, let's leave them lot here and get moving.

JIM

I wonder how they'll get on with the prize?

DISSOLVE TO:

All the boys are asleep when the phone rings. A bleary Mike fumbles around, knocking over lamps and things until he gets a hand to the receiver.

MIKE

Hello?

PHONE

This is your early morning call, gentlemen. The taxi will be here to take you to the stadium in ten minutes.

MIKE

Yeah, thanks...

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

Mike puts the receiver back down. The rest of Voodoo are gradually coming round, muttering and swearing about how early it is.

CUT TO:

142 EXT. HOTEL - MAIN ENTRANCE - NEXT

142

The Voodoo boys assembled outside the hotel foyer, coats wrapped tight against the chilly morning breeze. They are all carrying parts of their equipment - drum cases and guitar bags.

A taxi pulls up and the band get in. As it drives away, we pan up the face of the hotel until we see Ian peering out of Underdog's room's window.

CUT TO:

143 INT. UNDERDOG'S HOTEL ROOM - NEXT

143

Inside the room over Ian's shoulder as he watches the taxi drive away.

IAN

Boy, am I glad I'm not up this early in the morning.

ROB (O.S.)

Close the curtains!

A beer can is thrown which hits Ian on the side of the head. As he falls, his outstretched arm pulls the curtains closed again.

ROB (O.S.) (cont'd)

Ta!

CUT TO:

144 EXT. JETTY - DAY

144

Voodoo as their taxi drives away and they are left standing by a jetty leading out onto the Three Rivers, Pittsburgh's own body of slightly stinky water and the home of the Steeler's football stadium, which can be seen dimly through the slight fog in the b.g.

A boat is waiting for the boys, and its captain, COOPER, wanders over to say hello.

(CONTINUED)

COOPER

Mornin' boys, 'spose by now you know the deal.

LAWRENCE

Yup, we do.

JEFFRIES

When does the game start?

COOPER

(checks his watch)

In about half an hour. You see those fans packing the walkways going to the stadium? That's your audience. You get to play your stuff to 'em while they wait. That's as good as playing at the stadium itself. Here, let me help you get your gear set up.

As Cooper grabs two drum cases and heads towards the waiting boat, Rich mutters under his breath while Bill just curses quietly.

BILL

This is stupid.

RICH

Too right, these people are all going to be in bed by seven, never mind coming back out to see us play.

LAWRENCE

Don't worry, I have a plan.

Off Lawrence's sneaky expression, we:

CUT TO:

The boat is now in motion, heading out across the river as Cooper whistles cheerfully to himself. Voodoo are all set up at their places, guitars, drums and mics ready to go.

As they near the stadium, Cooper grabs the loudspeaker mic to announce their presence to the fans.

COOPER

Good morning, Steelers boys and girls!

We see the assembled crowd of queuing fans cheer in approval.

(CONTINUED)

COOPER (cont'd)
And now, as advertised, we are
proud to present the top rock group
Southern Voodoo, here to blast away
those early mornin' cobwebs!

Cooper puts the mic back as the band get ready to play.

COOPER (cont'd)
You guys all set?

LAWRENCE
We sure are.
(he nods o.s. to someone)
Hit it.

The camera pans quickly to follow his gaze and we see Jeffries, who has set up a mic over the speaker of a portable CD player. He presses play and Voodoo's CD starts to play, the band quickly picking up the pace and miming along with their own songs.

JEFFRIES
Are you sure this will work?

LAWRENCE
These people are too drunk to do
anything except cheer and then
throw up, they won't notice a
thing.

Lawrence prepares to sing but is caught out a little as the vocals on the CD start a few seconds before he opens his mouth. From off screen there is a loud shout:

MAN (O.S.)
Hey! They're just miming!

MAN #2 (O.S.)
Get 'em!

Seconds later the boat is pelted by a barrage of beer cans, bottles, rocks, footballs, anything the fans can get their hands on.

The band dive for cover as Cooper valiantly tries to steer the boat out of the path of danger.

We cut to a shot further back, giving us a broadside view of the crowds lining the outside of the stadium as they attack the boat.

Cooper turns the boat back towards the shore, but a football hits the engine which bursts into FLAMES! Cooper looks back at the damage and then screams a warning to the band.

COOPER

Make your peace with God, boys,
she's goin' down!

As we watch, the boat slowly sinks downwards out of view, the equipment floating away to cheers from the crowd. The band and Cooper disappear beneath the waves for a second.

As we watch, bubbles rising from below, an inflatable dinghy floats past holding the unconscious form of Matt, who is wearing a Steelers t-shirt and one of those dual beer can hats.

As he floats out of shot, Cooper and Voodoo swim back up to the surface, panting and gasping for air as they start to swim back to shore.

LAWRENCE

Well, I hope the others had as bad
a day as this!

A stray beer bottle bounces off Lawrence's head before we:

CUT TO:

A stage set up, close up on a mic stand. There is lots of background chatter which quietens down as the house lights dim a little. A banner in the background tells us we are at the MeCon 2002 sci-fi convention.

Alex walks into shot, a pair of Vulcan ears on and dressed in a full 60s Star Trek blue science officer's uniform. He clears his throat and speaks softly into the mic.

ALEX

Welcome to the final frontier.

The camera pulls back quickly as Alex raises his arms to the cheers of the crowd, and the rest of Underdog kick into a heavy cover of the theme to Star Trek, which the crowd of sci-fi nuts go berserk for.

The rest of the band are dressed up too - Ian in a bulky Cylon warrior's armour, Si in a badly fitting Godzilla costume and Rob looking divine in his Xena Warrior Princess costume. He leans close to Alex for a word.

ROB

Do I have to wear this?

ALEX

It was the only thing in your size,
now shurrup and keep playing!

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

We watch the band play and DISSOLVE into the same scene, only at the end of the set. The costumes are falling off and the band have obviously played a good show. Alex steps up to the mic one last time.

ALEX (cont'd)
You should know this one.

Underdog kick into the theme from "Red Dwarf" and the crowd roar their approval. Alex goes to sing the first line but is hit in the face by a black bra thrown from the crowd. He looks into the crowd to locate the owner.

We see a girl in full Klingon female warrior makeup and dress winking back at him. She grins to show a nasty looking set of teeth. Alex grins back and starts singing, the bra draped over his head.

CUT TO:

147 INT. CONVENTION HALL - CORRIDOR - NEXT

147

A lonely janitor is pushing along a sweeping brush as the band's music thunders from inside the hall, the voices of all the singing fans carrying along with it. The janitor shakes his head sadly and goes back to his sweeping.

DISSOLVE TO:

148 EXT. HOTEL - DAY/NIGHT

148

An accelerated time shot of the hotel as the sun sets and night falls. Traffic gets thicker all around.

CUT TO:

149 EXT. HOTEL - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

149

A SLOW MOTION shot as the doors to the hotel open and Wavelength walk out, decked out Matrix-style in long jackets and dark clothes.

We try not to notice Jim trip over something in the background and crash to the floor as his bandmates carry on towards us without looking back.

They get to their van, load up their stuff and jump in. Martyn finds a letter inside the van which he opens.

SARAH
What is it?

(CONTINUED)

MARTYN

It's the bill from the garage for the repairs. The van needed two new doors and lots of other stuff...

(reads)

... shit!

JIM

Now what?

Martyn passes him the bill.

JIM (cont'd)

Shit.

STEVEN

What happens now? I mean, who pays for that?

MARTYN

There's another note here from Barrington. It says that sadly, the rules of the tour are that expenses like this are deducted from our earnings so far.

SARAH

No way! So now we're over six hundred dollars out of pocket?

MARTYN

'Fraid so.

NEIL

Let's just go play and worry about this later.

MARTYN

Good call.

Martyn starts up the van and drives away.

As they drive off, we see the next van along is Haiku's, and they climb into it and reverse out the parking area.

This reveals Underdog, still half in costume from the convention as they hurry inside their van and back out.

This shows us Voodoo, who are shouting and swearing at each other as their sabotaged van fails to start.

We look from inside the Underdog van as they exchange a look, then burst into a group evil laugh.

DISSOLVE TO:

150 INT. VARIOUS CLUBS - NIGHT 150

Another accelerated time MONTAGE of shots, showing us the four band's venues filling up with punters and gradually livening up.

151 INT. NATURAL BLUES - NIGHT 151

We are in Wavelength's club, the Natural Blues, when the lights go down and the band walk on to a cheer and round of applause. Sarah walks up to the mic.

SARAH

Good evening, Pittsburgh!

The crowd cheer.

SARAH (cont'd)

In honour of the name of our wonderful venue tonight, we're going to start with one of our slower numbers, so I hope you like it. It's called "Chasing The Sunrise."

Wavelength start the song, a slow Snake River Conspiracy style tune which shows off Sarah's deep and powerful vocals.

DISSOLVE TO:

152 INT. PUSSYCATS - NIGHT 152

Haiku on stage at Pussycats, an alternative-friendly bar filled up with goths and freaks who are loving every second of it as we join Haiku halfway through one of their heavier numbers.

DISSOLVE TO:

153 INT. WHITEWASH - NIGHT 153

Underdog, playing in the Whitewash, whose décor seems to be inspired by the milk bars from A Clockwork Orange. In tribute, the boys are dressed in white tops and trousers, and each have dabbed on eye liner a la Malcolm McDowell in the movie. Their U2 style tune has filled their venue up pretty well.

DISSOLVE TO:

154 INT. TRIP JOINT - NIGHT

154

Southern Voodoo's venue, the Trip Joint. The place is full but there is no sign of the band, and the crowd are getting restless.

Through the catcalls and stamped feet, a nervous looking young SOUND ENGINEER walks onto the stage. He taps on the mic a few times and the crowd moan at the squeal of feedback this produces.

ENGINEER

Uh, we're sorry for the delay, ladies and gentlemen, but we are assured that Southern Voodoo are on their way. They apologise for the delay and will be here as soon as they can.

A shot of Underdog laughing evilly in their van, then back to the club.

ENGINEER (cont'd)

Uh, thank you.

He walks off the stage, but we stay on the scene and the computer graphic bars to show each band's earnings fade onto the screen.

Haiku have made \$381 from tickets and \$271 from merch for a total of \$652. Voodoo made \$312 from tickets and \$266 from merch to total \$578, while Underdog made \$376 from tickets and \$660 from merch thanks to the convention, totalling \$1036. Wavelength made \$401 on tickets and \$250 on merch for \$651, but the repair bill for their van leaves them with just \$51.

CUT TO:

155 INT. WHITEWASH - UPSTAIRS BAR - LATER

155

The post-gig debriefing. All the bands look tired but happy. And drunk. Madeline reads out the tour totals so far.

MADELINE

Okay then, Haiku are still our leaders with \$2536, but not far behind are Underdog with \$2220, and right behind them are Voodoo on \$2163. Sadly, Wavelength's loss from their repair bill leaves them trailing on \$1385. That's all for now, bands on the run dismissed.

(CONTINUED)

Wavelength are visibly depressed. Haiku and Underdog try to comfort them. Martyn in particular is looking very miserable, and Alicia leads him outside for a quiet word.

CUT TO:

Voodoo are getting into their truck and heading off, but Martyn and Alicia pay them no attention as the band drives away. Martyn sits against the front wall, swigging a Bud, as Alicia rubs his arms and tries to comfort him.

ALICIA

Look, it's just cash. We have one more city to do and there is still plenty of time to make more cash. Please don't stress, I hate seeing you get upset!

MARTYN

It's just a bit of a pisser, you know? It wasn't exactly our fault we got into that smash!

ALICIA

You're all still okay so that's what matters, right?

MARTYN

Yeah... it's just bad timing. I think we'd still be last even if we had all the cash, though. Just by a little under two hundred dollars instead of nearly eight.

ALICIA

(hugs him)

Still loads of time. You're a great band, you'll do fine.

MARTYN

You know, as one of our main rivals, you should be happy to be in the lead.

ALICIA

Oh, I am, trust me.

They laugh - it's broken the tension. Martyn visibly relaxes. Alicia is still hugging him. She sighs contentedly.

MARTYN

You know, I may need my body back at some point.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

Not allowed, you're too warm and huggable.

MARTYN

Well, I like to think so.

Alicia looks up at him. Their eyes meet and suddenly the atmosphere is charged again - the obvious mutual attraction is stepping up a notch.

Alicia leans in a little closer for a kiss... but is disturbed by the rest of Underdog, Wavelength and Haiku pouring out the front of the bar in a bustle of laughter and noise. Martyn and Alicia share a grin then rejoin their buddies.

CUT TO:

157 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

157

To the backing of "Sledgehammer" by Peter Gabriel we watch the three groups walking down the street, passing by several bars and clubs, the crowds spilling out onto the pavement.

We arrive at the parked vans of Haiku and Underdog, and they head off as Wavelength carry on walking. They reach their van as the music fades out.

As Martyn fumbles for the keys, a couple of rockers walk past and recognise them.

ROCKER #1

Hey, it's that Wavelength band!

ROCKER #2

Sweet!

STEVEN

Evenin', we're just off home as it happens.

ROCKER #1

There's lots of traffic out there tonight, seeing as the Steelers won this morning.

ROCKER #2

Go Steelers!

He does a little victory dance. Some people walking past laugh and join in as his friend carries on talking.

ROCKER #1

Where are you guys headed?

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

Our hotel, out on Salisbury Street.

ROCKER #1

Aah, you'll never get there this time of night on a game night. Listen, if you want to give me a lift I'll show you a great short cut.

JOHN

What's in it for you?

ROCKER #1

A ride home! I live just round the corner from the hotel!

MARTYN

Sounds good. Hop in.

ROCKER #1

Okay!
(to his friend)
See you later, Jay.

ROCKER #2

Yeah, later, Bob.

The rocker climbs into the van. Steven slides the door shut and the van pulls out and drives away.

We watch from inside the van as the rocker, sat in the passenger seat, tries to direct the band.

ROCKER

Now, take a left here... yeah, then bear right... uh huh, follow this route.

MARTYN

Are you sure about this? We're getting further away from the city at the moment!

ROCKER

Naw, man, trust me, this is the quickest shortcut in the world.

159 EXT. URBAN WASTELAND - NIGHT

159

External shot as the van screeches to a halt. We are in a run down old industrial style area, with a few bums scattered around open fires.

A makeshift roadblock of tires, sheets of metal and burned out cars lies ahead. There are several gang members standing around, bathed in the glare from the van's headlights.

Inside the van, we see Martyn and the rocker slowly turn to face each other.

ROCKER

Okay, so we may be a little bit off the beaten track here...

Martyn looks back out front. Suddenly, the Biohazard track from the "Judgement Night" soundtrack kicks in as three gang members drop down out of nowhere in front of the van, swirling knives and nunchucks around. Martyn and the others SCREAM in terror.

CLOSE UP of Martyn's foot as it stamps on the accelerator pedal.

EXTERNAL shot as the van screeches forward, scattering the gang members as the van powers straight towards the roadblock.

ROCKER (cont'd)

Dude, turn around! We'll be killed!

MARTYN

No time! Hang on!!

We watch the van blast through the roadblock and thankfully barrel straight out onto the main freeway again.

160 EXT. FREEWAY - NEXT

160

A few cars sound their horns as they swerve out of the way before Martyn gets the van under control again.

161 INT. WAVELENGTH'S VAN - NEXT

161

Inside the van, everyone slowly calms down. We pan across to see the rocker gradually getting his breath back. He turns to Martyn and gives him a comradely slap on the arm.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

ROCKER

Nice driving, dude! Now, I know
where we are now, so all we need to
do is -

We see Martyn turn and glare at him.

162 EXT. STREETS - NEXT

162

An external shot of the van as the doors slide open and the rocker is thrown out with a yelp. The door closes and the van carries on o.s.

As we watch, the rocker picks himself up, looks around, then shrugs, lights up and walks off.

163 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

163

CAPTION: COLUMBUS

Underdog's van blasts into shot to the tune of Blink 182's "All The Small Things" as the hard drinking rockers roll into town.

164 INT. UNDERDOG'S VAN - NEXT

164

We ride inside their van as Alex ceremoniously prepares to open the final instruction and info pack. The rest of the band drum on the van walls and seats as he opens it.

ALEX

Ladies, I'd like to tell you
that...

(reads)

We'll be playing a frat house party
tonight!

A cheer.

IAN

That means girls!

SI

And beer!

ROB

Girls and beer!

Another cheer.

ALEX

The address is here, we just drive
to it, play and pick up the cash.

(CONTINUED)

ROB
Child's play.

Alex's mobile phone starts to ring. He answers.

ALEX
'Lo?

INTERCUT: Martyn is on the other end of the line. He is in Wavelength's van with John driving.

MARTYN
Dude!

ALEX
'Ello matey. What's up?

MARTYN
A plan so cunning you could put a tail on it and call it a weasel, my hard rocking amigo!

ALEX
I like those sorts of plans best.

MARTYN
We'll tell you where our frat party is if you tell us about yours. Then we both play both.

ALEX
So we both get double the cash?

MARTYN
You bet, I checked the idea with Barrington, he said it showed good initiative so if we do both we get paid for both.

ALEX
Bonus! What about Haiku?

MARTYN
I can't reach them yet, if I get them in on it we can do all three!

ALEX
And Voodoo?

MARTYN
Fuck 'em!

The two guys laugh.

ALEX

It's a plan. There's a bar in town marked as a meeting point for tomorrow, called Denny's. See you there in one hour!

MARTYN

Roger roger.

Alex hangs up and turns to the others.

ALEX

Double or nothing?

SI

You're on.

Cut to the bar one hour later, with Underdog and Wavelength sat round a long table.

MARTYN

My man Neil here had another idea. Go ahead.

NEIL

Well, Voodoo have this great habit of sneaking out the hotel each morning and making a shitload more money than us. I say we follow them one day and try to stop 'em!

IAN

I like it.

ALEX

Still nothing from Haiku?

MARTYN

I spoke to Emily, she says the girls are all worn out and are just going to do their one gig and go to bed, else they'll be too worn out for the battle of the bands next week.

SI

We on the other hand are invincible!

IAN, SI, ALEX AND ROB

(together)

Fear no beer!

165 CONTINUED:

165

ALEX

Now all we need is to find Matt and
the gang's all here...

166 INT. ALIEN SPACECRAFT - NIGHT

166

The camera pans across shelves of what look like human body parts and wicked looking medical instruments, before we come across Matt, clad only in a pair of Mr Happy boxer shorts, being dragged into a plain room by two shadowy figures.

We stay with Matt as the two aliens throw him rudely into the middle of the room. The door slides shut, sealing Matt inside a completely seamless and smooth room.

He bangs on the walls a few times, then tries to wrap his arms round himself to shut out the cold.

Moments later, what appears to be a bed rises silently from the floor, catching Matt unawares so he ends up sprawled on top of it.

The door opens and in walks a dazzlingly attractive alien female. She speaks as Matt gazes in wonder.

ALIEN WOMAN

Good afternoon. We will begin the
cross species breeding experiment
now. Please remove your clothes.

Looking from the other side of the doorway, the alien woman slips off her silver jumpsuit to reveal a perfectly sculpted body underneath.

As Matt gapes in shock, then gradually with a happy grin, the door slides shut again.

167 EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

167

Cut to the evening, and the camera pans down from the stars to look at a frat house on campus grounds. Students of all shapes and sizes mill around, most heading for the frat house.

168 INT. FRAT HOUSE - NEXT

168

Moving inside with them, a Papa Roach track is blaring out from a stereo somewhere as students pack the house, drinking and chatting.

At the far end of the largest room is a small soundstage set up, and Wavelength are tuning up ready for their set. Alex walks over from a small group of girls to talk to Martyn.

(CONTINUED)

MARTYN

You seem to have made a few new friends!

ALEX

They're offering to take us out round the town later. I did some maths and there's one for each of us, seeing as your two lovers are with each other.

Martyn looks across at Sarah and Steven, laughing as Steven tunes up his guitar.

MARTYN

I'd love to, but I'm meeting Alicia after this is done.

ALEX

Aiight!

MARTYN

Hey, just a post gig drink.

ALEX

Right. And the fact that she's hotter than a volcano's jockstrap has nothing to do with this...

MARTYN

Alex!

ALEX

Right, right. We're ready when you are. Five songs each, jawohl?

MARTYN

Hai. See you in a bit.

Alex walks back over to the girls, who have been joined by an eager looking Ian, Si and Rob, while Martyn taps the mic to get the crowds attention.

MARTYN (cont'd)

Evening all. We're not good on long intros so we'll make do with a 1,2,3,4...

Wavelength start their song.

DISSOLVE TO:

169 INT. ANOTHER FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

169

We fade from them to Voodoo, who seem to be just finishing their set.

LAWRENCE

Thank you, thank you. We're sorry that Haiku couldn't make it tonight, but we're glad you guys let us play at such short notice! And for the record, you were a better crowd than the other frat house we played...

A drunken cheer from the crowd.

LAWRENCE (cont'd)

Well, we gotta split. Later!

170 EXT. ANOTHER FRAT HOUSE - NEXT

170

Cut to outside as Haiku's van pulls up in a screech of tires. Emily leaps out followed by the others. She is fuming with rage.

EMILY

Those double crossing...

JESSE

Em, don't kill anyone!

ALICIA

Nobody human, anyway!

171 INT. ANOTHER FRAT HOUSE - NEXT

171

We follow the rampaging Emily as she stomps into the frat house and confronts Lawrence as the rest of Voodoo pack up.

EMILY

That was you, wasn't it? That bogus bonus opportunity call? That made us late for this gig?

LAWRENCE

I haven't got a clue what you're talking about. This frat house called us to say you were a no-show so we swung by to help out.

EMILY

Why, I oughtta...

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

171

Emily goes to take a swing at Lawrence but is restrained in time by Jesse as the rest of Haiku catch up.

LAWRENCE

Easy! You want to watch her, she's got a right temper on her.

JESSE

Alright, that's it...

Jesse PUNCHES Lawrence flat on his ass. The frat crowd starts to chant 'Fight! Fight!' as Haiku launch themselves on Voodoo, trashing their equipment as the beleaguered guys try to fend the crazed girls off.

172 INT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

172

From that, we fade back to Underdog and Wavelength's frat party. Alex leaps into the arms of the crowd as the band play the closing note of their set.

As the rest of the band chant 'Surf! Surf!' Alex is hoisted into the air and carried around the building by the jubilant students.

Over this scene, the frat party cash totals show up: Wavelength and Underdog both made \$200, Voodoo made \$250 and Haiku made nothing

DISSOLVE TO:

173 EXT. HOTEL - BALCONY - MORNING

173

Accelerated time shot of the sun rising. PULL BACK to see we are watching the sun rise from a hotel room balcony.

NORMAL SPEED film again as we see Martyn, in shades and shorts, basking in the sun's rays.

PULLING BACK more, we see the rest of Wavelength just waking up in their hotel room, sitting around and watching TV as they come round.

PULL BACK more, out of their room and into:

174 INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NEXT

174

The hotel corridor to the next door along. It opens and we peer into the darkness. It is Underdog's room but they are all, as expected, sound asleep.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED:

174

PULLING BACK, out and along to the third room, Haiku's, we find the girls in a similar state to Wavelength, but the girls sport bandages, plasters and a few minor cuts from their scuffle with Voodoo.

PULLING BACK and out into the last room, we bump into Voodoo as they leave, carrying their stuff with them as they quietly file out of the hotel.

175 EXT. HOTEL - BALCONY - NEXT

175

Back with Wavelength, Martyn is standing on the balcony looking out over the side of the city we can see when he spots Voodoo loading up their van down in the parking lot. He heads back inside.

MARTYN

They're on the move.

As one, Wavelength spring into action, pulling on clothes, grabbing their bags and filing out of the door.

176 INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NEXT

176

They walk down the corridor to Underdog and Haiku's rooms, knocking on each. A dishevelled Alex opens their door and blinks, bleary eyed, at Martyn.

ALEX

Whussa?

MARTYN

The plan! Follow them? See where they go and why they always seem to play more and make more cash?

ALEX

Do the what with the what now?

MARTYN

Never mind. See you later.

GIRL'S VOICE

(from inside room)

Alex, come back to bed...

ALEX

(grins)

A-hahahaha...

MARTYN

(smirks)

Later.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

176

Emily answers Haiku's door. She and her band are dressed and ready.

177 EXT. HOTEL - PARKING LOT - NEXT

177

Cut to the two bands filing out of the lobby and into the parking lot. They all pile into Wavelength's van as Neil calls someone on his phone.

NEIL

Flashheart to The Watcher, come in, over.

JIM

(filtered; through phone)
Watcher here, over. I got them travelling east out the city on route 38. There's a club on that road called Definitive Blues, I'd say that's where they're headed.

NEIL

Confirm, Watcher, over.

Neil hangs up to see Jesse throwing him a confused look.

JESSE

'Flashheart'?

NEIL

It's my plan, so I get to think of the codenames!

EMILY

Where is Jim, anyway?

MARTYN

Up where the air is clear.

Martyn switches on the radio and dials in to a local rock station. We hear the DJ.

DJ

(filtered)

So we have with us today a very special guest, out there in GHYU Radio's own traffic chopper, from the touring band Wavelength and part of Waning BROS..' 'Bands On The Run' extravaganza, Jim Mayou! Jim, can you hear me up there?

CUT TO:

178 EXT. CITY SKYLINE - DAY 178

Cut to a TRAFFIC HELICOPTER with GHYU branding on it flying low over the city.

Looking inside, we see Jim sat in the back seat, with the pilot and the traffic announcer in the front. Jim is quite clearly loving every minute of it.

JIM
Yup, I'm here!

CUT TO:

179 INT. WAVELENGTH'S VAN - NEXT 179

Back in the van, Emily throws Martyn a confused look.

EMILY
How in the world did you pull that one off?

MARTYN
GHYU is a subsidiary of Waning BROS.. records. I rang up and said I was Barrington's assistant and sorted the whole thing out. No sweat.

NEIL
Jim's up there with an eye in the sky, keeping tabs on what Voodoo are doing so we can head 'em off!

MARTYN
Call him and get us to that club before they do!

NEIL
Check.

The van drives away.

180 EXT. ROADS - NEXT 180

Cut to Voodoo, driving unsuspectingly through the traffic.

The helicopter passes overhead, as we look out across the freeway Voodoo are on to one running parallel a distance away, where Wavelength and Haiku are making up ground on their rivals.

CUT TO:

181 EXT. DEFINITIVE BLUES - DAY 181

The Wavelength van screeches to a halt outside the bar, dropping off Neil and Kate, who race inside as the van drives off.

CAPTION: A few minutes later...

Voodoo's van drives up but there are "Bar Closed For The Day" signs in every window. Lawrence stops the van and gets out, banging on the door and windows a few times before shrugging, getting back into the van and driving off.

Wavelength's van reverses out onto the street as Neil and Kate run out the club and jump back in. The signs disappear from the windows.

182 INT. WAVELENGTH'S VAN - NEXT 182

Inside the van, Neil is on the phone again.

NEIL
Watcher, next target!

JIM
(filtered; over phone)
They're going north on highway 9.
The only club that way is a rock
bar called Linebackers, you can
head them off by going down route
54. Go go go!

Back outside Definitive Blues as the van screeches off.

183 EXT. HOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT 183

CAPTION: One busy day of sabotage later...

It is night and Voodoo's van parks slowly up outside the hotel. The band get out, looking far from pleased.

MIKE
Don't ask me what was going on
today. Everywhere was either
closed, cancelled on us or just
plain not wanting us to play!

BILL
God knows.

Lawrence looks over to Haiku's van and his eyes narrow. He suspects them and the others.

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED:

183

LAWRENCE

Yeah...

184 INT. UNDERDOG'S HOTEL ROOM - NEXT

184

The three other bands clash their beers together triumphantly with a cheer.

NEIL

I love it when a plan comes together.

SARAH

So what now?

EMILY

We play the Battle Of The Bands on Monday night, so we have the rest of the weekend to sell our souls for more punters.

MARTYN

No gigs played will count so they can't stiff us again.

ALEX

Result!

JIM

If my calculations are correct, Haiku still lead, just. And you guys are just in second. But we're still last.

MARTYN

But the winner of the battle gets \$2000 so it's still open. Merch sales count on the night only so the winner of the battle is likely to be the winner.

ALEX

Best of luck, kids.

ALL

Best of luck.

They clink their glasses together again.

DISSOLVE TO:

Dissolve into the same scene but it is later on. Some band members are asleep, some unconscious. A few random groupies from the frat parties are in the room. Alicia is stood out on the balcony so Martyn sneaks out to see her.

185

EXT. UNDERDOG'S ROOM - BALCONY - NEXT

185

MARTYN

Evenin.'

ALICIA

Hello stranger.

MARTYN

How do you think it's going to go tomorrow?

ALICIA

I'd rather not think about it right now. I have a tendency to worry about things before I actually need to.

MARTYN

We're both a little guilty of that, I think.

She shivers as a cold breeze blows over. He moves closer and wraps his jacket round her, but leaves his arm round her shoulders. She leans in against his body.

ALICIA

Like, right now, for example, I could be worrying about how getting cosy with a rival band member could be compromising my performance!

MARTYN

You can compromise me any time you like.

ALICIA

Yeah, I know.

She smiles up at him then snuggles back against him. Martyn punches the air quickly out of her view then goes back to standing nonchalantly.

ALICIA (cont'd)

And anyway, if I miss out on a night's sleep, it's no big deal. I can catch up when we get back home.

MARTYN

Why are you so sure of missing a night's sleep then?

ALICIA

Take me somewhere and show me. Or maybe I'll show you...

(CONTINUED)

With a mischievous grin she walks back inside. Martyn takes a deep breath. And another, steadying himself on the balcony railing.

Then he shakes his head, rotates his neck to a series of cracks, slaps himself across the face a few times, jumps up and down and then turns and follows Alicia back into the room.

EMILY (O.S.)
 (from inside the room
 Martyn and Alicia just
 went back into)
 And where do you two think you're
 going?

ALICIA (O.S.)
 Inter-band relations.

Laughter.

DISSOLVE TO:

the next morning, we're outside the hotel as the three bands leave, dressed in more summery kinds of clothes to go with the sunshine and clear blue sky. They split up into two groups. Underdog and Wavelength are in one, Haiku in the other.

ALEX
 So! Plan for today is?

MARTYN
 We hit the beach to relax and
 recharge, ready to burn out again
 on Monday night.

EMILY
 Girls go shop. Buy pretty things.
 Come back, dress up, kick ass.

JIM
 At least she's honest.

IAN
 That's one word for it.

STEVEN
 To the beach!

The two groups split up and head off screen.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

186

CAPTION: Black screen, caption in white - MEANWHILE...

CUT TO:

187 EXT. CAFE - DAY

187

The outside of a trendy café on the main street. Yup, it's Voodoo again, playing an acoustic gig to a small set of fans. They finish a song and Lawrence speaks to the crowd.

LAWRENCE

Now, you'll be glad to hear that was all for free. What you may also be glad to hear is that we're playing in the big battle of the bands show this Monday night at the Coliseum, so we'd like to ask you all for your support and to make sure you'll be there!

People crowd forward to buy CDs and other merchandise as the band starts to pack up.

CUT TO:

188 EXT. BEACH - DAY

188

Underdog and Wavelength chilling out on the beach. Sarah sunbathes while the boys variously drink beer or play a game of beach volley. It soon becomes clear that both sides are absolutely crap at beach volley, but try their best anyways.

Jim is absent from the scene. Martyn cranes his head round to the van, parked just at the entrance to the beach.

We see Jim sat inside, hidden in the shade.

MARTYN

Dude, are you coming out here or what?

JIM

Naah, I think I'll burn too easily. Plus I don't think I have any sun cream.

NEIL

He's been acting weird ever since that girl bit him back in Chicago.

STEVEN

Maybe he's allergic?

(CONTINUED)

ROB
He may have rabies.

IAN
(gasps)
Maybe he's a vampire!

Beat. Then the guys shake their heads and say "naah."

CUT TO:

Haiku out shopping. The girls are browsing round various goth stores, looking for extravagant outfits to dazzle the crowds on Monday night. Kate looks up and notices something outside the shop. She motions to Jesse and points outside.

JESSE'S P.O.V.

We see Voodoo's van has just pulled up across the street.

Kate and Jesse look back at each other, then grin and disappear outside the shop.

Outside the store, we see the two girls leave and scurry across the road, hiding at the back of the van.

Peering round the side, the rest of Voodoo climb out of the van, stretch their legs and head over to a burger bar two shops along. They slide the van doors back shut again and walk off.

Once they are gone, Jesse and Kate sneak over to the doors. Jesse pulls out a couple of her hairpins and gets to work on the locks while Kate keeps watch.

In a few seconds, she's picked the lock and they slide the door open and hop inside, closing the door behind them.

Inside the van, they head for the equipment cases stacked up at the back. Opening them to reveal the guitars and drums, Kate looks at Jesse to get their next move.

JESSE
Operation Detuner, my black
eyelinered compadre!

Jesse starts to remove the strings from the guitar she is holding. Kate cottons on and starts to remove the skin from the drum she is holding.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

190

CAPTION: Black screen, white letters - A FEW MINUTES LATER

We see Voodoo heading back to their van with bags of fast food. Rich unlocks the door to the van and the boys jump inside.

191 EXT. STREET - NEXT

191

The van starts and drives away, and as it leaves we pull back to stand behind the shoulders of Kate and Jesse as they watch Voodoo leave. They are standing on the kerb behind a lamppost. Jesse holds a bundle of guitar strings in her hands, Kate has lots of drum skins.

With a grin, they throw the items into a bin and walk back into the shop with the other girls.

192 EXT. BEACH - LATER

192

Back on the beach with Underdog and Wavelength. They're all sat just drinking and talking now. Alex's phone rings and he gets up to answer it.

ALEX

Hello? Yes, this is Alex. Uh-huh...
right! Okay then, see you later!

He hangs up and sits back down.

SI

Who was it?

ALEX

You know that guy we met at the
tattoo parlour?

Close up on Rob. The screen shimmers as we go into a
FLASHBACK.

193 INT. TATTOO PARLOUR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

193

Rob walks into a tattoo parlour followed by the others. They laugh and chat to the owner.

A SHIMMER to change scene has Rob sat in the chair, tapping his fingers as he waits for the tattooist to show up.

The guy walks in, a big, hulking rocker woman, heavily tattooed. She is clearly very drunk but grabs the needle anyway.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED:

193

Close up on Rob's shocked face, then on the needle as it whirrs into life and heads towards Rob's skin. It touches, then the flashback ends.

194 EXT. BEACH - EARLY EVENING

194

Rob shudders and rubs his arm. Clearly something went on but we don't know what.

ROB

I have a vague recollection...

ALEX

Well, anyway, they've said they're having a house party tonight and would we like to go along and play?

SI

Sounds okay to me.

MARTYN

Yeah, good one. We'll be getting some rest tonight, I think. I heard Alicia say that Haiku have a gig so we're gonna go show our support for them.

ALEX

(checks watch)

Well, with the time rapidly approaching 5pm we should be making our move back to base.

STEVEN

Yeah, we'd best be heading back too, Mart.

MARTYN

Agreed. See you in a bit, guys.

They pack up and head back to their vans.

As they leave the shot, we can make out something in the water heading towards the beach.

Moving in closer, it turns out to be Matt, who is slowly being washed ashore. As we stand over him, he finally comes to a halt on the beach.

The next wave of surf to come along wakes him up, and he thrashes about for a few seconds before realising where he is. As he looks around, he sees Underdog's bus drive away from the beach.

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED:

194

With a sigh of relief, Matt picks himself up and walks back towards the road.

CUT TO:

195 EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

195

That evening, as we look at the outside of a packed club in the middle of the town. Wavelength's van is parked outside.

196 INT. CLUB - NEXT

196

Inside, we see the crowd gathering before the empty stage. The place is pretty full and bustling with noise.

Walking through the crowd to the entrance to backstage, we pass a burly security guard and then go in.

197 INT. CLUB - BACKSTAGE - NEXT

197

Backstage, their small dressing room holds Martyn, Sarah and Jim along with Kate and Alicia. Emily and Jesse are nowhere to be seen. Alicia paces up and down frantically.

ALICIA

Where the hell are they? They should've been here to soundcheck an hour ago!

MARTYN

Calm down, it'll be okay. I'm sure they're just stuck in traffic or something.

CUT TO:

198 INT. SHOPPING MALL - CLOTHES STORE - NIGHT

198

Emily and Jesse are still shopping to drop. Each has a huge bag of goodies and are busy scouring the racks for more.

CUT TO:

199 INT. CLUB - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

199

Alicia looks at her watch and starts to panic again. The club's manager then pokes his head into the room.

MANAGER

Haiku? You're on in ten minutes, we're packed out there tonight!

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA
Er, well, thing is...

SARAH
(interrupts)
That'll be fine, thanks.

The manager leaves and shuts the door again.

ALICIA
It's not fine at all!

SARAH
Listen, we've been on this tour
with you long enough to know your
songs. You need a singer and a bass
player, right?

ALICIA
Right...

SARAH
So we'll fill in. What songs were
you going to do?

ALICIA
'Bless Me,' 'Involved,' 'Be Still'
and 'Limerick.'

SARAH
I don't know 'Involved' but I can
do the other three. Can we play
'Resistance' instead?

KATE
No problem.

SARAH
Right then!

MARTYN
Sarah, as ever you are our saviour.

SARAH
Well, you've got to know these
things when you're a king! Er,
queen.

ALICIA
Are you sure you can do this?

SARAH
Wouldn't have said it if I didn't.

MARTYN

Kate, you need a second guitar in there too?

KATE

It'd help.

MARTYN

Right! Let's get to it then.

CUT TO:

The stage lights dim and the crowd cheer as the five rockers walk out onto the stage. Sarah takes to the microphone.

SARAH

Evening all!

Another roar of approval from the crowd. Martyn passes Sarah her bottle of wine as he switches his guitar on.

SARAH (cont'd)

Now then, some of you may have noticed that only half of the actual Haiku is here tonight. There's been a bit of a mix-up, sadly, so as good mates of the band we're helping out. I just hope we're as good as they are! Anyway, here's the first tune.

Alicia starts the drum intro and the band play. No problems, the Wavelength members know the songs well enough to play them as well as the full band.

DISSOLVE TO:

After the gig, the five sat round the bar winding down. The doors fly open as Emily and Jesse rush in.

EMILY

Oh god! Oh god, we are so, so, sorry...

JESSE

The damn place we were in didn't have any clocks, and we just got a bit...

ALICIA

(coldly)

It's fine. These guys helped out.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Huh?

SARAH

We knew the songs, so to avoid you guys losing the gig we just helped Lis and Kate play the set.

JESSE

Thank you. You saved our asses.

ALICIA

Not from me. How could you both? Every chance we get is precious now, and you two spend the day shopping?? What were you thinking?

JESSE

(holds up an admittedly cool top)
We got pretty things...

ALICIA

Gah!

Alicia gets up and stomps off backstage, followed by Kate after she throws a pleading look at Emily and Jesse. Martyn and Sarah exchange looks and deduce it's maybe best if they're not around.

SARAH

We'd best be getting back, anyway.

EMILY

Thanks. Look, we're not mad at you for helping.

JIM

We didn't want you to think we were stepping on your toes or anything. Especially when your boots are so very pretty.

JESSE

Hell no, that's one of the nicest things anyone's ever done for us!

EMILY

We fucked up, and now we'd better sort it out.

SARAH

It's okay. See you tomorrow.

200 CONTINUED: (2)

200

The Wavelength guys and girl head out as Emily and Jesse take a moment to compose themselves, ready to get blasted by the angry Alicia.

EMILY

Come on, time to face the music and dance.

They head to the backstage area. As the door closes, the club is lit up by a flash of lightning, and a crack of thunder sounds overhead.

CUT TO:

201 EXT. STUDENT ACCOMMODATION - NIGHT

201

Underdog arriving at the house party. It is pouring down with rain. The house is a decent sized student digs, detached, in the middle of a well populated part of the town.

The band run out of the van, jackets over their heads and instruments slung under their arms.

202 INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

202

Inside, they shake themselves dry as the tattoo shop owner comes over to welcome them.

TATTOO GUY

Glad you could make it! Come on in, not many people are here yet so you can set up while it's still nice and quiet.

ALEX

Thanks, don't mind if we do.

The band file into the main room. Last in is Rob, who sees the woman from his earlier flashback and shudders. Si notices and takes the bandmate to one side.

SI

We've all been meaning to ask, what happened at the parlour? You came out looking paler than Ian's ass but haven't said a word about what went on in there.

ROB

(slowly, as though reliving a terrible tragedy)

It should have been simple... a quick job, not too complicated...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROB (cont'd)
but when she came in drunk I
knew... I knew! All she had to do
was...

SI
What? What?

ROB
A Decepticon logo.

SI
From Transformers?

ROB
That's the one. All she had to do
was draw a poxy logo on my arm. But
someone must've shown her the wrong
page in her book... because she did
this!

Dramatic swell of music as Rob lifts his shirt sleeve to
show: an Autobot logo!

Si gasps in terror. Then holds it for a second. Then lets it
go and peers at Rob's arm.

SI
So what is it?

ROB
What is it?? It's a... oh, for
god's sake!

Simon shakes his head and still looks blank.

ROB (cont'd)
Were you even conscious for most of
the Eighties?

Simon goes to answer but Rob stops him.

ROB (cont'd)
You know what, never mind.

They join the others and start to set the drum kit up. Then
they sit down and crack open a round of beers.

CAPTION: ONE HOUR LATER.

They're still sat round. More empty beer cans in front of
them. No-one's shown up yet.

CAPTION: TWO HOURS LATER.

Still sitting round. Rob is asleep. Ian gets up and wanders
into the kitchen while Alex and Si play cards. No-one's shown
up.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED: (2)

202

CAPTION: THREE HOURS LATER.

Surrounded by beer cans, Rob, Si and Alex are all slumped across the sofas. Ian holds a spoon and a banana and chatters to himself.

IAN
 (holding up spoon)
 My spoon is too big... my spoon is
 too big!
 (holds up banana)
 I am a banana!

CUT TO:

203 EXT. STUDENT ACCOMMODATION - LATER

203

Rob throws the last of their bags into the bus. Ian and Si are already inside, Alex drives. The tattoo owner is pleading with them to stay.

TATTOO GUY
 Come on, guys, just a little bit
 longer!

ALEX
 We've waited three hours!

TATTOO GUY
 You've drunk too much to drive.

ALEX
 I intend to crash into something
 soft and get us towed back to the
 hotel.

TATTOO GUY
 I'm sorry. Look, please stay.

ALEX
 Sorry, we're meant to be bands on
 the run, not bands sitting on the
 sofa getting pissed!

IAN
 Although that does sound like a
 great idea for a sitcom.

ALEX
 We're going! Bye!

The van drives away. Badly, as Alex is clearly not quite fit to drive. The tattoo guy gives up and goes to head back inside when he hears a car horn TOOT from o.s.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED:

203

He turns to see that two coachloads of people have just turned up, including an entire cheerleader squad and one hundred tanked up students.

As they pour into the house with a cheer. The tattoo guy looks wistfully after the departing Underdog.

DISSOLVE TO:

204 EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

204

The freeway later that evening. Wavelength are driving home and pass a pick up truck which is carrying the dented Underdog van behind it. Ian waves to them as they go past.

DISSOLVE TO:

205 EXT. HOTEL - MORNING

205

Morning outside the hotel, as the sun rises.

CAPTION: Monday morning. 11 hours to Battle of the Bands.

CUT TO:

206 INT. HOTEL - HAIKU'S ROOM - NEXT

206

Emily, Jesse and Kate are up, watching TV, but Alicia sits stoically on the balcony outside, obviously still in a mood with them.

207 INT. HOTEL - WAVELENGTH'S ROOM - NEXT

207

In Wavelength's room, Sarah is in the bathroom washing and singing one of their tunes to herself. Her voice cracks a few times as she goes for a high note, and she stops and holds her head in her hands. Steven walks in and puts his arms round her.

STEVEN

What's the matter, babes?

SARAH

(a little croaky)

My voice is breaking, Steve. I think doing that gig last night with Haiku did it. I should have rested for today.

STEVEN

(kisses her head
reassuringly)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED:

207

STEVEN (cont'd)
 You'll be fine. Just keep quiet
 till later. We'll be okay.

He hugs her again but Sarah still looks worried.

CUT TO:

208 INT. HOTEL - HAIKU'S ROOM - NEXT

208

Alicia and Emily sat out on the balcony. Alicia peers over
 into the car park as Voodoo's van drives away.

ALICIA
 Looks like the boy wonders are off
 again.

EMILY
 Stuff 'em. We're still gonna win
 this. We're leading, remember?

ALICIA
 (petulantly)
 Hmph.

EMILY
 Lis, I am really sorry about last
 night, okay? Please let's just
 forget about it.

ALICIA
 I just don't think you see how
 close we are here.

EMILY
 I know, we could win this, and then
 it'd be like-

ALICIA
 It'd be like every dream we ever
 had coming true, I know. And I do
 not want to come this close and
 screw it up now.

EMILY
 Listen, sister, this is my band and
 I'm not going to let it down again.

ALICIA
 Well then I hope you're right.

CUT TO:

209 INT. HOTEL - UNDERDOG'S ROOM - NEXT

209

The boys are up and about but all look like death.

(CONTINUED)

SI
(Newcastle accent)
Aah gan shite, mah fookin' heed!

ROB
What?

SI
My uncle was from Newcastle, taught
me how to speak in Geordie.

There is a knock at the door. Alex gets up to answer it. It's Matt, looking dishevelled but otherwise alive and well.

MATT
Is this... our... room?

He collapses into Alex's arms. They carry him onto the bed. Fade to black as the band fuss round him.

Fade up on a close up of Matt, tucked up in the bed. Ian talks from off screen.

IAN
Matt, Matt, drink this, man, it'll
help.

A can of beer is held in front of him and waggled from side to side enticingly. Matt groans and shifts away from it.

The can is taken away, and replaced by a large joint, waggled again. Matt groans and shifts the other way, away from the smoke again.

Finally, a small rubber duckie is held in front of him and squeezed once. The resulting SQUEAK wakes Matt up and he sits up, bolt upright, in the bed.

MATT?
What the?!

ALEX
Calm down, it's okay. You found us!
Where the hell have you been?

MATT
Well...

Matt opens his mouth as we:

CUT TO:

The rest of Underdog, spellbound by Matt up to this point but who suddenly all burst out laughing. Exhausted, Matt falls back on the bed again.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Well, at least he's back and in one piece. Can you still drum?

Matt taps a little riff weakly on the side of the bed.

IAN

Man, he's still better than you, Si.

SI

Bite me.

ALEX

Ladies and germs, we have our drummer again! Now we're unstoppable!

Matt starts to snore loudly.

ALEX (cont'd)

That is, assuming he catches up on enough sleep by tonight...

CUT TO:

210 EXT. THE COLISEUM - DAY

210

Banners advertising the night are plastered around the entrance and the surrounding town, and people are already starting to mill around outside.

The parking lot is only about a tenth full, but the crowd there seem enthusiastic enough, standing around outside their cars, drinking and playing stereos to warm themselves up.

We look at the side entrance and see the four bands' vans all lined up.

CUT TO:

211 INT. THE COLISEUM - BACKSTAGE - NEXT

211

As roadies and crew wander around in the b.g. carrying lighting rigs, amps, cables and other stage equipment, our four bands have assembled together by a waiting Barrington, Blackshaw and Madeline.

BARRINGTON

Well, you all made it. Well done. This is the final test, however, so you now have...

(checks watch)

...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARRINGTON (cont'd)
just over three hours to get
psyched up and ready for the battle
of the bands.

BLACKSHAW
As you may know, tonight's winner
takes home \$2000, and even given
the present standings that's enough
to let any one of you four bands
win.

MADELINE
You can do some last minute merch
sales after the battle, and any
sales you've made the past few days
also count. The current standings
are Wavelength still last with
\$1705, Underdog third with \$2610,
Haiku second with \$2766 and Voodoo
lead with \$2813.

There is some muttering from Haiku about the results.

BARRINGTON
There's plenty of time and space
here to practice and chill out
before tonight. The bands will go
on in reverse order, so Voodoo go
on first and Wavelength last. Any
questions?

Emily raises her hand.

BARRINGTON (cont'd)
Yes, Emily.

EMILY
How did Voodoo catch us all up so
damn quick?

MADELINE
They've played thirteen shows the
past few days and sold \$400 worth
of merch as a result. The gigs were
free but the other cash all counts.

BARRINGTON
Right! We're off to get some food,
see you lot later.

Barrington and his two aides walk away. Voodoo head off to
their dressing room as the other three bands huddle round to
talk.

EMILY
Four hundred dollars??

JIM
Thirteen shows?

ALEX
They'll burn out.

NEIL
We hope.

ALICIA
Never mind that now. Let's go relax
back in our dressing rooms for a
bit and worry about playing later.

MARTYN
Agreed.

The bands split up and start to filter off backstage. Martyn hangs back to talk to Alicia. Soon it is just the two of them.

MARTYN (cont'd)
Hi.

ALICIA
Hey.

MARTYN
We haven't had much chance to talk
since... well, you know, the other
night, and I was just wondering
if...

With a sweet little smile, Alicia shushes him by placing one finger on his lips, then gives him a little kiss.

ALICIA
Relax. Yes, I'll still go out with
you.

MARTYN
Right. Right, yes, er, great.

ALICIA
Even if we kick your ass.

She grins and Martyn grins back, throwing an arm round her as they begin to walk backstage.

MARTYN
Oh really? And what makes you so
damn sure?

ALICIA
Sheer talent.

MARTYN

Mm-hmm...

ALICIA

And sex appeal.

MARTYN

Sex appeal! I could resist your
admittedly considerable charms any
time I want!

ALICIA

Really? So if I came over and was
all tired...

She makes a mock yawn and raises her arms, leaning in closer to Martyn and giving him a killer puppy dog eyes look.

Martyn looks back for a second, then mutters 'damn...' under his breath and disappears into the Wavelength dressing room. Alicia smiles to herself then goes to the Haiku room.

CUT TO:

212 INT. COLISEUM - BACKSTAGE - UNDERDOG'S ROOM - NEXT 212

Underdog, sat round discussing strategy. The bands' cases of equipment have been stacked up inside, as well as personal effects brought in from the vans.

Matt taps on things with a set of drumsticks, the others strum their guitars and tune them up. Alex sits on the tabletop and addresses his troops.

ALEX

Right. Keep it simple. No over the
top stage theatrics. Just go out
there, play the best songs we have
and then sit back and wait to see
who wins.

IAN

(aghast)
No theatrics??

ALEX

I don't want to risk pissing the
crowd off, especially with Voodoo
on last. Agreed?

The band members nod.

CUT TO:

213 INT. COLISEUM - BACKSTAGE - WAVELENGTH'S ROOM - NEXT 213

Sarah is resting up at the back of the room, drinking a glass of water as Steven massages her feet. The other members tune their guitars up as Martyn speaks.

MARTYN

Plan. In homage to our heroes, Nine Inch Nails, we'll be dressing up in their style to play tonight.

NEIL

You mean...

JIM

Yes.

(holds up two boxes of flour)

The flour effect.

CUT TO:

214 INT. COLISEUM - BACKSTAGE - HAIKU'S ROOM - NEXT 214

The girls are still not happy with each other. Alicia sits and drums as though doing so is stopping her from shouting at her band mates. Kate quietly tune her guitar up.

EMILY

Come on, this is getting daft now, you can't still be mad at us both.

ALICIA

Can't I?

JESSE

Look, we're no going to screw this up tonight. You're just tense because this is the biggest gig of the tour, don't take it out on us.

ALICIA

You're right, I just...
(more furious drumming)
I don't want to mess up.

KATE

We'll be fine.

EMILY

Silent Bobette over there is right, we're going to be okay. Look, we even have new clothes.

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED:

214

She holds up two of the tops she and Jesse bought. Alicia rolls her eyes but looks up. The tops are fantastic. She slowly starts to grin.

ALICIA

Maybe your shopping fiasco will do us some good after all!

CUT TO:

215 INT. COLISEUM - BACKSTAGE - VOODOO'S ROOM - NEXT

215

The boys seem confident. Lawrence swigs from a beer as the other members lounge about.

MIKE

I am so, so tired...

BILL

Yeah, thirteen gigs in two days may not be the best way to unwind!

LAWRENCE

But who's leading now? We are. Who's on top form and going to win? We are. So stop your complaining already!

RICH

Would have been nice to have a day off though.

JEFFRIES

Yeah, they have a great beach here.

Jeffries is clonked on the head by Lawrence's beer can, thrown o.s.

CUT TO:

216 EXT. THE COLISEUM - DAY/NIGHT

216

Accelerated time shot as the sun drops, the city lights come on and the car park gradually fills up. Soon a horde of punters are waiting outside, and the doors open to let the flood in.

CUT TO:

217 INT. THE COLISEUM - MAIN STAGE - NEXT

217

The house lights are up so we can see the punters, still in accelerated time, file in and start to fill the place up. The lights gradually dim as the place packs out.

Back in normal time, a spotlight falls on stage and Barrington walks on to a cheer from the crowd. A mic stand is waiting for him.

BARRINGTON

Thank you! And welcome to the Bands
On The Run grand final, the Battle
Of The Bands!

Another cheer, Survivor's 'Eye Of The Tiger' plays over the PA.

BARRINGTON (cont'd)

On first are England's finest, the electric rock explosion that is Wavelength. Next up are the most balls to the wall bunch of booze hound rockers to hit these shores, Underdog! Third on the bill are all girl goth rockers Haiku, and to close the night we have current leaders and hardest working boys in rock, Southern Voodoo. Now, the rules here are simple. Each band plays a set. After the show, grab one of the voting forms from any of the attendants here, vote for the band you liked best and stick that in the ballot box. We'll announce the winners later this evening. Till then, have a good night, and get ready for Wavelength!

Barrington walks off stage to another cheer.

CUT TO:

218 INT. COLISEUM - BACKSTAGE - NEXT

218

Outside Wavelength's dressing room. Laughter is heard from within, as well as what sounds like people rolling about and knocking into things. A stage hand with headset mic knocks on their door.

MARTYN (O.S.)

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

STAGE HAND
Wavelength, you're on.

MARTYN (O.S)
Righto, we're just putting the finishing touches to our stage outfits!

More laughter. The stage hand stands back and waits. Moments later the door opens.

SLOW MOTION as Wavelength stride out, plastered from head to foot in the flour. They are dressed mostly in blacks to accentuate the patches of grey and white powder. They walk o.s. to a cheer from the crowd.

219 INT. COLISEUM - MAIN STAGE - NEXT

219

CUT TO the stage as the band walk on to a cheer. Martyn huddles the band together for a final word.

MARTYN
Now, we probably won't win this now, so let's just go all out to impress.

JIM
Rock hard.

NEIL
Rock heavy.

STEVEN
Rock animal.

They high five their hands together and take their positions on stage. Martyn picks up his guitar and walks to the mic. Sarah is on the other.

MARTYN
Good evening, Columbus! We are Wavelength from England, and we sound a little bit like this...

Martyn points to Jon who starts off a killer keyboard loop. Jim starts to drum with it, and a bar later both guitars and Neil's bass crash in together, blasting out the heaviest song the band know. Sarah headbangs out front as the guys literally throw themselves against each other.

The crowd are swept up by it all in moments and are moshing like they ought to by the time Sarah starts singing.

CUT TO the side of the stage, Alicia, Alex, Emily, Si and Ian watch.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

They're pretty good!

ALICIA

We're all pretty good. Best of
luck, boys.

They all shake hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

Wavelength still on stage, now at the end of their set and looking physically exhausted, but still rocking as hard as they can. Jim gets to the last drum outro of the set as the rest of the band deliver a wave of feedback and noise, while Sarah shouts out thank yous to the crowd.

Swept along by the moment, Martyn grabs a mic stand and races for Jon's keyboards. Jon dives for cover as Martyn smashes the stand down, causing the keyboards to howl out some unearthly noises.

Martyn hits them twice more and they fall silent, but by now Jim, Neil and Steven are in on the action, smashing their guitars together and then hurling them at the drum kit, which Jim upends with a mighty roar.

Martyn punches the air victoriously as the crowd go wild, and the band stagger off the stage to cheers.

The band wearily head down the steps leading to the backstage area. Underdog and Haiku greet them enthusiastically. Alicia throws her arms round Marty, covering herself in flour.

As Martyn releases her and opens the door to their dressing room, Lawrence walks over. The two rivals eye each other warily for a moment, then Lawrence offers his hand. Martyn shakes it.

LAWRENCE

Good set.

MARTYN

Thanks.

LAWRENCE

See you later.

Lawrence goes back to his room as the rest of Wavelength show up and pile into the dressing room, jubilant from their set. We can hear Barrington's voice o.s.

(CONTINUED)

BARRINGTON (O.S.)

Well well well! Did I promise you a
good night or what? You want more?
Well next up are the chosen sons of
Satan himself, the band that fear
no beer, the mighty Underdog!

Another cheer. Back at the steps, the band get ready to walk
on. Dressed simply, they look a little nervous.

ALEX

Ready boys?

ROB

Time to kick ass and chew
bubblegum.

MATT

And we're all out of gum.

221 INT. COLISEUM - MAIN STAGE - NEXT

221

They walk on to a roar of approval. The band take their
places and start to play. They are subdued at first, as
though the tension of the moment has gotten the better of them
at last.

Matt looks around at his bandmate with a worried look. The
crowd are getting into their tunes but his bandmates don't
look their usual manic selves.

Then Matt glances up into the balcony and sees the mysterious
bearded biker who has been following them round. He nods once
to Matt and then clicks his fingers.

In the same instant, Underdog suddenly come back to life,
starting to bounce around the stage and working the crowd up
even more.

DISSOLVE TO:

Underdog's last tune. Alex steps up to introduce it.

ALEX

For years, we tried to come up with
a killer tune to end our sets with.
Then one day, we tried putting
Little Richard's 'Long Tall Sally'
on at 45 rpm. It sounded like
this...

(CONTINUED)

221 CONTINUED:

221

He turns, counts the band in and then they launch into a frenetic high speed thrash version of 'Long Tall Sally' that lasts all of thirty seconds and finishes with a drum solo that sees Matt gradually smash his kit to pieces as the rest of the band wave to the crowd.

Suddenly, a bright light shines on Matt from above. He looks up, one hand shielding his eyes, as do the rest of his bandmates.

Just as suddenly, Matt appears to TELEPORT away, disappearing from behind the drumkit. The audience think it's part of the show and go crazy, cheering and clapping, but a confused looking Underdog wander off stage.

222 INT. COLISEUM - BACKSTAGE - NEXT

222

CUT TO the side of the stage as they walk down the stairs. Wavelength, cleaned up, and Haiku, dressed up, greet them.

JIM

You guys still rock like two fat men on a see-saw!

EMILY

Yeah, what he said.

ALEX

That thing with Matt wasn't actually planned, you know.

MARTYN

Yeah, right, you old kidder.

The boys all look up to the sky in thought for a moment, until Emily barges past them.

EMILY

Girls! To Action!

Haiku bounce up the stairs as Underdog retreat to the dressing room.

223 INT. COLISEUM - MAIN STAGE - NEXT

223

They wait just in the wings as Barrington announces them.

BARRINGTON

And now, the girls who put the 'woah!' in 'woman,' the ladies who put the 'Grr!' back into goth, the unstoppable, the incredible...
Haiku!!

(CONTINUED)

Cheers as the girls take their places. Emily steps up to the mic.

EMILY

This first song's an old one, so
some of you may know it...

Kate plays the intro as Emily starts to sing Kylie's 'Confide In Me,' softly at first but as the bass and drums join in gradually more shouty, until at the first chorus the girls kick in, all guns blazing. Again, the crowd go bonkers.

DISSOLVE TO:

The end of the set, playing their last song, a slower, more melodic number that ends with just drums and Emily singing. The crowd have already learned the words and are singing along, so Emily stops and beckons them to carry on as Alicia plays.

After one refrain Jesse appears to Alicia's side and lights both her drumsticks. Alicia plays on, gradually setting the whole kit ON FIRE and then standing back and letting it burn as the crowd shout their approval.

Haiku leave the stage as the flaming kit is extinguished by the stage hands.

224 INT. COLISEUM - BACKSTAGE - NEXT

224

CUT TO the girls walking off stage. Wavelength, Underdog and Voodoo are all waiting, though Voodoo aren't saying a word.

MARTYN

Nicely done.

SARAH

You had them eating out of your
hand by that last one.

EMILY

That was the plan!

ALICIA

Kinda hot up there though...

They laugh. The three bands all pile into Underdog's room as Voodoo climb the stairs. We can hear Barrington's announcement.

BARRINGTON (O.S.)

Last up, the slickest bunch of
mo'fo's in the business, the hard
working and hard playing boys of
Southern Voodoo!

225 INT. COLISEUM - MAIN STAGE - NEXT

225

More applause. Lawrence steps to the mic with a smile.

LAWRENCE

Fuck the other three bands, are you
lot ready to really rock?

A cheer but also a few boos at that remark.

LAWRENCE (cont'd)

Let the voodoo healing commence.

Jeffries' guitar intro starts the set. Voodoo play into a slower, 70s rock style groove for their first song, showing off their playing skills.

DISSOLVE TO:

The end of their set, and a frenetic duelling lead guitar battle between Mike and Jeffries that has the crowd clapping along to keep the time.

The rest of the band stop playing as the two virtuosos play on, both finally coming to an end that has the crowd applauding warmly.

The band wave and leave the stage. Barrington walks back on, clapping.

BARRINGTON

Those boys could rock a shit out of
a donkey! Now then, the rest is up
to you. Go vote for your favourite
act of the night and we can see who
wins. Thank you all for coming and
good night!

Barrington leaves. The crowd bustles and heads away from the stage.

We see a MONTAGE of shots of various crowd members getting hold of the ballot sheets and marking which band they liked best. Each band gets an equal number of votes as we watch.

CUT TO the merch stands for each band, staffed by Coliseum workers and trying to cope with the huge demand for band t-shirts, CDs and other goodies.

Martyn walks over to the Haiku stand and sees that Alicia is helping out with it. She bounds over to him, grinning from ear to ear.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

What a buzz! I'm telling you, I have no idea who's got this. The amount of stuff we've sold just at this stand... wow.

MARTYN

I came to get a CD.

ALICIA

One of ours?

MARTYN

Yeah, I realised I didn't have one.

ALICIA

(picks up a box from under the table)

You're in luck, this is the last one in all the world. That'll be ten bucks, *s'il vous plait*.

MARTYN

Here.

He pays. She takes the note but keeps hold of his hand.

ALICIA

So you gonna meet me after all this or what?

MARTYN

You know I will. We've got that meeting out on the river to see who won, then we're free again. If you're still awake after we finish, let's go find someplace quiet and-

ALICIA

And finish what we started.

They share a grin. Martyn heads back to the dressing room as another crowd of people show up for Alicia to serve.

DISSOLVE TO:

A riverboat, out cruising gently down the river near to the stadium. The Coliseum can be seen a little way off. On the boat, the four bands lounge around, chatting and drinking. Voodoo keep to themselves but Martyn and Alex have the occasional word with Lawrence and Rich.

(CONTINUED)

The bands fall quiet as Barrington, Blackshaw and Madeline walk out onto the deck.

BARRINGTON

May I just say well done to the lot of you! That was the best bloody gig I've seen for years. Emotion, action, pyrotechnics, massive repair bills - everything a good concert should have. You little bunch of stars have done me proud every step of the way.

BLACKSHAW

But I suppose you'd like to know who won as well?

ALEX

That'd be a start!

IAN

Yeah, bitch.

BARRINGTON

It's okay Pete, I'll handle this.

IAN

Handle! Bitch!

BARRINGTON

As you may have noticed, you all sold a shite load of merch after the gig, which all gets added to your totals.

IAN

(nodding sagely)
Totals, bitch.

SI

Shut up, bitch!

Si slaps Ian round the back of the head. Ian falls silent.

BARRINGTON

In fourth place, despite it being a close run thing all the way, are Southern Voodoo with \$3435.

Voodoo look shocked and angry at the news. The other bands grin smugly at one another.

BARRINGTON (cont'd)

Second and third placed is a tie. One band was ahead by a fraction until a receipt was found for a late CD sale that put the two bands level on £3356 each. Wavelength and Haiku, you tie for second. Well done.

Whoops of joy from both bands, and Alicia looks over to Martyn as she realises his CD was the one that tipped them both level. She smiles at him as he nods back. A dawning realisation from Underdog that they've actually managed to win!

BARRINGTON (cont'd)

So guess what, Underdog?

IAN

What?

BARRINGTON

You bloody won!

IAN

Won what?

SI

Eh?

ALEX

Is this a wind up?

BARRINGTON

I do not lie. First place, winner of the inaugural Bands On The Run tour, with a grand total of \$5210, Underdog!

Everyone cheers, except for Voodoo. Rich at least claps for the winners.

Underdog realise as one that they have won and go crazy, grabbing champagne bottles from the riverboat's supply and spraying all and sundry with them.

They begin to conga round the boat, joined by Wavelength and Haiku, when Barrington holds up his hands for silence.

BARRINGTON (cont'd)

But the big news is this. You're all going to be on television!

Another cheer, the conga lines resumes for a moment until the bands all stop dead as this news sinks in.

(CONTINUED)

MARTYN

We're going to what?

BARRINGTON

You're all going to be on TV! I had little miniature cameras placed into every tour van, and even some on your clothes and instruments.

As Barrington speaks, we see a series of close up shots of the cameras in the vans, then also on guitars and pieces of clothing.

BARRINGTON (cont'd)

While you lot have been out there, we've recorded the lot, and will be editing it down and selling it to a major music channel!

Silence. A sea of shocked faces look back at Barrington.

LAWRENCE

What's in it for us?

BARRINGTON

If you promise not to sue me, you'll all get a cut of the money.

Beat.

Then, the bands all cheer as one and carry on with the conga line. Barrington joins in.

The conga line splits up as the band members race about, getting more and more drunk. Martyn and Alicia finally get a moment together.

ALICIA

Looks like we're all going to be famous after all, then.

MARTYN

Certainly does. How are we going to get that quiet moment together now?

ALICIA

(looks overboard)

I have an idea...

Martyn looks quizzically at her, but as Alicia steps up and prepares to jump overboard, he suddenly realises and starts shaking his head.

Too late, Alicia leaps and drags Martyn over with him. They both land in the water to a cheer from the riverboat.

(CONTINUED)

MARTYN

Now what?

ALICIA

Swim for it! I hear they have
sharks in this river!

MARTYN

WHAT?!?

She laughs as Martyn swims for shore. She swims after him.

PULL BACK on the riverboat as the two swimmers head out of frame. The party on the riverboat is still in full swing as we look up to the stars.

A moving star grabs our attention, so we focus in on it.

The night sky glitters at us in all its glory... until a glowing flying saucer buzzes into frame. We see a pod bay open on its belly and Matt floats serenely downwards onto the riverboat.

The ship then blasts away at tremendous speed and as it leaves the frame, we CUT TO BLACK.

END CREDITS roll, with the following MONTAGE:

A) Underdog are in the recording studio. They are generally too drunk to manage to play anything, as every time they go to the fridge in the studio it is miraculously full of beer again.

B) A baby alien version of Matt drums away happily on a high-tech drum kit on board an alien spaceship as its mother, the alien woman from earlier, looks on.

C) Wavelength play a packed concert venue.

D) Haiku walk past a television shop as every screen shows the 'Bands On The Run' TV show as it debuts on cable TV, with a montage of scenes from the film edited together.

E) A photograph of Ian appears, smiling and giving the camera the devil sign, as a caption next to him reads 'Last Seen In Mexico.'

F) Finally, Voodoo are seen playing a gig, but as the camera pulls back we see the venue is largely empty. A poster advertises them as being 'Stars Of Bands On The Run!'

FADE TO BLACK: