

One Last Gig

By

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'A band reforms for one final performance on a very special anniversary'

(c)2008

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FADE IN:

EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

The road dissects a picturesque country landscape. Very much out of place.

Light traffic. Vehicles travel at a high speed.

A large, impressive bus thunders along. Windows tinted black.

INT. TOUR BUS - DAY

JIMMY, twenties, with long hair and a few days beard growth lays back on the couch. Acoustic guitar on his lap, he PLAYS it nonchalantly but with undoubted talent.

The interior is even more impressive than the cover.

A huge plasma screen fitted on one wall, it plays a MUSIC CHANNEL. A rock band's music video.

A large transparent table in the center of the bus, a game of poker takes place on it.

DELFI, twenties, a skin-head with goatee beard leans back in his chair, feet resting on the table. His red tinted shades rest on the bridge of his nose, viewing his two cards over the top.

MARTY, late teens, the good-looking one, sits opposite Delf. His shoulder length blond hair would be described as a mess...if it didn't look so fashionable. He has a bright smile, eyes alert.

A large pile of chips center of the table. Marty's two cards are face up, ACES.

MARTY

Come on man, what you got?

Delf doesn't respond. Leans across the table and picks up a rolled cigarette, taking a long drag.

MARTY

Come on!

Delf turns his gaze to Marty, exhales the smoke slowly. A smile creeping over his face, he coughs. Breaks into a laugh.

Flips his cards over. SEVEN TWO.

DELF

Never try to bluff a fish, shit.

Marty grins, reaching out his arms and collecting the chips. Pulls them to him with mock greed.

MARTY

Fish? I'm a shark Delf, don't you forget it.

They both laugh.

A door behind them bursts open and DICKA, thirties, storms through. He carries a radio to his ear. He looks like an older version of Delf.

DICKA

Hey, turn that shit off Jimmy. We're on!

Jimmy almost falls off the couch trying to reach the remote. He hits mute and stands up. Walks over to the table.

Dicka turns the VOLUME UP and rests the radio on the table. It plays a ROCK song.

Smiles all around.

Marty SINGS along to the song. His voice the same as the radio.

The rest sit down.

Delf matches the drum beat with his palms on the table top.

Delf looks around, taking the last drag of his cigarette.

DELF

Guess we're famous now boys.

Marty walks behind Delf and kisses his bald head. Delf reaches behind him and ruffles his hair.

Jimmy and Dicka share a look...a nod.

MARTY

Fucking famous! Wooh!

The song finishes and a DJ talks enthusiastically.

DJ(V.O)
That was Disregard with their debut
single, 'Falling Angels'. It's our
song of the week and remember you
heard it here first folks. Now onto
...

The voice fades.

EXT. ARENA - NIGHT

A crowd of PEOPLE by the entrance. Mainly YOUNG GIRLS.
The tour bus pulls into the car-park...
...the girls scream and run towards it.

INT. TOUR BUS

All four members sit by the windows, looking out.
Marty waves a 'hello' with a smile.
Various banners can be seen. Declaring love for the band or
Marty.

EXT. ARENA

The bus pulls up by the door.
A partitioned area from the arena entrance to the bus.
Two large BOUNCERS stand either side of the arena door.
The bus door opens and the band trot down.

IN THE CROWD

One of the girls SCREAMS intensely, reaching out at the
sight of -

MARTY

He smiles and reaches his hand out to her too, taking it in
his.

MARTY
Enjoy the show.

The band run into the arena. Marty winks and joins them.
Bouncers slam the door as soon as they're inside.

The girl in the crowd swoons, holding her hand up to her cheek.

INT. STAGE - NIGHT (LATER)

SERIES OF SHOTS (SLOW MOTION):

1 - Delf plays a drum roll.

2 - Marty leans against Jimmy as he plays a guitar solo.

3 - Dicka laughs, playing his bass.

4 - Marty sits on the end of the stage, singing a slower SONG. The vast CROWD in front of him sing along.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT (LATER)

The band members sit on a sofa.

On a seat, ANNA(20s), sits. A camera crew behind her.

ANNA

So how does it feel -- your debut
single hitting the number one slot?

Marty is the only one showing interest in the interview. The rest talk amongst themselves.

MARTY

It feels great, Miss...

Anna smiles.

ANNA

Anna.

Marty matches her smile. Delf, next to him, laughs and scruffs up his hair.

MARTY

It feels great Anna. We've worked
hard for this you know? We're just
looking forward to the future,
there's a lot more to come.

Anna plays with her hair, leaning forward in her chair.

ANNA

And you have quite a fan base
already, I understand. Even though
you're the support act, most fans
I've talked to tonight have
actually come to see you guys.

Jimmy lights up a cigarette, leaning towards Anna.

JIMMY

We won't be the support act much
longer Anna. We're going places.

Anna nods.

The door opens and BRIAN(50s) pokes his head inside.

BRIAN

Boys, time to get going.
(to Anna)
Can we wrap this up?

Anna looks across at him and nods.

ANNA

Just finished.

She stands up and smiles at Marty.

ANNA

Thanks a lot for the interview, I
hope it won't be the last.

The band members stand up too.

MARTY

Welcome Anna, anytime.

He leans into her and kisses her cheek. She blushes, a smile
creeping onto her face.

ANNA

Thank...erm...thank you.
(to everyone)
Thanks guys.

BAND

(shouting, unison)
Thank you Anna!

They crease up, laughing.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT (LATER)

The tour bus drives along winding roads under the dark sky.
The only light comes from the bus' headlights.

INT. TOUR BUS

Dicka lies asleep on the couch.

Delf squats by his side, squirting shaving foam onto his eyebrows. He pulls out a razor blade and starts shaving them off. Trying, but failing, not to laugh.

Jimmy and Marty sit at the table.

Marty looks across at Dicka and Delf. Laughs, shaking his head. Jimmy looks over his shoulder at them, then back to Marty.

JIMMY

You're the star here Marty, you
know that don't ya?

Marty fiddles with a bottle of beer in front of him. Takes a swig, then looks deep into Jimmy's eyes.

MARTY

It's not just me Jim. We're a band
alright? We got here together,
we'll take the praise together.

Jimmy laughs, opening a bottle of beer.

JIMMY

You're a good kid Marty, don't let
this change that.

Marty nods, finishing his beer.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

A TRUCK drives along the same road.

INT. TRUCK

The TRUCK DRIVER sits behind the wheel, eyes heavy. They slowly close. His head drops to his shoulder.

The steering wheel spins.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The tour bus rounds a corner.

Collides head-on with the truck.

The front of both vehicles instantly CRUMBLE.

The rear of the tour bus flies up into the air. The bus flips over.

Crashes onto it's back on the road.

Black smoke pours from the bus...

...whirlpools into the jet black sky.

INT. ARENA, DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Cigarette smoke whirlpools into the air.

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

Jimmy sits, legs up on the table in front of him. A sombre look on his face as he looks into the mirror, smoking a cigarette. A guitar rests against his chair.

Dicka squats on the floor, tuning his Bass guitar.

Delf walks in, they both turn in his direction.

DELF

Ready?

Dicka and Jimmy share a look.

DICKA/JIMMY

Ready.

Delf nods and walks back out. Dicka and Jimmy pick up their guitars and follow.

EXT. ARENA, STAGE

A spot-light on a MICROPHONE STAND.

A drum kit, and large amps in the background.

There's an eerie SILENCE...

Dicka, Delf and Jimmy walk on stage from the side.

Delf takes a seat behind the drum kit.

Dicka and Jimmy walk either side of the microphone stand. They plug the leads into the guitars.

DELF
 (shouting)
 This is our last gig. It's in
 honour of my best friend Marty
 Hewitt...

He bows his head, raising his drum sticks.

DELF
 (softly, to himself)
 ...we miss him.

He performs a skillful drum roll and the guitars kick in.

They play the same SONG as we heard on the radio.

IN FRONT -

- of the stage the seats are empty. Row upon row of black emptiness.

Further back, a SILHOUETTE sits right at the back.

Marty's LYRICS kick in. DOUBLE VOICED.

INT. ARENA

The MANAGER stands, looking through the windows of the double doors.

He can see the STAGE in darkness. A light closer to him.

He turns and smiles sadly, shaking his head. Walks off.

INT. ARENA, BACK ROW OF SEATS

A tape deck sits on a chair, playing out the SONG.

Marty sits hunched up in the adjacent seat. His head bowed.

Tears well in his sunken eyes as he looks up. His face badly scarred.

He looks to the empty stage and lets the tears take over. They flow down his cheeks.

The song comes to an end...WHITE NOISE...then VOICES.

DICKA(V.O)
Come on boys stop fucking about.

Marty picks up his flat cap and puts it on. Stands up and walks to the end of the row of seats.

JIMMY(V.O)
We're gonna be fucking famous!

Boyish LAUGHTER comes from the tape.

Marty walks down the aisle, to the front of the stage. Looks up and nods.

MARTY(V.O)
One-Two-Three-Fourahhh!

The band play a well-known ROCK N ROLL song from the 60s.

Marty walks to the fire-exit and pushes it open. Walks out. The door swings shut.

EXT. ARENA - NIGHT

Anna stands with a camera crew by the arena entrance.

Marty walks out of the door behind her. She turns to him.

ANNA
Marty, a few words for the camera?

Marty looks across at her, walking past. He shakes his head.

Anna looks into the camera.

ANNA
One year on from the accident that cost the lives of three members of the up and coming band 'Disregard', the bands only surviving member pays his tribute at the arena where they played their final gig.

Her gaze follows Marty, he walks off into the distance, head buried.

ANNA(O.C)
No one will ever know just how successful they would have been, but on a personal note, this reporter believes they would have gone to the very top.

Marty gets into his car.

INT. CAR

He looks out through the windscreen, brow furrowed.

He drops his head to the steering wheel, sobbing.

FADE OUT.