

FADE IN ON:

EXT. "MOUNTAIN" MUSIC STORE - DAY

A beautiful young woman stands outside of a music store, guitars and microphones in the window. Her head is tilted to the side, her face reflected in the glass. She wears a cutoff pink tee shirt and has feathered red hair with black eye makeup. This is CINDY ("CINNAMON") STAR.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

The name of the music store: "MOUNTAIN"...

The price tag on a cherry SG electric guitar: \$200.00...

And Cindy's backside in her torn jeans.

CU:

Cindy. Lost. Eyeing the guitar.

A BANG rattles the window. A late 20s black man stares at her from the inside the store, knocking to get her attention. This is MALIBU and he smiles.

MALIBU

I'm sick of you playing it with
your eyes.

Cindy starts to walk away.

MALIBU (CONT'D)

No, don't go, beautiful.

Cindy keeps on going around the corner, almost a strut.

MALIBU (CONT'D)

(O.S.)

One day you gonna come in here. I
know it.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Cindy walks. New wave music plays.

CU:

Cindy's body. Eyes, lips, shoulders, breasts, legs, shoes, crotch, rear. Tattoo on her arm: "Cinnamon Tastes Good." Stenciled on her shirt: logo of the rock band KISS, only now it says TITS.

TITLE CARD: "1979."

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Cindy throws the door to a one-car garage.

Inside: mattress, a few books, stacked LP records, a portable turntable, ashtray, SEX PISTOLS poster, Bunsen burner, small refrigerator, and other cheap artifacts.

She pulls a hanging light's string and shuts the garage door.

She lays on the mattress smoking, looking at the ceiling.
She smiles.

CU:

The ceiling. A poster of movie star Farrah Fawcett is tacked above her.

She cups between her legs, through her jeans. Smokes.

She dashes out the cigarette and playfully unsnaps her pants.

JUMP CUT,
MISMATCH:

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Cindy empties her full ashtray in the alley.

Coming her way is a blonde-haired girl her age -- young, pretty. This is KAYE DENVER.

KAYE

Not nice to pollute. You'll make
the Indians cry.

Kaye, close now, drapes an arm across Cindy.

KAYE (CONT'D)

Got any left?

Cindy shakes out a cigarette from a pack.

Kaye dives into Cindy's back pocket and snatches Cindy's Ladies Buxton Cigarette Lighter (with flower imprint), lights her own smoke, and slyly returns the lighter to Cindy's pants.

CINDY

Are you staying?

KAYE
Okay, since you asked.

CINDY
Did I ask?

They smile.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The two lay in spoons on the single mattress.

Kaye has her hand on Cindy's breast, under the shirt.

Kaye, eyes closed; Cindy, eyes open, can't sleep.

Suddenly, Kaye speaks.

KAYE
What's your real name?

CINDY
You know it.

KAYE
Your *real* name.

CINDY
Don't you believe me?

KAYE
Your real name is Cinnamon Star?

CINDY
Yes. But Cindy is easier to spell.

KAYE
What's your mom's name?

CINDY
Beverly.

KAYE
Daddy?

CINDY
Roger.

KAYE
Roger and Beverly Star. You all
sound famous.

Kaye kisses the back of Cindy's neck.

CINDY
Can you play an instrument?

KAYE
I can play *you*.

Cindy turns, laughs, they begin to make out--

JUMP CUT,
MISMATCH:

INT. BOWLING ALLEY (BAR) - NIGHT

Cindy and Kaye lean on the crappy bar of a crappy bowling alley. Few customers, low business. Unenthusiastic players. Wood paneling. Crummy jukebox.

The girls laugh and drink. And they look fantastic and chic.

The bartender, a healthy young man with a beard, slides two more beers at them. This is TOMMY.

TOMMY
Denver and Star. You girls should start a comedy act.

CINDY
We're not funny, Tommy.

TOMMY
Then there's a problem.

KAYE
Hey, *I'm* funny.

TOMMY
Star'll be the straight man.

KAYE
You know that won't work.

She smiles at Tommy and turns away. Kaye points out a group of bowlers. TWO BOYS and a PETITE GIRL. They boys wear sweaters and have short hair. The girl is petite and energetic and natural. She scores a strike and explodes with enthusiasm.

KAYE (CONT'D)
She's cute.

The jukebox changes to a rocker. The bowling girl mimes air guitar (convincingly) and jumps up on a chair to the amusement of the two boys.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY (BAR) - NIGHT

Later. Cindy at the bar with Tommy. Kaye is not around.

The petite girl bounces up to order. This is ERIN.

ERIN
(to TOMMY)
Three Shiners.

He nods, digs, starts to open the bottles.

TOMMY
Shiners for the sinners.

Cindy eyes Erin up and down.

CINDY
You're a good bowler.

ERIN
(over music)
What?

CINDY
You can really bowl.

ERIN
Oh. Yeah. Thanks.

Cindy finishes her cigarette.

CINDY
Look. This is gonna sound out of
nowhere, but...can you play guitar?

TOMMY
Three bucks.

Tommy sets the beers in front of Erin, who fumbles with her money.

ERIN
I'm sorry...what?

CINDY
You play guitar?

ERIN
Why?

CINDY
Just curious I guess.

ERIN
Um. Why?

Erin wrangles the beers and turns.

CINDY
Who are those two guys you're with?

Erin starts to look a little distant, possibly a little snooty. She looks at Cindy's clothes and heavy makeup.

ERIN
I have to get back.

She turns, but only partly.

CINDY
You fucking those guys?

Erin's face drops; she's uncomfortable, maybe a little angry. She leaves her money on the bar and starts to return to the lanes, beers clutched to her chest. At the turn, she spins around.

ERIN
(over music)
They're my brothers. Okay?

Erin is gone.

Kaye comes out of the Women's Restroom and to Cindy.

KAYE
Who was that?

CINDY
Somebody.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY (WOMEN'S RESTROOM) - NIGHT

Under the partitions of the empty toilet stalls...feet. Two sets. A girl in soft heels, and a boy in loafers. She's on her knees.

JUMP CUT,
MISMATCH:

Cindy enters the Women's Restroom and makes her way to the sink. She turns, hears commotion.

One of the blonde boys, embarrassed, exits the stall. He looks awkwardly at Cindy before exiting.

Cindy goes toward the stall he came out of. Gently, she pushes open the door to reveal: Erin.

CINDY
(Knowingly)
Brothers?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Cindy, Kaye, and Erin walk home from the bowling alley.

ERIN
I made a hundred and fifty bucks
tonight. How much did you make?

KAYE
That's pretty disgusting. Blowing
guys for money.

ERIN
I think of it more as a date that
ends with a transaction. I also
got a few games of bowling out of
it and free drinks. I bet you've
gone down on guys at the end of a
date and didn't get anything except
a stained sweater.

CINDY
You college girls are all alike.

ERIN
Really? I don't feel like everyone
else.

Cindy stops.

KAYE
I hate girls who think they're
special. There's no such thing as
special.

CINDY
Just lucky.

ERIN
I'm making my own luck.

Cindy stops walking.

CINDY
What?

ERIN
Private.

CINDY
Then why mention it?

ERIN
Just so you know. I've got a plan.

CINDY
What plan? Gonna rob a bank?

KAYE
We're not into that.

ERIN
No. Something better.

INT. DORMROOM - NIGHT

Lights on, enter the three girls to Erin's dorm room. It's typical college with a bunk bed and study desk, cramped.

KAYE
Where's your roomie?

ERIN
At her boyfriend's fraternity. She stays there most nights.

KAYE
She fuck for money?

ERIN
She might. We know nothing about each other and I like it that way.

Erin positions herself by the sliding closet. With a smile and a pause, she shoves open the flimsy door.

Inside the closet, as if in a shrine, is a black and silver bass guitar.

CINDY
I was right!

ERIN
Yeah. I play. And I sing, too.

Erin takes the \$150 out of her pocket and stuffs it into the case for the guitar, where there sit wads of 1s, 5s, and 20s.

KAYE
Jeez. That's a lot of head.

ERIN
I'm saving for a few hours in a real studio. So I can do a demo.

CINDY
Do you write your own songs?

ERIN
Yep. My lyrics aren't the best, though. I have to work on that.
(to CINDY)
You can touch it.

Cindy caresses the bass. Longingly, almost sexually.

CINDY
How much did it cost?

ERIN
I don't know. An ex- bought it for me. I decided it was the last thing I'd be given. The rest I'm making happen on my own. You two got boyfriends?

KAYE
We're together.

ERIN
Pardon?

CINDY
We're dating.

ERIN
Oh. Okay.
(to CINDY)
Do you play?

CINDY
I used to. Someone stole my guitar
a few months ago.

KAYE
She played all the time. She was
really getting good.

Erin plucks the bass from the closet.

CINDY
Play us something.

Erin takes her bass and sits.

ERIN
Don't laugh.

She plays a simple song with simple lyrics. At a bad lyric,
Kaye rolls her eyes, unseen. Cindy, though, is transfixed.

At the end of the refrain, Erin senses she's disappointing.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Okay. That's all. Just a preview.

CINDY
What's your name, college girl?

ERIN
Erin.

FADE TO:

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Once "home" for the night, Cindy aggressively kisses Kaye and
then throws her onto the mattress.

JUMP CUT,
MISMATCH:

After sex:

KAYE
That was different.

CU:
Cindy, laying on her stomach, not facing her partner.

CINDY
What?

KAYE

Just that. Anything wrong.

CINDY

No, baby.

KAYE

I liked it. But you weren't really here, were you?

FADE TO:

EXT. "MOUNTAIN" MUSIC STORE - DAY

Cindy looks in the window at the \$200 guitar.

A jingle from the door and she turns away, but doesn't walk.

Malibu stands in the doorway.

MALIBU

Done playing it with your eyes?

Cindy shuffles her feet.

CINDY

You coming down on the price?

MALIBU

I already dropped it from \$275.
Then to \$250. And \$225.

CINDY

And nobody's buying? Then why are you leaving it in the window?

MALIBU

Because I know you'll come by and look at it. And it's a guarantee I'll see you at least once a day.

Cindy breaks from the window and comes closer to Malibu.

MALIBU (CONT'D)

Why don't you come inside? I've got an Fender Jazz amp all warmed up. Just hummin'.

CINDY

I don't have the two-hundred.

MALIBU
Come in anyway.

Slowly, he turns and disappears.

She follows.

INT. "MOUNTAIN" MUSIC STORE - DAY

The store is small and cheap -- more a pawn shop than a full store. Drums and cheap guitars, a counter, and a rear storeroom hidden by draped beads. Hung over the counter, is a velvet painting of a mountain -- which looks more like a woman's breast.

Malibu wiggles the SG from the window.

MALIBU
What's your name, beautiful?

CINDY
Cinnamon.

MALIBU
Yeah, I saw your tattoo. What's your *real* name?

CINDY
Honest-Injun. But people call me Cindy.

MALIBU
I'm Malibu.

CINDY
Definitely not real.

MALIBU
The city of my birth.

Malibu walks to a dusty Fender amplifier and uncoils an instrument cable.

CINDY
This place yours?

MALIBU
It is. Got a bed in the back. I don't get out much. The original owner dropped dead about four months ago. Lucky for me.
(MORE)

MALIBU (CONT'D)

Not so much for him. He had a sense of humor, so this is my cross to bear.

The guitar is ready. Malibu holds it out by its neck.

MALIBU (CONT'D)

I play the organ. This is your turf.

Cindy steps forward.

CINDY

I don't have two-hundred bucks.

MALIBU

Hurry up. The amp's getting cold.

Cindy takes the guitar. No chair; no strap. She sits on the floor. He stands above her. She strikes a power chord. Malibu leans down and cranks the amp's volume. She strikes another chord.

MALIBU (CONT'D)

You owned one of these before.

CINDY

I did.

MALIBU

You still got the amp?

CINDY

I do. But what good is an amp without a guitar? I use it as a coffee table.

MALIBU

Aw, don't do that. Gotta treat the cart and the horse just right or they won't get you where you're going.

CINDY

And where is that?

She strums, does a riff.

Malibu sits on the floor next to her. He reaches around her waist and EQs the guitar. She plays more and smiles.

MALIBU

(Toggling)

Warm. Warmer. Warmest.

CINDY

I want it to sound like it's
breaking the speaker.

MALIBU

This is a humbucker.

He points to the pickup under the strings.

MALIBU (CONT'D)

Cheap. Not the best. That's why
it rocks. Terrible for disco.

CINDY

I hate disco.

MALIBU

What do you like then?

CINDY

I like hard.

Cindy realizes where his hands are, on her waist. She looks around. She's in deeper than she expected, quicker than expected.

CINDY (CONT'D)

(tremulous)

I don't have two hundred.

He touches her hair.

MALIBU

I'm sure we can work out a payment
plan. Mountain Music offers all
kinds a' options.

They kiss. Deeply.

CINDY

(soft)

You said you had a bed.

He takes the guitar and lays it on the carpet. It begins to feedback. With her leg, she brushes it away from the amp and the feedback stops. They continue to kiss.

When she stands, her finders scrape the open strings of the guitar. The sound carries.

He puts his hands under her shirt and she starts to move him towards the beaded wall.

But...

He stops.

He takes her hands from his face.

MALIBU

Wait.

CINDY

Don't stop.

MALIBU

I don't do this.

CINDY

What do you mean?

MALIBU

I don't trade inventory for this.

CINDY

(now committed)

Deal's a deal. I'll do it. I will. I'll fuck you.

MALIBU

For that?

CU:

The guitar, humming.

CINDY

I want it. I want you.

MALIBU

No. It ain't right. I don't seduce my customers.

CINDY

What makes you think I'm not seducing you?

She tries; he buckles; their eyes say it: it's over.

Cindy turns and quick-steps away from him, towards the door.

MALIBU

I've got a sister.

She stops, hand on the door out.

CINDY
What's that supposed to mean?

MALIBU
Well...she's a mean drummer.

Cindy's confused. Malibu comes forward.

MALIBU (CONT'D)
She's only 19. Wants in a band so bad she can taste it. But no guys want a stupid black girl for a drummer.
(pause)
You got a band?

CINDY
(lying)
Yes.

MALIBU
Got a drummer?

Cindy slowly shakes her head.

MALIBU (CONT'D)
You let her tryout. If you like her, she's in the band. And I'll give you that guitar.

Cindy eyes the guitar.

CINDY
She really good?

MALIBU
Fuck yes.

INT. "MOUNTAIN" MUSIC STORE - DAY.

Later.

CU:
A spikey-haired, mean-looking, overweight black girl straddles a drum kit. She's playing. Hard.

Cindy smiles.

After a fill, Malibu's sister stops abruptly. This is OAKLAND.

OAKLAND
You laughin' at me!

CINDY
Absolutely not.

She meets Malibu's with a nod.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Okay then...

EXT. STREET - DAY.

Cindy walks with Kaye.

KAYE
Her name's Oakland?

CINDY
It's where she was born.

KAYE
Crazy.

CINDY
Plays good.

KAYE
Prettier than me?

CINDY
Ha.

They kiss.

INT. DORMROOM - DAY

Erin is on-top of a COLLEGE BOY in the lower bunk bed.

JUMP CUT,
MISMATCH:

The boy is gone. Erin is stuffing money into her guitar case.

A knock.

Erin answers, wearing very little.

It's Cindy and Kaye.

CINDY
I have a band.

ERIN
(shaking head)
I'm more of a solo artist.

CINDY
I can write lyrics.

Cindy digs into her pants and pulls out a ratty sheet of notebook paper. She hands it to Erin.

Erin reads.

ERIN
Too sad.

She hands back the page.

CINDY
I've got more.

KAYE
She's got a whole notebook full.

ERIN
Look. I'm not even sure that I
like you.

Erin eyes Kaye and Cindy. She starts to shut the door, but Cindy holds it.

CINDY
We have a drummer.
(pause)
She's amazing.

Through the crack of the door:

ERIN
I don't even know what kind of
music you like.

KAYE
The kind that makes some fucking
money.

Erin pushes on the door to shut it.

CINDY
No. The kind that's great.

CU:
Cindy.

CU:
Erin through the door.

Erin smiles.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Cindy opens her garage door. All of her things are gone.
The garage is empty.

She stands there, dumb.

She exits the garage and rounds it, going to the house
behind.

She pounds on the door. Pounds and pounds.

At last, someone opens the door and can be seen through the
mesh screen. This is CHELSEA. She is 40, with pulled back
hair and sheer clothing.

CINDY
Where's my fucking stuff?

CHELSEA
Don't worry, Cinnamon. I boxed it
up.

CINDY
I need my stuff.

CHELSEA
I said you could stay a week. It's
been almost two months. And you
coming and going with your
girlfriend at all hours.

CINDY
Look. I need my stuff.

CHELSEA
(sweetly)
Come inside.

Chelsea opens the screen door.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
Come on. Luke's here.

CINDY
Just tell me where you put the
boxes.

CHELSEA
Come.

Seeing no way out, Cindy enters.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Chelsea's house is simple, 70s, dated. Nude paintings. Soft
fuzzy sofa.

Sitting on the sofa is an older man wearing a cowboy hat and
boots. This is LUKE.

Chelsea goes to the couch and snuggles up beside him.

LUKE
Hey, there, Cinnamon Girl.

CINDY
Luke...

LUKE
You don't have much stuff, baby
doll. Only took four boxes for
everything. Mattress is back where
it came from.

CINDY
Where's my guitar and amp?

LUKE
With the boxes.

CINDY
I'd like to get them now.

LUKE
Have a seat.

He gestures to a tiger-striped chair off to the side.

CINDY
Nuh-uh. Not today.

CHELSEA
Awww. You're being cruel.

CINDY
It's middle of the day. If I'm
going to find another place to
stay, I need to get going.

LUKE
Sit down, baby doll.

Cindy looks at the chair.

CINDY
If you've so much as broken a
string--

Resigned, she flops down in the chair.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Get on with it.

Chelsea starts to undo Luke's shirt.

CHELSEA
You know we like our audience.

CINDY
Just...make it quick.

Luke lays Chelsea on the sofa and opens her legs.

LUKE
Oh, you know I like to take my
sweet time, Cinnamon bun.

Luke undoes one of Chelsea's buttons.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I want you to tell me what to do
next?

Cindy rolls her eyes.

CINDY
(smiling)
I don't suppose you'd go to hell?

Luke winks, points, and snaps a finger, getting the joke.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Okay, then, I want you to f--

JUMP CUT,
MISMATCH:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Hidden in a stairwell are Cindy's things. She's alone as she angrily punches into a cardboard box, draws out a lump of tee shirts, panties, jeans, and then digs her guitar and amplifier out of the holdings.

INT. "MOUNTAIN" MUSIC STORE - DAY

Cindy stands before Malibu, her guitar slung over her back, amp by her side, clothes in her arms.

CINDY
You said you had a bed.

MALIBU
(laughing)
But it's mine.

CINDY
I'm warm.

MALIBU
I bet you are. What about your girlfriend, doesn't she have a pad?

CINDY
She lives with her parents.

MALIBU
Naturally. Guess you won't be a garage band, after all, then.

CINDY
Right. We'll be practicing here.

MALIBU
This is a music store. Not a rehearsal space.

CINDY
I'll be sure to explain that to all the customers when they complain.

WIDE SHOT:
The empty music store.

INT. "MOUNTAIN" MUSIC STORE - NIGHT

Oakland is setting up her drums.

Erin is setting up her bass.

Cindy bites her nails by Malibu at the counter.

Kaye looks bored.

When Erin's ready, she turns.

ERIN
(indicating Kaye)
What's she gonna play?

KAYE
Um...I thought I'd sing backup or something.

ERIN
(to CINDY, dismissive)
Can she sing?

CINDY
I don't know. I've never heard her.

ERIN
Great.
(pause)
Let's see that notebook.

Cindy comes forward and pulls a notebook from the back of her amp. It's thick with stuffed pages and has coffee rings stained on the outside. She hands it to Erin.

Erin flips through.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Got melodies to go with this...or just words?

CINDY
Mostly just words.

ERIN
What should we start with?

Cindy hesitates.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Oh, Jesus, are you telling me you don't have any fucking songs?

KAYE

We could do one of yours. How about that one from last week?

ERIN

That's solo material.

Malibu laughs.

MALIBU

Watch out! Solo artist in the house.

OAKLAND

Let's just fucking play something!

Oakland starts on a beat.

Cindy meets Erin's eyes and then she straps on her guitar, turns up her amp.

Erin makes a gesture to Oakland.

ERIN

Faster.

The tempo speeds up.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Faster.

Erin starts a thump on her bass.

Cindy strikes a Barr chord.

It's loud. Really loud.

There is one microphone in the middle.

They pass a progression or two.

CU:

Cindy, eyeing the mic. Then Erin. Then Kaye. No one moves.

MALIBU

(over music)

This ain't no instrumental, girls!

Both Erin and Cindy go for Cindy's notebook. A page falls out. Cindy snatches it in the air, reads a few lines, then tosses it on the floor. By the next 8th note chug, she's at the mic, singing.

It's just a line. Just a refrain. But it's catchy.

Kaye stands up.

Cindy gestures for her to come over to the mic.

Kaye holds.

Frustrated, Erin takes the mic -- a harmony.

After one round and a few smiles, they stop playing in a messy disarray.

CINDY
(to Kaye)
Why didn't you *sing*?

KAYE
I can't sing.

CINDY
Sure you can.

KAYE
I can't sing. Really. I can't.
(pause)
Will you let me stay and listen?

Cindy's and Kaye's meet -- an acknowledgement, but with a slight twinkle.

OAKLAND
Again... One, two, three--

INT. "MOUNTAIN" MUSIC STORE - NIGHT

Cindy kisses Kaye good night. Oakland and Erin are going off in different directions down the street.

KAYE
Don't fuck him.

CINDY
I won't.

KAYE
I'll miss sleeping beside you.

CINDY
I know. We'll work it out.

They part. Malibu shuts and locks the door. When he turns, Cindy's already through the beads to the back room.

FOLLOW TO:

INT. MUSIC STORE BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Malibu gazes down at Cindy lying on his narrow bed. She looks good. One of her arms covers her eyes.

CINDY

Do bands always sound this shitty
when they start?

He laughs, takes off his shoes, kneels behind her.

CINDY (CONT'D)

I want an answer.

MALIBU

Confidence comes later. But that
sounded pretty good to my ears.

CINDY

Did your sister like it?

MALIBU

She likes everything.

CINDY

She's going to make us all deaf.

MALIBU

You sound like mama.

He lays beside her and she turns.

CINDY

I warn you: I sleep naked.

MALIBU

You're fucking with me.

CINDY

I am.

MALIBU

Good night, Cinnamon Star.

CINDY

Good night, nice-guy-named-after-
lame-surfing-city.

Malibu smiles, switches off the light.

In the dark:

MALIBU
You know, I could have been born in
Walla Walla.

She laughs.

FADE TO:

INT. "MOUNTAIN" MUSIC STORE (BATHROOM) - MORNING

Cindy brushes her teeth after her show. She looks at herself. She feels her belly.

EXT. "MOUNTAIN" MUSIC STORE - DAY

Cindy sees Malibu flipped through a magazine.

CINDY
I'm getting too skinny.

MALIBU
Show me.

Cindy lifts her shirt.

CINDY
You can see my ribs.

MALIBU
Are you hungry?

CINDY
Got anything?

MALIBU
Let's go.

Malibu steps out from the counter.

CINDY
Where are we going?

MALIBU
Heaven.

INT. DINER - DAY

The two at a booth. Bacon and eggs.

MALIBU

You're sexy.

CINDY

So I've been told.

MALIBU

I'd buy a ticket to see you even if you'd couldn't play guitar.

CINDY

You're not my type.

MALIBU

I know, I know. Why you and Erin wanna play music so bad?

CINDY

I've always liked it. Since I was a kid. My dad played violin. My mom played the tuba.

MALIBU

You're fucking with me again.

CINDY

No, I'm serious. She could play a mean Souza.

MALIBU

I bet. Why rock n' roll?

CINDY

Because it sounds...angry.

MALIBU

It sounds sad to my ears. I like jazz. No one beats Big John Patton. Col-trane. Ellington. Gordon.

CINDY

Rotten. Stanley. Harry.

MALIBU

You're in the wrong city for that sound.

They eat.

CINDY

Really. How were we last night?

MALIBU

Like a bag full of explosives. You just need to practice.

CINDY

Do you know anyone?

MALIBU

In music?

CINDY

Do you?

MALIBU

I've got a few friends. But I suggest you start small.

CINDY

No confidence in us girls, huh?

MALIBU

Just want you to start the way bands start. Don't get ahead of yourselves. The pain of playing to two drunk guys who stare at your tits instead of your frets should be something you get used to.

CINDY

It's something I'm already used to.

MALIBU

The price you pay for having great tits.

She smiles.

MALIBU (CONT'D)

You need a name. Thought of one?

CINDY

No.

MALIBU

Start. Name's the glue. The others will see it better when they know the name.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Cindy and Malibu, going back to Mountain after breakfast. A group of construction workers see Cindy pass and cat-call. She smiles, but ignores them.

CINDY
(after passing)
You're not sticking up for me.

MALIBU
Don't worry. They won't bite. And I bet you like the attention. Why else wear those blue jeans?

CINDY
I only have two pairs.

MALIBU
And both show that ass.

CINDY
You like my ass, do you?

MALIBU
Are you *really* askin' me that?

They stop at the corner.

CU:
Traffic light: RED.

It catches Cindy's eye.

The light changes.

CINDY
(distant)
I know the name.

MALIBU
That was fast. You should call the band Lightning.

CINDY
It's good.

MALIBU
Amen.

INT. "MOUNTAIN" MUSIC STORE - NIGHT

Cindy, Erin, Oakland, in a circle.

CINDY
(grandly)
The Red Lights.

OAKLAND
Sounds like a funk band.

ERIN
I don't like it.

CINDY
We dye our hair red--

OAKLAND
Okay--

ERIN
Uh-huh. Not me!

CINDY
It worked for The Police.

ERIN
Look, we've only got three songs.

CINDY
The Red Lights.

ERIN
Why not The Blonde Lights?

OAKLAND
What the fuck's a *blonde* light?

ERIN
That's not the point. Why do I
have to--

CINDY
We need a name.

OAKLAND
Good as any.

CINDY
(to ERIN)
Got any better suggestions?

ERIN
Yeah. *Not that.*

OAKLAND
You're a solo act. You don't think about band names. You let Cindy do the thinking.

ERIN
I don't want to dye my hair.

CINDY
Fine. You keep the hair, we keep the name.

Erin thinks, shakes on it.

ERIN
Still a stupid name.

EXT. "MOUNTAIN" MUSIC STORE - DAY

Tommy and Malibu stand outside the display window. Listening. Muffled in the background, are The Red Lights, rehearsing.

TOMMY
Yeah. Pretty rough.

MALIBU
It's rock n' roll. Rough is good. Isn't it?

Muffled, the band stops and the girls start yelling at each other about their musical mistakes. Oakland counts and the song resumes.

Tommy and Malibu smile at each other.

Tommy peeks in the window.

MALIBU (CONT'D)
Don't let 'em see you.

TOMMY
I won't. Jesus.

MALIBU
If they knew I called you--

TOMMY
What's the name?

MALIBU
The Red Lights.

TOMMY
Those girls are green lights all
the way.

POV:

Tommy's view. Sexualizing the girls body parts through the
cracks of brass and guitars in the display window.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
They sure are fuckable.

MALIBU
That's my damn *sister*, Tommy.

TOMMY
No, I was talking about the other
two.

MALIBU
Are you *trying* to piss me off?

Tommy turns from the window, smiles.

TOMMY
Look. I mostly book DJs. People
with disco balls and a few Knack
records. Maybe some Percy Sledge.
Not much call for hard rock. They
place just doesn't have the sound
for it. It's a goddamn bowling
alley.

MALIBU
They need to cut their teeth.

TOMMY
(unconvinced)
I don't know... Sure are sexy,
though.
(pause)
Tell ya what. You send the blonde
kitten around tonight after close.
Let her convince me.

MALIBU
What are you saying?

TOMMY
I think you know what I'm saying.

MALIBU
No, that ain't how it's going to
be.

TOMMY
I know she's a whore.

MALIBU
She's a musician.

The band collides in notes and crashes. More yelling.

TOMMY
Yeah. Right.

Tommy starts to walk away.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Send her around. I want
convincing.

FADE TO:

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Malibu and Erin. She's being led. She wears a satin jacket.

ERIN
Aw, shit. The bowling alley? I
thought you said we were going to a
nice club.

MALIBU
You know what a moral dilemma is?

ERIN
Do I.

She locks eyes with him.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Is this a band meeting, like you
said?

MALIBU
Sort of.

ERIN
(softly)
What's going on?

MALIBU

Tommy heard you play. He's got a spot here in two weeks, opening for The Scam. You heard of them?

ERIN

Blues band.

MALIBU

Rock band.

ERIN

So?

MALIBU

He said he wants to be convinced.

Pause.

ERIN

(knowing)

Did he say to bring me here?

(pause)

Fuck. That's it, isn't it?

MALIBU

I don't think you should go in. But I leave the choice to you. If you play the show, I can get some people there.

ERIN

It's a fucking bowling alley!

MALIBU

It is. But you have to start somewhere. Question is:

ERIN

I know, I know.

She thinks. Starts walking towards the door.

ERIN (CONT'D)

He's not bad lookin', right?

Malibu says nothing.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Wait for me. I won't be long.

With shame, Malibu watches her enter.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Erin enters. Tommy's behind the bar. Last stragglers pass her on the way out.

TOMMY
Good night.

Tommy sees her. Their eyes connect.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Nice.

ERIN
(sexy)
You called and I came.

Tommy takes out his keys.

TOMMY
I was just locking up.

He seems nervous. He passes by her shoulder and locks the main door behind her. He tosses the keys back on the bar.

For a long moment, they just stare at each other.

She takes a step forward.

Slowly, she backs him, step by step, back to the bar, her hands still in her jacket pockets.

She pins him to the bar. He reaches out and touches her breasts.

She doesn't move for a long time...then...

She unzips his pants.

Pan down towards: Tommy's crotch.

JUMP CUT,
MISMATCH:

Pan up towards: their faces.

Tommy moans. Erin is ice.

JUMP CUT,
MISMATCH:

Tommy climaxes. Erin is still ice.

She stares right into his eyes.

ERIN
That's all you get.
(pause)
Do we have it?

Tommy takes a towel from the bar and cleans up. At last, he nods fast. He looks very nervous.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Say it.

TOMMY
It's yours. You girls can play the gig.

Erin backs away.

She slaps him. And smiles.

ERIN
Right answer.

She leaves.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Malibu paces. Erin exits the bowling alley, walking fast. He follows.

ERIN
It's on.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Telephone pole. There's a hand-crafted flyer stuck to the pole with lousy tape.

"The Red Lights." "The Scam." Date, time, place.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:
The next pole. And the next.

Flyers.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:
Cindy, tape roll around her arm, slanting and affixing another flyer.

Next pole, Cindy.

Next, Malibu and Oakland.

INT. "MOUNTAIN" MUSIC STORE - DAY

The girls are packing up equipment.

Malibu leans on the counter next to Cindy.

Cindy is eyeing Erin.

CINDY
I can't believe she won't dye her
fucking hair.

MALIBU
She's done an awful lot else.

CINDY
Yeah. She has.

MALIBU
She wants this.

CINDY
Hey, I want it, too.

MALIBU
(smiles)
I know. So you keep tellin' me.

A BLACK MAN enters the store.

CINDY
(to MALIBU, joking)
Look! A fucking customer.

BLACK MAN
(to MALIBU)
What's shakin', my brother?

High fives.

Cindy wanders to Kaye, who stands off to the side by the
brass section.

KAYE
I feel like I should be helping.

CINDY
We travel light.

KAYE
Are you nervous?

Cindy puts her arms around Kaye and kisses her.

CINDY
Very.
(pouty)
Would you do something to relax me?

Kaye leads Cindy back through the beads.

CU:
Malibu, rolling eyes at the girls' exit as he picks out guitar strings for his customer.

JUMP CUT,
MISMATCH:

FADE TO:

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

The stage isn't much. The crowd is decent. All black-skinned except for a few.

By the bar, Cindy, Oakland, and Kaye Drink. Malibu looks nervous.

MALIBU
Where the fuck's your bass player?

CINDY
(not so sure)
She'll be here.

MALIBU
(to KAYE)
Sure you can't play bass?

Through the main door, Erin enters. Her hair is red.

CINDY
Son of a bitch.

Erin eyes the crowd, then spots her band. She crosses. Tommy, behind the bar, smiles.

TOMMY
Nice hair.

Erin smiles a sexy smile, but it's also a cold shoulder.

ERIN
(to MALIBU, gesturing to
the crowd)
Rock band, huh? Doesn't look like
a rock crowd.

MALIBU
All right. I was wrong. It's a
blues band. But they'll like you.
Because a lot of 'em are my
friends.

CINDY
How many?

MALIBU
More than half.

CINDY
Good. That means more money for
us.

OAKLAND
I'm getting up there. It's almost
time.

Oakland goes towards the "stage."

Cindy stops Erin and brushes her hair.

CINDY
Thanks.

ERIN
How do I look?

CINDY
Eat-able. But not just the hair.
Thank you.

ERIN
I feel like I might need to be
thanking you. I've never played in
front of anyone.

CINDY
You played in your room for Kaye
and me.

ERIN
Yeah. I don't know why I did that.
I've never played in front of
anyone before.

CINDY
I'm a virgin, too.

ERIN
Should we start with a blues song?

CINDY
Fuck no. Too depressing. Let's
start with you new one.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

The band on stage. Feedback, nervous shuffling.

CU:
Cindy's. The faces, expectant.

She sees Chelsea and Luke and smiles. They wave.

She comes up to the mic to a smattering of applause.

CINDY
(into mic, aimed at LUKE
and CHELSEA)
What's it like to be watching *me*
now, motherfuckers?

Cindy smiles and Luke smiles back, with a thumbs up.

CINDY (CONT'D)
(to crowd)
We're The Red Lights. Welcome to
our maiden voyage.

Bubble of laughter from the crowd.

CINDY (CONT'D)
This first song's by the lovely
Erin, here. Couldn't you just fuck
her?

Cheers. (Someone shouts: "I did!") Erin laughs.

CINDY (CONT'D)
This is dedicated to the man behind
the bar. Tommy. It's called,
"Bowling Alley Dickwad."

Tommy blanches.

CINDY (CONT'D)
 (Shouting)
 One, two, three, four--

At the hit of the first power chord, the image freezes.

FADE TO:

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

The Scam plays 1-4-5 blues chords to about 1/2 the previous crowd for The Red Lights.

At the bar, the girls and Malibu toast with shots.

Tommy refills Erin's shot.

TOMMY
 Very funny on that first number.

ERIN
 I'm glad you have a sense of humor.

MALIBU
 (to TOMMY)
 So when do these ladies get paid?

TOMMY
 (feigning deafness)
 What? Get laid?

ALL
 PAID!

TOMMY
 Opening band doesn't GET paid.

MALIBU
 What! That's bullshit! That was
 these girls' people out there.

Oakland dives across the bar and grabs Tommy's shirt.

TOMMY
 Easy, easy!

Malibu pulls his sister off.

MALIBU
 We had a deal.

TOMMY

To play. I didn't say shit about the money.

CINDY

(aside to MALIBU)

I guess I'll be sleeping with you a while longer.

KAYE

I hope you're talking actual sleep.

MALIBU

Yes. And you can stay forever for all I care. Store's actually a lot less boring with you and your friends hanging around. I think you're going to get me a lot more customers once the word spreads that you work there, Cinnamon Star.

A BLONDE MAN, mid-thirties, comes up.

BLONDE MAN

I was late.

ERIN

(fake toughness)

Who the hell are you?

BLONDE MAN

You The Red Lights? I dug your poster.

OAKLAND

No more flirting.

BLONDE MAN

I'm not flirtin'. I run Angelos. How'd you girls like to play there next week? I heard your set was hot. We book nationals, so rare that I'm offering to a local.

CINDY

(cautious)

How much?

BLONDE MAN

Three hundred all right? You guys got a demo I can run by the boss?

The girls look sheepish.

MALIBU
Yeah. They do.

BLONDE MAN
You their manager?

MALIBU
I guess I am.

BLONDE MAN
Great, here's my card. Bring by
your demo. I'll get it all
approved.

He smiles and leaves.

MALIBU
(to TOMMY, waving card)
See? Real money.

Cindy pulls Malibu aside and huddle. The others crowd in.

CINDY
We don't have a demo.

MALIBU
And I don't have the money for one.

OAKLAND
Some manager!

They look to each other, then to Erin. Erin reaches in her pocket. Slowly, she pulls out her saved wad of cash.

CINDY
You brought it?

ERIN
I don't trust my roommate not to
steal it.
(pause)
No, that's not true. If we rocked
tonight, I wanted to say it's
yours. I mean the band's.

CINDY
But it's yours...

ERIN
That's over nine-hundred dollars.

She puts it in Malibu's hands.

ERIN (CONT'D)
 Here, manager. Don't fucking blow
 it on any girls but us.

MALIBU
 (to ERIN)
 You sure about this? Listen. I
 don't want you doing any more shit
 like you've been doing to get ahead
 anymore. No more fucking college
 kids. After the demo, only money
 you gonna earn is from playing.

CINDY
 So...Mr. Manager. You think we're
 that good?

MALIBU
 (beaming)
 Not yet. But give it time.

Group hug.

Kaye and Cindy peel off.

KAYE
 Come with me?

CINDY
 (over music)
 What?

KAYE
 Come...with...me...

Kaye leads Cindy to the rear exit. She sneaks her down the
 steps...

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

At the bottom of the exit stairs, Kaye pins Cindy to the wall
 and kisses her. People pass by the alley and hoot, but don't
 stop. The girls smile.

KAYE
 You were hot tonight.

CINDY
 Was I?

KAYE
 You were. You were great.

They kiss again.

CINDY
Thanks, Kaye.

KAYE
Too bad I don't have talent.

CINDY
You can play me.

Kaye's hands go below the waist.

KAYE
You're right. I can.

They smile. Passionately, they're on each other, kissing against the wall.

PULL BACK

To the end of the alley, where a few more pass by the alley. "Get a room!" someone shouts and there is laughter before the gawkers move along.

But the girls don't stop...

FADE OUT.