

Power Chords:
Pilot

by

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INT. ROCK CLUB - NIGHT

An 80s hair metal band is wrapping up their raucous set. As the rest of the band crescendos on the final note, their guitarist - Danny Harker - emerges from the fog and flashing lights.

He plays a flurry of notes down the fretboard - navigating a scale with remarkable fluidity and precision.

SINGER

Thank you, my beautiful people!
We've been Argon.

With 2 final hits, the band punctuates the singer screeching "Argon" in a high falsetto.

The rest of the band saunters off stage, but Harker approaches the mic, hands shielding his eyes from the light.

HARKER

Ladies and gentlemen. I hear we
have a special guest in the
audience tonight. J. Buck.

People look at each other confused.

HARKER

Haven't heard of him? Well, I have.
I've heard some chatter that he's
the best guitarist out there. But
how could that be possible, after a
show like that, right?

The audience goes wild.

HARKER

Come on forward, Buck. If you
really are the best.

Harker points toward the back. Everyone turns and sees a figure sipping on a whiskey at the end of the bar.

He turns, a smirk barely visible under the rim of his cowboy hat.

He puts down his drink and stands up, facing the stage.

As he rises, we see him in greater detail - he's dressed like a cowboy with a long flowing duster, but he's got a guitar and amp strapped to him instead of a holster.

BUCK

If it's all the same, I'd rather

just be going. The whiskey prices
here are ridiculous.

He turns toward the door, but is stopped by the rest of
Argon, who have snuck up behind him.

SINGER

We'll lend you a drink ticket.

DRUMMER

Every performer gets 2.

BASSIST

(From behind the drummer)

Yeah. 2!

BUCK

2 drinks? Good enough for me.

Buck slowly makes his way to the stage. He plops down a
beaten up Marshall combo amp, and plugs in what could have
been a Stratocaster at one point, but it's extremely worn
from being played on the road for many years.

HARKER

Ready to go old man?

BUCK

I'm thirty--

Before he can finish his sentence, Harker launches into a
solo. He's all over the stage - doing high kicks off amps,
twirling on the bass drum, rolling around on the floor. The
crowd loves it.

He pulls out every guitar trick, playing behind his back,
over his head, swinging it around his body - without missing
a note in his bombastic solo.

While his playing distracts everyone, the rest of the band
sneaks behind Buck and begins tinkering with his amp.

Harker lifts the guitar up, harmonizing with his own playing
by screaming into its pickups. He hits the final notes with
his teeth and bends it until it feels like the string is
about to snap - the note wails and increases in tension
until he finally releases it with a final E chord.

He collapses to his knees, breathing heavily and smiling as
the audience cheers wildly.

BUCK

Pretty impressive. But I sure would
like that second drink.

Buck flicks on his amp and turns up the volume on his guitar.

Feedback screeches and builds until he begins a dramatic pickslide down the neck into a complicated Van Halen-style 2 handed tapping run.

Every single hand in the audience shoots straight up, simultaneously.

They wiggle their fingers with their palms outstretched - the universal rock symbol for "give me more good guitar solo."

Everyone looks at each other and at their hands in total confusion. Buck's playing has somehow entranced them and caused them to react as a collective.

Harker realizes that even he is doing the gesture. He tries to pull his arms down and grab his guitar, but his hands snap back into place no matter how hard he tries.

Buck plays a crushing heavy metal riff. The audience's hands flip over and turn into devil horns. The members of Argon scowl as they headbang involuntarily along with the rest of the crowd.

Buck plays an Yngwie Malmsteen-style neo-classical piece. Audience members grab one another by the hand and twirl around the room in a perfectly choreographed waltz. The tough metalheads all spit and curse as they pull off each step flawlessly.

The music grows faster and more intense. Harker is shocked to look down and see that he has been playing guitar, even faster than before, harmonizing with Buck's blistering arpeggios. He looks to his band for help, but they are still waltzing their hearts out. They look at him but shrug, they're starting to enjoy it.

Just as the dancing and playing reaches a crescendo... BOOM! Buck's amp makes explodes and catches fire. Argon had sabotaged it.

The room is dead silent except for the crackling of the amp's burning electronics, and the hum of Harker's still plugged in guitar.

Everyone stands totally motionless, mouths agape. Buck doesn't know what to do.

BUCK

I uh... I should get moseying now,
I suppose.

He grabs his guitar but leaves his smoldering amp behind.

He weaves through the frozen crowd and makes his way to the exit. But first, a quick stop at the bar to grab his drink.

He puts a drink ticket down on the bar and flips a shiny coin to the bartender. It bounces off his expressionless face. Buck pours himself a drink and takes it to go.

BUCK

Cheers.

Title Card: *Power Chords*

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Buck walks into a new town, with only a guitar strapped on his back.

He moseys by a guitar shop and looks in the window. He sees a Marshall amp similar to his last one. The only problem is the price tag: \$200.

BUCK

Damn. OK.

EXT STREET CORNER - DAY

Buck sticks a crude handwritten sign to a telephone pole. It reads:

J BUCK GUITAR LESSONS
\$NEED MONEY\$
GOOD LESSONS

"THANKS"

He walks away. We see crowds pass by uninterested for a good chunk of the day until a middle-aged man stops.

MAN

The J. Buck? No way.

He tears off a slip from the flyer. It just says "I'M HERE".

He turns around and Buck is there on the curb.

BUCK

Your place?

INT. MAN'S HOUSE - DAY

The man leads Buck through his big swanky house.

MAN

Music room's just up here.

BUCK

A whole room? Damn.

INT. MUSIC ROOM - DAY

They start to enter the room and Buck freezes in the doorway. The music room is packed with dozens of high-end, rare instruments, from classic Strats and Les Pauls to high tech modern Steinbergers.

MAN

OK, let's get going! What to play today... How 'bout the '59 burst.

He pulls a mint condition cherry burst 1959 Les Paul off the wall - one of the most sought after instruments in the whole world.

BUCK

Wow. Lemme hear what you can do with that thing.

The guy looks him, confused.

BUCK

Play something.

MAN

Oh, OK. Sure. Hmmm which one is G?

He plays an F#. The note is so clumsy it buzzes and barely rings out. It's clear the man has barely touched a guitar.

BUCK

Right, I uh... I best be moseying now.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Buck is back on the street corner, waiting for another customer.

A kid grabs a slip from the flyer. Buck waves at him from the curb.

INT. KID'S ROOM - DAY

The kid's walls are adorned with pictures of guitars, amps, pedals, all sorts of gear. He's got stacks of books and magazines about the instrument, flanked by piles of guitar parts.

KID

... Alnico has a treble presence I prefer over ceramic in MOST cases,

but when combined with the snap of a maple fretboard and the low-mid growl of a mahogany body, ceramic wins hands down. Of course, that's to say nothing of a maple cap like you'd find on your average Les Paul or PRS, which adds its own flavor of response, especially in the 4kHz range. Then you get into pickups - most folks only think in terms of humbucker and single coil, but the interesting thing is that a humbucker can be wired in 2 ways, in series as most are, or in parallel for a more mid-scooped sound akin to the second position on a strat--

Buck looks around.

BUCK

Kid, do you even have a guitar?

KID

Well, no. I'm still researching. Gotta pick the right one.

BUCK

Right. I best be going now.

EXT. CITY STREETS

Back on the street. Buck continues waiting.

A rough looking young man picks up the flyer.

INT. YOUNG MAN'S ROOM

The young man stomps around his unkempt room, thrashing around with a beaten up guitar, making as much noise as possible. Barely even trying to play notes. He begins smashing the guitar against the wall and the floor.

BUCK

Yeah, I best be--

The guitar's neck breaks and the body goes flying out the window.

BUCK

Bye.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DUSK

It's getting late and Buck still hasn't found a suitable student. He's about to pack up and leave when a young girl with torn jeans and green hair stops and smirks at the flyer. Buck approaches.

BLAIR

(Startled)

What the fuck! That's creepy. This is supposed to have a phone number, not some stalker fortune cookie shit.

BUCK

Sorry. Don't have a phone.

BLAIR

This flyer sucks, man. You can't just write "Good Lessons" and expect to get people interested.

BUCK

It's true though. It'll be good.

BLAIR

(Looking at his clothes)

What are you supposed to be?

BUCK

Dunno. Just wear what's comfortable.

BLAIR

A blouse, a trenchcoat, and the world's lamest novelty hat are comfortable? OK.

BUCK

So, lesson?

BLAIR

This isn't gonna be some jerkoff guitar hero bullshit is it?

BUCK

Whatever you wanna learn.

BLAIR

Fine. I wanna get good. Where?

BUCK

You got a place?

INT. PUNK CO-OP - NIGHT

Blair leads Buck to her home - a co-op for local punk, DIY types. She shows him a makeshift stage surrounded by a number of shoddily constructed rooms and bunks.

Buck sits down on the stage and motions toward Blair.

BLAIR

What? You can't just be Mr. Silent
Blouse Cowboy all the time. Use
your words if you want something.

BUCK

Play me something. Gotta know what
I'm working with.

BLAIR

All right.

Blair picks up her sticker-covered guitar, cranks up her amp and plays a loud, sloppy punk song, complete with shouted lyrics.

BLAIR

A dentist on the ground/
Asphalt red.
Said he fell down/
Now he's dead.
Can't help but laugh/
Just my luck!
Honestly I'm glad/
Dentists fuckin' suck.

As she finishes, 3 punk guys enter the room. Their leader gets right up in Blair's face, while the others back him up. He's picking at his fingernails with a switchblade.

RICO

Blair, shut the fuck up! The Squad
and I are sleeping. We need to rest
for the battle on Saturday and we
don't need to be hearing your
bullshit songs. Got it?

BLAIR

Yeah, Rico. But you're being sorta
loud too.

RICO

Quiet!!!
(To Buck)
I don't like you either.

BUCK
(Nods)
Yassir.

RICO
Just shut the fuck up!

PUNKER 1
Yeah!

PUNKER 2
Shut it.

PUNKER 1
Jerks.

RICO
Let's go. Smell you later, Blair.

Rico stomps away.

BUCK
Blair, was it? I certainly don't agree with *how* your friend said it, but unfortunately the music is a bit too loud for me as well.

BLAIR
Rico is not my friend. He's some guy in a band everyone likes, and he thinks that gives him the right to be an asshole. I just wanna put him in his place.

BUCK
You'll get there.

BLAIR
Not by Sunday! I'm gonna get crushed at the battle of the bands.

BUCK
Keep at it, you've got spunk.

BLAIR
Keep at it? Sunday is tomorrow.

BUCK
Oh.

BLAIR
Great lesson, jerk. Thanks for nothing. You get no money.

BUCK
That's all right by me. I best be
going now.

EXT. PUNK CO-OP -NIGHT

Blair watches as Buck leaves the building, only to be
immediately jumped by Rico's 2 cronies.

She smirks.

PUNKER 1
Rico doesn't like you.

BUCK
I know, he told me.

PUNKER 2
You shouldn't have come around
here.

PUNKER 1
You don't belong Mr. Honky Tonk.

BUCK
Good news: I'm leaving.

They block his path. One of them pulls out a knife.

PUNKER 2
Not so freakin' fast, buster.

BUCK
Buck.

PUNKER 1
Rico would like reimbursement.

Buck looks at them, unimpressed.

PUNKER 2
Reimbursement for his valuable time
that you wasted.

BUCK
Not sure I have anything that
invaluable.

They take a second to suss it out.

PUNKER 1
OK, yeah that's an insult.

BUCK

Yes.

PUNKER 2

You're gonna pay for that.

PUNKER 1

Tell ya what. You don't got any money, why don't you give us that guitar.

BUCK

Can't do that, pal.

PUNKER 2

Ohooo, looks like he doesn't wanna hand it over.

PUNKER 1

Might be worth something.

PUNKER 2

Lemme take a look...

The punker starts reaching for the guitar, but before he can grab it, Buck whips it around and points the strings at him.

He launches into some quick, twangy bluegrass chicken-pickin'.

The punker's eyes widen with shock and dart around as he starts doing a country hoe down jig.

Blair looks on in amazement from her vantage point in the building.

The punker moves to do-si-do with his cohort, but the un-amplified guitar is too quiet for both to hear, so he's unaffected by Buck's country pickin'.

PUNKER 1

Razor, what the hell are you doing?
Cut it out asshole! Stop playing!

Punker 1 goes for a punch, but Buck whirls around and begins playing toward him. The punker instantly launches into the same country jig.

PUNKER 2

The fuck are you doing to us,
freak?

PUNKER 1

Help...

Punker 2 goes to try and help his friend, but as soon as he hears Buck's guitar clearly, he can't help but lock arms with him and start promenading around the lot.

Buck grabs a bottle from the trash and begins playing country slide guitar. The punkers line up and with mouths agape and eyes as wide as saucers, they perform a perfectly choreographed line dance.

Buck smiles and stop playing. When they snap out of their trance, they run away in fear.

BUCK
Valuable enough for ya?

Buck turns around to see Blair standing there, in awe.

BLAIR
Dude. Teach me.

BUCK
It's temping, but I should--

BLAIR
Please, help me win battle of the bands and show that Rico asshole. He's been hassling me and everyone else in the co-op since we moved in. That's just a taste of it - they hassle me like that every day.

BUCK
People like that will never stop being an asshole.

BLAIR
Not if I can really crush him at this battle of the bands! He sets it up so that he can win, he brings in all his friends and then puts up a 200 dollar prize as if any other band could really win. But tons try and they always lose to him and those jerkoff bandmates of his.

The 200 dollar reward gets Buck's attention.

BUCK
Fine. OK. But on one condition.

BLAIR
Sure.

BUCK
Can I crash on your couch?

- END OF ACT 1 -

INT. PUNK CO-OP - MORNING

Blair shakes Buck awake.

BLAIR

Hey, Mr. Cowboy. Buck. You promised you'd help me. Get up.

BUCK

Yeah, yeah, OK.

He sits up on a grungy couch in the punk co-op.

BUCK

What were we doing again?

BLAIR

God damn it, you're helping me win the battle of the bands.

BUCK

You sure? That sounds like the sort of thing that would make me wanna mosey on out of town.

BLAIR

You're going to teach me how to play so we can beat the asshole that runs this venue and take his precious prize money.

BUCK

Ohh right, right. Prize money. So where's the band?

BLAIR

I don't have a band. I write the damn songs. You play the music. Easy.

BUCK

Well you need a full band if you wanna battle.

BLAIR

I don't have a fuckin' band OK? I can't put one together in a day.

BUCK

A day?

BLAIR
I told you, you clod. The battle's
tomorrow.

BUCK
Lucky for you I know some people.

INT. PUNK CO-OP - LATER

Buck has amassed all the guys from his lessons earlier.

BUCK
Here ya go. Your band.

BLAIR
The fuck? These are punk songs.
These are the least punk
motherfuckers I've ever seen. Some
help you are.

BUCK
I'll whip 'em into shape.

BLAIR
Reminder: It's tomorrow.

BUCK
OK, let's begin. What do you guys
do again?

He points to the young man who smashed his guitar earlier.

DRUMMER
They test helmets by dropping
baseballs on me.

BUCK
(Nods)
Drummer.

KID
I'm in 8th grade.

BUCK
Mhm. Bassist.

DENTIST
I'm a dentist.

BLAIR
Oh fuck no. Not in my band. Get the
fuck out.

BUCK

Whoa, hey. He may be a dentist, but he's supplying all the gear for this show.

DENTIST

Yes, I'm sure we can all get--

BLAIR

God damn it. Just don't talk. Your teeth are so white. Makes me sick.

BUCK

We only have a day, we better get to work.

Buck straps on 2 double-necked guitars. You can barely see his body behind all the guitar.

Each neck has a cord running from it to a separate amp, and each amp has its own mic.

BUCK

Pop in those in-ear monitors. I'll play you a little motivational music.

BLAIR

Shouldn't we practice a song, or something? Can these guys even--

Buck strums a cord on the top neck and Blair surprises herself by standing to attention.

He does the same for the rest of the necks on his guitars, each corresponding to a different bandmate.

BUCK

OK, bass kid. You know tech stuff, right?

BASSIST

Sure.

BUCK

See if you can't get this sound system to not sound like manure. Shit.

He plays Powerhouse by Raymond Scott, the classic song used for all industrious, factory-type scenes in cartoons.

The music causes the bassist kid to start overhauling the soundboard, soldering wires and fiddling with knobs.

BUCK

And you... Guy who smashes stuff.
Why don't you fix up the stage a
bit.

Using the neck associated with the drummer, Buck plays the melody line for Powerhouse, while playing the lower portion on the other neck.

Both the bassist and drummer both work in time to the music. Their faces show they don't quite understand what's going on, but they are trying to go with the flow of the music.

He turns to Blair and the Dentist while playing.

BUCK

Why don't you guys see if you can
find out more about their set.

BLAIR

With the dentist guy? No fucking
way. It's fine, we can just--

Buck starts playing the James Bond theme on the neck associated with Blair.

She quickly sneaks off to Rico's room. She flashes Buck the dirtiest look she can muster while her body goes into stealth mode.

BUCK

Give her some backup, Dentist guy.

DENTIST

My name is--

Buck starts playing the melody of the James Bond theme on the neck associated with the Dentist, he runs off as well.

INT. RICO'S ROOM

Blair and the dentist press up against a wall all stealthily. Rico and his 2 bandmates are just on the other side.

They suddenly embrace.

BLAIR

What the fuck is this?

DENTIST

I'm not doing it...

BLAIR

Buck, cut it out, it's too horny!

The Dentist grimaces and Blair looks like she's going to puke, but they continue their sultry actions. The dentist puts his finger to her lips and motions for her to follow.

They effortlessly sneak into the room undetected. Blair is glaring the meanest glare possible at the dentist the whole time. His eyes say "I'm sorry".

They begin going through papers and files on the band in hopes of finding some intel.

They're so caught up in their covert operations and their will-they-won't-they reluctant sexual tension they don't even notice Rico and his bandmates leaving.

INT. CO-OP MAIN ROOM

Buck continues playing, unaware that Rico and his boys have snuck into the main room. Rico pulls out a knife and begins messing around with wiring on the sound setup they have.

RICO

Hey, Mr. Cowboy Man, what does this knob do?

Rico cranks a knob and the entire room fills with loud feedback.

Everyone in the band freezes in place and begins screaming as the guitar's feedback goes directly into their in-ear monitors - it's affecting them physically, just like the rest of Buck's playing.

Buck is frozen as well, but we see his eyes look down as he begins formulating a plan. He slowly inches his foot over to the pedalboard in front of him. He's able to get his foot on the Digitech Whammy pedal, which allows him to manipulate the pitch of the note.

With a few small shifts of his foot, he's able to turn the feedback into a much lower, more pleasant melody.

The band collapses to their knees and Buck is able to turn the volume off on his guitar. Rico laughs.

RICO

Stay out of my shit, partner.

Rico and his boys briefly exit, then they drag an exhausted Blair and the Dentist into the room.

RICO

Never leave a bandmate behind,
right? Nice try, but I always win
the battle of the bands.

PUNKER 1

Yeah, always!

PUNKER 2

Always.

RICO

Why do you guys feel the need to do
that every time? Jesus Christ.

They leave. The band all stares at Buck, their faces showing
that they're just as angry as they are exhausted.

BLAIR

The fuck happened?

BUCK

Did you get the info?

BLAIR

Are you kidding me?

DENTIST

(Stop her)

Lemme handle this.

(Points directly into
Buck's face)

You got a lot of nerve to ask that,
buster! You drag us here, use all
my expensive equipment, get me into
a romantic entanglement with
someone who is not my lovely wife
and very much hates me and
everything I stand for, and now
you're gonna play it all cool? Why
don't you just... Go screw! You are
not nice!

BLAIR

I can't stand dentists, but a lot
of great points came out of that
disgusting mouth of his. I would
have used more swears. Fuck you for
making us cavort around like that.
Shithead motherfucker.

BASSIST

Listen, I should probably get
going. I have homework to do.

BLAIR

We really should be using more swears.

DRUMMER

Yeah, we should call it.

BLAIR

C'mon. Let him have just one.

BASSIST

I really shouldn't...

DRUMMER

Asshole!

BLAIR

That's more like it.

BASSIST

Selfish bastard!

BLAIR

Hell yeah. Keep 'em coming.

DENTIST

You... You... Cuntface!!!

BLAIR

Whoa... Jeez man. Cool it.

BASSIST

A little too far.

BUCK

Maybe I deserved it. But we can't give up.

BASSIST

I really gotta go. My mom's not gonna be happy that I swore...

DRUMMER

Yeah... Gotta wake up early. The boss is not so forgiving down at the old helmet factory.

BUCK

That's it? Just like that? It's over?

BLAIR

What do you care? You didn't even wanna do this in the first place.

BUCK

You're all just giving in? I thought you wanted to humble this guy. And I really could use that prize money.

BLAIR

Ohhh there it is.

DENTIST

Seriously?

BASSIST

You're taking the money?

BUCK

I figured since, you know, I was doing most of the work...

The Drummer punches a hole in his snare drum.

BLAIR

You know, you walk around here all tough with your Mr. Cowboy Man swagger--

BUCK

Why does everyone keep calling me that? Just Buck is fine...

BLAIR

But you're really just a fuckin' deadbeat, man. Scrounging for a few bucks and a couch to sleep on. That's no Wild West lone cowboy, that's a loser. Deadbeat.

DENTIST

And you really should floss more.

BLAIR

I got a better idea. Since you love moseying so much. Why don't you leave?

BASSIST

Yeah! Get out of here.

DRUMMER

(Looking at his smashed
snare)

We'll clean up your mess.

BLAIR

It sounded harsh before, but the more I think about it, you really are a cuntface. I hate to agree with a fucking dentist, but it's true.

BUCK

This is why I don't play in bands. Fine. I'll win the Battle of the Bands myself.

- END OF ACT 2 -

INT. BATTLE OF THE BANDS - NIGHT

Rico and his group play the final notes of their set at the battle of the bands.

The crowd is going wild as the band draws out the final chord of the song. They strut around the stage making menacing punk faces.

Rico steps up to the mic after a sufficient amount of showboating.

RICO

(Motioning to his band)

I don't know folks, that sounds like a win for "Switchblade" to me. But we're fair here at the battle of the bands, so let's give some time to a challenger who thinks he's hot stuff. C'mon up, Buck.

Buck slowly walks through the crowd to the stage.

In the back, Blair enters quietly, hiding her face before she can find a discrete corner of the venue. When she gets there, she sees all of her former bandmates from yesterday are already there watching the show.

BLAIR

All of you?

DENTIST

We didn't plan it!

DRUMMER

We all just wanna see what he could do.

BASSIST

We've all heard the legends.

DRUMMER

We saw a bit of it. But him up against Rico?

BASSIST

Could be incredible.

BLAIR

I wish there was a way for both of them to lose.

Buck steps up on stage and dons his guitar.

Rico signals his bandmates and they sneak over to Buck's amp - a borrowed Marshall combo from the Dentist. This time, though, Buck is ready. He opens his hands and 8 knobs fall out.

BUCK

No knobs.

Rico nods, then whips around and throws his knife - it hits Buck's guitar and snaps all of his strings but one.

Rico smiles.

RICO

No strings.

Buck tries his best to play with only a single string, but even with his skills it's impossible to play a full song. He flubs notes and is playing extremely sloppily as he tries to move around the neck.

His handicap is preventing him from being able to use his guitar powers.

The audience boos and begins to pelt Buck with loose change, trash, and other items from around the co-op.

The Dentist looks at Blair.

DENTIST

Has he suffered enough?

BLAIR

Guhh he was such an asshole though!

BASSIST

That Rico guy's worse though.

BLAIR

God damn you with your little kid and dentist wholesomeness. God damn you to hell. Fine. Let's go.

By the time she's finished wrestling with her feelings, she looks and the drummer is already on stage.

DRUMMER

Punk rock, baby!

He kicks over a cymbal.

They run to catch up with him. They hop on stage and strap

on their instruments.

DENTIST

Yes, time to rock and roll. Punk style.

BLAIR

Jesus help me.

The rest of the band make eye contact and begin to play. It's shaky at first, but they are able to fill in Buck's missing notes. They're soon all in-sync and supporting one another for the first time.

They play a chord as a unit and all the beer bottles and other objects being thrown at them freeze in the air.

Time slows down as the items fall to the floor - when they hit the band blasts in to a high energy punk song. The crowd goes nuts, moshing as the band starts to get into it.

The moshing starts getting a little out of hand, and the audience begins smashing the place - mainly Rico and his bandmate's stuff.

The anguish is clear in Rico and his cronies' eyes, but they can't help but join in on the destruction of their things.

Blair taps Buck on the shoulder.

BLAIR

(Shouting over the music)

I have an idea. Hold on.

She whispers something to her bandmates, then runs and grabs the in-ear monitors and puts them on Rico and his bandmates. She adjusts some sliders on the sound system and the music fades out.

Everyone returns to normal for a moment.

BLAIR

Hit it!

The band starts playing, but it's almost silent without amplification. You can just barely hear over the stunned silence that they're playing a big band swing song.

The punkers in Rico's crew scowl and grit their teeth as they pull off incredible, high-flying swing dancing. The music is being fed right into their ears, so it's only affecting them.

The audience laughs and cheers them on.

Blair and Buck sing a harmonized verse as the punk guys land even more elaborate tricks and stunts.

They land a triple backflip and the song ends. They pose in a tableau with their arms outstretched, panting and scowling.

The audience is loving it, but the band starts to storm off as soon as they are back in control of their own actions.

RICO

Shut up! Don't laugh at me!

PUNKER 1

Me neither!

PUNKER 2

I also don't like it.

RICO

I told you fuckers to cut that out!
God damn it, let's go.

Rico tries to grab some of his stuff among the mess and chaos, but he can't get much. He and his band run out of the co-op.

BLAIR

Ahh c'mon, they love you! Where are
ya going?

The audience breaks into a huge applause for the band. Buck looks at his new friends with pride.

DENTIST

I think that's as close as we can
get to everyone losing. Everyone
got a just a little bit humiliated.

DRUMMER

And we smashed all Rico's stuff.

BASSIST

And we still won!

BLAIR

I'll take it.
(To the Dentist)
Please just stop smiling.

EXT. PUNK CO-OP - DAWN

The sun is just starting to come up after a long night of

rocking and Buck's getting ready to hit the ol' dusty trail again. Blair is there to send him off.

BUCK

Thanks. Guess I learned it doesn't always pay to be a lone wolf.

BLAIR

Sure. I guess I learned... Hmm... I guess I learned some dentists can be OK. Sometimes.

BUCK

2 pretty good lessons.

Blair pulls out a tiny battery-powered "Pignose" amp.

BLAIR

Not very loud, but I did find this amp that Rico left behind. I know you still need one.

BUCK

I don't wanna...

BLAIR

It's fine, we have all the gear we could ever want. I owe you for helping me find a band.

BUCK

(Winking)

OK, I'll take this as my teaching fee.

Buck accepts the amp and clips it on his belt.

BLAIR

You don't get to pretend like this was a lesson you planned all along. Fuck off.

BUCK

Well, let me know if you ever need someone to back you up.

BLAIR

You bet.

Buck plays himself a nice moseyin' tune as he walks off into that Tequila Sunrise - ready to back up anyone he comes across that might need a guitarist of his particular talents.

♪ THE END ♪