

Pipe Dream

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ACT 1

FADE IN:

INT BACKSTAGE WICKED PITCHAS - NIGHT

STEVE QUINN paces backstage, checks the entrances frantically with the phone to his ear.

STEVE  
(mutters)  
Pick up the phone.

OWEN'S VOICEMAIL  
Hey, what's up?

STEVE  
Dude, are you close? I'm fucking  
freaked -

OWEN'S VOICEMAIL  
Aww, nice.

STEVE  
Nice? Get over here, man!

OWEN'S VOICEMAIL  
- I'm just kidding! It's a  
voicemail. BEEEEEP!

Voicemail beeps. Now Steve's actually recording.

STEVE  
(grimaces harshly)  
Owen, fuck you, seriously! If you  
don't get here right now -

Fat, fun, and pop tart eating Toast interrupts.

TOAST  
Hey guys, we're looking at five  
minutes, cool?

STEVE  
(away from receiver)  
Oh, thanks man, I appreciate that.  
(back to Owen, quickly)  
Okay, I was talking to Toast right  
then so I had to be nice, because I  
like Toast, but I'm...ffffucking  
furious...

Steve continues his tirade as NOAH KATZ, with his usual Yarmulke and "I can't, I'm Kosher" T-shirt stands nervously with Madison, the tough, tall, black, and alternative bassist.

NOAH  
Do you think any of the songs work  
without vocals? ...Or drums?

Madison turns slowly to Noah, and gives him a blank, sarcastic stare. She turns back to her daze, with cool indifference.

MADISON  
Yeah. You should sing.

NOAH  
(not getting it)  
I mean, I wouldn't mind...I have a  
few things I've been wanting to  
try.

MADISON  
(still so sarcastic)  
Okay cool, so you'll sing, and then  
you'll take your little drum  
machine and just beat off solo.

Noah resigns.

NOAH  
I can't open any minds around here.  
The drum machine works absolutely  
fine.

STEVE  
(interrupting his  
voicemail again)  
We're not using the drum machine!

Steve returns to his aggression.

NOAH  
...OR...I could go up and be all  
like...

Noah plays a monotonous, Philip Glass inspired keyboard beat.  
It's such crap.

NOAH (cont'd)  
And then as we build...

Noah uses his other hand on another keyboard that has drum  
sound effects.

The longer Madison allows him to make a fool of himself, the cheesier the sounds he uses. Owen interrupts off screen.

OWEN (O.S.)  
(sarcastic)  
Oh yes! That sounds so much better  
than real drums!

Drunk, Owen laughs his way in, rocking a pair of aviator sunglasses and a paper bagged 40. He does The Robot mockingly to Noah's beats. Noah, offended, stops.

OWEN (cont'd)  
(shutting down as a Robot)  
Awww, gay...

Owen takes a swig of his beer.

OWEN (cont'd)  
One for me...

He pours beer on the drum machine.

OWEN (cont'd)  
And one for the Jew with no rhythm.  
Our back up drummer.

Noah tries to move it out of Owen's destructive path.

NOAH  
Owen, you've gotta tighten your kit  
like, now.

OWEN  
Uh, hold on, I've got a voicemail.

Steve swats the phone out of Owen's hand.

STEVE  
It's from me. Get ready. And don't  
ever fucking do this to me again.

Steve pushes the drumsticks into Owen's hands.

OWEN  
Bra...?

CUT TO:

INT. WICKED PITCHAHS - LATER

The band rocks out to their final song. Noah, with headphones on, is in his own world, while Madison, head down, focuses on her craft.

Steve plays through his frustration, and Owen's more concerned about accepting free drinks than fronting the band.

OWEN  
 (takes drink)  
 Thanks man!  
 (takes another drink)  
 'Ay, you're hot!

His lack of focus is an embarrassment to their efforts. The song finishes loudly. Owen falls off his chair and stumbles back to the mic.

OWEN (cont'd)  
 We're the Mighty Quinns  
 motherfuckers!

Applause is under-whelming - the audience is a little more preoccupied getting drinks. It looks and feels very "Wednesday night."

As the band empties the stage, DONNA, short and a little too "sunshine" for Wicked Pitchas, intercepts Steve as he goes to buy a beer.

DONNA  
 (winning smile)  
 Steve!

Steve notices Donna and pretends not to hear.

DONNA (cont'd)  
 STEVEY!

He can't ignore that. His mouth smiles but his eyes don't.

STEVE  
 ...DONNA! Donn-y!

Donna bends forward and laughs hysterically, forcefully showing her cleavage, or lack thereof.

DONNA  
 (talking quickly)  
 I know I always say this, and you always say "Donna, I'll take constructive criticism too," but I thought you guys were perfect!

Steve's eyes wander as he stops paying attention, and he notices Owen getting hit on by two women.

STEVE  
(under his breath)  
...fucking D-Bag...

Donna totally heard him and laughs even more hysterically.

DONNA  
You're right! Owen is a total "D-Bag!"

Steve breaks. That was kinda funny.

INT. WICKED PITCHAHS - CONTINUOUS

AMY and JAMIE, two mediocre chicks (in looks and brains) eat up Owen's pseudo celebrity. And he eats it up back.

AMY  
I don't know though, do you think you're that good of a singer?

OWEN  
Well it's wicked hard to sing and drum at the same time. But I'm pretty good at doing two things at once.

JAMIE  
(flirty)  
Oh really now?

OWEN  
So which one of you ladies wants to be serenaded, and uh, which one wants to be drummed? We can take turns if you want.

AMY AND JAMIE  
Me.

INT. WICKED PITCHAHS - CONTINUOUS

Steve sits with grungy club owner RAY MCFADDEN, who totes an off-putting self confidence.

STEVE  
So Saturday's still a long shot?

RAY  
 (laughs condescendingly)  
 If you sound like every piece of  
 shit band in Boston I can't do dick  
 for you, now can I?

STEVE  
 (thrown off)  
 Uh...okay, so what's not working?

Donna sits in obtrusively.

DONNA  
 Yeah Ray, what can we work on?

Steve turns slowly to look at Donna.

RAY  
 (smiles)  
 New representation?

STEVE  
 Hey Donna...I'll talk to you later  
 on, okay? I just need to talk to  
 Ray.

DONNA  
 TOTALLY.

Donna smiles and walks off.

RAY  
 Do I really need to tell you that  
 this whole thing with your brother  
 fucking sucks...ass? Dick perhaps?  
 Sing or play drums! Who is he, Phil  
 Collins?

STEVE  
 He's not bald and he gets laid.

RAY  
 (gestures toward Donna)  
 Well when HOT groupies start  
 leaning over your shoulder, we'll  
 talk, but in the meanwhile? Find a  
 dedicated front man. Or chick. Or  
 tranny. Just get more tits in here.

STEVE  
 So just totally yank my brother  
 out?

RAY  
 ...at least get a new singer.

STEVE  
 (ponders this)  
 ...okay.

Ray evaluates the bar.

RAY  
 (taking a swig)  
 Fucking guy town in here. Way too  
 many dudes.

INT. WICKED PITCHAHS - CONTINUOUS

Noah speaks with LESLEY, a lesbian.

NOAH  
 Lesley, you have such a wonderful  
 sense of humor. You don't meet too  
 many funny women.

LESLEY  
 So what's the bass player's deal?  
 Is she single?

NOAH  
 Well, yeah, but, she's into chicks.  
 Why? You want to hook her up with  
 someone?

LESLEY  
 (laughs - poor Noah)  
 No, I know she's gay!

NOAH  
 Then why did...? Ohhh.

Lesley leaves. Madison emerges with drinks and hands Noah  
 one.

MADISON  
 With a name like Les, you'd think  
 you'd know.

NOAH  
 (to self)  
 Whole damn world's a lesbian to me.



EXT. WICKED PITCHAHS - CONTINUOUS

Owen's done with the chit chat.

OWEN

All right ladies. I'm going back to my place. You may join me if you wish.

AMY

(flirty)

And what fun could we possibly have there?

Owen hails a cab.

OWEN

(seductive)

I got X-Box...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Steve, Madison, Noah, and Toast walk home.

STEVE

Anyone see me talking to Ray?

Toast, with a big carton of Chinese food and a full mouth, raises his hand.

MADISON

Did he shoot down Saturday night?

STEVE

No, actually. Not entirely. But he hates Owen's vocals.

NOAH

I have a pretty sick voice mod. It'll make him sound all...

Noah takes a small midi keyboard out of his backpack and plays one long, eclectic, new age note.

MADISON

You're a genius Noah. Ahead of your time, really.

STEVE

What are we gonna tell him?

MADISON

That we're holding auditions and  
he's welcome to come.

Steve shoots her a look. Are you serious?

STEVE

He's my brother. You're gonna help  
me tell him.

Noah and Madison exchange glances.

NOAH AND MADISON

No.

STEVE

Toast?

Toast takes a moment to realize he's been addressed.

TOAST

...right on. What do I have to do?

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Steve invites Toast into his, Owen, and Madison's messy  
apartment. He clears a spot on the couch and sits Toast down.

STEVE

All right, Owen should be up soon,  
I think I heard him moving around.  
Do you need anything?

Slowly, Toast explores his options on the couch. He finds a  
box of Cheezits and a wireless game controller. He looks back  
to Steve innocently.

TOAST

No, I think I'm straight.

STEVE

Okay, so remember, we have to be  
ginger -

Owen, Amy, and Jamie sleepily wander out of his bedroom and  
into his shower. They all wear boxer shorts and continue to  
flirt.

STEVE (cont'd)

Owen, wait up a second, Toast has  
some uh, concerns. Personal  
concerns.

OWEN  
 (apathetic)  
 Rolling papers are in the first  
 drawer.

STEVE  
 Yeah, it's actually not about -  
 (bathroom door slams)  
 - rolling papers.

TOAST  
 (fixated on TV)  
 It's always about rolling papers.

EXT. FREEDOM TRAIL - DAY

In colonial dress, Steve addresses a group of tourists - his  
 day job.

STEVE  
 (in period accent)  
 And this marks the third leg of  
 Paul Revere's midnight ride, a  
 milestone in -

Steve's cell phone vibrates in his pocket.

STEVE (cont'd)  
 Please, feel free to gander for  
 like, two minutes.

Folks smile obnoxiously at...nothing really, and take  
 pictures. Kids cry.

STEVE (cont'd)  
 (turning to be quiet)  
 Yeah? I'm at work.

MADISON  
 So is he cool with auditions?

STEVE  
 ...I kinda pussed out. Well, Toast  
 pussed out.

MADISON  
 (sarcastic)  
 Shocking. Well when's TOAST gonna  
 tell him?

Another colonial re-enactor sells out Steve.

COLONIAL  
 (overdoing the accent)  
 My my, what sorcery is this?!

Steve turns sharply, caught. He blows the guy off.

STEVE  
 (to Madison)  
 Well I'm gonna have to do it  
 soon...

COLONIAL  
 Do we have one of King George's  
 spies? With his magic Speaking  
 Stone!

STEVE  
 Eric, shut up!

ERIC  
 That's Victor, the courageous  
 Minute Man!

STEVE  
 (aside)  
 Eric, it's important, it's about my  
 band...

ERIC  
 (to the group)  
 And what band of Torry swaggle hoos  
 of whom do you speaketh?

STEVE  
 (addressing the group)  
 I'm sorry everyone, just an  
 important phone call, the tour will  
 begin again in one second.

ERIC  
 (to group)  
 Alas, nay, for it twere of a  
 fortnight in twire parts of half-  
 shire!

A tourist has an aside with his wife.

TOURIST  
 (SO sincere)  
 You know, they really talked like  
 that, in those times.

TOURIST WIFE  
 Oh, well. Yes.

INT. CLUB - AFTERNOON

Owen and Steve sit and chat over beers. Pull out to reveal Toast, playing Nintendo DS. The bar hands set up and wipe down tables around them.

OWEN

And I'm supposed to just be cool with this?

STEVE

It's just that Toast thinks...that Ray thinks...a little change up could mean Saturday night.

Toast releases a subtle belch and a frown - he's frustrated with his video game.

OWEN

(indignant)

Maybe we ought to just replace Toast then? How would you feel about that tubs? Look at him, he's drinking Heineken. Only dickheads and assholes drink Heineken.

Toast takes a sip of his Heineken, unaffected. He burps again and sighs.

STEVE

(anxious for response)

So...what's up? You quitting? You gonna make your bartending gig at Cheers a full time thing? Because this is reality man. You're a great drummer, you know that -

OWEN

(interrupting)

Yeah, I am.

Beat.

STEVE

Why do you even want to sing? It is so not your thing.

OWEN

It gets me laid sir. In a nutshell. Did you see those chicks last night?

STEVE  
 (unconvinced)  
 Yeah, really not attractive Owen.  
 Pretty average - no?

OWEN  
 For about ten minutes I was like,  
 "ugh, what am I doing?"...but that  
 was only right after I bricked. But  
 why fuck a ten when you can fuck  
 two fives, huh?

Owen goes for a high five to Toast. Toast doesn't go for it.

TOAST  
 (soundly intellectual)  
 Well...it's straight mathematics  
 Owen. You get a good singer, more  
 girls show up, and it's pretty much  
 just the trickle down effect, you  
 know? Reaganomics man.

OWEN  
 I don't know, I'm kinda already  
 swimming in it.

TOAST  
 But the band needs to focus on  
 longevity. More venues yields more  
 women and money which yields even  
 greater prospects.

Owen and Steve stare at Toast - where did this come from?

TOAST (cont'd)  
 (still playing his game)  
 And THAT'S the third Triforce  
 piece. Now I got longevity in my  
 pants son!

Owen smirks. Steve breaks into a laugh, and Owen eventually  
 shares in the humor with him.

STEVE  
 So we cool?

OWEN  
 Keep my band name in tact and I'm  
 always in.

The beers toast.

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE - DAY

MONTAGE

The four band members watch as various specimens from the Boston underground music scene show their stuff. They sit on a couch while Toast stands. He zones out hard to every audition. Steve tries to see the good in everyone, Madison gets a kick out of the whole thing, Owen is getting an ego boost, and Noah's just embarrassed for everyone.

1.) The first gentleman, BEEZLEBALLS, tattoo covered and bald, plays WAY too hard on his acoustic guitar, and screams his incoherent song in a gravelly, demonic voice. He thinks he's awesome and from children's nightmares. We can hardly hear any lyrics, but phrases that pop out include "dragons," "rape the demons," "skull fuck your sister," "poison in my tits," "jar full of brains," "lucifuck," "pet lizard," etc.

2.) EMO, a Hot Topic employee (still in uniform - he just got off work) sings to tape. The melody is basically "All the Small Things."

EMO

(overly nasal)

It's true, I'm bummed \ Not stoked,  
we're glum \ Make me straight when  
I am gay

3.) CLAIRE-VOYANCE sits indian-style on the floor, though the mic stands high above her, not picking up on her voice at all. She's in all black, with an army backpack slung around her and hair in her face. She whispers, breathy, inaudible chants, and makes half-assed attempts at interpretive dance with her arms.

4.) Back to Emo, for only a second or two.

EMO (cont'd)

(extremely whiney)

Na na na na na na na na!

5.) KEYBOARDIST plays eclectic tunes on his keyboard, and makes similar sounds vocally. Noah turns to the rest of the band, confident that he's ahead of his time.

6.) MISS PIGGY is a beautiful singer - her voice is angelic, and could carry the band into greatness. But she looks like Rosie O'Donnell with Hepatitis B.

7.) SOX FAN approaches the mic with a wrinkly sheet of paper.

SOX FAN

(thick Boston accent, but  
timid)

Hey guys. I wrote this spoken word  
piece a few minutes after the curse  
of the Bambino was lifted for good.  
This is dated 2004, revisions in  
2007.

He clears his throat.

SOX FAN (cont'd)

Red Sox. What makes them Red, Sox?  
\ Be it their color, or the fury of  
an unquenchable passion, lit by the  
bright lights of Fenway Paaak. \  
Why not Blue, Sox? Or striped,  
single toed, Sox? \ But you don't  
Sox, Red Sox. \ You Rox, Red Sox.

8.) Emo appears one last time, for only a split second.

EMO

(more obnoxious than ever)  
NOY NOY NOY NOY NOY NOY!

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

OWEN

Would it be dick of me to point out  
how good each of these freaks makes  
me look?

MADISON

Are you worried about being a dick?

NOAH

What kind of music do I like again?  
These auditions make me feel like I  
hate it all.

STEVE

I guess we'll have to flyer again  
sometime. I can't do this anymore.

The band starts to pack up - until the door opens and in  
walks:

PIPER DYLAN. Knee high boots, strong indie look, but smoking  
hot - independent spirit incarnate.



PIPER

(mocks emo)

Noy noy noy - wow, that guy's unique. Got a little garage band audition happening here?

STEVE

The Mighty Quinns - we're up and coming. You got a voice? We need one.

PIPER

I don't know, from the sound of that last guy, I can't believe you're still looking.

MADISON

(captivated, but not flirty)

What do you call yourself?

PIPER

Piper Dylan.

OWEN

No Noah! You cannot pipe her!

NOAH

(whispers, freaked)

What the fuck's wrong with you?

PIPER

(laughs)

This is fucking lame.

STEVE

Piper! We're sorry, long day. Please.

Piper wraps her fingers around the mic like a cock - it's sexy.

PIPER

(to Owen)

Hey sticks, count me off.

Drumsticks in hand, Owen counts Piper off, she takes a breath as we...

CUT TO BLACK

ACT 2

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE - CONTINUED

Piper finishes singing - her range is very unique and alternative, but pleasant to almost any ear. Facially, Owen is critical.

STEVE

Be in my band.

Madison is mesmerized. Noah's all smiles.

OWEN

(to toast)

Fucking trickle down effect huh? We pick her, I'll have dudes crawling all over me.

STEVE

She's amazing Owen, fuck your ego right now.

OWEN

Are you serious bro? You really want to go hot chick singer, just like that? You think Ray's into that? You think I'M into that?

PIPER

(laughs)

You think I'M into that?

STEVE

Please don't listen to him. You guys love her right? Toast?

Toast snaps out of a daze.

TOAST

Hmm? Oh. Uh, fuck yeah.

PIPER

I mean, talented people don't take everything their offered. Show me you don't suck and I'll think about it.

NOAH

(with blank CD)

I have our most recent recording, just try to ignore the vocals, that's why you're here.

OWEN

Fuck you Garfunkle! This isn't puzzle night at Bubbe's house! It's gonna sound retarded when she sings "Girl, You Got No Class." It's about getting laid!

MADISON

Why not? Would work fine for me.

NOAH

(to Madison)

Wait, do you think Piper's a lesbo?

OWEN

Shut UP Cat Stevens!

Noah plays the track. They give it a listen. Steve's nervous.

PIPER

(laughs, to Owen)

That's YOU on vocals?

OWEN

It's fucking sweet.

PIPER

(smiling)

...you sound like a gay pirate.

OWEN

And you look like a gay pirate.

Piper takes Owen in, her smile growing. He's uncomfortable, intimidated.

PIPER

I'm in.

INT. CLUB - DAY

The bands sets up equipment for their first rehearsal. Ray walks through, taking inventory.

STEVE

(gesturing to Piper)

Oh, Ray! Let me introduce you to Saturday night. Come on over. Pipe, this is Ray, he was the first to bring up the whole voice thing.

PIPER

You must surround yourself with liars if he was the first one.

Ray has a laugh. Owen overhears and slams something down.

RAY

She's hot.

STEVE

Uh, yeah, which is cool too -

RAY

Hot chicks in bands bring in more dudes.

PIPER

Is this guy serious?

RAY

As cancer baby.

PIPER

(sexy)

I guaran-fucking-tee you that I bring more women in here than any stuffed-crotch indie boy you've ever had play.

With her eyes, Piper gestures to Madison, who is enthralled by Piper's confidence. Everyone turns to notice, catching Madison in a rare moment of vulnerability.

PIPER (cont'd)

All right boys, I've got a song you're gonna love...

STEVE

(passive aggressive)

What? Oh, cool. Yeah, actually we have a whole set lined up, that I've been working on for like, the last like, two years...

PIPER

(condescending)

Aw, that's awesome. Mine's better though, we should really do it.

STEVE

(growingly defensive)

Yeah, we'll definitely throw it in after a few shows, but we have songs we know...

MADISON

...that we've played into the ground. We've got a new voice, let's shake shit up with some new sound.

PIPER

(smiles)

I'm gonna like having Madison around.

Madison's struck again by this woman. Noah, in the corner, notices it all go down.

NOAH

(confused)

Fucking ludicrous man.

STEVE

...I mean, yeah, I'm open minded, let's do it.

Madison returns to set up, near Owen.

OWEN

Gay.

MADISON

Asshole.

OWEN

Dyke.

MADISON

Alcoholic.

OWEN

(smiles)

We're both right.

Madison cracks a smirk.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN AND LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Piper and Madison prepare dinner - Trader Joes type stuff. There are bags and boxes about the apartment.

MADISON

Do you see the irony of two chicks like us hanging out in a kitchen, cooking for an apartment?

PIPER  
We're only making two servings.

MADISON  
(laughs)  
You should know that I'm gonna compliment you a lot. And it's not gushing or ass kissing, but there's a lot to admire. And it's nice to have another pair of tits around here.

PIPER  
(smiles)  
Is that what I am to you Madison Barber? A pair of tits?

MADISON  
And a pair of lungs.

PIPER  
(playful)  
Ugh, I'm a piece of meat to these people!

Madison laughs.

MADISON  
So did your old landlord give you a hard time about the lease? It couldn't have been up yet.

PIPER  
Oh I didn't have to deal with that crap, I've just been staying with some people.

MADISON  
So they just let you pay cash?

PIPER  
No, I've just been staying with guys.

Madison's a little thrown off.

Owen and Steve enter, exhausted. Owen notices all the boxes.

OWEN  
She's moving in...?

No one responds.

OWEN (cont'd)

Yeah, that's good, no need to ask me, not like I'm paying rent too. Saturday night, Saturday fucking night.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Steve pulls Madison aside.

STEVE

Hey, I think it's great that Piper's becoming a part of our group so quickly, and you know we're all cool with her staying whenever, but you thought it was okay to just move her in?

MADISON

One, this will lower our rent. Two, getting time with each other for rehearsals? Fucking easy. Three, we're all here except for Noah (but who cares?). And four, she wanted to stay with us. She's committed man.

STEVE

(thinks about this)  
Please run stuff by all of us next time.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Owen irritates Piper as she cooks.

OWEN

Tofu? That's...that's awesome. That's really in right now.  
(pats her on the head)  
You're a very good college age girl, you independent spirit you!

PIPER

You're right, string cheese and Mountain Due is where it's at.

OWEN

Just, for the life of me, I can't figure out what you're doing here.  
(MORE)

OWEN (cont'd)

You act like you auditioned on a whim, days later we're fucking roomies.

PIPER

Your brother seems to be okay with it.

OWEN

My brother only cares about the band. We need good venues, that's the end of it.

PIPER

You know what's amazing? How it only TAKES a few days to realize how badly you want to be him.

OWEN

(sarcastic)

Yeah, that's what I want to do. Fail to get laid because I'm more worried about getting the door for everyone and being a good guy than just being myself.

Piper smiles. She sees right through him. She pinches his cheek.

PIPER

(condescending)

Roomie!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Madison, Piper, Steve, and Owen eat with their plates on the couch.

PIPER

I'm still floored that you guys work day jobs. THAT'S why you dropped out of college?

STEVE

Well, we dropped out for the band.

PIPER

Which is still a part time thing!

No one knows how to respond. Owen breaks the silence.

OWEN

Madison doesn't work.



PIPER  
Right on Madison.

STEVE  
Her parents died and left her a  
small trust fund.

Madison stifles her discomfort with humor.

MADISON  
Thanks guys, this is good. Really?  
This SHOULD be this casual.

OWEN  
Cry on your cash.

MADISON  
You're a cock.

OWEN  
(playing with food)  
You're a vag.

PIPER  
All I'm saying is, if you want to  
be anything special you've got to  
prioritize. Miss a few meals,  
you'll make it back.

OWEN  
Pipes, you didn't grow up Irish,  
did you? We have to eat, pay rent,  
and most importantly, drink. The  
Mighty Quinns couldn't afford to do  
that.

PIPER  
(grimaces snidely)  
Gotta do something about that band  
name...

OWEN  
Oh my god...

Owen leaves the room.

PIPER  
Humor me. Steve? Come on? Fucking  
Freedom trail? This is freedom man!

STEVE  
(sighs)  
I've always wanted to. Owen will be  
a tough sell.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The band plays outside - everyone's there, including Owen. They use Steve's Freedom Trail hat for tips. It only contains a dollar, and passersby are apathetic.

OWEN

This is the last time I call out of work for anything like this. Patience is wearing thin Steve.

PIPER

Oh fuck you, you should've quit with him.

OWEN

Sorry sweetie, but money doesn't just pour out of my ass. It might pour out of Noah's though.

NOAH

Was that a Jew joke?

OWEN

...yes.

The band resumes playing, and over the noise a HOMELESS OLD WOMAN tries to ask them for change. They ignore her, and so she tries to take their one dollar. Owen notices and nudges Noah.

OWEN (cont'd)

Quick Jew! Stop her!

NOAH

It's only a dollar.

OWEN

Where is your sense of ethnic responsibility sir?

A COP approaches. He scares the homeless woman away.

COP

(over the noise)

Whoa, whoa!

The music comes to an abrupt end.

COP (cont'd)

We've had a couple of complaints folks, I just wanna see a permit.

STEVE

Permit? It's the city. I thought we could...just be cultural. Provide a little atmosphere.

COP

Yeah but cultural's one thing...loud's another.

Beat.

COP (cont'd)

You guys suck. Let's pack up, huh?

The band packs up and the cop moves on.

OWEN

(to Piper)

What's the matter Ms. Anti-Authority, no assy remarks for the boy in blue?

PIPER

And have him bust us on the next street we play? I'm not retarded.

STEVE

I just thought we'd have more appeal by now.

PIPER

We do, but we still have one issue left. The name blows.

MADISON

You have another idea? With Mighty Quinns I always felt like we were a family of superheroes or something.

STEVE

We were going for powerful Irish thing, ya know? I still like it.

PIPER

And that's great if you guys are playing weddings and yatch clubs, but until you have a good name I think we're gonna get glanced over.

STEVE

Well like what?

Piper takes a moment, evaluating her audience.

PIPER  
Pipe Dream.

Beat.

NOAH  
Holy crap. I really like that.

MADISON  
Me too.

OWEN  
(beyond furious, but  
subdued)  
...we're not changing the name.  
It's the one thing I've stood my  
ground on...

STEVE  
(calming the tension)  
...well it's just that changing the  
name would be a lot of work,  
revitalizing a fan base...

PIPER  
What fan base?

Owen chucks his drum sticks into the street and walks off.  
Steve pursues.

STEVE  
Dude...

OWEN  
Steve, DO NOT take her side this  
time man, seriously, I am THIS  
fucking close to bailing on this  
whole god damn thing.

STEVE  
We'll figure something out. You're  
still vital to our sound, and to  
me!

OWEN  
(laughs angrily)  
Then what the FUCK man!? I feel  
like you're shitting on me just to  
get closer to...Hooey and the Blow  
Dick. What do you want, her ass? I  
can get you ass!

Owen's phone lights up - he has a text. He reads it to  
himself as Steve speaks.

STEVE

She's good for the band, regardless of who she is or how she acts. We just have to keep an open mind -

OWEN

- someone from Cheers saw me out here and told the boss. I'm shit canned.

Beat.

OWEN (cont'd)

FUCK!

Owen storms off. Steve stands in the middle of the warring factions.

A homeless guy walks up to Noah and pukes on his feet.

HOMELESS MAN

(to Noah)

Are you...are you Art Garfunkle?

INT. CHEERS - DAY

Owen talks across the Cheers bar counter as his boss tries to serve drinks.

OWEN

Sal, just give me a break this one time man. You know I had a band going...

SAL

You've had it a long time coming Owen. Rude to the customers, hung over, late...come on, don't act shocked.

Owen tries to think of a comeback...but Piper comes up from behind.

PIPER

Owen?

OWEN

Oh my god, Yoko...

PIPER

What are you doing here?

OWEN

What does it look like?

PIPER

It LOOKS pathetic, begging this asshole for a job. You're a good drummer Owen, you think you need to be doing this?

OWEN

The BAND doesn't make money, Rowdy Roddy Piper.

PIPER

...it will. Because we're going to be playing Saturday nights all over Boston.

OWEN

(laughs snidely)

And what makes you so sure?

PIPER

Because Ray gave it to us for this Saturday.

OWEN

...how the hell did that happen?

PIPER

I must've impressed him.

Owen's flustered...he's pissed, but excited. He tries to maintain his angry attitude.

OWEN

But it pays dicks right?

PIPER

It pays about what you make here...at least a couple of days here. It's a pay cut, but...it's the band, full time man.

Owen stares her down - he's conflicted.

INT. BACKSTAGE CLUB - NIGHT

Back to where we started. Owen tightens his kit as the band sets up. About fifteen feet away, Piper talks privately with Ray. Madison tunes her bass near Owen.

MADISON

If someone had told me two weeks ago that Owen was gonna go with the band full time, I'd assume they were talking about Owen Wilson.

OWEN

Well I did almost kill myself for a minute there.

MADISON

(laughs)  
You're a cock.

OWEN

(smiles)  
You're a vag.

Steve comes over.

STEVE

Owen?

OWEN

Hey, what's up?

STEVE

You know how important I still think you are -

OWEN

Ahh, nice.

STEVE

Nice? Let me just -

OWEN

I'm just kidding, it's a voicemail.

Steve stares at him for a second, but breaks and laughs. Steve gives Owen a dead arm. Owen winces and laughs.

OWEN (cont'd)

I'm the fucking drummer man!

The band returns to last minute tunes ups when Piper breaks off from Ray and approaches.

PIPER

You guys ready for our first set together?

Noah responds faster than everyone else.

NOAH

YEAH!

Noah realizes how over-excited he just looked and tries to play it out smooth. Piper takes in the band with her eyes.

PIPER

We're a fucking band guys. I'm pumped.

OWEN

(still pissed)

With a new name, a new singer, no jobs...

STEVE

Dude...

PIPER

I know I've thrust my dick into this band a little hard, but I take it seriously guys. And I know you do too.

The band nods, understanding.

OWEN

Word.

Toast rushes in, sweating profusely. He's crying obnoxiously.

TOAST

(crying)

I'm so fucking happy...I've known you guys for so long...and I have a Sprite bottle in here with some Vodka in it, if you guys find it don't drink it...

(sniffle, choked up)

You guys got five.

CUT TO:

INT. STAGE - NIGHT

The bands plays and they kill. The crowd loves 'em.

PIPER

We're Pipe Dream, GOOD NIGHT!



INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Steve, all smiles, exits stage. Donna intercepts.

DONNA  
(excited as all hell)  
Steve, we've really come a long  
way, haven't we?

Steve pats Donna on the shoulder and continues right by her. It's his night tonight. She still laughs, rude as he was.

Steve passes Noah and Madison, who both have chicks.

STEVE  
You guys were awesome. Did you see  
Piper? I can't find her.

NOAH  
(looking)  
Um...must be backstage right?

STEVE  
Cool, I'll be right back.

Steve walks off. Madison turns to Noah.

MADISON  
Actually, I want to congratulate  
her too, hold my drink.

Noah's left with two chicks. It throws him off a bit.

NOAH  
Only ONE of you is a lesbian right?

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Steve searches backstage. He has no luck at first...until he sees it.

In the shadows of the corner of the backstage, Piper is on her knees...blowing Ray.

Madison also peaks backstage and gets a good glimpse herself. Both shocked and hurt, she pretends not to see and goes back out front. Steve snaps out of his frozen daze and follows Madison's lead before Ray or Piper hear him.

INT. CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Out front, Toast is a drunken, partying, mess.

TOAST

(shouting)

This party blows! Everybody back to  
my house! Drugs and Funyuns, all  
around!

NOAH

(pulls Toast aside)

Where are you even staying Toast?

TOAST

(shouting)

...if anyone knows where I live,  
see me at the back of the bar!  
Who!

FADE OUT.

END SHOW