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RENEE'S SIDES

1

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - LUNCH

Tyler sits with Wendy and a few other students that are a mixed bag of Goths and punks. Renee walks up carrying a tray of food.

RENEE

Hey, Tyler, can I talk to you?

Tyler motions to the TWO GOTH DUDES sitting across from her, but they don't budge.

Renee squeezes into the small space between them.

RENEE

Oh, please, don't get up.

(to Tyler)

I really enjoyed the poem you read in class, it was, uh deep.

TYLER

(through a mouthful of food)

Deep, huh?

RENEE

What inspired you to write it?

Tyler looks at her, then looks away.

TYLER

What did it feel like when you found out that you were adopted?

RENEE

What?

TYLER

What did it feel like when you found out your brother was gay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RENEE
(defensive)
He's not gay. Just eccentric.

TYLER
Um-hum.

RENEE
Why are you asking me these
questions?

TYLER
Oh, I thought we were playing
that game where you ask random
personal questions to people
you rarely talk to?

RENEE
I don't know that game.

TYLER
Well, here's how you play.
First I'll tell you something
really personal, then you
share.

Renee just looks at her, waiting.

TYLER
I guess what inspired me to
write that particular poem was
night after night of listening
to my step dad berate my
mother, tearing away every
ounce of her dignity and self
respect until I went to sleep
counting the various ways I
planned to kill him.

Renee looks on, not knowing what to say.

RENEE
(uncomfortable)
I, uh, heard your mom was
dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TYLER

Oh, yeah. She's dead, took a bottle of pills. Didn't you hear me dedicate the poem to her memory.

(suddenly perky)

Now it's your turn. Share.

RENEE

I really don't have anything. I was just wondering if we could hang out some time. I would like to hear some more of your stuff. Maybe you could help with some new lyrics for our band.

Tyler gazes at her, making her more uncomfortable.

TYLER

Jamie know you're here?

RENEE

No, I came on my own.

TYLER

You do realize that me and Ms. No Part Harmony kinda have a history.

CUT TO:

10 YEAR OLD JAMIE and 10 YEAR OLD TYLER are sitting next to one another, each water coloring. 10 YEAR OLD JACOB walks by and winks at Tyler and Tyler winks back.

Jamie throws water color paint on Tyler's paper and laughs wildly. Tyler in turn throws a bit of paint on Jamie's paper. Jamie throws a bit more paint on Tyler's paper. Tyler looks at her picture, now a washed out mix of colors, picks up the plastic container of water/paint and holds it up. Jamie pleads for Tyler to stop, but to no avail as Tyler douses her with the liquid.

BACK TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - LUNCH

RENEE

Yeah, I might have heard something.

Tyler reaches into her bag and pulls out a notebook. She flips through it.

TYLER

Tell you what...

She rips out a paper and slides it over to Renee.

TYLER (CONT'D)

...you can have that. I'm sure Ja-Lie will love it.

RENEE

It's just...

Renee looks down and realizes Tyler doesn't care. She takes the poem and looks over it.

RENEE

Wow, this is great, Tyler.

TYLER

Consider it my love offering, a chance to unify. Hey, that's cool, that's like the name of your band.

RENEE

Unity! Cool.

Tyler nearly scowls.

TYLER

Hey, I got another one for you. Did your parents try to return you when they found they had an obnoxious blabbermouth where their daughter used to be?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RENEE

(gets up)

You know you don't have to say every thought that pops into your head.

TYLER

What would be the fun in that?

Renee walks off. Tyler smiles brightly.

2

INT. MELANIE'S BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

Jamie, Mel and Renee are behind their respective instruments, playing an up tempo pop song. Renee behind the keyboards.

RENEE

(singing)

Oh, baby, why did you have to go? I really miss you so. You say we're BFF's but I want so much more. Honey, why can't you see? Our love could be so OMG...

She suddenly stops while Jamie and Mel continue. Once they notice she is no longer singing, they stop.

JAMIE

What's up? Why'd you stop?

Mel looks over to Renee.

RENEE

I'm sorry, Jamie. I'm just not feeling these lyrics.

JAMIE

This isn't Rent, Renee. Just sing them with the music.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RENEE

You mind if I try something,
Jamie. Just for once.

Jamie looks upset.

RENEE

Listen, I've been working on
this song, I'd like to try it
out. If you don't like it, we
can go back to your lyrics.

JAMIE

(hesitant)

Alright, let's give them a
listen.

Renee pulls a sheet of paper out of her backpack.
She starts a beat on her keyboard and then plays
along with the beat.

She sings the words along with the music. She
struggles to find the exact space to fit in the
words, but it is obvious that Mel and even Jamie
are impressed. She ends the song and Mel claps
excitedly.

JAMIE

Wow. Those were pretty deep.

MEL

She's been watching Game of
Thrones?

JAMIE

What's it called?

RENEE

(looking at the
sheet of paper)

Your sarcastic grin feels like
a knife in my chest.

JAMIE

Nice. Catchy. We might have
to work on that title.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Congrats, you'll get song credit if I decide to put it on the album. Now, how 'bout we play 'Text it to my heart.'

Jamie starts tuning her guitar.

RENEE

Well, actually that's the thing. I didn't write the song.

Mel and Jamie exchange a glance.

JAMIE

What are you talking about, Renee. Don't you remember Unity rule number 5, only band members write the lyrics.

RENEE

I know, the band rules, J. I just thought...I mean a lot of artists get songs from professional song writers, and the girl who wrote this is good.

Jamie looks concerned.

JAMIE

Renee. Who wrote it?

RENEE

I need you to keep an open mind about this. You liked it right?

JAMIE

Who wrote the song?

RENEE

Tyler wrote the song. Tyler Grant.

The name hits Jamie like a ton of bricks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAMIE

You got the song from Tyler Grant?

RENEE

Actually it's a poem, Jamie. She's really talented, you should hear some of the poems she reads in class.

JAMIE

Tyler Grant, the girl in that freak, punk band, the girl who threw chocolate pudding on me in pre school and has made my life a nightmare ever since.

(pause)

Ok, new band rule. You are not to speak of Tyler Grant again.

RENEE

But, you liked it.

Renee contemplates what to say.

RENEE

You know Jamie, I'm tired of singing songs that have no meaning. We need to write lyrics that kids our age can relate to, you know, things about stuff that happens in real life.

JAMIE

Real life. What do you know about real life? People listen to music to escape, people listen to music to get away from their problems, they don't want to hear about real life. Real life is crap.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

No more outside lyrics, and
starting now, another band
rule, no one, mentions the
name Tyler Grant...

Jamie steps up to Renee, right in her face. Mel
steps down from her drum kit.

JAMIE

You mention her name again and
the only place you're going is
to
the footnotes of our
biography.

RENEE

You know what, Jamie, I've had
it
with you and all your damn
band rules.

Mel's dad enters the room carrying a tray of
beverages.

MEL'S DAD

Frappachinos anyone?

Renee looks at him, then at the rest of the group.
Then she back to Jamie.

RENEE

I quit.

She storms out of the room. The rest look on
confused.

MEL'S DAD

Perhaps you'd prefer root beer
floats?