

HER SMELL

by
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Author's note/these quotes do not appear in the movie

"Axl is like a magnet for problems. I've never met anybody like him. He's the kind of guy that would get a toothbrush stuck down his throat because that particular toothbrush happened to be defective. I mean, shit goes on with that guy." - Slash

"You've been ruining my life since I met you." - Blake Schwarzenbach, during Jawbreaker's break up.

Bow+Arrow Entertainment
Faliro House

INTERLUDE #1 (5 YEARS AGO)

GRAINY VHS HOME MOVIE FOOTAGE: Becky, Mari and Ali are laughing, happy, young, giddy and supportive. All reaching aggressively for a copy of SPIN MAGAZINE, tearing it in excitement, laughing, smiling. The camera zooms in on it. You see the cover: the three of them are on it. Headline reads: "SOMETHING SHE. Back and ready to conquer."

BECKY

What have we here? Oh just some bullshit magazine.

MARI

There's the infamous Becky Something, Ali van der Wolff and the craggy witch Marielle Hell. Back and ready to conquer.

ALI

Major label corporate whores! Sell out bitches get on the cover of magazines!

BECKY

Oh, is that me?

MARI

Would you sign out magazine for us please?

BECKY

That's me. On my magazine cover. We look pretty cool.

MARI

It's pretty fuckin' cool.

Beaming, laughing, smiling. Not the good times: Great Times.

ACT ONE: BLUE&GREEN/STEADICAM (The Present)

1

INT. THE VENUE, BEHIND THE STAGE - NIGHT

1

This is a story that hums like neon and moves like electricity and reverberates like an echo. Lights flash: disorienting, rhythmic and eerie. They bring with them cheering (all female voices). The strobing lights slow down enough to illuminate three Hard Women.

They stand in a battle-ready position, bathed in different color lights from every direction, blinking on/off. An electric haze of mismatched bulbs, signs, spotlights, reflections consolidated into a haze of color.

The crowd's chanting is rising and rising.

CROWD
BECKY. BECKY. BECKY. BECKY.

Center: BECKY SOMETHING. Peroxide blonde, smeared everything on her face from the preceding hour of show. Sweaty hair smashed to forehead. Glitter all over her face.

Becky Something is a rock goddess nearing the end of her reign at the top. You can see in her glassy half-gone eyes that Becky is doped up.

Becky ticks her head back and forth in rhythm to people chanting her name, closes her eyes, really digs it, throws up a pair of middle fingers to the ladies flanking her.

BECKY
(under breath, quietly)
I always flirt with death.

On one side: MARIELLE HELL. Bass. (Mari, casually.) Mari is super chill, dark, mysterious, smoking, half the mess that Becky is and with none of the hang ups. The long term relationship with her girlfriend is proof that she can succeed as a fun time drug user rock star where Becky cannot.

The other side: ALI VAN DER WOLFF. Drums. Dependable, sane, sober. Ali keeps the rhythm and the band on track. She handles business while Mari and Becky are using. Ali is fun, devoid of her partners darkness and perpetually has that joy denied her by the sinking ship she is stuck on, with no life preserver.

BECKY (CONT'D)
(under breath/half-singing)
I always flirt with death.

The crowd still chants and when the fever pitch has been reached, Becky, Ali and Mari storm the stage to cheers. Encore time at last. Becky steps into the spotlight, a halo forming around her from the bright hair.

All three have fans blowing their hair, adding to the dramatic effect. Behind them is a banner with the band's name and logo: **SOMETHING SHE.**

BECKY
It's not over. No. I'm not fuckin' finished. You know this one.
(MORE)

BECKY (CONT'D)

You love it. You want it. *I always
flirt with death!*

(singing, no backup)

I always flirt with death.

I look ill but I don't care about it.

Becky looks to Ali and Mari, Ali gives a drumstick countdown. Becky takes it from the top. Rough, raw and beautiful: grinding rock sung with feminine aggression. Crowd goes nuts. (*It is 'Another Girl, Another Planet' by The Only Ones.*)

BECKY (CONT'D)

(singing)

I always flirt with death

I look ill but I don't care about it

I can face your threats and stand up

Straight and tall and shout about it

I think I'm on another world with you

With you.

I'm on another planet with you

You get under my skin

I don't find it irritating

You always play to win

But I won't need rehabilitating oh no

I think I'm on another world with you

With you

I'm on another planet with you.

Another girl. Another planet.

Another girl. Another planet.

Becky's drugged out/stage adrenaline euphoria is a thing to behold as she sings, snarls and wails on her guitar. Mari looks cool as anything, cigarette dangling as she plays bass.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Space travel's in my blood

There ain't nothing I can do about it

Long journeys wear me out

But I don't care anything about it.

I think I'm on another world with you

With you

I'm on another planet with you.

Another girl, who'se loving you now?

Another planet, is holding you down.

Another planet.

Here, on stage, you see the extent to which Becky fancies herself a god. Not a rock god(dess) but an actual, untouchable, invincible god.

Becky is way lost in her illusions but the band sounds great. She holds it together when get sloppy and she misses a note or word here or there.

The song ends and Becky drops her guitar. Screeching feedback wails as the crowd goes nuts and she stumbles, dizzy and headsick, off the stage banging into things and colliding with the wall and twirling. (*Feedback continues....*)

3

THE VENUE, BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

3

Follow from behind as Becky stumbles down a long, fluorescent lit corridor with humming and buzzing lights everywhere and the ringing of feedback and crowd sounds fading slowly, though the feedback lingers because it's in her head too.

Becky is light headed from a combination of exhaustion, a head rush, adrenaline all augmented with dope. KAT, an assistant, appears from nowhere to give her water and a towel to wipe face and sweat. She uses it to half deliberately smear her makeup even further. Becky gives no fucks.

You see the way the silent assistant treats Becky: eggshells at all times. Becky throws the towel at Kat as Mari catches up, gives them a knowing nod and flicks her cigarette away.

Kat is gone like a whisp of smoke as Mari and Becky duck into a dressing room that says 'SOMETHING SHE' on the door and close it mostly, open just a crack.

MARI

I am a free woman. No more fuckin' tour.

(ref: Wayne's World)

Party time!

BECKY

Excellent!

MARI

Right this way my pretty.

Ali catches up to the door and looks in the crack, watching her bandmates pour booze and remove little foil packages of drugs. Ali brushes her own sweaty hair back as Kat reappears with a bottle of water. Clean living Ali.

Kat is now also holding a baby of like 1 1/2. She stands next to Ali and peers into the door crack as well. Ali looks away from the door to Kat, at the baby, full of agonizing sadness for the life Becky has created for it.

ALI
 Sorry, Kat. I'll take her. Did she eat?

KAT
 An hour ago.

Ali holds Becky's baby, lovingly, tenderly.

ALI
 Hello baby. Mommy's busy right now so aunt Ali's gonna play with you.

Kat hands over some forms, paperwork.

KAT
 The venue needs these signed.

ALI
 I'll handle it.

Ali sticks an arm out and Kat wedges them under. Ali walks with the baby to the next dressing room down.

4 THE VENUE, ALI'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

4

Ali catches her reflection in the mirror and puts down the paperwork. It's clear that the sight of herself holding a baby gives her a rise and she holds for a moment. It's a quiet lull before Hurricane Becky storms in just as Ali starts to sign the official forms on behalf of the band.

Ali sees Becky come in to this room via the mirror and now Becky is twice as gauzy as before and has a half crazy half disoriented look on her face as she goes right for the baby.

BECKY
 There's my little princess Tama. Momma missed you. Momma missed you!

Ali instinctually hesitates, holds the baby away which makes Becky give her a confused, lost look but then it passes and Ali hands the baby to Becky, who deeply loves her. Becky holds Tama, kisses her, but Becky herself is such a sloppy looking mess that as Ali steps back to watch it, there's something painfully tragic and hopeless about this messed up Madonna and child tableau that Ali wants to scream.

BECKY (CONT'D)
 There she is, the princess. Danny brought her?

ALI
I don't know. Kat had her.

BECKY
Danny's not here?

ALI
Haven't seen him.

BECKY
Did he not see the show and is Ya-Ema here?

ALI
Beck. C'mon. I don't know.

Becky is mile a minute. Ali has to keep up. Here's the pattern with Becky: she has next to no idea about the world around her, her awareness is dim and nothing gets through.

Kat enters. Nervous, always ready to be yelled at.

KAT
There you are.

BECKY
Here the fuck am I but where's Danny's where's Ya-Ema?

KAT
Danny's saying goodbye to people. Ali has forms the venue wanted sign-

BECKY
And was *she* with him?

KAT
She was.

BECKY
(to nobody)
I want her away from my kid.

(as if a new girlfriend is worse than this squalor.)

BECKY (CONT'D)
Now is he gonna come pick her up tonight or am I supposed to or what's happening because we have that thing tomorrow so he'll have to come pick her up first thing in the AY-EM.
(yelling)
Ya-Ema! You here? Show yourself!

KAT

I assumed you worked it out with him.

BECKY

That's not true. That's not true. I
hadn't worked it out. That's not true.

An imposing, strikingly handsome black man appears in the room. He is YA-EMA, Becky's shaman/spiritual guru of indistinct beliefs. He is dressed in mystical ways: a big amulet around his neck, some sort of a curious hat.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Ya-Ema, darling! Becky need guidance.

YA-EMA

(nodding, confident)
Dymoke prepares.

BECKY

(to Ali)
Time to exit this realm for a spell.
If you see anything you identify as a
pollutant to the energy of this space
our mortal husks occupy let us KNOW so
we can purge it while we have all the
tools and the KNOW HOW to save us. Ya-
Ema onward! C'mere Tama.

They exit, Ya-Ema and Ali giving a distrusting look. Becky isn't making sense, obviously, and the casualness with which she carries Tama makes Ali and Kat really nervous.

KAT

What's his deal?

ALI

She calls him Ya-Ema but I think his
real name is Alvin. We call him
Sauron.

5

THE VENUE, BECKY'S DRESSING ROOM - THAT SAME MOMENT

5

Becky has Tama down in a chair and is at the mirror, looking at herself with total satisfaction. Not a 'what am I doing messed up on drugs while I have my baby?' moment. Becky half wipes and makes messier-therefor-cooler her makeup. Glitter in her hair and everything now. Pretty rad look, actually.

Behind her, Ya-Ema's helper DYMOKE has arranged the making of a seance with burning things, a pot of some witch-like origin, crystals, potions, things to drink. The works. The origin of their beliefs are vague. Voodoo? Zulu? Flim flam.

Becky sits and we have a pause, a lull for an eternal three seconds. Ya-Ema holds out a hand to her.

YA-EMA

The item?

Becky produces a photograph and an item of jewelry. Ya-Ema hands them to Dymoke who places them at the center of the ceremonial table. This shit is weird. Dymoke rubs some sort of powder on the objects and lights candles around them.

DYMOKE

We purge the essence of invasive forces from this place.

Becky closes her eyes and takes Ya-Ema's hand. She buys whatever this is 110%. She is focused and at peace. This peace is ruined by a knock/enter which stirs her and in walks DANNY and a young pretty girl named TIFFANY.

BECKY

What's she *DOING* here, can't you see this is a fucking religious ceremony and you have to respect that?

Danny doesn't respect or buy Ya-Ema at all. He ignores him.

DANNY

Good show tonight.

BECKY

You're a liar. You didn't see it.

TIFFANY

Don't call people liars, Becky, unless you know they're lying.

BECKY

I'm sorry was *anybody* speaking to you Lil' Miss Tiff-a-knee? Tiffany. Tiffany! I can't believe you're raising our daughter around a woman named Tiffany. Tiff-ant the pissant.

TIFFANY

You're an angel.

BECKY

True. It's all true!
(sticks tongue out, makes
a thhhhhp noise)

DANNY

Can you excuse us?

BECKY
Excuse us, Tiff.

Tiffany looks at the seance table. She picks up the photograph and holds it: it is of her.

TIFFANY
The fuck...where did you get these?

DYMOKE
Ya-Ema requested items to envision the purity of people whose auras we must to investigate before Mistress Becky allows them around the child.

TIFFANY
(to Danny)
Is this for real?

DANNY
(*hemming and hawing*)
...it's important that she feel safe when Tama is with us. That's all.

TIFFANY
So you put a curse on me?

BECKY
We didn't curse you yet and we probably won't unless Ya-Ema sees something in the smoke that you he doesn't like.

TIFFANY
This is sick. You're sick.

DANNY
That's not helping. Just - can you just - give us a minute.

BECKY
(*like a game show host*)
Gooooooooodbye Tiffaneeeeeee!

Tiffany exits swiftly, super angry, and Becky throws a fist full of snacks at the wall behind her.

DANNY
Don't be such a cunt, Beck.

BECKY

C-U-N-T! Everyone's accusing me!

*(to the tune of the
Ramones "D-U-M-B /
Everyone's accusing me"
from 'Pinhead')*

Danny goes to Tama, rubs her head lovingly and lowers by her side. Becky is way zonked and getting tired. The rush of finishing a show and the rush of drugs after finishing a show winds down. Ya-Ema and Dymoke sit like statues, watching, quietly.

Ya-Ema nods once. This is all you can get from him.

DYMOKE

We must resume the ritual.

BECKY

Yeah we must so what can we do ya for, Dan-O?

DANNY

I wanted you to see her. It shouldn't be this difficult.

BECKY

Why would I want to see Tiffany? Yuck!
(barfing noises)

DANNY

See your child. Unless you'd rather walk out on her, too. In which case-

Becky bumbles to Tama. Danny lifts her before Becky arrives.

DANNY (CONT'D)

How can you let yourself be like this around her?

BECKY

(real loopy)

Listen man I'm *working* and you'd said *Tuesday* not *Friday* which so how am I supposed to keep track if you keep changing your mind?

DANNY

I thought you'd want to see her before going to Europe.

BECKY

You-rup I-rup we all rup for Eu-rope.

Becky is moving around, taking off accessories and pieces of theatricality from the show. She doesn't hold still at all as she kicks off boots, de layers sweaty dirty clothing. Within a minute of this quite serious conversation, she's down to a bra, necklaces, tight pants. Ya-Ema and Dymoke respect her rituals and face forward, completely unmoving from the direction of the table.

DANNY

Oh. I forgot. You're not going to Europe. Did you know that?

BECKY

Of course I *knew*.

DANNY

You didn't act like I was wrong when I said it.

BECKY

I was testing *you* there's no European tour I'd *know* if there was.

DANNY

You would?

BECKY

Because I'd have packed a bag which as you can see clearly *I have not*.

Becky motions to an area on the floor that, to her total confusion and surprise, does contain a packed bag.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Whoooooa. What's that!

DANNY

You're a mess.

BECKY

No you're a mess. No you're a mess.

DANNY

Okay Becky.

Instead of engaging, Becky has begun reapplying her makeup in the mirror because with the show over, she is on her way to the after party all night.

Mari enters, nearly as buzzed as Becky but not quite. At least, she wears it better. Her girlfriend, LAUREN, is with her and she looks incredibly stylish in a non rock n roll way. More slick. They are wrapped around one another.

MARI

Danny boy.

(singing)

*The pipes the pipes are calling. From
glenn to glenn and down the mountain
siiiiiide.*

DANNY

Mari. You seem...well.

He is wryly joking because she is all fucked up too. But her outfit (changed from the show, ready to party) and general demeanor are sharper and more hip than messy Becky.

LAUREN

We ready to rock?

Becky has put on a 'clean' top (stained/tattered) and is doing something to her hair which could be called abuse.

BECKY

Laurie baby! We *just* finished rocking. Rocking and a rolling! The only problem is I did not get to visit the other place with Ya-Ema because ol' Dan-O came in and interrupted my spiritual journey it was *postponed* so we've still got that to tend to because you know that I'm not myself if I don't get a moment to visit other realities where the fuck is my lighter.

Danny hurts to see this. He holds Tama close. Becky is barely present on *this* plane of reality right now.

DANNY

(to Mari)

Why would you let her do this?

MARI

Not the fuckin' baby sitter, mate.

BECKY

Why? *Why?* B-E-C-K-*Whyyyyy?* Because I gotta!

MARI

Hey man don't discriminate against whatever gives people spiritual balance. That's like f-f-fucked up.

BECKY

Hello exactly!

Becky hi-fives Dymoke. Ya-Ema leaves her hanging for a second before giving a reluctant hi-five. Mari slides for a hi-five.

DANNY

You'll hate yourself forever if you miss these years with her.

LAUREN

Heavy shit, Dirtbag Danny.

DANNY

Nobody calls me that anymore.

MARI

(mock radio DJ voice)

This is the Night Show with DJ Dirtbag Danny, playing all the dirty nasty rock you can only hear after dark!

DANNY

Becky. *Becky?*

Mari goes to Becky to show off/examine something secret in Mari's little drug carrying pouch. Danny, disgusted by this affront to responsibility, takes Tama and exits the dressing room and we follow him. Lauren is ice cold when he looks to her for some support or validation. She shrugs, blankly.

6 THE VENUE, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

6

Danny walks down the corridor looking for Tiffany. The door to Ali's dressing room is open. He sticks his head in.

Ali is doing her balanced post show ritual: washing her face with scrub, drinking a warm herbal tea and other treatments for a quality exhausting life. She too has changed from her show outfit to something more sloppy and casual, but still very cool and stylish. The forms are signed and neatly back in their folder, which Kat is exiting with as Danny lands.

DANNY

Hey.

7 THE VENUE, ALI'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

7

Danny lingers in the door.

DANNY

You seen Tiffany?

ALI

Just you, Danny boy.

Danny steps in, carrying stress and negativity with his body.

ALI (CONT'D)

You shouldn't come around and see her like this.

DANNY

What choice do I have? I'm the loser who always crawls back.

ALI

Twice she fired me from this tour and forgot about it the next morning. We all crawl back.

DANNY

How much does she pay the shaman?

ALI

We're not sure. In all likelihood, the answer would upset you and me both.

DANNY

How's business?

ALI

Euro tour's cancelled. But I guess you already knew that. They're opening the vaults for an EP or something.

DANNY

She's gonna fuck this up for all of us. It doesn't end well.

ALI

Don't be so negative, dude. What's it about? You need cash?

DANNY

Tama needs more than I can give. Becky has to take responsibility.

They share a brief, quiet moment. Ali looks at Tama, who she really does love. Her hand reaches out slowly.

ALI

May I?

Danny offers Tama to Ali, the opposite of protecting her around Becky.

ALI (CONT'D)

Howard might cancel the dates we're holding for the new record. He knows we're not ready.

DANNY

What does that mean?

ALI

It means I hope you've got a plan B to put this one in private school.

DANNY

She in breech? Do I need to talk to somebody?

ALI

Our lawyer's got it all sorted. I dunno. No one's really expecting much of her at this point.

Ali sits down with Tama. Weary, from the show and cradles Tama's head, lovingly. Danny gets close, and the two of them, holding Tama, it's almost like a portrait of an actual functional family.

Ali catches Danny looking at her and thinking this very thought. Her look lets on a lot: before Becky, Ali and Danny were involved. There's a linger here. Ali breaks away.

DANNY

She handed me my walking papers and seven months later hands me Tama. Ever since then my life's been a nightmare. In some ways.

ALI

Um, wow. Heavy, man. My fault. I thought you two would be a match made in heaven.

DANNY

Don't listen to me. I shouldn't be here.

ALI

DJ Dirtbag Danny used to roll hard.

DANNY

Don't desire being a damn dirtbag come forty. I'm putting down roots for my daughter. I bought WABK for her future.

ALI

They're opening the vaults for an EP or something. Sorry, did I say that already? Because you know, a contract is a contract?

DANNY

'Lies' *is* deeply underrated.

ALI

You used to love her.

Becky enters, forcefully. It's obvious that in the interval, she took another hit of something strong and unnecessary to repair her lagging energy. She isn't doing so well with standing up straight and is giddy, light headed and daffy.

She looks at Tama like Tama is the devil.

BECKY

I want her out of here.

Danny sort of blocks her from getting to Tama.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Hey get the fuck outta my way.

DANNY

Christ Beck, don't talk like that. What's got into you?

BECKY

She has to go. She has to go now.

DANNY

You can't be serious.

Dymoke and Ya-Ema enter, obviously having had to chase Becky.

BECKY

We saw it in the smoke. 'The child will be your downfall.' Tell them, Ya-Ema. TELL THEM WHAT YOU SAW!!

She is shrieking. Ya-Ema looks afraid, like he has lost control of Becky. He looks at Danny with calm eyes.

YA-EMA

I did not decree this.

BECKY

You did you did you did you did! You saw a prophecy and when we were in the Other Place you told me that the child will be my downfall so we've got a lit stick a' dyn-O-MITE that needs tossing out the tank.

DANNY

This is your child you're talking about. Please. Be reasonable.

Becky grabs for Tama and Danny sees the fear and insanity in her eyes. It's nutty. He protects Tama.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Can we take a minute? Ya-Emu, calm her down somehow? Do whatever it is you do.

Ya-Ema and Dymoke come to Becky, apprehensive, but it's clear she trusts them. They hold her head. She closes her eyes and falls back into their arms. They carry her to the couch and lay her down. There's silence, and people wonder if the worst is over. Calm for a moment.

DYMOKE

Mistress Becky! Look at my Ting.

Becky looks at his amulet and then breaths deep and slowly.

DYMOKE (CONT'D)

Tell us what you see.

BECKY

I see The Void of Eternity.

YA-EMA

(chanting)

Ammmmmmm nahhhhhhh.

Ammmmmmm nahhhhhhh.

Becky opens her eyes and sits up. It's insane: like she is a different person. Still messed up but fear of Tama is gone.

BECKY

(to Tama)

Hello baby. Mommy missed you.

Danny looks at Becky like she is dangerous. He doesn't know how to proceed dealing with her right now. He tries normal.

DANNY

Ali said you're doing an EP instead of a full record.

BECKY

Yeah who knows I mean it might not even happen. Like it probably won't work out or anything even though some of the '92 sessions we dug up are powerful and maybe a track or two from earlier that I'd forgotten.

Becky pulls Ali down into her lap. Her energy is all over the place and totally toxic to Danny and Ali. Ya-Ema and Dymoke are in a trance, as if trying to control Becky's mind.

Enter HOWARD GOODMAN, the manager, (50). His life is defined by trying to stay afloat and stay one step ahead.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Howard. How-ard you tonight? Good show huh?

HOWARD

They love you. And I love that they love you. Danny. What's happening?

DANNY

Holding it together. You wouldn't understand.

Sarcasm. They both sort of nod like, yeah, right, ha ha.

HOWARD

Becky, Zelda is waiting.

BECKY

Ah fuck it I forgot. What's that bitch want?

Mari and Lauren enter.

MARI

Easy now.

BECKY

Stuck up holier than thou too good for it all wench.

LAUREN

Why don't you tell us how you really feel?

BECKY

Yeah *whatever* what does she want?

HOWARD

Express regards. Cheer. Celebratory remarks? She said you were great tonight.

BECKY

Did she come only with fucking obvious things I already know or what of course I was great I'm always great so don't be late.

HOWARD

I believe I saw her with an olive branch. Would I lead you astray?

BECKY

(rolling her eyes)
Nooooo Howarrrrrd you wouldn't.

HOWARD

Do it for me. She's not lying. You *were* great tonight.

Becky looks to Ya-Ema and Dymoke for consultation.

DYMOKE

She brings negativity.

BECKY

You see! What is Zelda E. Zekial coming and doing here anyways coming backstage at our show when where I am spending qual-ah-tee time with my family and demand an audience?

ALI

Chill out with that, okay girl?
Zelda's alright.

BECKY

Okay FINE I've decided to go. Where is she Howard, and while we're on the topic can you please tell me are we doing those recordings at R-Trax like last time because I can't get a straight answer on the matter.

Becky prances about triumphantly when saying this last part. The room is cramped: Ali, Mari, Lauren, Becky, Danny, Tama, Howard.

All obstacles for Becky to shimmy around and out of the room. Everybody follows her like the Pied Piper except Ya-Ema and Dymoke, who we leave behind for now.

HOWARD

Of course. Anything you need.

Becky throws her arm around Howard as they exit the room.

8

THE VENUE, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

8

BECKY

That's because you understand me don't you! I can't count on anybody cah-rist what kind of world is this where we don't even have the straight information about whether or not we are like making an album *nobody* is helping me write or some E *fucking* P with just I don't know, an acoustic guitar? Can somebody *please* help Dear Howard and give me an answer and please make it an honest one!

HOWARD

Let's say hello to Zelda and I'll confirm this while you're with her. She's excited to see everybody.

BECKY

We're all going? Why didn't you say so! I don't wanna do it alone. To me, my X-Women!

Becky leads Mari (sort of digging this) and Ali (dying inside) down the corridor. Lauren follows. Howard stops a ways back with Danny. Stay with them as the ladies walk away.

HOWARD

To your right then on the left.

BECKY

To the right and to the left and to the right and to the left...

Howard, Danny and Tama. Quiet after a whirlwind. Deep breath.

DANNY

I wish I had your patience.

HOWARD

I'm a communicator. I communicate. How's she doing?

He lovingly pats Tama.

DANNY
Good. She's good.

HOWARD
How're you doing?

DANNY
She turned her back and walked away
ninety nine times. I need an even
hundred. You ever have a bad habit you
just can't quit?

HOWARD
No. But hey: you know who does?

They both laugh. A sad, tender moment between the men who
suffer for Becky. Howard's eyes are full of empathy.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
Anything I can do?

DANNY
Help her. That'll help me.

Howard looks down the hall at where Zelda's room is.

HOWARD
I'm trying. I'm always trying.

9

THE VENUE, GREEN ROOM - THAT SAME MOMENT

9

Becky, Ali and Mari burst into a room with snacks and
whatnot. In it is ZELDA E. ZEKIAL, smoking, looking cool and
fashionable. She faces down the three amigos in the door
(Lauren hangs back just a little). Becky enters dancing,
annoyingly singing a song. Mari claps for the beat.

Zelda is in with the cool crowd, the art crowd. (Like Kate
Bush/St. Vincent/PJ Harvey.) Her hair is outrageous and
exciting and her makeup is glam. Becky resents her deeply.

BECKY
(clapping)
Miss Ezekial don't get no bones...
Ezekial don't got no tones...
And here's the word of the lord.
Well the finger bones connected to the
hand bone
(middle fingers up, Mari
joins in singing now)
(MORE)

BECKY (CONT'D)

*The hand bone's connected to the fuck
bone
The fuck bone's connected to the butt
bone.*

*(Becky aggressively rubs
her butt on and around
Zelda's head/shoulders.)
And that's the turd of the lord.*

Zelda brushes Becky's butt away and fixes her awesome hair.

ZELDA

Great show, Beck.

BECKY

Easy for you to say from the comfort
of that *chair*.

Zelda looks down, bummed that this is going to be one of
"those" Becky conversations.

ZELDA

Ladies. Brilliant work.

Ali gives Zelda a friendly hug/air kiss hello. Mari gives her
a much more intimate kiss. They were briefly a thing.

ALI

Hey there babe.

MARI

Zee Zee. Sweetie. This is Lauren, my
love.

ZELDA

You're a beauty.

LAUREN

C'mon. Mari's told me all about you.

BECKY

I CAN JUST GO if you all want some
alone time.

ALI

Hey, chill.

BECKY

I agree let's all of us just take it
down a notch and take stock of the
situation.

Becky sits, mockingly overly proper and business like.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Zelda darling what to do we owe the pleasure of your visitation?

ZELDA

You guys are killers. The new shit for myself.

Zelda is cool as a cucumber and cold as ice. Drags her cigarette.

MARI

What'd ya think?

ZELDA

I'm green with envy.

MARI

Thanks, doll.

Becky jumps up and starts rummaging around the snack area and lightly stuffing her face.

ZELDA

Howard said that you guys are almost wrapping this one up--

BECKY

Yeah I don't know. Whatever. I'm not really feeling the stage life right now, ya get me? I dunno *why* do you ask.

ZELDA

(eyes at Mari and Ali)

I've got a string of dates coming up. Want to see if guys would be interested in joining.

Pregnant pause. Becky freezes. Mari and Ali brace for impact.

BECKY

Um I dunno Z-grade. What, you mean like opening act for you? Hardly makes sense don't ya think? What is this, six years ago? Oh wait if it was six years ago you'd be opening for M. E. *me* and you'd be trying to run off with this one.

Points to Mari. No shame. Becky is buzzing about like a nervous bird, touching everything and moving things around.

ALI

When are the dates?

BECKY

What are the dates?

Becky pauses. She nearly chokes on rage and sadness. She takes a short, Becky-sized moment to regain herself.

BECKY (CONT'D)

How about a simple 'no thanks' and also thanks for the gesture of coming here to personally bitch slap us in all our faces. Nah. We do rock music to rock people and didn't I hear that on your last record didn't even have any guitars??

(mock snoring noises)

Zelda stands, graceful and elegant, and takes a tiny bird like bite of the snacks Becky has made a mess of.

ZELDA

End of the winter. March ish.

BECKY

Don't fuckin' talk to her. Don't even look at her. Here's an idea. How about you march-ish right out of the room into your limousine and take that fuckin' offer with you? We need a break, not a tour. I mean, we just finished this one like an hour ago so who'se interested in another tour not me that's who.

ZELDA

You brought me on my first tour, Beck, and I'll never forget it. I'm not your enemy. I never was despite what you thought happened at that festival thing. You gonna make me beg to get you to bury the hatchet?

BECKY

Uh your music used to be awesome and now it sucks so I don't want to tour with you and now you've come to bury me. I speak for everybody when I say that there is zero interest in retreading the past which includes your fabled tour.

(MORE)

BECKY (CONT'D)

I'm trying to move for-ward here, not backwards and that means I don't wanna slip down your bill. Don't you have like the next generation of pansy art rock babes *dying* to share your light so why don't you ask one a' them. My answer is no and where I go *they go*.

Motioning to Ali and Mari, both mortified, silent and sad.

LAUREN

I should go.

BECKY

Stay PUH-lease I feel like we're done here.

ZELDA

(wry, smiling)

You're one of a kind, Beck.

BECKY

You got that right, a true original, stick to your guns and your roots and never buy into the BS just the Becky Something, that's what I always say. P-U-R-E spells Becky and PEE-YOU spells Zelda.

Zelda cannot process the aggravation, having come here to do something nice and have it thrown back at her so angrily.

Howard appears with an optimistic smile on his face.

HOWARD

So! Do we have a deal?

BECKY

Howard how could you? I trusted you and you set me up!

HOWARD

I thought you might feel this way but hear us out.

ZELDA

It's not what you're thinking. It's not clubs. It's theaters. An intimate--

-

BECKY

BORING. Pass!

ZELDA
I'm sorry that---

BECKY
Oh my god if you aren't going to leave
I will. I have an interrupted journey
to complete and by the way you're all
being incredibly rude to Ya-Ema and
the spiritual calm he requires.
(to Howard)
I am not done with you. You're in big
trouble.

Becky storms out. The room takes a moment to catch it's
breath. Don't shit talk the hand that feeds you.

Ali looks back at the door where Becky exited. Zelda is
perceptive, deceptively so. Sly, eyes narrowing.

ZELDA
"Having fun in Beckytown."

ALI
Whatever could you mean?

ZELDA
Say it. Cut the "B.S."

MARI
There's nothing.

Ali wants to stay. Mari takes comfort in Lauren's hands.
Howard looks a little disappointed, but not really.

ZELDA
Who'se Ya-Ema?

ALI
Sauron, the all seeing guru.

Mari and Lauren smile. They are fascinated by Becky's weird
relationship with Ya-Ema.

ZELDA
I'll go.

ALI
I...think that might be for the best?

HOWARD
I'm so sorry. Worth a shot, though?
Maybe we take another swing when she's
not so...so...I can't find the word.

ZELDA

Door's open and I'm all ears. You used to pack places twice this size. What happened?

ALI

Canceling tours twice at the last minute has untested side effects.

ZELDA

I wouldn't know.

MARI

It'll be fine.

ZELDA

And if it isn't?

MARI

It'll be fine.

Zelda studies them. She is very sharp, respectable and impeccable. The scuzziness of this place, this level of filth and revelry is years behind her. She looks at Mari and Ali like abused children, afraid to speak out.

Zelda puts on her very nice jacket and a stylish hat.

ZELDA

If you change your mind---

Becky bursts back into the room like Kramer. She has had another hit of whatever she is on and is all wired up and now has Tama with her. Danny and Tiffany trail behind, panicked. Ya-Ema and Dymoke are there as well.

BECKY

Holy smoking crap you're still here? Zelda has left zee building. Take a hint! The Legend of Zelda A Stink to the Ass must come to an E-N-D if you please.

ZELDA

I'm leaving. Don't overreact.

BECKY

I hardly think I'm overreacting just normal react.

She is wired, unwell, fraying at all edges. Like a bee, buzzing around and you couldn't swat her if you tried.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I mean, Zelda, baby, like excuse me for being so fuckin' naive but how dare you invade this space?

HOWARD

It was entirely my idea. Don't blame her.

Becky motions to Ya-Ema and Dymoke, cleansing the air with some sort of burning reed, purifying the room for her.

ZELDA

I'm leaving. Peel it the fuck down.

Zelda makes for the exit, waving away Ya-Ema's smoke. She and Mari exchange an intimate look. A little silent side story plays out with Zelda saying bye to Mari, Ali and Howard while Danny and Becky engage on the other side of the room.

DANNY

Let me take her.

BECKY

What no. Get away from me? Dymoke needs to purify her weren't you listening?

DANNY

You shouldn't be holding her in the state you're in.

BECKY

What state is that Dan-O? The state of rage or the state of New York I don't know where I am anymore you dumb fuckin' clown, ha ha!

She tries to hold Tama away and moves from Danny but trips and falls, forward, managing to spin quickly landing on her back, Tama up in the air.

People rush in, freaking out. Becky is on the ground laughing and holding Tama.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Whее that was a fun ride! You wanna go on another sky ride? With mommy!

Danny grabs Tama. Becky refuses to let go but he gets her. Tiffany puts her arm around Danny, protective.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Dude chill I've got this.

DANNY

Get off her you fucking mess.

There's black rage in his eyes. He's finished playing nice.

TIFFANY

I think we need to leave.

HOWARD

Perhaps we should all retreat to our separate rooms for a bit?

Becky starts rolling on the floor, slowly slinking up, arms and limbs clumsily draped over the furniture, like a crab.

She reaches for Tama and falls again, at Howard, Mari and Ali's feet. They all look afraid and upset.

BECKY

What you two suddenly have nothing to say? Just watching the show. Ha ha you're doing a better job of it than playing in it that's for sure. Oh look at me running my mouth but let's not say anything we might regret later. Hey maybe if you run you can catch up with Zel-duhhh. She can have you. She's easy and boring and no fun isn't that what you want?

Mari has been hurting watching this. She and Ali look down at Becky with lumps in their throats. This pains them, a lot.

ALI

Don't. Not now. Not with us.

BECKY

Don't what? Be awesome and show people a G-O-O-D time?

MARI

Cone on. Please.

Becky stumbles trying to grab Tama. Ya-Ema holds her up.

BECKY

Tough job but somebody's gotta do it and I gotta get out of here. I gotta go to Becky's room. It stinks of Zelda shit. So I bid you adeiu and hibbida hibbida that's all folks!

She snatches Tama from a shocked Danny and then pushes him, park bench style, over a chair and he falls to the ground while she scurries off. This is all happening so fast.

She exits. The room is empty of aggression. Just silent, shocked faces of people who want so badly to care about her. Ya-Ema and Tiffany help Danny up.

Seconds pass. It's very few seconds but after what's just happened, it feels like a lot. Time stands still, dissolves allude to the collapsing of real time and we see, in slow motion, the devastation wrought by Becky. Hurt feelings, smashed stuff. Seconds pass like hours in silence.

ALI

I just want to play music in a band.

It breaks the tension. People smile and just as there is laughter again, the crying of Tama off in the distance sets them all on high alert. Danny springs into action.

10 THE VENUE, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS 10

Follow Danny running like mad. Behind him, Ali and Mari, Lauren, Howard, Tiffany, Ya-Ema and Dymoke. Danny knocks a chair that is in his way. Kat comes back out of the hallway when she hears the commotion and joins.

Follow Danny into Becky's dressing room, his perspective, to reveal:

11 THE VENUE, BECKY'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 11

Becky is on the ground, vomit in front of her face and on her mouth. Bloody forehead. Tama is on the floor crying, screaming.

It's not clear exactly what happened and it doesn't matter. Danny holds Tama close (*Tama is crying: wailing*) as Ali and Mari drop to their knees, right in the vomit, prop Becky up, start shaking her, throwing water on her. Her eyes flutter.

Fingers into Becky's throat. Nothing happens. Becky is limp. Looks are quickly exchanged. Howard runs in, says nothing. Mari and Ali are breaking out in sweat. Dymoke is quickly mixing some potion in a thistle and rubs it on Becky's neck. Ya-Ema begins to chant, slowly, deep, otherworldly.

YA-EMA

Innnn-connn-immmmm

Tama is still crying and crying.

Ali rips off her vomit covered shirt and props it under Becky's head, grabs a coke mirror and puts it under her nose to see if she is breathing. Dymoke's hands are in the way, spreading his elixir on her chest.

YA-EMA (CONT'D)
Innnn-connn-immmm

Tama is still crying and crying and crying.

Becky's eyes flutter faster. She vomits some more onto Ali's hands and struggles to open her eyes, to breath, and doesn't even try to hold her head up.

YA-EMA (CONT'D)
 (chanting)
Innnn-connn-immmm

ALI
 Come back Becky. Don't do this again.

Becky locks eyes with everybody around her, cradled on the floor like an invalid covered in puke and blood. Silence. Pausing. Breathing that rises and falls. Anxiety everywhere.

BECKY
 (*garbled, mouth full of
 puke and mucus*)
 We go way beyond.

Tama's crying echoes through all of this and it's awful.

END OF ACT ONE.

INTERLUDE #2 (4 YEARS BEFORE ACT 1)

GRAINY VHS HOME MOVIE FOOTAGE: Becky/Mari/Ali. Full of positivity, excitement, happiness. The contrast of what we just saw is shocking. They are holding framed platinum records for their second album BABY I'M SICK.

ALI
 We could get at least a hundred bucks for these.

MARI
 The *first* and *only* girl rock band to sell this many records. I'd like to say!

BECKY
 Two hundred! Nah I'll keep it. First and last.

(MORE)

BECKY (CONT'D)

The well of inspiration has run-a dry!
Never gonna make a record this good
again. Good as gold!

They all keep laughing. Becky clumsily drops the framed record, breaking the glass. She loses it, starts laughing hysterically. Mari and Ali follow.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Oh shit! We're never gonna make a
record this good again.

MARI

Howard! We need a new one.

ACT TWO: YELLOW & ORANGE/DOLLY TRACKING SHOTS/ZOOMS

12

INT. RECORDING STUDIO

12

Golden, yellowish brown lights buzz bask this past it's prime studio in a ancient haze of wood and history. The place is laden with signs of the amount of time Becky has spent here in the sprawling, open ended eight months of recording that have gone poorly.

Tapestries hang over crystals and other items from Ya-Ema, shitty candles, no fewer than twenty packed ash trays. The place is capital D Dingy and Becky the decrepit centerpiece.

Becky is wearing scarves and a threadbare t shirt with one sleeve nearly gone tucked into skin tight pants. She'd look iconically cool if she wasn't so tragic. Her messy ponytail is a caked with grease, a heart barrette in her hair, her skin is bad and she feels 1,000% like a goddess.

She poorly makes feeble attempts to strum an acoustic guitar and sing a weak sounding half finished song. Warbling, barely making notes and words find one another.

(the song is called Pulled Down and has been written by Alicia Bognanno/aka Bully)

BECKY

*You rotted away
Left to your own mistakes
I never wanted to be the crutch for you
I'm falling behind
With every word you break
I meant to try and piece it back for you
And I'm back to the same shit I was
Drowning in mud
If I'm gonna be pulled down
I'm taking you with*

The whole scene is rocky as we pan to the side and see Mari and Ali. They are behind glass in the booth with Howard and the distanced hush shows off the tension.

13

RECORDING STUDIO MIXING BOOTH

13

Silently, Ali, Mari and Howard watch Becky, smoke a cigarette or two of their own and recognize how dead end this feels. They are holding one another in a protective, loving embrace.

KEITH the engineer mutes her and though Becky still plays, half assed, they turn so she cannot see and quietly talk, like Bowman and Poole keeping secrets from HAL9000 in 2001.

HOWARD

I finally understand why you begged me to stop checking in.

ALI

Fuckin' bummer. Told you you shouldn'ta come back.

HOWARD

I had to see for myself who was occupying this studio I stopped paying for. Did they not give you the memo?

MARI

Becky decided to pay for it. Shoulda told you. But didn't want to. Out of respect, I guess.

HOWARD

Isn't that nice of her. I have this room booked for my new group but it's not yet vacated.

ALI

So *that's* why you came back.

HOWARD

Did they not tell you you had to leave?

ALI

They did.

HOWARD

And what did they say?

ALI

I'd rather not repeat it.

HOWARD

If this is the best she has to show
after nine months I'm very screwed.

MARI

To be fair, it's nine next week so we
still have time to pray for a third
trimester disaster.

ALI

I know you're out on a limb big time
for us with on this record.

HOWARD

Laid off staff to cover overages?
Mortgage on my beach house? I'm not on
a limb, I'm lying on the ground next
to the damn tree.

ALI

I didn't know that. I'm sorry.

HOWARD

Releasing their new album this year
would help cover your mess.

Interrupted by Becky, pounding on the window looking mean,
nasty. Throughout, her voice is muted. Sound proofing.

BECKY

What is this. Talk and tea time? Are
we doing a session or a goddamn book
club jesus christ am I the only one
here who cares about the work we're
doing?

Mari looks right at her but speaks under her breath.

MARI

This is the first day in two weeks she
stayed for longer than an hour.

ALI

And also she came at two.
(Howard checks his watch)
A.M. We've been here. She's in a self
proclaimed groove.

Howard notices how tired and bleary eyed they are and the
massive amount of coffee cups, tea pots and drugs.

Becky storms into the booth, fuming, nostrils flaring and
dripping snot and moisture. Mari and Ali finally detach.

BECKY

Show a' hands, who is committed to greatness and will do whatever it takes to achieve greatness and show of hands who is lazy and doesn't care about this music that we are recording?

(she raises her hand with vigor)

That's one for greatness. Anyone else?

Keith sheepishly raises his hand.

BECKY (CONT'D)

THANK you Keith, nice to know someone is on my side, the winning side and we all know who writes history. You all can go home and take a nap or something now that your level of dedication is exposed. Right Howard? Did you come to check up on your prized project? Thank you for giving us space lately but I gotta tell you I'm sorry but things are going terribly, at best.

Speechless reactions. Becky is super messed up, sweating, barely coherent, blind to it all. All four just stare at her.

A quiet pause as we zero in on Becky: see and feel with quiet dignity the lack of understanding behind her bright blue eyes, the smoke screen of delusion which she hides behind.

Slow motion. Linger...there is nothing but truth and honesty on her tired face. She believes every word she says and when we see Mari, Ali, Howard and Keith, the extent of pity and sadness for Becky transmits off them. It's a small moment that becomes a big moment without announcing itself.

HOWARD

There's a solution to this. I need to figure out what it is. Let's take a step back and think for a second.

BECKY

That is a graaaand idea. Why can't you two be team players like Howard!

ALI

Give it a rest lady. The show's exhausting and I've seen it too many times to stick for the finale.

BECKY

Sorry what. What did you say.

KEITH

She said---

BECKY

Oh I heard her but I just wanna make sure I heard it correct-lee. Ali darling. Care to take it one more time from the top with feeling see vous play?

ALI

Look at yourself.

HOWARD

Easy now.

Becky does just that in the glass window reflection and it's obvious she loves what she sees. She blows herself a kiss.

ALI

Would Becky Something wither and die if she interacted on an adult level?

HOWARD

Let's not. Let's be calm. Let's withdraw to somewhere neutral place and talk compromises.

BECKY

BORING. Bore snore.

Ali grabs a coat, brushes past Becky with a final icy dagger stare. Howard is chin-in-palm, in agony, losing everything because he isn't thinking fast enough.

BECKY (CONT'D)

WELL the least you could make some sort of grand final statement right?

ALI

I took care of this band while you took care of yourself. I never asked to be thanked. I never wanted the gloss. That was your thing. You plucked me into it. So why should I explain myself when you're just going to remember your version.

She kisses her fingers and makes a 'peace' sign.

Ali gives the briefest pause on her exit, to Howard, then Mari, not expecting her to follow, but to say with her eyes 'that's that.' Mari half opens her mouth like she is going to say something but doesn't because Ali is already gone.

BECKY

It's just as Ya-Ema prophesized!
Ha ha, what a fitting moment just when
I was seriously doubting your
commitment. I mean it's been a rotten
year stuck carrying this mongoloid to
term but today was the final straw and
I knew it when I walked in the d-o-o-
r. I felt the fetid stink in the
elevator. Biggggg whoop. Want to see
how quickly we bounce back? Watch me.
I'm Ali now.

14 RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

14

She storms back into the studio and bangs on the drums with no rhythm. It's a cacophonous mess and just dreadful noise and Becky is screaming over the banging. It's godawful and she grabs her guitar, strums with one hand and smashes a cymbal with the other and screeches into a mic.

BECKY

(voice of Old Prospector)
Keith hit record we've struck gold!

15 RECORDING STUDIO MIXING BOOTH

15

Howard is mortified about the collapse of a profitable act as Mari chokes back lumps of emotion because she is tethered to this sinking ship. Move in tight on her face as Becky's noise becomes even worse. It's all happening for Mari now. Ali is gone. This is rock bottom.

HOWARD (O.C.)

I'm so fucked. The next band's going
to show up any minute. You shoulda
told me you were still here. I need
time to think.

MARI

Excuse me.

HOWARD

Hey don't just leave me here---
(his talking fades out)

Follow Mari out into the hallway and then the ladies room.

16 RECORDING STUDIO, LADIES ROOM - CONTINUOUS 16

It's grim and dirty because only the band uses it. Mari takes a small hit of her own drugs, a few pills, and pauses, not to the mirror, just by the sink area. It's all crashing down. This is ending and she knows it more than she feared.

Time gets wobbly. Slow motion/hazy dissolves. Stay with Mari and feel her studying the years of her life which have been invested in this band. She is stoned and lapses into a memory tunnel. Sounds that aren't there can be heard, echoing from the back of her memory. It's woozy.

17 RECORDING STUDIO HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 17

Mari comes out into the hallway. Something is off. The lights are different than before and all seems quiet. Not a sound at all. Mari seems confused. Then she hears girlish chatting echoing down the hall, hollow and chipper.

She follows it and drifts back into the mixing room.

18 RECORDING STUDIO MIXING BOOTH - CONTINUOUS 18

An unexplained element: a trio of younger, raw girls.

MARI

Uh---

This girls are all younger than 25. The next generation. They are THE AKERGIRLS: DOTTIE O.Z., CRASSY CASSIE and ROXIE ROTTEN. They are all cool as anything and stripped down somehow stylish even beyond what Becky and co. could ever imagine. Greasy hair, boys clothes, either no makeup at all or a ton and it's really styled. They run the gamut. Dottie has pink hair. Roxie washes hers once a month. Cassie's is styled and really well cut, shaggy, simple.

DOTTIE

Marielle Hell. Fuckin' fuck what an honor.

The Akergirls bow, take hands like the witches they are and surround Mari, who is slow and perplexed. After they break off, Dottie and Roxie stay holding hands, embracing.

MARI

Mari's fine.

DOTTIE

We're booked. I mean, we were booked here. Like, Howard said--

MARI

I heard. It's just a whole nightmare
right now.

She looks through the glass: in the studio Becky is banging
on silly instruments, plastic toys: lit up and glazed down.

CASSIE

Are you kidding, we only want this
place because you guys record here.

ROXIE

Shameful to say it's an honor to be
bumped by Something She. Like, the
top. I'm rambling. Sorry, nerves!

MARI

It's alright. But uh, this is a
terrible time. We're down a woman and,
um, this is all going, like, the worst
it's ever gone.

She looks around. Keith seems to be managing the schedule.

MARI (CONT'D)

Keith, where's Howard?

KEITH

Back office. Might wanna check on
him. He doesn't look good and I
think he's dry heaving.

MARI

See, exactly. Not to get too deep but
shit's like, falling apart big time
now so maybe actually we move out and
you girlies take over.

She's losing them. The Akergirls are transfixed, watching
Becky, somehow having pulled it together and singing a song
with acoustic guitar.

All watch for a moment and just briefly, through the POV of
the Akergirls, you see the attraction to Becky: she is
brilliant and powerful. The song is 'Because You're Young' by
Cock Sparrer.

BECKY

*Because you're young, you're torn between
A world of hate and a world of dreams
So much to lose, so much to gain
So much to fight for, so much to change
You don't look back, you don't look down
You gotta turn everything around
You live your life like a loaded gun
Because you're young*

*Stop talking back, get off the phone
You're late again,
you missed the last bus home
This ain't the way you want to live
I know something's got to give*

(song continues over the next bit of dialogue)

ROXIE

Fuck man. She's the queen.

MARI

I wouldn't let her hear you say that.
Does she already know you're here?

CASSIE

Unclear.

MARI

So I don't know if she's going to be
into that. The behavior around here is
shall we say erratic lately. Erratic
on a good day.

CASSIE

On a bad day?

MARI

They're all bad days nowadays.

Howard enters, pale and chomping antacid tablets. He tries
not to let anybody see: he wants to make a solution happen.

HOWARD

Seems we've got a logjam!

MARI

I can see that.

HOWARD

We're all family here, right? Business
family. One big happy business family.

DOTTIE

If there's some probl--

HOWARD

Nonsense. No problem at all!
Everything's fine. We record your
album. Release it. Everything will
work out. Easy as pie. Becky will
understand.

Roxie Rotten is still just watching Becky, who now looks up:
an animal at the zoo aware of being watched. Everybody
freezes because her playing stops. The lioness sees.

DOTTIE

I'd say she knows we're here now.

Keith subtly turns off the recording. The room freezes as
people watch Becky slowly make the realization that she has
an audience. She stares them all down. One by one. Direct eye
contact. She speaks softly. Nobody can hear the words. Her
face is a mystery. No screaming, no smiling, just talking and
motioning to her instruments and pointing directly at Mari.
It's almost dead silent.

MARI

Here she comes.

Becky stands up slowly in continued agonizing silence and
makes her way to the booth. She enters and faces this massive
crowd: Keith, Howard, Mari, Cassie, Dottie, Roxie. There's an
unfamiliar look on her face, one Becky Something doesn't
display very often. Absolute confusion and vulnerability. For
a rare moment, she is quiet. Nothing exits her mouth save for
tiny, nervous gasps of air.

Mari shakes her head slightly, making sure to convey that she
doesn't know what's going on and had nothing to do with it.

BECKY

Who the fuck are these bitches?

HOWARD

The Akergirls. Did I not send you
their seven inch? You're gonna love
them. You'll love them. I've, yeah,
I've signed them and now they-

ROXIE

We're not interrupting. No disrespect
Miss, uh Something.

DOTTIE

Huge fans.

They all do the circle thing around Becky who is still slow.

HOWARD

As thrilling as it is to see your passionate commitment, I was counting on the studio being free by now. Perhaps that's my mistake. I haven't exactly been around.

BECKY

You cut us off. They tried to evict me. Why would you do that to us?

HOWARD

A misunderstanding! I was giving you space and freedom without me breathing down your neck. I did what I had to do to tighten my belt. Can you blame me?

Everyone is calm, assuming Becky will explode.

BECKY

Okay.
(to Mari)
You know about this?

CASSIE

We just showed. She had no idea.

Becky still thinks. We don't ever see her think. She usually acts without it. She takes it all in. Studies the girls.

BECKY

Howard you *fucking* genius!

Becky lapses happily into the Akergirls witchy circle and gently touches each of their faces.

BECKY (CONT'D)

What are the odds. What are the ODDS that we'd find ourselves one apple short of a bushel and today of all days you unknowingly bring a solution to all the world's problems. Who plays drums?

Cassie raises her hand. Becky high fives it.

BECKY (CONT'D)

The rest of you ready to jam? If I had to guess I'd say we're fifteen *maybe* twenty minutes away from pure magic exploding into this room and silly old me lost a drummer on the way to grandmother's house. Here I thought we'd have to scrap paper and go home but what should happen instead? *Three witches* come to my rescue. I mean just look at all of you. You're all so beautiful. Stunning.

The Akergirls blush at Becky's kindness. Their idol! Becky touches all their hair and generally paws at them in a weird, grope-y way. Mari stands back, still and silent and loopy.

CASSIE

I'm Crassy Cassie. This is Dottie O.Z. And Roxie Rotten. She's the life of the party and we'd be honored.

Becky looks at Roxie and Dottie, celebrating this minor victory with a loving embrace. Becky studies it, dubious.

BECKY

Cut the shit you're making me feel a hundred years old but god damn I just feel a connection to you babes. Mari, you feel that?

Mari is dead silent. Becky gives her a look, like: 'are you in or out?' And Mari knows it's now or never.

MARI

Yeah Beck. I feel it. I've been out here feeling it for what feels like ever waiting for you to feel it.

BECKY

That's what I'm talking about. Howard my Goodman. I'm ready to party and make a album and I have been sent angels to help me work the angels if you dig. What better way to introduce new blood into this turgid process than *actual new blood*.

Becky bites Dottie on the neck, then bites Cassie.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Let's Bathory these bitches and learn a thing or two about what kids are feeling nowadays!

Dottie and Cassie rub their necks. Becky actually bit them pretty damn hard.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Inward ho!

Becky commands them into the studio area. Howard holds Mari and Becky back.

HOWARD

Keith, could you give us a minute?

Keith exits.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

BECKY

It looks like I'm saving your asshole and keeping this record right on schedule. Don't worry about reimbursing me for the studio. It's my treat.

HOWARD

I can't afford eight more months. I'll go bankrupt while you your "opus." I'm on my last credit line and you're on life number nine. These girls might be our salvation so it'd be swell if you didn't torpedo them in the process of drowning.

BECKY

What is this, the scared straight express? Howard, you confuse torpedoing that I don't know about with making an album which if you'll excuse me I'm quite eager to resume before my juices dry up again.

HOWARD

(to Mari)

Can you make her aware?

BECKY

What, do I need a translator? *I got it.* Loud and clear and as ear on the rear of a deer.

MARI

We don't have to do this. I mean, we just met them. We can take a day to regroup and call Ali--

BECKY

Who? I don't know anybody by that name.
Kind of a funny name isn't it? 'cept
for a Muslim.

Mari slaps Becky hard across the face. It's silent again and through the glass, the Akergirls notice and look in. Becky smiles like a psychotic. Howard continues to suffer silently.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Mari. My love. You have my attention.

Becky grabs Mari's cheek and pinches it real hard and then smacks her on the butt at the same time, holding her close.

BECKY (CONT'D)

And I yours. Now is there something you wanted to say or was that merely a challenge to a duel.

MARI

We don't get another chance. If we fuck this up...sorry...if you fuck this up, it's bye bye Something She. You dig?

HOWARD

That's the short of it.

This is the first moment Becky doesn't act like the Tazmanian Devil. Not Becky Something. Rebecca Adamczyk. Clear eyed.

BECKY

I'm going to finish this record. You have my word cross my heart and hope to die.

She transforms for six seconds. Just as quick her eyes switch back: Becky Something returns and she skips into the studio with the Akergirls. Mari and Howard eye one another.

19

RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

19

BECKY

One two, skip to my lou. Three four,
skip to my door. Cows in the pasture,
two by two/Lost my drummer what'll I
do?/I can get another as pretty as
you/skip to my lou my darling.

The Akergirls joined in and they all spin in a circle and Becky claps and leads a forced sing a long.

AKERGIRLS

One two, skip to my lou....
*(song continues in
background)*

20 RECORDING STUDIO MIXING BOOTH

20

HOWARD

It's over. That's that. I trusted you
to be alone and you burned down the
house. I'm so sorry. I've tried
everything I can.

MARI

I'll sort it. The lioness saw
threatening cubs and forced 'em into
the pride rather than kill and eat
them.

HOWARD

Can you handle her?

MARI

It's been almost seven years. What's
another seven days.

HOWARD

You're one on one without Ali. I can't
help you. But I need you.

MARI

I've got this, man.

HOWARD

You need your rocket fuel?

Mari looks into the studio. The sing a long is over and the
Akergirls bring in gear and Becky is ducking into a tent in
the corner, head down, and Mari knows what that means. It's a
small/big moment on Mari, quiet, lingering.

MARI

I'm need all the help I can get.

21 RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

21

Follow Mari in. She surveys the room. The Akergirls are
unloading their bags of gear and tuning up a little and Mari
sees the tapestry tent of Becky's corner rustling.

Mari joins. From afar the Akergirls see their feet under the
cloth and know the deal.

Show each of their faces, linger on the moment where they should know better and split. They each give one another a subtle look.

22 RECORDING STUDIO, BECKY'S LITTLE TENT 22

Mari and Becky share a rare, quiet, intimate moment. We jump back in here just after they've each had a little something and they're both buzzing and ready to pop.

Becky is lighting a cigarette so the tent is lit via Zippo.

 MARI
 You okay to do this?

 BECKY
 Any second now. I'll be fine.

Mari gives Becky a look of extreme compassion and empathy.

 BECKY (CONT'D)
 (half normal)
 Give me a minute?

Mari exits. We stay with Becky. In silence, for a moment, just a fleeting instant of adult awareness, that Becky understands that this is it. There's no chance after this.

Becky is still, starting to slip into a daze when her doubt fades away and she lights up like a fire cracker, slams her Zippo closed and storms out into the room.

23 RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS 23

 BECKY
 Who's ready to do this shit!

The Akergirls are stoked, in a tizzy that so quickly they have been welcomed to the inner sanctum. They are comfy. Shoes off (sneakers/no socks/very cool boots). Ready to work.

 DOTTIE
 Anything you say.

 BECKY
 Easy there. Easy easy. It's not as simple as that. I'm comfortable in a leadership role but let's slide into this hot spring.

ROXIE

You want us to look at any sheets or just follow along.

BECKY

Whoa you chicks read music? Fuck what a loser I am. There are some pieces we've been playing with but wouldn't it make more sense for us to not rely on table scraps and make a feast as a new family instead?

MARI

The album is written if that's what you all mean.

CASSIE

Let's hit it? We're here for you. Whatever you need. Say the word.

BECKY

Sure there is an album. There is *some* music but maybe they're the problem? They're cursed. Done to death. We need the new sound. Show me what the kids are doing.

Akergirls just look at one another.

DOTTIE

What, just play?

BECKY

Could I have made myself any clearer *YES* play. If we're gonna be working together lets see what you've got.

There's tension. The Akergirls are afraid of being cast out and feel Becky's judgement lurking. They strap on guitars (no bass), Cassie gets to the drums and they launch into a super sweet sounding melodic screechy early 90s Riot Grrrl inspired song you could dance to, and indeed Becky does dance. Cassie sings from behind the drums while Roxie and Dottie bring harmonies and backing on the chorus. It's a fully collaborative song.

(the song is called 'Can't Wait' and has been written by Anika Pyle.)

AKERGIRLS

*Sweet tooth let it consume you
 You know you want to, you know you want to
 But baby I can't wait around for you
 Tell me what you think you're gonna do
 You know that I'm still in love with you
 But baby I can't wait around for you*

*I keep comin' round but you're not home
 I keep callin' you won't pick up the phone
 Am I such a fool to assume
 You think about me the way I think about you?
 You say it could change for just fade away
 But I feel the same have you fallen from grace?
 Yeah I'm here today but I can't wait around
 Won't wait around, can't wait around for you*

*So tell me what you think you're gonna do
 You know that my love will always be true
 But baby I can't wait around for you*

*I can't wait around, can't wait around,
 I can't wait around, I can't wait for you
 Can't wait around, I can't wait,
 Baby I can't wait for you
 Can't wait around for you*

It's great and runs like 90 seconds. Tight, fast and lovely. Becky dances like a maniac, bobbing her head like a bobblehead. Mari is feeling it, tapping her leg.

BECKY

SMOKIN'! I love it. Love love love.

Becky kisses Dottie, Roxie and Cassie in the weird way they are now used to. She is super affectionate and keeps her hands all over them while throwing her body on theirs.

(IN THE BOOTH YOU SEE KEITH AND HOWARD, WATCHING, DIGGING IT)

BECKY (CONT'D)

This is what its about my sisters. Who wrote it?

DOTTIE

(pointing one by one)
 Music, melody, lyrics.

BECKY

All of you? Brilliant. I've always longed for that connection but for some reason it never worked. I always did it all. By. Myself.

Akergirls look at Mari, who doesn't disagree but it's clear this credit hogging is a long time scab being picked at.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Oh sure Mari, your contributions have been *helpful*. But I'm talking about a ground up collaboration. I wish I could give it to you now but I know myself too well. Highway or her way.
(*thumbs at herself*)

CASSIE

We're here to jam. Back you up. Anything.

BECKY

See, that's what I need. Followers. Silent peons to worship at my feet.

Mari is being beaten down silently. Becky is fully aware of how much she is hurting her long time partner as she begins to prowl about the recording studio, moving like a spider, preparing to launch into a messy soliloquy.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Ladies ladies, what harmony you have found within one another! What spirit, shared, divided three ways. Alas. The rarest of things and not to be taken lightly. Capture it, my sisters, hold on to it and n-n-never release from the bond you share.

Dottie and Roxie share a loving look. This all pains Mari. Becky is showboating for the Akergirls and making her last ally feel terrible. During Becky's speech, we are on Mari's face as realization sets in.

MARI

Wise advise from a true original. Are you fucking kidding me? I hope you girlies don't buy this bullshit. You seem smart. Smarter than me, dumb ol' Mari. Grade A sucker, bought it hook line and sinker, fool me once, shame shame shame.

BECKY

Um sorry but what?

MARI

Who better than the great Becky
Something to dispel wisdom on the
value of others?

(MORE)

MARI (CONT'D)

Who does more to express appreciation and dedication to those who support?

BECKY

I support. It's not a two-a-day two way street darling.

MARI

A dead end, darling.

BECKY

Mari Mari Mari. Careful now. You're gonna offend our guests.

MARI

Sorry sorry sorry.

DOTTIE

We can leave? We don't wanna be flies on the wall. You sort this out alone.

BECKY

Now you've done it. Alienating the acolytes. Vanquish the venerating. Exile the exuberant. This is a blessed thing! The next. Hold them close, we should. Not expel them from our midst.

ROXIE

It's not expulsion---

BECKY

Quiet, all! This is important.

MARI

It always is. And then it's not.

Mari is cool as ice, calm, chill, slick. Eyes half open, dead tired of this. She keeps it together and begins to pace about, gathering her things: packing a bass into a travel bag. Ali leaving and Becky's togetherness monologue reveal what Mari repressed. She's pushed over the edge, finally.

BECKY

Run away! Flee flee. Big bad bossy Becky makes maudlin Mari mope. Get the bullshit outta here. It belongs, it belongs on fuckin' Mars!

*(in the style of Heavy
Metal Parking Lot)*

Mark pauses her exit. Turns to Dottie, Cassie and Roxie.

MARI

Enjoy it. It could be fun.

BECKY

Now *that's* the first logical thing
I've heard all day!

Mari exits with a final look back at Becky, who returns it not as Becky Something but as Rebecca Adamczyk.

BECKY (CONT'D)

(to Akergirls)

All I've ever asked is respect and if
you can't get that in the work place
then where can ya get it? You dig,
right?

Becky jumps on Cassie's back, piggy back style and starts whacking her with a drumstick like a pony.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Mush mush! Onward! Into the future.
The Akergirls, Dottie Cassie and
Roxie. The latest greatest girl
rockers found right here under a wing
of the eternal Becky Something. The
backing on the final Something She
record and a smash debut album
produced by none other than talent
finder and nurturer Becky herself. Ah
ha! On the wings of angels, a goddess
and three witches. Something Rotten
Crassie and O.Z.!

Becky jumps down, knocking herself and Cassie and some gear to the floor. Dottie and Roxie help Cassie. You can tell for them that in the past fifteen minutes, the luster has faded.

Becky has alienated those who the Akergirls believed to be true partners. The attitude on display fills them with dread.

ROXIE

Maybe we should come back. This
doesn't seem like the right time.

BECKY

Night time is the right time. Bed ways
is right ways. Tally ho!

DOTTIE

Not that we aren't knocked on our ass
flattered. We are.

BECKY

Then let the wild rumpus begin!

Becky grabs an electric guitar and poorly shreds: "Garbage Dump" by Charles Manson.

BECKY (CONT'D)

*Oh Garbage dump, oh garbage dump
Why are you called a garbage dump?
You could feed the world with my garbage dump
You could feed the world with my garbage dump*

CASSIE

Mari just left. We don't need to be here right now. We can give ya your space. Like, this must not be super easy? Us showing up when shits all going down.

BECKY

ERRRRR. Wrong. I am the heart and soul of the band. I mean hello I named it after myself. I found those girlies and they were not the first and they will not be the last. I put Something She together from the ashes of failed junk bands, wanting to put one out there in my own name like god spewing mankind. That's ancient history and so are those ungrateful wenches who suckled at the teet of success that I placed upon their mouths. All I ask, before the four of us embark on this journey, is that you show me honesty and I'll do the same. That is the pillar of my music so enough with this jibber jabber and let's rock.

(back to the Manson song)

That sums it up one big lump.

Becky is mile a minute, machine gun rat a tat fast. It's like reading billboards from a roller coaster. She keeps strumming her guitar, not well but not terribly either. The Akergirls look on, dazed.

DOTTIE

What should we do?

BECKY

Well for starters go into that booth
and wake those turds up and tell them
that its blast off to the stars we go
hit the fucking switch because the
circus is leaving town and it ain't
comin' back.

There's a silent pause where you can feel the Akergirls
deciding if they should do this or turn tail and go home.
Becky looks at them, aware of this indecision. She is static:
sweaty, messed up, total maniac. Trying to catch her breath,
nearly ten years of her life torpedoed in the last half hour.
It's in her eyes: she looks beyond vulnerable and scared.

DOTTIE

(half afraid)

We'll go get the rest of our gear.

BECKY

(like the Kool Aid Man)

OH YEAH!

We follow the Akergirls from behind as they walk into the
booth. Slow. Sheepish.

24 RECORDING STUDIO MIXING BOOTH - CONTINUOUS 24

Only Keith is in here and there is a quiet moment where
Dottie, Roxie and Cassie are alone. It's the first honest to
god silence we've had in ten minutes. Dottie and Roxie
embrace in the exact spot where Mari and Ali embraced at the
beginning of this act. They look through the glass at Becky.

She is actually focused, in real musician mode, tuning up and
getting ready.

The Akergirls are connected and know what one another are
thinking without saying it. They look like they sold their
souls to Satan. Keith points to the door; Cassie knocks it.
She opens it. Slowly.

25 RECORDING STUDIO HALLWAY 25

Cassie sticks her head into the hallway. She/we see Howard
talking to Mari. Face puffy and wet with tears. She wipes
them off both cheeks, looking cool.

Zero in on this tough, hard woman undone by her friend. She
left the studio a confident warrior, but it's all surface.

Dottie and Roxie look at her too and this tells them more about what they are dealing with than anything they've witnessed. It's silent. Howard pushes past the girls, leaving Mari to give one final look of warning.

MARI

You can't be fully acquainted with
Becky Something until you want her to
fuck off. Remember that.

She turns and walks away and we linger on the Akergirls, taking this omen to heart. One by one they file back in.

26 RECORDING STUDIO MIXING BOOTH

26

A moment of continued silence. Howard is, finally, uncharacteristically nervous. Focus on each Akergirl. Each has a silent beat to convey how excitement turned to shock to nervousness to unease to fear. It's hard for them.

All look through the glass at Becky. We zero in on her, closer, slowly creeping as she finds her fingers lapsing away from the guitar and snarls into the microphone, voice only.

27 RECORDING STUDIO

27

Half melodic. Half guttural. The messy but salvageable stuff you hear as the secret track at the end of a CD.

Eyes closed, into the mic, she's giving it her all and it's passionate and if this was her first record instead of possibly her last, maybe it would be raw enough to impress but as it is, it's just kind of sad. It's the end of the song she was playing at the beginning.

BECKY

*You look like you die, then apologize
But fuck it
I didn't mean to see this through.
And I'm back to the same shit I was
Drowning in mud
If I'm gonna be pulled down
Then I'm taking you with
And I'm back to the same shit.
I was drowning in mud
If I'm gonna be pulled down
Then I'm taking you with.*

Back on the Akergirls as this plays out. We zero in on them, letting the worried looks on their faces do all the talking.

END OF ACT TWO.

INTERLUDE #3 (3 YEARS BEFORE ACT 1)

GRAINY VHS HOME MOVIE FOOTAGE: Backstage at a club before a show. Becky seems nervous, aloof and distant. She is quietly standing away from Mari, Ali and her mother: ANIA. She has the faintest trace of an accent.

Ania is being friendly and hugging Mari and Ali.

ANIA

Girls girls! I'm so proud of you.

ALI

My mom would never ever ever come to a show.

ANIA

I never missed a show, a concert, a school play. Tell them Becky.

MARI

Basically you're our mom, too.

BECKY

Okay mom.

Ania goes to Becky and squeezes her face with love and joy.

ANIA

Oooh my baby's nervous! So nervous!

BECKY

Stop it mom!

She pushes Ania a little.

ANIA

You're so amazing. I'm so proud.

She laughs with Mari and Ali. But Becky's not laughing.

ACT THREE: RED/SHAKY HANDHELD

28

INT. ROCK CLUB

28

A modest club really full with the eager and anxious. A bird's eye, overhead shot shows how packed it is. Moving through the crowd, we zero in from above, on Danny pushing through the crowd to the backstage door. He is waved through by a bouncer.

The place glows red like Hell, which is what it feels like.

29 ROCK CLUB CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

29

DANNY

Have you seen Becky? Has she checked
in?

To everyone and no one, busy bodies in the corridor. People shake heads. He is agitated. This has gone on for a while, playing the waiting game and when you play the waiting game with Becky, you lose.

30 ROCK CLUB, BECKY'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

30

Danny's feeling of relief is denied when he finds only Ania.

ANIA

How's my grandbaby?

DANNY

She's home with Tiffany.

ANIA

You are great to that child.

DANNY

I couldn't do it alone.

ANIA

You did, when Rebecca left. Poor Daniel. Drawn into the family saga.

DANNY

Time for a new family. Life goes on.

ANIA

Hopefully, it does.

A pregnant pause. Contemplating: what if it doesn't.

DANNY

She's not here. Everybody's looking.

ANIA

What happened to my baby Rebecca. Did I do something that wrong? Oh Daniel. All we've put up with. For what?

DANNY

For love.

ANIA

Ah. Yes. For love.

A quiet beat and then a knock on the door. This sequence has a really rotten energy building, noise and motion growing more extreme. Things in the background, distance, hallway bump, fall and clatter. We're heading toward motion sick territory. The crowd sounds and venue noise and neon lights make this all feel pretty agitating.

It's just some RANDOM ROADIE who knocks.

RANDOM ROADIE
She in here?

Daniel and Ania shake heads. Roadie checks watch. Exhibits stress.

RANDOM ROADIE (CONT'D)
We're forty minutes behind. Venue's lights out at midnight.

DANNY
Don't set your watch to Becky time.

Roadie exits. Another moment of silence.

ANIA
What are we doing here? She won't perform.

DANNY
She has to.

ANIA
Has to? Why?

DANNY
Because I have a bad feeling that this is it for Becky.

ANIA
Opening a small venue with proteges? She's sold out arenas. Why do you fall for it.

DANNY
She cut the head off our life together. Swiftly and with no mercy. Apparently I'll never come to terms with that.

He picks up some forms.

DANNY (CONT'D)
She's way beyond what we agreed on for Tama.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

We've been trying to get her and these
in the same room for three months.

ANIA

Her lawyer quit. He called me.

DANNY

Her plan is to ignore all the people
suing her and hope they give up. Or
die.

Another knock on the now ajar door. It's Ali. She's had a
pretty slick makeover since Act 2 and looks calm, measured
and reasonable. She scans the room. No Becky.

ALI

Shoulda known.

She cheek kisses Danny and then goes to Ania for a hug.

ANIA

Alexandra, dear.

ALI

We fell for it didn't we.

DANNY

She'll be here.

ALI

Where do you find the faith?

DANNY

It's a curse. I'd kill to have none
and never be waiting.

ALI

Can't believe I got talked into this.

DANNY

She needs you.

ALI

Every bully needs a weak punching bag
to swing back for one more smack.

Ali goes to the mirror. Applies more lip gloss to her already
extreme and ready-to-go show look. She looks awesome with
pink eye shadow and glitter and feathery hair.

ALI (CONT'D)

Who gives a shit about the players,
right? They're just here for Becky.
What do I do? Quit and be nobody?

(MORE)

ALI (CONT'D)

I don't belong in this world. I used to play church basements. I was happy there. I never wanted shows as big as this. Poor Ali van der Wolff. Plucked from the underground. A footnote in the defining oral history of the era.

Silence falls after Ali's speech, delivered to the mirror.

DANNY

We all rely on her for something.

ALI

We rely on Miss Something for something. Fame, work, money, love support. Opportunity. The golden goose sprays golden piss in our faces.

ANIA

She's supported me for many years.

ALI

Me too. What a wretched feeling. As you know.

DANNY

She'll be here.

ALI

I envy envy envy that optimism. What's she ever done for you?

DANNY

She gave me our daughter.

ALI

She drop kicked Tama to your doorstep from a speeding tour bus. Don't confuse that with sainthood.

DANNY

It's not that simple. She wasn't ready.

ALI

Oh Danny boy. I wanna believe you. You see our list? Nobody. Not a soul could be bothered. Such is the end of the saga of Something She. Ignominious. Fitting. So let's go.

ANIA

I'm going to go talk to security.

Burst through the door: The Akergirls. You can tell in two seconds that tonight is their night because they are perfectly styled in the coolest, most influential way a rock band of girls in their early 20s.

You see on their faces, though: the Becky panic. Because this is a big show for them and the favor of letting Becky open has already blown up in their young faces.

ALI
She ain't here.

DOTTIE
Fuck fuck I fucking knew it.

ROXIE
She'll show.

DOTTIE
Just don't fucking talk to me okay?

DANNY
That's the spirit.

CASSIE
Hey, Dirtbag Danny! It's really you.

DANNY
Just Danny.

CASSIE
I taped your show *religiously* every night.

DANNY
No shit? I don't even have copies of the early years. You got some special stuff there.

ROXIE
(interjecting)
Anyway its just, this is like a big fuckin' deal for us and all.

ALI
Always is.

Nasty looks. Dottie won't look at Roxie. They've split, and it's created awkwardness between the whole band. They never speak, make eye contact, or get close. It's tense.

ALI (CONT'D)
Don't mind my trivializing your professional dilemma.
(MORE)

ALI (CONT'D)

I've been in your shoes more times than I can count.

DOTTIE

Give us a success ratio. Anything. I'm dying here. This is not okay. It's not okay! Like, there are rules, right? Like we've gotta stick to the plan and the plan is written in ink, right?

ALI

She'll be here. Might be any second...

Pause. All look at door. Nothing.

ALI (CONT'D)

Might be in two hours. Its real cool and all what you're doing for Becky. And me, I guess. Beck's not used to not headlining. She forgets that nobody waits for the opener.

CASSIE

We figured with all the people here for us--

ALI

Because there's industry in the room Becky would take this ten percent more seriously? Tried that one. If she *didn't* know about all that, maybe she'd be here.

ROXIE

What do we do.

ALI

Vocal warm up? I dunno what your pre show is. You wanna jam?

DOTTIE

This is beyond me. Find me when the nightmare's over.

Dottie storms out, shooting daggers at mostly Roxie.

CASSIE

She's under a lotta pressure. We all are.

ROXIE

And shit's wobbly with us right now. There's heartbreak afoot.

ALI

Wiser folks tried and failed. But hey I signed the contracts for today so if she don't show you can sue her too. I think that'll be a baker's dozen.

ROXIE

(to Danny and Ania)

Sorry. I'm Roxie. That was Dottie and this is Cassie.

ANIA

Thank you for giving her this chance. She doesn't make it easy.

CASSIE

She'd do it for us. Already did, actually.

DANNY

How'd you repay her? By fucking it all up?

Silence. Knowing.

DANNY (CONT'D)

She'll be here. The pattern is: disappear, leave you hanging, make you miserable and come back when she's out of options.

Ania takes Danny's response in. She chuckles.

CASSIE

My mom wouldn't step foot in a place like this.

ANIA

I'm not here to watch Becky inflict pain on others. There's been enough of that to last lifetimes. I'm here because she needs me.

Another silence. The energy in this room is tense and there keep being sounds in the hallway that make people jump, thinking it's Becky. Howard enters.

HOWARD

Nothing?

ALI

Nada.

HOWARD

Well this is great. That's it. I'm done. It's over. She's cost me a house. Half my company. Can you accuse me of not trying hard enough? Did I not present opportunity after opportunity? And this is how it ends.
(sees Ania)
Forgive me, Ania. Lovely to see you.

ANIA

I know it, you know it.

Howard checks his watch. Looks at Cassie and Roxie.

HOWARD

Does it even matter how much longer we wait?

CASSIE

We were supposed to start five minutes ago so as of now, we're going on hour two of a sold out crowd waiting for something to happen.

HOWARD

I'm deeply sorry. If I'd known---

Cassie and Roxie shake their heads.

You can hear it. Building outside this room. The tremble of noise, anticipation growing louder.

(BACK TO THE OVERHEAD SHOT OF THE CROWD. IT'S READY TO POP.)

Howard and co. listen like it's a Godzilla attack. Eyes wide, open, alarmed for how much longer they can survive in here.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Give her ten more minutes. No. Five. Then it's over.

(to Ali)

I'm sorry. You know nobody wants this night to go off more than me.

ALI

Wanna flip for it? I don't suppose there's any benefit in an Ali van der Wolff acoustic solo set.

HOWARD

At this point any one on stage but Becky will make matters worse.

ALI
Figured as much.

ROXIE
So wise, are you.

Ali puts her hands together and bows to them.

ROXIE (CONT'D)
So what now?

Just then, they hear it. The crowd is going wild over something. Something is happening. (pun intended).

(OVERHEAD SHOT OF VENUE: EVERYBODY IS ERUPTING. IT'S HAPPENING.)

The following utterance is of both relief and inevitability:

ALI
She's here.

31 ROCK CLUB CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

31

Roxie, Cassie, Danny, Howard, Ania and Ali exit the dressing room.

Procession down the hall, one after the other, closer to the stage. The further they walk, the more things change.

The energy is stepping up a notch. There's cheering, yelling, chanting coming through the walls and the looks on our character's faces are equal parts fear and curiosity.

The ph balance of the building shifts, the temperature drops. Our group gathers for the oncoming storm and focus shifts to Ania, speaking to nobody, sadness and worry in her voice.

ANIA
I wanted the best for my baby girl.
Music lessons. Rides to concerts. She
played guitar in our church.

In like a tornado comes Becky and if she knows she's two hours late, she shows no sign. Her appearance backstage fades out the cheers and applause as she exits the venue.

A corridor where each open door offers a different sliver of high contrast, neon light. Becky is riding high as she walks towards her throng of dependents chanting and clapping.

BECKY

*Dem bones dem bones dem dry bones
Dem bones dem bones dem dry bones
Dem bones dem bones gonna walk around
Dem bones dem bones gonna walk around
Now hear the word of the lord
Disconnecting dem bones, dem dry
bones...*

She has an entourage in tow: Ya-Ema, looking dark and controlling and a documentary camera/boom mic crew of two. Sad looking, down and out but they create some sense of heightened attention to what is otherwise not important.

Becky wears an open leather jacket with just a pink bra underneath and the words '**OLD SCRATCH**' scrawled on her torso. Her hair is huge, very 80s metal. Her makeup is theatrical.

Because of the video camera, Becky plays everything up to the Nth degree in an effort to put on a good performance. It's insufferable. She talks to the video camera, via to other people who are not listening. Rather than saying hello to her mother, she is on lap three already.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Ding dong the bitch is back. Who missed me show of hands?

Howard pounces.

HOWARD

Two. Hours!

BECKY

*Two. Minutes. To midniiiight!
(Iron Maiden song)*

You're actually suing me, right? Or was that somebody else. I'll see you in court. Your honor. Is it a crime in this country to prefer the witching hour? I was born with an internal clock. The doctor left it inside me ha haaaa!! I call to the stand my mother, Mrs. Ania Adamczyk nee Smolinska. Mrs. Adamczyk, do you swear solemnly that your daughter was born with a rare neurological condition which renders the passage of time an enforced illusion of the external world?

(as herself)

Judge, please. I just can't seem to get goin' until later at night. You think I want to be late?

(MORE)

BECKY (CONT'D)

There's people deserve a show and you have no idea the hell I've been through because I'm wishing there is any way on earth I could get going but just knowing I'm not going to make it. Promise me momma. When I die, have the coffin arrive half an hour late and written on the side in gold letters are the words 'sorry for the delay.' Ha HA!

Oof. A terrible silence because, due to everything about Becky, the idea of her dying before her mother feels so real and perhaps inevitable. Everyone has been swept back away from the stage into the dressing room again.

32

ROCK CLUB, BECKY'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

32

It's jam packed. Insanity, people moving everywhere to avoid bumping into others. Ya-Ema has dropped to his knees and wraps Becky's ankles and places crystals from a bag on each of her legs and feet and is lighting little sticks by her feet in some odd purification ritual.

It's pretty nutso looking and Becky's camera gets it all, including an increasingly despondent Danny and Ania.

ANIA

(tears in her eyes)

Rebecca. My sweet Rebecca.

BECKY

Mommmmmmm, you're embarrassing me in front of my friends. I told you to wait in the car. They're making a *movie* and I want them to see the real me so ix-nay on the ebecca-Ray.

ANIA

How can you inflict such pain?

Becky looks at Ania and for a moment, the clouds of her mind clear and her eyes change and if it's remotely clear to anybody what she is thinking, they don't let on.

BECKY

Fuckin' stop it with the dramatics, mom! I haven't seen you in months and you lay this down?

Danny and Becky study one another, a major look passing. Becky looks at Ania, whose hands now reveal an envelope from her pocket.

ANIA

Don't be ungrateful. Tell me you know
I was always there.

BECKY

You get a pass. You did your time in
the trenches but you were alone. Don't
you remember how alone you always
were? You remember how you were always
always alone.

ANIA

Your father wanted me to give you this
letter.

BECKY

Great throw it in the trash! Where was
he fifteen years ago when I was nobody
but his daughter?

Becky grabs the envelope and tosses it.

ROXIE

We should go.

BECKY

How's married life, Dirtbag? Give my
best to Tiffany.

CASSIE

This is none of our business.

BECKY

Stay babes. Your loyalty will be
rewarded. That's how it works. Isn't
that right, Ali?

She pronounces it like Muhammad "Ali." Ah-lee.

ALI

Funny, I didn't know you saw me here.

BECKY

Kid, your energy is so foul I could
see you in the dark.

Ania losing her composure. She came in here, brave and
confident, but as usual, Becky is breaking her. She stands by
Danny silently asking for and receiving support from him.

ANIA

(quietly, to Danny)
Oh Daniel. Why?

Ya-Ema, clearing Becky's aura, gives Ali a mean glance. She ignores it, and Becky's rude remark. Taking the high road.

ALI

You ready to rock?

BECKY

I was born ready. Doesn't everybody know that by now? You think I need to warm up like some mere mortal? *I don't think so, Tim.* Would I have stepped foot in this joint if I wasn't ready for a double-V victory and if that means a great show two hours later than a crummy one people can thank me later alligator.

(to Roxie/Cassie)

Children, join me in the sacred circle of spiritual cleanse. Where's the third member of your coven?

(screaming)

DOTTIE O.Z. you your butt in here this instant you are guh-rounded!

(to Ania/Danny)

How'm I doing mom? Mother of the year over here, ya dig!

Ania steps away from Becky, unwilling to play this game.

Dottie runs in, frantic. Surveys Becky, seated with wraps and crystals, smoke around her, everybody else buzzing nervously around, Danny and Ania moving away, Cassie and Roxie in shock. The video camera whips to get her entrance.

DOTTIE

Finally.

BECKY

Girls, gather round. Join the circle of energy. Anybody who does not to be here you can leave or avert your gaze.

(to video camera)

Not you.

Becky closes her eyes. Ali and the Akergirls do the same.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Dear goddess of creativity and positivity, Becky here. How's it going? I'm speaking to you tonight not only on behalf of myself but also my little sisters Dottie O.Z., Cassie Crassy and Roxie Rotten.

(MORE)

BECKY (CONT'D)

This is a big night for them so let's take care of Akergirls. They're swell kids and deserve the best.

She pauses. The energy shifts and people sense something. Ali leans in, alarmed, like Becky is about to drift away. Becky's breathing changes and it's really weird.

BECKY (CONT'D)

As for me. Lady, if you're listening still, I need this. I need this bad. This is it for ol' Beckster. I'm gonna need your help here because the last train is leaving the station and if I'm not on it when the whistle blows, that's it for me. Lights out. Last call. Soup's cold. Ice cream's melting. Beer's warm. Yuck. Let's rally, one more time, then you can take that soul I promised you.

Danny shuffles, alarmed, when she says this. Becky stops the prayer. Everybody is silent. The doubt of Howard and Ali about her not grasping the importance of tonight is gone.

Maybe Becky was late because she actually wants to make this perfect. Maybe she is all clear headed and aware of herself, finally. Becky looks right at the video camera.

BECKY (CONT'D)

You get it? Perfect. Start with that it'll be fucking phenomenal now let's burn this fucker down for the big finish.

She jumps and crystals fall and she lands with jazz hands when saying 'big finish.' The room is in shock.

HOWARD

Let me...let me go tell them you're ready.

He exits and Becky is gone. You see her ducking into the bathroom and slamming the door. Danny looks at Ali, sad. Junkie ducking into the bathroom...bad news.

DANNY

Another poor decision. I'm leaving. Make sure she takes these.

He throws down legal forms.

ANIA

I'll join you, in a moment.

ALI

You're not gonna watch the show?

ANIA

I don't want to see what happens next.
But I have one thing to say to my
daughter.

Danny kisses Ali on the cheek.

DANNY

I'm sorry things turned out this way.

ALI

You and me both, Danny boy. You know
I'm always rootin' for ya.

DANNY

The legal stuff was meant to light a
fire under her ass.

ALI

Joan of Arc she ain't. Flames or not.
Go home. We'll talk tomorrow.

Both look at the bathroom door. There's an unspoken thing
here but Ali's going to speak it. She holds back tears.

ALI (CONT'D)

Hopefully not sooner.

(pause)

Love you, Dan-O.

She blows him a kiss. Danny exits. It's Ali, Ania, Ya-Ema and
the Akergirls now. Ania picks up the letter she brought and
holds it in her hands.

CASSIE

She gonna be okay?

ANIA

(utmost certainty)

No she's not..

Ya-Ema prepares a spiritual area for Becky to be in when she
gets out, placing mystical objects carefully. The video
camera is getting close on all of it.

ALI

I know that you need to listen to an
old has been like me but you're gonna
kill it tonight. And after tonight.
Please love one another.

Zero in on the Akergirls. This is all about the people around Becky and how she affects them. We stay on the Akergirls and it's clear, following Act 2, that they are through the looking glass with Becky. Now they want to tell her to fuck off.

There's silent sadness among the Akergirls. They watch Ali and Ania walk to Becky's bathroom and they exit, giving them privacy. A quiet moment in a story light on them.

33 ROCK CLUB CORRIDOR/AKERGIRLS DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 33

Follow the Akergirls to their dressing room. More orderly and less intense than the one we just left. Silent. They look in their mirrors, grab a water, a cigarette. They start lighting candles around a small table on the floor. Finally:

DOTTIE

Is there something we should do?

CASSIE

(real shook up, still)
What else can we do.

ROXIE

We shouldn't have asked her to play.
She's not straight.

DOTTIE

We gave her a chance. That's only right.

ROXIE

Kill your idols.

CASSIE

Give em enough rope and they'll do it themselves.

The girls take hands and close their eyes, ready to lapse into a mystical seance which is their tradition before shows.

34 ROCK CLUB, BECKY'S DRESSING ROOM - THAT SAME MOMENT 34

Ali and Ania lean on the door. We are close to Ali, close enough to see the tears and anxiety on her face. Talking to a wall. No better metaphor for dealing with Becky.

ALI

I didn't want it to be like this. Why did you make it have to be like this?
I blame you, Beck. You found me.

(MORE)

ALI (CONT'D)

You invited me. I never wanted any of it. I only wanted to rock with you and Mari. Not all this.

The door opens. Becky is glassy eyed, doped up. She looks like a tranquilized animal. In a way, she is. She looks at Ania, holding the letter she brought.

BECKY

What the fuck is that still doing here?

ANIA

He has things he wants to say to you. I see no harm in that. Do you understand forgiveness? Can you understand regret?

BECKY

You weak stupid wimp. After everything he has put us through. I uses to look up to you.

Ania is gutted. She is in agony, as usual, because of Becky.

ANIA

I always hoped you were better than this. Deep down I knew you weren't. You're more like your father than you'll ever know.

Ania takes the letter and grabs Becky's hand, shoving it in. The forcefulness of Ania's negativity momentarily stuns Becky silent, static, stunned. (So this is where she gets it...)

Ania exits quickly as the letter falls to the floor. Ali picks the letter up but Becky grabs at it and they become attached. Becky has slipped into a trance.

BECKY

Destroy it!!

They struggle for control of the paper as it tears in their hands.

ALI

Stop...Beck...stop...

She takes Ali by the face and squeezes her head hard, the pain is real and they fall to the floor and Becky begins chanting/yelling.

BECKY

Negative forces! I cast you out! Be gone from here and wipe this room of evil. Let in the light and forsake the darkness.

They are rolling on the ground and Becky doesn't let go. Ali grabs for stuff, lamps and tapestries and furniture and around them the entire room crumbles and collapses inward. Ya-Ema watches silently and the video camera gets it all.

ALI

You're hurting me--

Becky has a hand on Ali's throat as well as her forehead. She is out of her mind hallucinating.

BECKY

Demon, speak not to me. To hear your words is to open myself to your trickery.

She puts her hand over Ali's mouth and Ali continues to struggle to protect herself.

ALI

Beckpthhhh sttttppp

Becky takes a glass bottle, breaks it and brandishes with her free hand. We go close to see the abject terror and uncertainty in Ali's eyes.

BECKY

I've fought you in eleven other lives and in eleven other lives you've destroyed me. I've seen the faces you've used and my demise at your hands across the centuries. Now at last I've looked across time and I see how to defeat those who will see me destroyed!

Becky is scratching herself and Ali with the glass. Red marks and pricks of blood are forming. Ali tries to yell for help but she is out of breath. It's not loud enough and she makes direct eye contact with Ya-Ema who stands with folded hands and will not move a finger to help and the camera crew, filming and not helping.

BECKY (CONT'D)

For the first time I have the power to do what must be done and for the last time we struggle.

(MORE)

BECKY (CONT'D)

Alight in me, eternal powerful
goddesses and give me the strength to
vanquish my enemies once and for all.
On battlefields and at the stake.

Ali somehow gets free, knocks Becky in the face. Bloody nose. Her weapon falls and the blood runs down her exposed chest under the jacket.

Ali stumbles to the door, heaves at it, tears it open and screams as loud as she can.

ALI

HELP HELP SOMEBODY HELP.

She turns around. Becky is standing in front of Ya-Ema, laughing. A crazed look on her face like 'can't you take a joke' but because her nose is bloody and she has OLD SCRATCH written on her sweaty, bloody torso and all the rest, she looks truly dangerous.

The two old friends stare at one another across the trashed room, bloody, out of breath, frenzied. Becky's stupid insane smile is infuriating.

BECKY

THE ARISTOCRATS!

And she laughs for a few seconds before losing her balance and steadying herself on a chair just as Howard rushes in with a big security guard. They are prepared for an OD so when they rush in are surprised to see Becky has the upper hand, survey the mess and injuries and Ali looks the most afraid.

Security goes to Becky to restrain her and even though he is 6'4" and 300 pounds she puts up a hell of a fight. She claws and kicks and is lifted off the ground but lands a few blows.

BECKY (CONT'D)

(faux 1930s moll voice)

I don't give a rat's! Put me in the
slammer. I'll be back on the streets
by noon. There's no clink in the world
that can hold the likesa me.

SECURITY GUARD

Miss, shut your mouth and stop
attacking me please.

BECKY

Who's afraid of the big bad wolf! I'm
afraid of the van der Wolff! Ali! Back
me up here. Ah I don't get no respect
at all.

Becky bites the security guard and is able to get free. She grabs the glass bottle again and points it at him. The guard lunges forward and she slices his arm. It's bleeding and he kicks her, pretty hard, to get her to drop the weapon and finally pins her against a wall and puts handcuffs on her.

Like a rabid dog, Becky barks and tries to bite people but never stops looking happy, grinning, smiling because somehow it hasn't sunk in yet that this isn't a game. She barks and snarls right at the video camera lens.

Off to the side, Ali is regaining herself and cleaning wounds and standing in the doorway, which we haven't seen until now, are the Akergirls, watching Becky bite and snarl.

The documentary crew is getting it all. Becky, fallen to floor, handcuffed, bleeding, looks up at her audience with delight and joy. There's a physical fight in her body because the adrenaline is wearing off and it's fighting the drugs and she is starting to get wobbly.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I confess. It was me! I robbed the savings and loan and I shot the sheriff and I fought the law and the law won. Now when do I get my lousy phone call?

Speechless. Turn to Howard and Ali, still composing herself. The Akergirls are truly shocked.

HOWARD

(to Ali)

Can you...anything?

ALI

No. It's over.

Ali wipes the blood off her neck and lip and throws the cloth in Becky's face. Pauses. She's thinking about hitting or spitting on Becky. Instead she turns to leave. Silent. Humiliated. Battered. It somehow hits Becky.

BECKY

Hey. Hey! Sorry I messed up your pretty face.

Nobody is listening. Becky stands to run, chase after Ali.

Ali is already gone, somehow. Becky turns side to side but is being pursued by the video camera, Howard and security.

She runs to a door and throws her body at it. It opens. It's the wrong door. The door Danny entered backstage from at the start of this act. She is somehow in the middle of the venue.

36 ROCK CLUB, FLOOR AREA - CONTINUOUS

36

Bloody, shackled, people turn to look because the light on top of the video camera draws attention. Cheering and applause start, as though it is all part of the act.

The crowd throbs as Becky pushes through it, parting for her like the Ten Commandments Red Sea. She is given a clear path to the stage as people chant her name.

CROWD
BECKY! BECKY! BECKY!

The crowd closes, swallowing up Howard. The Akergirls stay in the door, not entering the floor space. This is crazy, shaky, hazardous looking stuff. Flashing red lights and yelling and screaming abound. The Akergirls know to fall back.

37 ROCK CLUB, THE STAGE - CONTINUOUS

37

Becky feebly climbs up which is hard without hands. The sweat is mixing with blood and the OLD SCRATCH marker writing so she's pretty colorful. Her white pants are tie dyed looking.

CROWD
BECKY! BECKY! BECKY!

She leans to the mic.

BECKY
BECKY! BECKY! BECKY!

This goes on for several seconds as the crowd slowly stops, sensing that this isn't an act and they are actually witnessing the actions of a damaged and troubled woman.

The camera crew is at the foot of the stage, getting it all.

Security climbs to the stage. Becky slips away from him and grabs the mic.

BECKY (CONT'D)
D'ya ever get the feeling you're being followed?

Muted but loud cheers. Becky, clutching the mic and being grabbed at by security, launches into an epic rant that, no matter how hard she is being chased, doesn't stop.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I've been back through the ages of earth and I've witnessed centuries of conflict. I regressed to the moment of conception and watched myself being born. That's why I'm leaving now. When I needed it, nobody ever put a hand on my back and told me it was gonna be alright dude. It's the little things.

Security senses she isn't a threat but is still holding her, or at least blocking her from going anywhere and she's stumbling, backed up against the speakers with nowhere to go.

Faint response. People are alarmed. Becky is fading.

She takes a guitar and tries to play but it's impossible with her hands cuffed and she spins the guitar, falls hard off the stage into the equipment area and people rush to her, huddle around and she's clutching the guitar which broke her fall.

Feedback starts to wail.

Becky isn't laughing or talking. She looks up at people, her eyes like a dying animal and she looks like someone waking up from amnesia and finally understanding where she is. A little girl, lost and afraid. She reacts with shaky fear.

Feedback is still wailing and the video camera is in her face and flash photos are going off and security is trying to pick her up but she's like a protestor, heavy and inert.

He lifts Becky, guitar and all. She's dead weight as she is carried through the venue to the exit, toward a police car whose sirens we can already hear and whose red/blue flashing lights get brighter the further he walks. The look on her face is fear and panic. Like she just woke up here and doesn't know what is happening. Her energy dangerously alive.

Feedback is still wailing, fading away from the stage. Becky looks at the faces of the Akergirls as she passes. They are next to Howard and Becky is all bloody and weak.

BECKY (CONT'D)

(quiet, pause before, a
big sense of ceremony)

Sometimes I don't even own myself.
Mom?

With that, she stares, eyes wide open as if trying to process a world, a realm of reality she doesn't comprehend and is carried in the arms of security out the door into the waiting, wailing bright lights of oblivion.

People look around, back at the stage. They see The Akergirls and Howard off to the side. There is still feedback which Dottie puts a stop to as Howard draws the club's little curtain down, concealing them from view.

END OF ACT THREE.

INTERLUDE #4 (1 1/2 YEARS BEFORE ACT 1)

GRAINY VHS HOME MOVIE FOOTAGE: Backyard of Becky's new house. It's nice and has a pool. Becky, in a pool chair, holds a 6-week old Tama. She is smoking a cigarette and dozing.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I wanna stay home with my baby. No tour. No record. I like it here.

Danny shows up, around the corner. He looks confused about why a camera is there. Becky doesn't look up at him.

DANNY

Oh. I see. You ready for me to take her home?

BECKY

Take her. Take her. I'm so tired.

ACT FOUR: BEIGE/SUPER STATIC UNMOVING TABLEAUS

38

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

38

Soft, breeze blown curtains. A big, empty, isolated, somewhat dilapidated house with windows open. Glowing, soft light is everywhere and this looks like a cartoon idea of heaven, contrasting with the red hell we just left behind of Act 3.

Becky is dwarfed by the huge space. Paint is chipped and peeling, floorboards warped and scuffed. She bought a fixer upper and will never fix it up.

This is going to be slow, static, locked off. (So even though this is half the page length of other acts, it'll be roughly the same amount of time.)

The camera never moves and seldom cuts. Becky's life is immobile now. She's in a thin, soft sweater over a tattered old Evergreen College shirt. Beyond natural. No makeup. Soft clean hair. The mask of theatricality is no more. Looking at her, you'd almost think she'd been lobotomized.

Becky Something doesn't live here. Just Rebecca Adamczyk.

The tea kettle boils and whistles in the kitchen.

39 COUNTRY HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

39

Becky oozes out of a stupor and floats like a ghost to the kitchen. It has signs of detox: dozens of lemons, ginger, jugs of expensive water. This is all **slow**: feel time passing.

Becky pours the water and marks a tally on what is obviously a sobriety calendar: it's approaching a full year.

She borders on catatonic and the silence here at this point in our story is extreme and shocking as anything. We've heard nearly two minutes of it which is one minute fifty seconds more than we ever heard so far. It's haunting and you should think that Becky is dead, this is the afterlife, and this story is going someplace unexpected.

From where her tea steeps, Becky sees a car pull up. She turns away and prepares to have to see somebody.

40 COUNTRY HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

40

Walking through a room with a bunch of South American religious artifacts, crystals, new age stuff and a pin ball machine, Becky sits and waits for the knock on the door.

Danny enters with Tama. He looks pretty sharp, hair a bit cleaner, clothes more sophisticated. Tama is now four and a half. She doesn't seem comfortable here, since the place is so empty and not homey.

The tea is in her hand and the silence is broken by the tea timer ringing. She removes the tea basket and, though it is dripping, puts it on a table with no dish.

Becky and Tama look at each other for a moment. Becky's stoic face finally changes into a smile.

BECKY

(horse voice, weird
sounding)

Baby.

TAMA

Mommy.

They hug. Becky swallows her tragedy because the pain of confronting the reality of how bad she fucked up kills her.

BECKY

Momma missed you.

TAMA

I missed momma.

Becky is dying inside. This is agony.

DANNY

Kiddo, mom and dad need to talk. Do you want to play pinball?

TAMA

Yeah okay!

There is already a Tama stool by the machine for her monthly visits. She begins to play. The game noises are soft and fading as Becky and Danny walk to another big, sparse room.

41 COUNTRY HOUSE, MUSIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

41

This one is full of instruments and simple, vintage recording gear to prove that Becky is still active. Like the other rooms, it has big open windows and feels quiet and soft and in addition to pinball, you hear birds and bugs and wind.

Becky cannot make eye contact with Danny, ashamed and full of self loathing. But she isn't fully broken. Always, embers of danger are within her, and the threat is there.

You see it on Danny's face. He isn't sure she can stay sober forever, but is impressed as this is the longest she has gone. This year came after a relapse or two. It's about sixteen months since Act 3.

Becky, in recovering addict mode, can feel people looking for cracks when they are with her. It feels awful. She holds her tea in both hands, like it will shield her.

DANNY

You look good.

BECKY

Bullshitter.

Silence.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I have a year next week.

DANNY

I know. That's really great.

Silence.

DANNY (CONT'D)

She's been asking about you all the time.

BECKY
She misses me?

DANNY
She doesn't really know you.

Immediately, this makes Becky choke up, but no tears. She's too isolated from her emotions for tears.

DANNY (CONT'D)
She has no memory of living with you.

Becky pauses, composes herself.

BECKY
I had this dream. We were brothers in a past life and we were Native American. You killed all the children in our tribe. And that's why I was so horrible to you in this life.

Danny cannot fathom a response to this. He reaches into a bag and hands her legal looking documents.

DANNY
Before I forget.

Becky takes it and tosses onto a table without studying.

DANNY (CONT'D)
You need to look at those.

BECKY
I will.

DANNY
Today. I'm taking them back with me.

BECKY
Does it make a difference.

DANNY
Yes. It does.

BECKY
Including you, do you know how many lawsuits I have against me?

DANNY
Yes. I do.

BECKY
Care to say it out loud.

DANNY

Would it make a difference?

BECKY

Settling with M and A. Child support.
Breach of contract. *Contracts*.
Promoters. Howard. I've lost track.

DANNY

Don't lump us in with all of that.

Pinball noises. A reminder of Tama.

BECKY

There's nothing left. They gave me my
band name in exchange for publishing.
I don't own my own music. I'm broke. I
can't give you anything.

DANNY

I don't want you to sell the house.
But I need to know half of whatever
dollars you find go to Tama.

BECKY

I can't leave this house. I can't go
back into the world.

A moment of silence. She sips her tea. Becky seems afraid.
She talks of leaving the house like she is in a horror movie.

DANNY

Mari's here.

BECKY

Excuse me what?

DANNY

She drove up with me.

BECKY

You shouldn't have done that.

DANNY

It's okay. She just wants to talk.

BECKY

She took everything I built.

DANNY

She didn't take it. You lost it. And
besides you built it together.

BECKY
 (thinking)
 I can't see her like this.

DANNY
 She's seen worse.

BECKY
 Why did you do it. Why did you bring
 her?

DANNY
 She's sober too. She's been through
 it. She understands.

Becky looks out the window and sees Mari waiting by the car.
 Holding a gift. At least bringing her in ends this talk.

BECKY
 I need a minute. Go get her and count
 to a hundred.

Danny stands, exits. We stay on Becky, stiff, thinking. After
 a moment, Tama comes running in.

TAMA
 Momma? I lost my three balls.

Becky picks her up, standing herself.

BECKY
 Oof. You're getting big, kiddo. What's
 daddy feeding you?

TAMA
 Chicken fingers and fish fingers.

BECKY
 Yum. I wish I had some of those.

TAMA
 And noodles.

BECKY
 Oh boy. Well I don't know if have any
 of that but if you're not too big
 maybe we can can you peanut butter and
 jelly if that's okay.

TAMA
 'eanut butter!

BECKY
 Alright alright!

It's fun and shocking for this normal mom/kid moment. Becky puts Tama down. Tama runs to the piano and taps keys.

BECKY (CONT'D)
Careful baby.

Becky is finding herself choked up by this all. It's coming to the surface and she is trying to keep it inside, sort of.

TAMA
Play me a song mommy.

BECKY
(she sits on piano bench)
What kind of a song?

TAMA
A song that reminds you of me.

Static. Still, from far away: we see the two of them, Becky, posed and ready at the piano. She rolls her head back.

BECKY
A song that makes *me* think of *you*.
Hrmmm...okay. You ready?

TAMA
Ready-o!

And just for this moment, it's too bad that Becky has an audience of one because what she is about to deliver is the most achingly beautiful, soul-deep performance of maybe her entire life. And if she were to be playing this for an audience of 10,000, there wouldn't be a dry eye in the house.

It's deep, tender, emotional. From a place deep within herself where the pure love lives. The love so deep it was protected from all the drugs, pain and misery she caused herself and others. It's closer to a hymn, filling up a church with tones of reverie and spiritual meaning and the reason she can muster all that is because it's all for Tama.

One of the best songs ever written: HEAVEN by Bryan Adams.

BECKY
This next one's a cover.

Piano keys tap out the sublime first notes of the song. Wind up to lyrics. Bum da bum bum bum. Bum da bum bum bum.

BECKY (CONT'D)
Oh thinking about all our younger years
There was only you and me
We were young and wild and free
(MORE)

BECKY (CONT'D)

*Now nothing can take you away from me
We've been down that road before, but
that's over now.
You keep me coming back for more.*

*Baby you're all that I want.
When you're lying here in my arms.
I'm finding it hard to believe.
We're in heaven.
And love is all that I need.
And I found it there in your heart.
It isn't too hard to see.
We're in heaven.*

*Oh once in your life you find someone.
Who will turn your world around.
Bring you up when you're feeling down.
Yeah nothing can change what you mean to me.
There's lots that I could say.
But just hold me now.
Cause our love will light the way.*

(Tama holds onto Becky now, arms around her waist.)

*Baby you're all that I want.
When you're lying here in my arms. I'm
finding it hard to believe.
We're in heaven.
Yeah love is all that I need.
And I found it there in your heart.
It isn't too hard to see. We're in heaven.*

*I've been waiting for so long.
For something to arrive.
For love to come along.
Now our dreams are coming true.
Through the good times and the bad.
Yeah I'll be standing there by you.*

*And baby you're all that I want. When
you're lying here in my arms. I'm
finding it hard to believe.
We're in heaven.
And love is all that I need.
And I found it there in your heart. It
wasn't too hard to see.
We're in heaven.*

One shot. This is the most amazing performance of Heaven by Bryan Adams that you have ever heard or will ever hear.

The emotion is unfathomable. Becky has never given anything as much as she is giving this.

Tama loves it, bobs her head the whole time and when the song ends and we finally cut to see Danny and Mari standing in the door, he looks like he's never seen anything like this and Mari just saw for the first time in a decade the Becky she first knew and Mari, like every viewer watching this scene, is crying right now.

Becky kisses Tama. She heard them come in and knew they were there the whole time. She doesn't turn to face them.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Hey M.

MARI

(swallowing a lump)

Hey B.

The room opens up when Becky takes Tama in her lap and turns.

TAMA

Aunt Mari did you hear? Mom sang a song just for me.

MARI

Yeah. I heard.

TAMA

You should sing for me too sometime.

MARI

I will. Promise.

Danny is moved. This represents a total change in Becky.

MARI (CONT'D)

Been playing anything else?

BECKY

Uh huh. You wanna hear?

MARI

Yeah. I do.

DANNY

Sweetie, why don't you come fix lunch with daddy?

TAMA

Mom said she'd make me a sandwich.

BECKY

Dad can get this one. I'll make the next one.

TAMA

Okay momma but you have to make the next one.

Tama kisses Becky and runs to Danny, who swoops her up. He looks at Becky and Mari, knowing they should be alone. He exits.

Mari and Becky feel it out. They haven't seen one another in coming up on three years.

MARI

She's so beautiful.

BECKY

I lost so much time with her.

MARI

She's lucky to have you back.

BECKY

I had a vision of you holding her at my funeral. I saw you and Danny, holding her hands and I was so happy that you were godmother. I've seen my death a dozen times in a dozen different ways. In every vision I'm surrounded by people. I never die alone.

MARI

You're alone now. You should leave this place.

BECKY

There's an ache in my bones.

Mari takes a minute. This is a crushing thing to respond to. She sits down near the piano. Puts the present she has been holding down. Becky looks at it, devoid of curiosity.

MARI

It's from Howard.

BECKY

Thanks Howard. How's he doing?

MARI

Well, actually. The Akergirls hit big. Their new stuff isn't my cup of tea but they've done well for him. He'd love to see you.

Becky squirms. Wants to change the subject.

BECKY

Thank you for taking my call. Back then. You didn't have to.

MARI

I was always the bigger person.

BECKY

Ali didn't.

MARI

You never tried to stab me. Except in the back. Which you did.

BECKY

How's she been?

MARI

Good. She just put out an album with her husband. It's kinda great.

BECKY

Husband?

MARI

Roy. They're amazing together.

BECKY

I should get a copy.

MARI

Mine's out in the car.

BECKY

I'll buy my own.

MARI

I don't think she's mad at you anymore. I don't think I'm mad at you anymore either. You were horrible. But it never made me not love you.

Becky nods. Insulted, but Mari had to get it out.

MARI (CONT'D)

Lauren's seven months pregnant.

BECKY

Danny told me. That's rad. I'm happy for you.

(pause)

You'll be a really good mom.

Silence. This is getting harder, not easier.

MARI
You ever jam?

BECKY
Alone. A lot.

MARI
You wanna?

Nobody has offered Becky this much of an inch of opportunity in years. It's major for her and you see it in her eyes. She tries to downplay how much it means to be given a shot.

BECKY
Sure. You wanna hear some stuff?

MARI
(equally downplaying)
Sure.

For a moment, it's almost old times. Sisterhood and creative energy between them. Becky goes to the reel to reel she has been using to record demos in exile.

It plays out slowly. Becky moving, having finished her tea, the precision of somebody whose brain isn't quite right. She cues up the device and hesitates before pressing play. Looks over her shoulder and off in the distance sees Tama lurking in a far off door frame holding a triangle PB&J sandwich half. Danny is behind her, maintaining Becky and Mari's distance and space.

Becky looks back to Mari, slumps down, on the floor, surrounded by instruments and gear.

BECKY
Don't like, tell people anything about what you hear.

MARI
I wouldn't---

BECKY
Just...if anybody asks. Does anybody ask?

MARI
(pause)
Not as much as they used to.

BECKY
It's okay. Only...be kind, alright?

Becky never expressed any sensitivity or need for approval, not once in their entire career together so Mari knows it's actually a different person, draped in soft fabric hanging off her lithe, weakened frame. The ghost of Becky future.

MARI

Just between us.

Becky presses play and sits with her back to Mari: she can't hear her own recording while playing and look her in the eye. Two women, facing forward, Becky holding her guitar, Mari staring at Becky's back.

The song starts. It's simple, raw, rough, emotional, and pure. Becky accompanies the recording, strumming and also singing live. The record is a 4-track, simple stuff. It's short and is, as the critics would say, Classic Becky.

(This song is called 'Expected to Grow' and was written by Alicia Bognanno/aka Bully)

BECKY

*Slipping out
I've caused you pain
I shake at the thought of it
Anyone could shift the blame
But I'm the root the cause of it
I don't think I've learned
Anything since you
Taking ten steps back
Polarize the view*

*And how can I be expected to grow
If I'm stuck living in what I
Already know and
I don't wanna quit
I just wanna be in control of it
I don't wanna quit
I just wanna be in control of it*

*What I recall
Is cold and mean
I owe good health and time to you
But I get stuck
To the wrong things
And only space shows me the truth
I have not learned
I have learned nothing since you
Taking ten steps back
Polarize the truth*

It's clear to Mari that this is exactly what they were trying to make in Act 2, a return to form that is also a leap forward. Somehow, Becky exorcised the demons and created it.

MARI
Beck it's incredible.

BECKY
Just a little thing.

Mari looks and see stacks of recordings around the machine. Becky has enough for a double album and four bootlegs here. An epic amount of music. She sees Mari looking.

BECKY (CONT'D)
It's mostly junk.

MARI
You know I'd follow you anywhere.

BECKY
Still?

MARI
That's my bad habit. Yours is, well, everything. Mine is coming back and coming back for more.

BECKY
I fucked you over a hundred times.

MARI
Hundred and one.

BECKY
I don't know if I can let people hear this. I think it's just too, too, just too much.

MARI
Yeah okay.

BECKY
I don't deserve another chance.

MARI
You're gonna get it whether you want to or not. You're lucky I'm a masochist who, still, just wants to get dressed up, feel pretty and play new music plus the hits. They still love you.

BECKY
They always loved me. It's not loving them back that got me here.

MARI

So what? You stay here and die in this house?

BECKY

I always thought I'd die on stage. There's nothing here than can hurt me. I have to stay here, or else...

MARI

It's not over until you get what's yours.

BECKY

Somehow I've cheated it. It's very real. It wasn't *that* time, so maybe it'll be *next* time. So there can't ever be a next time.

MARI

Becky that's insane.

BECKY

No. It isn't. Ya-Ema once told me that Tama would be my downfall. I thought he meant she would bring my downfall. It wasn't until later that I realized he meant my love for her is my true weakness.

MARI

I don't buy any of that. And you shouldn't still talk about him. He's a fraud. He took advantage of you and lots of others and he's in jail now for it.

BECKY

He understood me.

MARI

Okay whatever. You don't need him and you never did. You never knew how to rely on others. *That's* your weakness. People are waiting to see who Becky Something really is.

BECKY

Who is she?

Mari smiles and makes an 'I don't know' shrug.

MARI

She's a woman.

BECKY
She's a user.

MARI
She's a mother.

BECKY
She's a deadbeat.

MARI
A person.

BECKY
A persona.

MARI
You're healthy.

BECKY
Recovering.

MARI
Okay then. Who was Becky Something?

BECKY
A way to hide from Rebecca Adamczyk.

MARI
Who was she?

BECKY
I dunno. Nobody's seen her since I was sixteen.

Tama comes in, interrupting. Leaps at Becky.

TAMA
Momma I'm bored.

BECKY
I know sweetheart. Mommy's just catching up with Aunt Mari.

TAMA
Can we go outside to play?

BECKY
Yeah. Let's go outside.

They stand up and slowly get together. Mari knows this conversation is over but the seed has been planted. Offer is on the table.

Danny joins from the kitchen as they walk to the door which leads to the backyard.

42 EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

42

This is the first time in this story we have been outside and it's shocking. Vampiric. Becky shrinks a little and adjusts her eyes, breaths fresh air, reacts to nature. We've never seen her outdoors, ever. Tama runs off into the yard.

Danny puts his hand on Becky's shoulder as they watch Tama lovingly and he gives her a small look of acceptance and reassurance and that's all she ever wanted.

Becky steps away from it and into the light and walks off the porch into the yard and follows Tama into a thicket of trees and lets the sun light and wind and all the rest wash over her and her clothes are flowing and she looks like a ghost in a movie whose spirit is finally let go and dissolves or evaporates into the air.

It has that eerie vibe about it.

END OF ACT FOUR.

INTERLUDE #5 (No context)

GRAINY VHS HOME MOVIE FOOTAGE: Becky, Mari and Ali are collapsed in delirious laughter on the floor in front of a paper photo shoot backdrop. This is the photo shoot for the Spin cover from Interlude 1.

Their faces are turning red, they are gasping for air as they laugh: just them together, physically, emotionally, having fun and loving being in a band. The Best of Times.

ACT FIVE: BLUE&GREEN/STEADICAM

43 INT. THE VENUE, BECKY'S DRESSING ROOM

43

The same venue from Act One. Same camera patterns with lighting that starts off different, a transition from the balanced, calming hues of Act 4 back to the familiar neon buzz of Act One. This is the end of a full circle.

Becky looks different: classy and kind of amazing. She has a stylist now and wears designer-ish clothes. Her hair is cool and her makeup is mature and appropriate without being a departure from her true style.

Becky is alone, bouncing about like a pinball. We feel the anxiety and confusion of this experience.

She is about to re-enter the public eye and this is the final moment to herself before the final moments of Becky's story.

Everything here, every image, gesture, word and suggestion point towards a definitive conclusion. It's looming.

Stay with her as she appreciates the quiet but see also how wrecked with anxiety she is. It feels like she may be about to snap. You faintly hear a concert happening already.

Knock on the door. Becky breaths deep. It's all now or never.

BECKY

Yeah.

Ali and Mari come in. Obviously they've been practicing and stuff so this isn't the reunion but it's a reunion of the public personas and that feels substantial.

The women circle one another, silent, smiling, looking at their stage outfits.

ALI

So bitchin', babe.

BECKY

Thank you.
(she curtseys)

Mari is happy and not hiding it; she brought this together.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Is this a mistake.

MARI

Nope. It feels good.

Becky looks to Ali for backup.

ALI

It's pretty alright.

Another knock. It's a PHOTOGRAPHER with the event. Howard is with him and beams with pride at seeing the gang back together. He has on a suit and tie. He has flowers for Becky.

He kisses them all on the cheeks and hands. Hands her the flowers.

HOWARD

You all look incredible. Thank you.
Really, thanks for doing this.

BECKY

Christ Goodman, we're not Lady Lazarus
the damn Phoenix.

HOWARD

It's my night. You tried hard as you
could to torpedo my business but
somehow the company has survived for
twenty years so let me throw a living
wake.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Anybody mind if we get a few quick
photos?

ALI

Ahhhh, so that's why you're here.

HOWARD

You don't think I actually wanted to
see any of you?

They all push back against a wall and pose, Howard and Becky
in the middle. Smiles all around. Show Mari, Ali and Becky's
faces as the flashes go off. Holding smiles. Faking it. Like
King Kong having his photo taken. Feel the pressure on Becky
as the press and the publicity machine begins to consume her.

PHOTOGRAPHER

That's it. Thanks.

He exits.

HOWARD

See you out there?

MARI

Uh huh.

HOWARD

(to Becky)

It means a lot to me that you're here.
I mean it. I'm nearly speechless.

BECKY

Not nearly enough ya big sap. Get
outta here. Tonight's not about me.

Howard exits and pauses at the door.

HOWARD

Why couldn't you be this smart ten
years ago?

BECKY

I never thought I'd live this long and wanted to avoid it.

HOWARD

See you ladies on stage.

BECKY

Hey. Thanks for sticking by me.

HOWARD

There was never a question.

Mari blows a kiss and Ali waves with both hands. You can hear the current band finish, yell 'THANK YOU AND THANK YOU HOWARD' and applause and they exit the stage.

Mari and Ali are noticing how jittery and on edge Becky is.

ALI

You okay?

BECKY

Yeah'm. Yeah. Fine. It's iffy and it's odd being back. Do you hear the ghosts? The bones and chains rattling? Do you feel the spirits of the past?

MARI

It's different. This space is the same but we're different.

BECKY

I've never seen it sober before.

ALI

I told you. It sucks.

INT. THE VENUE, BECKY'S DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

It's the Akergirls and they just got off the stage so they are sweaty but very awesome looking. They too have matured styles, even though they are still like 26. Super chic, no longer rocker slobbish. Like Zelda in Act 1, they've found the art crowd and have even done advertising campaigns. They sit in the front at some fashion shows now.

BECKY

Oh fuck looky here.

All hug, smiles, kisses.

CASSIE
Shit you look ah-may-zing.

BECKY
Still breathing.

CASSIE
That must be it.

DOTTIE
Look at this hair.

BECKY
Alright alright you're making me feel
like a specimen.

ROXIE
We like, ran from the stage when we
heard you were here.

BECKY
How're things?

ROXIE
Our new record just came out.

BECKY
I know. It's the best one yet.

DOTTIE
Everybody says the one we made
together is the best.

BECKY
That's because they're assholes who
don't want artists to change. I'm
serious. It's on repeat. I love it.

CASSIE
Thank you.

ROXIE
What about you? Doing anything after
this?

MARI
Tonight?

ROXIE
No, like in *the futurrre, man*.

Something She look at one another....elephant in the room.
Becky averts her eyes.

MARI

Ahhhh. Um---

ALI

Unknown. We're here for Howard. Just trying to get through tonight.

DOTTIE

Yeah how crazy is this? Did you see Zelda's here?

(looks at Becky)

Shit, sorry. I forgot.

BECKY

It's fine. We've spoken. She heard what I had to say. Actually: she still around?

CASSIE

Down the hall.

BECKY

Maybe this means something. Excuse me.

Becky exits swiftly. The room is quiet for a moment.

ALI

It's great to see you girls. I'm glad you're here for this.

She looks at Roxie and Dottie, who are warm and affectionate.

DOTTIE

Yeah man. Life goes on.

CASSIE

It's amazing to see you together. She looks like she's doing great.

MARI

I think she is.

CASSIE

You know there's like, a lot of shit around tonight. She cool with that?

ALI

Probably maybe. Hopefully.

ROXIE

People are getting real fucked up.

ALI

We'll keep an eye on her.

44 THE VENUE, CORRIDOR - THAT SAME MOMENT 44

Becky looks at the doors. None have individual names, all just say 'Talent' so she peeks into some open ones and finally finds an ajar one and knocks on it.

45 INT. THE VENUE, OTHER DRESSING ROOM 45

A tattooed girl and a few guys are inside: the girl is VIVVY and she knows Becky, of course. Vivvy is equally cool, but night and day from Becky. Dark hair, dark look.

VIVVY

Becky, whoa fuck you look awesome.

BECKY

Hey Vivvy. Thought you'd be here.

VIVVY

Yeah for Howard. Right?

BECKY

Right on.

Becky looks past Vivvy into a room with people around a table with booze and drugs and joints and so on.

VIVVY

You wanna hang?

BECKY

(in a trance, almost)

Uhhhhh. No. No. I'm, um, I'm good.
I'm just Zelda?

VIVVY

She's partying with us. Just stepped out. Wait for her.

Becky looks at the drugs.

BECKY

No. I can't. Just tell her I'm looking.

VIVVY

It's great to see you. You doing the thing after?

BECKY

Maybe. Probably not. My daughter's here.

VIVVY
How's Tama?

BECKY
She's good. She's big. Almost seven.

VIVVY
I wanna see her.

BECKY
Yeah sure. I'll find you.

Becky exits, starting to be disoriented.

46 THE VENUE, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

46

She is losing her focus in the hallway which is full of crowd noises and the deja vu and the drugs are putting her on edge. She hasn't been around drugs since getting clean.

There's a circular disorienting moment where Becky gets light headed. She pauses and then resumes looking for Zelda.

She opens Vivvy's door again, confused.

VIVVY
Change your mind?

BECKY
Oh, uh no. Sorry I didn't realize this was...yeah sorry.

She closes the door and walks off and just as she does Zelda is coming towards her.

Zelda looks incredible and is wearing some giant floor length gown/cape thing which is extreme and would look not absurd on exactly four people on earth and she is one of them.

ZELDA
Becky Something. As I live and breath.

BECKY
*(flustered, eternally
uncool next to Zelda)*
Zee. Hey. I was uh, I's looking for you.

ZELDA
What's it all about? Are you guys on soon? I'll be honest, I never thought I'd see the day.

BECKY
You and me both, girl.

ZELDA
You look good. Really good.

BECKY
Ummmmmm...

ZELDA
Looking for me?

BECKY
Oh, uh. I mean you can say no and you probably will but I'm going to have a little seance right now. Very pure, really find a clearing on my path before we go, like, do this thing. I know it's just this song and I know it's not about me but I want some women around me to help---

She is rambling. Zelda gets it and tries to sooth Becky.

ZELDA
Relax. I'd love to. Everything's cool.
Time passes.

They turn and start walking to Becky's dressing room. They walk in silence, Zelda nearly floating on whatever special air she breaths and Becky, shorter and more anxious than Zelda has ever been. They enter Something She's room.

47 THE VENUE, BECKY'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

47

Becky moves her fingers like a conductor but she is summoning all the women into a circle. She puts her hands down, motioning for everybody to take one another's hands.

Becky starts setting up. Her belief in mysticism is still powerful. She places small items, crystals, rocks, glass, in the hands of all the women, puts ribbons on them and drapes a cloth over a stool in the center. She lights some smoking thing atop it. She has formed a prayer circle.

Everybody eyes one another silently, going with it. It's reminiscent of AA where people take hands. It shows Becky's belief in powers and a program that has worked for her.

Focus on Becky as she does finishing touches. It's clear: she is feeling weak right now and is putting this on to support herself in a time of crisis. The circle nears completion. Becky takes her place between Mari and Ali.

One by one, we see the faces of the six other women, starting and ending with Becky. They look at one another with confidence, dedication, style and togetherness. Becky takes a final silent pause, closes her eyes, and others follow suit.

Becky is humming, some form of Ya-Ema's chanting. Nobody joins. But after a moment, Becky speaks up.

BECKY

I am Rebecca Adamczyk. I rely on the strength of others for support. Thank you all for being here with me.

Silence. Then:

MARI

I am Mary Louise Heller. I am here for you. Thank you all for being here with me.

ALI

I'm Alexandra Derringer. I am here for you. Thank you all for being here with me.

CASSIE

I am Caroline Schlesinger. I am here for you Thank you all for being here with me.

DOTTIE

I am Danielle Zakien. I am here for you. Thank you all for being here with me.

ROXIE

I am Rochelle White. I am here for you. Thank you all for being here with me.

ZELDA

I am Zelda Ellen Benson-Hartman. I am here for you. Thank you all for being here with me.

One face to another. Ritualistic. Calm and beautiful, to see these women together, no energy, no attitude. After a moment:

DOTTIE

Your name really is Zelda?

ZELDA

Uh huh.

DOTTIE

Fuck that's so cool.

Everybody laughs, smiles, except Becky, who is still thinking. Open their eyes. Enjoy the feeling this has given.

Becky looks like she is about to say something but closes her mouth. She turns to leave the room and gives everybody a warm look. Finally, at the last moment, she turns back.

BECKY

No matter what happens next, thank you for letting me be who I am. I've tried and I've tried and I've tried and you all stuck with me. Until the very end.

Becky exits. The women are still feeling good.

ZELDA

I should finish getting ready. Thanks for letting me crash. I know I wasn't always front row at the Becky Show.

ALI

C'mon. You've been *backstage* at the Becky Show.

Zelda blows double kisses with both hands and exits.

ZELDA

See you in a few.

ROXIE

We should change. Still all gross.

DOTTIE

We're watching your set though.

CASSIE

Oh shit, yeah. That's the one thing I absolutely can't miss tonight.

MARI

Hope we don't disappoint.

CASSIE

Never!

ALI

*(breaking out of a
thoughtful silence)*

What do you think she meant by 'until the very end'?

ROXIE
It's just a thing people say.

ALI
Yeah. Maybe.

MARI
What? You think...?

ALI
I mean what did we just do? What did
Becky want from us?

CASSIE
Strength to overcome?

ALI
Uh huh. Or?

MARI
No. She...she's...not now.

ALI
I hope you're right.

48 THE VENUE, CORRIDOR - THAT SAME MOMENT

48

Zelda is walking down the hall. A roadie approaches her.

RANDOM ROADIE
Miss Z, can I get you anything?

ZELDA
No, thank you.

RANDOM ROADIE
If you need anything, don't hesitate
to ask.

ZELDA
Thank you, sweetheart.

Zelda floats away: Becky as she could have been. All the
fame, the talent, none of the problems.

Zelda turns a corner and sees Danny, Tiffany (with round
pregnant belly), Ania with Tama, Lauren and Ali's husband ROY
(scruffy fellow with a beard). Another roadie is showing them
to a private area to watch the show.

ZELDA (CONT'D)
Danny!

DANNY

Zelda. Hi.

OTHER ROADIE

Talent only, that way.

ZELDA

They're with me.

They hug and Lauren and Zelda give a more intimate hello, showing that in the last five years they hang out sometimes.

ZELDA (CONT'D)

(to Ania)

You must be Becky's mother. From down the hall I thought you were her.

ANIA

Oh stop.

ZELDA

True story.

Zelda is so charming and makes people so happy.

DANNY

You remember my wife, Tiffany.

ZELDA

Congratulations.

TIFFANY

Thank you.

ZELDA

How's radio, Dirtbag?

DANNY

Ha. Good. Merging with competition. Payout. Can't complain. You seen the girls?

ZELDA

I just came from their room. You want me to show where it is?

DANNY

I think I remember the way.

LAUREN

They're taking us to the balcony.

ZELDA
 Nonsense. Watch from back here. C'mon,
 let me take you.
 (to roadie)
 It's fine. I've got them.

She leads the group back where she came from.

ZELDA (CONT'D)
 (to Roy)
 I'm Zelda.

ROY
 Roy.

ZELDA
 Ali is such a beautiful singer. I
 always knew. I love the record you two
 did.

ROY
 Ah. You're the one.

ZELDA
 Stop. It's marvelous. Really. And here
 you are. See you all soon.

She stops at the dressing room and keeps walking, exiting.

49 INT. THE VENUE, DRESSING ROOM

49

Back into the Something She room. Only Mari is here. She sees
 the group and wonders what's going on.

MARI
 Everything okay?

LAUREN
 Plus ones looking for plus funs.

ANIA
 Where's Rebecca?

Mari kisses Ania hello, same to Danny.

MARI
 Hey Tiffany. Congrats.
 (to Tama)
 Hi darling.

TAMA
 Aunt Mari!

MARI

She went to unwind or something before we play.

DANNY

Which is when?

MARI

Ten minutes?

Nobody is as concerned as they were in Acts 1, 2 and 3. And the lack of concern makes people concerned.

MARI (CONT'D)

She's probably meditating or something.

The first roadie comes in, clipboard in hand.

RANDOM ROADIE

Eight minutes until Something She.

MARI

Eight? Jeez okay let me go look for her. Um, you all wait here.

50 THE VENUE, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS 50

Mari walks to another room, quickly, with purpose and worry.

51 THE VENUE, CATERING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 51

Ali is here with Vivvy at a table of food, wine, champagne and other celebratory provisions. It's lavishly catered.

VIVVY

Mari. Hey.

MARI

Hey V. You guys seen Becky?

ALI

Not since she left.

VIVVY

I saw her.

MARI

When?

VIVVY

Like two minutes ago. In our room.

MARI
But you're here.

VIVVY
Yeah I left.

MARI
Right but when?

ALI
What's going on?

MARI
Nothing. I mean, come with me?

ALI
Excuse us.

They exit the room and we follow them.

52 THE VENUE, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

52

ALI
I'm sure it's fine.

MARI
You see how stoned Vivvy was?

ALI
So? That's Vivvy.

MARI
Becky shouldn't be hanging with her.

ALI
I think they just said hey.

MARI
It's not good to be around that.

ALI
C'mon. Give her the benefit. She's probably in our room.

MARI
Was just there. That's why I'm here.

ALI
She's somewhere else then. Relax.
You're nervous about the show.

MARI

You're probably right. It's nuts that we're here at all.

ALI

No kidding.

They share a brief moment of victory and pride in the journey that has led them to this point.

Instantly, Howard appears around a corner with a champagne bottle.

HOWARD

Have we lost Becky already?

MARI

And that is the big question of the moment.

HOWARD

I'll have a stroke! I was joking. Goddamnit not this again ahhh sonofabitch where is she?

MARI

Around. Relaxing, we assume.

ALI

Zelda said we could switch with her if we need more time.

HOWARD

One smooth night. After all these years is that too much?

ALI

I'm sure she's back by now.

HOWARD

I'll say hello to Danny.

They walk back to the Something She dressing room. Vivvy crosses opposite with several others loopy and in party mode.

Mari studies this: she doesn't like how the signs are piling up. There's a chill, a tension here that walking behind Howard, Mari and Ali express to one another.

This is all getting very fast again. We're heading back to the speed of Act 1. Present in the room: Ali, Mari, Howard, Danny, Tiffany, Lauren, Roy.

Everybody looks around. There's tension mounting. A roadie pops his head in. Howard puts the bottle down.

RANDOM ROADIE

Five minutes.

HOWARD

Where is she?

DANNY

Tama had to use the bathroom so Ania said she'd look there.

ALI

With the Akergirls?

HOWARD

Negative. Just saw them.

LAUREN

Vivvy?

ALI

Nope.

TIFFANY

This isn't because I'm here, is it?

DANNY

We're long past that.

ROY

Is she already at the stage?

MARI

First time for everything, I guess.

Lauren takes Mari's hand. Roy takes Ali's. Everybody is being silent, trying hard not to say it.

HOWARD

Do we have faith?

MARI

She's earned it.

ALI

She has. The last few weeks have been great, actually.

ROY

She stayed with us upstate. It was rad.

ALI

It's the old Becky.

DANNY

Which Old Becky, though?

Silence.

MARI

The good one.

ALI

We have to play. So let's go to the stage and we'll find Becky waiting there.

Ali and Mari lead the group out of the room.

54 THE VENUE, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

54

We follow the big train of people.

LAUREN

We'll let you do your thing.
(to Roy)
Let's get our seats.

TIFFANY

I'll come with.

Mari kisses Lauren and they break off with Tiffany, who kisses Danny, seeing how nervous and unhappy he is.

55 THE VENUE, BEHIND THE STAGE - CONTINUOUS

55

Cut away to the back of Becky's head. Far away. Isolated. Mysterious. (Act 4 type moment.) It's slow motion, curious and different from how the rest of things move here.

We can't see her face. We drift with her and see that she is with guitar, strap on shoulder, She is looking out at the stage as it calls to her for the first time in many years.

From behind Becky, you see the gang approaching. We see her see them but it's still far enough away to be mysterious. Nobody can see her face because she is lit from behind.

56 THE VENUE, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

56

Back to the group.

MARI

Holy shit look. She's there. She's ready.

Roadie pops in.

RANDOM ROADIE

Four minutes!

ALI

We were right.

HOWARD

Why is she standing like that?

ALI

She's nervous. I know I am.

Danny registers something slightly off. He isn't sure what.

DANNY

She's nervous. She's alone.

57 THE VENUE, BEHIND THE STAGE - CONTINUOUS

57

Back behind Becky who hasn't waved or moved yet. It plays like she might be paralyzed with anxiety and it isn't until now, when we see from behind Becky that people are finally pretty close to her that, one by one, in close up and in slow motion, we individually see people as they come closer and Becky steps one step forward into the light.

We see: Howard and Danny. Ali and Mari. Each shows different emotions, from confusion to relief to uncertainty. Becky remains far away, backlit by a spotlight.

ALI

We need to go to her.

HOWARD

D---

MARI

Just us.

Mari and Ali walk towards Becky. We stay behind, watching the three women from afar, the perspective of spectators.

Still silent. Still calm. Slow. See people's reactions again. This moment is about seeing Danny and Howard. Their faces are unambiguously ambiguous. Each is certain of something else: the worst. The best. Nobody knows for sure.

From a distance we see the emotional huddle of Something She. Becky is shuffling. Mari is strong and confident as she puts Becky's head on her shoulder. Ali seems more reluctant to embrace. It's not clear what is being said but it is clear what is happening: they trust one and love one another.

Mari and Ali look Becky in the eyes and clearly she gives a definitive answer. They pause. Her head is forcefully nodding, even though she seems wobbly and weak.

Becky and Mari walk back to Howard and Danny.

MARI (CONT'D)

She'll be fine.

RANDOM ROADIE

Three minutes!

HOWARD

She'll be fine? What does that mean she'll be fine? Is she straight? Is she messed up? Can she perform?

ALI

She's good. We're good.

HOWARD

Find Zelda! See if she can go on.

The roadie runs to find Zelda.

ALI

Zelda isn't going on now. We are.

Everybody looks at Becky: nervous, by the stage.

Becky looks up as Ania and Tama return from the bathroom. She pauses: the appearance of her mother and daughter make Becky freeze. She looks directly at them.

Ania sees her in the backlight, wobbly and loopy. She looks like she knows something nobody else knows about Becky.

DANNY

Tell me. What does this mean?

MARI

It means what you want it to mean,
Danny boy.

ANIA

Does she-- has she taken anything?

Tama runs from the group over to Becky. We go with her,
swooping towards Becky, getting close, finally.

Becky swoops up Tama, so energized and happy to finally see
her mom play for a crowd. This happiness makes Becky break.

TAMA

I wanna say good luck before your
concert mommy.

She kisses Becky. At this, Becky breaks down. Not into tears
but into herself. It all goes in rather than coming out.
Danny, Ania, Howard, Mari and Ali have all come to Becky now.

She hands Tama to Danny and with the weight of a world of
shame crushing her, faces her supporters.

BECKY

At the end I have to be me. I caused a
lot of pain and I'm sorry. I was so
nervous. I *am* so nervous. I don't know
how to go out there like that. All by
myself.

Rambling in her own stream of thoughts, newly laden with
regret, disappointment, sadness and a sense of self awareness
we've never seen before. Everybody moves towards her, not
angry, but with love. Ready to embrace her, because that's
all she ever wanted or needed.

ANIA

All I ever wanted was for you to be
yourself.

The roadie comes back with Zelda.

RANDOM ROADIE

Forty five seconds. Forty five to
show.

Zelda looks at what is happening and tries to catch up.

ZELDA

Oh Becky. Becky, darling. Are you
okay?

BECKY

Things are okay. Things will be okay.

She looks to Mari and Ali. They are there for her.

Everybody is confused, but there's nothing more to say. There are no answers here, except one: the show must go on.

RANDOM ROADIE

We are ready for Something She in
Thirty.

Danny and Ania step aside. The band stays together. Zelda is off to the side by the roadie.

DANNY

We should go.

ANIA

Leave?

DANNY

No. Go watch the show.

They exit. Mari and Ali face Becky. Just the three of them.

RANDOM ROADIE

Fifteen.

MARI

Are we okay?

Becky nods, a little weakly.

RANDOM ROADIE

Ten, nine, eight, seven...

BECKY

Rebecca never went on stage exposed
and alone. She never knew how.

ALI

You're not on your own.

MARI

You never were on your own.

BECKY

Yeah. Okay.

RANDOM ROADIE

Three, two, one. Show time folks.
That's a cue for Something She.

He motions to the stage and the house lights go down and a spotlight hits the on stage microphone.

RANDOM ROADIE (CONT'D)

Howard? Introduce the band.

Howard looks at Becky, unsure what to do.

BECKY

It's okay. I'm ready to go.

Ali and Mari nod to him to go. Howard steps to the stage and the perspective of him remains in the wings as he starts talking. We hear his story while mostly watching Becky, Mari and Ali hold one another's hands and faces and get ready.

HOWARD

I first saw this next band...almost ten, god, no, eleven years ago. They were opening for, well, it doesn't matter who they were opening for because I left right after their set. Ran backstage. Dropped to my knees and begged to let me sign them. And this woman, this once in a lifetime, never been anyone like her in the world, fire brand of a woman, her hair dyed bright blue, looks down at me, a desperate pathetic adult man in a leather jacket and no established career, a label that I ran out of my mother's basement, begging to work with her. And at this time, she's a nobody. Keep in mind, this was maybe their ninth show. And you know what she does? She looks me in the eye and says 'Who the fuck are you to want to work with a star like me?'

(CROWD LAUGHTER)

This woman, who had nothing, nobody even knew her name, made me beg. Tortured me for months as I pursued her, followed her, sweetening the offer until finally she gave me a chance to talk terms. So we plan to meet for breakfast. She shows up at two and I realize we've only ever spoken at shows. The band is hung over as hell, and I probably was too.

(MORE)

HOWARD (CONT'D)

She sits down and looks me in the eye after months of making me chase, beg, everything, she looks at me and she says 'who are you again and what is this about?'

(CROWD LAUGHTER)

We are still on Becky, Ali and Mari. Zelda is behind them.

Becky looks up to the balcony/VIP area at Tama and this gives her strength to get her head straight, close her eyes and focus. She gives her head to Ali and Mari and they hold her.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

We've been together ever since. Through the ups, the downs, a friendly lawsuit or two, but mostly, it's the good times I think about. Both of them.

(CROWD LAUGHTER)

I love and respect the hell out of these and am proud to call them family. Please give a Paragon welcome, together for the first time in nearly four years: Becky Something, Ali Van Der Wolff and Marielle Hell. Ladies and gentlemen: SOMETHING SHE!

The crowd goes insane. It's unreal to see these women together again. Howard gestures to the stage and Becky freezes like a deer in headlights.

She looks out at him, the spotlights, the audience, hears the applause and she can't move. Mari and Ali are by her side.

BECKY

Is it today? Is today the day I don't make it?

MARI

No. Today is not the day.

ALI

We're with you.

Something She takes the stage and it's nuts. Totally electric and you feel the excitement of them being together. It feels iconic because it really is. People never thought it would happen, including Mari and Ali.

Becky looks up at Tama, who gives her a big happy thumbs up and Becky catches it with a kiss and puts it in her pocket.

The applause goes on and it hits Becky as strong as huge dose of anything she's ever taken. Whatever she was dealing with, the anxiety, the years of recovery, it's nothing compared to this. She becomes old Becky: arms out receiving the love, begging for more. Eating it up.

Ali and Mari are beaming and all three embrace for a pre show pose and flash bulbs are exploding and the stage lighting is dramatic and colorful and it's amazing and Becky is really happy and looks luminescent in the spotlight.

She steps to the microphone.

BECKY

Where ya been?

WILD APPLAUSE.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Oh and thanks Howard for the bullshit story because I don't remember it happening like that at all.

Side of the stage: Howard laughs and finds another mic.

HOWARD

Do you remember it at all?

BECKY

I do remember the blue hair.

(LAUGHTER FROM CROWD)

Oh but what to say what to say what to say! Okay so I know this is all about Howard but I've heard enough kind things about him to last a lifetime and those are the ones he says about himself.

(LAUGHTER FROM CROWD)

So I dunno what else is there?

(MORE)

BECKY (CONT'D)

I used to think of myself as an island and it took me a lifetime to realize that without people like these women beside me nobody is nothin' and I dunno if you heard but I haven't exactly done this lately and I'm like a little pee shy or whatever and I know I didn't ask them about this and Howard if I know you you've got some big bullshit finale planned and I wasn't included and I don't wanna ruin it bit I'm gonna because I've been through some shit and there's lotsa people who I wouldn't be here without and only like eight of em are here and only like four of em are musicians not in this band so if Crassy Cassie, Roxie Rotten, Dottie O.Z. and cause I am full of love tonight, Zelda E. Zekial care to come up on stage and help me stumble through this bullshit?

Becky is wired and, drugs or no drugs, she is fun, energetic and workable. Not a disaster.

The crowd goes more insane for this super group gathering as one by one these women come out and bow to the applause. Becky hugs each one and makes eye contact with Danny, Ania and Tama (near Lauren, Tiffany and Roy) in the balcony.

She puts her arm around Zelda and steps to the mic and is bursting with adrenaline and might explode.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Cut the bullshit and love each other, okay?

People applaud and cannot wait to hear music and Zelda kisses Becky. It's really complete to see a rivalry buried publicly.

Becky pulls the women in and huddles, muttering the plan.

They take positions and the Akergirls get instruments and Zelda gets a tambourine or some noisy hand instrument and Becky and Mari and Ali exchange a warm and loving look and Ali gives a drumstick count and the song starts.

It's rousing, singalong ready. Everybody can take half a verse and sing together, beautifully, on the choruses. Two minute long burst of pure punk and the song has a narrative, about the ups and downs of being on tour in a band with nothing. One by one they share the mic to tell this story.

(the song is written by Alicia Bognanno/Bully)

BECKY (CONT'D)

*I stopped counting
 Lost track of time
 Ran out of patience
 I know what's mine, I know what's mine
 You get me angry
 You read me wrong
 I kinda like it.
 Kills to belong, kills to belong.*

*If I don't breath I can feel her barely walking
 Take over me
 She's alive and I'm on to something
 I'd give ten years for a piece of her mind
 I would
 I'd give a hundred just to hit rewind*

*My hands are easy
 And my aim is blind
 Resist the feeling
 Control my mind, control my mind.
 I beg politely.
 To lie alone
 Nothing's forever.
 This much I know. This much I know.*

*If I don't breath I can feel her barely walking
 Take over me
 She's alive and I'm on to something
 I'd give ten years for a piece of her mind
 I would
 I'd give a hundred just to hit rewind*

If I don't breath....If I don't breath...

It's so fucking awesome and the crowd goes insane at the end. Glorious beyond all belief. From the stage wings, Howard is cheering and deeply touched.

(The VIP area: Ania, Danny, Tiffany, Lauren and Roy love it. Danny makes quick eye contact with Becky and takes Tama through an exit door.)

All seven women bow and things are so positive and Becky is sweating like crazy and on her face there's tears with the sweat and she falls into a loving embrace with Mari and Ali, who has come out from behind the kit.

Zelda and the Akergirls step back to let Something She have this. Becky hugs all of them and the moment feels complete.

Becky has been occupied with where Danny was headed and is laser focused on it and without saying anything walks off quickly to intercept them. Drifting away from the victory.

Mari and Ali leave the stage and walk past Howard who doesn't know what will happen, alone now. The crowd is chanting:

CROWD
BECKY! BECKY! BECKY!

59

THE VENUE, BEHIND THE STAGE - THAT SAME MOMENT

59

Stay with Becky, behind her, hoping to catch Danny. She only makes it a few steps before seeing him standing there with her daughter. He is proud and hands Tama to Becky once again.

Becky is standing in the exact same spot off the side of the stage where she was in the first shot of the movie, pre encore, and just like then the crowd is chanting.

CROWD (O.S.)
BECKY! BECKY! BECKY!

She holds Tama who is happy and smiling because she's never seen her mom be so wild and has never heard rock before so this is her first concert and first exposure to rock.

BECKY
Did you see mommy up there?

TAMA
Best song I ever saw!

Becky is woozy from adrenaline (and maybe more) and holds Tama close to her. She can't stand up. She leans on the wall.

BECKY
Momma is gonna be better, baby, for you. I promise.

CROWD (O.S.)
BECKY! BECKY! BECKY!

Mari and Ali have been watching Becky with Tama.

Everybody knows that Becky only needed to get this one thing out of the way to move on with the rest of her life. Becky Something, on stage again. Drugs or no. Sober on stage for the first time or simply back on stage after years away.

It's all mostly over now. She's not a junkie, really, anymore. But recovery is a long process and Danny, Mari, and Ali all know that and know that they need to be supportive of Becky right now, as they always have been.

CROWD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
BECKY! BECKY!

Howard comes back to find them. He looks so excited.

HOWARD

They want more. You got one more?

Becky looks at Mari and Ali and then down at Tama, just holding her mom's chest and being so happy because she now loves rock and roll.

TAMA

Go play more momma!

Becky pauses and thinks. Mari and Ali are ready to go for one more. Becky is now clear headed and determined once again.

Becky looks around at her loved ones. The crowd keeps chanting as Mari and Ali embrace and look like acceptance and peace have found them at last.

BECKY

No. That's all I got. It's over.

Becky holds Tama and closes her eyes as she leans back on the wall.

END OF ACT FIVE.

THE END.