

TV SERIES - PILOT

**"Most Nights"**

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Based on the book  
'It Started That Night'  
By Michelle Venn

INT. - MEETING ROOM, RECORD COMPANY - DAY

Inside a modern-looking meeting room, located on the top floor of a building - clearly visible from the skyline city views outside - three men sit down. Two of them are sitting next to each other. They have sharp looking suits, and are, one of them, in his late 40's and the other one, in his 50's. The third man is significantly younger: in his early 30's, baby-faced, he could pass for much younger. Other than that, he looks like he belongs to the room - his suit is a modern-black, with skinny black trousers and a matching black tie on top of a white shirt, and his hair, quite long on top, is neatly slicked back.

The meeting, judging by the looks of it, could almost be a high-end business executives meeting. Almost.

A few stress-relief small objects fill the room: a silver metallic balls pendulum is on one side, a led-lit rubik's cube on the other, a few different sets of balls, including, basketball and baseball balls are lying in different places, and finally, a retro time pendulum that is shaped as a wooden man. The pendulum is connected to a glass of water, and the wooden man "drinks" the water to mark the passing of time.

JESSE, the younger man, stares distractedly at this last object, before returning his gaze at the businessmen and noticing that the main one, Mr Conner, is staring with a bored expression at him while hitting contract pages placed on top of the glass table with his ball-pen.

JESSE

(Uncomfortably trying to  
break the silence, and at  
the same time trying to  
sound as professional as  
possible)

I'm sure he'll be here soon.

MR CONNER

Is he always late?

JESSE

No, not at all.

MR CONNER

Doesn't seem like the best time to  
start then. Does it?

JESSE

(Awkward smile)

Excuse me. I'll go check on him.

INT. - HALLWAY, RECORD COMPANY - CONTINUOUS

Jesse closes the meeting room door and as soon as he is out of sight of the executives, he takes a deep breath and starts walking off through the large white hallway, while he loosens his tie a bit.

He walks off in a straight line through the first hallway, looking around, but the place is empty.

When he reaches a crossroad with another hallway, he looks to one side and finds Zach (26) standing in the middle of the hallway, blocking the way in a very unnatural position.

Jesse hurries to meet Zach, and on the way he flails his arms open.

JESSE

(In a low voice)

What are you doing here? Where is he?

Zach does an equal effort not to raise his voice, and he directly moves backwards and points with his head to the back and to the side.

Then he starts walking in that direction and Jesse follows.

At the end of the hallway, there is a door with a men's bathroom sign. They reach it and enter.

INT. - BATHROOM, RECORD COMPANY - CONTINUOUS

As both get into the bathroom, they see a lounging area with white sofas, not far from the sinks. CJ (30) is sitting on a sofa, holding two drum sticks in his hands and playing them against his legs, which are propped up through the sofa's arm's rest.

Jesse looks at him first with disbelief, and is about to say something, until another noise calls his attention.

Inside one of the stalls, which are not far from the lounge area either, a clear noise of someone being sick can be heard.

Jesse listens to the noise, which doesn't seem to stop and then stares again at CJ, who moves his shoulders upwards, and opens his arms with the sticks, making a sign of defeat.

Jesse then looks at the stall again, where another loud noise of someone being sick encompasses the place. He closes his eyes and seems almost in pain of what he's hearing

When he opens his eyes again, he looks on to his other side, where Zach is staring at the stall, while the noises stop and resume every few moments. He grabs him from the shoulder and pulls him to the opposite end of the large bathroom, to talk to him in private.

JESSE

How long has he been there?

ZACH

Around fifteen minutes.

JESSE

(incredulous)

Fifteen minutes barfing?

ZACH

You know how he gets.

JESSE

Fucking hell.

(He walks up to the stall  
and starts knocking on it  
insistently)

Dex. Dexter. Dex, open up. Dexter,  
come on.

DEXTER (O.S.)

(With a drowned and weak  
voice)

Can't right now.

JESSE

(Stops knocking and stares  
at the ground while the  
conversation continues.  
Meanwhile, the barfing  
has completely stopped  
for a bit now)

They are waiting for us.

DEXTER (O.S.)

Yeah.

Jesse waits for another answer from Dexter inside the stall, but none seems to come. He turns to look at the other members, and Zach is securing the entrance door to the bathroom by standing against it with closed arms, and CJ has stopped with the drumming against his legs, now he's just staring at a spot on the floor in front of him.

There is complete silence in the bathroom, until he decides to cut it.

JESSE

Did I ever tell you about that time  
I went on the Trans-Siberian  
Railroad drinking?

The silence continues on the other side for a moment, until Dexter finally answers.

DEXTER (O.S.)

No.

JESSE

I did. It was stupid, actually, as it is one of the most beautiful journeys you can take - I mean, it goes through several countries and the scenery is just--breathtaking. But I did it. I went there to drink. I was with some friends and we were younger, and reckless, and we had heard about this tradition in Canada where once a year, a lot of people get on this train and they go from point A to point B and through all the stops between those two corners of a city, they get out, drink a beer, and get back in. The winner, or the point of it all is to outlast all of the stops - or, just to last as long as you can and try to get to the end stop. Hopefully. Not sure if many people did, but we'd heard about it and we were making this trip through Russia - back when we had that godawful band - and we figured, well, hey, here is the home of the largest train route in the world. How about we double-dare history and take the train, get out at every stop and drink a beer, and see if we can make it to the end?

DEXTER (O.S.)

What happened?

JESSE

We lasted several stops. Until, we were stopped by the Russian police

because we were a bunch of stupid drunk guys puking all over the place. But, it was good. We were together in it, so it was good.

(MORE)

JESSE (CONT'D) Made me think that, even though it was a long ass - pretty impossible road even, as long as we were together - it was okay. We could do it.

A few seconds pass before shuffling takes place inside of the stall, and the lock of the bathroom stall gets opened. Then the door does and Dexter (31) is a pale, baby-faced man, who is wearing something a bit different than his counterparts: he has skinny black jeans, a navy-blue corduroy stylish blazer, and underneath it, a radiohead t-shirt: it's literally a man in a suit with a radio for a head.

The rest of them are in suits, some more complete than others, but they are part of an ensemble. Except for Dexter.

He looks weak as he exits the bathroom, but still manages a small smile.

DEXTER

Trans-Siberian Railroad.

(Pause)

That story sucked.

JESSE

(Laughs and shrugs)

Got you out, didn't it?

Dexter ignores those last words and walks over to the sinks, washes his hands and face and looks at himself in the mirror, while placing his palms on the sink. Jesse, Zach and CJ join him at the mirror. He stares at the reflection of them all.

DEXTER

Do I look like shit?

Jesse fixes his tie and blazer before patting Dexter in the back, and looking him in the eyes through the mirror.

JESSE

Nah. Now, let's go.

Jesse walks away first and the rest follow. Dexter dries off his hands and face with towels before staring at his

reflection one last time, taking a deep breath, and leaving.

INT. - MEETING ROOM, RECORD COMPANY - DAY

Dexter is now sitting in the same position as Jesse is in the opening scene. His face is hit strongly by the outside lighting and his visible panic has no real place to hide. It's quite evident how he's feeling from his expression.

Conner, once again, seems unimpressed.

MR CONNER

Glad you could join us, Mr. Rose.

DEXTER

Sorry about that. I have a bit of a... irritable bowel situation.

MR CONNER

That can be rough. My wife has it too.

DEXTER

Bet it makes you late to a lot of places too.

MR CONNER

Makes me skip a lot of places altogether.

DEXTER

(Raises eyebrows and nods as if he's agreeing but doesn't care to know this)

MR CONNER

Anyway, shall we begin with the contract?

DEXTER

Absolutely.

Dexter grabs the contract from Jesse's side, next to him, and looks at it closely before talking and pointing at it. His tone changes to a more-business like - he tries and sound more professional to defend their interests.



DEXTER (CONT'D)

We've gone over the points together and although some of them are great, and sound completely feasible from our side, there are others that we would like to discuss further and perhaps reach an agreement in terms of... compromise from both sides. For instance, the point of road team: here, you establish in point one, subcategory A, that, and I quote: all members from the band may remain as the original crew, as long as the relationship is beneficial for both parties involved. This is not the case for the rest of the "on the road" crew.

(MORE)

DEXTER (CONT'D) The record company will choose all necessary crew for the duration of the tour.

(Stops to read the point again and make a point to Conner as well that he's stopping there, to let it sink in)

In this point, and firstly, thank you for making it so clear - many times, in contracts, it almost seems like the language attempts to be as complicated as possible in order to confuse the reader. Here, everything is crystal clear and quite concise. But, getting back to the essence of the point, we don't feel entirely comfortable with an entire crew that was never chosen by us and to be perfectly honest, that we don't know at all. I mean, these people will have to spend a significant amount of time with us on tour. Does that make any sense to you?

Mr Conner has an almost amused look on his face. There is a second-duration of a silence before he takes over.

MR CONNER

Yes, it does. Of course it does. We are pretty much establishing in that point, and the entire contract

really, that all decisions you take as a band going forward will be run by us first. In many cases, we'll make the decisions and inform you afterwards. And to be perfectly honest (knowing smile) that does sound unfair, uneven, unbalanced, one-sided, prejudiced and finally, biased. But let me ask you this: how many times have you been in a place like this?

DEXTER

A meeting room?

MR CONNER

An international record company meeting room.

DEXTER

This is my first time.

MR CONNER

How about the rest of you? Is this your first time too?

The rest of the band nods and Jesse does a quorum answer as a representative.

JESSE

Yes, it is, sir.

MR CONNER

I see. Well, we have two options here: we can either go through the contract, point by point, like you had probably rehearsed as a team, where you try and dissuade me and us, as a record company, to meet you halfway with most points. But I'm not going to lie to you. The contract has already been printed for a reason: it has worked before with a lot of other bands and artists, and we've never had complaints. It's the way in which we are used to working, and although it may seem traditional, or old-style, it's a sort of formula that has proved obviously successful to us. Now, we contacted

you because we think you have something. Something real, something raw, and something we would like to see grow. With us, possibly. But it's up to you, really. Not to discuss the points of the contract, but to adapt to the points of the contract. Whichever way you want to go, is your call. Shall I hand you over this pen to start something together, or, would you like to walk away from this room, perhaps to never be in one again?

A moment passes in between looks within the band. The three of them, minus Dexter stare at each other before Jesse makes a call for all of them.

JESSE

Hand us over the pen.

Conner does and Jesse turns the pages of the contract, until he reaches the last page, and signs it.

JESSE (CONT'D)

(Staring at Conner)

I'm in.

He passes on the contract to Zach, who signs.

ZACH

I'm in.

The drummer does the same.

CJ

Yep.

Dexter, up to this point, remains with his head down. He's in his own world, until the papers get placed before him. For a moment, he continues watching an empty spot in the void. Then, he gives in and signs last before returning the papers to Mr Conner.

DEXTER

We're all in, it seems.

Mr Conner grabs the papers and passes them on to his colleague by his side.

MR CONNER

Good call, gentlemen.

(He gets up from his chair and stretches his hand to shake it with them) Let's begin then.

Dexter gets up too and shakes the hand.

CUT TO:

INT. - MEETING ROOM, SUPPORT GROUP - AFTERNOON

Harriet (45) claps her hands animatedly to tap down the surrounding noise that fills the room, and to organize those around her. The clapping is patronising like a teacher uses to shush the children and get them to form a line.

HARRIET

Right.

(Continues clapping until the noise around her dials down and everyone is in silence)

Right, let's begin then.

Now, she sits down on a plastic chair and surrounding her, there are other people, forming a circle, like an AA type of support group. The room they are in is a white-walled one, without too many elements. They have chairs, and behind them, there is an office table with a few beverages, such as water, coffee, tea, and a biscuits.

But the emphasis is on her, as she speaks.

HARRIET (CONT'D)

(As she looks around her to the other ones sitting down)

Who wants to go first?

All the people around her, men and women of various ages, going from 20 to 40, all look in different directions: Some right at her, others to an empty spot. None of them, though, raise their hand or speak. So, she does.

HARRIET (CONT'D)

Joe?

Joe, a 40-year-old scrappy looking man, with an unshaved beard of a few days, a shaved head, and unkempt clothes, looks at her with a serious expression.

JOE

I didn't say I wanted to go first.

HARRIET

You know that doesn't matter. If no one goes, you go.

JOE

What's the point of asking, then?

HARRIET

(Stern)

Joe.

JOE

Fine. Let's see. So, my life is shit again. I can't turn off the lights now. There's this crippling fear everywhere I am. I can't seem to be five minutes anywhere before it comes creeping again. I'm at work, and I can't be at work. I'm having drinks with a friend, and I can't be there either. I'm having a walk by the street, and I can't walk. It's-

(Pauses)

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

It's like I can't do anything that I like anymore because every single thing scares me. And I don't know how to make it stop.

Harriet and the rest let those words sink in, before Harriet looks up to Joe's side and goes on with the next person.

HARRIET

Millie?

Millie (26) is a long-haired brunette, dressed casually - with a dark t-shirt and jeans - who isn't top to bottom manicured, but is more of a naturally and effortlessly pretty woman. She looks down as she is talked to and timidly fidgets with her hands before answering.

MILLIE

I don't really have an answer to that.

HARRIET

You don't need to have an answer.  
Just say what you're feeling.

MILLIE

I'm-

(Tries to think about what  
to say)

I'm-

(Laughs to herself before  
opening up)

I'm not sure I'm feeling anything.  
I just don't feel anything anymore.  
I am at work and people keep on  
getting promoted. Like, it's a  
thing. People just keep getting  
promoted around me, and I don't.  
But I also don't care that I'm not  
getting promoted. So, it's a bit  
weird. I also realized I don't have  
any activities outside of work, and  
that doesn't really bother me  
either. I'm not seeing anyone and  
again, it doesn't bother me.

(MORE)

MILLIE (CONT'D) It's  
like... I see that not much is  
happening in my life, I mean, I  
wake up, go to work, go back  
home, go to sleep and repeat the  
entire cycle again and- it's a  
sort of auto-pilot, where I don't  
love, I don't hate, I don't get  
blindingly scared of anything,  
and I just exist and- it's awful.  
It feels... awful.

As Millie finishes her small rant, a few tears drop and  
roll down her cheeks.

HARRIET

Seems to me like you are feeling  
something.

MILLIE

This? I don't even feel anything.  
It's just water on my cheeks.

One of the others from the group whispers to her playfully.

CRAIG (28)  
What is that?

She stares at Craig and answers in a low, playfully secretive voice.

MILLIE  
(Mouthing it more  
than saying it) Don't  
know.

All of them laugh and Millie does too. A moment later, though, she comes back to her awkward, sad expression.

INT. - ENTRANCE, MILLIE'S PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT

Millie opens the door to the house - it's a very classical entrance, with a wooden white front door that has a vintage patterned glass covering part of the upper half of the door.

Millie struggles with the keys, both to open the door and once the door is open, to remove them from the lock.

KAREN (O.S.)  
Who is there?

MILLIE  
(Still struggling to  
remove the keys from the  
door, she looks up and  
answers to the distance,  
where the voice comes  
from)  
It's Millie. I'm home.

Finally, Millie is able to remove the keys and close the door. She drops them by the key storage box: a bronze medium box that contains several sets of keys.

She then takes off her coat, hangs it by the coat rack, which also has a few other coats, one belonging to a man and another to a woman, and lastly, she leaves her purse on the same table where the key box is.

She continues walking on to the next room.

INT. - DINING ROOM, MILLIE'S PARENTS HOME - CONTINUOUS

As Millie enters on to following room, Richard (60) and Anita (60) are sitting down on the dining room table. Sat at opposite ends of the table, and in the middle of the

table, there is an empty seat with a plate, cutlery, glass and a napkin ready.

Anita is in the middle of eating, but she stops and looks at Millie with a wide smile.

ANITA

Oh, good. You just made it to dinner.

Millie sits at the empty spot in the table ready for her, and serves some food on her plate. For a few seconds, her parents continue eating in silence until Anita interrupts.

ANITA (CONT'D)

How was the support group?

MILLIE

It was okay.

ANITA

What did you talk about?

MILLIE

Um, we are not actually supposed to discuss what we talk about outside of the group.

ANITA

Well, sure, but this is us. Who are we going to tell?

MILLIE (In a low voice) I can think of a few people.

ANITA

Excuse me?

MILLIE

I said I can think of a few people.

(Anita gives her a mix of a confused and daring look. Millie takes a breath, like she knows she's about to get in an argument, before elaborating)

I'm just saying, you're not exactly good at keeping things to yourself, mum.



ANITA

What's that supposed to mean?

MILLIE Exactly  
what I just said.

ANITA

Well, why don't you elaborate, so I  
can understand fully what you mean?

MILLIE Let's  
just drop it, mum.

ANITA

No, let's not drop it. Tell me.

MILLIE Let's  
just have dinner.

ANITA

No, tell me.

MILLIE

I-

ANITA

(Interrupts)  
Go on, then, tell me.

MILLIE

You tell everyone everything, okay?  
Not a day goes by where you aren't  
stuck on that phone telling  
everyone my business, dad's  
business and everyone else down the  
block's business, mum. That's what  
I mean.

ANITA

Right.

(Takes a few moments to  
arrange her food in her fork,  
then re-arrange it, until  
finally she drops down the fork  
altogether) How dare you?

MILLIE

How dare I?

ANITA

Yes, how dare you treat me  
that way? You're in my house,  
Amelie.

MILLIE Your house? I thought it was my house too.

ANITA

No, it's not. This is our house. Your father and I's house. And we are letting you stay here, do you understand that? And you come and treat me that way, like I'm- what?

MILLIE

(Interrupts) You're letting me stay here? Oh, thanks so fucking much, mum. Really. How very fucking kind of you.

ANITA

Yes, I am actually letting you stay here. We are letting you stay here. And you're acting like a spoilt brat. You're twenty-six, not twelve. Maybe you should act like it!

MILLIE

Right.

(Gets up from chair and drops napkin on table) You know what? I'm going to do you a big favour then and leave!

Millie leaves the table and the room altogether, but Anita doesn't let it lie. She goes on shouting from her spot at the table.

ANITA

Leave where? The house? 'Cause you never really seem to do that, sweetheart. Can't get you out of here no matter what I do.

Millie is definitely gone now and Richard stares at his food, takes a deep breath and then stares at his wife.

RICHARD

That was unnecessary, Anita.

ANITA

Don't start with me now.

Richard goes back to eating his food, and so does Anita.

CUT TO:

INT. - MILLIE'S ROOM, PARENTS HOUSE - MORNING

The morning sun hits Millie straight in the face, and she has slight sweat dampening her face. She wakes up, only then realizing how strongly the sun is hitting through the window and wipes the sweat from her forehead. She looks at her hand and sees its wet.

MILLIE

(Still groggily)

Oh, for fuck's sake.

She sits up on the bed, and looks at the open window, with the wide-open curtains. She walks a few steps up to the window and closes the curtains. Then, she returns to bed and lets herself drop like dead weight on the mattress again. She closes her eyes and goes back to sleep, until only moments later, the alarm clock on her smartphone starts blasting loudly with the regular, retro-like classic alarm sound.

She grumbles while she covers her head with one of her pillows to drown out the sound, but the alarm only gets louder. Literally, it's set to increase in volume as time passes.

She gives up, removes the pillow off her head, throws it off across the room and exhales deeply before starting her day.

She gets up once more, opens the curtains again and looks around.

The room has a rather strange combination of decor: directly in front of the bed, and on the opposite side of the window, there are different posters hanging: one of them is of the movie *The Notebook*, with the classical image of Allie and Noah kissing in the rain, Noah holding Allie strongly in his arms. Next to that poster, there is a t-shirt hanging of the band Oasis in bright letters, and smaller pictures that are beyond varied - there are album covers of The Strokes, Pink, and Queen, to name a few. On the wall perpendicular to that wall and the window's wall, there is a library, and next to it, large white doors.

Millie walks to them and opens them: it's the closet. Next to more vibrant clothes that are to one side, there are more neutral clothes - she starts fumbling through that side and ends up taking out a white shirt, a grey skirt, and patterned blazer. The blazer is more "daring" in terms

of colour and pattern, but all in all, the entire outfit looks dull.

She closes the doors to the closet behind her and places the clothes on the bed.

INT. - OFFICE FLOOR, SALVO'S - MORNING

The elevator door opens and Millie stares at the office for a second: it's an open plan office kind of workplace. There are low white modern desks for everyone, with none of them rising above anyone's eye-level, so they'll be able to see what their colleagues are doing.

Millie watches the entire office as she exits the elevator, a briefcase in hand, and holds it a little tighter in her hand before she walks through the office up to her desk.

Along her way, she passes both young men and women (20's, 30's and early 40's), each lost in their own little worlds: some of them are focusing on a task at hand, either on a notepad, or sketching on a Wacom-type of digital drawing and painting device, or they are speaking to a person either next or in front of them.

When Millie finally reaches her desk, it looks quite plain - it's a simple white minimalist desk, with a desktop computer connected on top of it, a printer and a few office supplies, such as pens and pencils, not much else.

She places the briefcase on top of the desk, takes out a drawing notepad along with a particular pencil case: it is rather retro and artistry - it's made of leather and looks wrapped up into a circular shape. She opens it with a button that encompasses it all, and pulls it open. The case inside is highly organized and very complete: it has pencils of all shape and colour, pens of all shape and colour, an eraser, and a sharpener.

Millie places the leather pencil case neatly to one side, so it'll have its own space, and then sits down to begin her workday.

She checks a vintage clock that sits to her right on top of the desk and it digitally reads 8:59 am. She pulls her arms up and stretches while taking a deep breath, getting physically ready, as she doesn't take her eyes away from the clock.

Once the clock hits 9 am, she starts: she turns on her computer and places the notepad close to her to begin drawing, all simultaneously.

However, as soon as she does this, the office phone rings. It's quite loud, and Millie jumps a little out of surprise before answering.

MILLIE

Hello?

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Good morning, Millie!

MILLIE

(Unenthusiastic)

Morning, Sophie.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Lovely day, isn't it?

MILLIE

(Unenthusiastic)

Yeah, lovely.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Did you have a good weekend?

MILLIE

Well, yesterday was Thursday, so-

SOPHIE (O.S.) Oh, right!

Silly me. I went to two raves last night and totally lost track of time.

MILLIE

(Grabs one of the pencils in her pencil case and her notepad while she listens) Right.

SOPHIE (O.S.) It was so

amazing. Someone who looked just like Harry Styles was there.

MILLIE

At the two parties?

SOPHIE (O.S.) No, one,

of course! You can't have Harry Styles in two places.

MILLIE

Well, he was a look alike, so I imagine he was a bit less busy than the actual Harry Styles.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Oh, yeah, didn't think about that.

MILLIE

(While full-on drawing now) I know.

SOPHIE (O.S.) So,

anyway, Mills, Mr. Salvatore wants to have a briefing in five-ish.

MILLIE

Were we supposed to have anything ready? I don't recall scheduling any briefing for today.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

I don't think so? He said something about having some important announcement to make.

MILLIE

Oh, okay.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

I don't actually know what announcement.

MILLIE

Didn't ask, Sophie.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Oh, cool! Well, go get 'em tiger!

MILLIE

Yeah...okay. Talk to you later, Sophie.

(Hangs up the phone and mumbles in a low voice) That girl really needs to get off the pills.

INT. - HALLWAY TO MEETING ROOM, SALVO'S - CONTINUOUS

Millie advances through a hallway that is directly outside the meeting room.

The meeting room is fully glassed on the outside, so all that is happening inside can be seen from outside. It's a small room with eight people sitting around a rectangular glass table, and presiding the meeting is Mr. Salvatore (60), a tanned man, overweight man of Mediterranean appearance, dressed in a sharp three-piece suit.

INT. - MEETING ROOM, SALVO'S - CONTINUOUS

Millie reaches the meeting room's entrance and walks in. She closes the door behind her and walks over to the nearest available seat at the table. As she sits down Mr. Salvatore looks at her and addresses her.

MR. SALVATORE

(With a warm smile)

Good morning, Amelie.

MILLIE

(Gives a genuine equally warm smile)

Good morning, Mr. Salvatore.

MR. SALVATORE

(Addressing everyone)

Well, now that we are all here, let's begin.

As Millie finishes sitting down, she stares at those around her in the table and directly in front of her is Cate (27).

She is a blonde, also tanned and naturally beautiful woman. She stares at Millie with a warm affectionate smile and lifts up her hand in a faint wave. Millie returns it. They get back to paying attention at Mr. Salvatore.

MR. SALVATORE (CONT'D) I have been going over Salvo's designs and honestly, I have noticed that we haven't been doing so well. The sales are fine, before you tell me anything about them,

(Although up to now he's been concentrated in the group, he lifts a finger at Patrick (35), who also has a finger up - about to object)

Patrick, but my idea with Salvo's was never to make it a merely retail store. The idea has always been to make it a quality design clothing store. This means clothes I want to wear, clothes I want to touch, and clothes that bring me joy by the mere sight of them.

He pauses to make eye contact with all of them before he continues.

MR. SALVATORE (CONT'D) I'm not absolutely sure if I have shared this story with you all before, but when I was around eight, back in Italy, my family, we didn't have much money. My father worked longed hours and my mother sold pies in the neighbourhood to make ends meet, and yet, we barely made it to the end of the month. We were also six children, so I suppose that didn't exactly help economy.

And walking around the streets of my neighbourhood, there was this man: Signore Tomasso. He, much like my family, struggled to make ends meet. He also worked long hours and didn't have children, but those were rough times. We were still

(MORE)



suffering the effects from the war. And yet, Signore Tomasso managed to look impeccable. Every single day.

MR. SALVATORE (CONT'D)

He had three signature suits that he would find ways to combine, and he always looked sharp as a tack. I couldn't understand. No one could. In my family, my parents did their best, but we all wore old clothes, which most times, didn't look their very best. And so was the case for most people in the neighbourhood. So, why did Signore Tomasso look like he did? No one knew. And I wanted to find out.

So, one day, I went to his house, knocked on his door and asked, "Mr. Tomasso, how do you look so elegant all the time? What's your secret?"

He laughed instantly. And then told me to go for a walk through the streets with him. We went and he had a cream-colored suit on, and there was a wind that carried along some dirt through the streets. So, it wasn't long until some dirt settled into Signore Tomasso's suit. He stared at the dirt and said, 'See this? I'm not always elegant. My clothes get dirty, just like yours. And even more so when I use these light colours. But I love cream colours. And I love clothes. So, you know what I do? Every night, I clean up all my clothes with a special soap, so they will last longer' Later on, I found out the special soap was just water. Because the less you alter clothes with chemicals, the better they remain. So, this man stayed every night cleaning his clothes with his bare hands and water. It probably took him a few hours. But he still did it. Every night. And, why? Because he loved clothes. It was as simple as that. And I've always

(MORE)

wanted that for us. To get people to love clothes that much. To have them caring for their clothes with such delicacy because they want them to last longer. Because clothes mean something to them.

MR. SALVATORE (CONT'D)

(He pauses to let the story sink in with the rest, before he stares directly at Millie) Do clothes mean something to you, Amelie?

MILLIE

Yes, they do.

MR. SALVATORE

What do they mean?

MILLIE

They reflect my mood at times, and make me feel angry, or sad, or happy sometimes. They are more than what covers me, I guess. They are the skin I choose to wear on top of my actual skin.

MR. SALVATORE

(Gives her a warm smile again)

I like that. The skin you choose to wear.

(He turns in the opposite direction of Millie, and stares at Cate) Cate?

CATE

(She looks between Mr. Salvatore and Millie a few times before answering)

I agree. It's a nice analogy. But for me, clothes have been a little bit more. It's a bit embarrassing to admit this, but I still have my very first onesie from when I was a baby. My aunt had given it to my mom. And it had little elephants. From that day on and to this day,

(MORE)

elephants are my favourite animals.  
All because of a onesie I cannot  
remember wearing but can see with  
my own eyes to this day. I wear  
onesies, in my current size,  
because somehow they bring me back  
to that time I felt perfectly safe  
and cared for. My first date  
outfit, I also have it.

(MORE)

CATE (CONT'D) It was a dress that made me look like I was 11 and going off to Sunday mass, even though I was 15 and not going to church at all. I have all my Halloween costumes from when I was little to now, and I even have separated the dress I wore for my very first day working here. And that day, I do remember. And I remember you, Mr. Salvatore, and you, Millie. You actually cleaned up my dress because a bit of coffee I had been nervously drinking spilled on it. Remember? My clothes are my memories. Even further, and as controversial as this is going to sound, my clothes are me. Yeah, my clothes are who I am.

MR. SALVATORE

(His smile becomes a full-blown one)

Well, that was what I wanted to hear all along. The idea at Salvo's is for people to make clothes part of their lives, and that's why we need to restructure matters. Restructure team as well. As you may have noticed, there have been several promotions going around lately. And there will be more. the reason why I called you here today is because I want you to pay attention, use that passion you have just described and help. Some of you will become heads in certain departments, and others will be there to assist those heads. We all need to work together and make Salvo's the place people come to discover themselves. Okay?

In the table, they all nod in response.

MR. SALVATORE (CONT'D)

Good. I'll be getting back to you soon. I wanted to share my thoughts for the moment, though. Thank you for your time. Let's get back to work.

They all start getting up to leave, and Millie does so as well.

INT. - HALLWAY TO MEETING ROOM, SALVO'S - CONTINUOUS

As she is walking away from the meeting room, she looks back and sees that as Mr. Salvatore is grabbing his things from the table, Cate is laughing and talking with him.

Millie stares for a moment, before leaving.

INT. - LUNCH ROOM, SALVO'S - DAY

Millie is staring intensely again at Cate and Mr. Salvatore, but this time while she has lunch in the dining hall. It's a modern looking café, much like a boutique kind of restaurant, with artistic lightning (every light looks like a piece of art) and comfortable plush chairs, combined with more traditional dining tables. It's an open plan kind of diner, so Millie has perfect view of Mr. Salvatore and Cate.

Cate is showing him designs in a notebook, while talking animatedly, and Mr. Salvatore is listening as he eats a salad.

While Millie has her own salad, Ricco (28) appears next to her with his own food. He has black slick dress pants on, with a white shirt, tucked neatly inside the pants. He has a tan complexion, and a very clean-cut look. He signals to Millie if he can sit down at her table, but she's too distracted to see him. He ends up sitting anyway, quite close to her, and follows her line of sight. He gets close to her ear to whisper.

RICCO

What are we watching?

Millie finally snaps out of her world and looks at her side to see the new stranger. She answers to him dryly.

MILLIE

We aren't watching anything.

RICCO

(He finds her dryness funny and smiles at her) Okay.  
What are you watching?

Millie watches her food and concentrates on it.

MILLIE

Nothing.

RICCO

(Waits a few beats before  
trying again)

Well, I'll tell you what I'm  
watching. A man who is twice that  
girl's age, so he doesn't really  
stand a chance. I mean, don't get  
me wrong, he's one good-looking  
stallion, but for one, she seems  
more interested in the notes she's  
showing him than in him, and on the  
other hand, I heard he only has  
eyes for his wife so if those notes  
were not standing between them-

(Makes a suspenseful pause  
with a horrified face)

absolutely nothing would happen.

Millie actually laughs for the first time and turns to look  
at Cate and Mr. Salvatore again - but this time, more  
affectionately.

MILLIE

You're right. He does only have  
eyes for his wife, and she is  
pretty focused on those notes.

(Pause)

We used to be close friends and I'm  
afraid I'm losing her as my friend  
at the same time that she's getting  
a better job than mine.

RICCO

What's the job?

MILLIE

I'm not sure.

RICCO

How do you know that she's getting  
it?

MILLIE

Because she's there, and she's  
charming, and lovely, and quite  
talented.

RICCO

Aren't you talented? Aren't you lovely? And charming? Couldn't you be sitting there?

MILLIE

(Pretends to think about the answers by looking upwards)

I don't know. No. Definitely not, and... I don't know, again.

(Ricco nods at her but doesn't stop smiling) What's your name?

RICCO

Ah, a question. Finally.

(Stretches his hand out for her to shake it) Ricco.

MILLIE

(Grabs the hand and shakes it)

Ricco? That sounds-

RICCO

Italian.

MILLIE

Italian, very much like-

(Points with a finger at Mr. Salvatore before looking back between Mr. Salvatore and Ricco several times)

oh, crap.

RICCO

Oh, crap?

MILLIE

I mean, shit, I mean... you're his son?

RICCO

The younger version of the good-looking stallion.

MILLIE

(Starts rilling up pretty fast)

Oh, no, no, no. And I told you that  
your dad was-

RICCO

(Sees her getting all  
nervous and finishes the  
line for her)  
- Faithful to his wife.

MILLIE

Yeah, I love your dad.  
(Ricco laughs out loud at  
that)  
Not like that. Shit. Shit. I- I got  
go.

She starts moving fast to get out of there and he tries to  
stop her by placing his hand on her arm gently.

RICCO

What? Why?  
(Millie leaves the  
cafeteria practically in  
a sprint)  
And you're off already. Okay, see  
you later.

Ricco still finds it all funny and his smirk doesn't wipe  
off as he grabs a French fry from his plate.

FADE OUT.

INT. - LIVING ROOM, DEX'S PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT

Dex has his hands on a toy guitar.

DEXTER

So, I'm supposed to press these as  
the music plays, right?

As he fumbles with his fingers through the chords of the  
toy guitar, Matty (8) stares at him impatiently.

MATTY

Every time we play this game you  
ask the same thing.

They are in front of a big flat TV, that has the game  
Guitar Hero on. The sofa behind them is pushed backwards to  
give them more space to play, and the coffee table moved  
forward to the same end.



DEXTER

Well, I'm sorry but I'm trying to  
learn how to beat you!

MATTY

You're not going to win just because you keep on asking how to play. If you suck at it, you suck at it.

DEXTER

(Opens his mouth in horror)

You know, I would be telling you to respect your elders if that hadn't been such a good burn.

(Puts his hand up for a high-five) On top.

MATTY

(High-fives Dexter, before going back to the game impatiently)

Are we going to play this or are you trying to stall so you won't lose so horribly?

DEXTER

Hey, respect your elders! But, yeah, let's play.

They are interrupted by knocks on the front the door.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

Oh, hold on.

He leaves the toy guitar on the coffee table and goes to answer the door. He sees through the window next to the front door that Jesse is standing on the other side, and opens up.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

Hey.

Jesse enters.

JESSE

Hey.

Jesse sees Matty standing next to the TV with the game on, and smiles as he walks over to him.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Hey Matty.

With his hand, he tries to reach Matty's hair, but Matthew covers it with both hands and steps backwards.

MATTY

No, don't. I spent a lot of time today getting it to look this way.

Jesse gives a step back himself and puts his hands up in mock surrender.

JESSE

Oh, okay.

He instead puts his hand in a fist shape to pound it with Matty and Matty pounds him back. But as he does, Jesse grabs the kid's hand and does a lock up to reach his hair and ruffle it affectionately.

MATTY

(Tries to get off Jesse's grasp) Jesse, no!

Jesse laughs as he sees that he manages to rile Matty up, and lets him be after ruffling his hair. Dexter is back with them in front of the TV.

Jesse looks at the Guitar Hero game paused.

JESSE

So, what are you guys doing? Is Matty wiping the floor with your dignity again?

DEXTER

My dignity is not represented by a game. And I can win this.

JESSE

(Locks eyes with Matty and they both smile mischievously) Really? Show us.

Dexter grabs the toy guitar, puts the strap around his shoulder and with Matty, they play. It takes no longer than a minute for Dexter to completely lose the game, and Matty

to laugh while pointing at him mockingly. Jesse decides to interject.

JESSE (CONT'D)

(Grabs the guitar as  
Dexter takes it off) Hold  
up, hold up, hold up. I know you  
know this isn't over, Matty.

Yeah, it is. I won.

JESSE

Don't think so. Reset it, bud.

MATTHEW

So, I can beat you too? I'm a kid.  
Don't you guys get tired of losing  
against me?

JESSE

Just reset the game, Matty.

He turns around and whispers at Dexter.

JESSE (CONT'D)

This kid is mean.

DEXTER

(Whispers back)  
I know.

MATTY

Fine. Are you ready, Jesse?

JESSE

(Mockingly half-closes  
his eyes to look bad) Born  
ready.

The game starts and Jesse not only quickly starts making more points, but he makes positions with the guitar, by playing it with his teeth in a heavy metal style. Once his points are significantly higher than Matty's, he pauses his guitar.

JESSE (CONT'D) Right.

I'm leaving now before you wipe  
the floor with me, Matty.

MATTY

What, after all that big talk  
you're not staying?

JESSE

(As he leaves the guitar  
on the sofa)

Guess I am a coward after all.

He winks at Matty before he leaves with Dexter to the garden, which is connected to the living room.

Matty waits until they leave to continue playing on his own.

INT. - BACKYARD, DEX'S PARENTS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Both men walk over to a dining outdoor wooden table that is on a patio. Each one takes a seat before Dexter breaks the silence.

DEXTER

What's up?

JESSE

You tell me. You were the one who ran away like a headless chicken today.

Dexter takes out a pack of cigarettes from his back pocket, before he pulls an ashtray from the middle of the table and places it next to him. He lights up the cigarette with a lighter that is in the pack as well and continues looking down as he answers.

DEXTER

I'm just not sure we're making the right decision.

JESSE

Yeah, no shit. You've never really hid that.

DEXTER

(Gets his eyes up and looks at Jesse)

How are you not freaking out? Aren't you scared that we are stuck with these guys with a contract now?

JESSE

(Takes a moment to think before he answers) Look. The way I see it, up to today, minutes before the meeting actually, I had been making phone calls all over the place, and answering emails, writing out new ones. All trying to get us to play in places. I've been manager of this band, or whatever, for a while now, Dex. And it's exhausting. And I'm not even getting us to the right places. Not because of a lack of trying, but because I simply don't have the contacts. Or I didn't,

until I somehow got us this record company. And it's huge.

(MORE)

JESSE (CONT'D)

Okay? It's what people dream of, what musicians dream of. We are going to tour the entire world, Dexter. Our own tour. And it's all new, all fucking scary, if I'm honest. And yeah, I'm freaking out. But from the excitement. I can't believe this is happening. So, I say let's take it while it's there. And enjoy it.

Dexter nods while taking a drag of his cigarette and looks far off, still undecided.

Jesse gives him a moment, before slapping him on the thigh to get him back to reality.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Also, you don't really have time to sulk. We got to go.

DEXTER

What? Where?

JESSE

The guys are waiting for us.

(Gets up from his seat and does a disco dance move, where he puts his arms up and shakes his pelvis)

We are celebrating this, baby.

DEXTER

But I already told Matty and my mom I was staying for dinner. She made lamb chops, man.

JESSE

(Pretends to be drooling)

Ah, so good.

(Snaps back as if telling himself off)

No. No time, though. I love your mom, love her cooking, but we got to go. They are waiting. Come on.

(Starts leaving and turns back to call Dexter, as if he were calling a dog, doing little slaps on his lap)

Come on, come on, come on.

Dexter gets up and goes with him.

DEXTER

I'm not a dog, dude.

JESSE

Of course not.

(Scratches Dexter's neck exactly like he's scratching a dog's neck)

DEXTER

(Slaps his hand away)

Stop it.

INT. - DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Jesse, Zach and CJ are all scattered throughout a dance club - Jesse and Zach are talking to two girls in their 20's who are in between dancing around them and talking animatedly at the two guys.

CJ is not too far from them, at the bar: he is taking shots with another two guys in their early 30's, who look like Marines.

From a booth on the other side, Dexter is staring at them. He is holding a pint of beer, and taking a sip, then returning to look at his friends, and then staring at the rest of the people around him, dancing, chatting, and drinking.

While he is caught up in that, Zach turns from his talk with the girls and looks back at where Dexter is. He sees him look around the place, and holding a pint of beer by himself, he leaves the foursome and approaches the table where he is sitting.

He sits at the table, next to Dexter and stares at him.

Dexter realizes Zach is by his side and turns to look at him. Zach seems a tad drunk: his eyes are mid-closed, and he has a firm smile planted on his face.



ZACH

Hey.

DEXTER

Hey.

Zach continues staring at him, almost studying Dexter, before he talks again.

ZACH

Why are you sitting here, Dex?  
Party's over there.

DEXTER

(Shrugs)

Needed some space, I guess.

ZACH

Why is it always so hard?

DEXTER

What?

ZACH

Enjoying yourself. Letting go. Why  
is it always so hard for you?

DEXTER

I don't know. I wish I knew.

ZACH

(Seems to accept that  
answer and after watching  
him intently for a  
further few seconds, he  
launches for an impromptu  
hug)  
We love you, all of us.  
So much, Dex.  
It gets better, I promise  
it gets better than this.

Dex feels Zach as he hugs him and doesn't know quite what to do. He awkwardly pats him on the back, as if returning the hug, before answering.

DEXTER

I love you guys, too.

Zach seems happy with that answer and releases Dex from the hug.

ZACH

Now let's go dance.

DEXTER

No.

ZACH

Yes!

DEXTER

No.

ZACH

Yes! Or I'll cry.

DEXTER

You wouldn't.

Zach points with one finger at his eyes intently and Dexter sees how they go from growingly red to teary.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

Oh, wow.

ZACH

I know, it's a superpower.

(Gets up and pulls Dexter  
with him)

Let's go!

Dexter doesn't have much of a choice as he is being pulled into the dance floor, and Zach begins wildly jumping all over the place. Dexter laughs before he follows along.

Jesse sees them from where he is standing, as they are hard to miss, and joins them with the girls. They make a jumping circle between all of them, and CJ joins them last, thumping through the crowd.

FADE OUT.

EXT. - DEXTER'S PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT

An old classic and well-kept black Mustang stops by the driveway of Dexter's parents' house. Dexter comes out of the passenger's seat, and closes the door, where the window is already down - then, the window from the back rolls down. Sitting at the back are Zach and CJ, and in the drivers' seat, Jesse is holding the wheel.

DEXTER

(Kneels to place his hand  
on the door, and see the  
other guys better)  
Right. See you guys tomorrow. 10 am  
sharp.

(Stares back at Zach who  
still has the drunkplastered  
smile on his face, while he  
struggles to keep his eyes  
open) Well, maybe a bit later.

JESSE

Oh, shit, forgot to tell you.

DEXTER

What?

JESSE

We aren't rehearsing tomorrow.  
There's a slight change of plan.

(He makes Dex a  
"please don't kill me"  
face) We have a photo  
shoot.

DEXTER

A what?

JESSE

Photo shoot, for promotion. We are  
leaving on a tour soon, don't know  
if you remember?

DEXTER

(Deadpans)  
Ha ha. Fine. What time?

JESSE

Be ready at 9. I'll pick you up.

DEXTER

I can get there on my own.

JESSE

Oh, no, no, no. We are not going  
down that road again. Be ready. I'm  
picking you up. Later.

Jesse speeds off and Dexter sees the car zig-zag while honking, as they leave.

He shakes his head at them and rolls his eyes.

DEXTER

(In a low voice, with  
a fond smile) Later.

CUT TO:

INT. - MAKE UP ROOM, PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

Dexter now has a petrified expression, and his surroundings are completely alien to him. He is in a very bright room, with cosmetics of all sorts around him.

KRYSTEN (O.S.)

Which one do you want, hon?

He gets out of his stupor to look at where a make-up artist that is doing his make-up points him. In her palms, she's holding eye shadows. They are of all sorts of bright colours, and he just seems lost looking at them all.

DEXTER

I'm not sure. Is this necessary?

KRYSTEN

Well, it kind of goes with the ensemble.

As Krysten says that, she points at his outfit: he has a weird combination of tight black pants, along with a bright pink shirt and a blazer that has looks extremely similar to a bullfighter's blazer - it's colourful, it has patterns and big shoulder pads.

ZACH

Choose the glittery gold, Dex, I did and no regrets here.

They are interrupted by Zach, who is sitting two seats away from Dexter. All four members are having their make-up done, and Zach seems to be the one that enjoys it the most. He is giddy while he is painted, and in fact, has all sorts of colours all over his face.

ZACH (CONT'D)

(Staring at his reflection  
in the mirror)

I mean, wow, I'm sparkling all over the place. I should wear this like

every day. Where can I get it,  
Catherine?

His make-up artist, standing next to him, takes the opportunity to give a full explanation of her work.

CATHERINE

It's actually a mix I make myself, where I add more glitter, and the colour is a combination of your regular gold, light violet, which is what you see particularly shine by the top eyelids, and furious red, which you got at the very bottom.

ZACH

(Staring at all the colours Catherine tells him she's using)

(MORE)

ZACH (CONT'D) Well, well, well, I think you've gotten a new customer and I'm buying some later.

CATHERINE

Sure.

KRYSTEN

So, which one?

Dexter gets distracted by Zach, but returns to his own conversation with his make up artist.

DEXTER

Glittery gold, I guess.

INT. - PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

All four members of the band enter into the photo studio, with their make up and costume done, ready for the photo shoot. Their clothes look much like Dex's in order to build an ensemble, but their make ups vary, with all of them wearing heavy make up in bright colours.

Waiting for them is the photographer, Ivan (46) that is standing next to his set, with several photography lights on, and behind a camera hanging on a tripod.

He smiles as he sees the guys and walks to meet them halfway.

IVAN

Hey, guys.  
(Stretches his hand out  
towards Dexter)  
Ivan McIntyre.

DEXTER

(Shakes his hand)  
Dexter Rose.

JESSE

(Shakes next)  
Jesse Hendry

ZACH

Zach Luthor. Chose it myself.

At that introduction, Ivan doesn't know quite what to say.

IVAN

...Okay.

JESSE

Nevermind him. He's Zach Slater, and  
CJ.

CJ

(Extends hand for Ivan  
to shake) Caesar James.

IVAN

(Shakes CJ's hand and  
proceeds to look at them  
all in turns, as if  
directing himself to the  
entire group)  
Nice to meet you all. So, I heard  
this is your first contract with  
the company?

JESSE

Yes, yes, it is.  
Any  
recommendations?

IVAN

Play nice, play rough, and you'll  
be fine.

After saying that, Ivan turns to walk away into the studio set and Dexter takes the opportunity to make eye contact with Jesse.

DEXTER

(Mouthing in a low voice)

The fuck does that even mean?

Jesse puts his index finger against his mouth, signing for Dexter to keep quiet. They both, along with Zach and CJ, advance towards the set.

Ivan stands once more behind his camera and points out into the set, that has a white backdrop, a main light to the right of the camera, and minor lights distributed at the corners, pointing at the backdrop. There is also a younger man, Charles (25) that is working on adjusting the height of one of the minor lights by the side.

IVAN

So, this is the studio and where we tend to do all photo shoots for the existing and newcomer musicians. As you can see, it's pretty spacious, so you can move over freely and not feel constrained to a certain position.

(MORE)

IVAN (CONT'D)

Here, we like you to feel in the moment - take the reins of your body and let it speak for itself. Let it move. Let it explore. Okay?

The four seem pretty lost at Ivan's words, so Jesse decides to be the speaker.

JESSE

Okay. Yeah, sounds good.

IVAN

Great. Well, jump in, gentlemen. We'll do some group photos and then some individual shots, if that's okay?

JESSE

(As he enters into the area between the backdrop and

the camera along with the other band members) Sure.

IVAN

Now, remember. My job is to capture you, your job is to give me everything for me to capture. Is that clear?

JESSE

Crystal. We had actually been discussing a few positions we'd like to try out based on album covers from some of our favourite bands. For instance, there are several from the Rolling Stones which are-

IVAN

(Interrupts)

Gorgeous. They've always had amazing artwork behind them.

JESSE

I know. So, maybe we could try that?

IVAN

Okay, let's do that. Which album did you have in mind?

JESSE

Well, a couple, mostly from their early days. Like, The Rolling Stones album from 1964. It's-

(Fishes out for his phone  
in the back pocket of his  
pants)

here let me look it up.

IVAN

(Making a stop sign with  
his hand)

No need. I already know which one it is. The one where they are all standing sideways and facing the camera.

JESSE

Yes. Well, in order to do that we'd all need to be in a single line,



(He starts signalling for them all to get in line and the other three do) with CJ here,  
 (He places CJ right in front of the camera, standing sideways)  
 Zach by his side,  
 (He places Zach right behind him)  
 I'd be up the front  
 (He goes next to CJ on the other side, to be the first person starting the line)  
 and Dex, our lead singer would be the-

Dex is left for last to finish the line.

IVAN

Brian Jones.

JESSE

Brian Jones, yeah, of the album, at the back, and holding his chest in a very delicate manner. Like, just two fingers, like this.

Jesse makes holds his index and thumb together to show Dexter how he has to do, and Dexter does so.

IVAN

Okay, I'd need you all to stay in those positions so I can adjust the lighting to hit you in the right places.

(Ivan leaves his place behind the camera and walks to the main light)

So, this one would go-

(He places the main light in a different place)

yeah. And if I trade this one for this one, Charles - hit the backlight at Dex's skull.

(He plays with the minor lights before Charles takes over with the one

he has by his side to do  
as he is told)  
And, let me check how it looks  
through the camera.

(Ivan returns to the  
camera and looks through  
the viewfinder)

Cool. I like the positions, so we  
are going to mark those up -  
Charlie. I need you to stay within  
those marks, and I'm going to add a  
few filters to the lights so we can  
go from Rolling Stone white light,  
to sunlight hitting you. Okay?

JESSE

Sounds good.

Ivan puts yellow filters on the lights, and returns to the  
camera.

IVAN

All right, we are all set. And,  
stay in place, please, don't move  
and look at the camera in 1, 2, go.  
(Takes a shot)

Don't move, and we'll do a couple  
more - there's always someone who  
blinks at the wrong moment.

ZACH

(While standing very still  
in position)

Would probably be me here.

IVAN

Could be anyone, Zach. And  
we're going again in 1, 2, and  
cheese. (Takes a shot) Again.

(Shot)

Again.

(Shot)

And a final time,  
guys. (Shot) There.

JESSE

(Rests from his position  
and doesn't waste time to  
talk again)

We also have another album from  
David Bowie.

IVAN

Also incredible artwork.

JESSE

Yeah. The positions would be a combination, actually, from different albums. Each one of us would be a different album, to put it in a way. CJ would be Heathen,  
 (Points at CJ, who copies the position that David Bowie has in the album)  
 Zach would be Hunky Dory,  
 (Zach does the same)  
 I would be Rebel Rebel  
 (Jesse gets in position)  
 and Dex would be Heroes.

Dex, less enthusiastic, gets in position as well.

IVAN

(Staring at them all, analyzing)

Okay. Okay. Those are a lot of different positions, but I actually think that with this same lighting hitting you from the side, and you all scattered, two in the back and two in the front, this could actually work.

(Leaves the camera to enter the set and move each member to where he wants them) Here.

(MORE)

IVAN (CONT'D)

(He grabs Zach first)

Sorry for this, but it'll be faster if I just place you in here,

(Puts him in the back)

and you here,

(Puts CJ also in the back)

you here

(Puts Jesse in the front)

and you..

(Puts Dex also in the front)

right here. Okay.

(Returns to camera)

Same thing, guys. Hold positions,  
hold positions, and we're going in  
3, 2, 1.

(Takes a  
shot) Another  
one. (Shot)  
Another one.  
(Shot) One  
more.

(Shot)  
Amazing.

He takes a moment to view the photos in the screen of the computer that is connected directly to the camera through a cable, and after seeing them, he gets back to the guys.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Okay, so all of this is great, and  
don't get me wrong, you are being  
super creative and making my job a  
lot easier, but what I'm not seeing  
in all of this is... where is you?

JESSE

Where is me? What do you mean,  
Ivan?

IVAN

I mean, these are positions and  
albums from other artists, other  
bands. Other identities. Where is  
your identity as a band? What is  
your position? Like I said, don't  
get me wrong. These pictures that  
we've taken so far will look great.  
But it would look even better if it  
was something that represented you.

JESSE

This does represent us. These are  
the artists that made us want to be  
artists, and we've actually given  
this a lot of thought, so-

DEXTER

(Interrupts)  
Wait.

JESSE

What?

DEXTER  
(Approaches Jesse and  
whispers)  
Let's talk for a minute.

JESSE  
(Whispers back)  
About what? We're in the middle of  
something here, Dexter.

DEXTER  
Yeah, I know. Just give me a  
minute.  
(Looks at Ivan with a wide  
smile)  
We'll be right back, Ivan.  
(He starts walking away,  
Jesse follows and he looks at  
Zach and CJ before leaving the  
set) Hold tight, guys.

Dexter and Jesse go to a distant corner of the set.

JESSE  
What?

DEXTER  
He's right.

JESSE  
What are you talking about?

DEXTER  
He, Ivan, he's right about what  
he's saying. This isn't us, Jesse.  
Those positions, they aren't us.  
This clothing and make up, it's not  
us.

JESSE  
Yeah, well, it has to be us now.

DEXTER  
Says who? Fuck that. Listen. I've  
been thinking all this time about  
this contract that we signed and  
how it would enslave us into being  
who they wanted us to be, and  
adapting into their conditions. But  
you know what? It doesn't have to

be that way. They aren't here. We are here. You told me last night that we should enjoy this. So, let's enjoy it. By being us. It's what we've wanted all along.

JESSE

So, what do you want us to do?

DEXTER

I want us to do this photo shoot. Like we would do it.

JESSE

How is that?

Dexter smiles.

DEXTER

Follow me.

He struts now, decided, back to the set.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

We'll be back, Ivan.

He signals for Zach and CJ to follow him as well, and they all walk away.

Ivan, next to the camera, doesn't know what hit him, and just stares at the now empty set.

IVAN

Well, okay.

INT. - ROOM, PHOTO STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

At the make-up room, the band is now alone, as each of them cleans up the make up with cotton and cream. They remove every trace of paint from their faces.

Once they are done, they all look at their reflections in the mirror.

DEXTER

(Staring at the others through the mirror) Now, this is us.

He proceeds to take off the blazer, and then the shirt frantically. The others look at him shocked.

Dexter turns around, where all available clothes for set is hanging from a mobile closet and he starts skimming through the clothes. He stops at a white t-shirt that calls his attention, a regular one with a V-neck, and then skims again for a red blazer. Once he's put both on, he arranges the clothes while looking in the mirror.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

Grab whatever you feel comfortable with. Zach, you want glitter, grab glitter, Jesse, you want a suit, grab a suit, CJ, you want- don't really know what you want, man, but just go with your gut.

The other three, still surprised, get out of their shock and start skimming through the clothes themselves. Dexter watches them and smiles.

INT. - PHOTO STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

All four members of the band enter the photo studio a second time. This time, they have no make-up on, and their clothes don't match exactly between each other. Ivan turns around and sees them walk in.

IVAN

Okay. Are we ready?

DEXTER

(Advancing up to the set  
and staring at the  
camera)

We are ready.

FADE TO:

INT. - MAIN OFFICE FLOOR - AFTERNOON

Millie is sitting at her work desk, sketching a design and fully concentrated on the task, when someone stops by her desk and stands in front of her. She looks up and sees it's Ricco.

He looks down at her with a half-smile.

RICCO

Hey.

MILLIE

Hello.

RICCO

Can we speak for a moment?

MILLIE

Sure.

Ricco then leaves, and Millie is confused. She looks in the direction he is going, and sees him come back slowly, dragging a Chesterfield round foot stool. He has a hard time carrying it to her desk, but he finally makes it and seats directly in front of her, trying to look natural. He sees her obvious surprise at the stunt and clarifies.

RICCO

I like being eye level when I talk to people.

MILLIE

That must be really hard.

(Ricco is now the confused one and she breaks into a mischievous smile)

Just because you're so tall.

RICCO

Oh, you have no idea.

(He breaks the act and gets serious)

Listen. I am my father's son - God, that sounded really weird - but, I am not here to evaluate you or anyone else, for that matter, if that was what worried you, and made you-- sprint away from me.

MILLIE

No, that didn't worry me.

(Pauses to think how to put it)

I'm just weird.

RICCO

I noticed. Being weird is good, though. It's hip.

MILLIE

(Smiles)

Chic.



RICCO

Trending.

(Breaks his own smile to  
get serious again)

Well, just wanted to clear the air,  
and tell you that it was lovely to  
meet you, now, for a second time.

MILLIE

It was lovely to meet you too. Both  
times.

RICCO

Good. I'll let you get back to  
work, then.

(He gets up from his seat  
and is about to leave,  
but stops as if he  
forgets to say something,  
pausing before speaking  
again)

Also, I know I don't know you at  
all, and it's not my place to say,  
but my dad thinks you are lovely,  
charming, and quite talented, and  
he knows you are here. Maybe you  
should approach him some time. See  
you around.

Ricco walks away, leaving Millie in deep thought,  
concentrated, staring forward at nothing in particular.

After a moment, Ricco returns to push the Chesterfield stool  
again. Millie snaps out of her thoughts to look at him, and  
he realizes she's staring.

RICCO (CONT'D)

(While pushing the chair  
away, he tells her, almost in  
confidence) Just when I was  
about to do the most graceful  
exit.

Millie laughs as she sees him, completely ungracefully, push  
the chair away, producing a screeching sound through the  
floor.

INT. - STREET - AFTERNOON

Millie exits transparent sliding doors from a big business looking building, there are people walking next to her in suits and carrying briefcases, and as she goes, she stops to watch the department store right in front of the business building. It has an antique and bohemian look, and a big sign on top of that reads, "Salvo's."

She stares first at the ground floor, where different clothes hang in mannequins: women's coats, along with skirts, and blouses. The mannequins have a full ensemble they are dressed in, and Millie takes them in.

Then, she slowly starts looking upwards, on to the first floor, and there's a young girl, 10 years old, who has a summer dress on and is holding the tips of the dress, while bowing - all for the mirror in front of her.

Millie watches the entire act and smiles.

She then looks back down and starts walking off into the street, but not without keeping the smile firmly on her face.

INT. - ENTRANCE, MILLIE'S PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT

Millie walks into her parents' house, and she still seems dazed, with a small smile that won't seem to leave anytime soon.

She closes the door behind her and places the keys in the key box. When she turns around to start moving through the house, she sees there are two big suitcases at the bottom of the stairs.

It is in that moment that her small smile fades and is replaced by a confused expression.

MILLIE

Mum?

ANITA (O.S.)

In here.

Millie follows the source of the voice and walks into the next room.

INT. - KITCHEN, MILLIE'S PARENTS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As she enters the kitchen, both Anita and Richard are sitting at opposite ends of the kitchen's island. The lighting is slightly dim, as if ready for bad news.

Upon seeing her parents in those positions, and with serious expressions, Millie becomes confused even further.

MILLIE  
What's going on?

ANITA  
Take a seat, Amelie.

Millie sits in the free stool that stands in the middle of the island, and in the middle of the two parents.

MILLIE  
Why are my bags in the hallway?

ANITA  
We've been thinking with your dad,  
and we think it's time you make  
your own way.

MILLIE  
You're throwing me out?

ANITA  
We know you may not see it in the  
same way, but it's for the best.

MILLIE  
(Pauses, as if trying to  
understand what's going  
on)  
Is this about the argument we had  
last night? I'm sorry; I know I was  
out of line-

ANITA  
(Interrupts)  
It's not about the argument. It's  
about every argument. We fight all  
the time, and it hurts me. It hurts  
you.

(MORE)

ANITA (CONT'D) And,  
quite honestly, you have a good  
job that pays you more than enough  
to rent somewhere of your own, and  
you are at an age where you should  
be living on your own, Millie,  
like your sisters. I'm sorry but

it's just time for you to grow up.  
Don't you agree?

MILLIE

(Still looks not at her  
parents, but an empty  
spot, as if processing)  
You know why I came back here.

ANITA

Yes, I do, but enough time has  
passed for you to be back on  
your feet. I'm sorry, but our  
decision is final.

MILLIE

Our.  
(Turns to look at Richard)  
Dad, do you agree with this? Did  
you even have a say?

ANITA

Of course he  
did.

MILLIE

(Turns violently to face  
Anita and stares at her  
viciously)  
Let him speak! I already get that  
you don't want me around.  
(Turns once more to see  
Richard and her expression  
softens) But, do you?

RICHARD Of course I do,  
sweetheart. I love you, we both  
love you. But I'm knackered. I  
can't walk into this house anymore  
and see you two fight. And I  
actually agree that it might be  
time for you to make your own way.  
This isn't us hating you, or not  
wanting to see you. This is us  
loving you, the tough way. It's  
from a place of love. Please, try  
to understand.

MILLIE

Place of love. How can it be from a  
place of love when my bags are at  
the door, like I'm the worst thing  
that ever happened to this family  
and you can't stand to have me here

one more second, not even one more  
night after springing this on me?

Millie seems conflicted and in between emotions; she looks into the void and keeps on processing, until she gets up from the stool and points an accusatory finger at both her parents.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Place of love. You know, I'd really  
like to see what you do to someone  
from a place of hate.

She storms out of the kitchen, and Richard and Anita listen as the wheels from the bags begin moving while rolling through the entrance floor, then they hear keys, a door being opened, and lastly, the violent bang of the entrance door.

A moment of silence follows as Anita and Richard stare at each other.

ANITA

She'll be okay.

FADE TO:

INT. - KITCHEN, DEXTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dexter is cutting fish on a wooden board, when his phone rings.

He turns around and grabs the phone from the kitchen island. He answers the call and immediately puts it on speakerphone, to return to cutting the fish.

DEXTER

Hello.

JESSE (O.S.)

Hey, honey bunny.

DEXTER

(Smiles)

What's up?

JESSE (O.S.) So, I  
got news. Are you sitting  
down?

DEXTER Nope.  
Making dinner. Why?

JESSE (O.S.)  
Maybe you should sit down.

DEXTER Just tell  
me what's going on, Jesse.

JESSE (O.S.)  
(Pauses and takes a deep  
breath)  
We're leaving.

DEXTER  
Where?

JESSE (O.S.)  
What do you mean, where?  
We're leaving on tour, man.

DEXTER  
Yeah, in like a month.

JESSE (O.S.)  
No, not a month. We are leaving  
in a two days.

DEXTER  
(Stops chopping fish) But  
the contract had a specific  
date.

JESSE (O.S.) Yeah,  
and the contract also said they  
could change dates as they  
pleased. And they did.

DEXTER  
Right.

JESSE (O.S.)  
Are you okay? I'll swing by  
your place.

DEXTER  
No, that's fine. You don't have to.  
I'm fine. Really, I'm fine.

JESSE (O.S.)  
Shut up, I'm coming. See you in a  
bit.

The call ends and Dexter walks over to his sofa. He sits down and stares nowhere in particular, with a perplexed expression.

FADE TO:

EXT. - CATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Millie stands outside of a house, that has stairs leading up to the main door. She first looks at the stairs, then at the door, takes a deep breath and pulls her two suitcases with her up the stairs.

She reaches the front door and knocks. The door, much like the one at her parents' house, has a tinted window on the top side. After she knocks, a few seconds go by before a silhouette appears through the other side, struggling to open the door.

After opening the front door, Cate stares at Millie in surprise, clearly not expecting her. She lowers down her stare and sees the two suitcases she's carrying.

MILLIE

Can I stay with you?

Cate nods and opens the door fully. Millie enters and once she's inside, Cate closes the door behind her.

FADE TO BLACK.