

Script Petal Child revised

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LPROLOGUE: MUSIC VIDEO

We see STEPHANIE, JENNY, HARRI, MICHELLE and LYNN sitting on a rooftop. Looking up at the stars in awe.

The band board a rocket ship. They explore the buttons and realise it's powered by music. We see the band piloting the rocket ship across the cosmos. As a few lyrics start, the music begins playing in full force. The band hop along a stairway of planets until they land on a particularly animated one.

This planet is purple in aura, it has weird vibrant plant life that resembles nothing that they can recognize as natural, they explore the weird vegetation, when suddenly a alien creature leaps from behind a moss like shrubbery. The band, shocked and scared, run away with haste from the creature and fall into a crater.

They jump out from another crater onto a new planet. This world has a trippy, tie dye ground that moves and shifts in time with the music. It pulsates and creates weird bubbles of rainbows. Harri gets wheezy and falls back away from the group who are exploring this weird new terrain. They gesture for her to join them. She rushes to the rest of the group. In this time, Jenny picks up a snake like creature and starts playing with it, moulding it like a balloon animal she fashions a lasso with it, wraps it around a star, gathers the entire band on it and uses it as a vine to swing to the next world.

The third world is bizarre and tiny, so small that the band are able to walk the entire circumference of it within seconds. As the middle starts to spin creating a hypnodisc effect the band get sucked, one by one, into the middle of the world which acts as a wormhole; they disappear.

The band materialise onto a fourth planet, they wipe themselves down and look around. It is then revealed that this planet is alive and looks angry. The band notice that the planet has arms and is wearing boxing gloves over its hands. It throws a punch at a nearby planet which in turn retaliates. The two planets break into a full blown fist fight, causing the band members to fall off into space. They land back on the first planet.

They spot the rocket and run towards it, inside they brace themselves for lift off. As they fiddle with the controls, the rocket whizzes off.

The band land back on earth and hold their arms outstretched in a classic rock pose.

ONE YEAR EARLIER

AUGUST, 1968

2 INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Stephanie imagines herself in a rock band, with crowds calling her name. She holds her arms outstretched.

BOSS:
Stephanie!

She picks up yet another knife to clean, she longingly stares at the wall and wishes she was somewhere else. As she brings a fork up to her chest she finds a little Lego man skewered on one of the prongs. She holds it with all the precision of a surgeon to her face to get a glance of the strange man. Upon closer inspection she realizes it is a little astronaut holding a red mug. She stares at the figure for a while.

BOSS:
Stephanie get back to work! And
leave your new boyfriend alone.

Stephanie imitates her boss in a whining high pitched jumble of words before she walks over to the cutlery tray.

3 INT. BAR - NIGHT

Stephanie is sitting at the bar.

CLIVE:
So stranger, what will it be?
Usual?

STEPHANIE:
Not tonight Clive, I'm feeling
like I want to drown my sorrows
in a different watered down
poison

CLIVE:
So no Gin Martini? Shame I've
been practicing my shake and
everything.

STEPHANIE:
Practicing your what?

CLIVE:
My shake, every bartender worth
his salt has a unique spin to the
way he serves his solutions,
helps build a rapport with
customers, makes you stand out in
the sea of moustaches and
suspenders.

(CONTINUED)

STEPHANIE:

Alright then Jerry Thomas show me what you got. Cuba Libre, and make it snappy.

Clive gathers together a few bottles and pulls of a mediocre performance throwing around bottles with a look of concentration. He measures out the correct amounts of alcohol into the shaker and proceeds to seemingly have a fit. Whilst standing with two feet planted firmly on the ground, he finishes with a hip shake and "ta-da" moment looking at Stephanie for approval.

STEPHANIE:

Is that it? (She moves her hand over her mouth to stop from laughing) It was amazing, magnificent, you certainly will attract ATTENTION with those moves!

We see the band enter, staggering a little as if they had already had a few drinks. They take a seat beside Stephanie at the bar. MICHELLE, a long haired female in her early-20's catches Clive's eye.

STEPHANIE:

Here you go Clive, Show off your skills.

CLIVE:

What will it be?

MICHELLE:

Can we get four bottles of beer.

CLIVE:

Sure.

Clive looks at Stephanie shrugs his shoulders

CLIVE:

Maybe next time huh.

STEPHANIE:

I'll hold you to that.

JENNY, a smartly dressed girl in her mid-20's glances over at Stephanie with a knowing smile.

JENNY:

Hi, I'm Jenny.

She extends her hand in a formal manner.

STEPHANIE:
Stephanie.

Stephanie looks at her with a cold, analytical stare. Jenny smiles, she shakes her hand, cautiously.

STEPHANIE:(V.O)
Well she certainly looks the part, all dressed up and nowhere to go. What a show off. Hear that? It's your tie begging to be loosened.

JENNY:
And this is Lynn, Harri and Michelle is the one on the end there.

Jenny gestures towards the other members of the group who don't even break from their own conversation to acknowledge Stephanie. Jenny continues talking but her dialogue is drowned out by Stephanie's inner monologue.

STEPHANIE:(V.O)
Great, so not only do we have this Beatles groupie, we've got a schoolgirl who's taken edgy and mysterious to a whole new level, some kind of abominable snowman and a girl that smells like she hasn't washed since Kennedy was shot.

STEPHANIE:
Pleasure, I'm sure

Stephanie turns back to the bar. The group have now all turned to face Stephanie.

MICHELLE:
Don't be so dismissive darling, were the queens of the world.

STEPHANIE:
What, all of you?

LYNN:
It's a shared and fair ruling, I can assure you.

CLIVE:
Here we go ladies.

Clive places 4 bottles of beer on the bar. Michelle fumbles in her pocket and pulls out a couple of crumpled paper notes which she nonchalantly hands to Clive.

JENNY:
You're that singer, right?

MICHELLE:
Jenny, what you thinking I can
see those cogs of yours turning.

LYNN:
She's planning on how to get away
from us.

MICHELLE:
Impossible, never happen. We're
stuck in this rut together.
Forever.

JENNY:
I was more thinking Stephanie
here could join us one night.

The group fall silent and turn away shaking their heads.
Stephanie looks hurt by their perceived reluctance to want
to hang out with her.

JENNY:
We're a band

STEPHANIE:
Oh yeah? What sort of music do
you play?

HARRI, the scruffiest and oldest looking of the group
spins round to face Stephanie.

HARRI:
Whoa! Broad question, we make
sounds that bend and shape the
cosmic plane around us, we move
the world with our music through
pure electric vibes. We're the
pure bred psychedelic equivalent
to the Beatles.

JENNY:
(Looking over her shoulder) What
did I tell you about comparing us
to those two-bit Liverpudlians?
(Looking back at Stephanie) We're
gonna be bigger than The Beatles,
bigger than Creedence Clearwater.
One of the all time greats.

STEPHANIE:
You know you remind me a lot of
me, my early attitude before it
all went tits up.

The whole band are now facing Stephanie again.

LYNN:

What happened?

STEPHANIE:

Long story short, my manager didn't like what I was offering.

JENNY:

I thought the higher up you go, the more mistakes you are allowed? At the top if you make enough of them, it's considered to be your style.

STEPHANIE:

Well I know someone who would disagree with you there.

JENNY:

Not my words, the words of Fred Astaire.

HARRI:

That cat knew how to hold the vibes.

MICHELLE:

Wait hold up your past? What's that got to do with anything.

Stephanie looks slightly taken aback and struggles to get her words out.

4 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - MONTAGE

- We see ERNEST, a man in his 50's, knelt on the floor painting an anti-war sign. He is wearing a denim shirt with the buttons undone down past his chest, flared jeans, a headband and circular, coloured spectacles.

STEPHANIE (VO):

Well my Father was heavily involved in the protests against Vietnam The three piece's? He didn't like that, thought it would draw to much attention.

END OF MONTAGE

BACK TO SCENE

HARRI:

Heavy, so he's like a 'peace and love for all' kinda dude?

(CONTINUED)

STEPHANIE:

Yeah that's one way to describe him.

HARRI:

Reminds me of India.

LYNN:

What doesn't?

STEPHANIE:

They were worried it would get out and my Father would start to get attention, and if that happened, the truth about my mother wouldn't be far behind.

JENNY:

Why what's her deal?

Stephanie takes a massive swig of drink, stalling for time to conjure up some nonsense.

5 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - MONTAGE

- We see DOROTHY, a woman in her early 50's, sat on a sofa. She is shaking vigorously and looking around her with darting, paranoid looks. She curls up into a ball on the sofa, face gaunt and pale. She wipes a tear from her cheek.

STEPHANIE (VO):

Drugs, heavy drugs. Heroin more than anything. Not a fun thing when you literally have to resort to smoking it because there isn't a clean vein in your body. Of course if that got out then spotlights would soon turn to me. It was best for me to get out while I could, with my integrity still intact.

END OF MONTAGE

BACK TO SCENE

JENNY:

You know in our world, none of that really matters. We all have secrets.

LYNN:

If one falls, we all fall.

(CONTINUED)

JENNY:

And as luck would have it we need a singer to join us immediately and leave her dull world behind and help us mould the way people hear music.

HARRI:

Exactly. HEY wait, you sing!

STEPHANIE:

I do, are you asking me to join you?

A wave of nodding heads are seen from the group, except Michelle, who continues to swig from her bottle while giving Stephanie a suspicious look. Stephanie smiles.

JENNY:

It looks like it. We have an audition for a festival coming up, it'd be great to have you join us. What do you say? Want to come to our jam session tomorrow?

Jenny grabs a napkin and writes down an address. She hands it to Stephanie, who is still smiling.

JENNY: (CONT)

We can see what you've got. But I'm sure you'll fit in just fine.

Jenny gives Stephanie a wink and smiles at her.

FADE TO BLACK

4 INT. HARRI'S BEDSIT - AFTERNOON

Stephanie stands awkwardly in a room which is cluttered with beer bottles, instruments and dirty clothes. Small posters cover one wall while another is covered by a giant flowery flag and another in all sorts of graffiti and drawings. Jenny gestures to a bean bag on the floor.

STEPHANIE:

(With a rather desperate, quiet nature hoping to make herself seem not too overwhelmed.) Nice place, it's very... it has very good vibes you know?

MICHELLE:

Well whatever good vibes your smelling their probably coming from Harri.

(CONTINUED)

HARRI:

Hey!

Harri pulls the collar on her shirt to her nose and takes an deep inhale of the smell.

HARRI:

Okay, maybe some sweet aroma left from my dance with Mary-Jane.

MICHELLE:

Well that's the only dancing you do these days.

Michelle does an insinuating little dance. Harri leaps from her seat on the beanbag and walks over to Stephanie, arms outstretched to welcome her.

HARRI:

Anyway! Welcome to my humble abode, its not much but we manage.

LYNN:

(Under muttered breath.) Manage being the optimal word.

HARRI:

Hey, you don't need a ton of material possessions, it clutters the creative juices and gets in the way.

STEPHANIE:

Yeah, I totally get what you mean.

HARRI:

Free your space, free your body, free your mind. That's what I was taught in India.

JENNY:

Offer your guests a cuppa tea, that's what I learnt in Britain. Can I get you something Stephanie?

STEPHANIE:

Oh, just Steph. And yeah, that would be great, white with one sugar please.

Jenny walks away to make the tea. Before she's even left the room Michelle is routing around in her pockets.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE:

Or would you prefer something to
make you a little more attuned.

Michelle produces a little baggy. Inside are some strips
of LSD.

HARRI:

Where did you get that?

LYNN:

The moon probably.

MICHELLE:

Don't be stupid Lynn the only way
we're gonna get to the moon is
with this.

She shakes the bag suggestively.

STEPHANIE:

Ermmm okay but, what is that
exactly?

MICHELLE:

Oh only the finest thing on this
green earth, L.S.D 25. Lovely,
special stuff.

LYNN:

Why have you brought that out?

MICHELLE:

Well we're supposed to be jamming
aren't we? Writing a song? Might
help open the doors, put pen on
paper.

HARRI:

Well okay, let's get blitzed.

Jenny walks back in with cup in hand and witnesses both
Michelle and Harri about to take the LSD.

JENNY:

What the hell is this? You two
delinquent fuck ups are not doing
that here, not now.

Like naughty school children they both place it on their
tongues and look at Jenny with manic smiles, Lynn grabs
the bag and takes a strip as well.

JENNY:

LYNN!

LYNN:
C'mon, Steph, we're going to take
a little trip.

STEPHANIE:
Where are we going?

MICHELLE:
We're going to find Lucy in the
sky with diamonds!

Michelle looks at Jenny and taunts her. We hear Harri singing gleefully to herself in the background.

HARRI:
(singing dreamily) Lucy in the
sky-y-y-y.....

She trails off as she crashes down into a beanbag. Stephanie holds out a tab of LSD and gestures towards Jenny in a "You know you want to" fashion. Jenny takes the tab off her, huffs and lifts it up to her mouth in time with Stephanie.

5 ANIMATION SCENE

Stephanie places the tab upon her tongue and instantly her pupils become two sizes bigger. They pixelate in a colourful pattern which then swirl inwards creating a tiny hamster that then proceeds to use the pupil as a running wheel. The hamster flies around the room in a bubble. It gets higher and higher until suddenly it pops and the hamster disappears. The bubble reforms and rises once more. It does this routine several times over.

We see bottles in the room pull out of pixelation and Jenny pulls into focus. She picks up her guitar and lays down a distorted lick that rocks the entire room. Each instrument joins in an unfiltered, bizarre melody of sounds.

Colours start to pulsate in the wallpaper. Stephanie falls backwards into a chair which engulfs her. She looks to the ceiling, a tree starts to emerge from the center.

It flourishes into a full grown tree and blooms vivid blue petals. A single petal falls onto the face of Stephanie. She turns to blow it off her cheek and flies away, leaving a colourful trail of neon rainbows.

The petal lands on the nose of a big teddy bear. Stephanie cautiously approaches it and puts her hand on its fur running her fingers through the thick hair. The bear flicks his eyes over to her face, Stephanie pulls away. She sees that hair is stuck all over her hand, she looks down to inspect. It doesn't seem to be fur or hair or anything of the sort, it is in fact a bunch of caterpillars.

(CONTINUED)

With a sudden burst, the caterpillars transform into butterflies and scatter away, one flies onto a wall and animation starts to leak from its aura and suddenly everything becomes animated.

Stephanie looks at herself as she tries to wrap her head around what she has become. She pulls back as if to start running like roadrunner and suddenly, as if by magic, she's gone leaving only a smoky silhouette in her place.

When we next see Stephanie she is in the ocean. She ran away to be with the fish and turtles. They swarm and flow around her. They block out all light and, after they disperse, we see Stephanie sitting in the middle of an empty room with tie dyed walls, which are slowly rotating anti-clockwise. She starts singing snippets of a song that only appear in speech bubbles. She takes out a cigarette and lights it, taking in deep breaths. The smoke morphs into images dancing. The smoke disappears to reveal a disc with a sun on it. The disc spins, revealing a moon. The disc falls, landing on the wall where reality starts to drip back. Stephanie slides down a rainbow and back into the room.

MICHELLE:

Harri, will you shut the fuck up
about India!

Stephanie softly sings to herself whilst the others argue in the background.

STEPHANIE:

Abyssal plain of blackened light.

HARRI:

But that's not how I got taught
in India. I got told that all men
black, white, gay, straight
should be loved no matter what.

JENNY:

Yeah but listen, that's got
nothing to do with the Beatles
does it.

HARRI:

Even if you don't like them they
should be loved for what they
are.

JENNY:

I just don't rate them. I think
if people stopped talking about
the fucking Beatles and licking
their arse's it might open their
eyes to something new, because at
the minute they're leaving people

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JENNY: (cont'd)
not wanting to put anything into
the arts.

STEPHANIE:
Boundless light, across endless
spectrum.

MICHELLE:
Look, we are not gonna get there,
just accept it! Not in our
lifetime anyway. Our space
programme may as well consist of
some Baco foil and toothpicks. Be
realistic!

STEPHANIE:
Cold ocean devoid of all.

FADE TO BLACK

6 INT. HARRI'S BEDSIT - MORNING

We see Harri's bedsit all in darkness. Sitar music begins playing loudly. Stephanie opens her eyes and looks around her, confused and half asleep.

JENNY:
Are you having a fucking laugh?

MICHELLE:
Harri!

Michelle throws a cushion at Harri who is off screen. The music carries on regardless.

MICHELLE:
Harri! Take 5 will you?

The music stops and Harri walks over to the table. She sits down and pulls out a cannabis grinder.

HARRI:
In India we used to jam through
the night.

JENNY:
Well you're not in fucking India,
you're in Camden. So shut up,
it's 3am.

Michelle looks down at her crotch.

MICHELLE:
Oh for fuck sake.

Michelle stands up and waddles towards the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE:

Well, at least I know I'm not pregnant.

LYNN:

Harlot.

We hear the toilet flush. Michelle comes back in and sits down.

MICHELLE:

Jealousy is a cruel mistress, Lynn.

LYNN:

Jealous of what? Not everyone strives to be the female Casanova.

Jenny cuddles up closer to Lynn in a protective way.

JENNY:

Will you two stop bickering and go the fuck to sleep.

MICHELLE:

I can't sleep, not now.

LYNN:

Me neither, thanks a lot Harri.

HARRI:

Anytime.

Michelle turns to Stephanie.

MICHELLE:

So, Stephanie. Are you still a cherry?

JENNY:

Jesus, Chelle. What an awful question. You don't have to answer that Steph.

Stephanie chuckles.

STEPHANIE:

It's alright, I've had my fair share.

MICHELLE:

I like this girl. She can stay.

JENNY:

She won't want to stay if you keep asking her such personal

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JENNY: (cont'd)
 questions. What do you say,
 Steph? Did you feel connected
 with the music last night?

STEPHANIE:
 Yeah! I can't remember the last
 time I felt so creative, really
 let the juices flow. I scribbled
 down some of the lyrics we
 thought up.

Stephanie produces a note book full of scribbles. She
 passes it to Michelle.

FADE OUT

ONE MONTH LATER

SEPTEMBER, 1968

7 INT. GARAGE - DAY

The garage door swings open with a howling thud. We see
 the band stood in it's entrance looking cold and bemused.

JENNY:
 So what do you think?

MICHELLE:
 Explain this to me again,
 Leonards.

Jenny pinches Michelle's cheeks, Michelle tries to pull
 her head away.

JENNY:
 Onwards and upwards, Shelly my
 dear, we need to expand if we
 want to be taken seriously, if we
 want to nail this audition in
 January.

MICHELLE:
 Expand?

JENNY:
 Well for one, Lynn can actually
 fit a drum kit in here and we can
 use louder amps for our guitars
 without the
 neighbours complaining. We can
 get a microphone stand for Steph,
 sound proof the walls, the whole
 sha-bang.

(CONTINUED)

STEPHANIE:

Sound proof the walls? With what?

The band pause, clearly thinking hard about this. Harri lights a cigarette.

HARRI:

Egg cartons.

LYNN:

Shut up, Harri

JENNY:

Hold on a minute, that could actually work.

LYNN:

Don't be ridiculous.

JENNY:

No, hear me out. Just imagine.

Jenny holds her hands up. The garage transforms into a colourful sound studio. There is egg cartons covering the wall and a sofa has appeared in one corner.

JENNY: (CONT)

We can paint them, make patterns,
it can be like the mural reborn,
just with egg cartons.

Jenny lowers her hands and the garage is back to normal.

STEPHANIE:

Yeah, I can see it now. I'm getting good vibes already.

HARRI:

Could smoke some serious J in here dude.

MICHELLE:

Hmmm, we could work some overdrive into our songs?

JENNY:

Like I said guys, onwards and upwards

Lynn puts her arm around Jenny. The band look into the garage with smiles on their faces.

LYNN:

Onward and upwards

FADE TO BLACK

(CONTINUED)

TWO MONTHS LATER

NOVEMBER, 1968

8 INT. BAR - NIGHT

The band are sat at the bar. The tables behind them are occupied by people and filled with empty glasses. The band seem melancholy.

LYNN:

Well shit, it's not going very well is it?

STEPHANIE:

It's not that bad, come on.

JENNY:

Not that bad!? We're struggling to keep up with the rent for the garage, nobody seems to have any life left in them...

LYNN:

Or creativity

JENNY:

Or that. We're all wiped. Miserable layabouts. We've essentially all become Harri.

STEPHANIE:

Come on guys we're not like that, we can be so much more, lead a new way into uncharted territory.

MICHELLE:

Oh shut up, Steph, we haven't even made a single song. Not one lick, one riff. Can you honestly say we have made any creative progress what so ever.

HARRI:

You know in India, we got taught that good things come to those who wait. Maybe that's it.

LYNN:

What? We just need to wait? We've already been waiting for god knows how long! If that was true don't you think we would know by now.

Harri looks off to the side with sadness in her heart.

(CONTINUED)

STEPHANIE:

Well you know, we could always be creative again...

MICHELLE:

What are you getting at?

STEPHANIE:

Come on, I don't have to spell it out for you. When was the last time we were creative... without limits?

The group awkwardly shuffle to the edge of their seats.

JENNY:

No! Absolutely not! That was a one time thing. We can't allow those types of substance to dictate our lives, let alone the music we create.

LYNN:

Yeah, I mean who can honestly say their lives got better through drugs?

HARRI:

John Lennon?

JENNY:

Shut it.

MICHELLE:

I mean do you want your brain to turn into soup? Swaying about in your head while you wander the streets with the sole purpose of finding your next hit?

LYNN:

Michelle! That's enough.

MICHELLE:

Oh... shit... I... sorry...

Stephanie looks around the group trying to read the faces, trying to figure out why Michelle was so out of line.

JENNY:

Well, didn't... your... mother... isn't she... well you know...

STEPHANIE:

Oh. Yeah. Honestly I try to forget about that. Push it to the back of my mind, y'know?

(CONTINUED)

HARRI:

It's alright, girl, we understand. We just don't want you to end up in the same situation.

STEPHANIE:

I'm not my Mother, alright! I know how to look after myself.

Stephanie produces the bag similar to the one Michelle had last time.

MICHELLE:

Where did you get that?

STEPHANIE:

A friend of a friend, you know the story, Michelle.

Stephanie takes a tab and forcefully puts it on her tongue, with a rebellious, devil may care attitude.

STEPHANIE:

Anyone else?

She offers the bag around. No one takes a tab.

JENNY:

For fuck's sake.

MICHELLE:

Look, she's gonna go soon, we should get her out of here.

HARRI:

Nah, just leave her, she might be alright.

The entire room stops in a single moment as the LSD takes hold of Steph only this time, it's not the same, something feels different, the whole world has gone still and silent. Little details like fluff seem to be all that is moving. Stephanie watches her band mates. Then suddenly she is alone. The room is darker. She walks among it and gets upset. She looks back at the group and herself at the bar, far away. They laugh around her as she sits still, ignored. She crouches down to cry, when suddenly she must be sick. She begins to heave. The sound drains back in and she is back at the bar. The group are struggling to get her outside.

Stephanie raises herself and staggeringly tries to move herself outside.

JENNY:
I'll take her.

Jenny carries her outside.

9 EXT. BAR STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Jenny sits Stephanie down outside the bar in the back alleyway. As soon as Steph takes a seat the shift in her stomach makes her throw up.

STEPHANIE:
Well we did it.

JENNY:
Did what? Make a soup for the rat's supper?

STEPHANIE:
No, we made it.

JENNY:
We sure did, star child. We made it all the way to the moon.

Stephanie turns to look at Jenny.

STEPHANIE:
See you get it, we may be working slow, but we're making changes, fixing what's broken. True genius takes time. You think Raphael painted the... the Sixteenth chapel in a day? NO.

Stephanie makes a disgusting sniffing sound and wipes her nose on her hand, still slightly hysterical.

JENNY:
I hate to break it to you, Steph, but we're not Raphael. We're just a bunch of dreamers, trying to do something different with our lives. Oh, and it was Michelangelo you're thinking of, not Raphael. Also, Sixteenth?... Well never mind.

Stephanie lays her head upon Jenny's shoulder.

STEPHANIE:
It wasn't Michelle, or Lynn, or even Harri. It was always me and you. We're the real stars here, we deserve a medal for carrying those chumps.

Harri comes out to check on Stephanie but Stephanie and Jenny don't notice her.

STEPHANIE:

You can't say you haven't felt it
as well.

Stephanie leans in to kiss Jenny, hair a mess, sick still on her lip. Jenny pushes her away, letting her rest on her shoulder. Stephanie kisses the corner of Jenny's jacket before passing out for a split second.

HARRI:

Heavy.

JENNY:

Hey, Harri! Great, you can take
over. I'm not sure how much more
I can take, I need to be inside
with Lynn... and erm... Michelle.

They awkwardly pass Stephanie's passed out body between them as Jenny walks back inside. Harri lights a cigarette and looks down at Stephanie.

HARRI:

Hey, stay with us, day tripper.
Don't go yet.

STEPHANIE:

I'm still here, unfortunately.

HARRI:

Hey, come on, don't talk like
that. We all make mistakes, not
quite like that but...

Stephanie sits up looking completely ashamed. She puts her head on her knees.

STEPHANIE:

Ugh. How much did you hear?

HARRI:

Nothing really, but I saw a whole
lot. Don't worry about it child,
we can't help who we fall in love
with, I know more than most, love
makes fools of us all.

STEPHANIE:

Why is it such a fickle mistress?
Why can't it be cut and dry?

HARRI:

Its easy to mistake compassion
for something greater. It's like

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARRI: (cont'd)
me and Alex before India. I'd
been smoking a lot of weed and
starting to doubt if I was
breathing him in or smoking him
out.

Stephanie looks slightly confused at Harri. Harri puffs
away on her cigarette.

HARRI:(CONT)
Love, life, it all gets blurred
when you're dancing with the
goddess of drugs. Nothing truly
makes sense until you come back
and see what you've done.

STEPHANIE:
I know what I've done and that's
exactly what's wrong.

Michelle walks out and whispers in Harri's ear.

MICHELLE:
Can you take her home? I think
it's best if she calls it a
night.

Harri nods at Michelle and stands up. Michelle goes back
inside.

STEPHANIE:
I've fucked it, well and truly
fucked it.

Harri puts Stephanie's arm around her shoulder helps her
to her unstable feet.

HARRI:
Don't worry, nothings fucked.
We're just going through a rough
patch, everyone has them.

They walk off down a dimly lit street, Harri propping up
Stephanie as she stumbles along the pavement.

FADE TO BLACK

12 STEPHANIES BEDROOM/STREET - MORNING - MONTAGE

- An alarm clock rings. Stephanie turns it off and gets
up. She gets dressed. She walks round to Harri's building
and rings the doorbell. There is no answer. She turns
round and walks back home.

(CONTINUED)

- The next morning she repeats the routine. She rings the doorbell and steps back to look up at Harri's window. There is no answer again, she walks away. The curtains twitch as if someone has just been looking out of them.

- Again, Stephanie repeats the routine but this time it is much slower and hesitant. No answer again. Stephanie looks despondent. She turns away again and leaves.

- The alarm rings once more, Stephanie leaves her house and again rings Harri's doorbell. No answer.

- The alarm rings. We see Stephanie turn the alarm off and then turn over in her bed.

- The alarm clock fades from 10am to 2pm.

END OF MONTAGE

BACK TO SCENE

13 INT. STEPHANIES BEDROOM - MORNING

Dorothy enters the room. She is strikingly different from how Stephanie initially described her. She is wearing a flowery dress and an apron. Her face is full and rosy. She smiles at Stephanie.

DOROTHY:
Cup of tea, dear?

Stephanie pulls her covers up over her head.

CUT TO BLACK

NEW YEARS EVE, 1968

12 INT. STEPHANIES HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Stephanie is putting bowls of snacks down on the dining table. Dorothy hands her a few extra plates.

DOROTHY:
Don't forget the other guests,
dear.

STEPHANIE:
What?

We hear the front door open.

(Off screen)

ERNEST:
Ah! You must be Stephanie's
friends?

(CONTINUED)

JENNY:
Yes, pleasure to meet you, sir.
I'm Jenny this is Lynn, Michelle
and Harri.

Stephanie looks visibly shocked. The group enter the dining room. There are several family photos and paintings of happy dogs surrounding them. Stephanie is seen at the end of the table.

MICHELLE:
(Quietly) For a house full of
drug addicted pacifists this
looks pretty nice.

STEPHANIE:
Hi.

Jenny and Lynn are hand in hand, they smile politely at Stephanie.

MICHELLE:
What a lovely house Mrs Karter,
Sir.

Michelle looks at Stephanie and raises her eyebrows.

HARRI:
(whispers to Jenny) There's
fucking doilies on the table.

DOROTHY:
Thank you, we do try.

STEPHANIE:
Well we sort of have to you know?

Everyone looks at Stephanie slightly confused.

ERNEST:
I suppose so, yes. Right, would
anyone like a drink?

Ernest hands out glasses of wine to the group.

HARRI:
Cheers, Ernie!

ERNEST:
Ernest, if you don't mind. My
wife doesn't like Ernie. Makes me
sound to common, apparently.

LYNN:
So, Ernest. I hear you were
involved in a few protests? I'd
love to hear some stories.
Anything animal related?

ERNEST:

Protests? I don't think so dear.
I'm...

STEPHANIE:

Carrot stick anyone?

They look at Stephanie unimpressed. Stephanie puts the bowl down gently. Harri is staring at Ernest in amazement.

STEPHANIE:

So, how have you guys been?

JENNY:

Steph, we just wanted to say that we're really sorry for not being in touch this last month. We had a talk and if you're up for it, we want to get back to rehearsing for the audition?

LYNN:

We just gave up for a while, none of us have spoken for a month... but seeing each other today... I missed you all.

STEPHANIE:

Are you sure you guys want me back, after...

Stephanie glances over to her parents who are stood watching the group with big, cheesy grins on their faces. Ernest munches on a carrot stick. The group look at them in bemusement.

LYNN:

Yeah, totally.

HARRI:

Mrs K. It's groovy to smoke in here, yeah?

Harri produces a spliff and matchbox.

DOROTHY:

Oh, actually we would prefer if you didn't.

ERNEST:

Is that marijuana, young lady?

HARRI:

Erm yeah, I thought it would be cool, you know.

DOROTHY:
Definitely not, we do not
tolerate drugs in this household.

ERNEST:
You should be ashamed!

Harri puts the spliff away. Michelle slams down a picture.

MICHELLE:
Okay, what the hell is going on
Steph? Why are your parents so
mundane? So, normal? Why does
your house look like it's out of
a fucking Lewis Carroll novel.

JENNY:
It is a bit different to the
picture you painted for us.

LYNN:
Yeah, you wouldn't think of
teapots and corduroy curtains
with what you told us in the bar.

ERNEST:
What did she tell you?

STEPHANIE:
Nothing, Dad. It's nothing.

MICHELLE:
No, we're not doing this again.

Harri rises from her seat and starts to walk out.

LYNN:
Where are you going Harri?

HARRI:
Outside, to smoke.

JENNY:
(In an increasingly angry tone)
Yeah, I think it's best if we all
leave.

DOROTHY:
I'm sorry, Stephanie didn't tell
us you were potheads.

Dorothy turns to her husband

DOROTHY:
That is the correct term isn't it?

ERNEST:

I believe so yes, dear.

The group let out and audible sigh and walk out of the house. Stephanie, tears in her eyes, follows them out turning to her parents as she leaves.

13 EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE - NIGHT

STEPHANIE:

No guys, wait!

MICHELLE:

Fuck Off, Steph! We've had enough.

HARRI:

Who even are you?

STEPHANIE:

Jenny, please.

Lynn moves herself in front of Jenny as if she was defending her.

LYNN:

No more lies! We're sick of it!
There's only so many times you
can fool us with your 'boohoo'
drama.

Stephanie is close to tears looking like she could erupt at any moment.

STEPHANIE:

I can explain please just...

Stephanie goes to grab Jenny to pull her aside so she can look her in the face when she's talking to her but Lynn pushes Stephanies arm away.

STEPHANIE:

I have to do this.

Stephanie now has tears streaming down her face, she chokes on her words.

STEPHANIE:

I'm sorry I...I...

Michelle goes to pull Jenny away

MICHELLE:

You don't have to listen to this
bullshit

The band all walk away, except for Harri who was busy finding a cigarette to light. Stephanie looks to her.

(CONTINUED)

HARRI:
So how's it going?

Harri lights the fag lazily hanging from her mouth.

STEPHANIE:
It could be better.

HARRI:
Yeah it seems a little confusing
to say the least.

STEPHANIE:
Confusing is an understatement
it's fucked up beyond all
recognition I mean I just wanted
to stand out, not to be another
face in the crowd.

The tears stop and she starts to regain her composure.

STEPHANIE(CONT):
That's the entire reason behind
all the lies, the half truths. I
was simply scared. Scared to be a
bland generic loser in the crowd,
it was all a front to be more
interesting.

Michelle turns around to face Stephanie.

MICHELLE:
Interesting, what a bullshit,
obligatory term. No one is
interesting by default. You get
shaped, moulded by your
experiences in life. So you never
had a specifically harsh
upbringing, but Jesus Christ, you
actually had two parents that
love you unconditionally. You
became something amazing, you
became you. And, in the music
industry especially, that is a
fucking rarity. The music
business is a cruel and shallow
money trench, a long plastic
hallway where thieves and pimps
run free, and good people die
like dogs. Then there's the
negative side, which is this. The
false lies, the half truths and
compelling back stories that were
written by a bunch of
cock-sucking albatross' in a
fucking broom closet.

Stephanie interrupts Michelle but not confidently.

STEPHANIE:

You just don't get it... they loved me, sure, but they gave me a life full of mundane crap. I had nothing to give me drive, nothing to make me feel the way I wanted to. They smothered me with normality so I couldn't see myself when I looked in the mirror. I only saw an empty grey shell, waiting to find her feet.

MICHELLE:

Look, in the end, it comes down to this. We all endured hardships and had shitty upbringings, and for you to make this fantasised tale? It just seems to be in poor taste, at least from my perspective.

Michelle takes a step back, moves her hand across her face and takes a deep breath.

MICHELLE (CONT.):

My Dad always HATED me... because I wasn't interested in school, wasn't following in his footsteps unlike my fucking perfect brother and sister. I was isolated. I just wanted to do my own thing and make something different, unique.

She struggles to make the last few words audible.

LYNN:

Stephanie, I would have given anything to have your family, to have someone who unconditionally loves you, who's there for you.

MICHELLE:

Me and Lynn only had each other growing up, that was it. It was me and her versus the world.

Harri walks away and sits on the curb very nonchalantly.

STEPHANIE:

At least you had that, at least you had each other.

Lynn walks over with a quick pace and hugs Stephanie in a very reassuring way. Michelle tuts and looks away disgusted. She walks away and sits down next to Harri as do Stephanie and Lynn after they have finished their hug.

(CONTINUED)

Lynn then gestures to Jenny to sit beside her and she reluctantly joins. There is a moment of silence.

JENNY:
I guess everybody lies
sometimes... but...

Lynn interrupts Jenny before she can finish her sentence.

LYNN:
I hate dogs. Like I really
despise them.

The group look shocked by this revelation and all turn at Lynn.

LYNN:
I don't know what it is about
them, I just have a massive
distaste for them. They could all
fuck off this planet and I would
have no remorse what so ever.

JENNY:
I thought you loved all animals?

LYNN:
I do, except dogs.

JENNY:
Well, seen as though it's sharing
hour. I hate this.

The group recoil in horror.

JENNY:
Not the band, or the music. It's
just being the strong one all the
time, being the one you guys look
up to its... it's a lot of
pressure. I'm always terrified
I'll let you guys down or I'll
make the wrong call.

STEPHANIE:
You always have us.

LYNN:
We can always share the load
and whenever you need help, we
will always be there for you.

MICHELLE:
It's alright, darling. At least
you didn't grow a stupid pissing
fringe to hide your worries. The
only reason I have this curtain

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE: (cont'd)
for a hairstyle is because I feel hidden behind it, like if I can't see the world or audience, they can't see me. All I can see is me and Hendrix. It allows me to not hold back, be immortal, feel like everything is okay.

The group sit and look at Michelle for a while, Lynn gives her a sympathetic rub on the shoulder. Harri is sat on the the far end of the group puffing on a cigarette.

HARRI:
I never went to India.

The entire group, in one synchronized motion, dramatically turn to Harri.

MICHELLE:
Fucking hell, Harri!

Michelle laughs.

JENNY:
Then where in god's name were you for three fucking months?

HARRI:
Well when I went to Luton to get on my flight, I boarded the wrong plane and sort of ended up in Amsterdam. Actually turns out you can't fly to India from Luton. I only planned to stay there a night and get another flight in the morning, however I sort of, kinda, accidentally blew all my money in the first couple of hours.

LYNN:
Hours?

HARRI:
It's Amsterdam. After that I spent three months hitch-hiking my way back. It was a rather enjoyable experience to be honest. I went through the Netherlands, Belgium, France, Luxembourg.

MICHELLE:
But what about your tattoo? You said that was done in a traditional Indian style?

HARRI:

Not too sure on that. I woke up with it one afternoon in Antwerp.

MICHELLE:

Where?

HARRI:

It's somewhere in Belgium... I think. But yeah, no idea who did it, how it got there. I mean, I know how it got there, but I don't recall getting it done. I mean truthfully, I'm not even sure what it is.

The group sit there in silence baffled by this new information.

Harri pats herself down looking for a small tin, when she finally finds it she stands up.

HARRI:

Anyway, Chelle, if you want to feel invincible again, we could always, y'know... dance in the moonlight?

Harri opens the tin to show five strips of LSD.

16

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The group are sat in a circle around a small fire, chatting and laughing. We see the stars moving past quickly as time elapses.

Jenny looks at her watch

JENNY:

Guys, it's nearly midnight.

The group stand up. Harri pulls out the tin of LSD. She offers one to Michelle, Lynn and Jenny. They begin the New years countdown. Things slow down and we see Stephanie smiling.

STEPHANIE:(V.O)

How did we get here? This group of odd ball musicians and me, a has-been pop singer with a tendency for telling tall tales. Jenny, no longer a Beatles groupie, but one of the kindest, most sensitive souls I've ever met. Michelle, it turns out, is incredibly passionate. What I thought was egotism was in fact

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STEPHANIE:(V.O) (cont'd)
over compensation for crippling
stage fright. Lynn, well I would
now consider Lynn one of my
closest friends. And Harri...
well I feel like I know less
about her than I did before.

Stephanie takes a tab off Harri and lifts it up to her
lips. She looks at the others who are all smiling at her.

STEPHANIE:
I guess I'll see you guys later.

We see a close up of Stephanie's face as she places the
tab on her tongue. She sways her head back and forth
before suddenly opening her eyes.

CUT TO BLACK

CREDITS