

FINE PRINT

written by

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EXT. SUMMER OF 1997 - OAKWOOD PUB PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Four guys in their late 20's - early 30's are hanging out in a near empty parking lot. Exhausted, sweaty and have seen better days.

A man and a woman walk by, and acknowledge the group.

WOMAN

Great show guys.

They smile, thank her and continue with their conversation.

The couple walks to their car.

JARED

Well, that was cool.

JARED (late 20s) is the vocalist of the Heavy Metal band - WHEEL OF SAMBARA.

He is the least 'Metal' looking person in the band, with short hair and a clean-cut look.

The band nods in agreement.

TYLER flicks his cigarette and looks toward his car across the parking lot.

He is the same age as Jared, but fits the stereotype of a Metal guitar player.

TYLER

Can someone give me a hand with my cab?

BILL

Yeah, I got you.

BILL (early 30's) is the drummer of the band. A blue collared type, with an abundance of tattoos and piercings.

SHANE is the bass player, the youngest of the band.

He points to something

SHANE

Anyone need to make a call before we leave? There's a phonebooth, over there.

JARED

I just wanna sleep.

SHANE

I hear you. I'm seeing double.

The band nods in agreement.

BILL

Did we get paid?

Jared chuckles and pulls out a 20 dollar bill.

The guys sarcastically cheer in excitement.

BILL (CONT'D)

Woo! Score!

They all laugh.

Bill and Tyler walk to a beat-up old van, leaving Jared and Shane.

SHANE

Another night in front of 15 people. What's that? Four shows in a row?

JARED

Yeah, well what can you do?

SHANE

We used to get at least 300 people at these places.

JARED

I know. Once our demo comes out, all this will be worth it.

SHANE (SIGHS)

I hope you're right.

JARED

No one said this was an easy life.

SHANE

We should call-

JARED (INTTERUPTS COLDY)

No.

The brief tension is broken up by a drunk man walking up to them.

He is shirtless, with a beer belly. There's an awkward wet spot on the crotch area of his jeans.

He is middle aged, and a complete mess.

DRUNK GUY
Wheel of MOTHA FUCKIN' SAMSARA!
WOOOOOO!

JARED (AWKWARDLY TRYING NOT TO BE
ANNOYED)
Thanks man. What's up?

DRUNK GUY
I saw you fuckers the last time you
were here! BADASS!

SHANE
Thanks. Were you at the first-

DRUNK GUY
Gotta move on stage more, though!
No one likes to watch statues
perform!

SHANE
Yeah, I gotcha-

DRUNK GUY
Take the criticism! I'm probably
your only fan.

The drunk man begins to sing one of the band's songs out of
key, and then walks away.

SHANE (SARCASTICALLY TO JARED)
Did you hear that Jared? We're
statues. We gotta move around more.

JARED
Well, 15 people really gets us
amped.

SHANE (SARCASTIC)
Especially in a venue that holds
500 people. The energy was sick
tonight!

SHANE and JARED laugh uncomfortably as they talk about the
show.

JARED
Oh man, that was rough. HA!

SHANE
I honestly think I heard myself
fart on stage.

They both laugh.

There is an awkward silence. The two are momentarily in deep thought.

JARED

Alright, you ready to get out of here, Shane?

SHANE

Yeah, I'll drive.

They both head toward the van.

The parking lot is empty other than the van.

The venue's lights are off and everyone has left for the evening.

A dark figure stands in the distance, next to a dumpster beside the venue.

Though we do not see its face, it's clear its attention is aimed at Jared and Shane.

The figure gives off an uneasy, malevolent presence, yet stands still.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE VAN - NIGHT

The van doors open. Bill hangs his exhausted head out.

TYLER

You two done jerking eachother off, yet? Let's go, already!

JARED (TO SHANE)

Looks like you have your passenger for the night. (laughs)

TYLER

Fuck that! I'm too tired for this.

A half-asleep BILL groans in the background.

BILL

Will you BOTH shut the fuck up and get in the van.

Everyone laughs.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The band is miles down the road from the venue. They are in a rural area with dense woods and fog.

Shane squints through the fog and the darkness, trying to follow the road.

Jared is sitting beside him.

Bill is asleep. Tyler is awake, reading a magazine.

SHANE

I used to love that this venue was in the boonies, but I can't see shit.

JARED

You sure you don't want me to drive?

SHANE

No, I got this. Why aren't you sleeping, anyway?

JARED

I'm wired, dude. I really don't mind driving if you're tired.

SHANE

I'm good, man. Wide awake, no worries.

There is momentary, awkward silence in the van.

SHANE (CONT'D)

You think we can get by for another 8 months?

Jared sighs and shakes his head.

JARED

Don't. Not now.

SHANE

We've been making pennies. We thought we could do this ourselves, but -

TYLER

We're not calling him.

Jared reaches back and fists bumps Tyler.

JARED
Fuckin' right we're not.

SHANE
We need money, Ty. You been paying
your mortgage?

Another awkward silence.

TYLER
No dollar amount is worth THAT.

JARED
You saw what he did, Shane. You
really want that on your
conscience?

SHANE
We saw what we saw, but the cat's
out of the bag. Not like we can
unsee it.

Jared and Tyler look at each other in disapproval.

SHANE (CONT'D)
He was at the show, by the way.

JARED
What? Tonight? Where?

Shane nods and smirks.

SHANE
He was in the parking lot. Waved to
me, but I kept walking.

Tyler and Jared sigh in frustration.

JARED
This fuckin' guy wont quit.

SHANE
Not like he's asking us to kill
innocent people, Jare'.

TYLER
He SAYS they're not innocent. How
the hell would we know?

JARED
We're not fucking killing ANYONE.
Okay? We're not!

Bill wakes up.

BILL

He said he can blind the
authorities.

Jared and Tyler sigh in frustration.

JARED

Christ! You, too?

BILL

I mean, he's got a point. I'm about
to be homeless. My child support is
behind and I'm about to go to jail
if I can't pay.

TYLER

That's your problem!

BILL

Is it just mine, though? What are
you going to do if I'm in jail or
have to work full time? Replace me?

The two don't answer.

SHANE

Like I asked before Ty, you been
paying your mortgage?

Tyler doesn't answer. Just shakes his head.

SHANE (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.

BILL

We need to call him.

TYLER

This isn't the way to do it, Bill.
What if they ARE innocent? What if
he has us go after children, for
fuck sake?

SHANE

They aren't innocent. He
specifically said no children
involved. We all saw and heard the
same thing.

JARED

Exactly! We all saw it! Why do you
want us to take part in that?

BILL

No consequences. The cops won't be after us and we will be set for life.

TYLER

No consequences? How about a guilty conscience?

BILL

You saw what these people are. Are you really gonna feel guilty for getting rid of the most vile shit stains on this planet, while playing sold out stadiums?

SHANE

He's right...

TYLER

We need to be successful on our own terms. Not like THIS. We're talented. It's not like we suck.

SHANE

Yeah, well how far has our so called talent really gotten us?

A figure stands on the side of the road, not far ahead. He holds his thumb out.

A hitchhiker.

Jared squints to see who it is and then his eyes widen.

JARED

No way...

TYLER

Holy shit! Is that him?

As they get closer, a smiling middle aged man in a black trench coat, waves them down.

SHANE

It sure is.

They roll down the passenger side window.

The man HOWARD (50s) greets them, smiling wide as he approaches.

HOWARD (ANIMATED)

Hell of a show tonight, gentleman!

The band isn't amused, and doesn't respond.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
 Something tells me you're ready to
 talk business?

Bill slides the door van open.

BILL
 Get in.

INT. SUMMER OF 2005 - BASEMENT - EVENING

A young five piece metal band called ABOVE THE INFECTION, is
 having rehearsal in an unfinished basement.

They're good, but clearly just starting out.

Both guitar players and bassist play out of beat up cabs, and
 amp-heads that have seen better days.

The PA System is nothing but an old guitar amp.

The vocals are barely heard, no matter how hard vocalist NATE
 goes.

His cheap microphone has a dented, bloodstained grill with
 stickers wrapped around it.

One thing to notice are the posters on the walls. Almost all
 of them are of WHEEL OF SAMSARA, who are now a top selling
 band.

The drummer TODD is also wearing one of their shirts.

Todd's drumstick just punched a hole through his snare drum,
 forcing the song to stop.

TODD
 MOTHER FUCKER!!!

The lead guitarist DARREN is the first to notice. His eyes
 widen, and cringes.

DARREN
 THAT'S not good!

TODD
 Yeah, no shit! You have any idea
 how much this is gonna cost me?
 This is a custom made drum-head!

NATE (THROUGH THE MIC)
You got another one?

TODD
No. I'm fucked!

As the three talk about the drum issue, the bassist KEVIN and rhythm guitarist ADAM are continuing to jam. Ignoring the rest of the band.

Their music overpowers the conversation, which causes the three to glare at them.

NATE (TO KEVIN AND ADAM)
HEY! HEY! SHUT UP A SEC!

They stop and roll their eyes.

KEVIN
What? What's the issue?

Todd holds up his snare drum, showing the hole.

Kevin rolls his eyes.

KEVIN (CRINGES) (CONT'D)
You gonna borrow another bands' at the show?

TODD (SIGHS)
I don't know. Either way, this shit isn't cheap.

Adam is still in his own world, jamming away on his guitar, but with his amp off.

ADAM (SARCASTIC)
We should call our band Above The Broken Snare.

Everyone except for Todd, snorts and chuckles.

TODD (ROLLS EYES)
Yeah - HA-HA.

ADAM
Ahh, get a tampon. I'm fuckin' with you. I'm cool with dipping into the band fund.
(looks at the other guys for approval)
Yeah?

Everyone nods. Todd sighs.

ADAM (CONT'D)
You good, man?

TODD
Yeah. Sorry, I have a lot going on
and I-

ADAM
Need a tampon...

There is a momentary tense silence.

The band members look at one another, awkwardly.

Todd's eyes widen and nostrils flair.

Adam smirks, breaking his balls further.

Once Todd realizes, his expression changes to a smirk.

He nods.

TODD (SMIRKING)
Thanks, dick.

KEVIN
Do you two need a minute to teabag
one another? I can hang outside.
(to Nate)
Nate?

NATE (PLAYING ALONG)
Oh totally! You guys do you thing.
I gotta call my girl, anyway.

The other two laugh and roll their eyes.