

INT. MCGEE'S FIVE AND DIME - DAY

Cheap plastic goods line the shelves. Dust motes float in the mid-day haze. The kind of place that smells like stale popcorn and worn out leather.

Behind the counter, **THE KID** sketches in a notebook with colored pencils. He's 19. Earring in one ear, a Sly and The Family Stone tank top. We get a look at his sketch --

It's a ROCK GOD version of him. Eyes closed, one finger pointing toward the sky, the other hand wrapped around a guitar bent into impossible shapes.

MCGEE (O.S.)
What the hell is this?

The Kid whips around, sees his boss, **MR. MCGEE** (60's, potbellied) standing over his shoulder. Kid tries to cover the sketch, embarrassed.

MCGEE (CONT'D)
Am I paying you to draw?

THE KID
There was nobody here, I just --

MCGEE
There's still work to do, right?
You could straighten the shelves,
you could grab a broom --

THE KID
I swept up when I came in.

MCGEE
Then grab a mop. See, this is the
problem with your generation. No
initiative. You're lazy, no pride
in your appearance. Look at you,
what are you wearing?

THE KID
Sly and the Family --

MCGEE
I know who it -- look. Kid. I
daydreamed, too, back when I was
seven or eight. But you're a grown
man, now. You gotta stop wasting
your life. Time to put away
childish things.

He grabs a DEPOSIT BAG from the register --

MCGEE (CONT'D)

I'm going to the bank. I'll be
back in a half-hour. Please. For
the love of God. Do something.

He leaves through the EXIT door -- a bell overhead DINGS!

The Kid watches him go. Looks around. Thinking.

In a series of shots --

The Kid straightens items on the shelves.

Restocks.

Mops up an aisle.

He spots a PLASTIC GUITAR in the toy aisle. Puts down the
mop, grabs the guitar. Gives the little plastic tuners a
turn or two. He STRUMS, lets it ring -- and imagines he's on
stage in front of a club full of people.

THE KID

Dearly beloved... we are gathered
here today to get through this
thing called life.

STRUM!

THE KID (CONT'D)

And if the elevator tries to break
you down -- go crazy --

He plays a rock riff as he dances through the aisles. Yes,
it's dorky, but here's the thing -- he's REALLY FUCKING GOOD.
He grabs the mop at one point and uses it like a mic stand,
mimicking James Brown. The ROCK RIFFS slowly fade up...

He holds his hand up to his ear, asking the "audience" to
respond to his call --

THE KID (CONT'D)

Let me hear you Minneapolis!

The Kid WHIRLS around and mid-spin and we get fully swept up
into his fantasy, MATCH CUT:

INT. FIFTH AVENUE CLUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Kid finishes his spin ON STAGE in front of a thousand
people at the legendary Minneapolis club. He's the rock god
of his sketch. One part poet, one part pirate -- and a LOT
of purple. And he's Burning. It. Down with his BAND.

They're a rock/funk phalanx, playing and moving in unison, working the crowd as hard as The Kid. He climbs to the top of a stack of speakers, jumps off and lands in a split --

POPS up -- spins -- and SOLOS! The crowd is going wild.

He lays the guitar on the floor and "makes love" to it -- rolling his body on it, totally caught up, when --

DING!!!

MATCH CUT BACK TO:

INT. MCGEE'S FIVE AND DIME - DAY

The Kid is back in the five and dime, humping the toy guitar when the bell snaps him out of his reverie. He bolts up to his feet, just in time to see **THE WOMAN**.

She's coming in through the EXIT. Older than him by a few years. Wearing a sundress, white boots and a RASPBERRY BERET. From his stunned expression, we can tell that she is unlike anything he's ever seen. He slips behind the counter.

THE WOMAN

Can I use your phone? Please?

THE KID

I'm sorry, wh --

THE WOMAN

Do you have a phone?

THE KID

I mean, the pay phone is busted.

THE WOMAN

You got a land line?

THE KID

It's in the bosses office. It's locked. I --

THE WOMAN

Shit.

THE KID

Is everything all right?

THE WOMAN

No. My car broke down, I'm trying to get to the city for an audition.

THE KID
You're a singer?

THE WOMAN
No. I'm a singer, actor, dancer.

THE KID
Cool.

THE WOMAN
In that order.

THE KID
Okay.

She spots the sketch, grabs it before he can stop her.

THE WOMAN
Is this you?

THE KID
No.

THE WOMAN
It looks like you.

THE KID
It's just -- stupid. Something to
pass the time.

The Woman gives him a look -- reading him. He takes the sketch back, puts it inside the notebook, out of sight.

THE WOMAN
What's your name?

THE KID
Kid.

THE WOMAN
Okay, kid. Where's the nearest gas
station?

THE KID
About two miles that way.

THE WOMAN
Two miles? *Shit.*

She looks at the clock. Deflated.

THE WOMAN (CONT'D)
Never gonna make it. Well. Adios,
kid.

The Kid watches as she turns to go. She stops.

THE WOMAN (CONT'D)

If it gives you a reason to wake up
in the morning and try to be better
a little better than you were the
day before... then it's not stupid.
That's called a dream. And
dreaming's how we make it through
the long, cold night. Ya dig?

The Kid nods. He gets it.

The Woman makes her way to the "IN" door. She's leaving the
wrong way, just like how she came in. At the last second --

THE KID

I'll take you.

She stops. Turns.

THE WOMAN

It's all right. By the time they
tow it back to the station --

THE KID

To Minneapolis. I'll take you to
the audition.

THE WOMAN

Are you serious?

THE KID

Yes.

A beat.

THE WOMAN

You got a car?

THE KID

I got a motorcycle.

THE WOMAN

You're not some kind of sex maniac?

THE KID

No.

A beat. The Woman thinks it over.

EXT. MCGEE'S FIVE AND DIME - DAY

Mr. McGee's beat up Oldsmobile rumbles into a parking space. He's got one headlight out. He turns the car off -- it rumbles for a few seconds even after he gets out.

He shuffles to the door, gives it a push. It's LOCKED.

MCGEE

What th --

He looks -- the CLOSED sign is in the window. Taped up next to it -- the Kid's SKETCH. It's autographed: "MR. M, thanks for the advice. Kid"

MCGEE (CONT'D)

Lazy son of a --

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Kid's MOTORCYCLE ROARS past and into the sunset. He's driving and The Woman on the back, sundress wrapped around her legs.

She plays a beat on his helmet, singing as they crest a hill and disappear over the other side...

FADE OUT:

THE END