

One Sam Band

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. GILLSHARK'S DINING - DAY

SAM BALCH, sits on a chair with his feet up on a table and his guitar in his arms. The restaurant "Gillshark's Dining" has not opened yet, there are empty chairs and tables, and a performance area at the corner of the restaurant.

Sam practices his guitar intensely.

The walls are filled with photos of four young teenagers, one of which is Sam, and an OLDER MAN all standing next to each other on the restaurant's stage. There is a banner hung up behind them that says "GILLSHARK'S ANNUAL MUSIC COMPETITION," and they are holding signs saying what place they got in the competition and the name of their band, "Never Break".

In every photo the group gets older, the rank they've gotten gets lower, and Sam looks more and more disappointed and detached from the rest.

The older man from the photos walks up to Sam and puts his arm on his shoulder, then sits down next to Sam.

OLDER MAN

Hey bud, how's the band doing?
Are you guys ready for tonight?

Sam jumps out of his musical trance and removes his guitar from his hands and puts his feet down.

SAM

Gosh, Mr. Antonio, you scared me.

Mr. Antonio laughs with his loud voice.

SAM (CONT'D)

Eh, the band's alright, just
stressing about your competition
a bit.

MR. ANTONIO

Oh Sam, there's no need for
stress, it's supposed to be a fun
performance opportunity.

SAM

Well I just really want us to do
really well... like we used to.

Mr. Antonio looks concerned at Sam.

MR. ANTONIO

Son, it doesn't matter if you do well as long as you have fun with your friends.

Sam ignores the last part of Mr. Antonio's sentence by looking at the time on his watch, it is 12:00 pm.

SAM

Oh no.

Sam interrupts and stands up all of a sudden.

Mr. Antonio looks surprised and confused.

MR. ANTONIO

What?

SAM

I'm late to rehearsal.

Sam swings his guitar on to his back, unplugs and grabs his amp.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'll be back tonight Mr. Antonio!

MR. ANTONIO

Alright, don't be late! We have a lot of performances tonight!

Sam goes running out and leaves the door open.

Mr. Antonio waves at Sam and pretends to smile. Then he sighs.

INT/EXT. GARAGE - DAY

SAM storms into the garage where the other band members from the photos are practicing.

The walls are filled with soundproofing materials such as blankets, sheets and foam. Speakers, wires, recording gear, a drum set, and dirty couch are strewn around.

The drummer, LOGAN HALE, sits behind his drum set at the corner of the garage. The bassist, IZABEL PIERCE, stands with her bass. The secondary guitarist, JACKSON CARTER, stands with his guitar next to Izabel.

SAM

I'm here, I'm here!

Sam sets his amp down and plugs his guitar in.

IZABEL

Sam this is the 5th time you've been late this week.

SAM

Whatever Izabel, let's just get started, you all need a lot more practice before we perform tonight... if we wanna win.

Izabel rolls her eyes.

The bandmates start playing a loud and intense rock song, but they all look a little bit anguished.

Sam looks disgusted and stops them.

SAM

Stop, stop, stop.

IZABEL

God. What now Sam?

SAM

(sarcastically)

Oh nothing's wrong Izabel...

Izabel, Jackson, and Logan sigh.

IZABEL

Here we go again.

SAM

...besides everything! I can barely hear you over Logan so we keep getting lost and it sounds like an absolute cacophony!

Logan looks mad.

JACKSON

What the hell Sam! You don't gotta be rude like that.

IZABEL

Yea! what happened to this band thing being fun?

Sam rolls his eyes, sighs and turns around.

SAM

Sorry, I tried to ignore it, but clearly you guys are not serious about this band or this music anymore.

IZABEL

That is not true Sam! We all care just as much as you do, you're just being an asshole!

Sam unplugs his guitar and puts it on his back.

LOGAN

And where exactly are you going? Rehearsal isn't over yet.

Sam curls his lip and gives Logan the eye.

SAM

I'm out. I'm gonna perform alone.

Izabel, Jackson and Logan look at each other and make a face of disbelief.

IZABEL

I'm sorry, what!? How are you gonna do it by yourself? What about us?

JACKSON

And with what set-list?

LOGAN

This is not gonna work for you, man. The competition is tonight!

Sam's eyes squint and he gasps out of offense.

SAM

How dare you underestimate me. It is going to work. I will show you guys!

Sam finishes packing his stuff and leaves the garage.

The band members look at each other and sigh, making confused and concerned faces.

INT. GILLSHARK'S DINING - DAY

SAM bursts through the door of the restaurant. He looks around for MR. ANTONIO.

He spots Mr. Antonio talking to customers.

Sam walks up to him and interrupts him.

SAM

Mr. Antonio. I am going to perform solo tonight.

The customers look upset at each other.

Mr. Antonio looks at the customers.

MR. ANTONIO

If you'll excuse me for just one moment.

Mr. Antonio takes Sam to a corner with no customers.

MR. ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Sam, what do you mean? What happened?

SAM

Nothing happened... I just realized I don't need them anymore.

Mr. Antonio looks concerned and sighs.

MR. ANTONIO

I know you don't mean that Sam, those are your best friends, is this spur of independence really worth losing them over?

Sam breathes out heavily and looks annoyed at Mr. Antonio.

MR. ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Well, okay, if you're sure.

SAM

(confidently)

I'm sure.

MR. ANTONIO

Okay...

Mr. Antonio grabs his clipboard, flips a page up and over the back, takes his pencil, erases something, and then starts writing, while Sam carefully watches over him.

MR. ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Alright you'll be one of the last performances at 10:20 sharp.

Mr. Antonio checks his watch.

MR. ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Your sound check will be at 8:20.

SAM

Thank you, thank you! I'll be here.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. GILLSHARK'S DINING - NIGHT

MR. ANTONIO

Ok, let's hear it son.

SAM

Ok. Hi everyone! I'm Sam and this is my one man band!

Sam starts confidently singing. Then starts flubbing up the lyrics and pulling out papers with lyrics written on them. He starts getting out of time, and his singing and guitar playing aren't in tune with each other.

Sweat is dripping down his forehead as he watches Mr. Antonio's reactions.

Sam keeps going but the microphone suddenly squeals and Sam steps back which causes his guitar to unplug. Sam tries to stop the microphone from squealing but he causes it to fall, creating a loud crash. Sam stops everything and covers his ears and looks down in disappointment.

Sam looks back up at Mr. Antonio and sighs.

SAM

(hesitantly)

How was that?

Mr. Antonio frowns and shakes his head.

MR. ANTONIO

I'm not going to lie to you Sam,
that was a disaster.

SAM

I know, but what else can I do?
I've been practicing like all day
and I'm still horrible.

MR. ANTONIO

Well... you can get back with
your band...

Sam shakes his head.

SAM

Hmmergh, I dunno...

Mr. Antonio sighs.

MR. ANTONIO

(assertively)

Sam. Tell me the truth about what
happened between all of you. Your
band has been playing at my place
for years, I would've never
expected a falling out like this.

SAM

I did tell you the truth. I
didn't need them anymore
because...

Mr. Antonio storms up to Sam.

MR. ANTONIO

Because why?

SAM

Because... they're not taking the
music seriously anymore.

MR. ANTONIO

Has it ever dawned on you that
you might be taking it too
seriously?

SAM

Well maybe.. But-

MR. ANTONIO

No buts Sam. Don't you understand? The reason you guys used to win so much is because it wasn't always about the music or winning, it was because you guys had fun together.

Sam looks around almost tearing up, trying to avoid Mr. Antonio's gaze.

MR. ANTONIO

Look at me boy.

Sam looks at him.

MR. ANTONIO (CONT'D)

These are your friends... not just some disposable amateurs. They care about you and want to succeed with you by their side, but not if you keep being so full of yourself.

SAM

I...

Mr. Antonio checks his watch.

MR. ANTONIO

The next band needs to come up for their sound check. Go to the back room and practice more, you're gonna need it if you still plan to perform alone.

Sam walks away and enters the backroom.

INT. BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

SAM sits on the floor and plugs in his guitar. He starts to quietly finger chords.

He stops, puts his head down, and hugs his knees.

He hears the other bands do their sound checks and starts practicing again.

The backroom gets more and more filled as more bands show up.

As the room gets filled some bands leave one at a time and come back celebrating after their performances.

Sam watches around him as the other bands look really happy.

MR. ANTONIO bursts through the backroom door.

Everyone in the room, including Sam, looks at him.

MR. ANTONIO

Has anyone seen "Never Break"?

Sam stands up.

SAM

They aren't here yet?

MR. ANTONIO

Nope. I have no idea where they are, but they should've been on stage 7 minutes ago!

Mr. Antonio looks at his watch.

MR. ANTONIO (CONT'D)

7 minutes ago! Ahhrgh!

Mr. Antonio looks at the bands.

MR. ANTONIO (CONT'D)

I guess we just gotta move on.
Whoever's next, you're up!

Sam looks surprised and the next band leaves with Mr. Antonio.

Mr. Antonio walks back in the backroom looking frustrated.

IZABEL, JACKSON, AND SAM run through the backroom door with all their gear.

IZABEL

I'm so sorry we're late! So so sorry!

LOGAN

There was a huge accident on the freeway, we were at a standstill for hours!

Mr. Antonio looks disappointed.

MR. ANTONIO

I understand guys, but we had to keep going, we are already behind schedule.

IZABEL

So are we disqualified?

MR. ANTONIO

I'm afraid so.

Izabel falls to the ground in disappointment as Logan and Jackson try to console her.

Sam sees how disappointed his band mates are and confronts Mr. Antonio.

SAM

Hey! Give them my spot.

Izabel, Logan and Jackson look up at Sam.

MR. ANTONIO

Are you sure Sam? You'll be disqualified instead of them.

He smiles at his band mates.

SAM

Yes I'm sure, they deserve this more than I do.

Izabel gets up with the help of Logan and Jackson and makes a shocked look at Sam.

IZABEL

Sam are you for real?

Sam nods his head.

SAM

I'm nothing without you guys anyway. On or off stage.

Izabel, Sam, and Mr. Antonio smile.

MR. ANTONIO

You heard him.

Mr. Antonio looks at his watch. It is 10:18 pm.

MR. ANTONIO (CONT'D)

The guys up there should be done
any second now. Let's go.

Mr. Antonio walks them to the stage and Sam follows but stops to watch them from the audience next to Mr. Antonio.

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Sam watches as Izabel, Jackson, and Logan walk up there and the audience cheers like crazy.

His eyes glisten in the stage light and a bittersweet smile emerges from him.

IZABEL

Hello Everyone! Hello Judges! We
are "Never Break." Before we
start we want to welcome out our
lead vocalist and guitarist, Sam
Balch!

Sam looks up at the stage with confusion and makes eye contact with Izabel.

Izabel sees him mouth the word "What?"

IZABEL

C'mon Sam!

Izabel smiles and Mr. Antonio pushes Sam to go up.

Sam walks out to the middle of the stage, looking unsure and confused, then Mr. Antonio gives him his guitar.

Sam is next to Izabel.

Sam turns around and looks at his band mates and smiles, Izabel smiles at him and Jackson and Logan nod at him to tell him that they're ready.

Sam turns around.

The crowd cheers and Sam starts to play the opening guitar strum.

INT. GILLSHARK'S DINING - DAY

Mr. Antonio hangs up a photo of him standing with Sam and the band. The photo shows them all looking really happy and that they won 1st place.

END.