

ROADIES

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ACT I

FADE IN:

1 **I/E. GARAGE -- DAY**

1

HEAVY METAL by SAMMY HAGAR plays muffled as we push in across the drive way towards an open door of a garage where CHET is pumping iron in his sweat shorts and denum vest.

His dweeb brother RUSTY and best friend and neighbor JUAN sprawl on the carpet in the corner of the garage next to a drab lounge chair and wood paneled TV flickering with MTV.

The boys flip through a Rolling Stone magazine.

They flip to a photospread of Jimi Hendrix. The boys ohh and ahh.

JUAN

Dude! Jimi is the man! Look at him! He must get so many ladies!

RUSTY

You know it! He's a god walking amongst us mortals on this earth.

They flip the pages and not every detail of every photo!

JUAN

Check out the SG! Man that's a sick guitar!

RUSTY

It's all about the stacks, Juan. He only tweeks tone from the guitar. Everything is done through his amp.

They flip the page to another FULL PAGE PHOTO of Jimi on stage. In the background of the photo is a roadie waiting in the wings.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

Who's that guy?

JUAN

Must be one of Jimi's friends.

RUSTY

No way! Man, I would kill to be him! How awesome would it be to be friends with Jimi!? See ever gig for free! Listen to amazing music all day!

JUAN

I bet he gets so much pussy!

Chest sits up between reps.

CHET

Juan! Watch your mouth!

JUAN

Shit. Sorry.

Chet looks down at the photo spread. The guy in the photo that the boys are envying is clearly a ROADIE.

CHET starts to laugh uncontrollably.

The boys look down at the mag and then back up at CHET.

What's so funny?

CHET

What's spazzes! You guys have no clue, do you?

RUSTY

What?

CHET

Exactly/ What morons.

Juan turns to Rusty.

JUAN

What's he talking about?

RUSTY

I don't know.

CHET

That guy isn't a friend of Jimi's. He's a roadie!

The boys look at each other and then up to Chet.

CHET (CONT'D)

He makes sure Jimi sounds good. He's ther eincase Jimi breaks a string, needs to be plugged in, makes sure he is in tune. That guy is paid to be there! Jimi doesn't give a shit about him.

The boys look at each other.

BOYS
DUDE! HE GETS PAID! ROCK AND
ROLL!!!!

They make the rock sign with their hands and touch index fingers and pinkis!

START CREDIT SEQUENCE.

2 **INT. SMALL CLUB -- NIGHT** 2

Rusty and Juan, now in their mid 20's, set up for a small band playing to a small crowd.

The guitarist rushes over to them playing.

GUITARIST
Dude, I just heard! We're going on
tour!

Rusty and Juan high five.

3 **INT. LARGE CLUB -- EVENING** 3

Juan and Rusty set up for the band, wearing tour shirts the band made.

During the show the guitarist breaks a string. Rusty grabs it from him while Juan hands him his other guitar. The headlining bands head roadie notices how fluid they work together. He hands them his card.

4 **EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY** 4

The headlining bands head roadie shows Juan and Rusty the new tour bus. They are moving up in the world of music.

5 **INT. AMPHATHEATER -- EVENING** 5

Juan and Rusty set up for the new band: the opening act to a big rock band. They have hit the big time!

They eye some cute groupies hanging out back stage, who wave and wink at them.

IAN, the head roadie to the opening act with an amazing pony tail and singing voice (though no one has ever heard it but Freddy and he's too shy to share that rock and roll fact) take note of how Rusty and Juan work together.

He approaches and starts chatting them up.

6 **INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT** 6

The band parties....hard.

They take shots and make their roadies, now including Juan and Rusty, take two shots for every one they take.

The band calls over several groupies with big hair, almost as nice as the bands hair.

The band takes body shots off of them.

GROUPIE

Who are the new boys? We need to be introduced.

GUITARIST

This is Rusty and this in Juan. Consider this your initiation gentlemen.

The groupie slides a double shot glass filled to the brim between her fake breasts and walks over to Juan.

She sits on his lap, leans into him, and presses the shot glass to his mouth with out using her hands.

He takes the shot and everyone cheers.

7 **INT. STADIUM -- NIGHT**

7

The band plays to a sold out crowd.

Juan and Rusty stand on the side of the stage watching the band.

They almost look just like that photo they found on Rolling Stone magazine when they were kids.

They smile and make the rock sign, pressing their index fingers and pinkies together.

8 **INT. HOTEL ROOM -- MORNING (3AM)**

8

The alarm clock is smashed on the side of the bed. Rusty is passed out in his bed. There is a loud knock at the door.

Rusty jumps up and looks out the window. The tour bus is waiting.

RUSTY

Shit!

Rusty gathers his things and opens the door. Juan is still there pounding on it.

JUAN

You alright, man?

The lead singer, DAVE, is the last one in line.

He gets to the final steps onto the stage and a beautiful vintage sunburst Les Paul is strapped onto him. He turns to JUAN and gives him a fist bump.

Then turns to IAN, now a little older and tour manager still with an amazing pony tail.

DAVE

The force, it's got a lot of power!

IAN hands DAVE a shot of jagermeister and takes one for himself.

They enjoy this ritual.

IAN

Don't stop till you get enough!

CLINK!

They do the shot, then Dave steps onto stage and points at IAN who points at JUAN, who points at RUSTY!

RUSTY, who is in the center of the stadium, pushes up the mixer level, and nods back to Dave, who is now on stage rocking out.

The audience goes wild!

13 **INT. BACK STAGE -- NIGHT**

13

DAVE walks off stage with his band covered in towels.

JUAN and RUSTY follow DAVE down into the bowels of the stadium.

14 **INT. HOTEL -- NIGHT**

14

JUAN and RUSTY rock out in a hotel room!

They sing along to NEON KNIGHTS by BLACK SABBATH about being protectors of the realm and dragons and kings blessed by the night.

RUSTY

Come on, fellow knights. CHAAAAARGE!

Wasted Rusty races out of the hotel room.

Drunk Juan throws up his hands.

JUAN

Wait! Don't take the tequila!

Juan chases after him.

Things get crazy and a television gets thrown through a window and falls to the pool below.

15 **EXT. POOL -- NIGHT** 15

The TV splashes into the pool and sinks with the sound of a cell door slams.

16 **INT. DRUNK TANK -- DAY** 16

JUAN and RUSTY wake up with a start.

Several scantily clad woman from the night before also sit there topless in the holding cell.

They aren't women.

Though, nothing is wrong with that, it's just not what these BASH BROTHERS expected to wake up to.

RUSTY
What the fuck!

JUAN wakes up.

JUAN
Waffles!

RUSTY
Juan. Wake up!

JUAN
What the heck? Where are we?

Rusty checks his watch.

RUSTY
We missed the bus!

The "ladies" eye them.

17 **INT. HALLWAY -- DAY** 17

RUSTY and JUAN stand in a sparse police hallway near a payphone.

RUSTY is on the phone. This is clearly the "one Phone call" they get.

A receptionist picks up the phone.

RECEPTIONIST
Hilton Fort Worth

RUSTY
Hello, may I please be connected to
the presidential sweet?

RECEPTIONIST
Who may I ask is calling?

RUSTY
Tell them it's Rusty.

RECEPTIONIST
I'm sorry sir, that is not correct.

RUSTY
Oh right, tell them it's Ringo calling
for Paul.

RECEPTIONIST
Connecting you now sir.

Rusty checks his watch while he waits for the call to connect.

RUSTY
Jesus.

The phone rings.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Please Jesus.

IAN picks up on the other end of the line.

IAN
I'm not that miraculous. But what
is it my son?

Behind Ian are some members of the band Hang Man and a few
roadies. The lead guitarist noodles and discusses tone on
his guitar while his guitar tech watches.

While the band is dressed in hair metal fashion, the roadies
are slightly more grunge, showing the signs of the changing
times.

RUSTY
Shit. Ian! Juan and I are in the
drunk tank.

IAN
Are you shitting me!? What city?

RUSTY looks around find a police poster reading "TO SERVE
AND PROTECT THE PEOPLE OF AUSTIN".

RUSTY

Austin.

IAN

Austin?! What the fuck Rust?! How could you let this happen!?

RUSTY

Well, Juan started pouring the shots and...

IAN

Juan? Come on man, you know better!

Ian takes a breath.

IAN (CONT'D)

Well, good news is that you're both fucked.

Rusty nods.

RUSTY

And the bad news is?

IAN

That means I'm fucked!

RUSTY

I know, I'm sorry.

IAN

Dude! I don't need this right now! Not with all this label shit happening!

Rusty sighs.

Some of the band members and roadies look over at Ian. He collects himself with a few deep breaths.

Rusty presses into the phone...fuck.

IAN (CONT'D)

Austin.... huh?.... Damn.

RUSTY

Fort Worth is only three hours away.

Rusty checks his watch.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

If we get out of here in the next hour we can be there by final sound check.

IAN
No you can't.

RUSTY
Yeah, sure we can. Maybe by curtain.

IAN
No!

RUSTY
We'll be able to at least make it to help pack up.

IAN
No man! The Fort Worth show was fucking canceled!

RUSTY
What?! Why?

IAN
Not enough ticket sales dude! The venue pulled out at the last second. Said it was cheaper to issue refunds then pay the band.

Ian takes a beat.

IAN (CONT'D)
We're packing up the trucks now then taking off in a few hours so everyone can get a good night sleep for the Oklahoma City show.

They sit in silence for a moment. Juan looks up expecting something good.

It's not good.

Rusty lies.

RUSTY
Yeah, that sounds great...

IAN
What?

RUSTY
No problem at all.

IAN
Wait, are you lying to Juan?

RUSTY
Yes sir.