

FADE IN:

INT. ACCOUNTING OFFICE - DAY

CHYRON: FALL OF 1991, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA...ADJACENT

RUBY (V.O.)

(OVER FOLLOWING ACTION) I was in a  
dead end job.

OVERVIEW SHOT OF HEADS TYPING AWAY AT COMPUTERS, CALCULATORS. A MIDDLE-AGED MAN OPENS A DESK DRAWER AND SNEAKS A DONUT OUT OF A MINI-PACK OF EIGHT. AN OLDER WOMAN OPENS HER DESK DRAWER, PULLS OUT A MINI-BOTTLE OF BOURBON AND POURS IT IN HER COFFEE.

STOP ON RUBY, TWENTY-THREE YEARS OLD, DRESSED FOR THE CORPORATE WORLD, BUT BLACK TIGHTS AND COMBAT BOOTS GIVE SOMETHING AWAY. SHE SITS IN HER CUBICLE FACING HER COMPUTER SCREEN DISPLAYING A GRAPH/CHART FILLED WITH NUMBERS AND SYMBOLS - HER WORK. SHE IS FILING HER NAILS. HER NEXT DOOR CUBICLE MATE, IS JUSTIN, A FEW YEARS OLDER BUT STILL A PEER.

JUSTIN

Pssst, Ruby.

HE PULLS BACK ON A RUBBER BAND AND SHOOTS IT AT HER.

RUBY

(ANNOYED) Justin - quit it!

JUSTIN LAUGHS, AND SETS UP ANOTHER RUBBER BAND.

RUBY (V.O.) (cont'd)

(STARES AT HER COMPUTER SCREEN) It  
just wasn't me. I sort of fell into  
accounting. In that way that needing  
to pay rent can make you fall.

JUSTIN LETS THE RUBBER BAND FLY.

RUBY (cont'd)

(TURNS TO HIM) I will kill you.

INT. ACCOUNTING OFFICE - ANOTHER DAY

JUSTIN STANDS BEHIND RUBY, MASSAGING HER SHOULDERS.

JUSTIN

You can't quit. Who will I massage if  
you leave?

RUBY

Um, everybody else?

JUSTIN

Well, who will I shoot rubber bands at  
then? You know you're the only one I  
shoot rubber bands at.

RUBY

(LUCKY ME) Yes I do. (THEN) Come on,  
you know we've got to get out of here  
eventually. I just wish I could figure  
out what the hell I'm supposed to be  
doing with my life.

HER HEAD FALLS FORWARD IN AN OVERWHELMED SLUMP.

FLASHBACK - INT. HALL KITCHEN - RUBY AT FIVE YEARS OLD

SFX: "BOYS KEEP SWINGING" BY DAVID BOWIE

RUBY'S MOTHER, JANE, IS IN THE KITCHEN POURING MINIATURE  
CANDIES INTO A LARGE PLASTIC PUMPKIN. A FIVE YEAR OLD RUBY  
ENTERS, WEARING PURPLE TIGHTS, AN IRIDESCENT LONG-SLEEVED  
RED LEOTARD, A SHINY GOLD BOA, AND SOME PLATFORM BOOTS. HER  
HAIR IS SLICKED BACK AND HAS AN APRICOT-COLORED SHEEN TO IT.

SFX: DOORBELL

JANE

Ruby, do you want to get it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG RUBY

Sure.

JANE PUTS THE PUMPKIN FULL OF CANDY IN RUBY'S ARMS AND WALKS HER OVER TO THE DOOR. THEY OPEN IT TO FIND TWO LITTLE BOYS DRESSED EXACTLY THE SAME.

LITTLE BOYS

(LOUDLY) Trick or treat!!

JANE

Oh, look at that. Sumo wrestlers.

LITTLE BOYS

(IN UNISON) Uh huh.

JANE GESTURES TO THE PUMPKIN. RUBY REACHES IN AND GRABS TWO HANDFULS OF CANDY AND THROWS ONE INTO EACH OF THE BOYS' BAGS. THEY LOOK AT HER AND SHE LOOKS AT THEM.

ONE LITTLE BOY

Are you Tinkerbell?

YOUNG RUBY

No. (BEAT) I'm David Bowie.

FLASHBACK - RUBY AT FIFTEEN YEARS OF AGE/RUBY'S ROOM

IT'S OBVIOUS BY RUBY AND HER BEST FRIEND STACY'S CLOTHES, HAIR AND MAKEUP THAT IT'S THE MID 80'S. RUBY IS LYING ON HER BACK ON THE PINK SHAG CARPET, WHILE STACY LAYS ON HER STOMACH PROPPED UP ON HER ELBOWS. MUSIC/BAND POSTERS OF THAT ERA LINE THE WALLS.

MUSIC CUE: ENGLISH BEAT'S "TWIST AND CRAWL."

STACY

Who would you rather be, Debbie Harry  
or Chrissie Hynde?

RUBY

Can't I be both?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STACY

Okay, who would you rather marry, John Taylor or Simon LeBon?

RUBY

I'd like to marry Ian McCollough. I will never get sick of going to Echo and The Bunnymen shows.

STACY

Okay, you can have him. I want to marry Ric Ocasek.

RUBY TURNS OVER ON HER STOMACH.

RUBY

We have to marry musicians. Who else would understand how important music is? It would be like living in the Sistine Chapel and being able to gaze at the ceiling all day.

STACY

God, exactly. (BEAT, THEN) Who would you rather give a BJ to, Paul Simonon or Joe Strummer?

FLASHBACK - INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A JUST OUT OF HIGH SCHOOL AGED RUBY IS STANDING AT A MIC. SHE IS IN THE MIDDLE OF BAND PRACTICE. IT'S A SIX MEMBER BAND -- THREE OF THEM SINGERS. THEY ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF A GARAGE VERSION OF "HOT FOR TEACHER" BY VAN HALEN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNY (ONE OF THE SINGERS)

(SINGING) I think of all the education  
that I missed.

SARAH (THE OTHER SINGER)

(SINGING) But then my homework was  
never quite like this.

RUBY

(HALFHEARTEDLY SINGING) I've got it  
bad, got it bad, got it bad...I'm hot  
for teacher...

RUBY STEPS AWAY FROM THE MIC AND FOLDS HER ARMS. THE BAND  
PLAYS ON BUT NO ONE SINGS. THE BAND EVENTUALLY PETERS OUT.

JAROD (THE GUITARIST)

What now?

RUBY

Forget it. You guys, I can't do this.

JENNY

Why?

RUBY

I'm not going to cover "Hot For  
Teacher". It might have been ironic a  
couple of years ago but now it's just  
predictable.

KENNY (THE BASSIST)

But our gender flipping version adds a  
whole new dimension.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RUBY

Covers are only good if you've got originals too. We don't have any originals. (SPINNING OUT) We've got to work on originals.

TERRY (THE DRUMMER)

We don't know any originals.

RUBY

I mean, we've got a band name and logo, but we don't have any songs.

TERRY LOOKS DOWN AT THE T-SHIRT HE'S WEARING WHICH DONS THEIR BAND NAME "GRADE A", SCRAWLED WITH A BLACK SHARPIE.

JENNY

Are you sure this outburst isn't because I got to sing the "I don't feel tardy" part?

RUBY

No, Jenny. That is not the reason.

TERRY (THE DRUMMER)

Listen, we've still got the space for another hour. We need to practice. We don't have any original songs, so we might as well work on a cover. What song would you be willing to do?

RUBY

I don't care. I don't even want to sing. Give me the fucking tambourine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RUBY CROSSES TO PICK UP THE TAMBOURINE FROM THE FLOOR. THE REST OF THE BAND TINKER WITH THEIR INSTRUMENTS WHILE TRYING TO COME UP WITH THE RIGHT SONG TO COVER.

SARAH (OTHER SINGER)

(BEAT) Should we try doing it again,  
but this time with a reggae beat?

RUBY LOOKS AT HER WITH CONTEMPT AS WE CUT BACK TO:

INT. ACCOUNTING OFFICE (BACK TO THE PRESENT) - CONTINUOUS

JUSTIN IS STILL MASSAGING RUBY.

JUSTIN

Well, just think, if you hadn't taken  
this entirely ill-suited job, you'd  
never have met me.

RUBY

(JOKING) And that would be...bad?

SFX: PHONE RINGING.

JUSTIN STOPS MASSAGING AND PICKS UP RUBY'S PHONE.

JUSTIN

Ruby's desk. (BEAT) Hey, Neil, it's  
Justin. Yeah, she's here. Hold on.

HE COVERS THE PHONE MOUTHPIECE.

JUSTIN (cont'd)

It's Pick-Up Sticks.

RUBY SMILES AND TAKES THE PHONE FROM JUSTIN.

RUBY

Hey.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RUBY AND NEIL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

NEIL SITS ON THE COUCH WITH THE PHONE RECEIVER CRADLED BETWEEN HIS EAR AND SHOULDER. DRUMSTICKS IN HAND, HE HITS THEM AGAINST HIS LAP AS HE TALKS TO RUBY.

NEIL

Hey. So, we have sound check at seven and then Kyle wants to have a band meeting and take us out for something to eat before the show.

EILEEN, ANOTHER EMPLOYEE, APPROACHES RUBY'S CUBICLE.

EILEEN

(WHISPERING) Hey, I just heard something.

RUBY GESTURES "ONE SECOND" TO EILEEN.

RUBY

(TO NEIL, INTO PHONE) Okay. Are you going on first or last?

NEIL

First.

RUBY

Okay, well find out the time cause I've got some things I want to do at home before the show.

NEIL

Like what? Just come and hang out.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

RUBY

Neil, I don't want to hang out for hours before the show. I'm going to hang out for hours after the show.

EILEEN MAKES A FACE LIKE "COME ON, GET OFF THE PHONE - THIS IS GOOD."

NEIL

Why are you cranky? Is Clark on you again? Or is it "that time"?

RUBY

Please don't break my life down into such simplistic terms.

NEIL

So serious. Come on, the world's our playground.

HE PUTS DOWN ONE DRUM STICK IN ORDER TO TOSS SOME PRETZELS INTO HIS MOUTH WHILE STILL KEEPING THE BEAT WITH HIS OTHER STICK.

RUBY

I better go. Eileen's standing here in front of me. She's making her "I've got some good gossip" face.

NEIL

All right, I'll see you tonight. I'll dedicate a solo to you.

RUBY

Sweet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RUBY HANGS UP, THEN INDICATES TO JUSTIN, BY POINTING AT HER BACK, THAT HE SHOULD RESUME MASSAGING HER. HE DOES, AND RUBY GOES BACK INTO RELAX MODE.

RUBY (cont'd)

(INDULGING EILEEN, WHISPERING) So,  
what did you hear?

EILEEN

(LESS WHISPERY) Someone (SHE POINTS AT  
RUBY) is going to be promoted.

RUBY STRAIGHTENS UP.

RUBY

(NOT PLEASED) What?

EILEEN

To Head Cashier.

RUBY

Who told you that?

EILEEN

I overheard Clark tell Karen. He said  
when Phil retires next month they have  
to replace him and you were next in  
line.

JUSTIN

(STILL MASSAGING) Wow, that's a  
glowing recommendation.

RUBY BATS HIM AWAY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RUBY

(BEGINNING TO PANIC) I don't want to  
be Head Cashier. I don't want to be  
here at all.

RUBY TURNS AND LOOKS TO HER LEFT -- THE WOMAN FROM THE  
OPENING SCENE TAKING A NIP OF BOURBON SITS WITH HER HEAD IN  
HER HAND STARING AT HER PAPERWORK WEARING A PENCIL BEHIND HER  
EAR AND A BAD POLYESTER SUIT THAT SCREAMS "I NO LONGER CARE."  
IN THE CUBICLE ACROSS FROM AND FACING RUBY WE SEE WANDA -- A  
LIFER. THE KIND OF LIFER THAT CONSTANTLY WORRIES SHE'S GOING  
TO LOSE HER JOB. SHE SEES THE GATHERING OF PEOPLE IN FRONT OF  
RUBY'S DESK.

WANDA

(HUSHED) What are you guys whispering  
about? Did someone say something  
about my report? I knew I should have  
triple checked it.

THEY IGNORE HER.

RUBY

I'm sorry, if I have a destiny, it  
can't be this.

RUBY FEELS THE WALLS CAVING IN, AND WE...

END OF PART ONE