

MOSH

Written by

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Pilot - *The World Has Turned*
Excerpt

OVER BLACK: WATER — RAIN-LIKE

It falls softly onto grass — then onto a piece of posterboard.

PICTURE:

EXT. COOKIE-CUTTER NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE - DAWN

Moving with the arc of an oscillating sprinkler in a front lawn, the rainbow of water tracks across the grass until it reaches the end of its range — drizzling onto a knocked-over posterboard sign in the front yard.

The ink bleeds — letter-by-letter, it reads:

CONGRATULATIONS GRADUATE

Barely legible.

The light from the sunrise slowly crawls up the board.

CUT TO:

EXT. TJ'S HOUSE - DAY

The dapple from a large hickory tree breaks the sunlight splayed across the front of a modest craftsman home.

We ease away from the house until a 1990 eggshell white Volkswagen Vanagon Westfalia emerges in the drive just next to the trunk of the tree as —

— TJ NICHOLS, 18, appears.

He slides a latched guitar case — followed by a single suitcase — into the back of the van.

It catches the *Screaming Trees* bumper sticker with a THUD as he lifts it into the back.

TJ's thin frame is draped with a *Melvins* T-shirt above stovepipe-legged jeans that mostly obscure his duct-taped Airwalk skate shoes.

He swings the rear door shut.

As he enters the van, a pulled-aside curtain in the window of the house drops back to rest with a sway.

CUT TO:

INT. VW VAN - DAY

TJ cruises down the residential street - his chin-length hair whips from the open driver's side window.

He nudges a cassette adapter into the car stereo - it sucks in with a CLICK. He traces the cable down to a CAR DISCMAN perched on the console and presses play.

The jangly guitars of *RHINOCEROS* by Smashing Pumpkins swell in volume.

TJ taps out the beat on the steering wheel and drums one of Jimmy's fills -

DRUMS MATCH TO:

INT. HONDA PRELUDE - DAY

- A black DOC MARTEN boot bounces on the accelerator, doubling as a kick drum pedal. The bare leg of RYAN TAYLOR, 17, keeps perfect rhythm. She perches her other leg on the edge of the driver-side door, stretching her plaid skirt taut.

The wisps of smoke from her Camel Special Light cigarette lead us up her sleeveless, cut-up BIKINI KILL tee - her hair pulled up in a messy bun.

She ejects the tape - abruptly ending the Pumpkins tune and exposing Hootie's *LET HER CRY* on the radio.

RYAN

Oh, hell yes.

(singing)

*"...only tells me where she's been,
when she's had too much to
driiinnnk."*

She catches a last-minute red light and quickly comes to a stop - the Hootie track nakedly spills out of her Prelude. Preserving her street-cred, she promptly turns it down to a private level.

Following the drift of her cigarette smoke out the window, we find her car sits in profile at the light.

Ryan glances up as it goes green.

She pulls away, leaving us behind on the side of the road.

With her move, we turn 180 to find -

— FLOYD ROSS, an 18-year-old African American built like a linebacker — he is — but looks more like a member of *Living Colour*.

He clutches his guitar case, steps off the corner, and crosses the street to his 4Runner parked along the shoulder.

Guitar in the back — he hops in — keys into the ignition —

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. VW VAN — DAY

— TJ pulls his keys, swings his door open, and hops out.

EXT. COOKIE-CUTTER NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE — DAY

TJ walks up the drive to one of those houses that looks exactly like the neighbor's house — barely a wingspan apart.

He passes a 1980-something Mercedes that's seen better days as he hears *NO END IN SIGHT* from Mudhoney bellowing from the backyard.

The music is loud enough that JOSH TALBERT, 18, doesn't feel TJ's presence.

Josh's arrow-straight, brown-haired bangs dangle as he hunches over a circle of rocks on the ground.

He douses something with a shit-ton of lighter fluid.

He finally glances at TJ.

JOSH
(through a shrug)
What's up, man?

TJ looks toward a black cap and gown in a glistening pile, just as Josh tosses a match atop the pit.

TJ
The fuck are you doing?

WHOOSH. Instant bonfire.

JOSH
Doesn't matter. I'm not walking.

TJ wears a perplexed look.

TJ
(matter of fact)
Look, I know the whole pomp and
circumcision is lame, but once we
get to the show—

— Josh shakes his head and halts TJ.

He squeezes another blast of fluid on the flames.

TJ (CONT'D)
What the fuck is going on, man?

Josh squares to face TJ.

From TJ's POV, Josh looks right at us.

JOSH
I failed English.

SMASH TO:

MOSH OPENING CREDITS OVER:

THE WORLD HAS TURNED & LEFT ME HERE by Weezer.

SUPER: *TRACK 1: THE WORLD HAS TURNED*

EXT. COOKIE-CUTTER NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE - DAY

TJ looks down at the blaze for a beat.

TJ
Mr. Renfro?

Josh raises his eyebrows - head still, his eyes briefly dart to TJ.

TJ (CONT'D)
So what, they're just not gonna let
you walk?

JOSH
Nope.

TJ kicks a small rock out from under his foot.

TJ
Damn, man.

They stand without speaking for a moment.

TJ (CONT'D)
You're gonna be able to tour,
though.

Josh shakes his head.

TJ's face slackens blankly.

TJ (CONT'D)
Are you serious right now?

Josh squeezes another shower of lighter fluid on the nearly dead fire.

JOSH
Summer school.

TJ
We can totally work around-

JOSH
-nope. Folks took the car. No
graduation, no graduation gift.

TJ loses his words, until -

TJ
We're gonna find a way. We'll do
weekend shows-

JOSH

—What, and drive me back for class
Monday morning every week?

TJ

Well, you're playing with us
tonight. No way that's not
happening. We can figure the rest
out later.

Josh steels into a defiant posture.

JOSH

No fucking way I'm going.

TJ throws an incredulous look.

TJ

C'mon, dude. It's a party.

JOSH

It's a graduation party.

TJ throws his arm over his shoulder and pulls him along.

TJ

You're going. It's also a gig,
remember?

Josh balks.

TJ (CONT'D)

You're just gonna sit here and
what, torch shit?

JOSH

I still have a sock or two left.

TJ

Hey, it was enough for Kiedis and
Flea...

Josh softens.

TJ grins and shoves the side of Josh's head.

CUT TO:

EXT. PACK-IT-UP, PACK-IT-IN STORAGE - DAY

TJ's Vanagon bumps over the speed-breaker that spans the entrance to a shitty, single-level outdoor storage facility - its khaki-and-dingy-orange aluminum laid out in depressing rows on a slab of concrete.

The VW eases to a stop - an open storage locker bay door just beyond the nose of the van.

TJ and Josh simultaneously slide out of the cab as we move with them toward the rear of the van.

TJ raises the rear door up - they retrieve their instruments.

As the rear door slams, a newly raised storage bay door catches the boys off guard.

A man in his 40s - fired from more than one 80s hair band, from the looks of him, appears. Let's call him KARL with a "K".

They recognize him.

He swills some sort of garbage beer in an old, yellowed Michelob styrofoam-koozie with one hand - holding a copy of READER'S DIGEST from 1978 in the other.

He lounges in one of those banded plastic-aluminum lawn chairs - the kind that leaves stripes on your legs and collapses without warning.

He's positioned in front of floor-to-ceiling boxes - hoarder style.

KARL

You bros ever gonna write something
with a guitar solo, or what?

As they move past with their instruments -

TJ

Whassup, Karl.

JOSH

We aren't W.A.S.P, Karl.

He tries to catch their attention.

KARL

Hey! Not too loud, bro. I'm reading
my stories.

Nope, they're gone.

KARL (CONT'D)
(to no one)
My name's not Karl.

INT. REHEARSAL STORAGE LOCKER - SAME

TJ and Josh materialize from the washed-out light puking in through the garage door.

Ryan, already perched on the throne behind her kit, looks over to Floyd.

He hunches over his amp with a SQUEAL of feedback.

RYAN
Was that that dude? Carl or
whatever?

Floyd turns and sees TJ and Josh.

They plop down their cases.

TJ
Yeah, but with a "K".

Ryan ignores without acknowledging his correction.

RYAN
Does he live here or some shit?

Josh slings his bass over his shoulder and plugs in.

A beat.

His eyes roll up – thinking through everything he knows of the man...

JOSH
Yeah, that's entirely possible.

Floyd tosses a couple of sealed letters onto a pile of ten or twelve others. They all contain different college athletic logos on the envelopes.

TJ
What's with the mail?

FLOYD
Columbia House don't play. 12 CDs
for a penny – now they own my ass.

Floyd turns up his amp a touch.

TJ clocks the logos on the letters – glances up at Floyd, back turned.

RYAN

So, which one of you degenerates is gonna flash the crowd when you get your diploma tonight? Looking at you, Josh.

TJ blades his hand back and forth across his neck in a “not now” gesture – pointing to Josh with his eyes.

Josh, back turned – his eyes flicker as he plucks a note or two.

Ryan double-sticks a flam on the snare.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I cannot wait to hit the road. We can finally focus and actually play. There's this club – The Cave in Chapel Hill. You're *right* on top of the crowd. Postage stamp sized-stage.

Floyd perks up.

FLOYD

Ooh! Forgot to tell y'all. I bought a trailer – hitch it to the 4Runner, and we're golden!

Josh's head drops.

RYAN

Umm, Rad! How do you not lead with that?

She clocks Josh – his back to the group – avoidant.

RYAN (CONT'D)

What's with you?

TJ grimaces.

Josh turns to find all eyes on him.

JOSH

(pours out)

Fucking christ, I didn't graduate. So, no I won't be flashing anyone –
(under his breath)
– or touring.

They all sit with that – a deafening silence.

Josh fidgets with his strap, then breaks the silence.

JOSH (CONT'D)

I fucked us.

He turns away from them.

RYAN

Fuck.

TJ

We'll figure it out.

They take another beat.

RYAN

You'll be there tonight, though –
yeah?

Josh eyes Ryan. It's a no.

JOSH

Let's just play.

FLOYD

Yeah, fuck it.

They take their places.

Ryan slams a heavy kick-to-snare-to-rack intro fill as the guitars crunch to life.

EXT. PACK-IT-UP, PACK-IT-IN STORAGE – SAME

Karl, trying to work a *MAD* MAGAZINE FOLD-IN, sloshes his beer across his lap as the wall of music explodes out of the storage locker.

CUT TO: