

THE SPIRIT OF ROCK AND ROLL

"Pilot"

by

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. SCOTT RUSSELL'S BEDROOM LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK - DAWN

BAD COMPANY'S "ROCK AND ROLL FANTASY" BLARES!

The room is covered in heavy metal paraphernalia. Specifically, posters of the ego-centric BRITISH ROCK STAR, JAN ROCKET, 45. He looks like a combo of Frank Zappa and Metallica's James Hetfield.

SCOTT RUSSELL, 14, a brown curly-haired metal geek, **PLAYS GUITAR** in front of his full-length mirror as he gets dressed.

He grabs a **BALLED UP PAIR OF SOCKS**, glances at his crotch, then at himself in the mirror and smiles.

SCOTT
Rock and roll!

As Scott **SHOVES** the socks down his pants, his mother, ALICE RUSSELL, 33, a MILF bartender by necessity-- not for lack of education--bursts through the door.

ALICE
Hey Scott--

SCOTT (CONT'D)
GET OUT!

With his hand still stuck down his pants, Scott **TRIPS** and slams the door on his mother.

ALICE (O.S.)
It's the first day of high school.
I know what you're going through.

Scott pulls the socks from his pants and throws them on the floor, continuing to dress.

SCOTT
(HIGHLY SARCASTIC) Cuz you've been
a fourteen-year-old-boy.

ALICE (O.S.)
I was Doogie Howser one year for
Halloween.

SCOTT
Do you know any shows post 1995?

ALICE (O.S.)
Come on out for breakfast.

SCOTT
I'm not hungry.

ALICE (O.S.)
See? I can relate to that. I've
been anorexic.

SCOTT
Al-ice--

Alice enters the bedroom.

ALICE
(CORRECTING) Mom.

Scott slams the door again.

SCOTT
OUT!

ALICE (O.S.)
(HOPEFUL) I see you're wearing the
Jan Rocket T-shirt I got for you.

SCOTT
Paying tribute.

INSERT: A news article, "JAN ROCKETS OFF FOR ETERNITY:
English hard rock legend, Jan Rocket dies in plane crash.
Also on board, Kathy Griffin and Dave Coulier, who both
walked away unscathed."

SCOTT (CONT'D)
And it was clean.

ALICE (O.S.)
Pete's been keeping me late at the
bar. No time to do laundry.

SCOTT
(UNDER HIS BREATH) But plenty of
time to embarrass me.

ALICE (O.S.)
I'm not trying to embarrass you.

SCOTT
I love that your super human
hearing only works when I don't
want you to hear me.

(MORE)

But whenever I have something important to say, you never seem to listen.

ALICE (O.S.)
What do you want to tell me?

SCOTT
Leave me alone!

No response.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
OKAY?

No response.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Good. (TO JAN POSTER) Why'd you have to go and croak two days before high school starts?

ALICE (O.S.)
When Andy Gibb died I cried for--

SCOTT
Is your ear against my door?

ALICE (O.S.)
Leaving.

RESET TO:

INT. SCOTT'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bathroom is attached to his room. Scott enters and gargles mouthwash.

SCOTT
(MUMBLING TO HIMSELF) If I need info on Molly Ringwald movies and ABBA, I'll talk to my mom. But high school? I can't--

A cloudy image of **JAN ROCKET'S FACE** appears in the mirror while Scott dries his face with a towel.

JAN
Dude, you gotta quit whining.

SCOTT
(UNASSUMING) I know, Jan.

Jan smiles. "**ROCK AND ROLL FANTASY**" gets louder.

Scott exits the bathroom. A BEAT. Scott rushes back in.
Jan smiles. Scott looks down at his shirt, then up at Jan.

JAN
Hi, Scott.

Scott SCREAMS and awkwardly turns and PULLS down the shower curtain.

ALICE (O.S.)
Scottie, totally leaving you alone,
but Gruyere's on her way over.

From under the shower curtain, looking up at the apparition of Jan, Scott calls back to his mother.

SCOTT
(CONFUSED) One second.

FADE OUT.

END COLD OPEN