

USSBA BADDIE

Written by

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INT. HERSHEY PARK DOME - NIGHT

An inconsistent bunching of students wait on the stage as the judges announce the winners. Two groups are still waiting to be called.

JUDGE

Now announcing the top two Tier Two
USSBA National High School Bands!

ILANA PETERSON (16) stands at attention, essentially frozen in place and waits to be called.

A bead of sweat is about to drip down into her left eye.

Her eyes shift towards the judge.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

In second place-
THE CUTCHOQUE TURTLES.

A small smile creeps onto Ilana's face as the other Drum Major walks to collect his trophy.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

And in first place...

The sweat drips into her eyeball.

In pain, Ilana squints her left eye, which makes her look like a pirate.

ILANA

JUST SAY IT!

JUDGE

OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP HELPERS!

Ilana runs over to the judge. Shakes her hand and takes the trophy and holds it to the sky.

A giant camera flash goes off.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT 1INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Ilana picks up a photo on her dresser.

MOM (49) walks in half dressed continuously brushes her teeth.

MOM

ILANA, enough moping-

ILANA

Do I have to go?

MOM

If you didn't I'd be neglecting my parental duties-

Ilana laughs.

Mom stops brushing her teeth.

MOM (CONT'D)

Ilana, hon, deflecting? You're old enough to face situations head on.

ILANA

You know that's a learned skill set.

MOM

That comes from your father.

Mom brushes her hair back and embraces Ilana.

ILANA

You're going to get toothpaste in my hair!

MOM

Colgate is not the worst thing in your hair. Listen I know this was unexpected but, your like me-

ILANA

Emotionally unavailable?

MOM

I was going to say "tough".

Mom kisses her on the head and walks away.

MOM (CONT'D)
 5 minutes and we go and PUT DOWN
 THE PHOTO!

Ilana holds the photo close to her chest.

MOM (CONT'D)
 ILANA!

ILANA
 FINE. Fine.

Finally Ilana puts the photo down.

ILANA (CONT'D)
 Fine.

Ilana grabs two medium sized instrument cases. It takes a few times, ends up doing a chassé out her oddly narrow door.

INT. CAR - DAY

JONATHON PIKE (late 30s) looks like he just played a gig till 3 AM and possibly hungover puts his car in park. The car is littered with bags of chips and random papers.

He stares at the mob of students. Mr. Pike grabs his bag, collects stray papers, his attention snaps to KELLY WARD (30s) the school guidance counselor.

Kelly Ward walks past his car without a second glance.

EXT. SCHOOL PICNIC TABLES - DAY

Ilana waddles towards a slightly less crowded space. Her eyes gaze over the sea of students and something catches her eye. A battered saxophone case is in her eye line.

ILANA
 Finally.

Ilana races up towards the case, not realizing, that the owner KYLE (16) is making out with a cheerleader Ally (15).

ILANA (CONT'D)
 Hi. Excuse me. Is that your saxophone? Is it a rental, or do you own that.
 (starts getting frustrated)
 Oh wow, it's a Yamaha, really solid middle of the pack instrument.
 (MORE)

ILANA (CONT'D)

Do you know Salt Peanuts, not the
snack, the song-

They continue making out.

Ilana tries to skirt away and starts whacking her cases into
other students.

STUDENT 1

What the FUCK?

STUDENT 2

OW MY-

ILANA

Sorry, sorry so sorry-

Ilana's grip tightens on her cases and heads towards the
entrance of the school.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL MAIN LOBBY - DAY

Ilana walks through the metal detector and all the alarms
start beeping. Forcing all students to stare at her.

ILANA

No no no.

The SCHOOL SAFETY AGENT ushers her to the side.

SCHOOL SAFETY

Miss. What are in those things.

ILANA

Those things? I'm-

SCHOOL SAFETY

Do you not understand what I'm
asking you Miss?

ILANA

A french horn and mellophone...

SCHOOL SAFETY

Is that some sort of weapon?

ILANA

What?!

SCHOOL SAFETY

Open the case.

ILANA

Excuse me?

Ilana kneels down on the ground to open the instrument case.

ILANA (CONT'D)

What do you think they are, weapons
of mass destruction?

SCHOOL SAFETY

EXCUSE ME?

ILANA

No no no. These, I swear to God are
just brass instruments? Okay?

The school safety squats on the ground and picks up a random
piece of cloth.

ILANA (CONT'D)

That's a spit rag.

The School Safety drops the rag and stands up.

SCHOOL SAFETY

Main office is the first door on
your right. Just, dang, next time I
see you, just tell me it's an
instrument not some monophone...

ILANA

It's a...

The School Safety walks away.

ILANA (CONT'D)

...doesn't matter.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Ilana walks into the main office, and stops at the desk of
MARLENE (50s) the main office secretary, she has a calendar
that counts down the days to retirement.

MARLENE

Welcome to Lyndhurst High School.
Home of the Pittbulls. Don't forget
Lyndy pride. What d'ya want.

ILANA

Hi my name is Ilana Peterson, uh,
I'm new.

MARLENE
Wonderful.

Marlene waddles from behind the desk.

MARLENE (CONT'D)
Follow me.

They both straddle there way to the corner in the back of the office.

MARLENE (CONT'D)
And before you continue put down
the bulky items.

ILANA
But-

MARLENE
Trust me, nobody's cares enough
take those things.

They finally make it back to a blank wall and the machine that makes I.D cards.

MARLENE (CONT'D)
Stand on the X so you can
officially be a part of the Lyndy
family.

ILANA
What if I didn't want to be
adopted?

MARLENE
Tough shit. Ready-

Ilana smoothes her hair and tries to be camera ready.

MARLENE (CONT'D)
3...2-

ESTELLE (O.C.)
GOOD MORNING MARLENE!

Ilana is jolts by the scream.

MARLENE
And 1-

Marlene snaps the photo. Turns to Estelle.

MARLENE (CONT'D)

What did I tell you about
pretending to be Robin Williams in
this office?

Estelle (16) might be the energizer bunny in disguise walks
in and stops at Marlene's desk. With a loud bang, Estelle
puts down her giant Baritone Saxophone case.

ESTELLE

That I'm disrespecting the dead.

MARLENE

That's right.

MARLENE/ESTELLE

(like getting rid of evil
spirits)

Toi. Toi. Toi.

Ilana walks quickly back to her two cases.

ESTELLE

Woah. Two cases? Hardcore.

ILANA

Um, ya. French horn and mellophone.

ESTELLE

Nice. This is Bari White and he's
My First, My Last, My Everything.

Marlene waddles back to her desk and hands Ilana her I.D
card. All 3 look at the card.

ILANA

Oh no.

ESTELLE

It's not that bad!

MARLENE

What did I say about lying?

The I.D picture gives Ilana three chins with one eye open.

ESTELLE

At least your hair looks good,
right?

Other main office workers try to avoid the instrument maze
these two students have created.

MARLENE

Estelle, can you take your new friend to Ms. Ward's office?

ESTELLE

Sure can. Mar-Mar!

MARLENE

Don't call me that.

ESTELLE

Sorry Mar, better? Go go go, don't let her answer!

They both hustle out of the main office.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Ilana and Estelle are both struggling to walk.

ESTELLE

Um, so, what's your deal? You don't think Barry White is a man with a golden voice that makes adult do dirty things...what?! Just trying to gage my audience, ya know?

ILANA

Am I the audience?

ESTELLE

Obviously. Maybe a little prudish but, I can work with that.

ILANA

I went to Catholic school and nobody, um, really talks like that.

ESTELLE

Oh, so a religiously hyphenated sexually repressed prude. I bet you're having a little shell shock moment.

ILANA

That's a bit of an overstatement. It's just I met this other guy, actually a sax player and he was just-just-
(whispers)
-making out-

ESTELLE

So?

ILANA

With a cheerleader?!

ESTELLE

That's it?

ILANA

It was sloppy and way too much tongue. Like, I saw their literal tongues.

ESTELLE

Bummer, I thought all saxophone players were supposed to be good at tonguing...

ILANA

Excuse me?!

ESTELLE

He's ruining the section's reputation!

ILANA

More importantly, what self respecting musician, would shove their tongue down a pom-pom flinging whore?

ESTELLE

Woah, I don't know much about Jesus but, would he be cool with that kind of language? He seems like he'd be about feminism.

ILANA

Wait, you're friends with the enemy?

ESTELLE

Enemy?! I'm pretty sure it was just Ally. Sure she's a Capricorn but, we shouldn't hold that against her.

ILANA

I don't know what that means.

ESTELLE

It's not a war. It's high school. Lighten up newbie.

They both stop at an office door covered with construction paper flowers, with a giant sign that says THE GUIDANCE COUNSELOR IS IN: MS. WARD.

ESTELLE (CONT'D)

Well, um, it was nice-ish to meet you?

ILANA

I guess I'll accept nice-ish.

Ilana walks into the guidance office.

INT. MS. WARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Ms. Ward the guidance counselor. Warm, earthy, slightly maternal.

A few pictures of Ms. Ward helping with various soup kitchens, food drives and her playing bass in a rock band.

MS. WARD

So, I've printed out your schedule, Mostly AP classes and can I just say, you have an incredible record. Almost all straight A's except for science but, that's quite alright. Earth Science isn't for everyone.

ILANA

That's exactly what I said to my mother!

MS. WARD

Now I see, that you were first chair and drum major of your school marching band? Impressive. Mom and Dad must be very proud.

ILANA

Kind of I guess, but, I'm actually wondering, um, if, um...

MS. WARD

Ilana don't be shy. I'm an open book. I know, trust me it's a cliché but, whatever you need, I'm here. Understood?

ILANA

Okay. What's the deal with the music department here?!

(MORE)

ILANA (CONT'D)

Do you know, I emailed the band teacher three times. Three?! That's freaking bananas. I felt like a crazy human emailing an adult multiple times.

MS. WARD

Well, it's your next class, maybe I can fill in the missing details, how does that sound.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Ms. Ward and Ilana walks to the bandroom.

MS. WARD

So, this might be a bit of a let down, but this program isn't as, well, uh-prestigious as your last.

ILANA

Well, I wasn't expecting a complete carbon copy.

MS. WARD

Let's just say, Jon-I mean, Mr. Pike, has a teaching style unto itself.

ILANA

What does that mean?

MS. WARD

Let's say in the past few years it's not as much of a hands on approach it's more of a no hands approach.

ILANA

What do you mean no hands? Somebody can't teach with no hands, isn't that in breach of teacher-student code of conduct?

MS. WARD

That isn't real.

ILANA

But maybe it should be?
AND WHAT ABOUT THE BAND?! The sanctity of a weird harmonious thing, not the actual music but, like the whole flipping band!

They walk into the music wing, clearly neglected and dirty.

MS. WARD

-I was an orchestra girl, upright
bass and now electric, Jo-Mr. Pike
and I used to play in a band
together-don't tell anybody. Ah.
Just most people don't show up for
this class for the sense of
"sanctity".

They both stop and watch a cockroach crawl down the hall and
into the band room.

MS. WARD (CONT'D)

Okay, here we are.

They peak inside his office and we see him asleep in his desk
chair. Ms. Ward walks into the office.

INT. MR. PIKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Pike's feet are on his desk, drool drips down the left
corner of his mouth.

Ms. Ward picks up two mismatched symbols from opposite side
of the office, and her eyes shift back to Mr. Pike.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Ilana hears a symbol crash.

MR. PIKE (O.C.)

WHAT THE FUCK?

ILANA

Uh oh.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A bunch of students exit the band room with Kyle leading the pack.

Ilana freezes.

KYLE

Weren't you the weirdo from earlier?

Ms. Ward and Mr. Pike walk out of the office and into the hallway.

ILANA

I just thought, when I saw the case, I don't know, maybe I found-

KYLE

-what? Another socially awkward band fag?

Ilana is frozen in place. The other students start laughing.

MS. WARD

Don't you all have some place to be, like class? Go! Except you.

The students scurry away, except for Kyle.

MS. WARD (CONT'D)

Kyle, is that how you treat a new student, that was completely uncalled for...Mr. Pike?

ILANA

Oh, you...YOU-

KYLE

"You" what? Are you going to call me a butthead? Isn't that so precious.

MS. WARD

Kyle. Enough...wait. Why are you here, band's next period?

KYLE

Mr. P let's me chill here instead of...

MR. PIKE
Goddamnit Kyle.

MS. WARD
Oh really, is that true Mr. Pike?

MR. PIKE
Uh, ya...

All three of them watch Mr. Pike digging dirt out from beneath his nails.

MS. WARD
Kyle, back to class. Now. I'll have to report all of this to The Dean.

Kyle walks away.

KYLE
See you later butthead.

Kyle walks out of the hallway, quickly side stepping a roach.

ILANA
Um, is everyone else in band like that?

MR. PIKE	MS. WARD
Yes.	No.

MR. PIKE (CONT'D)
Wait, why the hell are you carrying so many things?

ILANA
Hi, I'm Ilana Katherine Peterson, I'm new-

MR. PIKE
Yeah, I got that.

ILANA
Well, I emailed telling you of my credentials.

MR. PIKE
Actually, I only check my personal email, do you want that?

MS. WARD
Nope, that's incredibly inappropriate.

MR. PIKE
What? 6skamachine9 isn't that bad.

ILANA
Now is that a gmail or yahoo?

MR. PIKE
Kel, if she wants the email, who cares, it's her choice.

MS. WARD
Technically you should care Mr. Pike, it's your job to care or is that too much to ask?

ILANA
Is this the appropriate time?

MR. PIKE
Are we doing this now-

MS. WARD
-absolutely not-

ILANA
-I'm still here-

MR. PIKE
-well, it feels like we are!

Ilana awkwardly starts step touching.

ILANA
WAR - WHAT IS IT GOOD FOR
ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!

The bell rings and three of them wait for it to end, it feels like it last one second too long.

MS. WARD
Ilana, if you need anything you know where my office is.

Ms. Ward walks away without acknowledging Mr. Pike.

MR. PIKE
Well, shit. Come on bambi, use your legs and follow me.

Ilana follows him into the band room.

INT. BAND ROOM - DAY

The room has pictures upon pictures of former bands, which date back to the 1960's.

They're faded and neglected. Dressed in full marching band regalia to the ridiculous hats to the bulky outfits, but in every picture the students are smiling and are next to a big trophy.

Ilana notices the teen version of Mr. Pike.

ILANA

OH MY GOD.

MR. PIKE

Is it another cockroach?

ILANA

What? No, holy crap, is that you?

Mr. Pike stands up a little straighter and follows Ilana's gaze.

MR. PIKE

USSBA champions of 2010 through 2012.

ILANA

My band finally placed first last year.

MR. PIKE

Your band?

ILANA

I'm the drum major, well, I was.

MR. PIKE

Here, put your French Horn and Mellophone in the corner for now, I'll find a better spot.

ILANA

Wait, you know what they are?

MR. PIKE

Of course I know. You know, I am the band teacher Alyssa.

ILANA

Do you think I'll use my mellophone this season, and, it's Ilana.

MR. PIKE

Nope. Competitive side got cut six years ago, now we're just a seat filling pep band.

Mr. Pike looks at the clock, heads for the door.

MR. PIKE (CONT'D)

Class starts in 5, maybe I'll squeeze in a power nap, you can warm up or don't-

ILANA

I will.

Mr. Pike leaves.

Ilana's alone, finally relaxes and puts down her instruments.

Quickly opens the french horn case and grabs her mouthpiece, buzzes into it. Assembles the instrument. Aimlessly sits in the first row.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mr. Pike is about to open his office door and stops dead in his tracks. The sounds of Mahler's 9th symphony fills the hall.

INT. MS. WARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Ms. Ward turns on her electric tea kettle. She goes to her desk and digs through a filing cabinet. Ms. Ward pulls out a picture of Mr. Pike on the piano and her on the bass.

There is a knock on the door.

STUDENT 3 (O.C.)

Ms. Ward, can I come in?

Ms. Ward chucks the photo into the cabinet and slams it shut.

MS. WARD

Absolutely, want some tea?

INT. BAND ROOM

Estelle walks into the band room with her baritone saxophone.

Ilana stops playing immediately.

ESTELLE

Don't stop! That was like...

ILANA

...like?

ESTELLE

Beautiful. Did you write that?

ILANA

What? Nah, I wish, I was just messing around and I ended up with Mahler.

ESTELLE

That sounds like you got a venereal disease.

ILANA

Nope, he's just a person and hopefully as clean as they come.

ESTELLE

Well, if you value your sense of cleanliness and I guess your purity, I wouldn't sit in the flutes section.

The bell rings.

A rush of students, carrying all types of instruments rush in.

They are wearing various sports jerseys, some goths, some preppies and some cheerleaders, the one from before is in that mix.

They all slowly pair off, getting oddly close. Some are starting to make out on the Timpani drums.

Kyle walks in with this man in a football uniform and a tuba. RYAN YOUNG. Ryan walks straight up to Ilana.

RYAN

Hey, newbie! Sorry about earlier.

ILANA

Do I know you?

RYAN

Kind of? I was doing my best HaHa Clinton Dix impression and almost knocked you out.

ILANA
I don't speak jock.

ESTELLE
Don't take it personal. She's from
the Catholic school system.

ILANA
That's not a bad thing.

Mr. Pike walks in and everyone slowly heads to their
respective seats.

Flutes and clarinets first row. Saxophones second row.

Trumpets and french horn third row. Trombone and tuba fourth
row. Percussion in the back.

Ilana sits right behind Estelle. Estelle awkwardly twists her
body.

ESTELLE
You know the, bitchiness toward non
musicians is very 2013. Public
schools have evolved.

ILANA
I guess Our Lady of Perpetual Help
missed that memo.

Estelle starts to adjust her harness. Ilana uncomfortably
stares.

ESTELLE
Do you like my sax harness?

ILANA
What? Um, ya. Did you bedazzle it?

Mr. Pike sits in the conductor chair and spins waiting for
everyone to settle down.

MR. PIKE
Concert C scale.

ILANA
Ascending and descending?

MR. PIKE
Sure, knock yourself out.

Mr. Pike conducts the scale.

Every note is incorrect.

MR. PIKE (CONT'D)
Great. Concert G scale.

Ilana stops playing.

Every note is incorrect.

MR. PIKE (CONT'D)
Finally, Concert F.

Again, every note is incorrect.

MR. PIKE (CONT'D)
Fantastic. Now take out-

ILANA
Are you serious?

Everyone's focus shifts to Ilana.

MR. PIKE
Excuse me?

ILANA
That's what you consider fantastic,
three scales that not a single
person could play?

CLARINET PLAYER
Hey, I got like 8 notes right!

ILANA
That's half the notes in the scale,
that's only 50 percent!

MR. PIKE
As I was saying take out-

Ilana plays, the Concert C scale perfectly, adds the arpeggio
and a horn rip.

KYLE
What a fucking show off.

Ilana starts packing up her instrument.

ESTELLE
Dude, shut up.

Estelle also starts to pack up her instrument.

ILANA

You know what? That's incorrect.
That's basic musicianship taught by
someone who actually tried.

Ilana grabs her french horn and walks towards the door.

ILANA (CONT'D)

That kid...

Ilana points to the old photo of Mr. Pike.

ILANA (CONT'D)

...would want to snap your baton in
half.

Ilana leaves.

ESTELLE

Mr. Pike, um, uh, I'll grab my
instrument later. Ilana, wait up!

Estelle follows Ilana.

MR. PIKE

Class dismissed.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Estelle holds her boobs in place as she jogs after Ilana down the hallway.

ESTELLE

Can you slow down? I did not wear the proper bra for this much physical activity.

ILANA

Why are you following me?

ESTELLE

Wouldn't you want someone to chase after you in a dramatic fashion?

ILANA

Not after the person called me a bitch.

ESTELLE

I didn't call you a bitch, I said bitchiness, big difference. It's just, it seems like you're kind of breaking the main commandment. Don't be a dick.

ILANA

I wasn't that mean. Whoever that guy was would probably come up with some diabolically screwed up way to destroy me. It's just hard being that one solitary weird kid.

ESTELLE

So you think...

ILANA

I think this place is weird. Whatever is going on with Mr. Pike and Ms. Kelly is weird and that guy Kyle, GODDAMNIT! I was just searching for some SMALL semblance of stability. I'm in public school, PUBLIC SCHOOL. I HAVE TO PEE SO BADLY BUT, I AM TERRIFIED OF WHAT THE BATHROOMS LOOK LIKE.

(MORE)

ILANA (CONT'D)

You know I've seen movies and I don't want to be the sad girl that eats a sandwich while someone is pooping next to me.

Marlene passes them in the hallway.

MARLENE

Estelle tell your friend to stop screaming in the hallway.

ESTELLE

Gothca Marmalade.

MARLENE

No nicknames.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Ilana reads the wall of the bathroom. "Mr. Hedrickson can still get it" "i know who threw up on ray kelly while giving head" "Ms. Buechner got a peg leg".

Estelle fixes her hair in the mirror.

ESTELLE

Can you just freaking pee already.

ILANA

I can't.

ESTELLE

Are you kidding?

ILANA

You're just, I don't know, there!

ESTELLE

Better me than someone else! We're kinda friends. It's not like I spend my free time waiting for somebody that I just met to freakin' piss-

ILANA

THIS IS TOO MUCH PRESSURE.

Estelle turns the sink on.

Ilana breathes a sigh of release.

Ilana flushes and leaves the stall.

ESTELLE

The great equalizer, everybody's
gotta pee.

INT. BAND ROOM - DAY

Kyle is in his exact same spot. He struggles, the note
cracks. He tries again.

KYLE

Fuck.

ALLY holds her flute case and waits in the front row.

ALLY

Can we go now?

KYLE

No, I have to get this. I just
sound like-

ALLY

A dying duck?

KYLE

I was going to say terrible but,
that works too, I guess.

Kyle tries again.

Ally pushes down the music stand, moves the neck of the
saxophone and goes in for a kiss.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Al, stop.

ALLY

Are you serious? Why does it all of
a sudden matter?

KYLE

If she can do it, I can absolutely
do it.

Ally pulls away.

ALLY

Ugh, whatever.

Ally exits as Kyle still practices.

Kyle struggles on the arpeggio part. Out of frustration he
kicks the stand and all the papers fly off.

KYLE

Shit.

He tries to pick up all the papers while the saxophone dangles off his neck.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mr. Pike fidgets in front of Ms. Ward's door.

The door starts to open, Mr. Pike runs down the hallway, trips and army crawls away.

INT. ROTUNDA - DAY

Estelle sits on the window sill, looking out at the garden as she eats a bag of Blue Doritos.

Six students in the ecology club work in the garden right outside. The garden is mostly a cement block and a single bush, they do their best as they prune the single shrub.

Ilana looks out the window.

ILANA

What are they doing?

ESTELLE

Trying to save the earth with this tiny bush? Photosynthesis and that shit.

Ilana starts to eat her cookie.

ESTELLE (CONT'D)

What can I say except budget cuts.

ILANA

Is that what happened to Mr. Pike?

ESTELLE

Correct. My sister was a senior his first year of teaching, he used to be incredible.

ILANA

Seriously?

ESTELLE

Seriously. He picked killer rep and the band won, like all the time.

(MORE)

ESTELLE (CONT'D)

Pike and Ward started going out,
pure unadulterated adulting bliss.

ILANA

No way.

ESTELLE

Yes way. At the end of his second
year, they cut the funding and he
lost all the money. P&J fought hard
for funds but, like, two years ago,
he just gave up.

ILANA

Which is why band class is now a
version of sex ed?

ESTELLE

Exactly!

ILANA

I just wanted one thing. A daily
dose of music. It's like an instant
boost of serotonin.

ESTELLE

I just think of it as a class where
I can hook up with hot drummers.

ILANA

Wait, what if this is why I was
brought to this school.

ESTELLE

Hold on, why did you come to the
school? Oh, I love an origin story.

ILANA

Dad left and Mom couldn't afford
private school, but that's not the
point! I'm gonna do it, I'm
bringing the band back together!

ESTELLE

Oh great, a messiah type.

ILANA

I can do it, I think I can do it?

INT. BAND ROOM

Kyle plays the ascending part of the scale.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Ilana and Estelle finally get to the music wing.

ILANA

Wait. Does Mr. Pike just watch or participate?

ESTELLE

WHAT? Ew, no, creepy. He's not a perv, he just doesn't care about his job.

ILANA

So where does he go?

ESTELLE

I mean, he rarely shows up, he kind of just dicks around dreaming of the good ol' days with Ms. Ward.

INT. MS. WARD'S OFFICE

Ms. Ward is typing away on her computer, blasting some nu-funk genre music.

Mr. Pike walks in.

Ms. Ward doesn't look up from her computer.

MS. WARD

What do you want Jon?

MR. PIKE

I just came to you, colleague to colleague and apologize for my behavior. It was unprofessional.

MS. WARD

Again, what do you want Jon?

Ms. Ward finally looks him in the eyes.

MR. PIKE

The new kid, Ilana, she's good.

MS. WARD

So?

MR. PIKE

This is the first time in a long time, I feel...

MS. WARD

What?

MR. PIKE

I don't know like, a tiny sliver of hope. I feel, gah-not shitty?

MS. WARD

What a way you have with words.

Mr. Pike flips her off and walks out. Ms. Ward leans back in her chair.

INT. BAND ROOM - DAY

Ilana and Estelle come into to get their instruments. Ilana sees Kyle and starts to hurry out of the room.

KYLE

Wait. Butthead, listen.

Kyle plays a C scale, he adds the arpeggio and a horn rip.

Estelle claps. Ilana suppresses a smile.

ILANA

Wait did you figure it on your own?

Estelle grabs her saxophone.

ESTELLE

I'll see you later newbie. Don't be an asshole to her Kyle.

Estelle exits.

Ilana sits down next Kyle.

ILANA

Let me just say...

KYLE

Yes?

ILANA

Okay. I'm-God this is difficult. I'm sorry.

KYLE

You are? Not what I was expecting.

ILANA

Listen, my old school was freaking cut throat. It was the most pubescent dog-eat-dog world.

KYLE

So you became head bitch?

Ilana looks back to the wall of photos.

ILANA

I had to be. On the flip side, I brought a bunch of weirdos to glory and damn, I want that here.

KYLE

Good luck.

ILANA

But, what if you helped me? I'm, what did you say to your friends. "A socially awkward band fa-"

KYLE

You don't have to repeat it.

ILANA

I don't know the mechanics of this place and you do. Could you please get people to just try in class instead of it being a weird underage kabal?

KYLE

Little miss christianity afraid of some sexual tension?

Kyle starts to slowly unscrew the neck of his saxophone.

ILANA

No, I um, just think band practice is for a different type of tonguing, you know?

KYLE

I'll do it, if...

ILANA

...yes?

KYLE

If...I take you out to a party, yes alcohol will be consumed.

ILANA
I've never been to a party. Wait,
weren't making out-

KYLE
-ah ah ah, AND get me out of all
trouble with Ms. Ward for cutting
class.

ILANA
Fine.

Ilana sticks out her hand in agreement.

KYLE
Fine.

Kyle puts his hand out and instantly retracts it.

ILANA
You said fine-

KYLE
-you have a cockroach crawling on
your shirt.

Ilana starts thrashing around and screaming.

ILANA
Get it off, get it, PLEASE GET IT
OFF!

Mr. Pike pop's head into the band room.

MR. PIKE
You good?

Kyle flicks the roach off Ilana's shirt.

ILANA
Just a cockroach.

END OF ACT 3