

UNTITLED MAROON 5 PROJECT

written by

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Draft 04/25/22

INT. COTTEN UNIVERSITY - CIRIE'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Our protagonist is getting her pussy ate.

CIRIE (19, a bit smug) rests her head on a pillow, her eyes closed in pleasure. For a second. They open, realizing something is off.

She clears her throat.

CIRIE
A little to the left?

LYLA (19, box braids, wears a watch) lifts her head.

LYLA
Yeah, tell me how you like it.

She lowers her head. Cirie nods, "no dip."

CIRIE
Mhm, that's good. Just a little slower.
Yeah.

She starts to close her eyes again, settling in to the bliss, but again, a problem.

CIRIE
A little slower. And not so pointy.

LYLA
(from inside)
Like this?

CIRIE
No, no. Slower and flatter. Like you're licking an ice cream cone.

LYLA
(still inside)
What?

CIRIE
To the left! And slower. Um, not quite there. Okay, yes! There! Now flatter. Flatter! Like a pancake! No, not like that, god, widen your tongue!

Lyla sits up.

LYLA
Is everything okay?

CIRIE
Sorry, it's hard having to teach someone
how to do this.

LYLA
Well, a little encouragement could go a
long way, Sarge.

Off Cirie's confused look--

LYLA
Sarge. Like drill sergeant. 'Cause you
were yelling at me--

CIRIE
Do you wanna cuddle instead?

Lyla stares at her. Beat. Checks her watch.

LYLA
I've got time before my next class,
sure.

She crawls up next to her. They lie together, kind of rigid.
Cirie's mind races, feeling the sexual vibes dwindling, fast.
She cuts on the radio.

RADIO DJ
(through radio)
Continuing our Local Music Locomotion,
we've got something new from Doorknob
Eulogy.

CIRIE
What a stupid fucking name.

Lyla furrows her brow in reaction, unbeknownst to Cirie.

Cirie starts to play with Lyla's box braids, but Lyla shifts
her weight a little and Cirie's hands fall out.

RADIO DJ
(through radio)
Now, this band's relatively new to the
scene, but they've been blowing up on
TikTok for their impressive guitar riffs
and signature style. Give 'em a listen
right here, right now on WNCU The
DropOut.

The room fills with Doorknob Eulogy's brash and funky sound.
Lyla nods her head along. Cirie notices, and listens closely.

LYLA
They're really good, right?

CIRIE
Yeah. That bass line could use some work. But, what do I know? I've only played it for seven years.

LYLA
I didn't know you played bass! I love musicians.

CIRIE
Yeah, my band in high school went all the way to the state finals. Almost won the whole thing.

LYLA
Really?

CIRIE
Mm-hm.

LYLA
Well this, I gotta see.

Cirie glances at her with a sideways smile. Then, shoots up out of bed.

She stands there for a beat. "Where did I put that thing..."

She remembers, heading for her closet.

Lyla sits up on the bed, amused.

Cirie brings out a BLACK FENDER P-BASS with a stickered-up strap and stout amp. She coughs a bit as she sets it up, agitated by all the dust.

LYLA
Been a minute huh?

CIRIE
Not too long, not too long.

Cirie stands with her axe, strong and sexy stance activated.

CIRIE
Any requests?

LYLA
(mock shouting)
Play Free Bird!

CIRIE

Ha ha.

She looks at Lyla, who is now excited and alive at the mention of music. Bringing out her bass has brought this encounter back from the edge of platonic doom.

An errant box braid falls into Lyla's face, and Lyla brushes it away in slow-motion. She is a vision.

Cirie blinks.

CIRIE

Actually...let me play you one of our new songs.

LYLA

Our?

CIRIE

Yeah, I am actually in a band myself. A new one, that I started this year.

LYLA

Really? What are you guys called, I may have heard of you.

CIRIE

We're...still workshopping a name.

They both nod for a beat.

CIRIE

Now for our feature presentation...

She smirks, plays a D -- and the brittle string POPS OFF, SNAPPING INTO THE AIR AND STRIKING LYLA ACROSS THE FACE.

LYLA

OW. OH MY GOD.

CIRIE

OH MY GOD.

She stares down at her busted bass.

CIRIE

What am I gonna do??

LYLA

What are you gonna do??

She holds a bloody hand to her face, getting bloodier by the second.

CIRIE
Oh shit, my bad.

Cirie shuffles around, her bass still firmly grasped in her hand, until she finds a First Aid kit.

Lyla feels around on her face, looks into her hand, then at the ground in horror.

LYLA
Oh my god, my nose ring!

CIRIE
Your what?

Lying on the ground in a small pool of blood is a GOLD HOOP.

LYLA
It took my fucking nose ring off.

CIRIE
Oh my god.

She takes a patch of gauze, picks it up and offers it to Lyla, who again stares incredulously.

LYLA
Thanks.

CIRIE
Don't sweat it.

Her gaze returns to her busted bass.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS & MEDIA CENTER - LAB - DAY

MARK HARPER (56, kindhearted) holds the bass, his face a mix of concern and confusion.

Cirie stands next to him, leaning forward on the EQUIPMENT TABLE. She absentmindedly cleans a camera lens.

The walls are lined with shelves holding cameras, microphones, light stands, the works. A DESKTOP COMPUTER on a cart has a check-out portal open on the screen.

RODGERS (7, Mark's mini-me) sits on a small stool towards the back of the room, organizing XLR cables.

Mark lays the bass down on the table.

MARK

It snapped her nose ring...out of her head?

CIRIE

Yeah, but that's not the worst part.

MARK

Ripping jewelry out of her head was not the worst part?

Rodgers giggles over in the corner.

CIRIE

I mean, I guess that's the worst part for her. But, I told her I'm in a band! With sick tunes and hella groupies.

Mark gives her a look.

CIRIE

Okay, not the groupies part, but I definitely said we have sick tunes!

She shakes her head in remorse.

CIRIE

It was the box braids. They're my weakness.

She notices a STUDENT (18, backwards cap) lingering in the doorway.

CIRIE

Do you need something?

Mark sidles up to her.

MARK

(low)

I know you're in a time of distress, but service with a smile never ceases to be a requirement of this job.

He pulls away, grabbing a tool from the cart on his way back to the bass.

MARK

Nice coils, Rodge, keep it up.

RODGERS

Thanks Dad.

Cirie meets the student at the equipment room entryway, grabbing a SCANNER from its holder near the computer.

CIRIE
I mean, hello, how can we help you?

STUDENT
Yeah, I reserved a camera.

CIRIE
Alright, can I see your Campus Card?

The student scrounges around in their backpack.

CIRIE
(to Mark)
So you think you'll be able to fix it?

MARK
Yeah, of course. I've definitely seen worse in my day.

Cirie takes the Campus Card from the student and scans it.

MARK
Hell, we used to replace whole necks on tour.

CIRIE
See, now that's how you're supposed to break your shit. Rocking out on stage, in an epic display of theatrics. Not sitting in a dorm closet next to a pile of tampons and a used Command hook.

Turning to the student--

CIRIE
Here's two fully charged batteries. The kit comes with a charger, and we need these back when you return it next week.

STUDENT
Uh okay, thanks.

CIRIE
Did you need anything else? Lenses? Tripod?

RODGERS
XLR cables?

Mark chuckles.

STUDENT

I think I'm okay. My roommate has one of those tripods you use for your phone.

CIRIE

(incredulous)

A selfie stick?

Mark moves to the back, grabbing a TRIPOD from behind Rodgers.

STUDENT

I guess that's what they're called, yeah.

CIRIE

You really think a selfie stick can support the weight of a camcorder?

MARK

Here, son.

He grabs the scanner from Cirie and adds the tripod to his order.

MARK

You'll be better off with this.

The student grabs it from him.

STUDENT

Is that gonna be extra?

CIRIE

The equipment's free! You're just renting it!

STUDENT

Okay, okay, you don't have to yell.

He awkwardly shifts all of the equipment around his body, and then leaves.

CIRIE

Watch out for that guy, he's coming for Cannes.

MARK

Come on, Cirie, everyone's like that when they're new.

She closes out the order on the computer and sidles back up to her bass.

CIRIE
I can't believe I let it get this bad,
Horatio.

Rodgers and Mark share a look, "Horatio?"

As she stares down at the dusty guitar, we see in...

FLASHBACK

A vignette of her past. An empty high school auditorium stage. A group of pimply teens practicing chords in a garage, Cirie leading the pack. Backstage, they pump each other up before running onstage to THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE.

BACK TO SCENE

Cirie tenderly strokes the neck of her bass.

Mark glances quickly at Rodgers, and then steps forward, grabbing the instrument.

MARK
Look, I'll get Horatio patched up in no time. As for your little fib, what's stopping you from starting a band, for real?

CIRIE
I don't know? Fear of failure?

MARK
Well, get over it. Just get some friends together and see what sticks.

Cirie nods, genuinely weighing the idea.

MARK
You do have friends, don't you?

INT. FANNIE'S DORM ROOM - DAY

FANNIE LEWIS (19, flashy, music head) and SELENA (19, tall) are not friends. They are roommates.

SELENA
You can't call me ableist just for disagreeing with you!!

FANNIE
I disagree!!