

*CHARLIE CLARK (White female 20s, Lead Role): Eccentric, quirky New York artist desperately seeking answers to her artistic impulses but is thwarted by self-sabotaging habits linked to her troubled childhood.*

EXT. BBQ SHACK - DAY

Charlie & Louie have stopped for lunch. Charlie just got the very bad news that her progress review for the grant is due on Friday in New York City. She very upset. She tries to hold it in but Louie's incessant talking finally makes her boil over.

LOUIE

Did I tell you that Butch Derby  
lived in this town? From 63 to 65.  
I bet you anything that he ate  
here!

Louie takes a bite and washes it down with a gulp of soda. Charlie appears thoroughly worried and distant but Louie doesn't notice.

LOUIE

That was about the time he was  
playing with every other band to  
wander through E&M Studios.  
Probably in and out of Little Rock  
every other weekend. Derby pretty  
much jumped on every track anyone  
would let him play...

CHARLIE

(cutting Louie off)

You know, I mean, I get it, you  
know A LOT about music. You can  
keep talking and talking about  
Delta blues, and Butch Derby, and  
psychobilly garage rhythm rock or  
WHATEVER! And I'm still not going  
to know what you're talking about.  
It's your thing and I'm completely  
in the dark. I'm lost enough with  
this project! I haven't got  
anything to show yet!

Louie takes this outburst in stride, causally wiping his mouth and crumpling the napkin before responding.

LOUIE

So start painting in the car for  
all I care. I didn't know I was

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LOUIE (cont'd)  
suppose to be hauling around a  
mobile art studio too.

CHARLIE  
OH! I'm sorry Mister Rare-Record  
Guru! Like you driving around  
looking for records is something  
you never do. I'm totally the one  
holding YOU back.

LOUIE  
(quietly)  
We haven't found a single source of  
HELPFUL information. Are you one of  
those people who gets pissed off  
when you don't win the lottery?

CHARLIE  
All we are doing is hitting up the  
places YOU know so you can stand  
around rambling on to anyone with  
half a brain, bragging about  
whatever the hell you have hanging  
on your wall, talking for HOURS  
about "seminal works" and "lost  
grooves." It's all a bunch of crap  
no one cares about except you and 4  
other pathetic guys!

LOUIE  
That was the other day. Today....

CHARLIE  
(not letting him speak)  
All of this has been useless!  
COMPLETELY useless! I have 3 days  
to figure out how to make new work  
that isn't the same shit I have  
been making over and over and I  
have to convince people, IMPORTANT  
PEOPLE, Louie, that what I'm doing  
is good and worthwhile and instead  
I'm riding around in THAT gas-hog  
listening to you spout off facts  
like you're in a never-ending game  
of Jeopardy. You NEVER shut up! I  
don't CARE who was influenced by  
zydeco or when some band started  
electrifying washtubs...

(CONTINUED)

LOUIE

I...

CHARLIE

I WILL NEVER LISTEN TO ANYONE'S  
FIRST ALBUM EVER AGAIN BECAUSE OF  
YOU! You said you would help me.  
And you are not helping me! You are  
doing your own thing out here and  
I'm an idiot for agreeing to come  
with you. I need to get what I came  
for and get out of here!

Charlie stomps away.