

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.