

Lexington and Concord

A Screenplay by

Brandon Liebhaber

Handwritten signature or initials consisting of a stylized 'B' followed by a '+' sign and a vertical line.

INT. PAZINSKY HOUSE -- MORNING

CHRIS PAZINSKY, 17, runs out of his bedroom and down the stairs towards the kitchen. He takes a quick look at his watch before stuffing his mouth with a bagel that was left on the counter. He then dashes out of the kitchen and slides on the tile floor until he reaches the front door. He haphazardly picks his backpack up while he slips his feet into a pair of worn Vans. He throws open the front door and rushes out.

EXT. PAZINSKY HOUSE -- MORNING

With bagel in mouth and backpack in hand, Chris runs towards a Ford Fiesta which is parked in front of his house. It was originally white, but has rusted after many years of use. He gets in the car and throws his backpack into the back seat next to a guitar, an amplifier and a tangled mess of wire meant to connect the two. As he takes the last bite of his bagel, he sticks the key into the ignition. The car won't start.

CHRIS

C'mon. You can do it.

Chris' encouragement has no effect on the car. After repeating the maneuver four more times, Chris slams his head into the center of the steering wheel, causing the horn to sound. After a lengthy noise, Chris pulls his head back and covers his face with his hands.

CHRIS

You have got to be fucking kidding me.

Chris then hears the sound of a motor starting. Excited, he jumps up, only to find his mom pulling out of the driveway in her silver Honda SUV. Chris stares blankly at the car as it drives away before remembering his situation. Then, he quickly picks up his backpack and leaves his car, slamming the door in the process. He runs after his mother for two blocks until finally catching up to her at a stop sign. When NORMA PAZINSKY sees him, she looks unsurprised. She unlocks the door to let him in.

NORMA

Car--

CHRIS

Yep.

A lengthy silence ensues.

CHRIS
(sarcastically)
Thanks for the birthday gift.

NORMA
You asked for a car.

CHRIS
Yes, under the assumption that
you might be kind enough to get
me one with a working engine.

Norma continues to drive as if she didn't hear the last comment. Chris then rests his forehead on the window, watching the world pass him by. At a red light, he sees a group of kids his age in the car next to them. They are listening to music and joking around. Chris sighs.

NORMA
Got any plans for the weekend?

Chris turns around.

CHRIS
Nope. Unless the band finally
gets a gig. But the chances of
that fall somewhere between
none and none.

NORMA
Don't worry so much about the
band. Why don't you just have
some fun with your friends this
weekend?

CHRIS
It would be fun if Lexington and
Concord could have their first
concert.

Norma sighs as she pulls up to the front of Chris' school. Chris gets out of the car and starts to close the door.

NORMA
Have a good day, Chris.

CHRIS

I'm pretty sure that's not possible.

Norma shakes her head as Chris closes the door and walks towards the front of school.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY -- DAY

A bell rings. Kids flood out of classrooms and disperse to find their friends. Chris leaves a class and goes straight to his locker without acknowledging anyone. While opening his locker, he is pinched from behind. He jumps, and turns around, revealing MELINDA FREEMAN, 17.

MELINDA

Gotcha!

CHRIS

Well, if it isn't my favorite drummer.

Chris and Melinda begin walking down the hallway.

MELINDA

Don't use that term so liberally. I don't think I have the talent to earn the title drummer.

CHRIS

Don't be so hard on yourself. You'll feel better once we finally perform for an audience.

MELINDA

C'mon, we're not performing for anyone anytime soon. Why are you so serious about the band anyways?

Chris looks to his right and sees the same kids he saw on the way to school. He overhears them talking about exciting weekend plans. Chris looks longingly at them until Melinda taps him on the shoulder.

CHRIS

Wha-? Oh, no reason.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD -- DAY

Chris and Melinda walk towards a table situated nicely in

the shade. Already seated are PAUL ROGERS, 17, and DANNY SEEVER, 18.

CHRIS
How's it hangin', fellas?

PAUL
Fine, except for that Calc test I just took. The only thing I feel like deriving right now is my foot up Mr. Taylor's ass.

Everyone at the table lets out a brief chuckle. Chris takes out his lunch and begins eating

DANNY
(holding back laughter)
So, Chris...we got a concert yet?

Paul and Melinda look at each other, smiling.

CHRIS
Jesus, am I the only person in this band who takes it seriously?

DANNY
I think so.

CHRIS
(somewhat angry)
Look, guys. Eventually we're gonna have a concert and you better be ready.

PAUL
Chris, whatever happened to just having fun? Isn't that why we created the band in the first place?

CHRIS
I'm sorry I care about our band.

The bell rings.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Practice after school. Don't forget.

Chris walks away without looking back at his friends.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY -- DAY

The bell rings and kids run out of school, screaming "Weekend!" Chris steps out of his final class and overhears another conversation that the kids he saw on the way to school are having. CHAD GREENWAY, 17, seems upset.

CHAD

Yeah, I guess it's good that his band got a real gig, but now I don't have anyone to play at my party. I need a live band for my birthday.

Curious, Chris inches closer to Chad and his friends. Chad falls silent, looking distraught. Chris sees the opening and takes it.

CHRIS

Chad?

Chad turns his head towards Chris.

CHAD

Hey, Pazinsky. This isn't exactly the best time.

CHRIS

Well, actually, I kinda overheard your dilemma. I actually have a band. We could play at your party...

Chad deliberates with himself before holding his hand out.

CHAD

Well, I'm out of options, so I'm going with you Pazinsky.
(pause)
Don't screw me over.

Chris' face lights up. He quickly shakes Chad's hand.

CHRIS

I promise I won't let you down.

CHAD

Be at my place at five o' clock tomorrow.

An excited Chris runs down the hallway and jumps in the air, only to run into Melinda and bring her down in the process.

MELINDA

Wow. White men really can't jump.

INT. PAZINSKY GARAGE -- DAY

Chris, Melinda, Paul and Danny are in a clean and organized garage setting up all of their equipment. Sunlight comes in through the window, revealing what a beautiful day it is outside. Melinda, Paul and Danny are all joking around while Chris looks very serious.

CHRIS

Alright, guys. We don't have much time. This is the only practice we're going to have before the show tomorrow.

DANNY

Chris, why are we performing for Chad and his douchebag friends again?

CHRIS

First of all, Chad's a cool guy. Secondly, this is a chance for us to get some experience.

Danny looks at Paul and Melinda. Upon eye contact, all three shake their heads.

CHRIS

Alright, from the top.

The band begins playing a very poor rendition of Blue Oyster Cult's "Don't Fear the Reaper." Chris is playing guitar and singing, Paul is on lead guitar, Danny is the bassist and Melinda is drumming. Halfway through the song, Melinda starts cracking up because of how bad it sounds. Paul and Danny follow her in laughter. Chris turns around, looking angry.

CHRIS

Guys! What the hell is so funny? That was terrible.

Chris' band mates continue laughing as if they don't hear

him. As it subsides, Melinda attempts to respond.

MELINDA
(still chuckling)
You know what it needs?

Chris looks at her, curious at what the answer might be.

MELINDA
More cowbell!

Melinda, Paul and Danny start laughing again, while Chris can't even muster a smile. He just sighs, looking hopeless as his friends waste away their final practice.

EXT. PAZINSKY HOUSE -- DAY

Chris is trying to stuff all of the band's gear in his Ford Fiesta. Melinda, Paul and Danny watch as he refuses to let any of them lend a hand. Somehow, he fits all the gear in the car and his friends find room between it.

CHRIS
I drove this thing around this morning. It better not let me down.

Chris sticks the key into the ignition and turns it. Once again, it sputters, but won't start.

CHRIS
No, no, no, no, NO!

Chris tries again and again, but the car refuses to work.

CHRIS
Shit! This is the wrong time for this.

PAUL
Screw Chad's party, man. Let's just chill today.

Chris looks back at Paul and stares at him, looking mad, before getting out of the car and looking under the hood. After looking around, he smiles.

CHRIS

(relieved)

Oh, here's the problem. I can fix this in no time.

MELINDA

(sarcastically)

Great! (Looking to Paul and Danny)
Why is he serious about this?

Paul and Danny shake their heads as Chris puts the hood back in its regular position. He gets into the car and this time it starts. Looking relieved, he begins to pull the car towards the center of the street until a Mini Cooper stops right in front of him. The car is blocked in so he honks, but the Mini Cooper does not move.

CHRIS

There is no way that I'm being blocked in by a car that's smaller than me.

He continues to honk while looking at his friends with a look that says "Can you believe this?" After quite a few minutes of honking, a ~~MAN~~ that looks like a combination of Kimbo Slice and The Rock steps out of the car. Perplexed at how a man of that stature could fit into such a small car, Chris doesn't notice that the man is next to his window.

MAN

What the hell is your problem?

CHRIS

Well-uhh...I'm just...ya know tryin' to get by here.

MAN

And you can't wait five fucking minutes while I pick up my son? What the fuck is so important that you can't wait five goddamn minutes?!

Chris is speechless and, tired of waiting for a response, the man walks towards the back of his car. The kids hear a noise and feel the rear left of the car start to descend slowly. The man walks back to his Mini Cooper.

MAN

Have a nice day, asshole.

The man's son gets into the car and he drives away. Chris stares at the car in complete disbelief at what just happened.

CHRIS

What else can go wrong?

EXT. BUS STOP -- DAY

The band is at a busy bus stop on Venice Boulevard with all of their gear. Everyone is silent and sweaty, presumably from dragging the gear from Chris' house to the bus stop. All the surrounding people are staring at them. When the bus arrives, they pick up all of the gear and squeeze between the doors.

INT. MOVING BUS -- DAY

Chris, Melinda, Paul and Danny attempt to find some room towards the back of the bus. The bus is packed with people in beach attire, making it hard for the band and their gear to fit, but somehow it does. Content with their situation, Chris attempts to raise the crew's collective spirit.

CHRIS

This has been quite an adventure,
huh, guys?

Melinda rolls her eyes without even looking at Chris. Paul and Danny just shake their heads. Chris gives up and the ride is silent and awkward. At one stop, a clown in full costume gets on the bus with a shopping cart of his props. He situates himself towards the back of the bus next to the band. Though there is not much room, the beach going folk find a way to move forward, away from the clown. Chris, who is in the middle seat in the back, is the center of this isolation. Eventually, the bus gets to a stop close to the beach and everyone gets off.

INT. CHAD'S HOUSE -- DUSK

Chris and his friends enter Chad's house right on the beach. The party has clearly been going on for a while, as the house already looks trashed and there are people in every crevasse. Chris seeks out Chad, and finds him talking to some girls.

CHRIS

Chad! Hey, man.

CHAD

Pazinsky, hey! I thought you weren't gonna show.

CHRIS

Yeah, it's been a crazy day man. anyways, where do you want us to set up?

A beautiful girl takes Chad's attention away as he points in a general direction. Chris leads his friends over there and they set up all of their gear. After doing so, they sit around quietly waiting to perform. Exhausted by their day, nobody is talking. They just watch everyone at the party having fun. Soon, Chad appears and takes the microphone.

CHAD

Can everybody quiet down? (pauses as the people stop talking) Thanks. Well, you may already know that I was gonna have my brother's band play tonight, but they got a paying gig and I'm too cheap to compete with that. But I did find a band dumb enough to play for free. Let's give it up for...uhh...

Chris takes the microphone.

CHRIS

(nervously)

Hey everybody. We're Lexington and Concord.

Some people in the crowd start to get antsy as Melinda shakes her head, knowing this was a bad idea.

CHRIS

(even more nervous)

Well, let's just get started

Chris turns around and the band starts playing even worse than they had at practice the day before. It isn't long before people at the party start to throw stuff at the band and say "You guys suck!" Melinda, Paul and Danny stop playing at the first sign of food being thrown, but a determined Chris refuses to stop. The booing continues and

Chris looks helpless while singing. Eventually his voice fades as the crowd becomes raucous. Chris can't believe that he blew this chance. He stares at the people listening without even moving to avoid any of the debris. Out of nowhere, a tomato hits Chris square in the face. He freezes out of disbelief. But then, he smiles as he picks up a slice of cake.

CHRIS
FOOD FIGHT!

Chris throws slice of cake into the crowd, hitting one of the girls hanging around Chad right in the middle of the face. Instead of a free-for-all, it becomes everyone against Chris. Melinda, Paul and Danny emerge from hiding to aid their friend. This is it. The four friends trying to withstand an attack from everyone else at the party. All four get covered in all sorts of food. After seeing a few minutes of this, Chad decides that he's seen enough. He breaks through the crowd, picks Chris up and takes him towards the door.

EXT. CHAD'S HOUSE -- DAWN

Chad carries Chris above his head as Paul, Melinda and Danny attempt to get him down. It's no use. Chad is much too tall. Chad walks towards the beach. Upon reaching the sand, he throws Chris down.

CHAD
(angry)
I said don't screw me over,
Pazinsky.

Chris starts laughing at the predicament he has gotten himself into.

CHRIS
(sarcastically)
Sorry, man.

Chad walks back towards his house angrily as Chris and his friends laugh at a stain on the back of Chad's pants. Melinda, Paul and Danny join Chris, who is laying on his back looking up into the sky. The friends exchange glances and laugh once more.

CHRIS
How about that for a Saturday
night?

MELINDA

Well, Chris, for once you got something right.

CHRIS

Oh, c'mon. This is more like the second time.

Everyone laughs as Chris sits up to get a better view of a beautiful sunset. The sun is disappearing behind the calm ocean. Melinda rests her head on Chris' shoulder.

CHRIS

How are we gonna get all that gear back?

PAUL

Who cares, man?

The crew stares at the sun as moves farther down. They are covered in food, but couldn't care less.

DANNY

This is what it's all about.

CHRIS

You said it, man.

Melinda takes her head off of Chris' shoulder as she looks at a wave crash into shore.

MELINDA

What do you guys say we wash all this crap off?

Everyone hesitates before moving. They exchange looks, waiting to see who would move first. Chris jumps up.

CHRIS

Suckers!

Melinda, Paul and Danny get up and run after Chris. They're going at full speed towards the water as the sun continues its downward path. The screen fades to black as Chris' friends catch up to him.