

"SLACK TIDE"

By

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FADE IN:

INT. PASSENGER SIDE OF A CAR - DAY

MONTY sits with the window down, his hair blowing back as the car drives. It's late fall, just about sunset. He stares ahead, looking almost tired.

MONTY (V.O.)

Sometimes things happen and your life and you're left simply wondering how the *hell* you ended up where you did.

Camera pans to see the rest of the car. CHRIS sits in the driver side, looking just as disheveled and tired as MONTY. He holds a half smoked cigarette out the window. TOM and LEE sit in the backseat, amidst guitar cases and drum sticks. They also have bags under their eyes and look exhausted. LEE tilts a flask up to his mouth. The car is a mess.

MONTY (V.O.)

For me, that would be broke, hung over, flunking college, slightly high, and ultimately lost in a state I'd never been in before.

MONTY and CHRIS exchange a wary look.

MONTY (V.O.)

But that's hardly where the story starts.

EXT. BERKLEE COLLEGE OF MUSIC - DAY

People walk down the sidewalk, cabs speed by on the street, students sit outside cafes with instruments, a group of students sit on building steps smoking. Leaves are falling and colorful, autumn has started. 'How the Story Goes' plays in the background. Close in on an apartment window.

INT. MONTY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is spacious, but small. A living room and kitchen share the same cramped room while a hallway leads off to two bedroom doors and a single bathroom. Between the living room and kitchen is a small dining table. In the living room sits an average sized television, a bookcase holding a stereo and massive music collection, a cluttered

computer desk and swivel computer chair, and a worn coffee table between two battered couches with a tattered arm chair on the side. All of the furniture is second-hand. The space is disorganized, but not entirely messy. An average college apartment. Textbooks, discarded fast food bags, and instruments are scattered everywhere.

MONTY, 21, a disheveled and laid back but determined looking college student, sits on the couch, playing guitar. 'How the Story Goes' fades into acoustic strumming. Door opens, CHRIS, 21, tall and lanky with a driven yet carefree persona, enters. He throws his bag on the ground, looking tired.

MONTY

Hey, how was your final?

CHRIS

Awful.

MONTY

Come on, it couldn't have been that bad.

CHRIS

I answered a multiple choice question with 'false'.

MONTY

Ouch.

CHRIS

No kidding. I'll be lucky if I pass this class with a D-, let alone at all.

MONTY

D's get degrees.

CHRIS collapses onto the opposite couch.

CHRIS

Not helpful.

MONTY sets his guitar down and sits up.

MONTY

I know what'll cheer you up.

He reaches down and pulls two beers out from underneath the coffee table.

MONTY

Getting drunk.

He throws a beer at CHRIS, who catches it without sitting up.

CHRIS

It's 12:30.

MONTY isn't listening, as his beer is already open and he's taking a long sip, only stopping when he realizes CHRIS is waiting for a reply.

MONTY

What?

CHRIS shakes his head and opens his own beer.

CHRIS

Did you ever hear back from that place on Boylston Street about playing a show this weekend?

MONTY

Yeah...they wanted to pay me in pizza.

CHRIS

Well, free food.

MONTY

I guess, but jeez. What do I have to do to actually get a paying gig? I mean, seriously.

CHRIS

At least they didn't try to pay you off with 'experience.'

MONTY

Oh yeah, 'donating my time.' I *hate* those people. They're not giving away their shit for free, why should I?

CHRIS

Well, if you're done moping about that by tonight you should come by Your Mother's House. I'm playing tonight.

MONTY

The last time my mother went to one of your shows was in the sixth grade. I'm pretty sure the overwhelming stench of weed on your clothes kind of turned her off to your music.

CHRIS

Not *your* mother. That basement in Alston.

MONTY

A basement show?

CHRIS

Yeah, it should be a good time. Actually we've been thinking about adding another guitarist.

He wiggles his eyebrows and smiles. MONTY looks at his guitar, then back at CHRIS.

MONTY

You have my attention.

CHRIS

Tonight could be like a trial run. You need a new band anyway now that your bassist dropped out of school to pursue the vagabond lifestyle. Plus...it's a party.

MONTY considers.

MONTY

Yeah, alright. I'll go.

**TO READ MORE, CONTACT NICHOLE CURRIER AT
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