

(ROBIN's roommates are giggling over a piece of paper from Robin's binder. She's used to them snooping through her writing by now.)

[ROBIN]

Well, what's mine is yours, I guess.

[TRIXIE]

Oop, sorry! It was just going to be a peek, but then...this is so... She flourishes her fluffy scarf and giggles again, thrilled by the deliciousness of the lyrics on the page.

[ROBIN]

Uh-huh.

[TRIXIE]

For serious!

[ROBIN]

Ha-ha, very funny, but I promise it actually sounds okay with the piano.

(She whisks it back to its sad little stand, and gently closes the door behind Trixie, who is not satisfied. Tabby makes himself comfortable on her stomach.)

[TRIXIE]

What if you mailed it to—

[ROBIN]

Not Mick Jagger! (To tabby) She's crazier than even you, huh, buddy? I bet he'd listen to you more than me, who wouldn't? You're the mushiest munchkin to march the planet, arenchoo? Simply the squishiest squish master to ever squish—

(Tabby, still not quite comfortable, plants a paw into her sternum.)

Oof.

If only I could get Mick Jagger's time of day, or show him something worthwhile.

[TRIXIE]

(annoyed)

Ok, fine! The Accidents! Just make sure I'm actually there this time.

[ROBIN]

Ha, like I'd share my full name with that blond sleazefest.

**CUT TO: SISTERS GETTING READY FOR THE  
CONCERT (APARTMENT BATHROOM)**

(The sisters, bustling in preparation for the concert. Trixie is forcefully grooming an exasperated Robin's eyebrows. Both wear face paint applied in tasteful splatters around their eyes and enormous hoop earrings. Cut to their shoes, purple and red and shiny. Robin is sporting her favorite pair of striped socks (Trixie stuck with regular socks). We can hear "Lipstick on a Pig" blasting from the radio.

They take a moment to admire the two crazy, 'hippie-chic' girls in the mirror.)

[ROBIN]

God, they're not ready for us.

[Laurie]

Especially not you, Fox in Socks. C'mon, look at the time. Wait, don't you dare forget to cap off that look.

She hands Robin the bag that she almost forgot. Robin, focused on zipping up Trixie's dress, doesn't notice the highlighted lyric sheet poking out.

[ROBIN]

Nice with the hairdo, Bea. You wear it so much better than Carolyn.

(Giggling, TRIXIE strikes Carolyn's iconic pose—chin back, one leg jutting out, opposite wrist held limp, fingers spread sassily. Robin snatches her outstretched wrist and tugs her out the door. Their laughter fades away, leaving Laurie watching them with a faint, interested smile.)

**CUT TO: CONCERT CROWD**

(The concert. The majority of the crowd is women of various ages, all dressed in similar bright, flowery garb. The amount of cheap round sunglasses would make Buddy Holly proud; the strobes reflect across hundreds of lenses. The scene is slightly cramped, the ceiling very low, but colorful and comfortable seeming. A bar in the back serves brightly colored drinks, syrupy dyed cherries and all.)

(Everyone seems to be wearing these newfangled round sunglasses except for the bouncer, LOU, who watches the scene over a pair of rectangular lenses. He's like a large Southern mastiff.

Suddenly aware of their own lack of sunglasses, Robin reaches into the bag for their own sunglasses. Momentary suspicious before she pulls out the highlighted lyric sheet.)

“Have fun. Don't drink, but take some chances—Laurie(smiley face)”

[TRIXIE]

(out of shot) Glasses, please!

(ROBIN tersely folds the paper, ready to shove it in her bag, then hesitates and instead uses her other hand to grab two pairs of glasses, both of which are yellow and orange to match their lipstick.

As they Robin and Trixie make their way closer to the stage, they run into LOU, who lowers his glasses.)

[LOU]

You girls need anything? Anything at all?

Trixie lights up with an idea.

[ROBIN]

We're splendid, thanks—

[TRIXIE]

Oh, wouldn't we be able to take a peek...backstage? No?

[LOU]

Sorry, little lady.—hey, hey. Just a minute. Am I crazy or did I see you in one of those cherry commercials!

(TRIXIE readjusts her scarf with a sweet, hopeful smile, letting her strap slip just a little. LOU remains professional, but has never quite been able to let go of his fantasy of maintaining eye contact with a blond starlet.

TRIXIE is intrigued by the feeling of having LOU's full attention. ROBIN backs out of the way, somewhat squicked, but willing to let TRIXIE play her games since, in this setting at least, she should be able to have some fun.)

[LOU]

Well, you ain't supposed to be...you know, the band's gotta work their music magic back there.

**[CUT TO: THE ACCIDENTS/BACKSTAGE]**

(The band is preparing for their gig, with some minor strife. )

[KENNIE]

You're not a girl, Roger, no one wants to see your boobs.

[ROGER]

No one? Not even the crowds upon crowds of girls out there?

(He gestures at the coffee stains down the drummer MAX as he brushes past them, god-knowesth cup of Folgers in hand.)

[ROGER]

What about him?

[MAX/KENNIE]

(In unison)

No one's gonna be looking at me/him.

[MAX]

(to KENNIE)

That hurts.

**[CUT: BACK TO TRIXIE/LOU INTERACTION]**

[TRIXIE]

Well, what if they don't even know we're there? Just a peek—my sister has been dying to see them, and, well...all we want is for her last few months to be good ones...

[LOU]

Oh.

[TRIXIE] (holding her own boobs) Lung cancer.

(LOU takes a moment to process her words. He jolts to attention and tries to pass it off as being deep in thought.)

[LOU]

(pointing to the backstage curtain)

Now, stay out of their way, yeah? These guys have been running themselves ragged—the little guy especially has been acting like a right Tasmanian devil tonight. Best not even let ‘em see you.

**[CUT TO: THE ACCIDENTS/BACKSTAGE]**

Kennie is presenting his own cringeworthy lyrics to the band. He’s reluctant to accept that he’s never been a poet, especially with sentimental songs like this one.

[KENNIE]

Our intro jam as an encore?! Our intro is our—well, our intro! We’re already opening with it—plus, it doesn’t even have lyrics!

[ROGER]

I am telling you, you should scat sing.

[KENNIE]

Well, I’ve already got lyrics.

[ROGER]

Yeah. But it’s the lesser evil.

Kennie pulls his lyric sheet from Roger’s hand and thrusts it into the non-confrontational Max, who grows slightly queasy as he realizes he’s going to be associated with these lyrics.

[KENNIE]

My lyrics are fine!

[MAX] (background, as he reads the sheet, carefully nonjudgmental)  
What does ‘hoecake’ mean?

**CUT TO: TRENT READING THE LYRICS.**

Trent has just read Kenny’s lyrics. He is actually worried for Kenny’s future as an artist.

[TRENT]

Hrm. Well, what makes you think we can’t salvage this? If you just cross out that word, you overuse it, cut the profanity, use the refrain only once, change the rhyme scheme, cut the triple chorus, and rewrite all of this.

(Beat.)

[KENNIE]

I spend two weeks perfecting my baby, and you want me to rewrite her in fifteen minutes?

[TRENT]

It's not writing Satisfaction in your sleep, but it's a start.

**[BACK TO: TRIXIE AND LOU]**

[TRIXIE]

(Nodding, cloyingly sweet)

Well, I will be sure to tell my sister what you did for us. See you later.

Grabbing Robin by the shoulder, she whispers something in her ear. Robin gives LOU an awkward wave, looking away to conceal her decidedly unfriendly expression. Lou reaches over to give Robin an intensely emotional handshake, before watching the sisters—specifically, Trixie—as they exit through the curtain.

**[CUT TO: KENNIE IN HIS LYRICAL QUEST]**

[KENNIE]

Hey, John. Gimme something in F Minor.

JOHN, amidst the squabbling, has been tinkering dreamily on his guitar. He runs through three F modes of with a sort of mindless flourish.

[KENNIE]

No, no, no! C Minor, put it C Minor.

John plays with C Minor a bit before fashioning a simple, slightly melancholic riff. Max and Roger exchange nods. Roger holds out a microphone to the defeated Kennie, who crumples up his lyrics sheet in response.

John continues playing the progression. Kennie decides to take Roger's advice to scat sing, which results in a narmy, ridiculous chorus of "ring dang ding ding ring dingity—" over John's playing. It's not his style.

[KENNIE]

Lyrics?

[EVERYONE]  
(Improv. Agreement)

**[BACKSTAGE: BEHIND THE CURTAIN]**

The curtain conceal the sisters well enough. ROBIN sets her bag down. A hint of the lined highlighter paper peeks out, fluttering in the wind. Trixie feels so on top of the world right now, she doesn't quite perceive that Robin's been stewing in something real sour since her and Lou's interaction.

[TRIXIE]  
(background, laughing)

But he didn't even just know Cherry Shop, he knew me! And—by God, that man couldn't even tear his eyes away! I knew it—all success stories need some time—but still! Free backstage passes! Bet you're feeling so lucky I'm your sister now.

(She hesitates—curious as to what even her beleaguered sister could possibly find wrong with this situation.  
C'mon, Robin. Thought you'd flipping your wig right now.)

[ROBIN]  
Is this why want to be an actor, Bea? To be appreciated for how you wear that dress? Anything else?

[TRIXIE]  
(slyly, with some bite)  
Honey. Honey, honey, honey. If you care so much about agency, why dont'cha show these hotshots how to write an actual ballad? Worry about yourself for once.

**[BACKSTAGE: BACK TO THE BAND]**

The band is reading 'Green Eyes', which Robin has handed to them.

[TRENT]  
Folks, the mic techie is getting in my face. Do we have the outro lyrics yet?

[JOHN]  
Yessir!

(In undertones to KENNIE)  
For sure? Who wrote this again?

[KENNIE]  
No idea. Some chick.

Max is far more excited by the potential of these new lyrics than Kennie's.  
John and Roger are as well, to a lesser extent.

[MAX]  
This...is actual poetry.

[ROGER]  
I feel like I could fall for this green-eyed girl myself.

[JOHN]  
That, and the prosody and rhyme scheme does complement the  
melody perfectly.

Beat of confusion. Kennie is unpleasantly reminded yet again of  
John's jazz background.

[KENNIE]  
(To TRENT)  
Yeah, tell 'em we're ready to go!

There is a faint touch of uneasiness in the otherwise triumphant  
atmosphere, which Kennie ignores as he swaggers over to show Trent.

[TRENT] Huh. Huh. Hmmph. Alright. What was her name again?

[KENNIE] Robin.

TRENT reads the lyrics a few times, nods slowly. He and Kennie are  
thinking the same thing, and they know it. Interruption by a slightly  
sheepish MAX, who has approached the conversation.

[MAX]  
...are you guys sure no one's gonna care about my shirt?

[ROGER]



Sure they will, bro. Sure they will. Kennie, your girlfriend's here.

A woman is behind them—tall, dark Carolyn Williams, a famous (and famously indifferent) model. It takes Kennie a moment, but he smiles at her.

She leans stiffly forward to kiss his cheek. The others hoot as they hold awkwardly intense eye contact. He whispers something in her ear about the unraveling of her carefully arranged mess of curls that makes her abruptly withdraw.

[CAROLYN]

I'd be more concerned about your own crew. (Nods at Roger and Max in their unbuttoned and stained shirts) Right now, you haven't got looks and you can't get folks moving—so why not sharpen up. Or just ask for a really special miracle.

[KENNIE]

(smoothing the lyric sheet, strobe lights are brightening around him like a halo)

I can believe in miracles. Alright, boys, let's try it—'Green Eyes', from the top.