

STRYKER

by

Allison Moon

(310) 694-4895
Allison.moon@gmail.com

ACT 1

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

KAREN STRYKER (51) alone in a recording booth. The PRODUCER cues the track and counts it in. A drum riff begins in playback. Karen plays over it on guitar. She plays a few bars then stops.

KAREN

Do you think it'd be better to go
to the A minor after the D? Or
through E first?

She plays it both ways. The producer cuts the track.

PRODUCER

Through the E sounds good.

They've been at this all day. He's over it.

KAREN

Right.

She fiddles with it and the producer starts the track over. Another count in, another riff, another stop from her with another adjustment.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Now she's on drums.

KAREN

There should be a fill there, don't
you think?

The producer just ignores her. She works it out.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Playback. She's recording vocals now. Karen sings, with a voice that matches her face: weathered, sexy and fierce, but tired.

A few words into her first line, she chokes, her voice just collapsing beneath her. She coughs, then waves off the producer. He cuts the track.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Karen bursts into the open air, hacking up a lung. She calms herself and takes a drag on her VAPE PEN. She hums to herself, trying out tentative melodies, tapping a rhythm on the handrail with an ink pen and the vape. She turns her cellphone on. A new text message. She reads. Her expression is inscrutable. Or did a new line form between her brows? She takes another drag.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

Karen parks at a meter and makes a call.

KAREN

-- Sacramento. Yeah, I'll need a car. The service is Friday afternoon. Yeah. Sacramento and a car. And a hotel. No, uh. One way's fine. I'll deal with that later.

INT. CARL'S OFFICE - DAY

Karen slouches in the chair facing her agent, CARL. A 56-year-old nerd who still loves hanging with the burnouts; he just figured out a way to make it a living. His office walls are covered with framed posters of Grunge and Emo artists, including a few of Karen and her band: STRYKER.

CARL

Eleven thousand to license a track for an indie film.

KAREN

Which song?

CARL

"Gone Boy."

KAREN

What's the movie about?

CARL

(checking notes)
... A kidnapped boy.

KAREN

Makes sense.

CARL

Nick Jonas is starring.

KAREN
Who?

CARL
Famous kid.

KAREN
The kidnapped boy is the star?

CARL
He's playing the dad. He's thirty
something.

Karen pulls out her vape pen and drags. Carl waves it away.

CARL (CONT'D)
Come on, Karen.

KAREN
It's a vape.

CARL
I don't know what that means.

KAREN
Water vapor.

She exhales a large plume. Then gives a big sniff.

KAREN (CONT'D)
See? You can barely smell it.

Carl waves away the cloud.

CARL
So is that a yes?

KAREN
Can we ask for fifteen?

CARL
It's a small movie. But it'd get
you in front of a younger audience.
I think it's worth it.

Karen fiddles with one of Carl's desk doodads.

CARL (CONT'D)
But I'll ask.

He makes a note and then gets to tougher business.

CARL (CONT'D)
Let's talk tour.

Karen groans.

CARL (CONT'D)
They want you on the Oldchella
lineup.

She sneers.

CARL (CONT'D)
I didn't name it.

KAREN
Jagger has medical implants older
than me.

CARL
Well he and his implants will help
you parlay the gig into a forty
city tour.

KAREN
Playing songs that people loved
decades ago.

CARL
And still love.

Carl presses on. This is familiar territory.

CARL (CONT'D)
These nostalgia tours are selling
well. The EP has been driving sales
of your back catalogue. People are
eager to see Stryker again.

KAREN
Hold on. You were pitching me a
tour and now you're suggesting a
fucking *reunion*?

CARL
We're in talks with Matt--

KAREN
Fuck Matt. What about Matt?

CARL
He's open to it.

KAREN
Bullshit.

CARL
He's a draw.

KAREN
He's a dick.

CARL
Don't dismiss this out of hand.
Stryker has--

KAREN
Been dead for fifteen years.

CARL
-- "Cultural Cache." Was what I was
going to say. The singles are still
steady, royalties are healthy.

KAREN
You're welcome.

She starts counting on her fingers:

KAREN (CONT'D)
So Stryker reunion. You have me.

CARL
For which I am thankful everyday.

KAREN
Ass. You have me. You have a
guitarist who's spent the past
fifteen years fingering a cult
leader instead of a guitar. A
bassist whose carpal tunnel is so
bad he can't hold a pencil. A
keyboardist who lives in South
Korea with a wife and two...?

CARL
Three.

KAREN
Three kids. And a drummer who died
in Oh Six. Great reunion. Can I get
comps for the local rotary clubs?

CARL
It'll be a shared bill for a least
half the cities. Some good guys.

KAREN
Who?

CARL
Gin Blossoms.

Karen groans.

CARL (CONT'D)
Hold on. Eddie Veder.

That's better.

CARL (CONT'D)
Michael Stipe's a maybe. And...
Anthony Kiedis wants to meet.

KAREN
You're joking.

CARL
Just take the meeting. Thursday
afternoon.

KAREN
Can't. I've got a thing.

CARL
What thing?

Karen levels a look.

CARL (CONT'D)
Next Wednesday then. I'll start
promo on the late night circuit and
get started on some mid-size venues
and if Matt comes on--

Karen moves to interrupt.

CARL (CONT'D)
*If he comes on, the marketing team
will rock it out.*

KAREN
Ah, so my success, as always, is
determined by my proximity to Matt.

CARL
(leveling with her)
You can keep cashing out your
licensing royalties and that's
fine. You can quietly release
another EP and write more stuff
from home. But I know you. I know
how bored you are. I know how alone
you are.

Karen tries to interrupt again.

CARL (CONT'D)

And I know what a risk that is to your sobriety.

KAREN

You think a tour will help me stay clean? Are you fucking joking?

CARL

This isn't the 90s. Most of these bands are dads now. It'll be easier to score Cialis than smack.

KAREN

I don't know.

CARL

You have always been better with a band. Or at the very least a witness. Don't you dare try to fight me on that, you know I'm right.

She knows.

CARL (CONT'D)

I believe there's one really excellent chapter left for you. Take the gig, I'll keep things moving on my end, and in three months, we'll assess where we're at.

Karen takes another pull from her vape and lets her head fall back.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. CIRCLE OF LIGHT FELLOWSHIP GATE - DAY

From behind big sunglasses, Karen eyes the GATE: chipped paint and rust on abstract, vaguely Masonic, wrought iron symbols. New Age in its old age.

An octogenarian SECURITY GUARD guard vies for her attention.

SECURITY GUARD

Miss? Miss?

Karen snaps out of her reverie. The guard wears a polo shirt embroidered with the Circle of Light logo: a seven pointed star inside a double helix in the shape of a circle. He smiles and hands Karen her I.D.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Your sister was a lovely young woman.

Karen just offers a terse smile.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

I know it's hard now. But, remember, her essence shall be forever entwined with the heavenly helix, seeding the Earth with the bounty of Gaia's love. Part of her is in the pollen falling on your skin now.

He points to Karen's forearm. She resists brushing off the invisible "pollen."

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Go ahead and park on the right. The gathering is down the path, in the meadow.

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

Karen wanders a distance from the crowd of "Circlers." She's a point of black in a sea of hippie-flavored tweed. Each Circler holds a bundle of sage blossoms. An ALTAR stands at the center of the crowd, adorned with crystals, jars of honey, and a PICTURE of Angela. Karen gives a bro-nod to a random attendee and is greeted with a wary look.

MATT PALOMA (54) approaches, likewise holding a nosegay. Straight-edge, almost square, if not for the tattoos peeking out of the edges of his sleeves and collar.

MATT

Nice to see you, Karen.

KAREN

Matt. Thanks for breaking the news by proxy.

MATT

We like to keep death private.

KAREN

Only Angie's closest cult buddies. I'm surprised you're not all in cloaks.

MATT

We already had a service. And we don't wear cloaks.

(a beat)

Except in really specific circumstances.

KAREN

Orgies?

MATT

I'm taking some serious heat for this. I fought for this, for you to be able to come. And your sister... So can you be a little less of a prick right now and *pretend* to mourn?

KAREN

(softening)

You gonna have to put a quarter in the swear jar for that?

MATT

We are a community of equals. I know you don't know what that feels like.

A doleful pause. There is history here.

MATT (CONT'D)

Your agent called.

KAREN

Don't bother.

MATT

I wasn't going to. How's everything?

KAREN

Dead sister and estranged child notwithstanding?

MATT

Would you watch your volume? It's not like you ever made an effort.

KAREN

It's not like you let my "un-aware" ass near either of them.

MATT

Non-aware. But awareness or not, you were a mess. Had I known you finally got clean...

KAREN

For eight years. Which you would have known if you returned any of my calls.

MATT

We would have made an exception. At least towards the end. Gaia's love embraces us all. Even you.

She blows vapor from her nose, but it may as well be her ears.

MATT (CONT'D)

(referencing the vape)
Are you quitting smoking?

KAREN

I quit a while ago.

MATT

Well, you look good.

KAREN

Fuck off.

MATT

Fine. Whatever.

KAREN

Where is Jason anyway?

Matt squirms.

MATT
They're Jay now.

KAREN
"They?"

MATT
They're "they" now. It's... an
ongoing conversation.
(gesturing)
Over there. They want to meet you.

KAREN
We've met.

MATT
It's been a while.

KAREN
Sure.

Matt beckons JAY.

MATT
(confidential)
Just don't let any of the other
Circle members hear you use that
name. It's an---

KAREN
Ongoing conversation?

Jay (15) arrives. A pretty, delicate kid hiding behind long-
ish hair and loads of self-consciousness. Mostly a boy for
now but plenty of other stuff going on.

MATT
Jay, this is your aunt Karen.

JAY
Hey.

KAREN
Hey.

The three stand in awkward silence. Matt finds an excuse to
leave and does so.

JAY
Can I bum a hit?

KAREN
What do you think I'm holding?

Jay nods for Karen to step behind a HEDGE for a moment. Karen hands over her vape. Jay drags. Instant bond.

KAREN (CONT'D)
You know all these people?

JAY
They're family.

KAREN
Is that right?

JAY
Yeah.

KAREN
And me?

Jay just shrugs, not really sure.

KAREN (CONT'D)
You okay?

JAY
I mean, it's my mom's funeral.

KAREN
Sure. But the... "Helix" thing sounds nice.

JAY
After a Circler dies our body decays, feeding the Earth. And our spirit dissipates, feeding the great cosmic consciousness.

KAREN
Is that the pollen part?

JAY
The what?

KAREN
Forget it.

JAY
I like your music.

KAREN
They let you listen to it?

JAY
I mean, whatever.

KAREN

Cool.

JAY

I just can't imagine Dad...

KAREN

He was pretty good.

Jay leads them out of hiding.

JAY

Don't tell him that I listened to
your music.

Another silence. A weird solidarity.

KAREN

So... I just want to say that if
you ever--

Matt interrupts.

MATT

Jay, sister Clara wants to pray
with us.

Jay follows. Karen is left alone.

EXT. COLUMBIA, CALIFORNIA - EVENING

Karen parks her rental car and grabs her guitar and duffle from the trunk. She walks onto the main street and discovers it's some sort of HISTORICAL VILLAGE. Docents in gold rush garb, blacksmiths, candle-dippers, the whole nine. Tourist groups wander the square. She checks her phone. Yep, right place. Karen walks down the cobblestone street, looking like a time traveler... or vampire.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - EVENING

The wiry teenage HOTEL CLERK wears an ill-fitting 19th century suit and bowler cap.

HOTEL CLERK

Welcome to the Historic Columbia
Hotel. Checking in?

KAREN

I... uh, yeah.

HOTEL CLERK
Credit card?

KAREN
You don't take gold nuggets?

HOTEL CLERK
If you got 'em! But yeah, no, cash
or credit card only.

Karen hands him the card.

KAREN
Any chance you got an old-timey
liquor store?

HOTEL CLERK
Dry town.

KAREN
That doesn't have anything to do
with the Circle of Light
Fellowship, does it?

The Clerk shakes his head.

HOTEL CLERK
We're a national park. The only
thing we have in common is a zip
code.
(conspiratorially)
There's a gas station a half mile
south that can hook you up. The
owner is Muslim but she still has
all the top shelf stuff.

He hands her a brass key on a carved wooden key chain.

HOTEL CLERK (CONT'D)
(back in full voice)
Have a *golden* day!

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY - NIGHT

Karen sips from a glass of whiskey and plucks her guitar,
feet resting against the wrought iron balcony rail. She
watches a costumed LAMP LIGHTER perform his nightly duty.
They share a bro nod.

She fiddles with a bluegrassy, old-timey twangy riff and
sings a dumb melody overtop. She laughs at herself. A small
moment of stupidity to break up all the sullen.

The riff evolves into a more modern, appropriate tune. She sings. It's good. She jots down some notes on the hotel stationery.

Her cell rings.

KAREN

Hey. Yeah. It's fine. You didn't tell me it was some historical Williamsburg place, though. No, not Brooklyn. Like colonial. Nevermind. It's fine. What's up? No, let's reschedule the studio sessions. I'm taking a detour.

She sets aside her guitar and downs the rest of her whiskey.

EXT. MAIN STREET - COLUMBIA, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

Karen meanders down the quiet streets of town. Gas lamps flicker against the historical markers and points of interest. She sees a sign post for "Historical Schoolhouse" and "Cemetery" and follows the arrows up a hill. The streetlamps recede behind her. She's alone in the moonlight with only the sound of her footsteps on cobblestone.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Karen enters the graveyard through a giant gate, an echo of the wrought iron at the Circle compound. Monuments and sculptures decorate the rolling hills of the cemetery. Karen finds a stone bench in front of an elaborate ANGEL SCULPTURE. She sits and pulls out her vape pen.

She sings the Rolling Stones tune under her breath at first, then gains confidence to sing in full voice.

KAREN

(singing)

Angie. Annnngie. When will those clouds all disappear? Angie. Angie... You're such a moron, I'm glad you're deeeead.

She stops. Then takes another hit from the vape.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Saint Angela. Perfect, pious Angela. I know I was a bad sister. And I would've been a disaster as a mother.

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

But you weren't the perfect vision of sainthood you presented either. Where I had heroin, you had... self-righteousness and evangelical tendencies. How stupid do you have to be to swear off antibiotics? I don't miss you. But I still want you back.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Karen walks through San Francisco's North Beach neighborhood, past Italian restaurants and strip clubs, carrying her duffle bag and guitar.

INT. SPECS CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Karen enters the small venue. The scene is hip but chill. Some folks flirting, others playing board games. A lone mic and stool sit on the small corner stage. A greying butch punk with a robust laugh, JOLENE (55), is placing a fresh keg under the bar.

JOLENE

Shut the front door!

Jolene is overjoyed to see Karen. She leans over the bar and gives her a bear hug.

JOLENE (CONT'D)

The prodigal Stryker returns!

Jolene pours shots for the two of them.

JOLENE (CONT'D)

What brings you to town?

Karen pushes her shot away.

KAREN

Actually, could I just have a beer?

Jolene hands the shots to a patron down the bar and pours a beer for Karen.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Death in the family. It's fine. Just wanted to see a familiar face.

JOLENE

I dunno how familiar this wrinkled
old mug is. I barely recognize
myself.

KAREN

Ah, you don't look a day over
sixty.

JOLENE

(gregarious laugh)
Well fuck you too, you shriveled
hag! You gonna play tonight?

Karen looks askance.

JOLENE (CONT'D)

You're carrying a guitar!
(realizing)
Oh shit, do you need a place to
crash?

KAREN

If it's not too much trouble.

JOLENE

Of course not! Ass, grass, or cash.
Or just friendly conversation.

KAREN

I can offer...
(quickness)
Two of those?

JOLENE

How about a song then? This is a
good crowd.

INT. SPECS CLUB - NIGHT

Karen perches on the stool, lit by a single stage light.
Jolene watches from her perch behind the bar.

KAREN

(to the crowd)
The owner of this establishment, my
good friend Jolene, has asked me to
play a few songs in exchange for a
crash pad tonight.

JOLENE

Just like the old days!

KAREN

In the old days I had to put out,
too.

JOLENE

Who says that's not part of the
deal?

The patrons laugh.

KAREN

In that case I won't try to hard to
up here so I can conserve my
energy. I've been working on some
new songs.

Scattered cheers from the crowd. Karen starts in on a new
song. A little bluesy, a little ballady. The crowd digs it.

EXT. SPECS CLUB - CONTINUOUS

A small group of HIPSTERS smoke outside. Through the window
they see Karen playing.

HIPSTER CHICK

Is that Stryker?

HIPSTER DUDE

Like the band?

HIPSTER CHICK

Playing right now. Listen.

The dude peers through the window.

HIPSTER DUDE

Looks like it.

HIPSTER CHICK

Holy shit.

HIPSTER DUDE

I thought she was dead.

Hipster Chick tosses her cigarette and rushes into the club.

INT. SPECS CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Hipster Chick texts her friends.

HIPSTER CHICK
 (whispering into her
 phone)
 Stryker is playing at Specs. Get
 down here now!

She starts recording video as Karen plays.

INT. SPECS CLUB - NIGHT

Karen plays another song as more and more people enter the club. The scene grows from mellow to thrilled.

KAREN
 That's it for my new stuff.

AUDIENCE MEMBER
 Play "Madness!"

KAREN
 Madness? Wow. Y'all like some deep
 cuts.

The crowd cheers.

KAREN (CONT'D)
 For real? Shit. Okay.

She fingers her guitar and stumbles through the opening.

KAREN (CONT'D)
 Whew. It's been a while.

She keeps playing, still clumsy.

KAREN (CONT'D)
 This is tougher than I remember.

She continues to play, getting more flustered. Her playing falls apart.

KAREN (CONT'D)
 Sorry. Any other requests?

INT. SPECS - NIGHT

Karen sits at the bar, signing things and taking selfies with people.

HIPSTER CHICK
 Your CD, like, saved my life. No
 joke.

Karen smiles. Jolene puts a beer in front of her.

HIPSTER CHICK (CONT'D)
And I lost my virginity to
"Sleeping With An Angel."

KAREN
Happy to help.

INT. JOLENE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jolene shows Karen around her bohemian, aging punk apartment.

JOLENE
So yeah, still only the one bed.
But the couch is pretty comfy.

She grabs fresh linens from a cabinet. She shoos cats off the sofa.

JOLENE (CONT'D)
(to the cats)
Come on, get outta here.
(to Karen)
The cats'll sleep in my room. I
forgot. You're not allergic, are
you?

She points to a poster for a Stryker show pinned to the wall.

JOLENE (CONT'D)
Remember that?

KAREN
Yeah, wow. I loved that art.

JOLENE
That was-- uh---

KAREN
Bolo.

JOLENE
Bolo!

KAREN
God what happened to that guy?

JOLENE
I think it was lung cancer. But
before that he taught art at San
Quentin. Good guy. So. You need
anything else?

KAREN
How was I tonight?

JOLENE
Great. You're always great.

KAREN
I mean...

JOLENE
Well, you seemed a little sad. But you just buried your sister. That's fair.

KAREN
They want me to tour. With a bunch of nineties acts.

JOLENE
That's great!

KAREN
I don't know if my heart is in it.

JOLENE
You're so good in front of a crowd.

KAREN
Except how I boned up my own song.

JOLENE
That guitar intro was always just Matt being fancy. You can rework it. You don't need him. You are Stryker.

KAREN
I don't know.

JOLENE
The band isn't called Matt Paloma. Stryker is your name. Your creation. Everyone knows it. Your fans sure do.

KAREN
I've never toured clean.

JOLENE
I'd bet good money it's easier clean.

KAREN
I wouldn't know.

JOLENE

Half the guys they'll put you with are probably straight edge now. The way we lived. It's not sustainable. It's hard being a middle-aged junkie. You either cleaned up, or you died. There's no in between there.

Karen grasps Jolene's hand. A nice moment.

KAREN

Was it true what you said about renting the room?

JOLENE

What?

KAREN

I've gotta put out.

JOLENE

(playful, a little shocked)

Well that would just about make my week.

They smile. Old friends. Karen takes Jolene's face and kisses her.

INT. JOLENE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The women undress and kiss. They fumble into creaky, awkward sex that evolves into a sweet sexiness between old friends who remember everything.

JOLENE

I'm glad you're still around, Karen.

KAREN

Me too.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. JOLENE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Karen wakes to a cat on her face. She brushes it off and sneaks out of bed.

EXT. NORTH BEACH CAFE - MORNING

Karen drinks coffee and people-watches. Her bag and guitar are with her. She scribbles lyrics in a notebook. Across the street, JAY emerges from City Lights Bookstore, with another teenager, RAUL. Jay rushes across the intersection.

JAY

Hey.

KAREN

Hi.

She clocks Jay's outfit. They're dressed shoddy femme-- borrowed outfit, makeup, styled hair-- looking far more San Francisco than rural cult member.

JAY

Raul has a smartphone. Instagram said you were here.

KAREN

Did it?

Raul and Karen exchange a nod.

JAY

My dad thinks we're painting houses in Yuba.

KAREN

Alright.

JAY

Don't tell.

KAREN

I couldn't if I tried. Whatcha doing here, kiddo?

JAY

Escaping.

RAUL
Well, we'll be back for evening
assembly.

JAY
Dude, stop.
(to Karen)
Where are you going?

KAREN
Home.

RAUL
LA?

Karen nods.

RAUL (CONT'D)
(in awe)
Cool.

JAY
Dad said you're going on tour.

KAREN
Maybe.

JAY
Do you think... What do you think
it would take for me to come along?

KAREN
An entirely different set of life
choices?

JAY
(on board)
Yeah. Okay.

KAREN
Kid. Sweetie. It's not possible.

RAUL
All things are possible through
Gaia's divine love.

KAREN
I don't know what that means. But I
mean that a tour is no place for a
teenager. There's a lot of... stuff
to navigate. It's hard.

JAY
I'm not stupid.

KAREN

That's not--

JAY

They're going to kick me out anyway.

KAREN

No they're not.

JAY

They totally are. As soon as I come out to everyone, they're going to kick me out. Dad knows and he doesn't even care.

RAUL

That's why you're not coming out until you advance.

JAY

I can't survive three more years of this.

RAUL

But then we can get our own place on campus.

JAY

I didn't say that, Raul.

Karen stands up and grabs her bag.

KAREN

Alright guys. Here's the deal. You go home. I go home.

She writes her phone number on a napkin.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You can call. Whenever. Okay? But I'm going to need you to go back to your San Francisco AWOL adventure.

Jay is crestfallen. Karen fishes through her wallet and hands Jay some cash.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Here. Go do some shrooms in the park or something. Have a day. But then get your ass back on a bus home.

EXT. BIG SUR- HENRY MILLER LIBRARY PARKING LOT - DAY

Karen pulls the car into parking lot of the Henry Miller Library. She stretches. A quick break on a long road trip. She hears MUSIC. She enters a huge, hand-hewn gate.

EXT. BIG SUR - HENRY MILLER LIBRARY LAWN - CONTINUOUS

It's a lively scene: people sipping tea on the porch, and a BLUEGRASS BAND playing on the lawn. The audience is enthusiastic, but Karen is drawn to the band. The female LEAD SINGER and her BACKING BAND share warm smiles, tight harmonies, having the time of their lives. An audience member hands Karen a cup of tea with a smile. She warms to the vibe, even cracking a smile.

EXT. LOS ANGELES CAFE - DAY

Karen sits at a cafe table with Anthony Kiedis. The MUSIC from the prior scene continues into this scene, drowning out most of the dialogue. But the message is clear. Kiedis is pitching her hard, all big smiles and enthusiasm. They end with a handshake.

INT. KAREN'S HOUSE - DAY

Duffle bags and music equipment are stacked by the open door. Karen rushes around the house, tidying, checking things off her list, grabbing last minute items and stuffing them in bags. TWO ROADIES load her things in the bus.

KAREN

Red is stage clothes. That can go under the bus. Black is regular clothes for my room.

BALD ROADIE grabs the bags and heads down the driveway. Karen returns to her list.

SKINNY ROADIE

You want the amps and pedals in?

KAREN

Yeah.

SKINNY ROADIE

What about the blue duffel?

KAREN

I don't have a blue duffel.

She turns to see Jay standing at the door, bag at their feet.

END OF SHOW