

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Louis bursts into his workshop. He storms to the workbench and pulls out his notebook. There is still a piece of rice stuck to his face.

LOUIS

She thinks she can stop me from performing?

He sketches furiously in his notebook. A diagram of a door and an elaborate setup above the door starts to form.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Not everything is an accident.

The schematic is essentially setting a bucket on top of the door so that it falls on Dora when she opens it, but instead of a bucket, it's a tuba.

Louis finishes his rough sketch and dives into a pile of parts. Rummaging furiously.

Ryan bursts into the garage just as Louis is getting elbow deep in bits and bobbins.

RYAN

Fuck this place! I'm leaving!

Ryan paces around the workshop.

EXT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Dora slinks out of the darkness and peeps through a window.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Louis extricates himself from his bin of broken hardware and stops Ryan.

LOUIS

What? Shouldn't you be locked in a closet under some stairs? Or are your parents more lenient than I thought?

Ryan's eyes have been roving all over the workshop. Looking for a solution. Looking for an escape.

RYAN

No, dude. I'm done. I'm bailing.

LOUIS  
You're bailing?

RYAN  
Yes.

LOUIS  
You're running away?

RYAN  
Yes.

LOUIS  
To join the circus?

RYAN  
Ye... What? No! I'm going to New Orleans.

Louis nods slowly. It sort of makes sense.

LOUIS  
Ok.... How?

RYAN  
I'm going to close my savings account for college before my parents even know I'm gone, and I jacked my dad's coins.

Louis is stunned. Ryan is a lot ballsier than he thought.

LOUIS  
Your dad is going to hunt you down and destroy you, dude. I've seen Leprechaun. I know what he does to people who take his gold.

Ryan laughs. It's funny because it's true.

RYAN  
(in a bad Irish accent)  
Shit happens. And he'll have to find me first. There are a lot of places to hide in 'Nawlins.

LOUIS  
Don't call it that.

Ryan shrugs.

RYAN  
I just gotta hide till I'm eighteen in a few months. Then I'm free.

Ryan does a little happy dance.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
(miming a trumpet)  
Free to play music. Free to have  
fun. Free to...

Ryan jigs his way to the workbench and Louis's open notebook catches his eye.

Louis sees his open notebook and moves to grab it, but Ryan gets it first.

Ryan peruses the page and flips through a few others.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
What the hell is this?

Louis hovers trying to take the notebook away.

LOUIS  
Nothing.

Ryan flips through the pages.

RYAN  
Have... you been... *causing* the  
accidents?

LOUIS  
Cause is a strong word. I've.. been  
facilitating.

RYAN  
Did you "facilitate" them all?

Ryan looks up from the book.

Louis squirms.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
There are, like, thirty something  
people in the band.

LOUIS  
...thirty two. I had to perfect the  
machine.

Ryan looks around again. Everything seems dangerous. Anything could be a booby trap.

RYAN  
Were you going to facilitate an  
accident for me!?

LOUIS

No! Never! It was just gonna be you and me. As soon as I get rid of Dora.

Ryan is taken aback.

RYAN

I'm sorry? As soon as you 'get rid of her'? Did you join a band mafia when I wasn't looking?

Louis feigns innocence.

LOUIS

What? I'm not going to hurt her much. Just enough to get her out of the way for state. She's the one who sabotaged regionals.

RYAN

Really? Wait. You know what? That's not the point. You hurt dozens of our classmates. Do you care?

LOUIS

Sure I do. But it was the most efficient way to deal with them. And it's not like I did any permanent damage. They'll all heal.

RYAN

Dude! Kyle lost a finger! They weren't able to reattach it. How is that not permanent?!

LOUIS

Hey, I had nothing to do with that. It was just dumb luck. It's not my fault Kyle can't handle a jigsaw.

RYAN

*Luck?*

LOUIS

Bad luck. Whatever.

RYAN

And Dora is just going to have some bad luck as well?

Louis glowers.

LOUIS  
Not everything is an accident.  
Besides it's the only way.

RYAN  
Yeah. You're right. Maiming half  
the school is clearly the only  
solution. Oh wait. That's  
psychotic.

Louis looks at his friend. Pleading. Desperate.

LOUIS  
Are you gonna tell?

Ryan is torn. To betray a friend or not to betray a friend?

He clenches the notebook in his hand. Squeezes his eyes shut  
trying to decide.

RYAN  
....no. Ugh. Whatever. I'm leaving  
anyway. Now. Try not to kill  
anyone.

Ryan heads for the door.

LOUIS  
How are you leaving?

RYAN  
Bus.

LOUIS  
Dude. You have to drive there and  
leave your car. That's a pretty big  
clue as to what you are doing.

Ryan hadn't thought of that.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
Come on. I'll go with you and then  
take your car back to your place.

Ryan is a little apprehensive. Louis isn't going to tie up a  
loose end, is he?

Louis guesses what he is thinking.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
I already told you. You were never  
a target.

RYAN

Thanks, man. I think. You're a good friend. To me anyway. Well... Yes..

Louis rolls his eyes and reaches under the workbench. He pulls out Ryan's trumpet.

LOUIS

You might want to take this with you.

Ryan looks like a kid at Christmas.

RYAN

You saved it! You're the best!

Ryan scoops up the case like a lost puppy.

Louis and Ryan leave the garage.

In the distance Ryan's car starts and the sound of the engine fades away.

The garage is quiet. The broken instruments wait for their chance to join the band.

The door inches open. Just enough for someone to peek in.

After sneaking a peek, the door opens all the way. Dora surveys the mess. Gross.

She picks her way across the room to the work bench.

She takes in the shrine to the band, especially the group photo with almost everyone marked off.

DORA

Wow.

She pulls out her phone and takes pictures of the shrine, the workbench, the piles of pieces and instruments.

Dora puts her phone away and focuses on the notebook that Louis left open on his workbench. It is still open to the page about Dora.

She picks up the book and flips through the pages. Brimming with blueprints and scribbles about various bands.

Dora beams. She just found the golden ticket.

She hugs the book to her chest and steals out of the garage.