

INT. DUNELLEN AUDITORIUM - GREEN ROOM - DAY 7 Andrew arrives, panting. Fletcher glares, the band behind him

FLETCHER

Glad you could work us into your schedule, darling.

ANDREW

I'm here. I'm ready to play.

FLETCHER

Too late. Connolly's playing.

Andrew looks over to his left -- to Ryan.

ANDREW

Like fucking hell he is.

*Fletcher looks at him. Stunned. The PLAYERS also look shocked.*

FLETCHER

Come again?

ANDREW

It's my part.

FLETCHER

Actually it's my part. I decide who I lend it to.

ANDREW

I have the folder--

FLETCHER

I see the folder for a change, but I don't see the sticks.

*Andrew is about to counter -- when he looks down. Looks back. Thinks. Realizes... Skin paling, his heart racing...*

ANDREW

They're -- they're in the car, I just have to grab them--

FLETCHER

Nope. I'm warming the band up now.

ANDREW

I'll use Ryan's sticks.

FLETCHER

You lost the part, Neiman.

ANDREW

No I didn't!! You can't do this!

FLETCHER

I CAN'T?!?

*He marches toward Andrew. Looms over him, seems about to hit him.*

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

When did you become an authority on what I can or cannot do you weepy-willow shitsack?

ANDREW

When I earned that part.

FLETCHER

Earned? You've never earned a thing. The only reason you're a fucking core is because you misplaced a folder. The only reason you're in Studio Band is because I told you what I'd be asking for in Nassau.

ANDREW

Bullshit. I'm in Studio Band because--

RYAN

Why don't you back off, bro?

ANDREW

Fuck you, Johnny Utah. Turn my pages.

FLETCHER

You realize I can cut you anytime I feel.

ANDREW

You would've cut me by now.

FLETCHER

Try me you weasel. At 5:30, that's in eleven minutes, my band is on-stage. You're not there with your own sticks, or you show up and make a single mistake -- a single one -- and I'll send you back to Nassau Band to turn pages until you graduate or drop out. For extra kicks, I'll spread the word on just how you became a Studio Band core, and by the time my sewing circle is done you'll make your dad look like a success story.

*(lets that linger, then,)*

Or I can give "Johnny Utah" the part and we'll leave it at that. Your choice.

*Beat. Andrew catches sight of Carl, standing in the back, watching -- and almost smiling. He turns back to Fletcher--*

ANDREW

It's my part. I'll be on the stage.

FLETCHER

That's 10 minutes 50 seconds left, you pathetic pansy-ass fruit-fuck. Andrew turns. Bumps into Ryan, PUSHES him out of the way, RUNS.