

THE PLATEAUS

S01E01 "YNG LUV"

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Yellow revision March 1, 2015

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0A TITLE SEQUENCE

0A

"THE PLATEAUS" flashes onto the screen, big and bright. An homage to The Monkees ending on CLOSE UPS of all three band members getting hit in the face by various things, changing every episode (a wet fish, coloured paint, cream pie, sparkles, Davian's body, etc).

BLACK. The Plateaus' SONG "YNG LUV" is heard. It fades out, being played on live radio - a DJ's voice speaks over it:

BADGER (V.O.)

You're listening to Stanley Badger's
Badger Trap, streaming live across
campus. I'm your pal with the paws,
Stanley Badger, and that, my friends,
was the first ever spin of "YNG LUV"
by brand-new-band, The Plateaus!

1 INT. COLLEGE RADIO STATION - DAY

1

BADGER (late 20's, DJ, a bookish man with salt and pepper hair, eager to please) sits in a cramped college radio studio. He is simultaneously filming The Plateaus with his Handycam: SOMERSET (late 20's, handsome Irish lead singer), MORGAN (early 20's, attractive and she knows it), DAVIAN (early 20's, childlike innocence), and TRYKE (early 20's, oddly edgy). Somerset takes the only mic, the rest of the band crowds around behind him.

BADGER

Boy, I'm telling you: These Guys.
Are Going. To Be Huge. And guess
what else?! These guys. Are HERE.
For an exclusive FIRST TIME interview.

Badger cues SFX: himself whimpering "Go easy on me, it's my first time" followed by "Boiinnng!" and "Arrooooga!" SFX.

SOMERSET

'Ello-'ello, radio-land! T'anks fer
havin' us, Roger.

BADGER

Badger.

Badger cues a James Bond impression: "BADGER, STANLEY BADGER"

BADGER (CONT'D)

Boy, Somerset, you sure are one
handsome piece of what-have-you,
I'll-have-you! Great to see you again.

SOMERSET

Have we previously met?

BADGER

Yeah, I saw a picture of you modelling in Italy and, most recently, I touched the hem of your garment when you got into that cab and the door slammed on my pinky?

Badger hands Somerset a pair of headphones.

BADGER (CONT'D)

I call this stiff little finger "Somerset." Here, slap these on. Wowza!

Badger notices the normally unused phone lines are flashing. He can't contain his excitement, distracted throughout.

BADGER (CONT'D)

So, hey Somerset, how long have you officially been a band?

SOMERSET

These t'ree grew up playin' together, but when Morgan met me travellin' overseas a real band was born.

BADGER

Uh-huh, overseas...

MORGAN

We just finished recording "YNG LUV" --

BADGER

--Wow. What's it like being a band?

SOMERSET

Well, Roger, it's like anyt'ing...

Tryke rolls his eyes at Somerset's turn of phrase.

TRYKE

It's actually --

DAVIAN

--We jam for hours and then Somerset shows up with his own finished song.

BADGER

Jeepers! The phone lines are just STAR BURSTING over here! Let's take a call! WE'RE TAKING A CALL!

Badger accidentally presses SFX buttons.

BADGER (CONT'D)

You're on the air, caller-- Woopsie
Daisy! NOW you're on the air!

CALLER (O.S.)

I wanna marry the lead singer and
make Irish speaking babies!

BADGER

Me too! Next caller!

CALLER 2 (O.S.)

You have to play that Young Love
song again! THAT WAS AMAZING!

BADGER

Will do, caller two! "YNG LUV" is in
the air! ON the air! Cripes! WE'RE
SETTING RECORDS TODAY!

TRYKE

They love us, Morgan!

MORGAN

They love us, babe!

Phones ring. The band's first taste of fame. "YNG LUV" spins.

INSERT spinning magazine covers: 'THE PLATEAUS APPEAR ON THE SCENE WITH GUNS BLAZING' and 'PITCHFORK AWARDS FIRST EVER 10.2 TRACK REVIEW' and 'ONE SONG WONDERS: THE PLATEAUS - YNG LUV' etc, charting the band's sudden rise to fame. CUT-AWAY'S of the band (cutting a ribbon, Billboards of their faces in Dundas Square, 'YNG LUV' YouTube views sky-rocketing, etc.)

2 INT. MUCH MUSIC STUDIO - DAY

2

Sounds of SCREAMING FANS and APPLAUSE. The band makes their way to stools for an interview with a MUCH VJ, surrounded by a live audience. One audience member stands out like a sore thumb, STALKER MCCOOEY (he's 6'9").

MUCH VJ

The Plateaus have climbed to number
one, surpassing "Kiss Me, I'm Stylish"
at the top of the charts. Huge.
How huge is this for you?

SOMERSET

Huge. People on the street stop me
and yell me lyrics. It's humbling.
They're such powerful lyrics.

INTERCUT:

3 INT. PRIME TIME TV STUDIO - EVENING

3

A serious television interview show. The HOST is a celebrity in his own right, with a visible "Aurem Oculus" tattoo (an ear with an eye inside it). "SONIC VISION" corporate logos adorn the stage. Stalker McCooley is present.

HOST

How does it resonate when you consider that your fame could be stemming more from being thrust into the limelight rather than from the merit of the very song that catapulted you here?

DAVIAN

We're cat friendly.

MORGAN

Oops. Catapulted, Davian.

DAVIAN

Right sis, we also don't hurt caterpillars.

INTERCUT:

4 INT. MUCH MUSIC STUDIO - DAY

4

MUCH VJ

Have any more hits in you?

SOMERSET

Well, I have a massive vault of songs hidden away. So, yeah, I "have any more hits" in me.

[Shoot alternate version with Somerset pointing to his head upon saying "vault", clearly indicating his brain]

Stalker McCooley reacts to the word "vault" while A FEMALE FAN rushes Somerset and kisses him.

MUCH VJ

Ladies and gentlemen, I think you've crowned a new heartthrob! Watch out, Morgan.

MORGAN

Funny you say that, because one time a fan proposed to me, so that was really humbling.

(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

You have to be brave in a power couple
is what I'm saying.

INTERCUT:

5 INT. MORNING TALK SHOW

5

Breakfast TV hosts, GUILLE and GAYLE, stand behind a counter
with the band and lots of eggs. Stalker McCooey is present.

GAYLE

Davian Freeman, without ever having
mentioned your own, you've become a
sort of poster boy for learning
disabilities.

DAVIAN

Learning this ability. To play music?

Audience laughs. Davian is confused.

GUILLE

Coming up next, the band shows us
their recipe for "Eggs à la Plateaus".

INTERCUT:

6 INT. PRIME TIME TV STUDIO - EVENING

6

HOST

You've released poetry, you've had
big gallery shows, even fashion shows,
so why switch to music?

SOMERSET

I want to change the landscape of
Top 40 pop.

HOST

Is it true you've categorically denied
every major record contract?

SOMERSET

I've always controlled all aspects
of me production entirely, and that's
always proven successful. The eejits
in the so-called establishment can
have my art over my dead body. It's
like anyt'ing.

TRYKE

Ugh. It can't be like "anything",
it's ONE specific thing, not ANYthing.

INTERCUT:

7 INT. MUCH MUSIC STUDIO - DAY

7

MUCH VJ

You are... Trick. Rhythm guitar,
the self-proclaimed religious one.

TRYKE

Tryke. Orphan. Lead rhythm. I was
raised in a nunnery, never knew no
parents. No sex, drugs. Rock'n'roll!

INTERCUT:

8 INT. MORNING TALK SHOW

8

Davian is the only one wearing a chef's hat and apron.

DAVIAN

Morgan and I shared the same egg in
the womb, we were womb-mates. I'm
half egg.

Guille extends an egg towards Morgan, Davian reaches for it.

GUILLE

I think she got most of the egg.
(to Morgan)
Show us how it's done, toots.

MORGAN

Oh that's so sweet of you!

Morgan on the counter, cracks eggs from her crotch. Tryke
laughs wildly. Somerset is watching himself in the monitors.

**INSERT HEADLINE: 'SOMERSET SHOULD DROP REST OF BAND' and
'THE PRESSURE IS ON FOR THE PLATEAUS NEXT HIT!'**

9 INT. BAND JAM SPACE - DAY

9

Davian and Tryke are jamming in their basement jam space.
Badger is at the window, spying with HandyCam. Tryke throws
darts at a KISS ME I'M STYLISH BAND PHOTO next to a JAM SPACE
CALENDAR SCHEDULE.

TRYKE

Are you hearing how Somerset says
"it's like anything" all the time?
(MORE)

TRYKE (CONT'D)

He says it in EVERY interview. He's the biggest idiot on God's green earth. He can't even write a much-needed second song.

FRED PENNERS, the Plateaus' landlord, enters to do his laundry.

FRED PENNERS

I'll be out of your hairs in a sec. And don't forget rent is due.

TRYKE

Oh, hi.

DAVIAN

Yeah we've been busy sorry.

(to Tryke)

Mr. Penners goes through so much laundry. Hey, remember our elementary school bands? We should just reuse those old hits.

TRYKE

Yeah! They were grade A solid. Grade 6 solid.

MONTAGE: Tryke and Davian's elementary school jams.

DAVIAN

"Big Chooch coming down the tracks, tracks are like life, life is like a train on the tracks, BIG CHOOCH WOMAN"

TRYKE

"Sleep baby sleep, thy mom was slaughtered like a sheep, thy papa was the murderer, white devil ran away from her, and you were left, a burden here, so do not make a peep, sleep baby sleep"

DAVIAN

"Davi, your sis is the cutest miss at your birthday party, give her to me or you don't get your present from me"

TRYKE

Better than anything Somerset came up with at that age. I bet I'm sure.

DAVIAN

I like that you always write songs
about my sister.

TRYKE

Pff... Not always. Riff on "More
Gain" with me, dude.

Tryke plays the same guitar riff he always plays ("MORE
GAIN"). Morgan and Somerset enter. Somerset on his phone.
Morgan is carrying all of her gear as well as all of his.

DAVIAN

Need help, sis?

MORGAN

Oh my god, Tryke. Tune your guitar.

TRYKE

Tune your accent. And don't take
the Lord's name in vain.

MORGAN

Don't take your mom's name in vain.

DAVIAN

God's your mom?

TRYKE

Wow, fashionable pants, Somerset.

SOMERSET

T'anks. Hand-me-downs from yer man.

FRED PENNERS

That's right. How do you like my
dad's old pants? Too snug?
(gestures groin region)

SOMERSET

Not at all, they're great. You should
have buried him in these.

MORGAN

I'll show you what to bury if you
know what I mean.

SOMERSET

What do you mean?

MORGAN

You can bury your corpse in my coffin.

DAVIAN

That's gross.

MORGAN

It's witty banter.

DAVIAN

No it's not.

MORGAN

I bet it is or I have to spend seven minutes in heaven with you in the closet.

DAVIAN

I'm not doing your bet.

TRYKE

I bet you I'll do that bet, in bed.

MORGAN

This bet is between me and my brother.

DAVIAN

Better yet, no bet.

SOMERSET

Children, please!

Somerset sets up his gear. Morgan puts construction earphones on Fred Penners and pats him on the bum.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

Okay, first t'ings first. More songs to release to the world. I know you guys have been waiting for --

TRYKE

--I HAVE A RIFF AND WE NEED TO USE IT! These are my actual feelings in a major key.

Somerset grabs his guitar and tunes. Tryke plays "MORE GAIN."

SOMERSET

Whoa, put the brakes on there, Tricycle. I finished a bunch of songs for the big show on Friday - this one's a bit "out there", but you can bet it'll be bigger than "YNG LUV."

MORGAN

Aw, ducky...

Badger, at the window, perks up at the mention of Somerset's new song. He attaches his video camera to a nearby stick and shoves the HandyCam-on-a-stick through the window.

TRYKE

We'll listen to it after this. Ahem --

SOMERSET

(strums a chord)

This one goes out to you-know-who.

MORGAN

Thank you.

SOMERSET

I mean me.

Somerset presses PLAY on his laptop and launches into the song.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

Tryke, ride that D major power chord.
Morgan it's a G to a D change.

TRYKE

D...?

SOMERSET

5th fret of the second biggest string.
Davian just copy and come in hard.

Fred Penners wrings out his wet clothes over Somerset's electrical wires, oblivious. Suddenly, Somerset falls to his knees - electrocuted.

Somerset continues to strum and twitch at the guitar - lots of noise and feedback. He sings some pitch perfect 'oohs', pained and jerky spasms.

The band thinks it's incredible - a new, frenetic musical direction. High Art and a hit song!

TRYKE

Oh, Heavenly Jesus, this rules!

DAVIAN

I like this a lot!

Suddenly: silence. Somerset hits the ground, frozen in a death pose, still clutching his guitar pick. His guitar and amp catch fire - so do his hair and clothing. The band slowly realizes Somerset has died. Badger mouths a "wowza".

TRYKE

Cool song, but I'd hold back a little
on the smell of burning flesh. Hahaha.
Somerset?

MORGAN

Babe?

Somerset's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth start to bleed.

DAVIAN

His face is coming out of his face.

MORGAN

This is so disgusting!

TRYKE

Oh dear God.

MORGAN

Oh my god, gross, call an ambulance!

DAVIAN

All my pee is rushing to my brain.

Davian faints.

FRED PENNERS

Kids... maybe it's just my dad's
pants, but Somerset looks very dead.