

SUNSET '81

created by
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EPISODE 1: "Kiss Me (un)Deadly"

THE DIRT meets **THE ORIGINALS**
Gothic Horror and High-Camp

1981: A bad-ass bass player on the Sunset Strip is offered fame, fortune and immortality by a reclusive Hollywood legend. But is her eternal life worth killing for?

LIVE FAST. UN-DIE YOUNG.

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TEASER/PROLOGUE

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EXT. SUNSET STRIP - DAY

1

CLOSE on a motorcycle's rear license plate: 8AD-A55 ("BADASS").

JOAN D'Ark (20, the rebel) won't be tamed. While she waits on her café racer at the intersection of Sunset and Hammond, a convertible 1975 Camaro pulls up beside her. The boys in the car - CHET (25) and JORDAN (25) - are total douchebags.

The engine revs, a challenge to drag race. Joan ignores them.

CHET

You scared, dude?

Joan turns slowly. We see the boys reflected in her visor as she raises it dramatically, revealing her gender.

JORDAN

Aw, it's a babe!

Jordan blows lewd kisses at her.

Another engine rev, punctuated by vulgar gestures.

Motörhead's LEMMY KILMISTER stands on the corner, the Rainbow Bar and Grill sign just over his shoulder. He's watching the scene and shaking his head like he knows what these boys are in for.

Rev.

The look in Joan's eyes is venomous.

CHET

Show us your tits!

Joan decides to screw with them.

In a torrent of tire-smoke, Joan peels out, blowing the red light. The boys look confused as she fishtails to a stop, facing them in the middle of the busy intersection. Cars whiz by her, blaring their horns.

She won't budge.

Music: A snare drum roll.

Slowly, with the seductive precision of a stripper, Joan eases the zipper of her leather jacket down... down...

The boys lick their lips.

The opening riff to "Ace of Spades" joins the drum roll.

Joan winks. The tease is torture until she FLINGS open her jacket to reveal a SLEAZELORDS t-shirt with the prominent slogan: SÜCK MY SLEAZE.

Music: "Ace of Spades" launches full blast.

Joan gives "devil horns" with both hands, peels out into a wheelie, passes within inches of the Camaro's driver side, snags Chet's sunglasses, puts them on and disappears into the distance.

SMASH CUT TO:

ACT ONE

3 INT. PHARMACY - DAY

3

Joan waits at the counter, flipping through BASH, a heavy metal magazine. A PINT of Jack Daniels and a pack of GUM sit next to her HELMET.

Behind her, a MOTHER (35, already beaten by motherhood) and her SON (13, all hormones and defiance) argue.

MOTHER

You are NOT getting a heavy metal magazine.

SON

But it's MY allowance.

MOTHER

Yeah, well I'll ALLOW you to get something that won't rot your brain.

The PHARMACIST places a prescription BOTTLE of pills on the counter.

JOAN

Can I pay for these here?

The Pharmacist rings up the pills, the magazine and the gum, but hesitates at the booze.

PHARMACIST

ID.

Joan pulls out a Velcro WALLET and presents a DRIVER'S LICENSE that almost looks like her. Fortunately, the Pharmacist is just covering their own ass and lets it slide. BEEP. The booze goes in the bag.

JOAN

I don't need a bag.

As Joan grabs the items, the Pharmacist eyes the pills and booze.

PHARMACIST

Those two don't mix, hon'.

JOAN

It's not for me.

Joan turns, generously hands the Son her copy of BASH, and leaves - forgetting her ID. The Pharmacist starts to call after her, but changes his mind and tosses it in the trash.

4 INT. SLEAZELORDS PRACTICE GARAGE (BONES' MOM'S HOUSE) - DAY 4

The garage looks like a rock club with a small green room, but with a station wagon in it. BEDSHEET with THE SLEAZELORDS airbrushed on it hangs on the wall.

Who is bankrolling these kids?

Guitarist KITT KOMMET (23, the maestro) is having sex with JELLY (21, a groupie), who is bent over the trunk of the car.

Lead singer ROCKY "ROLLS" ROYCE (22, the toxic peacock) is sprawled across a sofa writing new lyrics on a legal pad.

ROCKY
(To himself)
Auntie. Auntie. Auntie.

He has an epiphany and begins to write.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
Gonna pull down your panties and do
you like your Auntie.

Deciding it's no good, he scratches it out.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
Shanty? Gonna pull down your
panties, make you sing a - FUCK!
Gonna pull down your panties, girl
you taste like candy.

Still wrong. He tears off the paper, crumples it and tosses it at Kitt's head.

KITT
(still having sex)
The fuck, man? Will you shut up?

BONES (19, the peacekeeper) sits behind his drums listening to a RADIO with HEADPHONES. Behind him, a POSTER of Stryper from "The Yellow and Black Attack" has been used as a dart board.

BONES
(too loud)
Where's Joan?

KITT

Dude, your mom smokes more ganja
than I do.

BONES

No she doesn't.

JELLY

(to Kitt)

Maybe if she did, his old man would
still be around.

Jelly takes the joint, letting it dangle on her lip while buckling her belt. She hits a button to open the garage door, but bends to scam before it's halfway up. Kitt smacks her on the butt and punches the button again, closing the door.

Noticing Jelly has forgotten her purse, Kitt slides it under the door just in time - like Indiana Jones with his hat. He joins Rocky on the couch with his flying-v guitar and makes fun of him, singing:

KITT

Panties, panties, panties. All I
think about are panties.

ROCKY

You're not helping.

Kitt grabs the notepad, tears off the top sheet and scribbles something on a fresh page. He hands it to Rocky.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Okay. Not bad.

5 INT. BONES' KITCHEN - DAY

5

Typical '80's Valley kitchen: Stepford. Like, for sure.

JANET (40, the Christian cougar) is a divorcée and Bones' mother.

The doorbell rings. She answers it.

JOAN

Hey Ms. Bones.

JANET

Joan, dear! Come in. How's Brian?

JOAN

We broke up.

JANET

No! Why?

JOAN

He's a fucking shit.

Janet is shocked at the language.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Started out as a shitty fuck, ended up as a fucking shit. They all do.

Deciding not to pursue the conversation, Janet hands Joan a TRAY with four ice-filled GLASSES and a PITCHER of lemonade.

JANET

The boys are in the garage. Would you mind?

6

INT. SLEAZELORDS PRACTICE GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

6

"Air Rehearsing" the new song they've penned in Joan's absence:

ROCKY

Bend over baby, pull your panties
aside / Your ass is a roller
coaster I wanna ride / Shake it
shake it baby 'til my lightnin'
strikes / Gimme what I need, you
know what I like

ROCKY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna fuck you fast and
loud / I'm gonna suck your
whiskey mouth / What's the
use in all my fortune and
fame / (If I can't) Bend you
over make you scream my name

KITT

(harmonizing)
I'm gonna fuck you fast and
loud / I'm gonna suck your
whiskey mouth / What's the
use in all my fortune and
fame / (If I can't) Bend you
over make you scream my name

A knock.

JOAN (O.C.)

Somebody open the fucking door.

Bones jumps up and opens the door. Joan puts the tray on the coffee table, pulls the pint of Jack Daniels from her back pocket and sets it next to the pitcher.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

His girlfriend's gonna eat outta my pants. Oh, that's good. Putting that in the new song.

Joan shakes it off and plugs her bass into its amp.

JOAN

Then, if you gentlemen don't mind, we should attempt to polish this turd. We can at LEAST come in second.

The others gather at their instruments.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Make you a deal. I'll do "Razor's" tonight. But next time it's "Choke".

ROCKY

I dunno. We'll have to see. Wait'll you hear the new one I just wrote.

Kitt eyes Rocky to say "what YOU just wrote?"

JOAN

Are you fucking kidding me? What's your fucking problem, Rock? You're not the only one who can write a fucking song.

ROCKY

But I write GOOD ones.

JOAN

"Choke". "Midnight Fight". "One More Second". "My Fist Your Face". Should I go on?

ROCKY

Is it just me, or is she making my point for me?

BONES

(intervening)

Rock.

Joan downs the rest of her whiskey and unplugs her bass.

ROCKY

Why don't you write a piece of shit called "Can't Hang with the Boys"

Joan opens the garage door.

KITT
Joanie, stay. Rock's an asshole.
That's a given. He's also good at
his fucking job.

Rocky's self-satisfied swagger speaks for itself.

KITT (CONT'D)
(to Rocky)
So is she, dickhead.

ROCKY
Dude, shut up.
(to Joan) YOU need US. WE don't
need YOU.

In a rage, Joan kicks over Rocky's mic stand and makes for
the open door.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
You walk through that door and
you're done.

JOAN
(vicious sarcasm)
Oh no. I'll never get to play
"Razor's Edge" again.

ROCKY
You couldn't play it in the first
place. Get the fuck out. You're out
of the band.

Joan takes off her Sleazelords shirt, pulls out a lighter,
sets the shirt on fire and throws it at Rocky.

JOAN
Burn in hell.

She storms out, but punching the garage button is not as
satisfying as slamming a door. Awkward moment as it slowly
creaks shut.

7 EXT. BONES' DRIVEWAY - DAY

7

Seeing the Sleazelords logo on her helmet causes a flurry of
competing emotions. She gives her heartbreak a moment before
chucking it as far as she can. Now we worry for her safety.

BEEP BEEP. An alarm on Joan's Pulsar Calculator-Alarm WATCH.

JOAN
Fuck!

Rage makes it difficult to fish the bottle of pills out of her pocket. She opens it, pops two, pulls out the pint of Jack Daniels, finds it empty and swallows the pills dry.

She mounts the motorcycle, looks back at the closed garage door with a tear in her eye and throws the bottle at it with a SMASH.

Music: Mötley Crüe's "Live Wire"

With an obnoxious rev of the engine and tons of billowing tire smoke, Joan peels out and speeds off.

8

EXT. CHATEAU MARMONT VALET - DAY

8

Music morphs to "Live Wire" in a hot-jazz 1920's style coming from inside the hotel.

ALLA RAMBOVA (~30, golden-age Hollywood uber-glam) waits for her car. DANIEL (30), the valet, pulls her 1952 Bugatti Type 101 around.

As he helps her into the car, she hands him a copy of VARIETY that is no longer of use to her.

DANIEL

Anything interesting this week?

ALLA

Not in decades.

DANIEL

That's why we gotta get you back in the pictures. Show 'em how legends do.

ALLA

You're kind, but these days I'd have to swing a laser sword like Alec. What a joke. He used to be proper Shakespeare.

In the valet lane ahead, ALEC GUINNESS (67) gets into his car. The license plate reads OB1KN0B ("Obi Wan Kenobi").

ALLA (CONT'D)

Shame. You know I did "Rolla" with him at the Vic.

(melodramatic)

For in this fallen age, who is there that would give His blood that man might drink, and turn from death and live?