

TEASER

INT. RYAN AND DARIUS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

CUE UPTEMPO ROCK/POP SONG.

LOW ANGLE on a MAN'S sock covered FEET as they glide into frame across a hardwood floor. Are we watching Tom Cruise in *Risky Business*? His feet clip the edge of a rug and he stumbles. Definitely not.

RYAN FENSLER, 29, an everyman with boyish good looks, regains his composure and keeps DANCING.

He shuffles and spins through his living room replete with inexpensive IKEA and SECOND HAND FURNISHINGS while pointing his fingers at...

FIVE ADORABLE DOGS who are watching him from their seated positions on the couch.

His moves are unrefined and not overly impressive in of themselves but he has good rhythm and there is something both artful and humorous about his combinations.

The music builds to a peak and with it Ryan gets more and more into it. His moves become more powerful and dramatic.

He closes his eyes and spins in the middle of the room.

When he opens them back up he stops dancing abruptly.

DARIUS MILLS, 28, leans on the front door jam watching Ryan with a wry smile on his face. He has a backpack on and a hard case by his side.

Ryan sheepishly kills the music from his smartphone.

DARIUS

(playfully)

Aw, don't let me interrupt. You were in the zone, bro!

RYAN

(embarrassed)

What's up, Dar? How'd your shoot go?

Darius nods his head approvingly.

DARIUS
Not bad. Wasn't no party like this
though.

Darius smiles and turns to greet the dogs who run up to him.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
(to the dogs)
You encouraging him? Huh?

Ryan smiles and then abruptly checks the time.

RYAN
Oh crap! I forgot to tape my
audition.

Ryan hustles off toward his room.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Watch the dogs for a sec, cool?

DARIUS
Uh, you already took them out to do
their business, right?

RYAN
Yeah, I'll just be a minute.

Ryan disappears into his room.

Darius turns and spies one of the dogs, a little YORKIE
pissing in a corner of the room.

DARIUS
(angrily)
Ryan!

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**EXT. WOODLAND HILLS - RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY**

It's another perfect day in Los Angeles. Ryan listens to an upbeat POST PUNK/ELECTROPOP track with a FEMALE VOCALIST on his EARBUDS while he is being led along by the DOGS on leashes.

He steps in sync to the beat and nods his head. He's feeling good. He waves at someone off screen as they go.

EXT. WOODLAND HILLS - CROSSWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan is still listening to the track as the dogs lead him across the street and under a BILLBOARD. On it is an advertisement for a new album by a band called BRYTER DAZE.

Four cool looking band members including a striking FRONT WOMAN stare stoically out over Ryan as he passes by.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. REHEARSAL STUDIO - LOS ANGELES - SAME TIME

The track in Ryan's earbuds grows louder and grungier as we find BRYTER DAZE playing the same song in a rehearsal studio.

LILY M (MOON), 30, a striking Asian American woman with attitude (Think Karen O from the Yeah Yeah Yeahs) steps up to the microphone.

LILY

(singing)

*I try to run, babe. Go go go
But I can't escape you, babe,
I just dance with your ghost.*

JUSTIN RHODES, 29, African American, is on bass guitar. He glances at STEWART ANDERS, 33, CAUCASIAN, the drummer who drills a drum fill.

LILY (CONT'D)

(going into chorus)

*Cause it's a beast I know too well
Distract myself with...*

Lily frowns and shakes her head.