

FADE IN:

EXT. MAYES HOUSE - DAY

Sunlight bursts on a sprawling suburban home on an oaky acre.

Towards the end of the expansive backyard, a conspicuous-looking, slipform stone GUEST HOUSE could be something else.

INT. MAYES RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

A foot pumps a KICK DRUM, twice. Sticks roll over CYMBALS.

Two little sisters, JOHNETTE (5) and CHRISSIE (3), sneak into a dark recording booth at the far end of the studio.

A hand plugs in a Fender Stratocaster. A Gibson Thunderbird REVERBERATES. Volume dials are cranked to their apex.

Snaking down the façade of a two-story fireplace is a massive, GOTHIC STONE DRAGON. Its side-angled head forms a fireplace mantle. A glowing fire roars inside its mouth.

In the center of the cavernous room, a lead guitarist faces the dragon hearth, hidden in shadow. This is BRIER MAYES (40), the coolest forty-something dad you will ever meet.

BRIER
(into the mic)
"Fortune favors those who dare."

Johnette SHUSHES Chrissie, who clutches a stuffed animal and mirrors Johnette's gesture, pressing index finger to mouth.

They don tiny headphones. A small finger flicks a SWITCH.

EXT. MAYES RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

A retro neon light blazes an announcement: RECORDING.

INT. MAYES RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Turning his head right then left, Brier commands the room. Suddenly, he pulls on a silly blonde 80's hairband wig.

The bassist and drummer, JEFF (40) and JUSTIN (30), follow suit, pulling on dark spiky versions of the same rocker wig.

BRIER
Let's dare.

Immediately, Brier picks the opening DIVE-BOMB HARMONIC to "Kickstart My Heart" by Mötley Crüe.

Jeff rips into the BASSLINE. Justin bangs out the opening BEATS. In no time at all, they are off at full speed.

In the dark soundbooth, Johnette and Chrissie bop along to the monster ballad. Only the tops of their heads are visible.

INT. MAYES HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

KATE
(to no one)
Hey, girls?

Brier's wife, KATE MAYES (40), fills a coffee carafe from the kitchen tap. She is effortlessly pretty and full of sass.

Punching buttons on a NEST HUB, she opens the studio's live feed and listens via intercom. As it plays, her deep yawn overlaps the long guitar note right before the lyrics.

NEST HUB
(muffled Lo-fi)
"When I get high, get high on speed,
top fuel funny car's a drug for me. My
heart, my heart, kickstart my heart."

Kate overfills the carafe, flooding the counter with water.

INT. MAYES RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

BRIER (SINGING)
"Always got the cops coming after me,
custom-built bike doing 103. My heart,
my heart, kickstart my heart."

Brier travels across the large studio space. Nearing the wall, he flips a light switch. Light pours into the soundbooth, sending Johnette and Chrissie somersaulting.

BRIER (SINGING CONT'D)
(to the girls)
"Ooh, are you ready girls?"

The girls bounce back to their feet, belting out "whoas" and "yeahs," while alternating arm pumps to the rhythm.

BRIER (SINGING CONT'D)
"Ooh, are you ready now? Whoa! Yeah!
Kickstart my heart, give it a start.
(MORE)

BRIER (SINGING CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Whoa! Yeah! Baaaa-by!"

INT. MAYES HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Kate fumbles with the coffeemaker parts, then groans audibly when she discovers the coffee tin is empty.

NEST HUB
(tinny)
"Whoa! Yeah! Kickstart my heart, hope
it never stops. Whoa! Yeah! Baaa-by!"

Kate scans the room for her daughters, only to see an abandoned pile of toys.

Punching up "House Intercom" on the Nest Hub, she broadcasts a message.

KATE
(into Nest Hub intercom)
Girls? Can you come back here, please?

As if on cue, the DOORBELL rings.

NEST HUB
(robot voice)
Someone's at the Front Door.

The Nest screen reveals a black-clad, guitar-slung rocker with a guitar at the front door. This sex-god is DARREN (25).

A pop-up message appears: "Do you know this person?"

INT. MAYES RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Adrenaline rushes in, knocking wigs askew.

BRIER (SINGING)
"Skydive naked from an aeroplane or a
lady with a body from outer space. My
heart, my heart. Kickstart my heart."

Brier divines a string of notes on his Stratocaster.

BRIER (SINGING CONT'D)
"Say I got trouble, trouble in my
eyes, I'm just looking for another
good time. My heart, my heart,
kickstart my heart. Yeah are you
ready, girls? Yeah are you ready now?"

The outside soundbooth door opens and Kate slips in, Darren in tow. The girls tumble at being discovered a second time.

Kate hits a button on the sound panel. Music pours in overhead: jarring at first, then invigorating.

BRIER (SINGING CONT'D)

"Kickstart my heart. Give it a start.
Oh yeah baby. Oh yeah. Kickstart my
heart, hope it never stops. Oh yeah,
baby!"

Darren peers through the soundbooth window, dropping his leather duffel and guitar in awe.

During the song's subdued refrain, Darren wanders the booth, soaking it all in. In the room, gold and platinum records sparkle amid crystalline awards.

Darren bumps a shelf holding a row of Grammys: there are three, but there's an open spot for a fourth.

BRIER (SINGING O.S.)

"When we started this band, all we
needed, needed was a laugh. Years gone
by, I'd say we've kicked some ass."

More shelves are lined with framed photos. Celebrity musicians. Teenage Brier and Jeff in a punk band. Kate and Brier's wedding day. Johnette and Chrissie as babies. Pint-size Brier at a piano recital. Teenage Kate in the sunshine.

BRIER (SINGING O.S.) (CONT'D)

"When I'm enraged or hittin' the stage
adrenaline rushing through my veins,
and I'd say we're still kickin' ass."

ALL, MINUS DARREN (SINGING)

"Ooh, ah, kickstart my heart. I hope
it never stops. And to think, we did
all of this, to rock. Whoa! Yeah!
kickstart my heart, give it a start.
Oh, yeah, baby."

Brier amps up the role of bad boy rocker. He jumps off a plush velvet chair with a flourish.

BRIER (SINGING)

"Ooh, are you ready now? Whoa! Yeah!
Kickstart my heart, give it a start.
Whoa! Yeah! Baaaa-by!"

Brier goes on a tear, pretend-kicking over instruments.

Johnette kicks over a small trash can, then pantomimes eating a bat, ala Ozzie-style.

The girls mimic Brier's rock-n-roll behavior. They headbang, then crowd-surfing a plush toy to Kate.

Brier kneels near the dragon's mouth, then crawls on his back while jamming on his guitar.

Chrissie lays down and plays air guitar, scooting across the floor like her dad.

As the song wraps, the sisters climb chairs and pretend their little faces are melting off. They jump off in unison.

Brier, Jeff, and Justin share a look -- 'we still got it.'

INT. MAYES RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

As the band pulls off their wigs, Kate stops the recording. She hits the studio's mic button on the panel.

jami c johnson

KATE

Hey guys!

BRIER

We were just, uh, you know, doing a little reunion tour.

KATE

You sound good. Right, groupies?

JOHNETTE

So good, Daddy!

CHRISSIE

Again! Again!

KATE

Babe, they recorded it, you know.

BRIER

Figured as much.

KATE

Darren came up to the house, so I thought I'd bring him over.

BRIER

Hey, Darren!