

JOSIE + THE PUSSYCATS

SPEC SCRIPT

BY

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PAGE ONE - SEVEN PANELS

Panel One:

A thick office door, dark mahogany with gold fixtures. The frosted glass in the center reads: Cabot Harrington - Vice President of Talent Development.

SFX (from beyond the door): BZZ

Panel Two:

A cellphone sits on a polished wooden desk.

SFX (from the phone): BZZ

Panel Three:

A hand turns the phone's screen toward us. We see it reads "Joe - Greentree Studios".

SFX (from the phone): BZZ

Panel Four:

The hand brings it to a face. Handsome. Well-groomed. Perfect skin. Brilliant teeth.

CABOT
(into the phone)
Hello?

Panel Five:

Hollywood Central Bus Station. JOSIE MCCOY (23) walks through the busy terminal. Her bright pink hair and loud clothes stand out in a sea of businesswear and office casual. She holds a small pack over her shoulder with one hand. A hardshell guitar case dangles from the other.

Panel Six (inset top of Five):

Back on Cabot. His lips curled downward.

CABOT (CONT'D)
(into the phone)

She didn't show? At all? No phone call?

Panel Seven (inset bottom of Five):

Same shot. Cabot pinches his nose, annoyed.

CABOT (CONT'D)
(sneering)
Musicians...

PAGE TWO - SIX PANELS

Panel One:

Josie looks up at the Departure Board.

"Riverdale - 9:45AM - ON TIME"

CABOT (CONT'D)
(textbox)
...they're all the same.

Panel Two:

Josie makes her way through the cramped aisle of the bus. Her guitar case sticks out in front of her. One of the other riders flashes an annoyed look at the young woman.

Panel Three:

The hardshell case PLUNKS down onto an empty seat.

Panel Four:

Josie slumps down after it. She's never been happier to finally sit down in all her life.

SFX (from her pocket): Musical Notes - Her Ringtone

Panel Five:

She looks at her phone. "Incoming Call - Cabot Harrington."

Panel Six:

She BOOPS the "Ignore" icon.

PAGE THREE - SIX PANELS

Panel One:

Josie puts the phone back in her pocket. The expression on her face is a mixture of sadness and steeled nerve.

BUS DRIVER
(over loudspeaker)

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)
Thank you all for choosing Black Dog
Busline. One-way trip to Riverdale.

Panel Two:

The girl pulls out a copy of MUSIC BUZZ magazine.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)
(over loudspeaker)
We should be there in about
two-and-a-half hours. For now, just
sit back--

Panel Three:

Josie flips through her magazine, half-listening to the announcer. Small flat-panel screens hinge open from the ceiling of the bus.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)
(over loudspeaker)
--and enjoy the in-ride
entertainment.

Panel Four:

Josie's face, looking up at the unseen screen, SHOCKED.

Panel Five:

Josie's POV: the screen, showing her--her music video--for all to see.

Panel Six:

Josie sinks into her seat, pulling the copy of MUSIC BUZZ over her face.

PAGE FOUR - SIX PANELS

Panel One:

Outside RIVERDALE TERMINAL. Josie stands next to a taxi as the CAB DRIVER loads her guitar case into the trunk.

CAB DRIVER
Hope you don't mind me asking but--

Panel Two:

The cabbie slams the trunk shut, looking at her.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)
--do I know you?

Panel Three:

Josie gives a tight smile, hoping he doesn't recognize her.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)
(O.S.)
You go to Riverdale High?

Panel Four:

Josie, opening the door, hoping he doesn't recognize her.

JOSIE
No. Not anymore anyway.

Panel Five:

Josie sits down in the backseat.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
I mean, I used to.

Panel Six:

She looks sullenly out the window.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

But that was a long time ago.

PAGE FIVE - SIX PANELS

Panel One:

MR AND MS MCCOY stand in the kitchen. She does dishes while he scans the fridge for a snack.

Panel Two:

From the window: Ms McCoy's eyes perk open.

MS MCCOY
(excited)
She's here!

Panel Three:

BIRD'S EYE of the house. Josie tips the cab driver as her parents rush out toward her.

Panel Four:

Ms McCoy wraps her daughter in a BIG HUG. Dad walks past for the "luggage."

Panel Five:

Living Room of the McCoy house. Josie and her mom sit on the couch. Her dad sits in an overstuffed chair.

JOSIE
(finishing up)
...and that was it. That's when I
said "I have to get out of here."

MS MCCOY
You don't have to explain it to me,
dear.

Panel Six:

Mr McCoy gets up from his chair, rolling his eyes.

PAGE SIX - SIX PANELS

Panel One:

Josie and her mom watch as Mr McCoy walks into the kitchen.

Panel Two:

Josie gets up to follow.

Panel Three:

Mr McCoy picks up the dishes his wife stopped doing earlier. Josie walks in from the side of the panel.

Panel Four:

She leans up against the wall. Her dad stays focused on his chore.

JOSIE

Not exactly the warm welcome I was expecting.

Panel Five:

Mr McCoy pauses. Looks down.

MR MCCOY

Josie, I--

Panel Six:

He turns to face his daughter.

MR MCCOY (CONT'D)

I love you. And I'm happy to see you. It's just--was this really the smartest thing to do?

PAGE SEVEN - SIX PANELS

Panel One:

Josie, arms crossed over her chest, forces a smile.

JOSIE

I think so, yes.

Panel Two:

Mr McCoy realizes they're off on the wrong foot.

MR MCCOY

Look. You're your own person,
you're an adult, and you shouldn't
live your life for anyone except
yourself but--

Panel Three:

The man's shoulders slump.

MR MCCOY (CONT'D)

--you worked so hard for your dream.
The money, the record deal--

JOSIE

Recording contract. Nobody makes
records anymore--

Panel Four:

Mr McCoy ignores the remark.

MR MCCOY

And now you're just what? Walking
away?

Panel Five:

Josie's taken aback.

JOSIE

Is that really what you think? That
I'm just flaking out?

Panel Six:

Mr McCoy, defeated.

MR MCCOY

No, I don't. I just don't
understand.

PAGE EIGHT - SIX PANELS

Panel One:

Josie's in her father's face now.

JOSIE

You don't know what it was like.
The hassle, the pressure,
the--EVERYTHING.

Panel Two:

Josie paces the kitchen floor, gesturing wildly.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

I had nothing. No friends. No
integrity. No safety.

MR MCCOY

Safety?

Panel Three:

Ms McCoy listens to the two squabble from her place on the couch. She knew they would butt heads; she just didn't know it would be so soon.

JOSIE

(from the kitchen)

I wasn't even myself anymore. The
hair, the makeup, the constant
touring, dealing with all the
weirdos on social media--

SFX (from Josie's phone): Musical Notes - Her Ringtone.

Panel Four:

Josie's mom looks down at her daughter's phone, curiously, as her two loved ones continue to argue.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

I was done, Dad. I had had enough.

SFX (from Josie's phone): Musical Notes - Her Ringtone.

Panel Five:

Back in the kitchen: Mr McCoy approaches his daughter, gently.

MR MCCOY
I'm sorry. You're right. I just
worry. You're my little girl.

Panel Six:

The two HUG. Warm. Loving.

JOSIE
I know, Daddy.

PAGE NINE - SIX PANELS

Panel One:

The two separate. They feel better. Together.

MR MCCOY
Anyway. Enough drama. What are
your plans while you're in town?

Panel Two:

Josie, thinking.

JOSIE
Well...

Panel Three:

Josie saunters over to the kitchen table.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
Take it easy. Regroup, recupe. Not
think about much.

Panel Four:

She flops into a chair, in an exaggerated "ain't I
relaxed?" pose. We see her parents' keys splayed across
the kitchen table.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
Just be me. See where life goes
from here.

Panel Five:

She gives her father a devilish look.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
Of course...

Panel Six:

She pulls up the keys, a big grin on her face.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
I wouldn't say no to dinner out with
my folks.

PAGE TEN - SIX PANELS

Panel One:

Big shot of THE CHOK'LIT SHOPPE. We see silhouettes of the McCoy clan gathered in a booth.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
(through the window)
Oh. My. GOD.

Panel Two:

Her cheeks packed full, Josie can barely contain her joy. A wide array of greasy food covers the table. Josie clutches a cheeseburger in her mitts.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
They so do not have food like this
in LA.

Panel Three:

Her parents look at her, eyes wide.

MS MCCOY
(to her husband)
But they do have food, don't they?

Panel Four:

Josie reaches across the table to steal a fry off her dad's plate. Her phone rings from the seat next to her.

JOSIE
I have missed this SO MUCH.

SFX (from Josie's phone): Musical Notes - Her Ringtone.

Panel Five:

Pop Tate delivers a chocolate malt to the table. Josie reads her phone: Cabot Harrington.

Panel Six:

She grabs the malt as she presses the "Ignore" button.

PAGE ELEVEN - SIX PANELS

Panel One:

Ms McCoy notices her daughter putting down her phone.

MS MCCOY
That a friend calling you?

Panel Two:

Josie is almost halfway done with her malt already.

JOSIE
Most certainly not.

Panel Three:

Her dad raises an eyebrow.

MR MCCOY
A boyfriend?

Panel Four:

Josie fights back spraying her parents with chocolate malt.

JOSIE
(firmly)
NO.

Panel Five:

The girl runs a French fry through a pool of ketchup.

MS MCCOY
Someone from the music world?

Panel Six:

Josie picks up the ketchup-logged fry and stares at it.

JOSIE
Oh, y'know, just the guy who signs
my checks.

PAGE TWELVE - SIX PANELS

Panel One:

Cabot Harrington's office. ALEXA HARRINGTON, Cabot's
brother, fiddles with a tablet.

ALEXA
Still not answering?

Panel Two:

A phone goes flying past Alexa's face.

Panel Three:

Cabot leans against his magnificent desk, visibly unhappy.

CABOT
I'm so sick of dealing with rock
stars.

Panel Four:

Alexa, eyes still buried in her tablet, can't fight making
a comment.

ALEXA
Don't you mean divas?

Panel Five:

Cabot grabs the tablet from his sister's hands.

CABOT
Jealous much?

Panel Six:

Alexa feigns offense.

ALEXA
Ha! Of what exactly?

PAGE THIRTEEN - SIX PANELS

Panel One:

Cabot punches something into the table.

CABOT
Her talent? Charisma? Sales?

Panel Two:

Cabot raises an eyebrow. He knows how to push his sister's buttons.

CABOT (CONT'D)
Her fame?

Panel Three:

Alexa glares at her brother. If looks could kill, Cabot would be a dead man twice over.

CABOT (CONT'D)
Josie's a real find. And she's on the verge of greatness.

Panel Four:

Cabot sets down the tablet. He's pulled up a contract. Josie's contract.

CABOT (CONT'D)
Or at least three platinums and a best of compilation.

Panel Five:

Alexa knows how to push her brother's buttons too.

ALEXA

If she's so precious, why'd you let
her go?

Panel Six:

Cabot tries hard not to take the bait.

CABOT

I didn't let her go, Alexa.

PAGE FOURTEEN - SIX PANELS

Panel One:

Josie sits in her room--a perfect shrine to her former teen self--and stares at her guitar, which is propped up on a stand.

CABOT (CONT'D)

(textbox)

The question is: Why did she leave?

Panel Two:

Josie slides off the edge of her bed, closer to her guitar.

Panel Three:

She sits cross-legged in front of it. Close enough to strum.

Panel Four:

A single finger outstretched, inches from the strings. Her mom enters the room.

MS MCCOY

Can we talk?

Panel Five:

The guitar falls over and Josie leans hard to catch it.

Panel Six:

Josie straightens the guitar, makes sure it's secure.

JOSIE
Still don't knock, I see.

MS MCCOY
Knock? In my own home? Ha!

PAGE FIFTEEN - SIX PANELS

Panel One:

Josie and her mother sit on the bed facing each other. The girl clutches a pillow to her chest.

MS MCCOY (CONT'D)
So. Are we going to talk about it?

Panel Two:

Josie, unsure.

JOSIE
Coming back home? We already talked about it.

Panel Three:

Yeah, her mom's not buying that.

MS MCCOY
You talked. Sure. About pressure and artistic integrity and blah blah blah. But I'm your mother, dear.

Panel Four:

She puts her hand over her daughter's.

MS MCCOY (CONT'D)
I see that there's something else going on.

Panel Five:

Josie looks down at the hand. She's not sure she can hold in the truth any longer.

MS MCCOY (CONT'D)
I see that you're unhappy. In a
deep down in your bones way.

Panel Six:

Josie bites her lip, trying to keep it together.

MS MCCOY (CONT'D)
Josie, what's going on?

PAGE SIXTEEN - SIX PANELS

Panel One:

Josie wipes away a single tear.

JOSIE
I made some mistakes, Mom.

Panel Two:

Josie looks up, trying to stop anymore tears.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
I made decisions. Some really hard
decisions. And I hurt people.
People I loved.

Panel Three:

Looking down at her pillow.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
Before I left, I mean.

Panel Four:

Josie and her mother look at each other. Her, begging for
guidance. Her mother, searching for the words.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
I walked away from my best friends.

Panel Five:

Josie's head sinks into her hands.

Panel Six:

Her mother puts a hand on her shoulder.

MS MCCOY

Well. What are you going to do
about it?

PAGE SEVENTEEN - FIVE PANELS

Panel One:

Josie walks the streets of downtown Riverdale toward a club. The bright neon sign labels it "Red Rover".

JOSIE

(textbox)

I'm going to go talk to some people.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

(textbox)

I'm going to see if I can make
things right.

Panel Two:

She opens the door to the Red Rover. Beyond, we see a small bar with a stage in the back.

Panel Three:

She saunters to the bar, putting a hand on the warm familiar wood.

Panel Four:

Josie takes a seat as she looks around at the same old cheap decor.

Panel Five:

A thin man with sleeves of tattoos walks up behind her. The owner, DANIEL KNEVITT (36). Josie about jumps out of her chair at the words.

DANNY

Hey there, Sunshine.

PAGE EIGHTEEN - FIVE PANELS

Panel One:

Josie turns around to face him. A giant toothy smile takes up her whole face.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Knew you couldn't stay away forever.

Panel Two:

They hug. A big warm brother/sister hug.

JOSIE
Hi, Danny.

Panel Three:

Danny rounds the bar, tossing his towel over his shoulder.

DANNY
Cranberry juice?

Panel Four:

Josie, impressed.

JOSIE
You remember?

Panel Five:

The bartender reaches for a glass under the counter.

DANNY
Twelve years behind the bar and I
never forget a drink.

Panel Six:

He slides a tall glass of cranberry juice to her.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Here you go, kid.

PAGE NINETEEN - SIX PANELS

Panel One:

Danny wipes down the bar, more out of habit than need.

DANNY (CONT'D)

But I have a feeling it's not me
you're here to see.

Panel Two:

Josie sips her drink, sheepishly.

JOSIE

They around?

Panel Three:

The bartender gestures toward the back.

DANNY

In the back. Usual spot.

Panel Four:

Josie slides off the barstool, carefully.

Panel Five:

She walks down a thin hallway toward an old door. The faded stenciling on it says "Practice Space".

Panel Six:

Josie opens the door.

JOSIE

Hello?

PAGE TWENTY - ONE PANEL

Panel One (Full Page):

The backroom of the Red Rover. The practice space and unofficial headquarters of the top-rocking band in Riverdale--as declared by the banner hanging on the back wall--The Pussycats.

VALERIE BROWN (23) - multi-instrumentalist with a focus on bass guitar. The tall and beautiful lead singer.

PEPPER ROWLANDS (25) - the pale raven-haired heartbreaker on lead guitar.

MELODY VALENTINE (21) - the spunky drummer with the platinum-blonde hair and huge blue eyes.

And every one of them is standing, moments before practicing for their next gig, staring at the woman in their door. The woman who was a founding member of the Pussycats. Their former guitarist and lead singer. Their former friend. Josie McCoy.

VALERIE

(not happy)

Well, well, well. Look what the cat dragged in.