

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

A scrappy little space, decked out with battered drums, duct-taped guitars, and indifferent soundproofing.

The occupants are a young punk band - lanky MAX on drums, intense fireplug CARLA on bass, spike-haired bruised-looking AIMEE on guitar and vocals - and their sixtyish manager GARY.

GARY

Listen, you'll be fine. Kicking her out was the right decision.

MAX

I dunno, she was looking pretty rough last time I saw her. Taking a whole pharmacy at once, y'know?

GARY

I rest my case. You kids warm up and I'll get the engineer.

He turns to leave but the door locks with a THUNK.

He rattles the knob. No luck.

GARY (CONT'D)

Piece-of-shit door must be on a timer. Have to wait until that asshole gets back from his break.

Gary turns back to them and coughs, his face reddening.

He grabs his throat, and then LEVITATES OFF THE FLOOR. The band watches in horror.

Gary kicks and thrashes until his neck CRACKS and his head TEARS OFF. He drops, a puppet with his strings cut.

CARLA

(Shrill)

Fuck fuck fuck. Oh FUCK.

MAX

I would like to leave now, please.

AIMEE

Hey Jennifer, is that you?

Something uses Gary's blood to scrawl: DIE U CUNTS

AIMEE (CONT'D)

Lick my bloody tampons, you cancerous hag!