

COLEY CODIE: THAT GUY WITH THE FUCKING ACOUSTIC GUITAR
(By Chris Rogers)

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

RANDAL, SUSAN and BETH sit around, DRINKS in hand. It's not really a party, more like a laid back gathering.

RANDAL
Workin' for the weekend! And it's finally here.

SUSAN
Ugh, tell me about it. If it'd make Monday through Friday just - POOF! - cease to exist, I'd totally contract H.P.V.

BETH
I'll drink to that!

RANDAL
Goodbye dental dams!

As they LAUGH and clink their glasses, COLEY enters through an open WINDOW. He wears a PEACOCK and has an ACOUSTIC GUITAR slung over his shoulder.

RANDAL (CONT'D)
Coley... You actually came...

COLEY
Su casa es mi casa.

RANDAL
...and you brought your guitar...

CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE: AN IMAGE OF A STAR FIELD

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Near the dawn of the twenty-first century, in a State University dormitory high above the campus quad, a fresh-faced young man entered a safe space of free thinking and limitless bong rips... And once -- this ONE single time -- a young co-ed enjoyed his acoustic guitar rendition of *Wonderwall*. It was so rad.

AN IMAGE OF AN ACOUSTIC GUITAR

ANNOUNCER

Seven short years later, he emerged, forever changed. Now, he wanders our world, known by all as COLEY CODIE: THAT GUY WITH THE FUCKING ACOUSTIC GUITAR.

BACK TO SCENE.

RANDAL

(sighs)

Coley Codie. That guy with the fucking acoustic guitar...

COLEY

Not to worry hombrettes and hombre, Tonight, these six strings will NOT be tickled.

RANDAL

Fantastic!

COLEY

You know I'm just wayyyy too shy.

Coley pulls a fancy CASE from his pocket. Opens it, removes a shiny GUITAR PICK.

COLEY (CONT'D)

Beg and plead all you want but the showboatin' meter's locked at zero outta ten.

SUSAN

Um, Okay?

BETH

Coley, can I get you a drink?

COLEY

Sure. I'll take a glass of...

Coley strums the guitar.

COLEY (CONT'D)

(sings UB40's "Red Red Wine")

RED RED WIIINNNEEE! RED RED WINE
YOU MAKE ME FEEL SO FINE -

SUSAN

Coley. Thin walls. Neighbors and all that...

COLEY

Cool. It's cool. Guess the muse just fluttered her wings a bit.

BETH

So! Think we'll finally get that rain next week?

RANDAL

Lord knows we need it!

COLEY

Well... if we are blessed with a downpour....

He strums the guitar.

COLEY (CONT'D)

(sings Rihanna's
"Umbrella")

YOU CAN STAND UNDER MY UM-BA-RELLA!
ELLA ELLA EH EH EH ELLA ELLA EH EH
EH EH-

A loud KNOCK on the door. GERALD (mid-60's) enters.

GERALD

Come on guys, it's quarter past nine o'clock in the P.M.! Me and the misses got a big morning tomorrow -- wrapping gifts down at the Pornographer Guild's toy drive.

SUSAN

Sorry, Gerald. Coley's just wrapping up his little serenade. Right?

COLEY

Your wish is my command.

GERALD

Hey! Nice guitar!

Coley's pick hovers above the strings, ready to unleash...

RANDAL

You won't hear ANOTHER. PEEP.

GERALD

Thanks!

Gerald exits.

BETH

I'm wondering, Coley, how do you know Randal?

Randal takes a long pull from his bottle of BEER.

COLEY

Well, he kinda sorta hung out with my sister a little in college...

Randal's jaw clenches. He bites the neck off the bottle. Spits it to the floor.

RANDAL

We were *ENGAGED!*

COLEY

Really? Heard you was just fuckin'.

SUSAN

Randal! Why am I just now hearing about your *FIANCE?!?*

RANDAL

It was a long time ago!
(sheepishly)
So... How's Nicole doing?

COLEY

Well... Like, it's weird... a couple years ago... she died.

SUSAN

Oh no!

BETH

Was she sick?

COLEY

(somberly)
Yeah...
(inappropriately upbeat)
BUT NOT AS SICK AS THIS!

Coley busts out the opening lick to Guns N Roses's "*Sweet Child O Mine.*"

RANDAL

(choking back tears)
I still *LOVED* her!

Randal grabs the guitar. Slams it to the ground. Smashes it to pieces.

Shocked silence.

COLEY

All guitars go to heaven, but not
to worry...

Coley pulls a UKULELE from under his coat.

COLEY (CONT'D)

(plays Wonderwall)

*AFTER ALLLL, YOU'RE MY
WONDERWALLL...*

CUT TO BLACK.