

QUACK

Claire Griffin

3 EXT. RIVER-LEVEL WALKING PATH BUSK SPOT - DAYTIME**3**

We see Billie descend the gloomy staircase, find a spot to set up, and unpack her gear.

CUT TO:

Wide of Billie and keyboard set up against a blank stone wall along the river underpass (literally "lower than low"). Despite the slightly bleak backdrop, Billie is trying to stay positive. One or two passerby cross the frame out of focus, giving Billie no heed. The tip jar sits empty in front.

BILLIE
 (clearing throat, project to
 'crowd')
 Um...hi, I'm Billie, I'll be
 playing here all day... you can
 find my artist details here...

We see the nearly empty pathway facing her. A few ducks swim by, the only source of life/movement in frame. Maybe there's one person sitting by the water who quickly gets up to leave.

BILLIE (CONT'D)
 (to self)
 Ok... it's early in the day, that's
 all...(starts to play)

Insert a sequence to represent passage of time: either a MONTAGE between Billie, the ducks, the jar, etc; or a close up of the tip jar with a changing shadow; cycle sounds of Billie switching between different songs. During the brief clip with Piano Man playing in the background, we see one measly coin get thrown in her bucket.

END SEQUENCE showing the tip jar with a single coin in it. Billie's putters around her setup, gathering up equipment to go on break. She crosses over to the jar and, giving a big sigh, picks it up.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. RIVER EDGE - LATE AFTERNOON**4**

Billie is sitting on ground at river's edge, all her equipment packed up except for the keyboard and tip jar. The one coin previously in the jar is gone, spent on the large baguette in Billie's hands.

Between large bites, Billie tosses some bits to the swimming ducks.

DUCK
Quack quack!

Despite her dejection, the birds bring a smile to her face. Thinking for a moment, she rifles in her bag to pull out a microphone and cord, which she attaches to her keyboard. She presses a few buttons and holds the mic towards the duck.

DUCK (CONT'D)
Quack?

BILLIE
Ah, perfect pitch. A star in the making.

She clicks a few buttons on the keyboard and positions herself to play, smiling.

BILLIE
And now, for my #1 fans, an original song written in your native language.

She presses down a few keys with flair, and we hear the piano set has been replaced with a keyboard of goofy duck noises, now playing in harmony. The ducks quack back - she laughs.

Out of nowhere, we see a surge of coins get dropped into the tip jar next to her. Billie looks at the jar, incredulous.

Slowly, with suspicion/confusion, she turns back to the ducks, still side-eyeing the jar.

She taps another few keys, making a little song of the quacks. "QUACK QUACK QUACK QUACK QUACK."

TINK TINK! More coins fall into the jar.

Billie again looks at the jar in shock. A smile slowly creeps on her face as an idea starts to form.

Pan back over to tip jar.

CROSSFADE TO

5 EXT RIVER-LEVEL WALKING PATH BUSK SPOT - DUSK

5

We've stayed on a CU of the tip jar; only now, it's heavy with coins (and maybe has a little duck sticky note pressed to it).

BILLIE (O.S.)
(projecting as if to a crowd)
Ok, we're gonna take it from the
top. Vocals courtesy of my friends
over here!

DUCKS (distant O.S.)
Quack quack

CROWD NOISES (O.S.)
Move! I can't see! You move... ah,
soooo cute! So creative!

BILLIE (O.S.)
(still projecting)
Aren't they great? Thanks so much
for all your support!

BILLIE (O.S.)
(quieter/aside)
Timothy, you're a little pitchy
today I'm gonna need you to pull it
together.

DUCK
Quack...

More coins are thrown into the jar.

CUT TO BLACK

DUCK JAM BLASTS AS CREDITS PLAY

FIN