

PROVERB: LUCK IS AGAINST THE ONE WHO DEPENDS ON IT.

CONTINUITY SLIDES:

We are introduced to the two lovers, Stasja Shevchenko, distant descendant of the most famous person in Ukraine, the man she and her friends refer to as "Uncle Taras," and Natasha Shapko, a talented upright bassist with a rather shady past. They're two-thirds of the up and coming rockabilly (actually, more psychobilly) band, "That Certain Female."

They're at a popular café, talking about what bands always talk about--no gigs, no press, no money. Then the third member of the band, Nina Evanko, comes with news that may change their financial fortunes for the better.

But fortune has a way of helping some at the expense of others. Stasja and her pals are about to throw the dice to either make or break their fame and fortune by going on a game show, expecting the exposure to lead to recognition. What they don't know is that, for at least one of the band, recognition is the last thing on earth she needs. Stasja may clearly be the moving force behind That Certain Female, but she is about to learn a painful lesson all leaders must learn, one the proverb-loving Ukrainians sum up in the saying: luck is against the one who depends on it.

SCENE 1

*CAFÉ UKRABILLY BANG BANG*

FADE IN

Scene opens in diner, lights focus on café table for two.

STASJA: Did you ever hear from the Docker Pub? Did we get into the "Ukrabilly Bang" lineup?

NATASHA: Not yet, have you called Nina?

STASJA: No. I'll call her in a bit. Knowing her she has called the Docker Pub six times today begging to get in. That girl is jonesing for fame.

NATASHA: No shit.

STASJA: I love our band, but I do it for the money. I have bills to pay!

NATASHA: Really, Stasja Shevchenko? The Ukrainian legacy of Great Uncle Taras...you, need money? Can't you ask your father?

Speaking of hiM...when am I ever going to get to meet the Rabbi?

STASJA: Probably never.

NATASHA: Why?

STASJA: Well, it's just me and my father and we haven't spoken in five years.

NATASHA: What did he do?!

STASJA: Nothing. According to him it is what I did.

*Stasja reaches out and holds Natasha's hand across the table.*

NATASHA: It is 2011, you are not the only lesbian...

-CELL PHONE RINGS-

STASJA: Hey Nina! Tell me something good. Something better than Dockers? I hope it is as good as you are making it sound...yeah we are at Dva Gushya...see you in a few.

NATASHA: What was that all about?

STASJA: You know Nina, she is up to something. She says that we are going to be famous.

*Girls roll their eyes and grumble.*

NATASHA: She probably got us another mention on Tomko's blog.

STASJA: For sure. That man is a creeper.

NATASHA: Leave him alone. Tomko admires your Great Uncle as well as the rest of the nation. You know, your uncle was the most influential Ukrainian artist ever. On top of that, Tomko gives us free publicity and is a huge supporter of our band. Plus you know he owns this place, shush.

STASJA: Pig roasts and fine historical Ukrainian art...quite the character that man is.

*Tomko approaches the table.*

TOMKO: You want refill?

Girls look past him to the door, Nina enters. Tomko continues to refill their water glasses.

NINA: Guess who's gonna be famous?!? OUR BAND "THAT CERTAIN FEMALE"!!!!

STASJA: Great: what slot did we get?

NINA: Slot?

STASJA: Yeah what slot in the "Ukrabilly Bang" festival?

NINA: No...GeoCash!

*Confused looks on Natasha and Stasja's faces.*

NINA: Only the biggest game show in Eastern Europe!

STASJA: Well, it has "cash" in it so I'm in.

*Tomko whips out his laptop onto their table and starts typing.*

TOMKO: So that's confirmation? Are you doing it?

NATASHA: Wait! Is this the show where they follow people finding hidden boxes in like remote places?

NINA: Yes. They picked my name out of the geocache log sheets I found last week.

NATASHA: I'm not doing it.

NINA: What? Why not?

NATASHA: I just don't want to.

NINA: Well, they need to know by today. Stasja, are you in?

STASJA: Well, we don't have any gigs for the next two months and we could use the publicity...and the cash.

*Stasja thinks for a minute*

There is cash, right?

NINA: Yes Grand Prize is 1 million Euros.

STASJA: Let's do it!

*Ladies get up and exit leaving Tomko alone at the table typing.*

TOMKO: (voice over) And so, it appears that the stars have aligned. Tomko's favorite band, That Certain Female, will appear on Tomko's favorite show, *Geocash!* Maybe if they win the grand prize, they can finally afford to go on a world tour! And I will join them along the way, selling the band t-shirts and stickers and making proud the heritage of the Shevchenko name! It will be the greatest television show since...(pauses, thinks)... Uncle Joey in the Full House. I just hope the TV studio is ready for these girls...