

Oak Street, 7:00 PM.

Everyone ready? The whole block is out there!

Born ready!
Let's shake
their windows!

TWIRL

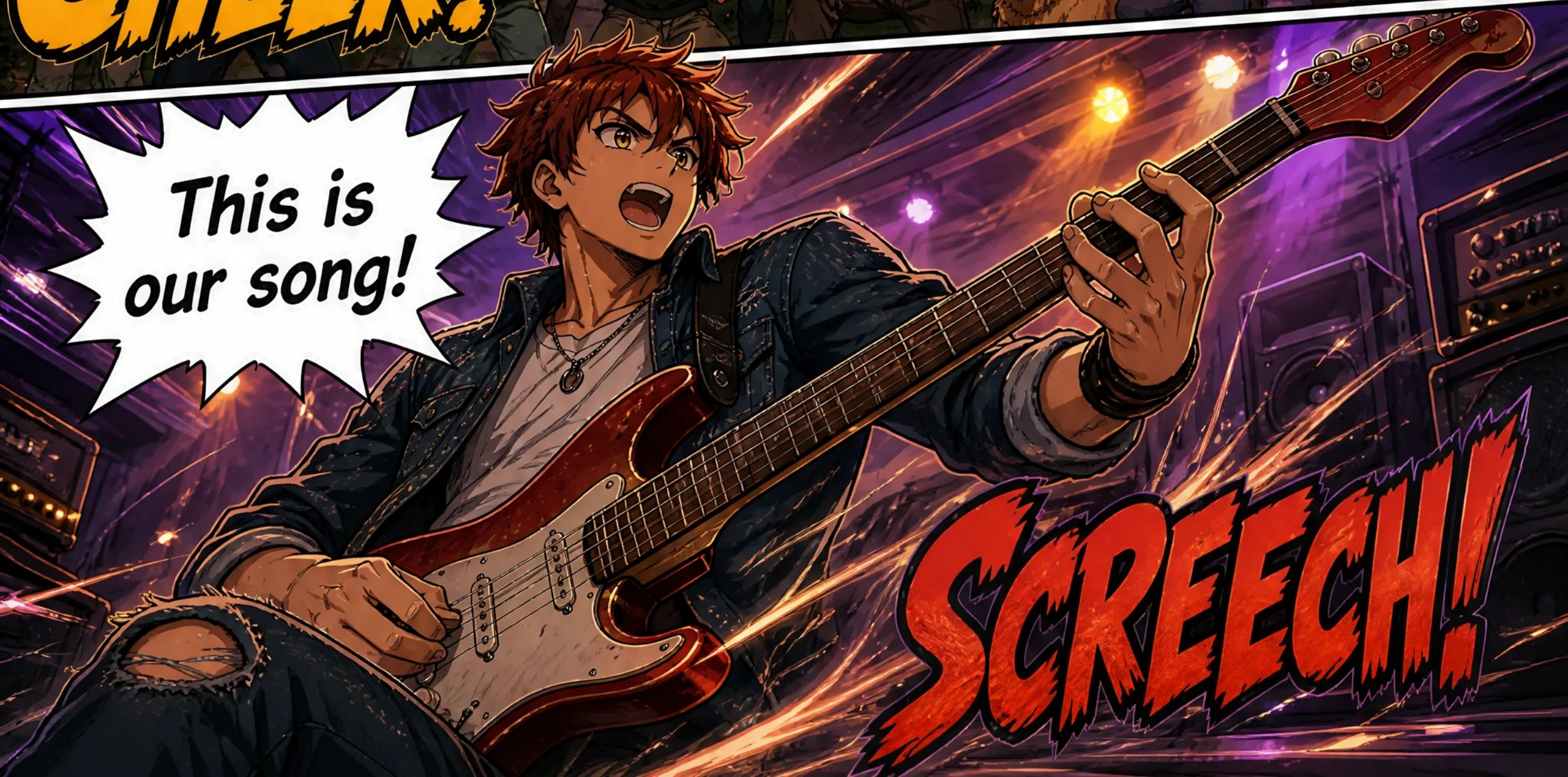
Levels are
peaking... try
not to blow
the fuse.

Just feel
the rhythm.
We've got
this.

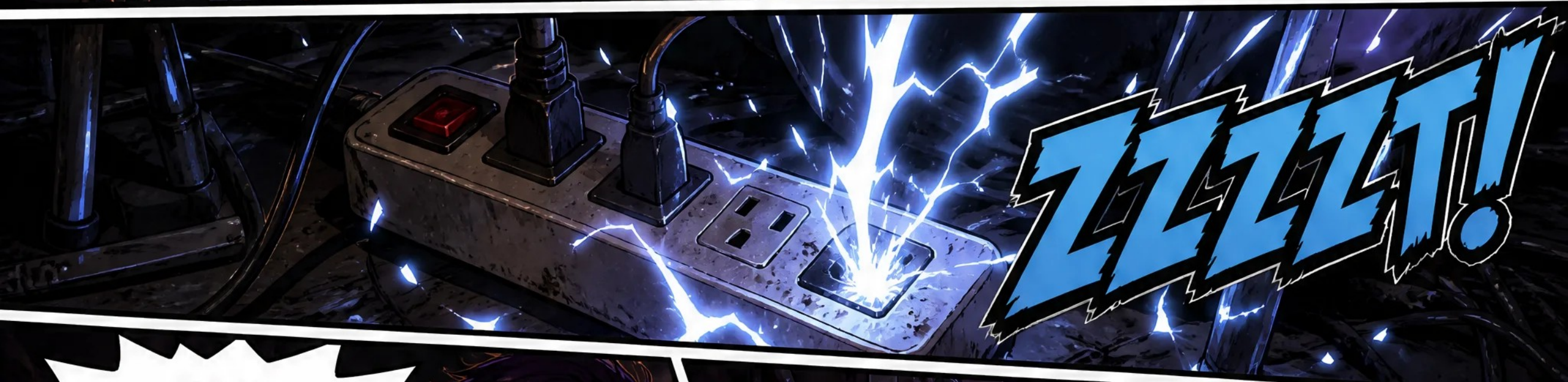
THUMM

Their very
first audience.

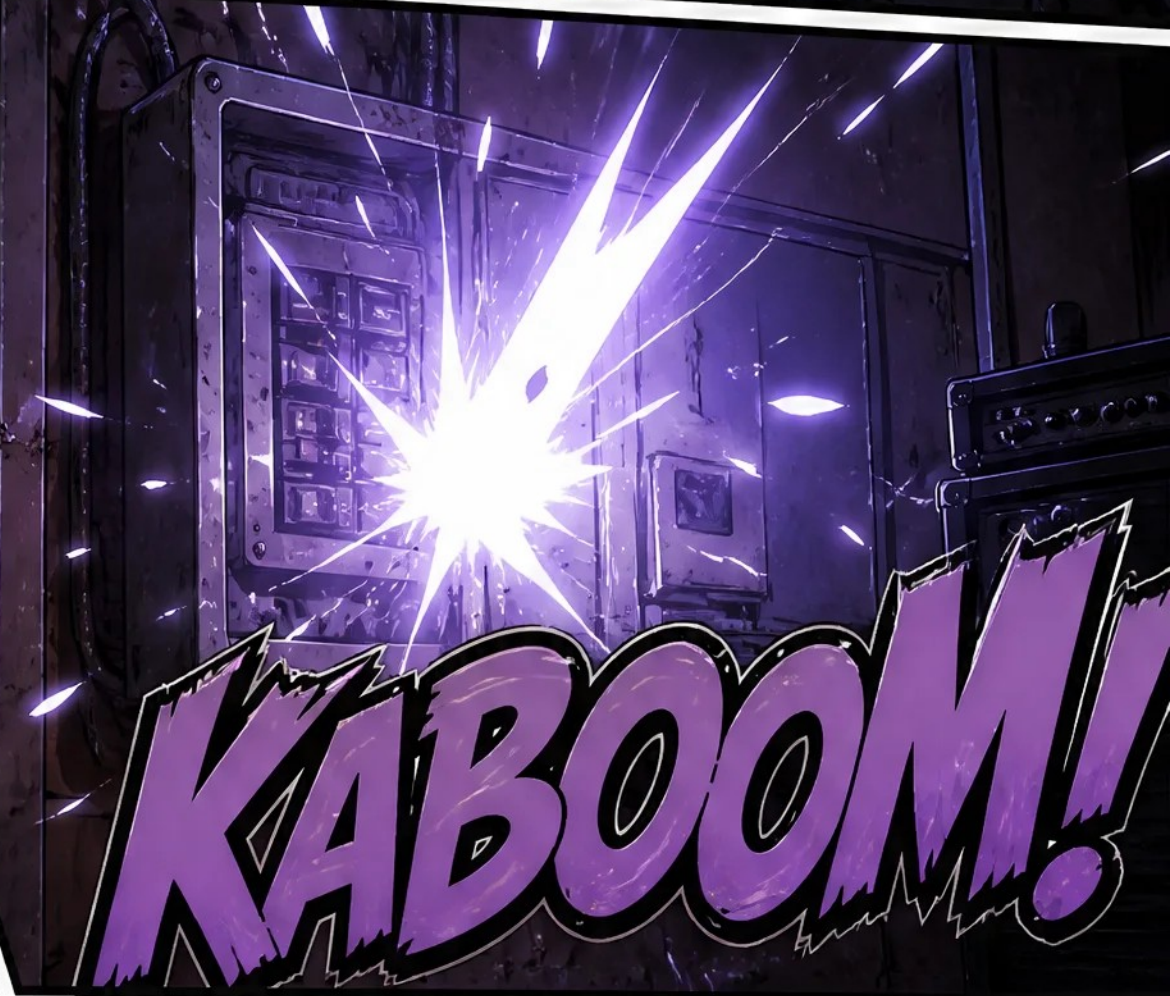
One, two,
three, **GO!**



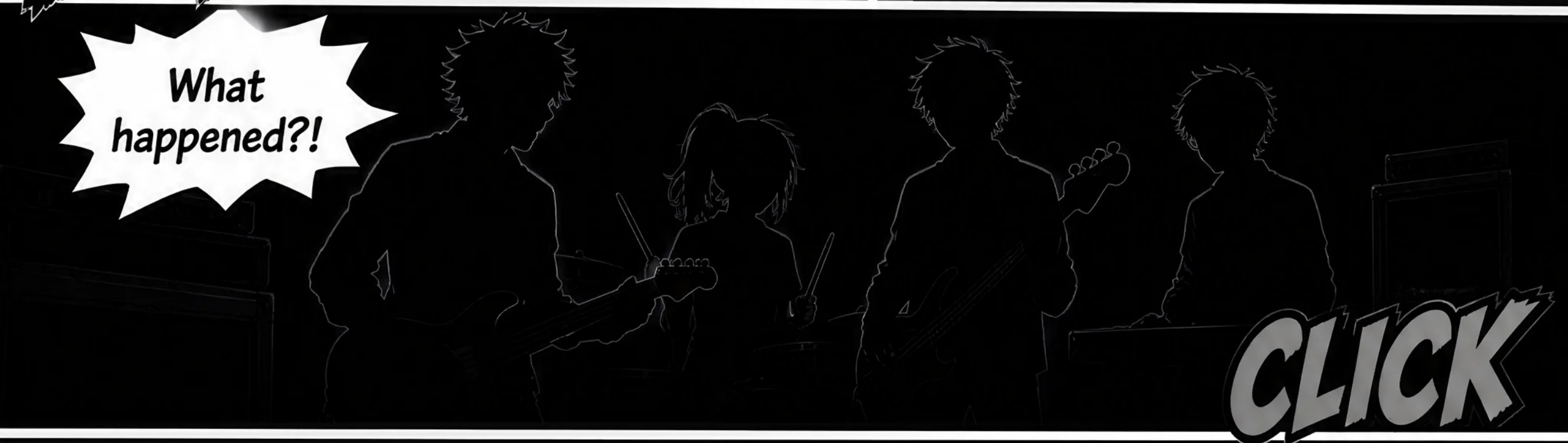
**We won't
back down—!**



**Wait,
the breaker—!**

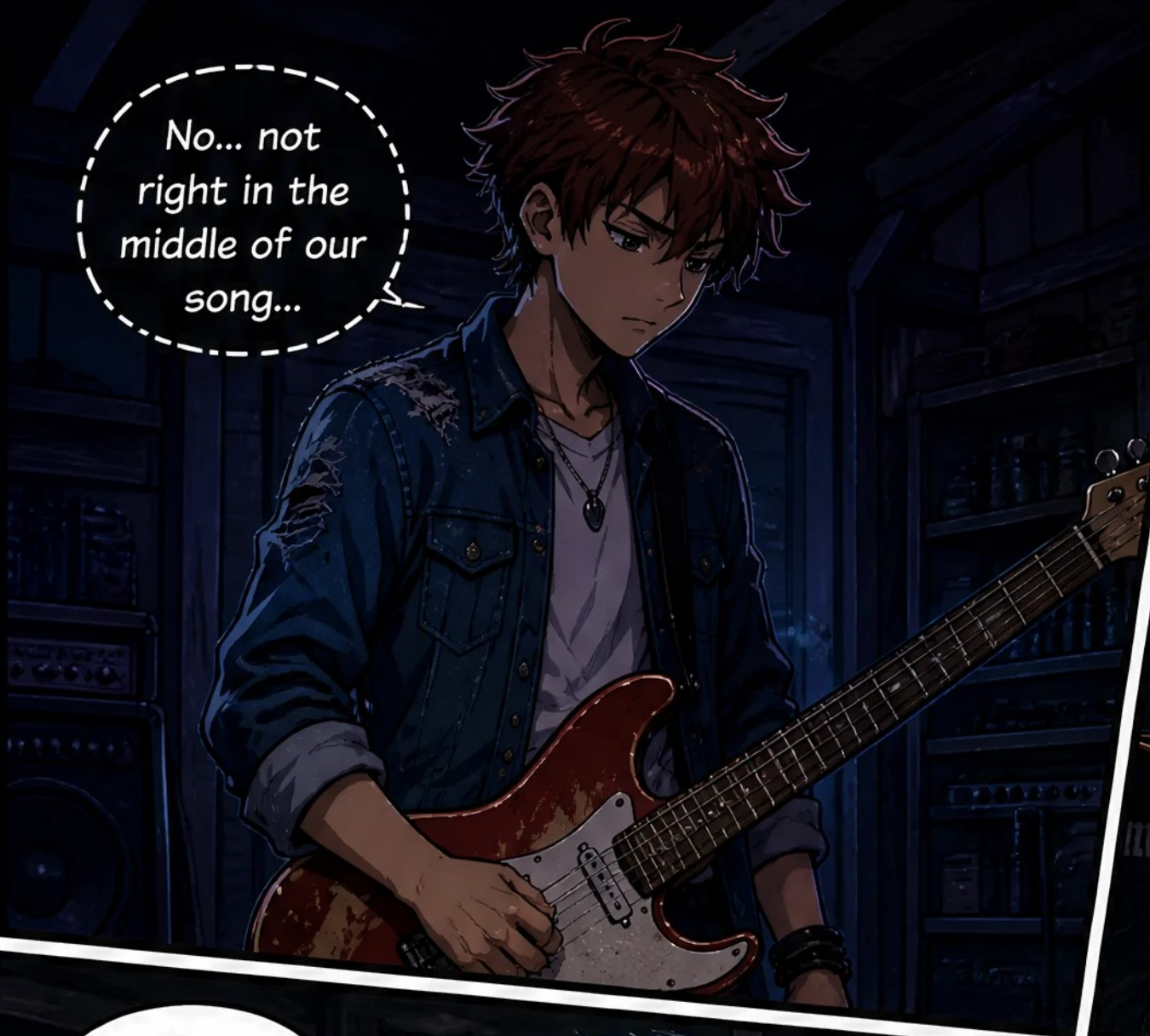


**What
happened?!**



Dead silence fell
across the entire block.





No... not
right in the
middle of our
song...

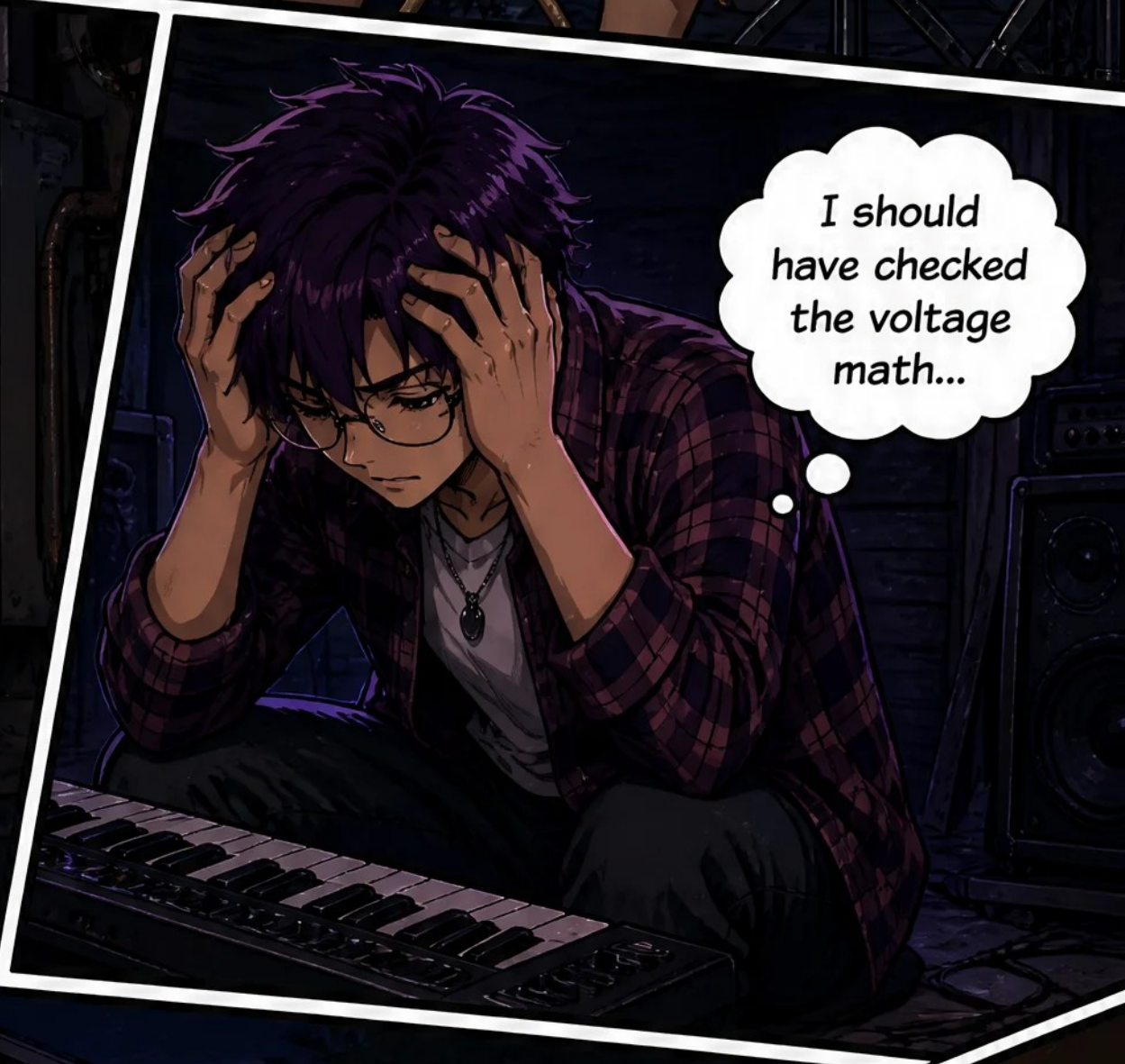


Our first
real gig...
totally
ruined.



The
transformer
on the pole
blew. It's
out.

CLACK



I should
have checked
the voltage
math...



I guess
that's it. Show's
over, everyone.

SNAP!





Mr.
Henderson...?



Then another
light clicked on.

CLICK

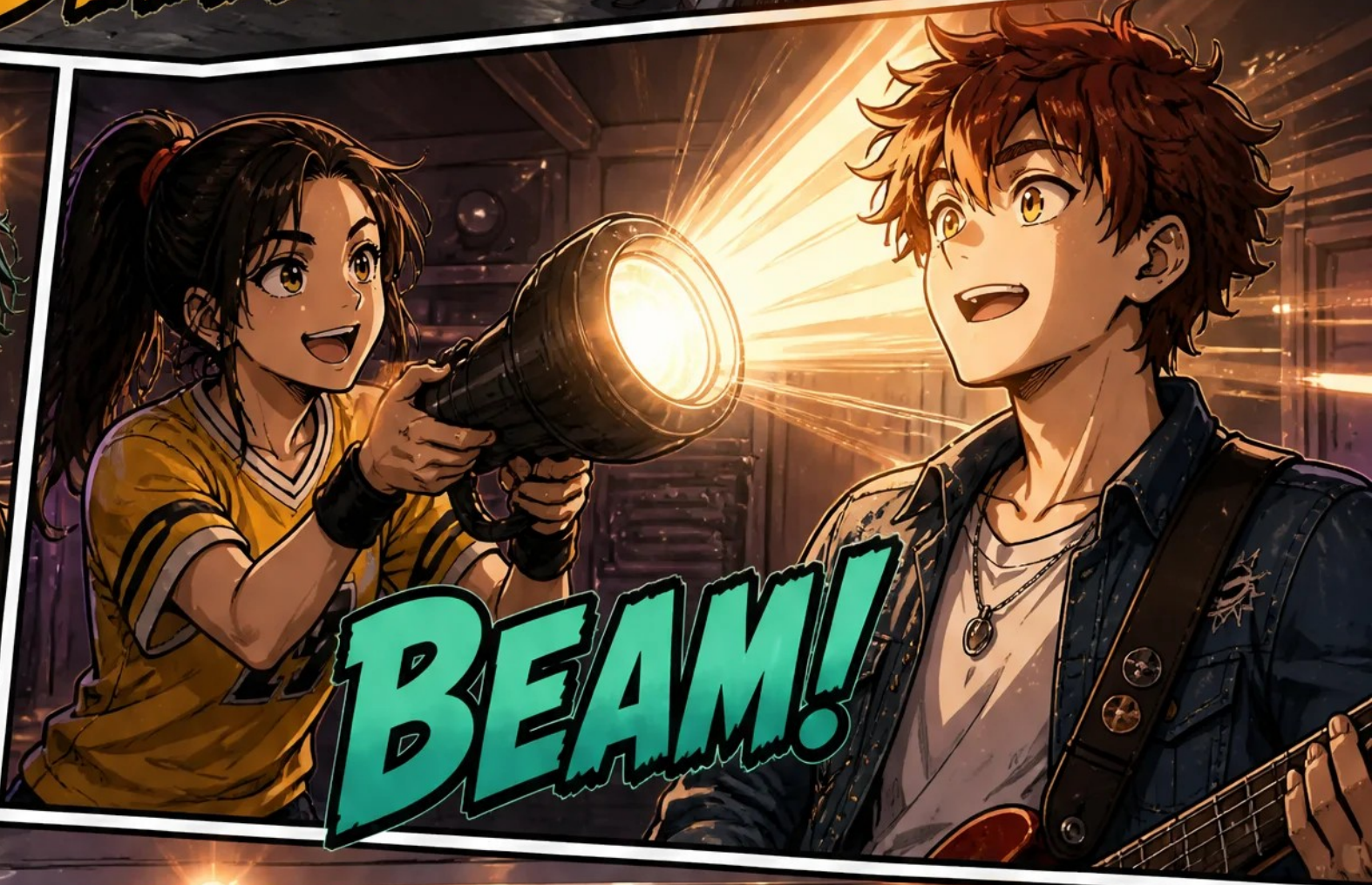


And another.
And another.

SHINE



Look at
them...



BEAM!



**Who said
the show
is over?!**

The darkest night
turned into the
brightest stage.



One! Two!
Pick up the
chorus!

CLACK!



Acoustic
groove!
Let's go!

SLAP!



Sing it,
Leo!

CLAP!



**WE
WON'T
BACK
DOWN!**



Every single voice joined in.

CHORUS!



Thank you,
Oak Street!

Their first gig
wasn't perfect—
it was unforgettable.

CHEER!