

ROADIES

Cameron Crowe
July 7, 2014

ROADIES

ON BLACK

The sound of agonized moaning. A man gasping for breath, for life...

FADE IN:

INT. CAR -- DRIVING -- DESERT -- SUNRISE

He's got long straw-colored hair. He's in the midst of a complete emotional breakdown, driving through the desert in this beater of an American car. He's a weathered 24, and looks ten years older. He is JEFFO. He's crying big, loud tears. In his rear-view mirror, the already searing summer heat of Beaumont, Texas.

EXT. HIGHWAY 49 -- STILL DARK MORNING

The darkened highway, lined by mountains, fills with the rumble of three large tour buses.

INT./EXT. BUS # 1 -- STILL DARK MORNING

MIKE drives one of the three crew buses for the great American group, The Staton-House Band.

(Welcome dear readers and fellow travelers... here is your dossier on the band you're currently on-tour with. The Staton-House Band has been together 18 years. The first three were slow-building. The last fifteen have been filled with hits, and ever-growing concert venues. Only recently has their rise slowed... just a bit. But fewer touring units have as faithful and loyal an audience as this band. Two main members front the five-man group -- Tom Staton, and Christopher House. Staton is the front-man and main songwriter, House is the guitarist and fellow-vocalist, and obsessive architect of their vibe and presentation. They tour often, with a loyal crew. And here's the catch. We will rarely meet the band, or even hear their music, in this story. Our story is about the colorful family behind the curtain. Driven by a love of music, and often each other, with restless and romantic souls, these are the unseen characters who matter as much as the band. Maybe more. They create the perfect atmosphere, set the table, and serve a glorious musical meal every night.

It's a tireless human circus built around the moment when the lights finally go down, band silhouettes take the stage, and thousands finally hear the words: "Ladies and Gentlemen...")

The tour buses conceal the band's name or logo, but the true fans know. The big vehicles are red-and-blue, the band's two colors of choice. And right now, Mike is on his way into New Orleans. In the darkness:

MIKE

Who would have thought? Bob Dylan.
He's amazing, he's like the
greatest fucking DJ in the world.
He did one hundred hours of this
stuff, each show has a Theme, and
it's --

KELLY ANN

Mid-twenties. A luminous and driven girl. A click too serious. She holds her morning cup of tea. It's in her favorite mug, a white mug with Lionel Ritchie's face on it, and the meme: "Is it Tea You're Looking For?" She also picks randomly at an inappropriate-for-morning plate of Doritos and bananas.

KELLY ANN

-- amazing?

MIKE

Amazing! He did a whole hour on
"Driving."

KELLY ANN

Betcha loved that one.

Mike does a great Bob Dylan imitation.

MIKE

"I once drove through the desert
with her at the wheel of a
Cadillac... I've never felt so
secure... here's Joni Mitchell with
'California'."

KELLY ANN

So you gonna miss me, Mike?

It's sunrise on Kelly-Ann's last day.

MIKE

Oh... right...

She's suddenly embarrassed she's revealed too much need for a goodbye.

KELLY ANN
You don't have to answer that!

MIKE
... today's your last day.

Kelly Ann exits quickly.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
... sure I will.

We start to hear The Equals' "Baby Come Back." It plays as we see the sun starting to peak over the hill and we INTERCUT between the three Staton-House Tour Buses.

INT. BUS # 2 -- MORNING

Hands struggle for another mug. This one reading: World's Greatest Dad. Coffee poured into it. And then a splash of Irish Whisky.

INT. BUS # 1 -- MORNING

MILO, 32, still dressed in the attire of an attempted all-nighter, complete with leather jacket and stovepipe jeans, falls out of his bunk. He's 32. American/Anglophile. Came from Elvis Costello's crew, and still carries a slight British cadence.

INT. BUS # 3 -- MORNING

Other hands flip through Tour Itinerary pages, past a crinkled bookmark -- a photo of a half-built "dreamhouse" -- landing on our current city -- New Orleans. *
*
*

INT. BUS # 1 -- MORNING

MEAUX, 52, the tour accountant, black, not a small man, is already up at the back table, working the phone:

MEAUX
I can get to the units by 12:40 --

DONNA MANCINI, 26, dark-haired with streaks of blue-and-red, with long sleep-shirt, steadies herself as she moves down the aisle. She squeezes past Kelly Ann, and reaches for her own coffee mug. The travel mugs live just below a row of hot sauce bottles collected from every possible city and country.

DONNA
Who fucking number-twoed in the
bathroom???

MILO
UGHHH -- not cool!!

MIKE
That's why I put the sign up.

ON THE BATHROOM DOOR SIGN

"No solids allowed."

Kelly Ann joins them...

MILO
(to Kelly Ann)
I can't believe you're giving this
up -- for fucking film school.

DONNA
You're going to film school?

KELLY ANN
I told you. I've got a half-
scholarship. *
*

Donna gets herself coffee.

DONNA
You told me you were leaving. I
thought the part about film school
was a joke.
(randomly, under her
breath)
New Orleans. Nobody brushes their
teeth in this city.

MILO
(forever seeking
conspiracy)
How come everybody got to see your
movie except me?

KELLY ANN
Ask Bill. I gave it to Bill.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS ARENA -- MORNING

Ramp up music, blasting from the back of the big load-in
trucks. The tour buses roll into the parking lot. The
pageantry of a sold-out rock show is beginning.

Marquee: STATON-HOUSE 7 PM w/Fleet Foxes.

TITLE: New Orleans.

INT. ARENA FLOOR -- MORNING

Kelly Ann holds the hands of the other crew members. They're in a big circle. It's their morning ritual. Camera moves past the faces of these committed music-lovers who live in each other's pockets... landing on the big man, PHIL ("Road Dawg"), the most famous of Road Managers, a man known by one-name from coast-to-coast and across the pond. We know his name is Phil because of his leather hat, each letter of his name is stitched and embroidered.

PHIL

Goddamnit it's good to be alive!
Especially here in this crazy
fucking city that refuses to die,
filled with history, and truth and
pity and ghosts and glory and more
history.

He takes out a piece of paper.

PHIL (CONT'D)

"I once saw Wilson Pickett play New Orleans. There was literally smoke coming offa him. After the show, somebody asked him what it was to play so hard and so tough that smoke literally rises from your skin. He said -- 'It's New Orleans. They don't settle for heat. They grew up with fire.'"

He stashes the piece of paper in his shirt.

PHIL (CONT'D)

We're in New Orleans, people. We don't settle for heat or fire...

With a whoop, they release hands.

EXT. ARENA PRODUCTION OFFICE -- MORNING

Meet Tour Manager BILL THOMPSON, taut and fit, with tattooed sleeves. Late 30's. He's an overworked, four-hour-a-night sleeper, with tired eyes. Bill perennially looks, in fact, like he's two good days of sleep away from being supremely handsome.

(He's five years sober, still heartbroken by a high-school sweetheart who divorced him after seven years. "Lifestyle differences.")

Production Manager SHERRI ANDERSON arrives. Thirties. She wears a holster filled with phones, like an all-format communication gunslinger. She's gangly, brainy, super-efficient, and hides a compelling body under leisure clothes and a pony tail. She moves in big steps, covering ground quickly. She's built for the road, and works amazingly well with men. It's the women she rarely trusts. She also has pins in her legs, and nobody knows exactly why. Don't bet against her in a street fight.

Sherri is the liaison between the band and the touring crew. She's forever mumbling into her headset, carrying on two conversations, one with you, and one with the assistants, wives or band members back at the hotel.

She and Bill work smoothly, and candidly with each other. They are always picking, working, improving, insulting and corroborating information with each other. Together they have an electrical current. We assume they're married. Often, so do they.

BILL

What are we doing for Kelly Ann's last day?

SHERRI

Kick her out the door?

BILL

Jesus you're dark today.

SHERRI

Well, she's a decent electrician-- but come on-- she's drawn to drama, she lacks the asset of invisibility. She eats food off other people's plates. Ugh.

BILL

Plus she criticized your shoes.

Sherri knows Bill always kind of liked Kelly Ann.

SHERRI

Plus she never sleeps, she's always awake. I don't trust people who can't sleep.

BILL
Well, everybody sleeps...
eventually.

SHERRI
She's probably expecting some
campfire hand holding goodbye...

Sherri mumbles a quick goodbye into her headset. Bill instinctively sees crisis in her eyes.

BILL
What --

SHERRI
Rox quit. We need somebody new to
nanny the Devil Child. *

BILL
Maybe ask Kelly Ann if she'll stay
a few more days--?

SHERRI
No way. She's leaving and I won't
miss her.

Shaking his head, Bill leaves. Spoofing the role of adoring husband: *

BILL
"I love you honey." *

SHERRI
"You too, darling." *

As she follows him out, she yanks out one of her beeping phones and looks at Caller ID. *

SHERRI (CONT'D)
Oh shit, Preston's calling me.

Bill looks immediately, privately, worried to hear this.

BILL
He is?

SHERRI
That's weird. It's too early for
management to be calling --

Bill carefully watches her on the phone, as another crew member walks by in a Turkey Hat.

SHERRI (CONT'D)
 (to crew member)
 Don't look at me, you fucked up!

(We'll find out later what the Turkey Hat means.)

INT. ARENA HALLWAYS -- MORNING

Bill is still distracted by that phone call from management, as he performs his ritual "Walk Through" of a new arena. This is where the non-touring party, the locals, learn the nuances of the band performing. Bill tapes a diagram of the "passes" and their meaning on the hallway wall. A Runner follows, taping Arrow signs on the hallway walls. Accompanying them both is a silent, large Hawaiian man with arms busting out of a black t-shirt. He is band security man PUNA.

BILL
 This is Puna, he's band security.
 If he comes to you with an issue,
 you listen. He's actually
 clairvoyant about problems. He'll
 spot them before they happen.

Puna nods slightly. He wears his power casually, but unmistakably, his eyes taking in every aspect of the areas where the band will walk.

BILL (CONT'D)
 These are the band rooms -- only
 green passes in this hallway --
 nobody allowed in band rooms. Is
 this door the best pathway from the
 stage to the dressing rooms -- ?

LOCAL CREW # 1
 -- that stairway, yes. That's the
 one Katy Perry used.

BILL
 By the way, Rick, our bassist has
 girlfriends. In every city. They
 are all to be given Blue Passes.
 They go to the Blue Room...

Bill directs the Runner to paste an Arrow on the wall.

Across the way, Sherri is still on the phone with Management, and this troubles Bill.

Milo (one of the guitar techs) passes Sherri, and arrives at Bill. Slightly paranoid:

MILO

What are we doing for Kelly Ann?
Are we actively not doing anything?
Just tell me so I know.

BILL

(still distracted)
There's no plan, Milo. There's not
even a plan about not having a
plan.

MILO

Why is Sherri talking with
Management this early -- ?

Bill shakes his head. Troubled. Trying to lip-read Sherri's
dialogue, he's getting more and more worried.

MILO (CONT'D)

-- weird day. Very weird day
already. I don't trust New
Orleans.

Bill continues, as the locals hustle to keep up with Bill's
"Walking Tour."

BILL

This is Tom Staton's room.

They draw a little closer.

BILL (CONT'D)

Yes -- he is a "Man of the People."
But if you see him, don't stop him.
Don't tell him about how you saw
him play a festival in Miami in
2009, or how your brother got
married to his music, don't ask for
selfies. He's thinking about the
17,000 people on the other side of
the curtain. If you need something
signed, I can get it done after the
show.

They nod resolutely, and respectfully, as if Tom is standing
in the room. Two roadies push carts past them.

ROADIE # 1

Coming through!

BILL

One other thing, and this is
important...

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

there is one thing my lead singer
can't deal with, in any form. We
do not tolerate --

Sherri takes Bill aside, and hijacks the "Walk Through" with
private urgency.

SHERRI

You're going to want to hear this.

We hear music, Duke Spirit's "Don't Wait," the tinny sound
bleeding out of Kelly Ann's headphones as...

INT. ARENA -- MORNING

Kelly Ann skateboards down another hallway, a roll of multi-
colored gaffer's tape swinging at her side, expertly banking
onto the audience floor, past Milo, who follows her with a
yearning gaze. She turns a corner. Her music goes full
stereo. Kelly Ann smoothly banks to the rigging station,
hops off the board and stashes it at the bottom of the tower.
She too has a holster, this one festooned with strange and
exotic tools. With the ease of a master rock climber, she
hikes up the tower to rig lighting at the top of the stage
towers. It's a ritual nobody gets tired of watching... as
she shuts off her music, and straps on a headset.

Immediately there's a beep, and she answers on headset.

KELLY ANN

Go for Kelly Ann --

INTERCUT:

INT. ARENA -- MORNING

Milo is eating a very strange breakfast.

MILO

Nobody believes you are leaving.

KELLY ANN

That's because nobody believes
there's anything more important
than this band.

MILO

Is there?

INT. ARENA -- MORNING

Bill and Sherri continue privately, around the corner, by the ice machines.

BILL

So that call with Management. It's about finding Tom's kid a new nanny, right?

SHERRI

It's not that. Preston said we have new "Financial Advisors."

*

Bill sags, and blushes instantly.

SHERRI (CONT'D)

Why are you blushing, what do you know?

He's falling apart, guiltily blushing even more deeply.

BILL

Nothing! I'm not.

SHERRI

We're getting a visit today from a guy from a British financial company, called -- get this -- "Extantion" -- which apparently now oversees the crew. He's English, of course. Preston already sent you an e-mail introduction to him. His name is Reg.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

BILL

"Ex-tan-tion??" What does that even mean?

*
*
*

Sherri reads off e-mail:

*

SHERRI

Apparently it's a combination of "Expansion" and "Extention?"

*
*
*

BILL

It sounds like bad shampoo.

*
*

SHERRI

How many fucking focus groups did they go through to spawn "Extantion?" I get a bad, bad feeling, and it's "extanding" by the minute.

*
*
*
*
*
*

BILL
When's Preston getting here?

She looks at him, shakes her head.

BILL (CONT'D)
He cancelled? He's not coming?

She shakes her head, no, as Meaux the Accountant approaches.

MEAUX
Hey I'm taking off to look at my
storage units around noon.

BILL
Yeah go ahead.

MEAUX
Did we find a replacement for Kelly
Ann yet?

SHERRI/BILL
Not yet.

BILL
I still don't believe she's
leaving.

MEAUX
(off them)
You two are in denial. About a lot
of stuff.

Meaux moves along with a chuckle.

SHERRI
If Preston cancelled, that means
there is going to be a
confrontation. Management always
avoids the confrontation cities.

BILL
(instinctively)
Somebody's going to get fired.
Does "Reg from "Extantion" have a
full name?

*
*

Ding. She rips the phone from her holster and reads it.

SHERRI
"Reg Whitehead."

BILL
 (on headset)
 Phil -- could you take over for a
 minute, I have to call Preston.

INT. OTHER PART OF ARENA/BACKSTAGE -- MORNING

PHIL continues the "Walk Through." The local crew are all
 eyes and ears. Puna follows, always with watchful eyes.

PHIL
 ... and that one thing we cannot
 tolerate is... firecrackers. You
 got me? I'm talking about anything
 that goes "boom" out there.

They nod, understanding the seriousness.

PHIL (CONT'D)
 If you see it, seize it.

LOCAL ELECTRICIAN # 1
 Why firecrackers?

PHIL
 Google Tom Staton, Firecrackers,
 Des Moines, rowdy crowd, 2008. Or
 you can just trust me, boys. I've
 seen a lot of meltdowns.

LOCAL SECURITY # 1
 Hey -- Phil -- if I can call you
 Phil --

PHIL
 That's my name. It ain't just
 letters on a hat.

LOCAL SECURITY # 1
 You worked with my favorite band.
 The original Lynyrd Skynyrd.

PHIL
 (emotions bubble)
 And not a day goes by that I don't
 think about 'em.

Phil pulls out a medallion necklace.

PHIL (CONT'D)
 This was given to me in 1976 by
 Ronnie Van Zant and I haven't taken
 it off since --

LOCAL ELECTRICIAN # 1
Who's Ronnie Van Zant?

PHIL
Do your homework, son. This is a
privilege not a vacation. There's
a tradition on this adventure, and
you better bone up on whose
shoulders you're standing on --

Meaux passes by.

MEAUX
I'm going to check the storage
units at noon.

Phil nods.

PHIL
Now let's recap. What have we
learned to pay special attention
to?

LOCAL CREW
(all)
Firecrackers.

PHIL
Wait here and Bill will take you to
the stage...

*
*
*

INT. RIGGING TOWER -- DAY

Kelly Ann does some complicated mechanical work. Clearly
she's a whiz. She is back on the headset with Milo.

KELLY ANN
Jesus, Milo I'm not leaving because
of what happened in Tallahassee.

KELLY ANN (CONT'D)
I don't --
(weld)
-- even remember --
(weld)
-- Tallahassee.

She wheels up her collection of gaffer's tape rolls and --
whap whap whap -- gaffers the appropriate color-coding on
each wiring unit.

INTERCUT

INT. STAGE -- DAY

Milo prepares for some complicated guitar-tech work. He revels in his road-worthy, slightly scuzzy charm. He may or may not have showered in several days.

MILO

Not even the good parts?

KELLY ANN

There were no good parts.

MILO

(pirate smile)

So you *do* remember.

INT. STAGE -- DAY

Bill is now on stage, this is the last phase of the local tutorial. He is surrounded by the Local Crew. Puna scans the building with eagle-like precision, as Bill continues.

BILL

Do not put your cups or your fingerprints on the piano. I have a keyboard player who can't play if its not shiny -- he can feel a smudge... he will stop a show, get up, and shine it himself. And if that happens?

LOCAL ELECTRICIAN # 1

(overachieving student)

It's as bad as firecrackers!

BILL

(very bad memories)

Nothing is as bad as firecrackers.

His phone buzzes.

BILL (CONT'D)

Excuse me -- any more questions, find me or Puna or Phil...

The men disperse, leaving Puna and Bill to a private moment together at center-stage.

(What happens next is meant to be delectably mysterious. We will find out later the specifics of what Puna is referring to.)

What's important to us now is to know that Puna has access to other planes of knowledge. All crew and even band members know this -- TRUST PUNA.)

BILL (CONT'D)

What's the verdict, Puna?

Puna continues scanning the empty arena, as if picking up distant spiritual signals, dark rhythms. He turns to Bill.

PUNA

It won't happen tonight.

Bill nods gratefully.

BILL

Alright, I'll see you later...

They hug warmly, and Puna exits. Bill checks the time.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY

Fans have started to arrive, as the parking lot fills.

INT. RIGGING TOWER -- LATE MORNING

KELLY ANN

It's so not personal, but you make me uncomfortable-- your pseudo English accent is... I don't know... people don't tell you how weird it sounds.

MILO

I worked in England!

KELLY ANN

I worked in Atlanta but I don't have a drawl.

(as she performs an electrical task)

If you follow me to New York, I'll kill you.

MILO

You can't ban me from New York.

KELLY ANN

Unplugging you!

MILO

Right. Okay, I've gotta get to work, talk later.

Milo ends the conversation and we see his "work." He reaches into the drawer for his smokeless cartridge pipe. He takes two hits of strong THC and then carefully removes a small collection of rubber Gumbys. He obsessively assembles them on top of the stage amps belonging to guitarist Christopher House. The vibe... must be... perfect.

WITH KELLY ANN: Her phone now rings again. She picks up the incoming call, but all she hears is the sound of crying and moaning.

KELLY ANN

Hello?

She listens to more moaning.

INTERCUT

INT. ENTERING LOUISIANA -- DAY

Jeffo is still driving and crying.

KELLY ANN

Jeffo?

She throws a rope across another rigging grid.

KELLY ANN (CONT'D)

Man up and speak!

JEFFO

So you're talking to me?

Kelly Ann answers with silence.

JEFFO (CONT'D)

Pearl Jam fired me.

KELLY ANN

WHAT?

JEFFO

Mike took me to breakfast and did it himself.

KELLY ANN

Well, that's better than when Stone fired Dave Abbruzzese over breakfast.

JEFFO

He said I reminded him too much of his pre-sobriety.

KELLY ANN

But you're sober too!

JEFFO

I know, but he looks at me and it reminds him of then. Me cleaning up his amps when he would pee on them. Me wiping his mouth when he barfed at my wedding. Some people blame that as the bad omen that created my divorce. And still I would fucking take a bullet for him. Still! I love Mike McCready!

KELLY ANN

Well, don't come here. Because this is my last day too.

JEFFO

Of course, the eighteen months thing.

KELLY ANN

What?

JEFFO

You never stay anywhere longer than eighteen months.

KELLY ANN

That's not true.

JEFFO

Do the math. That's your limit. That's your rule.

Privately, she frees an extra hand from her rigging and, almost dangerously, counts the months.

JEFFO (CONT'D)

If I wasn't already crying, the fact that you're afraid to be in any one place longer than eighteen months would make me cry.

KELLY ANN

I'm not afraid to stay here, I just don't think they'd even miss me. They barely even gave me a nickname. And I hate it.

JEFFO

What is it?

KELLY ANN

Kel. You know, I'm still mad at you from Christmas.

JEFFO

That's not even a nickname, that's a shortening.

KELLY ANN

It doesn't matter anymore. I have a ticket, I have a half-scholarship, a possible guy in New York, I'm going to film school.

*
*

JEFFO

All because you don't like your nickname.

*
*

KELLY ANN

Ha.

*

JEFFO

I know you're serious. I watched your movie multiple times, by the way. I still don't understand it but it was powerful.

*

KELLY ANN

Thanks for the faint praise. And I'm still mad at you from Christmas.

*
*
*

JEFFO

Because you ran off! You always run off, and expect me to bat clean-up.

*
*
*
*

KELLY ANN

Which you didn't even do. You let Jack go to the third-floor, where he's alone. You failed!

*
*
*
*

WHAP. The car thumps over a dead animal.

KELLY ANN (CONT'D)

What was that?

JEFFO

I think I just turboed over a dead antelope or something.

KELLY ANN

Yuck.

JEFFO

He was happier than me.

KELLY ANN

Jeffo -- Don't come here. It's a weird day. And I'm already trying to keep today from getting emotional.

*
*
*
*

JEFFO

You don't own New Orleans.

*
*

KELLY ANN

You only call me when you're in trouble.

He cries.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE -- DAY

Bill and Sherri have a heart-to-heart.

SHERRI

Let me guess. Preston said he's not coming because his son had an emergency knee injury at soccer.

*
*

BILL

Arm injury.

SHERRI

He's running out of appendages.

*

BILL

Every time there's a crisis --

SHERRI

-- he blames the kid. That kid's had more fake injuries than an Italian soccer team. Remember before he had the kid, he always used to no-show and say he had "gout." And one day I asked him what "gout" was. He didn't know.

*
*
*
*
*

BILL

I was right, though. Somebody big is getting axed.

SHERRI
Did he tell you who?

INT. HALLWAY -- SAME TIME

Milo stops in the hallway, overhearing their private tone.

SHERRI (O.S.)
(loud whisper)
Milo? It's Milo isn't it?! Milo
is getting fired. Because of
Tallahassee.

Bill goes to shut the door, rendering silence, and leaving
Milo devastated.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE -- DAY

Bill and Sherri continue their conversation.

BILL
It's Phil.

SHERRI
WHAT? That's nuts. That can't
happen. That's insane! You can't
fire Phil.

She crosses and uncrosses her arms. Suddenly the world feels
different.

BILL
No more Phil. And worse -- no more
Phil-isms.

SHERRI
I feel like the earth shifted.

A phone alarm buzzes. She's still shaking over the news.

SHERRI (CONT'D)
Shit, we have to get the laundry
going...

EXT. BACKSTAGE DOOR -- DAY

The door opens. In a flare of backlight, he arrives like a
stoned John Wayne, carrying his trusty espresso machine, his
face still smeared with tears.

JEFFO

I'm looking for Kelly Ann.

Everybody knows Jeffo. They've already heard about his Pearl Jam debacle. Solemnly, they invite him in with back-slaps. He exits the frame, and into the empty space slips a master of sneakiness...

It's a normal-looking girl with a leopard-skin bag. At first glance, she could be a typical college coed, but in her eyes we notice... pure crazy. SUPERFAN NATALIE SHIN, the band's tireless stalker, smoothly enters the building.

INT. WASHER-DRYER ROOM -- DAY

Bill and Sherri's conversation continues as they load laundry. Sherri pulls the usual assortment of Bic lighters, pipes and per-diem packets out of the pockets of many soiled pairs of crew cargo shorts.

BILL

What about the English guy, the Douchebag, Reg?

SHERRI

Reg the Douchebag actually comes from sports and real-estate. He's supposedly part of some English... family... or royalty or... some shit. But he's a genius with money. So you can bet whatever he's going to be doing, it will only start with Phil. Who could have set this off?

Bill looks stone-faced and guilty.

BILL

You know Phil carries a gun.

SHERRI

(nods, of course)

I thought it would be Jade Ochoa. Or Meaux with his shady accountant side-projects.

BILL

No, it's definitely Phil. He's the one with the biggest retainer.

SHERRI

Fuck man. That's like killing
Santa Claus. Half the crew will go
with him.

BILL

Will he take you?

SHERRI

Maybe.

BILL

Wow.

SHERRI

What --

BILL

We just talked about splitting up.

SHERRI

I have to go watch over the Devil
Child.

*
*

She studies him. Can anybody stop his own blush? Bill is
trying.

SHERRI (CONT'D)

What are you not telling me?

BILL

Nothing!

EXT. SOUND BOARD -- DAY

Donna, the blue-and-red haired Sound Tech, is behind the
board. Jeffo approaches.

DONNA

Hi Jeffo. I'm sorry you got whacked
by Pearl Jam.

Jeffo reaches into his band and hands her a laptop burned CD.

JEFFO

Replacements. 1987. Final show
with the original band.

She nods gratefully. He notices the new tattoo on her neck.
(It's the logo of the off-tour side-band she fronts back in
Portland, a baroque funk-punk band called Belmonda.)

JEFFO (CONT'D)

Nice new neck work.

DONNA

Me and Laurie are gonna have a baby.

JEFFO

Love that. Have you seen Kelly Ann?

DONNA

Come back in ten? You'll like the "Song of the Day." Cover your ears first, I gotta ring out the sound.

He covers his ears, as she plays loud tones over the sound system.

INT. GUITAR TECH STATION -- DAY

Milo is a shell of his usual gregarious psuedo-English smelly self.

MILO

Hey mate.

JEFFO

Jeffo. Met you at the Bridge School show, you were doing Elvis -- we talked about Dylan.

MILO

PJ was amazing that night.

JEFFO

I got let go.

MILO

I know. Fuckers.

Jeffo removes a disc for Milo.

JEFFO

Blonde on Blonde outtakes.

MILO

I got 'em.

JEFFO

Insane quality. Straight from the studio in Nashville.

MILO

First generation? Fuck me. So you were asking about Kelly Ann?

JEFFO

Yeah, she hates me for coming here. Want me to make you an espresso?

MILO

No thanks.

JEFFO

I'm famous for my espressos. You shouldn't say no.

MILO

(continuing)

She hates me more, trust me. She fucks my head up. She destroys my cool. All I got is my cool. And I just found out I'm about to be fired too. Who are you? I feel this compulsion to tell you my every thought.

JEFFO

Everyone does. Look, it's not you. It's her. She's an escape artist. She has emotions -- but not like you and I understand them.

MILO

I know. I learned that in Tallahassee.

JEFFO

Let her go.

MILO

If she just once could -- I don't know. Smile? But not just near me. At me.

JEFFO

Kelly Ann smiling at another person? On purpose? She doesn't smile. She laughs or she yells. There is no middle-gear on that one.

*
*
*
*

MILO

I would take yelling. Why can't she just yell at me?

JEFFO

Dude, if she ever yelled at someone? She'd have to marry him, or kill him. Or both.

MILO

How do you know her so well?

Bill passes by.

BILL

Is that espresso? Where'd you get that?

JEFFO

Made it.

Jeffo offers Bill a sip.

BILL

That's fucking amazing.
(to Milo)
Have you had one of these?

Milo is freaked out at the sight of Bill and the oncoming firing.

MILO

(backing away)
No, because, anyway, I gotta --

He exits, mumbling. Bill looks at the espresso.

BILL

I don't know why, but I can't give this back to you.

JEFFO

Nobody ever does.

Jeffo nods. Hands him the disc.

JEFFO (CONT'D)

Neil Young solo acoustic 1976.
Opens with "The Old Laughing Lady."

BILL

Is this the Atlanta show? The Judy Garland intro to "Too Far Gone?"

JEFFO

Better quality.

BILL
You seen Kelly Ann?

JEFFO
Not yet. I think she's hiding from me.

BILL
Surprised about what happened with PJ.

JEFFO
(continuing)
They were my band. My boys.

BILL
Yeah.

JEFFO
I heard your news. It's on the grapevine --

BILL
Which news.

JEFFO
The bloodshed. The rampant whacking. It's happening everywhere.

BILL
Can you believe it. Phil.

JEFFO
I heard it was Milo.

BILL
Shit. I just said too much. I never do that. Jeffo. I just fucked up. Don't tell anyone. Really, Jeffo. Nobody. It's Phil. They're firing Phil. Management is sending in a money-guy at 4.

JEFFO
Lips are sealed, baby. I'm just here to kill a day and work out my thoughts about...

He points three fingers downward -- an M.

JEFFO (CONT'D)
Manhood...

He turns the three fingers upward -- a W.

JEFFO (CONT'D)
... and Weather.

INT. ARENA -- DAY

Donna Mancini, the Sound Tech, plays the "Song Of The Day."

The crew -- all music-lovers first and foremost -- gather for a three-minute music break.

It's My Morning Jacket's "I Will Be There When You Die."

The high-tech state-of-the-art Staton-House Band sound system fills the empty arena with warm and powerful sound. It's the greatest stereo in the world, and the music is all for them. The crew.

And somehow this song catches everybody's mood. Perfectly.

Jeffo sees Kelly Ann and she is very conflicted to see him. Because Jeffo is, like Phil, a hugger... he hugs her. It's awkward. *

Milo shoves his hands in his pockets, and watches Kelly Ann and Jeffo. He clearly sees that they are a troubled couple of some kind. Wounded friends? Lovers?

Bill watches Phil, blustery and empowered. The big man has no idea of what's coming.

Sherri sorts the dried laundry. Quietly observing Bill.

With everyone momentarily occupied, Superfan Natalie Shin slips onto the band's dressing room row. She is expertly arriving closer to the inner-sanctum.

The Fleet Foxes, the new opening act, arrives with crew, and roadies of their own. Also, arriving near them is a tall Englishman, 29, anonymous and appearing to be part of the Foxes' entourage. His posture is perfect, he holds a silver English carrying case. He is, of course, REG WHITEHEAD. Kelly Ann spots him, and on first-sight, she immediately feels an odd... off-putting... conflicted... fascination.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. PARKING LOT -- 3:30 PM

The parking lot is filled with excited fans.

INT. HALLWAY -- AFTERNOON

Bill watches Kelly Ann's film. The blue glow lights his face.

INT. BACKSTAGE -- AFTERNOON

Phil welcomes the Fleet Foxes with arms outstretched, like a Grizzly standing on his hind legs. The Phil hug is a ritual. *

PHIL
Hello Fleet Foxes. Welcome to the family!

The opening act looks around, taking in the new faces and their new tour. Reg still hovers nearby, taking in everything, missing nothing. Not yet revealing himself. *

PHIL (CONT'D)
We'll clear the stage here, and let you boys do your magic. You got 20 minutes for sound-check.

Already we sense impatience in the Fleet Foxes, as Meaux privately approaches Phil. He speaks carefully.

MEAUX
The ship has arrived at the dock and it is filled with gold.

PHIL
What ship???

MEAUX
I'm speaking in code!!!

PHIL
Oh... !

INT. SCAFFOLDING SECTION -- AFTERNOON

Jeffo makes an espresso for Kelly Ann.

JEFFO
Need me to do any climbing for you?

She can't help but be irritated that he's making himself so useful. Jeffo looks over to see Phil and Meaux's conversation, as Phil slaps Meaux's back over the good news. Phil is carefree and oblivious to the coming carnage. Jeffo looks at Phil with empathy. Kelly Ann, immediately reading his face:

KELLY ANN

Oh shit! Oh my God. It's Phil.
They're going to fire Phil.

Jeffo moves away quickly, guiltily.

INT. BACKSTAGE -- AFTERNOON

Phil catches Kelly Ann for a moment.

PHIL

Darlin', you look like you just
lost your best friend.

KELLY ANN

Well, I don't -- have a best
friend, so...

PHIL

Maybe what you need is a surprise
bon voyage party. Cake and stuff?

KELLY ANN

(secretly longing for it)
No no no. I don't want people to
go to too much trouble pretending
to be sad.

PHIL

What are you leaving us for? Oh
yeah -- film school.

KELLY ANN

Hey maybe I can change the world.
Ha.

PHIL

(takes her in, then)
You think going to New York is
going to change everything. Maybe
it will. I know the feeling. I
still want to change the world.
But guess what, I've been this
close to people who actually did
change the world.

(MORE)

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

PHIL (CONT'D)

I like being an Indian more than
trying to be a Chief. Even though
I'm Chief Indian... in a sense,
but...

*
*
*
*

KELLY ANN

Well, they gave me -- half a
scholarship, so...

*
*

PHIL

So... ?

*
*

KELLY ANN

Well don't you have to... ? I
mean, I don't want to run around
with a Turkey Hat on my head at...
40...

*
*
*
*
*

PHIL

Easy --

*
*

KELLY ANN

You know what I mean. But the real
truth is --

*
*
*

(can't lie to him)

I don't hear the music the same
way. I don't feel like it's mine
anymore.

*

PHIL

I feel that way about my dog, but
I'm not giving her away.

KELLY ANN

"Get messy, get real with your
life." Didn't you tell me that
once?

PHIL

I tell that to everybody.

KELLY ANN

Well I listened.

PHIL

(now very direct)

It comes and goes, sweetheart.
It's always a roller-coaster. But
if you love the music -- and I know
you do -- you might want to give it
all another chance.

KELLY ANN

I don't even know if the band is feeling it either. They haven't changed the set since last tour. I have to be a fan of something or I'm useless. I'm nothing. I'm just a worker bee on Bus # 1. I'd stay an Indian forever if I, you know. Still believed in the cause... but...

(can't finish that sentence)
My whole belief thing is starting to crack.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

She shakes her head. It's not enough.

PHIL

Tell 'em. It's a family. Walk up to Tom or Christopher tonight. Tell him why you're leaving.

KELLY ANN

I don't talk to the band.

PHIL

They're musicians. They got a high-pitched signal that goes off when they hear the truth.

Beat.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Look, I'll die with this band, I'll still be here. But honestly, I can see that right now... because I know people... I know you gotta move on, Julianne.

KELLY ANN

Kelly Ann.

PHIL

Kelly Ann. I might get your name wrong, but I know exactly who you are.

KELLY ANN

Well that makes one of us.

PHIL

Everybody has a name, but not everybody has a vibe.

*
*
*

KELLY ANN

How will you remember me if you
don't know my name?

*
*
*

PHIL

Send me a picture with that face
you have right now, and I'll
remember you forever. Call me.
Write me. Tweet me. I'll do
anything but loan you money.

Kelly is touched.

PHIL (CONT'D)

And you're gonna kill 'em in NYC.
But don't ever think you can't come
back and be a legend. And I say
that as a legend myself. Here
let's take a picture --

He pulls out his phone.

He grins. A PRETTY GIRL teeters by on high heels.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Who you looking for?

PRETTY GIRL

Rick.

PHIL

After show, honey.

He gives her the Blue Pass, and we hear her shoes clacking as
she exits. Snap. Phil takes the picture.

INT. BLUE ROOM -- AFTERNOON

The Pretty Girl finds herself with five other Pretty Girls.
All wear Blue Passes. Nobody speaking with each other.

INT. HALLWAY

Sherri arrives in crisis mode, one ear pinned to her headset,
the other hand on her phone holster. Her relationship with
Kelly Ann is taut, to say the least.

SHERRI

Will you be a nanny for Winston for
one night --

KELLY ANN

My ticket is for tonight --

SHERRI
Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!

Sherry exits in a huff.

KELLY ANN
I like your shoes!

Sherry makes another noise -- nice try -- without turning. *

KELLY ANN (CONT'D) *
(loudly to herself) *
You're too pretty to be that mean. *

SHERRI *
(without turning) *
Heard that! *

INT. STAIRCASE -- AFTERNOON

Superfan Natalie sneaks up the staircase, and exits by the band dressing rooms. Suddenly, with iron-clad authority:

LOCAL SECURITY # 1
Excuse me! Where is your pass?

NATALIE
I lost my laminate. I'm Phil's
cousin from Atlanta.

Local Security draws closer, skeptical.

LOCAL SECURITY # 1
Let me get Phil.

He reaches for his Walkie. She smiles a sweet, sunny smile.

NATALIE
Wait. Wait wait wait.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Natalie, wearing only her skirt, is riding the completely nude Local Security guy on the changing table. She is absolutely nuts with her lovemaking sounds, growling like an animal and chirping like a bird. She dangles the straps of her Leopard Skin shoulder bag across the face of the Security guy, teasing him. His eyes are wide with fear and delight. He has never had sex like this in his life.

INT. HALLWAY -- AFTERNOON -- MINUTES LATER

Natalie is now fully dressed again, barely flushed, and wandering the hallway with a full-access laminate.

EXT. BACKSTAGE -- 4:02 PM

Bill is outside the door, searching for Reg Whitehead.

INT. ARENA -- 4:04 PM

The Fleet Foxes prepare for soundcheck. Bill finds Sherri, who is holding a plate of food. Both looking for Reg Whitehead. With "Front Page" speed:

BILL

Are we going to give Kelly Ann a cake?

SHERRI

Phil says she doesn't want one.

BILL

Not even a cupcake? The girl likes her food. Besides --

SHERRI

(puts down her plate)

Enough! Text Preston that the Douchebag is late. And ask him if he's aware that Phil carries a loaded firearm.

BILL

I'm sure it's in the Douchebag's dossier. These "Extantion" guys -- if that's how you pronounce it -- are trained killers themselves.

*
*

The Walkie crackles.

WALKIE VOICE

Go to 4.

Bill goes to Channel 4.

WALKIE VOICE (CONT'D)

The Fleet Foxes are getting impatient. They need direction. One of them already spat at Milo.

She starts to exit, Bill grabs her.

BILL
 May I say something to you,
 "honey?"

SHERRI
 Yes "sweetheart" --

BILL
 I may have caused this whole "Reg"
 thing.

SHERRI
 How?

BILL
 I asked for a retainer two days ago
 and didn't tell you. I thought I
 deserved it.

SHERRI
 Good.

BILL
 What do you mean?

SHERRI
 Because I already have a retainer.

BILL
 What --

SHERRI
 I assumed you knew. It was on the
 last spread sheet --

BILL
 I don't read your columns. Wait.
 You have a retainer and I don't?

SHERRI
 Everything's about to change, Bill.
 Suddenly this feels like the last
 day of school...

BILL
 Well, you're fine whatever happens.
 Taylor Swift's people already
 called me about you going to work
 for them. *

SHERRI
 Wow. Working for Taylor. That's
stadium work. *

BILL

That would finally put you on the same tour as D.C. You'd be with your real husband.

SHERRI

(with mixed emotions)

Yeah.

They face a world without their platonic, crackling "road marriage."

Kelly Ann arrives.

KELLY ANN

What's going on, you didn't answer the Walkie about the Fleet Foxes spitting at Milo.

BILL

Kelly, will you stay another night to nanny Winston?

KELLY ANN

I really can't.

SHERRI

I already asked her.

Kelly Ann picks a little something off Sherri's plate. Sherri clocks this with disgust. Catches Bill's eye.

BILL

I finally watched your movie, by the way.

KELLY ANN

(surprised, almost
alarmed)

You did?

*
*

BILL

Yeah, I didn't get it, exactly, but

--

(to Sherri)

She put together all these climactic moments of people running, from all these movies... how long did it take you to steal all that stuff from YouTube?

*

SHERRI

People running?

BILL

Yeah, you know, in movies, how people realize something, like they were wrong, or they were in love and they start running...

*

Kelly Ann suddenly can't stop talking out of self-consciousness and fear he didn't really like it.

*

*

KELLY ANN

Well, my point, actually, was that those moments where everybody runs in a long tracking shot are completely manipulative. It was only done perfectly once, in a French movie called Maivais Sang. I'll send it to you. Noah Baumbach completely ripped it off in Frances Ha. I guess it was an "homage." But people don't run like that in real life. I was actually making a statement about how fake those moments are. Identity vs. Reality, how life cheats you out of your dreams, though we live on the oxygen of what isn't truly possible.

*

*

*

*

*

*

Sherri turns to Bill.

*

SHERRI

She's already left us behind.

*

*

BILL

(huh)

Well, I really liked it.

*

*

KELLY ANN

Oh.

*

*

BILL

I mean, before you explained it.

*

*

KELLY ANN

(melting)

Oh. Sorry. Thanks for watching it. I really wish I could help you. With Winston. I just can't. I know you guys have a lot going on right now.

Beat. They look at her face. These people have worked closely together. Secrets are tough to keep.

BILL/SHERRI
Who told you --

They see guilt on Kelly Ann's face. Oh shit.

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA -- AFTERNOON

Kelly Ann helps arrange the carts by the side of the stage. She notices Reg, who smiles at her. He nods. She nods. He looks awkward, somewhat untrustworthy. Why does she find him endearing? She smiles, odd for her.

KELLY ANN
Fleet Foxes. Great band.

Reg nods back, as if to say "thanks."

KELLY ANN (CONT'D)
Stand over by the other speaker,
you'll hear better. *

Courtly, he bows to her in a charming way that makes her ... *
laugh. He smiles engagingly, a little shy, but charmingly *
heartfelt. As he turns away he cuts a silhouetted figure *
that moves her, until a cart moves across to block her view. *

INT. HALLWAY -- AFTERNOON *

Bill sees Jeffo.

JEFFO
The Fleet Foxes are looking for
you!

BILL
My God, this is the neediest band
since Paul Westerberg toured solo.

JEFFO
You want another espresso? You
know I'm the best --

BILL
(talking fast)
No I'm already still drilled from
the last one, it was so good it's
not even an espresso anymore, it's
your own creation, it should be
called Jeffspresso. Yes, I think
I'll have another one. And thank
you for telling Kelly Ann about
Phil.

JEFFO

I never said it in words. It's the fucking voodoo shit! She reads my mind. Shit, man, Phil.

BILL

We just need this teabag Doucheboy to show up on time or Phil will find out first.

JEFFO

You know Phil packs heat...

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA -- AFTERNOON

Bill arrives and The Fleet Foxes are still waiting impatiently for soundcheck. Heated discussions in the b.g. are building between the two crews. Phil stands nearby, smiling. Bill ushers the Fleet Foxes onto the stage, and quickly returns to Sherri. Kelly and Donna and others join the crowd watching the Fleet Foxes. Reg is nearby.

SHERRI

What do we do now --

BILL

Hard to do anything until the Doucheboy shows up.

SHERRI

(to the Fleet Foxes)

Guys -- sorry for the delay. We'll be ready in a minute.

Reg Whitehead watches the chaotic moment, undetected. He's well blended into the small crowd of the Fleet Foxes.

BILL

I'm going to e-mail Management. "Preston. Your new asshole is already late."

SHERRI

Tell him the English Douchebag can't even arrive on time.

Rattled, Bill taps out the text, speaking aloud:

BILL

"Where... is... your... English asshole?"

SHERRI
Douchebag asshole.

BILL
 "Douchebag English asshole... "

Bill sends the text. Beat. Instant Panic.

BILL (CONT'D)
 Oh shit, I just copied the
 Douchebag by mistake.

Immediately, another Ding. Close by.

All eyes turn to the silent tall unnoticed Englishman. He looks at his text.

Reg Whitehead holds up his phone. And smiles evenly. Of course, he's been listening to everything.

REG
 Hi.

SHERRI
 (red-faced)
 Reg?

Reg turns to Bill.

REG
 Bill?

Beat.

BILL
 (pleasant smile)
 Reg?

REG
 Pleasure.

BILL
 Sorry about the "Douchebag" --

REG
English Douchebag.
 (thoughtfully)
 Though I also quite liked Douche-
boy.

SHERRI
 (peacemaker)
 Can we help you with anything --

Reg is a cool customer. Kelly Ann can't move, feeling betrayed by her original fascination with him. If only she could take that smile back...

REG
I'm quite fine, thanks. Happy to get acquainted.

BILL
Well then, Reg. Should we... get acquainted?

Reg and Bill walk backstage, and camera lands on Kelly Ann's face.

INT. BACKSTAGE -- AFTERNOON

Bill introduces Reg to Phil, the doomed road manager.

BILL
Phil. This is our new financial firm... Reg, I just want to hear how you pronounce it...

REG
(crisply)
Extantion.

PHIL
Holy shit. That sounds like a hair product.

REG
I can assure you it's not a hair product. It's about forward thinking. Attention to expansion.

BILL
They're working with management now. Phil, meet Reg Whitehead.

PHIL
Well now that's a name from across the pond!

He spreads his Grizzly Bear arms. Reg awkwardly hugs him.

REG
Preston brought me in to talk to everybody. Is there a moment before the show?

PHIL
After is always better.

Phil looks at Bill. *Where's this going?*

Bill offers a strained smile. *Nowhere good.*

REG
Are you busy in about twenty
minutes?

Phil scoffs.

PHIL
Busy is when I'm asleep. Busy is
for amateurs. I'm intensely
occupied. I haven't been "busy" in
twenty years.

REG
Well, let's try to wedge in a chat.

PHIL
(steely)
I don't "chat." I talk.

REG
Preston asked me to "talk" with you
first.

Sherri pulls out her Walkie and flips it to Channel 2. She
mumbles into her headset, pushing off someone else's far
minor crisis. Phil is now reading the tea leaves.

PHIL
And Preston stayed home?

Bill nods. Phil turns red and angry, as he now faces Reg.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Let me ask you this, Reg? Are you
with us or agin' us?

REG
I'm just a fella from the Financial
Concern.

ON MILO

Who stands with Donna. Watching.

DONNA
Trouble?

MILO

It's never serious until Phil takes
off his hat.

Phil carefully fingers the brim of his hat...

DONNA

We're going hatless.

With strange calm, Phil removes the hat with the leather-embroidered words: P*H*I*L. Donna looks at Milo. Underneath Phil's hat is an area few have ever seen. It is a strange thin-stranded work of hat-hair, forty years in the making.

*
*
*

MILO

Hit the ground. Save yourself.

ON PHIL

PHIL

Mister, I'm not an egotistical guy.

Reg regards the egotistical hat, with a John Oliver expression.

PHIL (CONT'D)

But when you look at me, you're looking at rock and roll in America. I can show you where BB King first picked up a guitar. "Us and Them" was written at my breakfast table. Every American show Pink Floyd ever played, I was at the side of the stage. Roger Waters is a house-guest of mine. Trent Reznor is my dear friend. Ronnie Van Zant was the Godfather of my first child. And if you fuck with my crew, I'll take you down faster than a headless rooster at a picnic of hungry... people.

*
*
*
*
*

The "Phil-ism" doesn't work and both know it. Reg wastes no further time.

REG

Management wishes to inform you that you and Harvey Meaux are under Federal investigation for the resale of items left in storage units by victims of Hurricane Katrina. You've already harmed this band's ability to travel overseas.

(MORE)

REG (CONT'D)
 You're both invited to leave the
 organization now.

Beat.

BILL
 Okay, wait -- this is all news to
 me. I am the Tour Manager and --

Phil pulls the famous gun from under his vest pocket. There is a sudden swarm of three Local Crew members, and Puna along with Bill. The gun is wrestled from Phil's hand.

INT. STAGE -- AFTERNOON

The Fleet Foxes finish a red-hot soundcheck. They have come to steal this show.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- LATE AFTERNOON

Sunset as the parking lot is full.

INT. ARENA STAGE -- LATE AFTERNOON

The crew is all standing on stage -- Bill, Sherri, Kelly Ann, Donna, Milo, Jeffo. Reg addresses them with hands in pockets. Someone's walkie-talkie crackles: "Bill what time is the crew meal?" Nobody answers, nobody moves.

Reg takes a breath and begins his pitch.

REG
 Three things I am. English.
 Cheap. Unsparing. I think most of
 the evil done in this world happens
 under the guise of "sweet." If you
 need sweetness with your truth, I'm
 sorry. Leave right now.

Seven crew members immediately leave.

REG (CONT'D)
 Wait. I may not have said that
 correctly.

They don't turn back as they exit down the stage-steps.

REG (CONT'D)
 How can you dislike me?! You don't
 even know me!

(MORE)

*
 *
 *
 *
 *

REG (CONT'D)

Most people wait until they know me
before they dislike me!

*
*

A few rueful laughs. Reg's gaze falls to Kelly Ann, he will
return to her often as he speaks... believing her to be a
friendly face, based on their brief encounter.

*
*
*

REG (CONT'D)

Most of you will have to either
take less, or leave with a small
severance. This band, who you all
love, spends too much money. Is --
(consults paperwork)
"Ella D" here?

DONNA

She travels with the band and works
with us during the show.

*

There is an audible adlibbed protest from some crew members.

*

REG

An Icelandic tour nutritionist and
masseur making twice as much as a
Guitar technician?

DONNA

I wouldn't go there.

*
*

SHERRI

(privately to Bill)
Good luck with that one --

BILL

Landmine. He has no idea.

*

Milo stares at Kelly Ann, who does not return the gaze. She,
along with the others, stares at Reg.

REG

I know my role here. I play the
buffoon and then later -- you have
a private moment when you have to
admit -- you knew this was coming.
It's a new world.

*
*
*
*
*

Kelly Ann is increasingly disgusted by this guy... and yet
can't turn away.

*
*

REG (CONT'D)

There's no middle anymore. You
either make no money, or you make a
lot of money.

(MORE)

REG (CONT'D)

And if you make a lot of money, and you don't look after it... you meet someone like me.

MILO

How many songs do you have on your iTunes?

REG

Too many to count, of course.

Jeffo hands Reg a "Jeffspresso."

JEFFO

What kind of stuff?

Kelly Ann shoots Jeffo a look-- *traitor*.

REG

(barreling forward)

Good songs, trust me. Queen. Munford and Sons.

Looks are exchanged. "Munford?" If it wasn't so ludicrous, it would be entertaining. *
*

REG (CONT'D)

(struggles for the right word)

And many Play... mixes. But I'm the first to admit, I come from the world of sports and real-estate.

Kelly Ann watches Reg. The muscles in her face react in a weirdly personal way.

REG (CONT'D)

Bill, I know you asked for a retainer, and the timing was not good. But I'll consider every option.

Pointed looks are exchanged among the crew.

SHERRI

Well, he deserves it.

BILL

(immediately)

No, she deserves it.

REG

Are you married?

Bill and Sherri look at each other -- sharing a complex look over his rookie mistake. Reg's gaze keeps returning to Kelly Ann... he seems to pick her out. And she's thrown. Never felt like this before. She's both attracted... and repelled by him... and it makes her mad. She crosses her arms, and continues listening.

REG (CONT'D)

(to Bill)

Your man Phil got a very big salary for not doing -- anything that he could easily push off on Bill... or you Sherri...

*
*
*

Bill and Sherri stare straight ahead.

REG (CONT'D)

I know, Phil's a King. I know he's friends with Mr. Pink Floyd, or whoever. It's not easy to let a King go.

*
*
*
*
*

Reg looks at Kelly Ann.

REG (CONT'D)

Phil was being paid a lot of money to hug a lot of people and make them feel good about the old way. But the old way is gone. Now we have a process, we're looking for the new way... and we will find it.

Looks are exchanged. Who is the bad guy here? It's a moving target. Is the problem the band -- who they love -- or themselves? Was Phil really on the take? Can they trust this British messenger?

*

JEFFO

Look -- I don't work here, so maybe I have a perspective.

*
*
*

REG

Then why are you here?

*
*

JEFFO

I came here to cry on as many fucking shoulders as I could fucking find. Long story --

*
*
*
*

REG

(unsure)
Brilliant --

*
*
*

JEFFO

But what you cannot do is split up
a crew like this. This is a real
crew... I mean, these people even
like each other...

Some looks are exchanged. Not everybody.

REG

(to Jeffo)

What's your specialty?

JEFFO

Guitars, people and coffee.
Everything.

REG

I like your passion. I hope you
stay. I do. What's your name?

JEFFO

(surprisingly defiant)

Pig Fucker.

There are nervous laughs. Sherri looks at Bill. Neither
step forward. Sherri looks down.

It's the weirdest feeling for Kelly Ann. Reg continues to
annoy her and still she feels compelled to talk to him.

KELLY ANN

His name is Jeffo. He's my twin
brother.

This is news to some crew members who only now realize Kelly
Ann and Jeffo are actually brother-and-sister. Twins, no
less.

REG

Hello Jeffo.

DONNA

You guys are twins? Wow. You look
so much older than your sister.

JEFFO

(heard it before)

We started out even.

KELLY ANN

He's here because he loves music.
Not sports or theme-parks or
whatever --

REG

Real-estate. Yes. I know it's very different.

Kelly Ann looks at Bill, who looks at Sherri. Silence. *

KELLY ANN

There's no difference. Maybe you live and you die and you spend the time in between doing the things that you love... or don't. You either love what you do, or you should get the fuck out. And that's all I have. *

She adjusts herself, nervously, hoping she isn't making a fool of herself. *

Beat. Reg leans on the piano, leaving a smudge with his palm. Bill shuts his eyes in pain.

Again, Reg comes to stare at Kelly Ann.

REG

And doesn't it feel good to tell the truth? I'm interested in all your personal truths.

Kelly Ann gestures with her open palm, outstretched flatly.

KELLY ANN

The first thing you did was lie. *

REG

Now wait. Did I even speak to you? How could I lie if I didn't speak to you?

KELLY ANN

It's what you didn't say. *

A few crew members share looks, watching a weirdly intimate moment between these two.

Sherri looks at Bill -- aren't you going to say something? *

REG

I'm about to use a terrible word -- get ready - but I'm here to protect the "brand." The Staton-House Band is the brand we all want to protect here... it's why we're all here.

Reg now knows it's time to close. He turns away privately, seen only by us... and a small smile crosses his face. He turns back to the crew.

REG (CONT'D)

My point is that even a "brand" -- yes let's all hate the word -- is a living thing. It needs to be tended to, curated--

KELLY ANN AND JEFFO

(Kelly: disgusted; Jeffo: confused)

Curated?

REG

It may have begun as passion, it may have started as "poetry." But this "poetry," this music, is disposable. Mistreat it and this all goes away. Don't ever forget-- the same people who love this band now, will abandon them... and you... for someone younger and sexier. Everything feels like it will last forever and then suddenly...

*

He takes a breath, and collapses on the floor. His tall frame lies crumpled on the ground.

The crew looks on in horror. Heart attack? Panic attack?

Reg smoothly gets up a moment later.

REG (CONT'D)

-- you're dead. Culture. Assassination.

It's his big moment, and he expects a galvanized sense of awe. The Fall Down. It's always worked before. But this crowd, and especially Kelly Ann, buys none of it. She is clearly unimpressed and dismissive. It's humiliating to Reg. His big moment... passes without a comment.

KELLY ANN

You don't know the secret ingredient of the "brand" you're trying to sell.

Everyone is looking at Kelly Ann, as she revs. It's more than they've ever heard her talk before.

*

*

KELLY ANN (CONT'D)

Maybe the secret is that the brand is not really a brand. It's a feeling. In the short-term, you will be a great success. But in the long-term, you better collect a few souvenirs because one day that's all you will have. Perhaps I haven't communicated the fact that I live to destroy everything you stand for. And that is all I have.

*
*
*

She exits. He calls after her.

REG

Thank you, Kelly Ann!

Weirdly and savagely, they have connected. Sherri watches, a little impressed and a little jealous. She looks at her holster of phones, quietly imagining her exit from this crew.

EXT SOMEWHERE PRIVATE OUTSIDE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Reg breathes hard, tries to drink some bottled water. Douses himself accidentally.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Superfan Natalie sneaks into the Production Office, and grabs a tour itinerary, stashing it in her shoulder-bag. All the phone numbers, now hers. Then -- she hears VOICES! Ducks out just as Bill and Sherri appear... emotions are raging. It's hot and she's angry. Sherri takes off her long-sleeve shirt to reveal a tank top and an epic body.

*
*

SHERRI

You just rolled over and took it!

BILL

Your silence was pretty deafening too! Aside from the one thing you said -- you were fucking mute!

SHERRI

This is what bothers me about you, you -- you're a deflector, you never take the blame. You're worse than Preston and his kid's phony injuries. You're just like Management.

BILL

I don't even know if I work here anymore!

SHERRI

So are you going to double-up on your job, and replace Phil and run yourself into the ground for less money?

BILL

Of course not!

*

SHERRI

Well, I'm going to work for Taylor Swift.

*

*

BILL

You should. Go be with your real husband.

SHERRI

You're so adept at avoiding getting splattered with any blood that you never do anything noble. Nothing truly noble enough.

BILL

The stuff you hold inside!

SHERRI

You were supposed to quit.

BILL

You were supposed to quit.

SHERRI

I did quit!

BILL

We were good together.

SHERRI

We never even fought.

BILL

Are you kidding, we never stopped fighting.

SHERRI

I loved it.

BILL

I thought it was all business.

SHERRI

Don't use the past tense.

BILL

Don't toy with me. Not when you're about to run into the arms of your actual husband.

SHERRI

(beat)

I want you to meet him sometime.

BILL

No, I'm sure he's a great guy, I just want him to die soon, painlessly of course, so I can truly comfort you in your grief.

SHERRI

You have grown dark, my friend.

BILL

No darker than you, my friend.

SHERRI

By the way, you haven't picked up a girl over the age of 19 since Lorraine left you. You're better than that.

Bill looks down, shaking his head.

BILL

This is how they get the best of us. Because the idea of not knowing how tomorrow will go is so fucking terrifying that we'd spend our whole lives doing anything they ask, at lower and lower salaries, because they give us the gift of knowing that we don't have to wake up tomorrow with the terror of going home to nothing.

SHERRI

But the music is good. And you meet some great people.

BILL

Fuck all of them.

Sherri's mobile rings.

SHERRI

This is Sherri. Yes, I'll hold for Preston.

Bill is looking at her.

SHERRI (CONT'D)

Watch this. I'm going to take Preston's fucking head off. This is going to be good. You might want to catch this on your I-Phone.

Bill looks at her, weirdly admiring.

BILL

By the way, this break-up is the best talk we've ever had. Maybe I do love you.

SHERRI

I'm fine to hold.

(a wave of the hand, to Bill)

I'm going to say what I really think! And check out the integrity that happens when you do that. Are you filming this?! FTW (Fuck the world). I'm going to "Kelly Ann" him.

*
*
*
*
*

Beat. Preston gets on the phone. She is immediately subservient.

SHERRI (CONT'D)

Preston... yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Okay. Yes. I'll find the nanny. Yes. I'm already on Roadie.net and Facebook. I spoke to David Furnish and Trudy Styler too. All over it. Yes.

She hangs up.

BILL

See what I mean?

SHERRI

Shit! I hate myself.

BILL

Are we going to quit or not?

SHERRI

I'm going to go work with my husband.

BILL

I'm going to build my dreamhouse.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Kelly Ann moves her cart. She's wearing a traveling jacket, and a bag slung around her shoulder. Bill catches her.

BILL

We didn't get you a cake because we were all too busy.

KELLY ANN

Hey, here's your mug back.

She digs in her bag. It's the "Hello Is It Tea You're Looking For?" Bill takes it gratefully. Kelly Ann is still shook up from all the ping-ponging emotions of the day.

BILL

You were pretty good out there. Sadly, a lot of our bunch is going to take his deal.

KELLY ANN

The assholes win again. What about Phil? Are you going to fight for him? I'm shattered about Phil. All I can think about is that sad hair under his hat. I never wanted to see it.

BILL

Kel --

KELLY ANN

(thoughtful, raw)
Please don't call me "Kel."

BILL

I wouldn't feel too bad for Phil.

KELLY ANN

I feel hideously bad.

BILL

First, while gruff and lovable, he's a felon who has murdered two people in his lifetime.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

And second... he's already working with Taylor Swift for twice the pay, and free legal. Taylor Swift snapped him up immediately. Sherri too.

*
*

KELLY ANN

Sherri's leaving you for her real husband? Wow.

BILL

And I'm thinking about going back to my unfinished house.

*

KELLY ANN

(knows the lore)

Sure. The dreamhouse.

*
*

BILL

It's time to face it. I'm not young. Soon I'll be eating off the Senior's menu. I'm out. By the way, it never bothered me when you ate off my plate.

KELLY ANN

Thanks. I wasn't aware I did that.

BILL

You do.
(neither knows quite what to say, there's so much)
Alright, so goodbye.

Bill's radio crackles:

RADIO

"Go to 4. SNS is inside and traveling to Station Green."

BILL

Shit! Our "wonderful" stalker's in the building.

KELLY ANN

I'm just fucked up enough to take homegirl down, once and for all.

BILL

Well the band's almost here, you're better with Superfan than me. So go do it, Maestra.

KELLY ANN
Maestra?? Why couldn't that have
been my nickname????

BILL
Oh one more thing.

Milo and Donna arrive.

BILL (CONT'D)
We did get you a pie.

He reaches behind him and mashes a pie in her face. The crew
applauds, as she nods. You got me. Music.

INT. HALLWAYS -- NIGHT

Kelly Ann, some pie still on her face, rides her skateboard
down the hallways, looking in the windows, looking for
Superfan Natalie Shin. She whooshes smoothly around ANOTHER
ROADIE, who can't help but admire the iconography of
skateboarding Kelly Ann. Somehow she's come to be one of the
important arteries that keeps this tour flowing. Music
continues.

Kelly Ann turns a corner and almost runs over Reg.

REG
-- you left before I could actually
meet you.

KELLY ANN
That was the idea.

REG
Please stop for a moment.

She can't help it. She does. He approaches her, looks into
her still-minorly pie-stained face, and gives her a
handkerchief. She looks at it. Wordlessly, he gestures to
his face. Pie. Stunned at the gesture, she takes the
handkerchief.

REG (CONT'D)
I gather you are a first-rate
electrician. And I actually
appreciate your brutal honesty. I
would very much like you to stay.

KELLY ANN
Well, I have a ticket --

REG

My hotel's right over across the road, we'll have a drink, talk about it --

KELLY ANN

I don't go to the Four Seasons. I stay at Best Western...

REG

You could help me so much --

KELLY ANN

There are so many secrets about this band, and this crew, and things you'll never know --

He regards her wisdom.

REG

Tell me one.

She hands back the handkerchief, having missed a spot on her cheek. He reaches back with the handkerchief and wipes it off. He returns the handkerchief to his own pocket, and stains his own shirt in the process. Suddenly they're both embarrassed. She has to move fast to get away from this feeling.

KELLY ANN

Adios.

He looks at her, helpless and defenseless. Don't leave. She turns, and leaves. He's embarrassed she saw his neediness.

INT. ARENA -- NIGHT

The doors open. Fans run to their seats, whooping. The "Walk In" music is a special mix made by Christopher House.

INT. HALLWAY/DRESSING ROOM -- NIGHT

Kelly Ann looks through the chicken-wired panel viewing into Tom Staton's dressing room. There she is. Sitting in the middle of the room. About to give Tom's vintage microphone a blow job.

KELLY ANN

Oh shit --

Kelly Ann pulls open the door. Natalie and Kelly Ann are old adversaries, like the Roadrunner and the Coyote.

KELLY ANN (CONT'D)
Hello Natalie --

Natalie turns. There is craziness in her eyes, and the thrill of being caught.

NATALIE
Hi. I shouldn't be here.

KELLY ANN
Not really. Dare I say, you have ten seconds. Now hand me the mic.

NATALIE
Are you going to kick me out?

KELLY ANN
Oh yeah.

Kelly Ann approaches her, and suddenly Natalie is motor-mouthing like a shaky, scared, rabid dog. Kelly Ann outstretches her hand.

KELLY ANN (CONT'D)
Give me the microphone.

NATALIE
I had to chillax for a few months, and stuff. And then I saw you were in New Orleans, I mean this is where Christopher had his honeymoon with Jody. "When I Was You." "Song for the Forgotten!" Am I in some serious medium-trouble right now? Do you know that I have a tumor? I'm not crazy. Do I seem that way? You know Dave Grohl is a friend of mine...

*

KELLY ANN
Natalie. The microphone please.

*

NATALIE
I don't really scare you do I?

KELLY ANN
Only when you write twelve letters about masturbating with Tom's microphone in the presence of the Lord, in his dressing room. That kinda gets our attention. I will give you three seconds to give me the mic.

Natalie raises it to her lips, just an inch away.

NATALIE
Normally I like a dick with some
curve to it.

*
*
*

KELLY ANN
No no no no! That microphone
belonged to Hank Williams --

*

NATALIE
Mmmmmm.

KELLY ANN
Do you even know who Hank Williams
is?

NATALIE
Hm-mm.

Natalie's lips graze the mic.

KELLY ANN
I said no. Natalie! I said no. No
means no!

Kelly takes a swipe for it, misses.

Natalie teases slipping the microphone into her mouth... like
Dustin Hoffman and Justin Henry with the spoon of ice cream
in Kramer Vs. Kramer.

KELLY ANN (CONT'D)
NO NO NO! Don't you do that!

And then...

KELLY ANN (CONT'D)
NO!

The mic disappears down Natalie's throat.

KELLY ANN (CONT'D)
Ooooooo...

The door opens. It's Sherri. She faces the hideous yet
riveting vision of Natalie Shin fellating Tom's chosen,
vintage microphone.

NATALIE
(mouth full)
Can I see the show?

SHERRI

I'm sorry, Natalie. We had to place a restraining order on your visits...

KELLY ANN

Sherri have you seen Natalie's new leopard-skin purse? Where did you get that great purse, Natalie?

Natalie withdraws the mic for a moment to answer. In a flash, Kelly Ann grabs Tom's mic. Natalie lunges to fight for it, as Kelly Ann whips out a roll of gaffer's tape and winds the tape like a demon, strapping the mic indelibly to Sherri's forearm.

For a moment, there is peace and resolution. Natalie looks defeated. And then, in a shocking burst of adrenalin, Superfan launches herself at Sherri, rips the mic solidly taped to her arm, and bolts down the hallway making strange humming noises. Chaos and drama excite Natalie into actual song. Meanwhile:

SHERRI

OWWWW!!!

Kelly Ann grabs her skateboard and takes out after Superfan.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Natalie takes one hallway. Kelly Ann takes the other.

INT. CATERING AREA BEHIND STAGE -- NIGHT

They spill out in the same backstage area. Natalie is running at top speed. Kelly Ann appears from another direction on skateboard, aiming herself at SNS like a missile. Joel and Bill and Donna and others all watch the sudden spectacle. There is no time to assist, only to watch. An ugly collision is inevitable.

Natalie speeds up, pumping for the curtain where she can disappear into the Arena. Kelly Ann speeds up. Sherri appears, now chasing too. Kelly Ann is losing ground, and knows it. She needs to make a dynamic move... and does.

Kelly Ann speeds up now, and dropping to her knees on the skateboard, in a perfectly choreographed Hail Mary of a move, avoids a bruising collision and smoothly sliding below Superfan's strong-arm move to deck her... she grabs the hallowed microphone and ends in a rather inelegant crash into a ice-tub holding the band stage drinks.

She rises, holding the unharmed microphone high. There is no time for applause. It's almost showtime. Meanwhile, stripped of the golden fleece, Natalie sails directly into Puna's arms and he sweeps her out of the building. Everyone watches with brief, quiet respect for Kelly Ann's last-minute service, epicly rendered beyond the call of duty. All part of the Circus.

BILL
 (into walkie)
 Lights in five.

INT. BACKSTAGE -- NIGHT

Sherri approaches Jeffo with purpose.

SHERRI
 Jeffo --

He reads her mind.

JEFFO
 I'll do it.

SHERRI
 Do what --

JEFFO
 Be a manny for Winston. The Devil
 Child.

SHERRI
 Oh God I love you Jeffo.

EXT. ARENA -- NIGHT

Kelly Ann, holds her bag, she's escaped backstage for good.

A Girl Busker stands nearby, playing a song.

Kelly Ann admires the pure simplicity of the song. It's a simple song about happiness... and it fills her with joy. Finally, she's free.

KELLY ANN
 You wanna see the show?

BUSKER
 Sure!

KELLY ANN

Your guitar will be on Bus # 1.
Ask for Mike after the show. He'll
have it.

BUSKER

You have the best job in the world.

KELLY ANN

Hurry up. Can't hold the lights
for you.

She gives her a ticket, and takes the guitar. She hands it
off to Mike, the driver of Bus # 1.

KELLY ANN (CONT'D)

See ya!

Mike watches her go.

The Arena glitters in the distance as she walks on. We hear
music, an ancient-sounding folk song, "Great Dream Of
Heaven."

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GATE

Headlights flash. Her cab. She waves.

ANOTHER ROW OF HEADLIGHTS

Now arrives importantly, moving quickly across her path.

The band is arriving.

The band vehicles pass, splashing her with lights. Only the
last car stops. It's guitarist CHRISTOPHER HOUSE, though we
only see his arm.

CHRISTOPHER

Kelly Ann!!!

*

She is stunned at the attention. Christopher is mostly
hidden in the darkness of the car.

*

*

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Sorry about Phil! But he did tell
me what you said about the show.

*

*

For a moment she's deeply embarrassed. A hand emerges with a
piece of paper.

*

*

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

New set list. We're going to play
"Jody" tonight.

*

*

*

KELLY ANN
I've never heard you play "Jody"
live.

*
*
*

CHRISTOPHER
Me neither. Should be interesting.

*
*

The window rolls up.

She takes the set list, and stands alone in the night.
Behind her the arena. She reads the new song order, smiles
and walks to the cab. With each step, her feelings flicker
like the images of her movie...

KELLY ANN'S SHORT FILM -- "RUN"

Cut to Jeff Buckley's version of "Farewell Angelina," a
scratchy beautiful club recording. The film is made up of
scenes of characters from old movies. Running. First up,
The Apartment. As Shirley MacLaine begins to run back to
Jack Lemmon.

SHERRI -- PRODUCTION OFFICE -- SAME TIME

She's taken with Kelly Ann's oddly moving film.

INTERCUT

Kelly Ann walking faster towards the cab.

THE FILM

A running scene from Raising Arizona.

ON KELLY ANN

She reaches the cab, and puts her hand on the door.

CAB DRIVER
We going to the airport?

She finds herself stunned by her inability to answer. She
looks back to the Arena, and then at the cab driver. There's
a curious expression on her face. The images, the echoed
sounds of the crowd back in the venue, and then... the music
overtakes her. She turns to the Arena, and then back to the
waiting cab again.

HER FILM

North By Northwest. Cary Grant runs.

ON KELLY ANN

She pulls her hand from the door, and begins walking back to the Arena. At first slowly... and then faster.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

Hey!

HER FILM

Newsies as joyous boys run through the streets.

ON SHERRI

Who learns more about this girl than she ever knew before.

ON KELLY ANN

Moving fast. Instinctively, she knows the show is about to begin.

HER FILM

Ferris in the streets of Chicago in Ferris Bueller's Day Off.

Run Lola Run. (Front angle -- Lola running)

ON KELLY ANN -- CLOSE-UP

At top speed. Running.

Back to her family. Back to the Arena. A real run, and suddenly to her... her own film feels authentic.

INT. ARENA -- NIGHT

The arena is full.

INT. BACKSTAGE -- NIGHT

Sherri introduces Jeffo to Winston, the Devil Child. He's 9. *

SHERRI *

Shake hands. You two are going to
spend some time together. *

JEFFO *

What are you into? *

WINSTON *

Weapons and sex. *

JEFFO *

I'm your guy. *

SHERRI

Now this is a great marriage.

She hugs them, and leaves them to look at each other, as she motor-mouths into her headset. The show is beginning.

JEFFO

Winston. I'm Jeffo.

EXT. ARENA BACK DOOR -- NIGHT

Kelly Ann arrives at the back door, breathing hard. She BANGS on the door, with the strength of ten roadies. Thankfully, Bill answers.

BILL

You.

KELLY ANN

I want my job back.

BILL

This ain't a good time to un-quit.

The New Orleans crowd is chanting for the show to start.

KELLY ANN

I un-quit.

He sees her equipment exiting on a nearby cart heading for the next city. He grabs her tool-holster. Sherri arrives.

SHERRI

What about film school? Your half-scholarship'll go away.

Kelly Ann pauses. Suddenly the answer is clear.

KELLY ANN

Maybe later. I'll half-save up.

SHERRI

Well, you're probably looking at a pay cut-- now that your new boyfriend's in charge --

KELLY ANN

(busted)
Pardon me -- ?

SHERRI

(notes her alarm)
I'm kidding!

Jeffo passes. And Kelly Ann realizes with a shock--

KELLY ANN
Wait-- he's *staying*?

SHERRI
He looks so much older than you.

And before she can even process that she'll now be working side by side with this brother who pushes all her buttons... Bill slips Kelly Ann her tool belt.

Kelly Ann's return, heroic and in the end... completely unexpected... has begun her legend.

KELLY ANN
What about Milo?

BILL
He was going to follow you to New York. I'll have to stop him.

KELLY ANN
Do you have to?

They laugh. The camaraderie is fueled by...

INT. NEW ORLEANS ARENA -- NIGHT

Lights go down. The audience noise is deafening.

INT. ARENA STAGE -- NIGHT

Bill rushes onto the stage, and at the last minute, wipes Reg's smudge off the piano top....

The crowd roars in the darkness. iPhones flicker.

Bill now steps away for one of his most important rituals. He waves the flashlight in a circle, in the dark.

The band's coming. Showtime. He leads the band to the corner of the stairs.

INT. BEHIND STAGE -- NIGHT

The band walks coolly towards the stage, led by Bill's flashlight. We see them only as shadows.

Their stage and the entire evening is pre-arranged by this loving and loyal crew. The band huddles together for a pre-show ritual of their own.

Reg Whitehead watches, flashlights criss-crossing his vision in the dark. This constant notion of family.

Family. It's everywhere, it's confusing. He'll learn as he goes. And as Kelly Ann rolls a case by, he realizes... she's staying.

Reg Whitehead's life suddenly begins.

Bill and Sherri watch the band move to the stage.

BILL
Staying?

SHERRI
Yep. You?

BILL
(admits)
I sold the dreamhouse a year ago.

SHERRI
I know.

The noise is near deafening, and the band takes the stage.

The first few moments of any concert -- always the best.

A VOICE
"Ladies and Gentlemen... "

The crowd roar triples. And then, the dreaded sound of...

Firecrackers.

Flickering in the darkness, lit by flashes of light, Bill turns to Sherri. Beat.

BILL/SHERRI
Oh no...

To Black.

THE END