

A STAR IS BORN

Written by

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Based on  
'A Star Is Born'

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ON BLACK

We are bombarded with violin from Tchaikovsky's Opus 35 concerto in D major at its most thrusting moment --

'A STAR IS BORN' engulfs the black frame at that moment

The piece continues through the roll of opening credits until it crescendos --

Now we only hear a muffled sound --

\*

HARD IN:

\*

Close on a man's face, eyes closed, submerged in water filled with ice, hair spread out like octopus tentacles.

\*

\*

CUT TO:

\*

Close over a woman's shoulder, seeing beads of sweat, neck, bit of a bow in a manicured hand -- not sure what it is at first -- we can see a crowd behind her, out of focus --

\*

We see her eyes, focused, measured breathing, an Olympic athlete at rest in between breaths --

Finally we see the Stradivarius violin, still in her neck --

Reveal an AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN in a beautiful gown, standing on an intimate stage, an orchestra behind her, she starts to play again, the violin is all we hear, a high note, a note higher than one can even think possible --

The violinist illustrates her genius by shredding Tchaikovsky over the following --

\*

INT. OLD ROOM WITH CHARACTER

High vaulted ceilings, great acoustics

We scan the room from our vantage on stage -- see GUESTS surrounding it, seated at tables that have been set up for a black tie event, SERVERS moving among them, clearing plates, bringing drinks -- realize we're at a fund-raiser, convergence of entertainment and business leaders, insignia indicates 'immunotherapy for new cancer treatments' as the cause --

We drift over the crowd, watching them watch her, moving over rapt faces, captivated, in awe of the music, her talent --

CUT TO:

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ICE WATER

\*

The same face we saw earlier is still submerged in there. We  
can hear in muffled tones in the distance that same violin  
concerto. The eyes suddenly open as we

\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

\*

INTERIOR KITCHEN

\*

A head is yanked out of a kitchen wash basin filled with ice  
and water by two men holding the body it belongs to; Jackson  
Maine. He shakes off like a dog, then jams his own head into  
the ice bath, ice water splashing everywhere -

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Bobby, Jacks manager, moves to intercept Sean Parker who is  
hosting this event--

\*  
\*

SEAN PARKER

What's going on?

BOBBY

Nothing, we're fine --

SEAN PARKER

You sure? Is there anything I can  
do?

BOBBY

This is the process, this is how he  
gets himself in the moment,  
present, focused --

SEAN PARKER

(smiles)

Bobby, who are you talking to?

Jack, head under water, smacks the sides of the sink like a  
drum. Sean and Bobby watching him --

SEAN PARKER (CONT'D)

I wanted to represent rock 'n roll.  
This is rock 'n roll...

(sotto, to Bobby)

Is that how I spin this, if your  
boy can't deliver?

CUT TO:

\*

The violinist sweating, really leaning into it, the entire  
orchestra is one, coming to what we can tell is the end of

\*

piece

BACK TO:

Jack popping out of the ice bath again, wet hair covering his face, which we still haven't seen, he thrusts an arm into the air, then stops, as if he's just now heard the magnificent music permeating the room --

JACK

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa...

Everyone stops and listens to the orchestra --

Jack recognizing the music, raises his other arm, and begins to move them, as if conducting the climax of the piece --

INTERCUT:

Sarah and the orchestra --

With Jack at the sink, moving his arms, he knows it completely, even in this incoherent state, he conducts every movement as if the orchestra is in-front of him, no nuance is missed --

Sarah and the orchestra build to a crescendo and finish the performance with a flourish --

A standing ovation that gets louder as Sarah bows --

CUT TO:

Jack at the sink, dripping wet, clapping and whistling, he is the only one in the kitchen doing so --

INT. OLD ROOM WITH CHARACTER

Sean Parker with a mic, addressing the crowd, we see CREW in the dark behind him, setting up guitars, amps plugged in --

SEAN PARKER

-- tonight is about bringing great  
doctors together around one cause --  
to celebrate that, we've brought  
some great artists together --

INT. KITCHEN

Jack is standing under his own power, near the double doors, a little wobbly, his head is down, hat on, hair in his eyes -- \*

SEAN PARKER (O.S.)

-- about not being bound by genre,  
convention or 'how things are done'  
and our next performer embodies  
that ideal, he's never been bound  
by anyone or anything --

Water is dripping off Jack, pooling all over the floor --

EVENT STAFFER

Somebody take care of that please --

\*

A frenzied CATERING STAFF is hard at work, controlled chaos,  
food and drink being prepped and set on trays, it's noisy and  
hot, an organic farm-to-table experimental menu designed just  
for tonight --

\*

\*

\*

\*

ALLI CAMPANA, a petite woman with big kind eyes, is in a  
swarm of SERVERS all wearing the same thing: bow ties, black  
pants, white button down, almost penguin like in their  
uniformity. Alli's bow tie is too big, her pants up too high  
on her waist, sweating as she sets dozens of nitrogen poached  
green tea lime mousse on a large tray as fast as she can -

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ALLI

\*

Who, me?

Her boss hands her two towels.

ALLI (CONT'D)

Perfect, thank you --

Alli drops to her hands and knees, starts mopping up pools of  
water around Jack's feet, then starts drying a path for him  
to walk out of the kitchen, like a curler cleaning ice at the  
Olympics --

CUT TO:

SEAN PARKER

He is a generational talent --

\*

CUT TO:

The Violinist steps into the room from a back door. She and a  
few of her musicians stand against the wall, eager, clearly  
here to watch Jackson play.

\*

SEAN PARKER (CONT'D)

An icon, a master --

\*

BACK TO:

Jack almost throws up, braces himself against the wall --

Alli gives him a "what the fuck?" look --

We hear him mumble something --

SEAN PARKER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Please welcome, Jackson Maine --

Loud cheers and applause from the main room --

Jack takes a deep steadying breath, then walks through the double doors --

EVENT STAFFER  
(to Alli)  
Go, go! --

Alli heads out after him, staying low and out of sight, wiping up the water dripping off his clothes and hair --

Jack walks through the crowd, up a small set of stairs and onto the stage --

We hear voices through comtechs calling out his every move in hopes he will make it to the destination --

Alli follows a few steps behind, frantically wiping --

Jack oblivious to her presence, sits on a stool, head down, hat shielding his face, SOMEONE hands him a guitar --

Alli up on stage now, behind Jack -- the crowd chuckles good-naturedly at the sight of her cleaning his trail of fluids

Jack notices her over his shoulder, he turns and looks at her, the first time Alli sees his face is the first time we see his face, he offers the slightest smile of acknowledgement --

JACK  
So what are we doin', bow tie?

Alli holds his gaze for a beat, then emphatically points to the expectant crowd, as if to say "give them what you go" --

In doing so, she realizes all eyes are on her, she does a simple pirouette move and bows, drawing a laugh, then walks off stage --

The crowd now silent, waiting for Jack to play, he just sits there with his head down, water dripping --

He sits silent long enough that the audience (and Alli) begin to doubt whether he'll be able to play at all, then his fingers find the fretboard and he begins that same intricate solo progression from Tchaikovsky's concerto, the one the violinist just mesmerized the room with, his genius on guitar is equal to hers on violin, he plays enough of the solo to convey this as a warm up, then transitions right into his mega hit: "Night Comes Crawlin".

The crowd goes crazy as we hear him sing the first verse of his iconic single --

We find Alli in the crowd, she can't help but smile at the audacity of it --

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN ROOM. LATER THAT NIGHT

After the performance, ARTISTS mingle with GUESTS, the buzz of conversation, photos being taken, cocktails enjoyed --

We find Bobby, Sean Parker and ALEXIS HOLT, a forty something executive, talking in the crowd --

SEAN PARKER

-- literally, I'm not kidding, the pool is right below us, twenty four hundred gallons of oxidized water, they built this whole thing in twelve hours --

Jack walks up to Bobby, still drunk but coherent and lucid now, he is preoccupied, looking around a lot --

JACK

Excuse me, sorry to interrupt, you got a hundred dollars?

BOBBY

Hi Jack. You remember Sean Parker, our host for the evening --

JACK

Wonderful tent.

BOBBY

And Alexis Holt, from Livenation --

ALEXIS

That was great, Jack --

JACK

Thank you very much, that's very kind of you. I love that ribbon. The fabric. It's really cool.

SEAN PARKER

Thanks so much for being here --

JACK

Right on, any time, good cause, cancer is a motherfucker --

(to Bobby)

I need a hundred dollars.

BOBBY

I don't have any cash. Why do you need a hundred dollars?

SEAN PARKER

(peels a hundred off a money clip --)

Here you go.

BOBBY

No no no you don't have to --

JACK

(takes the cash)

I'm good for it, thank you boss --

(to Bobby)

You seen that girl -- the one with the big eyes, bow tie?

A SERVER walks by, Jack reaches out and stops him --

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey where's that girl at? The one who helped me out? With the nose and the eyes?

The Server is speechless, stunned that Jack is talking to him.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Service is over, the STAFF clean up in back, the vibe is relaxed but everyone still working fast so they can go home --



Alli and Ramon; an aspiring dancer (everyone on this staff is an aspiring something), he is flamboyant and wonderful, dark skinned Dominican, sinewy body like a swimmer, born for the spotlight, the kind of relentlessly hilarious and loyal friend who makes this work tolerable, pack up glasses together, bow ties loosened -- \*

ALLI

I need Alvin to want do it, we  
can't do 'The Wizard of Oz' without  
the tin man --

Alli's boss overhears this as he walks by and stops, eager --

ALLI'S BOSS

I played the scarecrow in high  
school, very well reviewed, I  
learned every part if--

RAMON

It's not an audition for you, is  
for her kids, she teaches inner  
city kids while you at the Equinox  
six hours a day --

He moves off, embarrassed --

ALLI

He just has to get out of his head,  
poor little guy, I thought in a  
supporting role he'd relax, hang  
back --

RAMON

Hang back?! No no no no, the tin  
man doesn't HANG back, the tin man  
doesn't hang anywhere, the tin man  
has to shine, he is shiny, he is  
shimmering, a shimmering big bright  
star. You tell your little Alvin to  
put his arms up big and wide, like  
this --

He throws his arms up in the air --

RAMON (CONT'D)

You say "Alvin, you need to shine!"  
Shine like this! --

He begins to sway back and forth, sprouts up like a dragon,  
unfurling his arms, owning the space --

RAMON (CONT'D)

It's his stage, he sees no  
Scarecrow, he sees no Lion, no  
Dorothy. In that moment, there's  
only tin man and he is SHINING! --

Alli laughs as Ramon starts to sing "Somewhere over the Rainbow", he has a pretty good voice, he belts out the first verse acapella --

A few other SERVERS join in, tapping spoons, pounding the counters, everything becoming an instrument. Ramon shows them all the steps to the shiny tin man dance he's just invented --

RAMON (CONT'D)

And then he shines like this!

Alli dances with them, and then she starts to sing, she picks up loaf of bread and puts it in a basket, like toto --

She is remarkable, even in this modest setting, her voice so exceptional, talent so transcendent, everyone just stops and listens --

We hear Alli put a fresh spin on it, an almost percussive like rhythm, a muscular take on this iconic song -- seeing this team at work, the history of their fellowship, their ease, their talent, it all comes through --

Ramon dancing right along with Alli, then suddenly he sees something by the door and freezes, gasps --

RAMON (CONT'D)

Oh my god Jackson Maine, he saw me  
shine!

Jack stands in the doorway. Everything stops abruptly.

Everyone is looking at him. He is looking at Alli.

No one sure what to say or do for a moment.

JACK

Show should've been back here, or  
you guys should've been up there,  
better than whatever bullshit I was  
doing, god damn -- sorry to  
interrupt, I just wanted to say --  
wow, what was that? Where am I  
right now? Is this the yellow  
brick road? Where are them monkeys  
at? You're good, that was good,  
like real good --

ALLI

Thank you.

JACK

Yeah I just wanted to say thanks,  
for cleaning up and-- you bleach  
your hair? I see your roots growing  
in, pretty color, maybe you should  
go with that and maybe not so much  
make up, you got nice skin --

RAMON

I tell her Jackson Maine, every day  
I'm telling her --

ALLI

You're welcome.

She goes back to work.

JACK

Didn't mean any offense, what I'm  
trying to say is, uh-- really?  
Black nail polish? Is that like  
ironic or something? I'm kidding,  
I'm not actually you should get  
that off --

Alli just looks at him for a beat.

ALLI

You're kind of a mess, huh?

He smiles at her. They just look at each other for a moment.

Bobby walks up, Meg is with him, they are in a rush --

BOBBY

Bus is leaving, we gotta go --

JACK

You just play kitchens? Or --

RAMON

She playing tonight, The Echo, ten  
dollar cover, but I get you in for  
free, just say 'friend of Ramon' --

BOBBY

Yeah we'll do that. Bye! Super nice  
chatting --

JACK

Thanks everybody, didn't get to eat  
the food y'all made but people  
seemed to like it --

Bobby has Jack halfway out the door when he remembers the  
hundred dollar bill in his hand, he steps back toward Alli --

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh I was gonna give you this as  
like a tip, I don't know, maybe  
that's weird now --

ALLI

Not weird at all.

She takes the hundred out of his hand and goes back to work.

JACK (O.S.)

Come on, get in or get out --

INT. BLACK SUV. NIGHT

Bobby gets in the front passenger seat, Jack sits in back,  
commotion just outside the SUV, FANS and PAPS, white flashes  
going off around the truck --

JACK

Label trying to save money on one  
car?

BOBBY

More close calls like tonight, they  
won't even send a car.

The DRIVER pulls away, Jack rolls down the window, puts his  
head back, taking in the air and the quiet drive --

JACK

You gonna tell me or do I gotta  
ask?

BOBBY

We got it. She said they'll do it.  
With conditions.

Jack exhales.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

If she had been in that kitchen  
tonight she would've said no. We  
both know she was right to be  
skeptical.

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

When you pull that shit on top of how poorly the last two albums sold, you're one step away from it all falling apart, it's not like it used to be.

JACK

If you're gonna bring that up, let's not be shy about it. Don't just group them together. The last one didn't sell at all. Remember? I do.

BOBBY

Can you do me a favor, can you just go home tonight? Wheels up at eight a.m. Just go get some sleep...

Jack leans forward, pats Bobby's shoulder and kisses him on the cheek.

JACK

You get some sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EAST LOS ANGELES. NIGHT

An ethnic neighborhood, crowded, row houses, pastel colors, graffiti, a Latino vibe -- we are wide, a little hatchback struggling to parallel park, we hear cursing through the open car window as it finally manages to squeeze into the space left by an old pick up -- we hear dogs barking, the neighborhood is alive even though it's five a.m. --

What we've heard to be Alli from the cursing, we do not recognize as she gets out of the hatchback, she's adorned in a silver blue almost sex doll astronaut outfit, a translucent parka draped over the outfit, almost a foot taller than we've seen her before in platform heels and her hair teased out. The whole look sweaty and worn, a glam rocker after a gig --

We track her carrying her guitar and backpack as she climbs the stairs to a row house --

INT. ROW HOUSE. PRE-DAWN

A young poor artist's rental.

Alli takes off her parka as she walks into the bathroom, turns on the shower, she hears a knock at the door --

ALLI

Ah, come on --

She ignores it. Another knock at the door. Alli picks up a bat, leaning against her bed and moves to the window, to see who is at the door, that's when she hears --

JACK (O.S.)

(calling out)

Bow tie? You in there?

Alli contemplates whether to put the bat down, then takes it with her and leans it against the door frame. She opens the door.

ALLI

What are you doing here?

JACK

Was I that fucked up or are you two feet taller than the last time I saw you?

ALLI

How do you know where I live?

JACK

Has there been an abduction? Do you need me to call someone? What are they like? Are they friendly? Can we learn from them?

ALLI

(picks up the bat)

You're lucky I didn't bash your teeth in --

JACK

Was my aunt Nancy, right? Have they been living among us?

Alli takes Jack's hand and pulls him into the house --

ALLI

Stop it. Get inside.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILER. PRE-DAWN

Alli closes the door, Jack looks around, it's close quarters.

ALLI

How do you know where I live?

\*  
\*

JACK

Ramon told me. Don't be mad at him.

\*  
\*

ALLI

I thought he was fucking with me  
when he texted me that. So you  
missed the show? He told you it was  
ten o'clock -- how do you see this  
playing out in your head exactly?  
You show up at 5 a.m. and then like  
what -- we fuck?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JACK

I just want to hear you sing.

She starts singing right away, looking right at him, he's got  
nowhere to hide. An obviously original verse that comes from  
deep within. Utterly confident. The magic he saw in the  
kitchen times a hundred. Almost as a 'fuck you'. The verse  
ends and they stand there in silence.

ALLI

Anything else?

JACK

Well now I definitely want to fuck.

She slaps him.

\*

ALLI

How about a cup of tea?

\*

CUT TO:

A small wooden box on the desk, a HAND comes in and opens it  
as we hear a tea kettle whistling, the box is filled with old  
clothespins, each one painted with bright colors and glitter.

\*  
\*  
\*

JACK (O.S.)

You wrote that?

The hand pulls the open box up to -- Jack, looking at Alli,  
we hear the whistle stop --

\*

JACK (CONT'D)

What's this?

Alli making the tea, giggles to herself --

ALLI

When I was like eight, I used to wrap myself up in our bed sheets -- like it was a big cape -- and I'd use the clothespins to tie it all together -- I was in the OPERA. Then I'd "perform", it was a whole thing --

JACK

And you kept 'em.

ALLI

Yeah.

Jack keeps looking around, sees the lyric notepad next to her bed, picks it up, opens to a random page and reads, he likes what he reads, smiles -- Alli taking in the surreal moment of "Jack Maine" in her space having tea, she shakes her head -- \*

ALLI (CONT'D)

This is so crazy.

JACK

What?

ALLI

Nothing. Do you always get that fucked up before a show? Is it because it comes too easy for you and it makes you feel like you're a fraud?

Like her singing, he just starts talking right away, right to her, as if he doesn't get it out now he probably never will --

JACK

Here's me, right --  
    (he puts his hand up in  
    the middle of his face)  
I just kind of like being a little over here --  
    (he moves his hand  
    slightly to the left)  
If I go a little too far, cold water does the trick. It's just a little easier over here. You know what I mean?

ALLI

No. I don't.



JACK

(thinks about it)

I think it's what they call putting  
all your eggs in one basket...

(leans forward, whispers)

Maybe I picked the wrong basket.

ALLI

I have to get to bed, so you're  
gonna have to be on your way,  
mister basket.

\*

JACK

I'm not leaving until we make a  
plan.

ALLI

Oh really?

JACK

That's right. I want to hear you  
sing some more. So we have to make  
a plan.

ALLI

If you're serious then you can call  
me.

Almost on cue, Jack grabs a nearby pen and hands it to her  
with one hand while turning his other hand over for her to  
write her number down on --

ALLI (CONT'D)

(laughing at this)

Yeah, ok we'll see.

She finishes the number, still holding his hand.

They both clock the feeling they have holding each other's  
hand.

CUT TO:

\*

Alli's iPhone, a reminder appears with a ding: 'dad Sunday  
brunch' buzzing, Alli is asleep with her ear buds in.

Alli wakes up and looks at the phone.

ALLI (CONT'D)

Oh fuck --

She jumps out of bed --

EXT. CROWDED PARKING LOT. DAY

Somewhere deep in the San Fernando valley -- we see Alli coming around a series of parked cars, walking briskly in a sundress, her hair pulled back tightly in a pony tail, fresh out of the shower, tips still wet -- she side steps and checks her reflection in the side view mirror of a parked car, taking one last look, who knows for what, before she enters --

INT. RESTAURANT. DAY

Alli walks into frame, looks around the crowded restaurant, sees the back of a MAN seated at a table, the man is Alli's father, LORENZO, a transpo guy from North Jersey, long hair slicked back -- Alli takes a breath, steeling herself before walking to the table --

ALLI

Hi daddy.

LORENZO

Did you park in the lot?

ALLI

I found a meter.

She kisses his cheek and sits. She can tell he is preoccupied by something. Through the rest of this conversation, we see through the back window, outside in the parking lot, a single VALET struggling to park cars around one stationery pale blue Buick regal --

ALLI (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

LORENZO

Nothing, sweetheart --

ALLI

What's the matter? What happened?

LORENZO

Its nothing -- this kid, the valet.  
He tells me I can't park my own car.

ALLI

They do it so they can fit more cars in the lot. It's his job.

LORENZO

If he needs to move it he can come get me. I'll move my car. I'm sorry, it doesn't matter. How are you sweetheart? You're late, why are you late?

ALLI

I had a gig last night.

LORENZO

At that place? The same place.

He turns behind him to look back at the valet. She pulls her phone out checks to see any missed calls, laughs at herself for looking and puts it down on the table.

\*  
\*  
\*

ALLI

Yes the same place. You should come see it some night. They renovated --

LORENZO

You know its too late for me. I'm in bed by ten, up at 5 most days.

ALLI

I know, daddy.

LORENZO

Don't you think it might be more advantageous to play other venues where you can be seen by a, let's say, a more palatable audience? What does your manager say?

ALLI

I don't talk to him anymore. You know that.

LORENZO

But he's a connection, you should be glad you've got a connection to the business, a line in, a lot of people would kill for that. Did they just call for me?

ALLI

Who?

LORENZO

The valet, I thought I heard my name.

ALLI

What's the matter with you?

LORENZO

Nothing.

ALLI

Dad --

LORENZO

I don't wanna talk about it. Let's order.

ALLI

Dad, come on --

LORENZO

I had a hard morning. OK.

ALLI

What happened?

LORENZO

I was doing an airport run, some big producer, doesn't matter who but you would know the name, I'm quiet like I always am, I don't intrude, that's my job, to drive and listen if they wanna talk, and this producer guy starts to engage in a conversation, asking my opinion about, of all movies, "Day of the Locust" --

Alli's phone comes up as "UNKNOWN CALLER" --

\*

ALLI

(sees the call: holy shit)

Oh my God, that's crazy --

\*

\*

LORENZO

I know. So, I'm telling him what I thought, because I've thought a lot about this film and many others, and this guy gets a phone call, while I'm talking -- and I get it, the guy's a producer, this is what he does. But then he hangs up, a very short call and he never picks up the conversation, it's like it never happened. He just blew me off. Like I don't exist. This fucking place -- LA. It's all about who's on top.

\*

Alli misses the call. Then the "UNKNOWN CALLER" immediately calls back. Lorenzo waves to the WAITRESS who comes over --

\*  
\*

LORENZO (CONT'D)  
What do you want? I already ordered.

\*

ALLI  
(glancing at the phone)  
Um, Coffee. And can I get the oatmeal with water, not milk, please --

\*  
\*

WAITRESS  
Fruit and nuts on the side?

Alli completely unaware that she is talking to her as she watches the second missed call--

\*  
\*

LORENZO  
(cuts in)  
Get 'em, I'll eat 'em.

\*

Alli smiles to her dad as the waitress takes their menus and moves off.

\*

LORENZO (CONT'D)  
That manager of yours, schmuck that he may be, did give you that one good piece of advice.

ALLI  
Dad, I'm not gonna change my nose.

LORENZO  
Dean Martin did it. Look at his career. Movies, singing, television and he was his own man, when Frank wanted everybody to go out, guess who said no? He didn't fall in line like the rest of Frank's cronies, he was his own man. That's why Frank was obsessed with him. You can still be your own person. It takes more than talent, you got plenty of talent. So, what's missing? Why aren't you up there?

ALLI  
I'm working on it.

LORENZO  
I should've done it for God's sake. When I was driving Paul --

ALLI

Here we go --

LORENZO

Paul Anka told me I had more natural talent than Frank, that's a direct quote-- I just didn't have the looks, I didn't look like Rock Hudson.

ALLI

Rock Hudson?

LORENZO

Died of AIDS, married to Elizabeth Taylor --

ALLI

I know who Rock Hudson is. Dad, I mean come on -- no one looks like Rock Hudson. And he wasn't married to Elizabeth Taylor. They were friends.

The sweaty VALET walks up behind him --

LORENZO

Yeah but she loved him. She really loved him.

(turns to the valet)

I got my key right here, here we go, you're not gonna wait on me.

Lorenzo gets up and walks out with the valet. Alli immediately checking her voice mail, alone at the table, she pours half and half into her coffee --- throughout these messages, we see Lorenzo, through that same window, try to undo the mess that was created by leaving his car and we see Alli alone listening to these surreal messages from Jackson Maine, her little secret sitting there in this crowded restaurant -- in these voice messages, we can hear that he is in a place where people are talking to him and around him --

JACK (O.S.)

(via voice mail)

Hello? ... I don't know, I don't know, is that a six? Does that look like a -- I wrote it down on a piece of paper somewhere -- who has the paper, let me see the paper, shit -- is that a six? ... Hello?

(then it ends)

Alli checks the next message --

JACK (CONT'D)

(via voice mail)

Hello? ... Hello? ... Bow tie? ...  
Hi, This is Jack Maine, ummmmm...  
we're here at the studio, all week,  
it's -- what's the address? shit --  
it's uh ... 2211 Wilshire boulevard  
in Hollywood, California, why don't  
you come by -- tomorrow? What time  
are we -- what time? No. OK.  
Tomorrow at 2 o'clock -- I hope I  
see you. Bye.

(then it ends)

Off Alli, looking out at her dad --

CUT TO:

INT. RECORDING STUDIO

GEORGE JONES, an African American musician, sits next to a  
sound engineer board, smoking a clove, our focus is only on  
him at first --

GEORGE

'Crazy' is where they always go,  
it's the catch-all for our times --  
Martin Lawrence is a good guy,  
remembers my wife's name, that kind  
of guy --

Jack sits on an old couch across from him, tuning his guitar,  
bottle of whiskey nearby, he has a glass and is drinking  
throughout the following sequence -- a SOUND ENGINEER sits at  
the board, waiting to be told what to do --

GEORGE (CONT'D)

So let me ask you this, what's  
happening in Hollywood that a guy  
like that, guy with everything,  
good to everyone, ends up in the  
street, waving a gun screaming  
'they're trying to kill me' -- why  
does Lauryn Hill write  
Miseducation, first hip hop album  
of the year Grammy, and disappear?  
And in the vacuum, what are people  
saying? She's racist, joined a  
cult, and eventually inevitably  
they get around to 'crazy', she  
went crazy -- Kanye gets up on an  
award stage, he's 'crazy'.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Worst thing you can call somebody  
is crazy, it's dismissive, they're  
not crazy, they're strong people,  
nobody gets where they got being  
weak, so maybe it's not them, maybe  
it's the environment...

\*

The door opens and Alli walks in, wide eyed, expecting to  
find a room vibrating with creative energy -- instead she  
finds three guys just hanging out, Jack sees her and smiles --

\*

\*

\*

JACK

\*

Hey! There you are. That's more  
like it. George, this is Alli.  
Alli, George.

\*

\*

\*

ALLI

\*

Enough with that. Hi George.

\*

George nods. They all just kind of look at each other for a  
beat. Alli unsure what's supposed to happen next.

\*

\*

ALLI (CONT'D)

\*

So what are we doing fellas?

\*

GEORGE

\*

Shit, we are here for you.

\*

ALLI

\*

Yeah. Um, I -- actually, I wrote  
you a song.

\*

\*

He looks at her knowingly and nods --

\*

JACK

\*

For me?

\*

ALLI

\*

Is it OK if I --  
(she nods to the piano in  
the recording booth)

\*

\*

\*

JACK

\*

(smiles)

\*

You're allowed to play the  
instruments.

\*

\*

We go with Alli into the recording booth, we see her taking  
it in, appreciating every little detail, she smiles as she  
sits at the piano, she has some trouble adjusting the  
microphone --

\*

\*

\*

\*

CUT TO:

\*



Jack and George watch her through the glass, her nerves are palpable and endearing, she finally gets the mic in place and starts to play, then she starts to sing -- \*

ALLI

*A tiny ring of gold, on your finger  
or through your nose, doesn't mean  
that you are owned, they made that  
up years ago...'*

Alli sings the first verse into the refrain, her creative genius immediately obvious, Jack and George exchange a look: "holy shit"-- \*

Jack watches her, she never looks more beautiful than when she's singing. She stops and looks at Jack -- \*

ALLI (CONT'D)

What do you think?

Jack walks out of the engineer room, into the booth and sits down next to her at the piano -- \*

JACK

I like it, it's -- maybe up the  
pace a little, what about this,  
something like this --

He plays the same melody on the piano with a little more pace, adding a few flourishes, she nods along, he plays up to what would be the chorus and stops -- \*

JACK (CONT'D)

And now here. Right here's where  
I'm hearing like --  
(to the ENGINEER)  
Hey call Mike, get him down here -- \*

GEORGE'S VOICE

(through the PA)  
Mike's in Hawaii Jack-- \*

JACK

OK. OK... how long is the flight? \*

He plays the chorus a little differently, she listens and smiles, loving the evolution, he stops and looks at her --

ALLI

Play it again, from the start --

He does.

She nods starts playing the piano along with him.

Then George comes in, playing drums right along with them.

Jack sings the chorus again, hits the last note way bigger and everyone nodding and smiling: 'hell yeah'

\*

JACK

\*

Alright, let's lay it down --

\*

Jack rigging up a microphone right there in the engineer room, Alli confused --

\*

\*

ALLI

\*

Aren't you gonna go in the booth?

\*

JACK

\*

I like to be in the room with everyone. We're all working together. I don't want to be by myself.

\*

\*

\*

\*

Piano and the drum kit are in another room --

\*

See them calling studio musicians, bass player and pianist

\*

CUT TO:

A compositional sequence: intimacy through creativity

Jack and Alli write a song together. Jack energized and inspired in a way he hasn't been in years, we see his whole skill set on display, his fingerprints are all over the arrangement --

Jack plays guitar, Alli plays the piano and sings then stops, she tries it again, subtly better, Jack listening intently --

JACK (CONT'D)

There we go, like that --

Jack watching Alli as she plays, engrossed in the process --

CUT TO:

Alli behind glass with the engineer, keeping an eye on the levels as Jack and George lay down an arrangement --

JACK (CONT'D)

Lighter on the snare, feather it maybe --

George does just that.

Jack still not hearing exactly what is in his head. He stops.

CUT TO:

Jack sits at George's drum set and effortlessly plays a complex riff, George watches closely, absorbing the subtle changes, it only takes hearing it once for him to have it --

George sits now and plays it back, Jack smiles big --

JACK (CONT'D)

Yes. Yes! That's it, perfect --

Jack crosses to the BASS PLAYER who hands him the instrument, he is like a kid changing rides in an amusement park --

JACK (CONT'D)

Try to pluck it more on the bridge,  
like this --

(he plays the bass line)  
-- feels weird but let's just see  
how it sounds --

CUT TO:

Alli is behind glass, watching him create, she smiles --

INT. RECORDING STUDIO LOUNGE

Alli adds almond milk to coffee, smiling, almost out of breath with excitement -- the engineer walks in and grabs a banana and Diet Coke from the fridge --

ALLI

Is it always like this?

ENGINEER

No. Not in a long time.

He walks out of the lounge --

INT. RECORDING STUDIO

It's very late or very early, no clocks anywhere, all the musicians have gone home except Alli, Jack, George and the engineer --

Jack and George are behind glass with the engineer --

Alli in the booth recording the piano, playing beautifully, she hits and holds the final note, Jack looks satisfied --

JACK

I think we got it, what do you think?

ENGINEER

I think we had it an hour ago --

ALLI'S VOICE (O.S.)

What's going on? What are you saying?

Jack presses a button to talk to her in the booth --

JACK

We think you got it.

She shrugs and takes a beat --

ALLI

I don't know, I want to go again, can I go again?

Jack smiles and nods, the engineer resets the board --

DISSOLVE TO:

Hours later, the engineer wears noise canceling headphones, listening to the mix, he yawns but his focus doesn't waver --

George has his sticks packed up, unlit cigarette between his lips, he gives Alli a hug --

ALLI (CONT'D)

Thank you so much, this has been...

She can't find the words. He smiles.

GEORGE

Yeah that's about right.

JACK

Say hi to the girls for me --

George and Jack handshake/hug.

GEORGE

Come by for dinner sometime, they're big, they're like people now --

George exits.

We begin to hear the finished song, pre lapped --

CUT TO:

Alli, Jack and the engineer listening to the final mix, it's infectious, a blend of modern pop sensibility with a legend's iconic sound, like when Johnny Cash did Trent Reznor's 'Hurt' (though our original song probably won't sound like that)

The song ends, they sit there in silence for awhile, Jack turns to the engineer and nods.

The engineer starts packing up --

JACK

Only her name on the credits, when  
you file --

ALLI

What? No, we wrote it together --

JACK

It's your song.

ALLI

I brought in a few chords and  
verses, it was barely a song --

JACK

(to the engineer)  
Just her.

They share a nod and the engineer exits. Alli and Jack are alone in the booth.

ALLI

You know I've been here before. I  
mean not in this studio... I made a  
demo. They liked it enough to want  
to meet me. I still remember  
getting that voice mail, they  
sounded so excited... and then they  
met me, and I never heard from them  
again. When my manager told me he  
sold them the song I realized...  
they just didn't like the way I  
look.

JACK

That's the last time you ever write  
a song that you don't sing.

Alli smiles, wipes away a tear --

JACK (CONT'D)  
I'm going to Phoenix tonight, you  
should come with --

ALLI  
Oh my God, what time is it?

Alli suddenly remembers something important, in a panic she  
pulls out her phone, sees the time, jumps up --

ALLI (CONT'D)  
Shit! I have to go --

Jack watching as she frantically gathers her things, rushes  
over, kisses him on the cheek, then hurries to the door,  
opens it and is halfway through --

JACK  
Hey whoa wait hang on a second --

She stops and turns back, standing there in the doorway, he  
looks at her and smiles --

JACK (CONT'D)  
I just wanted another look at you.

She rushes out.

INT. INNER CITY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. DAY

We're in the auditorium and it's packed with nervous PARENTS.

INT. BACKSTAGE

KIDS mill about behind the curtain in costume, ready to go  
on, buzz of excitement, they talk each other up, run lines --

ALVIN, a painfully shy boy dressed as The Tin Man, stands off  
by himself, quietly freaking out, feet shifting back and  
forth, he looks like he might pee himself --

Alli arrives a little late, the kids all happy to see her --

ALLI  
Hello my superstars! Is everybody  
ready? Costumes fit OK?

She checks the kids, the lights go down in the auditorium and  
the play begins, Alli sees Alvin standing off by himself, she  
walks over and kneels beside him --

ALLI (CONT'D)  
You ready?

Alvin shakes his head, still nervously pee pee dancing.

ALLI (CONT'D)  
Yes you are, look at me --  
(he does)  
You are all you need, you're so  
much more than enough --

Alvin stops pee pee dancing, his eyes still on the floor.

ALLI (CONT'D)  
Now what does the tin man do?

Alvin looks at her and starts to smile as we

CUT TO:

THE TIN MAN SHINING!

Alvin is doing Ramon's tin man dance on stage as he sings:

ALVIN  
*Just to register emotion, jealousy,  
devotion... and really feel the  
part...*

Alli watches from side stage left --

ALVIN (CONT'D)  
*I could stay young and chipper...  
and lock it with a zipper if I only  
had a heart...*

EXT. INNER CITY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. DAY

The auditorium empties out into the parking lot --

Alli saying goodbye to grateful PARENTS and KIDS -- she sees Alvin through the crowd, his MOM and DAD beaming with pride, as OTHER PARENTS stop to tell Alvin how good he was --

Something catches Alli's eye as the crowd disperses --

A BLACK SUV parked on the street, a DRIVER standing next to it holding a sign that reads: '**bow tie**'

Her head cocks in happy confusion, this can't be...

The back door opens and Ramon gets out, points to the sign -- she understands immediately: They're going to Phoenix.

She bends down below her knees and lets out an exhausted roar of excitement fatigue and fear --

She stands back up, smiles as she moves toward the SUV --

ALLI  
It was smart --

RAMON  
What is smart?

ALLI  
I never would've gone alone.

EXT. VAN VUYS AIRPORT. SUNSET

The SUV drives out onto the runway and stops in front of an idling GULFSTREAM JET --

Alli and Ramon get out of the car, Ramon pirouetting his way onto the plane --

INT. GULFSTREAM JET (FLYING)

Ramon taking selfies of himself reclining in the leather seat with a drink --

Alli looking out the window, lost in her thoughts, a FLIGHT ATTENDANT brings her a drink, we hear the dull whirring roar of the G6 engine --

INT. A STAIRWELL

A different roar, louder and less immediate --

We're over Alli's shoulder, Ramon in tow, walking down a makeshift corridor -- PEOPLE passing, excitement in the air, we're not sure where we are just yet -- a uniformed PERSON leading them, we see laminates hung around their necks, wristbands on their wrists -- they climb the stairs, passing a bucket of earplugs -- TRACK with them, still unsure exactly where we are, SECURITY at the top of the stairs --

They are greeted by a new uniformed PERSON who motions for them to follow --



## INT. BACKSTAGE

-- we follow behind their silhouette as they move through the bowels of a major concert venue, stepping over cables, passing PAs, SOUND TECHS, SECURITY -- frenetic energy, CREW moving fast, the roar we've been hearing is the roar of a sold out crowd in an outdoor arena at night --

We begin to hear a guitar riff echoing through the cold crisp night air, Chris Stapleton esque, crushing a D major --

Ramon turns to Alli and smiles -- they walk around a corner, past a wall of amps, which takes us out of the darkness and onto a stage, where Jack is mid-solo --

They watch from side stage left, the same angle Alli had for the kids --

20,000 PEOPLE screaming, George on drums, the sound hits us like a sledge hammer, she can feel it --

Jack is mesmerizing to watch, attacking his guitar like an animal on the hunt in the cold night air, the concert lights flaring his breath, like a steam train heading into a tunnel.

A final note. The solo is over. The crowd goes crazy.

Jack takes a big swig straight from an open bottle of whiskey perched on an amp and that's when he sees --

Alli half lit in the shadows, she smiles and waves --

Jack finishes the whiskey and holds out his hand --

Alli shakes her head, nervous laughter, thinks he's kidding --

He is not kidding, he waves for her to come on stage --

The crowd has no idea what he's doing, they cheer, George and the rest of THE BAND don't know what's happening either --

Jack just keeps his hand extended, keeps his eyes on Alli --

Until finally he walks over without saying a word and takes her hand, bringing her out to center stage --

## CUT TO:

The frenzied arena from Alli's POV, a sight few ever see, she takes it in --

We go wide on Alli, she doesn't look nervous, she looks calm, poised, ready, a little smile crosses her lips --

Jack leans into the mic, voice echoing through the stadium --

JACK  
Just a minute --

He step back from the mic to talk to Alli, they have to shout to hear each other over the cheers --

JACK (CONT'D)  
What are we doin', bow tie?

ALLI  
What?!

JACK  
Call it, first thing that comes into your head, go --

Alli in a daze, trying to think --

JACK (CONT'D)  
Or we could just stand here and look at each other --

ALLI  
OK, uh -- you guys played Night Comes Crawlin yet?

JACK  
Nope.

ALLI  
Let's do that.

JACK  
Sure.

Jack grins.

ALLI  
Is that OK to try that?

Jack looks back at the band -- shouts the instructions. They kick in. The song starts. He turns back to Alli - nodding toward the mic. It's hers to sing.

She hesitates, then steps up, not sure she can handle it, she puts her head down, whispers something to herself --Jack puts a hand on a her shoulder, in an "it's OK" moment -- then starts to sing. It takes only one verse for 20,000 people to find their way into the palm of her hand --

Jack stays back, letting her have the spotlight -- loving that she knows the words to his hit.

Then Jack steps up and they duet the second chorus -- a perfect combination. We can sense the crowd realizing that they're witnessing someone special, we see cell phone videos being recorded --

The song builds to a crescendo, Alli hits and holds one last impossible note and the place explodes in applause --

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S HOTEL SUITE. LATE NIGHT

Alli flying high on adrenaline, endorphins, booze, drugs, bouncing up and down on a hotel bed -- and we find Jack lounging across a chair at the end of the bed, smiling with his eyes closed -- we can hear an after party in full swing in the next room --

ALLI

I felt it in every muscle, every nerve ending -- that sounds pretentious, it's not like anything else-- you hear people talk about it, you read interviews, you think you know but you don't, you can't, I mean *fuck* -- that was fun, you know? I want to do it again, like now -- Does this feeling ever go away?

JACK

Never.

ALLI

What's gonna happen now?

JACK

Anything you want. It's all yours.

ALLI

Hey Jack?

JACK

Yeah.

He opens his eyes and sees:

Alli straddle him in the chair.

She kisses him.

They fuck with intensity. And with this the noise from the next room gets louder and louder until we

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE. LATE NIGHT

The next room, what we have been hearing -- a crowded, smoke filled suite, everyone sitting around.

Mike the pianist, playing chopsticks on an upright piano against the wall, he stops --

GEORGE

So, you remember the piano you played it on?

MIKE THE PIANIST

Yeah. Minute my hands hit the keys I knew what I wanted to do for the rest of my life.

GEORGE

OK then, first of all -- where's that piano now?

MIKE THE PIANIST

I don't know.

GEORGE

'You don't know'? You need to find that piano and buy it --

Mike laughs. George does not.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm serious, it's precious and you need to own it -- now take me from chopsticks all the way up to that Stevie song you love. Everything you learned in between. Your journey -- go!

Mike starts to play the piano, for the next few minutes we will hear him take us from chopsticks to Stevie Wonder, his evolution as an artist. As it begins, we are in the room, everyone mesmerized --

CUT TO:

Alli in bed, Jack asleep, pushing past him to focus only on her, expressing the feeling that she's finally found the place she's been looking for her whole life, as Mike bangs

away at the keys, transitioning seamlessly into the next song on his journey, and we --

CUT TO:

Jack on stage in a different city, an indoor venue, swigs a bottle of whiskey, points to Alli, standing side stage left --

BACK TO:

Mike's fingers on the keys, head buried into the music --

CUT TO:

Close up on Alli, at the mic, center stage, hesitating -- she starts to sing and smiling.

BACK TO:

Fingers flying, Mike sweating, each transition faster and faster now, growing in speed and complexity, we're building towards something --

CUT TO:

Jack and Alli coming down into a basement-like room, from a crowded street above, where we see lights flashing, it's an underground sushi bar, a local favorite in one of the cities on the tour -- Jack familiar with the SUSHI CHEF, Alli and Jack eating --

CUT TO:

We're up high in a venue, post sound check, looking down on STAFF, moving through the rows of stadium seats, sweeping and folding down chairs, we find Alli and Jack in the highest row, talking and laughing --

JUMP CUT TO:

Profile, Alli and Jack facing each other on the same bleacher seat, Alli making love to Jack --

BACK TO:

We're wide in the room with Mike, physically bouncing up and down as he's playing --

CUT TO:

Jack dragging Alli as they make their way around a corner running and laughing, trying to avoid FANS and PHOTOGRAPHERS waiting down a hallway -- this action moves us into -- a tour bus, we're on Alli asleep in a reclined bus seat, Jack asleep in the next seat, with his head on her lap, facing her. We see George, sitting a few seats behind, Face Timing with his family, clove cigarette in his ear --

BACK TO:

Mike rounding the bend, into a Stevie Wonder song --

CUT TO:

We come up over George at the drums, and move onto Alli and Jack on stage, performing for a large crowd -- onto George holding court on the tour bus, regaling the bus with a story involving some physical movement -- Jack and Alli laughing their asses off.

BACK INTO:

The room with Mike playing a final stretch of notes until -- bam! -- his fingers hit the last bit of ivory and the crowd erupts, having witnessed something they'll never forget.

INT. DIFFERENT HOTEL SUITE. MORNING

Alli wakes up next to Jack, they are both naked --

She takes a moment to get her bearings, she looks around the hotel room, as if trying to figure out if last night was all a dream, eventually she smiles --

CUT TO:

Alli on the balcony in a hotel bathrobe, sipping a Bloody Mary, she lights a clove cigarette and checks her phone, her smile fades -- there are dozens of text messages from someone named 'Mo', the theme of the texts is "call me asap", there's also a voice mail --

Alli has a physiological response to reading his name, she sets the phone on the table to listen, as if she doesn't want his voice to touch her --

MO (O.S.)  
 (via voice mail)  
 Kiddo!  
 (MORE)

MO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's your Mo, long time no talk,  
been crazy busy, not as busy as  
you, you've been popping up  
everywhere -- been thinking about  
you, always thinking, give me a  
call when you get this -- very  
excited to get into everything.  
Gonna be a big year for you, baby.

The voice mail ends and she immediately deletes it.

Reveal Jack standing in the doorway, sensing her distress.

JACK

Who's Mo?

CUT TO:

Jack, listening on the balcony --

ALLI

It's not like he held me down. I  
was groomed, made to feel like I  
had to, or... it started with "if I  
can't have you, I can't work with  
you", then it was "If I can't have  
you, I'll destroy you", looking  
back it's so clear... but when  
you're nineteen, and he's twenty  
years older and you're in a  
professional environment for the  
first time, you don't know...

A tear slips out, she's upset at herself for crying.

JACK

The contract you signed --

ALLI

I had a lawyer look at it, it's a  
nightmare -- I thought it would  
protect me, having something in  
writing, so dumb --

JACK

(picks up the phone)

Does he live in LA?

She nods.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE JET

Jack and Alli huddle with Bobby in the back --

BOBBY

Number one, that song you wrote for him, 'ring of gold', fucking amazing --

ALLI

We wrote it together --

JACK

No no no, that's her song --

BOBBY

Whoever's song it is, it's great, and it's great timing for us. He needed it. Four million downloads in a week, it's the only reason they let me take the plane to come get you. And now that I know the reason we're going back, here's what's gonna happen: You're not going anywhere near Mo. I will handle Mo --

(Jack starts to protest)

I don't want to hear about it.

(Jack starts to protest again)

Jack. I don't want to hear about it. That's number two. Number three, I went through the notebooks your friend *Ramon* --

(looks at Jack)

-- brought in, they're fantastic, we gotta get you in the studio and start laying some things down, immediately, that's a priority.

CUT TO:

A pretty young girl, staring at us, sitting in a chair, in an office, obviously upset, a flurry of activity visible through glass behind her.

MO (O.S.)

I've been doing this for half my life and I can tell you honestly, I can count on my hand, the number times I've been in the presence of genius. I won't bore you with the other two, but the third one happened when I first heard you. And I just want to tell you, I just want to ask you -- this is what I need you to know.

(MORE)



MO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

No one will work harder. Believe in you more. Fight for what you deserve. Cry with you when you're sad. That's right. So let's-- yeah ok sure, call me back.

(we hear a phone hang up)

So, what did you want?

The girl opens her mouth to say something as the door behind her opens and Bobby walks in --

\*

BOBBY

Hello. Mo Beggler? I'm going to keep this simple.

\*

\*

Reveal MO BEGGLER, a big middle aged man, sitting behind the desk, music memorabilia on prominent display behind him, an MTV moon man at the center of that display --

\*

MO

Excuse me, how did you get in this office? I'm in the middle of a meeting here. With Katrina.

BOBBY

(to Katrina)

God help you.

MO

Oh I see where this is going -- he can't come here and just sign her away, she has a contract with me.

BOBBY

Have you ever read any of her lyrics, can you even read music? I actually hope you can't because if you can and you did nothing, you're even dumber than I thought.

MO

You know what, asshole, talk to my lawyer --

BOBBY

Let's just have a real conversation. You're not good at your job, so you lie. You're a liar because you're not talented. I don't lie. I don't have to. You missed your opportunity with her. So I'm saying it's over. So you let it go. And it's done.

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Or I can make it a lot worse for  
you and it's not done.

(to Katrina)

You a musician?

KATRINA

Yeah.

BOBBY

Teach him what that means will you?

With that, Bobby walks out.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD DINER. DAY

PEOPLE snapping photos, taking selfies, iPhone videos, of --

INT. WEST HOLLYWOOD DINER. DAY

Jack bending down into frame, studying a glass case of pies,  
like a fish in an aquarium, unaware of all this freneticism,  
or if he is aware, he's just accepted it and moved on --

JACK

(to a nearby WAITRESS)

How many blueberries are actually  
in there?

We see behind him, Bobby and Alli at a booth in back, a WOMAN  
and her YOUNG DAUGHTER are talking to Alli, the little girl  
is showing Alli a youtube clip on her pink bedazzled iPhone --  
the clip was taken from someone's iPhone in a crowd, it's of  
Alli singing one of her songs on stage with Jack --

LITTLE GIRL

(to her mom)

See? I told you --

WOMAN

We didn't know if it was you.

ALLI

(flattered, embarrassed,  
excited)

Yeah no, that's me --

LITTLE GIRL

(smiling)

I like it.

Jack walks up, carrying blueberry pies --

ALLI  
He was in the video too.

LITTLE GIRL  
OK.

WOMAN  
(to Alli)  
Would you mind taking a quick photo  
with my daughter? It would mean so  
much to her --

ALLI  
Sure.

JACK  
(takes the woman's iPhone)  
Here I'll take it --

WOMAN  
Oh my God, I didn't even see you,  
no, please you get in too --

JACK  
I'll take it --

BOBBY  
I got it.

Bobby takes the photo.

CUT TO:

Three slices of blueberry pie being eaten.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
Let's talk about the look. How do  
you really look? Maybe we go back  
to that.

JACK  
Ramon has been telling her every  
day. Every day he tells her.

ALLI  
What you don't like how I look?

JACK  
No it's not that, it's just like  
when I do my hand like this --

Jack puts his thumb over the corner of her eye, hiding the  
mascara that she extends out onto her face --

JACK (CONT'D)

There you are, and then I take it away and-- who is this? Where'd she go?

ALLI

By the time you're done, there's gonna be nothing left.

BOBBY

That's the point, you don't need anything else --

Alli considering this. Jack looking back and forth between Alli and Bobby suspiciously.

JACK

Don't pretend I don't know what's going on, like I don't see it --

BOBBY

What are you talking about?

JACK

You know --

ALLI

Huh?

JACK

He's your manager.

ALLI

(to Bobby)

You are?

BOBBY

(engaged)

If you want me to be.

ALLI

Oh my God -- well, yeah, yes.

JACK

(after a pause --)

I didn't think he was trying to fuck you.

Jack and Bobby start laughing, Alli a little bewildered --

BOBBY

See? It's not obvious. So I'll make an appointment with a stylist and colorist.

JACK  
I know a great person.

\*  
\*

INT. ALLI'S TRAILER. LATE NIGHT

\*

Alli with her head bent over the tiny sink, a towel wrapped around her neck --

Jack is wearing blue rubber gloves, massaging brown hair dye into her hair, ferociously focused on the job at hand,--

JACK  
Now remember, they said it's  
totally normal if your scalp burns  
or starts to feel irritated --

ALLI  
(barely audible, talking  
into the sink)  
This isn't the first time I've dyed  
my hair --

JACK  
I got four different types of  
protein packs to rejuvenate the  
follicles, we're gonna get ahead of  
this thing, God damn it --

Out of the corner of her eye, she sees the blue gloves pick up protein packs with the care of a scientist handling enriched uranium, she pulls her head out of the sink. She starts to kiss him, he drops the protein packs, they begin to make love against the sink --

Alli pulls away for a second to grab her phone and set a timer --

ALLI  
Box said thirty minutes, right?

CUT TO:

Jack and Alli lying in bed, Jack is shirtless, chest marked by splotches of brown dye -- Alli lies on a towel, protecting her pillow from the dye, both are passed out, we hear the iPhone alarm that's been going off for God knows how long --

Alli comes to, jolts awake --

ALLI (CONT'D)  
Shit! We gotta rinse.

She jumps out of bed. Jack doesn't stir.

CUT TO:

We are close on Alli's eyes in the darkness, hearing the opening instrumental piano of a song --

Pull back and see her brown hair, bare of make up, nowhere to hide, reveal she's playing the piano, looking at her reflection in it's mirrored shine. Pull back further reveal --

INT. INNER CITY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

Alli is playing piano on that same stage where her kids did 'The Wizard of Oz' -- it's the middle school graduation ceremony, Alvin is among the graduates in little caps and gowns, they sing the song in chorus for their proud PARENTS --

EXT. INNER CITY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. DAY

The auditorium empties into the parking lot, find Alli saying goodbye to grateful PARENTS and KIDS, very different from the last time she was here, we see the gravitational affect she has now, the beginnings of fame, everyone noticing her, talking to or about her, asking for pictures, trying to engage her in some small way, a handshake, a smile, a quick word, we hear the same sentiments from different voices --

Alli, a little overwhelmed, trying but unable to acknowledge everyone, a voice from the crowd --

AN OLDER TEACHER

Guess this is the last time we'll  
see you around here, huh --

ALLI

(caught off guard)  
What? No. I'll be back.

The teacher's smile says "no, you won't", Alli clocks it but doesn't have time to engage as more KIDS want pictures --

EXT. JACK'S LA MANSION. DAY

A big beautiful house in the Hollywood hills, overlooking the city, rural terrain --

Alli's car pulls up. She finds the front door left open a crack, she can hear a Sinatra cover playing, the whole house is filled with this sound, speakers everywhere --

We don't recognize the voice singing, but Alli does --

INT. JACK'S LA MANSION. DAY

SAMSON, Jack's old short haired pointer, comes running over to greet Alli, she pets the dog, showing us this isn't the first visit, then moves into the house --

Walking into the huge living room like area, to find --

Jack and Lorenzo listening closely to the cover (It's Lorenzo's demo from way back when) --

LORENZO

Sounds just like him, right? 1976 I recorded this, quality isn't great but you can hear the similarities --

JACK

Yeah.

LORENZO

There's a better CD, I have a better CD at home, I'll bring it next time --

JACK

Yeah.

On Alli, complete bewilderment, a beat -- then yelling over Lorenzo's strained attempt at Sinatra blaring through the house --

ALLI

Daddy, what are you doing here?

Lorenzo and Jack both turn --

JACK

There she is --

LORENZO

Hey! -- holy shit, what happened to you?

CUT TO:

Bags and trays of catered restaurant food spread out on the counter, good wine and liquor too --

Jack helps his HOUSEKEEPER arrange the food, he's endearingly clueless in his own kitchen, hasn't cooked a meal or washed a dish in twenty years --

Alli, pours a glass of wine, looking through the corridor, at her out-of-place father standing by the pool, trying to keep up with how fast her life is changing, and now these two worlds colliding. She turns to Jack --

ALLI

Are you gonna tell me what's going on?

JACK

Family is important. I wanted you to feel comfortable...

ALLI

(smiles)

I am comfortable.

Beat. He takes her in.

JACK

You know I just gotta say, I love the way you look.

EXT. JACK'S LA MANSION. DAY

Wide on Lorenzo dwarfed by the back pool, he looks around the property --

LORENZO

(to no one in particular)

I wouldn't have put the pool there.

He takes a sip of beer.

CUT TO:

A hand pulling a vinyl record out of a collection of records on a shelf --

LORENZO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

A tragedy --

Reveal the hand belongs to Lorenzo, the record is Mario Lanza live from London 1958 Lasciatemi Morire --

LORENZO (CONT'D)

They gave him the apple, they told him to bite it then they took it away --

(Jack's hand comes in, holding a bottle of wine, refills his empty glass)

God bless you.

(MORE)



LORENZO (CONT'D)  
 And you know why it's a tragedy --  
     (puts the record on a  
     record player, drops the  
     needle)  
 Because he could never leave Eden --  
     (Mario Lanza's voice  
     starts to reign over the  
     room)  
 Even when he went all the way back  
 to Italy, his home country, with  
 his family, it didn't matter,  
 'cause he'd already been poisoned --

ALLI  
 Pop, what are you talkin' about?

LORENZO  
 You know anything about Mario  
 Lanza?

ALLI  
 Not really. I know the name.

LORENZO  
 And that's the biggest tragedy.

Lorenzo sits back down at the dining room table with Jack and  
 Alli, they've just finished eating off good China --

LORENZO (CONT'D)  
 He was a star before there were  
 stars. After Franks fall, before  
 Eternity brought him back. Before  
 Elvis. Had the number one movie in  
 the world in 1951, playing 'Caruso'  
 for God's sake--

He arches his back, throws out his arms, unfolds his hands  
 and lip syncs a few lines from that aria, after a few lines  
 he stops and closes his eyes --

LORENZO (CONT'D)  
 A crying angel...  
     (sighs)  
 Left a wife and four kids behind.  
 And the wife killed herself five  
 months later from a drug overdose --  
     (raises his glass)  
 Cautionary tale.

Lorenzo and Jack clink glasses --

CUT TO:

HANDS, a piece of china being dipped in soapy hot water, it's handed off to another pair of HANDS that dries it with a towel. We go wide and see Alli and Lorenzo washing the dishes. Alli is looking at Jack who is making after dinner drinks at the bar in the living area --

LORENZO (CONT'D)  
(sotto voce)  
I like him, I like him a lot.

Alli smiles, this is not something her father says often --

CUT TO:

Jack, across the living area at the bar, watching them wash and joke together with a lonely look in his eye. He finishes their drinks, pours himself a glass of bourbon, listening to the Mario Lanza record as it is on it's final grooves, he downs his drink and pours another right away --

CUT TO:

Lorenzo at the piano, with Alli standing over his shoulder, fiddling with the keys -- he is in the middle of a Sinatra song, he sings a few bars then stops and comments on his own singing --

ALLI  
Stop listening to yourself when you  
sing, just sing --

He starts to play again, looser, more in the pocket, Alli smiles, putting her arm around him, grabs his nose --

ALLI (CONT'D)  
That's good, daddy --

They sing a few lines, then off screen, they hear something shatter, Lorenzo stops playing, Alli calls out --

ALLI (CONT'D)  
Jack?

JACK (O.S.)  
(calling from the other  
room, slurred)  
It's OK, I got it, It's OK --

We're over Alli as she walks from the piano into the kitchen where she finds --

Jack on his hands and knees, trying to pick up shards of a broken piece of China, wasted and mumbling -- he has a deep cut on one hand, blood dripping from that hand, enough that it's odd he's still trying to pick up the pieces --

ALLI

Stop, what are you doing?

JACK

(slurred)

I got it, it's OK, it's OK...

Alli grabs a towel, runs water over it, she pulls Jack up off the floor, sets him in a chair, puts pressure on the wound --

LORENZO

(walking in)

Oh that's gonna need stitches --  
We gotta get him to the emergency room.

ALLI

Dad, please --

LORENZO

No, we should definitely take him.  
I'll bring my car around --

ALLI

No, dad --

LORENZO

Alli, please, I'm fine, I had one glass of wine --

ALLI

Dad, that's not what --

LORENZO

Alli!

ALLI

Dad, he can't just go to an emergency room!

LORENZO

(embarrassed that he didn't know)

Right. Of course. I know that.  
It'll be in all the papers --

Jack keeps trying to pick up the broken pieces of plate --

ALLI  
Stop, Jack --  
    (he keeps trying)  
Jack...  
    (he keeps trying)  
Jack!

That was louder than she meant it, almost surprising herself.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER PARK. MORNING

We're over Alli in her car, as she pulls up and enters her trailer. The trailer park is quiet and still.

INT. TRAILER. DAWN

Alli steps inside and takes in her "old" home. Silence. Things look different now, after Jack's place -- a new perspective. She picks up the rest of her notebooks.

EXT. TRAILER. DAWN

Notebooks in hand, she locks the door behind her and turns --

REVEAL: Mo exiting his Mustang, walking toward her trailer door.

MO  
Hey! You're still living in the same place. I told you selling that song would pay off. I bet you can get a lot for this place now, if you sell it. You probably will, where you're going. You look great. Love the hair. This is so exciting! I can't wait to get into everything with you, I have a whole plan I want to go over --

ALLI  
What the fuck are you doing here?

MO  
I brought a copy of our contract just in case you had any questions or forgot about the continued nature of our partnership.  
(MORE)

MO (CONT'D)

You know this world you're diving into is ripe with motherfuckers that tell you they're all in. But in the end don't commit. You need to be careful.

ALLI

Listen to me. You shouldn't be here. OK?

MO

Alli, I'm just saying these guys are very seductive but they don't have to play by our rules. They live in a different world and you need to be protected. Don't forget that.

ALLI

If I were you I would just let this go. We both know what happened. We both know the fucked up shit that you did. We both know there's a lot of girls just like me. I have no delusions that I was just the special one. So, why don't you just feel good that I'm OK now, that I'm better, despite what you did and get the fuck out of here.

Off Alli and Mo, staring at each other --

INT. RECORDING STUDIO

We're on an engineer board, a bandaged hand comes in and adjusts a level, we follow up to Jack, in profile, listening to Alli's vocals -- rack focus to Bobby, who sighs --

CUT TO:

Close on: Alli's profile in the recording booth, hands on her headphones --

ALLI

No, that's not the right tempo, slower -- and take the base down a bit. Let's do it again.

CUT TO:

Bobby and Jack watch as she starts the song again, sings a few bars then stops abruptly, puts her head in her hands --

Alli looks up and sees Jack, she exhales --

ALLI (CONT'D)  
Can I get a minute?

EXT. STREET. DAY

Jack and Alli walk around the block. They walk a few steps in silence, Alli stops and faces him --

ALLI  
Are you playing with my head?  
'Cause I've met guys like that.  
Even if you are, I'm gonna use it,  
because look at this opportunity...  
and if I get my heartbroken, I'll  
make art out of it, I'll write some  
great songs out of it. You got  
nothing on me.

They walk a few steps in silence, he has a thought --

JACK  
Well I know that you snore. I do  
have that on you. And loud.

ALLI  
Oh my god, at least I don't, I'm  
not even gonna say it.

JACK  
What? Tell me, what is -- oh ok,  
yeah ok that's true. Good point.  
Well you got plenty on me. But I  
love that.

ALLI  
You do?

JACK  
Of course. Someone who knows me.  
(beat)  
What day is it?

ALLI  
Thursday.

JACK  
Oh, I know what we're gonna do.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL. NIGHT

From the top of a weathered brick staircase, we're looking down at the street --

Jack and Alli walk up, she looks up at the building, not sure where they are --

CUT WIDE:

From the street, they stand in the shadow of an old church.

INT. CHURCH. NIGHT

It is empty, dimly lit, we hear the creak of the door opening and closing as Jack and Alli walk in, it's quiet, tranquil --

ALLI

Are we gonna pray?

They walk down the center aisle, toward the altar, every step echoes, Alli is about to say something when she hears --

SINGING, faint but powerful, the voices seem to be rising from the floorboards, we see a side door slightly ajar --

EXT. CHURCH. NIGHT

Jack leads Alli out the side door, to a staircase leading beneath the church, the singing gets louder and louder as they descend the stairs, Jack opens the door for Alli and she is hit by a swell of sound --

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT. NIGHT

A GOSPEL CHOIR mid-rehearsal, twenty men and women, sing "Lord I've Been Changed", the only musical accompaniment is a piano, the room is halogen lit, bright, like an office space.

Alli and Jack just stand there watching and listening, it's not a very big room and the contained vocal power is overwhelming -- she notices Jack give a knowing nod to one of the FEMALE SINGERS who then begins a solo that's mind blowing. Alli has her breath taken away, can't help but smile.

Eventually a sweet OLD WOMAN who is nearest to them reaches her hand out, inviting them to join --

Alli takes her hand and steps into the circle of singers, Jack follows -- the older woman gives Alli a song sheet (Jack doesn't need one) they join in the chorus, Alli watches Jack sing with soul as she sings along --

EXT. CHURCH. NIGHT

Alli and Jack, outside, at the top of the stairwell, as the GOSPEL SINGERS file out from rehearsal, a cacophony of voices talking, laughing -- Jack has familiarity with all of them, he gives hugs, shakes hands, takes a moment with everyone who wants one -- Alli is mid-conversation with YOLANDA, the woman who sang that solo --

YOLANDA

Jack and I found each other at a  
tribute to Smokey in Nashville in --  
(turns to Jack for  
confirmation)  
-- 2000?

JACK

Don't look at me, I can't remember.

YOLANDA

He says that but he remembers  
everything.

JACK

Maybe that's my problem.

YOLANDA

You taking care of yourself? By the  
looks of her --  
(referring to Alli, with a  
smile)  
You better be.

A minivan pulls up, Yolanda's HUSBAND is driving, her two KIDS in back, they call out "Mommy!" from the open windows --

JACK

(waves to the husband,  
calls into the van)  
Jay.

JIMMY

(waves back, big smile)  
There he is! Where you been hiding  
out?

JACK

Everywhere.



YOLANDA

(hugs Jack)

Good to see you, honey --

(tugs on his beard)

But I still can't see your face,  
please make him shave that thing.

A smile between them, Yolanda turns to Alli and hugs her.

ALLI

I like it.

CUT TO:

We're over Jack and Alli, walking back to Jack's vintage pick up truck, parked down the street from the church --

JACK

She blue the roof off that place.  
Off any place she sang. Just one of  
those special talents.

ALLI

What happened?

JACK

She was with this baseball player,  
Bad guy -- ruined her for a while.  
Since Jay she's been just like  
that, a beam of light. There is  
hope.

ALLI

But she doesn't perform anymore --

JACK

Just the choir, past ten or so  
years, they travel though, around  
the country. I always catch them  
when I can.

Just the two of them, on either side of the truck, they get inside, before he turns the key, he looks straight ahead --

JACK (CONT'D)

You should stay with me while  
you're working, I think --

ALLI

You do, do you?

JACK

Yeah. It's much closer than where  
you live, save you the drive.

ALLI  
I'm a good Catholic, I'm not gonna  
just move in with a man I'm not  
married too --

JACK  
What are you saying?

ALLI  
I don't know.

JACK  
Are you serious?

ALLI  
Are you?

They hold a look, daring each other, he grins --

JACK  
I'll fuckin' do it --

ALLI  
So will I --

JACK  
I'm serious, I'll take your ass  
right up on that altar and marry  
you --

ALLI  
Do it then, pussy --

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL. DAY

Paperwork for a marriage licence, we're on the signature  
lines, Jack's bandaged hand signs -- then Alli's signs, she  
hands it to a CITY CLERK who stamps it and smiles -- begin to  
hear thumping bass and energetic electronic dance music as we--  
-

CUT TO:

INT. AN UNDERGROUND GAY CLUB. NIGHT

Ramon with arms open wide letting out a scream of joy --

Alli and Jack move into the VIP section for an impromptu wedding reception, bottle service and a cake with 'Alli and Jack' scrawled on it, Lorenzo is with them, his first time in a club, see Alli's catering friends and staff from The Echo --

CUT TO:

Joyful madness. Music pumping. Jack pours vodka drinks for Alli and Lorenzo. Ramon dances over to them, they have to practically yell to hear each other over the music --

RAMON

Didn't know where you were  
registered, so...

He holds out four pills with a smile.

ALLI

(to Jack)

I will if you will --

Jack takes a pill, feeds it to Alli like a first bite of wedding cake. Ramon offers the last pill to Lorenzo.

LORENZO

What is it?

RAMON

Fun!

ALLI

No daddy, not for you --

LORENZO

What? I like fun.

He takes the pill.

CUT TO:

Later in the night, not so crazy, in a corner somewhere, Alli is draped over Jack, everyone on drugs, listening to --

LORENZO (CONT'D)

You know what the thing about Frank was. The thing about Frank was -- it wasn't even fun when you went there. You listen to Dean, all Frank would do is complain about his hand and what a pain in the ass his wife is. Can you imagine going to Frank Sinatra's house and all he does is complain about his hand?

Lorenzo gets up and starts walking around doing an impression of Frank Sinatra complaining about his hand. Alli and Jack can't stop laughing.

LORENZO (CONT'D)  
I don't think it's working. I don't  
feel anything. When will I feel  
something?

CUT TO:

Lorenzo dancing on the DJ platform with his shirt open --

Alli, Jack and Ramon dance just below, in a sea of hard  
sweaty bodies --

RAMON  
(yells up to him--)  
How you feel, Mister Campana?

LORENZO  
I feel everything!

The crowd cheers, Jack and Alli laugh, keep dancing -- we  
focus on them in the throbbing crowd, blissful on the best  
night of their lives, they kiss with passion --

CUT TO:

\*

EXT. COAST LINE. DAY

\*

A particularly stunning stretch of the PCH -- we see way off  
in the distance, growing larger and larger as it's moving  
toward us -- Alli and Jack on a motorcycle, riding up the  
coast, only Alli wearing a helmet, holding onto Jack, the  
bike packed up with luggage, see a guitar case on top --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

\*

Sea lions on the stand, hundreds of them, lazily laying  
around, flipping sand onto themselves with their flippers --  
Jack and Alli watching them, incognito with hat and glasses,  
among hundreds of PEOPLE --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

\*

Wide of a rock jetting out of the sand into the ocean's tide,  
small in frame Jack and Alli hike the rock -- taking a narrow  
route uninhabited to the top --

\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

\*

Jack and Alli sitting at the tiny summit, eating sandwiches  
they packed --

JACK

You know what might be my favorite  
thing about this? ... I don't have  
to think when I'm around you. I can  
turn my brain off.

ALLI

That's your favorite thing?

JACK

I am not saying it right.

ALLI

No, you are. I know what you mean.  
Its like the comfort of being by  
yourself except someone is there  
with you.

JACK

Yes. Exactly ... who I want to fuck  
constantly.

ALLI

That might be my favorite thing. Oh  
shit!!!!

She starts laughing hysterically, emitting that magical  
quality of someone when they are completely comfortable.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM. NIGHT

Alli humming a tune, while brushing her teeth in the mirror,  
we see her realizing it's a good hook she's coming up with --  
she spits and rinses and calls out to the other room --

ALLI

Hey, listen to this --

We follow her out of the bathroom, into a bedroom that looks  
out onto the coast, a room that's built into the cliff --  
find Jack reading a novel on the bed, she hums the tune, then  
riffs a verse and sings it to him, the song is country ish,  
more like Jack's sound, she stops --

ALLI (CONT'D)

Anything to that?

JACK

Yeah.

He leans over the bed and picks up the guitar that was in the open case on the floor. He leans back up and begins strumming cords and she begins to sing the verse again.

CUT TO:

Seeing them now from outside that huge glass wall of windows.

CUT WIDE:

Seeing the them in that room built into the rock face. A built in refuge for these two to simply be themselves.

CUT SUPER WIDE:

The coast line and the Pacific crashing into it's bottom. And them in their glass box, isolated, alone.

EXT. JACK'S LA MANSION. DAY

Packages stacked up at the front door, a lot of them, we hear the door bell ringing over and over --

Bobby is standing there pressing it, simultaneously on his iPhone, texting and timing it just right so the ringing is constant, finally Jack opens the door, wearing jeans and no shirt, white powder residue on his hands, in his messy hair, he squints against the sunlight --

BOBBY

Oh good you're not dead.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S LA MANSION. DAY

Bobby seated on a stool leaning against the kitchen island, taking in the palpable harmony of two people who have had the luxury of each others undivided attention for the past ten days. They're in the process of making homemade pasta and sauce (the white powder all over Jack is flour) -- Bobby, reluctantly knowing he has to break their spell--

BOBBY

OK, so I'm going to need you guys back. Everyone gets that right?

JACK  
You want Parmesan?

BOBBY  
How long til the stitches come out?

JACK  
I don't know, I heal fast --

BOBBY  
(annoyed)  
Pretty sure they were already  
supposed to come out.

JACK  
You know it's good it happened,  
slowed me down, now I can focus on  
her --

BOBBY  
You need to focus on you, and I  
want to talk about that, it's time  
to bring in a producer --

ALLI  
(draping pasta)  
Are we really talking about this  
now?

JACK  
I'm producing her anyway.

BOBBY  
It's two different styles, even  
though she hasn't fully found her's  
yet, we don't want to steer her  
into yours if that's not where it  
should live naturally, we both know  
that, even more so now that you're  
a couple. That's why she's been  
frustrated in there.

JACK  
She's not frustrated --

BOBBY  
I disagree --

JACK  
Do you feel frustrated?

ALLI  
I feel good.

BOBBY

You walked out of a session. I'm not making this up.

JACK

Who do you want to bring in?

BOBBY

I was thinking about Mark.

ALLI

Ronson?

BOBBY

Yes.

ALLI

Holy shit.

BOBBY

And don't sit here and tell me that cutting your hand was a good thing, cause I've been talking to Livenation every day trying to explain what happened so insurance covers it and you won't lose your ass on these cancellations, remember? They agreed to fund the tour?

(points to a package,  
underneath a stack of  
clutter)

That's my present there by the way.

JACK

What?

BOBBY

Under that.

ALLI

Thank you.

BOBBY

And I'm hurt you didn't invite me to the ecstasy rave reception. Me of all people? That's right, Lorenzo told me. Good luck keeping your marriage a secret for very long.

CUT TO:



INT. RECORDING STUDIO

CLOSE ON: a young man's face, beginning to sing, he is MARLON WILLIAMS, a young artist, his voice has a Roy Orbison like angelic tone, we listen to him for a verse -- then Alli enters the frame, with her own verse, in tandem with his.

CUT TO:

MARK RONSON, the producer who engineered this new idea for Alli, working the levels behind glass --

Jack walks into the engineer room behind glass, the bandage on his hand is gone, he sees Alli and Marlon sing for a moment, then walks over to the couch and sits --

Bobby, with headphones on, at the engineering board, looks over his shoulder and sees Jack there --

Bobby takes the headphones off and walks over, sits next to Jack, both men watch Alli and Marlon together for a beat, then --

BOBBY

She defers to you. She doesn't even realize she's doing it, it's not bad, it's just not what's best for her -- I think deep down you know that, I think it's why you wanted me to work with her, you needed someone to do something about it and I'm the guy that does things.

JACK

(looking at Ronson)  
Make sure he doesn't fuck her up.

Bobby nods, surprised at how easy that was --

BOBBY

How's the hand?

JACK

Fine.

BOBBY

You ready to get back out there?

Jack looking at Alli and Marlon and Ronson working together, in the crucible of creation, on that special high artists get when they're onto something truly great --

JACK

I was thinking about writing some more, maybe putting an album around the single --

BOBBY

It's not the best time, we have dates lined up, we're adding nights -- when's the last time we added? 'ring of gold' is everywhere. My fuckin' Great Aunt Kate called me about it.

JACK

People seem to like it.

BOBBY

People love it and we should capitalize on that.

Jack doesn't say anything. Keeps his gaze on Alli.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(understanding Jack wants to stay close to her)

Do SNL this Saturday, if you do that we can hold off on everything else for a few weeks --

ALLI (O.S.)

(through the intercom)

Hey baby, I didn't see you there --

She takes off her headphones and comes running into the booth. Jumps on Jack and kisses him.

ALLI (CONT'D)

How long have you been here? What do you think? How did we sound? It feels like...

(can't find the words)

It feels good.

JACK

I just got here.

ALLI

Can I show you where we are with the vocals? Do you know Marlon? He's -- just listen.

Alli kisses him and hurries back into the recording space. Bobby gets up from the couch --

BOBBY

Good man.

Bobby hands Jack a pair of head phones, puts his back on --

They watch Alli and Marlon sing a duet together.

They are brilliant. Highlighting all of Jack's insecurities.

We see him wrestling with this, battling the green eyed monster which is an unfamiliar fight for him, off this we

CUT TO:

INT. 'SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE' SOUND STAGE. NIGHT

Jack and his band are near the end of 'ring of gold' (the song Alli wrote) the first time we've seen it live and it's great --

Bobby is there watching in the wings, several SNL CAST MEMBERS, including MARCY, an attractive comedian, have come out to watch, Jack kills it, everyone is loving it --

They finish, THE CROWD goes nuts, Jack comes off stage, a chorus of people telling how great it was and he is, he offers polite nods and smiles as he moves to the back --

FIRST A.D.

(calling out)

Back in two hours everyone --

Bobby intercepts Jack, they walk together --

BOBBY

That was great.

JACK

That was fuckin' bullshit.

BOBBY

What are you talking about? It was perfect, they loved it --

JACK

That was pitchy as a motherfucker, second chorus transition was a joke, Mike was late coming in --

BOBBY

I literally have no idea what you're talking about. It was great. Relax.

Bobby's phone rings, he checks the ID and hands it to Jack --

BOBBY (CONT'D)

It's Alli --

Jack reluctantly takes the phone, still stewing about the performance --

JACK

Hey --

INTERCUT WITH:

ALLI is in the studio, sitting in the engineer booth, we can see Mark over her shoulder, talking with his ENGINEER --

ALLI

Just wanted to say I love you and we'll be watching.

JACK

We?

ALLI

I'm with Mark.

JACK

It's Saturday night, you don't get a night off, damn --

ALLI

We're almost to the finish line.

JACK

Jesus.

ALLI

I know, it's pouring out of us.

JACK

Don't waste your time watching TV then.

ALLI

Of course I'm gonna watch, that's our song.

JACK

It's your song, I just sing it.

ALLI

(caught off guard)

Huh.

JACK

I gotta go, I'll call you after.

He hangs up the phone, gives it to Bobby and then walks away

We track with Jack through the backstage maze for a bit, --

PA

You want hair and make up?

JACK

No, I'm good --

MARCY (O.S.)

Yes, you are.

Marcy is standing outside her dressing room, smiling, she takes a hit from a vape pen, exhales, he sniffs --

JACK

They put weed in pens now?

MARCY

Brave new world.

She offers him the vape pen, he takes a hit and exhales --

JACK

You got anything stronger?

She smiles, nods for him to follow --

They walk into the dressing room and close the door --

CUT TO:

An hour later, the live show is underway --

FIRST A.D.

(calling out)

Back in 30 seconds!

CUT TO:

JACK on stage, waiting for the HOST to throw to them, he is grinding his jaw, dilated pupils --

HOST (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, Jackson  
Maine!

THE DRUMMER, who is not George, counts off the start and the band begins to play 'ring of gold' -- but Jack does not, he comes in way late and things just get worse from there, it's an awful performance, would be a career ender for anyone who wasn't a legend --

It's not just that he's high, the drugs let loose the demon in his head that likes destroying things --

Halfway through he just starts laughing, then takes off his guitar and walks off stage --

The band left behind, they just keep playing --

We begin to hear a phone call over their playing, Alli's concerned voice --

ALLI (O.S.)  
Anything?

BOBBY (O.S.)  
No, I wouldn't worry though, this happens --

ALLI (O.S.)  
What do you mean 'it happens'? It doesn't happen with me --

BOBBY  
He goes off and he comes back.  
Wherever he is, I'm sure he's fine.

ALLI (O.S.)  
He's not fine.

BOBBY (O.S.)  
You know what I mean. Let me know if you hear from him.

Silence on the other line.

BOBBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Alli?

INT. AN APARTMENT IN BROOKLYN. DAY

THE FRAME FILLED WITH: A cat staring at us --

ALLI (O.S.)  
Yeah?

BOBBY (O.S.)  
It's gonna be OK --

We find Jack staring back at the cat --

He has just woken up after passing out on a couch, he's wearing only jeans, we have no idea where he is and neither does he, he pets the cat --

After a moment, Marcy comes out of the bedroom wearing only a tee shirt. They look at each other.

JACK

Did we...

MARCY

I don't know.

They both try to remember, neither can, Jack shrugs --

JACK

Good thing I woke up out here I guess --

MARCY

(shrugs)

We didn't.

JACK

OK good.

INT. JACK'S LA MANSION. DAY

Jack walks into the house, carrying an overnight bag --

Samson comes running up to greet him, wagging his tail --

Jack gets down on one knee and pets his dog, he looks up and sees Alli, looks like he didn't expect her to be home --

ALLI

I know it's a hard pattern to break  
but if you want this, you're gonna  
have to realize that it's not just  
about you anymore, it's about us,  
you can't do this disappearing act  
and just show up and expect  
everything to be normal.

JACK

I know. I'm sorry. I got you  
something--

(he takes a little statue  
of liberty out)

ALLI  
I'm from there.

JACK  
I know. She just reminds me of you.

ALLI  
How?

JACK  
The cape. The robe. You get it?  
(he starts pretending it's  
singing opera)  
It's like when you were doing OPERA  
With the clothespins. Minus the  
torch.

ALLI  
(smiles)  
You're so stupid.

They look at each other for a loaded moment, he's waiting for her next move, she just walks over and hugs him. They hold each other --

CUT TO:

Alli and Jack in the bathtub together, he leans against her. Alli transfixed by his ears, connecting bath suds from her finger to the bottom of his earlobe --

ALLI (CONT'D)  
Do you know how much I love your ears? I'm *obsessed* with your ears. They're so big.

JACK  
They're not that big. Are they that big? Fuck.

ALLI  
I love them. I want to eat them.  
(beat)  
We finished the album.

JACK  
Holy shit, that was fast --

She leans her head against his.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Well do I need to wait and buy it?



ALLI  
(smiles)  
Hang on --

He watches her get out of the tub and towel off, she starts to walk away --

JACK  
Hey --

She stops and turns back, framed in the doorway, he smiles.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I just wanted another look at you.

She goes.

He sits there quietly in the bathtub. He looks peaceful. He hasn't destroyed everything.

After a moment, the first track of Alli's album starts to play throughout the house. He really listens to it.

Alli comes back into the bathroom, totally naked but covering her face, shy --

ALLI  
Tell me if you hate it.

JACK  
Impossible.

The music plays as she gets back into the tub --

CUT TO:

That night, Jack, sitting on the couch in a robe, playing something original on the guitar -- Alli comes in, dressed for a party--

ALLI  
I like that.

JACK  
(shy, that she heard it)  
Yeah I'm onto something here, I think --

He continues to play, she listens, then he stops --

JACK (CONT'D)  
And from there I don't know where to go yet --

She walks around the couch, sits next to him and picks up the guitar and starts to play exactly what we heard him play --

ALLI

And then it just sort of repeats  
itself, right? ... yeah...  
(keeps playing, then --)  
Have you tried this?

She plays past where he stopped and it is very good, it's exactly what he needed and she figured it out in 15 seconds.

ALLI (CONT'D)

What about this in the beginning?

She plays the opening differently and it is better, we see Jack realizing this, realizing the depth of her genius --

JACK

Yeah. No. That's...

She stops playing and gives him the guitar back. He sets it down and picks up his drink.

ALLI

(shrugs)  
It's just an idea.

JACK

It's a good idea.

He lays his head back on the couch and starts laughing, stands up and looks down at her --

JACK (CONT'D)

Well, there it is.

He continues to laugh, hysterically now, big bellowing laugh like we heard at the beginning of the movie --

BLEED THAT INTO:

Close up of CHAMPAGNE in a glass moving out to reveal GLASSES ON A TRAY -- Being carried through a fancy party by a WAITER

Move with the glasses through a room of well-dressed PEOPLE out onto a balcony where we come upon -- Alli's back, she is standing there, looking out at THE LOS ANGELES SKYLINE, as seen from the Sunset strip -- she takes a glass of champagne, sips it, after a beat Mark Ronson enters the frame --

MARK RONSON

No Jack?

He gives her a clove cigarette.

ALLI

He wanted to come, but-- he quit  
drinking or he's trying to and it's  
early days, so-- a lot of  
temptations, better safe --

MARK RONSON

I wish him the best --

ALLI

Thanks, I'll tell him.

He leans on the railing, follows her eyes to the horizon.

MARK RONSON

I was listening to it this morning,  
and it's just, it's really good --  
I think it's the best thing I've  
ever done --

ALLI

Are you serious?

MARK RONSON

Yeah, I am.

Alli considers this as we --

CUT TO:

Alli on a small stage, the GUESTS all gathered around, it  
seems lonely, there's a melancholy air to it --

She performs what will be her first #1 single, we'll see it  
played all the way through, starting at the party, lights are  
low, she stands there in front of a microphone, begins the  
song as the camera PANS AROUND revealing the small group of  
guests at this album release party wiping over her close to  
reveal --

An outdoor venue at night, thousands of people, wiping --

Onto a stage, in front of a STUDIO AUDIENCE, wipe again --

Onto a radio station, playing in a small sound booth,  
headphones on, wiping over the headphones --

Onto a new york street corner, outside of a hotel, to FANS  
who have been waiting for her --

Wiping while panning down to see her at a piano, out onto an  
indoor venue, brightly lit, wood ceiling --

And as we move back down, the piano is now a seat on the tour bus, Alli still singing the same song now only to herself --

And out onto her alone on another balcony, in another city at dawn --

Alone as she finishes the song.

CUT TO:

A GIRL'S BEDROOM.

CHLOE, an adorable bi-racial eleven year old girl, is texting as she listens to Alli's song through ear buds, we can faintly hear it --

CAITLIN, her younger sister, pops her head in from out in the hallway --

CAITLIN

Dinner.

We follow Chloe as she follows Caitlin out the bedroom, through the hallway and eventually into the --

KITCHEN

Where MANDY, a beautiful Hawaiian woman, is making dinner --

She sees both her girls texting as they walk in --

MANDY

Nothing interesting or important  
possibly could've happened between  
your room and here --

CAITLIN

Something's always happening --

CHLOE

It's true --

MANDY

Take those to the table please --

The girls put away their phones and grab corn and butter --

Mandy follows them into the dining room --

Jack and George laughing about something, realize we are in George's house with his family, Jack has come for dinner --

GEORGE

Thank you, baby --

MANDY

This is so weird.

GEORGE

Well, get used to it cause Jackson Maine messed up good this time. Shut us down for a while. I told you I should've come to New York. None of that shit would've happened...

(smiles and looks to his wife)

But you do get more of me now.

MANDY

You can't stay home more than a week straight, who are you kidding?

JACK

Now that's great corn. You always pamper him like this?

GEORGE

Nah, she's showing off --

MANDY

Don't worry the kitchen is all yours.

They can see through the window, that the kitchen is a disaster zone, dishes all over the counter --

Mandy takes off her apron and tosses it in George's face.

JACK

I feel like we just got hustled. Did we get hustled?

She heads back inside.

George watches her leave and look in at his wife and his two girls, all together beginning to clean the dishes. He turns to Jack.

GEORGE

You know what the great thing about succeeding in the past is, you don't have to worry as much about the future. You get to find the other things in life.

JACK

Like what?

GEORGE

"Like what"? You have a wife. Who LOVES you. There's a start. You ever talk about kids? Do you want 'em? Does she?

JACK

I don't know.

GEORGE

You guys talk?

JACK

Not lately. She's always gone.

GEORGE

You can go with her.

JACK

That's embarrassing.

GEORGE

Your job is to make her feel secure. A woman shows you who she really is when she feels secure, a man shows you who he really is when he's faced with adversity --

Jack thinks about it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You married a rock star, boss -- You're on different rides, she's taking off while you're coming in for a landing. That's the reality. Nothing to be ashamed of.

Off Jack, listening --

INT. JACK'S LA MANSION. NIGHT.

The front door opens, ALLI'S DRIVER walks in carrying suitcases and a carry on, Alli walks in behind the driver, ending a phone call --

ALLI

You can just leave it there, I'll take care of it, thank you --

She gives him money, he leaves closing the door behind him, she moves into the house, calling out --

ALLI (CONT'D)

Jack? Baby?

She walks around the house, looking for Jack, eventually opening the kitchen door to reveal --

Jack, in the kitchen, cooking dinner, several pots going -- his back to Alli as he reads a recipe off an outdated laptop, focused, his hand stirring pot, looking like a mad scientist completely engrossed in his work, he doesn't notice her --

Alli walks up behind him and wraps her arms around him, like a child hugging a parent --

JACK

Ah shit, what time is it? Did you get in early?

ALLI

I missed you so much.

JACK

I missed you too, what time is it?

ALLI

I don't know. I'm so tired.

JACK

You got in early, god damn it --

ALLI

Is that bad?

JACK

No no, I just made dinner for you and it's not ready yet --

ALLI

That's OK, I'm filthy, I'll take a bath --

JACK

(pointed)

You don't want to eat?

ALLI

(a little forced)

No, of course I do --

JACK

(smiles)

OK good. Sit down --

ALLI  
Can I go to the bathroom first?

JACK  
Kiss me first.

They kiss.

CUT TO:

Dining room table, we're on artwork, a CD mock up, Alli with a big hat on, looking profile, replaced with another mock up of Alli staring into the camera, with the same hat on --

REVEAL: Alli and Jack are seated at the table. Alli glancing at the artwork.

ALLI  
I think it's better when I'm profile.

Jack looks at her.

ALLI (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. They're just looking for approvals on this stuff and we're on a crazy deadline --

He looks at the artwork again.

JACK  
I like when I can see your face.  
Much more going on.

ALLI  
None of these are retouched yet.

JACK  
How come you're not eating? You don't like it?

ALLI  
(takes a bite)  
I'm eating.  
(looks at him)  
Are you okay?

JACK  
I called your phone twice and some person picked up, I told 'em to tell you not to eat on the plane --



ALLI

Wait you called? Nobody told me you called. I didn't even know you'd be home. I haven't heard from you.

JACK

And now we're sitting here and I can tell you ate on that plane. Did you eat on the plane?

ALLI

What?

JACK

Did you have something to eat on the plane?

ALLI

Yes, I did.

JACK

This whole thing's out of control.  
(points to artwork)  
And what's going on with the hat?  
It just overtakes everything. We're back to where we started from --

ALLI

What? What are you talking about?  
What does that even mean?

JACK

It means you can't just fake your way through it, hiding under a hat. It's not so easy, you know. It only gets harder.

Alli starts to say something then stops herself, a pause --

JACK (CONT'D)

It's not so easy after you bang out the first five.

ALLI

I'm sure it's not --

JACK

There aren't as many options. You've already created other things. And those things you've done, you can't just repeat them. Especially if they weren't authentic in the first place. That's what I'm trying to tell you.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

This first one, it's got to be true  
to you otherwise good luck ever  
making anything else that matters.

ALLI

I know --

JACK

That's the thing. You don't. You  
made one album.

They sit in uncomfortable silence.

She waits for him to say something more. He doesn't.

He gets up from the chair, walks over to stand behind her,  
puts his arm over her right shoulder and picks up her plate,  
which has barely been touched. He sets it on the floor next  
to Samson, who eats it gratefully --

Jack turns and looks at her.

ALLI

So..... what? Am I supposed to  
believe this is about the food?  
Does everything you do need to be  
praised? Does it all need to be  
adored somehow or it's not good  
enough? Like if we don't sit here  
and walk through every detail of  
exactly how wonderful all of it is  
and how thankful we all are then  
we've somehow wronged you?

(beat; she seethes)

So you fucking made dinner. I'm  
eternally grateful. Is that really  
what we're talking about here?

Silence. He's speechless. Knows there's truth in it.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD. NIGHT

SAMSON racing across a mountain trail in a full gallop, we  
have only seen him as an old grey muzzled dog, in this moment  
he looks like a puppy because he has a purpose, we don't see  
what he's chasing at first, then a rolling black rubber ball  
comes into frame and he grabs it in his jaws and trots back --

It's dark and late, Jack is walking one of the trails on the edge of his property, Samson drops the ball at his feet, teeth marks ground in -- over Jack's shoulder, we can see light emanating from the master bathroom window in the distance --

CUT TO:

Alli alone in the bath tub, lost in her thoughts --

BACK TO:

Jack walking alone, he throws the ball and Samson takes off galloping ahead, a puppy again -- Jack watches something from a distance, we reveal its Alli's light from the bathroom, then he continues walking away from it --

FADE TO:

INT. SOUND STAGE. DAY

Alli shooting a music video, dancing on an elaborate set with a lot of DANCERS, maybe notice Ramon among them -- heavily choreographed, she is all over the place, playing piano, then dancing, then grabbing a guitar, seemingly trying to prove to us that she is talented. Recorded playback drops in --

Come out WIDE -- dozens of CREW on set, filming on 35mm, prestigious DIRECTOR, artistic touches in the extreme, a lot of strange for the sake of strange choices.

Alli finishes the song -- "Cut" is called and the set roars to life, the lights come on, attendant STAFF and CREW moving and talking fast --

Alli walks off the stage, Jack's words from the kitchen bleeding into Alli's consciousness as she looks around and realizes that everything around her was decided by someone else, or that she was talked into it.

A PA appears with a water, the director walks with her for a few steps --

DIRECTOR

-- we're moving in for the close up, be about ten minutes, that was great, really great --

ALLI

OK, thanks, listen I think, maybe we can, I'm not sure about the hat.

DIRECTOR

Um. OK. Well, we already shot five set ups with it, and the look was already approved.

ALLI

Right.

DIRECTOR

It's all looking really great.

ALLI

Really?

DIRECTOR

You look beautiful. Beautiful.

ALLI

Oh. Wow. Thank you.

With that he walks off and we stay with Alli, right behind her, as the PA guides her through the production, off the sound stage, back into her --

INT. DRESSING ROOM

Alli sits at the vanity mirror, a MAKE-UP ARTIST touches up her hair, Alli is sweet as always, but physical and emotional fatigue are palpable -- after a moment, there's knock at the door and Bobby enters, Alli looks at him in the mirror --

BOBBY

Seems like it's going well.

ALLI

I guess.

BOBBY

What's up? What's the matter?

The make up artist starts to touch up Alli's eyeliner, she leans away --

ALLI

Could you not do that right now,  
just give me a minute, please?

The make-up artist leaves, Bobby and Alli are alone.

ALLI (CONT'D)

I don't know, I just don't know how  
this is gonna cut together. It's  
not what we discussed.

(MORE)

ALLI (CONT'D)

At least it doesn't feel that way.  
I feel like he didn't listen to me -  
-

BOBBY

Did you tell him what you want?

ALLI

Everything was happening so fast  
and I just feel out numbered with  
all the opinions --

BOBBY

Alli, you're in the game now. You  
have a voice. Use it. You're  
allowed to, in fact it's expected  
of you. But look where we are,  
something is working.

ALLI

Yeah...

BOBBY

You should be smiling.

ALLI

Why?

BOBBY

Because the Grammy nominations were  
announced this morning.

We're on her as she realizes what he's saying. She smiles.

ALLI

Are you fucking kidding me?

BOBBY

(smiles)

Five. Including "Best new artist."

Alli is speechless, overwhelmed --

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Congratulations.

She starts to cry tears of joy. He hugs her. Alli's smile  
fades a bit. Bobby notices. Knows what it's about.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You want me to tell Jack?

ALLI

Why?

BOBBY

He'll be happy for you. But he is competitive, only with himself actually, but things have been a little cloudy for him lately. He forgets what he's accomplished. He just needs to get back out on the road, to be reminded. Look, I'm sorry to say it, but you are all children who need to be gratified constantly. And he's had to step aside lately. And watch you shine. That's why I think its best that I tell him, so he can process it.

ALLI

Do you think you can get him back on the road?

BOBBY

I'm working on it.

ALLI

Thank you.

(inhales, gets herself together, calling out)

You can come back in --

The make-up Artist re-enters and resumes her duties --

CUT TO:

Alli being led back to the sound stage by a PA -- and on her way there, all the cast and crew turn and applaud, shouts of "Congrats!" and "Best New Artist!", more and more people touching and patting her with congratulations, overwhelming her. As she is turning round in the middle of this cacophony of praise we

CUT TO:

Close up on a gown twirling, its Alli getting into a gown, hair and make up, accessories, PEOPLE everywhere, see the way a pre awards show world is, buzzing positive energy --

CUT TO:

Jack downstairs by himself, drinking a beer and watching a football game in a tuxedo, Lorenzo comes in wearing a tux --

LORENZO

What do you think?

JACK  
Eat your heart out, Frank --

Lorenzo sits with him on the couch.

LORENZO  
Hey listen, I wanted to tell you  
something, I like the album a lot,  
a lot -- I think it's some of her  
best work --

Jack just looks at him.

LORENZO (CONT'D)  
Maybe not her absolute best, but  
the fact that its out there, I have  
to thank you for that, for  
everything you've done --

JACK  
You're welcome.

Jack takes a long pull from his beer.

EXT. THE GRAMMYS. DAY

The red carpet overflows with MUSICIANS, CELEBRITIES, PRESS.  
Hundreds of FANS line the street hoping for a glimpse.

CAMERAS FLASH as Alli emerges from a black town car with Jack  
accompanying her -- we notice throughout this evening that  
Jack is an afterthought -- FANS call Alli's name, group  
questions always directed her way because it's her night. She  
is nominated, he is just attending --

CUT TO:

Alli and Jack walk the carpet together. A smarmy E! REPORTER  
calls to Jack--

REPORTER  
Hey how does it feel to have one of  
the biggest hits of your career  
written by your wife?

JACK  
("fuck you")  
I'm proud of her.

REPORTER  
Is there competition at home?

JACK  
 ("seriously, fuck you")  
 We support each other.

The Reporter turns his attention to Alli with a big smile.

INT. THE GRAMMYS

The show is about to begin, Alli and Jack find their seats, Lorenzo sits a few rows behind, someone is leaning over jack talking and fawning over Alli--

JACK  
 I gotta use the bathroom.

He tosses Alli her purse, then walks up the aisle and out into the lobby --

She turns around and makes eye contact with her dad who gives her an encouraging smile --

CUT TO:

Hours later, the show underway --

Jack's seat conspicuously empty --

Alli looking at it with concern, then --

PRESENTER  
 And the Grammy goes to --  
 (opens the envelope)  
 Alli Campana.

Alli looks up, in shock -- Lorenzo runs over to hug her, Alli gets to her feet and makes her way to the stage --

DISEMBODIED VOICE  
 This is Allison's first Grammy --

THE MONITORS throughout the theater all have banners that read: Winner, "Best New Artist" -- then they switch to a close up of Alli as she reaches the podium, takes the statue, stands there taking it all in for a moment --

Lorenzo beams, wipes away a tear, Jack's empty chair.

The applause dies down --

ALLI  
 I'm not gonna lie and say I didn't  
 dream of this...  
 (MORE)



ALLI (CONT'D)

all the speeches I've made in my  
bedroom mirror and right now I have  
nothing... just two words running  
over and over: Thank you. I say  
them from the bottom of my heart  
and --

CLAPPING!

It's Jack --

Clapping as he walks down the aisle, heads and cameras all  
turn to him, the clapping is loud and constant --

His eyes are wild, obviously high, Jack stumbles as he makes  
his way up the stairs, onto the stage, he gives Alli a big  
kiss, then moves to the mic and faces the crowd --

JACK

Can I borrow the end of your  
speech, bow tie? I just wanted to  
ask everybody-- I wanted to ask why  
didn't you listen to it? Nobody  
bought it. Nobody's even stealing  
it. What did I do wrong? You  
guys listened to the other ones. I  
know I might not be the newest  
flavor of the month -- My wife by  
the way...

(laughing at his own joke)

Love you, hun -- I tried to veer  
away from people trying to put me  
in a box. I'd love for y'all to  
listen to it. That's what we do. We  
make music so you people listen to  
it. Cycle of inspiration. If you  
don't listen to it then we can't  
make music. If I can't do that I  
don't know what else to do. So I'm  
standing here before you, and I'm  
asking you, please listen to my  
album, I just want someone to  
listen to it...

The music comes up to play him off --

JACK (CONT'D)

Yeah! Let's play some music, she  
can sing and I can dance --

He starts dancing like a fool, tapping his feet, swinging his  
arms, he accidently hits Alli in the face --

The audience gasps --

Jack horrified, snaps into lucidity --

ALLI  
(stunned, but smiling)  
It's OK, I'm OK --

She pulls Jack into her, they walk off stage together as we

FADE TO:

A CLOUD OF STEAM, Jack partially obscured within it --

He is in a very hot shower, letting the water run over his face, the white noise of water splashing down on the tile is all we hear, he stays like this for a moment -- we realize he is sitting on the shower floor, leaning his head forward into the stream of water, closes his eyes, trying to clear the booze and bad memories from his head. We see Alli's mutated figure through the shower door approach and swing it open, angry --

ALLI (CONT) (CONT'D)  
You couldn't hear me calling you?!

He doesn't say anything or respond.

ALLI (CONT'D)  
Jack.

She stares straight at him. She hunkers down and sits on his level forcing him to acknowledge her. She seems unaware or not to care that the water is falling down on her.

ALLI (CONT'D)  
You don't get to do that and not communicate because I'll go crazy.

He doesn't look up or say anything.

ALLI (CONT'D)  
What is it? Tell me what it is, I don't care. What's changed? Is it me? Is it something I'm doing differently?

JACK  
No.

ALLI  
Has it always been like this and I've just been blind thinking I could be the answer?! Love isn't enough for you, is that it?!  
(he doesn't say anything)  
(MORE)

ALLI (CONT'D)

Do you want me to hate you for not fighting against whatever the fuck is destroying you?! To hate you for being weak?! Well I don't. I'm scared because I am beginning to hate myself because I can't help you... and that I may wind up like that too. I mean is this what happens?!

Jack starts crying.

Finally he lets go.

They are both on the shower floor.

CUT TO:

AN OPEN GREEN LAWN AGAINST THE PACIFIC COAST

A FIGURE IN THE DISTANCE, turning and entering back into a structure --

INT. ADDICTION TREATMENT CENTER. DAY

We're with George, being led through an expansive lobby, following a MAN IN A SUIT into a room where Jack is waiting for him, arms open wide, big smile --

JACK

They send you to check up on me?

George walks over and they hug --

GEORGE

It is possible I care about you as a human being --

This gets a smile. Jack turns to the caretaker --

JACK

I'm gonna sit outside with my friend, is that all right, Lucas? Lucas has been here for twenty three years. And I believe he has never had a more cooperative patient. Isn't that right, Lucas?

(to George)

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

I've gotta ask permission to do things, that's part of the deal, it's like school but with more robes -- do you want a robe? Can we get him a robe?

CUT TO:

Jack and George sit outside, in robes, it is a beautiful day in Malibu, the sun shining down on them -- Jack leans his head back, his eyes are closed, George looks at him. Jack opens his eyes and looks at George who's genuine concern and fear for his friend is palpable. George sighs, pulls a clove from behind his ear and lights it --

GEORGE

Look I don't know -- OK? I don't know what to say either. I don't know what it's like to be in your head so I'm not gonna sit here and offer prescriptions and bullshit, I don't know how to fix whatever is off. Here's what I do know -- you're in this life and there's no getting out, so you gotta figure out how to live and thrive and smile in the place you're standing in. There's no going back. You can't get un-famous, you can only get infamous -- I don't know how this whole 'Jack Maine' thing is gonna end, I feel like it's gonna be some kind of parable, either what you're supposed to do or what you're not supposed to do, a legend or another tragic fuckin' story. We just have to watch and hope and pray and be your friend when we can -- but you have the choice in this, you get to decide, as much as anyone does.

JACK

You ever feel claustrophobic?

GEORGE

Sometimes, I can't go in elevators.

JACK

No I mean -- do you ever feel claustrophobic in the world? Like when I look up in the sky, and I just feel claustrophobic... like that's all the space there is?

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)  
I feel that way sometimes, a lot of  
times...

George considers this.

Jack, still looking up, thinking about this.

We see Jack's POV of the sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

Pork roll sizzling in a skillet.

Lorenzo is in the kitchen cooking a big Italian breakfast.

Alli comes downstairs. She looks like she's barely slept.

ALLI  
Where's Samson?

LORENZO  
The lady took him out --

ALLI  
Did she bring the ball? Jack always  
brings the ball --

Lorenzo goes back to cooking, Alli pours a cup of coffee.

LORENZO  
Stop worrying about the dog. Look,  
I know you love him --

ALLI  
I'm not doing this right now --

LORENZO  
He's not a puppy with a hurt leg,  
he's a ticking time bomb --

ALLI  
I can't do this, don't do it --

LORENZO  
I've been reading these stories,  
have you seen these stories?

ALLI  
Jesus Christ. Are you kidding me  
with this?

LORENZO

I don't know, I don't know -- I like him. I really do. But you're my daughter. I love you --

ALLI

I'm not hungry. I can't eat anything.

We just hear the sizzling of sausage for a moment, then --

LORENZO

Has he ever hit you before?

ALLI

He didn't hit me. It was an accident.

LORENZO

They're saying a lot of things, he has a history, almost killed a photographer a few years back --

ALLI

He's never hit me. He never will.

LORENZO

I think you need to --

ALLI

Honestly, I don't care what you think.

LORENZO

Listen to me --

She shatters the coffee mug in the sink. Silence.

ALLI

I don't want to. I don't want your opinions. I just want you to love me and be my dad, can you just do that today please --

Lorenzo, getting emotional, takes the food and dumps it into the trash --

LORENZO

I'm sorry, honey -- it's my job to protect you from this, and now you're here, and it's my fault --

ALLI

What are you talking about?

LORENZO

I knew it when I met him, I chose  
not to see it, I chose to look the  
other way, I was just -- I was so  
excited by the possibility, by what  
it could mean for you, and maybe  
even me, and -- I fucked up and I'm  
sorry for that --

It's silent, Lorenzo with tears, Alli looking at him --

ALLI

I can't believe you just threw out  
all that food.

LORENZO

(smiles through the tears)  
Yeah, I got carried away.

CUT TO:

EXT. STAGE. DAY

A hundred thousand people. Flags, banners -- a Glastonbury-type festival. Alli is onstage, shouting to the crowd --

ALLI

Wondering if you all can do me a  
favor? I want you to show some  
love, can you do that for me?

CUT TO:

Jack watching from side stage left, mirroring that first time  
she watched him talk to a crowd. He looks good --

ALLI (CONT'D)

Show some love, to the man I love,  
my husband Jackson Maine, come out  
here, baby --

Jack walks out onstage and takes Alli's hand. She kisses him  
and he raises his arm --

Jack puts on his guitar and moves to front of center stage.  
He reaches the mic, his head down, eyes closed. The crowd  
roars, Jack breathing into the mic --

Everyone wondering what's coming, even Alli doesn't know --

Jack's eyes closed, the crowd cheering more --

Jack starts to hum into the mic, softly at first, the crowd doesn't know the tune -- Alli does, he is humming "Lord I've Been Changed." He hums the melody for awhile, then sings --

JACK

*Lord I've been changed --*

He hums the melody, raises his head, again, louder --

JACK (CONT'D)

*Lord I've been changed --*

He hums the melody, opens his eyes, again, even louder --

JACK (CONT'D)

*Lord I've been changed --*

He turns and looks at Alli as he sings the final line --

JACK (CONT'D)

*The Angels in heaven done signed my  
name --*

Unconditional love in Alli's eyes --

Jack clapping now, humming the melody, the crowd joins the clapping, he plays them like an instrument as he hums to start the refrain. This time it's a hundred thousand people singing --

THE CROWD

*LORD I'VE BEEN CHANGED --*

The crowd has become a choir, the sound shakes the very ground. Alli claps and sings along, when a hundred thousand people hit the last line, everyone in that crowd is in this moment --

ALL TOGETHER

*THE ANGELS IN HEAVEN DONE SIGNED MY  
NAME --*

From this soul shaking sound we --

CUT TO:

EXT. REHAB MALIBU. DAY

CLOSE-UP: Alli, staring out into the distance. We can hear waves breaking against the shoreline. She is looking at Jack in the distance, in the same chair we found him earlier with George, but now alone, head pitched slightly back, looking out to the sky. An ORDERLY approaches.



ORDERLY  
Mrs. Maine?

She turns.

ORDERLY (CONT'D)  
Everything is loaded in the  
vehicle. We just need a few  
signatures.

ALLI  
Of course.

EXT. MALIBU BEACHHOUSE. DAY

A beautiful property right on the beach, we see Alli and Jack  
pull up in a car --

INT. MALIBU BEACHHOUSE. DAY

Alli excitedly shows Jack around -- the house is already  
decorated --

ALLI  
I made some choices on furniture  
but we can change anything.

Jack looks around as they walk through the house.

JACK  
It's perfect.

PEOPLE he doesn't know or recognize are everywhere on this  
tour. Jack says hello to each person he passes.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(laughs)  
Who are all these people?

ALLI  
Just my team. We wanted to get  
everything ready there has been a  
lot to do. Wait, close your eyes--

Alli stops Jack in front of a closed door.

INT. OPEN DOOR TO HOME STUDIO

A room filled with all of Jack's instruments, bigger than the  
room he had in his house, instruments arranged as if on  
display.

JACK

Wow.

Jack takes it in.

EXT. BEACH. DAY

Alli and Jack take Samson out for a walk on the beach. Jack throws the rubber ball, it bounces into the breaking waves -- Samson gallops off to retrieve it, stops at the shoreline and paces. Jack walks in to the ocean to get it for him, Alli follows. The moment she enters the water she shrieks --

ALLI

Its so cold!

Jack, immune to it, bends down to pick up the ball and walks back to where Alli moved to, free from the tide. He puts his arm around her waist, and embraces her, can't help but sense a feeling of awkwardness from the physical intimacy--

ALLI (CONT'D)

We don't have to stay here if you don't like it.

JACK

I love it.

Off Alli, smiling -- We hear someone calling Alli's name from the house.

INT. MALIBU BEACHHOUSE. NIGHT

We are close on Alli, we can hear other people in the room talking, the conversation is low and inaudible, she's not paying attention --

CUT TO:

Alli's POV of Jack walking outside, wearing a bathing suit, towel over his shoulder, he walks down off the porch, towards the ocean. He looks happy, still we can sense she's preoccupied -- concerned for his well-being: "Is he happy?" "Is he thinking about getting high?" "Is he high right now?" "Should we have moved here?" --

CUT TO:

A tight shot of Bobby watching her watch Jack swimming into the tide out far --

The inaudible murmur of conversation stops and we hear a very faint 'Alli?' get through, she turns and looks up at --

HER TEAM, a dozen well-dressed people around, all looking at her, waiting expectantly for an answer --

TOUR MANAGER  
Is that OK?

ALLI  
I'm sorry, what?

A few uncomfortable and uneasy looks exchanged.

BOBBY  
If we do the extra dancers, we've  
gotta lose pyrotechnics, are you OK  
with that?

ALLI  
Uh huh, what's next?

The meeting continues --

EXT. MUSIC FESTIVAL. DAY

A mini Coachella-ish indie music festival outside L.A.

It's Saturday afternoon and THE CROWD is pretty amped up --

A punk rock band playing fast and fun is on the main stage.

EXT. BACKSTAGE. DAY

Jack is walking through the bowels of backstage.

CUT TO:

Jack is tuning his guitars, he is in a little staging area where MUSICIANS hang before and after sets.

George approaches, big smile, handshakes and hug --

Jack nods, starts tuning another guitar --

CUT TO:

Twilight, almost show time. Jack is having a conversation with the band we saw onstage. They're fawning over Jack - telling him how great he is - honored to share the stage with him. One of them turns to introduce Jack to their manager.

REVEAL: Their manager is Mo. Mo glances at the water bottle.

MO  
How's my girl? She good?

JACK  
Excuse me?

MO  
Alli. How's she doing?

Jack doesn't say anything.

MO (CONT'D)  
I see you're closing tonight,  
headliner, pretty risky given your  
recent behavior... unless they  
think by doing this it could help  
them book her next year.

Mo sees on Jack's face that he hadn't yet realized the truth  
of it.

MO (CONT'D)  
Oh -- that's fantastic -- that is  
really something. You don't think  
she had anything to do with it.

The look on Jack's face gives him the answer.

MO (CONT'D)  
Well why would you. I love Rock  
Stars.

With that, Mo walks away --

The band says awkward goodbyes --

Jack standing there, holding a half empty water bottle --

Mo looks back one last time.

MO (CONT'D)  
By the way Jack?

Jack turns.

MO (CONT'D)  
I told them to talk to you.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSICAL FESTIVAL. NIGHT

The venue lit up and loud, the sold-out crowd eagerly anticipates Jack's entrance --

George and the band are already playing, warming the crowd up, which is customary, usually they start and he comes out, we can tell they've been playing for awhile --

Jack walks out, the crowd roars --

George knows immediately that Jack is OK, utter relief and joy on his face.

Jack moves to the mic and swings his guitar around his neck. The band still plays, waiting for their leader to tell them where they are going. We are in Jack's POV of the crowd. He just looks out, not indicating the start of anything, just staring, thinking. And then we see him realize its over. We hear --

The beep of Alli's voice mail, then --

BOBBY (O.S.)

Hey, it's me, you gotta get home --  
I don't know if you heard --he's at  
the house now, locked himself in a  
room, they don't know what to do,  
you gotta get home --

Jack continues to stand there onstage -- frozen -- with George behind him, yelling at him from the drum kit, impossible to hear over the blaring music.

INT. MALIBU BEACHHOUSE. NIGHT

Alli comes in, dressed in evening wear, wherever she was, she left early and quickly, panic and fear in her eyes --

ALLI

Where is he?

THE HOUSEKEEPER is distressed, she points toward the back --

We track behind her as she moves through the house, to the closed door at the end of the hallway. She knocks --

ALLI (CONT'D)

Jack?

It's locked, but Alli has a key which is not an accident.

INT. JACK'S HOME STUDIO. NIGHT

Alli opens the door and finds Jack on the floor. She shoves over the cymbals on the drum kit, they clatter to the ground, his eyes stay on the floor, he is gone --

He starts to mumble something unintelligible --

ALLI

You don't even know what I'm  
saying? Do you even know who I am?

Mumbling the same three syllables over and over --

ALLI (CONT'D)

Fucking speak up!

Finally he manages to look at her and get the words out --

JACK

Let me go...

The pain in his eye kills her, the anger is gone --

JACK (CONT'D)

Let me go...

She sees just how sick he is. She goes to him and cradles him in her arms like a child.

ALLI

You don't want to be like this. I'm  
sorry, baby...

Tears fall down her cheeks as she holds him --

INT. MALIBU BEACHHOUSE. DAY

Bobby and the rest of Alli's team are in the kitchen, everyone keeps their voice down --

ALLI

It's just dates on a calendar -- we  
can push, can't we?

BOBBY

I would advise against it.

ALLI

I didn't ask for advice. I asked if  
we can push the dates.

TOUR MANAGER  
We'll lose MSG, but it can be done.

ALLI  
Than do it.

BOBBY  
Can I talk to you please?

CUT TO:

Bobby and Alli out on the patio --

ALLI  
It can wait, I've waited my whole life, what's another few months. It wouldn't even be happening without him. We wouldn't be here without him.

BOBBY  
You can't fix him.

ALLI  
I'm not trying to --

BOBBY  
Of course you are.

She doesn't say anything.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
George was with him all day, lost sight of him for an hour, that was all it took, if he wants to drink, he's gonna drink, you can't be there every second, either he wants to live or he doesn't.

ALLI  
If I walk away now, he will die, the man I love will die and I will have to live with that for the rest of my life, that's what you're asking me to do --

He doesn't say anything.

ALLI (CONT'D)  
I just want some time. We just need some time, that's what we've never had.

BOBBY  
How much time?

She doesn't answer. She doesn't know.

FADE TO:

INT. MALIBU BEACHHOUSE. DAY

Jack walks around the empty house, all the people are gone.

Alli is chopping fresh fruit in the kitchen. He walks in and sits at the counter.

JACK  
It's so quiet.

ALLI  
Kind of nice, isn't it?

He nods.

EXT. BEACH. DAY

Jack and Alli walk Samson on the beach at sunset, Jack tossing the rubber ball into the wash of the surf, Samson galloping after it --

FADE TO:

INT. MALIBU BEACHHOUSE. DAY

Days or possibly weeks later, on a beautiful morning --

Jack makes lattes, Alli sets out scones --

Alli's phone buzzes on the counter, 'Bobby' on the ID --

JACK  
You gonna get that?

ALLI  
I'll call him back.

They sit down to eat, her phone starts buzzing again, Alli gets up and silences it, turns the ringer off, tosses it on the couch. Jack starts to say something, stops himself --

ALLI (CONT'D)  
You ever think about moving?



JACK  
We just moved.

ALLI  
I mean to another country,  
somewhere we don't speak the  
language, a blank canvas, like  
Japan, I hear Japan is beautiful --

JACK  
It is.

The house phone rings, Jack gets up and moves to answer it --

ALLI  
Don't --

He answers the phone, she shakes her head --

JACK  
Hello? Hey how's it going? --  
Good, we're good -- yeah no, she's  
in the water, surfing, she's a  
surfer now --

Alli realizes he's covering for her and smiles --

JACK (CONT'D)  
Stood up her first time out and  
that was it, she's getting pretty  
good -- I'll tell her you called.

He hangs up and sits back down.

JACK (CONT'D)  
You can't ignore the world forever.

ALLI  
Just today.

She kisses him.

CUT TO:

Samson excited to go outside, pacing by the door --

JACK  
You want to come?

ALLI  
Go ahead. I'm gonna clean up and  
lie down.

Jack opens the door, Samson takes off running. Jack follows --

They walk down a path, it's a few hundred yards to the sand --

CUT TO:

Jack walking out onto the beach, Samson barks expectantly, he reaches into his jacket pocket, but the rubber ball is not there, he begins back toward the house --

CUT TO:

Jack walks up on the porch, the sliding door is cracked open, he can hear Alli on the phone, she sounds so sad --

ALLI (CONT'D)

-- no, you're not listening, I don't care if I lose it. I don't need it. I need him. I need us. It's not worth it to -- so what? No, I -- You're not listening! Its one concert. I don't care what I said before he needs me to be his wife and that's it. I don't want to talk about this again.

She hangs up the phone and we see how much that conversation cost her. The weight of her decision and the ramifications overwhelming her for an instant, dreams not realized. A private moment of sorrow observed by --

CUT TO:

Jack, his heart breaking --

EXT. MALIBU BEACHHOUSE. NIGHT

Dinner dishes on the patio table --

Jack sits by himself, looking out at the darkness, he can't see the ocean but he can hear it, a lot of stars out --

Alli comes out and sits in the chair with him -- They sit together, looking out at the darkness --

JACK

You know my sister and I -- when I was eight years old -- we found this box of 45s in my parents' basement. And I remember there was this one, Little Richard, "Keep a Knockin," B-side. The minute that needle dropped -- that sound -- it was like nothing I'd ever heard before. It was like punk rock.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

I couldn't stop moving... my whole family used to laugh at me because I would dance like a maniac every time we played it. It was a sound I'd been waiting to hear my whole life. Little Richard telling me that everything was going to be okay. Telling me I belonged to something. It was like he was singing to me. Singing, "It's okay, son, you're gonna be fine. It's okay, son, you're gonna be fine."

(beat)

You know music is only twelve notes. You know that?

ALLI

I did know that.

JACK

Twelve notes between an octave, after twelve, the octave repeats... it's the same story, over and over, and all any artist can offer the world is how they see those twelve notes.

(beat)

I love the way you see them.

She looks at him and smiles.

ALLI

I love you.

She takes the dishes and goes back inside.

JACK

Hey --

She stops and turns back, framed in the doorway --

JACK (CONT'D)

I just wanted another look at you.

She smiles and walks inside.

He looks back out at the sound of the waves.

INT. MALIBU BEACHHOUSE. PRE-DAWN

We are close on a steak being cooked on a skillet, reveal we are at the hour just before sunrise --

CUT WIDE:

Reveal Jack cooking the steak, garbed in Ally's robe --

The steak is plated, then picked up and walked over to the table, then he walks past the table --

Jack sets it down on the floor next to Samson asleep on his dog bed, the old dog doesn't stir --

CUT TO:

A wide shot of Jack silhouetted by the floor-to-ceiling bay windows behind him, emitting the blue hue of the coming day through the glass into their bedroom --

Ally is asleep, he leans down and whispers something so soft we can't hear, audible only to her subconscious, she puts her hand through the back of his hair as he kisses her --

CUT TO:

Close on Jack's bare feet walking past a sleeping Samson --

We go wide as Jack takes the robe off and opens the door to the outside terrace that leads down to the beach --

Samson wakes the second the door opens, he sees the steak and begins to eat --

CUT TO:

EXT. MALIBU. PRE-DAWN

We are very high and wide, looking down on as Jack walks along the beach, a small figure in the corner of the screen with the wide gaping ocean surrounding most of the frame --

We watch him walk out into the waves

CUT TO:

Close on Jack as he walks towards us into the ocean, it's calm this morning. When he can no longer stand, he begins to swim, heading deeper and deeper out past the breakers

CUT TO:

Inside the house, Samson eating the steak --

BACK TO:

Jack swimming, way out now, the coastline in the background

We do a succession of four cuts of Jack swimming peacefully but getting out of breath.

CUT TO:

Inside the house, Samson finishes the steak and immediately heading through a crooked way he figured how to get outside --

EXT. BEACH. PRE-DAWN

We are with Samson as he runs down to the empty beach, wandering around but seeing no sign of his master --

We stay with him for a long beat searching up and down til he stops and looks out to where Jack entered the ocean --

CUT SUPER WIDE:

To include Samson tiny in frame with the house and coastline, as the sun is starting to inch it's way out a bit further --

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN. PRE-DAWN

The coastline is nowhere in sight. Just the sound of ocean.

Jack comes into frame -- breathing hard, determined, going for broke, until he has nothing left and stops, floating -- He turns around sees that he is in the middle of the oceanic abyss now, his destination, silence, quiet -- just his breathing, he lays back into the water, closing his eyes --

CUT TO:

Alli in bed, eyes opening --

CUT TO:

We are on the water, looking out from the shore, just the sound of ocean for a moment -- until we begin to see Alli coming down to the beach where Samson is sitting at the edge of the tide waiting for his master --

We move in close on Alli's face, as she takes this in, stay close on her face as we begin to hear a -- A cacophony of news reports, announcing to the world in different languages that Jackson Maine is dead -- this all playing over Alli in a tight close up, as we come back out, we find ourselves in --

INT. MALIBU BEACHHOUSE. DAY

Alli sitting at a window, staring blankly into space. Lost in grief, no life force. Time has passed, she's wearing one of Jack's sweatshirts, the light has gone out in her eyes --

Samson lies curled at her feet, his ears perk up as we --

CUT TO:

Lorenzo comes into the room and sits next to Alli. She knows he's there, but doesn't look away from the window. They sit in silence. Lorenzo pets Samson, searching for the words --

LORENZO

Bobby keeps calling. He needs to know. They can't wait anymore.

She doesn't say anything.

LORENZO (CONT'D)

It's The Garden, honey. I mean... I just... it's...

She doesn't say anything. He sighs.

LORENZO (CONT'D)

How long is it gonna be like this?

She doesn't say anything.

LORENZO (CONT'D)

He would want you to be out there...

ALLI

You don't know that.

LORENZO

Yeah I think I do.

(beat)

I think you do. That's what I think. But...

She doesn't say anything. He stands to go, kisses her forehead -- He walks out of the room.

We stay with Alli, thinking about this.

YOUNG JACK (O.S.)

I lost my dad when I was young --

CUT TO:

Digital footage of Jack fills the screen, an old interview, he is 20 years younger, no beard, hair just starting to grow

YOUNG JACK (CONT'D)

-- I was still developing as a human being, it messed me up, I didn't want to make music anymore and then I realized -- life ain't worth living if you're not making music. The tragedy would've been if I had just stopped. I thought about it.

As the footage plays, we pull back slowly, reveal we are watching on a screen of some kind --

YOUNG JACK (CONT'D)

I really did, but that's one thing I've learned, tragedy is opportunity, best thing you can do, the only thing you can do, is to turn it into something, it's the fuel that powers the machine -- only way to heal is to burn it off.

Now PITCH BLACK surrounding the edges, framing the screen, all we see is the footage and darkness --

YOUNG JACK (CONT'D)

So really that kind of pain and sadness in life is just inspiration in disguise -- the real sadness, at least the thing that makes me sad, is when an artist doesn't make the art they're put here to make, I believe that, I believe we all have a purpose and music is mine. Sadness, death, it's all just life. Not doing what you're here to do, that's the only death.

The image on screen freezes.

A light comes on in the bottom corner of the frame, illuminating Alli sitting at a piano, she begins to play one of Jack's songs as soon as the light shines down on her --

Reveal we are in a sold out Madison Square Garden, the crowd cheers, they quiet as she begins to sing -- she sings a verse beautifully, then her voice cracks and she starts to cry, she stops playing, unable to finish, the crowd roars in support --

Alli, emotionally drained, stands from the piano and crosses to center stage as the lights come up on HER BAND (George is on drums) -- they make eye contact as she passes, tears in his eyes too -- she makes her way to the mic, looks out at the huge crowd, taking it in, overwhelmed by their love for her, her love for him, her voice is shaky as it echoes through the stadium --

ALLI

I don't know if I can do this  
alone.

(beat, to the crowd)  
Maybe we can do it together?

The crowd explodes in anticipation, she takes a breath and begins --

A new song we haven't heard yet -- the crowd witnessing what they hoped would happen; Alli giving them her gift --

CUT TO BLACK.

END.