

\*HOD SCRIPT/sequence\*  
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by  
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EXT. MINGLEWOOD HALL, MEMPHIS, NIGHT

The marquee flashes BEA BURNS & BAND in bold black letters.

An ear deafening roar of applause fills the street. A blunt singing voice cuts through, demanding attention a-new.

INT. MINGLEWOOD HALL, MEMPHIS, NIGHT

BEA BURNS (Late 30's) and her 6 person country/folk band owns the venue. Bea is wholeheartedly in her element. And mid song.

Bea catches the eye of her assistant MAUREEN (Late 20's) standing in the bleachers. Maureen waves a cell phone. Bea winks, continues unperturbed.

INT. MINGLEWOOD HALL, MEMPHIS, NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

BEA

Faith Lazarus on DRUMS!!!

A drum solo launches.

Bea, dripping with sweat, makes her way to Maureen, wipes her brow. Maureen shows Bea the cell phone.

*"4 missed calls, JAY-JAY"*

Bea takes a deep breath. Nods in rhythm to the music trying to decipher the meaning.

Smile back on, Bea energetically re-joins the band.

INT. MINGLEWOOD HALL GREENROOM, MEMPHIS, NIGHT - LATER

The room is buzzing as friends of the band gather for drinks. Bea distractedly engage while quickly collecting her stuff.

JACKSON (Late 40's) the bands manager, enters giving FAITH (30's), the drummer, a high-five.

JACKSON

The Times should be joining us tomorrow! Cha-ching!

FAITH

Hell yeah! Bea, you hear that?! This deal is on the bag!

(CONTINUED)

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Bea zips her duffle. Stops to take in the news.

BEA  
Whoa! Amazing!!

Bea pulls Jackson to the side.

BEA  
Gotta go home for the night -

Jackson raises his eyebrows. Sighs.

BEA (CONT'D)  
I know! It's sucks! Jay-Jay  
called, like 10 times. I'll see  
you at MARS tomorrow afternoon.

JACKSON  
Better... - - sound check 3pm!

Bea gives Jackson a pat, throws her duffle over the  
shoulder, heads for the door. Maureen dangles her car keys.

BEA  
You're an angel.

Bea turns, catching everyone's attention.

BEA (CONT'D)  
HEY! We did good tonight. Let's do  
it all over tomorrow!!

Everyone CHEERS. Bea salutes. BUUUUH's abound. And she's  
gone.

INT. MAUREEN'S CAR, NIGHT

Bea drives, window down, breathing in the hot summer air.

BEA  
Siri, call JAY-JAY.

SIRI (V.O.)  
Calling JAY-JAY.

The phone rings. No answer. Sigh. Bea speeds up.

EXT. BEA'S HOUSE, NASHVILLE - NIGHT

Bea pulls into the driveway of a small ranch style home. She  
droops out of the car, exhausted.

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She crosses the lawn, not minding the grasses growing tall.

INT. HALLWAY, BEA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bea enters.

BEA

Jay!

She listens for a response. Silence.

She looks in the closet for shoes. Empty. Then heads up the stairs.

INT. 2. FLOOR LANDING, BEA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bea eyes a door. Closed. Relief crosses her face. She knocks gently.

BEA

Jay-Jay. I'm home! Can I come in?

She listens momentarily.

BEA

All right partner, *incoming*.

INT. JAY'S ROOM, NIGHT

Jay's room is trashed. Music posters pulled down, a fist hole in the wall, a smashed acoustic guitar on the bed.

Bea, in surprised horror, finds JAY (15), pushed into the corner, rocking himself. Hands bruised, disheveled.

Bea beelines to him. Wrapping her arms around him.

Jay pushes her away with force, getting up. He paces. Staying out of his path of destruction, Bea remains on the floor.

Jay's frantic energy fizzles, as the minutes pass.

BEA

Jay? Take a deep breath. What's going on? (Pause) Your room - what happened?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAY

It's so fucked up, mom. I can't -  
I can't. It's -

BEA

Jay, whatever it is, we got this.  
We always do. (Beat) I'm not mad  
about this, okay. Just tell me  
what happened. Is it Lisa?

Jay shakes his head, plops down on the bed, defeated. Bea  
inches off the floor, sits down next to him on the bed.

Bea observes his stoned expression.

Suddenly he dissolves in tears. Bea embraces him.

BEA

All right baby, yeah, this is bad.  
All right. I am right here for  
you. You're okay.

Bea caress his hair.

JAY

I - I don't know why, I - was  
walking home, that new boy, PETER!  
We walked. He said something  
stupid, about you, your voice, my  
dad? I don't know. We - I got so  
mad. I just punched him. And I  
couldn't stop. I just couldn't  
stop, mom. I just left him there!  
And he -

Bea grabs his clenched and bloodied fists.

BEA

Okay... Well we don't know what...  
- he could just have passed out.

JAY

Yeah, but I just ran...

BEA

All right Jay. I really thought we  
were on the right track here.  
(Beat) We gotta call his parents/

JAY

NO! You can't. They warned me. If  
they caught me again, they'd get  
me. They can't know it was me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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JAY (CONT'D)

You can't tell anyone. No one saw me. It was a mistake, mom, really, I just...

BEA

Jay! That's not... I can't cover for you. We have been through this.

JAY

MOM! You can't do that - I swear this will be the end of me!

Jay is back on his feet.

BEA

All right. You don't have to do anything right now. Let's just...  
(Beat) You need some sleep. Come here. I'm sure it's okay. It's okay...

Bea lays him down on the bed. Curls up around him, holding him.

INT. JAY-JAY'S ROOM, NIGHT, LATER

Bea lays wide-eyed, staring at ceiling. Jay is passed out. She gets up and quietly tiptoes out.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BEA'S HOUSE, NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Bea turns on the local Fox 17 News. Mutes it. BREAKING NEWS flashes across the screen.

**"LOCAL BOY FOUND DEAD. INFORMATION ABOUT ASSAILANT CALL..."**

Bea turns it off, splintering the remote against the wall nearly hitting a framed Gold Record.

INT. BEA'S BEDROOM, NIGHT

Bea lays on top of the covers of her queen sized bed. She covers her face with a pillow, screams into it.

INT. BEA'S KITCHEN, DAWN

Bent over coffee, Bea hears the soft footsteps of Jay on the stairs. He enters.

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Bea pours Jay a cup of coffee. Jay takes a tiny sip.

Bea takes in Jay's bloodshot, puffy eyes. She reaches for him. A glimmer of hope crosses Jay's face.

Bea hesitates.

BEA

We have to go to the police. The  
boy -

The words get stuck in her throat.

JAY

Mom, you promised!

BEA

I didn't baby. You know I can't do  
that. We all make mistakes and...  
we gotta own up to them. It's the  
only right thing to do.

JAY

Fuck you!! I should never have  
told you. What kind of mother  
would do that? I should just have -

BEA

You did right to tell me. You did  
the right thing. I'm sorry.

Jay runs for the front door. Bea sprints after him. She catches him, blocking the door.

Jay SCREAMS, fighting her. She manages to hold him.

BEA

It's the only thing we can do  
baby. You are NOT doing it alone.

They collapse on the floor, both sobbing.

INT. CAR, POLICE STATION, NASHVILLE - MORNING

Bea and Jay pull up to the station. A few weathered reporters are scattered on the station steps.

BEA

Fuck! Okay. Heads down Jay, don't  
say anything. I love you.

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CONTINUED:

She strains to hold back tears. Jay's face is white, frozen in fear.

The reporters are immediately on their feet.

EXT. CAR, POLICE STATION, NASHVILLE - MORNING, CONTINUOUS

Bea and Jay exit the car. A reporter snaps a few photos.

REPORTER

Bea Burns? What are you doing here so early? Any information on last night's murder? Your son? How is the tour going?

Without as much as a glance at the reporters Bea and Jay disappear through the station doors.

INT. POLICE STATION, NASHVILLE - MORNING, CONTINUOUS

Bea holds Jay's hand. They approach the counter. LANCE KENT (58) overweight and stubborn, looks up from his cut veggies and ranch combo.

LANCE

Where are the donuts, my only question? Oh, excuse me. How may I help you? Wow, Bea Burns! On a climb. Congrats. Excuse my manners. How may I be of service?

Lance's face beams until he lays eyes on Jay.

LANCE

Oh no -

BEA

Yeah, we are here to - Jay would like to make a confession.

The loud RING of a cell phone. Bea pulls her cell out to silence it. It's JACKSON (#The MAN-ager). DAMN! She lets it ring in her pocket.

LANCE

Well then, let's get some paperwork started. Follow me.



INT. HALLWAY, POLICE STATION, NASHVILLE

They follow Lance down a hallway. Lance leans into the detectives office.

LANCE

Big D, I'm taking these two to #three. Take it from there?

The phone keeps buzzing in Bea's pocket.

BEA

Ahhh, fuck. I'm really sorry Jay. I need to take this. I gotta change some plans, okay.

LANCE

Waiting room would be a good place for that.

BEA

Jay. I'll be right back. I'm not going anywhere. Don't say anything till I'm back, okay?

JAY

No. Mom, don't leave me.

BEA

I'm not! I'll be back in a minute.

INT. WAITING ROOM, POLICE STATION, MORNING

Bea returns Jackson's call.

BEA

G'morning Jack.

JACKSON (V.O.)

Whoa, you sound like shit. I was just checking in on you. Making sure -

BEA

Yeah, I wont be there today. I'm really sorry.

JACKSON (V.O.)

WHAT THE FUCK!? Why? We got a sold out venue tonight, three more weeks of the tour. What the hell?

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BEA

Jay got himself into some real trouble. I can't leave him. It's bad.

JACKSON (V.O.)

B! You gotta be fucking kidding me! Again? You're supposed to show them that you really want this. You're supposed to sign next week. Their investment - If you do this, that's it. That's the end!

BEA

No, no, no. I know. I just need a couple of days. That's all. We can pick it back up and tag the missed gigs onto the tail, right?

JACKSON (V.O.)

THAT'S NOT HOW IT WORKS!

BEA

Please, Jackson. I'm at the police station. I'm telling you it's bad. Just fucking try to understand. Buy me some time. I'm coming back.

JACKSON (V.O.)

Coming back? From what? What the fuck? The police is involved. No, that's your mess to deal with. I'm calling the label.

BEA

NO!!

Jackson hangs up.

Big D (45), detective, appears in the doorway.

BIG D

Should we get started?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #3, POLICE STATION - DAY

Bea and Jay face Big D across a small table.

BIG D

All right Jay, tell me what you got?

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BEA

Officer, you need to understand it was self-defense. He didn't -

BIG D

Please be quiet Ma'am, let the boy speak for himself.

Bea nods to Jay. Jay opens his mouth, but every word Bea hears is dragged out, distorted. No grasp of reality or time.

Bea's phone starts buzzing. Again and again. She peeks at it under the table.

BIG D

I'm gonna have to ask you to step out if you're gonna engage with that or turn it off. Ma'am?

She glimpses "3 missed calls. 1 Voice mail, from EDDIE. STAR RECORDS".

BEA

Can we take a quick break? I just gotta... I'll be right back. Jay, okay? Jay?

Jay's head hangs low, silent. Big D gestures to the door.

INT. WAITING ROOM, POLICE STATION - MORNING

Bea listens to the voice mail. Her face contorts in pain.

BEA

NO! No! NO! NO! NO! Please don't. Don't do this to me!

Lance appears in the door.

LANCE

I'm gonna have to ask you to be quiet Ma'am.

Lance leaves, shutting the door behind him.

Bea stares at the closed door. Lips sealed, quivering.

THE END.

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