

Still Rock and Roll

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. RUSSO RECORDS - LOBBY - MORNING.

BETH RUSSO (30s) rushes through the glass doors of Russo Records juggling a tray of coffees and a bag of dry cleaning. She's dressed sharp, but not effortlessly so, someone trying to prove she belongs.

A digital clock behind the receptionist flashes: 7:50 A.M.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER.

Beth rides alone, adjusting her blazer and biting her lip. She catches her reflection in the mirrored wall, exhausted, determined. The elevator *dings*.

INT. RUSSO RECORDS - EXECUTIVE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS.

Beth strides past a hallway of Gold and platinum records, framed in glass and ego. One stops her:

Haley- Jack Wilder and the wild ones.
Platinum. 1989.

She stares at it. The number one record that built Russo Records.

She moves on.

INT. BOARDROOM - CONTINUOUS.

A glass-walled, high-powered conference room. A long table surrounded by a mix of sleek, ambitious executives talking fast and pitching faster. Digital displays flicker with buzzwords.

VINCENT RUSSO (60s), silver-haired, charismatic, and calculating, sits at the head of the table, arms folded, evaluating with razor-sharp stillness.

EXEC #1 (MID-PITCH)

We tap legacy. Reboot the old roster. Think streaming syncs, docuseries, brand collabs.

Beth slips in quietly through the back, balancing coffee like a tray of nitro.

She begins distributing it, careful not to interrupt. She passes behind Vincent.

He doesn't look at her, just mutters:

VINCENT (WHISPERS)

Meeting started at 7.

BETH (WHISPERS)

I was told 8.

She glares toward ANDREA (30S) Vincent's assistant, who looks away.

VINCENT (WHISPERS)

We start at 7. Others start at 8.

She bites her tongue. Keeps passing coffee.

EXEC #2:

We need someone big enough to headline, but still safe. Nostalgic, but clean.

EXEC #3

So someone dead but still verified on TikTok?

Laughter.

BETH

What about Jack Wilder?

Silence. Heads turn. She freezes, coffee tray still in hand.

EXEC #1

Jack Wilder? As in the hermit, recluse Jack Wilder?

EXEC #2

Hasn't performed in, what forty years? Might be dead.

BETH

Exactly. That's why he'd work. He's not just nostalgia. He's myth. A legend.

Eyes shift to Vincent. He watches her carefully.

ANDREA

Let's stick with reality.

BETH

Jack put this label on the map.

ANDREA

There's no future in the past. Let's move on, shall we?

Vincent continues to study Beth. Something shifts behind his eyes.

VINCENT

Everyone out. Beth stays.

Chairs scrape. Awkward glances. Beth doesn't move. Andrea lingers, tight smile, tight jaw.

As the others file out, Andrea throws Beth a pointed look. Then she exits.

BETH:

Guess I made the 7 o'clock club.

She shuts the door behind her.

The room is now empty except for Beth and Vincent.

He leans back in his chair, arms crossed, unreadable.

VINCENT

Convince me.

Beth hesitates, then digs into her blazer pocket and pulls out a crumpled sheet of paper.

Beth pulls out a chair, then sits.

She flattens it on the table with both hands, not meeting his eyes.

BETH

Okay. Look, Russo Records turns forty this year. And the guy who made it matter, your guy Jack Wilder... What if he headlined a one-time revival tour?

VINCENT

A comeback from a recluse who drinks bourbon for breakfast?

BETH

That's exactly why it works. No one expects it. That's what makes it news.

Beth pauses, scanning notes.

VINCENT

You know Jack wilder was the first group I ever signed. He built my career.

BETH

Yes, You may have mentioned that a few thousand times.

VINCENT

Then One day her took his guitar and drove off in that red mustang. Damn I loved that car. But I don't know about this nostalgia stunt.

BETH

It's not a nostalgia stunt. It's a resurrection. We position it like a legacy remembered, Jack Wilder, the original firestarter, back for one last spark.

VINCENT

A spark? You're betting a career on a spark?

BETH

Mine? Yeah. I am.
Jack's not just some washed-up act. He's myth. He's the guy people still talk about like he disappeared into legend.

VINCENT

Myth doesn't sell tickets.

BETH

He wrote the number one hit, that built this label. And if I can bring him back, even just to talk, It would be huge for the label.

VINCENT

You really think you can pull this off?

BETH

I think I'm the only one who gives a damn enough to try.

VINCENT

You want it? Fine. You get a small budget Minimal resources. And I want daily updates, from you, directly.

BETH

Deal.

VINCENT

No PR leaks. No overpromising.
If he ghosts you, you pull out
clean.

BETH

Understood.

VINCENT

If, and it's a big if, you get him
on board, you'll have full control
of the tour package. But until
then... you're a one-woman scouting
mission.

BETH

I won't let you down.

VINCENT

You get him. In
writing, onstage. Then you get the
green light.

He stands. Beth folds her crumpled notes quietly.

BETH

Understood.

VINCENT

And Beth, don't bring me an almost.

He walks out, leaving her alone.

INT. RUSSO RECORDS - BETH'S CUBICLE - LATER THAT MORNING.

A cluttered corner cubicle. Post-it notes, old tour passes, a
half-eaten protein bar. BETH sits in front of her laptop,
eyes scanning the screen, fingers flying over keys.

Tabs pile up:

Whatever Happened to Jack Wilder?

Top 10 Greatest Vanishings in Rock.

Reddit thread: Jack Wilder = Urban Legend?

Most articles lead nowhere, rumors, wild theories, old
interviews.

She types:

Jack Wilder sighting + 2020.

A few new results appear. One headline catches her eye:

Whiskey, Regret & One Forgotten Night: Jack Wilder Plays Two Songs in the Desert.

Her pulse quickens. She clicks.

A grainy photo shows a man, long hair, leather jacket, guitar slung low, on a makeshift stage at a dusty roadside saloon.

The caption reads:

Witnesses say the man claimed to be Jack Wilder. Played two songs. Drank half a bottle of whiskey. Left before midnight. Some say he slept in his car. Others swear he disappeared into the desert.

BETH

Got you.

She scrolls. The bar is named, The Devil's Cactus, located outside Joshua Tree.

Just then, Andrea appears at the edge of the cubicle, arms crossed.

ANDREA

Looking for buried treasure?

Beth doesn't look away from the screen.

BETH

Just doing what Vincent asked.

ANDREA

I get it. It's exciting. Your First real assignment in, what, five years?

Beth keeps typing. Doesn't look up.

BETH

Some of us work better without an audience.

ANDREA

You know, most people use Google to shop, not to implode their careers.

BETH

Some of us still believe in lost causes.

ANDREA

There's a reason they're called that.

Andrea gives her a smile and struts away.

Beth stares at the article a moment longer, then opens a map. Pins the location. Joshua tree.

She grabs a notebook, starts jotting things down. Circles the date. She leans back, staring at the flickering image of Jack Wilder.

BETH

One way to find out.

INT. BETH'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON.

A worn suitcase lies open on the couch. Clothes fly in. Charger cords. A spiral notebook. Beth's laptop screen glows with the article about Jack Wilder's desert sighting and a map of Joshua tree.

Beth moves with a mix of urgency and nervous, focused, muttering to herself as she shoves in a pair of boots.

Enter **LEILA (20s)**, Beth's roommate, wearing an oversized sweatshirt and holding a spoonful of peanut butter.

Leila looks at laptop.

LEILA

Okay, either you're leaving for Burning Man...or something worse.

BETH

Joshua Tree.

LEILA

So, Burning Man?

BETH

No. I think I found Jack Wilder.

Leila blinks.

LEILA

Who?

BETH

Jack Wilder! The guy who wrote, *Haley*. his biggest hit. A huge Rockstar from the 80s.

Leila shrugs, unimpressed.

LEILA

Oh. Okay, Cool.

Beth zips the bag hard, sighs, sits on the arm of the couch.

BETH

This could either be my big
break, or the world's most expensive
desert mirage. Dad actually gave
this to me. No safety net. No
backup plan.

She stands again, her voice steadier now.

BETH (CONT'D)

I can't screw this up. Not for him.
Not for me.

LEILA

Then don't. Go find your rockstar.

She grabs her keys, and her suitcase, and heads for the door.

BETH

If I end up on a podcast, tell them
I was chasing greatness.

LEILA

I'll make sure they use a good
photo.

Beth exits the apartment.

EXT. BETH'S CAR - NIGHT - DESERT HIGHWAY.

Her car cuts through the fading light. The stereo plays Jack
Wilder's raw early tracks. vocals fuzzy, honest.

RADIO

HALEY,
WHEN I SEE YOU STANDING THERE
WITH THE MOONLIGHT TANGLED IN YOUR
HAIR
IT'S LIKE THE WHOLE WORLD FADES
AWAY
AND ALL THAT'S LEFT IS YOU AND ME.

The notebook rides shotgun, open to a page labeled: Jack
Wilder - The Devil's Cactus - Joshua Tree.

Beth grips the wheel tighter.

BETH

Let this be real.
Just once, let this be the thing
that works.

She drives on.

RADIO

HALEY
 YOU'RE THE RHYTHM IN MY HEARTBEAT
 THE REASON I BELIEVE
 HALEY
 YOU'RE THE DREAM I NEVER KNEW I'D
 SEE
 THE ONLY PLACE I WANT TO BE
 IF FOREVER'S MORE THAN JUST A WORD
 WE SAY
 THEN HALEY, I'LL LOVE YOU EVERY
 DAY.

EXT. THE DEVIL'S CACTUS SALOON - DAY - JOSHUA TREE.

A beat-up neon cactus sign flickers above the entrance. Faint music leaks through the screen door. Beth parks, steps out, notebook in hand.

She eyes the place: old wood, old stories.

She walks up and pushes the door open.

INT. THE DEVIL'S CACTUS - CONTINUOUS.

Dim lights, jukebox playing something twangy and sad. A few locals at the bar. Dusty hats. Boots up on stools. One guy plays cards with himself. Another flips peanuts into a bucket.

Beth walks up to the **BARTENDER (50s)**, sun-worn, skeptical.

BETH

Hi. Sorry to bother you. I'm
 looking for someone who might've
 been here a few months ago.

He raises an eyebrow.

BARTENDER

You the IRS?

BETH

Worse. Music industry.

Both chuckle, then serious.

BETH (CONT'D)

Jack Wilder. He came through here,
 didn't he?

The bartender goes still. Someone at the bar turns.

BARTENDER

Maybe. Guy came in, looked like a coyote chewed him up and spit out a legend.

CUSTOMER #1

Played two songs. No mic. No shoes.

CUSTOMER #2

Left halfway through a bottle of whiskey. Didn't say goodbye.

BETH

Did he say where he was going?

The bartender wipes a glass, leans in slightly.

BARTENDER

Nope, Just walked out into the night. Like he belonged to it. He pops in sometime. Never says much.

Bartender looks her up and down.

CUSTOMER #1

You a reporter?

BETH

No. I'm, his last chance.

They all watch her now.

BETH (CONT'D)

I work for Russo Records. The label he made famous.
We're doing a revival. A second act. And I think he deserves one.
Even if he doesn't think so.

The jukebox shifts to a new track, one of Jack's old acoustic song.

JUKEBOX

I'VE BEEN CHASING SUNSETS DOWN A
HUNDRED ROADS.
LEAVING PIECES OF MYSELF IN PLACES
NO ONE KNOWS.
EVERY TOWN FEELS LIKE A SONG I
ALMOST WROTE.
BUT I NEVER STAY LONG ENOUGH TO
CALL IT HOME.

Customer #2 points to a table in the corner.

CUSTOMER #2

He used to sit right over there.

CUSTOMER #1

Said he was chasing something. Or
hiding from it. Didn't say which.

JUKEBOX

I'VE GOT A RESTLESS HEART.
IT BEATS LIKE THUNDER IN THE DARK.
IT PULLS ME WHEN I SHOULD BE STILL.
IT BREAKS THE RULES, IT ALWAYS WILL.
I WANT TO STAY, BUT I DEPART.
CAN'T OUTFRONT THIS RESTLESS HEART.

BETH

Any idea where he went?

The bartender thinks, then points to the back door.

BARTENDER

Out that way. Toward the trailer
park. If he's still around, that's
where he'd be. But fair warning...
You find him, he might not want to
be found.

BETH

He doesn't have to want it. He just
has to listen.

She drops a tip on the counter, turns, and walks out.

The locals watch her go. The music keeps playing.

EXT. DESERT TRAILER PARK - DAY.

Dust swirls in the headlights as Beth parks. She walks past
rows of faded, dented trailers, silent under a wide, starlit
sky.

A car covered by a tarp, sits nearby.

She stops at a particularly beat-up Airstream with a crooked
antenna, a flickering porch bulb.

She knocks, firm.

Then slowly the door creaks open.

JACK WILDER (late 50s) peers out—greying hair tied back, eyes
bloodshot, flannel shirt buttoned wrong. One hand on the
door, the other wrapped around a nearly empty bottle of cheap
bourbon.

He squints at her like she's a mirage.

JACK

Let me guess, Spotify documentary?
A podcast? Or a redemption book
deal?

BETH

Beth Russo. Russo Records.

Jack blinks. His mouth twitches—somewhere between surprise
and disdain.

JACK

No shit. As in Jack Vincent

BETH

Unfortunately.

JACK

Wow, You don't look a thing like
Vincent.

BETH

Got lucky.

Jack reaches out and pokes Beth.

JACK

Damn, You're not a hallucination.

She gives a tired smile.

BETH

Not unless you've got heatstroke.

JACK

Well, Might as well come in.

He steps aside, just enough to let her in.

INT. JACK'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS.

Dim, cramped, cluttered. The place smells like whiskey, dust,
and expired ambition.

In one corner, on a collapsing futon, a skinny, snoring young
BRADLEY (30) is either asleep or unconscious.

BETH

Is he, okay?

JACK

Define, okay.

Jack stumbles past, grabs a chipped coffee mug, pours bourbon into it.

JACK (CONT'D)
That's Bradley. My nephew. Human
nap with a vape pen.

BETH
He breathing?

JACK
Most of the time. But who knows for
sure.

Jack drops into a chair and gestures for her to talk.

JACK (CONT'D)
Alright, baby Russo. Hit me.

BETH
We're planning a 40th anniversary
Rock Revival. I want you to
headline.

JACK
That's a terrible idea.

BETH
Great, I'm full of them.

She sits across from him, determined.

BETH (CONT'D)
You may not care about your name
anymore. But it still means
something. You disappear and people
still whisper about you like you're
a legend. Because you are.

JACK
Yeah, well. legend doesn't pay the
rent.

BETH
Maybe not. But it can buy you time.
Just talk to the band. Play one
song. If you still want to
disappear after that, I'll leave
you alone.

Jack watches her for a long moment. Silent.

JACK
You want me onstage? Live.

BETH

Yes. Preferably.

JACK

Then get the band back together.
All of them. You pull that off,
I'll consider it.

He sips from his bourbon mug.

BETH

That all.

JACK

And take Bradley with you. God
knows he's not doing anything here
but killing brain cells.

Beth glances again at the young man drooling into a couch
pillow.

BETH

Terrific

JACK

Bradley.

No response.

JACK (CONT'D)

Bradley!

Bradley groans, turns over, face mashed into a crushed bag of
tortilla chips.

BRADLEY

Ugh. Five more hours.

JACK

Get up. You've got a job.

BRADLEY

I don't do mornings. Or jobs.

JACK

You will this time.
You're going on the road.

Bradley lifts his head like a confused meerkat, squinting.

BRADLEY

Wait, what?

JACK

That was Vincent Russo's daughter.
She's putting the band back
together. Wants me to headline some
retro resurrection tour thingy.

BRADLEY

Yeah, and I'm the ghost of Freddie
Mercury.

JACK

You're going with her.

Bradley sits up fully now, rubbing his face with both hands.

BRADLEY

Come on, man. I just got
comfortable. Also, who is she?

Beth stands, extends her hand.

BETH

Beth. Beth Russo.

JACK

Apparently, the last person on
Earth who still believes I'm worth
a damn.

Bradley looks at her hand, flops back on to couch.

BRADLEY

Terrific.

JACK

She's got drive. You've got time.
Help her. Watch her back. Don't
screw it up.

Bradley sits up.

BRADLEY

Why me?

JACK

Because I'm tired, and you owe me
at least six favors, a kidney, and
a new couch. And maybe if she
fails, it won't be entirely her
fault.

Bradley mutters something unintelligible and flops back on
the couch.

JACK (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I'm sure she low expectations of you. She's probably already halfway to finding the group.

Bradley sighs, throws a pillow over his face.

BRADLEY

This better come with snacks.

JACK

It comes with redemption.
Maybe. I'm not sure.

Jack leans back, raising his mug to no one.

JACK (CONT'D)

Let's see if the kid can wake the dead.

She rises, notebook already open in her hand.

BETH

Find the band. Wake the corpse.

She heads for the door. Jack kicks a beat-up duffel bag out from under the table.

JACK

You're going to need this.

Bradley stands grabs the duffel.

BRADLEY

Right.

Bradley follows Beth.

JACK

Close it gently. Place is held together with duct tape and denial.

BETH

Sounds like the record industry.

She exits, with Bradley in tow.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY.

A dusty two-lane road winds through nothingness. Beth's car barrels down the desert road.

INT. BETH'S CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS.

Beth drives, Bradley sits in the passenger seat, feet on the dash, sipping from a gas station cup. Sunglasses crooked.

BRADLEY

So just to clarify. I'm being forced to help a label chase a ghost band with no budget, no itinerary, and zero snacks?

BETH

Correct.

BRADLEY

Cool. Sounds emotionally healthy.

Beth ignores him, one hand on the wheel, the other dialing her phone. She puts it on speaker.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Tell me this comes with per diem.
Or weed.

BETH

Shut up. It's ringing.

VINCENT (O.S.)

Vincent Russo.

BETH

Hey, Dad. It's me.

VINCENT (O.S.)

Report.

BETH

Found Jack. He's not sober. Or agreeable. But he's alive. He made a deal, if I get the band back together, he'll consider it.

Beat of silence.

VINCENT (O.S.)

That's more than I expected.

BETH

Yeah, well... he also gave me his nephew to babysit. So that feels like a warning.

Bradley raises his gas station cup in a mock toast.

BRADLEY

I'm the morale officer.

VINCENT (O.S.)

He's a liability. Watch him.

BETH

Already clocked that.

BRADLEY

Story of my life.

She shifts gears, then continues.

BETH

I need everything you have on the band. Full roster, last known locations, stage names, real names, anything.

VINCENT (O.S.)

You're asking for my help?

BETH

I'm asking for efficiency. You want this done, I need tools. Not another guess-and-Google road trip.

VINCENT (O.S.)

Fine. I'll have Andrea send over what we've got. Don't get sentimental. This is business.

BETH

Copy that, Dad.

She ends the call.

BRADLEY

Wow. That had less warmth than a prison check-in.

BETH

That was warm, for him.

Bradley adjusts his seat and pulls out a crumpled band t-shirt to use as a pillow.

Beth's phone beeps, new text.

BRADLEY

Alright, Boss Baby. Where to first?

Beth checks phone.

BETH

The drummer. She's the only one who didn't legally change her name after the breakup.

Bradley groans.

BRADLEY

Please tell me she's not in Jersey.

BETH

Worse, Burbank.

BRADLEY

God help us.

BETH

I'm glad jack agreed?

BRADLEY

He agreed in Jack language. Which is 10% words and 90% sighing.

They drive in silence for a few beats. Then—

THUMP-THUMP-THUMP-THUMP.

The car lurches. Beth grips the wheel.

BETH

What now?

She pulls onto the shoulder and cuts the engine.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER.

Beth and Bradley stand outside the car, staring at a completely flattened rear tire.

BRADLEY

I see the problem.

BETH

Can you fix it?

BRADLEY

Nope. I don't even own a car.

BETH

You're a man!

BRADLEY

Thanks for noticing. But my masculinity does not include tools.

BETH

Now What?

BRADLEY

Do you have a tire thingy?

Beth glares at him, throws her arms in the air.

BETH

Unbelievable.

Beth walks toward the trunk.

They both turn as a minivan pulls up behind them. A friendly dad in cargo shorts hops out.

DAD

Need a hand?

BRADLEY

Desperately. Also possibly a new tire, a new ego, and a few life lessons.

DAD

Okay, let's take a look at the tire first.

EXT. SUV - MOMENTS LATER.

The dad kneels by the car, working the jack with ease. Beth passes tools. Bradley tries not to get in the way.

DAD (CONT'D)

You folks musicians?

BETH

Producers. Trying to herd one. A legendary, whiskey, soaked cat.

DAD

Well, good luck with that. You're gonna need it.

BRADLEY

This whole tour may be powered by spare tires and blind optimism.

DAD

Sounds like rock and roll to me.

BRADLEY

Definitely.

DAD

All set. Suggest that you get that spare fixed. The other tires are in sad shape.

The spare tire is on. The car is packed again. The family waves, pulling away in their minivan.

Beth and Bradley climb back into the car.

BETH

That was. weirdly helpful.

BRADLEY

Welcome to the Jack Wilder revival.
Hope you packed snacks and therapy.

Beth cracks a smile as they pull back onto the road

EXT. FREEWAY SIGN - DAY.

A faded green sign reads: BURBANK - 86 MILES

The car roars past it, kicking out dark exhaust

INT. BETH'S CAR - DAY - ON THE ROAD.

Beth drives with quietude, GPS softly mumbling directions.
Bradley lounges in the passenger seat, legs stretched out, flipping through Beth's glove box like it's a treasure chest.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Wow. Three highlighters, a granola bar that expired during the Obama administration, and... is this a mixtape?

Beth glances over.

BETH

Don't judge the tape.

BRADLEY

"Summer of Screaming." That sounds... emotionally unstable.

BETH

It's cathartic. I was sixteen, hormonal, and dating a drummer.

BRADLEY

Ah. That explains the eyeliner and all the angry hearts on the label.

Beth chuckles.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

So, be honest, how many times have you imagined storming into your dad's office and yelling I'm not just the coffee girl!?

BETH

Only every Monday. And some Thursdays. How did you know?

BRADLEY

Classic. What made you pick Jack Wilder, though? Could've pitched a safe revival, like—I dunno—Kidz Bop Unplugged.

BETH

Because, no one else would. And because Jack put this label on the map. I wanted to bring it full circle.

BRADLEY

Plus, let's be honest, you love a challenge.

BETH

I collect them. Like emotional Pokémon.

Bradley laughs.

BRADLEY

Okay, your turn. What do you know about me?

BETH

You drink gas station coffee, wear the same hoodie three days in a row, and deflect sincerity with sarcasm.

BRADLEY

That's unfair. The hoodie's mostly clean. Ans I own two.

Beth smirks, eyes still on the road.

BETH

You really think we're gonna pull this off?

BRADLEY

No idea. But I do know one thing,
worst case, we crash and burn with
a killer soundtrack.

BETH

You're a walking movie quote.

BRADLEY

Stick with me. You'll be quoting
yourself by the end of this tour.

They drive on in silence.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY - BURBANK.

Tree-lined. Perfectly trimmed hedges. Minivans in driveways.
Kids on scooters.

Beth and Bradley stand at the foot of a driveway, staring at
a tidy blue house with a sunflower flag.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

I think I just got a contact high
off the scent of fabric softener.

BETH

She's in there. Former drummer of
the wild ones. Now a PTA president.

BRADLEY

So she went from drum solos to
cupcake sign-ups?

Beth shoots him a look.

BETH

She was the backbone of the band.

BRADLEY

And now she's probably making a
Pinterest board about lasagna.

They walk up the driveway.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - PORCH - MOMENTS LATER.

Beth knocks, door opens.

MELANIE HUDSON (60s) wearing yoga pants, a cardigan, and a t-
shirt that reads:
Drumsticks & Juice Boxes.
She's warm, sarcastic.

MELANIE

You two here to sell cookies or
cause trouble?

BETH

Melanie,hi. I'm Beth Russo.
Vincent's daughter.

MELANIE

Vincent Russo, well I'll be damn.

BETH

This is Bradley.

BRADLEY

Her emotional support liability.

MELANIE

Nice to meet you. But if this is
about a reunion, the band's dead.
I've got two kids, a golden
retriever with IBS, and a PTA bake
sale on Saturday.

BETH

We're doing a 40th anniversary
Revival. Jack agreed,if we get the
band back.

MELANIE

Jack agreed to something? Sober?

BETH

Ish.

MELANIE

Well you're here. Come on in.

Melanie opens the door.

Beth and Bradley enter, they move into the kitchen.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

God. I miss it. I still tap fills
on the steering wheel during school
pickup. But... my oldest has
science fair next week.
And the little one's got a sax
recital. I can't just run off
without permission.

Beth blinks.

BETH

You mean from the school?

MELANIE

No, From the kids. They'd have to say yes. They're my audience now.

Melanie makes tea while Beth looks around at the signs of a full life. Fridge covered in art. Family calendar marked in color-coded chaos.

BETH

You still have your kit?

Melanie gestures to the garage.

MELANIE

Tucked behind the bikes. Buried but not gone.

BETH

You ever let them see you play?

MELANIE

Once, During a blackout. Power was out, tension was high, and I just went for it. They thought it was cool. But they didn't get it.

BETH

Maybe it's time they did.

Melanie stares at her. Torn.

MELANIE

Give me a day. If I can get my husband and sons to say yes, I'm in.

BETH

Deal.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER.

Beth and Bradley step out.

BRADLEY

I can't believe you just got permission to kidnap a PTA president.

BETH

She's not coming yet.

BRADLEY

You've got mom magic. It's terrifying.

They walk off as Melanie stands in the doorway, watching them go, hope flickering in her eyes.

Beth and Bradley drive away.

INT. DINER - LUNCHTIME - DAY.

A classic roadside diner. Checkerboard floors, red vinyl booths, and a jukebox playing soft 70s rock. Beth and Bradley sit in a corner booth with sandwiches and sodas, the table littered with napkins, a notepad, and Beth's phone.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

So you're a turkey-no-tomato-no-mayo girl. That's dangerously close to being a dry panic attack on bread.

BETH

And yet somehow, I survive. Unlike your chili cheese dog, which I think just winked at me.

BRADLEY

It's comfort food. I'm comforting it.

Beth glances at her phone.

BETH

Still nothing?

BETH (CONT'D)

Melanie's either thinking, ghosting, or wrangling a school board meeting. I'm not sure which worries me more.

BRADLEY

You know, she once hit a cymbal so hard the stage light above her cracked.

BETH

That's, inspiring.

BRADLEY

Or terrifying. But hey, at least she felt something.

Beth leans back, takes a sip of soda.

BETH

Do you always do that?

BRADLEY

Do what?

BETH

Deflect sincerity with sarcasm.

Bradley blinks, half-grinning.

BRADLEY

No. Sometimes I deflect with snack food.

Beth smiles.

BETH

Seriously. Why are you really here?

BRADLEY

You mean besides unpaid roadie, emotional translator, and part-time vibe checker?

BETH

Yeah, You could've walked away when Jack slammed the door.

BRADLEY

He's family. Complicated, stubborn, brilliant family. And, I guess I wanted to see if there was still something worth believing in.

Beth watches him for a moment. His guard is down, just enough.

BETH

Maybe there is.

Beth's phone buzzes. They both freeze. She grabs it, opens the text. Reads.

Then looks up at Bradley.

BETH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

She's in.

Bradley grins wide.

BRADLEY

You mean, we have a drummer?

BETH

We are a step closer to a band.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON.

Beth's car pulls into the driveway. The sun's starting to dip, casting warm orange light over trimmed hedges.

BETH (CONT'D)

Think she's really going to do it?

BRADLEY

She texted. That's basically a blood oath from a PTA president.

The front door opens. Melanie steps out dragging a drum case on wheels, a duffel bag, and wearing a leather jacket.

Behind her, a husband and two kids stand in the doorway, one holds a handmade sign that reads:
GO MOM GO!

BETH

Oh my god, that's adorable.

MELANIE

They made it during screen time.
Felt like emotional blackmail.

BRADLEY

Hey, whatever works.

Melanie throws her bags into the trunk and slides into the back seat.

MELANIE

I told my husband to label the freezer meals. And I left instructions for the guinea pig. Let's go before someone gets pinkeye.

BETH

One down. Two to go.

BRADLEY

Next stop. Synth Wizard?

BETH

Sound healer. Retired guru. Desert eccentric. Last known gig was at a cactus farm with goat yoga.

MELANIE

Oh, this is going to be *so much* worse than touring in the 80s.

The car pulls out of the cul-de-sac, driving into golden hour. Beth at the wheel, Bradley riding shotgun, Melanie drumming her fingers on the back of the passenger seat.

A low-fi Jack Wilder and the Wild Ones track plays on the stereo.

EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT - EVENING.

Beth's compact car sits lopsided under a buzzing light. The trunk is wide open, barely containing Melanie's drum case, Bradley's duffel, and Beth's overflowing gear.

Melanie stands nearby, sipping a smoothie. Bradley lounges against the hood, scrolling on his phone.

BETH

Okay... no way this car survives two more bandmates and a desert trip.

BRADLEY

Plus your air conditioning wheezes like it has asthma.

MELANIE

And I'm pretty sure something in the backseat is growing spores.

BETH

We need a bigger ride

MELANIE

Well, unless we strap Grim to the roof and Echo rides in the glove box, this is not happening.

BRADLEY

I could maybe squeeze into the back if I dislocate one shoulder and swear off oxygen.

BETH

It's fine. We'll just Tetris it.

She opens the passenger door. A keyboard immediately slides out and hits the ground with a thunk.

MELANIE

Tetris just rage quit.

Beth groans, pulls out her phone.

BRADLEY

Who are you calling?

BETH

The man with the credit card and the grudge, my father.

She dials. Vincent picks up after one ring.

INTERCUT - INT. VINCENT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS.

Vincent in a sleek downtown office, sips espresso.

VINCENT

Beth. Please tell me you're halfway to Oregon and not halfway into a breakdown.

INTERCUT - BACK TO PARKING LOT.

Beth sighs, eyes on the sedan disaster zone.

BETH

Dad. I need a rental. Like, now.

VINCENT

Beth..

BETH

We're almost two musicians deep and ten cubic feet over capacity. Unless you want us performing the reunion tour out of a clown car, I need a van. Something with legroom. And soul.

VINCENT

You're serious?

BETH

I just watched a cymbal try to escape this car like it was a hostage. Yes, I'm serious.

Vincent sighs, then keys start clicking in the background.

VINCENT

Fine. I'll text you a confirmation.
24-hour pickup. Try not to crash it
into any emotional baggage along
the way.

BETH

Too late.

She hangs up.

MELANIE

He coming around?

BETH

If by "coming around" you mean
"grudgingly funding my rebellion,"
sure.

BRADLEY

Road trip just got an upgrade.

MELANIE

Good. Now let's get rolling.

EXT. RENTAL CAR LOT - MOMENTS LATER.

RENTAL GUY (20s) stands behind the counter.

CLERK

You want *space*, you want this baby
right here. Built like a tank.
Seats seven. Bluetooth. Dual-zone
climate control.

BRADLEY

Can it survive a midlife crisis
road trip with emotional baggage
and literal cymbals?

RENTAL GUY

...Sure?

INT. RENTED SUV - MOMENTS LATER.

They slide into the brand-new black SUV, the dash glowing
like a spaceship. Melanie inspects the cupholders. Bradley
presses random buttons. Beth adjusts the seat.

BETH

Alright. This is better.

MELANIE

This is a tour bus. A soccer-mom
tour bus, but still.

BRADLEY

Shotgun. Forever.

Bradley turns on air conditioning

BETH

Aww. Working Air.

They drive off.

INT. SUV - MOVING - NIGHT.

Beth drives the SUV, laser-focused. Bradley's reclined in
the passenger seat, earbuds in, eyes closed.
Melanie rides behind Bradley, drumming lightly on the back of
the seat to a Jack Wilder track playing on the stereo.

MELANIE

This song... God. We laid it down in
a motel room in Reno. One take.
Jack was hungover, the power cut
out halfway through.

BETH

Still sounds raw.

MELANIE

That's because it was. We didn't
even mix it. Just called it done.

Beth pulls out her phone and calls.

INTERCUT - INT. RUSSO RECORDS - VINCENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

Vincent sits at his desk in a mostly dark office, sipping
espresso, surrounded by platinum records and silence. The
phone buzzes.

VINCENT (V.O.)

Yeah? What now.

BETH

Dad, we got the SUV. Just a quick
update. We've got Melanie.

VINCENT (V.O.)

I heard. She posted about it on
Facebook. "Rock Mom on Tour."

BETH

Of course she did. The drum kit
broke my backseat and Bradley packs
like a raccoon.

VINCENT (V.O.)

You're burning your expense
account.

BETH

I'm making it count.

Then another voice cuts in, Melanie.

MELANIE

Hey, Vince.

VINCENT (V.O.)

Melanie? Wow it's been a long
time.

MELANIE

You still drink that bitter-ass
coffee?

VINCENT (V.O.)

Only when I'm dealing with people
like you.

MELANIE

Still charming as ever. You
remember Atlanta? Last show? The
fireworks, the cake fight?

VINCENT (V.O.)

I remember losing twenty grand on
security and tips.

MELANIE

It was worth it. That was the last
time Jack smiled like it meant
something.

A quiet pause hangs there.

VINCENT

Just get him back. Get them all
back. And finish what we started.

Beth swallows hard. That was... almost human.

BETH

Copy that.

She hangs up. Stares ahead into the night.

MELANIE

See, He's not entirely made of steel.

BETH

No. Just... mostly.

They drive on, desert night stretching wide around them.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NEXT MORNING.

The SUV crawls down a winding dirt road. A hand-painted wooden sign reads:

Sonic Harmony Retreat - No Cell Service, No Judgment.

Chimes ring in the wind. A goat wanders past the bumper.

BRADLEY

This looks like a cult.
Like, a gentle one... but still a cult.

MELANIE

Oh yeah. Definitely yoga with ghosts energy.

BETH

Play nice. We need him.

EXT. SOUND RETREAT CAMP - MOMENTS LATER.

They park near a cluster of geodesic domes and tents surrounded by gongs, crystals, and a giant rusted keyboard-shaped sculpture.

Out steps **LENNY DRAKE (60s)**—shirtless, sunburnt, wearing linen pants and a beaded necklace that might be made of old guitar picks. He's holding a bowl of chia pudding.

He recognizes Melanie instantly.

LENNY

Well I'll be damned. If it isn't Thunderhands herself.

MELANIE

Hi, Lenny. is it still Lenny?

LENNY

I go by Echo Wolf now. But I'll answer to Lenny for the vibe.

They hug.

BETH

Hi, I'm Beth Russo. This is Bradley.
We're—

LENNY / ECHO WOLF

We're bringing the band back. Yeah,
I felt that shift in the vibrations
yesterday. Did a sound bath with my
quartz bowls and saw Jack's face in
the steam.

BRADLEY

Cool.

LENNY

So, you're Vincent's daughter.
Man, who would've seen that coming.

MELANIE

Lenny Be cool. I'm sure beth
doesn't want to hear all the crazy
shit her dad did back in the day.

BRADLEY

But, I would.

MELANIE

This is Bradley, Jack's nephew.

ECHO WOLF

Yah man I see the resemblance.

BETH

We're doing a 40th anniversary
show. Jack's in, if we get the full
band together. So. Are you still
playing?

LENNY

Only for healing purposes.

He gestures to a dome. Inside, people in yoga poses lie
surrounded by synth pads, and incense.

LENNY (CONT'D)

I use harmonic resonance to open
blocked channels. Mostly in tech
CEOs and divorcees.

MELANIE

But do you still *shred*?

LENNY

Oh baby, I never stopped shredding.

He walks to a nearby shed, opens it to reveal an old Moog synth, a pile of tangled cables, and a ridiculously weathered flight case with "WILD ONES" stenciled in faded white.

LENNY (CONT'D)

I said if the universe sent me a sign, I'd go. You guys just pulled up in an SUV with snacks. I'm in.

Bradley walks to a dusty guitar case, opens and remove a fender.

BRADLEY

Hey, is this tuned.

ECHO WOLF

It was in 96.

Bradley Plays a riff.

BRADLEY

Still rocks. Can I borrow it.

ECHO WOLF

Take it. Sounds like it was waiting for you.

EXT. CAMP - MOMENTS LATER.

They load his gear into the SUV. Echo Wolf hugs his quartz singing bowls goodbye.

BRADLEY

This SUV starting to feel cursed in a very musical way.

MELANIE

That's called a tour.

They drive off. Lenny's dome fades into the dust behind them.

BETH

Two down. One to go.

The SUV exits the camp.

INT. SUV - DAY - HIGHWAY.

Beth is driving with militant focus. Bradley rides shotgun, eating trail mix. Melanie is in the backseat with a tablet, and Echo Wolf stares out the window.

BRADLEY

You're tailgating that Prius like
it owes you money.

BETH

It's doing 50 in a 70. I could jog
faster—with a limp.

MELANIE

Technically, you are breaking three
traffic laws right now. Four, if we
count your attitude.

Echo Wolf calmly, stares out the window.

ECHO WOLF

She drives like a jaguar hunts,
graceful, aggressive, and
occasionally covered in blood.

BRADLEY

See? This is why I ride shotgun. If
we die, I want a clear view of the
poetic metaphors.

BETH

If we die, it'll be because your
snack crumbs jammed the brakes.

MELANIE

There's a naval port two miles
ahead. Surveillance cams might have
caught movement on the dock. I'm
pulling their feed now.

BRADLEY

Did you just hack the Navy while I
was eating dried mango?

MELANIE

Yes. And you're chewing loud enough
to get us flagged by NORAD.

ECHO WOLF

Noise is the cousin of death.

BRADLEY

Okay, can we vote on one team rule?
No more ominous haikus from the
back seat.

BETH

New rule: anyone not helping me not
crash, shush.

ECHO WOLF

I smell salt. And gasoline.

BRADLEY

Cool, I smell fear.

MELANIE

That's just your protein bar
expiring.

They drive on in silence.

EXT. SUNDOWN INN - NIGHT.

Flickering neon hums over cracked pavement. A glowing sign
reads:

Sundown Inn - Weekly Rates - Color TV (Sometimes)

Beth's SUV rolls into the parking lot, dusty and tired.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER.

One motel room. Two sagging beds. One vibrating AC unit.
Gear piled in corners, instrument cases cracked open.
Everyone looks cooked.

BETH

We're officially out of elbow room
and functioning outlets.

MELANIE

I'm this close to sleeping in the
bathtub.

BRADLEY

Call it now. It's like couch rules.

ECHO WOLF

I'm taking the patch of rug near
the outlet chakra.

BETH

Pool?

Everyone nods.

EXT. MOTEL POOL - NIGHT - LATER.

The pool is mostly full, partly green, and totally inviting
in the heat.

Malanie sets up drum kit. Echo Wolf unpacks his synth wired
through a mini amp. Bradley scrolls through old Wilder lyrics
on his phone.

MELANIE

Let's see what's still in the tank.

Echo Wolf starts with a warm pad, subtle and eerie.
Melanie builds a rhythm beneath it, tight and clean.
Beth watches them.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Let's try Midnight Mercy. Jack
wrote it on a napkin after his mom
died.

They play through the intro.

Echo stops playing, looks around at stars and the crowd.

ECHO WOLF

Wait, wait. Vibes all wrong.

MELANIE

What are you thinking?

ECHO WOLF

Rebels at night.

BETH

Never heard of that song.

ECHO WOLF

It was on our third album, but Jack
never finished recording it.

BRADLEY

I know that one. Jack sang it a few
times late at night after a bender.
Thought he was hallucinating.

ECHO WOLF

Let's give them something to talk
about.

MELANIE

Let's do it. On my count.

Melanie taps out four count.

Bradley jams on guitar.

Guests take out phones and record session.

Then, out of nowhere.

BRADLEY

WORKING ALL WEEK JUST TO WASTE THE
GAS.
FRIDAY HIT AND WE WERE GONE IN A
FLASH.
OUT OF CONTROL AT SEVENTEEN.
LEATHER JACKETS, WORN-OUT JEANS..
LIVING YOUNG, CHASING WILD DREAMS.

Wolf and Melanie play on.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

TURN UP THE RADIO TILL THE SPEAKERS
BLEW.
THAT OLD FM KNEW. JUST WHAT TO DO
THE MOONLIGHT DANCED ON THE
STREETS.
OUR HEARTS POUNDING TO THE RHYTHM
OF THE BEAT.
NO CURFEW, NO PLAN, NO SLOWING
DOWN.
JUST TWO HEARTS RACING OUT OF
TOWN.

Bradley breaks into guitar solo

Beth turns to Bradley surprised.

BETH

You play guitar?

BRADLEY

Jack taught me. Said I need to have
at least one skill.

He shrugs, then keeps going, his voice raw but earnest.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

CRUISIN' THE TOWN WITH MY FRIENDS
WISHING THE NIGHT WOULD NEVER END
PARKING ON THE BLUFF BENEATH THE
STARS, DREAMING AS WE EAT UP THE
NIGHT
OUR FUEL WAS ROCK AND ROLL, IT
RULED OUR HEART AND SOUL
CHASING THE MOON AS IT FALLS OUT OF
SIGHT
WE WERE ALL REBELS AT NIGHT

Melanie joins in on backing vocals.
Echo Wolf layers soft harmony.

MELANIE AND BRADLEY (CONT'D)

WE CARVED OUR NAMES IN THE SUMMER
 AIR
 WITH KISS-ME-LATER LOOKS AND DON'T-
 YOU-DARE
 ONE HAND ON THE WHEEL, ONE OUT THE
 SIDE
 WE WERE KINGS AND QUEENS IN
 BORROWED TIME.

Stripped down, soft electric guitar and harmonies.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

NOW THE ROADS ARE QUIET, THE STARS
 DON'T SHINE THE SAME
 BUT EVERY SONG BRINGS BACK YOUR
 NAME.

The music rises, echoing off the cracked tile, out into the
 motel courtyard.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

CRUISIN' THE TOWN WITH MY FRIENDS.
 WISHING THE NIGHT WOULD NEVER END.
 PARKING ON THE BLUFF BENEATH THE
 STARS, DREAMING AS WE EAT UP THE
 NIGHT
 OUR FUEL WAS ROCK AND ROLL, IT
 RULED OUR HEART AND SOUL
 CHASING THE MOON AS IT FALLS OUT OF
 SIGHT
 WE WERE ALL REBELS AT NIGHT

GROUP

NOW THE YEARS ROLL ON, BUT MEMORIES
 HELD TIGHT
 STILL CHASING THE MOON UNTIL THE
 MORNING LIGHT
 WE WERE ALL REBELS AT NIGHT...
 WE ARE ALL REBELS AT NIGHT.

Then, a couple of motel guests peek out, drawn to the sound.
 A few more appear, drinks in hand.
 Someone claps to the beat.

MELANIE

Looks like we've got a crowd.

BETH

Let's give 'em a show.

More guests now. A small audience rings the pool: a trucker in flip-flops, a family with pizza boxes, a teenager filming on her phone.

The band kicks into an old Jack Wilder and the Wild Ones classic—a stripped-down version of Run like Saints.

Bradley sings lead.

BRADLEY

WE WERE BORN INTO THE FIRE, HANDS
ON BROKEN GLASS
TAUGHT TO SMILE THROUGH THE
SILENCE, LEAVE THE QUESTIONS IN THE
PAST
CARRIED HOPE LIKE IT WAS ARMOR,
WORE OUR SCARS LIKE GRACE
LOOKING FOR A HEAVEN IN THIS HOLLOW
PLACE

Beth harmonizes.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

WE RUN LIKE SAINTS THROUGH THE DARK
CHASING LIGHT WITH WOUNDED HEARTS
WITH EVERY STEP WE BREAK THE CHAINS
FALLING DOWN, WE RISE AGAIN
WE'RE NOT PERFECT, WE'RE NOT CLEAN
BUT WE ARE FIERCE, WE ARE REDEEMED
WE RUN LIKE SAINTS—NOT AWAY, BUT
TOWARD THE FLAME.

Melanie pounds out a tight groove.
Echo Wolf swells underneath.

The crowd claps. Laughs. Listens

Guests drift off. The music fades.

EXT. POOL. LATER.

The band sits in a loose circle, catching their breath.
Drinks half-finished.

MELANIE

I, forgot how good it felt.

BRADLEY

I, forgot I could sing in public
without barfing.

ECHO WOLF

I feel, activated.

BETH

We might not be polished. But we're back.

Beth watches them, amazed at what they've become.

She leans toward Melanie, voice low but sincere.

BETH (CONT'D)

I underestimated him.

MELANIE

Bradley?

BETH

He's a mess, but, he showed up. In his own way. Didn't think he'd care this much.

Melanie smiles, warm and knowing.

MELANIE

None of us did.
Including him.

Beth glances back at Bradley, who's now gently harmonizing with Echo Wolf and drumming on a cooler lid.

BETH

He's got Wilder gene in him. Just enough to be trouble. Just enough to matter.

Melanie nods.

INT. DEVIL'S CACTUS. NIGHT.

Jack sits alone at the bar, nursing a short glass of bourbon.

A muted TV mounted in the corner plays a local news segment. Jack stares down at the rim of his glass.

BARTENDER

You gonna order food or just keep threatening that bourbon?

Jack gives a noncommittal grunt.

Suddenly, his ears catch something.

TV ANCHOR (V.O.)

What started as a late-night jam at a roadside motel turned into a mini-concert as guests were treated to an impromptu performance from what some online are calling a "mysterious desert band with serious retro chops."

Jack slowly looks up.

On the screen: blurry cell phone footage of the motel pool jam. Beth, Melanie, Echo Wolf, and Bradley in the glow of string lights, playing a raw, soulful version of "Run Like Saints."

People clapping. Kids dancing. Music alive.

Jack stares. Frozen. Then en,he hears it.

Bradley's voice, unmistakably singing lead.

A slow, strange mix of anger, disbelief.

JACK

Hey, that's my song.

TV ANCHOR (V.O.)

No confirmation yet, but fans speculate the band might be connected to former rock legend Jack Wilder and the Wild Ones. If so, this could mark the beginning of something big.

Anchor puts up picture of Jack wilder and the Wild ones.

The bartender glances at the screen, then at Jack.

BARTENDER

Hey, isn't that you?

Jack doesn't answer. Just slama the rest of his drink.

JACK

Phone. I need a phone.

EXT. SUNDOWN INN - PARKING LOT - MORNING.

The motel parking lot simmers in the desert heat. Beth's SUV is surrounded by open gear cases, tangled cords, drum bags.

Beth directs traffic like a field commander.

BETH

Synth pads go on the bottom. Drum case on the left. Bradley, don't wedge the amp with a water bottle.

BRADLEY

That's not a water bottle. That's hydration innovation.

MELANIE

You do realize she's building a perfect load-in strategy, right?

ECHO WOLF

The universe thrives on order. I respect it.

Beth tosses her duffel in and steps aside, pulling out her phone.

She dials. The line clicks almost instantly.

VINCENT (O.S.)

You were told to keep this quiet. It's all over the news.

BETH

It wasn't planned. People filmed it. It caught fire.

VINCENT (O.S.)

The pool video is all over the internet. I've got calls from blogs, radio stations, local press. We weren't supposed to reveal anything until we were ready.

BETH

But this is something. People are watching, talking, caring. That video gave us momentum.

VINCENT (O.S.)

It gave you exposure. There's a difference. You've lost control of the narrative.

BETH

We never had control. Not really. But now we have attention, and that's something you can't buy.

VINCENT (O.S.)

You don't get to spin this.
You're not in charge of the label.
You were sent to revive something
quietly, not create a spectacle.

BETH

You didn't send me to babysit. You
wanted a miracle. Well, miracles
are messy And this one's happening.

He's silent.

VINCENT (O.S.)

I'm tempted to end this. Bring you
home before it implodes in your
face.

Beth stiffens.

BETH

You do that, and you kill the one
thing that's finally got people
remembering why they loved Jack
Wilder in the first place. You sent
me out here because no one else
could do it. Well, I'm doing it.
It's too late to shut it down now.

VINCENT (O.S.)

You're playing a dangerous game.

BETH

I'm not playing at all. This is
real. And I'm not coming back until
I see it through, it's working.

VINCENT (O.S.)

It's moving. Now keep it from
falling apart.

BETH

That's why I'm calling. Grim's in
Eagle Creek, Oregon. I need the
jet. We've come this far. Let me
finish it right.

Long pause on Vincent's end. He leans back, contemplating.

VINCENT (O.S.)

You've got the jet. One shot. Make
it count.

BETH

Thank you.

VINCENT (O.S.)

Don't thank me yet. Just, don't screw it up.

Beth hangs up, slowly lowers the phone. Her hands shake a little.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS.

Beth turns to the group.

BETH

Alright, we've got a jet.

BRADLEY

Wait. Like a jet. jet?

MELANIE

You really are Vincent Russo's daughter.

ECHO WOLF

We are ascending. Literally.

Beth shuts the trunk. Everyone piles in.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - DAY.

The sun beats down on a tiny, sun-bleached regional airstrip outside of town. The band's SUV pulls up beside a small terminal labeled "Executive Charter."

Everyone steps out, stretching and squinting in the light.

BRADLEY

So... where's the jet?

BETH

It's supposed to be here.

She checks her phone. No new updates.

INT. AIRPORT LOBBY - LATER.

A sparsely furnished waiting area with vending machines and old issues of *Rolling Stone*. A ceiling fan creaks overhead.

Melanie across two chairs, Echo Wolf does yoga stretches, and Bradley tries to trade snack wrappers for dollars in the vending machine.

Beth's at the front counter, checking her phone again.

BETH (CONT'D)

Come on, come on.

The airport attendant shrugs behind the desk.

ATTENDANT

Weather held it up coming out of
Burbank. Should be wheels down in
twenty.

BETH

Perfect.

She turns back to the group.

BETH (CONT'D)

We wait.

EXT. TARMAC - ONE HOUR LATER.

The sun has dropped lower. Everyone stands by the security gate, watching as a sleek black private jet glides onto the runway.

MELANIE

There she is.

ECHO WOLF

I feel ascended already.

The jet slows, taxiing toward the gate.

Just as the stairs lower.

Jack steps out.

Shaved. Clean shirt. Guitar case in hand.

Everyone stares.

BRADLEY

No. Freaking. Way.

BETH

Jack?

BRADLEY

Jack's back.

Jack walks up slowly, pausing to take in the group.

JACK

I saw the pool video. You sounded...
alive. And if you're dragging my
past back to life, I'm not letting
you finish it without me.

He looks at Beth.

JACK (CONT'D)

You were right. It's not about
fixing what broke. It's about
finishing what matters.

BETH

Let's go get Grim.

MELANIE

Well damn. Yeah.

ECHO WOLF

The prodigal frontman returns.

BRADLEY

Someone tell the internet.

Beth just stares—somewhere between relief and awe.

BETH

Welcome back, Jack.

They all board the plane together, one after another.

The stairs close. The jet fires up and lifts off into the
golden sky.

EXT. SMALL AIRPORT - OREGON - DAY

The private jet touches down on a narrow airstrip surrounded
by dense pine trees. The plane taxis to a halt

The door opens. Beth, Jack, Melanie, Echo Wolf, and Bradley
descend the stairs, blinking at the cold, damp Pacific
Northwest air.

BRADLEY

You smell that?

MELANIE

Pine, rain, and something vaguely
like deer pee?

ECHO WOLF

That's the scent of transformation.

JACK

It's the scent of "Grim was never
meant for civilization."

Sitting on tarmac is a new SUV. Everyone loads into SUV,
drive off.

INT. RURAL HIGHWAY - OREGON - LATER.

The SUV winds through towering trees and switchback roads.

ECHO WOLF

I feel the energy tightening. Like...
forest gravity.

BRADLEY

Is that a real thing?

ECHO WOLF

It is now.

MELANIE

You guys, Grim once tried to record
bass lines using vibrations from
moss.

BETH

Wait, seriously?

JACK

He also refused to tour with
electricity for a year.

BRADLEY

So this is going to be fun.

Beth checks her map, then points.

BETH

Turnoff's up ahead. Eagle Creek.
Last known sighting: campsite 17,
trailhead just past the ranger
station.

The SUV bumps along a narrow dirt trail, swallowed by
towering pines and tangled underbrush. A carved wooden sign
barely hangs on its post:

Campsite 17 - do not approach without intention.

BRADLEY

Well. That's inviting.

ECHO WOLF

That's sacred energy. Also,
probably a bear deterrent.

BETH

If he's still out here, we find
him, talk to him, and keep it calm.

MELANIE

Assuming he doesn't try to trap us
in a net made of pinecones.

EXT. GRIM'S CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER.

They pull into a hand-cleared forest opening, half-campsite,
half-fortress. A tarp covers a makeshift wooden shack,
surrounded by solar panels, an old canoe, and what looks like
a satellite dish made of foil and old cymbals.

Music hums faintly, a low, vibrating bass line echoing through
the trees.

JACK

He's here.

BETH

Okay. Let's go meet the wild one.

They exit the vehicle.

EXT. SHACK - CONTINUOUS.

The group approaches slowly.

A camo tarp FLIPS OPEN and out steps GRIM (58), tall,
bearded, wild-eyed and barefoot, holding a homemade spear and
wearing aviator goggles.

GRIM

Stay back! I *knew* this day would
come.

Everyone freezes.

BETH

Hi. We're, uh, not the government.

GRIM

That's exactly what the government
would say.

He eyes them, then sees Jack and lowers the spear.

GRIM (CONT'D)

Well, I'll be damned. The ghost himself.

JACK

You always were dramatic.

GRIM

You always were late. What is this?

BETH

It's the Revival. Jack's back in.
We got the band. We need you.

Grim steps forward slowly, squinting at them one by one.

GRIM

Mel. Echo. You?

BRADLEY

I'm new. Nephew. Chaos consultant.

GRIM

Nice, And you?

BETH

I'm Beth Russo.

Grim blinks.

GRIM

As in Vincent?

BETH

No His daughter. I'm the sequel.

Grim stares at her, then smiles.

GRIM

You brought them all the way here?

BETH

I did.

GRIM

Hot damn. You are Russo's kid.

He tosses the spear into a log and pulls open a curtain to reveal his bass, sleek, custom, and absolutely ready.

EXT. GRIM'S CLEARING - LATER THAT AFTERNOON.

A makeshift picnic table sits under a tarp strung between trees. Tin plates. Thermoses. Mismatched mugs. A fire pit sizzles beside a pan of sizzling mushrooms and grilled trout.

The band is gathered around:
Jack, Grim, Melanie, Echo Wolf, Bradley, and Beth, who watches like a careful observer.

They eat. Quiet at first.

MELANIE

You still making those fire traps
out of bungee cords and fishing
line?

GRIM

Nope. Upgraded to motion-sensor
garden gnomes. Much more
aggressive. And lethal.

ECHO WOLF

Remember when he wired a bass pedal
to a smoke machine in Phoenix?

JACK

We were banned from four venues
that week.

GRIM

Five. But who's counting?

BETH

So... forty years.
What happened?

A long beat. The fire crackles.

JACK

We burned out. Fame got loud. Egos
got louder.

GRIM

You left.

ECHO WOLF

You stopped showing up.

MELANIE

We all did. Tour buses turn into
pressure cookers when no one's
sleeping.

ECHO WOLF

Or when you're microdosing and
forgetting the lyrics to your own
songs.

GRIM

Hey, that was *one time*.

They laugh again.

BRADLEY

So, none of you ever saw each other
after Atlanta?

Silence settles.

GRIM

No. Not once.

MELANIE

I think we were all too proud.

JACK

I wasn't proud. I was scared. That
if I saw any of you, I'd remember
who I used to be and who I wasn't
anymore.

The table goes quiet.

Beth watches them.

BETH

Well, you're here now.

GRIM

You dragged us out of our caves.

ECHO WOLF

Literally.

BETH

The world's watching. But the truth
is, you're not doing this for them.
You're doing it for each other. And
maybe... for the kid who still plays
your music in her bedroom with the
volume up too loud.

Jack glances at Beth. He raises his mug.

JACK

To second chances.
Even when we think we don't deserve
'em.

MELANIE / GRIM / ECHO WOLF

To second chances.

They toast.

EXT. CLEARING - LATER.

Plates are empty. The sun sinks behind the trees.

Jack picks up his guitar. Grim grabs his bass. Echo powers up
a tiny amp. Melanie taps a rhythm on her plate.

And just like that, they start to play.

The forest hums quietly around them. Shafts of light spill
through the trees.

The band stands in a loose circle surrounded by instrument
cases, cables, and battery-powered amps.

JACK

Alright. Let's try Reckless Heart
No harmonies. Just feel.

GRIM

God, I haven't played that since
Reagan was in office.

MELANIE

Don't say Reagan. My knees just
twinged.

ECHO WOLF

I tuned my synth using lunar
intervals. Just roll with it

BRADLEY

Do I do anything?

BETH

You listen. And don't judge.

They nod, then they begin.

Jack's guitar is slightly out of tune.
Melanie's timing slips once, then twice.
Grim's bass starts late.
Echo's synth warbles off-beat.

It's more noise than music. They crash to a halt.

JACK

Whew. That was, nostalgic.

GRIM

That was a garage fire in slow motion.

MELANIE

We're rusty. That's expected.

ECHO WOLF

Rust is spiritual exfoliation.

BETH

Okay, real talk, You are rusty, but the bones of it are still there.

JACK

Bones don't sing, Beth.

BETH

But hearts do.

Jack nods slowly. Grim adjusts his stance. Melanie counts them in again with a tap of her sticks.

MELANIE

One, two, three.

They play again, this time it's not polished, but it's something.

GRIM

That's it. That used to be it.

JACK

We're not there yet.

BETH

No, But you're facing the music again. That's more than most ever do.

They breathe. Sweat. Smirk.

EXT. GRIM'S CLEARING - SUNSET.

The light is golden now, fading fast. The forest hums with evening sounds.

Grin leads the group toward an old weathered barn at the back of his property. It's crooked, partially overgrown, but solid.

GRIM

Built it myself. With stolen wood
and zero permits.

MELANIE

Like everything you do.

ECHO WOLF

The acoustics are surprisingly
decent for something once used to
store compost and conspiracy
pamphlets.

The barn creaks as they open the large sliding door.

INT. GRIM'S BARN - NIGHT.

Dust motes float in the dim light from a few string bulbs and battery lanterns.

They set up in a loose circle. No pressure to play tonight—just getting grounded.

Bradley rolls out cables.
Melanie taps her drumsticks against a hay bale.
BETH unfolds a camp chair, notebook in hand.
Jack surveys the space, quiet.
Grim unpacks bass.

JACK

It's not a stage.
but it'll do.

GRIM

It's honest. That's all we need
right now.

BETH

You all need rest.
Tomorrow we hit it for real.

MELANIE

You gonna drill us, Coach Russo?

BETH

Drill? No. But I will absolutely
guilt you into vocal warm-ups
before coffee.

Laughter.

They step back from the gear, one by one.

BRADLEY

Kinda feels like camp. If camp was about broken dreams and chord charts.

ECHO WOLF

That's the best kind of camp.

EXT. GRIM'S CLEARING - NIGHT.

The barn door slides closed.

The stars blaze above them.

Everyone scatters to tents, hammocks, or makeshift cots under tarps.

Beth lingers at the barn a moment, looking back at it lit softly from within—gear ready, still, waiting for morning.

JACK

You really believe we can do this?

She turns. Jack stands behind her, arms crossed, his face unreadable.

BETH

No, But I believe you will.

Jack nods once, walks away

EXT. GRIM'S CLEARING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS.

A campfire burns low beneath the stars. The band is scattered around it in folding chairs and makeshift logs—sore, frustrated, and exhausted. Everyone holds drinks.

GRIM

We need to address the elephant in the woods

MELANIE

You know when it changed? Atlanta. That final concert. We were gods on that stage. People screaming every word.

ECHO WOLF

The night our world stopped and the music died.

Melanie takes drink from wine bottle.

MELANIE

We came offstage, and..it was like someone flipped a switch. We were on top of the world. And then we weren't.

ECHO WOLF

We had the third album written, Jack. All we had to do was *show up*. You didn't.

GRIM

Two weeks into rrecording. And Jack vanished.

Jack doesn't respond right away. Beth shifts uncomfortably.

GRIM (CONT'D)

You disappeared, man. No warning. No goodbye.

JACK

You think I didn't want to be there?

GRIM

I think you didn't care what happened to us.

JACK

I told management I needed time.

MELANIE

Jack, you disappeared. You didn't just take time. You took yourself.

GRIM

Every call went to voicemail. Every message came back dead air. You weren't healing, you were hiding.

ECHO WOLF

We thought maybe you'd OD'd. Or skipped the country. You were a ghost. We kept playing to prove we didn't need you. But, but the truth is, we never stopped waiting.

Silence.

BRADLEY

You guys ever think maybe you're all right?

They turn to him, surprised.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Jack bailed. You broke. You held on too long. You gave up too soon.

Bradley looks at each of them.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

But it's been forty years. You ou keep talking like you're stuck there. But you're not. You're *here*.

BETH

You've got the music. You've got each other. And from where I'm sitting? You sound a lot more like a family than a failure.

Jack stares into the fire, jaw tight.

GRIM

Easy for you to say. You weren't there.

BRADLEY

You're right. I wasn't. But maybe that's why I can see it more clearly. You're still carrying the wreckage. But none of you know how to drive forward.

Jack stands, fists clenched.

JACK

I was trying to hold it together. You think I didn't want to be there? You think I *wanted* to fall apart?

Jack takes swig from whiskey bottle.

JACK (CONT'D)

Haley left. Everything changed. I didn't know who I was without her. And I sure as hell didn't know how to *sing* without bleeding.

GRIM

So we bled for you?

JACK

I was hurting!

MELANIE

So were we, Jack! But we didn't run. We *showed up*. Even when it hurt.

JACK

I gave you everything I had.

GRIM

No, Jack, you gave us *your exit*.

Jack looks around at the people he once called family.

JACK

You want a villain? Fine. Make me one. But don't act like I'm the only reason we didn't make it.

Jack takes another swig, pacing around.

JACK (CONT'D)

I lost more than all of you combined. And I'm *still* losing.

He storms away from the fire and into the dark.

BETH

Jack.

The group sits in stunned silence.

ECHO WOLF

Still hiding. Just louder now.

BETH

He's not ready to face it. He needs more time.

Melanie pokes at the fire, her jaw set.

MELANIE

He's still not ready.

BRADLEY

Yeah, well... maybe none of you are. But I think you could be.

Beth stares at the fire, face illuminated in orange.

INT. GRIM'S BARN - MORNING.

The barn doors creak open. Melanie, Grim, Echo Wolf, Bradley, and Beth trickle in, coffee cups in hand. The instruments are already set up from the night before.

Everyone looks around.

GRIM

No Jack?

MELANIE

I thought he was up before sunrise.
Always was.

ECHO WOLF

His tent's empty. His energy is
missing.

GRIM

I swear if he bailed again.

MELANIE

We're not doing this. Not again.
Not another comeback wrapped around
his moods.

ECHO WOLF

Maybe the ghosts got too loud.

GRIM

Or maybe he's just Jack Wilder.

Bradley tosses his hoodie onto a stool and grabs a mic cable.

BRADLEY

Should we even bother setting up?

Everyone looks to Beth.

BETH

Yeah. Set up.
Bradley you run warm-ups. Start
with "Run Like Saints," slow tempo.

BRADLEY

Wait, seriously? You want me to?

BETH

You're the only one who knows the
full harmonies *and* everyone's ego
level.
You're up.

BRADLEY

Alright. Fine. Everyone follow me.
Chaos has a setlist.

Beth walks out the barn doors, phone in hand.

EXT. EDGE OF CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER.

Beth stands under a pine tree, removes phone, she dials.

INTERCUT - INT. VINCENT'S OFFICE - MIDDAY.

Vincent stands behind his desk, flipping through old folders.
He answers without looking.

VINCENT (O.S.)

Let me guess. Jack disappeared
again?

BETH

You're psychic. But that's not why
I'm calling.

VINCENT(O.S.)

Alright. Go on.

BETH

I need to know where to find Haley.
The woman Jack wrote the song for.

Long silence.

VINCENT (O.S.)

Why?

BETH

Because I think *she's* the only
person who can get through to him.

Vincent finally sits.

VINCENT

I haven't heard from her decades.
She made it clear she wanted
out, for good.

BETH

But you were there, Dad. In
Atlanta. You saw how it all fell
apart.

Beth paces.

BETH (CONT'D)

What really happened that night?

VINCENT

Jack had a ring. He was going to
propose. But, she walked away
before he could.

BETH

And you let her go?

VINCENT

It was her decision. I didn't have a choice.

BETH

Neither did Jack. But he needs answers.

Beth closes her eyes.

BETH (CONT'D)

Can you find her?

VINCENT

Maybe. But she won't come if she thinks it's about reliving the past.

BETH

It's not. It's about finishing it. And Jack needs to hear from the one person he never stopped playing for.

Vincent sits back, contemplating.

VINCENT

I'll try.

BETH

Thank you.

She hangs up. Her eyes linger on the treetops.

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS.

Through the open barn doors, Beth sees Bradley leading a warm-up, Grim grumbling, Melanie half-laughing, and Echo harmonizing into a broken mic.

They're still showing up. Still fighting for the music.

Beth nods to herself. And walks back into the barn.

INT. GRIM'S BARN - CONTINUOUS.

Bradley is mid-harmony with Echo Wolf and Grim, running through a bumpy version of "Run Like Saints". Melanie is behind her kit, keeping tempo with just enough sarcasm.

Beth walks in, everyone stops and turns.

BRADLEY

Still no Jack?

BETH

Not yet. Bradley—can I talk to you?

BRADLEY

Sure. What's up.

They step off to the side.

BETH

I need you to find him.

BRADLEY

Now?

BETH

Now. Check the woods. The local bar. Anywhere he might go to run from himself.

BRADLEY

Are you sure. I don't know.

BETH

He'll talk to you before he talks to any of us.

Bradley nods, grabs his jacket.

BRADLEY

Got it. You okay?

BETH

No. But I know what I have to do.

Bradley heads out the side door.

Beth turns back to the group. Melanie leans on her sticks.

MELANIE

We holding this together or calling it?

BETH

You're running it.

MELANIE

Me?

BETH

You know everyone's tells. You're a mother and use to dealing with children.

MELANIE

I'm also the one who doesn't do mornings.

BETH

Consider it a late morning. I need to step away.

MELANIE

To do what?

Beth hesitates. Everyone is listening.

BETH

To find Haley Russo.

The room goes still.

GRIM

You mean, your.

BETH

Yeah.

ECHO WOLF

Oh, man. That's not good.

BETH

I've spent this whole time trying to revive something I didn't fully understand. She walked away from all of this. Only she knew why. Maybe she's the only one who can help Jack stop running.

ECHO WOLF

You think she'll talk to you?

BETH

I don't know. But I have to try. We can't move forward until we stop dragging the past behind us.

Melanie nods slowly.

MELANIE

Then go. We'll keep the rhythm steady.

Beth grabs her keys, her notebook, and her resolve.

BETH

If Jack shows up—tell him I'm not chasing him anymore. I'm chasing answers.

She walks out.

EXT. GRIM'S CLEARING - SUV - MOMENTS LATER.

Beth tosses her bag into the front seat of the SUV.

She pulls out her phone, types quickly:

TEXT TO: DAD (VINCENT)

Driving to the jet. Text me the address ASAP. Need to find her.

She hits send. No response yet.

Beth starts the engine. Gravel crunches beneath the tires as she pulls out.

INT. SUV - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER.

Beth speeds down the winding road, the forest thinning behind her. Her phone buzzes on the dash.

She glances over.

TEXT FROM: DAD

She's in Echo Ridge. Small town east of L.A. Address coming next. Good luck Beth.

Beth breathes, nods to herself.

BETH

Echo Ridge. Got it.

She accelerates, face calm but burning underneath.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - LATE MORNING.

Beth's SUV pulls up beside the sleek, black jet waiting on the tarmac. The engines hum low, ready. A solitary pilot waits at the bottom of the stairs.

Beth climbs out, grabs suitcase. Still scanning her phone.

PILOT

Ms. Russo?

BETH

That's me.

PILOT

We ready to fly?

Beth checks her phone, a new text comes in

TEXT FROM: DAD

Haley Russo. 14 Sycamore Lane, Echo Ridge, CA.

Beth exhales. No turning back.

She walks toward the jet stairs, calling over her shoulder:

BETH

Echo Ridge. East of L.A.

The pilot nods, heads to the cockpit.

Beth pauses at the top of the stairs, looking out across the runway. Staring at the mountains in the distance. She turns and steps inside.

INT. SMALL TOWN BAR - EARLY AFTERNOON.

A quiet dive. Light leaks through blinds, slicing across sticky wood floors. A jukebox hums low, playing a faded classic.

Jack sits at the end of the bar, sunglasses on, nursing a whiskey that's not his first, or his last. He's a statue of regret and rust.

Bradley walks in, scanning the place. Spots Jack. Heads straight over.

He sits next to him, grabs the whiskey off the bar, and downs it in one shot.

JACK

That was mine.

BRADLEY

You've had enough.

Jack raises a finger for another.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Seriously?

JACK

Don't start with me, kid.

BRADLEY

I'm not starting. I'm following through.

JACK

Where's Beth? Why are you here?

BRADLEY

Beth's gone, she had to run errands.

Jack shrugs, keeps staring forward.

JACK

Probably realized this was all a bad idea. Wouldn't be the first woman to walk away.

BRADLEY

She didn't walk away. She stepped up. While you crawled into a bottle.

Jack flinches. It stings.

JACK

You know nothing.

BRADLEY

You think you're the only one lost? Look at me. I've spent half my life bouncing between side gigs and dumb ideas, waiting for something to click.

JACK

Losers unite. I'll drink to that, if I could.

BETH

Me and Beth, we're both floating. But we're trying. But You? You quit.

JACK

You think it's that simple?

BRADLEY

No. I think you're afraid.

Jack looks at him sharply.

JACK

Afraid of what?

BRADLEY

Afraid that if you show up and the music's still in you... then you'll have to admit you wasted decades avoiding it.

Jack stares at his reflection in the mirror.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

And if it's not in you? Then you'll know it really is over.

Jack exhales slowly. No comeback. Just the weight of it.

Bradley stands.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

You don't have to be ready. You just have to be there.

Bartender sits another glass of whiskey in front of Jack.

JACK

About damn time.

BETH

We'll be at the barn if you grow a spine.

He turns and walks out, leaving Jack alone with his reflection in the bar mirror.

JACK

Damn kid might be right.

EXT. ECHO RIDGE - HALEY RUSSO'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON.

Beth sits in her parked rental SUV just across the street, staring at the house.

BETH

One shot. Everything hinges on this.

BETH (CONT'D)

I can't appear desperate. Can't be timid. She owes me nothing...but I need everything.

Beth gets out of the car. Walks across the street. Step by step.

She climbs the porch. Pauses at the door. Her hand hovers above the doorbell.

She presses it. Achime rings out inside the house.

EXT. HALEY RUSSO'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON.

The door opens to reveal **HALEY RUSSO**, late 50s—elegant, effortlessly composed, her beauty untouched by time. There's a calmness in her, but also a wariness in her eyes.

They lock eyes.

HALEY

Yes?

BETH

Hi. I'm... Beth. Beth Russo.

Haley freezes for just a second.

HALEY

As in Vincent Russo. I figured this day might come.

BETH

I was hoping we could talk.

HALEY

You look like him.

Beth shifts awkwardly, caught off guard.

BETH

I, um... I hope I'm not intruding.

HALEY

That depends. Are you here about Jack?

BETH

Yes. And no. I'm working on something. A revival. The Wild Ones, forty years later.

Haley arches an eyebrow, amused.

HALEY

You're bringing the band back?

BETH

Trying. We've got the old crew, Melanie, Grim, Echo Wolf. Jack's in. Sort of.

HALEY

Sort of?

BETH

He keeps showing up and
disappearing. The way ghosts do.

HALEY

What Does this have to do with me?

BETH

I was hoping you might help me
understand why.

Haley leans on the doorframe, studying her.

HALEY

How did you find me?

BETH

My dad. He never said much about
you. About that night in Atlanta.
But he still knew where you were.

Haley sighs, a trace of irritation or sadness.

HALEY

Of course he did. Vincent never
stopped keeping tabs.

Beth looks down for a beat, then meets Haley's eyes again.

BETH

I know I'm asking a lot by being
here. But I'm not here to dredge up
the past. I just want to understand
it. So maybe we can move forward.

A long pause. Haley eyes her carefully.

HALEY

Do you like tea?

BETH

Sure?

HALEY

Good, I've got chamomile and forty
years of unfinished business.

She opens the door wider.

HALEY (CONT'D)

Come on in.

Beth hesitates, then steps inside.

INT. HALEY RUSSO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER.

A warm, lived-in space. Shelves filled with books, old vinyl records, and potted plants. A dusty acoustic guitar leans in the corner. No photos on the walls but a framed flyer from an old Wild Ones concert rests face-down on a shelf.

Haley pours tea into two mismatched mugs. The air smells like chamomile and old stories.

Beth stands near the window, sipping quietly, eyes drifting across the room.

BETH

How did you and Jack meet?

Haley smiles softly at the memory.

HALEY

Backstage. Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. I was 17, he was 18. He tripped over a speaker cord and nearly took out a lighting rig.

BETH

Smooth. Typical guy move.

HALEY

He was already famous. Loud. Wild. But he had these eyes... like he was *pretending* to be Jack Wilder, and hoping no one would notice.

BETH

How long were you together?

HALEY

Four years. Two years of passion. Two years of running from it.

Beth nods. She walks slowly around the living room, drawn to objects without touching them.

BETH

What was it like? Traveling with the band?

Haley chuckles, leaning into her chair with the tea in her hands.

HALEY

Loud. Sweaty. Chaotic. Like living inside a speaker during an earthquake.

BETH

Sounds Amazing.

HALEY

But there were nights. Nights on the bus when Jack would play songs just for me. He thought no one else could hear, but of course they could. The band always knew. They felt it when he loved something.

Beth pauses near the guitar in the corner.

BETH

Were you happy?

Haley's smile fades. She exhales, looking into her cup.

HALEY

For a while. Until I wasn't.

BETH

What Happened?

HALEY

I realized the songs weren't about me. They were about a version of me Jack needed in order to keep making music.

BETH

What was it like...having someone write a song about you?

Haley breathes in, then exhales a soft, almost bittersweet smile.

HALEY

It was intoxicating. At first. You feel like the whole world's looking at you through rose-colored glasses.

BETH

But?

HALEY

But then, the song becomes more real than you are. Everyone sings along to a version of you you barely recognize.

Beth nods slowly, absorbing it.

She moves toward a small hallway lined with shelves. Pauses at a framed photo tucked between some books.

She leans in closer.

It's Haley, smiling with a teenage boy in a high school graduation gown—tall, with dark curls and Jack's unmistakable eyes.

Beth's face shifts—surprise, then realization.

It clicks.

BETH

You were pregnant that night in Atlanta. That's why you left.

That hangs in the air.

Haley doesn't answer right away. Instead, she takes a long sip of tea, her eyes unfocused, watching something far away in memory.

HALEY

Jack was going to propose.

Beth freezes.

BETH

You knew?

HALEY

I knew. I also knew . I was pregnant.
And I knew... if I said yes, the band would end.
And if I said no, I'd lose him anyway.

Beth lowers her tea.

BETH

So you left.

HALEY

I disappeared. He loved rock and roll more than he ever loved me.

Beth turns.

BETH

That's not true.

Haley doesn't look up, just speaks into the quiet.

HALEY

That's the truth I've lived with.
And I couldn't compete with it.

BETH

Its Not to late.

HALEY

How do you ask someone to give up
their dream? How do you say,
"Choose me"... when you already
know the answer?

Haley wipes a tear from her eye.

HALEY (CONT'D)

So I didn't ask. Like a coward i
just left.

Beth takes a small step closer.

BETH

You weren't a coward. You were
human. Scared.

Haley finally meets her gaze. For a long, searching beat.

HALEY

Please... don't tell him.

Beth freezes.

BETH

What?

HALEY

Just pretend you never found me.
It's better for everyone that way.

BETH

You really believe that?

HALEY

I know it.

HALEY (CONT'D)

Please. Don't tell him. Just...
pretend you never found me.

Beth stares, stunned.

HALEY (CONT'D)

It's better for everyone. I built a life. Jack has his songs. Let that be enough.

BETH

But it's not.

Haley looks away, voice tight.

HALEY

It has to be.

Beth slowly nods, even though it hurts. She opens the door again.

BETH

You may be able to live with it.
But I'm not sure *he* can.

Haley doesn't answer.

Beth walks out.

Haley looks away. Quiet.

Beth lingers, then opens the door.

BETH (CONT'D)

Goodbye, Haley.

And steps out, closing the door.

EXT. HALEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS.

Beth steps onto the porch, shaken but resolute. She looks back at the door for a moment, then turns and walks toward her car.

Behind her, through the window, Haley remains still. Quiet. Alone.

Beth walks toward her car.

INT. GRIM'S BARN - EVENING.

Golden light slants through the high windows. The band is rehearsing, a stripped-down version of "*Run like saints*". Bradley is at the mic, harmonizing surprisingly well with Echo Wolf and Melanie. Grim.

Suddenly, the barn door creaks open.

Jack steps in, squinting, disheveled, and clearly working on a world-class hangover. He winces as the harmonies hit full volume and raises a hand to his temple.

JACK

You guys trying to summon demons or just punish my eardrums?

Everyone stops. Turns.

MELANIE

Well look what the whiskey dragged in.

GRIM

Thought you were halfway back to the bottle by now.

BRADLEY

He was. I dragged him out of it.

JACK

Remind me to leave you out of my will.

MELANIE

You look like death warmed over.

JACK

I feel like it too.

MELANIE

I'll make coffee.

JACK

Okay... just don't play so loud while I'm alive.

Melanie heads off with a grin.

Jack steps further into the barn. For a moment, he just stands there, looking at the band. The gear. The light. The space.

GRIM

We got started without you.

JACK

Good. Maybe this time you'll remember how to stay in key.

BRADLEY

That's rich coming from the guy who vanished mid-chord for forty years.

They all exchange glances, but no one walks away.

Jack sighs. Rubs his temples.

JACK

Alright. Let's run something. But
go easy—I might still be
technically dead.

Melanie reappears with a steaming mug.

MELANIE

Then consider this your
resurrection cup.

She hands it to him. Jack takes a sip. Nods.

JACK

God bless caffeine and whatever you
laced this with.

ECHO WOLF

I blessed it under a waxing moon.
That counts.

They all laugh.

JACK

Let's see if the old bones still
remember.

He walks toward the mic

EXT. GRIM'S CLEARING - NIGHTFALL.

The sun is setting, casting long streaks of orange and blue
across the trees.

Beth's SUV turns off the road and onto the gravel driveway,
headlights sweeping through the clearing.

Inside the car, her expression is tense. Thoughtful. The
weight of her conversation with Haley still lingers in her
eyes.

Suddenly, MUSIC. LOUD. RAW. LIVE.

Beth reaches for the radio, but it's off.

She slows the car. Rolls down the window.

It's coming from the barn.

A kick drum. A bass groove. A howling guitar line, Run Like Saints.

Not perfect, But definitely better.

She smiles, surprised.

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS.

Beth parks outside the barn. Stands beside the SUV for a second, just listening.

Inside, Jack and the Wild Ones are in it, sweating, laughing, missing a beat here and there but powering through with raw joy and fire.

Bradley at the mic with Jack, echoing the final chorus:

JACK & BRADLEY (CONT'D)
 WE RUN LIKE SAINTS THROUGH THE DARK
 CHASING LIGHT WITH WOUNDED HEARTS
 WITH EVERY STEP WE BREAK THE CHAINS
 FALLING DOWN, WE RISE AGAIN
 WE'RE NOT PERFECT, WE'RE NOT CLEAN
 BUT WE ARE FIERCE, WE ARE REDEEMED
 WE RUN LIKE SAINTS—NOT AWAY, BUT
 TOWARD THE FLAME

Melanie lays into the drums with a grin.
 Grim plays with his eyes closed.
 Echo Wolf nods with his whole body, riding the synth wave.

Beth watches through the open barn doors, her hand slowly lifting her phone.

She dials.

INTERCUT - INT. VINCENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

Vincent still at his desk, answers.

VINCENT
 Beth?

BETH
 Book a venue. Something local.
 Something soon.

VINCENT
 So it's happening?

BETH
 It's already happening. Now let's
 make it real.

She hangs up.

Turns back toward the barn.

Jack glances toward the door mid-song—and sees her.

Their eyes meet.

And this time... *he doesn't look away*

INT. GRIM'S BARN - NIGHT.

The final notes of Run Like Saints echo into the rafters, fading into a mix of applause and ragged laughter.

Jack puts down his guitar with a quiet nod.

Melanie stretches, breathing hard.

Echo Wolf begins re-tuning out of habit.

Grim wipes sweat from his forehead and grins like it's 1983 again.

Beth steps inside, clapping slowly.

BETH (CONT'D)

That was, the closest thing to magic I've heard all week.

BRADLEY

Wasn't bad, right?

BETH

You're starting to sound like a band.

BRADLEY

Don't say it too loud. Might jinx it.

BETH

What did I miss.

BRADLEY

Jack showed up this afternoon, *barely breathing*. Found him in a bar. Sat him down. Sang in his face till he hated me less.

BETH

You got him out of the bar?

BRADLEY

More like I guilt-tripped him out of it.

BETH

Did that bar happen to have a stage?

BRADLEY

Kinda. Small. Sticky. But yeah it's there. Why?

Beth looks around at the band—sweaty, laughing, *alive*.

BETH

It's time for public interaction.

BRADLEY

You mean like... an actual show?

MELANIE

Like an audience.

BETH

Not a press release. Not a viral leak. Just a band in a bar with real people.

JACK

Let's give them something to talk about.

Bradley grins. The others start catching on.

MELANIE

Wait, we're going *public* public?

GRIM

I better wear my lucky boots.

JACK

What's wrong with this stage?

BETH

Nothing. But the world needs to hear you outside this barn.

ECHO WOLF

Time to stop rehearsing the past and play the future.

BETH

Everybody get some rest. Tomorrow night Jack Wilder and the Wild Ones are back.

MELANIE

Love the sound of that.

EXT. GRIM'S CLEARING - LATE NIGHT.

A fire crackles low in a stone ring outside the barn. The sounds of the forest hum gently in the background. The rehearsal gear has been put away, and the rest of the band has drifted off to tents or cots.

Beth sits in a camp chair near the fire, barefoot, her boots beside her, a half-full glass of wine in hand. She stares into the flames, lost in thought.

Footsteps crunch softly through the grass.

Bradley appears, holding a mug of beer.

BRADLEY

You stole the good chair.

BETH

You were late.

He smirks, eases into the chair beside her, holding his mug between his palms.

BRADLEY

So, how was she?

Beth doesn't respond right away.

BETH

How did you know?

BRADLEY

I'm more than a pretty face. So go on.

BETH

Beautiful. Sharp. Guarded.
Everything I wanted her to be, and
nothing I expected.

Bradley drinks his beer.

BRADLEY

And?

BETH

She asked me not to tell Jack.

BRADLEY

Are you going to?

Beth sips her wine. The firelight flickers in her eyes.

BETH

I don't know. Sometimes the truth feels like a grenade, you're not sure who it'll hit first.

Bradley nods, staring into the flames.

BRADLEY

You've done a lot. You know that, right?

BETH

I haven't done anything yet.

BRADLEY

You found her. Got the band back together. You're making something out of all this dust and chaos.

BETH

Still have a long way to go.

BRADLEY

You're not a footnote anymore, Beth. You're the headline.

She smiles quiet, unsure.

BETH

You always like that with girls? Saying the exact right thing right when they need it?

BRADLEY

Only when it's true.

They fall into a soft silence.

The fire pops and crackles.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

We should get some sleep.

BETH

We probably should.

BRADLEY

You first.

BETH

No, you first.

Neither of them moves.

He leans back, looking at the stars.

She sips the last of her wine.

They sit together in silence staring at the stars.

INT. DIVE BAR - EARLY EVENING.

The place has the dim glow of a hundred hangovers. A jukebox hums in the background. Locals glance over their beers at the growing chaos near the front.

Beth leans against the bar, confident but polite. Bradley stands beside her, flashing a smile. The bartender (40) wipes a pint glass and glares at the clipboard Beth is holding.

BETH (CONT'D)

\$1,000. Three songs, two sets.
We bring in the crowd, you sell the drinks.

BARTENDER

For what, a midlife crisis reunion tour?

BRADLEY

More like a resurrection with better sound mixing.

BETH

Look, we're not asking for a light show or table service. You get a full bar, free music, and social media buzz for a week.

BARTENDER

\$1,000 for three songs? I could hire a wedding DJ and a bad magician for that.

BRADLEY

And they wouldn't come with rock legends and forty years of built-in heartbreak.

BARTENDER

\$300. Cash. No tab.

BETH

\$750. And one free round.

BARTENDER

\$400 and you bring your own cables.

BRADLEY

Already did. And a fire
extinguisher, just in case Grim's
amp smokes again.

BETH

\$500. And we'll tag your bar on
every platform that still lets
people over 30 have an account.

BARTENDER

\$250. And I don't stop pouring
until your set ends.

Beth pauses. Glances at Bradley.

BRADLEY

Free alcohol?

BETH

You'll keep the pours honest?

BARTENDER

Honest-ish.

Beth nods slowly.

BETH

\$250, two sets, free drinks, and a
handshake.

BARTENDER

No handshake. But you've got
yourself a stage.

Bradley claps once.

BRADLEY

We are so going to blow your
speakers.

BARTENDER

You blow the speakers, you marry my
niece and pay for her dental
school.

BRADLEY

...Noted.

INT. DIVE BAR - CORNER STAGE - MOMENTS LATER.

The band starts hauling in equipment. Cables snake across the
floor. Melanie stacks her drum kit, Grim tunes low, and Jack
stands near the mic, quietly focused.

Beth watches from the bar for a beat, then heads to the stage.

BETH

Fifteen minutes to soundcheck.
Let's make it count.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT - LATER.

The bar is packed with locals, old fans, curious newcomers, and people who heard a whisper of something legendary happening tonight.

The stage is lit by a few colored gels hung from the ceiling. The wild ones are onstage: instruments tuned, cords coiled, sweat already shining on their foreheads from soundcheck and nerves.

Beth stands near the back of the crowd, heart in her throat.

Bradley watches from the wings, bouncing on his heels.

Melanie twirls a drumstick.

Grim strums a slow, familiar line.

Echo hums like he's conjuring energy from the floorboards.

Jack leans into the mic, eyes scanning the crowd.

JACK

Alright... let's see if we still
remember how to start a fire.

The crowd cheers.

Melanie counts off.

MELANIE

One, two, three, four!

MUSIC - RUN LIKE SAINTS.

It's rough. It's loud. It's electric.

JACK

WE WERE BORN INTO THE FIRE, HANDS
ON BROKEN GLASS.
TAUGHT TO SMILE THROUGH THE
SILENCE, LEAVE THE QUESTIONS IN THE
PAST.
CARRIED HOPE LIKE IT WAS ARMOR,
WORE OUR SCARS LIKE GRACE.
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
 LOOKING FOR A HEAVEN IN THIS HOLLOW
 PLACE.

JACK (CONT'D)
 BUT WE'RE MORE THAN JUST SURVIVORS.
 WE'RE THE SPARK BENEATH THE RAIN.
 EVERY HEARTBEAT SINGS REVIVAL
 THROUGH THE STRUGGLE, THROUGH THE
 STRAIN

As the band hits the chorus, something *clicks*, the crowd
 lights up. Phones are raised. People move closer. Heads nod.
 Smiles spread.

JACK (CONT'D)
 WE RUN LIKE SAINTS THROUGH THE
 DARK.
 CHASING LIGHT WITH WOUNDED HEARTS.
 WITH EVERY STEP WE BREAK THE CHAINS
 FALLING DOWN, WE RISE AGAIN.
 WE'RE NOT PERFECT, WE'RE NOT CLEAN.
 BUT WE ARE FIERCE, WE ARE REDEEMED.
 WE RUN LIKE SAINTS—NOT AWAY, BUT
 TOWARD THE FLAME.

Bridge: Soft, intimate - a breath before the fire returns.

JACK (CONT'D)
 LET THE ANGELS WATCH US STUMBLE
 LET THE STARS LIGHT UP OUR SCARS
 EVEN WHEN OUR VOICES TREMBLE
 WE KEEP RUNNING THROUGH THE DARK

Final Chorus: Massive, anthemic, choir-backed.

JACK (CONT'D)
 WE RUN LIKE SAINTS THROUGH THE DARK
 WITH BATTLE CRIES AND BROKEN PARTS
 WE BLEED, WE BURN, WE BEND, WE
 BREAK
 BUT NOTHING PURE IS EVER FAKE
 WE'RE NOT PERFECT, WE'RE NOT CLEAN
 BUT WE ARE BOLD, AND WE BELIEVE
 WE RUN LIKE SAINTS—TIRED AND TRUE,
 THROUGH THE FLAME

Outro: Echoing, fading like footsteps in moonlight

JACK (CONT'D)
 WE RUN LIKE SAINTS...
 AND SAINTS DON'T RUN AWAY.

Jack wipes sweat from his brow, nods to the band.

Jack strikes the opening chords to Midnight Mercy.

Echo taps Grim's shoulder.

ECHO WOLF
Wrong Vibe.

Grim steps upto Jack.

GRIM
We need to keep rocking.

Jack stops playing,turns to band.

JACK
What Do you suggest?

MELANIE
Rebels at night.

JACK
We've never done it live.

ECHO WOLF
Nows A good time.

Jack steps up to the mic.

JACK
We never played this one live.
Figured if we were gonna burn down
the place, might as well go deep.

The crowd listens,swaying.

Jack plays rocking chords

JACK (CONT'D)

WORKING ALL WEEK JUST TO WASTE THE
GAS
FRIDAY HIT AND WE WERE GONE IN A
FLASH
OUT OF CONTROL AT SEVENTEEN
LEATHER JACKETS, WORN-OUT JEANS
LIVING YOUNG, CHASING WILD DREAMS
LEATHER JACKETS, WORN-OUT JEANS
LIVING YOUNG, CHASING WILD DREAMS

JACK (CONT'D)
TURN UP THE RADIO TILL THE SPEAKERS
BLEW
THAT OLD FM KNEW JUST WHAT TO DO
THE MOONLIGHT DANCED ON THE STREETS
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
 OUR HEARTS POUNDING TO THE RHYTHM
 OF THE BEAT.
 NO CURFEW, NO PLAN, NO SLOWING DOWN
 JUST TWO HEARTS RACING OUT OF
 TOWN

JACK (CONT'D)
 CRUISIN' THE TOWN WITH MY FRIENDS
 WISHING THE NIGHT WOULD NEVER END
 PARKING ON THE BLUFF BENEATH THE
 STARS, DREAMING AS WE EAT UP THE
 NIGHT
 OUR FUEL WAS ROCK AND ROLL, IT
 RULED OUR HEART AND SOUL
 CHASING THE MOON AS IT FALLS OUT OF
 SIGHT
 WE WERE ALL REBELS AT NIGHT

JACK (CONT'D)
 WE CARVED OUR NAMES IN THE SUMMER
 AIR
 WITH KISS-ME-LATER LOOKS AND DON'T-
 YOU-DARE
 ONE HAND ON THE WHEEL, ONE OUT THE
 SIDE
 WE WERE KINGS AND QUEENS IN
 BORROWED TIME

Bridge: Stripped down, soft electric guitar and harmonies.

JACK (CONT'D)
 NOW THE ROADS ARE QUIET, THE STARS
 DON'T SHINE THE SAME
 BUT EVERY SONG BRINGS BACK YOUR
 NAME.

JACK (CONT'D)
 NOW THE YEARS ROLL ON, BUT MEMORIES
 HELD TIGHT
 STILL CHASING THE MOON UNTIL THE
 MORNING LIGHT
 WE WERE ALL REBELS AT NIGHT.
 WE ARE ALL REBELS AT NIGHT.

A chant starts.

Soft at first.

Then louder.

Then growing.

CROWD

Haley... Haley... Haley...

JACK

Oh damn.

He lowers his hand from the strings. The band hesitates.

He turns to look at Melanie, then Grim, then Echo Wolf.

They all look back at him. Waiting.

Jack looks out into the crowd, then back at his guitar.

He takes a breath.

JACK (TO THE BAND) (CONT'D)

You heard the people.

He strums a single, low, familiar chord.

The crowd erupts.

Beth's eyes well with tears.

JACK (CONT'D)

Haven't played this in forty years.

The opening notes hush the crowd.

The song is gentle, raw, stripped down.

The band falls in, building it gradually.

JACK (CONT'D)

HALEY, WHEN I SEE YOU STANDING
THERE
WITH THE MOONLIGHT TANGLED IN YOUR
HAIR
IT'S LIKE THE WHOLE WORLD FADES
AWAY
AND ALL THAT'S LEFT IS YOU AND ME.

Phones are lowered.

People are *listening*.

JACK (CONT'D)

I NEVER KNEW A HEART COULD FEEL
THIS FULL
YOU WALKED IN, AND I LOST ALL
CONTROL

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
 EVERY WORD YOU SAY, EVERY LITTLE
 SMILE
 MAKES THIS LIFE FEEL SO WORTHWHILE

Beth wipes her cheek.
 Even Bradley is still.

JACK (CONT'D)
 HALEY...
 YOU'RE THE RHYTHM IN MY HEARTBEAT
 THE REASON I BELIEVE
 HALEY...
 YOU'RE THE DREAM I NEVER KNEW I'D
 SEE
 THE ONLY PLACE I WANT TO BE
 IF FOREVER'S MORE THAN JUST A WORD
 WE SAY
 THEN HALEY, I'LL LOVE YOU EVERY DAY

Jack closes his eyes on the final chord.

JACK (CONT'D)
 HALEY, WHEN YOUR HAND IS TOUCHING
 MINE
 TIME JUST SLIPS, LIKE STARS IN
 PERFECT LINE
 I DON'T NEED THE WORLD OR FORTUNE'S
 GRACE
 JUST THE LIGHT THAT LIVES UPON YOUR
 FACE

JACK (CONT'D)
 HALEY
 YOU'RE THE SONG I'VE WAITED ALL MY
 LIFE TO HEAR
 SOFT AND STRONG, CRYSTAL CLEAR
 HALEY...
 YOU'RE THE FIRE AND THE CALM
 MY MIDNIGHT PEACE, MY MORNING SUN
 IF LOVE IS REAL, THEN THIS IS WHERE
 IT STAYS
 'CAUSE HALEY, I'LL LOVE YOU ALL MY
 DAYS

Bridge: Soft piano, tender vocal lift.

JACK (CONT'D)
 NO NEED FOR DIAMONDS, NO GRAND
 PARADE
 I'VE GOT ALL I WANT WHEN YOU SAY MY
 NAME

Final Chorus: Soaring, heartfelt, arms-wide-open love ballad moment.

JACK (CONT'D)

HALEY...

YOU'RE THE HEART I'LL ALWAYS HOLD
THROUGH EVERY HIGH, THROUGH EVERY
LOW

HALEY...

I'LL BE YOURS UNTIL THE STARS BURN
OUT
OF THAT, THERE'S NEVER BEEN A DOUBT
IF LOVE IS MEANT TO STAND AND NEVER
FADE
THEN HALEY, WE'VE ALREADY FOUND OUR
PLACE

INT. DIVE BAR - CONTINUOUS.

Beth, standing near the back of the room, pulls out her phone.

She dials quickly.

INTERCUT - INT. RUSSO RECORDS - VINCENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

Vincent is alone in his high-rise office. Behind him, the L.A. skyline glitters through a floor-to-ceiling window. He answers the phone without checking.

VINCENT

Beth?

BETH (O.S.)

Put me on speaker.

He raises an eyebrow but does it.

Beth's voice echoes softly in the room.

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

This is for you, Dad.

She sets her phone on the edge of a nearby bar, facing the stage.

Vincent hears the crowd settle, the quiet pick of strings, and then:

JACK

HALEY

YOU'RE THE SONG I'VE WAITED ALL MY
LIFE TO HEAR
SOFT AND STRONG, CRYSTAL CLEAR
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

HALEY
 YOU'RE THE FIRE AND THE CALM
 MY MIDNIGHT PEACE, MY MORNING SUN
 IF LOVE IS REAL, THEN THIS IS WHERE
 IT STAYS
 'CAUSE HALEY, I'LL LOVE YOU ALL MY
 DAYS

Bridge: Soft piano, tender vocal lift.

JACK (CONT'D)

NO NEED FOR DIAMONDS, NO GRAND
 PARADE
 I'VE GOT ALL I WANT WHEN YOU SAY MY
 NAME

Final Chorus: Soaring, heartfelt, arms-wide-open love ballad moment.

JACK (CONT'D)

HALEY...
 YOU'RE THE HEART I'LL ALWAYS HOLD
 THROUGH EVERY HIGH, THROUGH EVERY
 LOW
 HALEY...
 I'LL BE YOURS UNTIL THE STARS BURN
 OUT
 OF THAT, THERE'S NEVER BEEN A DOUBT
 IF LOVE IS MEANT TO STAND AND NEVER
 FADE
 THEN HALEY, WE'VE ALREADY FOUND OUR
 PLACE

Vincent walks slowly toward the window. Stops just in front of it. Sets his drink down. And listens.

His reflection stares back at him, older, wiser, quieter.

As the chorus swells, a rare, subtle smile touches his lips.

INT. DIVE BAR - CONTINUOUS.

Onstage, Jack pours every unsung year into the melody.
 Grim plays like he's remembering.
 Melanie holds steady rhythm, eyes glassy.
 Echo Wolf hums harmony, tears in the corner of his smile.

JACK (CONT'D)

HALEY
 YOUR THE HEART
 I'LL ALWAYS HOLD
 THROUGH EVERY HIGH, THROUGH EVERY
 LOW
 HALEY...

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
 I'LL BE YOURS UNTIL THE STARS BURN
 OUT
 OF THAT, THERE'S NEVER BEEN A DOUBT
 IF LOVE IS MEANT TO STAND AND NEVER
 FADE
 THEN HALEY, WE'VE ALREADY FOUND OUR
 PLACE

Beth watches them, as someone who's witnessing something real.

The crowd goes wild with thunderous applause

INT. VINCENT'S OFFICE - SAME TIME.

Vincent stands silhouetted against the city.

Still listening. Still smiling.

INT. BETH'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING.

Beth is asleep, the faint glow of dawn seeping through the curtains. Her phone, resting on the bedside table, begins to vibrate and ring. Groggily, she reaches for it, squinting at the caller ID: Dad.

She answers, voice thick with sleep.

BETH
 Dad? It's early.

VINCENT (V.O.)
 Early bird gets the worm, Beth.
 I've got news.

Beth sits up, rubbing her eyes.

VINCENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 How does a 5,000-seat venue sound?

Beth is suddenly wide awake.

BETH
 You're kidding.

VINCENT (V.O.)
 Not at all. I've booked you at the civic Auditorium for tomorrow night. It's a historic venue with a capacity of 6,300, but with current configurations, it seats around 5,000.

BETH

Tomorrow night? That's... soon.

VINCENT (V.O.)

Exactly. You'll need to be in L.A. this afternoon for sound check and rehearsal. Can you make it happen?

Beth swings her legs out of bed, already mentally organizing the logistics.

BETH

We'll be there. Thanks, Dad.

VINCENT (V.O.)

Don't thank me yet. Prove that this band still has what it takes.

Beth smiles, determination lighting up her face.

BETH

We will.

EXT. SHRINE AUDITORIUM - LOS ANGELES - AFTERNOON.

The majestic old theater gleams in the sunlight. The marquee reads:

"RUSSO RECORDS PRESENTS - ONE NIGHT ONLY: JACK WILDER & THE WILD ONES"

A few curious fans linger outside, snapping pics, trading stories like they're in on a secret. One older fan leans in, misty-eyed:

FAN #1

I saw them here in '87. Front row.
Changed my life.

FAN #2

You think they still got it?

FAN #1

We're about to find out.

INT. SHRINE AUDITORIUM - MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS.

Inside, the Wild Ones are halfway through setup. Cables snake across the stage. Empty seats stretch into the dim house. The space hums with potential.

Melanie rolls her shoulders and slaps the snare.

MELANIE

If these drums don't kill me, the
nostalgia will.

GRIM

Just pretend we're back in Atlanta—
minus the heartbreak and liver
damage.

ECHO WOLF

The spirits of rock are stirring,
my friends.

BRADLEY

Or maybe it's just the bad coffee.

Laughter breaks out as Beth walks onstage, clipboard in hand,
beaming.

BETH

Okay, children of the vinyl age—
check your levels, tune your egos.
Soundcheck starts in ten.

MELANIE

Bossy suits you, Beth.

GRIM

Better than a headset and a crisis
binder.

ECHO WOLF

This is our second chance.

BRADLEY

We only get one comeback. Let's not
screw it up.

JACK

Then let's stop talking and start
playing.

Jack stands just offstage, guitar over his shoulder,
expression relaxed—but there's a fire behind his eyes.

The band cheers and starts warming up. The energy is real now
—amped and playful, tinged with nerves.

INT. BACKSTAGE - SHRINE AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER.

The band is warming up. Laughter, chords, drumstick clatter
echo off the rafters. Excitement buzzes in the air.

Beth is deep in conversation with a sound tech, unaware of what's happening backstage.

At the tech table nearby, her phone buzzes again—unread.

Jack stands a few feet away. One last glance at the message:

Haley Russo - 14 Sycamore Ln, Echo Ridge

He stares at it.

Then, gently sets the phone down, like it's something sacred.

EXT. SHRINE AUDITORIUM - BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER.

Jack exits through the side door. The alley is bathed in late-afternoon light.

He walks quickly toward the old tour van, still streaked with road dust and patched windows.

He opens the door, tosses his guitar in, climbs into the driver's seat.

Sits with hands on the wheel. Heart pounding.

Then, he starts the engine.

The van rumbles to life like a sleeping giant.

Jack shifts into drive and pulls away, the van disappearing into traffic, into the sprawl of Los Angeles.

EXT. ECHO RIDGE - HALEY RUSSO'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON.

The van idles under a streetlamp. The quiet neighborhood is tucked in for the night—porch lights glowing, crickets humming.

Jack sits behind the wheel, gripping the steering wheel. He stares at the modest house ahead, the porch light casting a warm halo on the front steps.

He exhales. He shuts off the engine.

Opens the door and walk slowly to the porch.

EXT. HALEY'S PORCH - MOMENTS LATER.

Jack stands at the door. He hesitates.

Then, with a shaking hand, **knocks**.

A moment. Then the door creaks open.

Haley appears in the doorway. Her face is unreadable at first, caught somewhere between surprise, sorrow.

HALEY

Jack.

JACK

Hey. Can I...?

She steps aside. He enters.

INT. HALEY'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER.

They sit across from each other, the room dim, lit only by a small lamp and the quiet tick of an old wall clock.

Neither speaks for a moment.

JACK (CONT'D)

I drove here four times. This is the first time I got out of the van.

HALEY

Why now?

JACK

Because I'm tired of running from a moment I never got to finish.

Jack stares at the floor.

JACK (CONT'D)

That night in Atlanta... I had a ring in my pocket.

Haley looks down.

JACK (CONT'D)

I was gonna ask you after the encore.
But you were gone.

HALEY

I was scared.

Haley stands, pacing around.

JACK

Scared about what?

HALEY

I was scared that if I stayed, I'd be the background noise to your spotlight.

JACK

That night... I stopped living. But I never stopped loving you.

Haley looks up, eyes glassy.

HALEY

Jack... that night in Atlanta. I had a secret in mine.

Jack blinks.

JACK

What?

HALEY

I found out I was pregnant, that night. And everything just—collapsed inside me.

JACK

Why didn't you tell

JACK (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell me?

HALEY

Because you had a dream, Jack. One shot. A band on the brink of forever. And I—I didn't want to be the reason it all came crashing down.

JACK

You were never the reason. You were the *anchor*. I *needed* you.

HALEY

I needed a partner, not a spotlight with a shadow.

JACK

I would've dropped it all for you.

HALEY

Then why didn't you?

Then, from the hallway, a door creaks.

A man, 40, tall, with dark, wavy hair and unmistakable Jack Wilder eyes, steps into the room.

SON

Mom?

Haley turns instinctively, like shielding him from the past.

Jack stares.

His mouth opens.

JACK

...Is that...?

HALEY

This is Eli.

Eli blinks, studying Jack. There's a flicker of something unspoken, recognition.

JACK

My son.

HALEY

Yes.

ELI

Mom, who is this?

Haley turns to Eli.

HALEY

Not now. We'll talk about this later.

ELI

What's happening?

HALEY

Eli, please wait in the other room.

Eli nods, uncertain. Leaves the room.

JACK

And you kept him from me.

HALEY

I *protected* him from you.

That hits hard.

JACK

You don't get to decide who I
could've been.

HALEY

And you don't get to rewrite
history now that you've sobered up
and found your soul again.

Eli shifts uncomfortably, sensing the heat between them.

ELI

I... should go.

HALEY

No. Stay.

Jack looks at him. A mix of awe, regret, and love he doesn't
know how to hold.

JACK

I'm not here to screw things up.
I just didn't know. I never-

He falters.

JACK (CONT'D)

You deserved more than silence. I'm
sorry.

JACK (CONT'D)

I thought finding you would fix
something. But I can't change your
life. Or his. Not now

He turns. Walks toward the door.

HALEY

Jack...

JACK

I love you.
I always did.

Jack pulls out 2 tickets for the show and a small jewelry box
from his pocket, sits them on the coffee table.

JACK (CONT'D)

In case you change your mind. I
thought that. maybe. nevermind this
isn't my ending to write.

He opens the door.

Jack turns back to Haley, breath shaking.

JACK (CONT'D)

I thought finding you would fix something. But I can't change your life. Or his. Not now. I still love you.

Haley flinches.

HALEY

You love rock and roll, Jack. That was always your dream. I was just caught in the magic of it all.

Jack swallows hard. The words land and stay.

HALEY (CONT'D)

I don't regret any of it. But I couldn't be second to a spotlight forever.

He nods just once.

JACK

This isn't my ending to write.

He steps into the cool night air.

EXT. HALEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

Jack walks slowly to the van. Climbs in.

For a long moment, he just sits.

Then, he turns the key, The engine rumbles to life.

Jack Wilder drives off into the night.

INT. SHRINE AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - ONE HOUR TO SHOWTIME.

Controlled chaos.

Stagehands run cables. Sound techs check levels. The stage is bathed in warm-up lights, and the auditorium beyond is packed —fans finding seats, murmuring with anticipation.

In the wings, Melanie tightens her snare. Grim paces. Echo Wolf hums into a mic, clearly trying to stay calm.

Bradley is on his phone, trying Jack again.

BRADLEY

Come on, pick up, pick up...

He lowers the phone. No answer.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Still nothing.

Beth paces backstage, phone in one hand, clipboard in the other, jaw tight.

BETH

Check the green room again. And the alley. Maybe he went out for air.

MELANIE

For the past twelve hours?

ECHO WOLF

This is very on-brand Jack Wilder chaos.

GRIM

This isn't chaos—this is abandonment.

Suddenly, Vincent strides in through the backstage door, electric with energy, his blazer barely on straight.

VINCENT

Beth! There you are!

Beth turns, frazzled.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

You are a miracle. The press is buzzing, the livestream is up, the crowd's already chanting and we are sold out.

BETH

Wait, sold out?

VINCENT

Two hours. Gone. I had to turn down scalpers with VIP badges. This is everything I hoped it would be.

Vincent pulls out a folder, grinning

VINCENT (CONT'D)

And get this—I've got a 25-city tour mapped out. All we need is the kick-off tonight.

BETH

Tjats great, but There's a problem.

VINCENT

What kind of problem?

Beth hesitates.

BETH

Jack's gone.

Vincent freezes.

VINCENT

Gone as in...?

BRADLEY

As in *not here*. As in *vanished*.

GRIM

As in *Jack freaking Wilder*.

MELANIE

We haven't seen him since
soundcheck.

Vincent slowly lowers the tour folder.

VINCENT

Of course he would.
One hour to curtain and the myth
walks offstage.

He turns to Beth, tone shifting from thrilled to sharp.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Do you know where he went?

BETH

I think I do.

The backstage crew buzzes around in frantic motion. Stage lights flicker to life. A stage manager calls out times:

STAGE MANAGER

Sixty minutes to showtime! One
hour!

Beth turns sharply to Bradley, determined but visibly tense.

BETH

Get everyone in place. Start pre-
show checks. Monitors, setlists,
lighting cues—all of it.

BRADLEY

Wait, what about Jack?

BETH

I'm going to find him.

BRADLEY

You don't even know where

BETH

I have a feeling.
If I'm wrong, start without us.

MELANIE

Without Jack?

GRIM

You've got to be kidding.

BETH

You want a miracle? Then get ready
for one. Trust me. Just give me the
time.

She grabs her phone and heads for the rear exit.

ECHO WOLF

She's got the fire.

MELANIE

Let's hope it doesn't burn the
whole damn thing down.

EXT. SHRINE AUDITORIUM - ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER.

Beth rushes out into the alley, keys already in hand, dialing
as she goes.

BETH

Come on, Jack... don't make me chase
you across L.A. in heels.

EXT. SHRINE AUDITORIUM - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT.

Beth eyes land on something familiar across the way:

Jack's tour van, parked crookedly outside a small, dimly lit
bar.

A neon sign flickers in the window. The kind of place where
time stands still.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER.

Sparse. Quiet. A few scattered regulars. A jukebox hums low in the corner.

Jack sits at the bar, hunched forward, a glass of whiskey in front of him—untouched.

Beth marches up, breathless.

BETH (CONT'D)

Really? A sold-out theater. 5,000 people. Lights up in forty minutes. And you're *here*?

Jack doesn't move. Just stares into the glass.

JACK

I wasn't going to drink it.

BETH

I'm not here to give you a chip.
I'm here to drag you back to your life.

Jack sighs. Still doesn't look at her.

JACK

I saw Eli.
He looked at me like I was a stranger.

BETH

You *are* a stranger. But not forever. Maybe.

Jack finally turns toward her. His voice is low.

JACK

Why didn't you tell me?

BETH

It's not my story to tell. She asked me not to tell you.

JACK

I just don't know anymore.

BETH

You have only one question to answer.

JACK

What is that?

BETH

Your other family and five thousand of their friends are waiting for you. Are you going to let them down?

JACK

Five thousand.

BETH

Sold-out in two hours.

JACK

Really. Wow

BETH

When I started this project. No one thought I could get Jack Wilder and the wild ones back together. Even dad doubted it could happen. But here we are on the cusp of something great.

JACK

This is different.

BETH

It's not about chasing her. Or fame. Or your past. It's about finishing what you walked away from so long ago.

He looks down at the glass.

BETH (CONT'D)

You've got a crowd full of people who still believe in you. And a band that's finally whole again.

Jack turns his around and around.

BETH (CONT'D)

Don't make me walk back there alone, Jack.

Jack slides the whiskey glass away.

He stands. Picks up his guitar case from beside the stool.

JACK

Guess it's showtime.

Beth exhales.

BETH

Damn right it is.

They walk toward the door together.

Jack pauses, one last time, looking back at the untouched drink.

Then pushes the door open, And they walk into the night.

INT. SHRINE AUDITORIUM - STAGE WINGS - NIGHT.

The stage manager's headset crackles. House lights are flashing. Techs scurry. The energy in the building is like a fuse waiting to catch fire.

The sold-out crowd is on their feet, cheering, chanting, clapping in waves. The roar is deafening.

STAGE MANAGER (INTO HEADSET)

We go live in sixty seconds. Where the hell is Wilder?

Bradley stands backstage, tense. He checks the wings again. No Beth. No Jack.

GRIM

They're not back yet.

MELANIE

We can't stall this crowd much longer. They'll start throwing commemorative T-shirts.

ECHO WOLF

The crowd is ripe. The moon is high. The moment must be met.

MELANIE

Either we give them a band or a human sacrifice. You choose.

BRADLEY

Okay. You know what?

Bradley turns to group.

BETH

Get on stage.

MELANIE

What?

GRIM

Without Jack?

BRADLEY

Play something. *Anything*.
They came to hear the Wild Ones—and
right now, that's you. Buy us some
time.

Melanie exchanges a glance with Grim, then Echo.

They nod.

Bradley grabs a mic and ducks out to the edge of the curtain.

INT. SHRINE AUDITORIUM - MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS.

The lights snap to a dramatic dim, and a *huge cheer* erupts.

Bradley steps out, hands raised like a conductor.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen—thank you for
your patience. The night is just
beginning.

Bradley gestures off stage.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Please welcome, the still beating
heart of rock and roll, The Wild
Ones.

INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS.

Grim, Melanie, and Echo Wolf take their positions under
bright lights.

The audience explodes.

Melanie clicks her sticks.

MELANIE

Okay. One we know cold.

They launch into a high-energy instrumental version of a fan
favorite, Static City. Loud, funky, messy in the best way.

The crowd is moving. Phones are up. Cheers grow louder.

INT. SHRINE AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT.

Bradley stands just off the curtain, headset on, pacing.

Vincent is by the door, arms crossed, eyes glued to the stage monitor.

Suddenly, the back entrance door swings open.

Beth bursts in, slightly out of breath.

Right behind her, Jack Guitar case in hand. Focused. Calm. Fire in his eyes.

BRADLEY

Oh thank God.

VINCENT

Well, look what the dream dragged back.

BETH

He's here. Let's do this.

Jack nods to them both. He walks to the wings and peeks out at the sea of people.

JACK

Is it always this loud?

BRADLEY

Only when they're ready to lose their minds.

JACK

Alright then.

He looks Melanie on drums. She catches his eye, mid-fill.

He gives her a thumbs-up, steady and strong.

Melanie grins wide and kicks the tempo up.

Grim glances back and nods. Echo sways with a big, knowing smile.

Jack throws the guitar strap over his shoulder.

Jack turns to Beth

JACK (CONT'D)

Let's make history.

Beth steps aside, and Jack rushes past.

INT. SHRINE AUDITORIUM - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jack steps into the spotlight with a bounce in his step. The stage lights hit him like a wave—and he drinks it in.

The crowd's roar rises into a frenzy.

Melanie flashes a grin from behind her kit, still riding the beat from the last jam.

MELANIE

Hey, thanks for joining us.

JACK

Wouldn't miss it. Thought I'd add a little drama.

JACK (CONT'D)

Alright, let's tear the roof off.
Let's give 'em. Reckless Heart.

JACK (CONT'D)

Count us down, Mel.

MELANIE

Alright, on my mark.

Melanie raises her sticks high.

ONE—TWO—THREE—FOUR!

She slams into the drums and the Wild Ones explode into Restless Heart, a full-tilt, hard-driving anthem that surges across the theater.

JACK

I'VE BEEN CHASING SUNSETS DOWN A
HUNDRED ROADS
LEAVING PIECES OF MYSELF IN PLACES
NO ONE KNOWS
EVERY TOWN FEELS LIKE A SONG I
ALMOST WROTE
BUT I NEVER STAY LONG ENOUGH TO
CALL IT HOME.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'VE LOVED SOME FACES, LOST A FEW
TOO FAST
HELD ON TO THE MOMENT, LET GO OF
THE PAST
TRIED TO FILL THE QUIET WITH A NEON
SPARK
BUT NOTHING EVER SOOTHES THIS
RESTLESS HEART

Band joining in on Chorus.

BAND

I'VE GOT A RESTLESS HEART
 IT BEATS LIKE THUNDER IN THE DARK
 IT PULLS ME WHEN I SHOULD BE STILL
 IT BREAKS THE RULES, IT ALWAYS WILL
 I WANT TO STAY, BUT I DEPART
 CAN'T OUTFRAN THIS RESTLESS HEART

JACK

YOU SAID LOVE COULD BE MY PLACE TO
 LAND
 BUT I'M THE KIND THAT SLIPS RIGHT
 THROUGH YOUR HANDS
 YOU GAVE ME PEACE, YOU GAVE ME
 LIGHT
 BUT I STILL DROVE OFF INTO THE
 NIGHT

BAND

I'VE GOT A RESTLESS HEART
 IT BEATS LIKE THUNDER IN THE DARK
 IT PULLS ME WHEN I SHOULD BE STILL
 IT BREAKS THE RULES, IT ALWAYS WILL
 I WANT TO STAY, BUT I DEPART
 CAN'T OUTFRAN THIS RESTLESS HEART

Bridge Quiet, aching

JACK

MAYBE SOMEDAY I'LL FIND THE CURE
 BUT FOR NOW I'M DRAWN TO SOMETHING
 PURE
 IN THE DISTANCE, IN THE UNKNOWN
 IN THE WIND THAT TELLS ME GO

Final Chorus. Band softer, more intimate, then swelling.

BAND

I'VE GOT A RESTLESS HEART
 BUT IT NEVER MEANT TO BREAK YOURS
 APART
 I LOVED YOU MORE THAN WORDS CAN
 SHOW
 BUT SOMETIMES LOVE JUST HAS TO GO
 SO IF YOU SEE ME IN THE STARS
 Know I'm out there...
 WITH MY RESTLESS HEART

Outro: Soft acoustic guitar or piano, fading like a desert breeze.

BAND (CONT'D)
STILL SEARCHING...
STILL MOVING...
WITH MY RESTLESS HEART.

Crowd erupts with applause.

INT. SHRINE AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT.

Beth stands just offstage, headset slung around her neck, arms crossed, a mix of pride and disbelief on her face.

Suddenly, the stage manager taps her shoulder from behind.

She turns, irritated to be interrupted.

STAGE MANAGER
Sorry but someone's asking for you.

BETH
Now?

STAGE MANAGER
Yeah. Out front.
She said you'd know who she is.

Beth frowns, heart skipping a beat.

BETH
She?

STAGE MANAGER
Didn't get a name. She says she's a
friend of jacks

Beth freezes.

Then slowly hands her headset off to a tech.

BETH
Cover me.

She turns, weaving through the gear and rigging, heart pounding.

INT. AUDITORIUM STAGE. SAME.

Jack launches into Run like Saints.

JACK
WE WERE BORN INTO THE FIRE, HANDS
ON BROKEN GLASS
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
 TAUGHT TO SMILE THROUGH THE
 SILENCE, LEAVE THE QUESTIONS IN THE
 PAST
 CARRIED HOPE LIKE IT WAS ARMOR,
 WORE OUR SCARS LIKE GRACE
 LOOKING FOR A HEAVEN IN THIS HOLLOW
 PLACE

JACK (CONT'D)
 BUT WE'RE MORE THAN JUST SURVIVORS
 WE'RE THE SPARK BENEATH THE RAIN
 EVERY HEARTBEAT SINGS REVIVAL
 THROUGH THE STRUGGLE, THROUGH THE
 STRAIN

Band joining chorus.

BAND
 WE RUN LIKE SAINTS THROUGH THE DARK
 CHASING LIGHT WITH WOUNDED HEARTS
 WITH EVERY STEP WE BREAK THE CHAINS
 FALLING DOWN, WE RISE AGAIN
 WE'RE NOT PERFECT, WE'RE NOT CLEAN
 BUT WE ARE FIERCE, WE ARE REDEEMED
 WE RUN LIKE SAINTS—NOT AWAY, BUT
 TOWARD THE FLAME

JACK
 WE'VE BEEN TOLD TO STAY IN SHADOWS,
 KEEP OUR VOICES SMALL
 BUT TRUTH WAS IN THE TREMBLE WHEN
 WE DARED TO STAND TALL
 WE DON'T NEED A CROWN OF GLORY,
 JUST A REASON AND A NAME
 AND WE'LL CARVE OUR STORIES THROUGH
 THE POURING RAIN

BAND
 'CAUSE WE'RE MORE THAN JUST THE
 SILENCE
 THAT THEY TRIED TO LOCK INSIDE
 WE'RE THE THUNDER IN DEFIANCE
 WE'RE THE ONES WHO STILL SURVIVE

BAND (CONT'D)
 WE RUN LIKE SAINTS THROUGH THE DARK
 CHASING LIGHT WITH WOUNDED HEARTS
 WITH EVERY STEP WE BREAK THE CHAINS
 FALLING DOWN, WE RISE AGAIN
 WE'RE NOT PERFECT, WE'RE NOT CLEAN
 BUT WE ARE FIERCE, WE ARE REDEEMED
 WE RUN LIKE SAINTS—NOT AWAY, BUT
 TOWARD THE FLAME

Bridge Soft, intimate, a breath before the fire returns.

JACK

LET THE ANGELS WATCH US STUMBLE
LET THE STARS LIGHT UP OUR SCARS
EVEN WHEN OUR VOICES TREMBLE
WE KEEP RUNNING THROUGH THE DARK

Final Chorus, Massive, anthemic, choir-backed.

BAND

WE RUN LIKE SAINTS THROUGH THE DARK
WITH BATTLE CRIES AND BROKEN PARTS
WE BLEED, WE BURN, WE BEND, WE
BREAK
BUT NOTHING PURE IS EVER FAKE
WE'RE NOT PERFECT, WE'RE NOT CLEAN
BUT WE ARE BOLD, AND WE BELIEVE
WE RUN LIKE SAINTS—TIRED AND TRUE,
THROUGH THE FLAME

Outro, Echoing, fading like footsteps in moonlight.

BAND (CONT'D)

WE RUN LIKE SAINTS...
AND SAINTS DON'T RUN AWAY.

The Wild Ones slam the final note of Cymbals crash. The crowd erupts, screaming, clapping, stomping their feet.

Jack holds his pose at the mic, chest heaving, sweat shining under the lights.

He turns slightly, scanning the wings, just to find Beth.

Then he stops. Standing beside Beth is Haley and Eli in the shadows, softly lit by the side glow of the stage.

Haley lifts her hand and shows him the ring.

Jack's eyes flash with disbelief, then wonder.

And the chant begins.

Soft at first, then louder—

CROWD (CHANTING)

HALEY!
HALEY!
HALEY!

Melanie looks at Jack.

Grim raises his brows.

Echo Wolf simply closes his eyes and smiles.

Jack nods slowly.

Turns to the mic, lifts his guitar.

Strums a slow, aching open chord

The auditorium quiets in an instant.

JACK

You waited patiently for so long.
So did I.

The first notes

Jack's voice trembles, but never falters.

In the wings, Haley's eyes fill with tears. She reaches gently for Eli's hand.

Beth watches, stunned and moved.

The crowd sways, silent, reverent.

Jack's voice soars on the chorus—louder now, stronger.

JACK (CONT'D)

HALEY,
WHEN I SEE YOU STANDING THERE
WITH THE MOONLIGHT TANGLED IN YOUR
HAIR
IT'S LIKE THE WHOLE WORLD FADES
AWAY
AND ALL THAT'S LEFT IS YOU AND ME.

The lights dim around the stage—spotlight on Jack alone, his shadow stretching long and golden behind him.

JACK (CONT'D)

I NEVER KNEW A HEART COULD FEEL
THIS FULL
YOU WALKED IN, AND I LOST ALL
CONTROL
EVERY WORD YOU SAY, EVERY LITTLE
SMILE
MAKES THIS LIFE FEEL SO WORTHWHILE.

The auditorium glows for the light of five thousand lighters.

BAND

HALEY...
YOU'RE THE RHYTHM IN MY HEARTBEAT
THE REASON I BELIEVE
HALEY...

(MORE)

BAND (CONT'D)
 YOU'RE THE DREAM I NEVER KNEW I'D
 SEE
 THE ONLY PLACE I WANT TO BE
 IF FOREVER'S MORE THAN JUST A WORD
 WE SAY
 THEN HALEY, I'LL LOVE YOU EVERY DAY

Jack belts the opening verse, alive with energy, his voice stronger than ever.
 Grim's bass throbs.
 Echo's keys shimmer.

JACK
 HALEY, WHEN YOUR HAND IS TOUCHING
 MINE
 TIME JUST SLIPS, LIKE STARS IN
 PERFECT LINE
 I DON'T NEED THE WORLD OR FORTUNE'S
 GRACE
 JUST THE LIGHT THAT LIVES UPON YOUR
 FACE

BAND
 HALEY...
 YOU'RE THE SONG I'VE WAITED ALL MY
 LIFE TO HEAR
 SOFT AND STRONG, CRYSTAL CLEAR
 HALEY...
 YOU'RE THE FIRE AND THE CALM
 MY MIDNIGHT PEACE, MY MORNING SUN
 IF LOVE IS REAL, THEN THIS IS WHERE
 IT STAYS
 'CAUSE HALEY, I'LL LOVE YOU ALL MY
 DAYS

Bridge: Soft piano, tender vocal lift.

JACK
 NO NEED FOR DIAMONDS, NO GRAND
 PARADE
 I'VE GOT ALL I WANT WHEN YOU SAY MY
 NAME

Final Chorus: Soaring, heartfelt, arms-wide-open love ballad moment.

JACK (CONT'D)
 HALEY
 YOU'RE THE HEART I'LL ALWAYS HOLD
 THROUGH EVERY HIGH, THROUGH EVERY
 LOW
 HALEY...
 I'LL BE YOURS UNTIL THE STARS BURN
 OUT

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
 OF THAT, THERE'S NEVER BEEN A DOUBT
 IF LOVE IS MEANT TO STAND AND NEVER
 FADE
 THEN HALEY, WE'VE ALREADY FOUND OUR
 PLACE

Outro: Whispered over fading piano & guitar.

JACK (CONT'D)
 HALEY
 I LOVED YOU THEN... I LOVE YOU STILL...
 I ALWAYS WILL.

The lights dim around the stage, spotlight on Jack alone, his shadow stretching long and golden behind him.

EPILOGUE - THREE MONTHS LATER.

EXT. COASTAL VINEYARD - EARLY EVENING.

The Pacific breeze rolls across rows of twinkling lights strung between trees. A small, private wedding reception unfolds in the courtyard of a rustic vineyard overlooking the water. Long tables, scattered instruments, half-drunk champagne

Finally Tied the Amp Cord - JACK & HALEY.

Music hums, laughter bubbles up, and a low stage is set beneath a canopy of fairy lights.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - LATER.

Grim stands with a wine glass raised, smirking.

GRIM
 When I met Jack, he had three
 chords, one denim vest, and no clue
 what a budget was.
 Now look at him—three albums, one
 wife, and still no idea what a
 budget is.

Laughter.

Jack mock-bows at the table. Haley squeezes his hand.

GRIM (CONT'D)
 Haley, you've always had the voice
 of reason.
 Now you've got the job full-time.
 God help you.

GRIM passes mic to Melanie.

MELANIE

I always said Jack would settle
down when pigs flew, or Echo
learned how to use a cell phone.
Guess I owe a few pigs an apology.

Echo wolf in a velvet blazer and three necklaces, bows with
serene dignity.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

But seriously... this band, this
family—it only worked because
somewhere between breakdowns and
bad hair, Jack wrote songs we could
live inside.
Now he's writing a life with you,
Haley. May it be weird, loud, and
exactly off-key.

Everyone clinks glasses.

Melanie passes mic to Echo .

Echo rises, calm and poetic.

ECHO WOLF

Love, like music, lives in
vibration.
Jack and Haley have been vibrating
toward each other since 1983.
Tonight, the chord resolved. The
song found its harmony. Also, Jack—
please don't try to write a dubstep
album. We have limits.

Eli stands next, takes mic from Echo.

ELI

I've only known Jack for a few
months. But I've known *of* him my
whole life.
And I used to wonder who the man
behind the music was. Now I know.

He turns to Jack.

ELI (CONT'D)

You're flawed, fierce, stubborn—and
full of heart.
Thank you for showing up. And for
staying. Welcome to the family,
Dad.

Jack wipes a tear. So does Haley.

Vincent steps up, already mid-speech.

VINCENT

Look, the wedding is beautiful, the vows were moving, the cake is great, and the foods top notch. I should know I gladly payed for it. But let's talk business.

Laughter.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Forty years ago, you walked away from the third album. Now the fans are ready. The world is ready. Let's give them what they've been waiting for.

Jack raises his glass, half amused.

JACK

Can I finish the honeymoon first?

VINCENT

Studio's booked next Tuesday.

HALEY

You see why I wanted to elope.

EXT. VINEYARD PATIO - LATER.

Music plays. Stars appear. The band is jamming casually, barefoot and free.

Beth sits under a string of lights, holding hands with Bradley.

BRADLEY

You realize we technically met in a bar fight with destiny?

BETH

And now we're dating under fairy lights at a rock star's wedding.

BRADLEY

So... next tour?

BETH

Only if you learn to change a flat.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

Jack and Haley sway to a soft, acoustic version of Haley played live by Grim and Echo.

JACK

You still think I love rock and
roll more than you?

HALEY

I think you finally figured out how
to love both.

EXT. VINEYARD - WIDE SHOT - NIGHT.

Music drifts over the hills. Laughter and music blur into twilight as the camera pulls back...

Jack and Haley spin slowly under the stars.

FADE OUT.