

JUKEBOX HERO

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HAWAIIAN MENTAL HOSPITAL -- MORNING, 1966

The sterile white of an asylum's day room. Bars on the windows. Soft-corners everywhere. It's sweltering inside; a half-working fan oscillates in the corner, helping no one.

The mentally ill walk about: catatonic, amused, with one woman talking to a doll as if it's her baby.

MARCUS -- a sweaty inmate whose eyes are magnified by his coke-bottle glasses - sits on the couch in front of the T.V. waiting for his program to come on.

In his lap lies the DIARY he's been writing in with a crayon. There are peace symbols, Beatles lyrics and drawings of the band.

When a news report starts on the television screen, Marcus sits up excited. Somewhere outside Chicago, the Beatles are in the middle of a press conference. An unseen journalist in the gallery asks John Lennon:

JOURNALIST (O.S.)

I'd like to address the recent
controversial comments you made
about the Beatles being "more
popular than Jesus."

Marcus shakes his head. He didn't hear that, did he? On the SCREEN, Lennon responds, somewhat ornery:

LENNON

I suppose if I had said television
was more popular than Jesus, I
would have got away with it. I'm
sorry I opened my mouth. If you
want me to apologize, if that will
make you happy -- then OK, I'm
sorry.

Marcus begins to rock in his seat. He can't handle this and starts beating his head--

MARCUS

No! No!! No!!!

At first he's quiet, only disturbing the patients near him. But when an elderly man rushes to quiet him, Marcus sends him tumbling over an end table.

It knocks a pill tray clattering to the ground. The inmates dive for trangs as orderlies rush to restrain Marcus. But he kicks and screams at the top of his lungs.

Soon, a lockdown is called and a syringe prepared. As they try to sedate him, he begins to froth at the mouth.

INT. ASYLUM, HALLWAY -- LATER THAT NIGHT

A muscle-bound orderly walks the hall with purpose, swinging his key chain and whistling something ominous. On his shirt front, his badge reads: Guard #666.

INT. ISOLATION CELL -- MOMENTS LATER

The dark of a padded room is marred as the keys hit home and the door opens a crack, letting a string of light in. Marcus, sedated in a strait-jacket, squints at the sudden brightness.

The Orderly is backlit in hallway light so that his features are masked. And though THE MAN has a cigar in his hand, smoke plumes from his mouth, unnaturally.

MARCUS

Who are you?

THE MAN

You got very upset at the man on the T.V. today. Did it make you mad when he said that?

Marcus nods, tentatively. The grim figure digs into his back pocket and tosses Marcus's diary to him.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Would you like to get out of here?

He snaps his fingers and the strait jacket falls from Marcus.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

But first, I will need something from you...

MARCUS

What is it?

But the Man doesn't answer. He only stretches out a dirty hand to pull Marcus to his feet. Marcus stares at it, unsure of what grabbing it means. Slowly, he reaches out to take hold and is pulled up into the light.

Title Card: Jukebox Hero

EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS -- SAME TIME

Across the world, London's West End is covered in a driving rain. Mods in the latest fashions huddle under umbrellas and slickers as a resplendent man in platform shoes crosses the street.

He doesn't look to make sure traffic is clear, just continues straight ahead. He has business to attend to and nothing will stop him. This is CAPTAIN FANTASTIC.

His destination is the nightclub on the corner, the 27 CLUB. He cuts the line of people waiting to get in, the bouncer turning a blind eye to him.

INT. THE 27 CLUB -- CONTINUOUS

Checking his top hat and cape, the Captain brushes the rain off the shoulders of his purple suit coat, then makes his way towards the back.

The interior of the club is stark and whimsically British, just like the milk bar from "A Clockwork Orange."

On a couch surrounded by angelic, young women, the Captain approaches MAKER, a childlike man with the pale disposition and curly hair of a young Bob Dylan.

THE CAPTAIN
I need to speak with you.

MAKER
Can't it wait? I'm busy...

THE CAPTAIN
Lucius has someone in play.

Maker sobers almost immediately.

MAKER
Excuse me, ladies.

They untangle their legs from his and he gets up, passing the Captain and giving him a curt:

MAKER (CONT'D)
Come with me.

They head for a back office.

MAKER (CONT'D)
I thought you were going to stop this.

THE CAPTAIN

I was too late. He took him early.

MAKER

We'll just have to move forward
with our own plans.

The Captain shakes his head.

THE CAPTAIN

He's not ready. They're not ready.

MAKER

I know...

(beat)

But we've run out of options.

INT. HARD ROCK CAFE, TIMES SQUARE -- 1994

It's a summer day, the place filled with tourists. VAL MORELLI, 36, one of the waiters, weaves through tables of diners. The only evidence that he used to be cool is the smattering of facial hair and the faded ROOSTER TATTOO peeking out from under his rolled cuffs.

He makes his way to a table that's just been seated. An oily, Wall Street TRADER is on a day date with a blonde piece of ARM CANDY. The guy points to a piece of Beatles memorabilia on the wall a couple of feet from them.

TRADER

You know, I saw them at Shea
Stadium in '68. Best concert I've
ever been to.

Val tries not to say anything, but he just can't help it.

VAL

The Shea Stadium show was '65.
They stopped touring in '66.
Something about a scandal...

Wall Street takes his eyes off of his date for the first time since they sat down.

TRADER

I think I know when the best
concert I've ever been to was...

Val nods, letting it go.

VAL
Must be my mistake. We ready to
order?

TRADER
Still need a minute.

Val finishes filling their water glasses. As he walks away,
the blonde asks her date:

ARM CANDY
What songs did they play?

TRADER
I mean, what didn't they play?!

Val rolls his eyes but continues on into the kitchen.

EXT. HARD ROCK CAFE, KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Val steps up to the pass, waiting for an order to come in.
The COOK hears him sigh.

COOK
What now?

VAL
Idiot at table four. It's nothing.

COOK
Jerry got one the other day who
said that Jim Croce was the voice
of his generation.

They're interrupted by BILL AVERY, their manager, as he leans
into the kitchen to see who's out there. When he sees Val,
he glowers.

BILL AVERY
Did you go out of your way to tell
one of the diners that their music
trivia was wrong?

VAL
That little...

He trails off.

VAL (CONT'D)
Sir, he's exaggerating. We were
talking music history.

BILL AVERY

He says you embarrassed him in front of his girl? What are you, allergic to tips? Man, I should have gotten rid of you weeks ago--

VAL

Bill, come on--

BILL AVERY

I thought hiring you would bring in some fans of the old band, but you know what I'm realizing? There are no fans.

He starts to leave, but Val gets between him and the door.

VAL

I'll make it right!

BILL AVERY

It's too late--

VAL

Please... I need this.

BILL AVERY

You'll apologize?

Val sighs.

VAL

On my hands and knees.

BILL AVERY

Fine, go. You better sell it.

INT. HARD ROCK CAFE -- MOMENTS LATER

Val stands in front of the table he just left. The Wall Street Trader's got a smug smile plastered on his face, enjoying every moment of this.

VAL

I just want to say that it was out of line of me to correct you before.

TRADER

Think nothing of it. We all make mistakes. Today was just your day to make one.

Val nods, trying to keep it all together.

VAL
Yeah, I guess it was...

TRADER
Still, I kind of need to hear you
say the words...

His date puts a hand on his arm.

ARM CANDY
Eddie, come on--

TRADER
Babe, I got this.

He turns back to Val.

TRADER (CONT'D)
Just say, "I was wrong."

Val takes a breath.

VAL
I was wrong about the Beatles. I
should have known better.

TRADER
See that wasn't so hard. And now
you'll know to work on your trivia
because working at a place like
this, you should at least know a
thing or two about music.

VAL
Alright, that's it--

Val grabs the Shea Stadium photo from off the wall and cracks it over Wall Street's head. The man goes right down, forcing Val to lift his face from the table just to slide the photograph under it. By now, the entire restaurant is staring at him.

VAL (CONT'D)
You see that date?! August 15th,
1965!

He grinds the photo into Wall Street's face.

VAL (CONT'D)
Let me hear you say it!

Wall Street grunts a muffled:

TRADER

Sixty-five!

Val lets him drop back down onto the table. The guy's date stares at him, shocked. And maybe, just maybe... a little turned on.

ARM CANDY

Thank you.

VAL

Just doing my job, ma'am.

Sensing that his manager is standing behind him, Val takes his apron off and whips it at his boss.

VAL (CONT'D)

I know, I know. I'm fired.

The entire WAIT STAFF breaks out IN APPLAUSE as he storms out.

On his way, he passes the table of a resplendent man in a top hat reading the morning paper. As the paper lowers, the Captain comes into view.

Though thirty years have passed since we last saw him, he appears not to have aged a day. He watches as Val exits.

INT. VAL'S APARTMENT -- SOON AFTER

Val returns home to a messy tenement. There are bills piling up by the door, an AA-chip on the counter, framed pictures of his ex-wife and kid hanging on the walls.

He hits the blinking red button on his answering machine. As the messages start, he refills his weekly pillbox, but it's nothing exciting - just ginseng, ginko, etc.

ANSWERING MACHINE (O.S.)

Message One *beep...* *Hello Mr.
Morelli, this call is an attempt to
collect a debt--*

Val reaches over to delete the message then digs into the fridge.

ANSWERING MACHINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Message Two *beep...* *Hey Val, it's
Elaine--*

Hearing his ex-wife's voice, Val stands up quickly. A little too quickly, in fact. He hits his head on the freezer door. He rubs the bump as Elaine continues.

ANSWERING MACHINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*Long time, no speak. Listen, call
 me back. I need to talk to you...*
 (beat)
It's about Dom.

Val's face clouds over. He finds an old picture of his son at t-ball and stares at it, worried.

INT. LAINEY'S APARTMENT -- SOON AFTER

With an overnight bag at his side, Val knocks on the door of a high-rise apartment. He seems out of place here. After a moment, LAINEY, 35, answers. She's still dressed from work, wearing a power suit that's much more serious than she is.

LAINEY
 Thanks for calling on me, Valerie.

VAL
 How long you been waiting to use
 that one?

LAINEY
 Just came to me. Can I get you
 something to eat? I assume you're
 still eating that rabbit food?

VAL
 Every day.

She leads him into a spacious kitchen with a butcher block table and a rack for brass pots and pans. It's nicer than Val's kitchen by a mile.

Putting his bag down, he sees a picture of himself in his early twenties, surrounded by his long-haired band mates.

VAL (CONT'D)
 When did you get this framed?

LAINEY
 Month or two ago. You feeling
 nostalgic?

VAL
 Oh yeah, I miss lugging gear from
 gig to gig.

He focuses on the oldest member of the band.

VAL (CONT'D)
Rico looks happy here.

LAINY
You would be too if you were
thinking about screwing your cousin
out of future royalties.

VAL
He did what he had to do.

LAINY
And all to be a one hit wonder...

VAL
Enough about Rico. How's Dom? You
wouldn't say over the phone...

LAINY
I don't know what to do with him
lately. He's been suspended from
school.

VAL
No way, he was kicked out of Sister
Christian Academy?!

LAINY
Christian Sister's Academy, yes.

VAL
What happened?

LAINY
They found a joint in his locker.

VAL
That's it?

LAINY
Whattaya mean, that's it?! It's
middle school, not Woodstock!

VAL
I mean, are you sure that's all he
was holding?

LAINY
Who knows? He's been running with
this older kid, Scottie. I know
for a fact he's been arrested with
coke on him.

VAL

Well, what do you want me to do?
Slap him around a bit?

LAINY

This is serious, Val. I found a
great rehab for teens in
California. Lots of wilderness and
self-reliance challenges...

Val sighs, the picture starting to get clearer.

VAL

I'm not just here to babysit, am I?

LAINY

I thought you could drive out there
with him. Maybe talk to him on the
way?

VAL

I don't know, Laine. You don't
think this a bit too much?

LAINY

Not considering who his father is,
no.

Val rubs his temples, the day already a little too much to
bear.

LAINY (CONT'D)

I want us to be together on this.
Will you take him?

VAL

Why can't you?

LAINY

Work is crazy right now. I've got
a big depo this week and they're
making the partner decision any day
now. Besides, if anyone knows
about that life it's you.

VAL

I'd have to call in sick...

LAINY

Then do it. It's your kid. Spend
some time with him.

VAL
He doesn't like me, Lainey. He
might even hate me.

LAINY
He doesn't.

VAL
He thinks I'm a fossil.

LAINY
You are.

She pushes him playfully.

VAL
I can't believe we lived twenty
minutes from each other all those
years and it took Manhattan to get
us together.

He takes a small step towards her.

VAL (CONT'D)
You don't ever think about us?
About the way we used to be?
Where's that Jersey girl with the
big hair and the bad company jean
jacket? I bet she's still in there,
as much as you want to hide her...

He leans in to kiss her, but just before their lips touch,
she whispers:

LAINY
I'm seeing someone.

Val groans and drops his head onto her shoulder.

VAL
For how long?

LAINY
It's still new, but... a couple
weeks.

Val nods and takes a step back, giving her space. Lainey
straightens up, all business. She tries to change the
subject.

LAINY (CONT'D)
When Dom gets home, he'll probably
be a little reluctant.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MINUTES LATER

Dom yells at the top of his lungs--

DOM
I'm not going anywhere with him,
he's a loser!

Sitting across from Dom, Val nods to himself.

VAL
Okay, I won't pretend that didn't
sting.

He tries another tact.

VAL (CONT'D)
Come on, Dommie -- it'll be fun.

DOM
My name is Dom.

VAL
Your name is Domino if you really
want to split hairs. You were
named after a Van Morrison song.
It was playing the night you were
conceived.

Dom plugs his ears and wails until his mother pulls his hands
down.

LAINIEY
We want to say that this is a
preventative measure and--

DOM
Oh my god, how many times do I have
to tell you -- it wasn't mine!

VAL
Holding it for a friend, huh?
Because when I did drugs, my
friends were the last people I'd
trust my hard-earned drugs to.

Val laughs, but Dom ignores him.

DOM
Why is my punishment spending time
with him? He's a failed rock star
who doesn't know his career was
over a decade ago!

LAINY

--You're going and that's final! I
already packed a bag for you, so
let's not make this ugly.

Dom folds his arms across his chest.

DOM

No way.

VAL

Dom, you heard your mother--

DOM

Eat shit and die! I'm not goin'
anywhere!

EXT. LAINY'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

Val forces Dom down into the passenger seat and buckles him
in. Once he's secure, Val heads to the back to load the rest
of the luggage as Lainy leans in the open passenger window
to say her goodbyes.

DOM

This is child abuse.

LAINY

I know, sweetie. Hug goodbye!

Dom sits there and allows himself to be hugged.

LAINY (CONT'D)

Love you. Come back a better
child.

She kisses him on the top of his head, then goes to speak
with Val at the rear of the car.

LAINY (CONT'D)

Take care of him. That's precious
cargo you're carrying. Oh, before
I forget--

She reaches into her back pocket and hands Val an envelope.

VAL

What's this?

LAINY

Just some money for incidentals.

VAL
I don't need to be paid to hang out
with my son.

LAINY
I know, I know, it's just... kids
are expensive. Something might
come up. Gas, tolls... whatever.

Val reads the writing on the envelope.

VAL
"Money for Driving Dom." God,
you're so anal!

She whacks him.

LAINY
The word is organized!

VAL
I'll call you when we stop.

They hug goodbye. Instead of the kiss on the cheek she's
offering, Val plants a quick kiss on her lips.

Watching them from the rearview mirror, Dom groans.

DOM
Can you please not molest my mother
right in front of me? Thanks.

Rolling his eyes, Val climbs into the driver's seat. He
waits for traffic to clear before pulling out. Lainy waves
as they drive off.

INT. LAINY'S MINIVAN -- MINUTES LATER

As they get on the Westside Highway, Val tries to pierce the
silence.

VAL
You pick the music, but no
bubblegum.

Dom doesn't respond.

VAL (CONT'D)
Come on, it can even be one of your
emaciated indie bands...

DOM

Just so you know, at the first possible moment, I'm running away.

VAL

Roger that. And just so you know, I have a roll of duct tape in the glove box. If you do run, you'll be bound to the car seat for the rest of the drive.

Val pulls a ziplock bag of something gross and organic from his shirt pocket. He palms a handful and eats it, then offers the bag to Dom.

VAL (CONT'D)

Vegetable trail mix?

Dom just stares at him.

DOM

What? I don't want that shit!

VAL

You're angry, I get it. But you don't have to take it out on my snack food. Besides, I don't see what you're so upset about. You mean to tell me you actually like that snooty private school your mother put you in?

DOM

I don't like being accused of something I didn't do! The lockers are grated, anybody could have come by and just...

He trails off and Val finishes the thought for him.

VAL

(smiling)

Squeezed drugs in there...

Dom hears how dumb it sounds and silently seethes.

VAL (CONT'D)

Look, I know you think this is the end of your world, but this is probably the best thing that could have happened to you. It gets you away from those jerk-offs at school.

DOM
They're my friends.

VAL
They're not your friends. I
haven't met them and even I can
tell you that. A true friend
doesn't leave you holding the bag.

DOM
You don't know what you're talking
about.

VAL
Then enlighten me.

Dom goes back to ignoring him.

VAL (CONT'D)
You know this could be fun if we
let it be? Don't you remember
those cross-country road trips we
used to take when you were little
going to gigs?

Dom mumbles.

DOM
I remember you nodding off while
driving.

VAL
What's that?

DOM
Nothing. I'm not talking to you.

VAL
The silent treatment, huh? Oh,
I'll get you to talk...
(beat)
Here, we can play "Most Overrated
Songs." I'll go first: Sweet Home
Alabama, Great Balls of Fire, Wild
Thing, Bad to the Bone, anything by
Steve Miller Band...

Dom doesn't bite.

VAL (CONT'D)
Or we could play "Dream Band?"
Let's see... On vocals: Sebastian
Bach from Skid Row.
(MORE)

VAL (CONT'D)

Lead guitar: Prince. Bassist:
Flea. Drummer: Phil Collins.

After an interminable silence which seems to go on forever,
Dom literally can't help himself:

DOM

Fuck, that's good.

VAL

I know, right?! Hey, if you could
do anything right now, what would
it be?

DOM

Anything?

VAL

Anything.

DOM

You mean, besides go home? I guess
I'd drive the minivan. Mom's never
let me.

VAL

Alright.

Val pulls over onto the shoulder.

DOM

What?! You can't be serious. I'm
thirteen!

VAL

That's when I learned to drive.
Had to -- my father was too drunk
to drive home.

Pulling to a stop, Val undoes his belt. He hurries around
the vehicle as Dom excitedly slides into the driver's seat.
Getting in the passenger side, Val tells his son:

VAL (CONT'D)

Seatbelt first.

Dom's too jazzed to do anything but immediately obey.

DOM

It's the highway, shouldn't we
start somewhere simpler like a K-
Mart parking lot?

VAL

Do you wanna drive or not? Gotta
fake it til you make it. You know
which pedal is which?

DOM

No.

VAL

Guess you're gonna find out.

DOM

You're a crazy person.

Dom presses the gas. With the car in park, the engine roars.

VAL

You know why you didn't move?
You're in park. Drop it into drive
and press down again, lightly.

He does and suddenly they're moving.

VAL (CONT'D)

Okay, now inch out onto the
highway. You've got the room.

Val watches as his only son starts driving for the first
time. The kids unaware of it, but he's got a big smile on
his face.

VAL (CONT'D)

See. That's all there is to it.
You're a natural.

Dom notices he's grinning madly and checks the enthusiasm in
case his father saw it. Val yawns.

VAL (CONT'D)

I think I'm gonna take a nap--

DOM

What?!

VAL

You don't know how great it is to
be able to switch drivers during a
road trip.

DOM

But I just started driving!

VAL
I trust you. Just keep it under
eighty.

Val leans against the window, getting comfortable. He closes his eyes, then peeks out of one of them to see Dom taking the task seriously. He has to smile at that.

INT. LAINEY'S MINIVAN -- SOME TIME LATER

Having left the city far behind, Val's sleeping for real now and Dom has relaxed into driving on the open road.

Realizing he's alone for the time being, Dom tries to look cool in the rear view mirror. He leans back in his seat with only one hand on the wheel like he's driving a low rider.

As he does, he sees a TRACTOR TRAILER approaching in the lane next to him. It's a lot of truck and Dom instinctively straightens up.

Soon the truck and Lainey's minivan are side-by-side. The massive trailer dwarves them. From the looks of it, the driver is switching lanes, coming into Dom's. Under his breath, Dom begins to whisper:

DOM
No, no, what are you doing--

Dom only has a chewed up shoulder to his left, so he takes it, sending the car spinning out, kicking up rocks and gravel.

Val comes to, halfway through the spin, both he and his son SCREAMING at the top of their lungs until the car finally comes to a stop. Val yells--

VAL
What was that?!

DOM
He was coming into my lane!

VAL
So you beep your horn!

DOM
I... forgot about the horn.

VAL
You forgot you had a horn?! Move over! You're never driving again!

DOM
You shouldn't have gone to sleep!

VAL
Oh yeah, it's my fault!

DOM
Partially!

Switching seats again, Val cautiously guides the minivan back onto the highway.

VAL
No more driving. We need to find a place for the night.

INT. MOTEL -- SOON AFTER

Val turns the beat-up minivan into the parking lot of a nautically-themed motel called "The Octopus's Garden." It barely makes it before sputtering to a stop.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- MINUTES LATER

Seeing as Dom is no help, Val struggles to open the door and carry their bags at the same time. When he gets the door open, they're treated to what looks to be a sea captain's nightmare: a harsh green light illuminates the garish fish monger wallpaper and the harpoon-covered bedspreads are moth-ridden and stained.

VAL
Looks like my first apartment.

Dom doesn't laugh, just sinks into a side chair. Val puts their bags down onto a driftwood counter.

VAL (CONT'D)
It's not so bad. And we'll only be here a few hours...

Dom says nothing. Just stares out the window.

VAL (CONT'D)
Listen, I'm sorry I yelled. I was worried.

But Dom refuses to answer.

VAL (CONT'D)

Fine. I'm gonna grab a shower. I
smell pretty ripe. We can get
dinner after.

He's about to go into the bathroom when he sees the car keys
next to the bags. He takes them in with him, just in case.

When Dom hears the bathroom door close and the water turn on,
he goes to the T.V. and turns it on. The stations are weird.
They're in the boonies.

Looking around the room, he sees Val's overnight bag.
Peeking out of the top is Lainey's envelope of CASH.
Crossing to it, he reads the writing on the front. Quietly
devastated, Dom scoops the envelope up and splits.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

The shower shuts off and Val walks out of the bathroom in a
towel.

VAL

That was one of the most disgusting
showers I've ever taken! I feel
like I need another shower just to
recover from the first one--

When he sees he's alone, he trails off. Thinking the worst,
he looks back into the bathroom, but the car keys are where
he left them -- on the toilet bowl.

Then his face drops. He rushes over and digs into his bag--
No envelope.

VAL (CONT'D)

Shit!!!

EXT. HIGHWAY 80 -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Having rushed to get dressed, Val drives the crippled minivan
down side roads near the interstate. He leans out the
window, shouting Dom's name.

But the only people he sees are the seedy kind that hang out
by highway rest stops. Each shady character shrinks his
hopes of ever finding Dom...

Near desperate, Val guns the car up the highway on-ramp.
There, thumb out and trying to catch a ride, is his son.

Val arrives just as a dirty Oldsmobile pulls up to give Dom a ride. He hurries over and stops his son from getting into the car.

VAL
It's fine sir, he won't be needing
a ride.

The driver looks the sweaty, disheveled Val over.

DRIVER
You sure, kid? You know this man?

DOM
He's a rapist. Been raping me for
days.

VAL
Don't say that! He's kidding!

DRIVER
I'm gonna call the cops!

Val nods.

VAL
Yes, I think you better do that.

DOM
What?! No!

DRIVER
You don't want me to call the cops?
What the hell is going on here?!

VAL
This is my son. He's not well.

DRIVER
You know what?! Screw you both!

The driver screeches off as Dom angrily stomps back towards his mother's car. Val has to jog to catch up with him and get out of the rain which has just begun to pour. Alike in so many ways, they slam their doors at the same time.

INT. LAINEY'S MINIVAN -- CONTINUOUS

Val digs into Dom's jacket pockets until he comes out with the envelope of cash.

VAL

What was the end game, huh?! Where were you going? What were you trying to buy?!

DOM

I don't believe you! You think I was trying to score drugs? I was trying to get the hell away from you!

VAL

You must think I'm an idiot. I know the behavior!

INT. ALICE'S RESTAURANT -- SOON AFTER

Val and Dom are seated in a fifties-style diner. Candy stripers on roller skates circulate running food, paper hats in their hair.

VAL

Look, if it is just a joint, whatever... but if it's something more... you can talk to me.

As the father and son sit in another one of their heavy silences, Captain Fantastic walks into the diner. He's in period dress but wears a rainbow-colored ascot under his trench coat.

In the corner glows a vintage ROCK-OLA JUKEBOX. Walking over to it, the Captain removes a dime from his pocket and buffs it to a shine on his lapel. Dropping the coin into the machine, he scrolls through the song selections and quickly finds what he was looking for. He selects "Time is on My Side."

Tipping his hat to Val and Dom, he exits as seamlessly as he arrived. When the sixties standard begins to play, Val leans across the table in a final attempt to get his son to talk to him.

VAL (CONT'D)

Come on! Talk to me, Dommie! You can't still be mad at me for yelling. That's what parents do when the kid they care about does something--

DOM

Oh, you care about me? Tell me, what'd that letter say on it, huh?

VAL

That's what you're upset about?

DOM

What, she has to pay you to spend time with me?

VAL

It's nothing like that--

DOM

Then what?

VAL

If I told you what it's for, you'd think less of me. Your mom, she just... she...

DOM

Spit it out!

VAL

She knows I'm poor! You happy now?!

DOM

Fine. You want to talk music?! Let's talk music! You just yap on and on and it's all verbal diarrhea. Fleetwood Mac is the greatest band of all time?! Not even top ten!

VAL

Well, I maintain you need to know their backstory to fully appreciate their music, but--

DOM

And earlier you said you hate "Stairway to Heaven!" How can you hate Stairway? It's one of the greatest songs of all time!

VAL

Yeah, the first five hundred times you hear it, but it takes forever to get going and I used to work in a guitar store and every idiot with a six string would wail out on it thinkin' he was goddamn Jimmy Page. I just got sick of it. Plus, Zeppelin stole the melody from Spirit.

DOM

What are you talking about?!

VAL

Zeppelin opened for Spirit in Summer of '68. Page, intentionally or not, lifted the riff straight out of "Taurus."

DOM

You're out of your mind! You know, I listen to those "emaciated indie bands" as you call them because I've exhausted classic rock. I'm on to modern music. I'm not living in the past like you!

VAL

I live in the past because I was happy then. I remember being ten years old sitting in my room listening to records. Now, I didn't give a shit about music then. My tastes skewed more towards the Monkees. But then I put on Dylan's "Blonde on Blonde." I don't know how the album got there, but suddenly this song came on. It was called "One of Us Must Know." It's this five minute tell-off to some jealous girlfriend, because Dylan couldn't be satisfied with just breaking up with a girl... no, he had to ruin her emotionally. But before it becomes brutal, this chorus comes in. This angelic, dancing piano work sent down from the heavens. It's everything I love about rock 'n roll in one song. It's angry, it's loud, and it's glorious.

DOM

I've never heard it...

VAL

Maybe they have it on the jukebox.

Val heads over to it and begins to browse.

VAL (CONT'D)

Figures. No luck...

He scrolls some more and lands on Don MacLean's "American Pie."

VAL (CONT'D)

Man, this thing's old. Only takes
dimes...

He digs around in the pocket of his jeans for spare change
and drops a dime in. But the song doesn't play.

VAL (CONT'D)

Piece of junk...

Dom smiles. He enjoys anything that goes wrong for his
father.

DOM

Maybe you need to hit it. Like
Fonzie.

Val shrugs -- worth a shot. He gives the juke a swift bang
and the second he makes contact, the world seems to fall
away...

EXT. MASON CITY MUNICIPAL AIRPORT -- NIGHT, 1959

Val and Dom haven't moved, but the diner has. Dom looks
around shocked and stumbles off the rock he's sitting on that
used to be a chair.

Helping his son to his feet, Val looks around. It's windy
and snowing and they seem to be in a cow pasture overlooking
some regional airport. For some reason, the jukebox is still
with them.

VAL

What the hell is happening?!

The roar of a low flying aircraft spins them around. Wanting
answers, Val starts to tumble his way down the hill towards
the chain-link fence that cordons the airport off from the
cornfields that surround it. Dom yells after him.

DOM

I don't think we should go far from
the jukebox -- it's the only thing
that's normal!

Through the fence, Val sees a sign with the relevant airport
info and the name of the town they're in.

VAL
 (to himself)
 Clear Lake, Iowa... why does that
 sound familiar?

Behind him, Dom reluctantly slides down the hill on a bed of loose shale and lands wobbly at his father's side. He looks around at the airport workers as they go about their jobs. Everyone's wearing odd clothes, the pilots and crewmen in period jumpsuits, the engineers and foremen in wire frames and skinny, black clip-on ties.

DOM
 This is incredible -- it's like a
 Spielberg movie!

Near an idling jet, a SCHOOL BUS pulls up and some MUSICIANS get out. Some are recognizable, but they're too far away for Val to spot. There's BUDDY HOLLY, 22, in his ornamental, square specs and RICHIE VALENS, 17, with his pachuco hair curl that dips down over his forehead.

BUDDY HOLLY
 I'll see you fellas in Fargo.
 Counting Richie and myself there's
 only one other spot on the plane,
 so I'll let you decide amongst
 yourselves--

J.P. RICHARDSON, 28, a red-faced, slovenly man -- otherwise known as "The Big Bopper" -- is in bad shape.

RICHARDSON
 Come on Waylon, I'm as sick as a
 coonhound! Lemme have your spot!

WAYLON JENNINGS, 21, the future country music star, is enjoying his brief fling with power.

WAYLON
 You gonna remember this favor
 tomorrow?

RICHARDSON
 You're a saint, Jennings!

Holly sticks his head back out of the plane.

BUDDY HOLLY
 You ain't flyin' with us? Well, I
 hope your ol' bus freezes up!

WAYLON

Yeah? And I hope your ol' plane
crashes!

As they're talking, a MECHANIC approaches the belly of the plane. He's got coke-bottle glasses and looks around to make sure he's not being watched. When he's sure he isn't, Marcus opens a control panel near the rear wheel shaft and begins to rip out wires by the handful.

VAL

(to Dom)

You see that?! What's that funny-
lookin' dude doin'?

Val starts beating his open palms against the fence.

VAL (CONT'D)

Hey, I see you! Security!
Security, this guy's messin' with
the plane!

The only one who seems to hear them is Marcus himself. Having been seen, he hurries away. He has an odd, waddling gait, his legs rubbing together as he goes.

At the entrance to the plane, the musicians say their good-byes and hustle up the gangway. As the stairs retract, Val's eyes lock on the tail end of the plane. The name and call sign are there. This one's a "Beechcraft Bonanza." When he reads this, Val looks like he's been hit by a freight train.

VAL (CONT'D)

Oh my god, I know where we are!

DOM

Where?!

VAL

How could I be so stupid? I play
"American Pie" and have no idea
where we are! I'm such an idiot!

He starts climbing the fence.

DOM

Val, what are you doing? You're
gonna get arrested!

VAL

Come on, the plane's gonna crash!
He's getting away!

Dom starts climbing after him, a shocked look on his face--

DOM
Are you telling me that Buddy
Holly's in that plane?!

Val drops to the other side and helps Dom down. They haven't taken more than a few steps before a SECURITY FLOODLIGHT instantly blinds them. Throwing their hands up to block the glare, Val yells to Dom.

VAL
Go after the mechanic! I'll try
and stop the plane.

DOM
How the hell are you gonna do
that?!

But Dom doesn't get his answer. Darting out of the line of the floodlight, Val races towards the runway. The Bonanza has already taxied out to it. He runs toward the plane, waving his arms wildly.

But it keeps picking up speed. It's coming right towards him and not stopping for anything. At the last second to avoid being hit, Val jumps into the ditch that lines the runaway. He tumbles end over end until he comes to an abrupt stop. Landing on his back, he watches as the plane successfully takes off.

Across the tarmac, Dom catches sight of the waddling Marcus. When the imposter mechanic realizes he's being followed, he picks up the pace. Dom chases after him all the way to the final hangar. He watches as Marcus goes around back.

Dom rounds the corner out of breath, just in time to see Marcus shimmy up the security fence. He hurries after, but by the time he makes it to the fence, Marcus has almost scaled it.

All Dom can do is jump up and try and pull him down. He grabs a dangling leg. Using it for support, he makes a desperate lunge for the back of Marcus's jumpsuit.

He comes up short though, only managing to snatch a JOURNAL that's been sticking out of Marcus's back pocket, before the man kicks him to the ground.

Atop the fence, Marcus sees his precious journal land next to Dom. He almost goes back for it, but the SECURITY WHISTLES are already blowing, so he jumps down into the darkness and disappears.

On the ground, Dom is winded. He rolls over onto his side as Val comes running up to him.

VAL

What happened?! Did you get him?

Dom sits up painfully with the help of his father.

DOM

Yeah, and afterwards I sprayed him
with invisible spray.

The security whistles are getting closer.

VAL

Alright, we should get out of here.
I think we're not wanted.

He offers Dom a hand and pulls him to his feet. Val notices
the journal his son is holding.

VAL (CONT'D)

What's that?

DOM

I don't know -- he dropped it.

Dom puts it in his jacket pocket and together, they climb the
fence and hop over to the other side. Sticking to the
shadows, they make their way back to the jukebox.

They're almost there when the sky explodes in light and the
sound of an explosion fills the night air. Val and Dom look
up as fiery debris from the Bonanza rains down into a
cornfield some ways away.

DOM (CONT'D)

I take it you didn't stop the
plane?

Val shakes his head. When they arrive at the jukebox, he
tries to figure out what to do as Dom begins leafing through
the journal.

VAL

How the hell are we supposed to get
back?

DOM

You hit "American Pie" last time.
Hit a song from 1994.

Val scrolls through the songs, frustrated.

VAL
 There's nothing in here past hair
 metal -- see, I told you music
 ended then!

Dom's too busy looking at the journal to hear what his father
 said.

DOM
 Someone really damaged wrote this
 thing. There's nothing but song
 lyrics and death threats.

VAL
 Would you get your head out of that
 book, we have no idea how to get
 out of here.

As Dom's flipping through the pages, a TICKET STUB drops out
 of it. He stoops to pick it up and reads:

DOM
 Elvis Presley: Live in Concert.

VAL
 What's the date?

DOM
 August 17, 1977.

VAL
 No, that can't be right. He was
 already dead by then.

DOM
 Just see if there's any Elvis!

Rolling his eyes, Val quickly spins through the choices.

VAL
 Figures... King of Rock and Roll
 and the only song they have of his
 is a cover of "Unchained Melody."

He plugs in the numbers, but nothing actually happens.

VAL (CONT'D)
 I don't get it. It's not
 working...

DOM
 Did you hit it like Fonzie?

Val lifts his hand. They brace themselves for what's about to happen. The moment his fist hits the glass, they're gone.

EXT. IOWA CORNFIELD -- EARLY MORNING

In the cornfield where the plane crashed, a DEPUTY in a sheepskin-collared jacket closes the zipper on a body bag.

Behind him, an Iowa State Cruiser pulls up and Officer JOSHUA LOGAN, 29, gets out. He's been on the job only a few years, but with his hefty mustache he plays grizzled very well. The Deputy hears him approach and rises to greet the man.

DEPUTY
Josh, how goes it?

LOGAN
Take it any way I can.

DEPUTY
I hear we're losing you to the
F.B.I. Congratulations.

LOGAN
That's right. Mary and the kids
are excited about the move.

He turns his attention to the case at hand because small talk pisses him off.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
What do we got here, Dale?

DEPUTY
Plane crash. Pulled four bodies
that we know of from the wreck.

LOGAN
Cause?

DEPUTY
Won't know for certain 'til the
eggheads get in there, but my
money's on pilot error. Helluva
storm last night. Had no business
flying in it.

LOGAN
You ask around at the airport?

DEPUTY
They seem to concur, but...

LOGAN

But what?

DEPUTY

Well, there was a break in just before. Two white males. One thirties-forties, the other young. Maybe twenty, tops. Older one had a tattoo of a...

The deputy laughs trying to read his handwriting.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)

--I wrote "rooster" down, but that can't be right.

Logan nods. Narrowing his eyes, he crouches down to survey the wreck. He could easily walk onto any detective show and go unnoticed.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)

What're you thinkin, hoss?

Logan spits on the ground.

LOGAN

Beatniks, Dale. Bohemians.

Among the rubble, he spots an untouched piece of the fuselage. There's a small panel there, flopped open. Inside, someone has pulled out a *series of wires*...

He takes a good, long look at this.

EXT. GRACELAND -- AUGUST 16TH, 1977 (DAY)

Val and Dom find themselves wedged into a dense thicket of bushes with the jukebox. Pushing their way out, they stare wide-eyed at a miraculous scene...

They're across the street from the gates of Graceland, it's iconic musical notes glistening in the morning sun. The entrance is mobbed by screaming teenage fans. They only part when a security guard on a golf cart bleeps his horn to get through.

DOM

I assume that's where we're going.
But how're we gonna get in?
Security seems pretty tight.

VAL

I think I might have an idea...

EXT. GRACELAND, BACKYARD -- MINUTES LATER

Val helps his son scale the back wall of the property.

DOM
Your big idea was to "sneak in?"

VAL
It's working, isn't it?

Dom drops unceremoniously to the other side. The back property of Graceland is sprawling, featuring a meditation garden and a gaudy fountain that wouldn't be out of place in downtown Las Vegas. Dom surveys the grounds as his father lands next to him.

VAL (CONT'D)
I swear to god, if I see Colonel Tom Parker, I'm punching him right in the face. Did you know he got Vernon Presley to sign over control of Elvis's estate at his own son's funeral?

DOM
You have the weirdest feuds.

VAL
He wore a Hawaiian shirt to the funeral!

Crouching down, they follow the manicured hedges towards the back patio where a pink Cadillac is being worked in. Val and Dom crouch behind it, waiting for a security guard patrolling the area to round the corner.

Once he's gone, they cross to a sliding glass door. Thankfully, it's unlocked. But the moment they slide it open half a dozen hound dogs stream out onto the backyard. Val and Dom exchange a worried look, but continue inside.

INT. JUNGLE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Elvis's den is a garish mix of green shag carpet, projection T.V. and rock waterfall leaking water onto the floor. There are even several bullet holes in the wall from their owner's temper tantrums.

The room is empty of people, but further on in the house there's the buzz of the house staff. It's the last day before a new tour. They circulate, making last minute arrangements.

Crossing to the hall, Val and Dom listen as an ASSISTANT enquires over the phone.

ASSISTANT

...and the doctor is in Portland and willing to write the prescriptions? Good. Yes, I know you're used to dealing with Sonny or Red, but they're no longer with the organization...

Leaning into the living room, they see the assistant's back is turned, so when the coast is clear, they hurry up the stairs to the second floor.

INT. ELVIS'S BATHROOM -- SAME TIME

Elvis enters from his bedroom. He's bloated with dark sunglasses on, scratching his temple with a .357 magnum. From the other room, his girlfriend, GINGER ALDEN, 21, warns him.

GINGER (O.S.)

Don't fall asleep on the toilet.

ELVIS

I won't, baby.

He hangs his robe up, puts the gun into the pocket, then crosses to the medicine cabinet.

GINGER (O.S.)

And don't take anymore pills!

ELVIS

I can't sleep.

He swallows a handful. Sitting down on the toilet, he picks up a book. "Elvis: What Happened?" by Steve Dunleavy. "Three of his closest companions tell all!"

GINGER (O.S.)

And don't read any more of that book!

ELVIS

It weren't even me, it was daddy that fired 'em!

INT. GRACELAND, 2ND FLOOR -- SAME TIME

Val and Dom open the first door they come to. Inside, they find a young girl sitting on her bed listening to Jackson 5 records. LISA MARIE, 9, stares at them, curiously.

VAL
(caught)
We... work for your daddy. Which
one is his bedroom?

She points.

LISA MARIE
It's that one right there.

DOM
Thank you. Like the music.

They shut the door and head across the hall to where she pointed.

INT. ELVIS'S BATHROOM -- SAME TIME

Elvis strains on the toilet, constipated from all the medication. Behind him, the door to the linen closet opens, soundlessly, and Marcus enters. He's dressed up as one of the gardeners. He creeps towards Elvis, arms outstretched--

INT. ELVIS'S BEDROOM -- SAME TIME

Val and Dom open the door, tentatively, unsure of who's inside. They find Ginger Alden lying in bed. She has cucumber slices on her puffy eyes as she listens to music. Val points Dom towards the bathroom and they creep past her.

INT. ELVIS'S BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

They open the door to a horrific view: Marcus has clamped a plastic bag over Elvis's face. The King is red-faced, desperately trying to suck in air. Val screams--

VAL
Hey!!!

Surprised at the intrusion, Marcus releases his victim and Elvis falls forward onto his face.

MARCUS

You're too late. The heathen can't be converted, they must be sent to hell--

DOM

You're fucking crazy...

MARCUS

I am god's weapon of reckoning.

He sees the journal poking out of Dom's pants pocket.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

That's my diary! Why do you have my diary?!

He realizes--

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You're the people from the airport!

He lunges for the journal. Dom tries to pull it back, but Marcus is stronger. He wrenches the book out of Dom's hands.

All Dom is able to do is rip out a handful of pages. Marcus tries to grab them back, but before he can Val barrels into him. Marcus tumbles into the heart-shaped tub, landing hard.

Catching sight of the .357 in Elvis's robe, Val dives for it. But when he fumbles the weapon, Marcus is upon him. They wrestle violently for control of the gun until it suddenly goes off--

The sound is deafening, sure to alert security. Ginger Alden appears at the bathroom door. When she sees Elvis's corpse, she throws herself on Val's back, scratching and clawing.

As Dom tries to pull her off, Marcus escapes out the window. By the time Ginger's finally thrown off, Dom has to drag his father out the door.

INT. GRACELAND, 2ND FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

The first security guards appear as they emerge from Elvis's bedroom. Val barrels through them, knocking one of the bodyguards over the staircase railing. Hurrying down the stairs, they race back the way they came.

EXT. GRACELAND, BACKYARD -- MOMENTS LATER

By the time Dom and Val reach the outdoors, multiple people are shooting at them. Bullets echo across the meditation garden and riddle the pink cadillac as they run past. Hound dogs nip at their heels as gunfire chips the fountain statue.

DOM

Why do they have so many guns?!

VAL

It's Tennessee!

Val heads for the stone wall they climbed over, but there are now guards there, blocking their way. Behind him, Dom's found a GOLF CART--

DOM

This way!

He climbs into the driver's seat, no time to argue over who's driving. They take off across the grounds, going around the house towards the front yard.

VAL

We're gonna need to pick a destination on the fly -- anything on those pages?

Dom digs the ripped journal pages out of his pocket where he stuffed them.

DOM

Just a bunch of drawings of musicians with x's over the eyes. The only bit with writing is ripped in half.

VAL

What do you mean?

DOM

Without the other half it's gibberish. All it says is "Sto Ho Cal dec 5th 68.

VAL

Let me see--

Val takes the pages from his son.

VAL (CONT'D)
It's a hotel reservation. And I'll
bet dollars to donuts that "STO" is
the beginning of the Stones.

EXT. GRACELAND -- CONTINUOUS

As they arrive at the front lawn, they find the gates of
Graceland closed. Val yells for his son to—

VAL
Ram it!

Dom looks to Val as if he's crazy, but his father just nods.

VAL (CONT'D)
You're goddamn right!

Dom guns the golf cart into the metal gate, bending the frame
and leaving just enough room for every teenage Elvis fan to
scamper through.

As the crowd stampedes up to the house, Val and Dom hurry
across the street into the bushes.

DOM
Quick what Stone's album came out
in '68?!

VAL
That's the one with the toilet on
the cover, uh... Beggar's Banquet!
But what song?

Security is heading in their direction, just moments away...

DOM
Considering we're up against a
religious nutcase, I gotta go
"Sympathy for the Devil!"

Val plugs the numbers in. The moment "Sympathy" starts
playing, Dom fonzies the machine and once again, the world
seems to fall away.

INT. LOBBY -- DAY

The buzzing lobby of "Establishment Records." The phones
ringing off the hook as people trying to con their way in.
The front door opens and Marcus sticks his head inside. When
he sees how busy it is, he loses his nerve and turns to go.
But by then, the Man has seen him.

THE MAN

There he is! Man of the hour!

He throws a massive arm around Marcus's shoulders, taking him under his wing and ushering him into a busy workspace where the secretaries are tens and the execs do coke in their cubicles. Everyone they pass stares at Marcus, unnervingly.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Let me give you a tour. We're all very excited you agreed to drop by...

Every time the man speaks, Marcus gags on his cigar smoke breath.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Here we exist for one purpose only: to pump out as much product as we can successfully market. Instead of passion... productivity! Instead of originality... the tried and true! Selling out is not the end of an artist's career - it is the beginning! When you sound like everyone else that is when the money truly begins to pour in! But not everyone understands that...

INT. BOARDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The Man leads Marcus into a room with a long table. It's peopled by identical businessmen in suits with shoulder pads. Each has a fun ponytail and blinding white teeth. And when they speak, they speak in unison.

THE MAN

These are my A&R men--

A&R MEN

We work with talent.

THE MAN

You cannot let the artist do whatever they want. That would be anarchy. What they need, what they crave is our--

A&R MEN

--benevolent dictatorship.

THE MAN

The sad truth is... they need us.
Without us they'd be singing their
songs into an empty void. We save
them from a life of open mics, of
busking on streets, of coffee shop
performances. And if they won't
play by the rules, well then...

A&R MEN

...they must be punished.

THE MAN

That is where you come in. This is
twice now that you've nearly let
outside forces derail your mission.

MARCUS

It's not my fault, it's that man
and the boy's! It's like they know
where I'm going...

THE MAN

Do not worry about them. They will
destroy themselves.

(beat)

It is inevitable.

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- DEC. 5TH, 1968 (AFTERNOON)

Val and Dom appear suddenly in a deserted alleyway. Like
last time, the jukebox isn't far away. Just now, it's
leaning against a dumpster, as if someone's just thrown it
out.

DOM

The hell are we now?!

Val walks to the mouth of the alley and sees a street sign.
It reads Haight-Ashbury.

VAL

No, freakin' way! It's San
Francisco, Dommie.

He watches as a pregnant couple passes. The wife has "love
child" written on her expansive belly. She smiles at Val as
her old man flashes him a quick peace sign. They're followed
by a string of girls in tight bell bottoms and loose tops.

VAL (CONT'D)

We should go explore...

But Dom's busy moving around garbage to strategically hide the jukebox.

VAL (CONT'D)
What're you doing?

DOM
It's like a \$5,000 jukebox, I don't want some crackhead pawning it! It's our only tether to the real world!

VAL
Good point.

Val fishes a moldy, old tarp from the dumpster and grimaces as he whips the dirt and fleas out of it. Together, they cover the machine, then return to the mouth of the alley.

VAL (CONT'D)
Where to first?

DOM
Hotel's the only thing we got to go on.

EXT. HOTEL CALIFORNIA -- SOON AFTER

Arriving at a four-star hotel, Dom and Val spot a gaggle of fans, mostly girls, that have crowded around the front entrance.

VAL
What do you suppose that's about?

They join the crowd just as a STRETCH LIMO pulls up. The hotel's doorman opens the rear door and one-by-one, out step the Rolling Stones.

Val stands up, rod straight. He hisses at his son, just like one of the groupies that surround them--

VAL (CONT'D)
Oh my god, it's Mick and Keith!

Dom's eyes go wide as the Stones head quickly inside. Jagger's the last one in. Taking one last cursory look at the crowd, he stops in his tracks--

JAGGER
Val?! Dom?!

Hearing their names, the rest of the Stones turn back. Val can't quite believe his eyes as Mick steps forward and gives him a massive bear hug.

VAL
What is happening?!

JAGGER
I haven't seen you in years! What was it? Sixty-five? Sixty-six?

Arriving at Mick's side, the rest of the band claps Dom and Val on the back. Neither of them knows what to say.

JAGGER (CONT'D)
How's Lainey doin'?

VAL
Lainey, my wife - that Lainey?

JAGGER
So, you two got married?! That's great!

Dom leans over to his father.

DOM
What is he talking about?!

But before he can answer, Mick pulls them through the crowd towards the Hotel's lobby.

JAGGER
(to the doorman)
Hey Ron, these guys are with me.

Deciding to just go with it, Dom and Val allow themselves to be guided inside...

INT. HOTEL CALIFORNIA, LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

While the Stones are busying collecting their room keys, Dom pulls his father aside.

DOM
How do the Rolling Stones know you and more importantly, how do they know Mom?

VAL
Don't you see? It hasn't happened yet! Just be cool and let's see where this takes us!

INT. HOTEL CALIFORNIA, LOUNGE -- MINUTES LATER

Seated in a large wrap around booth with the Stones, Val and Dom are fully aware they haven't said a word and are just blankly staring at the band.

JAGGER
You boys a little high?

Dom nods, nervous as hell.

VAL
No, no, I don't do that stuff anymore.

JAGGER
Sobered up, eh? Probably for the best - you were a wild man, my friend. We still talk about that night...

A look of concern clouds Val's face.

VAL
I was drinking?

KEITH
Oh, you were hammered! I've never seen anything quite like it.

JAGGER
Keith Moon himself couldn't have trashed a hotel room better.

The smile on Mick's face suddenly fades as he catches sight of someone over Val's shoulder.

JAGGER (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, here he is again...

BRIAN JONES, 26, walks over with his strawberry blonde bob. Sweating and eyes darting, he nods to the band...

BRIAN JONES
Boys...

And then focuses on ANITA PALLENBERG, Keith's girlfriend, nestled next to him in the booth.

BRIAN JONES (CONT'D)
Anita...

She responds, coldly.

BRIAN JONES (CONT'D)

Brian.

JAGGER

Whatchu doin here, mate?

BRIAN JONES

I can't say 'hi' to my bandmates?

JAGGER

Your bandmates? You travel separately, you stay in different hotels, you stopped showin' up to rehearsals... face it, Brian - you haven't been a Rollin' Stone in years!

BRIAN JONES

This was my band - I started it!

JAGGER

Yeah, and you nevah let us forget it.

ANDREW OLDHAM, the band's twenty-four-year-old manager, tries to reign in the animosity--

OLDHAM

Boys, why don't we calm down and have a propa chat--

BRIAN JONES

Screw you, Oldham! You're the reason we're in this mess. You turned Mick and Keith against me!

OLDHAM

We've been over this. The Beatles have Lennon & McCartney - there's a financial upside to having band members write their own songs. I tried to set you up with Gene Pitney, but you wouldn't hear of it.

JAGGER

That's because he can't write. Can you, Brian?

Brian's so furious, he rattles off his resume--

BRIAN JONES

--I played sitar on "Paint it Black," the organ on "Let's Spend the Night Together," and learned the goddamn marimba for--

JAGGER

Yeah, but that's not what I'm talkin' bout, is it? You spend hours tradin' blues licks with Keith, but when it comes to puttin' pen to paper you freeze up! I don't know why we're even talkin' about this - you show up at the studio and you're high outta your gourd--

BRIAN JONES

I don't use drugs.

The band laughs as Brian shakes his head, obstinately.

JAGGER

When you do show up, you insist on playin' some ridiculous instrument I ain't never heard of before, so that by the time we're ready to cut an LP we're left with what sounds like bleedin' world music!

Brian turns desperately to Keith--

BRIAN JONES

Keith, you gonna let them do this to me?

KEITH

You're like two different people, mate. One minute we're brothers, the next we're sworn enemies.

BRIAN JONES

This is about Anita, innit? You stole her from me when I was in the hospital!

ANITA

Stole nuffin! I wanted to go!

BRIAN JONES

Trollop...

ANITA

I don't have to listen to this. I'm goin' for a fag.

Grabbing her purse, she slips out of the booth.

JAGGER

What it really comes down to is we wanted to tour and you wouldn't even show up for rehearsals.

BRIAN JONES

The hell does that mean?! Last month when we cut "You got the silver," I was doin' great!

KEITH

Jonesie, we unplugged your amp and you didn't even notice.

Brian blanches. He looks around the table, embarrassed.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Go home, Brian.

JAGGER

Nobody wants you here.

Looking one last time at his old band, Brian stumbles out of the room. As Jones leaves, Dom catches sight of Marcus. He's been disguised as a JANITOR, pretending to mop the floor. He follows Brian out the exit.

DOM

I think I just saw our bespectacled friend.

VAL

You serious?

DOM

We need to follow him.

VAL

What?! We're hanging out with the Rolling Stones!

DOM

Don't you see what's going on here?! This is the night Brian Jones dies.

VAL

This is 1968. Brian Jones doesn't die until mid-69. In England, no less!

DOM
Don't you get it? This guy is
rewriting history! This can't be a
coincidence! We can't let him get
away -- there may be something we
can do!

Val groans.

VAL
Dammit, fine!

He reluctantly slides out of the booth.

VAL (CONT'D)
Gentlemen, we just have to duck out
for a moment. Please don't go
anywhere.

He hurries out after Marcus. Dom moves to follow, when
something occurs to him. He doubles back.

DOM
If someone asks you to play
Altamont -- you say no!

They stare at him like he's crazy, so he just runs off.

EXT. HOTEL CALIFORNIA -- MOMENTS LATER

Dom catches up with his father outside. Val's scanning the
crowds of people.

DOM
You see where he went?!

Val shakes his head. He catches sight of Anita smoking a few
feet away.

VAL
Anita!

He nearly shouts her name. She startles, but calms when she
sees who it is.

ANITA
Yes?

VAL
Do you by any chance happen to know
where Brian lives?

ANITA

Why do you want to hang out with
that bum?

DOM

We have reason to believe that
someone might be trying to hurt
him.

ANITA

If someone's trying to hurt
Jonesie, he probably has it coming.

She crushes her cigarette and starts to leave, but Val grabs
her by the arm.

VAL

Please. I know you used to care
for him. You must have...

Rolling her eyes, Anita sighs and reluctantly starts to dig
in her purse.

ANITA

When he's in town he usually rents
some house in the Presidio. But I
have no idea if he's still there.

She writes down the address on a ripped piece of paper and
hands it to them.

VAL

Thank you.

ANITA

But fair warning... knowing Brian
will only bring you pain.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE -- EVENING

The sun has already set as Dom scales a garden fence and
lands softly in a backyard. Being as quiet as possible, he
tries to help his father over, but Val's leg catches and he
goes tumbling down into a thicket of roses. He wails louder
than he should--

DOM

Would you shut up?!

Val stands, picking thorns from his jeans.

VAL

How do we even know if this is the place?

Dom shushes him again, having heard something. There's the sound of splashing water nearby and muffled voices. He leads the way around the house. Arriving at a swimming pool, they're shocked to see Marcus holding Brian Jones's head underwater.

VAL (CONT'D)

Hey! Get away from him!

Val's shouting is so loud that a neighbor's porch light goes on. Surprised, Marcus lets go of Brian's body. It floats face down in the middle of the pool. As Marcus climbs out and takes off, Val gives chase.

Dom jumps headlong into the water to fish the body out. Dragging it to the pool's edge, he pulls Brian up onto the grass as a nosy NEIGHBOR peeks his head over the fence.

NEIGHBOR

Hey, could you keep it down-- wait a second... *is he dead?!*

DOM

Call an ambulance!

NEIGHBOR

You're damn right I will and don't you dare move!

As the neighbor runs back inside, Dom starts mouth-to-mouth.

EXT. LOMBARD STREET -- SAME TIME

Across several front yards, Val pursues Marcus. He's almost within tackling distance when a POLICE CRUISER suddenly flashes it's brights on them. With Val momentarily distracted, Marcus disappears into the shadows.

Seeing this, Val turns and hightails it back to retrieve his son. He's near the front of Brian Jones's property when Dom comes sprinting out--

DOM

Jones is dead! Neighbor called the cops!

VAL

I can see that!

Dom joins his father in booking it down the street. The cruiser that was chasing Val is hot on their heels...

They make a last minute turn down a dead end in hopes of losing them only to be cut off by another COP CAR blocking their way. Trapped, they both put up their hands.

INT. HOLIDAY INN -- SAME TIME

Josh Logan, now a bona fide F.B.I. Agent, sits in a hotel room in a loud Hawaiian shirt as his family gets ready to go swimming.

It's been almost ten years since we saw him last. He's a little thicker around the middle and his mustache has only gotten bushier.

One of his daughters, NATALIE, 11, hurries up to him--

NATALIE

Daddy?!

Logan responds without taking his eyes off the CASE FILE he's reading.

LOGAN

What is it, sweetheart?

NATALIE

Will you come for a night swim with us?

LOGAN

It's like... fifty-five degrees.

NATALIE

The hotel has an indoor pool!

His other daughter, SOPHIA, 12, echoes the sentiment--

SOPHIA

Yeah, come with us daddy!

LOGAN

Actually, daddy has a lot of work to catch up on, so--

His wife, MARY, 34, cuts him off with a condescending "mom" voice--

MARY

But Daddy's not going to do any F.B.I.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)
 work because if he does, Momma is
 just gonna lose her precious little
 mind!

LOGAN
 (taking the hint)
 Alright, files down - who wants to
 go swimming?

The kids cheer wildly as Logan guides them out the door.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN -- CONTINUOUS

Heading for the hotel's swimming pool, Logan leads his daughters down a flight of stairs. The girl's never stop talking.

SOPHIA
 I'm gonna do a flip off the diving
 board--

NATALIE
 --And I'm gonna hold my breath
 until infinity!

Logan's barely listening--

LOGAN
 Good stuff, kiddos...

Ahead of them in the parking lot, two of San Francisco's finest have parked in front of a doughnut store. As Logan and the kids pass, the radio trills--

DISPATCH (O.S.)
*...Cars 148, 194, be advised...
 breaking and entering in the
 vicinity of Lombard Street,
 Presidio... at least one victim...
 two white males fleeing the scene,
 twenties and forties... identifying
 marks on the older suspects arm:
 one rooster tattoo--*

There's more, but Logan doesn't hear it. He stops in his tracks and lets go of his daughter's hands. They run ahead of him as he rubs his eyes, exhausted.

LOGAN
 Shit.

INT. PRESIDIO POLICE STATION -- MORNING

Val and Dom sit stuck in an interrogation room, alone for the time being. They've been in custody all night and look like it.

VAL

This isn't good, Dommie. Every second we're away from that machine, someone else could be using it and if they do, we're stuck here.

DOM

Oh, now you care? What happened to 'we gotta hang out with the Stones?!' Doesn't it bother you that there's no song past 1987? How the hell are we supposed to get back after we've finished doing whatever the hell this stupid jukebox has us doing?!

VAL

Dom, I don't know if you've noticed, but we've got bigger, more immediate problems. They caught us fleeing from a dead body!

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM -- SAME TIME

The arresting Officer, MAX JESSLES, 49, shows Agent Logan to where the prisoners are being held.

OFFICER JESSLES

That's them.

LOGAN

Thanks for the cooperation.

OFFICER JESSLES

Do I got a choice? Just leave us with some kind of collar at the end of this.

Jessles walks off down the hall as Logan looks in on Val and Dom. He takes a breath and enters.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Logan makes a big show of pulling a metal chair out and letting it screech across the floor tiles before sitting down.

LOGAN

Been a while, gentlemen.

VAL

Come again?

LOGAN

Two years ago. Los Angeles. In that pornographic, den of inequity. Must have just missed you both...

Val and Dom look at each other -- what the hell is he talking about?!

LOGAN (CONT'D)

(to Val)

Tell me why the prints I got off you match a ten-year-old in New Jersey and yours...

(he switches over to Dom)

...don't match anybody. What's the story? Your parents career criminals? Did they keep you off the grid?!

DOM

This wasn't us! It was some pudgy, round-faced guy with beady little eyes and thick glasses who waddles when he walks!

LOGAN

That's... specific. Look, you can pretend L.A. never happened, that you were never in Clear Lake, Iowa either--

Val's eyes flash surprise and Logan notices, smiling.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

--but that doesn't mean I'm gonna swallow just any lie you send my way.

DOM

It's the truth! We got to Brian Jones's place and this guy, he's drowning Jones in the pool.

(MORE)

DOM (CONT'D)

You have to believe us! Isn't there some kind of test you can run on the body?!

Logan laughs, heartily.

LOGAN

This ain't N.A.S.A, boys. All we have to go on is intuition. And unlucky for ya'll - mine is top notch. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to make a call. Tell my superiors what I found.

Val and Dom watch as he saunters from the room.

DOM

Oh my god, we're dead men! He's like every bad T.V. cop from the last forty years! They're gonna lock us up and throw away the key. We need to get the hell out of here!

VAL

If we could just get back to the jukebox. We're only about four blocks away -- I saw the alley on our way here.

DOM

And just how the hell are we supposed to get out of here?!

They unconsciously start to pace the room.

DOM (CONT'D)

How does pudgy, McCoke eyes do it? He slips in and out of places without being seen.

VAL

It's because he's so forgettable looking.

Dom shakes his head.

DOM

No...

(beat)

...it's because he looks the part.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Val sits at the only table in the room with his head bowed. Dom though is nowhere to be seen.

After a few moments, Officer Jessles walks by. Looking through the glass, he sees only Val sitting there. He tears the door open--

JESSLES
Where's the boy?!

Val points under the table. Putting his hand to his sidearm, Jessles leans over to see. But there's no one there.

As he stands up, he's hit over the head with a fire extinguisher. Dom has been hiding behind the door.

INT. PRESIDIO STATION, LOBBY - MINUTES LATER

Val steps lightly out into the hallway. He appears uncomfortable in Jessle's uniform. He leads a hand-cuffed Dom into the bustling bullpen.

VAL
This is never going to work.

DOM
It will, just as long as you
remember you're a cop--

Val barks:

VAL
Move convict!

He shoves his son along. With their heads down, they move towards the exits. They're barely two feet from police officers hammering out arrest reports.

Just in front of them, JANIS, a woman with curly red hair and tiny purple sunglasses is being railroaded by a DESK COP.

JANIS
You call me down here and tell me
my old man needs bailing out and
you put this hassle on me?! Don't
you know who I am?! I'm a
musician, darling. Big Brother and
the Holding Company...

DESK COP
Never heard of ya.

JANIS

That's funny man, cause that's you!
You're big brother. Comin' down
hard on the little fella.

DESK COP

I'm sorry to disappoint you, ma'am,
but I'm just trying to do my job.

Over the desk cop's shoulder, Janis sees Val and Dom approaching. But they don't look like any cop and perp she's ever seen. They're quietly hissing at one another, eyes darting about the room. The Desk Cop moves to follow Janis's eyeline when she suddenly draws his attention back to her.

JANIS

Yeah well, maybe your job is the
problem. How many black men you
shoot today?

DESK COP

The hell did you just say to me?!
You people have ruined this city!
Coming in here with your loose
morals and your drugs--

JANIS

You fucking pig!

Janis swings on him, beating him about the head and chest. She's soon mobbed by every officer in the place. Taking advantage of the distraction, Val leads Dom toward the stairs.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- SAME TIME

Logan returns from the pay phone.

LOGAN

Good news, boys. We're putting
both your asses on the next flight
out of here--

He trails off. The only person in the room is Officer Jessles. He's sitting in his underwear, face down on the interrogation table. Logan lifts his head up and smacks his cheeks until he comes to.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Hey! Look at me! Where did they
go?!

But Jessles just slips back into unconsciousness. Letting the officer's head bang unceremoniously on the table, Logan whirls around, his hand instinctively going to his waist. But there's no gun there. He shouts out--

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Lock the exits! We've got suspects
loose! And somebody -- *get me a
gun!*

INT. PRESIDIO STATION, STAIRCASE -- SAME TIME

Above them on the stairs, Val and Dom hear the commotion Logan causes.

VAL
We'll never make it out the front.

Out of ideas, Val sees a MEN'S ROOM door to his right. Before he knows it, he's pulled Dom inside--

INT. MEN'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

There's no one inside as they hustle over to the heavy metal and plate glass window. Together they slide it up, which is hard because it weighs a ton. A half foot of space is all it'll budge.

Val pushes Dom through. The kid makes it no problem, but Val's forty-year-old gut takes some prodding. Still, he almost makes it before several OFFICERS grab ahold of his ankles. Refusing to be captured, Val kicks wildly and pushes himself out onto the rooftop.

EXT. PRESIDIO STATION, ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS

Val and Dom take off running as gunshots from the bathroom cops whizz past them. When the building ends, there's nothing but a twenty-foot drop to the nearest fire escape--

VAL
This is gonna hurt like a son of a
bitch!

They jump at the same time and land horribly on their asses and elbows. But the adrenaline is with them. They hurry down sliding metal ladders to the street below.

Thinking they're free and clear, they're surprised to see Logan fifty yards away, rounding the corner.

Someone's lent him a gun. They turn and bolt the other way as bullets bite the air where they were just a moment before.

But Logan can run. Soon their only hope is losing him in traffic. Logan pulls up short as Val and Dom miss being run over by trolleys by mere inches. When they make it safely to the other side, Val yells to Dom--

VAL (CONT'D)

How are we supposed to come up with a song? We lost the journal!

DOM

We don't need the journal! We already know where we're going.

He looks at his father like it's obvious. Val finally gets it.

VAL

To pick up Lainey.

DOM

Exactly. I take it you know just what song will get us there?

Val nods, smiling.

VAL

Yeah. Our song.

One of Logan's bullets rips into a brick wall near Dom's head. They take off again.

INT. ALLEYWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Hobbling and wheezing, they reach the alley only to find a gin-soaked HOBO examining what's under the tarp. Val railroads him out of the way and tears the cover back.

The neon glow of the juke is a welcome sight as he punches in the numbers for "Thunder Road."

Just as he finishes, Logan turns the corner. He fires off several shots, some of which hit the jukebox.

But it's too late. Val and Dom are shot through time and space. Logan stares dumbfounded at the place they were just standing before they disappeared into thin air.

It's an awesome sight that only the hobo on the ground can put into words--

HOBO
I need to stop drinking, man.

EXT. JERSEY TURNPIKE -- DAY, 1975

In a wooded area between the North and South lanes of a busy highway, Val and Dom suddenly appear. The Jukebox has come with, but it's got several bullet holes and is sparking wildly. Val and Dom race to blow on the sparks and try to prevent an all-out fire. When they finally manage to get it under control, they take stock of their surroundings.

DOM
The hell are we?

VAL
Must be the turnpike...

Val climbs up the ditch wall to look up and down the road as Dom hopelessly tries to attend to the busted juke.

DOM
This thing is fried!

VAL
Hey, for a juke full of bullet holes, I think we did alright.

DOM
Oh yeah, we're just great! No car, nowhere to hide the jukebox - we're screwed!

Val spots a highway sign that reads: PASSAIC - THREE MILES.

VAL
Not necessarily...

He puts his thumb out to catch a ride.

DOM
Where are you going?!

VAL
I know someone who might be able to help.

DOM
Listen, when we get there, I'm going to hang back and let you do all the interacting.

VAL
What? Why?

DOM
Haven't you seen "Back to the Future?" I don't want my mother falling in love with me!

Val LAUGHS--

VAL
That's your fear? I wouldn't worry about that, Dommie. Your mother was... well, a lot different when she was younger...

DOM
That's not my only fear. You remember what Mick Jagger said? He said you were drinking. Like a fish.

VAL
Have you seen me have a single drink anytime at all on this trip?

DOM
No...

VAL
Then we're fine.

Val goes back to hitchhiking. After a moment, Dom reluctantly sticks his own thumb out to join him.

EXT. TENTH AVENUE, PASSAIC -- HALF HOUR LATER

A beat-up truck pulls to a stop in a residential area. Dom and Val hop out and wave their thanks to the driver as he pulls off. Val steps up to one of the poorer houses on the block.

VAL
This is it.

DOM
This is where the guy who's gonna help us lives?

VAL
In a way...

Val peters off as a LOUD CRASH is heard from inside the house followed by YOUNG VAL, age 17, screaming at the top of his lungs--

YOUNG VAL (O.S.)
Screw you, dad!

The front door opens and Val's younger self walks out. Val and Dom crouch down behind some bushes.

DOM
Is that you?!

Young Val looks like a greaser. Everything's made of jeans, from his jacket to his Levi's. Along with a cocksure walk and confidence for days, he's got a slicked back head full of oily hair. He fishes a comb out of his back pocket to fix himself up.

VAL
Oh my god...
(beat)
I forgot how cool I used to be!

Dom smacks his dad on the shoulder, hard--

DOM
You asshole! You said we were going to get the juke fixed!

VAL
In my defense, we couldn't go right to the garage - what if young me showed up? Damn, he's gettin' away, come on let's follow him--

Val runs after the boy as Dom follows, furiously--

DOM
I knew this was your plan! You're gonna change something from your past and create a hole in the space time continuum!

VAL
Seriously, watch less sci-fi.

Keeping a safe distance, Val trails his younger self. The kid is an animal; every girl that isn't fat gets a cat call.

DOM
You know, you never did tell me...

VAL
Tell you what?

DOM
If you ever ended up asking Sandy
to the Sock Hop.

VAL
Oh, you're hilarious.

DOM
--I mean, I know Rizzo puts out,
but Sandy's really a one in a
million kind of gal--

VAL
--You're trying to be insulting,
but all I'm taking from this is
that you've seen "Grease" way too
many times.

Val shakes his head sadly while looking at his former self.

VAL (CONT'D)
God, he's so stupid. It's all in
front of him. If I could just talk
to him--

DOM
And say what? I'm your MUCH OLDER
brother, Sal Morelli?!

VAL
Would you stop worrying?! Rico's
gonna help us out, I guarantee it.

DOM
Isn't this gonna be awkward for
you? Isn't he the one who kicked
you out of the band?

VAL
I never blamed Rico. He had a wife
and a kid to support. He was just
playin' it safe.

Val watches his younger self go, wishing he could follow him
all day. But sadly, he can't. He motions to a tiny GARAGE
across the street.

VAL (CONT'D)
That's it. Come on, let's go.

INT. TITO'S GARAGE -- MOMENTS LATER

Val walks up to a pair of legs jutting out from under a Buick. He coughs a few times to get the guy's attention. When that doesn't work, he kicks the boots. Finally, RICO ANTONELLI, 19, rolls out from underneath the car. He takes one look at his younger cousin and winces.

RICO
Holy shit brother, what happened to you?!

Val rubs a hand over his stubbly face and helps Rico to his feet.

VAL
Oh yeah, it's nothing... just hungover.

RICO
No, that's not it. Like your skin is clear, but you look messed up. Like you aged a good twenty years since I last saw you...

VAL
Okay well, I still have feelings...

RICO
You got some strange threads on too.

VAL
Look Rico, we need help--

Rico seems to take Dom in for the first time.

RICO
Who's this? The court got you doin' the big brother program again?

VAL
Rico, would you shut up?!

RICO
Yeah man, fine. You don't have to yell...

VAL
You still fixin' pinball machines?

RICO
Yeah?

VAL
You think you could fix something
similar?

EXT. TITO'S GARAGE -- SOON AFTER

Rico has the jukebox tied down on the back of a flatbed truck. He stands up on the rig to examine it and runs a finger over one of the bullet holes.

RICO
Damn, what'd you do to this thing?

DOM
We were in a shoot-out.

Rico doesn't need any convincing--

RICO
For real?!

VAL
That's right. A couple of made men
did it. You know Mr. Cacciatore's
place?

RICO
Yeah, down on Sullivan Street,
across from the medical center?

VAL
Exactly. We were havin' a slice
there and this guy, John...
Gotti... comes in and wastes
everybody in there. Me and Dom are
the only fellas left. And this
Gotti, he was gonna waste us too,
but he spared us because he wanted
to sell this jukebox that got
busted in the fight and I said,
beggin' on my hands and knees, that
I could fix it.

Rico nods, believing every word.

RICO
I'm gonna do this for you, cuz.
Consider it done.

VAL
Thanks, Rico.

They hug.

RICO

See now I feel bad about the crack
I made bout you lookin' old... you
just seen a buncha people get
off'd.

VAL

I appreciate that...

RICO

But seriously, just some cucumber
under the eyes or something. I
hear that's what the stars do--

A PAIR of HANDS close over Val's eyes. They belong to a girl
standing behind him. Her voice trills--

CADENCE

Guess who?!

Val's mouth drops open. He knows exactly who this is and
doesn't want a thing to do with her.

VAL

Cadence.

CADENCE

You must have peeked!

She lets go and a bizarre look of fear crosses Val's face as
he turns to face her.

VAL

Dom, this is my girlfriend...
(he gulps)
Cadence.

Dom is loving this.

DOM

Really?!

He takes stock of his father's old squeeze. For all Young
Val's cool posturing, this girl is without a doubt the
biggest nerd in the world. Knee high bobby socks, a tweed-
argyle skirt, and horn-rimmed glasses are just some of the
things this monster has on her body.

Dom can't hide the smile plastered across his face. He steps
forward to vigorously shake her hand--

DOM (CONT'D)

It's so nice to meet you!

Cadence turns from shaking Dom's hand and finally notices Val's face.

CADENCE

Oh my... you, ah... sweetie,
there's no nice way to say this...

(beat)

You look horrible.

RICO

Leave him be, Cadence - he's seen
some shit!

CADENCE

I'm sorry babe, I didn't mean it.
I'm sure you'll look good after...
a couple showers. Now, did you get
a chance to look at my poems?

Val dies a little inside.

VAL

Oh, was that today?

CADENCE

What did you think?

VAL

Very... Sylvia Plath.

CADENCE

Oh my god, you loved them?!

She throws her arms around him. Val visibly cringes, but she doesn't notice. The hug goes on interminably long and finally, Val has to push her back, gripping her firmly by the elbows.

VAL

Cadence, we have to go!

Her face drops a little, hurt.

CADENCE

Oh okay, will I see you soon?

VAL

(brushing her aside)

I'm sure I can't stop you.

Val crosses the street blindly, hoping that a truck might run him over and take him out of his misery. Dom hurries to catch up, the smile still gloriously etched across his face.

DOM
What was that?!

VAL
That is why your mother and I have
always told you it is better to
wait until you're much older to
have sex--

DOM
You lost your virginity to her?!

VAL
I like to think she stole it. Can
we pretend you never met her?

DOM
Oh, I'm afraid I can't do that.

VAL
Whatever. Look, Rico's gonna need
a day or two to work on the juke.
I say we track down your mother.

DOM
You don't think she takes one look
at you and wonders why you look so
damn old?!

VAL
That's the beauty of it - we grew
up in the same county but didn't
meet until we were both in the
city. She'd be seeing me for the
first time.

DOM
What we should be focused on is
finding out who we're here to save.

VAL
No one in the E-Street Band has
died or WILL EVER die! To say
otherwise is blasphemy. Isn't it
possible that with the Jukebox in
the condition it's currently in
that maybe there's no one to save?

DOM
I don't know... *maybe*.

VAL
Then let's look her up!

DOM

What are you gonna do - stake out her house? Wait for her to come home?

VAL

Don't be ridiculous. It's the summer of 1975.

(beat)

I know exactly where she'll be.

INT. RED BANK GALLERIA -- AN HOUR LATER

At the local mall, Val walks through a busy FOOD COURT. He scans the various stands until he finds what he's looking for.

VAL

There she is...

Dom looks over to where his father's staring. Standing at the Orange Julius, he sees his mother, age 17. Val wasn't kidding, she was a lot different in her younger days...

Her work shirt is tucked into her hip hugging jeans and her big, jersey hair is teased to within an inch of its life. Although there's a vague burnout vibe to her, her stoned laugh and mischievous smile make her irresistible. Seeing her now, Val seems to have lost his confidence.

DOM

What are you, nervous? You've seen her naked - what do you have to be nervous about?

VAL

Walk over with me.

DOM

You are such a gigantic pussy.

VAL

Just remember, you're not my kid here. Chicks dig a guy who's unencumbered.

DOM

That's men! Men want a woman with no kids-- you know what? I don't care. We're cousins. You happy now?

As they walk over, Lainey eye fucks the shit out of Val.

LAINY
Wicked tattoo.

She's spotted his forearm tat. He rubs it absentmindedly, a bit dumbfounded in her presence.

VAL
Uh, you like tattoos?

Dom slowly turns to stare at his father, utterly embarrassed for the man.

LAINY
Hell yeah! Why a rooster though?

VAL
Because I'm cocky.

Dom rolls his eyes.

DOM
We'll take two mediums.

VAL
And your phone number.

Dom drops his head into his hands. But Lainey's already laughing...

LAINY
I don't think my father would like me going out with a couple guys whose names I didn't even know.

DOM
Keep it in your pants lady, I'm not interested.

VAL
Ignore him. I'm Val.

LAINY
Lainey.

VAL
Lainey, your father sounds like a real son of a bitch.

LAINY
He is! He really is!

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME

Somewhere in New York City, Agent Joshua Logan, now 45, sits next to his wife, Mary, across from a therapist. DR. PROUTY, 53, seems to be hawking some new-age version of couples counseling.

DR. PROUTY

What is it about therapy that frightens you?

Logan laughs.

LOGAN

Frightens me? Nothing frightens me, lady.

MARY

Do you see this pent-up aggression in him? It comes from his work.

DR. PROUTY

How do you feel, Joshua, when Mary shares her feelings with you?

LOGAN

Oh, I love it.

DR. PROUTY

Sarcasm is a crutch, Agent Logan.

MARY

It's these cases! One of them is damn near sixteen years old and still he stays up nights with it, ignoring the kids, ignoring me...

LOGAN

What do you want from me?! These people are out there, walking the streets, laughing at me!

MARY

You spent our retirement money to hire two junior agents to tail a seventeen-year-old!

INT. BUREAU PROWL CAR #571 -- SOON AFTER

An unmarked F.B.I. car is parked across from a high school playground in Passaic. Two agents, DIKEMAN and FORRESTER, sit inside it among the empty remains of fast food take out. They've been here a while.

DIKEMAN

We have your suspect in plain view.

He speaks into a HAM RADIO. After a moment, Agent Logan's voice comes crackling through.

LOGAN (O.S.)

Any updates?

Some fifty yards from the prowler car, Young Val's playing grabass with a couple high school girls, stopping occasionally to goose a passing housewife.

DIKEMAN

Just that he's an idiot.

LOGAN (O.S.)

Roger that.

DIKEMAN

What are we supposed to be on the lookout for?

LOGAN (O.S.)

If he makes contact with anybody I want to know about it. Especially, a young, white male, high school age, or an older white male. He's got a chicken tattoo on his bicep if you need conformation.

Next to Dikeman, Forrester finishes an already cold cheeseburger. He couldn't care less about this stakeout.

FORRESTER

High schooler's got a tattoo?

LOGAN (O.S.)

The older one!

EXT. LAINEY'S HOUSE -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Lainey spins around her bedroom, dancing to records by herself. As she passes the windowsill, she can be seen from the street, her light the only one still on in the house. Below her window, Val and Dom huddle together in the shadows, whispering.

DOM

You can't change anything - it never ends well!

VAL

If we can't change the past, then
why are we bouncin' around classic
rock history trying to stop some
psycho from killing musicians?

DOM

I'm just trying to get home!

VAL

Okay well, I don't have a home.
Not anymore. You don't know what
that feels like and I hope you
never do. But if there's even a
chance I can get my old life back
by climbing this trellis then
that's what I'm gonna do!

LAINEY (O.S.)

Is someone down there?

Lainey's slid her window open. She peers down into the
darkness of the bushes. Val steps out of the shadows,
backlit by the soft porch light.

VAL

It's me, Val. From the mall...

LAINEY

Oh...

VAL

I'm sorry to just drop by, but this
girl from work told me where I
could find you.

LAINEY

Tracey?

VAL

Yeah.

LAINEY

You asked about me?

VAL

I feel like I know everything there
is to know about you. You like
that new Fleetwood Mac album. You
play Joni Mitchell's "Blue" on
repeat when you're doing homework.
And you can never truly decide
between David Bowie and Bryan
Ferry.

LAINY

Wow. Tracey told you a lot...

VAL

Maybe I'm just wise beyond my years.

LAINY

How old are you?

VAL

How old do you think I am?

LAINY

Well, you look older than the boys in my class.

VAL

Can I climb up to you?

She thinks on it a moment...

LAINY

Okay, but you have to keep it down.
My father's sleeping.

Val starts scaling the lattice frame that leads up to the roof. A few slips aside, he makes it up safely. He crouches over to Lainey's window.

LAINY (CONT'D)

You didn't bring that kid with you, did you?

VAL

No, just me.

LAINY

Good, because he was rude.

Down in the bushes, Dom rolls his eyes.

LAINY (CONT'D)

So... you seem to know a lot about music. You in a band?

VAL

Used to be. Used to think I could make a life built around music.

LAINY

You still can.

Val shakes his head, smiling sadly.

VAL

No...

LAINY

Well, what was your band called?

Val blushes.

VAL

I don't wanna say.

LAINY

Come on, tell me!

VAL

We were called "the Toilets." We played straight rock n' roll. No chaser.

LAINY

Why "the Toilets?"

Val nervously scratches the back of his neck.

VAL

We liked to think that we'd been shit on our whole lives...

Lainey nods, not a hint of sarcasm.

LAINY

That's so deep, man.

VAL

I know, right?!

LAINY

Why don't you sing me one of your songs?

VAL

No, I'm shy...

LAINY

Please? For me?

Val groans, he's not even warmed up. And no way is he singing a Toilets-original. After a beat, he launches into the first thirty seconds of "Thunder Road."

VAL

The screen door slams
 Mary's dress sways
 Like a vision she dances across the
 porch as the radio plays
 Roy Orbison singing for the lonely
 Hey that's me and I want you only
 Don't turn me home again, I just
 can't face myself alone again

Lainey leans against the window frame, listening to him sing.

VAL (CONT'D)

Don't run back inside darling, you
 know just what I'm here for
 So you're scared and you're
 thinking that maybe we ain't that
 young anymore
 Show a little faith, there's magic
 in the night
 You ain't a beauty, but hey you're
 alright--

She laughs quickly before giving him a playful shove.

VAL (CONT'D)

What if I told you I could show you
 your favorite song being recorded?
 Would you like that?

LAINHEY

And just how are you going to do
 that?

VAL

Why I have a time machine at my
 beck and call.

LAINHEY

Me too, it's called two tabs of
 acid--

VAL

I'm serious.

LAINHEY

So am I!

VAL

Come on, you wanna take a magic
 carpet ride with me? I promise,
 you'll be home in time for
 dinner...

As he continues trying to convince her, Val is unaware he's being watched. Across the street, hiding behind a lamp post, Cadence watches as Val and Lainey fall in love before her very eyes. Wiping away tears, her face turns from sad to jealous. She flees down the street in anger.

INT. TITO'S GARAGE -- THE NEXT MORNING

It's the time before the place opens for the day. Rico shows Dom and Val into the back of the shop.

RICO

I had to hide her back here, so no one stole her. I don't know if you fellas knew this, but this juke of yours ain't cheap. I looked her blue book up - only a hundred still left in the world. If I was less inscrutable, I would have up and sold this out from under you.

VAL

Is it fixed?

RICO

Yeah, she's all ship shape, but--

VAL

But?

RICO

Can I talk to you for a quick sec...

He eyes Dom, standing in the corner.

RICO (CONT'D)

...alone?

They walk a few feet away and Rico leans in.

RICO (CONT'D)

Cuz, there are songs on here that I've never heard of... deep cuts too... whole 'Who' albums that no one's ever talked about. I spent most of last night listenin' to it. What have you got on your hands here, Valli?

VAL

Look Rico, you're gonna want to talk about this, but don't.

(MORE)

VAL (CONT'D)

For your safety, don't bring it up to anyone. Even me. Cause I'm gonna pretend this never happened.

DOM

We ready to go?

VAL

Just about.

There's a KNOCK on the door and it opens a couple of inches. Lainey sticks her face in.

LAINHEY

Anybody here?

VAL

You got the right place!

RICO

Valli, you steppin' out on Cadence?

VAL

Yeah, she's all yours, buddy.

Val claps a hand on his cousin's back.

VAL (CONT'D)

Can we have the room for a couple minutes?

He tries to guide his cousin out the door held open by Lainey.

RICO

Yeah, but you can't have sex in here. I'm already in trouble for that--

VAL

(laughs)

Would you just go?!

He's about to close the door, but stops to say:

VAL (CONT'D)

It was great to see you, Rico. Thanks for everything. I want you to know that I don't blame you for anything.

Before Rico can decipher that, Val has closed and locked the door. It's just the three of them now and Dom and Lainey are staring at each other, uncomfortably.

LAINY
Why is he here?

VAL
It's okay. He's coming with us.

Lainey GROANS loudly.

LAINY
Ugh, fine.

Val takes her by the hand, leading her towards the jukebox. This gets the attention of Cadence. She's been hiding in the garage behind some shipping crates. As Val punches in the call letters for The Door's "Whisky Bar," she rises from her hiding place--

CADENCE
I knew it!

Cadence runs full tilt at Lainey just as Val hits the Juke and sends all of them shooting back in time...

EXT. THE WHISKEY -- JUNE 3RD, 1966 (NIGHT)

Lainey, Val, and Dom come to still cringing from the blow they expected from Cadence. But the girl is nowhere to be seen and the three find themselves on the sidewalk of the infamous Sunset Strip. Dom grips his stomach, a little nauseous.

DOM
Boy, that time machine feeling
never really goes away, does it?

Girls in polyester flower dresses and knee-high pastel socks walk by stalked by hirsute musicians. Behind them across the street, a crowded line snakes around the Whiskey-a-go-go.

LAINY
I thought you were full of shit,
but that's the Whiskey! There are
really people lined up to see the
Doors! And it's not a cover band!

VAL
How would you like to go to their
concert?

LAINY
But how?! We don't have any
tickets!

VAL
Never stopped me before...

Val throws his arm around her and leads her across the street towards the Whiskey. Dom follows.

LAINY
You're acting very cavalier about
this whole thing.

VAL
What can I say? We're used to it.

LAINY
Hey, who was that girl in the
garage?

They join the line of people queuing up for the show and are too far away for us to hear Val's response.

In the foreground, Cadence sits up, horrified at her new surroundings and brushing the dirt off of her.

Joining the end of the line, Val coughs and speaks at the same time, the kind of thing you do when you don't want the man to hear--

VAL
Anybody scalpin?

All he gets are weird looks. Their prospects seem grim until salvation arrives in the form of the Stones trying to sneak in without being noticed. But Val sees them--

VAL (CONT'D)
Mick, Keith - it's Val and Dom!

Dom grips his father's arm and quickly whispers--

DOM
Pump the brakes, crazy - they don't
know us yet!

The band glances their way, dubiously.

VAL
We're big fans...

Val seems like he wants to crawl into a hole and die. But Mick has seen Lainey and doubles back.

JAGGER
And you - are you a fan?

LAINY
Sometimes.

JAGGER
Sometimes? What does that mean?

LAINY
I came for the Doors.

JAGGER
You got tickets yet? Supposed to
be sold out...

LAINY
Not yet.

JAGGER
Well, I just so happen to have an
extra. Best seat in the house. My
lap.

LAINY
Can my friends come?

Mick looks Val and Dom over, his smile fading.

JAGGER
Sugar...

LAINY
We're a package deal.

He half-sighs, half-groans and motions to the bouncer.

JAGGER
Fine. Bruno - these three on the
list.

INT. THE WHISKEY -- MINUTES LATER

The Stones and their guests sit crammed into a wraparound
booth near the back of the venue. Mick yells to be heard
over the music.

JAGGER
This is Feelgood, he can get you
anything you'd like...

He motions to a vaguely svengali-looking DR. FEELGOOD, 69.

VAL
No thanks, I'm okay.

DR. FEELGOOD
Seconals? Tuinals?

VAL
No, really...

DR. FEELGOOD
Quaaludes?

VAL
No, seriously -- *wait, can you
really get Quaaludes?*

Dom gives his father the evil eye.

VAL (CONT'D)
Nevermind. Besides, you won't need
drugs. Just wait 'til the Doors
come out. Your mind's about to be
blown!

JAGGER
How would you know? They don't
even have an album out.

VAL
Seen 'em live...

Jagger smells a rat...

JAGGER
That so? Isn't this supposed to be
one of their first gigs?

He points to his manager.

JAGGER (CONT'D)
Oldham's only here because he heard
good things about the openers. But
they sound bollocks if you ask
me...

He yells so loud that the band can hear him--

JAGGER (CONT'D)
They need to get these bums off the
bloody stage and let some real
musicians on!

He throws a BEER CAN at the lead singer causing Val and Dom
to look briefly at the stage. They do a hefty double take.
The lead singer is familiar. Dom hisses to his father--

DOM
Holy shit, that's Jimi Hendrix!

Val and Dom stare at the underwhelming playing coming from the guitar great. When Val finally returns his gaze to the table, Mick Jagger is still glaring at him.

JAGGER
So again, how do you know about the
Doors?

Val's at a loss at how to answer. Fortunately, Dom comes to his rescue--

DOM
He saw 'em at U.C.L.A.

VAL
That's right. Mark my words, a
year from now these guys'll be on
Ed Sullivan.

JAGGER
Yeah, we'll see...

Mick takes a drag of his cig as an odd silence envelops the group. Lainey tries to break it.

LAINY
Val's in a band.

Val practically melts with embarrassment.

KEITH
That a fact? Anything we mighta
heard?

LAINY
They're called the Toilets!

JAGGER
Yeah? Sounds like a shite group!

As the Stones crack up, Hendrix's set comes to an end.

HENDRIX
We've been Jimmy James and the Blue
Flames and we're certainly glad you
could come out tonight--

As he unplugs from his amp, Mick grins at Val.

JAGGER

Why don't you play us a tune,
friend? While the Doors are
setting up...

KEITH

Yeah, play us a Toilets original!

VAL

I don't want to waste anybody's
time...

LAINY

Come on, do it!

Val stares at their expectant faces...

VAL

Okay...

He finds himself rising from his seat. As he approaches the
stage, he looks as if someone just walked over his grave.
Dom catches up with him--

DOM

What are you doing?!

VAL

I have no idea! Come up with me--

DOM

Hard pass.

VAL

Come on, you still play bass. I
need all the help I can get!

Dom thinks on it, reluctantly, then kicks the ground--

DOM

Fine. But I am not singing!

Together, they scale the steps up to the stage as Mick calls
out to Hendrix's band who are in the middle of breaking down
their equipment--

JAGGER

Boys, you don't mind if these chaps
play a song while I buy you fellas
a drink, do you?

The Blue Flames like to drink and quickly nod their assent. Dom picks up a six-stringed bass that was left behind while Val steps forward to take the Fender Stratocaster Hendrix is holding out--

VAL
Thank you, Jimi Hendrix.

HENDRIX
Have we met?

Val shakes his head and Jimi quickly jumps down to join the rest of his band. As father and son plug in their instruments, Dom leans in to whisper--

DOM
What are you playing?

VAL
I have no idea.

DOM
Well, pick something!

VAL
There's no way in hell I'm playing
one of my songs for these people!

DOM
Then play something else! Just
pick a song from after '66.

Val nods and steps up to the mic. The whole place is staring at him, even the Blue Flames sitting at the bar with their free drinks.

Val takes a deep breath, thinking hard. And this is all that comes to him...

VAL
There's a lady who's sure...
All that glitters is gold...
And she's buying a Stairway to
Heaven...

EXT. THE WHISKEY -- SAME TIME

As the song begins, Cadence has finally gotten to the front of the "will call" line. She's so very out of place among these groupies and rock fans and the look on the BOUNCER's face says it all. He stares at her, unsure of what she could possibly want.

CADENCE
Ticket please!

BOUNCER
We're sold out.

CADENCE
No, but I have to get in there. My
boyfriend's in there!

BOUNCER
Sweetheart, a lot of people's
boyfriends are in there.

But Cadence won't let that stop her. She sticks her leg out and tousles her hair a bit as if she saw someone sexy do it on T.V. once.

CADENCE
If you let me in, I'll blowjob you.

The bouncer cringes.

BOUNCER
I'll let you in if you don't.

CADENCE
Deal!

INT. THE WHISKEY -- MOMENTS LATER

Cadence enters as the song's beginning to pick up speed. To her amazement her boyfriend is singing and playing lead guitar. She has to laugh at how good her man is...

Getting into it, CHARLIE WATTS, the drummer for the Stones, quickly drains the rest of his drink and blows past Cadence to head back up onto the stage to give Van and Dom some back-up on the drum kit.

For someone who can't stand the song, Val is killing it. And just as his Robert Plant wail hits a peak, the guitar solo kicks in. From here on out, he's just showing off.

The women in the bar swoon in place, the toothpick falls from Jagger's lips as he gapes, shocked, at the stage.

At the bar, Hendrix nods, blown away.

HENDRIX
So that's how it's done...

Finally, the solo is over and it's quiet and all that's left is that final--

VAL
*...and she's buying a Stairway to
 Heaven...*

You could hear a pin drop. And then the APPLAUSE starts. It's deafening. Cadence the loudest of all. She tries to get through before people mob the stage, but she's too late.

Pushing through, she's just able to see Lainey running up onto the stage and into the arms of Val. He gladly catches her and spins her around. When they kiss madly, Cadence's face wilts. She can't stand it and goes running out the venue doors.

Dom is the only one who sees her. He takes his bass off and ignoring the well-wishers, runs to catch up with her.

Onstage, Lainey and Val stop sucking face long enough for her to say--

LAINERY
 A Toilets original, huh?

VAL
 With an assist from Plant and
 Page...

They go back to furiously making out.

EXT. THE WHISKEY -- MOMENTS LATER

Cadence pushes through the crowd of fans waiting to get in. She's crying as she parks herself unceremoniously on the curb, tears spilling into her lap. That's where Dom finds her.

DOM
 I know that was probably hard to see. Those two... they like to think their love is written in the stars or something. Kind of leaves you down here on earth.

Cadence is sobbing so hard, she's shaking.

DOM (CONT'D)
 You just... you feel things harder than most people. I'm not saying that's a bad thing.
 (MORE)

DOM (CONT'D)
Even if you are bat shit crazy.
Some guys like that--

Through her tears, Cadence looks up at him. Suddenly she's all over Dom, kissing him hard. He pulls back--

DOM (CONT'D)
Whoa. No, I didn't mean me.

Cadence returns to her tears, wailing--

CADENCE
See?! No one likes me!

Dom puts an arm around her.

DOM
Hey, calm down. You just took me by surprise. I like you - see?

He kisses her once. A peck on the cheek.

DOM (CONT'D)
See?

He goes in again. This time one on the lips.

DOM (CONT'D)
You don't have to cry, okay?

When he leans in a third time, she's ready for him. Finally, they're making out for real, all over the filthy ground of Sunset Boulevard to the general chagrin of everyone in line.

INT. THE WHISKEY -- MINUTES LATER

Nestled back into the booth, everyone's mood about Val has changed. To the Stones, he's not only a contemporary but maybe even someone to look up to. For Lainey, snuggled up next to him, the look on her face shows just how content she is. It's the very same look that's on Val's face.

KEITH
Just bloody incredible! The chord progressions, the lyrics - my God, that solo!

Val nods, soaking it up, as Brian Jones and his date, Anita Pallenberg arrive.

BRIAN JONES
Sorry we're late - little car sex!

ANITA

Brian!

Anita hits him, smiling.

BRIAN JONES

Shove over, would ya?

Val's eyes look like they're about to bug out of his head. The last time he saw Brian Jones, he was face down, dead in a pool. Everyone in the booth makes room as Anita squishes in next to Keith.

ANITA

Hey Keif, how you doin?

KEITH

Fine, love.

He smiles at her maybe a second longer than copacetic.

At the front entrance, Dom and Cadence re-enter, holding hands. Val notices and slides out to talk to his son. He almost asks Cadence to excuse them, but Cadence refuses to even look at him. She keeps walking.

VAL

You two a thing?

DOM

I was only consoling her because
you made her cry--

VAL

Hey, I'm not judging...

He looks Dom over, something akin to pride on his face.

VAL (CONT'D)

I think it's nice. Just remember
she has to go back, son.

DOM

Same goes for you.

Val didn't count on this, but nods. He pats Dom on the back and leads him over to the table.

VAL

She still do that thing with her
tongue when she's makin' out?

Dom blushes almost instantly.

VAL (CONT'D)
Yeah, she does!

When they reach the booth, Jagger stands--

JAGGER
Screw the concert - what do you say
we get out of here and go party?!

Lainey beams at the prospect, so Val finally nods.

VAL
Sure thing. But do you mind if we
pick something up first?

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD -- SOON AFTER

The Stones' limo is driving down Sunset with the JUKEBOX
wedged into the open trunk.

It's barely staying put, but looks cool as hell.

INT. CONTINENTAL HYATT HOTEL -- MINUTES LATER

The Stones and the new members of their posse barge in the
rotating front door of "The Riot House," making noise and
raising general hell.

In the lounge area, Marcus observes them as they enter. He's
seated at a table, waiting to order.

Whispering in his ear is The Man who released him from the
asylum. He points to Val, walking through the lobby with his
arms around Lainey--

THE MAN
There he is.

MARCUS
He's not on the list...

THE MAN
Well, I'm putting him on the list.

MARCUS
But he hasn't done anything wrong.

THE MAN
Oh, but he has... premarital sex,
sloth, gluttony... is this your
god's way?

(MORE)

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Take care of him now before he
becomes a thorn in our side.

Marcus looks warily over his companion.

MARCUS

What if I don't want to?

The Man smiles and grips Marcus's face.

THE MAN

It doesn't matter what you want!

He lets Marcus go as a smiling WAITRESS comes over to take
their order.

WAITRESS

You all set?

Marcus rubs his sure to be bruised face.

MARCUS

No, we're not ready yet.

WAITRESS

Oh, are you waiting for someone?

Marcus looks over to where The Man was just sitting. He's
been alone the entire time.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE -- MINUTES LATER

A champagne cork POPS as Mick raises a glass to his new
guests.

JAGGER

I'd like to propose a toast - to
new friends and righteous guitar
solos!

They're about to clink glasses, when Mick stops--

JAGGER (CONT'D)

Wait, Val doesn't have a glass,
someone pour Val some champagne--

VAL

Oh, don't worry about me, I'm not
drinking.

JAGGER

What? You pregnant or something?

LAINY

Have a drink with us, babe!

KEITH

Yeah mate, you can't toast with an empty glass, it's bad luck.

VAL

I'm not drinking these days...

He gets an odd look from all attended, the idea of sobriety so very foreign to them. He can see his new friends judging him, reassessing him...

VAL (CONT'D)

Alright, I'll have one, I guess--

JAGGER

That's the spirit!

Dom hurries over to his father's side.

DOM

What are you doing?!

VAL

It's a glass of champagne, Dom. I think I can handle it.

DOM

Don't do it--

VAL

Why do you have a problem with me enjoying myself?

DOM

This isn't about me!

VAL

Do not embarrass me in front of these people. When am I gonna get a chance to hang out with the Stones again, huh? And after a performance like the one I just put on, I think I deserve this--

Dom sees how angry Val got in so little time...

DOM

You're right.

(beat)

You deserve this.

VAL

Thank you.

Turning back to the group, Val raises his glass, clinks it with the rest, and takes a small sip. Dom fades into the background watching his father from a distance.

JAGGER

When are those birds from
Saturday's show getting here?

KEITH

Said round eleven. Depends when
their parents go to sleep.

There's some LAUGHTER from the group, but Val's attention is only on his glass. He looks around for Dom. Not seeing him, he takes another sip and laughs along with the others.

Having gotten away with it, he finishes the glass and pours himself another, offering a refill to others as cover.

Dom can't watch anymore. He storms off. Seeing him go, Cadence runs after him.

INT. PENTHOUSE, HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Dom's almost at the elevators when Cadence grabs his arm to pull him back--

CADENCE

What's wrong?

DOM

He just couldn't help himself! He acts like this is just another day when in fact it's really life or death. And he has the nerve to lecture me about having a joint in my locker!

Dom laughs, sickly.

DOM (CONT'D)

The joke of it is that it really wasn't mine! I get high all the time, but the one day my friend hears about locker searches, I don't put it together that he might hide his stash in mine! Shit, he probably told them where it was.

CADENCE

Why would your friend do that?

DOM

He's not my friend. He's just someone I get high with. To tell you the truth, I don't really have any friends.

Cadence puts her hand in his.

CADENCE

Me neither. But look, cousins fight.

DOM

Oh come on, you're smarter than that. Val's not my cousin.

CADENCE

Then who is he?

DOM

You're gonna wanna sit down for this one.

INT. PENTHOUSE, HALLWAY -- SOME TIME LATER

At least a half an hour has passed since Dom started telling Cadence who he and Val really are to each other. Cadence sits staring straight ahead, dumbfounded.

CADENCE

So, you're saying that that floozy in there is really your mother?

DOM

Yes. And watch your mouth.

The party is in full swing by now. Music softly thuds through the walls as new people arrive by the handful.

DOM (CONT'D)

I'm dreading going back in there.

CADENCE

Maybe it'll be okay. Maybe he's learned how to pace himself--

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE -- SAME TIME

In the middle of a roaring party, Val stands in the kitchen doing a line of FIVE WHISKEY SHOTS in a row. He washes it all down with a P.B.R. Growling at how tough that was, he SCREAMS--

VAL
I love drinking!!!

This gets a cheer from the groupies and the roadies. Across the party, Marcus sticks his head in the door. He's dressed in an ill-fitting bellhop's uniform. With the music pumping and the place packed to the gills with dancing bodies, no one notices him slip in.

Keeping his eyes peeled for Dom and Val, he looks for a hiding place only to be swept along with the tide of young people excited about the song that just started playing. It's Sam Cooke's "Twistin' the Night Away."

Val spots Lainey across the room, dancing to it full-tilt boogie with Charlie Watts. Val smiles. She really is beautiful. And man, can she dance. He's gotta do something to impress her. Raising his voice, he YELLS over the music--

VAL (CONT'D)
Let's throw shit off the balcony!

Everyone roars their approval, even Lainey. Val starts tossing porch furniture over the ledge down into the Hyatt's swimming pool far below. Each subsequent piece gets a bigger response from the crowd.

Loving the attention, Val kicks it up a notch. He swipes the beer bottle debris from atop the room's TELEVISION SET and unplugs it.

As Dom and Cadence return from the hallway, Val squats low and lifts the mammoth set into his arms. They watch as he takes a running start and heaves the thing out into space.

The APPLAUSE shakes the room. Val raises his arms in victory, king for a day. Dom watches his father feed off of Lainey's attention.

DOM
God, he never stood a chance with her.

As Val celebrates, an OLD COUPLE in the suite next door come out onto their own balcony, rubbing sleep from their eyes. They couldn't be sweeter.

OLD LADY

Could you please keep it down some?
We were visiting our daughter in La
Canada and have an early flight
tomorrow morning--

Val spins round to face the couple and screams in the woman's
face--

VAL

Go back inside, ya old bitch!

The party-goers lose their minds, laughing, as Val flashes
the couple and wags his tongue like a young punk. When they
don't immediately go back inside, he points to his Rooster
tattoo and screams--

VAL (CONT'D)

Don't make me cock-a-doodle-do ya!

The Old bitty howls, terrified, as her husband quickly pulls
her back into their room.

INT. THE SUITE NEXT DOOR -- CONTINUOUS

The Old Man guides his wife safely to an armchair, then makes
a beeline for the telephone. He dials zero for assistance
and waits.

OLD MAN

Hello, Operator? Give me an
outside line. I need the police!

INT. F.B.I. BRANCH OFFICE, LOS ANGELES DIVISION -- SAME TIME

Logan is working at his desk, a little burned out. His
frontiersman's mustache had to be cropped for work, so he's
got a respectable, well-groomed Magnum, P.I. heating his
upper lip. There's a knock at the door and Secretary NAN
LEWIS, 43, sticks her head inside.

NAN LEWIS

Did you put out a blanket A.P.B...
(looks at her clipboard)
Jesus, seven years ago?!

Logan's brow wrinkles.

LOGAN

No, I don't think so...

He grabs the paperwork to look it over and as he does, a smile creeps over his face.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch...
(beat)
They resurfaced.

He stands and collects his suit jacket from the back of his chair.

NAN LEWIS
Where do you think you're going?

LOGAN
I've got to get right on this--

NAN LEWIS
The higher ups want you on that
state department bombing thing.
That takes priority.

LOGAN
You gotta be kidding me!

NAN LEWIS
I don't make the rules. But hey,
look at the bright side -- the
police are on it. Who knows, maybe
they'll actually get the job
done...

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE -- SAME TIME

As Val continues throwing things off the balcony, Lainey arrives at Dom's side, gazing adorably at his father.

LAINey
He's so much fun!

DOM
Yeah, he's a regular barrel of
monkeys.

LAINey
You don't like me, do you?

DOM
I just... don't approve of your
life decisions. That's all. If
you had kids would you want them to
see you like this? Gallivanting
around?

LAINY

Gallivanting?! If I knew what that meant I'd be so mad at you right now.

DOM

Well, maybe if you opened up a book instead of staying out until all hours of the night partying with strange men-- *oh my god, who am I?!*

LAINY

Who are you to talk, you... weird little man?!

She storms off. Val sees it happen and rushes over.

VAL

What'd you say to Lainey?

But Dom has his own things he wants to talk about--

DOM

You had the juke brought up?! Are you crazy?! What happens if someone bumps into it just right? How are we gonna get home then, huh?!

VAL

Relax, I got it covered...

Val tears off a piece of cardboard from a thirty rack of beers and stealing a young woman's lipstick, writes "Please don't hit" on the sign. He places it on the juke, but Dom just shakes his head, furiously.

DOM

Tell me something - why am I the responsible one? I mean, I understand you, but her? How was she ever like this?

VAL

She gave all this up when you came along. People grow up, Dommie. Be nice to her. This is the woman who paid the bills while my band toured.

DOM

Yeah, and maybe without you she wouldn't have needed to take ten years to finish night school just to get her degree. You were the boulder around her neck--

VAL

Hey!!!

Dom takes the cardboard sign and rips it in half.

DOM

You don't care about getting back to the present, then neither do I. Watch the jukebox or don't, I don't give a shit. I give up.

Dom storms out of the party. As he does, he passes Mick who's leading two women into one of the adjoining rooms. The first is in her early forties, the other barely out of her teens - his own sexual smorgasbord.

JAGGER

Have I showed you ladies my bedroom?

He guides them inside and shuts the door. Even over the pounding music, it's clear what they're doing inside.

They're at it for several moments when GERALD, an angry, middle-aged man, storms in the door of the suite--

GERALD

Where is she?! Where the hell is my daughter?!

People step out of his way, but the party hardly stops for him. He stomps to the bedroom wing and barges in doors left and right, not even bothering to apologize. Finally, he comes upon Jagger's threesome. We don't see what he sees, but the younger girl cries out--

GERALD'S DAUGHTER

Daddy!

Before Gerald can respond, the older woman says calmly--

GERALD'S WIFE

Hello, Gerald.

GERALD

Dammit Jagger, my wife too?! I'll kill you!

JAGGER

Sorry mate, I thought they were
sisters!

As they start fighting, Val passes the open doorway,
drunkenly shuffling his way to the toilet.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE, BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Once inside, Val looks at himself in the mirror above the
sink. His eyes are already bloodshot. He looks tired, well
past his years and maybe a few more.

He opens the medicine cabinet searching for aspirin, but of
course there's nothing there. When he closes it, he's not
the only one in the room.

Behind him, Marcus steps out of the shower, a guitar string
tightly wound between his fists. He clamps it around Val's
neck and starts squeezing the life out of him.

Taken by surprise, Val turns red almost immediately. He
plants a foot on the sink and pushes back with all his might,
driving the two of them back against the shower wall.

Feeling the noose loosen a bit, he repeats the motion,
slamming Marcus back again and again.

With all the strength he has left, Val leans forward, trying
to take Marcus with him. But the man outweighs him by a good
deal and with the balance thrown off, they both go stumbling
out the door and into the hallway--

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

Val gets to his feet, rubbing his neck, trying to get some
air flowing again. But Marcus doesn't give him time to
recover. The two of them start swinging on one another.

When the party gets a look at this, a cheering section wraps
around them, ushering the fight into the middle of the suite.

Hit with a hard uppercut to the gut, Val lands on his back
with Marcus atop him, clawing at his face. Val has to swat
him to the side to get to his feet. When he does, he puts as
much space as he can between him and Marcus, fleeing over to
the open balcony.

He throws bottles and half-full beer cans at Marcus, but
nothing will stop the madman. Incensed, he takes a furious
final charge at Val.

At the last moment though, Val falls to the side, inadvertently sending Marcus hurling head over heels off the balcony.

The party turns deathly quiet, everyone asking themselves the same question -- did Val just throw someone off the balcony?!

Finally, there's the sound of splashing water, of Marcus's body landing in the swimming pool. Lainey runs to look over the edge. When she sees that he's fine, she yells at the top of her lungs--

LAINY

Fuckin-a!!!!

Everyone cheers and goes right back to partying.

INT. HYATT HOUSE, LOUNGE -- SAME TIME

As Dom walks into the lounge, a pair of harried POLICEMEN storm past him, heading for the penthouse. Dom sidles up to the bar and sits down, exhausted, as the bartender comes over to take his drink order.

BARTENDER

I.D. please.

DOM

You kidding? I'm with the Stones road crew.

BARTENDER

You are? That's awesome! You know what? This one's on me. What'll you have?

Dom's caught off guard - he never thought he'd get this far.

DOM

A... cosmopolitan?

BARTENDER

That's a wild drink order, man - dig it!

As the bartender goes to make his drink, Dom shakes his head. He can't believe that worked. Just then, a voice from several stools down asks--

THE CAPTAIN

You're with the Stones?

Dom looks to see where the voice came from. The Captain sits there in one of his more flamboyant costumes. This one's orange and purple with a set of dinner jacket tails. Dom decides it'll be better to ignore this crazy person...

DOM

Yeah...

THE CAPTAIN

Wonderful group. Saw 'em in '82.

Dom's halfway through nodding dismissively when the words actually hit home.

DOM

What did you just say?

THE CAPTAIN

Shrine Auditorium. They played
"Miss You." Brought the house down.

Dom covers the space between them in barely a second--

DOM

Who... are you?

THE CAPTAIN

I'm part of a group of concerned citizens known as "The Counterculture." Consider us an artist's guild, a collection of like-minded individuals made up of recording industry casualties: troubadours and garage bands, anyone whose sensibilities didn't mesh with the top 40.

DOM

And you're trying to take down the chubby fella with the glasses?

THE CAPTAIN

Not him, but who he works for.

DOM

And who's that?

THE CAPTAIN

To say his name is to bring destruction.

Dom laughs, involuntarily--

DOM

You can't be serious...

THE CAPTAIN

You've been time traveling for the last three days, but this you have a problem with? In the not-too-distant future, a cancer will begin to form in modern music. You can already see it starting to happen. Sound-alikes replacing the real thing. Quantity over quality. Robitussin-soaked rap rockers will mumble their way through songs. Soon all creative decisions will be made by businessmen. We'll be left with corporation rock. This will be the death of art. The labels do not understand art, so they seek to destroy it.

DOM

But why kill rock stars?

THE CAPTAIN

The musicians that have been killed represent the changing values of the time, those bold enough not to do what the music companies told them. Yes, Buddy Holly was a rock n' roll pioneer, but he was also married to a mexican woman and wanted to do an album with Ray Charles. Elvis - drug addicted and overweight - was a far cry from his sex idol days. And Brian Jones was killed for the mere fact that he wouldn't play ball like Mick and Keith. Once these musicians had served their purpose, they were worth more dead than alive. Only their deaths would keep album sales going in perpetuity. The loss of their collective talent is nothing short of a musical apocalypse. And it's what we're trying to prevent.

DOM

Why are you telling me all this?

THE CAPTAIN

Because it seems your father has become distracted and it's now up to you to finish what he started.

DOM

But how? Everything we've done has failed. We couldn't stop Elvis and Buddy Holly and all the others from dying!

THE CAPTAIN

All it takes is one. One match to start a fire. Set fire to the future and see what takes its place! Do you know what this world could be like? I've seen it. In all its glorious variations. It's beautiful.

DOM

You picked the wrong people for this job. I'm a nobody and my father's a loser--

The Captain finishes his drink and swivels on his stool to face Dom.

THE CAPTAIN

Come with me, I want to show you something...

He places a single hand on the boy's shoulder and in the next moment -- they're gone.

INT. ELECTRIC LADY STUDIOS -- NIGHT, 1986

Dom finds himself crouched with the Captain behind some recording equipment as a band futilely tries to lay down a track. The Captain whispers--

THE CAPTAIN

Take a look...

Dom peeks out. To his surprise, the band in the studio is the Toilets. His father stands among them, his hair long and curly. He's in the middle of chewing out their manager--

VAL

I can't believe you!

RICO

Val, don't do this, we're weeks away from a hit single--

VAL

Isn't this the oldest rock n' roll cautionary tale? Never sell your publishing rights!

MANAGER

The company is not comfortable putting up all the money for recording time to not have control of the publishing rights. Fiscally for us it doesn't make any sense.

FRANK CUPERTINO, 34, the bassist, chimes in--

CUPERTINO

Don't screw this up, Val!

VAL

Don't you see?! They know what they've got! They know they've got a hit! We have the power! But that's all gone if we sign this over to them.

CUPERTINO

It's not up to you to torpedo this, Morelli!

VAL

They want us to fight! Don't you get that?!

CUPERTINO

Well, it's working!

VAL

If I can't have control of my songs, then I'm leaving. And I'm taking my songs with me.

MANAGER

Alright, Val's gone - anybody else?

VAL

You have nothing to record without my songs!

CUPERTINO

Hey, I co-wrote "Road trip my Heart," I think we'll be just fine...

VAL

That's our worst song!

He looks around at his other band members. If they're in agreement they don't seem to be showing it.

VAL (CONT'D)

Fine. You want to write crap like that then this isn't the place for me anyway. Rico, let's get outta here.

Val starts to leave, but his cousin doesn't follow him.

RICO

Valli, I...

VAL

What? You want to stay?!

RICO

Amy's got the twins on the way and we just put that safety deposit down on the apartment...

VAL

Hey, I got a kid too!

RICO

I can't just follow you out the door. We're not children anymore. Besides, I know what's out there...

Val stares at the carpet, not a friend in the world.

RICO (CONT'D)

Man, someone wants to pay us to play music! That's alright in my book. So, they screw us a little! Look at all we're getting! Why can't you just bend on this?!

VAL

You can't bend integrity; you can only break it. And once it's broken it can never be used again.

RICO

It's not too late if you wanna stay-

But Val is already headed for the door. From their hiding spot, Dom turns to the Captain, a look of begrudging respect on his face for his father that wasn't there a moment ago.

DOM

I can't believe he never told me about this.

(MORE)

DOM (CONT'D)

His entire band turned against him
and he was still willing to leave
it all behind...

THE CAPTAIN

It's called character. It's one of
the reasons we picked him.

(beat)

Come on, it's time to get you
back...

And just like that -- they disappear again.

INT. HYATT HOUSE, LOUNGE -- BACK TO SCENE, 1966

Dom finds himself back on his stool at the bar. The Captain
is nowhere to be seen, but the drink Dom ordered is right in
front of him. Dom takes a sip of the cosmo--

DOM

Oh, that's terrible.

He dumps it out and heads back upstairs.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE -- MINUTES LATER

The suite is almost cleared out. It's late. The only people
that remain have passed out on the floor and couches. Dom
steps over them, avoiding the ash trays and beer cups
littering the carpet.

He passes by one of the bedrooms only to see Keith Richards
being attended to by Dr. Feelgood. He's circulating
Richard's blood through a machine, sucking out the old and
replacing it with the new.

DOM

Oh sorry, I was looking for the
bathroom. I didn't know anyone was
in here--

He makes to leave but is waved in by Keith.

KEITH

Nonsense. Feelgood here is just
giving me my monthly spit shine,
weren't you Feelgood?

DR. FEELGOOD

Actually, my name is Felgout, but
the band thought--

KEITH

He loves the name. I tell you we couldn't get by without Feelgood's little pick me ups. He even saved my life once. Police nearly cracked me head in, but Feelgood stitched me right up.

When Keith goes back to strumming the acoustic guitar in his lap, Dom takes it as his cue to leave.

DOM

I'll see you fellas tomorrow...

He continues on as Keith notes blandly over his shoulder:

KEITH

I'm missing a string...

Looking for somewhere to crash, Dom tries doors left and right. Most are locked, but one swings open. Inside, he sees Lainey kissing Charlie Watts. They don't notice him. Dom sighs.

He turns to leave and runs right into his father, sweating and near delirious. Val clutches his side as he speaks.

VAL

Dommie, is that really you?!

He hugs his son.

DOM

Yeah, it's me.

VAL

I love you, you know that right?

Dom's heard it before. He nods, ignoring the drunken ramblings.

VAL (CONT'D)

Have you seen Feelgood?

Dom realizes what this is really about.

DOM

Yeah, he's back there.

Val kisses him on the top of his head.

VAL

Thank you. Remember what I said now...

Dom waves him away.

DOM
Yeah, yeah...

He watches his father stagger off. Shaking his head, Dom heads for bed, oblivious to the drops of blood on the carpet that follow Val down the hallway...

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE -- THE NEXT MORNING

Having gotten some much needed rest, Dom enters yawning. Surprisingly, he's not the only one awake at this hour. Keith is up with the morning sun. He's sitting on the balcony in a robe, reading the paper.

KEITH
Morning.

DOM
Some party last night...

Keith grins.

KEITH
I've had better.

DOM
You seen my...
(he catches himself)
Cousin?

KEITH
Left early this morning with
Lainey. Said something about going
to fuck David Bowie, whoever that
is...

DOM
What?!

Seeing that the jukebox is indeed gone, Dom runs for the door to the suite, opening it only to come face-to-face with the Captain.

THE CAPTAIN
Trouble in paradise?

DOM
How did you know?

THE CAPTAIN

Not the first time the machine has
been used for a date.

DOM

How am I supposed to get home now?

THE CAPTAIN

Home can wait. Your father may
have abandoned his
responsibilities, but that doesn't
mean you have to.

DOM

What do you expect me to do? I'm
trapped in 1966!

THE CAPTAIN

I may be able to help with that...

He heads towards the elevators, expecting Dom to follow him.
Dom hurries after, making it just before the elevator doors
close.

Unfortunately, he's left the hotel room door open. It
remains empty for a few moments before Agent Logan fills it.
He's missed Dom by mere seconds.

Looking around, Logan takes stock of the horrible remains of
the party as Jagger, in a kimono, leads two disheveled
POLICEMEN to the door. These are the two officers who
responded to the noise complaint earlier. They've been
having sex all night long.

JAGGER

Now you boys drive safe!

OFFICER #1

We will, Mr. Jagger.

They pass Logan as they're re-buttoning their uniforms. The
F.B.I. Agent steps aside, horrified.

Gerald, the angry father from last night, also announces he's
leaving. He's followed by a young BLONDE girl he slept with
at the party. She yells after him--

BLONDE

Call me!

GERALD

Sure thing...

Gerald rips her phone number in half in front of Mick, who winks at him. They're friends now. At a complete loss for words, Logan follows them out the door.

INT. HYATT HOUSE, LOBBY - MOMENT LATER

Dom leads the way out of the elevator.

DOM
I'm not going without her.

THE CAPTAIN
No one said you had to.

He motions across the lobby. Cadence is returning with coffee and bagels.

THE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
She's a part of this.

Dom looks to the Captain, surprised, as Cadence finally sees them.

CADENCE
Hey, I got breakfast...

DOM
We'll have to take it to go.

They kiss briefly as Cadence takes in the Captain for the first time.

CADENCE
Who's this?

THE CAPTAIN
It's not important. You two need to leave.

DOM
How? What are we supposed to use?
The jukebox is gone.

Reaching into his petticoat, the Captain hands over a futuristic IPOD NANO. Dom stares at it, blankly.

DOM (CONT'D)
What the fuck is this?!

THE CAPTAIN
Some would say the end of times...

DOM

You had this the entire time and
you stuck us with a 500 lb.
jukebox?!

THE CAPTAIN

This is the machinery of the enemy.

DOM

You can't be serious.

THE CAPTAIN

Time to man up, Dom. The
responsibility has fallen to you.
So, what's it gonna be?

DOM

Where are we even supposed to go?

THE CAPTAIN

You want a hint?

He sings a few bars--

THE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

*I know you understand, the little
child inside the man, please
remember my life is in your
hands...*

Dom closes his eyes, thinking hard and muttering the lyrics
over again.

CADENCE

What's it from?

He shushes her, looking frantic. Finally, it occurs to him--

DOM

It's "Woman" off of Double Fantasy,
but...

His mouth drops open--

DOM (CONT'D)

Jesus... I thought that asshole
looked familiar...

CADENCE

Who is it?

Dom pulls his girl in close.

DOM
 Hold on, Cadence...
 (beat)
 I'm gonna introduce you to John
 Lennon.

INT. CHELSEA HOTEL, ROOM 100 -- OCT. 11TH, 1978 (NIGHT)

With the sound of a party raging in another room, Val and SID VICIOUS, 21, are holed up in the bedroom of a hotel suite doing lines. Val's on his last legs, bleary-eyed and drooling.

Next to him, Vicious is focused on opening dozens of TUINAL CAPSULES. He's made a small mountain of powder on the bedside table.

He pulls a HUNTING KNIFE from his back pocket, using it to cut up mammoth lines he hoovers up his nose.

As he throws his head back, his girlfriend, NANCY SPUNGEN, 20, comes barging into the room without knocking--

NANCY
 You're ignoring our guests.

When she sees what it is he's doing, she gapes.

NANCY (CONT'D)
 Sid, you promised! We were done!

SID VICIOUS
 Oh, piss off!

NANCY
 We can't even pay for this room and
 you have money for drugs?!

SID VICIOUS
 Get fucked!

NANCY
 You make me call my parents up for
 money because you won't perform!
 You say it's cause the band broke
 up but it's really cause you can't
 fucking sing!

SID VICIOUS
 You fat cow!

NANCY

When I get out of the bathroom you
better not be here!

She stomps over to the restroom and grabs the door handle.

SID VICIOUS

Don't slam the fuckin' door!

But she does. Getting up furiously, Sid wrenches it open again. He follows her into the bathroom, knife in hand.

As the sound of fighting issues from within, Val crawls across the carpet to vomit into a decorative vase. It's dry, painful retching.

When he finally looks up, he sees he's not alone. The Captain is there, standing over him.

THE CAPTAIN

Hello, Val.

VAL

Who the hell are you?

THE CAPTAIN

Consider me your ghost of Xmas
past. Weren't you traveling with a
young lady?

VAL

We had a fight. I dropped her back
in '75.

The vomit returns, Val can't help it. He barely makes it back to the vase.

THE CAPTAIN

Where's your son, Val?

VAL

He's in a safe place, I left him in
a safe place...

THE CAPTAIN

Right now, he's doing what you
couldn't. He's gone on to the next
location.

VAL

That's impossible. I have the
jukebox.

THE CAPTAIN

Maybe the date will jog your
memory: December 8th, 1980 outside
the Dakota apartment building in
New York City.

VAL

What did you say?

THE CAPTAIN

You heard me.

Val tries to prop himself up, to get to his feet.

VAL

I gotta stop him.

THE CAPTAIN

In your condition? You can't help
anybody...

VAL

Please, he's my son!

THE CAPTAIN

Why do you care?

VAL

Because he needs me.

THE CAPTAIN

He always needed you.

By now, the Captain is in his face, screaming. Val wilts
from the noise and buries his head back in the ruined vase.

THE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

You're pathetic, you know that
right?

Val says nothing, only weeps into his sick. The Captain
shakes his head, pathetically. Getting down on one knee, he
digs a single finger into Val's gut. Val instantly vomits
anew, all the toxins spewing out--

VAL

Why won't you help me?!

The Captain sighs.

THE CAPTAIN

I am.

EXT. N.Y. BUREAU OFFICE -- DEC. 8TH, 1980 (AFTERNOON)

Special Agent Joshua Logan sits across from two of his superiors, Bureau Chiefs CHALMERS and RIDLEY. You could cut the quiet in the room with a knife.

CHALMERS

We're allowing this sendoff to go on as planned. The Bureau can't weather another scandal, but we can't overstate that this is a termination plain and simple.

LOGAN

You're overreacting, Ted--

RIDLEY

You misappropriated bureau money to keep a multi-year tail on a suspect with no prior convictions and zero evidence!

LOGAN

It was a reach, granted, but he was the only link I had to--

CHALMERS

Tell me your transfer five years ago wasn't to get closer to this case. Go ahead, tell me.

LOGAN

You can't deny that that girl's abduction somehow figures into all of this!

CHALMERS

I can't even look at you anymore. Let's get this over with...

Ridley reads from a prepared print-out.

RIDLEY

As a result of your termination: you are no longer entitled to the extended health care plan, your 401k has been dissolved, and we'll still be mulling over whether or not to press formal charges.

CHALMERS

You are dismissed.

Logan looks like he wants to say something but decides against it. He stands and buttons his suit coat. They watch, pitilessly, as he exits the room.

INT. LOGAN'S OFFICE -- MINUTES LATER

Logan packs up his office, a lifetime of mistakes on his face. On his desk, he's got a recent picture of his daughters, now grown. They look none too happy to be taking a picture with their divorced father.

Logan swipes the frame into his belongings box, then turns his attention to his cork board. Tacked up onto it are the only leads he's ever had tracking Val and Dom down...

There's a picture of Buddy Holly's downed plane, of Brian Jones's dead body face-down on the edge of his pool, and finally, a shot of Nancy Spungen, the night she died, with Val far in the background. Logan exhales and starts pulling the board down.

INT. N.Y. BUREAU OFFICE, THIRD FLOOR -- SOON AFTER

Most of the office is gathered to hear Logan speak. He's standing under a banner that reads "Happy Retirement!" He coughs nervously, not used to this much attention.

LOGAN

I want to thank you for this little send-off. You were all so welcoming when I transferred in from L.A. You've made this floor a bit of a family and I thank you for that. I started as a beat cop out in Clear Lake, Iowa. Passed the entrance exam and served for fifteen glorious years in sunny, Southern California. Along the way I was married, divorced, fought a bitter custody battle that I ultimately lost, but for me it's always been about the work. You know... there'll always be that case. That one you couldn't crack. The one that eats at you...

His coworkers look at each other. The fuck is he talking about?! Logan scans the room. He's losing the crowd.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

But enough about me--

A relieved LAUGH escapes from those attended as Logan raises his glass of champagne.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

To the next adventure -- to retirement!

Everyone cheers and drinks as Logan gets a round of applause. He shakes a few hands but saying goodbye has never been his strong suit. As soon as it's not conspicuous, he collects his personals and slips out.

EXT. 59TH ST. & CENTRAL PARK WEST -- MINUTES LATER

Exiting the buildings rotating doors, Logan heads off towards his car. It's freezing out and he walks against a blustery wind. You get the feeling that if there weren't people around, he might just break down and cry.

When he's at his worst, he chances a look across the street and comes across the strangest sight -- Val is staggering out of Central Park. Logan can't believe his eyes. He drops his box of belongings to the frozen ground and ducks behind a car, so as not to be seen.

Val stumbles along, still recovering from his bender. On these seedy, pre-Giuliani streets, every corner holds a vice he has to ignore. Passing a liquor store, he stops to stare into the window, cataloguing its wares all lit up in inviting neon lights. It takes everything he has not to go in there and start drinking again.

Turning up his collar to the harsh December weather, he proceeds down the street as a sudden clatter of incoming footsteps sound. Out of nowhere, he's hurled against a security gate and held there by former F.B.I. Agent, Logan.

VAL

What the hell?!

LOGAN

Twenty-one years. It took twenty-one years, but I finally caught up to you. Hell, you must be my retirement gift!

VAL

Oh Jesus, you're that rent-a-cop from San Francisco.

LOGAN

And Bingo was his name-o.

VAL

Listen, I don't know what you think
you know, but--

LOGAN

What's the secret, huh? Why don't
you age? I aged. Life passed me
by. But you... what makes you so
immune?

VAL

I eat a lot of carrots.

LOGAN

Where's the boy?!

VAL

We went our separate ways--

LOGAN

Bullshit!

VAL

Look, we told it to you straight
back in California. We're not the
ones you should be worried about--

LOGAN

--yeah, yeah, some fat, four-eyed
serial killer with a hard-on for
rock n' roll musicians.

VAL

Yes! And he's about to do it
again! You know John Lennon? If
we don't get to the Dakota by--

Logan slugs him in the stomach and Val crumbles to the
ground.

VAL (CONT'D)

I'm serious! That dude is about to
do something very stupid. Anything
that happens will be on you! You
really want that final stain on
your career?!

Val has no way of knowing this, but those are just about the
only words a man like Joshua Logan might listen to...

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN -- SAME TIME

In a darkened alleyway, a toothless PIMP looks over his shoulder as he hands a rolled-up PAPER BAG to Marcus. Marcus looks inside to see a chrome-handled REVOLVER, then hands over a wad of money to the man.

PIMP

Lotta gun there. Whatchu gonna do with that?

But Marcus doesn't answer. He simply turns, and heads for the street. Lumbering down the sidewalk, he trashes the paper bag he received and buries the piece in the front pocket of his baseball jacket.

The Theater District has just let out. He makes no effort to avoid those walking in front of him. Opera-goers in their finery have to jump out of the way to get clear of the man with the dead eyes who has just begun to talk to himself...

EXT. RECORD PLANT STUDIOS -- SOON AFTER

John and Yoko are the last people out of the recording studio. They wait as their PRODUCER locks up, then wave goodbye to him. John puts his arm around Yoko and they head the other way, towards the Dakota and home.

As they walk, well-wishers give a wave or ask for a quick autograph. Lennon's in good spirits and so is Yoko, nestled in the crook of his arm.

EXT. THE DAKOTA -- SAME TIME

Dom and Cadence stand several feet from the entrance of the Dakota, eagle-eyed and on alert.

CADENCE

Which way did they come from?

Dom shakes his head, frustrated.

DOM

I don't know. And it's any minute now!

CADENCE

We should split up then.

DOM

That's not safe.

CADENCE

Neither of us has a weapon. At
least if we separate we're playing
the odds.

Dom reluctantly nods--

DOM

Fine, but yell when you see him.
Don't be a hero.

CADENCE

You too.

She steps forward and kisses him. She begins to pull away,
but Dom draws her into a hug. When they finally go their
separate ways, Dom has a doomed look on his face, as if these
are the final steps he'll ever be taking...

INT. LOGAN'S CAR -- SOON AFTER

Val is handcuffed to the passenger side door as he and Logan
wait around the corner from the Dakota.

LOGAN

When's Prince Charming supposed to
show up?

VAL

Any second now. And if I wasn't
handcuffed, I could actually help
you.

LOGAN

What, you think I was born
yesterday?

He snorts derisively and lights a cigarette. In the rearview
mirror, Val can see Dom and Cadence standing out in the open
amongst a crowd of autograph seekers. He watches as they
separate. He's running out of time...

VAL

Even if I don't come with you
there's nothing you can do in this
car. You gotta get out there!

Logan just stares at him and blows smoke in Val's general
direction.

VAL (CONT'D)

You know I'm right.

Logan finally shrugs--

LOGAN

Eh, it ain't like you're goin'
anywhere...

He rolls up his window and reaches for the keys to turn the car off. As he does, Val uses his free arm to grab him by the wrist. In one swift motion, he pulls Logan down into a brutal knee to the head. It knocks him clean out. Val races to find the man's handcuff keys to free himself.

EXT. THE DAKOTA -- SAME TIME

As Dom pushes his way through the crowd of autograph seekers, he sees John and Yoko approaching in the distance. He turns to call out to Cadence only to come face-to-face with Marcus.

Marcus recognizes Dom, sees the Lennons behind him, and immediately makes a play for his gun. Dom tries to keep the man's hand in his jacket pocket, but the burly Chapman outweighs him by at least a hundred pounds...

The gun comes out into the open. Dom attempts to pull it out of his grasp, but Marcus is furious by now. In a violent sweep, he brings the sidearm up, slapping Dom in the face with it.

The kid falls to the ground, bleeding from his face. He cries out for help as Marcus raises the gun and fires a single shot at Lennon.

The bullet hits soft flesh, but not John's. Val is standing between Chapman and Lennon, a fresh gunshot wound smoking in his gut. He sinks to the ground as people all around SCREAM in panic.

Realizing he only has moments left, Marcus tries to fire again, only to be riddled with gunfire himself.

Across the street stands Agent Logan, his service revolver extended. He stands there in firing stance until Marcus drops to the concrete. When he finally does, Logan breathes a sigh of relief.

Dom hurries over to Val. His father is shaking in the cold night air, his breathing ragged.

DOM

Oh, shit! That was so, so stupid,
why did you do that?

Val manages to speak, wincing at each new word--

VAL

God, I don't know -- you see it in the movies. People get shot all the time and they're fine, but this *really, really hurts!*

The first of many policemen begin to show up.

PATROLMAN #1

Is he okay?

DOM

He's been shot--

PATROLMAN #1

(talking to Val)

Alright sir, I'm going to radio in for an ambulance -- you're gonna be just fine.

Val laughs, grimly.

VAL

What do you know?

Val turns back to his son. Dom is crying.

VAL (CONT'D)

Dom?

Dom's stares anywhere but at his father. He looks lost. He looks his age.

VAL (CONT'D)

Domino? Look at me, son.

Dom reluctantly meets his father's gaze.

VAL (CONT'D)

I want to tell you something.

DOM

Save it and tell me later.

VAL

I'm telling you now. Sometimes parents love their kids so much that they're willing to play the enemy. If that's what you need, they'll be the bad guy for you. Just so you have someone to yell at. Do you understand me, son?

Dom nods, tears streaming down his face. Val grimaces, the wound beyond painful. The Patrolman returns to their side, kneeling down.

PATROLMAN #1
Ambulance is ten minutes away.
It's stuck in traffic.

DOM
That's too long!

PATROLMAN #1
Don't worry kid, it's coming!

He leaves to join Logan in marshalling the crowds that have formed.

VAL
God, where's Feelgood when you need him?

He laughs but pays for it, the muscles needed already in use clamping a vicious wound.

Dom is smiling though. He wipes the tears from his eyes.

VAL (CONT'D)
What's so funny?

DOM
Don't you see?! We don't have to wait for help to come to you. We can bring you to it!

Dom gets to his feet and sets off, running for Cadence. While he's gone, John Lennon sits down next to Val.

LENNON
You alright, mate?

VAL
Just fine, John Lennon.

LENNON
I imagine that bullet was meant for me or Yoko, so I have to thank you.

VAL
You want to thank me? Write more songs.

LENNON
Deal, friend.

They shake hands as Dom returns, having gotten the IPOD from Cadence. He puts the earbuds into his father's ears.

VAL
I left the juke on the west side of
the park, around 59th street--

DOM
Don't worry, I'll find it...

VAL
I'm sorry I couldn't get you home
safely.

DOM
I'll be alright on my own.

Val smiles.

VAL
I think you always have been.

Dom almost doesn't, but then he does. He gives his father a quick hug. Val grits his teeth, but gratefully takes it.

When they separate, he finds Bob Dylan's "Blonde on Blonde" on the Ipod. Dom steps back, waving to his father. To everyone's collective surprise, Val disappears.

Dom smiles. Turning, he catches up to a waiting Cadence. He drapes an arm around her. And together they head off down the street towards the park.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. DOM'S CAR -- DAY, 2023

A Toyota Prius drives leisurely through the city. On the radio, a hard-driving song ends, and the DJ's take over--

MORNING MIKE (O.S.)
--that's the latest techno anthem
from John Lennon who continues to
reinvent himself. As a reminder,
Saturday is Josh Logan day at
Yankee Stadium, so bring your
autograph books to the game in case
the man himself decides to show up.

DRIVETIME LARRY (O.S.)
 You remember that urban legend back
 in '80 about the disappearing
 second gunshot victim?!

Morning Mike laughs--

MORNING MIKE
 I tell ya, people will believe
 anything...

In the driver's seat is Dom, now 43. Cadence sits shotgun
 and their little boy, GRANT, 5, is in the back, strapped into
 a child's seat. The kid bellows over the sound of the radio--

GRANT
 Play grandpa's song!

Dom finds his son in the rearview mirror.

DOM
 Buddy, you've already listened to
 it four times today.

GRANT
 I don't care!

Dom looks to Cadence and rolls his eyes.

DOM
 You don't care, I don't care,
 nobody cares...

Dom scrolls through his phone's playlist. He pulls up Val
 Morelli's "Sober as Hell" and a picture of the 1967 album
 cover appears on the dashboard screen.

Dom takes Cadence's hand and kisses it. When the music
 starts it's Val's cover of Bob Dylan's "One of Us Must Know."

It takes us smoothly into the CREDITS filled with photos from
 the long, illustrious career of rock n'roll legend, Val
 Morelli...

FADE OUT.

THE END